

THE VIGILANT

SIMON FURMAN SIMON COLEBY

'FAST PACED AND FLUID, AN ALTERNATIVE TO
THE STANDARD AMERICAN SUPERHEROES.'

majorspoilers.com



SIMON FURMAN • ROB WILLIAMS • BRUCE LESLIE
KEITH RICHARDSON • KARL STOCK
Writers

SIMON COLEBY • HENRY FLINT • JAKE LYNCH
LUCA PIZZARI • HENRIK SAHLSTROM • DANI
STAZ JOHNSON • WARWICK FRASER-COOMBE
Artists

SIMON COLEBY
Cover Artist



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley
Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley
Head of Books & Comics: Ben Smith
Publishing Manager: Beth Lewis
2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith
Senior Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson
Graphic Novels Editors: Oliver Pickles & Olivia Hicks
Graphic Design: Oz Osborne, Sam Gretton & Gemma Sheldrake
Reprographics: Joseph Morgan, Richard Tustian & Emma Denton
Publishing Coordinator: Owen Johnson
Archive: Charlene Taylor
PR: Michael Molcher
Original Commissioning Editor: Keith Richardson

Originally serialised in **The Vigilant** Issues 1-2, **The Scream & Misty Special** 2017.
The **Free Comic Book Day** 2016 and the **Judge Dredd Magazine** 421.
Copyright © 2016, 2017, 2020 & 2021 Rebellion 2000 AD Ltd. All Rights Reserved.
The Vigilant 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: 978-1-78108-859-3

Printed in the UK
Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services,
Wellingborough NN8 3PJ, UK.

1st Printing: April 2021
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

THE VIGILANT



SIMON FURMAN ◦ SIMON COLEBY

THE VIGILANT TO ME...

... is a vivid memory of weekly comic(s) dropping on the mat when I was an impressionable young lad. **Lion, Valiant, Smash**, these were the titles that made me. Sure, I also collected the Marvel reprints you could get in the late 60s (**Fantastic, Terrific**, the Alan Class titles, etc), but it was home-grown strips like *Robot Archie*, *Kelly's Eye*, *Janus Stark*, *Master of the Marsh* and *Watch Out For the White Eyes* that, layer by layer, formed the bedrock of my deep and enduring love for the comics medium, and thereafter inspired me to pursue a career as a comics writer.

THE VIGILANT TO ME...

... is a diverse mélange of heroes and anti-heroes, robots and mystics, the living and the dead; characters driven by demons or, in one notable case, driven to self-destruction. Very rarely – in the output of Fleetway, IPC, DC Thomson and other British comics publishers that came and went – were the characters remotely black or white. They were all shades of grey, no clean-cut, square-jawed (unless you count *The Steel Commando*) paragons of virtue here. Sometimes, the strips focused exclusively on out-and-out villains like Dr. Mesmer, Ezra Creech or Von Hoffman, and I thought – these are the miscreants I want to read (and eventually write) about.

THE VIGILANT TO ME...

... is a “same but different” synthesis of all my boyhood flights of fancy in one (to use a Marvel classification) “non-team”, a bunch of surly, mismatched individuals who resolutely don't play well together but must somehow set aside their individual misgivings, burdens & agendas and unite for the greater good, standing tall against truly world-shattering threats such as (here) *The Blood Rapture*. For better or worse (and trust me, often it's the ‘worse’) they are The Vigilant, and this... is just the beginning!

SIMON FURMAN



Edmunds-Blake-24601.pax
Mesmer-Doctor-270275.pax
Rogan-Beth-120705.pax
VonHoffman-Doktor-160680.pax
Aka_Beast-Selbridge-120709.pax

Message Options Secure Assets

To: K.BULMER@SS.GOV.UK

CC: D.MCDONALD@SS.GOV.UK

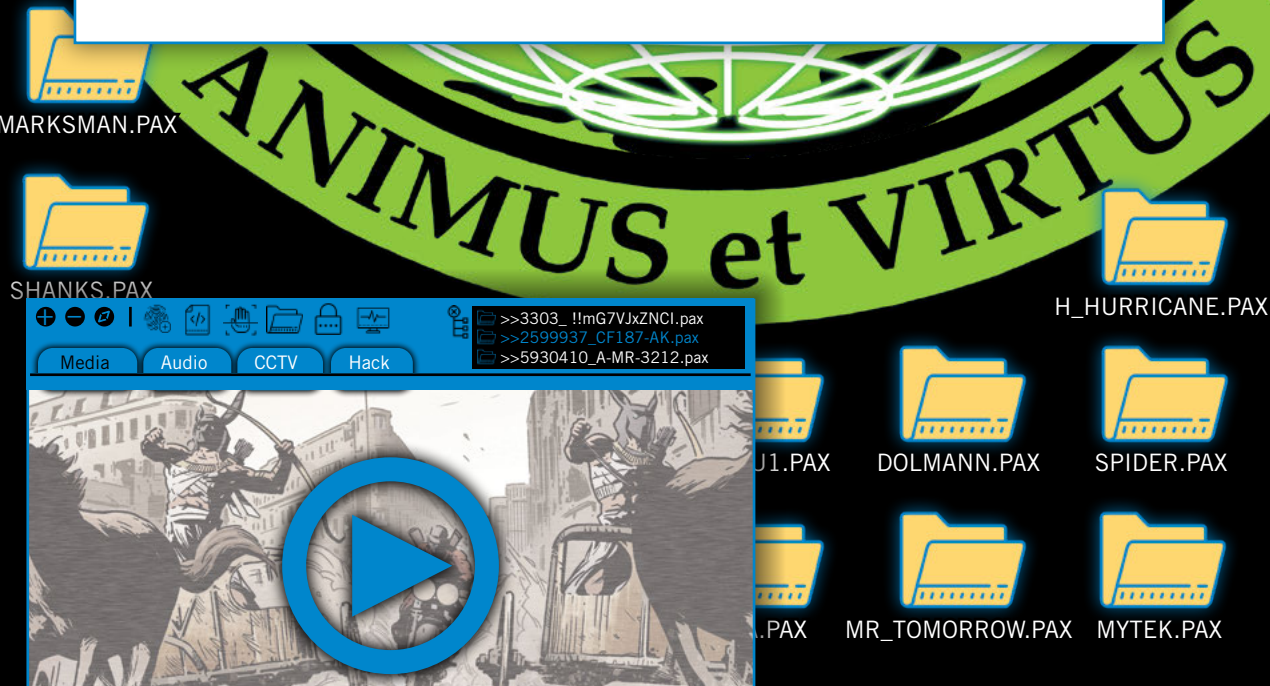
From: S.STRONG@SS.GOV.UK

Subject: Attached Memo prepared for Colonel Bulmer, Shadow Squad. (Encrypted)

Colonel, find enclosed basic information on the persons of interest as requested. You will have received a random number generator fob this morning, this will open the files.

As of this moment there is no evidence the organisation known as F.E.A.R. is involved with Von Hoffman or Mesmer. Why they have recently resurfaced and what they are planning is also unknown at this present time. We still suspect that Von Hoffman was responsible for the disappearance of Agent Crandell.

Field Agent Strong.



Blake Edmunds 24601

Handsome and successful, British born Blake Edmunds had been a champion Formula 1 driver and a poster boy for British sport, until a horrific plane accident left his face faced scarred beyond recognition. Horrified by his frightful new appearance, he fashioned his now-iconic mask, and vowed to take on only the deadliest stunts, stunts that no other man dared undertake – and if he died in the attempt, it would only be a release from his agonies!

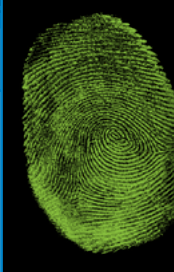
Edmunds was a talented sportsman outside of motor racing; skiing, swimming, and archery proved to be among his many skills, and he has been seen piloting vehicles from helicopters to snow mobiles. But as pushing these abilities to the limit failed to bring him his coveted downfall time and again, he slowly abandoned his death wish, instead taking on charitable cases and problems law enforcement agencies could not deal with, becoming more of an adventurer for hire.

It was during this time he became acquainted with the criminal underworld - smugglers, gun traffickers and murderers, all of which he dealt with effectively and ruthlessly. These experiences would be key in reshaping Edmunds from the slick, self-destructive sports star into a man whose name was feared throughout the world of organised crime.

On a mission in the South American Jungle, Edmunds met American journalist Suzie Walsh, who would become his partner for many years as his investigations took a more supernatural turn. Reports list encounters with vampires, ghosts, and experiences of possession, as well as unverified sightings of his and Walsh's involvement with a dramatic size altering serum. (See Von Hoffman's file for possible link to the Von Hoffman serum)

Edmunds has gone to ground in recent years, although he does occasionally resurface to do the odd stunt for charity. Many of his former colleagues and friends have said that he has become more of a recluse since the tragic death of Suzie Walsh.

Though Edmunds may be considered a non-hostile, he will not conform easily to authority. He is not known to have any special abilities, but is fearless, headstrong, and of high intelligence. Combined with his agility, extreme fitness and specialist skills, this makes Edmunds extremely dangerous.



24601: Edmunds_Gaynor City-332_17/05/80



24601: Walsh_Suzie



24601: XK-7



24601: Plane crash site



MUS

+ - 270275: Angor

+ - 270275: Dr. Mesmer circa 1972

+ - 270275: Mesmer 2018



Edmunds-blake-24601.pax
Mesmer-Doctor-270275.pax
Rogan-Beth-120705.pax

VonHofman-Doktor-160680.pax
Aka_Beast-Selbridge-120709.pax

Dr. Mesmer 270275

Mesmer's real name is Dr Tobias Wrath. He took on his new identity after his first presumed death in 1973 - the victim of an explosion at Egyptian oilfield. He did not come to the attention the authorities as Dr. Mesmer until the theft of items from his Blackford residence in 1973

Mesmer is an expert Egyptologist, a collector of Egyptian relics, and a wielder of a great power of origin unknown. He reanimated Angor, a 5,000-year-old mummy from his collection, to pursue the thieves who burgled him. Superhumanly strong and obedient to Mesmer's will, the gruesome end the mummy wrought on the burglars brought Mesmer to the attention of the police, specifically PC Tom Stone (see Beth Rogan file).

Mesmer quickly got a taste for power, and after his revenge on the thieves, he went on a spree of destruction. His abilities manifested in various fashions - the reanimation of the Mummy, telekinesis, illusion, psychic ability and possibly time travel. The source of his power is not clear, but he is a follower of the Egyptian deity Set, and used an Egyptian cat statue called Bulbul to animate Angor. Whether the statue is the source of his power or merely a conduit is unknown.

P.C. Stone pursued doggedly Mesmer, and witnessed much of his power first hand, to the incredulity of his superiors. But through Stone's determination his colleagues were finally convinced, and Mesmer was forced to flee to a new base in the London underground canal system. It was here, while struggling with the police, that he was presumed drowned.

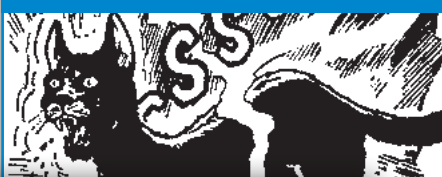
Dr. Mesmer's reappearance last year has caused consternation in many circles, not least our own. He is extremely dangerous, and because we know so little of him he is a wild card. We are trying to locate P.C. Stone as a possible source of information.

A final note - after Mesmer was declared dead, the Egyptian government requested his relics be returned to Egypt. However, the aeroplane transporting the collection disappeared over the Mediterranean, and no trace of the plane, nor anyone on board, has ever been found.

+ - 270275: PC Stone

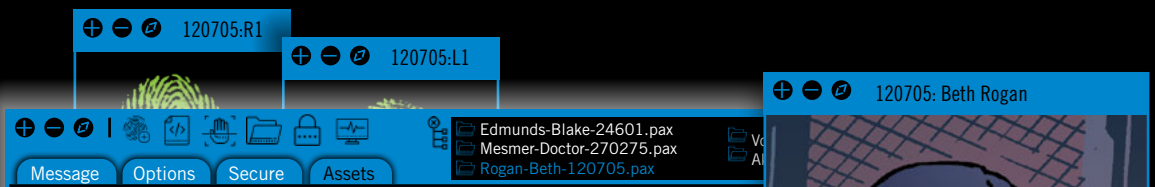


+ - 270275: Bulbul



+ - 270275: Blackford residence





Beth Rogan 120705

David and Ann Rogan had a stage act as a performing magic and illusion show, but their real trade was as supernatural investigators. Versed in the occult and suspected to have some psychic ability, their successful investigations took them all over the country. Their last case was the haunted mansion known as 'Raven's Meet', a case which resulted in their mysterious deaths.

Beth and Rick Rogan, their teenage children, claimed to have sensed their parents' deaths, and so travelled to Raven's Meet to uncover the truth. There they found that the owner of the house, a bored industrialist named Simon Cutler, had turned to demon worship and occultism. Cutler's wife Edna had been killed during a botched attempt to summon the demon Baphomet, and the demon was using Edna's restless spirit as conduit to enter our world.

In the ensuing struggle against Cutler and the demon, Beth Rogan discovered the extent of her psychic powers. On the verge of being sacrificed to Baphomet by a misguided Cutler, she allowed Edna's spirit to possess her in a move which pushed the hysterical Cutler into attacking the materialising Baphomet, who forced Cutler to take his own life. Cutler's death meant Edna could be at peace, and Baphomet's bridge to our world was broken.



120705: Beth & Rick Rogan



Our observations indicate that she is more powerful than she displays, though whether this is known to her or not remains to be seen.

The official police report states this was a murder/suicide. An anonymous letter (known to be from the Rogans) detailing the actual events was rubbished by investigators, but has since been obtained by our organisation. Our interviews with the Rogans corroborated these events, and those that took place soon after in the Carlton Corporations headquarters with the group known as the Fellowship of Fear.

Beth Rogan continues to investigate possessions, hauntings and missing persons' cases, including the disappearance of her brother Rick and her own infant twins, a case which remains open.

Rick was/is a low-level telepath, and Beth is a powerful psychic, though the extent of her power is not known. She carries an Ankh which would seem to concentrate her powers, and claims to have had communications from her dead mother.

120705: S. Cutler



120705: Raven's Meet



'Doktor' Von Hoffman 160680

Von Hoffman first came to attention at the end of WW2. As part of a Nazi scientist team developing new weapons, Von Hoffman revealed a prototype giant armoured craft based on the shape of a centipede. This craft could traverse any terrain quickly and was heavily armed. But the prototype and untapped production facilities were destroyed by the RAF, and Von Hoffman was subsequently captured and imprisoned.

Released decades later and bent on revenge, Von Hoffman secured laboratory facilities in an unknown location and developed a serum that could enlarge animals and insects to monstrous size, as well as raising the creature's intelligence to enable them to obey Von Hoffman's commands. The length of time for which the serum is active is unpredictable, and the variables that affect this are unknown, as are the effects of the serum on the animals once they return to their original size. (See The Leopardman file).

Von Hoffman staged a one-man invasion in Cornwall, wreaking havoc over the area while enlarging everything from eels to dogs.

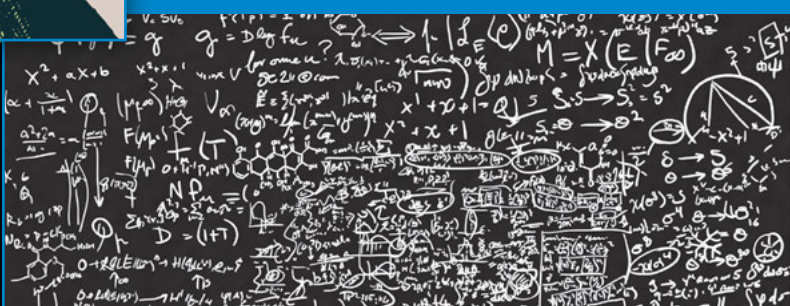
School boys Barry and Joey Drake were the first to discover Von Hoffman's involvement with the appearance of these giant animals. Their father, who had a background in the chemical industries, had developed an insecticide, and through tenacity and luck the boys discovered that this chemical would reverse the effects of the serum on animals. It was this breakthrough that led to the end of Von Hoffman's short reign of terror in the south of England. The "invasion" was covered up by the military, who also took some of the animals for observation.



With such extraordinary power at his disposal, the fact Von Hoffman he chose to attack rural towns, animal sanctuaries and the England football team, should cast doubt over his mental stability. In interviews conducted with the Drake brothers, Von Hoffman was described as erratic, often talking to himself, and crying or laughing hysterically.

There have only been limited reports of Von Hoffman since the incidents in the South of England until his recent prominent re-emergence. He is in remarkable physical condition, considering that his age, while unknown, is estimated at over a century. He should be considered both dangerous and extremely hostile.

0680: Dr. Drake's theories



Leopardman aka 'Beast of Selbridge' 120709

Leopardman, Leopardboy, The Beast of Selbridge.

The first recorded mention of the vigilante called 'Leopardman' (see above for other given names) came from the regional newspaper called '[The Selbridge Sun](#)'. This newspaper serviced the market town of [Selbridge](#) and its surrounding areas.

The newspaper started to report about a vigilante dressed in a costume resembling a leopard, who was becoming a scourge of local criminals.

The paper itself took a dim view of Leopardman's activities, regularly condemning his activities but always ensuring pictures of the vigilante were splashed across the front cover.

The events reported by the paper were of Leopardman's dealings with low level local criminals and despite the negative press, 'Leopardmania' hit the town of Selbridge with a firm producing merchandise, T Shirts, masks etc. to cash in on his popularity.

We have compared the pictures that appeared in the newspaper over a number of years. The early pictures are that of an adolescent boy, and over the years as he gets older we can see a change in his appearance, his canines are noticeably bigger than they should be and his [eye colour](#) has changed. The paper also reports of an increase in violence in his actions

If the reports in the paper are to be trusted along with the reports from last year, Leopardman is a person with special physical ability. He is said to have enhanced strength, speed, climbing and jumping abilities.

The identity of 'Leopardman' is as of yet unknown. How the newspaper managed to get a steady supply of photographs is very suspicious.

We interviewed the Editor of the newspaper [Thaddeus Clegg](#), asking him who supplied the photographs. He claims he didn't remember exactly, that he had a number of different photographers on his books at any one time.

It's worth noting that Selbridge was also home to 'An Experimental Zoo' headed by [Dr. Jarman](#). This facility is now since closed but we have access to all of its records. Also worth noting, Jarman is believed to have received some of the animals that were affected by The Von Hoffman serum.

A few weeks before the appearance of the Leopardman in the newspaper, Jarman noted that a visiting schoolboy was scratched by a leopard (reported to be 'radioactive'. We do not know what experiments was performed on the animal). He was kept at the facility for a short while. Jarman was concerned that the boy may be affected and while he seemed to suffer no ill effects, he was let home. He didn't record his identity.

Since the retirement of Thaddeus Clegg the reporting of the Leopardman has diminished. Presumably now a young adult, there have been a handful of reports of his continued vigilante activities throughout the neighbouring towns of Selbridge, and as far as London.

He is to be considered dangerous, especially with his special abilities.

120709: Leopardman



120709: Sighting at Selbridge Sun



120709: Leopardboy



STEEL COMMANDO

IN BETWEEN WARS

- VP SCRIPT
KEITH
RICHARDSON
- VP ART
WARWICK
FRASER-
COOMBE
- VP ART
STAZ
JOHNSON
- VP COLOURS
JOHN
CHARLES
- VP LETTERS
SIMON
BOWLAND



HAMBURG, 1945.

OH MISTER
HITLER, YOU'RE GONNA
GET SOME FRIGHTS,
BECAUSE MY MARVELOUS
METAL CHUM HAS YOU
IN HIS SIGHTS.



HE'S LEAVING
GOOD OLD BLIGHTY
TO DROP OFF IN BERLIN,
WHEN HIS BALLS GET
THEIR BEARINGS,
HE'S GOING TO DO
YOU IN!



STEEL COMMANDO,
GO AND MAKE THOSE
JERRIES PAY. STEEL
COMMANDO, DON'T LET
THEM GET AWAY.



DON'T
WORRY,
ERNIE.



STEEL
COMMANDO,
BRING OUR BOYS
BACK HOME
FOR TEA.

HANG ON
A 'MO IRONSIDES...
THOSE BLEEDERS
'AVE NICKED ONE OF
OUR SHERMANS!

STEEL
COMMANDO
OUR V FOR
VICTORY!

20
THE
FIGHTING
-18-
SOLDIER

[illegible]



AAAGH!

CAREFUL
WITH ME PLATES
O' MEAT,
IRONSIDES!

SORRY
ERNIE.

WHAT
THE DEVIL
ARE YOU UP
TO MAN?



STEEL
COMMANDO...
GOOD TO
SEE YOU OLD
BOY.

HELLO
PROFESSOR.

DON'T START
PRETENDING TO
BE A SOLDIER
NOW BATES.

YESSIR.



AS HAMBURG HAS
FALLEN AND THE RUSSIANS
ARE SWARMING ON BERLIN,
IT HAS BEEN DECIDED
THAT THE WAR IS OVER FOR
PROFESSOR BRAYNE'S...
MACHINE.

HEAR THAT
IRONSIDES...
WE'RE GOING
HOME! OW!



NO
YOU'RE NOT
BATES. YOU'LL
RE-JOIN YOUR
REGIMENT.

COME ALONG
NOW BRAYNE,
LET'S GET THAT
THING OUT OF
HERE.

SORRY
BATES.



I'M NOT
LEAVING
WITHOUT
ERNIE.

WHAT? IS
THIS SOME
SORT OF
JOKE?

ARREST THAT
MONSTROSITY!



ERM...
STAND DOWN...
PLEASE.

Y-YEAH.
DON'T MAKE
US DO YOU IN,
SON!

FAT
CHANCE O'
THAT, MATE!



GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE...THERE'S
NO POINT IN US ALL
FALLING OUT.

HAVE YOU GONE
MAD PROFESSOR?
THIS...MAN AND
YOUR MUTINOUS TOY
HAVE CROSSED
THE LINE.

WE OWE A
GREAT DEBT
OF THANKS TO
THIS MAN AND
MY CREATION
MAJOR.



MAY I REMIND
YOU PROFESSOR
THAT YOUR MACHINE
IS THE PROPERTY OF HIS
MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.
THEY WANT YOUR ROBOT
RETURNED HOME AND YOUR
ROBOT THEY SHALL
HAVE, SIR!

AND WHAT WILL THEY
DO WITH HIM MAJOR? THE
STEEL COMMANDO ONLY
OBEYS ORDERS GIVEN BY
LANCE-CORPORAL BATES.
ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER
IS PRACTICALLY
USELESS.

NO OFFENSE,
LANCE-
CORPORAL.



SO WHAT DO
YOU PROPOSE
PROFESSOR BRAYNE?
THAT WE LEAVE THIS
DANGEROUS WEAPON
IN THE CARE OF A
BLABBERING
SIMPLETON?

PRECISELY.

LONDON, 1952.

SEE YOU LATER MUM. I'M OFF DOWN THE BOOKIES. I'LL BE BACK FOR FIVE.

BRING THAT OVERGROWN WATERING CAN WIF YA. HE GETS UNDER ME FEET WHILE I'M TIDYIN' UP.

CAN I GO WITH YOU ERNIE?

SORRY MATE--YOU KNOW THAT THEY DON'T LIKE ME BRINGING YOU DOWN THERE. NOT AFTER YOU PUT THEIR WINDOW IN BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

STAY HERE, WITH MUM.



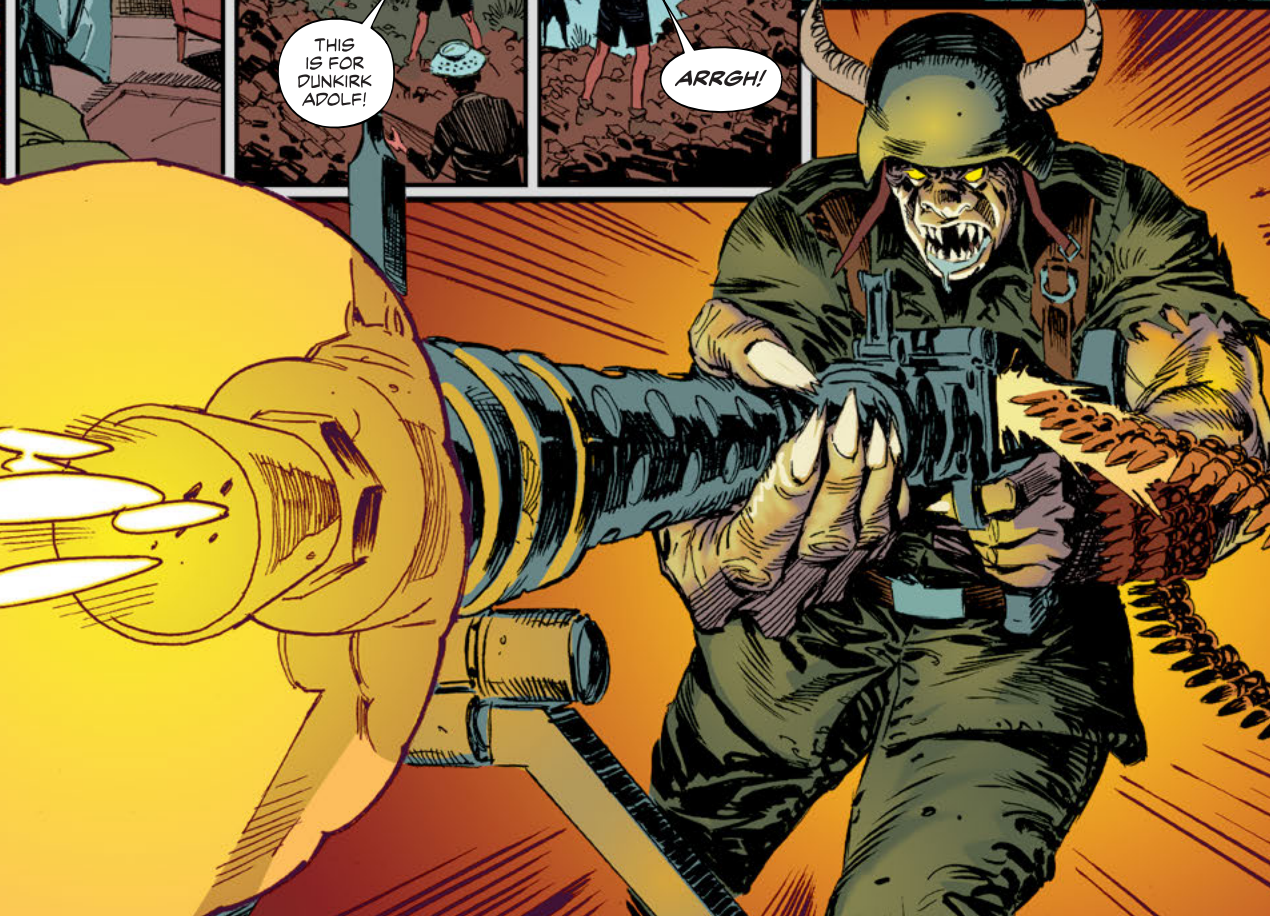
PHEW-PHEW! TAKE THAT RATS!

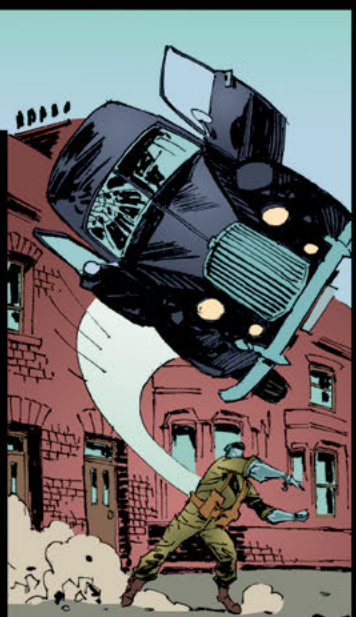
THIS IS FOR DUNKIRK ADOLF!



BANG! DIE ENGLANDER!

ARRGH!





THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, LONDON. 1978.

HE COULD BE RIGHT OUT OF THAT STAR WAR FILM, COULDN'T HE AMBROSE?

NO. HE'S MORE DR. WHO... UNFORTUNATELY.

O!! HE WAS MY HERO WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE... UNTIL THEY HAD TO DEACTIVATE HIM AFTER HE ATTACKED A GROUP OF KIDS.

1984.

OH WOW-- A ROBOT KILLING MACHINE. WHAT A MAJOR BUMMER!

QUITE RIGHT. AREN'T THESE CHAPS FUNDED BY THE PUBLIC? HOW DARE THEY GLORIFY VIOLENCE BY DISPLAYING THIS FASCIST ABOMINATION!

I SHALL BE WRITING TO MY MP... AND THE LEAD SINGER OF ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN!

WELL I THINK THAT HE'S BRILLIANT!

1996.

LAME.

HEH.

2017.

I HOPE THAT YOUR CREW AREN'T MESSING UP THE MERCHANDISE, BLUD?

PLEASE-- THE LITURIAN'S SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE FAR ECLIPSES FAR ECLIPSES ARE OWN. IN FACT...

LOOK OUT!

URRRGH!

IT'S ALIVE!

HEY, HEY BRUV--CALM DOWN YEAH? WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE OKAY?

WE JUST WANT TO TALK. THE WORLD IS IN TROUBLE AND WE NEED YOUR HELP, SEE?

XOXOOOOTHREE FORTYTHREEOOOO OOOONONNONNO...

NO TROUBLE ERNIE. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

"ERNIE?" OKAAAY...!

DEATH MAN

THE DEATH OF
DEATH-MAN

VP SCRIPT
KEITH
RICHARDSON

VP ART
HENRY
FLINT

VP LETTERS
SAM
GRETTON



THE PUTRID STENCH OF EVIL
PERMEATES THROUGH THIS CITY
LIKE A RANCID BISTO WAVE.

THE REAPER'S
FAVOURITE SCENT.

THARG'S Terror Tales

THE DEATH OF DEATH-MAN

MURDERERS. RAPISTS. VERMIN WHO PUT
THEIR FEET UP ON BUS SEATS.... I KILL
THEM SO THAT ONE DAY I MAY DIE.

I'M AN
IMMORTAL
WHO LONGS
TO R.I.P.

ESPECIALLY AFTER
WATCHING THE
FORCE AWAKENS.

SO LAME.

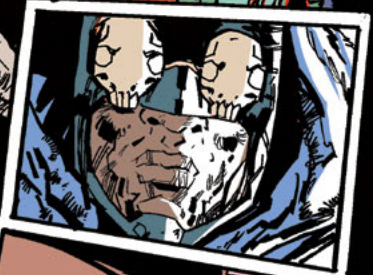
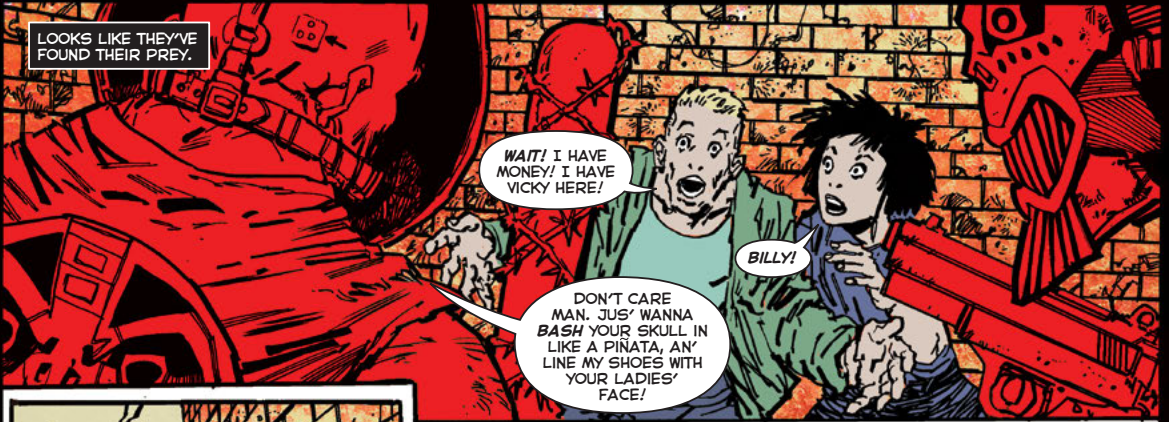
I AM DEATH-MAN!

BILLY!
WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO-

YOU
GONNA DIE
BEEEAACH!

MEMBERS OF THE TIKI TERRORZ
CREW OUT ON THE PROWL...







THE FIRST ONE
LASHES OUT WITH
A SMALL BLADE.

I RETALIATE WITH A 9MM
ROUND FROM MY GLOCK...

HIS HEAD CRUMBLES
LIKE...APPLE CRUMBLE.

THE SECOND ONE PULLS AN
ANTIQUE DERRINGER FROM HIS
PANTS AND FIRES, MISSING ME
BY A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE.

I FIRE BACK, CREATING
A GORE CAVERN WHERE
HIS SPINE ONCE WAS.

COINS ERRUPT FROM
HIS JACKET POCKET.

PLENTY OF TENDER
FOR THE FERRYMAN.

HEH.

I COULD LET HIM GO,
BUT THIS IS OBLIVION'S
THEATRE AND THE FINAL
ACT REQUIRES ONE
LAST SACRIFICE.



NOW THE
CURTAIN
CAN FALL.



SILEO IN PACIS.

DON...
DON'T...HURT
US MAN!



ARE YOU
PROUD MASTER?
HAVE I EARNED
MY WAY?



IS DEATH'S DARK ALTAR
BOY FINALLY FREE?



MAN, SOMEBODY REALLY MADE MINCE MEAT OUT OF THIS PSYCHO!

COPS USUALLY MESS THE WEIRD ONES UP - IT'S IN THEIR RULE BOOK.



LYDIA MADE ME TUNA ON RYE AGAIN SO I'M THINKIN' OF GRABBIN' A BITE TO EAT OVER AT MERRON'S INSTEAD.

YOU IN?

NAH- HIS FOOD DOES UNSPEAKABLE STUFF TO MY BOWELS.

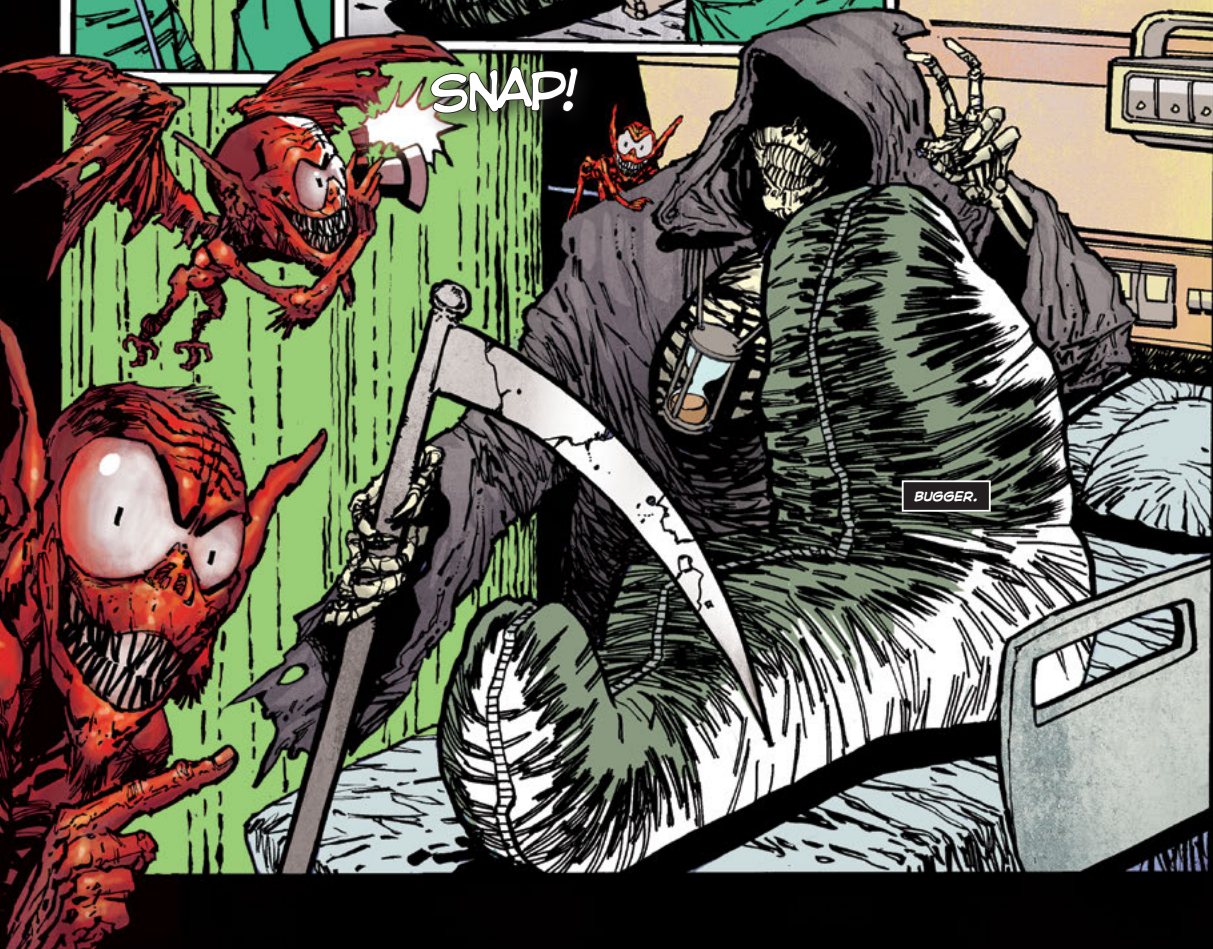


DARKNESS.

AM I FINALLY DEAD?

IS THIS THE GREAT NOTHING?

HELLO?



SNAP!

BUGGER.

DOCTOR SIN

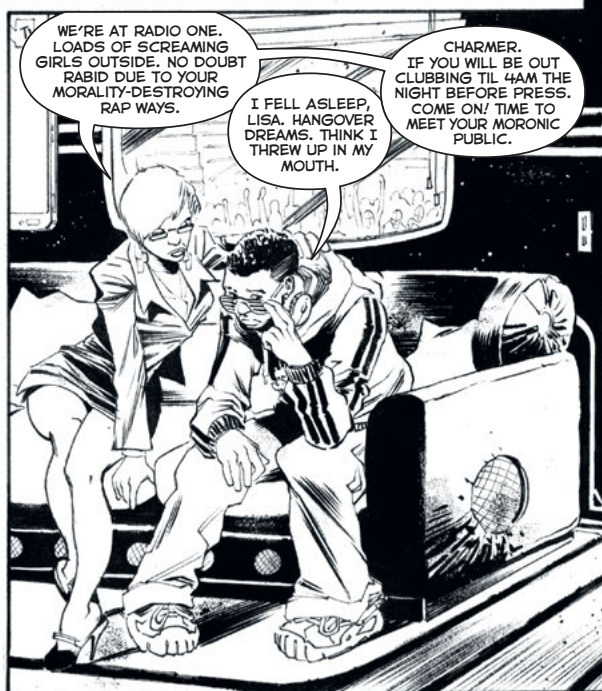
DON'T CALL IT
A COMEBACK

VP SCRIPT
ROB
WILLIAMS

VP ART
LUCA
PIZZARI

VP LETTERS
PYE
PARR







HE'S THE BIGGEST SELLING ARTIST OF 2015 BUT BRIXTON RAPPER **SIN TAX** MAY HAVE TROUBLE KEEPING HIS FANBASE ON SIDE IF HE CONTINUES VOMITING ON THEM.

WHAT CAN I SAY, MAN? CHICKS ARE DIGGING ME HARD RIGHT NOW, SO THE ALBUM'S GONNA BE A BIT LATE, YEAH?

WHASS THAT? WHAT'LL IT BE LIKE? AW, VERY, LIKE, ECLECTIC, YEAH? HIP HOP. GRIME. ANTHEMIC, YEAH? EPIC. IT'S GONNA HERALD THE END OF THE WORLD!



BUT CONTROVERSY STILL SURROUNDS SIN TAX THANKS TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS FORMER BAND MATES IN 'THE GRIME SYNDICATE'...

SINCE MAKING VIOLENT THREATS AGAINST SIN TAX FOLLOWING THEIR SPLIT, **PASS OUT BOY** AND **MC DONALDS** HAVE NOT BEEN SEEN. A POLICE INVESTIGATION IS ONGOING.

SIN TAX CLAIMS TO KNOW NOTHING OF THEIR WHEREABOUTS...

WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

THE PAINTING CONTINUED TO GROW.

HE HAD PURCHASED IT IN HIS DAYS AT CAMBRIDGE FOR A MODEST SUM AND KEPT IT WITH HIM WHEN HE ENTERED PARLIAMENT SO MANY YEARS AGO.

A SIMPLE, CLASSIC ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE.

SOON IT WOULD BREAK THROUGH THE EXTERIOR WALLS AND THE CEILING. AND THEN PEOPLE WOULD HEAR THE SCREAMING.

EVERYONE IN WESTMINSTER WOULD KNOW THAT THE GOVERNMENT'S CHIEF WHIP HAD A GROWING PAINTING THAT SCREAMED.

WHICH WOULD NOT DO. AT ALL.

THE BLOOD RAPTURE WAS COMING. THE PAINTING TOLD SIR GODFREY LUNN THAT WHILE HE SLEPT.



AND SO HE HAD CALLED DR SIN...

OUTRÉ OFFICER OF THE OCCULT,
SULTAN OF THE SUPERNATURAL ARTS.
ENEMY OF ETERNAL EVIL IN ITS
EMBRYONIC FORMS!



ADMIRAL OF
ALLITERATION.

PARDON?

NOTHING. LOOK, MATE,
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT
PAST MY BODYGUARDS, OR WHAT
PANTO YOU ESCAPED FROM, BUT
I'M REALLY BUSY AND...

YES, CHILD!
YOU ARE CORRECT!
THE UNAVOIDABLE
FAMILY RESEMBLANCE
DOES NOT LIE!
I... AM YOUR
GRANDFATHER.



YOU'RE
WHITE.

YOU ARE, LIKE,
THE **WHITEST** WHITE
MAN I'VE EVER SEEN
IN MY LIFE.

WHITER THAN THE
WHITE ALBUM. WHITER
THAN BARRY WHITE'S Y-FRONT.
YOU LOOK LIKE A CAR-SICK
VAMPIRE! THERE IS
NO WAY...



BEHOLD! DAPHCAR ALLEMAND.
HAITI. 1960S. VODOO PRIESTESS OF
FORMIDABLE POWERS AND EVEN MORE
FORMIDABLE CARNAL PASSIONS.
QUITE EXHAUSTING.

WE MARRIED.
FOUGHT DEMONS
TOGETHER. WON FOUR
SALSA COMPETITIONS. HAD
15 CHILDREN. POSSIBLY
16. I FORGET.

SHE...
WAS YOUR
GRANDMOTHER.



THIS... IS, LIKE, THE
MOST TRAUMATIC EPISODE
OF WHO DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE EVER.

CUDDLY OLD
NANNA LEWISHAM...
LOOK AT YOU...

YOU RANDY
OLD PLAYA
YOU.





THE BLOOD RAPTURE IS COMING!

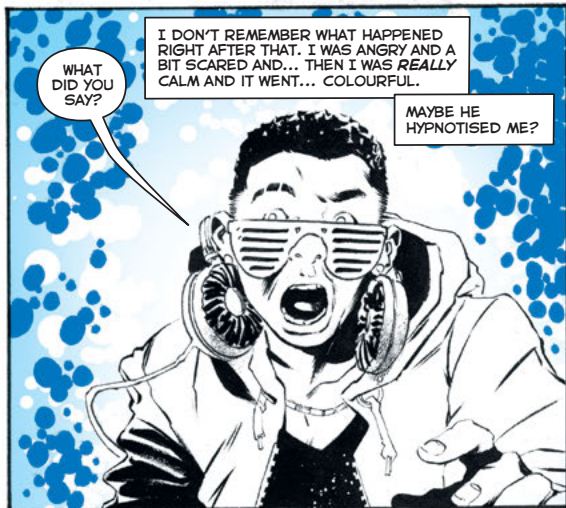
A METAL BAND?

A GREAT DANGER IS NIGH. ONE I AM TOO OLD TO FIGHT. I REQUIRE YOU TO GO TO SIR GODFREY LUNN'S RESIDENCE IMMEDIATELY TO BATTLE HIS PAINTING.

ATTRACTIVELY BUNKERS OFFER, GRAMPS, BUT I'LL PASS, TA. I'M AT IDRIS ELBA'S CLUB TONIGHT AND YOU ABSOLUTELY NEED TO HOP OFF BEFORE THE PRESS... OH GOD, THE PRESS...



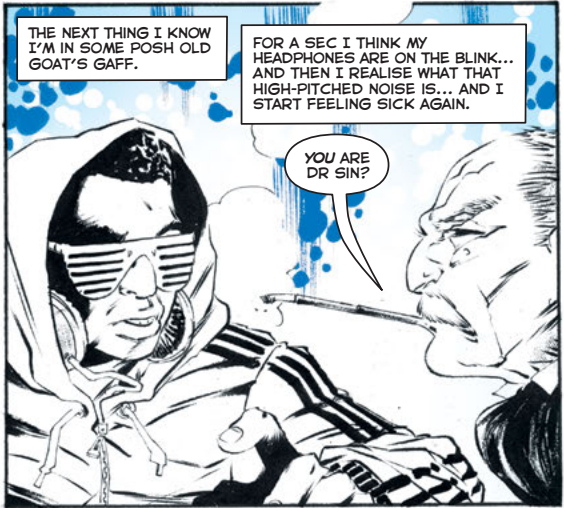
BUT... DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY DID TO PASS OUT BOY AND MC DONALDS?



WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED RIGHT AFTER THAT. I WAS ANGRY AND A BIT SCARED AND... THEN I WAS REALLY CALM AND IT WENT... COLOURFUL.

MAYBE HE HYPNOTISED ME?



THE NEXT THING I KNOW I'M IN SOME POSH OLD GOAT'S GAFF.

FOR A SEC I THINK MY HEADPHONES ARE ON THE BLINK... AND THEN I REALISE WHAT THAT HIGH-PITCHED NOISE IS... AND I START FEELING SICK AGAIN.

YOU ARE DR SIN?



NAH, MATE. ISS NOT A BAD MC HANDLE BUT MINE'S BETTER. WHO SAID I WAS DR SIN?

YOU DID, TWO MINUTES AGO, WHEN YOU RANG MY DOOR.

DID I? WEIRD... BIG PAINTING, BRUV. WHY'S IT SCREAMING?



I WAS INFORMED BY CERTAIN... COLLEAGUES THAT DR SIN MAY BE ABLE TO TELL ME THAT.

IT'S ALL WHITE. CANVAS HAS STRETCHED SO MUCH YOU CAN'T SEE THE PAINTING NO MORE.

THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE, IS THERE? NO CLUES.

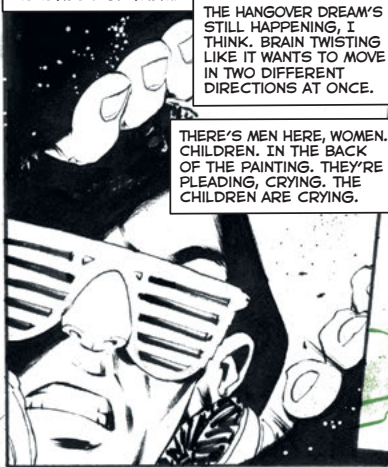


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THE A-SIDE'S ALL SCRATCHED, INNIT. BUT THE DJ IN ME'S GOT A BACKUP PLAN.

SO... NNNNNNN... ANYTHING DECENT ON THE B-SIDE?

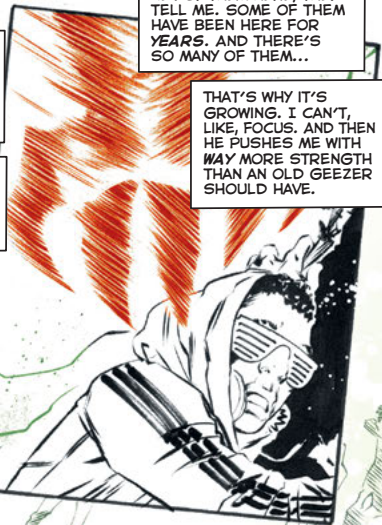
I CAN HEAR THEM BEFORE I MANAGE TO SNEAK A PEAK... ALL THE VOICES. HUNDREDS OF THEM.



THE HANGOVER DREAM'S STILL HAPPENING, I THINK. BRAIN TWISTING LIKE IT WANTS TO MOVE IN TWO DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS AT ONCE.

THERE'S MEN HERE, WOMEN, CHILDREN. IN THE BACK OF THE PAINTING. THEY'RE PLEADING, CRYING. THE CHILDREN ARE CRYING.

HE PUT THEM HERE, THEY TELL ME. SOME OF THEM HAVE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS. AND THERE'S SO MANY OF THEM...



THAT'S WHY IT'S GROWING. I CAN'T, LIKE, FOCUS. AND THEN HE PUSHES ME WITH WAY MORE STRENGTH THAN AN OLD GEEZER SHOULD HAVE.

AND I'M IN THE PAINTING TOO.



HMMM... THE PAINTING HAS GROWN SLIGHTLY WITH YOUR ADDITION BUT I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT DR SIN CONTAINED MASSIVE POWER.

THAT HIS ADDITION WOULD EXPAND THE PAINTING TO ENVELOPE AND DEVOUR ALL OF LONDON. A FITTING SACRIFICE TO HERALD IN COMING OF THE BLOOD RAPTURE!



THAT'S... MC DONALDS AND PASS OUT BOY.

HOW ARE THEY IN HERE?

BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT THEIR SOULS IN HERE WITH YOU. INSIDE YOU.

NAH. YOU'RE
WRONG. I NEVER
DID NOTHIN' TO
THEM...

YOU ARE MY
BLOOD. YOU HAVE
MORE POWER THAN YOU
REALISE. I SENT YOU
HERE, TO THIS PAINTING,
AT THIS PIVOTAL HOUR.
WHY WOULD I
DO THAT?

BECAUSE
YOU'RE, LIKE,
REALLY QUITE
WEIRD?



YES! SCREAM, MY DIGESTED
SOULS! SCREAM AS MY
PAINTING EXPANDS TO
GORGE UPON THE ENGLISH
COUNTRYSIDE IT ONCE
DEPICTED!

THE BLOOD
RAPTURE
APPROACHES AND
IT CANNOT BE
STOPPED! NOT
NOW! NOT BY
ANYTHI...



ENTERED AN
EXCITING NEW PHASE
IN YOUR CAREER,
DR SIN.

AND RETURNED
MANY GRATEFUL SOULS
TO SAFETY IN THE
PROCESS.

NOW, COME!
WE HAVE MUCH TO
DISCUSS ABOUT YOUR
HITHERTO UNREVEALED
ABILITIES AND THE
BLOOD RAPTURE.

WHAT IS A
'METAL BAND' BY
THE WAY?

<HURRRK>

DEATH MAN

THE GATHERING

SCRIPT
KEITH
RICHARDSON

ART
HENRY
FLINT

LETTERS
SAM
GRETTON



LONDON, 2017. LAST NIGHT.

ANYONE
KNOW THIS
WEIRDO?

HE DEAD
NOW FAM. WHO
CARES?

FREAK
HAD A DEATH
WISH

NOTHING BUT THE
ENDLESS BLACK.
THIS IS GOOD.

THIS IS DEATH.

WRONG!

NOT AGAIN!

I HAVE EARNED
ETERNAL REST...
I DEMAND IT!

SHUSSSH!

THERE ARE
ENTITIES IN THE
WORLD OF THE
LIVING WHO DO
NOT BELONG.

WA...WAIT,
YOU WERE...
DEAD!

YES.
AND NOW
I'M NOT...

WHICH MAKES ME
REALLY ANGRY!

I STILL HAVE NEED OF YOU MY DEATH-MAN.

I SHALL MAKE ALL
MANKIND SUFFER! I SHALL
MAKE ALL MANKIND SUFFER!
I SHALL MAKE...

RAVEN'S MEET MANOR.

THE SECRET HIDEAWAY OF CRIMINAL
GENIUS, DR. VON HOFFMAN.

PLEASE...
HOFFMAN...
ENOUGH.

I'LL
DECIDE WHAT
IS ENOUGH,
ALIEN!

MR HOFFMAN,
YOUR 'GUEST'
HAS ARRIVED.

GO
THEN, LET
HIM IN.



I FEEL SO...
RE-ENERGISED! AND YET
IT SICKENS ME TO HAVE
TO USE YOUR BLOOD IN
ORDER TO LIVE.

YOU ARE
A RELIC HOFFMAN.
AN INSIGNIFICANT BLOT
ON THE TAPESTRY OF
HUMAN HISTORY.

YOU AND
YOUR WHOLE SICK
PHILOSOPHY, BELONG
IN THE PAST.



WATCH
YOUR TONGUE,
THING?

AND CHANGE
INTO SOMETHING
A LITTLE MORE
INCONSPICUOUS.

YOU KNOW
WHAT WILL HAPPEN
TO YOUR 'FRIEND'
IF YOU DON'T.

OK,
I'LL DO IT.
JUST LEAVE
HIM ALONE.



YOUR VISTORS ARE HERE, MR HOFFMAN.

AH, THE INFAMOUS DWARF. AND YOU HAVE MY PACKAGE. HOW DELIGHTFUL!



OH! YOU 'AVIN' A BUBBLE MATE?!?

NO ONE CALLS THE BOSS THAT. IT'S DER... DEROG...OWT OF ORDER!

FORGET IT LADS - HE'S A NAZI. NO CLASS.

HE KEEPS A GOAT CHAINED UP IN HIS LOUNGE, FOR GAWD'S SAKE!



YOUR HOUSE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

EVA, HELLMAN. TAKE THESE GENTLEMEN NEXT DOOR WHILE WE CONDUCT OUR BUSINESS.

BOSS?

OFF YOU TROT LADS - I'M OKAY HERE.

THIS WAY PLEASE.



THE IRON MAJOR SUIT... WUNDERBAR!

YEAH, GREAT. NOW MAKE ME YOUNG AGAIN.

THAT WAS OUR ARRANGEMENT.



OH, I'LL MAKE YOU IMMORTAL. ONLY NOT IN THE WAY YOU THINK.

I NEED SOMEBODY IN THE SUIT YOU SEE.

HUH?

UNFORTUNATELY I COULD NOT
EXTEND THE SAME COURTESY
TO YOUR ASSOCIATES!



BUT YOU AND I... WE HAVE
WORLDS TO CONQUER!



MEANWHILE.

HEY,
YOU?

YOU'RE THE
DEATH-MAN RIGHT?
WE WOULD LIKE A
QUIET WORD.

AND
YOU'RE THE
ODD-BALL WHO
CREEPS AROUND
SELBRIDGE AT
NIGHT.

ARE YOU
SUPPOSED
TO LOOK
INTIMIDATING?

PETE, THE
FIGHT IS OVER
HERE!

I'M A
PACIFIST
TIGG!

NO,
YOU'RE A
COWARD!

I'M SO
GOING
TO HURT
HIM.

URRGH!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER THAN
THAT MISS...?

YĀO.

AND I
DID JUST
FINE.

WHAAAA!



FEISTY THING NEEDS TEACHIN'!

FEISTY THING NEEDS EATIN'!

WHAT THE HELL?!?

ALRIGHT, YOU WARCRAFT REJECTS, CALM DOWN.

HE'S OUR GUEST.

SORRY 'BOUT THE RUFF STUFF BOSSMAN - GOT THE BOYS HOPPED UP ON THE PROMISE OF SOME KFC!

ARE YOU WITH THOSE OTHERS - THE FREAKS WHO JUST ATTACKED ME?

ATTACK YOU BRUV? NAH, WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS... KIND OF!

BLAKE EDMONDS

THUNDERBOLT

DR SIN

STEEL COMMANDO

LOOK, WE NEED YOUR HELP.

SOMETHING BAD IS COMING.

AND IF WE DON'T STOP IT, WELL...

ALL REALITY IS DONE!

THAT'S RIGHT ERNIE!

THE VIGILANT

MAELSTROM

 SCRIPT
SIMON
FURMAN

 ART
SIMON
COLEBY

 COLOURS
LEN
O'GRADY

 LETTERS
SIMON
BOWLAND



LAKE LAPOGA, RUSSIA,
WINTER 1943: THE "ICE-ROAD"...

MISCREANT!

ADAM ETERNO,
TIMELOST RIGHTER
OF WRONGS.

YOU WOULD
CONSIGN THIS CONVOY
TO THE ICY DEPTHS?
DOOMING YONDER
BELEAGUERED CITY'S
MASSES TO SLOW
STARVATION!

WHETHER
YOU BE TRAITOR OR
AXIS AGENT...







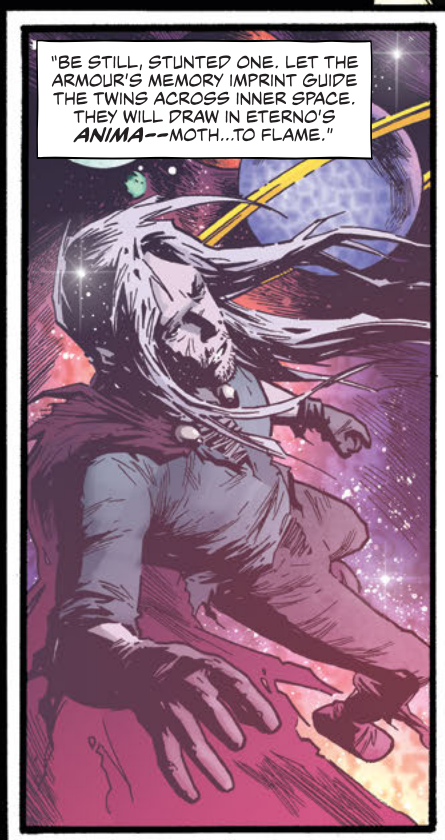
THE INSTANT
YOUR PREDECESSOR,
THE ORIGINAL **IRON
MAJOR**, STRUCK...
AND LET **EVA** AND
HELLMAN IN.

LISTEN, **VON
HOFFMAN**...



...I'M FAR
FROM THRILLED
'AVIN' YER PSYCHIC
PETS POKE AROUND
IN ME NOGGIN. I
WANT 'EM IN 'N' OUT,
SHARPISH!

**THE DWARF,
UNDERWORLD
BIG-SHOT.**



"BE STILL, STUNTED ONE. LET THE
ARMOUR'S MEMORY IMPRINT GUIDE
THE TWINS ACROSS INNER SPACE.
THEY WILL DRAW IN ETERNO'S
ANIMA--MOTH...TO FLAME."



BIOMORPHIC
FUSION WITH THE
AUTOMATON HAS
BEEN REALISED.
ADAM ETERNO...

...IS NOW
THE PRISONER
OF **ZENGA!**



"EVERYTHING'S WELL
AND TRULY BENT
OUTTA SHAPE, MAN. A
TOTAL MASH-UP."

"YOU
HOTHEADS..."



"HUH?"

"WHUT?"

**THUNDERBOLT,
STRONG ARM OF
THE LAW.**



"...NEED
TO COOL
OFF!"

SPOFF

"THRASH METAL
TROLLS IN CAMDEN..."



"...WHITE-EYED
CROWS IN
SELBRIDGE..."

**AIEEE!
GET OFF
HIM...GET
AWAY...**

THE SELBRIDGE SUN



I GOT YOU, BOTH OF YOU. GO LIMP...

THE LEOPARD, HOMESPUN HERO, WITH GREAT POWER...ETC, ETC.



PLEASE STAY HERE, AND COVER BABY'S EYES. FEATHERS... ARE GOING TO FLY!



"HONG KONG'S KNEE-DEEP IN HOPPING VAMPIRES..."

FOUL, UNCLEAN THINGS...

YAO, SCOURGE OF THE NETHERWORLD, BY DEMONS DRIVEN.



WHICHEVER HELL SPAWNED YOU...



...BURN IN IT!

"...AN' IT'S GETTIN' MUCH, MUCH WORSE."



...ANYWAY
FELLAS, MY
SHRINK TOLD ME
TO TRAVEL, STOP
OBSESSING ON
THE PAST.

**BLAKE EDMONDS,
TROUBLESHOOTER.**



BUT
I TOLD HER, I
SAID--DR. TRENCH,
THE REMEMBRANCE
OF WHAT I HAD...
AND LOST...IS WHAT
DRIVES ME NOW.
WITHOUT IT...



...ALL I
GOT IS A
DEATH
WISH.

"ANCIENT EGYPTIANS
JOY-RIDIN' IN CANBERRA! TIME
AND SPACE ARE GRINDIN'
TOGETHER, MAN..."



...AND
IT'S DOWN
TO *US* TO
STOP IT.

**MAXWELL
TOWER.**



THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR, INTER-DIMENSIONAL SPACE:

IN OTHER WORDS, PEOPLE, THIS IS A JOB FOR THE FORGOTTEN.

DR SIN, HEIR TO WORLDS OF WEIRDNESS.

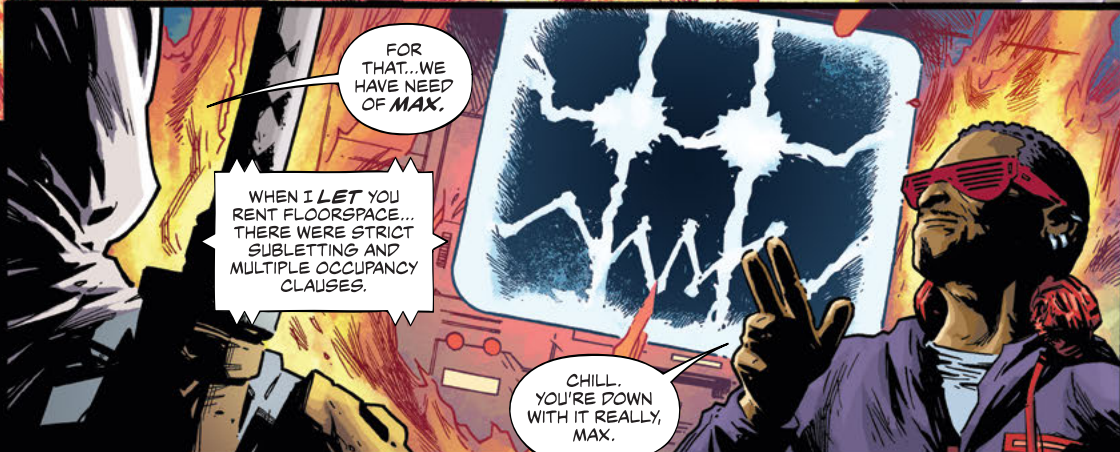


DEATH-MAN, THE REAPER'S RIGHT HAND.

SERIOUSLY, WE'RE USING THAT NAME? THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE.

IT'S A MISSION STATEMENT. TIME T' GATHER THE CREW.

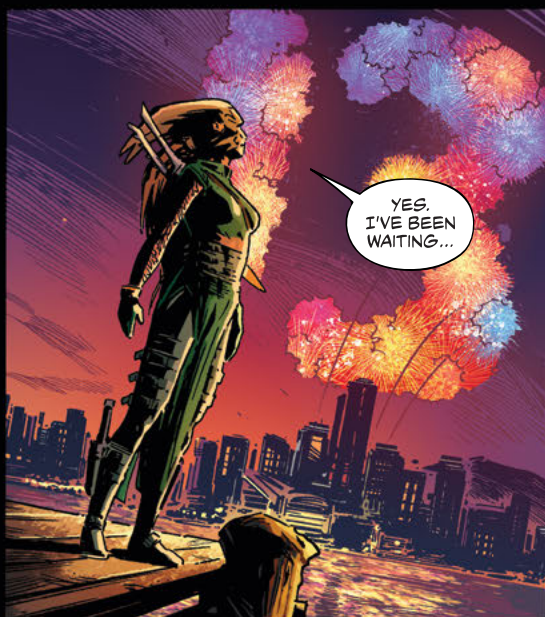
THE STEEL COMMANDO, HEAVY INFANTRY.



FOR THAT...WE HAVE NEED OF MAX.

WHEN I LET YOU RENT FLOORSPEACE... THERE WERE STRICT SUBLETTING AND MULTIPLE OCCUPANCY CLAUSES.

CHILL. YOU'RE DOWN WITH IT REALLY, MAX.





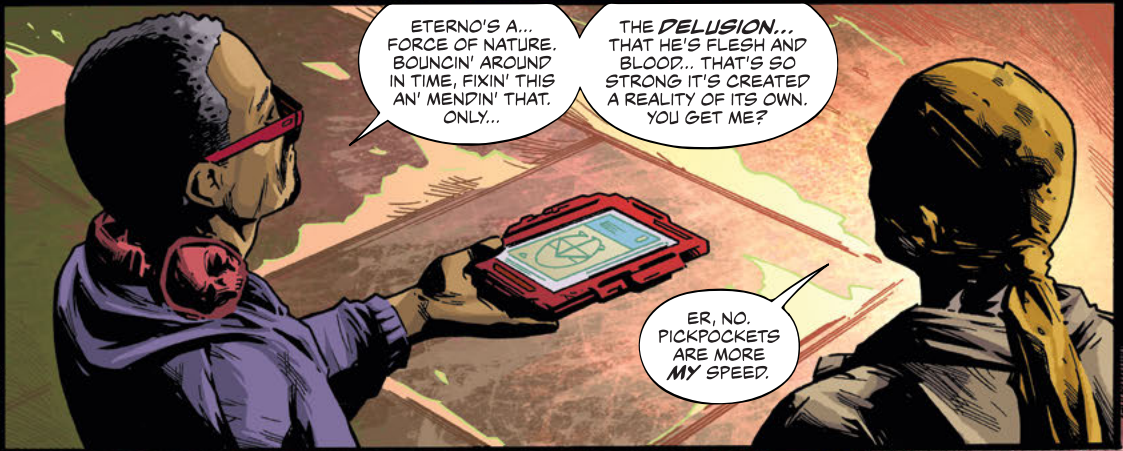
ADAM
ETERNO.

WHO'S
HE?

HE AIN'T
A HE. HE'S
AN "IT".

UM, AM I
SUPPOSED
TO BE HERE?
IT'S JUST
I'M--

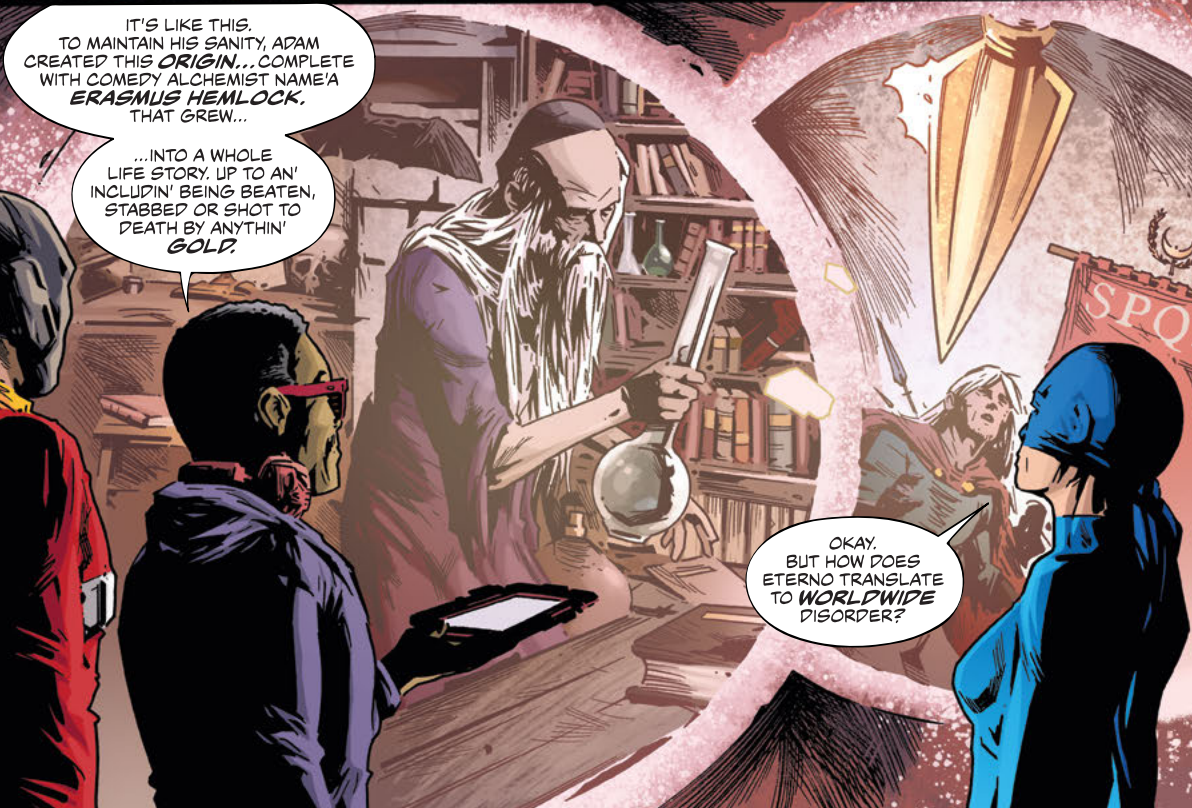
--ME.



ETERNO'S A...
FORCE OF NATURE.
BOUNCIN' AROUND
IN TIME, FIXIN' THIS
AN' MENDIN' THAT.
ONLY...

THE *DELUSION*...
THAT HE'S FLESH AND
BLOOD... THAT'S SO
STRONG IT'S CREATED
A REALITY OF ITS OWN.
YOU GET ME?

ER, NO.
PICKPOCKETS
ARE MORE
MY SPEED.



IT'S LIKE THIS.
TO MAINTAIN HIS SANITY, ADAM
CREATED THIS *ORIGIN*... COMPLETE
WITH COMEDY ALCHEMIST NAME/A
ERASMUS HEMLOCK.
THAT GREW...

...INTO A WHOLE
LIFE STORY. UP TO AN'
INCLUDIN' BEING BEATEN,
STABBED OR SHOT TO
DEATH BY ANYTHIN'
GOLD.

OKAY.
BUT HOW DOES
ETERNO TRANSLATE
TO *WORLDWIDE*
DISORDER?



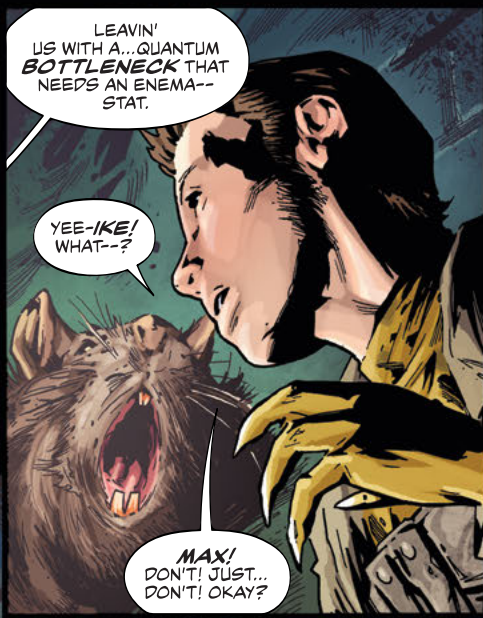
SHIFT!

FIND
YOUR OWN
SPOT!

GUYS,
PLEASE...YOU'RE
EMBARRASSING
ME!

SOMETHING...
OR, MORE LIKELY,
SOMEONE,
STOPPED ADAM
IN HIS TRACKS.

**PETE
PARKER,**
ALIEN-
MAGNET.



LEAVIN'
US WITH A...QUANTUM
BOTTLENECK THAT
NEEDS AN ENEMA--
STAT.

YEE-IKE!
WHAT--?

MAX!
DON'T! JUST...
DON'T! OKAY?



MORE YOU
REACT THE MORE HE
DOES IT. HE'LL GET
BORED. EVENTUALLY.
IGNORE HIM.

EASY FOR
YOU TO SAY. THE
SUPERNATURAL...
EVEN WITH A
21ST CENTURY
TWIST...



...GETS MY
HACKLES
UP!

DEATH-
MAN HERE
HAS SNIFFED
OUT ETERNO-
CONTINUUM-
881...



"...IN THE
TOWER OF
LONDON."

DID YOU
KNOW, FOR
INSTANCE...



...THERE'S AN
EARTH WHERE TIME
AND EVOLUTION MOVE
BACKWARDS, AND OUR
EARLIEST ANCESTORS
REPRESENT THE
PINNACLE OF HUMAN
ACHIEVEMENT...

THAT'S
THE SPOT,
ANGOR.
GENTLY...
AAAAH...

DR. MESMER,
ANTIQUARIAN
ACTIVIST.



I DIDN'T.
NO.

PERHAPS...
INSTEAD OF FIDDLING
WITH THAT INFERNAL **MAP**
OF YOURS...YOU COULD
OFFER FRESH INSIGHT
INTO THE ZENGA
AUTOMATON.

AS IT STANDS,
ITS TRACTABILITY
AMOUNTS TO "DO
THIS, FETCH
THAT."



WHEN WHAT I **WANT**
IS TO GET INTO ADAM'S
HEAD, FIND OUT WHAT
MAKES HIM TICK...
ETERNALLY.

I UNDERSTAND.
BUT IN MY BOOK
YOU CAN'T BEAT
BLIND, UNTHINKING
OBEDIENCE.

ENOUGH,
ANGOR.
ANYWAY...

...I'M COMPILING QUITE THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK OF POTENTIAL ALLIES. EZRA CREECH, PROFESSOR KRAIT, EZEKIEL SPARR...

WONDERFUL SHAPES OF EVIL ALL.

MM. PERHAPS I SHOULD LET THE TWINS LOOSE ON HIM. SEE WHAT THEY CAN PRIZE OUT...

VON HOFFMAN! WE'RE ONLY UNDER ATTACK. YOU--YOU SWORE...NO ONE'D FIND US 'ERE.

THAT IS... INCONVENIENT. BUT HARDLY OF GREAT CONCERN. THEY WILL FIND...

"...THIS SCHLOSS IS ADMIRABLY DEFENDED."

GUESS WE GOT THEIR ATTENTION.

GREAT. ONLY, THESE DAYS I ASPIRE TO BE *MORE* THAN A HUMAN TARGET.

WHAT DO WE DO, ERNIE?

EY. WE SOAK IT UP, AND GIVE IT BACK.



ALSSHEHEN!
DA OBEN--



SHOOOM

SCHUISSE!

BEWEGUNG--
BEWEGUNG!



WE NEED IN.
UP CLOSE AND
PERSONAL.



AGREED.
SC...YOU'RE UP. OUR
DESIGNATED
BATTERING RAM!

UM...
CLOBBER 'EM,
IRONSIDES!

RIGHT-HO,
ERNIE!



WHACCOM



WE'RE
IN. BUT OUR
"HOST"...



"...HAS BROUGHT OUT
THE BIG, UGLY GUNS!"

CRUSH THESE
DEFILERS OF
OUR SACRED
SANCTUM!



BUGS!
I HATE
BUGS!

YEAH,
WELL, DEAL WITH IT,
MISS CRUSHES-
WALNUTS-WITH-HER-
'LASHES.

LIKE IT OR
NOT, WE'RE THE
DESIGNATED
PUNCHIN' BAGS,
RAMBONGING IT UP
WHILE OUR
TWINKLE-TOED
BROS...



"...TIPTOE INTO TH'
BELLY OF TH' BEAST."

HOPE YOU
KNOW WHERE
YOU'RE GOING,
DEATH-MAN.

FOLLOW
THE SKULLS.
OLDEST...TO
NEWEST.

WHAT A
TONIC FOR
THE TROOPS
YOU ARE!



AGAIN, FOR THE RECORD... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE.

I'M... JUST NOT **SPECIAL**. LIKE YOU.

YOU **ARE**, PETE. THE HAND OF COSMIC FATE **GUIDED** US TO YOU.

RIGHT, **KON-PAR**. IF YOU SAY SO.



WAIT. SOMEONE'S DOWN HERE. OTHER THAN US.



HELLO? DO YOU NEED OUR HELP?

NO, PLEASE. WALK ON. GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS. I'M... **BEYOND** HELP.



KEEP MOVING. LIBERATING AMORPHOUS ALIENS IS A **LOW** MISSION PRIORITY.

FINE. YOU GO ON...



MY PRIORITIES INCLUDE BASIC HUMANITY...



EASY. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOUR FRIEND. YOU SEE...

...THIS IS A **TEST**. IF YOU STOP TO HELP, YOU'RE A THREAT TO **HIM**.



AND I HAVE
NO CHOICE
BUT TO *DEAL*
WITH YOU.
SORRY...



FUUH!

SKROOM

I'M SO, SO
SORRY!

BILL!



GO SHAKE
THAT TREE OF
ETERNAL LIFE,
MEIN KINDER...I
WANT TO SEE
WHAT FALLS
OUT.

OLD.

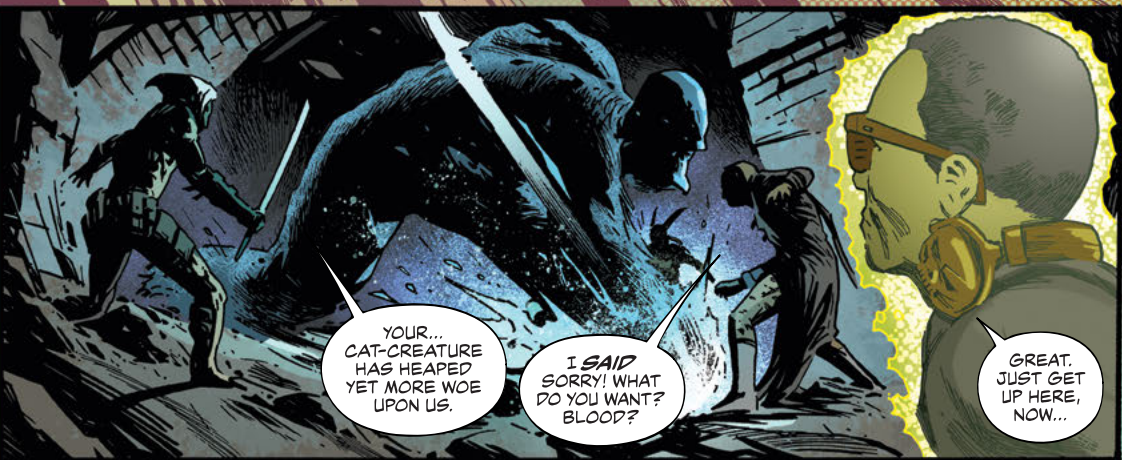
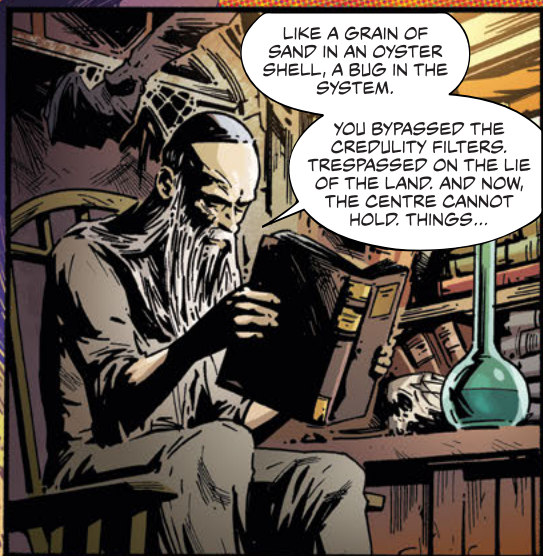
OLDER
THAN TIME.



CHILD OF
ETERNITY.

PRIMAL.
IMMENSE.
UNFATHOMABLE.

YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE HERE.





... 'CAUSE
THE MOUNTAIN
JUST CAME TO
US!



IRONSIDES...
DROP WHOEVER
YOU DOIN' ...

... AN'
STOP THAT
RUNAWAY
ROBOT.

THIS
REALLY ISN'T GOING
WELL. BUT, OUT OF
ADVERSITY... COMES
OPPORTUNITY.



LET THE
EYE OF RA
GUIDE YOU
TO US.



REINFORCE-
MENTS, HUH?

TWO
CAN PLAY
AT THAT
GAME!

THE ESPER
COMMANDOS,
MINDS OVER MATTER.

WHAT--?

IT'S ALL
GONE TO HELL IN
A HANDBASKET,
CRAG...WE'RE
NEEDED.

THERE'S THE
SIGN. REMEMBER,
BOYS...VIOLENCE IS
ALWAYS A LAST
RECOURSE, BUT IN
THIS CASE...

...A
FOREGONE
CONCLUSION.

CRABBE'S
CRUSADERS,
THE PEACE AND
GOODWILL CORPS.

WE WON'T
LET YOU DOWN,
PROFESSOR.

GOOD...

"OUR WORLDS
NEED HEROES
RIGHT NOW."

WHERE'S
YOUR FURRY
FRIEND?

TURNED ITSELF
INTO A TETSE
FLY AND FLEW
OFF. IF I HAD TO
CONJECTURE...



"...I'D SAY THE RATS ARE DESERTING THE SINKING SHIP."

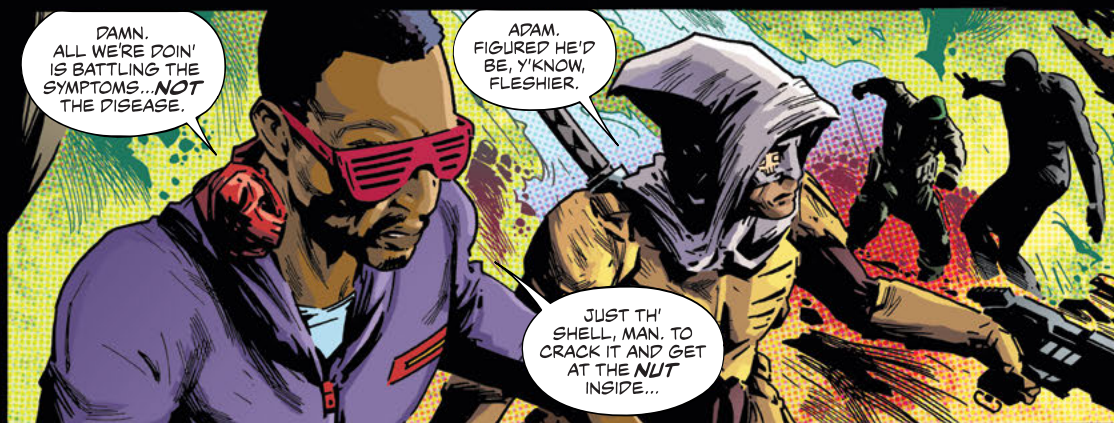
WE HAVE TO GO-- NOW!

WHERE?



WE LOST YAO...AND NOW EDMONDS! ONE MOMENT THEY WERE THERE... THE NEXT **GONE!**

SNATCHED BY THE TOTALITY STORM!



DAMN. ALL WE'RE DOIN' IS BATTLING THE SYMPTOMS...**NOT** THE DISEASE.

ADAM. FIGURED HE'D BE, Y'KNOW, FLESHIER.

JUST TH' SHELL, MAN. TO CRACK IT AND GET AT THE **NUT** INSIDE...



"...WE NEED **MORE WIZARD WHAMMY.**"

I...CAN'T. I'M SORRY. IT'S...TOO MUCH.

YOU'RE ALL...AND I'M...JUST PLAIN, ORDINARY PETE PARKER.



PETE? LISTEN, YOU'RE WRONG.



YOU THINK I'M SOME LIVING, BREATHING ICON? THAT I'VE BEEN THERE, GOT THE T-SHIRT. TRUTH IS, ALL I HAVE IS THE **LEGACY** OF THESE BIG BOOTS I FILLED.

YOU'RE THE BRAVEST OF US ALL. EXACTLY **BECAUSE** YOU'RE "PLAIN, ORDINARY PETE."

YOU MEAN IT?

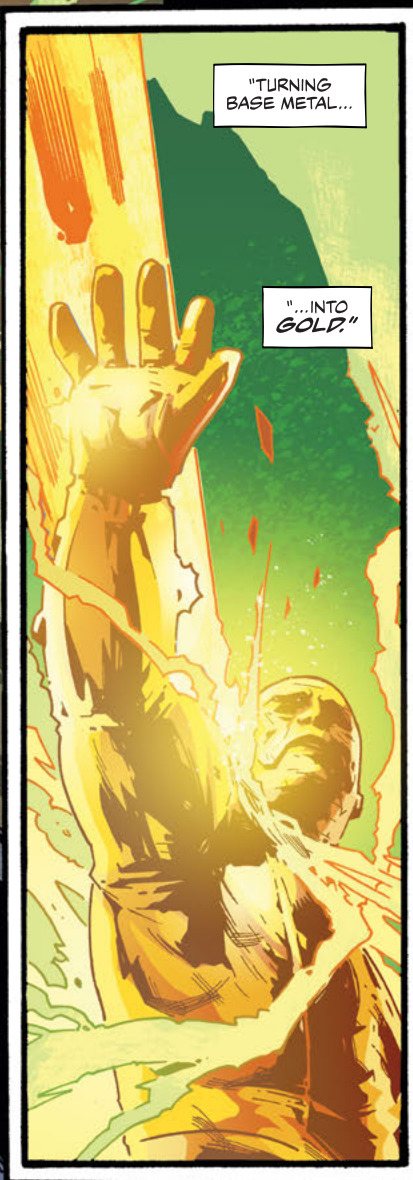




...AND
INVERT THE
WORLD
ENGINE...

DEATH-
MAN! NO!

STSSSS



"TURNING
BASE METAL..."

"...INTO
GOLD."



WHOA!
I'M BACK!
WHATEVER
YOU DID...IT'S
WORKING.

AND
FAST!

NO
TIME FOR
GOODBYES
OR THANK-
YOU.



THEY KNOW,
MAN. THEY
KNOW.

DEATH-MAN...
WE LOST
DEATH-MAN...

NAH.
HE'LL BE BACK.
CLUE'S IN THE
NAME.

BUT...HOW
DID THIS SOLVE
ANYTHING?
ADAM'S DEAD...
ISN'T HE?

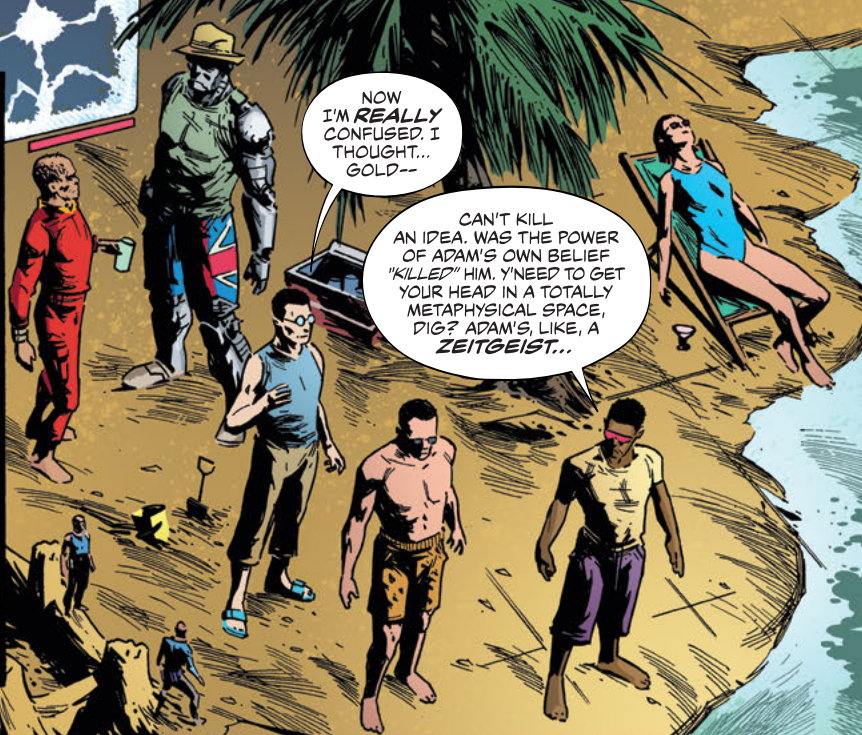
SOMETIME (AND SPACE) LATER:

OKAY, SO ADAM'S NOT DEAD?



NOW I'M **REALLY** CONFUSED, I THOUGHT... GOLD--

CAN'T KILL AN IDEA. WAS THE POWER OF ADAM'S OWN BELIEF "KILLED" HIM. Y'NEED TO GET YOUR HEAD IN A TOTALLY METAPHYSICAL SPACE, DIG? ADAM'S, LIKE, A ZEITGEIST...



"...DELIVERED TO WHEN AND WHERE HE'S NEEDED ON THE WINDS OF TIME. ETERNALLY."



AND THE WORLD AT LARGE, ALL THAT HAPPENED?

FORGOTTEN...

...JUS' LIKE US.

STILL, BE NICE TO KNOW **WHO** EXACTLY IT WAS WE WERE FIGHTING.



"DON' SWEAT IT...WE'LL HEAR FROM 'EM AGAIN. COUNT ON IT."

RAVEN'S MEET MANOR...

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, VON HOFFMAN...





THANKS TO THE **LOOPHOLES** I INTRODUCED INTO THE WARP AND WEFT OF SPACE-TIME, WE CAN **STILL** CALL ON OUR NEW ALLIES. AS AND WHEN.

YES, I SUPPOSE.



IT'S **ALWAYS** BEEN ABOUT SURVIVING THE **BLOOD RAPTURE**. WHEN HUMANITY BECOMES LITTLE MORE THAN A DEMON WARDROBE...I INTEND TO BE THE **EXCEPTION** THAT PROVES THE RULE.

EXACTLY...



UPWARDS AND ONWARDS, EH?



ONE FALSE MOVE, I LOSE EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR. BUT GOD HELP ME...



...I CAN NO LONGER REMAIN ON THE SIDELINES!

BETH ROGAN,
THE NIGHTCOMER.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Where did Yao disappear
to during the final battle in
The Vigilant – Maelstrom?
Find out here!

YAO

THE DEMON TOUCHED "HOME?"

SCRIPT
BRUCE
LESLIE

ART
DaNi

COLOURS
JOHN
CHARLES

LETTERS
SAM
GRETTON









YOU TRY
TO HURT
US...



...WITH
FRUIT?



SHULT

KKRCCH



I'LL DO IT
BY HAND,
THEN.



SSLLSH

NOOOO!



UNFFF!

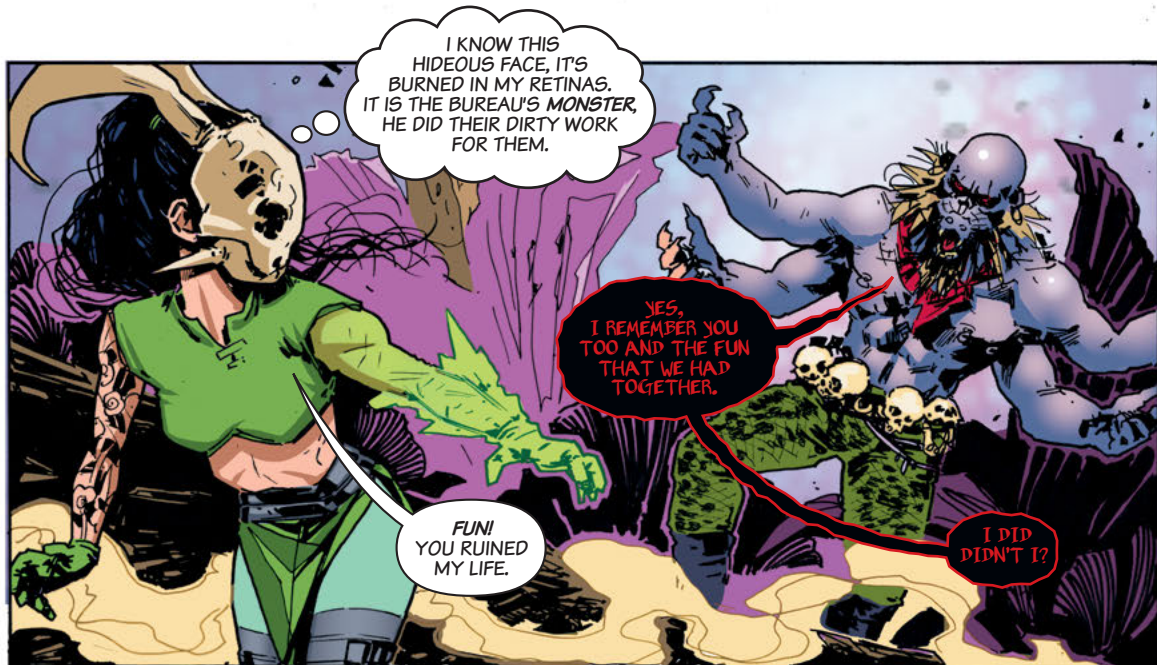


NO MORE,
ABOMINATION!

SHULT



SUCH A
RUDE GUEST.



I KNOW THIS
HIDEOUS FACE, IT'S
BURNED IN MY RETINAS.
IT IS THE BUREAU'S MONSTER,
HE DID THEIR DIRTY WORK
FOR THEM.

YES,
I REMEMBER YOU
TOO AND THE FUN
THAT WE HAD
TOGETHER.

FUN!
YOU RUINED
MY LIFE.

I DID
DIDN'T I?

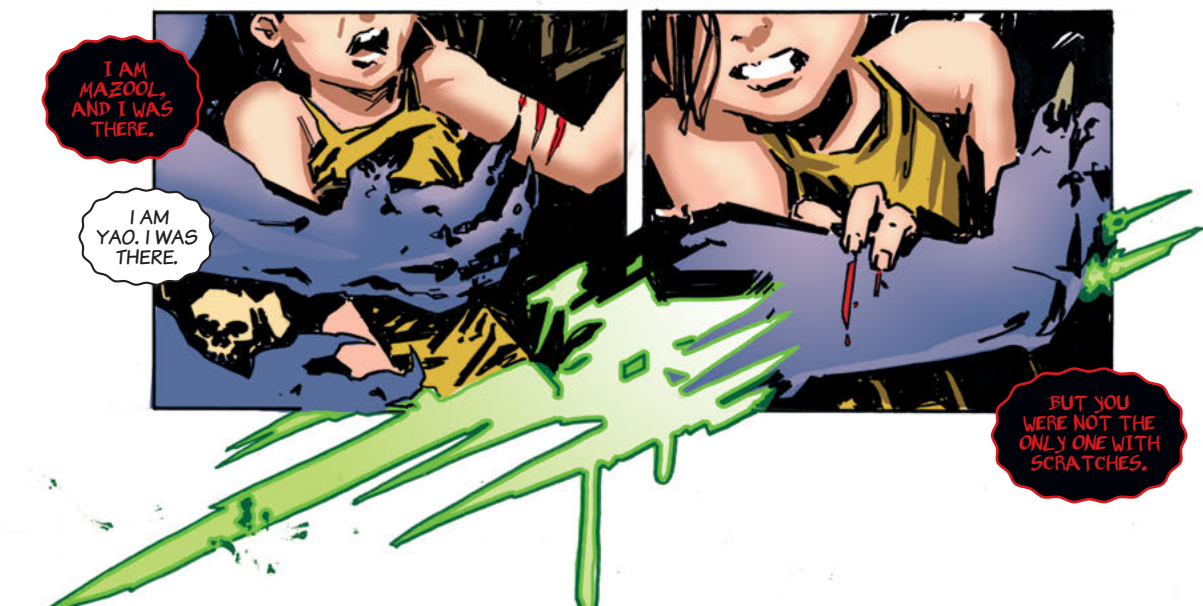


LET'S
SAVOUR THAT
MOMENT AGAIN
SHALL WE?



HELP!

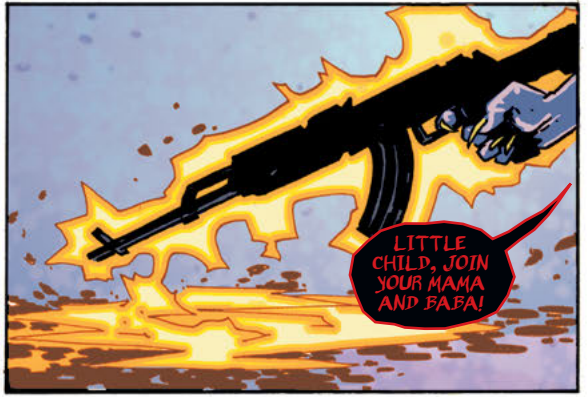
RUN
BAOBAO!



I AM
MAZOOOL,
AND I WAS
THERE.

I AM
YAO, I WAS
THERE.

BUT YOU
WERE NOT THE
ONLY ONE WITH
SCRATCHES.



Where did Blake Edmonds disappear to during the final battle in The Vigilant – Maelstrom? Find out here!

DEATH WISH

KIDS RULE!

 SCRIPT
KARL STOCK

 ART
HENRIK SAHLSTROM

 LETTERS
SIMON BOWLAND





WHERE IS THIS PLACE?



HEY!

YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO BE ON THE STREETS, MATE! DON'T YOU KNOW THE KIDS RULE HERE NOW?

KIDS! KIDS! KIDS!

I WAS CAUGHT IN THE *STORM*, AND THE NEXT THING I'M...WHERE?



HANG 'IS OLD MAN BONES!



WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF--

YOOUUUHHHH!





YOU
THINK YOU CAN
TAKE US ALL,
GRANDAD?
DO YA?

K-KILL 'IM!
AAAAAA-HUH!
SUH-SKIN
'IM!



HOLD.

CAN'T YOU
SEE THIS MAN IS
DIFFERENT? LOOK AT
HIM. HE IS VIOLENCE
AND PAIN! NOT THE
SOFT OLD SNOBS WHO
LEFT US THIS FILTHY
WORLD.

I AM
LANCE, THE ELDER
OF THIS **YOUNG**
TEAM. TELL ME,
STRANGER-- WILL
YOU RIDE WITH
US?



DEPENDS
ON WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING.

WHERE *IS*
THIS PLACE?

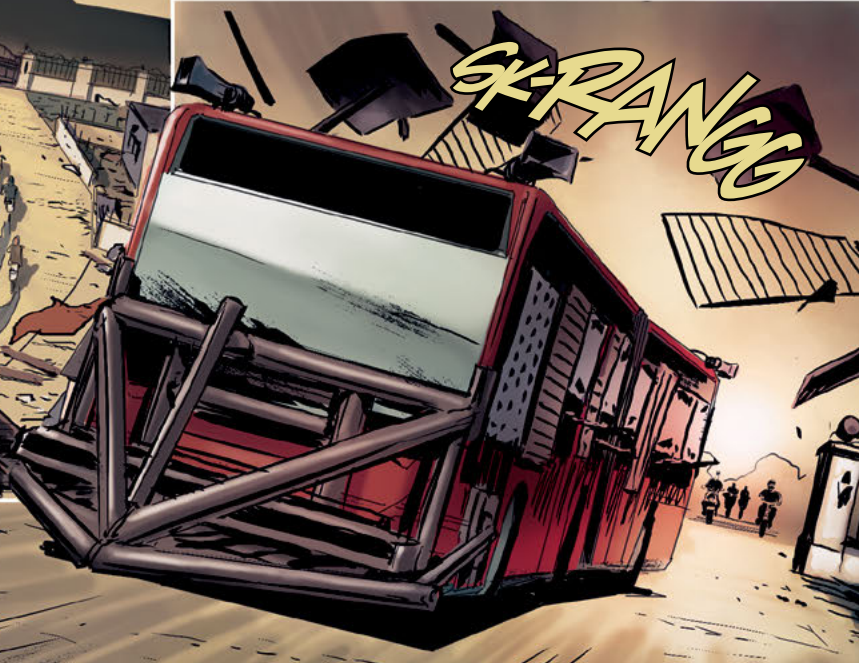


ONE WHERE ADULTS ARE
A **DYING** BREED, SAYS
LANCE, A WEIRD PANDEMIC
HAS **ROTTED** MOST OF
THE OLDER GENERATION
TO BONES AND DUST.

THE KIDS ARE IN CHARGE
NOW. **ANGRY** KIDS, WITH
NO HOPE AND SOMETHING
TO PROVE.



AND THEY TAKE
THEIR ANGER OUT
ON ANY **ADULT**
THEY FIND...



SK-RANG



SPREAD OUT. FIND THE OCCUPANTS. TAKE WHAT YOU WANT, BUT BRING THEM TO ME ALIVE!



IT MAKES SENSE TO PLAY ALONG. FOR NOW.

CHARGE SET. CLEAR!



WE'RE LOOKING FOR...



...BLAKE EDMONDS!

PLEASE NO! I HAVE MONEY! JUST DON'T... PLEASE--!



GAS!

STUMPF

FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET IT TOGETHER, BLAKE!

AND BLAKE
EDMONDS IS **WORLD
CHAMPION** AGAIN!
THIS GUY DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO BE A **LOSER!**

...NO
CONFIRMED WORD ON
EDMONDS' CONDITION. IF
HE DOESN'T RECOVER, THE
FIRST **EUROPEAN SPEED
RACE** MIGHT ALSO BE THE
LAST--AND IT DOESN'T
SOUND GOOD.

PLEASE--DO
PREPARE YOURSELF,
BLAKE. REMEMBER
HOW FORTUNATE
YOU ARE TO BE
ALIVE...

AAARGH!

I WANT YOU
TO MAKE ME
A **MASK...** A
VERY SPECIAL
MASK.

I HAVE TO
STAY ON THE **EDGE**
NOW, TRYING STUNTS
NO-ONE HAS EVER
DARED BEFORE. THE
MORE **DANGEROUS**
IT IS, THE BETTER I'LL
LIKE IT!



LOOK, JUST QUIT IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WE'RE IN CHARGE HERE! WE'RE THE--AAH!

SHE SPAT ON ME! EW!



THAT'S NOT ALL I'LL DO, YOU FILTHY LITTLE--!

AAH! HELP ME! GET HER OFF M--



EEEEAAH!



HOLD ON, MARISSA!

GET 'IM!

HE'S JUST ONE OLD MAAHH--!



STOP IT!

JUST STOP! THIS IS MY HOUSE AND-- AND--

--I'M BLAKE EDMONDS! THE MAN WITH THE DEATH WISH!





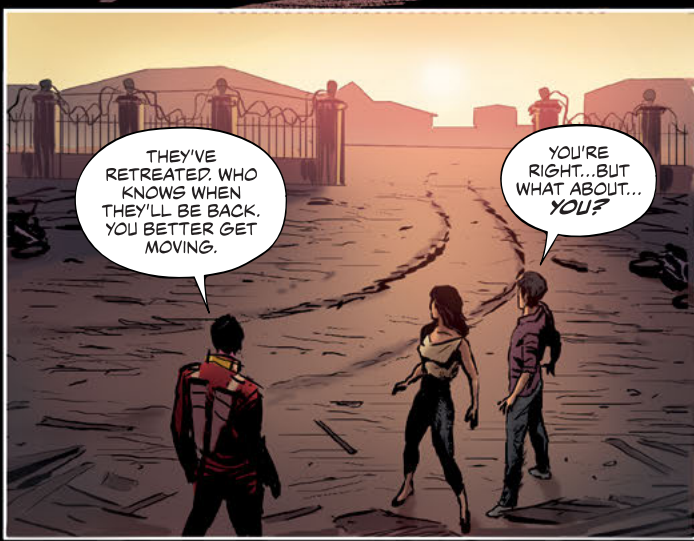
YOU KNOW MY NAME. HAVE WE...*MET*?

YOU SOUND...LIKE SOMEONE...I KNOW...



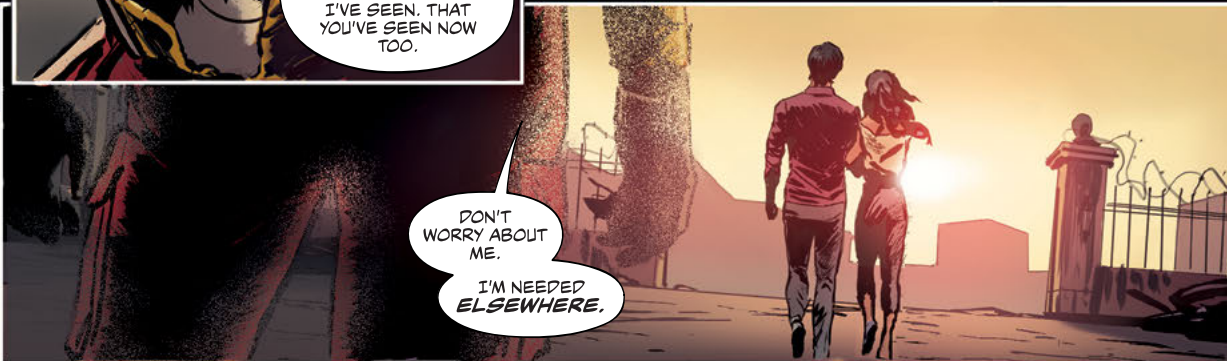
WE'VE MET, *MARISSA*. SOMEWHERE ELSE. IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW.

AND *BLAKE*-- ALL THAT SEPARATES US IS THE *HORROR* I'VE SEEN. THAT YOU'VE SEEN NOW TOO.



THEY'VE RETREATED. WHO KNOWS WHEN THEY'LL BE BACK. YOU BETTER GET MOVING.

YOU'RE RIGHT...BUT WHAT ABOUT...*YOU*?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M NEEDED ELSEWHERE.



YOU CAN KEEP THIS WORLD.

THE END

THE VIGILANT

LEGACY

- VP SCRIPT
SIMON FURMAN
- VP ART
SIMON COLEBY
- VP ART
WILL SLINEY
- VP COLOURS
LEN O'GRADY
- VP LETTERS
SIMON BOWLAND



PROLOGUE



*Rapidly, my
worst fears
are realised...*

SPIRIT
OF GAEA--I
INVOKE YOU!

*Though, together, we
had faced and endured
countless adversaries
and much adversity...*

BE
ROUSED! THOUGH
THEY BE LEGION,
SMITE OUR
ENEMIES...

*...we all understood
there would come a day,
and a battle, when we
would meet our Rubicon.*

...WITH YOUR
ELEMENTAL
WRATH!

SKA-RAK

*When win or lose,
this was to be the
last stand...*

...of The Vigilant!

**ROBOT
ARCHIE--
MECHANICAL
MARVEL.**

ARCHIE
BEAT SLUDGE-
THING BEFORE.
HE WILL BEAT
IT AGAIN.

**LOUIS CRANDELL
AKA. THE STEEL
CLAW--THE
INVISIBLE MAN.**

GLUNG!

**CAT-GIRL--
FELINE FATALE.**

CRANDELL'S
TRAPPED--AND
RUNNING OUT OF
OXYGEN FAST! I'D
LEND A HELPING
CLAW...

BUT
KELLY'S MY
PRIORITY!



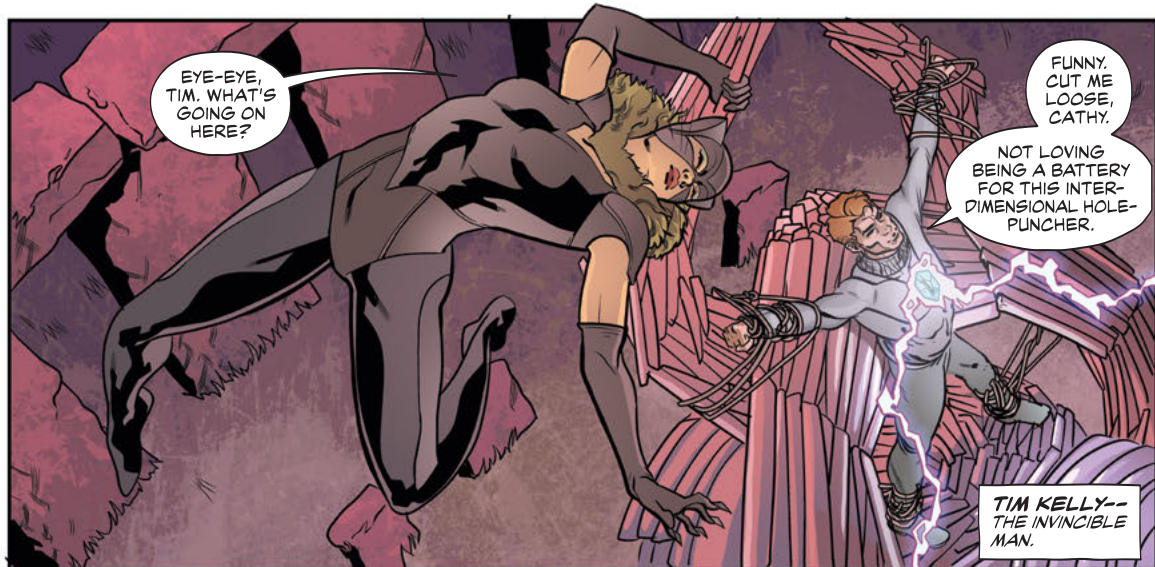
TRI-MAN--
HERO, IN TRIPPLICATE.

WISH I HAD
YOUR CONFIDENCE,
TIN-BRITCHES. IT'S
TAKING OUR BEST AND
REGURGITATING IT
WITH INTEREST.

I CANNOT
HOLD THE LINE!
THE GATEWAY
MUST BE
CLOSED!

DOCTOR SIN--
MAESTRO OF THE
MYSTIC ARTS!

*Though, as preventing
The Blood Rapture was the
team's conceptual raison
d'être, it was strangely
fitting it should end thusly.*



EYE-EYE,
TIM. WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

FUNNY.
CUT ME
LOOSE,
CATHY.

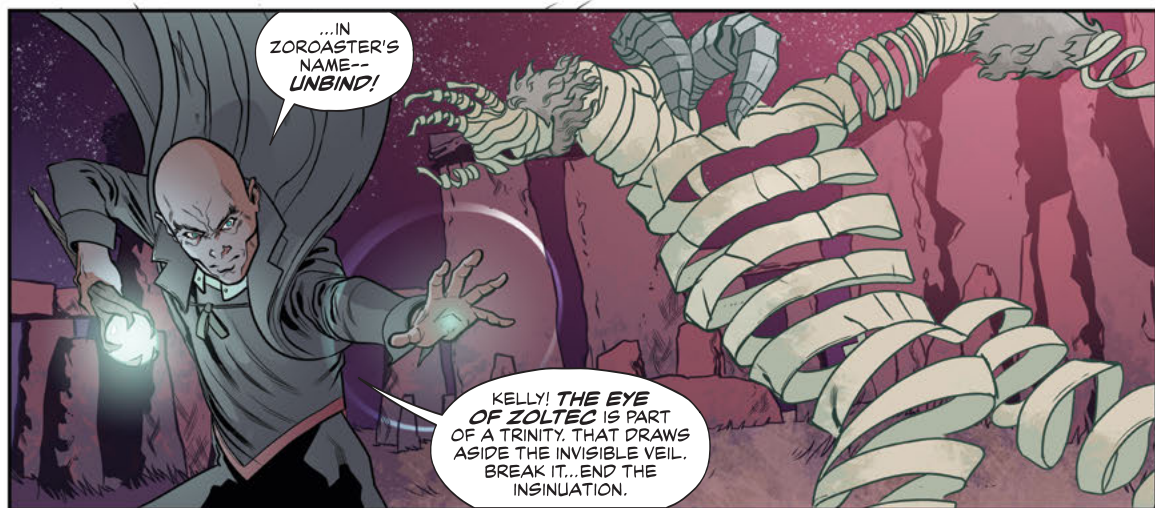
NOT LOVING
BEING A BATTERY
FOR THIS INTER-
DIMENSIONAL HOLE-
PUNCHER.

**TIM KELLY--
THE INVINCIBLE
MAN.**



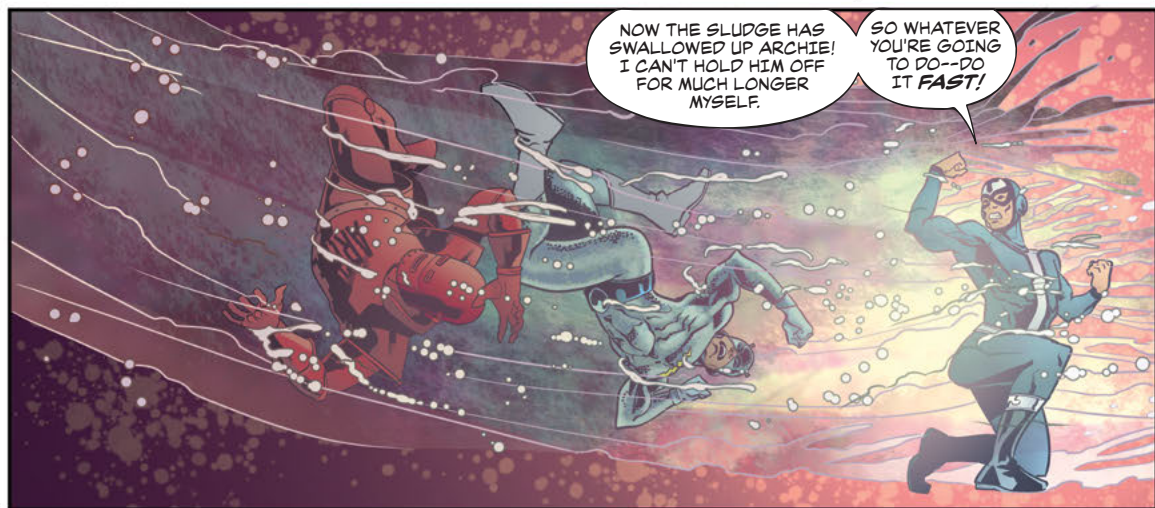
I KNOW
I CAN'T
HARM YOU,
BUT HOLD
STILL...

TWONG!



...IN
ZOROASTER'S
NAME--
UNBIND!

KELLY! **THE EYE
OF ZOLTEC** IS PART
OF A TRINITY. THAT DRAWS
ASIDE THE INVISIBLE VEIL.
BREAK IT...END THE
INSINUATION.

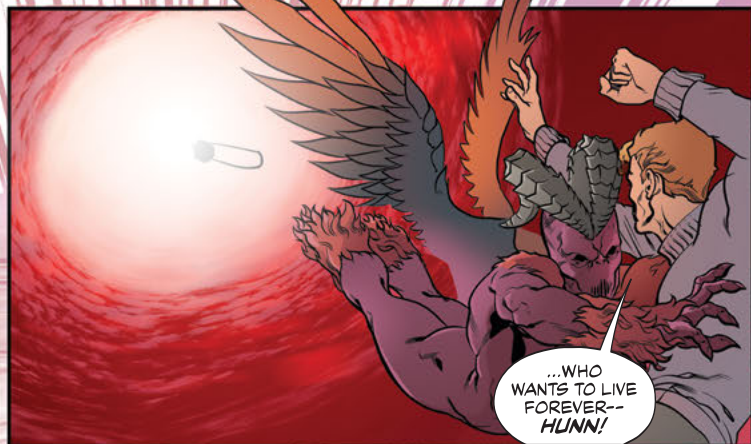


NOW THE SLUDGE HAS
SWALLOWED UP ARCHIE!
I CAN'T HOLD HIM OFF
FOR MUCH LONGER
MYSELF.

SO WHATEVER
YOU'RE GOING
TO DO--DO
IT **FAST!**



BREAK
IT, HUH? OH
WELL...



...WHO
WANTS TO LIVE
FOREVER--
HUNN!

U R O O O O M



I felt no survivor's guilt. My team, my Vigilant, understood the covenant they had entered into, saving countless Earths and many billion lives at the cost of their own.



But Doctor Sin must endure. For the Blood Rapture is not ended, only averted...

*...and in two decades' time
he must stand ready--again!*



BIRMINGHAM, UK.
TWENTY YEARS LATER...

SURE HOPE--
OFFSPRING OF
AEOLUS--

DR. SIN.

I GOT
GRAMPS' SOLID
AIR INCANTATION
DOWN PAT.

SPANNING

THING
HAVE A
NAME?

'CORDING
TO MY IPAD
THIS WALKING
FATBERG...

...IS
CALLED THE
SLUDGE.

BUT
WHAT DOES
IT WANT?

BLAKE
EDMONDS.

THUNDERBOLT.

THE
LEOPARD.

DOES
WHAT IT SAYS
ON THE TIN I
GUESS.



THE CREATURE
APPEARS TO **INFECT**
TECHNOLOGY, BENDING
IT TO ITS WILL.

YAO.

CHAK



YEAH.
KINDA NOTICED
THAT.

FORGET.

ALL VERY
INTERESTING BUT
HOW DO WE KILL
IT?

DEATH-MAN.



STOP IT,
SURELY.

GUYS?
UM, BULLET
POINTS.

PETE
PARKER.



THE ENTITY IS A
HIGHLY-EVOLVED **SPORE** OF
SOME KIND, POSSIBLY EXTRA-
TERRESTRIAL.

PARASITICAL IN
NATURE. DRAWING ON
WHATEVER AMBIENT
ENERGY IT CAN DIP ITS
TENDRILS INTO.

AND GAINING
MASS IN THE
PROCESS.

SOMETHING
ON THE TELEPATHIC
SPECTRUM. IT'S
ANGRY...



"...REPEATING
THE SAME NAME,
OVER AND OVER.
ARCHIE!
ARCHIE!"



ANY OF THAT
ACTUALLY HELP US?
OR WE ARE STILL IN
THE DARK--AS
USUAL.

LET ME **AT**
HIM, ERNIE!

NAH.
BAD IDEA.
STAND DOWN,
IRONSIDES.



THING GETS
ITS SLIMY HOOKS
INTO YOU...NO TELLIN'
WHAT DAMAGE YOU
MIGHT DO.

TO **US!**



ANYWAY, **NOT**
YOUR ORDINARY,
EVERYDAY BAD
GUY.

YOU COME UP
WITH AN ACTUAL
PLAY, SIN, LET
ME KNOW. RIGHT
NOW...



...I GOT
ORDINARY,
EVERYDAY
LIVES TO
SAVE.



"A"...NAH. "B"...
HEY, "BANISHMENT".
MM-HM. WORKS.
FOR ME.

WHOA...
FORBIDDEN?
WHAT'S UP WITH
THAT?

DR. SIN--
THE **LITTLUNS**
HAVE AN IDEA--

I'LL
TAKE IT.
SHOOT...



"THE SLUDGE
FEEDS ON ENERGY.
BUT STEADILY,
INCREMENTALLY.
WHAT IF..."



"...WE SUDDENLY
TURN THE TAP
ON FULL?"

"I **LIKE** IT...
I THINK! TELL
ME MORE."



THE NATIONAL GRID.
POWER LINES ARE RIGHT
UNDER OUR FEET. TOO
MUCH JUICE FOR US
TO HANDLE...

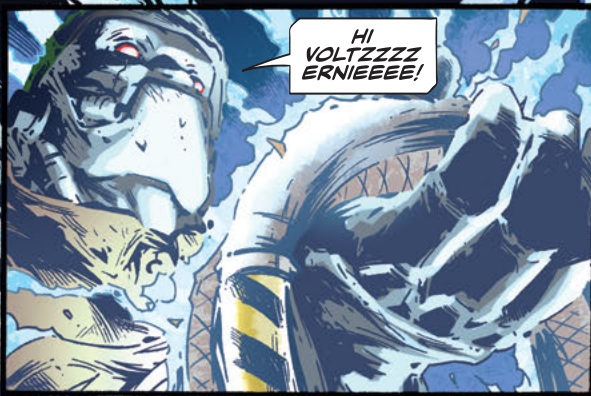
...BUT
MAYBE **NOT** THE
COMMANDO!

IRONSIDES?

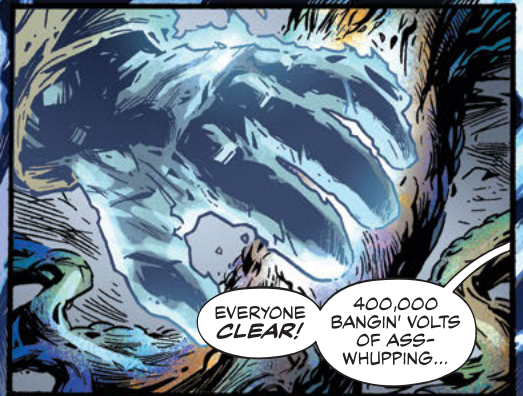


ONE WAY
TO FIND OUT,
ERNIE...

THRAK



HI
VOLTZZZZ
ERNIEEEE!



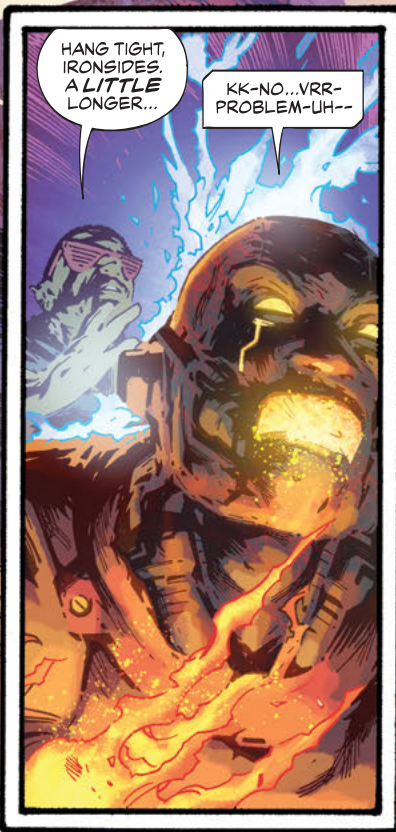
EVERYONE
CLEAR!

400,000
BANGIN' VOLTS
OF ASS-
WHUPPING...



...INCOMING!

TERMINAL
INDIGESTION...
...OR
SPINACH-POWERED
SHOT TO THE
SYSTEM?



HANG TIGHT,
IRONSIDES.
A LITTLE
LONGER...

KK-NO...VRR-
PROBLEM-UH--



SPAKCOWSH!



OOPS.



I THINK
WE BROKE
BIRMINGHAM.

GO US.
WHOO.

TIME WE
WEREN'T
HERE?

I HEAR YOU.
CAN'T SEE HIS
SLUGGENESS...



MAXWELL TOWER,
INTERDIMENSIONAL
SPACE (LATER).

WHAT'S WITH
THE NEGATIVITY?
WE WON, DIDN'T
WE?

THE 13TH
FLOOR.

SURE...ON A
WING AND A PRAYER,
BY THE SEAT OF OUR
PANTS! NO PLAN,
NADA.

YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
BE OUR LEADER,
SIN--SO
LEAD!

AN' IF I'D
HAD A PLAN,
WOULD YOU
EVEN STICK
TO IT?

NAH.
BECAUSE YOU'RE
MISTER-MARK MY
TERRITORY, FRIENDLY
NEIGHBOURHOOD,
ALLEY-CAT. FACT,
FARMER...



...YOU
DON'T PLAY
WELL WITH
OTHERS.

SOME
OTHERS MAYBE.
YOU FOR
INSTANCE...





FACT IS,
YOU'RE NOT FIT
TO LEAD!

OH REALLY?



MAYBE YOU
SHOULD HAND OVER
THE REINS TO EDMONDS?
OR BETTER YET, CALL
UP THE BLACK
ARCHER.

BILLY,
WAIT--

SORRY, MARY.
I CAN'T *DO*
THIS ANYMORE.
FROM HERE
ON IN...



...THE
LEOPARD
PROWLs
ALONE.



MASTERFUL.

ZIP IT,
MAX. ANYONE
ELSE LOOKIN' TO
BAIL--THERE'S
THE DOOR.

THROTTLE
BACK, SIN...



...YOU SQUAWK,
I'LL COME A'RUNNING.
BUT IN THE MEANTIME
I GOT PLACES
TO BE.

LIKEWISE.
OTHER CRIME-
BUSTING PLATES
TO KEEP
SPINNING.

AND I STILL
OWE **MAZOUL**,
THE DEMON-LORD
WHO TOOK MY
FAMILY FROM ME...
A RECKONING.

HHH.
WHATEVER. YOU
GOT COMMITMENTS.
I GET THAT. *GO...*
IT'S ALL GOOD.



RAVEN'S
MEET
MANOR.

KNOW YOUR
ENEMY, ISN'T
THAT WHAT
THEY SAY?

THOSE *FREAKS*
OPPOSED US ONCE,
BUT OTHERWISE
REMAIN UNAWARE
OF OUR EXISTENCE.
HOW DOES THAT
MAKE THEM OUR
ENEMY?

AH, BUT
THEY *WILL*
BE...

DR. MESMER.

VON HOFFMAN.

...ONCE
*THE BLOOD
RAPTURE* IS
UPON US.

THE WHELP'S
GRANDFATHER, THE FIRST
TO USE THE SOBRIQUET
DR. SIN, STOOD AGAINST
US LAST TIME, WITH
HIS TEAM.

US?

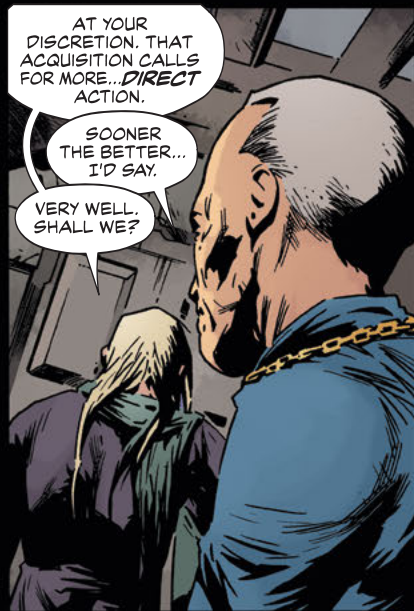
A FIGURE OF SPEECH.
I THINK WE CAN COUNT
PHASE ONE OF OUR LITTLE
SHOPPING EXPEDITION A
SUCCESS.

WHILE
ALL EYES
WERE ON THE
SLUDGE...



...THE IRON MAJOR HAD CARTE BLANCHE TO LIBERATE THE **SUN-STONE** FROM ITS MUSEUM DISPLAY CASE.

AND PHASE TWO?



AT YOUR DISCRETION, THAT ACQUISITION CALLS FOR MORE...**DIRECT** ACTION.

SOONER THE BETTER... I'D SAY.

VERY WELL, SHALL WE?



'OLD UP, ME OLD CHINA. SO WE'RE CLEAR...

...SOON AS THIS BLOOD RAPTURE THING KICKS OFF, I'M OUTTA THIS TIN CAN. THAT'S THE DEAL.



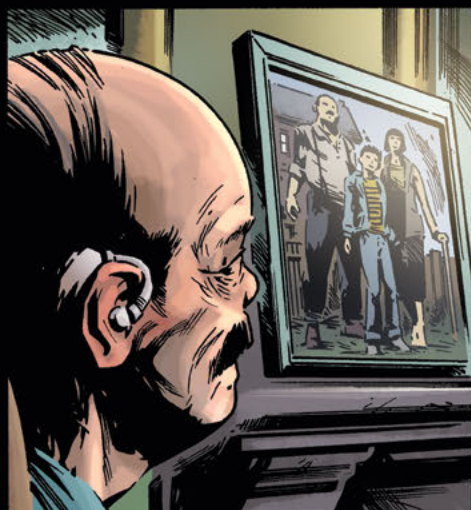
THE DWARF.

DIDN'T ASK TO BE STUCK IN HERE. AN' I DON'T LIKE IT MUCH NEITHER. SO WHEN IT'S DONE, I'M DONE. CLEAR?

AS YOU SAY, AND TO USE YOUR VERNACULAR...

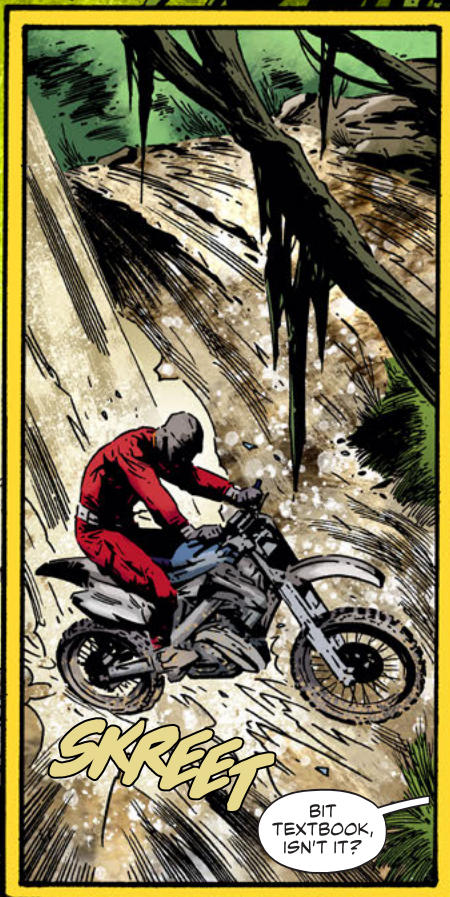


...YOU'RE DONE.



COLOMBIA,
MAGDALENA
RIVER VALLEY.

BLAKE
EDMONDS.



SKREET

BIT
TEXTBOOK,
ISN'T IT?

BOUNCING
FROM ONE LIFE OR
DEATH MOMENT TO THE
NEXT--TO SIDESTEP
THE REAL ISSUES,
TO SILENCE THE
VOICES.

NOT
WORKING,
IS IT?

GUESS
NOT,
LOVER.



THING IS, *SUZIE*,
AFTER THE ACCIDENT
THAT LEFT ME LOOKING LIKE
THIS, YOU GOT AS CLOSE
AS ANYONE COULD. I LET
YOU IN. LET MYSELF
FEEL AGAIN.

THAT WAS A
MISTAKE. BECAUSE
SOONER OR LATER
EVERYTHING I
TOUCH...



...DIES.





RAMSGATE,
ENGLAND.

IT'S
PETE. CAN
YOU TALK?

WE'VE FINISHED
RUNNING
DIAGNOSTICS
ON YOUR WATCH.

WE HAVE
GOOD NEWS...
AND BAD.

HOLD
ON, PETE,
I'LL TAKE
THIS...



THAMES VALLEY
POLICE HQ.

SERGEANT
MARY LANDSON.

...SOMEWHERE
A LITTLE
QUIETER.

IS IT YOUR
BOYFRIEND, MARY?
THAT SOUND YOU
HEAR IS MY HEART
BREAKING.



OKAY--
SHOOT.

IT'S MUCH
AS WE THOUGHT--
ALIEN TECH. *OUR*
PERIODIC TABLE
DOESN'T COVER
ITS MOLECULAR
MAKE-UP.

IS THAT
THE GOOD
NEWS?



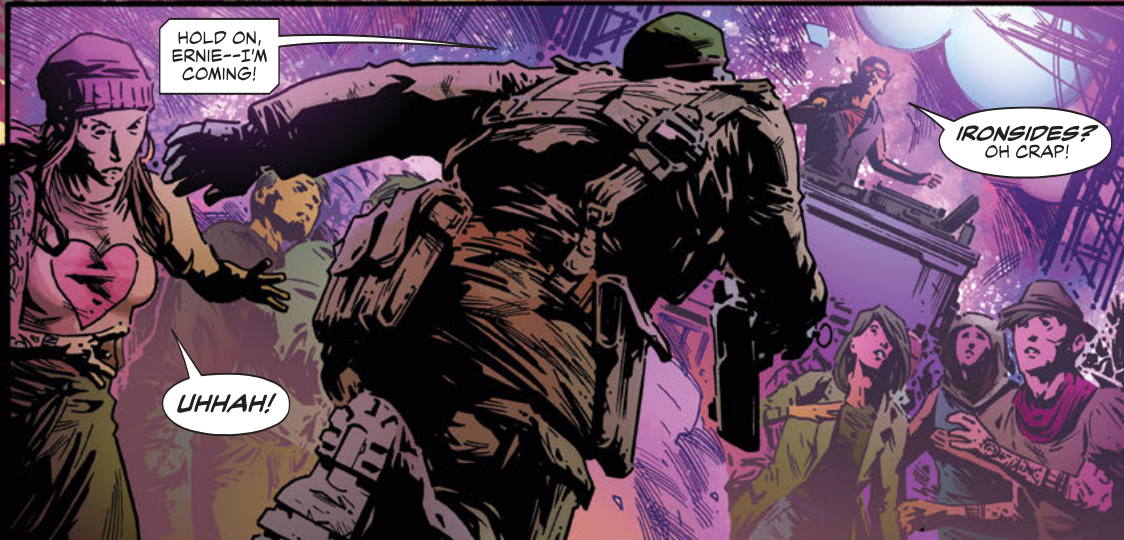
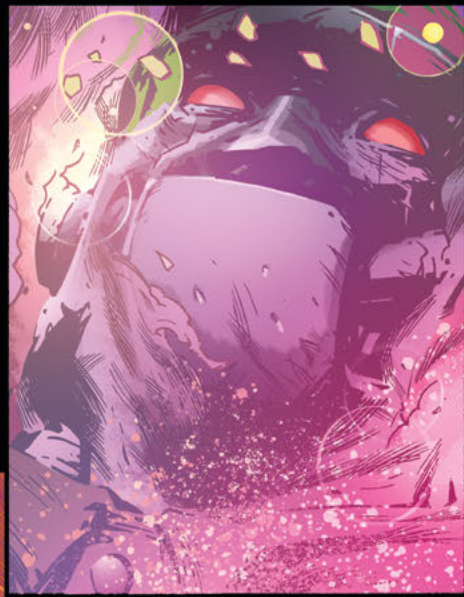
NOPE. THE *HOUR* TIME
LIMIT ON YOUR POWERS...IS A MYTH.
A POTENT PSYCHO-SUGGESTIVE
IMPLANT.

SO THE GOOD
NEWS IS YOU CAN
BE THUNDERBOLT
INDEFINITELY.

AND
THE BAD
NEWS?









STEEL
COMMANDO--
NO! STOP!

UM,
IRONSIDES--
THAT'S AN
ORDER!

YOU'VE
LOST CONTROL,
SIN. WE HAVE TO
SHUT HIM DOWN
BEFORE--

BLAM BLAM



BE STILL,
SOLDIER. BE
CALM.

THE
BATTLE...



...IS OVER.
STAND DOWN.

T-RT-T-T--
SIR,
YES SIR!



WHO'RE YOU?
AND WHAT'D YOU DO TO
IRONSIDES? THOUGHT...HE
ONLY REACTED TO *MY*
COMMANDS.

WELL, LET'S
JUST SAY I HAVE
A *WAY* WITH THE
HUMAN MIND.



BUT--
WAITAMINUTE!
HUMAN
MIND? YOU
SAYING--?

LISTEN TO
ME, DR. SIN. IT'S
BECOME VITAL
WE POOL OUR
KNOWLEDGE OF
THE BLOOD
RAP--

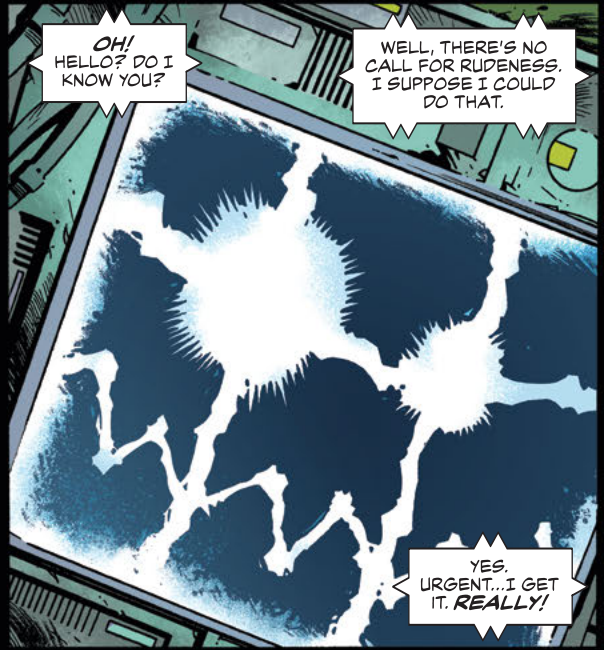
WAIT!
NO...





IT'S
TOO SOON--
I'M NOT READY!
BUT...

...PERHAPS
THERE IS
SOMETHING I
CAN DO!



OH!
HELLO? DO I
KNOW YOU?

WELL, THERE'S NO
CALL FOR RUDENESS.
I SUPPOSE I COULD
DO THAT.

YES,
URGENT...I GET
IT. **REALLY!**



BIG
MISTAKE.

GONNA
WISH YOU'D
NEVER--



WHUUUGH--

WHAT--THE--
FUGHHH--





"WE'RE
ALREADY HERE!"

ET
VOILA!

DAMN
AND BLAST!
ANGOR...THE HEART
OF RA--BRING IT
TO ME!

RIGHT!
BE SMART
ABOUT
THIS.

THUNDERBOLT--
YOU'RE OUR HEAVY-
HITTER. ANYTHING
MUSCLEBOUND
OR UGLY IS ALL
YOURS.

STORY OF
MY LIFE.

GET ME
UP CLOSE,
BLAKE...



...I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THE
PERSONAL.

HT--

SPOK

BAFF

NG--



HEFF!

FHITHAM



MUMMY,
EH? CAN'T KILL
WHAT'S ALREADY
DEAD, BUT...

...IT MAKES
FOR GUILT-
FREE TARGET
PRACTICE!



NEED A
HAND, D.M.?

JUST...
ANCHOR ME...
WHILE I SEEK A
VULNERABLE
SPOT.

SURE. TRY
NOT TO MAKE A KITTY
KEBAB OUT OF ME
WHILE YOU'RE--



WHOA!
SHAPE-
SHIFTER.
OKAY...

SORRY!

UHH!



DR.
SIN--YOU
HURT?

KINDA.
HARD TO...
GET...MY HEAD
TOGETHER.

PSYCHIC
NAUSEA--
SOUNDS LIKE.

WE GOT
SOMETHING
FOR THAT.
MOONIE?

~HUFF~
COMING
RIGHT UP...



BETTER?

YEAH. BUT...
REALLY, **REALLY**
PISSED OFF.

I AM SO
THROUGH
PLAYING BY
GRAMPS'
RULES.



NOW
WHERE WAS
IT? OH YEAH,
"B"...

...FOR
BANISHMENT!
SPHERES OF ENDLESS
EXILE, BREATHS OF
DISTANT SPIRITS...



WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

DARK MAGIC.
THE DARKEST.
REGRETFULLY...
I FEEL WE
MUST CUT OUR
LOSSES...



MAJOR--GET
OUT! NOW! BRING
EVA AND HELLMAN
WITH YOU. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

YEAH, I
UNDERSTAND
MESMER MADE A
RIGHT BLOODY
PIG'S EAR
A'THIS.

MAYBE
NEXT TIME--
YOU'LL LEAVE
THE PLANNIN' TO
SOMEONE...



...WITH
SOME
ACTUAL
CRIMINAL
NOWSE.



SIN--DON'T!
THE SHAPE-SHIFTER
ISN'T EVIL. HE'S BEEN
MISLED...LIED TO.
PLEASE...



...SPARE
HIM!

TOO
LATE--MUSTER,
ANGUSTIO,
INFINITIO!



BEGONE!

NO!



FORBIDDEN
MY ASS.

UM...WHERE
EXACTLY DID
THEY GO?

EH, WAS
KINDA ON
THE FLY, BUT
I THINK...

...THEY'RE
IMPRISONED IN ONE
ATOM. OR MOLECULE.
SOMETHING REALLY,
REALLY SMALL
ANYWAY.



ANY
IDEA WHAT
THEY WERE
AFTER?

NAH. WAS
JUST A BUNCH OF
GRAMPS' OLD STUFF
TURNED UP ONE DAY.
NEVER DID GET
ROUND TO CHECKIN'
INSIDE.



AH, AND WHERE DO YOU FIT IN, MISS--?



MAXWELL TOWER.

ROGAN, BETH ROGAN.



THEY CALL ME **THE NIGHTCOMER**.

LIKE YOU, I HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN PREVENTING THE BLOOD RAPTURE, BUT IT'S ALSO... PERSONAL.

AND WE'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOU AT YOUR WORD?



LOOK--IF VON HOFFMAN AND HIS ALLIES AREN'T STOPPED... THERE WON'T BE AN EARTH FOR THE VIGILANT TO SAVE.

THE-- **WHAT?**

THE VIGILANT. I LIKE IT.



HM, LISTEN UP, GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, TO ALL'A YOU, I WAS MAYBE...OKAY DEFINITELY...

...TRYIN' **TOO HARD**.



"...WE **SHALL**
HAVE OUR DAY--
AND SOON."



KNOCK,
KNOCK...



MESMER
DOESN'T KNOW...
THAT YOU ARRANGED
FOR THE THEFT OF HIS
PRECIOUS ARTEFACTS
IN THE FIRST PLACE*,
DOES HE?



NO.
JUST AS HE
DOESN'T
KNOW...

"...THIS *ISN'T* THE FIRST
BLOOD RAPTURE WE HAVE
SOUGHT TO USHER IN.

IS IT, LORD MAZOUZ?"



QUITE,
MY SOON-TO-BE-
IMMORTAL ALLY! AND
THIS TIME *THE TRINITY*
WILL BE INVIOLEATE. THE
SUN-STONE, THE
HEART OF RA...

...AND
YAO MAKES
THREE!



TO BE CONTINUED...

DOCTOR SIN TRIBUNAL

VP SCRIPT
SIMON
FURMAN

VP ART
JAKE
LYNCH

VP COLOURS
JOHN
CHARLES

VP LETTERS
OZ
OSBORNE





WE'VE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU.

ENTER, DR. SIN,
OF YOUR OWN
FREE WILL.

AND ACCEPT
THE JUDGMENT OF
YOUR PEERS!

(MYSTICAL SLEUTH)
CURSOR DOOM.

NO, NO, MY BOY.
WHO AMONG US HASN'T
INDULGED IN A LITTLE
OFF-THE-BEATEN-TRACK
SORCERY?

()
RULES ARE
THERE TO BE, IF NOT
EXACTLY BROKEN,
AT LEAST *BENT*.



(DEAD LAW-GIVER)
JUDGE FLINT.

**KLOK!
KLOK!
KLOK!**

*SOME RULES!
OTHERS ARE
INVIOLEATE,
UNYIELDING!*

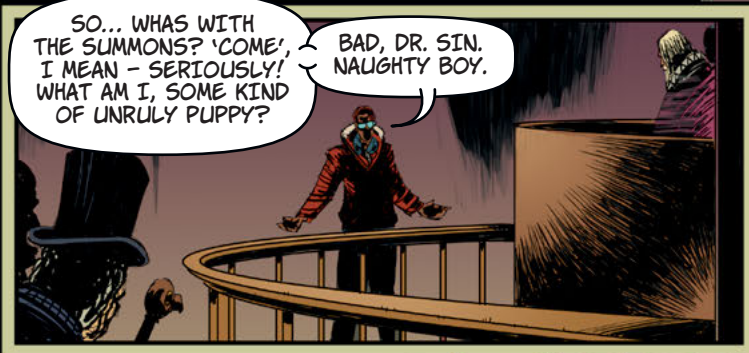


LOOK, IF THIS IS
ABOUT THAT WHOLE
'FORBIDDEN MAGIC'
DEAL... IT WAS A
ONE-OFF. NEEDS
MUST, Y'KNOW.

()
CONSIDER
MY HAND WELL 'N'
TRULY SLAPPED.

SO... WHAS WITH
THE SUMMONS? 'COME',
I MEAN - SERIOUSLY!
WHAT AM I, SOME KIND
OF UNRULY PUPPY?

BAD, DR. SIN.
NAUGHTY BOY.



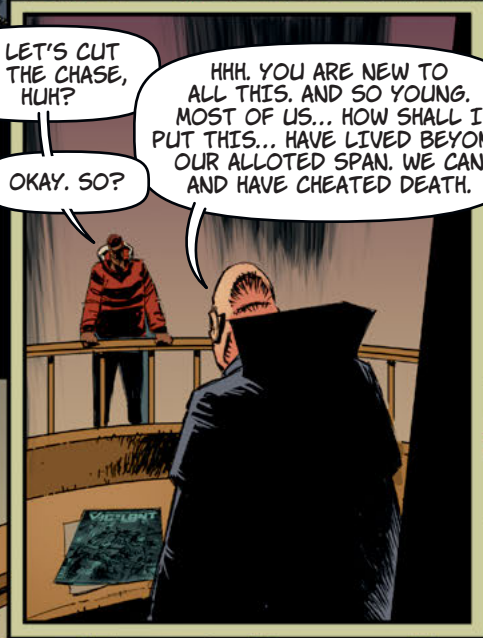
... LET'S CUT
TO THE CHASE,
HUH?

OKAY. SO?

HHH. YOU ARE NEW TO
ALL THIS. AND SO YOUNG.
MOST OF US... HOW SHALL I
PUT THIS... HAVE LIVED BEYOND
OUR ALLOTTED SPAN. WE CAN
AND HAVE CHEATED DEATH.

AN' AS FOR MY 'PEERS' HERE,
WELL THE LONG WINTERS MUST
JUST FLY BY IF THIS IS THEIR
IDEA OF AN EXCITING
EVENIN' OUT.

()
ME, I GOT OTHER
THINGS TO DO,
BETTER PLACES
TO BE, SO...



YOU... HAVE MADE AN ALLY OF OUR MORTAL - AND INDEED IMMORTAL - ENEMY. THIS CREATURE...

DEATH-MAN?



DEATH-MAN. THE REAPER'S RIGHT HAND.

WE WHO HAVE EXTENDED OUR STAY ON THIS MORTAL SPHERE ARE HIS PREY. HE WILL NOT REST... UNTIL WE ARE AT OURS.

LISTEN, D.M. MAY BE LOOSENING YOUR DUSTY SPHINCTERS BUT WHAT'S THAT TO ME? HE'S A PERSONALITY-FREE BUT USEFUL GUY TO HAVE AROUND. AN ASSET.

YOU DON'T GET TO SAY WHO OR HOW I PICK MY TEAM. THIS HEARING... IS ADJOURNED!

WAIT!

HEAR US OUT, SIN. THEN JUDGE WHERE YOUR LOYALTIES LIE.

DEATH-MAN'S VICTIMS ARE LEGION... A BLOODY HARVEST. WE HAVE LOST MANY, INCLUDING...



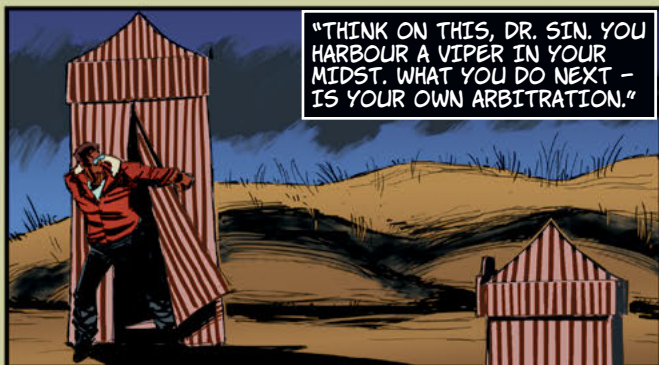
"DO YOU ABSOLVE DEATH-MAN OF THIS CRIME AGAINST YOUR BLOODLINE OR JUDGE HIM MOST GUILTY?"



... YOUR OWN GRANDFATHER, THE FIRST DOCTOR SIN.

WHA-? SERIOUS? D.M. DID GRAMPS. NO WAY!

WAY.



"THINK ON THIS, DR. SIN. YOU HARBOUR A VIPER IN YOUR MIDST. WHAT YOU DO NEXT - IS YOUR OWN ARBITRATION."

"AND LET THE PUNISHMENT... FIT THE CRIME!"

THE VIGILANT RAPTURE

SCRIPT
SIMON
FURMAN

ART
SIMON
COLEBY

COLOURS
LEN
O'GRADY

LETTERS
SIMON
BOWLAND



THE END
OF DAYS...

AHRRHH...
THAT'S...MORE
LIKE IT!

HIIEEEE!
VON...HOFFMAN...

...HELP
ME--EE--EE--...

...FOR
PITY'S SAKE...
HELP--

SADLY,
MY DEAR DR.
MESMER...
...YOUR
USEFULNESS
HAS EXPIRED.

SLOT





MAXWELL
TOWER, SIX
HOURS EARLIER...

SO WHAT
YOU'RE SAYIN'
IS, ONE OF MY
CREW...



THE
THIRTEENTH
FLOOR:

...WILL
BETRAY US, AND
THAT'LL ALLOW THIS
BATTY EX-NAZI DOKTOR
VON HOFFMAN TO USHER
IN SOME KINDA HELL-
ON-EARTH.

YES.

BUT
YOU CAN'T
SAY WHICH
ONE?

NO. IT'S
MORE A FEELING
THAN A DETAILED
VISION.

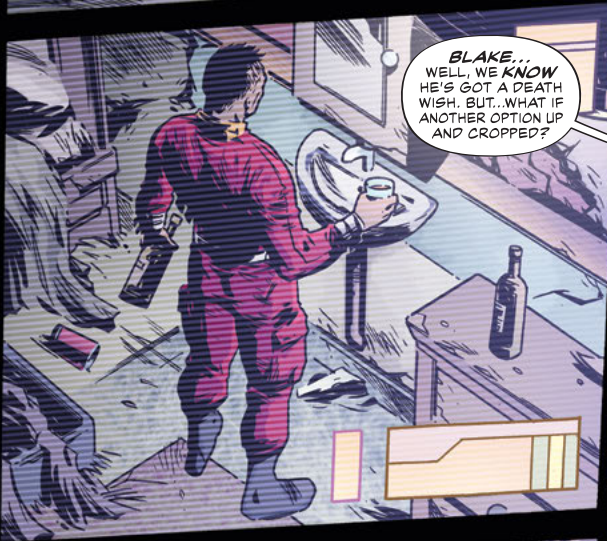
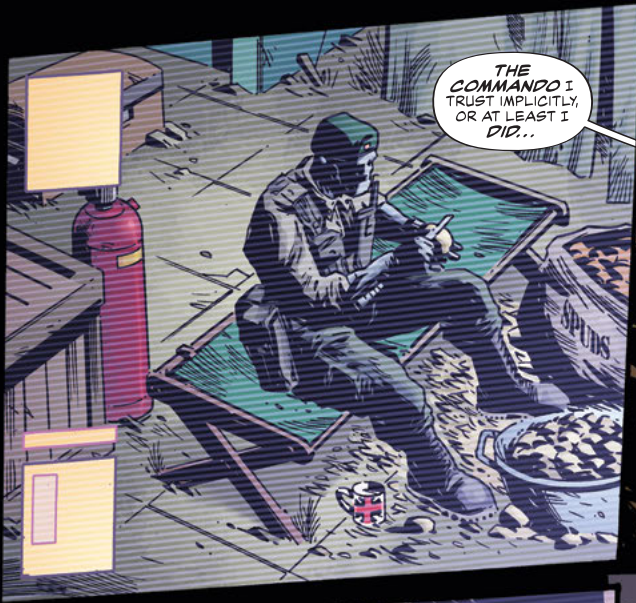
RIGHT.
THAT'D BE
TOO MUCH
LIKE EASY.

BETH ROGAN,
THE NIGHTCOMER.

DR. SIN.



SO,
DOWN 'N' DIRTY
RISK ASSESS-
MENT...





THUNDERBOLT...
MARY, DEFAULT BUT
REACTION IS TO
DISTRUST ANY POLICE
OFFICER...



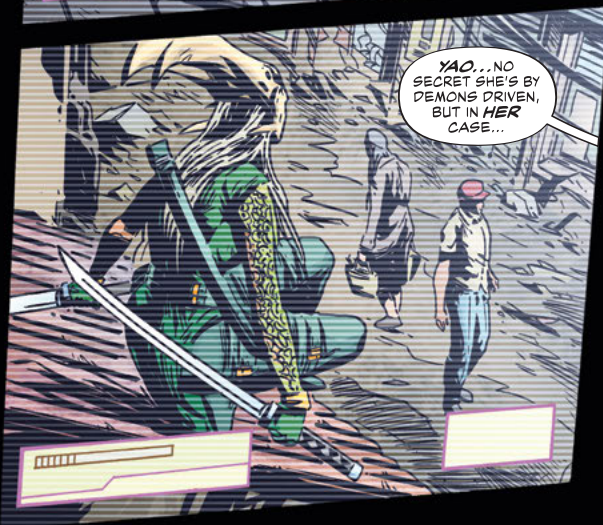
"...COUPLED WITH SHE
'N' PETE BEEN THICK
AS THIEVES LATELY,
SOME BIG SECRET."



THE
LEOPARD...FROM
DAY ONE FARMER BOYS
BEEN SKITTISH 'ROUND
ME. THE SUPERNATURAL
FREAKS HIM OUT.



"THAT SAID, KID'S
GOT AN UNCLE
NEEDS ROUND-THE-
CLOCK CARE...AN'
THAT COSTS."



YAO...NO
SECRET SHE'S BY
DEMONS DRIVEN,
BUT IN HER
CASE...



"...IT'S THE
DEMONS NEED
TO WATCH OUT."



AREN'T YOU FORGETTING **DEATH-MAN?**

SLAUGHTER ON A SCALE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT WOULD SUIT HIS MASTER-- THE REAPER.

NO WAY I AM FORGETTIN' DEATH-MAN.

SINCE I GOT CLUED IN HE'S T' SOME DEGREE OR OTHER RESPONSIBLE FOR GRAMP'S DEATH...*

...I'VE MADE IT MY BUSINESS TO **REPAY** THE COMPLIMENT, OVER...AND OVER AGAIN.

MAYBE HE **CAN'T** BE KILLED...



*SEE DOCTOR SIN: TRIBUNAL IN THE VIGILANT: LEGACY



...BUT IT'S GOTTA **STING**, RIGHT?

MY BOY, I'M SO PROUD. IF I HAD A HEART, IT'D BE FIT TO BURST.

POOR DEATH-MAN. COULDN'T YOU AT LEAST TRY... **TALKING** TO HIM?

FACT IS, WE CAN'T RULE **ANYONE** OUT. BUT...



...FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

MAX-- SUMMON THE TEAM.





THREE
HOURS AGO...

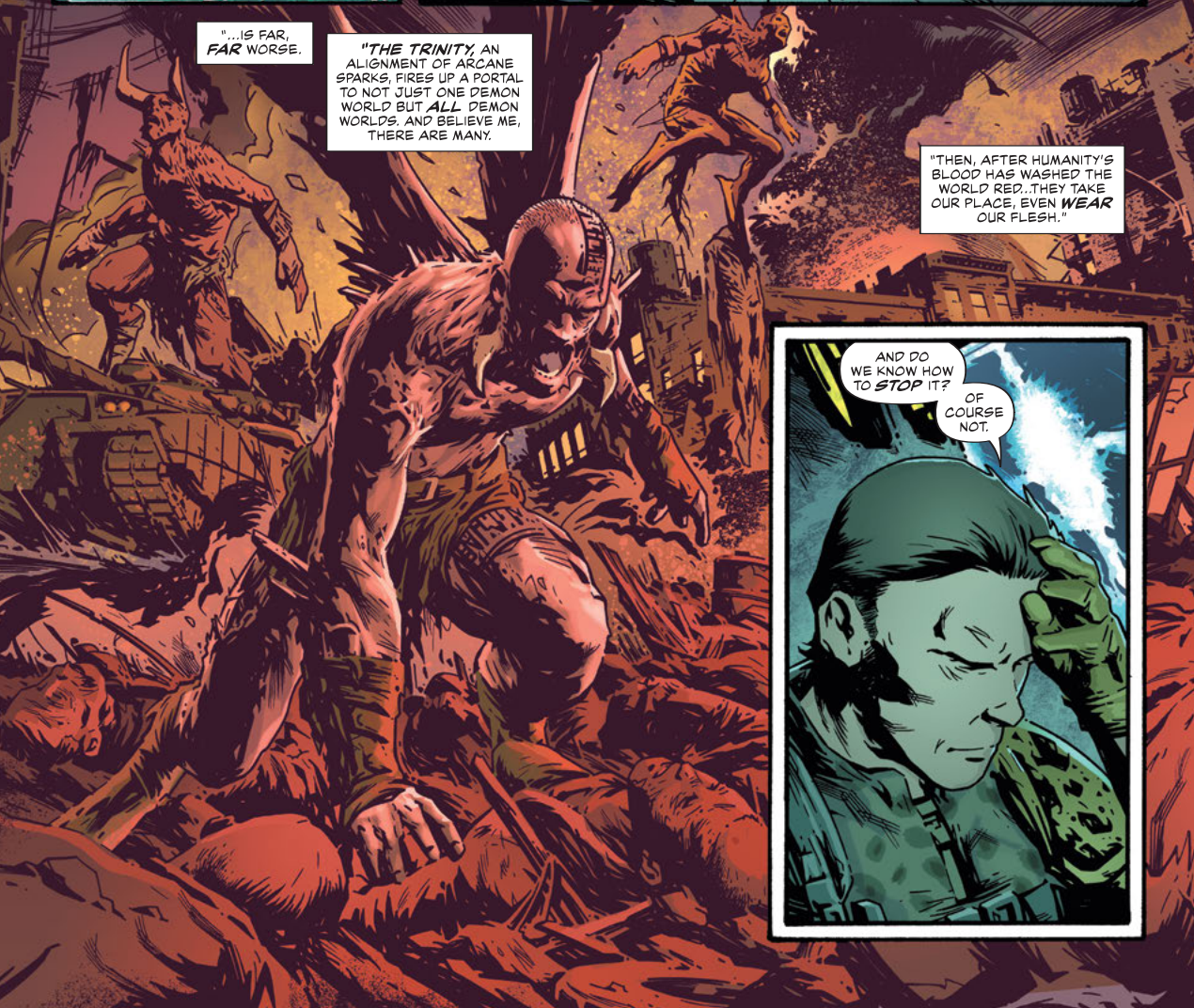
MEET...
RAVEN'S
MEET.



SOMETHING
VERY BAD'S
GONNA GO DOWN
THERE.

MIZ
ROGAN--
PLEASE FILL
'EM IN.

YOU'VE
ALL HEARD OF
**THE BLOOD
RAPTURE** BY
NOW. BUT THE
REALITY...



"...IS FAR,
FAR WORSE.

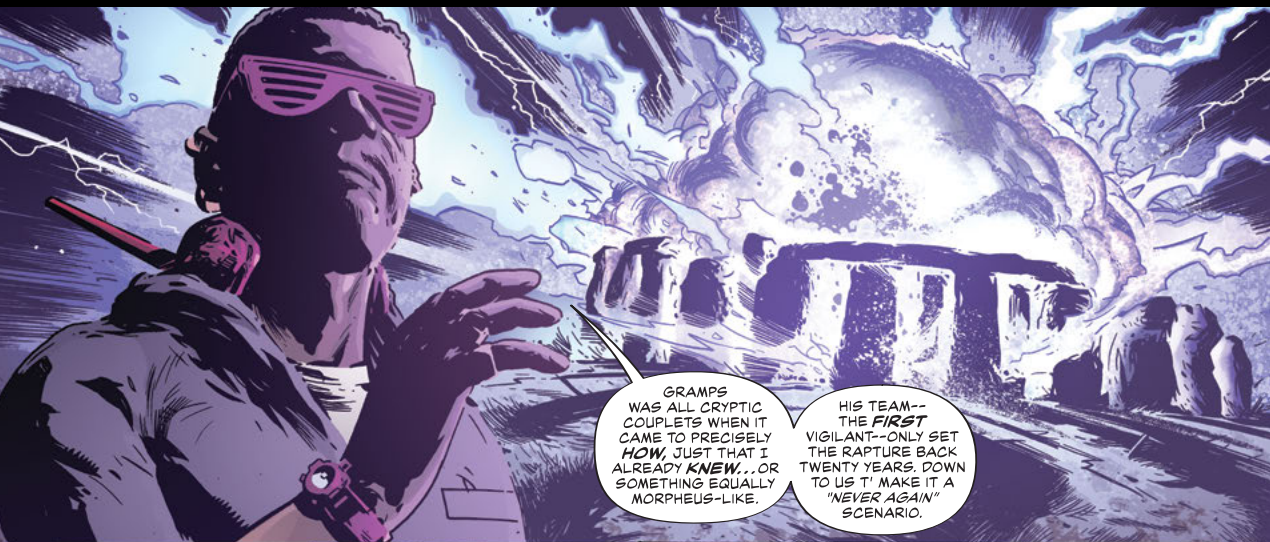
"**THE TRINITY**, AN
ALIGNMENT OF ARCAN
SPARKS, FIRES UP A PORTAL
TO NOT JUST ONE DEMON
WORLD BUT **ALL** DEMON
WORLDS. AND BELIEVE ME,
THERE ARE MANY.

"THEN, AFTER HUMANITY'S
BLOOD HAS WASHED THE
WORLD RED...THEY TAKE
OUR PLACE, EVEN **WEAR**
OUR FLESH."



AND DO
WE KNOW HOW
TO **STOP** IT?

OF
COURSE
NOT.



GRAMPS WAS ALL CRYPTIC COUPLETS WHEN IT CAME TO PRECISELY *HOW*, JUST THAT I ALREADY *KNEW*...OR SOMETHING EQUALLY MORPHEUS-LIKE.

HIS TEAM-- THE *FIRST* VIGILANT--ONLY SET THE RAPTURE BACK TWENTY YEARS, DOWN TO US 'I' MAKE IT A "NEVER AGAIN" SCENARIO.



OUR IMMEDIATE CONCERN IS THE EIGHTY OR SO BIG-WIGS ATTENDING A *MASQUE* AT RAVEN'S MEET TONIGHT. THEY'LL BE DRIVEN INTO A SELF OR EACH OTHER HARMING FRENZY...THAT'S THE RAPTURE BIT...

THEN IT GETS BLOODY. GOT IT.



HOW WAS IT--WITH THE *WATCH*?

HOOR AND FIVE THIS TIME. NO ILL EFFECTS, NO SIGN OF...*ALIEN* ACTIVITY.

SO FAR, WE'LL JUST KEEP ON PUSHING THE TIME LIMIT ON YOUR POWERS TILL WE KNOW *WHAT* WE'RE DEALING WITH.



GOT IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM YET?

HM?

YOUR VENDETTA... AGAINST ME.



YOU KILLED MY GRANDFATHER--THE ORIGINAL DOCTOR SIN, AND NEVER THOUGHT TO *MENTION* IT!

HE CHEATED DEATH FOR A WHILE UNTIL HE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT BALANCE *HAD* TO BE RESTORED.

HE CAME TO *ME*.

YOU SAYIN' HE *WANTED* TO DIE? NAH.



HE
KNEW IT WAS
INEVITABLE.
NOBODY
CAN OUTFIGHT
MY MASTER
FOREVER.

HEY,
HEY,
WE'RE
MISSING
SOMEONE.
WHERE THE
HELL...



"...IS YAO?"

YOU
DEFAULT...WE
TAKE YOUR
FINGERS...ONE
AT A TIME.

DEMONS!



I SEE
YOU!
YOU
BEAR THE FOUL
SPOR OF
YOUR MASTER,
MAZOU.

TRUE...BUT
THEN, WE MADE
SURE TO WAFT
IT UNDER YOUR
STUPID HUMAN
NOSE.

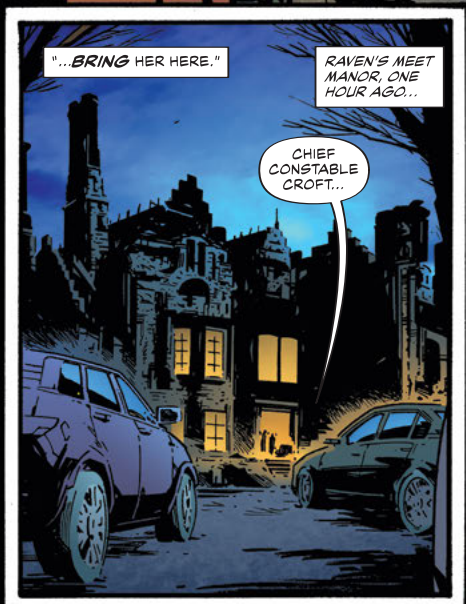
NO!

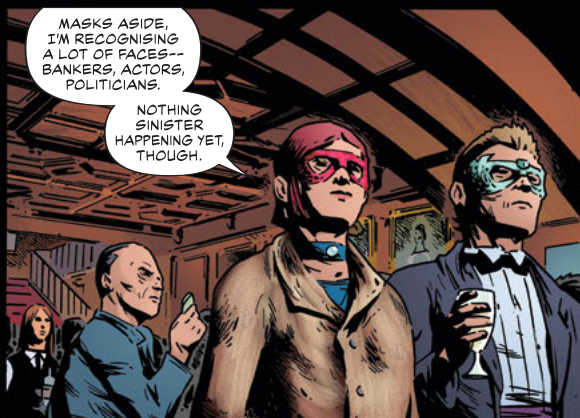


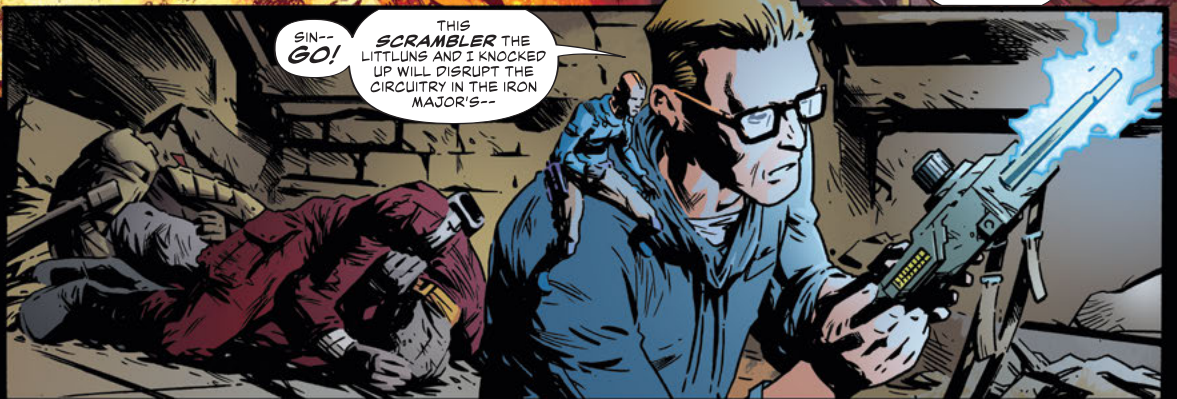
YES!



"NOW..."













WE'VE WAITED
A LONG TIME FOR THIS,
SIN. MAZOUZ FOR HIS
BLUT-FEST AND ME TO
LIVE *FOREVER*! IS ONE
EARTH TOO GREAT
A PRICE?

I THINK
NOT.

YOU *LIED*
TO ME, VON
HOFFMAN.



WHAT?

YOU SAID
HE WAS *ALIVE*,
WHEN IN TRUTH HE
WAS MURDERED
YEARS AGO.

BY
YOU.

WHAT ARE
YOU *BABBLING*
ABOUT? HIM...
WHO?



DR. SIN
BROUGHT ME BACK
FROM BANISHMENT*.
TOGETHER WE LEARN'T
ABOUT WHAT YOU DID
TO PADDY...

*SEE THE VIGILANT: LEGACY





THAT'S
OUR CUE.
GO...GO!

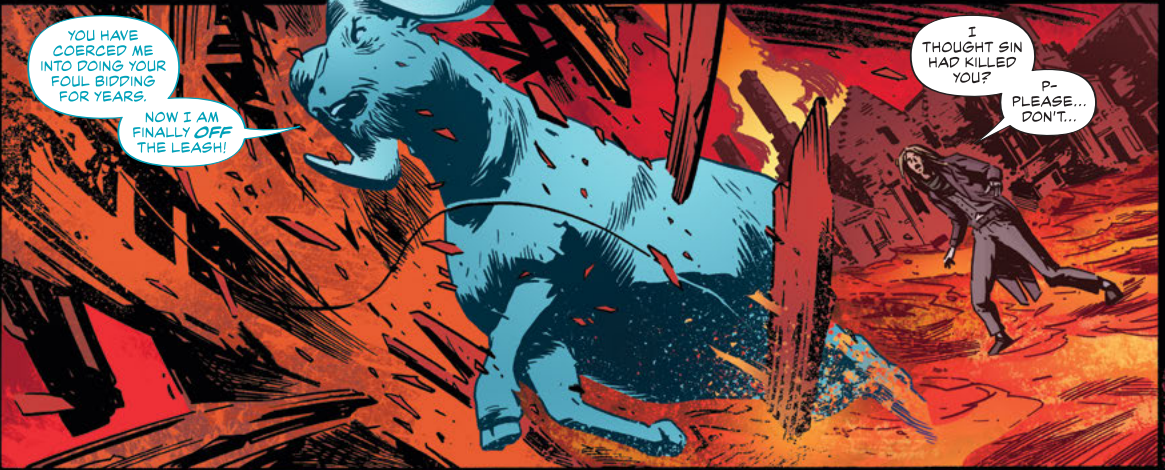
I CAN
PUT A DAMPER
ON THIS...BUT
ONLY FOR SO
LONG!



MARY?

I'M OKAY...ISH.
READY FOR
SOME ROUGH
JUSTICE!

I
HEAR
YOU!



YOU HAVE
COERCED ME
INTO DOING YOUR
FOUL BIDDING
FOR YEARS.

NOW I AM
FINALLY **OFF**
THE LEASH!

I
THOUGHT SIN
HAD KILLED
YOU?

P-
PLEASE...
DON'T...



TIMOROUS,
COWERING
BUFFOON!

TO THINK I
REDUCED MYSELF
TO YOUR GRUBBY
LITTLE LEVEL VIA
THIS ILL-ADVISED
CONCORD!

WHOKK

MAZOUL!



MY
FAMILY...SHALL BE
AVENGED!



AH,
BUT I AM
LEGION...
...AND YOU
ARE SO VERY
ALONE!

SEE, YOU KEEP
GETTIN' IT ASS-
BACKWARDS...



YOU MAY
BE LEGION,
BUT **WE...**

SIN?



...ARE THE
VIGILANT!

SKABOOM



WELCOME
TO THE FIGHT,
TEAM.



IMPUDENT STRIPLING! ARE THESE MEANT TO **HOLD** ME?

YOUR GRANDFATHER AT LEAST WAS A TRUE NECROMANCER... A MASTER OF DARK ARTS. YOU... ARE NOT HIM.



THAT'S **EXACTLY** RIGHT. GOT HUNG UP ON TRYIN' TO **BE** HIM, THEN...

...DEATH-MAN KINDA CLUED ME IN. THE NEXT DR. SIN... I.E. **ME**... AIN'T JUST A CARBON COPY A' THE PREVIOUS ONE. EACH BRINGS A **NEW** WRINKLE TO THE MIX.



WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?**

YOU **CAN'T**--THIS ISN'T--



YAO...



...ALL YOURS.

NOT--P--
UUURK!



WHOA!
UH--WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

YEAH, WHERE'VE THEY GONE?

THEY WERE ALL HIM. MAZOU'S STRENGTH--AN' HIS WEAKNESS--WAS HIS SELF-BELIEF. DENT IT, EVEN FOR A MOMENT...

...AN' IT'S HASTA LA VISTA BIG BAD DEMON.

THEN IT'S OVER.

OR NOT, VON HOFFMAN AND THE OTHER ONE...



"...HAVE HOOFFED IT."

HOW? HOW COULD IT HAVE GONE SO WRONG?

WHAT I'VE ALWAYS CRAVED WAS WITHIN MY GRASP AND NOW...IT'S GONE. GONE! FOREVER.

ACTUALLY, VON HOFFMAN...



...I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU YOUR HEART'S DESIRE.

EH? UH--



I KNOW. IT WAS YOU WHO ORIGINALLY ARRANGED FOR MY TREASURES TO BE STOLEN FROM ME.

YOU WHO LOST THEM AGAIN.

YOU PLAYED ME FROM THE VERY START.



"BUT LOOK,
YOU HAVE *WON*."



...CONGRATULATIONS.



HEY, WHAT DID
YOU DO TO HOFFMAN?
I NEED HIM TO GET
ME OUT OF THIS TIN
CAN!

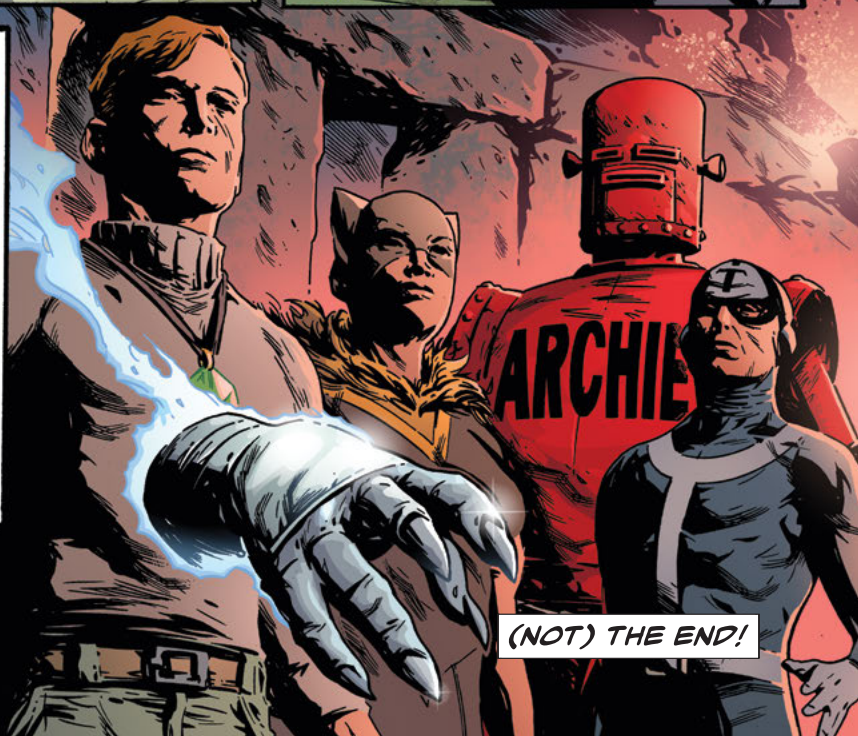
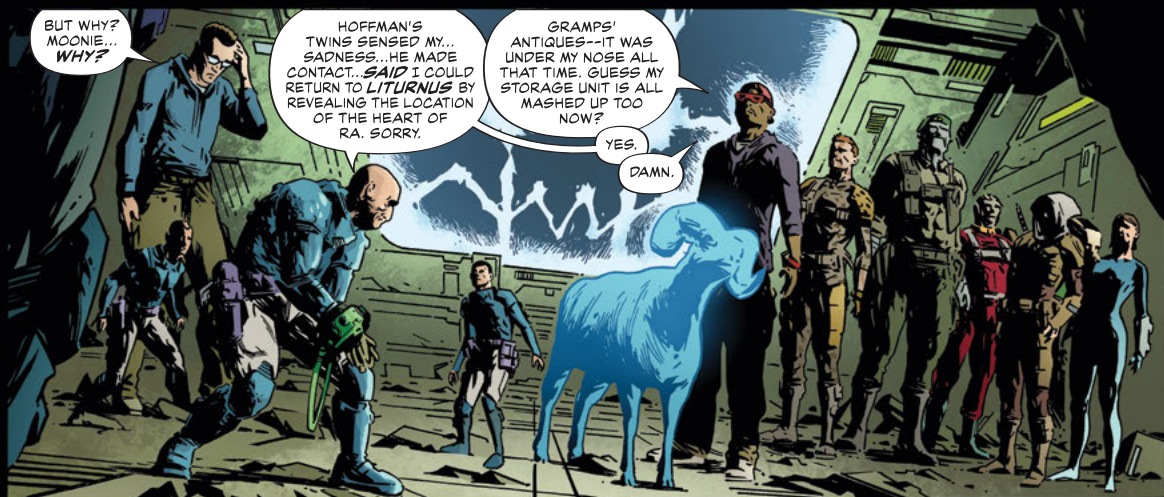
HE'S FINISHED
MY FRIEND, BUT
DON'T WORRY--I
CAN HELP YOU
OUT.

AFTER
A FEW MORE
"JOBS"!



"THE END OF
DAYS"...PLUS
ONE HOUR.

MOONIE?
MOONIE WAS THE
TRAITOR?





The Vigilant: Simon Coleby



The Vigilant variant cover: **Trevor Hairsine**





SIMON FURMAN

Best known for writing **Transformers** comics, Simon Furman was instrumental in making Marvel UK a success. During the eighties and nineties he worked on many titles for them, including the aforementioned **Transformers** and also **Action Force**, **Thundercats**, **Doctor Who Magazine** as well as two series he helped create – **Dragon's Claws** and **Death's Head**. More recently he has written the **Annihilation: Rohan** miniseries for Marvel US and the ten issue maxi-series **To The Death** series, drawn by his Transformers workmate, Geoff Senior.

SIMON COLEBY

After starting his career as an inker at Marvel UK, Simon Coleby made his debut at **2000 AD** in 1989, working on *Future Shocks*, *Universal Soldier* & *Rogue Trooper*. A favourite amongst **2000 AD** fans, he has gone on to illustrate *Judge Dredd*, *Low Life* and *Jaegir*. Simon has also produced work for Games Workshop, DC Comics and Vertigo, for whom he co-created **The Royals: Masters of War** with fellow **2000 AD** alumni, Rob Williams, and for Aftershock he has drawn **Dreaming Eagles** written by Garth Ennis.

ROB WILLIAMS

Rob Williams is the writer of the **Judge Dredd: Mega City One** TV show pilot. His comics works include **Suicide Squad**, **Trinity**, **Martian Manhunter** and **Action Comics** for DC Comics, **Amazing Spider-Man**, **Ghost Rider**, **Punisher Max** and **Daken** for Marvel, **Kingsman: The Red Diamond** for Millarworld, *Judge Dredd* for **2000 AD**, **Doctor Who** for Titan Comics and **Star Wars** and **Indiana Jones** for Dark Horse. He is currently writing the **Roy Of The Rovers** Young Adult Graphic Novels for Rebellion. His creator-owned works include **Unfollow** and **The Royals: Masters of War** for Vertigo, **Ordinary** for Titan Comics and **Cla\$\$war** for Com.X.

KEITH RICHARDSON

After a promising start to life, Keith Richardson found himself chained to Tharg's Cosmic hamster wheel sometime in the early noughties. There he remains, collating zarjaz! **2000 AD** and **The Treasury of British Comics** collections and commissioning the odd special here and there.

KARL STOCK

In addition to writing articles for the **Judge Dredd Magazine**, Karl Stock has also written comic scripts for **Cor!! Buster**, **2000 AD** and **Evil Genius**.

BRUCE LESLIE

Bruce Leslie is an American writer, and although he is a life-long comic book fan he is mainly known for his prose work, he has written several novels; **Dragon in the Darklands**, **Dragon in Gallis**, and **Dragon in the Needles**. *Yao: The Demon Touched Home* is his first comic book story.

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**. He has also written his own strip called **Hell Machine**, published in **Action**, and drew the critically acclaimed *Judge Dredd: The Small House* written by Rob Williams.

JAKE LYNCH

Since joining **2000 AD**, Jake Lynch has drawn many *Judge Dredd* strips creating the fan-favourite Harry Heston character, and has contributed art for Henry Flint's **Hell Machine** published in **Action**.

LUCA PIZZARI

Luca Pizzari is known for his work for Boom!, IDW, and Marvel Comics, he has drawn **Black Knight**, **Conan the Barbarian**, and **Dark Agnes**.

HENRIK SAHLSTROM

Henrik Sahlstrom is based in Sweden and has drawn cover art for **The Phantom**, in the UK he has drawn *Kids Rule OK* for **Action 2020**, *Judge Death* for **2000 AD** and was a guest artist on **Thirteenth Floor: Home Sweet Home**.

STAZ JOHNSON

From working at Marvel UK on weekly comic book series such as **Transformers** and **Action Force**, it was a quick jump to the Marvel US A-list titles such as **Thor**, **The Avengers**, and **Spider-Man**, before stepping over to DC Comics, and working on several **Batman** titles. In between these superhero titles Staz has drawn for **2000 AD** on such strips as *Judge Dredd*, *Future Shocks*, *Rogue Trooper* and more recently in the pages of the **Action** and **Battle** revivals, bringing his gritty penmanship to *Dredger* and *Gustav of the Bearmacht*.

DANI

DaNi was born and lives in Greece, but has made her mark on the British comics landscape with her work on *Black Beth* for **Scream & Misty**, and *Judge Anderson* for **2000 AD**. In America she has drawn the **Coffin Bound** mini-series published through Image Comics and most recently on the **The Low Low Woods** series for Hill House/DC Comics.

WARWICK FRASER-COOMBE

Warwick Fraser-Coombe has written and drawn the **Revenger** comic book series, and continues to provide cover art for Interzone.

WILL SLINEY

Will Sliney was born in Ireland, but he was also born to draw comic books. He has spent the last several years working for Marvel comics on **Spider-Man 2099**, **Ben Reilly: The Scarlet Spider**, The comic book adaptation of the **Star Wars: Solo** film, **Star Wars: Galaxy's Edge**, and **The Rise of Kylo Ren**.

REALITY

IS UNDER THREAT!



The super-villain team-up of Dr Mesmer and Von Hoffman snatch the long-lived Adam Eterno from the mists of time in order to learn the secrets of eternal life, and recreate the Blood Rapture to bring Hell to Earth. But Doctor Sin has assembled a super team composed of The Leopard from Lime Street, Steel Commando, Pete's Pocket Army, Blake Edmonds, Yao and Thunderbolt the Avenger to combat these threats. Only the Vigilant can stop this apocalypse!

This volume collects the trilogy of Vigilant stories written by Simon Furman (**Transformers**) and drawn by an all-star roster of artists including Simon Coleby (**Dark Souls**), DaNi (**Coffin Bound**), Henrik Sahlstrom (**Thirteenth Floor**), Warwick Fraser-Combe, Staz Johnson (**Spider-Man**), Will Sliney (**Spider-Man 2099**) and Jake Lynch (**Judge Dredd**).

UK £12.99
US \$19.99
CAN \$26.99

RATED TEEN

ACTION/ADVENTURE

REBELLION

TREASURY
OF BRITISH
COMICS

1000
AD

ISBN 978-1-78108-859-3



9 781781 088593