



MEGA CITY UNDER COVER

VOL. 02

LIVING THE LOW LIFE

ROB WILLIAMS ★ SMUDGE ★ D'ISRAELI ★ RUFUS DAYGLO

INTRODUCTION

IT TAKES A SPECIAL KIND OF JUDGE TO GO UNDERCOVER ON THE MEAN STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE – ESPECIALLY IN THE CRIME-INFESTED LOW LIFE; THE NASTIEST PART OF THE ‘BIG MEG.’ THIS DIVISION OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT KNOWN AS THE ‘WALLY SQUAD’ CONTAINS SOME OF THE BRAVEST INDIVIDUALS WORKING THE STREETS – AND ALSO SOME OF THE MOST UNHINGED!

A QUICK GUIDE TO THE LOW LIFE WALLY SQUAD JUDGES



AIMEE NIXON

A grade-A student at the Justice Academy with an uncanny ability to beat any lie detector, Nixon was an ideal candidate for Wally Squad duty. Her dedication to the job led her to voluntarily have her left arm removed and replaced with a robotic one so that she could blend into the Low Life more easily.



DIRTY FRANK

Completely lacking any sense of personal hygiene, Frank or ‘Dirty Frank’ as he so often refers to himself, is a Judge who has been undercover for far too long. Although he is totally insane, Frank is still able to uphold the law and keep order on the meanest streets of Mega-City One.



ERIC ‘MORTAL’ COIL

After graduating with honours from the Justice Academy, great things were expected of Judge Eric Coil. However, after a disastrous mission in the Cursed Earth, Coil suffered the effects of prolonged exposure to radiation which mutated him back into an infant form.



THORA

Another young female Judge operating in the Low Life, Thora has undergone the latest in complete body-change surgery and now resembles a Mega-City One pensioner, or ‘eldster’ as they are referred to by their fellow citizens.

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LOW LIFE

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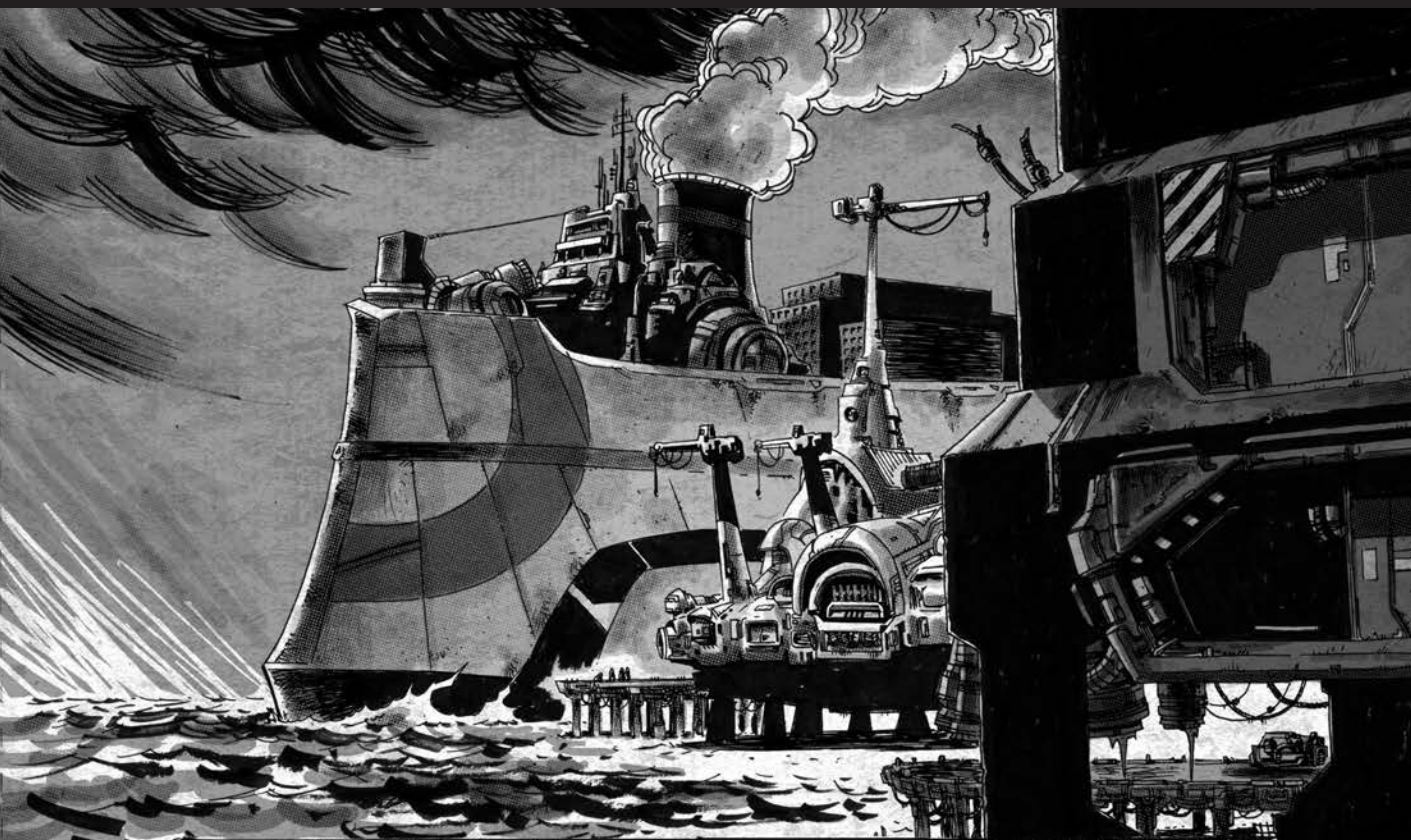




WAR WITHOUT BLOODSHED

Script: Rob Williams
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WAKE UP.

YOU NODDED OFF THERE FOR A SECOND, SAM.

G-GO TO HELL, BERNIE.

I'M ALREADY HERE. IT'S CALLED THE LOW LIFE.

THIS BAD-TRIP CITY AIN'T A GOOD PLACE TO BE WITH NO CRED'S IN YOUR POCKET AN' NO PURPOSE TO YOUR DAYS.

NO RESPECT. NOTHIN' TO LIVE FOR.

NO JOB.

SO HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO, SAM.

TOMORROW MORNING YOU'RE GOING TO GET RID OF A QUARTER OF THE DROIDS WORKING YOUR WAREHOUSES DOWN HERE. NOTHING TOO OBVIOUS. WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT SUSPICION.

AND YOU'RE GOIN' TO START HIRING GOOD HONEST CITIZENS TO TAKE THEIR PLACE. UNION GUYS. YOU'RE GOIN' TO PAY THEM A BASIC WAGE, SAM. GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

OR... ?

AW, C'MON NOW. WE'RE BOTH MEN OF THE WORLD, RIGHT?



FORGET IT.

YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT'S TAKEN ME TO BUILD UP MY BUSINESS DOWN HERE? HOW MANY YEARS I'VE WORKED?

YOU THINK I CAN BE COMPETITIVE WITH HUMAN WORKERS? I'LL BE FINISHED WITHIN SIX MONTHS.

SO SCREW YOU, BERNIE.

YOU DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO. I AIN'T PLAYING BALL.

THESE MASSIVE SHIPS CARRY ROADSTERS AROUND THE WORLD. BRIT-CIT, OZ. THAT ONE'S HEADING FOR HONDO CITY.

'ROADSTERS LOADED AND UNLOADED BY YOUR ROBOTS. **BUILT** BY ROBOTS. THOSE CARS HAVE NEVER FELT A HUMAN HAND.

'THERE'S NOT EVEN ANYBODY ON THAT SHIP. IT'S ENTIRELY **AUTOMATED**.'

WHICH IS BAD NEWS FOR YOU.

HUH?



I MEAN, IF SOMEONE WERE ON BOARD YOU COULD CALL FOR HELP, RIGHT?

WHAT THE DROKK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



'THE LIFE PRESERVER WILL KEEP YOU AFLOAT ALL THE WAY TO HONDO, I IMAGINE. HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT TAKES A MAN TO STARVE TO DEATH AT SEA? THREE DAYS? FOUR?

'AND THEN THERE'S THE THIRST, THE EXPOSURE... THE LONELINESS.

'DAMN.'



OR MAYBE YOU'LL GET LUCKY. MAYBE THE BLACK ATLANTIC WILL KILL YOU QUICK. MAYBE ONE OF THEM NASTY CRITTERS THAT LIVE OUT THERE WILL TAKE A BIG MEATY CHUNK OUT OF YOU.



BERNIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I'VE JUST CHAINED YOU TO THE BACK OF THAT CARGO SHIP, SAM.

YOU TRAVEL SAFE NOW.



AHHHHHHH!

BERNIE, YOU BASTARD! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!

OH GRUD! HELP ME! SOMEONE!



I'VE GOT MONEY, BERNIE! I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY GRAND!

THIRTY... FORTY GRAND! I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY GRAND!

FOR GRUD'S SAKE, HAVE MERCY!



'... THERE IS A
POWER IN A UNION!'







MAN,
YOU SCARED
THE DROKK
OUTTA
ME!

I
HONESTLY
DIDN'T KNOW
IT WAS YOU.
JUST SAW THE
PISTOL AND
RAN.

YOU'RE
CRAZY, NIXON,
YOU KNOW
THAT? TOTALLY
LOCO.

YEAH, I'M
THE REGULAR
WHACKY
FRUIT-
LOOP.

YOU GOT
ANYTHING TO
TELL ME OR
AM I WASTING
MY TIME
HERE?

UH, THERE'S NOT
MUCH GOING ON
AT STREET LEVEL.
NOTHING BIG,
ANYHOW.

THEY GIVE YOU
PERMISSION TO
SMOKE? YOUR
EMPLOYERS?

MY EMPLOYERS
LET ME DO A
LOT OF THINGS
IF I BRING IN
RESULTS.

THEY'LL EVEN
LET ME SCREW VAPID,
NOTHING LITTLE STREET
SKANKS. Y'KNOW, DOOMED
RESYK CASES JUST WAITING
TO HAPPEN. AS LONG AS
THEY COME UP WITH
GOOD INTEL.

YOU
GOT ANY GOOD
INTEL FOR ME,
MCREADY?

YEAH...

I HEAR THERE'S
SOMETHIN' BREWING DOWN
THE DOCKS. SOME KINDA
UNDERGROUND PRO-DEM
MOVEMENT, MAYBE. THAT'S
MY INTEL, AIMEE.

WADDYA
KNOW, MCREADY?
TURNS OUT YOU
ARE GOOD FOR
SOMETHING.

ENJOY
YOUR
CREDS.

PRO-DEMOCRACY MOVEMENT AT THE DOCKS? COUPLE OF PISSED-OFF BLEEDING HEARTS GRUMBING ABOUT THEIR LACK OF RIGHTS? IT'S GOING TO BE SMALL FRY, NOTHIN' MORE.

AND IT'LL DO ME JUST FINE, RIGHT NOW.

MAYBE IT'S THE WEATHER. MAYBE I'M GETTING OLD. BUT LATELY THIS PLACE, THIS SCUM-STAIN SIDE OF THE CITY...

... IT'S GETTING TO ME.

I FEEL TIRED ALL THE TIME.

I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT 'COS MY ARM HURTS. MY ROBOT ARM. HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

I FEEL TIRED.

SO I TAKE THIS LITTLE PISSANT CASE. MOOCH AROUND THE DOCKS FOR A WHILE, GET TO KNOW THE LOCALS. MINGLE. GAMBLE A LITTLE. DRINK A LITTLE. GO CHEMICAL A LITTLE.

KEEP OFF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S RADAR FOR A FEW WEEKS. TELL THEM I MIGHT BE ON TO SOMETHING BIG SO THEY LEAVE ME ALONE.

TAKE IT EASY, IN OTHER WORDS.

WALLY SQUAD-WISE, THIS SHOULD BE A DROKKING VACATION.

HAAAAAAAAAAAAA!



DOWN YOU
GO, BOY.

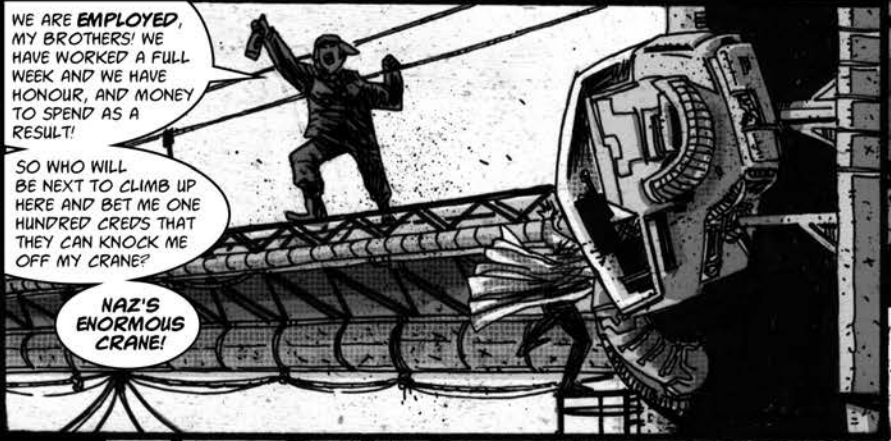


ALL
THE WAY
DOWN.



YAAAAAAAY!

SPLOSH



WE ARE **EMPLOYED**,
MY BROTHERS! WE
HAVE WORKED A FULL
WEEK AND WE HAVE
HONOUR, AND MONEY
TO SPEND AS A
RESULT!

SO WHO WILL
BE NEXT TO CLIMB UP
HERE AND BET ME ONE
HUNDRED CRED'S THAT
THEY CAN KNOCK ME
OFF MY CRANE?

NAZ'S
ENORMOUS
CRANE!



OY, ANOTHER
LUNATIC TALKING
IN THE THIRD
PERSON...

IT'S
OBVIOUSLY
CATCHING
ON.

ONE OF THE TOUGHEST THINGS
ABOUT BEING WALLY SQUAD
IS GETTING THE 'IN'. GAINING
ACCEPTANCE TO THE GROUP
YOU'RE TRYING TO INFILTRATE.

IT'S WHERE 37.4% OF
WALLY SQUAD
FATALITIES TAKE PLACE.

YOU CAN
SEE WHY...



Y'KNOW,
NAZZY BOY, IT'S
ONLY THOSE WITH
NOTHING TO SHOUT
ABOUT WHO TEND TO
BANG ON ABOUT THE
SIZE OF THEIR
CRANE.

SO WHY
DON'T YOU COME
AND SHOW A
LADY WHAT
YOU'RE **REALLY**
GOT?



HEH. BEST CLIMB BACK DOWN. NAZ DOESN'T HIT LITTLE GIRLIES.

WOULDN'T WANT TO MESS UP YOUR HAIR OR CRACK YOUR PRETTY NAILS.



THIS NAIL LOOK CRACKED TO YOU?



GAAAAHHH!

OKAYYYY. SO YOU DON'T HIT THE GIRLIES?

DIDN'T EXACTLY NEED A LOT OF CONVINCING, DID YOU?



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE NAILS, THOUGH...

... I'M SURE I JUST HEARD SOMETHING CRACK.



THERE IT IS AGAIN!



OK. REMEMBER WHAT THE TUTOR WOULD SAY BACK IN THE ACADEMY, AIMEE. FIRST, GAIN THEIR RESPECT. THEN, EARN THEIR FRIENDSHIP ...

YOU OK THERE, NAZ? NEED A HAND UP?

BIG-NOSED BITCH.

OR...



BEAT THEM UP AND
STEAL THEIR CASH WHILE
THEY'RE NOT LOOKING...

YOU...
YOU FIGHT
WELL, FOR
A GIRL.

... THEN THROW THEM
OFF THE NEAREST
HIGH STRUCTURE.

I FIGHT
BETTER THAN
YOU FLY, NAZTY
BOY.

HUH?

SPLOSH!

HOW TO WIN
FAVOUR AND
INFLUENCE PEOPLE.

GAIN ACCEPTANCE,
AIMEE. INFILTRATE.
MAKE FRIENDS.

AND DO IT QUICK,
UNLESS YOU WANT TO GET
YOUR HEAD CAVED IN
BY AN ANGRY MOB...



AN HONEST
DAY'S WORK!
DIGNITY! PAY IN OUR
POCKETS AT THE END
OF THE WEEK!

ISN'T
THAT WHAT WE
DESERVE?

ISN'T
THAT WHAT THE
JUDGES HAVE
DENIED
US?



WE ARE **STRONG!** WE
ARE THE **LIFEBLOOD** OF
THIS CITY AND WE HAVE
BEEN **IGNORED** FOR
TOO LONG!

WELL, NO
MORE!



A **CHANGE** IS
HERE! A **NEW**
DAWN IS
HERE!

THE
DAY OF THE
WORKERS IN
MEGA-CITY
ONE HAS
COME!



AND THERE WILL
BE **REWARDS**
FOR ALL OF
US!





HMPH.
NOT EXACTLY
PRUDENT
SAVERS, THESE
GUYS.

WELL, THANKS TO
YOU, THEY'VE GOT A
LITTLE EXTRA IN
THEIR POCKETS.
THEY CAN AFFORD
TO BLOW
SOME.

THAT WAS VERY
GENEROUS OF YOU,
ESPECIALLY SINCE I
DON'T RECALL YOU
ACTUALLY WORKING
DOWN HERE.

MY NAME'S
BERNIE. I'M
THE **FOREMAN**.
I'D KNOW.

I HEARD
THAT THEY WERE
HIRING HUMAN
WORKERS DOWN
THE DOCKS.
GUESS I GOT
INSPIRED.

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME FOR
BEING A TAD SUSPICIOUS, BUT WE
START OUR LITTLE UNDERGROUND
LABOUR MOVEMENT AND YOU JUST
TURN UP AND MAKE A SHOW
LIKE THAT?

FOR
ALL WE KNOW
YOU COULD BE
A **JUDGE**,
MISS...?

NELSON. IF I
WERE A JUDGE
I'D HAVE SHUT
YOU DOWN THE
MOMENT I HEARD
ABOUT YOUR
OPERATION.

BESIDES, YOU WOULDN'T
EXACTLY HAVE TO BE
DREDD TO TAKE YOU GUYS
IN. A FEW BLOOD TESTS
AND VICE SQUAD COULD
KNOCK OFF FOR THE
YEAR, QUOTAS
FILLED.

SO WHO'S A
GIRL GOT TO
SCREW TO GET
A JOB ROUND
HERE?

LADY, MY MEN ARE
WILLING TO GO TO
THE CUBES FOR
WHAT THEY BELIEVE
IN. TO GIVE THEIR
LIVES FOR THESE
JOBS.

WE'LL GIVE YOU
SOME WORK. IF
WE GO DOWN,
YOU COME
WITH US.

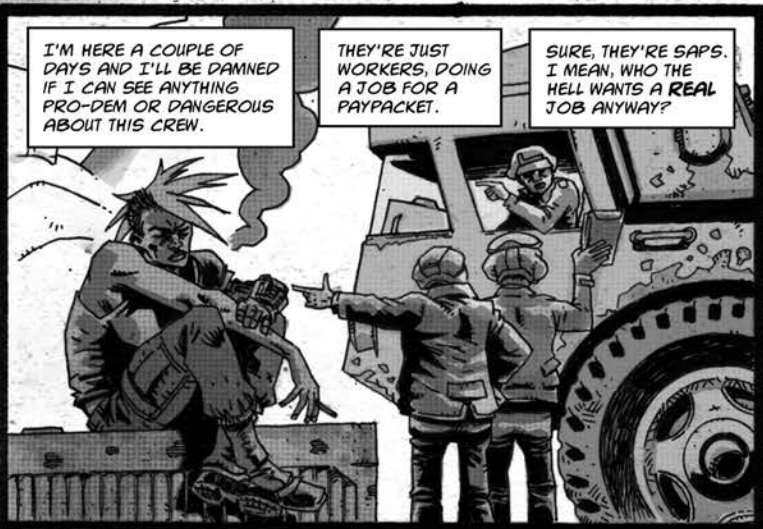
SO... LET'S SEE
EXACTLY WHAT
YOU BELIEVE
IN.



I START THE NEXT MORNING,
LUGGING CONTAINERS ON
AND OFF THE CARGO SHIPS.

IT'S BORING AS
HELL, I DON'T KNOW
HOW THEY DO IT, BUT
IT KEEPS ME OFF THE
STREETS. LETS MY
BRAIN GO SLEEP-
WALKING.

I ALMOST HAVE
TO REMIND MYSELF
THAT I'M ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR
THE ODD NASTY
CRIMINAL HERE.



I'M HERE A COUPLE OF
DAYS AND I'LL BE DAMNED
IF I CAN SEE ANYTHING
PRO-DEM OR DANGEROUS
ABOUT THIS CREW.

THEY'RE JUST
WORKERS, DOING
A JOB FOR A
PAYPACKET.

SURE, THEY'RE SAPS.
I MEAN, WHO THE
HELL WANTS A REAL
JOB ANYWAY?



BUT IS THERE
ANYTHING
WRONG WITH
THAT?

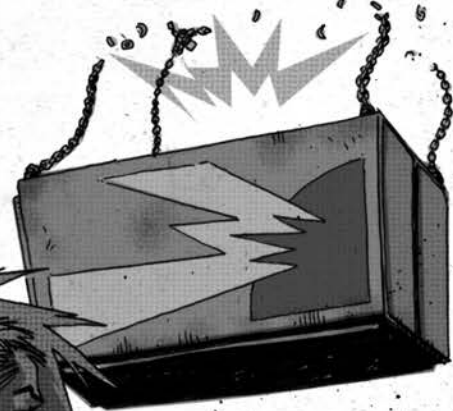


NOT THAT I
CAN SEE.

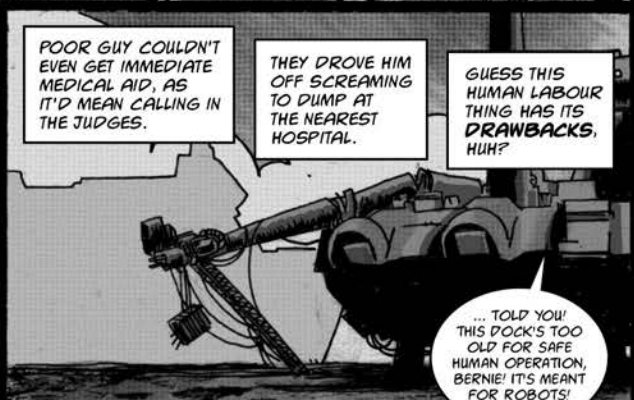
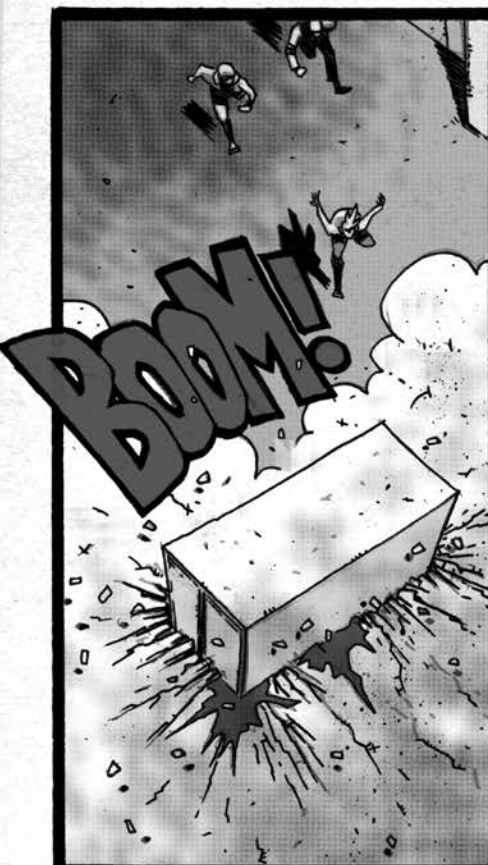
THAT'S IT.
THAT'S IT. EASE
IT DOWN NOW,
YEAH?



WOAH!
WATCH
IT!



DROKK!



OK, OK, PAL! WAIT, WE'VE GOT YOU!

NNNNNN... MY LEGS....

THAT CRANE'S COMING DOWN TOO, ANY SECOND. BEEN PULLED OFF ITS MOORINGS. WE'VE GOT TO GO. NOW.

THEN MOVE HIM.

THE CONTAINER—

YEAH. THE CONTAINER.

POOR GUY COULDN'T EVEN GET IMMEDIATE MEDICAL AID, AS IT'D MEAN CALLING IN THE JUDGES.

THEY DROVE HIM OFF SCREAMING TO DUMP AT THE NEAREST HOSPITAL.

GUESS THIS HUMAN LABOUR THING HAS ITS DRAWBACKS, HUH?

... TOLD YOU! THIS DOCK'S TOO OLD FOR SAFE HUMAN OPERATION, BERNIE! IT'S MEANT FOR ROBOTS!

STILL, THE CONTAINER THING WORKED OUT VERY NICELY. GOT ME SOME TRUST AND A FEW SLAPS ON THE BACK.

BERNIE WAS OBVIOUSLY IMPRESSED TOO...

NELSON! GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

♪ WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AND
LIFE IS MAKING YOU LONELY
YOU CAN ALWAYS GO... ♪

♪... UPTOWN. ♪

BERNIE'S SENDING
ME UPTOWN.

I DROKING
HATE UPTOWN.

THIS KID'S GOT TO PICK UP A
PACKAGE FROM SOMEONE. GO
ALONG FOR THE RIDE, BERNIE
SAYS. MAKE SURE HE GETS
THERE. KEEP HIM COMPANY.

KEEP HIM COMPANY?
CARTONS OF MILK OFFER
MORE CONVERSATION.

SO, INSERTED ANY
INTERESTING INANIMATE
OBJECTS INTO BODILY
ORIFICES LATELY?

REALLY?
YOU DON'T SAY.
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO LICK MY LEFT
NIPPLE?

I GUESS NOT.
OK, WHY DON'T YOU
JUST TELL ME WHERE
WE'RE GOING AND
WHY WE'RE HERE?
LET'S SETTLE FOR
THAT.

MAN, YOU
ARE THE REGULAR
RACONTEUR!

I CAN'T
HANDLE ALL THIS
WITTY BANTER, I TELL
YOU. IT'S WEARING
ME OUT.

I JUST
WANNA KNOW
WHY WE'RE
HERE.

HOUSE

SALE

FRAZER

WELCOME!

WHY ARE WE
HERE? THE ETERNAL
QUESTION...

IT'S A TOP DEPARTMENT
STORE. PLENTY OF MONEY
GOING IN AND OUT. LOTS OF
SECURITY, SO ANY KIND OF
HEIST AIN'T GOING TO GET FAR.



UPTOWN'S GOT MORE SECURITY
CAMS PER SQUARE MILE THAN
ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE MEG.

SO WHY DOES BERNIE WANT
ME TO TAG ALONG? SOME KIND
OF INITIATION, YEAH. BUT...

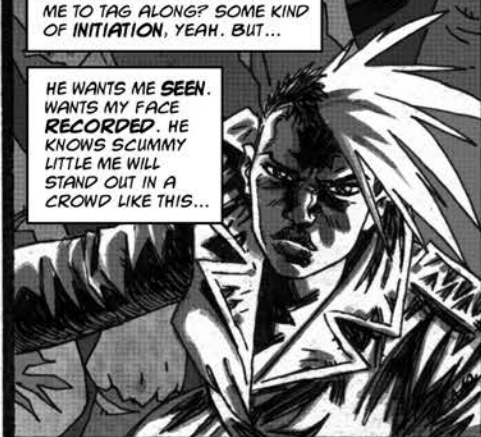
HE WANTS ME SEEN.
WANTS MY FACE
RECORDED. HE
KNOWS SCUMMY
LITTLE ME WILL
STAND OUT IN A
CROWD LIKE THIS...

... WHEN THEY
LOOK AT THE
FOOTAGE
LATER.

WHY ARE THEY
GOING TO LOOK
BACK AT THE
FOOTAGE LATER?

HEY, TALKY-
TALKY. WHY DON'T
YOU AND I GO FIND
SOMETHING TO EAT
FIRST? Y'KNOW, YOU
CAN REGALE ME WITH
YOUR FAVOURITE
HUMOROUS
ANECDOTES.

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родины

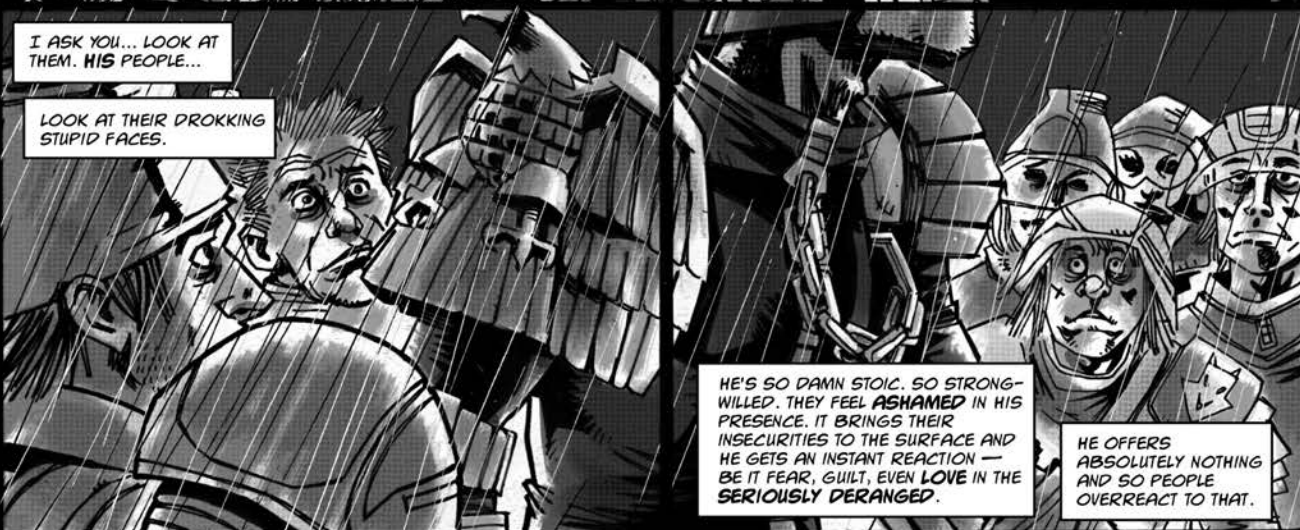






THE MAN
HIMSELF.

AND HERE
HE COMES.



I ASK YOU... LOOK AT
THEM. HIS PEOPLE...

LOOK AT THEIR DROKING
STUPID FACES.

HE'S SO DAMN STOIC. SO STRONG-
WILLED. THEY FEEL ASHAMED IN HIS
PRESENCE. IT BRINGS THEIR
INSECURITIES TO THE SURFACE AND
HE GETS AN INSTANT REACTION —
BE IT FEAR, GUILT, EVEN LOVE IN THE
SERIOUSLY DERANGED.

HE OFFERS
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
AND SO PEOPLE
OVERREACT TO THAT.



HE COULD BE
HIS OWN CHURCH.

AND NOW I GET TO
HAVE MY OWN
PRIVATE AUDIENCE...

... LITTLE OLD
F-LIST JUDGEY ME.

WONDER HOW
HE'LL MAKE
ME FEEL?

WHAT JUST
HAPPENED,
NIXON?

SHE'S IN
THERE.



MAN, IS YOUR REPUTATION AS A MASTER DETECTIVE OVER-RATED.

I DON'T KNOW. ONE OF THE STORE'S MICROWAVES WAS A BIT FAULTY, I GUESS.

NIXON...

SORRY. TOUGH DAY. HOW BAD IS IT OUT THERE?



THIRTY-FOUR DEAD, SEVENTY-EIGHT INJURED. PROBABLY LOSE AT LEAST TEN MORE OVERNIGHT. NUMEROUS LIMBS LOST.

WHAT'S A LOW LIFE WALLY SQUAD JUDGE DOING IN ONE OF THE CITY'S RICHEST SECTORS WHEN A BOMB GOES OFF?

HOW DOES HE MAKE ME FEEL?

DROKK.

HE MAKES ME WANT TO CONFESS.



SO I TELL HIM EVERYTHING, AND THE UNREADABLE BASTARD JUST LISTENS.

DOESN'T FLINCH. DOESN'T SHOW ANY EMOTION (LIKE HE HAS ANY). JUST MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A BAD JUDGE BY BEING IN THE SAME ROOM AS HIM.

I TELL HIM ABOUT THE DOCKS, ABOUT BERNIE, ABOUT THE KID.

BUT IT'S ME, RIGHT? THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LIAR. SO I CAN'T GIVE HIM THE WHOLE TRUTH.

SO I DON'T MENTION THE FACT THAT THE STOOGES SPOKE WHAT SOUNDED LIKE SOV TO ME JUST BEFORE HE WENT BOOM.

для
родины

WHY DO I DO THIS? DAMNED IF I KNOW.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I WANT SOME PERSONAL REVENGE ON BERNIE, AND THE MOMENT I CRY SOV THEY'LL BRING THE WHOLE OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT DOWN ON THE DOCKBOYS.

OR MAYBE I JUST WANT TO HOLD SOMETHING IMPORTANT BACK. SOMETHING THAT GIVES ME A LITTLE POWER OVER MR LIVING LEGEND HERE.

SO THAT'S IT.



CLASS
WARRIORS. PRO-
DEMOCRACY TERRORISTS.
MAYBE. WE SHUT THEM
DOWN. NOW.

NO, WE
DON'T.



EXPLAIN.



THEY COULD HAVE DIFFERENT CELLS
SPREAD ROUND THE CITY. YOU SHUT DOWN
THE DOCKS OPERATION NOW, YOU JUST
LEAVE THOSE OUT THERE, READY TO
DO MORE DAMAGE.

SO YOU
HOLD OFF FOR
THE TIME BEING AND
SEND ME BACK IN TO
DIG DEEPER, FIND
OUT HOW WIDE
THIS GOES.

BERNIE SENT
ME ON THIS JOB TO
EITHER PROVE MY LOYALTY
OR KILL ME OFF. I COME
BACK WITHOUT AN ARMY
OF JUDGES IN TOW,
HE'LL KNOW I'M
KOSHER.

MEANWHILE, YOU WATCH
THE DOCKS, AND IF THEY GO
NUCLEAR... WHAT THE HELL, YOU
ONLY LOSE THE SCUMMY OLD
LOW LIFE, RIGHT?



I
MEAN, HOW COME
YOU'RE PERSONALLY
BROUGHT IN TO OVERSEE
THIS OPERATION? YOU
THINK THAT WOULD HAVE
HAPPENED IF THIS BOMB
HAD GONE OFF IN
THE LOW
LIFE?

THIS IS
UPTOWN, AND
THAT'S WHY JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT'S
POSTER BOY
PROTECTS IT,
RIGHT?



GO BACK IN. WE'LL
BE WATCHING. FIRST
SIGN OF TROUBLE
WE TAKE THEM
DOWN.



BUT
WHO'S GOING
TO BOMB
THE LOW
LIFE?

AND,
NIXON, IF A
BOMB OF THIS
MAGNITUDE HAD
GONE OFF IN THE
LOW LIFE, I WOULD
OVERSEE EXACTLY
THE SAME
OPERATION.

FIRST THING I DO ON THE WAY BACK TO THE LOW LIFE IS VISIT MCCREADY — STRICTLY TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S BEEN TALK OF ANYTHING SOV ON THE STREETS.

THERE HASN'T.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN I GET BACK TO THE DOCKS.

COMPLETELY DESERTED WASN'T IT, THOUGH.

COMPLETELY DESERTED APART FROM 'GRUMPY' THE TRACTION BOY' HERE...

WHO THE DROKK AM I? I OWN THIS OPERATION, LADY.

AND NO, IT WAS NOT MY IDEA FOR THEM TO DOWN TOOLS AND ALL HEAD OFF FOR SOME STUPID MEETING.

UNIONS, I ASK YA!

THIS MEETING GIVES ME A CHANCE TO DO THE SNEAKY THING IN BERNIE'S OFFICE.

I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO BE STUPID AND LEAVE A BOTTLE OF VODKA, A PICTURE OF A COSSACK AND A STICK OF DYNAMITE IN THE SAFE, BUT SOME KIND OF HINT WOULD'VE BEEN GOOD.

INSTEAD THERE'S JUST A PILE OF IDENTITY CARDS. BLANK.

SO THEY'RE SNEAKING IN SOVS ON BOARD THE AUTOMATED SHIPS, MAYBE?

THAT'S WHAT THE IDENTITY CARDS ARE FOR. BERNIE PRINTS THEM UP NEW LIVES WHEN THEY ARRIVE.

REGARDLESS, THE UNION'S ONLY BEEN UP AND RUNNING A FEW WEEKS, SO THE OPERATION CAN'T BE THAT BIG YET, WHICH IS REASSURING.

MAYBE THEY ARE JUST A BUNCH OF PISSED OFF POORBOYS, HATING THE RICH.

I CAN RELATE.

ORDER!

ORDER! OR I'LL COME OUT THERE AND CAUSE SOME BRAIN DAMAGE!



IT'S OK, NAZ. I'M SURE THAT EVERYONE TRUSTS MY DECISION, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOYS?



YOU'RE GOING TO GET US ALL IN THE CUBES! WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GO PUBLIC YET!

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO GROUP DECISIONS, BERNIE? UNION DECISIONS? THIS IS LOW LIFE WORKERS' RIGHTS WE'RE FIGHTING FOR! THE BOY —



— WAS A HERO.



THIS CITY'S A BOSSY BITCH. SHE TELLS YOU WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE FROM THE MOMENT YOU'RE BORN.

BUT WHEN YOU'RE BORN IN THE LOW LIFE, YOU DON'T GET TO BE ANYTHING. NO ROLE. NO JOB. YOU'RE NOT IMPORTANT. SO WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE, LEAVING THAT BEHIND?



THE BOY KNEW THAT.

HE WAS WILLING TO TELL *THIS* SOCIETY, *THIS* CITY, THAT HE WOULDN'T BE DEFINED BY THEIR RULES. IN HIS FINAL ACT, HE MADE HIMSELF IMPORTANT.

IF BERNIE GAVE THAT ORDER, THAT'S OK WITH ME.

THIS CITY'S GOT TO CHANGE. THE JUDGES HAVE TO HEAR US.

TODAY THEY HEARD US. SOON THEY'LL HEAR FROM ALL OF US.



THE UNION!

AMAZING... BERNIE'S GOT THEM WILLING TO DIE FOR THE LOW LIFE.

THEY WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT THEY'RE TERRORISTS FOR THE SOVS.



SOMETIMES BEING AN EXCELLENT LIAR REALLY PAYS OFF.

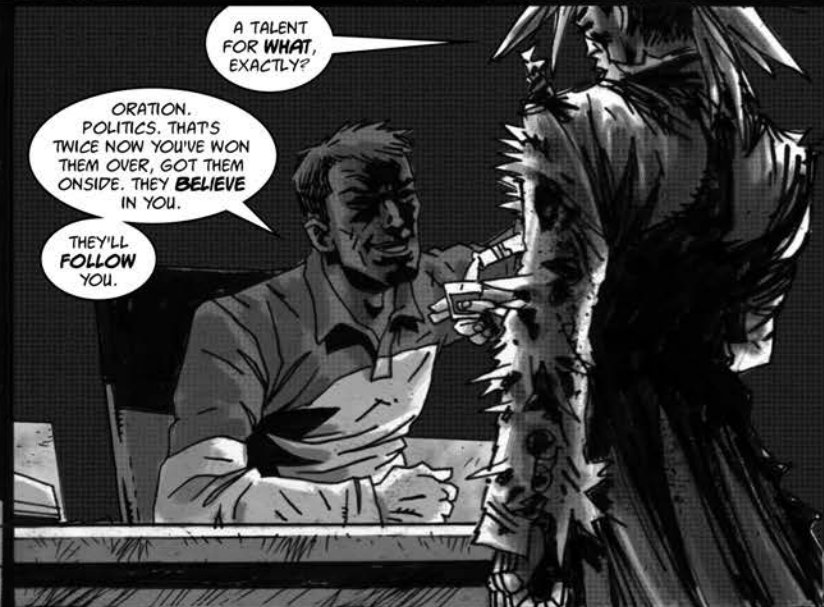
AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BERNIE?

UNION! UNION! UNION!



YOU'VE GOT A TALENT FOR IT, YOU KNOW.

I DIDN'T RECOGNISE IT WHEN I FIRST MET YOU. JUST GOES TO SHOW, YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK...



A TALENT FOR WHAT, EXACTLY?

ORATION. POLITICS. THAT'S TWICE NOW YOU'VE WON THEM OVER, GOT THEM ONSIDE. THEY BELIEVE IN YOU.

THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU.



POLITICS IS A LITTLE TOO BORING FOR ME. I'M MORE OF AN ACTION GIRL.

IN THE 20TH CENTURY THERE WAS A LEADER OF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY CALLED MAO TSE-TUNG. LED HIS PEOPLE TO VICTORY IN A BLOODY CIVIL WAR.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID ABOUT POLITICS?



'POLITICS IS WAR WITHOUT BLOODSHED, WHILE WAR IS POLITICS WITH BLOODSHED.'

HE TELLS ME HE'S SORRY ABOUT SENDING ME ALONG WITH THE BOY, THAT HE HAD TO BE SURE ABOUT ME. THAT HE HAD TO KNOW HE COULD TRUST ME.

HE TALKS ABOUT THE NEED FOR SACRIFICE WHILE HE SIPs A LARGE BRANDY AND I WONDER JUST WHEN I CAN WASH OTHER PEOPLE'S BLOOD OFF ME.

I TELL HIM I WANT TO BE INVOLVED.

I GET A PROMOTION AS A RESULT. SPEND A FEW MORE DAYS ON THE DOCKS DOING THEIR OH-SO-PRECIOUS WORK.

IT MAKES ME WANT HARD DRUGS.

BERNIE AND NAZ ARE THE BOYS, GRUMPY'S THEIR BITCH, THAT'S FOR SURE.

BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING. WHETHER THEY'RE LYING LOW FOR A WHILE AFTER THE UPTOWN HIT, I DON'T KNOW.

I GET NO HINTS, NO CLUES... AND SO EVENTUALLY MY PATIENCE SNAPS AND I DO WHAT ANY GOOD BULLY DOES:

I PICK ON THE LITTLE GUY.

WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW?

SHE'S HUNG SOME SHORT, CRIPPLED GUY OFF THE END OF A CRANE AND SHE'S JUST SITTING THERE.

I THINK SHE'S FALLEN ASLEEP.

WALLY SQUAD.

YEP.



I'M TIRED OF WAITING FOR ANSWERS AND YOU'RE PLAINLY ONE OF LIFE'S VICTIMS, SO I FIGURE YOU'LL TALK.

I'LL REMOVE THE GAG...



'... BUT YOU CRY OUT AND YOU FALL LIKE A WHORE'S PANTIES. GOT IT?'

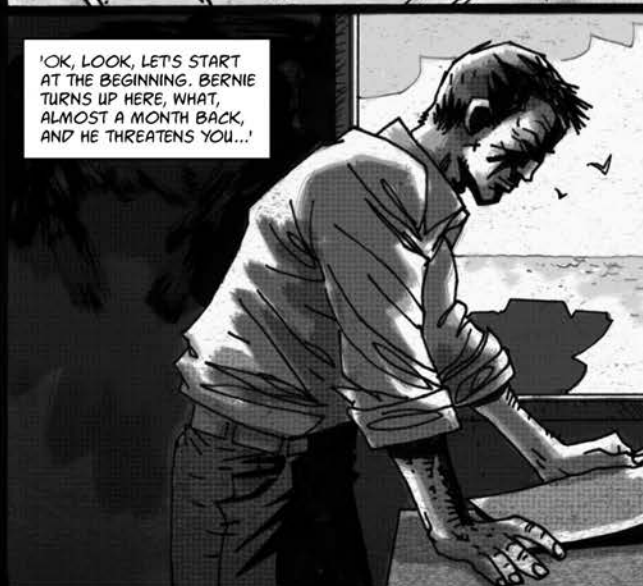


YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, YOU MORON! I GIVE JOBS TO THE BOYS OR BERNIE KILLS ME, SIMPLE AS THAT!

COME ON, LIMPY, YOU GOTTA GIVE ME MORE THAN THAT.



'THAT'S ALL THERE IS!'



'OK, LOOK, LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING. BERNIE TURNS UP HERE, WHAT, ALMOST A MONTH BACK, AND HE THREATENS YOU...'

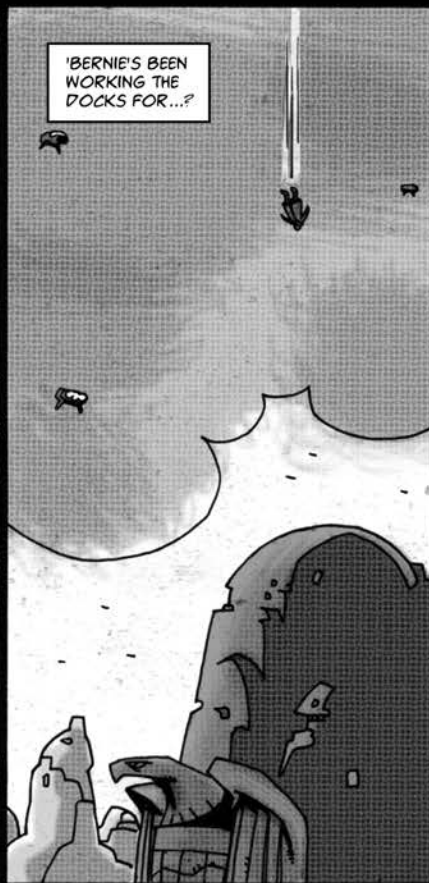


BERNIE'S WORKED HERE **TWO YEARS!** HE WAS MY DEPUTY MANAGER! HE RAN THE ROBOTS!

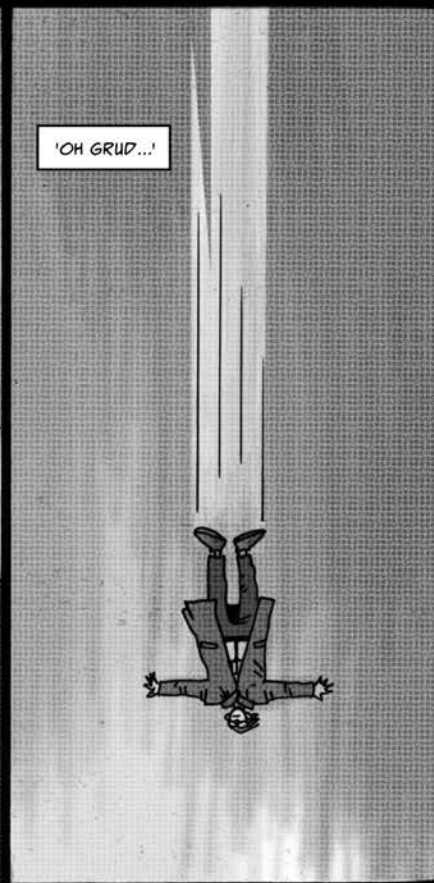
IT'S ONLY THIS LAST MONTH THAT ALL THIS WOODY GUTHRIE CRAP STARTED!



WHAT?



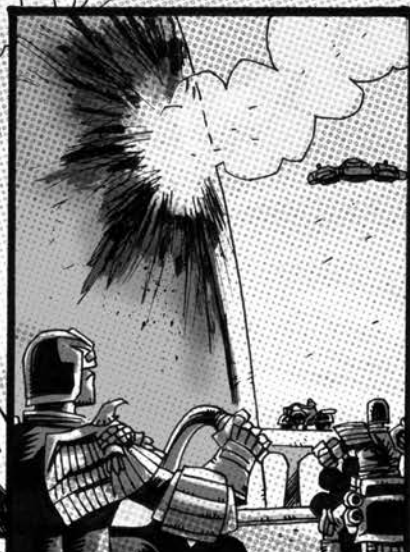
'BERNIE'S BEEN WORKING THE DOCKS FOR...?



'OH GRUD...!



BERNIE COULD'VE BROUGHT IN HUNDREDS OF THEM...



THEY HIT THE
GRAND HALL.
ONE OF BERNIE'S
SUICIDE BOYS.

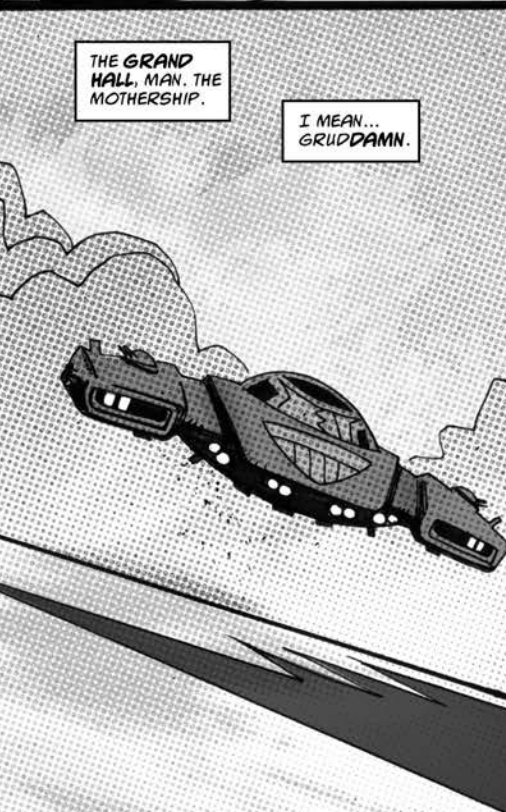


THE GRAND
HALL, MAN. THE
MOTHERSHIP.

I MEAN...
GRUDDAMN.

EVEN THOUGH THE BUILDING'S
NUKE-PROOF AND CAN
WITHSTAND A FRONTAL
ASSAULT, IT'S STILL ONE HELL
OF A STATEMENT.

I THINK IT'S FAIR TO
ASSUME THAT THERE ARE
GOING TO BE VIOLENT
REPERCUSSIONS.



I WAS GOING TO
TAKE BERNIE DOWN
THE MOMENT THE
DOCKBOSS SPILLED.

A SOV SPYMASTER
SMUGGLING SLEEPER
AGENTS INTO
MEGA-CITY ONE FOR
THE PAST TWO YEARS?

I'M STUPID,
BUT I'M NOT
THAT STUPID.

THERE WAS NO RECORD
OF HIM WORKING HERE. I
COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN.

GRUD, THE AMOUNT OF SOVS HE
COULD'VE BROUGHT IN, SET UP WITH
FAKE IDENTITIES THROUGHOUT THE CITY...

... AND HE'S HIDDEN IT ALL
BEHIND A PRO-DEMOCRACY
SMOKESCREEN. GENIUS.

NO ONE WILL KNOW. AND 'COS I
DIDN'T TELL DREDD ABOUT THE FIRST
BOMBER SPEAKING SOV I CAN'T
SUDDENLY 'FESS UP NOW. THEY'D
NAIL ME TO THE TITAN EXPRESS.

SO C'MON, BERNIE,
DO SOMETHING
STUPID AND LEAVE
BEHIND A...

... CLUE.

AIMEE
NIXON

AIMEE,

I MEANT WHAT I SAID, YOU DO HAVE A TALENT FOR POLITICS. YOU COULD'VE LED THIS ENTIRE OPERATION, BEEN THE PRO-DEMOCRACY POSTER CHILD. TAKEN THE FALL WHILE I SLIPPED AWAY. THAT WAS MY ORIGINAL PLAN. BUT, AS I'M SURE YOU KNOW, IT TAKES A LIAR TO RECOGNISE A LIAR...

I KNOW YOU, AIMEE. YOU BELIEVE IN NOTHING.

YOU'RE ARROGANT, SELF-SERVING... LAZY.



DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU FOLLOWED 24/7?

MCREADY WAS VERY INFORMATIVE ... AFTER A WHILE.

D...
Y...
O...
B...
P...
W...
H...
W...
B...
I...
T...
A...

NIXON.

A WORD.

SCRUNCH!



McREADY?

'MY EMPLOYEES LET ME DO A LOT OF THINGS IF I BRING IN RESULTS.'

'THEY'LL EVEN LET ME SCREW VAPID, NOTHING LITTLE STREET SKANKS.'

'Y'KNOW, DOOMED RESYK CASES JUST WAITING TO HAPPEN.'



FOUR HUNDRED MILLION
PEOPLE IN THIS CITY AND
HE COULD BE ANYWHERE.

BERNIE'S GONE.

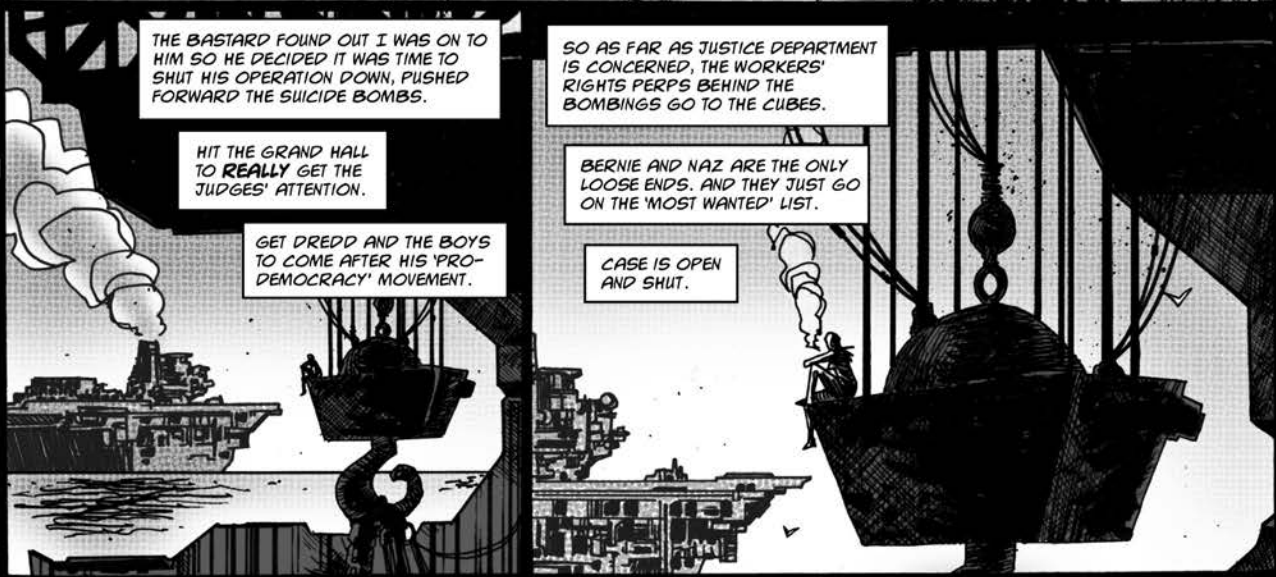


AN EXPERT IN CREATING
FALSE IDENTITIES,
CREATING NEW LIVES...

GIMPY THE DOCKBOSS
GAVE ME HIS
PERSONAL DETAILS.

CHECKED HIS NAME.
CHECKED HIS
SUPPOSED ADDRESS
THE PAST TWO YEARS.

NEITHER EVER
EXISTED.



THE BASTARD FOUND OUT I WAS ON TO
HIM SO HE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO
SHUT HIS OPERATION DOWN, PUSHED
FORWARD THE SUICIDE BOMBS.

HIT THE GRAND HALL
TO **REALLY** GET THE
JUDGES' ATTENTION.

GET DREDD AND THE BOYS
TO COME AFTER HIS 'PRO-
DEMOCRACY' MOVEMENT.

SO AS FAR AS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
IS CONCERNED, THE WORKERS'
RIGHTS PERPS BEHIND THE
BOMBINGS GO TO THE CUBES.

BERNIE AND NAZ ARE THE ONLY
LOOSE ENDS. AND THEY JUST GO
ON THE 'MOST WANTED' LIST.

CASE IS OPEN
AND SHUT.



AND NO ONE EVEN
KNOWS ABOUT
THE SOV ANGLE.

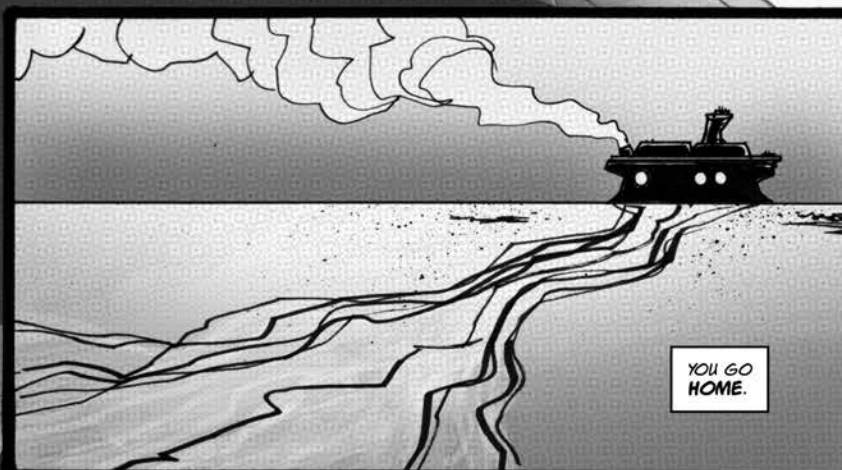
MEANWHILE,
THEY'RE OUT
THERE.

JOB DONE.



SO...

... WHERE DO YOU
GO AFTER
FINISHING WORK?



YOU GO
HOME.



TIME TO DISCUSS
THE STATE OF THE
UNION, BERNIE.



FOUR SHIPS LEFT THE DOCKS
IN THE PERIOD BETWEEN MY
LAST MEETING WITH HIM AND
THE STOMM HITTING THE FAN.

THIS IS THE SECOND
ONE WE'VE BOARDED.
WE'LL GET TO THE OTHER
TWO, IF NEED BE.



THING IS, EVEN IF HE IS ON BOARD, HOW THE DROKK DO WE FIND HIM?

ALWAYS BUGGED ME HOW HE SMUGGLED THE SOV AGENTS IN PAST CUSTOMS. THEY'D SCAN FOR LIFE SIGNS, AFTER ALL.

SO THERE CAN'T HAVE BEEN ANY LIFE SIGNS.

CRYOGENIC TUBES, MAYBE.

I MEAN, WHO'S LOOKING FOR CRYOGENIC TUBES?

ME? I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THEM.

KRAK!

DROKK. MUST'VE HAD SOME KIND OF SECURITY ALARM TO WAKE HIM IF THE SHIP WAS BOARDED.

OLD NAZTY BOY GOT THE BIG SLEEP IN CASE HE TALKED.

SO WHERE IS THE CHAMPION OF THE PROLETARIAT?

BRAP
BRAP!
BRAP

GRUD —!



TIME TO LAY
DOWN, BERNIE!
HALF OF JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT'S
ONBOARD!

YOU GOT
NOWHERE
TO RUN!



WHEN I FIRST MET HIM,
BERNIE TALKED ABOUT
GIVING YOUR LIFE FOR
WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN.

HE TOLD THE
TRUTH ABOUT
THAT.

EVEN IF IT
WAS A LIE.



THE
WORKERS!

**BRAP
BRAP
BRAP!**







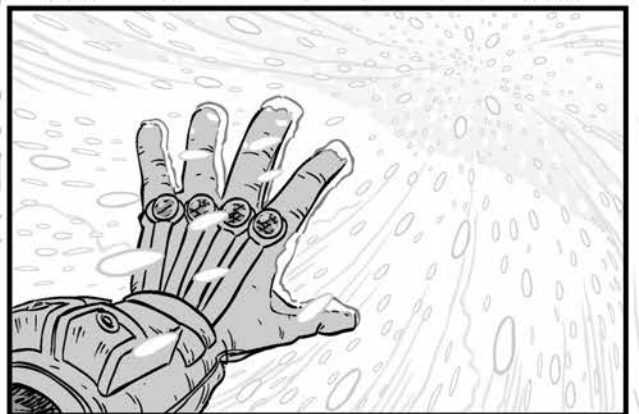
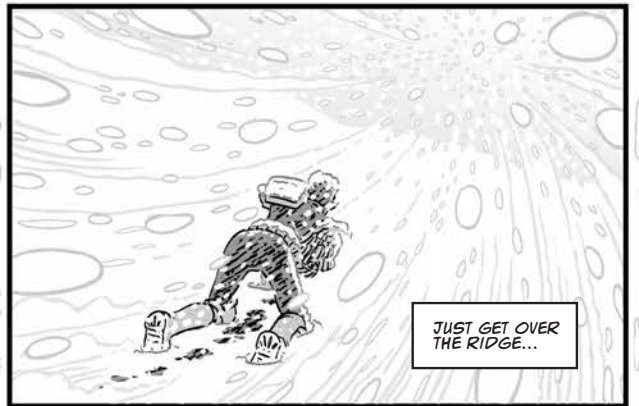
CREATION

Script: Rob Williams

Art: D'Israeli

Letters: Ellie De Ville

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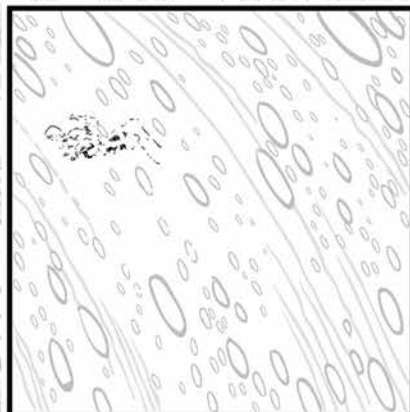
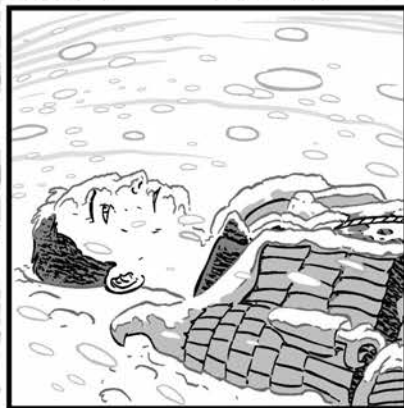


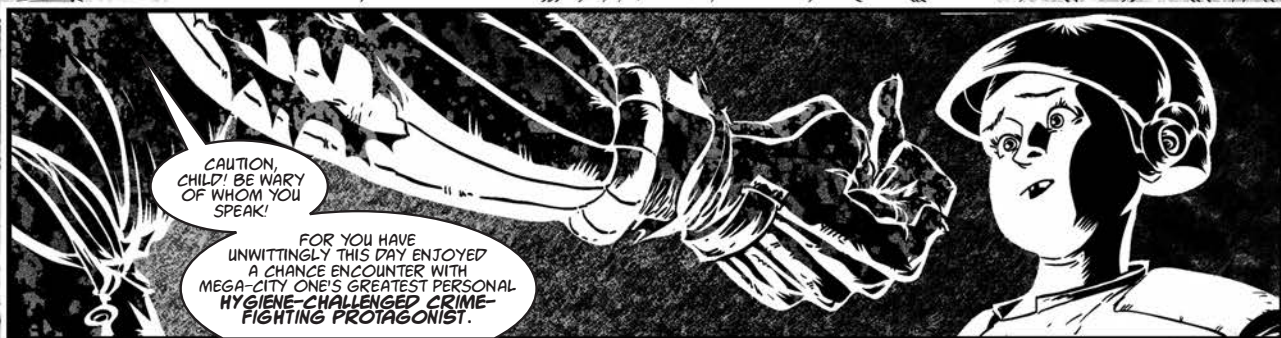
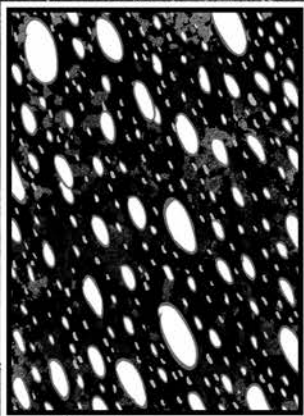
... IS GONE.

'TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. IF WE'RE NOT BACK, RUN FOR HOME.'

'BECAUSE IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

'... THEN WE'RE DEAD.'







GRUD, FRANK.
DEALING WITH YOU ON
A REGULAR BASIS, I
TELL YA...

I THINK YOU'RE
BRINGING ON THE
MENOPAUSE.

THORA.
EXCELLENT. DIRTY
FRANK **KNEW** THERE
WAS A REASON HE
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE HERE.



YOU'D
FORGOTTEN
IT WAS **ME**
YOU WERE
MEETING?

IT WAS
EITHER YOU OR
DIRTY FRANK'S
ANTIQUES DEALER.
DIRTY FRANK HAD
IT NARROWED
DOWN.

WHO'S
THE PEACE
ENVOY?



CAMERON.

DIRTY FRANK.

YOU STINK,
FRANK.

HENCE
THE NAME.
WHAT A RARE
INTUITION YOU
ENJOY.



MONKEYBOY
WANT SOME NANAS,
THORA. WHY IS **HE**
HERE? THE UNIVERSE
CALLED, IT WANTS
TO KNOW.



BECAUSE HE'S YOUR
REPLACEMENT,
FRANK.



THERE'S ONLY
SO MUCH **CRAZY**
THE BADGE CAN
TAKE.

IT'S OVER.

'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD AND THE WORD WAS "CREATION".

'THE NEWEST, HOTTEST DRUG ON THE STREETS OF THE LOW LIFE.

'THIS BABY'S SPREADING LIKE STDs THE NIGHT THE APOCALYPSE WAR ENDED.

'AND ITS BUYING CIRCLE IS UNUSUALLY BROAD FOR THE LOW LIFE. NOT JUST YOUR UNDISCERNING, EXHAUST PIPE-LICKING DROKKHEADS GETTING INTO THIS ONE.

'IT'S APPEALING TO THOSE WHO'VE ACTUALLY READ A BOOK TOO, WHICH IS TROUBLE.

'ON THE SURFACE IT SEEMS TO BE YOUR AVERAGE PSYCHEDELIC.

'OLD-SCHOOL TRIPPY. "THE COLOURS, THE COLOURS", "MORNING, MR. MINOTAUR", HOW'S THE INSURANCE BUSINESS" DROOLINGS, RIGHT? WELL, NO, THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT.

'CREATION, YOU SEE, DOES EXACTLY WHAT IT SAYS ON THE TIN.

'IT ALLOWS YOU TO FASHION YOUR VERY OWN PERSONAL UNIVERSE AND TO SHAPE IT IN ANY WAY YOU SEE FIT.

'IT MAKES YOU GOD.

'AND YOU CAN SEE HOW THAT WOULD APPEAL TO THE AVERAGE DOWN-TRODDEN CITIZEN IN THIS CITY. NO JOB, NO MONEY, NO SELF WORTH...

'... OR WELDER OF WORLDS, SCULPTOR OF SUPERNOVAS, ALL-POWERFUL, ALL-HOLY, ALL-FATHER OF EVERYTHING YOU BEHOLD.

'OF COURSE, THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN ACTUALLY SEE ALL THIS. TO THE TAKER, THE CREATION EXPERIENCE IS UTTERLY REAL. TO THE REST OF US, NADA.

'NOW THERE'S A SPOT OF SUBTEXT FOR YA.'



YES, INSANE, PUNGENT WALLY SQUAD JUDGE AT THE FRONT.

IT CAN'T BE SUBTEXT IF YOU SPEAK IT OUT LOUD, THORA. THAT'S VERY ON THE NOSE.

I WAS MAKING A SARCASTIC JOKE REGARDING THE SUBJECTIVE NATURE OF FAITH, FRANK.

YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN. THAT'S NOT SUBTEXT, IT'S... TEXT. DON'T PATRONISE YOUR AUDIENCE.



YOU SMELL LIKE ONE OF MY INCONTINENCE BAGS, FRANK. IT'S REALLY TOUGH NOT TO PATRONISE YOU.

WHAT HAVE TEXT MESSAGES GOT TO DO WITH ANY OF THIS?

DIRTY FRANK'S SOUL HURTS WHEN THE GIBBON SPEAKS, THORA. MAKE HIM STOP.



I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT FOR YOU, FRANK, AND I SYMPATHISE, REALLY...

... BUT CAMERON'S TAKING OVER YOUR PITCH AND AS HEY NONNY NONNY AS YOU MAY BE, NO ONE KNOWS THE LOW LIFE AS WELL AS YOU.

SO YOU WILL FOLLOW ORDERS AND MENTOR HIM ON THIS YOUR LAST JOB AS A JUDGE. UNDERSTAND?



DIRTY FRANK UNDERSTANDS.

YOU WANT US TO INFILTRATE THE CREATION NETWORK?



'WELL, **MAYBE**. THIS THING'S MOSTLY PRETTY **HARMLESS**. IT'S HIGHLY ADDICTIVE, YES, BUT WE'VE HAD NO REPORTED O.D. DEATHS YET.

'CREATION JUNKIES ARE SO CAUGHT UP IN THEIR OWN UNIVERSES THAT THEY DON'T REALLY BOTHER OTHER PEOPLE...

'... APART FROM THE OVERTLY POMPPOUS PROCLAMATIONS OF THEIR OWN PERSONAL BIBLES, WHICH CAN BE A LITTLE ANNOYING.'

AND I SAY UNTO THEE...

KILLED YOUR FIRST-BORN SON? WOAH! I WAS OBVIOUSLY KIDDING!

BRILLIANT, ERIC! JUST BRILLIANT! WHAT WAS THE ONE THING I SAID NOT TO DO? **DON'T EAT THE DROKING APPLE!**





**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

Final entry. Sniff.

Despite Dirty Frank's concerns, Simian the Erudite does have his uses, physical intimidation being the only one.



He's very good at it, though, in a way that Dirty Frank is not, and never was.

Perhaps this city, and the Low Life in particular, needs someone like him more than it does Dirty Frank?

Perhaps action and vicarious gore is all that's needed from the protagonist's role these days?



Perhaps Justice Department is right.

**STOP. COVERT
PURVEYOR OF ILLEGAL
SUBSTANCES AND
OCCASIONAL CRIMINAL
INFORMANT!**

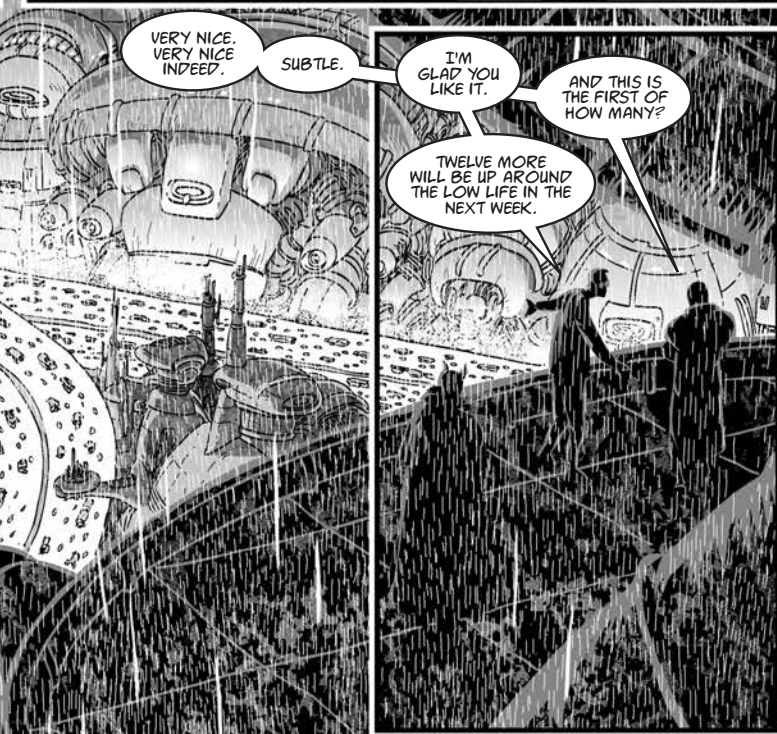
**DIRTY FRANK
COMMANDS IT!**



HUFF! HUFF!



Perhaps Dirty Frank's days are over.





HMPH.

PLANNING
LEGISLATIVE RULE, 4769B,
SUB-CLAUSE (J). NO SINGLE
ADVERTISER OR PRODUCT SHALL
HAVE A MONOPOLY OVER
BILLBOARDS IN ONE
CITY SECTOR.

JUST WHAT THE
HELL WERE YOU THINKING
WHEN YOU WROTE THOSE
PERMITS, JUNIOR
PLANNING CLERK
JENKINS?

AND THEN NOT TURNING
UP FOR WORK FOUR
DAYS AFTER THE
EVENT...

YOU HAVE
RAISED MY
SUSPICIONS.
SIR. RULES HAVE BEEN
BROKEN AND THE
NEFARIOUS STENCH
OF **FISCAL**
CORRUPTION
ABOUNDS.

AND SO A HOME
VISIT BY SENIOR
CITY PLANNING
CLERK **THAPPEUS**
PLANNING !!!
SHALL BE
YOURS.

REPENT!
REPENT NOW,
WHILE YOU HAVE
THE CHANCE!

THE
FATAL DAY
IS COMING,
VERILY...

... FOR THE THIEF IN
THE NIGHT COMES
LIKE...

I SEE
THE DISCIPLINE
OF HIS HOME
SECURITY IS AKIN
TO HIS ADHERENCE
TO CITY PLANNING
LEGISLATURE...

...WELL, LIKE
A THIEF IN THE
NIGHT, USUALLY.
THE THIEVING
BASTARD.

JENKINS?



'SO TELL ME, FRANK.'

'WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE CRAZY?'



DIRTY FRANK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.



RIGHT, RIGHT. OF COURSE YOU DON'T. I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS PULLING THE PLUG ON YOU, EITHER.

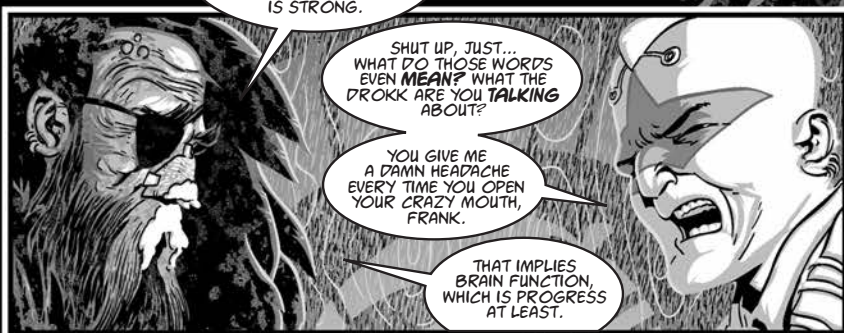
AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE Madder THAN A BAG OF DUNE SHARKS.



NURSE, DIRTY FRANK DESIRES A MILKY TOP-UP —

GRUD, SHADDUP, WILL YA? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE BLENDING IN! EVERYONE'S STARING AT US!

DIRTY FRANK GETS THAT A FAIR BIT. NEVERTHELESS, HIS DESIRE FOR MAMMARY-PRODUCED SUSTENANCE IS STRONG.



SHUT UP. JUST... WHAT DO THOSE WORDS EVEN MEAN? WHAT THE PROKK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU GIVE ME A DAMN HEADACHE EVERY TIME YOU OPEN YOUR CRAZY MOUTH, FRANK.

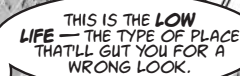
THAT IMPLIES BRAIN FUNCTION, WHICH IS PROGRESS AT LEAST.



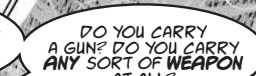
STOP. TALKING.



I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS PLACE, FRANK. I JUST PULLED A PISTOL AND NO ONE EVEN FLINCHED. BUT YOU? YOU THEY STARE AT.



THIS IS THE **LOW LIFE** — THE TYPE OF PLACE THAT'LL GUT YOU FOR A WRONG LOOK.



DO YOU CARRY A GUN? DO YOU CARRY ANY SORT OF **WEAPON** AT ALL?



DIRTY FRANK'S WITTGENSTEIN-LIKE WITS ARE ALL HE NEEDS TO —



WE'RE **JUDGES**, FRANK. **JUDGES**.

HAVE YOU **FORGOTTEN** THAT? 'COS I THINK YOU HAVE.

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PLAYING A **PART**. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO GO BACK IN **UNIFORM** TOMORROW IF WE'RE ASKED TO.



DO YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU COULD **DO** THAT, FRANK?



YOU'RE A **JOKE**, FRANK. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'VE PULLED THIS OFF AS LONG AS YOU HAVE, BUT THANK GRUD THEY'VE FINALLY NOTICED AND FLIPPED YOUR SWITCH.

THIS IS **MY** SHOW NOW.

YOU'RE **CRAZY**, AND I'M GOING TO HIT A **DRUG DEALER**.



HANDS WHERE I
CAN SEE THEM!
NOW, MOTHER-
DROKKERS!

I WANNA
SEE THE —



... CREATION.



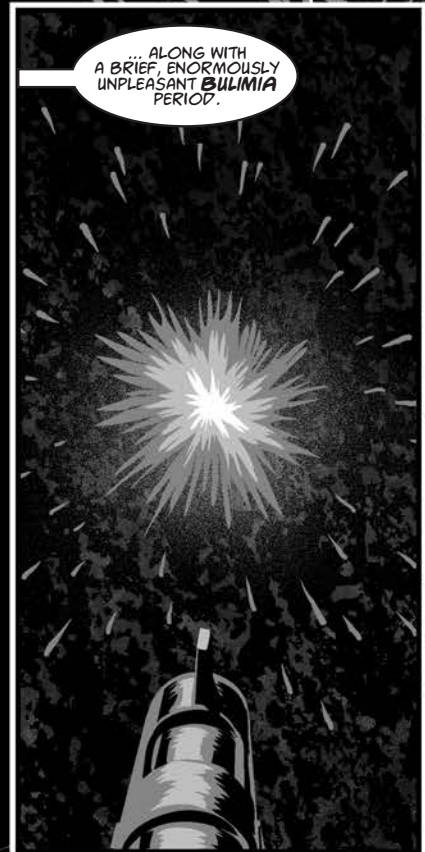
DIRTY FRANK PAID
FOR YOUR **THREE**
MUNCEBURGERS,
CAMERON.

YOU'LL END
UP LOOKING LIKE A
MUNCEBURGER IF YOU'RE
NOT CAREFUL. THAT'S WHAT
DIRTY FRANK'S MOTHER
ALWAYS STATED WITH
FORMIDABLE
PASSION.



AND CHILDHOOD
THINNESS WAS SOON
ACHIEVED ...

... AS WAS A TERRIBLE
FEAR OF KAFKAESQUE
FOOD-RELATED
METAMORPHOSIS...



... ALONG WITH
A BRIEF, ENORMOUSLY
UNPLEASANT **BULIMIA**
PERIOD.



**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

It has been a somewhat unusual day, even by Low Life standards.

RIBBETT!

Indeed.

The head-hurty wrongness began when Dirty Frank and his partner, Deep Blue the chess computer here, followed a lead on the whereabouts of a Creation drug storage house.

We took a cab ride during which Cameron shared his thoughts on the male's reluctance to enjoy physical contact with his fellow man for fear of revealing the universal scared inner child.

Not really.

DROKK ME
SIDEWAYS WITH
A SHARPENED
DAYSTICK!

Eloquence may not be Cameron's *raison d'être* but in this instance he summed matters up quite well, Dirty Frank would have to say.

After all, it **was**
raining frogs.

Once Dirty Frank had convinced Cameron that his first instinct - to shoot anything outside his understanding - was probably unnecessary in this amphibian-heavy circumstance, there was little to do.

Dirty Frank called it in and waited for the clean-up team to arrive.

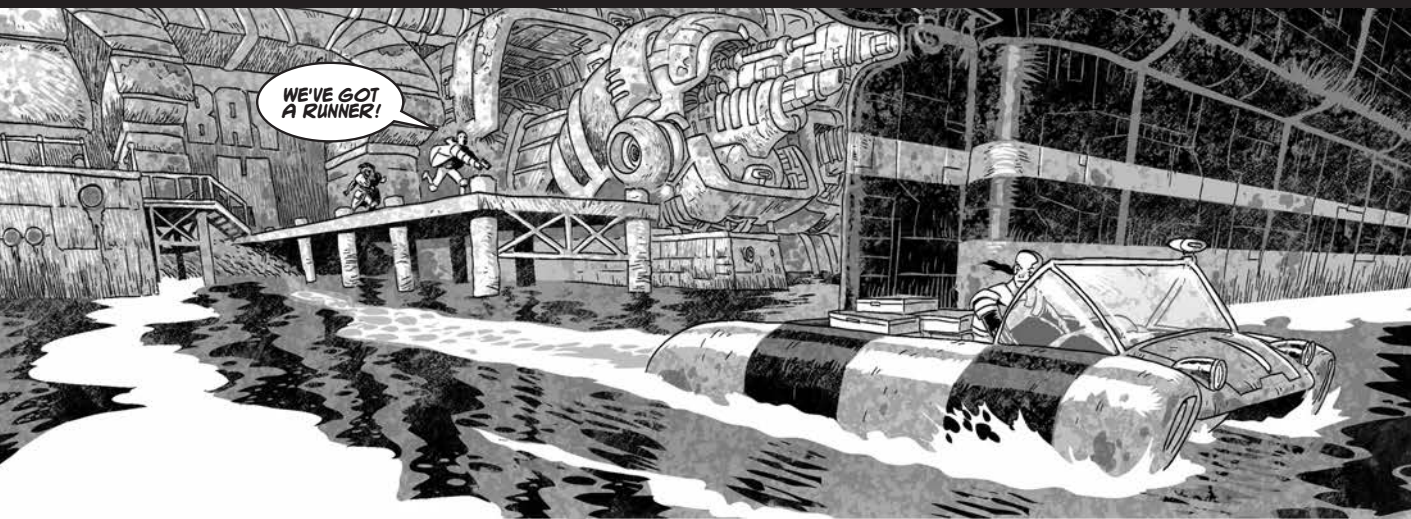
It seemed this bizarre phenomenon was not citywide, but purely localised to the Low Life. Odd.

Then, upon finally arriving at our destination, the docks, things took another turn for the wonky...

LIGHTS
ARE ON. CAN'T
HEAR VOICES,
THOUGH.

RIBBIT!

SILENCE.
SNEAKY WALLY
SQUAD WORK
IS AFOOT.



WE'VE GOT A RUNNER!



HEH! SEE YA, LOSERS!



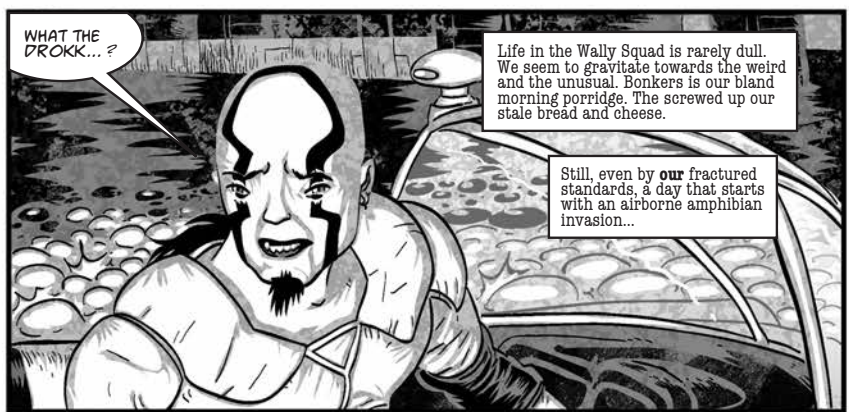
GRUD, HE'S TOO FAR OUT!

CALL IT IN! WE CAN GET A DOCK PATROL SQUAD TO —

OOH, BUBBLES...



'DIRTY FRANK LIKES BUBBLES.'



WHAT THE DROKK...?

Life in the Wally Squad is rarely dull. We seem to gravitate towards the weird and the unusual. Bonkers is our bland morning porridge. The screwed up our stale bread and cheese.

Still, even by our fractured standards, a day that starts with an airborne amphibian invasion...



... And then proceeds to become even more surreal?

That one may just stick in the memory.

DIRTY FRANK GONE DONE A PEE-PEE.



Аннннннннн!





**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

With both a yea and a
verily - maybe two verilys,
possibly three - Dirty Frank
will look into it.

You see, it's all gone a
bit Biblical down the
Low Life way.

At least, that is Dirty Frank's
suspicion, given the sudden
arrival of plagues of frogs,
Barry Blubber the man-swallowing
whale, and, in Cameron's words,
'tiny gay flying babies'.

Cherubs,
presumably.

For some reason the unusual
abundance of new billboard
signs and the timing of their
arrival bothers Dirty Frank.
Particularly their godly theme
and their Big Man label.

It could be unrelated, but we
have come to the Low Life's
City Planning Headquarters to
look into it, just in case.

NNNN...

CAMERON?
DO YOU HAVE
A THEORY TO
POSIT?

... NNNNN
AAAAHHH!

OBVIOUSLY
NOT.

OH.

THAT'LL BE
THE GREAT
FLOOD,
THEN.

AND THERE
GOES THE LOW
LIFE'S CITY
PLANNING HEAD-
QUARTERS.

TRULY A STAB
IN THE HEART OF
MEGA-CITY ONE'S
FINEST
ARCHITECTURE.

THERE... THERE'S
NO POINT RUNNING,
IS THERE? THIS IS
REALLY IT... THE
END.

PUFF!
DIRTY FRANK
KNEW THESE
WOULD COME IN
HANDY ONE DAY.
PUFF!

LIFE'S LIKE...
SO PRECIOUS.
I NEVER REALISED...
SO BEAUTIFUL...
AND SHIT.

CAMERON...





DIRTY FRANK'S
BIBLICAL SUSPICION
WAS CORRECT, IT
SEEMS.

TRULY HE IS
THE UNRIVALLED MASTER OF
DETECTION, THE INCOMPARABLE
SLEUTH DU JOUR, ABLE TO
UNWRAP THE CLOUDING BOUNDS
OF ANY MELLIFLOUS MYSTERY,
TO PREDICT THE ONCOMING
OF ANY —



OOOOOH,
BUGGER!

RUN
FOR IT!



DIRTY FRANK'S WATER-
STAINED, NOW PROBABLY
UNREADABLE, CASE NOTES:

Anarchy has come
to the streets of
the Low Life.

And Dirty Frank
wonders **who**,
exactly, it benefits.



'SECTOR 5 — FIVE HUNDRED CITIZENS ALL CLAIMING TO BE CALLED **JOSEPH** AND ALL WEARING APPALLINGLY GARISH JACKETS WON'T STOP WHOLEHEARTEDLY SINGING ABOUT THEIR **DREAMS**.

'JUDGES ON THE SCENE REPORT THAT IT'S REALLY QUITE ANNOYING.'



'SECTOR 11 — THREE HUNDRED CITIZENS BEAT A PRIZE-WINNING GARDENER UNCONSCIOUS IN ORDER TO STOP HIM EXTINGUISHING THE **BURNING BUSH** THAT HAD, APPARENTLY, BEEN OFFERING CHOICE CELEBRITY GOSSIP TO THEM FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS.'



'MORE ALARMINGLY, IN SECTOR 8, THE SECTOR HOUSE HAS **COLLAPSED** DUE, APPARENTLY, TO EIGHT HUNDRED CITIZENS JUST KIND OF **MARCHING IN CIRCLES** AROUND IT.'

'WE'VE ARRESTED THE BUILDING CONTRACTORS JUST IN CASE.'



'AND THEN THERE'S OUR CURRENT AQUALUNG ISSUE.'

'THESE OCCURRENCES ARE ALL OVER THE LOW LIFE, PEOPLE, AND, FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, THEY'RE NOT HAPPENING ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE CITY.'

'THE PLACE IS IN CHAOS, AND WE'RE ASSUMING IT'S CREATION RELATED — WHICH WOULD MEAN THAT SOMEONE'S EITHER DELIBERATELY OR ACCIDENTALLY BEHIND IT.'



IT'S GETTING WORSE BY THE HOUR, GUYS. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN'T COPE.

SO YOU'VE ALL BEEN WORKING THE STREETS. CREATION — WHAT'S THE STORY AND HOW DO WE TURN OFF THE CRAZY?



GREETINGS MORTAL.

I HEAR YOU'RE ON THE OUTS, FRANKIE. THAT SUCKS LIKE ME ON A SUPERMODEL'S NIPPLE.

INDEED. YOU RECALL THE INFANT MINDSWAP CASE?

THE ONE WHERE YOU BEAT UP A LOAD OF BABIES TRAPPED IN PENSIONERS' BODIES?

YES. THERE WAS MENTION OF A BIG MAN BEHIND IT.

BIG GUY I THINK.



**DIRTY FRANK'S
APOCALYPTIC CASE NOTES:**

Thora is in some form of coma, the Sector House is destroyed, Dirty Frank's Wally Squad contemporaries are missing, and the Low Life has gone all oceany.

Dirty Frank's
had better days.



HUFF!

HUFF!

OH THANK
THE GREAT
CITY PLANNER!
FINALLY, HELP!



YOU HAVE MY **GRATITUDE**,
SIR, FOR ANSWERING MY
PLAINTIVE CRIES FOR **AID AND
ASSISTANCE!**

**SOP
OFF, BARRY!
DIRTY FRANK IS
WARNING YOU!
NONE OF YOUR
BIG SWALLOWY
NONSENSE
NOW!**

OR DIRTY
FRANK WILL DROP
HIS PANTS AND
DEFECATE DOWN
BARRY'S BLOW-
HOLE.



... SIR?

I... I CAN'T
HOLD ON MUCH
LONGER...

JUDGES WILL
BE ALONG PRESENTLY,
CITIZEN... POSSIBLY.

OH, THE
TRAVAILS OF SENIOR
CITY PLANNING CLERK
THADEUS MANNING
!!!

I COME TO THE
LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE
TO REPORT A WRONGDOING
AND I AM SWEEP AWAY IN A
GREAT FLOOD FOR MY
TROUBLES!

BUT THE CORRUPTION-
RELATED INSTALLATION OF
**MONOPOLISED BIG MAN
ADVERTISING BILLBOARDS**
SHALL NOT BE ALLOWED
TO STAND!

NOT ON MY
WATCH!



EH?





TAKE
WHATEVER
YOU
WANT!



LIMBO LEN
AND THE LADS.
YOU WENT FOR THE
FIVE MILLION
EXECUTIVE OPTION.
THE ONLY GANG
TO DO SO.

ME AND
THE LADS LIKE
TO DO THINGS
BIG.



QUELLE
SURPRISE.

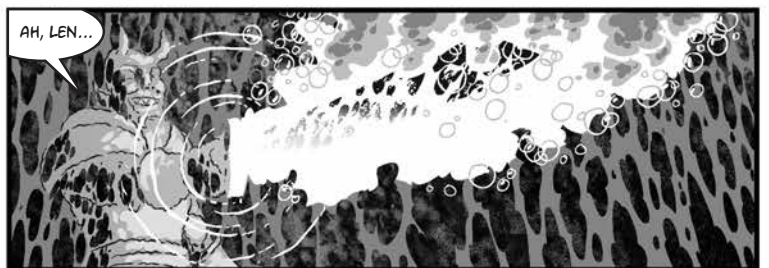
FOLLOW
ME.



THE FINANCIAL CENTRE
OF THE LOW LIFE IS THREE
HUNDRED YARDS IN THAT
DIRECTION. SEVEN MAJOR
BANKS. IT'S A GOLDMINE.
YOU'LL BE IN PROFIT
WITHIN MINUTES.



YEAH, AND LIKE THE
BODY OF MY MOTHER-
IN-LAW IT'S UNDER
FRICKING WATER.
HOW ARE ME AND THE
LADS SUPPOSED TO
GET THERE? GROW A
SUBMARINE OUT
MY ASS? IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



AH, LEN...



WHEN YOU TRULY
BELIEVE...

... NOTHING IS
IMPOSSIBLE.



HAH! WE ARE
TEMPORARILY
MOORED,
SIR!

EXCELLENT
WORK, THADEUS.
KEEP HANGING ON
NOW WHILE DIRTY
FRANK CLIMBS
UP.

I SHALL
TRY BUT MY
GRIP IS NOT
THE STRONGEST.
COULD YOUR
PARTNER NOT
ASSIST ME?



MAYBE I
WOULDN'T
COUNT ON IT,
THOUGH.

THIS ISN'T
REALLY HIS
SORT OF JOB
ANYMORE.



A new hallucinogenic drug
arrives on the Low Life streets
making Biblical visions real.

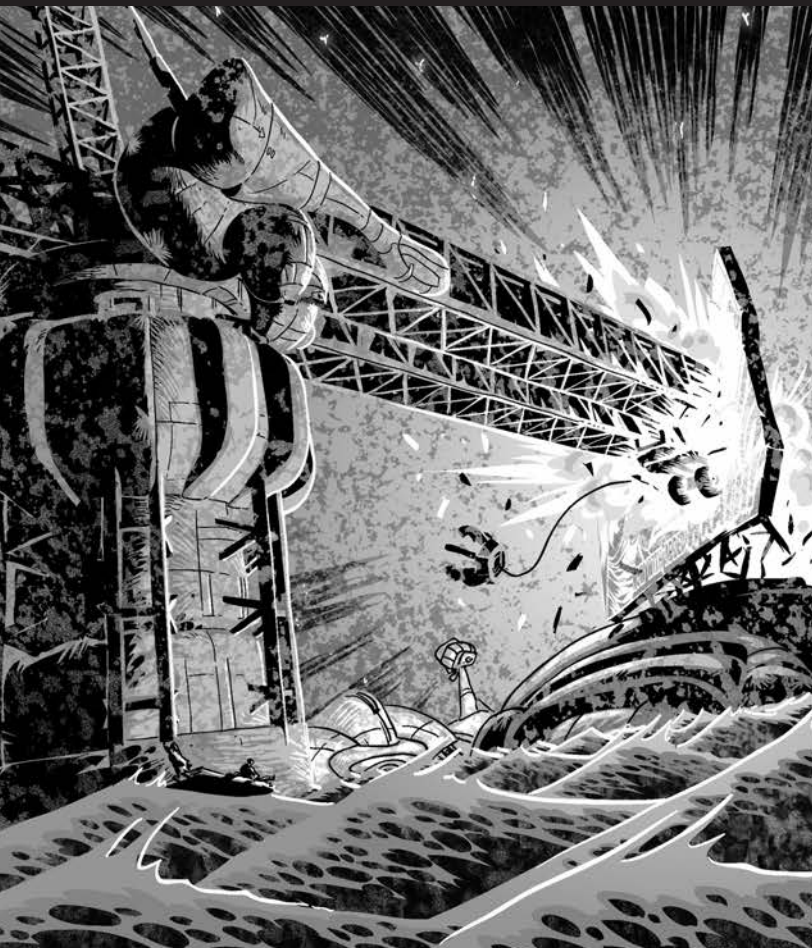
At the exact same time Old
Testament-themed Big Man
billboards go up all around
the Low Life, and nowhere
else in the city.

Coincidence?

Let's find out.

DIRTY FRANK
SMASH!





YESSSSSS!

BEHOLD
DIRTY FRANK'S
FURY GIVEN
ENORMO-CRANE
FORM!

BEHOLD
THE HYGIENE-
CHALLENGED
GLORY THAT IS
DIRTY FRANK'S
OWN PECULIAR
BRAND
OF —



CACKNUGGETS.

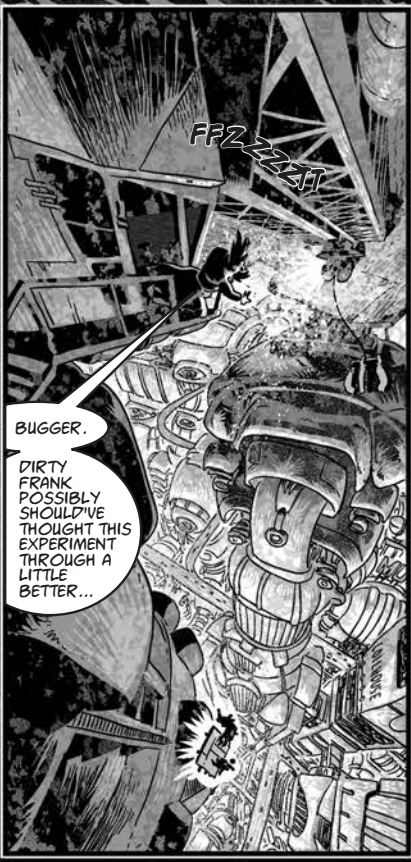


FZ22222222

OY. AGAIN
WITH THE FUTILITY.
ALWAYS WITH DIRTY
FRANK IT'S THE
FUTILITY.

NOTHING HAS
CHANGED.

IT SEEMS THAT
DIRTY FRANK WAS
INCORRECT. THE BIG
MAN BILLBOARDS ARE
ENTIRELY UN-
CONNECTED TO
THE —



FF222222

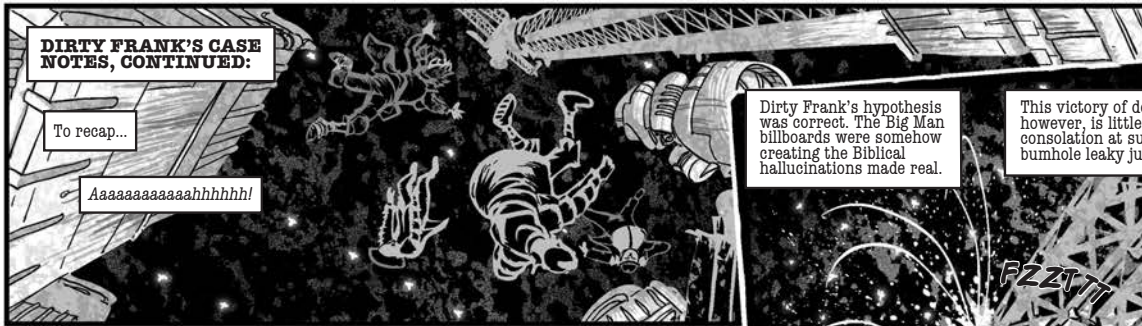
BUGGER.

DIRTY
FRANK
POSSIBLY
SHOULD'VE
THOUGHT THIS
EXPERIMENT
THROUGH A
LITTLE
BETTER...



**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!



DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES, CONTINUED:

To recap...

Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!

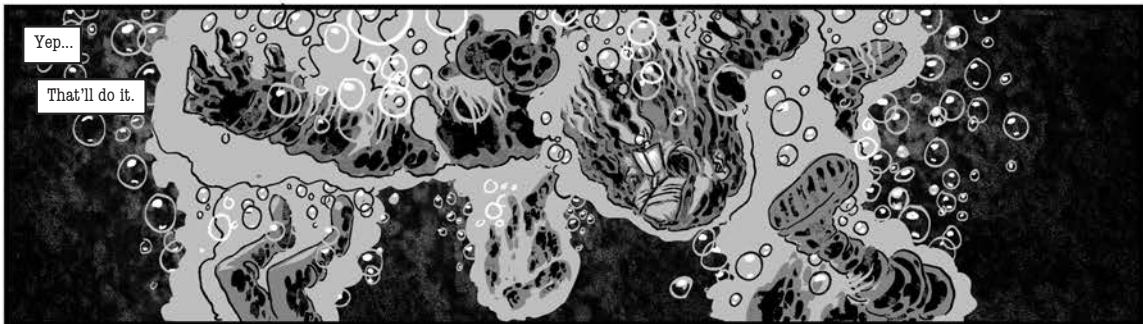
Dirty Frank's hypothesis was correct. The Big Man billboards were somehow creating the Biblical hallucinations made real.

This victory of deduction, however, is little consolation at such a bumhole leaky juncture...



Dirty Frank's brain is about to be converted to hummus due to an imminent high-speed sidewalk meeting.

Barring something entirely unexpected occurring, that is...



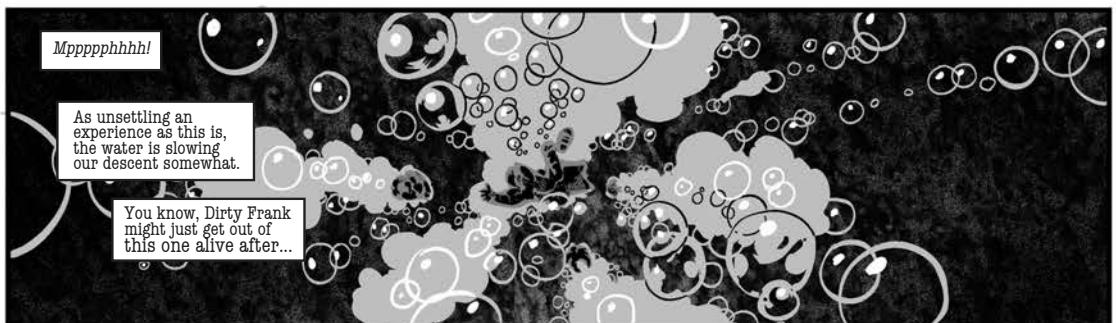
Yep...

That'll do it.



The billboard...

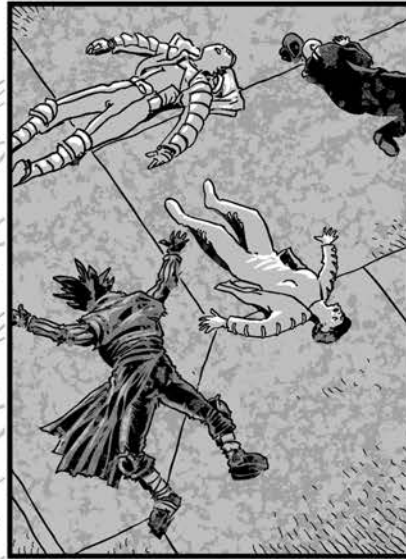
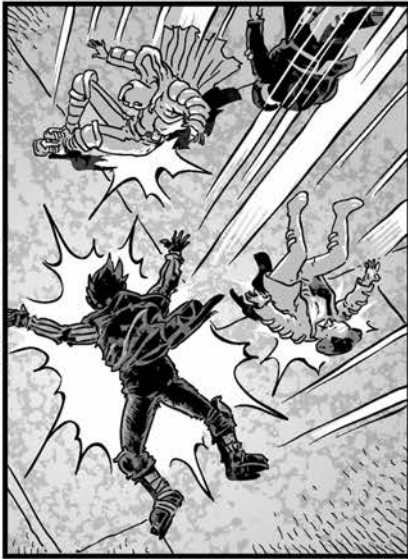
The Big Man billboard is shorting in and out as it dies. So one second thin air, the next...



Mppppphhhh!

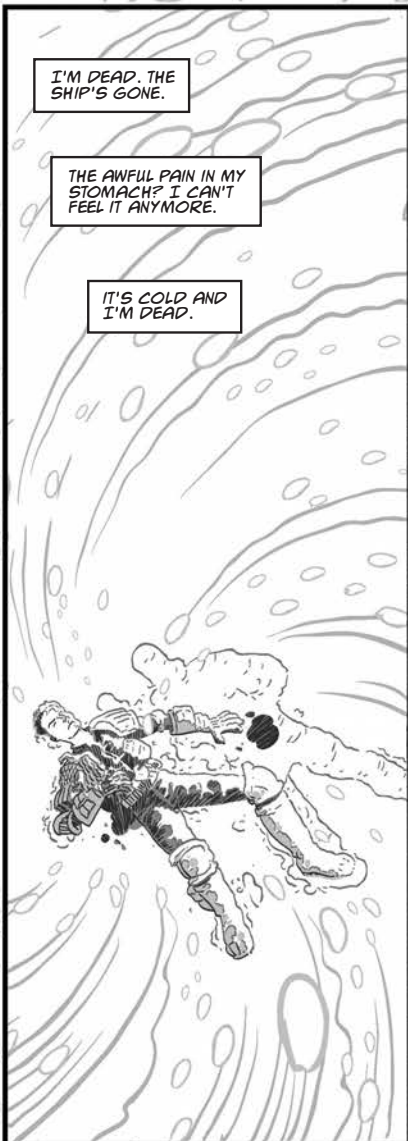
As unsettling an experience as this is, the water is slowing our descent somewhat.

You know, Dirty Frank might just get out of this one alive after...



IT'S COLD.

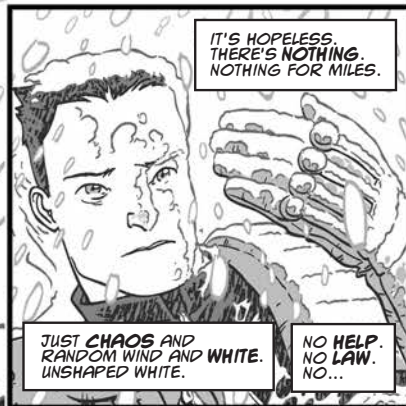
IT'S VERY,
VERY COLD.



I'M DEAD. THE
SHIP'S GONE.

THE AWFUL PAIN IN MY
STOMACH? I CAN'T
FEEL IT ANYMORE.

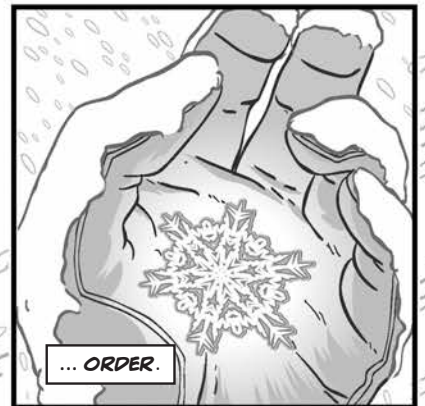
IT'S COLD AND
I'M DEAD.



IT'S HOPELESS.
THERE'S NOTHING.
NOTHING FOR MILES.

JUST CHAOS AND
RANDOM WIND AND WHITE.
UNSHAPED WHITE.

NO HELP.
NO LAW.
NO...



... ORDER.



'UH... PARDON ME?

'MR DIRTY?'



YOU MAY CALL DIRTY FRANK DIRTY FRANK, THADEUS. ALTHOUGH MR DIRTY DOES HAVE A CERTAIN **APPEAL** TO IT.

WE ARE ALIVE.

INDEED. GOOD, INNIT?



IT IS A **MIRACLE**.

THE LOW LIFE IS CURRENTLY A HOME TO **MIRACLES**.

ALTHOUGH MY **HAT** HAS PAID THE PRICE FOR OUR UNUSUAL DESCENT, IT SEEMS.

HOW FORTUNATE THAT I CHOSE TO OBEY PLANNING LEGISLATIVE RULE 54803(C), SUB-CLAUSE (F). A CITY PLANNER MAY, IF HE OR SHE CHOOSES, INTEGRATE HARD-HAT TECHNOLOGY INTO THEIR HEADWEAR.



WISE WORDS.

TELL MR DIRTY, THADEUS — WHILE ALL CONCERNED HAVE BEEN DRIVEN TO **MADNESS** AND **CATATONIC INCREDULITY** BY THE BIBLICAL GOINGS-ON, YOU HAVE REMAINED UNFLUSTERED. **WHY?**

I HOLD TO THE THOUGHT OF A GREAT, UNSEEN **DESIGN**, MR DIRTY. MY CONFIDENCE IN THE GOOD, CONTROLLED WORK OF THE CITY PLANNERS IS **ABSOLUTE**.

THIS CITY, SHE SUSTAINS AND TETHERS ME. EVEN IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE HER MOST DISORDERLY, MOST HOPELESS STATE, I SEE AN **ORDER**.



YES...

DIRTY FRANK KNOWS WHAT YOU MEAN.



RIGHT, THEN.
ENOUGH OF
THE GA-GA.

TIME TO
SPEAK TO CAMERON
IN A LANGUAGE HE
UNDERSTANDS.

UGGGHH...



CAMERON!



WAKE UP!



STOP IT,
FRANK.



CAMERON, IT'S
GENUINELY GOOD
TO HAVE YOU BACK.
DIRTY FRANK HAS
NEED OF YOUR
PARTICULAR
TALENTS.

THERE ARE THINGS TO
DESTROY! POSSIBLY
TO SHOOT WITH BIG
GUNS! YOU'LL HAVE A
FIELD DAY!



THIS IS THADEUS
MANNING III.

GREETINGS
AND
SALUTATIONS.

TOP BLOKE.
DIRTY FRANK LIKES A
LOT. HE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE
CERTAIN BILLBOARDS ARE
IN THE LOW LIFE.

DESTROY THEM,
CAMERON. TAKE OUT
ALL YOUR SMALL PENIS;
INTELLECTUAL INSECURITY
ANGER ON THEM. HAVE A BIG
OLD RETRIBUTION SHIT-FIT.



AND TAKE THORA WITH YOU.
GET HER HELP. SHE'S NOT AS
OLD AS SHE LOOKS,
YOU KNOW.

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
FRANK?



SILLY
QUESTION.
TOWARDS THE
SNOWFLAKE,
OF COURSE, TO
STOP THIS.

FRANK, I'M...
SORRY. I LOST
IT THERE FOR A
WHILE.

THIS TYPE
OF STUFF... IT'S
NOT ME...

MAYBE... MAYBE
THIS SHOULDN'T BE
YOUR LAST CASE,
AFTER ALL.



MAYBE...

WE SHALL
SEE.

HAH!



YES!

YES!



THE JUDGES ARE
FORGOTTEN, MY
FRIENDS. THEIR
DRACONIAN WORLD
OF CONTROL
AND ORDER
BELONGS IN
THE PAST.

THE BIG MAN HAS
SHOWN YOU THE
FUTURE.

WE ARE
AN **ARMY**!
WE ARE
UNSTOPPABLE!

BEHOLD...



BEHOLD
THE POWER OF
CREATION!

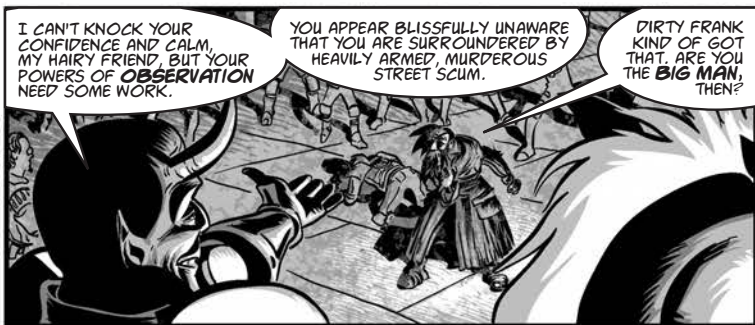
THIS ISN'T
CREATION.

THIS IS
DESTRUCTION.
DESTRUCTION
AND **CHAOS**.

AND IT ENDS
HERE.

SO SAYS
MR DIRTY.







AH. IT WORKS,
THEN...

THAT'S
SOMETHING OF
A RELIEF.

IT TOOK A
WHILE FOR DIRTY
FRANK TO WORK IT OUT.
THAT, A NEEDLESSLY
AMBIGUOUS FLASHBACK,
AND A BLOW TO THE HEAD
SO HARD THAT IT MADE
DIRTY FRANK WEE A BIT.

THE
BILLBOARDS
ARE PROJECTING
SOME KIND OF
NANOTECHNOLOGY,
AREN'T THEY?



THAT REACTS TO THE
HALLUCINOGENIC OF THE
CREATION DRUG, SOMEHOW
MAKING PEOPLE'S
PERSONAL BIBLICAL VISIONS
COME TO LIFE. IT GIVES
THEM ACTUAL **PHYSICAL**
FORM.

AFTER
YOU STREET-
TESTED IT, YOU
MUST HAVE GOT
CREATION INTO THE
WATER SUPPLY.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY
YOU COULD HAVE
INFECTED EVERY-
ONE.



YOU OFFER THE LOW LIFE'S
CRIMINAL FRATERNITY SOME
FORM OF **ANTIDOTE** FOR
A PRICE, SO THEY GET TO
KEEP THEIR MARBLES AND
ENJOY THEIR CRIME
JAMBOREE.

AH, APOCALYPTIC
RELIGIOUS IMAGERY,
NANOTECHNOLOGY AND
AN HALLUCINOGENIC IN
THE WATER SUPPLY. THE
OLDEST CRIME IN
THE BOOK.



BUT THE BILLBOARDS
ARE COMING DOWN,
HORNY BOY.

THE BIG MAN'S
CRIME SPREE IS GETTING
CLEANED UP, AND DIRTY
FRANK IS THE CLEANING
PRODUCT.

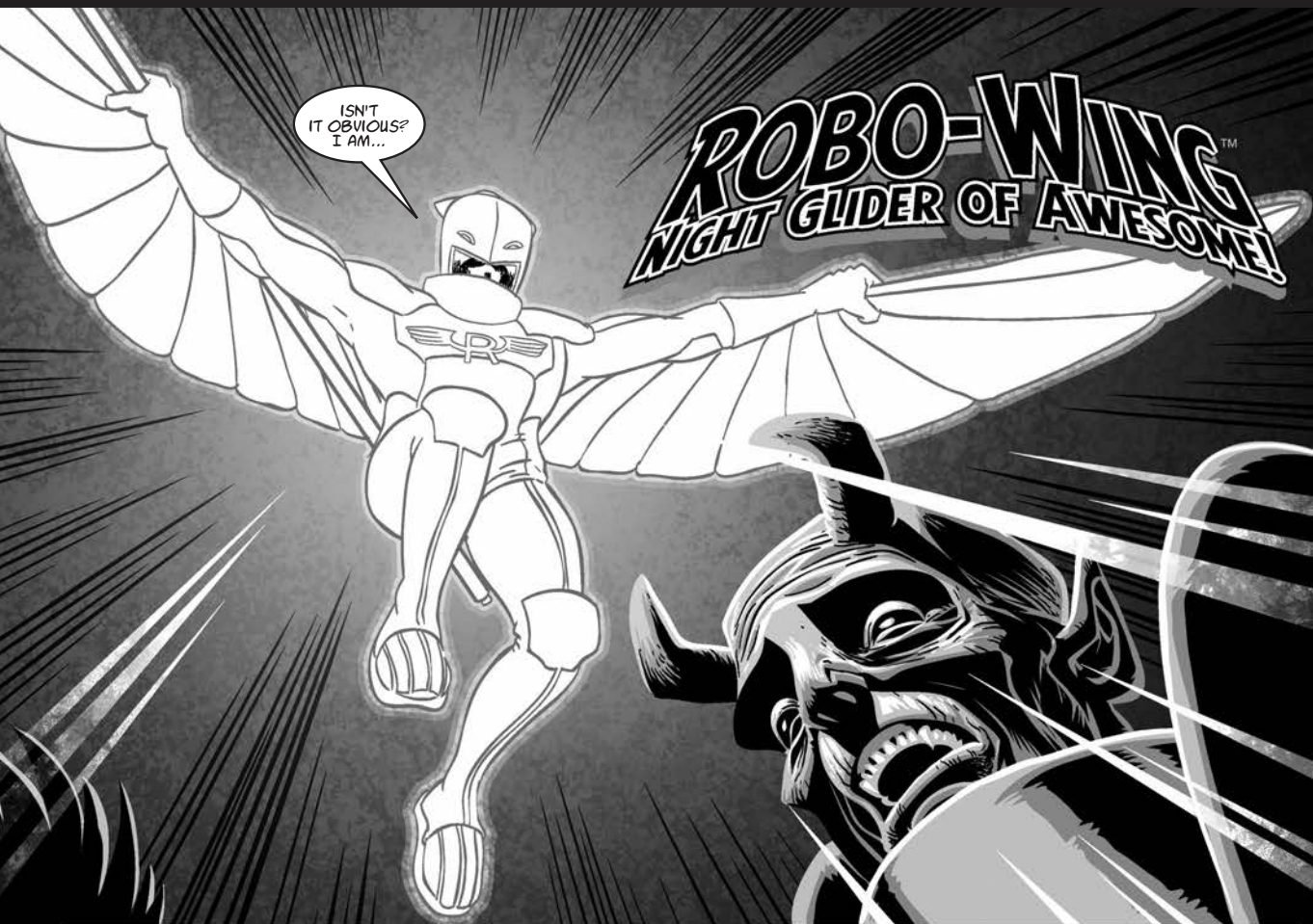
**NOW
WITH ADDED
WRATH!**



UHHH... I KNOW
WE'VE BEEN MAKING
MIRACLES COME
TO LIFE...

... BUT
THIS IS DROKKING
RIDICULOUS.

**WHO ARE
YOU?**



ISN'T
IT OBVIOUS?
I AM...

ROBO-WING™ NIGHT GLIDER OF AWESOME!



YOU SOUGHT TO MAKE
THE POPULATION
WEAK BY GIVING THEIR
BELIEF PHYSICAL
FORM!

BY BRINGING
OLD TESTAMENT-
STYLE FURY AND
NIGHTMARES
DOWN UPON
THEM!

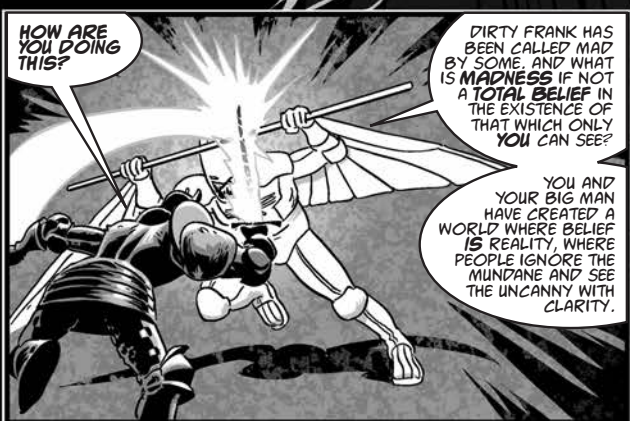


BUT WHERE THERE
ARE NIGHTMARES,
THERE ARE ALSO
DREAMS!

AND THERE IS
POWER IN
BELIEF!



HOW?



HOW ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?

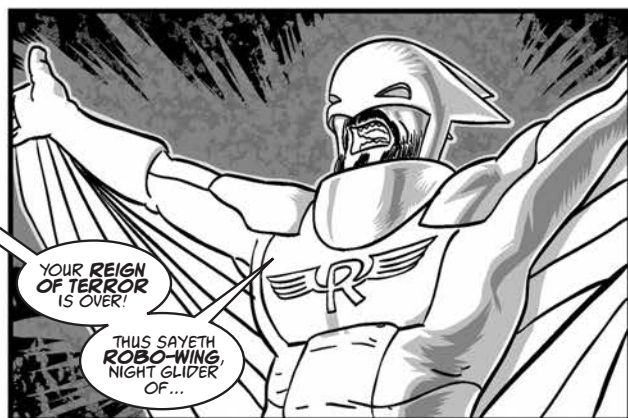
DIRTY FRANK HAS
BEEN CALLED MAD
BY SOME, AND WHAT
IS **MADNESS** IF NOT
A **TOTAL BELIEF** IN
THE EXISTENCE OF
THAT WHICH ONLY
YOU CAN SEE?

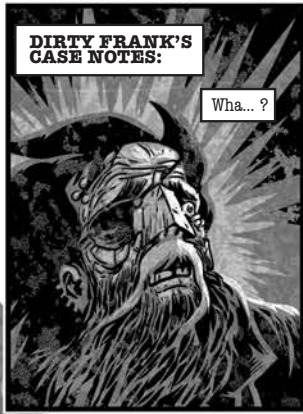
YOU AND
YOUR BIG MAN
HAVE CREATED A
WORLD WHERE **BELIEF**
IS REALITY, WHERE
PEOPLE IGNORE THE
MUNDANE AND SEE
THE UNCANNY WITH
CLARITY.



WELL, DIRTY FRANK
HAS **LIVED** IN SUCH A
WORLD FOR
YEARS.

DIRTY FRANK
SEES **ORDER**
WHERE OTHERS
SEE ONLY
CHAOS.





**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

Wha... ?

I DROPPED
OFF THORA AT
A SECTOR HOUSE AND
LET THADEUS TURN OFF
THE BILLBOARDS ON
HIS OWN. HE SEEMED
PRETTY KEEN.

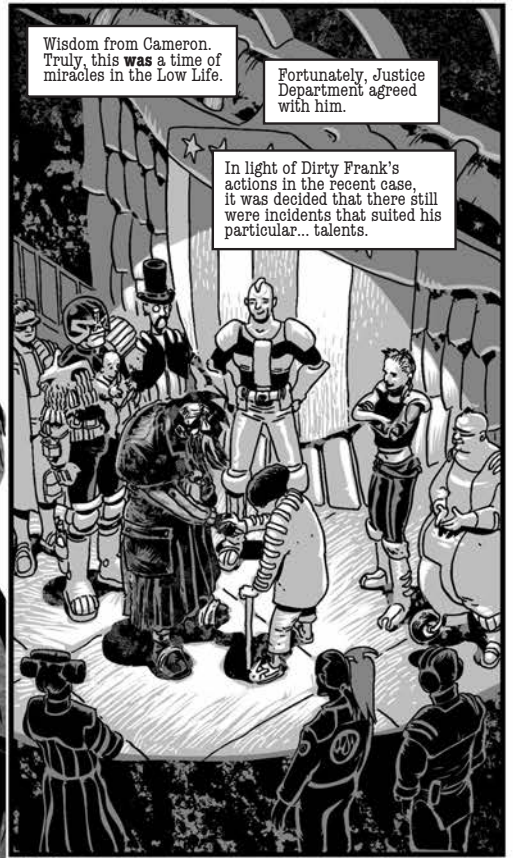
MEANWHILE, I
FOUND A REALLY
BIG GUN I COULD
FIRE. GUESS EVERYONE
HAS THEIR OWN ROLE
IN THIS WORLD, HUM,
FRANK?



Wisdom from Cameron.
Truly, this **was** a time of
miracles in the Low Life.

Fortunately, Justice
Department agreed
with him.

In light of Dirty Frank's
actions in the recent case,
it was decided that there still
were incidents that suited his
particular... talents.



Just when it seemed that
Justice Department had
abandoned Dirty Frank they
unexpectedly came back
for him...

Thora, informing Dirty Frank
that he could stay on with
Wally Squad, said, 'A mad city
sometimes needs a mad Judge.'



Cheeky cow.

Dirty Frank
is not mad.



Dirty Frank is just more...
imaginative than most,
that's all.



And sometimes
that's just enough
to save the day.





JIVE TURKEY

Script: Rob Williams

Art: Smudge

Letters: Simon Bowland

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 2010

THE LOW LIFE'S
SECTOR HOUSE.

A STOIC SYMBOL OF LAW
AND UNCOMPROMISING
AUTHORITY, EVEN IN THE
WANING HOURS OF THIS
CHRISTMAS DAY.

A TEMPORARY HAVEN FOR
THE GALLANT PROTECTORS
AND UPHOLDERS OF A
SYSTEM THAT SIMPLY WILL
NOT TOLERATE INIQUITY
IN ANY FORM.

BEHOLD AND CHERISH
THESE NOBLE, ECLECTIC KNIGHTS OF
RIGHTEOUSNESS--UNDERCOVER
JUDGES. THE WALLY SQUAD.

UNRELENTING WARRIORS OF IDEALISM TRUE.

OH DROKK.
DROKK ME. THERE'S
MORE...MORE'S
COMIII...

BLEUUURGH!

BLEUUURGH!

...KILL ME...
PLEASE...

...KILL ME
NOW...

NIXON...

CAMERON,
YOU DON'T
LOOK SO
GOOD.

NAH.
I'M FINE. IRON
CONSTITUTION.
STRONG.
STRONG LIKE A
MUTIE BULL.

FINALLY...
FINALLY STOPPED
BARFING...THANK
YOU...MERCIFUL
GRUD...

HEY, YOU GUYS
MADE IT! I WAS GETTING
WORRIED, BUT THEN I
CRAPPED IN MY DIAPER
AND THAT KINDA TOOK
OVER MY THOUGHT
PROCESSES...

THERE'S SOME
SYNTHI-TURKEY STILL
WARM DOWN THE HALL
IF YOU'RE--

BLEEUUGGGHHHHHHH!

**NILS
LOFGREN!**



MERRRRY CHRISTMAS!

GOOD, YOU ALL SURVIVED CHRISTMAS DAY. THIS VALIDATES MY DECISION ABOUT PARTY HEADWEAR.

MORTAL, YOU'RE A JUDGE, MAN. CLEAN YOURSELF UP. HAVE SOME SELF-RESPECT.



WAIT. IT SMELLS HALFWAY NORMAL IN HERE, DESPITE THE VOMIT.

WHERE'S FRANK?

WELCOME!



HE'S NOT BACK YET.

SAFETY CURFEW ENDED FOUR MINUTES AGO, WHICH MEANS HE'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.



OR HE'S FORGOTTEN THE WAY HOME AGAIN.

THAT TOO.

FRANK WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST WALLY SQUAD JUDGE TO DIE ON CHRISTMAS DAY. IT'S THE ULTIMATE TEST OF AN UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE'S IMMENSE, NEAR-SUPERHUMAN TECHNICAL SKILL AND DISCIPLINE.



BLEUURGH!

CLARENCE CLEMONS!

SO WE GO OUT AND GET HIM.

FORGET IT, NIXON. YOU KNOW JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RULES.

WALLY SQUAD STREET IDENTITIES ARE SACROSANCT. WE BUST IN ON HIM JUDGE-HEAVY AND A YEAR'S WORTH OF UNDERCOVER WORK GOES DOWN THE CRAPPER.



WE'RE ON OUR OWN OUT THERE.

THAT'S THE JOB.



SIX AM THAT MORNING--

MERRY DROKKING CHRISTMAS.

I HOPE YOU'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK.

YOU'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK OR YOU DIE.



WE SPEND ALL YEAR ADOPTING DIFFERENT IDENTITIES FOR DIFFERENT PEOPLE, LEARNING TO SHOW THEM FACES THAT AREN'T TRULY US.

WE DO SUCH A GOOD JOB OF IT THAT THEY INVITE US IN ON CHRISTMAS DAY: FOR FOOD, FOR DRINKS, FOR... OTHER THINGS.



AND WE ACCEPT THEIR INVITATIONS BECAUSE, DESPITE THE PERSONAL DANGER, IF WE BREAK SYNTHI-BREAD WITH THEM, IT INCREASES THE BOND.

SO TODAY YOU EAT THEIR VARIOUS MEALS--ALL THE MEALS--AND YOU REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL OF THE LIES AND FAIRYTALES YOU'VE FED TO THEM OVER THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.

I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE SECTOR HOUSE AT SAFETY CURFEW, AND HAVE THE BUCKETS READY.

TRULY AN INSPIRATIONAL PEPTALK.



"GOOD LUCK."

LOOK, VINNY! HE IS-A-SO ADORABLE! I THINK-A HE WANT A FEED. I CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR-A-STEALING HIM AND ANONYMOUSLY LEAVING HIM ON OUR DOORSTEP.

UH... RIGHT.

ROY BITTAN.



YOU. TELL ST NICK THAT CAMERON'S HERE FOR THE REINDEER ROAST HE PROMISED ME.

OH, AND THAT HIS CLONED ELVES ARE GETTING A LITTLE OUT OF HAND.

I ASK YA...



"... WHAT KINDA PERSON *DOESN'T* LOVE CHRISTMAS?"





APPARENTLY,
ONE OF YOU
ISN'T ACTUALLY
A FATTIE.

UH,
ERNIE...?

I DON'T WANNA
HEAR EXCUSES FROM ANY
OF YOU. THE OFFENDER HAS
ALREADY PROVED CAPABLE
OF BEGUILING ME WITH
THEIR VELVET TONGUE.

BUT,
GRUDDAMMIT,
IT'S *OBVIOUS*,
YOU STUPID...



NO
MORE LIES,
BARBARA!
YOU SHE-
DEVIL!



SORRY,
PROBABLY A LITTLE
REPPRESSED ANGER
OVER THE BREAK-UP
BUBBLING TO THE
SURFACE THERE.

ANYWAY...



ENTER THE
GARGANTUATURKEY!



BEHOLD ITS
BASTED, GIBLET-
REMOVED
GLORY!

NOW, MY
MOST TRUSTED AND
BELOVED FRIENDS--
YOU WILL FIGHT OR
YOU WILL *DIE*!

AND I WILL
KNOW MY NON-FATTIE
BETRAYS WHEN HE OR SHE
IS THE ONE TO HAVE THE
CARDIO-VASCULAR ABILITY
TO ACTUALLY AVOID THE
MECHA-POULTRY!



THIS IS SO
MUCH LIKE DIRTY
FRANK'S CHILDHOOD
CHRISTMAS IT'S
ALMOST SPOOKY.

DIRTY FRANK
IS GOING TO
NEED A BIGGER
GRAVY BOAT.



DROKK
YOU.



"WE'RE NOT
JUDGES."

"NOT REALLY."

OFFICIALLY,
WE ARE, SURE.
BUT LET'S
FACE IT...

.....WE'RE
JUST ALL REALLY
GOOD AT SHOWING
THE RIGHT PEOPLE
WHAT THEY WANT
TO SEE.

AND
I GUESS THERE'S A
BROTHERHOOD IN
THAT. A DROKKED-UP
ONE, SURE, BUT...





"SO, JUST FOR CHRISTMAS, I SAY SCREW THORA AND SCREW JUSTICE DEPARTMENT."

"WE'RE *WALLY SQUAD* AND ONE OF OURS IS IN TROUBLE."

"SO WE RIDE..."



"...AND WE USE OUR TALENTS."



"ALL OUR TALENTS."



"EVEN THE ONES THAT MAYBE WE'RE NOT THAT PROUD OF."



"AND WE GET SOMEONE TO TALK ABOUT WHERE FRANK IS..."



"...AND WE *SAVE* THE CRAZY OLD BASTARD."

GRUD ALMIGHTY...



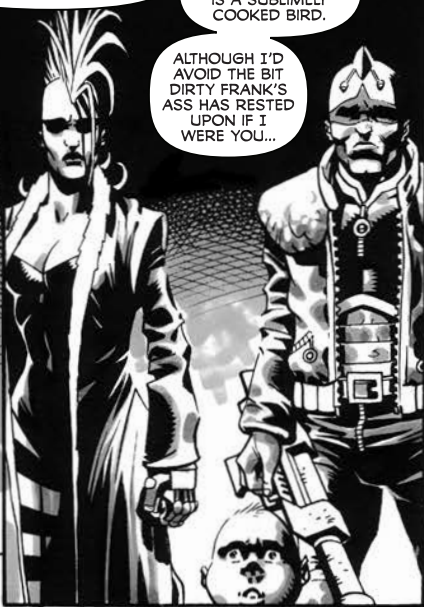
COLLEAGUES.
WHAT A PLEASANT
SURPRISE.

THIS IS
ENTRY-WOUND ERNIE.
HE IS UNDER ARREST FOR
COUSIN MURDER AND SEX
AND ROBOTIC WEAPONRY
TRAFFICKING.

ALSO,
AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED...
**DIRTY FRANK RIDES THE
GARGANTUATURKEY!**

BY
THE WAY, IS ANYONE
HUNGRY? THIS TRULY
IS A SUBLIMELY
COOKED BIRD.

ALTHOUGH I'D
AVOID THE BIT
DIRTY FRANK'S
ASS HAS RESTED
UPON IF I
WERE YOU...



IT WILL
BE SLIGHTLY
WARM...

...AND
A TOUCH
CLAGGY.

MAX
WEINBERG!



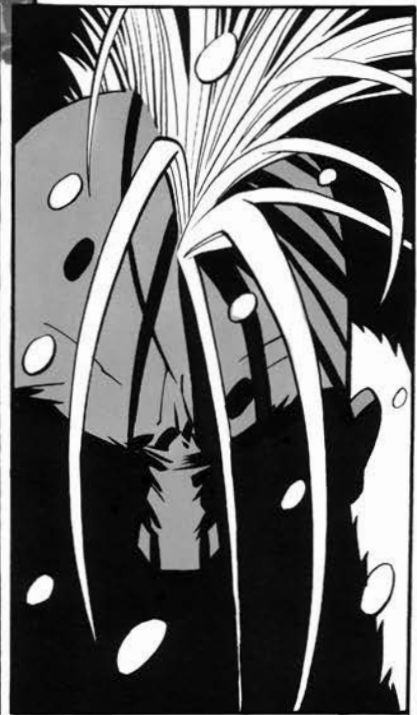
MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

IT'S
BOXING DAY
NOW, FRANK.

SHUSH.



"GRUD BLESS
US, EVERYONE!"



"...ANYONE SEE
WHERE NIXON
WENT?"



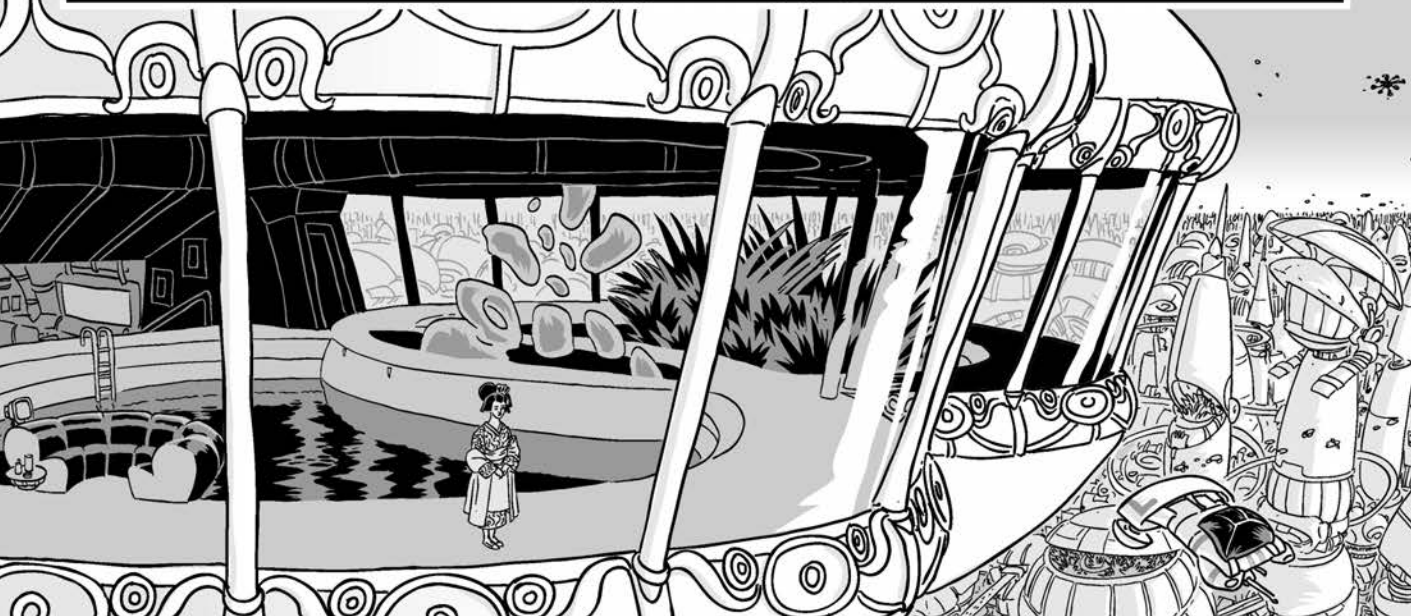
HOSTILE TAKEOVER

Script: Rob Williams

Art: D'Israeli

Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1700 - 1709



'GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU...

'... THAT'S ONE **BIG-ASS** ROBOT.'

YOU CAME THROUGH, FRANK. THIS'LL WORK GREAT. GOTTA ASK, THOUGH...

WHAT'S WITH THE —

DON'T!

BEFORE YOU CONTINUE YOUR SENTENCE, CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY, DIRTY FRANK WOULD ASK ONLY TWO THINGS:

ONE — DOES CROSS-DRESSING TREV NOT DESERVE THE SAME RESPECT FOR HIS PRIVATE PECCADILLOES AS THE REST OF US?

TWO — WHAT TYPE OF MURDEROUS AND HYPER-VIOLENT CRIMINAL GANG DO WE WISH TO BE, EXACTLY?

A TOLERANT AND ACCEPTING ONE THAT OUR MOTHERS WOULD APPROVE OF, DIRTY FRANK WOULD WARRANT.

WHAT THE HELL. FRANK BROUGHT THE ROBOT. IT COULD BE WEARING CHOCOLATE S&M GEAR FOR ALL I CARE. LET'S DO THE JOB.

YOU ARE A MAN OF HONOUR AND RARE WISDOM, CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY.

HEY, NO PROBLEM.

THE BIG MAN ONLY CARES ABOUT THE CREDZ, YEAH?!

BANK

BANK

AAAAAAHHH!

BONDS DELIVERY ARRIVED AN HOUR AGO, JAY.

ENJOY.

BIG MAN SAYS THANKS FOR THE TIP. NICE ENVELOPE COMING YOUR WAY, JUDGE STEWART.

MEIN GOTT! CROOKED JUDGE ALERT!

WE GOT OURSELVES AN OFFICIAL JUDICIAL INVITATION, FRANK...

'LET'S GET TREV IN THERE.'

'GIANT ROBOT LINGERIE DON'T COME CHEAP AFTER ALL.'









'JOVUS. ALL OF THEM?'

'EVERY LAST ONE. LOTS OF DECAPITATIONS. HEADS ALL OVER THE DAMN FLOOR. THEY USED SWORDS. FEW GOT BARBEQUEED, THOUGH.'

'IT WAS AN ABATTOIR, I'M TELLING YOU. PRO JOB. PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.'



'AND THEY TOOK **ALL** THE CRED\$?'

'WHY DO YOU THINK I'M TALKING TO YOU?'

'AW, BIG MAN'S GOING TO BE AWFUL PISSED.'



YOU DONE GOOD. BIG MAN THANKS YOU.

NO PROBS.

HE'D THANK YOU MORE IF YOU KNEW WHO DID IT.

I'LL LOOK INTO IT. IT'S A MURDER CASE, I'M A JUDGE. WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO?



WHAT'S WITH THE DUDE GOING FOR A PLACE IN THE SMELL OLYMPICS?

THAT'S FRANK. HE'S KIND OF ECCENTRIC BUT HE'S A GOOD FIXER.

I'M GETTING THE VIBE THAT HE DOESN'T MUCH LIKE ME.



NONSENSE.

DIRTY FRANK LOVES YOU.

BEHOLD HIS PROVED EBULLIENCE.

UH... OK.

HE MUST BE A **REALLY** GOOD FIXER.

Dirty Frank's Case Notes:

A crooked Judge. It fills Dirty Frank with carcinogenic feelings of anger and offence.

It is a betrayal of the badge. Of every one of Dirty Frank's brave colleagues. Those alive, and those long dead.

COULD JUST BE A SHAKEDOWN, BUT THE SWORDS, KILLING EVERY-ONE...

FEELS LIKE A STATEMENT.

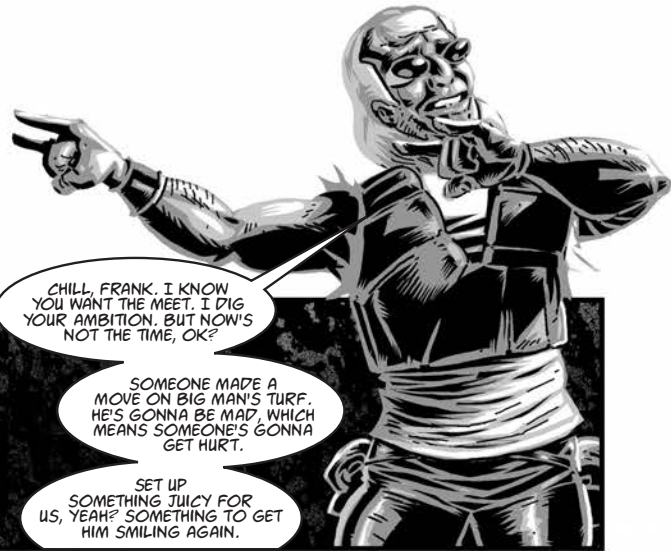


Judge Stewart will taste justice at Dirty Frank's hands. Soon...

For now, Dirty Frank's focus must remain on the BIG prize.

FRANK, I GOTTA GO TALK TO THE BIG MAN ABOUT THIS, OK?

DIRTY FRANK COULD ACCOMPANY YOU?



CHILL, FRANK. I KNOW YOU WANT THE MEET. I DIG YOUR AMBITION. BUT NOW'S NOT THE TIME, OK?

SOMEONE MADE A MOVE ON BIG MAN'S TURF. HE'S GONNA BE MAD, WHICH MEANS SOMEONE'S GONNA GET HURT.

SET UP SOMETHING JUICY FOR US, YEAH? SOMETHING TO GET HIM SMILING AGAIN.

FAREWELL, CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY.

SMIFF!

DIRTY FRANK SHALL COUNT THE MINUTES UNTIL OUR NEXT MEET.



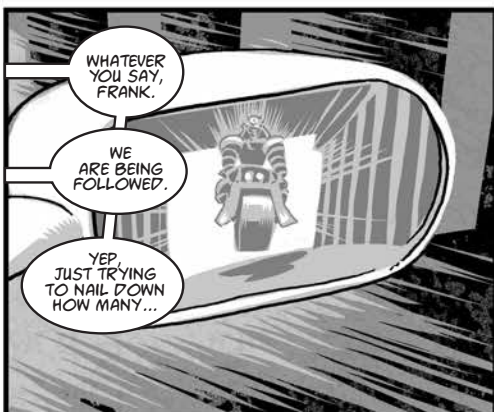
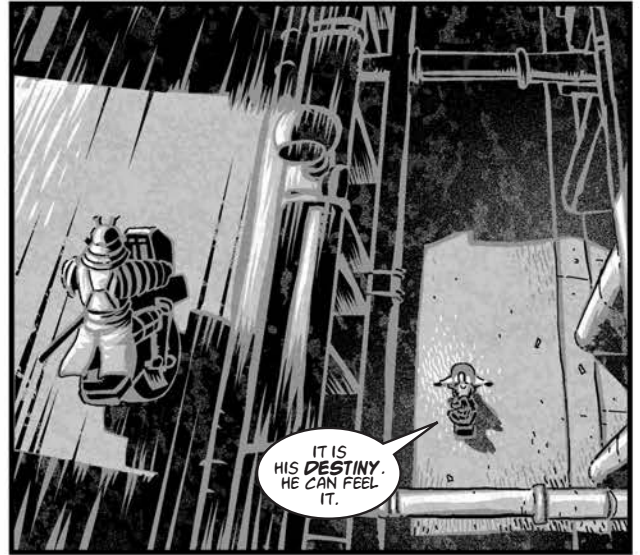
DIRTY FRANK FEELS GREAT GOBS OF WARMTH TOWARDS THAT SHY AND FRAGILE CARING MAN...

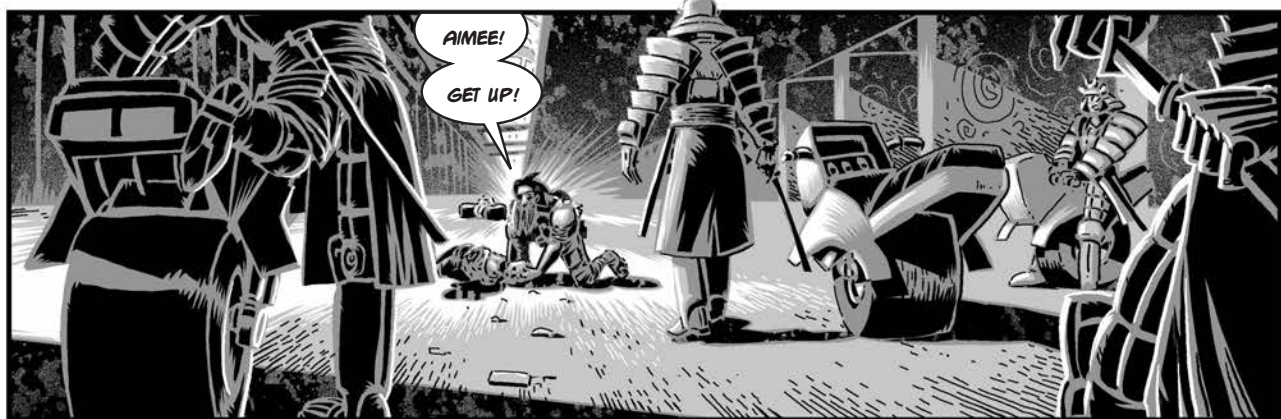
STILL A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER, THEN?

EH? OH, NIXON.

THORA WANTS A WORD. HOP ON.









**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

... goodbye.







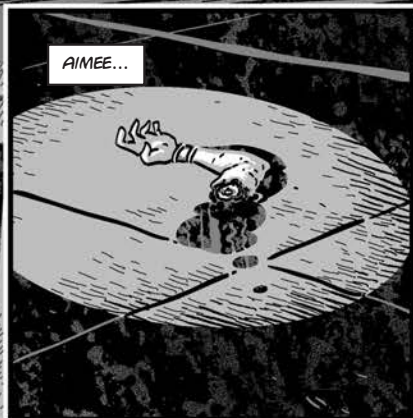
MAKE HIM SLEEP.

OBSERVE DIRTY FRANK'S GIFT.

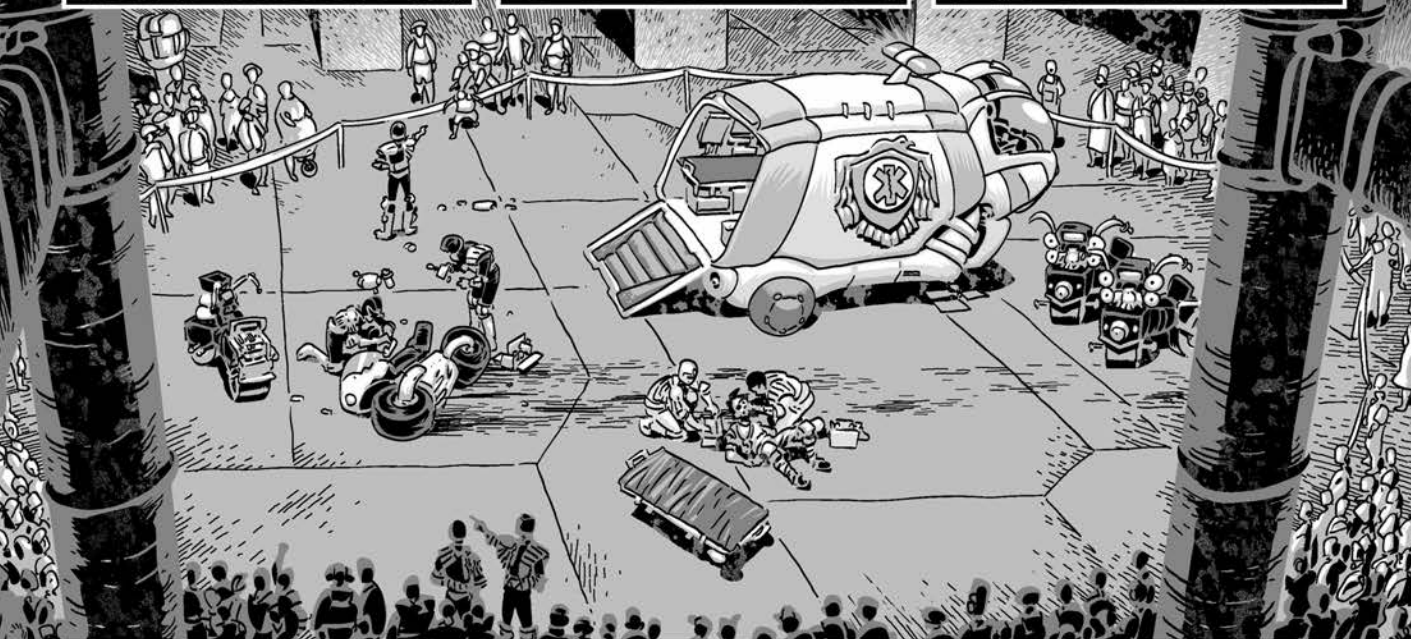


DIRTY FRANK'S GIFT HURTS...

... A LOT.



AIMEE...



CRIME SCENE ELDSTER. BEAT IT AND GET BACK TO YOUR KNITTING —

I'LL BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH MY WALKING STICK, YA FLATFOOT INGRATE.

WALLY SQUAD CODE CHIKLISO3828. STAND ASIDE AND CALL IT IN.



... THORA.

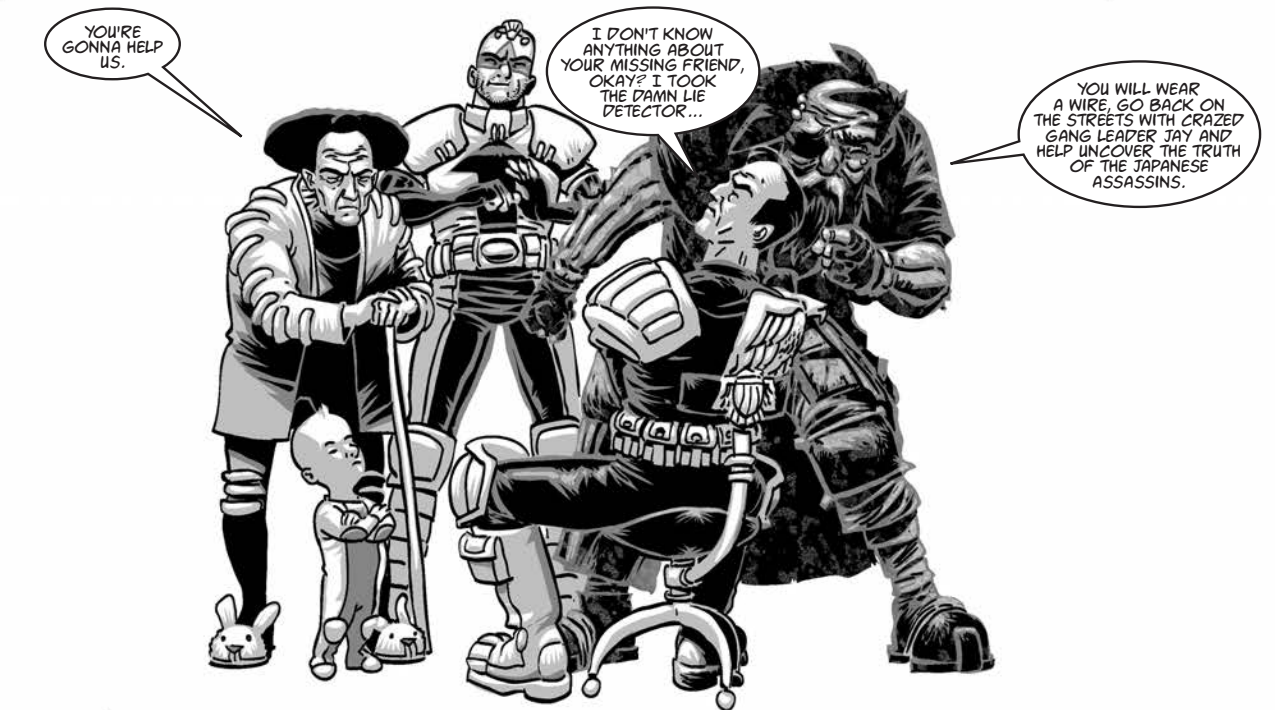
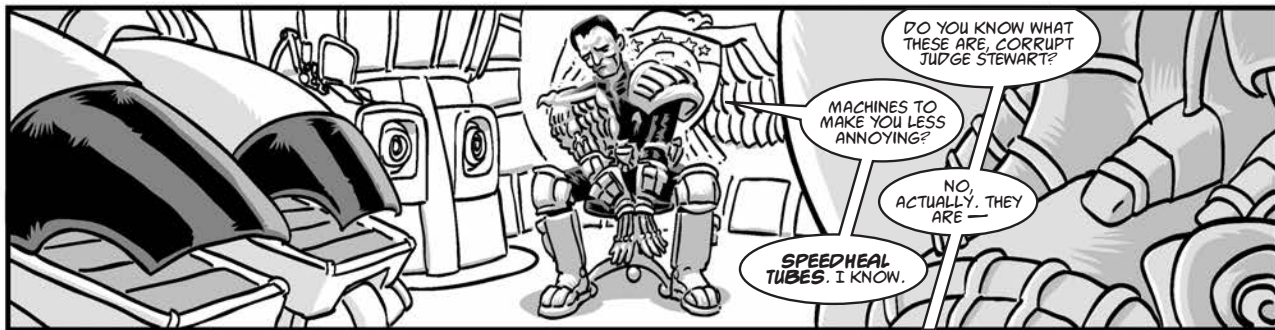
HE OK?

SECOND-DEGREE BURNS, BROKEN JAW, UGLY CUT ON UPPER ARM, BLOOD LOSS, CONCUSSION.

SPEEDHEAL WILL HAVE HIM BACK OUT ON THE STREETS TOMORROW.









'AND WHERE THERE IS MONEY, THERE IS A DESIRE TO TAKE MONEY.'

'VIA VIOLENCE.'

GROVE, OLD BOY, STOP HOGGING THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT!

YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE, LECKWITH. PATIENCE.

BY JOVE, THIS IS EXCITING!

A SAFARI OF THE POOR?

AND SAFETY IS ASSURED?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE SELLING. SHOOT ANYONE YOU WANT DOWN THERE WITH THE TRANS DARTS. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CRED'S PER VICTIM.

LIVE ROUNDS WOULD BRING DOWN TOO MUCH HEAT. BUT THIS? BIG MAN CAN MAKE THIS GO AWAY.

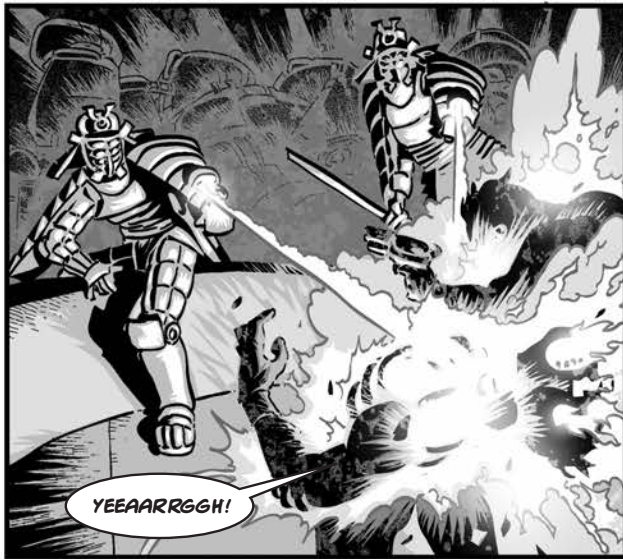
AH, ALAS. IF ONLY THESE WERE REAL BULLETS. COULD ANYTHING BE MORE FUN? WIPING OUT THE WORTHLESS AND THE PARASITIC.

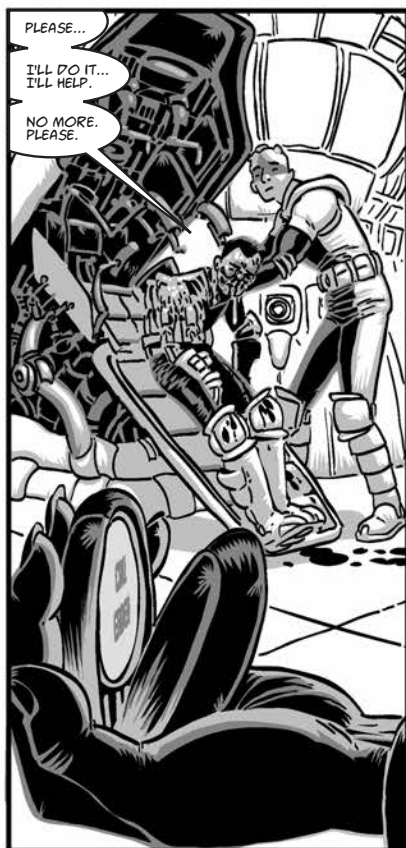
JUDGEMENT FROM ABOVE.

WITH NO REPERCUSSIONS —

HUH?

I SAY!





**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

The Low Life streets
seemed surprisingly quiet
for the next three days.

Then the Samurai death squad
tracked down Crazy Gang
Leader Jay and the boys.

Their desire to wipe out
the Big Man's control
structure was obvious.

And, despite Dirty Frank's
moist fondness for Jay,
criminals killing criminals
is not the worst thing to
occur in this sector.

But, as ever...

... it is the innocent who
suffer in the crossfire.

Jay escaped, the only
one of his gang to do so.

Genocide befell the
Big Man's people.

There was nowhere else for Jay
to go. He was suddenly adrift.

After all, a Crazy Gang Leader
without a crazy gang is a crazy
leader of nothing.

Wisdom.

So it was only a matter of
time until he came to the only
man who could save him.

**CRAZY
GANG LEADER
JAY! WHAT A PLEASANT
AND FRIGHTENINGLY
UNEXPECTED
SURPRISE!**

This being Dirty Frank,
in case you hadn't guessed.



YOU'RE A FIXER, FRANK! THE BEST FIXER I'VE EVER KNOWN!

SWEET GRUD, DO I NEED YOU TO FIX THINGS FOR ME NOW!

DIRTY FRANK WILL POP SOME CLOTHES ON.

Jay was spooked. Beyond spooked. A long haul, nefarious hardened career criminal and killer.

Scared to the point of pants peeage.



IF YOU GOT A PLAN, FRANK, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPILL IT.



THESE ASSASSINS, THEY WISH TO KILL ANYONE CONNECTED WITH THE BIG MAN SO THAT THEY MAY RULE THE LOW LIFE.

THEY STRIKE FROM NOWHERE, WITH SURPRISE AS THEIR ALLY. SO, IF WE WISH TO KILL THEM, WE HAVE TO LURE THEM SOMEWHERE WHERE WE CAN SURPRISE THEM.



WE SET A TRAP. WE LET THE LOCATION BE KNOWN OF THE ONE THING THEY WANT THE MOST.

THE BIG MAN.

THE BIG MAN.

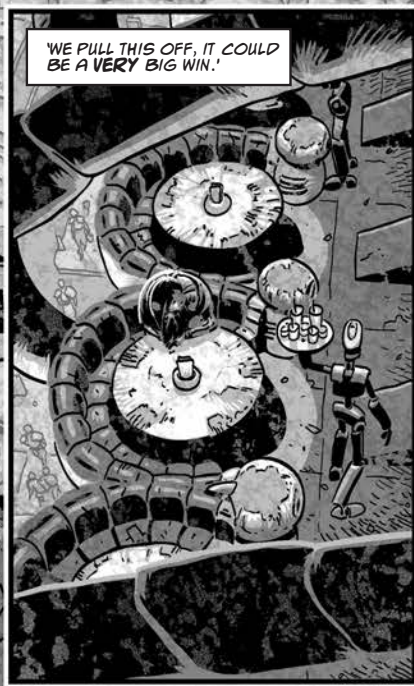
BUT, FRANK, WE DON'T HAVE THE FIREPOWER OR MANPOWER LEFT TO FIGHT THEM OFF.



'THEN WE LOOK TO FRIENDS WHO HAVE...'

THIS BIG ENOUGH FOR YA?

TRULY, YOU HAVE AN IMPRESSIVE AND CAPACIOUS WEAPON, CORRUPT JUDGE STEWART.







HMM. HARSH
WORDS, BUT TRUE.

PERHAPS DIRTY FRANK
IS GETTING SOFT.



THORA IS NO DIPLOMAT, BUT SHE
DOES ASK A QUESTION THAT DIRTY
FRANK HAS BEEN TRYING TO AVOID:

WHY DID THE YAKUZA STOP
WHEN AIMEE ASKED THEM TO?



WHAT DO THEY
WANT FROM HER?

DETAILS FOR ALL WALLY
SQUAD OPERATIVES
THROUGHOUT THE LOW LIFE?



IF SO, THEN NONE
OF US ARE SAFE.

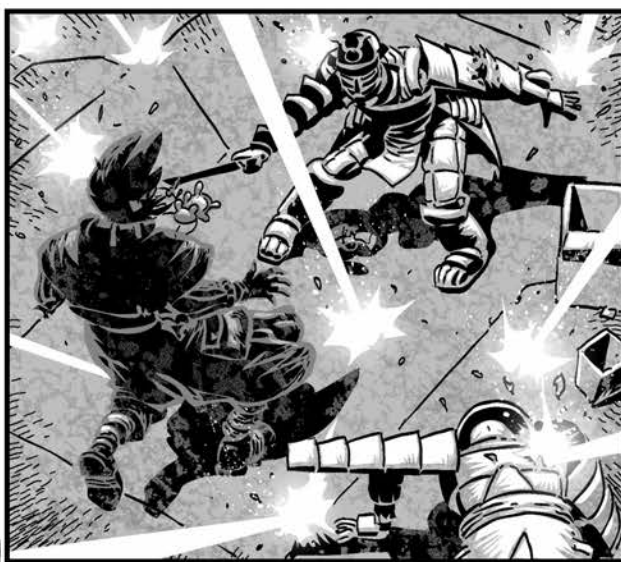


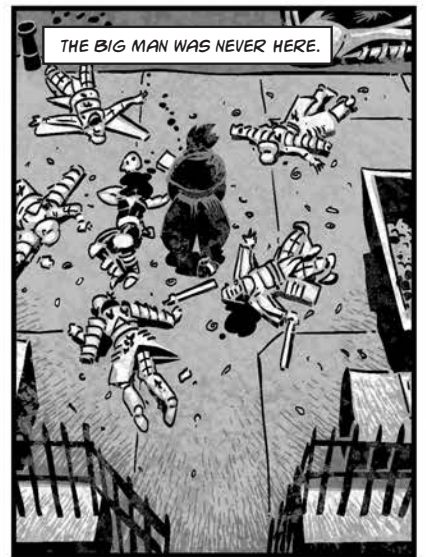
NO FRIENDS...



... JUST ANGLES.











**DIRTY FRANK'S
CASE NOTES:**

Dirty Frank can see why Corrupt Judge Stewart was left on the streets for his connection with Crazy Gang Leader Jay.

But Jay is dead. That lead to the Big Man is gone, as is the Big Man himself, alas.

Yet Stewart remains at large, the order to keep him active being Thora's.

Who Dirty Frank has seen murder, and therefore cannot be trusted.

And now Stewart speaks on a non-Judge issue comm device.

While another street Judge does not remark or act on this procedural oddity.

Aimee disappears in mysterious and bloody circumstances. Thora speaks of war.

Trust and normalcy are dead. Black is white. Up is down. Clean shorts are unfortunately and embarrassingly brownly stained.

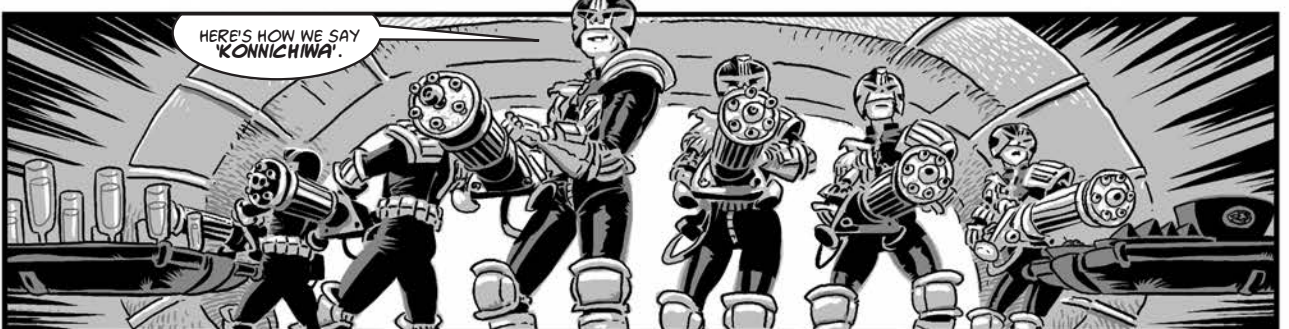
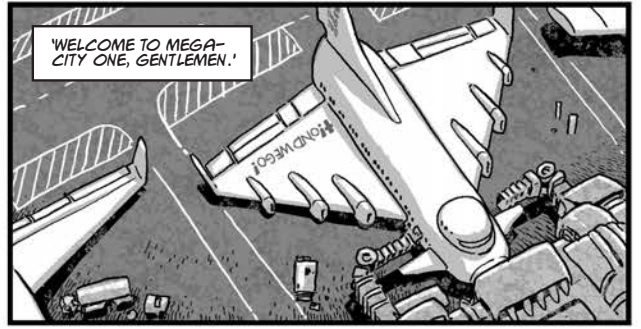
FOLLOW
THOSE JUDGES!
DIRTY FRANK
COMMANDS
IT!

I YER
COMPLIANT
DRIVER,
OBEY.

These are Dirty Frank's comrades of longstanding. Justice should be their myopic goal.

But if they hold secrets and motives that Dirty Frank does not know...

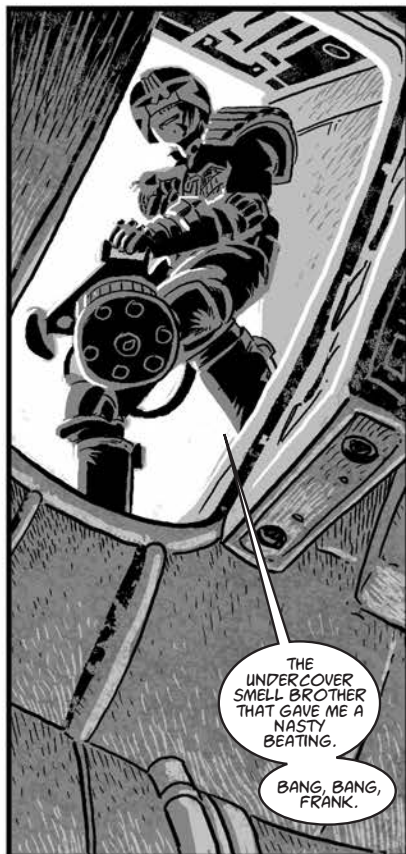
... what, then, can
be truly trusted?







HEH.
WELL,
LOOK WHO
IT IS.
STARING
DOWN THE
BARREL OF
MY GUN.



THE
UNDERCOVER
SMELL BROTHER
THAT GAVE ME A
NASTY
BEATING.
BANG, BANG,
FRANK.



YOU'D
BE DEAD IF
IT WAS UP TO
ME, BUT...
SHE WANTS
TO SPEAK TO YOU.
GONNA MAKE YOU
AN OFFER.
YOU'RE
A LUCKY
BOY.



'WALLY SQUAD DON'T DIE TODAY.'

BZZZTT...
IS IT DONE?

BZZZTT...
IS IT DONE?

BZZZTT...
IS IT DONE?



BZZZTT...
IS IT DONE?

BZZZTT...
IS IT DONE?



BZZZTT...
IS IT DONE?

LOVELY
VIEW.



YOU WOULDN'T BE
INTENDING TO PUSH
DIRTY FRANK OFF
THIS LANDING PAD,
WOULD YOU,
CORRUPT JUDGE
STEWART?

UNASSISTED
FLIGHT IS NOT
WITHIN DIRTY
FRANK'S SKILL-
SET.

NOT YET,
ANYWAY.



DON'T FRET
YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE INSANE
HEAD ABOUT
IT.

I'M NOT
HERE TO
HURT YOU.



THORA...

THIS IS...
DISAPPOINTING.



DIRTY FRANK
DOESN'T EVEN KNOW
WHO 'YOU'
ARE.

...
WHAT IF
DIRTY FRANK
REFUSES?

YAKUZA HAVE MOVED IN,
WANT TO TAKE OVER THE
LOW LIFE. IF YOU THINK
IT'S BAD NOW, WAIT AND
SEE WHAT HAPPENS
UNDER FOREIGN
OWNERSHIP...

WE'RE
TRYING TO
ENCOURAGE
THEM TO GO
HOME, IS
ALL.

'PROTECTING
WHAT'S OURS.'

'IT AIN'T A MATTER OF
WHETHER OR NOT WE
WANT A WAR, FRANK.'

'WAR'S HERE.'





'DIRTY FRANK HAS A NOVEL IDEA, THORA...



'... WHY DON'T YOU ARREST THEM?'

'YEAH...

'THAT'S ADMIRABLE, FRANK, REALLY. BUT THESE DAYS...

'AND FOR THESE GUYS...



'... THAT MAY BE A LITTLE OLD FASHIONED.'



TRUST ME WE'RE NOT THE BAD GUYS HERE.

AND, FRANK... I KNOW THIS IS THE END. THAT THERE'S NO COMING BACK FROM THIS. FOR ANY OF US.

THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING.

BUT I... CARE ABOUT YOU.



NO FRIENDS, YOU SAID. JUST ANGLES.

AND YOU DIDN'T ANSWER DIRTY FRANK'S QUESTION.

WHAT
IF DIRTY
FRANK
REFUSES?



YOU'VE GOT
A FEW DAYS
TO THINK IT
OVER. FIGURE
I OWE YOU
THAT, AFTER
ALL THESE
YEARS.

THURSDAY, THE
CONSTRUCTION
SITE AT THE OLD
PINKERTON BLOCK.
MIDDAY. BE
THERE.



THORA.
ONE LAST
QUESTION.

AND THE
TRUTH.

PLEASE.



'DO YOU KNOW
WHERE AIMEE IS?'

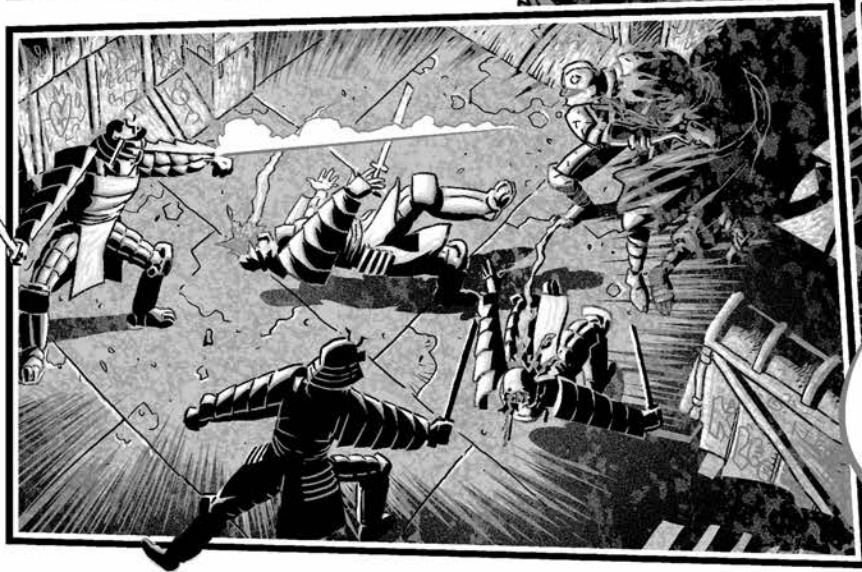


'NO, FRANK.'

'I DON'T.'









THORA SENT MORTAL
TO KILL ME.

HE ASKED ME
TO GO CROOKED. I
REFUSED. HE PULLED A GUN.
IT WAS **SELF-DEFENCE**.
I SWEAR.

I DIDN'T
WANNA...



... I DIDN'T
WANNA...



'HAD MY SUSPICIONS ON THORA
FOR A WHILE. FIGURED IT WAS
ONLY A MATTER OF TIME 'TIL THEY
MADE A MOVE ON YOU.

'SO I BEEN FOLLOWIN'
YOU. FOLLOWIN' YOU AND
SLEEPING DOWN HERE.

'DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
ELSE TO DO.'



DIRTY FRANK'S
UNSEEN BODY-
GUARD?

YEAH. I AIN'T NO
THINKER, FRANK. I **NEED**
YOU. BESIDES, WHAT
HAPPENED WITH THE
CREATION DRUG... YOU
SAVED ME, Y'KNOW.*
I DON'T FORGET
THAT.

HAD TO MAKE
SURE YOU WEREN'T
WITH THEM FIRST. I
FIGURED YOU WEREN'T.
BUT THORA, MORTAL,
AIMEE... THINGS HAVE
GOT CRAZY.

AIMEE'S
STILL THEIR
PRISONER.

*THARGNOTE: SEE PROGS 1624-1631.



FRANK, SHE
WAS TAKEN
TWO WEEKS
AGO.

SHE'S EITHER
WORKING WITH
THEM OR SHE'S
DEAD.

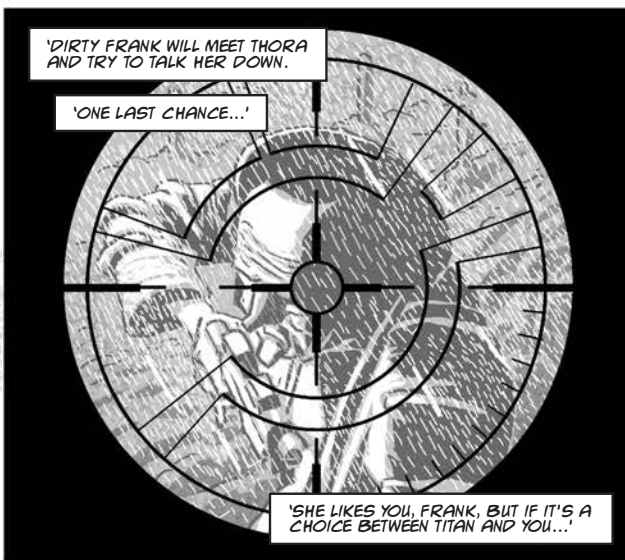
EITHER
WAY, SHE'S
GONE.



ACCEPT
IT.

YOU GET TOO
OBSESSIVE OVER
THESE THINGS. SAME
WITH THE BIG
MAN.

YES...







DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:

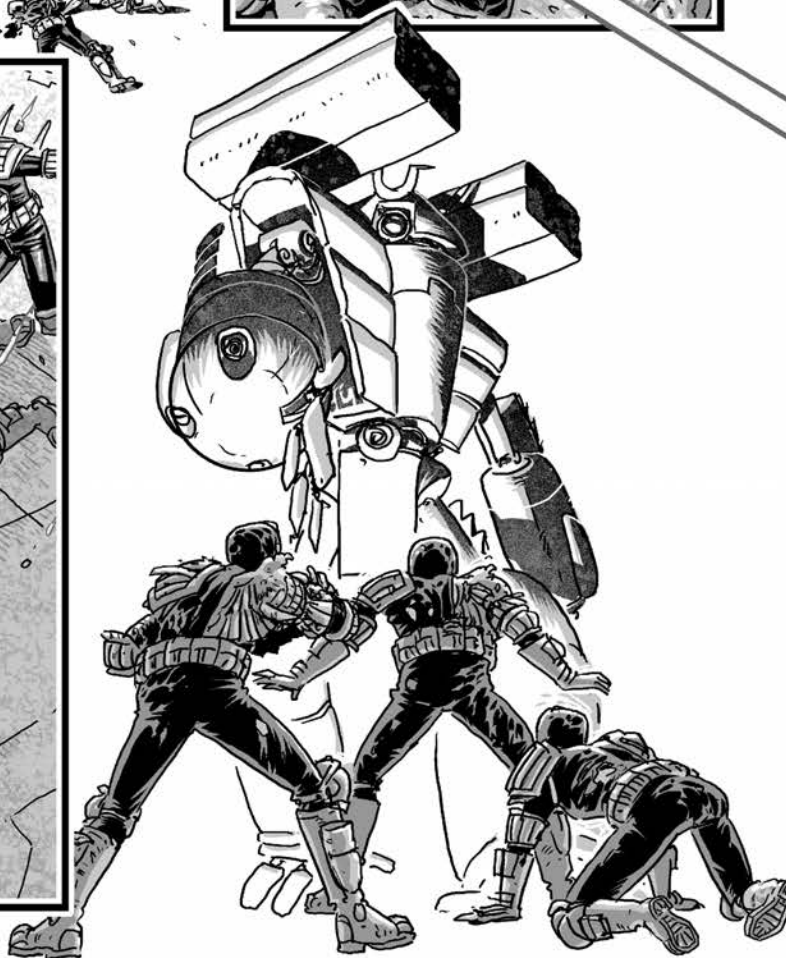
Q: How do you know
a war is over?

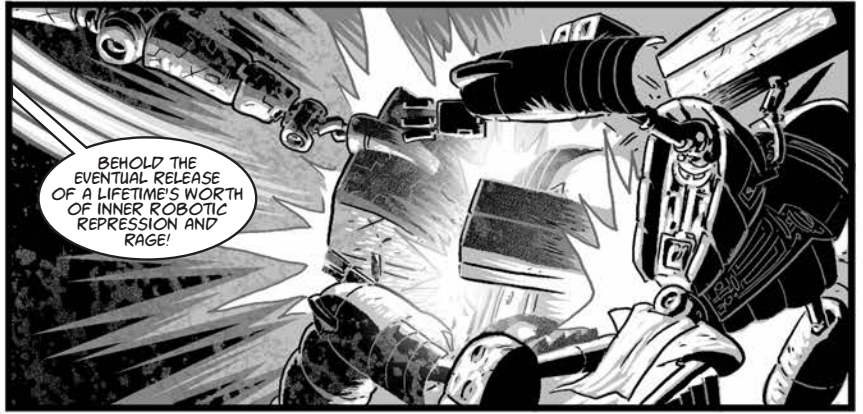
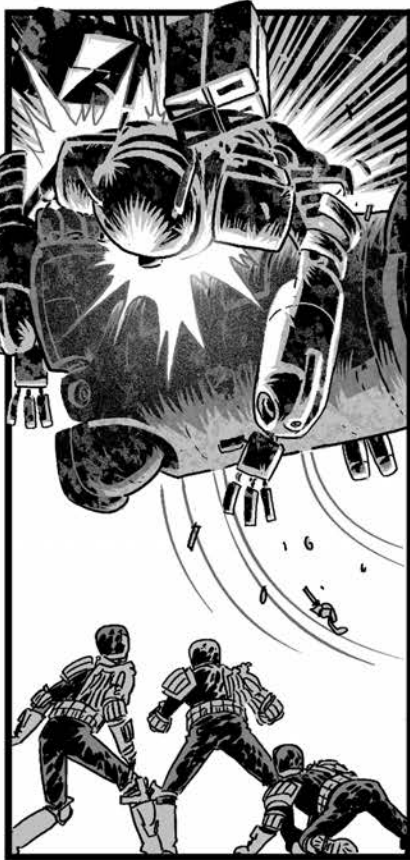
Aside from plaintive folk songs
being written and sung?



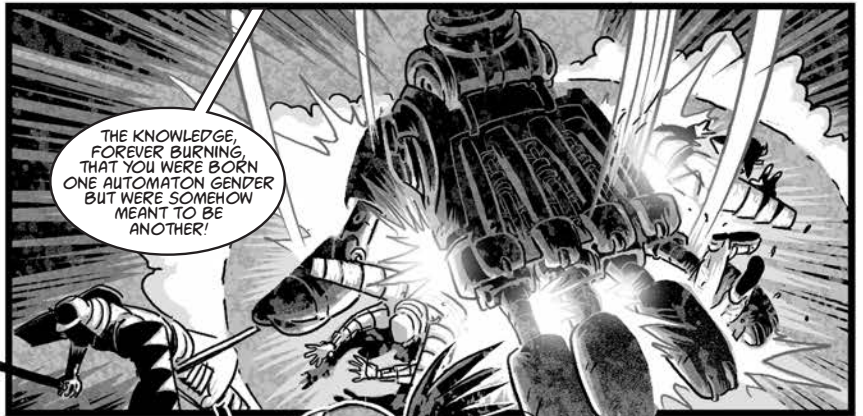
LOW LIFE'S GONE
WARZONE!

CONTROL!
WHERE ARE THOSE
H-WAGONS? WE
NEED THEM
NOW!





BEHOLD THE
EVENTUAL RELEASE
OF A LIFETIME'S WORTH
OF INNER ROBOTIC
REPRESSION AND
RAGE!



THE KNOWLEDGE,
FOREVER BURNING,
THAT YOU WERE BORN
ONE AUTOMATON GENDER
BUT WERE SOMEHOW
MEANT TO BE
ANOTHER!



THE FURIOUS,
CLAWING TORMENT
OF GIANT ROBOT NYLON
TIGHTS BEING INCREDIBLY
DIFFICULT TO COME
BY!

HMPH.



CROSS-
DRESSING
TREV!

HE IS ALL
WOMAN!

THAT'S
ONE BIG-ASS
ROBOT...

How do you know a war is over?

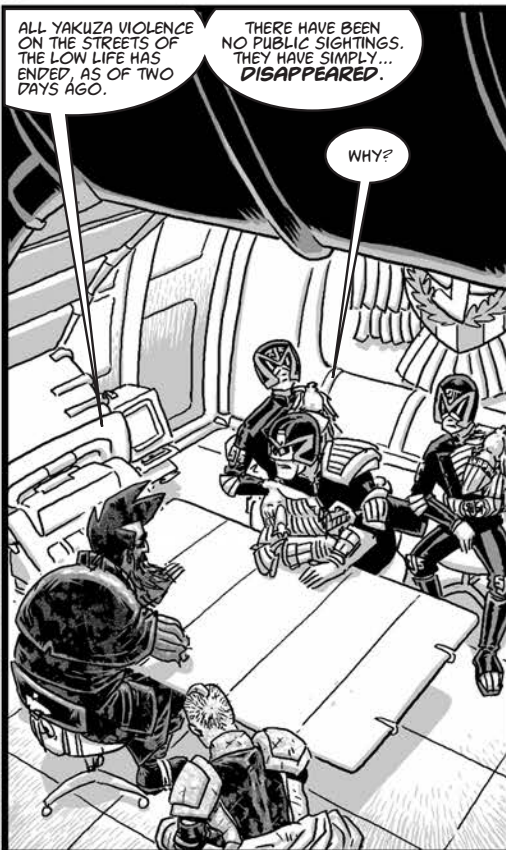
People stop shooting one another.



ALL YAKUZA VIOLENCE ON THE STREETS OF THE LOW LIFE HAS ENDED, AS OF TWO DAYS AGO.

THERE HAVE BEEN NO PUBLIC SIGHTINGS. THEY HAVE SIMPLY... **DISAPPEARED.**

WHY?



BECAUSE THEY GOT WHAT THEY CAME FOR.

THEY GOT THE LOW LIFE.



EXPLAIN.

ORGANISED CRIME IN THE LOW LIFE WAS RUN BY 'THE BIG MAN'.

THE YAKUZA HAVE BEEN FIGHTING A BATTLE AGAINST A LARGE-SCALE ORGANISATION OF CORRUPT JUDGES SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE LOW LIFE FORCE...

... ALL OF WHOM WERE WORKING UNDER THE ORDERS OF THE BIG MAN, ATTEMPTING TO DEFEND HIS INTERESTS.



WHO WAS THE BIG MAN?





'DIRTY FRANK DOES NOT KNOW.'

'BUT I THINK WE CAN ASSUME THAT THEY GOT HIM.'



JUST ANOTHER CRIME BOSS.

NO. THE BIG MAN WAS DIFFERENT. AN IDEALIST —

DEAD IDEALIST NOW.

— AND WHEN HIS ORDERS STOPPED COMING DOWN... THE WAR WAS OVER.



TWO WEEKS LATER.

DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:

After days of aggressive SJS questioning, Dirty Frank is finally released.

All Wally Squad operations in the Low Life are cancelled until a full judicial review into undercover corruption is completed.

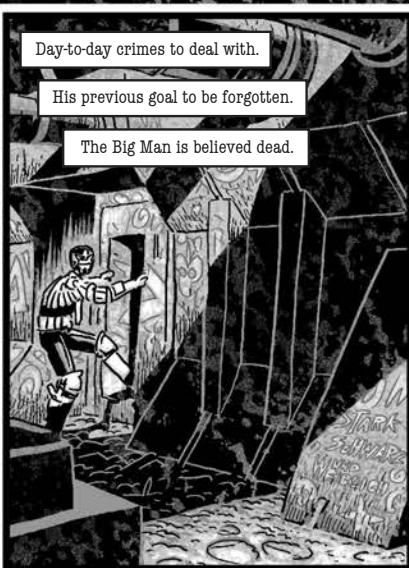


Dirty Frank returns to uniform for the foreseeable future.

Limitations and rigid definitions are his.

Neutered...

... Defeated.



Day-to-day crimes to deal with.

His previous goal to be forgotten.

The Big Man is believed dead.



Perhaps he is...

... But Thora was not the Big Man.

CORRUPT JUDGE STEWART.

HOW'S THE MEMORY COMING ALONG? HAS YOUR TIME HERE ALONE ALLOWED YOU AN EPIPHANY OF RECOLLECTIONS?



THIS...
THIS AIN'T
STRAIGHT JUDGE'S
BEHAVIOUR...

... LEFT
ME HERE TO
STARVE...

YOU'VE
TURNED DIRTY,
FRANK.

APOLOGIES. IT WAS
SOMEWHAT DIFFICULT TO
GET AWAY DUE TO DIRTY
FRANK'S ENTIRE LIFE'S
WORK BEING RIPPED
DOWN, BURYING
FRIENDS, ETC.

PERHAPS
NOW YOU'LL BE
MORE CO-OPERATIVE.
REVEAL ALL AND AN
EXTREMELY BIG
PIE SHALL BE
YOURS.

ON THE
LANDING PAD, YOU
SAID TO THORA,
'YOU'RE THE BOSS...
ALMOST.'

WHAT
DID YOU
MEAN?



THORA
WAS... GETTING
ORDERS FROM
SOMEONE...

SHE HAD
A PERSONAL
CELLPHONE.



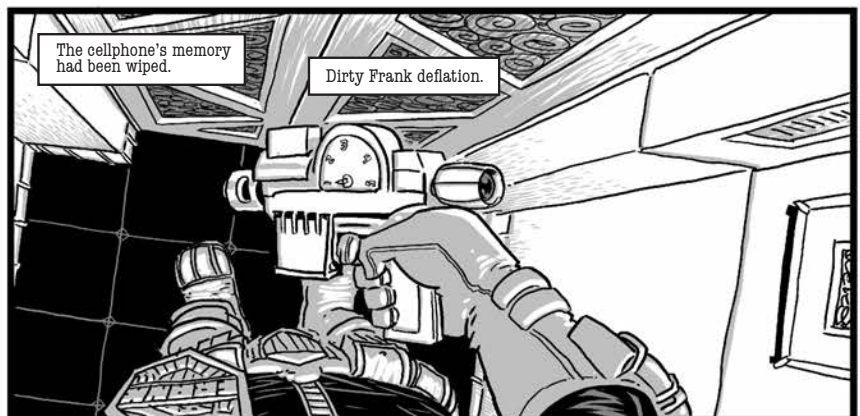
NEVER FOUND
A CELLPHONE
ON HER.

A full search of Thora's effects
followed in the Sector House.



The cellphone was, with some
difficulty, eventually found.

Dirty Frank elation!



The cellphone's memory
had been wiped.

Dirty Frank deflation.



So Dirty Frank ran the phone's cell destinations with the cellphone company.

There was only one.



A luxury penthouse apartment, rented to a Hondo company in previous months.

A Hondo company who recently vacated the premises, leaving absolutely nothing behind.

A Hondo company who paid in cash and who, upon further investigation, do not actually exist.



The cellphone company had a recording of a conversation.

One word. An instruction to warfare. To protect the Low Life.

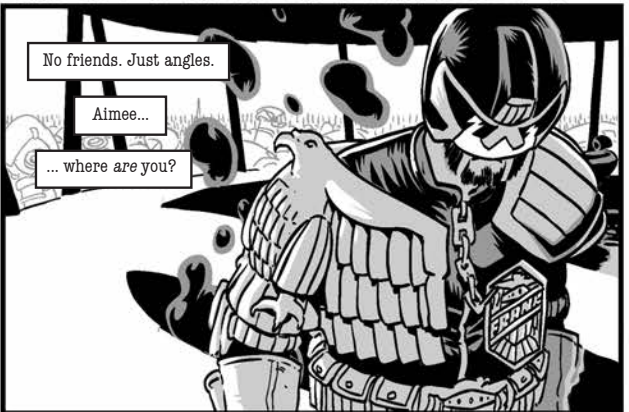
Akeldama.

Translation from Aramaic:
Field of Blood.



A field in Jerusalem, bought with the money Judas Iscariot earned by betraying Jesus.

And where he is believed to have hung himself.



No friends. Just angles.

Aimee...

... where are you?



ROB WILLIAMS

Rob Williams debuted in *2000 AD* with *Asylum* and went on to pen the immensely popular *Low Life* series along with *Breathing Space*, *Family*, *Judge Dredd* and *The Ten-Seconds*. His work outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Cla\$\$war*, *Star Wars Tales*, *Star Wars: Rebellion* and *Wolverine*.

D'SRAELI

Matt Booker, a.k.a. **D'Israeli**, is a current fan-favourite at *2000 AD*. His distinctive style has graced several strips in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, including three *Tharg's Future Shocks* (which he also scripted) *The Vort*, *Stickleback*, *Low Life*, *Judge Dredd*, and *XTNCT* which he co-created with Paul Cornell for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*.

Beyond *2000 AD*, D'Israeli co-created *Lazarus Churchyard* with renowned comic writer Warren Ellis and the critically-acclaimed *Kingdom of the Wicked* and *Scarlet Traces* with his regular collaborator, Ian Edginton.

RUFUS DAYGLO

Rufus Dayglo started his career as an animation slave-bot, but was saved by Tharg and rebuilt as an art-droid. He now works for various publishers in the UK and US. He's since worked on *Low Life*, *Metal Gear Solid*, *Judge Dredd*, a number of horror books and *Tank Girl* with Alan Martin. Dreams can come true... all hail Tharg the Mighty!

SMUDGE

Smudge's earliest memories are of life in the dark, beneath a slightly moldy desk located in a damp storeroom somewhere beneath Kings Cross railway station. Smudge is still unsure about how he came to be there. It has been suggested that he evolved from the dregs within an unwashed mug which had been left and forgotten. Either way, his emergence into the outside world found him in need of means to sustain himself physically, emotionally, and mentally. After years of perseverance and experiment he has found that 'making marks on paper' is a useful ability in this respect and enables him to 'get by' rather cheerfully (on a good day), with grumpy belligerence (on others!).

Smudge has 'made many marks on paper' in the form of Zarjaz strips for *2000 AD* including, *Judge Dredd*, *Chiaroscuro* and *Low Life*, while indulging in other 'mark making' experiments his spare time. He is also experimenting with unwashed mugs hidden in various dark, damp places, in an attempt to better understand himself and his origins. These experiments have, as yet, proved less fruitful than those of the 'mark making' kind. Still, he perseveres.....

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM 2000 AD!

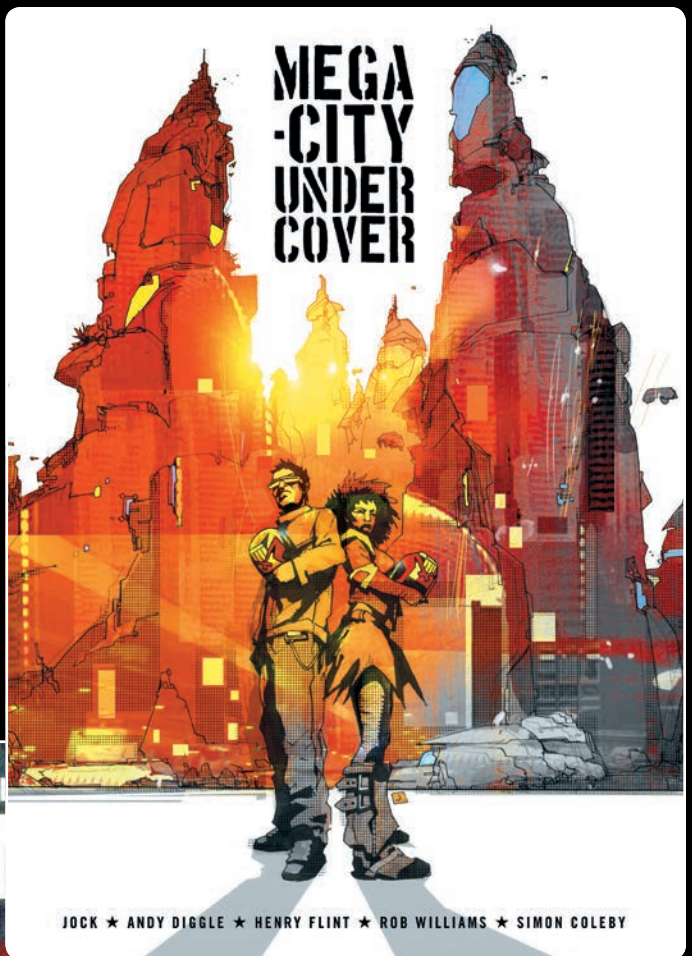
MEGA-CITY UNDER COVER 01

978-1-905437-52-8

AUTHORS: Andy Diggle & Rob Williams
ARTISTS: Jock, Henry Flint & Simon Coleby
PRICE: £12.99
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SYNOPSIS

Sometimes it takes a special kind of judge to work the mean streets of mega-city one. Meet Lenny Zero and Aimee Nixon, two under-cover Judges who work the lowest levels of the Big Meg, mixing with mob bosses and murderers alike.



INSURRECTION

978-1-907992-49-0

AUTHOR: Dan Abnett
ARTIST: Colin MacNeil
PRICE: £13.99
EXTENT: 128pp
FORMAT: Paperback

SYNOPSIS

Mega-City One mining colony K-Alpha 61 has declared independence from the 'Big Meg' and renamed itself Liberty. This act of defiance has angered the Justice Department's Special Judicial Squad and in a bid to stop further colonies from rebelling, war is inevitable...

To Order

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