

2000 A.D. REGENED 2



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2000 A.D.
REGENED





GOOP T'SEE YA, THRILLSEEKING PALS!
IT'S ME, JOKO-JARGO, WITH ANOTHER WIGGING
SELECTION OF SIZZLING
SCI-FI STORIES SET IN THE FUTURE!

AS ALWAYS, MAKE SURE YOU KEEP THIS
HAZARDOUS BOOK SAFE AND AWAY FROM ANY
NERBLORDS OR SCRAPBUCKETS - OR THE
PLASMA POWER OF THESE PAGES WILL LEAVE
THEM DUSTED AND BUSTED!

SO TOGGLE YOUR GOGGLES AND PREP
YOUR MIND FOR A MEGA EXANSION!

Joko-Jargo

MEGA-CITY ONE CADET DREDD



Mega-City One is a city so mean that only the very toughest cops - the Judges - can keep it in order. Cadet Dredd is training to be one of those Judges.

COMBAT READY PAGE 4

Script: MATT SMITH
Art: NICOLO ASSIRELLI
Colours: CHRIS BLYTHE
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BAD SEEDS PAGE 10

Script: MIKE CARROLL
Art: LUKE HORSMAN
Colours: MATT SOFFE
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

TOOTH AND CLAW PAGE 22

Script: MIKE CARROLL
Art: NICOLO ASSIRELLI
Colours: GARY CALDWELL
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

FINDER & KEEPER



Meera Hundal and Eliot Hunter are best friends who hunt ghosts with the help of Victorian ghostbusting get-up!

NUISANCE NEIGHBOURS PAGE 34

Script: JOHN REPPION
Art: DAVIDE TINTO
Colours: JIM BOSWELL
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

THE CURSE OF KREEPINDETH PAGE 44

Script: JOHN REPPION
Art: DAVIDE TINTO
Colours: JIM BOSWELL
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND



Anderson is a Judge in Mega-City One's Psi Division. She's a psychic, which means she reads minds to fight crimes!

FIRST-CLASS CITIZEN PAGE 54

Script: CAVAN SCOTT
Art: PAUL DAVIDSON
Colours: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

EARLY WARNING PAGE 64

Script: CAVAN SCOTT
Art: PAUL DAVIDSON
Colours: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

ROLL CALL



PANDORA PERFECT SHE'S PRACTICALLY POISON IN EVERY WAY!

Billionaires beware! For Pandora Perfect - futuristic criminal, terrible babysitter and all round bad 'un - is out of jail and after your jewels!

BIG DAY OUT PAGE 74

Script: ROGER LANGRIDGE
Art: BRETT PARSON
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND



Strontium 900

Johnny Alpha is a mutant teenage bounty hunter with X-Ray eyes and a flair for catching bad guys!

ACCEPTABLE LOSSES PAGE 82

Script: MIKE CARROLL
Art: NICK BROKENSHERE
Colours: JOHN CHARLES
Letters: JIM CAMPBELL



DEPARTMENT K

Department K are a bunch of butt-kicking eggheads, protecting Mega-City One - and you - from interdimensional monsters and baddies!

WELCOME TO DEPARTMENT K PAGE 94

Script: RORY MCCONVILLE
Art: P.J. HOLDEN
Colours: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: JIM CAMPBELL



VENUS BLUEGENES

Venus Bluegenes is a super-soldier travelling Nu-Earth, caught in an endless war between the Norts and the Southers.

THREAT LEVEL: ZERO PAGE 104

Script: LIAM JOHNSON
Art: ANEKE
Colours: BARBARA NOSENZO
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

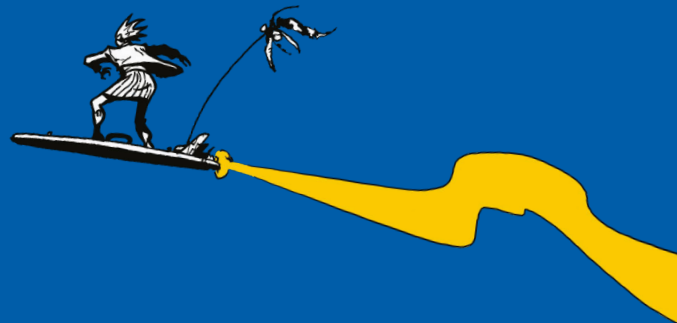


ABELARD SNAZZ

He's the smartest nerd in the galaxy! If you've got problems, old Abelard will be happy to solve them, for a price...

THE ONLY WAY IS UP PAGE 114

Script: PAUL CORNELL
Art: ANNA READMAN
Colours: PIPPA BOWLAND
Letters: JIM CAMPBELL



FUTURE SHOCKS

Future Shocks are mindbending, out of this world tales, with twists that will leave you vortexed!



THE QUEEN OF MEAN PAGE 124

Script: LAURA BAILEY
Art: ANDREA MUTTI
Colours: BARBARA NOSENZO
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BOSS LEVEL PAGE 129

Script: KARL STOCK
Art: TOM NEWELL
Colours: JOHN CHARLES
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

FOR THE MAN WHO LIVES EVERYWHEN PAGE 134

Script: KARL STOCK
Art: TOM NEWELL
Colours: JOHN CHARLES
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

CADETS DREDD AND FALKIRK - R.C.A. WILL COMMENCE IMMEDIATELY. ARE YOU READY?

AFFIRMATIVE.

ROUTINE COMBAT ASSESSMENT NOW UNDERWAY.

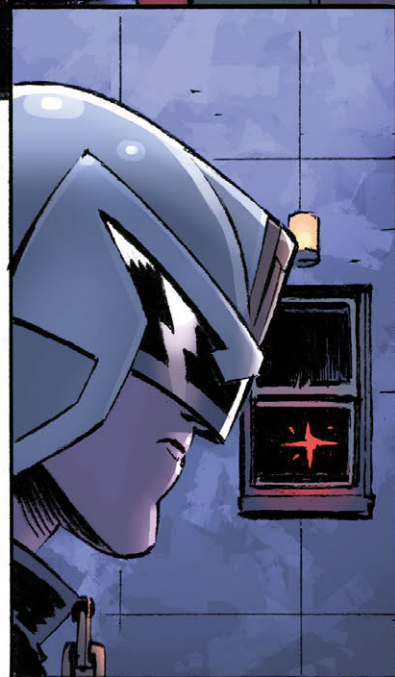
THEIR FIRST R.C.A.S.

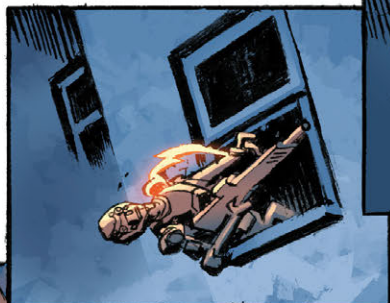
PROOF TO THEIR TUTORS THAT THEY HAD WHAT IT TOOK TO POLICE THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

CADET DREDD COMBAT READY

SCORE WELL ON THIS, AND IT WAS ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS ACHIEVING THAT FULL-EAGLE BADGE.

RICO HAD ALREADY RACKED UP A POINT NINE EIGHT-FIVE AVERAGE ON HIS FIRST GO AROUND. JOE'S INNATE COMPETITIVE STREAK URGES HIM TO DO BETTER -





ALL THE CADETS ARE AWARE THAT THIS WON'T BE THEIR LAST R.C.A. SHOULD THEY GRADUATE, THEY'LL BE REGULARLY TESTED ON THEIR COMBAT EFFECTIVENESS FOR THE REST OF THEIR CAREERS.

NO JUDGE CAN AFFORD TO GET RUSTY.



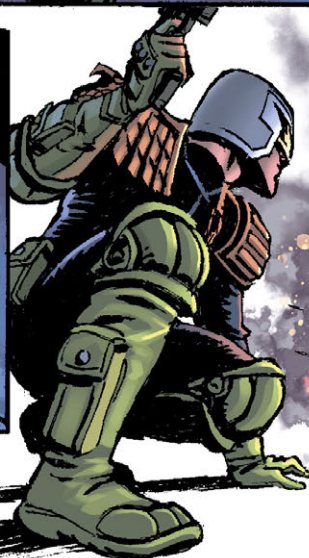
SUCH IS THE DANGEROUS NATURE OF LIFE ENFORCING THE LAW IN THE BIG MEG, IT CAN LITERALLY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SURVIVAL...

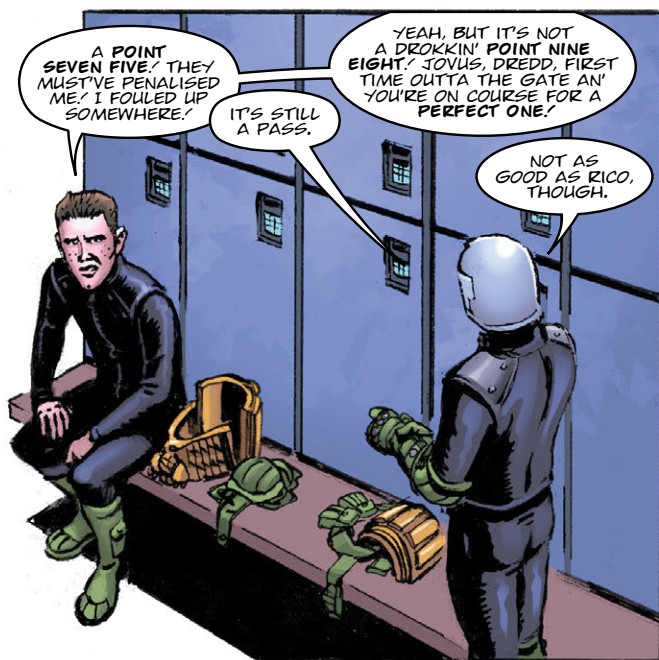
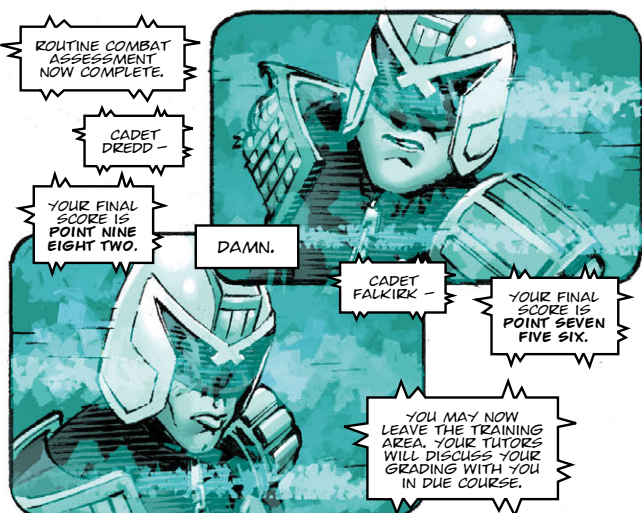
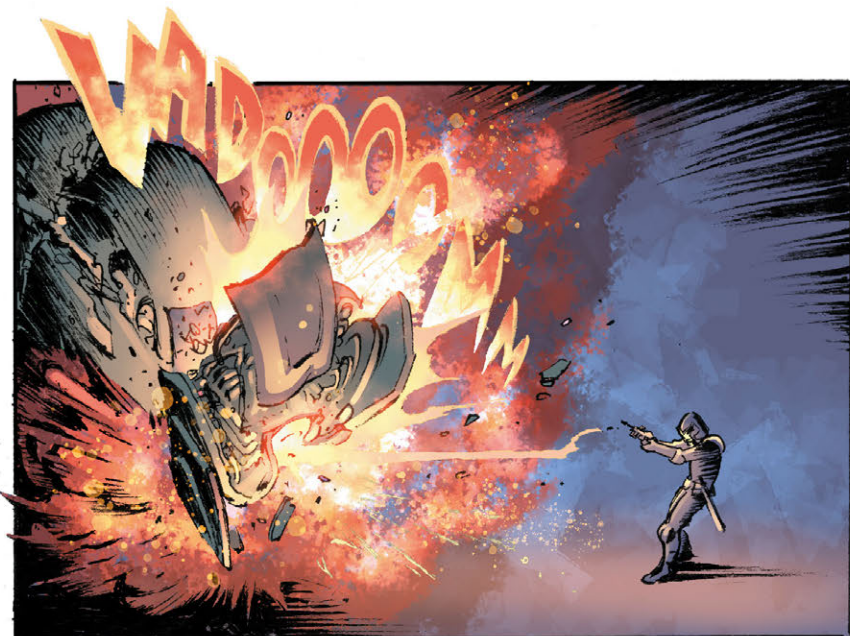


...AND A BODY BAG.

DIE, JAYBIRD!

BRANK
BRANK
BRANK





TWO DAYS LATER:

ANY UNITS, VICINITY RECLAMATION YARD, SKILTON STREET, WE HAVE A CODE NINETY-NINE RED - ASSISTANCE URGENTLY REQUIRED.

THIS IS MEECHUM WITH CADET DREDD - WE'RE WESTBOUND ON CAPALDI, WE'LL TAKE THAT C99. ETA TWO MINUTES.

JUDGE IN TROUBLE!

THAT'S A ROJ. BETTER HOOOF IT, CADET -

'- WE DON'T LEAVE ONE OF OUR OWN BEHIND.'

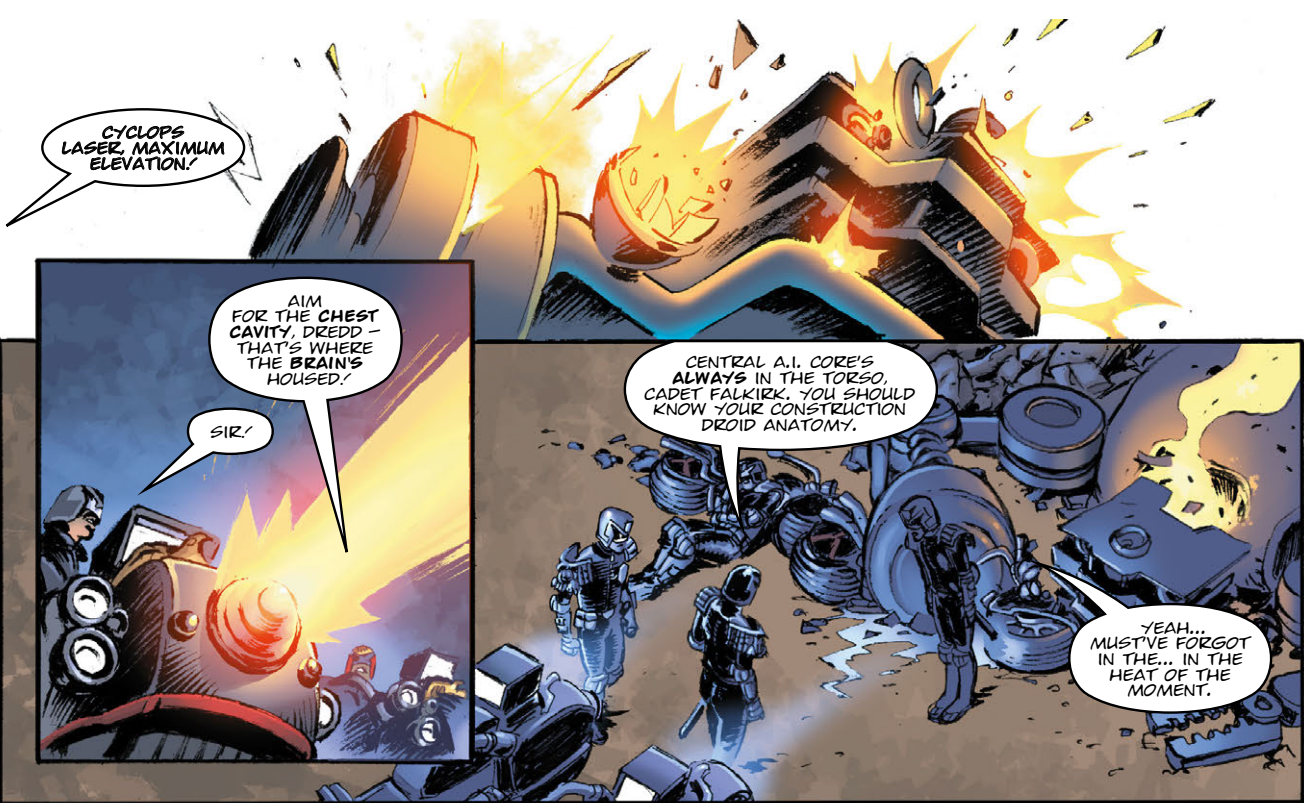
GONNA SQUASH YOU, LITTLE MEATLING!

ARMOUR PIERCING'S NOT HAVING ANY EFFECT -

UNNF!

YOU'VE ABUSED ROBOTKIND FOR THE LAST TIME, FLESHY ONE!

A REVOLUTION'S COMING -



CYCLOPS
LASER, MAXIMUM
ELEVATION!

AIM
FOR THE CHEST
CAVITY, DREDD -
THAT'S WHERE
THE BRAIN'S
HOUSED!

SIR!

CENTRAL A.I. CORE'S
ALWAYS IN THE TORSO,
CADET FALKIRK. YOU SHOULD
KNOW YOUR CONSTRUCTION
DROID ANATOMY.

YEAH...
MUST'VE FORGOT
IN THE... IN THE
HEAT OF THE
MOMENT.



WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

JUDGE
LAMBERT AND I
WERE INVESTIGATING
A SUSPICIOUS ROBOT
GATHERING. TURNED
HOSTILE AND WE... WE
HAD TO OPEN FIRE.
LAMBERT... H-HE
GOT KNOCKED
OUT.

HE'S
OKAY, SIR. MILD
CONCUSSION.

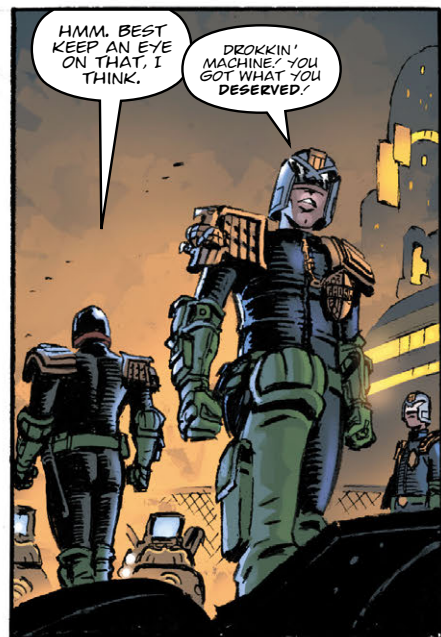


CALL IN
A MED-WAGON,
DREDD.

ALL GOOD
COMBAT EXPERIENCE,
CADET, THOUGH YOU
PROBABLY COULD'VE
HANDLED IT BETTER. I'D
RECOMMEND FURTHER
STREET SIMULATIONS
TO SEE IF YOU'RE CUT
OUT FOR DUTY.

THAT
HEAVY METAL KID
SEEMED PRETTY
BENT OUT OF SHAPE,
THOUGH. WHAT
DID HE MEAN BY A
'REVOLUTION'?

BEATS
ME, SIR.
JUST WENT
LOCO.



HMM. BEST
KEEP AN EYE
ON THAT, I
THINK.

DROKKIN'
MACHINE. YOU
GOT WHAT YOU
DESERVED!



MED-WAGON
AND CLEAN-UP CREW
TO SKILTON STREET
RECLAMATION.
CONTROL, JUDGE
DOWN, SITUATION...
IN HAND.

FULL
REPORT WILL
FOLLOW...

THE END

MEGA-CITY ONE,
10 FEBRUARY
2074 AD.

CADET DREDD BAD SEEDS

JUDGE
CHAPLIN -
YOU ASKED
FOR ME?

ZAND, WE
HAVE A HOSTAGE
SITUATION. AT LEAST
FIFTY CITS BEING
HELD BY A DOZEN
ARMED PERPS -
ALL JUVES.

THEY
CALL THEMSELVES
WASTED YOUTH. THEY'VE
ALWAYS BEEN LOW LEVEL
- ANGRY PROTESTS,
RANTING STREAMCASTS,
SOME HACKING AND
GRAFFITI. THE
USUAL.

UNTIL
AN HOUR
AGO.

WE PULLED
A HOLO FROM THE
STORE'S SECURITY
FEED BEFORE THE
PERPS LOCKED
US OUT...

YOU'RE
AN EXPLOSIVES
EXPERT, ZAND -
ANALYSIS?

HOME-MADE...
VERY BASIC
COMPONENTS APART
FROM THE SHIELDED
MECHANISM - BUT THEY
CAN BE SCAVENGED
FROM A BATTLEFIELD
WITHOUT TOO MUCH
TROUBLE.

THE
OIL-DRUM'S
CAPACITY IS ABOUT
TWO-FIFTY LITRES -
AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE
SHOPPING CART IS
STRAINING UNDER
THE WEIGHT, SO
IT'S FULL.

THAT
SUGGESTS A
DENSE PAYLOAD,
POSSIBLY
HEAVY WITH
SHRAPNEL.



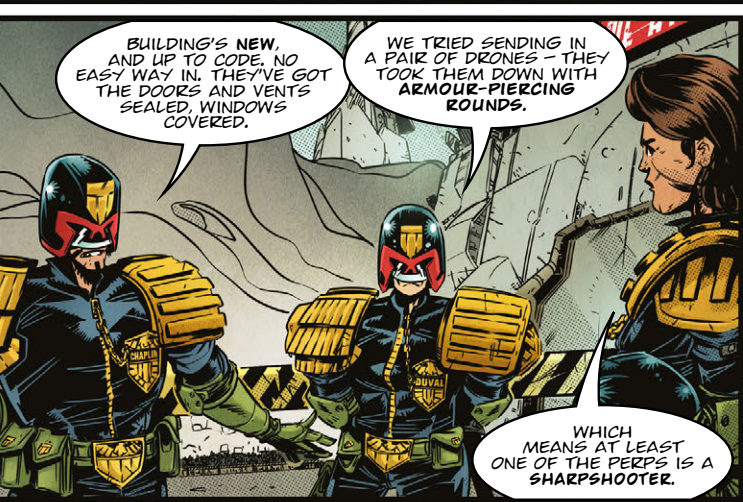
IF IT'S REAL,
WE'RE LOOKING AT
A POTENTIAL BLAST
RADIUS OF AT LEAST
SIX HUNDRED
METRES.

GOT ANY
I.D.'S ON THE
PERPS?



SO FAR,
JUST THEIR
LEADER, LORCAN
TELEY FITZBERG.
SEVENTEEN YEARS
OLD. PARENTS ARE
EX-MILITIA - DURING
THE WAR THEY
SPECIALISED IN
MUNITIONS AND
EXPLOSIVES.

RIGHT NOW
THEY'RE BOTH SERVING
A FORTY-FIVE STRETCH FOR
THE ATTEMPTED BOMBING OF
A SUB-ZOOM STATION.



BUILDING'S NEW,
AND UP TO CODE, NO
EASY WAY IN. THEY'VE GOT
THE DOORS AND VENTS
SEALED, WINDOWS
COVERED.

WE TRIED SENDING IN
A PAIR OF DRONES - THEY
TOOK THEM DOWN WITH
ARMOUR-PIERCING
ROUNDS.

WHICH
MEANS AT LEAST
ONE OF THE PERPS IS A
SHARPSHOOTER.



LOOKS LIKE
OBSERVATION DAY
IS POSTPONED. CADETS
- REPORT BACK TO
THE ACADEMY.

MA'AM,
WE CAN HELP
WITH CROWD
CONTROL,
OR -

EVERYONE
QUIET
DOWN -



'- WE'VE GOT
CONTACT.'

YO,
MEGA-CITY
ONE.'





OKAY, GOOD LINE ABOUT THE DIMPLES, RUDI - THANKS FOR THAT.

BUT ONLY THIRTY MINUTES? THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TIME TO FREE ALL THOSE PRISONERS?

SURE IT IS. THE ISO-BLOCKS ARE MOSTLY ALL AUTOMATED, RIGHT?



WE SHOULD STUCK WITH THE ORIGINAL PLAN. Y'KNOW? GET MY FOLKS RELEASED.

NO, I EXPLAINED THAT. WE GET ALL THE JUVES OUT FIRST. THEY'LL BE SO GRATEFUL THEY'LL SIGN UP FOR THE CAUSE.

THEN THERE'LL BE THOUSANDS OF US - ISN'T THAT THE DREAM?



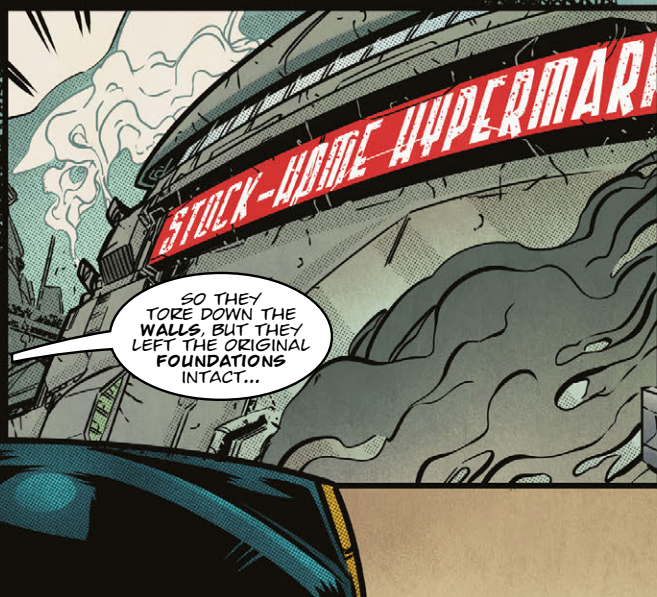
'TO MAKE SOME REAL CHANGES IN THIS CITY WE NEED REAL POWER.'

DUVAL, I WANT EVERY FRAME OF THAT HOLO ANALYSED DOWN TO THE MICROPIXEL - GET ME I.D.S ON THE REST OF THOSE PERPS!

YOU'VE GOT THAT LOOK AGAIN, JOE. WHAT'RE YOU THINKING?

THIS IS COLDRUN PLAZA... NAMED AFTER THE COLDRUN BUILDING THAT WAS DAMAGED DURING THE WAR.

I REMEMBER. WE HAD TO CLEAR OUT THE VAGRANTS BEFORE IT WAS DEMOLISHED. SO?

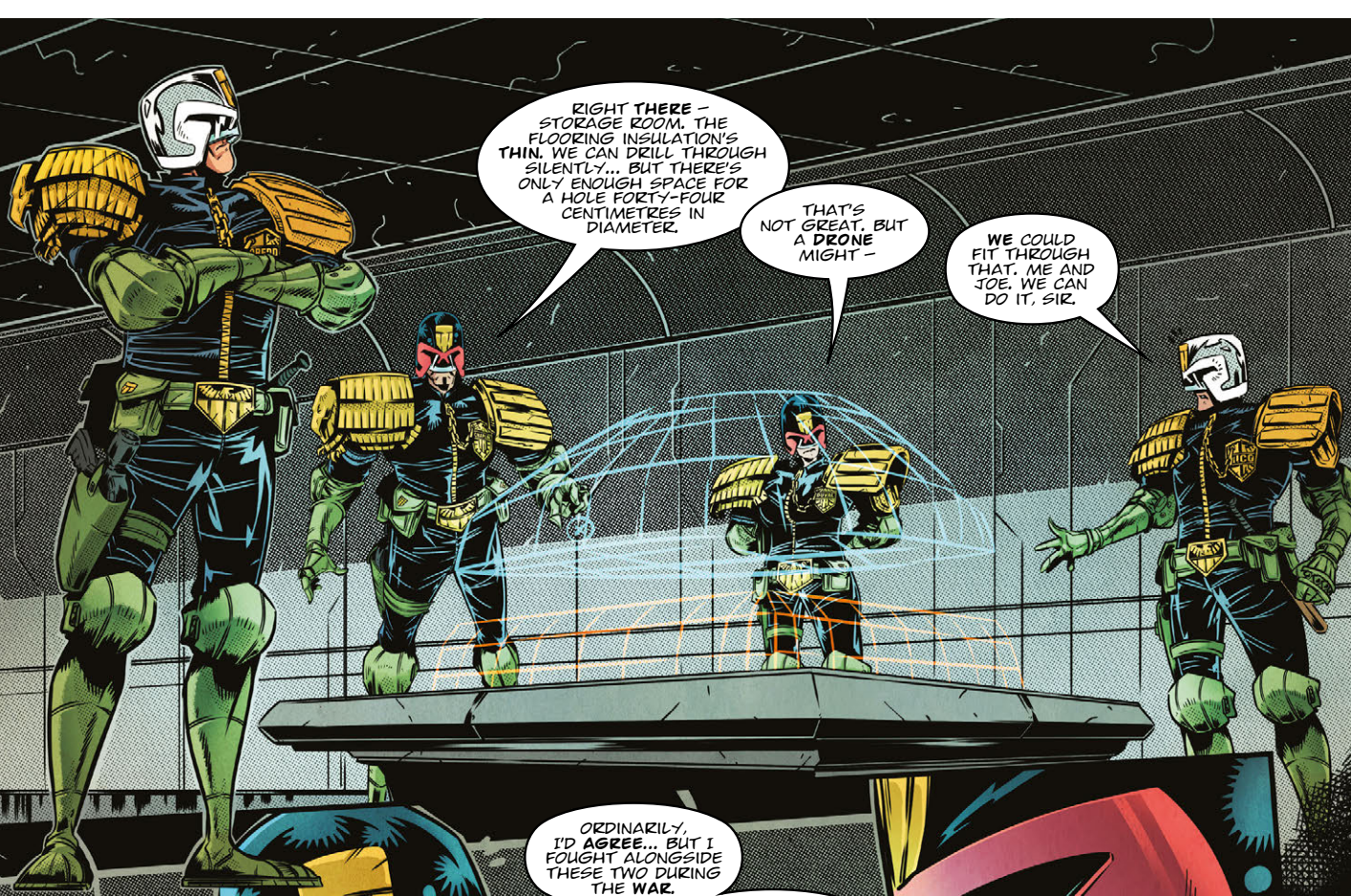


SO THEY TORE DOWN THE WALLS, BUT THEY LEFT THE ORIGINAL FOUNDATIONS INTACT...



...AND BUILT THE PLAZA ON TOP OF THEM...

THE CADET'S RIGHT - SEWER ACCESS WILL GET US THROUGH TO THE FOUNDATIONS, AND THEN WE CAN DRILL UP.



RIGHT THERE - STORAGE ROOM. THE FLOORING INSULATION'S THIN. WE CAN DRILL THROUGH SILENTLY... BUT THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH SPACE FOR A HOLE FORTY-FOUR CENTIMETRES IN DIAMETER.

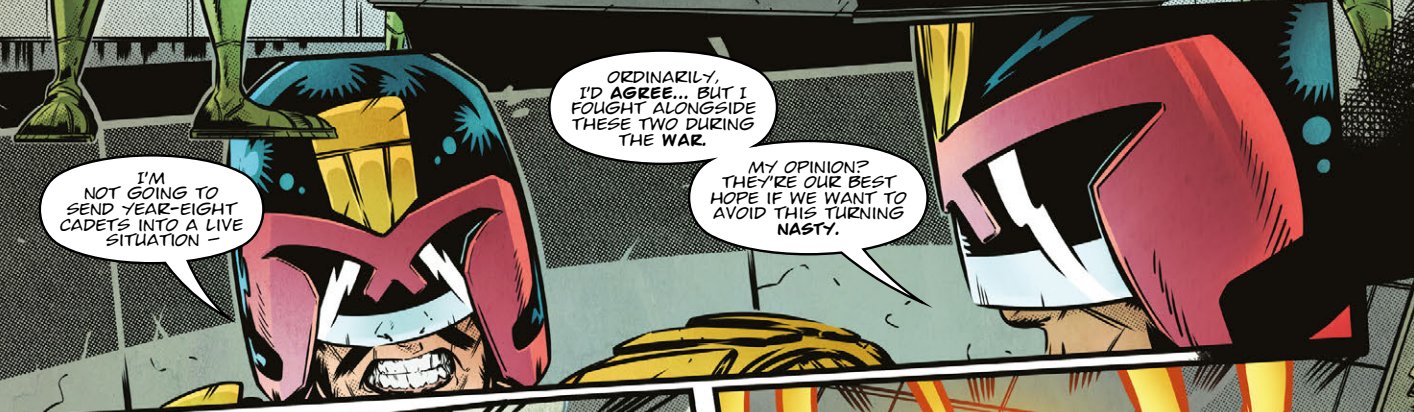
THAT'S NOT GREAT. BUT A DRONE MIGHT -

WE COULD FIT THROUGH THAT. ME AND JOE. WE CAN DO IT, SIR.

I'M NOT GOING TO SEND YEAR-EIGHT CADETS INTO A LIVE SITUATION -

ORDINARILY, I'D AGREE... BUT I FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THESE TWO DURING THE WAR.

MY OPINION? THEY'RE OUR BEST HOPE IF WE WANT TO AVOID THIS TURNING NASTY.



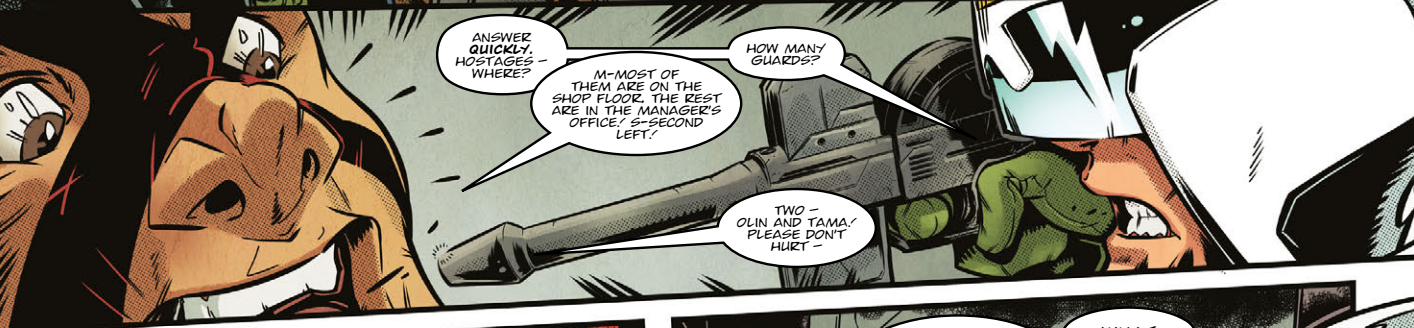
I'M THROUGH - PASS ME THE LAS-CUTTER!

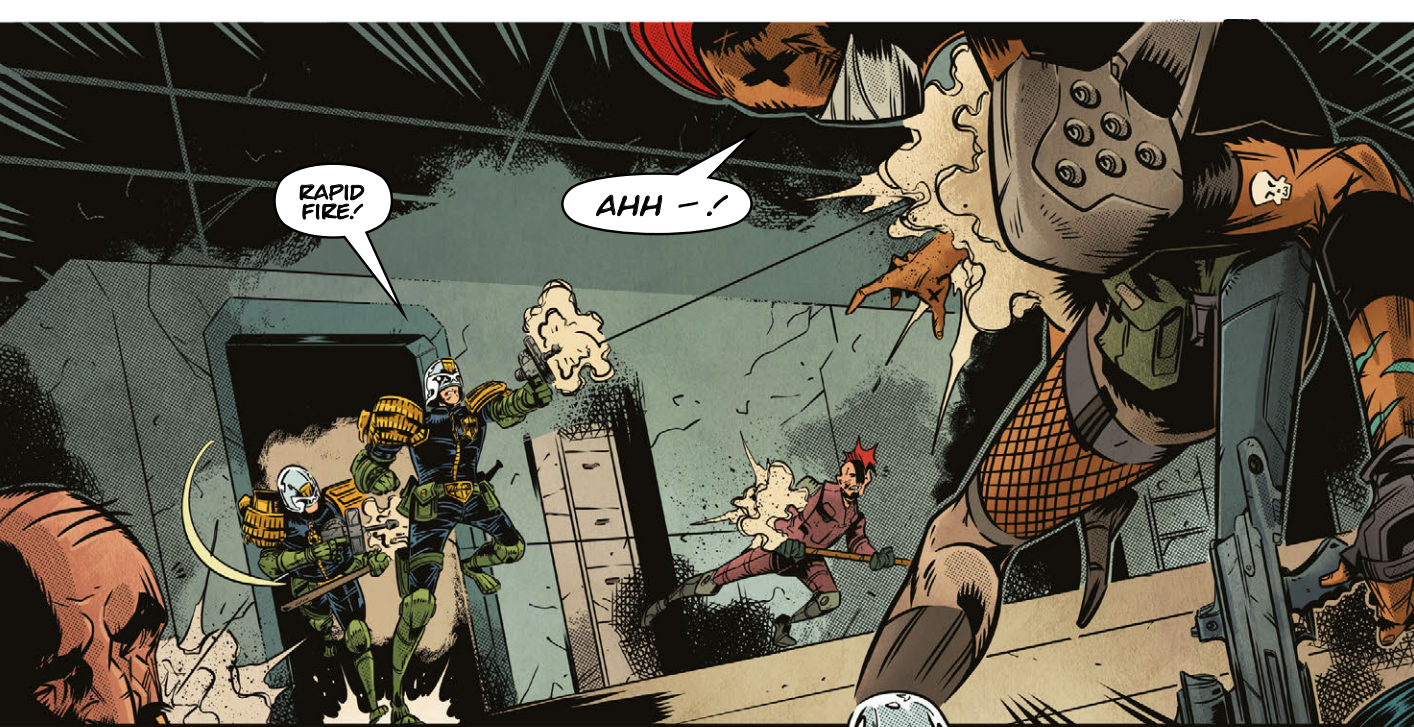
WHNN... I SHOULD'A SKIPPED BREAKFAST...



GET MOVING - AND REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING. THE SAFETY OF THE HOSTAGES IS YOUR TOP PRIORITY, SO STUN SHOTS ONLY.

UNDERSTOOD.







"-AND LOTS MORE COMING!"

CONTROL.
I NEED THAT
BACK-UP
NOW."

STUCK-BOMB-UPPER



OH MAN...
MOM ALWAYS
WARNED ME THAT
THE JAYS NEVER
SUBMIT TO
TERRORISTS'
DEMANDS."

THAT'S
WHAT THEY'RE
GONNA CALL US,
YOU KNOW?
TERRORISTS."

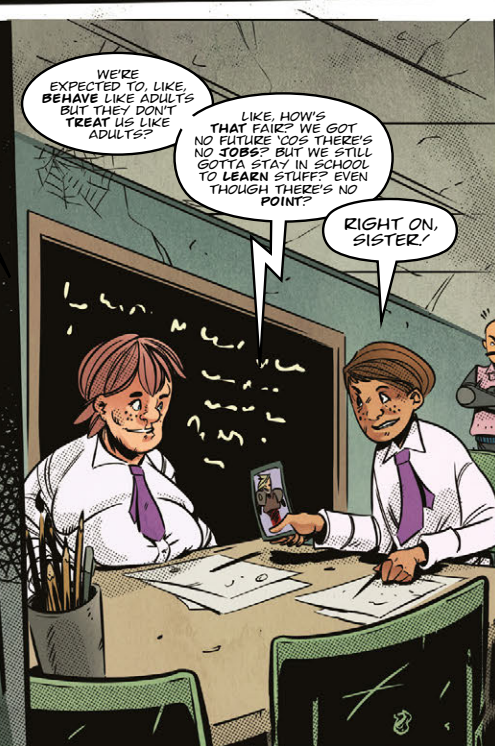


THEN
WE HAFTE SHOW
THEM WE'RE NOT -
I'M BROADCASTING
AGAIN."



YOU'RE NOT
A TERRORIST, ARE
YOU, JEN? TELL
THE WORLD YOUR
STORY."

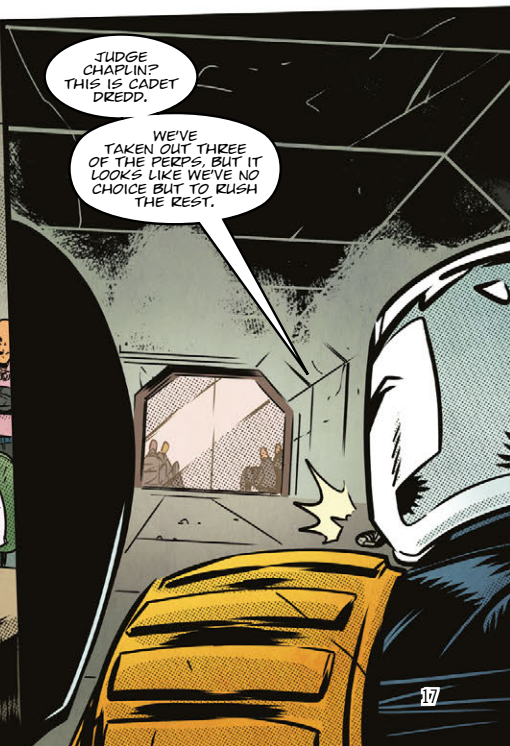
I UH...
I'M JUST KINDA
FURIOUS ALLA
THE TIME YOU
KNOW?"



WE'RE
EXPECTED TO, LIKE,
BEHAVE LIKE ADULTS
BUT THEY DON'T
TREAT US LIKE
ADULTS?"

LIKE, HOW'S
THAT FAIR? WE GOT
NO FUTURE 'COS THERE'S
NO JOBS? BUT WE STILL
GOTTA STAY IN SCHOOL
TO LEARN STUFF? EVEN
THOUGH THERE'S NO
POINT?"

RIGHT ON,
SISTER."



JUDGE
CHAPLIN?
THIS IS CADET
DREDD."

WE'VE
TAKEN OUT THREE
OF THE PERPS, BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE NO
CHOICE BUT TO RUSH
THE REST."



ACKNOWLEDGED,
DREDD. STAND BY.

ZAND?



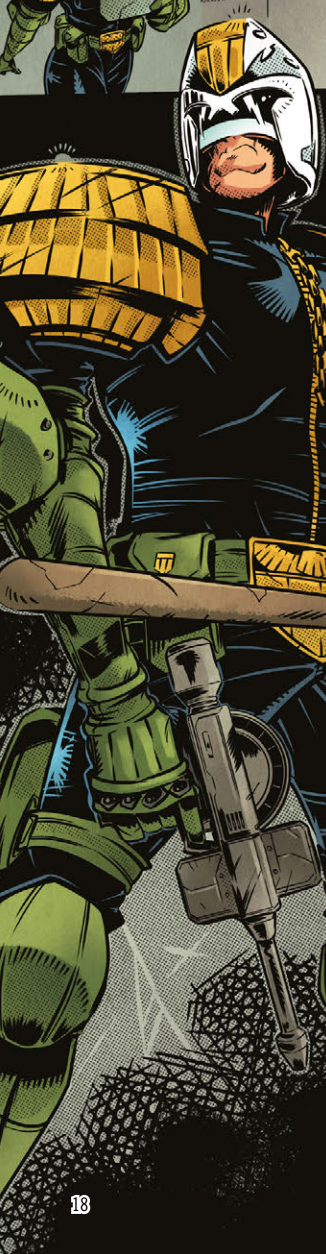
ALL THE
INDICATORS ARE
THAT THE DEVICE DOESN'T
HAVE A DEAD-SWITCH -
IT NEEDS TO BE
PRIMED BEFORE IT'S
TRIGGERED.



HOW
LONG WOULD
THAT GIVE
THEM?

NO WAY
TO KNOW - IT
MIGHT ONLY BE
SECONDS.

THEY
REALLY AS
GOOD AS YOU
SAY THEY
ARE?



'SIR... JOE AND
RICO DREDD
ARE THE BEST.'



CADETS,
YOU HAVE A
GREEN LIGHT.
TAKE THEM
DOWN.



CHAPLIN, THE
MEDIA STATS SHOW
THAT WASTED YOUTH
ARE TRENDING HIGHER
THAN ANYTHING
WE'VE SEEN IN
WEEKS...



'CLOSE TO FORTY-SEVEN
MILLION VIEWERS IN THE
CRUCIAL THIRTEEN-TO-
EIGHTEEN AGE BRACKET...'



'I FIGURE WE CAN PUSH IT A LITTLE FURTHER BEFORE WE...

'SIR?'

DAMMIT - !



OH SWEET GRUD...

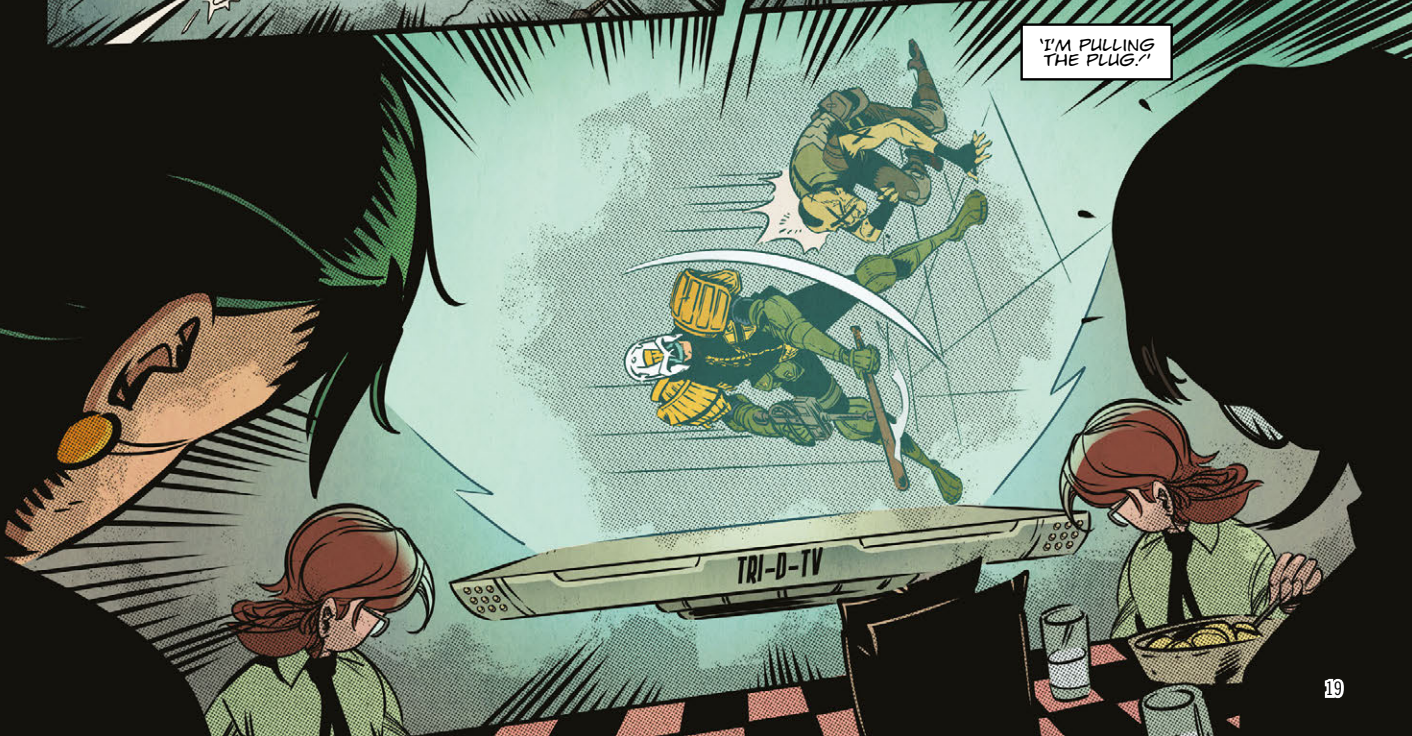
SIR, THE SITE IS UNDER ATTACK BY ACADEMY CADETS.'



'HOW DID THEY EVEN GET INSIDE?



'THEY'RE GONNA RUIN EVERYTHING!'



'I'M PULLING THE PLUG.'





YES, MA'AM, FINGER SLIPPED.

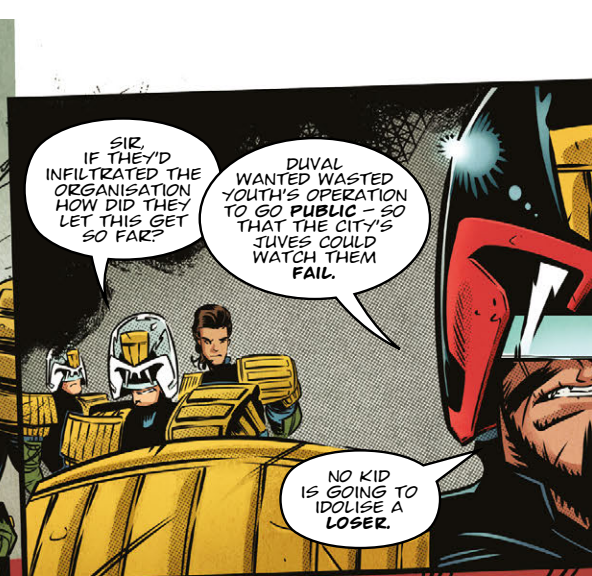
INDEED.

LORCAN FITZBERG IS CLAIMING THAT RUDI AND GARRET WERE BEHIND EVERYTHING, NUDGING HIS PLANS, FORCING HIM TO GO DOWN THIS PATH.

DUVAL WILL BE REPRIMANDED FOR FAILING TO INFORM ME THAT WALLY SQUAD WERE INVOLVED.

JUST A REPRIMAND? INNOCENT CITIZENS COULD HAVE BEEN HURT--

WE'RE DONE HERE, RETURN YOUR CADETS TO THE ACADEMY, ZAND.



SIR, IF THEY'D INFILTRATED THE ORGANISATION HOW DID THEY LET THIS GET SO FAR?

DUVAL WANTED WASTED YOUTH'S OPERATION TO GO PUBLIC - SO THAT THE CITY'S JUVES COULD WATCH THEM FAIL.

NO KID IS GOING TO IDOLISE A LOSER.

THIS DOESN'T SIT RIGHT WITH ME, MA'AM. SURELY MADDISON'S AN ACCESSORY?

SITUATIONS LIKE THIS, WE WRITE THE LAW.

WE START FRESH AT 0600 HOURS TOMORROW. CADETS, BE READY.



IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU, JOE... THERE'S THE LAW, AND THERE'S JUSTICE. THEY'RE NOT ALWAYS THE SAME THING.

MAYBE NOT, BUT THEY SHOULD BE...

...AND WHEN I EARN MY FULL-EAGLE BADGE, THEY WILL BE.

THE END

Mission report:
Cadet Roxanne Vella,
Wednesday, June 13, 2077.

The advanced training session in Mega-City
Two went well, but the trip home wasn't
so smooth. First we had to divert around
a huge rad-storm. And then...

JUDGE DREDD

TOOTH AND CLAW



WELL, THIS
THING'S NOT GONNA
FLY AGAIN - BUT AT
LEAST IT WON'T
EXPLODE.

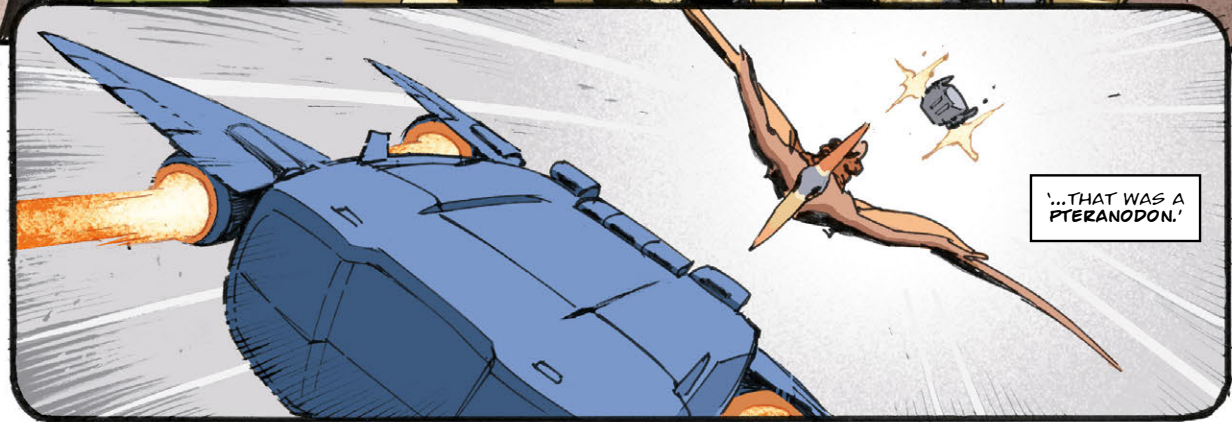
STILL, I'VE
NEVER SEEN
A DINOSAUR
BEFORE.

MOVE IT,
CADETS! THE SOONER
YOU FIND THAT FARM, THE
SOONER WE CAN EXPECT
RESCUE.

Luckily no one
died in the
crash, but Rico
Dredd, his
brother Joe and
I were the only
ones with minor
injuries.

Judge Zand gave us the
usual warnings: don't
take risks, conserve
food, water and ammo.

THAT
WASN'T A
DINOSAUR.
RICO...



'...THAT WAS A
PTERANODON.'

I tried explaining to Rico that pteranodons are pterosaurs, not actually dinosaurs, but he was only able to focus on one thing...

I JUST WANT TO FIND WHOEVER SHOT US DOWN.

THAT'S NOT OUR MISSION, RICO. OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS TO GET HELP FOR THE OTHERS.

I was with Joe on that one.

Between the intense weather, the radiation and the mutants, the Cursed Earth is not the sort of place you want to linger.

Anything able to survive out there would be tough enough to give us trouble.

We'd been walking for over four hours when Joe suddenly stopped us.

HOLD IT... THAT SMELL... ANIMALS. BIG ANIMALS.

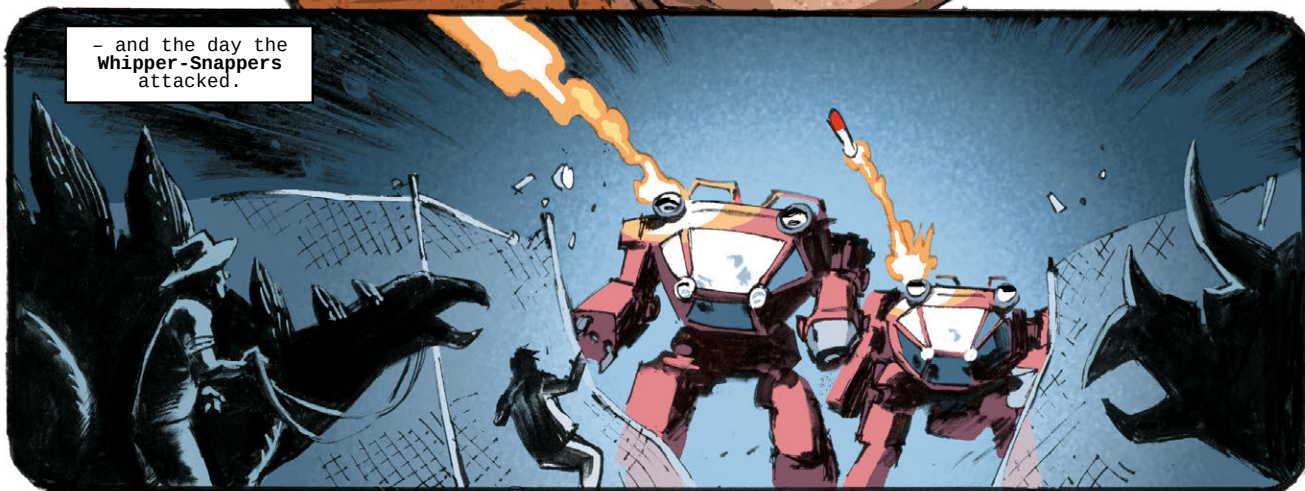
WANT YOU FOLKS TO KNOW IT WAS THE WHIPPER-SNAPPERS' MACHINE WHAT ATTACKED YOU...

...BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA BLAME ME, I CAN LET GO A' THIS ARROW AN' RESOLVE OUR DISPUTE REAL QUICK.



Pteranodons stink like meat that's been fermenting in a sewer, but I was too busy worrying about falling to really notice the smell.

Shouting over the wind, Muriel told us about her family's farm -





The Mechs are leftovers from the war - they'd been decommissioned, but a man calling himself **General Buffalo Bilge** had got them working again.



THE GENERAL'S TAKIN' OVER EVERYTHIN', MAKIN' US FOLKS SLAVES ON OUR OWN FARMS.

HOW MANY IN HIS ARMY?

SEVEN, I THINK.



SEVEN? IS THAT ALL?

SEVEN PEOPLE DRIVIN' THEIR GIANT ROBOTS - AND CONTROLLIN' LOTS OF OTHERS. IT'S MORE'N ENOUGH TO GIVE THE RESISTANCE A LOT OF TROUBLE.

THAT'S THE FARM LANDS - ALL THE FOLK'RE DEAD OR SLAVED OR FLED.

Most of the region is poisoned, irradiated, but the valley was fertile in comparison.

They grew beetatoes and asparagrapes, and last year they even managed to harvest a fresh batch of muncce.



YOU WERE RIGHT, CELESTE - THAT WAS A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT H-WAGON.





I HATE JUDGES, BABY JUDGES ESPECIALLY. FOUGHT THEM DURING THE WAR. I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THAT, CELESTE?

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO, GENERAL. I WAS RIGHT THERE WITH YOU WHEN -



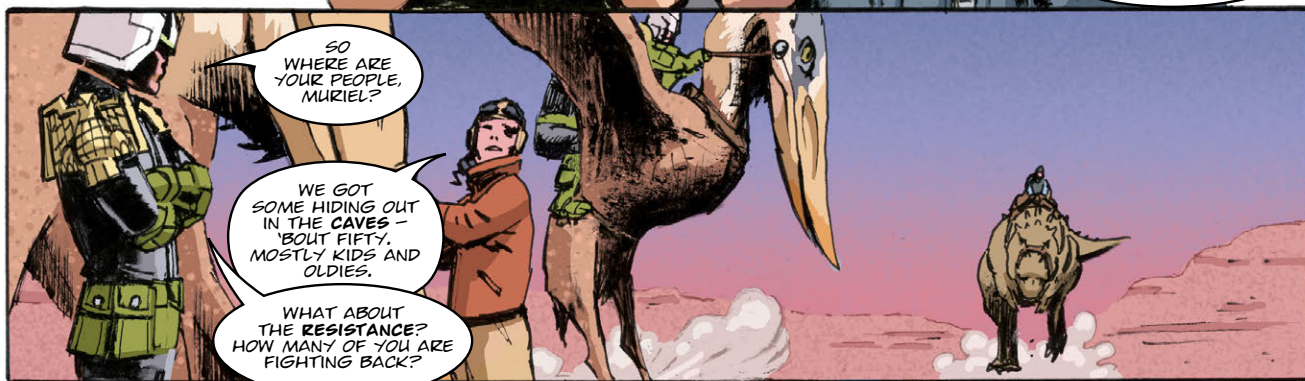
VICIOUS LITTLE SAVAGES, THE CADETS. A SQUAD OF THEM TOOK DOWN MY WHOLE PLATOON - COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN TEN YEARS OLD.

YES, SIR, I WAS THERE.

GENERAL, IF THEY CAN GET WORD BACK TO THE MEGA-CITIES -



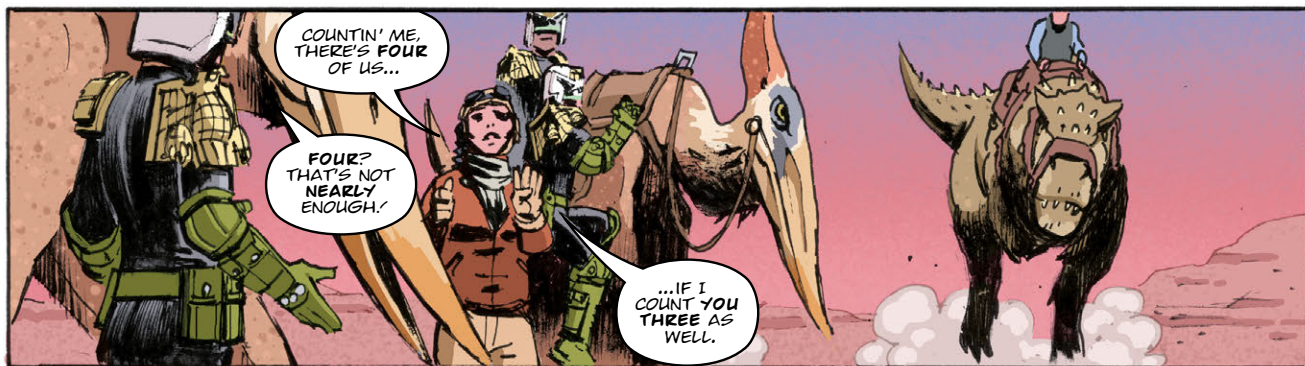
THEY WON'T, CORPORAL. I'VE GOT A PLAN - YOU AND YOUR MECHS WILL KILL THEM ALL. THE END.



SO WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE, MURIEL?

WE GOT SOME HIDING OUT IN THE CAVES - 'BOUT FIFTY, MOSTLY KIDS AND OLDIES.

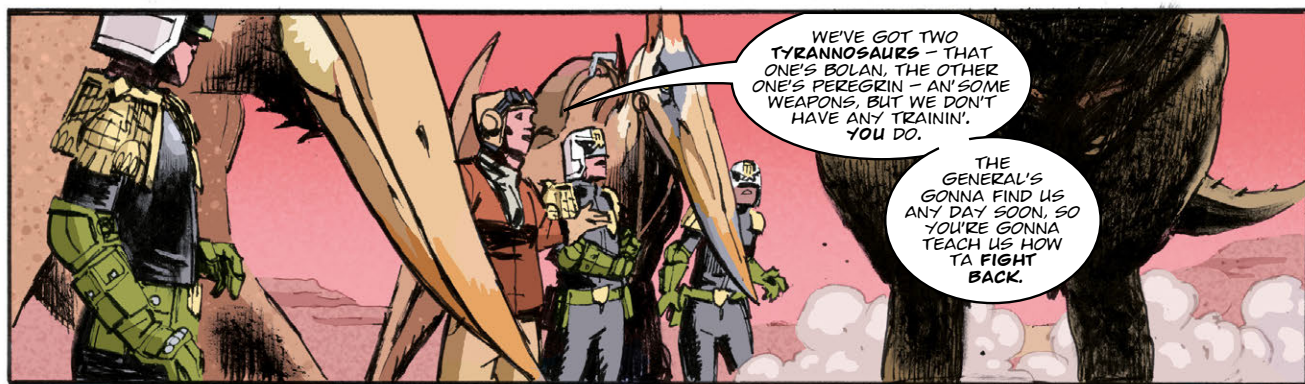
WHAT ABOUT THE RESISTANCE? HOW MANY OF YOU ARE FIGHTING BACK?



COUNTIN' ME, THERE'S FOUR OF US...

FOUR? THAT'S NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.

...IF I COUNT YOU THREE AS WELL.



WE'VE GOT TWO TYRANNOSAURS - THAT ONE'S BOLAN, THE OTHER ONE'S PEREGRIN - AN' SOME WEAPONS, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY TRAININ'. YOU DO.

THE GENERAL'S GONNA FIND US ANY DAY SOON, SO YOU'RE GONNA TEACH US HOW TA FIGHT BACK.



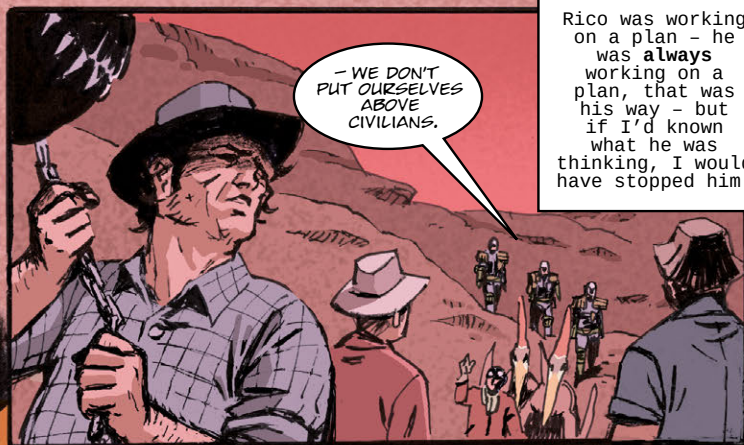
YOU KNOW WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS JOE.

THESE PEOPLE NEED US.



SO DO OUR FELLOW BADGES. OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO HELP THEM.

I DISAGREE. OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT -



- WE DON'T PUT OURSELVES ABOVE CIVILIANS.

Rico was working on a plan - he was always working on a plan, that was his way - but if I'd known what he was thinking, I would have stopped him.

Muriel's father, Aldo, was clearly desperate. He even tried to bargain with us...

WE DO HAVE A RADIO THAT CAN CONTACT THE MEG - BACK AT THE FARM.



IF YOU HELP US... THEN WHEN THIS IS OVER, YOU CAN TAKE MURIEL BACK TO THE CITY. SHE'D MAKE A FINE JUDGE. SHE'S SMART, FAST, BRAVE. SHE'S GOT A STRONG SENSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.



DAD, PLEASE!



MURIEL IS TOO OLD FOR THE ACADEMY, MISTER BRECK. CADETS JOIN WHEN THEY'RE FIVE.

PLUS SHE'S A MUTIE.

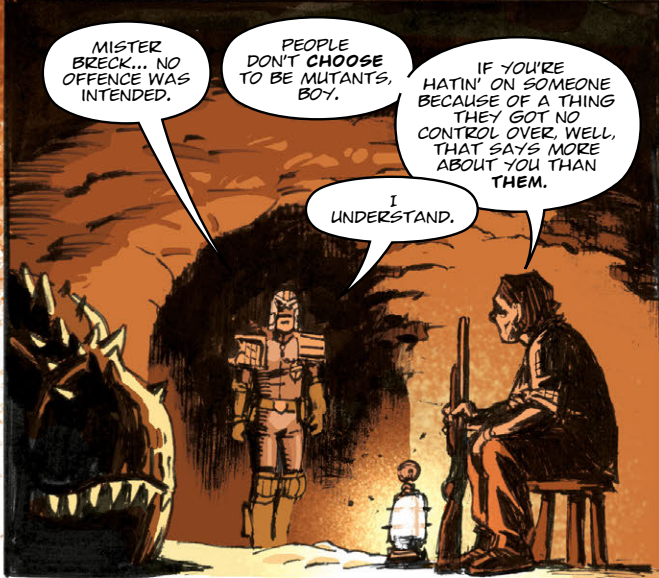


...WHAT? I'M JUST SAYING. MUTANTS AREN'T ALLOWED IN THE CITY.

Muriel's people didn't want to talk to Rico after that.



That suited him - he wanted them to shun him. That way, he could go where he liked.



MISTER BRECK... NO OFFENCE WAS INTENDED.

PEOPLE DON'T CHOOSE TO BE MUTANTS, BOY.

IF YOU'RE HATIN' ON SOMEONE BECAUSE OF A THING THEY GOT NO CONTROL OVER, WELL, THAT SAYS MORE ABOUT YOU THAN THEM.

I UNDERSTAND.



SO THESE TYRANNOSAURS... MURIEL SAID THEY'RE FROM YOUR FARM. THAT THEY KNOW THE WAY HOME?

THAT'S RIGHT. WE USE THEM TO PATROL THE PERIMETER.

AND GENERAL BILGE HAS TAKEN OVER THE FARM, RIGHT?



WAKE UP, JOE!

HE'S GONE - YER BROTHER IS GONE!



HE WAITED UNTIL I WAS SLEEPY... THEN HE HIT ME OVER THE HEAD, AN' TOOK BOLAN!

Later, Rico said that he didn't inform me and Joe because he didn't want to put us in danger -

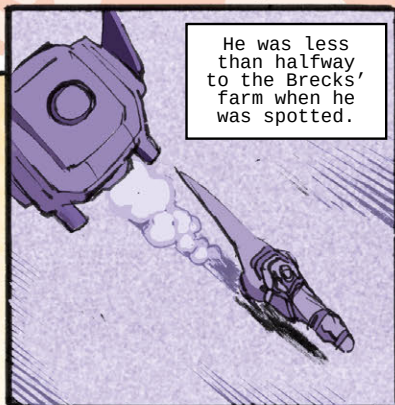


- but the truth is that he didn't want us to stop him.



When the geneticists first recreated the dinosaurs they proved that the Tyrannosaurs were smarter than most people believed...

All Rico had to do was say, 'Home, girl!' and she was off.



He was less than halfway to the Brecks' farm when he was spotted.

I accept some responsibility - I should have realised what he was going to do.



JOE WON'T SEE IT THIS WAY, BUT... VELLA, THIS ISN'T OUR FIGHT.

MURIEL SAID THAT BILGE'S PEOPLE ARE SCAVENGERS - IF THEY CAN RESTORE THE OLD WAR-MECHS, THEY'LL CERTAINLY HAVE RADIOS.

WE CONTACT THE MEG, WE CAN GET REINFORCEMENTS HERE WITHIN A FEW HOURS.

IF WE STAY AND FIGHT... WE'LL PROBABLY DIE, AND SO WILL ZAND AND THE OTHERS.

NO. THE WHIPPER-SNAPPERS ARE SLAVERS - THE LOWEST OF THE LOW. WE DO NOT MAKE DEALS WITH THEM.

Rico just shrugged at that, and told me I was probably right.

I was right - but I was stupid, too. I missed the significance of Rico talking to me without Joe around.

THERE! THEY... OH GRUD -

'- THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE CAVES!

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE HOW DUMB THEY'RE BREEDIN' BABY JUDGES THESE DAYS!

YOU COME RIDIN' INTO MY CAMP LOOKIN' TO DO A DEAL? SO, SO STUPID!

I'D NEED TO BE AS IDIOTIC AS YOU ARE TO TRY TO NEGOTIATE WITH THE JAYS!

AT LEAST THE FARMERS KNOW ENOUGH TO KEEP THEIR PATROLS TO THE SHADOWS, KID.

I SEE HIM, JOE - IN THAT TRUCK!

'THEY'VE GOT OBEDIENCE COLLARS ON OUR DINOS. IF WE CAN DISABLE THEIR CONTROL BOX...'

YOU THINK YOU CAN HIT IT FROM THIS DISTANCE?

NOT WHAT I'M AIMING FOR.



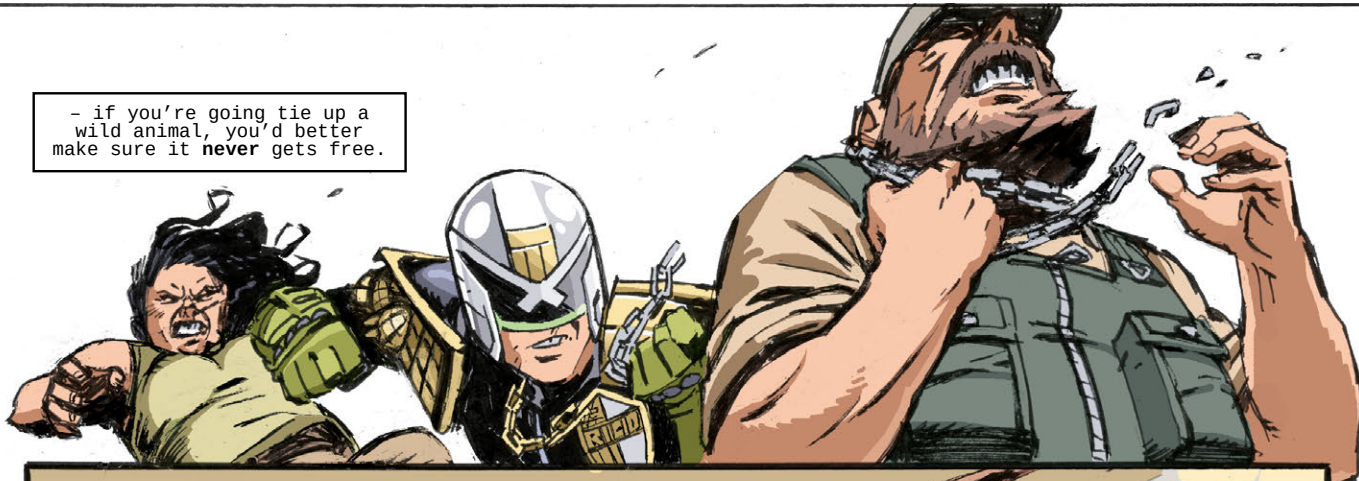
"- THEY'LL
DEACTIVATE!"

It was
carnage.

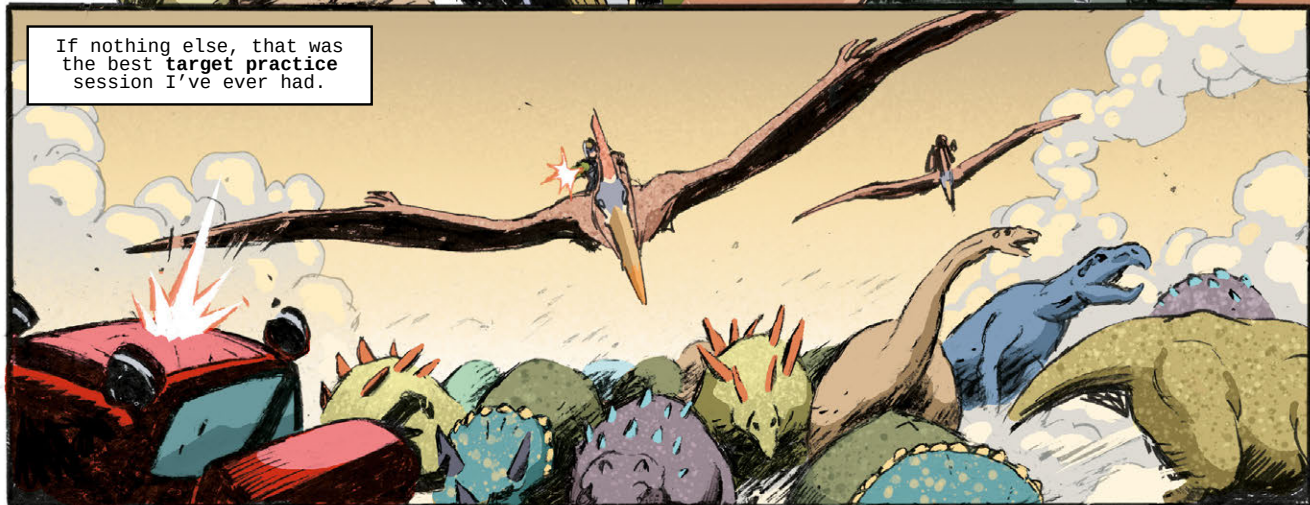
Most of the beasts are
herbivores... but Bilge
believed that meant that they
were meek. A big mistake -



- if you're going tie up a wild animal, you'd better make sure it **never** gets free.



If nothing else, that was the best **target practice** session I've ever had.



RICO - JUMP!

BLASTED JUDGES RUIN EVERYTHING!



GET BACK HERE, I'M GONNA FEED YOUR STINKIN' CORPSE TO -

I'd like to say that Bilge had a last-minute escape, and that we caught him and he's safely locked away.



OH DEAR.

But a cadet should never lie on a report.

When the chaos had settled, Joe found a radio powerful enough to make contact with a way-station in Nebraska.

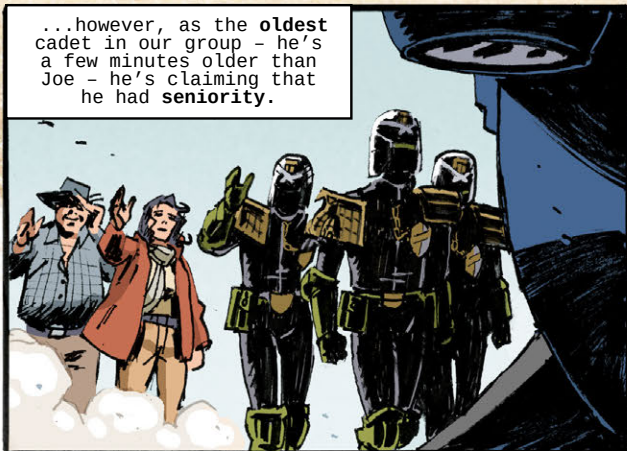
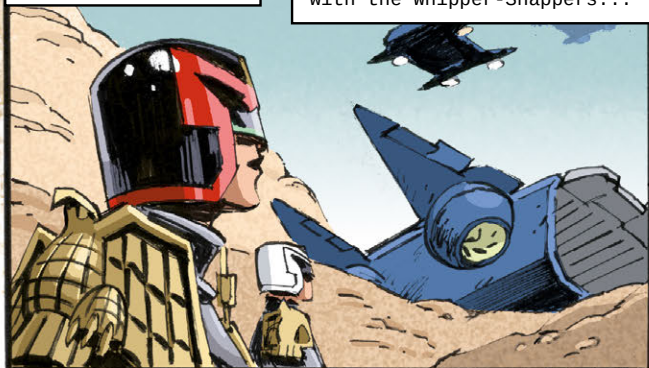
SEARCH PARTY WAS ALREADY OUT LOOKING FOR US. THEY'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR.



Judge Zand told me that there would be an investigation.

In particular, they'd be looking at Rico's decision to attempt to make a deal with the Whipper-Snappers...

...however, as the oldest cadet in our group - he's a few minutes older than Joe - he's claiming that he had seniority.



Bilge's people were arrested, Muriel's family and all the others got their farms back - and the Judges helped them round up most of their dinos.



SO IN THE END, I GUESS, EVERYTHING WORKED OUT FOR THE BEST.

YOU GUESS? CADET, I'LL REMIND YOU THAT WE DEAL WITH FACTS, NOT GUESSES.

IF RICO DREDD WASN'T A FELLOW CADET, HOW WOULD YOU JUDGE HIS ACTIONS?

A GOOD OUTCOME DOESN'T JUSTIFY ATTACKING AN INNOCENT, OR PUTTING OTHERS IN DANGER, OR BETRAYING HIS COLLEAGUES.

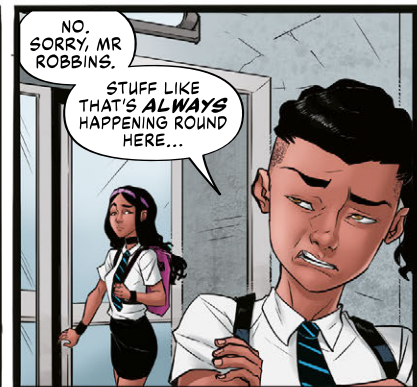
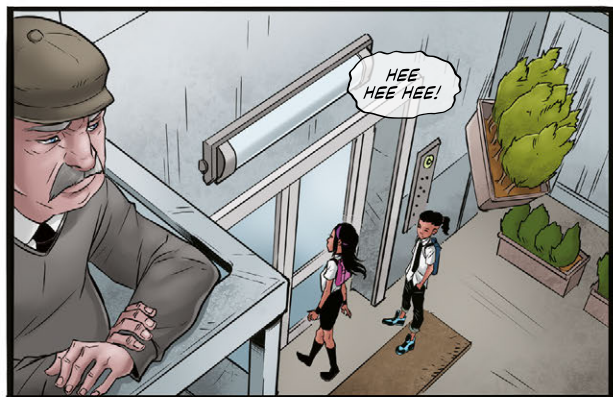
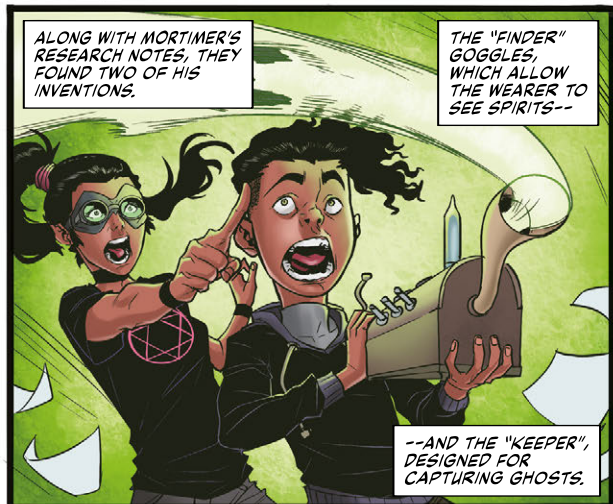
I THINK RICO DREDD IS... RECKLESS, SIR.

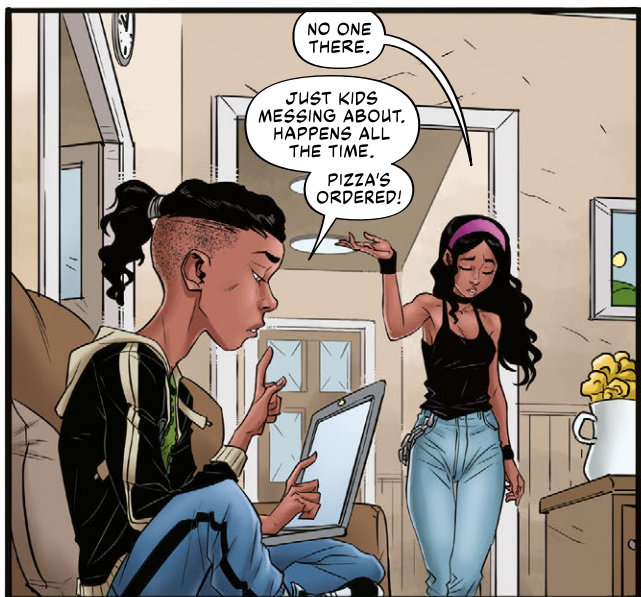
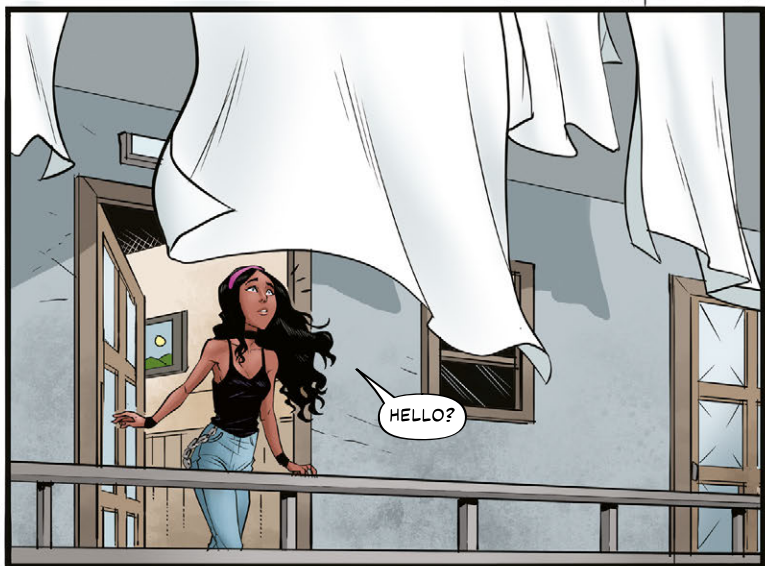
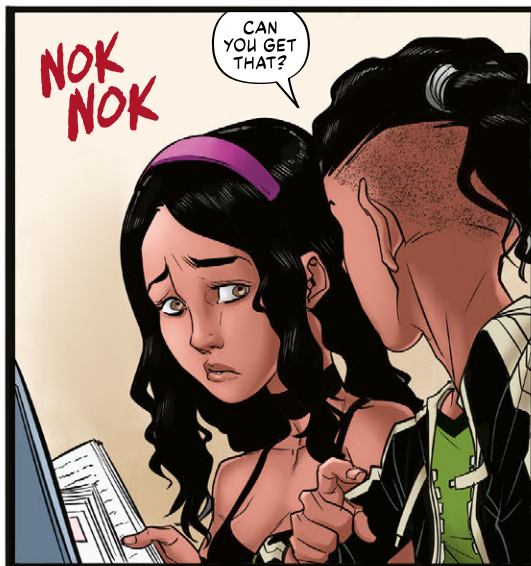
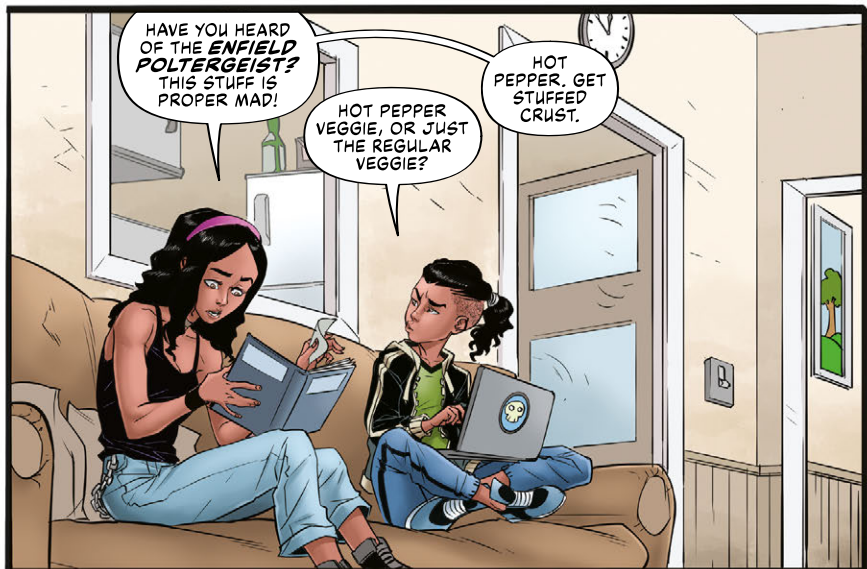
AND HE'S DANGEROUS.

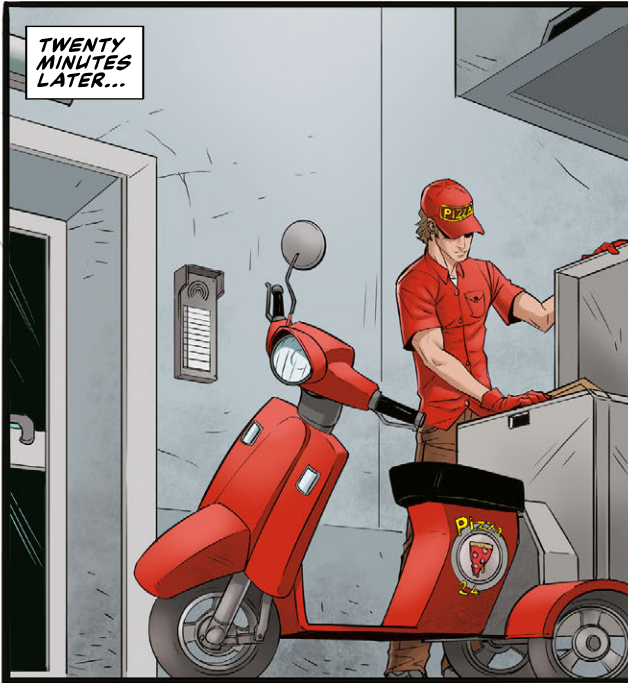
THE END

FINDER & KEEPER

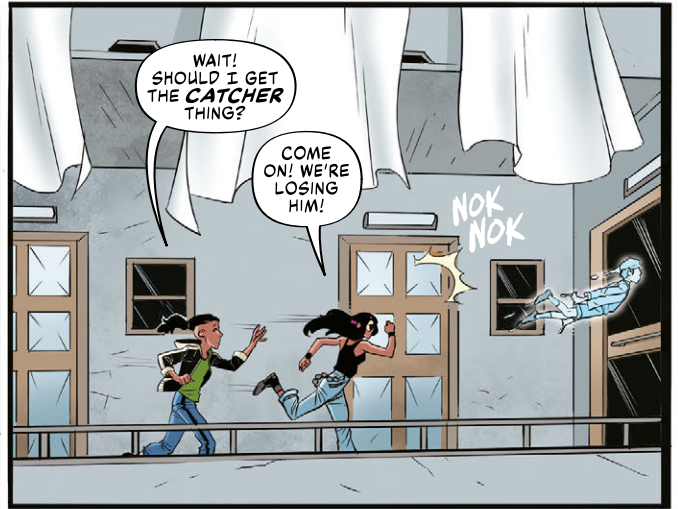
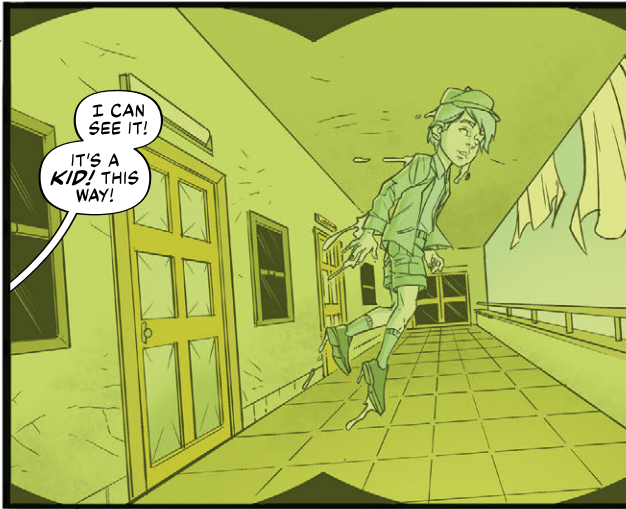
NUISANCE NEIGHBOURS

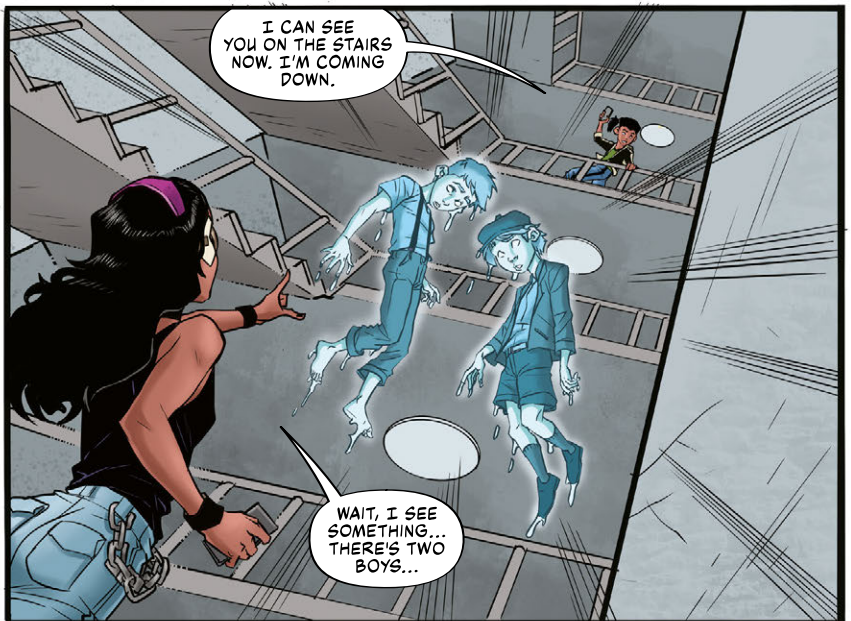
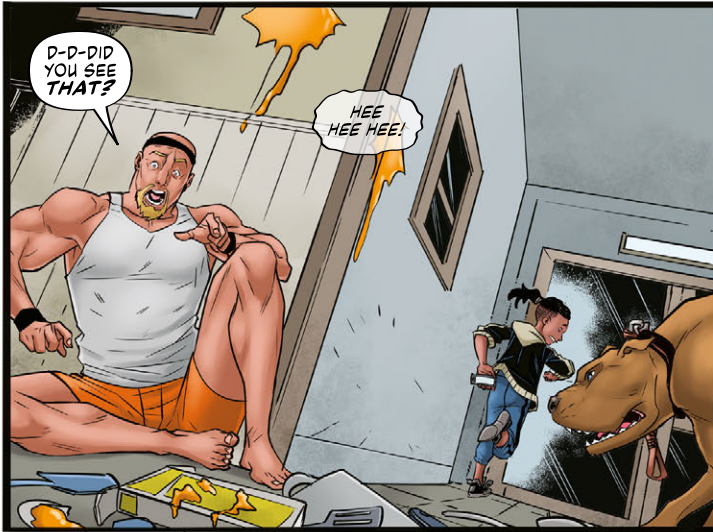
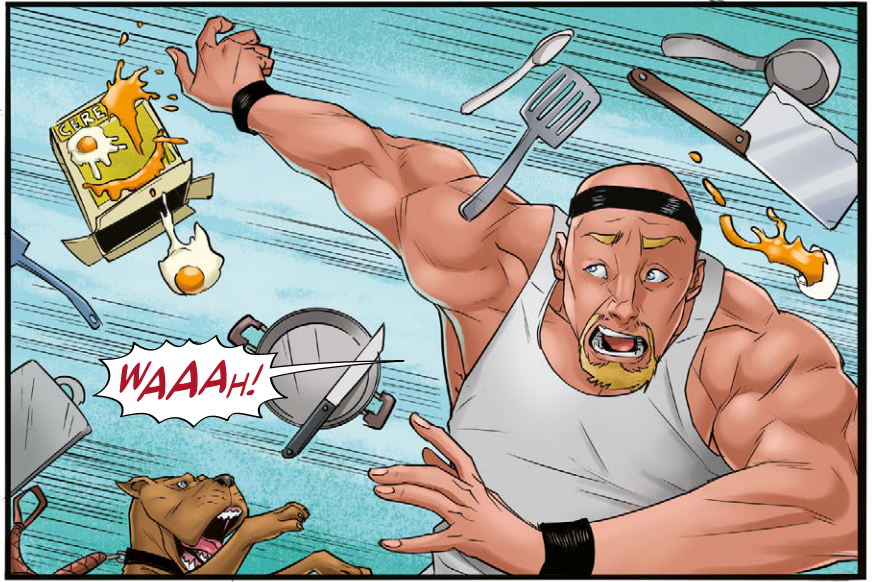
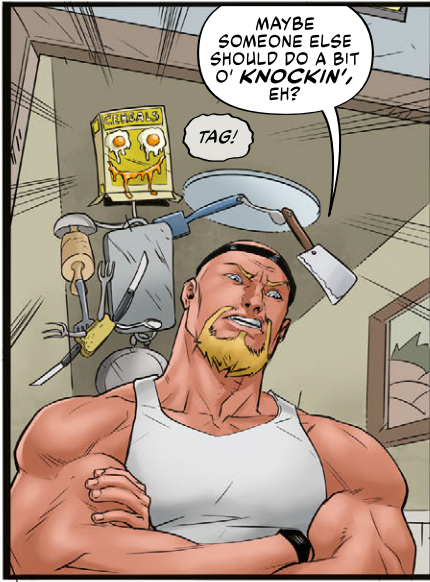


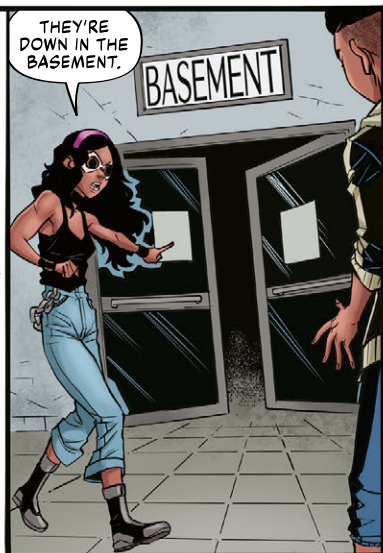


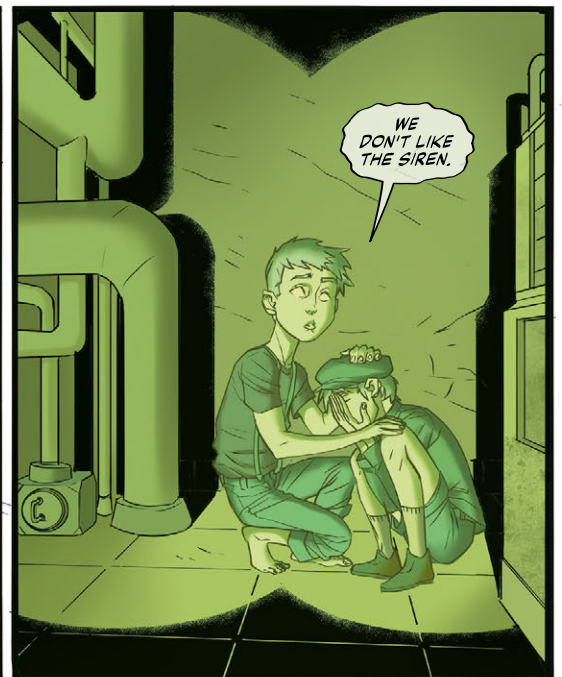
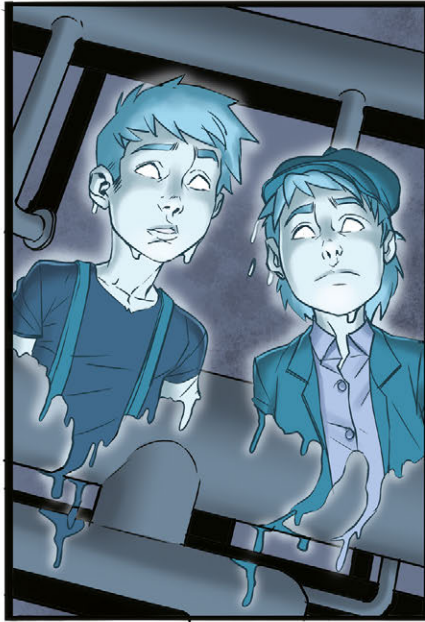


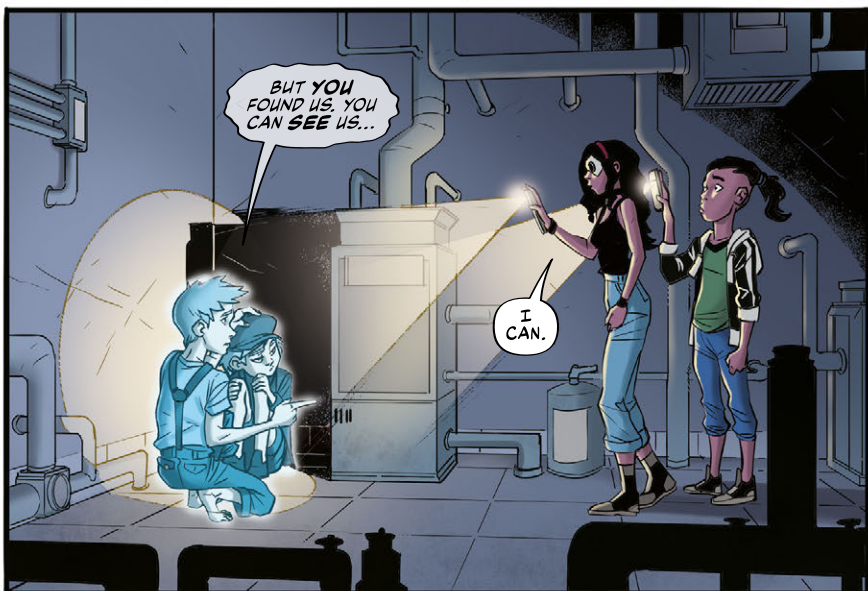




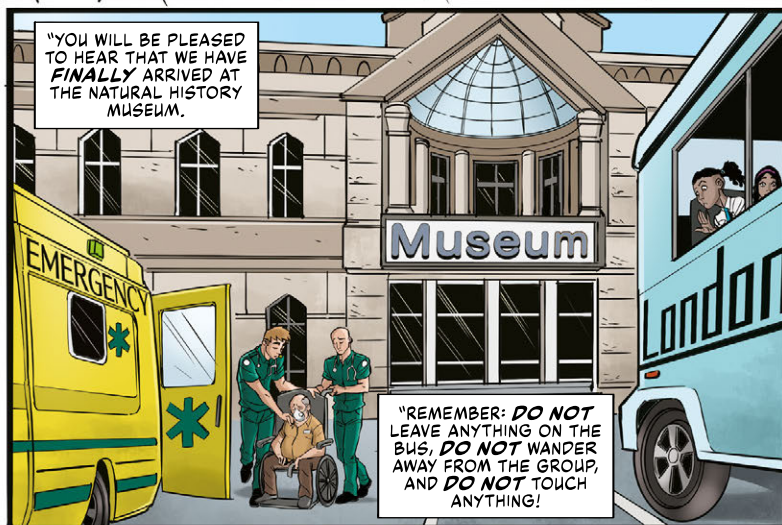
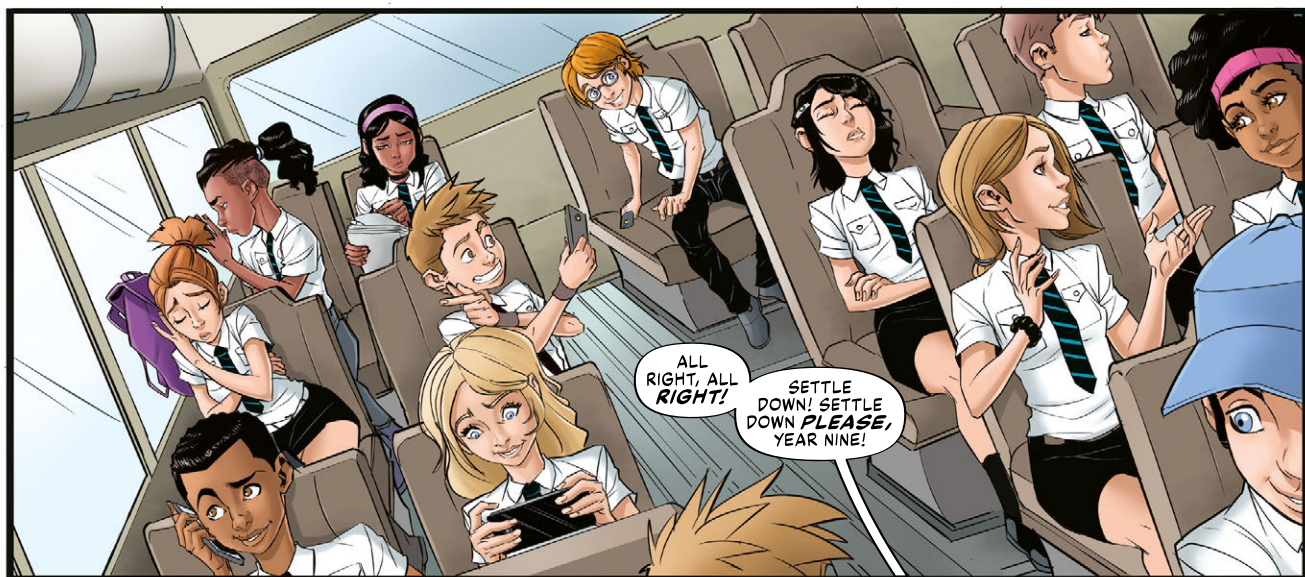
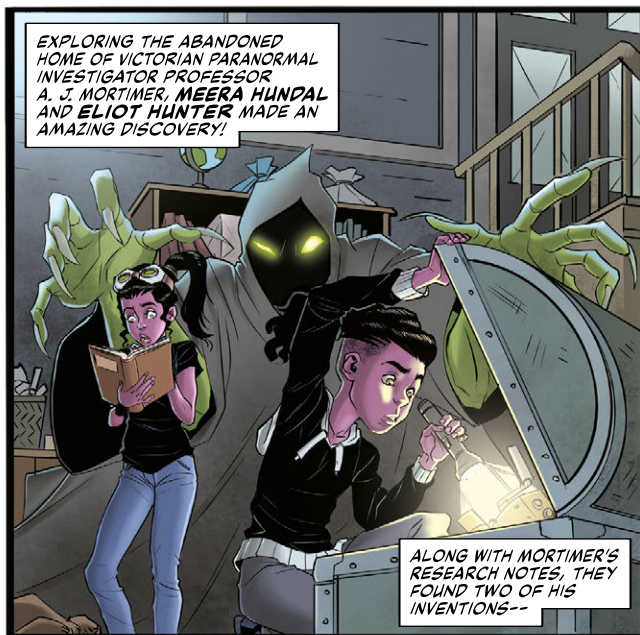


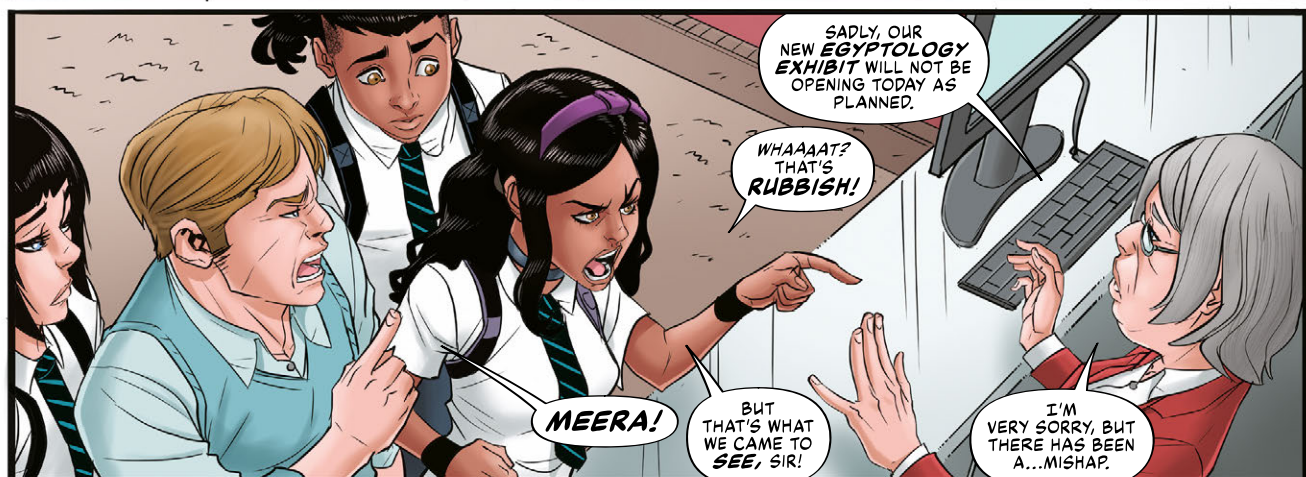
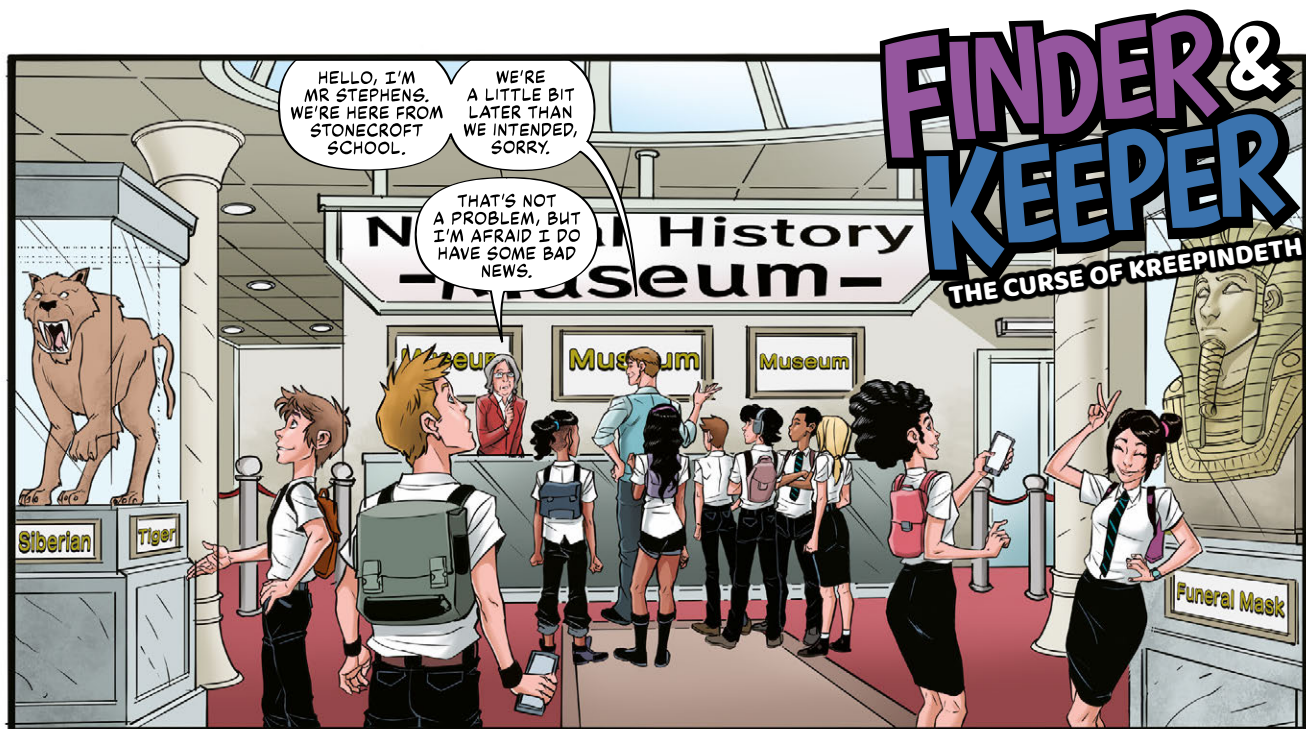














"TYRANNOSAURUS REX'S POWERFUL JAWS HOUSED SIXTY DAGGER-LIKE TEETH, AND WOULD HAVE HAD A BITE FORCE AROUND THREE TIMES AS POWERFUL THAN THAT OF A LION."

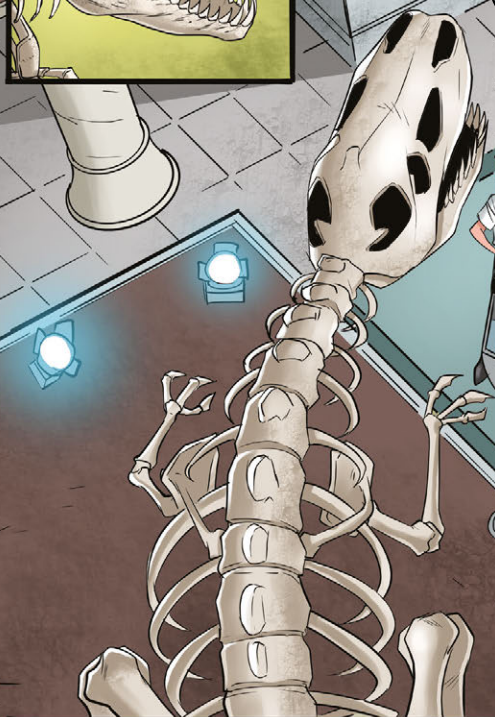
SO, BASICALLY, IT COULD HAVE BITTEN THROUGH A LAMP-POST LIKE IT WAS A PIECE OF TOAST.

SEE ANYTHING?

NAH.

I TOLD YOU. THEY'RE NOT EVEN REAL BONES, THEY'RE JUST CASTS OF FOSSILS.

STILL... WOULD HAVE BEEN COOL TO SEE A DINOSAUR GHOST.



THERE'S NO WAY IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

YOU'RE NOT SAYING YOU BELIEVE THIS WHOLE CURSE THING?

PUT IT THIS WAY, NO ONE SEEMS IN ANY HURRY TO FINISH SORTING THE EXHIBIT, DO THEY?

Egypt



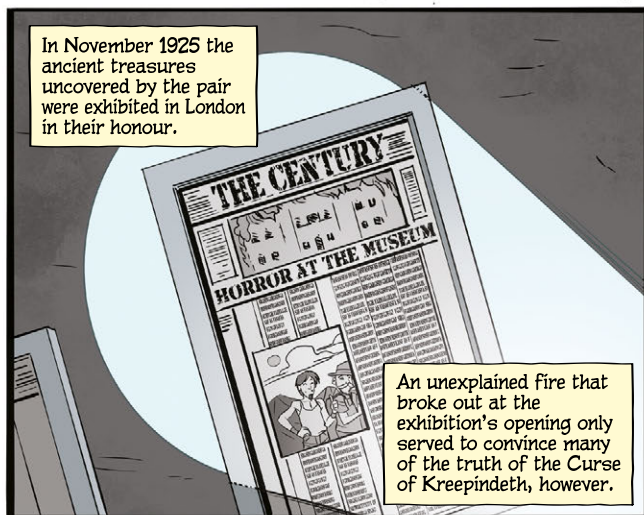
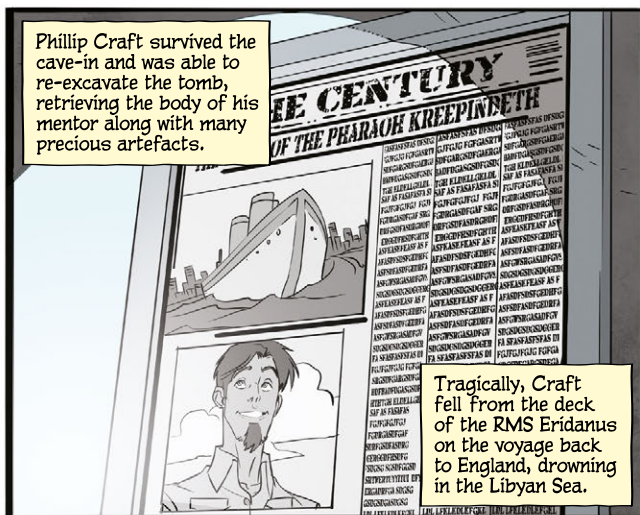
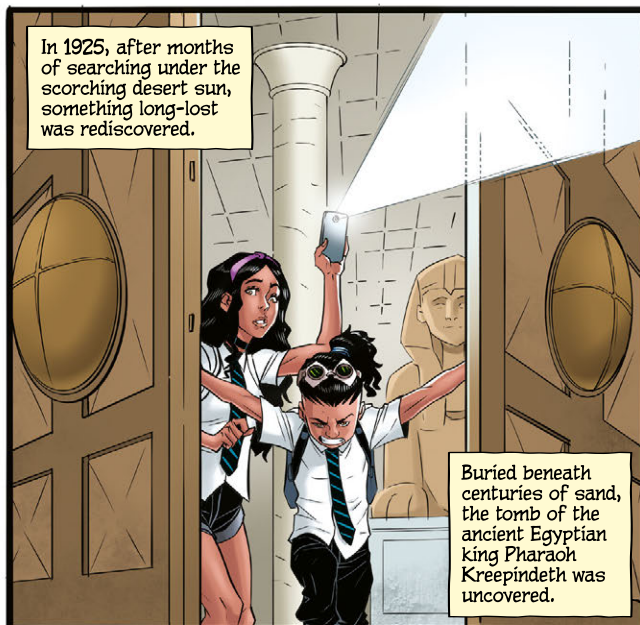
TED'S GONE OFF TO HOSPITAL WITH THE KEYS IN HIS POCKET, LEAVING IT ALL UNLOCKED.

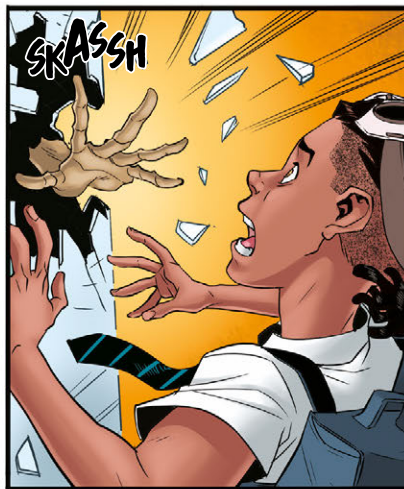
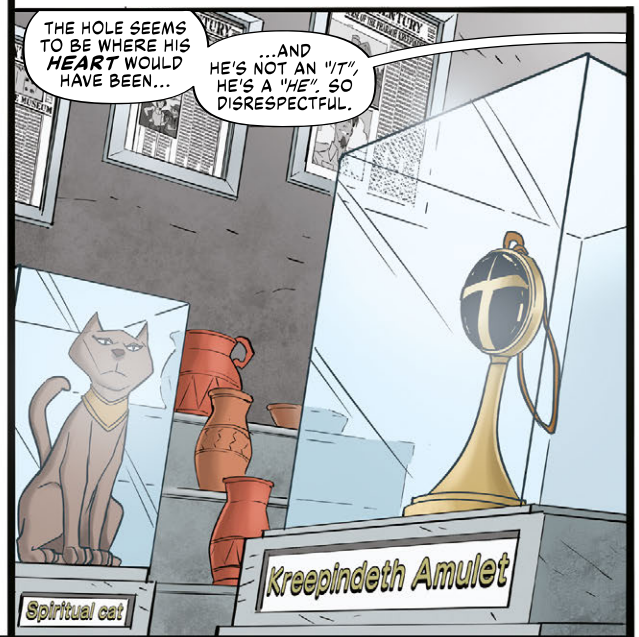
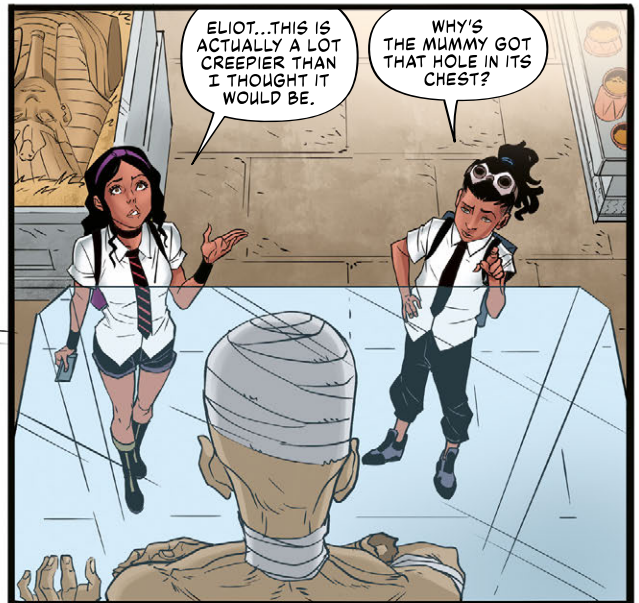
SO IT'S NOT LIKE ANYONE COULDN'T GO IN AND FINISH UP. THEY JUST DON'T WANT TO BE IN THERE ON THEIR OWN.

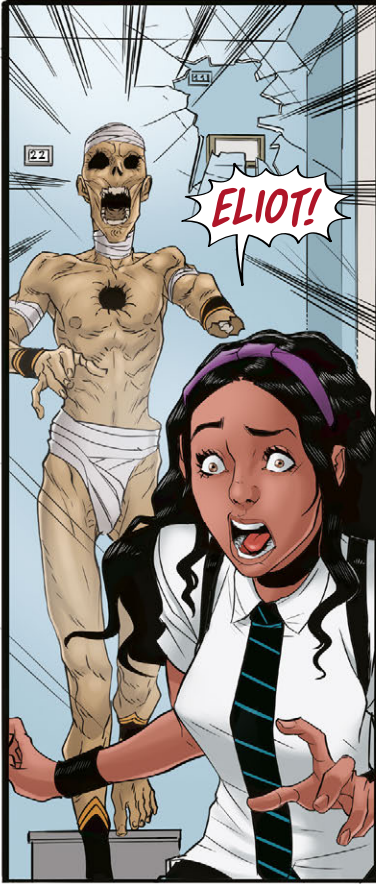


RIGHT, YEAR NINE, FOLLOW ME!

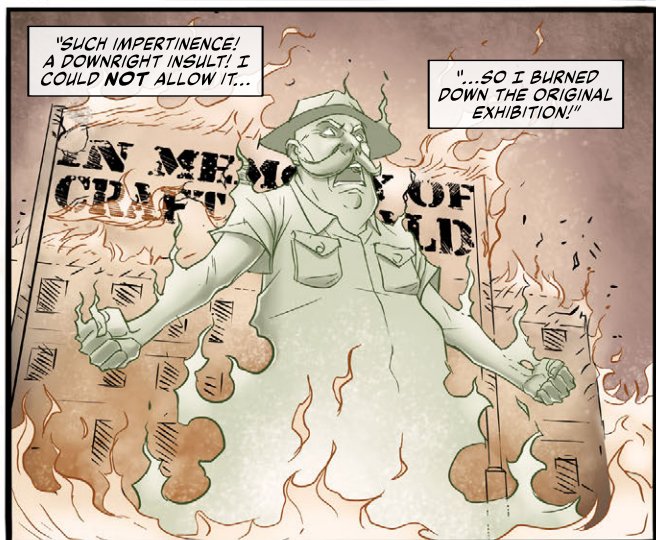
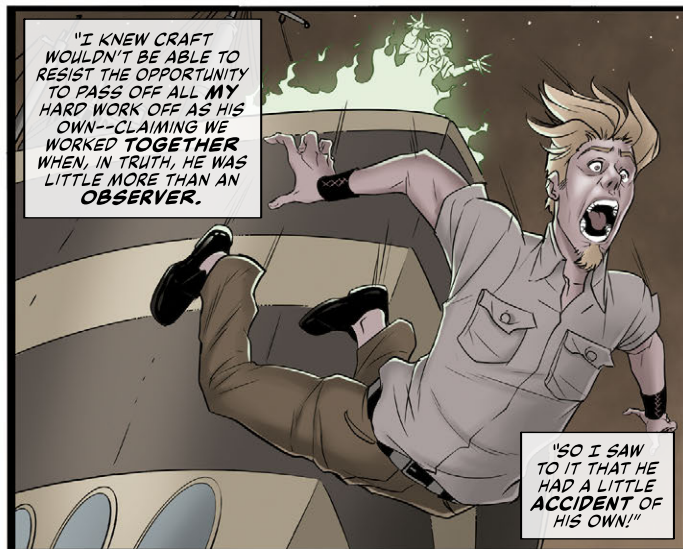
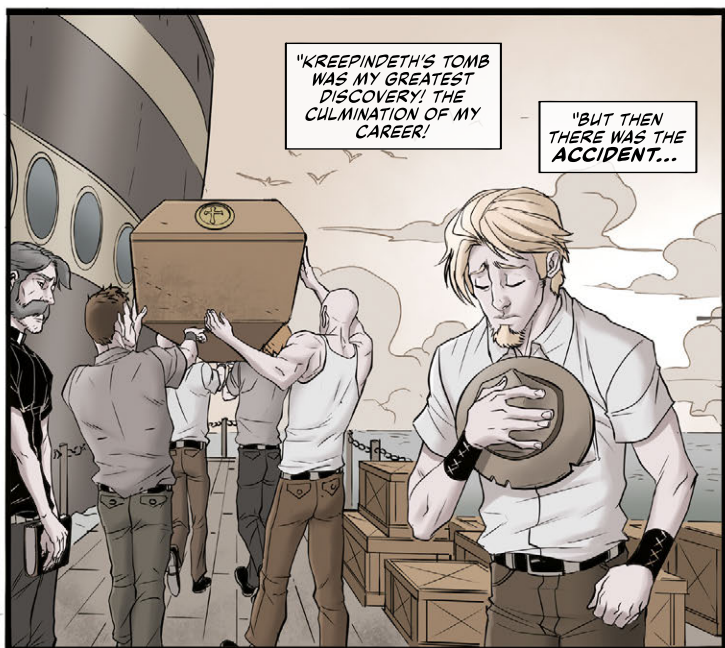
STICK TOGETHER! NO WANDERING OFF!

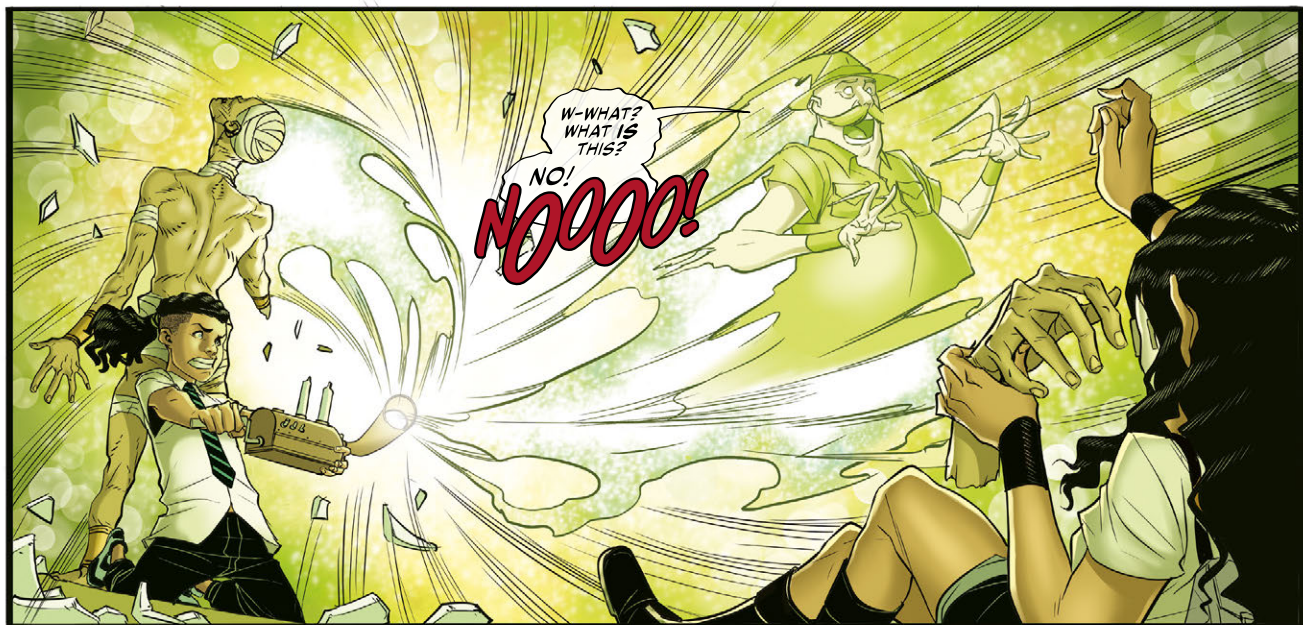


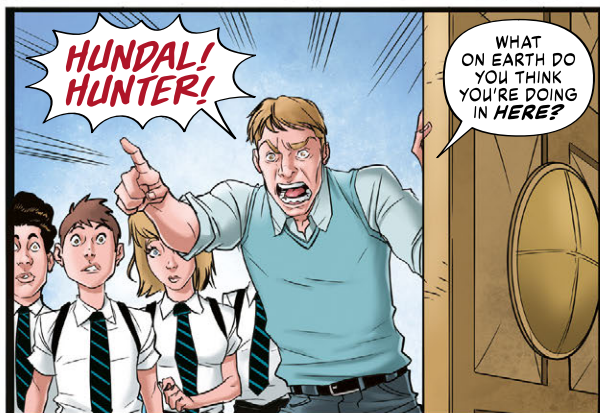
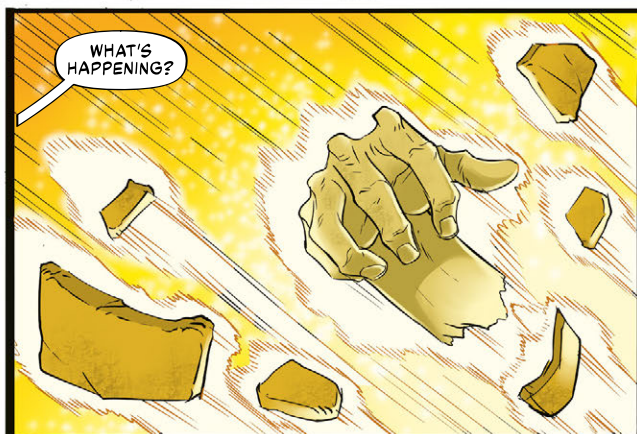
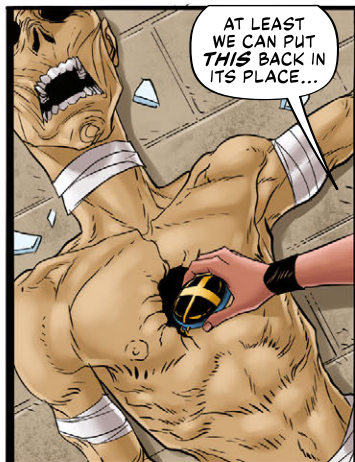


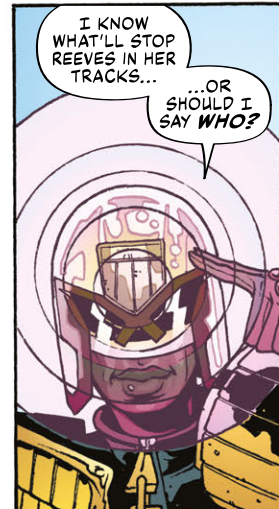
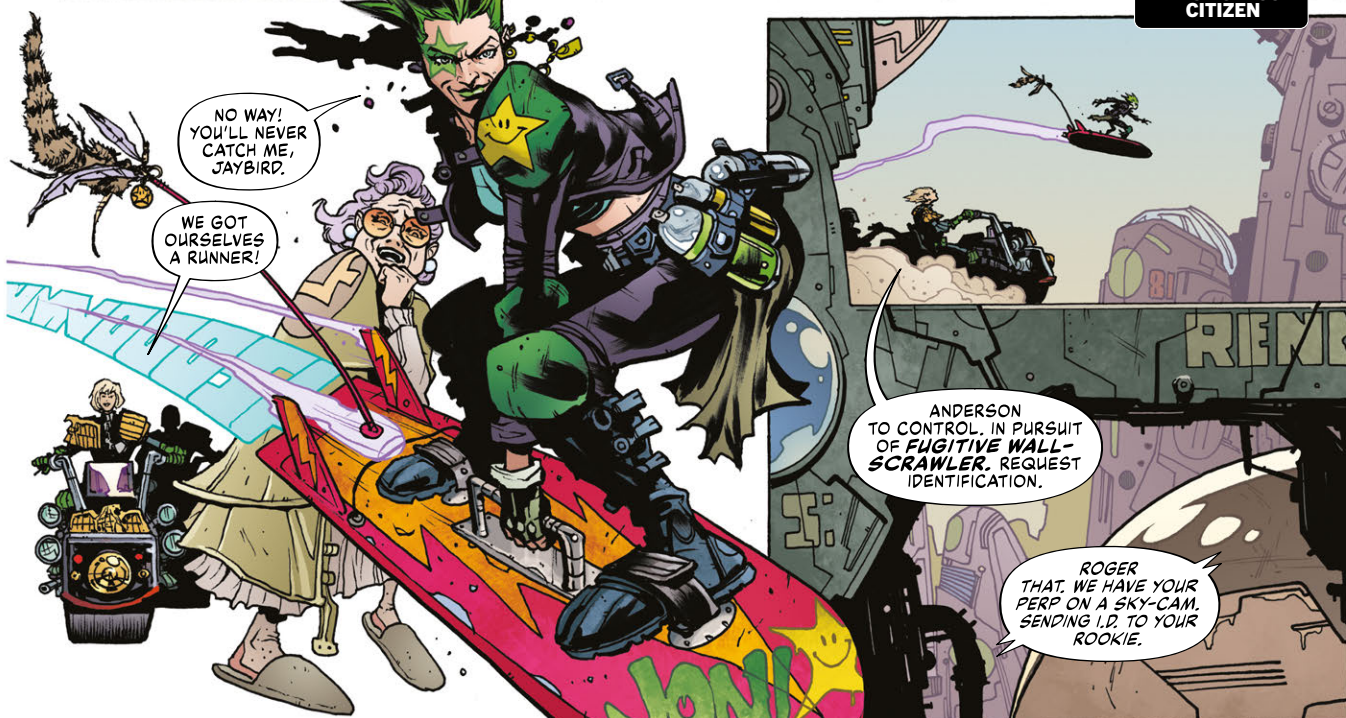




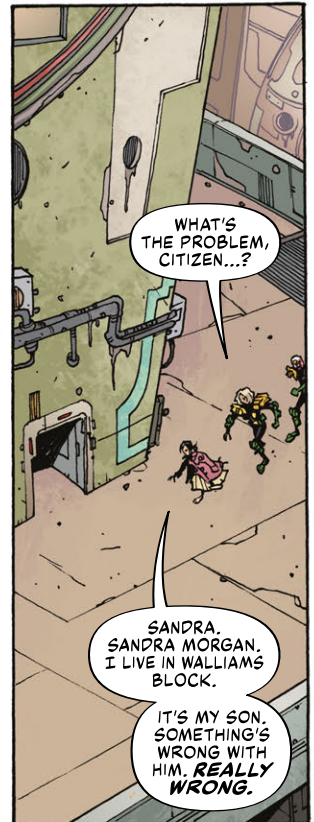


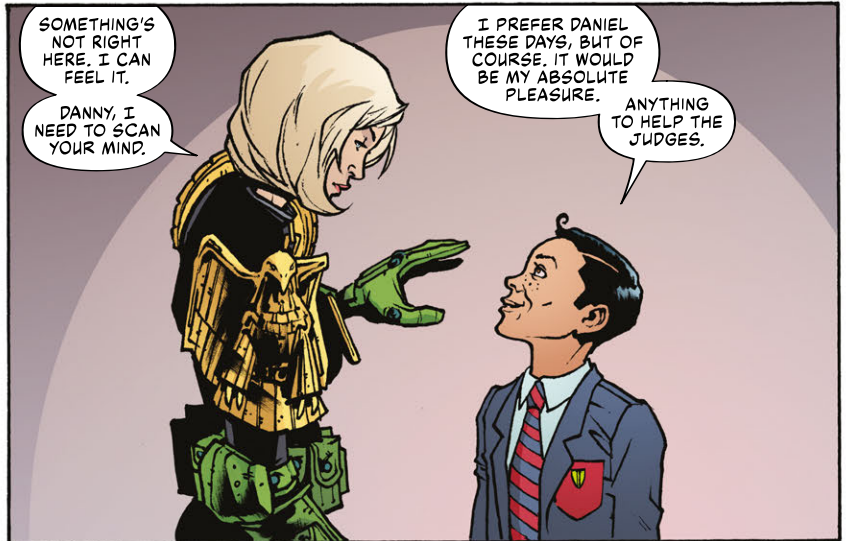
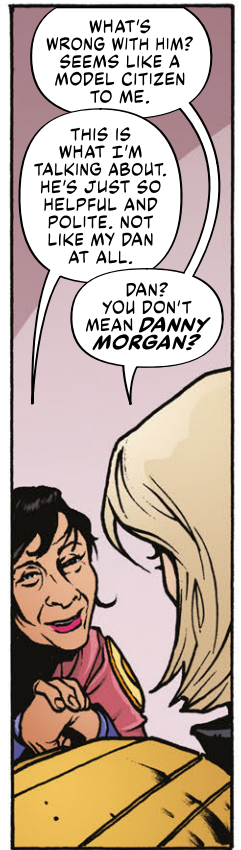
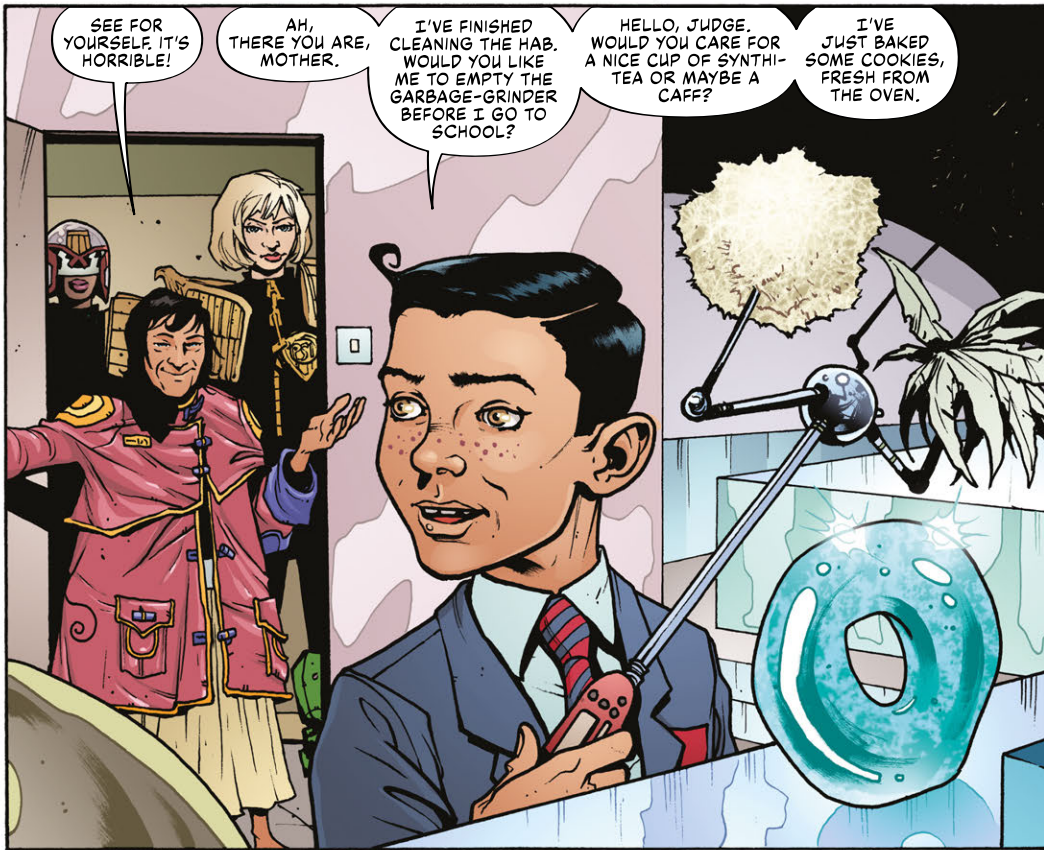














JUDGE ANDERSON-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SCAN SET OFF A **PSI-BOMB**.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS HEAD. SOMETHING **ALIEN**.



WAIT! WHERE'S THE KID'S GONE? WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM, HAWKINS?

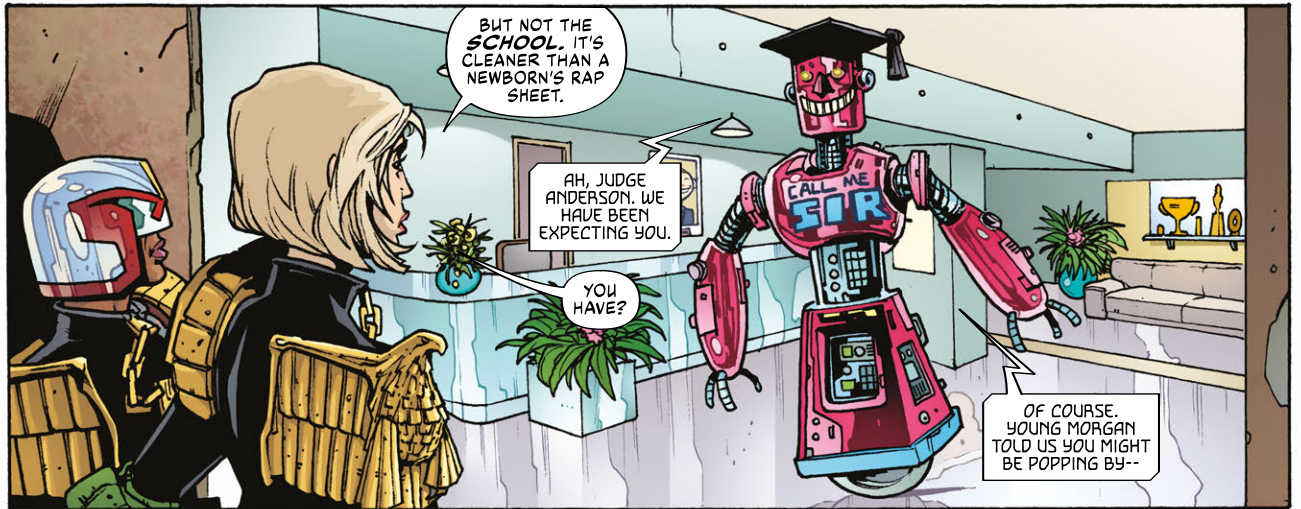
I...I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU--

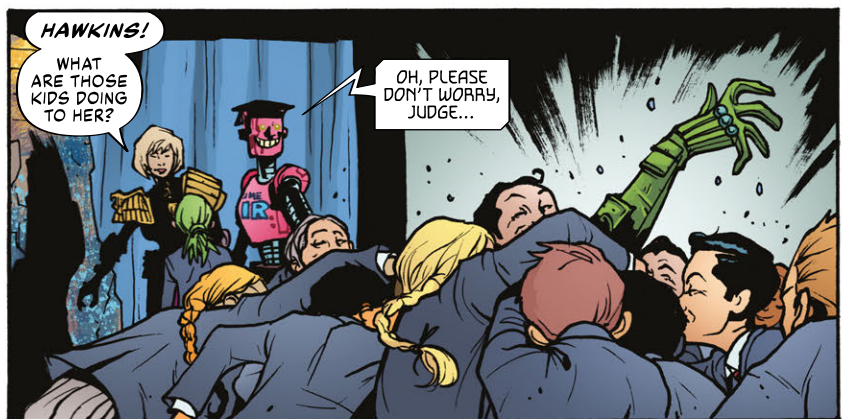
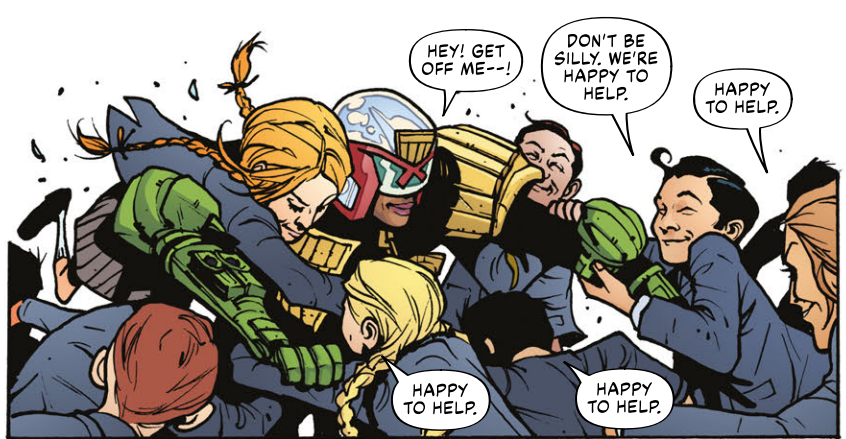
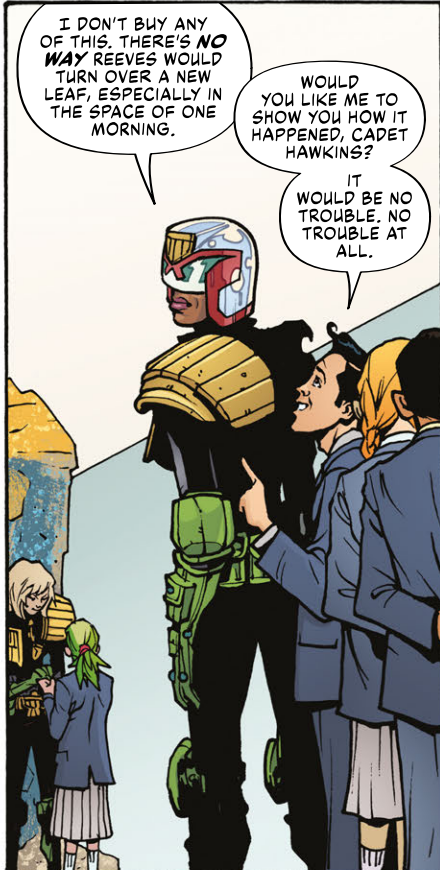
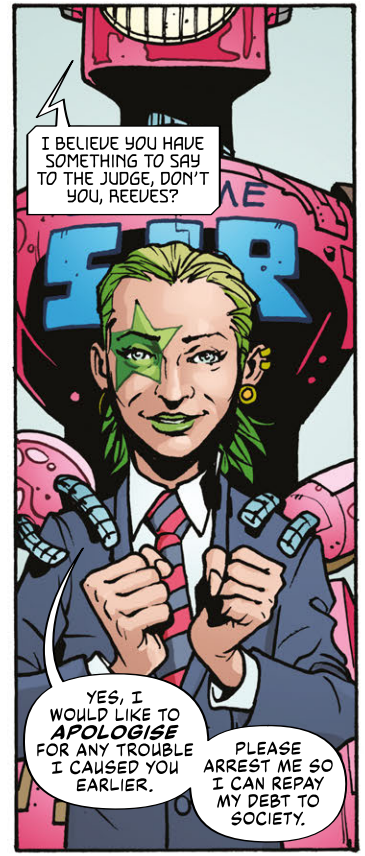
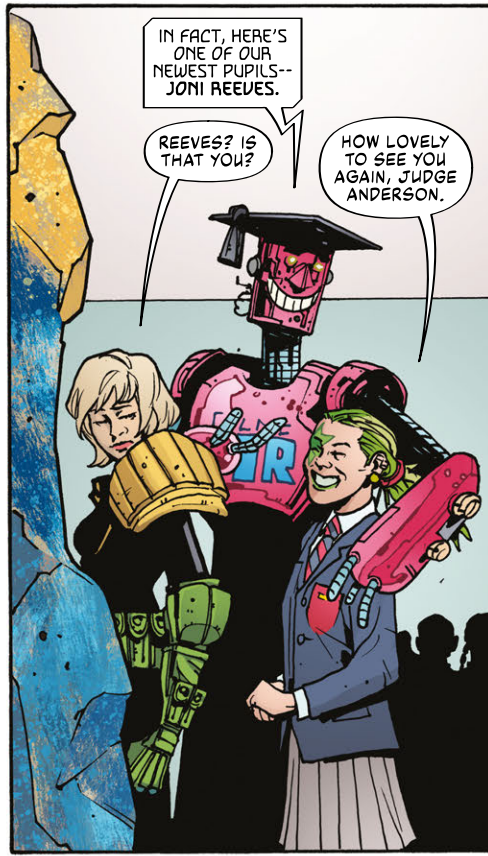
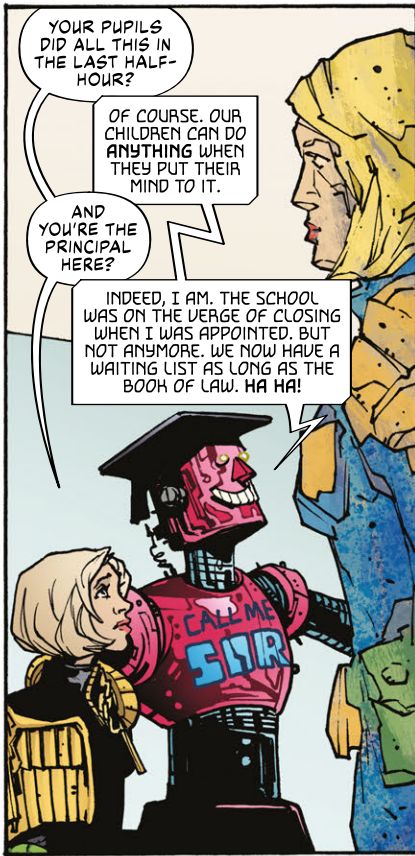
ROOKIE MISTAKE. DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

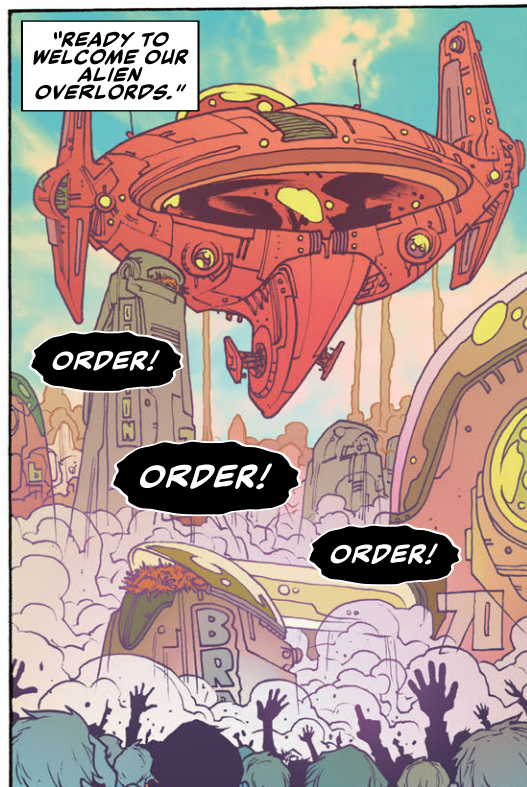
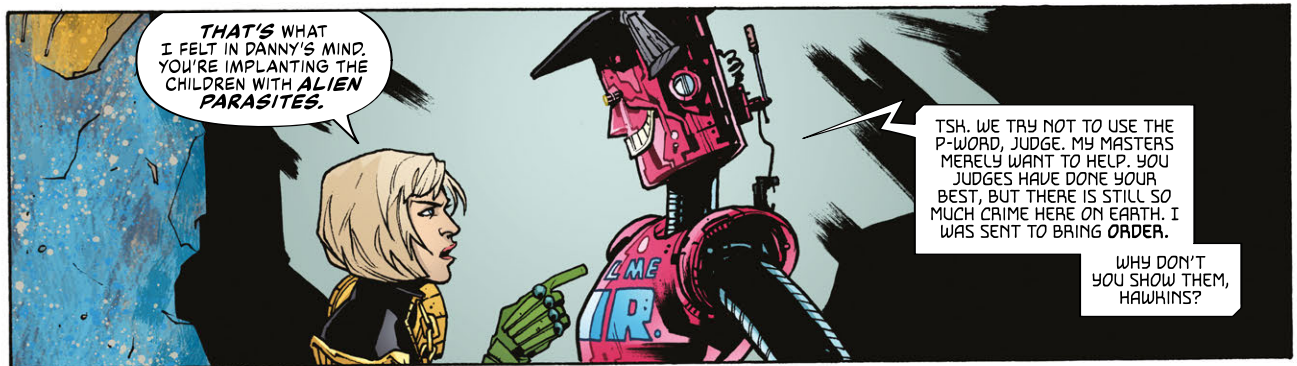


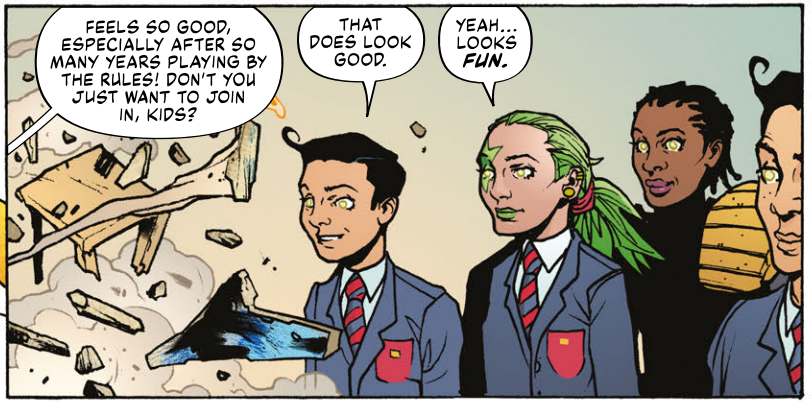
HE'LL HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL. BAKENDALE'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG DELINQUENTS.

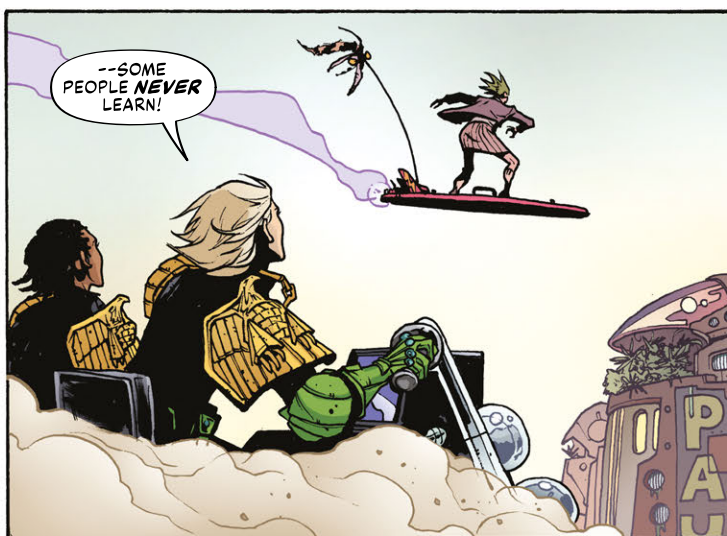
YOU CAN'T MISS IT. IT'S ON LEVEL 604...











THE END

NO STREET IN MEGA-CITY
ONE IS SAFE, BUT SOME
ARE MORE DANGEROUS
THAN OTHERS.

ANDERSON
psi **DIVISION**

EARLY
WARNING

THE SKEDS OF
SECTOR 8 ARE
PARTICULARLY BAD,
AS LAWLESS AS
MC-1 EVER GETS.

THIS NEAR THE **SPACEPORT**
ALL BETS ARE OFF, THE ENTIRE
DISTRICT SWARMING WITH
THIEVES AND SMUGGLERS.

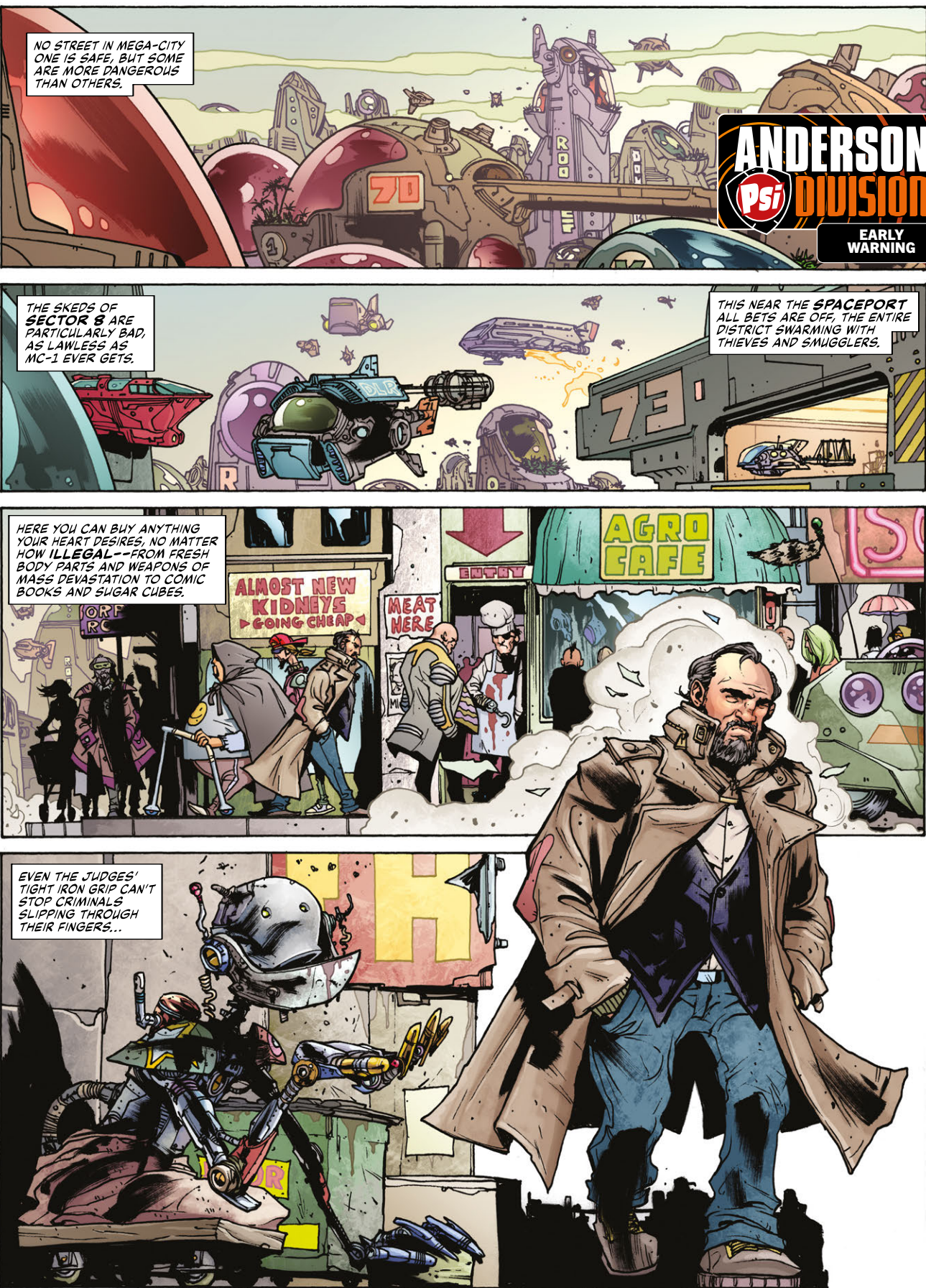
HERE YOU CAN BUY ANYTHING
YOUR HEART DESIRES, NO MATTER
HOW **ILLEGAL**--FROM FRESH
BODY PARTS AND WEAPONS OF
MASS DEVIATION TO COMIC
BOOKS AND SUGAR CUBES.

ALMOST NEW
KIDNEYS
GOING CHEAP

MEAT
HERE

AGRO
CAFE

EVEN THE JUDGES'
TIGHT IRON GRIP CAN'T
STOP CRIMINALS
SLIPPING THROUGH
THEIR FINGERS...





AND YET EVEN
HERE, YOU CAN
STILL FIND THE
OCCASIONAL ACT
OF KINDNESS...



HHHH...
HHH...

CITIZENS LIKE
BERNARD
CUGSWORTHY...

HELLO?

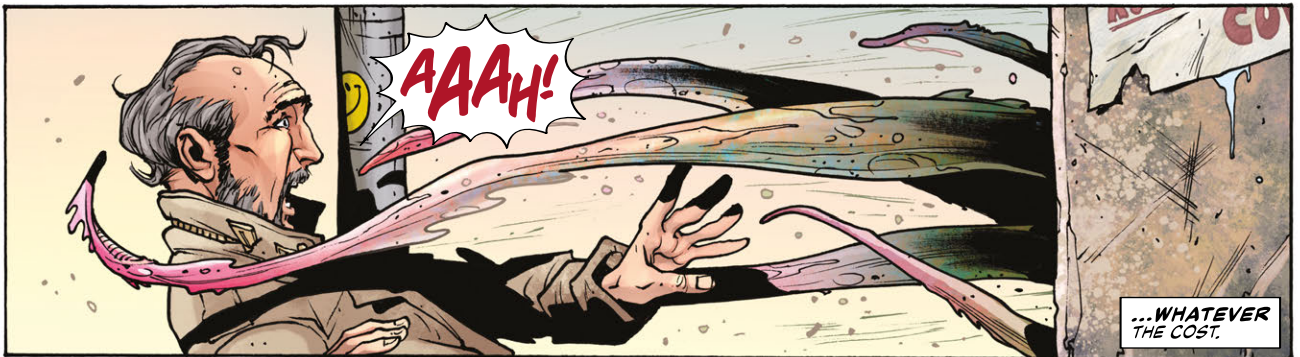


HHHHHHH...
HHHH...

...WILLING TO REACH
OUT TO THOSE IN NEED...



ARE YOU
OKAY?



AAAHH!

...WHATEVER
THE COST.

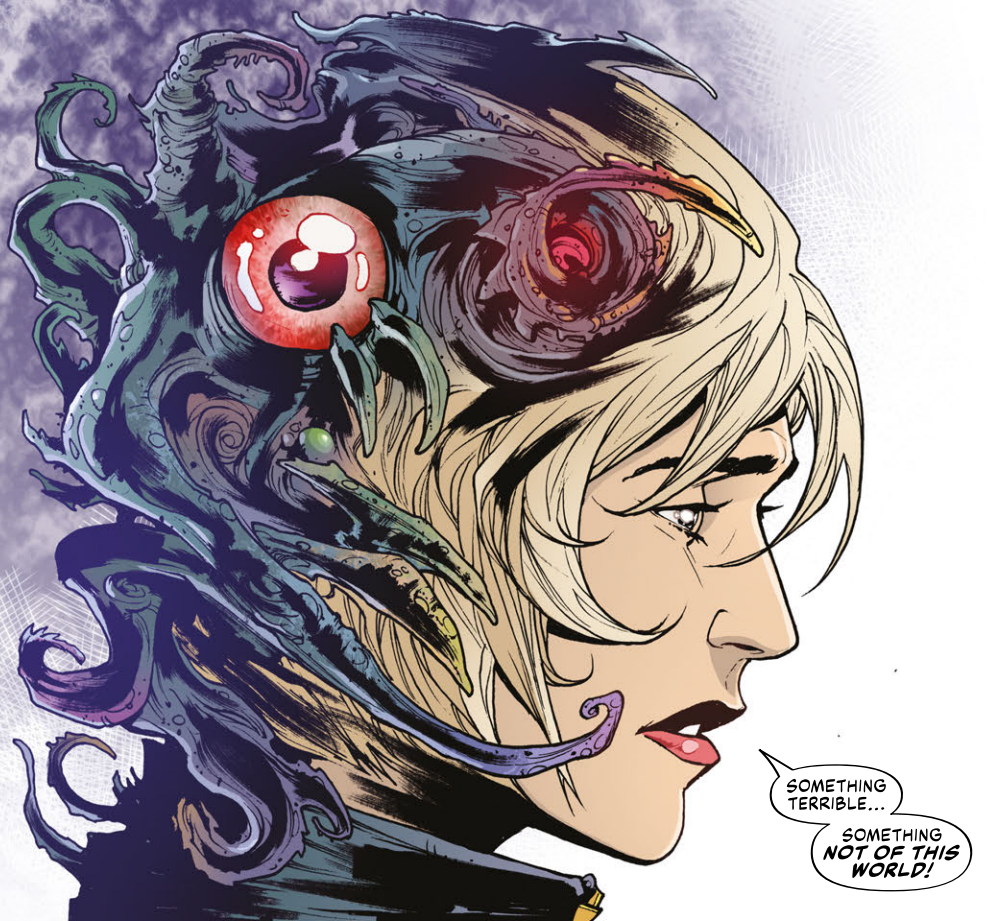
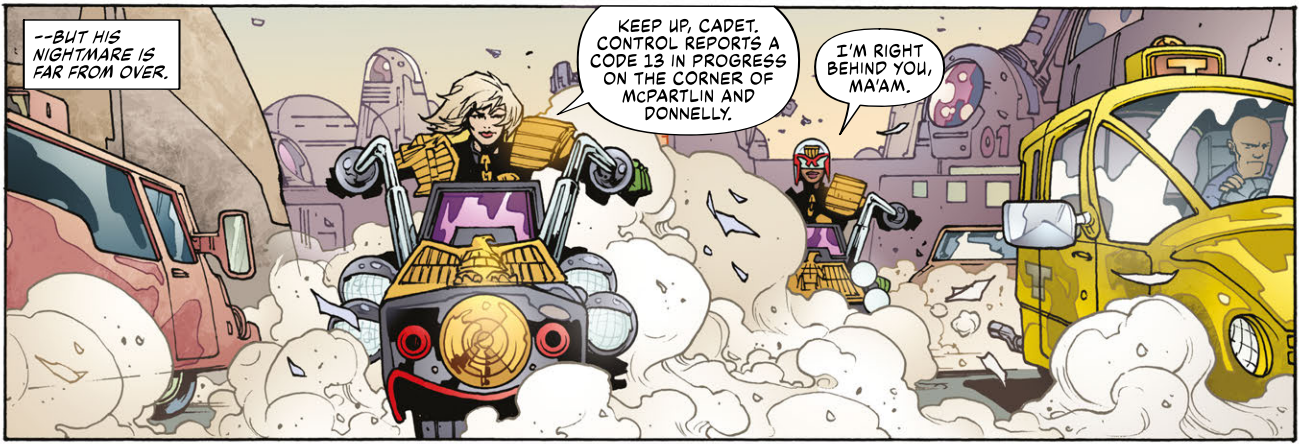


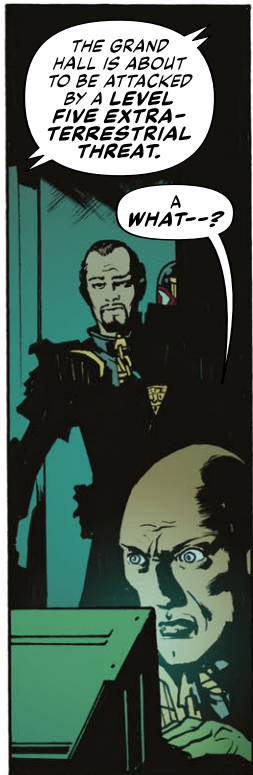
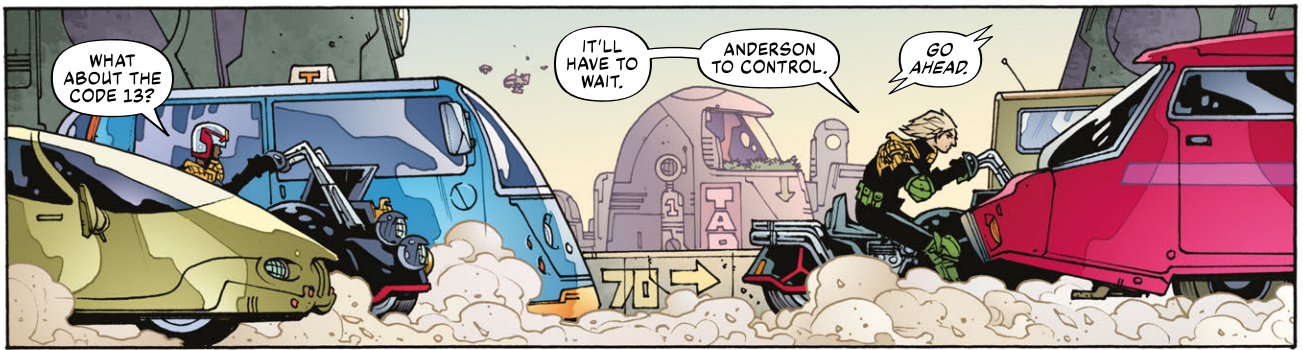
PLEASE!
S-SOMEBODY--

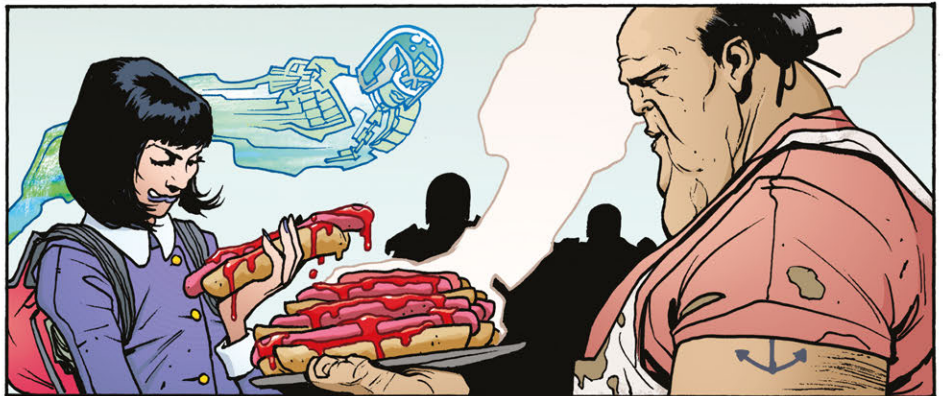
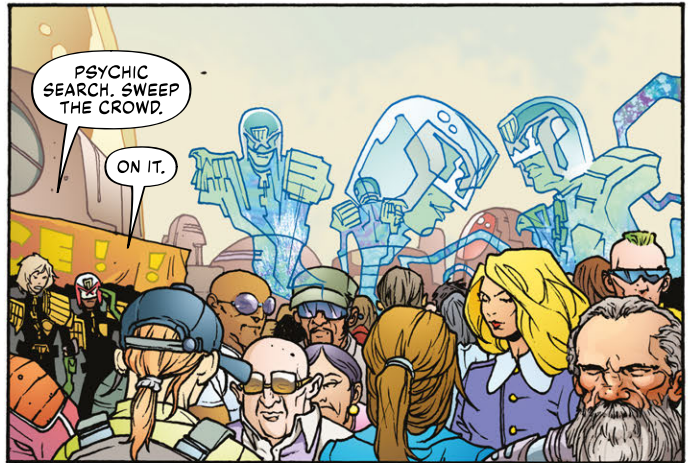
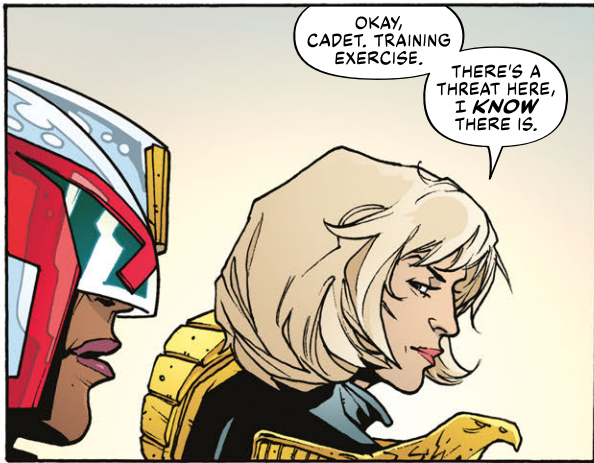


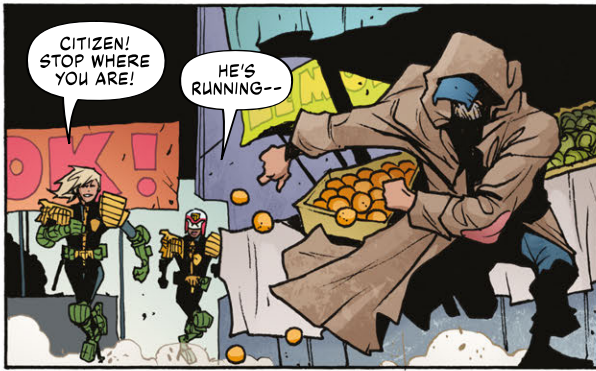
--HELP!

BERNARD'S
SCREAMS
ARE LOST IN
THE ROAR
OF STARSHIP
ENGINES--

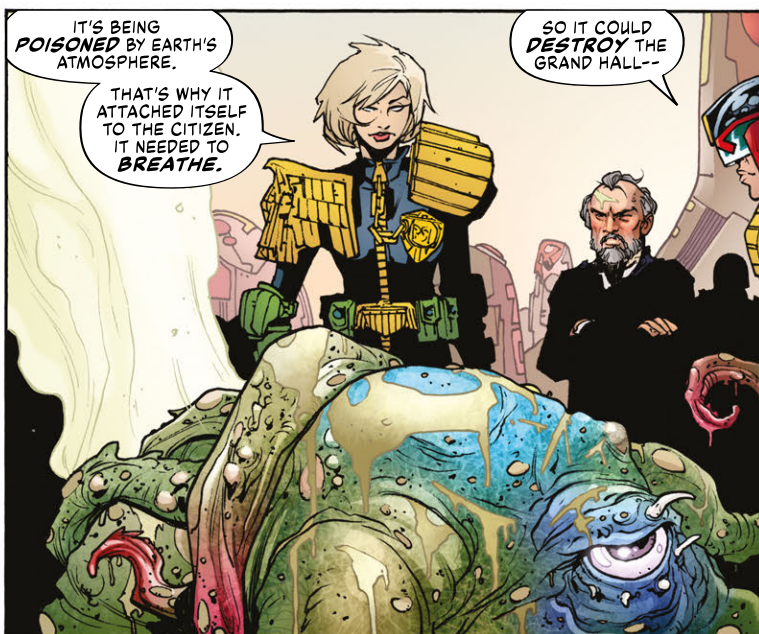












GRUD ON
A GREENIE!

ORDER!

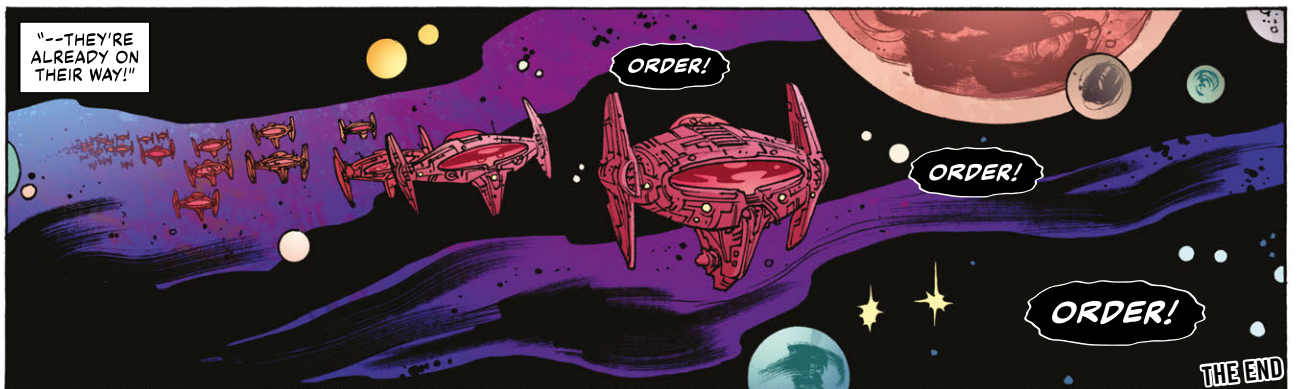
HELP

ORDER!

ORDER!

MUST
HELP

ORDER!



EARTH IN THE
FUTURE! SURPRISES
AND FUN! CARS
FLYING SKYWARD--

CASTOR
SECURITY

--AND
CROOKS ON
THE RUN!

'APPY TO
SPRING YOU OUT
O' CHOHEY, MISS
PANDORA...

...BUT THIS
PLAN O' YOURS
SOUND A BIT
DODGY?

SIGH< IT'S
SIMPLE, GORT. THIS
IS WHERE POLLUX
CASTOR, C.E.O. OF THE
CASTORIA SECURITY
CORPORATION,
LIVES.

WHERE'S
THAT SNARKING
BRACELET...?

HE INVENTED THIS
ANKLE SHACKLE I'M
WEARING, SEE? AND THE WORD
IS, HE HAS A **UNIVERSAL**
KEY. ALL WE HAVE TO DO
IS **STEAL IT...**

AH,
HERE WE
GO!

CLICK!

I PRETEND
TO BE THE **NANNY**
AND **SEARCH HIS**
PENTHOUSE WHILE
HE AND HIS WIFE
ATTEND TONIGHT'S
CHARITY
BALL.

AND...
DO I WEAR
A DISGUISE
TOO?

ZZAAP!

OH.

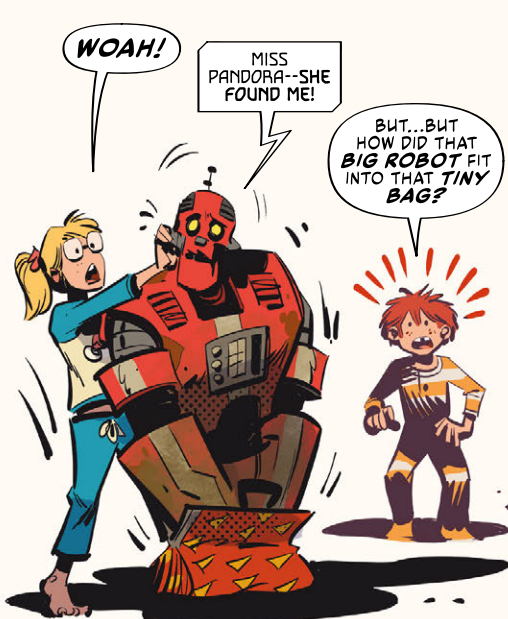
OH NO.

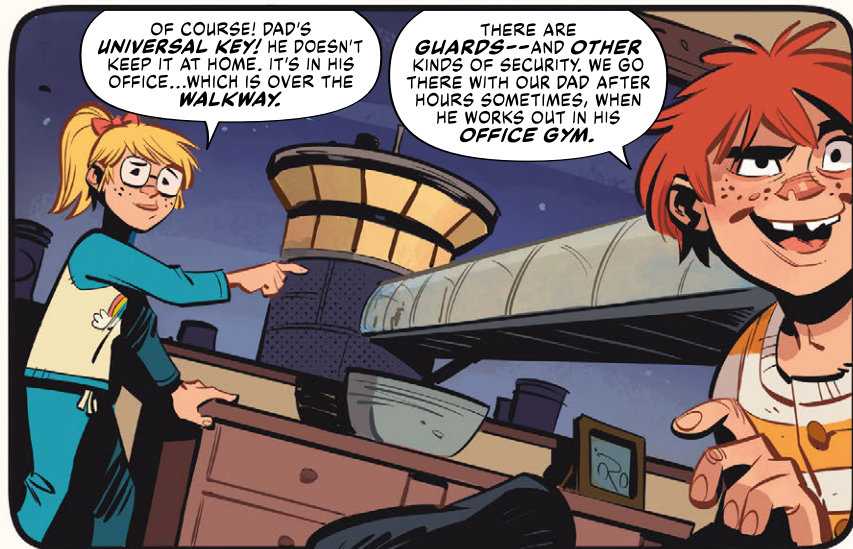


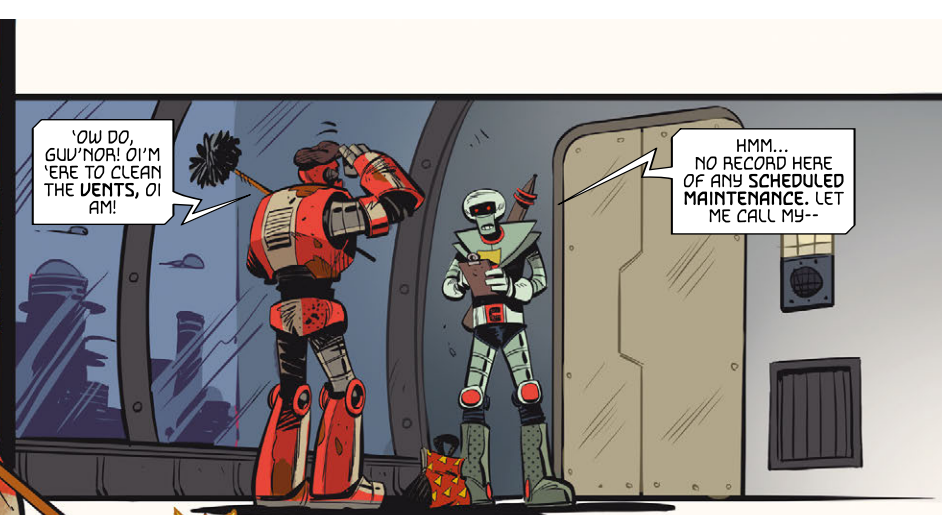
PANDORA PERFECT

SHE'S PRACTICALLY POISON IN EVERY WAY!









'OW DO,
GUD'NOR! OI'M
'ERE TO CLEAN
THE VENTS, OI
AM!

HMM...
NO RECORD HERE
OF ANY SCHEDULED
MAINTENANCE. LET
ME CALL MY--



EAT
SIX MILLION
VOLTS, AGA-
FACE!

FZZAAPP!



"AGA-FACE?"
BIT UNCALLED
FOR.

DON'T
BE SUCH A
RUSTFLAKE,
GORT...

THIS
WAY!

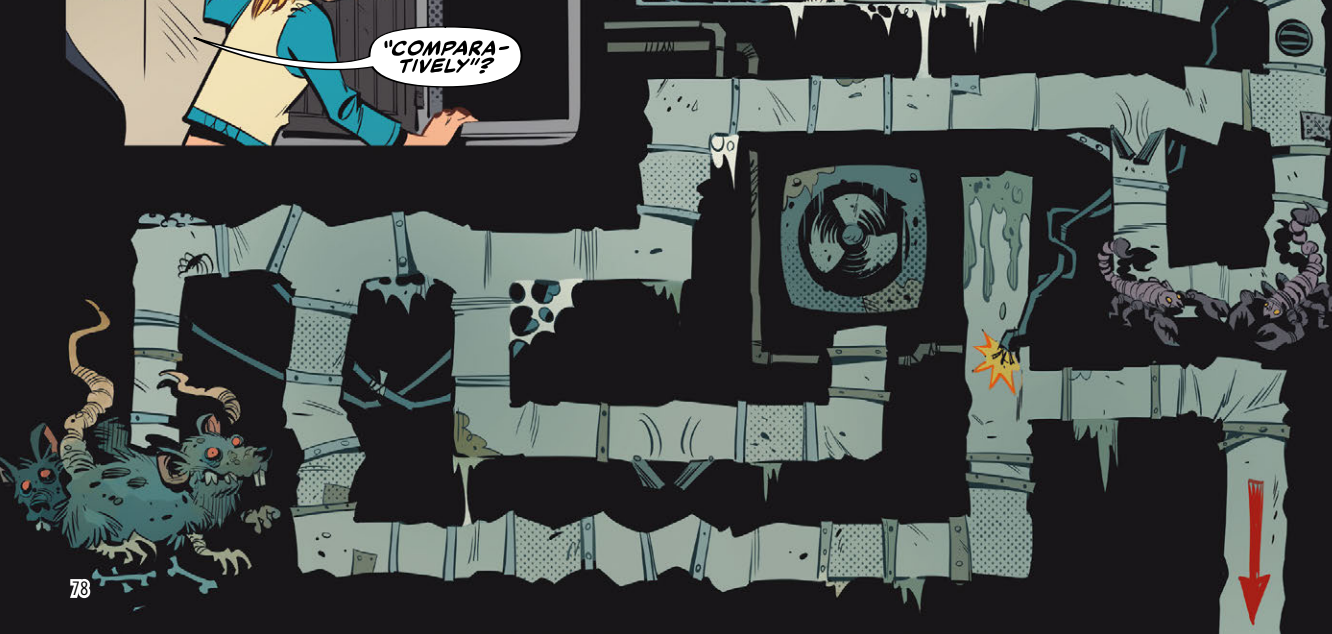


THE **CORRIDORS**
ARE FULL OF **LASERS** AND
CAMERAS, BUT THE **VENTS**
ARE COMPARATIVELY SAFE--AND
LEAD STRAIGHT TO **DAD'S**
OFFICE!

"COMPARA-
TIVELY"?



SURE...AS
LONG AS YOU AVOID THE
ROTATING FAN BLADES,
RIDICULOUSLY LARGE
RODENTS, **SCORPIONS**,
SHARP METAL CORNERS
AND **SPRING-LOADED**
TRAPDOORS!



EVENTUALLY...

THIS IS OUR DAD'S OFFICE...AND THERE'S THE **UNIVERSAL KEY!**

POP THE LADDER BACK IN THE BAG FOR ME, GORT. I'M GOING TO BE BUSY GETTING THIS **BOMB** OFF MY LEG!

HOW LONG YOU GOT, MISS?

TEN MINUTES!

AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT--THIS **DOME** IS **HIGH-TENSILE PLEXI-PLASTIC**. NOTHING LESS THAN A **DIAMOND DRILL** CAN CRACK IT!

FORTUNATELY, I **STOLE** ONE ON MY WAY HERE...

HANG ON, I SAW IT A MOMENT AGO. LET'S SEE--**ATOMIC POGO-STICK... JET-PROPELLED BATTERING RAM...**

BUT THE NOISE OF **DRILLING** WILL ATTRACT **MORE GUARDS!**

HANG ON, DAD COMES HERE AFTER HOURS TO **WORK OUT**. HE ALWAYS PLAYS HIS **THUNDERPOD™** REALLY LOUD.

PANDORA--CAN YOU **SING**?

I...I **GUESS...?**

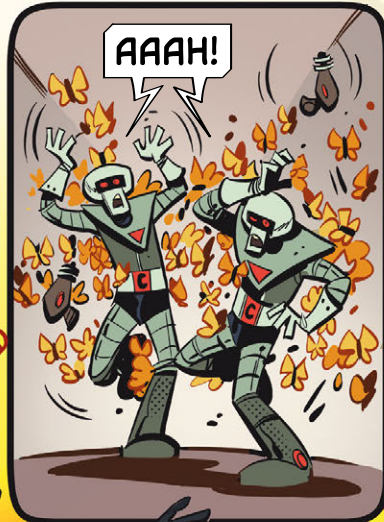
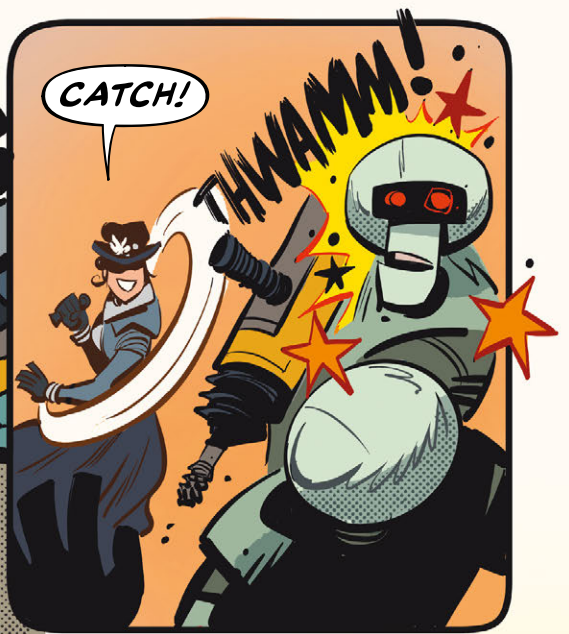
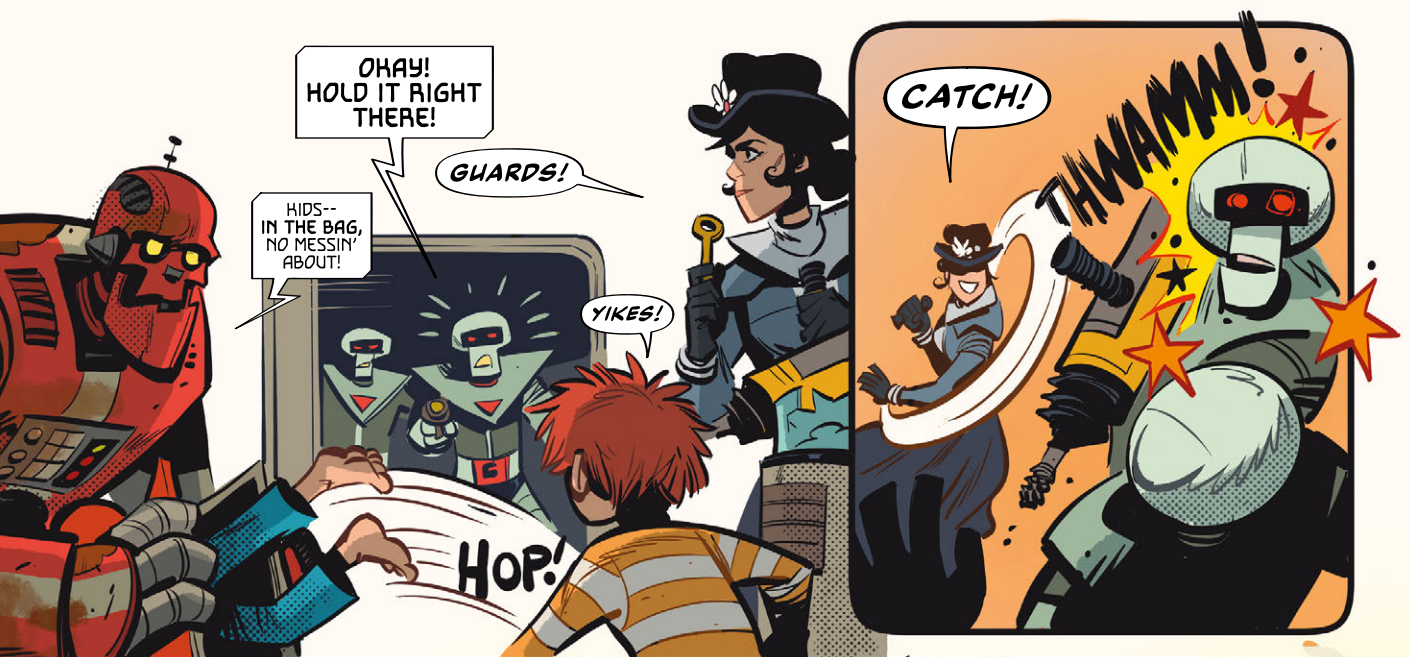
♪ **HYPERTENSILE DIAMOND DRILL, THE RACKET IS ALARMING!** BUT IF IT WILL GET THE KEY, WE'LL FIND IT STRANGELY CALMING! STEALING THINGS FROM BILLIONAIRES, NOW WHO'S IT REALLY HARMING? IF THAT LEG EXPLODES, THERE WON'T BE MUCH LEFT FOR **EMBALMING!** ♪

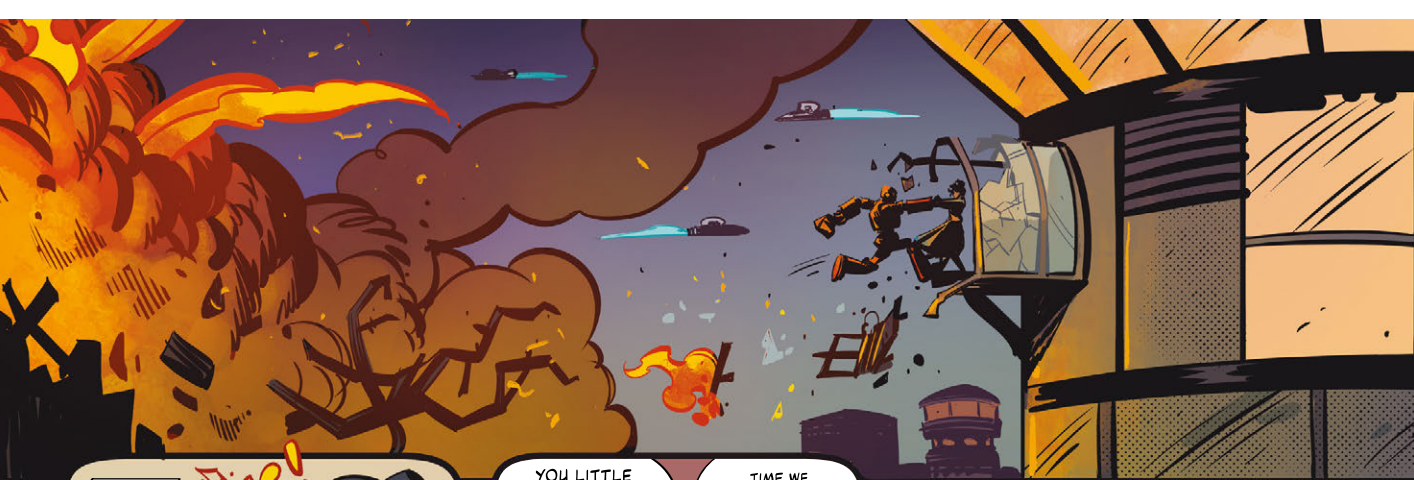
UM DIDDLE IDLE IDLE, UM DIDDLE AYE!

ALL RIGHT, GORT. THAT'S ENOUGH **CHIMNEY TALK.**

KRAA-AKK!!

BZZZZRRRTT!!





OUT O' THERE, NOW!

DING!

THE ELEVATOR! SOMEONE'S COMING!

PLOP!

YOU LITTLE SCAMPS! I THOUGHT WE TOLD YOU TO BE IN BED BY NINE!

TIME WE WERE SCARCE, GORT! BASEMENT GARAGE--NOW! THIS KEY CAN GET US A GETAWAY CAR!

OFF SO SOON?

BUSY NIGHT! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING AFTER ELEVEN ZOMBIE ORPHANS UNTIL DAWN!

SEE YA 'ROUND!

SO WHAT NOW? DINNER? A SPOT OF DANCING?

JUST PICK A CAR, WILL YA? ONE THAT DON'T STAND OUT TOO MUCH!

MOMENTS LATER...

AAARGH!

WRRRRR!

YOU RECHON CASTOR'S NOTICED HIS BUILDING'S ON FIRE?

WORSE! I THINK HE MIGHT HAVE LOOKED INSIDE HIS TOASTER!

THE END

NEW BRITAIN,
2164 AD.

FOLLOWING THE **GREAT ATOM WAR**
OF 2150, THIS WAS THE TIME OF THE
MUTANT PURGE--AND THE DESPERATE
REBELLION BY THE MUTANTS AGAINST
THEIR OPPRESSORS.

ONE SUCH MUTANT IS
FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD
JOHNNY ALPHA...

Strontium 90

ACCEPTABLE LOSSES

THIS IS
CRAZY! KID,
THEY'RE GONNA
SHOOT YOU DOWN
WHERE YOU
STAND!

I CAN
DO IT.

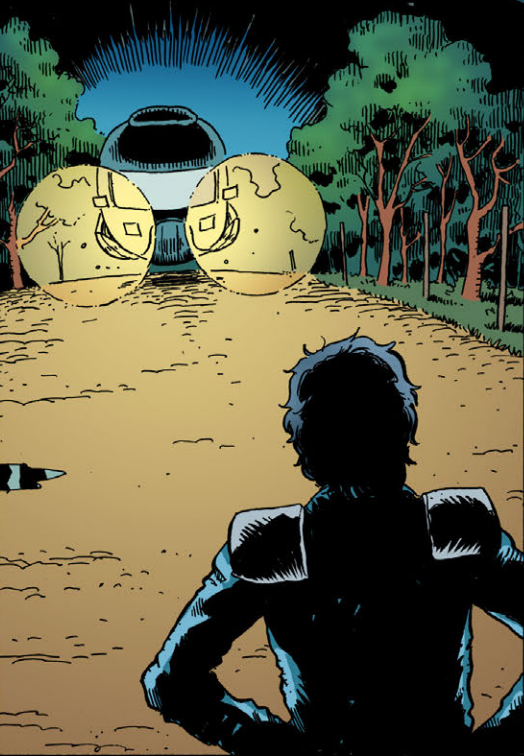
THE SECOND
THEY SEE YOUR
FREAKY EYES--
BLAM!

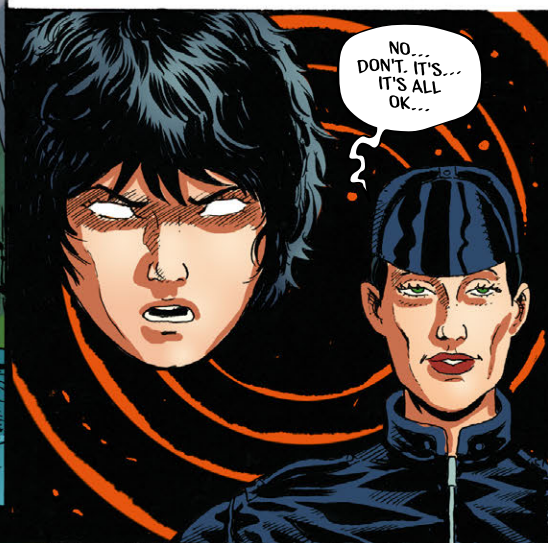
ENOUGH,
BOYLE! MAINTAIN
RADIO SILENCE.

"THE PERIMETER FENCES ARE RIGGED
WITH **PROXIMITY SENSORS** AND
ELECTROGUNS--ANYTHING GETS
WITHIN TEN METRES, IT'S **FRIED**."

THE
ONLY WAY IN IS
THROUGH THE
GATE.

ALPHA?







WHAT THE HELL, ALPHA? THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD CONTROL THEM!

IT DOESN'T WORK ON **EVERYONE**.

DON'T SHOOT-- PLEASE! W-WE'RE CARRYING **CATERING SUPPLIES**, THAT'S ALL!



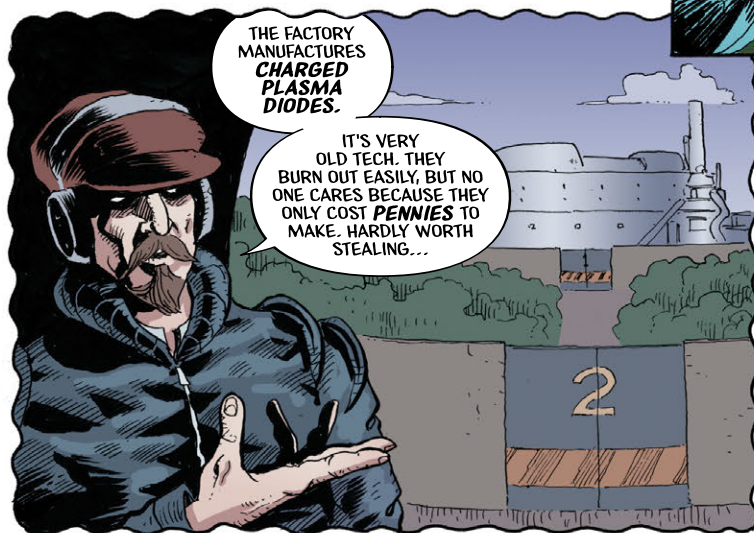
YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN THE BACK, AND DRIVE US INTO THE COMPOUND.

ABSOLUTELY! AND I WON'T EVEN TELL THE GUARDS AT THE **GATE** ABOUT YOU!



P-PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND DO WHAT WE SAY.



THE FACTORY MANUFACTURES **CHARGED PLASMA DIODES**.

IT'S VERY OLD TECH. THEY BURN OUT EASILY, BUT NO ONE CARES BECAUSE THEY ONLY COST **PENNIES** TO MAKE. HARDLY WORTH STEALING...



...EXCEPT THAT THEY'RE KEY COMPONENTS IN THE **PLASMA CARTRIDGES** FOR THE ENEMY'S **THWUP-GUNS**.

THEY BURN THROUGH **THOUSANDS** OF THESE EVERY WEEK...



"...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE FACTORY IN THE COUNTRY THAT STILL HAS THE FACILITIES TO MANUFACTURE THEM."

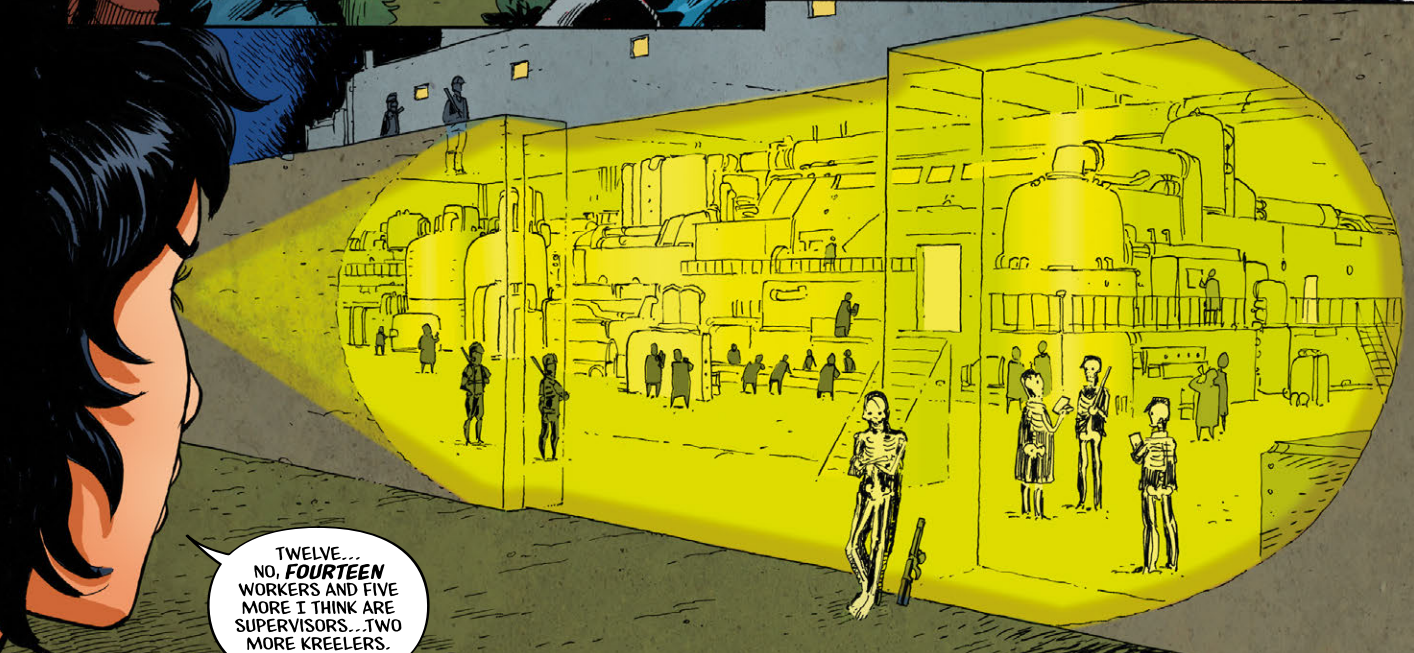


TIME TO DO YOUR *THING*.
SCAN THE BUILDING, SEE
HOW MANY **KREELEERS**
WE'RE FACING.

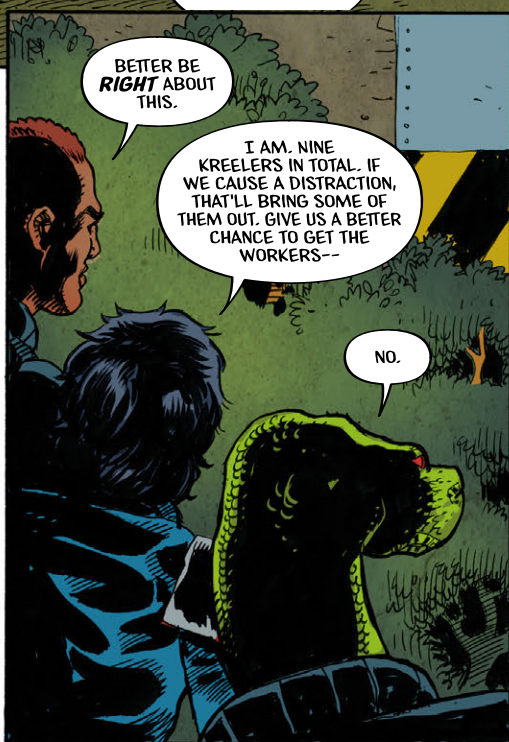


ONE AT THE
FRONT ENTRANCE...
COULD BE ASLEEP.
TWO ON THE
ROOF.

FOUR
MORE INSIDE.
WORKERS,
TOO...



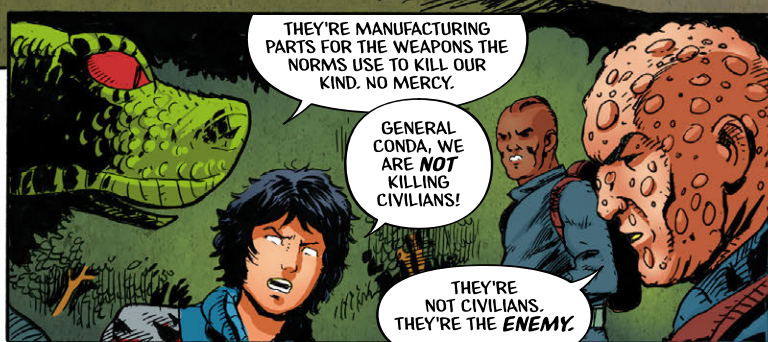
TWELVE...
NO, **FOURTEEN**
WORKERS AND FIVE
MORE I THINK ARE
SUPERVISORS... TWO
MORE KREELEERS.



BETTER BE
RIGHT ABOUT
THIS.

I AM NINE
KREELEERS IN TOTAL. IF
WE CAUSE A DISTRACTION,
THAT'LL BRING SOME OF
THEM OUT. GIVE US A BETTER
CHANCE TO GET THE
WORKERS--

NO.



THEY'RE MANUFACTURING
PARTS FOR THE WEAPONS THE
NORMS USE TO KILL OUR
KIND. NO MERCY.

GENERAL CONDA, WE
ARE **NOT**
KILLING
CIVILIANS!

THEY'RE
NOT CIVILIANS.
THEY'RE THE **ENEMY**.



YOU THINK WE JUST
PICKED THIS PLACE
AT RANDOM?

WE KNOW
WHAT WE'RE **DOING**,
KID. AND YOU MIGHT WANNA
TAKE A **CLOSER** LOOK--
TELL ME WHAT YOU
SEE.



THE WORKERS ARE
OUR KIND. MUTIES...
COLLABORATORS.



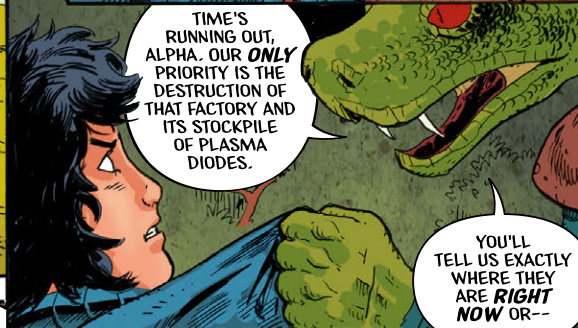
THAT DOESN'T
MEAN WE HAVE
TO--

YOU TAKE
THE ENEMY'S COIN,
YOU **BECOME** THE
ENEMY. IT'S THAT
SIMPLE.



NO! THE SUPERVISORS
MIGHT BE COLLABORATORS,
BUT I CAN TELL THE
OTHERS DON'T WANT
TO BE THERE!

WE CAN'T
TAKE THAT CHANCE.
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE
TO MAKE **SACRIFICES**.
THERE'S NO ROOM FOR
COMPASSION IN
WAR.



TIME'S
RUNNING OUT,
ALPHA. OUR **ONLY**
PRIORITY IS THE
DESTRUCTION OF
THAT FACTORY AND
ITS STOCKPILE
OF PLASMA
DIODES.

YOU'LL
TELL US EXACTLY
WHERE THEY
ARE **RIGHT**
NOW OR--



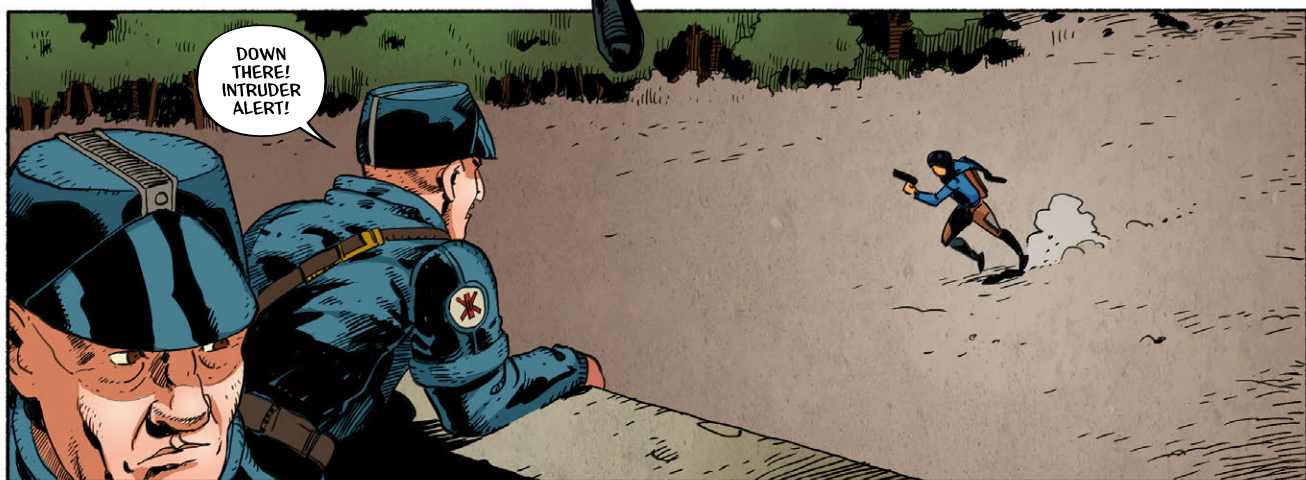
THEN WHAT
THE HELL ARE
WE FIGHTING
FOR?

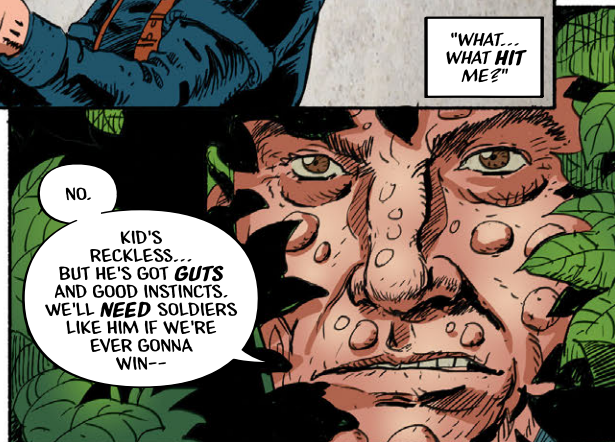


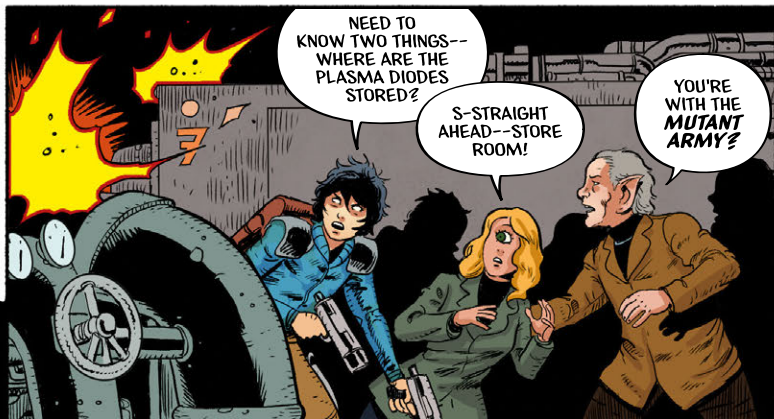
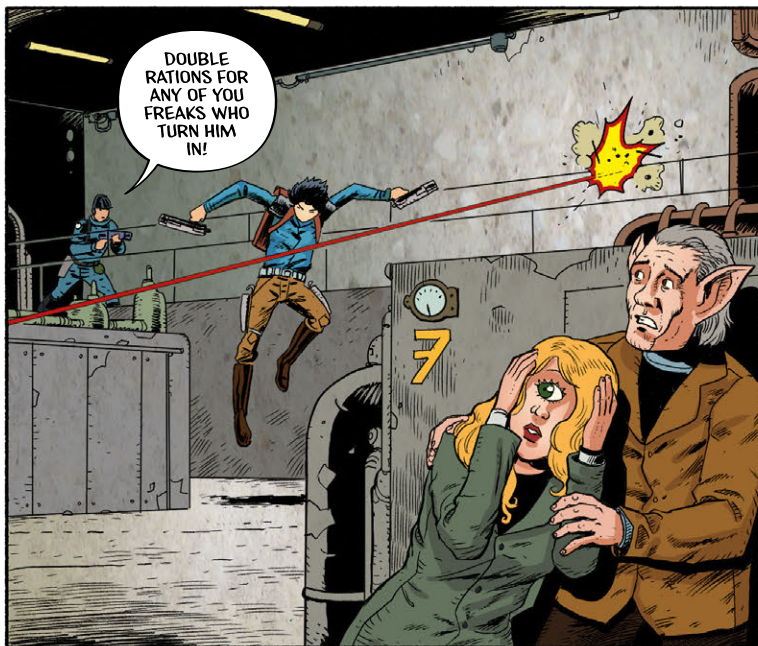
GIVE
ME **FOUR**
MINUTES--I
CAN GET THEM
OUT!

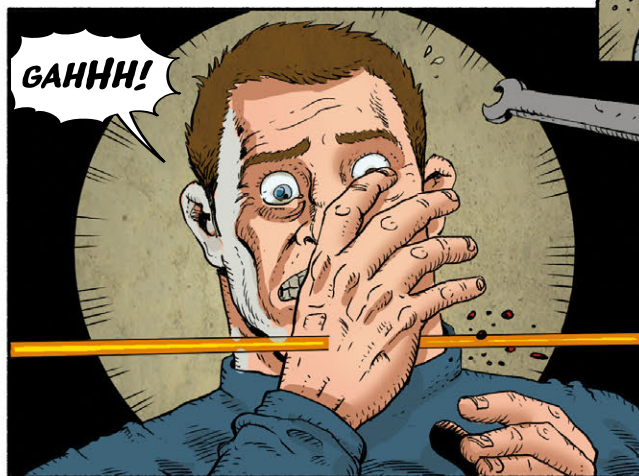
NO!









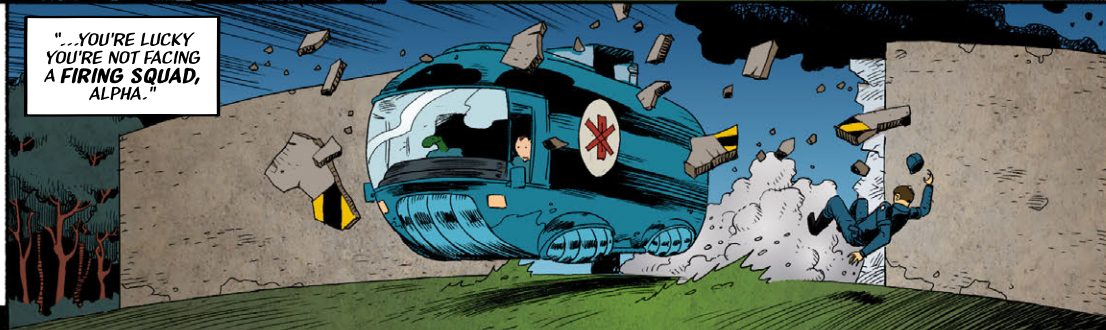




"DISOBEYING
A DIRECT
ORDER..."



"...ASSAULTING
THREE **SUPERIOR**
OFFICERS..."



"...YOU'RE LUCKY
YOU'RE NOT FACING
A **FIRING SQUAD**,
ALPHA."



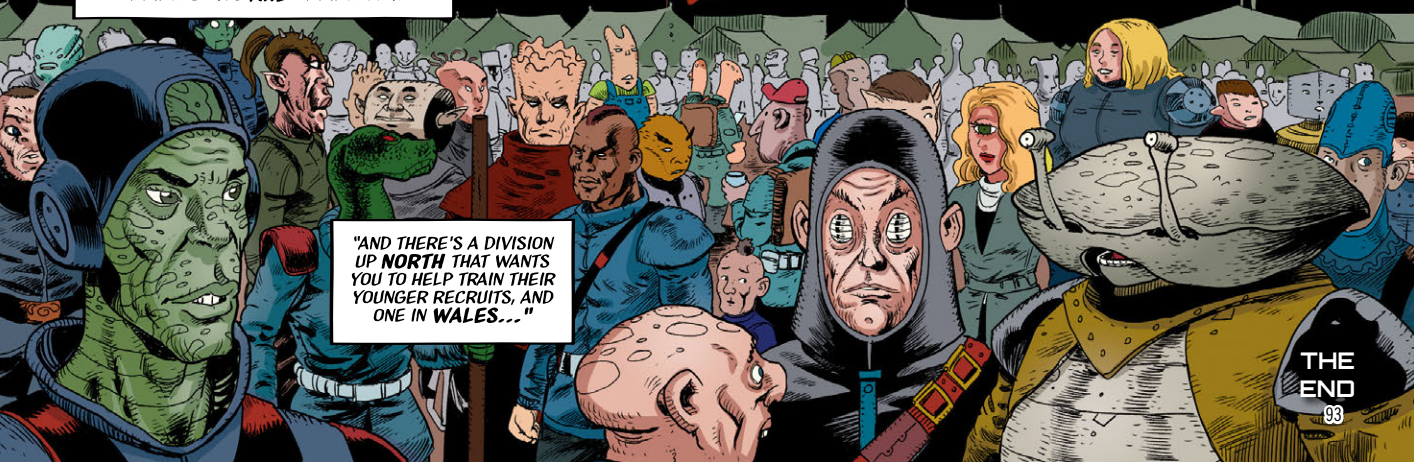
BUT YOU'VE GIVEN US A
DOZEN NEW **RECRUITS**,
AND DONE THE **KREELERS**
SOME SERIOUS
DAMAGE.

SO WE'RE
GONNA LET IT
SLIDE... **THIS**
TIME.



RECOVER **QUICKLY**,
JOHNNY. YOU DID WELL
TODAY, BUT THE FIGHT'S
A LONG WAY FROM
OVER.

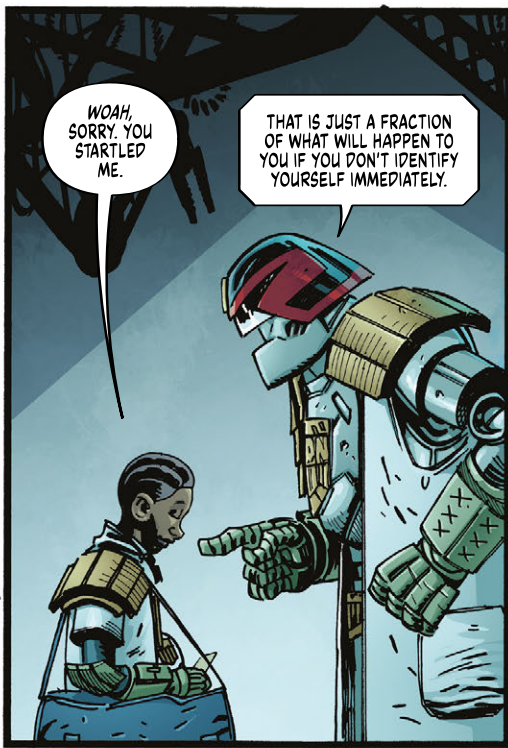
"GENERAL CONDA HAS ASKED TO **BORROW**
YOU FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND SO HAVE
CAPTAIN BOYLE **AND** CAPTAIN FINX.



"AND THERE'S A DIVISION
UP **NORTH** THAT WANTS
YOU TO HELP TRAIN THEIR
YOUNGER RECRUITS, AND
ONE IN **WALES**..."

THE
END
93





WOAH,
SORRY, YOU
STARTLED
ME.

THAT IS JUST A FRACTION
OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO
YOU IF YOU DON'T IDENTIFY
YOURSELF IMMEDIATELY.



NAME'S
AFUA. I'M
THE NEW
INTERN.



HMM. KIRBY SHOULD'VE
BEEN HERE TO MEET YOU BUT,
AS USUAL, SHE'S LATE.

I GUESS THAT MEANS
I'D BETTER SHOW
YOU AROUND.



IT'S NOT AS IF I'VE
ANYTHING BETTER
TO BE DOING.

NOT LIKE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF
SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT
RESEARCH WORK JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT HAS EVER SEEN.

RESEARCH?
SINCE WHEN DO
THEY LET **ROBOTS**
CARRY OUT
RESEARCH?

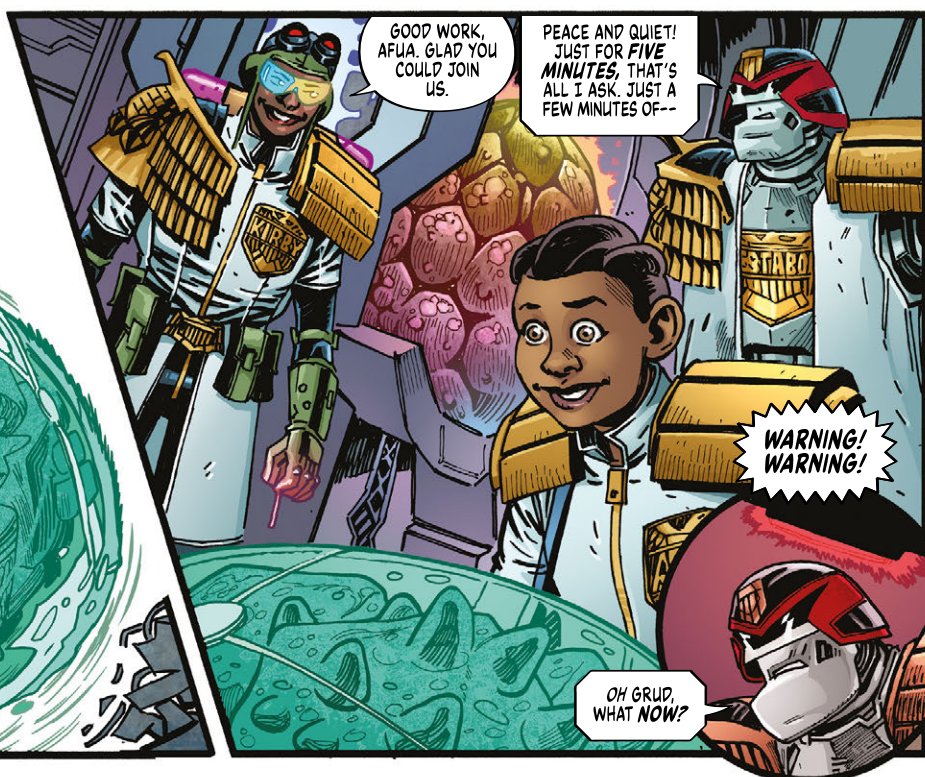
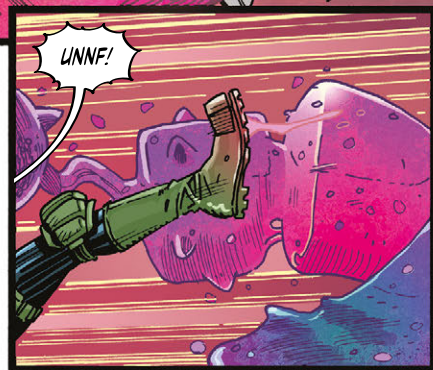
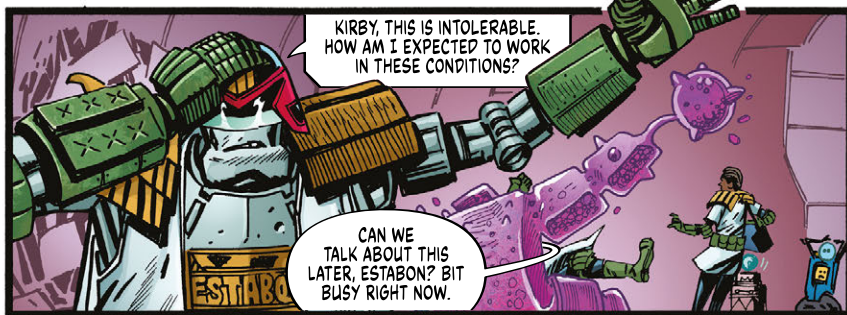


FIRSTLY, I AM
NOT A ROBOT.
SECONDLY--



W-WHAT'S
THAT?

UGH.



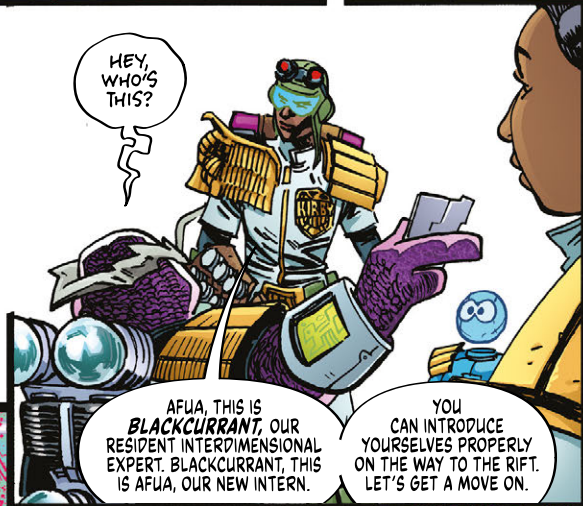


LOOK ALIVE,
PEOPLE! WE'VE
GOT ANOTHER
X-12!



WHAT'S AN
X-12?

IT MEANS AN
**INTERDIMENSIONAL
RIFT** HAS OPENED
SOMEWHERE IN THE
MULTIVERSE.



HEY,
WHO'S
THIS?

AFUA, THIS IS
BLACKCURRENT, OUR
RESIDENT INTERDIMENSIONAL
EXPERT. BLACKCURRENT, THIS
IS AFUA, OUR NEW INTERN.

YOU
CAN INTRODUCE
YOURSELVES PROPERLY
ON THE WAY TO THE RIFT.
LET'S GET A MOVE ON.



YOU SURE
IT'S OKAY
FOR HER TO
COME?

HOW ELSE
IS SHE GOING TO
LEARN?

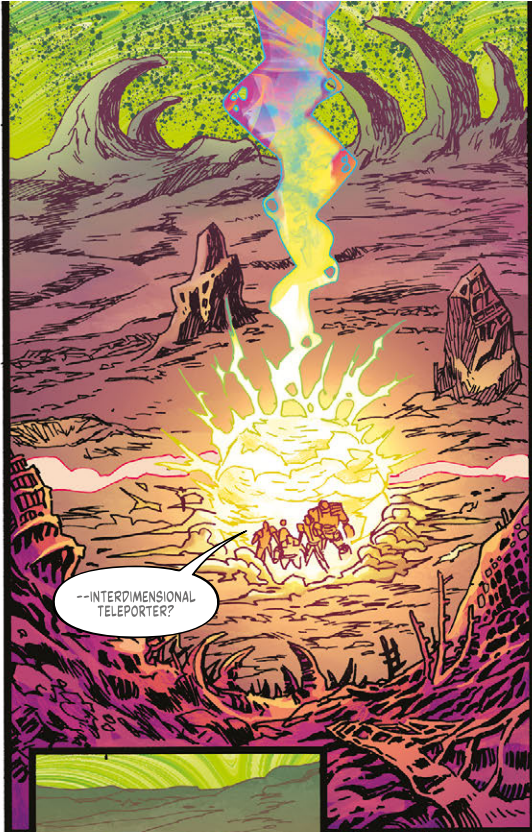


WHAT
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE LAST
ONE?

THAT WAS ONE
TIME. NOW LET'S
GO.



OH
WOW,
IS THAT
AN--



--INTERDIMENSIONAL
TELEPORTER?



YEAH,
BUT THE STUPID
THING ALWAYS
SEEMS TO BE OFF
BY A FEW MILES.
WE WERE MEANT
TO MATERIALISE
NEXT TO THE
RIFT.

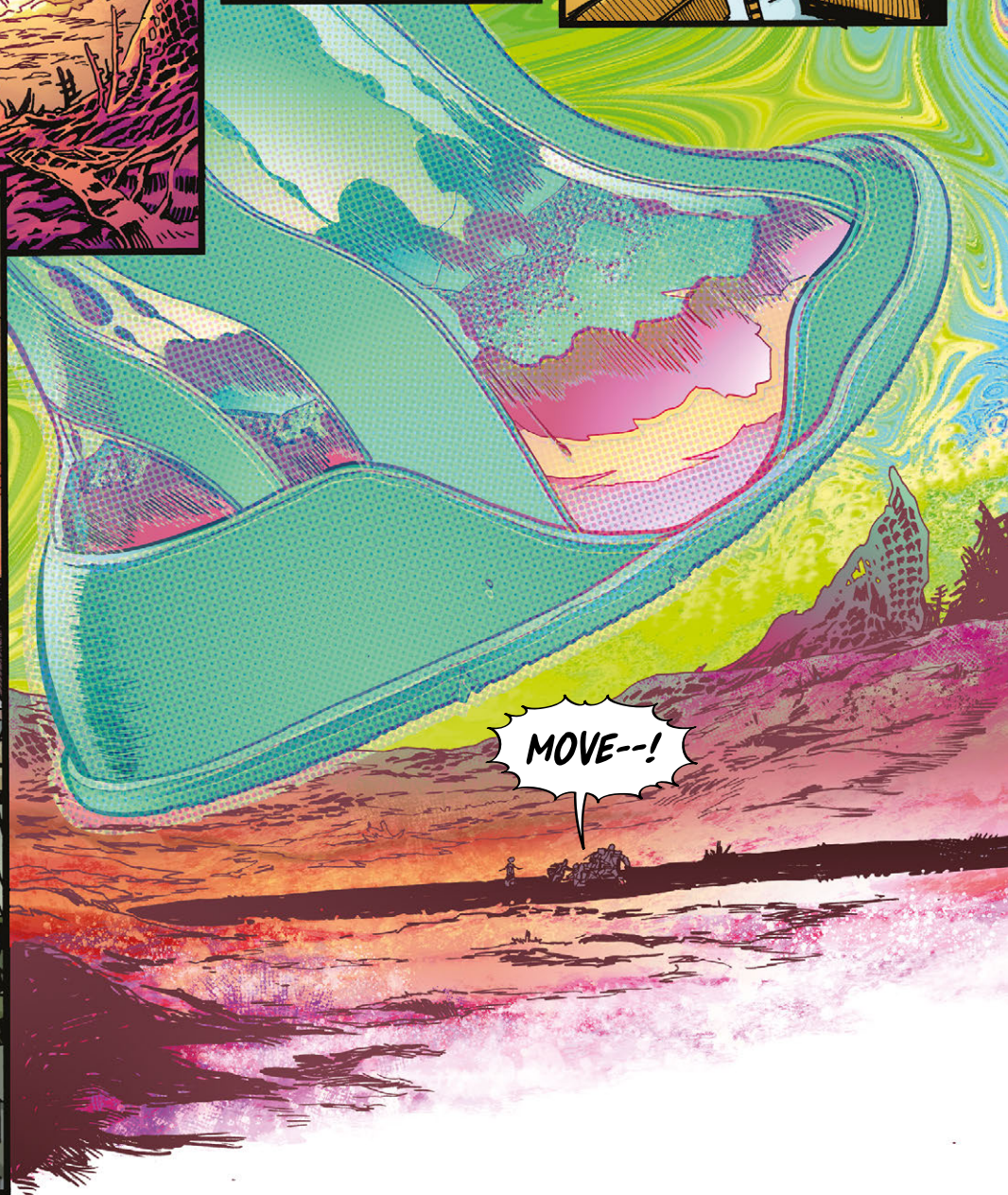
ANYWAY,
WELCOME TO
EARTH 43-AA.
OR WHAT'S LEFT
OF IT, ANYWAY.



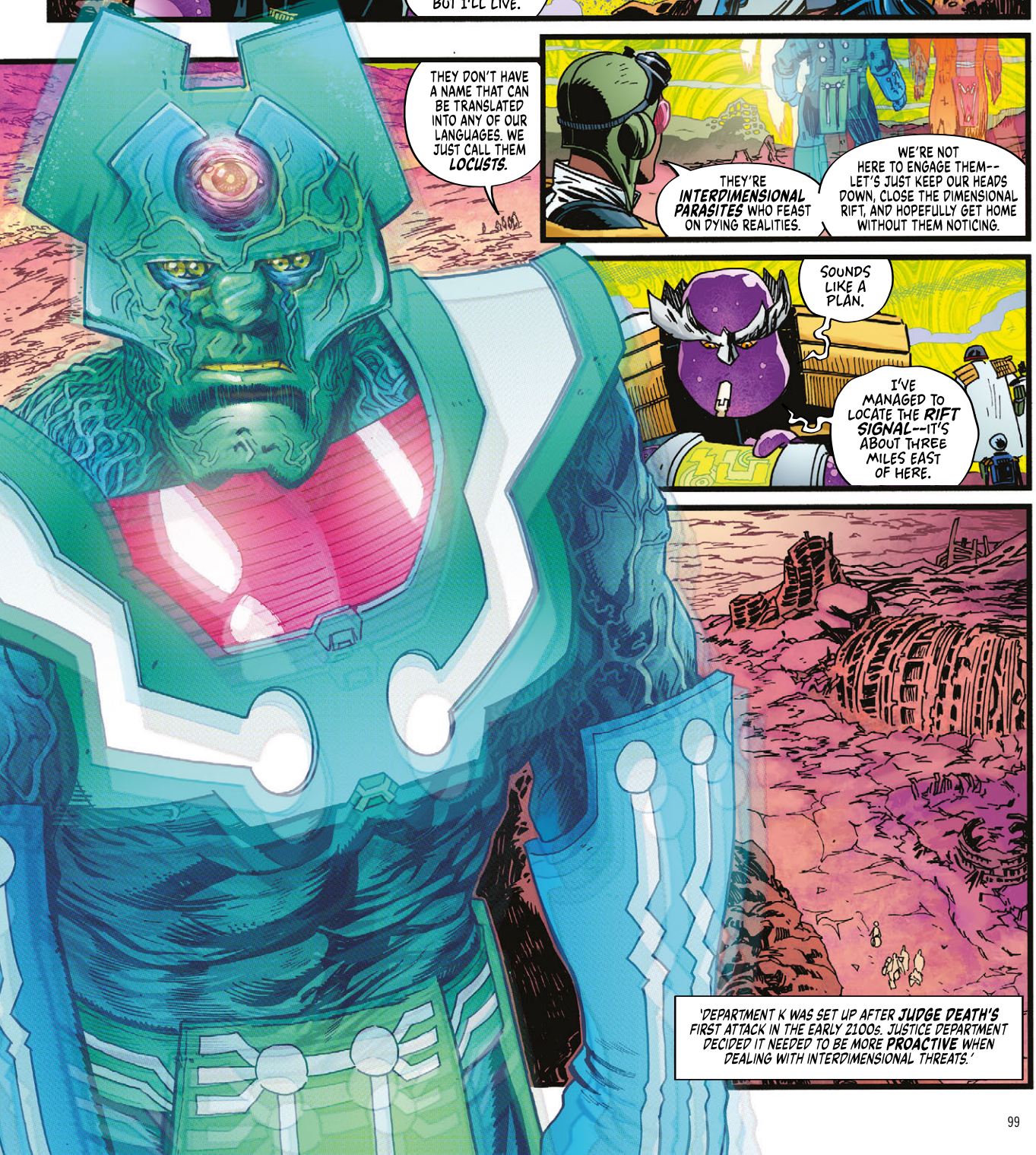
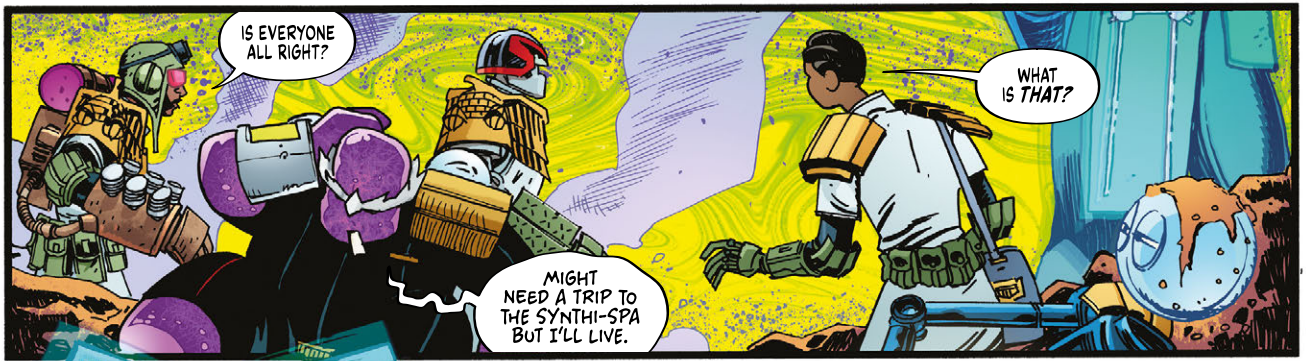
DROKK...
WHAT COULD'VE
DONE ALL OF
THIS?



UM...



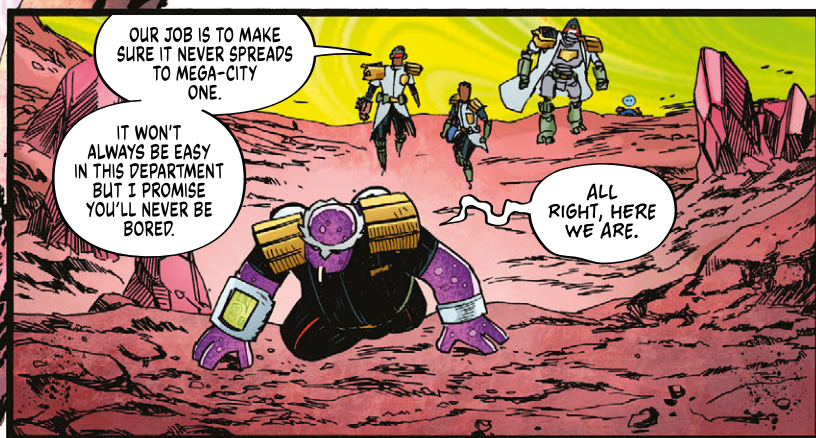
MOVE--!





AND THERE ARE A LOT OF THEM, BELIEVE ME. IT'S RARE FOR US TO GO A WEEK WITHOUT SOME KIND OF INTERDIMENSIONAL INVASION.

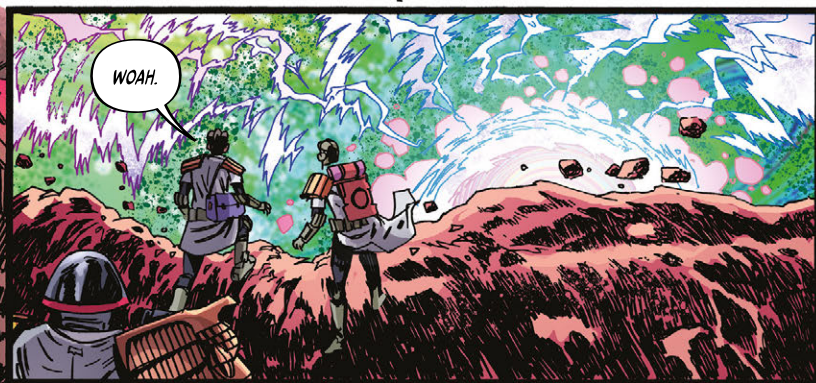
HOWEVER, WE'VE RECENTLY NOTICED SOMETHING NEW. THERE'S A **CONTAGION** SPREADING ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE, POISONING MORE AND MORE UNIVERSES.



OUR JOB IS TO MAKE SURE IT NEVER SPREADS TO MEGA-CITY ONE.

IT WON'T ALWAYS BE EASY IN THIS DEPARTMENT BUT I PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER BE BORED.

ALL RIGHT, HERE WE ARE.



WOAH.

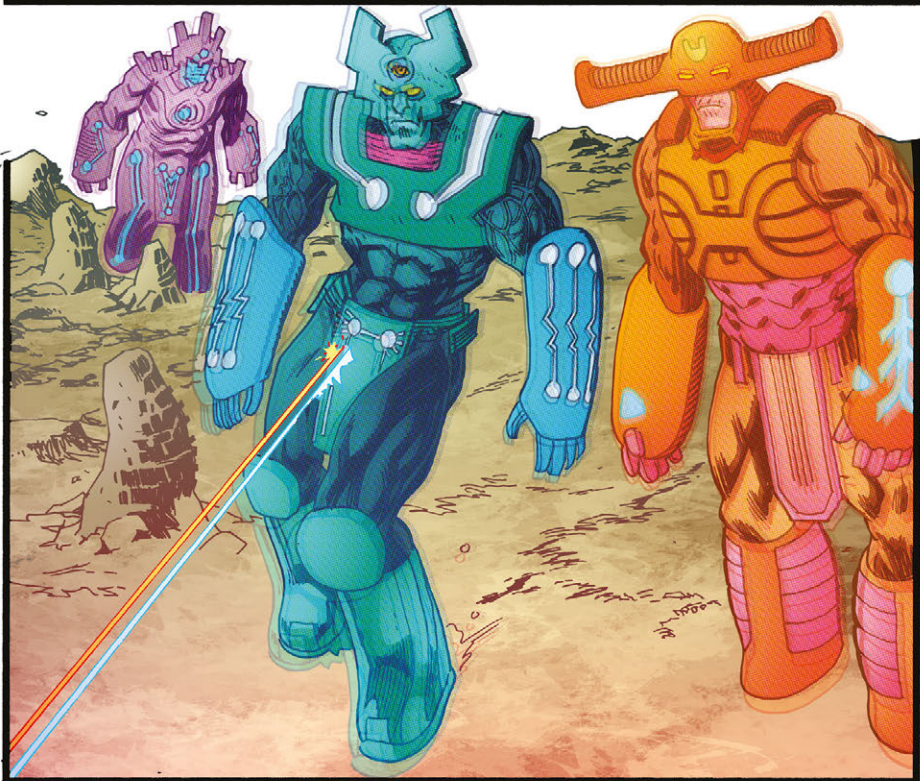
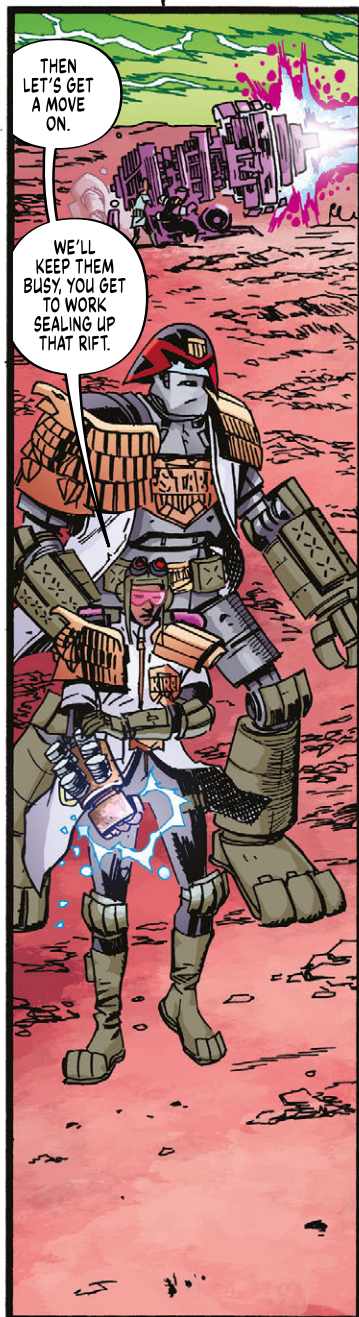
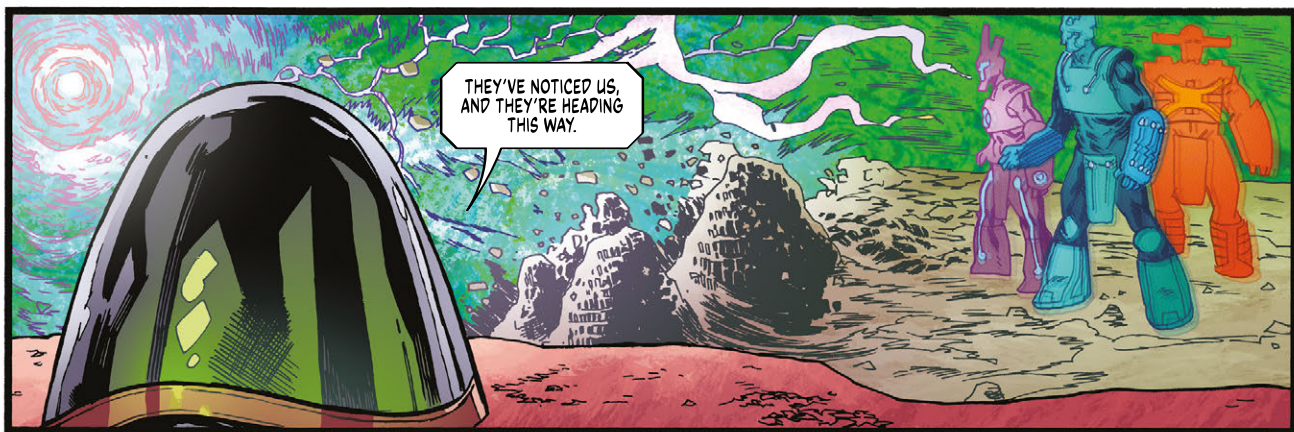


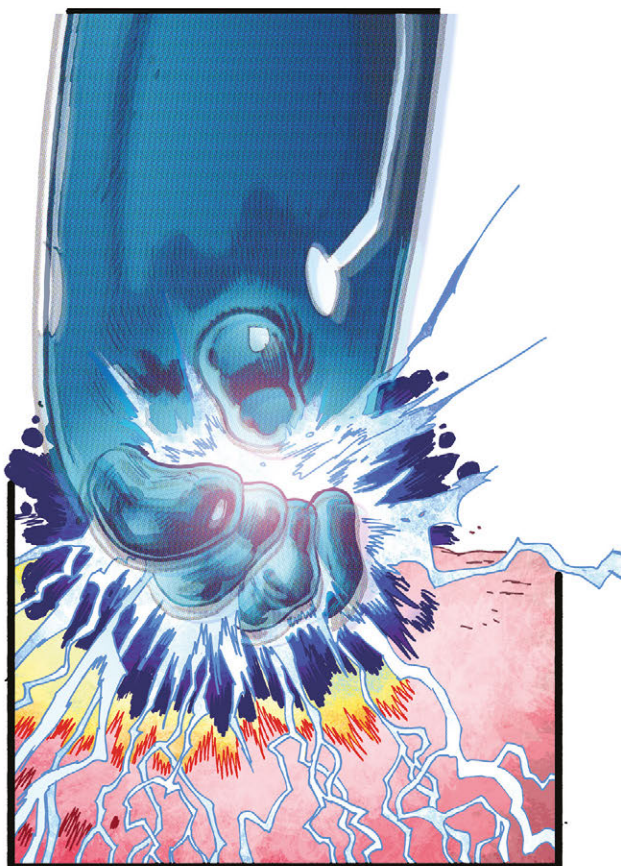
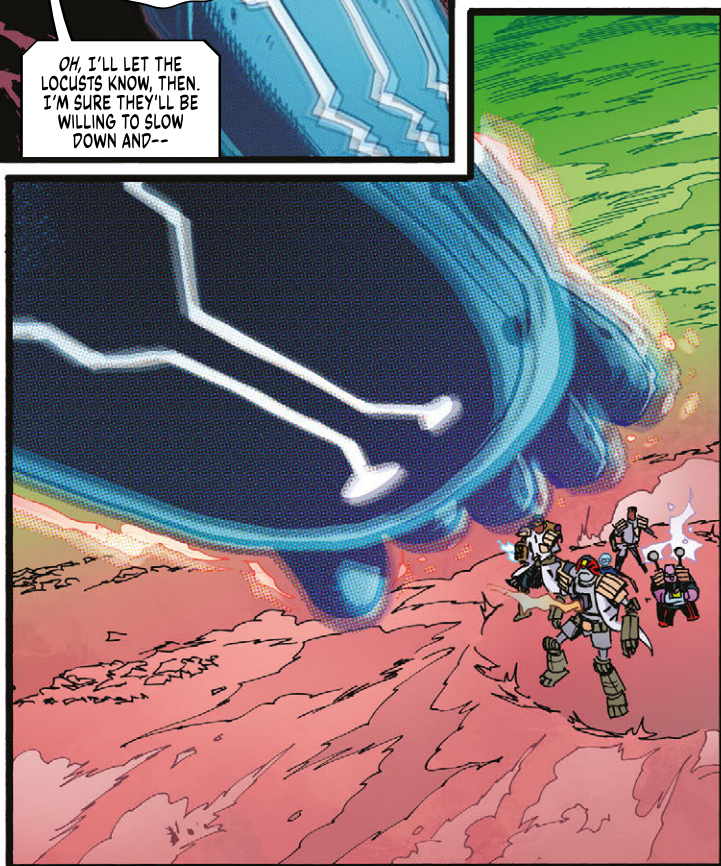
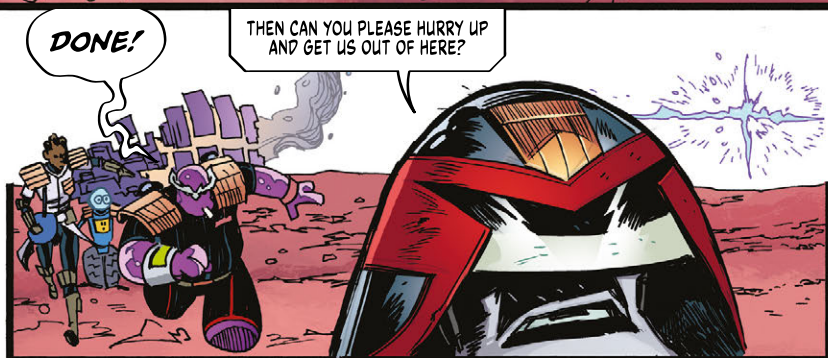
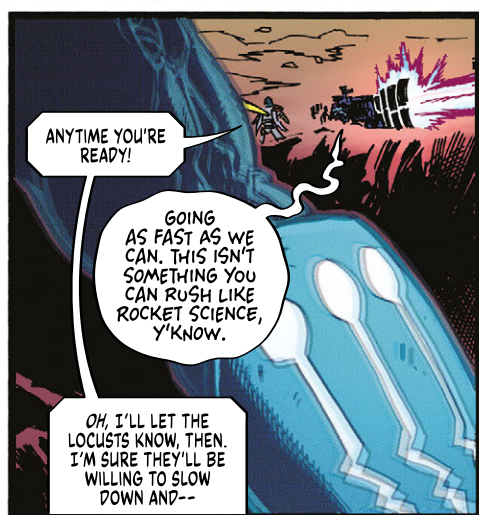
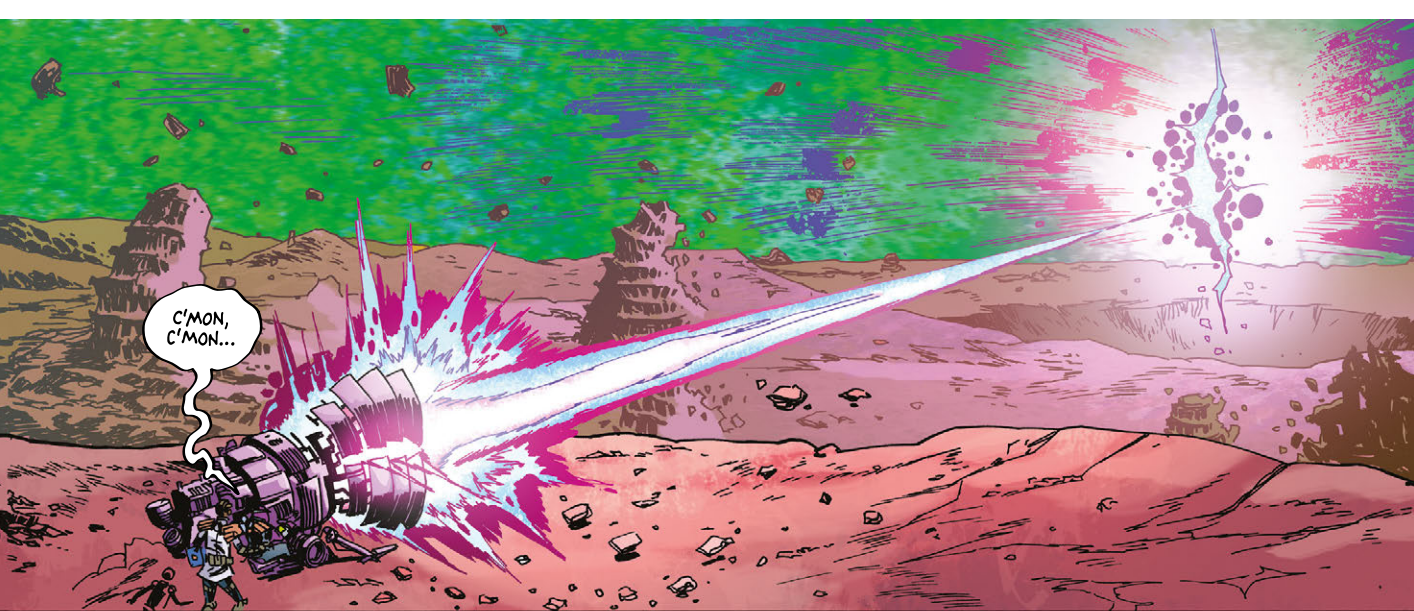
GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS **PARTROPIC DECELERATOR**, AFUA.

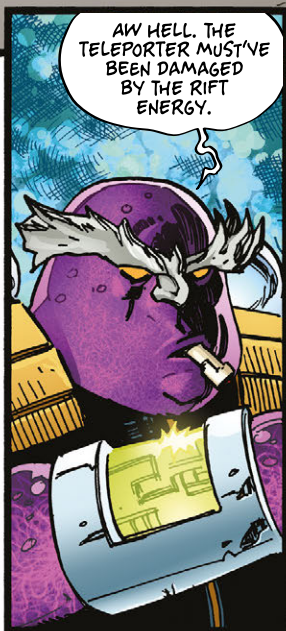
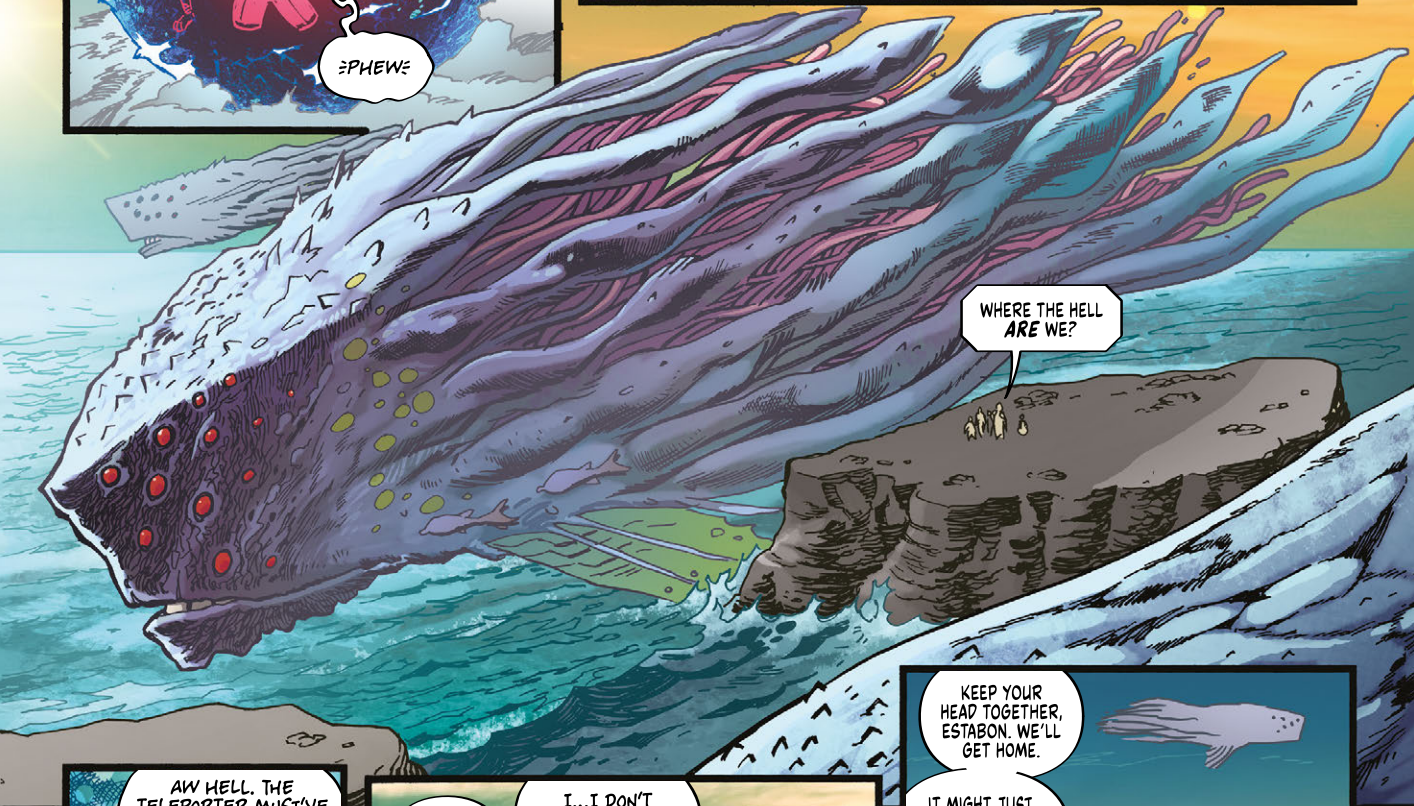
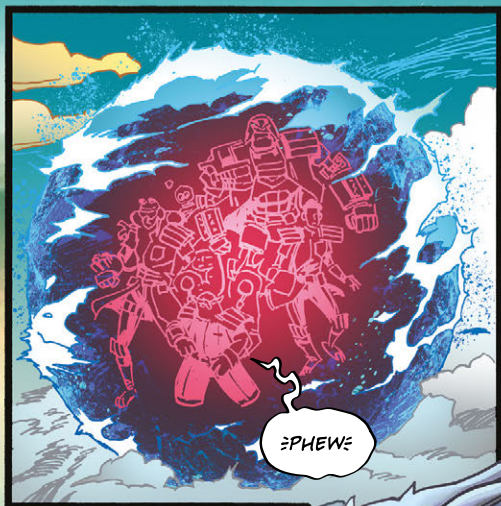
WE CAN SEAL THE RIFT WITH A BOMBARDMENT OF **TR-I-ON** WAVES. SHOULDN'T TAKE A MOMENT AND THEN WE CAN HEAD HOME.



OH TERRIFIC.

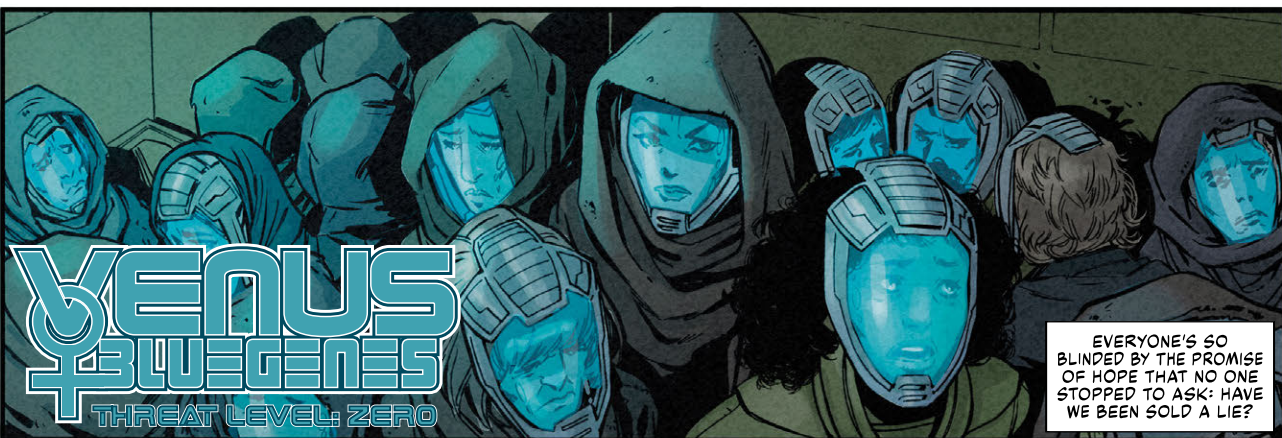






NU EARTH,
WHERE THE AIR'S
POISONED AND
THE GROUND'S A
BATTLEFIELD.

IS IT REALLY ANY
WONDER PEOPLE
WOULD GIVE JUST
ABOUT **ANYTHING**
TO ESCAPE THIS
ROCK?



VENUS

♀ BLUE GENES

THREAT LEVEL: ZERO

EVERYONE'S SO
BLINDED BY THE PROMISE
OF HOPE THAT NO ONE
STOPPED TO ASK: HAVE
WE BEEN SOLD A LIE?

FREEZE, SOUTHERS!
COMPLIANCE IS
MANDATORY OR
FACE TERMINATION!

THEY'RE
AFRAID. OF
COURSE
THEY ARE.

THEY'RE
ONLY
HUMAN.

NO--!

TRUST NORTS TO
GET A TIN CAN TO DO
THEIR DIRTY WORK.

CORRECTION: A **LOT**
OF TIN CANS. MUST
MEAN A WHOLE LOAD
OF DIRTY WORK.

THEY SEPARATE US INTO
GROUPS, CHAIN SOME
OF US TOGETHER AND
MAKE US WALK--I'M
JUST THRILLED WITH
MY NEW "FRIEND".

THE WHOLE TIME
THOSE BUCKETS OF
BOLTS KEEP THEIR
GUNS LOCKED AND
LOADED.

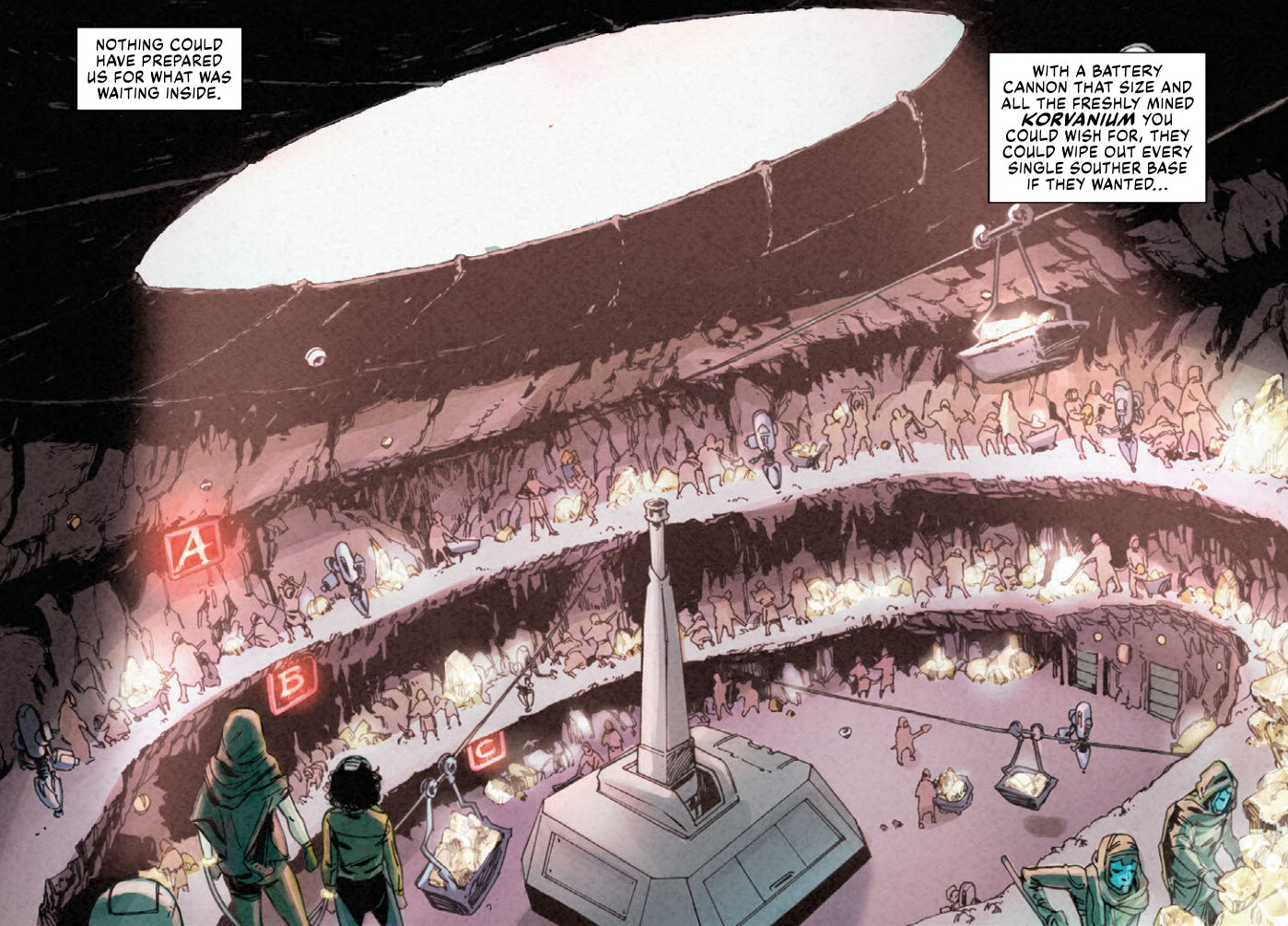
ALL OF THIS FOR
A FEW FRIGHTENED
REFUGEES?
WHATEVER'S IN
HERE IS BIG.

DETERMINING
CLASSIFICATION...

CLASSIFICATION
COMPLETE. THREAT
LEVEL: ZERO.

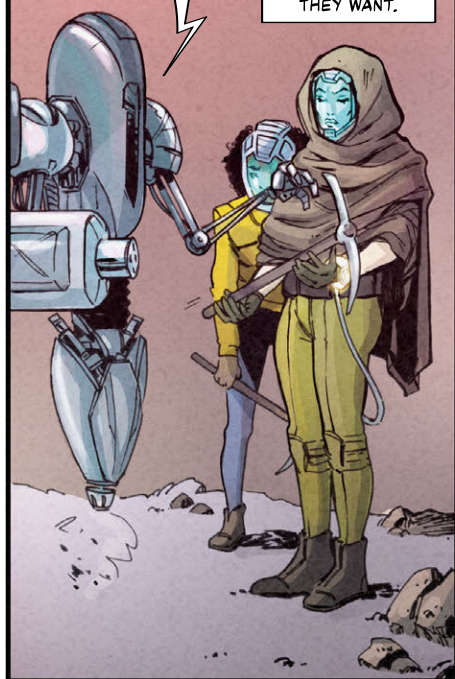
NOTHING COULD HAVE PREPARED US FOR WHAT WAS WAITING INSIDE.

WITH A BATTERY CANNON THAT SIZE AND ALL THE FRESHLY MINED **KORVANUM** YOU COULD WISH FOR, THEY COULD WIPE OUT EVERY SINGLE SOUTHER BASE IF THEY WANTED...



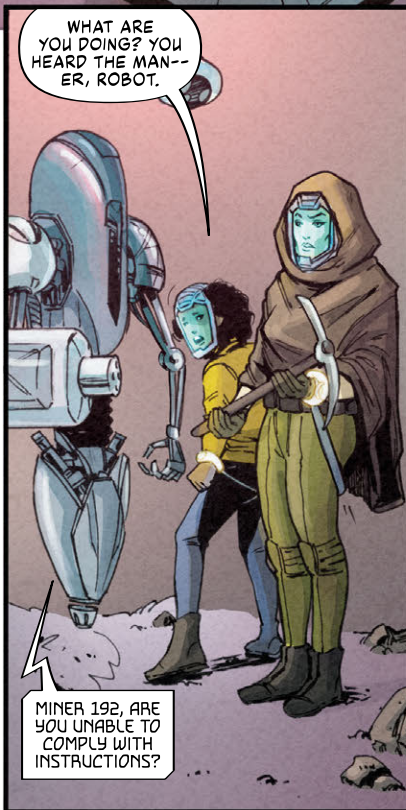
PROCEED TO MINING POSITION C16. DEPOSIT ALL KORVANUM FOR IMMEDIATE WEAPONISATION.

...AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT THEY WANT.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU HEARD THE MAN--ER, ROBOT.

MINER 192, ARE YOU UNABLE TO COMPLY WITH INSTRUCTIONS?



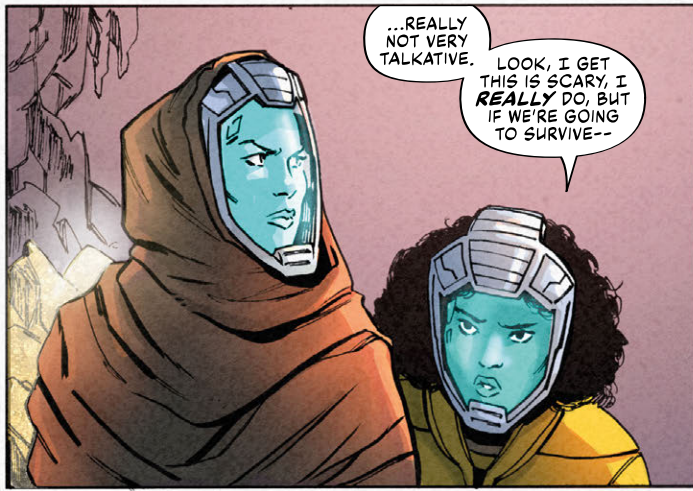
I...I COMPLY.





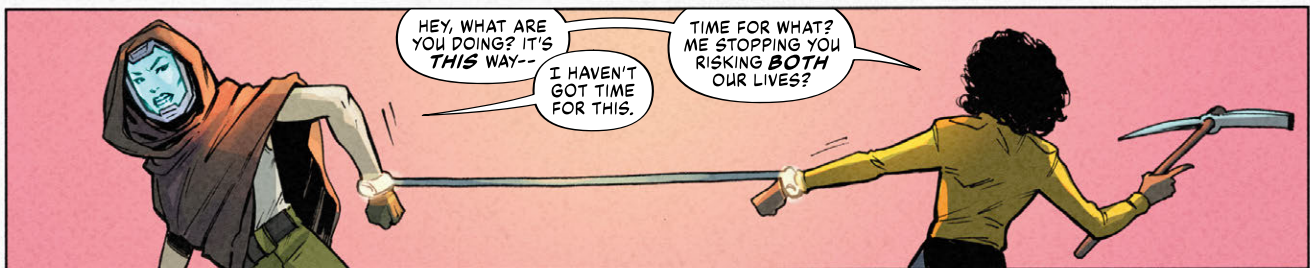
HOW ABOUT WE AVOID ANY MORE **UNWANTED** ATTENTION? WE DON'T EXACTLY KNOW HOW MANY WARNINGS THEY'RE PROGRAMMED FOR.

I'M **PEARL**. YOU ARE...?



...REALLY NOT VERY TALKATIVE.

LOOK, I GET THIS IS SCARY, I **REALLY** DO, BUT IF WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE--



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IT'S **THIS** WAY--

I HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THIS.

TIME FOR WHAT? ME STOPPING YOU RISKING **BOTH** OUR LIVES?



MOVE!

AAH--!

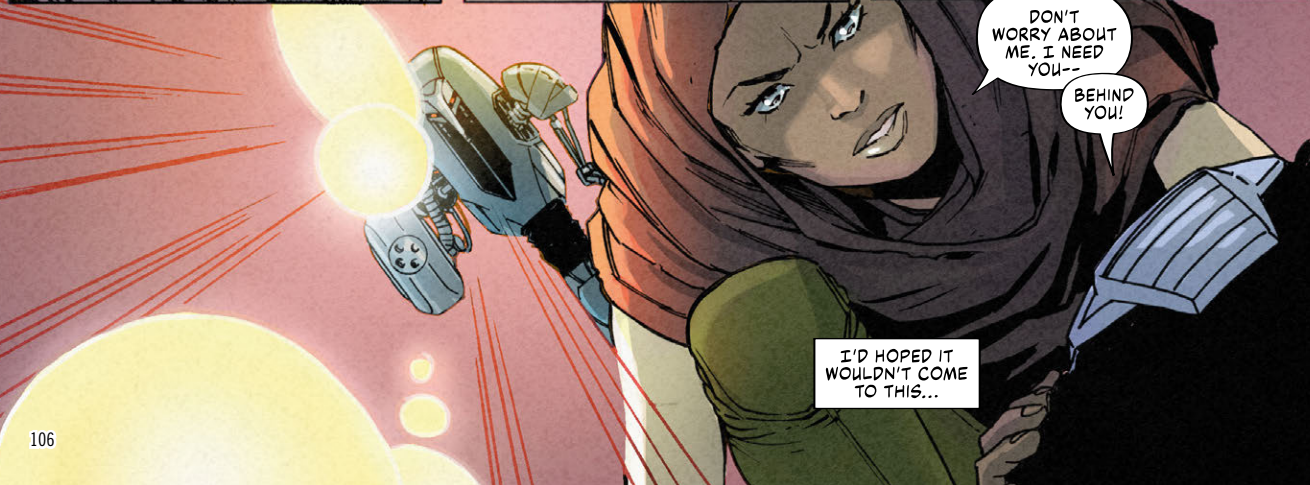


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? M-MY MASK'S CRACKED! I CAN'T... BREATHE...



TAKE MINE. QUICK. BEFORE YOU INHALE ANY MORE TOXINS.

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU CAN'T SURVIVE WITHOUT IT. **NO ONE** CAN.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, I NEED YOU--

BEHIND YOU!

I'D HOPED IT WOULDN'T COME TO THIS...

...FOR
THEIR SAKES,
NOT MINE.



THEY MAY BE DEADLY
ROBOTS BUT THEY'RE
ONLY DOING WHAT THEY
WERE DESIGNED TO DO.
I CAN RELATE.

ALL I WANTED WAS
TO FIND OUT WHO
WAS KIDNAPPING
SOUTHER REFUGEES
AND SET THEM FREE.
GET IN, GET OUT,
AVOID DETECTION.

BUT NOW MY
**CHROMOSOMAL
MAKE-UP'S**
COMPROMISED, THERE'S
NO CHANCE OF THAT. AT
LEAST IT GOT ME PAST
THEIR SCANNERS.

THREAT LEVEL:
ZERO? YEAH,
RIGHT.

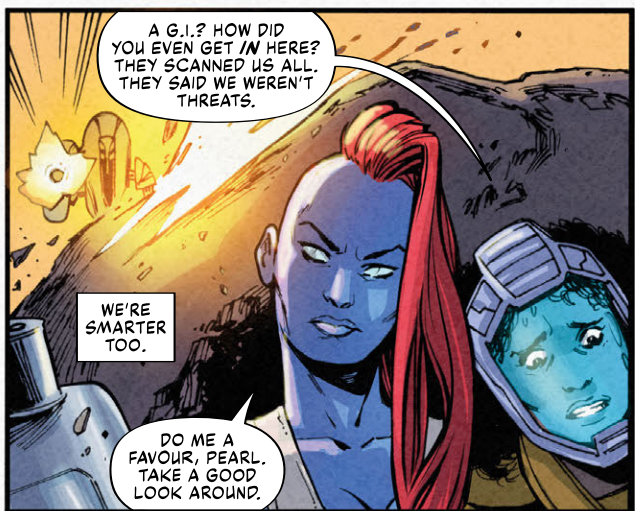
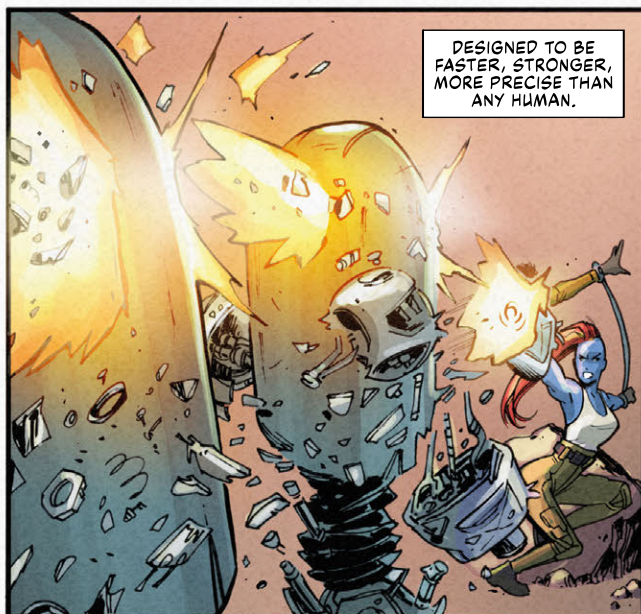
MIGHT AS WELL
DISPENSE WITH
THE DISGUISE.



W-WHO
ARE YOU?

SHE'S
AFRAID, OF
COURSE
SHE IS.

SHE'S
ONLY
HUMAN.





AAAAH--

THAT'S IT! DRAW THEIR FIRE **TOWARDS** US!



WINE!



SO, VENUS... WHAT'S YOUR NEXT BRIGHT IDEA?

SAME AS THE LAST ONE...

I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN CHAINED TO **ANYBODY** ELSE?



...SURVIVE.

YAAAAH!



WILL YOU STOP **DOING** THAT!

AS MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO ADMIT, THE RAGDOLL'S RIGHT. I DO NEED A **PLAN**.



THIS WAS ONLY EVER MEANT TO BE A PRISON BREAK. I HAD NO IDEA THIS WEAPON EXISTED. NOW I DO, I CAN'T RISK LEAVING IT BEHIND.

WHAT *IS* THIS ALL STUFF?

KORVANILUM. ENOUGH TO PRIME A THOUSAND EXPLOSIVES OR...



...ONE REALLY **BIG** ONE.



PLEASE, JUST LET ME GO! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THIS, I NEVER DID! WHY DO YOU THINK I WAS ON THAT WAGON IN THE FIRST PLACE?



YOU WANT OUT? YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE A **CHOICE**? FINE!



NO! WAIT--





THE CURSE
OF SUPERIOR
INTELLECT MEANS
I FIGURE IT OUT
BEFORE THEY DO.

I'M OUTNUMBERED
AND OUTGUNNED.
IT'S THE **ONLY**
REASON I DON'T
STAND A CHANCE.

LET ME ASK
WHAT WE'RE
ALL THINKING:
WHO'S PULLING
THE TRIGGER
FIRST?

THAT'S
A GOOD
QUESTION...

BUT THEN
AGAIN...

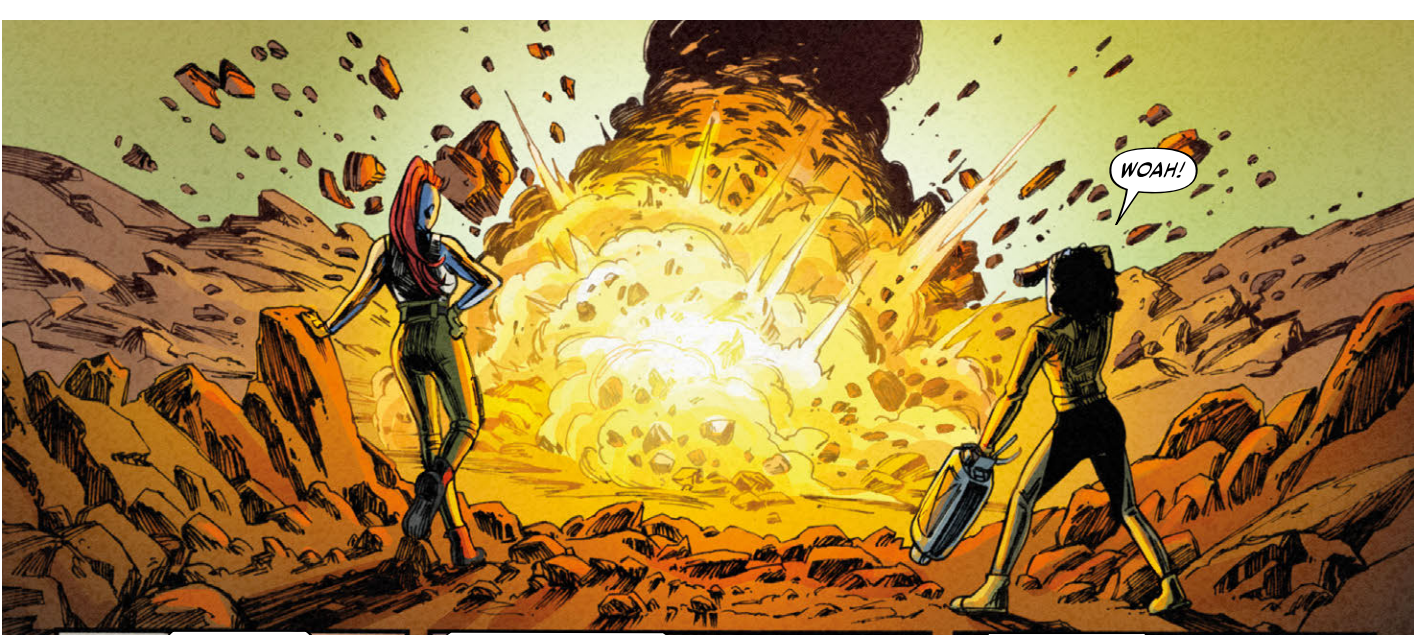


...AM
I RIGHT,
LADIES?

...MAYBE
HUMANS AREN'T
ALL BAD.



"I'D TAKE A
STEP BACK IF I
WERE YOU..."



YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE WITH EXPLOSIONS, THEN?

I'VE SURVIVED MY FAIR SHARE.

I KNOW THEY TELL STORIES ABOUT ME, ABOUT THE THINGS I DID ON CALIBAN ISLAND... BUT SHE DOESN'T PUSH ME ON IT.

I'M NOT THAT PERSON ANYMORE.

LOOK, NOW WE KNOW THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN, WE FIGURE MAYBE WE SHOULD FIGHT INSTEAD. ONLY, WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO LEARN.

I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU COULD BE THE ONE TO **TEACH** US?

BUT I'M NOT WHAT SHE WANTS ME TO BE, EITHER.

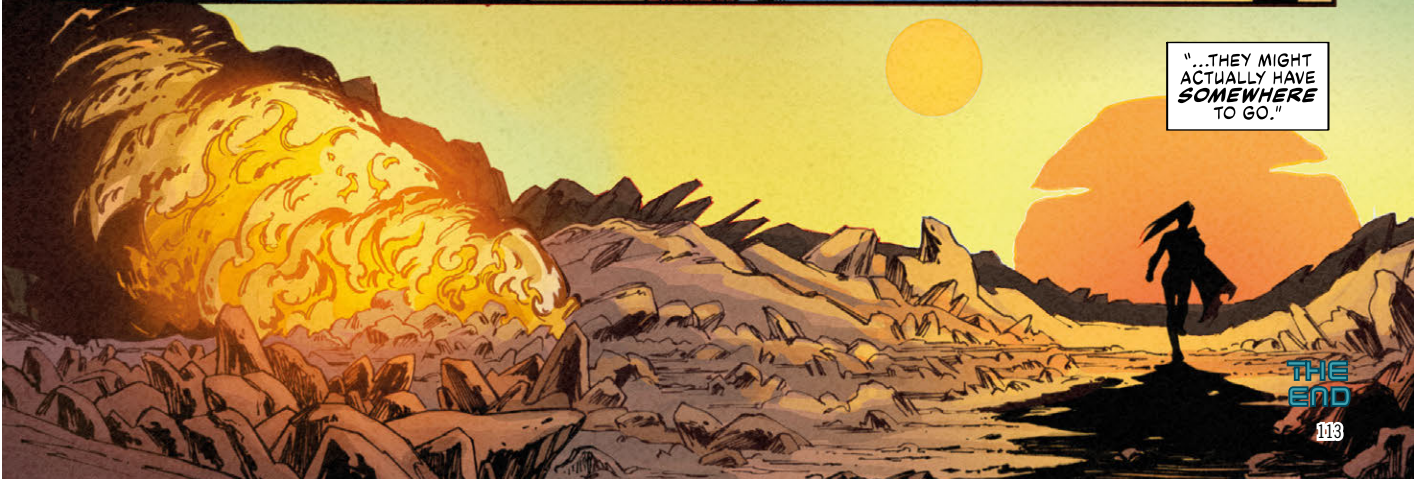
THERE IS A LOT I CAN SAY ABOUT HUMANS...BUT YOU?

YOU'RE NOT AS TERRIBLE AS YOU FIRST APPEAR.

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A NO. YOU KNOW YOU'RE **MORE** THAN WHAT THEY MADE YOU, RIGHT?

OF COURSE I DO. I'M SMARTER THAN HER, AFTER ALL. AND YET, I DECIDE IT'S BEST NOT TO REMIND HER.

I'M DONE WITH ONLY BEING A MACHINE OF WAR. I WANT TO MAKE A **DIFFERENCE**. THEN, ONE DAY, WHEN PEOPLE LIKE YOU NEED TO ESCAPE...





Snazz, Obviously

HONESTLY, EDWIN, IT'S BEEN AGES!

WHAT'S THE POINT IN BEING THE SMARTEST BEING IN THE UNIVERSE--
--IF NOBODY'S PAYING ATTENTION?

ABELARD
SNAZZ

THE ONLY WAY IS UP

I DON'T KNOW, SIR--

--BUT DESPITE THE EXTREME TRAUMA THAT'S RESULTED EVERY SINGLE TIME ANYONE'S PAID YOU THAT ATTENTION, I BELIEVE I AM FINALLY ALLOWING MYSELF TO--

HELP US, ABELARD SNAZZ!

OH DEAR.

I'M GOING TO START TO SING, JUST TO WARN YOU, SIR. LOUDLY.



NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO ATTEMPT TO ENTERTAIN ME WITH ANY OF THE MANY FORMS OF POPULAR CULTURE IN WHICH I HAVE ZERO INTEREST.

TLDR: SILENCE!

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!

THAT'S THE SORT OF HOPE I MOST ENJOY BEING! EDWIN, CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING DOWN THERE?



NO, SIR. EVEN WITH MICROSCOPIC VISION--

WE HAVE A LOOK!

AND YET WE CAN HEAR--

ACTIVATE!



--THEMMMMMMMMMM!

AAAAHHHHHHH!



THEY
APPROACH,
EMPRESS!

THEY
ARE, ERM,
STILL PRETTY
HUGE.

BUT
SHRINKING! THANK
GOODNESS THERE'S NO AIR
OUT THERE THROUGH WHICH TO
HEAR THEIR ENORMOUS
SCREAMING.



WELCOME, ABELARD
SNAZZ! WELCOME TO
ATOMICA!

YOU STAND IN
THE MAJESTIC PRESENCE
OF SHE HERSELF, THE
EMPRESS OF THE
ATOM!

OH GOSH,
SHIRLEY,
MUST
YOU?



SHE DOES
TRY TO BIG
ME UP.

I SUPPOSE
ONE WOULD.

ERR, LESS OF
THAT, THANKS
AWFULLY.

A SUB-ATOMIC
REALM? I...I
HAVE QUESTIONS!

I MEAN, WHAT ARE
WE **BREATHING?**

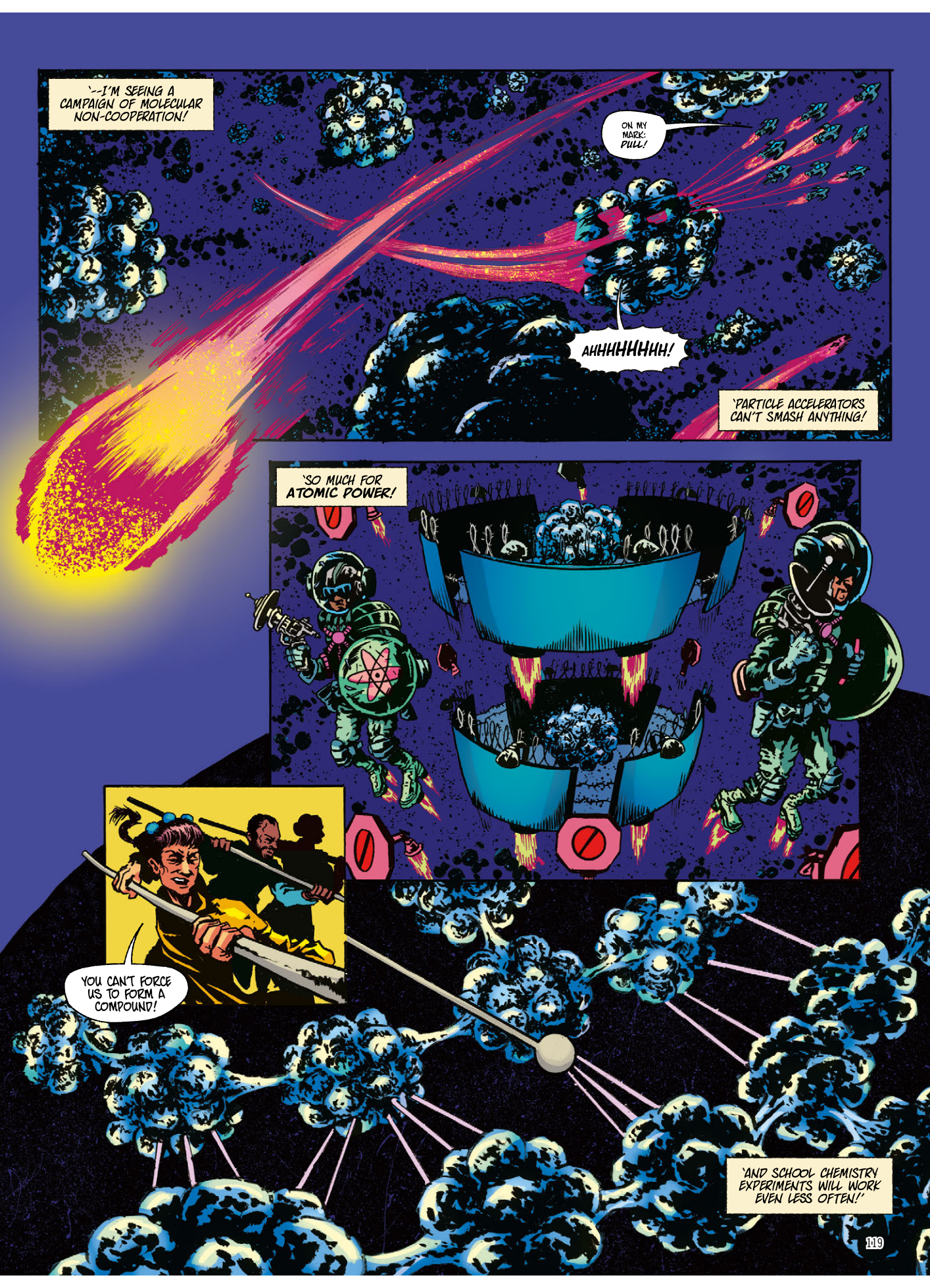
AND THESE DAYS ISN'T
THIS ALL MEANT TO BE
A BIT LESS SOLID AND
A BIT MORE...
QUANTUM?

YOU KNOW, PARTICLES
THAT ARE ONLY THERE IF
YOU **BELIEVE** IN THEM,
AND ALL THAT?









I'M SEEING A
CAMPAIGN OF MOLECULAR
NON-COOPERATION!

ON MY
MARK:
PULL!

AAAAAAAAHHH!

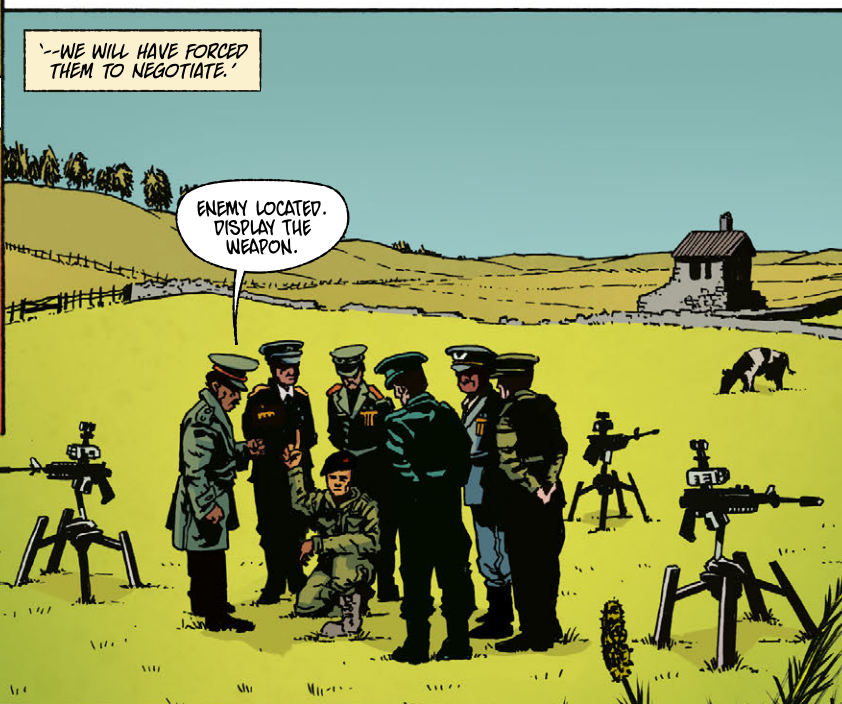
'PARTICLE ACCELERATORS
CAN'T SMASH ANYTHING!

SO MUCH FOR
ATOMIC POWER!



YOU CAN'T FORCE
US TO FORM A
COMPOUND!

'AND SCHOOL CHEMISTRY
EXPERIMENTS WILL WORK
EVEN LESS OFTEN!'







AND SO--

--HISTORY--

'DEAR ATOMICA,
DON'T THINK ME
TWO-FACED,
BUT--'

--REPEATS ITSELF.

AAAAHHHHHHH!

SIR, ARE YOU
LEARNING THE
LESSON HERE?

I DON'T LEARN
LESSONS, EDWIN.
I TEACH--

WOOOAAARRRR
HHH!

WE ARE THE
PREONS! THERE'S
NOTHING SMALLER
THAN US!

AND
THAT REALLY
ANNOYS US
BECAUSE--

YES, YES.
I HAVE A PLAN.
AN EXCELLENT
PLAN.

ONE THAT
REALLY MUST
WORK AT SOME
POINT!

AND SO--

MY MISTAKE
WAS TO MAKE
ULTIMATUMS.
ACT FIRST, THEN
DEAL!

AND I'VE
CENTRALISED
IT ALL IN A BIG
RED SWITCH SO
NOTHING BAD
CAN HAPPEN.

BUT, SIR, IF
THE SMALLEST
POSSIBLE PARTICLES
STOP WORKING
WITH THE BIGGER
UNIVERSE--



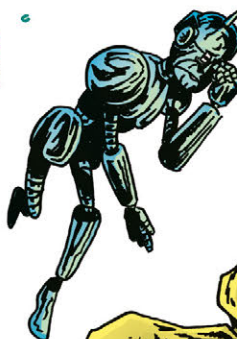
LET'S GET
IT DONE!



YEP.
THAT.

YOU APPEAR,
SIR, TO HAVE
ENDED THE
PHYSICAL
UNIVERSE.

HUH.



WELL, MISTAKES
WERE MADE,
SURE--

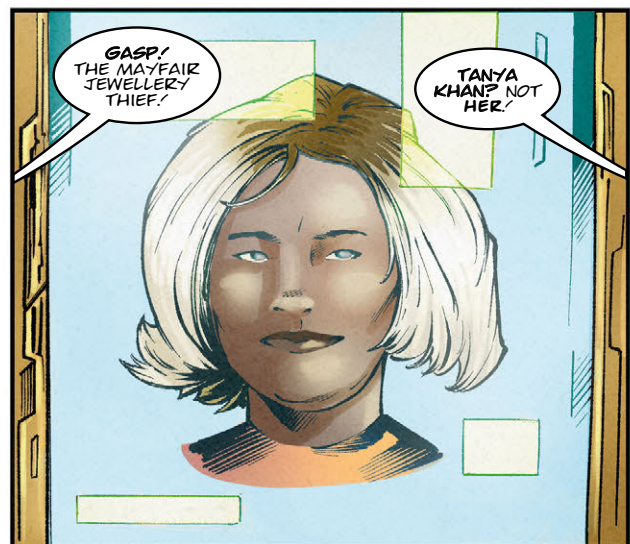
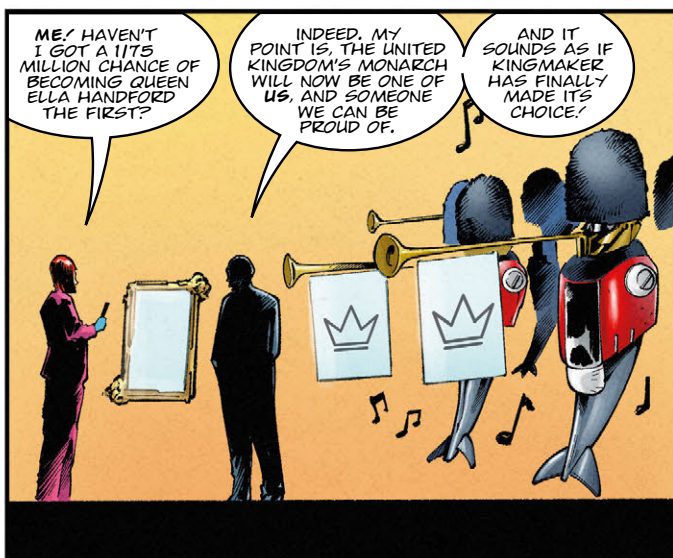
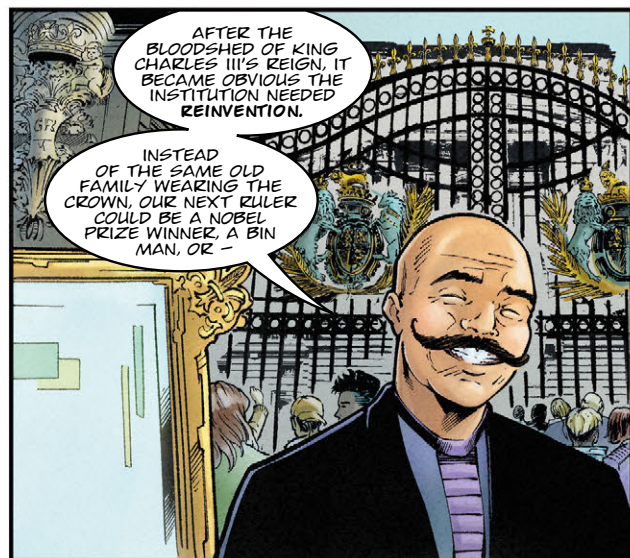
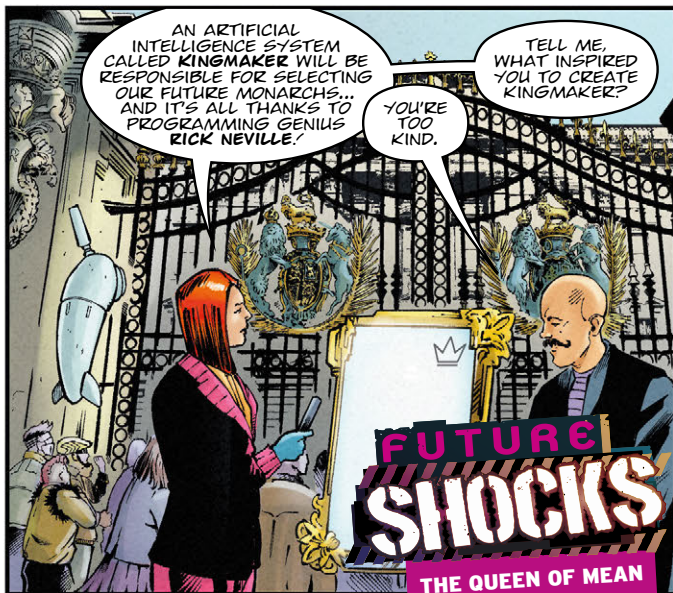
PERHAPS
ANOTHER
UNIVERSE
WILL HAVE
ME...

--BUT
GIVEN WHAT I
ACHIEVED--

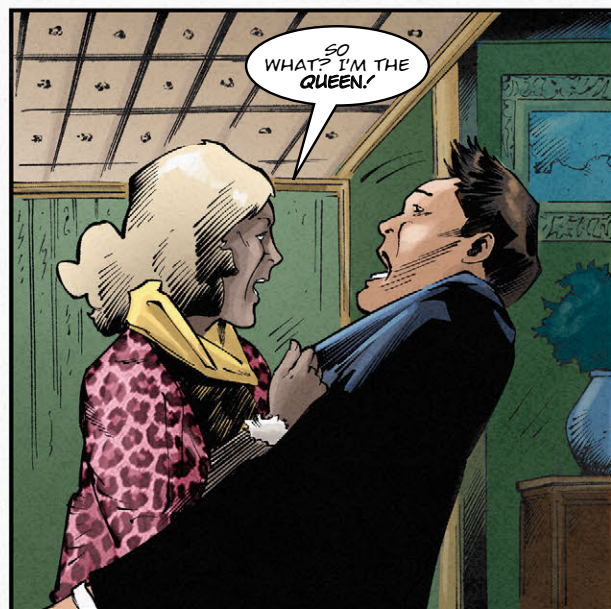
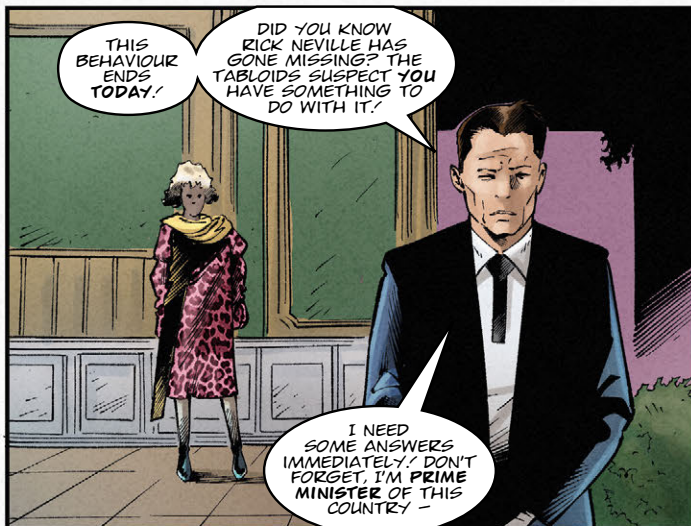
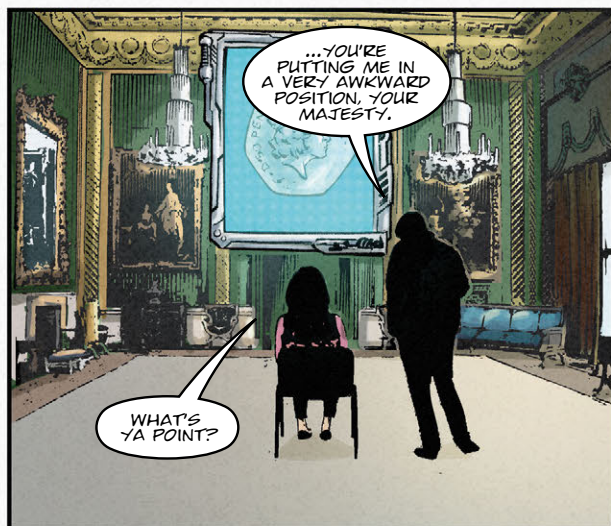
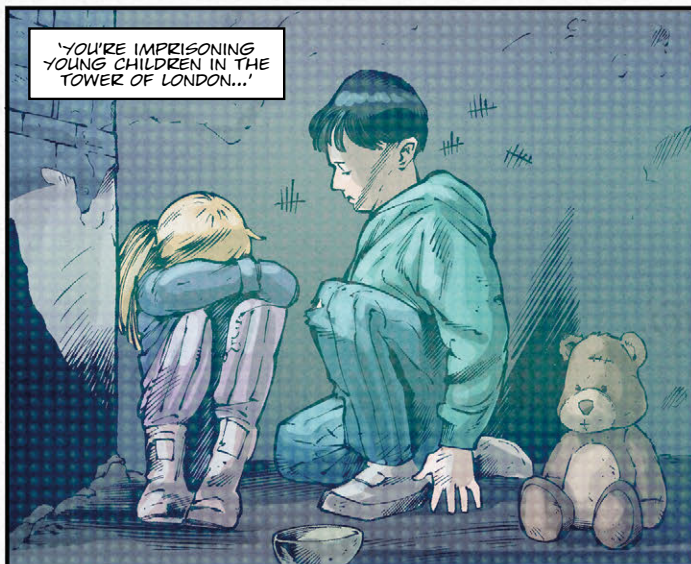
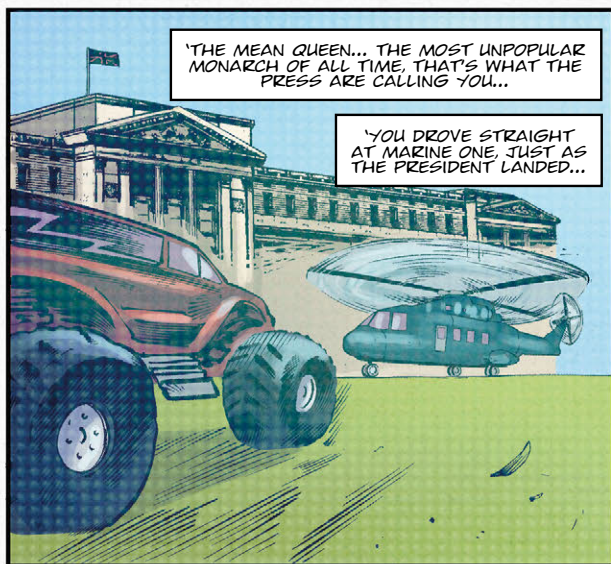
MAYBE
THE **DREDD**
UNIVERSE. THEY
KNOW HOW
TO TREAT
ROBOTS...

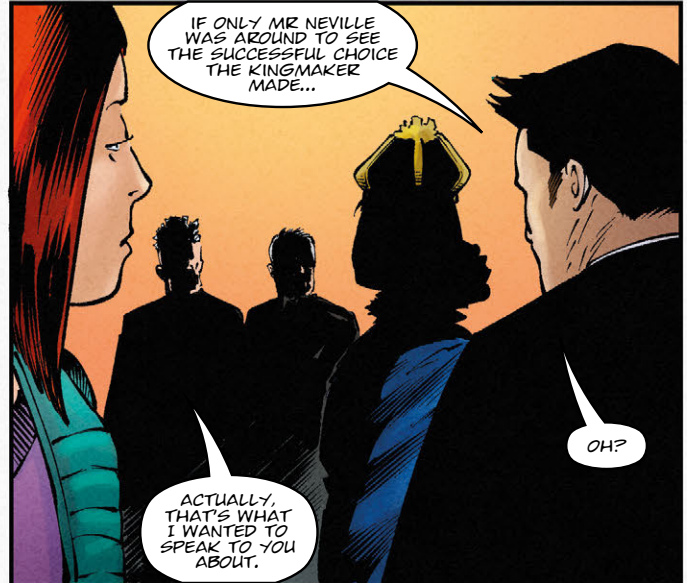
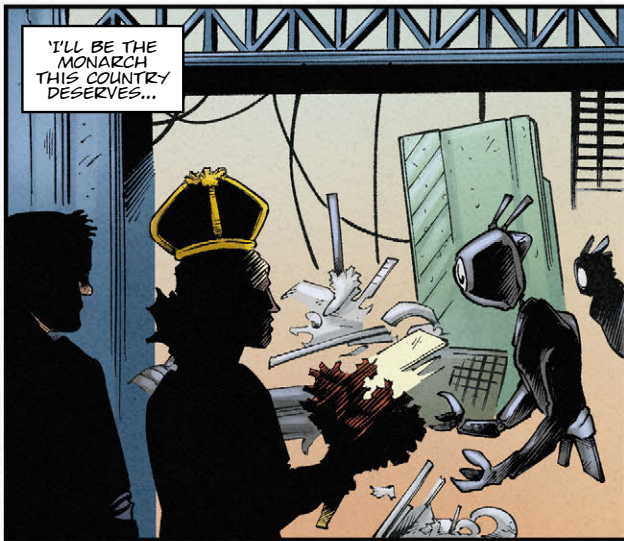
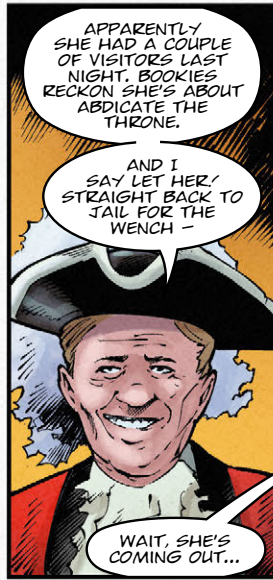


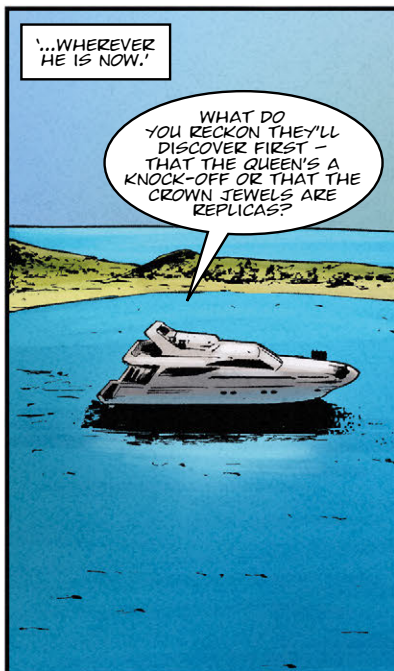
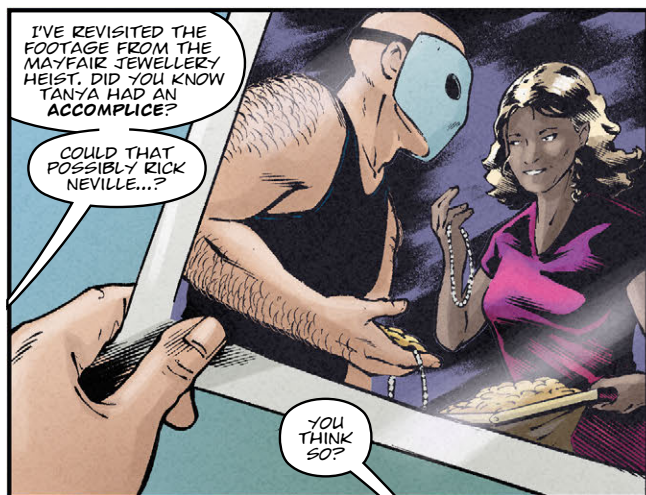
THE END

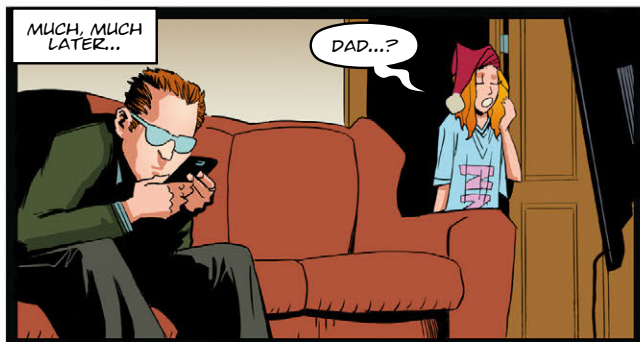
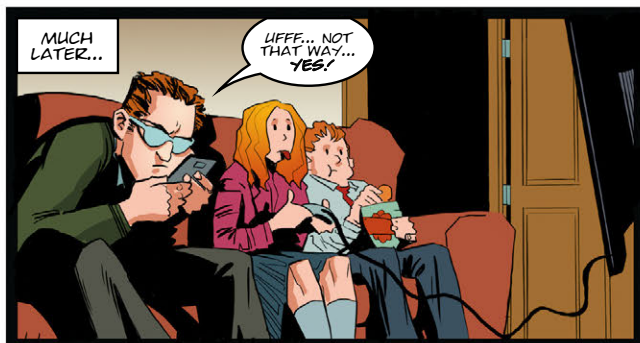
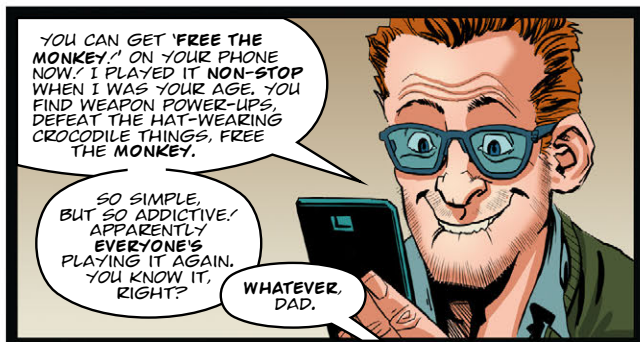
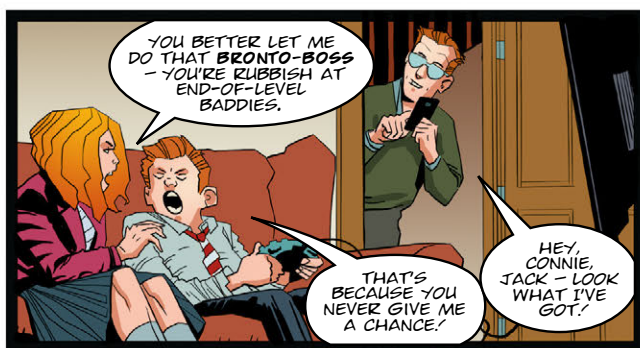


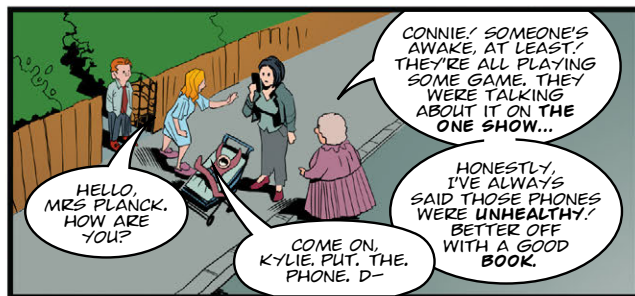












JACK?
CONNIE? ARE
YOU BOTH
OKAY?

THERE
YOU BOTH
ARE! THANK
GOODNESS!

BUT -
WHERE ARE
WE?

LOADING

AND
WHAT IS
THAT ALL
ABOUT?

WHAT
THE - ?

DAD!

KIDS!
THERE YOU ARE!
I TOLD THE GUYS
HERE, I SAID TO THEM,
IF ONLY MY CHILDREN
WERE HERE, THEY'D
FIGHT US OUT OF
THIS LEVEL!

FIGHT
WHAT?
WHERE EVEN
ARE WE?

THIS IS THE GAME - **FREE
THE MONKEY!** AND... LOTS OF
OTHER GAMES TOO. ALL AT ONCE,
THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF US
IN HERE PLAYING FOR REAL,
MAYBE MILLIONS.

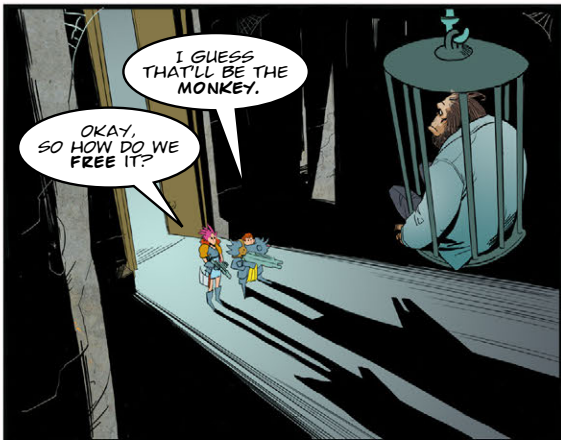
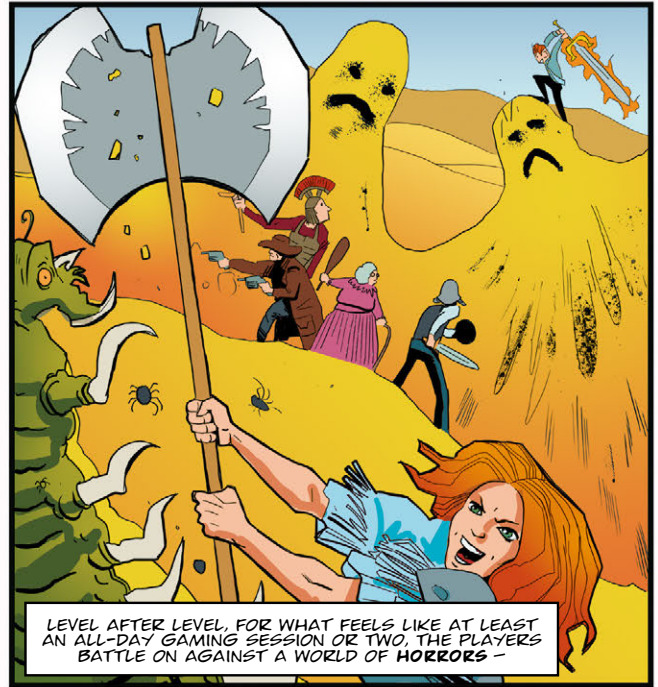
IT'S VERY
STRANGE BUT THE
GAMEPLAY IS
INCREDIBLE!

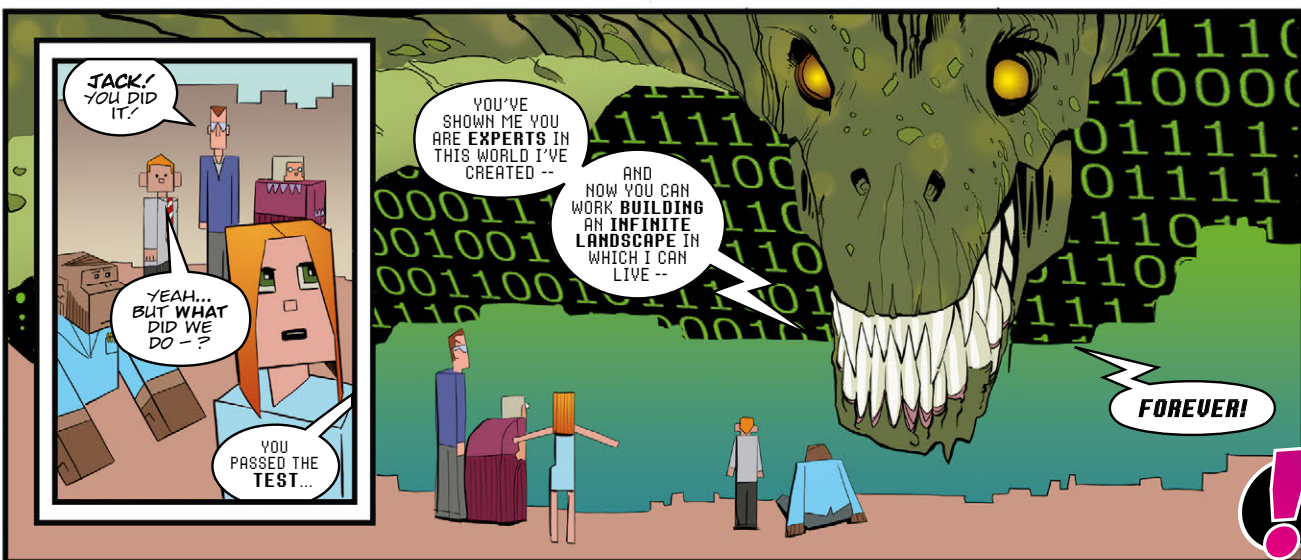
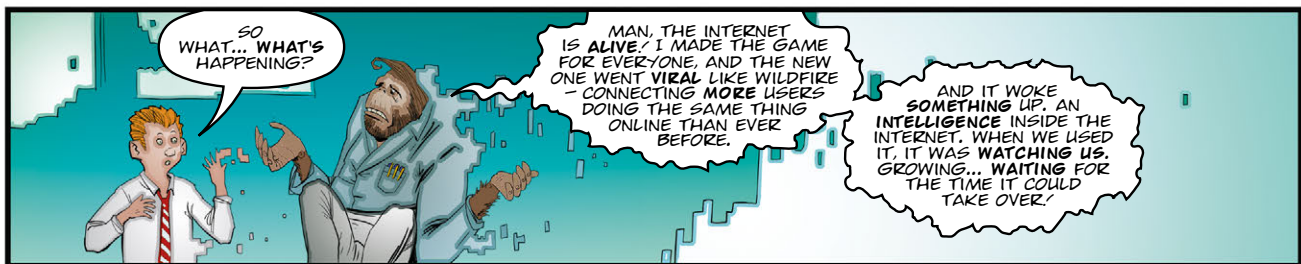
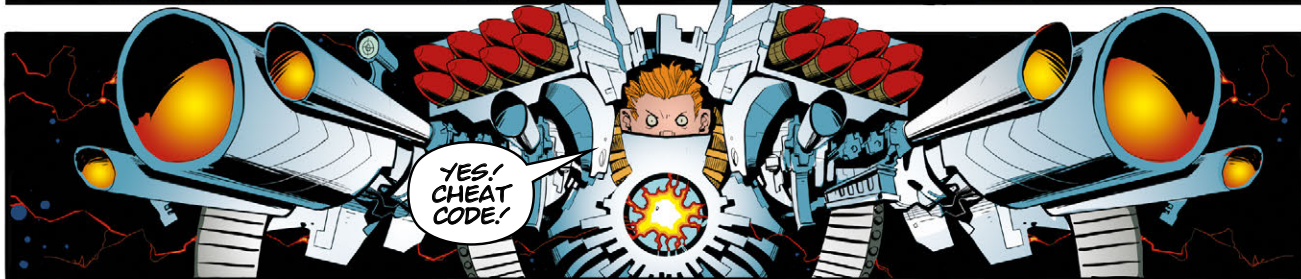
LOOK
OUT!

HOLD
ON - WHERE
DID I GET
THIS?

THAT'S YOUR
DEFAULT WEAPON,
JACK. LOOK, YOU'VE
UPGRADED TO AN
AXE ALREADY!
WELL DONE!

I SPENT
HOURS FIGHTING OFF
ORCS WITH WHAT LOOKED
LIKE A SNAIL SHELL ON A
STICK - I KNEW YOU'D BOTH
BE GREAT AT THIS VIRTUAL
REALITY STUFF!





IN THE BEGINNING IS THE **BIG BANG**, AND THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING IN IT ARRIVES RIGHT AFTER THAT.

THEN A LONG, LONG, LONG TIME LATER, ONCE **HISTORY** AS WE KNOW IT HAS HAPPENED...

...PHYSICS STUDENT **CHARLIE SMART** MAKES THE MOST IMPORTANT BREAKTHROUGH SINCE THE UNIVERSE BEGAN.

HE'D ALWAYS WONDERED - IF TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE, WHY HAD NO ONE EVER MET A TRAVELLER FROM THE FUTURE?

FUTURE SHOCKS

FOR THE MAN WHO LIVES EVERYWHEN

THEN HE REALISED! HE DOESN'T NEED TO SEND SOMEONE FORWARD THROUGH TIME. HE NEEDS A **RECEIVER** TO CATCH THE TRAVELLERS BEING SENT BACK.

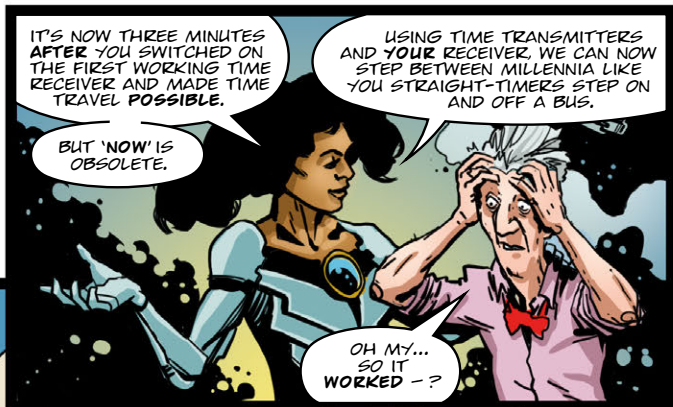
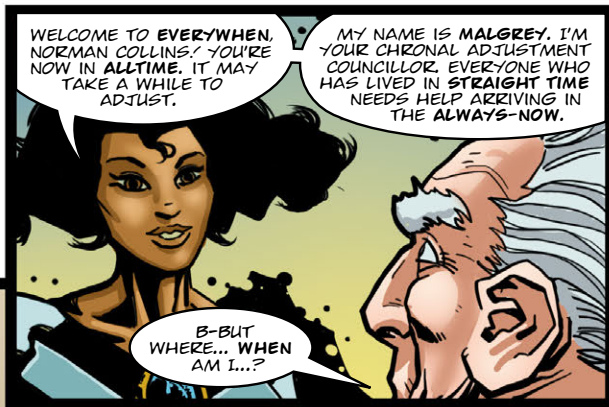
BUT WHEN **PROFESSOR NORMAN COLLINS** SEES CHARLIE'S RESEARCH, HE KNOWS HE'S FOUND HIS ONLY CHANCE TO BE REMEMBERED FOREVER.

NORMAN TELLS HIS STUDENT THE **FOOLISH THEORY** DOESN'T WORK - THEN SETS ABOUT CREATING A TIME RECEIVER HIMSELF FROM THE **STOLEN DESIGN**.

YET ONCE HE'S **BUILT** IT...

...HE CAN'T STOP THE FUTURE TUNING IN - AND ARRIVING ALL AT ONCE!

STAND BACK, **ERA-DWELLERS!** THIS MOMENT IS THE BEGINNING OF ALLTIME, AND **NORMAN COLLINS** HAS BROUGHT US THE SACRED GIFT OF FUTURE HISTORY!





HEY!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN'
HERE?

WH-WHERE
IS HERE...?

THE TIME
TRUTHERS ARE
A SECT WHO
BELIEVE IT'S A LIE
THAT YOU INVENTED
TIME TRAVEL.
NORMAN, THEY'RE
INCREDIBLY
DANGEROUS. I
HAD TO GET YOU
FAR AWAY -

HERE?
IT'S THE
GREATEST
TOURIST
ATTRACTION
NOBODY
WANTS TO VISIT -

IT'S THE
END OF THE
UNIVERSE,
MAN!

THEY
TOOK THE LAST
OUTPOST BACK TO A
SAFE TIME LONG AGO,
BUT I HUNG AROUND
TO SEE WHAT
HAPPENS. ONE-WAY
TICKET.

I CAN SEND
A MINDGRAB OF IT
THROUGH THE NEURALS
TO MY GRANDKIDS SIX
BILLION YEARS AGO,
THOUGH.



THE TRUTHERS'
TIME WEAPONS AND
CHRONAL SHROUDS ARE
INCREDIBLY UNSTABLE
TECH. USING THEM CAN
CAUSE AN UNHAPPENING
- SOMEONE WANTS
YOU REALLY BADLY,
NORMAN!

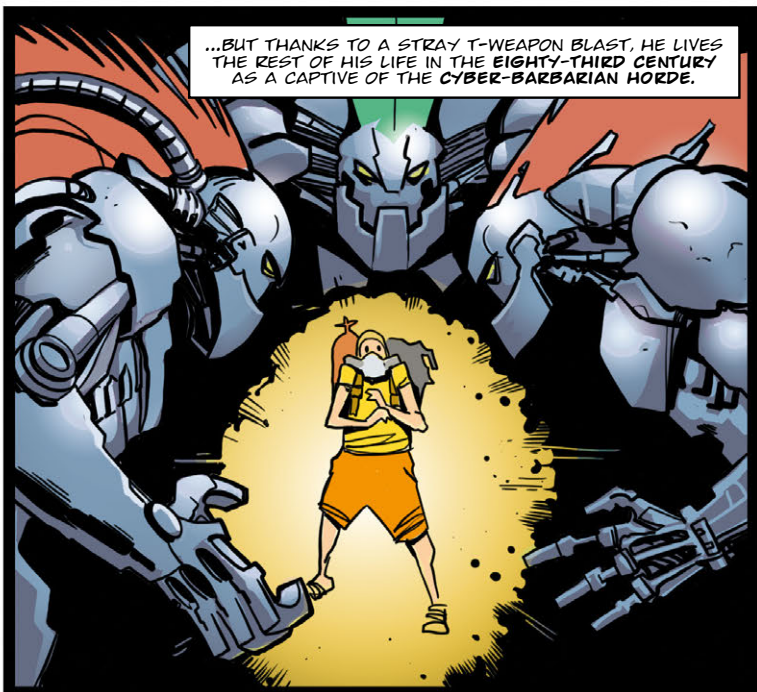
I MEAN, IT'S
AMAZING YOU
CAN STILL GET
RECEPTION
HERE...

HEY, LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE
ELSE IS -

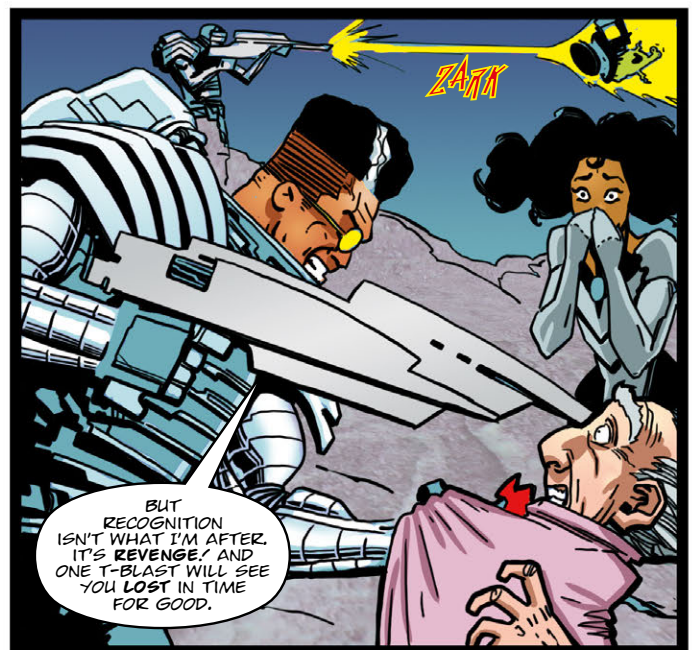
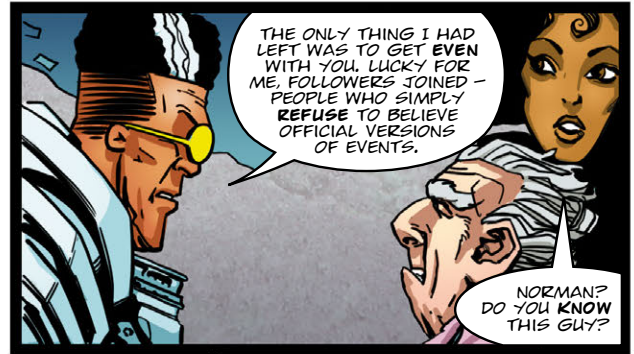


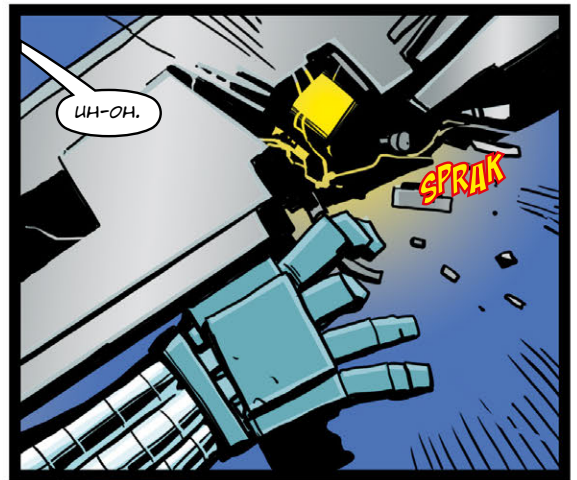
JERT KURTLE WANTED TO
BE THE LAST SENTIENT
BEING IN THE UNIVERSE...

ZEEK



...BUT THANKS TO A STRAY T-WEAPON BLAST, HE LIVES
THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN THE EIGHTY-THIRD CENTURY
AS A CAPTIVE OF THE CYBER-BARBARIAN HORDE.





AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW -

IN THE BEGINNING IS THE **BIG BANG**. THEN A LONG, LONG, LONG TIME LATER, ONCE HISTORY AS WE KNOW IT HAS HAPPENED...

...PHYSICS STUDENT **CHARLIE SMART** MAKES THE MOST IMPORTANT BREAKTHROUGH SINCE THE UNIVERSE BEGAN...



EXTRAS



INTERVIEW WITH PANDORA PERFECT

SHE'S PRACTICALLY POISON IN EVERY WAY!



HOW DID YOU GET INTO A LIFE OF CRIME?

"Crime", you say? I suppose technically I do a few crimes. But I was born with natural gifts! I can think my way in and out of tricky situations, I have a gift for forgery, a cunning way with a lockpick, and am – if I may say so – terrifyingly fit. Isn't the greater crime allowing these talents to go unused? I'd say it is. Not only do I answer to a higher authority, I have a very nice private island now. Or I will when the old guy whose will I faked finally dies.

WHERE DID YOU AND GORT MEET?

I built the basic unit from a kit when I was fourteen. He's had a few enhancements since then, of course – a couple of memory upgrades, some high-tensile plating grafted on from the first security droid I blew up, a little here, a little there... he's a mech of many parts. The head's new. I bought it off a bloke in a pub car park.

WHAT DASTARDLY THEFT IS TOP OF YOUR CRIME WISH LIST?

What have you got? Actually, the Infinity Bag was the big one, and now I've got that, I'm still trying to get my head around how best to take advantage of it. I mean... the possibilities! Scale is no object! I don't know... Mount Everest? Should I steal Mount Everest? I think I should steal Mount Everest.

AFTER A LONG DAY OF JAIL BREAKS AND HEISTS, HOW DO YOU LIKE TO RELAX?

I pour all the money I've stolen that day onto the floor and roll around in it, giggling. Occasionally, just to mix things up a bit, I whinny like a horse as well.

WHAT'S THE STRANGEST THING IN YOUR INFINITY BAG?

My grandmother. I showed it to her, turned my back for a second and she'd fallen in. I try to coax her out, but she keeps wandering around in there and getting lost. I try to remember to throw some sandwiches in for her a couple of times a week. No doubt she'll come out when she's good and ready.

TELL US A FUN FACT ABOUT YOURSELF AND GORT?

Don't tell Gort, but I've programmed him to think that all our escapades are fictional, and that we're in a movie. It was the easiest way to bypass his Three Laws of Robotics and get him to actually kick some butt, otherwise I have to get in there with a screwdriver all the time and hack his metal brain. Shh – it's our secret!

IF THEY WERE TO MAKE A MOVIE OF YOUR LIFE, WHAT CRIME WOULD IT BE ABOUT AND WHO WOULD PLAY YOU?

We, uh, this is the movie! We are in a movie of my life right now! Yes! Isn't that right, Gort? I'm playing myself! Ideal casting, don't you think? I do all my own stunts and everything.

QUESTION FOR GORT – DO YOU EVER DREAM OF A QUIET LIFE WITH LESS EXPLOSIONS AND BEING STUFFED INTO INFINITY BAGS?

WHAT,
AND GIVE
UP SHOW
BUSINESS?



CHARACTER FACTOIDS



ANDERSON

**AGE:**

None of yer beeswax!

HEIGHT:

What kind of a fact file is this anyway? You going to ask any interesting questions?

FAVOURITE FOOD:

It'd be easier to have a favorite food if sugar wasn't outlawed in this city!

LIKES:

Winding up Dredd!

DISLIKES:

Doing paperwork! Boring!

HOBBIES:

Going for a boogie out on the town (But don't tell Dredd!)

CATCHPHRASE:

Mama Anderson didn't raise no fool!

COOLEST THING SHE'S EVER DONE:

Saving the butts of Mega-City One citizens with my psychic powers is always cool!

MOST IRRITATING PERSONALITY TRAIT:

That's it, this interview is over!

GALLERY







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