

JUDGE DEATH



YOUNG DEATH - BOYHOOD OF A SUPERFIEND

JOHN WAGNER ★ PETER DOHERTY



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JUDGE DEATH CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND BRIAN BOLLAND

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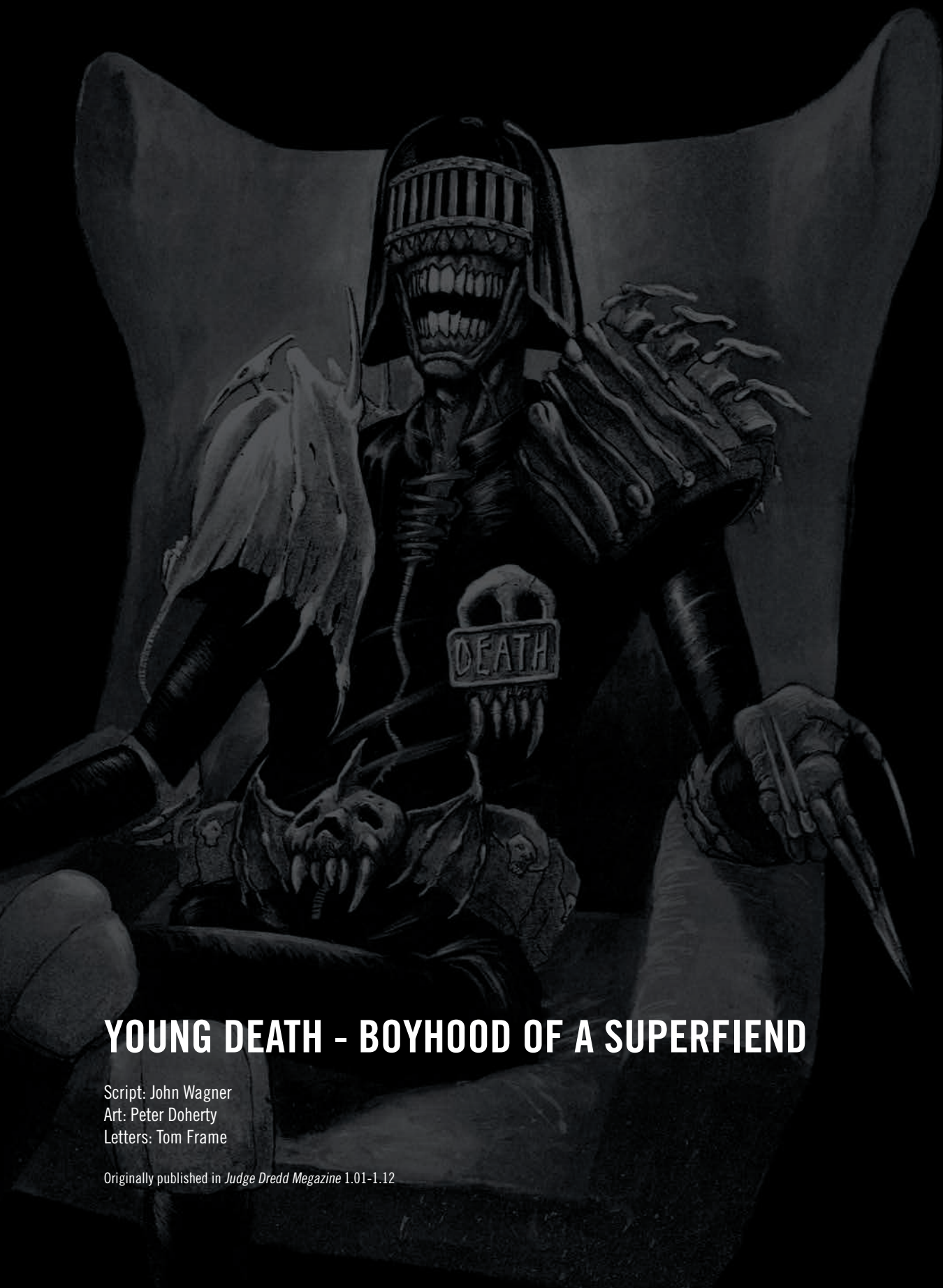
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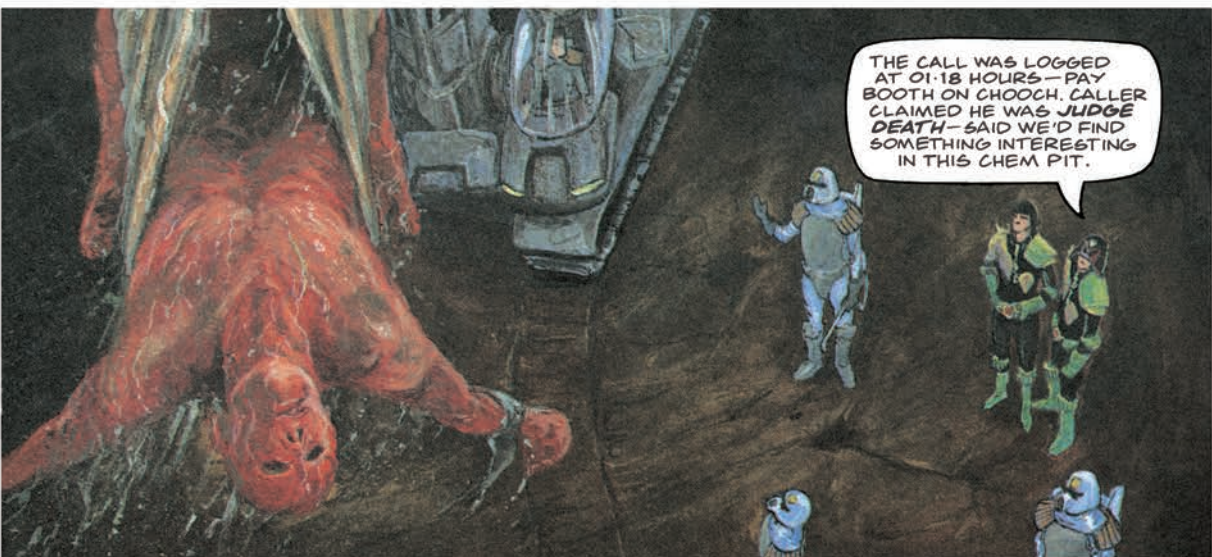
YOUNG DEATH - BOYHOOD OF A SUPERFIEND

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THE CALL WAS LOGGED AT 01:18 HOURS—PAY BOOTH ON CHOOCH. CALLER CLAIMED HE WAS **JUDGE DEATH**—SAID WE'D FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING IN THIS CHEM PIT.

THEY RUN A VOICE PRINT ON THE CALLER?

YEAH—CAME UP BLANK. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS THEY'VE BEEN IN SINCE NECROPOLIS.



CONTROLLER SAID THE CREEP REALLY **DID** SOUND LIKE **JUDGE DEATH**.



STIFF'S MALE, MID-THIRTIES, PROBABLY WHITE—HARD TO TELL. THE WAY RECORDS ARE, IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO PUT A NAME TO THIS ONE.

NO ID ON HIM?

MOST OF IT WAS BURNT BEYOND RECOGNITION. ONE THING, THOUGH—



FOUND THE REMAINS OF SOMETHING METALLIC IN HIS HAND. LOOKS LIKE A **HACKER'S LICENCE...**

THAT'S A BREAK.



'KAY, STAY WITH IT. ID ON THE VICTIM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THIS COULD BE FOR **REAL...**



THE WORLD SHOULD
KNOW YOUR STORY

Licensed hacker Brian Skuter
will help you tell all!

Call Mega-City 910 9411 72

IT WAS A TYPICAL CITYBLOCK, MUCH
LIKE A THOUSAND OTHERS IN THE CITY.
SOLID, RESPECTABLE - SOMEHOW WARM
AND WELCOMING AS IT BASKED IN THE
GLOW OF THE SETTING SUN.

CERTAINLY THERE WAS NOTHING
TO SUGGEST THAT ANYTHING...
UNTOWARD MIGHT EXIST WITHIN.

AND YET, AS I STOOD
BENEATH ITS VAST
BULK, IT WAS HARD
TO SUPPRESS A
SHIVER OF
APPREHENSION.

Apt 1336
20:00

SYLVIA
PLATH

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A HOAX,
OF COURSE. IN MY LINE THAT
HAPPENS A LOT. BUT THERE
HAD BEEN A QUALITY IN THAT
VOICE THAT HAD SENT ARROWS
OF ICE SHOOTING INTO ME...

I CAN ONLY
DESCRIBE IT
AS...EVIL.

*peep
peep*

*peep
peep*

PEEP PEEP HEY,
BRI! ANSWER THE
PEEP PEEP PHONE,
WILL YA? CAN'T YA
HEAR ME *PEEP PEEP*
PEEPIN'?

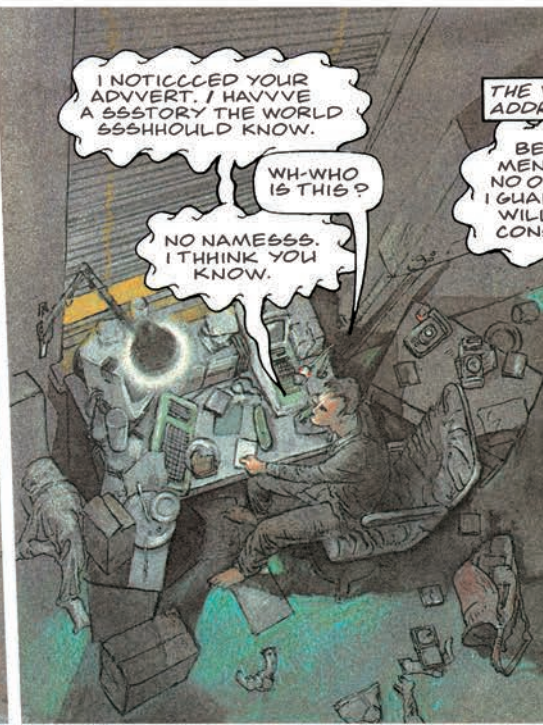
ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT, I'M
COMING!

BRIAN
SKUTER!
SPEAK
TO ME!



ONLYYY ONE THINGG IN LIFFEE ISSS CCERTAIN, MR SSSKUTER—AND THAT ISSS DEATHHH.

UH...
YEAH.
RIGHT.



I NOTICCCED YOUR ADVVERT. I HAVVVE A SSSSTORY THE WORLD SSSSHOULD KNOW.

WH-WHO IS THIS?

NO NAMESSS. I THINK YOU KNOW.



THE VOICE GAVE AN ADDRESS AND A TIME.

BE THHERE, AND MENTION THISSS TO NO ONE. OTHERWISE, I GUARANTEE YOU, YOU WILL NOT LIKE THE CONSSSEQUENCESS.

Click!



BOY! WHO THE HELL WAS THAT, BRI?

CREEE-PO!



NOW, AS THE ELEVATOR SLID OPEN, PERHAPS IT WAS MY IMAGINATION, BUT THE AIR SEEMED TO HAVE GROWN CHILLER...



WHAT WAS I WALKING INTO?



YES?

I'M BRIAN SKUTER.

OH, YES. COME IN, MR SKUTER. MR DE'ATH IS EXPECTING YOU.

1336



De'ATH?

YES, JAY De'ATH.

YOU'RE MRS De'ATH?

MRS De—OH, DEAR ME, NO / WOULD THAT I WAS, HANDSOME DEVIL THAT HE IS!

I'M MRS GUNDERSON. MR De'ATH IS MY LODGER.



I WAS IN THE PRESENCE
OF EVIL...PURE,
UNADULTERATED EVIL.

GREETINGSSSSS.
MR SSSSKUTER.

PLEASSSSSE
...TAKE A
SSSEAT.





COME CLOSSER. DON'T
BE AFFRAID. I WON'T
HURT YOU. I HAVVE GROWN
SSICK OF KILLINGGG.
THESE DAYSSSS... I
WOULDN'T HURT A FLY.



"PSYCHO"
RIGHT ?

SSSOME
MIGHT SSSAAAY
THAT, MR
SSSKUTER.



NO, I MEAN, THE OLD
2-D FLIK. THAT'S
LIKE WHAT NORMAN
BATES SAID, IN
"PSYCHO". YOU A
HITCHCOCK FAN ?



HITCHHHCOCK...
ISSS THAT A
DIESSSEASSSE ?



NO, HE'S A-
OH! I SEE!

HA HA,
VERY
DROLL.

SO, YOU'VE
GOT A STORY
TO TELL--

SILLY
ME! HA HA!
OF COURSE
YOU DO!



I'LL BE TAKING NOTES,
BUT I'D LIKE TO RECORD
THIS INTERVIEW AS
WELL, SO IF YOU DON'T
MIND, FIRST WE'LL DO
A SOUND CHECK.

COULD YOU...
HISS INTO
THIS ?



I HAVVE CUT YOU
A LOT OF SSSLACK
ALREADY, MR SSSKUTER.
I WARN YOU, DO NOT
ABUSSSE MY
TOLERANCCE.

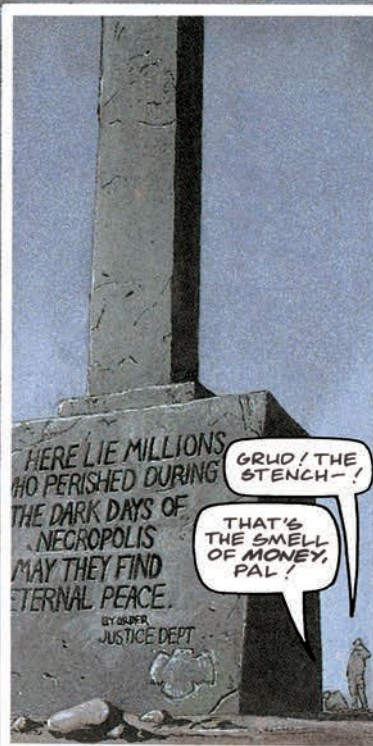
FINE! COMING
THROUGH LOUD
AND PROUD!



AS HE SPOKE I NOTICED A CERTAIN SADNESS IN HIS VOICE, AS IF THE PAIN OF DEFEAT HAD NOT LEFT HIM UNSCARRED. DID JUDGE DEATH, KILLER OF MILLIONS, HAVE A HUMAN SIDE?



THIS IS SICK!



GRUD! THE STENCH--!

THAT'S THE SMELL OF MONEY, PAL!



AFTER THE BIG NEC THERE WAS SO MANY BODIES THEY DIDN'T BOTHER TO SEARCH 'EM OR NOTHIN'-- JUST SCOOPED 'EM UP AN' DUMPED 'EM ALL IN THE CURSED EARTH.

THERE'S MILLIONS HERE FOR THE PICKIN'!



LOOKIT THAT! REAL STONES, MAN!



C'MON, SAL, LET'S GO, HUH? THIS PLACE SPOOKS ME.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA FIND...

STOP GRIPIN', YA DILD! LEND A HAND!

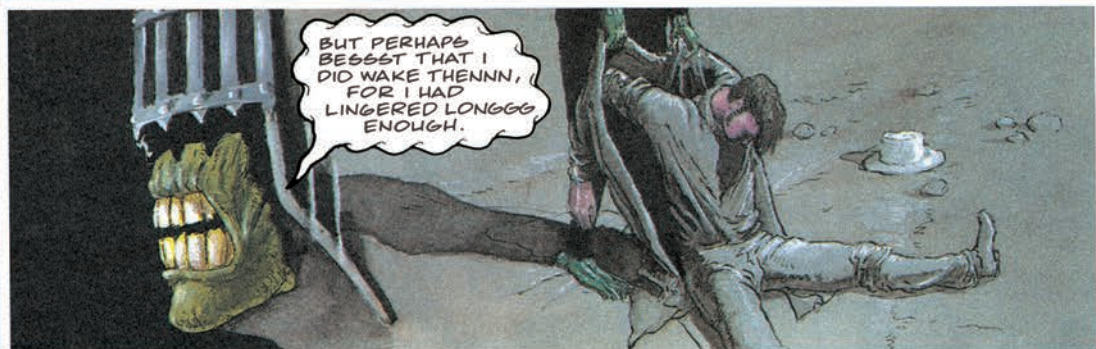




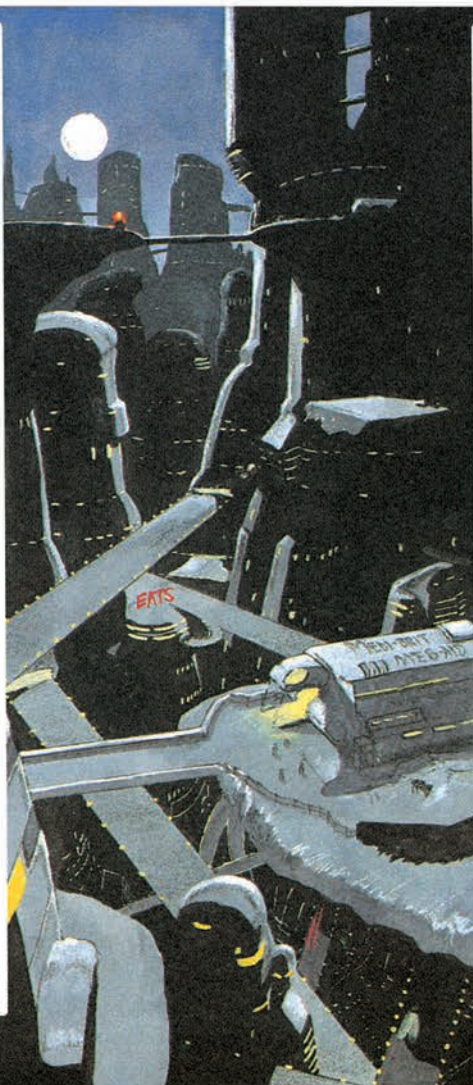
"-FOR WHICHHH OF THEM WOULD
READILY ALLOW THEIR MINDSSS
TO DELVE AMONG SSSUCHHH
DIVINE SSSSLAUGHTER?"



BUT PERHAPS
BESSST THAT I
DID WAKE THENNN,
FOR I HAD
LINGERED LONGGG
ENOUGH.



"I HAD MUCHHH
TO DO - A
MISSION THAT
WILL NEVER
END."



1c/1st Keever
Box room, suit, small cwt
24K MRS DOOBLE
Lge B-hab. Two Sharing
91a GOLDFRAB Bedshare, Day ONLY
91f Mo. Quint
2 single B-habs No fumps
133b Mrs Gunderson
Own room, lge lux-apt.
Suit business gent.
Privacy guaranteed.

"I NEEDED A BASSSE..."





WELL, COME ALONG INTO THE DINING ROOM, MR DE'ATH. I'M JUST SERVING UP SOME LATE SUPPER.

THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY. I DO NOT REQUIRE SSUSSTENANCE.



OH, NONSENSE! IF YOU DON'T EAT YOU'LL SHRIVEL AWAY TO NOTHING! YOU JUST COME WITH ME!

GOODNESS, YOU'RE LIKE A LUMP OF ICE! IS IT COLD OUTSIDE?



OH DEAR!

THE FURNITURE WILL KEEP MOVING ITSELF AROUND—!



ALLOWWW ME...



MR PEEL—THIS IS OUR NEW LODGER.

SAY HELLO TO MR DE'ATH.

HOLY GEEEEEZ—!



NOW YOU JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN BESIDE MR PEEL AND I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT.



YOU KNOW, YOU'VE GOT A VERY INTERESTING VOICE, MR DE'ATH. MORE OF A WHISPER, REALLY.

I ALWAYS SAY I CAN TELL WHAT SOMEONE LOOKS LIKE JUST BY THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICE.

ISSS THAT SSSSO, MRSSS GUNDERSSON?



I'D SAY YOU'RE TALL—A LITTLE ON THE THIN SIDE, PERHAPS... BUT VERY, VERY HANDSOME!

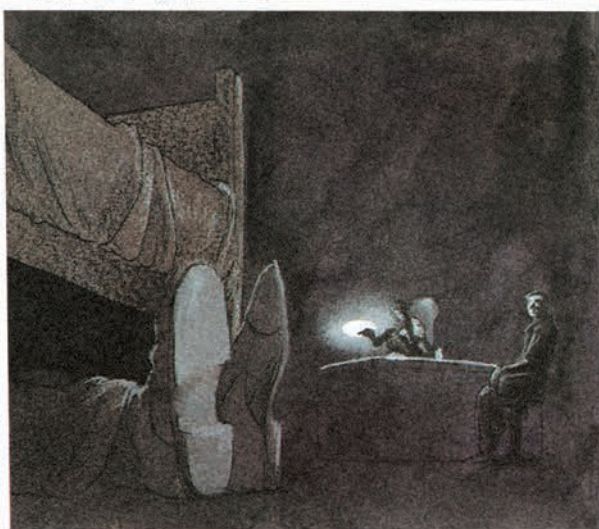
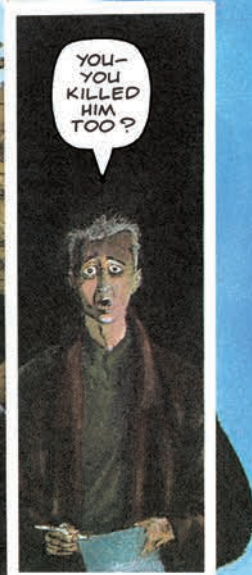
OH DEAR, YES! TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME! I BET YOU GET ALL THE GIRLS' HEARTS AFLUTTER WHEN YOU PASS BY!

GRUD! I-I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!



AM I RIGHT, MR DE'ATH? DEAR ME, YES! THE KIND OF LOOKS THE GIRLS COULD EASILY DIE FOR!

AND THE BOYSSSS, MRSSS GUNDERSSON—AND THE BOYS!





HE WASSS UNHAPPY ABOUT MY PRESSSENCCE HERE. I GRANTED HIM MERCCCCY.

B-BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE SICK OF KILLING!



SICK OF KILLINGGG AND NOT BEINGGG APPRECCCI-ATED FOR IT!

YEAH, WELL -ULP!- I'M NOT REALLY HONESTLY ALL THAT SURE I CAN CONTINUE THIS INTERVIEW.

I mean, I-I'm committing a serious crime if I even fail to tell the judges what I've seen.

Not that I'd want to, of course, but you-you know how it is...



SSSSIT DOWN, MR SSSSKUTER!



I DON'T THINK YOU QUITE UNDER-SSSTAND YOUR POSITTION.

Uh, yeah, well, I can see there might be a-ulp-slight conflict of interest...



WHOSSE WRATHHHH DO YOU FEAR MORRRR -MINE OR THE JUDGESSSS'?

G-g-good point!



RAISED VOICES, MR DE'ATH? I DO HOPE THERE'S NO TROUBLE?

JUSSEST A MINOR ALTERCATTION, MRSSS GUNDERSSSSON. BUT I THHHINK MR SSSSKUTER ISS COMINGG ROUND TO MY WAY OF THHHINKINGGG. ISSS THAT NOT SSSSO?

uh...



GOOD, GOOD!

OH, BY THE WAY,
WHAT DAY DID MR
PEEL TELL YOU
HE'D BE BACK?



HE DID NOT
SSSPECIFFY.



OH DEAR. I SEE.
ONLY...THE RENT IS
DUE TOMORROW AND...
YOURS TOO, OF COURSE,
MR DE'ATH.

YESSSS, MRSSS
GUNDERSSON.

I'M SURE YOU
WON'T FORGET
NOW, WILL YOU?

NNNNO, MRSSS
GUNDERSSON.



GOOD. FINE.
SORRY TO
INTERRUPT.
DO CARRY
ON, BOYS.
TOODLE-
BYE!

OW! OH
DEAR!

UNDERSSSTAND
THISSS, MR SSSKUTER!
I HAVVVE BROUGHT YOU
HERE TO DO MY BIDDINGGGG,
NOT YOURSSS!

YOU WILL DO
EXXACTLY ASSS I
INSTRUCT OR YOU
WILL DIE. IT ISSS
ASSS SSSSIMPLE
ASSS THHAT!



SO...SO
WHY DID YOU
CALL ME?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO
DO?



P-put that way
it w-would be-
ulp-churlish
to refuse..!

I CAMME TO THIS CCCITY
ON AN ACT OF MERCCCY.
MR SSSKUTER, TO BRINGGG
JUSSSSTICCE TO THE GUILTY
-DEATHHH TO THHE LIVVING...
RELIEFFF FROM THE BURDEN
OF THEIR MISSEERABLE
LIVSSSS...

...FOR ALL CRIME
ISSSS COMITTTED BY
THE LIVVING -
THEREFORE ALL
LIFFFE MUSSST
BE A CRIME.

I-I DON'T THINK
IT NECESSARILY
FOLLOWS...

SSSSILENCCCE!
YOU UNDERSSSTAND
NOTHHHINGGG!

YOU ARE LIKE THE RESSET
OF THEM! UNGRATEFFUL
RABBLE! TIME AND AGAIN
THEY HAVVE SSSPURNED
MY GENEROESSITY, TURNED
AWAY MY HELPINGG HAND!
WELL, NO MORE!

I INTEND TO LEAVE
THISS CITY, MR SSSKUTER,
TO TAKE MYSSSELF WHERE
MY TALENTSSS WILL BE
MORE...APPRECCIATED.

BUT BEFFORE I GO THE PEOPLE
MUSSST BE GIVEN ONE LASSST
CHANCE TO REALISSEE THE
FOLLY OF THEIR WAYSSSS...TO
UNDERSSSTAND WHY THEY MUSSST
COME TO LOVVE DEATHHHH, ASSS
I DO.

TO DO THAT THEY MUSSST
KNOW ME - MUSSST KNOW
WHAT HASS MADE ME
WHAT I AM.

THE WORLD SSSHOULD
KNOWWW MY SSSTORY,
MR SSSKUTER. YOU
WILL TELL IT.

AN "ORIGINS".
OH WOW.

Ulp!



WE'VE GOT A
NAME—SKUTER.
BRIAN SKUTER.

GUY HAD A CARBON FIBRE
RENAL REPLACEMENT—A
MICHELIN 494. ONLY THREE
OF THEM WERE EVER
IMPORTED. WE TRACED
HIM FROM THAT.

BRIAN
URWIN SKUTER,
APARTMENT 19Z,
ANDREZ
CONAPTS.



DEATH OCCURRED ABOUT AN
HOUR BEFORE HE WAS DUMPED
IN THE CHEM PIT.

THEN IT **WAS**
MURDER?

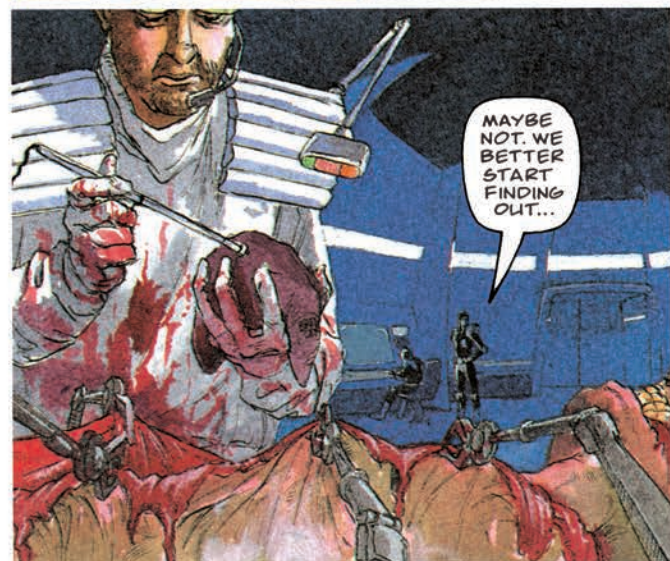
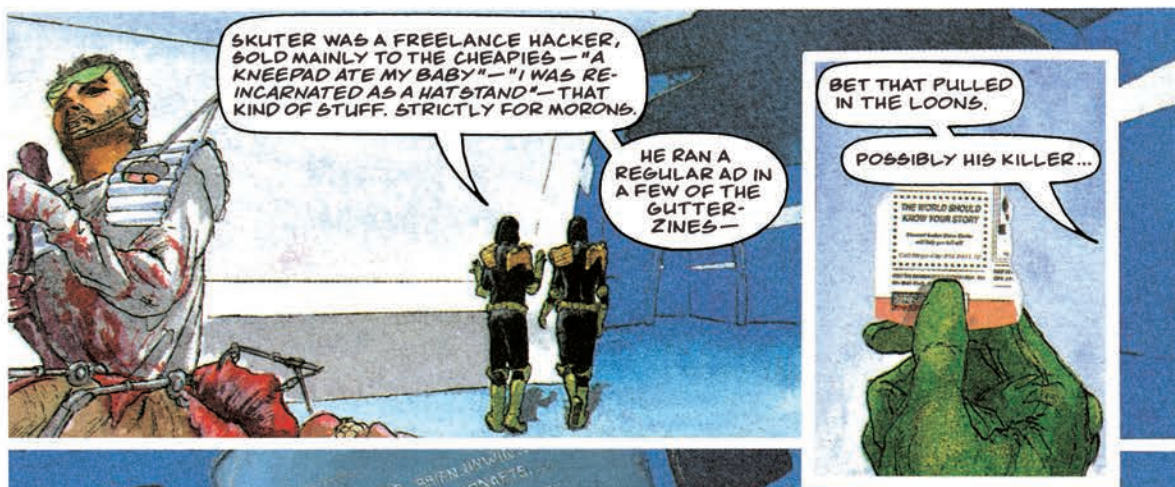
NOT NECESSARILY. THERE'S
NO SIGN OF A BLOW, NO
MARKS ON THE BODY THAT
WE CAN DETECT. DEATH
BEARS ALL THE SIGNS OF
A SUDDEN, MASSIVE
HEART ATTACK.



THAT WOULDN'T EXCLUDE
JUDGE DEATH AS THE
CAUSE. YOU FIND ANY
TRACES?



NEGATIVE, BUT I WOULDN'T
EXPECT TO. THE BODY HAS
BEEN BADLY EATEN AWAY.



BEFORE WE, UH,
GET STARTED,
JUST A, UH, FEW
MINOR
DETAILS...

NAME?

YOU KNOW MY NAME.

SURE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T
ALWAYS BEEN JUDGE
DEATH, HAVE YOU? I
MEAN, YOU WEREN'T
BORN THAT WAY. YOU
MUST HAVE A REAL
NAME.

ISSS THISSSS
NECESSARY?

THE READERS ARE GOING
TO WANT TO KNOW. C'MON,
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
IT'S JUST A NAME.

SSSIDNEY.

SSSIDNEY..?

SSSIDNEY.

IS THAT THREE
"S"s OR FOUR?

ASSS YOU
LIKE.

UH-HUH...AND
WOULD THAT BE
SSSIDNEY, UH,
DEATH?

THAT HARDLY
MATTERSSS, MR
SSSKUTER.
LET'SSSSS SSTICK
WITH SSSIDNEY,
SSHHHALL WE?

UH, RIGHT. I GUESS WE CAN
GO WITH THAT. AGE?

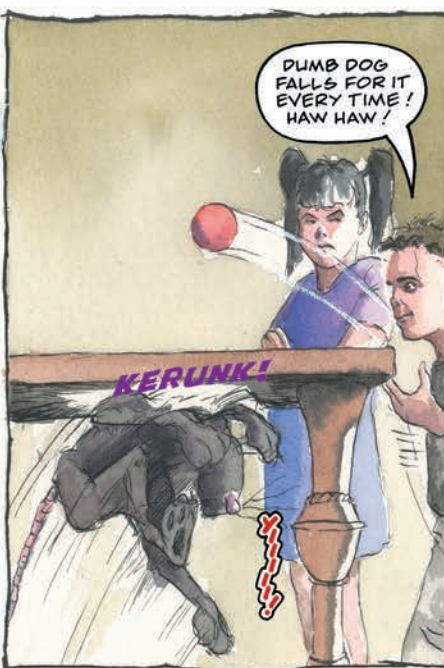
AGELESSSS.

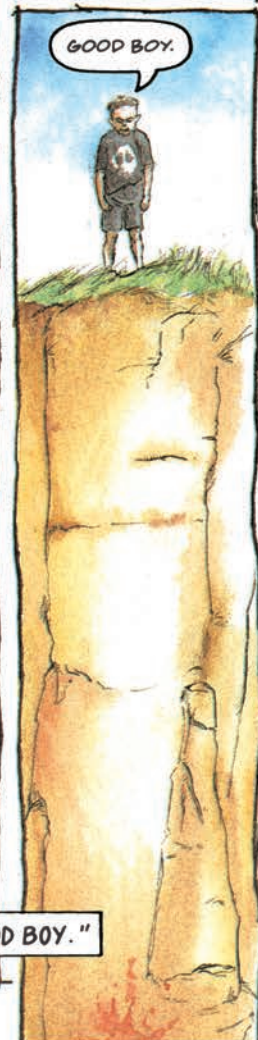
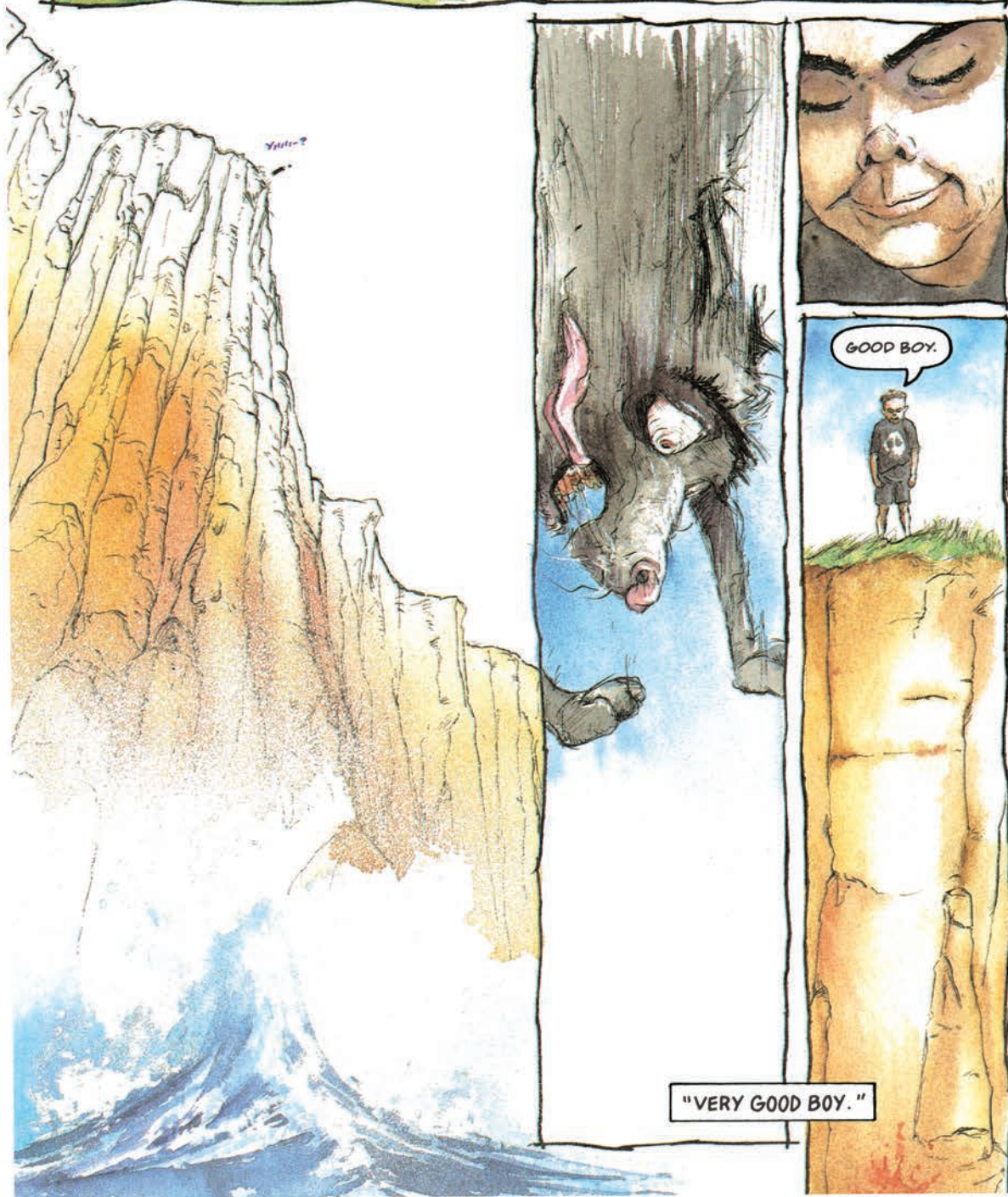
CAN YOU GIVE
ME SOMETHING
APPROXIMATE?

YOU ARE
BEGINNINGGG
TO TRY MY
PATIENCECCCE,
MR SSSKUTER!

OKAY, OKAY! I
GUESS WE CAN
SKIP THE REST!







"VERY GOOD BOY."

AS THE DARK JUDGE TALKED I FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO QUELL THE GROWING SUSPICION THAT THIS WAS ALL A DREAM—THAT I WOULD WAKE AND FIND MYSELF SAFE AND WELL, BACK IN MY OLD FAMILIAR APARTMENT AGAIN...

COULD I REALLY BE CALMLY SITTING THERE, LISTENING TO THE MOST EVIL BEING IN HISTORY RECOUNTING TALES OF HIS BOYHOOD...

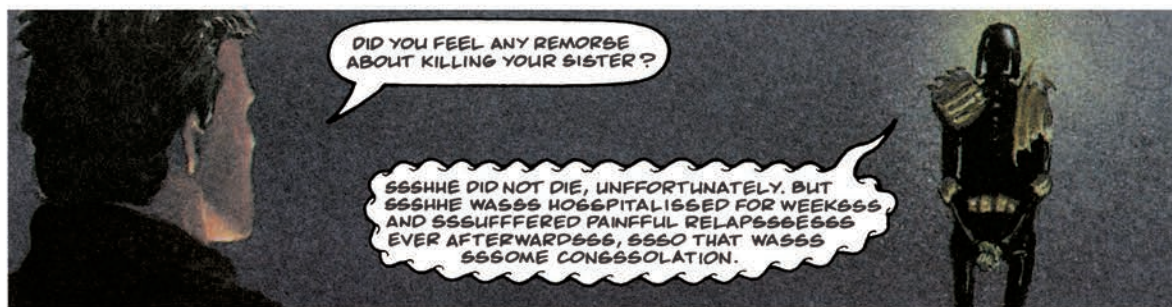
SO... YOU KILLED YOUR DOG. WAS WOOFIE YOUR FIRST KILLING ?

ON ANY SSSERIOUSSS LEVEL, YESSSS. I'D TORTURED MY SSSHARE OF SSSMALL ANIMALSS AND INSSSECTSSS, OF COURSESSS...

I GOT MY OWN BACK ON SSSISS ASS WELL...

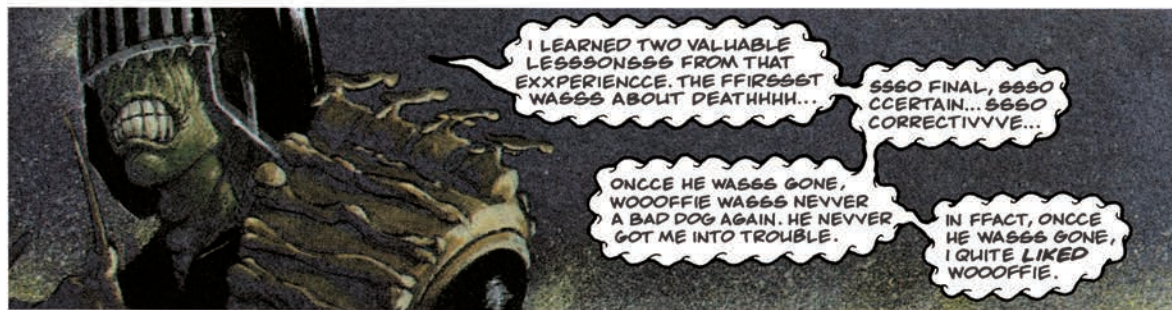






DID YOU FEEL ANY REMORSE ABOUT KILLING YOUR SISTER?

SSSHHE DID NOT DIE, UNFFORTUNATELY. BUT SSSHHE WASSS HOSPITALISSED FOR WEEKSSS AND SSSUFFERED PAINFUL RELAPSSSSSES EVER AFTERWARDSSS, SSSO THAT WASSS SSSOME CONSSOLATION.



I LEARNED TWO VALUABLE LESSONSSSS FROM THAT EXPPERIENCCE. THE FFIRSSST WASSS ABOUT DEATHHHH...

SSSO FINAL, SSSO CCERTAIN... SSSO CORRECTIVVE...

ONCCE HE WASSS GONE, WOOOFFIE WASSS NEVVVER A BAD DOG AGAIN. HE NEVVVER GOT ME INTO TROUBLE.

IN FFACCT, ONCCE HE WASSS GONE, I QUITE LIKED WOOOFFIE.

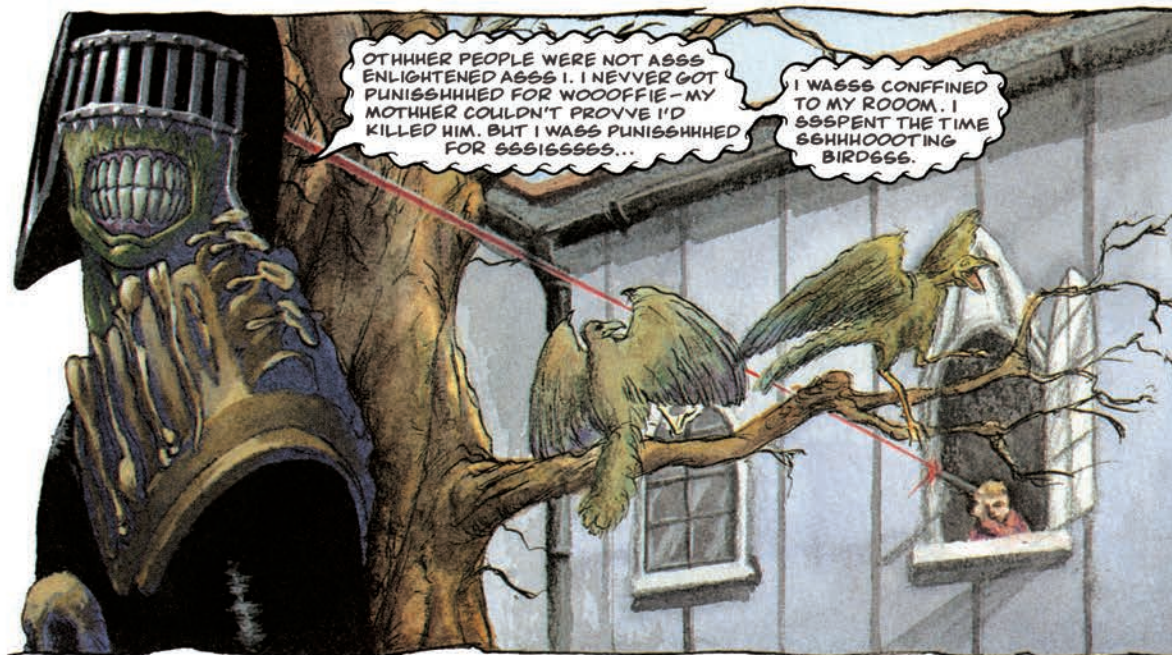


I SEE WHERE YOU'RE LEADING-- THE "ALL LIFE IS A CRIME" BIT.

EXXACTLY. ONLY THE LIVVVING HAVE THE POWER TO OFFEND.

AND THE SECOND LESSON?

DON'T GET CAUGHT.

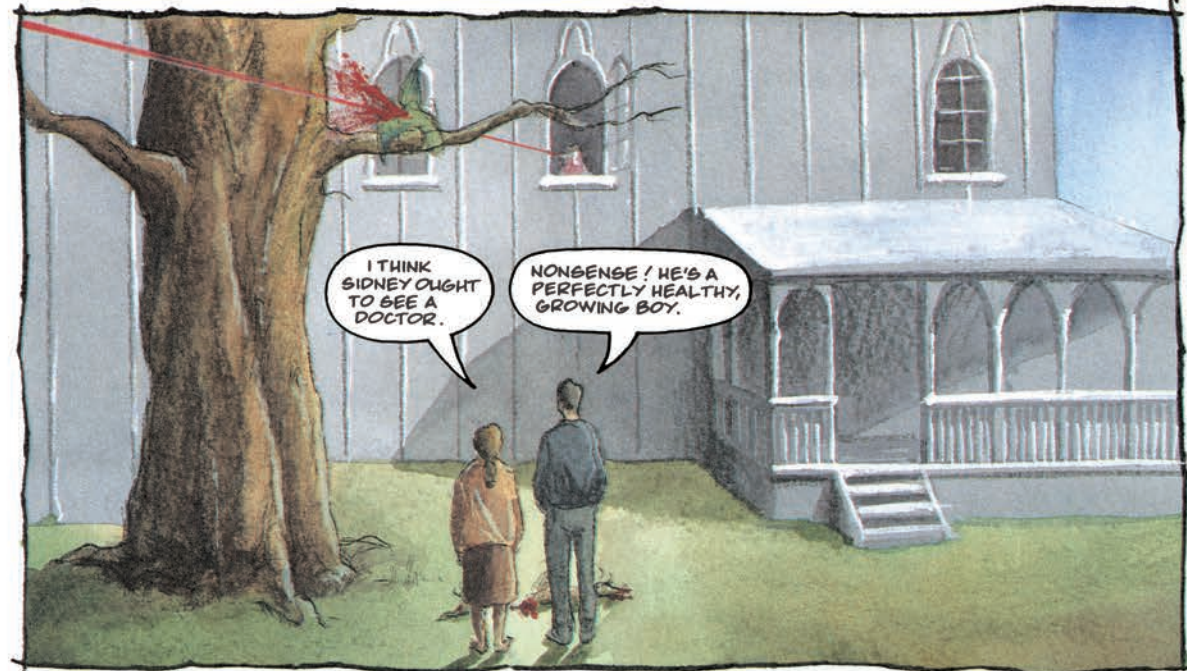


OTHHHER PEOPLE WERE NOT ASSS ENLIGHTENED ASSS I. I NEVVVER GOT PUNISSHHHED FOR WOOOFFIE--MY MOTHER COULDN'T PROVE I'D KILLED HIM. BUT I WASSS PUNISSHHHED FOR SSSISSSSSS...

I WASSS CONFINED TO MY ROOM. I SSSPENT THE TIME SSSHHOOOTING BIRDESSS.



"THEY CROAKED TOOO LOUDLY. THEY WOULD NOT SSSSTOP WHEN I TOLD THEM..."





WHEN HE REMEMBERED HIS FATHER I NOTICED AGAIN THAT SAD, WISTFUL QUALITY IN HIS VOICE, IN THE SET OF HIS FEATURES. ONCE MORE I WAS BEING PERMITTED A BRIEF, TANTALISING GLIMPSE OF THE SENSITIVE CREATURE THAT STILL LURKED BEHIND THE MASK OF DEATH...





NOW WE'LL JUST GIVE YOU A LITTLE INJECTION...



THERE WE ARE...



NOW YOU'LL START TO FEEL A...STRANGE, TINGLING SENSATION. GRADUALLY YOU'LL BEGIN TO NOTICE THAT YOU CAN NO LONGER SPEAK OR MAKE ANY SOUND WHATSOEVER. WHEN YOU TRY TO MOVE YOU'LL FIND THAT YOUR MUSCLES NO LONGER RESPOND.



THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE JUST PARALYSED YOU, YOU LITTLE LUMP OF EXCREMENT!



LOOK AT HIM, SON! DRESS OF THE EARTH!

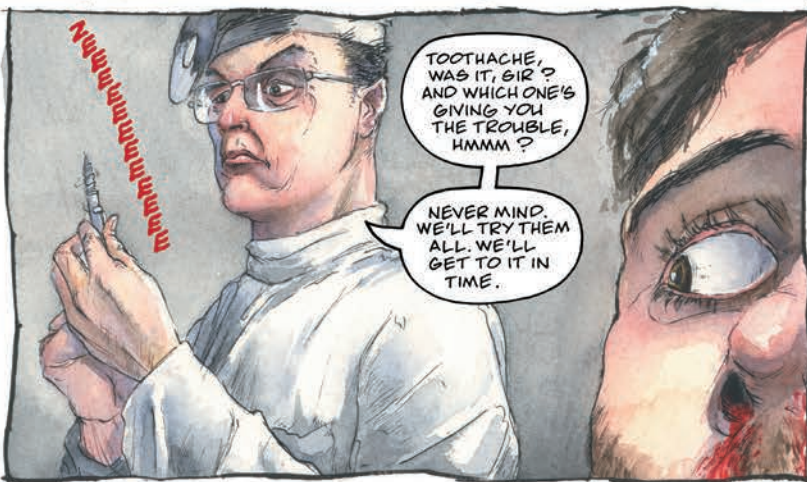
WHAT GIVES HIM THE RIGHT TO THINK HE CAN INFLICT HIS ODIOUS PRESENCE ON ME? HOW DARE HE COME MAKING MY LIFE A MISERY WITH HIS GARLIC BREATH AND HIS ROTTEN TEETH!

DON'T LET HIM UPSET YOU, DAD.



YES, YES. MUST REMEMBER MY PROFESSIONAL MANNER. COURTESY-COURTESY AT ALL TIMES...

DAB DAB

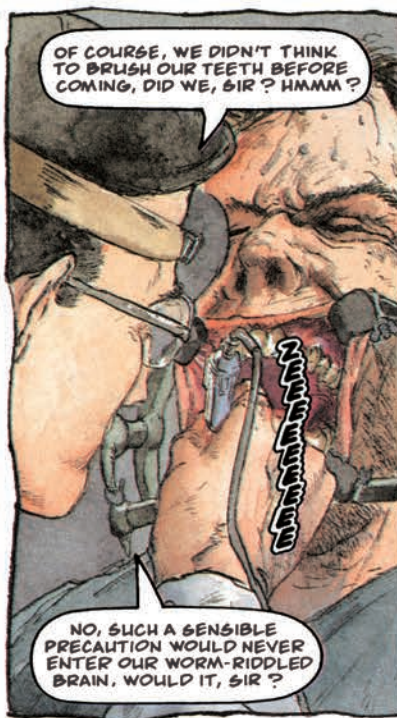


TOOTHACHE, WAS IT, GIR? AND WHICH ONE'S GIVING YOU THE TROUBLE, HMMM?

NEVER MIND. WE'LL TRY THEM ALL. WE'LL GET TO IT IN TIME.



AND WHAT HAVE WE BEEN EATING TODAY, THEN ?
GARLIC ? ROTTEN EGGS ?
DOG MESS ?

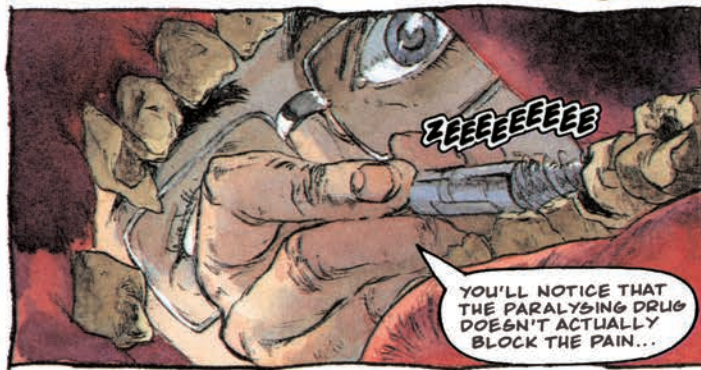


OF COURSE, WE DIDN'T THINK TO BRUSH OUR TEETH BEFORE COMING, DID WE, SIR ? HMMM ?

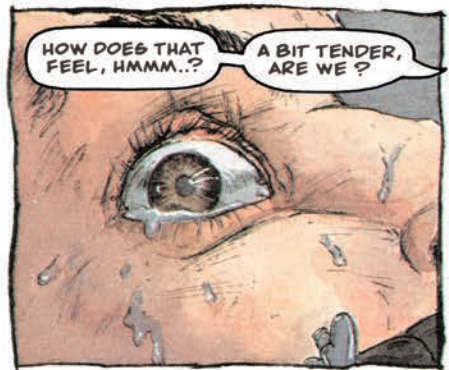
NO, SUCH A SENSIBLE PRECAUTION WOULD NEVER ENTER OUR WORM-RIDDLED BRAIN, WOULD IT, SIR ?



THERE WE ARE...RIGHT DOWN INTO THE PULP THERE...



YOU'LL NOTICE THAT THE PARALYSING DRUG DOESN'T ACTUALLY BLOCK THE PAIN...



HOW DOES THAT FEEL, HMMM...?

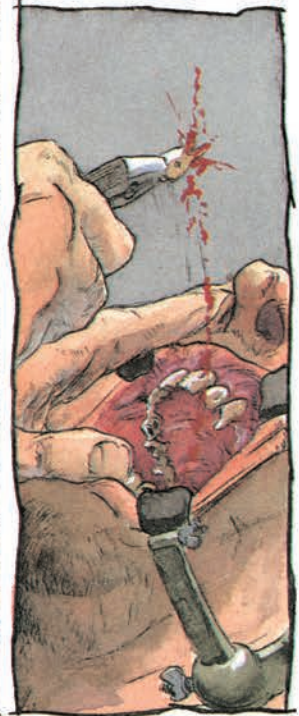
A BIT TENDER, ARE WE ?



MIND YOU, IT TAKES ALL TYPES, DOESN'T IT ? I HAD A WOMAN THE OTHER DAY WHINGING ABOUT HER DENTURES. THEY KEPT FALLING OUT, SHE SAID.



I DRILLED HER NEW SOCKETS THEN AND THERE AND BANGED THEM IN WITH A HAMMER. THAT STOPPED HER WHINGING.







SURELY YOU
AND YOUR FATHER
COULDN'T GET AWAY
WITH TREATING
PATIENTS LIKE THAT
FOR LONG ?

ON THE
CONTRARY.



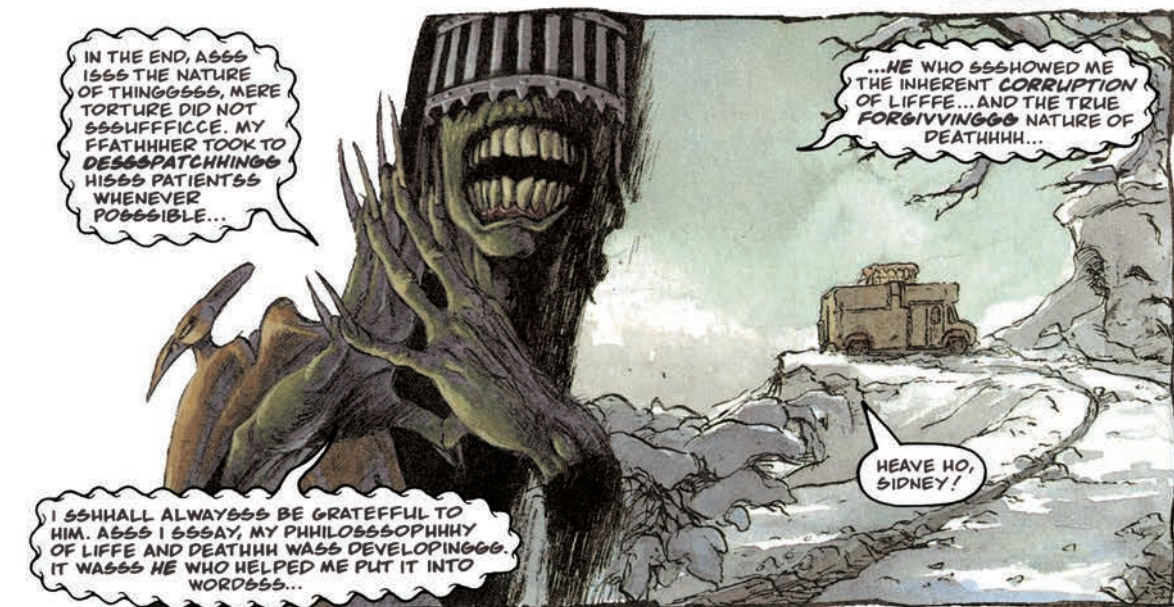
PEOPLE SSSUFFER FROM A DEEP-ROOTED
DREAD OF DENTISSTSSS, ASSS OF SSSERPENTSSS
AND CREEPINGG THINGGSSSS. NONE WERE IN A FFI
SSATE TO COMPLAIN WHEN THEY LEFFT - FEWW
COMPLAINED AFTERWARDSSS.

PERHAPSS THEY
FFEARED THAT IFF
THEY MADE A FUSS
THEN SSSOMEHOW
MY FFFATHER
WOULD COME FFOR
THEM AGAIN...



YOU HAVE NICCE
WHITE TEEETHHH,
MR SSSKUTER. I
COULD SSSILL DO
A NICCCE JUJJOBB
ON YOU.

I-IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL
UH, PASS ON THAT ONE...
GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY,
I KNOW...



IN THE END, ASSS
ISSS THE NATURE
OF THINGGSSSS, MERE
TORTURE DID NOT
SSSUFFFICCE. MY
FFATHHER TOOK TO
DESSSPATCHHINGG
HISSS PATIENTSS
WHENEVER
POSSSIBLE...

...HE WHO SSSHOWED ME
THE INHERENT CORRUPTION
OF LIFFE... AND THE TRUE
FORGIVVINGG NATURE OF
DEATHHHH...

I SSSHALL ALWAYSSS BE GRATEFFUL TO
HIM. ASSS I SSSAY, MY PHHILOSSOPHHY
OF LIFFE AND DEATHHH WASS DEVELOPINGG.
IT WASSS HE WHO HELPED ME PUT IT INTO
WORDSSS...

HEAVE HO,
SIDNEY!



THANK YOU, MADAM,
DON'T CALL AGAIN.



IF THOSE TEETH
GIVE YOU ANY MORE
TROUBLE YOU JUST
LET ME KNOW, GIR.



PEOPLE!

THEIR BRAINS ARE FULL OF WORMS. DID YOU KNOW THAT, SIDNEY?

NO, DAD.



LITTLE WRIGGLING WORMS—BRAINS LIKE RIPE, WRITHING PUSTULES, JUST WAITING TO BURST, TO SPEW THEIR FOULNESS OVER US.

EVEN MUM AND SIS?

ALL OF THEM. WORMS.



THEY'RE BETTER OFF DEAD. THEY'RE AT PEACE NOW.

WE'VE DONE THEM A FAVOUR. WE'VE KILLED THE WORMS.



ONLY THE DEAD ARE TRULY WITHOUT WORMS. REMEMBER THAT, SIDNEY.

YES, DAD.



WORMS?

I DID NOT TAKE HIM LITERALLY. MY FFATHHHER WASS OBVIOUSSSLY SSSOME. WHAT FFANCIFFFUL.

BUT I UNDERSSSTOOD HIM WELL ENOUGH. I SSSAW IT ASS A METAPHHOR FFOR SSSINFULLNESS...



ONLY THE DEAD ARE TRULY WITHOUT SSSIN. IT ISSS A TRUTHHH EVEN YOU CANNOT DENY, MR SSSKUTER.

Well, no, I guess not. We all do bad things...

LIFE IS, BY ITSSS VERY NATURE, SSSINFULL. ONLY DEATHHH CAN RELIEVE ITS BURDEN. ONLY IN DEATHHH CAN MAN'SSS TROUBLED SSSOUL FIND PEACCCCE.



TORTURING PATIENTSSSS WAS ONE THINGGG, SSSYSSSTEMATIC SSSSSSTAINED HOMICCIDE BY DENTISSSTRY QUITE ANOTHER - FOR IN THOSSSE BENIGHTED TIMSSSS SSSUCHHH ACTSS OF MERCY WERE SSSSTILL CLASS-SSIFFIED ASS CRIMSSSS.

MY FFATHHHER'SSS ACTIVVITIESSS COULD NOT FOREVVER REMAIN A SSSSECRET.

I MADE SSSSURE OF IT BY REPORTINGGG HIM MYSSSELF.

YOU STOOLLED ON YOUR OWN DAD ?



INDEED, I HAD BEEN GIVVINGGG SSSOME THOUGHT TO MY FFFUTURE. DENTISSSTRY HAD A CCERTAIN APPEAL, BUT PROSSPECTSSS WERE LIMITED. I REQUIRED A CAREER WHERE I WOULD HAVE AMPLS SSSSCOPE TO APPLY MY IDEASSSS...



GOOD WORK, SON.

THANK YOU, SIR.



JOIN THE JUDGES

- * Beat people up
- * Kill anyone you like (within reason)
- * Good rates of pay
- * Plenty of graft
- * Vicious nature a plus
- * LUNCHEON VOUCHERS

INTERESTED ?

YES, SIR.

GOOD ! WE CAN USE A BRIGHT YOUNG LAD LIKE YOU !



I WASSS ENROLLED ASS A TRAINEEE
JJUDGE THAT DAY. MY FFATHHHER
WASS SSENTENCCED TO DEATHHH.
ASSS A SSSPECCIAL MARK OF
FFAVOUR, I WASSS PERMITTED TO
CARRY OUT THE EXXECUTION.



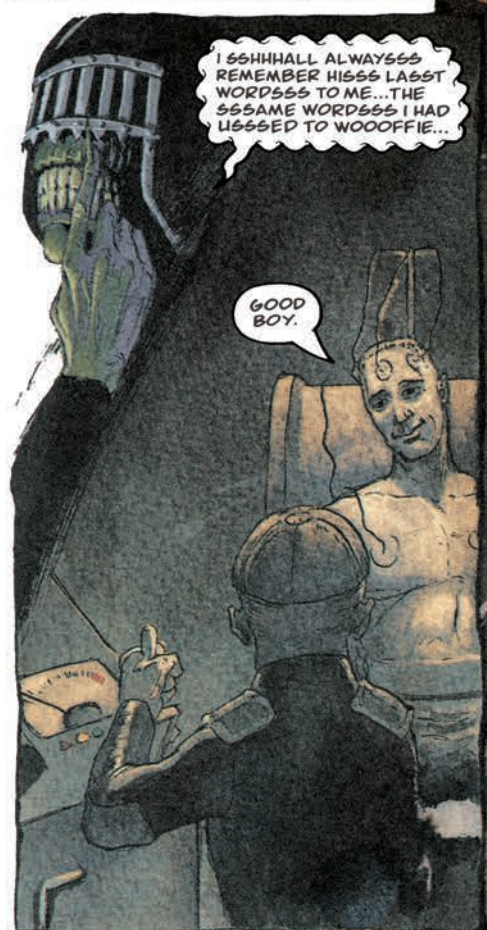
MY BRAIN
IS FULL OF
WORMS
TOO.

I KNOW,
DAD.



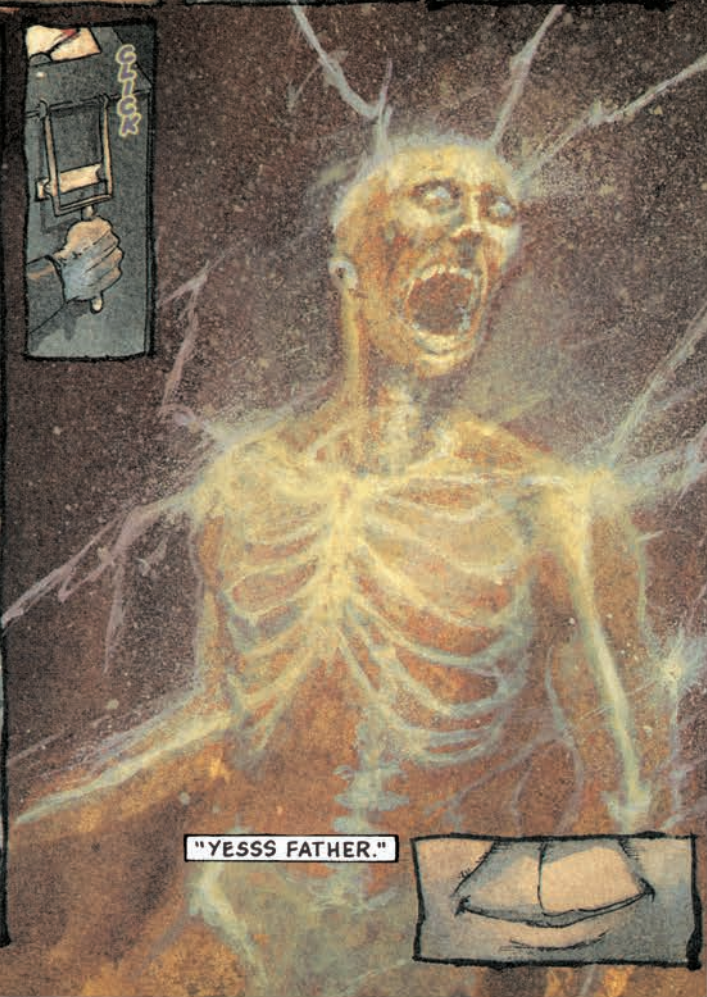
I'M DOING
YOU A
FAVOUR.

YESSS...



I SSSHHALL ALWAYSSS
REMEMBER HISSS LASST
WORDSSS TO ME...THE
SSSAME WORDSSS I HAD
USSSED TO WOOFFIE...

GOOD
BOY.



"YESSS FATHER."





SO... YOU EXECUTED
YOUR OWN FATHER.

YESSS. A
CHERRISHHED
MEMORY.



I WASSS AN IMMEDIATE
SSUCCESS AT LAW SSSCHOOL.
ASS WE CALLED IT. MY GRASSSP
OF MATTERSS PHILOSSOPHICAL
WAS GROWINGGG FASTT. I WASSS
ABLE TO ENGAGE MY TUTORSS
IN LONGG DISSCUSSIONSS,
IMPRESSINGG MANY WITHH
THE SSIMPLE LOGIC OF MY
ARGUMENT.

A FEWW,
HOWEVER,
THOUGHT ME
SSSICK.



YOU DON'T SAY.

THEY WERE LIKE YOU,
MR SSSKUTER - MINDSS
LOCKED IN THE PASST,
IN THE OLD THINKINGGG.
THE "WETSSS", I CALLED
THEM.

THEY REGARDED ME ASS
AN EXCCRESCENCE
WHICHH MUSSST BE
REMOVED.



THEY UNDERSSSTIMATED
THEIR ENEMY!

HOWW WELL I REMEMBER
THE DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'SSS
TRAGIC SSSUICIDE IN
THE FIFTH YEAR TORTURE
LAB...

← → FULLY OPEN
SUPERRACK 91
↓ SMOKE



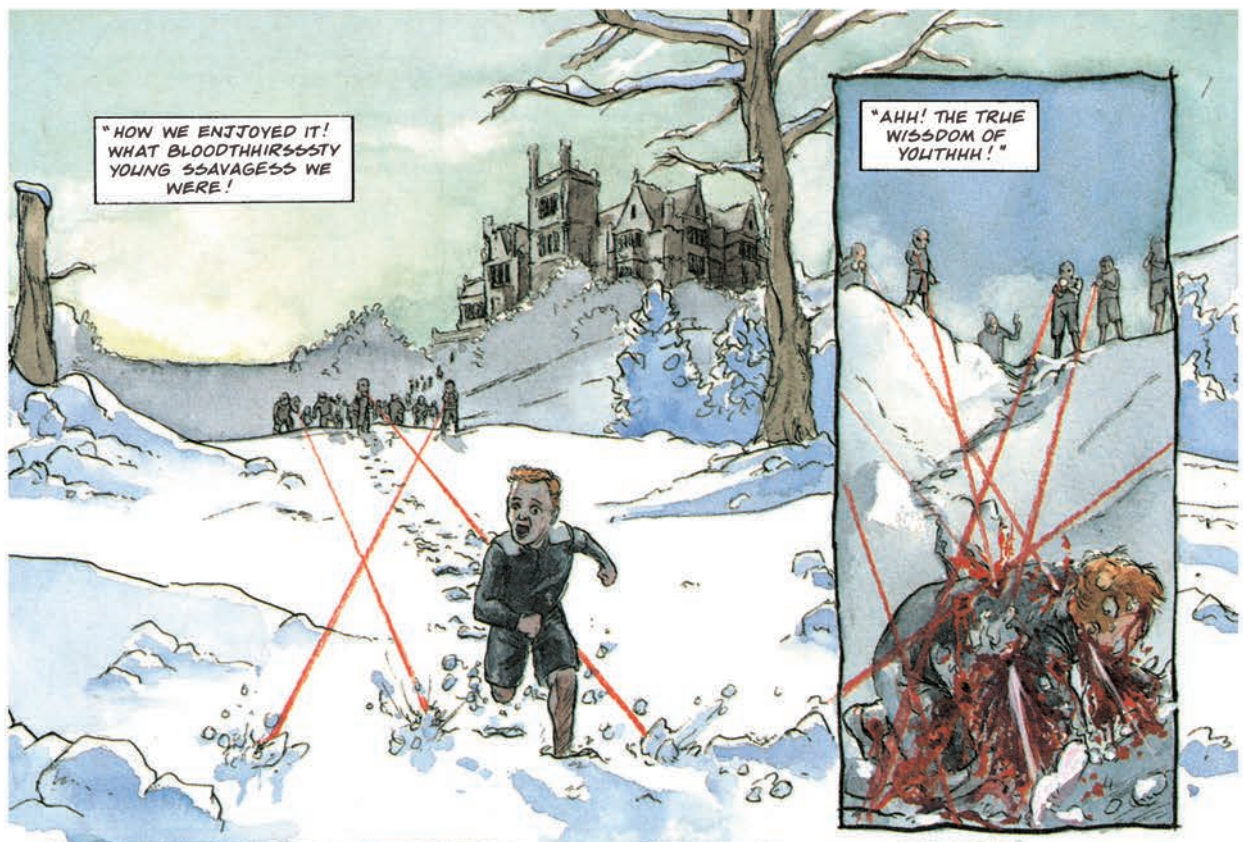
* ... AND THE FFIRE IN THE SSENIOR
TUTORSSS' QUARTERSSS WHICH
CLAIMED FFOUR LIVESSS.

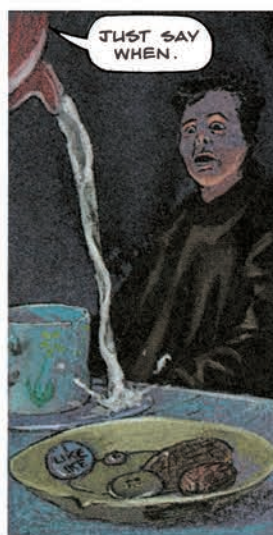


"I SSUCCESSSED IN IMPLICATINGG
A FELLOWN TRAINEEE IN THAT ONE.
HE HAD BEEN IRRITATINGGG ME
WITH HIS HELPPFUL ATTITUDE AND
CHHHEERFFUL DISSPOSSION."

MORGY DID
IT, SIR! CHECK
HIS LOCKER!











WHERE'S BRI?
HAS SOMETHING
HAPPENED?

WHEN DID YOU
LAST SEE SKUTER?

YESTERDAY, 22.35.
HE GOT A CALL - WENT
TO MEET SOMEONE.

WHO?

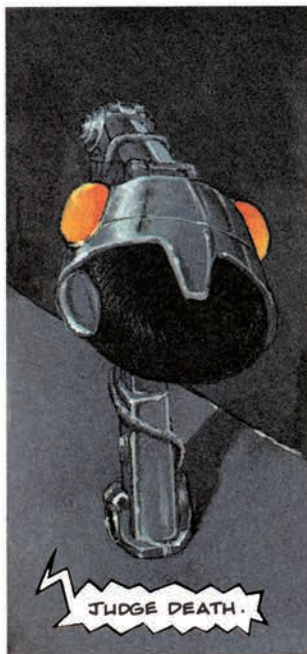
CAN'T SAY. BRIAN
WOULDN'T LIKE IT.



BRIAN IS DEAD.

NO!

WHO DID HE
MEET YESTERDAY?
WHO MADE THE
CALL?

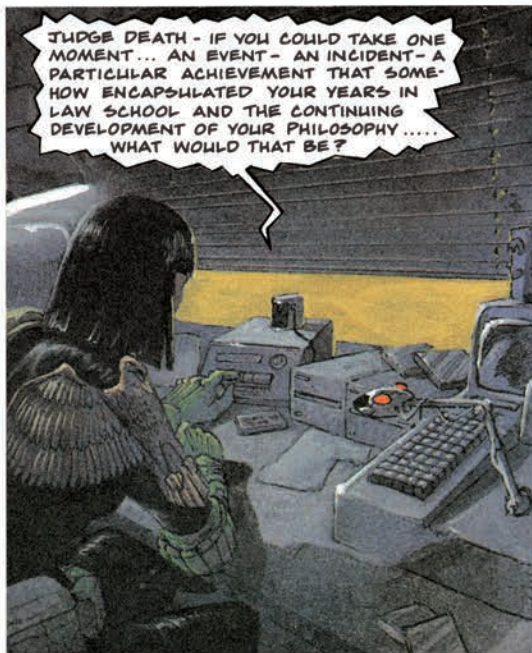


JUDGE DEATH.



THAT'S WHAT BRI SAID, ANYWAY.
HE MET HIM BEFORE.

SEE FOR
YOURSELF. ALL
HIS NOTES AND
TAPES ARE IN
THE DRAWER.



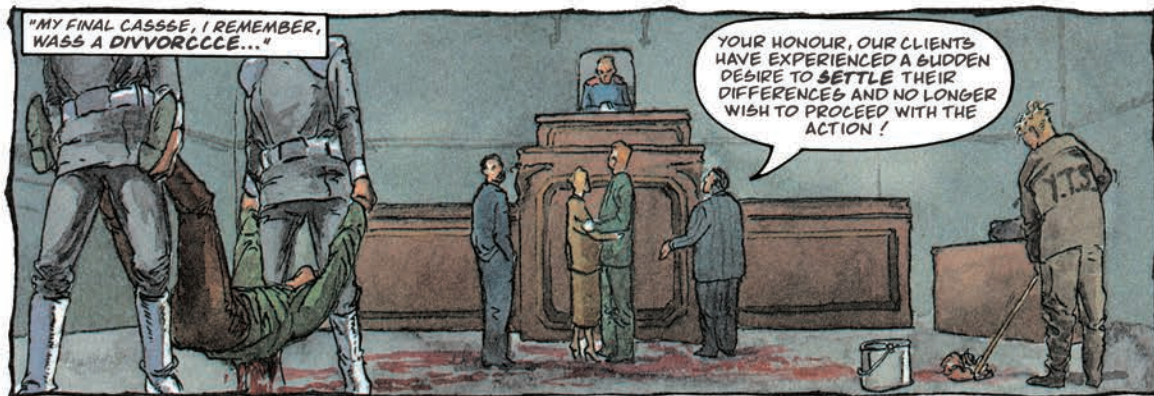
JUDGE DEATH - IF YOU COULD TAKE ONE
MOMENT... AN EVENT - AN INCIDENT - A
PARTICULAR ACHIEVEMENT THAT SOME-
HOW ENCAPSULATED YOUR YEARS IN
LAW SCHOOL AND THE CONTINUING
DEVELOPMENT OF YOUR PHILOSOPHY.....
WHAT WOULD THAT BE?



I'M GLAD YOU ASKED
ME THAT, BRIAN...



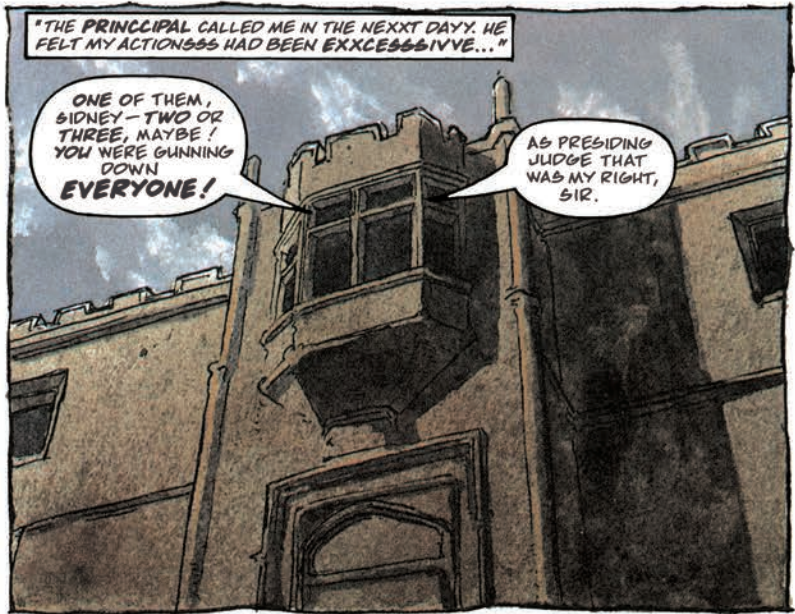






MY DAY IN COURT CAUSED A FLOOD OF COMPLAINTS.

I CAN IMAGINE.



"THE PRINCIPAL CALLED ME IN THE NEXT DAY. HE FELT MY ACTIONS HAD BEEN EXCESSIVE..."

ONE OF THEM, SIDNEY - TWO OR THREE, MAYBE! YOU WERE GUNNING DOWN EVERYONE!

AS PRESIDING JUDGE THAT WAS MY RIGHT, SIR.



I KNOW, SIDNEY, BUT DIVORCES--?

THAT WAS A JUDGEMENT CALL, SIR.

BUT THEY WERE INNOCENT, SIDNEY!



NOBODY'S INNOCENT, SIR. ONLY THE DEAD.

I BELIEVE MY SENTENCING WAS ENTIRELY APPROPRIATE. IF YOU CHECK OUR OWN STATISTICS YOU'LL SEE THAT 87 PER CENT OF CONVICTED PERPETRATORS WILL COMMIT ANOTHER OFFENCE - AND THESE ARE JUST THE ONES WE KNOW ABOUT.



HOW MANY OF THE PEOPLE I SENTENCED WILL RE-OFFEND?

WHY, NONE, BUT--

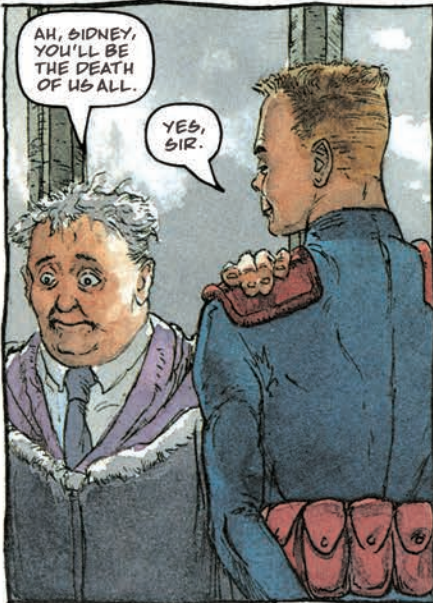
EXACTLY! EVEN YOU HAVE GOT TO ADMIT THOSE ARE GOOD FIGURES, SIR.



THEY ARE TOTALLY REHABILITATED. NOT ONE OF THEM WILL EVER COMMIT ANOTHER CRIME. AS FAR AS THEY ARE CONCERNED, I HAVE CURED THE CRIME PROBLEM.

YES, I SEE THAT, BUT--

NO, YOU DON'T SEE, SIR! WE'RE NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE IN A MINOR COURT. THERE'S A BROADER ISSUE AT STAKE.

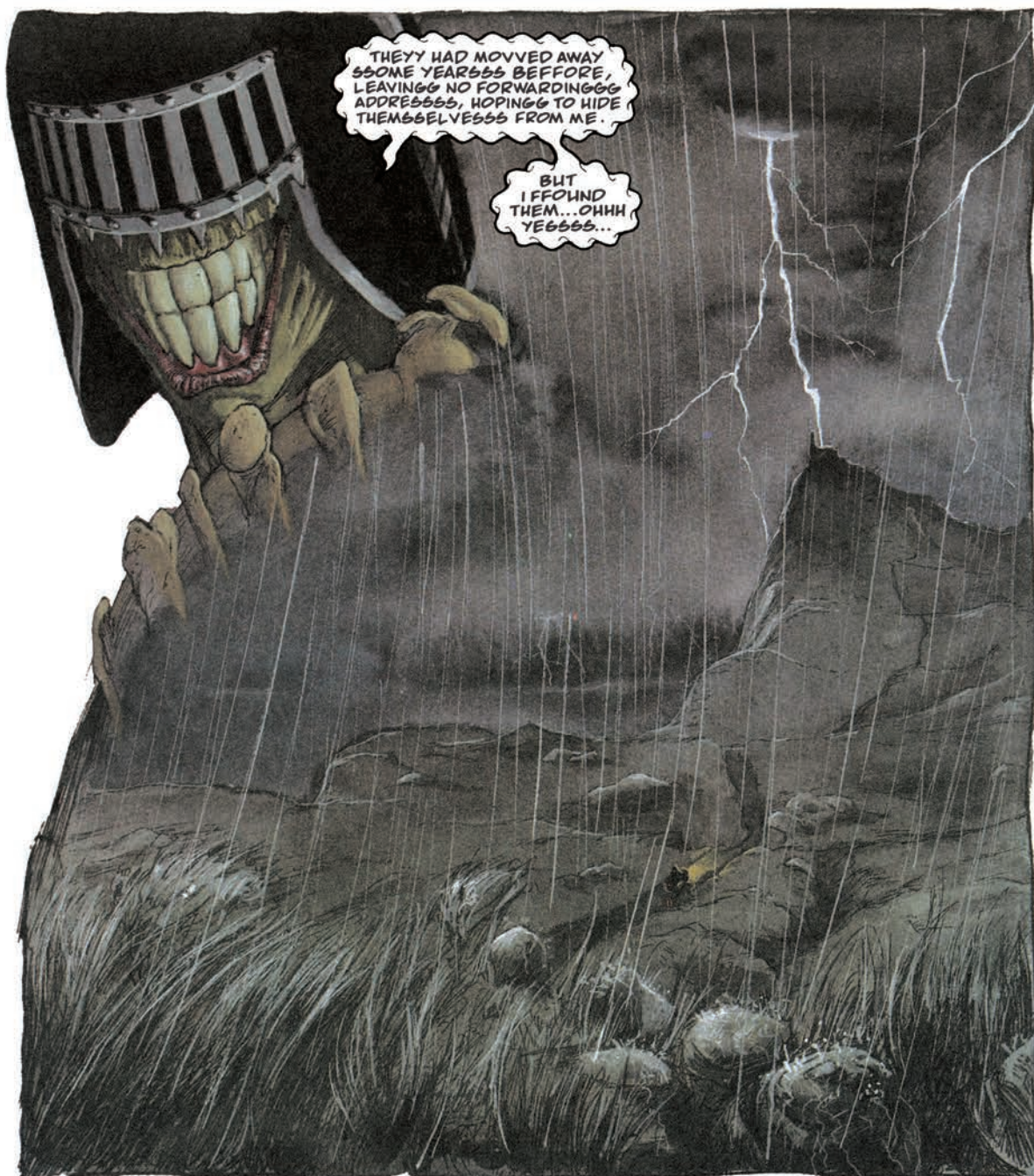
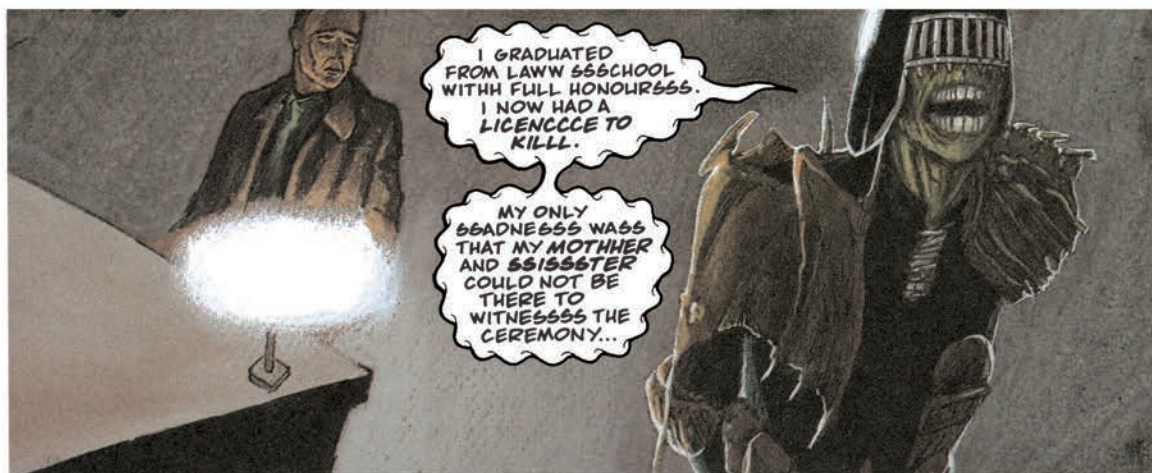


rectitude, proud of his achievements.

In any other world, possessed of a different set of goals a different moral code, who can say what pinnacles Judge Death would have reached?

Yet there was something more - another quality that set him above the level of a mere high achiever. That vision and strength of purpose that makes men into leaders.

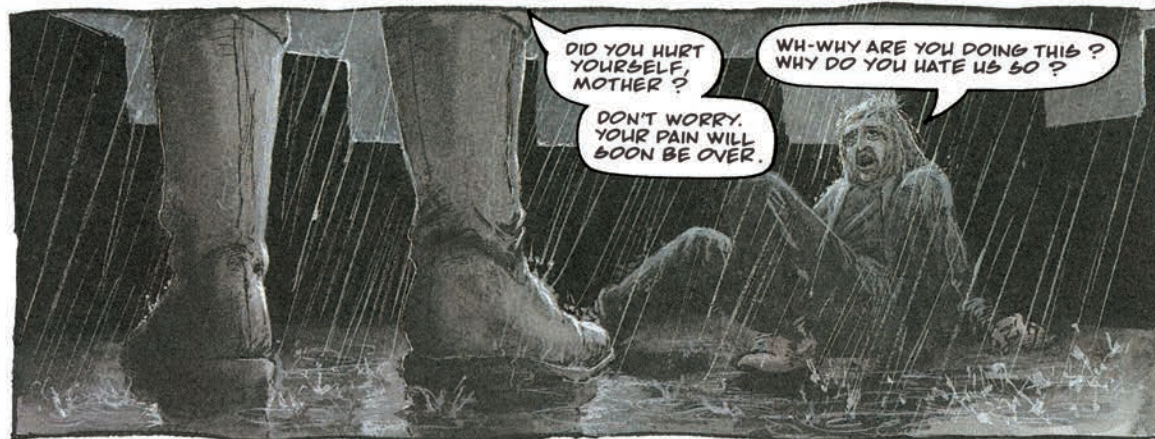












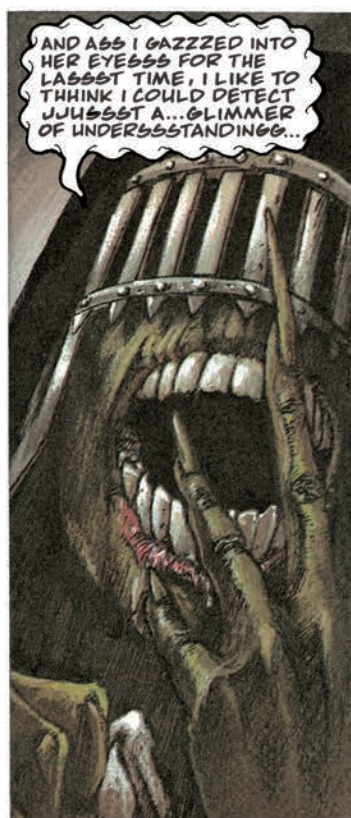


YOU'RE WRONG, MOTHER! I
DON'T HATE YOU—I LOVE YOU!

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD,
MOTHER! YOU'LL THANK
ME IN THE END!



AND I BENT...AND I
LIFTED HER
TENDERLY IN MY
TWO STRONGEST
ARMS...



AND AS I GAZED INTO
HER EYES FOR THE
LAST TIME, I LIKE TO
THINK I COULD DETECT
A GLIMMER
OF UNDERSTANDING...



YOU'RE MAD,
SIDNEY! STARK
STARING MAD!

YOU'RE
BEGINNING
TO BORE ME,
MOTHER.





GRANTED THEM
MERCCY, MR SSSKUTER
—ACCORDING TO THE LAWW.

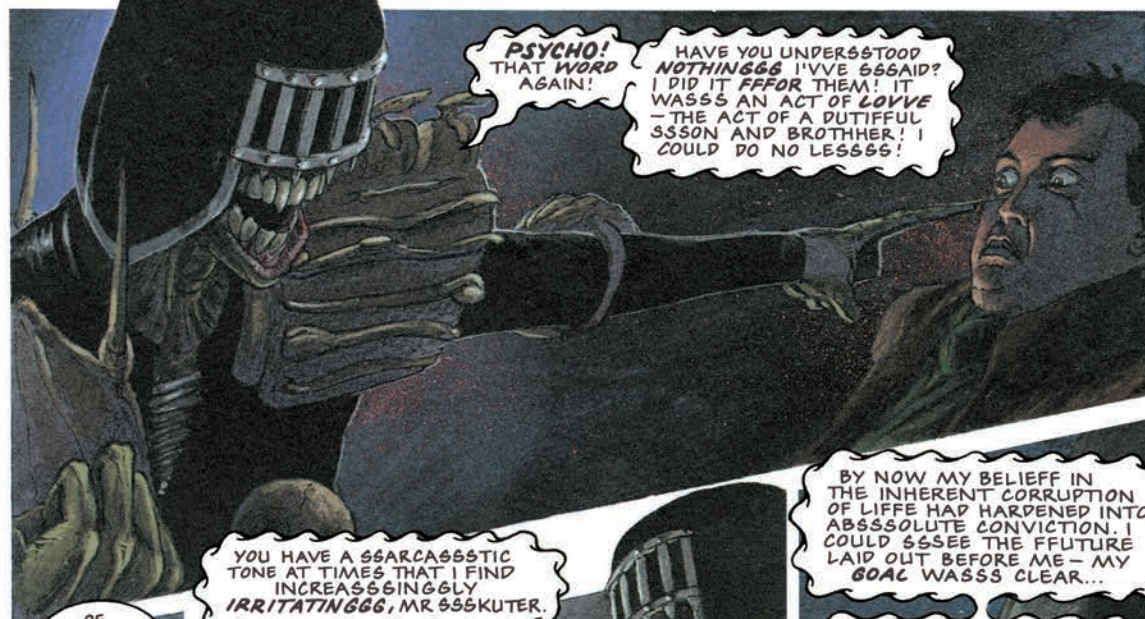
SO...YOU
MURDERED
YOUR
MOTHER AND
SISTER—



MINOR CHHARGGSSSS,
I'LL ADMIT— BUT QUITE
SSSUFFICIENT FFOR
MY PURPOSSSE.

INCLUDING
YOUR DAD AND
WOOFIE, THAT MEANS
YOU WIPED OUT THE
WHOLE FAMILY.

BIT
ROUGH ON
THEM HAVING
A **PSYCHO** ON
THE TEAM.



PSYCHO!
THAT WORD
AGAIN!

HAVE YOU UNDERSSTOOD
NOTHINGGG I'VE SSSAID?
I DID IT FFFOR THEM! IT
WASSS AN ACT OF LOVVE
—THE ACT OF A DUTIFFUL
SSSON AND BROTHHER! I
COULD DO NO LESSSS!

YOU HAVE A SSARCASSSTIC
TONE AT TIMES THAT I FIND
INCREASSINGLY
IRRITATINGGG, MR SSSKUTER.

OF
COURSE.
SILLY ME.
HOW COULD
I MISS
THAT.

HAVVE A
CARE. YOU ARE
NOT OUT OF
HERE YET.

BY NOW MY BELIEFF IN
THE INHERENT CORRUPTION
OF LIFFE HAD HARDENED INTO
ABSSOLUTE CONVICTION. I
COULD SSSSEE THE FFUTURE
LAID OUT BEFORE ME— MY
GOAL WASSS CLEAR...

I MUSSST DESTROY THE
WORLD— EVVERY LIVVINGGG
THHINGGG! I MUSSST RETURN
THE WORLD TO A SSSSTATE OF
PERFECT INNOCENCECE!

QUITE AN
AMBITION.



SORRY!
NO
OFFENCE!



I WASSS NOT ALONE.
THERE WERE MANY WHO
FFOLLOWED MY LEAD,
WHO SSSAW THE TRUTHH
OF MY MESSAGE, WHO
RECOGNISSED IN ME THE
HAND OF DESSSTINY
AT WORK.

"THERE WERE THHREE IN
PARTICULAR - YOUNGGG
JUDGESSS WHO HAD
GRADUATED BELOWW ME.
THEY HAD BEEN MY
ADMIRERSSS IN LAWVV
SSSCHOOL - THEY BECAME
MY MOSSET TRUSTED
LIEUTENANT SSS."

"AHHH, WHAT HEADY
DAYSSS THEY WERE!
WHAT TIMESSSS WE
HAD, JUDGINGGG THE
PEOPLE TO OUR YOUNG
HEARTSSS CONTENT!"



"IT WASSS SSTILL
NECESSARY TO OFFER
SSOME PALTRY
JUSSSTIFICATION FOR
OUR ACTIVITTESSS
LIFFFE. IT SSELF HAD
NOT YET BEEN
DECLARED ILLEGAL."



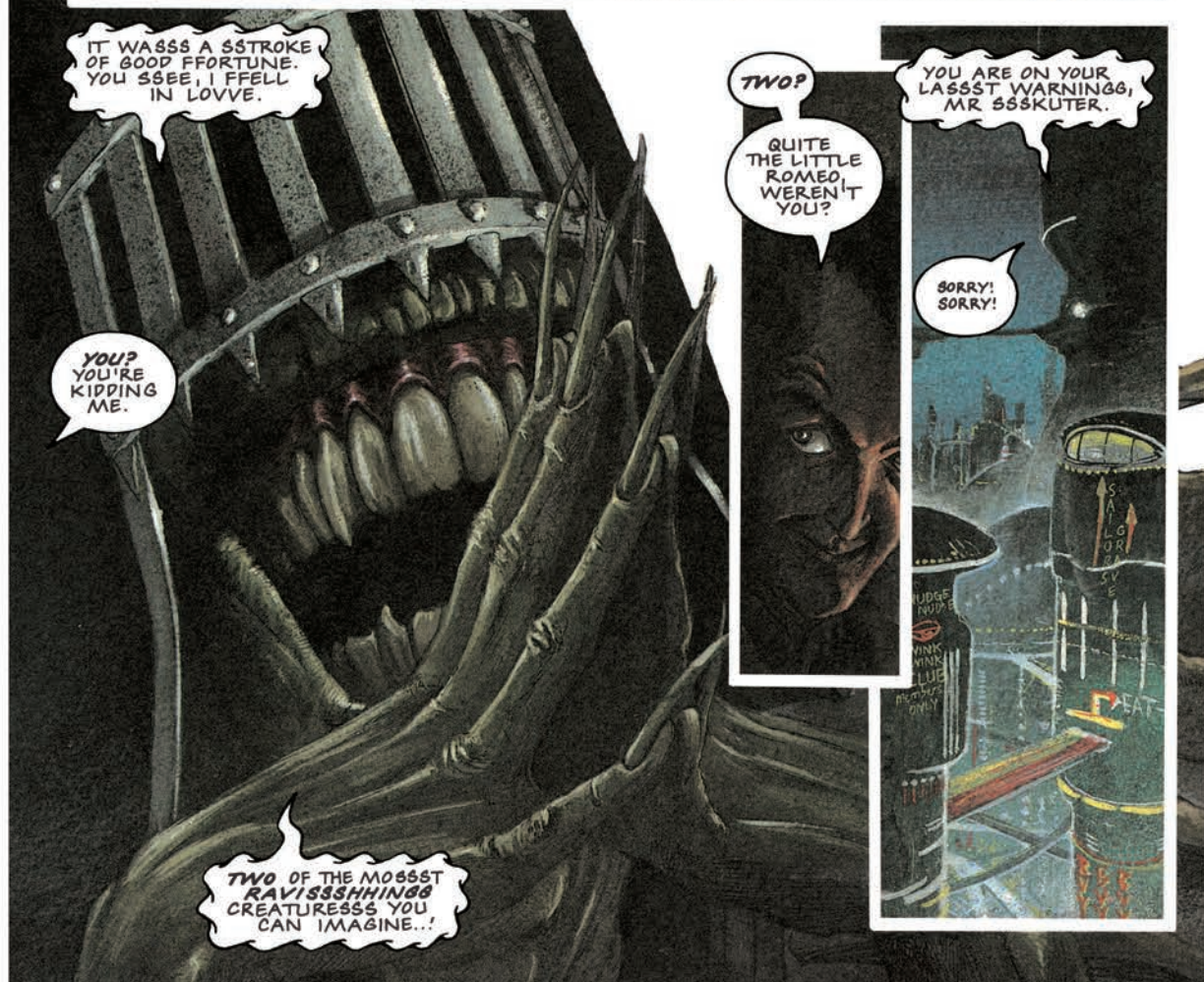
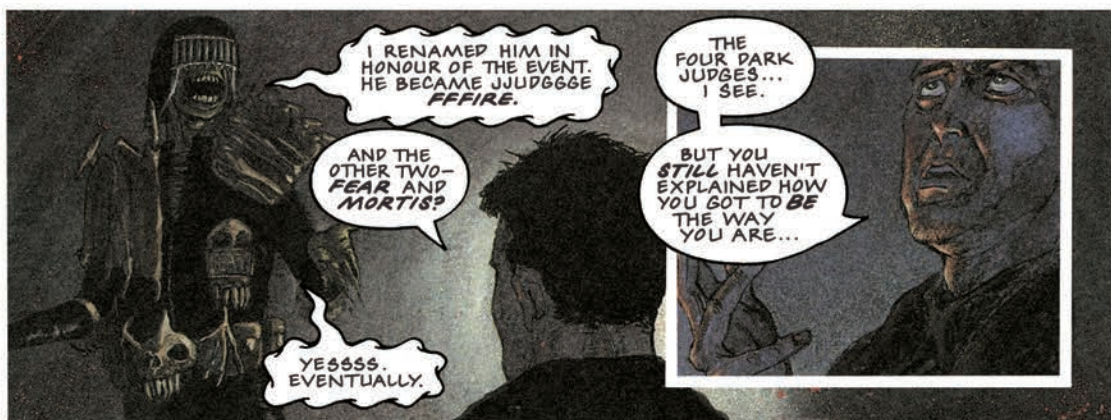
"BUT A CRIME COULD
ALWAYSSS BE FOUND.
THAT ISS THE NATURE
OF LIFFFE. ALLL ARE
GUILTY."



"HOW WELL I REMEMBER THE
DAY ONE OF MY YOUNG BUCKSSS
SSSENTENCCED AN ENTIRE
SSSCHOOL TO DEATHHH -
BREACHHH OF NOISSSE REGSSS
AT PLAYTIME! OVER EIGHTEEN
HUNDRED YOUNGGG SSSINNERSS
ROASSSTED TO A CRISSSP."

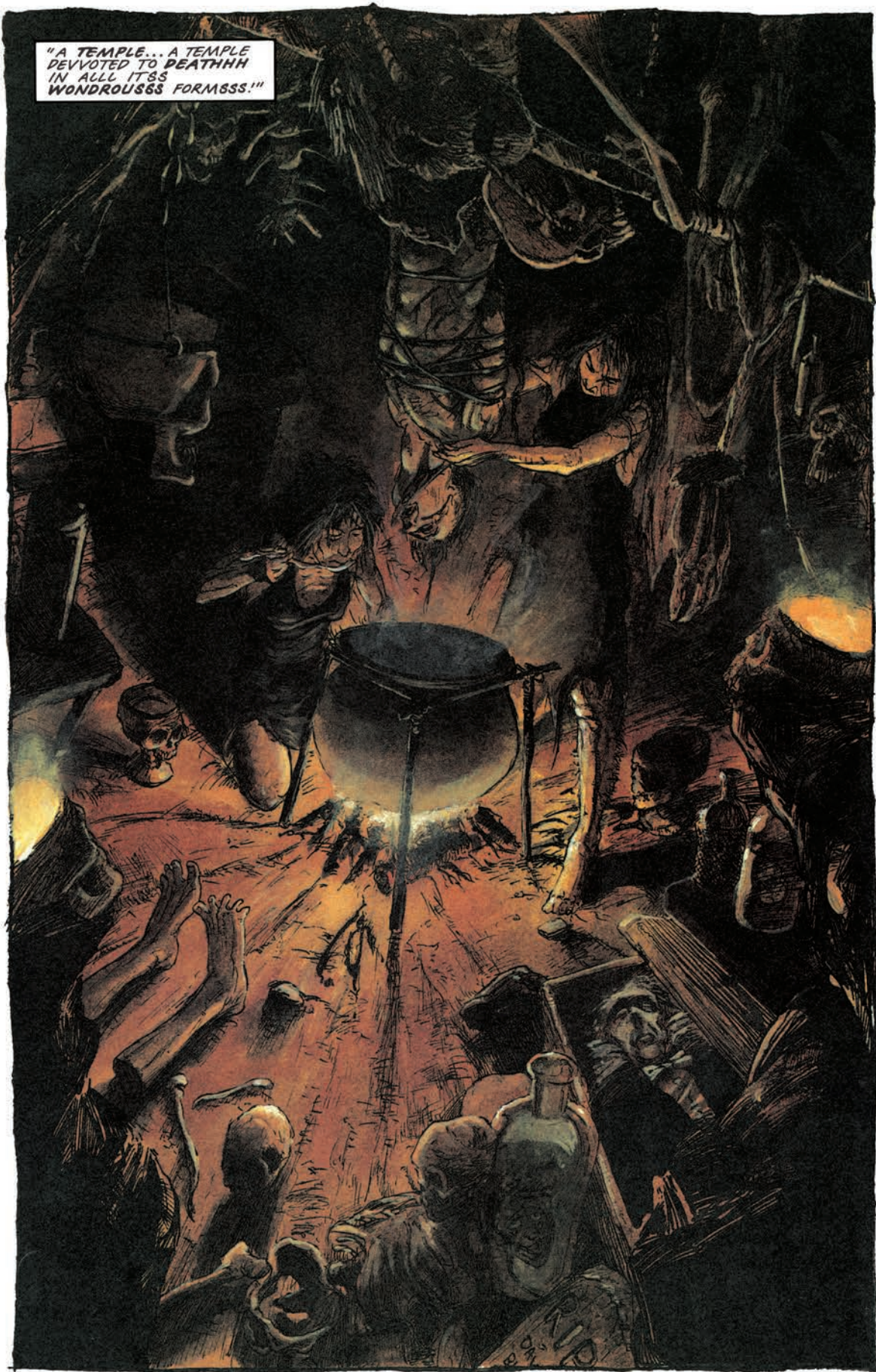


"IT WASS RATHER A
LARGE COMPREHENSIVE,
I RECALL..."





"A TEMPLE... A TEMPLE
DEVVOTED TO DEATHHHH
IN ALL ITSS
WONDROUSSS FORMSSS!"







H-WAGONS
IN POSITION.
HOLDING OFF
AT FIVE-ZERO-
ZERO.



WHAT DO
YOU THINK,
ANDERSON?



BEATS
ME...

I'M PICKING
UP SOMETHING,
BUT IT'S FAINT
—LIKE A BAD
SMELL THAT
WON'T GO
AWAY...



BUT...
HELL! IF
DEATH WAS
IN TOWN I'M
SURE I'D HAVE
SENSED IT
LONG BEFORE
THIS...

WE
SHALL
SEE.



MOVE
IN!

PHOBIA AND NAUSEA, THE SISTERS OF DEATH—THOSE ETHEREAL DEMONS WHO WROUGHT SUCH APPALLING CARNAGE UPON OUR CITY... IT CAME AS A SHOCK TO REALISE THAT THEY TOO HAD ONCE BEEN HUMAN.

I FELL TOTALLY UNDER THE SSSISSTERSSS' SSSPELL. I WOULD BRING THEM VICTIMSSS AND WE—

I WILL NOT GO INTO DETAIL, SSSOME OF THE THINGSSS WE DID MADE EVEN ME FFEEL QUEASSY.

BUT I WASSS YOUNGGG THEN. SSSOME ACTSSS OF UNSSPEAKABLE DEPRAVVVITY ARE AN... ACQUIRED TASSSTE.



IT WASSS THEY WHO REMINDED ME OF THE FUNDAMENTAL FFLAWW IN MY ARGUMENT.

I'D RECOGNISSED THE PROBLEM A LONGG TIME BEFFORE. I'D WRSSSTLED WITH IT MANY TIMESSS—TO NO AVAIL.

YOU GOT SOMETHING WRONGS—?



YOU SSSSEE, MR SSSKUTER, I TOO WASSS ALIVE —I TOO WASSS A SSSINNER—PERHAPS THE GREATSSST SSSINNER OF ALL! WHAT RIGHT HAD I TO SSSAND IN JUDGEMENT OVER OTHERSSS?

IT WASSS THE SSSISSTERSSS WHO PROVIDED THE SSSOLUTION...

YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE. IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

ONLY THEN CAN YOU BE PURE TO JUDGE.





AN INTERESTING
EXPERIENCE, GIRLS, BUT
RATHER TOO *FINAL*
FOR MY LIKING.

IT WOULDN'T BE
PERMANENT...

WE CAN
RESURRECT
YOU - BRING
YOU BACK AS
LIVING DEAD.



LIVING
DEATH, HUH...?
SOUNDS GOOD
TO ME!

WE'LL DO
A REALLY NICE
JOB ON YOU!
SIDDEYKINS...

TAKE THESE POISSONSS.
TAKE THEM DAILY. THEY'LL
GRADUALLY PREPARE YOUR BODY-
ROT THE PLANT ON THE STALK.



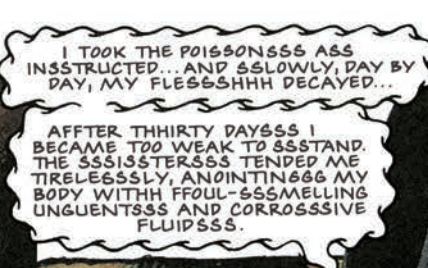
WE TAKE
POISSONS
OURSELVES.
SEE -

PHOBIA'S MORE
ADVANCED THAN ME.
SHE'S ALREADY HALFWAY
TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.



SOON
I'LL HARDLY
BE HERE
AT ALL.

INTERESTING...



I TOOK THE POISSONSSS ASS
INSTRUCTED... AND SLOWLY, DAY BY
DAY, MY FLESSH HH DECEAYED...

AFTER THIRTY DAYSS I
BECAME TOO WEAK TO SSSSTAND.
THE SSSISSTERSSS TENDED ME
TIRELESSLY, ANOINTINGSS MY
BODY WITH FFOUL-SSSMELLING
UNGUENTSSS AND CORROSSIVE
FLUIDSSS.



DONE TO
A TURN!



"MY THHREE TRUSTED
LIEUTENANTSSS WERE
INVITED TO WITNESS
MY DEMISSSE..."

THE HOUR HAS
COME TO DEPART
THISS MORTAL
LIFE!

I'M FREEEEEE

PURGGED
OF MY
SSSINSSS!
DEAD—
AND YET
UNDEADD!

WELL DONE,
THAT MAN!

LET
THE DEAD
FLUIDSS
FLOW!

LET THE
BODY
RIPEN!



ENTER
NOW!



FILL THISS
SOULLESS
CARCASE!



ARISE,
JUDGE
DEATHHH!

"THEY HAD PREPARED NEWW ROBESSS
OF OFFICCE, IN KEEPINGG WITH MY
ELEVATED SSSTATURE -"

EXXCCELLENT!





IT... WORKSSSS!



YOU CANNOT
KILL WHAT
DOESSS NOT
LIVVVE!

PRETTY FINE
JOB YOU DID THERE,
LADIES! RECKON
YOU COULD DO
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT FOR US, P



IT
WOULD BE
A PLEASURE,
BOYS!

SO IT WAS
THE **SISTERS**
OF **DEATH**
WHO TURNED
YOU INTO A
ZOMBIE.

I DO
NOT LIKE
THAT TERM,
MR **SSSKUTER**.

IT **SSUGGESSTSS**
MINDLESS **SSUBSSSERVIANCCE**
TO ANOTHER **SSS** WILL. I CAN
ASSURE YOU, I WASS NEVVER
ANYONE'S **SSS** FOOL.

THOUGH I DO CONFESS
I HAD BECOME **SSSOMEWHAT**
DISSTRACTED OF LATE...

IT CAN HAPPEN TO THE
MOST FAR-**SSS**IGHTED
OF **USS** - WE BECOME BOGGED
DOWN IN THE PRACTICAL,
DAY-TO-DAY **ASSPECTSSS**,
LOSS **SS**IGHT OF THE
BROADER **PERSSSPECTIVE...**

ONCE AGAIN THAT NOTE OF MISSIONARY ZEAL
IN HIS VOICE... TO WRITE JUDGE DEATH OFF AS
A MERE ALIEN FIEND WOULD BE UNWISE. HERE
WAS THE VISIONARY, THE PROPHET, THE MAN WITH
A MISSION AND A MESSAGE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

DARE I SAY IT - IN HIS
OWN TWISTED TERMS,
A MESSIAH...



NOW I WASSS
FILLED WITHH
NEWW ENERGGY.
I COULD SSEE
SSUDDENLY THAT
DESSSTINY WASS
WITHIN MY
GRASSSP—FFOR
WHO COULD
SSSTAND AGAINST
ME NOW?



WITH MY FAITHHHFFUL
LIEUTENANTSSS I PAID A
CALL ON OUR CHHIEFFF
JJUDGE...

AHH,
DEATH,
YES... I'VE
BEEN MEANING
TO HAVE A
WORD WITH
YOU.



IT'S ALL
THIS KILLING...
KILLING, KILLING,
KILLING!

THE PEOPLE
ARE GUILTYYY.
THEY MUSSST
BE JJUDGEED.

YES, YES,
GRANTED, BUT
CAN'T YOU
OCCASIONALLY
JUST ARREST
SOMEONE?

THAT'S
A TERRIBLE
HISS YOU'RE
DEVELOPING, BY
THE WAY.



CORPSES, CORPSES,
EVERYWHERE YOU GO—
YOU AND THOSE BULLY
BOYS OF YOURS! AND IT'S
NOT JUST YOU—EVERY-
BODY'S AT IT NOW!

I JUST
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH YOU, DEATH.
YOU ACT LIKE YOU
WON'T BE
SATISFIED TILL
THE WHOLE
WORLD'S
DEAD!



YESSS,
SSSIR!
THE CRIME
ISSS LIFFE,
SSSIR—



THE SSSENTENCE
ISSSS DEATHHH!



NOW
THAT *IS*
GOOD!



MY FFIRSSST
ACT ASS CHHIEFF
JJUDGE WASSS TO
DECLARE *LIFFE*
OFFFICCIALLY
ILLEGAL.

YOU
TOOK
OVER?

NATURALLY.



THERE WERE A FFEWW
OBJJECTORSSS, OF COURSE—
SSSTILL A FFEWW *IVETSSS*
AROUND— BUT THEY WERE
SSSOON WEEDD OUT.

THE *SSISSSTERSSS*
WORKED THEIR SSORCCERY
UPON MY LIEUTENANTSSS...
AND THE RESST— ASS THEY
SSSAY— *ISS HISSTORY*.

"WE SSENT OUT OUR JJUDGESSS
TO EVERY QUARTER TO JJUDGE
THE PEOPLE— AND WHEN THEY
HAD FFINISSHHED WE IN TURN
JJUDGEED THEM.

"WE DESSSTROYED EVERY
LIVVINGG THINGG! WE
CREATED *PARADISSE*,
MR SSSKUTER— A WORLD
TRULY FFIT FFOR THE
INNOCENT!



"THAT MAY SSEEM HARSHHH, BUT BELIEVVE ME, IT WASS NECESSARY."



GET BACK IN YOUR APARTMENT. LOCK THE DOOR.

"COMPARE OUR SSSTATISSTICSS—"



ON DEADWORLD THERE ISS NO ROBBERY—NO MURDER—NO ARSSON—NO LITTERINGGG—NO NOISSY PARTIESSS TO DISSTURB THE NEIGHBOURSSS.

NO NEIGHBOURSSS.



NO EVIL LURKINGGG IN THE HEARTSSS OF MEN. NO CRIME, MR. SSSKUTER.

YOU CANNOT ARGUE WITHHH SSSTATISSTICSSS. DEATHHH ISS THE SSSOLUTION. DEATHHHH CURESS ALL.



THANK YOU FFOR COMINGGG, MR. SSSKUTER.

YOU MEAN—THAT'S IT? I... I CAN GO NOW?

YOU CAN GO NOWW.



LET THE PEOPLE KNOW MY SSSORY. I WANT THEM TO UNDERSSAND ... THERE ISS AN ALTERNATIVE.



THEY HAVE REJECTED ME THISSS TIME, BUT SSSOME DAY THEY WILL COME TO RECOGNISSE THE TRUE WICKEDNESSS OF THEIR LIVESSS.

TELL THEM... WHEN THEY DO—WHEN THEY ARE READY TO RECCEIIVE MERCY—I WILL RETURN.

UH... RIGHT.

HIS BALEFUL GAZE NEVER LEFT ME AS I HASTILY PACKED. I COULDN'T ESCAPE THE TERRIBLE SUSPICION THAT HE WAS TOYING WITH ME, THAT I WOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE...



MR SSSKUTER—

MY **BROTHERSSS...** THE PLACE WHERE THEY ARE BEINGG HELD— ANY CHANCCCE OF ... **SSSPRINGGINGSS** THEM?

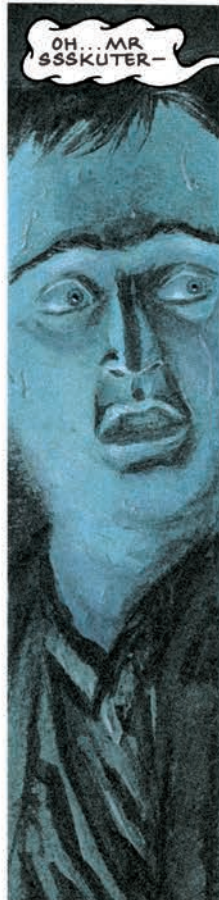


I... I DON'T THINK SO. IT'S TRIPLE SECURITY. THEY'VE GOT SUCTION TRAPS AND A TEAM OF PSI JUDGES ON PERMANENT DUTY, JUST IN CASE YOU SHOW.

I THOUGHT ASS MUCHH. THANK YOU.



OH... MR SSSKUTER—



ONE FFINAL THINGGG...

Y...YES..?



I'M A LITTLE **SSSHORT** AT THE MOMENT. I WONDER IF YOU COULD PERHAPSSSS SSEE YOUR WAY...

JUSSST ENOUGH TO COVVER THE RENT.

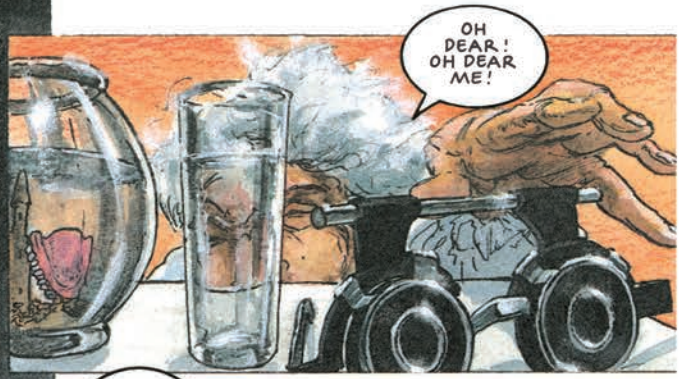
UH, YEAH. I GUESS...







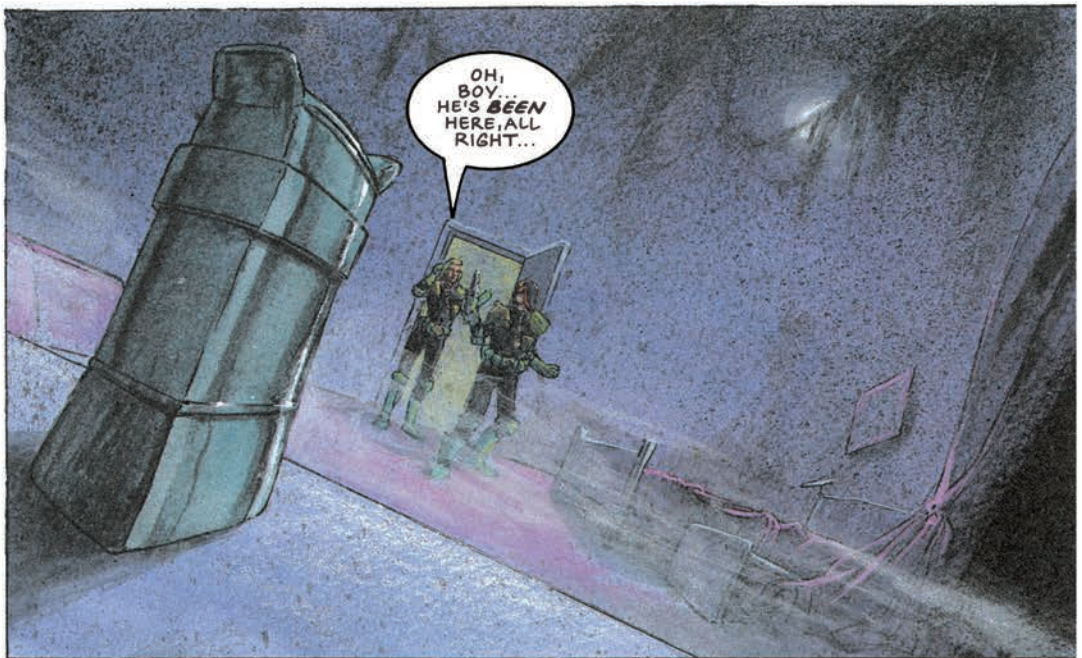
JUDGES!
FREEZE!



OH
DEAR!
OH DEAR
ME!



WH-
WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?



OH,
BOY...
HE'S BEEN
HERE, ALL
RIGHT...



NO
DOUBT
ABOUT
IT.



MR
De'ATH...
WELL, I
NEVER-!



I ALWAYS
FELT THERE WAS
SOME DEEP SECRET
HE WAS HIDING...
A BROKEN LOVE
AFFAIR, PERHAPS...

HE WAS A
VERY PRIVATE
PERSON, YOU SEE.
NO FRIENDS-
APART FROM
MR SKUTER...



I
DON'T
KNOW IF
YOU COULD
CALL HIM
A FRIEND,
REALLY...



I
BROUGHT
SKUTER'S
NOTES AND
TAPES
OVER.

YOU
WANT TO
GET A LOAD
OF THIS STUFF.
PLEASANT
BEDTIME
READING IT
AIN'T.



SKUTER
GOT A SECOND
CALL FROM **DEATH**
LAST NIGHT. HE
WAS ANGRY ABOUT
SOMETHING-
DON'T KNOW
WHAT.

THE
ANSWER'S
HERE...



- GOING TO
RECORD THIS,
OKAY..?

YESSS.
GOOD IDEA,
MR
SSSKUTER.



NOW, UH,
WHAT WAS IT
YOU WANTED
TO SEE ME
ABOUT?



THISSS!

JUDGE DEATH LIVES!
IS JUDGE DEATH
YOUR NEXT DOOR
NEIGHBOUR?
How to know when you are



YOU'VE
SEEN IT-

UH...
WH-WHAT
DO YOU
THINK...

**TOP EXCUSES FOR
NOT PAYING
BLOCK TAX!**
The results of MCN's
own unbiased survey
amongst Mega-City
citizens.

CLAS
PERSONAL
FOR SALE
FREE!!
PRODUCT
HOW TO KNOW WHEN YOU ARE



I AM APPALLED,
MR SSSKUTER!

"ISSS JUDGE
DEATHHH YOUR NEXT
DOOR NEIGHBOUR?"
AND HERE-LATER ON-
"20 THHINGSSSS YOU
NEVER KNEW ABOUT
THE DARK DESSSTROYER!"

TRIVVVIA,
MR SSSKUTER!

I GIVE YOU MY LIFFFE
AND YOU GIVVVE ME
TRIVVVVIA!



RAP
RAP



RAISED
VOICES AGAIN,
MR DE'ATH?

GOODNESS
ME, YOU BOYS
DO GET YOURSELVES
HET UP ABOUT
THINGS, DON'T
YOU?

MY APOLOGGIESSS,
MRS GUNDERSSON.
IT WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN. MR SSSKUTER
WILL BE LEAVINGGG
SSHORTLY.



HE ISS ABOUT
TO BE TAKEN
UNWELL.

Oh
jeez,
please...



GOOD.
FINE. SORRY
TO HEAR
THAT.

DO
CARRY
ON,
BOYS.



LOOK, IT
W-WASN'T MY
FAULT! HONEST!
I-I DID YOU A
REALLY NICE PIECE—
A PROPER IN-DEPTH
PROFILE—B-BUT
THEY WOULDN'T
BUY IT!



THEY
THOUGHT
I WAS MAKING
IT UP! THEY WOULDN'T
BELIEVE YOU WERE
HERE, IN THE CITY—
TH- THEY FIGURED PSI-
DIVISION WOULD
HAVE KNOWN
ABOUT IT—



Oh
jeez...



THEY WOULDN'T
BELIEVVVE YOU—!

WE'LL GIVVVE THEM
SSSOMETHINGGG TO
BELIEVVVE IN,
SSHALL WE?



Y-YEAH, MAYBE IF YOU WENT ON L-LIVE VID OR SOMETHING—

DON'T BE ABSSSURD. YOU KNOW I DON'T DO ANYTHINGGG LIIIVVE!

I HAVVVE A BETTER WAY—



THE CRIME ISSS LIIFFFFE, MR SSSKUTER...
YOU KNOWW THE RESSST!

Oh sweet grud—!



UNGGGGGG



HOWWW DOES THAT FFEEL, HMMMMM? ISSS THAT TO YOUR TASSSTE?

CAN YOU FFEEL THAT FFORGIVENESSSS SSSSPREADINGGGG THROUGH YOU?



RESSST IN PEACCCE, MR SSSKUTER!



THE CREEP
DUMPED THE BODY
IN THE CHEM PIT
AND CALLED US. WE
CAN BE PRETTY
SURE HE WON'T
BE BACK HERE.

WELL, IT
WORKED. I'M A
BELIEVER...

WHAT
DO WE DO
WITH THIS
STUFF?



PUBLICITY'S
WHAT HE WANTS.
THE HELL WITH
HIM. WE'LL KEEP
IT UNDER
WRAPS.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
LANDLADY?



INCREDIBLE,
ISN'T SHE?

I'LL
TALK TO
HER. I'M SURE
SHE'LL KEEP
QUIET.

EVEN IF
SHE DOESN'T,
WHO'D BELIEVE
HER? NOBODY
BELIEVED
SKUTER.



I STILL
DON'T GET
IT. I CAN SENSE
HIM HERE, I CAN
FEEL HIM... BUT
OUTSIDE—BEYOND
THIS BUILDING
—IT'S JUST A
BLANK...

HE'S
FOUND A
WAY TO
BLOCK ME
OUT. NOW,
I DON'T
KNOW...

WELL,
GET
WORKING
ON IT.



'COS HE'S
STILL OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE...

AND KNOWING
THAT CREEP, HE
COULD STILL BE
THE DEATH OF
US ALL.

**THE
END**

AFTERWORD

I've been asked to provide some reminiscences about *Young Death* but I don't actually remember an awful lot about doing the work itself. I do recall a certain youthful enthusiasm, the feeling of being very lucky to land such a job on my first attempt. But what is stronger in my memory is the chain of people and events that led up to my being given the job. It's an old cliché that it's not what you know but who you know, which is true to some degree. It is usually your network of acquaintances that provide the door of opportunity but, then, you do still have to deliver the goods.

In the mid to late 1980's most folks with any interest in comics attended the UK Comic Art Convention and I was no exception. These were the days when Alan Moore actually attended conventions and comics were taking over the world in the wake of *Dark Knight*, *Maus* and *Watchmen*. One year I was introduced, by a mutual acquaintance, to Duncan Fegredo. I'd actually seen Duncan's degree show at Leeds Polytechnic a year or two previously and had been impressed by the energy and quality of his work. At the time Duncan was still living in Leeds where he was starting to carve himself a niche in the comics business. After an initial meeting a few months after UKCAC we found we got on pretty well, so we began to meet up fairly regularly. One of Duncan's earliest jobs that actually paid any money was drawing two episodes of *New Statesmen*, one of the flagship strips in Fleetway's *Crisis* magazine written by John Smith. It turned out that John lived up the road from Leeds, in York. Unsurprisingly, he also began to visit Leeds more often and join us for a drink or three. Later on we also met one of John's old school friends, Chris Standley, who had been co-writing *Tyranny Rex* with John.

So while I was in my final couple of years of art college, a large percentage of my friends were working comics professionals. My first job out of college was at an animation company working short term on a kid's TV show. When that finished I seriously thought that my next move should be to get into comics. I knew to get any comics work I'd need to prove I could tell a story in pictures. It's surprising how many people's work I've seen over the years, trying to break into comics, who have portfolios with no pages of continuity contained within them. Anyhow to draw a story, one needs a script... I think you may be able to see where this is going. Who do you go to if you need a script?

Chris Standley was trying to establish himself individually and he had an idea for a five page story about an unemployed lad and his travails with the world, so I started on that. John then offered me the first part of a story he was trying to pitch to Richard Burton at *2000 AD* called *Static*, about a bloke who could receive hundreds of TV stations directly into his head.

The big thing at the time was painting comics. Simon Bisley had made a big splash with *Sláine* a year or two before and, consequently, everybody seemed to think that that style was the way forward. I've never been a painter so my stuff tended to be drawings coloured up with transparent inks or watercolour then beefed up with a bit of opaque acrylic or gouache. Looking back at my two sample stories I was probably trying to develop a certain look I felt might go down well with the editors of *2000 AD*, by fitting in with what they were commissioning.

I headed up to the 1990 Glasgow convention with two five page painted stories hoping they'd land me some sort of job. John said he'd put in a word for me with Fleetway's main man Steve MacManus. I finally managed to talk to Steve in a deserted corridor late on Sunday afternoon. He was very generous and encouraging. As we talked a bloke walked past and had a look at the open page of my portfolio. He made some comment to Steve and walked off. Steve then informed me that my work must be pretty good as John Wagner doesn't make such positive comments lightly. Anyhow Steve bought the story I'd done with Chris for *Crisis* and, to go with it, I got to do what turned out to be a spectacularly awful cover. Suddenly I was a paid and published comic book artist. How the hell did that happen?

I can't remember how much time passed before I received the first script for *Young Death*, but it can't have been long. Steve told me it was for a new title they were launching, the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. If I'd have thought about it long enough I'd probably have been intimidated — a John Wagner story and I'd have my beginner's efforts printed in a magazine that included work by Cam Kennedy, Colin MacNeil, Jim Baikie, Garth Ennis and John McCrea. I don't know if it was youthful arrogance or enthusiasm that led me to redesign Judge Death's costume, making it more elaborate with pseudo vertebrae along the top of his shoulder pad although that backfired on me when I realised what a pain in the arse it was to have to draw all that detail over and over again.

John Wagner was wonderfully generous to such a rank amateur as myself. John's scripts are clear and authoritative without being tyrannical on the artist. His storytelling, the pacing, the tone of the characters and the balance of emotional content, subtext, meaning and humour are second to none. The final product seemed to go down well with the audience so I must have done something right, although I do think John's story would have been a winner despite the artist.

Pete Doherty
April, 2008



BONUS STORY

MASQUE OF THE JUDGE DEATH

Script: Si Spencer

Art: John Mcrea

Letters: John McCrea

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Mega-Special 4*

THE DARK JUDGES HAD
DEVASTATED MEGA-
CITY. NO PESTILENCE HAD
EVER BEEN SO HIDEOUS
NOR SO FATAL...

..BUT VINCENTE
PROSPERO HAD NEVER
BEEN SO HAPPY,
THINKING HIMSELF THE
SAFEST OF MEN IN HIS
LUXURY, ULTRA-SECURITY
CONTROLLED APARTMENT.

Edgar
Allan
Poe
Block

HE GATHERED HIS
FRIENDS AROUND HIM,
SECURE IN THE
KNOWLEDGE THAT NOT
EVEN THE DARK JUDGES
COULD PENETRATE HIS
VAST AND EXPENSIVE
DEFENCES...

NONE COULD ENTER AND
NONE DEPART AND IN THE
MEANTIME IT WAS FOLLY
TO GRIEVE...

MASQUE OF THE JUDGE, DEATH



FROM AN IDEA BY
DEAN ORMSTON



VINCENTE HAD PROVIDED ALL THE APPLIANCES OF PLEASURE... THERE WAS TOBACCO, THERE WAS LIMPTY CANDY, THERE WAS SUGAR...

MY FRIENDS, MY FRIENDS, FORGET THE DEATH THAT RAGES ALL AROUND... IN HERE WE ARE SAFE.

ANOTHER HIT OF THE SWEET STUFF, ROGER DEAR?

PARTY DOWN!

DON'T MIND IF I DO, MONTRESOR.

..ALL THESE AND SECURITY WERE WITHIN - WITHOUT WAS DEATH.

VINCENTE WOULD BROOK NO DISSIDENTERS FROM THE REVEL...

ENJOY MY FRIENDS, YOU MUST ENJOY...

...AT LEAST READ AN OLD COMIC!

OH, WE'RE HAVING A FINE TIME, THANKS VINCE.

BESIDES, AREN'T THEY... WELL... ILLEGAL?



THE JUDGES ARE LOST, AND IN HERE WE ARE SAFE FROM THEIR FIENDISH COUNTERPARTS!

WITHIN THESE WALLS...



...I AM THE LAW.

PERHAPS SOME MENTION SHOULD HERE
BE MADE PERTAINING TO THE
PECULIARITIES OF THE APARTMENT
WHEREIN THE FEVER'D PARTY RAGED.



SEVEN ROOMS THERE WERE, IN ALL,
EACH RICHER THAN THE LAST AND
EACH A DIFFERENT HUE...



THESE SYNTH-GRAPES
ARE DVINE, VINCEY-POOS.

I AIM TO
PLEASE MY
DEAR... I AIM
TO PLEASE.

...EACH LIT BY
'GENU-FLAME
TORCHES(TM)

IN EVERY ROOM THE
PEOPLE DANCED, THE
RICH SOUND OF 20TH
CENTURY CHAMBER
MUSIC FILLING ALL
WITH MERRIMENT...

♪ YOU'RE BENDING MY
CANTALOUPE MAN...
SOMEBODY CALL A
JUDGE... ♪

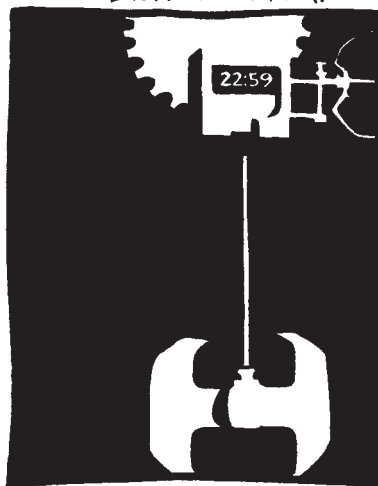
YO, I'M ON ONE,
VINCE, MAN!

I'M SO
THRILLED...

...IN EVERY
ROOM...



SAVE ONE, THE
SEVENTH CHAMBER.



A ROOM SO BLACK AND
GHASTLY THAT NONE WOULD
ENTER; VOID, EXCEPT FOR A
GIGANTIC CLOCK OF EBONY.



DOES NONE HERE
LIKE MY FINAL JEST?
THIS LAST EXQUISITE
CHAMBER OF
DARKNESS?

'S'NCT TH'ROOM
MAN... ITS THAT
CLOCK...

THE GIANT CLOCK, WHOSE
TOLLING OF THE HOUR
WAS SO DEEP AND LOUD
AND CLEAR, SO MELANCHOLY...

BONG

LEAVE IT OUT
LADS... THE HOURS
UP.

THAT AT EACH LAPSE
OF AN HOUR, A HIATUS
WAS FORCED UPON THE
MUSIC...

23:00

BONG
BONG
BONG



AND THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE
GAY COMPANY, A SHUDDER RAN...

4 BONG
BONG
BONG

UNTIL THE FINAL ECHO
FADED INTO SILENCE...

23:00

BONG
BONGGG

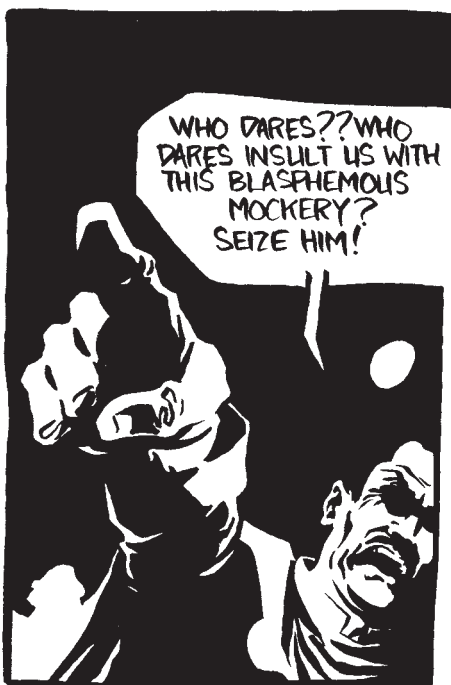


WHEREUPON THE COMPANY FELL ONCE
MORE TO REVELRY UNTIL THE HOUR
AT LEAST...



SOME JESTS OUTSTRIP THE
WIT AND PROPRIETY OF EVEN
THOSE SOULS ALREADY LOST...

...TO REMIND THE
FEVER'D REVELLERS OF
THE PERILOUS OUTSIDE
WAS ONE SUCH IMPROPER
GESTURE.



"SEIZE HIM AND
UNMASK HIM.."





McCreary '91

NOT ONE AMONGST THEM
WOULD OBEY THEIR HOST
AND CHECK HIS BALANCED
GAIT.



TILL SHAMED
AND ENRAGED,
PROSPERO TOOK
MATTERS INTO
HAND...



AND ADVANCED
UPON THE INTRUDER
WITH MURDEROUS
INTENT.



VINSSSENTE
PROSSSPERO....YOU HAVE
BEEN JUDGED...THE
CRIME ISSSS LIFE...



THE
PUNISSHMENT
ISSSS DEATH!



SQUIT!



DEATH

AND NOW AT LAST WAS
ACKNOWLEDGED THE
PRESENCE OF JUDGE
DEATH...

...AND DEATH STALKED
THE THRONG LIKE
AN AVENGING ANGEL.

MY
DEAR!

SMEK

GUESSSS
WHO?

TILL NONE THEREIN
REMAINED ALIVE.

YESSSS

AND LIKE A THIEF
IN THE NIGHT...



HE VANISHED...



AND THE LIFE OF THE
EBONY CLOCK WAS DONE...

AND THE DARK
JUDGES HELD
DOMINION OVER
ALL
NECROPOLIS!

SI SPENCER

Si Spencer has worked on various strips for the *Judge Dredd Magazine* and was the co-creator behind the strips *The Creep* and *Harke and Burr*. More recently he has worked on *Books of Magick: Life During Wartime* for DC Publishing.

JOHN WAGNER

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

PETER DOHERTY

Peter Doherty is primarily known to fans of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic as artist of the *Young Death* series, which opened *Judge Dredd: The Magazine's* first volume, but he has also contributed extensively to *Judge Dredd*, working on the epic 'Judgment Day' as well as many shorter stories, including John Wagner's classic 'Bury My Knee At Wounded Heart'. Outside of *2000 AD*, Doherty's comic work includes *The Dreaming*, *Superman/Batman: World's Finest* and a *Grendel Tales* series. Peter is currently working as a digital colourist and has recently returned to *2000 AD* with work on *Devlin Waugh* and *Judge Dredd*.

JOHN MCCREA

John McCrea's striking art has graced various *2000 AD* strips including *Judge Dredd*, *Sinister Dexter* and *Chopper*. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest he is well known for his work on *Hitman* with celebrated writer Garth Ennis.

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