

DAN ABNETT PHIL WINSLADE

LAWLESS



BOOK ONE

WELCOME TO BADROCK

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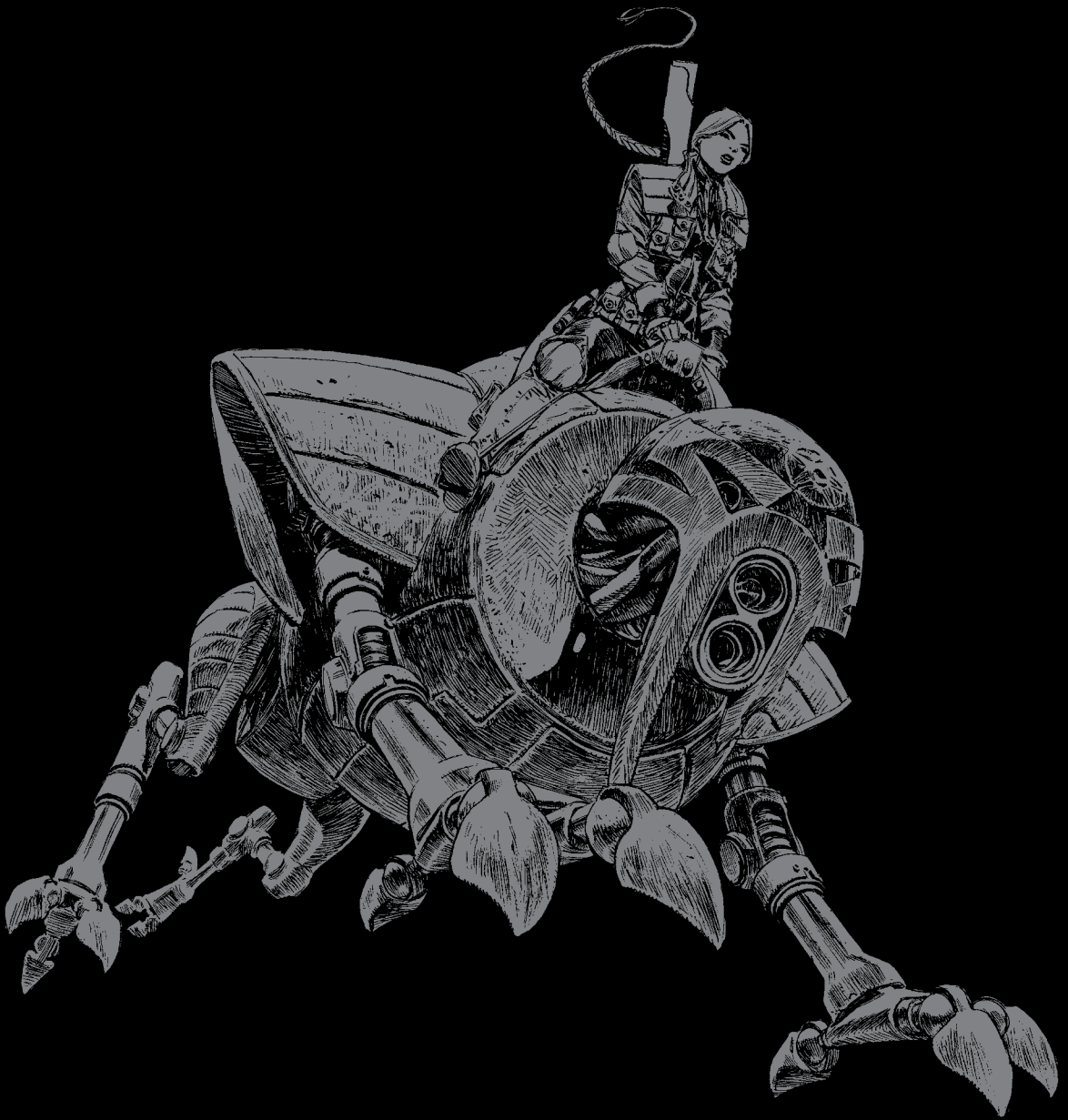
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LAWLESS

WELCOME TO BADROCK

LAWLESS CREATED BY DAN ABNETT & PHIL WINSLADE

INTRODUCTION

Though I've written a few short Dredd stories, my first major foray into his universe was the series *Insurrection*, which I wrote for the amazingly talented Colin MacNeil, and which is available in collected editions from your friends at Rebellion.

Insurrection was military space opera, borrowing tropes and concepts from the Earth-based Dredd stories, and I saw it as a chance to invert the usual nature of Dredd stories by showing the Judges from the point of view of those ruled by them. The Judges became the fascist, dystopian thugs they'd always been... but without the satire to offset that oppression. The series was very popular - I'm sure, in no small part, to Colin's amazing artwork - but it was controversial. Die-hard Dredd fans took it to task for making Judges bad guys, while wondering how and WHEN it fitted into the Dredd timeline. The answer is... we're not saying.

But *Lawless* definitely fits after *Insurrection*. It's a sequel, of sorts, in as much as it explores locations and concepts set up in *Insurrection*. However, it's entirely its own thing, and can be read in isolation. You don't need to know anything about *Insurrection* to pick this story up.

In many respects, it's a return to 'classic' Dredd in that it's about a Judge maintaining the peace in a community. Metta Lawson's ruthless, no-nonsense approach is less to do with satire and more to do with the lawless, frontier nature of her posting. This is unashamedly a space western.

For *Lawless*, I've had the great pleasure of working with Phil Winslade. His art is extraordinary, and his superb character work has helped to make this the character-driven story it is. It's become a personal favourite project for me and Phil. Once again, like *Insurrection*, I suspect the art is the real draw...

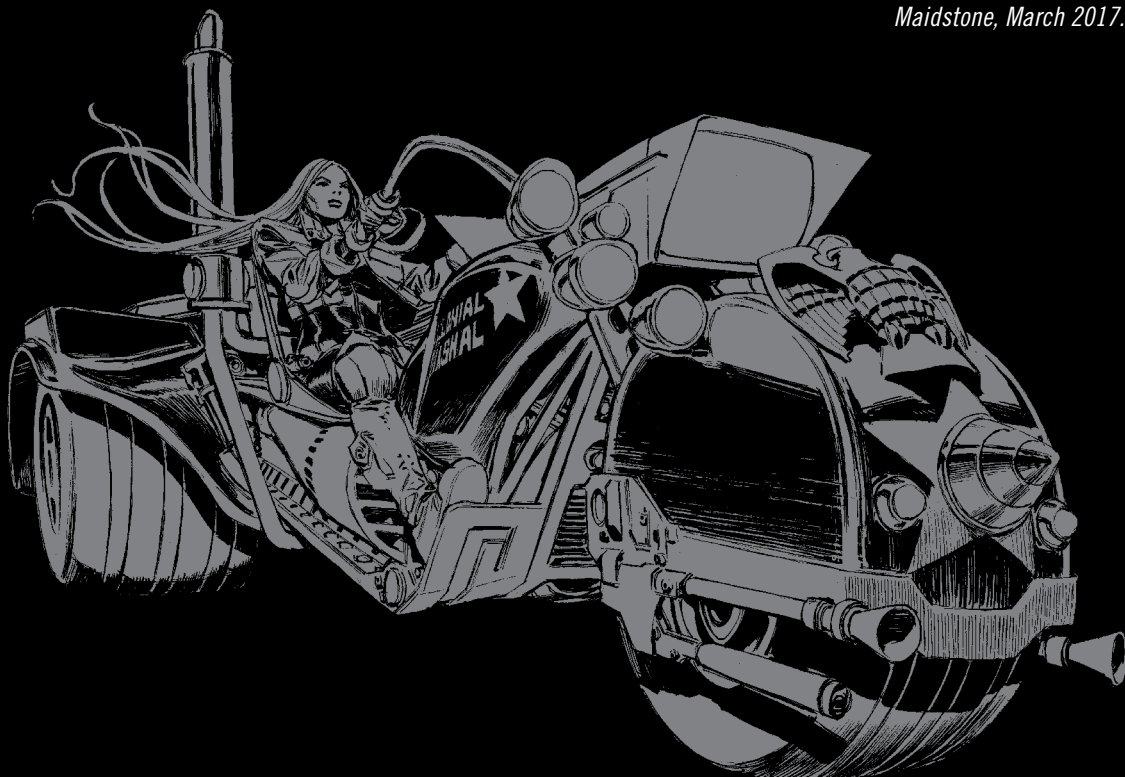
Each episode Phil delivered took my breath away and left me wondering how much better he could get. The answer was always... wait til the next episode.

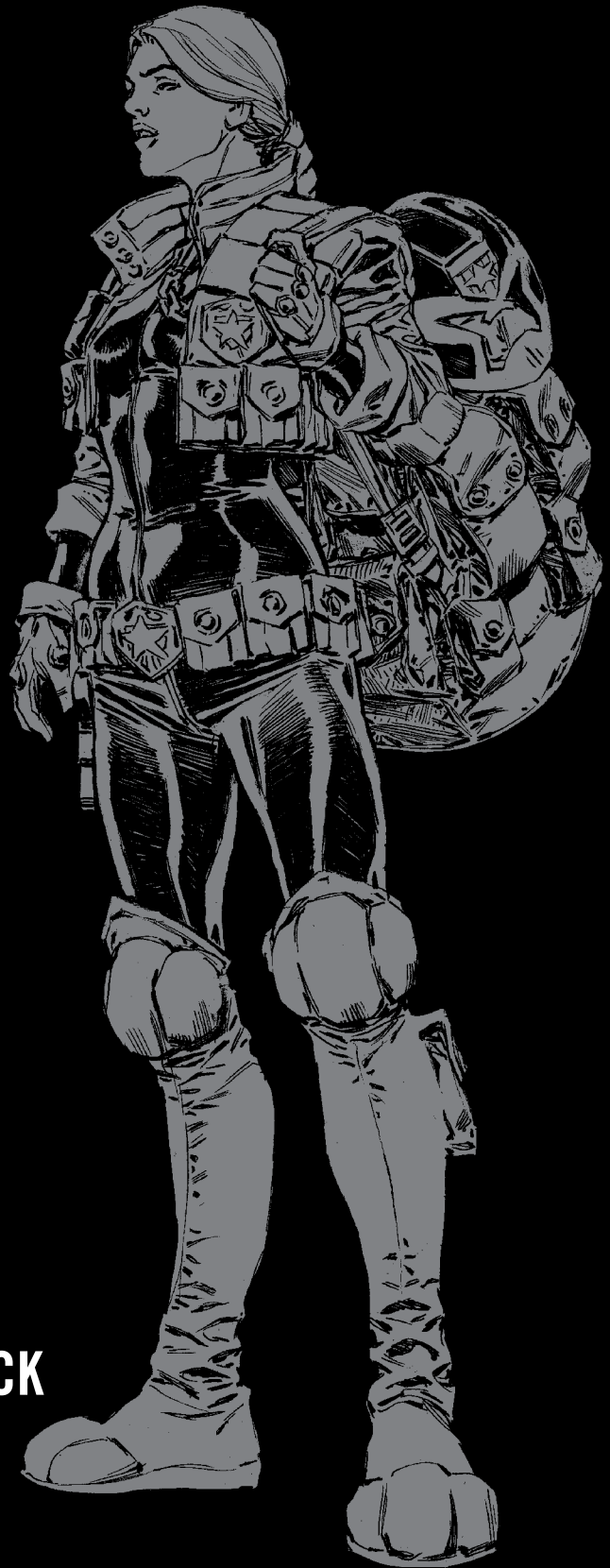
So come and meet Lawson, Nerys Pettifer, Kill-A-Man Jaroo, Hetch and all the other colourful locals. But watch your back. This can be a dangerous town.

Welcome to Badrock.

Dan Abnett

Maidstone, March 2017.





WELCOME TO BADROCK

Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Phil Winslade
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 350-354

43 REGA. A SPITBALL WORLD
ON THE ASS-END OF NOWHERE.
ONLY HAS ONE CLAIM TO FAME
IN THE HISTORY BOOKS...

FIVE YEARS AGO, THE COMBINED
FORCES OF MEGA-CITY ONE
FOUGHT AND STOPPED THE
ZHIND INVASION HERE.

THE WAR WAS FOUGHT OUT THERE. OUT
THERE, THE BADLANDS ARE LITTERED
WITH RUSTING MIL-TECH AND BLEACHING
BONES. HUMAN AND OTHERWISE.

SINCE THE WAR, THE MEG
COLONY TOWNSHIPS ON
43 REGA HAVE TRIED TO
REBUILD AND GET ON.

TOWNSHIPS LIKE BADROCK. SIX
THOUSAND KICKS FROM ITS NEAREST
NEIGHBOUR. IT RELIES ON THE WEEKLY
SHUTTLE RUN FOR SUPPLIES...

... AND MEGA-CITY LAW TO KEEP
IT SAFE. AND THE ONLY LAWMEN
THIS FAR OUT FROM EARTH ARE
THE COLONIAL MARSHALS.

SO BADROCK AND ITS
ASSEMBLED WORTHIES
ARE LOOKING FORWARD
TO GETTING A NEW ONE...

HERE
SHE COMES,
REGULAR AS
ROUGHAGE.

SAYS JOHNSTONE
GAMMADGE, THE LEADER
OF THE CIVIC COUNCIL.

GET THE
SIGN OUT, IF
YOU PLEASE,
CLERK.

SAYS PAYSON TOLLRIGHT, THE
COMMUNITY WELFARE OFFICER.

YES, SIR.

SAYS NERYS PETTIFER,
CLERK TO THE OFFICE
OF THE TOWN MARSHAL.

MARSHAL
LAWSON



OH, FOR
DROKK'S
SAKE...

SAYS COLONIAL MARSHAL
METTA LAWSON.

HI.

SOMEONE
ORDER A
MARSHAL?





MARSHAL LAWSON! HELLO! HELLO!

I'M YOUR CLERK, AND MY NAME IS PETTIFER.

I GET A CLERK?

YOU SURELY DO!

I'LL CONSIDER MYSELF BLESSED.



CAN I ASK? WHY DID YOU SAY 'DID SOMEONE ORDER A MARSHAL'?

YOU WERE APPOINTED TO US, TO THE COMMUNITY.

UH, OKAY. I TEND TO BE FLIPPANT AND INAPPROPRIATE WHEN I'M PUT IN AWKWARD SOCIAL SITUATIONS.

OR, LIKE, WHEN SOMEONE STANDS TOO CLOSE TO ME. I'M ARMED.



HA HA!

SORRY SORRY!

LET ME INTRODUCE THE WORTHIES.

WE HAVE WORTHIES NOW?



MARSHAL LAWSON, THIS IS CIVIC LEADER GAMMADGE AND COMMUNITY WELFARE OFFICER TOLLRIGHT.

PLEASED, I'M SURE.

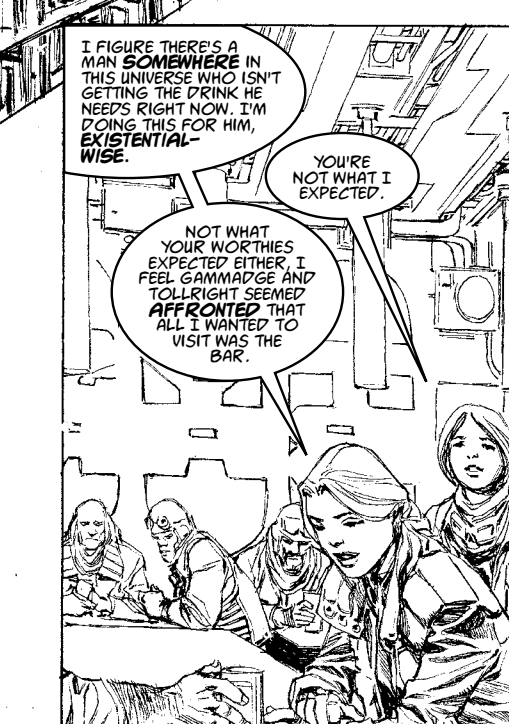
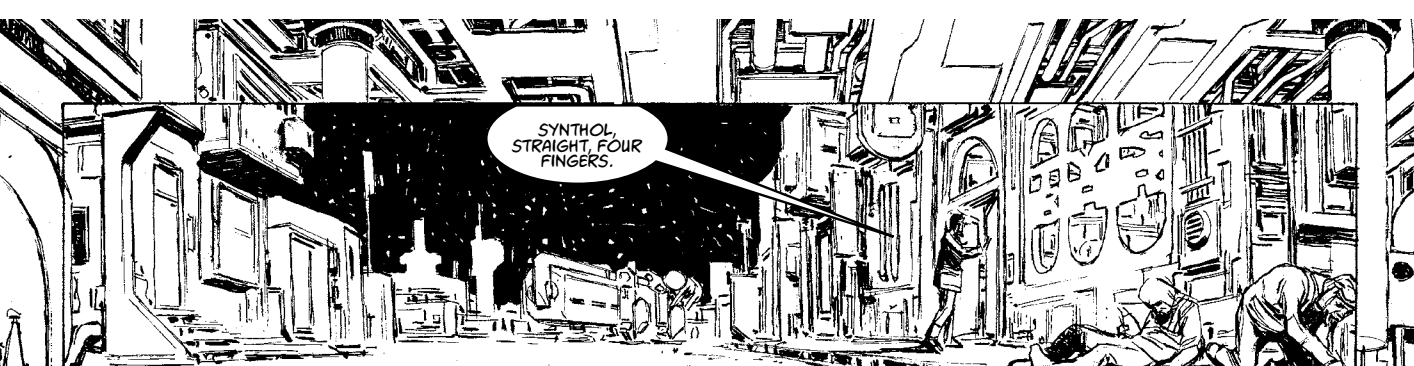
WELCOME, MARSHAL.

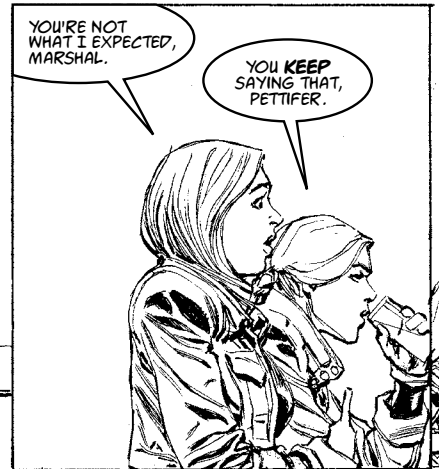
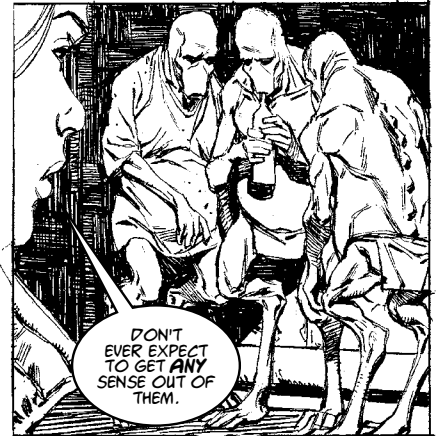
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE FIRST?

THE INSIDE OF THE TOWN SALOON?



... SORRY, WAS THAT SOMEHOW A TRICK QUESTION?







I WARNED HIM IF HE CAME BACK AGAIN BEATING UP ON MEKS, I'D BLOW HIS —

YOU'D WHAT, SIR?

YOU DEAL WITH HIM THEN. I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE.

GIMME THAT DAMN PULSE BLASTER AND I MIGHT.

WHO AM I FRONTING HERE?

KILL-A-MAN-JAROO, BOSS OF THE UPLIFT WORK GANGS AND A NOTORIOUS TROUBLEMAKER.



KILL-A-MAN-JAROO? I'M COLONIAL MARSHAL LAWSON.

HOW D'YOU DO, SIR.

STOP BEING A TOTAL ASSHOLE.

I DO NOT THINK I WILL.

I'M GUNNA HAFTA SHOOT YOU, THEN, SIR.



DO IT. PULL YOUR 'LAWGIVER'. PROVE YOUR IMPERIALIST, TOTALITARIAN, FASCIST DOGMA.

SHOOT ME. SHOOT ME THE FUCK DEAD.

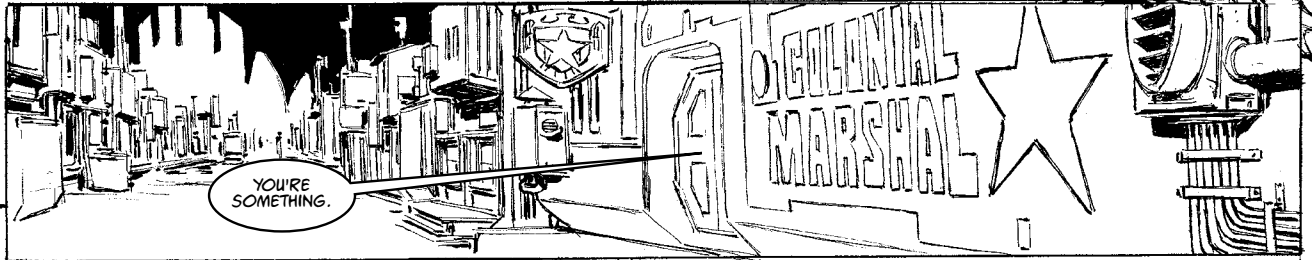
YOU KNOW, USE OF THAT NON-MODIFIED VERBAL OBSCENITY IS STILL A CAPITAL WORD-CRIME IN MEGA CITY.

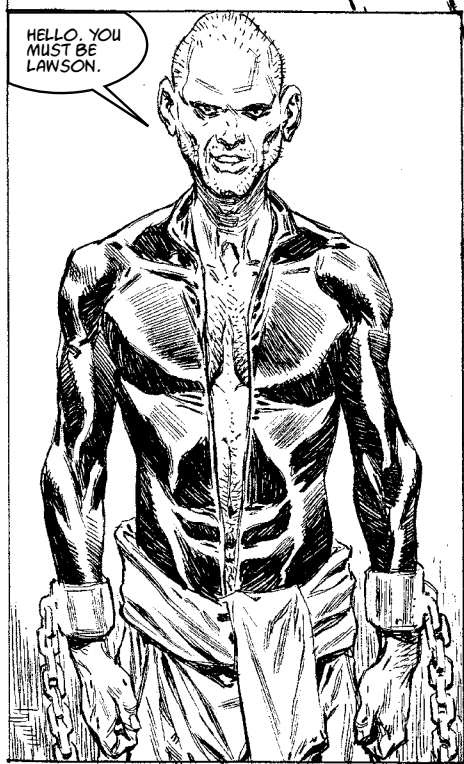


FUCK. YOU BETTA SHOOT ME VERY DEAD, THEN. I'M A VERY BAD MONKEY-BOY.

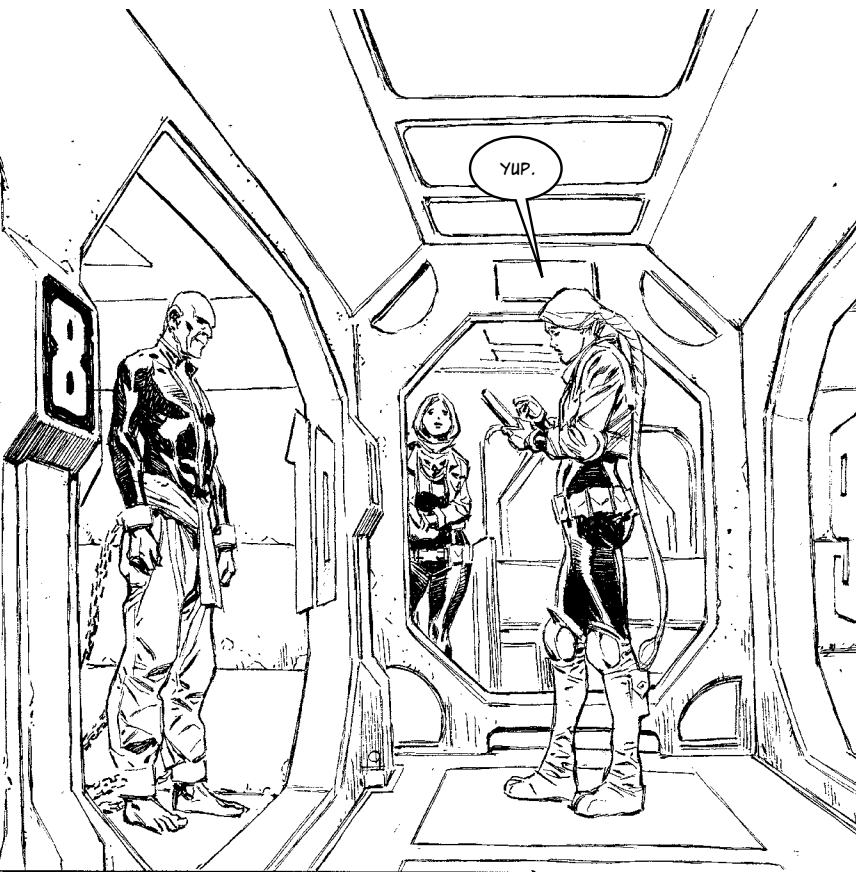
NOT WITH MY LAWGIVER THOUGH. UH-HUH.

EVERY EXPENDED LAWGIVER ROUND IS TRACKED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TELEMETRICS. SOOO MUCH TO ACCOUNT FOR. SO MANY FORMS.

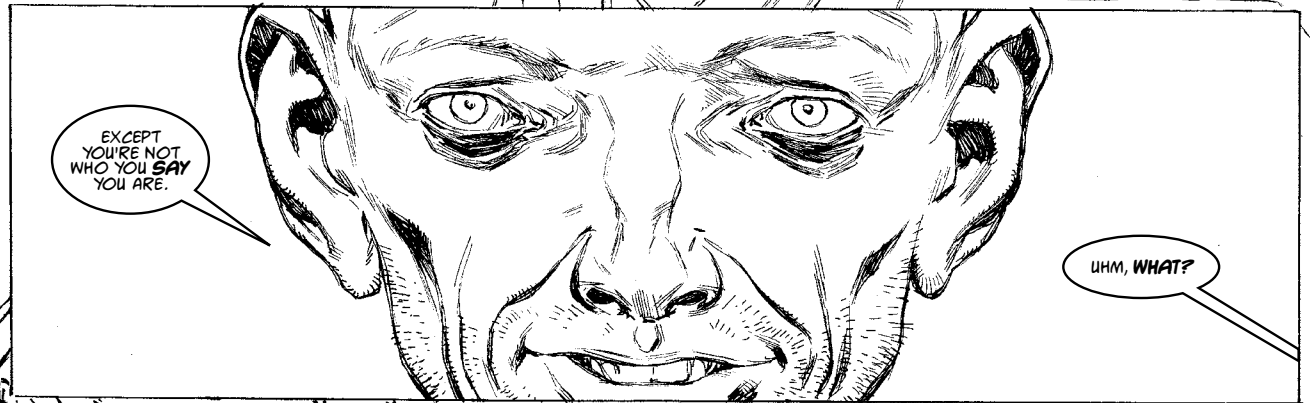




HELLO. YOU
MUST BE
LAWSON.



YUP.

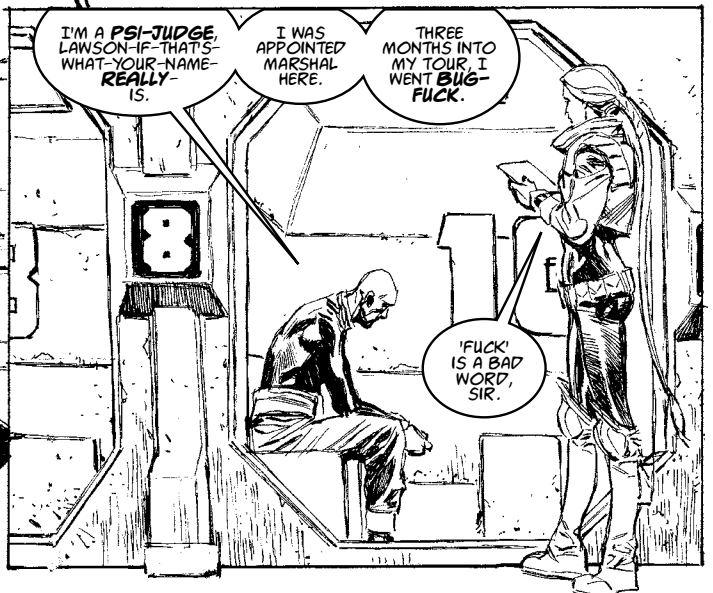


EXCEPT
YOU'RE NOT
WHO YOU **SAY**
YOU ARE.

UHM, WHAT?



OKAY, SORRY,
STARING AGAIN.
PEOPLE FIND THAT
DISCONCERTING,
DON'T THEY?



I'M A **PSI-JUDGE**,
LAWSON-IF-THAT'S
WHAT-YOUR-NAME-
REALLY-
IS.

I WAS
APPOINTED
MARSHAL
HERE.

THREE
MONTHS INTO
MY TOUR, I
WENT **BUG-
FUCK**.

'**FUCK**'
IS A BAD
WORD,
SIR.



EVEN
SO, THAT'S
WHAT I WENT.
I **KILLED**.
I... WENT
CRAZY.

I **AM**
CRAZY. I **AM**
A DANGER TO
MYSELF AND
OTHERS.



THAT'S WHAT
IT SAYS ON
YOUR JACKET,
HETCH. THAT'S
WHY I'M HERE
TO REPLACE
YOU.

GREAT. GOOD.

ASK
YOURSELF
THIS, 'MARSHAL'
LAWSON.

EXCEPT
YOU'RE NOT
REALLY LAWSON,
ARE YOU?

ANYWAY,
ASK YOURSELF
THIS...



... WHAT IS IT
ABOUT THIS PLACE
THAT **BREAKS**
MINDS?

DROCK,
I WAS A PSI-COP.
I WAS ESPECIALLY
VULNERABLE.

BUT
BADROCK
WILL GET TO
US **ALL**...



SANE
OR CRAZY.
PSI OR NORMAL.
BADROCK WILL
BREAK **ALL** OF
US IN THE
END.



LAWSON? YOU
HEAR ME?

LAWSON?

WELL, MA'AM?



YUP. HE'S
CRAZY.

WELCOME TO THE
TOWN OF BADROCK,
MARSHAL LAWSON.

SAYS ALDIS BROTHERLY, THE
REGIONAL HEAD OF MUNCE, INC.

THAT WARM
GREETING COMES
ABOUT TWELVE HOURS
LATE, MR
BROTHERLY.

I ARRIVED
ON LAST NIGHT'S
SHUTTLE.

AND I
WISH I COULD
HAVE BEEN THERE
TO MEET YOU,
BUT —

— YOU'RE
A **BUSY MAN**. I
HAVE HEARD THIS
SAID ABOUT
YOU.

I ALSO APPRECIATE
I'M NOT MUCH OF A
PRIORITY. I'M ONLY THE
NEW COLONIAL MARSHAL.
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S
LOW ON THE PECKING
ORDER.

YOU
YOU **RUN** THIS
TOWN.

OH, MARSHAL I'M
JUST A **CORPORATE**
COG.

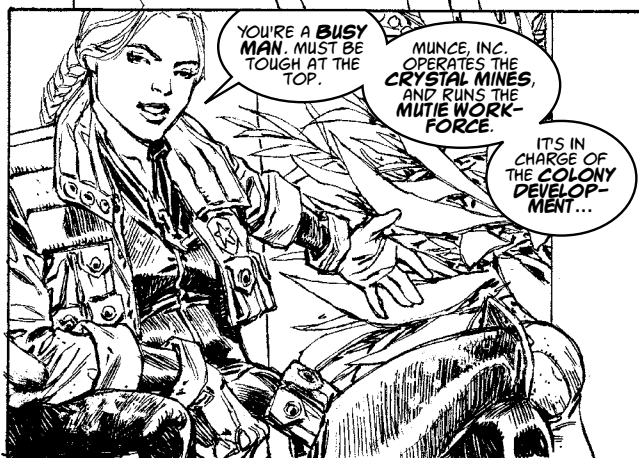
HAVE A SEAT.

I'M
A LITTLE
DIRTY.

MEH.
DUST WASHES
OFF.

UNLIKE **SOME**
THINGS.

LET'S
CONVERSE.



YOU'RE A **BUSY** MAN. MUST BE TOUGH AT THE TOP.

MUNCE, INC. OPERATES THE **CRYSTAL MINES**, AND RUNS THE **MUTIE WORK-FORCE**.

IT'S IN CHARGE OF THE **COLONY DEVELOPMENT**...



THE COLONY DEVELOPMENT IS OUR **JEWEL IN THE CROWN**. IT'S THE REASON FOR **BADROCK'S** EXISTENCE.

I'M AFRAID **BADROCK** IS LITTLE MORE THAN A **TEMPORARY LABOUR CAMP**. IT WILL EXIST ONLY UNTIL THE **MEGA-BUILD** IS FINISHED AND THE **COLONISTS** ARRIVE.



I UNDERSTAND THAT.

IT WILL BE A TIME OF PROSPERITY AND CULTURE. A **GOLDEN AGE**.

AND THIS DIRTY LITTLE SHANTY TOWN WILL BE A **HALF-REMEMBERED** FOOTNOTE IN THE STORY OF ITS INCEPTION.

HAVE YOU VISITED THE **MEGABUILD**? UNINHABITED NOW, OF COURSE, BUT **QUITE BEAUTIFUL**.

GO THERE AND SEE WHAT THE **FUTURE** WILL LOOK LIKE.



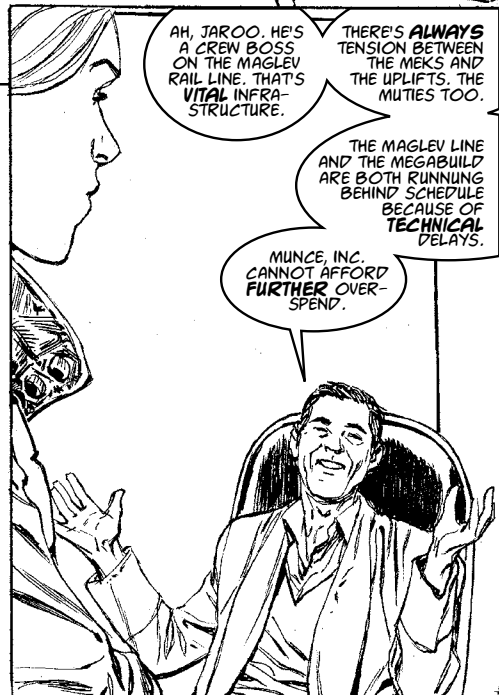
THE FUTURE'S NOT MY DEPARTMENT, MR BROTHERLY. THE PRESENT IS **MY** REMIT.

THIS '**DIRTY LITTLE SHANTY TOWN**' IS ALL THERE IS FOR NOW, AND MY JOB IS TO LOOK AFTER IT.



I HAD CAUSE TO ARREST ONE OF YOUR UPLIFT LABOURERS LAST NIGHT. **KILL-A-MAN-JAROO**.

HE'S IN MY HOLDING TANK.

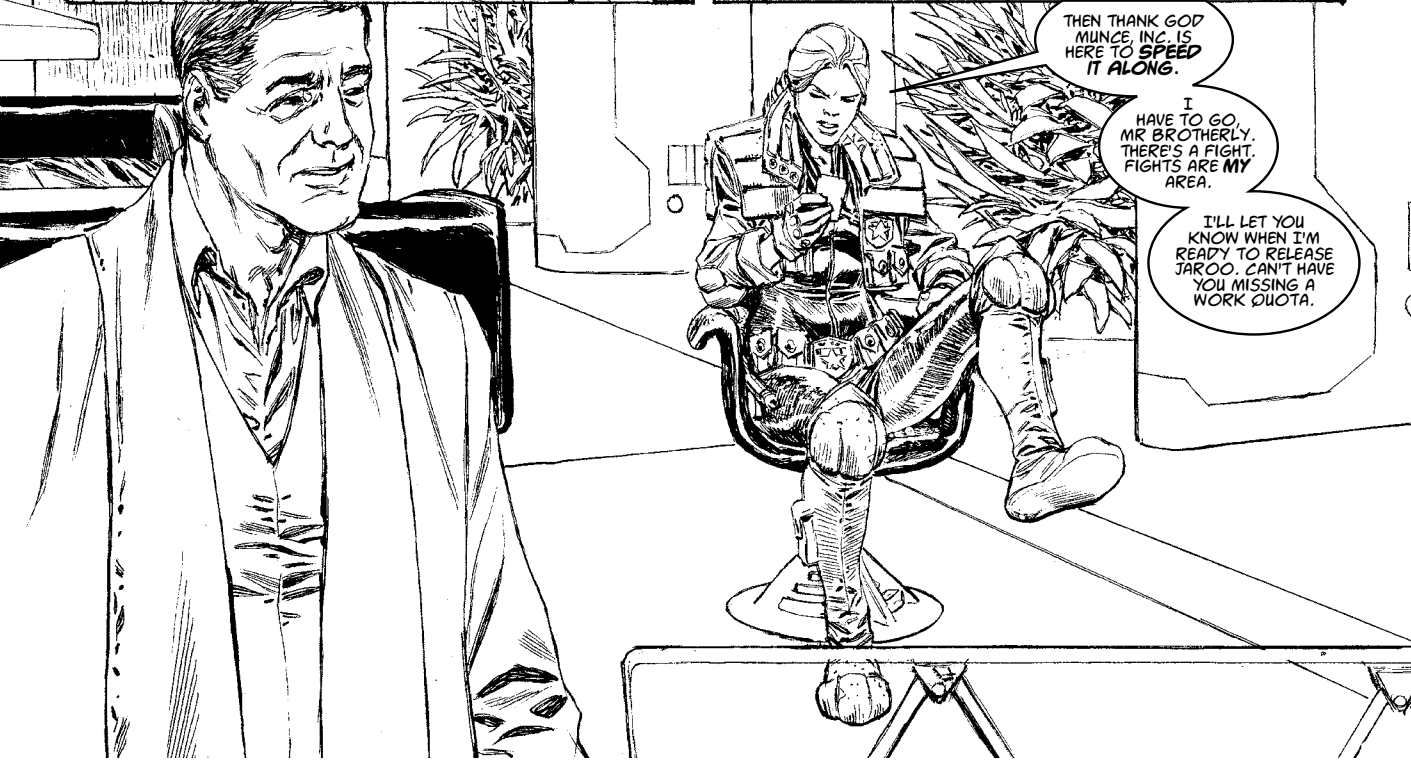


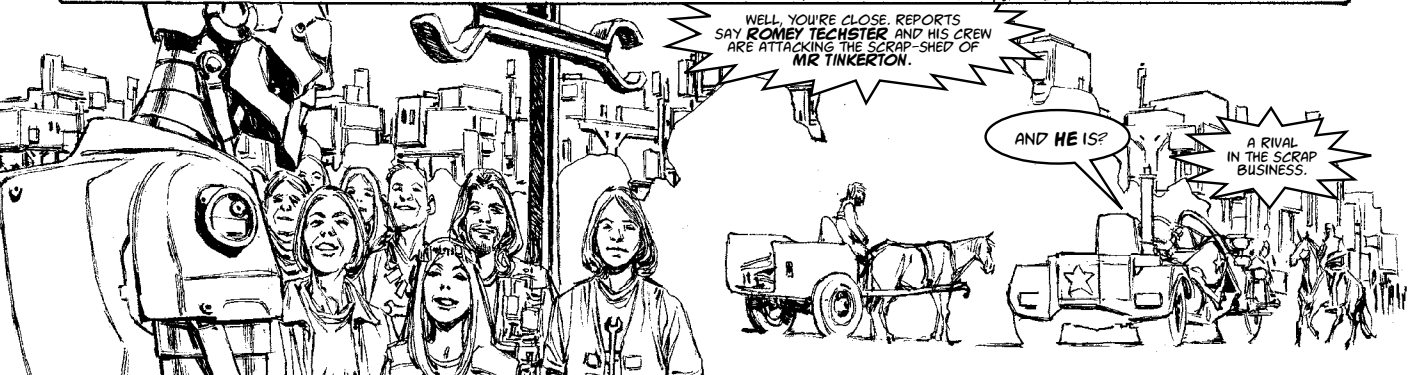
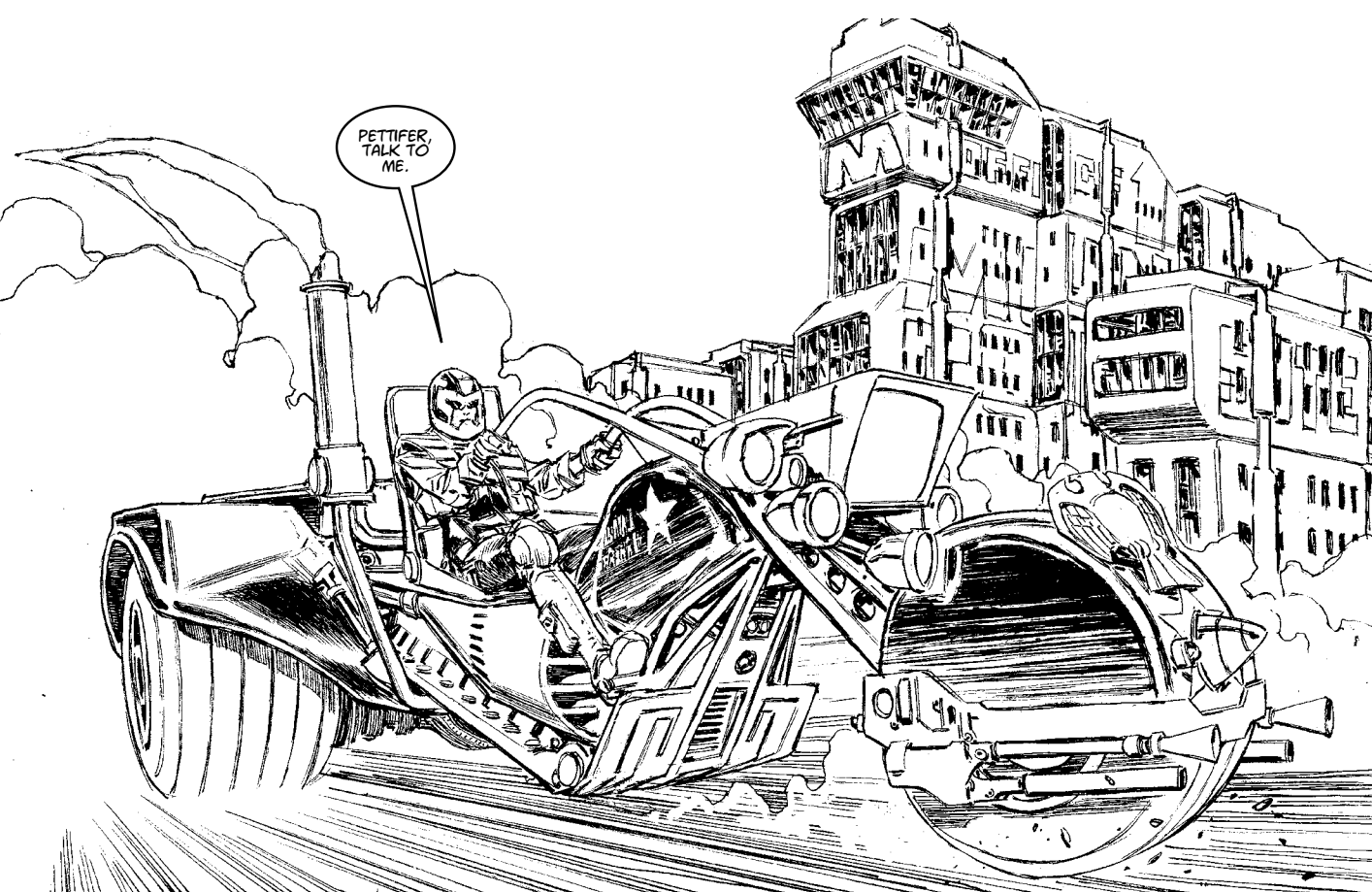
AH, **JAROO**. HE'S A CREW BOSS ON THE **MAGLEV RAIL LINE**. THAT'S **VITAL INFRA-STRUCTURE**.

THERE'S **ALWAYS** TENSION BETWEEN THE **MEKS** AND THE **UPLIFTS**. THE **MUTIES** TOO.

THE **MAGLEV LINE** AND THE **MEGABUILD** ARE BOTH RUNNING BEHIND SCHEDULE BECAUSE OF **TECHNICAL DELAYS**.

MUNCE, INC. CANNOT AFFORD **FURTHER OVER-SPEND**.

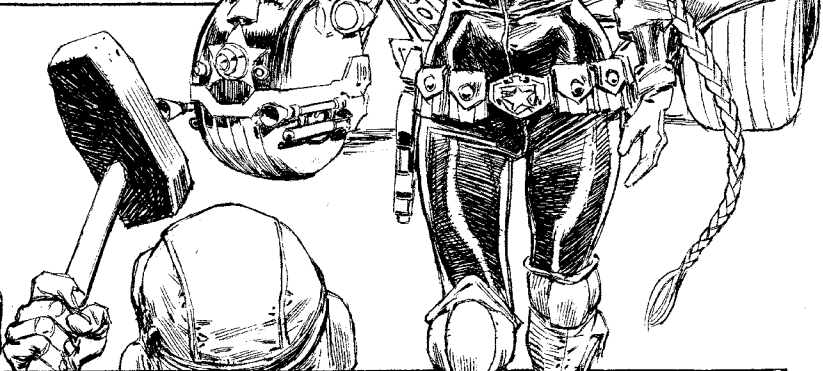






TAKING SLEDGEHAMMERS TO AN ALREADY BROKEN SHUTTER IS ONE THING. MAYBE A WEEK IN THE TOWN CUBE.

BUT I SPY A **SIDEARM**, AND I'M GUESSING THE DUMBASS HOLDING IT GOES BY THE NAME **ROMEY TECHSTER**.



THIS AIN'T NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MARSHAL!

THIS IS A **TRADE DISPUTE**. THAT DROKKER TINKERTON DUG UP SOME JUICY ZHIND TECH IN A TERRITORY HE **KNEW** I HAD CLAIMED, AND NOW HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF —

I DON'T CARE IF HE LAID A STOOL IN YOUR GRANDMA'S SUNDAY HAT, SIR.

THIS CONVERSATION DOESN'T CONTINUE UNTIL YOU DROP THE **SIDEARM**.



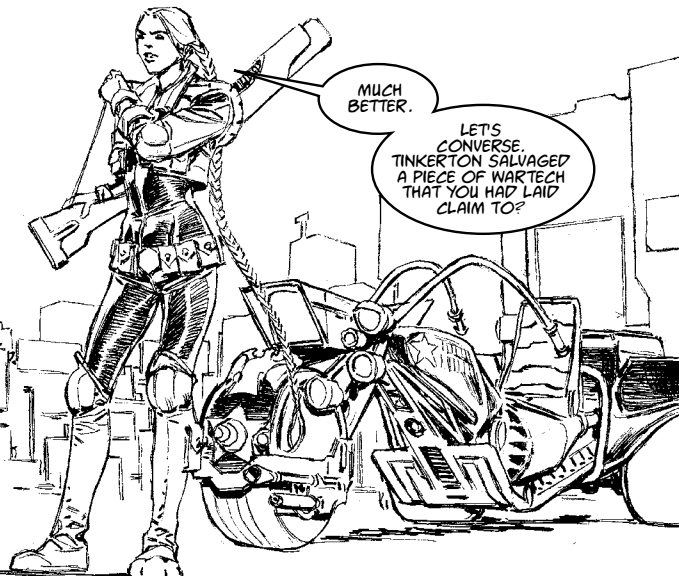
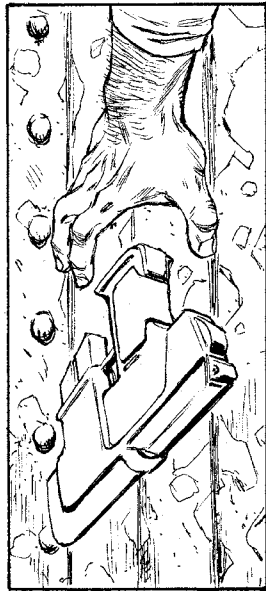


YOU CAN'T —



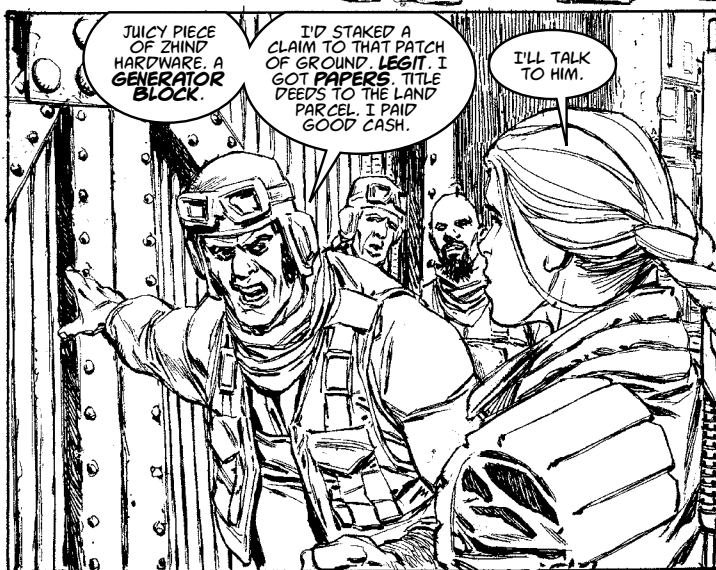
BY THE POWERS VESTED IN ME BY MEGA-CITY ONE, YES, I DROKKIN' CAN.

GIVE ME AN EXCUSE, TECHSTER. GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO VENTILATE YOU.



MUCH BETTER.

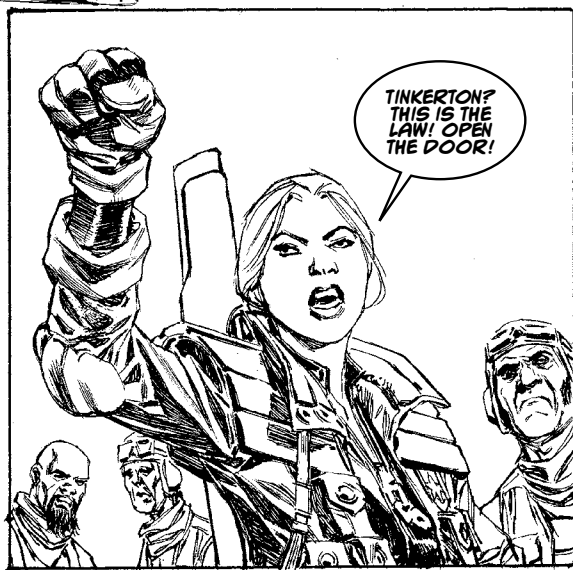
LET'S CONVERSE. TINKERTON SALVAGED A PIECE OF WARTECH THAT YOU HAD LAID CLAIM TO?



JULY PIECE OF ZHIND HARDWARE. A GENERATOR BLOCK.

I'D STAKED A CLAIM TO THAT PATCH OF GROUND. LEGIT. I GOT PAPERS. TITLE DEEDS TO THE LAND PARCEL. I PAID GOOD CASH.

I'LL TALK TO HIM.



TINKERTON? THIS IS THE LAW! OPEN THE DOOR!



DON'T LET THAT
MADMAN NEAR
ME!

WOULDN'T
DREAM OF IT.
LET ME IN.



TECHSTER
ALLEGES YOU
PILFERED SOME-
THING.

HE'S A LIAR!
I'D CLAIMED THAT
PATCH! I GOT
DEEP PAPERS!
LEGIT!

HIS ARE
FAKED!

THEY'RE LEGIT!
IT'S YOURS WHAT
ARE FAKES!

I GOT PAPERS!

I GOT PAPERS
TOO!

THEN
YOU BOTH
HAVE SOMETHING
TO WIPE YOUR
ARSES ON.



YOU SALVAGE
THAT CAT,
TINKERTON?

CAT?

COMBAT
ALL-TERRAIN
TRANSPORT.

OH YEAH.
BATTLEFIELD
SALVAGE.

WELL,
IT'S JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT
PROPERTY, SO I'LL
BE COMING BACK
SOMETIME TO
RECLAIM IT.

YOU CAN'T —



PEOPLE KEEP TELLING ME THAT TODAY.

LET ME SEE THIS ZHIND WARTECH EVERYONE'S SO HOT AND BOTHERED ABOUT.

ZHIND GENERATOR BLOCK. WORTH A BUNDLE.

UH-HUH.

SHOW ME YOUR CLAIM PAPERS.



YOURS TOO, TECHSTER.

THEY'RE LEGIT.

STOP USING THAT WORD.

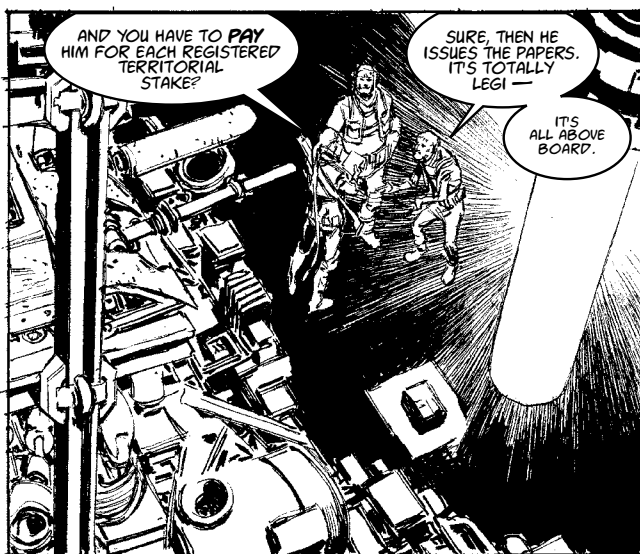


WHO ISSUED THESE?

DODGY FRANK DODGER RUNS THE CLAIMS LEDGER.

THIS GENTLEMAN HAVE PREMISES?

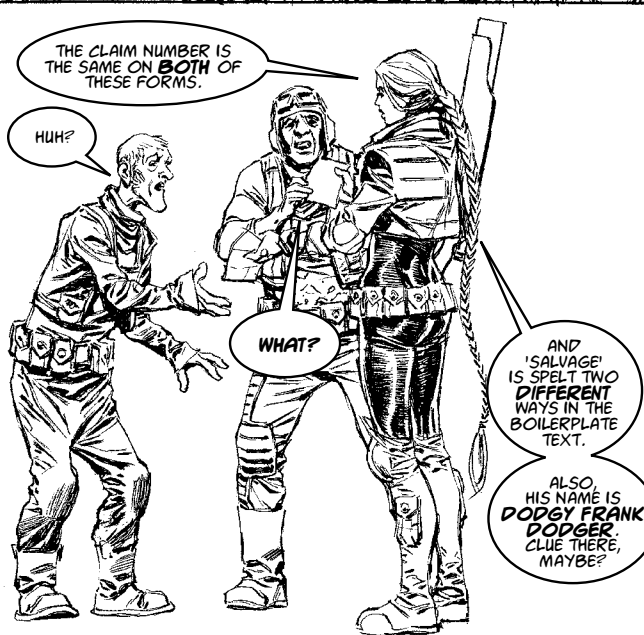
HE WORKS OUT OF THE BACK BAR AT THE SALOON.



AND YOU HAVE TO PAY HIM FOR EACH REGISTERED TERRITORIAL STAKE?

SURE, THEN HE ISSUES THE PAPERS. IT'S TOTALLY LEGIT —

IT'S ALL ABOVE BOARD.



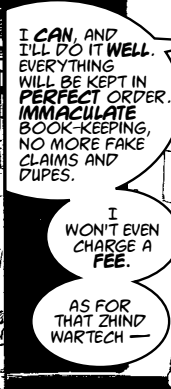
THE CLAIM NUMBER IS THE SAME ON BOTH OF THESE FORMS.

HUH?

WHAT?

AND 'SALVAGE' IS SPelt TWO DIFFERENT WAYS IN THE BOILERPLATE TEXT.

ALSO, HIS NAME IS DODGY FRANK DODGER. CLUE THERE, MAYBE?





OKAY, MR JAROO. IT'S SUPPER TIME.

SAYS NERY'S PETTIFER, CLERK TO THE OFFICE OF THE TOWN MARSHAL.

BE A GOOD SIR AND EAT UP.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I THINK ANOTHER DAY OF GOOD BEHAVIOUR OUT OF YOU, AND MARSHAL LAWSON MIGHT CONSIDER RELEASING YOU ON A BOND.

MR JAROO? MR JAROO, SIR?

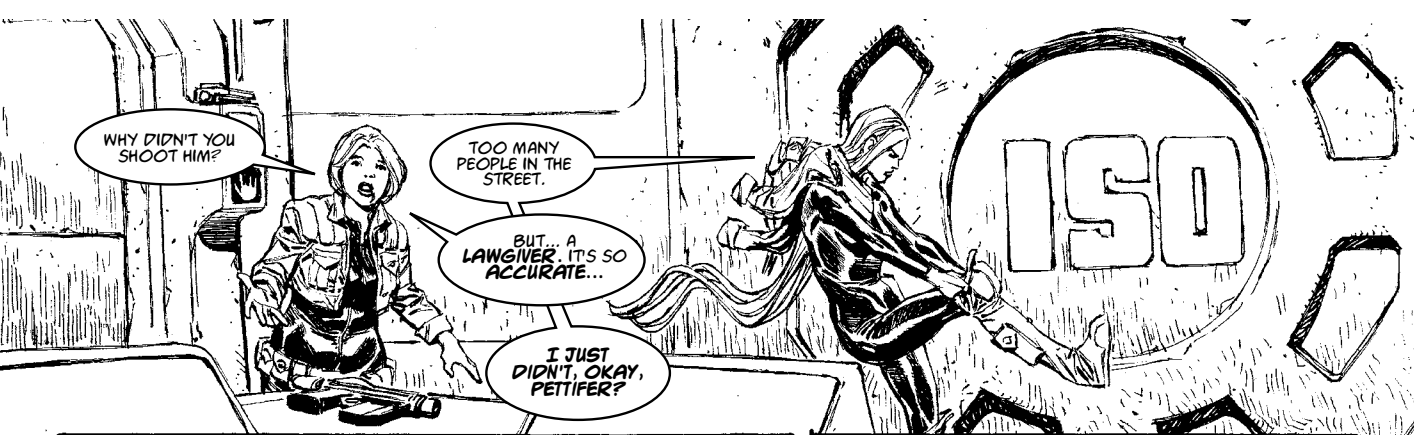
LARKS, MR JAROO?

DOOR UNLOCKING

KKRAASSHHHH





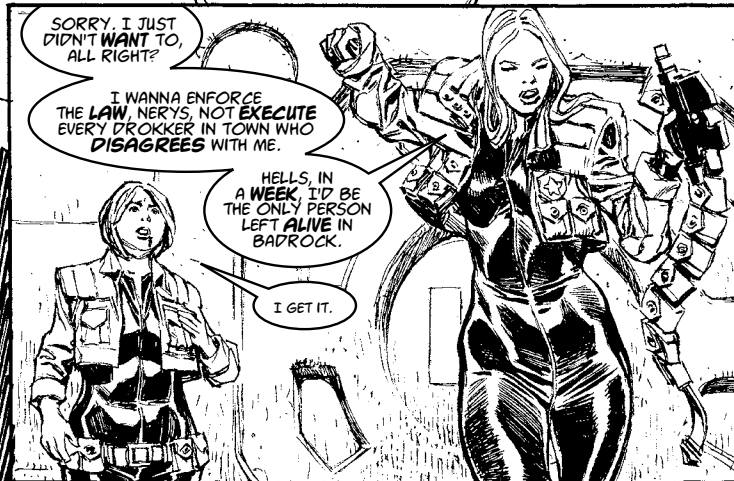


WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT HIM?

TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE STREET.

BUT... A LAWGIVER. IT'S SO ACCURATE...

I JUST DIDN'T, OKAY, PETTIFER?



SORRY. I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO, ALL RIGHT?

I WANNA ENFORCE THE LAW, NERYS, NOT EXECUTE EVERY DROKKER IN TOWN WHO DISAGREES WITH ME.

HELLS, IN A WEEK, I'D BE THE ONLY PERSON LEFT ALIVE IN BADROCK.

I GET IT.



SEE TO THAT LIP.

I'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY.

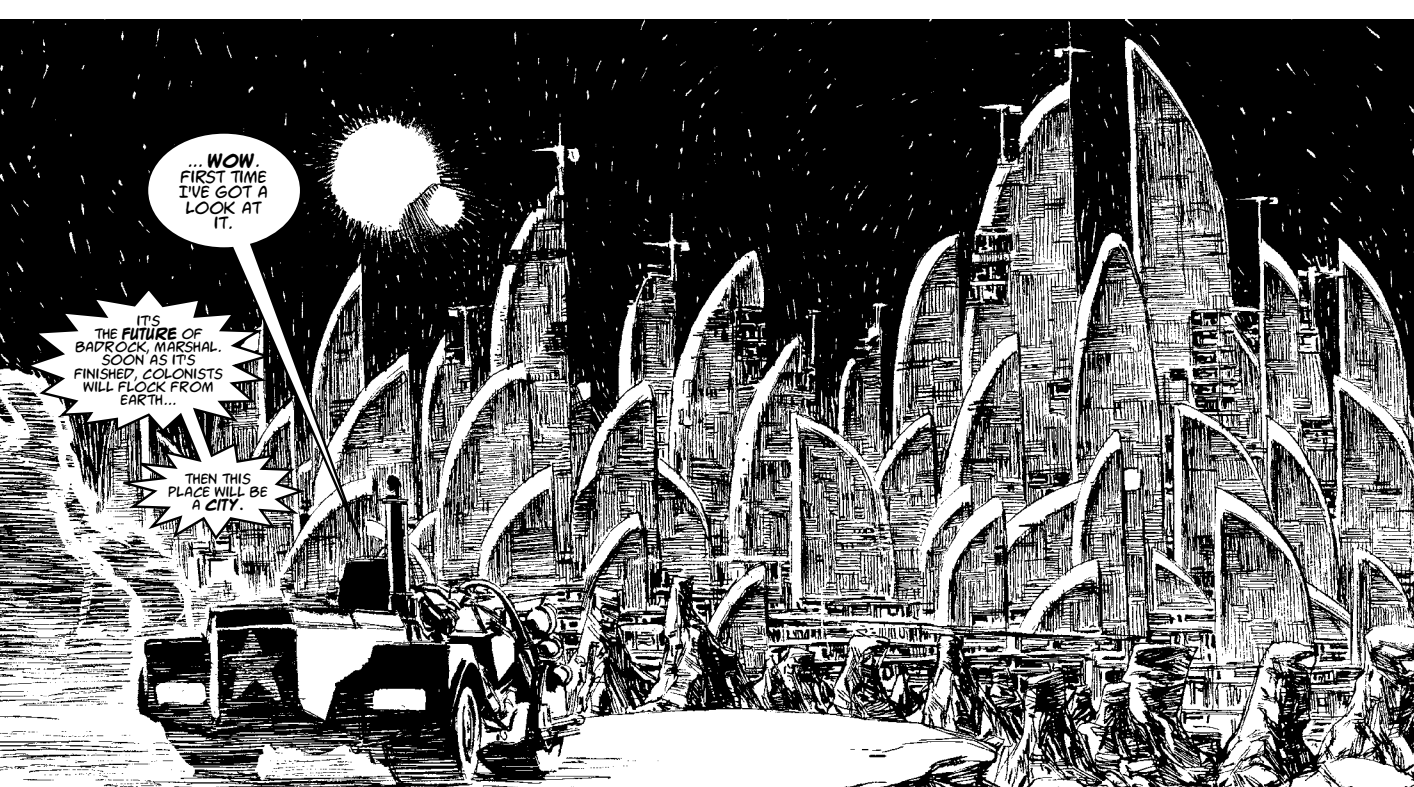
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT MY HORSE?



'GIVE OVER WITH THE HORSE THING, PETTIFER.'

PETTIFER? IT'S ME.

CLOSING ON THE MEGABUILD NOW...



...WOW.
FIRST TIME
I'VE GOT A
LOOK AT
IT.

IT'S
THE FUTURE OF
BADROCK, MARSHAL.
SOON AS IT'S
FINISHED, COLONISTS
WILL FLOCK FROM
EARTH...

THEN THIS
PLACE WILL BE
A CITY.



KINDA SAD.

JUST A
GHOST TOWN
NOW, PETTIFER.
EMPTY.

CRAP. NOT EVEN A
LONG-WHEELBASE
ATV LAWMASTER
TRIKE IS GONNA
MAKE IT DOWN
THAT.

WE ABOUT TO
HAVE THAT HORSE
CONVERSATION
AGAIN?

NO.
I'VE GOT
A BETTER
IDEA.

GO FIND TINKERTON. DRAG
HIM OUT OF THE BAR, HIS
BED, HIS BATH, WHATEVER
YOU GOTTA DO.

TELL HIM
MARSHAL LAWSON
WANTS SOMETHING
THAT BELONGS
TO HER.



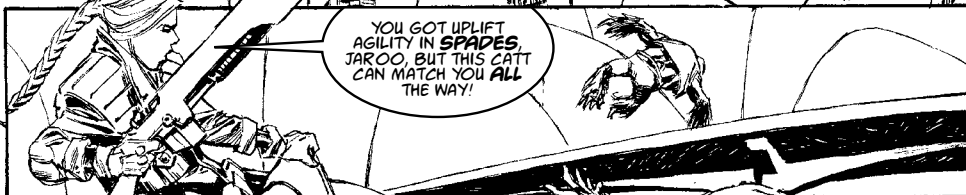


WELL, GOOD MORNING TO YOU TOO.



LEAVE ME ALONE!

NOT GONNA HAPPEN!



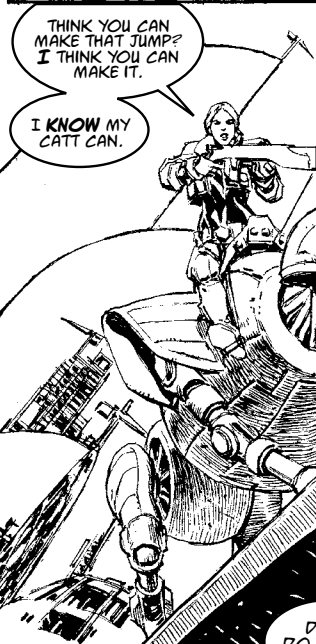
YOU GOT UPLIFT AGILITY IN SPADES JAROO, BUT THIS CATT CAN MATCH YOU ALL THE WAY!



I CAN CHASE YOU AROUND THE MEGABUILD ALL DAY!



HELLS, ALL OVER THE DAMN WASTE-LAND IF I NEED TO!

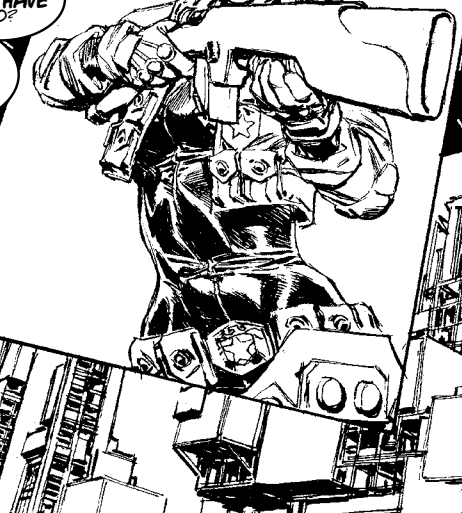


THINK YOU CAN MAKE THAT JUMP? I THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT.

I KNOW MY CATT CAN.



DROKK YOU! JUST SHOOT ME THEN, FEMALE!

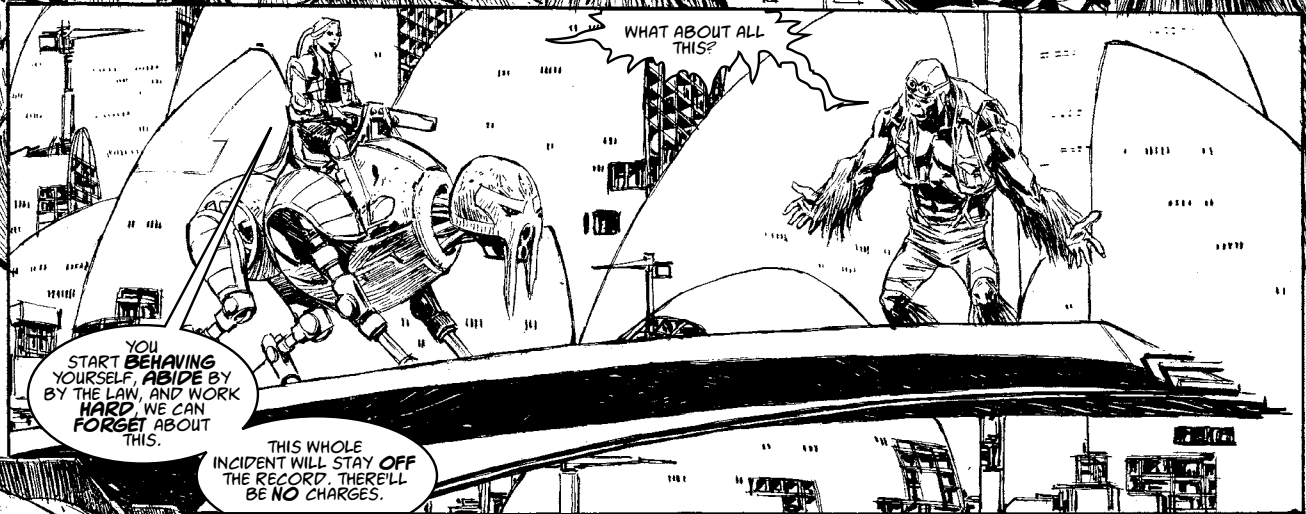


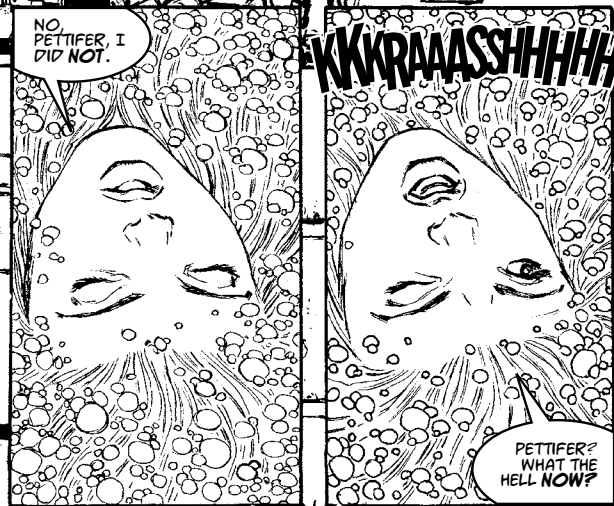
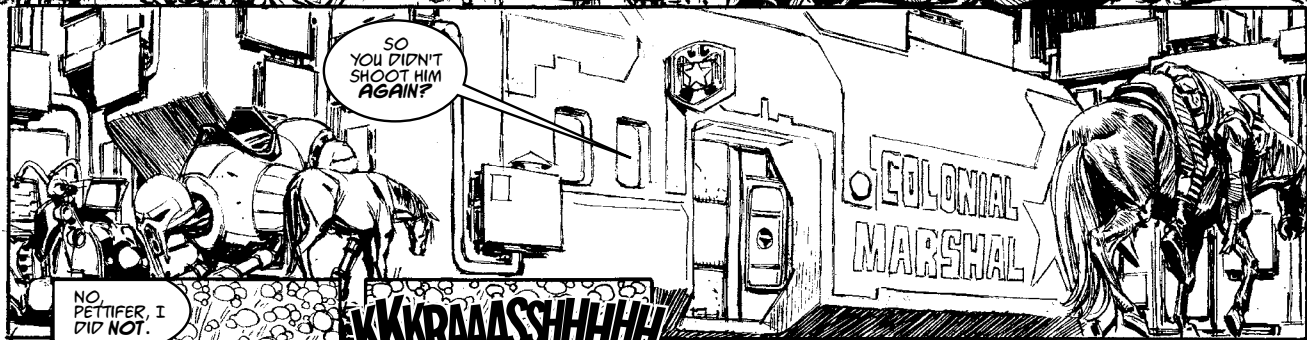
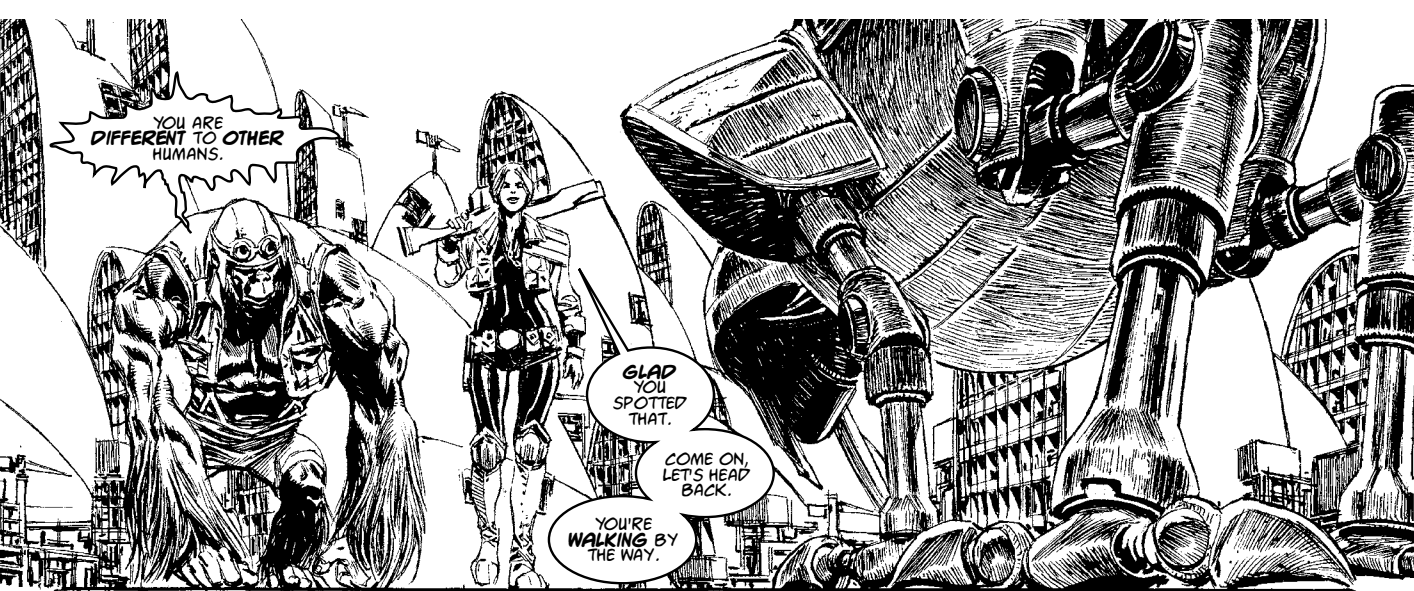
DARN DO I HAVE TO?

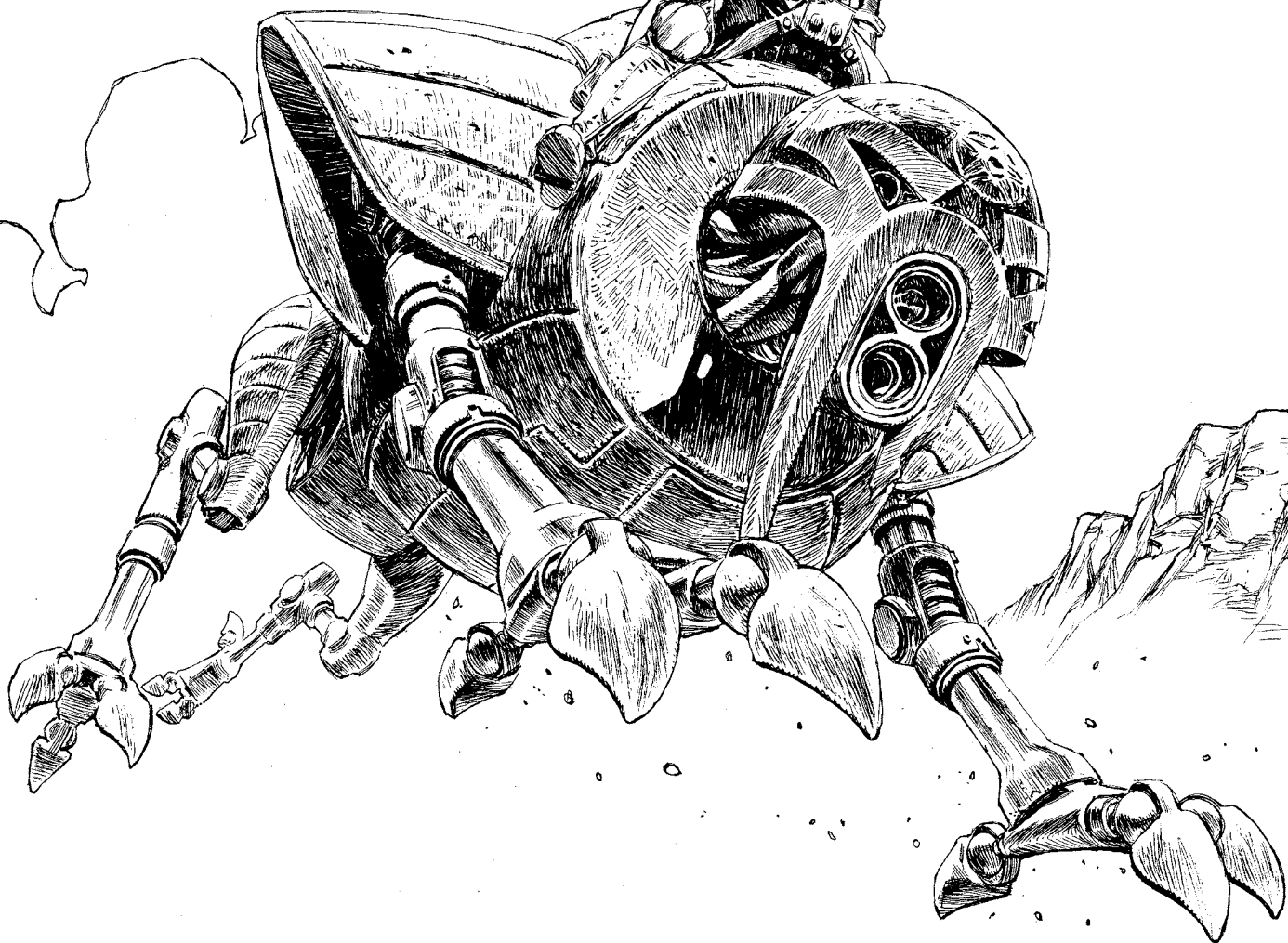
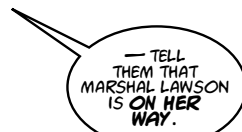
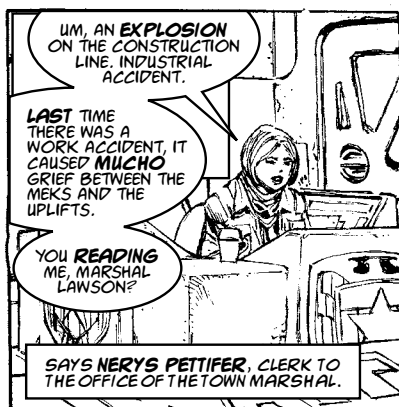
CAN'T I JUST LET THE CATT TOY WITH YOU A WHILE?

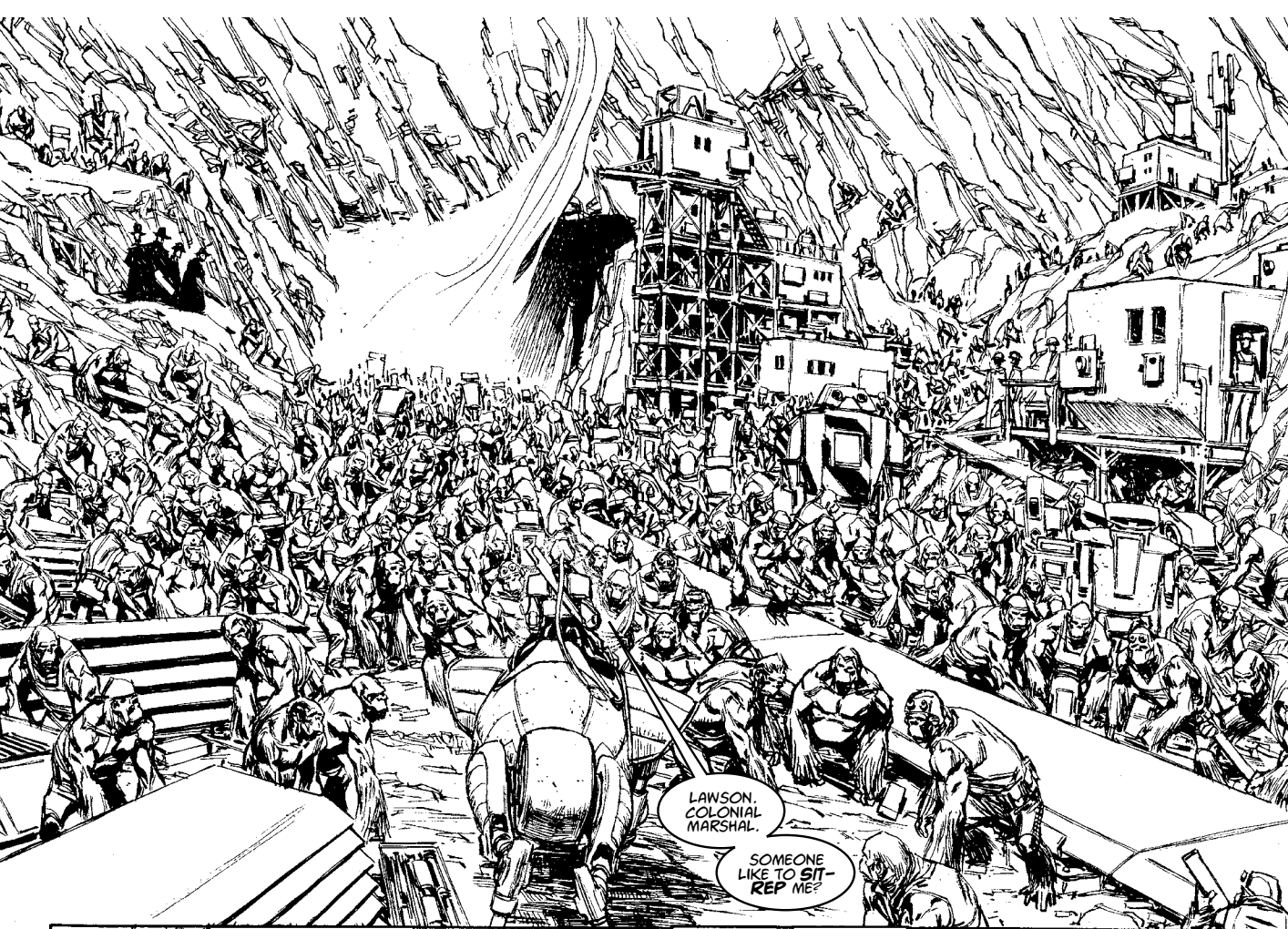


YOU ARE SICK, SICK IN THE HEAD, FEMALE.









LAWSON,
COLONIAL
MARSHAL.

SOMEONE
LIKE TO SIT-
REP ME?



MEK WORKER BLEW
UP IN THE TUNNEL!
ROOF CAME DOWN!
TWO UPLIFTS
DEAD!

HOW
MANY MEKS
KILLED?



THEY DO
NOT LIVE, SO
THEY CANNOT
DIE!

HOW MANY
CASUALTIES IN
TOTAL?

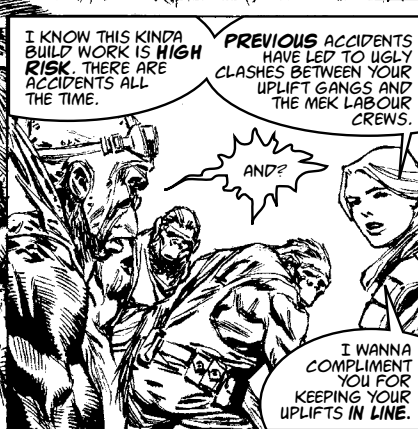
WHO
CARES FOR MEKS
ANYWAY?



ENOUGH, KAY-TOO!
SHOW RESPECT
TO THE MARSHAL
FEMALE!

KILL-A-
MAN-JAROO.
GOOD DAY
TO YOU.

FIVE
DEAD, TWO
UPLIFTS,
THREE
MEKS.



I KNOW THIS KINDA
BUILD WORK IS HIGH
RISK. THERE ARE
ACCIDENTS ALL
THE TIME.

PREVIOUS ACCIDENTS
HAVED TO UGLY
CLASHES BETWEEN YOUR
UPLIFT GANGS AND
THE MEK LABOUR
CREWS.

AND?

I WANNA
COMPLIMENT
YOU FOR
KEEPING YOUR
UPLIFTS IN LINE.



I LISTENED
TO YOUR WORDS
FEMALE. I AM BEHAVING
MYSELF.

I
AM TAKING
THE CHANGE
YOU OFFERED
ME.

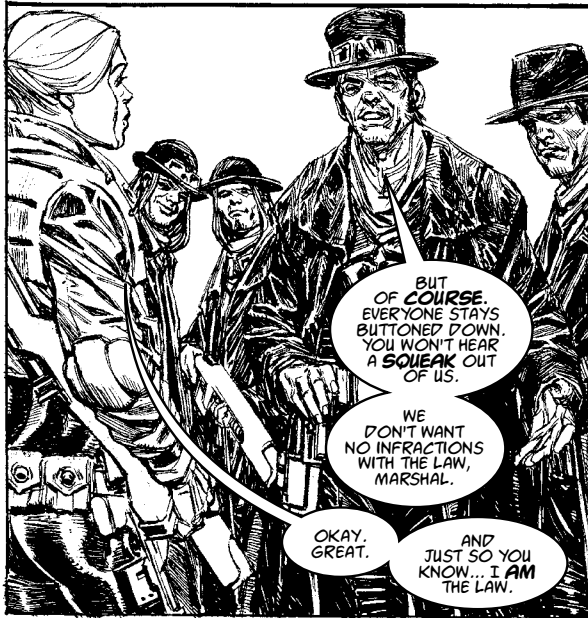
GOOD.





BUT IT'S KINDA
MY SERIOUS PURPOSE
KEEPING A LID ON,
AN' ALL.

LET'S NOT HAVE
ANY **TROUBLE**,
OKAY? NOT IN
MY TOWN.



BUT
OF **COURSE**,
EVERYONE STAYS
BUTTONED DOWN.
YOU WON'T HEAR
A **SQUEAK** OUT
OF US.

WE
DON'T WANT
NO INFRACTIONS
WITH THE LAW,
MARSHAL.

OKAY.
GREAT.

AND
JUST SO YOU
KNOW... I AM
THE LAW.



PLEASURE
MEETING YOU
GENTLEMEN.



SHE'S
GONNA BE
A **DROKK-
LOADA**
TROUBLE.

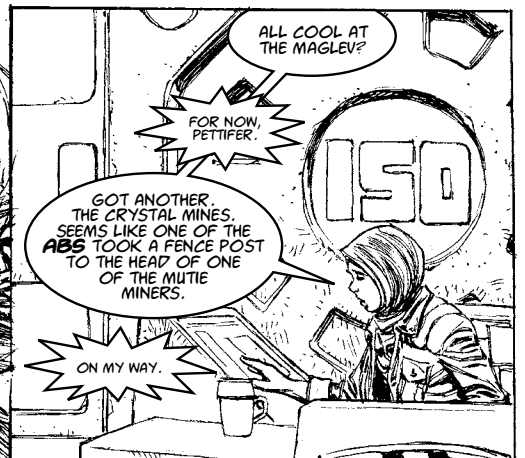
NOT
DEAD SHE
WON'T.



KEEP YOUR
UPLIFTS IN LINE,
JAROO.

THOSE
BASTARDS ARE
BASTARDS.

I WILL,
LAWSON.

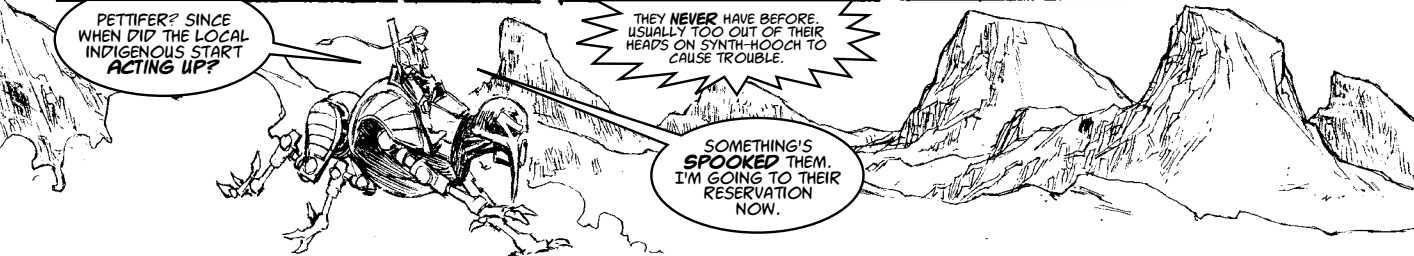
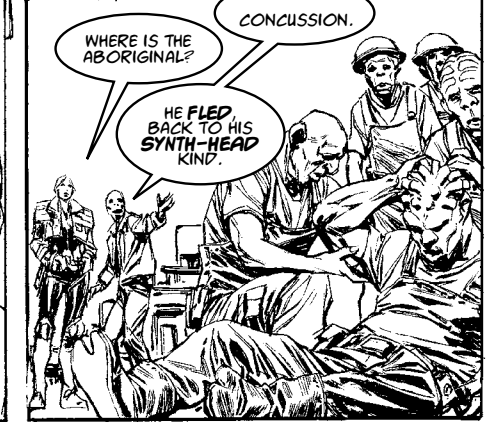
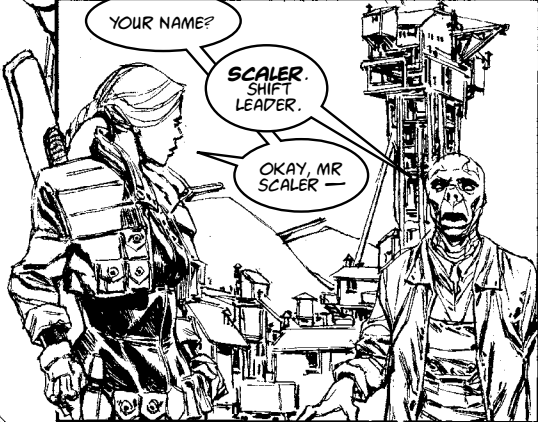


ALL COOL AT
THE MAGLEV?

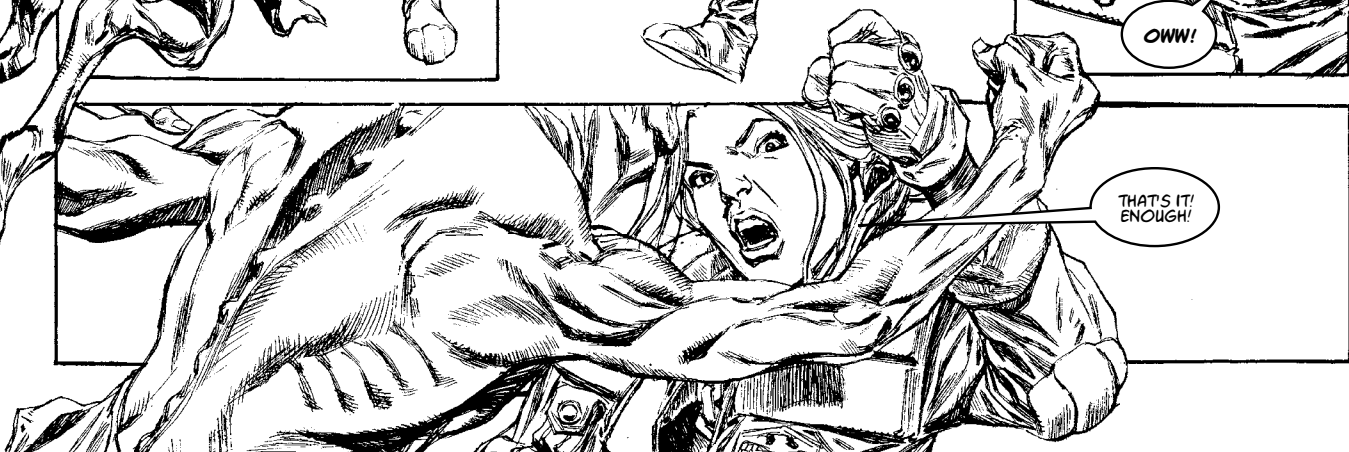
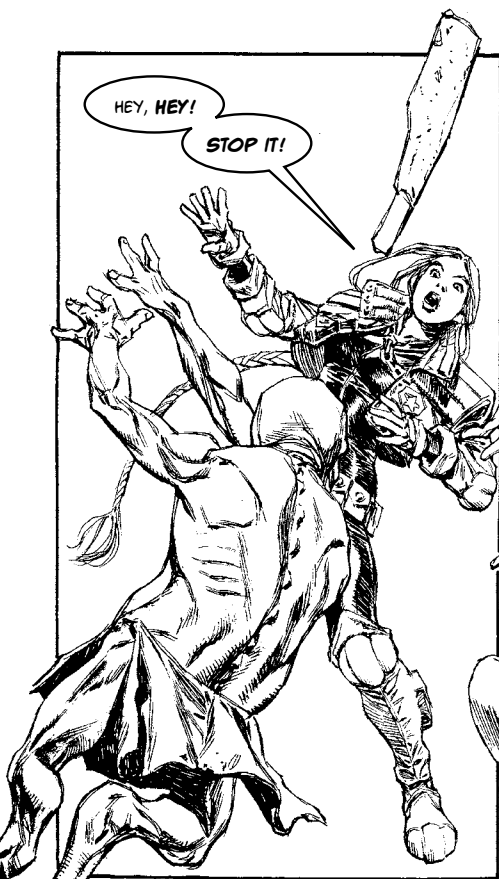
FOR NOW,
PETTIFER.

GOT ANOTHER.
THE CRYSTAL MINES.
SEEMS LIKE ONE OF THE
ABS TOOK A FENCE POST
TO THE HEAD OF ONE
OF THE MUTIE MINERS.

ON MY WAY.





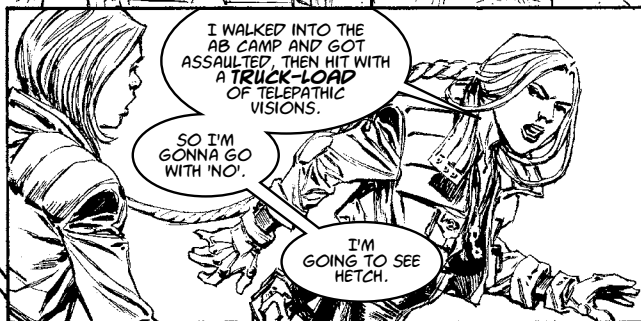






ARE YOU
OKAY? YOU
WERE OFFLINE A
LONG TIME.

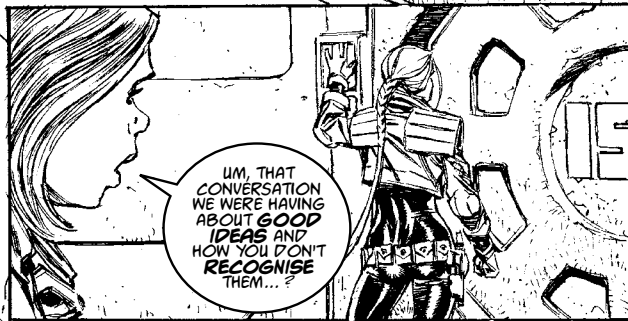
MARSHAL
LAWSON?



I WALKED INTO THE
AB CAMP AND GOT
ASSAULTED, THEN HIT WITH
A **TRUCK-LOAD**
OF TELEPATHIC
VISIONS.

SO I'M
GONNA GO
WITH 'NO'.

I'M
GOING TO SEE
HETCH.



UM, THAT
CONVERSATION
WE WERE HAVING
ABOUT **GOOD**
DEAD AND
HOW YOU DON'T
RECOGNISE
THEM...



MARSHAL
'LAWSON'.

HETCH.

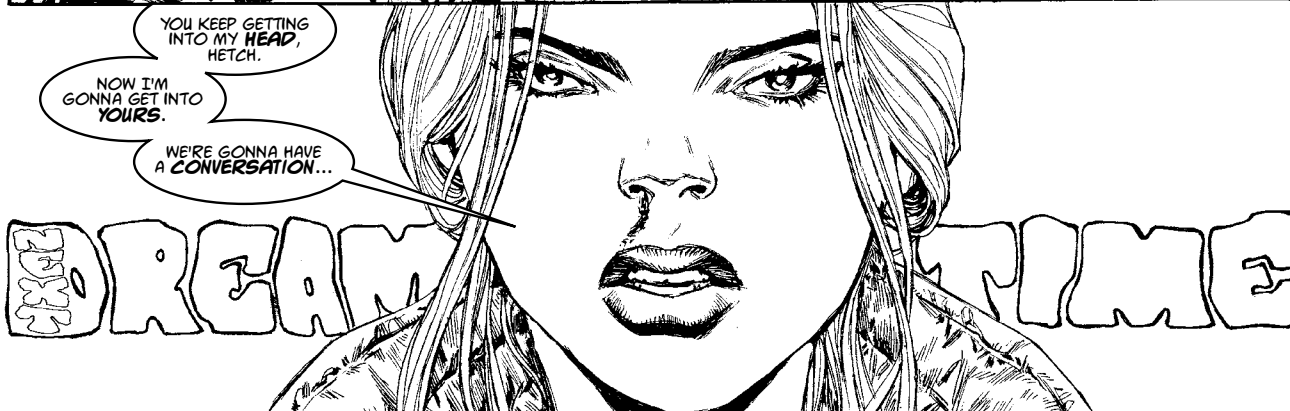
YOU
MET THE
ABORIGINALS
AT LAST, I
SEE.

YOU SEE?



I CAN TASTE
IT IN YOUR
HEAD...

... 'LAWSON'.

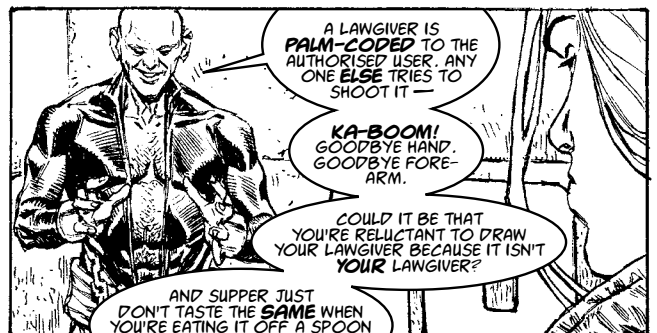
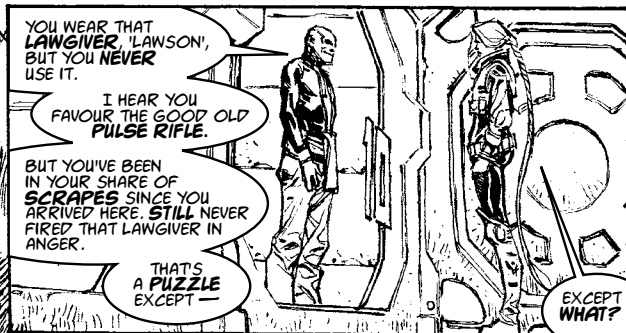


YOU KEEP GETTING
INTO MY HEAD,
HETCH.

NOW I'M
GONNA GET INTO
YOURS.

WE'RE GONNA HAVE
A **CONVERSATION...**

DREAM TIME



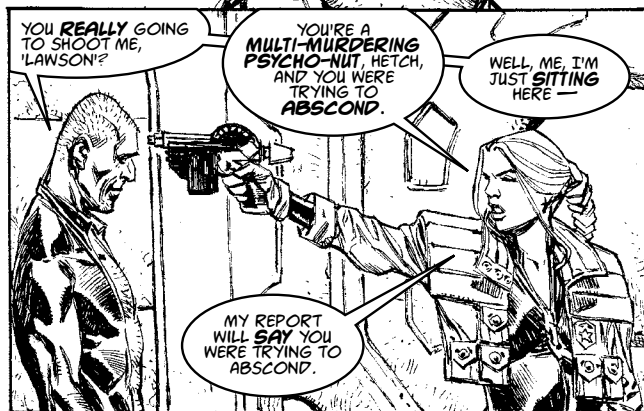


MY APOLOGIES MARSHAL. ARE MY QUESTIONS MAKING YOU UNCOMFORTABLE?

FEEL FREE TO TURN ON THE TANK'S PSI-DAMPERS.

THE PSI-DAMPERS ARE ON.

OOOOOH. AWKWARD.

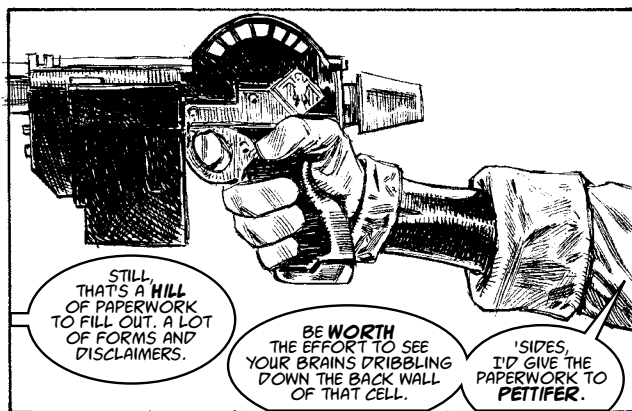


YOU REALLY GOING TO SHOOT ME, 'LAWSON'?

YOU'RE A MULTI-MURDERING PSYCHO-NUT, HETCH, AND YOU WERE TRYING TO ABSCOND.

WELL, ME, I'M JUST SITTING HERE —

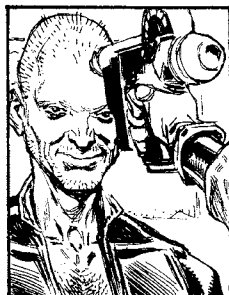
MY REPORT WILL SAY YOU WERE TRYING TO ABSCOND.



STILL THAT'S A HILL OF PAPERWORK TO FILL OUT. A LOT OF FORMS AND DISCLAIMERS.

BE WORTH THE EFFORT TO SEE YOUR BRAINS DRIBBLING DOWN THE BACK WALL OF THAT CELL.

'SIDES, I'D GIVE THE PAPERWORK TO PETTIFER.



KNOW WHAT? I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FUCK WHO YOU THINK I AM.

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU, HETCH.



YOU WERE MARSHAL HERE. A PSI-COP. A GOOD ONE, SO THE FILE SAYS.

THEN YOU SNAPPED ONE DAY, THREE MONTHS IN. KILLED NINE PEOPLE.

FOUR IN THE SALOON. THREE IN THE STREET. TWO IN THE SCRAP-SHEDS.

WITH YOUR LAWGIVER.



THERE IS NO EXCUSE. NO DENIAL.

I WAS NOT MYSELF.

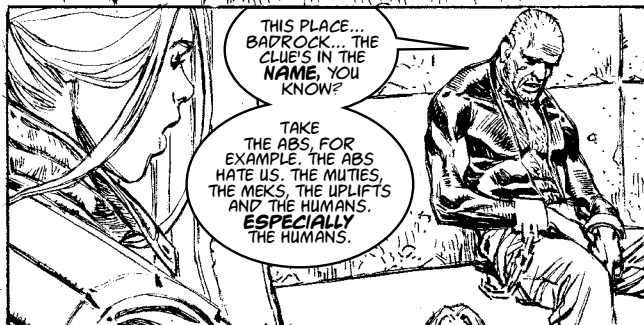
I LOST MY MIND.

THAT'S IT?



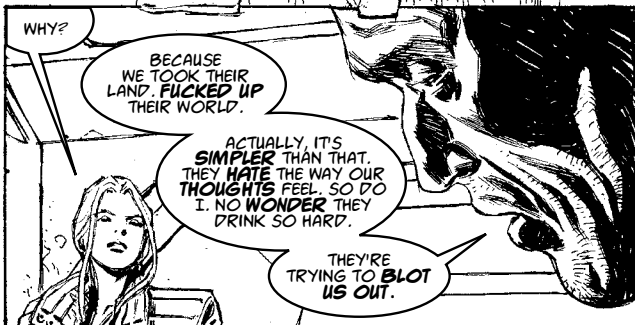
HAH, THAT'S
THE NATURE
OF THIS PLACE,
'LAWSON'.

LET
ME GET THIS
STRAIGHT... YOU'RE
BLAMING THIS
TOWN FOR YOUR
RAMPAGE?



THIS PLACE...
BADROCK... THE
CLUE'S IN THE
NAME, YOU
KNOW?

TAKE
THE ABS, FOR
EXAMPLE. THE ABS
HATE US. THE MUTIES,
THE MEKS, THE UPLIFTS
AND THE HUMANS.
ESPECIALLY
THE HUMANS.



WHY?

BECAUSE
WE TOOK THEIR
LAND. FUCKED UP
THEIR WORLD.

ACTUALLY, IT'S
SIMPLER THAN THAT.
THEY HATE THE WAY OUR
THOUGHTS FEEL. SO DO
I. NO WONDER THEY
DRINK SO HARD.

THEY'RE
TRYING TO BLOT
US OUT.



I CAME TO YOU —
FOOLISHLY, I NOW
REALISE — IN THE BELIEF
YOU MIGHT HAVE A SHIT-
SCRAP PIECE OF
HELP YOU COULD
OFFER ME.

YOU
GONNA TELL ME
SOMETHING I CAN USE
OR AM I JUST WEARING
OUT THE SOLES OF MY
BOOTS STANDING
HERE?



'LAWSON',
WHAT DOES
THE MINE
MINE?



FULLMINARITE
CRYSTAL. IT'S
A VITAL INNER-
TRANSITION
LINER FOR JUMP
DRIVES.



AND
WHAT ELSE
MIGHT IT
BE?

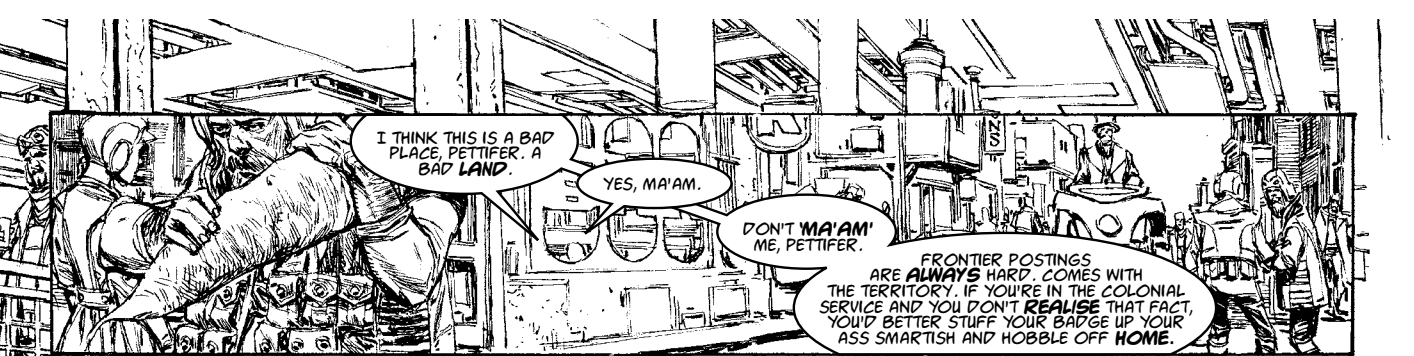
LORD,
YOU'RE SO
SLOW!

'LAWSON!
THE CRYSTALS
ARE PSYCHO-
ACTIVE.

TAKE
A STIFF DRINK
AND THINK ABOUT
WHAT THAT MIGHT
MEAN!



PETTIFER, WE GOT
ANY SYNTH IN HERE
OR AM I GONNA
HAVE TO GO TO
THE DROCKING
SALOON?



I THINK THIS IS A BAD PLACE, PETTIFER. A BAD LAND.

YES, MA'AM.

DON'T MA'AM ME, PETTIFER.

FRONTIER POSTINGS ARE ALWAYS HARD. COMES WITH THE TERRITORY. IF YOU'RE IN THE COLONIAL SERVICE AND YOU DON'T REALISE THAT FACT, YOU'D BETTER STUFF YOUR BADGE UP YOUR ASS SMARTISH AND HOBBLE OFF HOME.

I KNOW IT. KNEW IT WHEN I TOOK THE PLACEMENT. BUT THIS PLACE IS MORE THAN HARD.

SO MUCH HATE. SO MUCH AGGRESSION. SO MANY FACTIONS, AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER.

THIS PLACE IS LAWLESS.



YOU'RE MAKING A DIFFERENCE.

LIKE DROKK. NOT THE DIFFERENCE I WANTED TO MAKE.

I GET ONE PIECE IN LINE ALL THE OTHERS FALL APART.

IT'S LIKE SPINNING PLATES. YOU EVER SEE AN ACT LIKE THAT?



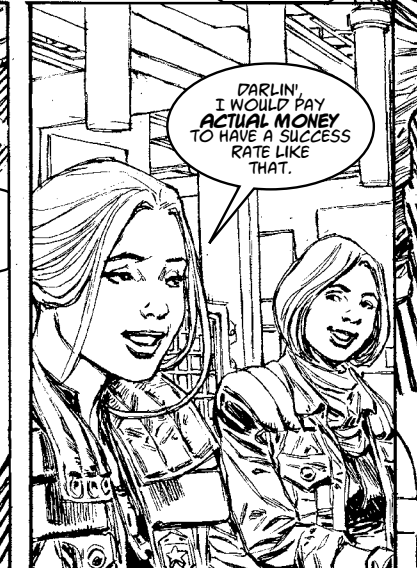
YES, LAST TIME THE CARNEY CAME TO TOWN.

FELLAH WAS SPINNING PLATES ON BENDY STICKS.

HOW DID THAT WORK OUT?

HE BROKE THREE PLATES.

DARLIN', I WOULD PAY ACTUAL MONEY TO HAVE A SUCCESS RATE LIKE THAT.



COME ON, GIRL! YOU FOUND FULLMINARITE CRYSTAL YET?

FULLMINARITE CRYSTAL. IT'S A VITAL INNER-TRANSITION LINER FOR JUMP DRI—

SCROLL DOWN.

OKAY I—OH.

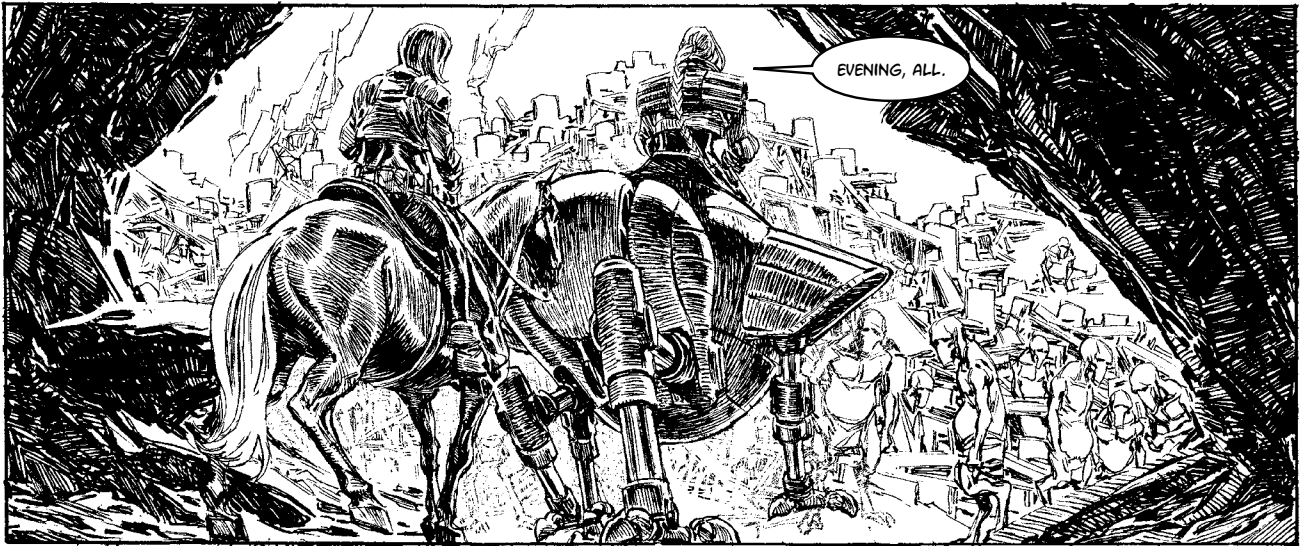


IT'S ALSO KNOWN TO HAVE LATENT PSYCHOACTIVE PROPERTIES.

IT VARIOUSLY ABSORBS, REFLECTS AND AMPLIFIES THE PSIONIC AURAS OF INDIVIDUALS WHO COME INTO CONTACT WITH IT.

BAD ROCK.

SADDLE UP, MISSY. WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE.





YOU PEOPLE, YOU'RE TELEPATHS, EMPATHS... I DUNNO.

I'M GUESSING YOU LIVED A VERY **PEACEFUL** LIFE HERE FOR A **LONG** TIME. IN TUNE WITH THE **WORLD**. IN TUNE WITH THE **ROCK** UNDER YOUR FEET.

I GET THAT.

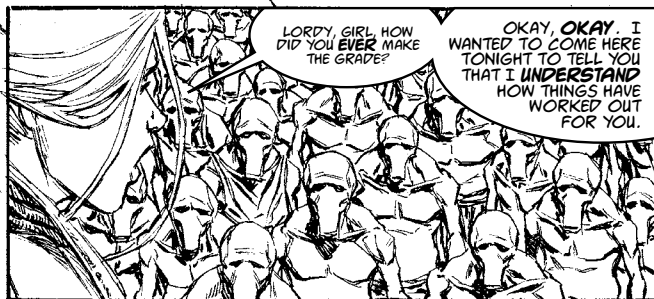


MA'AM, THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF THEM, **MORE** COMING ALL THE TIME...

JUST STAY CALM AND LOOK **AUTHORITATIVE**, PETTIFER.

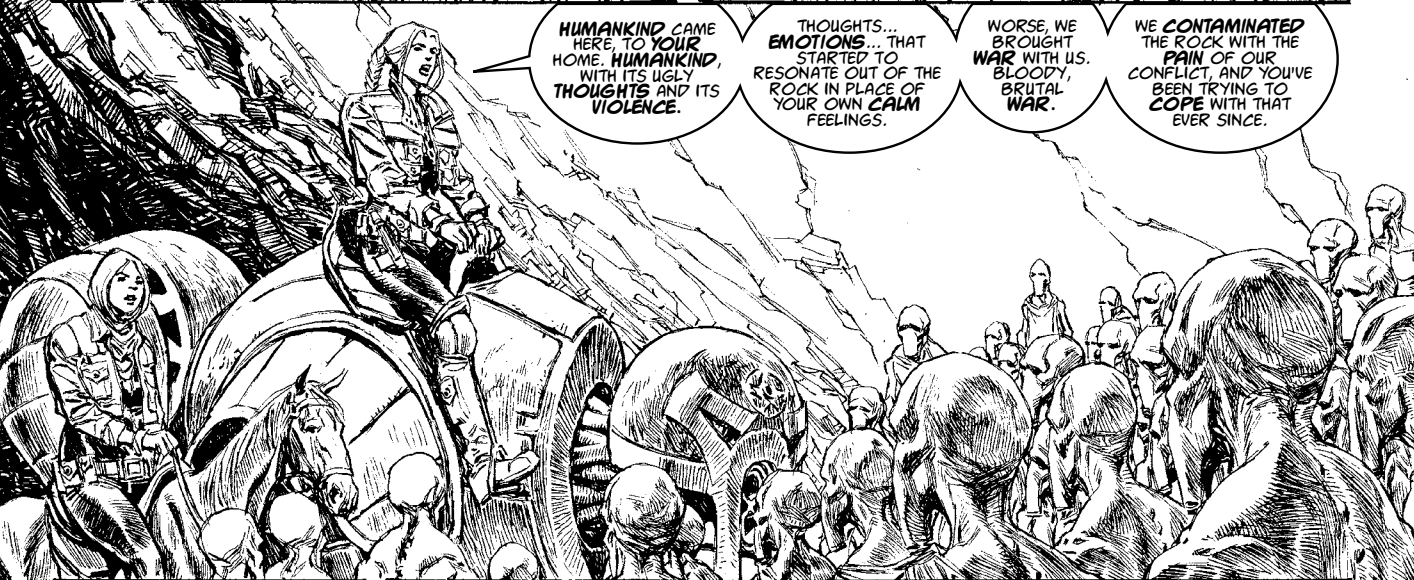
WHERE'S YOUR LAW-GIVER?

IN ITS BOX, UNDER MY, UM, BUNK.



LORDY, GIRL, HOW DID YOU **EVER** MAKE THE GRADE?

OKAY, **OKAY**. I WANTED TO COME HERE TONIGHT TO TELL YOU THAT I **UNDERSTAND** HOW THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT FOR YOU.



HUMANKIND CAME HERE, TO YOUR HOME. **HUMANKIND**, WITH ITS UGLY THOUGHTS AND ITS VIOLENCE.

THOUGHTS... **EMOTIONS**... THAT STARTED TO RESONATE OUT OF THE **ROCK** IN PLACE OF YOUR OWN **CALM** FEELINGS.

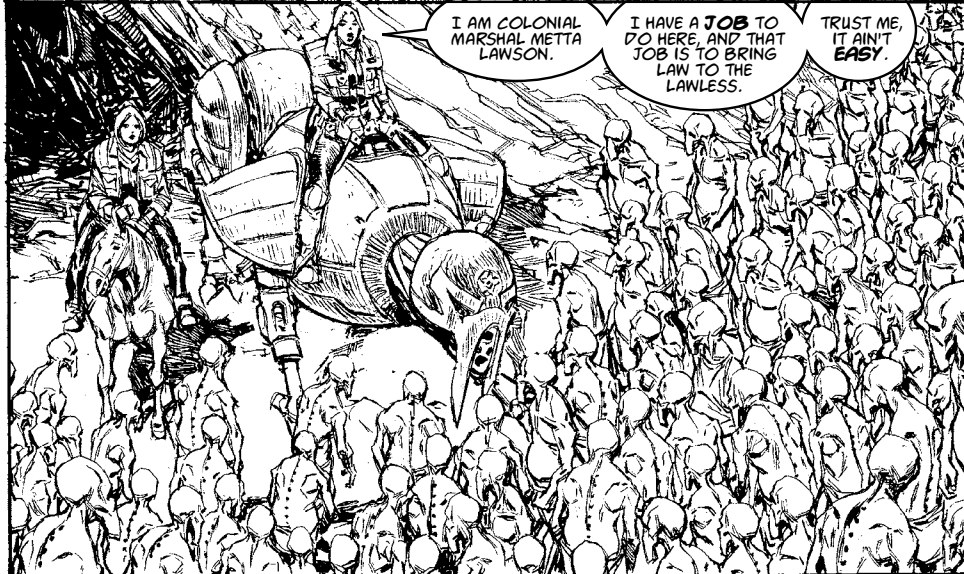
WORSE, WE BROUGHT **WAR** WITH US. **BLOODY**, **BRUTAL** **WAR**.

WE **CONTAMINATED** THE **ROCK** WITH THE **PAIN** OF OUR CONFLICT, AND YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO **COPE** WITH THAT EVER SINCE.



I WANTED TO SAY THAT I'M **SORRY** FOR IT.

GRUD, I'M SO **VERY** SORRY.



I AM COLONIAL MARSHAL METTA LAWSON.

I HAVE A **JOB** TO DO HERE, AND THAT **JOB** IS TO BRING **LAW** TO THE **LAWLESS**.

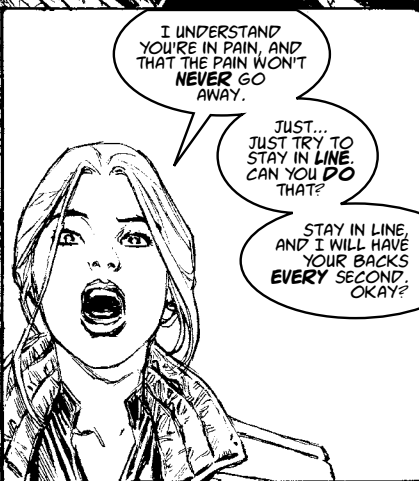
TRUST ME, IT AIN'T **EASY**.



I'M NOT GOING TO PERSECUTE YOU. I WILL BE FAIR AND I WILL ACT DECENT TOWARDS YOU.

I SWEAR I WILL STAND UP AGAINST ANYONE WHO TRIES TO PERSECUTE YOU, BEST I CAN.

YOU HAVE MY WORD.



I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE IN PAIN, AND THAT THE PAIN WON'T NEVER GO AWAY.

JUST... JUST TRY TO STAY IN LINE. CAN YOU DO THAT?

STAY IN LINE, AND I WILL HAVE YOUR BACKS EVERY SECOND, OKAY?



AND YOU CAN COME TO ME, ANY TIME, WITH ANY PROBLEM.

YOU COME FIND MARSHAL LAWSON, SHE'S THE LAW, AND SHE WILL PROTECT YOU.

DO WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING?



Freely?

WHAT DID YOU SAY? DID YOU SAY 'FREELY'?

WHAT'S HAPPENING? ARE YOU IN MY HEAD AGAIN?

Freely?

Y-YES, YES, YOU CAN DO THIS FREELY.

MARSHAL? WHAT'S GOING ON? MARSHAL?

ARE YOU SEEING STUFF? HEARING STUFF?

Zia?

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING TO ME?

Zia?

'ZIA'? IS THAT A WORD FROM YOUR LANGUAGE, SIR?

SOUNDS LIKE A NAME, DON'T IT?

NO, IT DON'T, PETTIFER...

SIR, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING TO ME?



We try
trust you with
our pain.

Zia.

SIR? IS 'ZIA'
A WORD IN YOUR
LANGUAGE?

We try trust you
with our pain. We
feel your mind and
know you now.

Every thing
that lives know
pain. We know
your pain.

So we
try trust you
with ours.

Freely.

OKAY. OKAY,
THEN.

GOOD TALK.
I'M HAPPY WE
HAD THIS CHANCE
TO MEET.

WE'LL
BE GOING
NOW.

We
try do
this.

Freely.

WELL, THAT
SEEMED
TO GO
WELL.

YEAH, I
GUESS IT
DID.

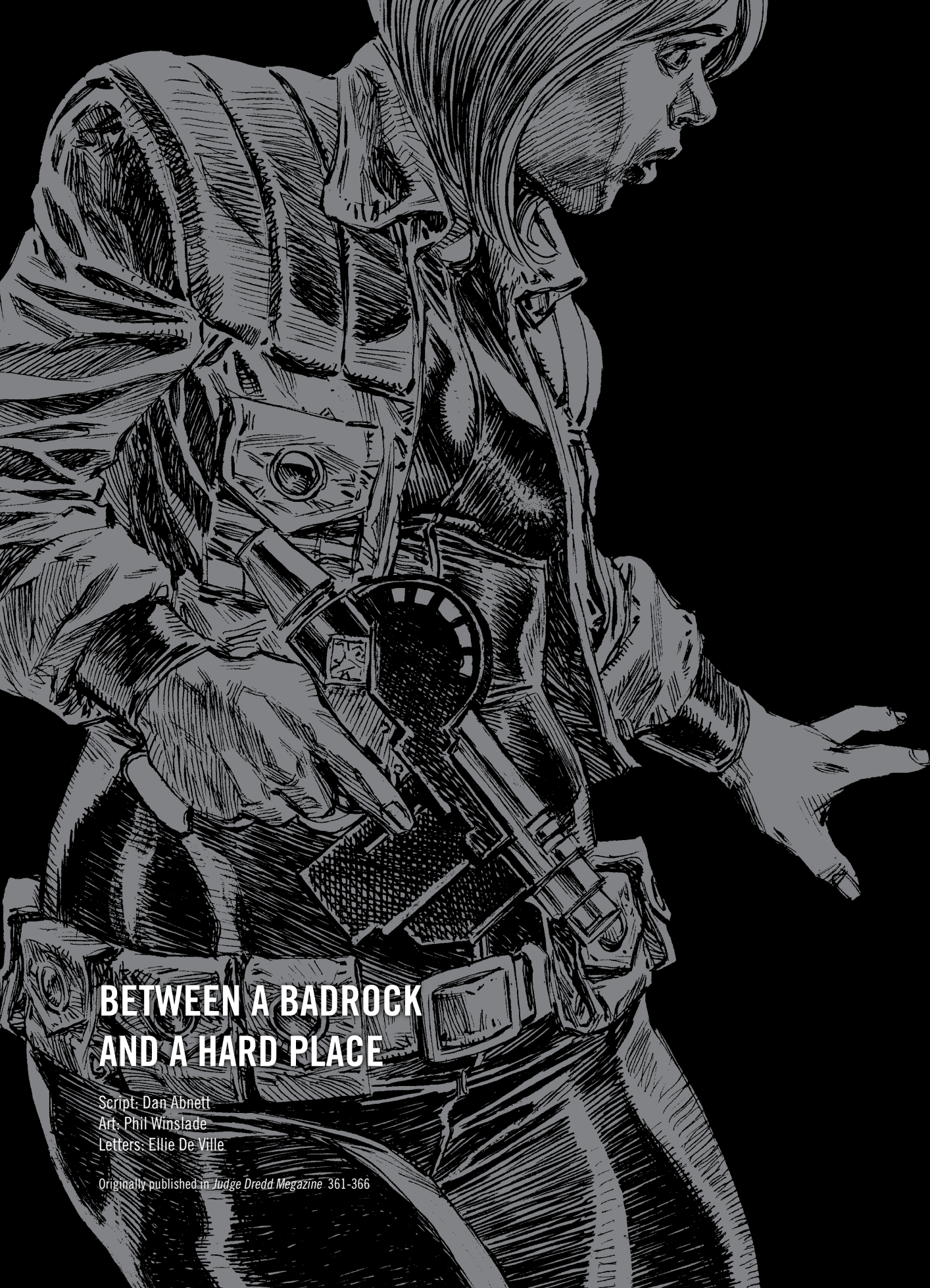
THEY'RE PRETTY
FREAKY, THOUGH,
RIGHT?

WERE THEY
TALKING TO YOU?
IN YOUR HEAD,
I MEAN?

MA'AM?

IT'S
LAWSON,
HONEY.

PLEASE
JUST CALL ME
LAWSON.



BETWEEN A BADROCK AND A HARD PLACE

Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Phil Winslade
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 361-366



CYRUS WILBUR
CRABTREE?

'FRAID
THERE WON'T BE
NO 'OR ALIVE'
ABOUT THIS.

SIR, I BEG
YOUR —

— PARDON?

NO DRAWING
DOWN IN THIS
SALOON!

WHAT
NOW —

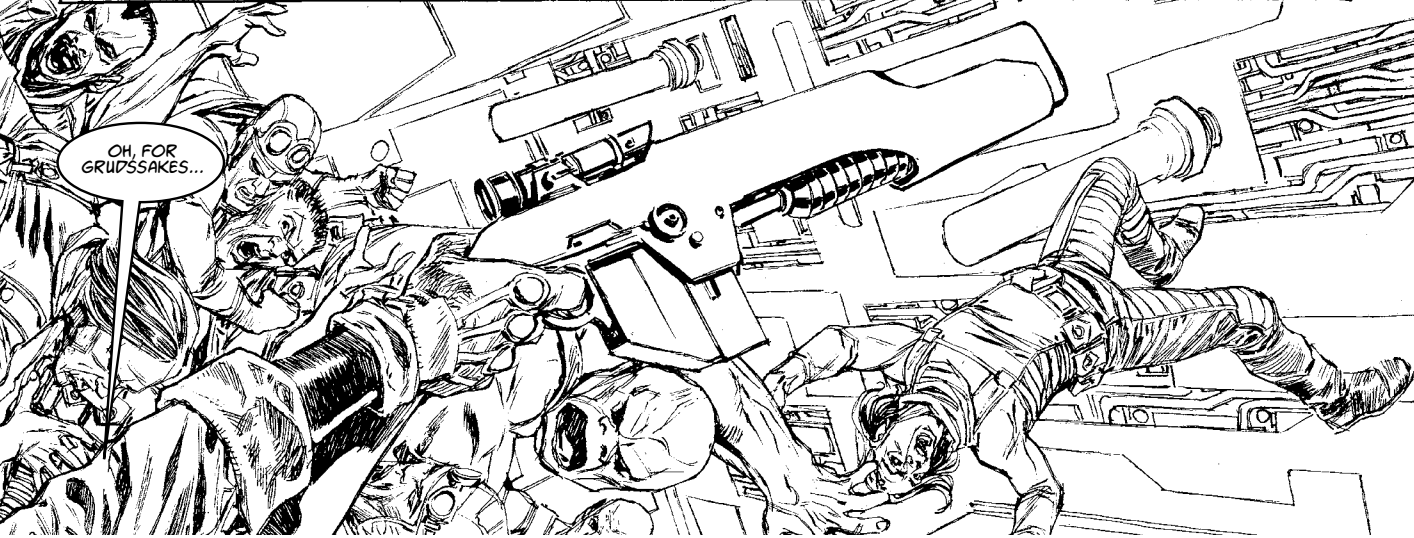
UNNF!

MURDER!

YOU
SHOOT
AT ME?

GNNH!

OH MY
STARS! OH MY
STARS!



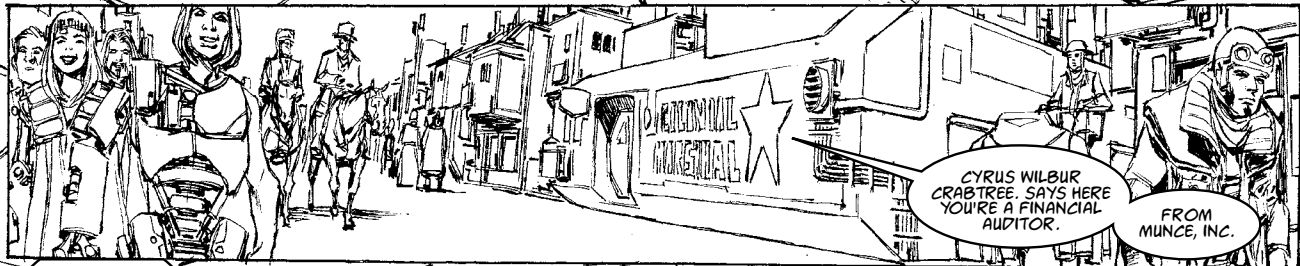


THAT GOT
YOUR DAMNED
ATTENTION,
DROKKTARD'S?
HUH?

I WILL
NOT STAND FOR
VIOLENCE IN MY
DROKING
TOWN!

DO YOU FOOLS
UNDERSTAND, OR DO
I HAVE TO TAKE POTSHOTS
AT YOUR GENITALS UNTIL
THE INSTRUCTION IS
CRYSTAL DROKING
CLEAR?

SAYS COLONIAL
MARSHAL METTA
LAWSON.



THAT IS
CORRECT IN
ALL PARTICULARS,
MARSHAL
LAWSON.

SO
YOU'VE COME
TO BADROCK TO
RUN AN AUDIT.
COMPANY
ACCOUNTS?

I
ARRIVED
ON THIS
MORNING'S
SHUTTLE,
MA'AM.

CYRUS WILBUR
CRABTREE, SAYS HERE
YOU'RE A FINANCIAL
AUDITOR.

FROM
MUNCE, INC.

WHAT DOES
THIS WORK
ENTAIL?

A THOROUGH
EVALUATION OF
BADROCK'S
PROFIT AND
LOSS.

LET ME SEE... THE MINE-
WORKS AND THEIR MUTANT
WORKFORCE, PAYROLL, THE
CONSTRUCTION OF THE
MEGABUILD COLONIAL
TEMPLATE...

... UPLIFT
LABOURERS, MEK
MANUFACTURING
UNITS, OBVIOUSLY
THE MAGLEV RAIL
LINK.

THE MAGLEV LINE
OPENS IN JUST A FEW
DAYS. A CLEAR ROUTE ALL
THE WAY THROUGH TO
TRACTIONHEAD.

WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE US A LITTLE
GALA SHINDIG. THE
WHOLE TOWN.

I
WON'T HAVE NO
SHOOT-BANG-FIRE
CRAPOLA
BESMIRCHING A
PROUD CIVIC
EVENT.

HEAVEN
FORBID.

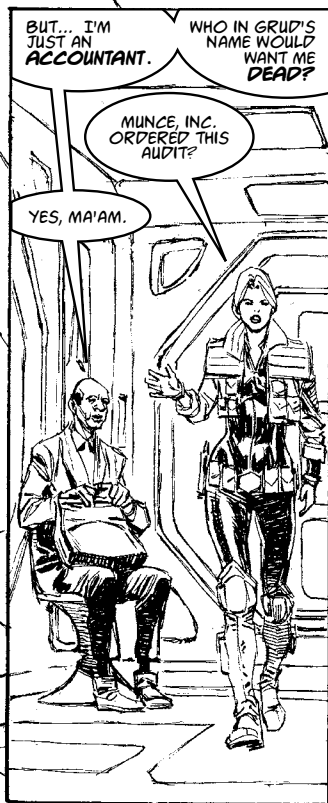
WHY, I
SUPPOSE IT WAS
AN OPPORTUNIST
THING. A ROBBERY
WITH UNMISTAKABLE
MENACES.

IN BROAD
DAYLIGHT?
IN A CROWDED
SALOON?

I'M NO
DETECTIVE —

MY CLERK
PETTIFER MAKES A
GOOD POINT.

IT WEREN'T NO
UNHAPPY HAPPEN-
STANCE. SOMEONE WANTED
YOU PLANTED IN THE
BONEYARD.

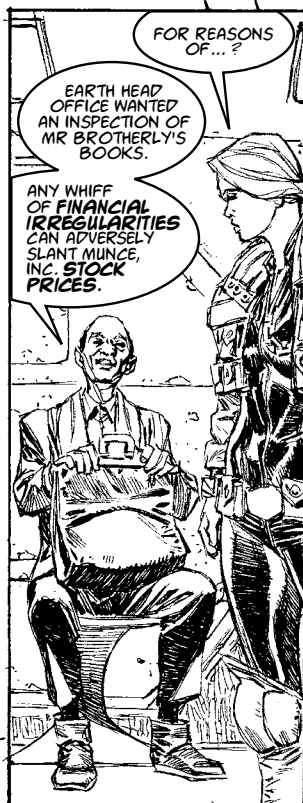


BUT... I'M JUST AN ACCOUNTANT.

WHO IN GRUD'S NAME WOULD WANT ME DEAD?

MUNCE, INC. ORDERED THIS AUDIT?

YES, MA'AM.



FOR REASONS OF... ?

EARTH HEAD OFFICE WANTED AN INSPECTION OF MR BROTHERLY'S BOOKS.

ANY WHIFF OF FINANCIAL IRREGULARITIES CAN ADVERSELY SLANT MUNCE, INC. STOCK PRICES.



I THINK YOU JUST ANSWERED YOUR OWN QUESTION, MR CRABTREE.

IF ALDIS BROTHERLY IS AS DISHONEST AS I BELIEVE HIM TO BE — AND I CAN SMELL THE SWEET PERFUME OF HIS CORRUPTION FROM HERE — THEN HE WOULD NOT BE KINDLY DISPOSED TO YOUR FINANCIAL CHECKS.



OH COME NOW, MARSHAL. MR BROTHERLY IS REGIONAL HEAD OF MUNCE, INC. HE HAS RESPONSIBILITY FOR MUNCE'S ENTIRE COLONIAL PROGRAMME HERE ON 43 REGA.

I MET WITH HIM FIRST THING —

WHAT DID HE SAY?



YOU'LL HAVE UNFETTERED ACCESS, OF COURSE, MR CRABTREE.

ANYTHING I CAN DO TO ASSIST YOUR AUDIT.

MUCH APPRECIATED, MR BROTHERLY.



THIS IS A BIG TIME FOR MUNCE ON REGA, CRABTREE. THE MAGLEV'S ABOUT TO OPEN, THE MEGABUILD'S ON SCHEDULE...

... WHY, WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE THE FIRST FRUITS OF THIRTY TRILLION CRED'S WORTH OF MUNCE INVESTMENT.

THESE ARE EXCITING DAYS, SIR.



AND IF IT TURNS OUT THERE ARE ERRONEOUS ENTRIES IN THE COMPANY LEDGERS, I'M SURE WE CAN SIDESTEP ANY ALARMS WITH A SUITABLE SUR-CHARGE.



HE WAS TRYING TO BUY YOU OFF.

HE WAS NOT.

HE **SO** WAS. 'SUITABLE SUR-CHARGE?' MY AUNT HEPZIBAH'S KNICK-KNACKERY!

NOW, I'M NO DETECTIVE —

HE WAS OFFERING YOU A **BRIBE**, SIR, AND WHEN YOU DECLINED HE **SICCED** A **PROFESSIONAL** **LIFETAKER** ON YOU.

SURELY NOT.

YOUR AUDIT IS ON **PAUSE**, MR CRABTREE, WHILE I GET TO THE **BOTTOM** OF THIS.

COME NOW, I **MUST** BE ALLOWED TO —

NO, YOU **MUST NOT**. YOU ARE MARKED FOR **DEATH**, SIR.

I'M PLACING YOU IN **PROTECTIVE CUSTODY**. PETTIFER HERE WILL WATCH YOU.

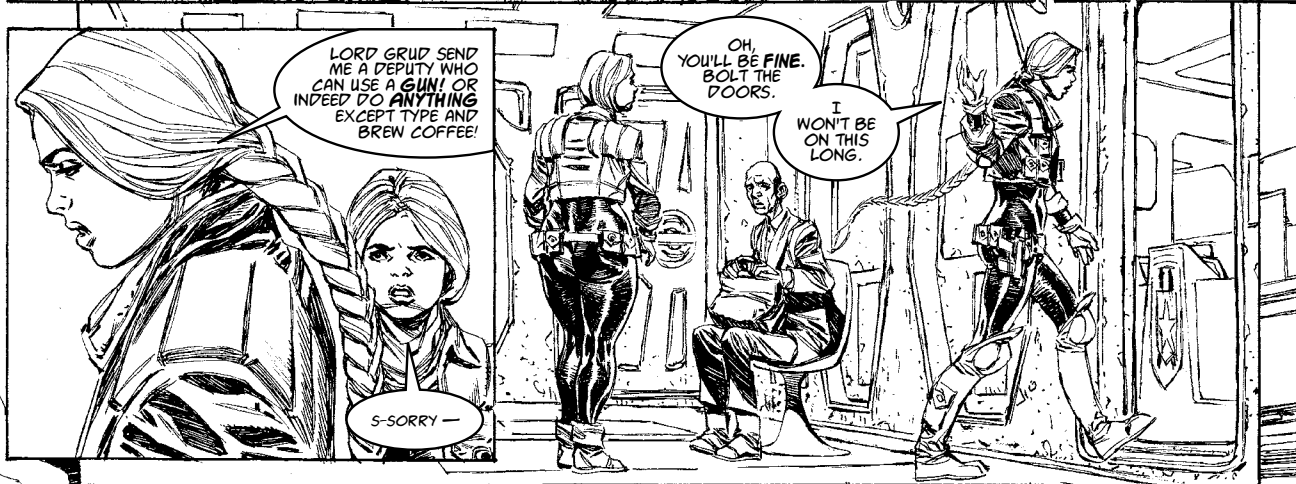


ABOUT THIS 'PROTECTIVE CUSTODY' BUSINESS, MARSHAL...

TAKE HIM TO YOUR RESIDENCE, PETTIFER.

YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR **SIDEARM** IS?

RECKON I COULD **NARROW** IT DOWN...

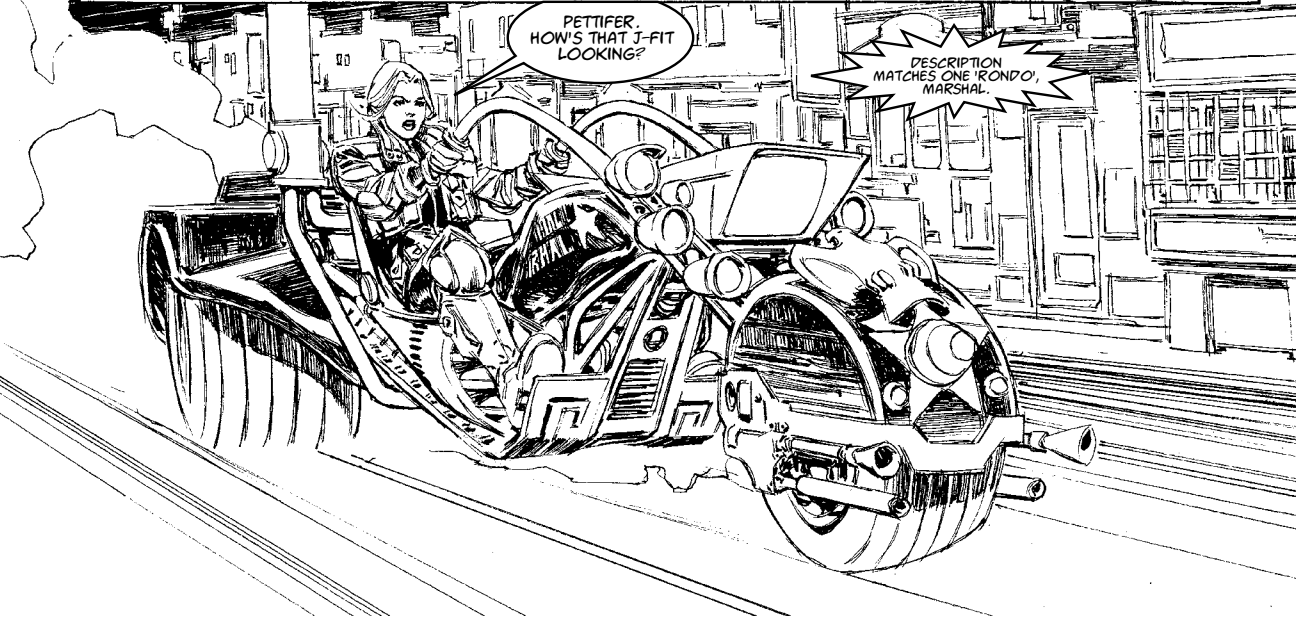


LORD GRUD SEND ME A DEPUTY WHO CAN USE A **GUN**! OR INDEED DO ANYTHING EXCEPT TYPE AND BREW COFFEE!

OH, YOU'LL BE FINE. BOLT THE **DOORS**.

I WON'T BE ON THIS LONG.

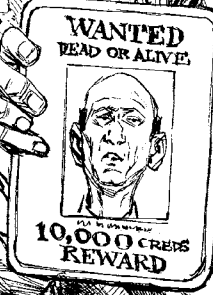
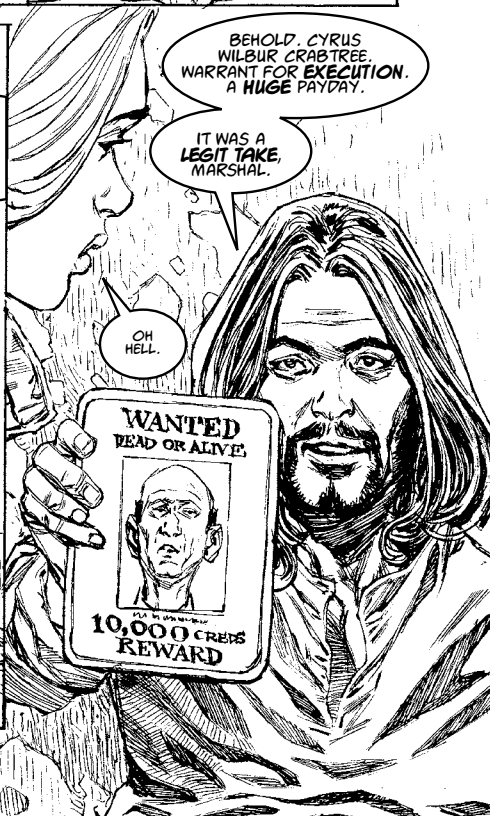
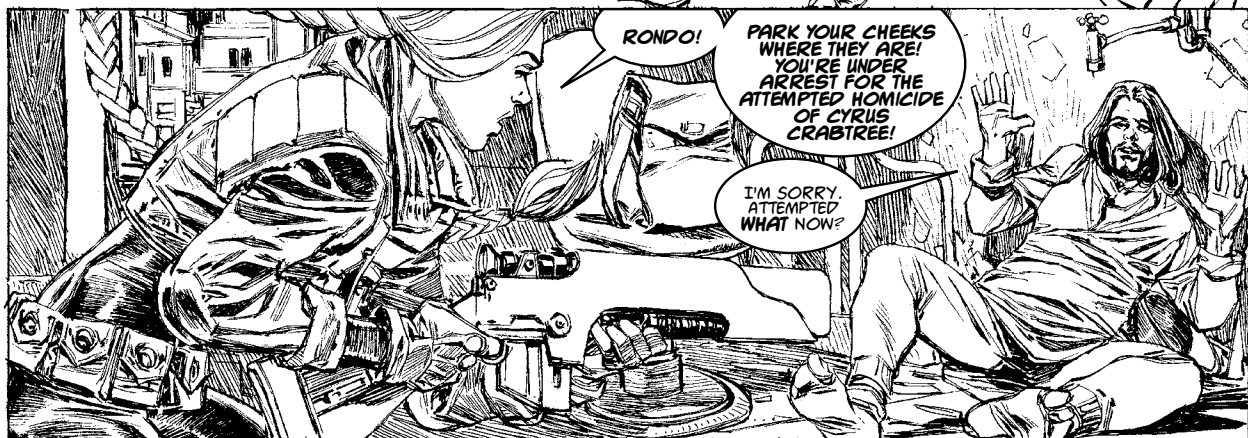
S-SORRY —



PETTIFER, HOW'S THAT J-FIT LOOKING?

DESCRIPTION MATCHES ONE 'RONDO', MARSHAL.









YOU THERE!
Y-YOU IN THE
YARD!

SHOUTS NERY'S
PETIFIER, CLERK
TO THE OFFICE
OF THE TOWN
MARSHAL.



I AM A JUSTICE
OFFICER, AND I
AM ARMED!

DON'T YOU
COME NO CLOSER,
YOU HEAR ME?



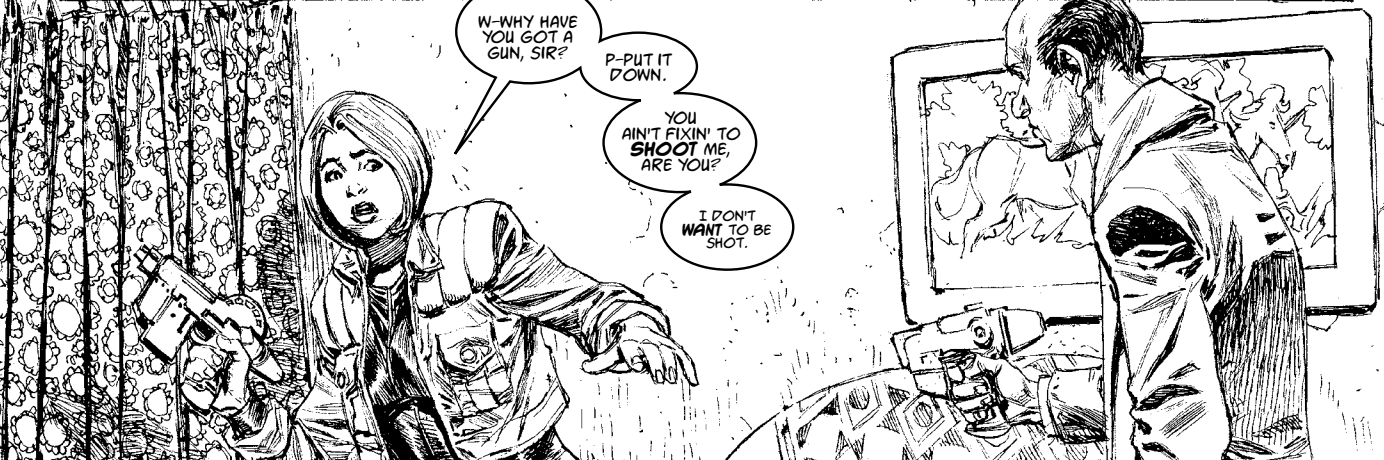
THERE'S MEN
OUT THERE, MR
CRABTREE.

DON'T
BE ALARMED
NOW, BUT MAYBE
YOU COULD GET
YOURSELF UNDER
A TABLE OR
SOMETHING?



SIR, I —

SIR, W-WHY
DO YOU HAVE A
GUN?





SHOOT YOU? GRACIOUS WOMAN.

MY UNDERSTANDING IS WE'RE IN JEOPARDY. I CARRY THIS PIECE FOR PERSONAL PROTECTION.

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE OF USE.

GUNS AIN'T REALLY MY THING, MR CRABTREE. HONEST TRUTH, THE FEWER OF THEM THERE ARE AROUND, THE BETTER I LIKE IT.

MAYBE PUT IT AWAY?

OH DROKK!



ANY WORD ON OUR ISSUE, MR PINKERTON?

ASKS ALDIS BROTHERLY, REGIONAL HEAD OF MUNCE, INC.



IT'S ALL IN HAND, SIR, LIKE I PROMISED IT WOULD BE.

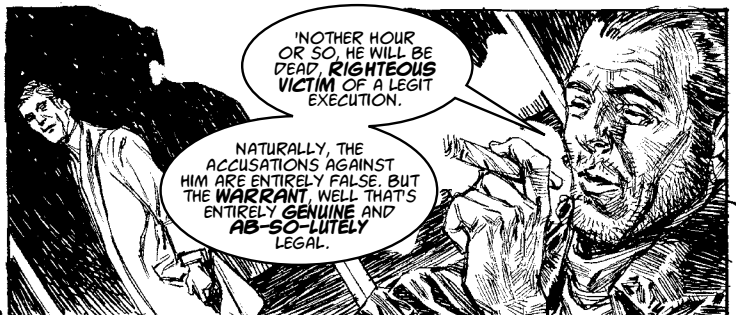
THE 'IRREGULARITY IN ACCOUNTS' WILL BE CROW-BAIT BY SUPPER TIME.

THERE HAS TO BE ZERO BLOWBACK, PINKERTON. NOT ON ME, NOT ON MUNCE.



AND THERE WILL BE NONE. I PULLED SOME STRINGS. CLANDESTINE.

CYRUS WILBUR CRABTREE, THE PAIN IN YOUR CORPORATE ASS, IS A HEINOUS MURDERER, WITH A DEATH NOTICE AND FAT PRICE ON HIS HEAD.



'NOTHER HOUR OR SO, HE WILL BE DEAD. RIGHTEOUS VICTIM OF A LEGIT EXECUTION.

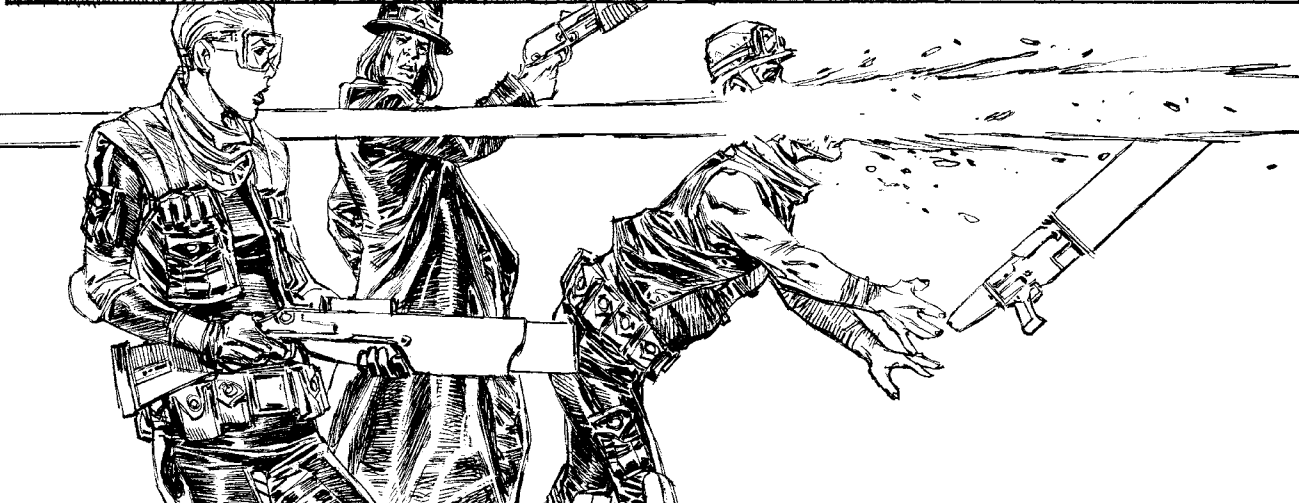
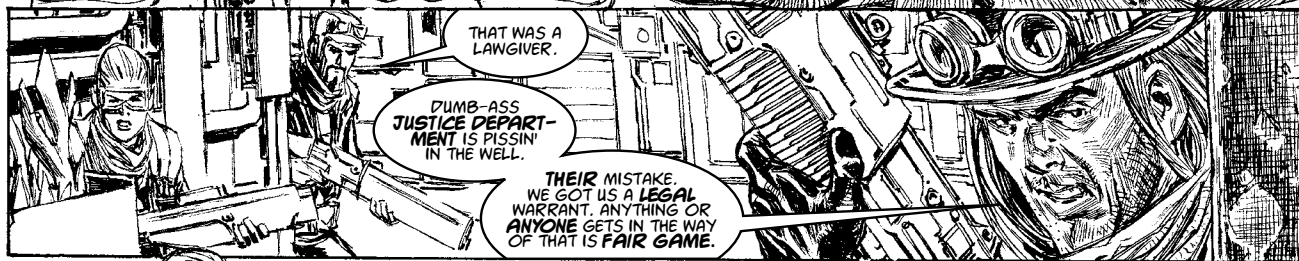
NATURALLY, THE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST HIM ARE ENTIRELY FALSE. BUT THE WARRANT, WELL, THAT'S ENTIRELY GENUINE AND AB-SOLUTELY LEGAL.



OH JEEBS! OH JEEBUS DROKK!



GRUD, DID I MENTION I HATED GUNS?
M-MY HANDS ARE SORE SHAKIN'!





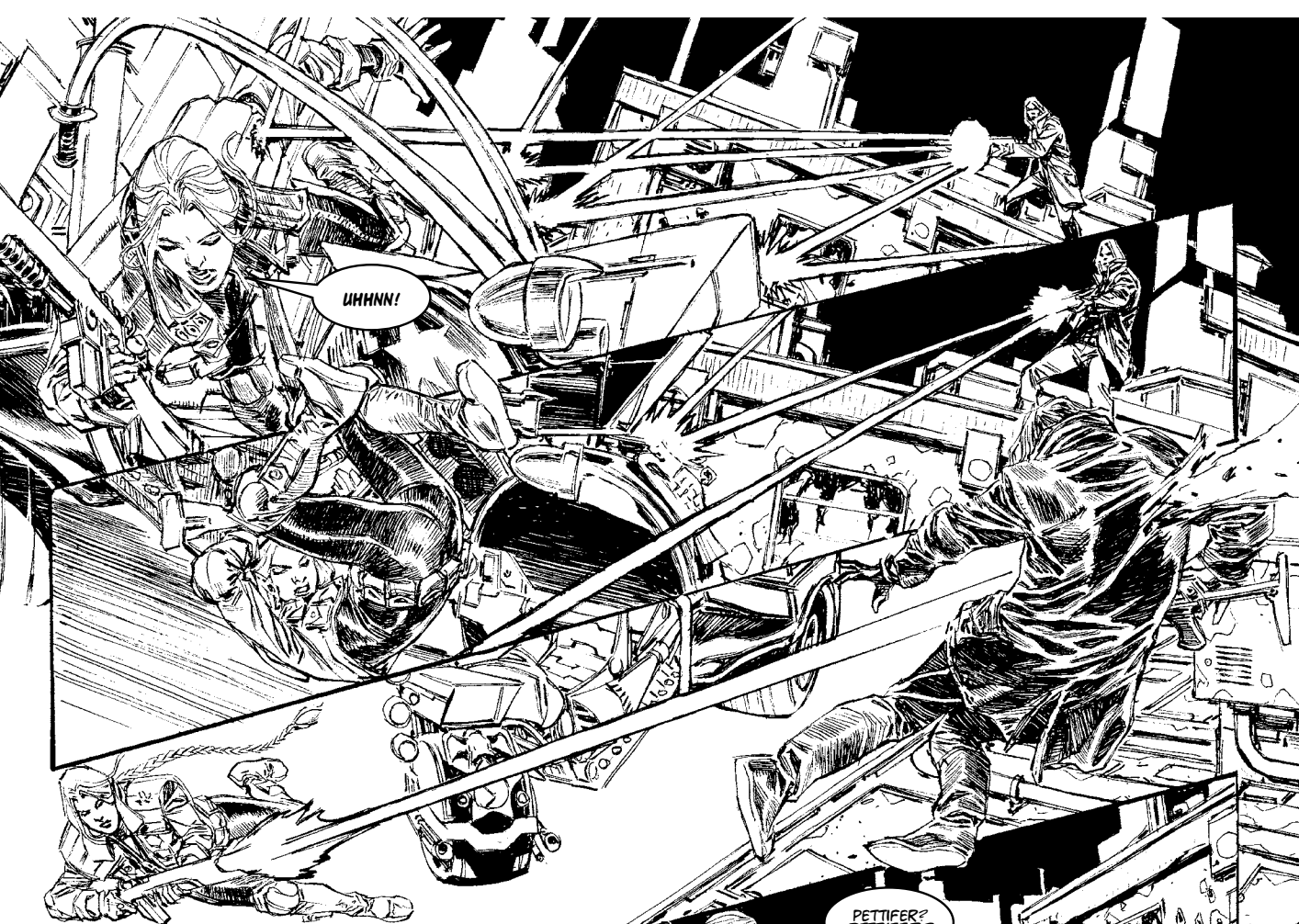
SHITSTICKS!
LAWSON!

YOU GOT
NO JURISDICTION
IN THIS BUSINESS,
LADY!

MY TOWN. MY
BUSINESS.

ADDITIONALLY,
DROKK YOU TO
HELL.

AAAAHHH!



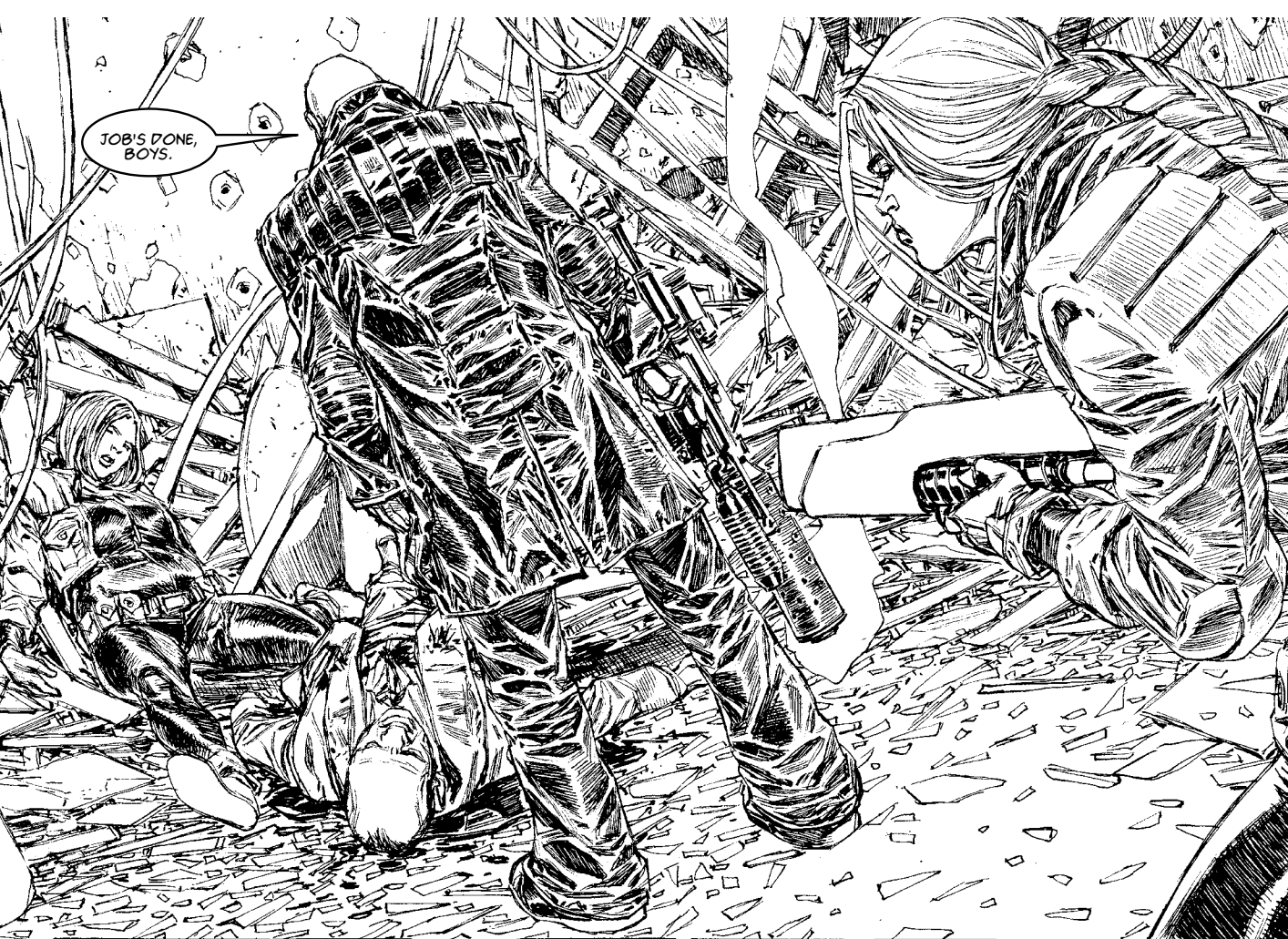


OH, COME ON...

YYAAHHH!

BOY, THAT SETTING EATS UP THE JUICE...

PETTIFER?

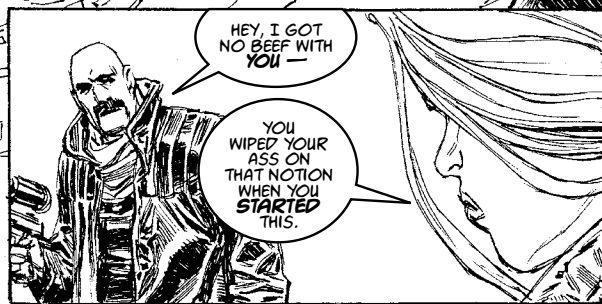


JOB'S DONE,
BOYS.



OH, MARSHAL
WELL, BUSINESS
IS TAKEN CARE
OF.

YOU SON
OF A BITCH.



HEY, I GOT
NO BEEF WITH
YOU —

YOU
WIPE YOUR
ASS ON
THAT NOTION
WHEN YOU
STARTED
THIS.





SHIT.

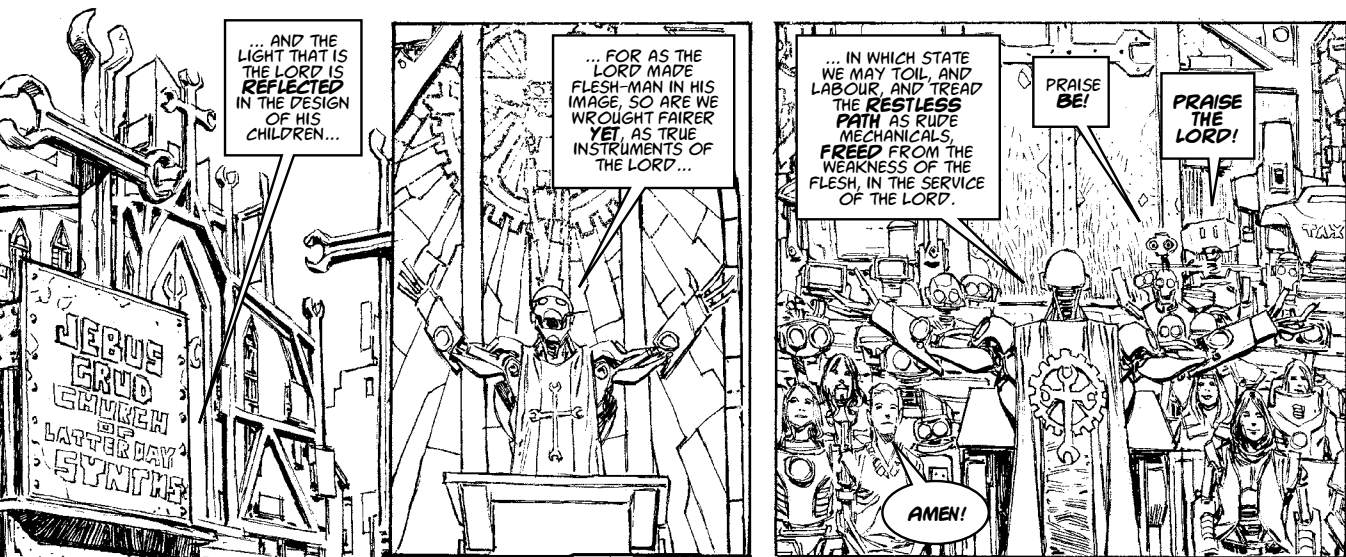
OH PETTIFER. OH DROKK...

S-SORRY, M-MARSHAL, I D-
DIDN'T D-DO SUCH A G-GOOD
JOB, DID I?

PETTIFER
WILL YOU SHUT
UP WHILE I
PATCH THIS —

PETTIFER?

PETTIFER!





HOW CAN I HELP YOU, MARSHAL LAWSON?

MY DEPUTY'S BEEN SHOT. SHE NEEDS A DOCTOR.

NEEDS ONE NOW.

A TERRIBLE THING.

YOU'RE SAWBONES RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL YOU?

I AM THE MINISTER OF THIS CHURCH.

YOU'RE ALSO A TEN-SEVEN-EPSILON TRAUMA MEK SURGICAL GRADE.

BADROCK HASN'T HAD A RESIDENT DOCTOR IN I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG.

YOU'RE THE CLOSEST THING WE'VE GOT. SO I'M ASKING YOU...

...HELP ME.

PETTIFER'S DYING. IN GOD'S NAME, YOURS OR MINE, I HARDLY CARE WHICH, HELP ME.



MARSHAL.

IS SHE — ?

THE DAMAGE WAS CONSIDERABLE. I HAVE RENDERED REPAIRS.

SHE WILL NOT LOSE THE LEG. SHE WILL NOT DIE.

OH THANK GOD.

INDEED.

SORRY. MY MANNERS.

PERSONAL SPACE.

ALL SPACE IS PERSONAL, MARSHAL.

KAY.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.

I REQUIRE NO THANKS.

SIR, I...

I WON'T LIE. I'VE HEARD SOME THINGS ABOUT YOUR CHURCH.

SHE WILL NEED TO STAY HERE AT LEAST OVERNIGHT. I WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED OF HER PROGRESS.

LIKE MANY, YOU ARE UNDOUBTEDLY PUZZLED BY THE FACT THAT MEKS CHOOSE TO WORSHIP. THAT WE CHOSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE A SPIRITUAL SIDE.



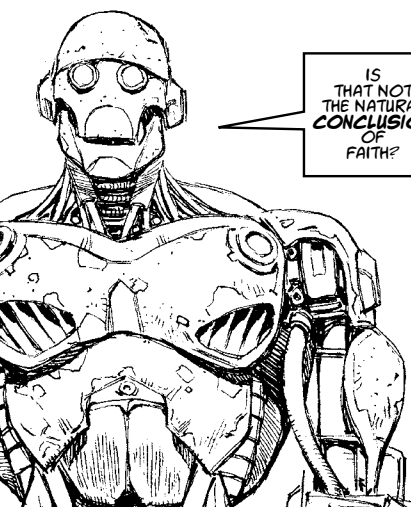
NO, I GET THAT. I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

GOD MADE MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE, AND MAN MADE MEKS, SO MEKS ARE THE DISTILLATION OF GOD'S WILL.

I KINDA LIKE THE FACT THAT THE COSMOS IS SO MIXED-UP THAT THE MOST ARTIFICIAL SENTIENTS ARE THE ONES WHO TAKE THE NOTION OF LIFE MOST SERIOUSLY.

I GUESS IT'S ABOUT THE HUMANS WHO COME HERE. THE ONES WHO GET YOU TO REPLACE THEIR ORGANICS WITH MEK-PLANTS.

THE ONES WHO WANNA BE MEKS.



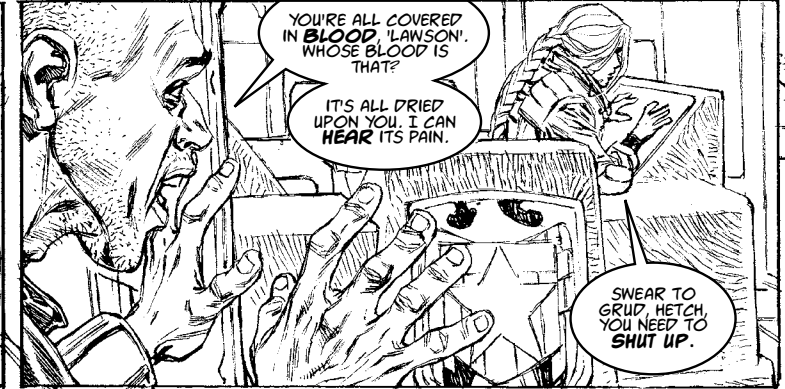
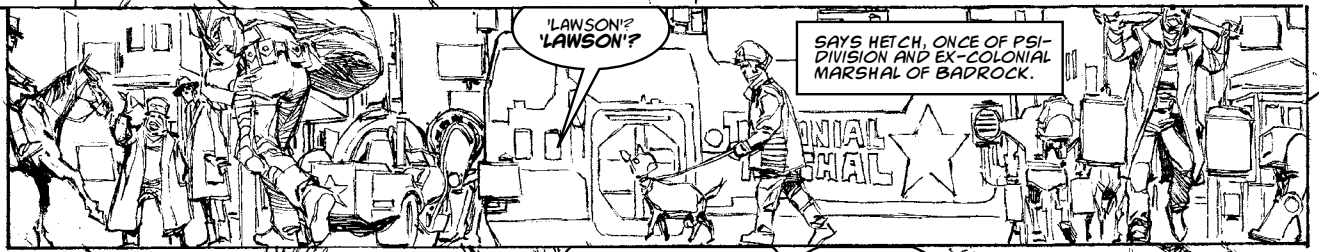
IS THAT NOT THE NATURAL CONCLUSION OF FAITH?

TO EMBRACE THE PURITY AND SIMPLICITY OF THE MEK-FORM? TO JOYOUSLY DIVEST YOURSELF OF FLAWED AND WEAK FLESH?

I GUESS.

I SURE KNOW THERE'S A SURPLUS OF FLAWED AND WEAK FLESH IN THIS ASSCRACK TOWN.







HOW CAN THERE
BE NO DROKING
RESULTS?

HO HO! A LITTLE
PEEP SHOW!

MY MY,
YOU'RE KIND TO
ME, 'LAWSON'.

I NEED TO
CLEAN UP. I'M
COVERED IN
PETTIFER'S
BLOOD.

I'VE KILLED A **BUNCH**
OF MEN TODAY,
HETCH. SO ADDING
ONE **MORE** ASSHOLE
TO THAT TALLY
WON'T BOTHER
ME.

I'M JUST
MESSIN' WITH
YOU, MARSHAL.
I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU **ALL**
DAY.

I NEED TO
TELL YOU ABOUT MY
DREAMS. THE LIGHT
IN THE SKIES ABOVE THE
BADLANDS. THE BLOOD-
SHED COMING. THE
JUDGEMENT...

DREAM YOUR
DREAMS TO YOUR-
SELF, HETCH.

I AIN'T
LISTENING TO YOUR
CRAZY.

NO, MARSHAL, YOU
GOTTA LISTEN!
PLEASE, YOU
GOTTA GO
AND —

NO!



DON'T LEAVE ME
IN HERE ALONE
WITH THEM,
'LAWSON'.

DON'T
LEAVE ME ALONE
WITH THESE
DREAMS.

I CAN'T FIX
THEM. ONLY
YOU CAN...





SORRY ABOUT YOUR DEPUTY.



RONDO. WALK AWAY NOW.

THE WHOLE TOWN'S A-TALK. PETTIFER SHOT, YOU PUTTIN' A WHOLE NUMBER OF MEN IN THE BONEYARD...

MEN OF YOUR TRADE, RONDO.



A BUSINESS LIKE THAT, IT PUTS A TARNISH ON MY PROFESSION. BOUNTY HUNTING, IT'S A JOB OF WORK LIKE ANY OTHER.

WHEN A MISTAKE LIKE THIS OCCURS, IT...

MISTAKE? WEREN'T NO MISTAKE, RONDO.

NOW DO LIKE I SAID AND WALK AWAY FROM ME.

I GOT A GOOD REASON TO STAY PUT.



YEAH?

YEAH. ABOUT A LITRE'S WORTH OF GOOD REASON.



... SO, I'M THINKING, HOW DOES A POSTED DEATH NOTICE JUST VANISH? HUH?

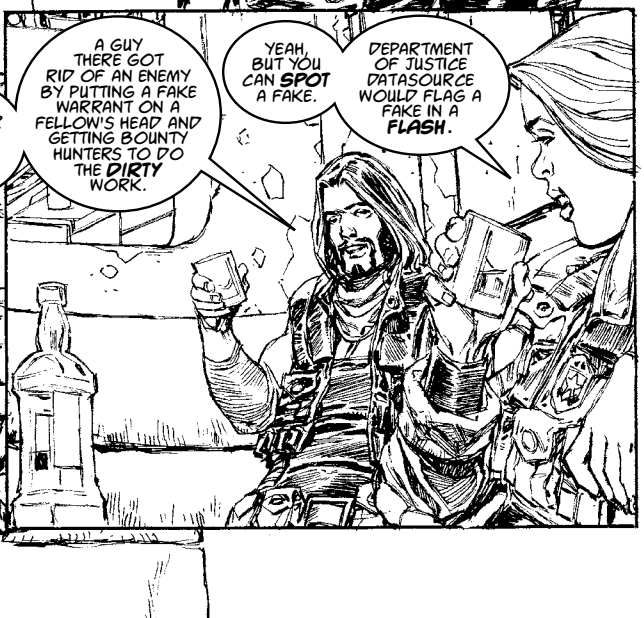
HUH?

TELL ME THAT, MR SMART-MOUTH BOUNTY HUNTER.

I REMEMBER A TIME ON 66 GLORICE.

BEATS ME. IT WAS A LEGIT NOTICE.

WHEN I CHECKED IT AGAIN LATER, IT WAS CLEAN GONE.



A GUY THERE GOT RID OF AN ENEMY BY PUTTING A FAKE WARRANT ON A FELLOW'S HEAD AND GETTING BOUNTY HUNTERS TO DO THE DIRTY WORK.

YEAH, BUT YOU CAN SPOT A FAKE.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE DATASOURCE WOULD FLAG A FAKE IN A FLASH.



NO ARGUMENT.

TO FAKE A REAL BOUNTY WARRANT, YOU'D NEED AN INSIDE CONNECTION.

INSIDE?

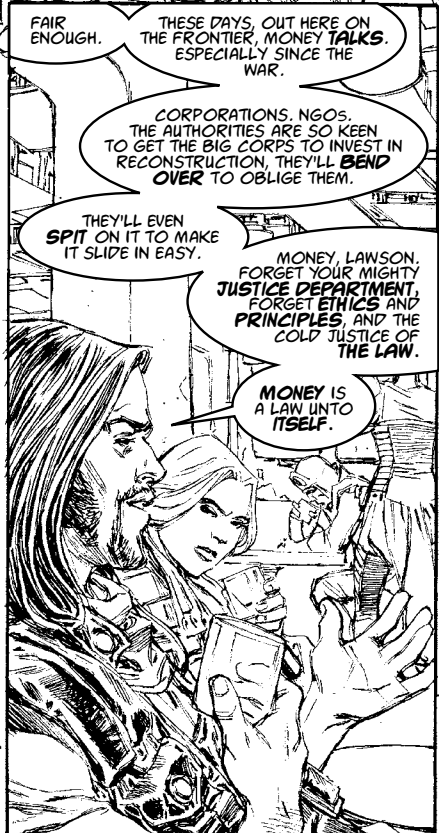
INSIDE THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. OR AT LEAST INSIDE THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE DOWN AT THE PLANETARY CAPITAL.

RONDO, I COULDN'T PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT, AND I'M A COLONIAL MARSHAL WITH CLEARANCE.

AND A MIGHTY FINE-LOOKING MARSHAL WITH CLEARANCE, I MIGHT SAY.

DON'T FLIRT WITH ME, OR I WILL TAKE MY BOOT KNIFE TO YOUR BALLSACK.



FAIR ENOUGH.

THESE DAYS, OUT HERE ON THE FRONTIER, MONEY TALKS. ESPECIALLY SINCE THE WAR.

CORPORATIONS. NGOS. THE AUTHORITIES ARE SO KEEN TO GET THE BIG CORPS TO INVEST IN RECONSTRUCTION, THEY'LL BEND OVER TO OBLIGE THEM.

THEY'LL EVEN SPIT ON IT TO MAKE IT SLIDE IN EASY.

MONEY. LAWSON. FORGET YOUR MIGHTY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. FORGET ETHICS AND PRINCIPLES. AND THE COLD JUSTICE OF THE LAW.

MONEY IS A LAW UNTO ITSELF.



NGOS? LIKE... PRIVATE SECURITY COMPANIES?

SURE.

LIKE... FARGONE PRIVATE SECURITY.

JUST LIKE THAT.



YOU HAVE PLEASED ME WITH THE CONTENT OF THIS CONVERSATION, RONDO.

YOU MAY NOW PURCHASE ANOTHER BOTTLE, AND I WILL PERMIT YOU FIVE MINUTES OF UNINTERRUPTED FLIRTATION.

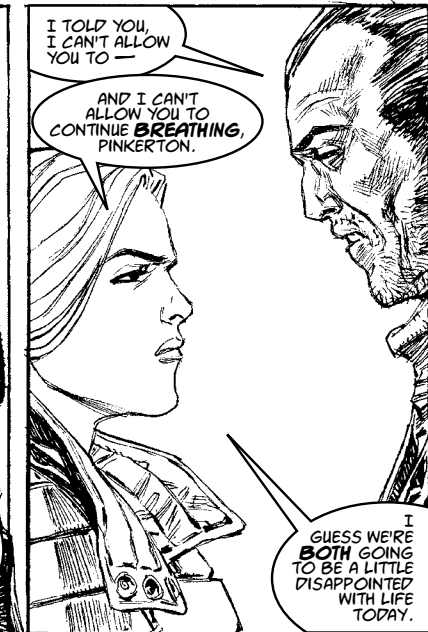
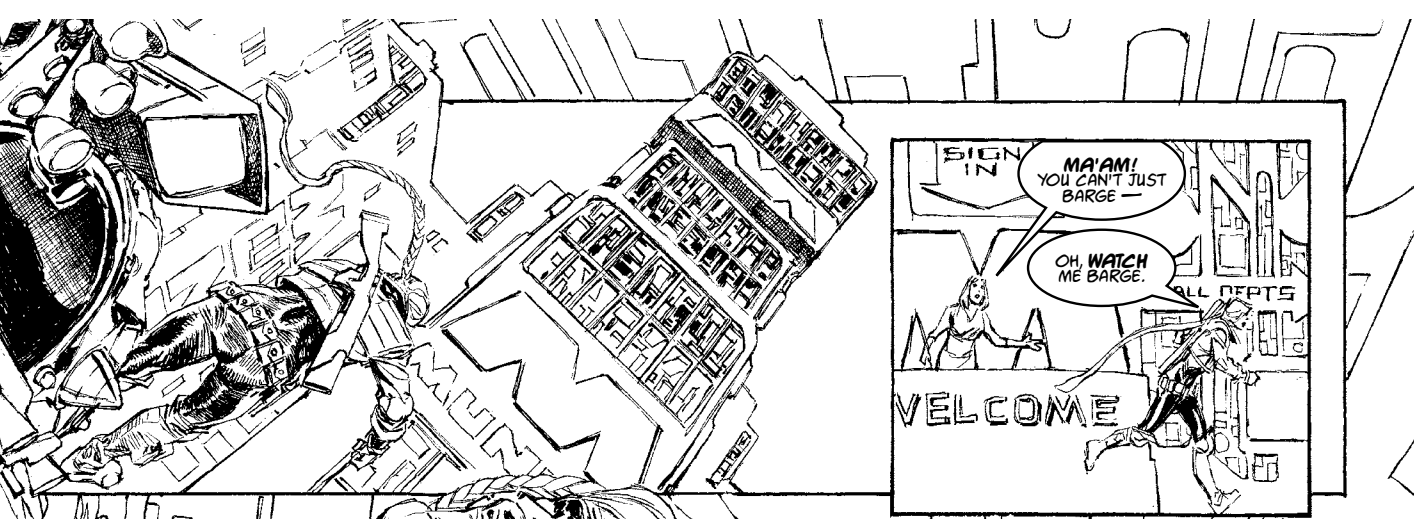
JUST FIVE. MIND, AND NO DIRTY TALK.

YES, MA'AM.



WAKE UP. IT'S SUNRISE. WAKE UP. IT'S SUNRISE...

OH DROKK. MY HEAD...





THANK YOU, SIRS.

MR. BROTHERLY?

MARSHAL LAWSON. WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT?

I SAID I WAS GOING TO SPEAK TO YOU, BROTHERLY. TO YOU.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO UTTER A WORD.

THE AUDITOR, CRABTREE, WAS ON TO YOU. HE WAS GOING TO EXPOSE THE CORPORATE CORRUPTION YOU ARE BALLS-DEEP IN HERE.

NONSENSE. HE HADN'T EVEN INSPECTED THE LEDGERS —

SHUT UP.

YOU HAD HIM KILLED TO COVER YOUR ASS. HAD MY DEPUTY HARMED IN THE COURSE OF THAT.

YOU HAD A FALSE BOUNTY POSTED TO SECURE THE KILLING.

THAT'S A TRICKY THING TO PULL OFF, BUT THE OFFICERS OF A PRIVATE SECURITY COMPANY CAN TUG ALL SORTS OF STRINGS THESE DAYS.



BULL-SHIT.

WHERE'S YOUR PROOF?

I HAVE NONE. YET.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, OR HOW PINKERTON DID IT FOR YOU.

BUT I WILL FIND OUT, AND IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG.

I JUST WANTED TO STOP BY AND LET YOU KNOW THAT.

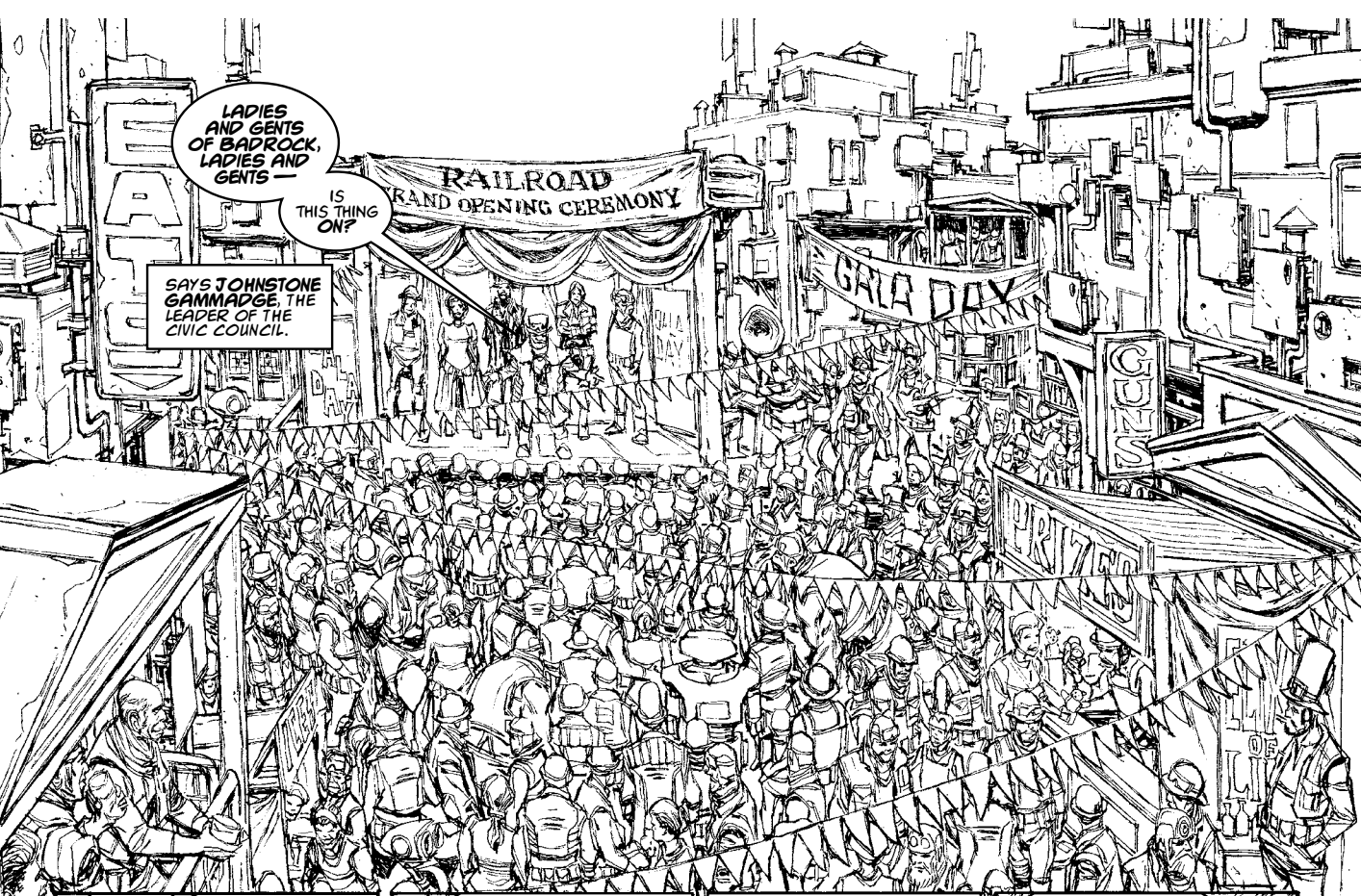
YOU'RE ON NOTICE, BROTHERLY.

CLEAN UP OR I WILL TAKE YOU DOWN.

GOOD DAY TO YOU, GENTLEMEN.

WHY, I BELIEVE IT'S A GOOD DAY ALREADY...





LADIES AND GENTS OF BADROCK, LADIES AND GENTS —

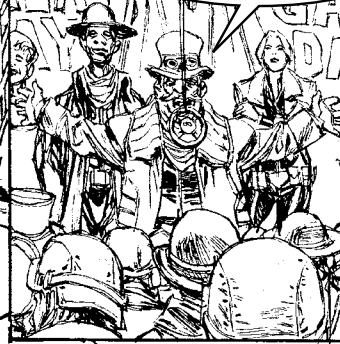
IS THIS THING ON?

SAYS JOHNSTONE GAMMADGE, THE LEADER OF THE CIVIC COUNCIL.

IT IS? LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, CITIZENS OF BADROCK, YOU TIRELESS LABOURERS AND HARD-WORKIN' FOLKS!

TODAY IS A BIG DAY!

AT THREE PM THIS VERY AFTERNOON, THE FIRST EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE WILL ARRIVE, FORMALLY OPENING THE RAILROAD BETWEEN OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY AND TRACTIONHEAD.



ONCE THAT TRAIN ARRIVES, BADROCK WILL HAVE TAKEN A MOMENTOUS STEP INTO THE FUTURE!

ON THIS RED-LETTER DAY, THIS GALA DAY, WE POSITIVELY ENCOURAGE CELEBRATION AND JUBILATION!



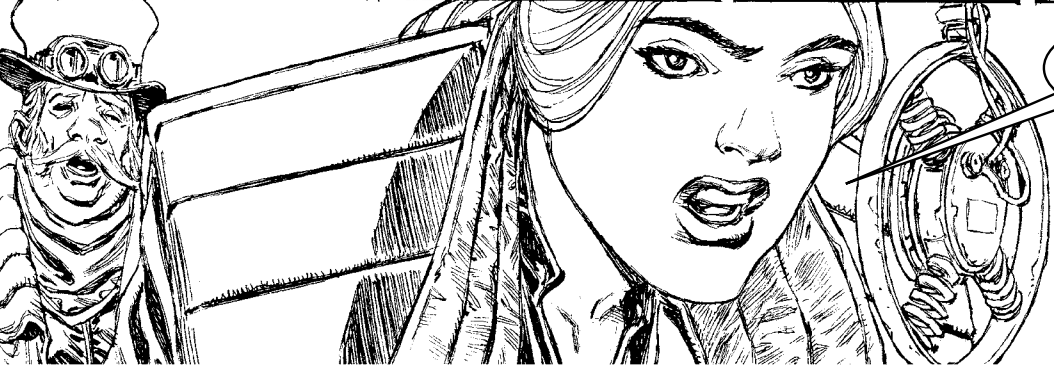
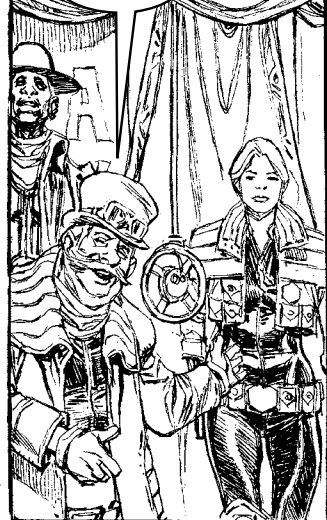
THE CARNIVAL IS HERE FOR YOU ALL TO ENJOY, AND EVERY WORKER HAS BEEN GRANTED A DAY'S LEAVE BY THE GRACIOUS SENIOR OFFICIALS OF MUNCE, INC!

SO HOORAY AND HUIZZAH! LET'S ALL RAISE A GLASS... TO BADROCK AND THE FUTURE!



THE TOWN MARSHAL WILL NOW SAY A FEW WORDS.

MARSHAL LAWSON?



CARNEY'S IN TOWN. BOOZE APLENTY, HIGH JINKS. WHAT-NOT.

DO NOT OBLIGE ME TO CURB YOUR MERRYMAKING WITH A DAYSTICK.

CAN WE GO OUTSIDE AWHILE AND ENJOY THE GALA CARNEY, MARSHAL?

CAN WE?

YEAH, CAN WE, 'LAWSON'?

SHUT IT, HETCH.

PETTIFER, YOUR LEG'S STILL HEALING AN' ALL. MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST REST UP **HERE** AND WATCH FOR TROUBLE USING **VID-SURV.**

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MUCH FUN.

IT DOES NOT.

SHUT IT, HETCH.

OUR JOB, PETTIFER, DOES NOT INVOLVE FUN. IT INVOLVES **GOOD PRACTICE CRIME PREVENTION AND PEACEKEEPING.**

BUT IT'S THE **GALA CARNEY.** HOW OFTEN DOES ONE OF THEM HAPPEN? AND MY LEG'S NOTHING LIKE SO SORE AS IT WAS.

AND IT'S THE **GALA CARNEY.**

IF WE WAS OUT THERE, WE COULD DO **HEAPS A GOOD PRACTICE** WHAT-NOT CRIME STUFF **ON THE GROUND** IN A MORE EFFECTIVE WAY.

PLUS, AFFORD OURSELVES OF SOME **FUN.** AND **SHERBERT.** AND **LUCKY DIPS.**

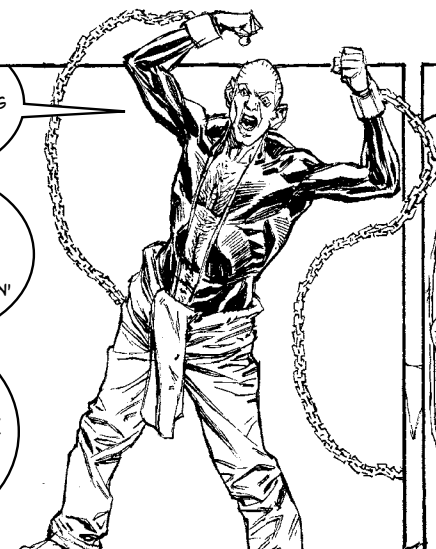
I TELL YOU WHAT YOU SHOULD **REALLY** DO.

YOU SHOULD HEED ME FOR ONCE, 'LAWSON'.

MY DREAMS,
THEY'RE GETTING
WORSE AND
WORSE,
MARSHAL!

I SEE THE
LIGHT IN THE
SKIES ABOVE
THE BADLANDS,
PRESAGING
BLOODSHED
AND ANNOUNCIN'
JUDGEMENT!

LISTEN
TO ME! YOU
SHOULD GO
OUT INTO THE
BADLANDS AND
FIND OUT WHAT
THE LIGHT IN THE
SKIES REALLY **IS**
BEFORE —



I **TOLD** YOU,
HETCH. NO MORE OF
YOUR **CRAZY**.

I WILL
MAKE YOU HEED
ME, 'LAWSON', IF I
HAVE TO RANT AND
RAVE **ALL DAY AND**
NIGHT! I WILL —



PETTIFER?

GRAB YOUR
HOBBLE STICK.
WE'RE GOING
OUT.



HETCH IS GETTIN'
WORSE, AIN'T HE,
MARSHAL?



YEAH,
AND GIVEN HIS
STARTING POINT,
THAT'S **SAYIN'**
SOMETHING.

ONCE THE
RAILROAD'S UP AND
RUNNING, I FIGURE
WE SHOULD SHIP HIM
TO **HIGH-SEC 150**
UPDATE.

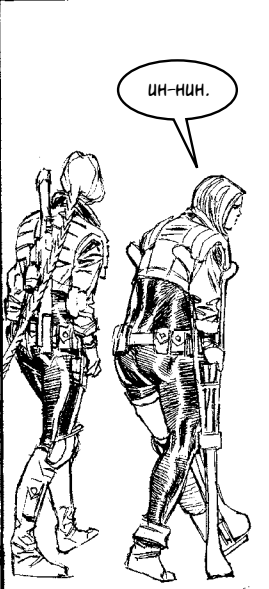
WHAT IF HIS DREAMS
ARE **TRUE**? I MEAN,
HE'S **PSI-DIVISION**.
WHAT IF HE'S **PRE-**
COGIN' SOMETHIN'
WE SHOULD PAY
ATTENTION
TO?



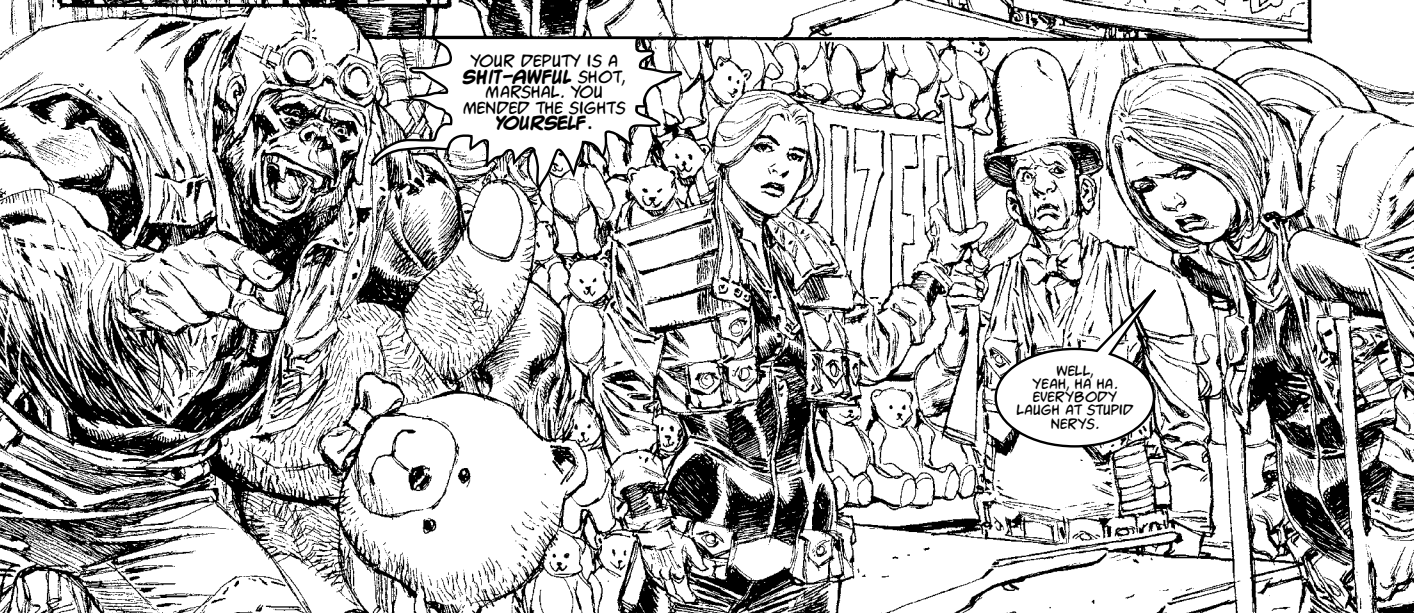
HE'S **CRAZY**,
PETTIFER.

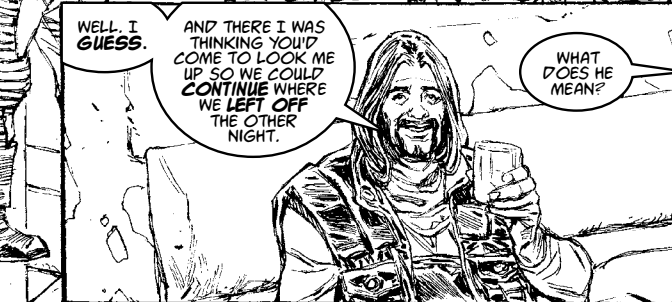
CAPITAL 'KER', CAPITAL
'RAYZEE'.

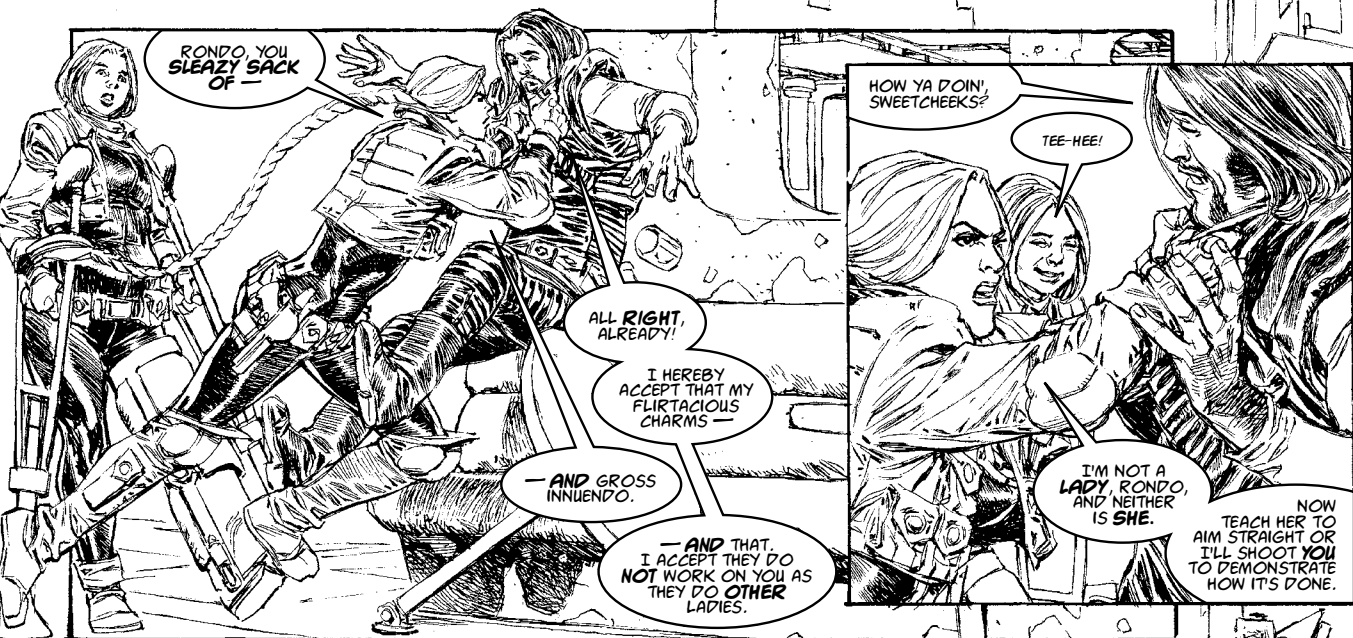
UH-HUH.



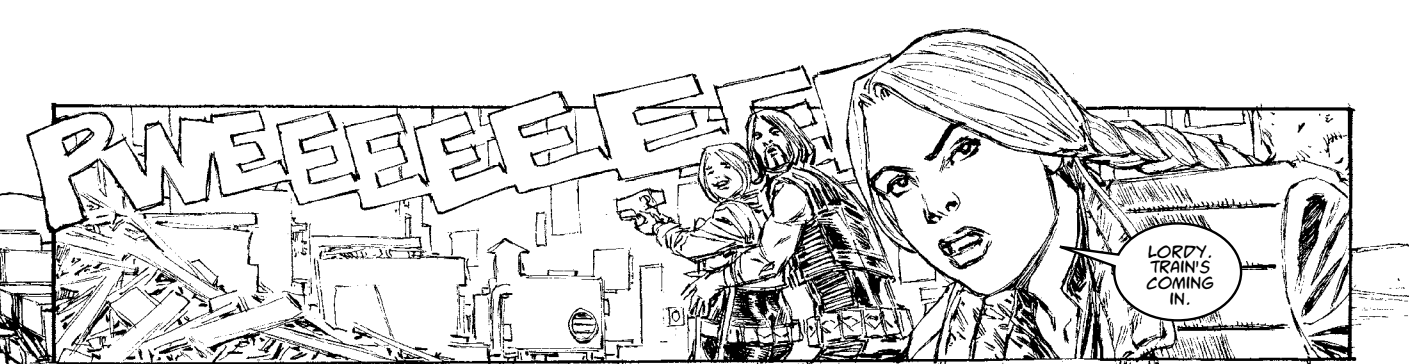














I'M
MARSHAL METTA
LAWSON.

SAYS COLONIAL
MARSHAL METTA LAWSON.



WELL,
THAT'S **REAL**
PECULIAR...

... BECAUSE I'M
MARSHAL METTA
LAWSON.

SAYS COLONIAL
MARSHAL METTA LAWSON.



I...
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
THIS ONE
BIT.

HOW CAN
YOU
BOTH — ?

WHAT
THE **DEVIL**
IS — ?

COOL
YOUR DRAWERS,
COUNCIL LEADER
GAMMADGE, WE'LL
SORT THIS **GLITCH**
OUT.

I'VE BEEN
BADROCK'S
MARSHAL FOR
SIX MONTHS.
YOU **ALL** KNOW
ME.

THIS
FANCY
IMPOSTER.
HOWEVER, FRESH
OFF THE
TRAIN —

I'M
LAWSON. I
WAS **ASSIGNED**
HERE BY THE
MARSHAL
SERVICE.

MY
TRANSFER
WAS **DELAYED**
BY SIX MONTHS,
BUT NOW I'M HERE
TO TAKE UP
MY POST.

I'M A PATIENT,
FORGIVING PERSON,
COUNCIL LEADER, AND I
TRULY APOLOGISE
FOR MY UNAVOIDABLE
TARDINESS IN ARRIVING
TO FULFILL MY
DUTIES...

... BUT IF
WE'RE GOING TO
BANDY THE TERM
'IMPOSTER',
AROUND, I WILL
APPLY IT TO **THIS**
WOMAN.

WHAT
THE **DROCK**
IS GOING ON,
GIRL?

I
DON'T KNOW,
MR RONDO. I
HONESTLY HAVE
NO IDEA.

WHO IS THIS
WOMAN?

WELL, SHE
SAYS
SHE'S —

I
GOT THAT
PART!







YOU ARE JUST ADDING TO THE CHARGE LIST, GIRLIE.

IF KICKING YOUR LYIN' POONTANG OUT OF TOWN IS A CRIME, GUILTY AS CHARGED!

UHHN!

NOW HOLD ON, LAWSON —

OWKKK!

STAY OUTTA THIS RONDQ, YOU DUMB —

OOOOF!

OBLIGED THERE, SIR.

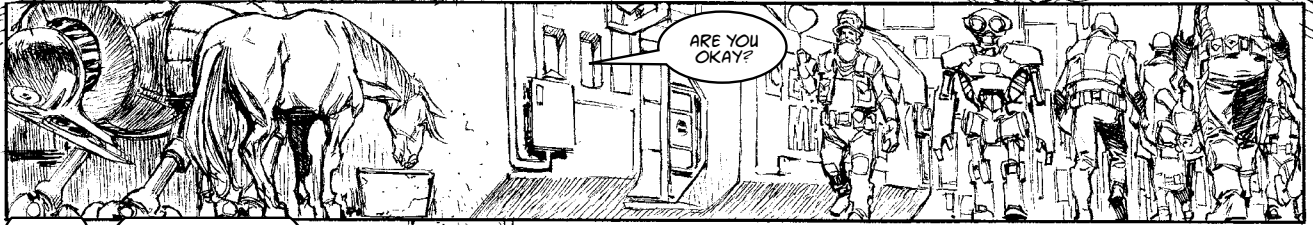
NICE TO SEE CITIZENS TAKING AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

NOW STAY DOWN.

L-LAWGIVER, HUH?

WELL, HERE'S HOW WE PROVE YOU'RE NOT WHO YOU SAY YOU ARE.

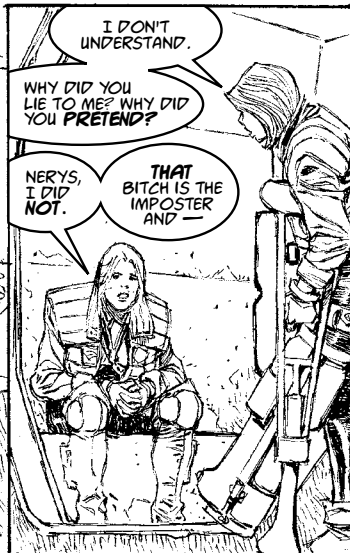
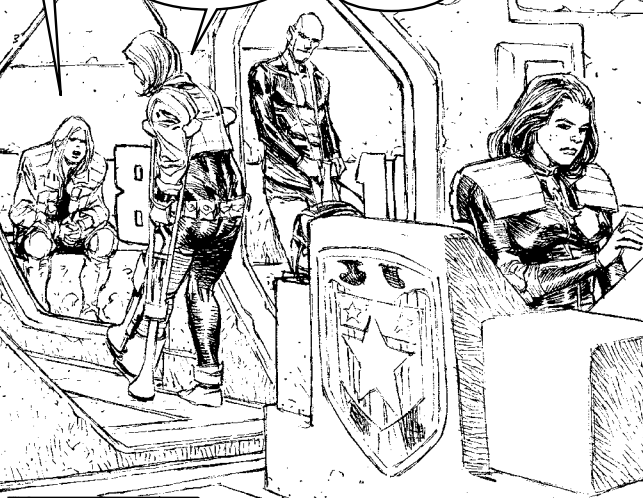
LAWGIVERS ARE PALM-CODED TO THEIR OWNERS. YOU'RE NOT METTA LAWSON, SO THAT SIDEARM WILL BLOW YOUR HAND OFF THE MOMENT YOU PULL THE —



FINE.

STUN SHOTS ARE REAL PAINFUL, SO YOU MIGHT —

I'M FINE, PETTIFER.



WHY DID YOU LIE TO ME? WHY DID YOU PRETEND?

NERYS, I DID NOT.

THAT BITCH IS THE IMPOSTER AND —



THE ABS TOO. THEY SAID SOME STRANGE STUFF ABOUT YOU.

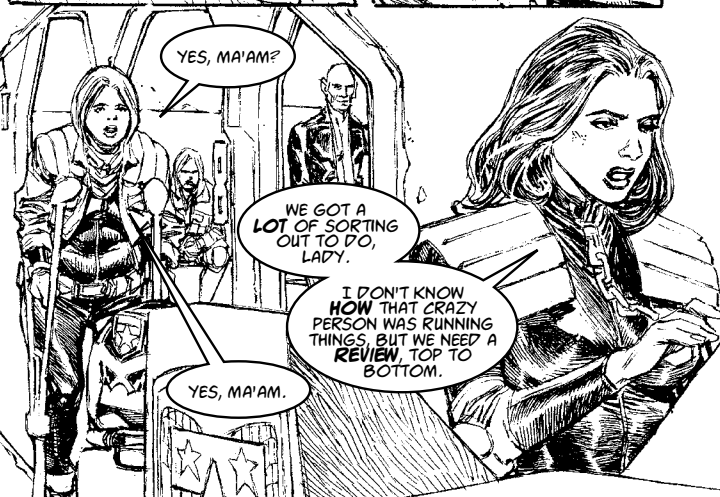
AND YOU NEVER USE YOUR LAW-GIVER.

NEITHER DO YOU, NERYS.



GOSH—DARN IT, WHY DID YOU LIE?

CLERK PETTIFER?



WE GOT A LOT OF SORTING OUT TO DO, LADY.

I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT CRAZY PERSON WAS RUNNING THINGS, BUT WE NEED A REVIEW, TOP TO BOTTOM.

YES, MA'AM.



I UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS TROUBLING, GIRL. SHE EARNED YOUR TRUST.

BUT SHE LIED AND I'M THE REAL DEAL, SO LET'S GET ON WITH THE WORK AT HAND.

'LAWSON!'

GO SCREW YOURSELF, HETCH. ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE, I AM NOT TAKING YOUR SHIT TOO.



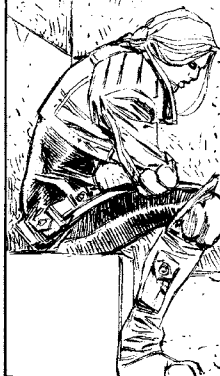
I AM NOT INTERESTED IN THREE VERSES OF 'I TOLD YOU SO', 'LAWSON'.

YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHO YOU REALLY ARE. YOU KNOW I SEE THROUGH YOUR CRAP.

HETCH, JUST SHUT THE F—

LISTEN, YOU LIE ALL YOU DAMN LIKE, BUT YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND HERE. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO LISTENS TO ME.

I TRULY DON'T.



YOU DO **SOME**, AND YOU WILL **MORE** — AND YOU'RE THE **ONLY** PERSON WHO'S GOING TO **STOP** WHAT'S COMING.

SO LET ME TELL YOU, WHATEVER YOU ARE, **SHE** SURE AS SHIT AIN'T METTA LAWSON.

WHAT?

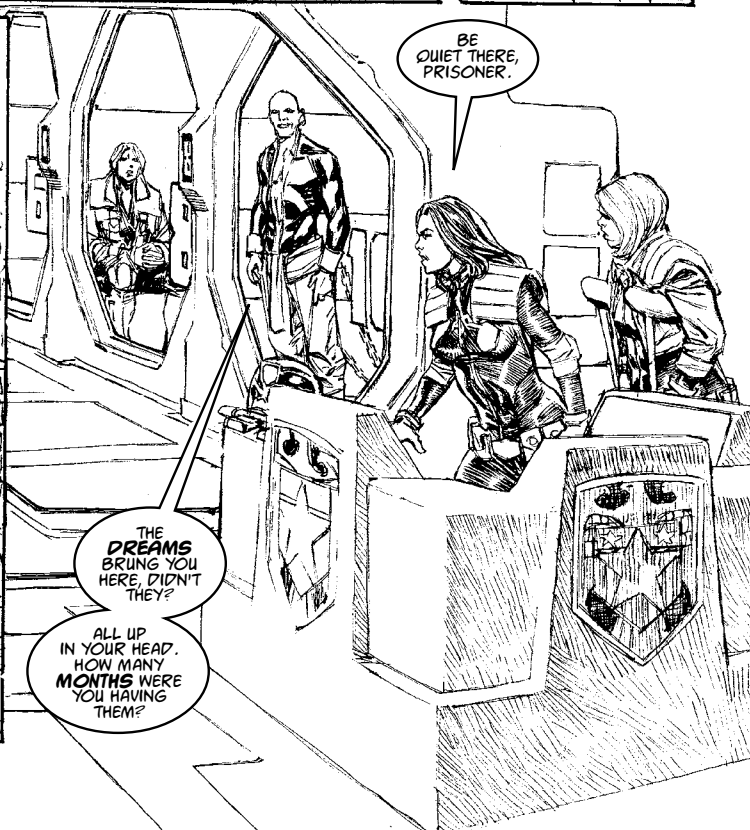
HEY, MARSHAL!



BE QUIET THERE, PRISONER.

THE DREAMS BRUNG YOU HERE, DIDN'T THEY?

ALL UP IN YOUR HEAD. HOW MANY MONTHS WERE YOU HAVING THEM?





I TOLD YOU
TO BE QUIET,
PRISONER.

I
WAS PSI-
DIVISION
BEFORE I WENT
OFF THE DEEP
END.

I
SEE SHIT, LADY.
TOO MUCH SHIT
BECAUSE THE NATURE
OF THIS PLACE HAS
TWISTED AND
TORTURED MY GIFT.

JUST LIKE
YOU.



WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING?

I READ YOU
THE MOMENT YOU
SASHAYED INTO
THIS JAILHOUSE,
BIRDIE-BIRD.

GRUD ALIVE,
YOU REALLY
BELIEVE
DOWN INTO YOUR
HEART, THAT YOU'RE
METTA LAWSON,
SENT HERE TO
SERVE, DON'T
YA?

I AM
YOU SON
OF A —

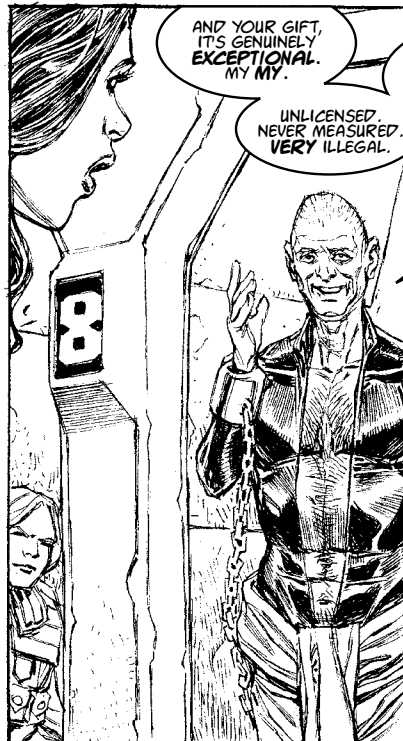


NOPE.
YOU'RE MADAME
FIFI, CARNIVAL
CLAIRVOYANT,
AKA WILMA
FRUNCH.



SHUT UP!

YOU WERE BOOKED
HERE FOR THE CARNIVAL
MONTHS AGO... AND YOU
FOCUSED YOUR PSYCHIC
GIFT ON BADROCK,
ALL THEM MILES AWAY,
TO GET A TASTE
OF THE PLACE.



AND YOUR GIFT,
IT'S GENUINELY
EXCEPTIONAL.
MY MY.

UNLICENSED.
NEVER MEASURED.
VERY ILLEGAL.

BUT A BEAUTIFUL
THING. AND YOU LOOKED
AT BADROCK, AND
BADROCK LOOKED
AT YOU...

...AND ALL THE
CRAZY IN THIS
PLACE GOT INSIDE
YOUR HEAD, AND
TWISTED YOU, AND
MADE YOU THINK
YOU WERE SOME-
THING YOU WERE
NOT.

N-NO...

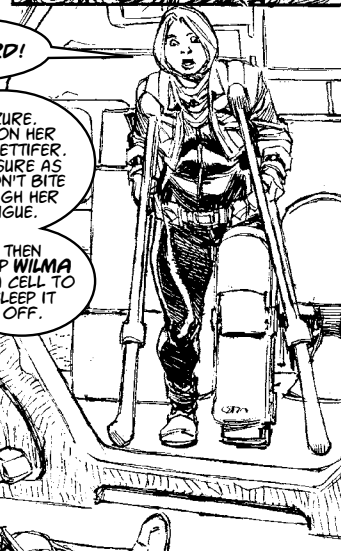


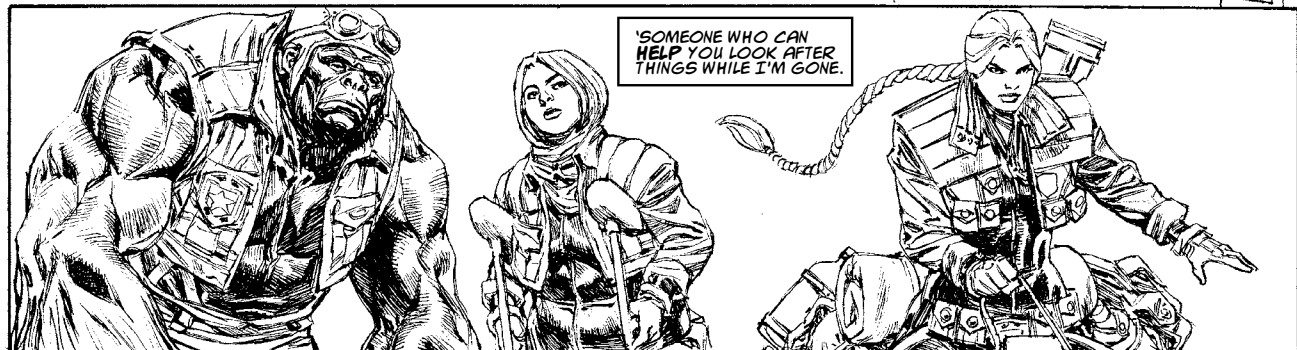
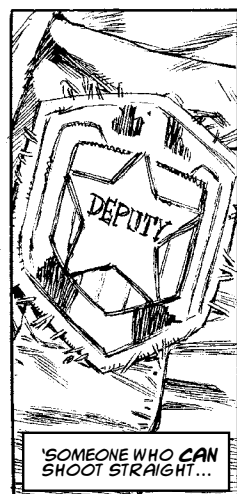
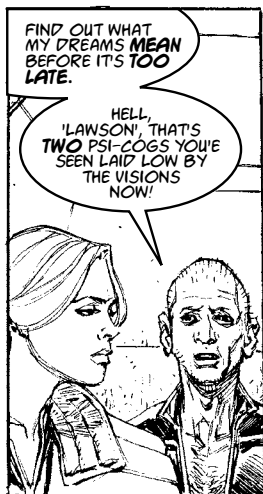
CHECK THE
LADY'S KIT,
PETTIFER.

YOU'LL
FIND IT'S THE
HANDICRAFT OF
A HIGH-END
COSTUMIER.



AND THAT
LAWGIVER, A
REGULAR KRANKLIN
ARMS STUN-GUN
WITH NEW BODY
FURNITURE.





THEN I'D BETTER GO FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL HETCH HAS BEEN RAVIN' ABOUT ALL THIS TIME...

NEXT BADLANDS

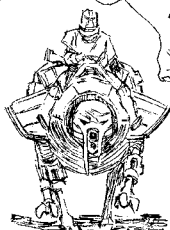
{FROM WHENCE NO ONE
NEVER COMES BACK}

'I HEREBY DECLARE I
HAVE A **CONFESSION**
TO MAKE.

'IT WILL BE TRUE IN **ALL**
PARTICULARS, THOUGH THE TRUTH
IS NOT SOMETHING PEOPLE HAVE
COME TO **ASSOCIATE** ME WITH.

'I WEAR THE **BADGE OF THE**
LAW, BUT FOLK MISTRUST
ME ALL THE SAME.

'WELL, **THAT'S** THE WAY
THE WORLD WORKS.
MY **CONFESSION** NOW,
LET ME MAKE IT **PLAIN**.

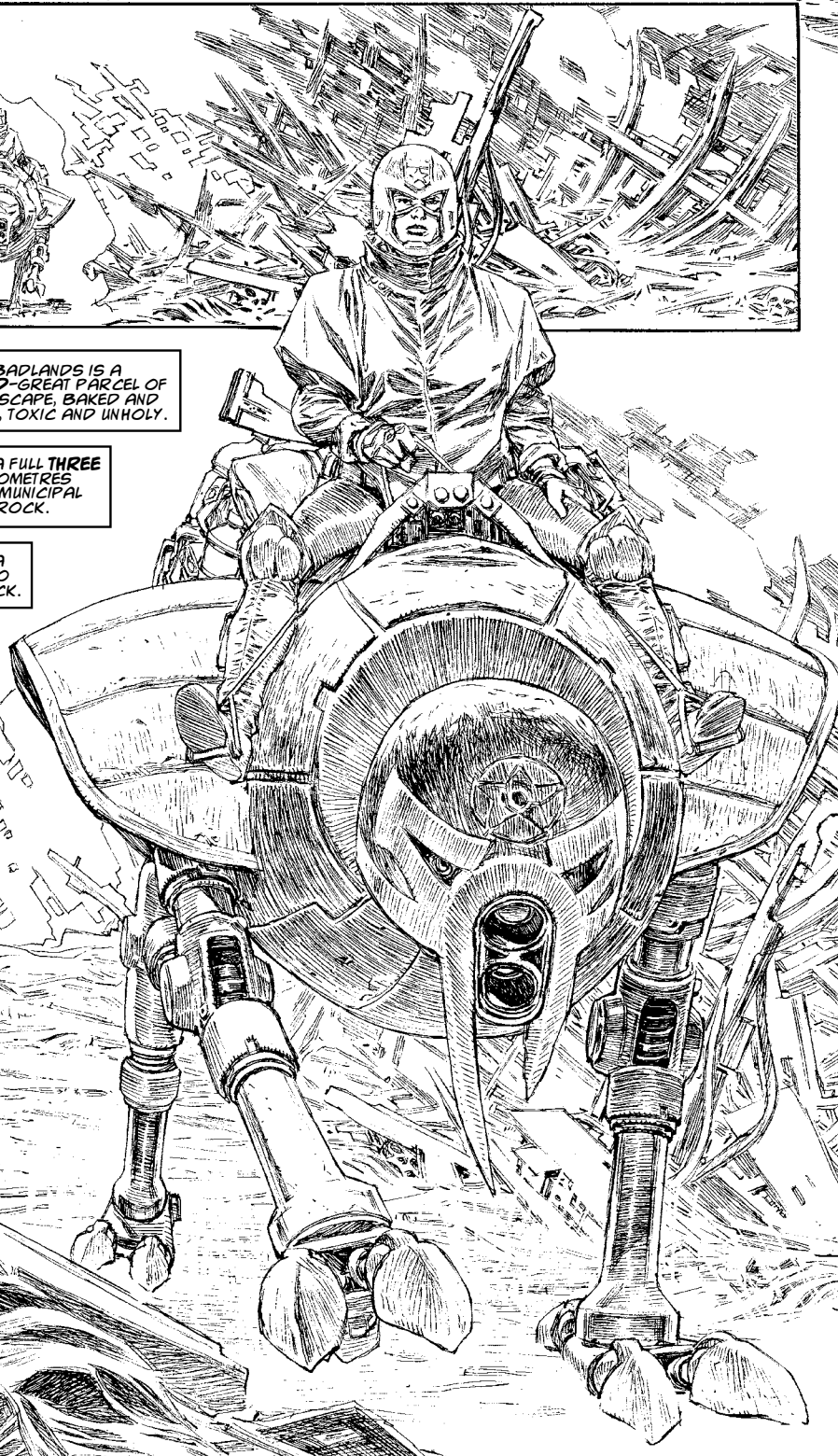


'THE **BADLANDS** IS A
GRID—GREAT PARCEL OF
LANDSCAPE, BAKED AND
ARID, TOXIC AND UNHOLY.

'IT STRETCHES A FULL **THREE**
THOUSAND KILOMETRES
OUT FROM THE MUNICIPAL
LIMITS OF **BADROCK**.

'IT IS A KILLER OF MEN, A
PLACE FROM WHENCE NO
ONE **NEVER** COMES BACK.

'BUT I KINDA HAVE ME
A FONDNESS FOR IT.



'T IS A LONELY PLACE, WHERE
A PERSON CAN COME TO
KNOW THEMSELF BETTER. SEE
THEIR LIFE AND THEIR DEATH,
AND REFLECT UPON **BOTH**.

'T IS WHERE THE WAR WAS
FOUGHT. IT'S WHERE MANKIND
FINALLY STOPPED THE ZHIND
IN THEIR **FEARFUL** TRACKS.

'T IS A PLACE OF
GHOSTS, AND UNBURIED,
UNMOURNED BONES.

'THE RELICS OF COMBAT
RUST AND DECAY OUT THERE.
WARTECH. MOST OF IT JUNK,
SOME OF IT **PRECIOUS**.

'THOSE WHO MAKE THEIR
LIVING FROM SUCH SALVAGE
VENTURE OUT HERE AND
SCAVANGE WHAT THEY CAN.
BUT THEY DO NOT STAY LONG.

'BY TEN OF A MORNING, THE
SUN IS RAIN ENOUGH TO MELT
THE RUBBER OFF A FUEL CAP.

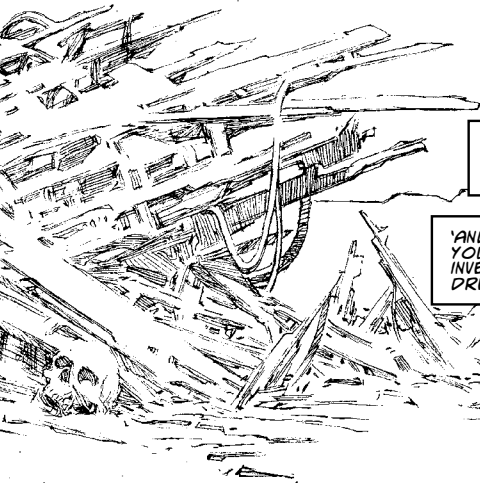
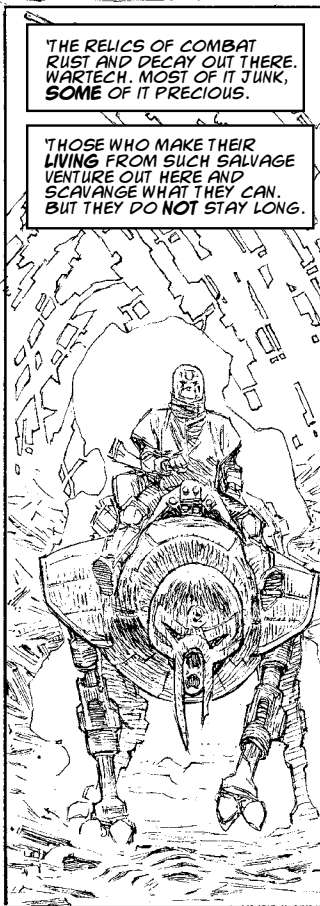
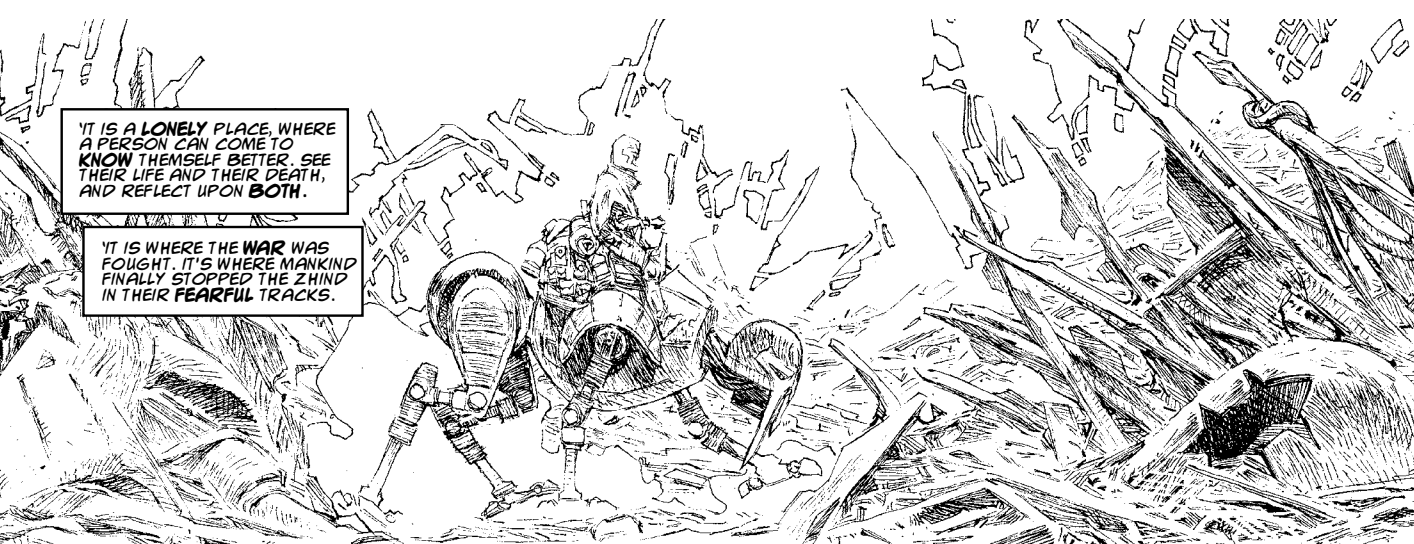
'BY NOON, YOU NEED
A DURA-SUIT AND
GLARES IF YOU EVEN
WANT TO **CONSIDER**
LIVING PAST LUNCH.

'BUT STILL IT **CALLS**
TO YOU. TO YOUR
SOUL, I MEAN.

'AND LET US SAY THAT, FOR
REASONS YOU CANNOT **RIGHTLY**
EXPLAIN, YOU HAVE COME TO TRUST
THE VISIONS OF A **CRAZY MAN**.

'A MAN SO **DERANGED** BY HIS
PSYCHIC ABILITIES THAT HE HAS
PREVIOUSLY BEEN DRIVEN TO **KILL**.

'AND WHO **PLEADS** WITH
YOU TO GO OUT THERE AND
INVESTIGATE THE THINGS HIS
DREAMS HAVE **SHOWN** HIM.



PORTENTS OF BLOOD AND JUDGEMENT, OF DOOM AND DISASTER, OF LIGHTS IN THE SKY AND A TERRIBLE FUTURE BEARING DOWN UPON US ALL.

AND LET US SAY THAT YOU AGREE TO GO OUT AND SEARCH FOR AN EXPLANATION.

WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT AWAIT YOU IN THE BADLANDS?

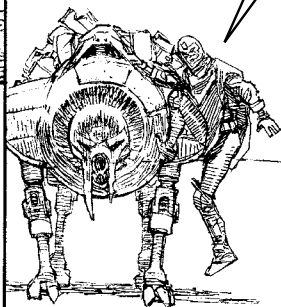
I VENTURE TO SUGGEST THAT NOT EVEN THE **CRAZY PSYCHIC**, FOR ALL HIS PERSPICACITY, CAN PREDICT THAT!



LAWSON,
COLONIAL
MARSHAL
BADROCK.

BADLANDS
INSPECTION,
DAY FOUR.

I'VE FOUND...
I'VE FOUND A
BURN CIRCLE. THE
SCORCH MARKS OF
A SHIP SETTING
DOWN, ONE OF
FAIR SIZE.



THE CIRCLE'S
FRESH, NO MORE
THAN A WEEK OLD.
RAD-METER
CONFIRMS
THAT.

I GUESS IF A SHIP HAS
BEEN COMING AND
GOING OUT HERE, IT
COULD BE THE LIGHTS
IN THE SKY HETCH WAS
ALL UP IN A LATHER
ABOUT.

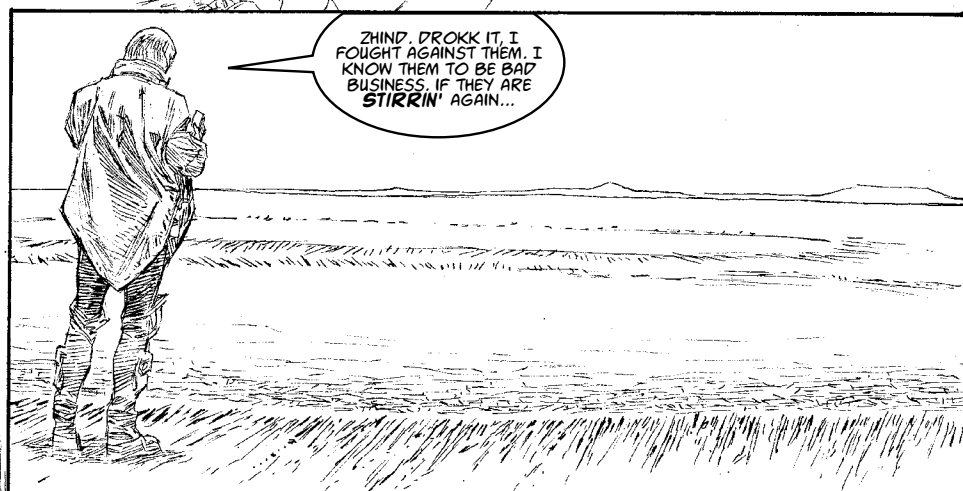
COULD BE A
SMUGGLER
VESSEL, BRINGING
IN CONTRABAND.
BUT THIS SPOT
IS **WAYS**
REMOTE...

... AND
THE TRACE
READER IS
SHOWIN' ME
SOMETHING
I DO **NOT**
LIKE.





CHEMICAL
RESIDUE MATCHES
THE FUEL CELLS
USED BY ZHIND
SHIPS.



ZHIND' DROKK IT, I
FOUGHT AGAINST THEM. I
KNOW THEM TO BE BAD
BUSINESS, IF THEY ARE
STIRRIN' AGAIN...



I WILL TURN BACK FOR BADROCK,
AND ONCE I'M IN RADIO RANGE,
I WILL SEND A DEPATCH TO
GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT THE
PLANETARY CAPITAL.

I WILL
TELL THEM TO
STEP UP ORBITAL
SCANNING AND
GO TO **SECURITY**
CONDITION
ONE.



'THE BADLANDS, FROM WHENCE
NO ONE NEVER RETURNS.

'YOU SEE... AND THIS IS NEVER
EXPLAINED, NOT EVEN IN THE
VISIONS OF A **CRAZY PSYCHIC...**

'... THE HARD PART'S NOT
THE GOING OUT THERE.

'T'S THE COMING **BACK.**

'IT NEVER ONCE OCCURRED TO ME
THAT DANGER MIGHT FOLLOW.

'MARSHAL METTA LAWSON HAS MADE
SOME MIGHTY ENEMIES IN BADROCK.
THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF MUNCE, INC.
WOULD PAY DEARLY TO SEE HER GONE.

'HE DARES NOT MOVE AGAINST
HER IN THE ENVIRONS OF THE TOWN.

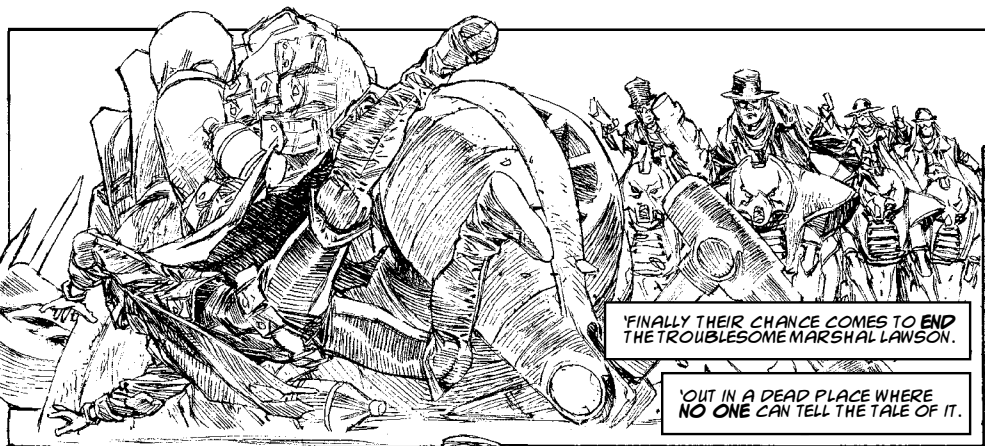
'BUT IF HE WAS TO LEARN
THAT SHE WAS HEADING OUT
INTO THE ISOLATION OF THE
BADLANDS, OUT OF
CONTACT, FAR FROM HELP...

GNNH!

... WHY THEN, WOULD HE NOT
SET HIS DOGS UPON HER?

'THE ENFORCERS OF FARGONE
SECURITY, PINKERTON, GOODE
AND THE GITTINGS BOYS.

'BROTHERLY'S PAID MEN.



FINALLY THEIR CHANCE COMES TO END
THE TROUBLESOME MARSHAL LAWSON.

OUT IN A DEAD PLACE WHERE
NO ONE CAN TELL THE TALE OF IT.

FOR WHAT WILL FOLKS
SAY? "OH, THE SUN AND
THE HEAT AND THE
THIRST MUSTA GOT HER."

COME ON —!



"IT'S THE BADLANDS.
WHAT DID SHE EXPECT?"



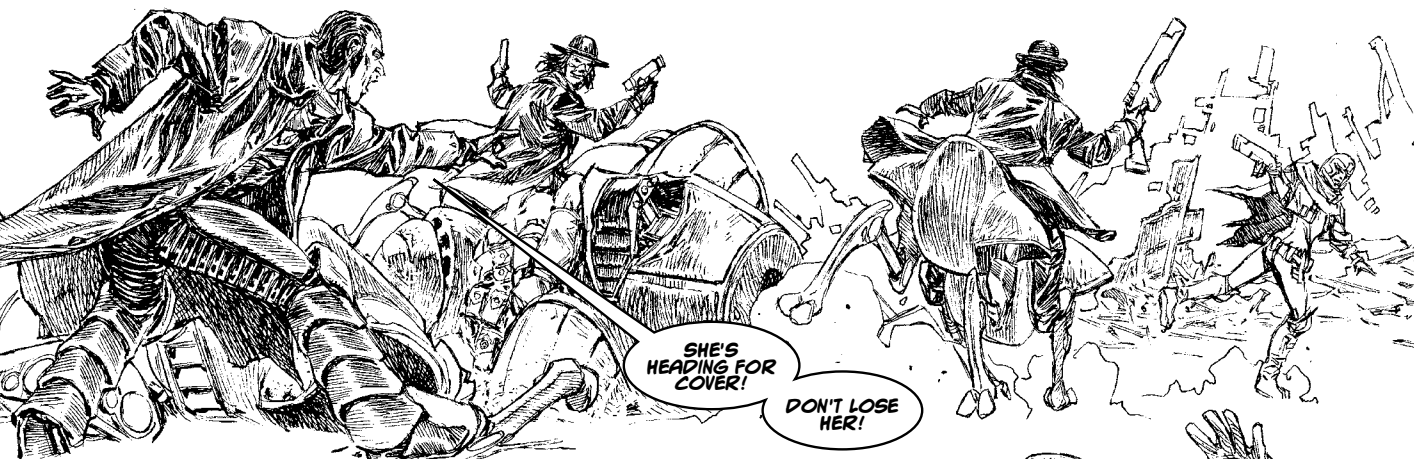
AAAAHHH!

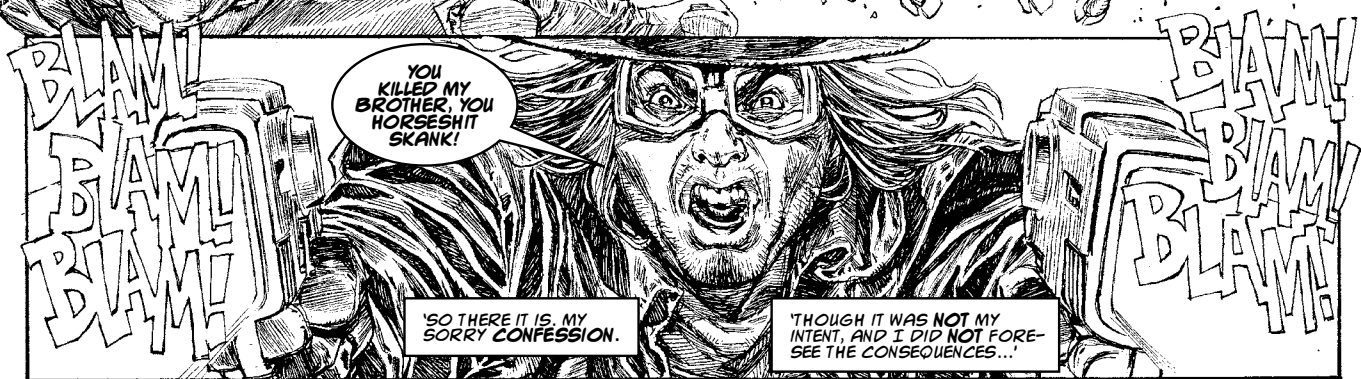


UPPITY THIS, FUCKER.

GHURKK!







YOU
KILLED MY
BROTHER, YOU
HORSESHIT
SKANK!

'SO THERE IT IS, MY
SORRY CONFESSION.

'THOUGH IT WAS NOT MY
INTENT, AND I DID NOT FORE-
SEE THE CONSEQUENCES...'



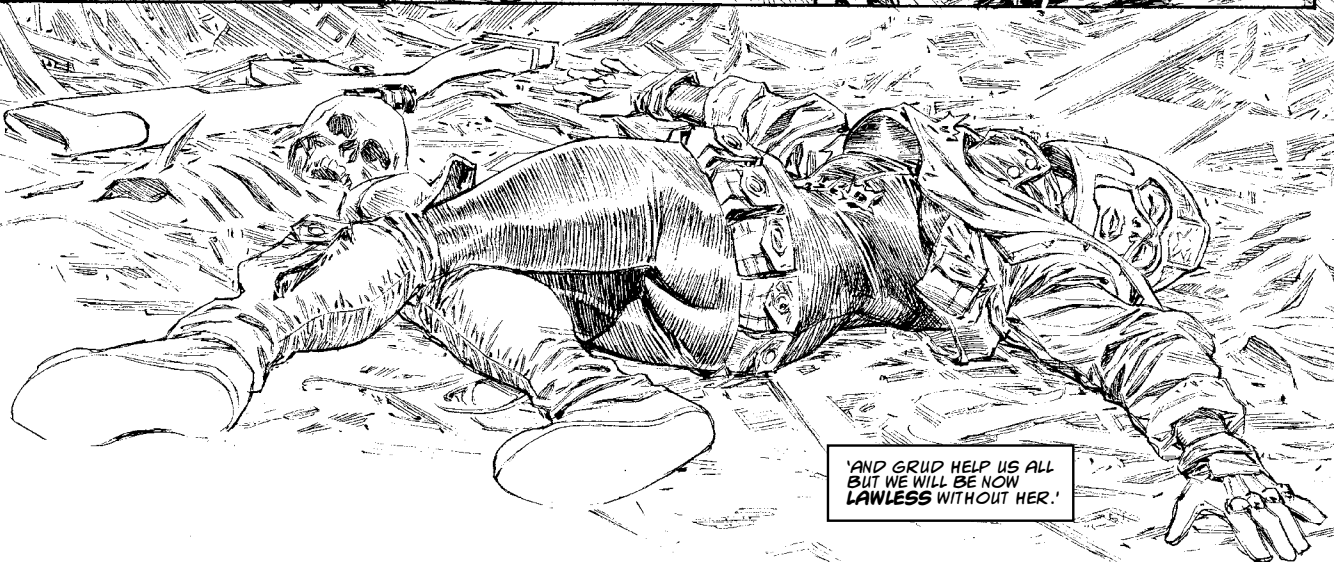
... I HAVE GOTTEN
MARSHAL LAWSON
SLAIN.

NO
HETCH,
SHE'S —
YOU
JUST HAD
ANOTHER
DREAM.



I AM **SORRY**,
SWEET DEPUTY
PETTIFER, SHE'S
DEAD.

I
KILLED
MARSHAL
LAWSON.



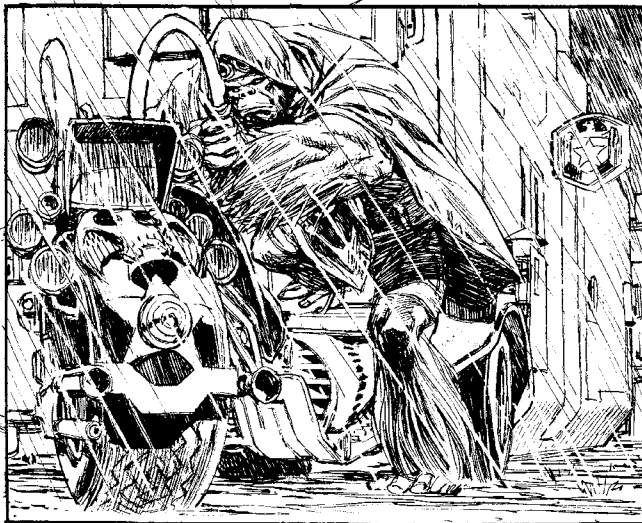
'AND GRUD HELP US ALL
BUT WE WILL BE NOW
LAWLESS WITHOUT HER.'



OF MUNCE AND MEN

Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Phil Winslade
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 371-376





YOU GOTTA LET IT GO, NERYS.

THERE WILL BE GRIEF, I GRANT YOU, BUT THERE IS ALSO **RELEASE** IN CLOSURE.

HOPE IS THE MOST EVIL THING OF ALL.

NOT ACCORDING TO ALL THE **SAMPLERS** MY GOOD AUNT MAUD EMBROIDERED.



LET HER GO, NERYS. LAWSON IS GONE. SHE'S **DEAD**.

SOONER YOU ACCEPT IT, THE SOONER YOU WILL **MEND**.

MARSHAL LAWSON IS OUT ON A MISSION IN THE BADLANDS, MR HETCH. IT IS LONG AND **ARDUOUS**.

BUT SHE WILL BE BACK IN **DUE** COURSE.



IT'S BIN SIX WEEKS.

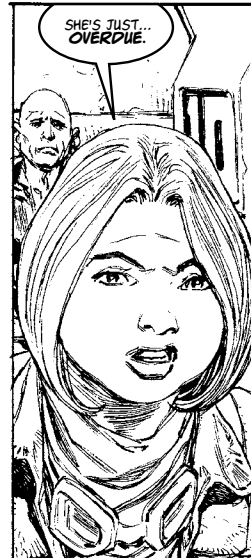
I HAVE NOT BEEN COUNTING.

YOU SURELY **HAVE**. I CAN SEE EVERY DAY PASS BY IN YOUR MIND LIKE THE TORN LEAVES OF AN OLD PAPER CALENDAR.



SHE **AIN'T** DEAD, HETCH! I DON'T CARE **WHAT** WILD MADNESS YOU DREAMED!

SHE **AIN'T** DEAD!



SHE'S JUST... **OVERDUE**.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, FEMALE?

GET ON WITH YOUR PAPERWORK, DEPUTY KILL-A-MAN-JARRO.

I AM **STEPPIN'** OUT.

ARE YOU **WEEPING**, FEMALE?

MIND YOUR **BEE**SWAX!





I... I DO NOT WANT TO BE MARSHAL, MR RONDO, MR THAT SUITS ME.

THE MAYOR IS PUTTING ME UNDER PRESSURE.

TO?



TO DECLARE MARSHAL LAWSON MISSING PRESUMED.

AND THEREBY ACCEPT THE POST OF MARSHAL PERMANENT MYSELF, OR SEND OUT A REQUEST FOR A NEW APPOINTMENT TO BE SENT TO BADROCK.

NEITHER OF WHICH I MUCH LIKE THE SOUND OF.

BUT THE MAYOR SAYS THE TOWN NEEDS THE STABILITY OF A PERMANENT MARSHAL. CONTINUITY AN' ALL THAT BULLSHINE.



YOU DON'T LIKE THE OPTIONS BECAUSE BOTH OF THEM REQUIRE YOU TO ADMIT SHE'S DEAD.

WHERE WERE YOU HEADING THIS MORNING?

TO VISIT MR BROTHERLY.



WHY?

TO CONFRONT HIM.

HETCH SAID... HIS DREAM SHOWED HIM THAT MARSHAL LAWSON WAS MURDERED BY BROTHERLY'S HENCHMEN.

I DO NOT BELIEVE HETCH'S DREAM WAS TRUE, BUT IF IT WAS, THEN JUSTICE WILL BE SERVED.

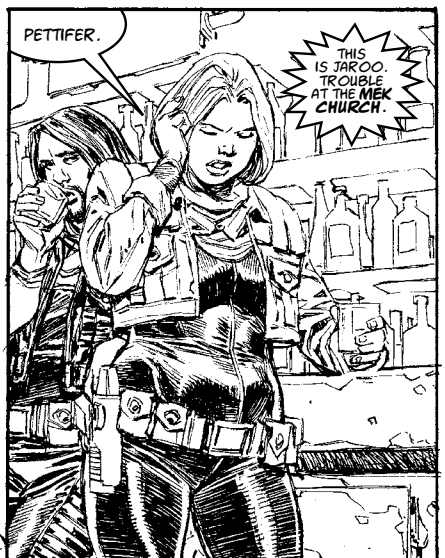


WELL, IF IT WAS TRUE THEN BROTHERLY HAD HIS MEN POP LAWSON OUT IN THE BADLANDS TO KEEP IT SECRET.

AND IF THAT'S THE CASE, HE WILL HARDLY ADMIT IT TO YOU.

CONFRONT HIM, AND YOU LOSE ANY ADVANTAGE YOU HAD.

WHY IS IT YOU ALWAYS MAKE SO MUCH SENSE, MR RONDO? I REALLY —



PETTIFER.

THIS IS JAROO. TROUBLE AT THE MEK CHURCH.

BEEP BEEP BEEP



YOU WILL PAY!
YOU WILL PAY
FOR WHAT YOU
DONE TO
HER!



TELL ME
WHAT YOU
KNOW.

LONE
SHOOTER.
FLESH-
BAG.



A HUMAN, YOU
MEAN?

YES.
WENT ALL
CRAZY. FIRED
ON THE
CONGREGATION
AT PRAYER.

SEVERAL
DEAD. OIL
EVERYWHERE.



WHAT'S HIS ISSUE?
DID HE SAY?

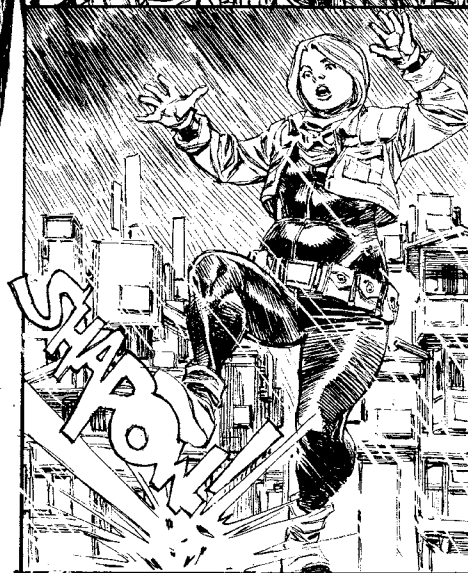
SOME-
THING ABOUT
HIS SISTER.
WANTING
REVENGE
FOR HER.



JAROO! KEEP
THE CROWDS
BACK.

BUT —

DO IT.





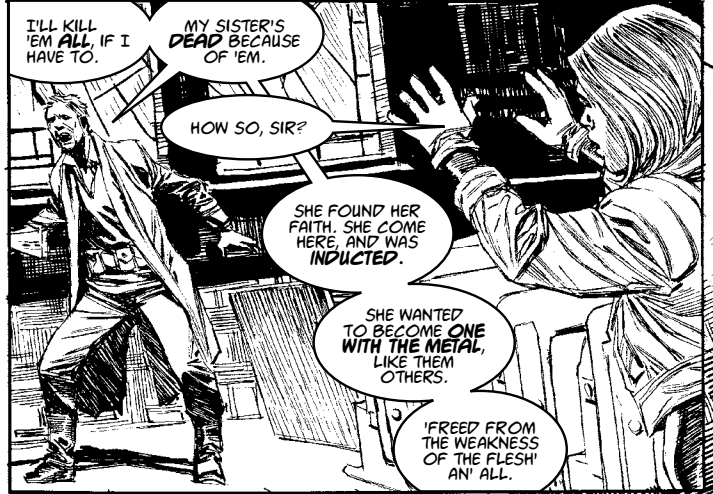
WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE, SIR?

I WANT JUSTICE!



WELL, THAT'S A WORTHY AMBITION.

DO YOU HAVE TO THREATEN THESE FOLKS WITH HARM TO GET IT?



I'LL KILL 'EM ALL, IF I HAVE TO.

MY SISTER'S DEAD BECAUSE OF 'EM.

HOW SO, SIR?

SHE FOUND HER FAITH. SHE CAME HERE, AND WAS INDUCTED.

SHE WANTED TO BECOME ONE WITH THE METAL, LIKE THEM OTHERS.

'FREED FROM THE WEAKNESS OF THE FLESH' AN' ALL.



SHE ELECTED TO HAVE HER ORGANICS REPLACED?

SHE DID... AND SHE DIED UNDER THE KNIFE.

THAT IS TRAGIC, SIR, BUT THESE THINGS OCCUR...



IT IS TRAGIC, AND I COULD ACCEPT IT. IT WAS HER CHOICE TO MAKE, AND SHE KNEW THE RISKS.

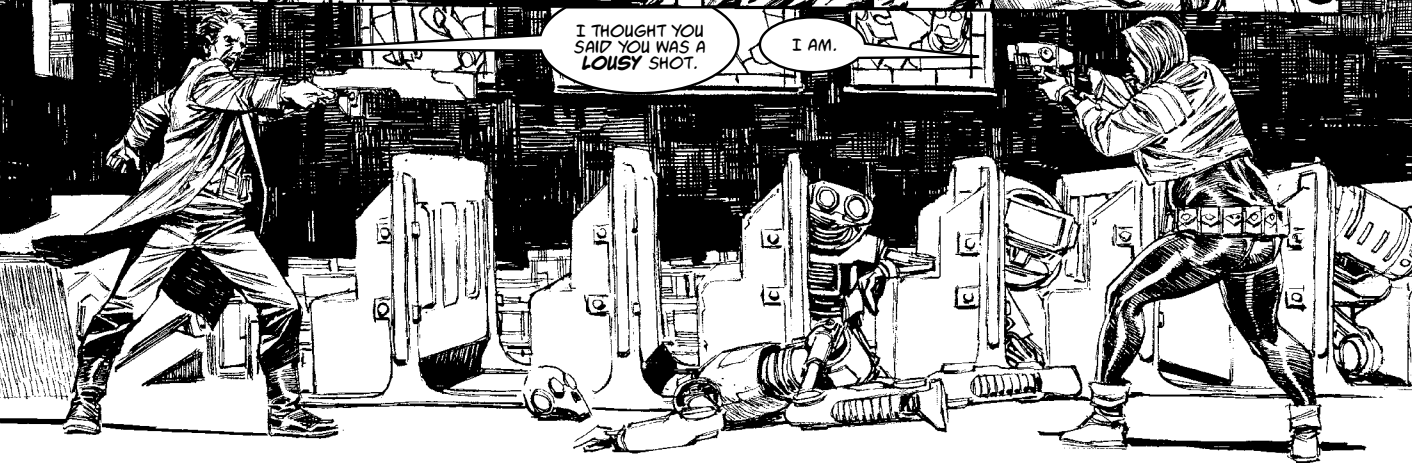
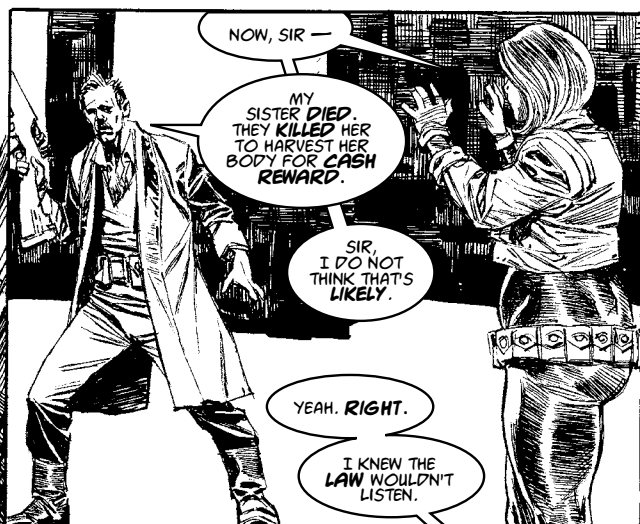


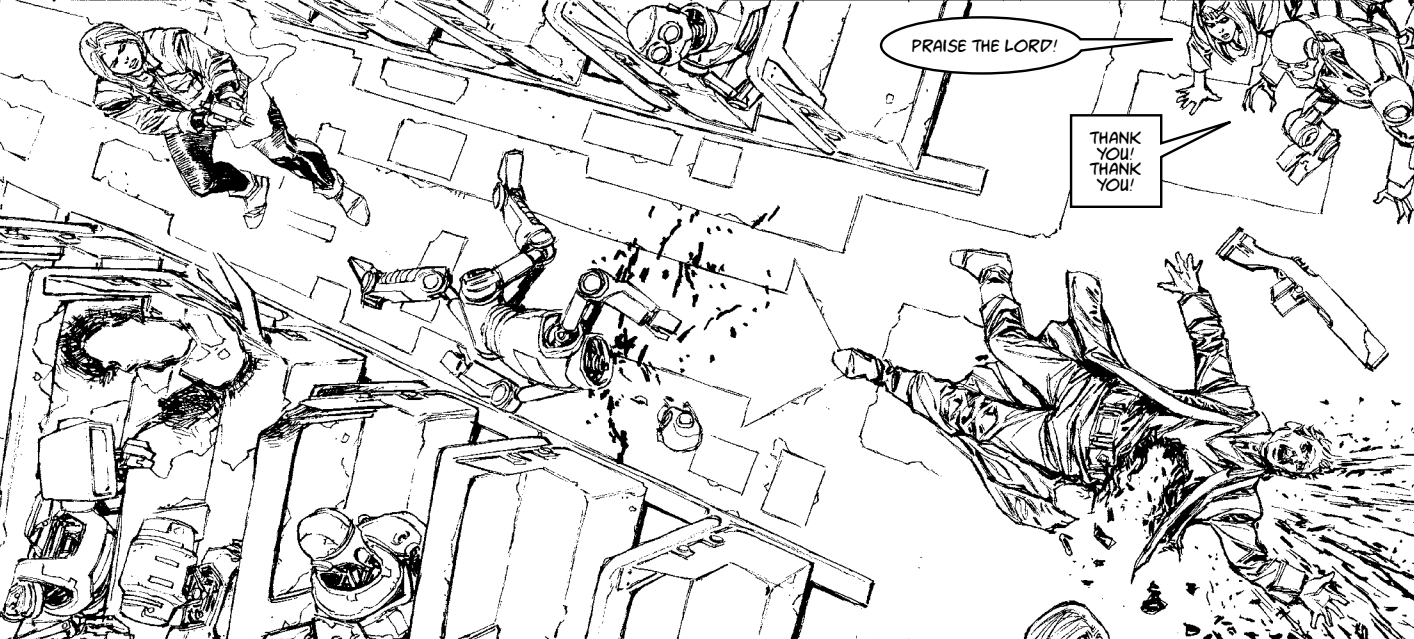
THEN I LEARNED SHE WAS MURDERED.

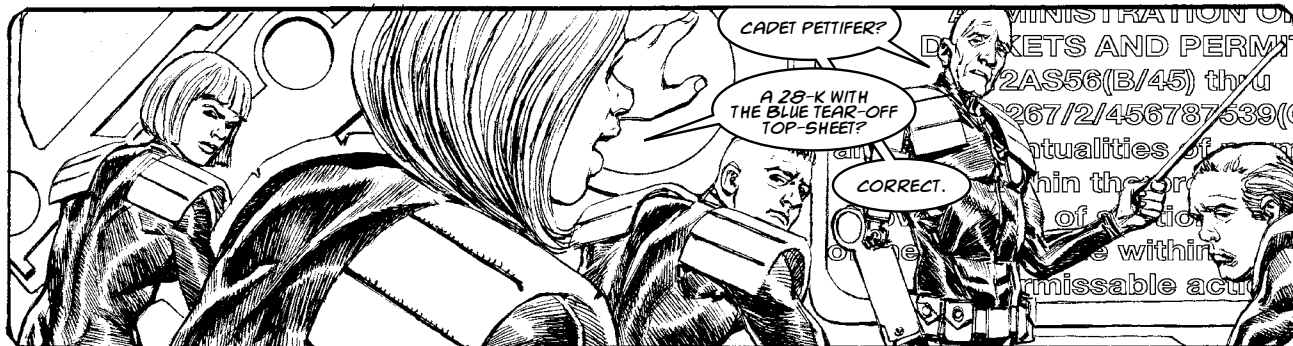
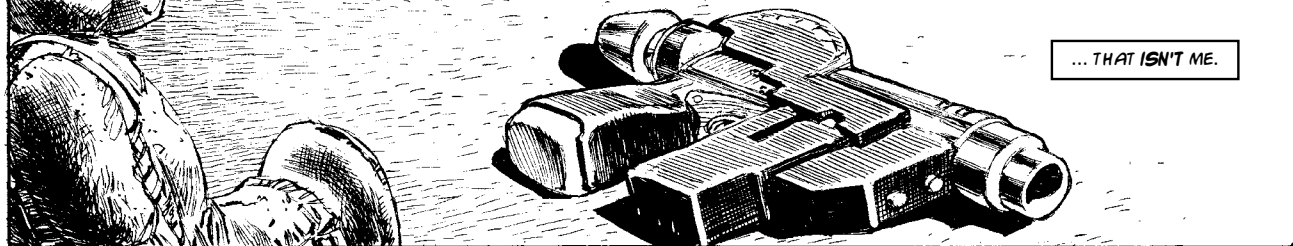
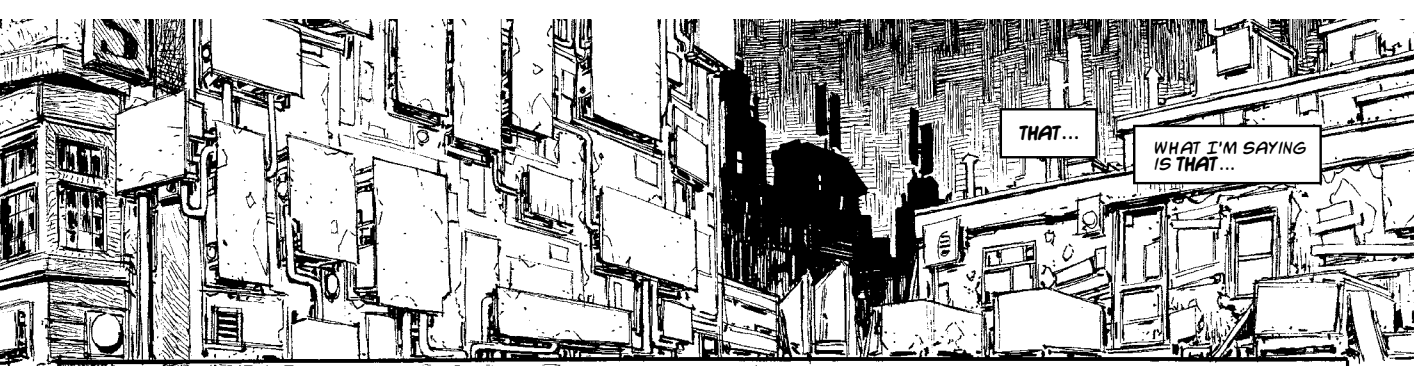
THIS PLACE IS A FRONT.

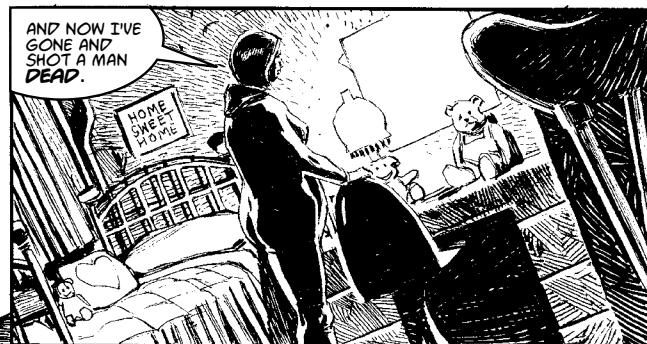
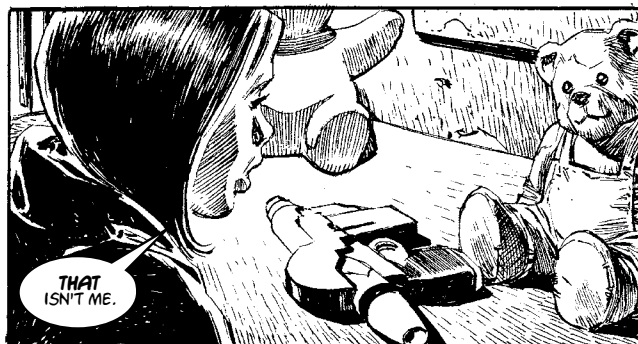
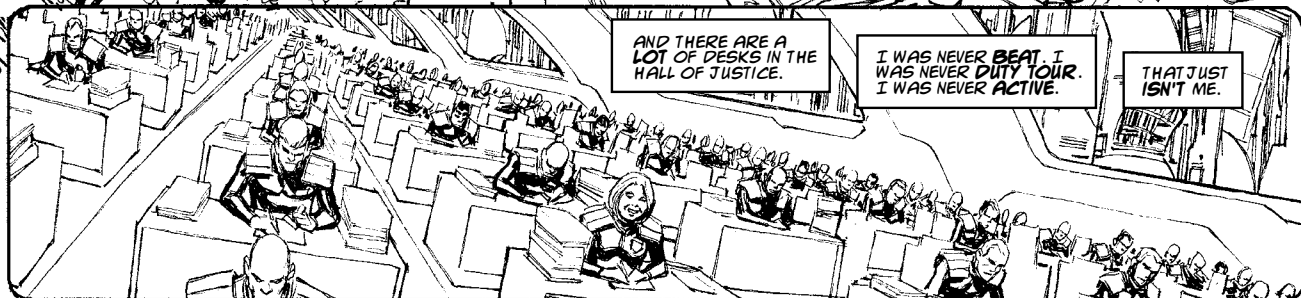
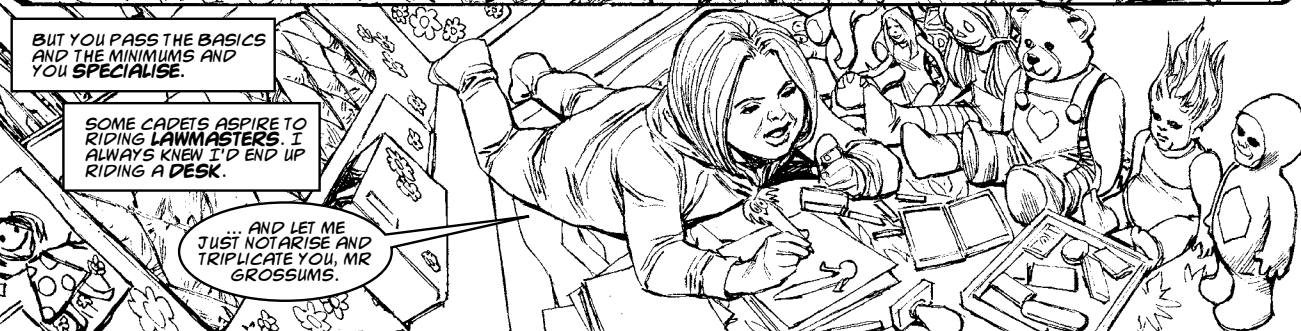
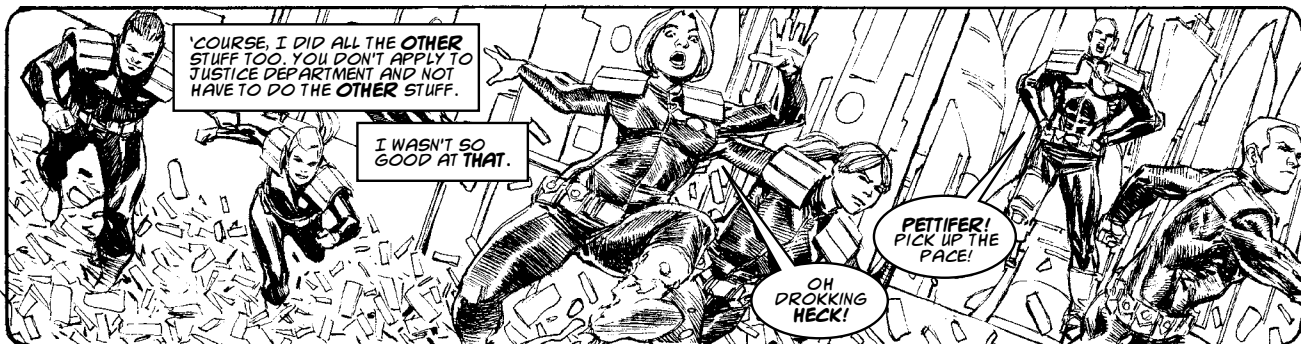
THE MEKS, THEY DON'T CARE FOR HUMANS. THEY ARE HEARTLESS.

THEY ENTICE THEM IN WITH PROMISES OF SALVATION...













WILL YOU TAKE IT, FEMALE?

DUNNO.

WHY DO YOU DUNNO?

BECAUSE.

OF REASONS.



BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T IT MEANS SHE'S NOT DEAD?

YUP.

SHE'S DEAD, FEMALE.

BUT IT IS TRUE.

DON'T SAY THAT, MR KILL-A-MAN.



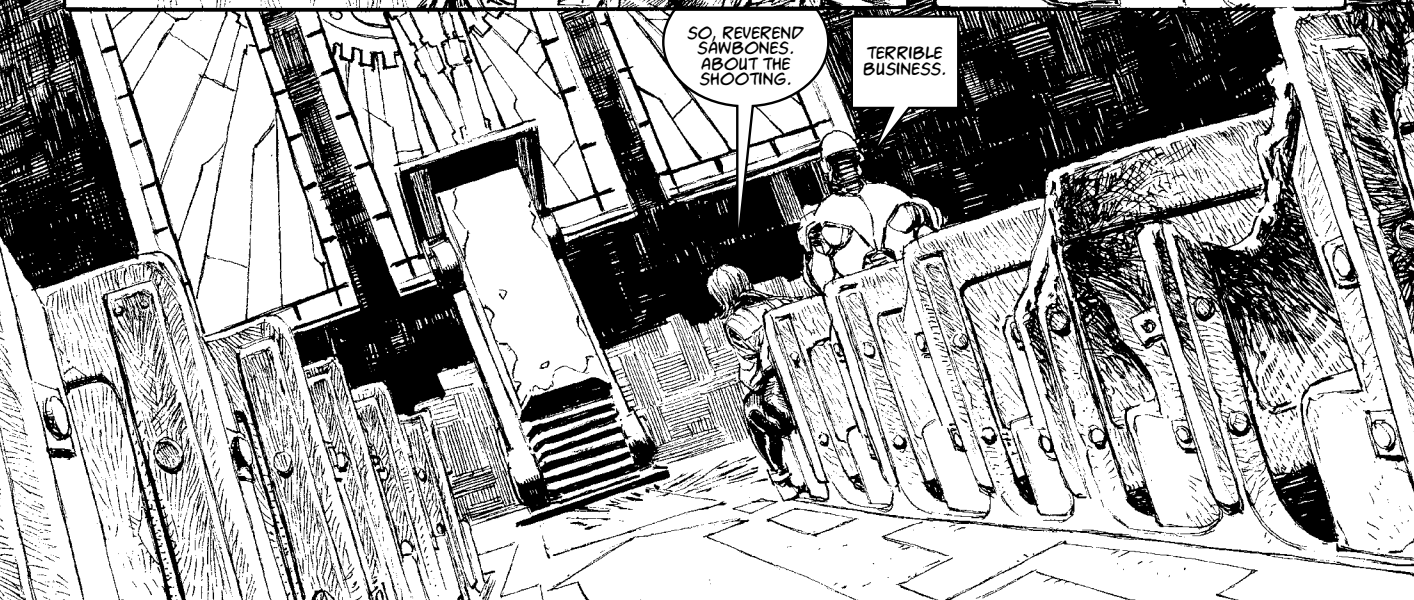


YOU FOUND A **BODY**?
YOU BIN OUT IN THE
BADLANDS **SIX WEEKS**,
JAROO. HUNTIN'.
SEARCHIN'.

YOU
FOUND A **BODY**?
A **TRACE**? A
CLUE?



NOPE, SIR,
YOU HAVE
NOT.



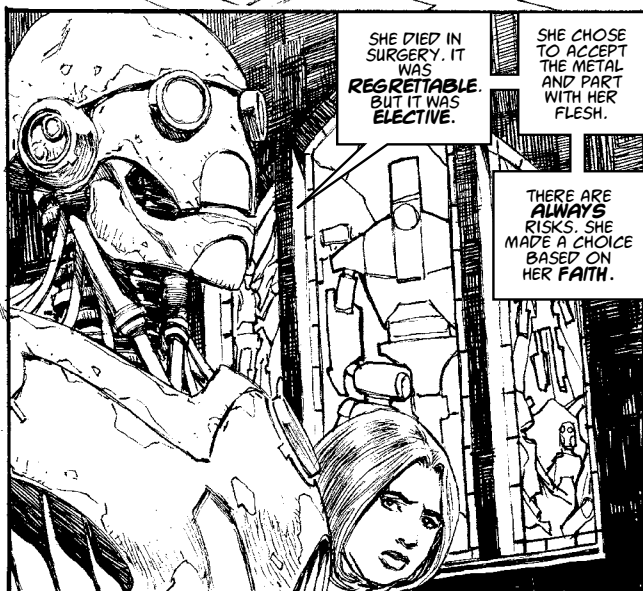
SO, REVEREND
SAWBONES.
ABOUT THE
SHOOTING.

TERRIBLE
BUSINESS.



I AM REQUIRED TO
ASK, SIR. THE GUNMAN,
HE MADE
ACCUSATIONS.

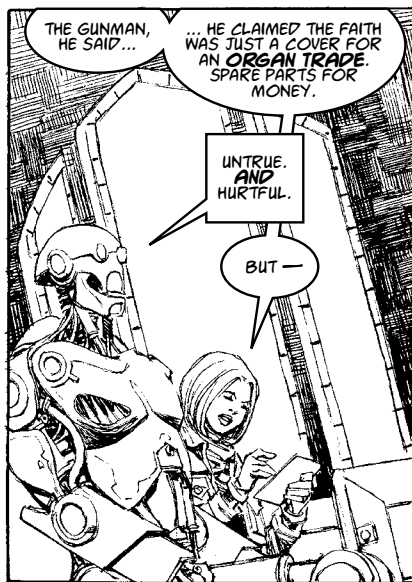
HE SAID HE
WAS ACTING IN
VENGEANCE BECAUSE
THE CHURCH... YOUR
CHURCH... KILLED
HIS SISTER.



SHE DIED IN
SURGERY. IT
WAS
REGRETTABLE.
BUT IT WAS
ELECTIVE.

SHE CHOSE
TO ACCEPT
THE METAL
AND PART
WITH HER
FLESH.

THERE ARE
ALWAYS
RISKS. SHE
MADE A CHOICE
BASED ON
HER **FAITH**.



THE GUNMAN,
HE SAID...

... HE CLAIMED THE FAITH
WAS JUST A COVER FOR
AN **ORGAN TRADE**.
SPARE PARTS FOR
MONEY.

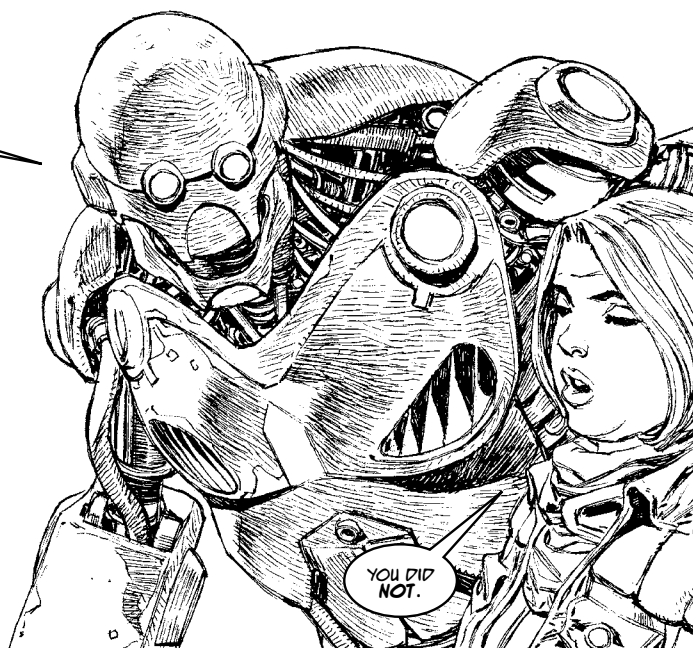
UNTRUE.
AND
HURTFUL.

BUT —

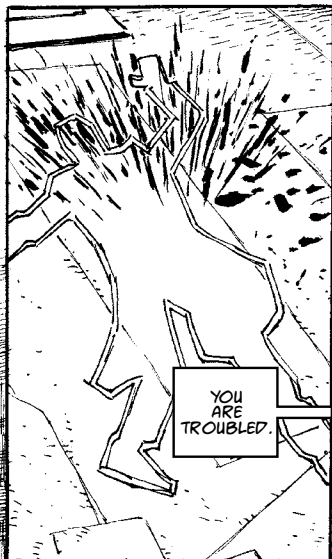
I SAVED YOUR
LIFE, NERYS
PETTIFER, WHEN
MARSHAL
LAWSON
BROUGHT YOU
HERE.

IF I'D BEEN
AFTER **SPARE
PARTS**, I
COULD HAVE LET
YOU PERISH AND
THEN HARVESTED
YOU.

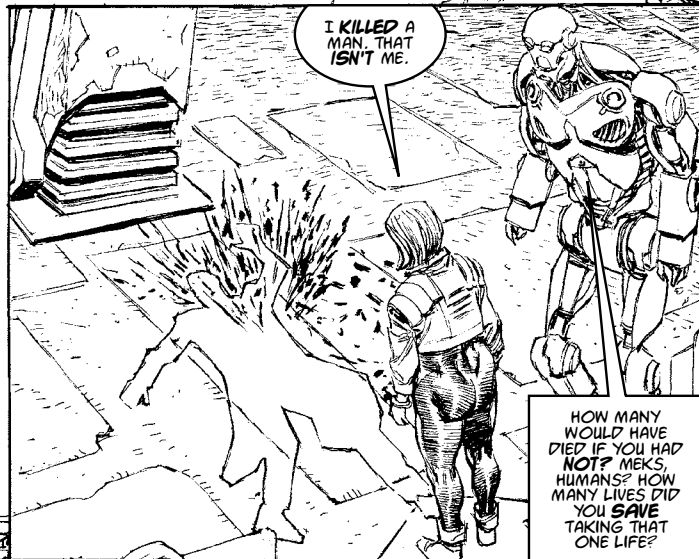
I DID
NOT DO
THAT.



YOU DID
NOT.



YOU
ARE
TROUBLED.



I KILLED A
MAN. THAT
ISN'T ME.

HOW MANY
WOULD HAVE
DIED IF YOU HAD
NOT? MEKS.
HUMANS? HOW
MANY LIVES DID
YOU **SAVE**
TAKING THAT
ONE LIFE?



I
DUNNO.



EVEN IF YOU
SAVED JUST
ONE LIFE, THE
LEDGER IS
BALANCED.
SALVATION IS IN
YOUR POWER
TO BESTOW.

SAVE BUT
ONE LIFE,
AND YOUR
SERVICE IS
DONE.





GETTING
READY FOR
WORK.

BY
STRAPPING ON
A GUN?



YEAH.
I HAVE
DECIDED TO
ACCEPT THE
POST AND BE
MARSHAL OF
THIS TOWN.

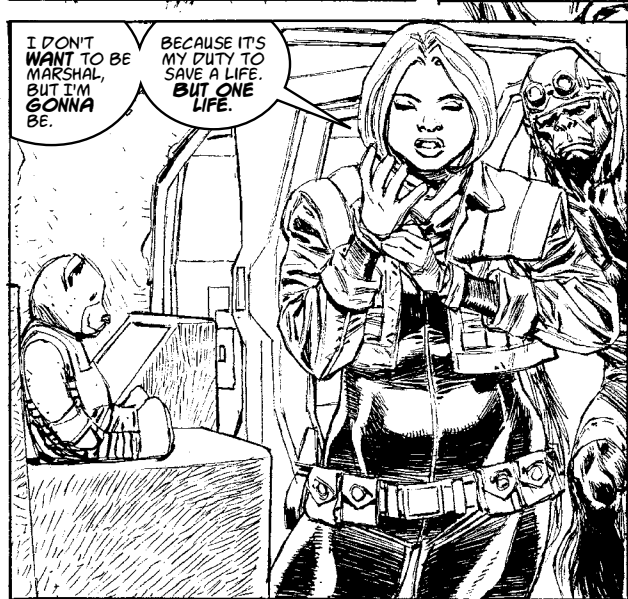


THAT...
THAT ISN'T
YOU.

MAYBE. BUT IF I LET
THE COUNCIL SEND TO
GOVERNMENT HOUSE
FOR A NEW MARSHAL,
I AM ADMITTING
SHE'S DEAD.



AND SHE
AIN'T. NOT
WHILE I SERVE
IN HER STEAD
AND PREVENT A
NEW APPOINT-
MENT.



I DON'T
WANT TO BE
MARSHAL,
BUT I'M
GONNA
BE.

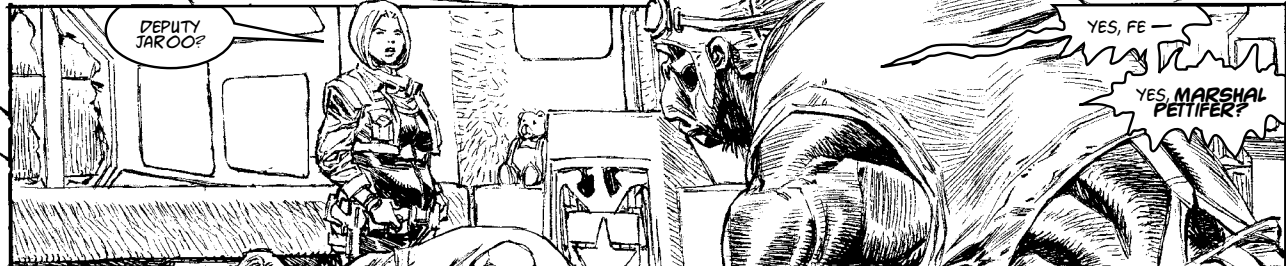
BECAUSE IT'S
MY DUTY TO
SAVE A LIFE.
BUT ONE
LIFE.



WHO AM I,
MR
GROSSUMS?

THAT'S
RIGHT. DAMN
STRAIGHT.

I AM THE
LAW IN THESE
PARTS.



DEPUTY
JAROOP?

YES, FE —

YES, MARSHAL
PETTIFER?

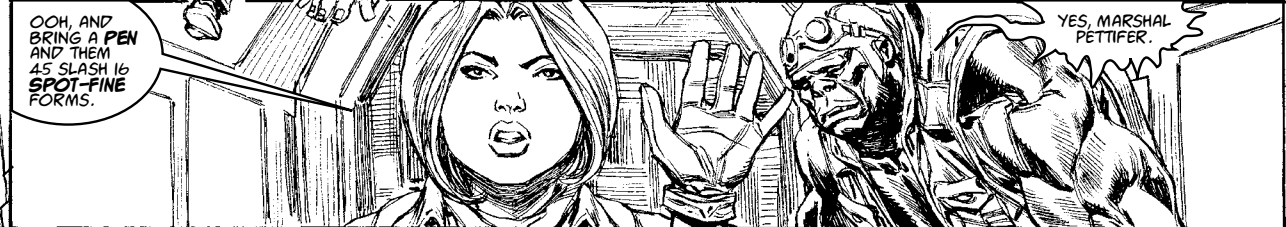
LET'S GET
TO WORK.

YES, MARSHAL
PETTIFER.



OOH, AND
BRING A PEN
AND THEM
45 SLASH 16
SPOT-FINE
FORMS.

YES, MARSHAL
PETTIFER.



I SEE YOU,
BADROCK.

I'M COMING
TO FILL OUT YOUR
GRUDPPANPED
PERMITS AND STAMP
THE LIFE OUTTA YOUR
MOTHERDROKING
POCKETS.

LAWLESS
MY ASS.



SAYS MARSHAL
NERYS PETTIFER.





SO...

... THIS THE
BADLANDS, OR
HAS THE AFTERLIFE BEEN
MIGHTY **OVER-SOLD**
BY PREACHERS 'N'
SUCH?

BADLANDS.

HOW'D YOU
FIX ME?



AUTO-DOC POD.
HUH? THEY BUILT
'EM TO LAST.

MILITARY
ISSUE. FROM
THE WAR.



YOU
MILITARY
ISSUE
ROY?



I
GUESS
YOU
WERE.



YOU'RE
NOT MUCH OF A
CONVERSATION
PERSON ARE
YOU?

I...



I
AIN'T HAD A
CONVERSATION
OF ANY LENGTH
IN THREE
YEARS.

AND
THEN IT WAS
'GET OFFA MY
ACRES'. 'OH, SO
YOU WON'T?'. 'WELL
THIS HERE IS MY
GUN.'

SO YOU'LL
PARDON ME FOR
BEIN' OUT OF
PRACTICE.

WHERE YOU
GOING?

THE WELL.

COME WITH. YOU
NEED TO START
EXERCISING THOSE
LIMBS.

HOW
LONG HAVE I
BEEN DOWN,
ROY?

SIX
MONTHS.

YOU FOUGHT
IN THE ZHIND
WAR?

YUP.

ME
TOO.

WHAT
WERE YOU,
COLONIAL
LOCAL?

OFF-WORLD
STRIKE.

UH-HUH.

AND
YOU'VE BIN
OUT HERE EVER
SINCE?

I
NEVER MUCH
WANTED TO
GO **BACK**
TO ANYTHING.
SUITS ME OUT
HERE.

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE SINCE
THE WAR
ENDED?

THE WAR
AIN'T ENDED.
IF YOU LISTEN
CAREFUL, YOU
CAN HEAR THE
'HOLD' MUSIC
PLAYING.

WHAT
MAKES YOU
SAY
SO?

THOSE
ARE **ABS**. BUT
THEY'RE —

THEY'RE ZHIN'HAL. BADLANDS
TRIBE. NOTHING LIKE THE
DRUNK-ASS WASTERS YOU GOT
BACK IN CIVILISATION.



NEVER THOUGHT
I'D HEAR
BADROCK CALLED
'CIVILISATION'.

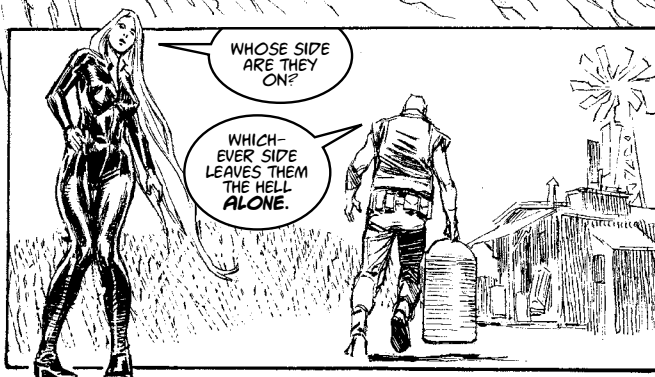
THEY'RE ARMED.
MOBILISED.



READY
FOR THE
WAR. WHEN
IT STARTS
AGAIN.

WHOSE SIDE
ARE THEY
ON?

WHICH-
EVER SIDE
LEAVES THEM
THE HELL
ALONE.



FOOD'S GOOD.

FIRST SOLIDS
YOU'VE HAD IN A
WHILE, ZIA.

WHY'D
YOU CALL
ME
THAT?

S'YOUR
NAME
AIN'T IT? ZIA
FREELY?

NO.

YOU SIN
MY BADGE,
RIGHT
THERE.





BADGES DON'T MEAN SHIT.

WHEN YOU WAS DEEP UNDER THE PAIN, YOU WAS TALKING. KEPT SAYIN' THAT WAS YOUR NAME.

I WAS DELIRIOUS.

I GUESS.

THERE'S A **CRAZY BASTARD** IN BADROCK KEEPS CLAIMING MY NAME IS FREELY, NOT **METIA LAWSON** WHICH IS MY NAME, BY THE BY.

I MUSTA BIN DREAMIN' ABOUT THAT ARGUING WITH THE **CRAZY SUMBITCH**.

I GUESS.



SO THE ABS, AS YOU CALL 'EM...

... YOU KNOW THEY'RE **ZHIND**, RIGHT? AN **OFF-SHOOT** BRANCH OF THE SPECIES. EVOLVED HERE **ALONE**, ISOLATED FROM THE **PARENT RACE**.

THE **ZHIND** PRIME, THEY KINDA **REVERE** THEM. AS A REMINDER OF THE WAY THEY **USED** TO BE.

THAT'S WHY THEY FOUGHT SO HARD TO KEEP HUMANS **OFF** THIS WORLD. THAT'S WHY THE WAR ENDED HERE.



THE ABS, THEY DON'T LIKE HUMANS MUCH, COZ OUR MINDS DRIVE THEM **NUTS**.

THEY DON'T LIKE **ZHIND** **NEITHER**, COZ THE **ZHIND** TOOK THEIR CULTURE DOWN A PATH OF **CONQUEST** AND **EXPANSION**.

SO WHEN THE WAR COMES BACK HERE, THE **ZHIN'HAL** ARE GONNA BE READY TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LAND AND DRIVE OFF **ANYBODY** WHO TRIES TO FUCK WITH IT.

ZHIND OR HUMAN.

THEY'LL BE **SLAUGHTERED**.

YEAH, BUT THEY'LL DO SOME **SLAUGHTERING** OF THEIR **OWN** ON THE WAY DOWN.

I TAUGHT 'EM **WELL**.



YOU WHAT?

THIS WORLD IS A VICTIM OF **ALIEN AGENDAS**. HUMAN AND ZHIND, PLAYING THEIR IMPERIALIST GAMES.

SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA **HELP** A VICTIM GET UP ON THEIR FEET AND **BACK** IN THE FIGHT.

YOU TALKING ABOUT ME OR THE **ZHIN'HAL**, ROY?

BOTH.

GET US **BOTH** UP ON OUR FEET AND **BACK** INTO A FIGHT THAT'S GONNA **KILL** US?

IF IT'S A **RIGHTEOUS** FIGHT, IF IT **MATTERS**.

YOU GOT A **RIGHTEOUS** FIGHT WAITING FOR YOU IN **BADROCK**, ZIA?

I **SURELY** HAVE.

AND **STOP** CALLING ME THAT.

WHAT'S THIS?

DON'T TALK.



ROY.

CRAZY.

WHO'S YOUR **GIRLFRIEND**?

SOMEONE YOU **AIN'T** MEETIN'.

WHY ARE YOU **HERE**?



ANOTHER **ZHIND** SCOUT SHIP PUT DOWN LAST NIGHT. **RECON**.

WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THEY **DEPLOY** IN **FORCE**, MONTH OR TWO.

THOUGHT YOU SHOULD **KNOW**.

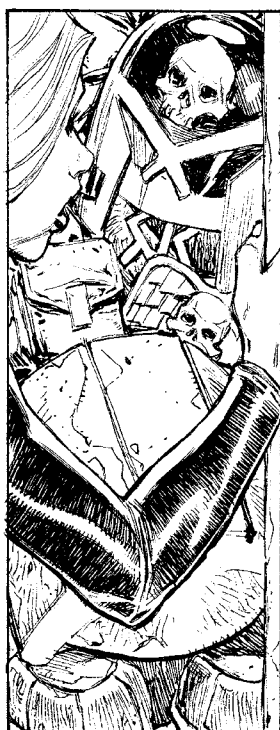
APPRECI-ATE IT.

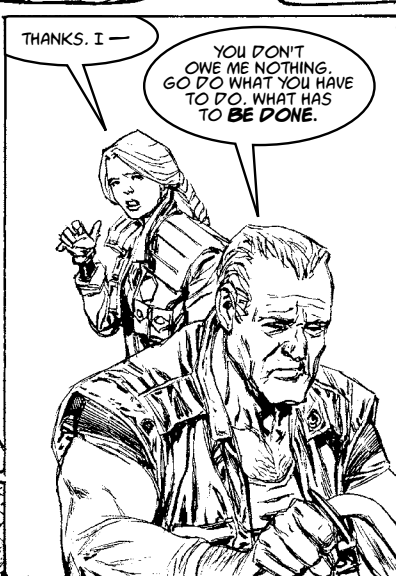
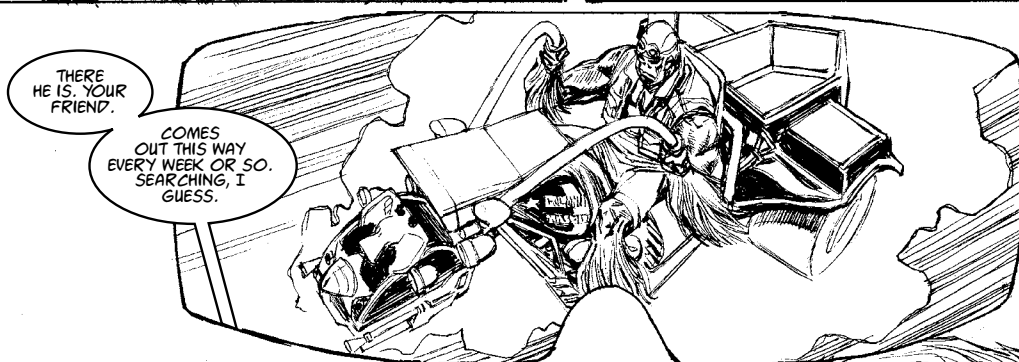
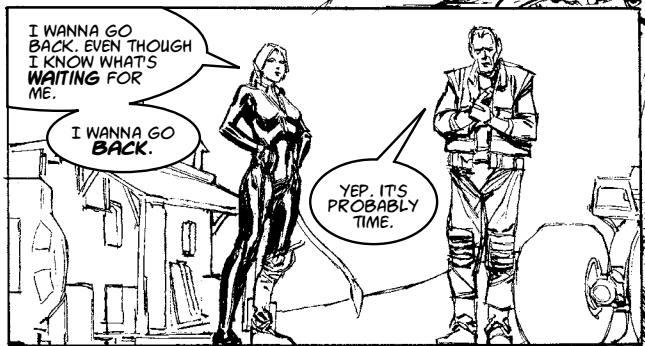
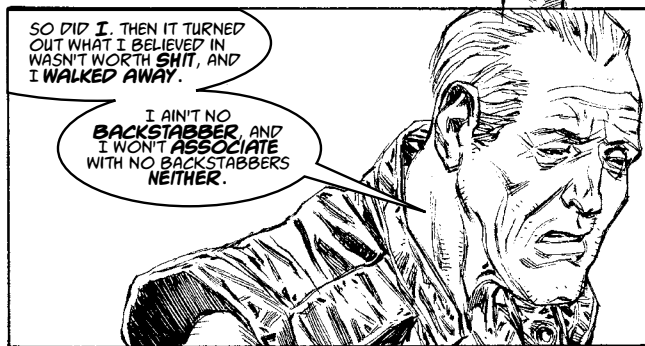
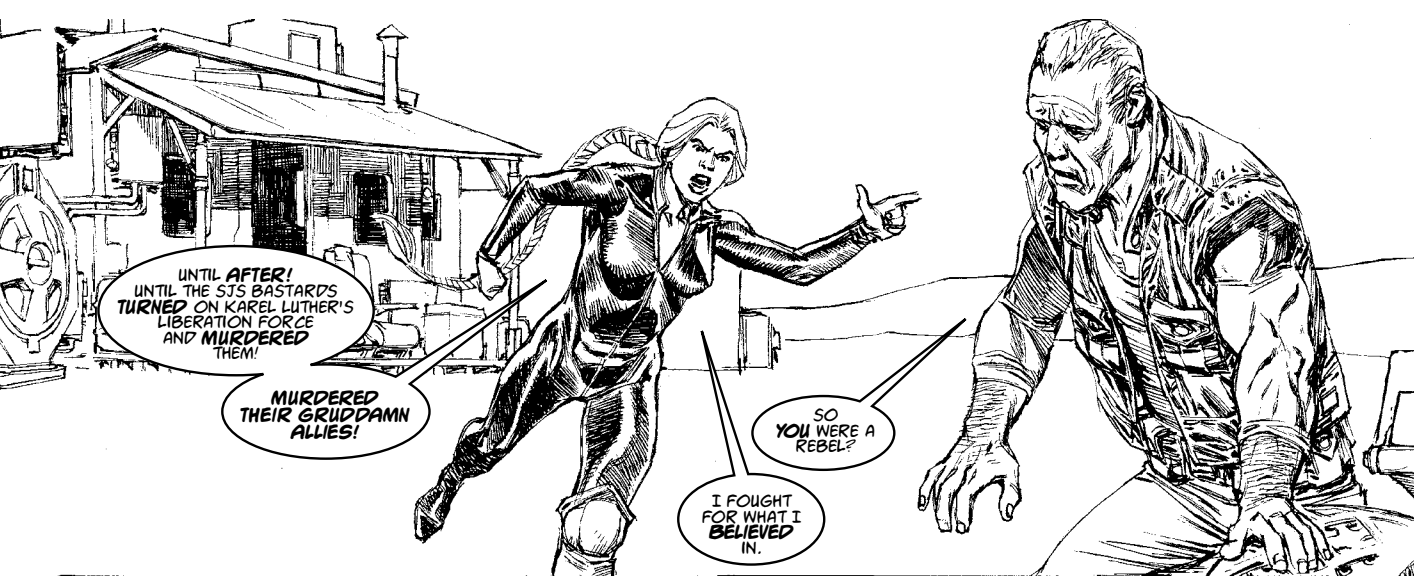


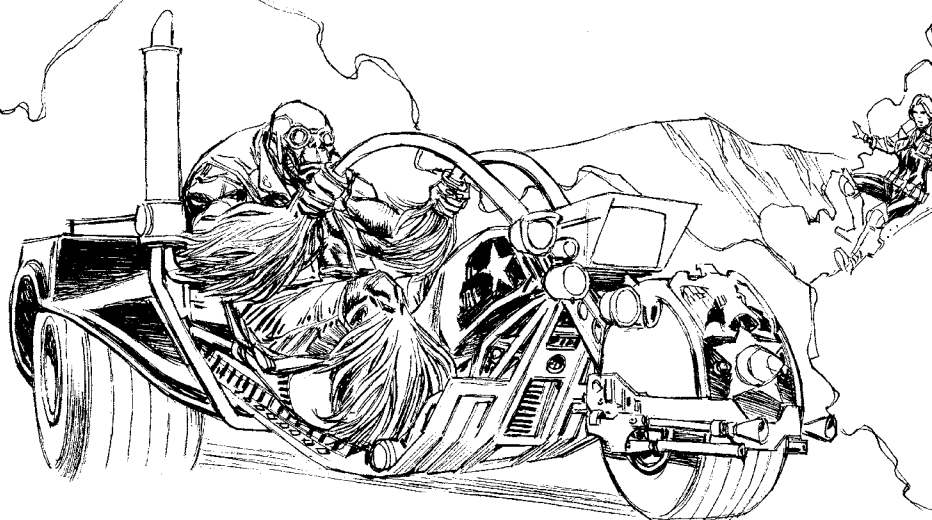
WE'RE **HEADIN'** SOUTH, MAYBE **OFF-WORLD**. YOU SHOULD **TOO**, ROY.

SHIT'S **COMING** DOWN AGAIN, **WORSE** THAN LAST TIME.

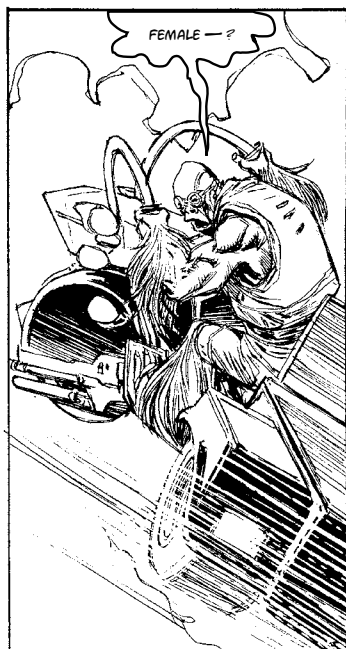
I'LL **BEAR** THAT IN MIND.



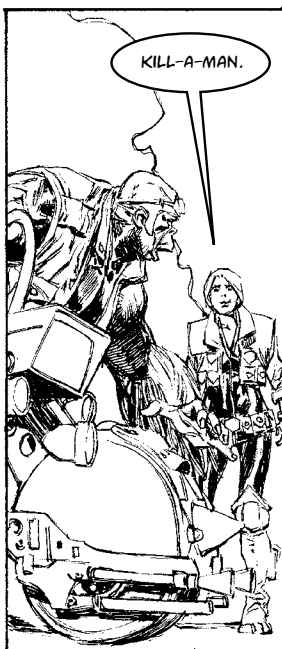




'IT'S WHAT WE DO NOW THAT COUNTS. THE JUSTICE WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES.'



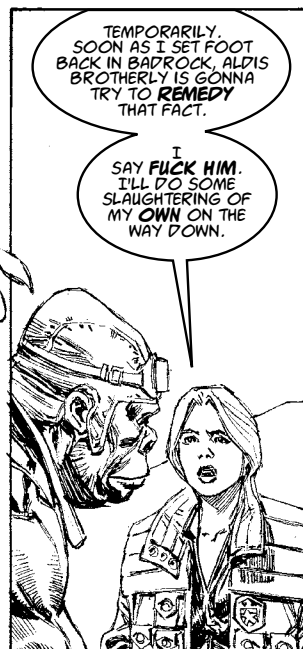
FEMALE — ?



KILL-A-MAN.

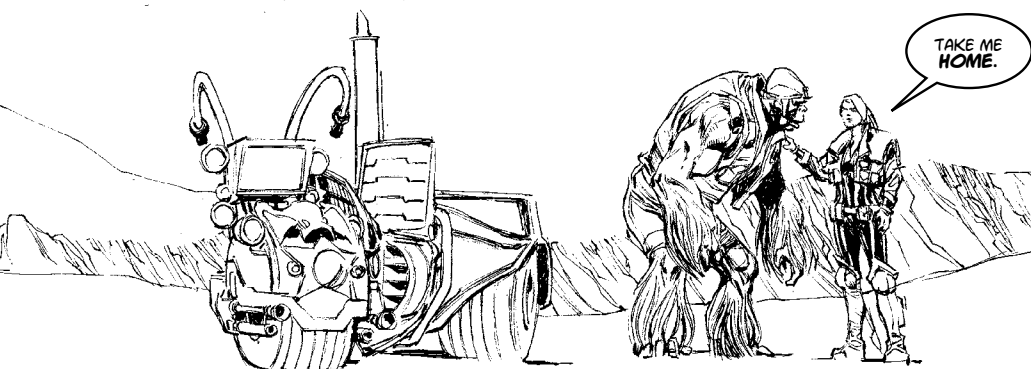


YOU LIVE!



TEMPORARILY. SOON AS I SET FOOT BACK IN BADROCK, ALD'S BROTHERLY IS GONNA TRY TO REMEDY THAT FACT.

I SAY FUCK HIM. I'LL DO SOME SLAUGHTERING OF MY OWN ON THE WAY DOWN.



TAKE ME HOME.

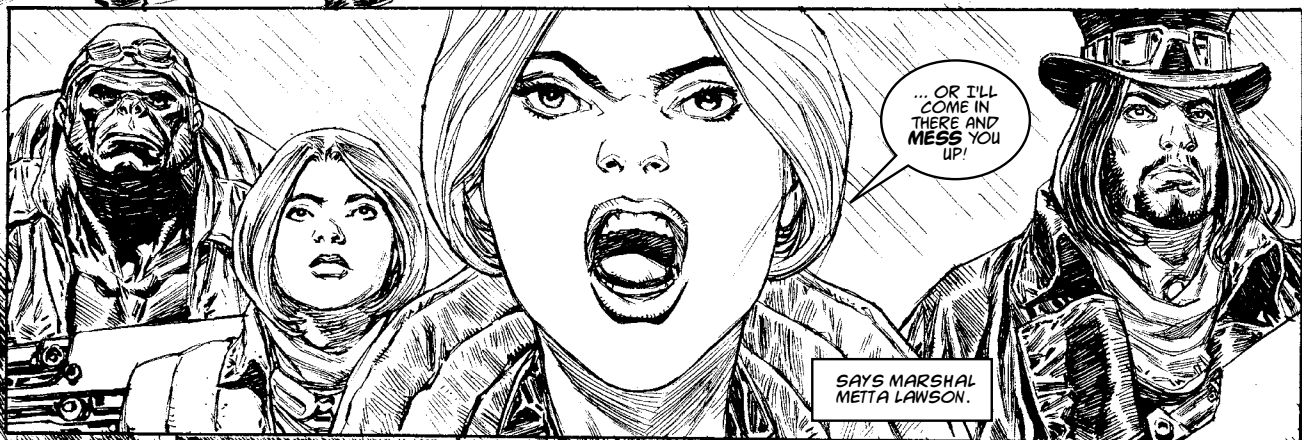




ALDIS
BROTHERLY! THIS
IS THE LAW!

WE HAVE
A WARRANT FOR
YOUR IMMEDIATE
ARREST!

COME OUT
WITH YOUR HANDS
UP...



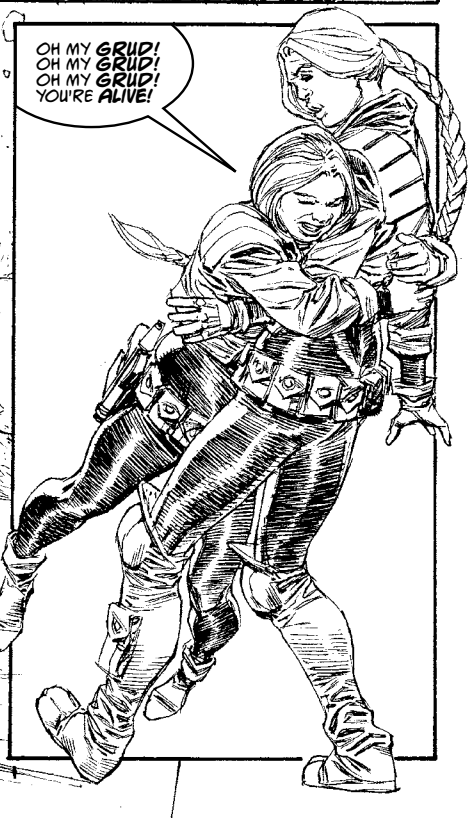
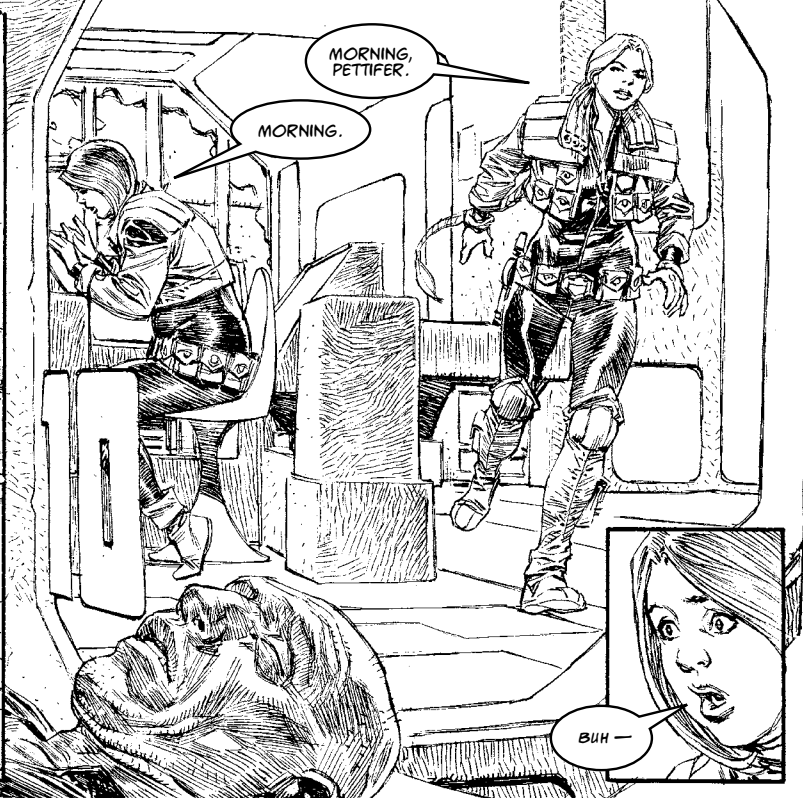
... OR I'LL
COME IN
THERE AND
MESS YOU
UP!

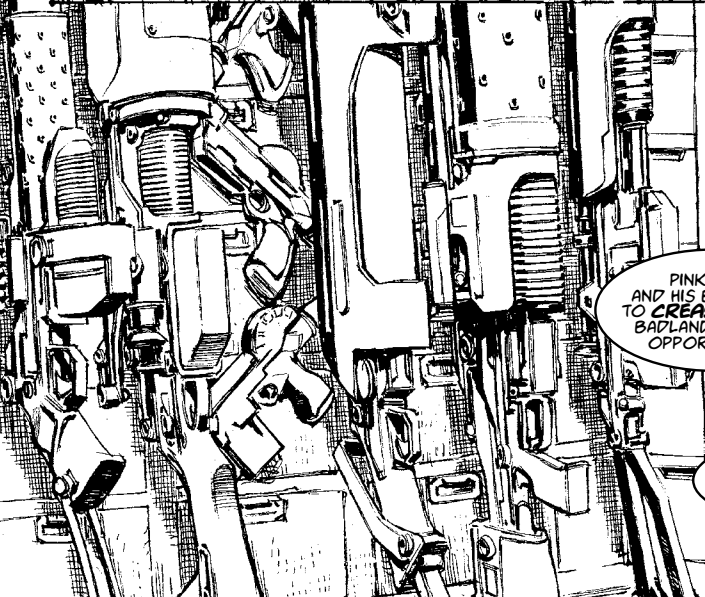
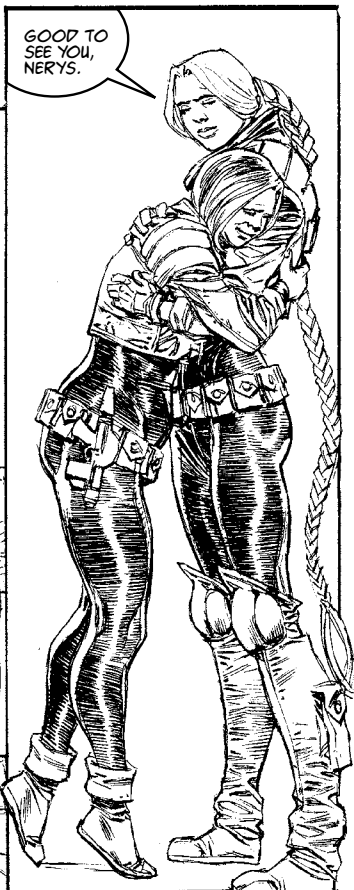
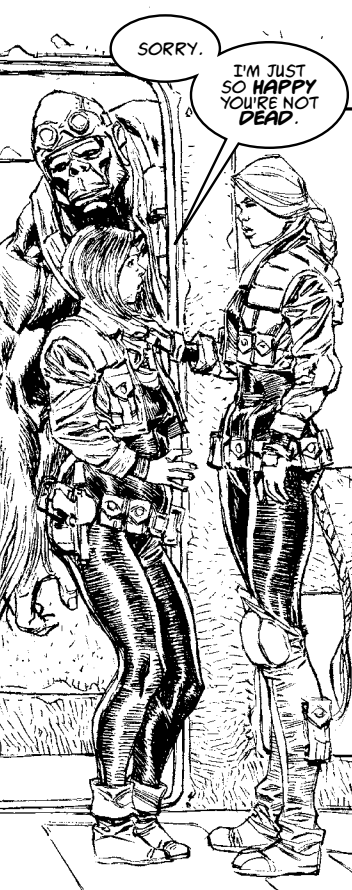
SAYS MARSHAL
METTA LAWSON.



OH SHIT.

SAYS MUNCE, INC. REGIONAL
DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR
ALDIS BROTHERLY.







THAT KINDA
SOILS MUNCE
TOO, 'CAUSE
BROTHERLY
IS THEIR
REP.

I MAY NOT **BREAK**
THE MEGACORP'S
TYRANNICAL PURCHASE
ON THIS TOWN, BUT I
SURE AS HELL CAN
SLACKEN IT.



THAT'S IF I
GET THROUGH
THE FRONT
DOOR.

COUNT ME IN.

NERYS —

DROKK THAT.
I'M IN.

SUCH
A MOUTH, LADY.
THEM'S MIGHTY
BIG CAHOONIES
YOU'VE GROWN IN
MY ABSENCE.



I AM A
DEPUTY.
ISN'T BEING
IN MY
JOB?

I BELIEVE
IT IS.
KILL-A-
MAN.

DO WE
NEED BACK-
UP?



WHO'RE YOU
THINKING?

RONDO.

THAT
NO-GOOD
GUN-FOR-HIRE
DROKK-
SUCKER?

YEAH, GO
SEE IF HE'S
BOOK-
ABLE.

IT'S
THIRTY
O'CLOCK.
HE'LL BE IN THE
SALOON.

WHAT
ARE YOU
LOOKING AT,
HETCH?

A GHOST,
SEEMS LIKE.



MR BROTHERLY,
SIR.

PINKERTON?

I GOT NEWS.

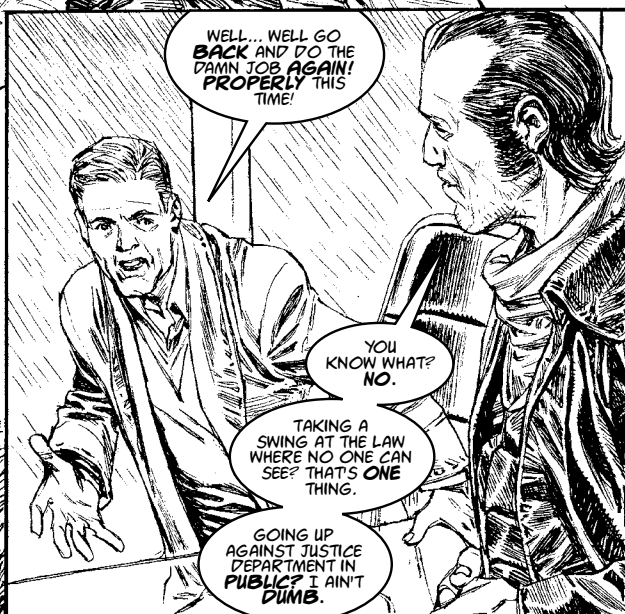
LAWSON'S
BACK.

BUT —

I THOUGHT —

I THOUGHT
YOU HAD FINISHED
THAT BITCH?

SHOT, AND
DUMPED IN THE
WASTES. SHE MUST HAVE
SOME **GENEROUS**
GOD WATCHING
OVER HER.



WELL... WELL GO
BACK AND DO THE
DAMN JOB AGAIN!
PROPERLY THIS
TIME!

YOU
KNOW WHAT?
NO.

TAKING A
SWING AT THE LAW
WHERE NO ONE CAN
SEE? THAT'S ONE
THING.

GOING UP
AGAINST JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT IN
PUBLIC? I AIN'T
DUMB.

YOU
SON OF A BITCH,
PINKERTON.

MISTER,
I'M THE **LEAST**
OF YOUR PROBLEMS.
YOU'VE MADE A
MESS HERE IN
BADROCK.

I DON'T
THINK **MUNCE, INC.**
IS GOING TO SEND
ITS FANCY, EXPENSIVE
LAWYERS TO DIG
YOU OUT OF IT.

OUCH.



I'M JUST A
CONTRACTOR.
YOU GAVE THE
ORDERS.

THIS IS ON
YOU.

MR PINKERTON,
I RETAIN YOU FOR
PROTECTION
SERVICES —

YEAH,
I'M VOIDING THAT
ARRANGEMENT.

I GOT
A CAREER TO
CONSIDER. PRIVATE
SECURITY WORKS
DEPENDS ON
REPUTATION AND
DISCRETION.

I CAN'T
BE SEEN TO BE NO
JUDGE-KILLING
LAWBREAKER.

THREE HOURS LATER:

OKAY,
WE'RE GOING
IN.

NO ONE AROUND.

COULD BE
A TRAP.

COULD BE
LUNCHTIME.

WELCON

CLEAR!

THEY KNEW WE
WERE COMIN'.

GOSH, DO
YOU THINK?

WELL,
LOOK.

MARSHAL PAIN-
IN-MY-ASS
LAWSON.

YOU ALWAYS
GET YOUR
MAN, RIGHT?
RIGHT?

BROTHERLY,
YOU'RE —



UNDERREST?
NO SHIT.

WHERE ARE YOUR
GOONS, BROTHERLY?
WHERE'S THAT SNAKE-
SHIT PINKERTON?

THEM?
OH, THEY QUIT
ON ME. THASS
LOYALTY,
RIGHT?

GRUDDAMN
MUNCE HAS QUIT
ON ME TOO.
CAN YOU BELIEVE
THAT?

HE'S RIGHT,
MARSHAL.

THE DATA-LINK
TO MUNCE IS CUT.
THEY'RE WASHING THEIR
HANDS OF HIM.



WASHIN' THEIR
HANDSSA
BADROCK,
MORE LIKE.

CORPORATE
DENIA... DENIA...
DENIABILITY.

THEY'RE GONNA
LET ME TAKE THE
FALL. CLAIM I
WASS A ROGUE
EMPLOYEE.

YOU'RE
GOING TO
JAIL.



OR...

WE MAKE A L'IL
TRADE.

TRADE?

I TESTIFY
AGAINST THEM. AGAINST
MUNCE AND ALL THE
CRIMINAL CORPORATE
ACTIVITIES THEY HAVE
PERPETRATED. HERE AND
IN OTHER CONNELLIES.
SCUSE ME
COLONIES.

I KNOW SHIT.
LAWSON. I'VE SEEN
SHIT. I CAN GIVE YOU
EVERYTHING.



IN RETURN,
YOU KEEP ME
SAFE. IMMUNITY,
LAWSON
CLEMENCY.

I
TESTIFY YOU
PROTECT
ME.



THIS IS
TOO BIG FOR
THE LOCAL COURT.
WE'LL HAVE TO GET
HIM TO JUSTICE
HALL IN
TRACTIONHEAD.

WHEN'S
THE NEXT
TRAIN?

NOON.

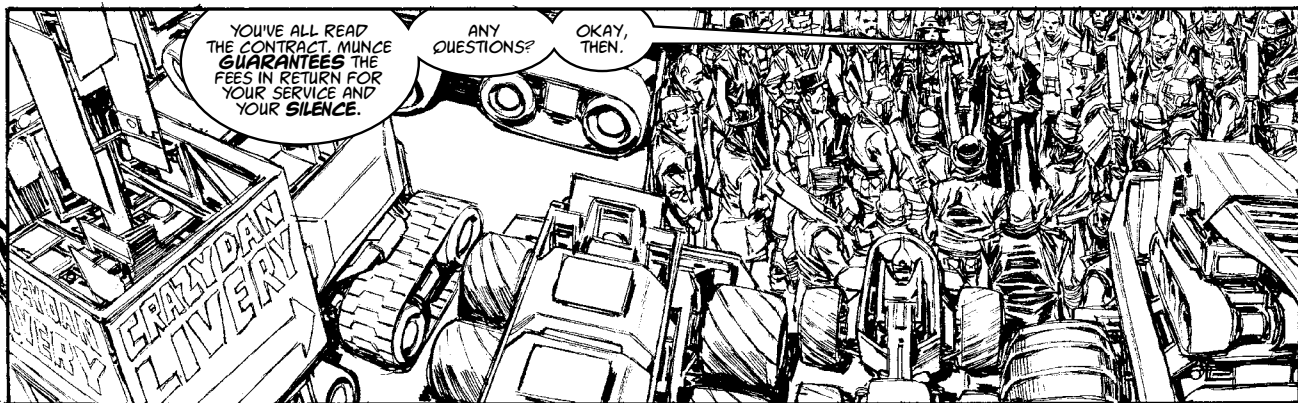
BUT...
MUNCE MUST
KNOW HE'S A
LIABILITY?

NERYS IS RIGHT.
THEY'LL TRY TO ERASE
THIS LITTLE RUNT ENTIRELY
BEFORE HE CAN OPEN HIS
MOUTH AND SPILL THE DIRT.



THEY CAN
TRY.

I GOT ME
A TRAIN TO
CATCH.



YOU'VE ALL READ
THE CONTRACT. MUNCE
GUARANTEES THE
FEES IN RETURN FOR
YOUR SERVICE AND
YOUR SILENCE.

ANY
QUESTIONS?

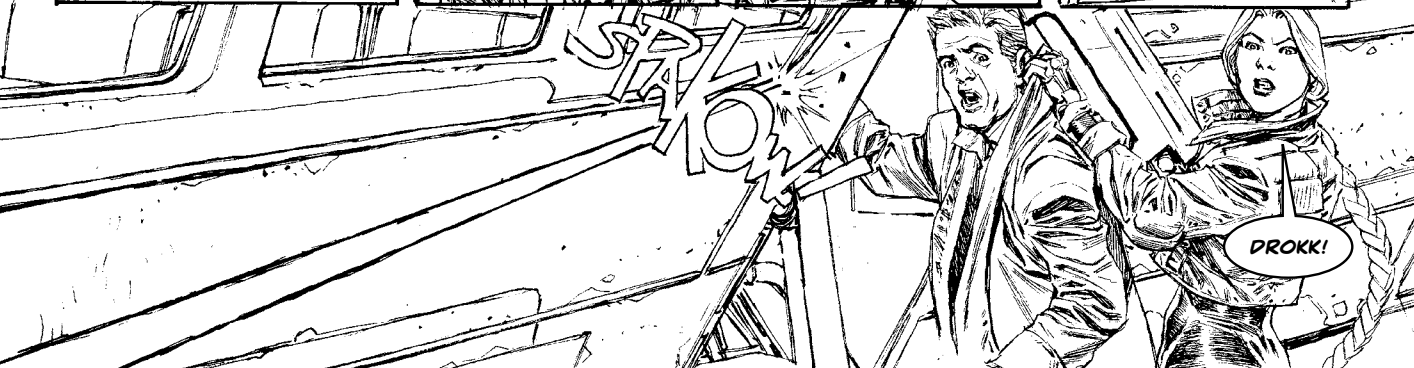
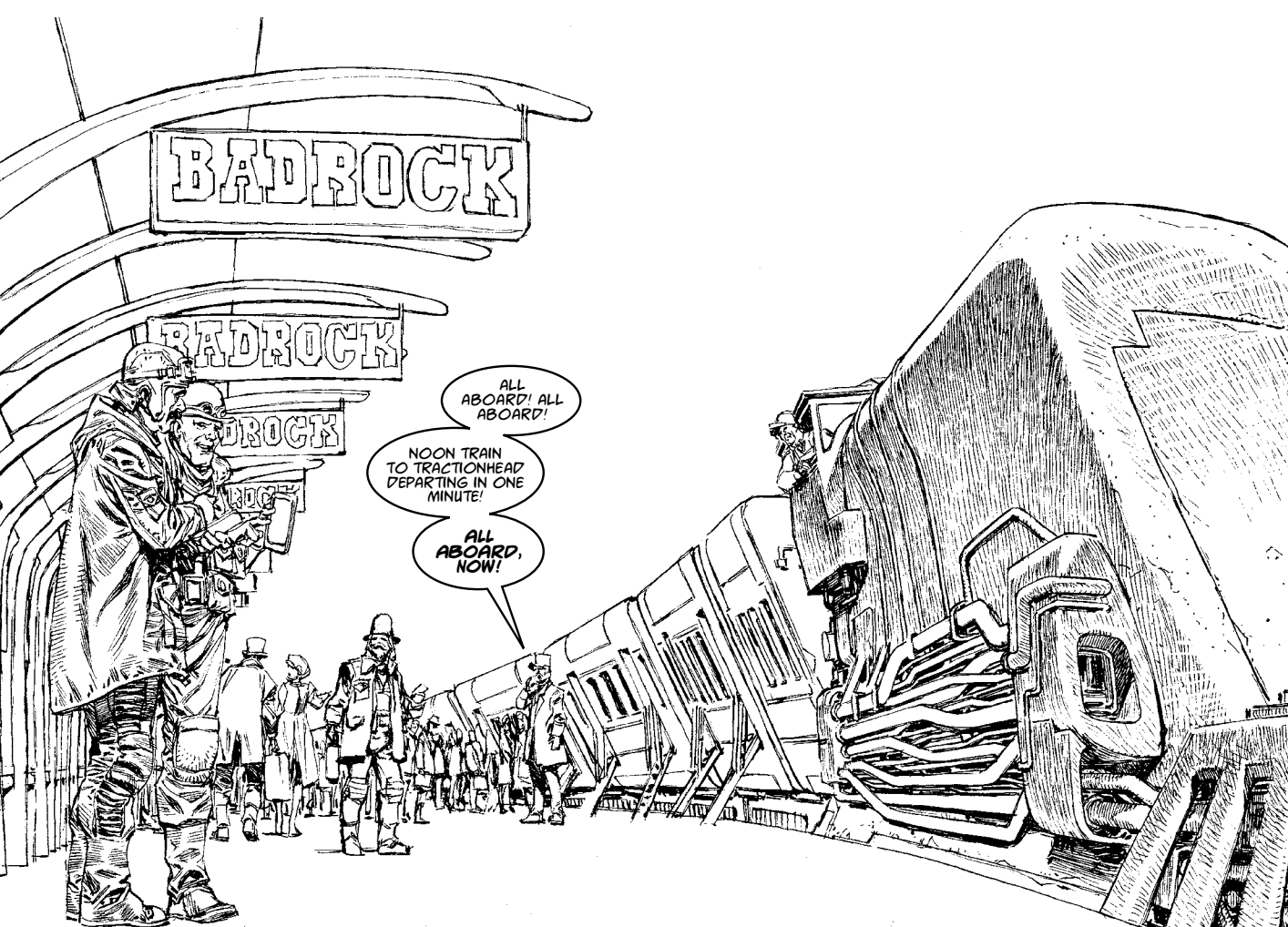
OKAY,
THEN.



LETHAL FORCE
HAS JUST BEEN
APPROVED. WE
ARE GO.

YOU ARE FREE TO
TAKE DOWN ANY-
BODY WHO TRIES
TO OBSTRUCT
YOUR PURPOSE.
THAT INCLUDES
BADGES.

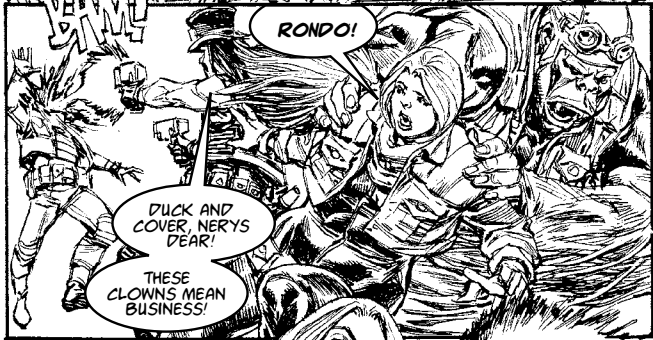
THE JOB IS
SIMPLE. ALDIS
BROTHERLY
DOES NOT LEAVE
THIS TOWN
ALIVE!





GIT YOUR PRETTY
BACKSIDE OUTTA
HERE, LAWSON!

WE'LL
HOLD OFF THESE
DROKKERS!



RONDO!

DUCK AND
COVER, NERYS
DEAR!

THESE
CLOWNS MEAN
BUSINESS!



MOVE,
BROTHERLY!



WELL, LEMME
SEE...

'GRIPPING THE
WEAPON AS PER
FIGURE 'A', ROTATE
THE MUNITION
SETTING DIAL ('B')
TO THE DESIRED
FORMAT...'



HOTSHOTS,
MOTHER
DROKKERS!

TH BOOM!

UGHH!

UHHN!

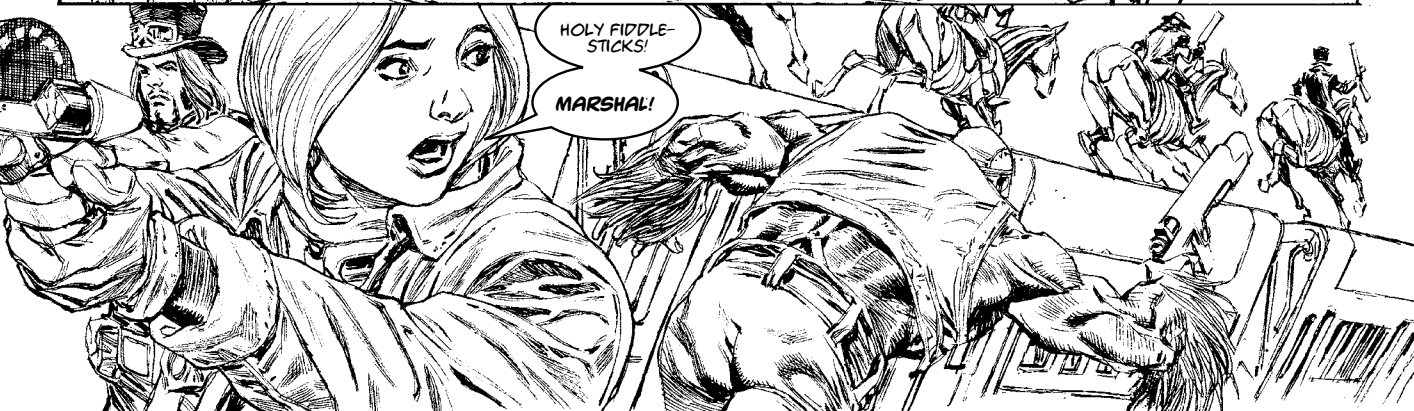
AAAHH!



GET THIS
TRAIN MOVING!
NOW!

Y-YES
MA'AM!

I HAVE
A TERRIBLE
HEADACHE —





YOU WANNA SHOT, BROTHERLY?

YOU'RE RIDING THE RIGHT TRAIN!

SHITDAMN!

BOOM!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

MR. PINKERTON,
WE GOTTA —

— URGHHK!

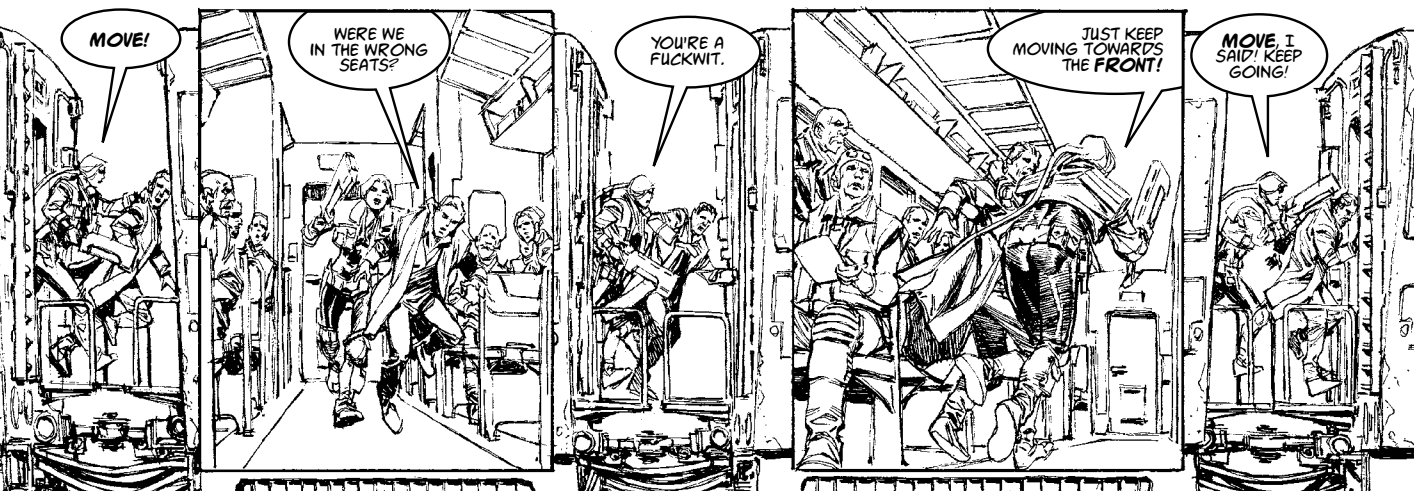
GITTINGS!

HAMMER
THAT FREAK-ASS
MONKEY!

OH YEAH.

SHIT!
DROKK!

DROKK!



MOVE!

WERE WE
IN THE WRONG
SEATS?

YOU'RE A
FUCKNIT.

JUST KEEP
MOVING TOWARDS
THE FRONT!

MOVE, I
SAID! KEEP
GOING!



I DON'T
LIKE THIS!

SHUT
UP!

MARSHAL?
WHAT THE
HELLSTEETH IS
OCCURRING?
I HAD
REPORTS OF
GUNPLAY
ONBOARD!

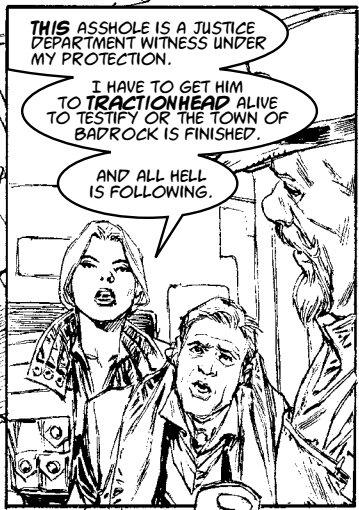


YOU THE DRIVER?

I AM, MA'AM.

SHOULDN'T YOU
BE DRIVIN'?

THE LOCOMOTIVE'S
ON AUTOCRUISE FOR
THE NEXT TWO HUNDRED
CLICKS. WHAT THE HELL —



THIS ASSHOLE IS A JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT WITNESS UNDER
MY PROTECTION.

I HAVE TO GET HIM
TO TRACTIONHEAD ALIVE
TO TESTIFY OR THE TOWN OF
BADROCK IS FINISHED.

AND ALL HELL
IS FOLLOWING.



SO YOU GOT A SAFE
PLACE UP FRONT
THERE?

YES,
MA'AM.

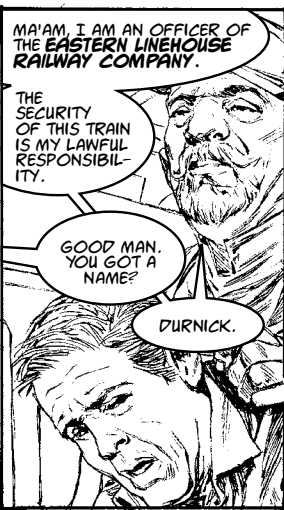
AND A GUN?

I HAVE A
SIDEARM IN
THE CAB.



GET IT.
GUARD
HIM.

DO I HAVE
TO DEPUTISE
YOU?



MA'AM, I AM AN OFFICER OF
THE EASTERN LINEHOUSE
RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE
SECURITY
OF THIS TRAIN
IS MY LAWFUL
RESPONSIBILI-
TY.

GOOD MAN.
YOU GOT A
NAME?

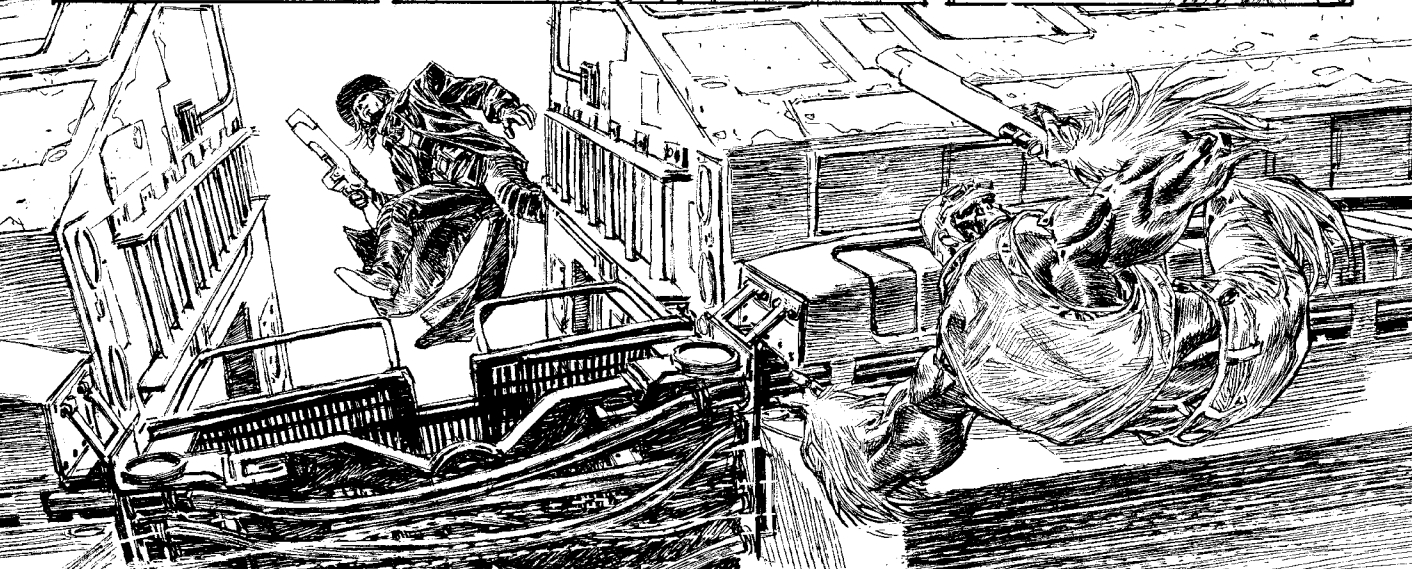
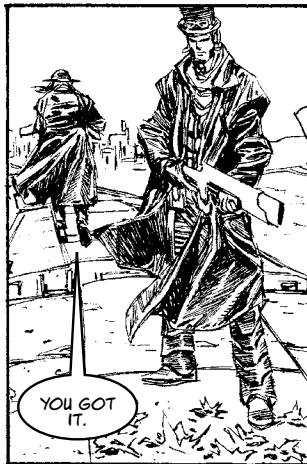
DURNICK.

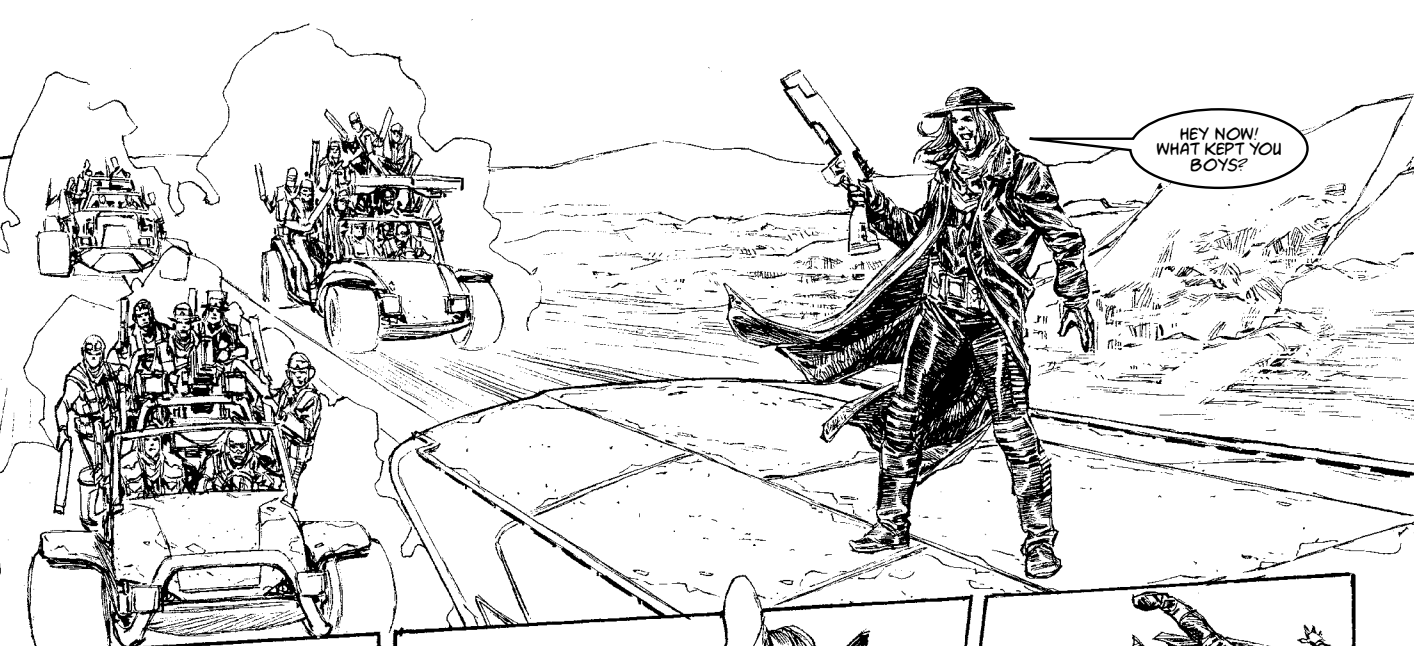


WHERE
ARE YOU GOING,
MARSHAL?

GO DO LIKE I SAID,
DURNICK.

I'M GONNA CLEAR
THE UNDESIRABLES
OFF YOUR TAIL-END
CARS.





HEY NOW!
WHAT KEPT YOU
BOYS?



C'MON
ABOARD
NOW!

COME ON
NOW! DON'T BE
SHY! BIG SCORE
WAITING!



ULLP!

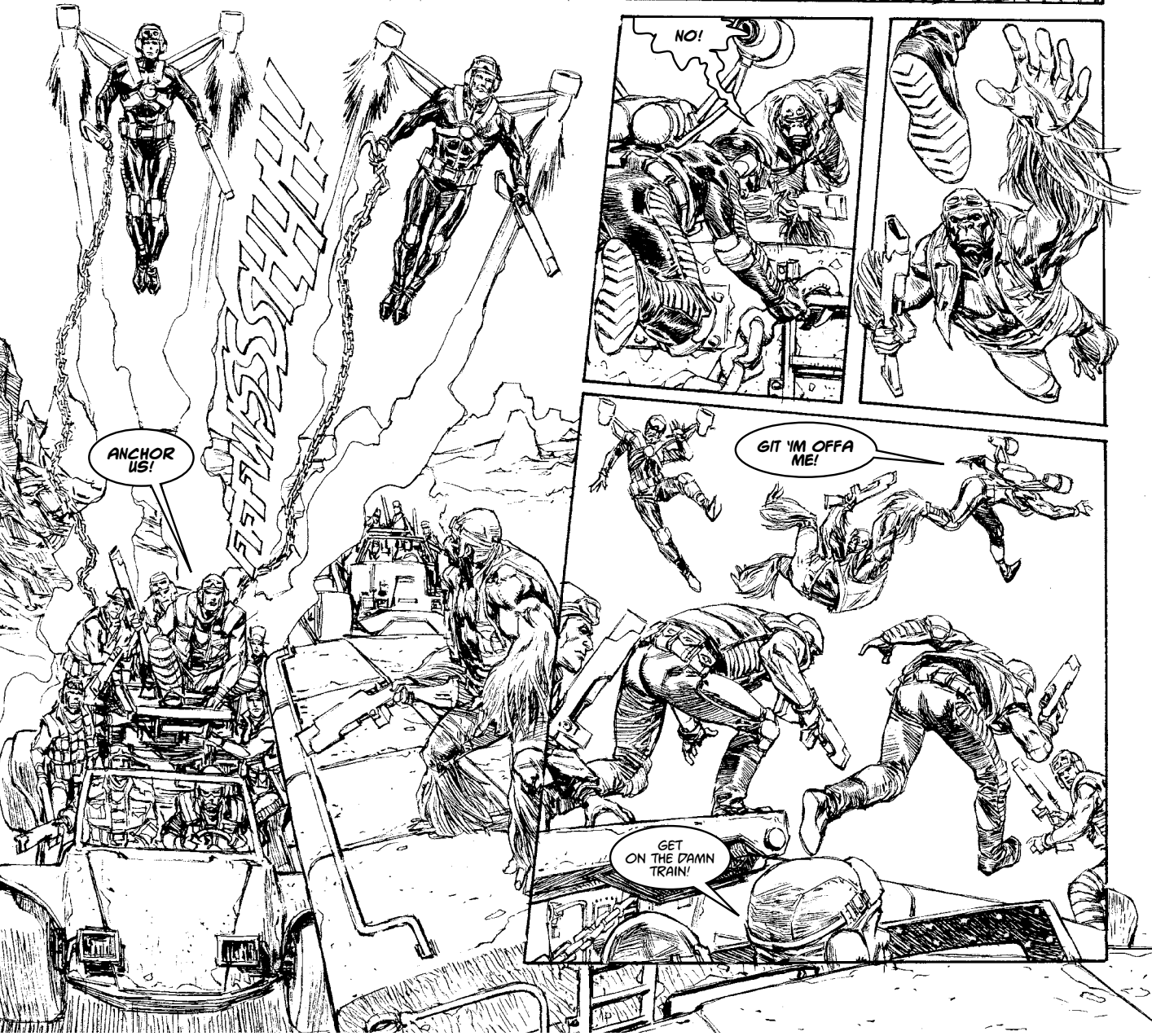
YOU ARE
A BAD MAN,
GITTINGS.



UURRRRRKK!



SKKEESH!





SHOOT HIM!
SHOOT THE DAMN
MONKEY!

KA BOOM!

NOW WE GO
BACK DOWN.

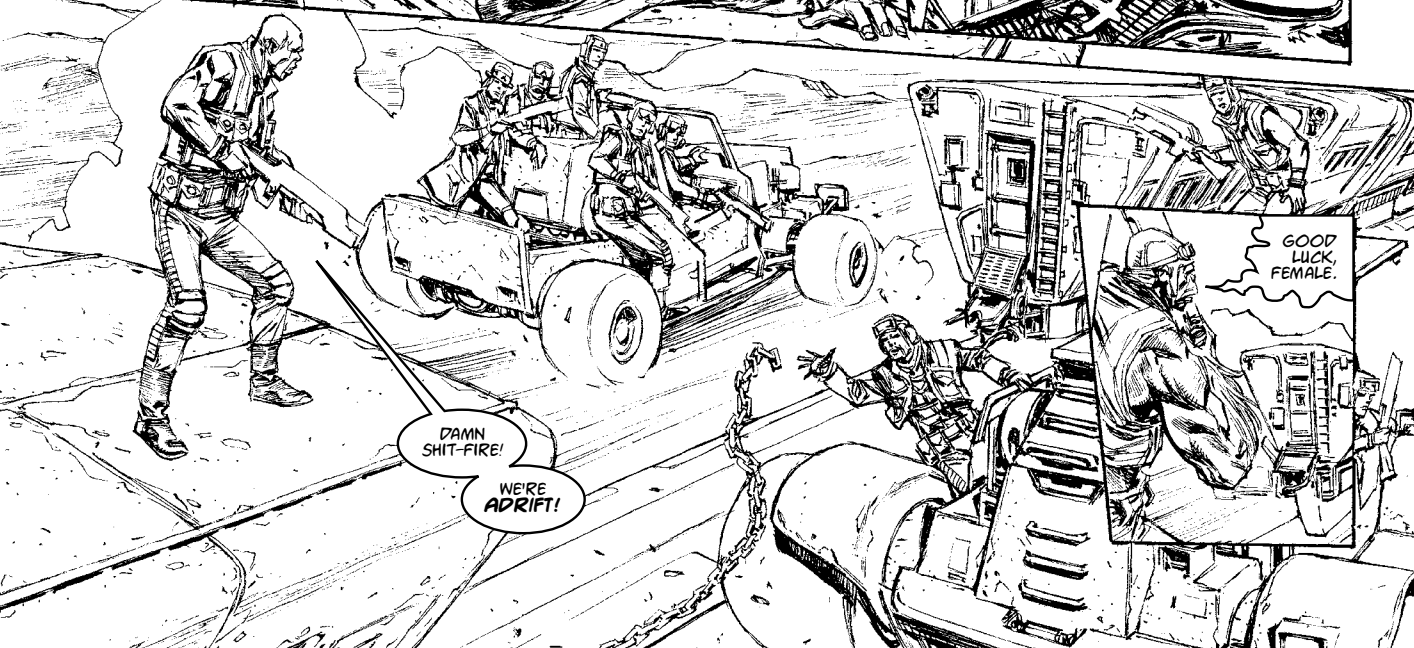
YAAAAGHH!

OH SHIT...



PEG HIM!

HE WON'T
STAY STILL!

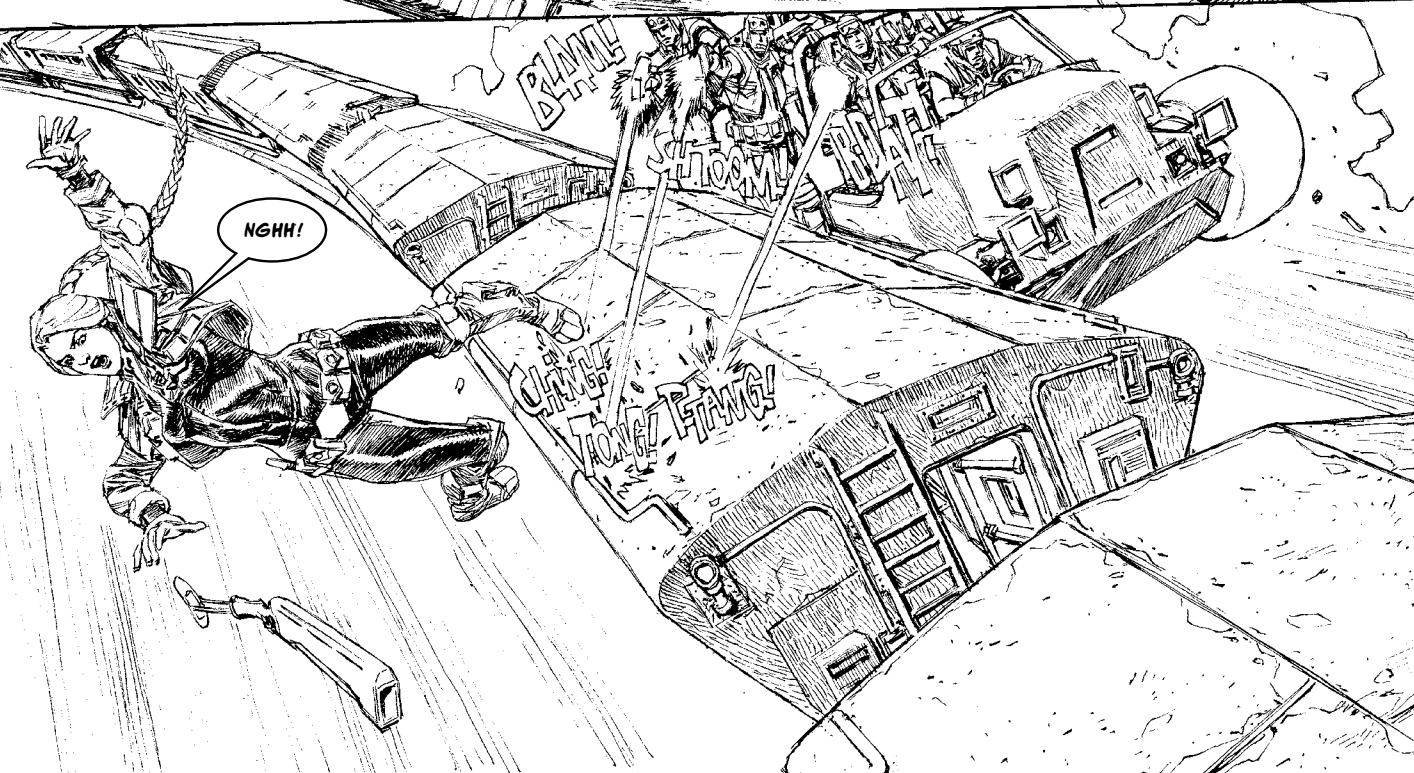
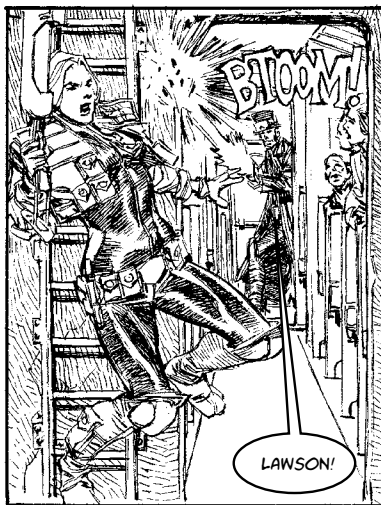


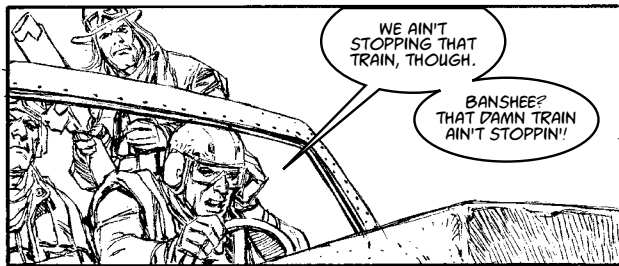
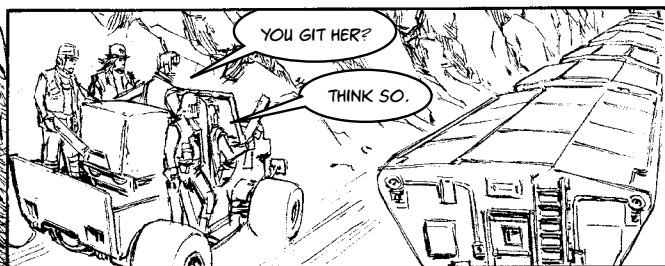
DAMN
SHIT-FIRE!

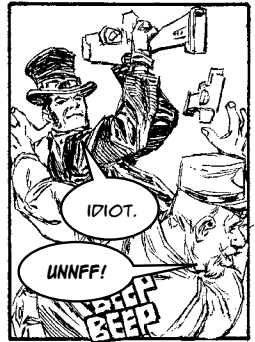
WE'RE
ADRIFT!

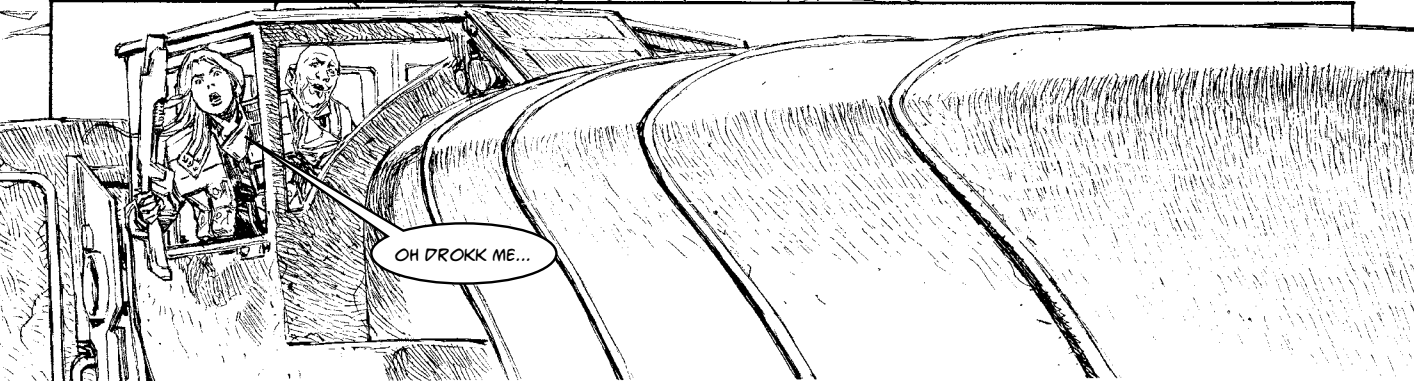


GOOD
LUCK,
FEMALE.



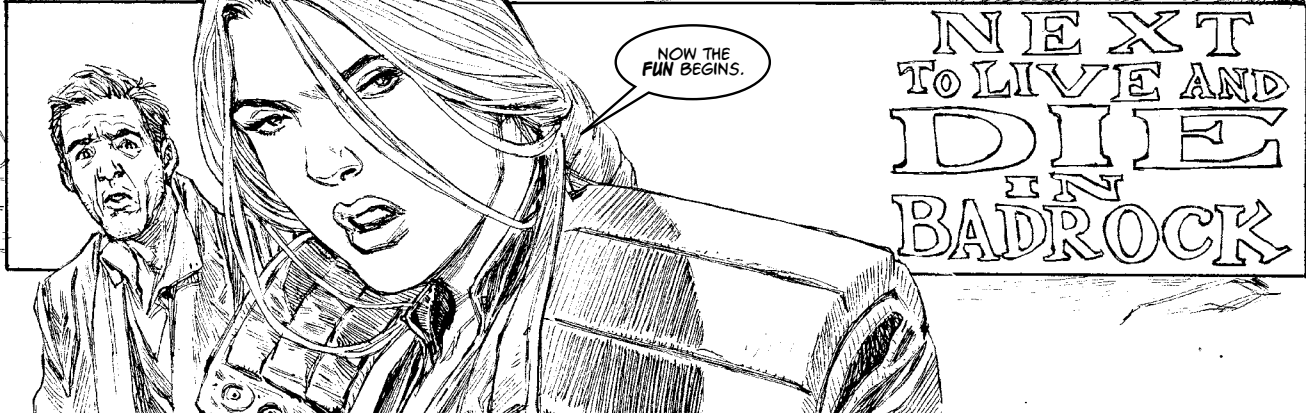
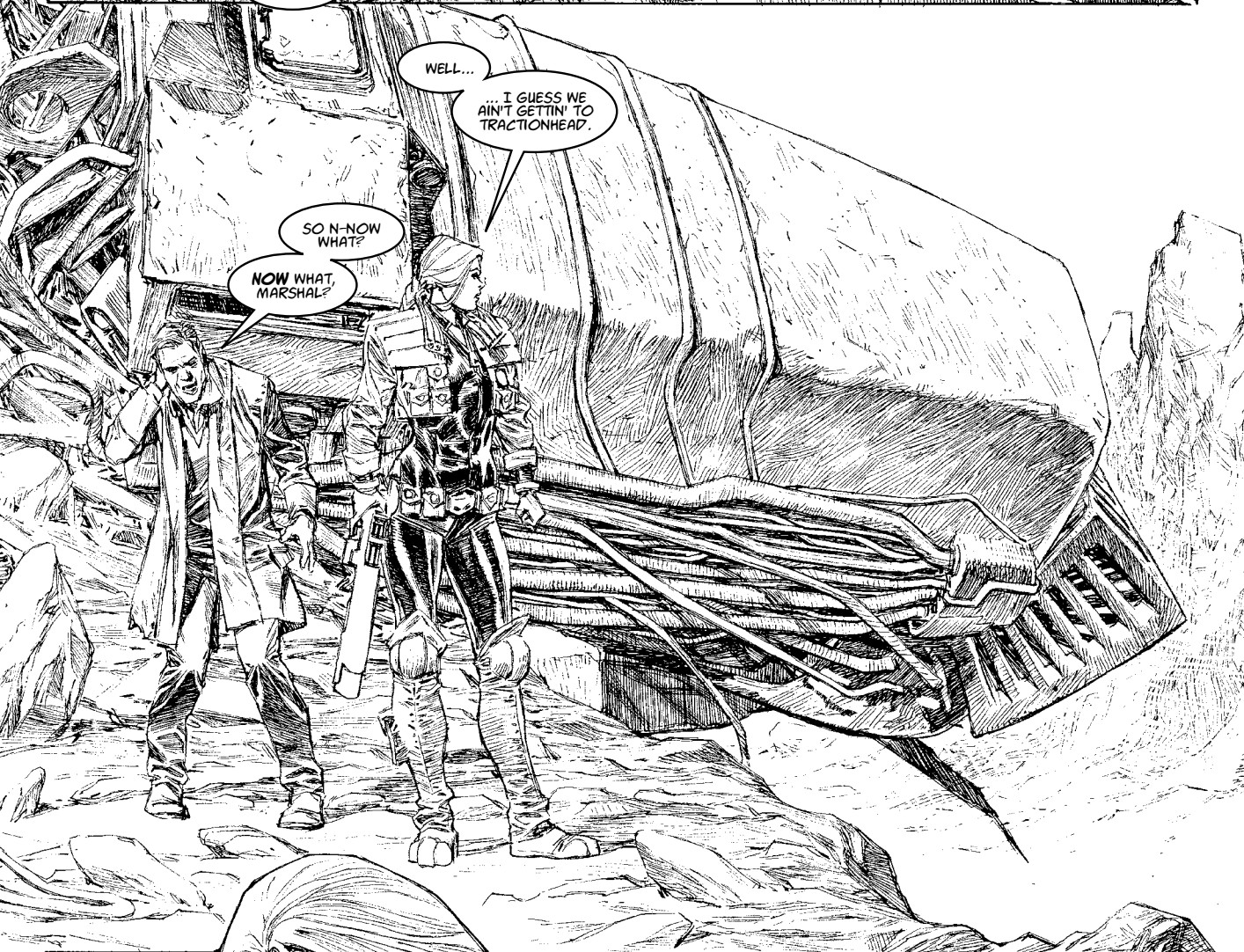
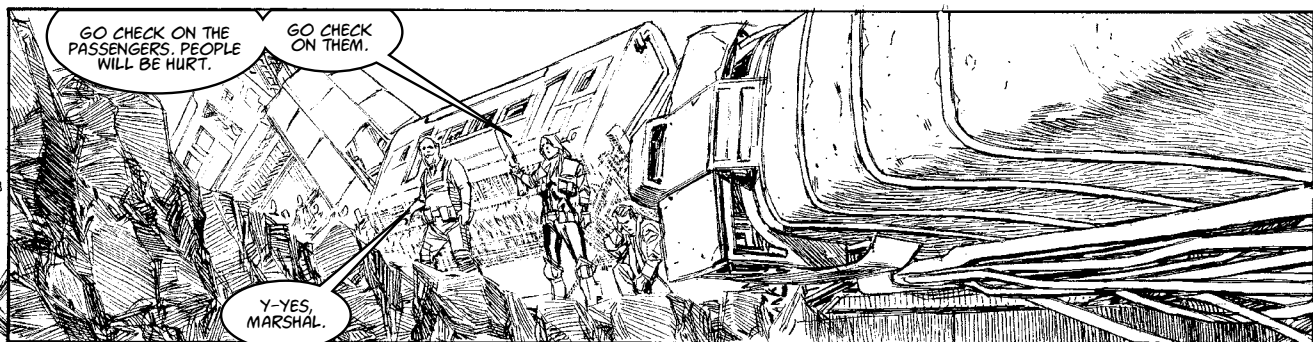












NEXT
TO LIVE AND
DIE
IN
BADROCK



EVERY-
BODY?
FOLKS?

MOVE
AWAY FROM
THE CARRIAGES
NOW, YOU
HEAR?

THAT'S
RIGHT! GET
YOURSELVES
CLEAR!

OH MY
LAWD!

MAKE YOURSELVES
COMFORTABLE
WHILE WE AWAIT
RESCUE.

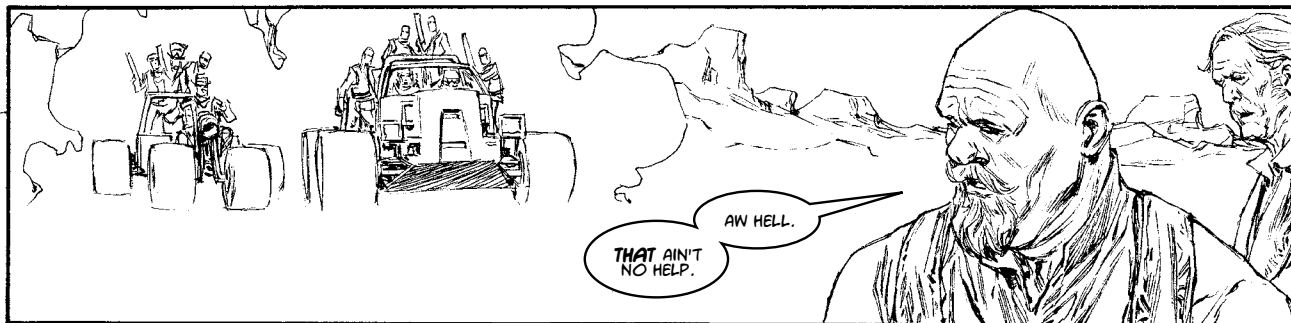
I GOT ME
A FIRST-AID
KIT, SO HOLLER
IF ANYONE'S GOT
MORE THAN A FEW
BRUISES.

WHAT
THE DICKENS
OCCURRED,
DRIVER?

SIR, THERE
WAS AN INCIDENT
ON THE LINE —

HEY!
LOOKEE!

HELP'S
A-COMIN'!



AW HELL.

THAT AIN'T
NO HELP.

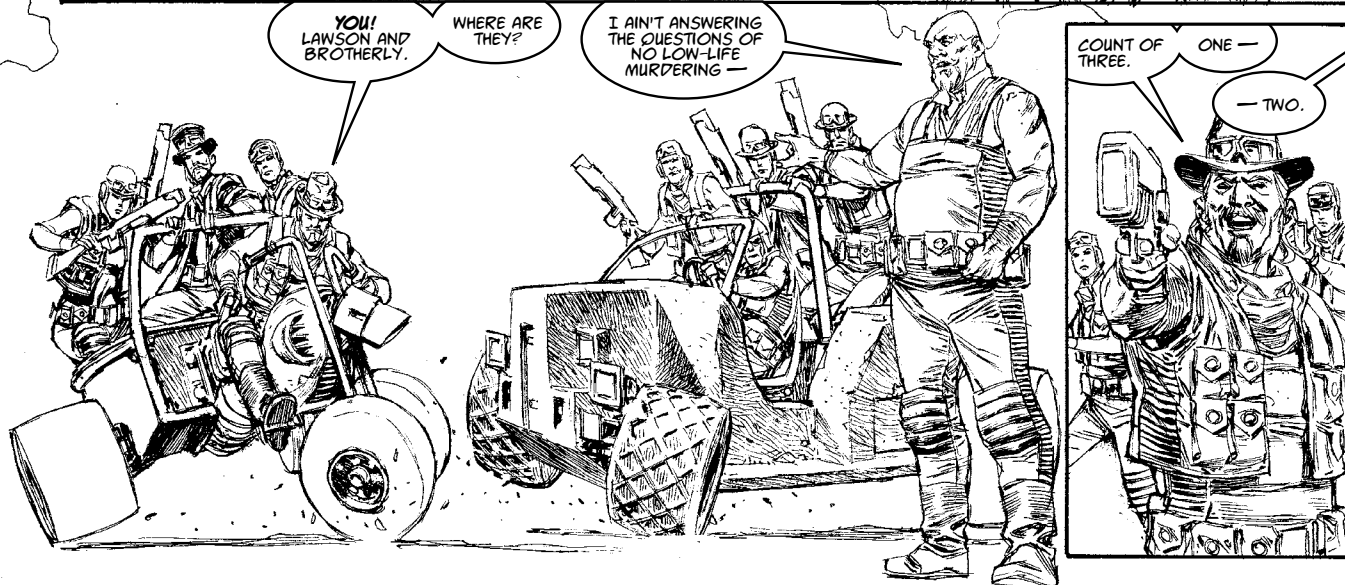
YOU!
LAWSON AND
BROTHERLY.

WHERE ARE
THEY?

I AIN'T ANSWERING
THE QUESTIONS OF
NO LOW-LIFE
MURDERING —

COUNT OF
THREE.

ONE —
— TWO.





YOU INTERESTED
IN HEARING WHAT
COMES NEXT?

HEY, MARSHAL LAWSON.

BROTHERLY'S
THE ONE WE'RE AFTER.
HE STILL KICKING?

HAND HIM
OVER, AND WE'LL
LET YOU WALK.

YOU, AND
ALL THESE OTHER
NICE FOLK.

THIS IS BADROCK
TERRITORY, AND I
AM THE LAW IN THESE
PARTS.

I'M THE ONE
WHO GETS TO SAY
WHAT DOES AND
WHAT DOESN'T.

HEH! YOU THINK
WE'RE GONNA TURN
OURSELVES IN TO
YOU, YOU SKANK
B—

THREE.

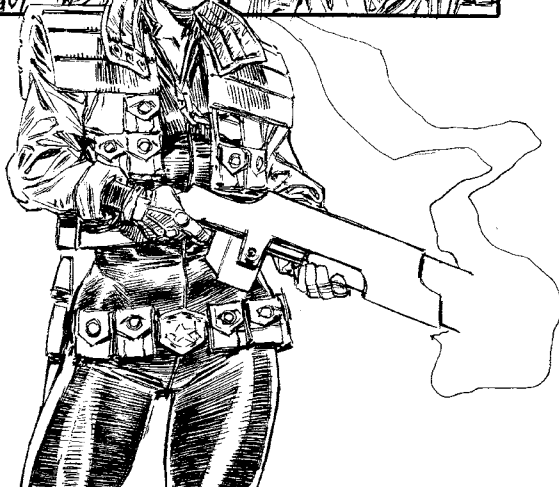
BOOM!

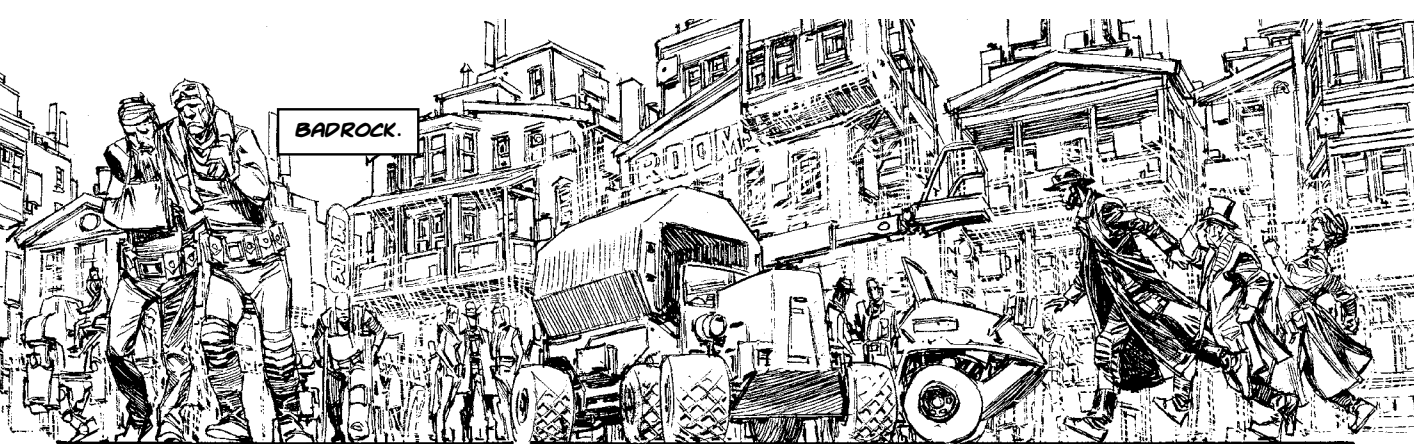


EVERYONE
BREATHE EASY
NOW.

IT'S ALL
GONNA BE
OKAY.

SAYS MARSHAL
METTA LAWSON.





BADROCK.



WE TURNED THE SALOON AND THE HOTEL OVER TO THE TRIAGE FEMALE.

OVERSPILL IN THE DANCE HALL.

THANK YOU, DEPUTY JAROO.



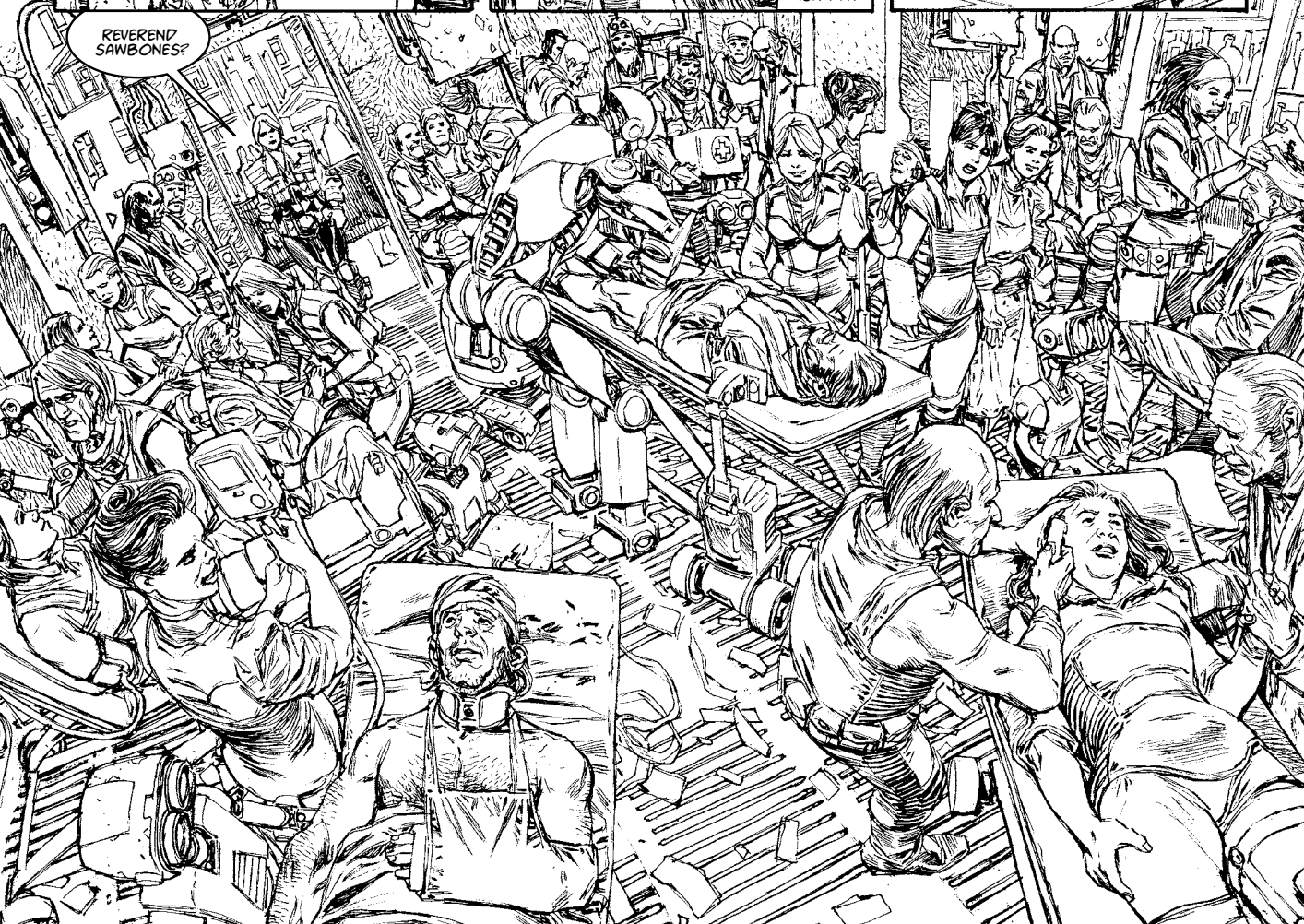
YOU DID GOOD OUT THERE, KILL-A-MAN.

IT'S APPRECIATED.

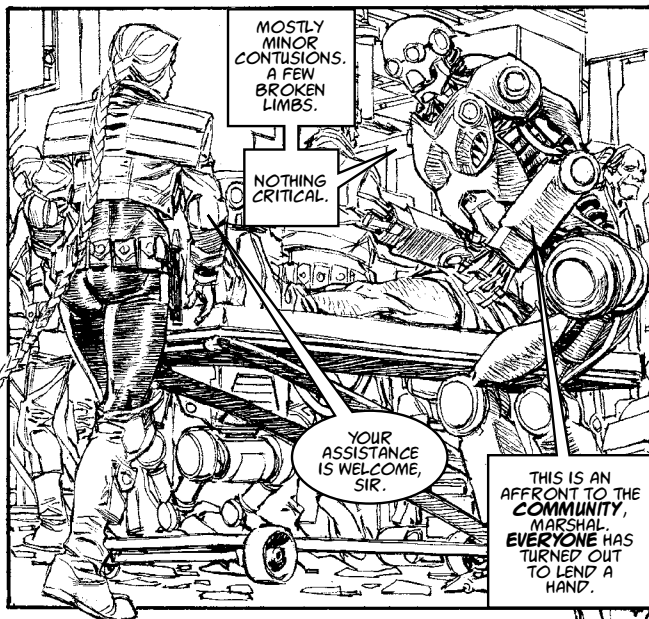
IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE FROM HERE, ISN'T IT?



THAT'S WHERE THE SAFE MONEY'S AT.



REVEREND SANBONES?





ALL THE DATA-LINKS ARE DOWN, AND WE CAN'T RAISE TRACTIONHEAD NOR NOWHERE ON THE RADIO.

RAD-STATIC FROM THE BADLANDS SCREENS ALL THE LONG-RANGE RADIOS, RONDO. YOU KNOW THAT.

METTA, WE'RE ON OUR OWN. IS WHAT I'M SAYIN'.

PETTIFER?

HE'S ALL LOCKED UP COSY, MARSHAL.

NERYS, GO FETCH THE COUNCILMEN. GAMMADGE AND HIS CRONIES.

I'M CALLIN' A TOWN MEETING.

YES, MA'AM.

FOR WHY, MA'AM?

THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE COMIN' OUR WAY, NERYS, AND BADROCK HAD BETTER GET BRACED.



AIN'T THAT **RIGHT**, BROTHERLY?

MUNCE WON'T LET THIS WASH, LAWSON.

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF THIS ORDER COULD **CRASH** THEIR STOCK PRICE. THEY WON'T WANT THE EXPOSURE.



THE SHAREHOLDERS WOULD MOST LIKELY TAKE **FRIGHT** IF THEY LEARNED OF MUNCE'S CORPORATE ANTICS.



YOU DON'T HAVE TROUBLE COMING, LAWSON.

YOU HAVE A **WAR**.



MUNCE WILL MAKE SURE THE WORLD LOOKS THE OTHER WAY WHILE THEY **SCOUR** THIS CRAPPY LITTLE HICKSVILLE OFF THE MAP.

I'VE SEEN THEM DO IT. THEY'RE **GOOD** AT IT.



IT'S CALLED **UNVIABLE ASSET DISPOSAL**.

HALF A WORLD
AWAY —

MUNCE CORPORATE
HEADQUARTERS,
PLANETARY CAPITAL,
43 REGA.

OFFICE OF MR
VANDERSANT.

VANDERSANT.

UH-HUH.
UH-HUH.

I SEE.

THIS IS THE,
UH... BADROCK
MEGABUILD? THAT'S
IN THE PERIPHERAL
COLONIAL
PORTFOLIO,
RIGHT?

UH-HUH.

HOLD THE
LINE.

BRRING
BRRING!

TOLLGATE
DEVELOPMENT
©MUNCE
CORPS



MRS EKBERT?
THIS IS CORNEL
VANDERSANT. HOW
ARE YOU
TODAY?

I'M
SURELY GLAD
TO HEAR IT.

MRS EKBERT,
CAN YOU KINDLY
SWITCH THIS LINE TO
DISCRETION, TURN
OFF THE CALL AUTO-
RECORD, AND PUT
ME THROUGH
TO U.A.D.,
PLEASE?

YES, YOU
HEARD ME
CORRECT.

THIS IS
VANDERSANT. I
AM REQUESTING
UNVIABLE ASSET
DISPOSAL.

BADROCK.

YES,
THE WHOLE
TOWN.

NO,
NO SURVIVORS.
TOTAL WIPE.

EFFECTIVE
IMMEDIATE.

WELL, AND
GOOD DAY TO
YOU TOO.



End of Book One



GALLERY









Judge Dredd Magazine 375: Cover by Phil Winslade



'DUCK-TAPE' SAM.
(LOOKING FOR SEED MONEY
OR HIS NEXT QUART OF SYNTAL)

FETTIFER



AFFLUENT
LADY - PERHAPS
HOMESTEAD FARMER
RICH.

SHE'S SET UP
FOR LOOKING GRAND
UPON A HORSE
AND IMPOSING FOR
THE WORKERS.
SOAT OF 'NEW'
WORLD GENTRY.



LADIES MOSTLY WEAR
THE SAME AS MEN FOR
WORKWEAR OR THIS MORE
MODEST OUTFIT FOR
'DRESS-UP'.

'MA' PARKIN

WICKED OLD BITCH WHO FEELS
HER POSITION AS ONE OF THE
FIRST SETTLING
FAMILY GIVES
HER THE RIGHT
TO BEND THE
LAW TO HER
AND HER BOYS'
FAMILY.



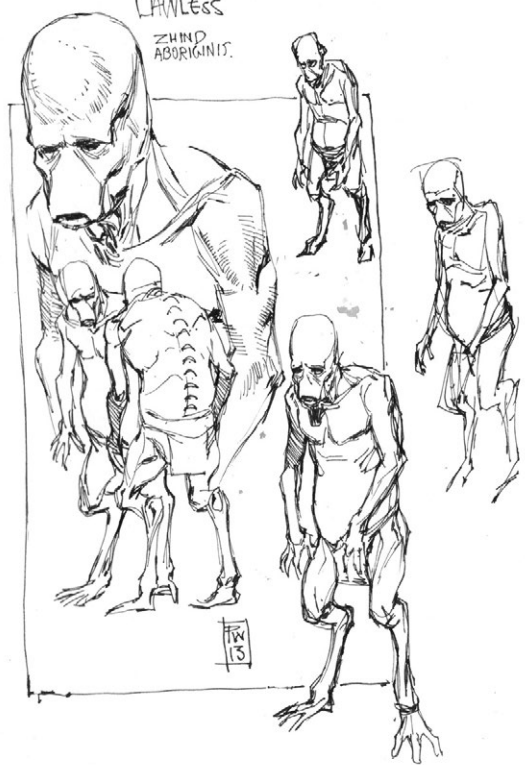
FW
13

'LAWLESS' GENERAL COSTUME GUIDES.
(SUPPORT CHARACTERS)



LAWLESS

ZWIND
ABORIGINIS.



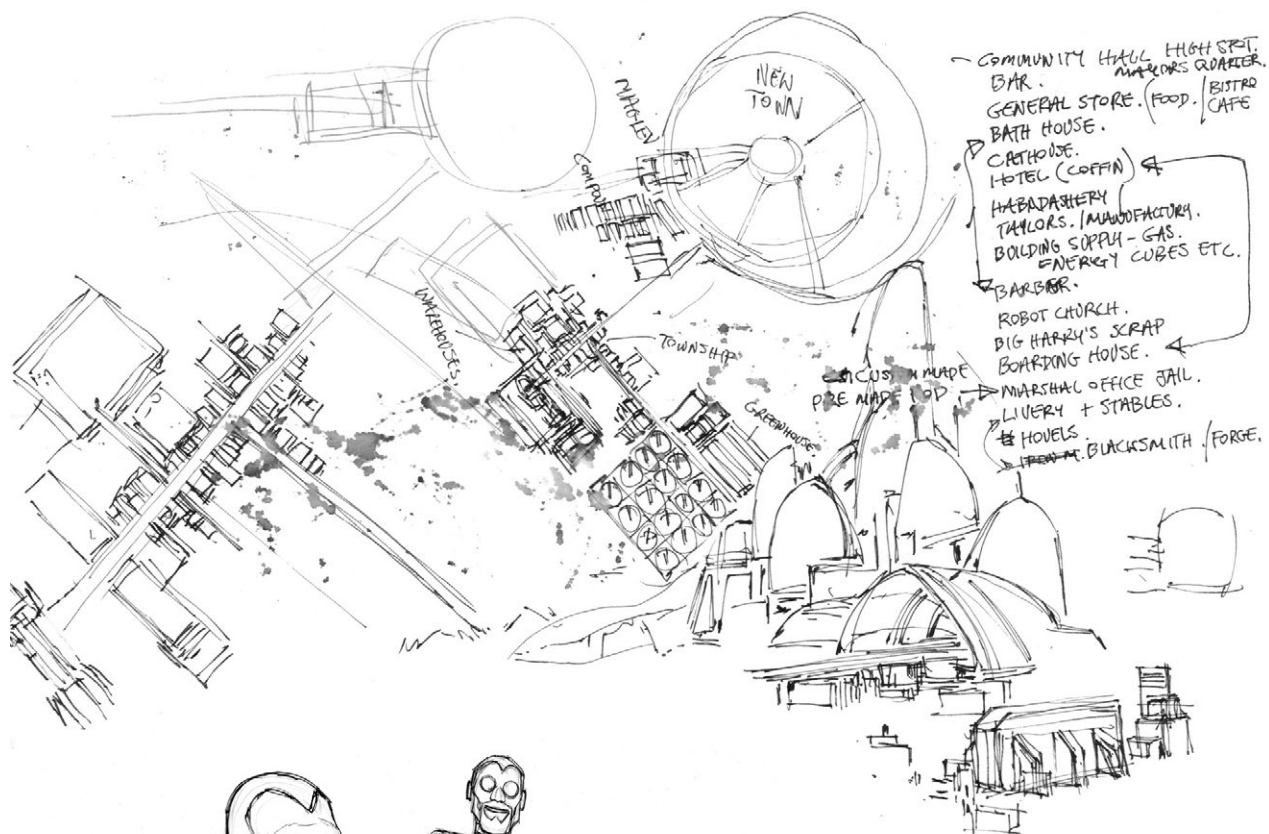
FW
13



'LAWLESS' GENERAL COSTUME GUIDES.
(SUPPORT CHARACTERS).

(BASICALLY HIGH WAISTED TROUSERS
WITH BRACES. WAISTCOATS WITH BIG
COLLARS. NECKSCARVES. THICK REINFORCED
COATINGS. GLOVES. ~~AND~~ DUST COATS SPLIT TO
THIN FOR EASY OF MOVEMENT. UTILITY BELTS
AND POCKETS UP THE WAZOO.





DAN ABNETT

Dan Abnett is a seven-times New York Times bestselling author and an award-winning comic book writer. He has written over fifty novels, including the acclaimed *Gaunt's Ghosts* series, the *Eisenhorn* and *Ravenor* trilogies, volumes of the million-selling *Horus Heresy* series, *The Silent Stars Go By* (*Doctor Who*), *Rocket Raccoon and Groot: Steal the Galaxy*, *The Avengers: Everybody Wants To Rule The World*, *The Wield*, *Triumff: Her Majesty's Hero*, and *Embedded*. In comics, he is known for his work on *The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *Aquaman*, *The Titans*, *Nova*, *Wild's End*, and *The New Deadwardians*. His 2008 run on *The Guardians of the Galaxy* for Marvel formed the inspiration for the blockbuster movie. A regular contributor to the UK's long-running *2000 AD*, he is the creator of series including *Grey Area*, *Lawless*, *Brink*, *Kingdom* and the classic *Sinister Dexter*. He has also written extensively for the games industry, including *Shadow of Mordor* and *Alien: Isolation*.

Dan lives and works in the UK. Follow him on Twitter @VincentAbnett

PHIL WINSLADE

Phil Winslade is a veteran of the industry. As well as his work for *2000 AD*, his considerable talents as an artist have graced the pages of a variety of comics for DC, Vertigo and Marvel, including *Batman*, *Daredevil*, *Goddess*, *Spider-Man* and the legendary Steve Gerber's *Howard the Duck* and *Nevada*. As well as being the co-creator of *Lawless*, his work with the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes a story for *Tharg's Terror Tales*, several *Judge Dredd* strips including a one-off *Judge Dredd* for Free Comic Book Day 2017.



BRINGING LAW TO THE LAWLESS!

**A FRONTIER TOWN IN THE ASS-END OF NOWHERE ON A FRONTIER PLANET
IN THE ASS-END OF THE GALAXY:** welcome to Badrock, where the synthol
flows freely, fights break out daily and scavengers bicker over pieces of
scrap found in the war-scarred badlands. Good thing they have a new
Colonial Marshall, no-nonsense Metta Lawless, to keep the peace!

Tensions between Meks, Muties, Uplifts and Humans are rife and only
she can bring the change that Badrock needs. But for the local branch
of ruthless inter-galactic hypercorp, Munce Inc. change is bad for
business... How far will they go to protect their investments?

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