

Wagner ★ Grant ★ Williams ★ MacManus ★ Mills ★ Shaw ★ Smith ★ Fegredo ★ Bolland ★ Ezquerro ★ Teague ★ O'Neill ★ Wilson ★ Dillon ★ Burns ★ Weston

2000 AD'S GREATEST

CELEBRATING FORTY YEARS



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2000 AD'S GREATEST

Celebrating Forty Years

THARG AND THE INTRUDER

Chosen by: **HENRY FLINT**

MEAT

Chosen by: **TOM FOSTER**

THE SWEET TASTE OF JUSTICE

Chosen by: **DAN ABNETT**

MUTIE'S LUCK

Chosen by: **AL EWING**

THE FOREVER CRIMES

Chosen by: **BRENDAN MCCARTHY**

SHOK!

Chosen by: **PAT MILLS**

KRONG

Chosen by: **MICK MCMAHON**

THE HEART IS A LONELY KLEGG HUNTER

Chosen by: **ALEC WORLEY**

DOCTOR SIN

Chosen by: **KEK-W**

THE SWORD SINISTER

Chosen by: **DAVE KENDALL**

BEYOND THE WALL

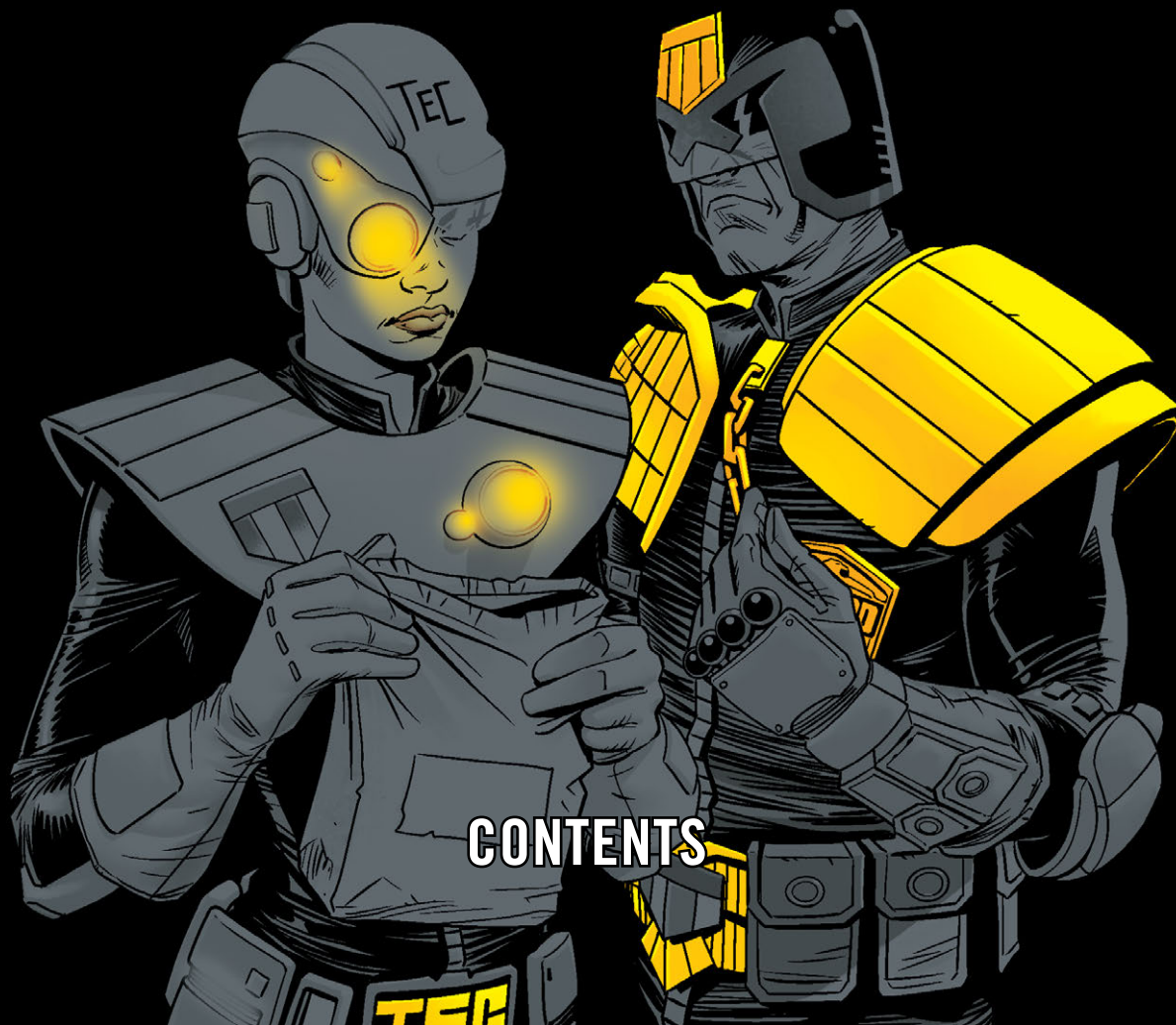
Chosen by: **JOCK**

THE RUNNER

Chosen by: **ROB WILLIAMS**

A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FATAL KIND!

Chosen by: **JOHN WAGNER**



'It's only three pages long, written and drawn by Kevin O'Neill showing some really unsettling artwork. I read this when I was very young and couldn't help feeling concern for the kid that Tharg psychologically damages. If he's alive today I hope he's okay.'

- HENRY FLINT

THARG AND THE INTRUDER

Script: Kevin O'Neill

Art: Kevin O'Neill

Letters: Peter Knight

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 24

AMBER ALERT: INTRUDER IN 2000 A.D.!

I THINK 2000 A.D. IS A LOAD OF RUBBISH AND...

THARG

and the INTRUDER!



BRING THIS RENEGADE EARTHLET TO ME - THARG HAS SPOKEN!

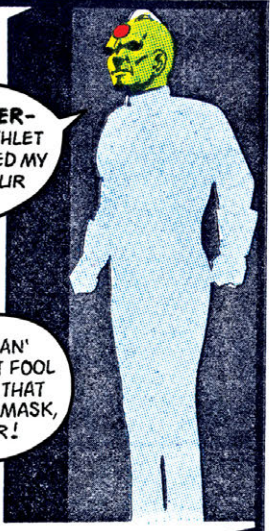


YOU WILL CEASE TO STRUGGLE. <CLICK>

PUT ME DOWN YOU RUSTING OLD HAS BEEN FROM LION!

SOON...

HMM, AN ENTER-PRISING EARTHLET HAS PENETRATED MY DEFENCES. YOUR NAME...?



I'M ALFIE, AN' YOU DON'T FOOL ME WITH THAT PHONEY MASK, MISTER!



YOU DARE TO...

HMMM, TIGHT FIT, ANYHOW, I CAME HERE TO DO YOUR READERS A SERVICE...



HERE COMES

- HANGAR.
- THARG'S APARTMENT.
- EXECUTIVE COMPUTOID ROBOT SUITE.
- HOLIO-RAMA THEATRE.
- WEIGHTLESS COSMIC POOL.
- MINI SUPER BALL STADIUM.
- SUITE FOR GUEST ALIENS (NO BIOGS)
- PRINTING PLANT.
- MUSELIM.
- CENSORED**
- 2000 A.D. PRODUCTION MODULE
- SUB-ROBOT REPAIR CENTRE.
- THARG T-SHIRT ROBO-CENTRE.
- COMMAND SECTION (WHEN IN SPACE)
- POWER SOURCE



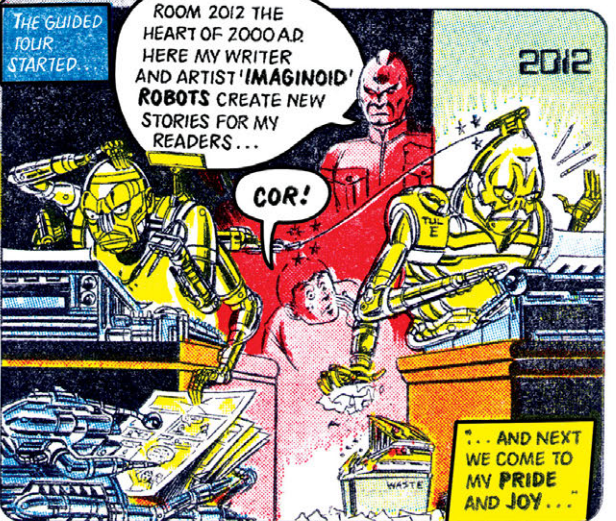
WONDER COMICS GROUP

I'M A WONDER COMIC FAN. THEY HAVE 'TRIFIC CHARACTERS AN' GREAT ACTION, AN'...

YES, YES INTERESTING PRIMITIVE ENTERTAINMENT BUT 2000 A.D. LEAVES IT FAR BEHIND! LET ME SHOW YOU...

THE GUIDED TOUR STARTED...

ROOM 1212 THE HEART OF 2000 A.D. HERE MY WRITER AND ARTIST 'IMAGINOID' ROBOTS CREATE NEW STORIES FOR MY READERS...



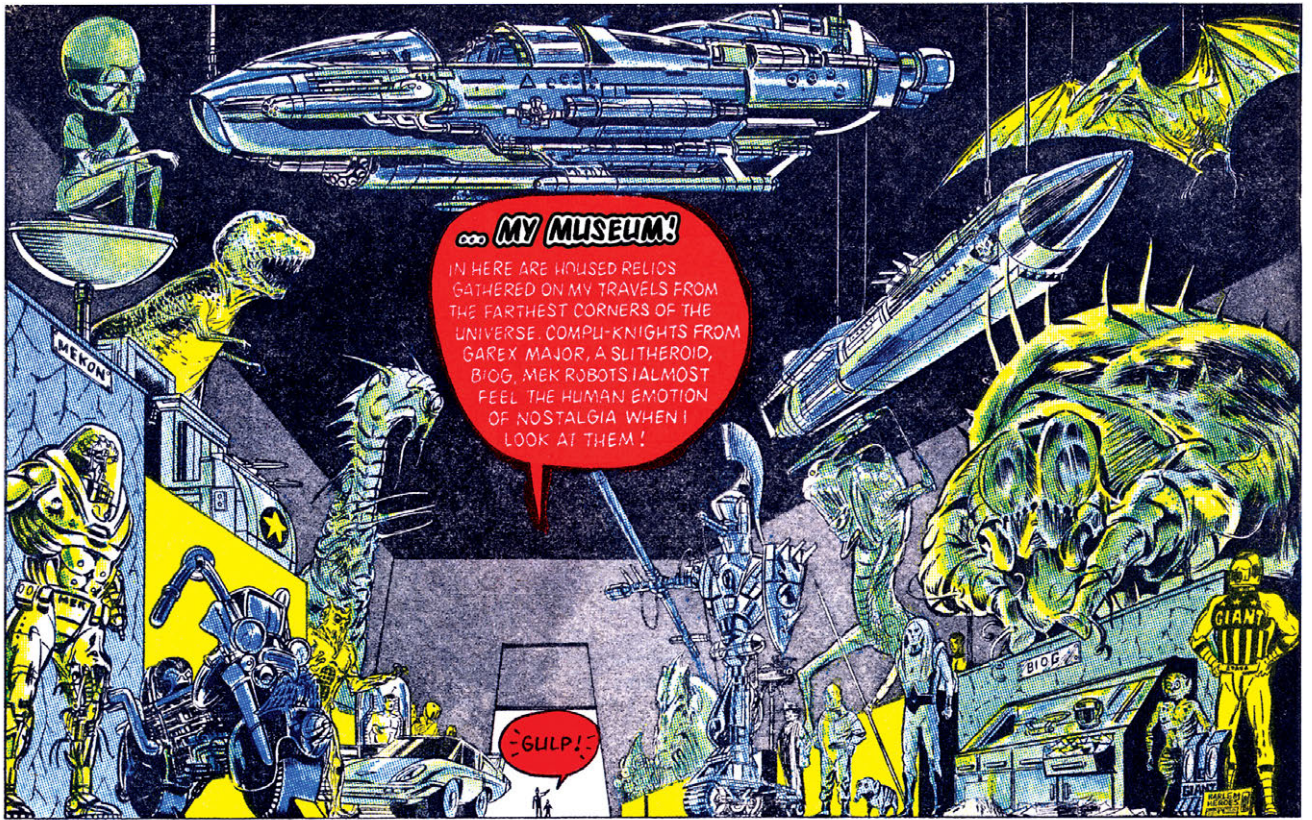
COR!

... AND NEXT WE COME TO MY PRIDE AND JOY...

KINGS REACH TOWER

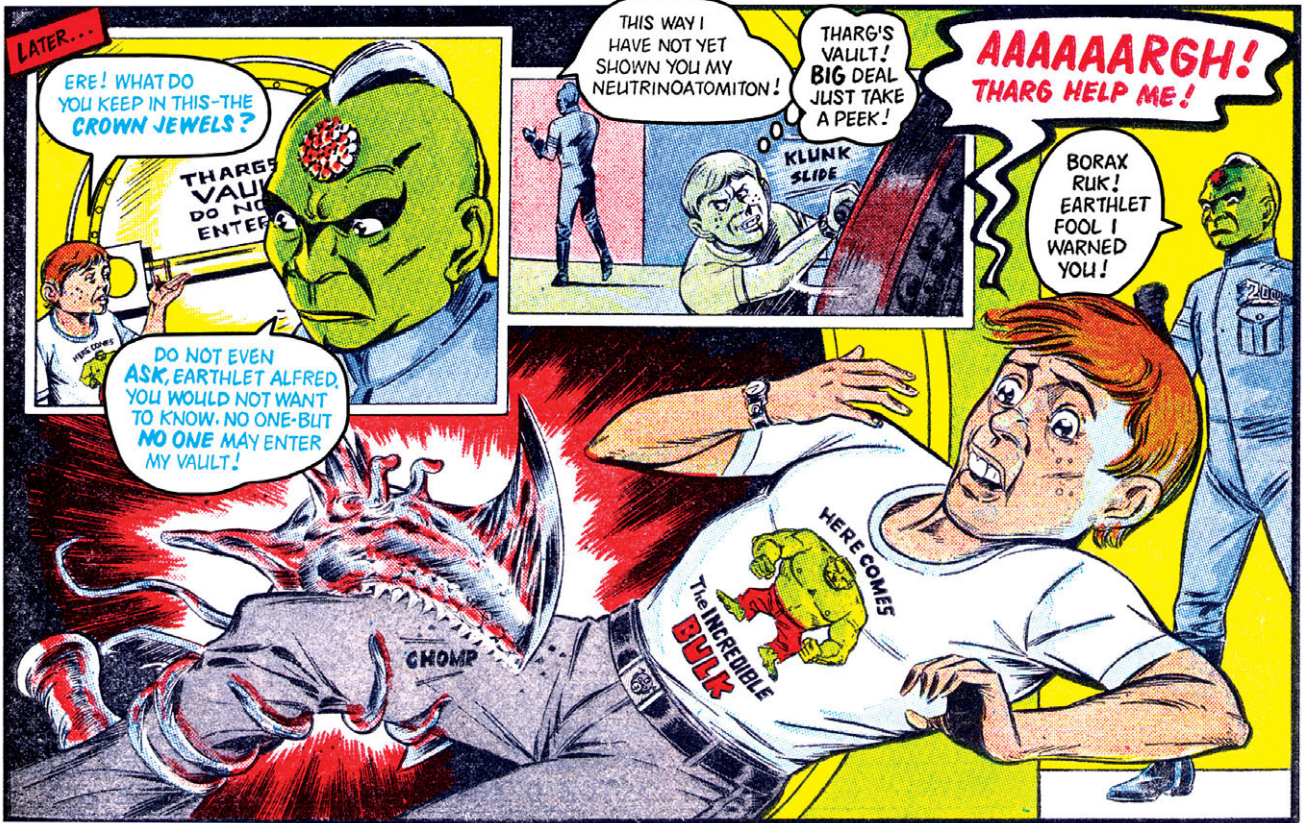
THE 30 STOREY FACADE OF THIS BUILDING DISGUISES THARG'S SPACE SHIP - A COMPLEX SOPHISTICATED CRAFT FROM WHICH THARG CAN PRODUCE PLANET EARTH'S ULTIMATE COMIC OF THE FUTURE

ILLUSTRATION REPRINTED COURTESY OF ZARN GREN EDITOR OF POPULAR MARTIAN MECHANIC © 2177



... MY MUSEUM!
 IN HERE ARE HOUSED RELICS
 GATHERED ON MY TRAVELS FROM
 THE FARTHEST CORNERS OF THE
 UNIVERSE. COMPLI-KNIGHTS FROM
 GAREX MAJOR, A SLITHEROID,
 BIOG, MEK ROBOTS (ALMOST
 FEEL THE HUMAN EMOTION
 OF NOSTALGIA WHEN I
 LOOK AT THEM!)

-GULP!



LATER...

ERE! WHAT DO YOU KEEP IN THIS-THE CROWN JEWELS?

THARG'S VAULT DO NOT ENTER

DO NOT EVEN ASK, EARTHLET ALFRED YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO KNOW. NO ONE-BUT NO ONE MAY ENTER MY VAULT!

THIS WAY I HAVE NOT YET SHOWN YOU MY NEUTRINOATOMITON!

THARG'S VAULT! BIG DEAL JUST TAKE A PEEK!

KLUNK SLIDE

AAAAAARGH!
THARG HELP ME!

BORAX RUK! EARTHLET FOOL I WARNED YOU!

CHOMP

HERE COMES
The INCREDIBLE BULK

AFTER A BRIEF STRUGGLE



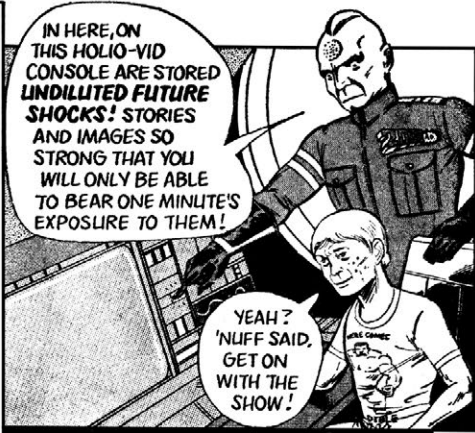
THERE—MY LIVING AXE WAS ONLY DOING HIS JOB. NOW I SHALL HAVE TO FEED HIM A LIVE ZARGROID SNAKE TO SATISFY HIS HUNGER!

S-SURE! NOW GET HIM OFF ME!



YOU WISH TO ENTER MY VAULT? VERY WELL COME WITH ME. THE AXE WILL NOT TROUBLE YOU AGAIN!

OKAY, MATE LEAD THE WAY!



IN HERE, ON THIS HOLIO-VID CONSOLE ARE STORED UNDILUTED FUTURE SHOCKS! STORIES AND IMAGES SO STRONG THAT YOU WILL ONLY BE ABLE TO BEAR ONE MINUTE'S EXPOSURE TO THEM!

YEAH? 'NUFF SAID, GET ON WITH THE SHOW!

HAVE YOU EVER HAD YOUR BRAIN TURNED INSIDE OUT...?



...IT HURTS!

THARG NOTE: READERS WHO GO SPACE-HAPPY LOOKING AT THIS WILL HAVE THEIR MINDS REFUNDED.

COME ALONG, EARTHLET—THARG DID NOT MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU. HE'S A GOOD ALIEN WEALLY—WALTER HAS MADE A NICE CUP OF SYNTHI-TEA FOR YOU, NOW DWINK IT ALL UP!

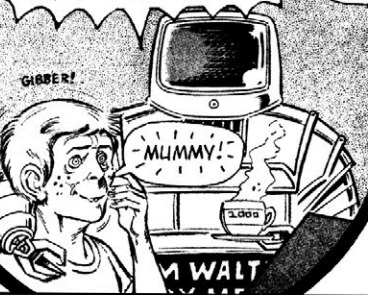
B-BOY: WONDER C-COMICS HAVE NOTHING ON 2000 A.D.

NEXT PROG I WILL EXPOSE ALL YOU EARTHLETS OLT THERE TO MY STRANGE STORIES "FUTURE SHOCKS"—I HAVE GATHERED IN MY GALACTIC WANDERINGS! SPLINDIG VUIR THRIGG!



AAAAAARGH!

ZARJAC! JUST AS I THOUGHT! HE'S ONLY BEEN IN TEN SECONDS! STILL, WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM A WONDER COMIC FAN. SEE TO HIM, WALTER!



GIBBER!

-MUMMY!

WALT

T-THINK I'LL BUY A THARG T-SHIRT FLESH T-SHIRT HEROES T-SHIRT



The End.

KEEP CALM + + + THRILL FACTOR OVERLOAD + + + KEEP CALM + +

'The thing that drew me to this story the most was the art. I had never consciously seen Teague's work before this and was immediately intimidated. I was still an amateur, trying to illustrate submission scripts at the time and here was a guy I'd never heard of pencilling, inking and colouring better than me. It really felt like there was love in the work too - it was so tightly crafted. Every visual aspect of it was considered and perfected: character design; environmental design; costume design; vehicle design; perspective; colour; lighting; figure drawing; inking; panel composition; page layout. There was not a misstep visible - it was the complete package in terms of visual storytelling. It forced me to push myself considerably harder and get better at all the things I hadn't thought enough about, which was exactly what I needed.'

- **TOM FOSTER**

MEAT

Script: Rob Williams
Art: Dylan Teague
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

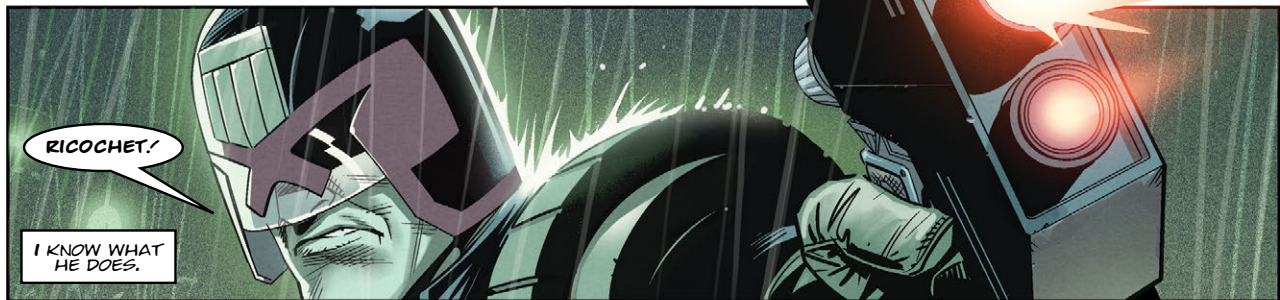
Originally published in the *Judge Dredd Magazine* 298



BIKE CANNON!

YOU KNOW THIS GUY, RIGHT?

YOU KNOW WHAT HE DOES?



RICOCHET!

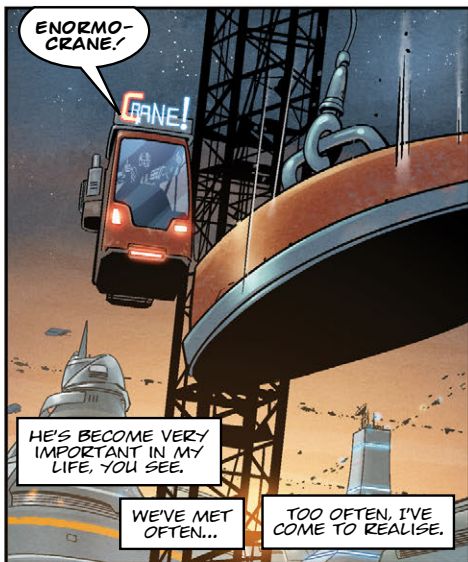
I KNOW WHAT HE DOES.



BOOT KNIFE!

I KNOW WHAT HE REALLY IS.

I NEVER USED TO, BUT...



ENORMO-CRANE!

HE'S BECOME VERY IMPORTANT IN MY LIFE, YOU SEE.

WE'VE MET OFTEN...

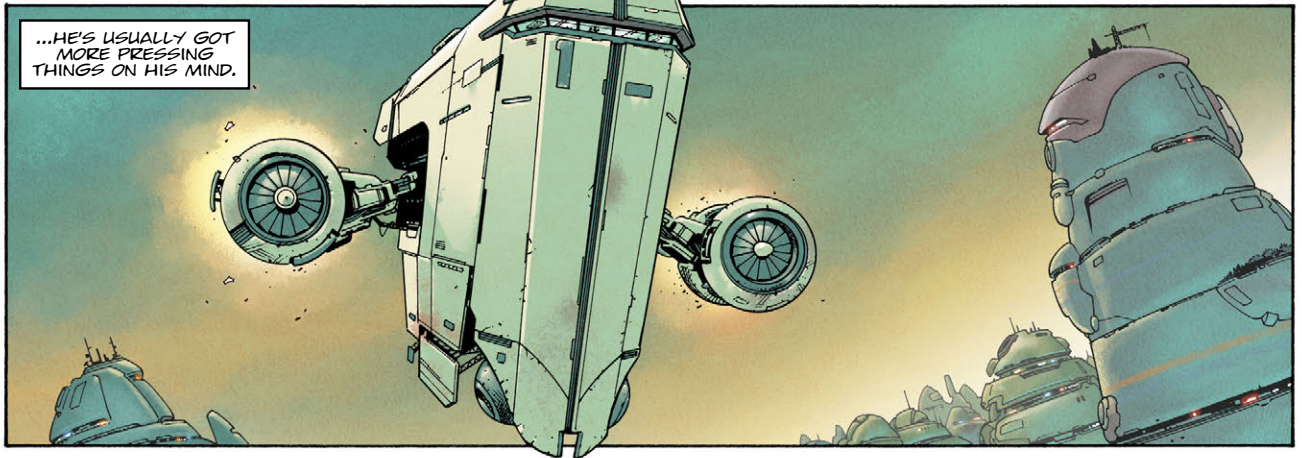
TOO OFTEN, I'VE COME TO REALISE.



MUTIE-PORCUPINE!

HE WOULDN'T RECOGNISE ME, THOUGH.

BUT, Y'KNOW, THAT'S COOL...



...HE'S USUALLY GOT MORE PRESSING THINGS ON HIS MIND.



PARADISE ISLAND! IT LIES DEEP BENEATH THE BLACK ATLANTIC! THE MONKEY ANGELS TOLD ME SO!

RELIABLE TOUR GUIDES.



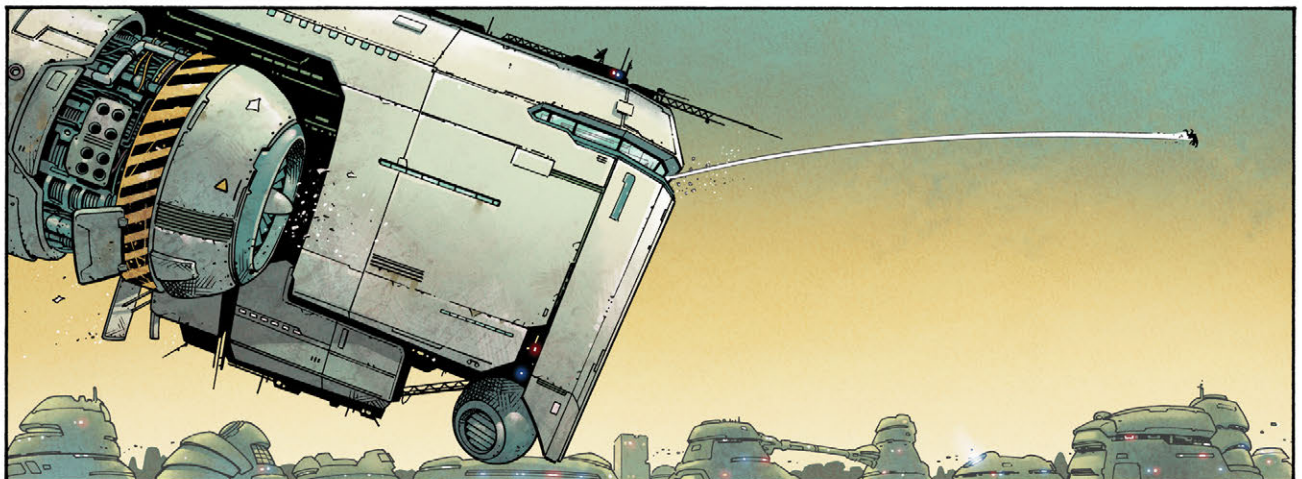
AND NOW WE ALL FLY THERE TOGETHER! PLUNGE BENEATH THE BUBBLY WAVES, WE SHALL EMERGE!

EMBRACE ETERNITY! WE WILL!



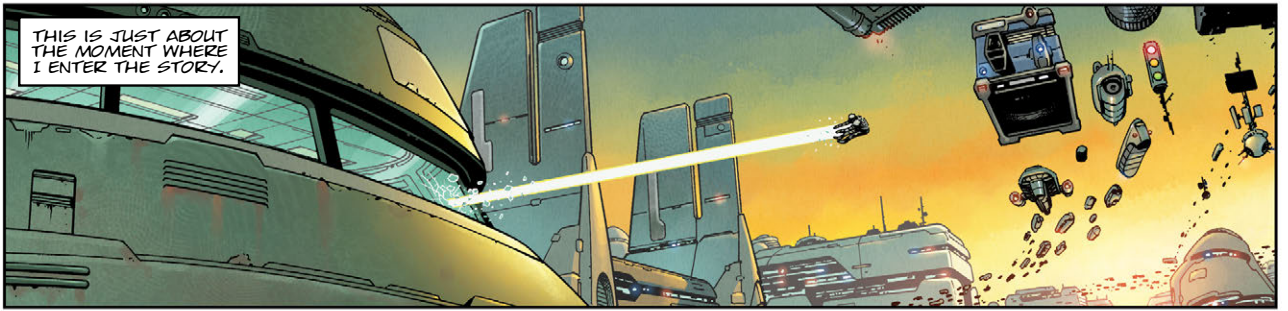
AFTER YOU.

EMERGENCY HOVER-STOP!





HERE WE GO...



THIS IS JUST ABOUT THE MOMENT WHERE I ENTER THE STORY.



OUCH!



NOT QUITE YET, THOUGH...

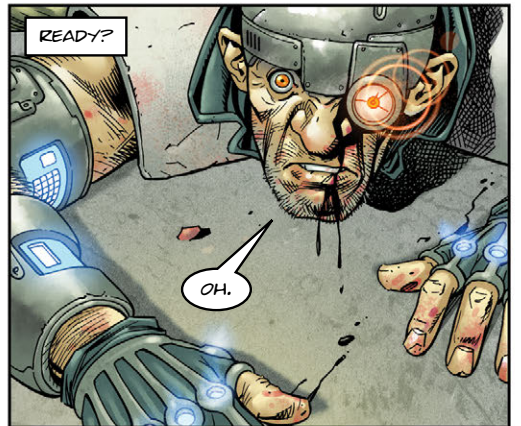


ANY MOMENT NOW...

A-ALIVE...

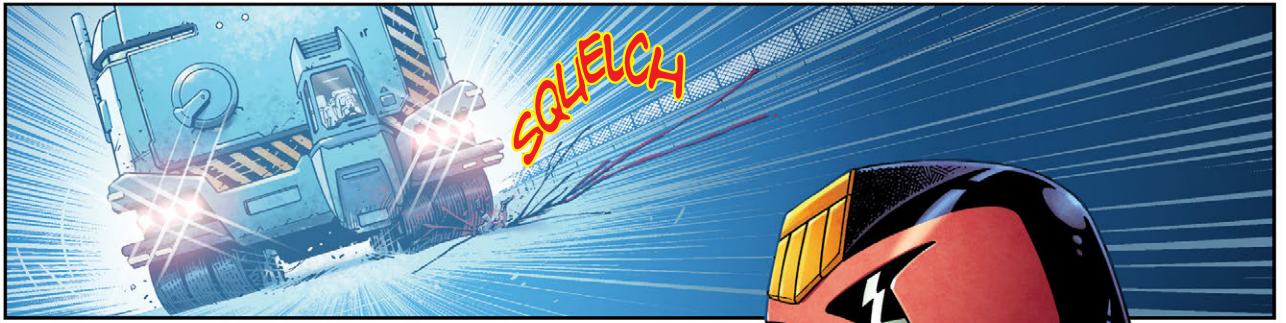
BACK BROKEN... LEGS, ARMS... BUT THE MONKEY ANGELS TWIRL THEIR NUTS FOR ME, TRULY...

MIRACLES! I LIVE! I LIVE TO HIJACK REALLY BIG PLANES AGAIN -



READY??

OH.



MEAT WAGON!

AND HERE I COME.



MY NAME IS HENRY BLANCH.

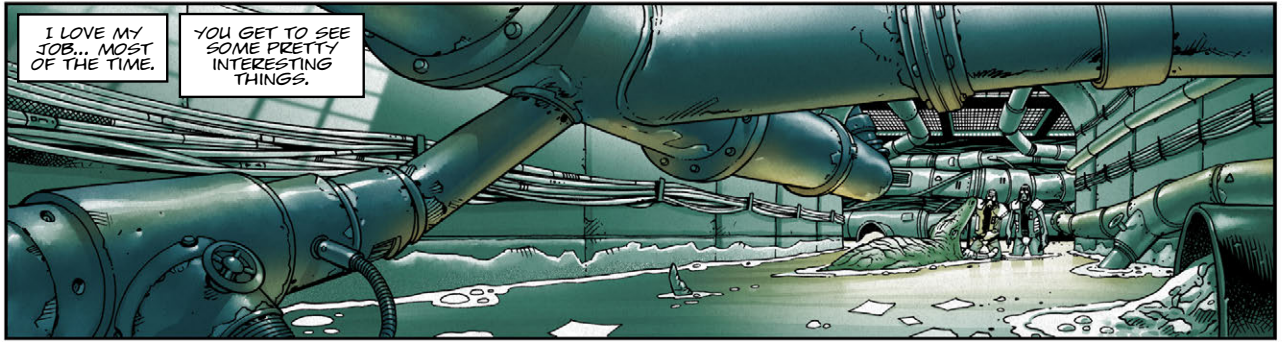
AND I CLEAN UP THE DEAD IN MEGA-CITY ONE.

I BROUGHT THE BIG SPATULA.



LEAVE IT TO US, DREDD.

GOOD TO BE WORKING TOGETHER AGAIN.



I LOVE MY JOB... MOST OF THE TIME.

YOU GET TO SEE SOME PRETTY INTERESTING THINGS.



AND WE MIGHT NOT BE JUDGES, BUT MEAT-WAGON CREWS GET TO CARRY A BLASTER AND ARE TRAINED TO USE IT.

I ENJOY THE SENSE OF POWER THAT GIVES ME.



PROTECTION'S NECESSARY, BUT IT WON'T ALWAYS SAVE YOU.

IN THIS CITY, DEATH CAN COME IN ALL SORTS OF WAYS.



PEOPLE ASK ME IF IT'S DEPRESSING...

...BUT WE ALL DIE SOMETIME.



RIGHT?

UNTIL THEN...

I'VE GOT THINGS TO LIVE FOR.



HI, NEIGHBOUR.



OH, HI, BETH.

WORKING LATE AGAIN, HENRY?!

YOU KNOW IT, HOW'S THE RUNNING GOING?!

REAL GOOD. STILL AIMING FOR THE MEGA-CITY MARATHON. THAT'S THE GOAL. TWENTY MILES TODAY. ENERGISES ME, Y'KNOW?!



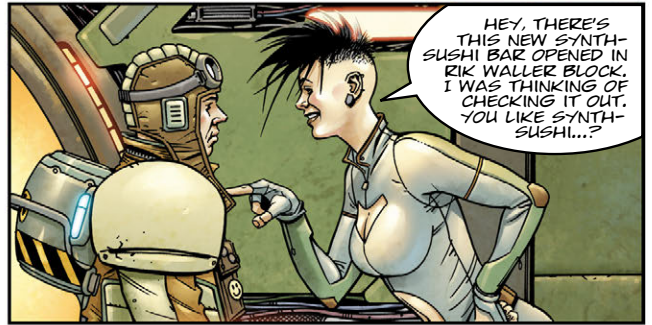
REMINDS YOU YOU'RE ALIVE, HUH?!

YEAH, THAT'S KINDA WHAT MY WORK DOES FOR ME.



...WOW.

YOU HAVE HIDDEN DEPTHS, HENRY BLANCH.



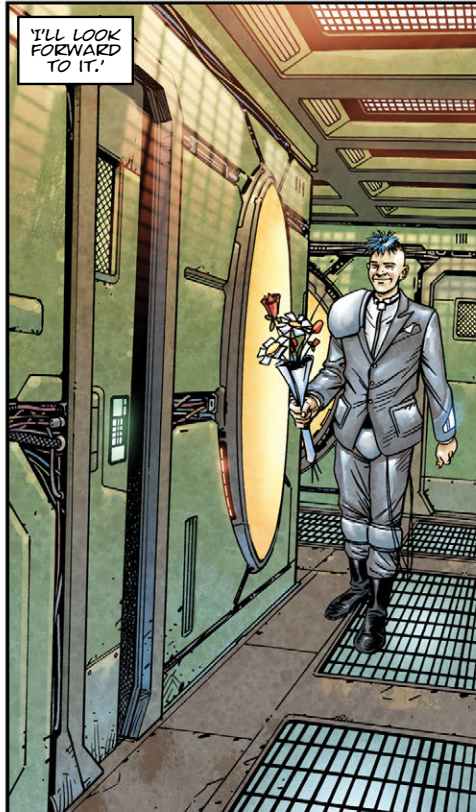
HEY, THERE'S THIS NEW SYNTH-SUSHI BAR OPENED IN RIK WALLER BLOCK. I WAS THINKING OF CHECKING IT OUT. YOU LIKE SYNTH-SUSHI...?!



'YEAH, I LIKE SYNTH-SUSHI!'

'GREAT, THURSDAY SOUND GOOD? SAY, EIGHT-ISH?'

'THURSDAY AT EIGHT.'

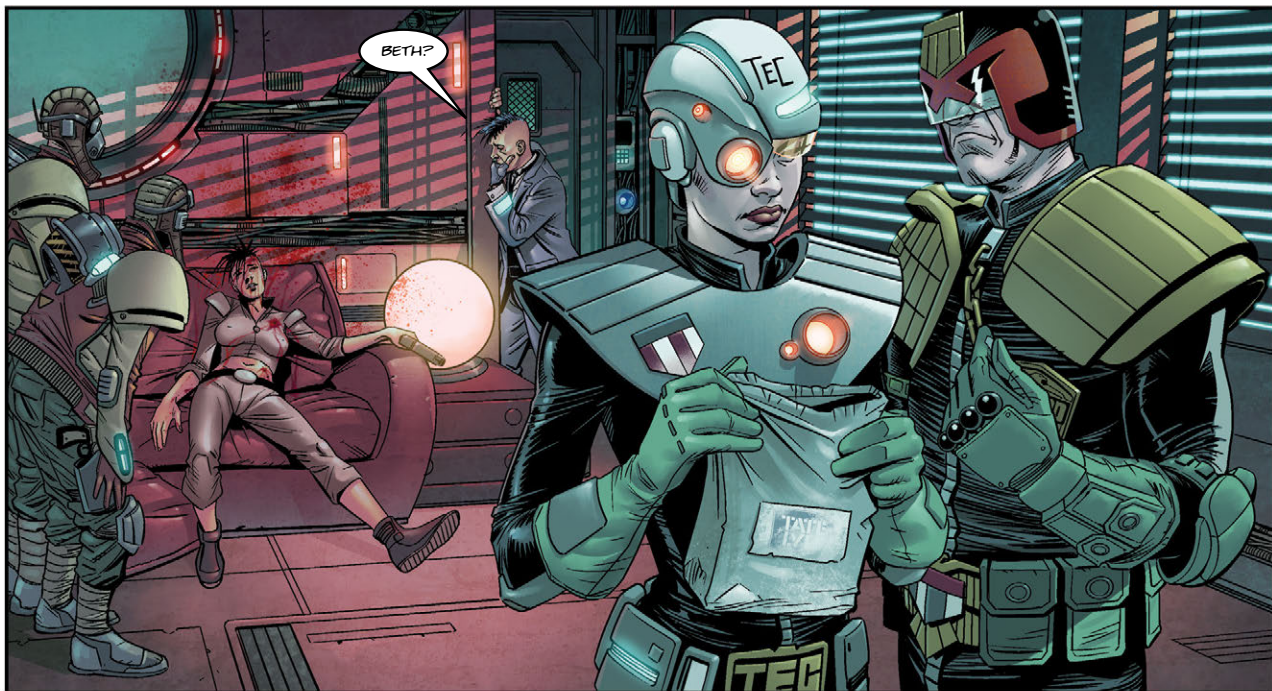


'I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO IT!'



BETH?!

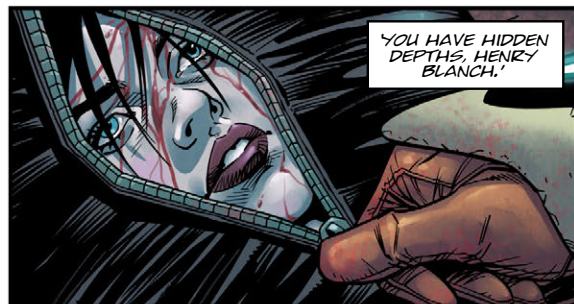
YOU READY? IT'S HENRY...!



BETH?



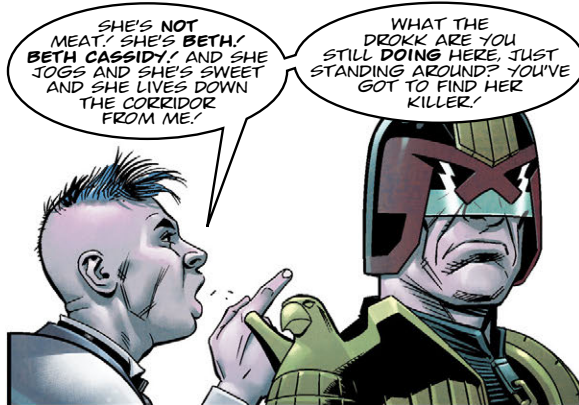
WOW.



YOU HAVE HIDDEN DEPTHS, HENRY BLANCH.

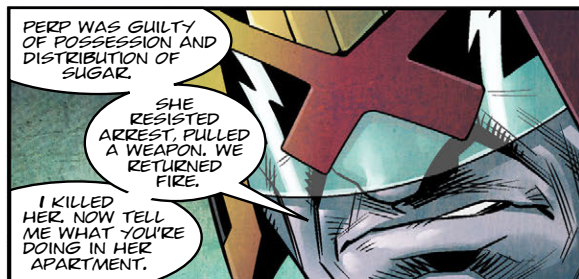


MEAT-WAGON CREW COMING THROUGH!



SHE'S NOT MEAT! SHE'S BETH! BETH CASSIDY! AND SHE JOGS AND SHE'S SWEET AND SHE LIVES DOWN THE CORRIDOR FROM ME!

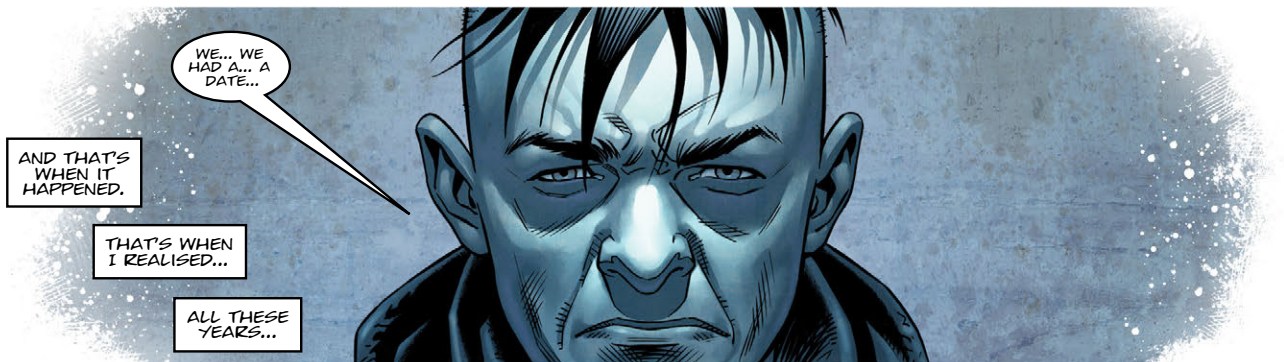
WHAT THE DROKK ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE, JUST STANDING AROUND? YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER KILLER!



PERP WAS GUILTY OF POSSESSION AND DISTRIBUTION OF SUGAR.

SHE RESISTED ARREST, PULLED A WEAPON, WE RETURNED FIRE.

I KILLED HER, NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING IN HER APARTMENT.

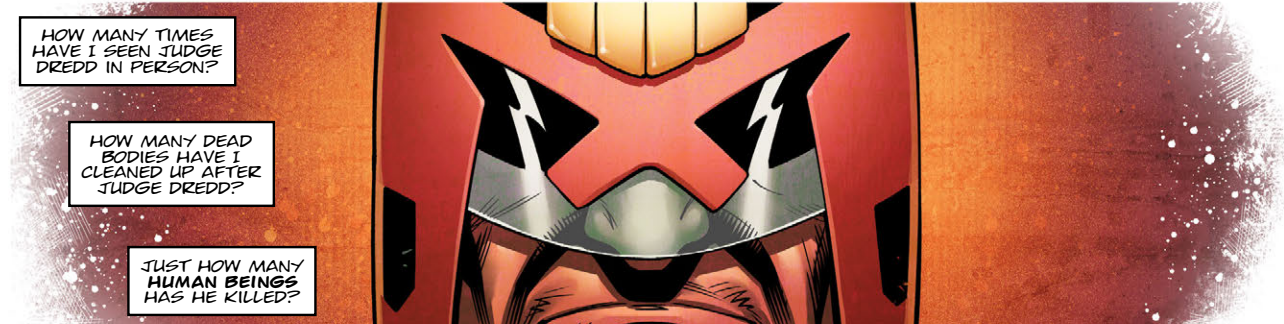


WE... WE HAD A... A DATE...

AND THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED.

THAT'S WHEN I REALISED...

ALL THESE YEARS...



HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I SEEN JUDGE DREDD IN PERSON?

HOW MANY DEAD BODIES HAVE I CLEANED UP AFTER JUDGE DREDD?

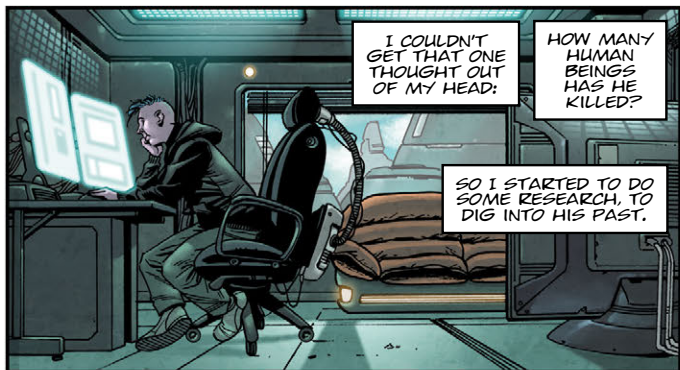
JUST HOW MANY HUMAN BEINGS HAS HE KILLED?



AFTER THAT DAY — WHEN I RECEIVED THE KNOWLEDGE — THINGS JUST WEREN'T THE SAME FOR ME.

I TRIED TO LOSE MYSELF IN THE JOB, TRIED TO FIND A SENSE OF JOY IN WHAT I DID, BUT THE OLD STUFF? THE THINGS THAT MADE ME FEEL AN INNER SPARK BEFORE...

...NONE OF THAT WORKED.



I COULDN'T GET THAT ONE THOUGHT OUT OF MY HEAD:

HOW MANY HUMAN BEINGS HAS HE KILLED?

SO I STARTED TO DO SOME RESEARCH, TO DIG INTO HIS PAST.



AND, HOLY GRUD ALMIGHTY...

YOU'RE TALKING HALF A BILLION WITH EAST-MEG ONE ALONE. HAS ANY SINGLE HUMAN BEING EVER BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR SO MUCH MURDER?

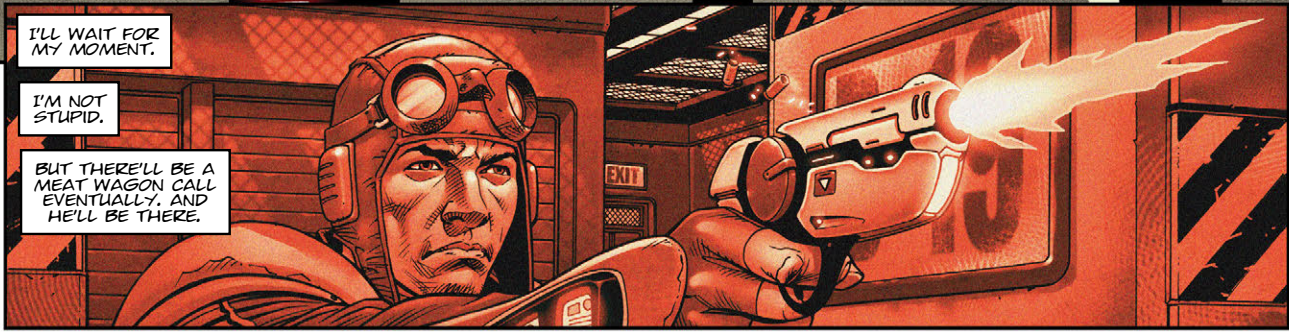
EAST MEG 1: 2104



HE IS THE ANGEL OF DROKING DEATH.



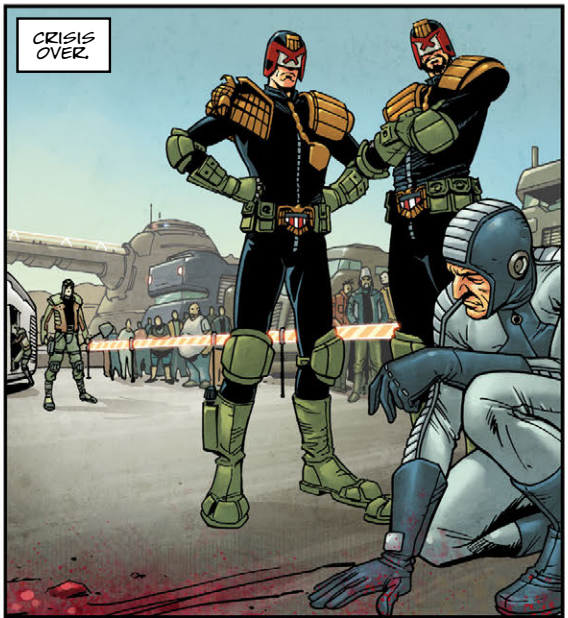
SO IT BECAME CLEAR TO ME WHAT I HAD TO DO.



I'LL WAIT FOR MY MOMENT.

I'M NOT STUPID.

BUT THERE'LL BE A MEAT WAGON CALL EVENTUALLY, AND HE'LL BE THERE.



CRISIS OVER.



FRESH FROM HIS LATEST KILL.

HIS GUARD DOWN.



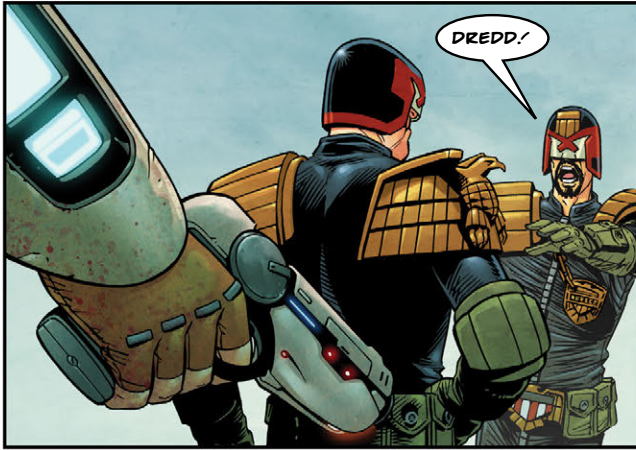
I'LL DROP THE BIG SPATULA.



...AND THEN I'LL DO IT.

HENRY?

UH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



'A classic 'done in one' Dredd story with police procedure, great action and a terrific SF 'future crime' punch - a perfect example of the Dredd stories that hooked me to 2K in the early years. Colin Wilson's amazing art is what I remember most of all, bringing it to life. Compared to the glories of, say Bolland and Ezquerra, Wilson is sort of the 'unsung' hero of Dredd artists. This shows him at his finest, rendering the world with the precision of Bolland, with great storytelling, a wonderful eye for detail, kinetic action and terrific tech - the guns, the 'van'. I particularly loved the messy, unglamorous realism of the aftermath shot - though perfectly composed. Stories like this made Mega-City One and Dredd seem utterly real to me.'

- DAN ABNETT

THE SWEET TASTE OF JUSTICE

Script: Alan Grant

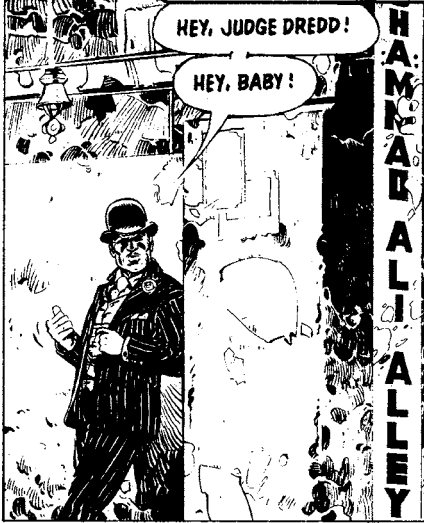
Art: Colin Wilson

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in the *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1981

JUDGE DREDD

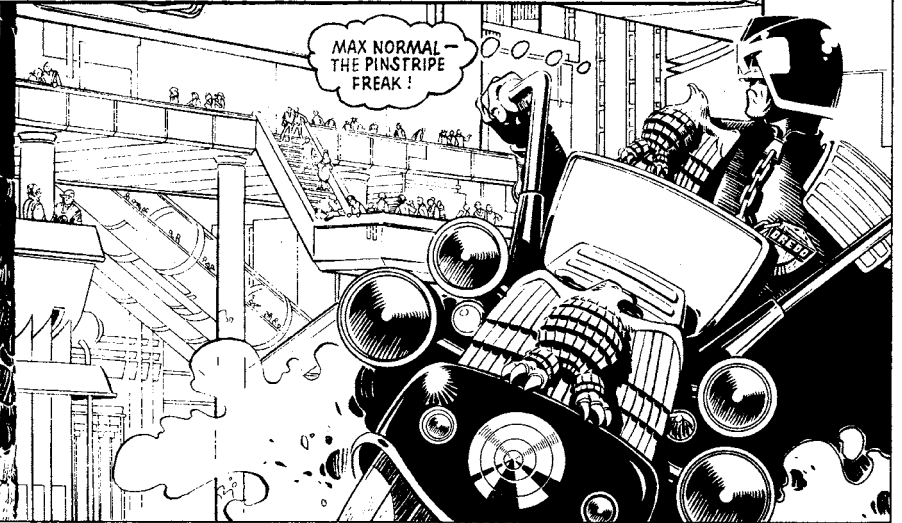
in "THE SWEET TASTE OF JUSTICE"



HEY, JUDGE DREDD!

HEY, BABY!

HAMMILL ALLEY



MAX NORMAL - THE PINSTRIPE FREAK!



MAX NORMAL WAS JUDGE DREDD'S TOP INFORMER -



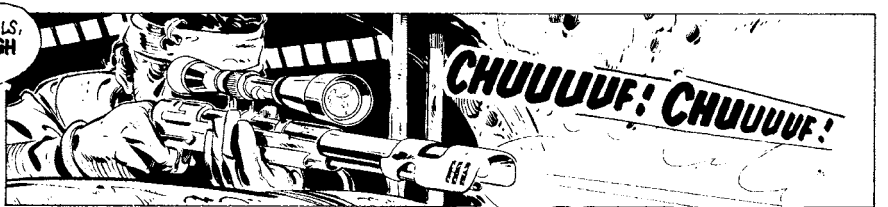
STILL DRESSING LIKE A WEIRDO, MAX? OKAY, MAKE IT SNAPPY! WHAT'VE YOU GOT?

I'VE GOT THE WORD, J.D. ! THIS IS BIG TIME, BIG CRIME ! THE NEWS THAT'S HOT FROM THE GUY THAT'S GOT !



SKIP THE FANCY VERBALS, MAX - OR I'LL GET TOUGH WITH THE CREEP WITH THE GUFF!

OKAY, OKAY ! PIN BACK YOUR LOBES, BABY ! THERE'S A BIG SHIPMENT OF ILLEGAL GOODS DUE IN TOWN TONIGHT. . .



CHUUUUF! CHUUUUF!



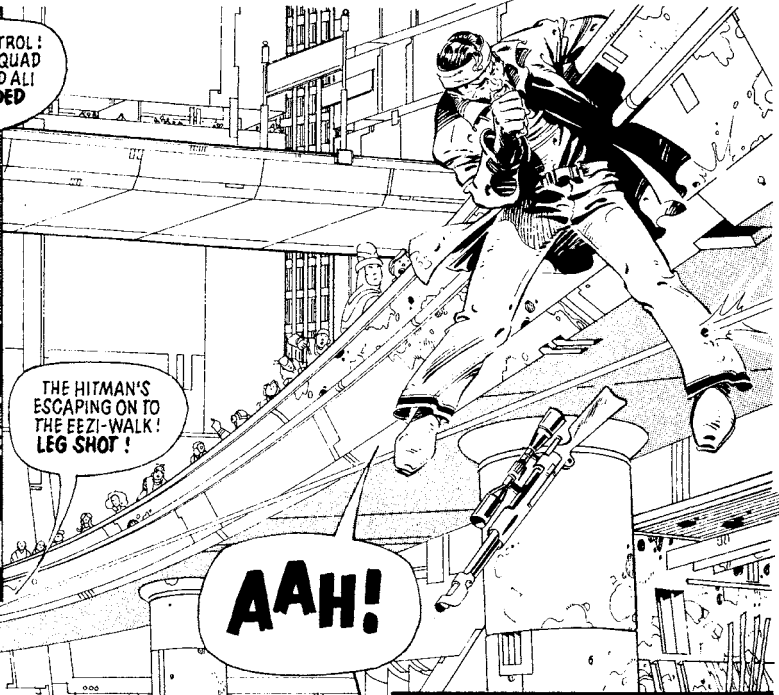
AAAGH!

SNIPER!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
STACCATO
ART ROBOT
COLIN WILSON
LETTERING ROBOT
THOMAS
COMPU-73e



DREDD TO CONTROL!
GET A MEDI-SQUAD
TO MUHAMMAD ALI
ALLEY! WOUNDED
NARK!



THE HITMAN'S
ESCAPING ON TO
THE EEZI-WALK!
LEG SHOT!

AAH!



I WANT YOU ALIVE, CITIZEN —
HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



NO WAY, JUDGE! COME
ANY NEARER AND I'LL
SNAP HER NECK!



RICOCHET!

AAARGH!

CHECK
BEHIND BEFORE
OVERTAKING



HEADING FOR THE SPEEDWAY!
HE'S NOT GOING TO TELL ME
ANYTHING NOW.

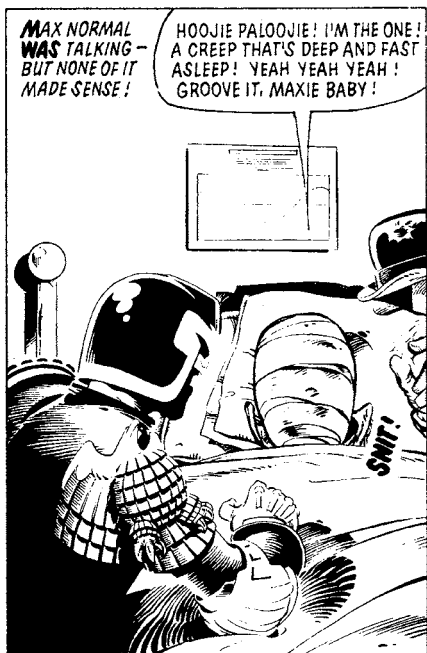
LOOK, SUSAN — THAT'S
WHAT YOU'LL GET IF YOU
DON'T BEHAVE!

WAAH!



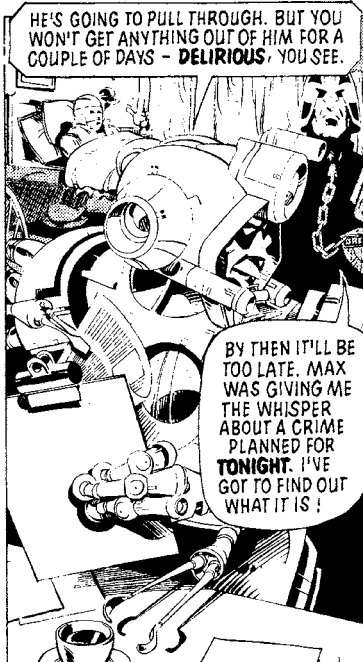
BY THE TIME TRAFFIC WAS HALTED, THE ASSASSIN WAS SPREAD OVER 500 METRES OF MEGA-WAY...

SCRAPE UP WHAT YOU CAN — BUT I DOUBT IT WILL BE ANY USE. LET'S JUST HOPE MAX IS IN TALKING CONDITION.



MAX NORMAL WAS TALKING — BUT NONE OF IT MADE SENSE!

HOOJIE PALOOJIE! I'M THE ONE! A CREEP THAT'S DEEP AND FAST ASLEEP! YEAH YEAH YEAH! GROOVE IT, MAXIE BABY!



HE'S GOING TO PULL THROUGH. BUT YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS — DELIRIOUS, YOU SEE.

BY THEN IT'LL BE TOO LATE. MAX WAS GIVING ME THE WHISPER ABOUT A CRIME PLANNED FOR TONIGHT. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

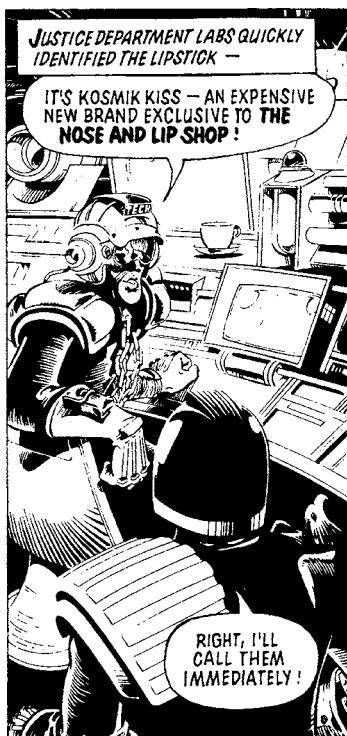


I'VE CHECKED HIS GEAR, DREDD — NO CLUES THERE.

STAIN ON THIS HANDKERCHIEF... LOOKS LIKE LIPSTICK!



MAX IS TOO NATTY TO KEEP A STAINED HANDKERCHIEF. GET IT ANALYSED.



JUSTICE DEPARTMENT LABS QUICKLY IDENTIFIED THE LIPSTICK —

IT'S KOSMIK KISS — AN EXPENSIVE NEW BRAND EXCLUSIVE TO THE NOSE AND LIP SHOP!

RIGHT, I'LL CALL THEM IMMEDIATELY!



SEVENTEEN CUSTOMERS HAVE BOUGHT THAT BRAND, SIR. I'LL JUST VID YOU THEIR NAMES.

THE SEVENTEEN NAMES ARE RUN THROUGH DREDD'S COMPUTER —

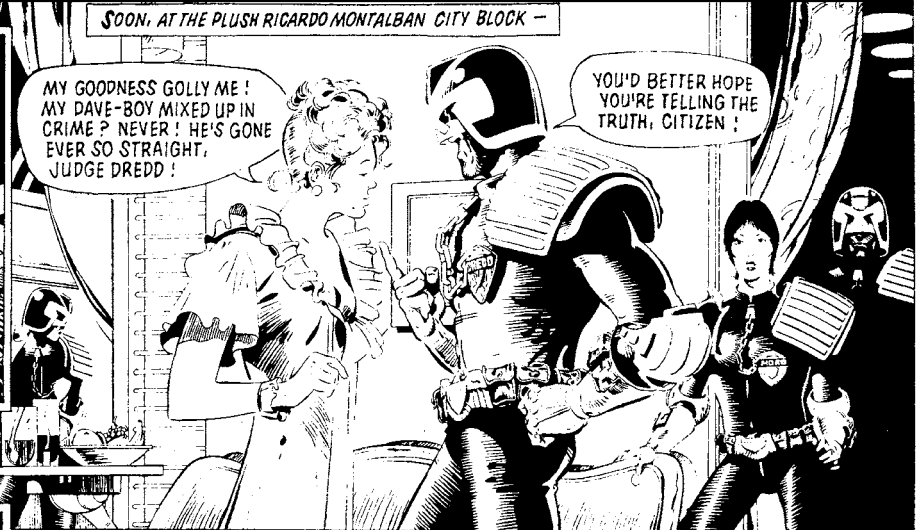
SOON, AT THE PLUSH RICARDO MONTALBAN CITY BLOCK —

GLEEG, ROXANNE
FLAT 17A RICARDO MONTALBAN
BLOCK.
GIRLFRIEND OF KNOWN
MOBSTER DAVE 'BOY' TORK
WHO WAS RELEASED LAST
WEEK FROM MEGA-
PRISON WEST.

RICARDO MONTALBAN BLOCK —
THAT'S WHERE MAX LIVES. THIS
GLEEG COULD BE MY LEAD.

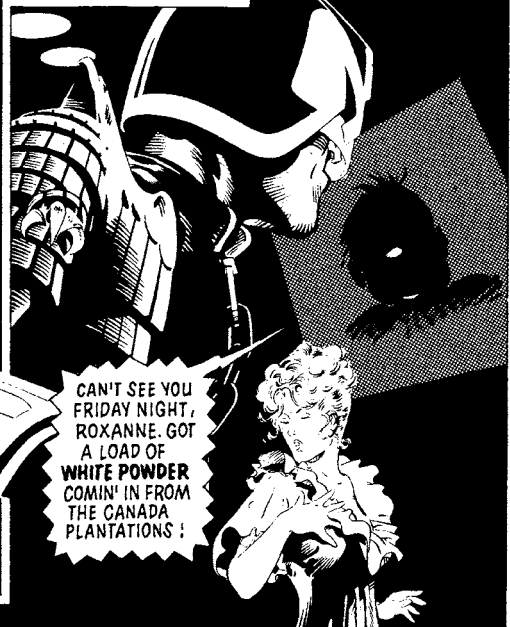
MY GOODNESS GOLLY ME!
MY DAVE-BOY MIXED UP IN
CRIME? NEVER! HE'S GONE
EVER SO STRAIGHT,
JUDGE DREDD!

YOU'D BETTER HOPE
YOU'RE TELLING THE
TRUTH, CITIZEN!



DREDD TO CONTROL. GIVE ME A
PLAYBACK ON EVERY CALL MADE
ON ROXANNE GLEEG'S VID-PHONE
SINCE TORK'S RELEASE!

THE VID-PHONES OF CRIMINALS' KNOWN ASSOCIATES
WERE ROUTINELY BUGGED —



CAN'T SEE YOU
FRIDAY NIGHT,
ROXANNE. GOT
A LOAD OF
WHITE POWDER
COMIN' IN FROM
THE CANADA
PLANTATIONS!



WITHHOLDING
INFORMATION FROM
A JUDGE IS A
SERIOUS OFFENCE,
CITIZEN GLEEG —
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

OH PLEASE!
NO! I - I JUST
COULDN'T STAND
AN ISOLATION
CUBE!

CAN'T WE DISCUSS
THIS OVER A
KISS?

DEFACING A JUDGE'S UNIFORM
IS ALSO AN OFFENCE. TAKE
HER AWAY!



THAT NIGHT JUDGES LAY IN WAIT NEAR MEGA-CITY ONE'S NORTH GATE. WHERE ALL PAN-CAN TRAFFIC ENTERED THE CITY —

THAT'S THEM NOW! REMEMBER, MEN — THE HOODLUMS WHO DEAL IN WHITE POWDER ARE HEARTLESS SCUM WHO DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO TO OUR CITIZENS!

WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL — THEN HIT THEM HARD!

NORTH GATE

NORTH GATE JUDGES MADE A ROUTINE INSPECTION —

FOUR HOVER-JUGGERS LOADED WITH CLEAN SOIL FOR THE CITY'S PLANTPOTS.

NO RADIOACTIVITY. OKAY — MOVE IT IN!

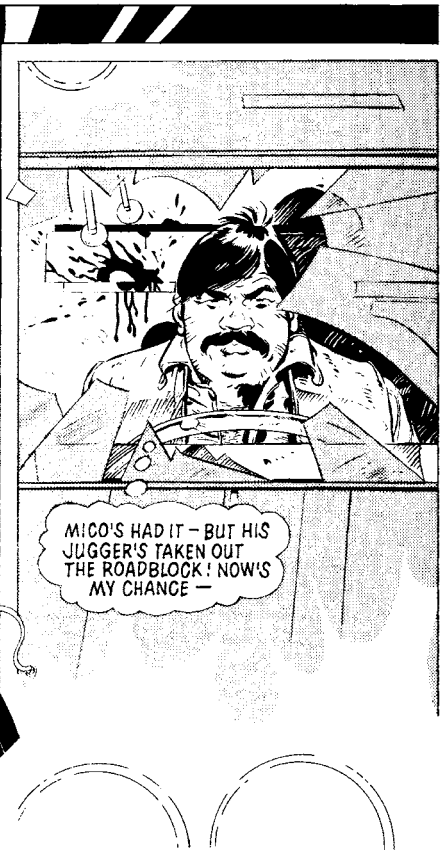
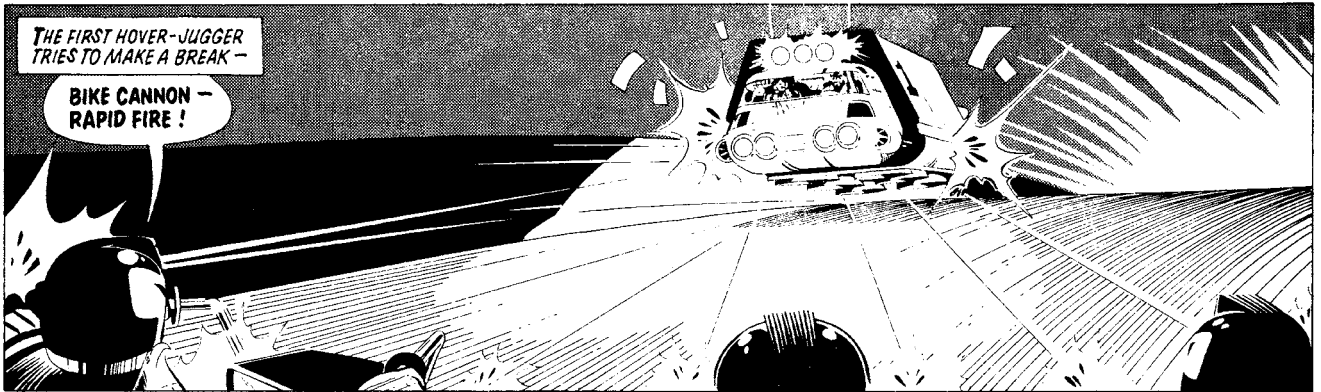
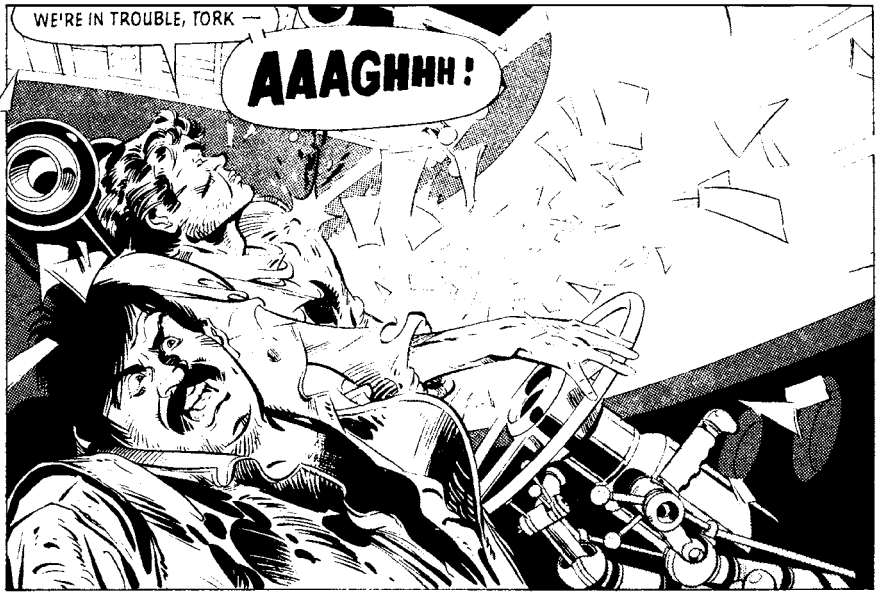
JUST GAVE THEM THE SOFT SEARCH AS REQUESTED, DREDD. NO WHITE POWDER.

IT'LL BE HIDDEN DEEPER IN THE CARGO. JUST LET THEM THROUGH AND LEAVE THE REST TO US!

DREDD'S MEN STRIKE!

HOLD IT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

JUDGES! WHACK 'EM OUT!

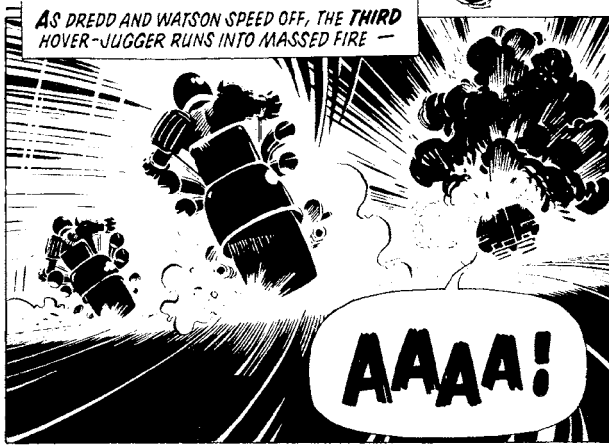




UUUGH!

HE'S BROKEN THROUGH!

WATSON! WITH ME!

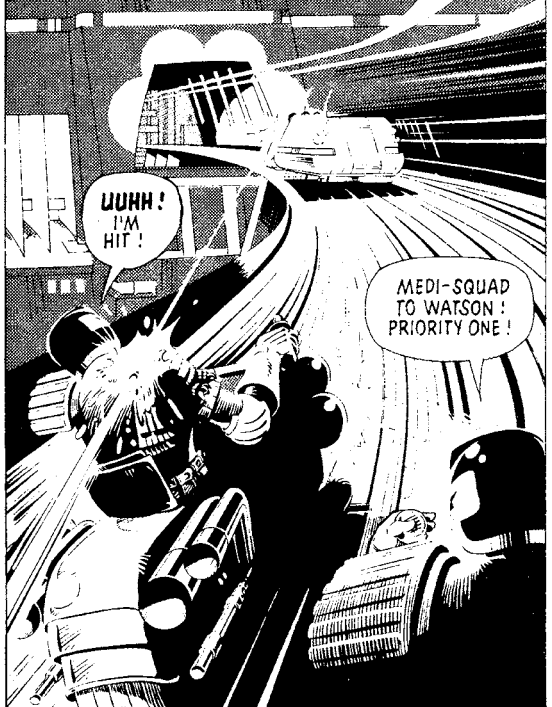


AS DREDD AND WATSON SPEED OFF, THE THIRD HOVER-JUGGER RUNS INTO MASSSED FIRE —

AAAA!



D-DON'T SHOOT! WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE LICKED!



UUHH! I'M HIT!

MEDI-SQUAD TO WATSON! PRIORITY ONE!



AGH! MY GUN! DAMN THAT JUDGE!

ZAT!

ZAT!



HE'S CATCHIN' UP FAST! GOTTA DITCH HIM —



EAT JUGGER, JUDGEY!



THERE GOES HIS BIKE! I GOT HIM! I GOT JUDGE DREDD!

OH YEAH?

PULL OVER, CREEP.

THE JUGGERS' CARGO
IS CHECKED —

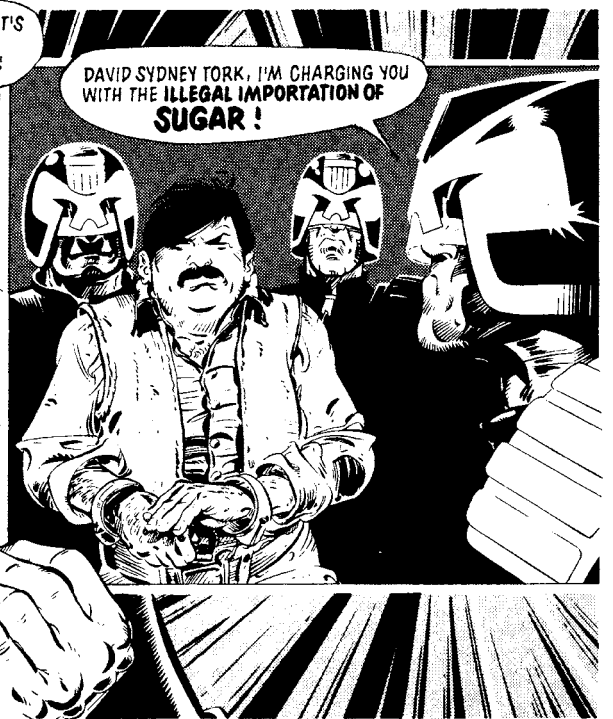
OPEN THEM UP —
EVERY ONE OF THEM.
WE'LL FIND THE
WHITE POWDER
SOMEWHERE !



UH-HUH! LET'S JUST
HAVE A TASTE TO SEE
IF IT'S THE REAL
THING...



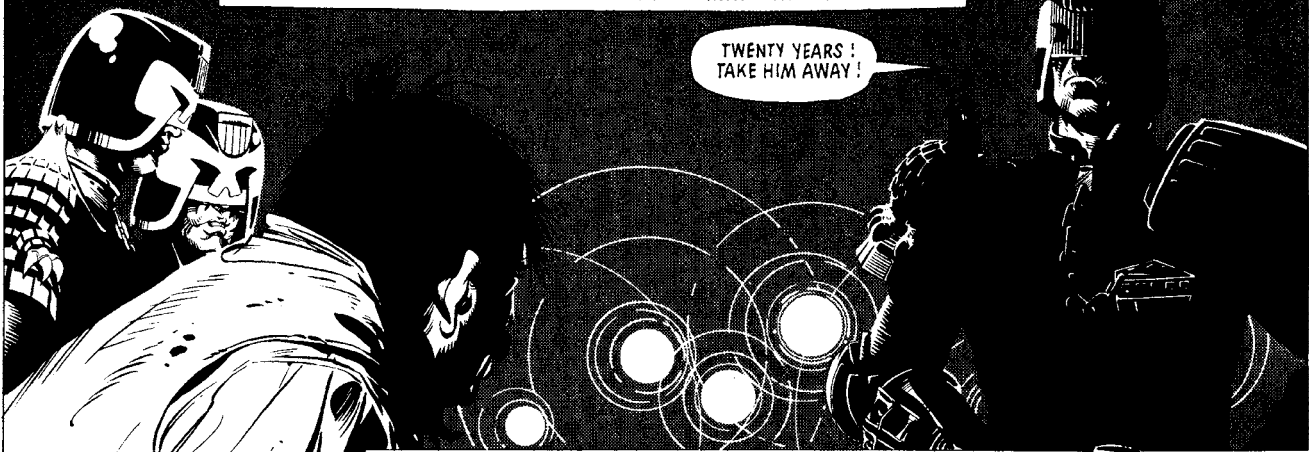
GAAH! THAT'S
THE STUFF
ALL RIGHT !



DAVID SYDNEY TORK, I'M CHARGING YOU
WITH THE ILLEGAL IMPORTATION OF
SUGAR !

IN 1999, SCIENTISTS HAD FINALLY DECLARED **SUGAR** TO BE A MAJOR CAUSE OF HEART DISEASE, OBESITY AND TOOTH DECAY. SINCE THEN ONLY ARTIFICIAL SWEETENERS HAD BEEN ALLOWED. NOW, THE SALE OR POSSESSION OF GENUINE SUGAR CARRIED HEAVY PENALTIES —

TWENTY YEARS!
TAKE HIM AWAY!



DROKK! IMAGINE WHAT DAMAGE A SPOONFUL OF THIS WOULD DO TO A PERSON! SUGAR SMUGGLERS ARE THE LOWEST KIND OF RATS!

YEAH. THEY LEAVE A REAL NASTY TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH!



THREE DAYS LATER, DREDD STOPS BY THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF THE RICARDO MONTALBAN BLOCK, WHERE MAX NORMAL IS RECOVERING —

PLUSH PLACE YOU HAVE, MAX. LOOKS LIKE NARKING PAYS YOU WELL.

I GET BY, J.D!
I GET BY!



JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S AUTHORIZED PAYMENT OF FORTY THOUSAND CREDITS NARK MONEY. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

YEAH YEAH!
SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS!

YOU BETCHA, BABY! CASH IS THE THING THAT MAKES MAXIE SWING!



THE END.

'If you've never read Strontium Dog before and never will again, it's all here in six pages - the Johnny and Wulf relationship, the oppression of mutants, the sci-fi western feel. And that ending! *'Reckon it's your pot, fatman.'* That had such power for me as a kid. A masterclass in density and thrill-power - they should teach this one in schools.'

- AL EWING

MUTIE'S LUCK

Script: Alan Grant

Art: Carlos Ezquerra

Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 189

200 MILES UP, THE HUGE GAMING RESORT KNOWN AS **VEGA** ORBITS THE EARTH



VE HIT DER TABLES UND HAVE A LITTLE FUN, EH, JOHNNY? VITH DER **MILLION CRED**S VE MAKE LAST JOB, VE NOT BE HAVING TO VOORK FOR MONTHS!



GOING TO **VEGA**, TOO, MATE? IT'S ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE IN THE SYSTEM US **MUTANTS** AIN'T BARRED FROM!

YEAH, **VEGA** GAMBLING JOINTS DON'T MIND WHO THEY TAKE THEIR MONEY FROM.



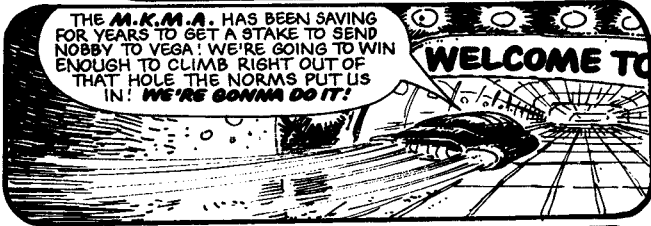
THEY'RE NOT TAKING IT FROM US, MATE! **NOBBY CLARKE** HERE IS THE BEST GAMBLER IN MILTON KEYNES!

BILLY GLUM AND **SNIVEL HURST** ARE FROM THE **MILTON KEYNES MUTANTS ASSOCIATION!** THEY'RE HERE TO GIVE ME MORAL SUPPORT!

Strontium Dog

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

in
MUTIE'S LUCK



THE **M.K.M.A.** HAS BEEN SAVING FOR YEARS TO GET A STAKE TO SEND **NOBBY** TO **VEGA**. WE'RE GOING TO WIN ENOUGH TO CLIMB RIGHT OUT OF THAT HOLE THE NORMS PUT US IN! **WE'RE GONNA DO IT!**

WELCOME TO



POOR SUCKERS. I WISH THEM LUCK.

ALWAYS DER SOFT SPOT FOR DER **MUTANTS**, EH, JOHNNY!

THAT NIGHT THE BOUNTY-HUNTERS PAINT VEGA RED—





AGH!

AHH!

A STRONGY BOB: GOT TO RUN!



HE'S GONE! VE NEVER FIND HIM NOW!

SNIVEL'S DEAD!

NOBBY CLARKE, TOO, WAS DYING FROM HIS WOUNDS—



I DID IT, MATE... WON A— A COOL FOUR HUNDRED THOU IN FAT JAX' PLACE! THOSE MUGGERS MUST HAVE SEEN... FOLLOWED US! AIN'T THAT MUTT'S LUCK..?



THE VEGA POLICE ARRIVED—

NOBBY GONE—AND SNIVEL! AND ALL OUR MONEY!

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN PLAY AT FAT JAX. RUMOUR IS, WHAT FAT JAX DOESN'T WIN ON THE TABLES, HE TAKES LATER.

IS NO DOUBT THEY WERE JAX MEN — BUT VE COULD NEVER PROVE IT!



WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL THE MILTON KEYNES MILITANTS' ASSOCIATION? THAT MONEY WOULD HAVE BOUGHT US DECENT HOMES, MAYBE A SCHOOL... HOW— HOW CAN I GO BACK AND DESTROY THEIR DREAMS...?

TRY THIS...



TH—THERE MUST BE A HALF-MILLION CRED'S HERE! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU..?

DON'T THANK ME JUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOME OTHER HOOD SPOTS YOU FOR A SUCKER.



YOU GIVE HIM EVERYTHING! VAS GENEROUS AS DER CUCUMBER, JOHNNY!

I'VE TAKEN A REAL DISLIKE TO THIS FAT JAX. THINK I'LL STROLL OVER THERE AND PLAY A LITTLE CARDS.

WITH WHAT YOU PLAY THESE CARDS, JOHNNY?

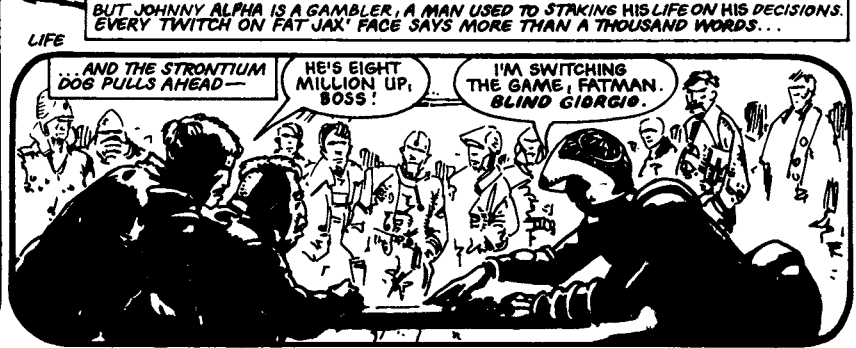


GIVE

ACH, JOHNNY —NO! NOT AGAIN!



FAT JAX PLAYS THE PERCENTAGE GAME. AGAINST THE USUAL RUN OF SUCKERS, IT NEVER FAILS...





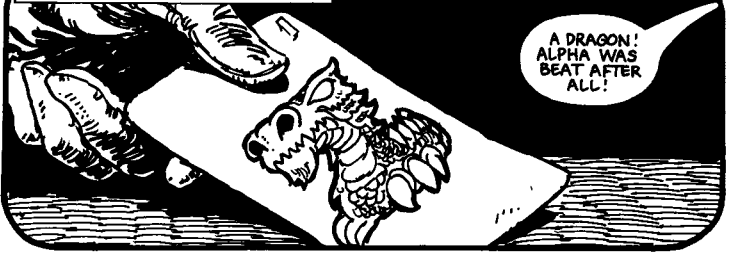
JOHNNY ALPHA MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING—



HE—HE'S DEAD! DROVE HIS NOSEBONE RIGHT INTO HIS BRAIN!

BACK, SCUM! JOHNNY HAD NO CHOICE! FAT JAX DREW FIRST!

JOHNNY TURNS FAT JAX' CARD—



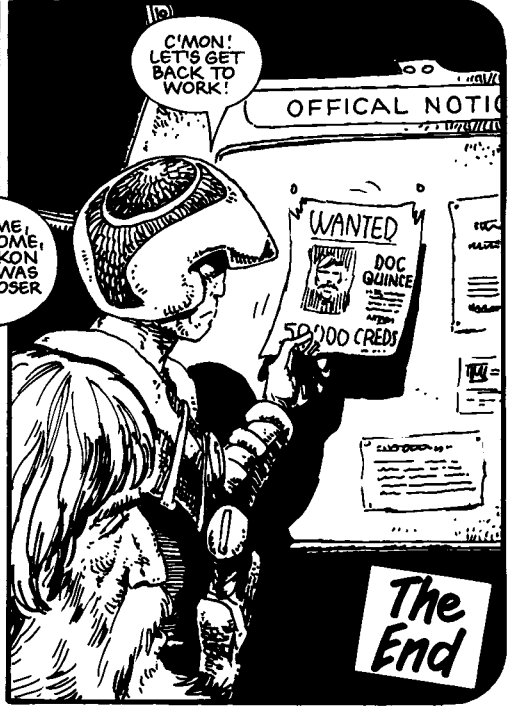
A DRAGON! ALPHA WAS BEAT AFTER ALL!

RECKON IT'S YOUR POT, FATMAN.



ALL OUR MONEY GONE AGAIN! SOMETIMES WULF THINK YOU DO IT ON PURPOSE, JOHNNY!

YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE SOME, WULF. RECKON FAT JAX WAS THE BIG LOSER TODAY.



C'MON! LET'S GET BACK TO WORK!

The End

‘Although I’m a huge fan of Mike McMahon’s fantastic Dredd art, I’ve chosen a story from art droid Brian Bolland’s superlative run on Judge Dredd. The story was a great Philip K Dick style Sci-Fi short and was a real high point for me as the Dredd mythos started to come together.’

- BRENDAN MCCARTHY

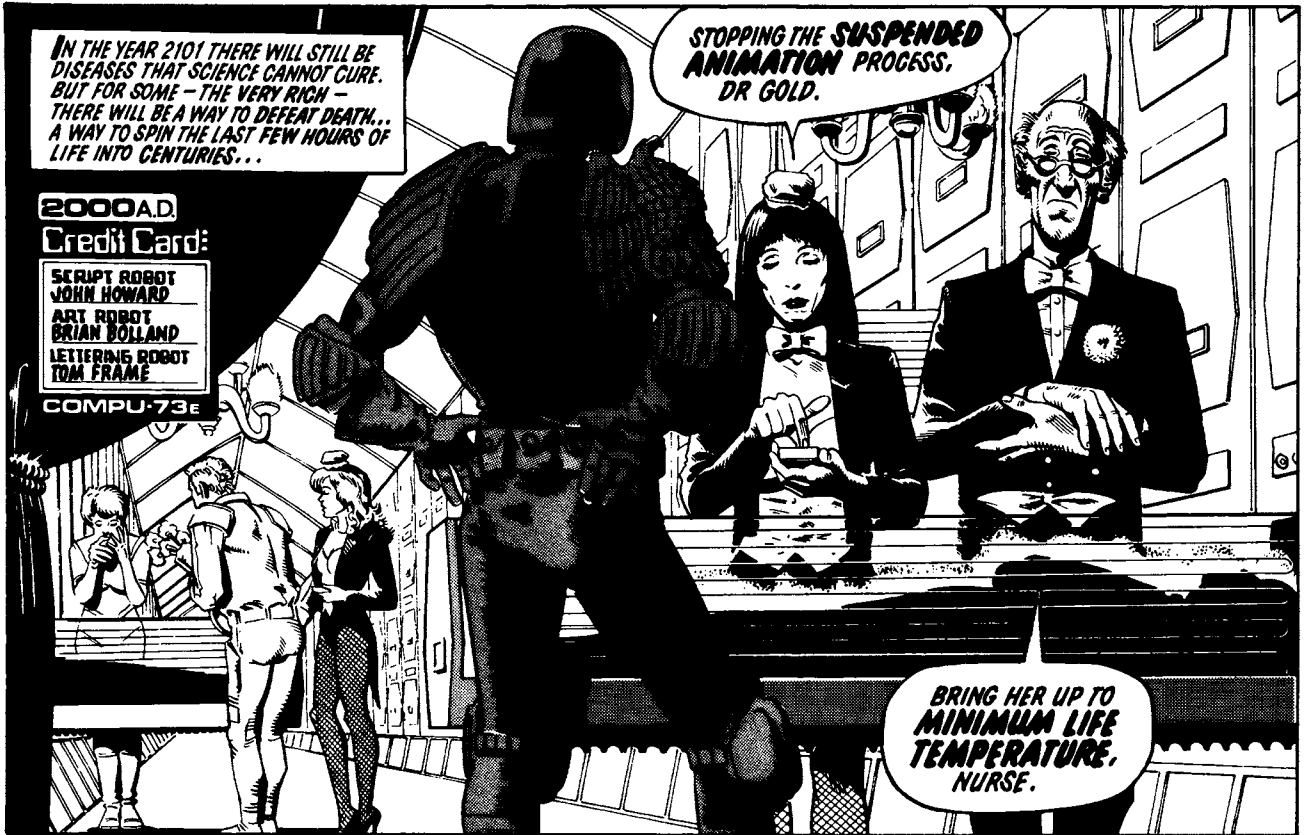
THE FOREVER CRIMES

Script: John Wagner

Art: Brian Bolland

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 120



IN THE YEAR 2101 THERE WILL STILL BE DISEASES THAT SCIENCE CANNOT CURE. BUT FOR SOME - THE VERY RICH - THERE WILL BE A WAY TO DEFEAT DEATH... A WAY TO SPIN THE LAST FEW HOURS OF LIFE INTO CENTURIES...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN HOWARD
ART ROBOT
BRIAN BOLLAND
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73e

STOPPING THE SUSPENDED ANIMATION PROCESS, DR. GOLD.

BRING HER UP TO MINIMUM LIFE TEMPERATURE, NURSE.

JUDGE DREDD

THE FOREVER CRIMES

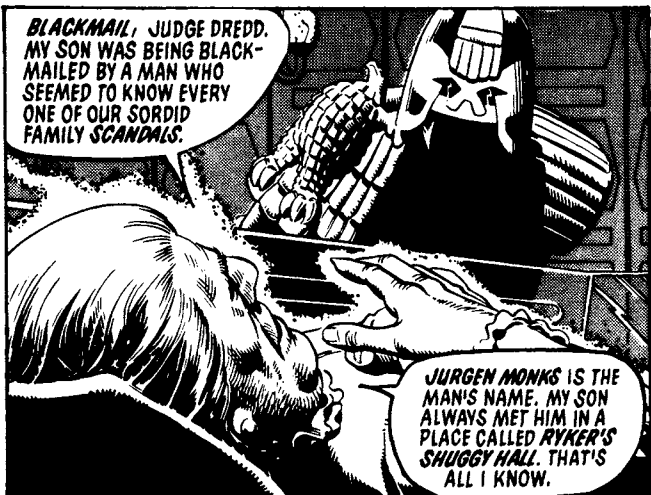


MRS DREYFUS HAS ONLY TWO HOURS OF TOTAL LIFE TIME. I CAN'T LET YOU USE UP MORE THAN THREE MINUTES, JUDGE DREDD.

A GLIMMER OF LIFE FLICKERED IN THE WOMAN'S EYES...

JUDGE DREDD... THEN IT IS OVER. MY SON HAS... KILLED HISSELF.

YOU EXPECTED IT? THEN PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME WHY HE TOOK HIS LIFE.



BLACKMAIL, JUDGE DREDD. MY SON WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY A MAN WHO SEEMED TO KNOW EVERY ONE OF OUR SORDID FAMILY SCANDALS.

JURGEN MONKS IS THE MAN'S NAME. MY SON ALWAYS MET HIM IN A PLACE CALLED RYKER'S SHUGGY HALL. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.



THANK YOU, MRS DREYFUS. I'LL LET YOU GET BACK INTO SUS-AN NOW.

NO... NOW MY SON IS DEAD. THERE -THERE IS NO POINT. PLEASE ASK DR GOLD TO HAVE ME WHEELED TO THE... DEPARTURE LOUNGE.

AFTER LEAVING THE FOREVER TOWERS HOME FOR THE SEMI-DEAD, JUDGE DREDD CALLED AT RYKER'S SHUGGY HALL ON 2005TH STREET...



I'M TOLD A MAN CALLED JURGEN MONKS HANGS OUT HERE.

MONKS... MONKS..?NAH, NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

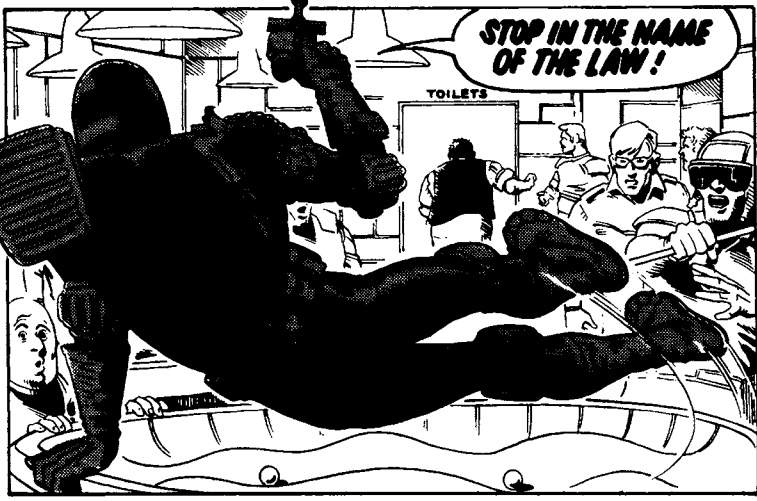
LET ME REMIND YOU, RYKER - LYING TO A JUDGE IS AN OFFENCE.



YOU THERE!

JUDGE DREDD! HECK -

HEY, WHERE YA GOIN', MONKSIE?



STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

TOILETS



DREDD FOLLOWED MONKS INTO THE WASHROOM - AND FOUND -

GOT TO ESCAPE DOWN THIS LAUNDRY CHUTE - HECK! IT'S TOO TIGHT! I'M STUCK!



YOU FOOL! THAT'S NO LAUNDRY CHUTE - IT'S GARBAGE DISPOSAL!

WHAT THE - AAAAGH! THE GRINDERS HAVE GOT MY LEGS! PULLING THEM -



WELL, AT LEAST HE'S LEFT ME HIS ADDRESS.



AFTER ARRESTING THE SHUGGY HALL OWNER, DREDD AND A FORENSIC TEAM CALLED AT MONKS' APARTMENT -

WOW! LOOK AT THESE FILES! MONKS MUST HAVE BEEN BLACKMAILING HALF OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP CITIZENS!

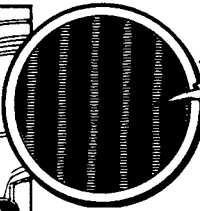
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS SURE GONNA LOVE THESE FILES. GUESS THAT WRAPS THIS ONE UP, JUDGE DREDD.

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... WHERE WOULD A SMALL-TIME CRUMB LIKE MONKS GET ACCESS TO THIS KIND OF INFORMATION? THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMEONE BEHIND HIM - SOMEONE MASTERMINDING THE WHOLE OPERATION.



QUICKSIDE, DREDD CONTACTED "MACK", HIS BASE COMPUTER...

THIS ONE BOTHERS ME, MACK. WHERE WOULD ANYONE GET SO MUCH INFORMATION ON TOP CITIZENS? RUN THE NAMES ON THE FILES THROUGH YOUR CIRCUITS AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN COME UP WITH...



THERE'S ONE THING, JUDGE DREDD... ALL THE NAMES ON THE FILES HAVE A RELATIVE WHO IS AN INMATE AT THE FOREVER TOWERS HOME FOR THE SEMI-DEAD.

DREDD GLINNED HIS BIKE ACROSS TOWN-

FOREVER TOWERS
JUST RESTING

FOREVER TOWERS - OF COURSE, IT ALL FITS! ONLY THE RICH CAN AFFORD DR GOLD'S FEES - AND THE RICH HAVE SECRETS THAT GOLD CAN USE TO MAKE ANOTHER FORTUNE!



WHERE'S DR GOLD?

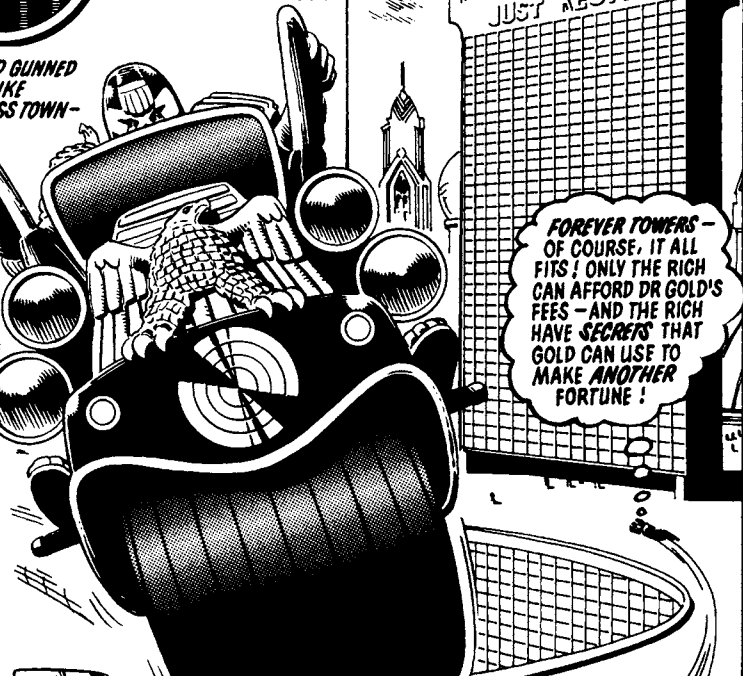
IN THE OPERATING THEATRE. BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE -

THERE'S NO PLACE A JUDGE CAN GO.

DREDD RACED THROUGH THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS OF THE SEMI-DEAD -



I HAVE NO TIME FOR THOSE WHO USE THEIR MONEY TO STRETCH THEIR LAST DAYS OUT FOREVER - A SICKENING TRAVESTY OF LIFE. BUT TO USE THE SEMI-DEAD TO BLACKMAIL THE LIVING IS A GHOULISH CRIME THAT DESERVES THE SEVEREST PUNISHMENT!



AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM...

WHERE... WHERE AM I?

BETTER REDUCE THE TEMPERATURE. IF HE GETS TOO WARM, HE MIGHT REMEMBER OUR LITTLE CHAT!

NOW, MR ARMITAGE, I'M AFRAID OUR THREATS AREN'T WORKING ON YOUR DAUGHTER. WE NEED MORE INFORMATION ON HER.



MARY HAS SECOND BANK ACCOUNT... UNDER FALSE NAME... BEEN CHEATING CITY TAX... FOR YEARS...





WH-WHAT THE -
A HOMING
BULLET!



NO-NO!
UUUH!

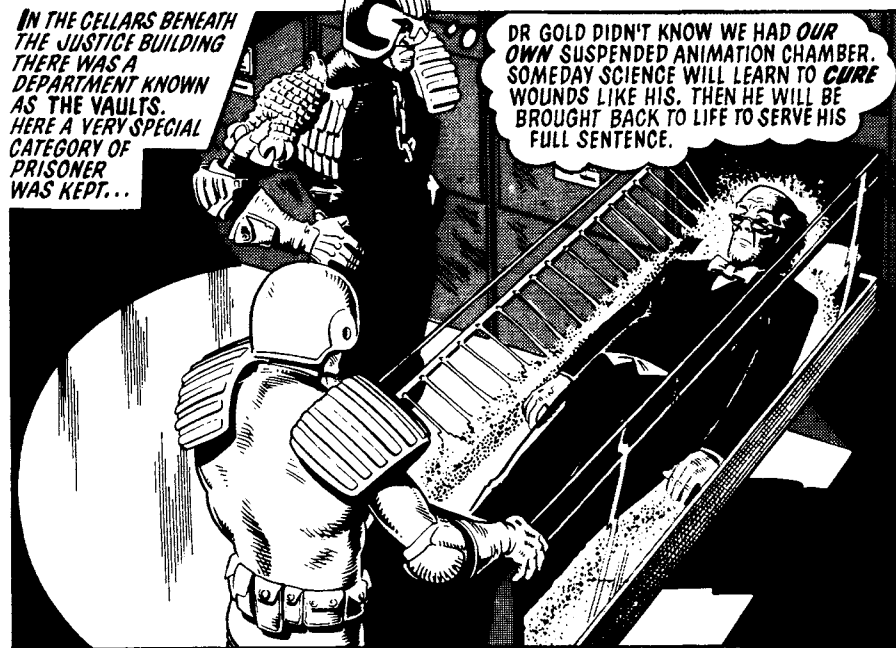


IT WAS TOO... TOO GOOD A
SCHEME TO GIVE UP. I-I **HAD**
TO TRY... TRY TO KILL YOU.

FORTUNATELY A... A BRAIN WOUND
LIKE MINE IS STILL... **FATAL!** AT
LEAST YOU WON'T HAVE... HAVE
THE SATISFACTION OF PUTTING
ME IN PRISON...

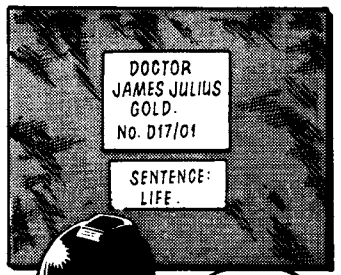


THAT'S WHERE
YOU'RE **WRONG**,
DOCTOR.



**IN THE CELLARS BENEATH
THE JUSTICE BUILDING
THERE WAS A
DEPARTMENT KNOWN
AS THE VAULTS.
HERE A VERY SPECIAL
CATEGORY OF
PRISONER
WAS KEPT...**

DR GOLD DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD **OUR**
OWN SUSPENDED ANIMATION CHAMBER.
SOMEDAY SCIENCE WILL LEARN TO **CURE**
WOUNDS LIKE HIS. THEN HE WILL BE
BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE TO SERVE HIS
FULL SENTENCE.



DOCTOR
JAMES JULIUS
GOLD.
NO. D17/01

SENTENCE:
LIFE.



**EVEN
DEATH
IS NO
ESCAPE
FROM
THE LAW!**

'The one-off story Kevin created which was made into the film *Hardware*. Kevin dreamed it up, drew it, and wrote it down. It was then typed up and maybe polished by Steve McManus. It's a classic example of Kevin's genius creativity. Too often, he's self-effacing on the story-side, so I like the bang the drum for him.'

- PAT MILLS

SHOK!

Script: Steve MacManus & Kevin O'Neill

Art: Kevin O'Neill

Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in the *Judge Dredd Annual* 1981

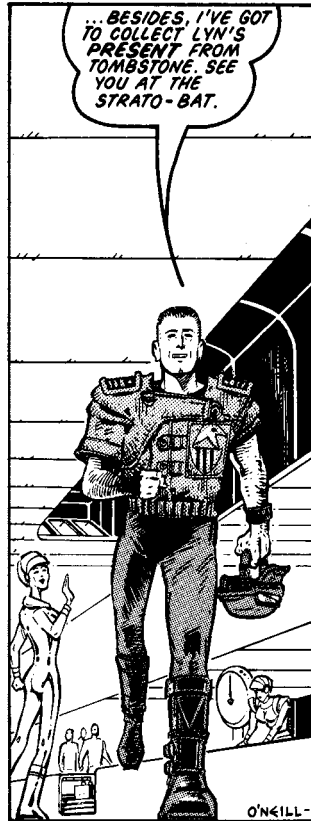
PROLOGUE:



MEGA-CITY TWO SHUTTLE PORT.

HELLO, MIKE! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS GOT TIME FOR YOU!

CUT IT OUT, SARAH. WE TAKE OFF IN A MINUTE...



... BESIDES, I'VE GOT TO COLLECT LYN'S PRESENT FROM TOMBSTONE. SEE YOU AT THE STRATO-BAT.



TOMBSTONE TOOTHBRUSH! VENDOR OF GENUINE SOUVENIRS FROM JUDGE DREDD'S EPIC CROSSING OF THE CURSED EARTH!

AND IF YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE JUDGE'S FAIR DINKUM EAGLE, SPORT, HOW'S ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF THIS JAR? IT'S OLD TOMBSTONE'S LUCKY DIP! GUARANTEED AUTHENTIC!

GENUINE CURSED EARTH

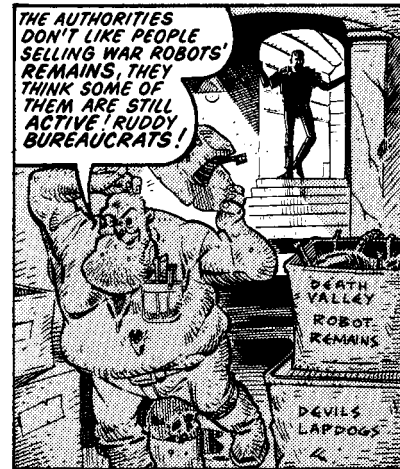
TOOTH FROM SATANUS (SMALL)

JUDGE DREDD'S EAGLE



HI, TOMBSTONE. YOU GOT THAT SPECIAL ORDER I PLACED?

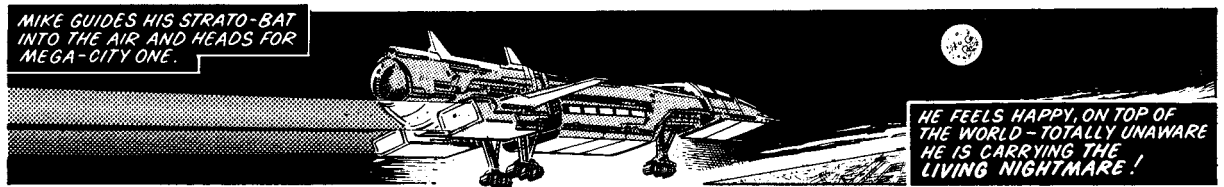
NOT SO LOUD, COBBER. VID SCREENS HAVE FACES!



THE AUTHORITIES DON'T LIKE PEOPLE SELLING WAR ROBOTS' REMAINS, THEY THINK SOME OF THEM ARE STILL ACTIVE! RUDDY BUREAUCRATS!



DON'T WORRY, T.T. IT'S ONLY FOR LYN'S METALWORK. SEE YOU NEXT TRIP!



MIKE GUIDES HIS STRATO-BAT INTO THE AIR AND HEADS FOR MEGA-CITY ONE.

HE FEELS HAPPY, ON TOP OF THE WORLD - TOTALLY UNAWARE HE IS CARRYING THE LIVING NIGHTMARE!

ANDY WARHOL BLOCK, HOME OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S ARTIST COLONY.

I'M HOME, DARLING!

MAM! YOUR LATEST CREATION. WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

ELECTRO-PALM IN BLUE!

GREAT! THEN YOU'LL BE WANTING TO START ON THIS ONE RIGHT AWAY!

BEX, CLEAR UP MIKE'S PRESENT TILL TOMORROW.

YES, MISS.

A S.H.O.K. TROOPER! OH, THANK YOU, MIKE - THE HEADS MAKE PERFECT SOAP HOLDERS!



WALTER'S ROBO-TALE

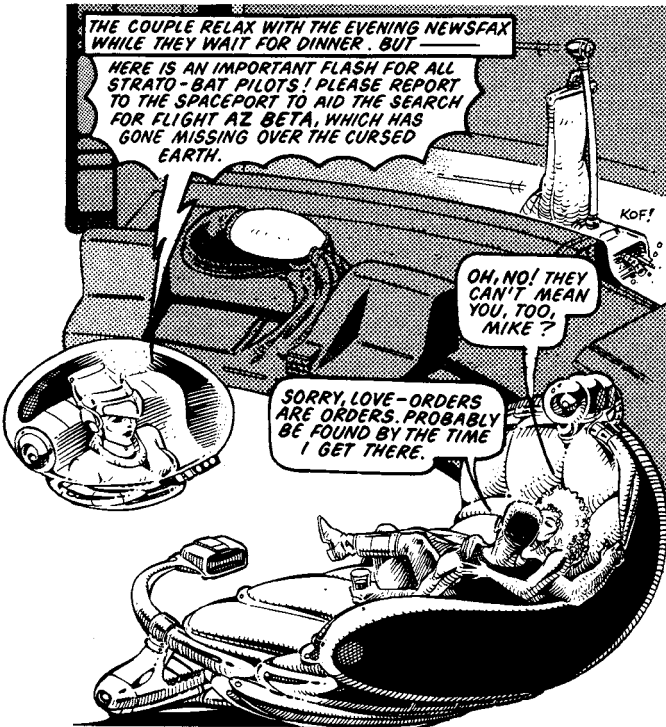
SCRIPT: ROGAN/O'NEILL ART: O'NEILL LETTERING: T. JACOB

THE COUPLE RELAX WITH THE EVENING NEWSFAX WHILE THEY WAIT FOR DINNER. BUT

HERE IS AN IMPORTANT FLASH FOR ALL STRATO-BAT PILOTS! PLEASE REPORT TO THE SPACEPORT TO AID THE SEARCH FOR FLIGHT AZ BETA, WHICH HAS GONE MISSING OVER THE CURSED EARTH.

OH, NO! THEY CAN'T MEAN YOU, TOO, MIKE?

SORRY, LOVE-ORDERS ARE ORDERS. PROBABLY BE FOUND BY THE TIME I GET THERE.



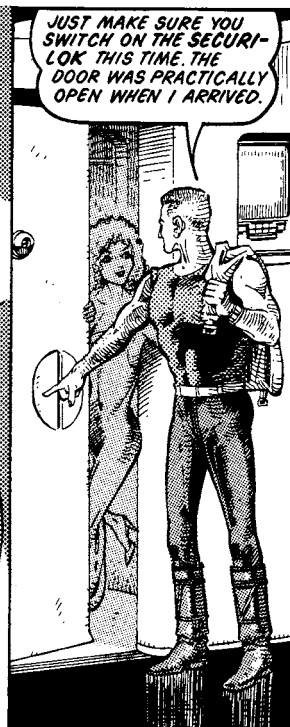
JUST MAKE SURE YOU SWITCH ON THE SECURI-LOK THIS TIME. THE DOOR WAS PRACTICALLY OPEN WHEN I ARRIVED.

SLAM!

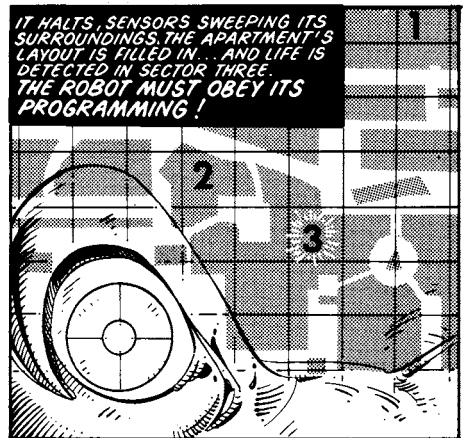
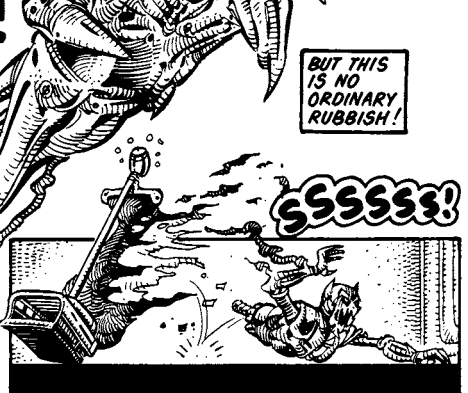
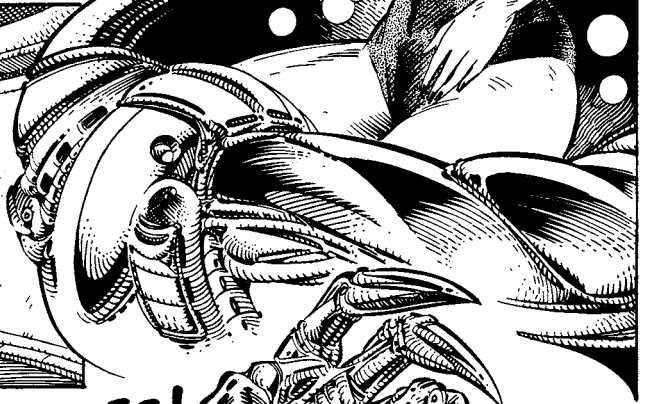
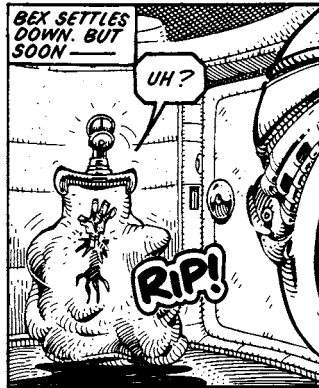
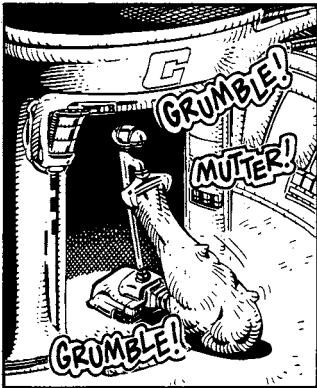
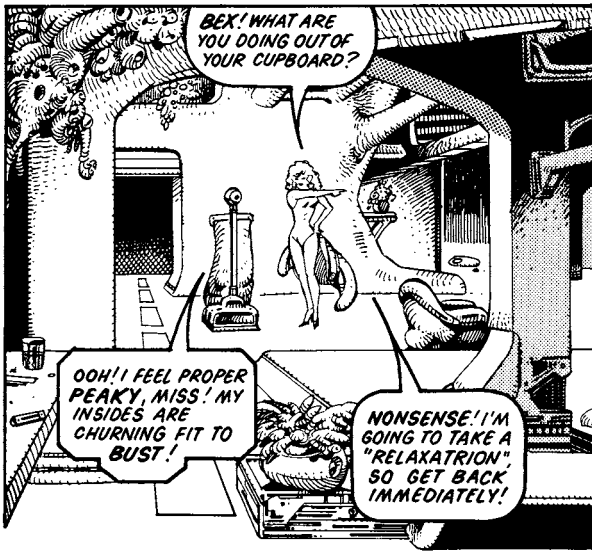
CLICK!

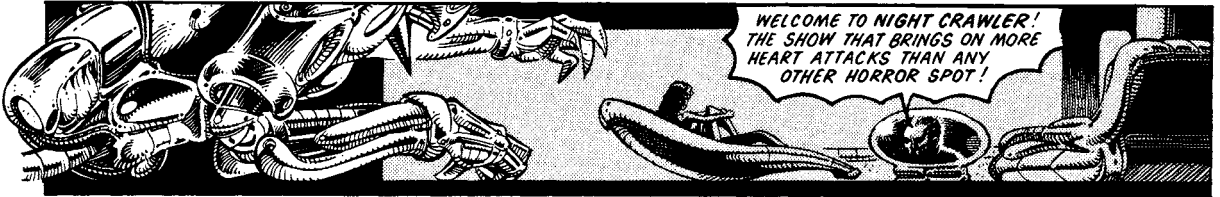
BOLT! SNAP!

SWISH! LATCH!



SIGH! ANOTHER EVENING ALONE WITH THE HOLO-TV.

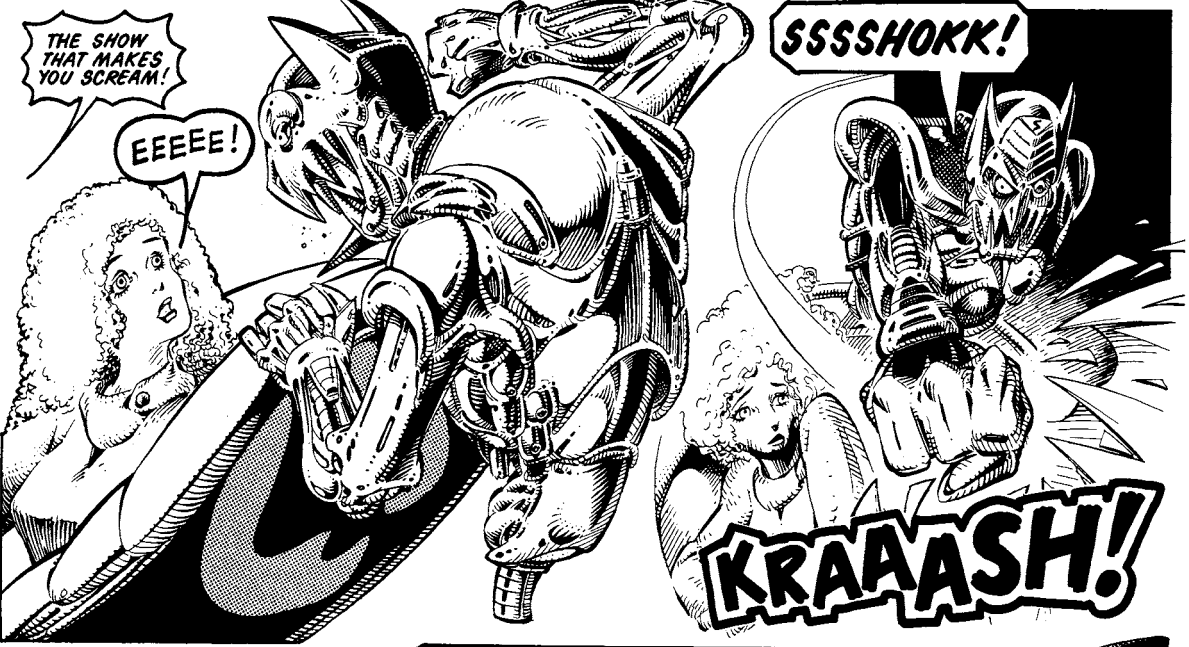




WELCOME TO NIGHT CRAWLER!
THE SHOW THAT BRINGS ON MORE
HEART ATTACKS THAN ANY
OTHER HORROR SPOT!



THE SHOW THAT PUT 'S'
IN SHOCK!

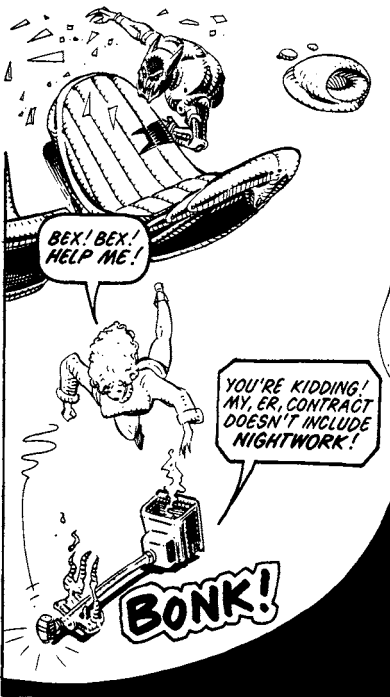


THE SHOW
THAT MAKES
YOU SCREAM!

EEEEEE!

SSSSHOKK!

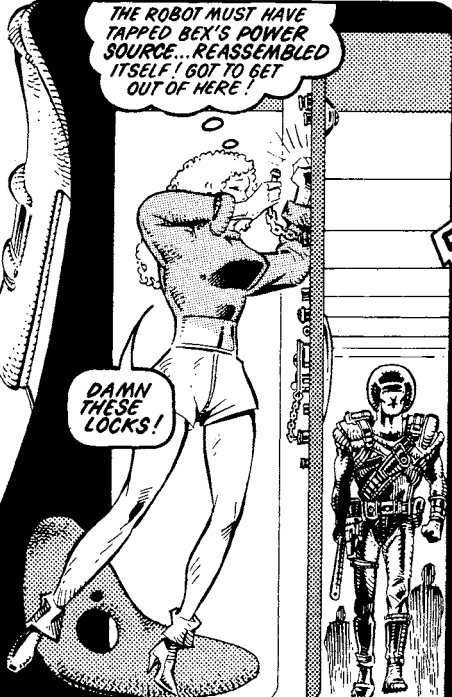
KRAAASH!



BEX! BEX!
HELP ME!

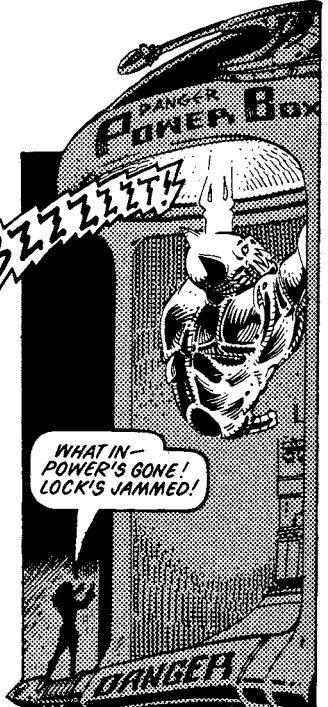
YOU'RE KIDDING!
MY, ER, CONTRACT
DOESN'T INCLUDE
NIGHTWORK!

BONK!



THE ROBOT MUST HAVE
TAPPED BEX'S POWER
SOURCE... REASSEMBLED
ITSELF! GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

DAMN
THESE
LOCKS!



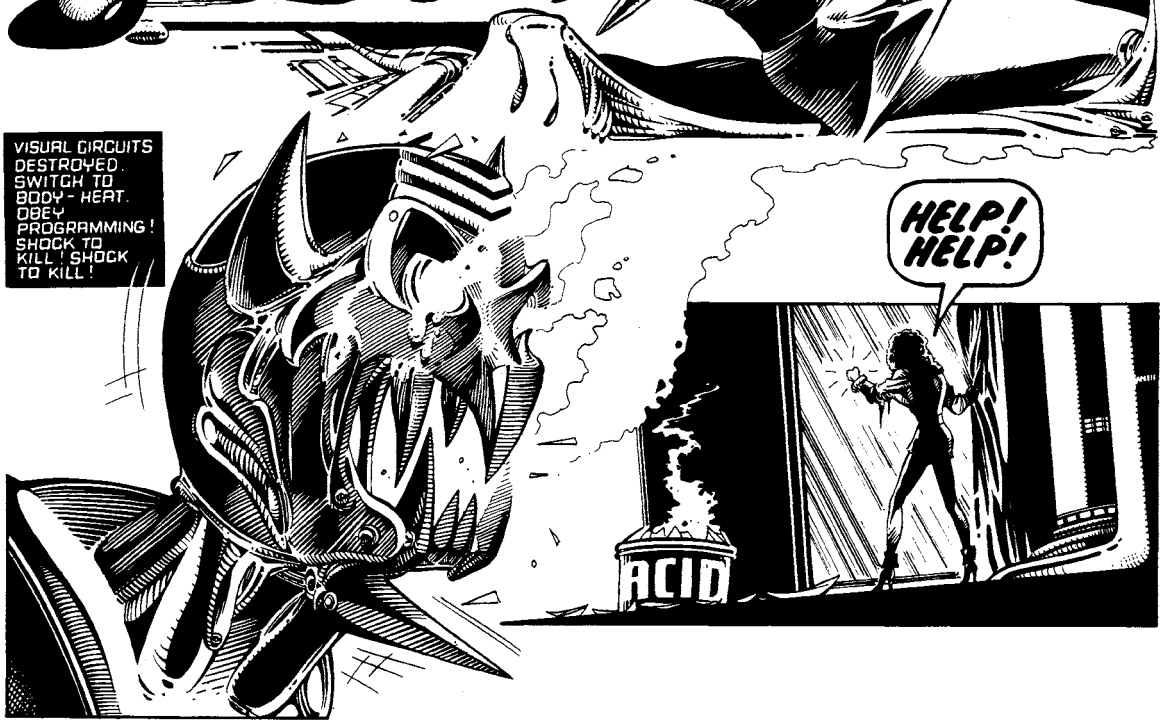
BZZZZT!

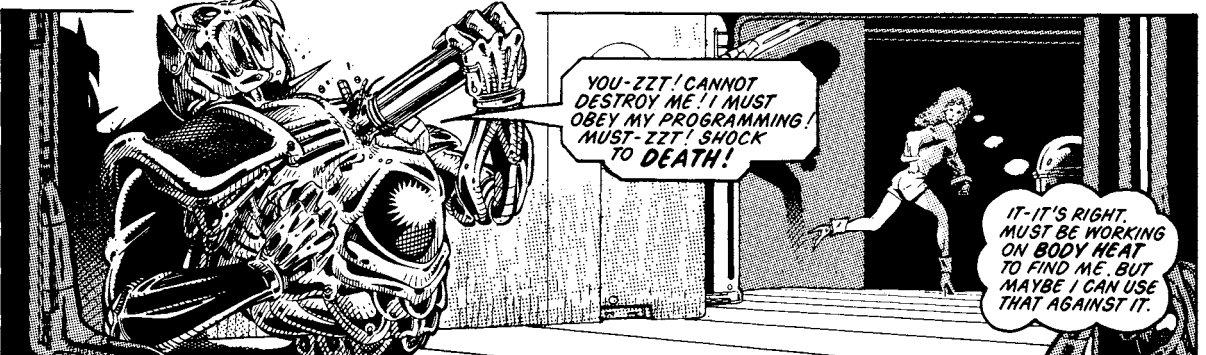
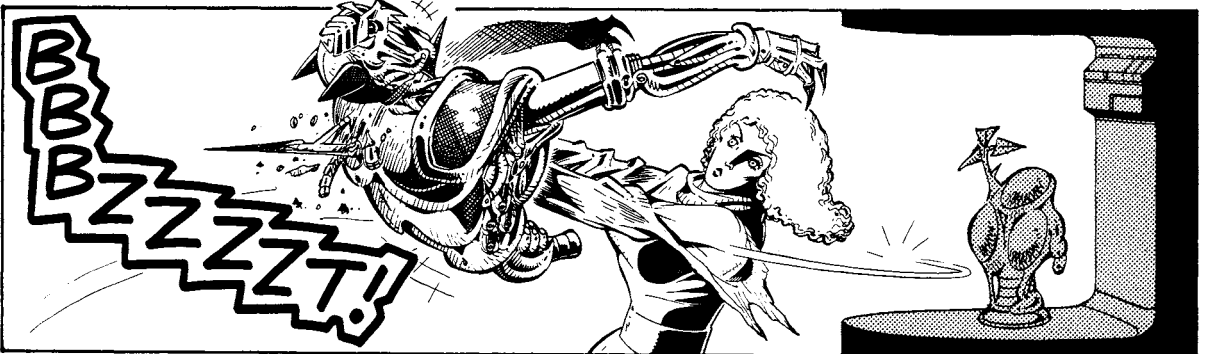
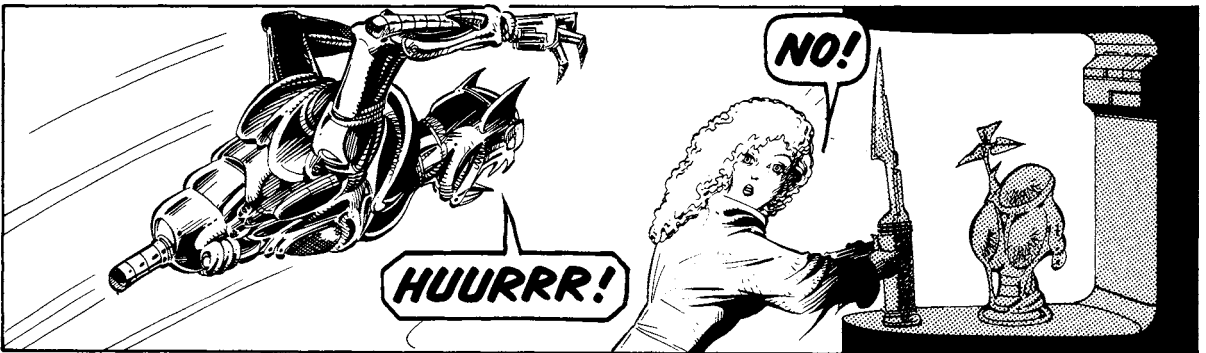
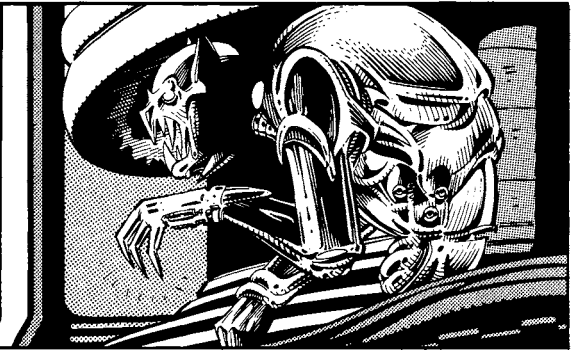
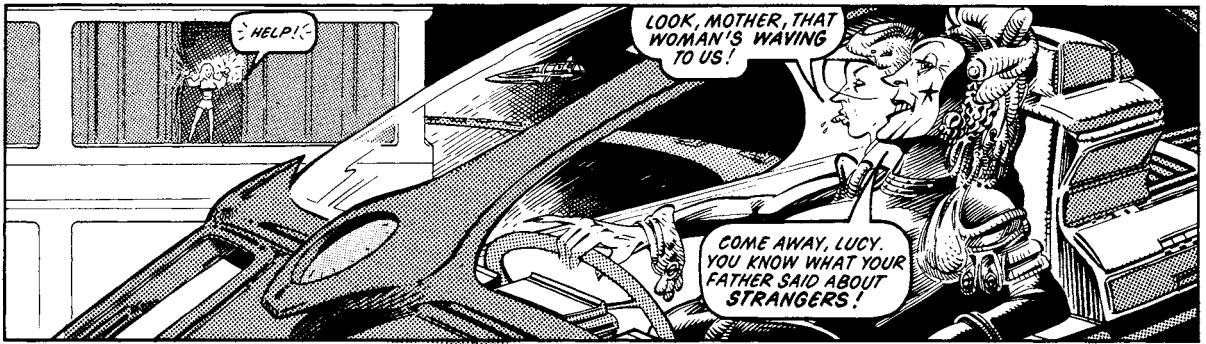
WHAT IN—
POWER'S GONE!
LOCK'S JAMMED!

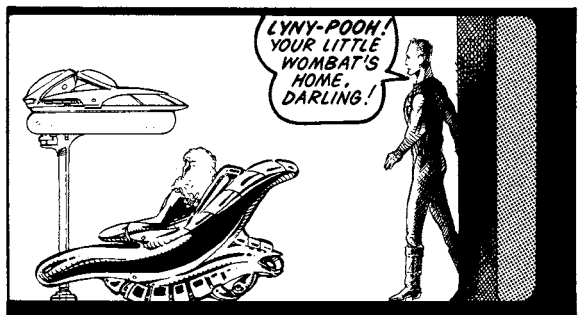
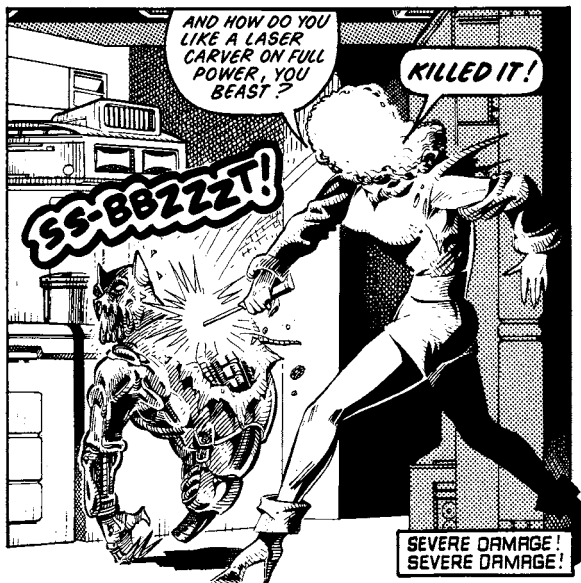
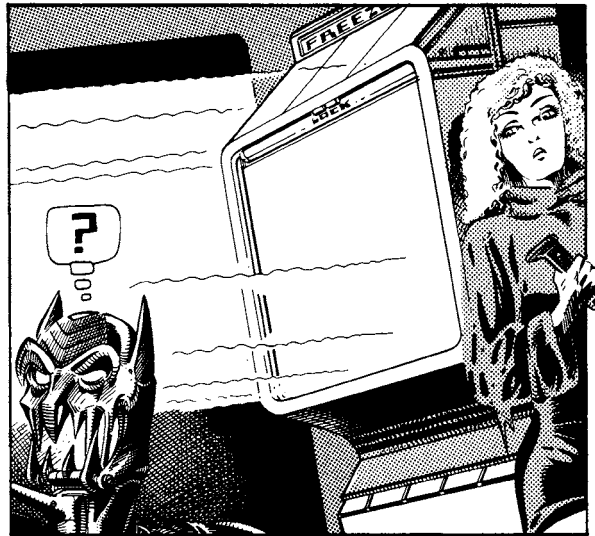
DANGER!



VISUAL CIRCUITS DESTROYED. SWITCH TO BODY-HEAT. OBEY PROGRAMMING! SHOCK TO KILL! SHOCK TO KILL!







'My favourite story is the Dredd story in Prog 5, where Dredd has to fight a giant robot ape. By that time I had drawn four or five Dredd stories and was feeling pretty pleased with myself. But when I opened Prog 5 and saw how beautifully Carlos had drawn the episode, my heart sank. I knew then that I would never draw a comic as well as that - and I was right!'

- MICK MCMAHON

KRONG

Script: Malcom Shaw
Art: Carlos Ezquerra
Letters: S. Richardson

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 5

THE JUDGES, AMERICA'S LAWYERS OF THE 21st CENTURY, HAVE LITTLE SPARE TIME. GIVEN A FEW MINUTES TO RELAX YOU WOULD FIND JUDGE DREDD IN HIS APARTMENT, READING HIS LAW BOOKS. HOWEVER...

WHAT ARE SOUTH SEA ISLAND PALM TREES DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF MY APARTMENT?



MARIA—THE JUDGE'S ITALIAN CLEANING LADY ENTERED.

THIS IS MR. KEVIN O'NEILL!

I'M A SALESMAN FROM SENSOR-ROUND, JUDGE, SIR. WITH THIS SIMPLE CONTROL, YOU CAN PROJECT OUR DREAM WORLDS INTO YOUR ROOM ...

TURN IT OFF!

2000 A.D.
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
M. SHAW
ART ROBOT
EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
S. RICHARDSON

BUT, JUDGE—YOU NEVER HAVE NO FUN. A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU—HE SHOULD NOT WORK ALL DA TIME.



MARIA—THROW THIS FERRET-FACED PARASITE OUT BEFORE I DROWN YOU IN YOUR MINISTRONE!

JUDGE DREDD

YOU A-NEVER ENJOY YOURSELF, JUDGE. ALL-A YOU THINK OF IS LAW, LAW, LAW...

TO THINK I COULD GET A ROBOT-CLEANER FOR HALF THE PRICE AND SAVE ALL HER NAGGING!





THEN...

NOW WHAT? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE MY APARTMENT — NOT A SPACE SHUTTLE STATION!

JUDGE—THERE'S BEEN A MURDER ON THE 200th FLOOR OF THIS APARTMENT BLOCK. IT'S THE PRESIDENT OF SENSOR-ROUND!



ON THE 200th FLOOR.

I'VE SEEN SOME MURDER VICTIMS— BUT THIS POOR SAP TAKES FIRST PRIZE— HE'S BEEN RIPPED APART... BY SOME KINDA MONSTER!

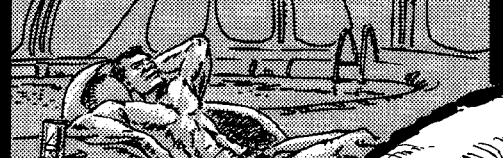
OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, TWO OTHER TOP EXECUTIVES OF SENSOR-ROUND MET STRANGE DEATHS.

TUESDAY... IN THE MANAGING DIRECTOR'S ROOF TOP GARDEN...



'KWIKKA-GROW JUICE— TO HELP MY BEGONIAS GROW BIG AND STRONG!'

WHAAAAA??



WEDNESDAY... IN THE PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL OF SENSOR-ROUNDS ACCOUNTANT...



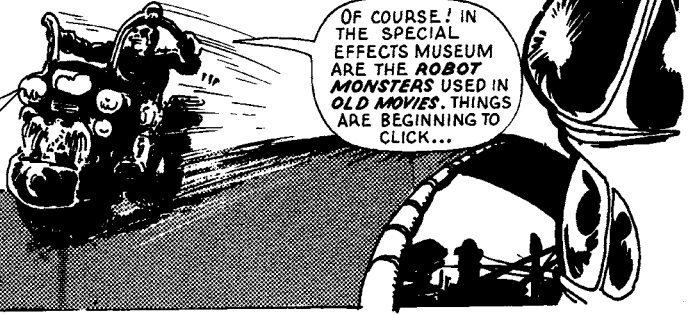
NOOOOOO

YOU LIKE MY LITTLE PET? HOW DOES IT GRAB YA? HA-HA!

THURSDAY... JUDGE DREDD WAS ON PATROL, WHEN...



POLICE CONTROL TO JUDGE DREDD. VOICE PRINT RECORDED AT SCENE OF LAST MURDER IDENTIFIED AS CURATOR OF MOVIE SPECIAL EFFECTS MUSEUM. PROCEED WITH ARREST.



OF COURSE! IN THE SPECIAL EFFECTS MUSEUM ARE THE ROBOT MONSTERS USED IN OLD MOVIES. THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO CLICK...



AT THE MUSEUM.

BLOOD!
THESE ROBOT
MONSTERS DID THE
KILLING. I GOTTA FIND
THAT CRAZY
CURATOR!

YOU
AIN'T GOT
FAR TO LOOK,
JUDGE!



O'NEILL! I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A SENSOR-
ROUND SALESMAN!

I HATE SENSOR-
ROUND BECAUSE
THEY BRING STUPID
DREAM WORLDS INTO
PEOPLE'S APARTMENTS.
NOBODY WANTS TO
SEE **MONSTER**
MOVIES ANYMORE.
AND THESE LOVELY
MONSTERS ARE LEFT
HERE TO RUST. **RUST!**

ONLY WHEN IT
SUITS ME, JUDGE.
I NEED AN EXCUSE
FOR LUGGING HEAVY
EQUIPMENT AROUND
TO KILL THE EXECUTIVES
OF SENSOR-ROUND...
DO YOU LIKE MY
SQUID, SHE'S **PRETTY**.
ISN'T SHE?



BUT I'M GOING TO
CHANGE PEOPLE'S
MINDS. OH, YES! I'M
GOING TO GIVE THEM
A MARVELLOUS
MONSTER—

HOELL IT,
O'NEILL!

SECONDS LATER, O'NEILL
HAD ACTIVATED A
MONSTER GORILLA...

KRONG!
THE GREATEST
FILM MONSTER
EVER MADE!



I'VE PROGRAMMED
HIM TO SMASH THE
SENSOR-ROUND OFFICE-
BUILDING INTO DUST!

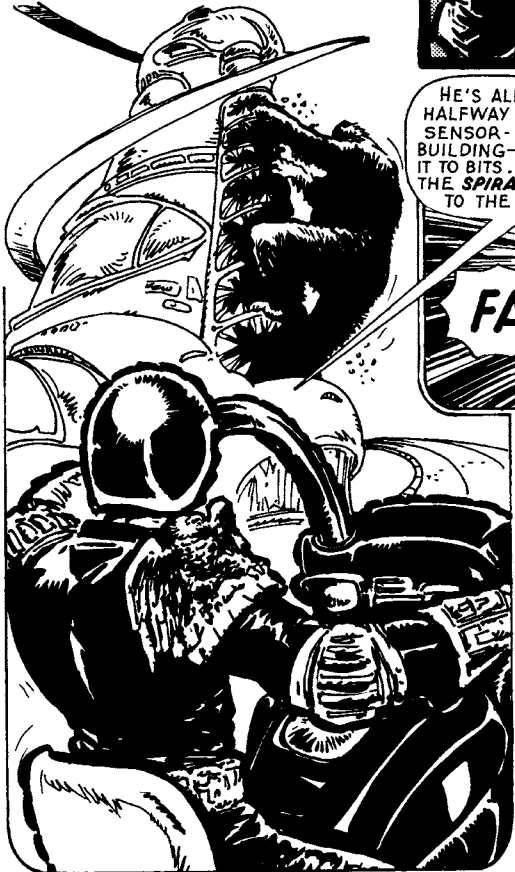




HE'S RIPPING UP ROADWAYS—AND MY BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF!



GOTTA GET AFTER HIM.



HE'S ALREADY HALFWAY UP THE SENSOR-ROUND BUILDING—TEARING IT TO BITS. I'LL TAKE THE SPIRAL ROAD TO THE TOP...



FAST!



MY BIKE CANNON'S HARDLY MARKING HIM. THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER WAY...



... GOTTA AIM MY BIKE AT THE GORILLA'S GULLET, AND PRAY THAT IT'LL ...

O'NEILL LOOKED UP, AS—
NO!

ALL YOUR DREAMS WERE CRUSHED, O'NEILL, BUT WITH DREAMS LIKE YOURS... WHO NEEDS NIGHTMARES?



MY BEAUTIFUL KRONG — HIS HEAD'S GONE AND HE'S FALLING — ON ME... AT LEAST **CHOKE** WE'LL DIE TOGETHER!



AAAAHHHHHH

'At a time when comics risk suffocating on their own self-importance, *2000 AD* proves the artistic value of taking things lightly. It's the story of Sensitive Klegg, a crocodilian monster with the soul of a poet. He's an oddball rejected by a city of oddballs, and who realises a tragic irony: his death is the only thing anyone seems to value. Proving that humour can achieve as much poignancy as a mega-epic, Williams packs his brilliant verbal gags as tightly as Chris Weston's hyper-detailed art; a classic *2000 AD* 'shotglass of rocket-fuel' indeed.

The magic of this humble two-parter is in managing to encapsulate the essence of the *Judge Dredd* strip, that strange combination of cosmic absurdity, political savvy and sardonic humour that characterises British sci-fi from H.G. Wells to Terry Pratchett. With a whopping 40 years of history to look back on, it would be easy for a strip like *Dredd* to succumb to the lead boots of nostalgia and continuity, but this is a story that derives its energy from being in the moment and knowing when to laugh. Sensitive Klegg himself would no doubt have quoted G.K. Chesterton, who wrote, '*Angels can fly because they can take themselves lightly.*'

- ALEC WORLEY

THE HEART IS A LONELY KLEGG HUNTER

Script: Rob Williams
Art: Chris Weston
Colour: Michael Dowling
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1888-1889



TO PARAPHRASE THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN HISTORICAL FIGURE BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN...

... IT'S HARD TO BE A KLEGG IN THE CITY.

AAAAAHHH! RUN!

KLEGG! KLEGGGGGG!

ESCAPED KLEGG!



GOING FOR THE ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET ON SOME TASTY MEGA-CITY FLESH, KLEGG? NOT TODAY!

NO! PLEASE, I'M... I'M JUST GOING TO GIVE SOME BOOKS BACK TO THE LIBRARY. I HAVE A PERMIT SIGNED BY THE CHIEF JUDGE!



AUTHORISED CITIZENSHIP PAPERS. IT'S THE ONE WHO HELPED SAVE THE CITY FROM THE LUNA-2 INVASION.

'SENSITIVE KLEGG'... MAN, WHAT KINDA SICK TIMES ARE WE LIVING IN?



OK, OFF YOU GO. MAKE SURE YOU DON'T CAUSE A STAMPEDE OR WE'LL BOOK YOU FOR INCITEMENT.

THANK YOU, JUDGES. I WON'T. HAVE A WONDERFUL DAY.

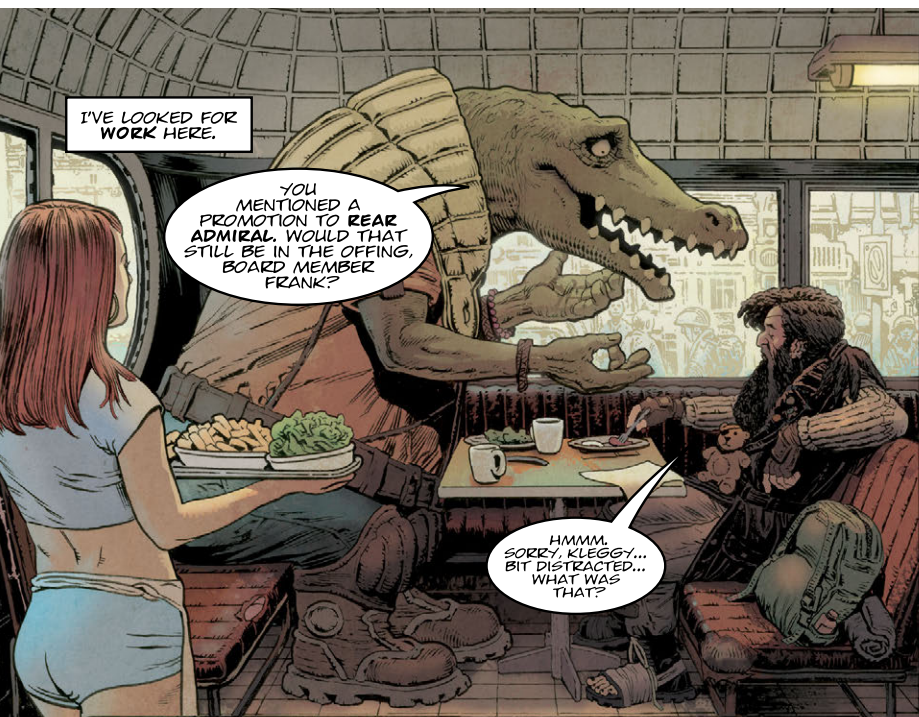
AHHH! KLEGGGG!



I TRY TO FIT IN. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A FUSS. I JUST... SOMETIMES I PICK UP ON THE VAGUE FEELING THAT I'M NOT WANTED HERE.

LITTLE THINGS, MAINLY.

PASS ME THE TASER, MYRTLE.



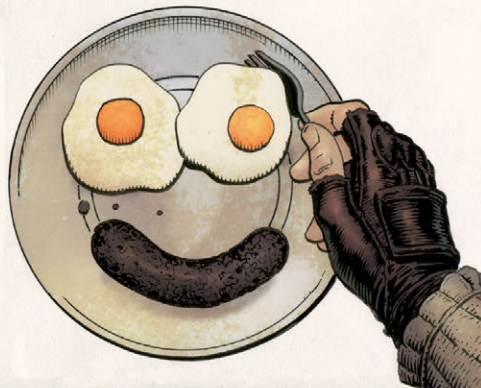
I'VE LOOKED FOR WORK HERE.

YOU MENTIONED A PROMOTION TO REAR ADMIRAL. WOULD THAT STILL BE IN THE OFFING, BOARD MEMBER FRANK?

HMMM. SORRY, KLEGGY... BIT DISTRACTED... WHAT WAS THAT?

IT WAS EXPLAINED TO ME, VIA THE UNEXPECTED MEDIUM OF CHARADES, THAT OVERDRIVE, INC. WERE NO LONGER IN BUSINESS.

I WAS NOW ONE OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S LONG-TERM UNEMPLOYED.



LIVING ON A PLANET WHERE MY SPECIES WERE NOT EXACTLY WELCOMED.

I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO BE A POSITIVE KLEGG BUT...



...I WAS VERY LONELY.



STILL, VIA MY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT COMMENDATION FOR BRAVERY, I MANAGED TO GET A PERIOD OF WHAT I BELIEVE HUMANS REFER TO AS 'TEMP WORK'.

I SWORE I WOULD POUR MY HEART AND SOUL INTO THIS NOBLE AND WORTHWHILE ENDEAVOUR.

JUST GENTLY... TAP THE KEYBOARD, CROCO-MORON, THAT'S THE FIFTH ONE!



GLENN FOM THE OFFICE SUGGESTED I TRY SPEED-DATING.

AAAAHHH! KLEGGGGG!

I AM LOOKING FOR FRIENDSHIP.

MY FAVOURITE COLOUR IS TURQUOISE AND MY FAVOURITE FOOD IS THE PULSING HEART OF A LULTFESHON-3 MOON SLUG. YOU?



IN A WONDERFUL TURN OF FATE, ONE OF THE LESS HYSTERICAL SPEED-DATERS TURNED OUT TO BE AN ENTERTAINMENT VID-SHOW RESEARCHER.

A LOVELY GIRL, SHE SEEMED VERY INTERESTED IN ME AND ASKED IF I WOULD BE WILLING TO BE INTERVIEWED FOR HER SHOW.

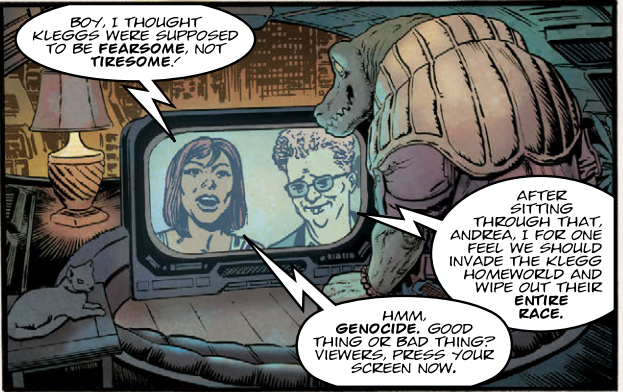
NO, NO, I NEVER EAT PEOPLE.



NO, NO, I NEVER EAT PEOPLE.

I APPEARED ON HER VERY POPULAR SHOW AND TALKED EXTENSIVELY ABOUT MY DREAMS, MY POETRY AND MY ABIDING LOVE OF HUMAN LITERATURE.

I WAS, I THINK IT'S FAIR TO SAY, SOMEWHAT BRUISED BY THE SHOW AND THE PRESENTERS' SUMMARY.



BOY, I THOUGHT KLEGG'S WERE SUPPOSED TO BE FEARSOME, NOT TIRESOME?

AFTER SITTING THROUGH THAT, ANDREA, I FOR ONE FEEL WE SHOULD INVAD E THE KLEGG HOMEWORLD AND WIPE OUT THEIR ENTIRE RACE.

HMM, GENOCIDE, GOOD THING OR BAD THING? VIEWERS, PRESS YOUR SCREEN NOW.



IT IS A STRANGE, SAD THING TO FEEL LIKE YOU DON'T BELONG...

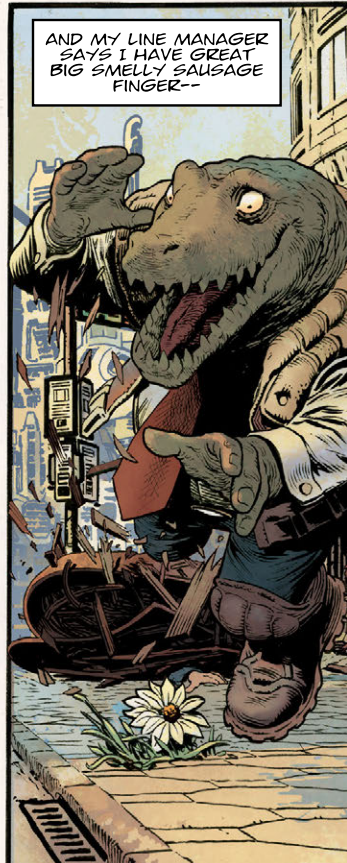


... IN THE PLACE YOU LIVE, IN THE SKIN YOU WERE BORN INTO...

A FLOWER.



I AM DESTITUTE MORTALITY, THE ICE-COLD INERTIA OF A LIFE WITHOUT MEANING.



AND MY LINE MANAGER SAYS I HAVE GREAT BIG SMELLY SAUSAGE FINGER--



AH...

...THE SWEET BRUISE OF EMPATHY.



... CRAP !

POOR MAN. A REMOVAL ACCIDENT. PLAINLY. HOW TRAUMATIC FOR HIM.



I'M SURE THE JUDGES WILL BE SYMPATHETIC TO HIS FLIGHT.

CITIZENS! DISPERSE! THIS IS A CRIME SCENE! YOU ONLY GET ONE WARNI--



DREDD.

MM.

THERE'S A KLEGG OVER THERE WAVING AT YOU.

ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

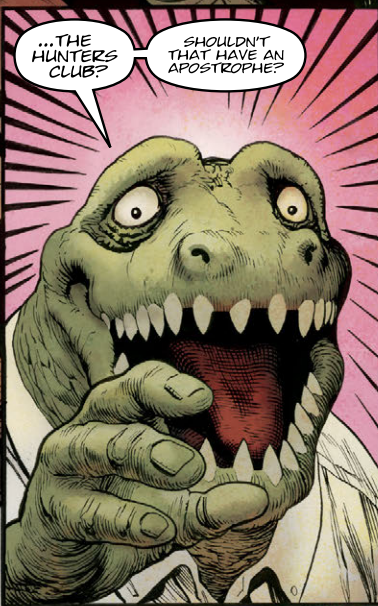
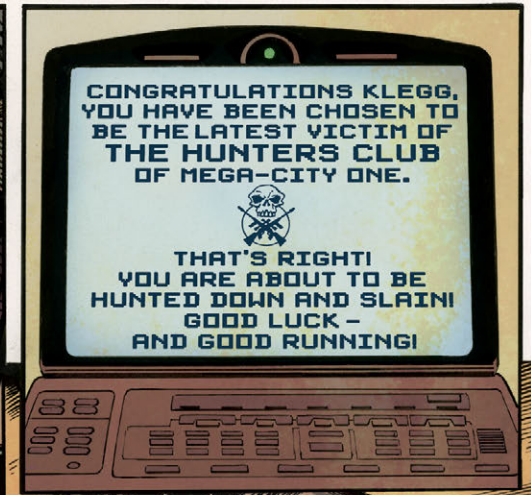


I HAD NOT SEEN JUDGE DREDD SINCE WE SAVED EACH OTHER'S LIVES IN LUNA-2. SUCH AN ACTION FORMS A STRONG BOND.

I HAD LEFT INNUMERABLE VID-MESSAGES FOR HIM SINCE THAT TIME BUT NONE WERE RETURNED...

HE IS A VERY BUSY MAN.



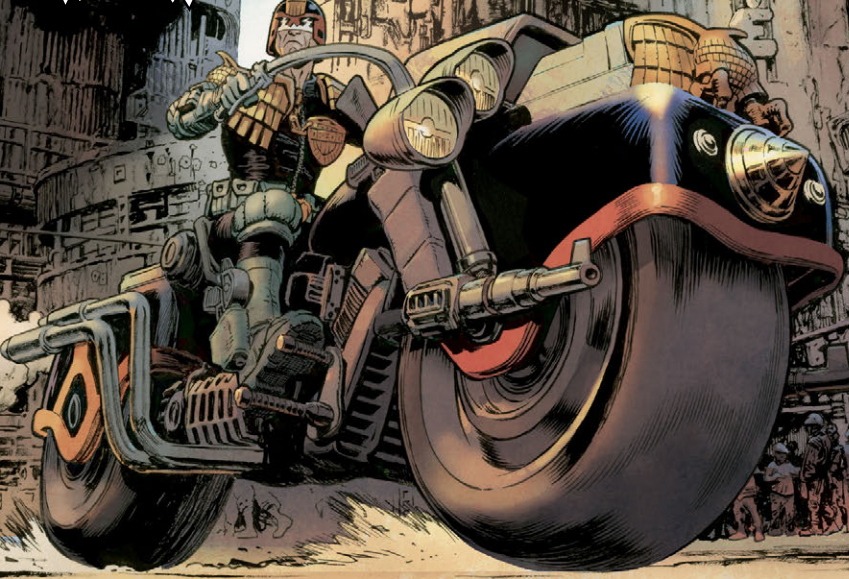


DREDD — CONTROL, GUNSHOTS REPORTED FIRED AT STEVE IERWIN BLOCK, APARTMENT OF ONE S. KLEGG.

THE PIANO DROP WAS NO ACCIDENT. HE'S SUSPECTED AS MUCH WHEN THE CREEP DISAPPEARED, THE KLEGG WAS THE INTENDED TARGET.

CONTROL, IS ANOTHER UNIT NEARER TO THE SCENE?

NEGATIVE, NEAREST JUDGE IS --



AND FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME IN A VERY LONG CAREER...

...HE WONDERS IF IT'S ENTIRELY WRONG TO ROOT FOR THE PERP.

FORGET IT, DREDD RESPONDING.



HELP! HELP! I'M BEING HUNTED!

OH THE KLEGGMANITY!!

BLAST!

THE SHELLS FOR THE ROBO-ELEPHANT GUN ARE LIKE MASSIVE TINS OF SYNTHI-SOUP AND ITS AIM IS APPALLING!

WALLY-MART SHOULD REALLY FLAG THAT UP ON THE DISPLAY WHEN THEY SELL THEM TO YOU.

OH NO, OH NO, ELEVATOR'S NOT HERE, COME ON, COME ON.

THINK, KLEGG, THINK, WHAT WOULD YOUR HEROINE EMILY BRONTE DO IN A VEXING SITUATION SUCH AS THIS?



DOORS OPENING +++ DOOR



KLEGGY WANT IN!



AAAAAAAAAHHH!



SORRY...

GRUD ALMIGHTY!

PARDON ME...

DROKK!

OOP, EXCUSE ME, MADAM...

JOVUS! SWEET DEAR JOVUS!



UMMM...

GROUND FLOOR PLEASE.

TOO LATE FOR THAT, OLD SON.

YOU'VE ANNOYED YOUR OLD EMPLOYERS, APPARENTLY. OVERDRIVE, INC. IS OFFERING A HEALTHY SUM TO WHICHEVER MEMBER OF THE HUNTERS CLUB BAGS YOUR HIDE FIRST.

AND I MUST SAY, THIS IS A LOT MORE FUN THAN MY DAY JOB WITH THE SAMARITANS.



ZOMBIE... BLOCK... R...

LIFT 1
Please
P-...
LIFT
SE
PR
CA



SORRY, BARRY 'OLD SON' FINGER SLIPPED ON THE TRIGGER. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...



ONLY ONE MEMBER OF THE HUNTERS CLUB CAN TAKE HOME THE MONSTER'S HIDE!

THE NOBILITY OF THE HUNT! THE BIG BAGS OF CASH!



THERE IS NO ESCAPE, KLEGG!



AAAHHH!

...BLOOD...



MADAM, I BEG OF YOU...

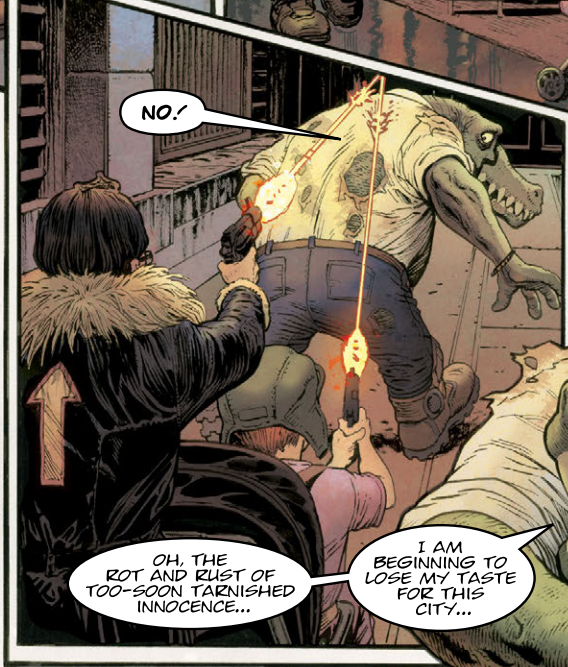
QUICKLY ALERT THE JUDGES THAT THERE ARE MADMEN WITH GUNS IN THE BUILDING, AND TAKE YOUR CHERUBIC INNOCENT AWAY TO SAFETY AS SOON AS --

BLOOD POUNDING IN MY KLEGG EARS, BLOOD PUMPING IN MY KLEGG CHEST.



YEAH, THE KLEGG'S HERE.

SHOOT BIG CROCODILE!



NO!

OH, THE ROT AND RUST OF TOO-SOON TARNISHED INNOCENCE...

I AM BEGINNING TO LOSE MY TASTE FOR THIS CITY...





HELP!

I ASK YER, YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY!?

QUICK, JUMP IN MY ELDSTER ROADSTER!



T-THANK YOU.

YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY...



...GOT NO IDEA HOW TO FINISH A KILL.

OH FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!



DREDD, CAMERAS HAVE THE KLEGG ENTERING A YELLOW ELDSTER MOBILE ON--

GOT IT. SWERVING DANGEROUSLY.

TYPICAL ELDSTER DRIVING.



I'M GONNA WIN THIS HUNT, KLEGG! THE CREDS TOO, AND I'LL ENJOY IT! YER FILTHY ALIEN TYPE DON'T BELONG IN THIS CITY!

YOU DEBASE YOURSELF, SIR, TO QUOTE THE WORDS OF DR MARTIN LUTHER KING JR...

'I REFUSE TO ACCEPT THE VIEW THAT MANKIND IS SO TRAGICALLY BOUND TO THE STARLESS MIDNIGHT OF RACISM AND WAR THAT THE BRIGHT DAYBREAK OF PEACE AND BROTHERHOOD CAN NEVER BECOME A REALITY.



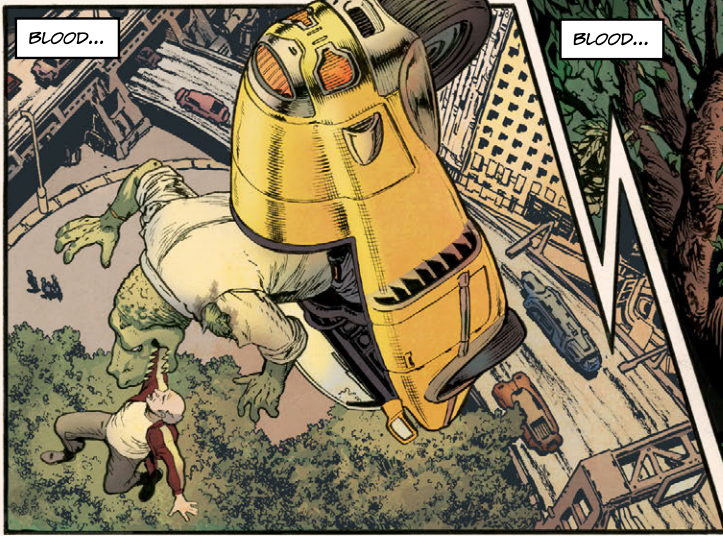
AND NOW I'M GOING TO BITE YOUR ARM OFF!

AAAAHHH!



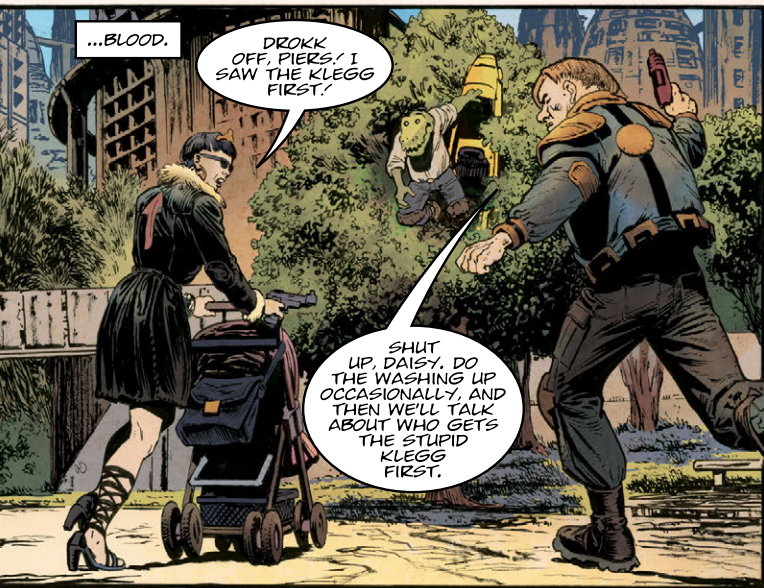
STILL-PUMPING HUMAN BLOOD SINKS DOWN MY THROAT, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I FEEL AN EXHILARATION LIKE NO OTHER.

...ALMOST LIKE I'M FLYING.



BLOOD...

BLOOD...



...BLOOD.

DROKK OFF PIERS! I SAW THE KLEGG FIRST!

SHUT UP, DAISY. DO THE WASHING UP OCCASIONALLY, AND THEN WE'LL TALK ABOUT WHO GETS THE STUPID KLEGG FIRST.



STUPID KLEGG? NO...

STUPID HUMANS.

STUPID TASTY HUMANS.

I SMELL THEIR TENSION AND SWEAT IN THE AIR, I BREATHE IN THEIR FEAR. MY HEART PUMPS LOUD WITH THE PRIMACY OF ALIEN JUNGLES.

I BELONG IN THE HUNT! THE SLICEY, THE DICEY, I AM DEATHS TOOTH AND CLAW. I...



OH...OH DEAR...

DEATHS TOOTH AND CLAW?

THAT SHOULD REALLY HAVE AN APOSTROPHE.



I MAY BELONG IN THE HUNT, BUT I WILL NOT BE ITS AGGRESSOR.

AND IF THAT MEANS DEATH, IT WILL BE DEATH WITH A SENSE OF SELF, AT LEAST.

IN THE WORDS OF THE BARD, TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE...



THIS HUNT IS OVER...

DAMN STRAIGHT.

IT'S JUST NATURE, DUDE. DARWIN AND STUFF. YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT. THE STRONGEST ANIMAL ALWAYS WINS --

YAAAAHHH - !

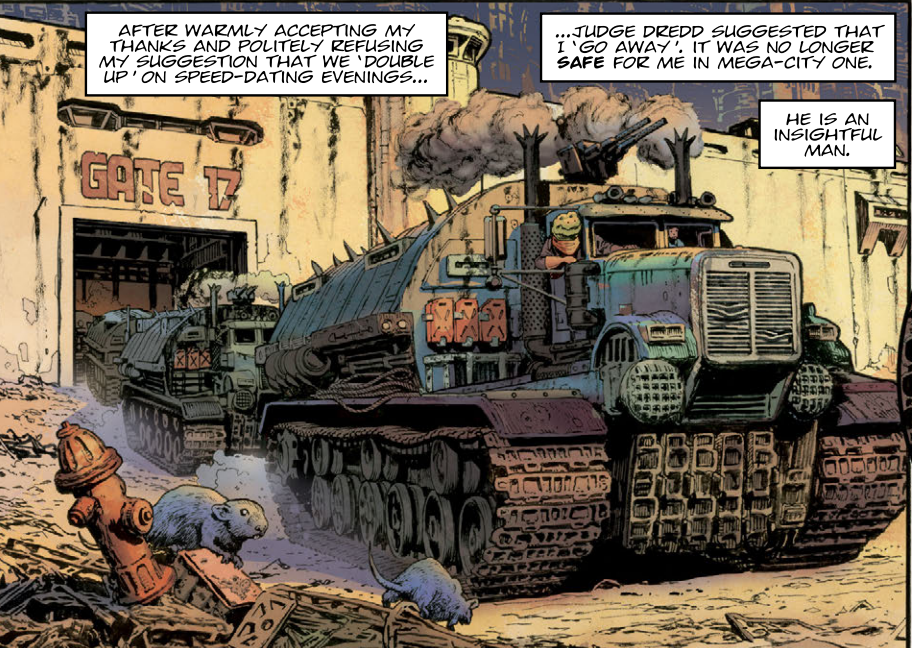
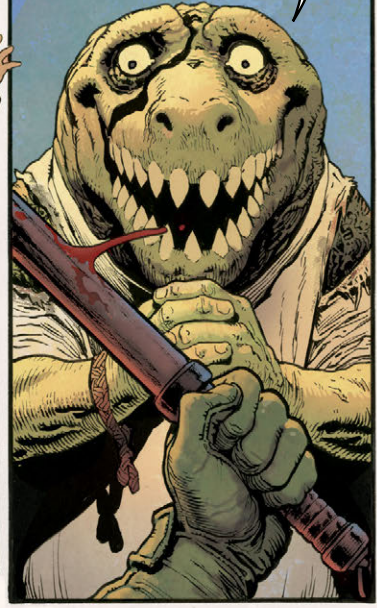


YOU CREEPS ARE UNDER ARREST.

ATTEMPTED MURDER, FIFTEEN A PIECE.

PLUS SEVEN FOR ARMING AN INFANT.

YES...
...THE STRONGEST ANIMAL.



AFTER WARMLY ACCEPTING MY THANKS AND POLITELY REFUSING MY SUGGESTION THAT WE 'DOUBLE UP' ON SPEED-DATING EVENINGS...

...JUDGE DREDD SUGGESTED THAT I 'GO AWAY'. IT WAS NO LONGER SAFE FOR ME IN MEGA-CITY ONE.

HE IS AN INSIGHTFUL MAN.

A HELLTREKKER CONVOY IS HAPPY TO HAVE A LARGE, DANGEROUS-LOOKING ALIEN AS PART OF ITS CREW, IT TRANSPIRES.



AND I AM READY TO CONTINUE MY HUNT IN THE CURSED EARTH...

MY HUNT FOR HAPPINESS!

'I really wanted to showcase something by John Smith - he's one of my favourite British writers and a big personal influence, especially when I first started writing comics. It was hard finding a one-off as he's mostly associated with full-length series, but I had this story in the back of my mind. I also chose it because the art's by John Burns, whose illustrations I grew up with and adore, and who I've been lucky enough to work with in recent years. John is one of the most gifted British illustrators of all time.'

This story stuck with me because it's an odd combination of John Burn's gorgeous old-school illustrative craft and John Smith's twisted mind; it's a peculiarly English view of the world - slightly suburban and old-fashioned, but with something evil and demented lurking beneath the surface.'

- KEK-W

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE WYNDHAM DEMON

Script: John Smith
Art: John Burns
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in the *2000 AD Action Special*

WYNDHAM, SOMEWHERE
IN THE SOUTH-WEST OF
ENGLAND. 3:47 PM.
THIS IS HOW IT BEGINS:



ELLEN HARRIS WORRIES TOO
MUCH. THAT'S WHAT TED
ALWAYS TELLS HER. "DARLING,"
HE SAYS, "YOU WORRY TOO MUCH!"

AT THE MOMENT SHE'S WORRIED
THE BREAD WON'T BE READY WHEN
TED GETS HOME FROM WORK.



HER MOTHER COULD COOK,
COULD MAKE JAM AND BAKE
BREAD. WHY CAN'T SHE?



SHE'S THINKING THIS OVER WHEN THE
DOUGH MOVES. SHUDDERS, SLIPPING
AND SLIDING, SQUEEZING BETWEEN
HER FINGERS LIKE TOOTH PASTE.



SHE FEELS A
SCREAM AT THE
BACK OF HER
THROAT, TRIES
TO TAKE OUT HER
HANDS, CAN'T...

IT CLOSES ROUND
THEM LIKE A FIST,
A SOFT WARM FIST,
THEN TIGHTENS.

HARD.



ELLEN SCREAMS
AND STEPS BACK,
SUDDENLY FAINT,
SUDDENLY WORRIED
BECAUSE HER
HANDS HAVE GONE.

TED'LL BE HOME
IN AN HOUR AND
SHE CAN'T FIND
HER HANDS.



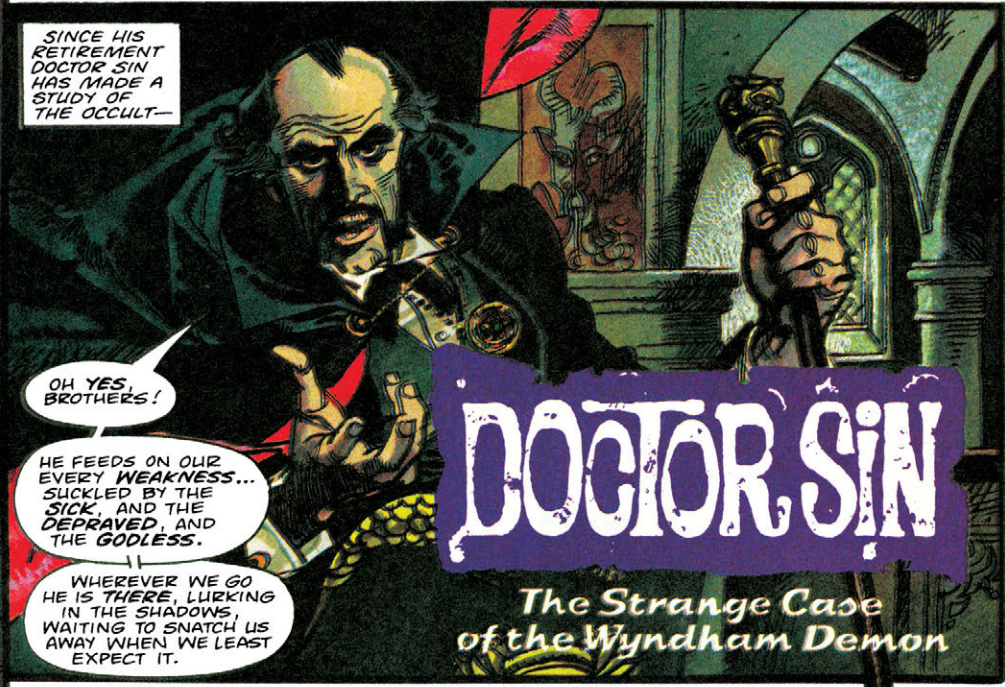
ELLEN HARRIS' LAST THOUGHT,
AS SHE FAINTS FROM LOSS
OF BLOOD, IS:



"WHO'S GOING TO DO
THE WASHING UP?"



SATAN IS AMONGST US!



SINCE HIS RETIREMENT DOCTOR SIN HAS MADE A STUDY OF THE OCCULT—

OH YES, BROTHERS!

HE FEEDS ON OUR EVERY WEAKNESS... SUCKLED BY THE SICK AND THE DEPRAVED, AND THE GODLESS.

WHEREVER WE GO HE IS THERE, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS, WAITING TO SNATCH US AWAY WHEN WE LEAST EXPECT IT.

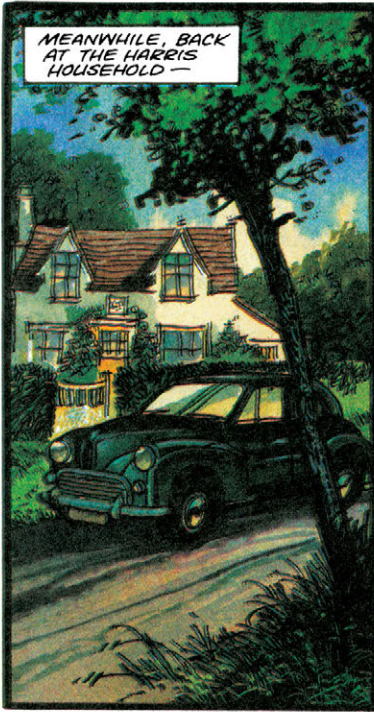
DOCTOR SIN

The Strange Case of the Wyndham Demon



WE MUST, EACH ONE OF US BE EVER VIGILANT, FOR EVIL IS ALL AROUND...

AND MIGHT STRIKE AT ANY MOMENT.

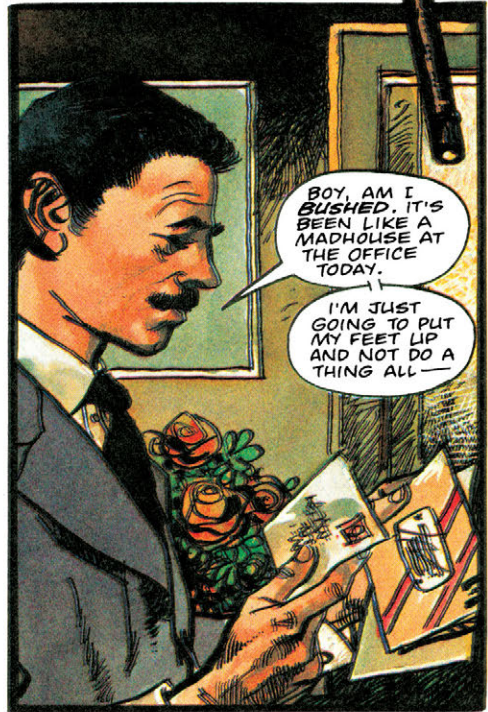


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HARRIS HOUSEHOLD —



ELLEN!
DARLING!

I'M HOME!



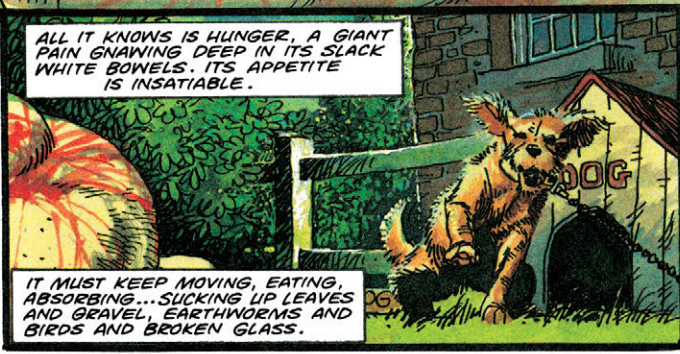
BOY, AM I BUSHED. IT'S BEEN LIKE A MADHOUSE AT THE OFFICE TODAY.

I'M JUST GOING TO PUT MY FEET UP AND NOT DO A THING ALL —



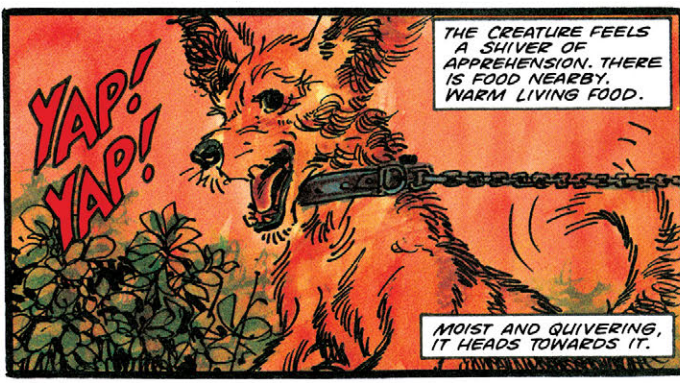
NOT FAR AWAY—

IT HAD CONSUMED THE WOMAN EAGERLY, EASILY, BUT IT IS STILL HUNGRY.



ALL IT KNOWS IS HUNGER, A GIANT PAIN GNAWING DEEP IN ITS SLACK WHITE BOWELS. ITS APPETITE IS INSATIABLE.

IT MUST KEEP MOVING, EATING, ABSORBING... SUCKING UP LEAVES AND GRAVEL, EARTHWORMS AND BIRDS AND BROKEN GLASS.



YAP!
YAP!

THE CREATURE FEELS A SHIVER OF APPREHENSION. THERE IS FOOD NEARBY, WARM LIVING FOOD.

MOIST AND QUIVERING, IT HEADS TOWARDS IT.



MEANWHILE, IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF STOCKBRIDGE, DOCTOR SIN IS AT WORK—

ROCK AND ROLL IS SATAN'S INSTRUMENT, BROTHERS AND SISTERS! THE HYMN OF HIS FOUL CREED!

DO NOT BE BLINDED BY HIS DEVICES!



THIS FILTH SOURS THE MINDS OF MILLIONS OF INNOCENT YOUNGSTERS — TURNING THEM TO ALCOHOLISM, HOOLIGANISM, SOCIALISM, AND SELF-ABUSE.

THEIR SO-CALLED "ROCK CONCERTS" ARE WILD ORGIES OF DEBAUCHERY AND PERVERSION.



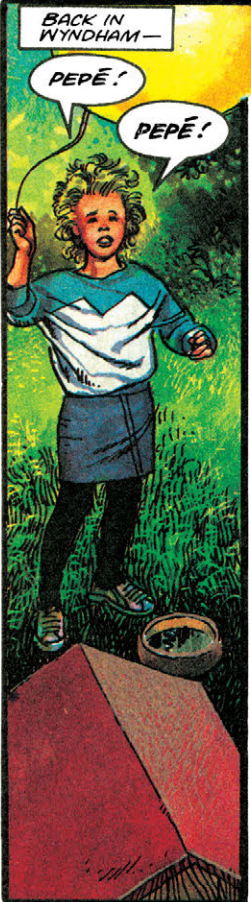
YOU'RE ROUND THE BLOODY BEND, MATE...

YOU ARE ALREADY IN LEAGUE WITH DARK FORCES. HOW CAN ONE SUCH AS YOU BE EXPECTED TO UNDERSTAND?



NOW BURN, SATAN, BURN!

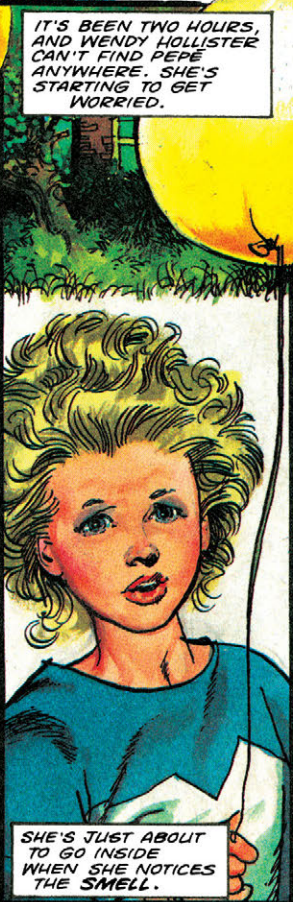
BACK TO THE MOLTEN PIT THAT SPAWNED YOU!



BACK IN WYNDHAM—

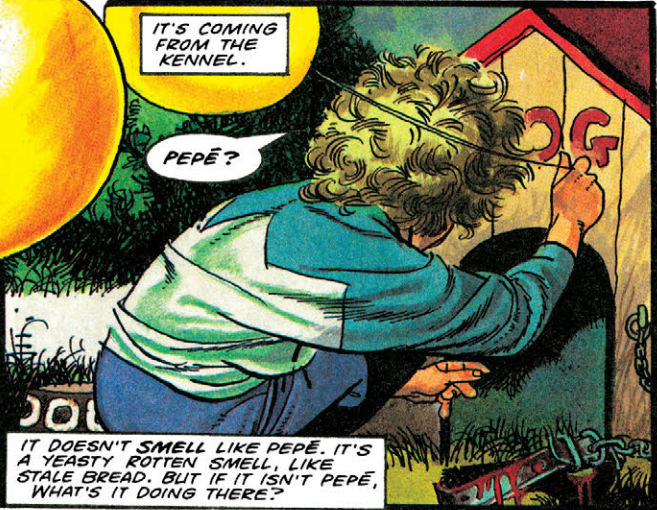
PEPÉ!

PEPÉ!



IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS, AND WENDY HOLLISTER CAN'T FIND PEPÉ ANYWHERE. SHE'S STARTING TO GET WORRIED.

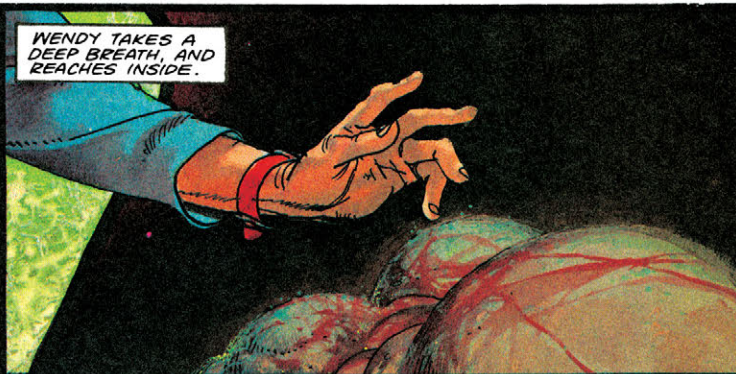
SHE'S JUST ABOUT TO GO INSIDE WHEN SHE NOTICES THE SMELL.



IT'S COMING FROM THE KENNEL.

PEPÉ?

IT DOESN'T SMELL LIKE PEPÉ. IT'S A YEASTY ROTTEN SMELL, LIKE STALE BREAD. BUT IF IT ISN'T PEPÉ, WHAT'S IT DOING THERE?



WENDY TAKES A DEEP BREATH, AND REACHES INSIDE.

DOCTOR SIN RETURNS HOME TO FIND —



EVIL!

I'D KNOW THAT ABOMINABLE STENCH ANYWHERE!

EARLIER TODAY, THE SMALL VILLAGE OF WYNDHAM WAS SHOCKED BY THE BRUTAL SLAYING OF A THIRTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD HOUSEWIFE.



TED HARRIS RETURNED FROM WORK TO FIND HIS WIFE'S BODY LYING ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR. SHE HAD APPARENTLY BEEN EATEN FROM THE WAIST UP...

WOULD YOU STEP BACK, PLEASE, SIR? WE'RE TRYING TO KEEP THE PUBLIC ON THIS SIDE OF THE BARRIER.

UNHAND ME, FOOL! I AM DOCTOR SIN, LOCAL DEMONOLOGIST AND SCHOLAR OF THE STRANGE.



WHEREVER DARK FORCES REAR THEIR HEAD, DOCTOR SIN WILL SEARCH THEM OUT.



NOT THE DOCTOR SIN... THE MAN WHO SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE LISPIING GARGOYLE? THE SHIVERING VEST? THE SHAVED KITTEN MURDERS?



THAT IS I.

AND I FEAR I KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DEVILRY. I FEAR I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN...





SHORTLY AFTERWARDS —

WHEREVER I GO IN THIS VILLAGE THERE IS WAYWARDNESS AND DEGENERACY.



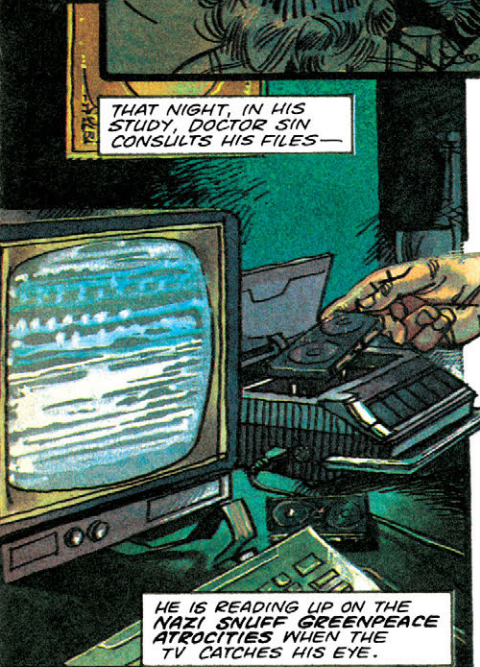
THERE IS INDECENCY IN PUBLIC PLACES, AND THERE IS BRAWLING IN BARS, AND CORRUPTION OF THE YOUNG...

AND NOW I SEE THAT IT STEMS FROM HERE... IT STEMS FROM THE FILTH PRACTISED IN THIS ROOM.



WELL, DOCTOR... ANY LUCK?

NOT YET, BUT I WILL FIND THE FIEND, YOU MAY BE CERTAIN OF THAT, AND WHEN I DO, THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY.



THAT NIGHT, IN HIS STUDY, DOCTOR SIN CONSULTS HIS FILES —

HE IS READING UP ON THE NAZI SNIFF GREENPEACE ATROCITIES WHEN THE TV CATCHES HIS EYE.



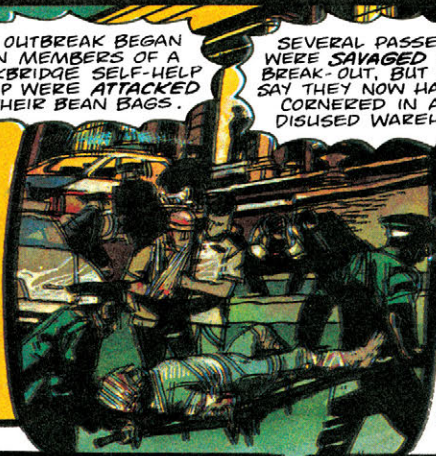
REPORTS ARE COMING IN OF A STATE OF MYSTERIOUS DEATHS IN THE COTSWOLDS...

THE OUTBREAK BEGAN WHEN MEMBERS OF A STOCKBRIDGE SELF-HELP GROUP WERE ATTACKED BY THEIR BEAN BAGS.

SEVERAL PASSERS-BY WERE SAVAGED IN THE BREAK-OUT, BUT POLICE SAY THEY NOW HAVE THEM CORNERED IN A DISGUISED WAREHOUSE.

OVER A HUNDRED PATIENTS HAVE BEEN ADMITTED TO LOCAL HOSPITALS WITH INJURIES INFLECTED BY SLEEPING BAGS, LOFT INSULATION, AND SPAGHETTI.

THE PRIME MINISTER HAS SENT OUT A MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY, AND WILL SHORTLY ARRIVE TO SPEAK TO VICTIMS PERSONALLY...



OF COURSE!

IT'S A KLEPPOTH!



A MINOR TUTELARY DEMON UNABLE TO POSSESS HUMANS, IT SETTLES INSTEAD ON PLIABLE MATERIALS...

ANYTHING FLACCID CAN BECOME LETHAL IN ITS GRIP.



JUDGING BY THE NEWS REPORT IT'S GROWING MORE AND MORE POWERFUL, ITS BALEFUL INFLUENCE SPREADING EVER FURTHER AFIELD...

CAUGHT UP WITH HIS DISCOVERY, DOCTOR SIN FAILS TO NOTICE THE MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM —



IT WAS ONCE A QUIMBANDAN DEVIL DOLL, HOME TO THE BRAZILIAN DEATH-SPIRIT EXU OF THE CROSSROADS.



NOW IT IS ANIMATED BY THE POWER OF THE KLEPPOTH, AND IS EVEN MORE DEADLY.



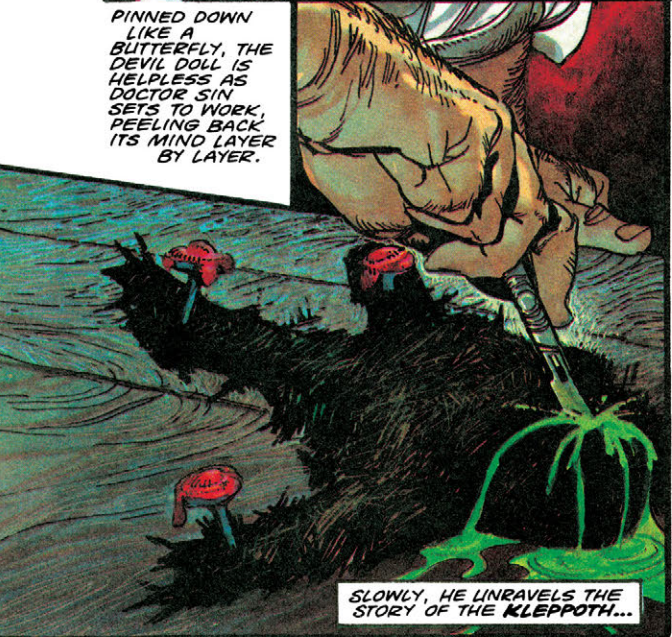
DOCTOR SIN, THOUGH, IS ALWAYS ON GUARD AGAINST EVIL...



HAH!

YOUR FEEBLE ATTEMPTS MEAN NOTHING TO ME, DEMON. LET US SEE YOU WRIGGLE YOUR WAY FREE FROM A BINDING SPELL...

PINNED DOWN LIKE A BUTTERFLY, THE DEVIL DOLL IS HELPLESS AS DOCTOR SIN SETS TO WORK, PEELING BACK ITS MIND LAYER BY LAYER.

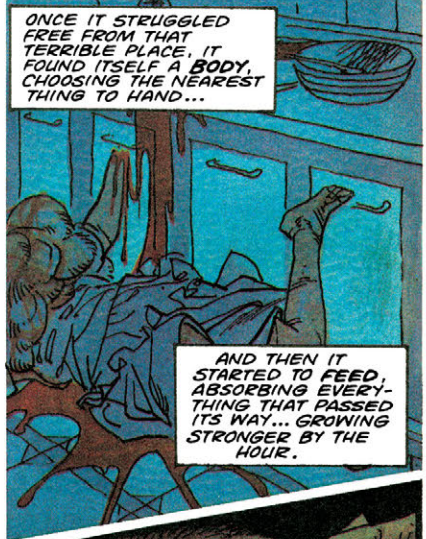


SLOWLY, HE UNRAVELS THE STORY OF THE KLEPPOTH...

IT WAS SUMMONED BY A CHANCE COMBINATION OF NUMBERS, FOR NUMBERS HAVE POWER AND - IN CERTAIN SEQUENCES - CAN OPEN DOORWAYS TO OTHER REALMS.



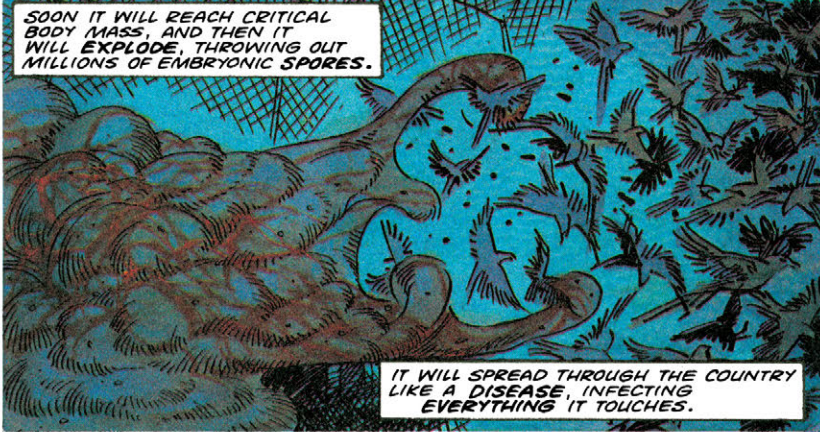
ALL THE SIXES, CLICKETY-CLICK, SIXTY-SIX...



ONCE IT STRUGGLED FREE FROM THAT TERRIBLE PLACE, IT FOUND ITSELF A BODY, CHOOSING THE NEAREST THING TO HAND...

AND THEN IT STARTED TO FEED, ABSORBING EVERYTHING THAT PASSED ITS WAY... GROWING STRONGER BY THE HOUR.

SOON IT WILL REACH CRITICAL BODY MASS, AND THEN IT WILL EXPLODE, THROWING OUT MILLIONS OF EMBRYONIC SPORES.

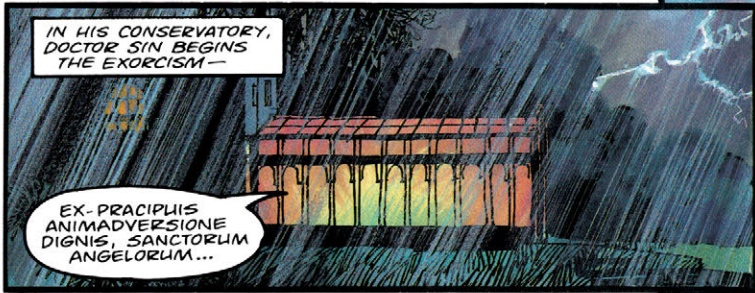


IT WILL SPREAD THROUGH THE COUNTRY LIKE A DISEASE, INFECTING EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES.



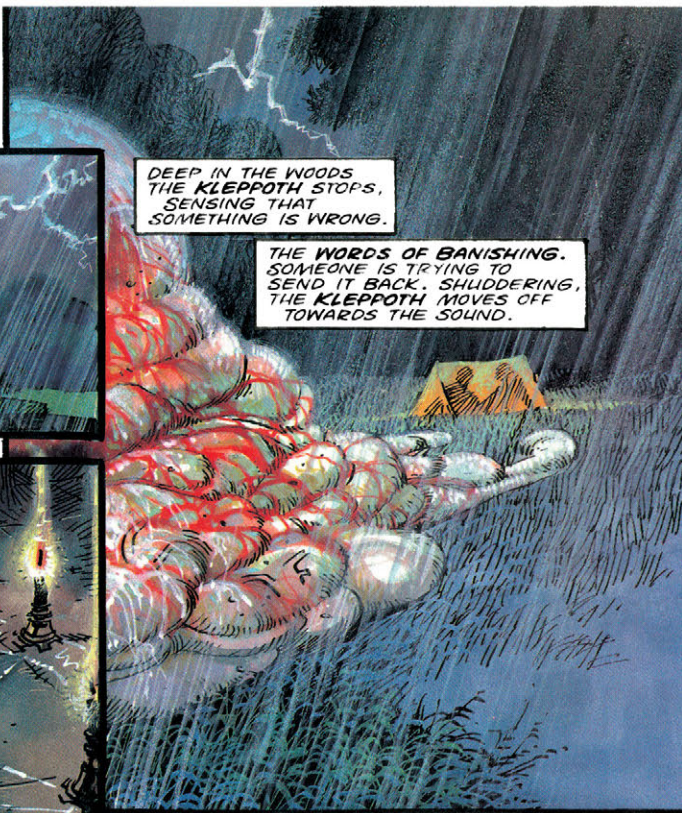
DOCTOR SIN COULD NEVER LET SUCH A NIGHTMARE COME TO PASS. HE WOULD STOP IT. IN THE NAME OF COMMON DECENCY, HE WOULD STOP IT.

OR HE WOULD DIE TRYING.



IN HIS CONSERVATORY, DOCTOR SIN BEGINS THE EXORCISM—

EX-PRACIPLIUS ANIMADVERSIONE DIGNIS, SANCTORUM ANGELORUM...



DEEP IN THE WOODS THE KLEPPOTH STOPS, SENSING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG.

THE WORDS OF BANISHING. SOMEONE IS TRYING TO SEND IT BACK. SHUDDERING, THE KLEPPOTH MOVES OFF TOWARDS THE SOUND.

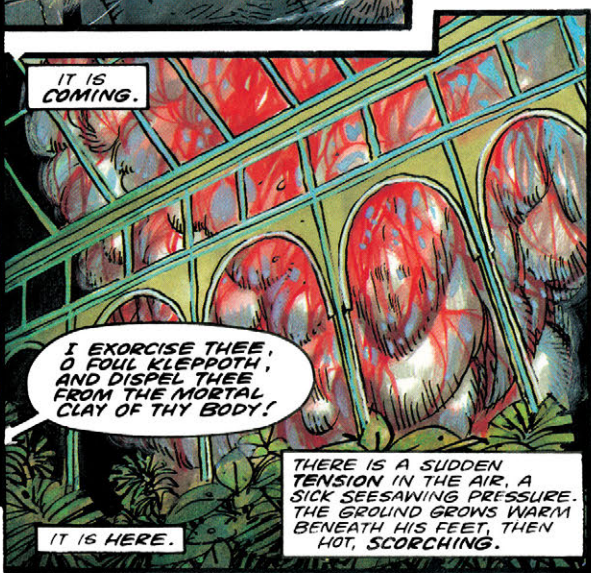


I EXORCISE THEE, UNCLEAN SPIRIT, IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST, TREMBLE, O SATAN, ENEMY OF THE FAITH...

...THOU FOE OF MANKIND WHO HAST BROUGHT DEATH TO THE WORLD, AND HAST REBELLED AGAINST JUSTICE...



IT IS COMING. HE CAN FEEL IT, SHOULDERS ASIDE THE DARK, DRAWN TO THE PENTAGRAM LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME.

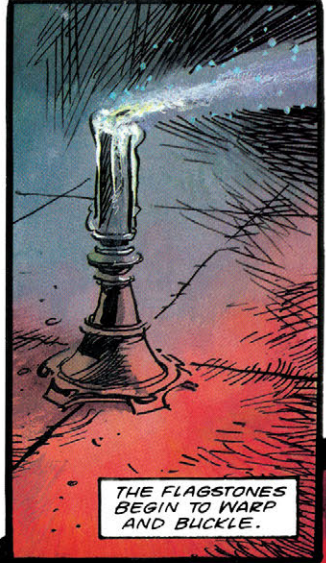


IT IS COMING.

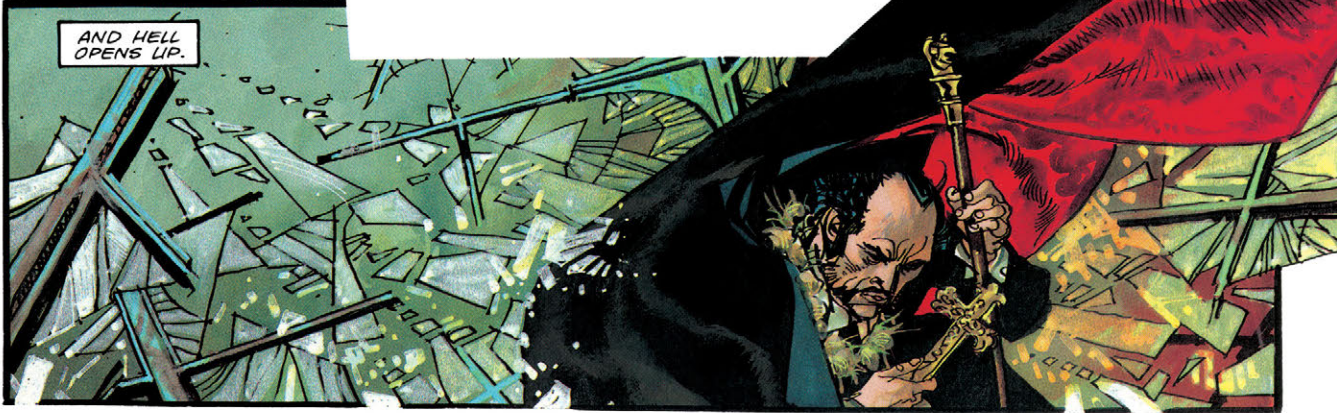
I EXORCISE THEE, O FOUL KLEPPOTH, AND DISPEL THEE FROM THE MORTAL CLAY OF THY BODY!

THERE IS A SUDDEN TENSION IN THE AIR, A SICK SEESAWING PRESSURE. THE GROUND GROWS WARM BENEATH HIS FEET, THEN HOT, SCORCHING.

IT IS HERE.



THE FLAGSTONES BEGIN TO WARP AND BUCKLE.



AND HELL OPENS UP.

THE SMELL OF GOATS AND OLD BLOOD. THE SOUND OF HOOVES AND GIANT BELLOWS AND A HUNDRED THOUSAND TORTURED VOICES, ALL SCREAMING.

AND FROM THE DARKNESS, A VOICE...

Now, little kleppoth, little plaything... Traunt from our domain, wouldst thou?

Know then, that we wouldst have thee back, burning in our pretty salt fires.

Our Lord de Kais hast devised some rare amusements for our distraction, and thy presence is most urgently required.

Come then, jackanape. Our knives are eager, and volunteers many.

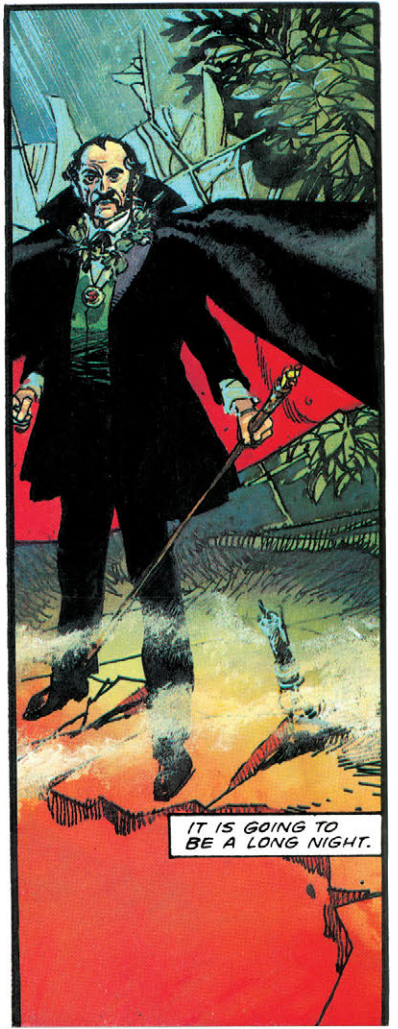
Come now. Thy public awaits...



DOCTOR SIN STEPS BACK, MOPPING HIS BROW. GRATEFUL THE ORDEAL IS OVER.

HE REMEMBERS

THEN HE SEES IT, SCORCHED INTO THE WALL, A THREAT, A PROMISE. HE SHIVERS IN THE WIND, AND FEELS SUDDENLY OLD.



IT IS GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT.

'I have to choose the Nemesis story. 'The Sword Sinister'. Firstly, it was from a time that *2000 AD* was such a defining publication for my young self. I was completely obsessed with it.

Secondly it was the first introduction to what rode in the Blitzspear. What a fantastic character Nemesis was, and to introduce him by way of subverting the classic quest story was genius. So I would choose that story for introducing a truly genre defying and defining *2000 AD* character.'

- DAVE KENDALL

THE SWORD SINISTER

Script: Pat Mills
Art: Kevin O'Neill
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in the *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1981

TERMIGHT, CAPITAL PLANET OF A GALACTIC EMPIRE RULED BY TORQUEMADA, LEADER OF THE TERMINATORS. ONLY THE AGENTS OF CREDO, THE RESISTANCE ORGANIZATION OF NEMESIS, DARE OPPOSE HIM. NOW, IN A DUNGEON FAR BELOW THE TERMINUS BUILDING, A GROUP OF THE REBELS AWAIT THEIR FATE.



WHAT WILL THE TERMINATORS DO TO US?

TORQUEMADA WILL THINK OF SOMETHING!

YOU HELPED CREATURES FROM OTHER WORLDS, CHILDREN. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ALREADY AS GOOD AS DEAD!



AYE! NOT EVEN NEMESIS CAN RESCUE US FROM THIS HELL-HOLE! WE MUST BE MILES BELOW THE EARTH!



WHO IS NEMESIS ANYWAY? WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT HIM. HE'S SO MYSTERIOUS!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF HIM, OLD ONE?

I KNOW MANY STORIES AND LEGENDS ABOUT THE NEMESIS, CHILD, FOR I AM VERY OLD AND VERY WISE. BUT PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS IS THE STORY OF OLRIC'S GREAT QUEST!

NEMESIS



2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
 SCRIPT ROBOT
 PAT MILLS
 ART ROBOT
 KEVIN O'NEILL
 LETTERING ROBOT
 STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73e



IT IS THE STORY OF EXCESSUS, THE SWORD SINISTER, AND A SIMPLE VARK-HERD CALLED OLRIC. EVERY DAY OLRIC MINDED HIS VARKS ON THE BLIGHTED SURFACE OF TERMIGHT...



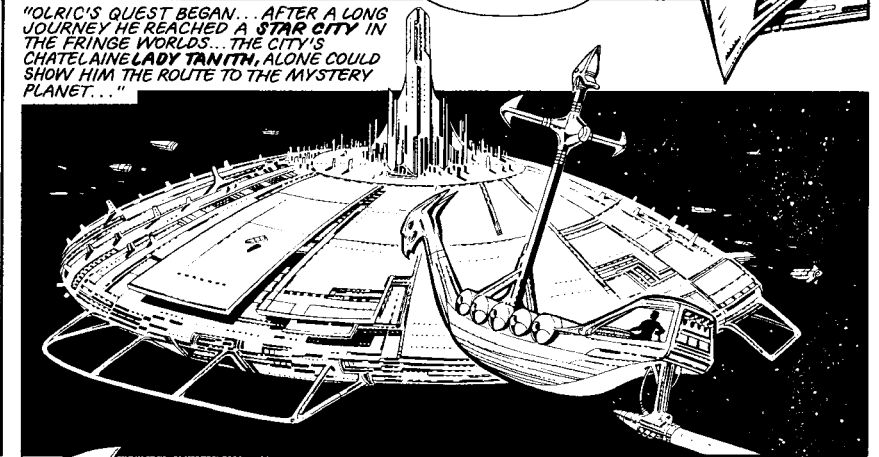
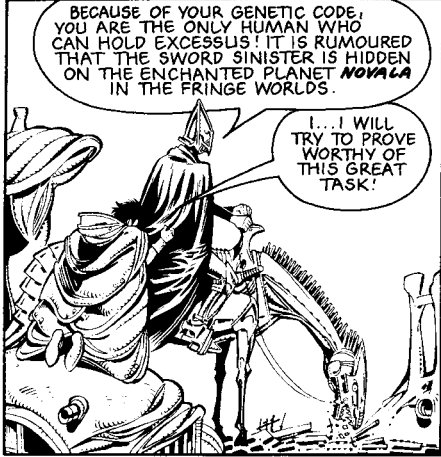
"THEN CAME THE DAY THAT WAS TO CHANGE OLRIC'S LIFE FOREVER..."

IT'S TORQUEMADA* HIMSELF! WH-WHAT CAN HE WANT WITH ME?

YOU ARE THE ONE KNOWN AS OLRIC?

STOP!

THARNOTE: BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT IN THE WIRE.

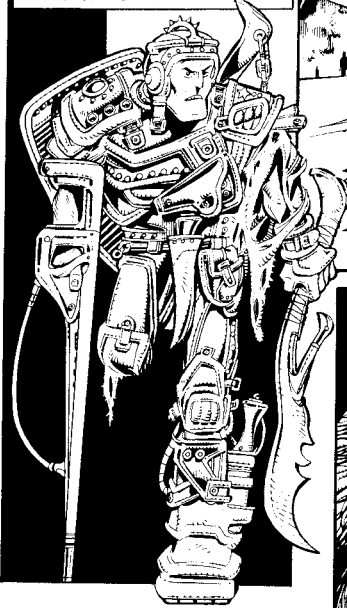


"THE BATTLE WAS LONG AND BLOODY— BUT AT LAST, AFTER FOUR YEARS, OLRIC WAS VICTORIOUS— THOUGH NOT UNSCATHED..."

OLRIC, WILL YOU NOT STAY AND SHARE MY CITY... MY WEALTH... EVERYTHING... YOU CAN LIVE A LIFE OF UNIMAGINABLE LUXURY...

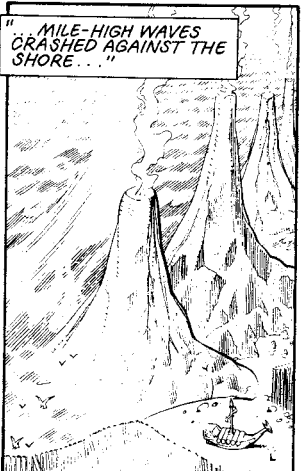
I'M SORRY, TANITH! MY QUEST MUST COME FIRST! I CANNOT REST UNTIL NEMESIS IS DEAD!

"RELUCTANTLY, TANITH LET HIM GO... SIXTEEN MONTHS LATER, OLRIC'S SHIP REACHED THE ENCHANTED PLANET NOVALA..."



"ONCE, HUMANS HAD ATTEMPTED TO COLONISE NOVALA. BUT THE TERRA-FORMING HAD GONE OUT OF CONTROL. GRASS GREW AS HIGH AS TREES, TREES GREW AS HIGH AS MOUNTAINS..."

"MILE-HIGH WAVES CRASHED AGAINST THE SHORE..."



"ONLY THE NOVAPIGS KNEW THE WAY THROUGH THE CRUEL GRASS FORESTS... FIRST, OLRIC HAD TO CATCH AND TAME ONE OF THE SAVAGE BEASTS..."



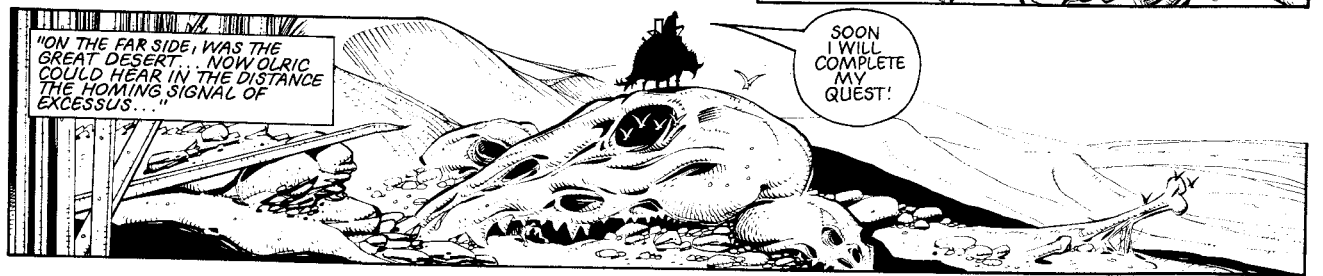
I'VE GOT TO DO IT! I MUST FIND THE SWORD SINISTER!

"THOUGH BADLY GORED, OLRIC WAS TRIUMPHANT. THE NOVAPIGS CARRIED HIM ON THE YEAR-LONG JOURNEY THROUGH THE GRASS FOREST..."



"ON THE FAR SIDE, WAS THE GREAT DESERT... NOW OLRIC COULD HEAR IN THE DISTANCE THE HOMING SIGNAL OF EXCESSUS..."

SOON I WILL COMPLETE MY QUEST!



"IT TOOK OLRIC THREE YEARS TO CROSS THAT VAST TUNDRA. ON THE FAR SIDE, THE MAD GORBELLY BARRED THE WAY... GORBELLY WAS A HUGE ROBOT, LEFT BEHIND BY THE HUMAN COLONISTS..."

"OLRIC MANAGED TO OUTWIT GORBELLY. NOW HE HAD JUST ONE MORE OBSTACLE TO FACE... THE MOUNTAIN!"

"WITH COURAGE AND ENDURANCE, OLRIC CLIMBED THE HUGE ROCK FACE - BARELY SURVIVING AN ATTACK BY MOUNTAIN VULTURES..."

I MUST DEFEAT THIS MACHINE. TORQUEMADA IS RELYING ON ME!

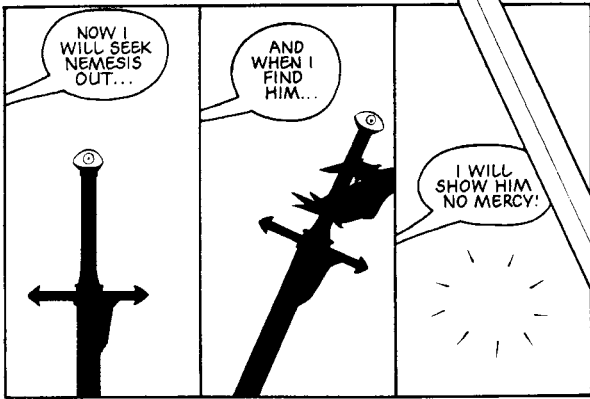
"FOLLOWING THE HOMING SIGNAL THAT HE ALONE COULD HEAR, OLRIC AT LAST FOUND THE SWORD HIDDEN AMONGST THE ROCKS..."

EXCESSUS!

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS I SEARCHED FOR THEE! NOW, WITH THY HELP, I WILL BE INVINCIBLE AND DESTROY THE EVIL WARLOCK NEMESIS!

"OLRIC RESTED FOR A MOMENT... FOR HE WAS TIRED AFTER HIS LONG JOURNEY..."





'While working on the DREDD movie we talked a lot about the drug Slo-Mo and how it would give moments of beauty to the citizens living in the cruel reality of Mega-City One. This story was like that for me when I was younger. To me the Dredd strip was always about so much more than just a tough lawman breaking heads - it was the city and its inhabitants that always held the fascination for me. And I loved this story.

I remember showing the final painted spread to my mum, saying '*Look, it's not all about guns and violence*', trying to justify why I was addicted to the comic. And then I turned the page and she saw an Eagle Comic advert with Dredd about to be chomped by a huge and bloodied Satanus. Busted.'

- JOCK

BEYOND THE WALL

Script: John Wagner & Alan Grant

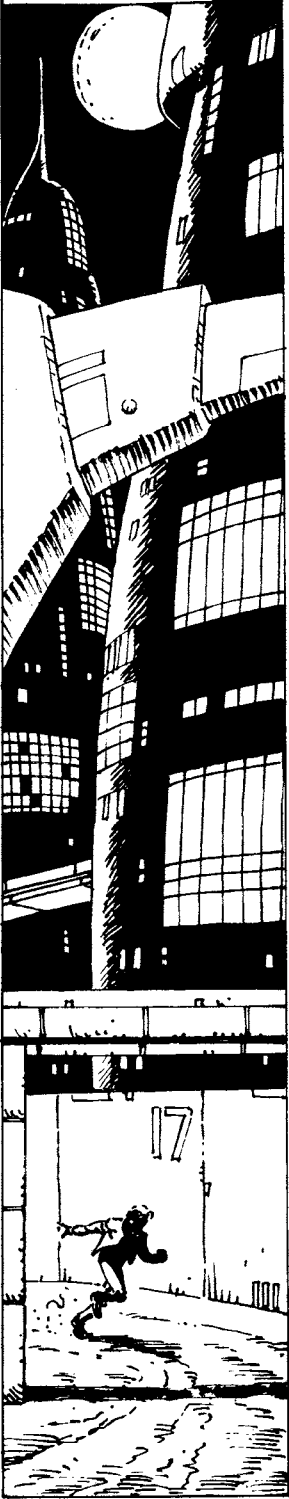
Art: Steve Dillon

Letters: Tom Frame

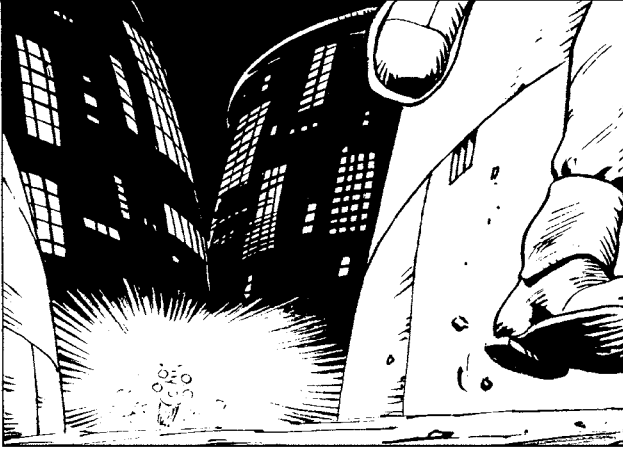
Originally published in *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1986

JUDGE DREDD

FOOTSTEPS CLATTER THROUGH THE DARK PEDWAYS OF THE FUTURE CITY. A JUVE - NO MORE THAN EARLY-TEEN - RUNNING...



AND ABOUT HIM, THE SMELL OF... FEAR...



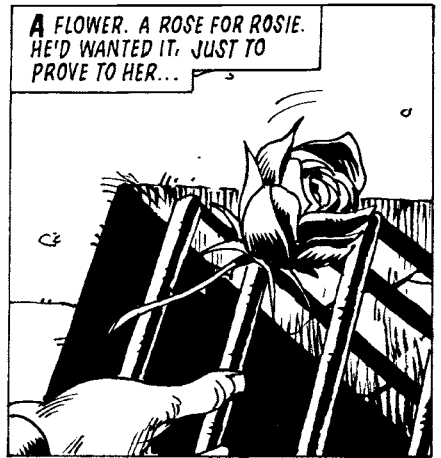
... BUT SHE'D UNDERSTAND.



in BEYOND THE WALL



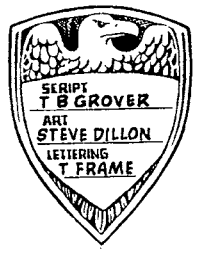
MOLEY! HE'S STILL COMIN'!
GOTTA DITCH IT -



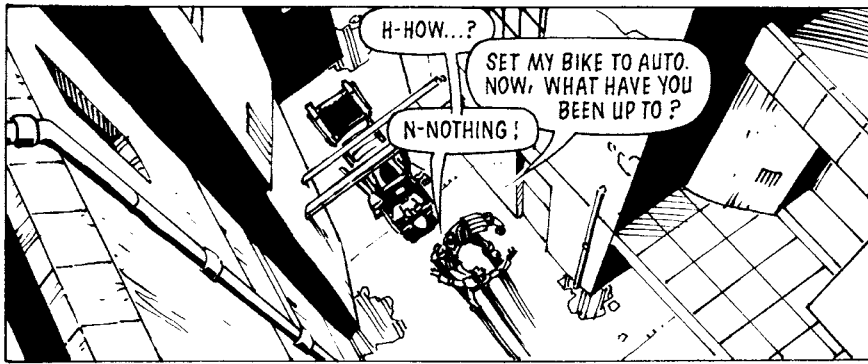
A FLOWER. A ROSE FOR ROSIE.
HE'D WANTED IT, JUST TO
PROVE TO HER...



GOING SOMEWHERE,
SONNY?



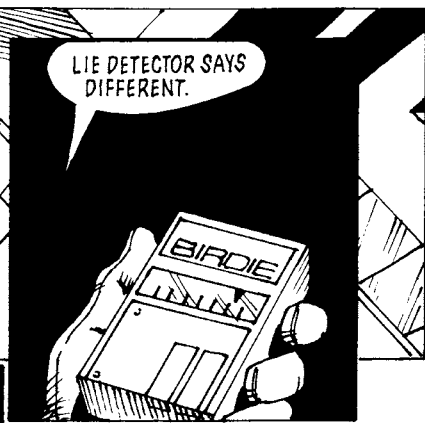
SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME



H-HOW...?

SET MY BIKE TO AUTO. NOW, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?

N-NOTHING!



LIE DETECTOR SAYS DIFFERENT.



CONTROL! WHAT WE GOT ON A **JOWETT - DINK J.**, AGE 14, RESIDENT MARINO CONAPTS?

ONE REPRIMAND, AGE 11 - CARELESS WALKING. NO OTHER JUVE FORM.



ONE OF THE **GOOD GUYS**, HUH? SO WHY WERE YOU RUNNING?

I-I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU ANYTHING!



LISTEN, DINK, I **KNOW** YOU'RE HIDIN' SOMETHING. NOW WE CAN DO THIS EASY OR WE CAN DO IT HARD. EITHER WAY, I'M GOING TO GET SOME ANSWERS.

I'M SAYING NOTHING!



'KAY, YOUR FUNERAL. I'M TAKING YOU IN.

THE SECTOR HOUSE INTERROGATION CUBES FILLED HIM WITH DREAD.



IT WAS NOT JUST THE STALE, PERVASIVE ODOUR OF FEAR, BUT... SOMETHING ELSE...

... A SENSE... A FEELING OF DESPAIR - OF HUMAN BEINGS BROKEN, SPIRITS CRUSHED...

... AS IF ALL THE GRIEF, THE MISERY INFLICTED OVER THE YEARS IN THIS GRIM CHAMBER HAD ACCUMULATED, PERMEATING EVERY WALL AND EVERY SURFACE...



CUBE 9, DREDD.

HE HAD RIGHT TO BE AFRAID. MANY MEN BROUGHT THEIR SECRETS HERE. FEW EVER LEFT WITH THEM.



INSIDE. STRIP OFF.

BUT NOT HIS SECRET! HE HAD TO BE STRONG!



WHATEVER ELSE, HE HAD TO HOLD ON TO THAT!





AND THE US, TOO.



DRINK THIS.

WH-WHAT IS IT?

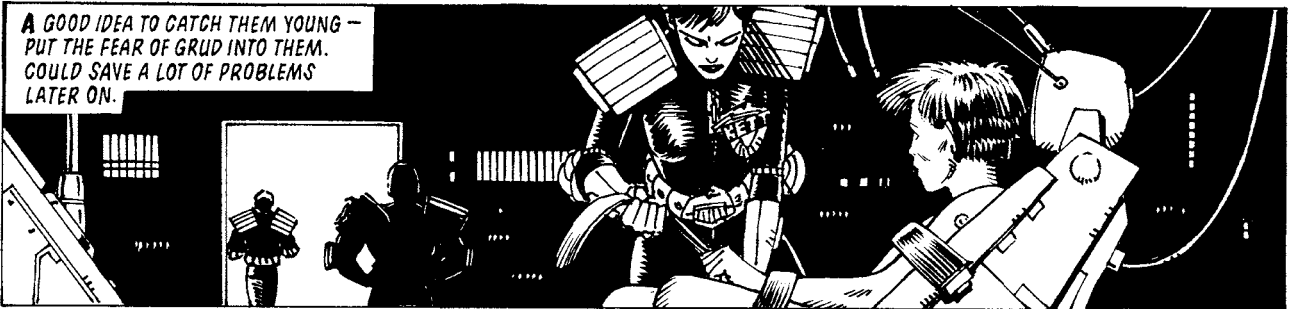


WANNA CHECK THE CONTENTS OF YOUR STOMACH.



THE JUVIE WAS GUILTY OF SOMETHING, OF THAT DREDD WAS SURE. PROBABLY SMALL DEAL, BUT HE HAD TO FIND OUT.

Bluuuuuhhh.



A GOOD IDEA TO CATCH THEM YOUNG — PUT THE FEAR OF GRUD INTO THEM. COULD SAVE A LOT OF PROBLEMS LATER ON.



CHECKED ON JOWETT'S FAMILY. NOTHING SPECIAL. MOTHER'S DONE SOME TIME FOR SHOUTING, FATHER'S A LOON. BOTH ON TRANQS.

HAVE THE APARTMENT SEARCHED JUST IN CASE.



THE APARTMENT! DID HE LEAVE ANY — ?

NO... HE WAS SURE. HE'D BEEN REAL CAREFUL ABOUT LEAVING EVIDENCE AROUND, KNOWING DAD.



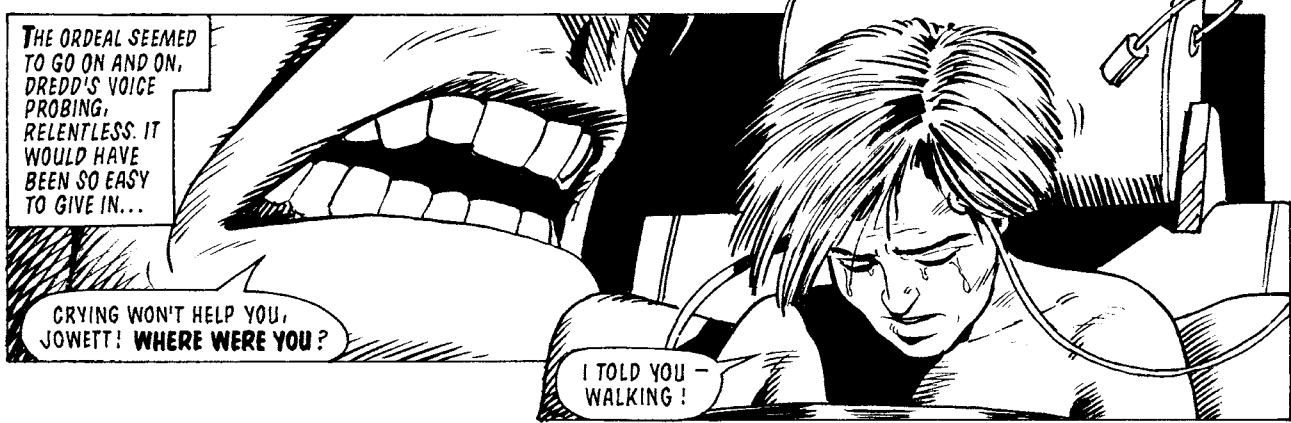
OKAY, DINK, LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE TOP. WHERE WERE YOU TONIGHT? WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

I-I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG! LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU!



LISTEN, SON, IF THERE'S SOMETHING I HATE IT'S LITTLE CREEPS LIKE YOU WASTING MY TIME. I **KNOW** YOU'VE BEEN UP TO SOMETHING.

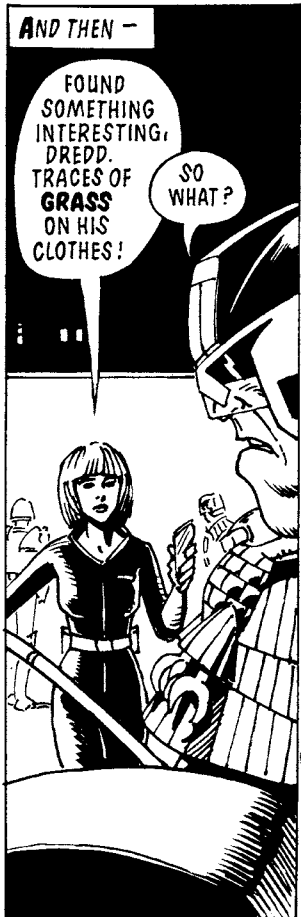
NOW I'VE ALREADY **GOT** YOU FOR **WITHHOLDING EVIDENCE**. THE LONGER YOU HOLD OUT ON ME, THE **WORSE** IT'S GONNA GET FOR YOU. I WANT **THE TRUTH!**



THE ORDEAL SEEMED TO GO ON AND ON, DREDD'S VOICE PROBING, RELENTLESS. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO EASY TO GIVE IN...

CRYING WON'T HELP YOU, JOWETT! **WHERE WERE YOU?**

I TOLD YOU - WALKING!



AND THEN -

FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING, DREDD. TRACES OF **GRASS** ON HIS CLOTHES!

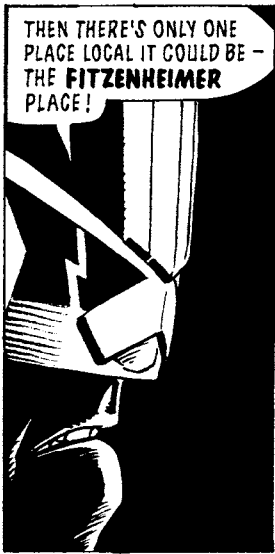
SO WHAT?



NOT **WILD GRASS** - A **HYBRID, 411**. ALSO **CLOVER** AND SEVERAL TYPES OF **FLOWER POLLEN** - AND THAT'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T FIND EVERY DAY - NOT IN **THIS CITY**.

BOTANIC GARDENS?

NEAREST ONE THAT GROWS **HYBRID 411** IS IN **BRIT-CIT, SECTOR QG!**



THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE LOCAL IT COULD BE - THE **FITZENHEIMER** PLACE!



OKAY, WE **GOT** HIM. GIVE HIM BACK HIS CLOTHES.



OUTSIDE-

CITIZEN FITZENHEIMER, I HAVE TO INFORM YOU YOU'VE HAD AN **INTRUDER** IN YOUR GROUNDS.

THE **YOUNG JUVE**, YOU MEAN?

YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?



HE'S COME SEVERAL TIMES. **GOODNESS**, HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOT IN IF I HADN'T LET HIM! MY SECURITY'S VERY GOOD, YOU KNOW.

SO YOU'RE NOT CLAIMING **TRESPASS**?



GOODNESS ME, NO! I LIKE TO THINK MY GARDEN IS ALWAYS THERE FOR THOSE POOR DEPRIVED CITY WAIFS. A LITTLE **SECRET WONDERLAND**, IF ONLY THEY CAN FIND IT.

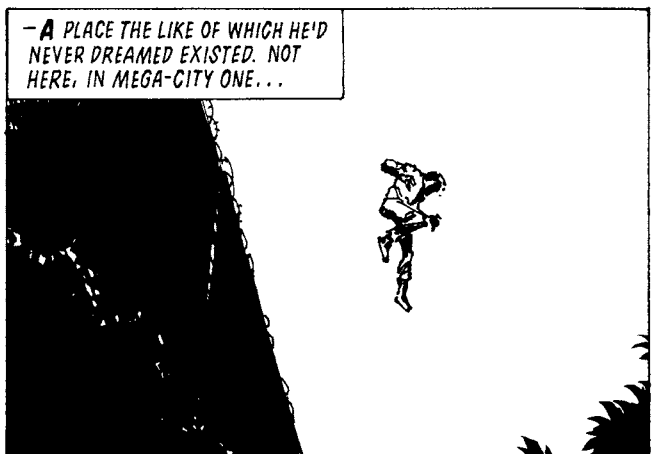
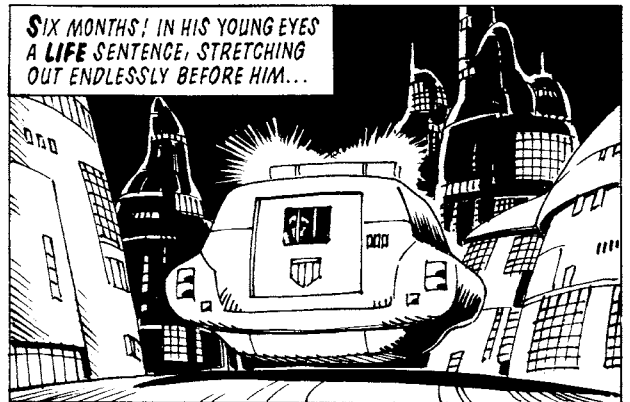
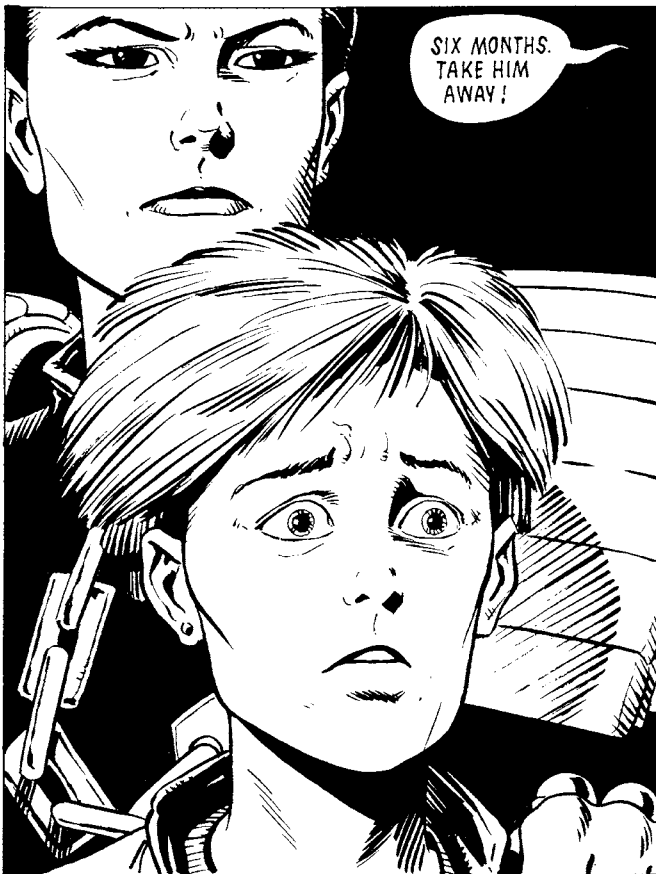
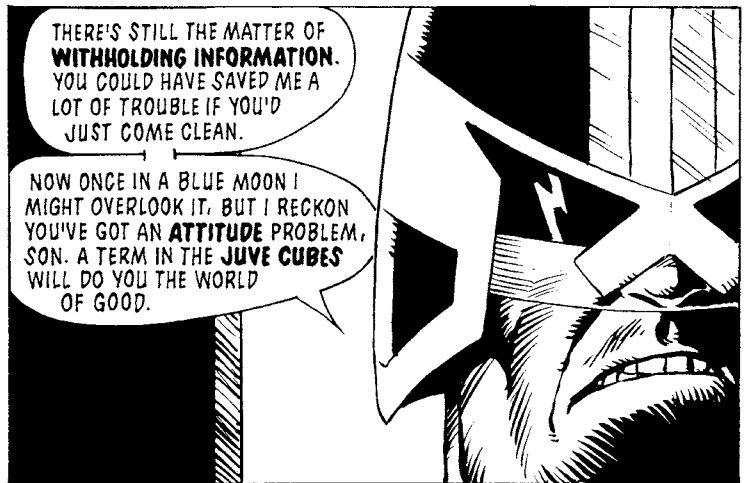
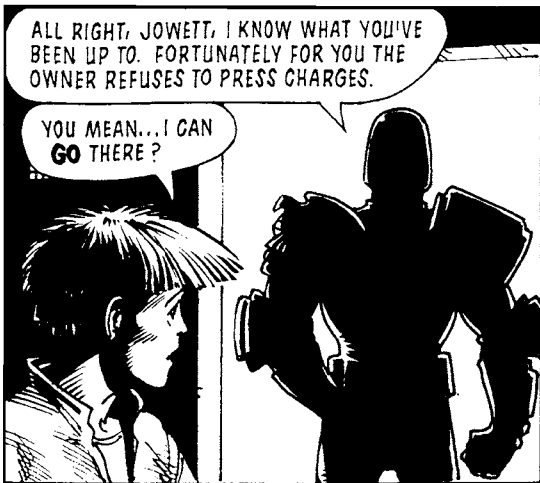



SUIT YOURSELF, CITIZEN. DON'T BLAME ME WHEN ONE DAY ONE OF THOSE POOR DEPRIVED CITY WAIFS BLOWS YOUR BRAINS OUT.



CLICK!

I **DUNNO**. SOME CITIZENS JUST ASK FOR IT.



A surreal illustration of a man in a red suit standing with his arms outstretched in a garden at night. The scene is lit with a strong blue and purple color palette. In the background, a city skyline is visible under a large, glowing yellow moon. A large, arched structure with a glowing yellow interior is prominent in the mid-ground. The foreground is filled with various flowers, including a large purple rose and several blue hibiscus-like flowers. The overall atmosphere is dreamlike and mysterious.

**BUT THIS WAS
NO DREAM -**

HE HAD ROLLED IN
THE GRASS AND
PLAYED IN THE
STREAM WHERE
THE FISH SWAM.
REAL FISH...



...AND **REAL**
FLOWERS, THE
LIKE OF WHICH
HE HAD ONLY
SEEN IN
PICTURES...



DINK JOWETT
HAD FOUND HIS
SECRET GARDEN,
A **MAGIC** PLACE
AMID THE CONCRETE
WILDERNESS.

AND HE KNEW
THAT ONE DAY HE
WOULD **RETURN**.



THE END.

'One story that had an effect on me was 'The Runner' - a one-off Dredd by John Wagner and Duncan Fegredo.

For a start, Duncan's a modern master, I think. It looked absolutely beautiful. But it also has that sense of tragedy that Wagner often gives Dredd - the sense of a good, innocent soul being crushed by the city and the system. A moment of rebellion that may mean nothing in the grand scheme of things, but means everything to the individual. It also shows that conundrum about Dredd, where he's both the good guy and the bad guy of his stories in equal measure.'

- ROB WILLIAMS

THE RUNNER

Script: John Wagner
Art: Duncan Fegredo
Colour: Chris Blythe
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1240

JUDGE DREDD

THE RUNNER

2 A.M. THE NIGHT IS CLEAR
AND CRISP AND COLD.

HIS BREATH MISTS IN
CLOUDS. THE AIR
BITES LIKE MENTHOL.

HE CAN ALMOST IMAGINE
THE STARS UP THERE.

HE FILLS HIS LUNGS, SUCKS
DEEP, THEN HE'S OFF--



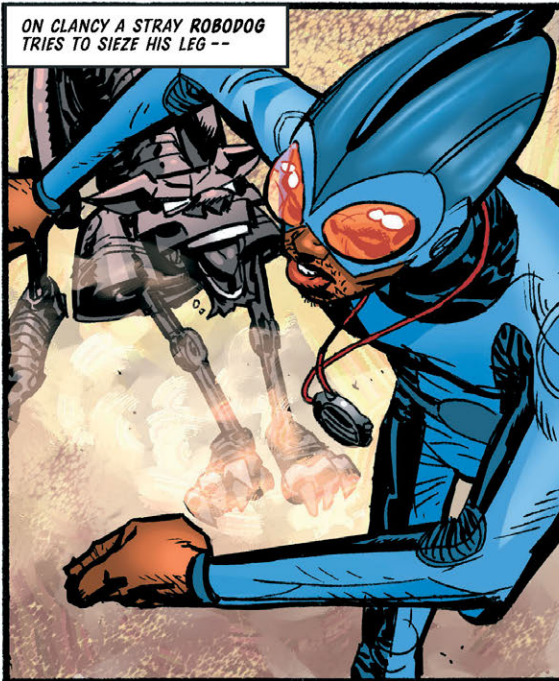
-- DOWN ALONG STUDEBAKER, THROUGH THE
PRECINCT, RIGHT ONTO THE SKEDWAY,
FLITTING LIKE A GHOST THROUGH THE CITY.



SETTLED INTO A
RHYTHM -- SMOOTH,
EASY, DECEPTIVELY QUICK.



ON CLANCY A STRAY ROBODOG
TRIES TO SIEZE HIS LEG --



HE PUTS ON A SPURT.



SCRIPT
JOHN
WAGNER

ART
DUNCAN
FEGREDO

COLORIST
CHRIS
BLUTH

LETTERS
TOM
FRAME

HE'S IN HEADBANGER TERRITORY NOW...

GANG OF THEM GATHERED BY THE OLD SPUGHOUSE -- TAKE AVOIDING ACTION.

DAT RUNNY GEEK AGAIN!

GEDDIM!

SLIT YOU OPEN, HOMER!

THE DETOUR ADDS SECONDS, BUT HE'S MOVING WELL TONIGHT.

SHUNKKKK

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!

HE FEELS GOOD, STRONG.

SHOOT-OUT ON THE STRIP AND HE HARDLY BREAKS PACE. HAZARDS OF THE CITY. HE'S USED TO THEM.

HEAD DOWN AND KEEP MOVING.

CUDD, 12TH, TOUCH THE HALFWAY POST ON ECOLI --

LEFT INTO MULHOLLAND, PAST THE D RAMP, STRAIGHT ON ALONG QUEEZY.

WHAT'S THE HURRY, BABY?

14.56. THIS JUST MIGHT BE THE NIGHT.

HUH--?





HE HITS THEM ON A ROLL. THEY'RE NOT EXPECTING THAT.

STINKIN--!

AHHH!



HE'S DEAD!

KILL HIM!



22.30 AND HE CAN SEE THE TOWERING BULK OF BANNERMAN RISING UP AHEAD.



DROKK!
DOWN THERE
NOW!



YOU! STOP
IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW!

HE HEARS THE JUDGE,
BUT BARELY ASSOCIATES THE
WORDS WITH HIMSELF.



HIS MIND IS FOCUSED
ON ONE THING ONLY.

IGNORING A DIRECT ORDER!
NOW DREDD KNOWS HE'S
UP TO SOMETHING--

SEARCH UNITS!
RUNNER'S IN FILMER
UNDER-PED! CUT HIM
OFF ON BANNERMAN
BOULEVARD!



HIS LUNGS ARE BURNING NOW. HIS EVERY FIBRE IS CRYING OUT STOP!



THIS IS POLANSKI! I SEE HIM!



200 TO GO! HE'S THROUGH THE WALL! NOTHING CAN STOP HIM NOW!



FIRING WARNING SHOTS!

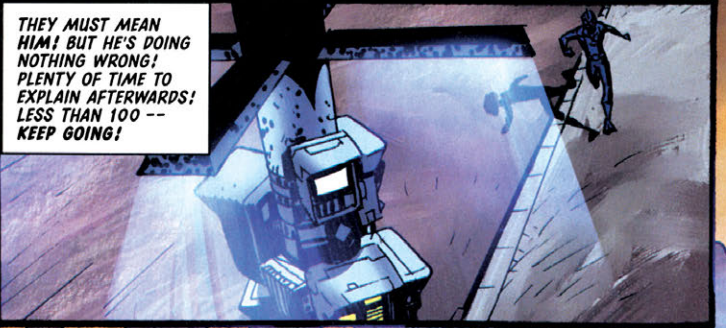
BDAM! BDAM!



YOU! MAN RUNNING! STOP!



THEY MUST MEAN HIM! BUT HE'S DOING NOTHING WRONG! PLENTY OF TIME TO EXPLAIN AFTERWARDS! LESS THAN 100 -- KEEP GOING!



50 - 40 - 30 -

THIS CREEP DOESN'T LISTEN!





HE'S DONE IT!
HE KNOWS IT'S
FAST! HE'S
BEATEN HIS
BEST BY --

UHHHHHHHnnnn!



DWAYNE? IS THAT DWAYNE?

OH MY GRUD!
WH-WHY?



CREEP WAS RUNNING.
REFUSED AN ORDER
TO HALT.

B-BUT HE'S A NOT A
CRIMINAL! HE LOVED
RUNNING... HE WAS ALWAYS
RUNNING. THAT'S ALL. IS IT
A CRIME TO RUN NOW?



IT'S REASONABLE
GROUNDS FOR
SUSPICION.

GET ON YOUR
WAY, CITIZEN. WE'LL
DEAL WITH THIS.



STOPWATCH --
THAT'S ALL HE'S
GOT.

PROBABLY TRUE,
THEN. JUST A
RUNNER.

DON'T BLAME
YOURSELF, MERLE. YOU
DID WHAT YOU HAD TO.
HE DISOBEYED A DIRECT
ORDER.

WAY I SEE
IT, CREEP HASN'T
GOT A LEG TO
STAND ON!

NEXT PROG ▶ ALIEN WEDDING!

'I chose this story because it introduced both Alan Grant and failed writer Alec Trench to *2000 AD*. It was a pleasingly silly tale, Carlos's take on the two daft aliens being particularly good.'

- JOHN WAGNER

A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FATAL KIND!

Script: Alan Grant
Art: Carlos Ezquerra
Letters: Peter Knight

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 102



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FATAL KIND!

ALEC TRENCH WAS A '2000 AD SCI-FI WRITER - ONE OF THE WORST! IN FACT, NONE OF HIS STORIES WERE EVER GOOD ENOUGH TO BUY. POOR ALEC, IN THE END, HE JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT...

THIS IS IT - THE BIG JUMP! IF I CAN'T MAKE IT AS A SCI-FI WRITER, THEN IT'S DROKK THE WORLD - I WANNA GET OFF!

THAT STINKING THARG! A THOUSAND REJECTION SLIPS AND NOT ONE STORY ACCEPTED! NOW I'VE NO MORE IDEAS - NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR!

ROT YOU, THARG!
ROT YOU, '2000!
ROT YOU, WORLD!



THEN THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED TO ALEC TRENCH -

WHAT IN SPACE?? A FLYING SAUCER! IT'S GOT ME IN SOME KIND OF BEAM -

2000 AD Credit Card
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALEC TRENCH (R.I.P.)
ART ROBOT
CARLOS ELQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E



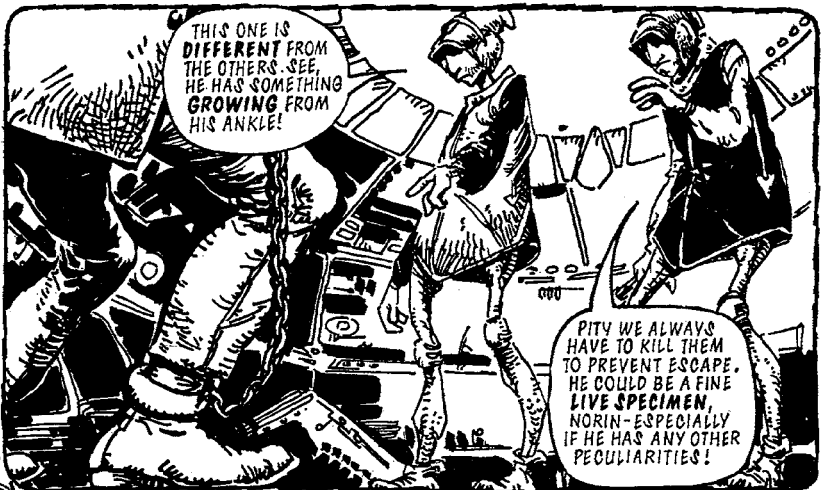


I'M ABOARD! AMAZING-
ME, ALEC TRENCH THE
FAILURE, HAVING A CLOSE
ENCOUNTER OF THE THIRD
KIND! WHAT A STORY THIS
WILL MAKE!



SWITCH OFF THE
TRANSPORTER BEAM,
NORIN. I'LL KILL THE
EARTHLING AND BEGIN
THE TESTS!

K-KILL ME? N-NOW
WAIT JUST A MINUTE,
FELLAS! I'M A GOOD
UNION MAN-



THIS ONE IS
DIFFERENT FROM
THE OTHERS. SEE,
HE HAS SOMETHING
GROWING FROM
HIS ANKLE!

PITY WE ALWAYS
HAVE TO KILL THEM
TO PREVENT ESCAPE.
HE COULD BE A FINE
LIVE SPECIMEN,
NORIN - ESPECIALLY
IF HE HAS ANY OTHER
PECULIARITIES!



TRENCH THOUGHT FAST-

PECULIARITIES?
I'LL GIVE 'EM
PECULIARITIES!

OH I'M UNIQUE,
I'M THE ONLY ONE
LIKE ME! I CAN
SING, I CAN
DANCE-SHOOBIE
DOOBIE DOO,
SHOOBIE DEE...

THE ALIENS WERE INTRIGUED-
AND TRENCH DIDN'T GIVE THEM
TIME TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS!

LOOK, YOU GUYS,
WHY DON'T WE MAKE
A DEAL? I WON'T TRY TO
ESCAPE, AND YOU CAN
DO ANY TESTS ON ME
YOU LIKE- AS LONG AS
YOU SET ME FREE IN...
SAY, A MONTH'S TIME...



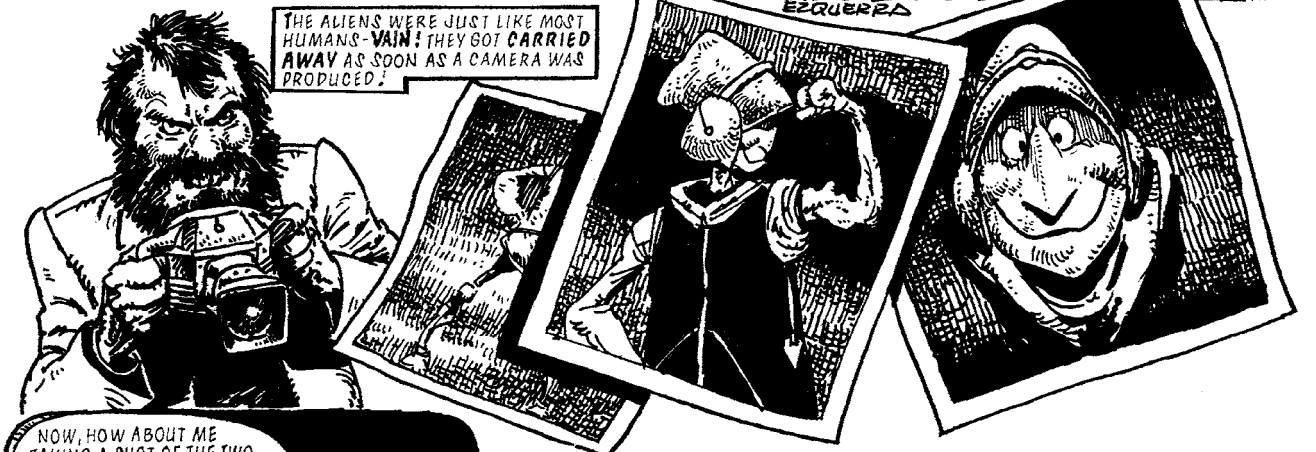
A WILLING SPECIMEN
AT LAST! AGREED,
EARTHLING!

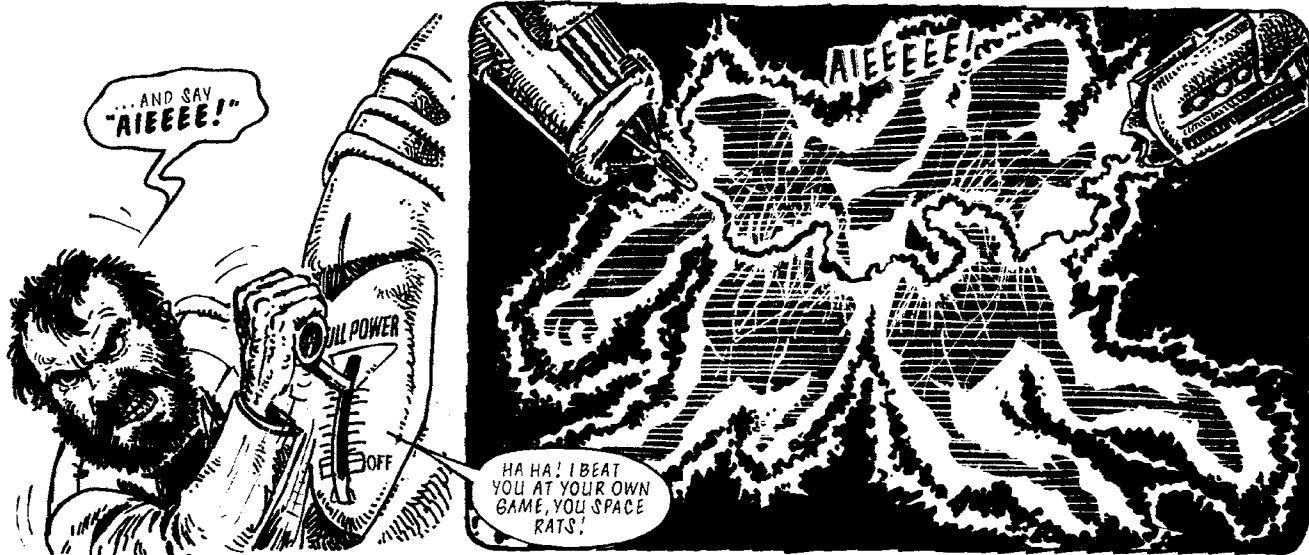
LET THE
TESTS BEGIN
AT ONCE!





THE ALIENS WERE JUST LIKE MOST HUMANS - VAIN! THEY GOT CARRIED AWAY AS SOON AS A CAMERA WAS PRODUCED!





...AND SAY "AIEEEEE!"

HA HA! I BEAT YOU AT YOUR OWN GAME, YOU SPACE RATS!



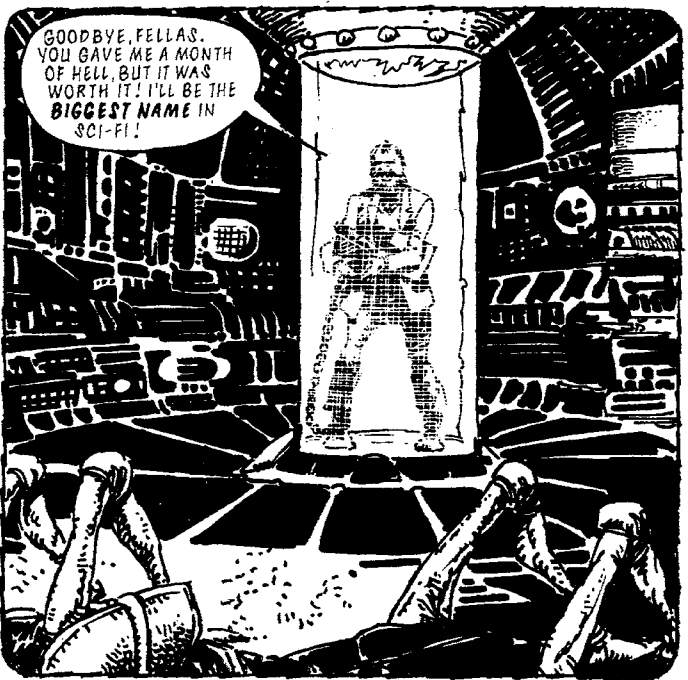
TRENCH SAT DOWN RIGHT THERE AND WROTE HIS STORY. HE WANTED EVERY DETAIL FRESH -

YES, YES, THAT'S RICH! THARG'LL LOVE THE BIT ABOUT NORIN BREAKING MY NOSE!

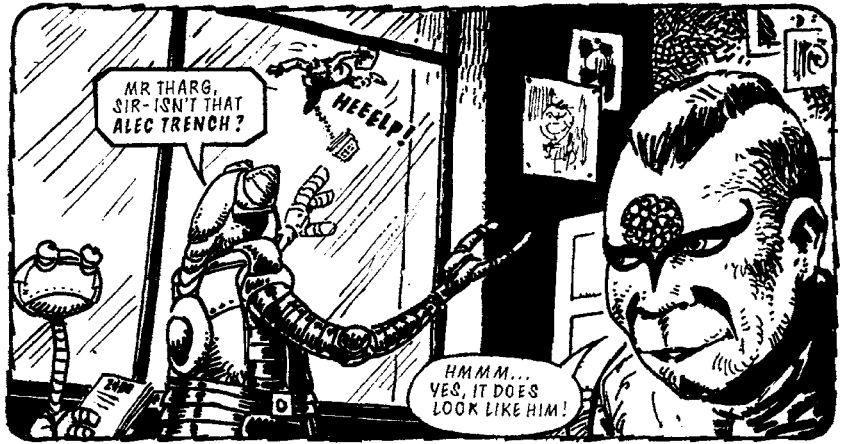


WHEN THE STORY WAS FINISHED, TRENCH ADJUSTED THE BEAM TRANSPORTER -

I'LL FIX THIS THING SO I APPEAR RIGHT IN THARG'S OFFICE! THEN HE'LL KNOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING HOT!



GOODBYE, FELLAS. YOU GAVE ME A MONTH OF HELL, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! I'LL BE THE BIGGEST NAME IN SCI-FI!



THANKS

Henry Flint, Tom Foster, Dan Abnett, Al Ewing, Brendan McCarthy, Pat Mills, Mick McMahon, Alec Worley, Kek-W, Wiggz, Dave Kendall, Jock, Rob Williams, John Wagner.

And thanks to all the creative droids and editors that have worked on and contributed to 2000 AD over the years!

WRITERS

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 *Daily Star Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant's** prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning* and *the Carnival of Doom*.

Rob Williams is currently the writer of *Unfollow* for Vertigo Comics, *Martian Manhunter* for DC Comics and *Doctor Who: The Eleventh Doctor* for Titan Comics. His previous work for *2000 AD* includes *Low Life*, *The Grievous Journey of Ichabod Azrael* (And *The Dead Left In His Wake*) and *The Ten-Seconds*. His website can be found at robwilliamscomics.co.uk.

Steve MacManus was the editor of *2000 AD* during its 1980s heyday, shepherding it through its 'Golden Age' as he commissioned numerous hit series such as *The Ballad of Halo Jones*, *Sláine*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Nemesis the Warlock* and more. For many, he remains the definitive editor of the multi-award-winning SF anthology.

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *ABC Warriors*, *Finn*, *Flesh*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Sláine*, *M.A.C.H. 1*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Savage*, *Defoe* and *Greysuit*. He also developed *Judge Dredd* and wrote one of the early Dredd serials - *The Cursed Earth*. He wrote *Third World War* for Crisis!, a politically-charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Siddha* for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*.

Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written *Batman*, *Star Wars* and *the Zombie World* series for the US market. He co-created the best-selling series *Requiem - Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit, and a spin-off series, *Claudia - Vampire Knight*, with artist Frank Tacito.

Malcolm Shaw is best known for his work as the editor of *Misty*, as well as having a hand in various British comics throughout the 70's. He work editing and writing comics includes *Mirabelle*, *Girl*, *Tammy*, *2000 AD*, *Princess*, *Blue Jeans* and *Misty*.

John Smith is unquestionably a *2000 AD* hero, with a host of creative credits to his name, including *A Love Like Blood*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Firekind*, *Holocaust 12*, *Indigo Prime*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *Revere*, *Slaughterbowl*, *Tyranny Rex*, *Leatherjack*, *Dead Eyes* and *Cradlegrave*. Smith has also written *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Karyn*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Tales from Beyond Science*, *Vector 13* and *Tales from the Black Museum*.

Smith's work beyond the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes the long-running *New Statesmen* series in Crisis, DC/Vertigo's *Hellblazer* and *Scarab*, and Harris Comics' *Vampirella*.

ARTISTS

Perhaps the most popular *2000 AD* artist of all time, **Brian Bolland**'s clean-line style and meticulous attention to detail ensure that his artwork on strips including *Dan Dare*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd* and *Walter the Wobot* looks as fresh today as it did when first published. Co-creator of both *Judge Anderson* and *The Kleggs*, Bolland's highly detailed style unfortunately precluded him from doing many sequential strips — although he found the time to pencil both *Camelot 3000* and *Batman: The Killing Joke* for DC Comics.

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd* **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *AI's Baby* and *Cursed Eath Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Dylan Teague is the co-creator of *Rose O'Rion*, and has pencilled or inked *Carver Hale*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Inaba*, *Mean Machine*, *Middenface McNulty*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Vector 13* and *Wardog*.

Kevin O'Neill is a *2000 AD* legend. From working as an art assistant on the very first prog, he quickly became involved in the creative side of the comic, co-creating classics like *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bonjo From Beyond The Stars*, *Metalzoic* and *Nemesis the Warlock*. O'Neill has also written for the comic on strips including *Dash Decent*, *Future Shocks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty*, and has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *M.A.C.H. O*, *One-Offs*, *Ro-Busters*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Torquemada*. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, O'Neill was briefly notorious as the only artist ever to have his work rejected wholesale by the Comics Code Authority! Happily, his notoriety quickly became fame and acclaim, as his work on strips like *Marshal Law* and most recently *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* have raised him to a very high profile. O'Neill's other work includes *Green Lantern* and *Batman*.

Colin Wilson has gone from iconic status at *2000 AD* to European superstardom as the artist of Moebius' classic western, *Young Blueberry*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Wilson was a key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, and has also pencilled *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Pulp Sci-Fi* and *Tor Cyan*, as well as his co-created series *Rain Dogs*. He then broke into the US market with the *Point Blank* miniseries for DC/WildStorm before heading back to Europe with a new crime series, *Du Plomb Dans La Tete* (Headshot), for French publisher Casterman. Currently he is working on a revival of the old Fleetway WWII hero *Battler Britton* for DC/Wildstorm.

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazard* and the Irish *Judge Joyce*, who appears in several *Judge Dredd* stories. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Mean Arena*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis, but he has also worked on *A1*, *Animal Man*, *Captain Britain*, *Deadline*, *Global Frequency*, *Hellblazer* and *Punisher*.

Having started out on the short-lived British magazine *Heartbreak Hotel* and Fleetway's *Crisis*, **Duncan Fegredo** teamed up with Grant Morrison on *Kid Eternity* for DC Comics and the Vertigo limited series *Enigma* with Pete Milligan. Fegredo has illustrated *Judge Dredd* in both *2000 AD* and *The Judge Dredd Magazine*. His other work includes *Jay & Silent Bob* for Oni Press and *Hellboy: Darkness Calls* for Dark Horse.

John Burns' painted art has graced several *2000 AD* series, notably in lengthy runs on *Judge Dredd* and *Nikolai Dante*, as well in as his own co-creations, *The Bendatti Vendetta* and *The Order*. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he has pencilled Eclipse's *ESPer*s and the James Bond miniseries, *A Silent Armageddon*.

Chris Weston is the co-creator of *Canon Fodder*, and has pencilled a vast array of *2000 AD* and *Megazine* stories, including *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Nikolai Dante* and *Rogue Trooper*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Weston's work includes *The Authority*, *Enemy Ace: War In Heaven*, *The Filth*, *The Invisibles*, *Ministry of Space* and Garth Ennis's War Story: *Johann's Tiger*.



40 YEARS, CREEPS!

From humorously twisted *Future Shocks* to the dystopian escapades of *Judge Dredd*, *2000 AD* has inspired generations of readers for decades and has spawned some of the greatest talents in the comics industry.

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