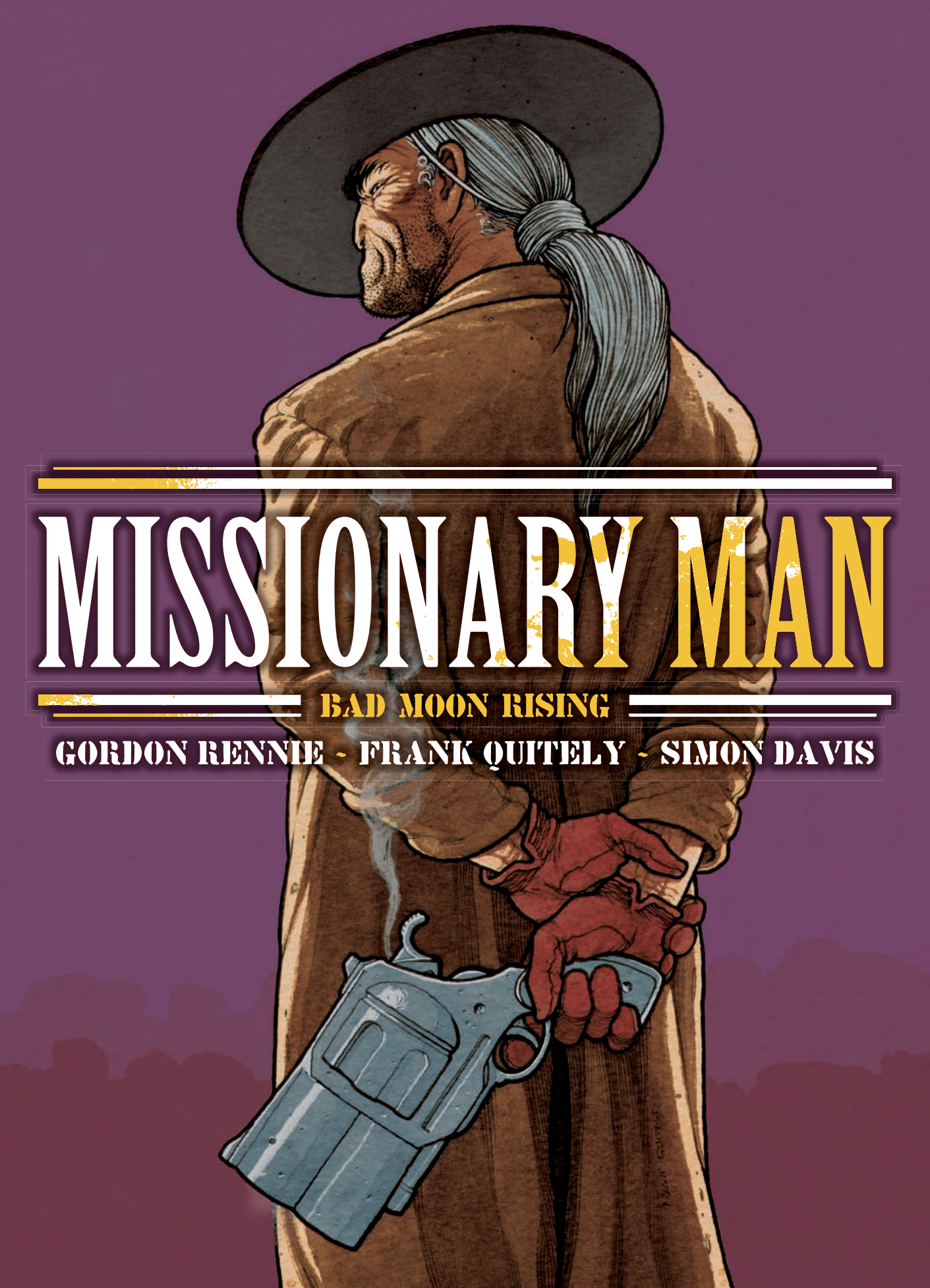
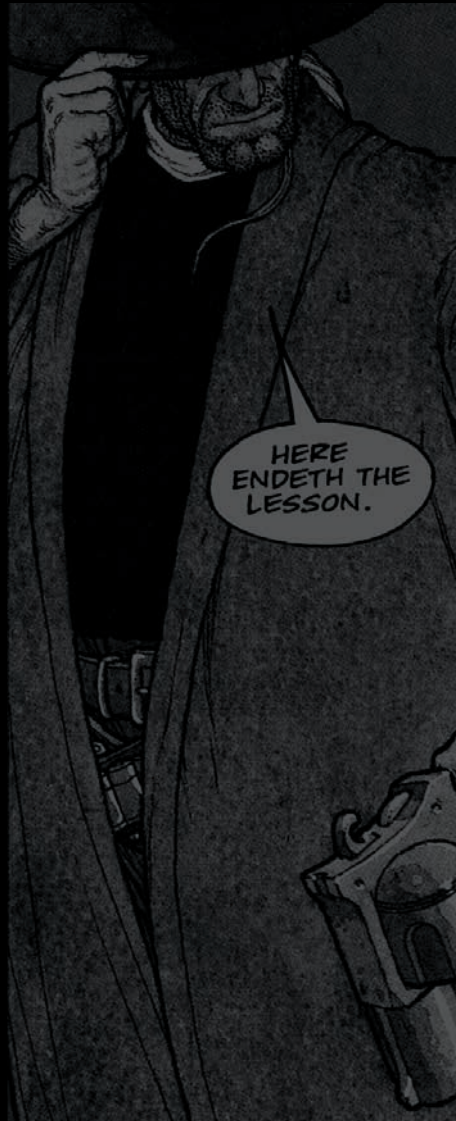




MISSIONARY MAN

BAD MOON RISING

GORDON RENNIE - FRANK QUITELY - SIMON DAVIS



MISSIONARY MAN

BAD MOON RISING

MISSIONARY MAN CREATED BY GORDON RENNIE & FRANK QUITELY

MISSIONARY MAN

BAD MOON RISING

GORDON RENNIE

Writer

FRANK QUITELY ★ SIMON DAVIS ★ GARRY MARSHALL ★ SEAN LONGCROFT

Artists

FRANK QUITELY

Cover Artist



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To find out more about *2000 AD*, visit www.2000ADonline.com

INTRODUCTION

By rights, *Missionary Man* shouldn't have worked.

The strip was an old fashioned Western, yet it was appearing in the *Judge Dredd Magazine* - a science fiction anthology where all the stories were set 122 years in the future. The writer was Gordon Rennie, who'd had only a few strips published when *Missionary Man* was commissioned in 1992. The artist was Glasgow illustrator Frank Quitely [a.k.a. Vincent Deighan], who'd been writing and drawing comedy strips for *Electric Soup*.

But there was something about this combination that clicked. Like lightning in a bottle, *Missionary Man* was unique, exciting and dangerous.

Why unique? This strip was unlike anything else in the Meg, owing more to the hard-bitten ethos of John Ford films than it did to the world of Dredd. Sure, there were mutants and monsters, even a spaceship, but they were concessions to where *Missionary Man* found itself. Unlikely redemption, unforgiving vengeance and unholy deliverance were the hardcore of Gordon Rennie's Bible-quote spewing mixture of piss and anger.

Why exciting? Just look inside these pages and see the stunning visual stylings of Frank Quitely. In an era when aspiring British comics artists all felt obliged to paint their pages in various shades of mud, he choose to tell stories with outstanding drawing skills. His eye for page layouts was a breath of fresh air after too many stale Bisley clones.

Why dangerous? *Missionary Man* was a gamble. Two emerging talents, a strip that defied reader expectations, and a choice of genre that spat in the face of the usual world of Dredd spin-offs. All these things could have backfired spectacularly – but they didn't, thank Grud. *Missionary Man* was a rootin', tootin' and six-shootin' hit. It changed the mighty Magazine for good.

Here endeth the lesson.

David Bishop
15th June 2011



SALVATION AT THE LAST CHANCE SALOON

Script: Gordon Rennie

Art: Frank Quitely

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.29

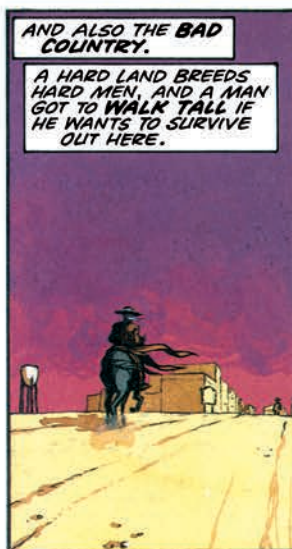
THE TEX CITY OUTER TERRITORIES.

THE BIG COUNTRY.



AND ALSO THE BAD COUNTRY.

A HARD LAND BREEDS HARD MEN, AND A MAN GOT TO WALK TALL IF HE WANTS TO SURVIVE OUT HERE.

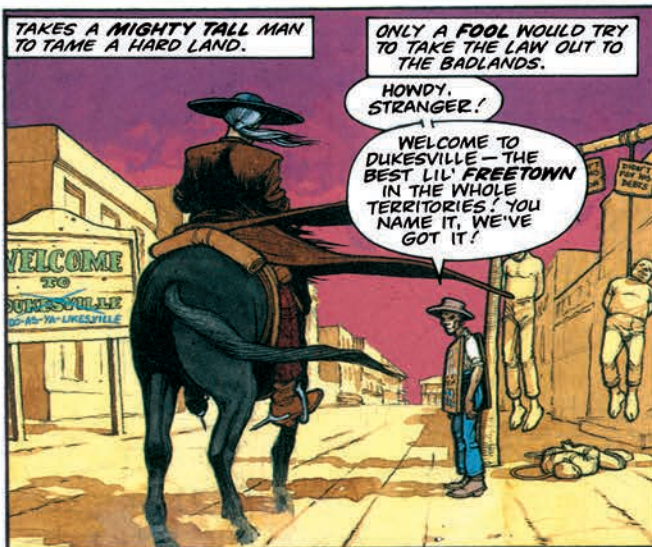


TAKES A MIGHTY TALL MAN TO TAME A HARD LAND.

ONLY A FOOL WOULD TRY TO TAKE THE LAW OUT TO THE BADLANDS.

HOWDY, STRANGER!

WELCOME TO DUKESVILLE — THE BEST LIL' FREETOWN IN THE WHOLE TERRITORIES! YOU NAME IT, WE'VE GOT IT!

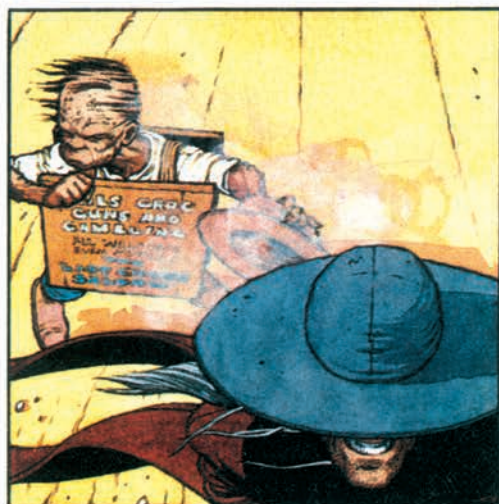


-- OR A MADMAN.

SALVATION.

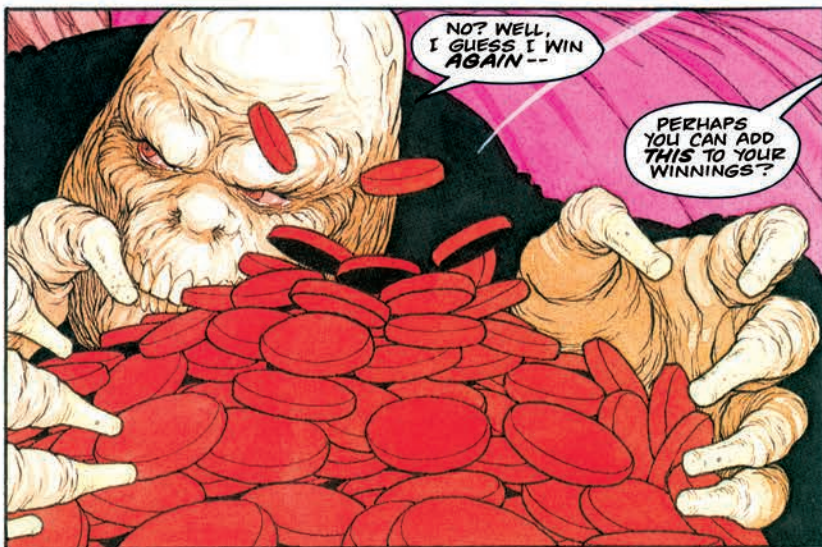
L-LORD HAVE MERCY!







LOOKS LIKE IT
MUST BE MY **LUCKY**
DAY, UNLESS THERE'S
ANY MORE BETS...



NO? WELL,
I GUESS I WIN
AGAIN--

PERHAPS
YOU CAN ADD
THIS TO YOUR
WINNINGS?



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BOYS?
STAKES A LITTLE
TOO HIGH FOR
YOU?



YOUR CREDIT'S NO
GOOD HERE, MARSHAL,
AND YOU'RE WAY OUT OF
YOUR JURISDICTION. THIS
IS A **FREETOWN** AND YOU
TEX-CITY JUDGE-BOYS
AIN'T GOT NO **BUSINESS**
OUT HERE!

THE NAME'S **PREACHER**
CAIN, AND MY BUSINESS IS
THE **LORD'S** BUSINESS. I
GO WHEREVER HE CALLS ME,
AND RIGHT NOW I'M HERE TO
SAVE THE SOULS OF ALL YOU
MISERABLE SINNERS...

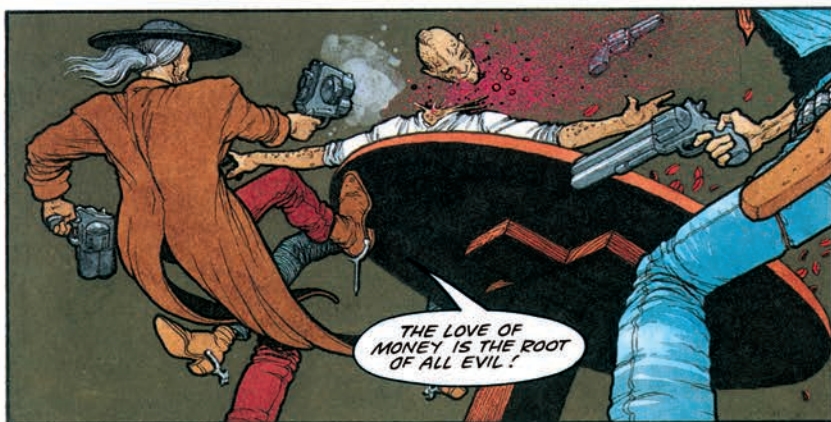
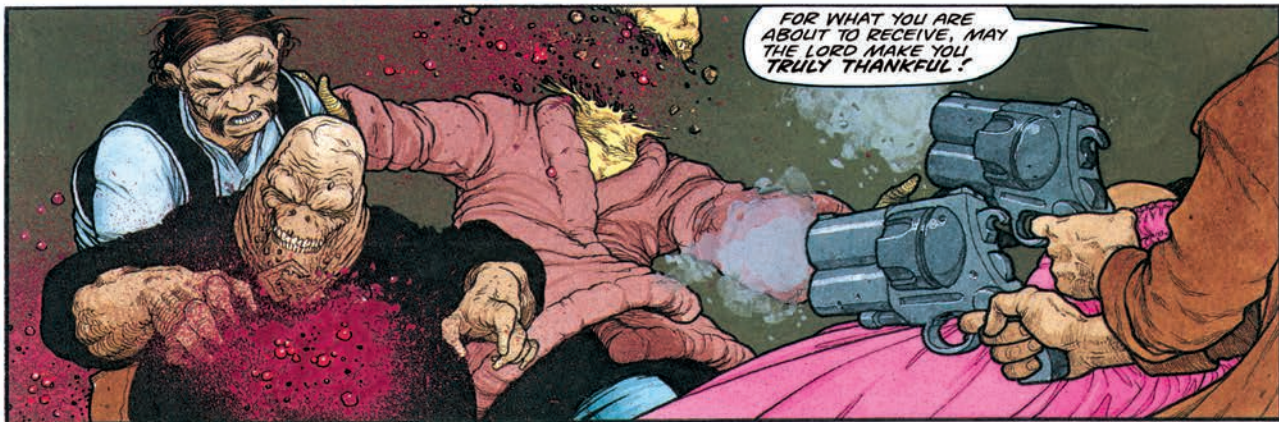


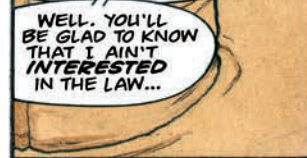
WELL, 'PREACHER',
HOW'S ABOUT YOU AN'
THE **LORD** GET BACK
ON YOUR HORSE AND
RIDE ON OUTTA HERE
'FORE WE'RE LIABLE
TO DO SOMETHING
NASTY...

IT PAINS ME TO
HEAR YOU **MOCK** THE
LORD AND THE **CHRISTIAN**
WORKS OF HIS HUMBLE
SERVANTS--



-- SO I GUESS
I'M GOING TO HAVE
TO GIVE YOU BOYS ONE
OF MY '**SPECIAL**'
SERMONS!







HOWEVER, I ADVISE
YOU TO DO SO **SOONER**
RATHER THAN **LATER**.
FOR THE LORD SOMETIMES
MOVES IN **SUDDEN**
AND MYSTERIOUS
WAYS...



THE ANSWER
IS IN THE GOOD
BOOK.

GOOD DAY
TO Y'ALL
NOW...

HE'S ONLY
ONE GUY--WE JES'
GONNA LET HIM **RIDE**
ON OUTTA HERE
LIKE THAT?



YOU
GONNA STOP
HIM, LIKE?

HEY--



-- THIS BIBLE'S
MAKING SOME
KINDA **TICKIN'**
NOISE...



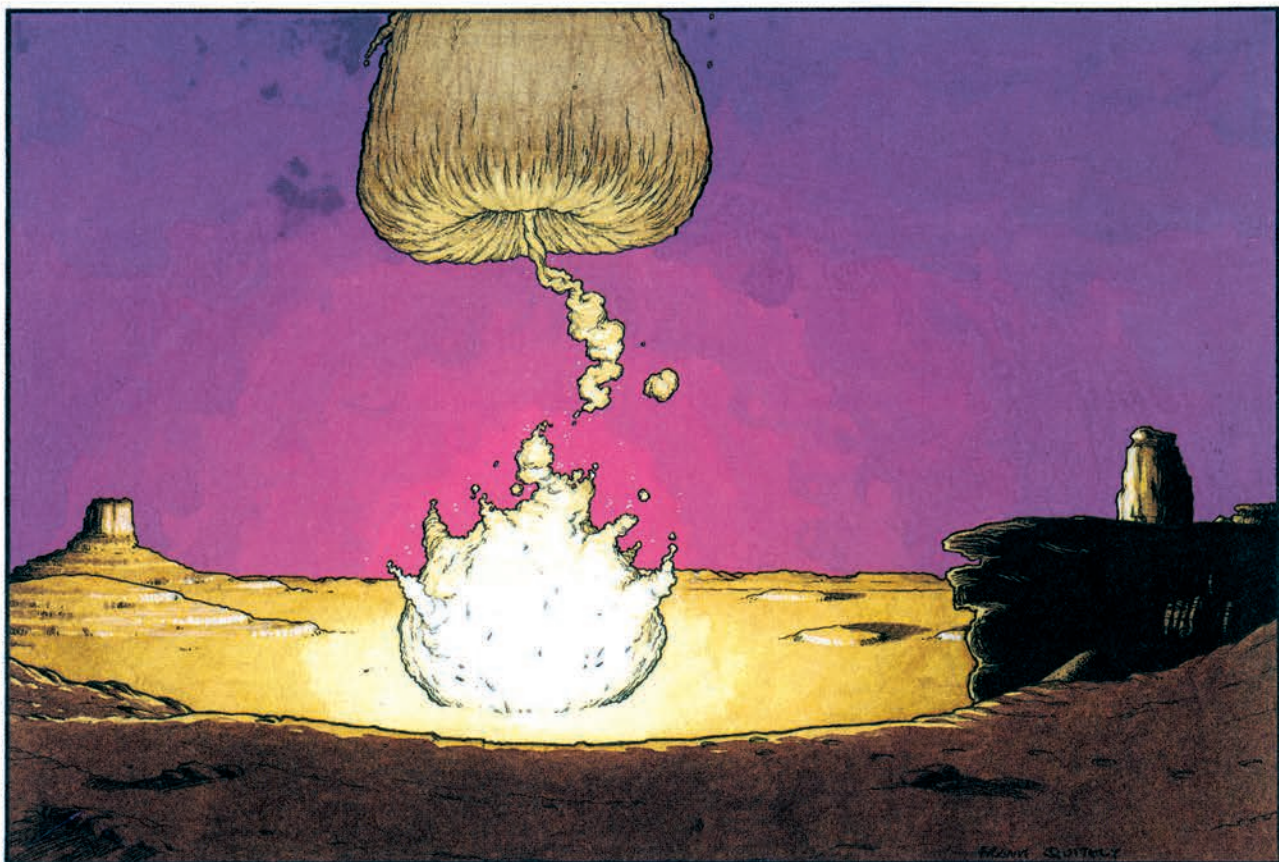
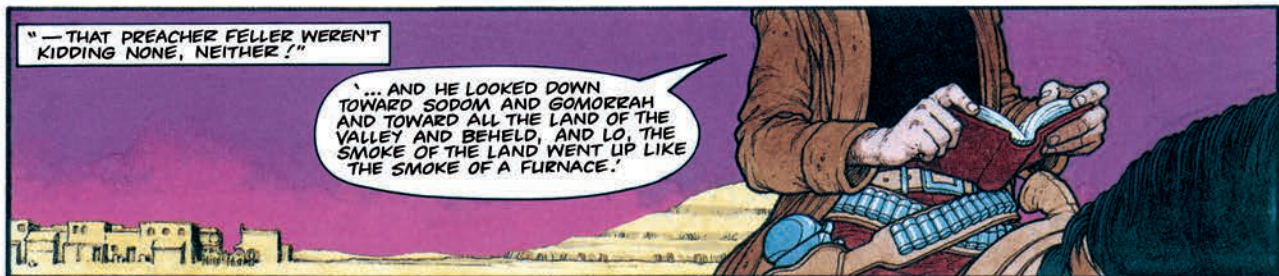
'RIGHTEOUS
WRATH OF THE
LORD!'

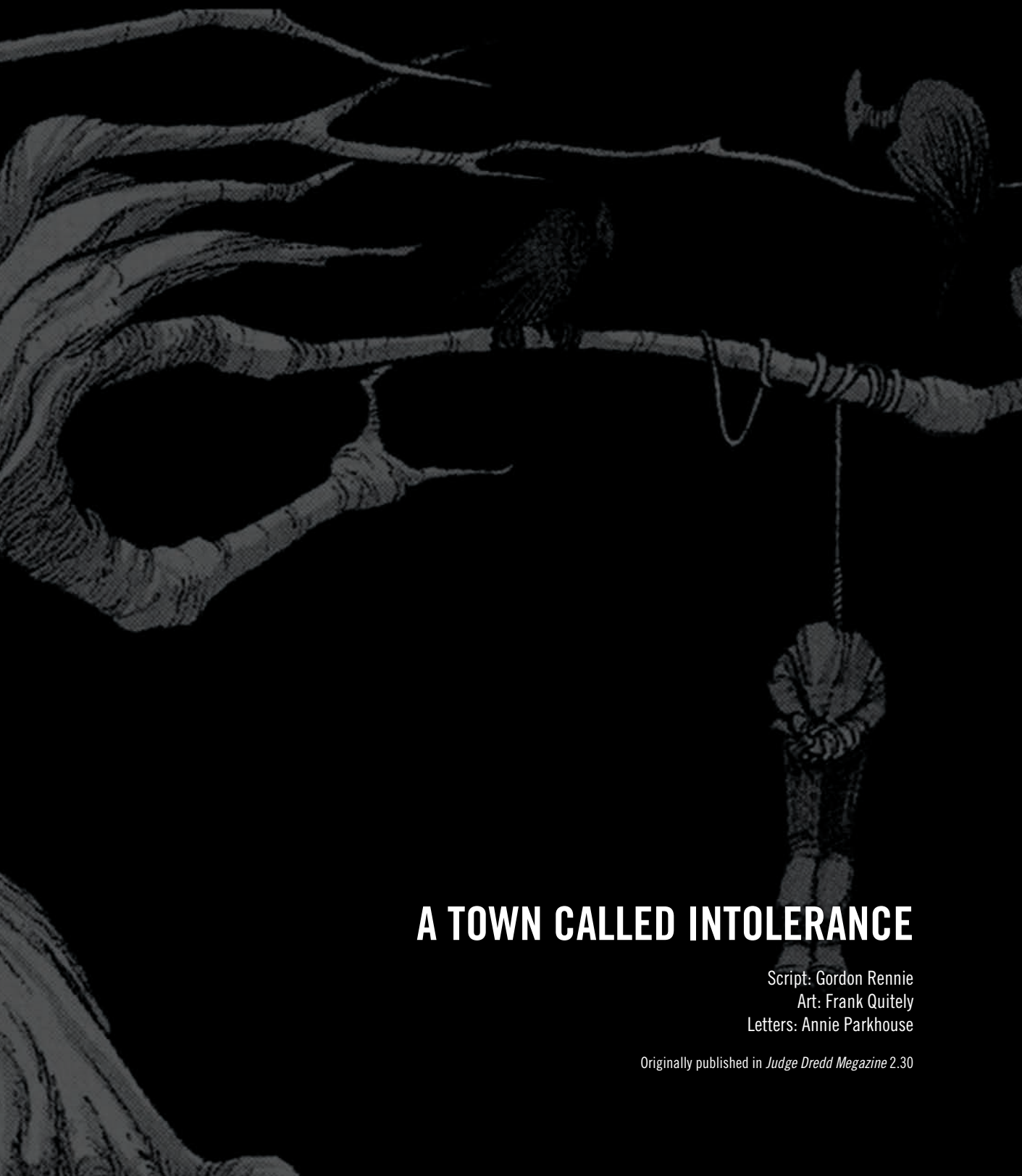
'SUDDEN AND
MYSTERIOUS
WAYS!'



'THE
ANSWER'S
IN THE GOOD
BOOK...'

SHOOT--





A TOWN CALLED INTOLERANCE

Script: Gordon Rennie

Art: Frank Quitely

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

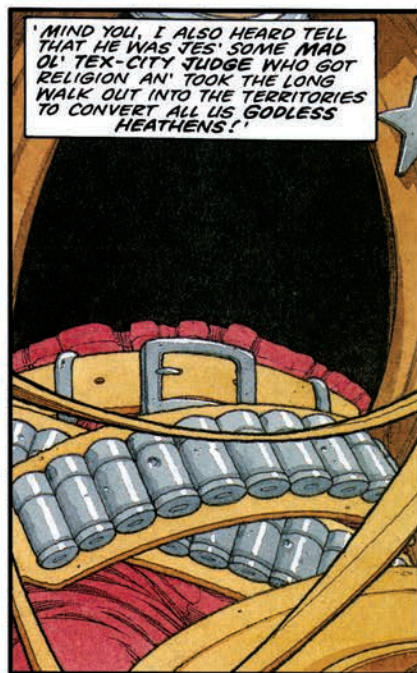
Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.30



'PREACHER CAIN.
REVEREND RIGHTEOUS.
THE MISSIONARY MAN.'



'SOME FOLKS SAY THAT HE'S
THE ANGEL OF DEATH
HIMSELF, OUT TO PUNISH
ALL US WICKED SINNERS!'

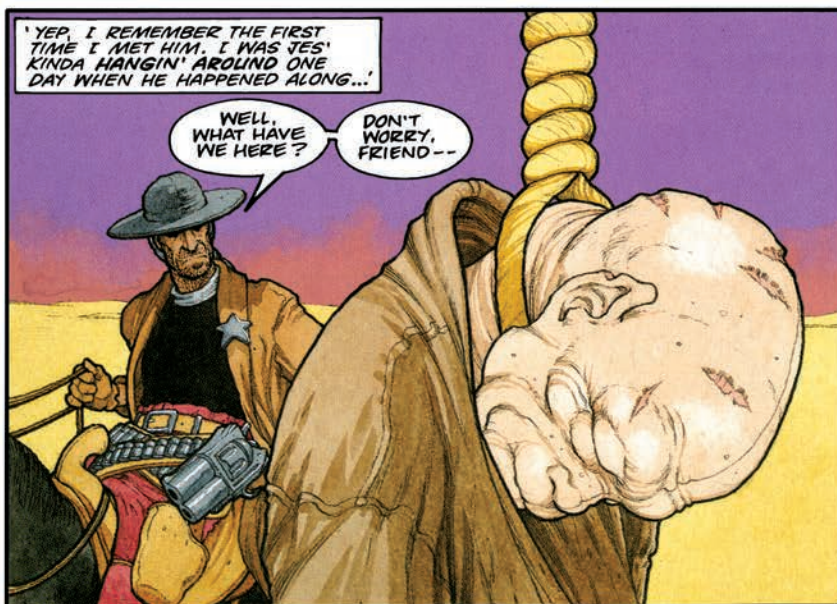


'MIND YOU, I ALSO HEARD TELL
THAT HE WAS JES' SOME MAD
OL' TEX-CITY JUDGE WHO GOT
RELIGION AN' TOOK THE LONG
WALK OUT INTO THE TERRITORIES
TO CONVERT ALL US GODLESS
HEATHENS!'



'KINDA HARD
TO SAY WHICH
STORY IS
MORE LIKELY,
REALLY...'

'EVEN I AIN'T TOO SURE, AN'
I RECKON I KNOWS HIM BETTER'N
ANYBODY, ON ACCOUNT O' BEIN'
HIS DEPUTY, AN' ALL...'



'YEP, I REMEMBER THE FIRST
TIME I MET HIM. I WAS JES'
KINDA HANGIN' AROUND ONE
DAY WHEN HE HAPPENED ALONG...'

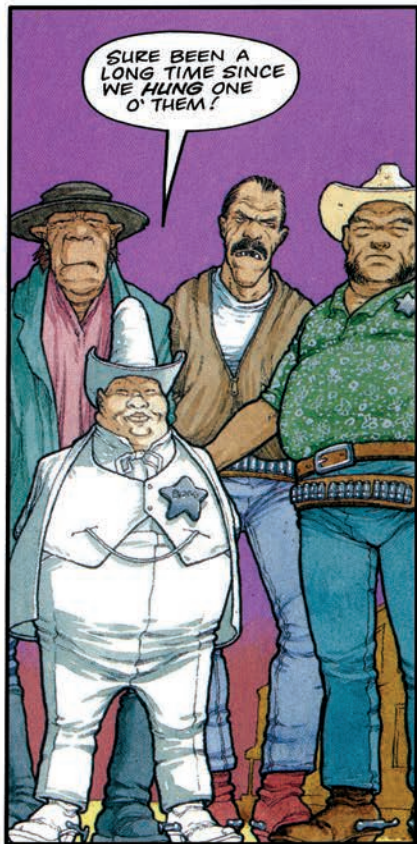
WELL,
WHAT HAVE
WE HERE?

DON'T
WORRY,
FRIEND--

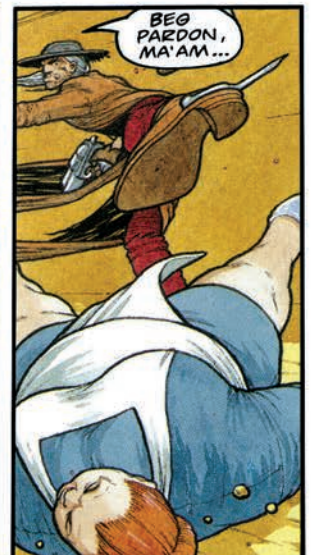
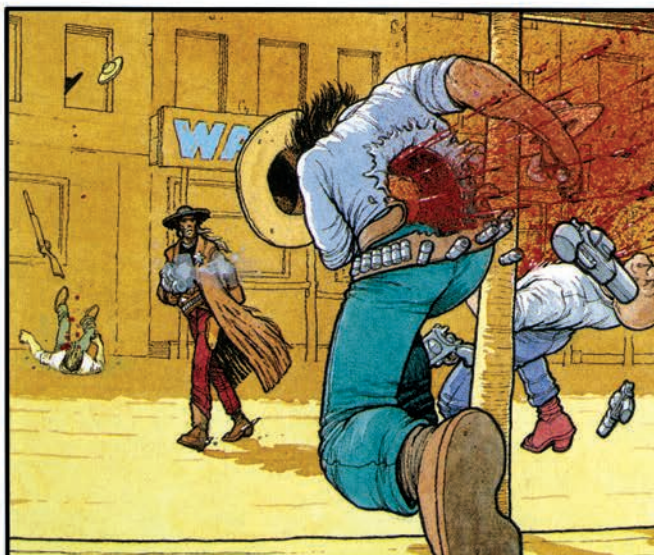


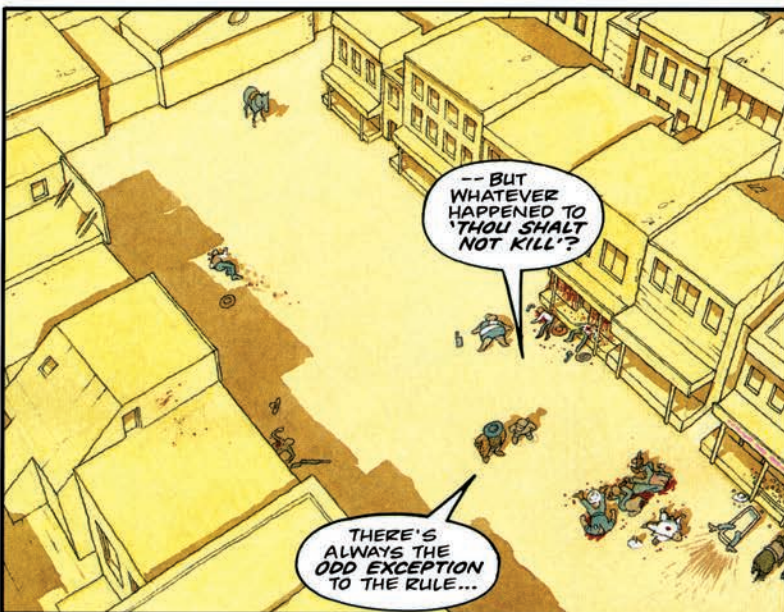
-- ME AND
THE LORD GOT
BETTER THINGS
IN MIND FOR
YOU!

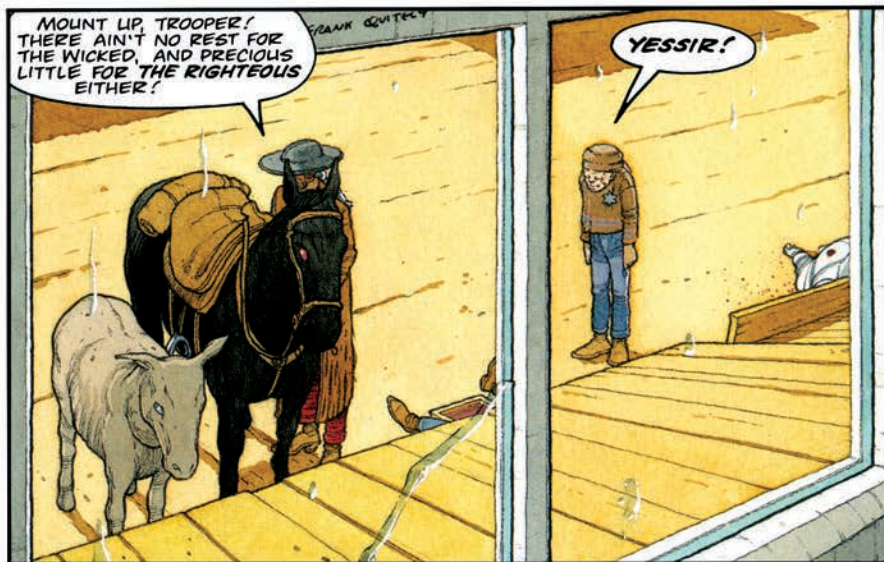
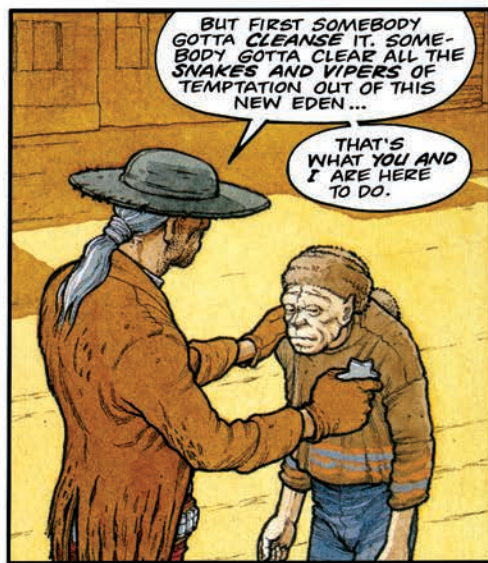


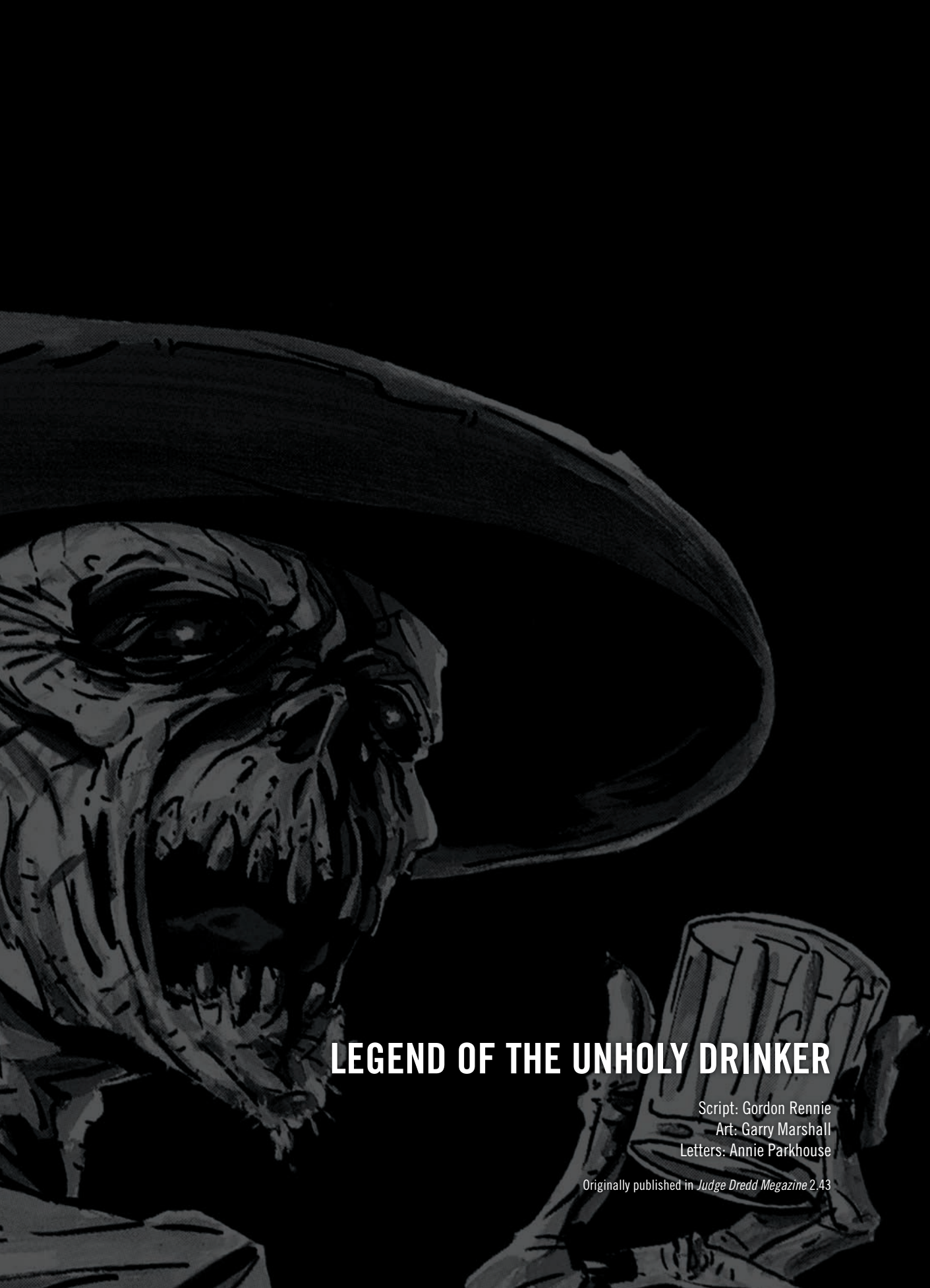












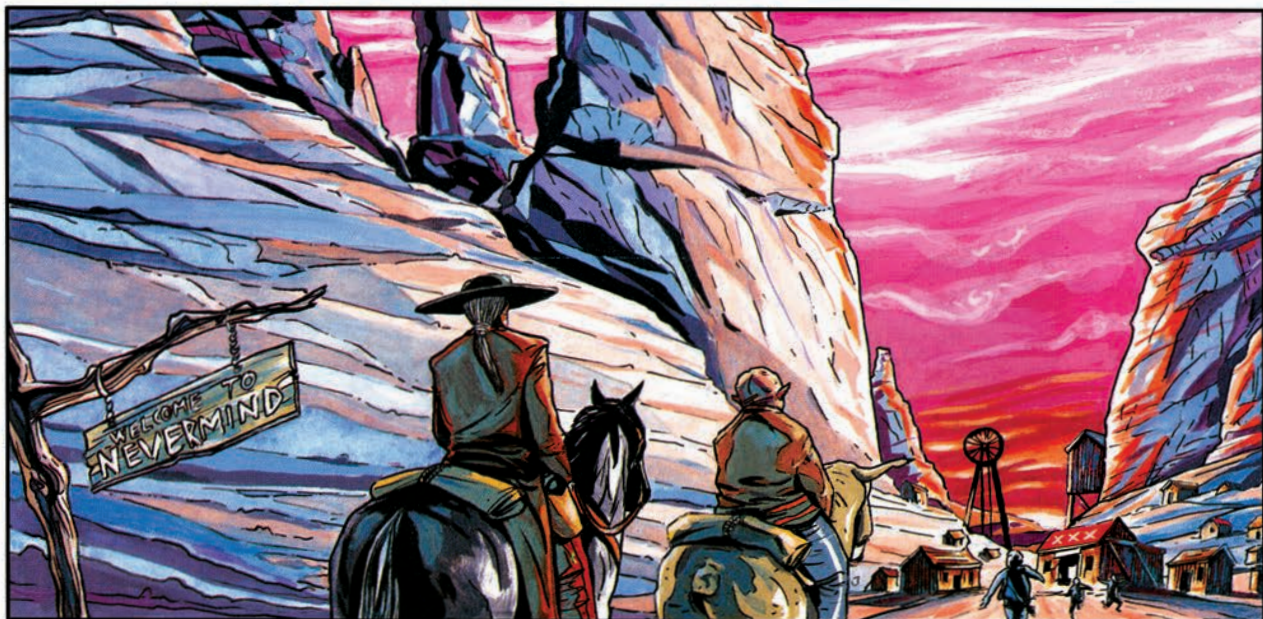
LEGEND OF THE UNHOLY DRINKER

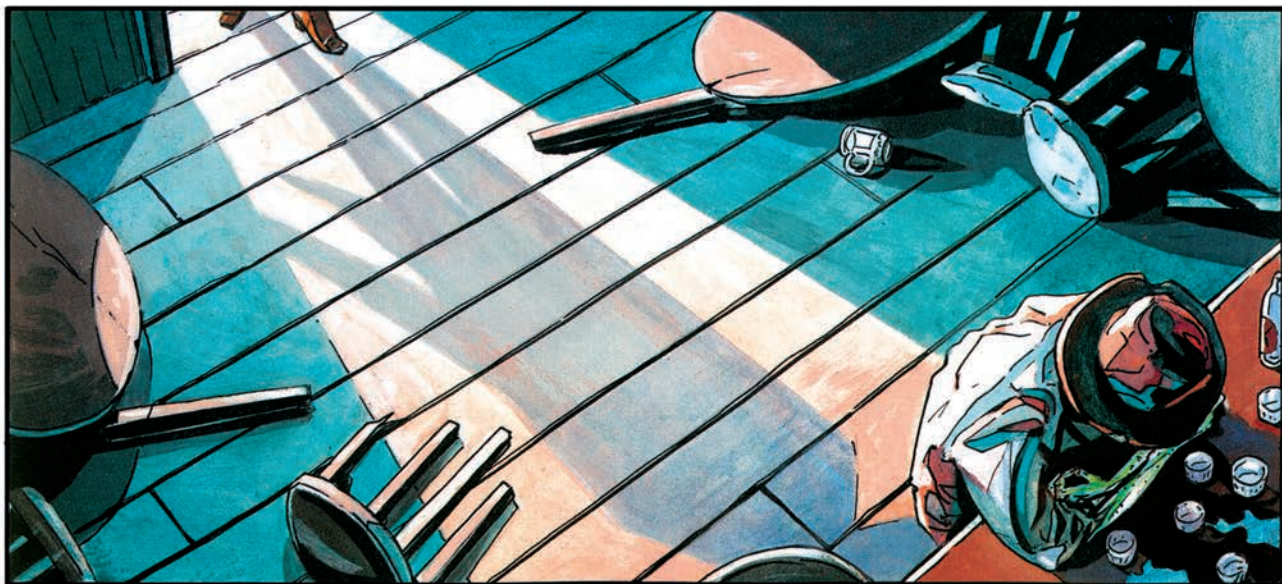
Script: Gordon Rennie

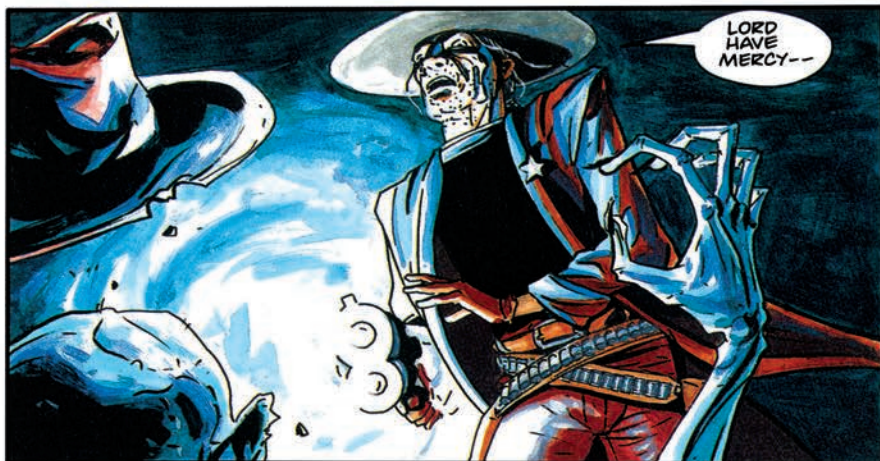
Art: Garry Marshall

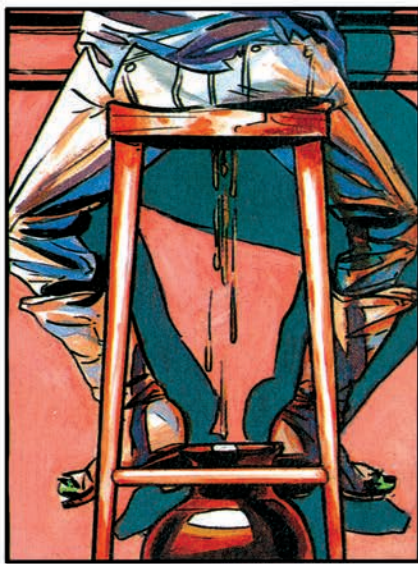
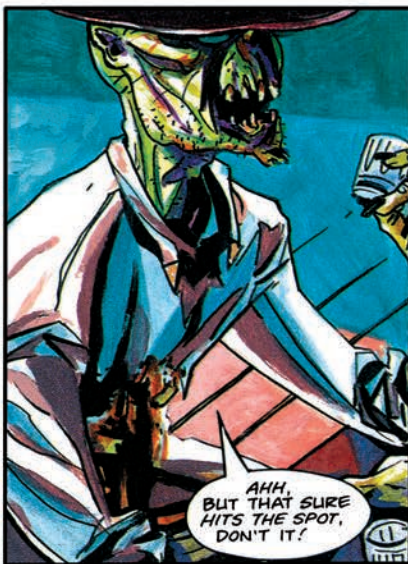
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.43













-- YOU GOT ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO FORGET ABOUT?



CAN'T HIDE NUTHIN' FROM A DEAD MAN, PREACHER--



-- I SEES ALL KINSA THINGS THAT ARE HIDDEN FROM THE SIGHT OF THE LIVIN'--



-- LIKE THAT MARK THAT YOU GOT UPON YOU.



I KNOWS ALL 'BOUT YOU AN' THE DEEDS YOU DONE...



WHAT'S UP WITH HIM-- I SAY SOMETHIN' TO UPSET HIM?

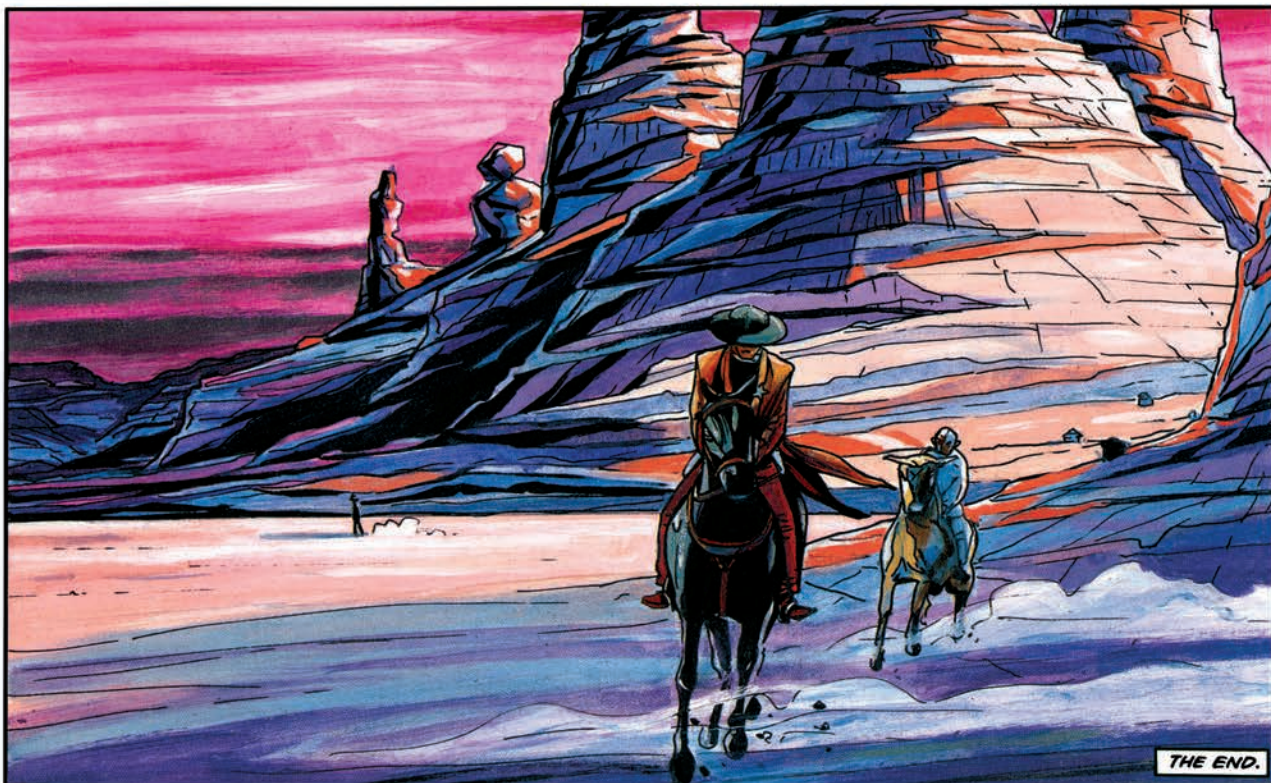


OH, NEVER MIND THE REVEREND-- HE AIN'T MUCH OF THE SOCIABLE TYPE...



YEAH, WELL I GUESS WE ALL GOT OUR CROSSES TO BEAR...

STILL, RECKON I BETTER BE HITIN' THE ROAD M'SELF!

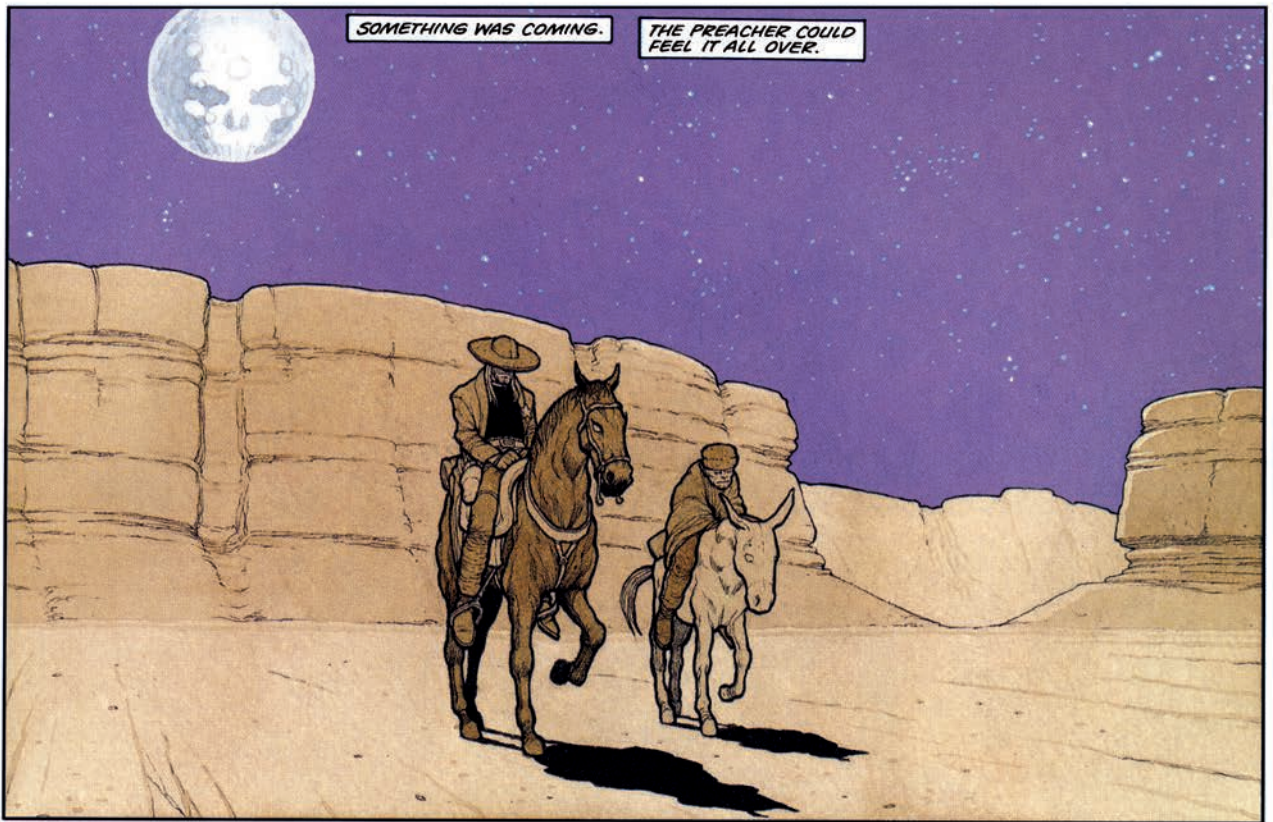




BAD MOON RISING

Script: Gordon Rennie
Art: Frank Quitely
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.50-2.55



SOMETHING WAS COMING.

THE PREACHER COULD
FEEL IT ALL OVER.

HE HAD SENSED THE
STIRRING AMONGST
THE DARK THINGS OF
THE DESERT AS THEY
STARTED TO CREEP
FORTH FROM THEIR
SECRET PLACES.



SOMETHING WAS COMING.



SOMETHING CAST OUT OF
THE HEAVENS AND NOW
FALLING TO EARTH.



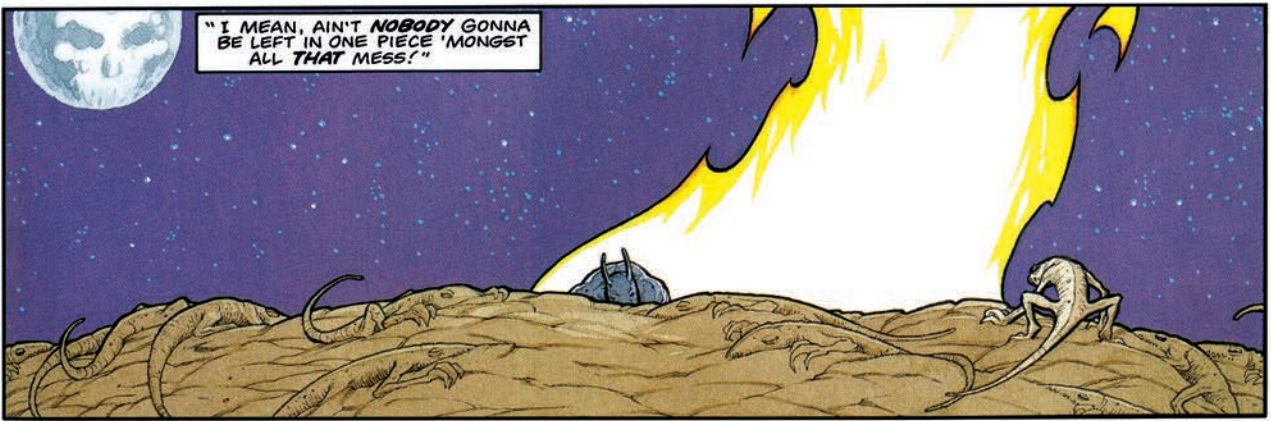
"---THAT'S GILA MUNTA
TERRITORY OUT THERE.
THEM L'IL DEVILS WILL
PICK THAT WRECK CLEAN
'FORE WE EVER GET
THERE.



"AIN'T A PRETTY SIGHT
TO SEE WHAT A PACK
OF THOSE THINGS CAN
DO TO A MAN.



"I MEAN, AIN'T **NOBODY** GONNA
BE LEFT IN ONE PIECE 'MONGST
ALL THAT MESS."

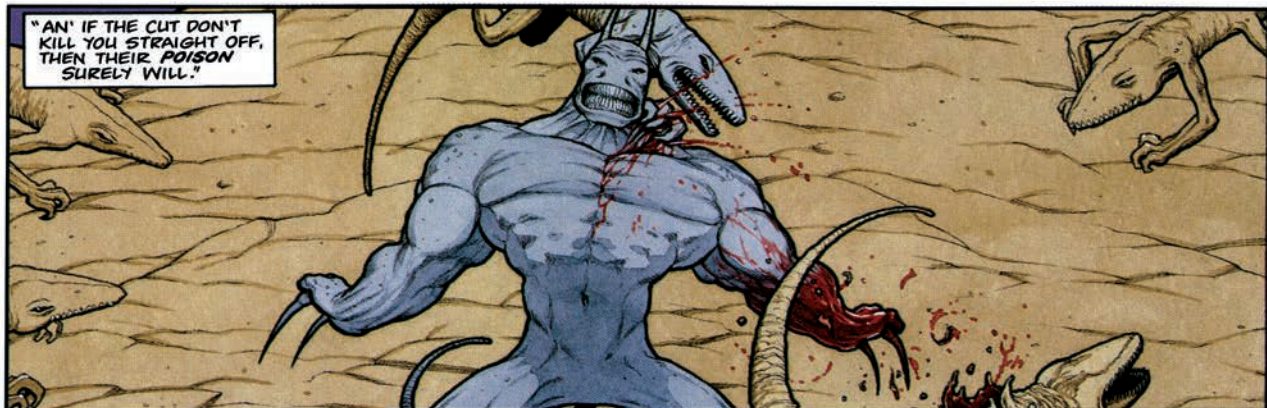
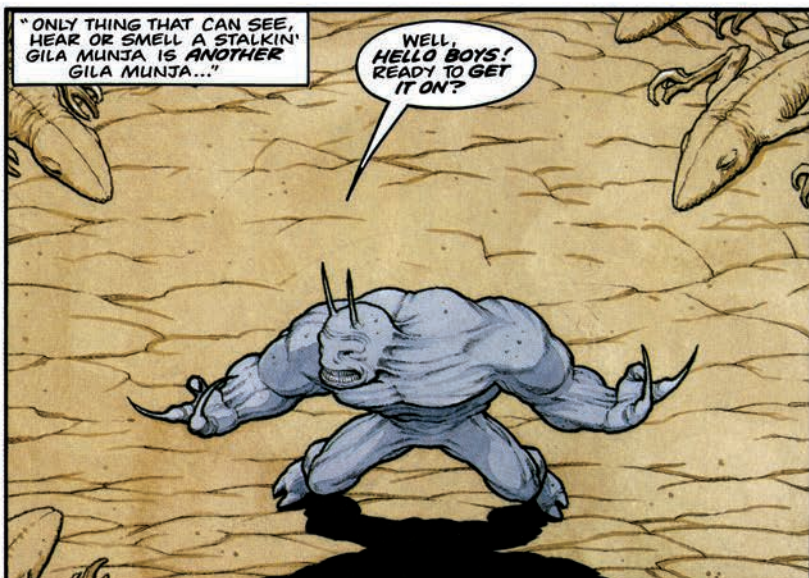


WELL, YOU
KNOW WHAT
THEY SAY...

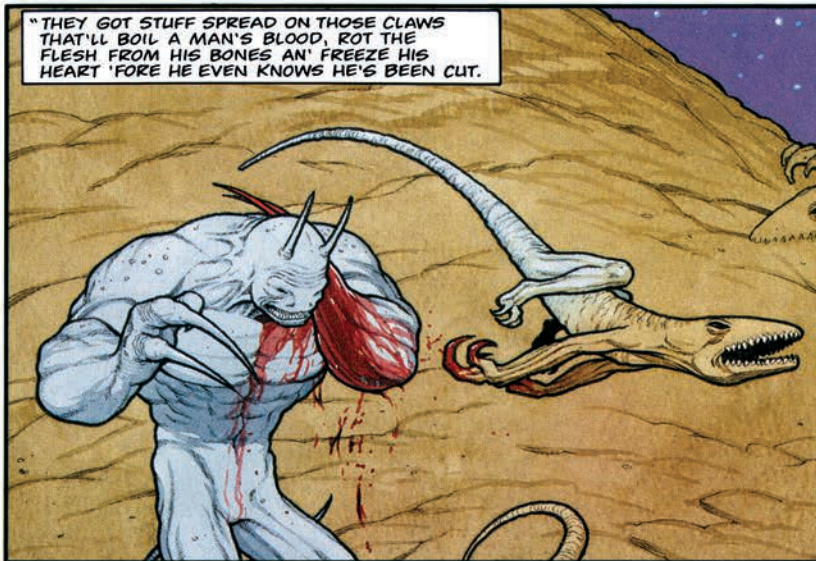


A GOOD
LANDING IS ONE
YOU CAN STILL WALK
AWAY FROM!



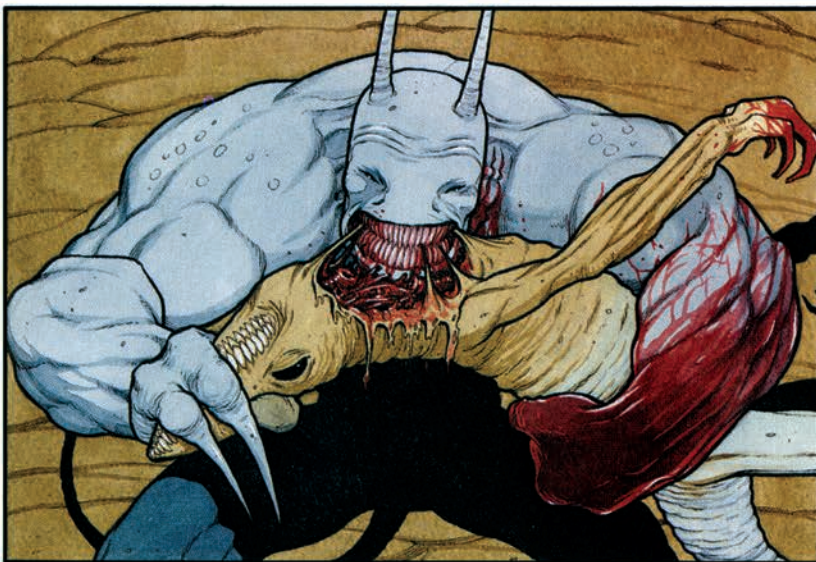


"THEY GOT STUFF SPREAD ON THOSE CLAWS
THAT'LL BOIL A MAN'S BLOOD, ROT THE
FLESH FROM HIS BONES AN' FREEZE HIS
HEART 'FORE HE EVEN KNOWS HE'S BEEN CUT.

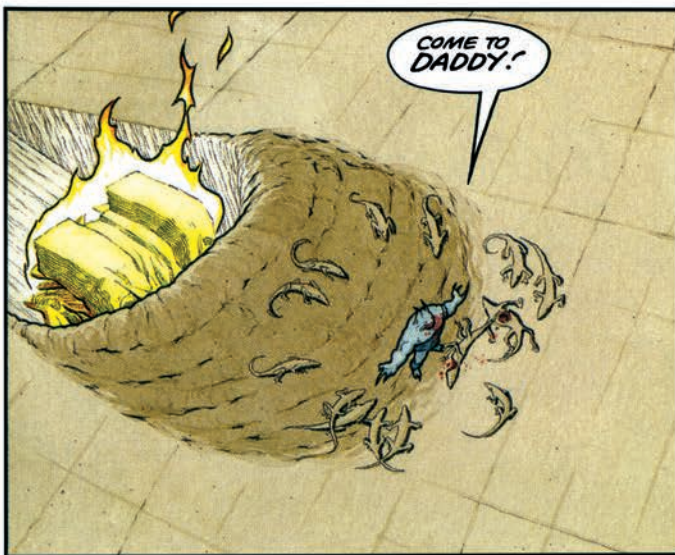


"NEVER HEARD TELL OF A LIVING
THING THAT SURVIVED A CUT
FROM ONE OF THOSE THINGS.

"LEASTWAYS, NUTHIN' HUMAN..."



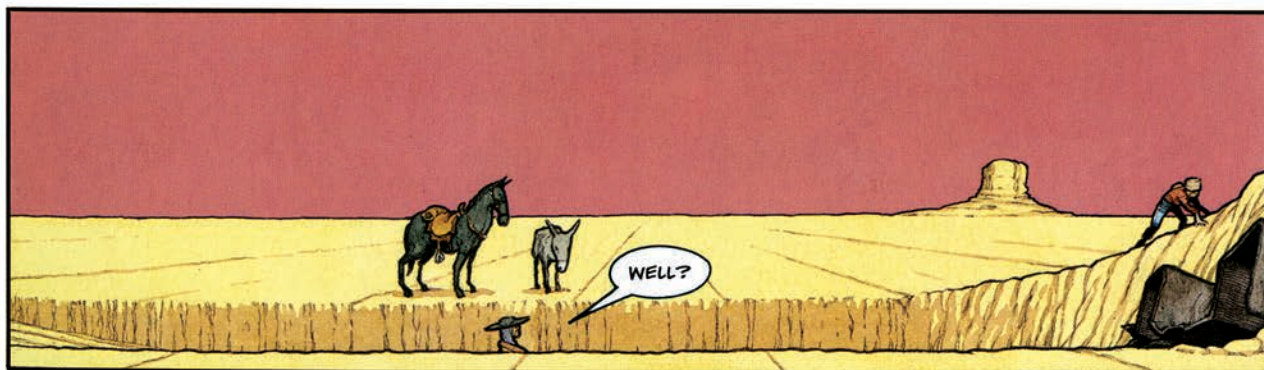
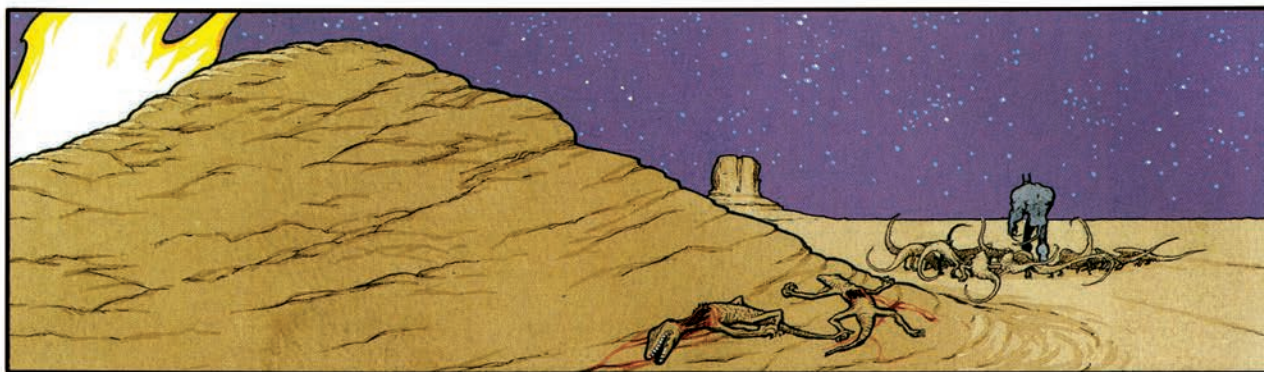
COME, MY
LITTLE ONES,
DON'T BE
AFRAID...

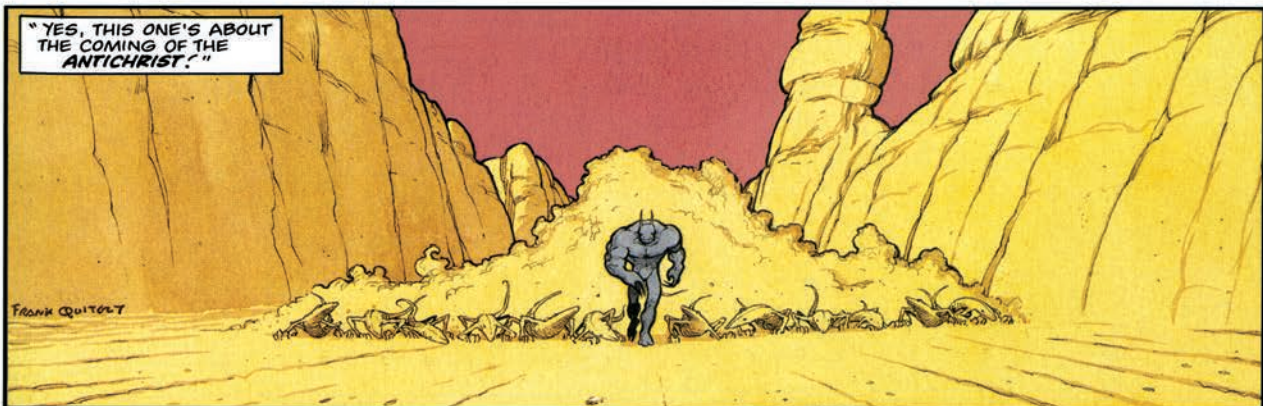


COME TO
DADDY!



DRINK OF IT, ALL OF YOU.
THIS IS THE BLOOD OF OUR
COVENANT, AND IT IS BUT A
BRIEF TASTE OF ALL THE BLOOD
THAT IS YET TO COME!





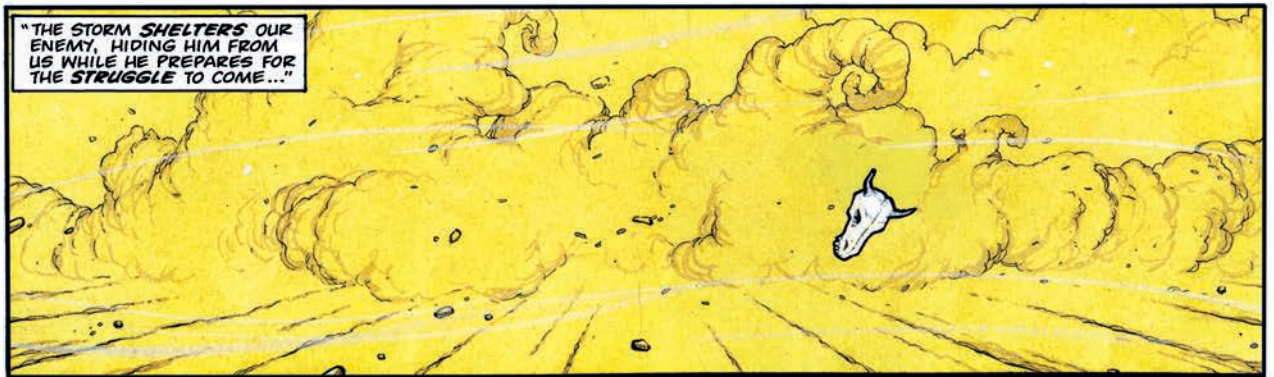


SOME STORM!
NEVER SEEN THE
LIKE OF IT 'FORE...

"THINGS FALL
APART; THE CENTRE
CANNOT HOLD; MERE
ANARCHY IS LOosed
UPON THE WORLD..."



WHATEVER CAME DOWN HERE
THE OTHER NIGHT AIN'T OF
THE NATURAL ORDER OF
THINGS. IT CARRIES NOTHING
BUT **DISASTER AND CHAOS**
IN ITS WAKE.



"THE STORM **SHELTERS** OUR
ENEMY, HIDING HIM FROM
US WHILE HE PREPARES FOR
THE **STRUGGLE** TO COME..."

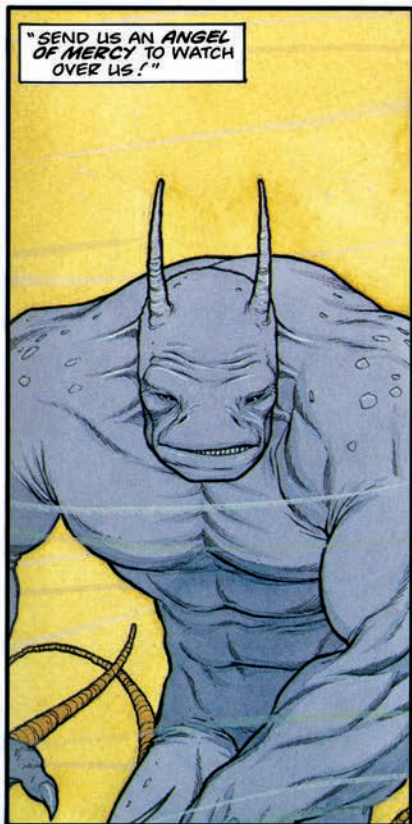


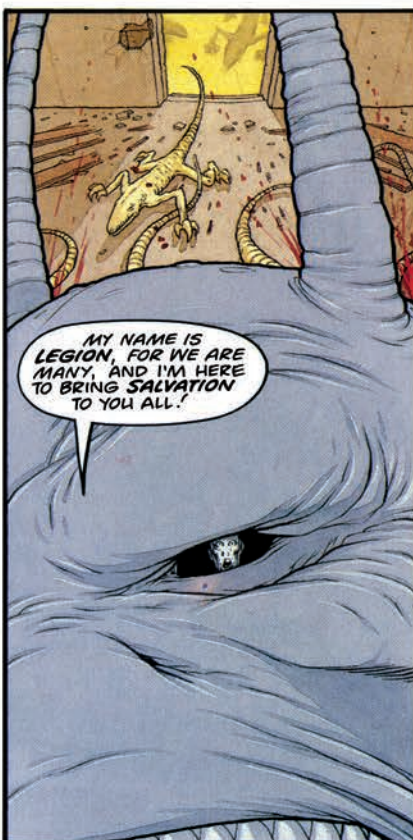
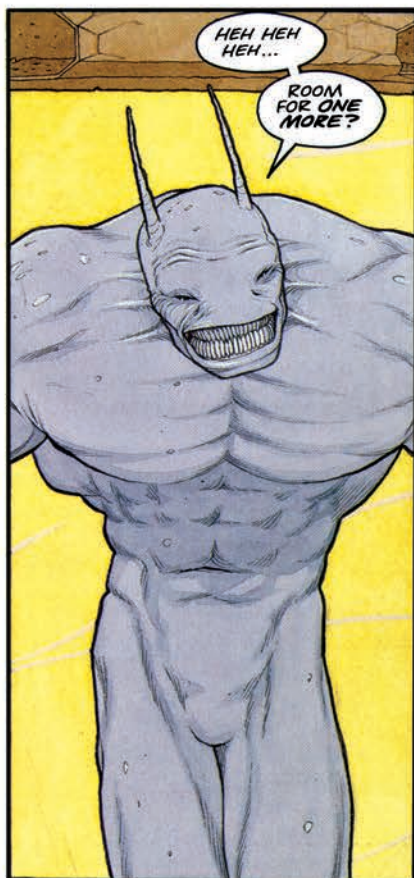
WE MAY NOT
SEE HIS FACE,
BUT WE MAY
STILL KNOW
HIS **DEEDS**...

HOW YOU GONNA
DO THAT? **DIVINE
INSPIRATION?**



NOPE. THE **FLIGHT
RECORDER** AND SHIP'S
LOG THAT I SALVAGED
FROM THAT WRECK THE
OTHER NIGHT.





'MY NAME IS LEGION,
FOR WE ARE MANY.'

THAT'S ALL IT EVER SAID ABOUT
ITSELF, AND THAT'S ALL THEY
EVER FOUND OUT ABOUT IT FROM
THE DAY THEY CAUGHT IT DURING
A ROUTINE SWEEP OUT IN THE
TEX-CITY BADLANDS.



THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
GENETICISTS SAID IT WAS
SOME SORT OF FREAK
SUPER-MUTANT, THE
ROGUE RESULT OF ONE-
IN-A-BILLION DNA.

THE PSYCHOLOGISTS WENT CRAZY OVER IT—AN
UNPARALLELED CASE OF DEEPCORE HOMICIDAL
PSYCHOSIS AND SPLIT- PERSONALITY, EACH ONE
MORE MALEVOLENT THAN THE LAST.

PSI-DIVISION SAID IT WAS JUST PLAIN EVIL. THEY
LOST THREE GOOD JUDGES, TRYING TO SCAN ITS
MIND. THE LAST ONE BABBLERED SOMETHING ABOUT
'DEMONIC POSSESSION' JUST BEFORE HE DIED
OF MASSIVE HEART FAILURE.

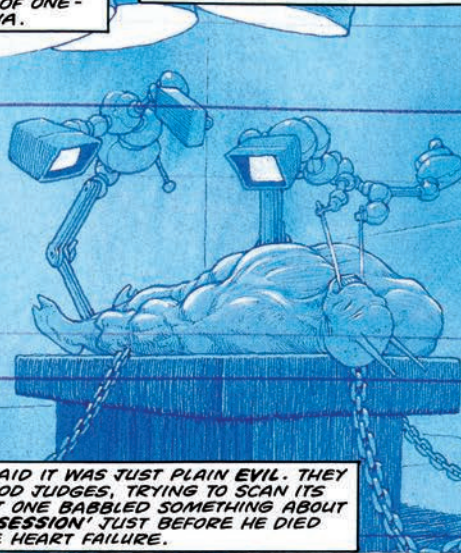
WHATEVER IT WAS, NONE
OF THEM KNEW WHAT TO
DO WITH IT. SO THEY
LOCKED IT AWAY, WHERE
IT SPENT ITS TIME JUST
GIGGLING TO ITSELF.

SOME NIGHTS IT HOWLED
AT THE MOON AND ATE
BITS OF ITSELF. WHAT-
EVER IT CHEWED OFF
HAD ALWAYS GROWN
BACK BY THE MORNING.

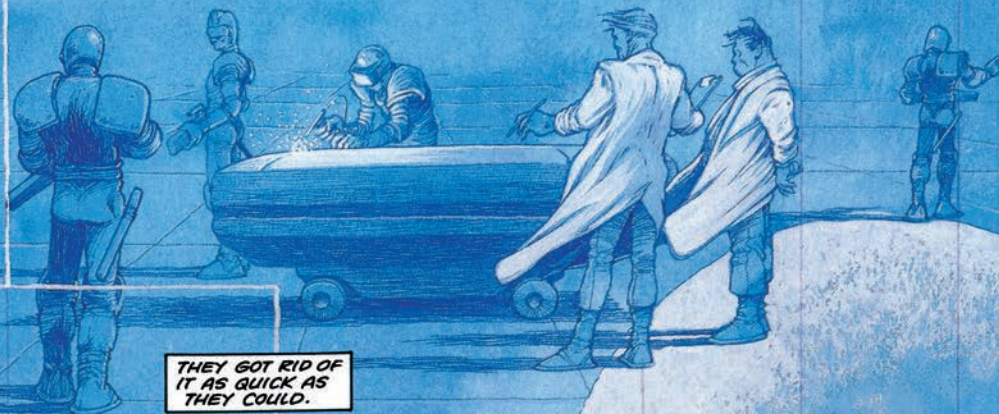


FINALLY, THEY
DECIDED TO
EXECUTE IT.

THEY EXECUTED IT FIVE TIMES,
AND THE MORE THEY TURNED
UP THE JUICE, THE MORE IT
GIGGLED WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER.



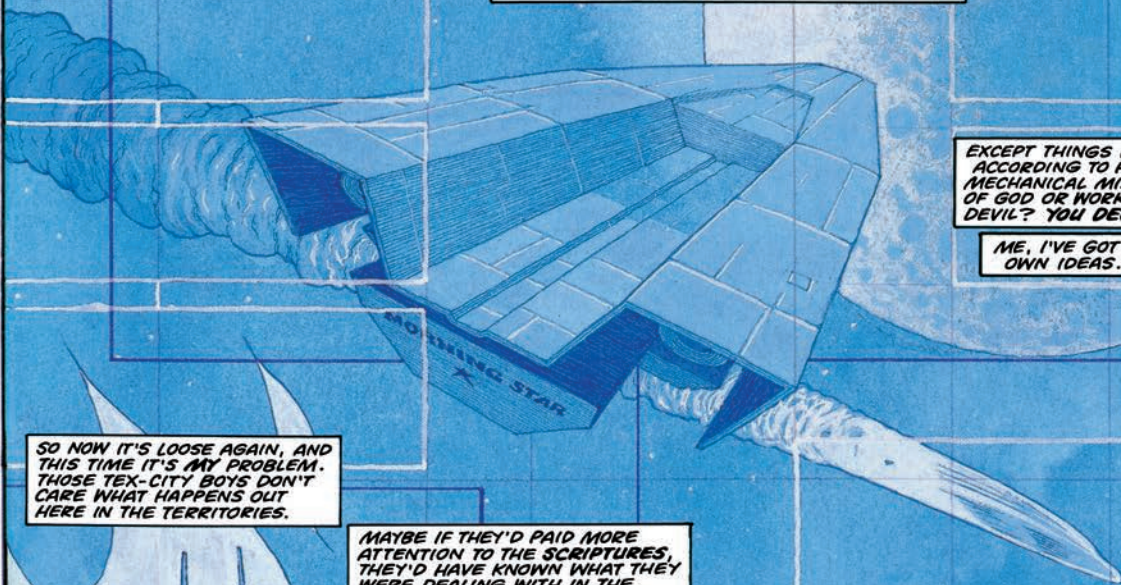
THEY COULDN'T CURE IT, THEY COULDN'T KILL IT AND THEY REALISED THAT THEY PROBABLY COULDN'T EVEN KEEP IT IN CAPTIVITY FOR VERY MUCH LONGER. SO THEY DID THE NEXT BEST THING...



THEY GOT RID OF IT AS QUICK AS THEY COULD.

THEY SHIPPED IT OFF-WORLD TO THE LUNA CITY MAX-SECURITY PENAL COLONY, WHERE THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT ANYMORE, AND ITS HOWLING WOULDN'T KEEP THEM AWAKE AT NIGHTS.

IT WAS A SECRET OPERATION ON AN UNLISTED FLIGHT. NO-ONE HAD EVER KNOWN THAT THE THING HAD EXISTED, AND NOW NO-ONE WOULD EVER KNOW THAT IT WAS GONE.

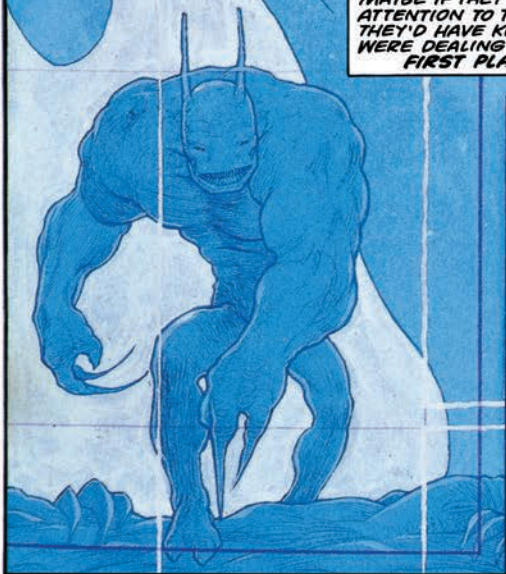


EXCEPT THINGS DIDN'T GO ACCORDING TO PLAN. MECHANICAL MISHAP, ACT OF GOD OR WORK OF THE DEVIL? YOU DECIDE.

ME, I'VE GOT MY OWN IDEAS...

SO NOW IT'S LOOSE AGAIN, AND THIS TIME IT'S MY PROBLEM. THOSE TEX-CITY BOYS DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS OUT HERE IN THE TERRITORIES.

MAYBE IF THEY'D PAID MORE ATTENTION TO THE SCRIPTURES, THEY'D HAVE KNOWN WHAT THEY WERE DEALING WITH IN THE FIRST PLACE.



'MY NAME IS LEGION, FOR WE ARE MANY! MARK, CHAPTER 5, VERSE 9.

SATAN HIMSELF STALKS THE LAND. MY TIME OF TESTING IS UPON ME.







ALL ACROSS THE TERRITORIES
AND THE CURSED EARTH
BEYOND, THE TOLL OF THE
BELL IS HEARD, BEARING
PROMISES OF THE PLEASURES
AND HORRORS TO COME.



AND LEGION'S DARK
DISCIPLES CAME IN ANSWER
TO THE MYSTIC CALL, TURNING
THEIR FACES TOWARDS THE
LIGHT OF THEIR MASTER'S
MOON.



STORM'S
LIFTED, BUT
SOMEHOW IT DON'T
MAKE ME FEEL
ANY BETTER...

AND WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
THE MOON!?

IT'S
TIME...



"... THE JACKALS ARE CRAWLING
OUT OF THEIR HOLES.

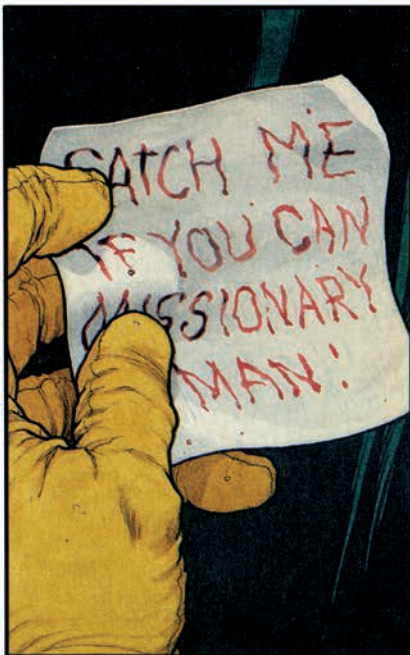
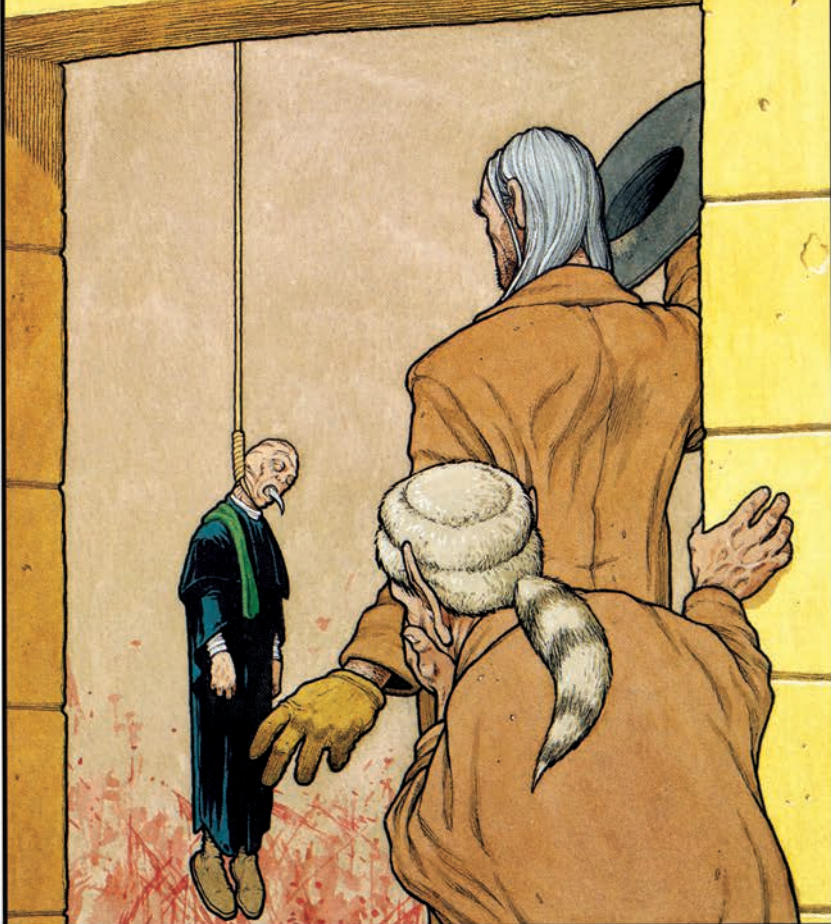
"IT'S TIME FOR YOU AND
ME TO GO BATTLE WITH
THE BEAST, DEPUTY!"

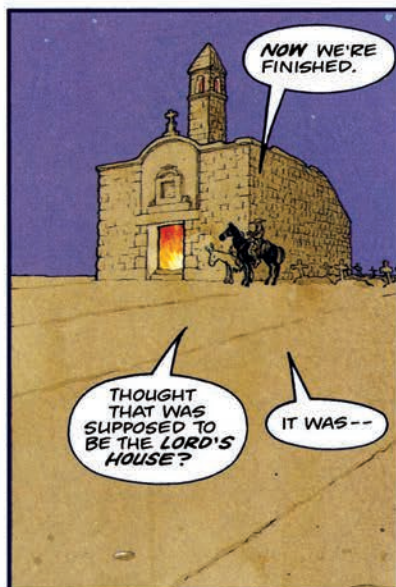
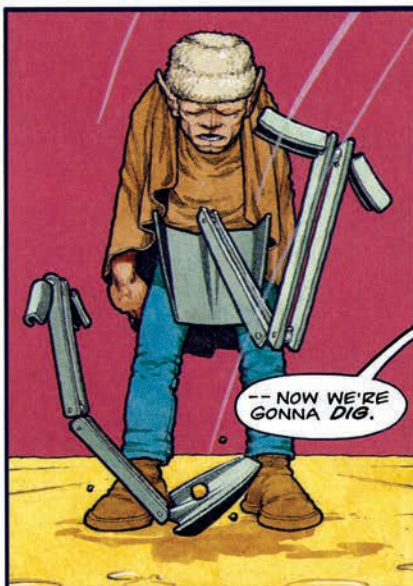
FRANK QUITELY

WE SET OUT AFTER THEM
AT FIRST LIGHT THE
NEXT MORNING. IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU WANT TO CALL IT.



DIDN'T TAKE US TOO
LONG TO FIND WHAT
THEY'D BEEN UP TO.

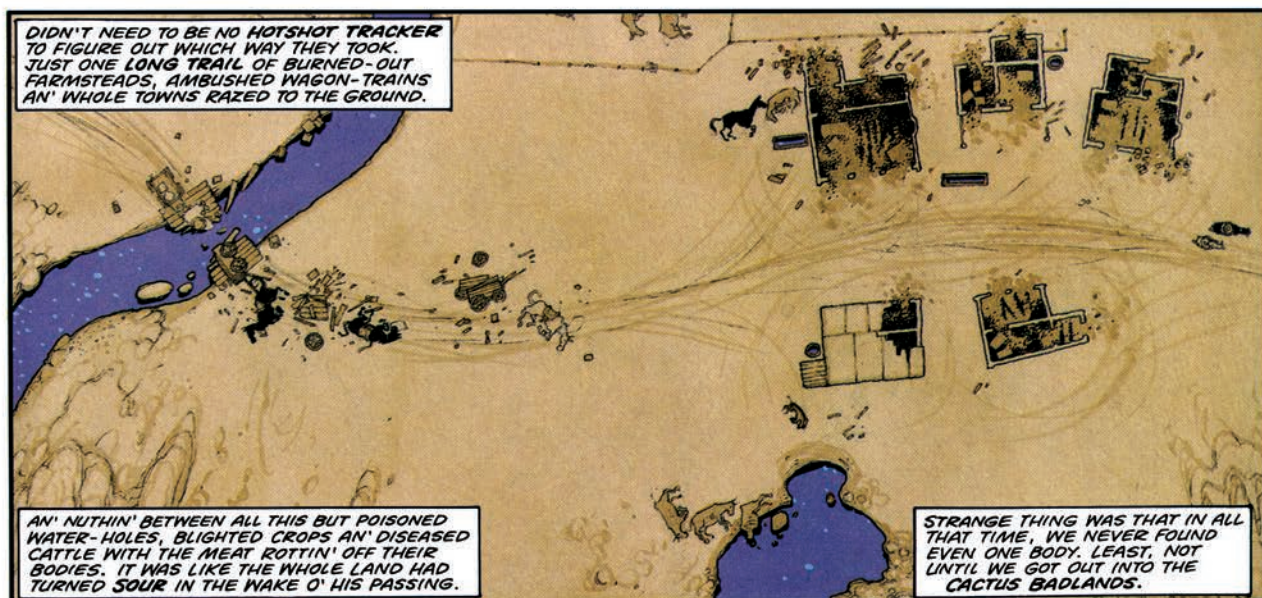




SO WE RODE ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, WITH THAT BIG OL' BAD MOON LEADING US ON FROM ONE DEAD PLACE TO ANOTHER.



DIDN'T NEED TO BE NO HOTSHOT TRACKER TO FIGURE OUT WHICH WAY THEY TOOK. JUST ONE LONG TRAIL OF BURNED-OUT FARMSTEADS, AMBUSHED WAGON-TRAINS AN' WHOLE TOWNS RAZED TO THE GROUND.



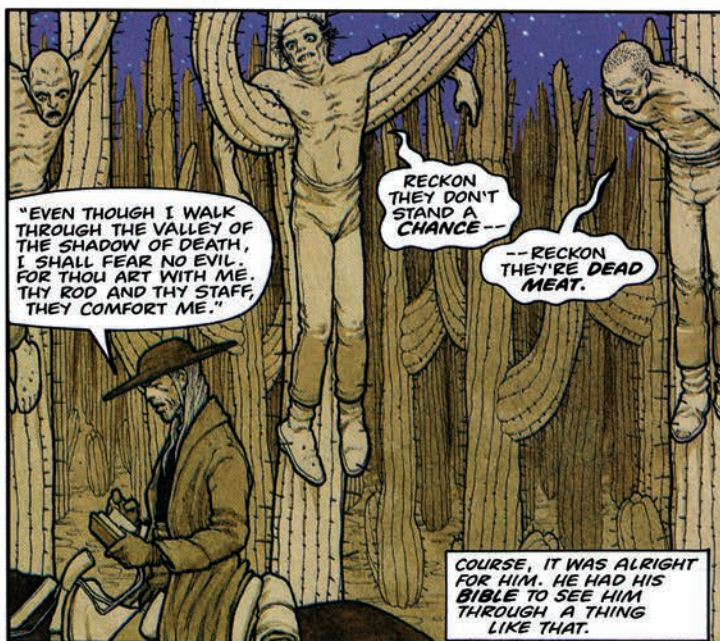
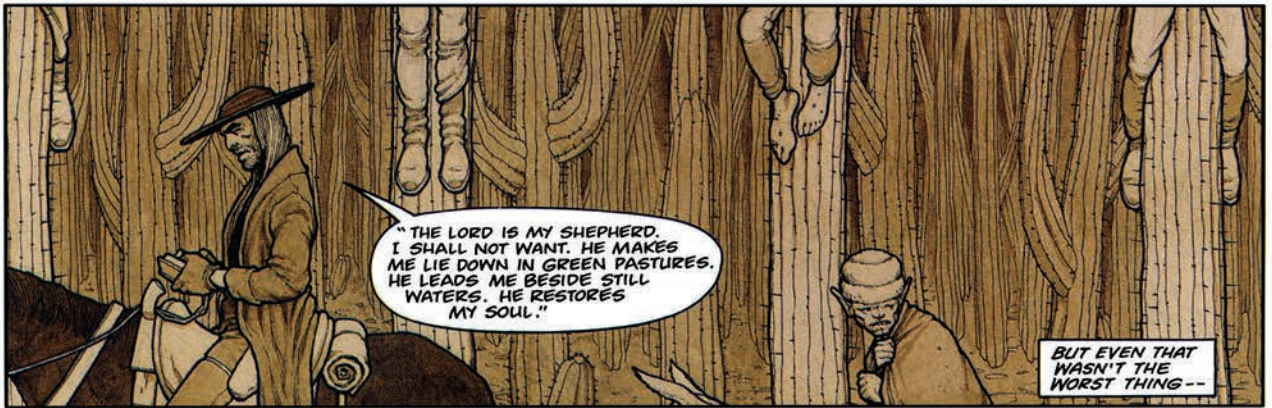
AN' NUTHIN' BETWEEN ALL THIS BUT POISONED WATER-HOLES, BLIGHTED CROPS AN' DISEASED CATTLE WITH THE MEAT ROTTIN' OFF THEIR BODIES. IT WAS LIKE THE WHOLE LAND HAD TURNED SOUR IN THE WAKE O' HIS PASSING.

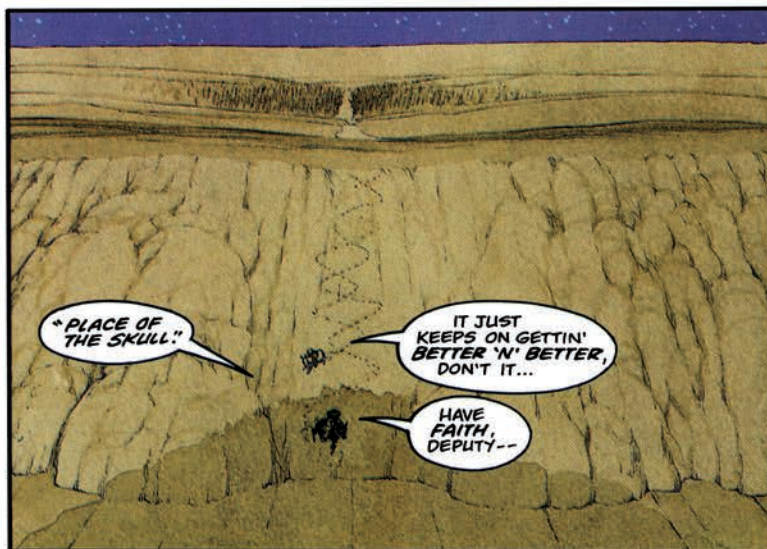
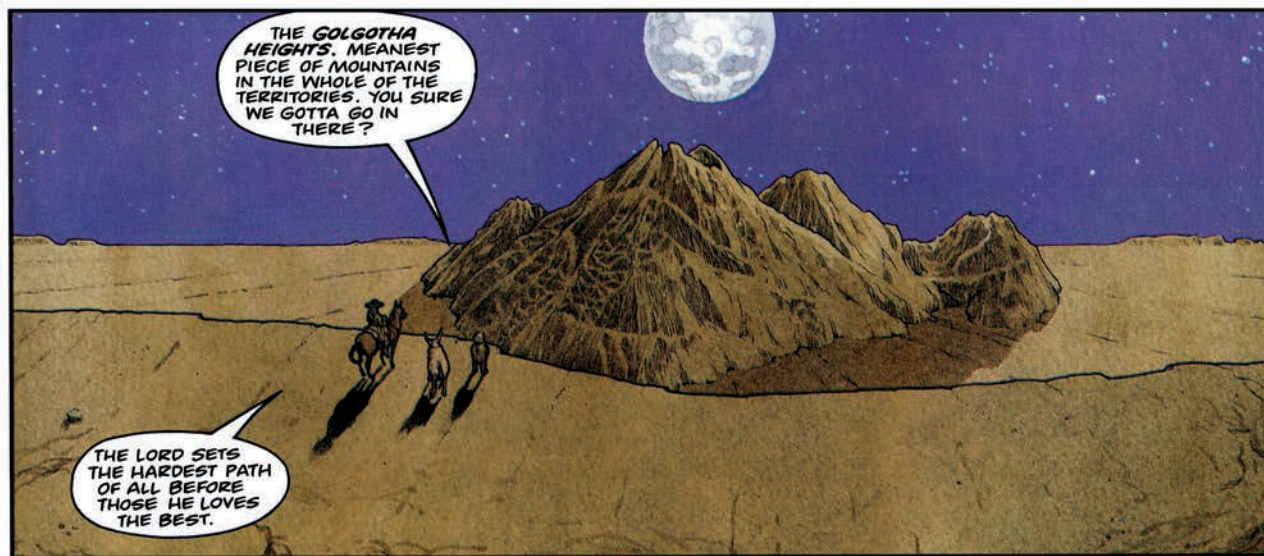
STRANGE THING WAS THAT IN ALL THAT TIME, WE NEVER FOUND EVEN ONE BODY. LEAST, NOT UNTIL WE GOT OUT INTO THE CACTUS BADLANDS.



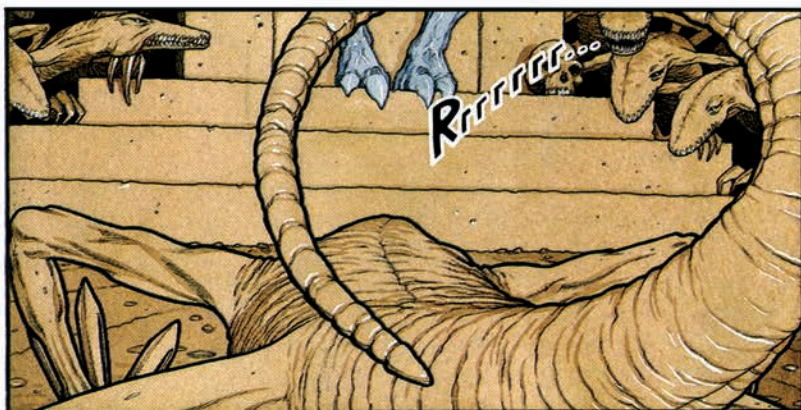
AND THEN WE FOUND THEM.

THEN WE FOUND THEM ALL.









FRANK CHITELY







STILL, I'LL GIVE THE REVEREND HIS DUES.



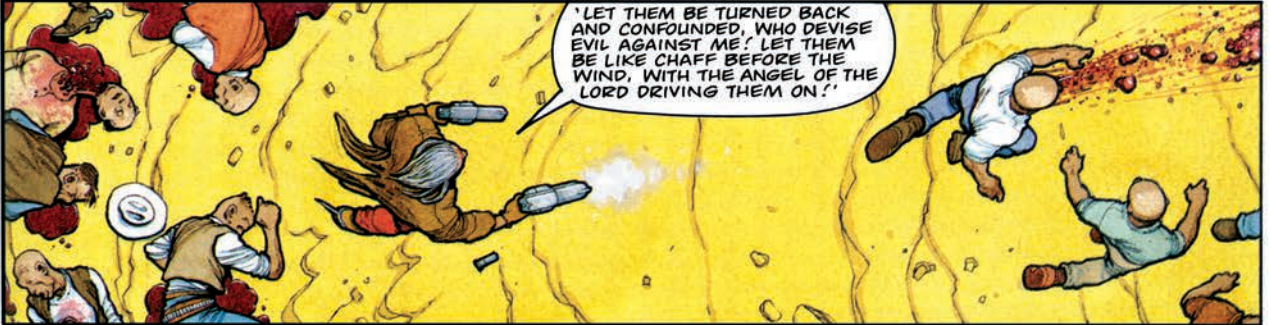
YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON HIM TO GIVE IT HIS BEST SHOT.



AND HE SURE AS HELL DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT!



'LET THEM BE TURNED BACK AND CONFOUNDED, WHO DEVISE EVIL AGAINST ME? LET THEM BE LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND, WITH THE ANGEL OF THE LORD DRIVING THEM ON.'



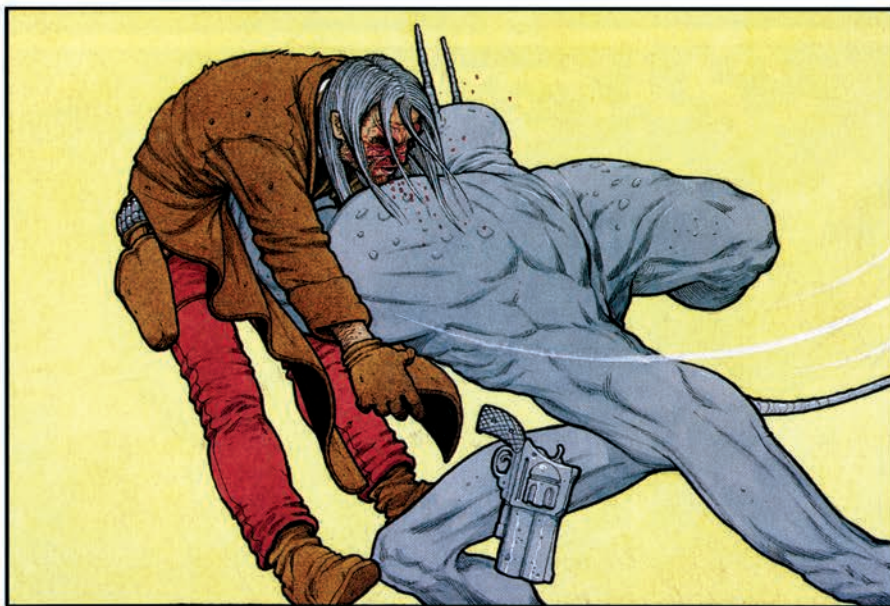
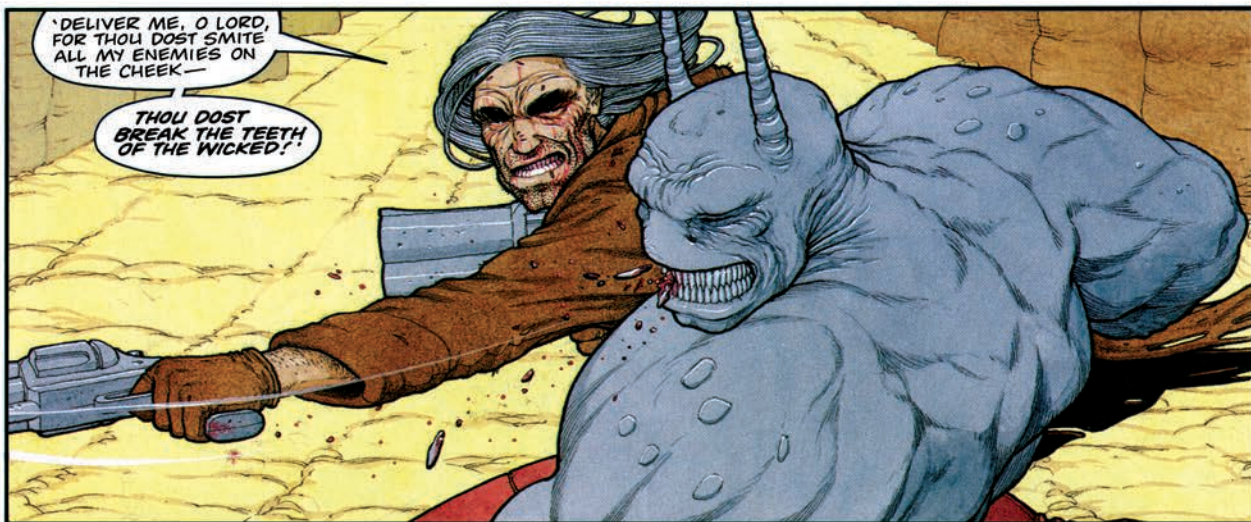
'LET THEIR WAY BE DARK AND SLIPPERY, WITH THE ANGEL OF THE LORD PURSUING THEM.'

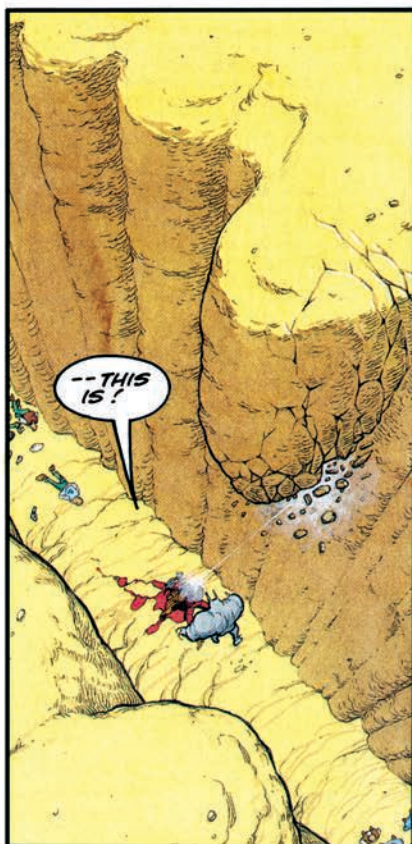
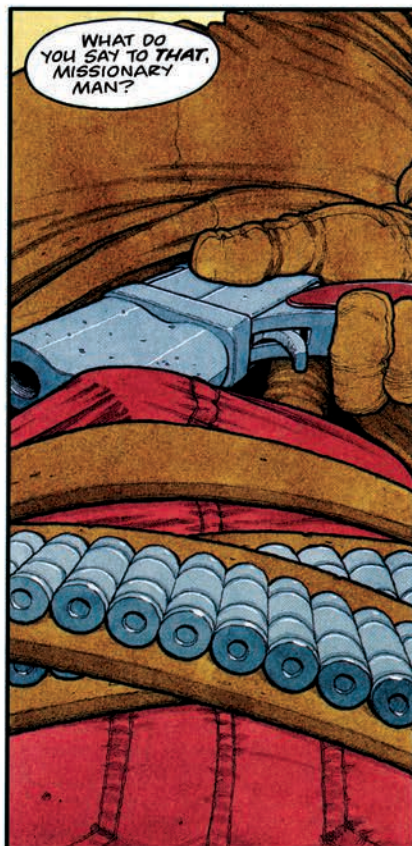
MY, QUITE THE LITTLE BIBLE SCHOLAR, AREN'T WE?

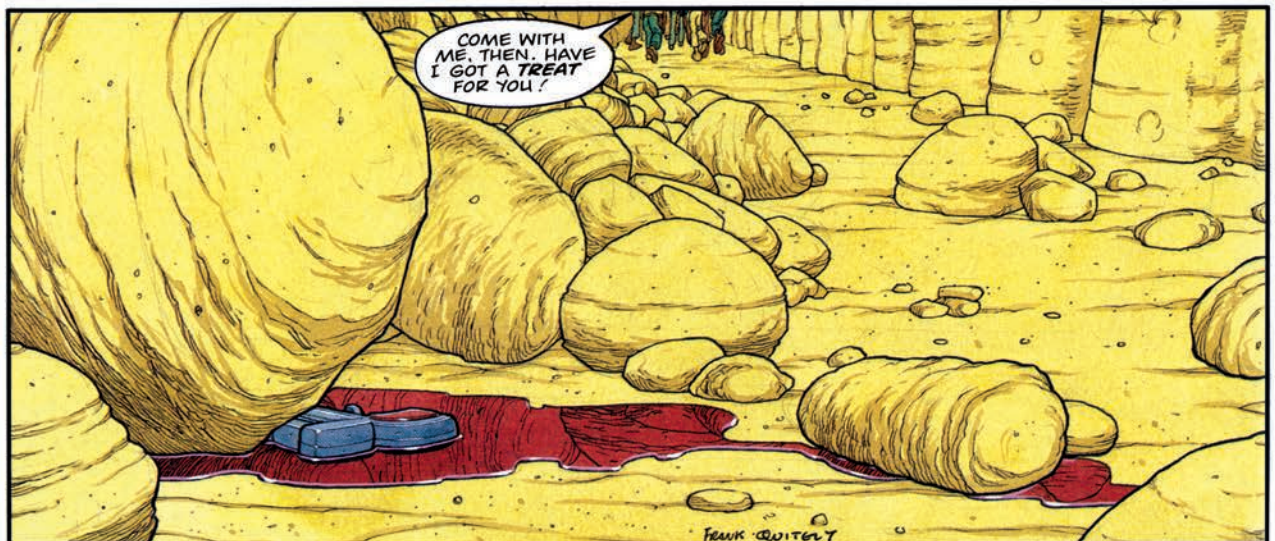
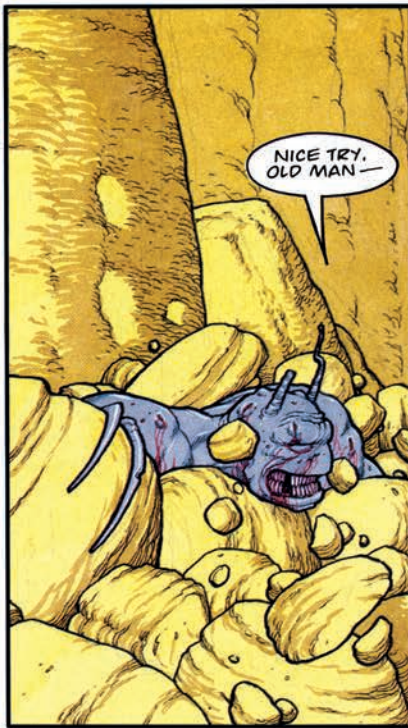
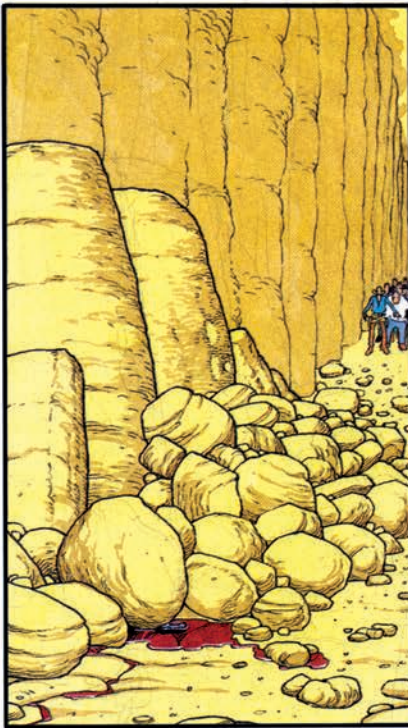


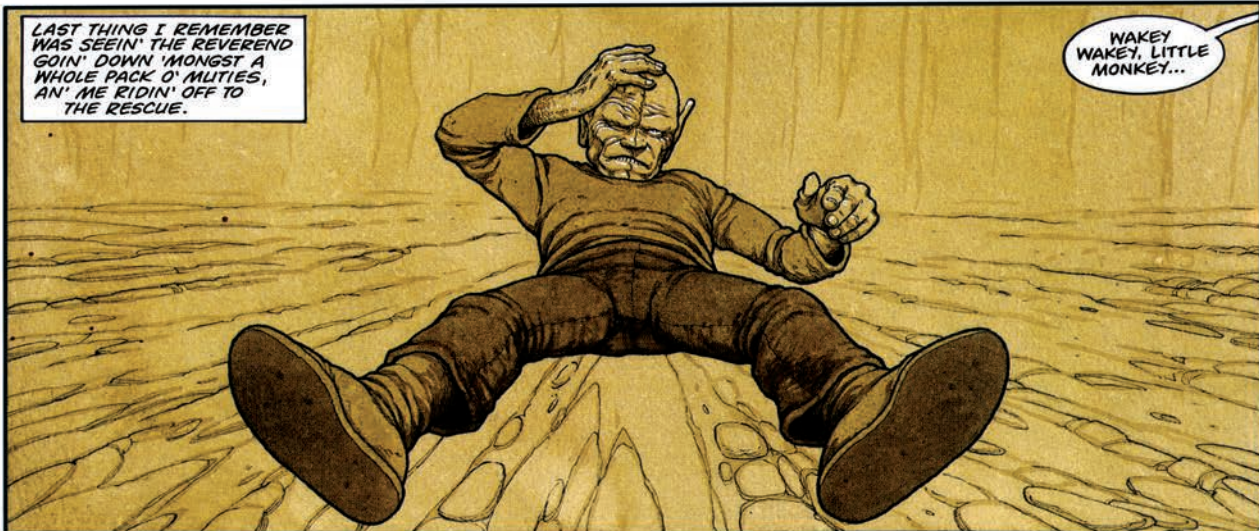
GOT SOMETHING APPROPRIATE IN MIND FOR ME?



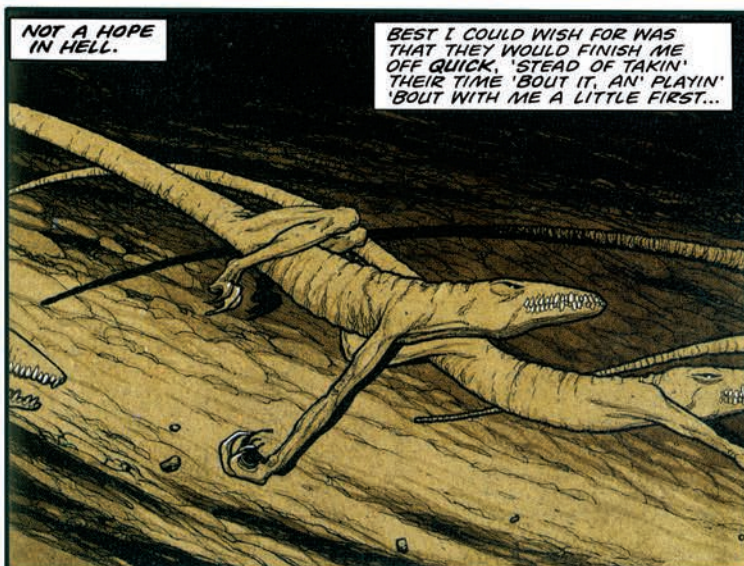


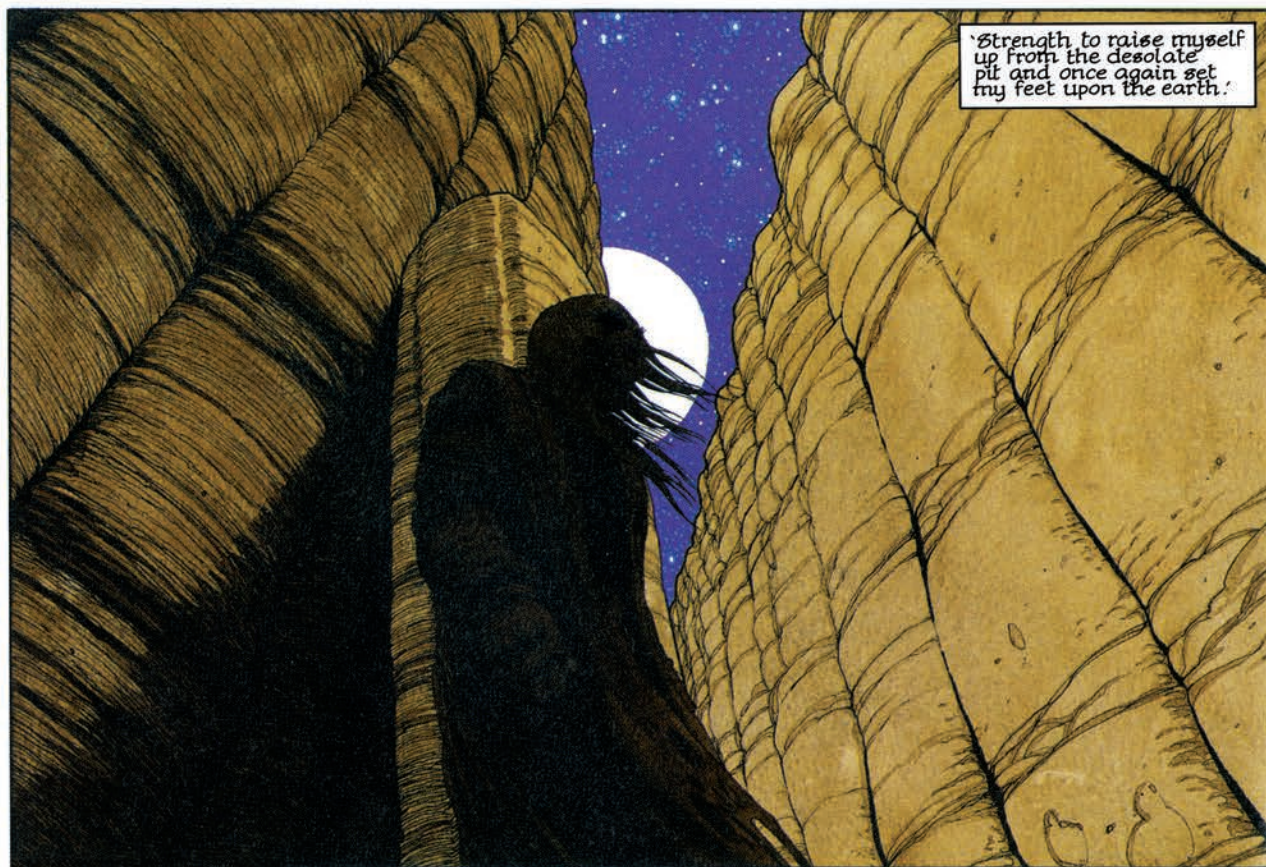


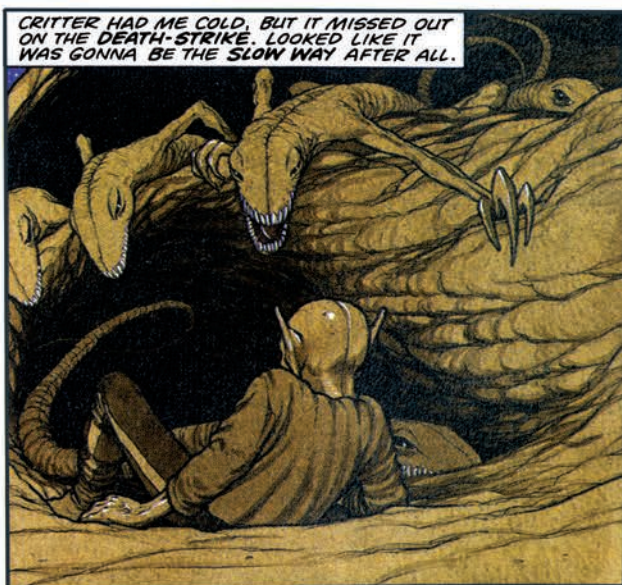
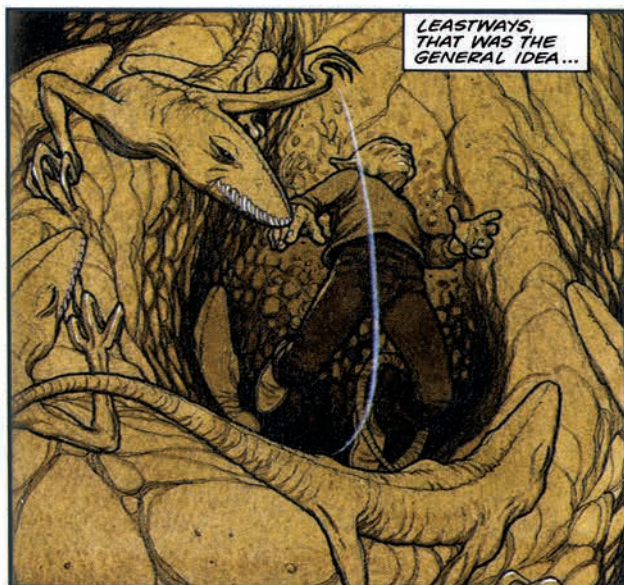


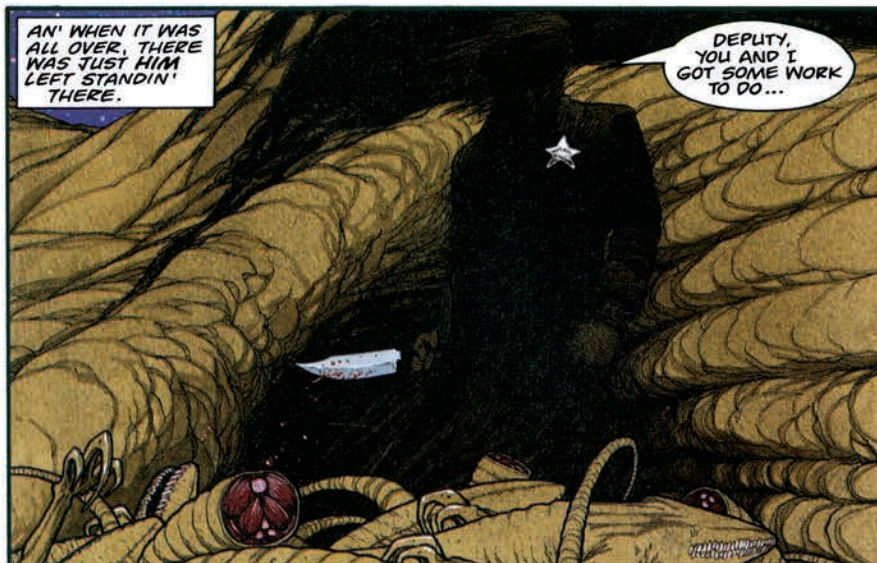


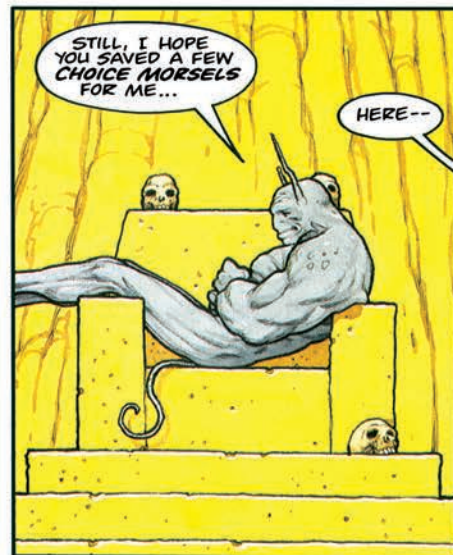
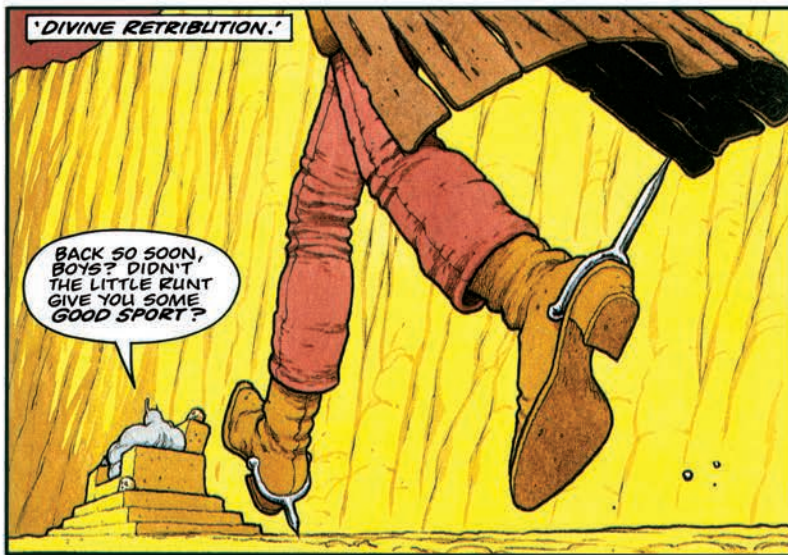




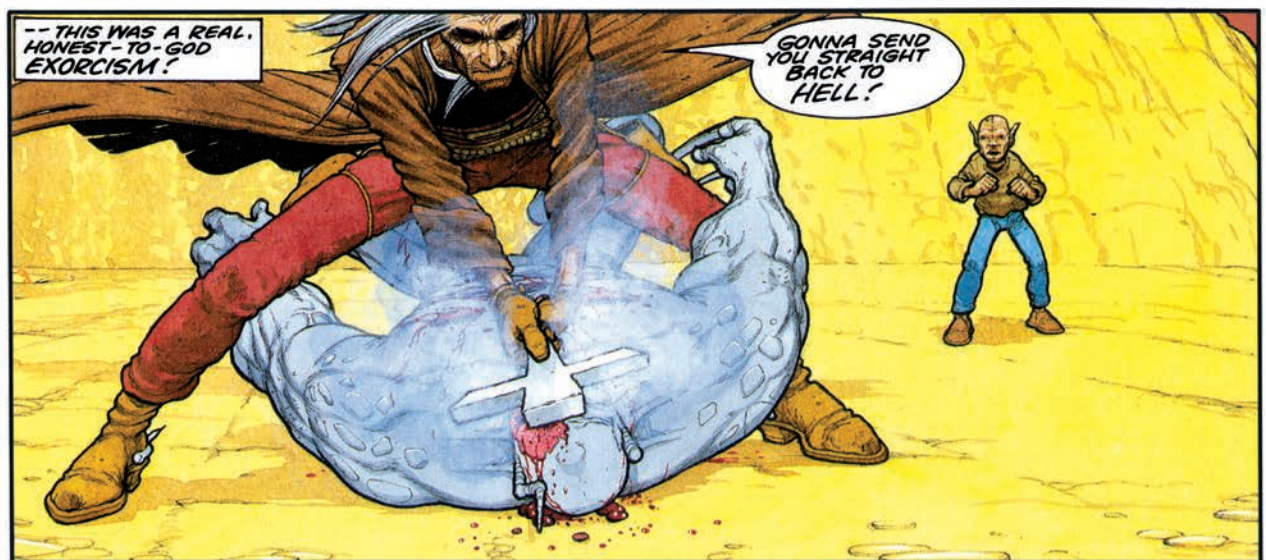














NO!



YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH THE CHEAP TRICKS!



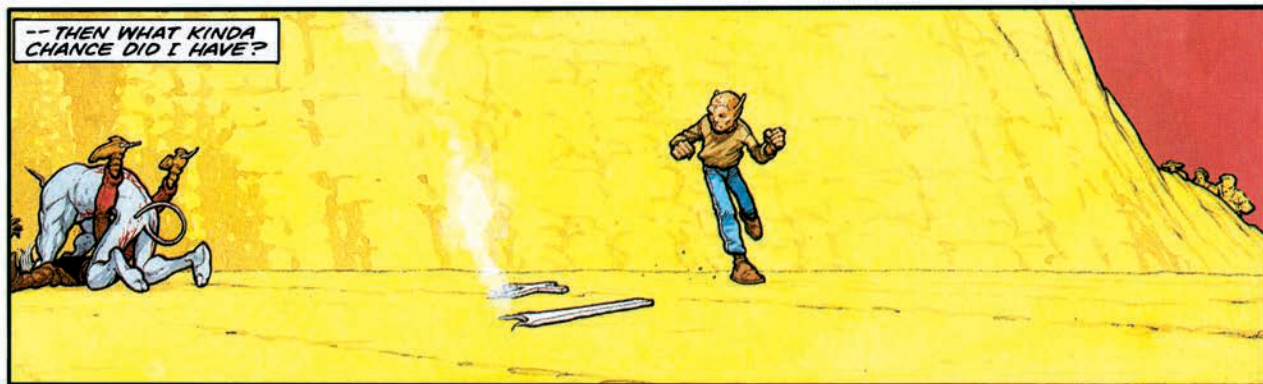
I SEEN THE REVEREND SHOOT, BURN, BLAST AN' BLESS THAT THING, AN' IT STILL AIN'T DEAD.

NOT QUITE SO COCKY WITHOUT YOUR LITTLE TRINKET, ARE YOU?



IF THE REVEREND CAME BACK FROM THE GRAVE AN' HE STILL COULDN'T KILL IT--

WHERE'S ALL YOUR GIMMICKS NOW?



-- THEN WHAT KINDA CHANCE DID I HAVE?

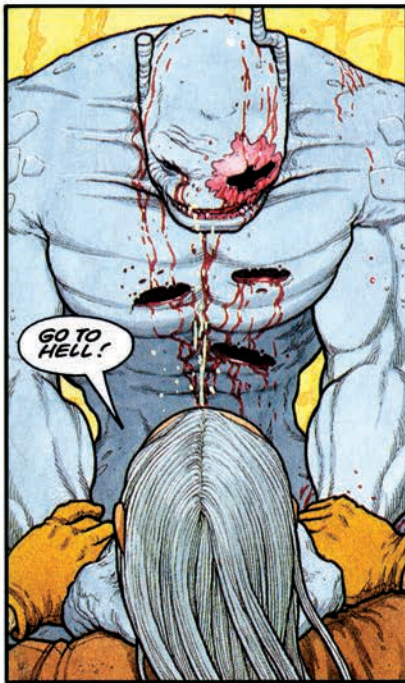


BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO END THIS WAY, YOU KNOW. YOU CAN STILL WALK AWAY FROM HERE IN ONE PIECE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FALL DOWN AND WORSHIP ME...

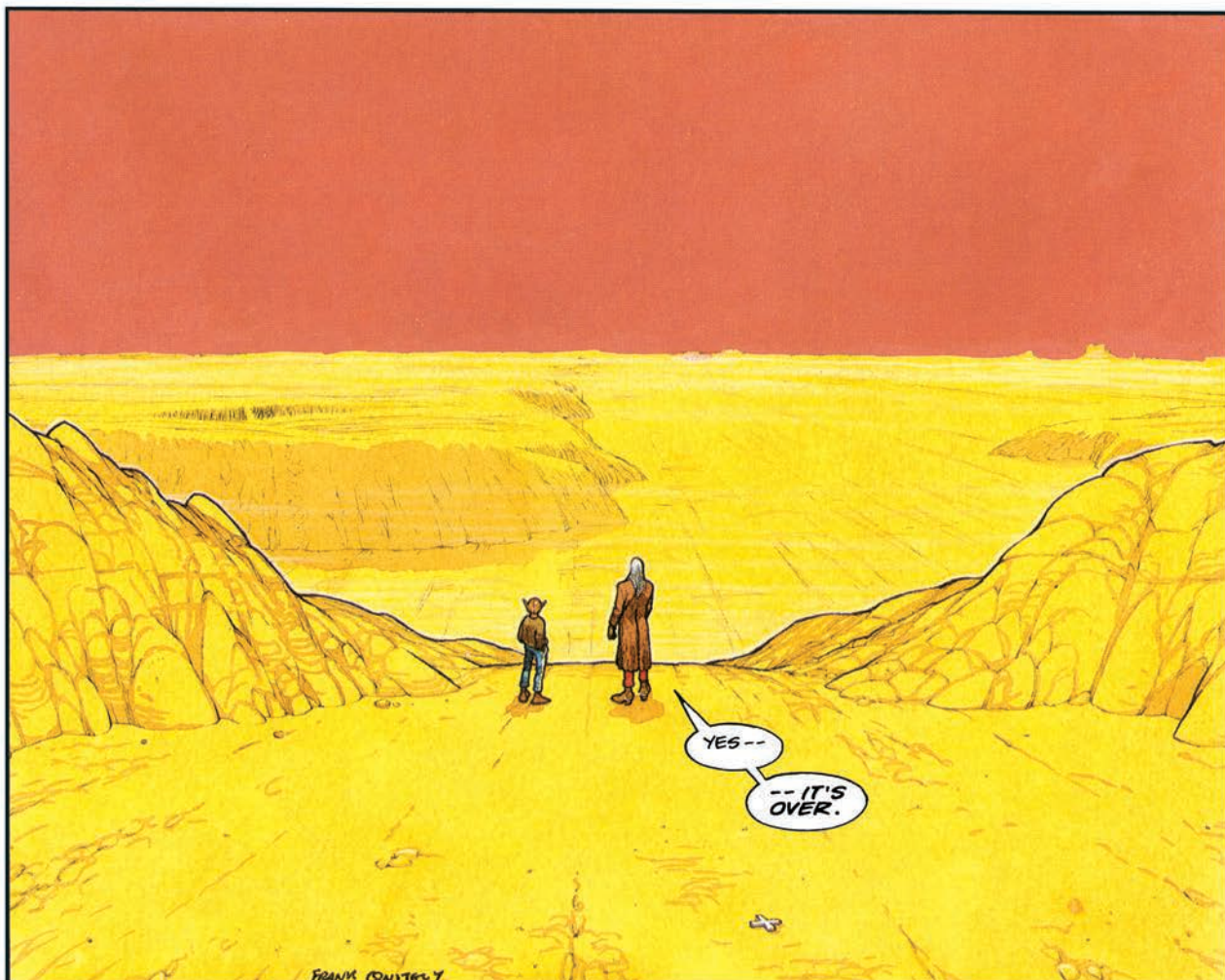


SOUND TEMPTING?











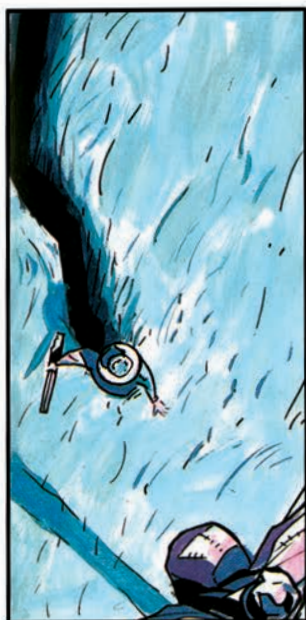
SEASON OF THE WITCH

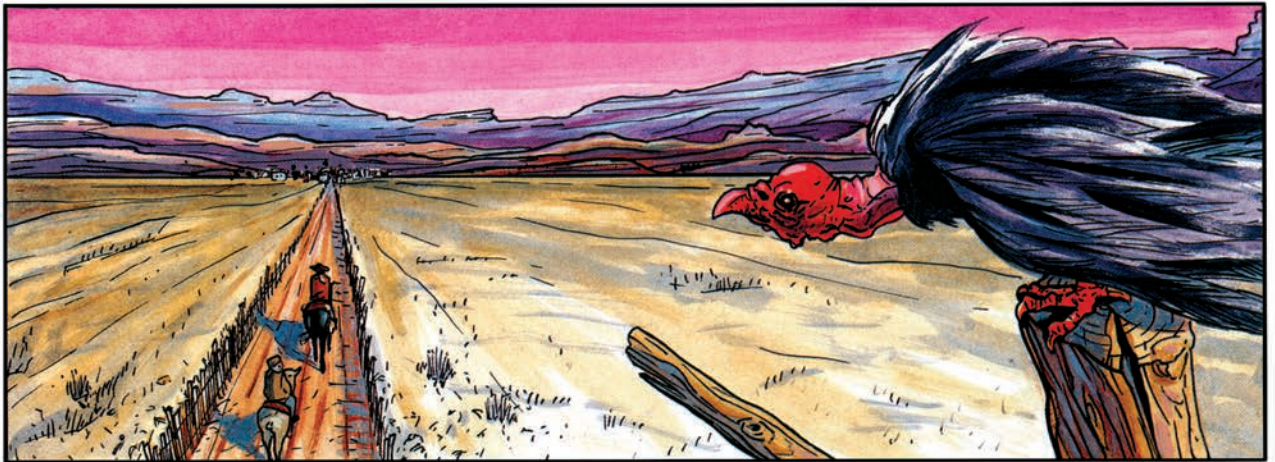
Script: Gordon Rennie

Art: Garry Marshall

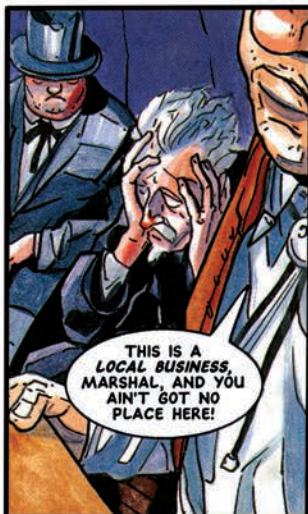
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazines* 2.56-257









THIS IS A LOCAL BUSINESS, MARSHAL, AND YOU AIN'T GOT NO PLACE HERE!



FOLKS IN RAINBOW'S END ALWAYS LOOKED AFTER THEIR OWN AFFAIRS, AND THAT'S THE WAY THEY'LL CONTINUE!



FINE. C'MON, DEPUTY...



SO WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW?

YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID, JOE - THEY DON'T NEED OUR HELP FOR ANY LAW-WORK...



BUT HE DIDN'T SAY ABOUT OUR OTHER BUSINESS OF ATTENDIN' TO FOLKS' SPIRITUAL NEEDS...



'MAYBE IT'S ABOUT TIME WE STARTED HEARING SOME FOLKS' CONFESSIONS.'

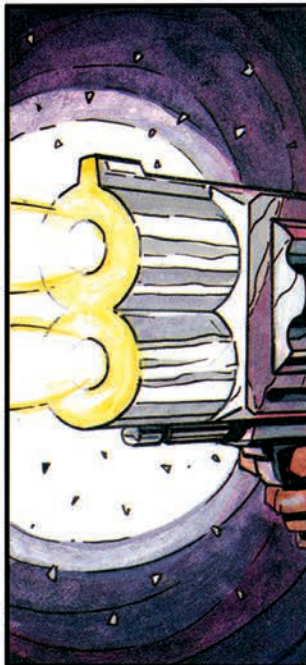
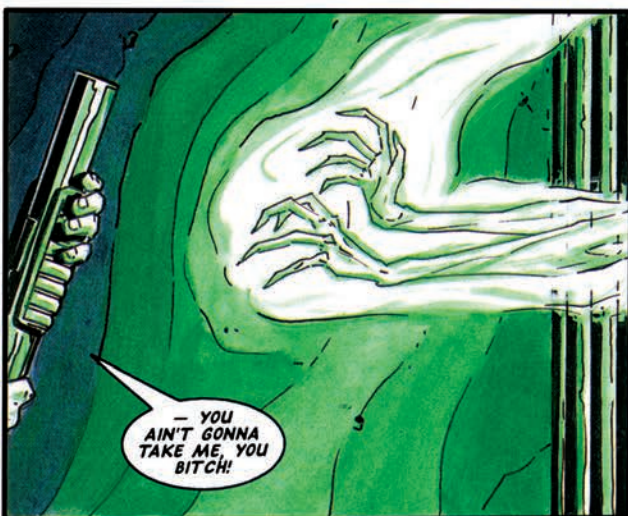


EVENING, YOUR HONOUR...



I BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING TO HELP RELIEVE YOU OF ALL BURDENS OF OFFICE THAT SEEM TO BE TROUBLIN' YOU SO MUCH THESE DAYS...

I - I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT -







THE SHERIFF—
DEAD..?



AND THEN
SOME...



THEN I'M
THE ONLY ONE LEFT,
AND SHE'S COMING FOR
ME NEXT...

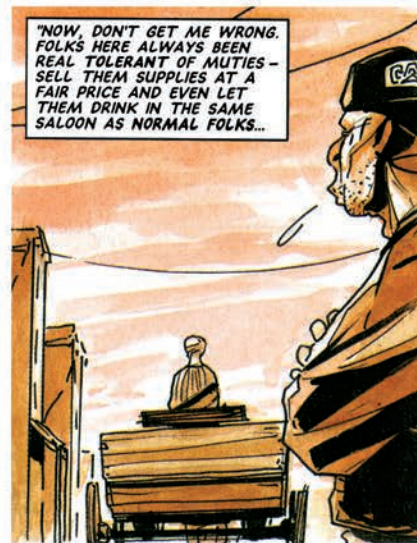


THEN
YOU AIN'T
GOT NOTHING
TO LOSE.



ALRIGHT,
I'LL TELL YOU,
BUT YOU GOT TO PROMISE
TO HELP ME AFTERWARDS.
EXORCISE IT, OR
SOMETHING...

I'LL TELL YOU
HOW IT ALL STARTED. I'LL
TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE NIGHT
ME AND THE REST OF THE BOYS
RODE OUT TO BURN THE
WITCH-WOMAN...





"I...I SWEAR WE NEVER MEANT TO DO HER ANY HARM, JUST SCARE HER A LITTLE AND MAKE HER LEAVE TOWN. BUT A COUPLE OF THE BOYS, THEY HAD BEEN DRINKING IN THE SALOON ALL EVENING —



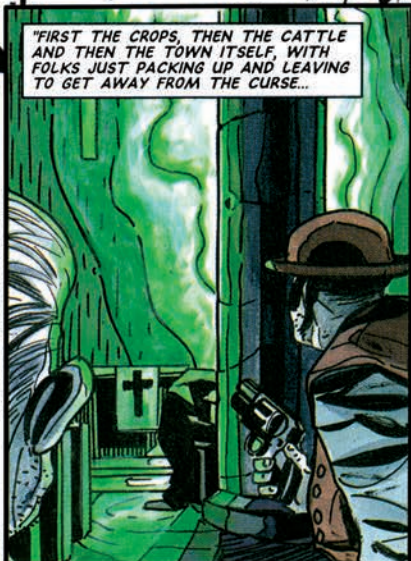
"I GUESS THINGS JUST GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND..."



"WHEN THEY WERE FINALLY FINISHED WITH HER, WE BURIED WHAT WAS LEFT IN THE RUINS AND FIXED UP A STORY ABOUT HOW SHE JUST MOVED ON SUDDEN ONE DAY. WE FIGURED THAT WOULD BE THE END OF IT ALL.



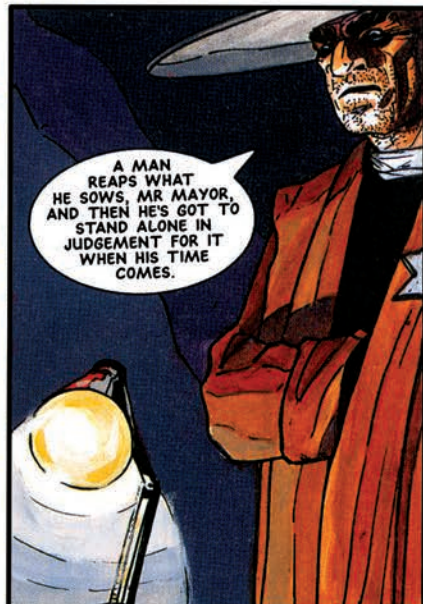
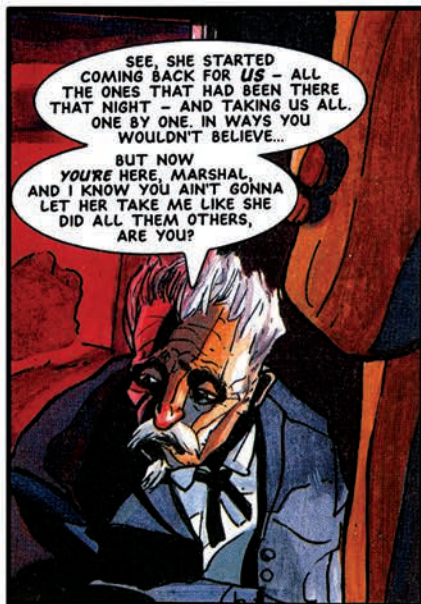
"IT WASN'T. IF THERE WASN'T ANY KIND OF CURSE BEFORE WHAT WE DONE TO HER, THERE SURE AS HELL WAS ONE AFTERWARDS!"



"FIRST THE CROPS, THEN THE CATTLE AND THEN THE TOWN ITSELF, WITH FOLKS JUST PACKING UP AND LEAVING TO GET AWAY FROM THE CURSE..."



"MEANWHILE, SHE STARTED COMING BACK FOR US — ALL THE ONES THAT HAD BEEN THERE THAT NIGHT — AND TAKING US ALL, ONE BY ONE."





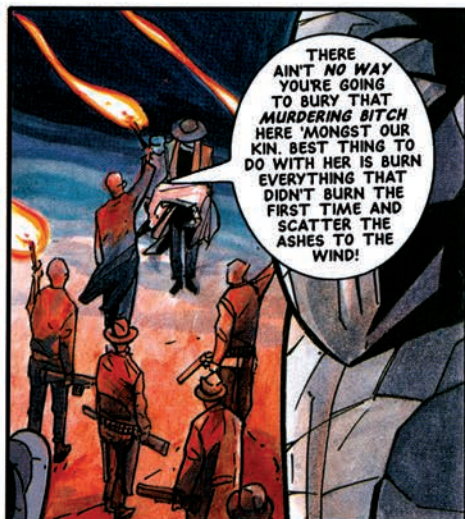
"-WE GOT SOME LATE-NIGHT DIGGING TO DO."



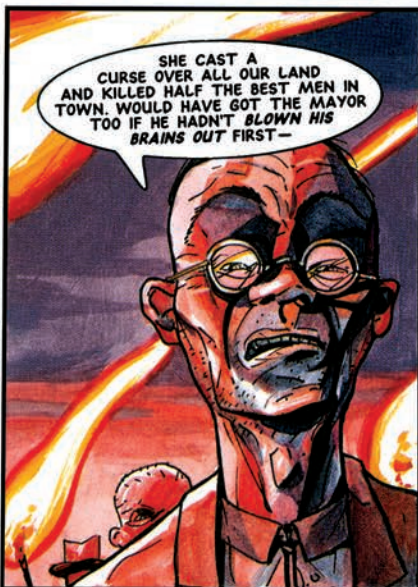


WHERE'D YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THAT, MARSHAL?

GOT A LOST SOUL HERE IN NEED OF SALVATION. RECKON IT'S TIME TO LAY HER AND THIS WHOLE TROUBLE TO REST TONIGHT...



THERE AIN'T NO WAY YOU'RE GOING TO BURY THAT MURDERING BITCH HERE 'MONGST OUR KIN. BEST THING TO DO WITH HER IS BURN EVERYTHING THAT DIDN'T BURN THE FIRST TIME AND SCATTER THE ASHES TO THE WIND!



SHE CAST A CURSE OVER ALL OUR LAND AND KILLED HALF THE BEST MEN IN TOWN. WOULD HAVE GOT THE MAYOR TOO IF HE HADN'T BLOWN HIS BRAINS OUT FIRST—



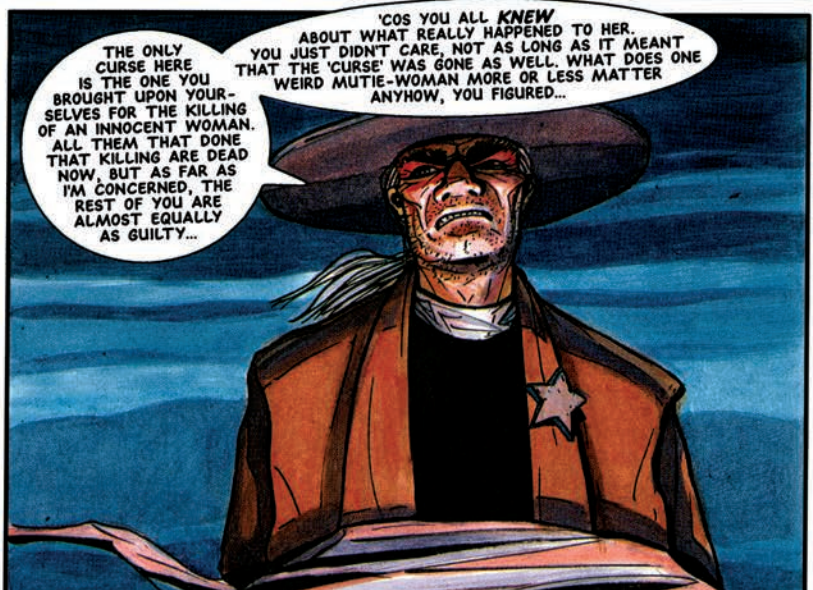
THEN MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR HIM YET. CAN'T SAY THE SAME ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, THOUGH...

JOE..?



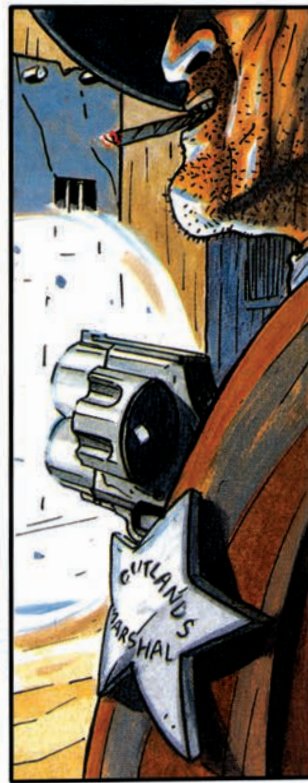
THANK-YOU, JOE.

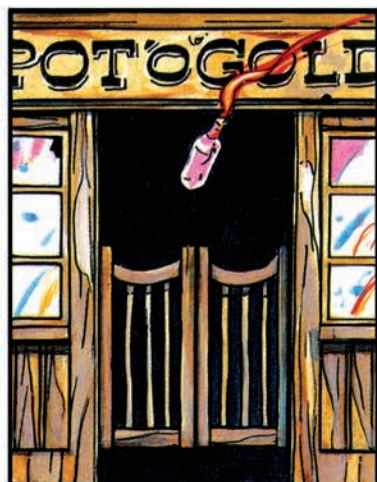
ANYONE ELSE WANT TO REGISTER A COMPLAINT, SEE THE DEPUTY HERE. IN THE MEANTIME, ALL OF YOU BETTER LISTEN UP GOOD...

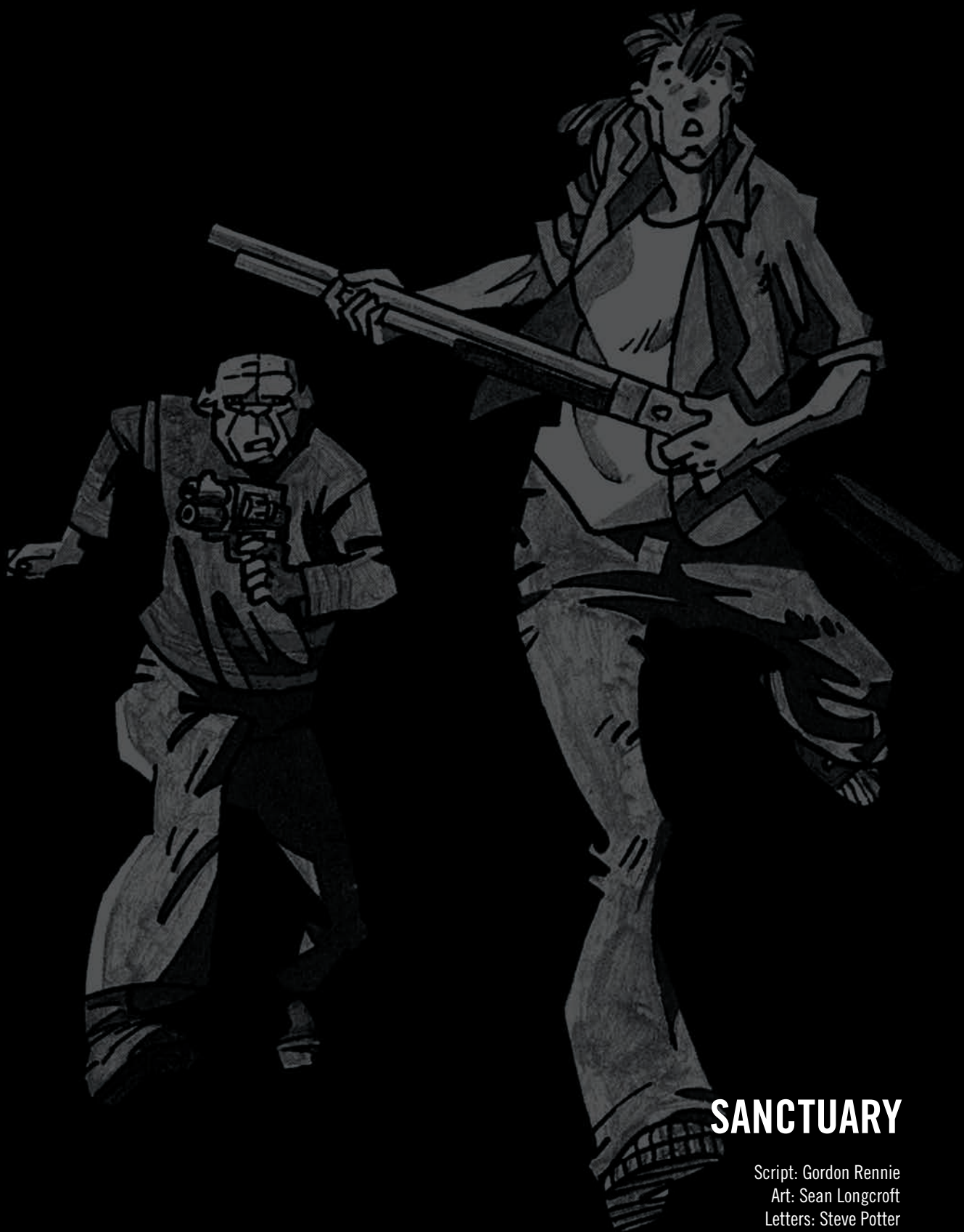


THE ONLY CURSE HERE IS THE ONE YOU BROUGHT UPON YOURSELVES FOR THE KILLING OF AN INNOCENT WOMAN. ALL THEM THAT DONE THAT KILLING ARE DEAD NOW, BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE REST OF YOU ARE ALMOST EQUALLY AS GUILTY...

'COS YOU ALL *KNEW* ABOUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO HER. YOU JUST DIDN'T CARE, NOT AS LONG AS IT MEANT THAT THE 'CURSE' WAS GONE AS WELL. WHAT DOES ONE WEIRD MUTIE-WOMAN MORE OR LESS MATTER ANYHOW, YOU FIGURED...







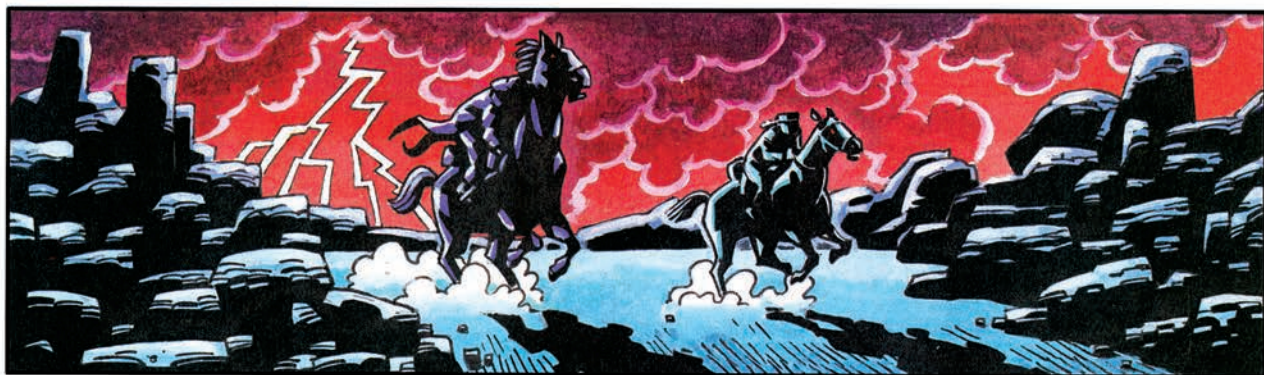
SANCTUARY

Script: Gordon Rennie

Art: Sean Longcroft

Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Megazines* 2.58-2.59





RIDERS!
YOU CHILDREN
WAIT IN HERE
WHILE I SEE
TO THIS...



WHO'S THERE?
STEP ON INTO THE
LIGHT AND STATE YOUR
BUSINESS, OTHERWISE I'D
ADVISE YOU TO BE
GETTING BACK ON
YOUR WAY REAL
QUICK...



SORRY FOR
THE INTRUSION, MA'AM,
'SPECIALLY AT THIS LATE HOUR,
BUT ME AN' MY FRIEND HERE WOULD
BE MUCH OBLIGED OF SOME
ASSISTANCE...

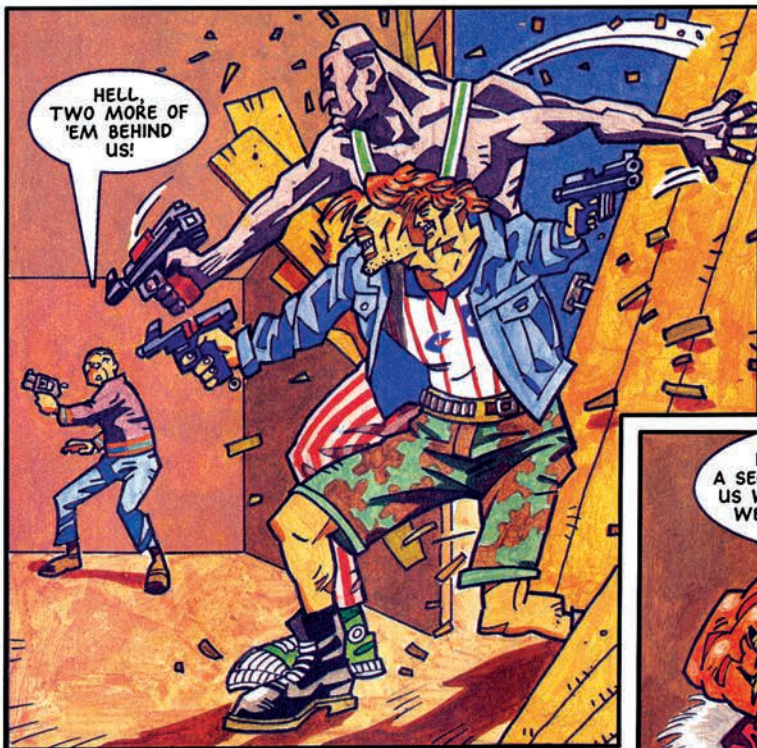


WELL, I GUESS
YOU BOYS BETTER
COME INSIDE...

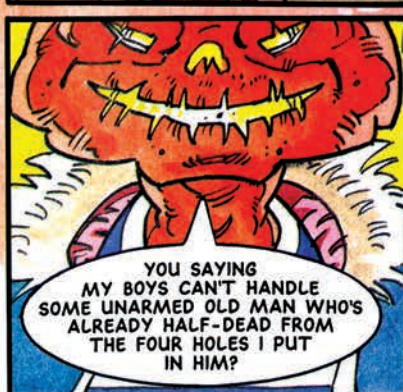
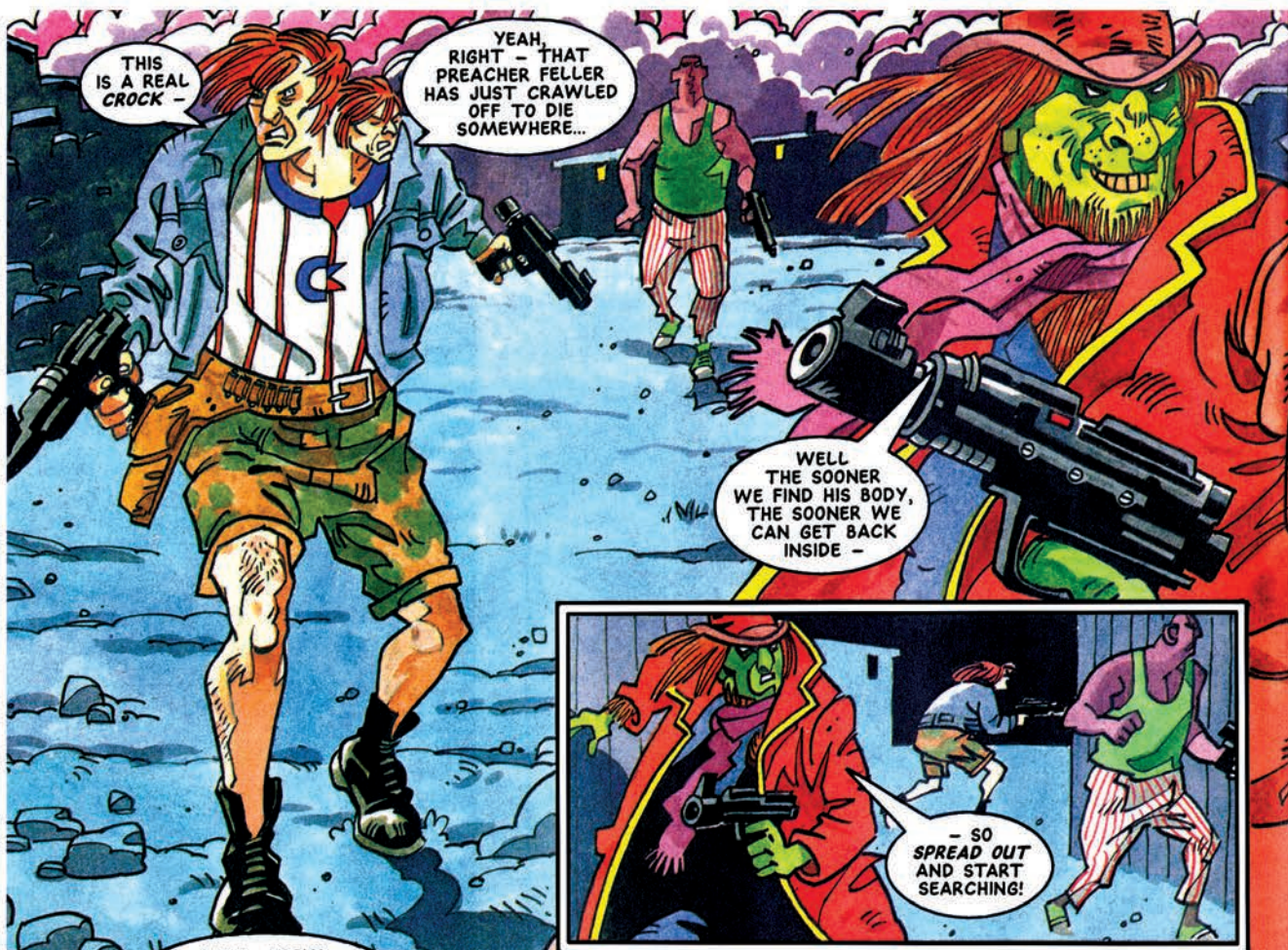


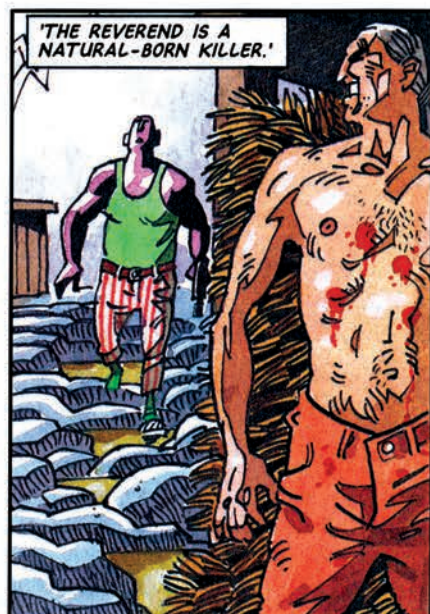












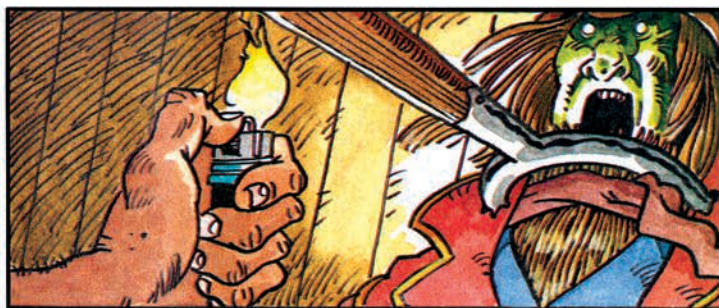
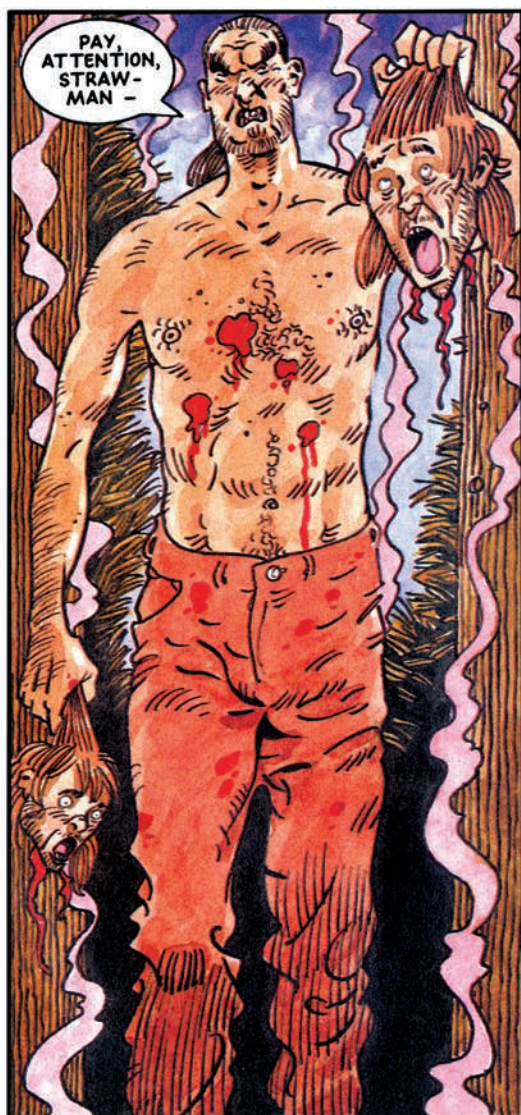
"— WHATEVER HAPPENS, MY BOYS KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES!"

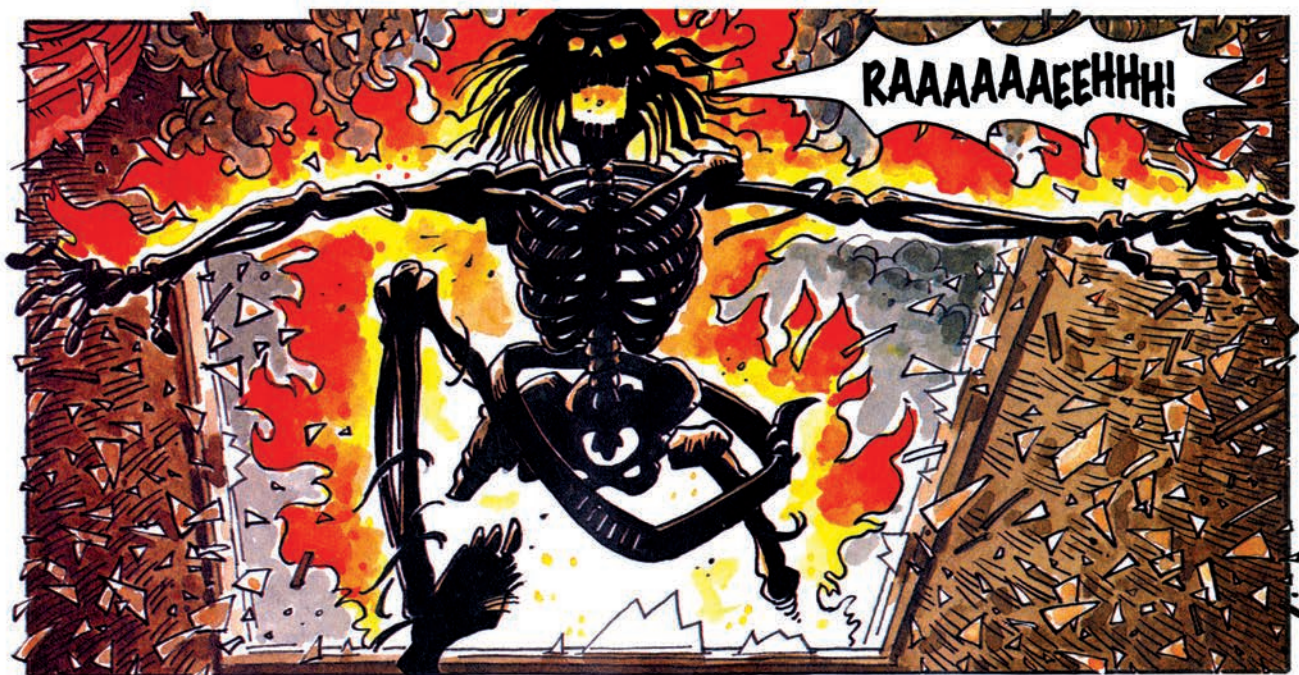
WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE'S TOMBSTONE?

THIS IS HIM HERE — I THINK. WHATEVER THAT OLD MAN DONE TO HIM, HE DONE IT REAL GOOD...







RAAAAAAEEHHH!



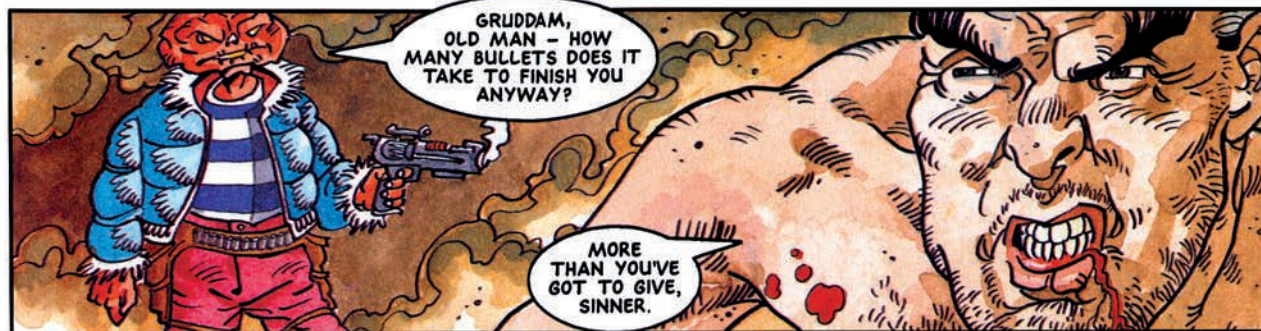
- IT'S SCARECROW.



NICE TRY, OLD MAN -

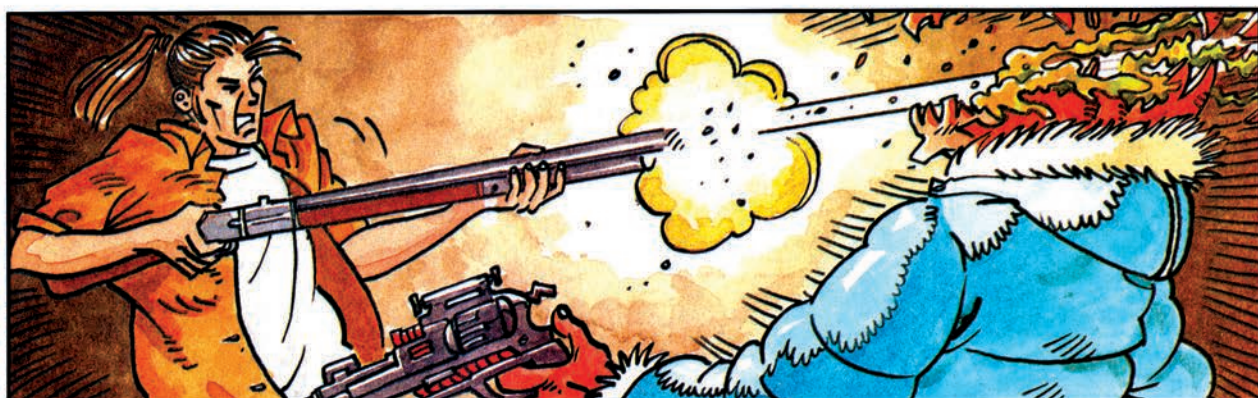


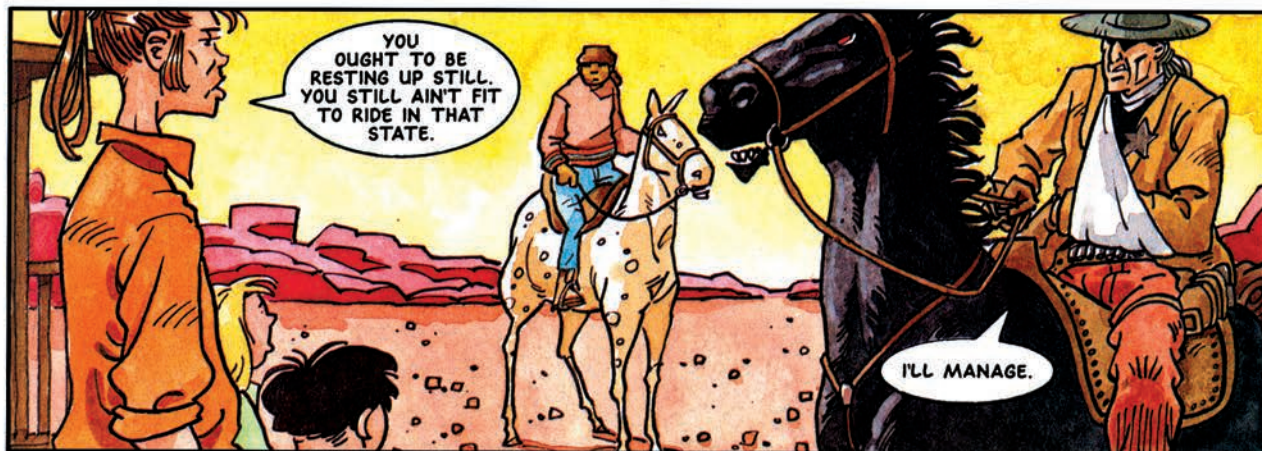
- BUT YOU CAN'T BUSHWACK A BUSH-WACKER!

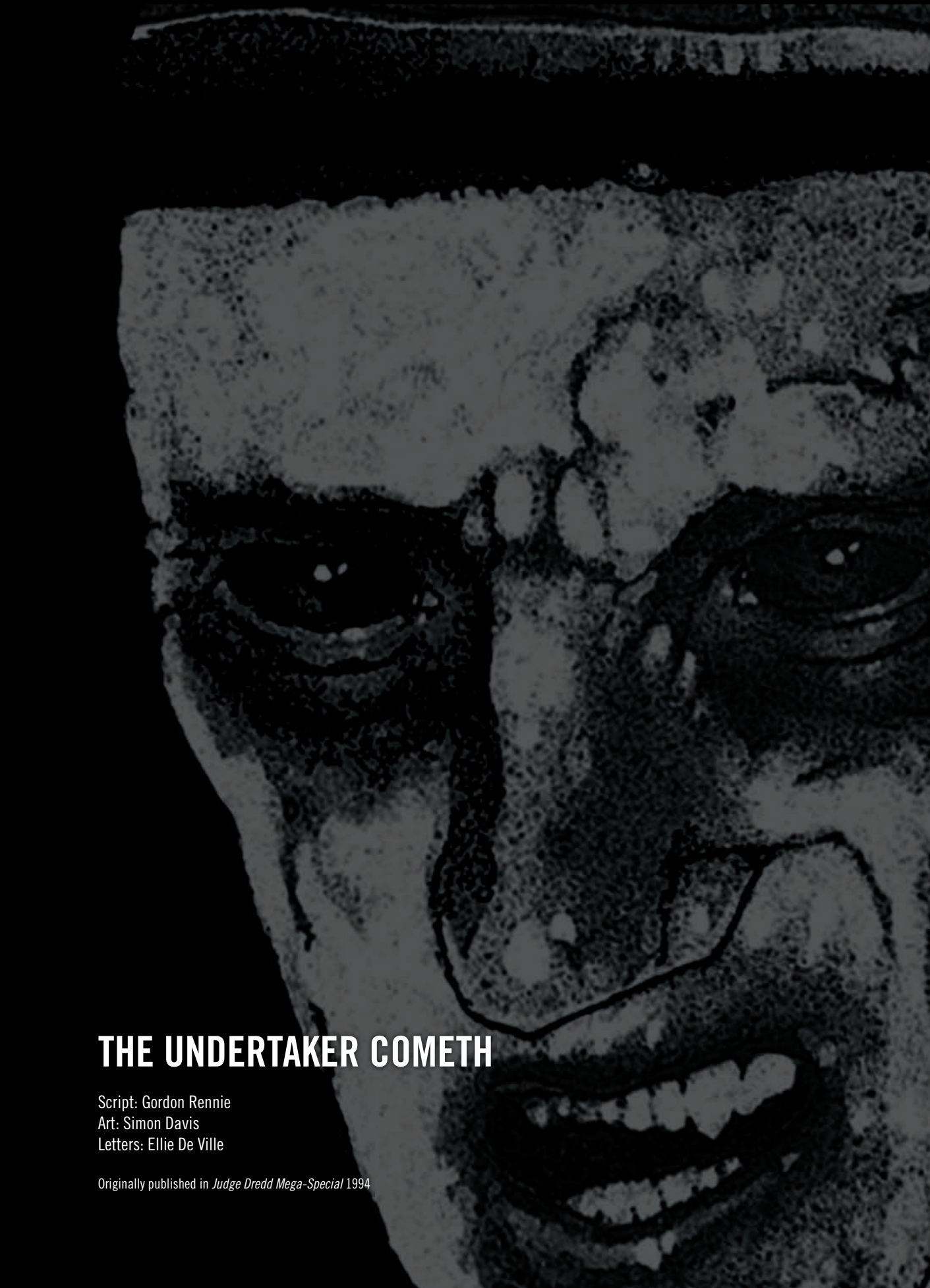


GRUDDAM, OLD MAN - HOW MANY BULLETS DOES IT TAKE TO FINISH YOU ANYWAY?

MORE THAN YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE, SINNER.







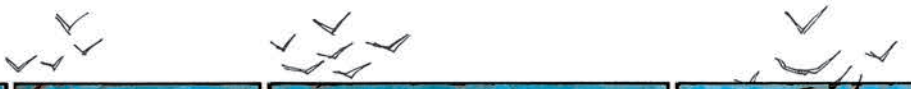
THE UNDERTAKER COMETH

Script: Gordon Rennie

Art: Simon Davis

Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Mega-Special* 1994



CHIKT!!
CHIKK!!



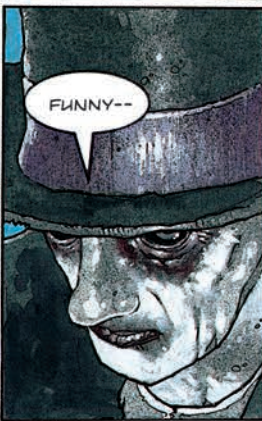
the undertaker cometh
**MISSIONARY
MAN**



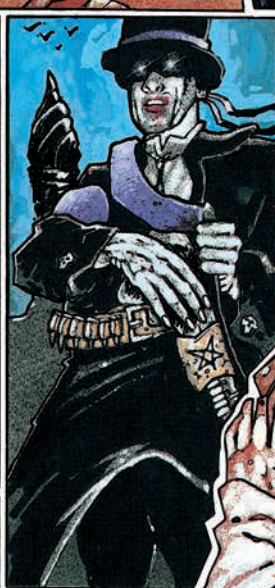
EVENING,
FRIEND.



SOMEONE
DIED RECENT IN
THESE PARTS?

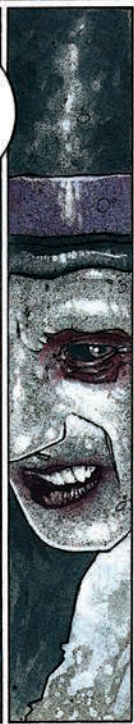


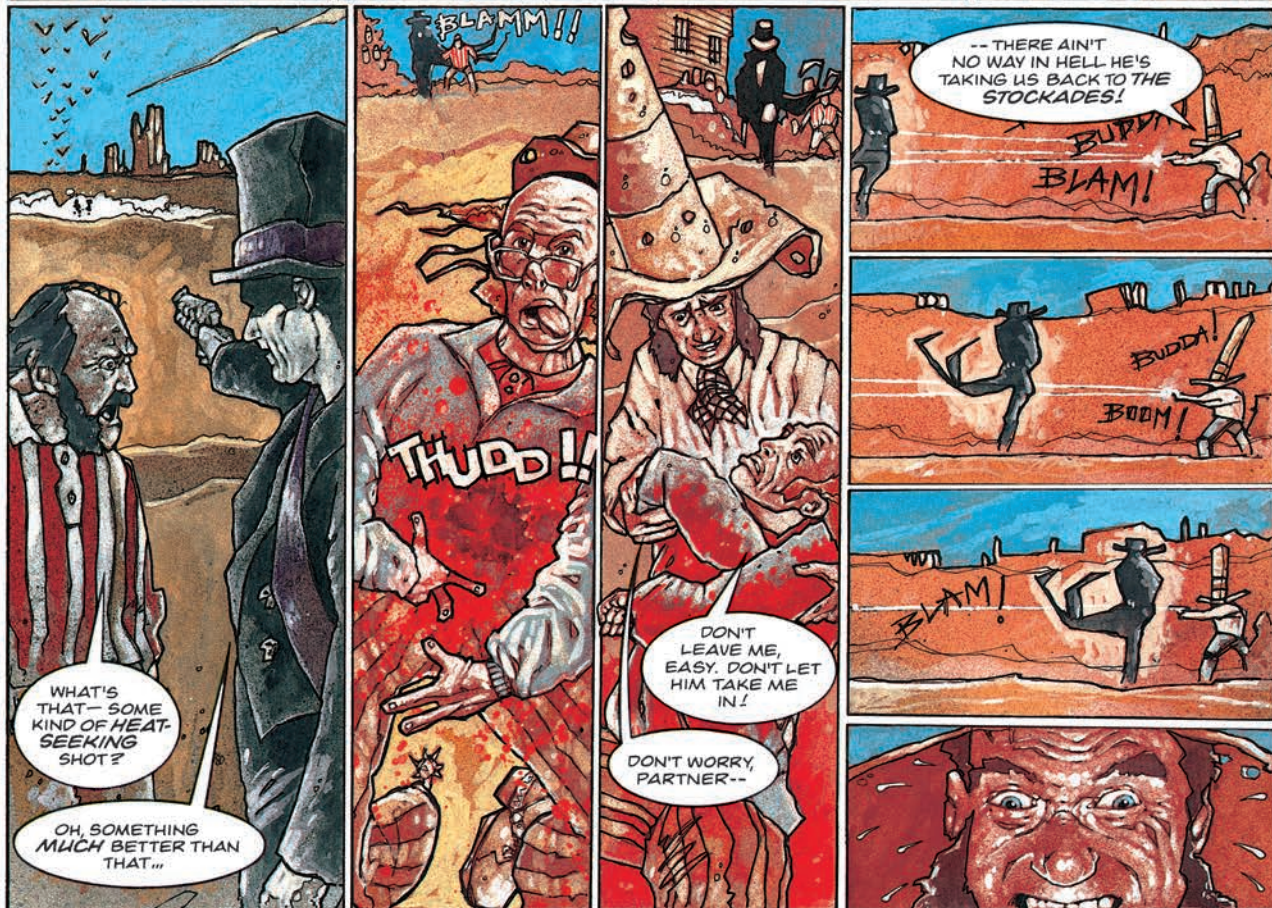
FUNNY--



-- THAT'S
WHAT THEY
ALWAYS
ASK!







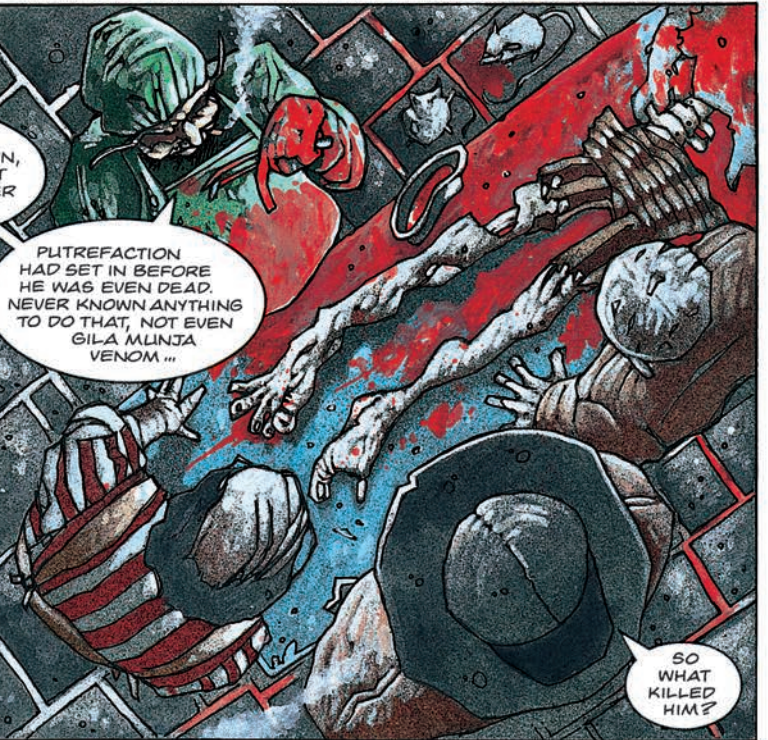






"... AND TELL HIM I LEFT HIM MY CALLING CARD."

DIED JUST AFTER SUNDOWN, JUST LIKE THAT BOUNTY HUNTER SAID...



PUTREFACTION HAD SET IN BEFORE HE WAS EVEN DEAD. NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING TO DO THAT, NOT EVEN GILA MUNJA VENOM...

SO WHAT KILLED HIM?



THIS.

I'VE DUG MORE BULLETS OUT OF MORE BODIES THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER, BUT I AIN'T NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE THIS BEFORE. FAR AS I CAN TELL, THIS THING'S MADE FROM ONE-HUNDRED PERCENT PURE POISON!



WHAT'D YOU RECKON IT IS, REVEREND?

JUST WHAT THE MAN SAID, DEPUTY--



--IT'S A CALLING CARD. SOME KIND OF CHALLENGE. LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET TO ME...



PREACHER CAIN—
THE MISSIONARY MAN
HIMSELF! SO STRANGE
THAT OUR PATHS
HAVEN'T CROSSED
BEFORE--

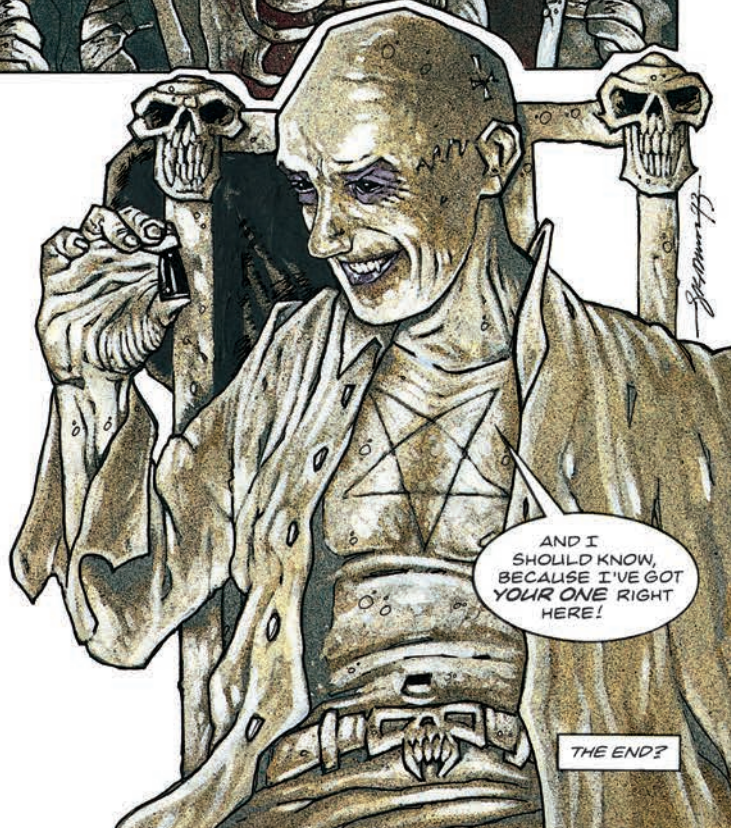


--AND SO SURPRISING
THAT IT SHOULD TAKE SUCH
SCUM AS THIS TO BRING THE
TWO OF US TOGETHER!



OF COURSE,
I'M A GREAT
BELIEVER IN SUCH
STRANGE TURNS
OF FATE.

FOR INSTANCE,
I KNOW THAT FOR
EVERY SOUL IN THE
WORLD, THERE'S A
BULLET MARKED
WITH THEIR
NAME ...



AND I
SHOULD KNOW,
BECAUSE I'VE GOT
YOUR ONE RIGHT
HERE!

THE END?

COVER GALLERY

JUDGE DREDD

T H E M I N E

NEW STORY!

Introducing the
MISSIONARY MAN!

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UNFORGIVING!



GORDON RENNIE

Gordon Rennie is one of 2000 AD and the Magazine's most prolific creators, with co-creative credits for *Caballistics, Inc.*, *Glimmer Rats*, *Missionary Man*, *Necronauts*, *Storming Heaven*, *Rain Dogs* and *Witchworld*. He has also written *Daily Star Dredd* strips, *Judge Dredd*, *Harke and Burr*, *Mean Machine*, *Past Imperfect*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Satanus*, *Terror Tales*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Vector 13* and most recently *Absalom*.

Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Rennie has written for anthologies *Heavy Metal* and *Warhammer Monthly*, as well as *Species*, *Starship Troopers* and *White Trash*.

FRANK QUITELY

Superstar artist **Frank Quitely** first wowed 2000 AD fans with his work on Shimura and *Missionary Man*. He broke into the US comics' scene, working with 2000 AD writer Grant Morrison on *Flex Mentallo* and *JLA: Earth 2*. The pair would continue to collaborate on such titles as *New X-Men*, *We3* and *All-Star Superman*, the latter two titles winning various Eisner Awards between 2005-2007.

SIMON DAVIS

Simon Davis' unique, angular painted style has been a fixture of *Sinister Dexter* for some years now, since his 2000 AD debut on the series. He has also found the time to create *B.L.A.I.R. 1*, *Black Siddha* and more recently *Ampney Crucis Investigates*, as well as contributing to *Downlode Tales*, *Judge Dredd*, *Missionary Man*, *Outlaw*, *Plagues of Necropolis*, *Tales of Telguuth*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Vector 13*. His non-2000 AD comic strip work includes DC's *JLA: Riddle of the Beast*.

Simon is also a successful portrait artist and was short-listed for the 'National Portrait Gallery BP Portrait Award' in 2008.

GARRY MARSHALL

Garry Marshall has worked on two strips – *Missionary Man* and *Vector 13* – for 2000 AD, collaborating both times with writer Gordon Rennie.

SEAN LONGCROFT

Sean Longcroft's work for the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic' includes *Judge Dredd* strips for *Judge Dredd Lawman of the Future* and the *Judge Dredd Mega Special 1995*, as well as a *Missionary Man* strip in the *Judge Dredd Magazine*.

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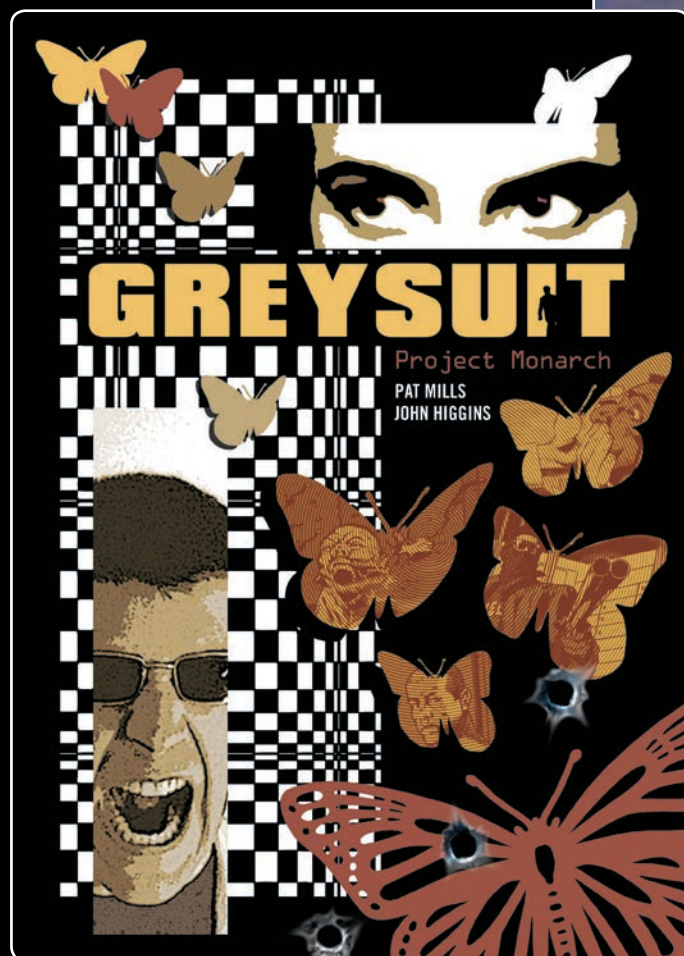
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