

EDGE OF FOOD



THE SMALL HOUSE
ROB WILLIAMS ★ HENRY FLINT

ROB WILLIAMS

Writer

HENRY FLINT

Artist & Cover Artist



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

Head of Books & Comics: Ben Smith

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Senior Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson

Graphic Novels Editors: Maz Smith & Oliver Pickles

Graphic Design: Oz Osborne, Sam Gretton & Gemma Sheldrake

Reprographics: Joseph Morgan, Richard Tustian & Emma Denton

PR: Michael Molcher

Publishing Assistant: Owen Johnson

Original Commissioning Editor: Matt Smith

Originally serialised in **2000 AD** Progs 2004-2006, 2100-2109 & 2134. Copyright © 2016, 2018 & 2019 Rebellion 2000 AD Ltd. All Rights Reserved. *Judge Dredd* and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of Rebellion 2000 AD Ltd. **2000 AD** is a registered trademark. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional.

Published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0ES, UK

www.rebellion.co.uk

ISBN: 978-1-78108-741-1

Printed in the UK

Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services,

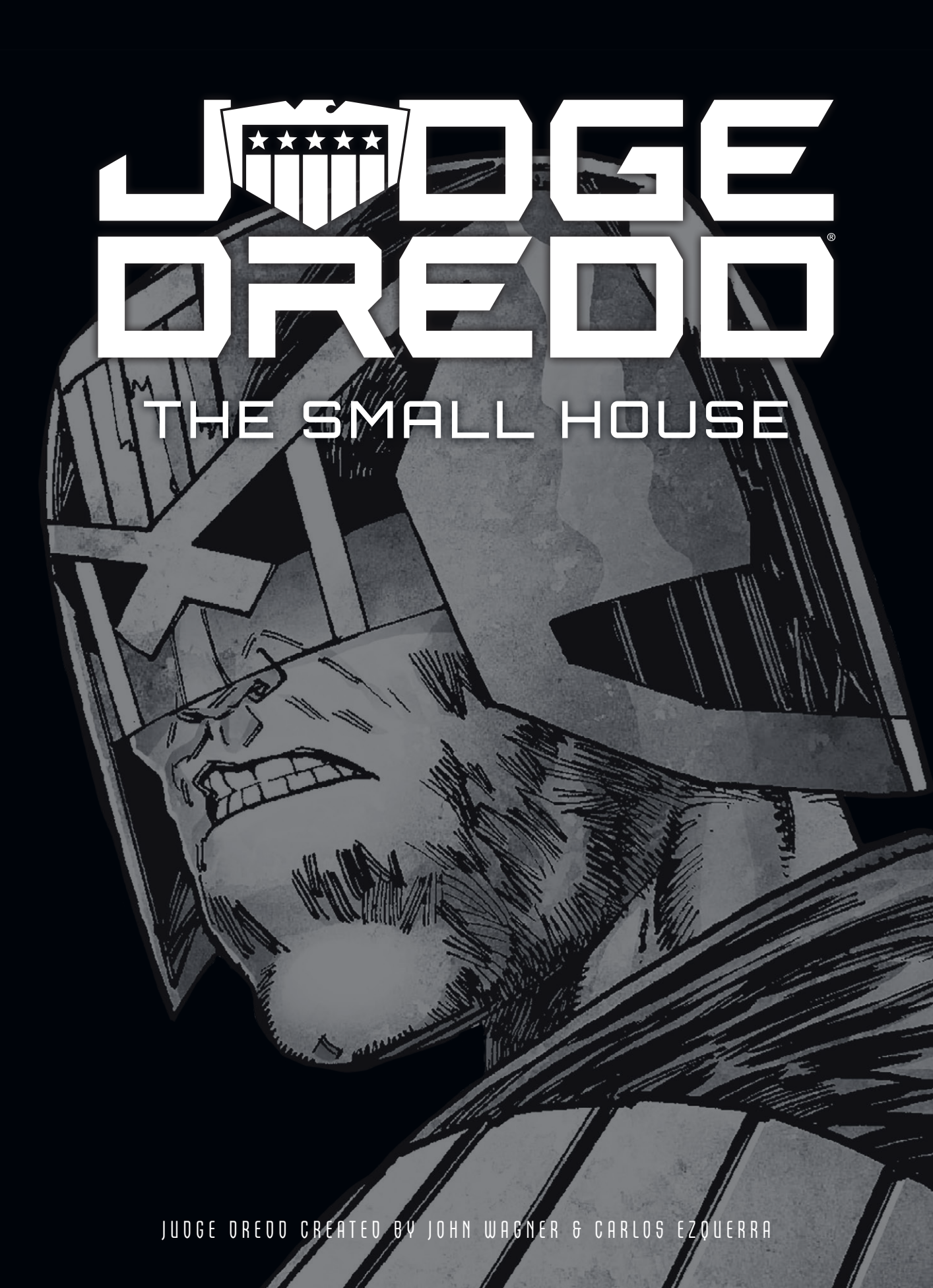
Wellingborough NN8 3PJ, UK.

1st Printing: June 2019

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

For information on other **2000 AD** graphic novels, or if you have any comments on this book, please email books@2000AD.com

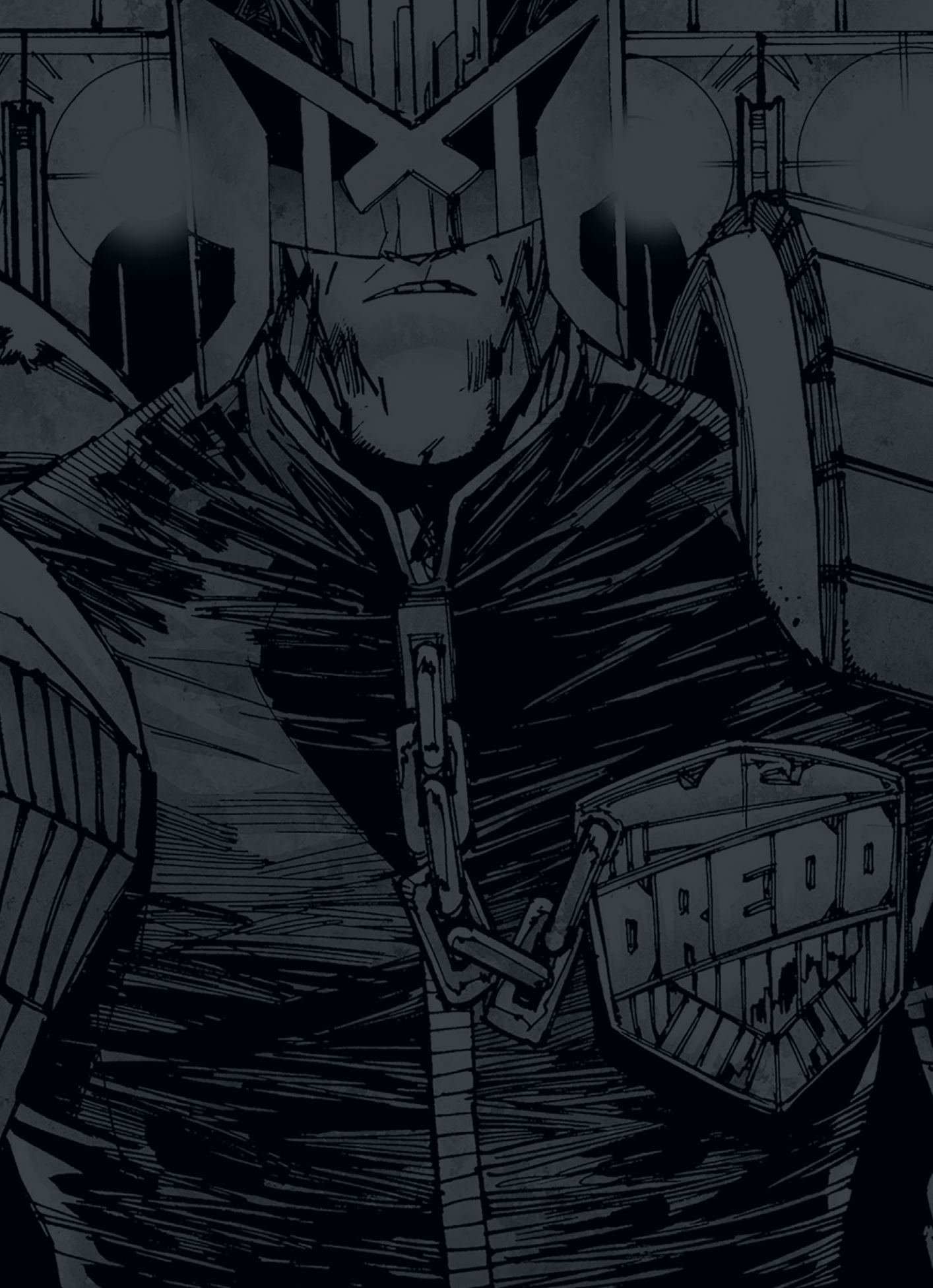
To find out more about **2000 AD**, visit www.2000AD.com

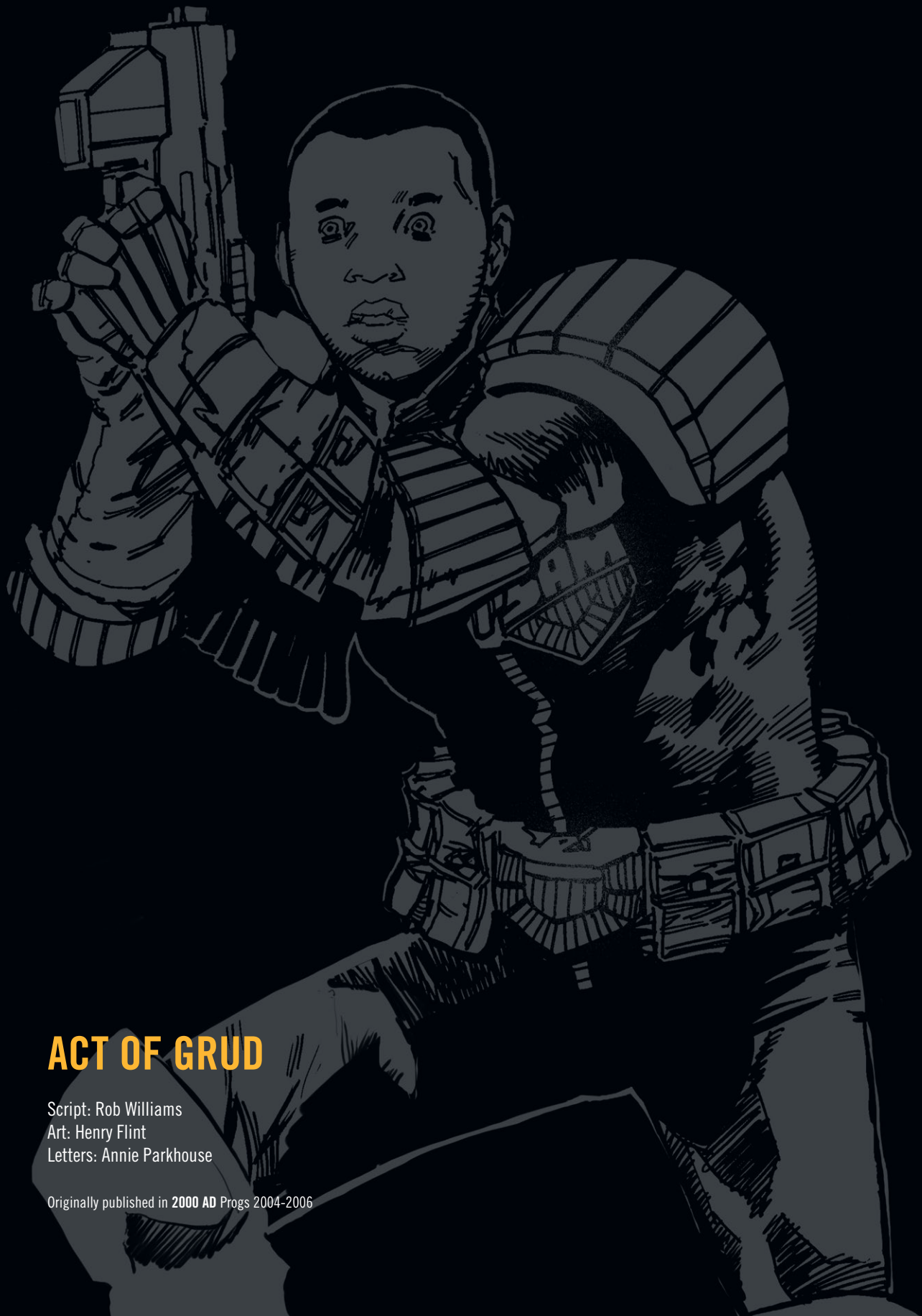
A black and white comic book illustration of Judge Dredd. He is shown from the chest up, wearing his iconic helmet with a visor that has five stars. He has a stern, determined expression with his mouth slightly open, showing his teeth. He is wearing a dark, textured jacket. The background is a stylized, geometric representation of a cityscape with sharp lines and angles, suggesting a futuristic or industrial setting. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art.

JUDGE DREDD®

THE SMALL HOUSE

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA





ACT OF GRUD

Script: Rob Williams
Art: Henry Flint
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 2004-2006

IT'S ALL
OK.

I KNOW I'M
NOT GOING
TO DIE HERE.



I SEE THE
PATTERNS
NOW. THE
ORDER.

ENCELADUS,
SATURN
MOON.



IF YOU'D WANTED ME DEAD
IT WOULD'VE HAPPENED
ALREADY, DOWN...



...THERE.



I HAD TO SEVER THE
ALIENS' CONNECTION WITH
THE ENCELADUS INMATES.

SAVE
THE CITY.

TELL ME...

DO YOU
BELIEVE IN
GHOSTS?

THINGS
UNSEEN...

I DIDN'T. I WAS SO LOGICAL.
AN ARCHITECT. STRUCTURE.
TANGIBLE STRUCTURE.

BUT I THINK YOU SENT ME BELOW
THE SURFACE OF ENCELADUS TO
FIND THAT STRANGE ENERGY
SOURCE - AND I WOULD HAVE DIED
THERE WITH DAWKINS AND THE
OTHERS. I'D HAVE BEEN CONTENT.

I SHOULD
HAVE DIED
DOWN THERE.

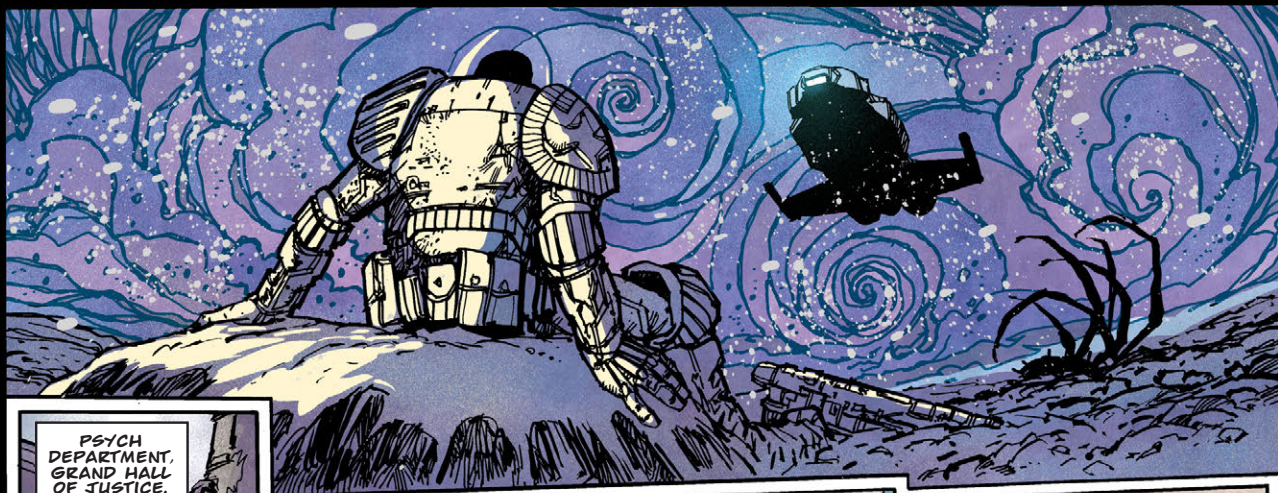
BUT I SURVIVED.
CLIMBED BACK TO THE
SURFACE WHEN I HAD
NO RIGHT TO. FOUGHT
MY WAY OUT. HANDS
GRIPPING IMPOSSIBLE
ICE WALLS SOMEHOW.

SO... I KNOW
YOU WANT
ME ALIVE.

YOU STILL
NEED ME FOR
SOMETHING.

YEAH...

THAT'S
WHAT I
THOUGHT.



PSYCH
DEPARTMENT.
GRAND HALL
OF JUSTICE.

FIVE
WEEKS
LATER.



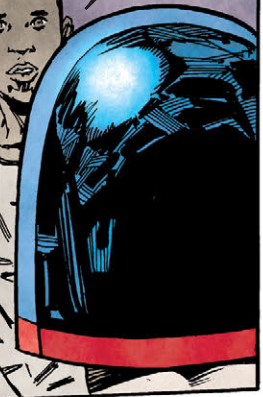
JUDGE
SAMP?

YOU
HAVE A
VISITOR.



OH...
WOW. THIS
IS...

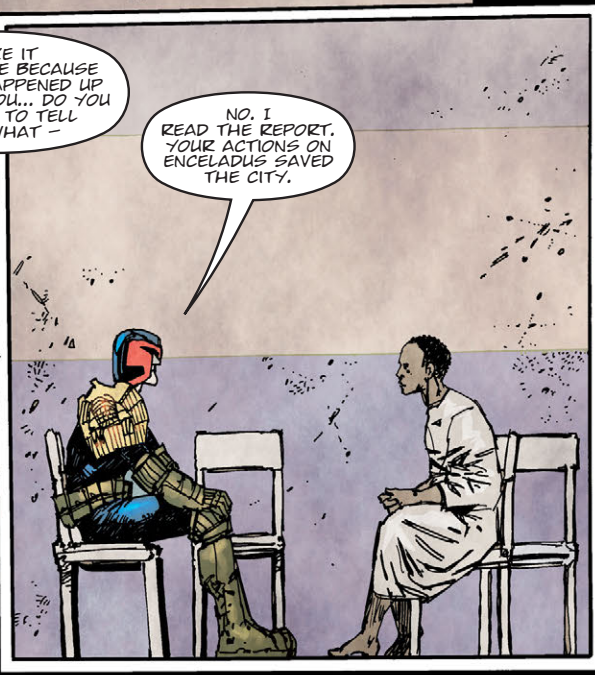
...UNEXPECTED.



PLEASE...

I TAKE IT
YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE
OF WHAT HAPPENED UP
THERE. DO YOU... DO YOU
WANT ME TO TELL
YOU WHAT -

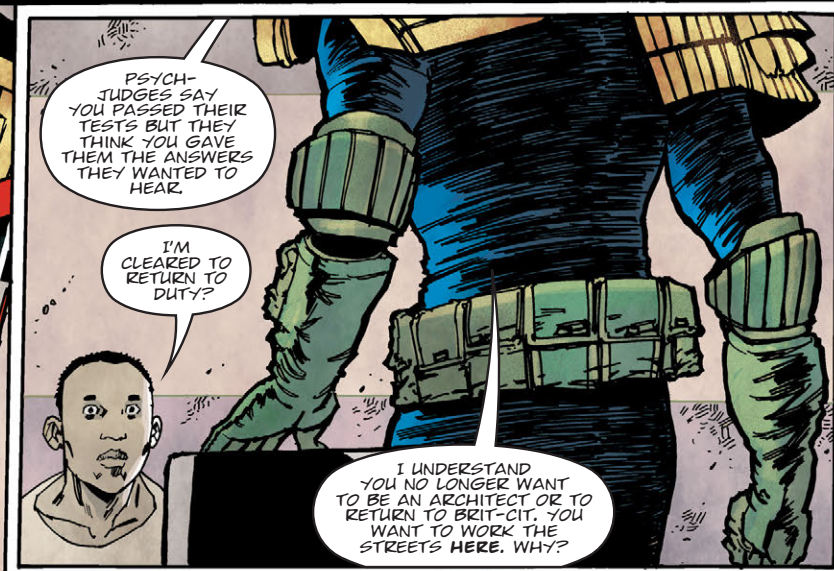
NO. I
READ THE REPORT.
YOUR ACTIONS ON
ENCELADUS SAVED
THE CITY.





SO...

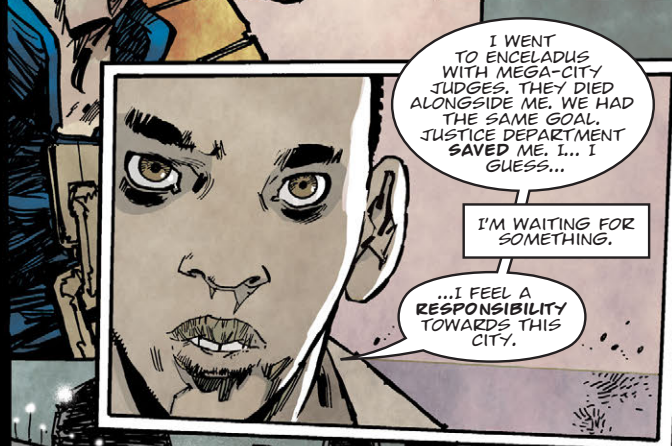
...WHY COME TO PERSONALLY VISIT ME?



PSYCH- JUDGES SAY YOU PASSED THEIR TESTS BUT THEY THINK YOU GAVE THEM THE ANSWERS THEY WANTED TO HEAR.

I'M CLEARED TO RETURN TO DUTY?

I UNDERSTAND YOU NO LONGER WANT TO BE AN ARCHITECT OR TO RETURN TO BRIT-CIT. YOU WANT TO WORK THE STREETS HERE. WHY?



I WENT TO ENCELADUS WITH MEGA-CITY JUDGES. THEY DIED ALONGSIDE ME. WE HAD THE SAME GOAL. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SAVED ME. I... I GUESS...

I'M WAITING FOR SOMETHING.

...I FEEL A RESPONSIBILITY TOWARDS THIS CITY.



DON'T FORGET THAT.

YOU'RE CLEARED FOR DUTY.



I GUESS FINDING A BRAND-NEW ALIEN ENERGY SOURCE FOR A CITY STILL WHEEZING FROM THE EFFECTS OF CHAOS DAY AND SAVING IT FROM GIANT SPIDER ICE DEMONS EARNED ME SOME GRATITUDE.

I WAS A MEGA-CITY JUDGE.



AND THAT WAS ENOUGH.

STOP, CREEP!



FOR A WHILE.

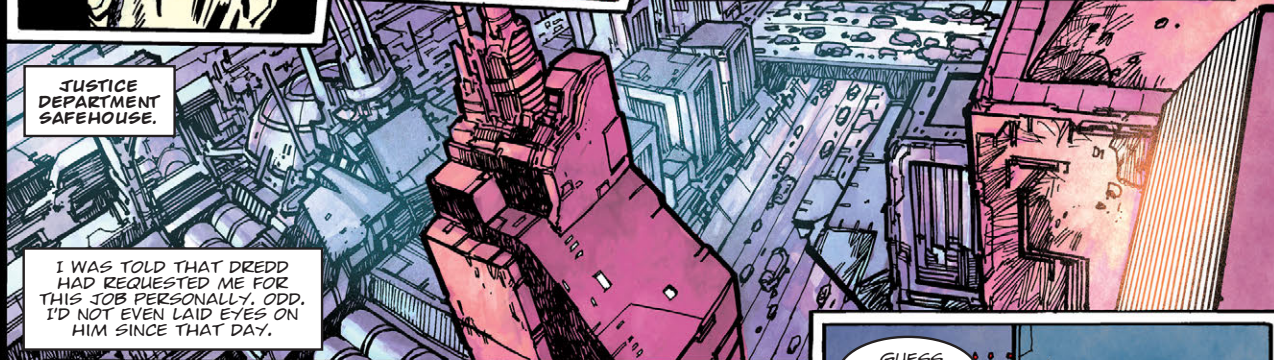
BUT MONTHS SEEPED BY. LONG MONTHS. HARD MONTHS...



I WAS AN ARCHITECT. I BUILT THINGS. ORDER WAS MY LANGUAGE.

THIS CITY, THOUGH... THESE PEOPLE... IT'S CHAOS. EVERY DAY. I CAN'T SEE THE ORDER HERE. I CAN'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BE HERE. WHAT YOU'RE -

SAM! GOT A JOB FOR YOU!



JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SAFEHOUSE.

I WAS TOLD THAT DREDD HAD REQUESTED ME FOR THIS JOB PERSONALLY. ODD. I'D NOT EVEN LAID EYES ON HIM SINCE THAT DAY.



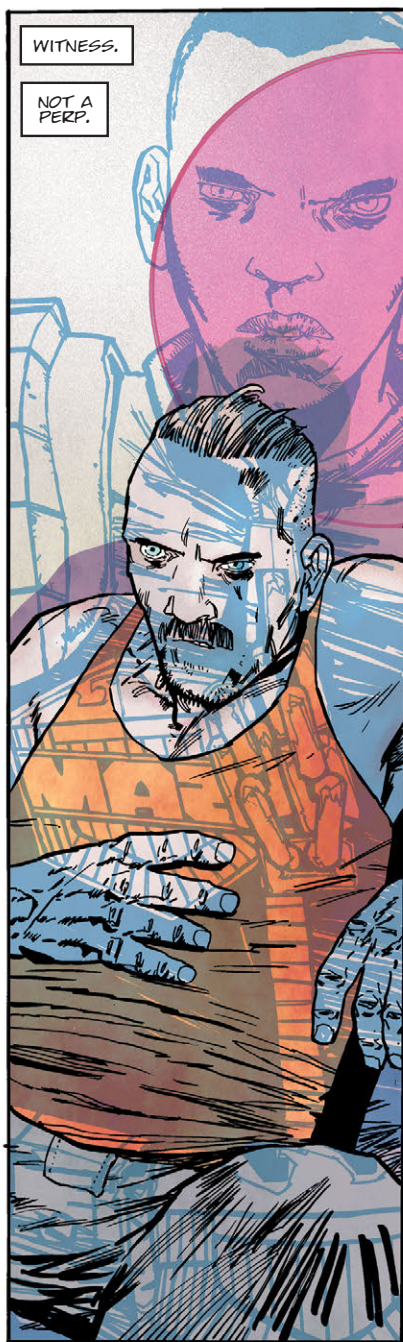
THOSE DOORS ARE TRIPLE SECURE-LOCKED. NO WINDOWS. SECURITY VID NEVER STOPS RUNNING. HIS CRAPPER'S IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. HE DOES NOT LEAVE.

YOU LET NO ONE IN OR OUT, REGARDLESS OF RANK. YOU TELL NO ONE. JUST WATCH THE WITNESS UNTIL DREDD GETS HERE TO RELIEVE YOU. ANY QUESTIONS?

YEAH... SO WHY CALL ON ME?



GUESS HE TRUSTS YOU.



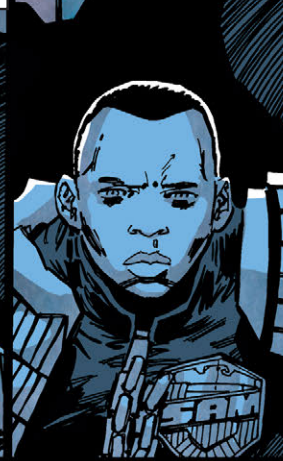
WITNESS.

NOT A
PERP.

I DON'T SLEEP. I'M A GOOD
JUDGE. IN THE THIRD OR
FOURTH HOUR I GO INTO
SOMETHING APPROACHING
A MEDITATIVE STATE.



SEALED ROOM.
NO POSSIBLE
WAY IN OR OUT.



IRRATIONAL THOUGHT
FLASHES THAT THIS
FEELS DANGEROUSLY
LIKE A DARE.



A CHALLENGE TO
UNSEEN FORCES.



WHA...?

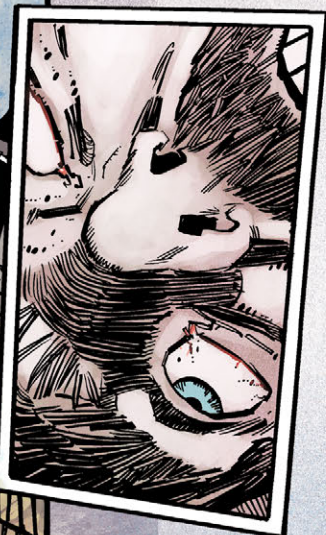
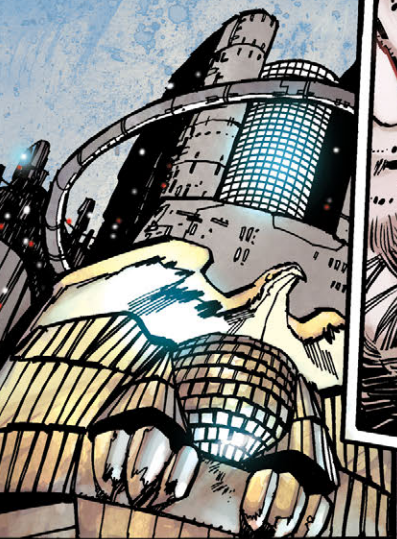


TELL ME...

DO YOU
BELIEVE IN
GHOSTS?

BROKEN...

...STRUCTURES.



NO
WAY IN...
OR OUT...

I CAN FEEL MY SANITY STRETCHING
WITH A TANGIBLE NOISE I'VE HEARD
BEFORE BUT CAN'T PLACE. IT'S HIGH
PITCHED, JARRING, WRONG... LIKE
IMPOSSIBLE BONES SNAPPING...

AND THEN I REALISE
IT'S THE SCREAMS
THE ALIENS MADE
ON ENCELADUS.



THIS IS IT,
ISN'T IT?

THIS IS
WHAT YOU
BROUGHT
ME BACK
FOR.



NOTHING
ON THE VID
FOOTAGE. NO ONE
WAS HERE TO
KILL HIM.

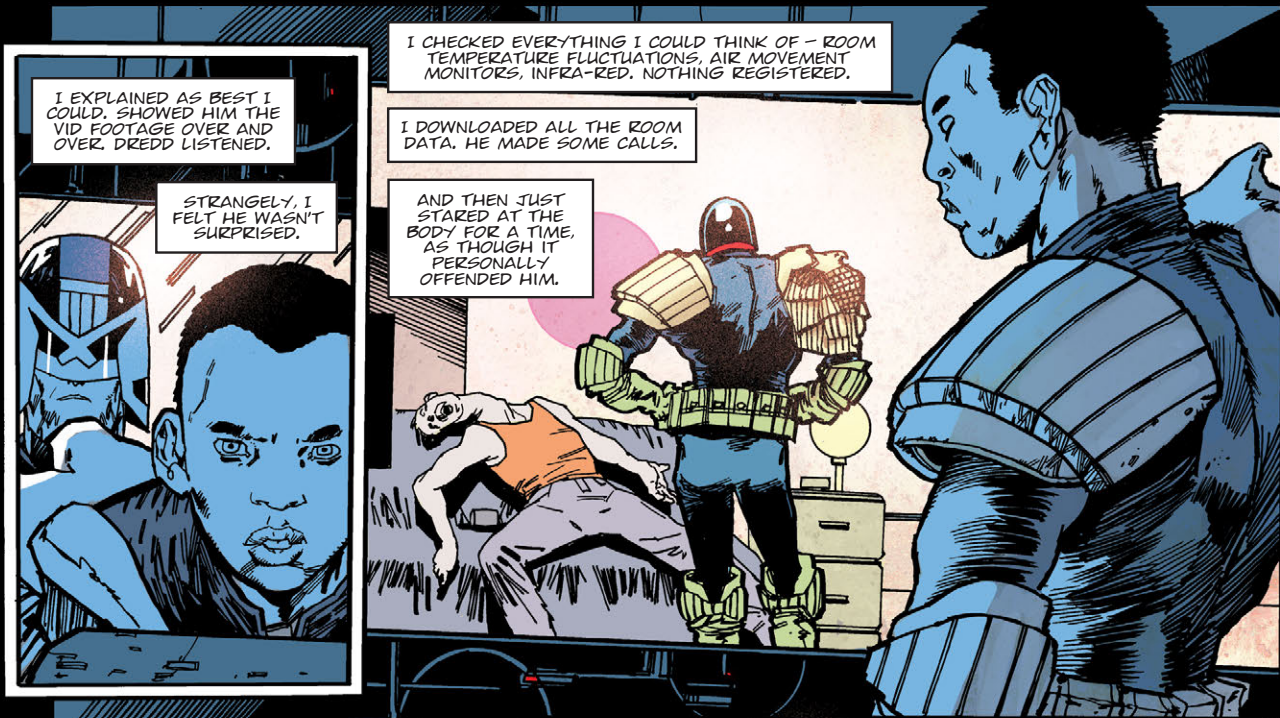
I FELT SOMETHING. I
SWEAR, A SECOND BEFORE
IT HAPPENED. IT... IT WAS
LIKE I KNEW SOMETHING
WAS GOING TO HAPP-

SAM.



HIS ANGER,
AT LEAST, IS
TANGIBLE.





I EXPLAINED AS BEST I COULD. SHOWED HIM THE VID FOOTAGE OVER AND OVER. DREDD LISTENED.

STRANGELY, I FELT HE WASN'T SURPRISED.

I CHECKED EVERYTHING I COULD THINK OF - ROOM TEMPERATURE FLUCTUATIONS, AIR MOVEMENT MONITORS, INFRA-RED. NOTHING REGISTERED.

I DOWNLOADED ALL THE ROOM DATA. HE MADE SOME CALLS.

AND THEN JUST STARED AT THE BODY FOR A TIME, AS THOUGH IT PERSONALLY OFFENDED HIM.

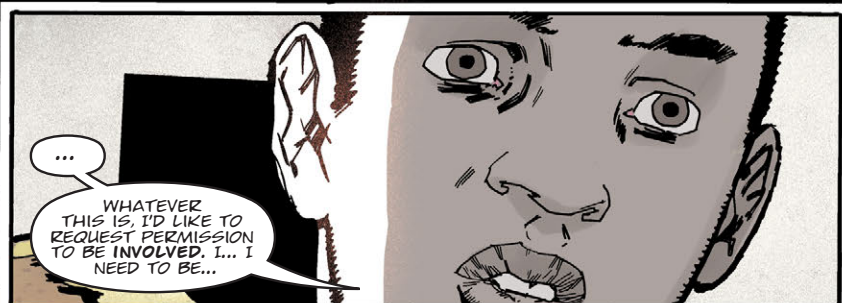


THIS WAS WITNESS PROTECTION? TO WHAT CRIME?

THE MURDER OF A PRO-DEM CAMPAIGNER.

THE BENN KILLING?

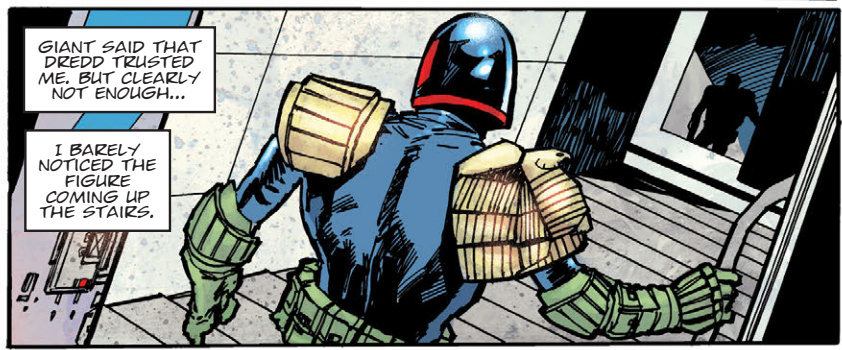
TEKS ARE ON THEIR WAY. YOU'RE DISMISSED, SAM. GO BACK TO YOUR DUTY.



...
WHATEVER THIS IS, I'D LIKE TO REQUEST PERMISSION TO BE INVOLVED. I... I NEED TO BE...



YOU'RE DISMISSED.



GIANT SAID THAT DREDD TRUSTED ME. BUT CLEARLY NOT ENOUGH...

I BARELY NOTICED THE FIGURE COMING UP THE STAIRS.



AN SJS
JUDGE...

GRUD,
HIS FACE.

DISMISSED. BUT...
HOW DO I GO
BACK TO THIS?

AFTER ALL
I'VE SEEN?



THEN THE
SMELL HIT ME.

JOVUS...



HEY!
THAT BUILDING
IS OFF-LIMITS
TO -

WALLY
SQUAD CODE
DIZZY24682X.
CHECK IT.



I DID. IT WAS
CORRECT.

DRIVING AWAY, GIANT
PASSED ME, HEADING
FOR THE SAFE HOUSE.
AN INNER CIRCLE WAS
FORMING THAT I WAS
OUTSIDE OF.

I BLINKED... AND
MONTHS WENT BY.



ORDINARY
MONTHS.

MONTHS WHERE
MEANING WAS
DIFFICULT TO FIND.

NO, MA'AM.
YOU'RE MISTAKEN.
TRUMP MEMORIAL
CRATER IS
FOUR BLOCKS
DOWN.

THE ARROGANCE OF SEEKING MEANING IN THE RANDOM. I WAS STILL THE ARCHITECT, I DISCOVERED.

I RAN EVERY KNOWN ROOM DIAGNOSTIC OVER AND OVER, THROUGH MY PERSONAL SERVER SO NO ONE WOULD KNOW. THE CASE FILE REMAINED OPEN. DREDD'S REPORT WAS MINIMALISTIC, EVEN FOR HIM. 'UNSOLVED.'

NO MENTION OF SJS OR WALLY SQUAD INVOLVEMENT. A CURIOUS DELIBERATE OMISSION FROM A MAN BUILT ON COMPOSITION AND FORM.

ARTHUR BENN.
ACADEMIC. WRITER.
PRO-DEM THINKER.

TOUGH FOR JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO CRACK DOWN ON AN INDIVIDUAL WHO SEEMED SO GENUINE AND WARM. WHO PREACHED NON-VIOLENT PROTEST IN A WAY THAT GENUINELY THREATENED.

BENN'S BODY WAS FOUND IN THE GREEN ROOM OF A PACKED THEATRE IN WHICH HE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE A SPEECH.

CAUSE OF DEATH? 'SUFFOCATION.' ALMOST AS THOUGH HIS AIRWAYS HAD BEEN BLOCKED BY A MURDERER.

HM. ONE WITNESS CLAIMED BENN THRASHED AND STRUGGLED AS THOUGH HE WAS BEING FORCIBLY HELD.

ANOTHER MAN CLAIMED THAT HE SAW THE AIR MOVE NEAR BENN JUST PRIOR TO THE DEATH. SAW 'INVISIBLE' FIGURES.

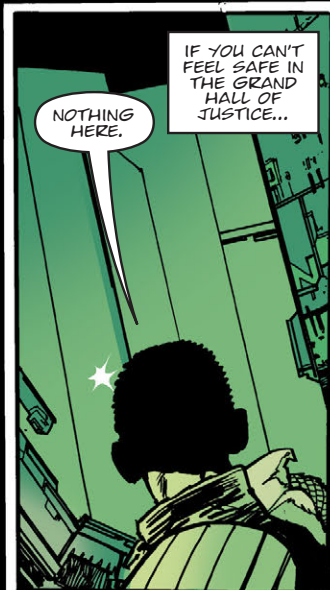
DREDD'S SAFE-HOUSE WITNESS...

ODD... ENERGY READING MATCH... A SIGNATURE...

THAT... THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT. HAS TO BE A SYSTEM ERROR. IT'S THE SAME READINGS FROM ENCELAD-

UNSEEN...

...FORCES.



NOTHING
HERE.

IF YOU CAN'T
FEEL SAFE IN
THE GRAND
HALL OF
JUSTICE...



SOMETIMES...

...I THINK
I'M STILL
UP THERE.



DREDD. I
WAS TOLD YOU
WERE DOWN
HERE. I NEED TO
ASK YOU -

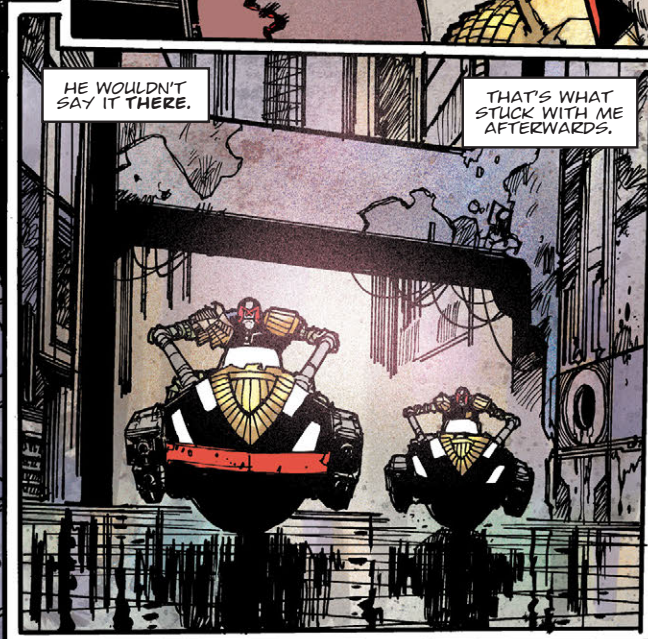
I'M BUSY,
SAM. PUT IN A
FORMAL -

THE
BENN MURDER
WITNESS. WHAT DO
YOU THINK HE SAW
WHEN THE AIR
MOVED?



DON'T
DO SMALL TALK,
DO YOU?

DRIVE
WITH ME.

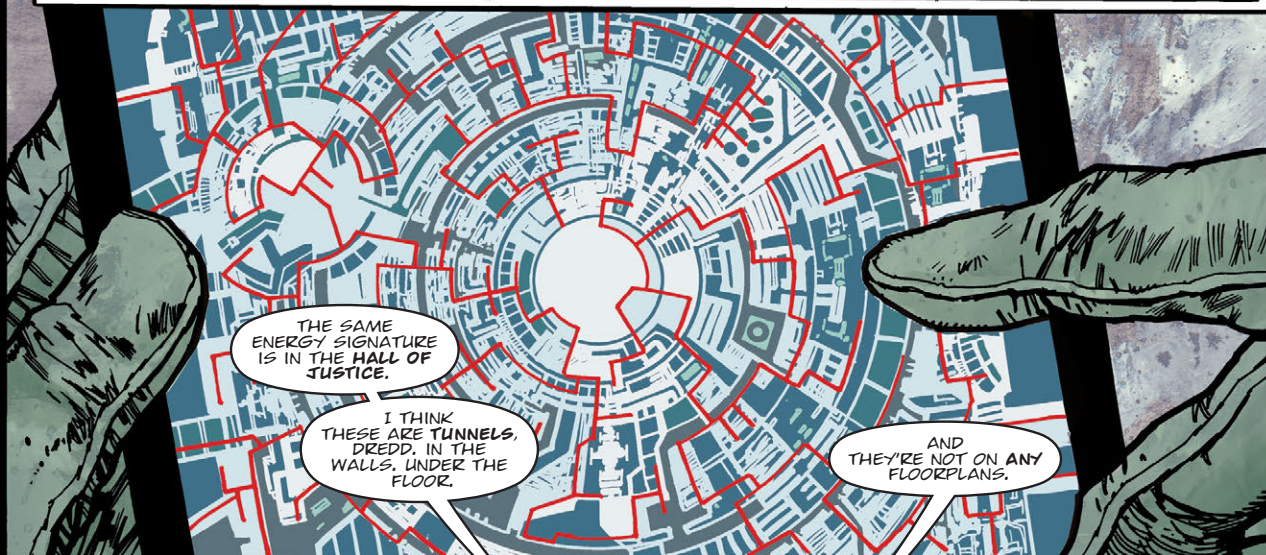


HE WOULDN'T
SAY IT THERE.

THAT'S WHAT
STUCK WITH ME
AFTERWARDS.



HE KNEW IT
WASN'T SAFE.



I HAVE THESE DREAMS EVERY NIGHT.

I'M YOUNGER IN THEM. IDEALISTIC.

THE BREATHING IN MY HELMET GETS SO LOUD I CAN'T BEAR IT. IT'S A HEARTBEAT... AND THEN I REALISE THAT IT'S NOT MINE.

HEY, SAM.

HULLO, DAWKINS.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE INSANE NOW, RIGHT? WHY DON'T YOU COME DOWN HERE AND JOIN US? YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.

YOU WANT TO IGNORE THIS, HE SAYS HE'LL BE HAPPY TO COME IN AND DISCUSS IT WITH YOU PERSONALLY.

...NO. UH, OK.

LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

YOU'RE JOKING. YOU'VE BEEN A STREET JUDGE FOR HOW LONG? MONTHS? AND NOW YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO BEING AN ARCHITECT?

WHAT ARE YOU, SCARED? CAN'T TAKE IT? WE'RE JUDGES, NOT A CAREERS OUTFIT.

NO. THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, WHY IN GRUD'S NAME WOULD WE TRANSFER YOU BACK TO -

I HAVE A PERSONAL RECOMMENDATION HERE, FROM JUDGE DREDD.

DREDD? DREDD DOESN'T DO HUMAN RESOURCES RECOMMENDATIONS -

HE DOES WHEN IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE CITY.

AN ARCHITECT,
THEN.

WHERE
I COULD
LOOK FOR
PATTERNS...

...PLANS.

GRUD'S
SAKE, WHAT ARE
THEY DOING
NOW?

NEW FIRE
SENSORS. THIS
CORRIDOR'LL BE
OPEN AGAIN IN
AN HOUR.

YOU
MUST LOVE
YOUR
WORK.

SCIENCE KILLED GRUD, RIGHT? SOME
QUANTUM PHYSICISTS SAY THE OPPOSITE.
THEY LOOK AT THE UNIVERSE AND SEE SO
MANY PATTERNS, SO MUCH ORDER.

ALL THEY SEE IS
EVIDENCE OF A
GUIDING HAND.

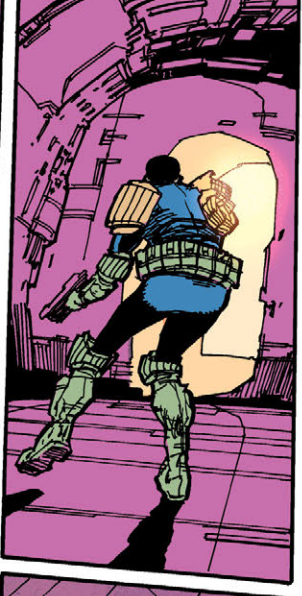
GET
ME DREDD.
NOW.

HE'S
UNAVAILABLE.

TELL HIM
THIS IS JUDGE
SAM. TELL HIM TO
CONTACT ME ASAP.
I HAVE A LEAD ON
THAT THING WE
DISCUSSED.

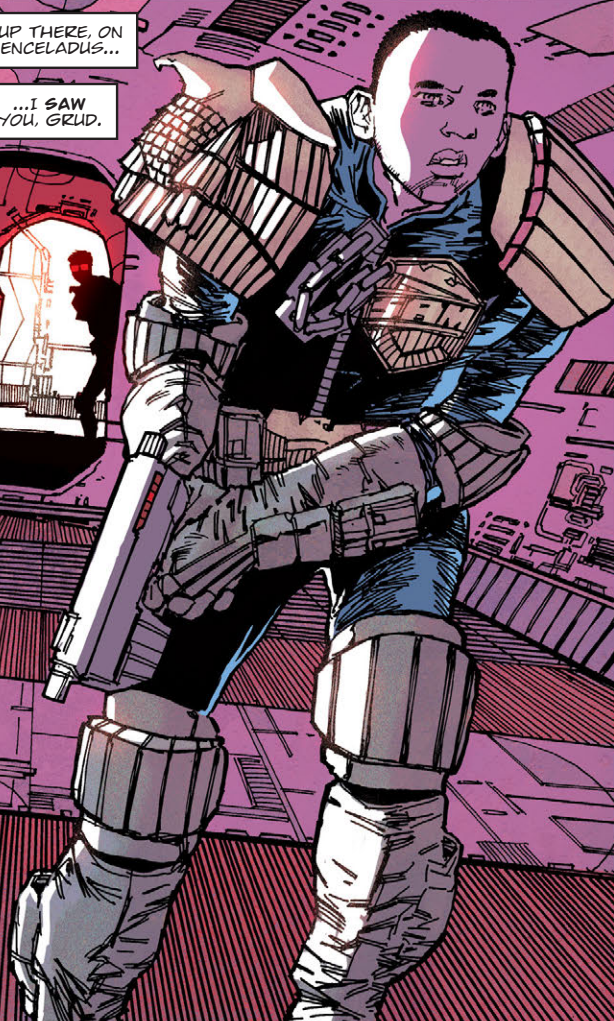


I CAME BACK
FOR A REASON.



UP THERE, ON
ENCELADUS...

...I SAW
YOU, GRUD.



THERE ARE DOORS
EVERYWHERE...



...THAT WE ARE
UNAWARE OF.



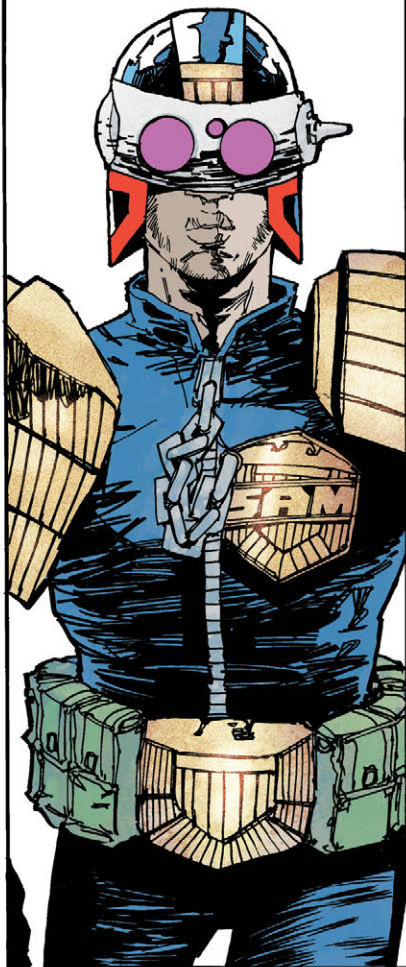
MY THEORY: THEY TOOK THE ENCELADUS ENERGY AND USED IT TO AUGMENT THEIR STEALTH TECH. IT WAS NEW. IT WAS SOMETHING WE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

ANY OF US.

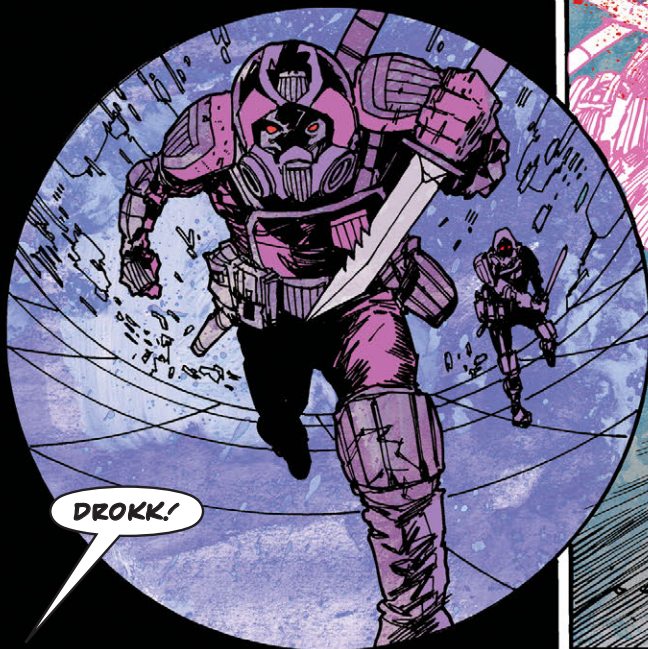
MOLECULAR SHIFTING, QUANTUM TUNNELLING, EXTENDED WAVES OF PROBABILITY. SUDDENLY THEY COULD WALK THROUGH WALLS, LOCKED DOORS, SAFE HOUSES...



YOU CAN SEE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO.



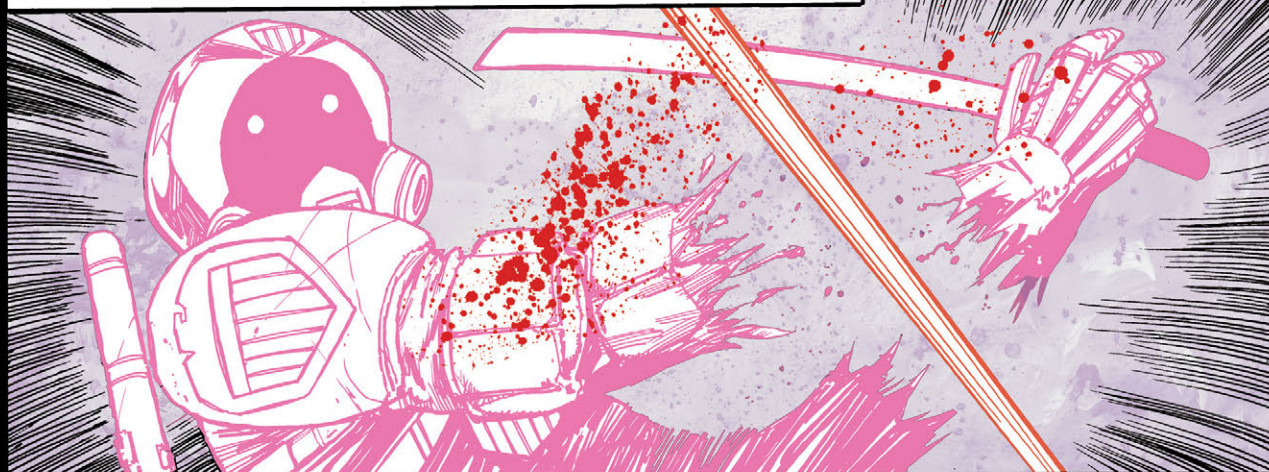
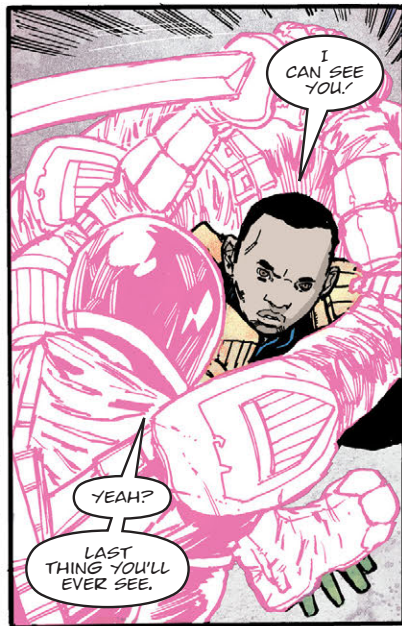
YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.



DROKK!

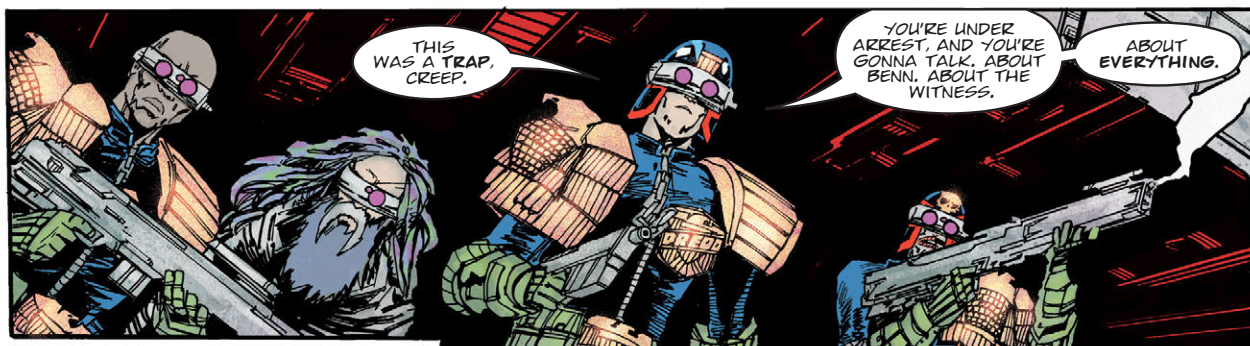


AHHH-!





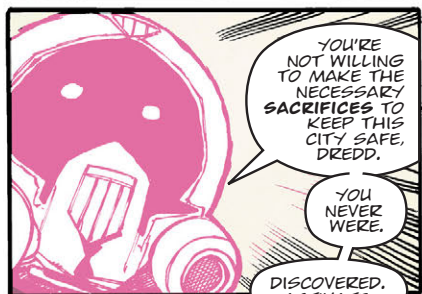
WE
CAN ALL SEE
YOU.



THIS
WAS A TRAP,
CREEP.

YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST, AND YOU'RE
GONNA TALK. ABOUT
BENN. ABOUT THE
WITNESS.

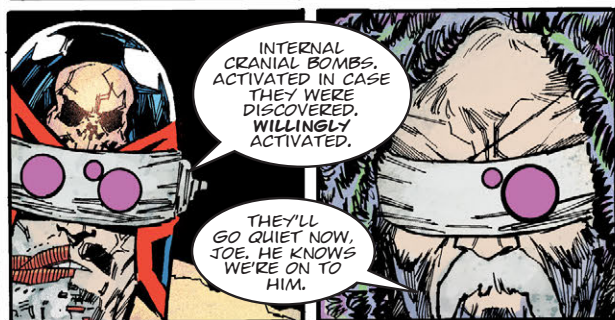
ABOUT
EVERYTHING.



YOU'RE
NOT WILLING
TO MAKE THE
NECESSARY
SACRIFICES TO
KEEP THIS
CITY SAFE,
DREDD.

YOU
NEVER
WERE.

DISCOVERED.
ACTIVATE.



INTERNAL
CRANIAL BOMBS.
ACTIVATED IN CASE
THEY WERE
DISCOVERED.
WILLINGLY
ACTIVATED.

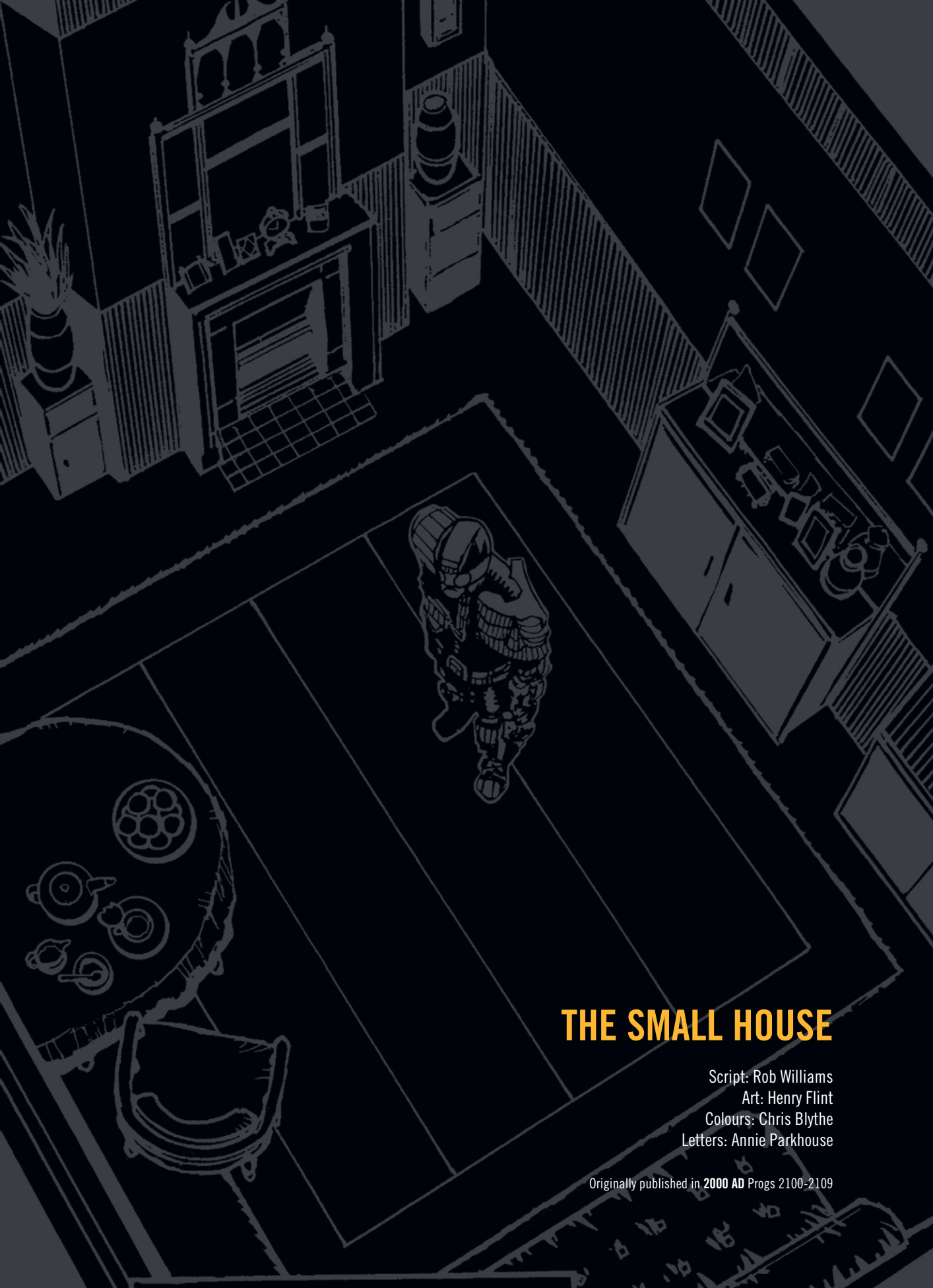
THEY'LL
GO QUIET NOW,
JOE. HE KNOWS
WE'RE ON TO
HIM.



IT'S OK.
I'LL FIND
THEM.



I KNOW
WHAT I'M LOOKING
FOR NOW.



THE SMALL HOUSE

Script: Rob Williams
Art: Henry Flint
Colours: Chris Blythe
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 2100-2109



THERE IS A
HOUSE, YOU
KNOW.



A SMALL
HOUSE.



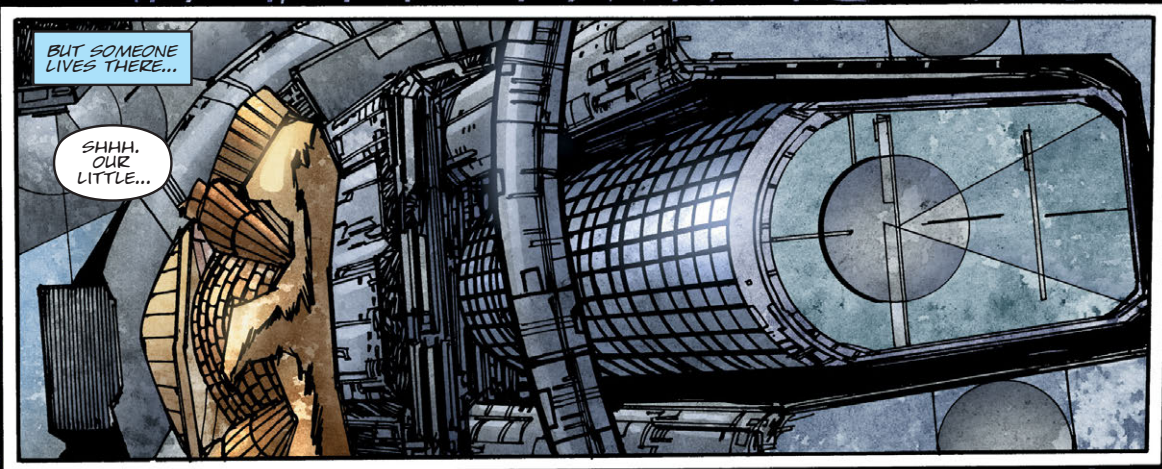
AND IT HAS
NO DOORS.



THERE IS NO
WAY IN...



...AND NO
WAY OUT.



BUT SOMEONE
LIVES THERE...

SHHH.
OUR
LITTLE...

!...SECRET!

SINO-CIT -

CAN YOU
SEE HIM?

FRANK, I
SAID CAN
YOU SEE
HIM?

HANG
ABOUT...

BIT
BUSTYYYY...

AH!

AH!

AAAAHHH

...DIRTY
FRANK DONE A
TOILET.

FOCUS,
DAMMIT!

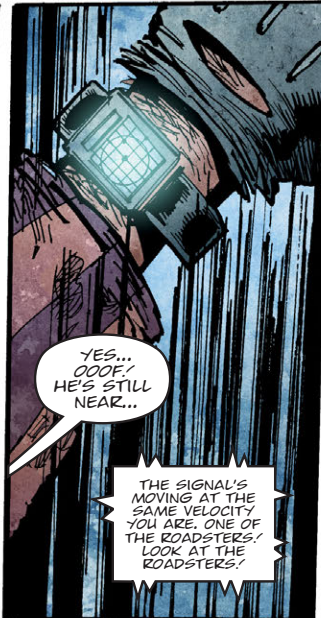
GRUD?
IS THAT
YOU?



SINO-CIT FORCES
ARE SHUTTING DOWN
SPACEPORTS, BORDERS...
ANY WAY OUT OF THE
CITY, THERE'S A RIOT AT
THE SCENE OF THE
SHOOTING.

HE CAN
HIDE. IF HE'S
INVISIBLE HE
CAN HIDE.

THE ENERGY
SIGNATURE - HAVE
YOU STILL GOT IT,
FRANK?



YES...
OOOF!
HE'S STILL
NEAR...

THE SIGNAL'S
MOVING AT THE
SAME VELOCITY!
YOU ARE ONE OF
THE ROADSTERS!
LOOK AT THE
ROADSTERS!



DIRTY
FRANK LOOKS.
AND LO...



...A
GHOST.

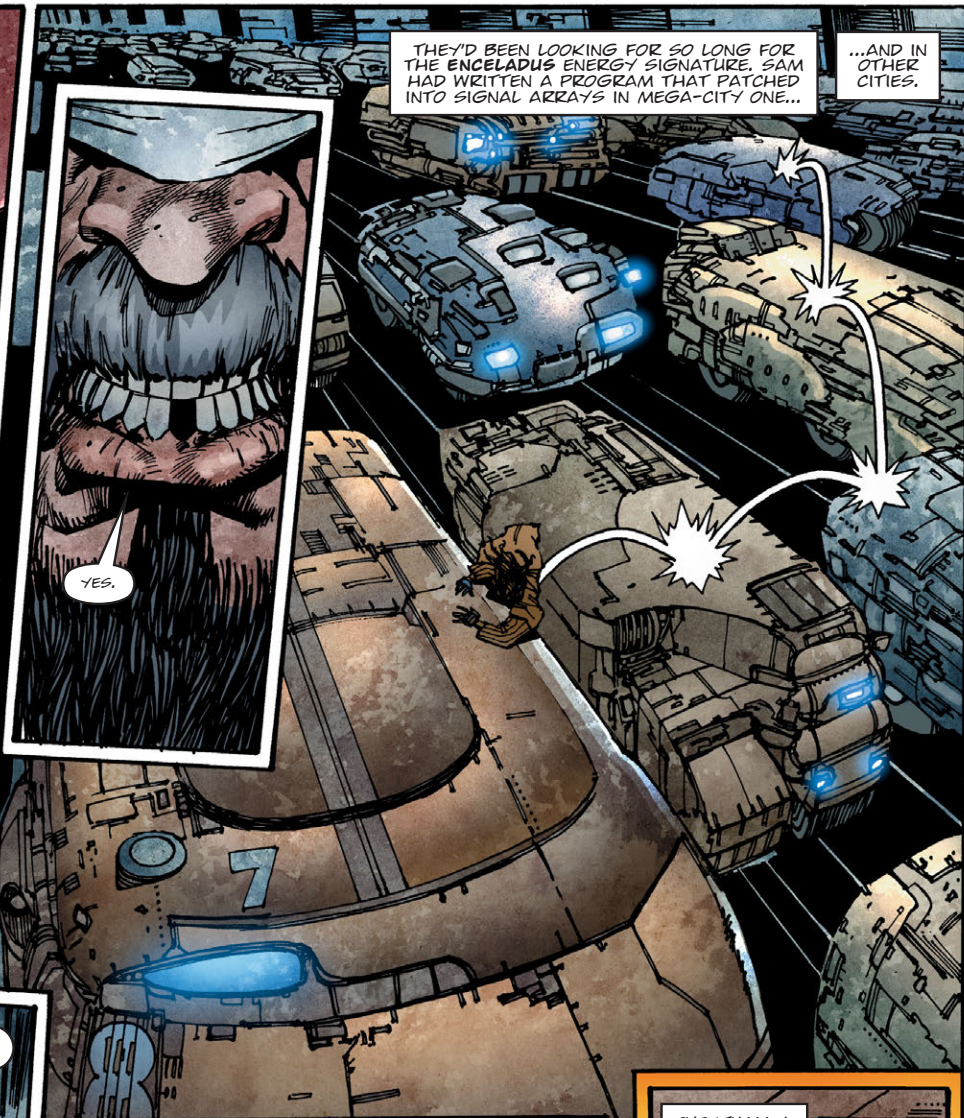


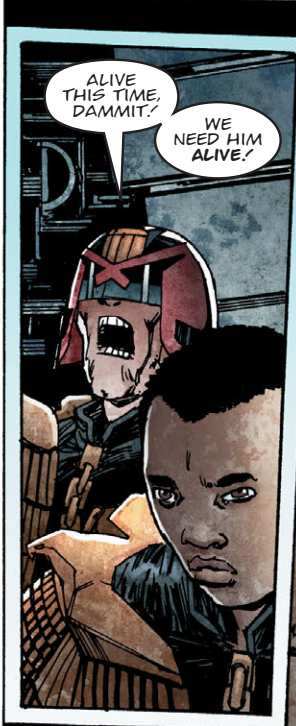
ANNNND HE'S
JUST MELTED
THROUGH THE
ROOF.



I TELL
YOU LADS, IT'S
A GOOD JOB DIRTY
FRANK HAS A FIRM
GRASP OF HIS
OWN MENTAL
FACULTIES
OR -

SAVE IT. THE
GUEP JUST
ASSASSINATED
A FUTURE SINO
CHIEF JUDGE.





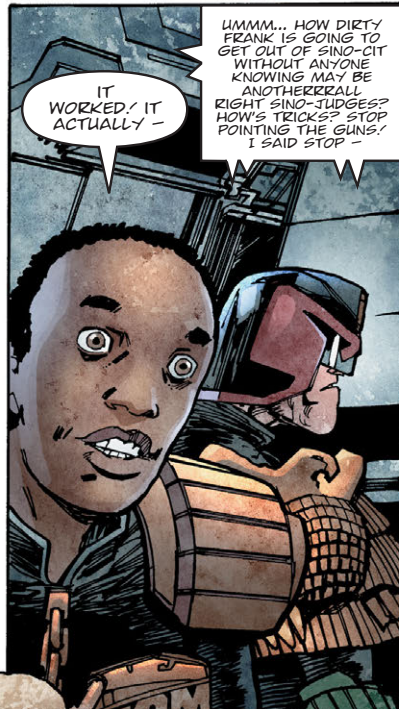


DO YOU
HAVE
HIM?



CALM YOUR
CAPACIOUS CHIN,
JOSEPH.

TELL
SAM THAT IT
WORKED.



IT
WORKED! IT
ACTUALLY -

UMMM... HOW DIRTY
FRANK IS GOING TO
GET OUT OF SINO-CIT
WITHOUT ANYONE
KNOWING MAY BE
ANOTHERRRALL
RIGHT SINO-JUDGES?
HOW'S TRICKS? STOP
POINTING THE GUNS!
I SAID STOP -



NO ONE
CAN KNOW, FRANK.
NO ONE.

DREDD?



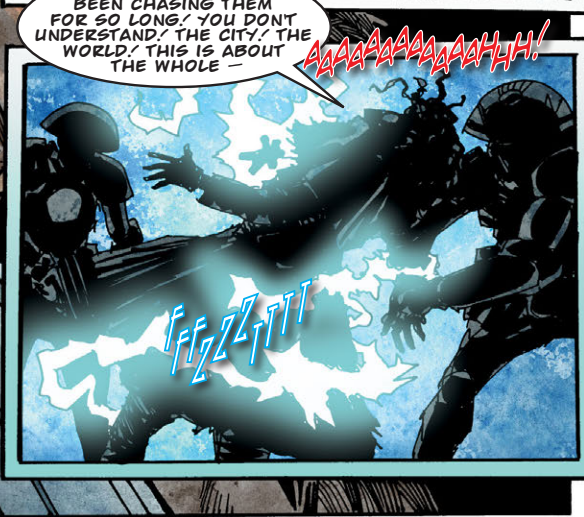
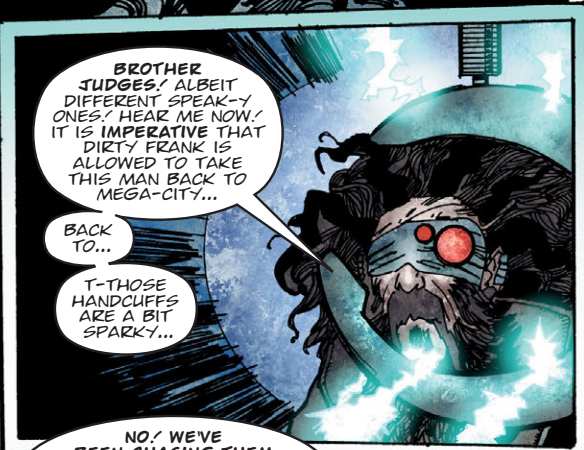
IS THIS WHAT IT'D
COME TO? SHOOT
AND ARREST AND
BEAT EVERYTHING
DOWN FOR SO LONG
UNTIL THERE WAS
NOTHING LEFT?

NOTHING LEFT
TO HURT BUT...



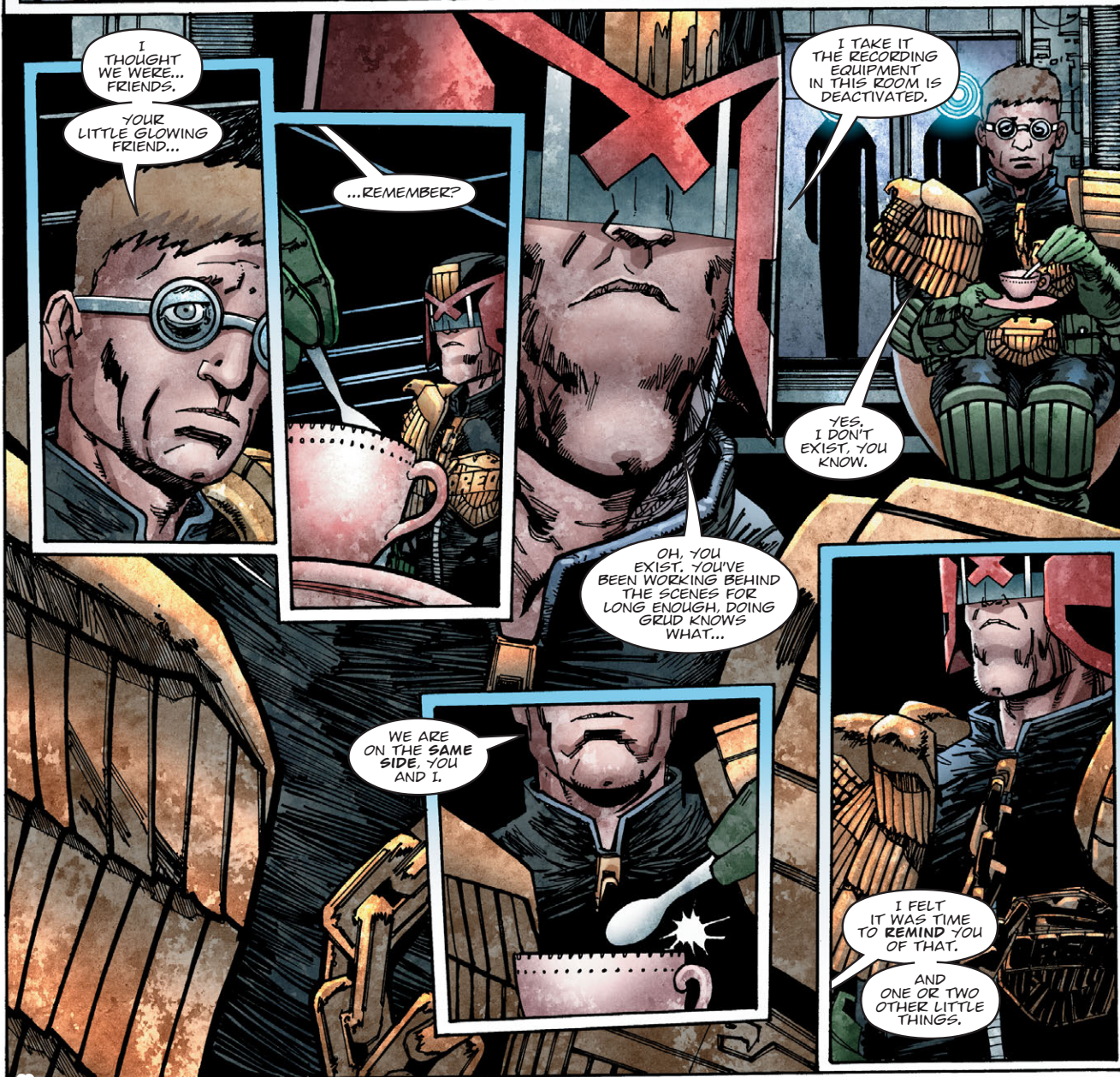
JUDGE
DREDD?

A
WORD.





'I AM
DISAPPOINTED.'



I
THOUGHT
WE WERE...
FRIENDS.

YOUR
LITTLE GLOWING
FRIEND...

...REMEMBER?

I TAKE IT
THE RECORDING
EQUIPMENT
IN THIS ROOM IS
DEACTIVATED.

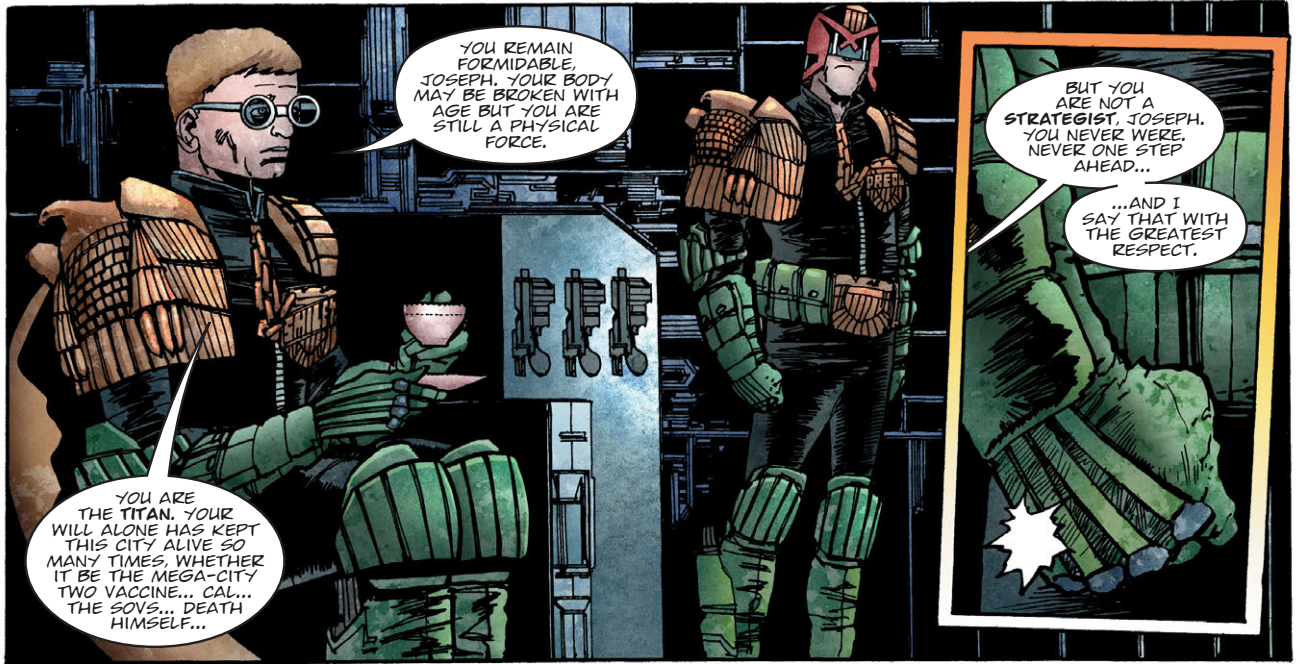
YES,
I DON'T
EXIST, YOU
KNOW.

OH, YOU
EXIST. YOU'VE
BEEN WORKING BEHIND
THE SCENES FOR
LONG ENOUGH. DOING
GRUD KNOWS
WHAT...

WE ARE
ON THE SAME
SIDE, YOU
AND I.

I FELT
IT WAS TIME
TO REMIND YOU
OF THAT.

AND
ONE OR TWO
OTHER LITTLE
THINGS.

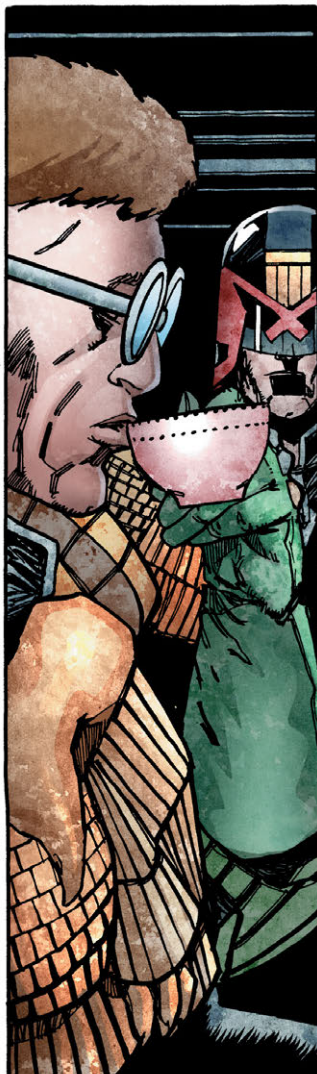


YOU REMAIN FORMIDABLE. JOSEPH, YOUR BODY MAY BE BROKEN WITH AGE BUT YOU ARE STILL A PHYSICAL FORCE.

BUT YOU ARE NOT A STRATEGIST, JOSEPH. YOU NEVER WERE. NEVER ONE STEP AHEAD...

...AND I SAY THAT WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT.

YOU ARE THE TITAN. YOUR WILL ALONE HAS KEPT THIS CITY ALIVE SO MANY TIMES. WHETHER IT BE THE MEGA-CITY TWO VACCINE... CAL... THE SOVS... DEATH HIMSELF...



HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN BACHMANN? HER LITTLE COUP?

WE SAVED THE CITY. TOGETHER.

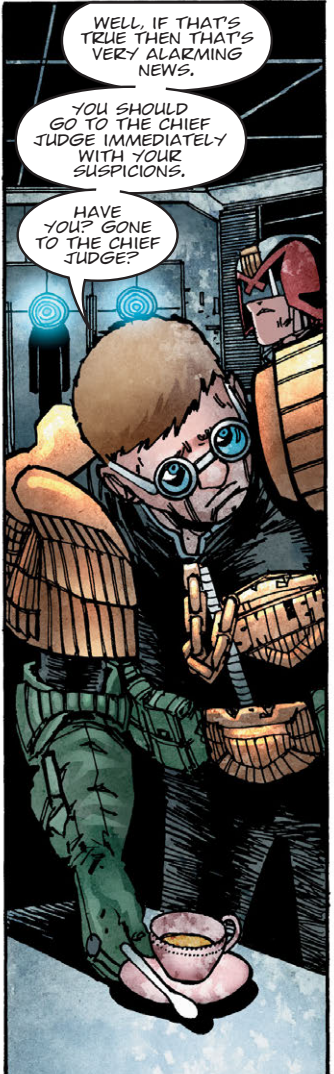
BULLET TO KING FOUR. I PROVIDED THE PLAN. YOU... TOOK THE BULLET.



BACHMANN WAS RUNNING HER OWN TEAMS OF STEALTH JUDGES. ASSASSINS WITH CLOAKING TECH.

THOSE UNITS VANISHED AFTER THE LUNA-2 INVASION.

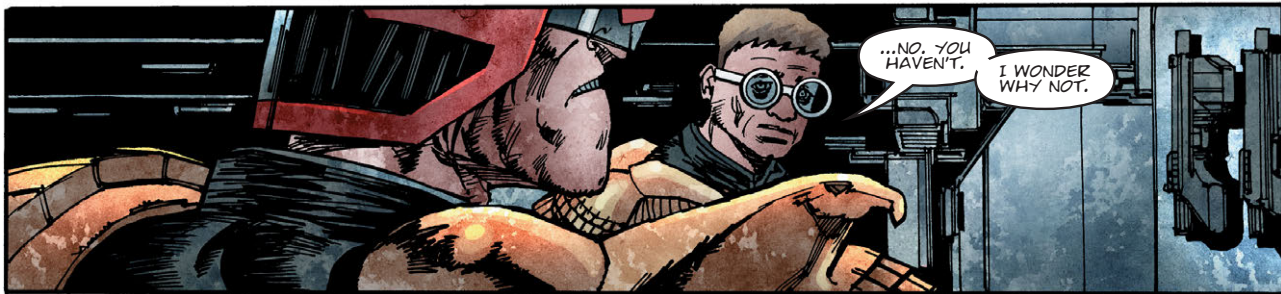
THEY'VE BEEN ACTIVE SINCE - ASSASSINATIONS HERE, AND IN OTHER CITIES ACROSS THE GLOBE. THEY'RE WORKING FOR SOMEBODY. TIPPING POLITICS IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.



WELL, IF THAT'S TRUE THEN THAT'S VERY ALARMING NEWS.

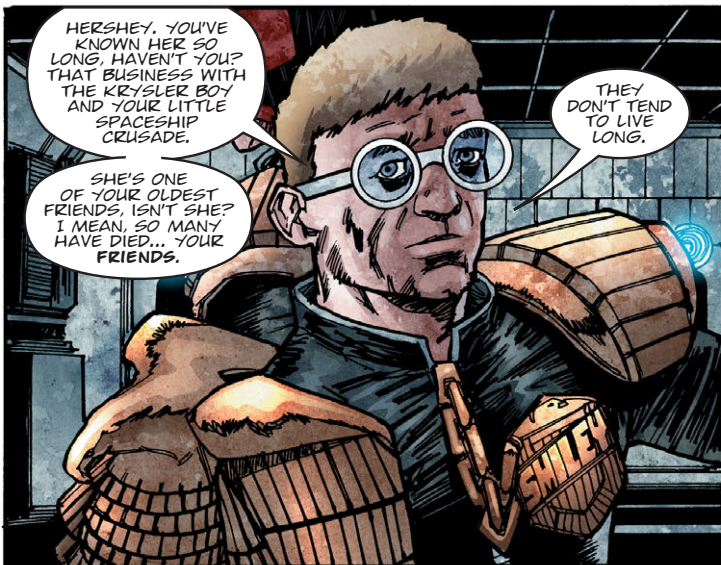
YOU SHOULD GO TO THE CHIEF JUDGE IMMEDIATELY WITH YOUR SUSPICIONS.

HAVE YOU? GONE TO THE CHIEF JUDGE?



...NO, YOU HAVEN'T.

I WONDER WHY NOT.



HERSHEY, YOU'VE KNOWN HER SO LONG, HAVEN'T YOU? THAT BUSINESS WITH THE KRYSLER BOY AND YOUR LITTLE SPACESHIP CRUSADE.

SHE'S ONE OF YOUR OLDEST FRIENDS, ISN'T SHE? I MEAN, SO MANY HAVE DIED... YOUR FRIENDS.

THEY DON'T TEND TO LIVE LONG.



YOU TRUST THE CHIEF JUDGE, DON'T YOU, JOSEPH?

...

OF COURSE YOU DO.



I'M SURE HERSHEY KNOWS ABOUT YOUR COVERT LITTLE GROUP. THE CLEVER BRIT-CIT ARCHITECT. GIANT. THE ACCOUNTANT. THE ROBOT MAN... GONE NOW, SADLY. LONG WALK.

AND, OF COURSE, MY LITTLE FAVOURITE...

MY FRANK.



SHE'D BE VERY HURT IF SHE WASN'T PART OF THAT GROUP, I IMAGINE.

HERE, BETTER THAT YOU FIRE IT.

I WAS NEVER REALLY ONE FOR GUNS.



MURDER IS A CRIME. THE CHAIN OF COMMAND IS FOLLOWED.

WE ARE THE 'GOOD GUYS'? MY... YOU REALLY DO THINK IT'S THAT SIMPLE, DON'T YOU?

JOSEPH, I CAME TO YOU TODAY TO REMIND YOU OF SOMETHING INHERENT IN OUR CORE THAT YOU APPEAR TO HAVE FORGOTTEN...



WE'RE FASCISTS.



WE RULE.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN STAY ALIVE IN THIS IRRADIATED, DEAD WORLD.

A GRAVE THAT CLAIMED US LONG AGO THAT WE REFUSE TO FALL INTO. THERE IS A PRICE TO BE PAID FOR THIS.



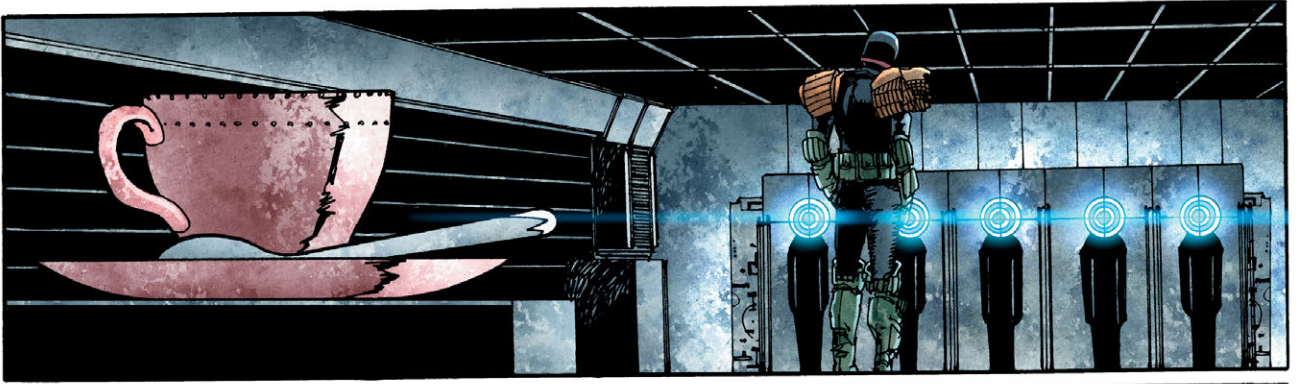
I'M GOING TO COME TO YOUR LITTLE HOUSE, SMILEY, AND I'M GOING TO KNOCK IT DOWN.

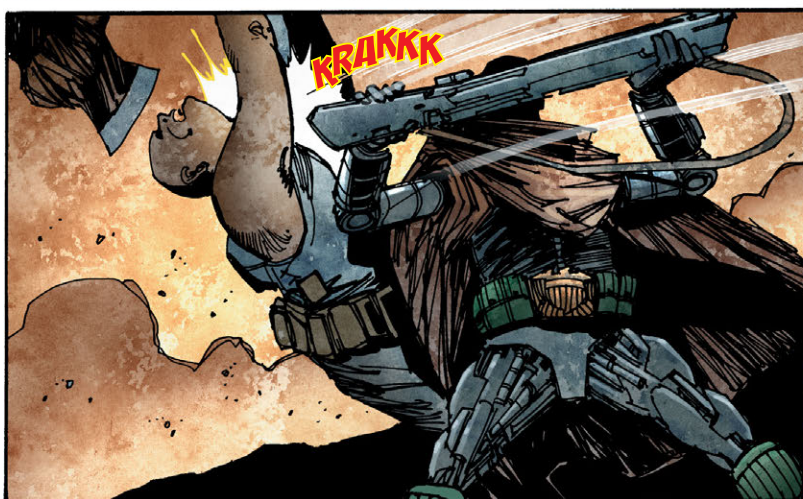
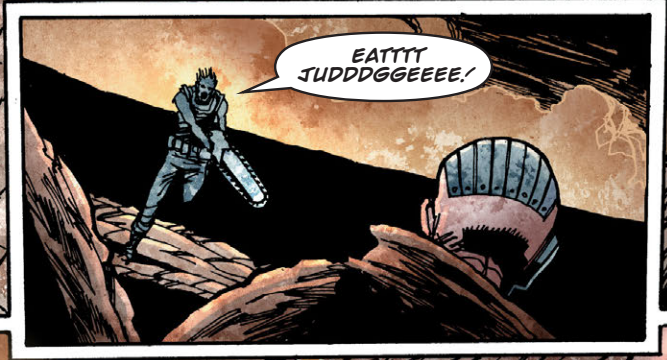
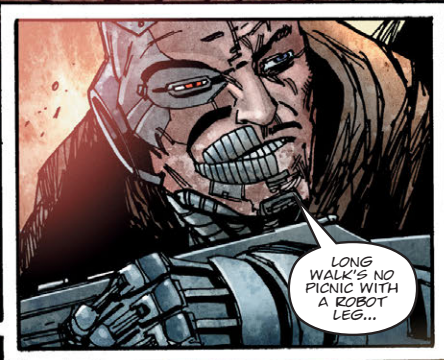
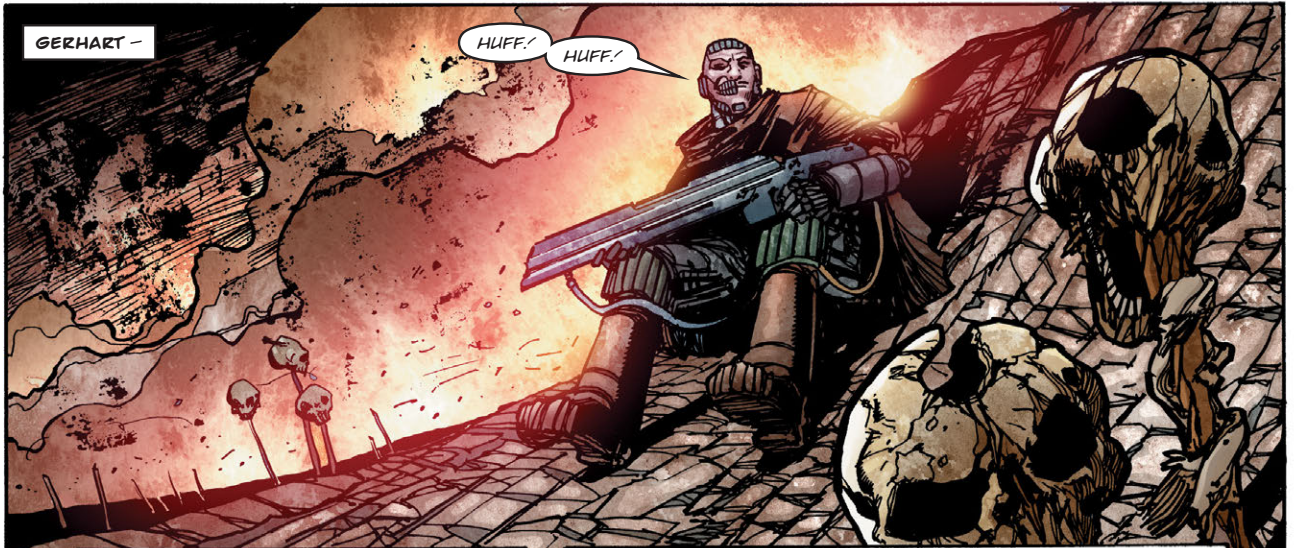
I DOUBT THAT. YOU ARE A NAIVE AND SIMPLE TOOL, AND TOOLS ARE ONLY TRULY EFFECTIVE IN THE HANDS OF A CRAFTSMAN.



IF YOU DO THIS, JOSEPH, THERE ARE MORE SUBSTANTIAL WALLS YOU WILL PULL DOWN.

ARE YOU REALLY WILLING TO DO THAT?

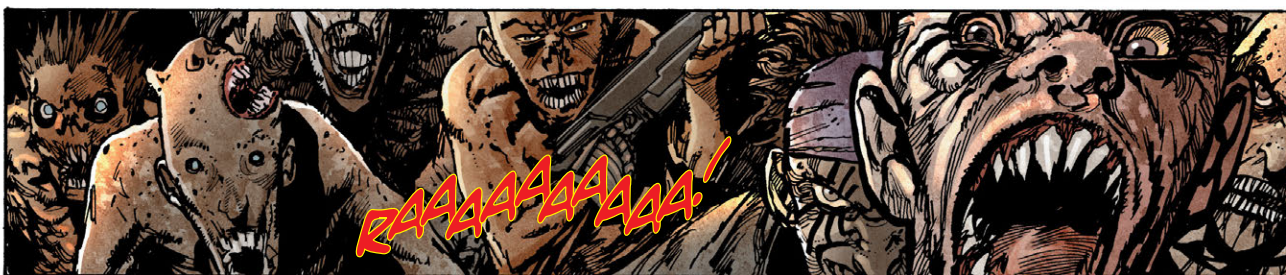






SOMEWHERE IN THE
CURSED EARTH -

I
TRIED.



GUESS
I'M OUT OF THE
TEAM...

SMILEY
KNEW.

HE KNEW ABOUT GERHART.
ABOUT SAM, GIANT, MAITLAND...
HE KNEW ABOUT FRANK.

SMILEY HAD SHUT DOWN
THE STEALTH UNITS
FOR A PERIOD WHEN HE
KNEW THEY WERE ON TO
HIM. BUT NOW HE WAS
BOLD ENOUGH TO BE
OUT IN THE OPEN.

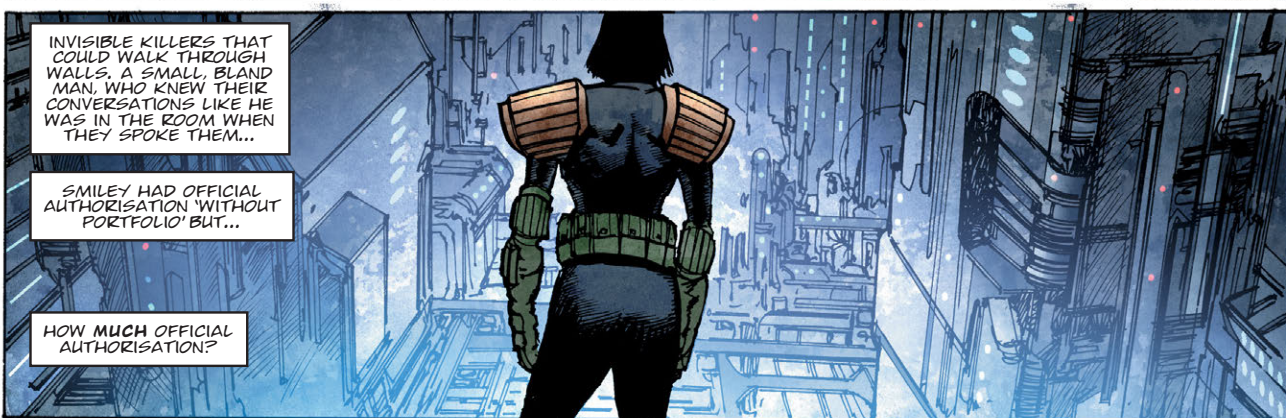
ALWAYS ONE
MOVE AHEAD.
TWO. THREE.

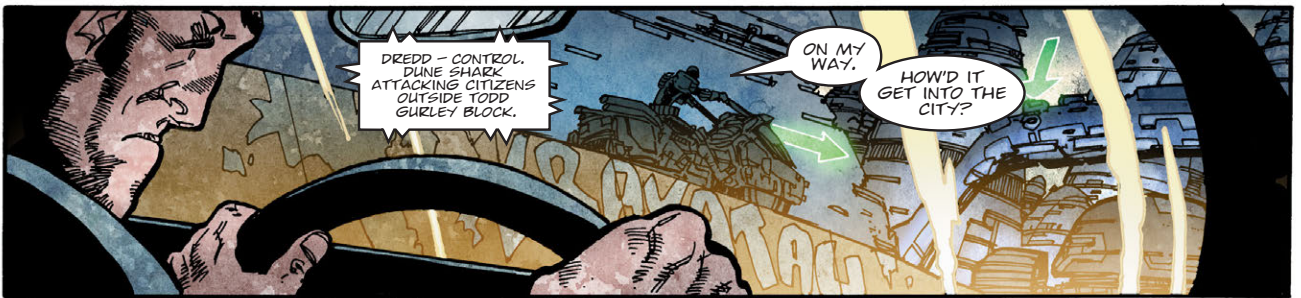
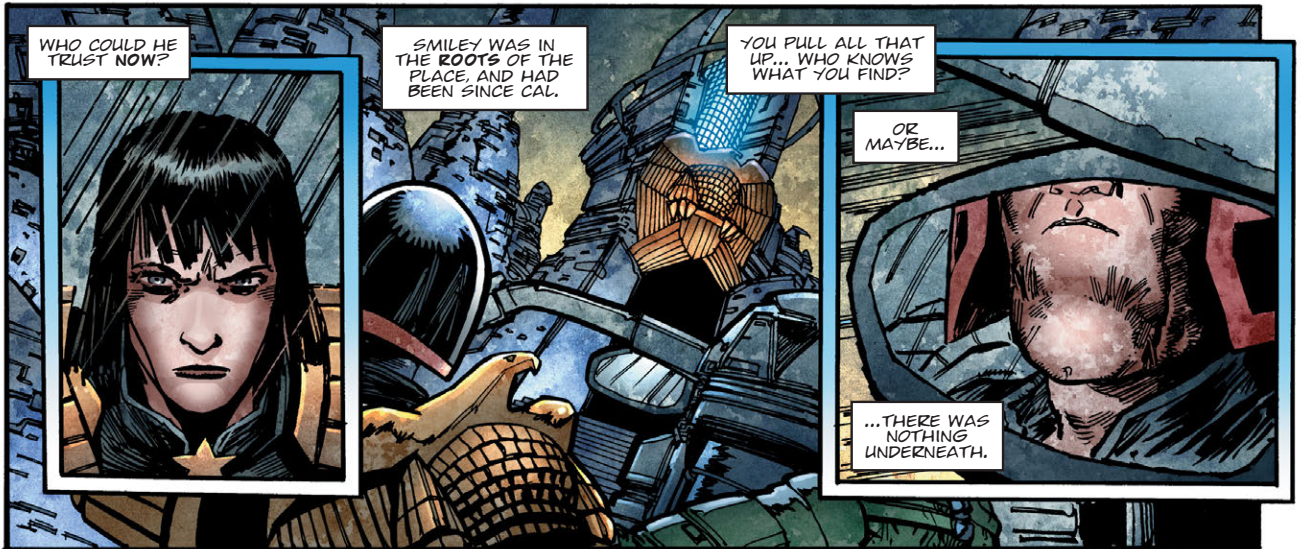
HOW?

INVISIBLE KILLERS THAT
COULD WALK THROUGH
WALLS. A SMALL, BLAND
MAN, WHO KNEW THEIR
CONVERSATIONS LIKE HE
WAS IN THE ROOM WHEN
THEY SPOKE THEM...

SMILEY HAD OFFICIAL
AUTHORISATION 'WITHOUT
PORTFOLIO' BUT...

HOW MUCH OFFICIAL
AUTHORISATION?



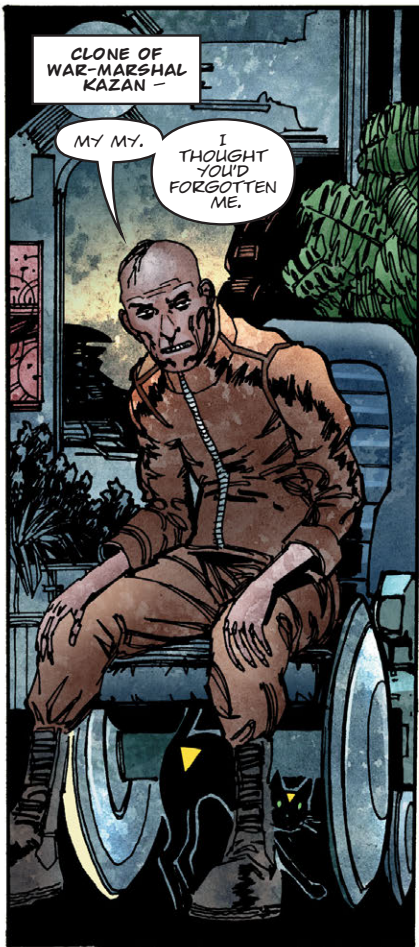




SMILEY MOCKED HIM FOR HIS 'SIMPLICITY', TALKED OF FASCISM AND OTHER WORDS THAT DIDN'T MATTER.

THERE WAS THE LAW, YES, BUT THERE WAS MORE THAN THAT...

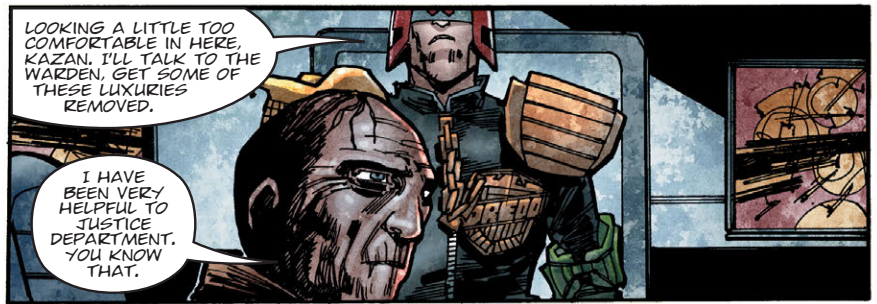




CLONE OF
WAR-MARSHAL
KAZAN -

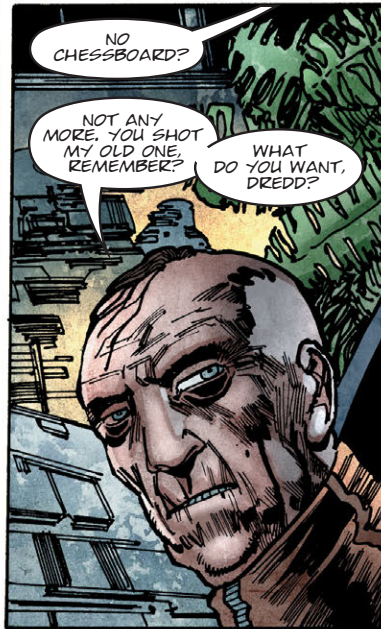
MY MY.

I
THOUGHT
YOU'D
FORGOTTEN
ME.



LOOKING A LITTLE TOO
COMFORTABLE IN HERE.
KAZAN, I'LL TALK TO THE
WARDEN. GET SOME OF
THESE LUXURIES
REMOVED.

I HAVE
BEEN VERY
HELPFUL TO
JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT.
YOU KNOW
THAT.



NO
CHESSBOARD?

NOT ANY
MORE. YOU SHOT
MY OLD ONE,
REMEMBER?

WHAT
DO YOU WANT,
DREDD?



HE HESITATES.
HE DOESN'T
LIKE SAYING
THE NAME OUT
LOUD. WHY?

LIKE A SINGLE
SPOKEN WORD
COULD MAKE A
GHOST REAL.

SMILEY.



OH...
LOOK AT
THAT.

FEAR.

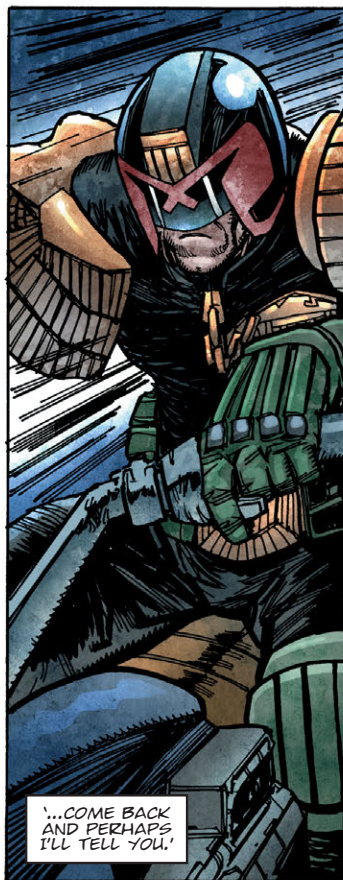
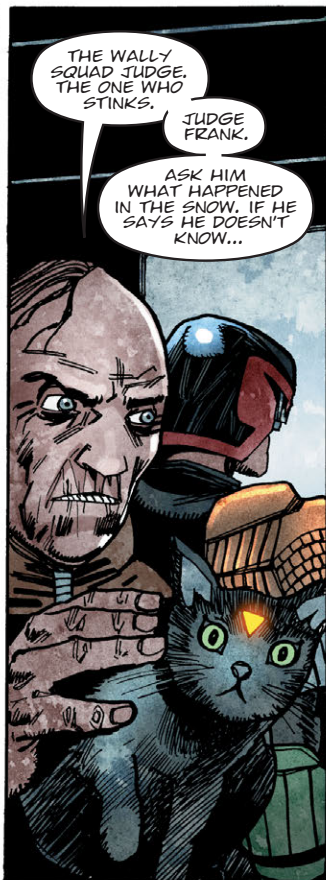
HOW
PRICELESS.

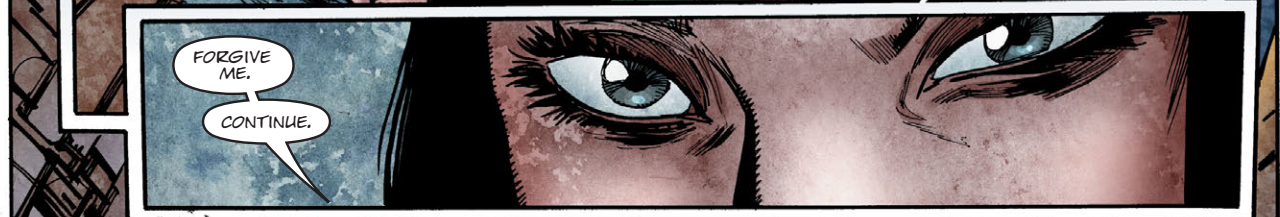
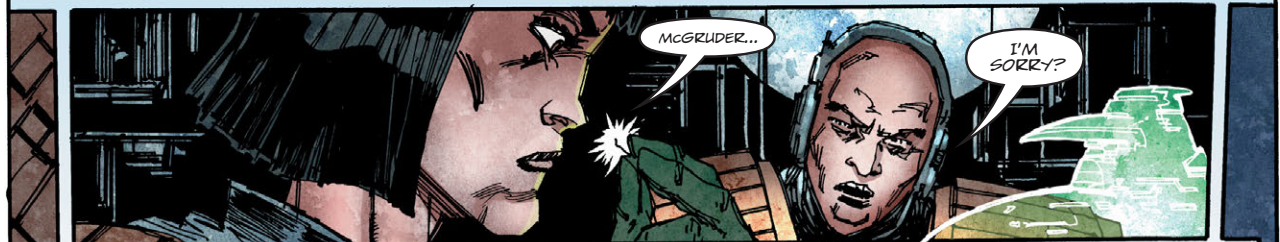


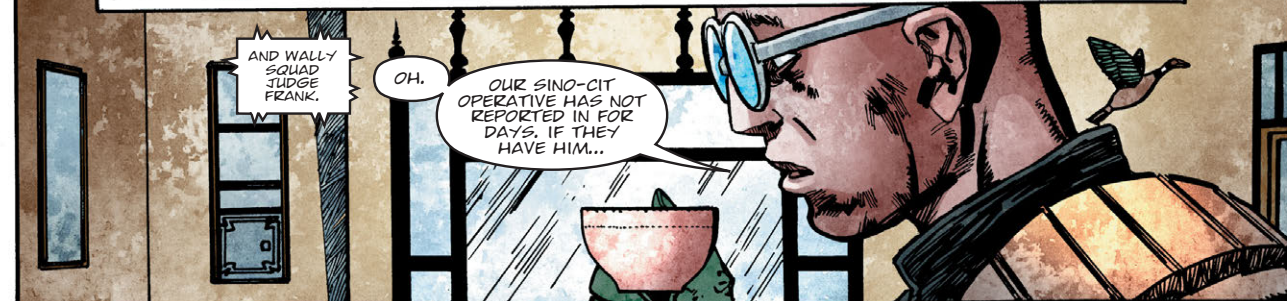
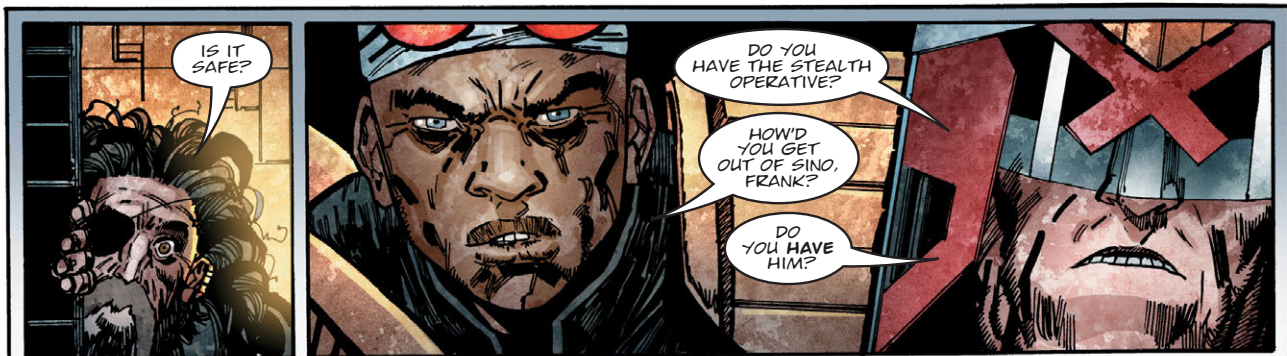
WE ALL
WANT SOMETHING.
THAT IS WHAT YOU
WANT. HERE'S WHAT
I WANT...

IT IS VERY
PREDICTABLE.
I APOLOGISE
FOR THAT.

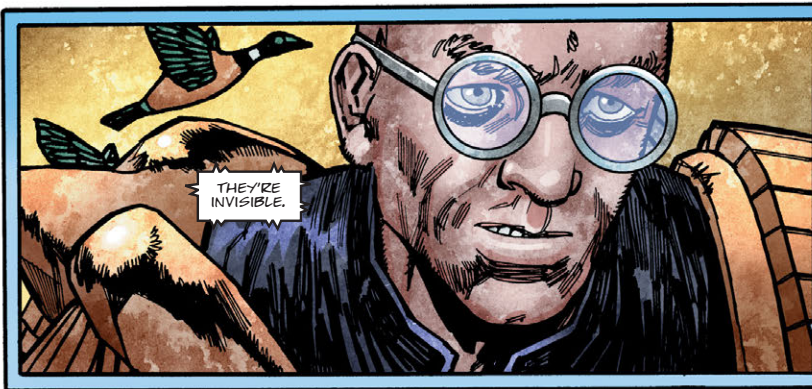
GET
ME OUT OF
THIS
CUBE.











THEY'RE
INVISIBLE.



OH DEAR
A SPILLAGE.

THAT
WILL NEED
CLEANING.



IT IS SUCH A
RELIEF TO BE BACK.
YOU... YOU HAVE NO
IDEA HOW HORRIFIC
IT ALL WAS.

THEY... THE SINOS...
LOVELY PEOPLE, SO
PASSIONATE, DELIGHTFUL
VEGAN CUISINE OPTIONS, BUT...
THE PRESSURE PLACED
UPON THE ARTIST!
INTOLERABLE!



BEING ELECTED MAYOR
AFTER THE SUCCESS OF
MY SECOND ALBUM WAS A
CONSIDERABLE SHOCK.
PUBLIC OFFICE DOES NOT
THE POET SUIT.

ADMINISTRATIVE DUTIES
ARE A PLATITUDINOUS
CHORE AND THEY WANTED
ME TO RAP FOR THEM.
CONTINUALLY!

I TOLD THEM -
MY LOYAL FANS - AFTER
THE MILDLY INDIFFERENT
REACTION TO MY FOURTH
ALBUM - 'SIRS,' THE
WELL OF THE SOUL IS NOT
AN INFINITE RESOURCE!
AND ALSO -



IF YOU
TALK AGAIN, I
WILL SHOOT
YOU.

OK.

WE'LL
DROP KLEGGY
OFF.



YOU LOOK
PLEASED WITH
YOURSELF,
SAM.



YEAH.

IT
WORKED.



YES! WE HAVE THEM ON THE RUN NOW.

HE COULDN'T SHARE THE OPTIMISM.

HE'D WEATHERED ENOUGH STORMS TO SMELL WHEN BLOOD WAS COMING.

JUST A QUESTION OF WHO, AND WHEN. NOTHING OF WORTH WAS ACHIEVED WITHOUT SACRIFICE.

WALLY SQUAD SAFE HOUSE. LITTLE USED.

THEY WOULD QUESTION THE STEALTH JUDGE HERE.

MAITLAND WOULD DELETE IT FROM JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S SYSTEM. NO ONE WOULD NOTICE.

LAWS AND STRUCTURES CREAKING, GROANING, LIKE OLD BONES UPON RISING...

I WON'T TALK. YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME.

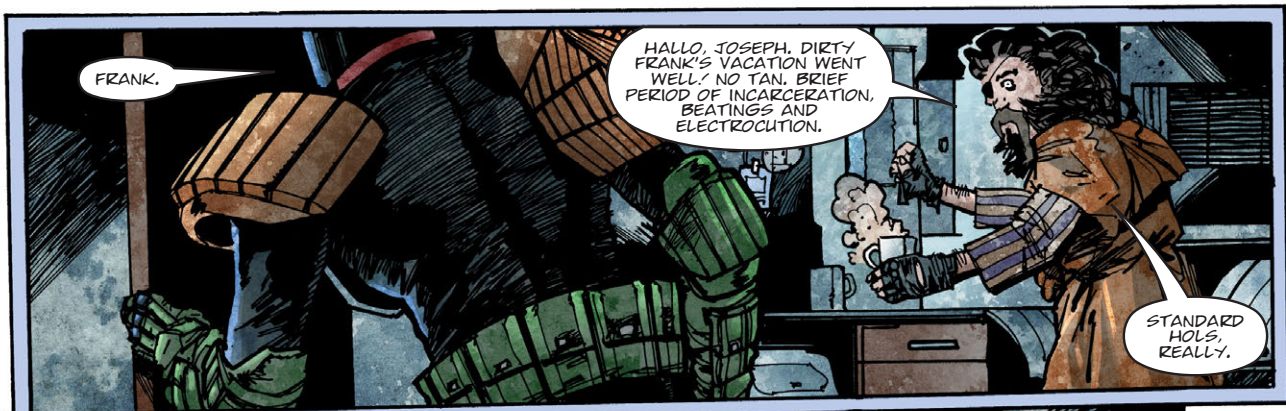
YEAH, YOU WILL.

YOUR FUNKY LITTLE STEALTH SUIT WILL TALK FOR YOU.

ALL I NEED TO DO IS GET THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC READINGS THAT THING THROWS OFF. TRACE THEM AGAINST CITY SURVEILLANCE GRIDS.

AND WE'LL HAVE YOUR BASES. YOUR TUNNELS. YOUR SECRET CORRIDORS.

AND THEN WE'LL HAVE SMILEY.



KAZAN'S CLONE WANTED FREEDOM IN EXCHANGE FOR TELLING EVERYTHING HE KNEW ABOUT SMILEY.

THAT WAS NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN.

BUT HE KEPT COMING BACK ANYWAY...

I MISS OUR LITTLE CHESS GAMES... THE ORDER OF TURNS, OF TANGIBLE RULES.

KAZAN GAVE OUT TITBITS OF KNOWLEDGE WHEN IT AMUSED HIM...

BUT THE BOARD IS BROKEN.

BEYOND REPAIR.

MEANWHILE HE SWALLOWED DOWN THE URGE TO BEAT WHAT HE NEEDED OUT OF THE SOV...

I LIKE PETS.

WE ARE NOT DISSIMILAR IN THAT REGARD, YOU AND I, DREDD.

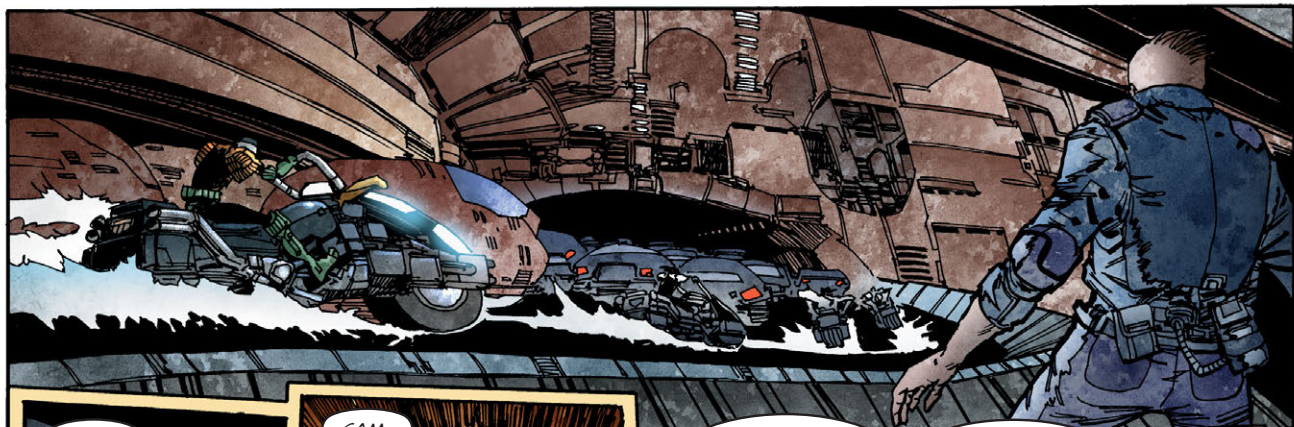
THEY ARE COMPANY FOR THE LONELY, ARE THEY NOT?

FOR A LITTLE WHILE...

TWENTY-TWO HOURS LATER -

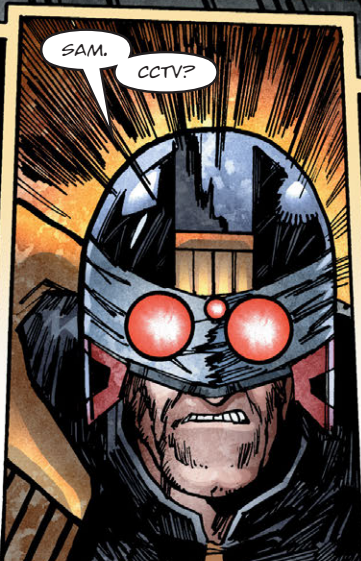
OK. THIS IS IT. LET'S SEE IF ALL THESE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC READOUTS I'VE BEEN ANALYSING ACTUALLY WORK.

GO.



WOAH.

SOMEONE'S GONNA GET IT.



SAM.

CCTV?



I'M JAMMING, I'M JAMMING. REPLACING WITH A REPEAT OF THE TRAFFIC FOOTAGE FROM SIXTY SECONDS AGO.

SECTOR HOUSE WON'T HAVE ANY OF THIS ON RECORD.

THEY CAN'T KNOW WE'RE COMING.



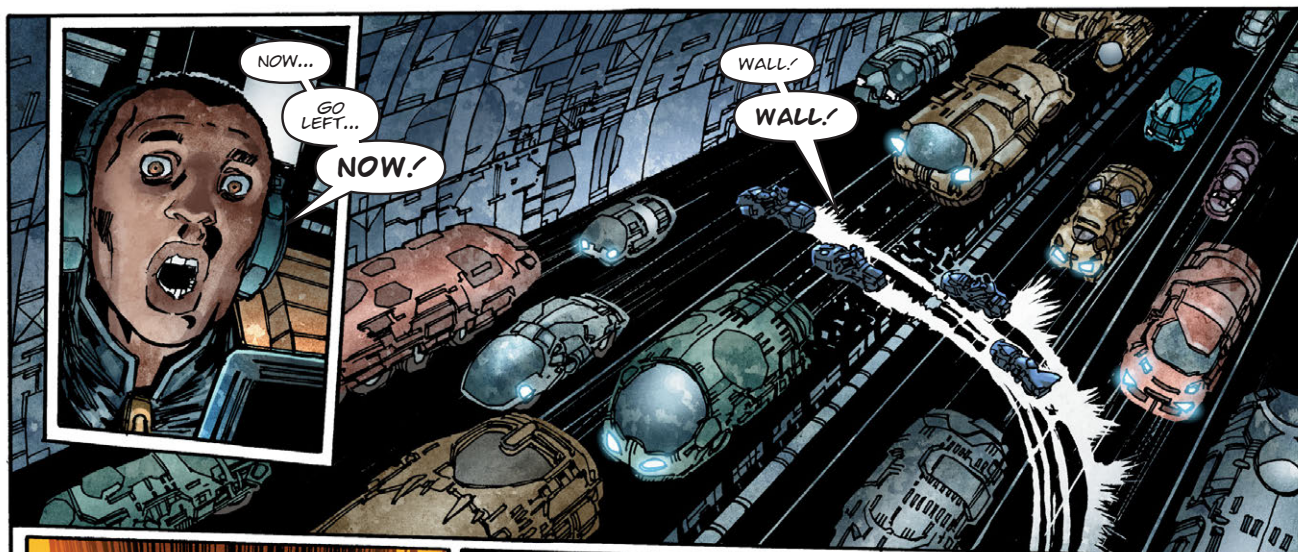
THEY WON'T.



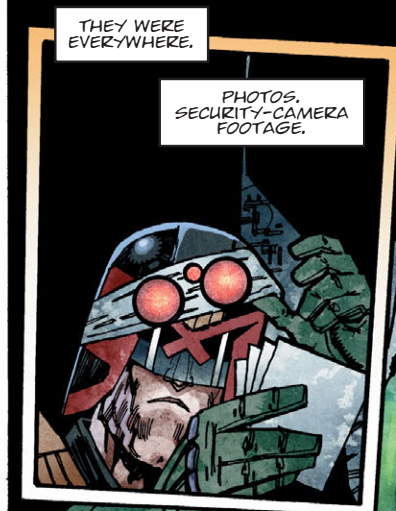
YOU'RE ALMOST THERE... ALMOST... LOOKING FOR THE ENERGY SPIKE...

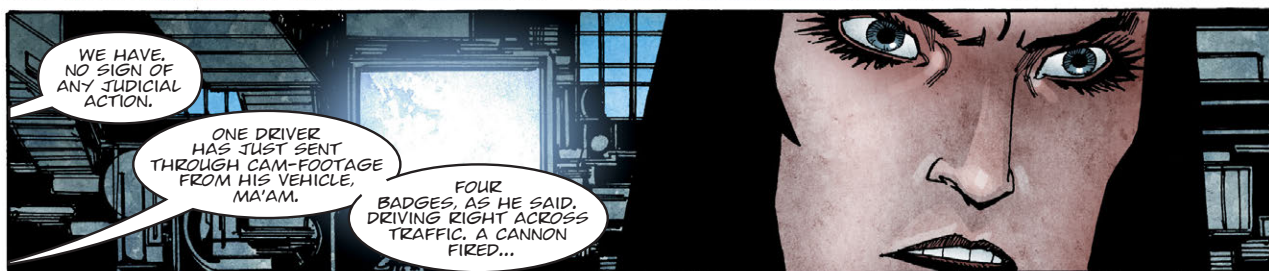
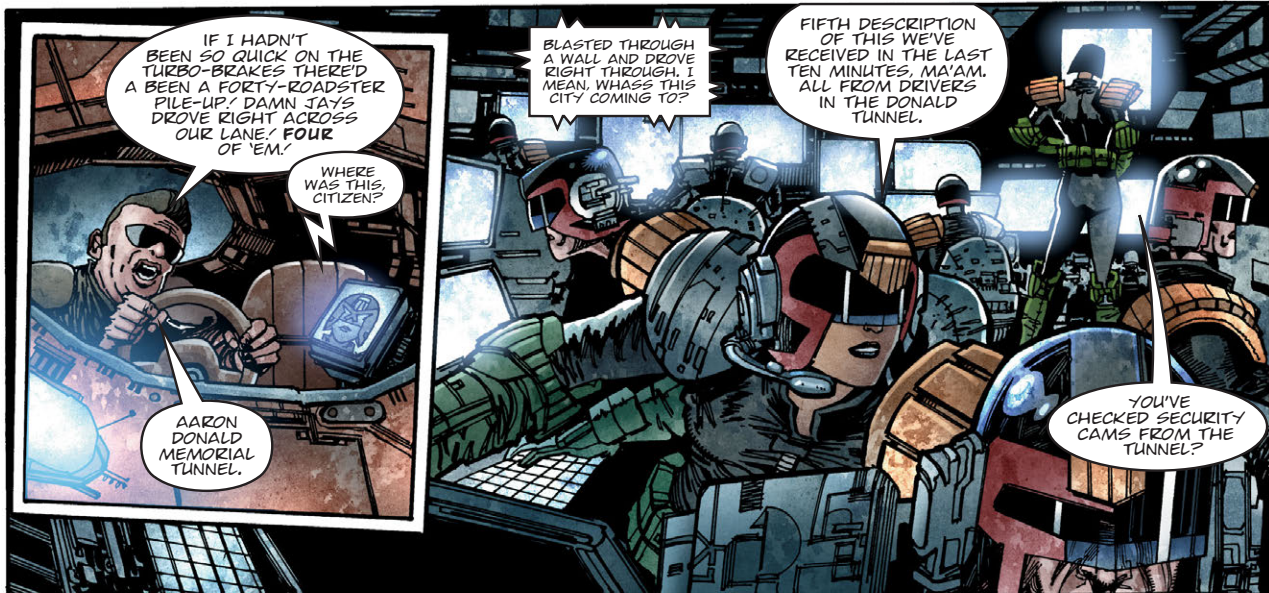
WE'RE GONNA BE A MUNCE-SPLAT ON THE WALL IF YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THIS, SAM.

DIRTY FRANK HAS GREAT FAITH IN FORMER BRIT-CIT JUDGE SAM'S TECHNOLOGICAL EXPERTISE BUT HAS ALSO SOILED HIMSELF IN FEAR, NUANCE.

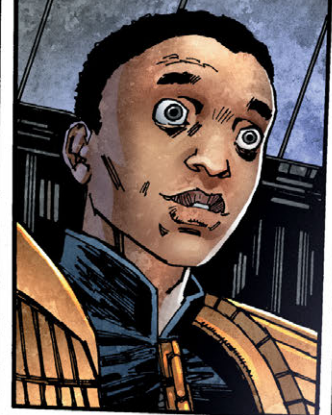








I KNOW GRUD
EXISTS.



I'VE SEEN IT.

THERE IS AN
ORDER TO
THINGS.





I DON'T
TELL THEM.
OF COURSE.

I DON'T TELL THEM
WHAT I SAW.
WHAT I... KNOW.



SAM.
GO BACK. THE
2100 FILES.
CAL ERA.

DREDD NEVER SAID WHY I
WAS ALLOWED THE SPARSE
CHASTITY OF HIS TRUST. ME,
JUST SOME BRIT-CIT EMIGRE,
AN ARCHITECT BY TRAINING.

I'M NOT SURE HE COULD
PUT IT INTO WORDS. HE'S
SUCH A CREATURE OF
INSTINCTS. THAT IS WHAT
I MOST MISS ABOUT HIM.



THE WORLD SEES
THE UNIFORM.
THE GRIMACE.
THE BADGE...

THE LAW.

AND, YES HE IS
RAGE, BURNING,
RIGHTEOUS FURY.



BUT MOST OF ALL HE
IS A MAN OF FERVOUR,
AND IN PASSION THERE
IS A SENSE OF SOUL...

I HAVE STOOD UPON
OTHER WORLDS. ABOVE,
AND BENEATH...

LIFE. STRUCTURE.
DEFINITIVE FORMS.
INTELLIGENCE ASKEW
BUT DEFINITIVE.

I SHOULD NOT HAVE
SURVIVED ENCELADUS.
I HAD NO RIGHT.

I SAVED THE
CITY. NO, MORE
THAN THAT...

I SAVED DREDD.
IN ANY WAY
THAT MATTERS.

HE
KNOWS
THAT.

...AND OF
FAITH.



MY AIR SUPPLY WAS GONE.

ALONE.

A MINOR PLAYER.
NARRATIVE ENDED.



NOT YET, SAID
THE UNIVERSE.

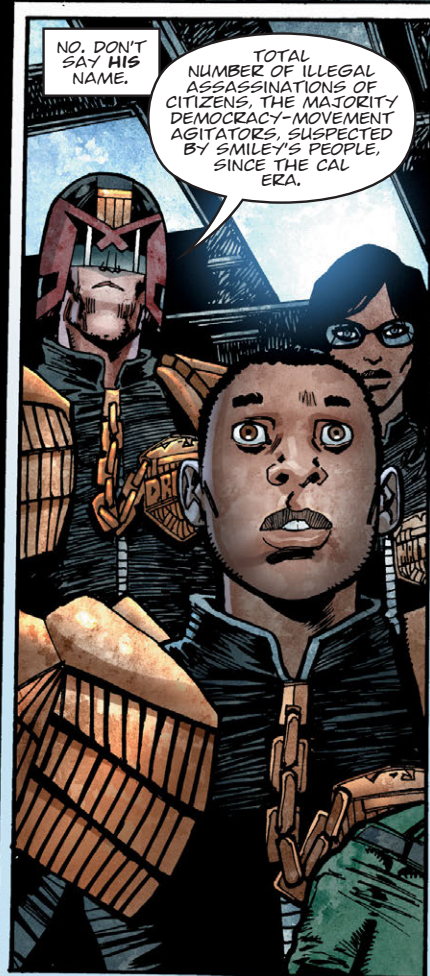
YOU ARE
NEEDED.



NEEDED
FOR THIS.

I'M GOING TO SAVE
THE CITY. ITS SOUL.

WE'RE GOING
TO STOP -



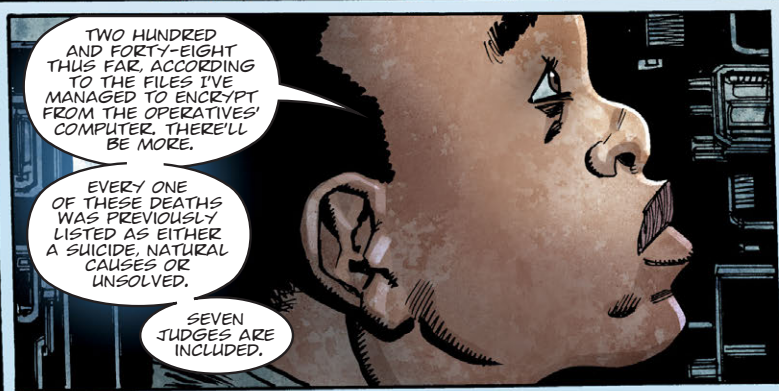
NO. DON'T
SAY HIS
NAME.

TOTAL
NUMBER OF ILLEGAL
ASSASSINATIONS OF
CITIZENS, THE MAJORITY
DEMOCRACY-MOVEMENT
AGITATORS, SUSPECTED
BY SMILEY'S PEOPLE,
SINCE THE CAL
ERA.



MY
GRUD.

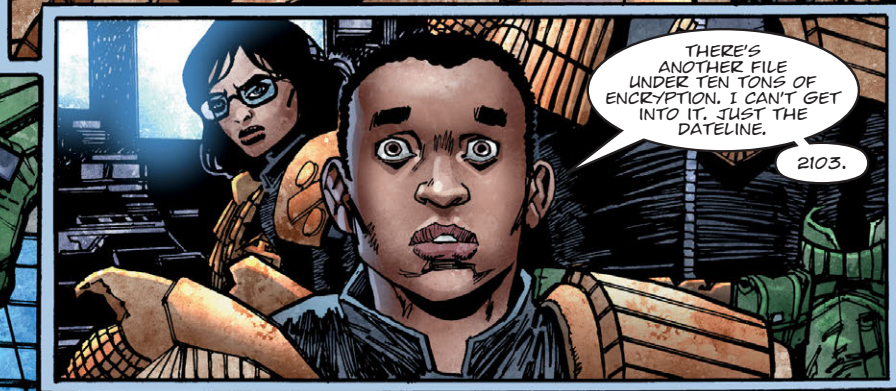
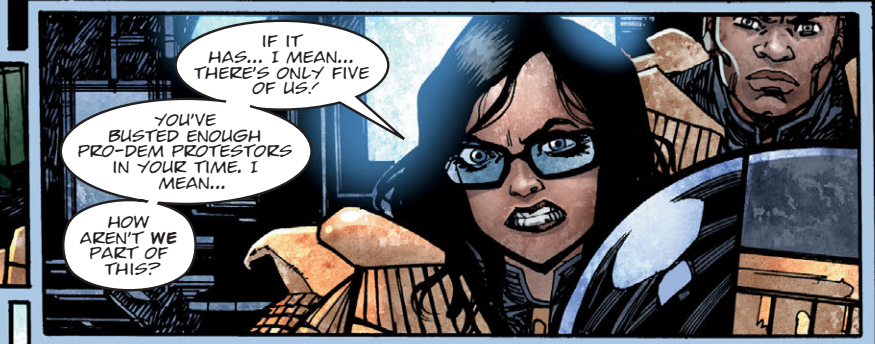
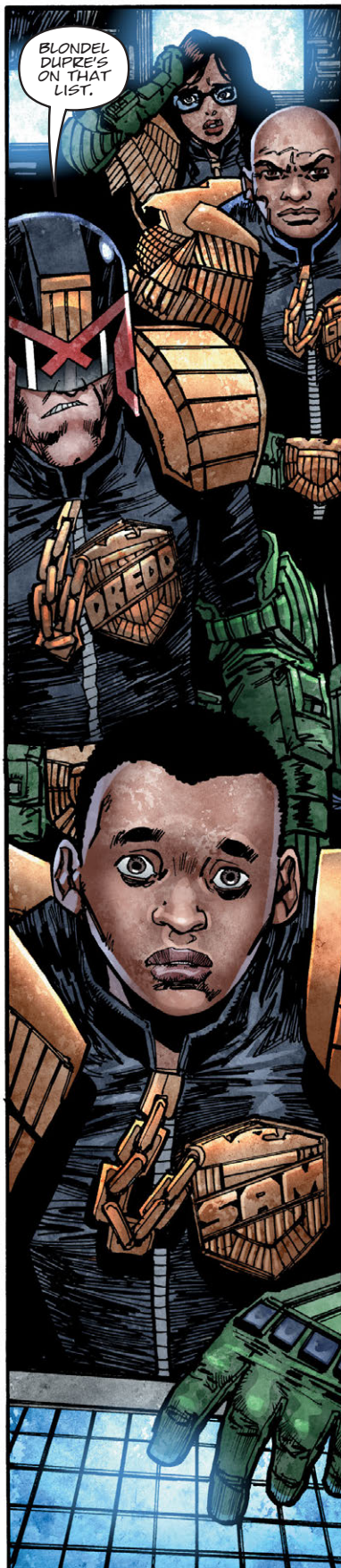
THERE'S
HUNDREDS OF
THEM.

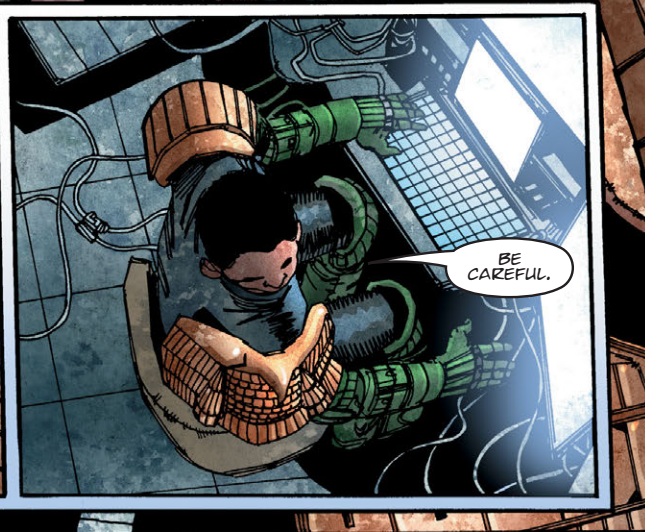


TWO HUNDRED
AND FORTY-EIGHT
THUS FAR, ACCORDING
TO THE FILES I'VE
MANAGED TO ENCRYPT
FROM THE OPERATIVES'
COMPUTER, THERE'LL
BE MORE.

EVERY ONE
OF THESE DEATHS
WAS PREVIOUSLY
LISTED AS EITHER
A SUICIDE, NATURAL
CAUSES OR
UNSOLVED.

SEVEN
JUDGES ARE
INCLUDED.





SOMETHING I SAID TO
DAWKINS UP ON TITAN...
BEFORE HE DIED, IT
PLAYS ACROSS MY MIND.



'IF YOU'RE NOT
AN IDEALIST...
THEN WHY ARE
YOU A JUDGE?'



OH.

IT'S
YOU.



...
I CAN
SAY THIS TO
YOU BECAUSE...
YOU... I KNOW YOU
UNDERSTAND.

THERE
IS AN ORDER TO
THINGS. THERE
IS -

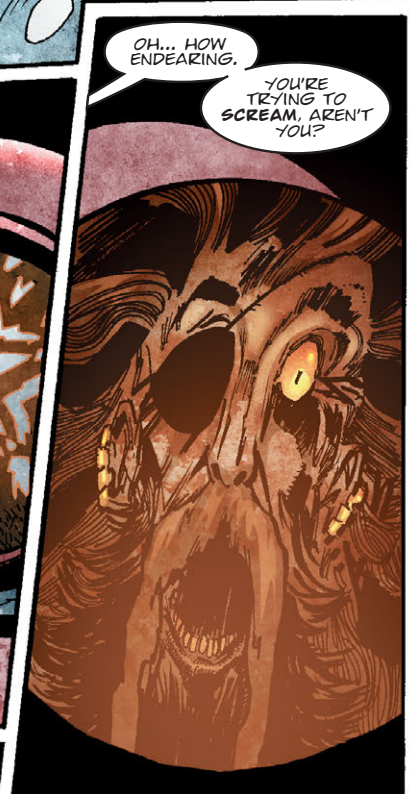


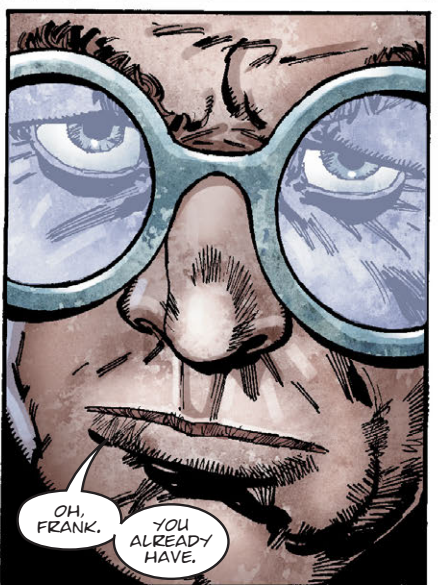
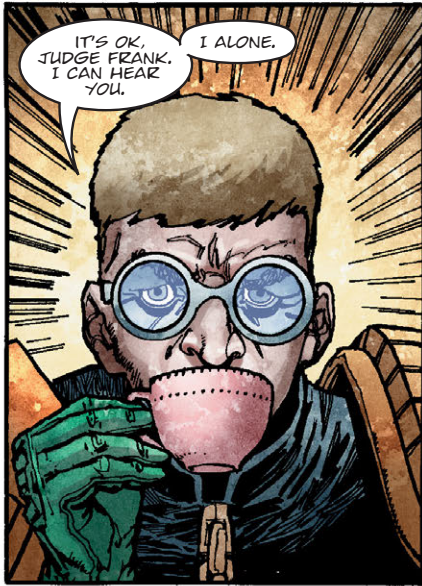
BDAM

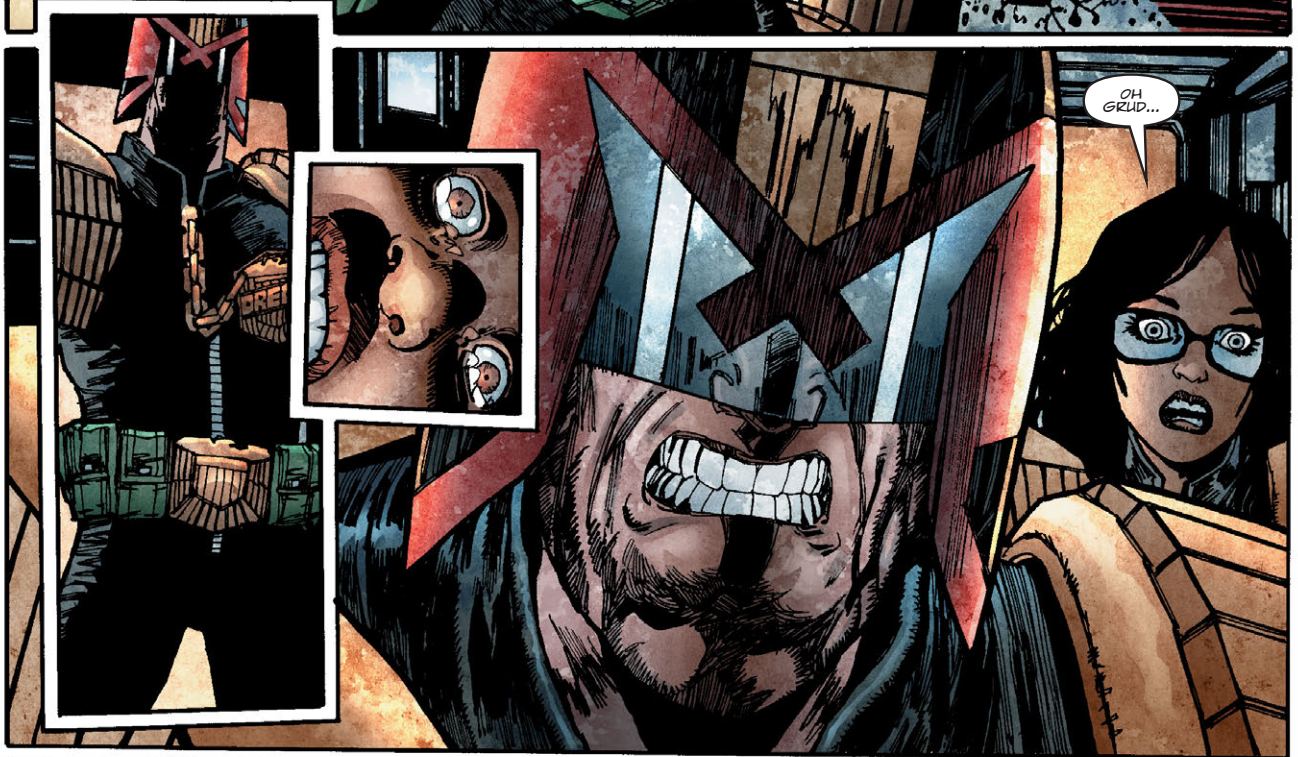


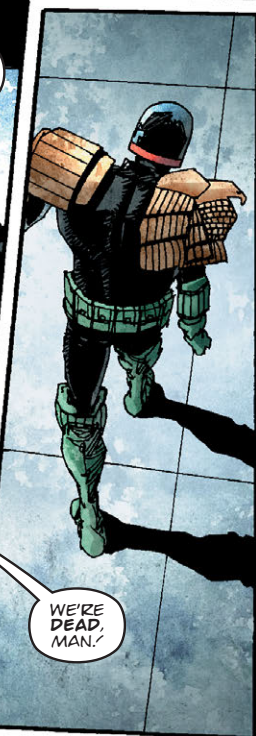
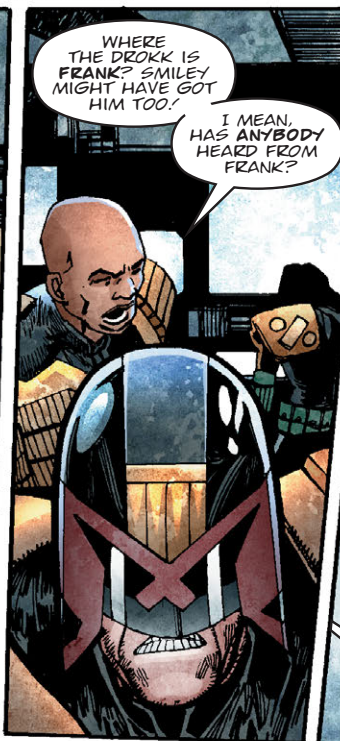
YES.

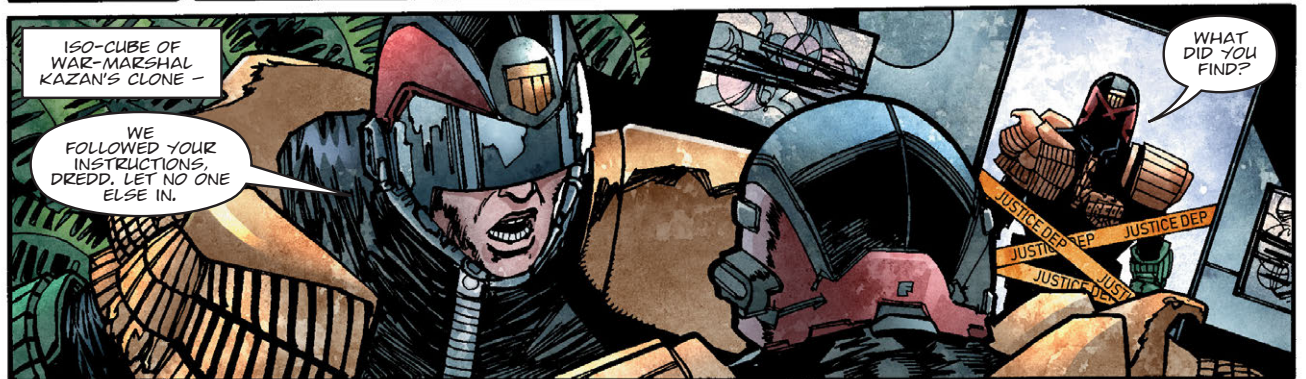














FOUND THIS OLD SMASHED-UP CHESSBOARD. HE'D HIDDEN IT UNDER A LOOSE WALL TILE. SENTIMENTAL REASONS, MAYBE.

SOMEONE SLIT THE CLONE'S THROAT.



NOT SOMEONE... VISITING WALLY-SQUAD OFFICER. CRAZY.

A JUDGE FRANK, APPARENTLY. EVERY BADGE IN THE CITY IS LOOKING FOR HIM.



GIVE ME THE ROOM.



YOU GOT IT.



SMILEY.

I KNOW YOU'RE LISTENING.

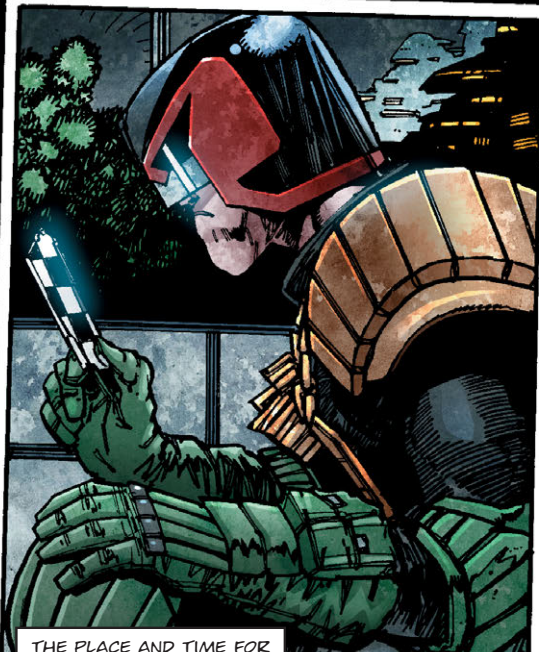
I WANT TO MEET.



BROKEN...



ALL BROKEN.



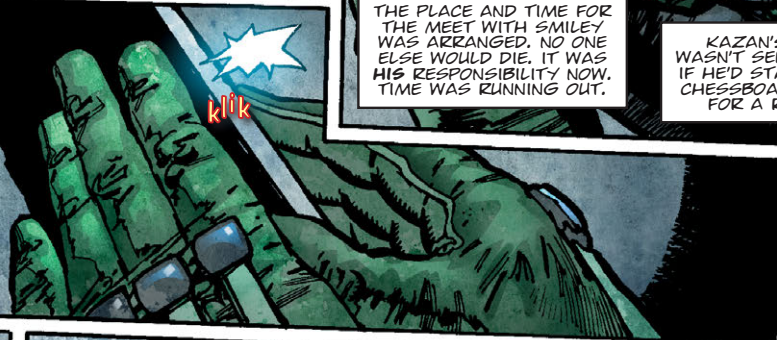
THE PLACE AND TIME FOR THE MEET WITH SMILEY WAS ARRANGED. NO ONE ELSE WOULD DIE. IT WAS HIS RESPONSIBILITY NOW. TIME WAS RUNNING OUT.

KAZAN'S CLONE WASN'T SENTIMENTAL. IF HE'D STASHED THE CHESSBOARD IT WAS FOR A REASON.

WHY? BECAUSE HE WANTED TO MESS WITH HIM? BECAUSE HE WANTED TO HELP? NO.

HE WAS WAR MARSHAL KAZAN.

HIS GOAL WAS TO DESTROY THIS CITY.



AND HE WAS HELPING HIM DO IT.



PLAY FILE.



PLAYING
FILE 2103.

ONE YEAR
BEFORE THE
APOCALYPSE
WAR.

SOV
TERRITORY.

PREVIOUSLY
CAUCASUS
MOUNTAINS,
GEORGIA.

CONTACT.

OK, INTEL
HAS TWO KILL
TARGETS. SOV DEFECTORS.
THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE
COMING. PRESUME ARMED.
WE NEED THE FILES
THEY'RE CARRYING
INTACT.

THE SMALL
MAN WITH GLASSES.
THE SPOOK.

HUH?

BACK ON
THE H-WAGON.
YOU SEEN HIM
BEFORE?

YOU
THINK TOO MUCH,
FRANK.

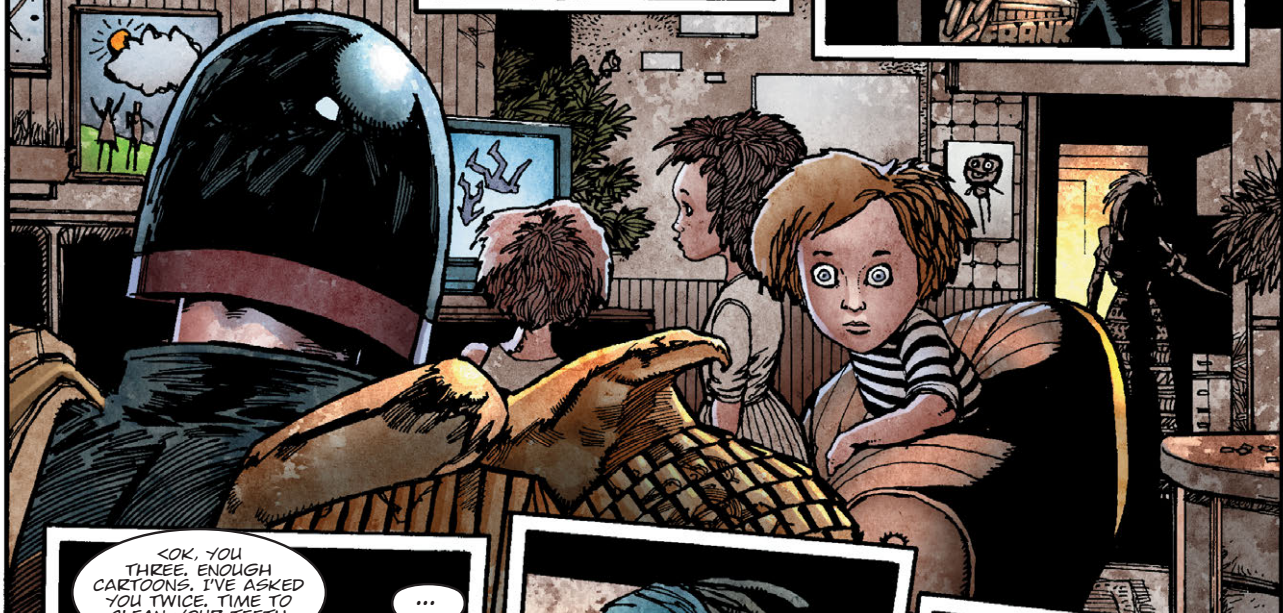
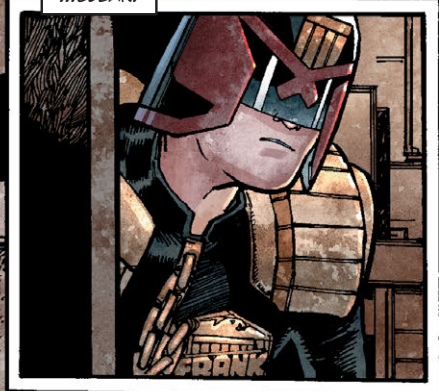
STICK TO
MISSION BRIEF. WE
LEAVE THE PLACE CLEAN.
ANYTHING GOES SOUTH,
WE HAVE TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS TO GET TO THE
SHIP OR IT LEAVES
WITHOUT US.



'WE LEAVE
THE PLACE...'



'...CLEAN.'



<OK, YOU
THREE, ENOUGH
CARTOONS. I'VE ASKED
YOU TWICE. TIME TO
CLEAN YOUR TEETH
AND...>

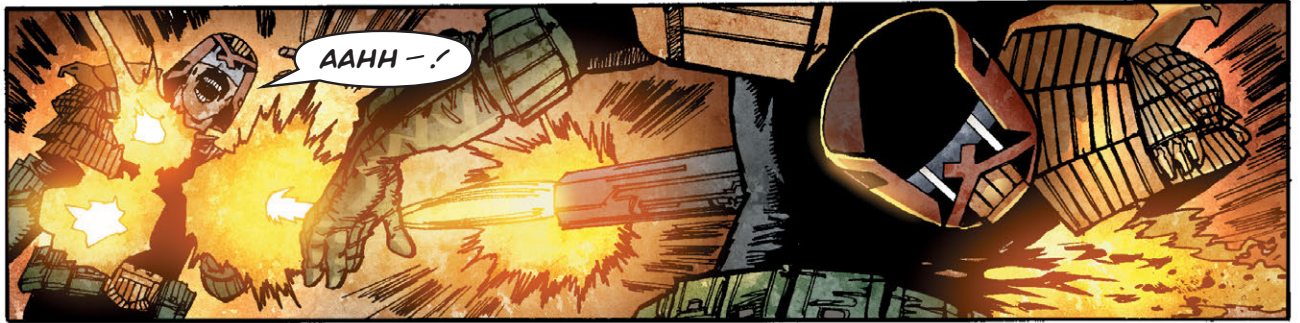


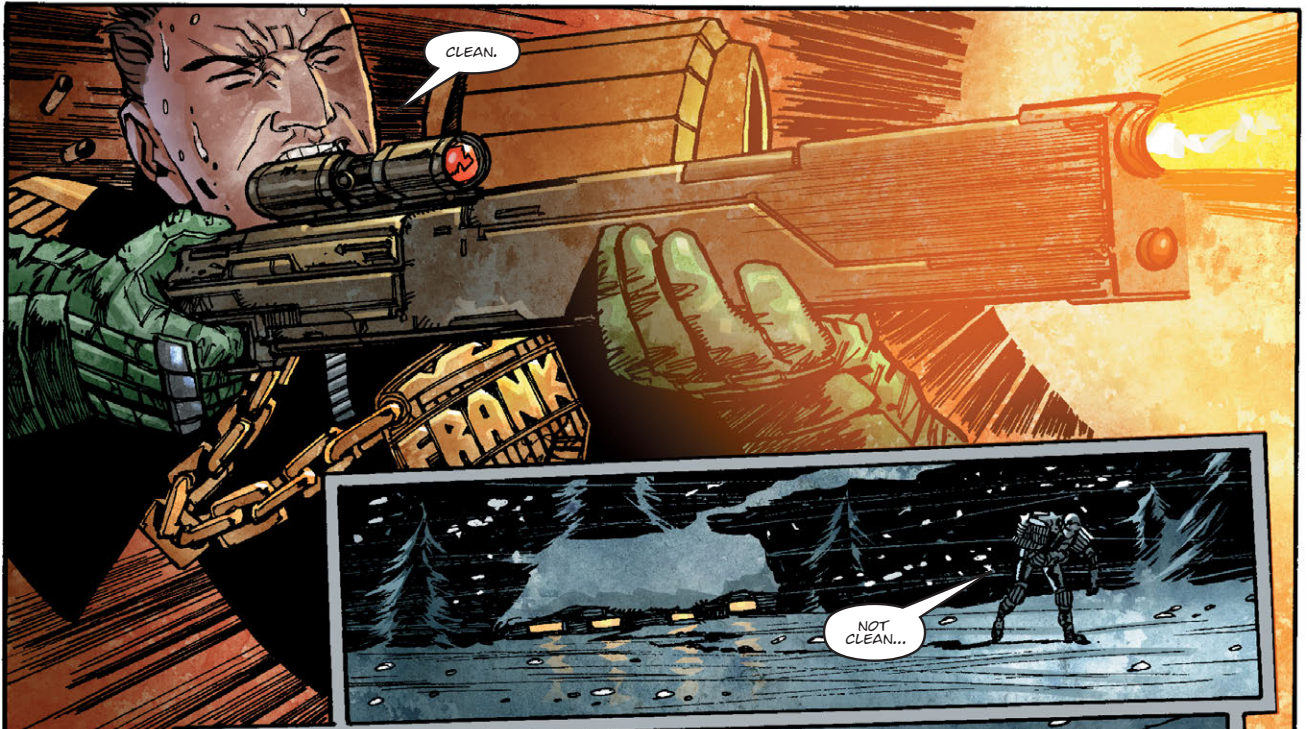
...

PLEASE...









THERE IS
A HOUSE,
YOU KNOW.

A SMALL
HOUSE.

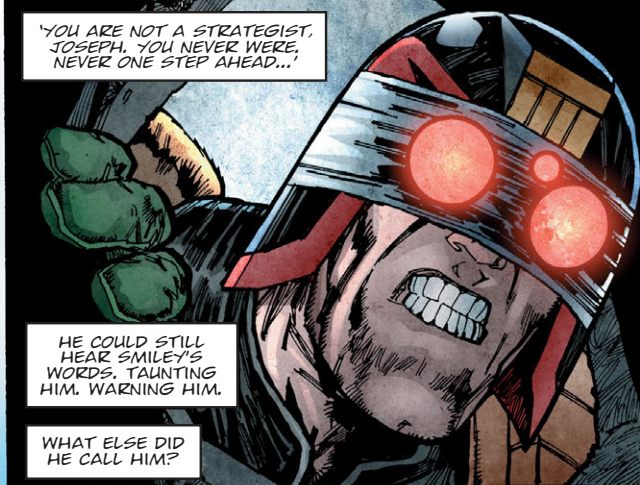
BUT SOMEONE
LIVES THERE...



'YOU ARE NOT A STRATEGIST,
JOSEPH. YOU NEVER WERE,
NEVER ONE STEP AHEAD...'

HE COULD STILL
HEAR SMILEY'S
WORDS. TAUNTING
HIM. WARNING HIM.

WHAT ELSE DID
HE CALL HIM?



'A NAIVE AND
SIMPLE TOOL...'

SAM HAD DIED. FRANK... PROBABLY.
GIANT HAD SURVIVED. MAITLAND...
SHE'D MADE HER OWN DECISION.

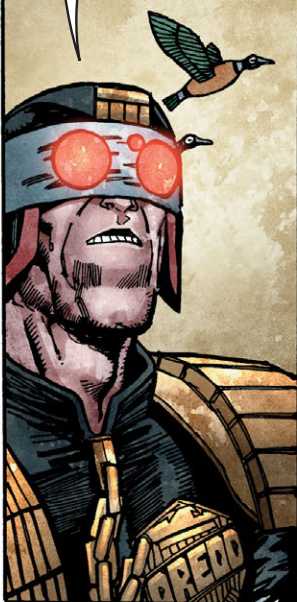
JUST HIM.
THEN.



A LINE IN THE SAND.



I'M HERE, SMILEY.



JUST LIKE WE ARRANGED.



STILL WARM.

SMILEY HAD ALLOWED HIM IN HERE. HAD SOMETHING IN MIND.



I HAVE ONE LITTLE QUESTION FOR YOU, JOSEPH.

HAVE YOU LEARNT YOUR LESSON?





HAVE YOU
REALISED YET
WHAT THIS WAS
REALLY ALL
ABOUT...?



WHAT I
WAS TRYING TO
TELL YOU BACK
IN THE FIRING
RANGE...?

SOMETHING
I THINK YOU KNOW,
DEEP DOWN.



THE LAW
WAS ALWAYS AN
EXCUSE...



THIS IS
CONTROL.



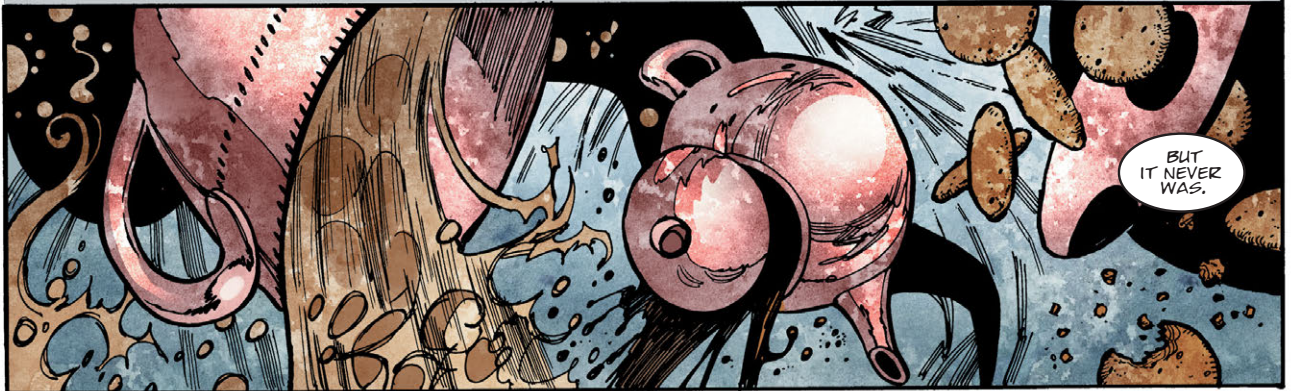
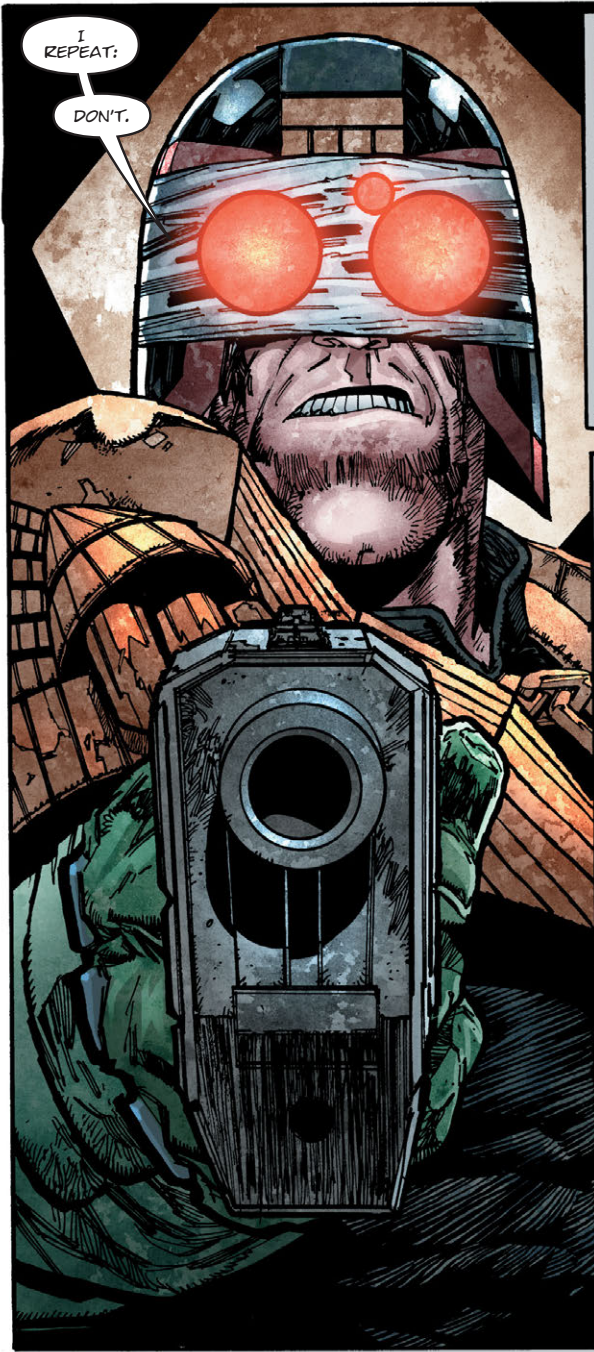
DON'T -

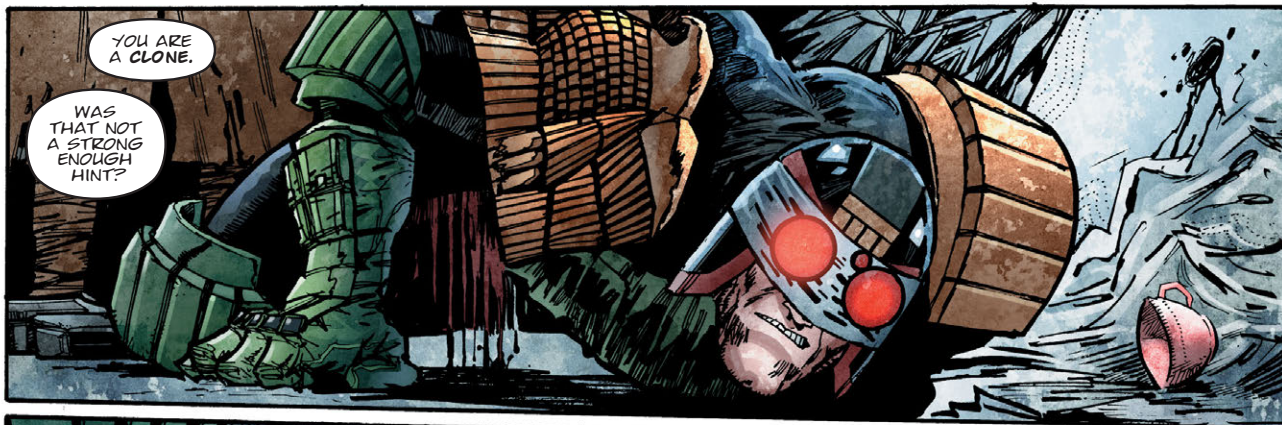


DREDD...

I...

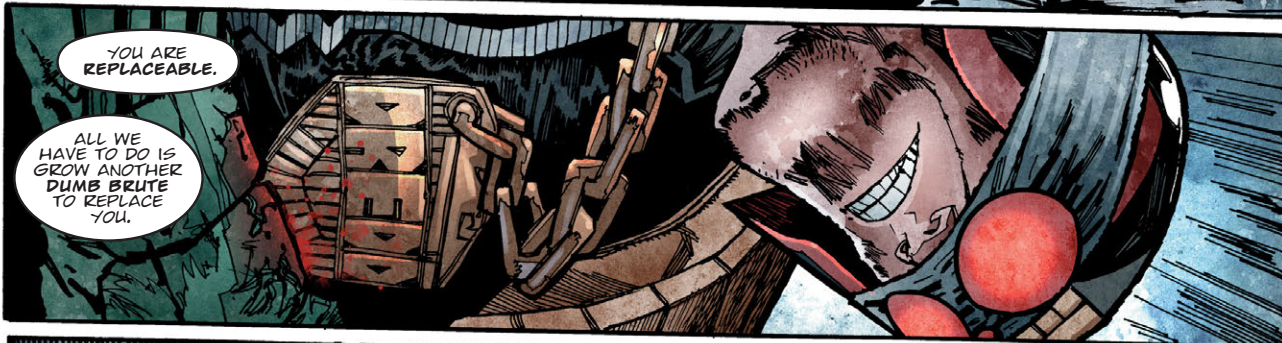
DIRTY
FRANK IS NOT
WHO YOU THINK
HE IS.





YOU ARE
A CLONE.

WAS
THAT NOT
A STRONG
ENOUGH
HINT?



YOU ARE
REPLACEABLE.

ALL WE
HAVE TO DO IS
GROW ANOTHER
DUMB BRUTE
TO REPLACE
YOU.



ANOTHER
BOGEYMAN. A
VACUOUS HORROR
TO SCARE AND BEAT
THE CITIZENS INTO
COMPLIANCE.

WHILE
THE REAL WORK
WAS BEING DONE
ELSEWHERE.

FRANK...?



HE...

HE'S
MAKING
ME SAY HIS
WORDS,
JOE...

I
DON'T KNOW...
I DON'T HOW
HE'S... MAKING
ME...



MADNESS.

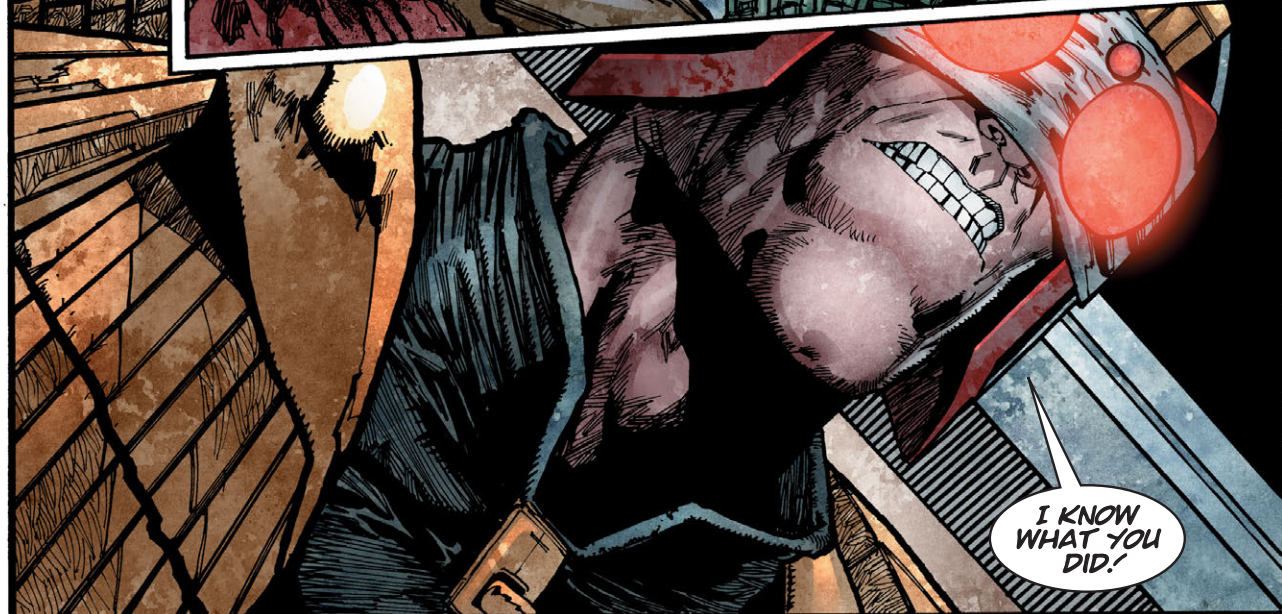


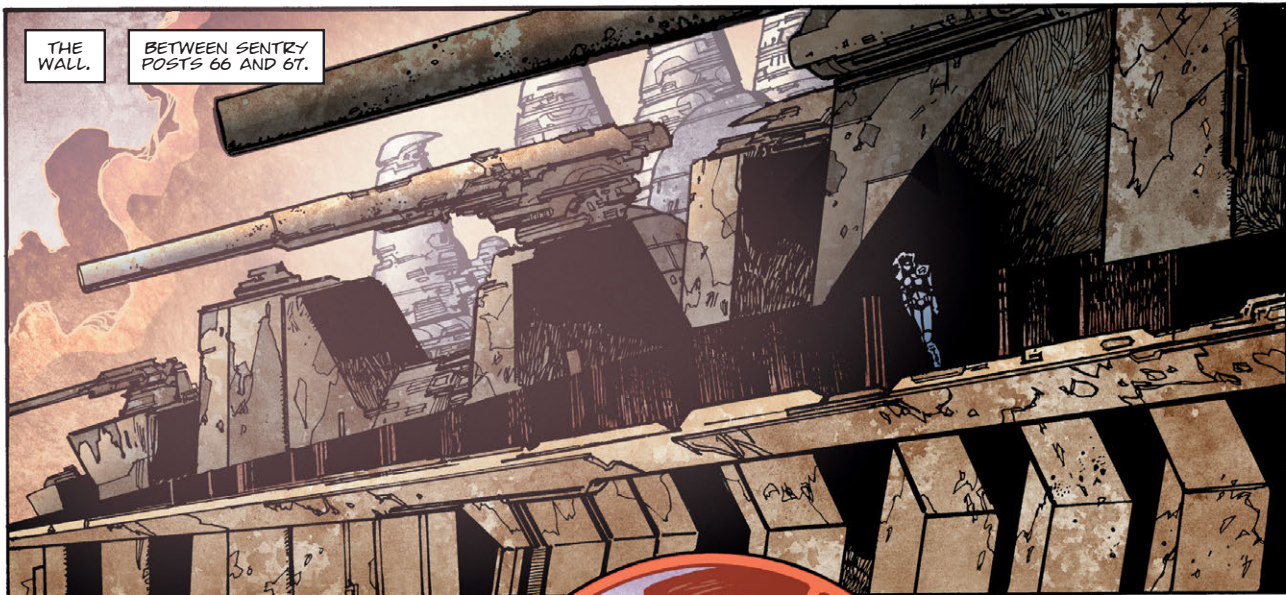
YOU
ALWAYS WERE A
KILLER, JUDGE
FRANK.

SO
KILL.

N...

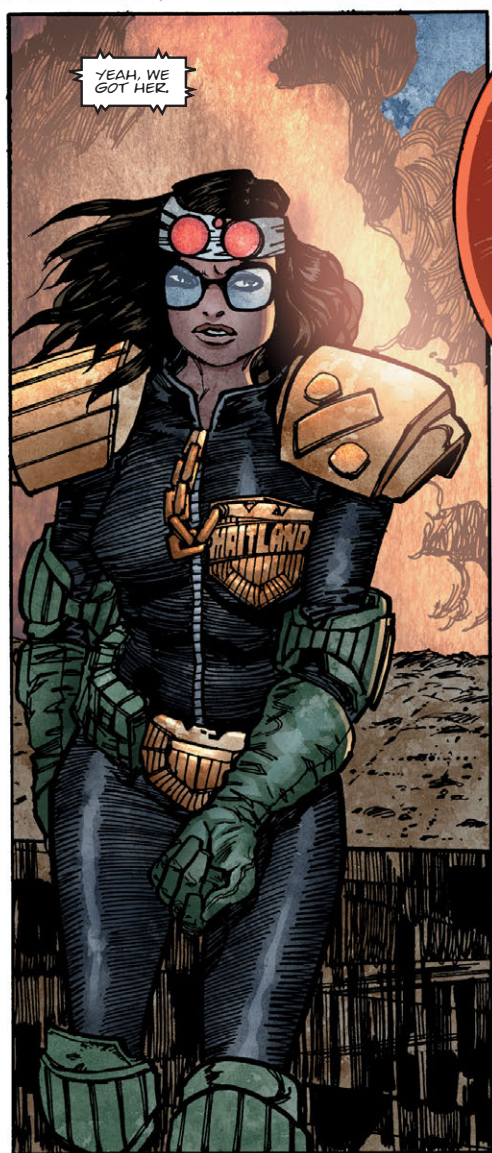
NH...



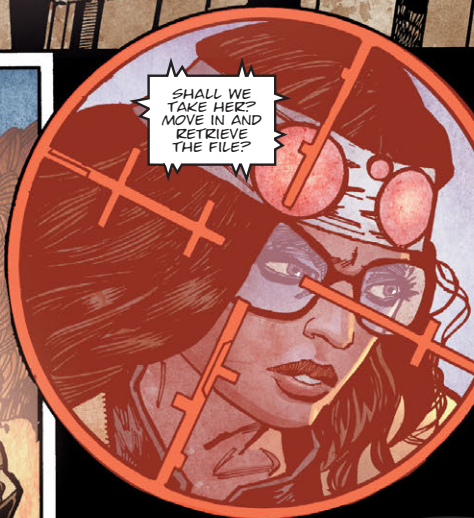


THE WALL.

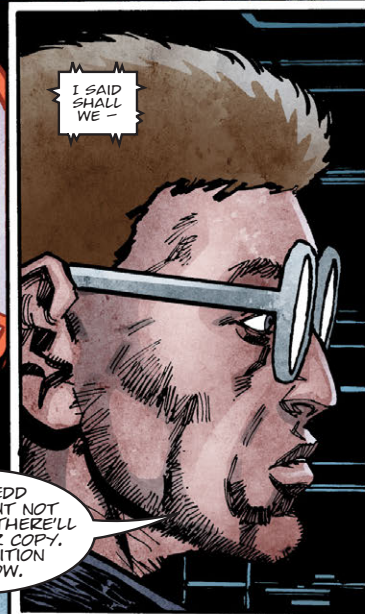
BETWEEN SENTRY POSTS 66 AND 67.



YEAH, WE GOT HER.

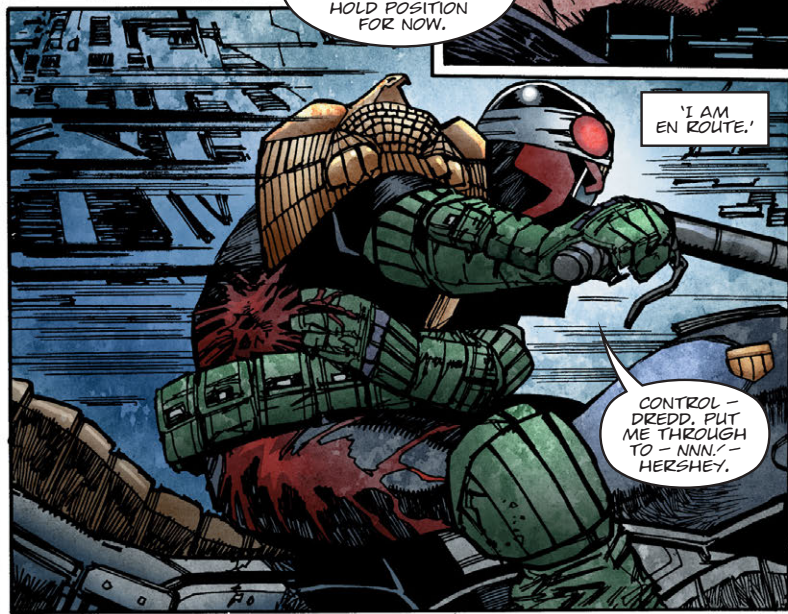


SHALL WE TAKE HER? MOVE IN AND RETRIEVE THE FILE?



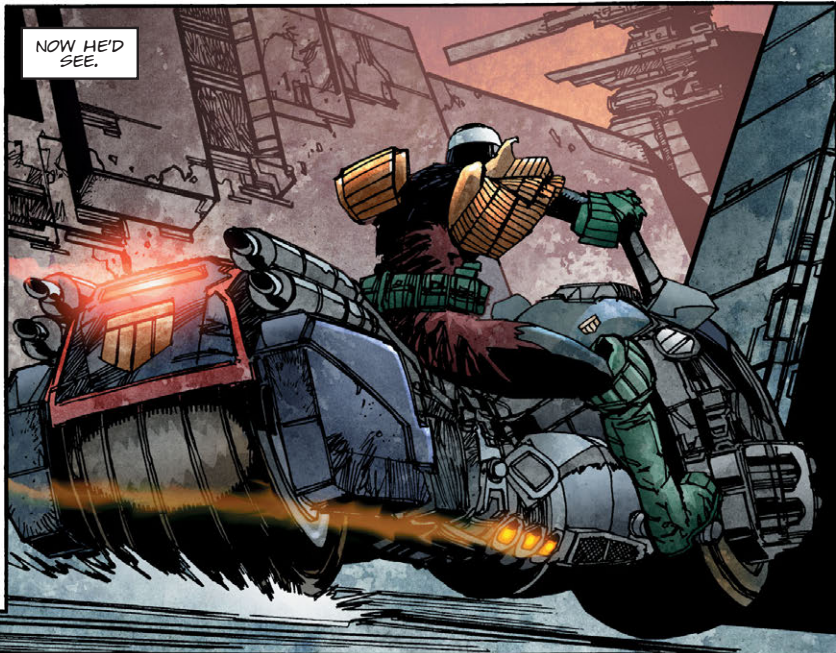
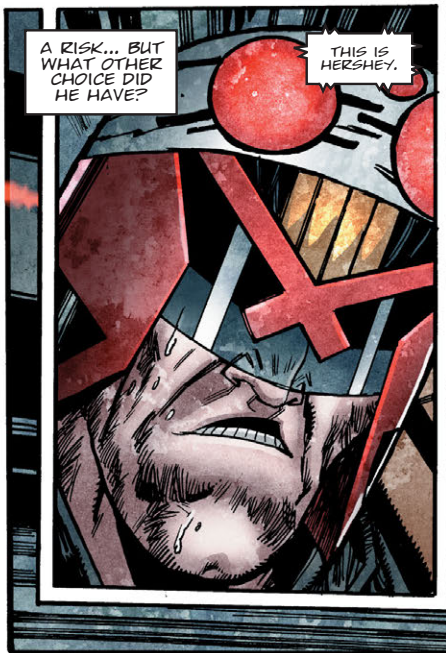
I SAID SHALL WE -

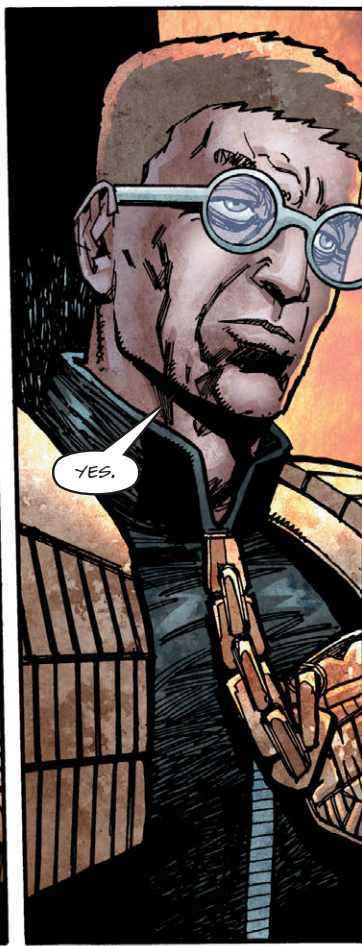
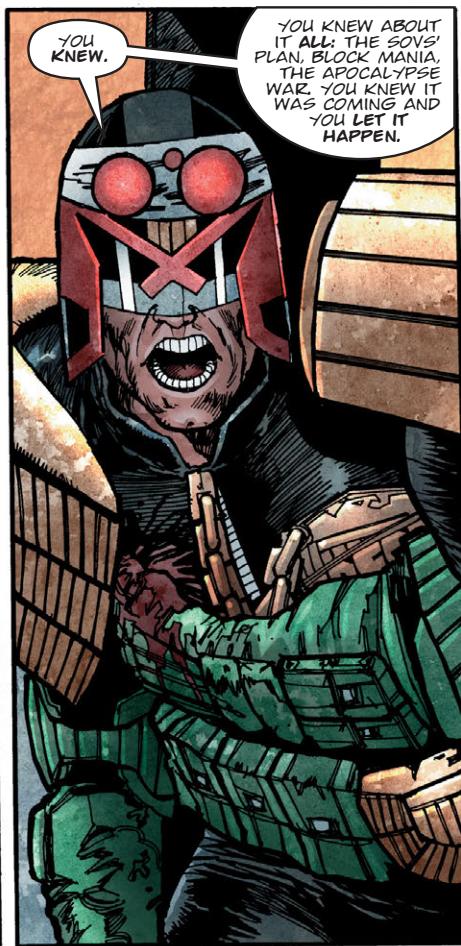
...NO. DREDD IS DUMB BUT NOT THAT DUMB. THERE'LL BE ANOTHER COPY. HOLD POSITION FOR NOW.

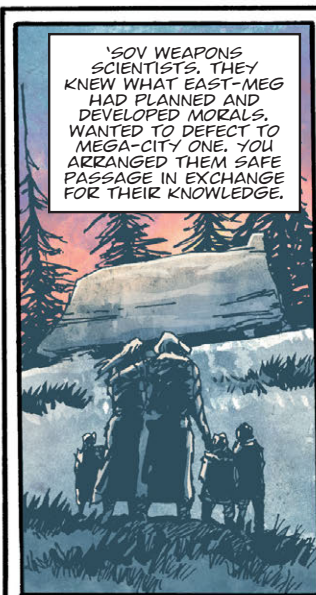


'I AM EN ROUTE.'

CONTROL - DREDD, PUT ME THROUGH TO - NNN. - HERSEY.







'SOV WEAPONS SCIENTISTS. THEY KNEW WHAT EAST-MEG HAD PLANNED AND DEVELOPED MORALS. WANTED TO DEFECT TO MEGA-CITY ONE. YOU ARRANGED THEM SAFE PASSAGE IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR KNOWLEDGE.



'BUT YOU HAD THEM KILLED. TOOK THEIR FILES AND YOU CHOSE TO INFORM NO ONE.

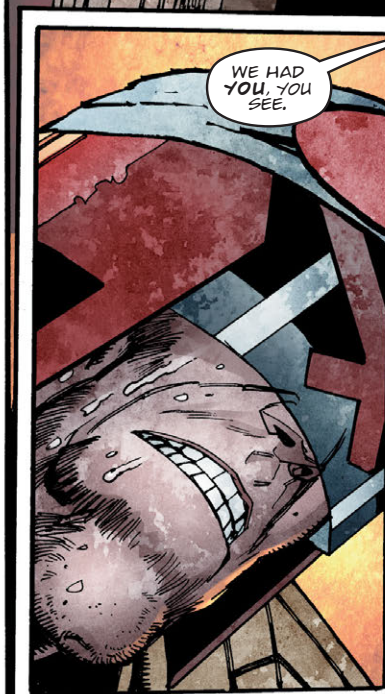
'WHY?'



WAR WAS INEVITABLE. IT WAS COMING.

THE POPULATION OF MEGA-CITY ONE WAS OUT OF CONTROL AND NEEDED CULLING. OUR GROWTH WAS NOT SUSTAINABLE.

AND BECAUSE I HAD RUN INTENSE WAR SIMULATIONS, AND IN NINETY PER CENT OF THEM I KNEW WE WOULD WIN.



WE HAD YOU, YOU SEE.



AH!'

DREDD!'

...STAY THERE.



AND LOOK? THE CITY STILL STANDS. DOES THAT NOT PROVE ME CORRECT? MY METHODS. MY VERY EXISTENCE.

NOW, THIS CONVERSATION DID NOT HAPPEN. I WAS NEVER HERE. IF THERE IS ANOTHER COPY, GIVE IT TO ME OR I WILL TORTURE YOU UNTIL YOU DO.

GIVE ME THE FILE.



YOU SAID...
I WASN'T A
STRATEGIST.

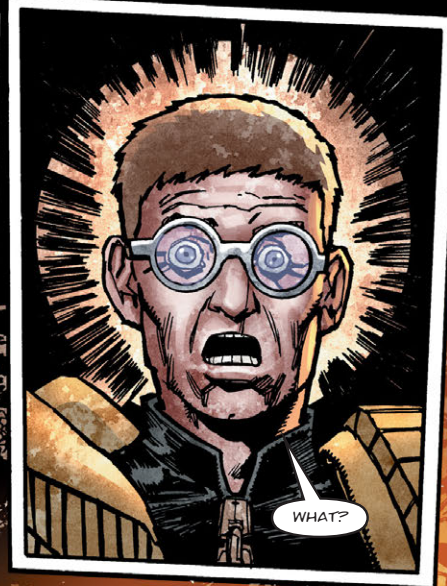
NEVER
ONE STEP
AHEAD.

'A NAIVE
AND SIMPLE
TOOL...'

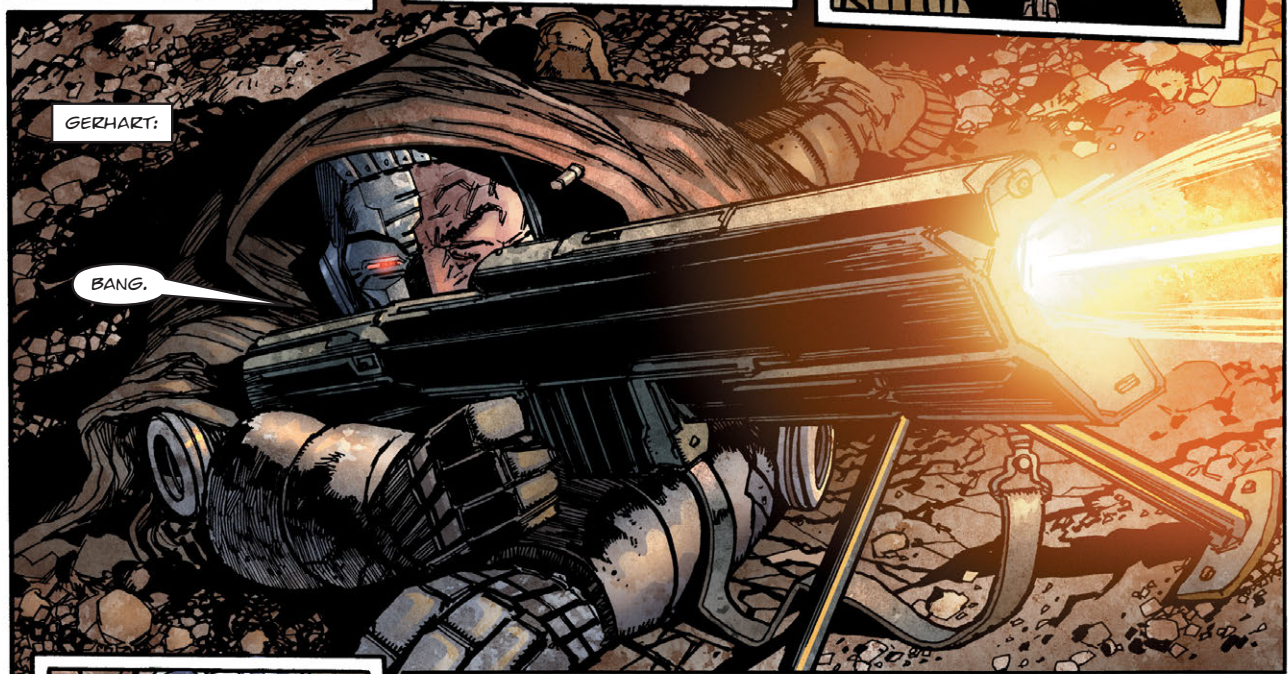


MIDWAY
BETWEEN SENTRY
TOWERS 66
AND 67.

THAT'S
WHAT I TOLD
GERHART TO AIM
FOR BEFORE HE LEFT
ON HIS LONG
WALK.



WHAT?

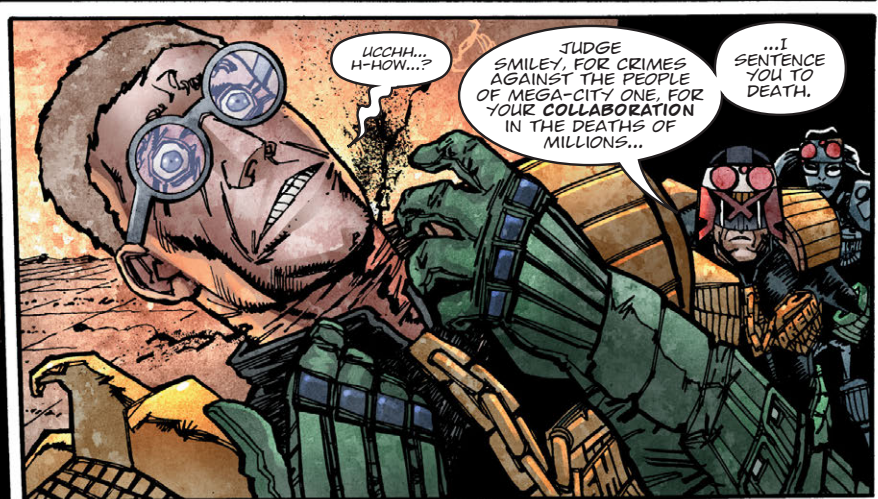


GERHART:

BANG.



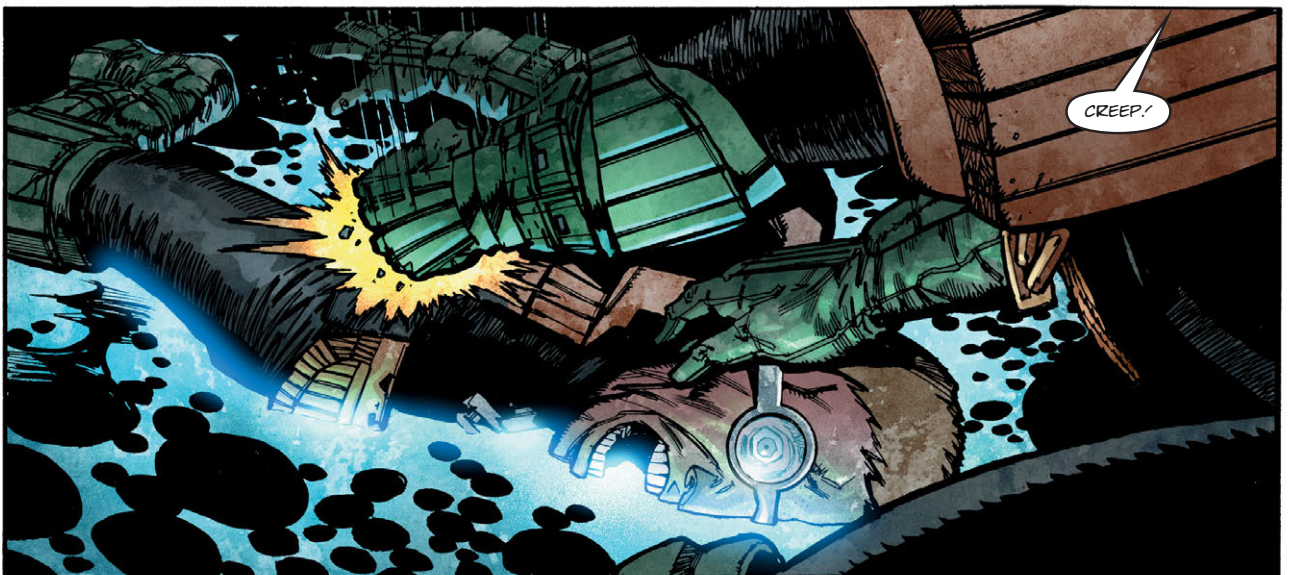
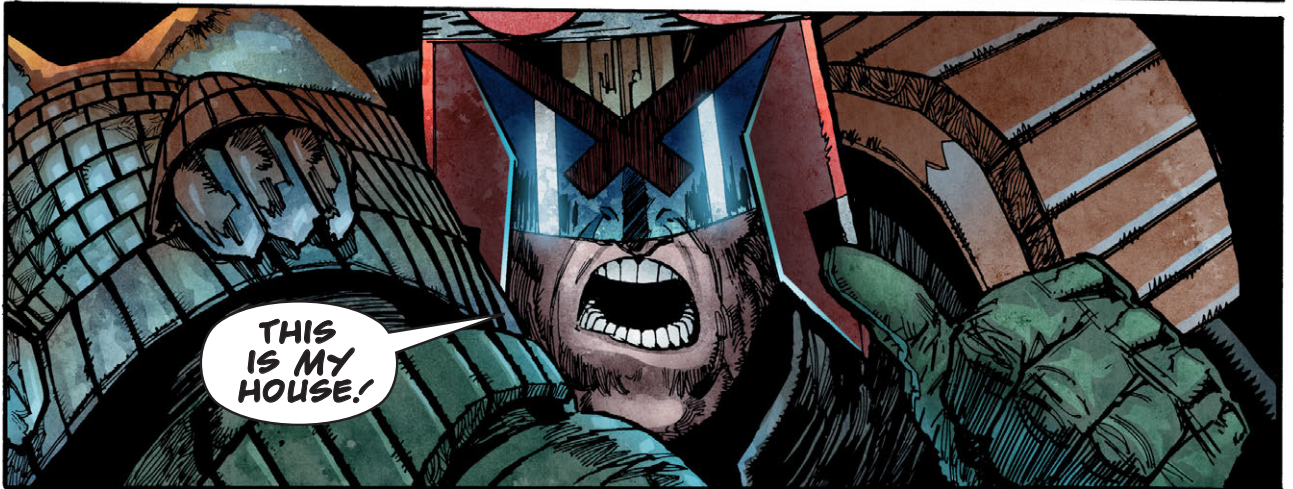
GUK!

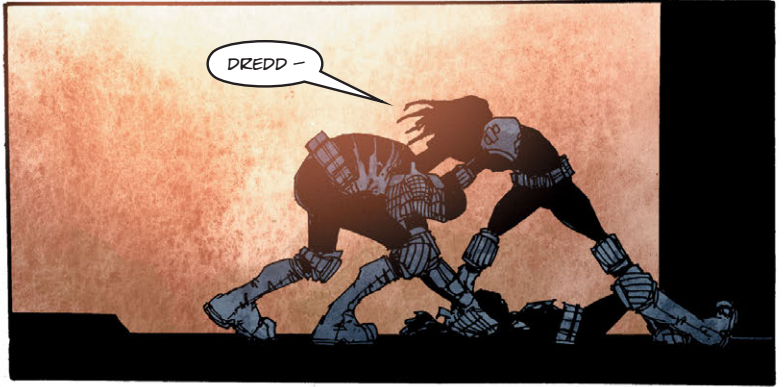


UCCHH...
H-HOW...?

JUDGE
SMILEY, FOR CRIMES
AGAINST THE PEOPLE
OF MEGA-CITY ONE, FOR
YOUR COLLABORATION
IN THE DEATHS OF
MILLIONS...

...I
SENTENCE
YOU TO
DEATH.







GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, TWO DAYS LATER -

GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET.



FRANK?

DIDN'T MAKE IT.



YOU DIDN'T TRUST ME... UNTIL THE END.

WHEN YOU NEEDED ME TO SAVE YOU.



YOU LET SMILEY OPERATE WITH IMPUNITY. I COULDN'T BE SURE ABOUT YOU. THE STEALTH ASSASSINATIONS TOOK PLACE ON YOUR WATCH. HERE, AND AROUND THE GLOBE.

POTENTIAL ACTS OF WAR, UNDERTAKEN WITH MEGA-CITY AUTHORITY. GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY.



UNDERTAKEN BY EVERY CHIEF JUDGE SINCE CAL. NOT JUST ME. I HAVE GIVEN EVERYTHING I AM TO THIS ROLE. I HAVE ALWAYS SERVED THIS CITY'S BEST INTERESTS.

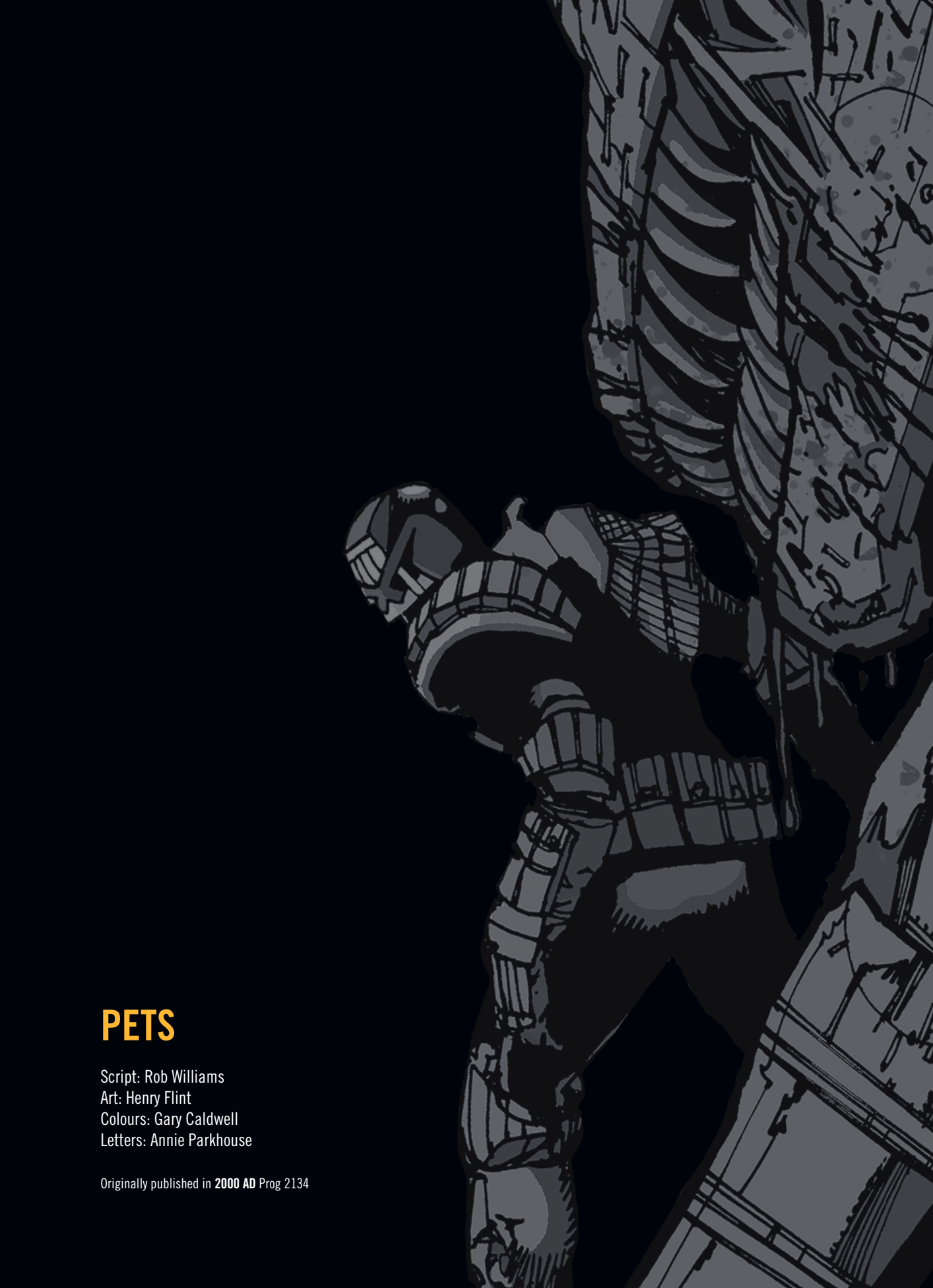
YOU KNEW THE JOB.

DAMN YOU, DREDD, WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO JUDGE ME?



I DO.

CONSIDER YOUR POSITION.



PETS

Script: Rob Williams
Art: Henry Flint
Colours: Gary Caldwell
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 2134



RRRRR
RRRR...

...OK

ARMOUR
PIERCING!

DROKK!

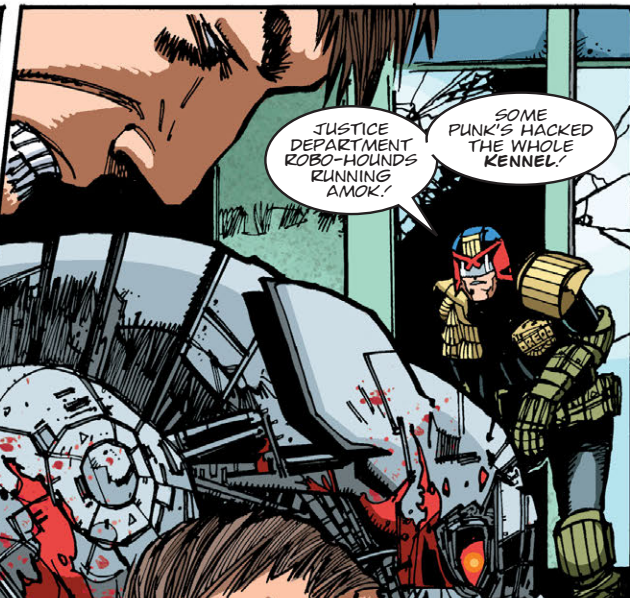
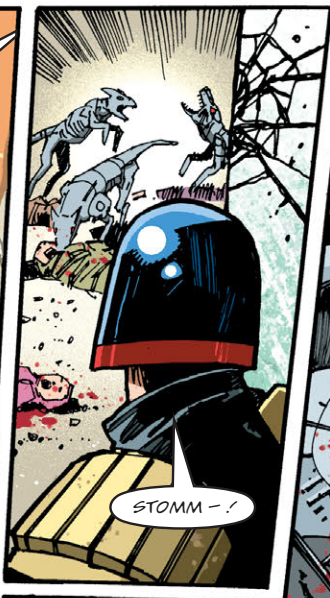
NO
BRAIN BUT
JUST KEEPS
COMING!

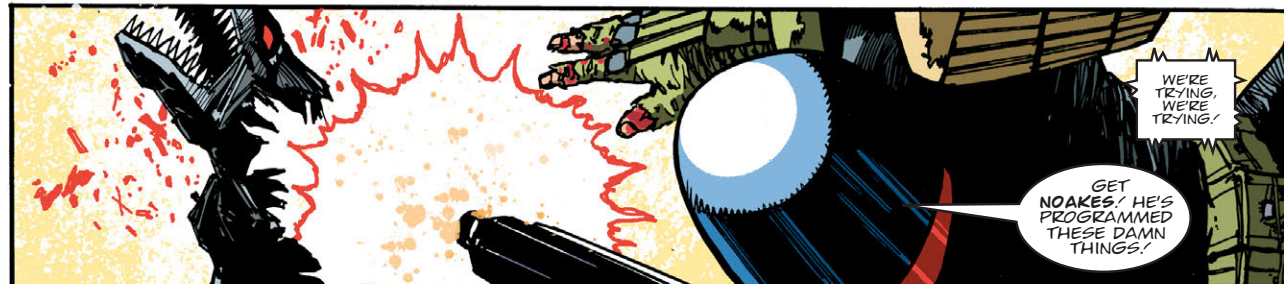
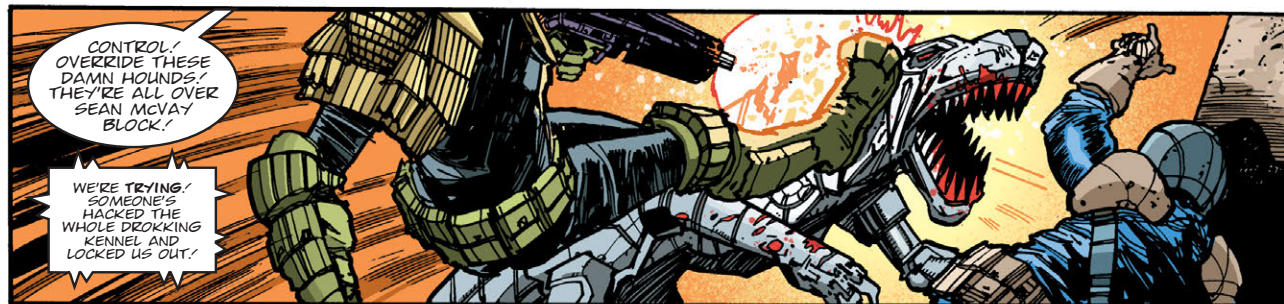
GGRRRR
GGRRRR!

LOTTA
THAT
ABOUT...

LAWGIVER!
SELF-DESTRUCT CODE
MORPHY854-B!

THOOOOOM











YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOMETHING -

WE HAVE A BETA-TESTED CONTROL OVERRIDE WHISTLE THAT SHOULD RESET THEIR HARD DRIVES. WE'RE SENDING THIS TO YOUR BIKE. THE AUDIO WILL -

BIKE'S GONE. SEND TO MY HELMET MIC.



SO THAT'S IT? EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, EVERYTHING YOU WENT THROUGH WITH MY PA, AND YOU'VE NOT GOT ONE THING TO SAY? YOU DON'T FEEL ANYTHING?

YOU DON'T FEEL GUILTY ABOUT PULLING FRANK AND SAM INTO SOMETHING THAT GOT THEM KILLED?

OK, PLAY IT, NOAKES! NOW!



...

IT DIDN'T WORK, NOTHING PLAYED...

NOAKES!



IT WORKED.

JUST NOT A FREQUENCY WE CAN HEAR.



SEE YOU AROUND, GIANT.



...DAMN





2000 AD Prog 2006: Cover by Henry Flint



2000 AD Prog 2102: Cover by **Cliff Robinson & Dylan Teague**



2000 AD Prog 2104: Cover by Jake Lynch

ROB WILLIAMS

Rob Williams is the writer of *Suicide Squad* and *Martian Manhunter* for DC Comics, *Unfollow* for Vertigo and *Doctor Who: The Eleventh Doctor* for Titan Comics. His previous work for **2000 AD** includes *Judge Dredd: Titan*, *The Grievous Journey Of Ichabod Azrael (And The Dead Left In His Wake)* and *The Ten-Seconds*, and he is currently writing *Roy of the Rovers* for Rebellion.



HENRY FLINT

Henry Flint, winner of the National Comics Awards for Best Comic Artist 2004, is one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's rising superstars. Co-creator of *Sancho Panzer*, *Shakara*, and the fan-favourite strip, *Zombo*, his incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Dredd/Aliens*, *Deadlock*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *The V.C.'s* and *Venus Bluegenes*. He has even written a Tharg's Alien Invasions strip! He has also worked on several American comics, including *Omega Men*, *Haunted Tank* and *Fear Itself: Fearsome Four*. Away from the comics industry, Henry produced art of the cover of DJ Food's 2012 album, *The Search Engine*.





CLEANING HOUSE!

JUDGE DREDD AND HIS TEAM OF HAND-PICKED ALLIES FINALLY TAKE ON THE NEFARIOUS

Judge Smiley, Mega-City One's behind-the-scenes manipulator – but who will be left standing at the end? And with tensions with Chief Judge Hershey at breaking point, has Dredd finally met his match?

Written by modern Judge Dredd master Rob Williams (*Roy of the Rovers*, *Doctor Who*, *Suicide Squad*) with stunning art from Henry Flint (*Shakara*, *Silver Surfer*), *The Small House* is the critically-acclaimed and fan-lauded Judge Dredd tale which sent shockwaves through the universe and which Mark Millar called "one of the best runs ever"!



ISBN 978-1-78108-741-1



9 781781 087411

UK £9.99 US \$12.99 CAN \$17.99

**JUDGE
DREDD**