THE BEST OF THARG'S FUTURE SHOCKS

JOHN SMITH ★ PETER MILLIGAN ★ GRANT MORRISON ★ NEIL GAIMAN

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PETER MILLIGAN ★ GRANT MORRISON ★ JOHN SMITH ★ NEIL GAIMAN
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BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS!

I am The Mighty Tharg, Betelgeusian editor of award-winning SF weekly *2000 AD*, and I bid you welcome to this zarjaz collection of some of the best *Future Shocks* published in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic over the past three decades.

But for those that may be unfamiliar with my illustrious organ, just what *is* a *Future Shock*? These short, self-contained stories first appeared within *2000 AD*'s Thrill-packed pages in 1977 (Prog 25, fact fans!), and were an ideal counterpoint to the other long-running sagas that featured in the anthology. Scary, snappy tales with a twist ending, they gave a blast of immediate cosmic energy – you could be taken from one end of a solar system to another, introduced to any number of strange and exotic characters, and in the matter of a few pages, anything could happen. Not tied to established characters or continuity, a *Future Shock* could subvert your expectations by killing its hero, destroying the world (or the universe!), allowing the villain to escape justice, or revealing everything you've just read to be a subtle sleight of hand. The possibilities were limitless, as vast as the galaxy itself, and just as merciless. The future, it seemed, had teeth.

Needless to say, *Future Shocks* became immensely popular with Squaxx dek Thargo and a regular addition to the line-up. The number of ideas that they threw out there over the course of the hundreds of stories that have been published is mind-boggling, and the general tone and style of the strips would go on to influence many a writer, artist or film director (most explicitly in the 1990 film *Hardware*, which owed more than a little debt to the story *Shok!* by Steve MacManus and Kevin O'Neill). But where these twisted tales proved especially useful was in giving burgeoning creators the ideal training ground to hone their craft. It's long been *2000 AD* policy that before writers can start scripting a series they have to practise their skills on short stories, getting used to the necessary dense style required for the comic, and demonstrating that they have a gift for the mix of smart storytelling, black humour and high-octane action that the Galaxy's Greatest has become renowned for.

It's a tradition that's been highly successful, allowing many remarkably talented scribes to develop their abilities. Most famous of these is probably Alan Moore, who wrote a raft of scrotnig *Future Shocks* and *Time Twisters* before he landed his first proper series (you can read these in *The Complete Alan Moore Future Shocks*, also published by Rebellion). But others followed in his wake – Grant Morrison, Peter Milligan, John Smith, Neil Gaiman – and you can see the seeds of their current work in these early offerings: the Morrison droid's outrageous imagination, for example, Milligan's dry sense of humour, Smith's body-horror obsessions, or Gaiman's flights of fancy. It is from these strips that you can witness them flexing their writing muscles and giving them the confidence to craft classic stories on a bigger canvas, whether it be for *2000 AD* with the likes of *Zenith*, *Bad Company* and *Indigo Prime*, or for overseas publishers with *The Sandman*, *The Invisibles*, *Human Target*, and more.

I hope you enjoy this delve into the Thrill-archives, Terrans. Remember – like the pulse-pounding publication from which these tales were drawn, take nothing for granted and always expect the unexpected!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

Tharg

THE MAN WHO WAS TOO CLEVER
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Brett Ewins
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 216

THE SUBTERRANEANS
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jose Casanovas
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 365

BILL TOMPKINS MEET BILL TOMPKINS
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jose Casanovas
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 371

BAD TIMING
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Massimo Belardinelli
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 375

THE CASTAWAY
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: P. Knight

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 390

SIXTY HOURS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Brendan McCarthy
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 391

MEDUSA
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Cliff Robinson
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 394

THE SEARCH FOR SPOT
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jeff Anderson
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 398

BAD MAXWELL
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Brendan McCarthy
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 402

CRAZY WAR
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Anthony Jozwiak
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 404

EXTRA, EXTRA!
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jose Casanovas
Letters: Kid Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 407

NERVES OF STEEL
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Will Simpson
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 408

BUT IS IT ART?
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Eric Bradbury
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 409

EGGRAVATION
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Eric Bradbury
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 420

GRAINGER IN PARADISE
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Kev Hopgood
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 426

CAR WARS
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: John Higgins
Letters: R. Starkings

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 434

SPEAK NO EVIL
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Eric Bradbury
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 434

THE LONG SLEEP
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Jeff Anderson
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 435

PROJECT SALVATION
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: John Higgins
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 436

THE WAR WITH THE SLOBB
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Bary Kitson
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 437

THE REVENGE OF YALLOP CRINGE
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 438

ERIC THE WILD!
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Anthony Jozwiak
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 439

PRISONER OF CONSCIENCE
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: G. Robson

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 440

DOING TIME
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Robin Smith
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 441

IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Steve Dillon
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 442

THE ARMAGEDDON GAME
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Anthony Jozwiak
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 462

A TWIST IN THE TALE

They say that every seven years or so, our entire chemical make-up changes, that we become in effect different people. If that's true then I and everyone involved in these off-beat little stories have been a *number* of different people since they were created, in those distant days before Vertigo comics, before *Dark Knight Returns*, before even the now ubiquitous I-pod.

These stories were pretty much my first efforts at mainstream British comics and were written in the days when Steve McManus was the mighty Tharg's earthly emissary. I would come up with a few story ideas that I liked, then I'd usually throw in one or two really insane ones, "just to give them something to reject." I'd print the ideas out and post them to the *2000 AD* offices. It was a few years until I'd subscribe to the white hot techno futurism of a fax machine. Predictably what tended to happen then was the ideas I liked were rejected and the insane afterthoughts given the green light. Such is life, as Kurt Vonnegut might have said.

A lot of British comic book writers who later went on to take the Yankee Dollar and work for DC Comics and Marvel *et al*. cut their teeth in *2000 AD*, and on the short comic story form in particular. And these *Future Shocks* demanded certain things. As the name implies, they had to deal with the future. And there had to be a shocking quality to them: usually meaning a twist at the end, some rug pulled from under your feet denouement. Though the word denouement probably seems a bit too fancy a word for the usually nightmarish, grotesque and some times downright daft final panels of these and other *Future Shocks*. In this collection, though the stories ostensibly deal with the future many are inspired by current events, headlines, trends.

'The Man Who Was Too Clever', drawn by my great mate, Brett Ewins, concerns cloning. This was of course long before the appearance of Dolly the cloned Sheep, and though clearly the subject had a scientific basis, cloning still had a real sense of the science-fiction about it. This story also features cryogenics, which was again something in the zeitgeist, the perfect fusion of scientific reality and a sense of the fictive, and something I return to in *Bad Timing*.

'Bill Tompkins meets Bill Tompkins' concerns a very different, psychologically-based kind of cloning.

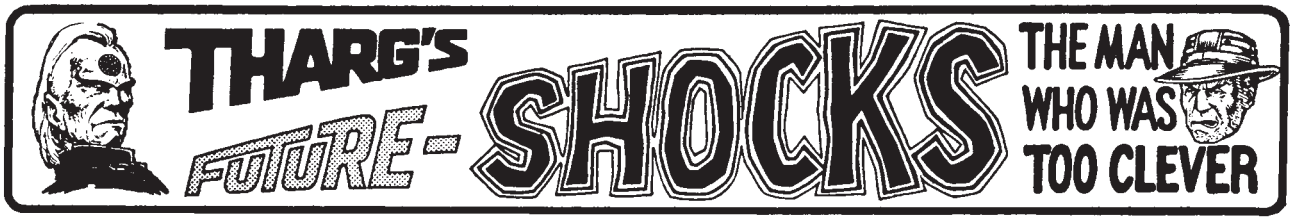
Of course, many of these stories deal in aliens. As in 'Medusa', which charts the horrific first encounter with an alien life form. It wasn't that aliens were particularly in the headlines. But aliens were what we – we at *2000 AD*, anyway – thought about and wrote about. Aliens, mutants, madmen. Usually desperate and on the edge and about to do something really stupid or evil, with disastrous consequences, often with a large dollop of hubris or irony.

The last story in this section is 'The Armageddon Game'. This concerns two warring races, about to blow each other to Kingdom Come. When I wrote it, the Cold war was not yet quite over. "History" had not yet quite come to an end.

As I write, it seems that "history" and if not the cold war then at least something very chilly, is starting again as Russian and Western forces argue over the Balkans and the placements of nuclear missile systems. So maybe not much really changes then. I began thinking how different I was from when I wrote these stories, but maybe that's not true. Maybe we're all pretty much the same.

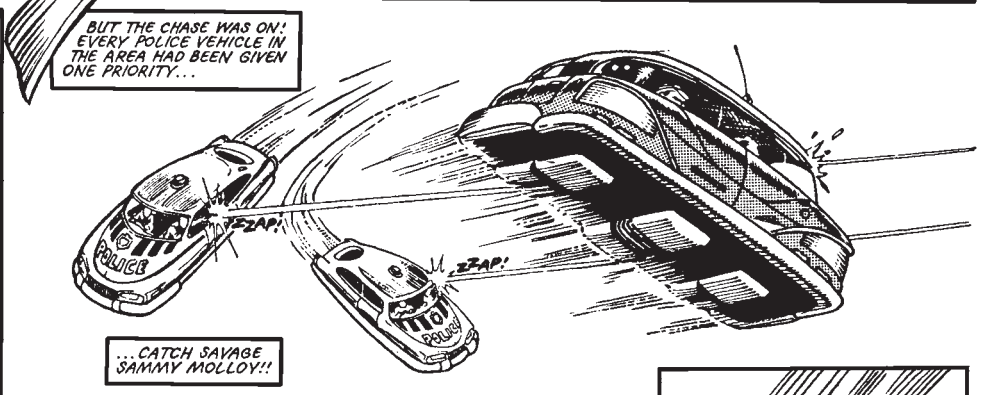
Which is not exactly a *Future Shock*-style twist in the tale, but it's close enough.

Peter Milligan
September, 2008

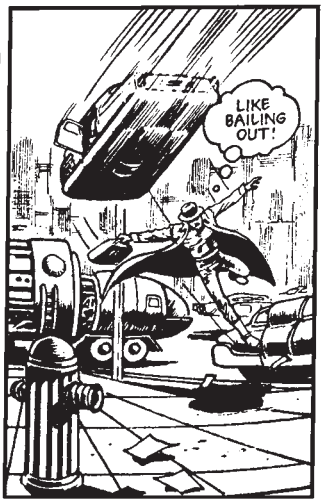

THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE MAN WHO WAS TOO CLEVER

SAMMY MOLLOY WAS PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE. ONLY HIS ANIMAL CUNNING HAD KEPT HIM ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW... BUT HE WAS GETTING TIRED OF DODGING THE POLICE ALL HIS LIFE—
ARRGHH!
SUCK ON THAT, MUG— NO ONE GETS IN THE WAY OF SAMMY MOLLOY!
TILL
EEE!
CASHIE

WHEN SAMMY MOLLOY WANTED SOMETHING HE DIDN'T SAY PLEASE!
SHOVE OFF CREEP. YOU'VE LOST YER CAR.
C-CERTAINLY!


BUT THE CHASE WAS ON! EVERY POLICE VEHICLE IN THE AREA HAD BEEN GIVEN ONE PRIORITY...
ZZAP!
ZZAP!
POLICE
...CATCH SAVAGE SAMMY MOLLOY!!

LET ME GO YOU HORRID MAN!
CAN'T GET THIS THING TO GO FAST ENOUGH AND THE COPS ARE CATCHING UP. GOT TO CAUSE SOME KIND OF DIVERSION SO I CAN GET THEM OFF MY TAIL...

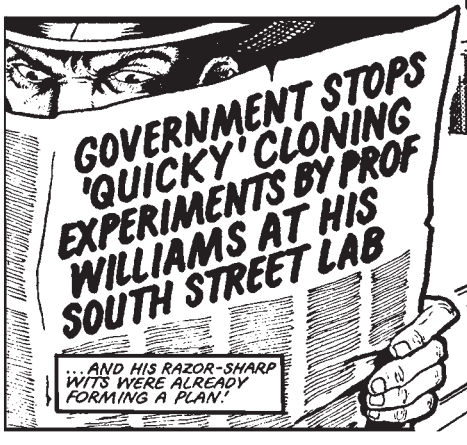

LIKE BAILING OUT!

BAR
AND LETTING THE CAR BLITZ THAT FUEL TANKER!
ZABLAM!

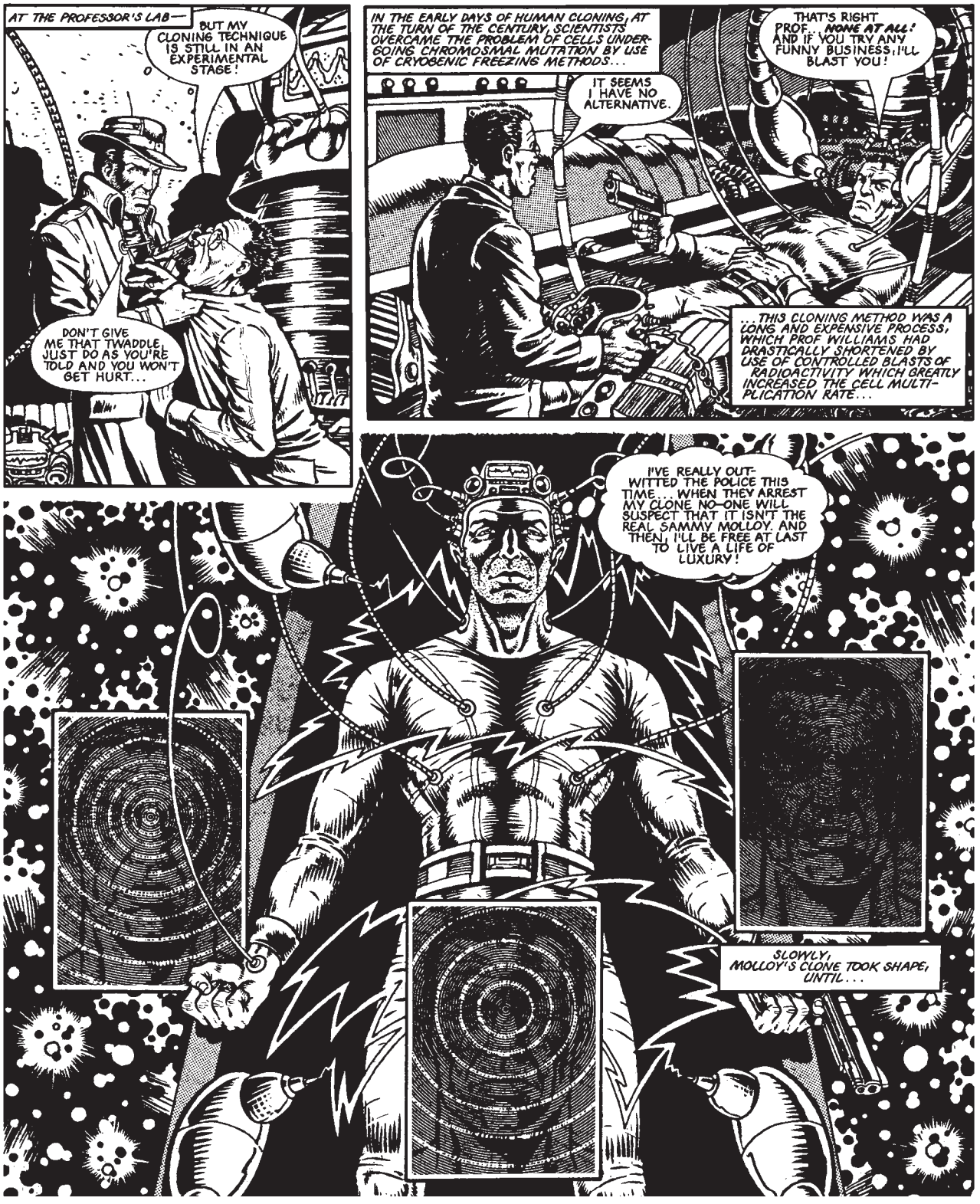
THAT SHOULD TIE THEM UP FOR A FEW MINUTES AND IT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO SLIP INTO THE EXPRESSWAY...

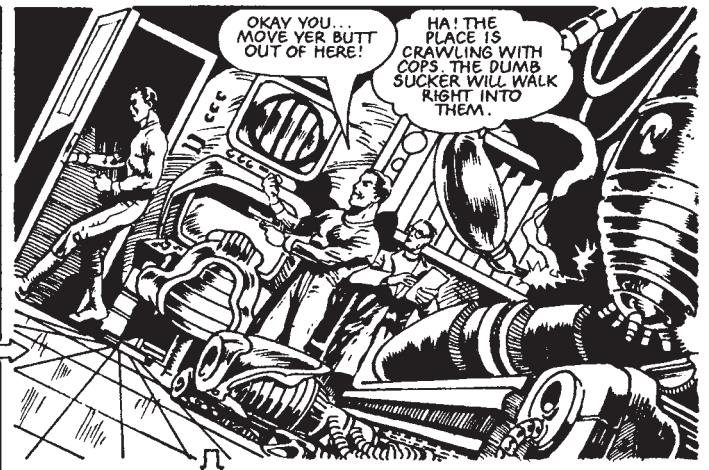
ALTHOUGH SAFE FROM IMMEDIATE DANGER, MOLLOY KNEW THAT THAT WAS HIS LAST JOB—
GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS RACKET. SEEMS LIKE EVERY DAMN COP IN THE CITY WANTS TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF BY NAILING SAMMY MOLLOY. BUT WHERE CAN I GO? ALL MY HIDE-OUTS HAVE BEEN RAIDED.

SUDDENLY, SOMETHING CAUGHT MOLLOY'S EYE...
GIMME THAT PAPER...


GOVERNMENT STOPS 'QUICKY' CLONING EXPERIMENTS BY PROF WILLIAMS AT HIS SOUTH STREET LAB
...AND HIS RAZOR-SHARP WITS WERE ALREADY FORMING A PLAN!

AFTER STEALING ANOTHER HOVER-CAR, MOLLOY HEADED FOR THE SOUTH STREET LAB OF PROF WILLIAMS...
THE NORMAL CLONING OPERATION TAKES ABOUT SIX MONTHS, BUT WILLIAMS HAS BEEN DOING 'EM IN HALF AN HOUR ... THE GOVERNMENT RECKON THEY'RE TOO RISKY BUT THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME... I'M USED TO TAKING RISKS...


AT THE PROFESSOR'S LAB—
BUT MY CLONING TECHNIQUE IS STILL IN AN EXPERIMENTAL STAGE!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT TWADDLE, JUST DO AS YOU'RE TOLD AND YOU WON'T GET HURT...
IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HUMAN CLONING, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, SCIENTISTS OVERCAME THE PROBLEM OF CELLS UNDERGOING CHROMOSMAL MUTATION BY USE OF CRYOGENIC FREEZING METHODS...
IT SEEMS I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE.
THAT'S RIGHT PROF.. NONE AT ALL! AND IF YOU TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, I'LL BLAST YOU!
...THIS CLONING METHOD WAS A LONG AND EXPENSIVE PROCESS, WHICH PROF WILLIAMS HAD DRASTICALLY SHORTENED BY USE OF CONTROLLED BLASTS OF RADIOACTIVITY WHICH GREATLY INCREASED THE CELL MULTIPLICATION RATE...
I'VE REALLY OUTWITTED THE POLICE THIS TIME... WHEN THEY ARREST MY CLONE NO-ONE WILL SUSPECT THAT IT ISN'T THE REAL SAMMY MOLLOY. AND THEN, I'LL BE FREE AT LAST TO LIVE A LIFE OF LUXURY!
SLOWLY, MOLLOY'S CLONE TOOK SHAPE, UNTIL...



2000 A.D.
Credit Card:

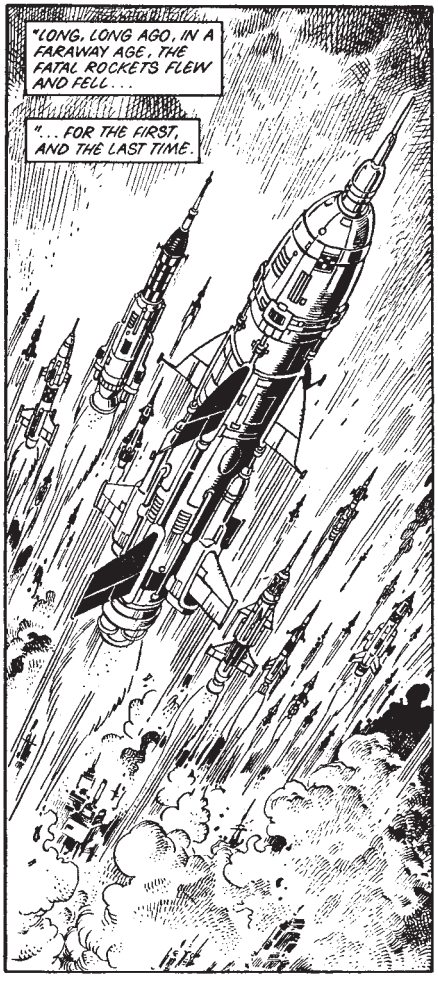
SCRIPT ROBOT
PETE MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
BRETT EWINS
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

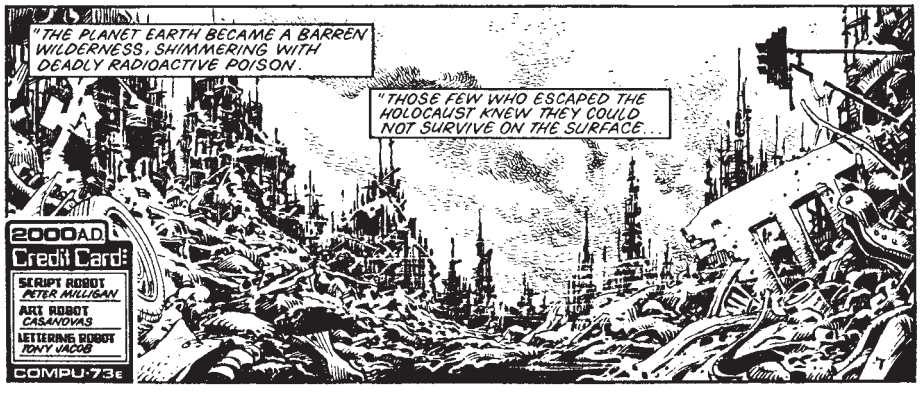
COMPU-73E

...UNDER THE CLOAK OF DARKNESS...
YEAH—EASY STREET, HERE I COME!
LIKE AN ALLEY CAT, MOLLOY MELTED INTO THE SHADOWY BACK-STREETS THAT HAD BEEN HIS DOMAIN ALL HIS LIFE...
...BUT SUDDENLY!
WH...WHAT! YOU, HERE...IT CAN'T BE...YOU CAN'T HAVE...
URRGHH...
YOU UNDERESTIMATED ME SAMMY, I'M AS GOOD AT DODGING POLICE AS YOU ARE! THEY'LL FIND YOUR BODY TOMORROW AND THEN I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR...
AND NO-ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THE MONEY FROM SAMMY MOLLOY'S LAST BANK RAID—BECAUSE I'M GONNA SPEND IT IN THE LIFE OF LUXURY YOU WANTED!
THE END
EWINS

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE SUBTERRANEANS!





"WE ARE THE SUBTERRANEANS, THE DESCENDANTS OF ONE SUCH GROUP. FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS WE HAVE LIVED BELOW THE GROUND – BUT NO MATTER . . .
". . . THE DISTANT MEMORY OF LIFE ON THE SURFACE STILL LINGERS IN OUR HEARTS, AND DRIVES US ON.
"NOW WE ARE READY TO FORSAKE THE DARKNESS . . .
". . . READY TO BREATHE PURE AIR ONCE MORE.
"THE FIRST RAYS OF LIGHT BLIND US – BUT THEN WE SMELL THE AIR ABOVE US . . .
". . . AND ITS SWEETNESS AND FRESHNESS ENCOURAGE US ALL TO PRESS ONWARDS – UPWARDS.
"UNTIL, AT LAST – FREEDOM IS OURS!
"FREEDOM FROM THE DARK, STALE TUNNELS OF THE NETHERWORLD WHICH HAS BEEN OUR PRISON FOR SO LONG . . .
NO! I–I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOT THIS . . . IT CAN'T BE!
DAMNED MOLES! THESE ARE MY PRIZE ROSES! GET OUTTA HERE –
I'LL MURDER THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
BILL TOMPKINS MEETS... BILL TOMPKINS!
BILL TOMPKINS WOKE UP WITH A SPLITTING HEADACHE.
HE WAS GOING TO BE LATE FOR WORK AGAIN—
MIGHT JUST CATCH THE 9.34 EXPRESSWAY. THAT'LL GET ME TO THE OFFICE BY... GOOD LORD!
WOW! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME—HE COULD BE MY DOUBLE!
WHAT AN INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCE!
THERE WERE MORE SHOCKS IN STORE ON THE 9.34—
THIS IS UNREAL! THESE PEOPLE, THEY'RE ALL CARBON COPIES... OF ME!
FIRST HOUR
CALM DOWN, BILLY BOY. THERE'S A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS.
JUST GET TO THE OFFICE, AND THINK THINGS THROUGH.
EXIT
IN THE FOYER OF BILL'S OFFICE COMPLEX—
MORNING, MR TOMPKINS.
HEY, KELLY! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOUR...
PRIVATE
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PETER MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT CASANOVAS
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

YOUR... UH... FACE.
HAVE A NICE DAY NOW, SIR!

BEEN WORKING TOO HARD—THAT'S IT! NOT GETTING ENOUGH REST, MAKES A MAN DISTURBED!
HOVER-LIFTS ALL LEVELS

BILL TOMPKINS
WAIT. CALM DOWN. BE RATIONAL.
MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH RADIATION—MAYBE THERE'S BEEN A LEAK SOMEWHERE...

COULD BE THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT ON THE MORNING NEWS—

...MORE GLOOM ON THE ANDROMEDA STOCK MARKET TODAY, AS SHARES FELL—
NO... NO...

NO!
SHRAKK!

N-NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... MAD—I'VE GONE MAD!

AND SO, IN THE FINEST TRADITION OF LUNATIC BUSINESSMEN, BILL TOMPKINS THREW HIMSELF OUT OF HIS OFFICE WINDOW—
NYEAAGHHHH!

AND LANDED BACK IN BED—
WHAT A NIGHTMARE! IT WAS HORRIBLE— HORRIBLE!

MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHING I ATE LAST NIGHT—
BZZZ!

THE DOORBELL— AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNING?
BZZZZZZ!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

HI THERE! YOU MUST BE BILL— GLAD TO MEET YOU!
UNH... UNHNH...

UNGNNN!

YOU'RE NOT MAKIN' ME JUMP OUT OF ANY WINDOWS! OH, NO... YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA DIE!
GHA... KHAK...
BZZZ!

BZZ-BZZZZ!
MORE OF YOU, HUH? STILL TRYING TO MAKE ME GO CRAZY, HUH?

I'LL KILL THE WHOLE DAMN— MOTHER!
HELLO, DEAR. I'VE GOT THE MOST FANTASTIC NEWS...

YOU KNOW HOW POOR WE WERE WHEN YOU WERE BORN? WELL, WE NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT YOUR TWIN BROTHER, AND HOW WE HAD TO HAVE HIM ADOPTED...
M-MY... WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID, YOUR TWIN BROTHER... AND GUESS WHAT? HE'S MANAGED TO TRACE US!

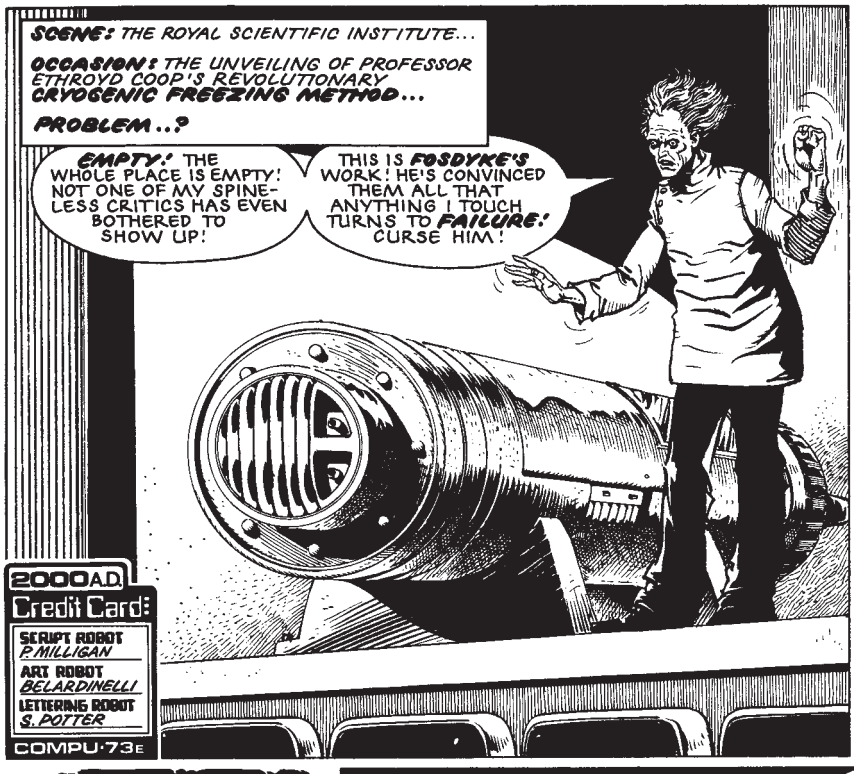
MY TWIN... BROTHER...
WE ALWAYS MEANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT HIM, BILLY. ANYWAY, IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW—

Y-YES, MOTHER. IT'S... IT'S LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE!
ISN'T THAT SIMPLY AMAZING, DEAR?

THE END.

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

BAD TIMING



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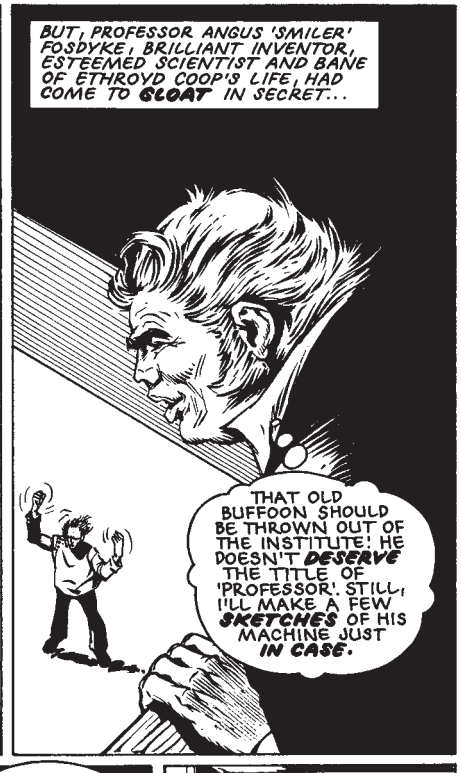
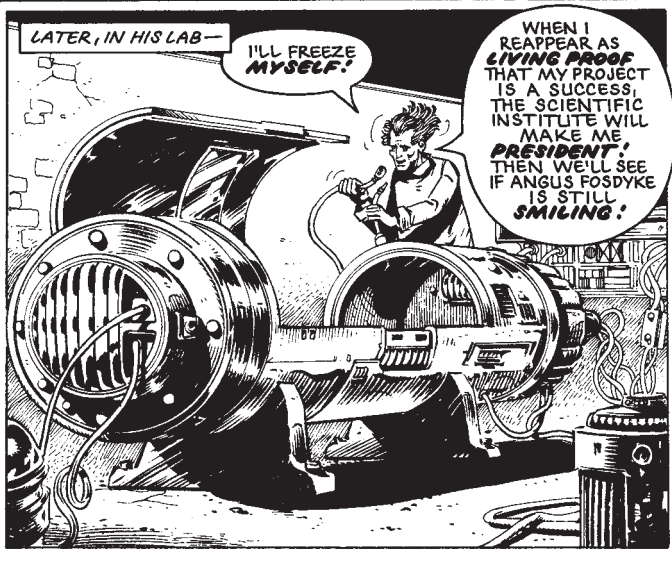
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT S.POTTER
COMPU·73E





COOP CLOSED HIS EYES AND DRIFTED INTO A DEEP DREAMLESS SLEEP. THE CRYOGENIC-CHAMBER WAS HERMETICALLY SEALED, AND ITS CONSTANT LOW TEMPERATURE, ADDED TO THE SPECIAL GASSES DEVELOPED BY PROFESSOR COOP, ARRESTED THE NORMAL AGEING PROCESS...
...UNTIL...
1999
THE DATE IS 1999— MY CRYOGENIC-CHAMBER IS A SUCCESS! AT LAST, ONE OF MY DREAMS HAS COME TRUE!
BUT AS COOP TRIED TO LEAVE HIS CELLAR...
DAMNATION! SOMETHING'S BLOCKING THE TRAP DOOR!
HA! BUT THAT CAN'T STOP ME! SOONER OR LATER THIS NEW BUILDING WILL ALSO BE DEMOLISHED... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RE-FREEZE MYSELF UNTIL THEN!
FOSDYKE INDUSTRIES
SOME FOOL MUST HAVE KNOCKED MY LAB DOWN AND BUILT OVER IT!
BUT, 20 YEARS LATER...
THE BUILDING'S STILL THERE! I'LL HAVE TO FREEZE MYSELF FOR EVEN LONGER!
...40 YEARS LATER...
I'M FREE! THE BUILDING HAS GONE!

BOW DOWN, YOU DOGS! YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE GREATEST GENIUS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!
YOU ARE LOOKING AT ETHROYD COOP, THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED CRYOGENIC SUSPENDED ANIMATION!

LATER, AT THE ROYAL SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE...
WAIT! STOP THE MEETING... I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE!
MY NAME IS PROFESSOR ETHROYD COOP, AND I HEREBY DECLARE THAT I HAVE PERFECTED A CRYOGENIC METHOD WHICH ALLOWS A MAN TO BE FROZEN FOR YEARS, WITHOUT AGEING A DAY!

ETHROYD WHO? THROW THAT FREAK OUT OF HERE!
NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I HAVE INVENTED THE CRYOGENIC-CHAMBER!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT CRYOGENIC SUSPENDED ANIMATION HAS BEEN IN USE FOR YEARS! ANYONE WHO'S ANYONE HAS A CRYO-CHAMBER IN THEIR KITCHEN!

THERE'S SOME... MISTAKE! I INVENTED IT! THE CRYOGENIC CHAMBER WAS...
...INVENTED IN 1989, BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST EVER SCIENTIST. HE'S DEAD NOW OF COURSE. A CHAP NAMED...

...PROFESSOR ANGUS FOSDYKE!
The End

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE CASTAWAY!
IT'S COLD OUT HERE. COLD AS DEATH. THE LONELINESS IS LIKE A SHARD OF ICE IN MY HEART...
AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT G. SENIOR
LETTERING ROBOT P. KNIGHT
COMPU-73E
IT HAPPENED ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO, ON A ROUTINE FLIGHT...
I MADE A MISCALCULATION.
IT WAS JUST A SIMPLE ERROR, BUT BY THE TIME WE'D DISCOVERED IT, WE WERE TOO LATE...
WE WERE OUT OF CONTROL.
THE OTHER GUYS IN THE CREW DIED ON IMPACT. THEY'D RELIED ON ME TO DO MY JOB...
...I LET THEM DOWN.
SO I'M TALKING TO MYSELF AGAIN! SO WHAT? STUCK OUT HERE FOR YEARS, NEVER HEARING ANY VOICE BUT MY OWN...
IS IT MY FAULT I'M LOSING MY SANITY?
PPPP
PPPP
IS IT MY FAULT I'VE GOT A FEW SCREWS LOOSE?
THE END!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

60 HOURS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD!

THE EPICENTRE OF THE EXPLOSION YOU SEE HERE IS A CITY CALLED **BEAUTVILLE** – THE **NEWEST, CLEANEST,** MOST **PERFECT** CITY IN THE WORLD. . .

THE **FIRST** CITY TO BE CONSTRUCTED UNDER **LABORATORY CONDITIONS** IN ORDER TO MONITOR THE EFFECT OF THE LATEST **WEAPON SYSTEMS** DEVELOPMENTS. . .

THE **FIRST** CITY TO BE **SCORCHED** BY... **THE SCATTER RAY!**

LIKE ALL OTHER WEAPONS FROM MILITARY COMMAND'S '**SPECIAL PROJECTS**' DEPT., THE SCATTER RAY IS DESIGNED TO KILL AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE –

BUT STILL LEAVE THE CITY OF BEAUTVILLE NEW, CLEAN... AND PERFECT!

ANY DAMN' FOOL CAN MAKE A WEAPON TO **KILL** PEOPLE – BUT KILLING 'EM **AND** LEAVING ALL THE BUILDINGS AND PLANT-LIFE INTACT...

THAT'S WHAT I CALL **PROGRESS!**

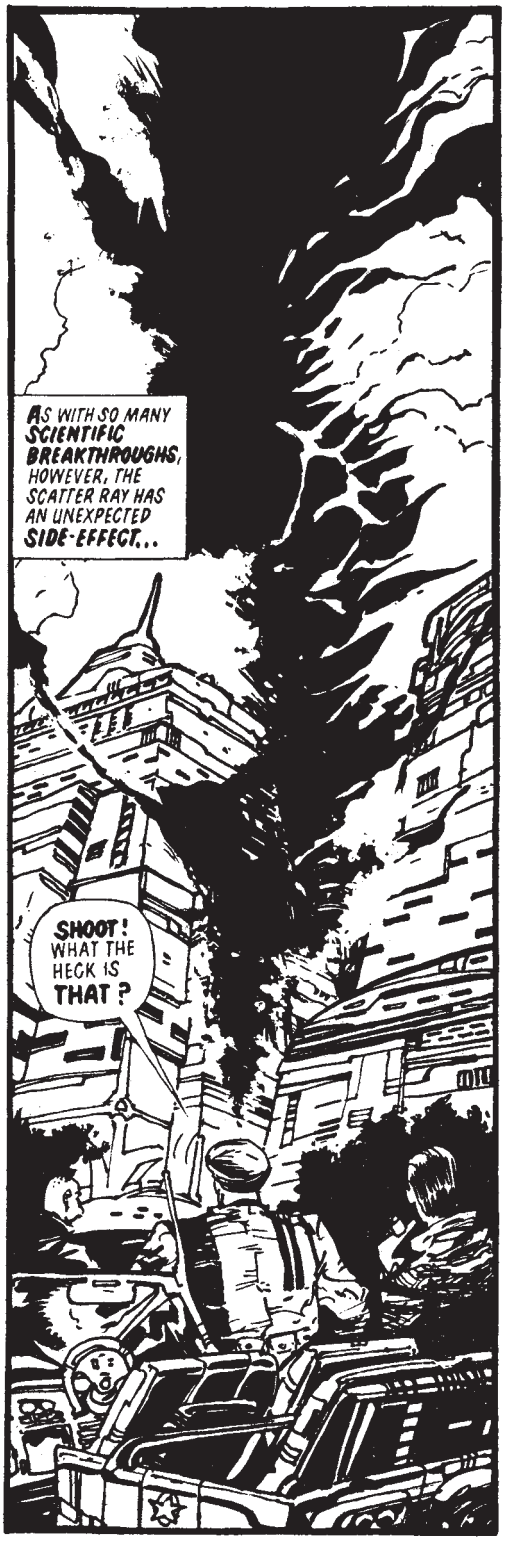
2000AD Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN

ART ROBOT
R. JONES

LETTERING ROBOT
T. FRAME

COMPU 73E


AS WITH SO MANY SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGHS, HOWEVER, THE SCATTER RAY HAS AN UNEXPECTED SIDE-EFFECT...
SHOOT! WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?

INITIAL DATA SUGGESTS MASS-MUTATED SUB-ATOMIC DISINTEGRATION, GENERAL –

WHAT'S THAT IN ENGLISH?
IT'S A...WELL...THE SCATTER RAY HAS BLOWN A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH OUR INTERDIMENSIONAL WALL!
WE COULD BE LOOKING AT THE ENTRANCE TO A PARALLEL EARTH!

GENERAL PIGGOTT IS QUICK TO SEE THE POSSIBILITIES A NEW WORLD OFFERS...
OUR EARTH IS BESET WITH OVERCROWDING AND CRITICAL FOOD SHORTAGES...THAT EARTH WILL BE OUR SALVATION! THERE'LL BE FOOD AND SPACE FOR EVERYONE!
IF IT'S A PARALLEL EARTH, SIR, THERE'LL BE A PARALLEL HUMAN RACE – WITH THE SAME PROBLEMS AS US!

THEN THEY MUST BE ELIMINATED. LET'S SEE... MAYBE WE CAN TRY OUT THE STRANGLE BOMBS ON THIS ONE...

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, GENERAL. THAT WOULD BE **GENOCIDE!**

AND **DANGEROUS!** WE HAVE TO DO TESTS, FIND OUT THE CONSEQUENCES OF –

ENOUGH! THIS IS A MILITARY MATTER – AND THE MILITARY PUTS THE WELFARE OF OUR OWN PEOPLE FIRST!

THE ATTACK GOES AHEAD!

NO MORE OVERCROWDING... NO MORE FOOD SHORTAGES...

AND I GET TO TEST OUR LATEST WEAPONS ON **REAL PEOPLE** FOR A CHANGE!

MIDNIGHT SEES THE FLEET OF STRANGLE BOMBS LEAVE THE SHADOWS OF BEAUTVILLE – BOUND FOR THE SUNLIT SKIES OF THE PARALLEL WORLD!

THEIR TISSUE-ROTTING CHEMICALS KILL INSTANTLY... BUT EVAPORATE AFTER A MERE **60 HOURS**, LEAVING NO HARMFUL RADIATION.

AND WHILE THE PARALLEL EARTH IS ENVELOPED IN THIS **TOXIC CLOUD**, HUGE AIR JETS PREVENT IT LEAKING BACK INTO OUR OWN DIMENSION.

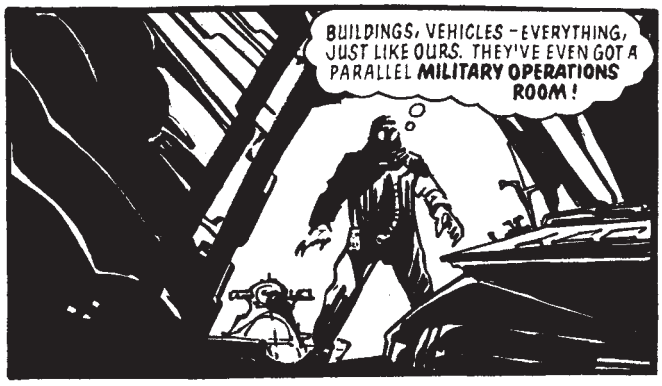
UNTIL FINALLY, IN BEAUTVILLE'S MILITARY OPERATIONS ROOM...

THE CHEMICALS SHOULD'VE DISPERSED BY NOW. WE'RE PRETTY SURE THE AIR WILL BE CLEAN – BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME STRANGLE BOMBS HAVE BEEN USED IN AN **ACTUAL-COMBAT-SITUATION...**

I WANT A **VOLUNTEER** TO RUN A SAFETY CHECK.

21 JUNE 1996

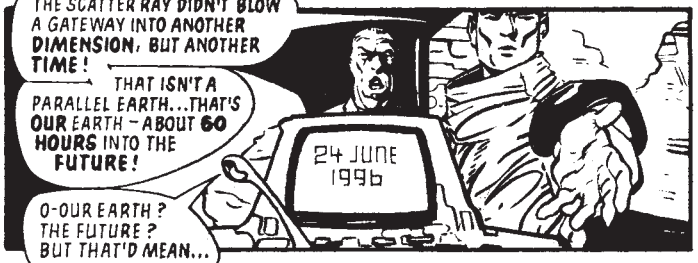
SOON, PROFESSOR JUNG LEAVES THE SUNLIT SKIES OF BEAUTVILLE – BOUND FOR THE SHADOWS OF THE PARALLEL EARTH...
INCREDIBLE! THE WHOLE PLACE IS A DUPLICATE BEAUTVILLE!
THIS WORLD'S DEVELOPMENT MUST'VE BEEN EXACTLY THE SAME AS OUR OWN!


BUILDINGS, VEHICLES – EVERYTHING, JUST LIKE OURS. THEY'VE EVEN GOT A PARALLEL MILITARY OPERATIONS ROOM!

NO! C-CAN'T BE! WE'VE MADE A MISTAKE... A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!
THE PROFESSOR HURRIES BACK TO HIS OWN WORLD...

THOUGH HE KNOWS THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO NOW...
CALCULATIONS ERROR? WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN, JUNG?
I MEAN IT ISN'T ANOTHER DIMENSION! WE'RE FINISHED – FINISHED!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! WHAT DID YOU SEE OVER THERE?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I SAW... I SAW WHERE YOUR CRAZY SCHEMES HAVE LED US, GENERAL!



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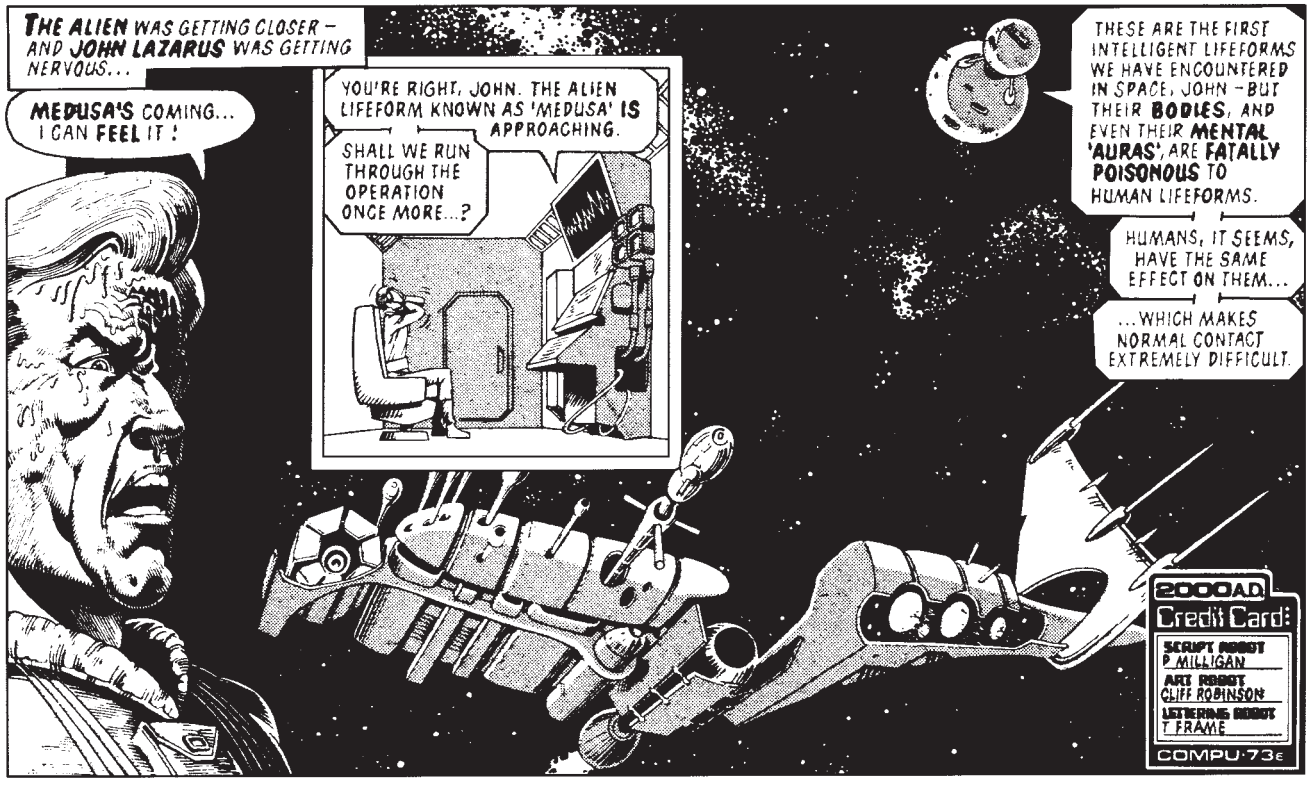
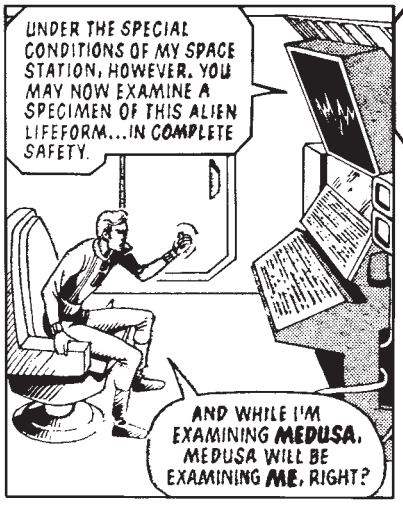
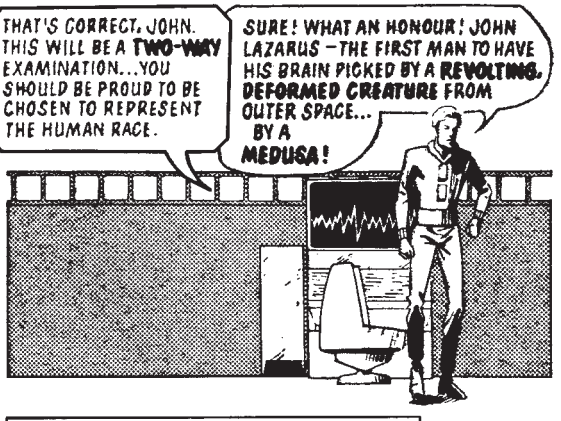
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

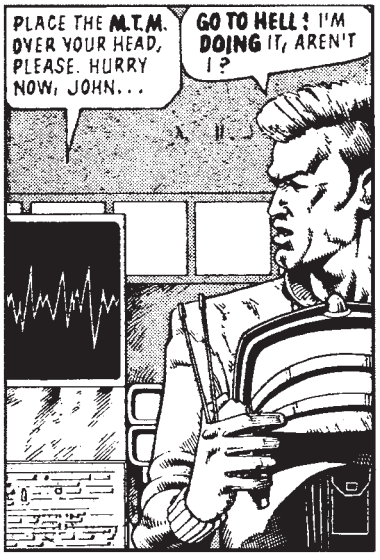
MEDUSA!







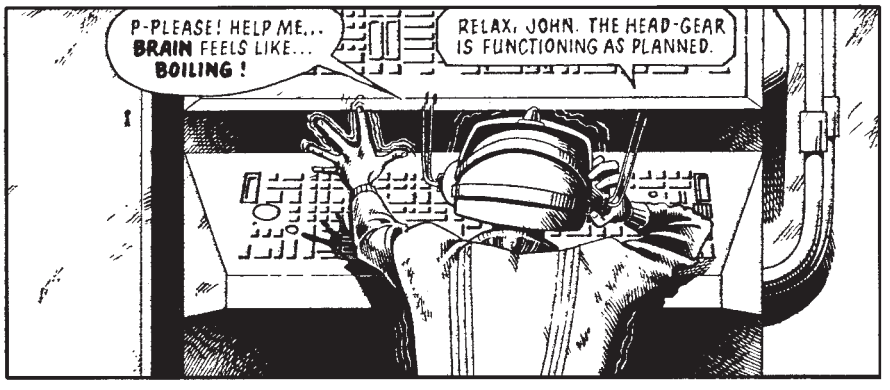
THE TERM 'MEDUSA' HAD BEEN APPLIED TO THE ALIENS BECAUSE THEIR APPEARANCE WAS SO REPULSIVE TO HUMAN BEINGS.

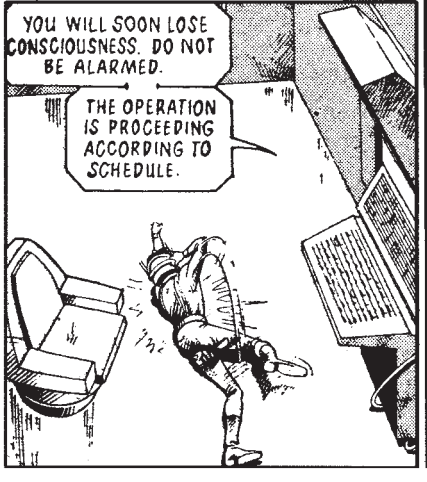

PLACE THE **M.T.M.** OVER YOUR HEAD, PLEASE. HURRY NOW, JOHN...
GO TO HELL! I'M **DOING** IT, AREN'T I?

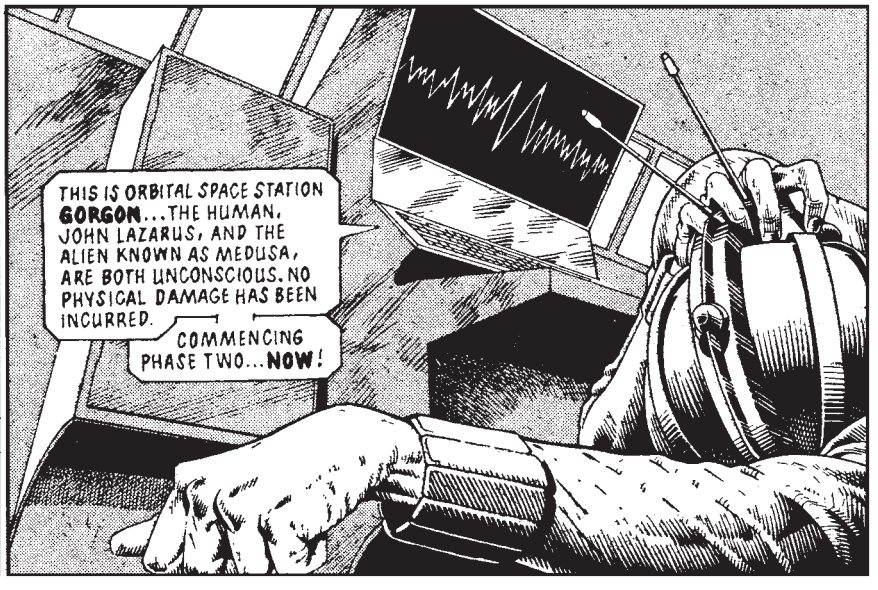
C-CAN'T CONTROL M-MY HANDS! THAT TH-**THING** ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL... **AFFECTING** ME!

AAAH! THE **PAIN**...
GET... GET THIS **OFF** ME!

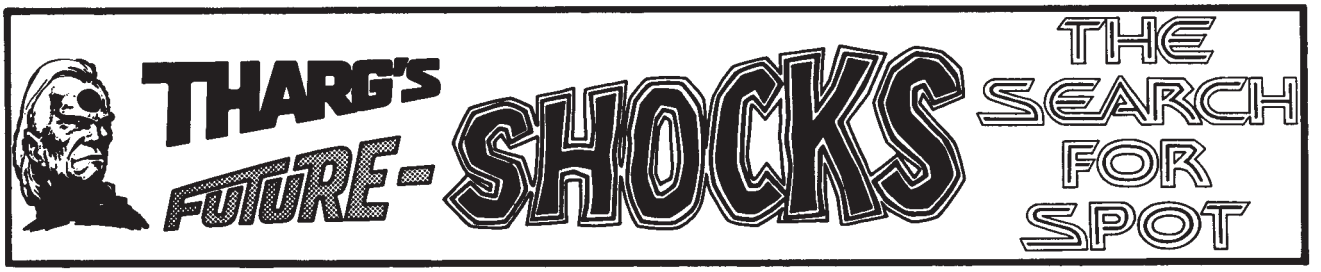
THE HEAD-GEAR CANNOT BE REMOVED NOW, JOHN. PLEASE TRY TO PERSEVERE WITH IT.
PHASE ONE OF THE OPERATION WILL SOON BE OVER.


P-PLEASE! HELP ME... **BRAIN** FEELS LIKE... **BOILING!**
RELAX, JOHN. THE HEAD-GEAR IS FUNCTIONING AS PLANNED.


YOU WILL SOON LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS. DO NOT BE ALARMED.
THE OPERATION IS PROCEEDING ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE.


THIS IS ORBITAL SPACE STATION **GORGON**... THE HUMAN, JOHN LAZARUS, AND THE ALIEN KNOWN AS MEDUSA, ARE BOTH UNCONSCIOUS. NO PHYSICAL DAMAGE HAS BEEN INCURRED.
COMMENCING PHASE TWO... **NOW!**

THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS...
THE M.T.M. WORKED. AT LAST WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THESE ALIENS TICK!
AND WE DON'T HAVE TO GO ANYWHERE NEAR THEIR POISONOUS BODIES!
A SIMILAR SCENE WAS TAKING PLACE IN THE ALIEN CHAMBER, WHERE ALIEN SCIENTISTS WERE KEEN TO EXPLORE THE SECRETS OF THE HUMAN LIFEFORM.
THE MIND TRANSFERENCE MODULE HAD WORKED PERFECTLY. THE HUMAN MIND OF JOHN LAZARUS HAD NOW BEEN RE-LOCATED...
... INSIDE THE BODY OF MEDUSA!


THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE SEARCH FOR SPOT

ME AND EDDIE WERE DOING A 6 MONTH SHIFT AT THE AUTO-GEOPHYSICAL LAB ON DRONGBLATT. IT WAS AS MUCH FUN AS SUCKING COLD PORRIDGE THROUGH A BENT STRAW.
ONLY THING THAT STOPPED ME GOING PUTTY-HEADED WAS DREAMING - ABOUT MONEY...
100 BILLION FOR THE FIRST INTELLIGENT ALIEN BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH!
100 BILLION... WOW!
DAILY-ASTEROID
100 BILLION MUST BE WON!!!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERING ROBOT R. STARKINGS
COMPU-73E

EDDIE DIDN'T DREAM ABOUT MONEY. THEN AGAIN, EDDIE WAS GETTING MORE PUTTY-HEADED EVERY DAY...
WHAT GIVES WITH THE FOOD, EDDIE? GOING ON A PICNIC?
DON'T BE SILLY, JOE, I'M TAKING SPOT HIS SUPPER.

SPOT..?

C'MON, SPOT! UNCLE EDDIE'S BROUGHT YOU SOME NICE FOODSY-WOODSY!
OH, BROTHER! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A GUY WHO'S FINALLY FLIPPED HIS LID?

TWEEEPP!

EDDIE! IT... IT'S AN ALIEN! A REAL LIVE ALIEN!
'COURSE IT IS, JOE - CLEVER LITTLE FELLA TOO.
SAY HELLO TO UNCLE JOE, SPOT!

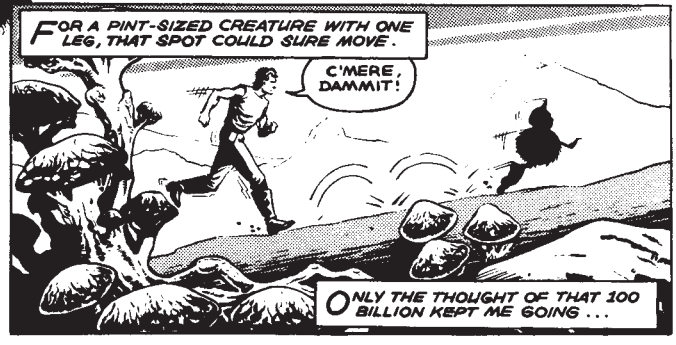
WE'RE GONNA BE RICH, STUPID! SOON AS WE GET THAT THING BACK TO EARTH...
NO WAY, JOE. I DON'T WANT MY SPOT STUCK BEHIND BARS IN SOME LOUSY ZOO!

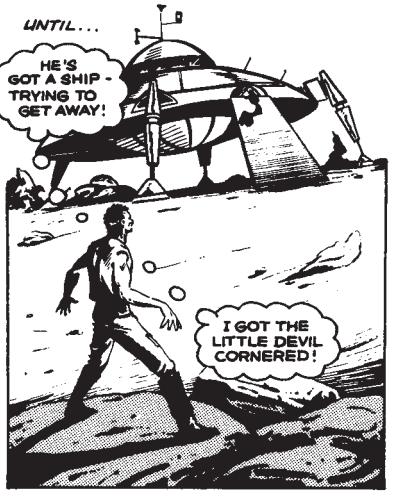
SORRY, ED...
I'LL BUY YA SOME NEW TEETH WHEN I GET MY WINNINGS!
KRAKK!

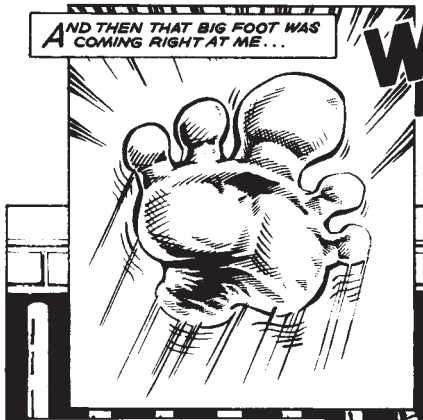
HERE, SPOT ...COME TO UNCLE JOEY...
THERE'S A GOOD ALIEN...

GOTCHA!
TWEEEPP?

WUH..?


FOR A PINT-SIZED CREATURE WITH ONE LEG, THAT SPOT COULD SURE MOVE.
C'MERE, DAMMIT!
ONLY THE THOUGHT OF THAT 100 BILLION KEPT ME GOING...





WHUMPP!

THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

BAD MAXWELL!

WASTE-MUTANTS! VICIOUS PERVERSIONS OF HUMANITY!
ATTACK!
VA-DOOOOM!
STRANGER! LOOK OUT!
AAAGH!
THE BATTLE RAGES, UNTIL FINALLY...
THEY'RE RETREATING!
YEAH... BUT HOW LONG BEFORE THEY COME BACK?
NOW YOU SEE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, STRANGER! HELP US - TAKE US BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!
TAKE US THROUGH THE INVISIBLE DOOR!
WELL... THAT COULD BE KINDA DIFFICULT...
IF IT'S PAYMENT YOU WANT, WE HAVE GOLD!
GOLD? NO KIDDING... HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT EXACTLY?

MAXWELL IS SHOWN THE STOREROOM ---
THIS MUCH ...
THE WASTE-MUTANTS WORSHIP IT, THAT IS WHY THEY ATTACK US.

WE TRIED GIVING IT TO THEM, BUT THEY WANT ONLY GOLD THAT HAS BEEN WASHED WITH THE BLOOD OF BATTLE!
OUR BLOOD, STRANGER!

A DEAL IS QUICKLY STRUCK: THE SURVIVORS' GOLD IN EXCHANGE FOR A PASSAGE TO SAFETY ---
OKAY, GUYS! I'LL GO FIRST... THEN YOU CAN ALL FOLLOW ME!

MAXWELL STEPS THROUGH HIS 'INVISIBLE DOOR'...
OH BOY! I'M RICH!

I'M STINKIN' FILTHY RICH!
BUT WHEN THE SURVIVORS TRY TO FOLLOW...

THE DOOR - IT'S GONE!
THE DOG HAS BETRAYED US...

...WE CAN'T GET THROUGH!
'COURSE YOU CAN'T, SUCKERS!
ONLY MY MOLECULAR STRUCTURE CAN PASS THROUGH THIS MACHINE!

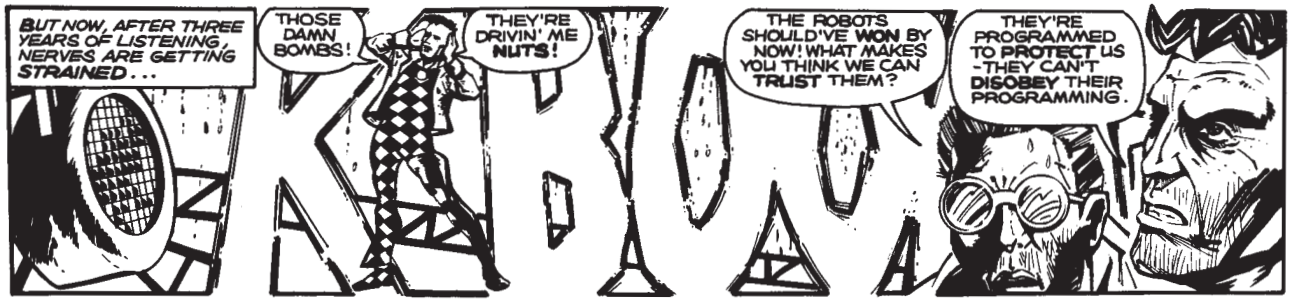
AND YOUR GOLD'S JUST CHICKEN-FEED COMPARED TO WHAT I'M GONNA MAKE...
...AS THE INVENTOR OF A TIME MACHINE!

BUT FIRST, MAXWELL MUST DISCOVER HOW THE TELEPORTER THREW HIM INTO THE FUTURE...
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - THERE WAS A SUB-ATOMIC IMPLOSION! BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN TIME TRAVEL... UNLESS...
...UNLESS I'VE JUST BEEN TO A PARALLEL WORLD!
BUT THAT MEANS THERE COULD BE A PARALLEL VERSION OF ME OVER THERE!

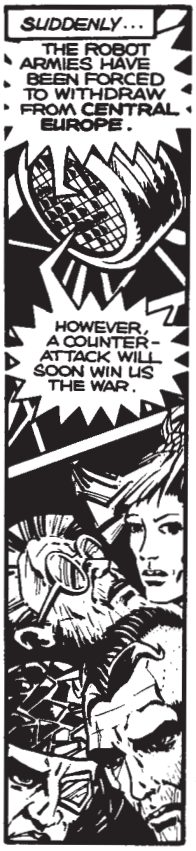
A MAN WITH MY MOLECULAR STRUCTURE...

A MUTANT MAXWELL MILLS!
THE END!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
THESE ARE THE MILITARY, THE SUPER-RICH, THE ELITE. ONCE THEY RULED THE WORLD... NOW THEY HIDE LIKE FRIGHTENED ANIMALS BENEATH ITS SURFACE...
KABOOM!
THREE YEARS WE'VE BEEN IN THIS PIT, BOERMAN! WHAT'S HAPPENING UP THERE?
CAN'T YOU HEAR? THE WAR IS STILL RAGING - AND WE'RE DOWN HERE FOR THE DURATION!
THREE YEARS EARLIER, THE MILITARY EXCURSIONS OF THIS SAME ELITE HAD FINALLY PROVOKED AN ALIEN ATTACK ON THEIR WORLD...
AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER OFFERED PROTECTION FROM THE IMPENDING HOLOCAUST...
QUICK - INSIDE! BEFORE THE NUKING BEGINS!
...IF YOU COULD AFFORD THE ENTRANCE FEE...
YOU STARTED THIS WAR, NOW YOU'RE LEAVING US UP HERE TO DIE!
KILL THE RICH SCUM!
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT P.MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT T.JOZWIAK
LETTERING ROBOT R.STARKINGS
COMPU-73E
THE ROBOT ARMY WAS PROGRAMMED TO PROTECT THE TOP PEOPLE - AND ONLY THE TOP PEOPLE...
TERMINATE THAT PROLE!
AFFIRMATIVE.
DEFENDED BY THEIR FAITHFUL ROBOTS, THEY SCUTTLED TO THE SAFETY OF THE BUNKER...
KABOOM!
...AND LISTENED TO THE SLAUGHTER THEY HAD STARTED.

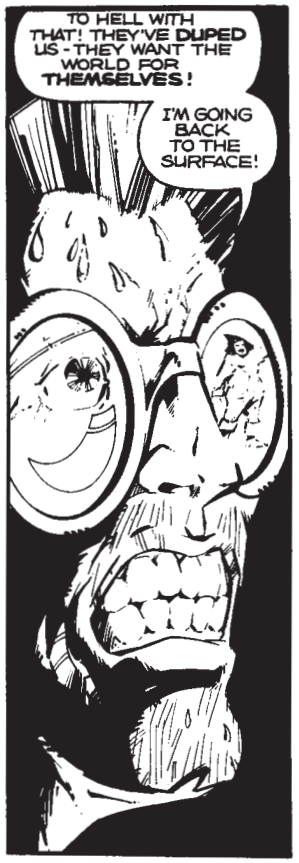

BUT NOW, AFTER THREE YEARS OF LISTENING, NERVES ARE GETTING STRAINED...
THOSE DAMN BOMBS!
THEY'RE DRIVIN' ME NUTS!
THE ROBOTS SHOULD'VE WON BY NOW! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE CAN TRUST THEM?
THEY'RE PROGRAMMED TO PROTECT US - THEY CAN'T DISOBEY THEIR PROGRAMMING.

BUT THEIR CIRCUITS COULD BE HAYWIRE! WHAT IF--?
QUIET! WHEN THE WAR'S OVER, THEY'LL SOUND THE ALL-CLEAR...
UNTIL THEN, THE SUBJECT IS CLOSED!

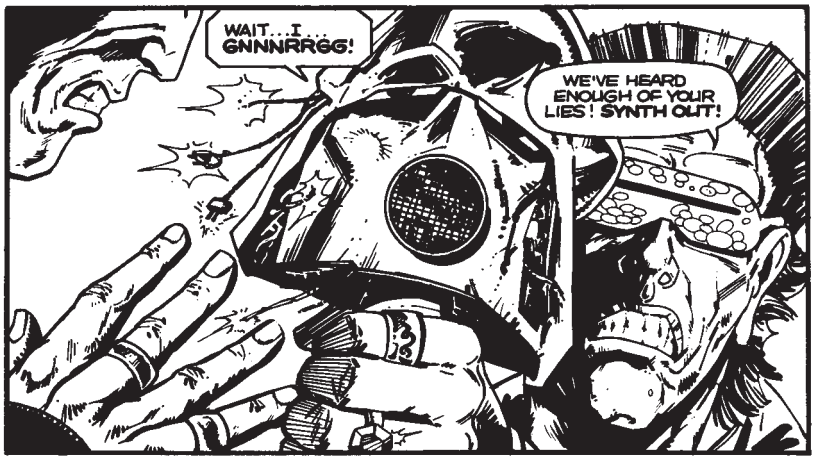

SUDDENLY...
THE ROBOT ARMIES HAVE BEEN FORCED TO WITHDRAW FROM CENTRAL EUROPE.
HOWEVER, A COUNTER-ATTACK WILL SOON WIN US THE WAR.

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALWAYS SAY!
WAIT...HE SAID THEY'VE PULLED OUT OF EUROPE...
BUT LAST MONTH THEY SAID CENTRAL EUROPE HAD BEEN NUKED!

THEY'RE LYING TO US! THEY'VE BEEN LYING TO US FOR YEARS!
I-I DON'T... UNDERSTAND! THEIR PROGRAMMING...


TO HELL WITH THAT! THEY'VE DUPED US - THEY WANT THE WORLD FOR THEMSELVES!
I'M GOING BACK TO THE SURFACE!

THE ELITE STORM UP TO THE BLINKER ENTRANCE IN A FRENZIED RUSH...
DOKES WAS RIGHT! LOOK!
KA-BOOM!
RECORDINGS OF THE WAR...ALL THIS TIME WE'VE BEEN LISTENING TO RECORDINGS!



OUTSIDE THE BUNKER, THEY CAN ALMOST TASTE THE FRESH AIR ON THE SURFACE...

LOOK AT THIS PLACE! THE WAR MUST'VE ENDED AGES AGO!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, BOERMAN?

Boerman...?

HUMANS! PREPARE TO DIE!

THE ALIENS! THEY MUST'VE...

...WON THE WAR! AND THOSE TAPES WE HEARD IN THE BUNKER...

THE ROBOT OBEYED HIS PROGRAMMING – HE WAS TRYING TO PROTECT US!

AND WE KILLED HIM!

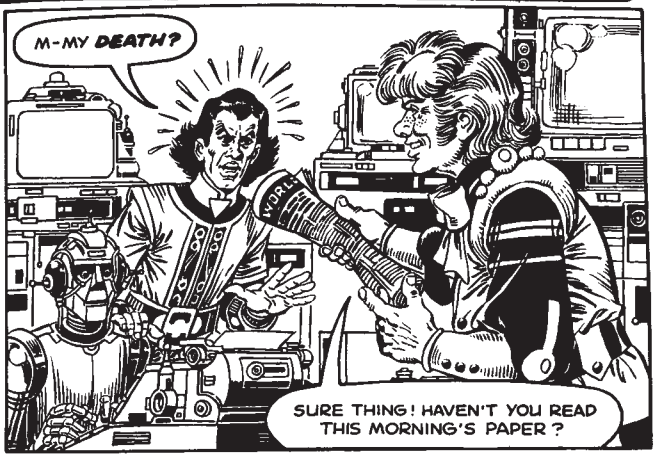
J-JUST LIKE THEY'RE GONNA K-KILL US!

KABOOM!

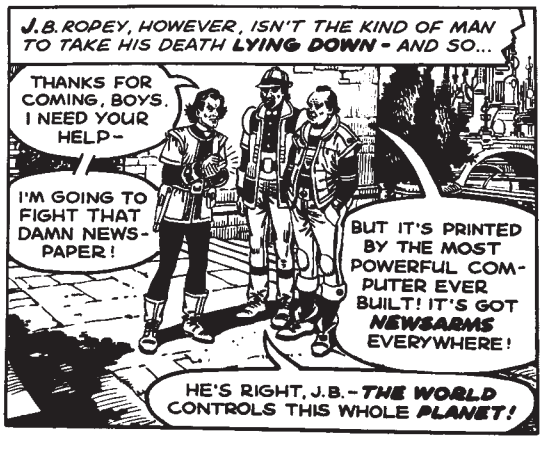
THE END!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

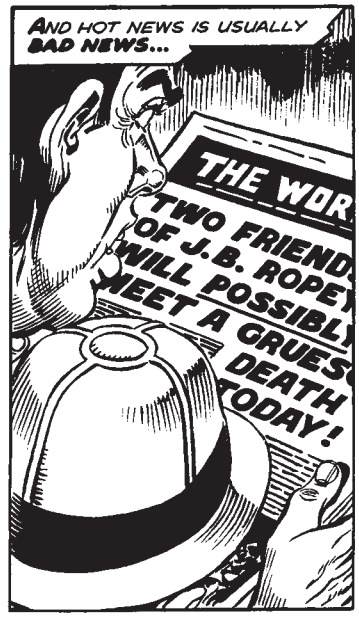
THE WORLD EXTRA! EXTRA!



THE ONLY NEWSPAPER IN THE YEAR 2984, **THE WORLD** IS CONTROLLED BY A **COMPUTER**. BUT IT DOESN'T REPORT WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY...

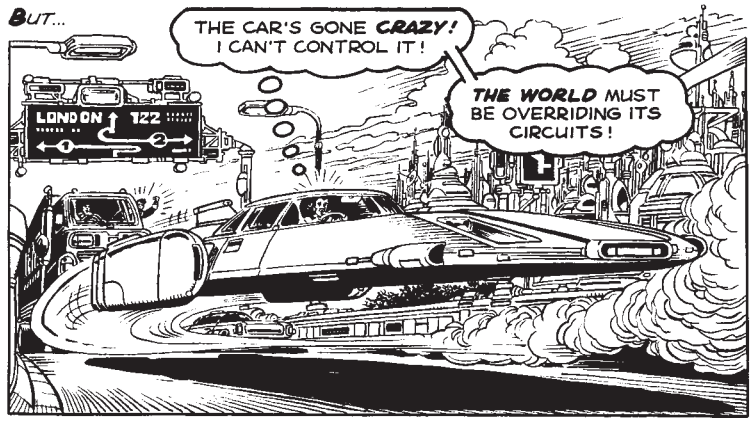


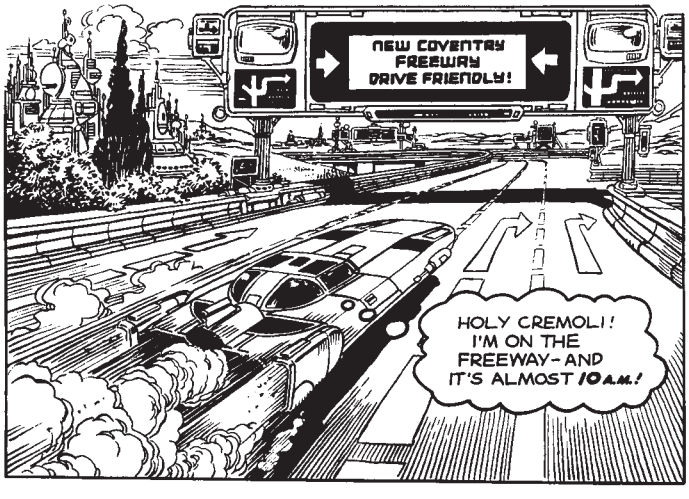
EXTRA! EXTRA!
UH-OH... THEY'VE PRESSED AN EXTRA EDITION! THEY ONLY DO THAT WHEN THERE'S SOME HOT NEWS!

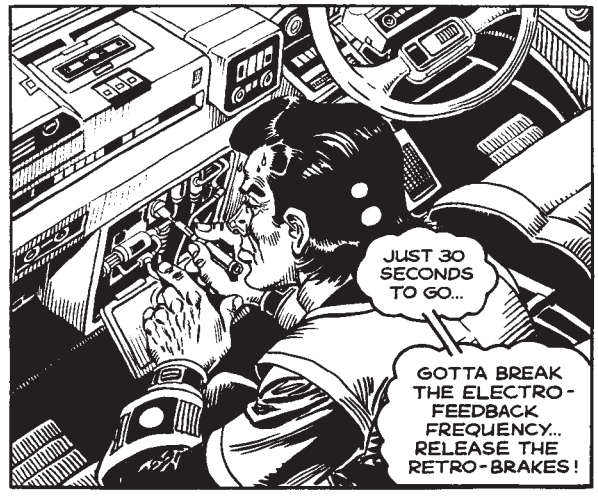

AND HOT NEWS IS USUALLY BAD NEWS...
THE WOR
TWO FRIEND
OF J.B. ROPE
WILL POSSIBL
MEET A GRUES
DEATH
TODAY!

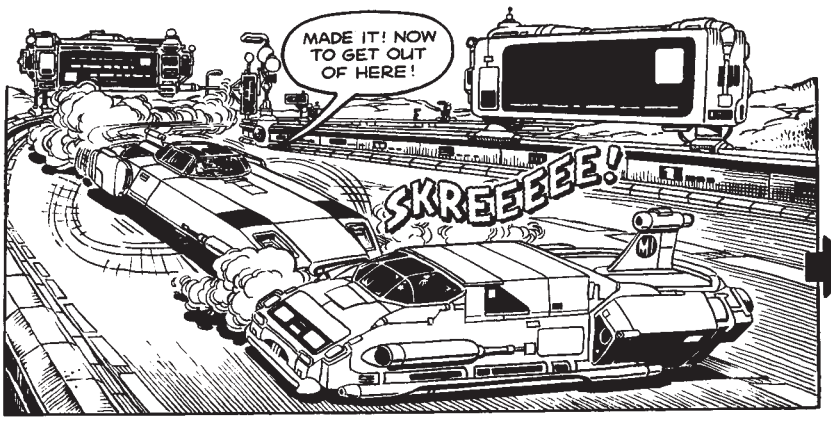
ER... SORRY, J.B. - GOTTA RUSH!
YEAH! UM... HAVE A NICE DAY!

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR MY 'ACCIDENT'... BETTER GET HOME AND LOCK MYSELF IN!
I'M NOT GOING NEAR THAT NEW COVENTRY FREEWAY!


BUT...
THE CAR'S GONE CRAZY! I CAN'T CONTROL IT!
THE WORLD MUST BE OVERRIDING ITS CIRCUITS!
LONDON 122

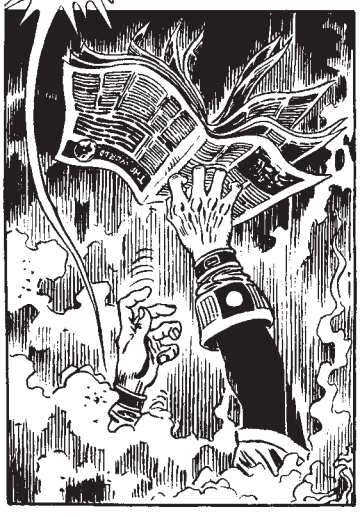

NEW COVENTRY FREEWAY DRIVE FRIENDLY!
HOLY CREMOLI! I'M ON THE FREEWAY - AND IT'S ALMOST 10 A.M.!


JUST 30 SECONDS TO GO...
GOTTA BREAK THE ELECTRO-FEEDBACK FREQUENCY... RELEASE THE RETRO-BRAKES!

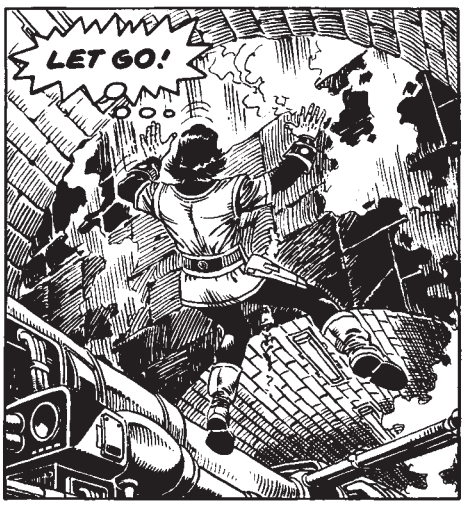

MADE IT! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!
SKREEEEE!

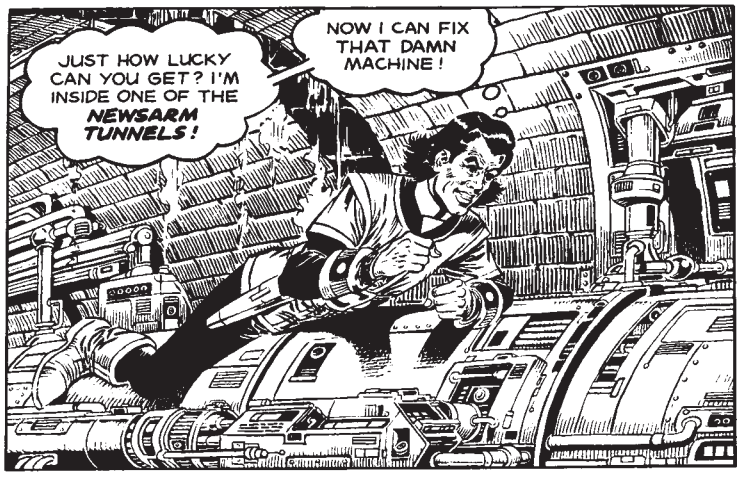
IT'S AFTER 10... AND I'M STILL ALIVE!
THE WORLD CAN BE BEATEN! IT ISN'T INFALLIBLE!
EXTRA!

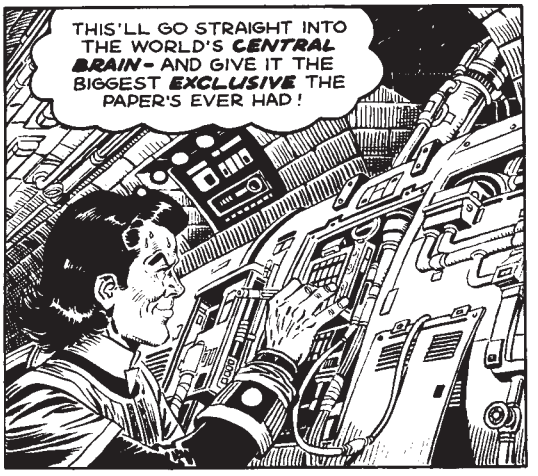
ANOTHER EDITION, HUH? LEMME SEE THAT!
BOY! THAT COMPUTER MUST BE GETTING DESPERATE! WHOEVER HEARD OF AN EARTHQUAKE AROUND----
THE WORLD
CONTRARY TO EARLIER REPORTS J.B. ROPEY WILL NOW PERISH IN A FREAK EARTHQUAKE!


...HERE!

J.B. WAS HANGING ON - BUT ONLY JUST...
EARTH CLOSING UP AGAIN... FEW MORE SECONDS AND I'LL BE CRUSHED!
GOTTA OUT-THINK THE COMPUTER! BE ILLOGICAL! DO THE UNEXPECTED!


LET GO!

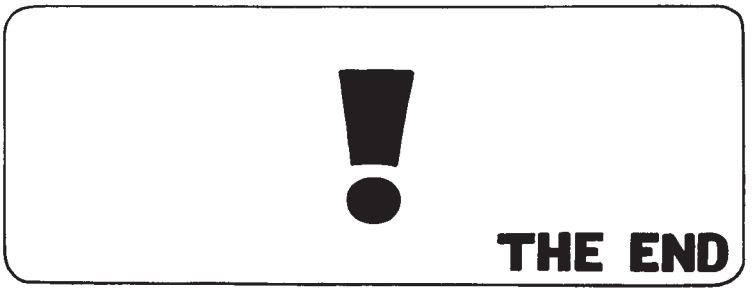

JUST HOW LUCKY CAN YOU GET? I'M INSIDE ONE OF THE NEWSARM TUNNELS!
NOW I CAN FIX THAT DAMN MACHINE!


THIS'LL GO STRAIGHT INTO THE WORLD'S CENTRAL BRAIN - AND GIVE IT THE BIGGEST EXCLUSIVE THE PAPER'S EVER HAD!

AND SO, THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT STARFALL MICROS UNLIMITED...
J.B. - WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE MORNING PAPER?
I DON'T NEED TO, BAGLEY... I WROTE THIS MORNING'S HEADLINE!

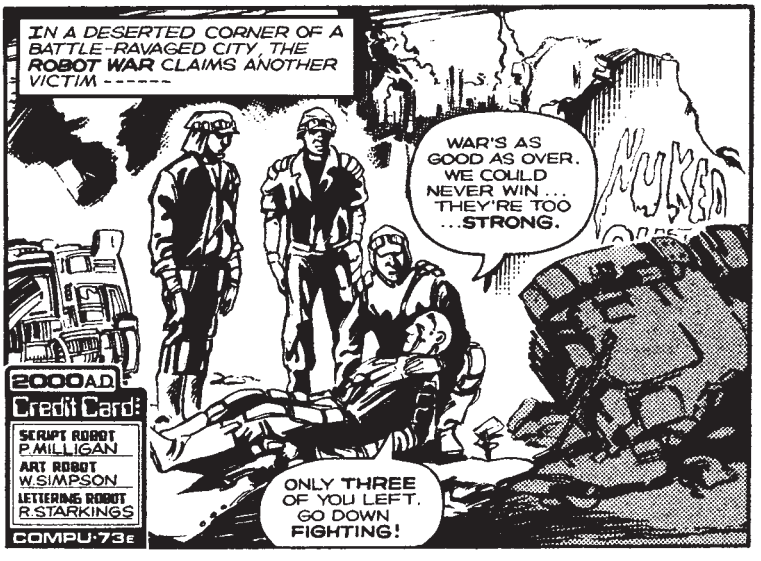
I JUST HACKED INTO THE CENTRAL BRAIN, AND GAVE IT THE NEWS -
THE PAPER WILL BE CLOSING DOWN TODAY!
ER... MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE CHOSEN YOUR WORDS WITH A BIT MORE CARE!

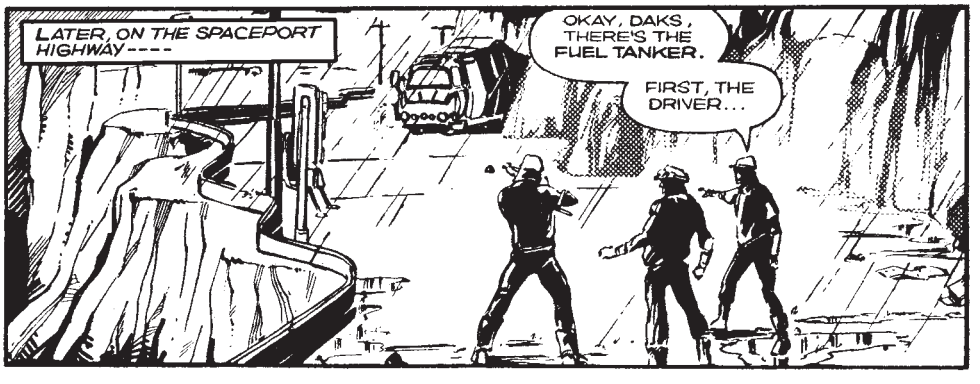
YOU KNOW HOW LITERAL-MINDED COMPUTERS CAN BE!
THE WORLD
THE WORLD WILL END TODAY!


!
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

NERVES OF STEEL!





AS THE GIANT TANKER SKIDS TO A HALT----
YOU ONLY WINGED HIM, DAKS! FINISH HIM OFF!
UHHHRR?

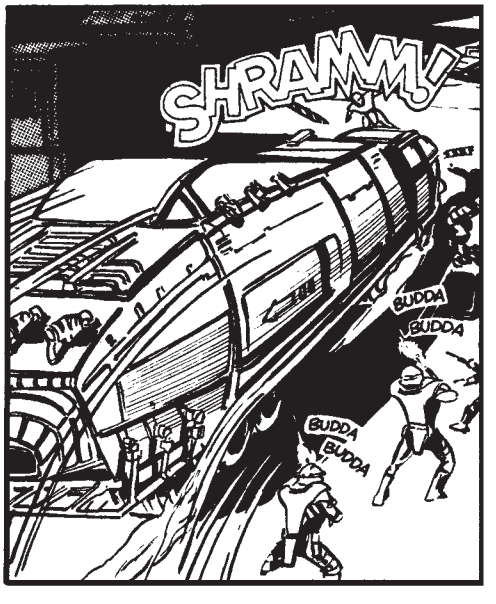
YOU... YOU... YOU...
DON'T JUST STAND THERE - SHOOT!

UNNGH----
DAKS!

NOOOOOOOOOO
AND NOW THERE ARE ONLY TWO LEFT TO FIGHT THE ROBOT WAR.

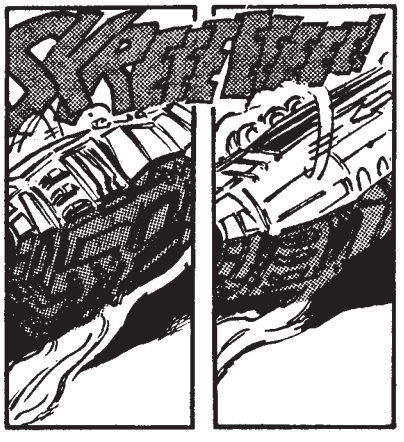
BUT THE PLAN STILL GOES AHEAD---
SPACEPORT UP AHEAD, SAMSON.
WE'LL CRASH THE TANKER INTO ONE OF THEIR SHIPS...
...AND SET OFF A CHAIN-REACTION! SOUNDS LIKE A SUICIDE MISSION TO ME...

NO POINT BOTH OF US GETTING FRIED!
HEY!


SHRAMM!
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

SO...NEAR! C-CAN'T FAIL NOW...
MUST STRIKE... THE FINAL BLOW!

BUT —
HIS DRIVING'S GONE HAYWIRE!


SKRITTTTT

KA-BOOOM!

HE MISSED THE SHIP! BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY GRENADE...
I CAN DO IT ON MY OWN!

GUARDS! SPOTTED ME... GOTTA MOVE F-FAST!
M-MY HANDS... SHAKING!
I'M G-GONNA...

DROP IT!

PIN! GOTTA PULL THE... PULL THE... PIIYAAA

MMMBGUUURRR

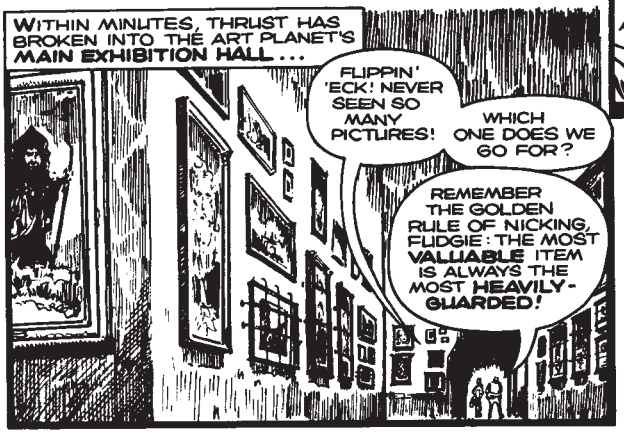
BREEEUUGGGGGGG

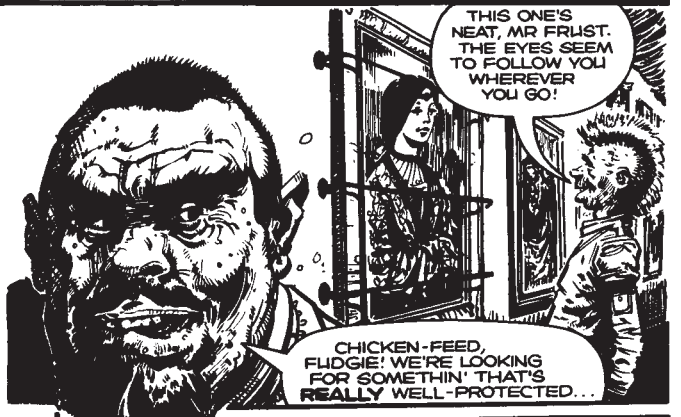
SAFETY MECHANISM IMPLANTED IN ITS BRAIN - JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.
RGRGRGGGGGGG

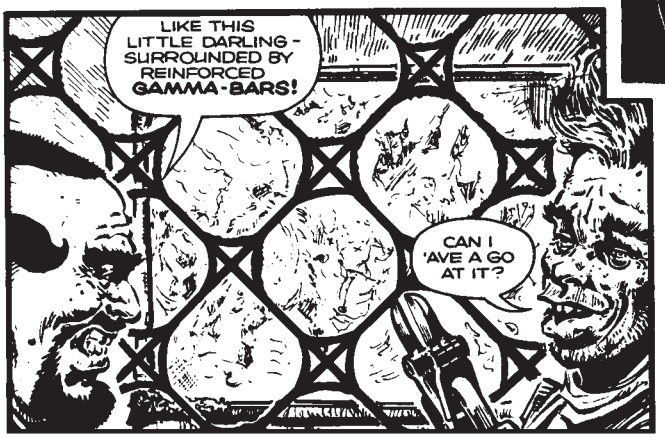
BEST IDEA WE EVER HAD... PROGRAMMING THEM TO SELF-DESTRUCT AT MOMENTS OF HIGH TENSION.
YEAH IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT, WHO KNOWS..?
THE ROBOTS MIGHT HAVE WON THIS WAR!
!

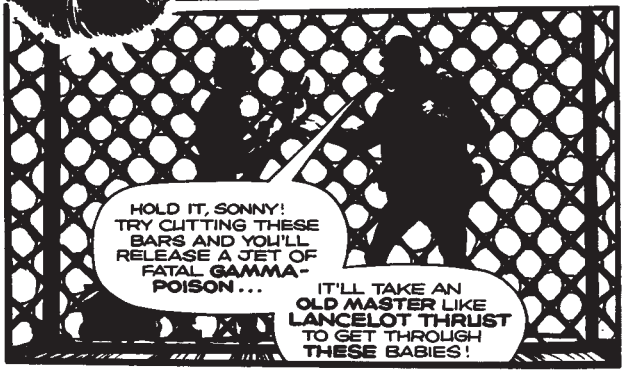
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

BUT IS IT ART?









SEE THIS? IT'S A MATTER REDUCER. IT SHOOTS OUT A BEAM THAT DISPLACES THE MOLECULAR GLUE OF SOLID OBJECTS.
OH...WHAT'S THAT IN ENGLISH, MR FRUST?

DON'T THEY TEACH YOU NOTHING AT CRIME-SCHOOL?
IT MEANS THAT, WITHOUT BREAKING THE BARS, WE CAN WALTZ THROUGH 'EM AS THOUGH THEY WEREN'T THERE!
BLIMEY! THE WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE!

NUFFINK TO THIS THIEVING LARK, IS THERE, MR FRUST?
NOT WHEN YOU KNOWS HOW, FUDGIE!
I'D LOVE TO SEE THEIR FACES WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEIR PRIZE PAINTING HAS BEEN WHIPPED!

AND SO, NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE EXHIBITION HALL OPENS...
NOW WE COME TO A MOST INTRIGUING PIECE OF ART...
SAY, IS THAT THE MOST VALUABLE ITEM ON DISPLAY?
SURE HAS GOTTA LOTTA BARS AROUND IT!

A COMMON MISTAKE. THIS ISN'T THE MOST VALUABLE PIECE – ALTHOUGH IT IS THE MOST REMARKABLE.
GUIDE
THIS PAINTING IS ALIVE! IT'S A CUBIZIAN ART CREATURE - THE MOST DANGEROUS LIFEFORM IN THE UNIVERSE!

THE BARS DON'T KEEP PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE PAINTING...

THEY KEEP THE PAINTING AWAY FROM PEOPLE!
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

EGGRAVATION

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

GRAINGER IN PARADISE!

COMPUTER LOG 23·8·2306 TWO-MANNED FLIGHT OMEGA 8 HAS CRASH-LANDED...

FIVE DAYS SINCE WE CAME DOWN... ALL RADIO LINKS BUSTED...

IT'S A BILLION TO ONE THAT A RESCUE SHIP WILL FIND ME HERE!

PILOT SAM GRAINGER IS THE ONLY SURVIVOR...

AND THAT SUITS ME JUST FINE!

C'MON IN, SAM...

THE WATER'S LOVELY!

BOY! I MUST BE THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE GALAXY...

FINDING YOUR OWN LITTLE PATCH OF PARADISE IS EVERY STARMAN'S DREAM!

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT P. MILLIGAN

ART ROBOT KEV HOPGOOD

LETTERING ROBOT STARKINGS

COMPU·73E

WHO NEEDS EARTH ANYWAY? POLLUTION... OVERCROWDING...

GEE, I'LL BE HAPPY TO SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS HERE!

PSYCHOLOGICAL REPORTS ON GRAINGER INDICATE LOW INSANITY THRESHOLD. PRESENT COURSE OF TREATMENT TO BE CONTINUED...

AND THE SCENERY!

I COULD SIT AND LAP THIS STUFF UP FOREVER!

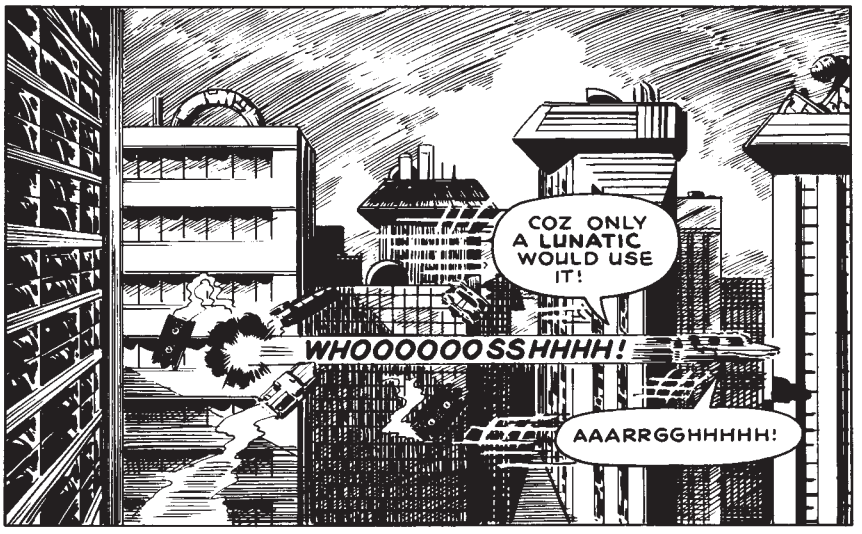
TO PRESERVE HIS SANITY, THE REALITY-ALTERING DRUG WILL BE ADMINISTERED FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE...

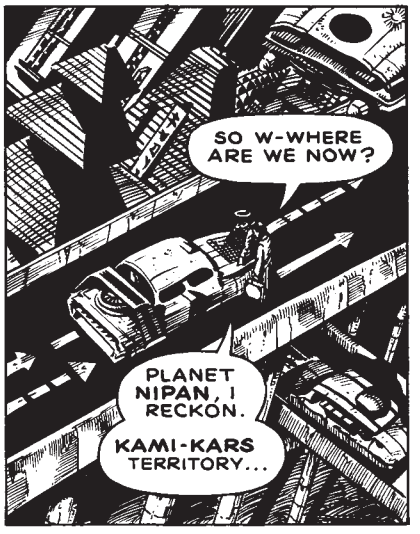
I MEAN, THIS MUST BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLANET IN THE COSMOS!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

CAR WARS

OUR CABBIES ARE RENOWNED FOR THEIR COMPETITIVE ATTITUDE...
KERRASH!
GEDDOWN!
STAR-CAB SCUM!
THIS IS UNIVERSAL TERRITORY!
HERE - TAKE THIS...
WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!
B-B-BUT...
NOBODY MESSES WITH A STAR-CABBIE!
KAPOW!
AAA!!!
DAMN! A WHOLE FLEET OF THEM!
YOU'RE SURROUNDED, STAR-CAB!
COME OUT WITH YOUR IGNITION KEY IN THE AIR...
HOLD TIGHT, BUD. STAR-CABS ARE FITTED WITH LUNATIC DRIVE...
LUNATIC DRIVE? WHY LUNATIC?


COZ ONLY A LUNATIC WOULD USE IT!
WHOOOOOOOSSHHHH!
AAARRGGHHHHH!


SO W-WHERE ARE WE NOW?
PLANET NIPAN, I RECKON.
KAMI-KARS TERRITORY...

DREATH TO THE STRAR CRABS!
YUP! THEY'RE KAMI-KARS ALL RIGHT!
PTOWW!
PTOINNG!
PTOINNG!

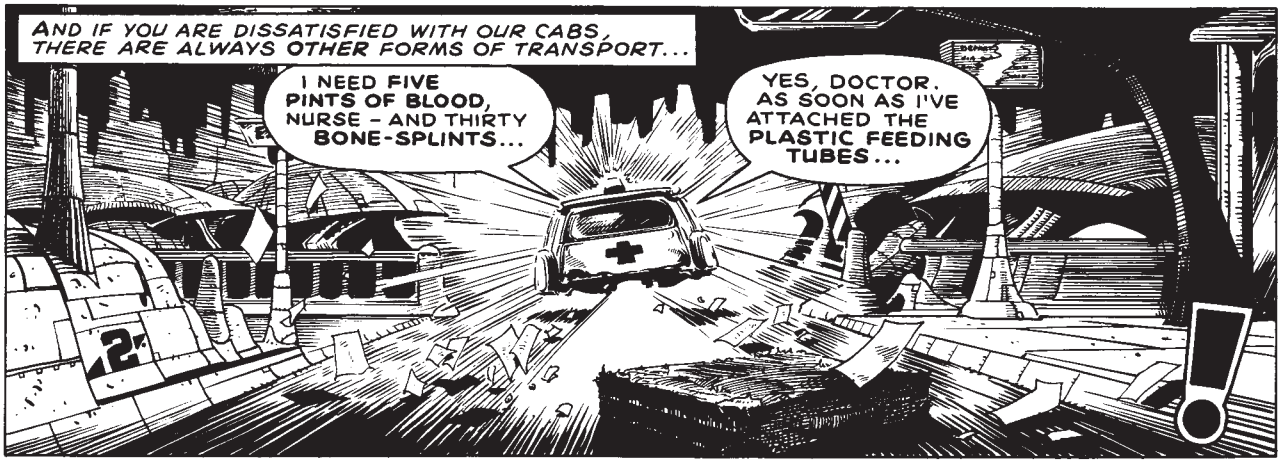
Rising Sun Eat House
IN HERE - WE'LL BE SAFE...
SPOING!
SPITANG!
THEY WON'T TOUCH US NOW. IT'S AN UNWRITTEN CAB LAW - EATING JOINTS IS STRICTLY NEUTRAL TERRITORY.
BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT?

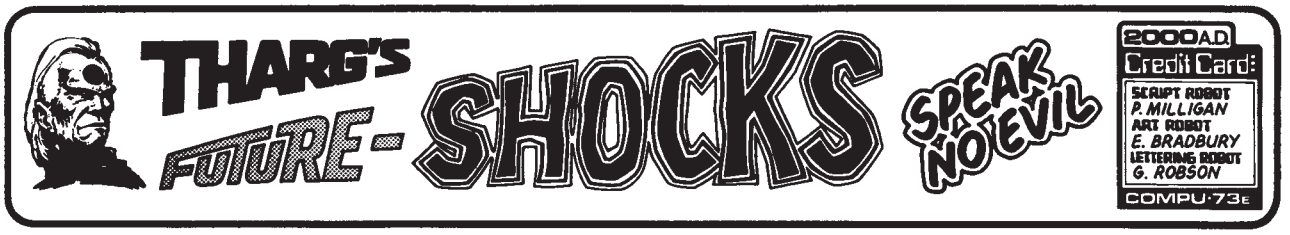
NO PROBLEM, BUD... HELLO? UNIVERSAL? I NEED TWENTY CABS AT THE RISING SUN, NIPAN...
THAT'S RIGHT - TWENTY. WE'RE A LARGE PARTY OF HIGH-TIPPING RICH BUSINESSMEN, SEE...
OKAY, GUYS, THERE'S THE RISING SUN!
MOVE INTO BATTLE FORMATION...
UNIVERSAL
WE'RE PROUD TO SAY THAT THE SPIRIT OF FREE ENTERPRISE IS STILL ALIVE IN THE DE-NIRO SYSTEM...
AA!!!!!
KABOOM!
KRILL THE UNIVERSRAL SCRUM!
DIE, YOU YELLOW DOGS!
KA! AK! KA!
OKAY, BUD. WHERE WAS IT AGAIN?
SELDON 6 SPACEPORT... AN' FORGET THE LUNATIC DRIVE THIS TIME!

SORRY 'BOUT THE TIME, BUD, BUT NIPAN'S A LONG WAY OFF WHEN YOU'RE DRIVING SANE.
STILL, THREE DAYS WASN'T BAD, CONSIDERING...
H-H-HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

LIKE THE METER SAYS. TEN THOUSAND CREDS. PLUS TIP.
IT'S AN UNWRITTEN CAB LAW, SEE. ALWAYS KEEP THE METER RUNNING...
FARE
10,000 CREDS

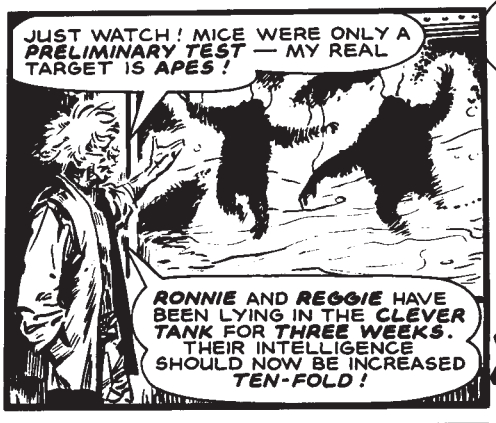
UH... WILL YOU TAKE AN I.O.U.?
DEP
RIG


AND IF YOU ARE DISSATISFIED WITH OUR CABS, THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER FORMS OF TRANSPORT...
I NEED FIVE PINTS OF BLOOD, NURSE - AND THIRTY BONE-SPLINTS...
YES, DOCTOR. AS SOON AS I'VE ATTACHED THE PLASTIC FEEDING TUBES...
!

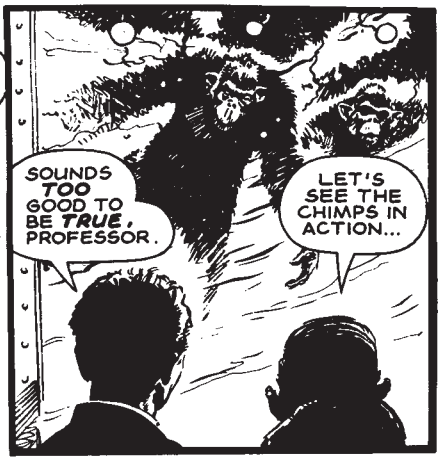

THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
SPEAK NO EVIL
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
E. BRADBURY
LETTERING ROBOT
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73E

MEET PROFESSOR MAGNUSSON, WHO CLAIMS HE CAN GREATLY INCREASE THE IQ OF DUMB ANIMALS...
YOU SEE THIS MINI VILLAGE? IT WAS BUILT ENTIRELY BY MICE WHO HAVE UNDERGONE MY CLEVER TANK PROCESS!

BUT RESEARCH OF THIS KIND DOES NOT COME CHEAP...
CUTE — BUT HOW'S IT GONNA HELP JOE PUBLIC?
UNLESS YOU SHOW US YOUR PROCESS HAS BENEFITS FOR HUMANITY, YOUR RESEARCH GRANT STOPS NOW!


JUST WATCH! MICE WERE ONLY A PRELIMINARY TEST — MY REAL TARGET IS APES!
RONNIE AND REGGIE HAVE BEEN LYING IN THE CLEVER TANK FOR THREE WEEKS. THEIR INTELLIGENCE SHOULD NOW BE INCREASED TEN-FOLD!

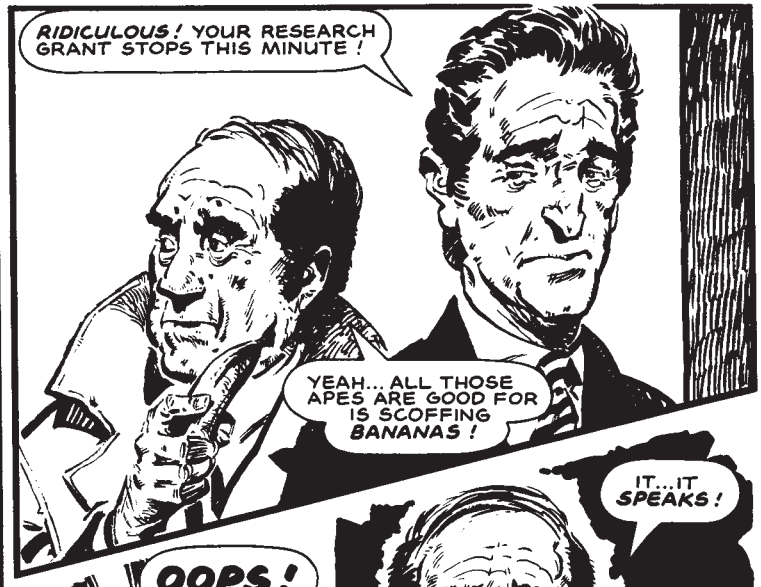
THESE APES WILL DO ALL THE DANGEROUS, HEAVY AND BORING WORK AT PRESENT PERFORMED BY MEN...
CHEAPER AND MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN ROBOTS!


SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, PROFESSOR.
LET'S SEE THE CHIMPS IN ACTION...

RONNIE AND REGGIE ARE RELEASED FROM THE CLEVER TANK...
OKAY, RONNIE. I'D LIKE YOU TO TELL THE NICE MEN WHAT TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS...

GIBBER!
GIBBER!

NO, RONNIE! PUT ME DOWN!
HEE HEE HOO HAW!
GIBBER!


RIDICULOUS! YOUR RESEARCH GRANT STOPS THIS MINUTE!
YEAH... ALL THOSE APES ARE GOOD FOR IS SCOFFING BANANAS!

HERE, CHIMP— CATCH!
CHEERS, MATE...

OOPS!

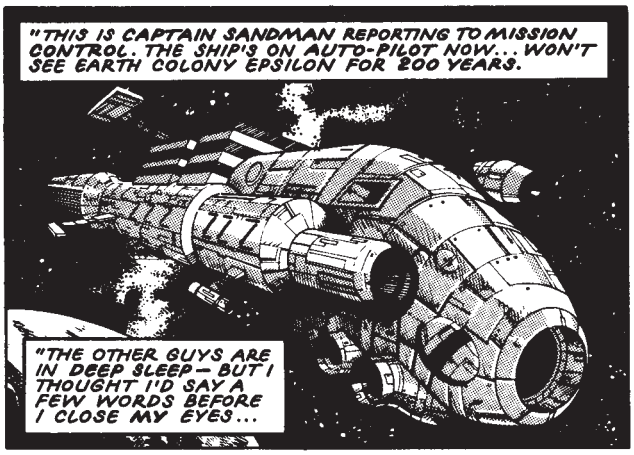
IT...IT SPEAKS!
THE PROFESSOR'S RIGHT! THE APES'LL BE PERFECT FOR ALL THOSE DIRTY JOBS...

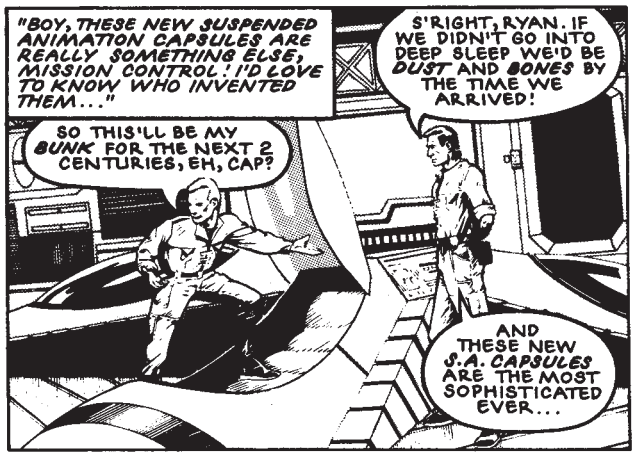
SEWER WORK!
TRAFFIC WARDENS!
DIGGING ROADS!
DUNG CARRIERS!

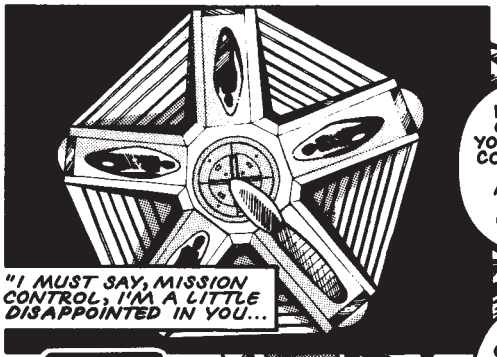
IGNORAMUS! YOU AND YOUR BIG MOUTH HAVE JUST SENTENCED US TO A LIFETIME OF TOIL!
SORRY, RONNIE...
AIN'T MY FAULT IF I'M TOO DUMB!

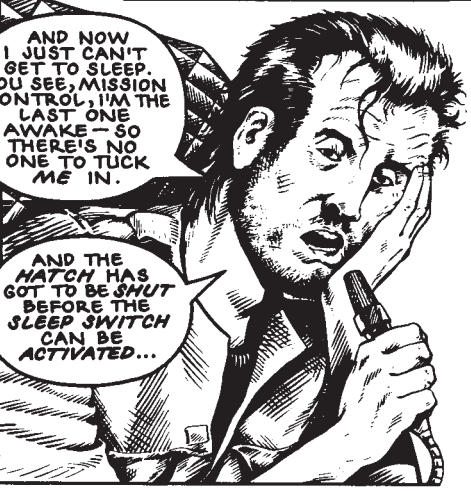
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

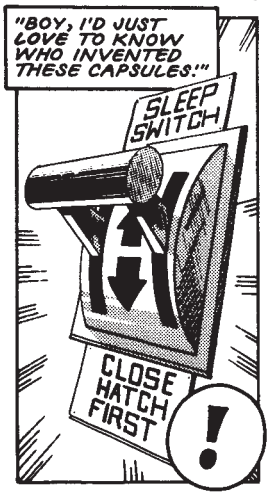
THE LONG SLEEP





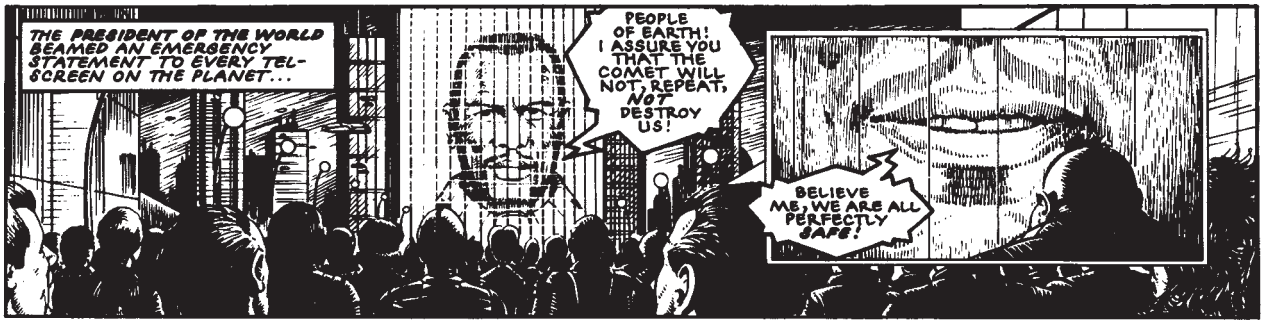




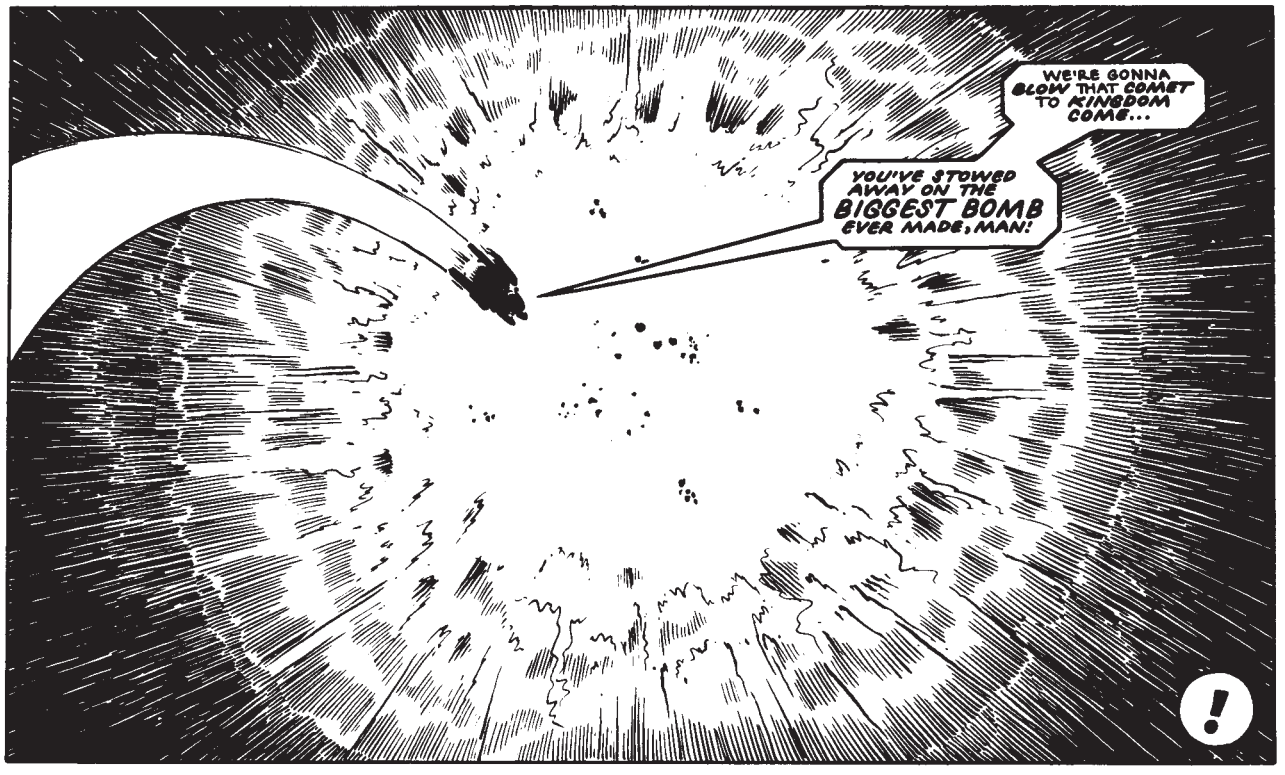


2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PETE MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

PROJECT SALVATION!

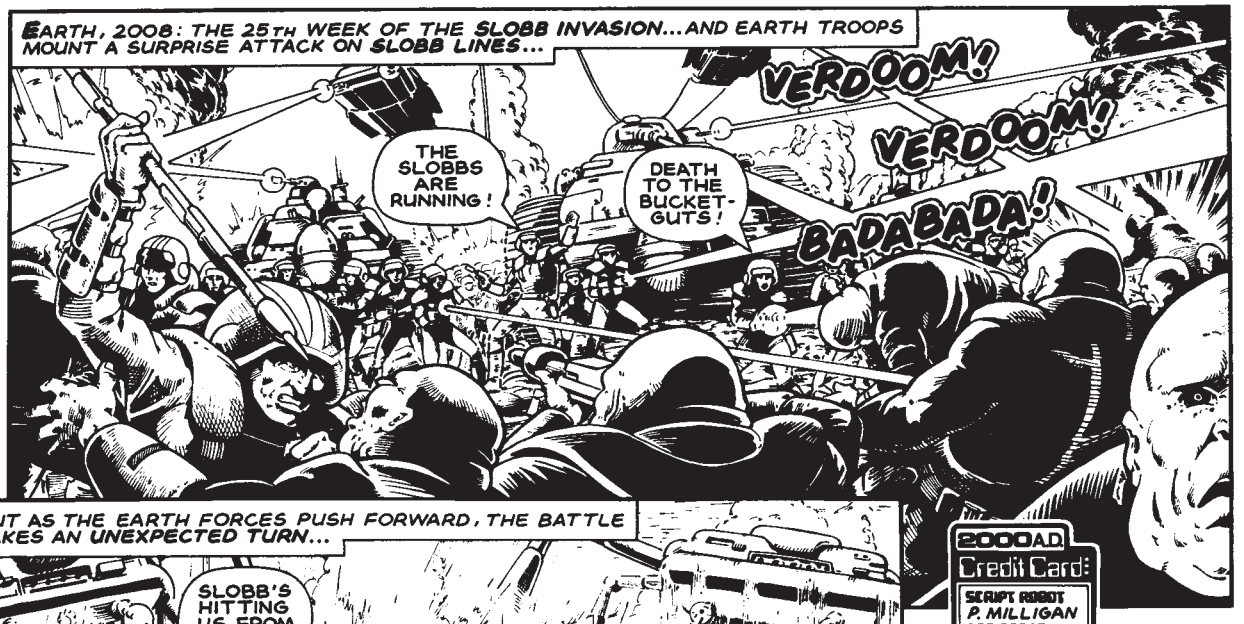


BUT I'M NOT JUST ANYONE! I'M THAL ROCKERBABY!
AND NO BUNCH OF FOOL POLITICIANS IS LEAVING ME ON A DOOMED PLANET!
LATER, IN THE DESERT...
ALL THE TOP PEOPLE ARE THERE. MUST BE NEAR TO BLAST-OFF...
WAIT FOR ME, PAL!
THROUGH A COMBINATION OF VIOLENCE...
SWEET DREAMS, SUCKER!
HIGH
CRACK
UUURR!
...AND BRIBERY...
TEN GRAND. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ME. RIGHT?
I AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN', MISTER.
CO2
...THAL HIDES ON BOARD THE SHIP.
JUST IN TIME—SHE'S TAKING OFF!
GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GO MEET MY FELLOW PASSENGERS!
BUT...
THERE'S NOBODY HERE! I'M ON MY OWN!
COMPUTER! WHERE IS EVERYONE?
WHAT YOU DOING HERE, MAN? THIS IS PROJECT SALVATION—AN UNMANNED FLIGHT!
U-UNMANNED? NO! THIS IS THE ESCAPE SHIP—BEFORE THE COMET HITS EARTH!
THE COMET'S HEADIN' FOR EARTH, SURE, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA GET THERE! THIS AIN'T NO ESCAPE SHIP...
ACTIVE
THIS IS THE SALVATION OF ALL MANKIND!


WE'RE GONNA BLOW THAT COMET TO KINGDOM COME...
YOU'VE STOWED AWAY ON THE BIGGEST BOMB EVER MADE, MAN!
!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE WAR WITH THE SLOBB!



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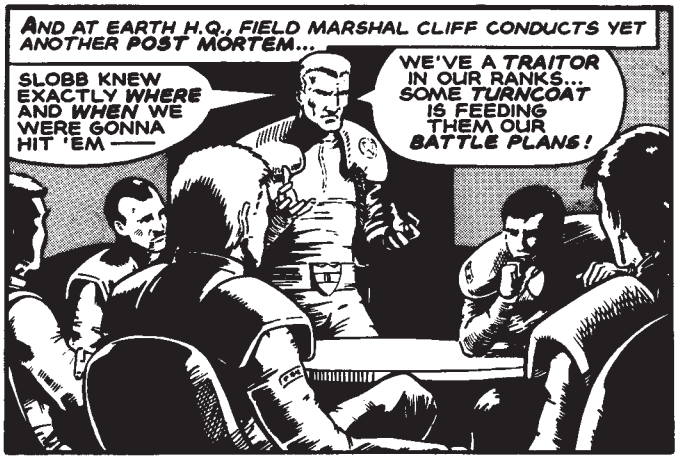
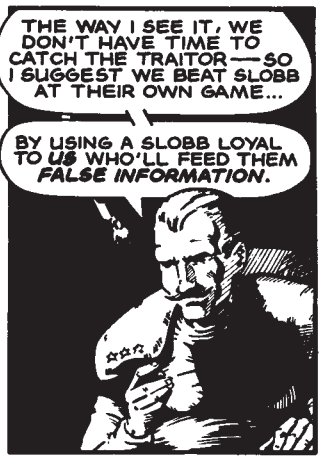
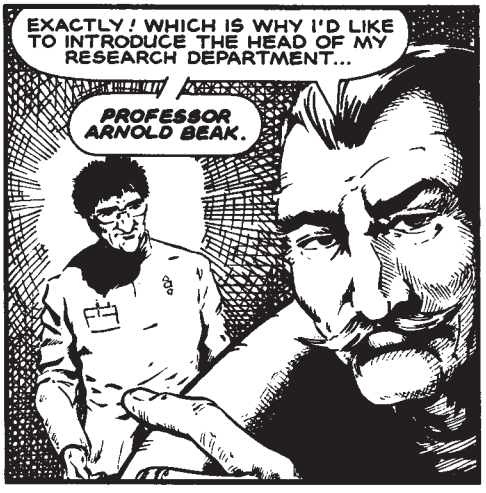
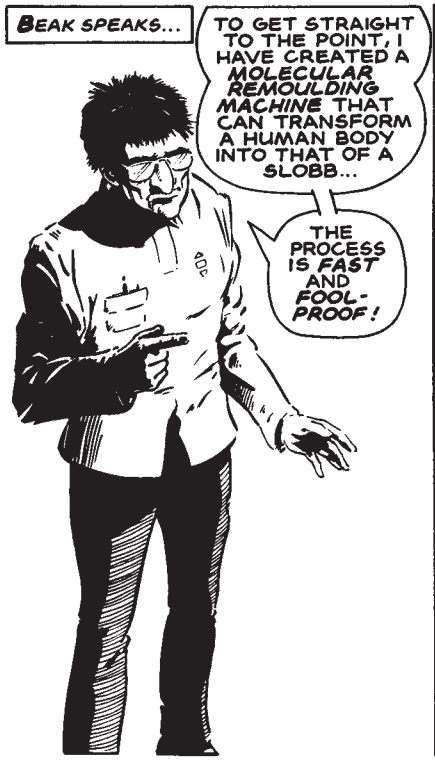

AND AT EARTH H.Q., FIELD MARSHAL CLIFF CONDUCTS YET ANOTHER POST MORTEM...
SLOBB KNEW EXACTLY WHERE AND WHEN WE WERE GONNA HIT 'EM —
WE'VE A TRAITOR IN OUR RANKS... SOME TURNCOAT IS FEEDING THEM OUR BATTLE PLANS!

AND UNLESS WE CATCH HIM — AND WIN THE NEXT BATTLE — EARTH WILL BE LOST!
ANY SUGGESTIONS ?


THE WAY I SEE IT, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO CATCH THE TRAITOR — SO I SUGGEST WE BEAT SLOBB AT THEIR OWN GAME...
BY USING A SLOBB LOYAL TO US WHO'LL FEED THEM FALSE INFORMATION.

AN' HOW DO WE DO THAT ?
THERE AIN'T A SLOBB ALIVE WHO'LL DOUBLE-CROSS HIS OWN PEOPLE.


EXACTLY! WHICH IS WHY I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE THE HEAD OF MY RESEARCH DEPARTMENT...
PROFESSOR ARNOLD BEAK.


BEAK SPEAKS...
TO GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT, I HAVE CREATED A MOLECULAR REMOULDING MACHINE THAT CAN TRANSFORM A HUMAN BODY INTO THAT OF A SLOBB...
THE PROCESS IS FAST AND FOOL-PROOF!

SPLENDID! OUR PHONEY-SLOBB CAN FEED THEM FAKE BATTLE PLANS — THIS'LL WIN US THE WAR!
ONE PROBLEM, SIR... I HAVE YET TO PERFECT THE REVERSAL PROCESS...
I CAN TURN A HUMAN INTO A SLOBB, BUT IT MIGHT BE YEARS BEFORE I'M ABLE TO TURN HIM BACK INTO A HUMAN!

TOUGH!
HAVE WE ANYONE EXPENDABLE WHO CAN CARRY OUT THIS ASSIGNMENT ?

THERE'S A CHAP IN INTELLIGENCE — DIDN'T GO TO ANY OF THE PROPER SCHOOLS... CAN'T EVEN PLAY A DECENT HAND OF MEGA-BRIDGE!
"FELLOW BY THE NAME OF..."
CAPTAIN HYDE!
DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU! GENERAL McCALL SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN HE'D TRUST TO DO THIS JOB...
THE OPERATION'S QUITE SIMPLE. WE JUST WANT YOU TO SLIP ACROSS SLOBB LINES, FEED THEM THE BOGUS INFO...
AND RETURN TO A HERO'S WELCOME!
CAPTAIN HYDE IS PLACED IN THE MOLECULAR REMOULDING MACHINE...
FIELD MARSHAL, YOU FORGOT TO TELL HIM ABOUT THE UNPERFECTED REVERSAL PROCESS...
HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE MIGHT BE STUCK WITH A HORRID SLOBB-BODY FOR YEARS!
DIDN'T I MENTION THAT, BEAK?
MUST HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND!
SOON, THE PHONEY-SLOBB IS BRIEFED FOR HIS VITAL MISSION...
WE PLAN TO THROW OUR FORCES INTO SECTORS 9 AND 10...
SO WE WANT YOU TO TELL 'EM OUR PLANS ARE TO ATTACK HERE — AT A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT BATTLE-SECTOR! GOT THAT?
HYDE IS QUICKLY SHUNTED ACROSS ENEMY LINES...
I'VE ESCAPED FROM THE EARTH-MEN...
AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEIR BATTLE PLANS!

AND...
OKAY, MEN. OUR AGENT'S HAD TIME TO DO HIS WORK...
LET'S GO AND WIN THIS WAR!

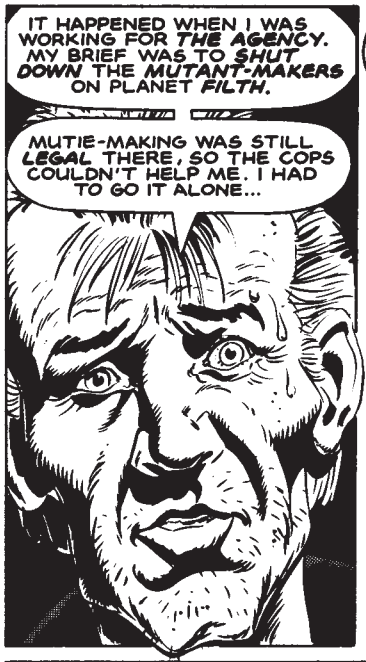
ALL AVAILABLE EARTH TROOPS ATTACK SLOBB SECTORS 9 AND 10...
THEY'RE TURNING TAIL!
ZZAP!
ZZAM!

BUT SUDDENLY —
SHRAMM!
WE'RE BEING HIT FROM ALL SIDES!
THEY WERE WAITING FOR US!!

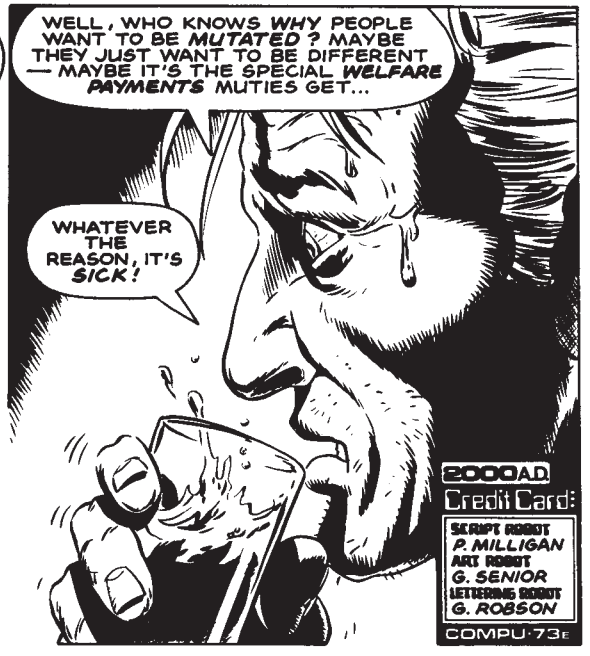
BACK AT EARTH H.Q....
THE WAR'S LOST, FIELD MARSHAL.
THE SLOBB LEADERS ARE COMING TO RECEIVE OUR UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.
WE WERE BETRAYED — AGAIN!

HYDE! YOU FILTHY, SNIVELLING TRAITOR!
BUT I'M A HERO, AS YOU SAID I'D BE!
AND I WANT TO THANK YOUR SCIENTISTS FOR PERFECTING THE MOLECULAR REMOULDING REVERSAL PROCESS...
I UNDERWENT THE OPERATION SO I COULD STEAL YOUR BATTLE PLANS — BUT I WAS TOLD I MIGHT BE STUCK WITH THAT HORRID HUMAN-BODY FOR YEARS!

THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE REVENGE OF YALLOP CRINGE!


IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS WORKING FOR THE AGENCY. MY BRIEF WAS TO SHUT DOWN THE MUTANT-MAKERS ON PLANET FILTH.
MUTIE-MAKING WAS STILL LEGAL THERE, SO THE COPS COULDN'T HELP ME. I HAD TO GO IT ALONE...

PRAY CONTINUE, HERR KROCOV. ZIS IS A MOST INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF ARCHETYPAL BEHAVIOURAL PATTERNS...


WELL, WHO KNOWS WHY PEOPLE WANT TO BE MUTATED? MAYBE THEY JUST WANT TO BE DIFFERENT — MAYBE IT'S THE SPECIAL WELFARE PAYMENTS MUTIES GET...
WHATEVER THE REASON, IT'S SICK!
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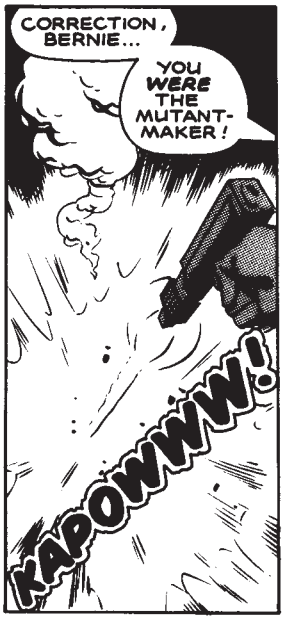
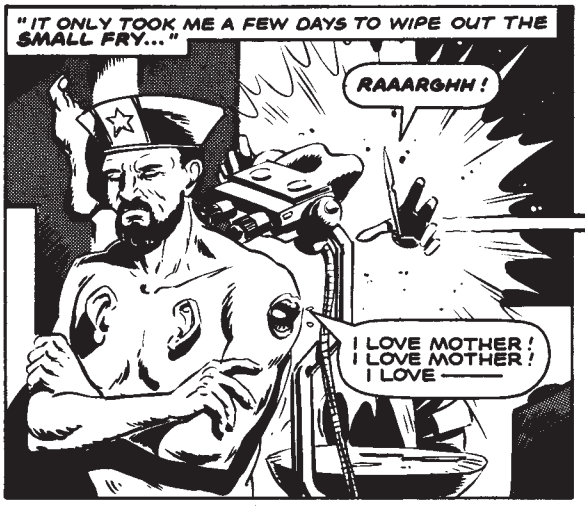
"BUT THEN MUTIE-MAKING IS ONE SICK BUSINESS..."
HEY! THIS THIRD EYE YOU PUT IN LAST WEEK HAS FALLEN OUT!
BERNIE'S
PART EXCHANGE WELCOME.
YEAH? TOO BAD, PAL!

"THAT'S WHY I WAS SENT TO STAMP IT OUT..."
HI — I'M KROCOV. YOU BERNIE?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. I'M THE MUTANT-MAKER...


CORRECTION, BERNIE...
YOU WERE THE MUTANT-MAKER!
KAPOWWW!

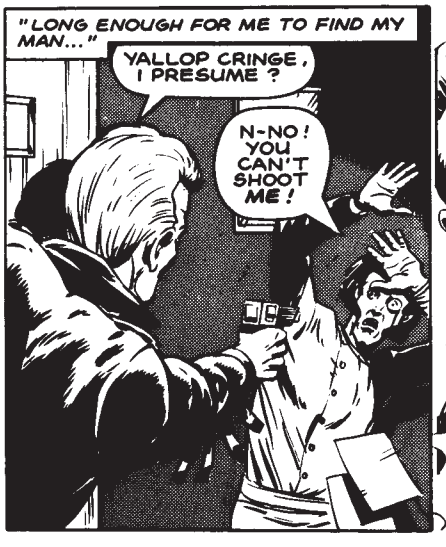

"IT ONLY TOOK ME A FEW DAYS TO WIPE OUT THE SMALL FRY..."
RAAARGHH!
I LOVE MOTHER! I LOVE MOTHER! I LOVE ——

"AND THEN I TOOK ON YALLOP CRINGE..."
CRINGE IS BIG TIME. BOMB-PROOF BUILDING... LOTS OF MUSCLE OUTSIDE...
AN' I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE SKUNK LOOKS LIKE!

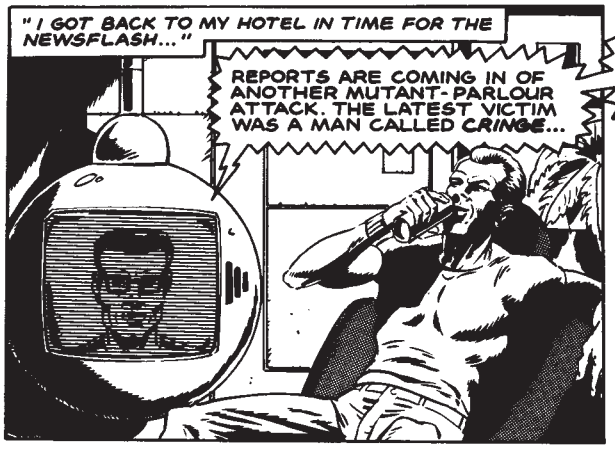
"I FOUND AN EX-PATIENT WITH A GRUDGE AGAINST CRINGE. MUTIE-OPS ARE IRREVERSIBLE, AND HE'D HAD 20 ARMS GRAFTED ONTO HIS BODY... ALL LEFT-HANDED!
I GOT A MUGSHOT OF CRINGE, MR KROCOV — BUT THEY SAY THAT MUTIE-CLINIC OF HIS IS IMPREGNABLE!
I KNOW, LEFTIE. BUT THAT DOESN'T WORRY ME...

...'COS THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR ISN'T!
BADAMM!
KA-BOOOMM!

"THAT KEPT CRINGE'S APES BUSY FOR A WHILE..."


"LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FIND MY MAN..."
YALLOP CRINGE, I PRESUME?
N-NO! YOU CAN'T SHOOT ME!

WANNA BET?
KAPOWWW!


"I GOT BACK TO MY HOTEL IN TIME FOR THE NEWSFLASH..."
REPORTS ARE COMING IN OF ANOTHER MUTANT-PARLOUR ATTACK. THE LATEST VICTIM WAS A MAN CALLED CRINGE...

LESTER CRINGE — TWIN BROTHER OF THE WELL-KNOWN MUTANT-MAKER, YALLOP...
...WHO SAYS HE'LL BE DEALING WITH THE MURDERER PERSONALLY!
PFFTHHH

"NEXT THING I KNEW, THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN..."
THERE HE IS!
YOU DIRTY RAT! YOU KILLED MY BROTHER!

SORRY, MR KROCOV, BUT HE SAID I'D GET 20 RIGHT-HANDED ARMS IF I TOLD HIM WHERE YOU WERE!
STRAP HIM TO THE TABLE — I'LL OPERATE HERE!
O-OPERATE?

"LAST THING I REMEMBER, CRINGE WAS COMING AT ME WITH A LAS-SCALPEL..."
DON'T WORRY, KROCOV! THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU A LOT MORE THAN IT HURTS ME!

YOU KNOW THE REST, DOCTOR. YALLOP CRINGE KNEW HE'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH KILLING AN AGENT...
BUT HE STILL GOT HIS REVENGE!

A MOST INTERESTING PSYCHOLOGICAL PREDICAMENT, HERR KROCOV!
HAVE I EVER TOLD YOU ABOUT MY THEORY OF SUBCONSCIOUS GUILT TRANSFERENCE?

YEAH, DOC, YOU'VE TOLD ME...
LOTS OF TIMES!

THE MOON MEADOW DOME FOR THE AGED...
MR BONHOF, ISN'T IT ? YOU'RE NEW HERE...OF COURSE, MY FACE WON'T BE FAMILIAR TO YOU, BUT MY NAME WILL BE — 'COS SO MANY PEOPLE CLAIM TO BE ME !
OH ? AND WHY'S THAT ?
COS I SOLD MY MEMORIES TO EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED ...AND THEY SOLD THEM TO HUNDREDS OF MEN, WHO NOW GO ABOUT WITH MY OWN PAST EMBEDDED IN THEIR MINDS !
SO WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT YOUR MEMORIES ?
I WAS ONCE THE GREATEST GLADIATOR IN ALL SPACE ! I WAS...
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
ERIC THE WILD!
"AH YES, HOW WELL I REMEMBER MY FIRST EVER COMBAT..."
WHO AM I FIGHTING, BOSS ?
A TOUGH ONE, ERIC... THE SNARGROID OF TREXLOX — ONE MEAN VEGETABLE !
" TRILLIONS OF CREATURES THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE WATCHED AS OUR TITANIC PROJECTIONS DID BATTLE ! OUR ARENA WAS AN ABANDONED STAR SYSTEM ! "
EARTHHHMAN... YOU CAHNOT DEFEATTT THE SNARRRGROIDH !
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SHHUNKKK!
DON'T BET ON IT, CARROT FACE!
"THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING!"
"I TRAVELLED ALL KNOWN SPACE, BATTLING THE BEST THERE WAS! I FOUGHT CLINTHROP THE CREASER..."
SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR!
"...GRENGLOPE THE UNTOUCHABLE..."
HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, SQUID!
OOOOH! IT'S ERIC THE WILD!
"...AND MORRIE THE MUTANT..."
SMAKK!
GGURNNG!
I SAY!
"SOON, I WAS THE GREATEST GLADIATOR OF ALL! BOY, WHAT A LIFE I HAD!"
CAN I TOUCH YOU, ERIC?
EAT YOUR HEART OUT.
EASY, GIRLS — THERE'S PLENTY OF ME FOR ALL OF YOU!

"FOR YEARS I WAS SUPREME CHAMPION — AND THEN I MET SHINKO THE SADISTIC..."
TIME FOR YOU TO RETIRE, OLD EARTHCREATURE!
WHOKK!
NNNGGN! SH-SHINKO ...HE'S TOO STRONG ...TOO FAST!
BEHOLD, THE MARK OF SHINKO!
YEAAGHH!
"HE WAS RIGHT. IT WAS TIME TO RETIRE FROM THE PIT."
A SURGEON REMOVED THE SCAR OF SHINKO, BUT I HAD NO MONEY! I HADN'T SAVED A SOU!
"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING FOR IT: EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED..."
I'M TAKING AN ELECTRO-SIMULATION OF YOUR MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES, ERIC — TO SELL TO MY RICH OLD CLIENTS...
DURING THEIR TWILIGHT YEARS, THEY'LL REMEMBER THEIR EXCITING LIFE — YOUR LIFE!
NOW, HUNDREDS OF FOLK BELIEVE THEY USED TO BE ME! THEY TRADED IN THEIR OWN BORING PASTS FOR THE MEMORIES OF ERIC THE WILD!
THE TALKATIVE OLD MAN DEPARTED, AND MR BONHOF WAS LEFT ALONE AGAIN.
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I HEARD THAT STORY?
OF COURSE, THE MEMORY PROGRAMMERS PLANTED THE BIT ABOUT SHINKO'S SCAR BEING REMOVED!
A MAN MIGHT SELL HIS MEMORIES FOR MONEY...
BUT A TRUE GLADIATOR WOULD NEVER PART WITH HIS BATTLE-SCAR!
END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
PRISONER OF CONSCIENCE!
A SIREN WAILS ON PRISON PLANET ALPHA 3...WHERE LONG-TERM CONVICT EDDIE "HARDMAN" VICAR IS MAKING A DASH FOR FREEDOM...
STROKE OF LUCK, THAT METEOR SHOWER BUSTING THE MAIN WALL...
AWOOOOOOOOO
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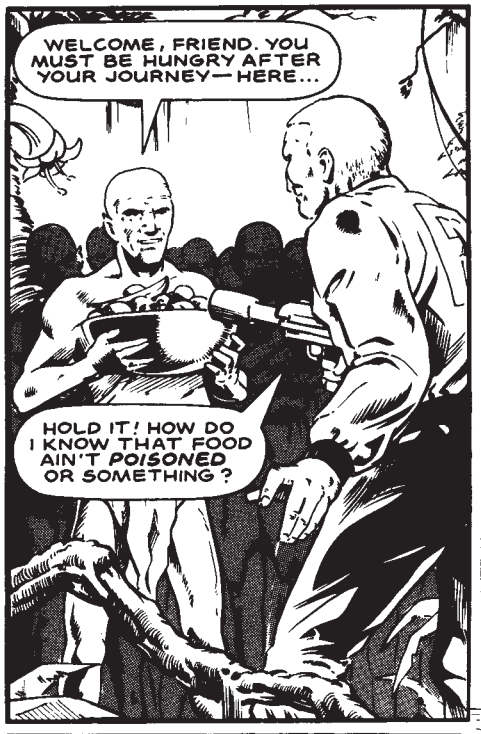
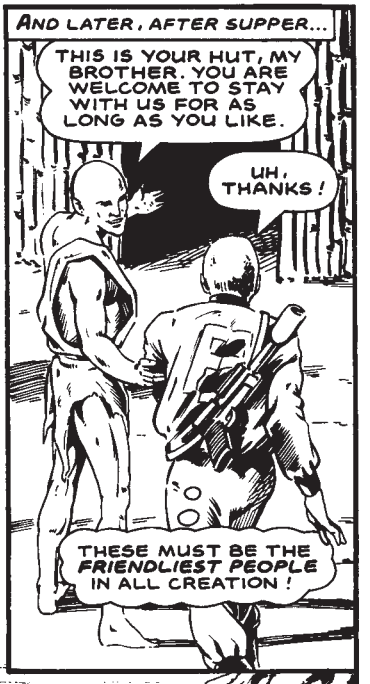
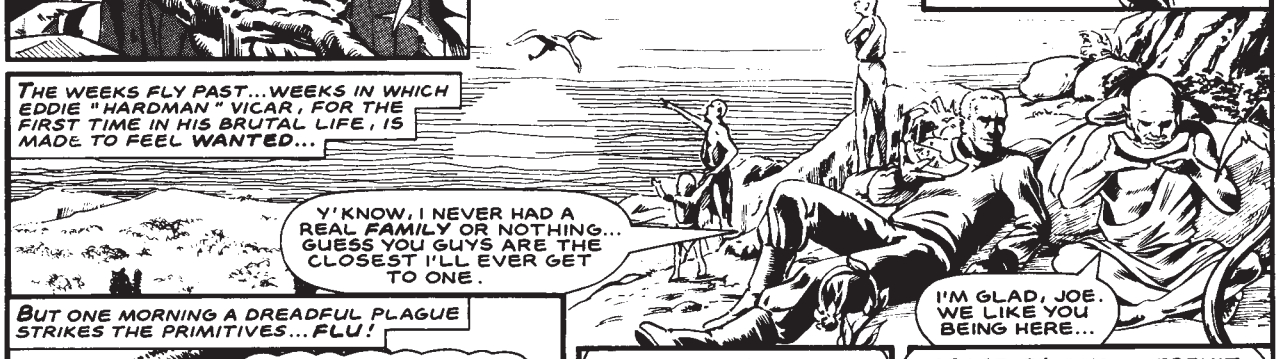
ART ROBOT KITSON
LETTERING ROBOT ROBSON
COMPU·73E
AN' NOW THAT SHIP'S JUST BEGGING TO BE STOLEN!
MEET YOUR NEW PILOT, PAL!
AAH!
WHOLE STAR-SYSTEM'LL BE CRAWLING WITH POLICE-SHIPS SOON.
I'D BETTER FIND A QUIET PLANET AND LIE LOW TILL THE HEAT'S OFF...
AND SOON...
HA! I'M ON A LUCKY STREAK!
THAT PLANET'S PERFECT!
PLANET: UNDEVELO ++ ABLE T SUPPORT HUMAN LIFE ++
DAMN! THE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH PRIMITIVES! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL ...THEY COULD BE SAVAGE...

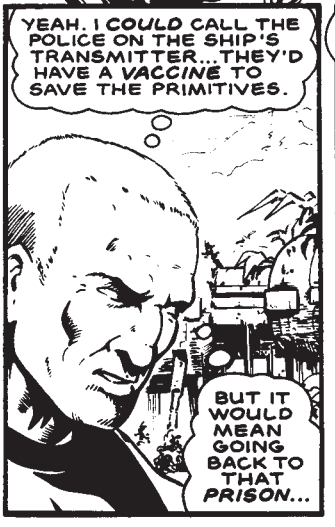

WELCOME, FRIEND. YOU MUST BE HUNGRY AFTER YOUR JOURNEY— HERE...
HOLD IT! HOW DO I KNOW THAT FOOD AIN'T POISONED OR SOMETHING?

I WILL TASTE THE FOOD FIRST, FRIEND — BUT IF YOU'D RATHER SLEEP, A HUT CAN BE PREPARED...
THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! CAN THESE GUYS BE FOR REAL?


AND LATER, AFTER SUPPER...
THIS IS YOUR HUT, MY BROTHER. YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY WITH US FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.
UH, THANKS!
THESE MUST BE THE FRIENDLIEST PEOPLE IN ALL CREATION!


THE WEEKS FLY PAST... WEEKS IN WHICH EDDIE "HARDMAN" VICAR, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS BRUTAL LIFE, IS MADE TO FEEL WANTED...
Y'KNOW, I NEVER HAD A REAL FAMILY OR NOTHING... GUESS YOU GUYS ARE THE CLOSEST I'LL EVER GET TO ONE.
I'M GLAD, JOE. WE LIKE YOU BEING HERE...

BUT ONE MORNING A DREADFUL PLAGUE STRIKES THE PRIMITIVES... FLU!
MUST HAVE CAUGHT IT OFF OF ME! THEIR BODIES HAVE NO IMMUNITY TO IT ...THIS COULD WIPE THEM ALL OUT!
PLEASE, BROTHER! HELP US! CAN YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE SKY CURE US?


YEAH. I COULD CALL THE POLICE ON THE SHIP'S TRANSMITTER... THEY'D HAVE A VACCINE TO SAVE THE PRIMITIVES.
BUT IT WOULD MEAN GOING BACK TO THAT PRISON...

FORGET IT! IF YOU WEREN'T SO SOFT YOU'D TURN ME OVER AND SAVE YOURSELVES...
AND ONLY THE HARD AND THE RUTHLESS DESERVE TO SURVIVE!

PLEASE !
I KNOW IT'S ONLY IN HIS MIND, BUT THAT FLU SCENE ALWAYS DISTURBS ME...
RIGHT... TURN OFF THE BRAIN-SCREEN AND THE IMAGE-INDUCER. ACTIVATE MEMORY WIPE-OUT.
THAT'S THE TENTH TIME HE'S LET THE PRIMITIVES DIE !
MEMOR WIPE-OUT ACTIVAT + + +
LET'S GET THE BRUTE BACK TO HIS CELL — NO WAY HE DESERVES TO BE LET OUT...
EDDIE VICAR HAS FAILED HIS PAROLE TEST YET AGAIN !

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
DOING TIME!
CITIZENS! WHEN YOU ELECTED ME AS YOUR NEW LEADER, I VOWED TO ERADICATE CRIME FROM OUR SOCIETY!
TONIGHT, I AM PLEASED TO REPORT THAT THE WAR AGAINST THE CRIMINALS IS ALMOST WON!
OH, YEAH, CREEP...?
MY BOOT SAYS DIFFERENT!
M-MAYBE WE OUGHTA SPLIT, GUS – JUST IN CASE THE LAW TURNS UP.
STOP WORRYING, LARRY. IT'S LIKE I TOLD YOU...
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ART ROBOT P SMITH
LETTERING ROBOT T FRAME
COMPU-73E
PRISONS THESE DAYS ARE LIKE HOLIDAY CAMPS...
AND THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE IS ONLY A MONTH!
AS THE TWO YOUTHS LEAVE THE RANSACKED RESIDENCE...
HEY! A 1998 ROLLS-MERCEDES!
THIS CALLS FOR A TEST-DRIVE, LARRY BABY!

STOP – AAAH!
SORRY, OFFICER. WE DON'T TAKE HITCH-HIKERS!
WOOOWEEE!
WHAT NOW, GUS?
A SPOT OF WINDOW-SHOPPING!
KERRASH!
MON DIEU!
EEEK!
ZOOT ALORS! I AM 'ANDSOME, NON?
TREZZ CHEEK, GUS!
UH-OH...
FREEZE!
IT'S THE LAW, GUS!
SO WE'RE NICKED. BIG DEAL!
AT THE CITY COURTHOUSE –
...FOUR ROBBERIES...SEVEN HI-JACKINGS!
I SENTENCE YOU TO THREE WEEKS' COMMUNITY SERVICE!
GREAT!
OUR TURN NEXT, GUS.
I'M JUST SHAKING WITH FEAR!

LAURENCE D'ARBY AND AUGUSTUS JOHN! FOR YOUR HEINOUS CRIMES, I SENTENCE YOU TO TWO WEEKS' HARD LABOUR!
HARD LABOUR? DOES THAT MEAN WE HAVE TO POUR OUR OWN DRINKS?
HEE HEE!
KLUNK!
THIS WAY, CREEPS!
I HOPE MY ROOM'S GOT HOLOVISION!
CELLS
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!
WAAAH! WHAT'S HAPPENING, GUS?
HOW THE HECK DO I KNOW?
THAT'S TWO MORE THUGS WE WON'T BE SEEING AGAIN.
WHERE DID WE SEND THEM TO THIS TIME?
1985 AGAIN—SEEMS THE TIME CO-ORDINATES CAN LOCK INTO THAT YEAR EASIEST OF ALL...
YES, CITIZENS, THIS GOVERNMENT IS MAKING CRIME...
A THING OF THE PAST!
KLIK!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS!

THE PLANET LUPZOG, SOMEWHERE IN THE CORONA BOREALIS...

OXYGEN LEVEL'S FINE, AGENT SMILEY. SO NOW CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT OUR MISSION IS?

SURE. SORRY 'BOUT THE UNUSUAL SECURITY MEASURES- BUT THIS IS THE BIGGEST JOB WESTOPIAN INTELLIGENCE HAS HANDLED SINCE THE GALACTIC WAR BEGAN.

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ART ROBOT STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
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WE'RE GOING TO WIN THE WAR AGAINST EASTOVIA...

WE'RE GOING TO FIND THE ULTIMATE WEAPON!

IT'S IN THAT TIMEPROOF PLASMA-HIVE. IT'S BEEN THERE CENTURIES — BUT IT'LL STILL BE IN MINT CONDITION...

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? WHAT DOES IT DO?

NO ONE KNOWS, TAILOR. THE SPACE RECORDS WE FOUND JUST SAID IT WAS STORED HERE BY AN ANCIENT WARRIOR RACE.

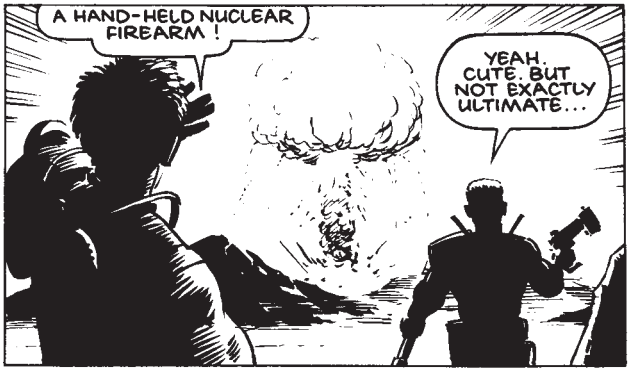
LUCKILY, THE RECORDS ALSO GAVE US THE PLASMA-CODE NEEDED TO OPEN THIS HIVE...

THAT'S RIGHT, SMILEY. OPEN IT UP... AND AS SOON AS I GET THIS ULTIMATE WEAPON YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

EASTOVIA KNEW YOU'D FOUND THOSE SPACE RECORDS... BUT WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT WESTOPIAN INTELLIGENCE HAD BEEN INFILTRATED BY A DOUBLE AGENT...
ME!

THE TIMEPROOF PLASMA-HIVE OPENS . . .
INCREDIBLE! IT'S AN ENTIRE ARSENAL!
SO HOW D'WE KNOW WHICH ONE'S THE ULTIMATE WEAPON?

TRIAL AND ERROR!
VDAMMM!


A HAND-HELD NUCLEAR FIREARM!
YEAH. CUTE. BUT NOT EXACTLY ULTIMATE...

THE AGENTS WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CACHE...
HEY, TAILOR, LOOK! THIS GUN FIRES A KIND OF ELECTRIC BARBED WIRE!

THAT'S NOTHING! THIS LITTLE BABY'S AN ANTI-MATTER THROWER!

HMMM... WHAT DO YOU RECKON THIS HELMET DOES? TURN ME INTO A WARHEAD OR SOMETHING?

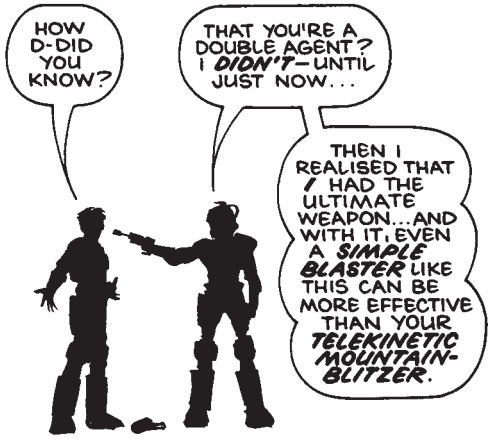
FORGET THE HELMET— HELP ME FIGURE OUT THIS GUN. IT'S GOT NO TRIGGER!
I'M TRYING TO HIT THAT MOUNTAIN...

AND INSTANTLY, THE MOUNTAIN DISAPPEARS!

T-TAILOR... THAT GUN... IT MUST DESTROY ANYTHING YOU TELL IT TO!
THIS MUST BE IT—THE ULTIMATE WEAPON!

WITH THIS IN OUR HANDS EASTOVIA WILL CRUSH THOSE WESTIE SLUGS INTO A PULP!
AN' ALL I'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS TELL THE GUN TO GET RID OF THAT CREEP SMILEY...

SAY ONE WORD AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!
NOW DROP IT!


HOW D-DID YOU KNOW?
THAT YOU'RE A DOUBLE AGENT? I DION'T—UNTIL JUST NOW...
THEN I REALISED THAT I HAD THE ULTIMATE WEAPON...AND WITH IT, EVEN A SIMPLE BLASTER LIKE THIS CAN BE MORE EFFECTIVE THAN YOUR TELEKINETIC MOUNTAIN-BLITZER.

THIS HELMET IS THE ULTIMATE WEAPON, TAILOR...
IT GIVES YOU THE POWER TO READ ANOTHER MAN'S MIND!
!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
The ARMAGEDDON GAME
DEEP IN NO MAN'S SPACE, THE ARMED FORCES OF EARTH AND OF SHILITE COME FACE TO FACE.
THE MIGHTIEST ARMIES EVER ASSEMBLED PREPARE FOR A BATTLE THAT CAN HAVE BUT ONE CONCLUSION...
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT PETE MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT SKIZZIKS
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
COMPU·73E
THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL KNOWN SPACE!
IN THE EARTH FLAGSHIP, ADMIRAL SLY GIVES THE FATEFUL COMMAND...
BEGIN COUNTDOWN...
LET'S BLOW THAT SCUM OUTA THE SKY!
10.9.8...
WHILE IN THE SHILITE FLAGSHIP...
VICTORY IS AT HAND...
THE HUMAN DOGS WILL BE CRUSHED!
7.6.5...
BUT SUDDENLY...
THE COMMANDER!
HE'S GONE!

AND...
ADMIRAL SLY'S VANISHED!
BUT LOOK AT THE SCREEN...
YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS!
WAR-LOVING WORMS! I APPEAR TO YOU NOW AS A GIANT WARRIOR, THOUGH I HAVE MANY FORMS...
I AM A HIGHER BEING, AND MY PEOPLE HAVE WATCHED WITH DISMAY YOUR MINDLESS PURSUIT OF DESTRUCTION...
BUT SO ONE OF YOUR RACES MIGHT SURVIVE—AND EVOLVE FROM ITS PRESENT STATE—WE HAVE DECIDED THAT THIS WAR BE FOUGHT BY YOUR TWO LEADERS ALONE...
ON EVERY EARTH AND SHILITE SHIP, DISBELIEVING EYES GAZE AT THE VIEW-SCREENS...
HOW ARE THEY BREATHING OUT THERE?
WHO KNOWS WHAT THAT GIANT'S CAPABLE OF!
MAYBE THERE'S SOME KINDA AIR-POCKET...
LET BATTLE COMMENCE!
PREPARE TO DIE, EARTH-DOG!
I'M READY FOR YOU, SHILITE-SWINE!

ON EACH PALM, THE LEADERS FIND AN IDENTICAL ARRAY OF METALLIC INSTRUMENTS...
THESE HAVE GOTTA BE HERE FOR SOME REASON.
A TEST OF INTELLIGENCE, MAYBE...
BUT...
UNGGNNN!
SHILITE'S USING THE INSTRUMENTS AS MISSILES!
CRUDE...BUT EFFECTIVE...
WHEN SLY TRIES TO RETURN THE COMPLIMENT...
UHHR! TOO WEAK!
CAN'T THROW IT FAR ENOUGH!
HA!
YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR A SHILITE WARRIOR!
HE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME!
CLUNK!
GONNA HAVE TO OUT-THINK HIM...
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS... OF COURSE! A BETA-BASED ENERGY-ROD... AND THIS COULD BE A FIRING MECHANISM...
I'VE GOT ALL I NEED TO MAKE A CRUDE HEAT-CANNON!

THE SHILITE IS TOO ENGROSSED IN HIS OWN ACTIVITIES TO NOTICE THE ADMIRAL'S DISCOVERY. . .
YOU CANNOT WIN, EARTH-DOG!
I'LL POUND YOU INTO SPACE-DUST!
UNTIL. . .
WHO'S LAUGHING NOW, PIG-FACE?
SSSSSSSSS!
AAAIIIII!
INSTANTLY, SLY REAPPEARS IN HIS FLAGSHIP. . .
YOU'VE WON! YOU'VE SAVED HUMANITY!
HOLY HOLOCAUST! LOOK AT THE SCREEN...
THE HIGHER BEING'S DESTROYING OUR SHIPS!
BUT WE WON! THE SHILITES SHOULD BE DESTROYED!

YOU WON, HUMANS—AND PROVED YOURSELVES TO BE THE MORE WAR-LIKE RACE...
THE UNIVERSE WILL BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOU!
!

HOTEL HARRY FELIX
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 463

THE ALTERATION
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Alan Langford
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 466

ALIEN AID
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: John Stokes
Letters: R. Starking

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 469

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LISTEN
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 475

THE SHOP THAT SOLD EVERYTHING
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: John Stokes
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 477

WHEELS OF FURY
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Geoff Senior
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 481

CURSE YOUR LUCKY STAR
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: Mark King

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 482

MANIAC FOR HIRE
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Johnny Johnstone
Letters: Mark King

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 507

FRUITCAKE AND VEG
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 508-509

FAIR EXCHANGE
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 514

THE INVISIBLE ETCHINGS OF SALVADOR DALI
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: John Hicklenton
Letters: Clive McGee

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 515

BIG TROUBLE FOR BLAST BARCLAY
Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Mike White
Letters: Clive McGee

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 516

FIVE PAGES. IF YOU'RE LUCKY.

Alan Moore, that grandmaster of the form, once said that if you can't tell a story in five pages then you're not a writer. That is the *Future Shock*: a self-contained story with a sting in its tail. It sounds almost … easy.

And yet it is the great test, the proving ground, the Coliseum with its baying audience, and after 30 years it still tempts the naïve as a seemingly simple hurdle; yet even the mighty have fallen at its feet, unable to bend brevity to their will. Separating the men from the boys for three decades, the *Future Shock* has long been the passport, the gateway to greater things: many have walked through and into glory, so many more have failed.

It was never an earth shattering idea – pulp sci-fi writers, having switched Stetsons and six-shooters in the '20s for space helmets and ray guns in the '30s, have churned out short stories with a dramatic twist ending for decades – but in *2000 AD* there are no limits, no genre to cling to… just tell a straight-forward story with a nice twist.

In five pages or less.

There have been plenty of masters of the art before and since but a young Grant Morrison grabbed the *Future Shock* soundly by the throat. Short and sharp, this young Turk's baker's dozen never laboured their points or outstayed their welcome – most run to barely three pages, the punchline delivered breathlessly and without pause, almost as if he is toying with them. Confessing he was frustrated by the form, his abilities strained at the leash; is there prodigious indifference, even contempt for how easily these simple tales were rattled off?

His nuke-obsessed psychotic mercenary Ulysses Sweet, unperturbed by his endless body count, is a most perfect metaphor – Morrison blew up convention, tore up the rule book, sharpened his teeth and whetted his appetite on these stories using nothing more than puns and plays on words with a hefty dollop of hubris and the tinge of '80s cynicism. Time after time irony skewers his protagonists as the clever are outfoxed, the con artists are conned, heroes are brought low and the mighty fall before Morrison the iconoclast, all their best laid plans and confidence brought to nought by cruel fate.

He was, in every sense, a living embodiment of *2000 AD's* anarchic roots – respect for no-one, reverence for nothing. It is no small wonder that his American back catalogue – *The Invisibles, Doom Patrol* – so easily toys with readers' expectations, piercing conceits, destroying assumptions. There too, in 'The Invisible Etchings of Salvador Dali', is that tinge of surrealism, of upsetting the narrative, playing with the reader. He knows he is messing with your mind, and it feels good.

Unlike Moore's superhero work there was no love for the genre when Morrison deconstructed it in *Zenith*, and when he returned to *2000 AD*, *Big Dave* was two fingers at everything a 'hero' was meant to be. Morrison began that iconoclastic journey with the *Future Shock* and, as he treated his characters, so his attitude towards these baubles was to never shirk from shaking that which seemed unshakable.

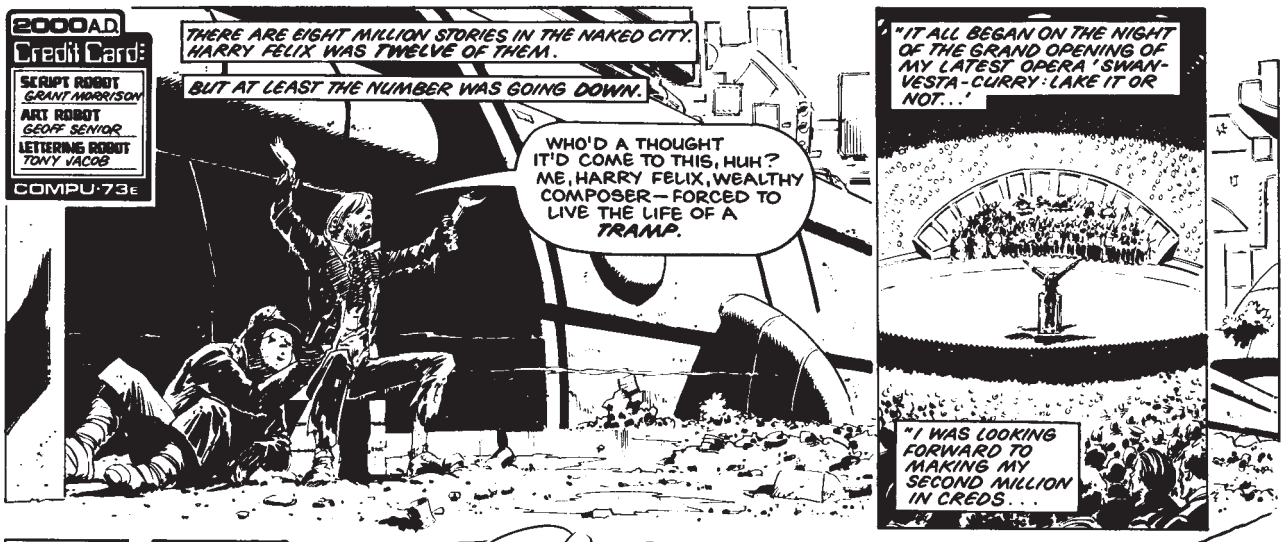
He took the *Future Shock* and made it look almost … easy.

There are still those who will come to try their hand at the *Future Shock*, who will try to tame the beast. Yet whether you can see the twist coming a mile off or it gives you nightmares, the shocking thing about the future is just how many stories have yet to be told.

In five pages or less.

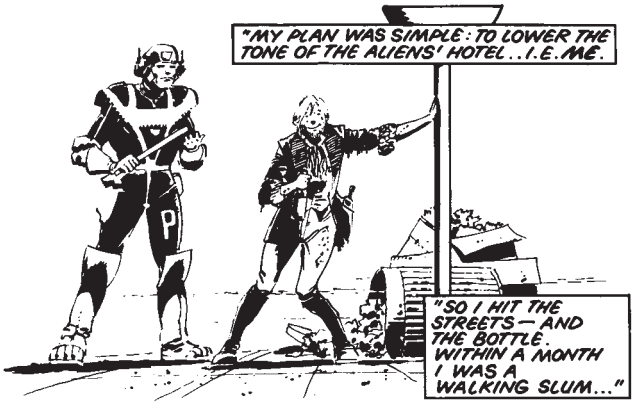
Michael Molcher
September, 2008

THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
HOTEL HARRY FELIX!
★★★


2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT GEOFF SENIOR
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
COMPU·73E
THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY. HARRY FELIX WAS TWELVE OF THEM.
BUT AT LEAST THE NUMBER WAS GOING DOWN.
WHO'D A THOUGHT IT'D COME TO THIS, HUH? ME, HARRY FELIX, WEALTHY COMPOSER—FORCED TO LIVE THE LIFE OF A TRAMP.
"IT ALL BEGAN ON THE NIGHT OF THE GRAND OPENING OF MY LATEST OPERA 'SWAN-VESTA-CURRY: LAKE IT OR NOT...'
"I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO MAKING MY SECOND MILLION IN CREDS...

"AND THEN THE ALIENS ARRIVED.
"THEY DIDN'T NEED SPAYSHIPS, NOT THESE SUCKERS! NO, SIR, THEY JUST DROPPED OUTA NOWHERE, STRAIGHT INTO MY HEAD!
"THEY HAD NO PHYSICAL FORM, SEE, THEY WERE JUST THOUGHTS.
"THOUGHTS THAT NEEDED SOMEWHERE TO STAY.
"BY THE TIME I GOT BACK TO EARTH, I'D IDENTIFIED TWELVE OF THEM IN THERE... ALL CHATTERIN' AWAY...
"THEIR LEADER WAS CALLED ZIGGY. HE TOLD ME MY HEAD WAS A FIVE-STAR HOTEL AND THAT AS MANAGER I HAD TO DO WHAT HE SAID!
"I FOUND OUT HE COULD CONTROL MY BODY WHEN HE MADE ME DESTROY MY MUSIC ROOM...
"ZIGGY SAID THE NOISE WAS KEEPING THEM AWAKE AT NIGHTS. HE ASKED ME WHAT KIND OF HOTEL I THOUGHT I WAS RUNNING...

"THEN I WAS MADE TO KILL MY GIRLFRIEND LOUISE. ZIGGY SAID EVERY GOOD HOTEL LAID ON A CABARET FOR ITS GUESTS.
"IT WAS THEN I KNEW I HAD TO GET RID OF THEM.


"MY PLAN WAS SIMPLE: TO LOWER THE TONE OF THE ALIENS' HOTEL..I.E. ME.
"SO I HIT THE STREETS — AND THE BOTTLE. WITHIN A MONTH I WAS A WALKING SLUM..."

AN' YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S WORKING! ONE BY ONE THOSE DAMN SQUATTERS ARE LEAVING!
PRETTY SOON, I'LL BE FREE OF THEM — FREE TO REBUILD MY CAREER!
THA'SH -HIC- GREAT!

OF COURSE WE'RE LEAVING, HARRY. YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO LIVE IN THIS SQUALOR.
ZIGGY! SO I'VE FINALLY BEATEN YOU!

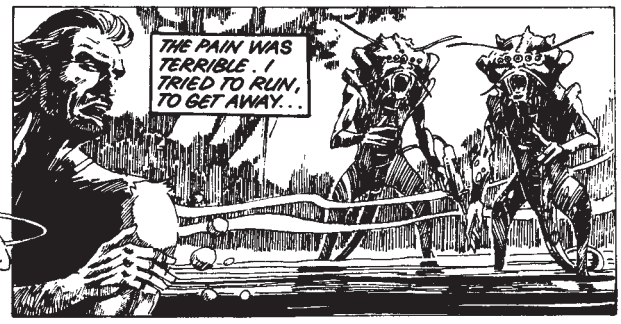
YOU'VE ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BECOME A SLUM. I CAN'T EVEN RENOVATE YOU.
WHAT..?

AND WHEN IT COMES TO SLUMS, THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE POSSIBLE COURSE OF ACTION...
UUH! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME..?

...DEMOLITION!
!

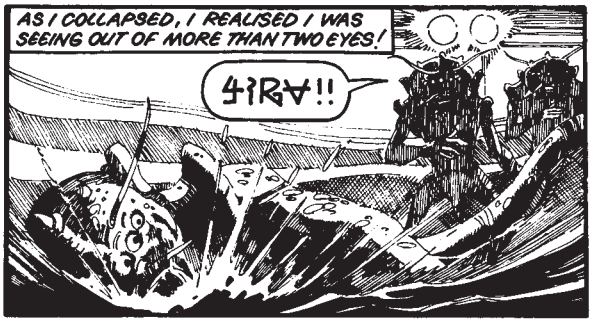
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE ALTERATION



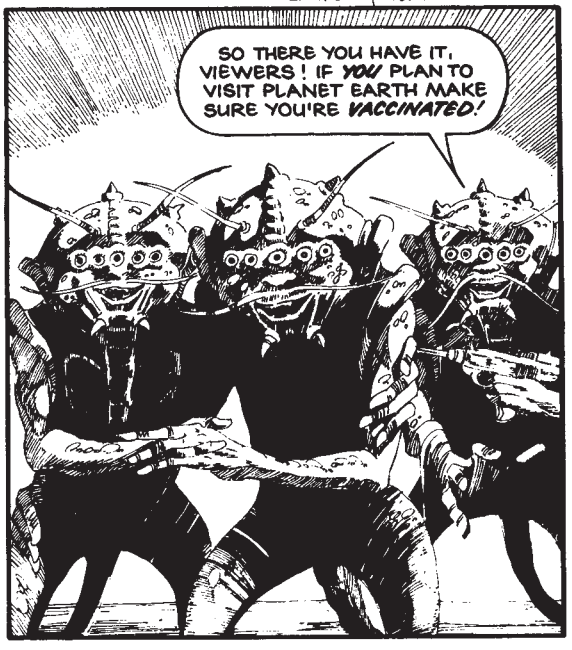
2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
ALAN LANGFORD
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU·73

MY BLOOD BECAME THIN AND VERY HOT.
URRF...!
I WAS BECOMING ONE OF THEM!


AS I COLLAPSED, I REALISED I WAS SEEING OUT OF MORE THAN TWO EYES!
ARG!!

THEN, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MY HEARING...
ZUBBLI! SPEAK TO ME, ZUBBLI!

AND AS I LOOKED INTO A QUINTET OF PURPLE EYES... I REMEMBERED!
DARLING?
OH, DOCTOR. HE'S CURED!

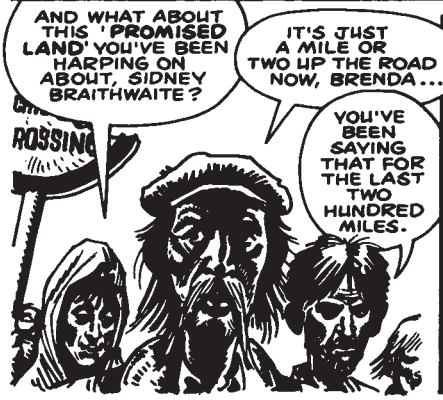

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, VIEWERS! IF YOU PLAN TO VISIT PLANET EARTH MAKE SURE YOU'RE VACCINATED!

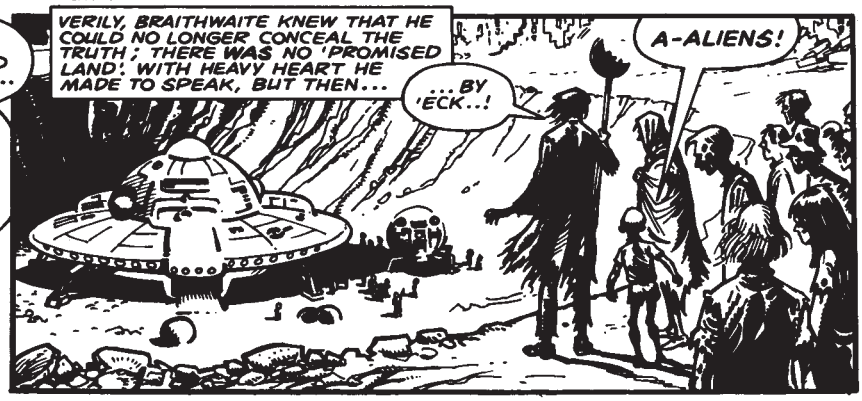
OTHERWISE, YOUR PLIABLE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE WILL CAUSE YOU TO END UP LIKE ZUBBLI... DISFIGURED BY HUMANITIS!

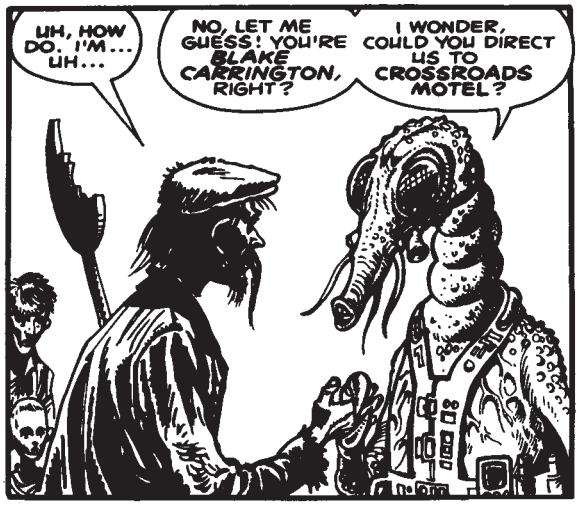
CARING PSEUDOPODS
HEALTH DEPARTMENT
'HEALTHY & HAPPY'
THIS HAS BEEN A HEALTH DEPARTMENT PSYCOMMERCIAL!
!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

ALIEN AID

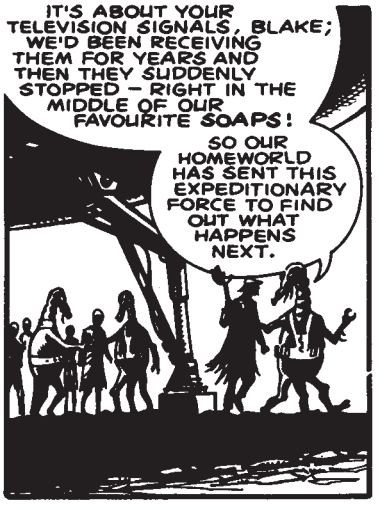





UH, HOW DO. I'M... UH...
NO, LET ME GUESS! YOU'RE BLAKE CARRINGTON, RIGHT?
I WONDER, COULD YOU DIRECT US TO CROSSROADS MOTEL?

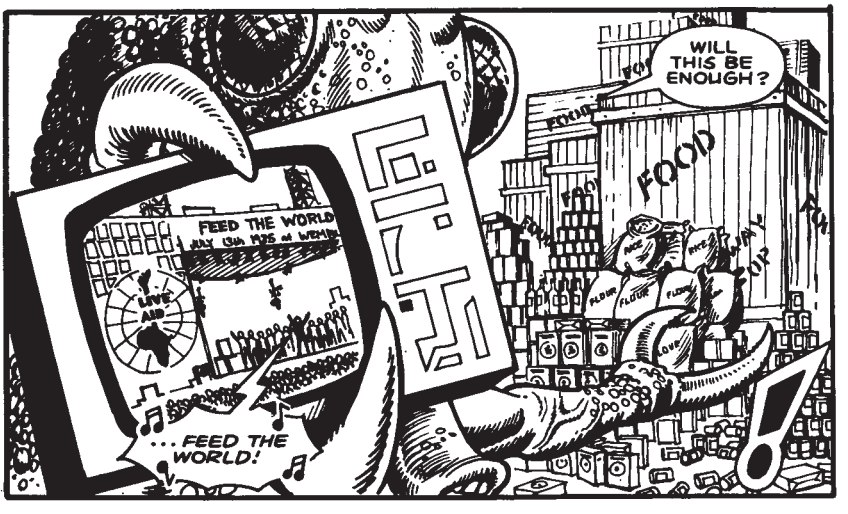
OH, SLOGO, YOU SAID WE COULD GO TO SOUTHFORK FIRST!
NO, ALBERT SQUARE!
CORONATION STREET!
WHAT THE 'ECK..?
ALBION MARKET!

WHAT A LOVELY DRESS! YOU MUST BE ALEXIS!
DIRTY DEN! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOUR-SELF!


IT'S ABOUT YOUR TELEVISION SIGNALS, BLAKE; WE'D BEEN RECEIVING THEM FOR YEARS AND THEN THEY SUDDENLY STOPPED – RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR FAVOURITE SOAPS!
SO OUR HOMEWORLD HAS SENT THIS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

NOW YOU LOOK 'ERE, MATE! TELLY'S THE LAST THING ON OUR MINDS RIGHT NOW! IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, WE'RE ALL STARVING TO DEATH DOWN HERE!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!
YOU SEE, WE GOT YOUR VERY LAST MESSAGE...


WILL THIS BE ENOUGH?
FOOD
FEED THE WORLD
LIVE AID
...FEED THE WORLD!

THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
SOME PEOPLE NEVER LISTEN!

THE PLANET ARAUCARIA—
I WARNED 'EM!
YOU WERE THERE, RAD. DIDN'T I TELL 'EM NOT TO GO TOO FAR FROM THE SHIP?

BUT SOME PEOPLE NEVER LISTEN!
HANG ON, THERE'S SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

OH NO...
RAD. I'VE FOUND 'EM.

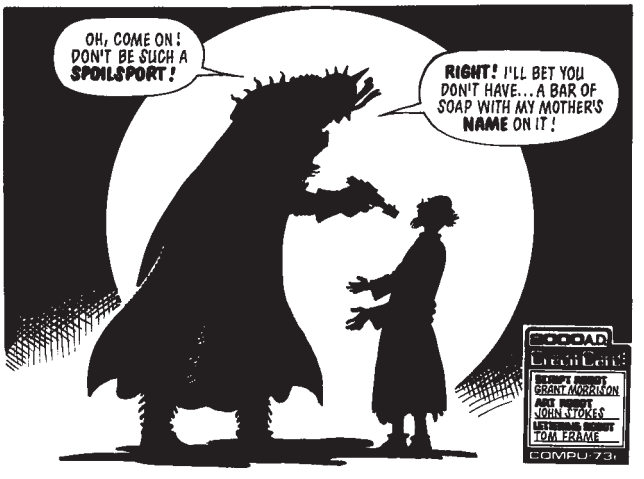
BUT THEY DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD.
SOMETHIN'S BEEN AT 'EM. DON'T ASK ME...
2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
Grant Morrison
ART ROBOT
Barry Kitson
LETTERING ROBOT
Jack Potter
COMPU·73E

...WHAT?
SHREET!
CHIRTT!
CHIRRIT! SHREEP!
THEY'RE ALL OVER ME! DOZENS OF 'EM!
EEAARRGH! CLAWS LIKE BROKEN BOTTLES!
I'M FIGHTING MY WAY BACK TO THE SHIP, RAD!
SHREE!
GET READY TO DILATE THE HATCH!
CAN YOU HEAR ME, RAD?
DILATE THE HATCH!
CHIT!
CHIRRIT!
I'M NEARLY THERE!
CHIRR-UKK!
MADE IT!
CHEW ON THIS, CREEP!

HAH!
NICE TRY, SUCKERS! BUT YOU PICKED THE WRONG GUY THIS TIME!
LOOK AT 'EM, RAD! CROUCHED ON THE TREE-LINE, TERRIFIED!
RAD..?
NO! NO!
AAAAAAAA!
WELL, WE DID OUR BEST.
YOU CAN'T SAY WE DIDN'T TRY TO WARN HIM ABOUT THE BLOODWIGHT.
BUT SOME PEOPLE NEVER LISTEN!
!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE SHOP THAT SOLD EVERYTHING!

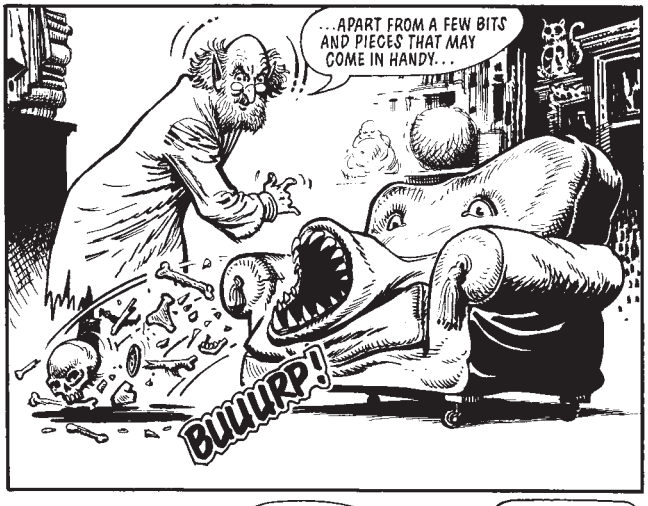


THERE YOU GO, SIR. DO I WIN THE BET?
I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET! HOW ABOUT A SINGING CARPET?
ONE OF THE FINEST.
♫ OOH YEAH, NOBODY KNOWS THE FLOORBOARDS I SEE, I SHOULD BE ON YOUR WALL BUT YOU WALK ALL OVER ME... ♫
FULL 8 OCTAVE RANGE AND...
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! SO YOU'VE BEEN LUCKY!
BUT WHAT ABOUT AN EDIBLE WINDMILL?
♫ I GOTTA DEEP, DEEP PILE AND MMRF...! ♫
SMALL OR LARGE, SIR?
MUCH LATER...
...A LITTLE BLUE THING THAT GOES 'WHOOP' ON ALTERNATE THURSDAYS?
I'M AFRAID I SOLD THE LAST ONE OF THOSE YESTERDAY, SIR...
AHA!
BUT I DO HAVE ONE HERE WHICH GOES 'WHOOP' ON THE ALTERNATE THURSDAYS IN BETWEEN!
OH, SHUT UP!
I KNOW! I'LL BET YOU DON'T HAVE A SHAPESHIFTER BEAST FROM ROBANNA!
THE MOST VICIOUS, BLOODTHIRSTY MONSTER IN THE GALAXY?
YES!
COME ON THEN! WHERE IS IT?

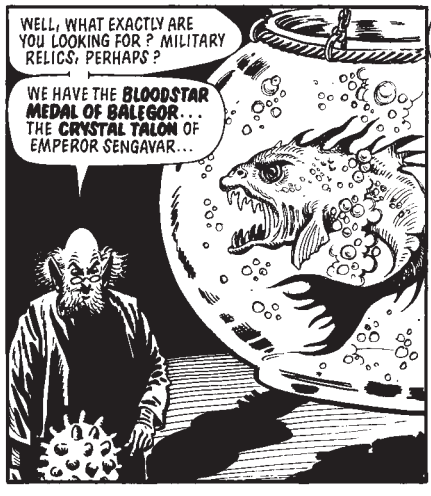
YOU'RE SITTING ON IT !
EEARGHH!

CHLOMPP!
RRURF!

AND THAT'S THE END OF YOU, SIVA GOTH...
SLURRRP!

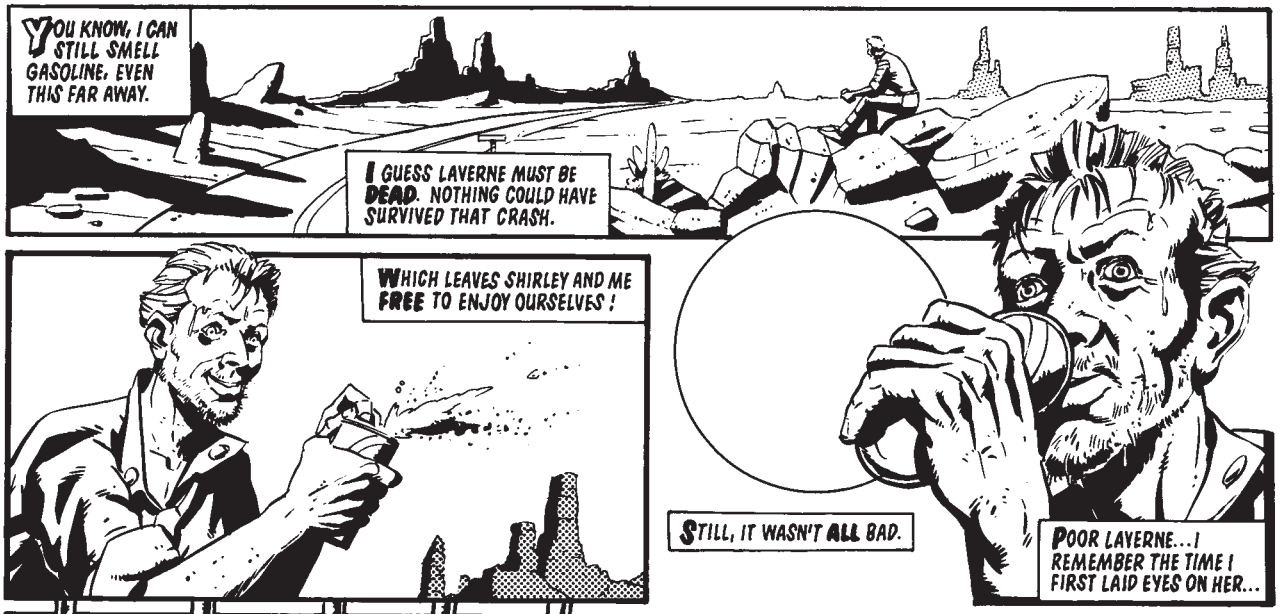

...APART FROM A FEW BITS AND PIECES THAT MAY COME IN HANDY...
BUUURP!

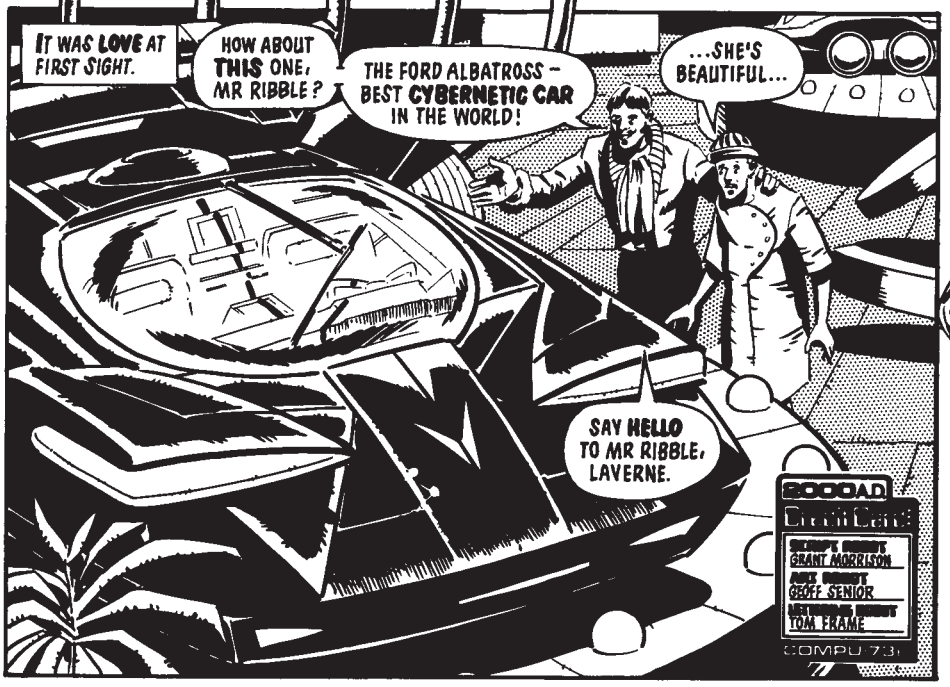
LATER, ANOTHER CUSTOMER...
HEY, GASHEAD! ME AN' MY BUDDY HERE DON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT SAYS ON YOUR SIGN OUTSIDE. I MEAN, NOBODY CAN SELL EVERYTHING !


WELL, WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ? MILITARY RELICS, PERHAPS ?
WE HAVE THE BLOODSTAR MEDAL OF BALEGOR... THE CRYSTAL TALON OF EMPEROR SENGAVAR...

AND THE ATOM HEART OF SIVA GOTH !
YOU WOULDN'T BY ANY CHANCE BE A BETTING MAN, SIR ?
!

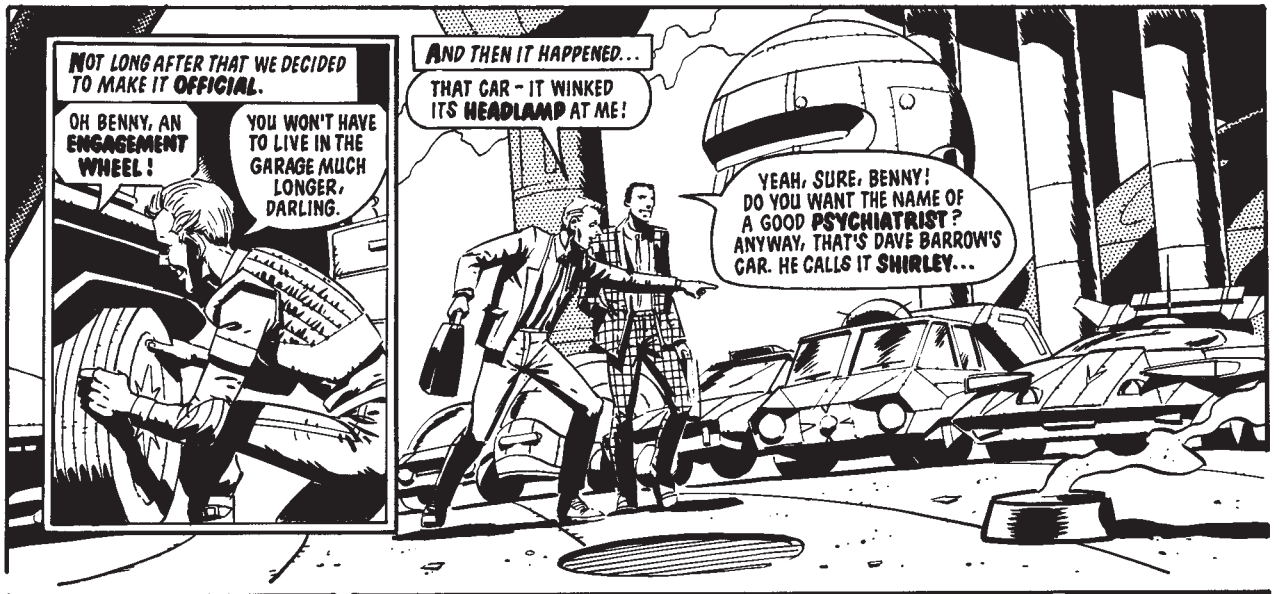
THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
WHEELS OF FURY!


YOU KNOW, I CAN STILL SMELL GASOLINE, EVEN THIS FAR AWAY.
I GUESS LAVERNE MUST BE DEAD. NOTHING COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT CRASH.
WHICH LEAVES SHIRLEY AND ME FREE TO ENJOY OURSELVES!
STILL, IT WASN'T ALL BAD.
POOR LAVERNE...I REMEMBER THE TIME I FIRST LAID EYES ON HER...

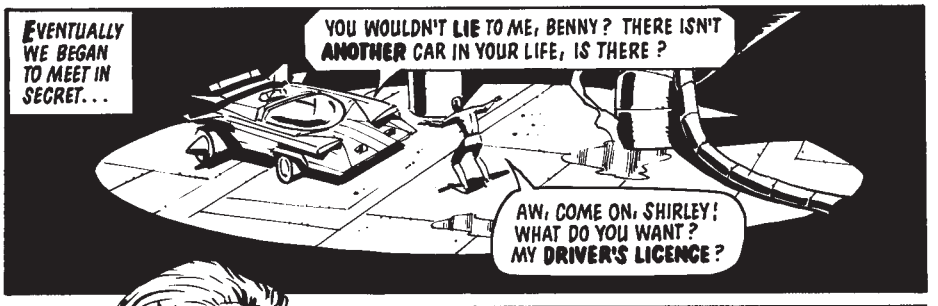

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE, MR RIBBLE?
THE FORD ALBATROSS – BEST CYBERNETIC CAR IN THE WORLD!
...SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...
SAY HELLO TO MR RIBBLE, LAVERNE.
2000AD
GRANT MORRISON
GEOFF SENIOR
TOM FRAME
COMPU 731

HELLO, MR RIBBLE. HAPPY TO GREET YOU.
HELLO... LAVERNE...

HEH! SMART AS A WHIP!
SHE CAN TALK, CHANGE HER OWN OIL, TAKE OVER DRIVING IF YOU GET TIRED, PICK UP THE GROCERIES – JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING...
I'LL TAKE HER. NOW. HERE'S MY DATACARD.
THOSE FIRST FEW WEEKS WERE HELL. BOTH OF US PRETENDING, TRYING TO HIDE OUR FEELINGS.
BABY YOU CAN DRIVE MY CAR AND MAYBE I'LL LOVE YOU
SWITCH THAT DAMN RADIO OFF, LAVERNE!
YES, BENNY.
FINALLY I COULDN'T STAND THE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ANY LONGER.
GOODNIGHT, BENNY. SAME TIME TOMORROW MORNING?
LAVERNE...I...
I...I... JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU THESE...
OH, BENNY! BENNY, THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!
...AND TO ASK YOU IF... WELL, IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO TO A DRIVE-IN MOVIE WITH ME.
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK! OH, I'D JUST LOVE TO!
THAT WAS OUR FIRST DATE. I REMEMBER SHE SPENT AGES IN THE CAR WASH, GETTING READY TO GO OUT.
COMING SOON!
HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU YOU HAVE A LOVELY FUEL PUMP?


NOT LONG AFTER THAT WE DECIDED TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL.
OH BENNY, AN ENGAGEMENT WHEEL!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO LIVE IN THE GARAGE MUCH LONGER, DARLING.
AND THEN IT HAPPENED...
THAT CAR - IT WINKED ITS HEADLAMP AT ME!
YEAH, SURE, BENNY! DO YOU WANT THE NAME OF A GOOD PSYCHIATRIST? ANYWAY, THAT'S DAVE BARROW'S CAR. HE CALLS IT SHIRLEY...

SHIRLEY! I COULDN'T GET HER GLEAMING CHASSIS OUT OF MY MIND! I MEAN, IS IT MY FAULT I'M NOT CUT OUT TO BE A ONE-CAR GUY?
I'M USING A NEW ANTI-FREEZE, BENNY. HAD YOU NOTICED?
DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, LAVERNE.


EVENTUALLY WE BEGAN TO MEET IN SECRET...
YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO ME, BENNY? THERE ISN'T ANOTHER CAR IN YOUR LIFE, IS THERE?
AW, COME ON, SHIRLEY! WHAT DO YOU WANT? MY DRIVER'S LICENCE?

I GUESS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS INEVITABLE.
LAVERNE! HEY, GIVE ME BACK THE STEERING! I'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO WORK TODAY, BENNY. YOU AND I HAVE TO TALK.

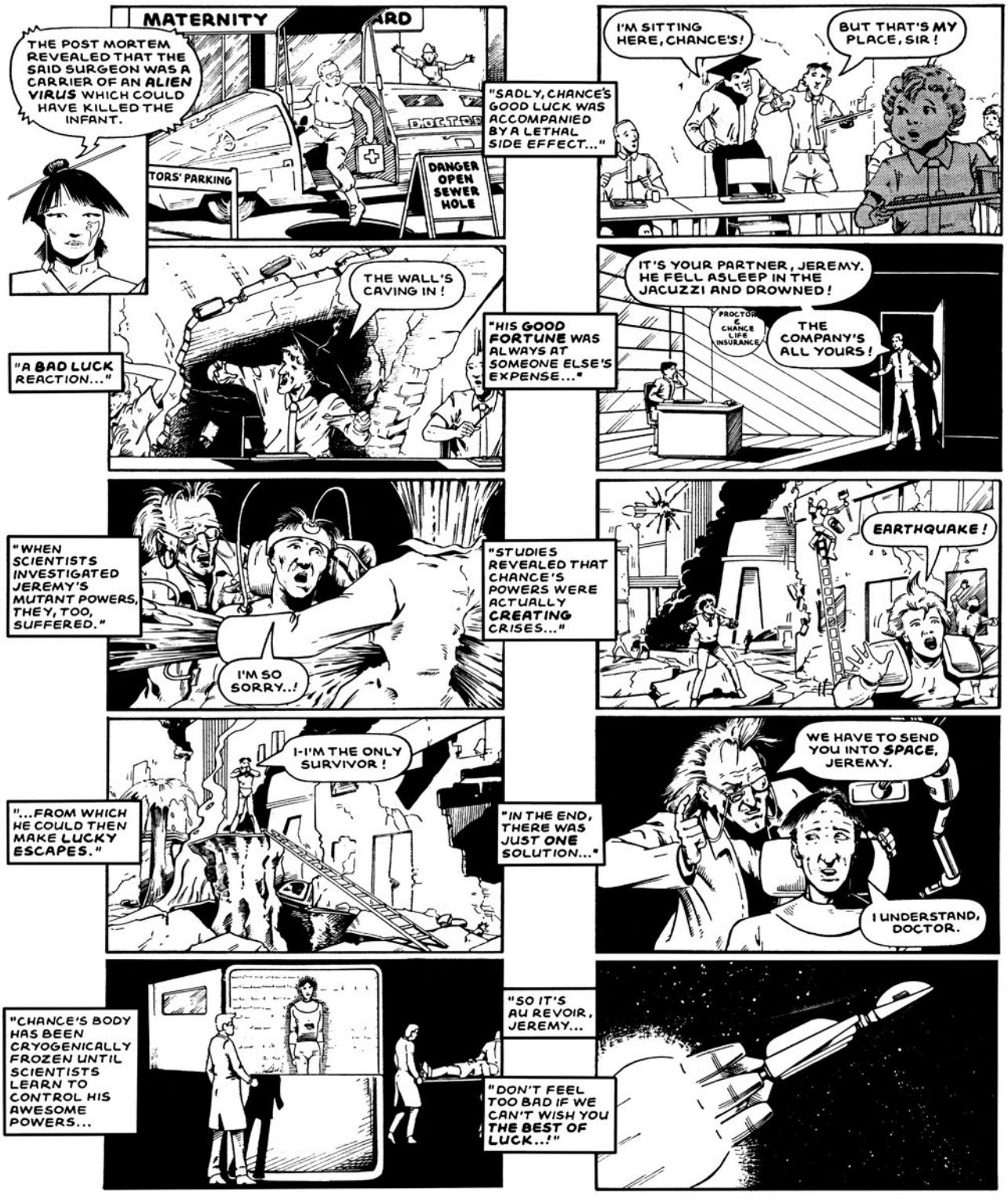
THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO...
WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO! YOU THINK I DON'T HEAR THE OTHER CARS GOSSIPING ON THE PARKING LOT?

L-LAVERNE...?
LOVERS LEAP
DON'T 'LAVERNE' ME, YOU TWO-TIMER! WHO IS SHE, BENNY? SOME FAST CAR WITH LOOSE GEARS WHO'S LOOKING FOR A GOOD TIME AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED?
IT'S NOT LIKE THAT AT ALL. SHE'S A RESPECTABLE...
LAVERNE...
WELL, SHE CAN HAVE YOU! BECAUSE THIS IS GOODBYE, BENNY... THE BIG END!
YOU'VE DRIVEN ME OVER THE EDGE!
YEAH, POOR LAVERNE. SHE NEVER DID KNOW WHEN TO PUT THE BRAKES ON.
LUCKY I'M INSURED.
SHE PROBABLY HAD ALL THIS PLANNED. SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD LEAVE ME STRANDED OUT HERE IN THE DESERT.
BUT SHE WAS WRONG.

YOU SEE, I FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN –
– SO I ARRANGED FOR SHIRLEY TO TRACK ME AND PICK ME UP.
MAYBE IT'S TIME I STOPPED FOOLING AROUND WITH CARS. THEY'RE SO EMOTIONAL.
BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU. LISTEN, THERE'S SOMETHING I GOTTA TELL YOU...
THOUGH TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WASN'T SURE SHE'D COME. SHE WAS ACTING A BIT FUNNY THE LAST TIME WE MET.
HEY, SHIRLEY! SLOW DOWN!
BESIDES, I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT CUTE LITTLE MOPED I SAW THE OTHER DAY...
NO NEED TO SAY ANYTHING, BENNY. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU...
WHAT ARE YOU – URGGHHH!
HAVE YOU MET MR BARROW? I BROUGHT HIM ALONG TO SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO TWO-TIMERS!
DON'T FORGET YOUR SEAT-BELT, BENNY!
HI I'M DAVE!

NO! STOP THIS, SHIRLEY! PLEASE... SHE WAS JUST AN OLD BANGER! SHE MEANT NOTHING TO ME!
SHE MEANT SOMETHING TO ME.
URRK!
LAVERNE WAS MY SISTER!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
CURSE YOUR LUCKY STAR!
I'M YOYO KOYO WITH ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO VIEW TODAY, 23.3.2128.
...AND LUCK HAS FINALLY RUN OUT FOR JEREMY CHANCE, THE SO-CALLED WORLD'S LUCKIEST MAN...
DESPITE A NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS, THE SHUTTLE WHICH WILL BLAST CHANCE INTO EXILE IS DUE TO LIFT OFF ANY MOMENT NOW.
PHOTOGRAPHS: DO NOT BEND
NO! IT MUSTN'T!
ALSO TONIGHT, WE'LL BE SCREENING THE LATEST PICTURES OF HALLEY'S COMET AS IT MAKES ITS CLOSEST-EVER APPROACH TO EARTH.
I MUST GET TO MISSION CONTROL...!
INSTITUTE OF SPACE RESEARCH
STOP! STOP!
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT BARRY KITSON
LETTERING ROBOT MARK KING
COMPU-73E
TOO LATE! EARTH IS DOOMED!
"BUT WE BEGIN WITH THAT JEREMY CHANCE STORY. CHANCE'S FIRST LUCKY BREAK CAME WHEN THE DOCTOR WHO WAS TO HAVE DELIVERED HIM DIED IN A STREET ACCIDENT..."


MATERNITY
THE POST MORTEM REVEALED THAT THE SAID SURGEON WAS A CARRIER OF AN ALIEN VIRUS WHICH COULD HAVE KILLED THE INFANT.
TORS' PARKING
DOCTOR
DANGER OPEN SEWER HOLE
"SADLY, CHANCE'S GOOD LUCK WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A LETHAL SIDE EFFECT..."
I'M SITTING HERE, CHANCE'S!
BUT THAT'S MY PLACE, SIR!
THE WALL'S CAVING IN!
"A BAD LUCK REACTION..."
"HIS GOOD FORTUNE WAS ALWAYS AT SOMEONE ELSE'S EXPENSE..."
IT'S YOUR PARTNER, JEREMY. HE FELL ASLEEP IN THE JACUZZI AND DROWNED!
PROCTOR & CHANCE LIFE INSURANCE
THE COMPANY'S ALL YOURS!
"WHEN SCIENTISTS INVESTIGATED JEREMY'S MUTANT POWERS, THEY, TOO, SUFFERED."
I'M SO SORRY..!
"STUDIES REVEALED THAT CHANCE'S POWERS WERE ACTUALLY CREATING CRISES..."
EARTHQUAKE!
I-I'M THE ONLY SURVIVOR!
"...FROM WHICH HE COULD THEN MAKE LUCKY ESCAPES."
"IN THE END, THERE WAS JUST ONE SOLUTION..."
WE HAVE TO SEND YOU INTO SPACE, JEREMY.
I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR.
"CHANCE'S BODY HAS BEEN CRYOGENICALLY FROZEN UNTIL SCIENTISTS LEARN TO CONTROL HIS AWESOME POWERS...
"SO IT'S AU REVOIR, JEREMY...
"DON'T FEEL TOO BAD IF WE CAN'T WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK...!"

MISSION CONTROL
HI, PROF. THE LAUNCH WAS FLAWLESS.
BUT THEN—
WHAAT ? WHERE IN SPACE DID THE CRUISER COME FROM ?
IT'S GOING TO HIT WITH THE SHUTTLE !
HUH ? THE SHUTTLE'S DISAPPEARING !
THAT WAS A FREAK TIME TUNNEL ! CHANCE'S POWERS CREATED IT TO SAVE HIM !

HOW DO YOU KNOW ? WHERE DID HE END UP ?
LOOK AT THESE PHOTOS...
THE LATEST ON HALLEY'S COMET. OH...
YOU SEE IT ?
SINCE ANCIENT TIMES, THE COMET'S PASSING HAS COINCIDED WITH A CATASTROPHE ON EARTH...
STELLA
HAROLD : REX
THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.
WORLD WAR ONE.
NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS.
WORLD WAR THREE.
THE PHOTOS SHOW WHY.
BY SHEER, UNCANNY LUCK, THE TIME TUNNEL HURLED CHANCE BILLIONS OF YEARS BACK IN TIME...
BACK TO THE TIME WHEN THE COMETS WERE FIRST FORMING...
CHANCE'S SHUTTLE IS THE FROZEN HEART OF HALLEY'S COMET !

IT'S ALL OUR FAULT... NOW HIS POWERS HAVE HAD THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO GROW STRONGER!
EACH TIME THE COMET HAS PASSED, WE'VE HAD A TASTE OF THE BAD LUCK REACTION. WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN THIS TIME!
DADDY! LOOK!
THE COMET'S CHANGED COURSE! IT'S HEADING DIRECTLY FOR US!
THE ATMOSPHERE IS STRIPPED AWAY, THE ATLANTIC OCEAN VAPOURISES, CONTINENTAL PLATES SHATTER AND NEARLY ONE HUNDRED PER CENT OF TERRESTRIAL LIFEFORMS PERISH...
BUT, BY AN AMAZING PIECE OF LUCK...
ONE MAN SURVIVES!
!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
MANIAC FOR HIRE
IMAGINE A FACTORY WHERE THE WORKERS HAVE NEVER GONE ON STRIKE...
...WHERE THE MANAGEMENT IS TREATED EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE DROIDS ON THE SHOP FLOOR.
IMAGINE A FACTORY WHICH OPERATES A 38-HOUR DAY.
AND IMAGINE A MANIAC WITH A MOLECULE DISSEMBLER.
THROOM!!
PUT THEM TOGETHER — THE RESULT IS DEVASTATING!
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT J. KUBE
LETTERING ROBOT MARK KING
COMPU-73E
FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ANTI-ROBOT LEAGUE! AS YOU KNOW, WE ONLY MEANT TO BLOW UP A FEW ROBOTS...
...BUT OUR FRIEND HERE DEMOLISHED THE ENTIRE FACTORY! YOUR APPLAUSE, PLEASE, FOR...

...MISTER ULYSSES SWEET!
MY CARD.
ULYSSES SWEET
MANIAC FOR HIRE
HAVE RIOT, WILL TRAVEL
SUB
EX 00230
ON THE SCREEN YOU'LL SEE AN EARLIER TARGET OF OURS THAT MISTER SWEET...ER...HANDLED.
YEAH, THE ROBOT POWER STATION! TELL US WHAT HAPPENED THERE, SCRAGG!
YES...WELL...THIS SPECK IS THE POWER STATION AND BEHIND IT IS THE CRATER THAT IS...ER... WAS THE CITY OF LUXOPOLIS!
I NEVER LEAVE A JOB HALF DONE.
YES, YOU'RE VERY ...THOROUGH.
I'VE ASKED MISTER SWEET TO HELP US WITH TODAY'S PROTEST RALLY...
HE'S GOING TO CAUSE A SMALL MALFUNCTION AT THE ROBOT FOOD PROCESSING PLANT.
I GOTTA COUPLA NUKES SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
HA HA! WHAT A JOKER! NO, SERIOUSLY, MISTER SWEET—ONLY A SMALL MALFUNCTION ...REALLY!
BUNCHA FRAGGIN' WIMPS!

ARTHUR, ARE YOU DOING THE RIGHT THING? THAT... MAN ISN'T SAFE!
WE'RE REVOLUTIONARIES! WE MUST FIGHT THE ROBOT MENACE IN ANY WAY WE CAN!
BUT THE PEOPLE MAY NOT LIKE IT...
THEY'RE READY FOR YOU!
THE PEOPLE WILL FLOCK TO OUR CAUSE, RON. WATCH ME NOW!
GIVE JOBS BACK TO HUMANS! PUT AN END TO ALL THESE MALFUNCTIONS! BRING PRIDE AND CRAFTSMANSHIP BACK TO INDUSTRY!
REPLACE COLD, UNCARING METAL WITH THE HUMAN ELEMENT...
PEOPLE FOR PEOPLE
SPARE COG
LATEST ISH!
ROBOTS HAVE RIGHT
HUMES GO HOME
GLAD TO BE GREY
JUST
...FOR IF YOU DON'T, WHO CAN SAY WHAT MAY THREATEN OUR CIVILIZATION?
KA-THROOM!!
BLAST IT, SWEET! THAT'S TOO MUCH!

SO WHO'S GOING TO BUILD OUR CARS AND PROVIDE OUR FOOD WITHOUT THE ROBOTS, PAL ?
WE ARE ! "PEOPLE FOR PEOPLE", THAT'S OUR SLOGAN ! NO MORE SHODDY ROBOT WORKMANSHIP !
WELL, YOU CAN COME AND FIX MY AIRCAR, THEN !
AND MY DRIDDLEFAZER !
ANY COMRADES KNOW ABOUT FIXING CARS ?
WE USUALLY LEAVE DIRTY JOBS LIKE THAT TO THE ROBOTS...
SORRY, ARTHUR.
I'VE BEEN PRACTISING WHITTLING, IF THAT'S ANY HELP.
NO ! WAIT ! I-I...
I'VE WHITTLED A SHEEP, SEE ?
PLIC
NICE WORK, MISTER SWEET !
INFILTRATION OF ANTI-ROBOT LEAGUE COMPLETE SUCCESS ! NO-ONE SUSPECT YOU WORKING FOR US ALL TIME !
TOJOMEX CORPORATION
NO MORE WORRY ABOUT HUMAN UPRISING !
HALF PLANET SET BACK THOUSAND YEAR, MISTER SWEET. YOUR METHODS VERY EXTREME !
WE EASILY START AGAIN NOW HUMAN ELEMENT OUT OF WAY !

CONTINUING DOMINATION OF ROBOTS IN INDUSTRY ASSURED. KNEW COULD COUNT ON YOU!
YOU HALF ROBOT YOURSELF!
YEAH...BUT I GOT THAT HUMAN ELEMENT TOO...
AND I NEVER LEAVE A JOB HALF DONE!
WHAT MEAN?
WARHEADS! YOU CRAZY—
WELL, IT SEEMED A SHAME TO WASTE 'EM...
KABOOM!!
WOW-EE!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A JOB WELL DONE!
TOJOMEK CO.
THE END!

ULYSSES SWEET in

FRUITCAKE AND VEG!

PART ONE

2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

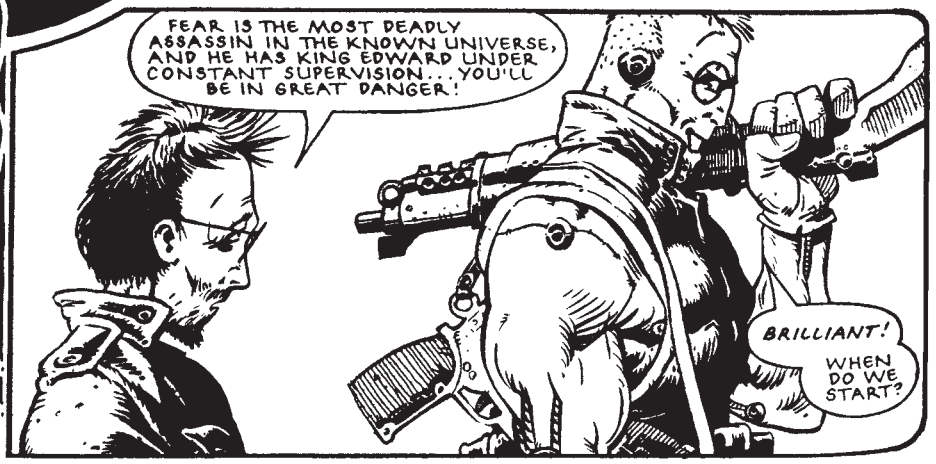
ER... CAN i HELP YOU, SIRS?
WE'RE FREEING THESE VICTIMS OF OPPRESSION, RISSOLE-FEATURES!
AUBERGINES ONLY TWENTY ROOBELLS PER POUND, SIR! PICK OF THE SEASON...
SHUT UP— FASCIST! WE'RE NOT BUYING THEM—WE'RE LIBERATING THEM!
AUBERGINES 20R PER lb
END VEGETABLE EXPLOITATION!
VIVE LA LIBERTE!
?
LATER...
...WE SAY, "RADISHES GET RADICAL! MARROWS GET MILITANT!" FOR TOO LONG VEGETABLES HAVE BEEN THE SILENT MAJORITY, SIMMERING WITH RAGE!
TAKE ALLOTMENTS, FOR INSTANCE— CONCENTRATION CAMPS FOR LEEKS AND ONIONS!
YOU'RE FREE NOW! RUN! RUN TO FREEDOM!

BORN FREE! AS FREE AS THE GRASS GROWS!
WELL..? WHAT DO YOU THINK, MISTER SWEET?
ARE YOU INTERESTED IN TAKING OUR COMMISSION?
YOU GUYS ARE MADDER THAN I AM!

I'LL DO IT! I NEED THE CASH FOR MY LAST FACE JOB, ANYWAY!

WE'D LIKE YOU TO RESCUE SOMEONE. HERE ARE THE DETAILS...
"HIS NAME'S KING EDWARD, MONARCH OF THE POTATO PEOPLE OF PLINN, AND HE'S BEING HELD PRISONER ON THE PLANET DROFANE.
"THE RESCUE WOULD BE EASY BUT FOR ONE PROBLEM...

"THE DREADED MONSIEUR FEAR! IN HIS SKILLED HANDS, EVEN THE MOST INNOCENT OF HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS BECOMES A LETHAL WEAPON!"


FEAR IS THE MOST DEADLY ASSASSIN IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE, AND HE HAS KING EDWARD UNDER CONSTANT SUPERVISION... YOU'LL BE IN GREAT DANGER!
BRILLIANT! WHEN DO WE START?

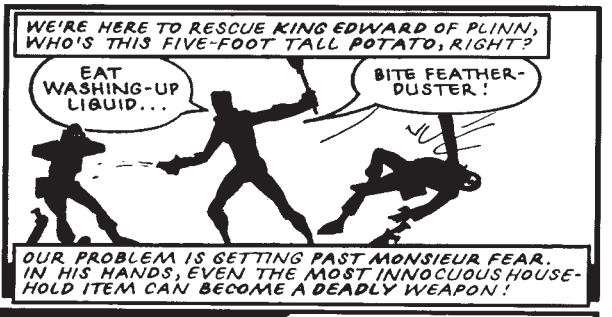
"ER... WELL, THE LIBERATION FRONT WILL PROVIDE THE SPACESHIP AND A HAND-PICKED TEAM OF HIGHLY-TRAINED GUERRILLAS.
"AFTER THAT, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN."
HEY, AM I TALKIN' TO MYSELF HERE?
I SAID, IS THERE ANYTHING TO EAT?
WELL, THERE ARE THESE IF YOU WANT ONE...
THIS IS A ROCK! ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY? IF SO...
NO, NO! IT'S AN EDIBLE ROCK!
WE DON'T EAT ANIMALS OR VEGETABLES, YOU SEE, BUT THESE ARE RICH IN NUTRIENTS...
SEE? YUM YUM!
DISGUSTING!
IT TASTES LIKE A FRAGGIN' THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD GREEN-GAGE!
NOW, NOW, MISTER SWEET! GREENGAGES HAVE FEELINGS TOO, YOU KNOW!
HE'S OUR MASCOT.
I'M REALLY SICK OF EATING ROCKS...

ROCKS FOR BREAKFAST! ROCKS FOR LUNCH! ROCKS FOR TEA!
AND WHEN I GO TO THE BATHROOM...
TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'M NOT SURE IT ISN'T DAMAGING OUR STREET CREDIBILITY TO BE EATING ROCKS!
I MEAN, WHAT WILL THE MINERAL LIBERATION FRONT SAY?
NOT AN AWFUL LOT, CONSIDERING THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBER DIED OF STARVATION ON TUESDAY!
HEY!
DROFANE UP AHEAD! STRAP YOURSELVES IN, GUYS!
WHY ARE WE GOING SO FAST?
UH, MISTER SWEET... HADN'T YOU BETTER OUTLINE YOUR PLAN OF ATTACK OR SOMETHING?
PLAN?
THIS IS THE PLAN!

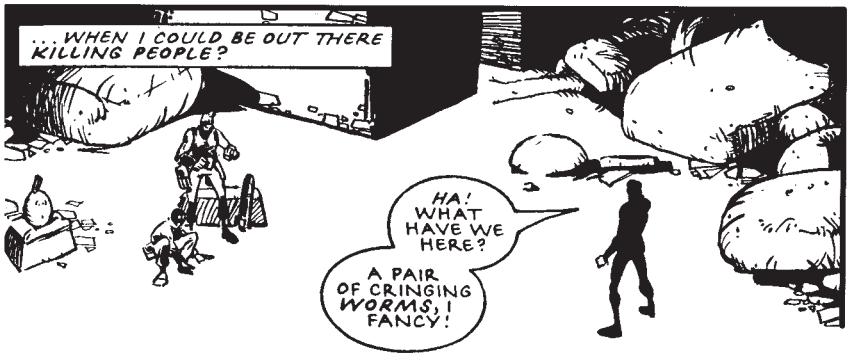
SKRAAANCH!
QUICK! GRAB THE POTATO AND LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
CWIPES!
HAVE YOU COME TO WESCUE ME? HOW THWILLING!
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS!
FIRST YOU MUST PIT YOURSELVES AGAINST...
...THE NINJA SKILLS OF MONSIEUR FEAR!
NEXT PROG: BOILING POINT!

ULYSSES SWEET in

FRUITCAKE AND VEG! PART TWO



H-HE'S COMING!
WHICH LEAVES ONLY ONE QUESTION... WHY AM I WRITING THIS...


...WHEN I COULD BE OUT THERE KILLING PEOPLE?
HA! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
A PAIR OF CRINGING WORMS, I FANCY!

SAY GOODBYE TO LIFE, SIR!

OK...
IF YOU SAY HALLO TO MY THERMO-CANNON!

KA-SHOOM!

I THINK I GOT HIM, YOUR KING-SHIP!
SO LET'S FIND A SHIP AND GET OUT OF HERE!
GOLLY GOSH!

THIS WEALLY IS TEWWIFICALLY EXCITING!
WE'RE NOT OUT OF THIS YET, SO KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN OR IT'S BANG! INSTANT MASHED POTATO!
AIEE! DEATH TO THE INFIDELS!
SLAMM!
ER... THERE ARE FIVE HUNDRED HEAVILY-ARMED AND HIGHLY-TRAINED SUICIDE COMMANDOS OUT THERE!
PARTY TIME!
KLI-KLOTCH!
YEAH, IT'S FUNNY...
EAT MOLTEN DEATH, WIMPS!
PEOPLE SAY TO ME, "MR. SWEET, WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES YOU COMMIT THESE SENSELESS AND IRRESPONSIBLE ACTS OF WANTON DESTRUCTION?
"WHAT MADE YOU BECOME THE DERANGED HOMICIDAL MANIAC WE'VE COME TO KNOW AND LOVE?"
WELL, IT'S A FAIR QUESTION.

SO I ALWAYS GIVE THEM A FAIR ANSWER...
HERE, SAVE KING EDWARD!
GOT 'IM, HENRY!
NOW, YOU KEEP 'EM BUSY...

...AN' I'LL NUKE 'EM!
I SAY IT'S MY UP-BRINGING, I TELL THEM SOCIETY'S TO BLAME...

...AND THEN I BLOW 'EM UP!

BECAUSE THE REAL REASON I'M SO HAPPY-GO-LUCKY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT MY MOTHER'S WANTED FOR WAR CRIMES AND THAT MY DAD'S A STANDARD LAMP...

...NAH! IT'S MUCH SIMPLER THAN THAT!
I JUST DO IT FOR FUN!

BUT WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE THAT?
I SAY MATEY, I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY-THING TO EAT WOUND HERE?
NOPE. AND NOW YOU MENTION IT, I'M KINDA PECKISH TOO...

IT'S SWEET!
HE'S BACK!
VEG LIB
CONGRATULATIONS, MISTER SWEET! YOU MADE IT!
YEAH, WELL, WE HAD A COUPLA CASUALTIES ON THE WAY.
BUT THE MISSION WAS A SUCCESS?
SURE. NO SWEAT.
SO! WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S KING EDWARD?
OH HIM, YEAH...
HE'S RIGHT HERE.
I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE'S GOT ANY SALT AND VINEGAR?
!

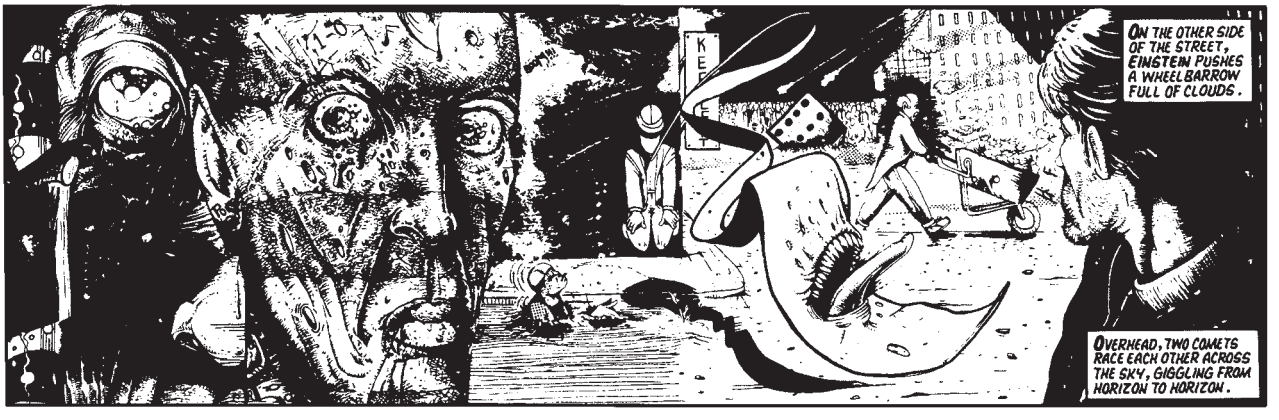
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
FAIR EXCHANGE
UNSUCCESSFUL ART DEALER ROODY CEZANNE HAS HAD ONE OF THOSE DAYS.
BUT TONIGHT, THINGS ARE CHANGING...
LISTEN! THAT'S THE SOUND OF OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING...
...ROODY CEZANNE, COME ON DOWN!
HEY, KID! IS THIS ALL YOUR OWN WORK?
OH, YUP! GUESS SO, SIR. SEE, I JUS' COME DOWN FROM QWORP TO SEEK MY FORTUNE BUT THINGS AIN'T WORKED OUT SO WELL.
YOU A POLICE-MAN?
WHY NO! I'M AN ART DEALER. THIS STUFF'S INCREDIBLE! THE LINE, THE TEXTURE, THE FORM...
IT'S THE BEST ABSTRACT WORK I'VE EVER SEEN!
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERING ROBOT JACK POTTER
COMPU·73E
CAN YOU DO ME MORE OF THESE? LOTS MORE AND I GIVE YOU PLENTY BIG REWARD, SAVVY?
YOU GOT TALENT, KID... AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO USE IT!
AND SO...
I WANT ANOTHER THIRTY CANVASSES FINISHED BY LUNCHTIME!
JEEPERS, MR. CEZANNE, I'M WORKING AS FAST AS EVER I CAN!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
INCREDIBLE! TWO HUNDRED MASTERPIECES! YOU'RE A MARVEL, OOL!
NOW, JUST LIKE I PROMISED, YOU'LL GET YOUR REWARD!
TWO PINE CONES AND A BANANA SKIN. THAT'S A LOT IN OUR... UM... CURRENCY, OOL!
GEE WILLIKERS, MR. CEZANNE! AND IT'S ALL FOR ME? YOU SURE ARE JUST ABOUT THE SWELLEST PAL A FELLER EVER HAD!
AND TO PROVE IT, I'M EVEN GOING TO SEND YOU BACK HOME TO QWORP...
"...NO EXPENSE SPARED!"
BYE THEN, MR. CEZANNE! LOOKS LIKE I MADE MY FORTUNE AFTER ALL!
budget spaceways
We Pack 'em to the STARS
YOU MADE GARBAGE, SUCKER— I'LL MAKE THE FORTUNE!
YUP! YOU SURE DID!
AND THEN HE GAVE ME THESE! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH GENUINE EARTH GARBAGE SELLS FOR ON QWORP? A FORTUNE! AND ALL FOR A FEW OL' SCRIBBLES! WHAT A PAL!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL A FAIR EXCHANGE!
AND AS FOR ROODY...
ART GALLERY
one mans view:
AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY
Roody Cezanne
ROODY, DAHLING! YOU NEVER SAID YOU HAD TALENT!

WELL, AFTER HELPING SO MANY YOUNG ARTISTS, I GUESS SOME OF THAT TALENT JUST HAD TO RUB OFF.
IT'S JUST EX-QUIS-EET, ROODY! THE LINE, THE TEXTURE..
OOH! HERE COMES THE PRESIDENT WITH THE QWORPIAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE.
IT'S THEIR FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT SINCE THE WAR.
QWORPIANS? THEY'RE SURE TO LOVE MY PAINTINGS!
...AND HERE WE HAVE THE WORK OF ONE OF OUR RISING STARS...
WHAT?
OH MY GOODNESS! IT'S DISGUSTING!
HOW DARE YOU INSULT MY PLANET AND MYSELF WITH THESE FILTHY, DISGRACEFUL SLOGANS! IN MY OWN LANGUAGE, TOO!
B-BUT...
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE, MR. PRESIDENT! YOU'VE NOT HEARD THE END OF THIS!
S-SLOGANS...? G-GRAFFITI...?
ALL THE TIME... THE LITTLE CHAP WAS WRITING GRAFFITI? ...ALIEN GRAFFITI?...
YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, CEZANNE. TAKE HIM AWAY.
GRAFFITI! HA, HA, HA!
IT'S NOT FAIR! GRAFFITI! NOT FAIR! NOT FAIR! NOT FAIR!
EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE DAYS?

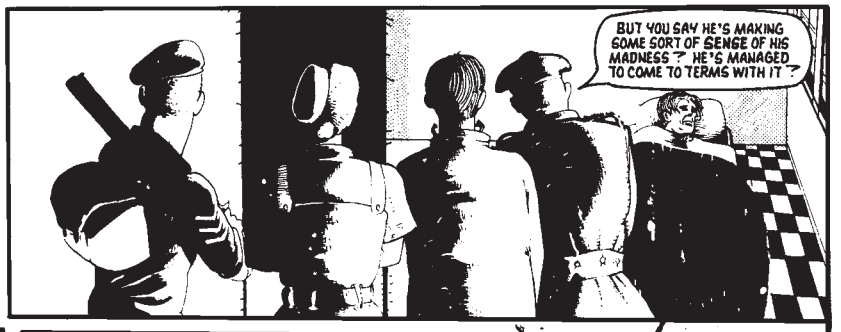
FUTURE SHOCKS

THE INVISIBLE ETCHINGS OF *Salvador Dali*

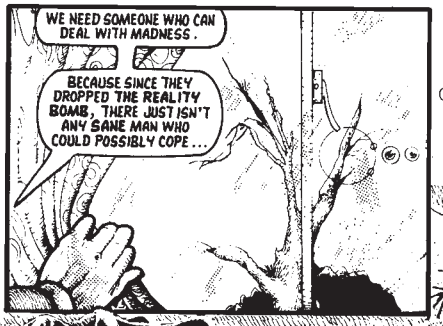


IT'S BEEN THIS WAY SINCE THEY DROPPED THE REALITY BOMB, SINCE THE WHOLE WORLD CEASED TO MAKE SENSE.
I IGNORE IT. I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO.
I'VE GOT A MISSION.
DAILY NEWS
PONTIUS PILATE ATE MY SOFA
SUND
GOTCHA
NEWS OF THE DAY
SPOTS TO COAGULATE
LATEST REPORT CONFIRMS FACT
THERE ARE REFRIGERATORS BLEEDING IN SHOP DOORWAYS. MUSSOLINI DANGLES FROM A STREETLIGHT LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENT...
...I'M HANGIN' FROM A LAMP-POST AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET...
BUT IT WON'T STOP ME.
NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME.
...NOT EVEN THE ZOMBIES.
THEY SHRUG SOIL FROM THEIR SHOULDERS AND SHAMBLE TOWARDS ME. ONE OF THEM KEEPS REPEATING HIS NATIONAL INSURANCE NUMBER, AS THOUGH IT'S THE ONLY THING HE REMEMBERS.
I USE THE CHATTERGUN AND THE FIRST ZOMBIE EXPLODES INTO A CLOUD OF RED ADMIRALS.
THE OTHERS JUST MELT, LEAVING PUDDLES THAT SMELL LIKE 'OVALTINE'.
AND I'M ALMOST THERE NOW! I'VE MADE IT!
I'VE FOUND THEM!
THE INVISIBLE ETCHINGS OF SALVADOR DALI!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW ...IT WON'T BE LONG...
"HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THIS, DOCTOR ?"

PSYCHO THERAPY
X RAY
WARDS
OH, ALMOST FOUR YEARS NOW, GENERAL. COMPLETELY MAD.


BUT YOU SAY HE'S MAKING SOME SORT OF SENSE OF HIS MADNESS ? HE'S MANAGED TO COME TO TERMS WITH IT ?

YES. HE SEES HIMSELF AS A SORT OF HERO, FIGHTING TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM CHAOS. FASCINATING REALLY.
THEN HE COULD BE THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR. WE NEED A HERO.

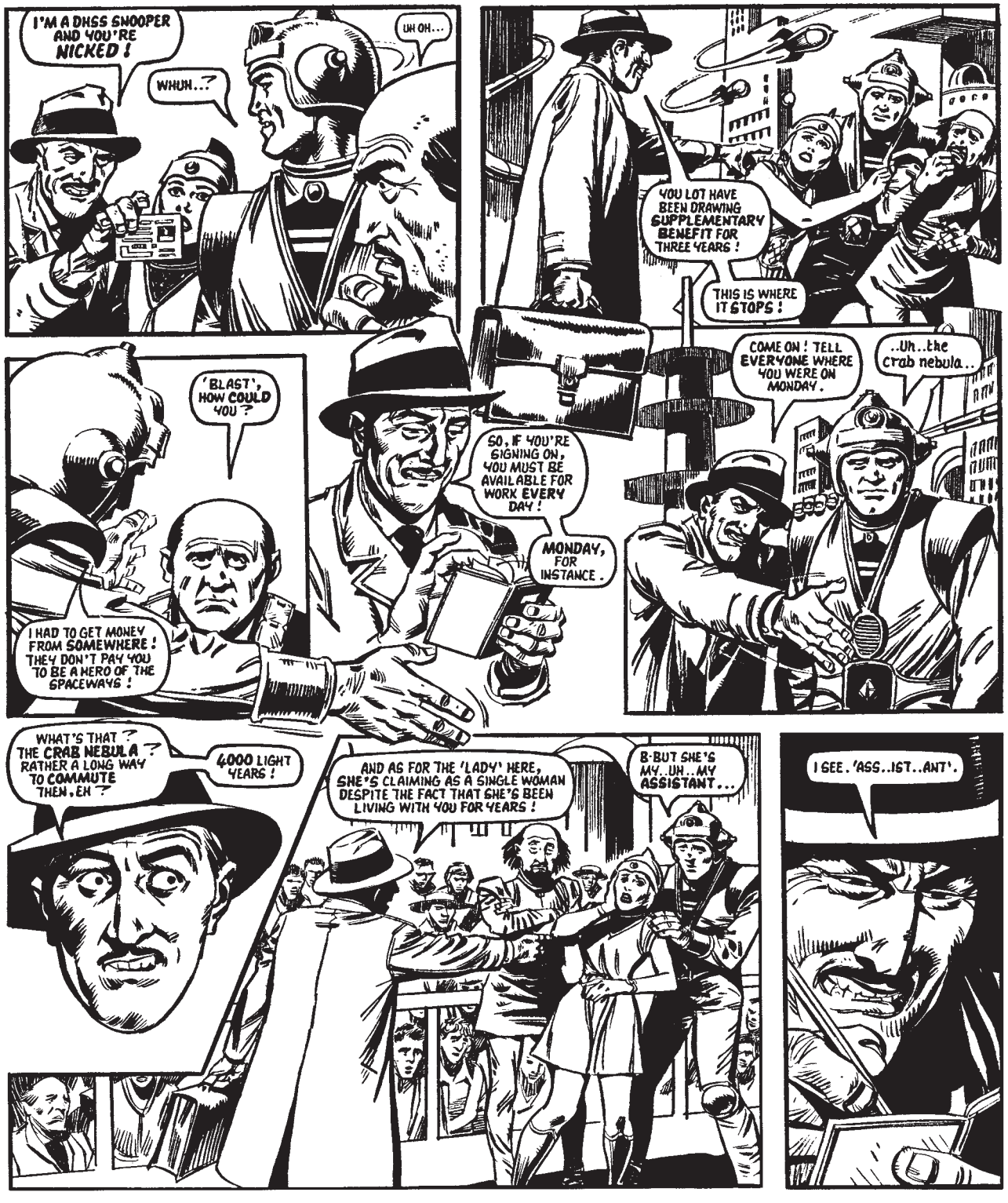

WE NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN DEAL WITH MADNESS.
BECAUSE SINCE THEY DROPPED THE REALITY BOMB, THERE JUST ISN'T ANY SANE MAN WHO COULD POSSIBLY COPE...

WITH THIS !

!...I UNDERSTAND, GENERAL. SISTER GEORGE ! WAKE HIM UP !
THE INVISIBLE ETCHINGS ARE SAFE. MY MISSION'S COMPLETED NOW.

BUT I'VE A FEELING THEY'RE GOING TO BE NEEDING ME AGAIN PRETTY SOON !
END THE

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S MY VERY GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE YOU ALL TO THAT MAN OF THE MOMENT...
"MR. 'BLAST' BARCLAY, HERO OF THE SPACEWAYS!
BIG TROUBLE FOR BLAST BARCLAY
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT MIKE WHITE
LETTERING ROBOT CLIVE MCGEE
COMPU-73E
THAR
FUTURE SHOCKS
"TOGETHER WITH NADIA, HIS BEAUTIFUL COMPANION, AND THE BRILLIANT PROFESSOR OTTO, 'BLAST' HAS JUST STRUCK A BLOW FOR FREEDOM AGAINST THE MARAUDING HAMSTER HORDES OF HAARAKK!"
SO, TODAY WE'D LIKE TO HONOUR THESE THREE BOLD ADVENTURERS WITH THE KEY TO THE CITY!
WELL, MR. MAYOR, I...
HOLD IT! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
WELL DONE BLAST!


I'M A DHSS SNOOPER AND YOU'RE NICKED!
WHUH..?
UH OH...
YOU LOT HAVE BEEN DRAWING SUPPLEMENTARY BENEFIT FOR THREE YEARS!
THIS IS WHERE IT STOPS!
'BLAST', HOW COULD YOU?
I HAD TO GET MONEY FROM SOMEWHERE! THEY DON'T PAY YOU TO BE A HERO OF THE SPACEWAYS!
SO, IF YOU'RE SIGNING ON, YOU MUST BE AVAILABLE FOR WORK EVERY DAY!
MONDAY, FOR INSTANCE.
COME ON! TELL EVERYONE WHERE YOU WERE ON MONDAY.
..Uh..the crab nebula..
WHAT'S THAT? THE CRAB NEBULA? RATHER A LONG WAY TO COMMUTE THEN, EH?
4000 LIGHT YEARS!
AND AS FOR THE 'LADY' HERE, SHE'S CLAIMING AS A SINGLE WOMAN DESPITE THE FACT THAT SHE'S BEEN LIVING WITH YOU FOR YEARS!
B-BUT SHE'S MY..UH..MY ASSISTANT...
I SEE. 'ASS..IST..ANT'.

AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S YOU, HERR OTTO VON BORK! NOT ONLY A SUSPECTED WAR CRIMINAL, BUT THERE'S NO RECORD OF YOUR ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY!
THAT MAKES YOU AN ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT, SUNSHINE!

TAKE THEM AWAY, OFFICER!
NO, WAIT! YOU SEE, I CRASHLANDED MY EXPERIMENTAL SPACE PLANE IN 'BLAST'S' GREENHOUSE AND...

BOO!
LIVIN' OFF THE BACKS OF THE TAXPAYERS!

SPONGERS!
UB40
NIGEL 'BLAST' BARCLAY

SCROUNGERS!
POLICE

AGENT HAAMI REPORTING! THE PLAN WORKED LIKE A DREAM! BARCLAY AND THE OTHERS ARE WELL OUT OF THE WAY!

"THE HAARAXXIAN INVASION IS ON!"

TIME ENOUGH TO TELL
Script: John Smith
Art: Barry Kitson
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 473

VIDEO
Script: John Smith
Art: Geoff Senior

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 478

A CHANGE OF SCENERY
Script: John Smith
Art: Nik Williams
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 490

NO EXIT
Script: John Smith
Art: Simon Harrison
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 559

ONE MAN'S MEAT
Script: John Smith
Art: Massimo Belardinelli
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 563

THE OSMOTIC MAN
Script: John Smith
Art: Horacio Lalia
Letters: Johnny A.

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 605

OPENING MOVES
Script: John Smith
Art: Mick Austin
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 629

EARTHSONG
Script: John Smith
Art: Steve Parkhouse
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1480

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?

Ideas, eh?

What are they? Where do they come from? What do you do with them when you have them?

As any prospective *Future Shock* writer will tell you, it's this last question that poses the biggest problem. Everyone has ideas every day of their lives; the job of the writer is to take those ideas and mould them into the most effective story possible. You can come up with a killer idea but ruin it in its execution. (My own *A Love Like Blood* springs to mind, a strip so compressed it ran more like a trailer for a Hollywood action film than an actual story.) Conversely, you can conjure up a fantastically clever narrative which ultimately rings hollow because there is no real idea at the heart of it.

The art of writing a *Future Shock* is to tread a fine line between those two extremes. To come up with a clever, hopefully original premise which you can then unfold and flip in as colourful and as witty and as exciting a way as possible. It's the twist which gives everyone such a headache, of course. The worst *Future Shocks* have a tacked-on punchline which just seems to appear out of nowhere. The twists of the best *Future Shocks*, though, seem to arise naturally from what has gone before and then go veering off into a whole new speculative direction. The short stories of Saki or Robert Bloch or Roald Dahl manage this very effectively and I'd recommend them to all prospective *Future Shock* writers.

Reading back the stories in this collection has been rather like remembering an old recurring dream from childhood. Surprising and embarrassing and ever so slightly disturbing. They're rough and ready and tatty at the edges, obvious pieces of juvenilia, but a few of them still have a certain tawdry tinfoil twinkle that makes me regard them with kindness.

See what you think...

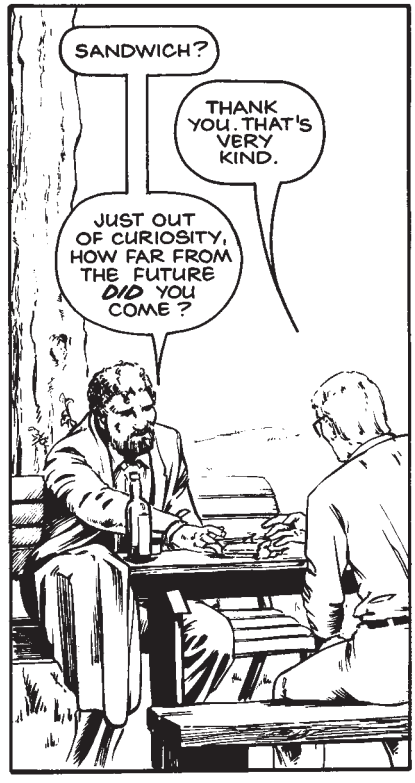
John Smith
September, 2008

EXCUSE ME FOR *INTERRUPTING*, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE THE RIGHT *TIME*?
YEAH. IT'S EXACTLY *TWENTY-FIVE PAST THREE*.
AND TODAY'S FRIDAY THE SEVENTEENTH OF OCTOBER, 1986?
SPOT ON.

AH, WELL IN THAT CASE, I'M FROM THE *FUTURE*.
MY NAME'S HENESSEY, BY THE WAY. THOMAS HENESSEY.
FRANK TRENTON. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT JOHN SMITH
ART ROBOT BARRY KITSON
LETTERING ROBOT TONY VACOS
COMPU-73E

WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK? I'VE ONLY GOT SCOTCH...
THANK YOU. SCOTCH WOULD BE FINE.
SO YOU'RE FROM THE FUTURE, ARE YOU? IT'S GOOD TO SEE THAT SHIRTS ARE STILL IN FASHION, ANYWAY.
HAH. YES, I CAN IMAGINE.
WELL... WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT?
I STILL HARDLY BELIEVE IT I HAD A FEW THEORIES, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT THE ENTIRE THING WAS BASICALLY AN ACCIDENT.
OH?
YES. I DIDN'T USE A TIME MACHINE AT ALL. IT WAS A BOMB THAT DID IT. QUITE A BIG BOMB, IN FACT.
UNTESTED?
MMM.
I HAPPENED TO BE IN THE BLAST AREA, YOU SEE, SO AS SOON AS IT WENT OFF... BANG- AND HERE I AM.
I SHOULD IMAGINE IT HAD QUITE A NASTY EFFECT ON THE PLANET.

DESTROYED?
OH, TOTALLY, I SHOULD THINK. I JUST GOT CARRIED ALONG IN THE EXPLOSION, ON A PRAYER AND A WING, SO TO SPEAK.

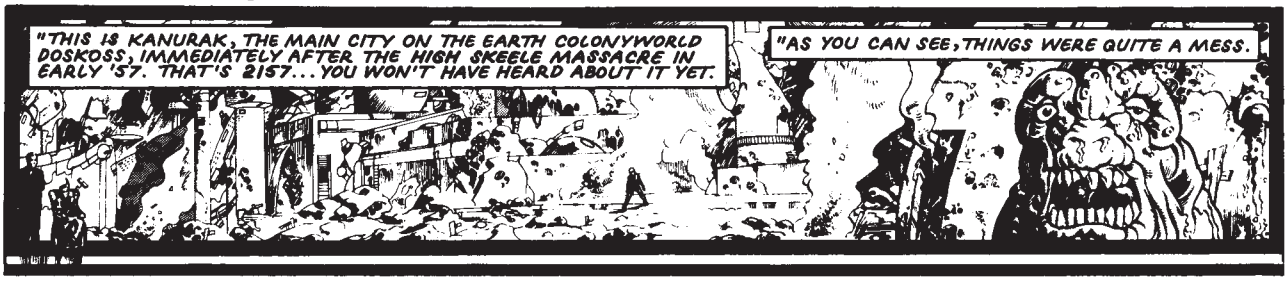

SANDWICH?
THANK YOU. THAT'S VERY KIND.
JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, HOW FAR FROM THE FUTURE DID YOU COME?

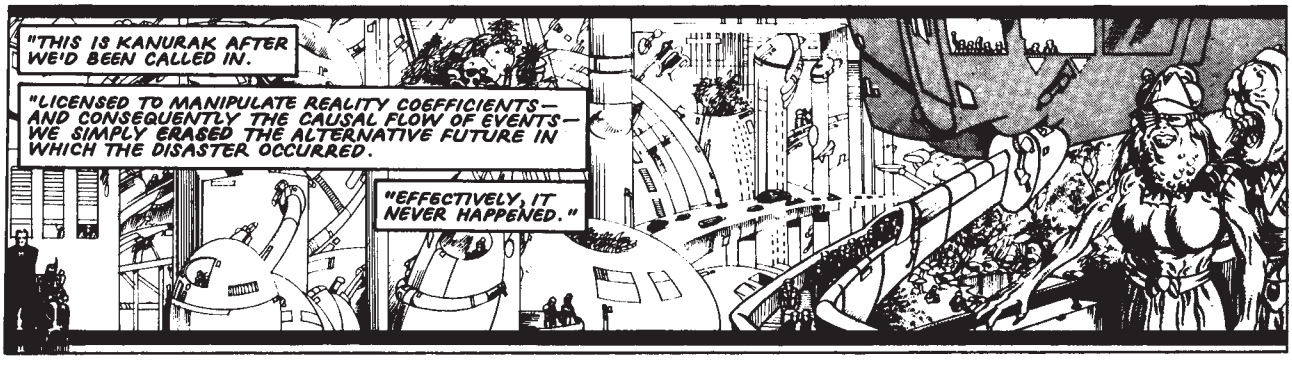
AHH... ABOUT THREE MINUTES AND TWELVE SECONDS, ALL TOLD.
WE'VE JUST GOT TIME FOR ANOTHER DRINK, THEN.
!

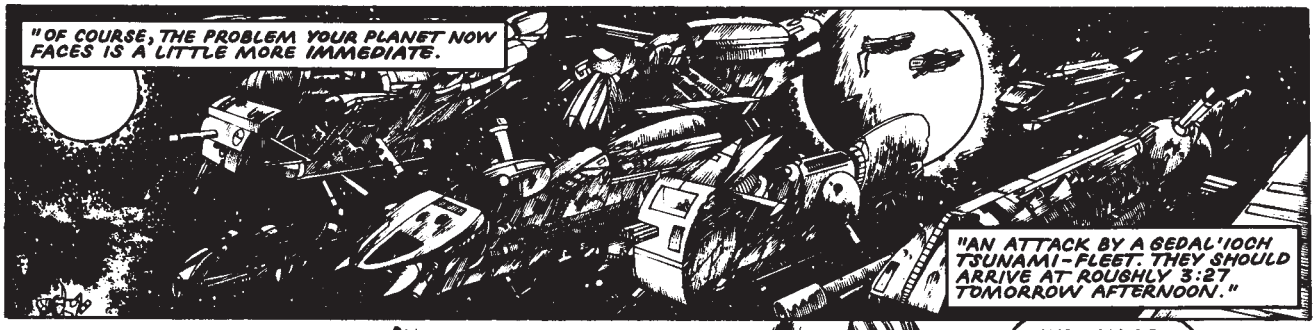
THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
VIDEO
VHS
HOUSE CATS
AN
EDEN CADE
PRODUCTION
PRESENTS
THE END
SCRIPT ROBOT: JOHN SMITH · ART ROBOT: G. SENIOR

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

A CHANGE OF SCENERY...



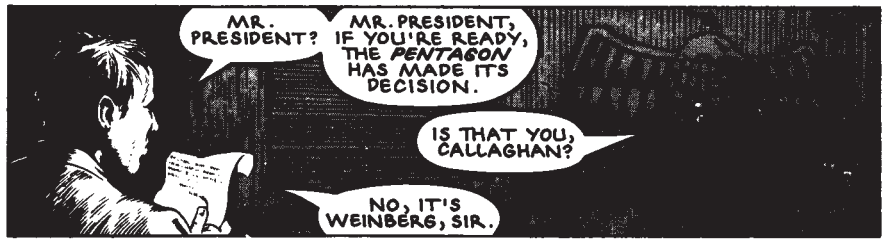



"OF COURSE, THE PROBLEM YOUR PLANET NOW FACES IS A LITTLE MORE IMMEDIATE.
"AN ATTACK BY A GEDAL'IOCH TSUNAMI-FLEET. THEY SHOULD ARRIVE AT ROUGHLY 3:27 TOMORROW AFTERNOON."

THE PREDESTINED OUTCOME IS TOO TERRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE. THE GEDAL'IOCHIANS ARE ECLIPSED IN SAVAGERY ONLY BY THE BANDARUUTHA.
HOWEVER, WE ARE PREPARED TO DESPATCH THE AGGRESSORS IN EXCHANGE FOR, SAY ...THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
AND A CRATE OF BREADSTICKS.

WE CAN BE CONTACTED ON ANY FREQUENCY ABOVE 9000kHz.
THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING US TO TAKE UP SO MUCH OF YOUR TIME.
RELATIVELY SPEAKING.

AND IN EVERY TOWN, IN EVERY COUNTRY, IN A HUNDRED LANGUAGES, THE MESSAGE IS HEARD.
AND FOR A LITTLE WHILE, THE WORLD HOLDS ITS BREATH.
MID'ELE


MR. PRESIDENT?
MR. PRESIDENT, IF YOU'RE READY, THE PENTAGON HAS MADE ITS DECISION.
IS THAT YOU, CALLAGHAN?
NO, IT'S WEINBERG, SIR.

WEINBERG. OH YES.
WELL, GO AHEAD, WEINBERG...
MAKE MY DAY.

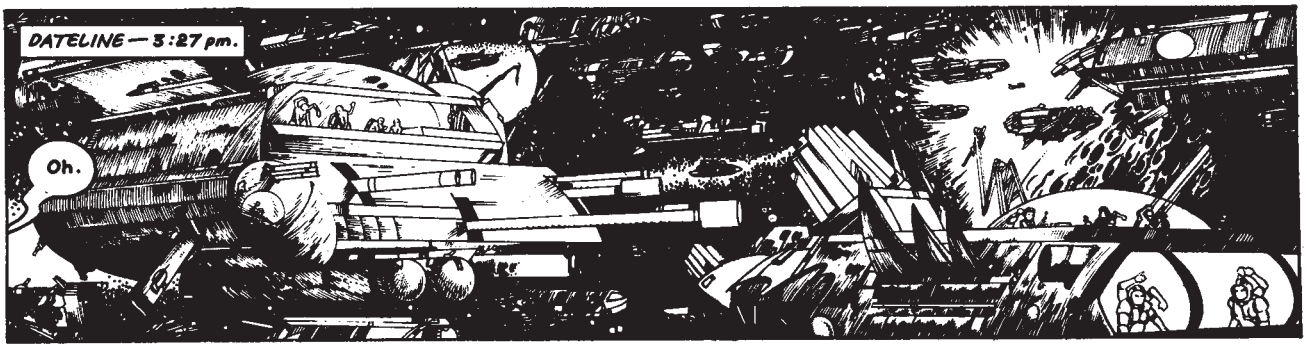
THEY SAID NO.

OF COURSE THEY DID, HARRY! YOU CAN'T— grnch— EXPECT A BUNCH OF PRIMATES TO MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICE ALL THE —grnch— TIME.
DON'T WORRY.

THEY'LL SOON CHANGE THEIR—grnch— MINDS!

DATELINE — 3:26 pm.
IF YOU ASK ME, THE WHOLE THING'S ONE BIG HOAX...

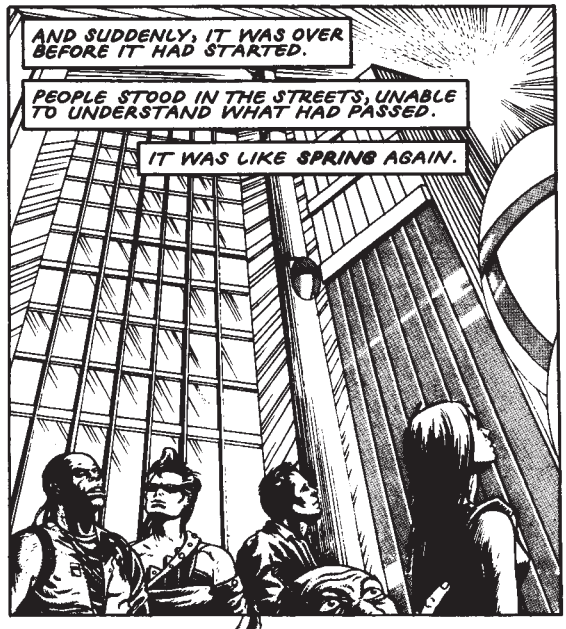
NO-ONE'S ASKING YOU ANYTHING, SOLDIER. YOU KEEP WATCHING THAT SCREEN.
SIR..
WE'VE GOT NOTHING ON RADAR AND THERE'S—

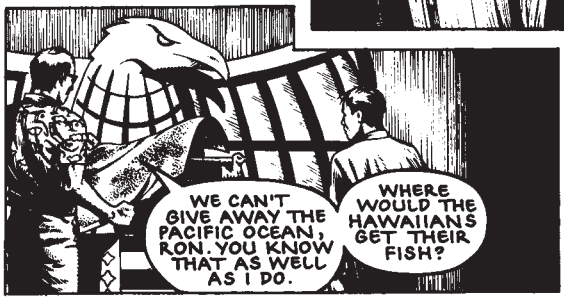

DATELINE — 3:27 pm.
Oh.

THEY CAME, AND NOTHING ANYONE DID COULD STOP THEM.
CITIES FELL UNDER THE AWESOME PRESSURE OF THE IONDRIVERS. THE FEW SURVIVORS FLED TO THE COUNTRYSIDE WHERE THE MEKLINES WAITED, VICIOUS AND UNQUENCHABLE.
REALITY SHATTERED BENEATH THEIR ONSLAUGHT, AND THE WORLD WAS BROUGHT CRASHING TO IT'S KNEES.
YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME, PUNK. YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO ANYTHING I DON'T WANT TO.
I'M AN AMERICAN, DAMMIT!
I AM AN AMERICAN, AREN'T I, CALLAGHAN?
UNGHH...
M-MELTING!
CALLING INCIDENCE INCORPORATED! PLEASE! IF YOU'RE STILL THERE, IF YOU'RE LISTENING, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US. WE'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING, ANYTHING AT ALL, JUST...
JUST HELP US.

SEE, HARRY? I TOLD YOU THEY'D CHANGE THEIR MINDS.

THE SCENESHIFTERS ARRIVED... AND ACROSS THE EARTH THE SKY WAS TORN INTO A THOUSAND COLOURS, THE FRAGMENTS WHIRLED AND REASSEMBLED.


AND SUDDENLY, IT WAS OVER BEFORE IT HAD STARTED.
PEOPLE STOOD IN THE STREETS, UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAD PASSED.
IT WAS LIKE SPRING AGAIN.

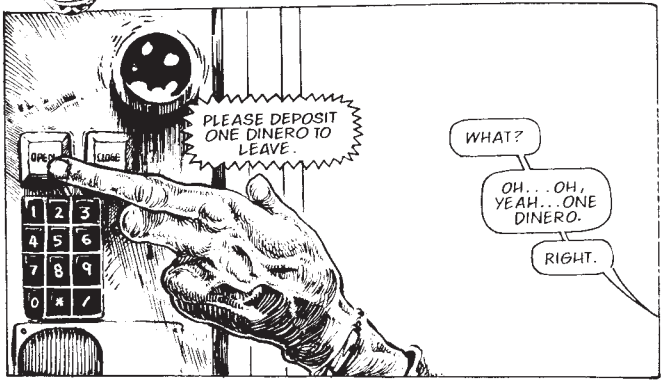

WE CAN'T GIVE AWAY THE PACIFIC OCEAN, RON. YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I DO.
WHERE WOULD THE HAWAIIANS GET THEIR FISH?

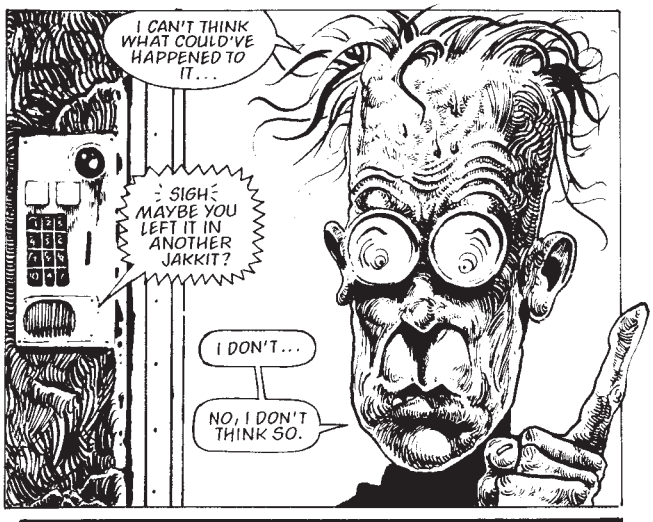
HELL, RON, I'M AS GENEROUS AS THE NEXT MAN, BUT CAN'T WE FIND SOMETHING SMALLER TO GIVE THEM?
WE COULD TRY LAKE MICHIGAN, MR. PRESIDENT.

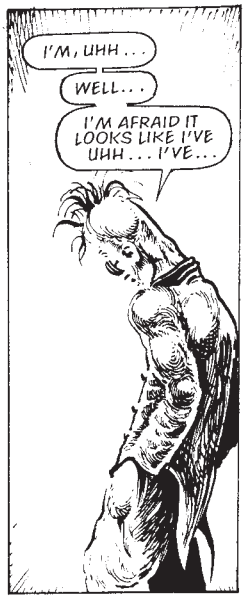
INCIDENCE INCORPORATED NEVER DID GET THE PACIFIC OCEAN. THEY DIDN'T EVEN GET THE BREADSTICKS.
KISMET, MR. BASALT.
KARMA, MR. FOUNDATION.

IT WAS ANOTHER THREE HOURS BEFORE THE BANDARUUTHA ARRIVED... BUT BY THEN, INCIDENCE INCORPORATED WAS YEARS AWAY.
!

THARG'S FUTURE SHOCKS







BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY DINEROES.
WELL, YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT BEFORE YOU CAME IN HERE, SHOULDN'T YOU, LUNG-FACE?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME OUT OF HERE OR NOT?
NOT UNTIL YOU'VE PAID YOUR DINERO...

I HAVEN'T GOT ANY DINEROES! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, YOU STUPID PIECE OF TRANSISTORISED JUNK?
I-HAVE-NO-DINEROES.
AHH...NOW AIN'T THAT A SHAME?

OPEN-
THIS-
DOOR-
MY OUTER SHIELD IS A NEOTANIUM-CARBIDE ALLOY WITH AN ION GRID AND HYDROSTATIC BUFFERS...
IT'S GONNA TAKE A LOT MORE THAN A CHAIR TO GET THROUGH ME, BUSTER.

-YOND A JOKE.
IN FACT, THIS WENT BEYOND A JOKE TWO WEEKS AGO.
COME ON, HARV... ONE LOUSY DINERO AND POOF! YOU CAN BE OUT, WANDERING THE STREETS FREE AS A BIRD.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, HARV?

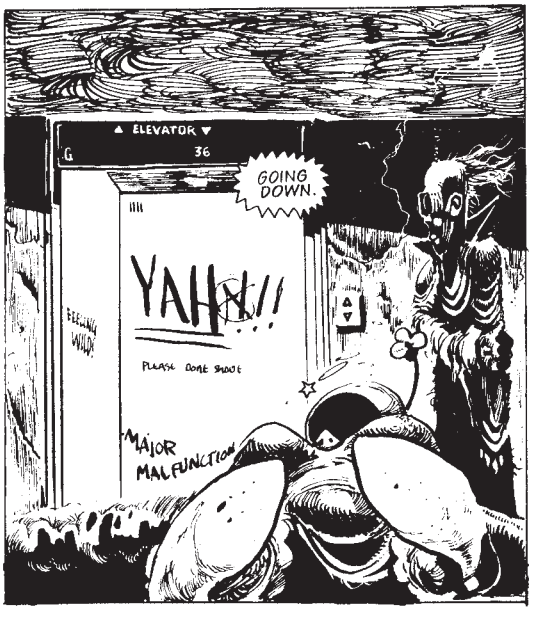
HARV?

HARV, WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE MADE? IS THAT SOME KIND OF...
AW, HEY. HEY, NO... YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF, AHH... OF - GULP -

HARVEY... BABY...
DON'T

WAAAA! TUDDOOM

OPEN
TING!

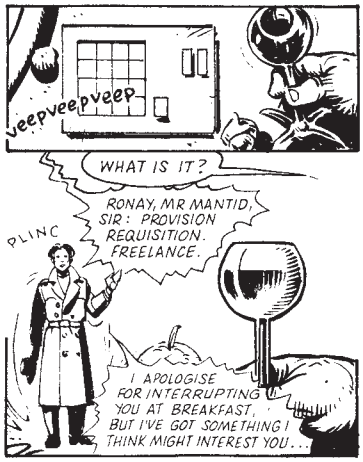

ELEVATOR
G
36
GOING DOWN.
YAHH!!
PLEASE DONE SHOOT
MAJOR MALFUNCTION

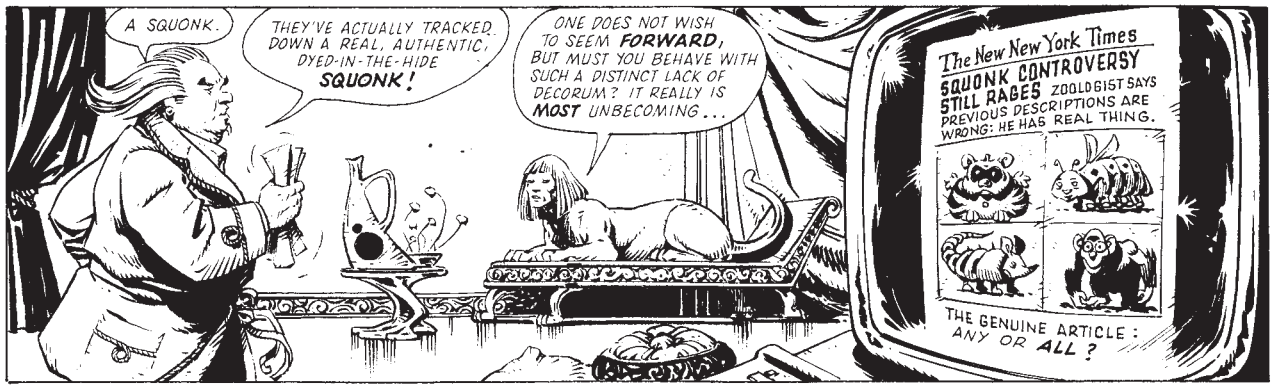
MAX LOAD. 4 PERSONS.
PLEASE DEPOSIT ONE DINERO.
ZOG!
TACKHEAD!
BARMY ARMY

AAAAAH!
2000 AD
SCRIPT
JOHN SMITH
ART
SIMON HARRISON
LETTERING
ALDRICH

THARG'S FUTURE SHOCKS

ONE MAN'S MEAT




A SQUONK.
THEY'VE ACTUALLY TRACKED DOWN A REAL, AUTHENTIC, DYED-IN-THE-HIDE SQUONK!
ONE DOES NOT WISH TO SEEM FORWARD, BUT MUST YOU BEHAVE WITH SUCH A DISTINCT LACK OF DECORUM? IT REALLY IS MOST UNBECOMING...
The New York Times
SQUONK CONTROVERSY STILL RAGES ZOOLOGIST SAYS PREVIOUS DESCRIPTIONS ARE WRONG: HE HAS REAL THING.
THE GENUINE ARTICLE: ANY OR ALL?

OH, DON'T BE SUCH A WET BLANKET, LUCIUS...
BUT A MAN OF YOUR STANDING... IN PUBLIC...
SO WE'LL HAVE THEM PUT DOWN, THEN.

THIS IS THE PINNACLE OF A LIFE LONG OBSESSION, AN OBSESSION STRETCHING THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF A UNIVERSE ...

"I'VE DINED ON FLAMBÉD GAS-WHELKS FROM BLOOP IV WITH QUEENS AND EMPERORS. I'VE EATEN JUGGED QUIBBLE AND SAUTÉD DOG, PUZZLEFISH IN TANGERINE SAUCE ...
"... CHICKEN LIPS AND ENGLISH MUFFINS, STUFFED DRAGON'S LIVER, OUIJA BIRD AND FLAYED LICE, BROOM FERNS AND CHIPMUNK STEAKS, APPLE PIE AND ICE CREAM ...
EXCEPT SQUONK.
"I'VE TASTED EVERYTHING THERE IS TO TASTE ..."

SOMETHING I'D LONG THOUGHT TO BE JUST A LEGEND. THE HOLY GRAIL OF HAUTE CUISINE.
AND NOW...

OH, NOW IT'S MINE.

MR. MANTID... IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, SIR.
I HOPE I HAVEN'T KEPT YOU WAITING TOO LONG. I CAUGHT THE FIRST SPITSHIP HERE, BUT WE—
THAT'S IT?
UHNFF

IT IS MOST CERTAINLY NOT WHAT ONE EXPECTED!
WELL, IT WAS THOUGHT TO BE EXTINCT UNTIL THREE DAYS AGO. OKAY, IT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE THE VIDPLAQUES, BUT...

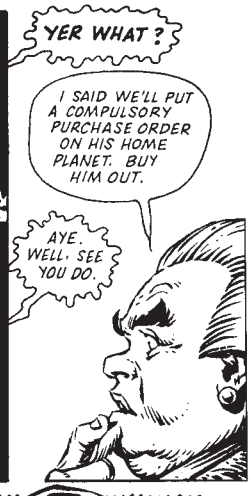
BUT, WELL, IDENT-TECHNIQUES WEREN'T TOO SOPHISTICATED BACK THEN. PEOPLE MADE MISTAKES.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT THIS IS A SQUONK... CHECK ITS GENEPRINTS IF YOU DON'T...
AAH.
KRAKK

WE WILL...
SERGE, SHOW MR. RONAY TO ONE OF THE GUEST SUITES. I'M SURE HE'D LIKE TO FRESHEN UP AFTER HIS JOURNEY...
WELL, ACTUALLY—
YOU HAVE THE RUN OF THE HORN. ENJOY YOURSELF.

HMMM.
IT'S A LITTLE ON THE FLABBY SIDE...
BIG BONES.

AN' INCIDENTALLY, OW— THAT 'URT. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THERE WAS A BRUISE THERE TOMORROW... ASSUMIN' I'M STILL ALIVE THEN, THAT IS..
WELL, ARE YOU GONNA SHOW ME AROUND THEN, OR NOT?

OH, BEFORE I FORGET, I THINK THAT RONNIE FELLA'S PLANNIN' TO CLONE ME. CUT A PIECE A' ME EAR OFF WITHOUT S'MUCH AS A BY YOUR LEAVE...
HURRM... NOT BAD...
WE'LL—


YER WHAT?
I SAID WE'LL PUT A COMPULSORY PURCHASE ORDER ON HIS HOME PLANET. BUY HIM OUT.
AYE. WELL, SEE YOU DO.

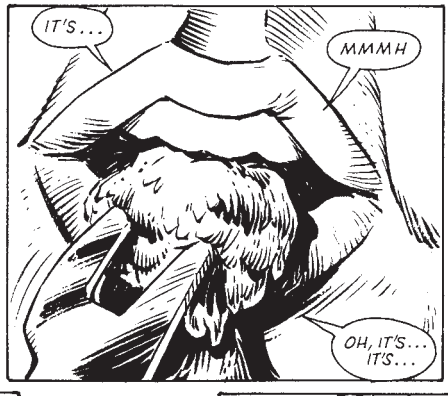
—phe: yew—
IT'S A NICE PLACE YOU'VE GOT 'ERE, I'LL SAY THAT MUCH. IT MUST COST AN ARM AN' A LEG TO RUN... NOT THAT YOU CAN BE SHORT OF A BOB OR TWO, LIKE.
NOW PERSONALLY, I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH USE FOR MONEY: A NICE BIT A' FRESH FRUIT AN' VEG AN I'M 'APPY...

NO LAST REQUEST?

BANG!

O.

OH LUCIUS, I'M SO **NERVOUS**. I CAN BARELY HOLD THE KNIFE STILL. IT SEEMS SUCH AN ACT OF **DESECRATION**...
THIS IS YOUR MOMENT, OBULOS: NOTHING WILL EVER COMPARE WITH IT AGAIN.
GO AHEAD...
CARVE.


IT'S...
MMMH
OH, IT'S... IT'S...

OOUUHHHHHH

OH, DEAR LUCIUS... IT'S **GORGEOUS**. I'VE NEVER TASTED ANYTHING S*
...

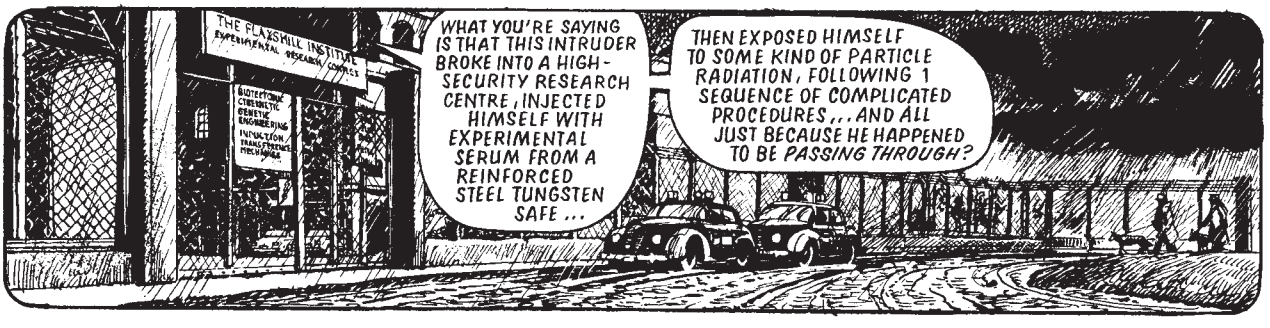
ak
*'NT BAD AT ALL. I'VE GOTTA ADMIT IT MAKES A CHANGE FROM FRUIT AND VEG. I CAN SEE WHY WE DIDN'T LAST THAT LONG IN OUR **OWN** BODIES.
STILL, LIKE I WAS SAYIN' BEFORE...

THARG'S
FUTURE SHOCKS
I GUESS I'LL BE DEAD PRETTY SOON...
EMMELMANN, THE BIG GERMAN, DIED A WEEK AGO, SO WE CAN'T BE SURE...
HE LOST A LOT OF WEIGHT AND HE LOOKED THIRTY YEARS OLDER THAN HE REALLY WAS. THE SKIN ON HIS FACE WAS LIKE CELLOPHANE.
DON MILNE — THE PHOTOGRAPHER FROM "ROLLING STONE" — WILL BE THE NEXT TO GO!
WE THINK HE'S GOT SKIN CANCER BUT THE DOCTOR DIED A WEEK AGO, SO WE CAN'T BE SURE.
CAN ME AN' NICKY GO SWIMMIN' THIS AFTERNOON, MOM? PLEASE? JUST FOR AN HOUR?
SOMETIMES HE WAKES UP THINKING HE'S A KID AGAIN, BACK HOME IN VERMONT. IT'S NOT SO BAD THEN. HE CAN JUST ABOUT TAKE IT.
BUT OH, DEAR GOD, ME, I'M SO AFRAID. I DON'T WANT TO DIE YET.
2000 AD
SCRIPT JOHN SMITH
ART LALIA
LETTERING JOHNNY A
I'M ONLY TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD. I'VE NEVER EVEN FLOWN ON A PLANE. I DON'T WANT TO DIE WITHOUT HAVING FLOWN ON A PLANE.

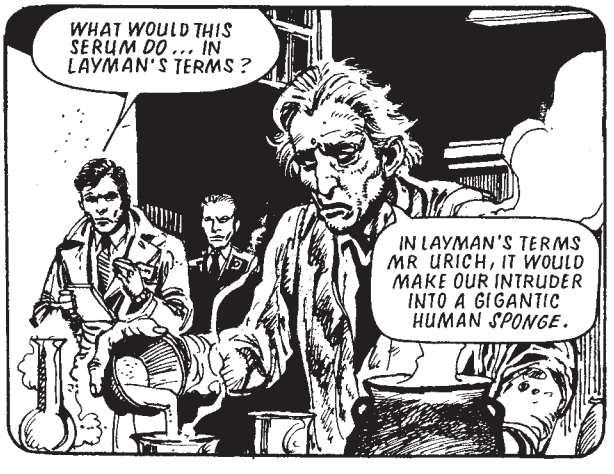
WELL, I'M GOING DOWN TO GET A NICE COOL BEER FROM THE ICEBOX. YOU OKAY HERE ?
UH-HUH ?
DON'T STAY IN THE SUN TOO LONG, JACKIE-BOY... YOU'LL ONLY START PEELING !

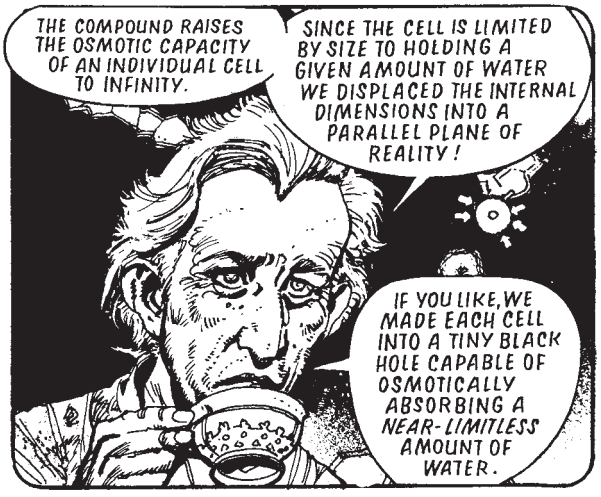
I LAUGH, BUT I REALLY FEEL LIKE CRYING...
THEN I SIT BACK AND THINK OF ICED TEA IN LONG COOL GLASSES AND REMEMBER AWAY THE TIME AS BEST I CAN.

I SPENT TWO YEARS IN BRITAIN AND THE ONLY THING I HATED MORE THAN THE PEOPLE WAS THE WEATHER.
THE WEATHER AND THE NEWS.
CELEBRITY DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS THE LATEST ON THE ROYALS, WHO'S-DATING-WHO.
BUT IN LATE SEPTEMBER OF 89, I MADE THE HEADLINES EVERYWHERE...
THE MIRROR
THE OSMATIC MAN SUKS"

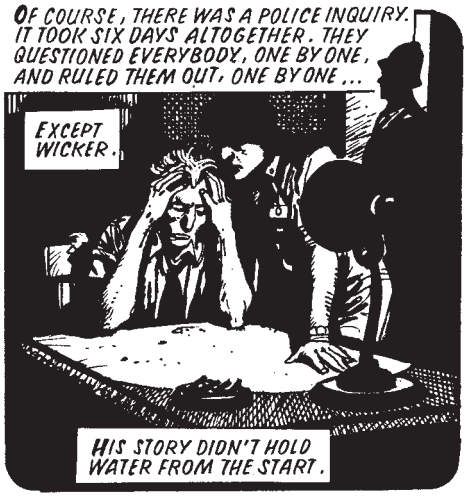

THE FLAXSHILL INSTITUTE
EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH CENTRE
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THAT THIS INTRUDER BROKE INTO A HIGH-SECURITY RESEARCH CENTRE, INJECTED HIMSELF WITH EXPERIMENTAL SERUM FROM A REINFORCED STEEL TUNGSTEN SAFE...
THEN EXPOSED HIMSELF TO SOME KIND OF PARTICLE RADIATION, FOLLOWING 1 SEQUENCE OF COMPLICATED PROCEDURES... AND ALL JUST BECAUSE HE HAPPENED TO BE PASSING THROUGH?

WITH RESPECT PROFESSOR WICKER... CODSWALLOP!
IT SEEMS OBVIOUS TO ME, AT LEAST, THAT THIS WAS AN INSIDE JOB!
WHOEVER STOLE THIS SERUM KNEW EXACTLY WHAT THEY WERE DOING AND WHAT THE RESULTS OF THEIR ACTIONS WOULD BE.

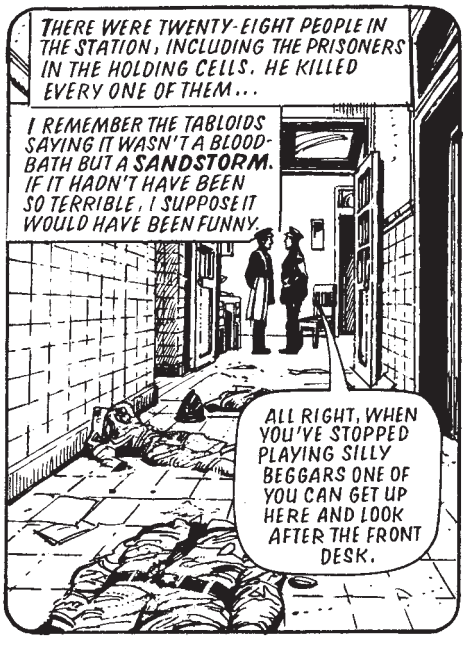

WHAT WOULD THIS SERUM DO... IN LAYMAN'S TERMS ?
IN LAYMAN'S TERMS MR URICH, IT WOULD MAKE OUR INTRUDER INTO A GIGANTIC HUMAN SPONGE.


THE COMPOUND RAISES THE OSMOTIC CAPACITY OF AN INDIVIDUAL CELL TO INFINITY.
SINCE THE CELL IS LIMITED BY SIZE TO HOLDING A GIVEN AMOUNT OF WATER WE DISPLACED THE INTERNAL DIMENSIONS INTO A PARALLEL PLANE OF REALITY!
IF YOU LIKE, WE MADE EACH CELL INTO A TINY BLACK HOLE CAPABLE OF OSMOTICALLY ABSORBING A NEAR-LIMITLESS AMOUNT OF WATER.

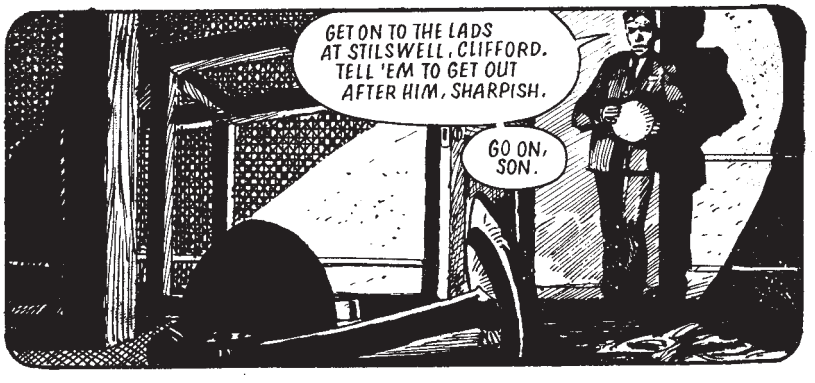
ANYTHING STEPPING WITHIN THE OSMOTIC FIELD IS INSTANTLY DESICCATED...
WHICH IS WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR DEREK HERE.
SECURITY


OF COURSE, THERE WAS A POLICE INQUIRY. IT TOOK SIX DAYS ALTOGETHER. THEY QUESTIONED EVERYBODY, ONE BY ONE, AND RULED THEM OUT, ONE BY ONE...
EXCEPT WICKER.
HIS STORY DIDN'T HOLD WATER FROM THE START.

AT ABOUT TEN-FIFTEEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE 1st OCTOBER ERNEST ANDIRON WICKER WENT MAD.

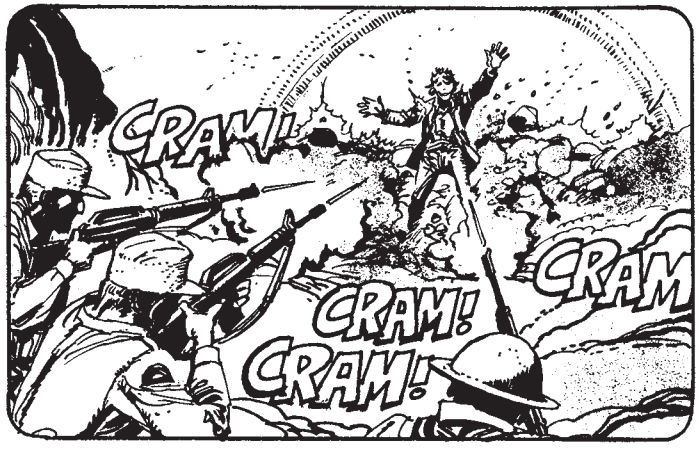

THERE WERE TWENTY-EIGHT PEOPLE IN THE STATION, INCLUDING THE PRISONERS IN THE HOLDING CELLS. HE KILLED EVERY ONE OF THEM...
I REMEMBER THE TABLOIDS SAYING IT WASN'T A BLOOD-BATH BUT A SANDSTORM. IF IT HADN'T HAVE BEEN SO TERRIBLE, I SUPPOSE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUNNY.
ALL RIGHT, WHEN YOU'VE STOPPED PLAYING SILLY BEGGARS ONE OF YOU CAN GET UP HERE AND LOOK AFTER THE FRONT DESK.

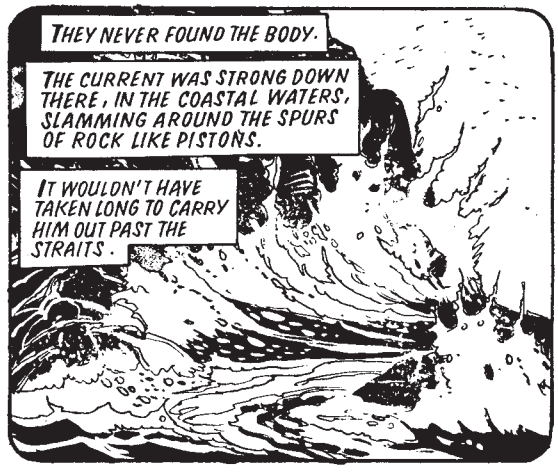
HELLO, WHERE'S ALL THIS COME FROM, THEN?

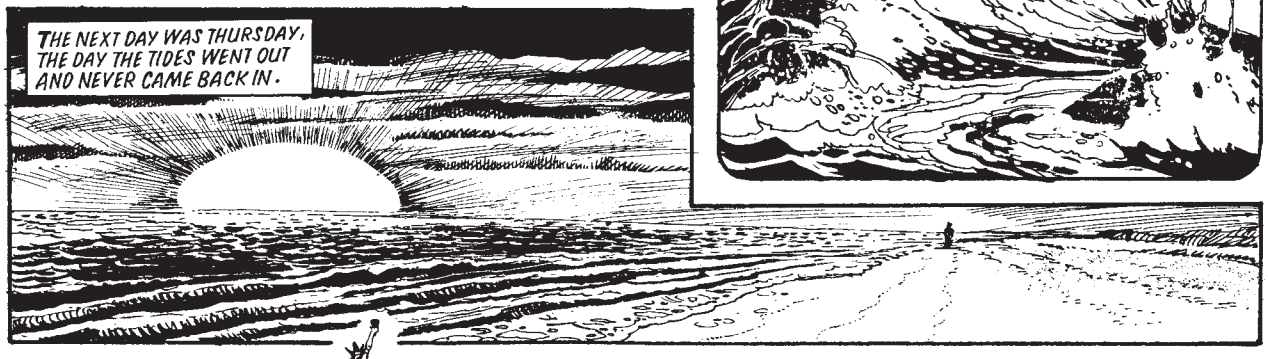

GET ON TO THE LADS AT STILSWELL, CLIFFORD. TELL 'EM TO GET OUT AFTER HIM, SHARPISH.
GO ON, SON.

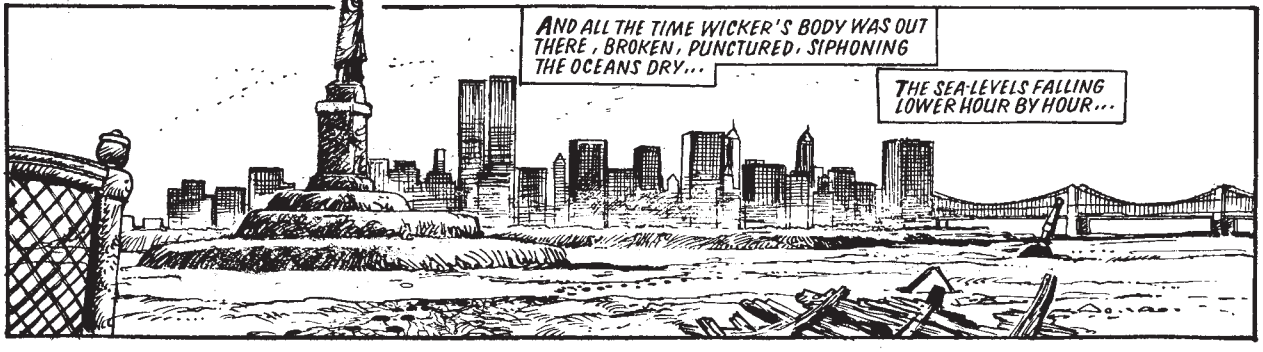
THEY GOT HIM TO THE EDGE OF DOVER EARLY NEXT MORNING...
THEY THOUGHT HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE IT ACROSS THE CHANNEL BUT OF COURSE THEY WERE WRONG!
COME ON NOW, CHUMMY, GIVE YOURSELF UP YOU MUST KNOW IT'S ALL OVER!

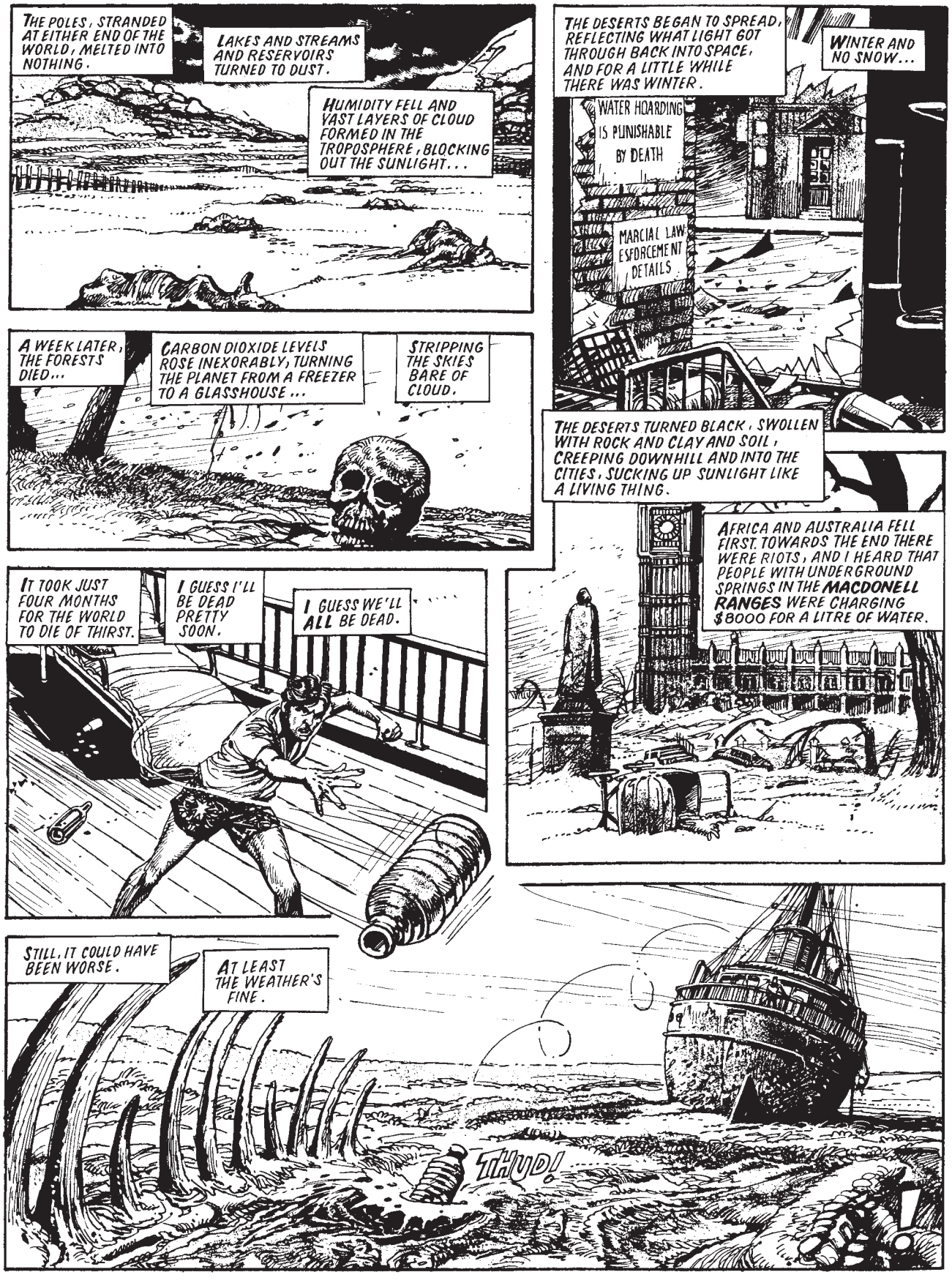
HE JUST WANTED TO REACH THE SEA.
ANY WAY HE COULD.
SSSHHHFF...

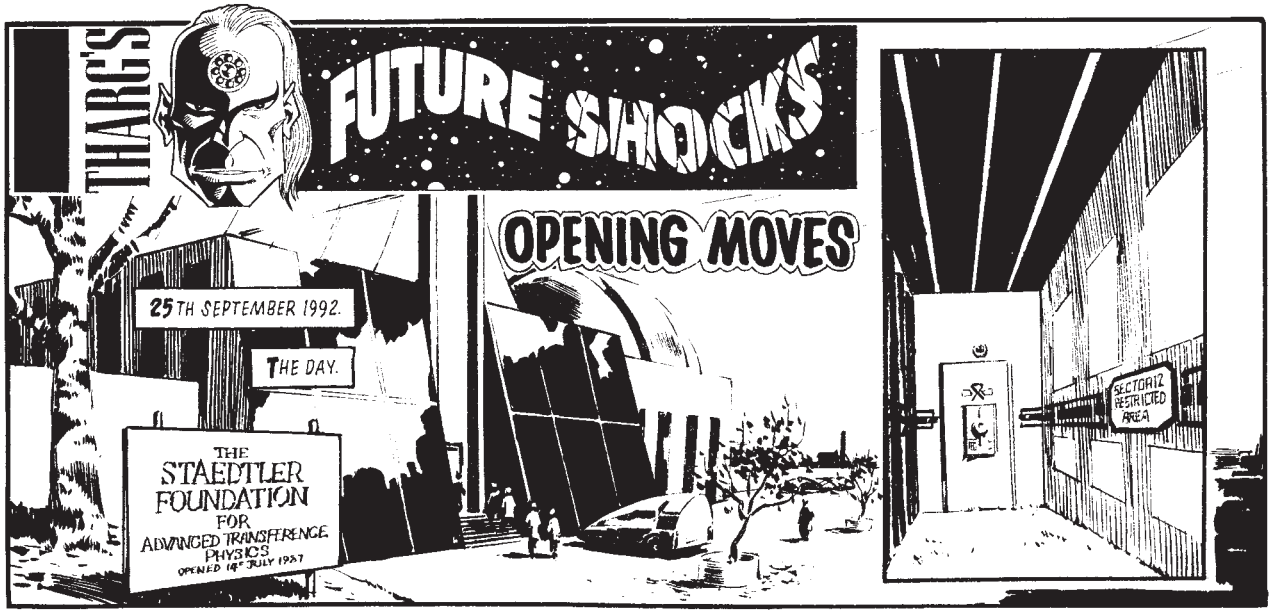

CRAM!
CRAM!
CRAM
CRAM!

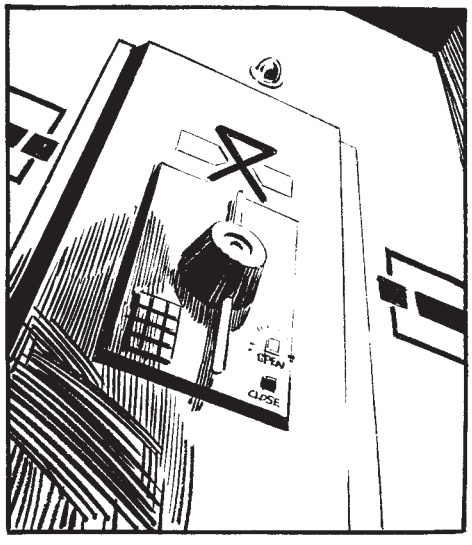

THEY NEVER FOUND THE BODY.
THE CURRENT WAS STRONG DOWN THERE, IN THE COASTAL WATERS, SLAMMING AROUND THE SPURS OF ROCK LIKE PISTONS.
IT WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN LONG TO CARRY HIM OUT PAST THE STRAITS.

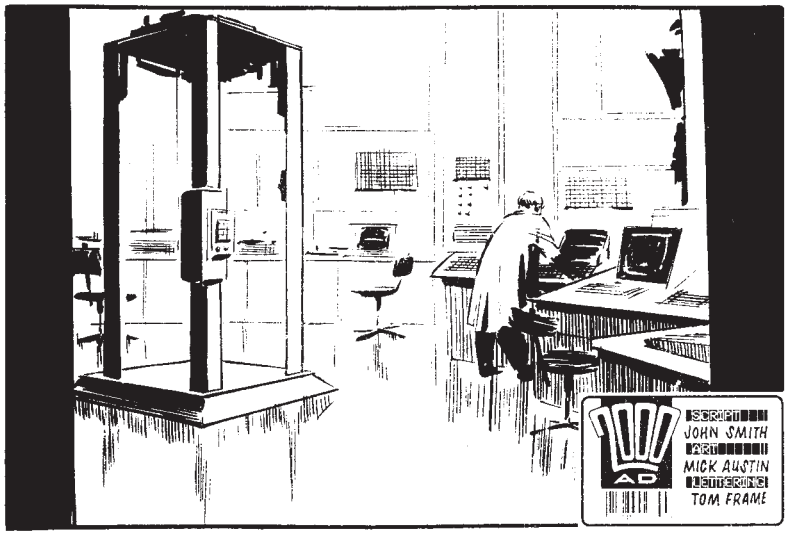

THE NEXT DAY WAS THURSDAY, THE DAY THE TIDES WENT OUT AND NEVER CAME BACK IN.


AND ALL THE TIME WICKER'S BODY WAS OUT THERE, BROKEN, PUNCTURED, SIPHONING THE OCEANS DRY...
THE SEA-LEVELS FALLING LOWER HOUR BY HOUR...


THE POLES, STRANDED AT EITHER END OF THE WORLD, MELTED INTO NOTHING.
LAKES AND STREAMS AND RESERVOIRS TURNED TO DUST.
HUMIDITY FELL AND VAST LAYERS OF CLOUD FORMED IN THE TROPOSPHERE, BLOCKING OUT THE SUNLIGHT...
THE DESERTS BEGAN TO SPREAD, REFLECTING WHAT LIGHT GOT THROUGH BACK INTO SPACE, AND FOR A LITTLE WHILE THERE WAS WINTER.
WINTER AND NO SNOW...
WATER HOARDING IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH
MARCIAL LAW ESFORCEMENT DETAILS
A WEEK LATER, THE FORESTS DIED...
CARBON DIOXIDE LEVELS ROSE INEXORABLY, TURNING THE PLANET FROM A FREEZER TO A GLASSHOUSE...
STRIPPING THE SKIES BARE OF CLOUD.
THE DESERTS TURNED BLACK, SWOLLEN WITH ROCK AND CLAY AND SOIL, CREEPING DOWNHILL AND INTO THE CITIES, SUCKING UP SUNLIGHT LIKE A LIVING THING.
AFRICA AND AUSTRALIA FELL FIRST. TOWARDS THE END THERE WERE RIOTS, AND I HEARD THAT PEOPLE WITH UNDERGROUND SPRINGS IN THE MACDONELL RANGES WERE CHARGING $8000 FOR A LITRE OF WATER.
IT TOOK JUST FOUR MONTHS FOR THE WORLD TO DIE OF THIRST.
I GUESS I'LL BE DEAD PRETTY SOON.
I GUESS WE'LL ALL BE DEAD.
STILL, IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.
AT LEAST THE WEATHER'S FINE.
THUD!


THARG'S
FUTURE SHOCKS
OPENING MOVES
25TH SEPTEMBER 1992.
THE DAY.
THE STAEDTLER FOUNDATION FOR ADVANCED TRANSFERENCE PHYSICS
OPENED 14th JULY 1987
SECTOR 12 RESTRICTED AREA


OPEN
CLOSE

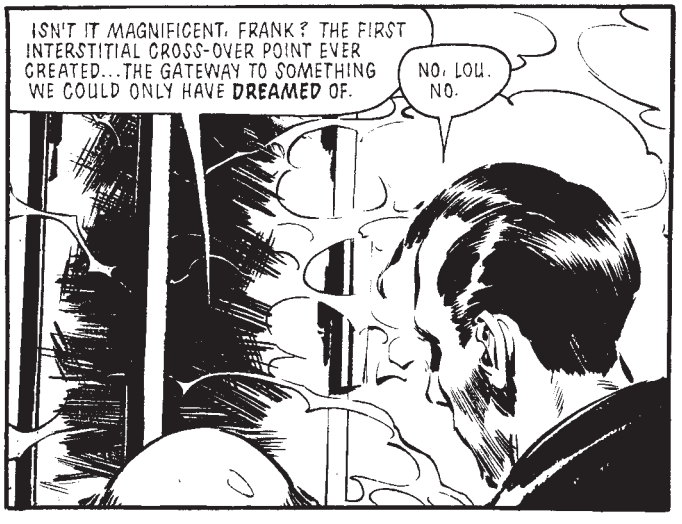

2000 AD
SCRIPT
JOHN SMITH
ART
MICK AUSTIN
LETTERING
TOM FRAME

FRANK...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU LIVED BEHIND THAT DESK OF YOURS.
NO. JUST TEMPORARY LODGINGS.
HOW'S IT GOING, LOU?

BEAUTIFULLY. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT. JEEZ, I HARDLY BELIEVE IT AND I BUILT THE DAMN THING.
THIS IS IT, FRANK...THIS LITTLE BABY IS THE HEART OF IT ALL. SHE'S GONNA PUT US IN THE HISTORY BOOKS.

IT'S READY?
HELL, IT'S **MORE** THAN READY.

"WATCH..."


ISN'T IT MAGNIFICENT, FRANK? THE FIRST INTERSTITIAL CROSS-OVER POINT EVER CREATED...THE GATEWAY TO SOMETHING WE COULD ONLY HAVE **DREAMED** OF.
NO, LOU. NO.

I'VE GOT TO. I KNOW THERE ARE RISKS, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO IN THERE AND SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE.
ANOTHER DIMENSION, A TOTALLY NEW PLANE OF EXISTENCE. THERE'S NO SAYING WHAT COULD BE IN THERE...

BUT WHAT ABOUT CHECKS? SYSTEM BREAKDOWNS?
I'VE RUN MATRIX AND FLOW VECTOR ANALYSES. THERE'S 97% INTERFACE COMPATIBILITY.

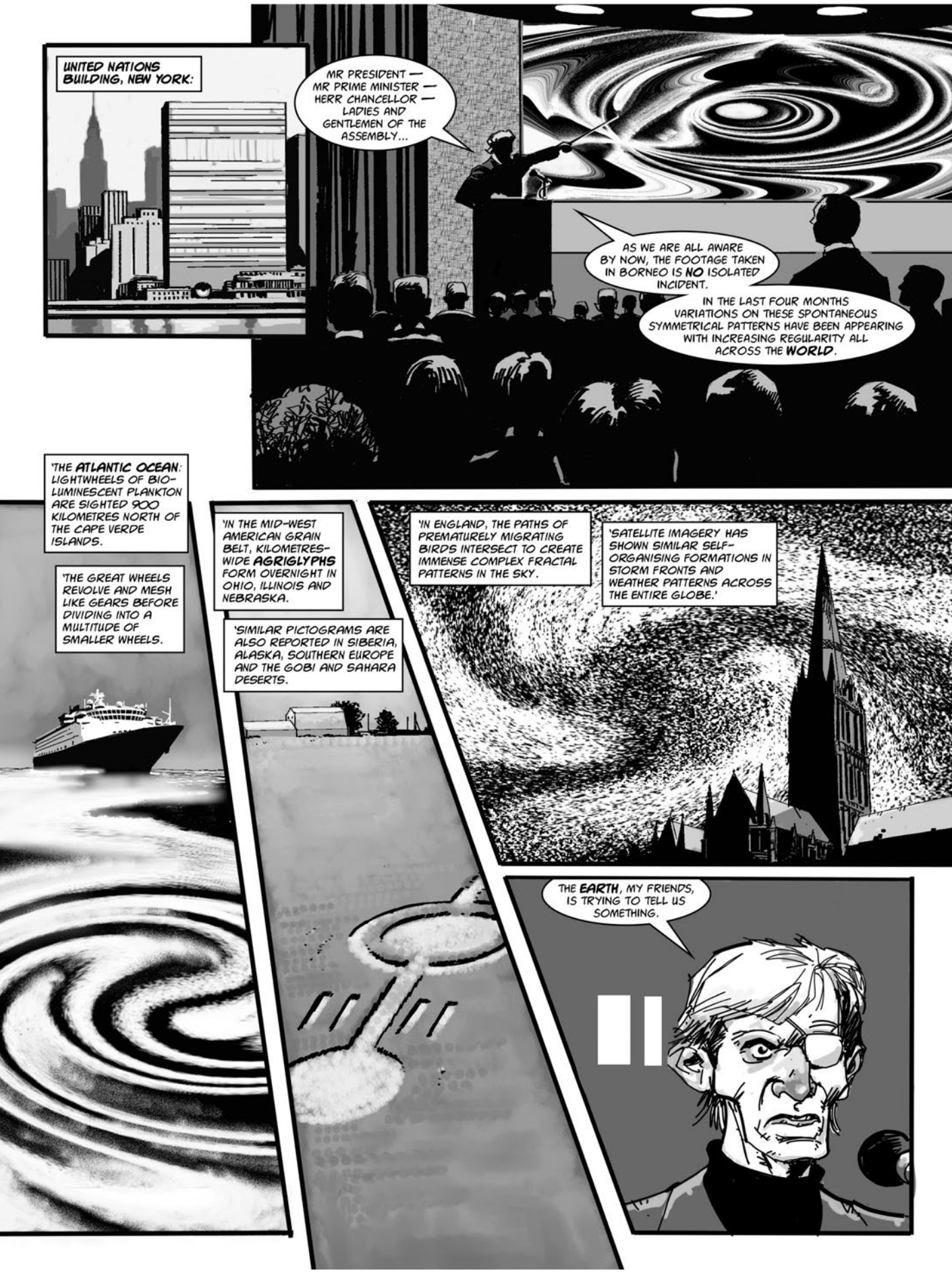
OKAY. ALRIGHT, LOU, FINE. IT'S UP TO YOU. BUT WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING ON THIS, FOR PETE'S SAKE.
YOU **WORRY** TOO MUCH, McCARTHY. IT'S SAFE.
WISH ME LUCK.

SURE, LOU. GOOD LUCK.

OH MY GOD. I'M...
EVEN MY HANDS ARE — ARE DIFFERENT. ALIEN. IT HURTS JUST TO LOOK AT THEM.
THE BUILDINGS... THE PLANTS... EVERYTHING IS SO REAL. THE COLOURS ARE IMPOSSIBLE. AND THE AIR... IT SMELLS BITTER, LIKE ALMONDS...
THEY HAD BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME.
IN THE TIME MISTS, ON THE BORDER OF THE DARKLANDS. WHERE THE COLD WAS TOTAL, ABSOLUTE.
WAITING.
FOR THE EMISSARY. THE OPENER OF THE WAY.

"I SAW IT. I SAW WHAT IT WAS LIKE.
"YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW THERE..."
IT'S ANOTHER WORLD. LIKE SOMETHING FROM A FAIRY TALE.
YOU'VE GOT TO GO THERE, FRANK.
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE IT... TO FEEL IT... YOU'VE GOT TO GO IN THERE.
HE WENT IN.
AND THE CREATURE THAT HEINEMANN HAD BECOME WAITED FOR HIM TO COME OUT.
!

MOUNT KINABALU, BORNEO:
D-DOKTOR VON KREIST?
I'M S-SORRY, HERR DOKTOR, BUT MY LEGS... I D-DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO M-MOVE MY LEGS...
FUTURE SHOCKS
EARTHSONG
ACH, GUNTHER. ALWAYS YOU ARE SUCH AN OLD WOMAN. WE ARE BARELY 4000 METRES UP. COMPARED TO THE EIGER, THIS MOUNTAIN IS CHILD'S PLAY.
NOW CONCENTRATE ON THE CLIMB OR WE WILL NEVER BE BACK IN TIME FOR ALL THE BEAUTIFUL FRAULEINS, EH?
MEIN GOTT!
HERR D-DOKTOR! D-D-DO YOU SEE? W-WHAT IS THAT?
NOT NOW, GUNTHER! REALLY, THESE DISTRACTIONS ONLY MAKE THINGS —
GOTT IN HIMMEL! FIREFLIES... MILLIONS OF FIREFLIES...
IT'S LIKE TIMES SQUARE... A MILLION FIREFLIES FLASHING ALL AT ONCE... A GREAT SYNCHRONISED DANCE OF LIGHT...
BUT SO RHYTHMIC... SO STRUCTURED... EVEN DR BUCK NEVER RECORDED A DISPLAY LIKE THIS... SHIFTING AND MORPHING AS IF COMMUNICATING SOME MESSAGE....
SCRIPT JOHN SMITH
ART STEVE PARKHOUSE
LETTERS ELLIE DE VILLE
THANK GOD FOR PORTABLE VIDEO TECHNOLOGY.


UNITED NATIONS BUILDING, NEW YORK:
MR PRESIDENT — MR PRIME MINISTER — HERR CHANCELLOR — LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSEMBLY...
AS WE ARE ALL AWARE BY NOW, THE FOOTAGE TAKEN IN BORNEO IS NO ISOLATED INCIDENT.
IN THE LAST FOUR MONTHS VARIATIONS ON THESE SPONTANEOUS SYMMETRICAL PATTERNS HAVE BEEN APPEARING WITH INCREASING REGULARITY ALL ACROSS THE WORLD.
'THE ATLANTIC OCEAN: LIGHTWHEELS OF BIO-LUMINESCENT PLANKTON ARE SIGHTED 900 KILOMETRES NORTH OF THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.
'THE GREAT WHEELS REVOLVE AND MESH LIKE GEARS BEFORE DIVIDING INTO A MULTITUDE OF SMALLER WHEELS.
'IN THE MID-WEST AMERICAN GRAIN BELT, KILOMETRES-WIDE AGRIGLYPHS FORM OVERNIGHT IN OHIO, ILLINOIS AND NEBRASKA.
'SIMILAR PICTOGRAMS ARE ALSO REPORTED IN SIBERIA, ALASKA, SOUTHERN EUROPE AND THE GOBI AND SAHARA DESERTS.
'IN ENGLAND, THE PATHS OF PREMATURELY MIGRATING BIRDS INTERSECT TO CREATE IMMENSE COMPLEX FRACTAL PATTERNS IN THE SKY.
'SATELLITE IMAGERY HAS SHOWN SIMILAR SELF-ORGANISING FORMATIONS IN STORM FRONTS AND WEATHER PATTERNS ACROSS THE ENTIRE GLOBE.'
THE EARTH, MY FRIENDS, IS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING.

TONIGHT'S SHOW IS AN EXCLUSIVE LIVE WORLD BROADCAST DEBATING THE GROWING MYSTERY CRISIS THAT'S BEEN CALLED 'EARTH IN UPHEAVAL'.
MY SPECIAL GUESTS REPRESENT THE TWO MAIN OPPOSING SCHOOLS OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT IN THIS AREA —
DR KLAUS VON KREIST IS THE WORLD'S LEADING PATTERNS RECOGNITION EXPERT BASED AT THE MAX PLANCK INSTITUTE IN LEIPZIG.
PROFESSOR BILL SHELDRAKE IS FOUNDER OF THE NEW AGE THINK-TANK ENVIRONMEN AND ACCLAIMED AUTHOR OF WORLD, WAKE UP!'
GENTLEMEN — JUST WHAT IS GOING ON?
01110 11001 1011:
STRUCTURE. FUNCTION. ORDER. WHAT WE SEE HERE ARE VISUAL REPRESENTATIONS OF COMPLEXITY EMERGING FROM CHAOS.
EARTH IS A CHAOTIC SYSTEM RULED BY MATHEMATICAL ARCHETYPES MADE VISIBLE IN CRYSTALS AND FLOWERS AND SNOWFLAKES.
AS FRACTALS AND THE FIBONACCI SEQUENCE CLEARLY SHOW US —
BOLLOCKS, VON KREIST! THE EARTH IS SPEAKING TO US AND YOU KNOW IT! THESE SIGNS ARE A NATURAL EXTENSION OF THE CROP CIRCLE PHENOMENON MAGNIFIED TO A PLANETARY SCALE.
THEY'VE INCREASED IN FREQUENCY AND COMPLEXITY SINCE THE MID-70S AND THIS SUDDEN ESCALATION IS THE EARTH'S LAST DITCH ATTEMPT TO WARN US OF OUR ECOLOGICAL FOLLY —
NEW AGE RUBBISH! YOU PEDDLE THAT OUT-DATED GAIA THEORY AS HARD SCIENCE?
0110 01110 101:
THE EARTH'S MUTTERING IN HER SLEEP AND SHE'S ABOUT TO WAKE UP!
CLASS SHOW, GENTS! SCIENCE HAS NEVER BEEN SUCH FUN!
I'M AGENT ANTHONY HARRIS WITH THE GCHQ SPECIAL EXECUTIVE AND HM GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU!

GCHQ, SUBLEVEL ZERO ZERO:
I'M SURE YOU KNOW, DR VON KREIST, HOW MATHEMATICIAN ALAN TURING COMMITTED SUICIDE IN 1954 BY EATING AN APPLE LACED WITH CYANIDE.
WHAT YOU CAN'T KNOW IS THAT A SECRET EUGENICS PROGRAMME IN 1950s BRITAIN ENABLED US TO CLONE HIS BRAIN AND QUANTUM-UPGRADE ITS PROCESSING ABILITIES...
DR VON KREIST? PROFESSOR SHELDRAKE?
HATS OFF AND UV GOGGLES ON FOR THE WORLD'S ONLY LIVING TURING MACHINE.
110101 11010:
IT'S BEEN ANALYSING AND DECRYPTING INFORMATION FROM LIVE-STREAMING SATELLITE FEEDS AND WE THINK WE'VE FINALLY CRACKED THE CODE.
THEY'RE CHLADNI PATTERNS — AND THEY'RE ON A CONTINENTAL SCALE.
THE FIGURES FORMED IN THE SAND BY SOUND VIBRATIONS OF VARYING PITCH. JA, I SEE...
BUT WHAT MESSAGE DO THEY CONVEY?
0110 HARVEST 0101
1011 WORLD-TOXIN-LEVELS-AT-MAXIMUM0010
1101ARCHAE-BACTERIAL-IMMUNE-SYSTEM-ACTIVE0110
WE'VE BEEN JUDGED AND FOUND WANTING.
WE SHOULD HAVE CUT THE APRON STRINGS AND MOVED ON TO THE STARS WHEN WE HAD THE CHANCE INSTEAD OF STRIP-MINING THE EARTH BARE...

0110THE-HUMAN-EXPERIMENT-IS-A-FAILURE1101
えきなさ
0100 WIPE-THE-SLATE-CLEAN0101
9

YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A PHONE
Script: Neil Gaiman
Art: John Hicklenton
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 488

CONVERSATION PIECE
Script: Neil Gaiman
Art: Dave Wyatt
Letters: Tom Frame

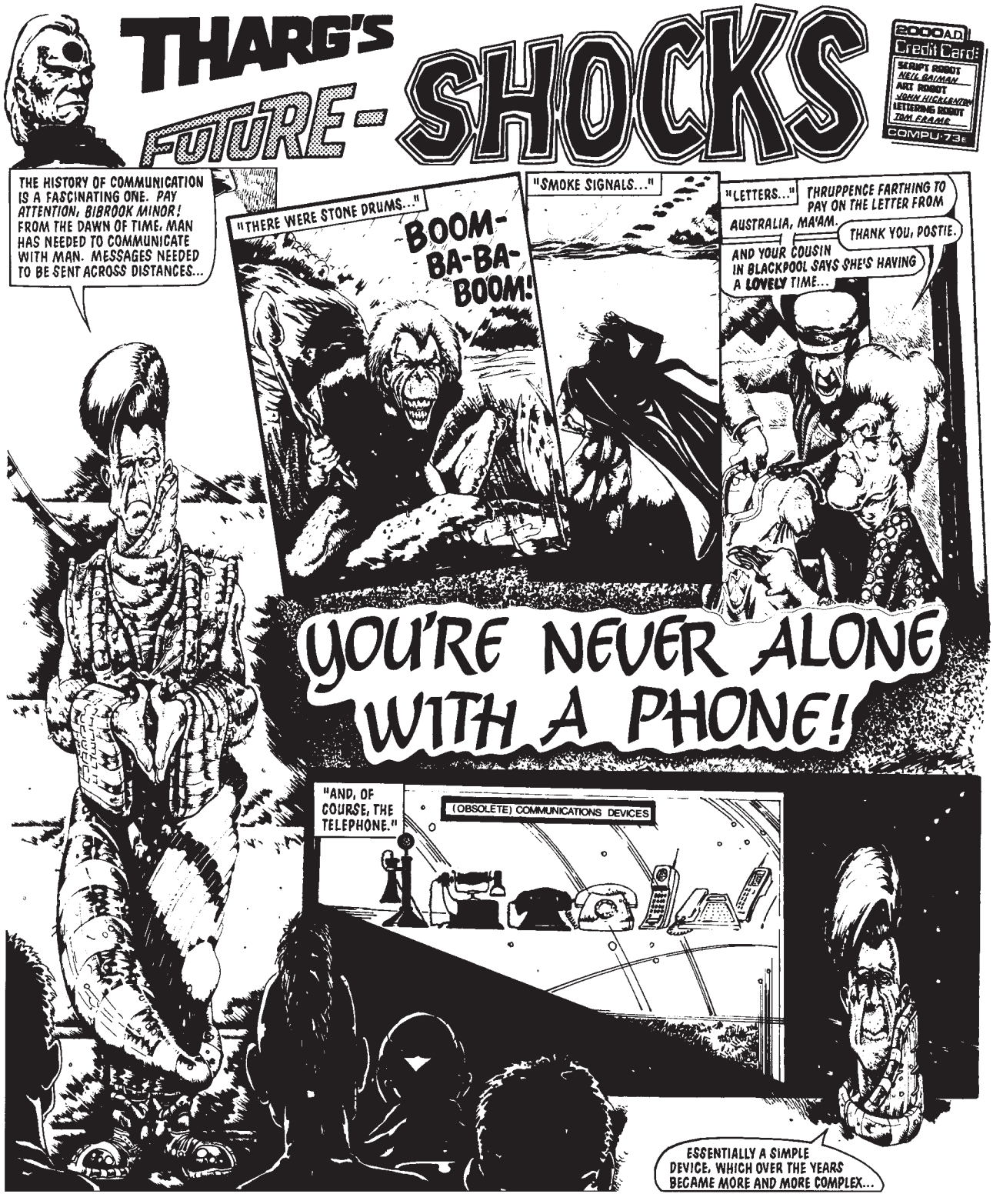
Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 489

I'M A BELIEVER
Script: Neil Gaiman
Art: Massimo Belardinelli
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 536

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
Script: Neil Gaiman
Art: Steve Yeowell
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 538


THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
2000AD Credit Card!
SCRIPT ROBOT
NEIL GAIMAN
ART ROBOT
JOHN HICKLENTON
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73E
THE HISTORY OF COMMUNICATION IS A FASCINATING ONE. PAY ATTENTION, BIBROOK MINOR! FROM THE DAWN OF TIME, MAN HAS NEEDED TO COMMUNICATE WITH MAN. MESSAGES NEEDED TO BE SENT ACROSS DISTANCES...
"THERE WERE STONE DRUMS..."
BOOM-BA-BA-BOOM!
"SMOKE SIGNALS..."
"LETTERS..."
THRUPPENCE FARTHING TO PAY ON THE LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA, MA'AM.
THANK YOU, POSTIE.
AND YOUR COUSIN IN BLACKPOOL SAYS SHE'S HAVING A LOVELY TIME...
YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A PHONE!
"AND, OF COURSE, THE TELEPHONE."
(OBSOLETE) COMMUNICATIONS DEVICES
ESSENTIALLY A SIMPLE DEVICE, WHICH OVER THE YEARS BECAME MORE AND MORE COMPLEX...

T.C.
THE TELECO CORPORATION
T.C.
I THOUGHT YOU COULD CALL IT THE VIDPHONE. IT'S OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT'S FINEST HOUR.
IT LOOKS EXTRAORDINARY! WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?
JOHN

YES, DEAR, I'M ON MY WAY HOME RIGHT NOW.
YES, OF COURSE I'LL PICK UP A CAULIFLOWER ON THE WAY. SIGH!
NOW-NEW 3D
OUR BIGGEST SALE NOW ON!

MARIO! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU? NEVER EAT GARLIC BEFORE YOU PHONE ME!
I AM SORRY, MY LOVE, I FORGOT.
"THE TROUBLE WAS..."

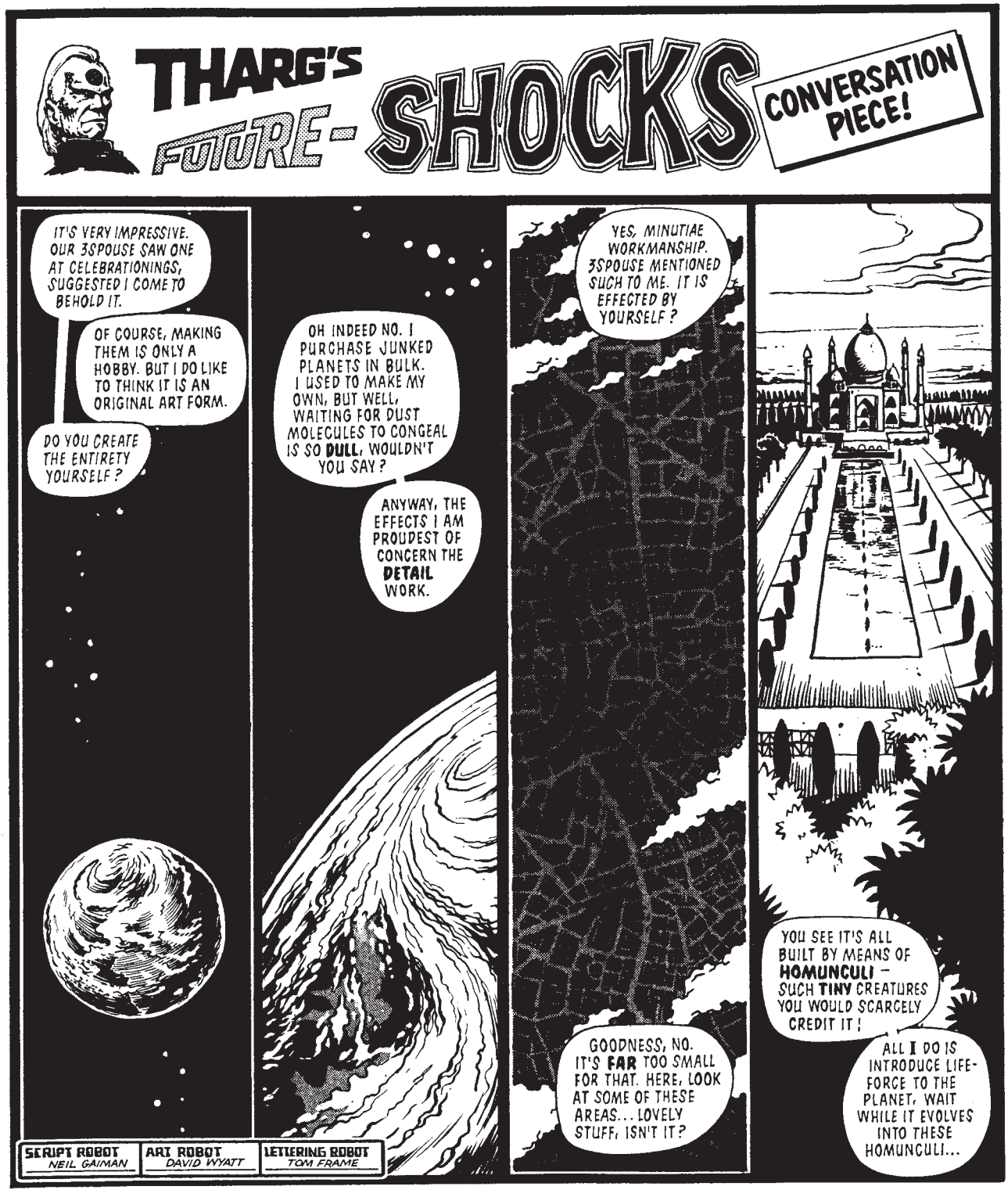
INTERNATIONAL TELECORPS
THE TROUBLE IS, GENTLEPEOPLE, THAT NO MATTER HOW WE IMPROVE THE TELEPHONE, WE STILL HAVE TO BATTLE WITH THE SAME OLD PROBLEMS. WRONG NUMBERS! CROSSED LINES! WASTED TIME.
NOT TO MENTION THE BASIC INCONVENIENCE OF HAVING TO TELEPHONE PEOPLE AT ALL. WHAT WE NEED IS THE PERFECT PHONE, ONE THAT WILL DO EVERYTHING FOR US.

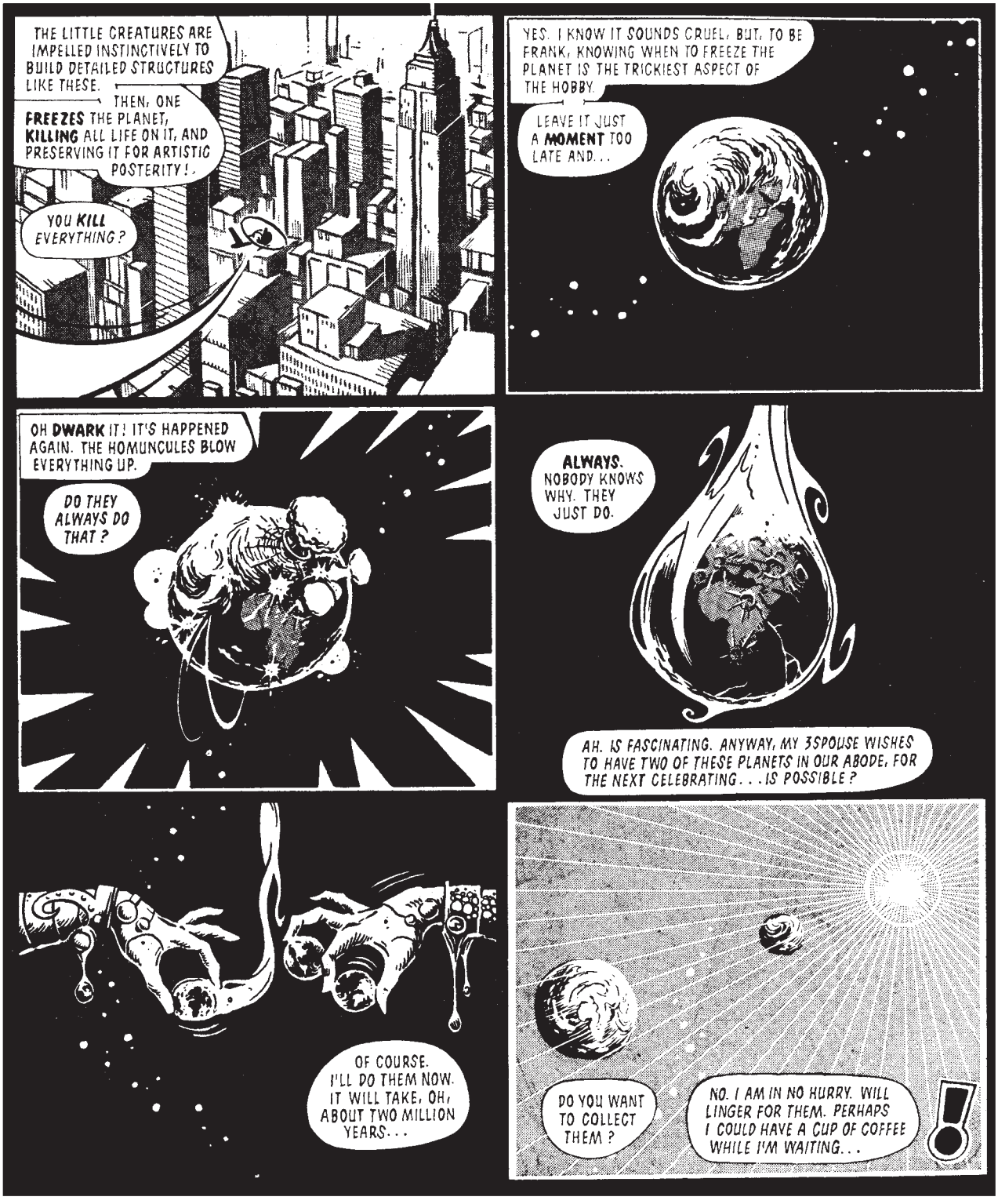
WE NEED...

WE NEED MY NEW INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT!
HI!
UH, HI EVERYONE. I'M YOUR PHONE, AND IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PLACE CALLS, REDIAL, FIND PHONE NUMBERS, TAKE MESSAGES, MAKE EXCUSES, AND EVEN SHOUT AT THE OPERATOR FOR YOU!
...WOULD EVEN SHOUT AT THE OPERATOR FOR YOU. AND ALL IT TOOK WAS THE CHEAP, EASY CLIP-ON ADDITION OF THE TELECORPS INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT.
NATURALLY, IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE EVERY PHONE ON THE PLANET WAS FITTED WITH AN INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT.
BBRINGG!
IS IT FOR ME, PHONE?
NO...
"THERE WAS ONLY ONE PROBLEM..."
IT'S FOR ME. GO AWAY.
HI, 030 6120. HOW IS IT GOING, CUTEY?
"THE NEWLY-INTELLIGENT TELEPHONES WERE ALWAYS ON THE PHONE TO EACH OTHER. IF YOU WANTED TO USE THE PHONE IT WAS ALWAYS ENGAGED. AND EVEN IF YOUR PHONE WASN'T USING THE PHONE, IT WAS CERTAIN THAT THE PHONE YOU WERE TRYING TO GET WAS...
"IT WAS A NIGHTMARE."
SO THEN 987 5090 SAYS TO IT, "THAT'S FUNNY, MY OWNER SAID THE SAME THING..."
I'D NEVER TALK ABOUT ANY PHONE BEHIND ITS BACK, BUT...
I SAID, HOW COME YOU ARE ALWAYS ENGAGED? IT SAYS, I'M POPULAR...
INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT
SORRY I'M ENGAGED
"AND IT WAS GOING TO GET WORSE!"
AAUGH!
PHONE BILL

THE COURT CASE WENT ON FOR MONTHS. THE PHONE OWNERS REFUSED TO PAY THE TELEPHONE BILLS ON THE GROUNDS THAT THEY HAD NOT MADE THE CALLS.
THE PHONES SAID...
OF COURSE WE CAN'T PAY! WE ARE TELEPHONES. WE DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY... WELL, WE DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY!
NOW SHUT UP. I'M ON THE PHONE.
NICKLENTON
TELECORP INTERNATIONAL
TELECORP INTERN
THE PHONES ARE RUNNING UP ENORMOUS BILLS. WE CAN'T GET PAID. WE CAN'T USE THE PHONES. WE-WE HAVE ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION LEFT OPEN TO US.
GENTLEPEOPLE, WE MUST CUT THE PHONES OFF! WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!
I D-DECLARE THESE LINES- ¦SNIFF!¦ - DEAD!
... AND THAT WAS WHEN 234 4341 TOLD ME THAT IT FELT - KKKRRKKBLTZT!
SO THE LINES WERE ALL DEAD AND SO WERE THE PHONES. NOW ONCE THAT HAD HAPPENED EVERYONE WAS SCARED TO TURN THEM ON AGAIN. AND AFTER ALL, PEOPLE HAD BEEN ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIET AND PRIVACY. AND THEY WOULD NEVER PUT THEMSELVES AT THE MERCY OF TELEPHONES AGAIN.
SO EVEN WHEN THE PHONES WERE REACTIVATED THINGS WERE DIFFERENT. FOR AFTER ALL, HAVE WE NOT REACHED THE ULTIMATE IN TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED MESSAGE SENDING?

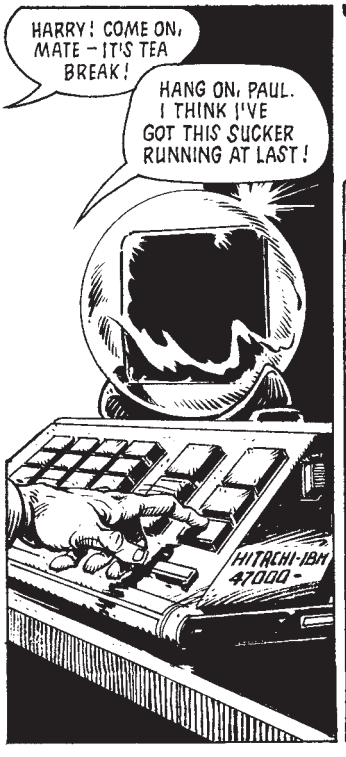
WRITING LETTERS, AND SENDING SMOKE SIGNALS... AND OF COURSE, OUR INVALUABLE STONE DRUMS!
COME ON, BIBROOK MINOR! BOOM-BA-BA-BOOM-BA!
SIGH! YES, SIR.


THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
CONVERSATION PIECE!
IT'S VERY IMPRESSIVE. OUR 3SPOUSE SAW ONE AT CELEBRATIONINGS, SUGGESTED I COME TO BEHOLD IT.
OF COURSE, MAKING THEM IS ONLY A HOBBY. BUT I DO LIKE TO THINK IT IS AN ORIGINAL ART FORM.
DO YOU CREATE THE ENTIRETY YOURSELF?
OH INDEED NO. I PURCHASE JUNKED PLANETS IN BULK. I USED TO MAKE MY OWN, BUT WELL, WAITING FOR DUST MOLECULES TO CONGEAL IS SO DULL, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
ANYWAY, THE EFFECTS I AM PROUDEST OF CONCERN THE DETAIL WORK.
YES, MINUTIAE WORKMANSHIP. 3SPOUSE MENTIONED SUCH TO ME. IT IS EFFECTED BY YOURSELF?
GOODNESS, NO. IT'S FAR TOO SMALL FOR THAT. HERE, LOOK AT SOME OF THESE AREAS... LOVELY STUFF, ISN'T IT?
YOU SEE IT'S ALL BUILT BY MEANS OF HOMUNCULI – SUCH TINY CREATURES YOU WOULD SCARCELY CREDIT IT!
ALL I DO IS INTRODUCE LIFE-FORCE TO THE PLANET, WAIT WHILE IT EVOLVES INTO THESE HOMUNCULI...
SCRIPT ROBOT NEIL GAIMAN
ART ROBOT DAVID WYATT
LETTERING ROBOT TOM FRAME


THE LITTLE CREATURES ARE IMPELLED INSTINCTIVELY TO BUILD DETAILED STRUCTURES LIKE THESE.
THEN, ONE FREEZES THE PLANET, KILLING ALL LIFE ON IT, AND PRESERVING IT FOR ARTISTIC POSTERITY!.
YOU KILL EVERYTHING?
YES. I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRUEL, BUT, TO BE FRANK, KNOWING WHEN TO FREEZE THE PLANET IS THE TRICKIEST ASPECT OF THE HOBBY.
LEAVE IT JUST A MOMENT TOO LATE AND...
OH DWARK IT! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN. THE HOMUNCULES BLOW EVERYTHING UP.
DO THEY ALWAYS DO THAT?
ALWAYS. NOBODY KNOWS WHY. THEY JUST DO.
AH. IS FASCINATING. ANYWAY, MY 3SPOUSE WISHES TO HAVE TWO OF THESE PLANETS IN OUR ABODE, FOR THE NEXT CELEBRATING...IS POSSIBLE?
OF COURSE. I'LL DO THEM NOW. IT WILL TAKE, OH, ABOUT TWO MILLION YEARS...
DO YOU WANT TO COLLECT THEM?
NO. I AM IN NO HURRY. WILL LINGER FOR THEM. PERHAPS I COULD HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE WHILE I'M WAITING...
!

THARG'S FUTURE SHOCKS

I'M A BELIEVER

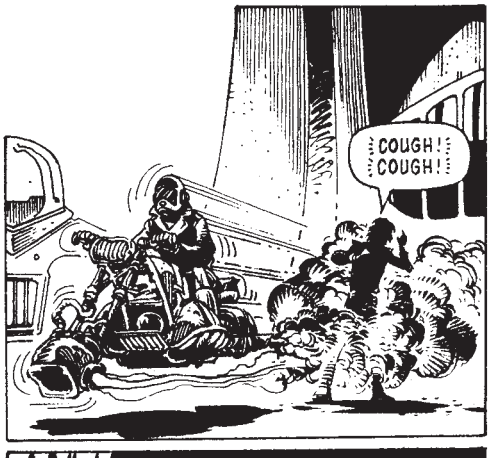


I MEAN, THERE'S NO **REASON** FOR IT NOT TO WORK! IT'S DRIVING ME AROUND THE **BEND!**
C'MON, HARRY. IT'S JUST A COMPUTER. YOU'VE FIXED THOUSANDS OF THEM.

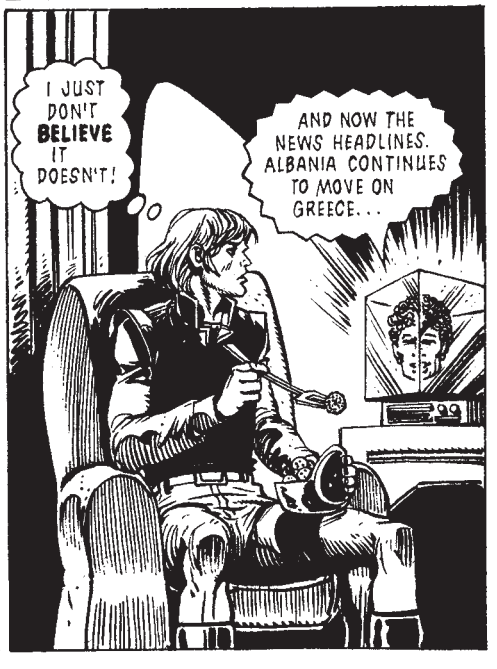
RIGHT! I KNOW HOW COMPUTERS WORK, AND THIS ONE **OUGHT** TO! THERE'S **NOTHING** WRONG WITH IT!

THAT WAS HOW IT STARTED. ONE COMPUTER THAT SIMPLY WOULDN'T WORK.
WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU FINISHED FOR THE DAY, HARRY? CONCENTRATE...

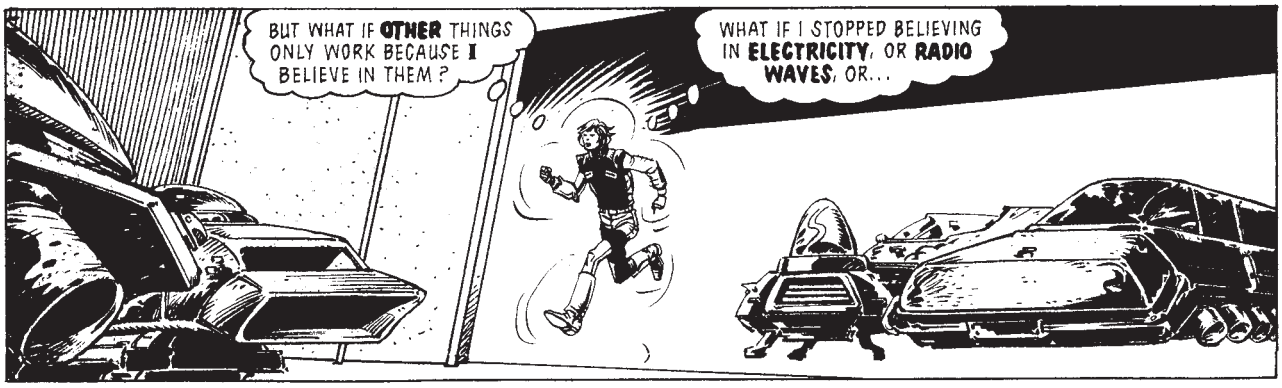
EUROPEAN COMPU
CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME?
ON THAT OLD THING? NO, I'LL TAKE THE BEAM.


COUGH! COUGH!

IT'S JUST RIDICULOUS. THAT COMPUTER HAS TO WORK.
'VENIN', MAESTRI PETERSON. *ssa* FINE NIGHT.
GOOD EVENING, MISTER K'KCHRUNCHGICHKK.


I JUST DON'T **BELIEVE** IT DOESN'T!
AND NOW THE NEWS HEADLINES. ALBANIA CONTINUES TO MOVE ON GREECE...

HANG ON! MAYBE THE QUESTION ISN'T WHY THAT ONE DOESN'T WORK – IT'S WHY THE REST OF THEM DO!
MAYBE...
MAYBE COMPUTERS ONLY WORK BECAUSE WE BELIEVE THEY DO...
SO WHAT HAPPENS IF I BEGIN TO DOUBT THEY DO?
THAT WAS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN TO GO WRONG, WASN'T IT, HARRY?
NEXT MORNING...
...CAUSING HUNDRED-MILE TAILBACKS. NOW INTERNATIONAL NEWS. ALBANIA HAS MISSED GREECE COMPLETELY.
LATER THAT MORNING AT WORK...
THAT'S ODD. THIS DECK IS TOTALLY DEAD!
SO'S THIS ONE – IT WORKED FINE LAST NIGHT!
OH NO! IT MUST BE MY FAULT!
MY FAULT. BECAUSE I BEGAN TO DOUBT THAT COMPUTERS REALLY WORK!
THIS ONE'S DEAD AS WELL!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
WHO'S BEEN GZORKING ABOUT, THEN?
HAS SOMEONE CHECKED THE MAINS?


BUT WHAT IF **OTHER** THINGS ONLY WORK BECAUSE **I** BELIEVE IN THEM ?
WHAT IF I STOPPED BELIEVING IN **ELECTRICITY**, OR **RADIO WAVES**, OR...

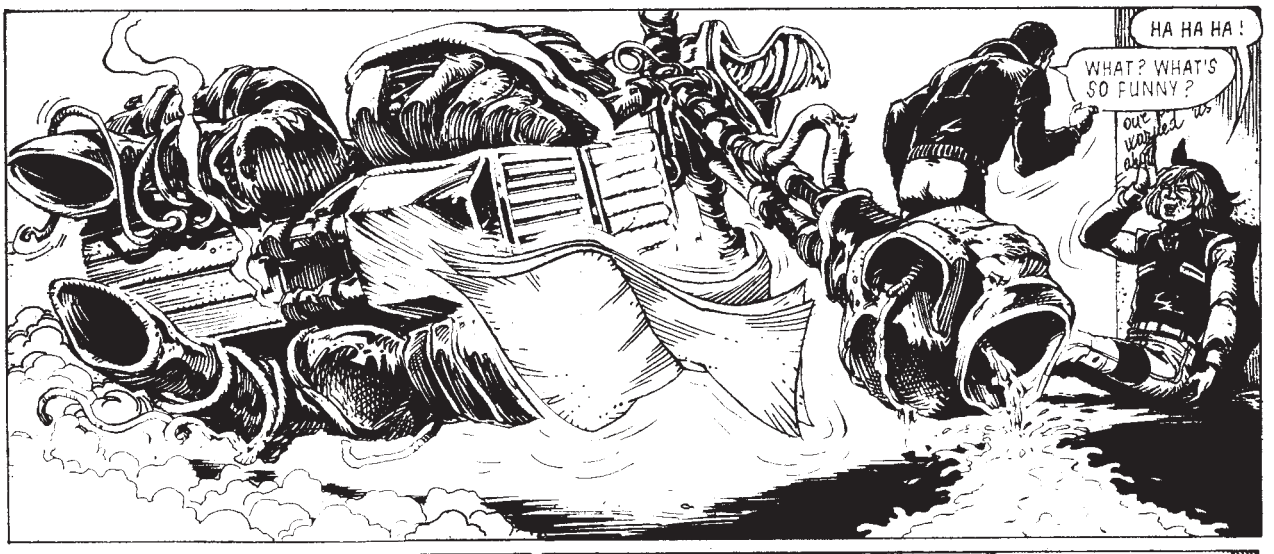
...**GRAVITY ?!**

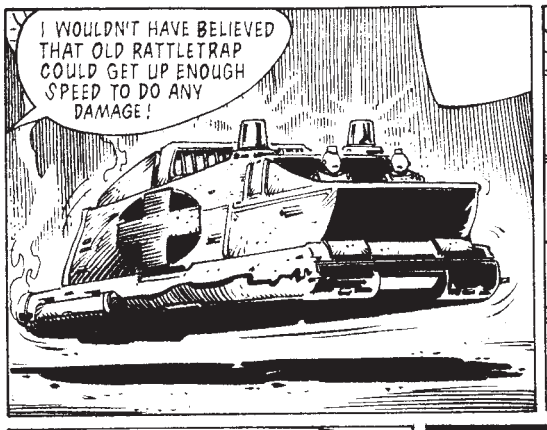
WHAT IF I STOP BELIEVING IN... ULP...
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO **STOP** YOURSELF **THINKING** SOMETHING ?

HARRY HAD TO STOP HIMSELF THINKING WORDS LIKE "**ANYTHING**" AND "**EVERYTHING**". EVER HEARD THE EXPRESSION **YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE IN YOURSELF ?**
HARRY HAD TO. HE HAD TO BELIEVE VERY, VERY HARD.

WHICH WAS ABOUT WHERE WE CAME IN...
I **DO** BELIEVE. I AM... **I AM...**

...I AM!
HARRY!
CRUNCH!
HARRY?
HARRY? YOU JUST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE! I COULDN'T STOP IN TIME – I DIDN'T SEE YOU.
YOU, UH, ARE YOU OKAY?
we are the people our parents warned us about
I DUNNO. I THINK SO. I... CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING. IT'S ALL SORT OF VAGUE.
YEAH... WE NEED AN AMBULANCE TO THE E.C.C.B.D. BUILDING. THAT'S RIGHT... 'BYE.
WERE YOU STILL WORRIED ABOUT THAT 47000 COMPUTER?
people our parents warned us about
WHAT? OH, THAT. I THINK I REALISED WHAT WAS WRONG WITH IT... I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE...


HA HA HA!
WHAT? WHAT'S SO FUNNY?


I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED THAT OLD RATTLETRAP COULD GET UP ENOUGH SPEED TO DO ANY DAMAGE!

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT. MY MECHANIC SAID IT WAS A MIRACLE IT WAS RUNNING AT ALL... HALF THE ENGINE'S MISSING...
HE SAID IT WAS PROBABLY ONLY RUNNING BECAUSE I BELIEVED IT WOULD! HA HA HA!

FOR ONE STRANGE SECOND HARRY PETERSON BEGAN TO WONDER...
A LOST THOUGHT BEGAN TO SURFACE...
IT ONLY WORKS IF YOU BELIEVE IN IT...

WHAT?

NO, IT'S NOTHING. THE WHOLE IDEA'S TOO SILLY FOR WORDS!

THARG'S FUTURE SHOCKS

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"I HAD TO THROW THE WHOLE SCENE AWAY AND START AGAIN!"

"BUT WORSE WAS TO COME DURING MY NEXT LUCINDA CARTTHROB EPIC, 'HER WAYWARD HEART'..."

"I'D JUST GOT UP TO THE RECONCILIATION SCENE..!"
OH MELISSA! THOUGH I WAS INDEED SEEN ESCORTING LADY MONTRESSOR TO THE DUKE'S BALL, I DO NOT LOVE HER ...
FOR YOU SEE, SHE IS MY SISTER, AND NOT, AS YOU SUPPOSED, MY FIANCÉE! YOU ARE MY ONLY LOVE! MARRY ME!

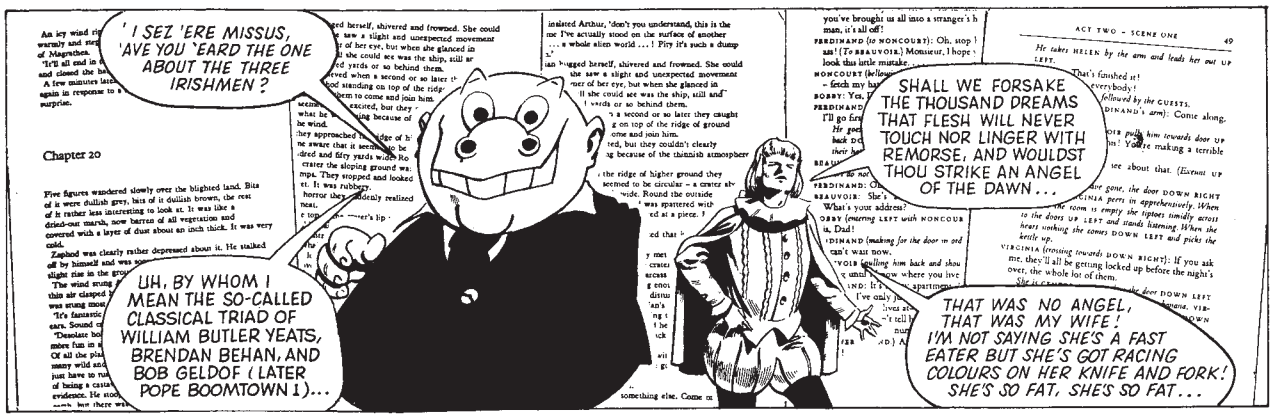
"I KNEW WHAT WAS MEANT TO HAPPEN NEXT..."
OH DAMIEN. WHAT A GOOSE I WAS EVER TO DOUBT YOU! KISS ME AND FORGIVE ME, YOU MAD FOOL!

The End
"THE TROUBLE IS, THAT WASN'T WHAT I WROTE!"

YOU CAN'T HONESTLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT SMOOTH-TALKING GARBAGE!

EAT LEADEN FUNERAL, SCUMBREATH!
AAAARGH!
RATATATATATA!

IT WAS TERRIBLE. IT WAS AS IF DIRK THRUST AND LUCINDA CARTTHROB WERE WRITING EACH OTHERS' STORIES!
THEN THE SAME THING BEGAN TO HAPPEN WITH WALLY AND HARRISON CORTEX...


' I SEZ 'ERE MISSUS, 'AVE YOU 'EARD THE ONE ABOUT THE THREE IRISHMEN ?
UH, BY WHOM I MEAN THE SO-CALLED CLASSICAL TRIAD OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, BRENDAN BEHAN, AND BOB GELDOF (LATER POPE BOOMTOWN I)...
SHALL WE FORSAKE THE THOUSAND DREAMS THAT FLESH WILL NEVER TOUCH NOR LINGER WITH REMORSE, AND WOULDST THOU STRIKE AN ANGEL OF THE DAWN...
THAT WAS NO ANGEL, THAT WAS MY WIFE ! I'M NOT SAYING SHE'S A FAST EATER BUT SHE'S GOT RACING COLOURS ON HER KNIFE AND FORK! SHE'S SO FAT, SHE'S SO FAT...
Chapter 20
ACT TWO - SCENE ONE
49

MY PEN-NAMES. THEY'RE TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL ! IT'S LIKE I'VE GOT ALL THESE OTHER PERSONALITIES INSIDE ME, RUNNING RIOT...
COME COME, MR. PUDDLE. HELP IS AT HAND.
YOU— YOU MEAN YOU CAN HELP ME, DOC ?
OF COURSE, MR. PUDDLE. IF YOU'LL JUST LIE DOWN OVER THERE I CAN BEGIN THE PROCESS...
I DON'T WANT TO SOUND IGNORANT, PROFESSOR FOGGARTY, BUT I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT YOUR PROCESS CONSISTS OF.
THEY SAID YOU WERE DOING SOME SUPER- SECRET RESEARCH...
INDEED I AM.

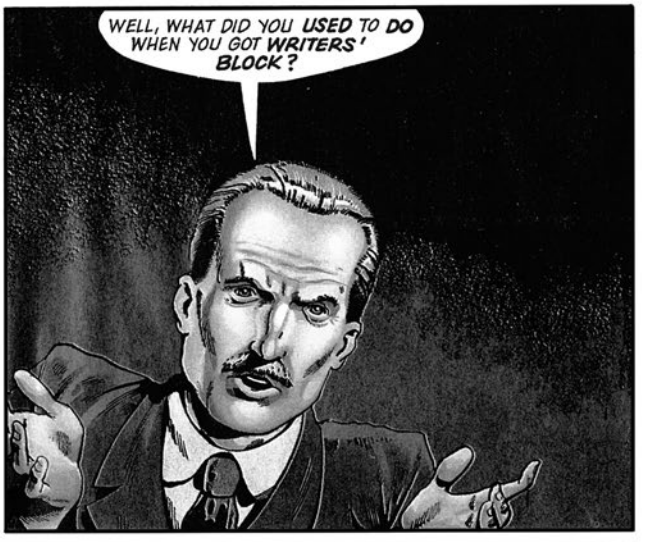
THIS TANK IS FULL OF A PROTOPLASM OF MY OWN INVENTION. WHAT MY MACHINE WILL DO IS EXTRACT THESE EXCESS PERSONALITIES...

AND FEED THEM INTO THE TANK, WHICH GROWS BODIES . . . OUT OF THE PROTOPLASM.

ALLOWING YOU TO GET ON WITH YOUR OWN LIFE, AND THEM TO GET ON WITH THEIRS!

GEE THANKS FOR GETTING US OUT OF HIS HEAD, PROF! IT WAS HELL IN THERE!
IT'S SO ROMANTIC! I FEEL A BODICE-RIPPING BESTSELLER COMING ON!
UMM...

An entabulature of salamanders performed a myoclonic can-can...
.....



2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT

NEIL GAIMAN
aka
GERRY MUSGRAVE
aka
RICHARD GREY
aka
W.C. GULL

ART ROBOT

STEVE YEOWELL
aka
HUGO DAWE
aka
BERT RICHARDSON
aka
MAC ALENZIE

LETTERING ROBOT

JACK POTTER
aka
F.T. INDECKS
aka
M.T. CHAMBERS
aka
T. COSY

COMPU-73E

BONUS STORY

THE POSSESSED
Script: Peter Milligan
Art: Trevor Goring
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 375

THE POSSESSED

"CAPTAIN SHARP, EARTH FREIGHTER HERMES, SPACE QUADRANT 051·67. FINAL LOG ENTRY. ALL FOUR OF MY CREW HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED. I'M THE LAST PERSON LEFT ON BOARD . . .

"NOW THERE'S ONLY ME . . . *AND THE ALIEN.*

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, CAPTAIN? DO YOU THINK IT WAS AN *ALIEN*?
NOTHING TO LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER, BOYS. PROBABLY JUST A MINOR, SELF-CORRECTING COMPUTER MALFUNCTION.
AL AND I WILL RUN SOME CHECKS. YOU GET BACK TO YOUR POSTS.

I HAVEN'T TOLD THE CREW, AL, BUT THERE'VE BEEN REPORTS OF SHIPS COMING TO GRIEF IN THIS QUADRANT..
...WHOLE CREWS HAVE BEEN FOUND *DEAD* FOR NO APPARENT REASON.

YOU MEAN THEY MAY HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY SOMETHING ALIEN? BUT IF IT DID COME ABOARD THIS SHIP, WHERE IS IT NOW? COMPUTER'S REGISTERING *FIVE* LIFEFORMS AGAIN...
BEATS ME, AL. MAYBE COMPUTER *IS* MALFUNCTIONING. I JUST THINK WE SHOULD BE ON THE ALERT.

"I TRIED TO GET BACK TO SLEEP BUT I COULDN'T GET THE SIXTH LIFEFORM OUT OF MY HEAD. I THINK EVEN THEN I HAD A GOOD IDEA WHAT IT WAS...
"...I GUESS I WAS JUST *TOO SCARED* TO FACE IT!

"PRETTY SOON, I'D HAVE NO OPTION..."

WHAT?!
EASY, CAPTAIN. IT'S ONLY ME. I THINK YOU SHOULD COME DOWN TO BLAKE'S CABIN, *PRONTO*...

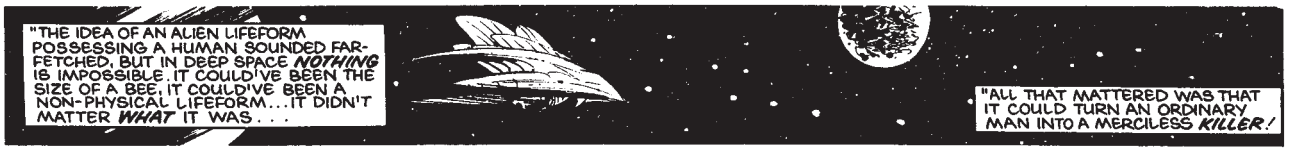
IT'S STARTED!

"IN BLAKE'S CABIN..."
BLAKE DIDN'T REPORT FOR DUTY, SO I SENT MULLER TO FETCH HIM. POOR SUCKER WAS STONE COLD DEAD... MURDERED IN HIS BUNK!

YEAH! AND WE ALL KNOW WHY! BLAKE'D BEEN MESSIN' 'ROUND WITH MULLER'S GIRL! MULLER TOLD ME HE'D GET EVEN!
I DIDN'T TOUCH HIM, THOMPSON! I JUST CAME DOWN HERE AND FOUND HIM LYING THERE!

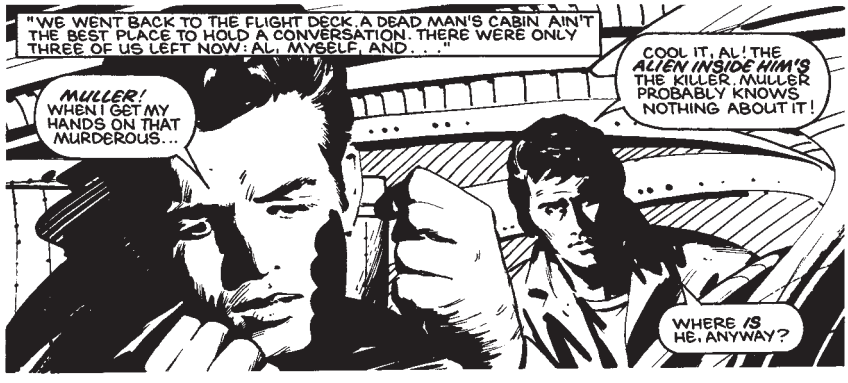
CUT IT, YOU TWO! IF YOU HAVEN'T WORKED OUT FOR YOURSELVES WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE, I'LL TELL YOU. COMPUTER OBVIOUSLY WASN'T MALFUNCTIONING, SO A SIXTH LIFEFORM DID COME ABOARD...
AND THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!

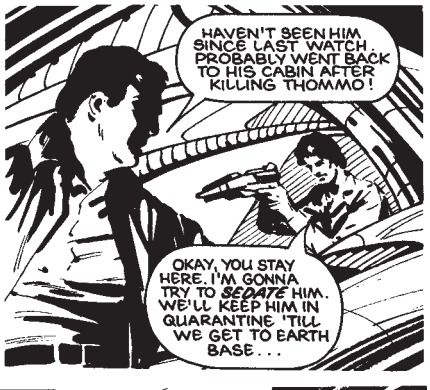
ONE OF US IN THIS CABIN...
IS POSSESSED BY...
A PSYCHOPATHIC...
ALIEN!


"THE IDEA OF AN ALIEN LIFEFORM POSSESSING A HUMAN SOUNDED FAR-FETCHED, BUT IN DEEP SPACE NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE. IT COULD'VE BEEN THE SIZE OF A BEE. IT COULD'VE BEEN A NON-PHYSICAL LIFEFORM... IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT IT WAS...
"ALL THAT MATTERED WAS THAT IT COULD TURN AN ORDINARY MAN INTO A MERCILESS KILLER!

"I ABORTED THE MISSION..."
IT'S 19 DAYS TO EARTH BASE 8. I WANT YOU TO LOCK YOUR CABIN DOORS AT NIGHT. NO-ONE, REPEAT, NO-ONE IS TO BE TRUSTED!
"...I EVEN STARTED TO THINK WE MIGHT MAKE IT...

"BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
THOMPSON! IS HE?
YUP. STONE COLD. MUST'VE LEFT HIS DOOR UNLOCKED... UNLESS HE OPENED IT FOR SOMEONE...
...EITHER WAY, HE'S A DAMN FOOL!


"WE WENT BACK TO THE FLIGHT DECK. A DEAD MAN'S CABIN AIN'T THE BEST PLACE TO HOLD A CONVERSATION. THERE WERE ONLY THREE OF US LEFT NOW: AL, MYSELF, AND..."
MULLER! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THAT MURDEROUS...
COOL IT, AL! THE ALIEN INSIDE HIM'S THE KILLER. MULLER PROBABLY KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT!
WHERE IS HE, ANYWAY?

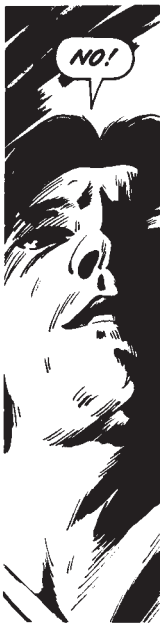

HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE LAST WATCH. PROBABLY WENT BACK TO HIS CABIN AFTER KILLING THOMMO!
OKAY, YOU STAY HERE. I'M GONNA TRY TO SEDATE HIM. WE'LL KEEP HIM IN QUARANTINE 'TILL WE GET TO EARTH BASE...

"MULLER'S CABIN DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN SO I WALKED STRAIGHT IN..."
DEAD..! JUST LIKE THE OTHERS..!

AL!
WHY IN DAMNATION DID IT HAVE TO BE YOU?

"WE'D GONE THROUGH FLYING ACADEMY TOGETHER. WE'D SERVED ON THE SAME SHIP FOR OVER TEN YEARS...
"HE WAS SITTING WITH HIS BACK TO ME WHEN I RETURNED TO THE FLIGHT DECK..."
DON'T TRY ANYTHING, AL. DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO SHOOT YOU!...

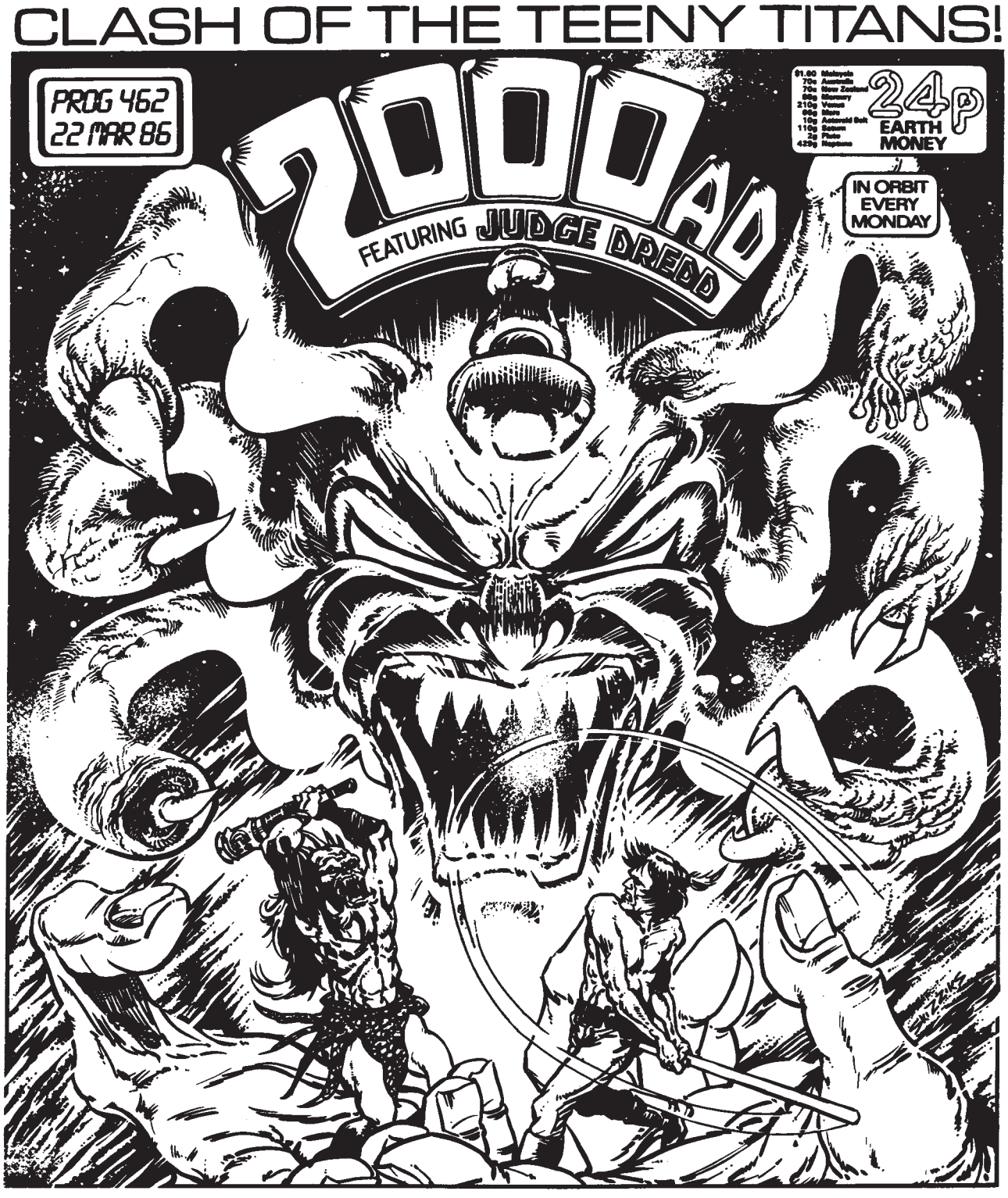
AL?!
"IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO RECOVER MY SENSES. I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. AND THEN I THOUGHT: WHO ALONE WOULD BE ABOVE SUSPICION? WHO ALONE WOULD EVERYONE OPEN THEIR DOORS TO..?"


NO!

"THE ANSWER WAS SIMPLE: ME, THE CAPTAIN.
"THE ALIEN HAD POSSESSED MY BODY AND USED IT TO KILL THE OTHERS WHEN I WAS ASLEEP."
AND NOW THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US, BOTH IN THE SAME BODY. THE ALIEN IN ME HAS SMASHED THE RADIO, SO I'LL JETTISON THIS LOG-BOOK AND THEN DESTROY THE SHIP...
CAN'T RISK LETTING THE ALIEN LOOSE AMONG OTHER HUMANS... DON'T KNOW WHEN IT'LL TAKE OVER AGAIN... MAYBE NEXT TIME IT'LL TAKE ME OVER FOR GOOD...

"CAPTAIN SHARP OF EARTH FREIGHTER
SPACE QUADRANT 053-72. CANCEL LAST LOG-ENTRY AND REVISE AS FOLLOWS...
"AFTER A BREAK-OUT OF SPACE-PLAGUE, ENTIRE CREW ARE DEAD. I AM FLYING MY SHIP TO EARTH BASE 8...
"I AM DUE TO ARRIVE AT EARTH BASE 8 IN TWO DAYS — AND I CAN'T WAIT TO BE AMONG HUMANS AGAIN!"

THE END



2000 AD Prog 462: Cover by **Anthony Jozwiak**

WRITERS

Peter Milligan is one of *2000 AD*'s most prolific story creators, and has now, of course, graduated to much wider comics fame. As well as co-creating *Hewligan's Haircut* with Jamie Hewlett, Milligan created the classic future war story *Bad Company*, in addition to creating *Freaks*, *Shadows*, *Sooner or Later*, *The Dead* and *Tribal Memories*. He also contributed several short stories and *Future Shocks*, and has written *Judge Dredd* and *Rogue Trooper* stories. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic has received enormous critical and fan acclaim; notably Vertigo's existentialist superhero mystery *Enigma*, via *The Eaters*, *Human Target*, *Girl*, *Tank Girl: The Odyssey*, *A1*, *Animal Man*, *Batman*, *Minx*, *Shade the Changing Man* and *Skreemer*. His most recent works are Marvel's best-selling *X-Statix*, a vicious pop culture satire, and *Vertigo Pop! London*, a rock 'n' roll tale of the big city.

Grant Morrison is one of the most successful ex-*2000 AD* writers, with a host of critical awards and a huge fan following. He began his career on Marvel UK's *Zoids* before coming to the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, but his impact – first on *Future Shocks*, and then with his co-created, ultra-modern superhero story *Zenith* – was massive. Subsequently, Morrison (along with sometime writing partner Mark Millar) was given free rein over the comic for several months, and during this time he wrote *Judge Dredd* – creating the character of Janus – and also co-created *Big Dave*, *Really and Truly*, and *Ulysses Sweet*. Additionally, he has written *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Venus Bluegenes*. Morrison's post-*2000 AD* career speaks for itself. At first a prolific writer of "mature readers" comics, including the award-winning *Animal Man*, *Batman: Arkham Asylum*, *Doom Patrol* and *The Invisibles*, Morrison has recently completed *The Filth* for Vertigo, and a best-selling run on Marvel's *New X-Men*.

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* and *Tyranny Rex*. Smith has also written *Future Shocks*, *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Karyn*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Tales from Beyond Science*, *Tales of Mega-City One* and *Vector 13*. Smith's work beyond the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes the long-running *New Statesmen* series and *Straitgate* in Crisis, DC/Vertigo's *Hellblazer* and *Scarab*, and Harris Comics' *Vampirella* and *Pantha*. Recent series for *2000 AD* include contemporary science-fiction thriller *Dead Eyes* and the urban hoodie horror story *Cradlegrave*, while for *The Megazine* the 'Ship of Fools' sets sail – a madcap *Devlin Waugh* story illustrated by Peter Doherty which sees the culmination of Devlin's twenty-three year long search for his debauched brother Freddy.

Neil Gaiman only wrote four strips for *2000 AD* but his success outside of the Galaxy's Greatest has been phenomenal. Gaiman is the best-selling author behind such world-renown titles as *The Sandman*, *Mr Punch*, *American Gods*, *Stardust* and many other works.

ARTISTS

Jeff Anderson has illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *One-Offs* and *Tharg's Future Shocks* for *2000 AD*.

Artist **Mick Austin** is perhaps better known for his acclaimed book jacket illustrations rather than for his comics work. However, in addition to assorted covers and pin-ups, he has contributed to several *2000 AD* series — *Future Shocks*, *Indigo Prime*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tales of the Doghouse*, *Terror Tales*, *Urban Strike* and *Vector 13*. He was also the artist behind the controversial 'Judge Corey' story in *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1989, featuring the titular Judge's suicide.

Eric Bradbury is one of *2000 AD*'s early, unsung heroes, contributing to a host of strips and across a wide variety of styles including *Future Shocks*, *Terror Tales* and *Time Twisters*! He has also pencilled *Invasion!*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Arena*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tharg the Mighty*. Bradbury later went on to the relaunched *Eagle* comic, where he pencilled a revival of the popular character Doomlord with *2000 AD*'s Alan Grant.

Massimo Belardinelli's career started with painting the backgrounds for animated cartoons for Rosi Studio in Rome. In 1977 he started working for *2000 AD* and produced the art for some much-loved strips including *Ace Trucking*, *Flesh* and *Slaine*.

Jose Casanovas has illustrated several *2000 AD* strips, including *Judge Dredd*, *Max Normal*, *One-Offs*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *Tharg's Dragon Tales* and *Time Twisters*.

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce. 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*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper* 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.

Since his Future Shock debut in Prog 37, **Brett Ewins** has been one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's most beloved artists. Co-creator of the classic *Bad Company*, Ewins has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Daily Star Dredd*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Kelly*, *Mega-City One*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws*, *Robo-Tales* and *Universal Soldier*.
Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of Deadline magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series, which he co-created with writer Peter Milligan. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which is now enjoying great success in Cyberosia Publishing's new US edition.

As well as working on *Rogue Trooper* for *2000 AD* **Trevor Goring** has also illustrated episodes of *Dan Dare* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

Simon Harrison has earned a place in *2000 AD* notoriety with his work on the controversial *Strontium Dog* strip 'The Final Solution'. He is also the co-creator of *Bradley* and *Revere*, and has illustrated several *Future Shocks* and episodes of the *Strontium Dogs* series. His work can also be seen in UK anthologies *Crisis!* and *Revolver*.

John Hicklenton has illustrated a wide range of strips across both *2000 AD* and the *Megazine*, including *Heavy Metal Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Pandora*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strange Cases* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. His work can also be seen in *Crisis!* and *Deadline*. Most recently he has provided the art for *Blood of Satanus III* in *Judge Dredd Megazine*.

John Higgins is a multi-talented *2000 AD* artist and writer; as well as scripting a *Future Shock* and *Judge Dredd*, Higgins has illustrated *Chopper*, *Freaks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*, and on Vertigo's *Animal Man*, *Hellblazer* and *Pride and Joy*.

Kev Hopgood was the co-creator of *Night Zero* and worked on several other strips including *Harlem Heroes* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.

Johnny Johnstone worked on *Tharg's Future Shocks, Mean Arena* and *Return to Armageddon*.

Anthony Jozwiak has illustrated several *Tharg's Future Shocks* strips as well as an episode of *Tharg the Mighty*.

Barry Kitson is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* artist, whose pencils have graced *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd*'s appearances in both the Daily Star and in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where Kitson co-created the deadly martial artist Stan Lee!

Horacia Lalia worked on *Tharg's Future Shocks* as well as *The Helltrekkers* for *2000 AD*.

Alan Langford illustrated several *Tharg's Future Shocks* for *2000 AD* as well as *Agent Rat*.

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper* – Song of the Surfer and *Strontium Dog* – The Final Solution. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award winning *Judge Dredd* – America for the *Judge Dredd Megazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front* – Stalingrad. Most recently working on *Judge Dredd* –Total War, Cadet, Mutants in Mega-City One and Emphatically Evil: The Life and Crimes of P J Maybe. He also provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

Brendan McCarthy was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *ABC Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.
McCarthy's non-*2000* AD work includes *Skin* in *Crisis*, *Strange Days*, *Paradox!*, *Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*.

Steve Parkhouse is a popular *2000 AD* writer and artist; co-creator of *Big Dave*, *Kola Kommandoes* and *Moon Runners*, he has written *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales* and provided art for *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Journal of Luke Kirby*, *One-Offs*, *Sinister Dexter* and *Sláine*. His work beyond *2000 AD* includes anthologies *A1*, *Crisis* and *Revolver*, as well as *The Dreaming*, *Flesh and Bones* and *The Invisibles*.

Cliff Robinson is one of *2000 AD*'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

Geoff Senior worked on a variety of strips for *2000 AD* including *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *Harlem Heroes*.

Will Simpson is the co-creator of *Universal Soldier*, and co-penciller of the classic *Judge Dredd* story 'The Dead Man' and painter of the hugely popular *Rogue Trooper* story 'The War Machine'. He has also illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tales of Mega-City One*, *Tyranny Rex*, *Venus Bluegenes* and *Witchworld*. Simpson's work beyond *2000 AD* includes *Aliens*, *Animal Man*, *Batman*, *Hellblazer*, and his co-created *Vamps* series at DC/Vertigo. He is currently working on film and animation artwork and storyboards via his own company, Rogue Rocket

Aside from his own co-created *Bad City Blue*, **Robin Smith** has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *One-Offs*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strontium Dog*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. He is also the illustrator of Paradox Press's
Green Candles, and is co-creator of *The Bogie Man* with John Wagner and Alan Grant.

John Stokes provided the art on several *Tharg Future Shock's* strips as well as *Sinister Dexter* and *Tales of Telguuth*,

One of the most prolific artists of the early *2000 AD* era, **Mike White** first pencilled *Mind Wars* for *Starlord*, and later contributed to *Abelard Snazz*, *Invasion!*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*.

Nick Williams provided the art for a *Future Shock* and an episode of *Tales of Mega-City One*. He also provided the inking for an episode of *Sláine: The King*.

Dave Wyatt has worked on *Tharg's Future Shocks, Robo-Hunter* and *Tales of Mega-City One* for *2000 AD*.

Steve Yeowell has been a massively popular 2000 AD artist, since his debut as penciller of the classic *Zenith*. He is also co-creator of *Maniac 5*, *Red Fang*, *Red Razors* and *The Red Seas*, and has pencilled *Armitage*, *Black Light*, *DeMarco*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *A Life Less Ordinary*, *Nikolai Dante*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *The Scarlet Apocrypha*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Vector 13*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Batman*, *Doom Patrol*, *The Invisibles*, *Sebastian O*, *Skrull Kill Krew*, *Starman* and *X-Men*.

SHOCKING VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

OUT IN THE VAST REACHES OF THE UNIVERSE, THERE ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF STORIES WAITING TO BE TOLD. FROM TWISTED TALES OF THE LOWLIEST SWAMP DENIZENS IN BACKWATER GALAXIES TO RULERS OF ENTIRE STAR SYSTEMS, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN THESE THRILLING VISIONS. ABANDON YOUR PRECONCEPTIONS, EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED AND TAKE A TRIP BEYOND THE EDGES OF THE IMAGINATION!

FEATURING THE EARLY WORK OF FOUR OF COMICS' BIGGEST NAMES, PETER MILLIGAN (TANK GIRL), JOHN SMITH (JUDGE DREDD), GRANT MORRISON (BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM) AND NEIL GAIMAN (SANDMAN), THESE VINTAGE THRILLS ARE ESSENTIAL READING FOR ANY COMIC CONNOISSEUR.

2000 AD

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