

KINGDOM



CALL OF THE WILD

DAN ABNETT ★ RICHARD ELSON



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KINGDOM CREATED BY DAN ABNETT & RICHARD ELSON

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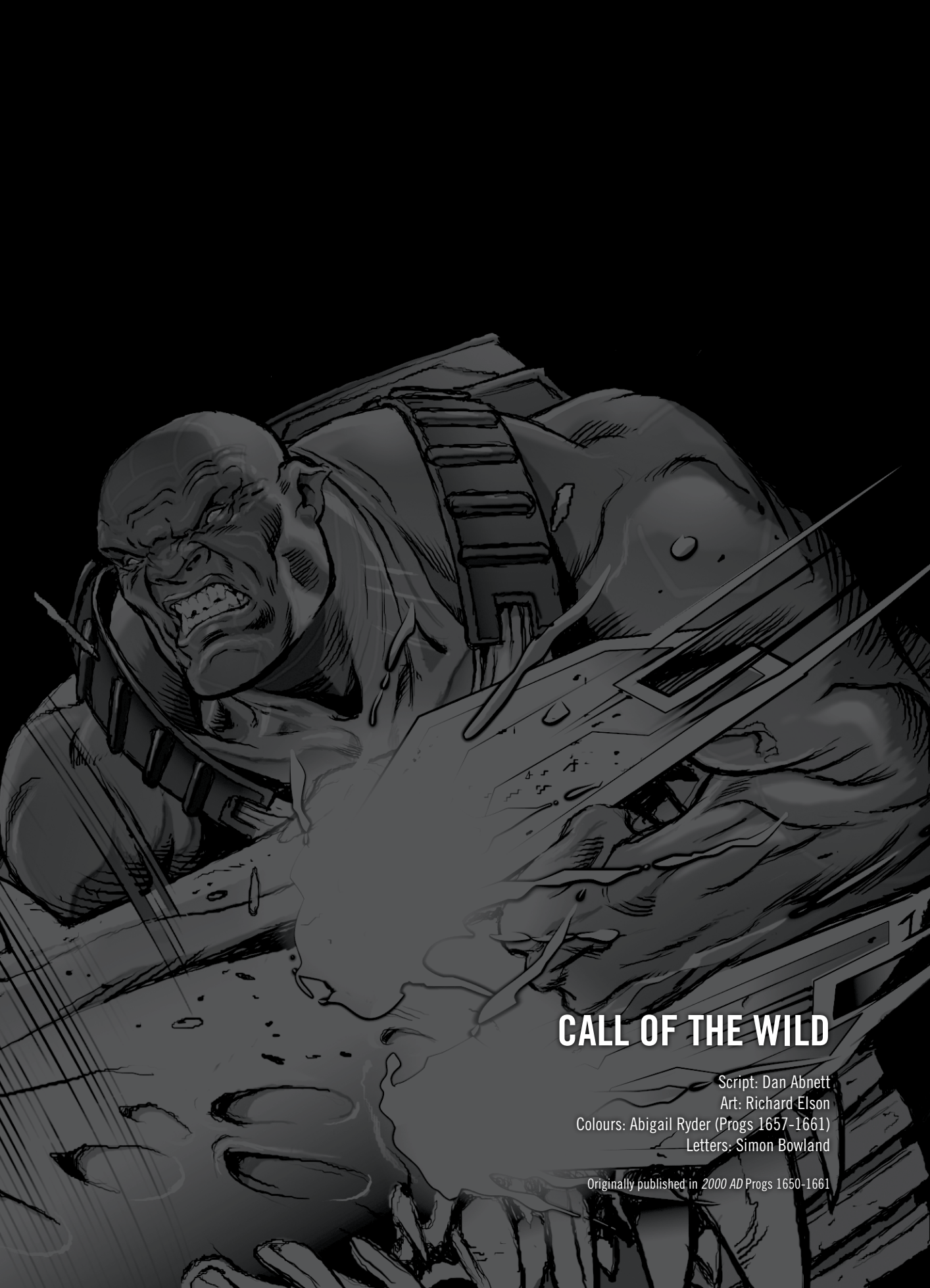
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DEDICATION

For Barrie Tomlinson. For giving me work when nobody else would and for all of your help and encouragement over the years. Thank you so much. – Richard Elson



CALL OF THE WILD

Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Richard Elson
Colours: Abigail Ryder (Progs 1657-1661)
Letters: Simon Bowland

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THIS IS THE TALE OF
HOW GENE THE HACKMAN
CAME TO THE WILD
KINGDOM OF AUSTRALIA.

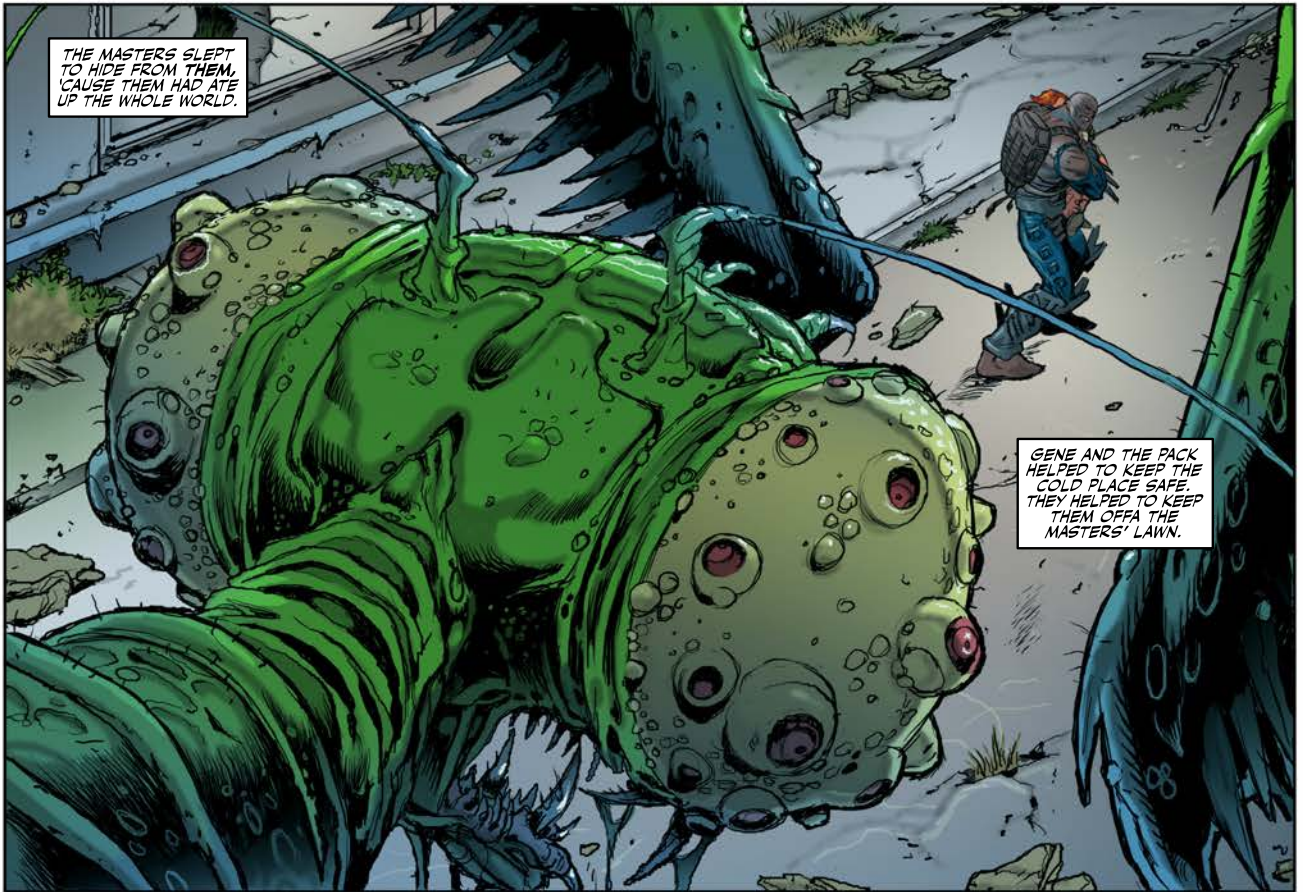




LEEZEE!
COME ON!

GENE HAD ONCE BEEN ALPHA MALE,
TOUGHER AND TOUGH, LEADING HIS
PACK ON THE WALK-AROUND TO KEEP
THE GOLD PLACE CLEAN.

THE GOLD PLACE
WAS CALLED
ANARCHTICY, AND
IT WAS WHERE THE
MASTERS SLEPT,
LONG TIME.



THE MASTERS SLEPT
TO HIDE FROM THEM,
CAUSE THEM HAD ATE
UP THE WHOLE WORLD.

GENE AND THE PACK
HELPED TO KEEP THE
COLD PLACE SAFE.
THEY HELPED TO KEEP
THEM OFFA THE
MASTERS' LAWN.



THIS WAY!
DOWN HERE!

BUT THE PACK
WAS LONG GONE, AND
GENE WAS OMEGA
NOW. ROGUE DOG, HIM.

HE HAD FOLLOWED THE
LAND BRIDGE THEM HAD
BUILT AND WALKED A-WAYS
OUT INTO THE WORLD.



HE HAD GONE FROM ANARCHY TO TAZZY ISLAND, AND THEN ON TO THE PLACE HE WOULD COME TO KNOW AS AUXTRALIA.

GET BEHIND ME!

AND HE HAD COME ALL THAT WAY ALONE, EXCEPT FOR LEEZEE SOWER.



LEEZEE HAD LIVED ON A FARM IN THE COUNTRY, IN THE PROMISED LAND. BUT THEM HAD ATE THAT ALL UP TOO, SO SHE DID THE WALK-AROUND WITH GENE.

SHE WAS ALL HE HAD, AND HE DID HIS BEST TO KEEP HER SAFE.



GET AWAY!
GET BACK!

BUT IT WAS NOT EASY, NOT EVEN FOR A HACKMAN, WHO WAS TOUGHER AND TOUGH.

AUXTRALIA WAS FULL OF THE GIANT CRUMBLING PLACES WHERE THE MASTERS HAD LIVED, AND IN THOSE PLACES WERE ALL KINDS OF THEM GENE HAD NOT SEEN BEFORE.




MANY TIMES,
GENE HAD TO
SCRAP TO KEEP
LEEZEE SAFE.

IT WAS LIKE THEM
HAD THE SCENT OF
GENE AND THE GIRL,
AND WOULD NOT
LEAVE THEM ALONE.



GENE WONDERED IF
THIS WAS BECAUSE
OF THE TICK-THING
LEEZEE CARRIED.



GENE HACKMAN
WILL GET US KILLED.
WE SHOULD NEVER
HAVE FOLLOWED
HIM.

SHUT UP!
DON'T SAY
THAT ABOUT
GENE-DOG!

HE WOULD
NEVER LET
US GET
HURT!

GENE KNEW THE TICK-THING
WAS FULL OF WRONG, BUT HE
COULD NOT GET IT OUT OF
LEEZEE SOWER'S SKIN WITHOUT
IT KILLING HER DEAD.



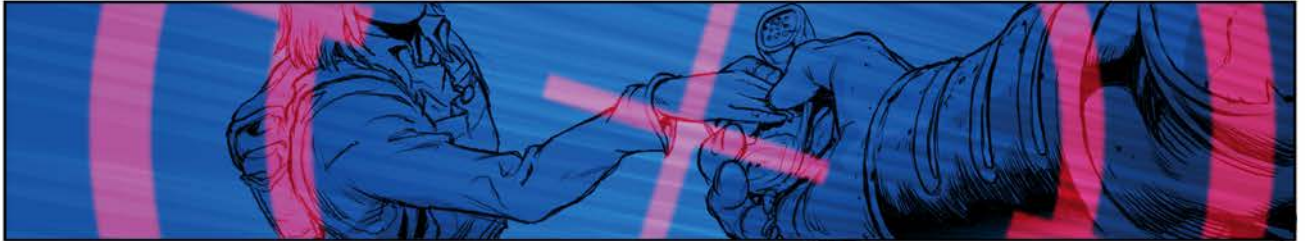
SO HE HAD TO
SCRAP INSTEAD.













WHO IS THIS?

WE'RE THE WILD, GENE. WE BIN WATCHING YOU, MATE.

WATCHING YOU LONG TIME.



WATCHING GENE? HOW HAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING GENE, VOICE?

WE GOT EYES IN MOVIE MACHINES, MATE. EYE SPY.

JUST LIKE WE GOT OUR VOICE IN DIAL MACHINES.



MOO-FEES. GENE'S HEARD THIS WORD. WHAT--

GENE, MATE, WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO NATTER AND YAK. LATER, MAYBE.

WE'RE CALLIN' YOU TO WARN YA. YOU GOTTA RUN, GENE.



WHY?

YOU GOT ONE OF THE PRIEST BUGS, BUT THERE'S MORE. MORE COMIN'.

YOU BETTER RUN LIKE A BASTARD, MATE.

WHICH WAY? RUN WHICH WAY?

WE'LL GUIDE YOU, GENE. WE'LL SHOW YOU. JUST FOLLOW THE RINGING, OKAY?

FOLLOW THE RINGING!

GENE!



IT'S THEM!

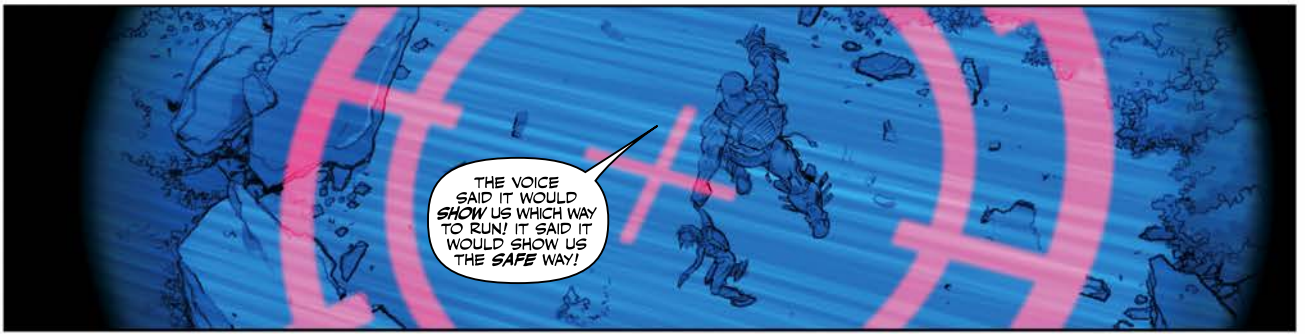


**RUN, GENE!
RUN!**



**GO!
GO!**

WE'LL NEVER OUTFRUN THEM, GENE!



THE VOICE SAID IT WOULD SHOW US WHICH WAY TO RUN! IT SAID IT WOULD SHOW US THE SAFE WAY!







AND THEN
THE WILD
SHOWED
THEMSELVES.

THEY CAME OUT OF
HIDING IN THE HIGH
PLACES AROUND THE
DEAD-END TRAP.

AND THAT WAS THE
SCRAPPING OF THAT DAY.

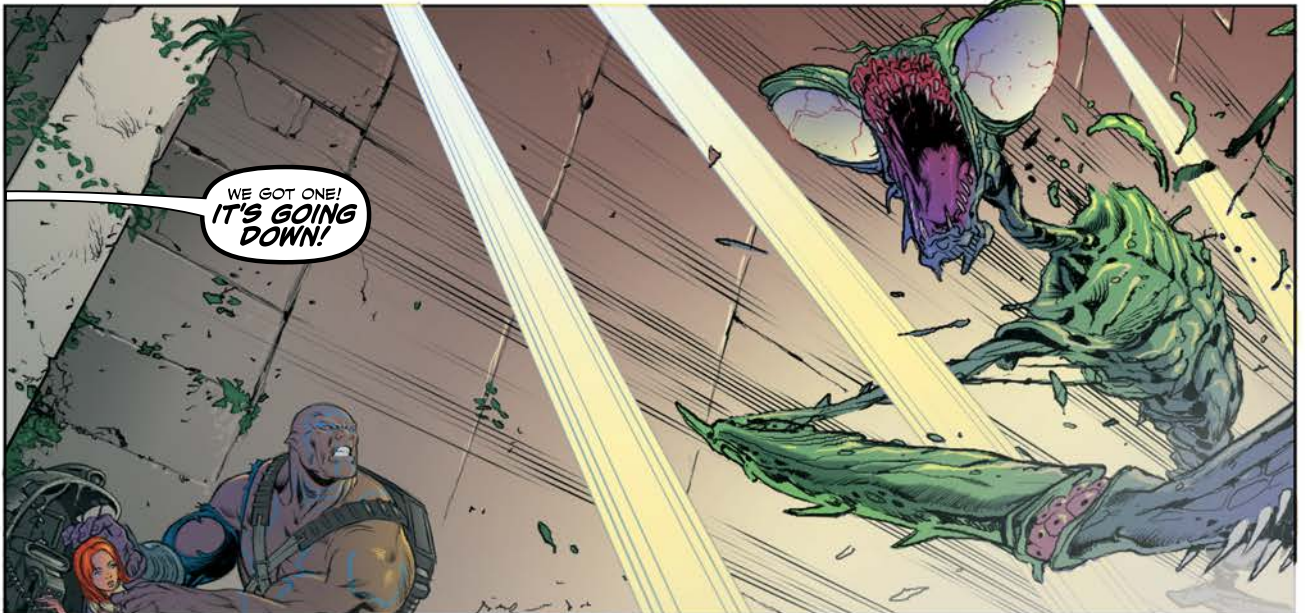


STAY
DOWN,
LEEZEE
SOWER!

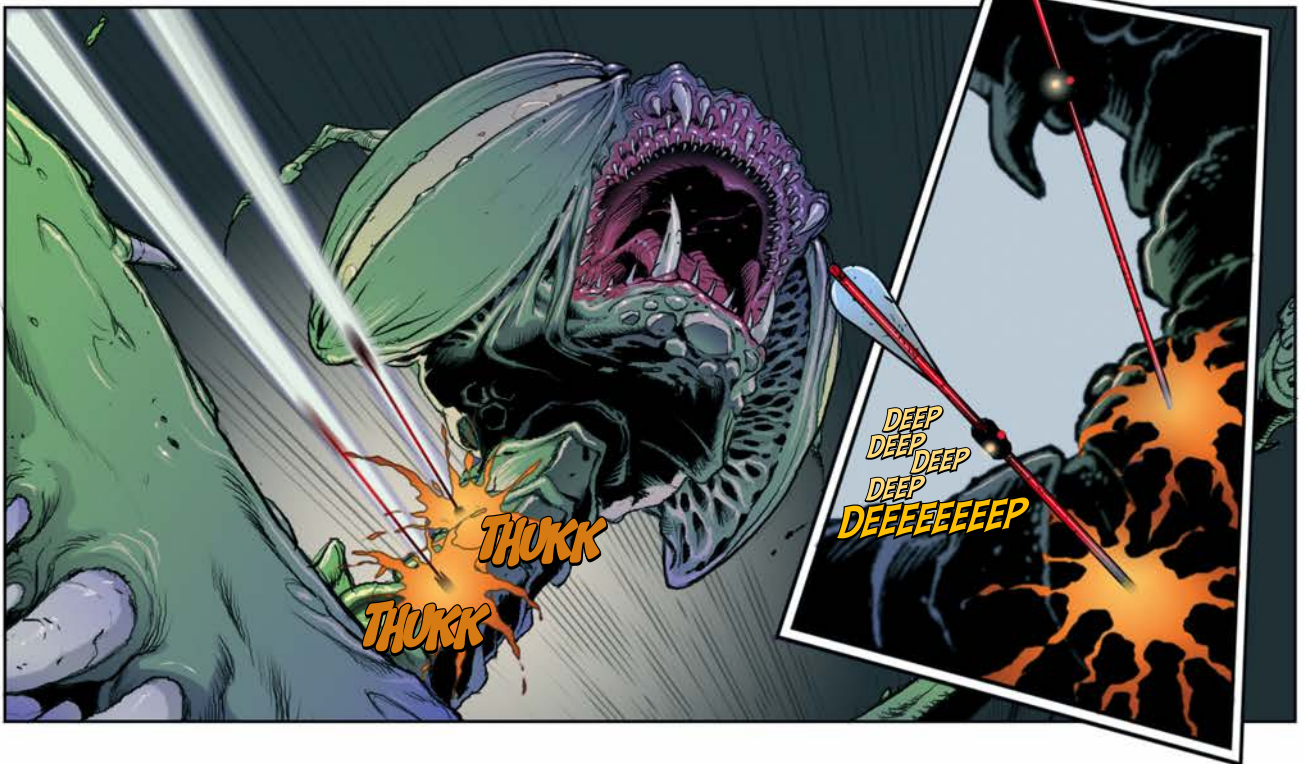


THAT'S RIGHT,
PRIEST BUGS!

GET
SKRAGGED
AND STAY
SKRAGGED!



WE GOT ONE!
IT'S GOING
DOWN!



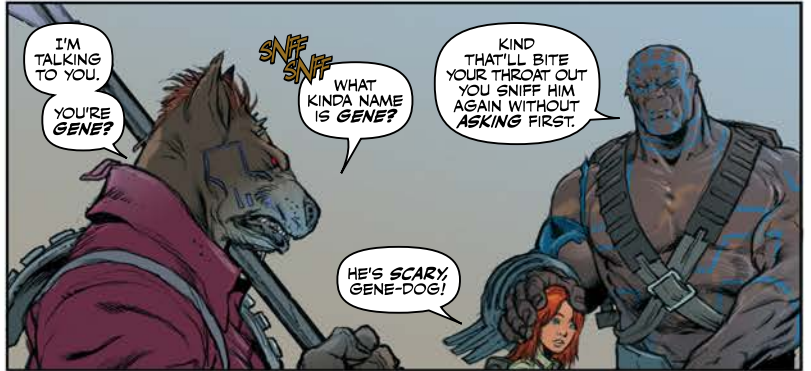


YEAH!
SKRAG
TWO!



SO
YOUR NAME'S
GENE, IS IT?

AND THIS IS
LEEZEE--



I'M
TALKING
TO YOU.

YOU'RE
GENE?

SNFF
SNFF

WHAT
KINDA NAME
IS *GENE*?

KIND
THAT'LL BITE
YOUR THROAT OUT
YOU SNIFF HIM
AGAIN WITHOUT
ASKING FIRST.

HE'S *SCARY*
GENE-DOG!



YEAH? YOU
GOT THE
BONE FOR
THAT?

I THINK
GENE MIGHT
BE A *GIRL*'S
NAME.

I THINK YOU'LL
LOOK PRETTY
FUNNY WITH YOUR
HEAD STUCK UP
YOUR ASS--



THAT'S
ENOUGH, *DINGO*.
BACK OFF!

DON'T MIND *DINGO*,
GENE. HE'S MY BETA AND
HE'S A GOOD MAN, BUT
HE LIKES TO RUB YOUR
FUR THE WRONG WAY TO
SEE IF YOU'LL *BITE*.

I'M *WILL*.
THIS IS MY
WILD
BUNCH.





...I STILL RECKON GENE IS A GIRL'S NAME. HE EVEN SMELLS LIKE A GIRL.

DINGO STAR, WILL YOU GIVE IT A BLOODY REST?

SO, YOU BEEN TRAVELLIN', GENE? WHAT'S IT LIKE OUT THERE?



IT IS LIKE WHAT IT'S LIKE. THEM IS EVERYWHERE, EATING THE WORLD UP.

THAT'S BAD. SEE, IT'S BEEN REAL QUIET HERE FOR MONTHS NOW. WE'VE PRETTY MUCH HAD THE RUN OF THE PLACE.

BUT JUST THIS LAST WEEK OR SO, THEM'S BEEN ABOUT AGAIN, MOVING IN THE CITY.



IF IT'S A NEW WAR WE'RE FACING, THE WILD COULD USE A GOOD HACKMAN, GENE.

MAYBE.

WHAT YOU LOOKING AT, CLARA?

I DUNNO, BUT IT'S YUM.



I DON'T LIKE IT. I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT.

YEAH. ME NEITHER.



LET'S HALT HERE A SEC. I'M GONNA USE A DIAL MACHINE, LET REX HORIZON KNOW WE'RE COMIN' BACK IN WITH A GUEST...

HEY, GENE-OMEGA?

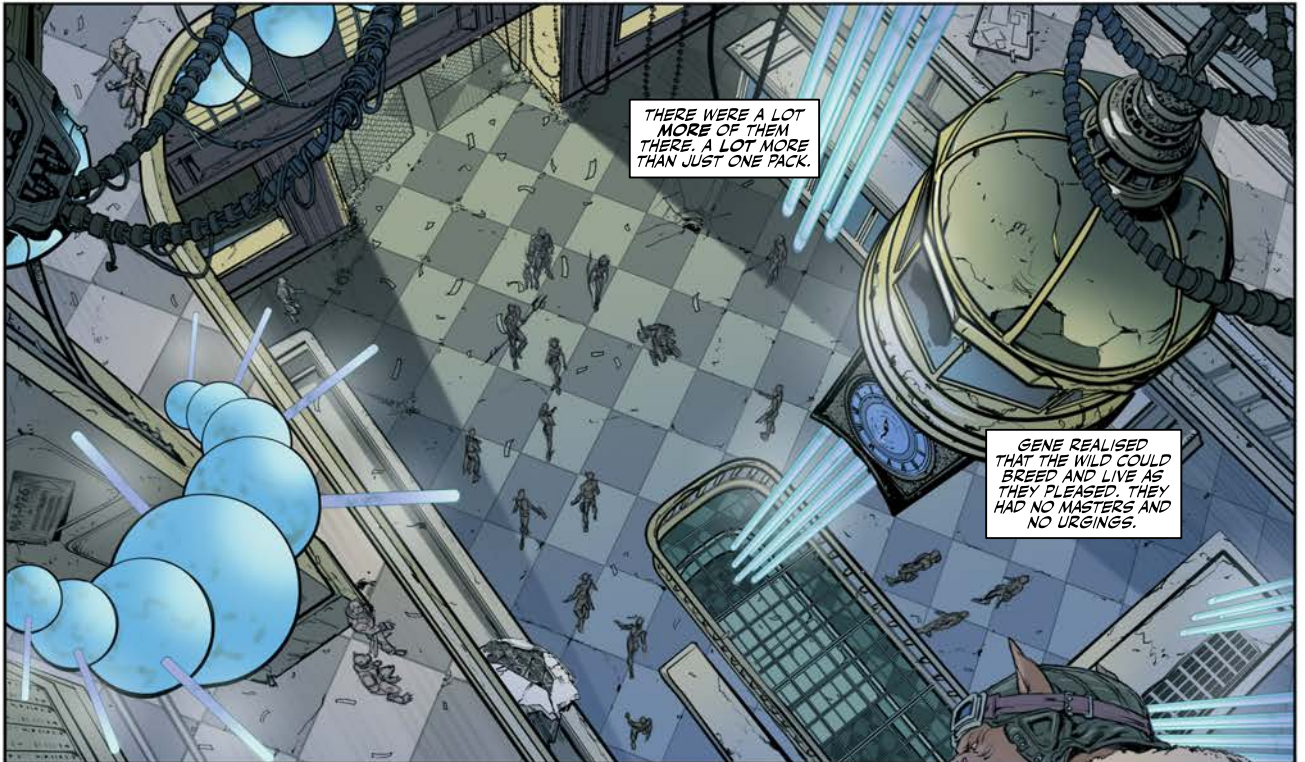
WHO'S YOUR PET TALKING TO?



AND THE WILD TOOK GENE THE HACKMAN AND LEEZEE SOWER TO THE PLACE WHERE THEY LIVED.



THERE WERE A LOT MORE OF THEM THERE. A LOT MORE THAN JUST ONE PACK.



GENE REALISED THAT THE WILD COULD BREED AND LIVE AS THEY PLEASED. THEY HAD NO MASTERS AND NO URGINGS.



WHERE DID YOU GET HEAT AND LIGHT STUFF?

WE GOT PLENTY OF STUFF THAT RUNS, MATE.

WE GOT SYSTEMS.

REX FIXES THEM UP FOR US. HE MAKES THE OLD STUFF WORK AGAIN.



WHO IS THIS REX?

BUT YOU ARE ALPHA, WILL FERAL..

YEAH, HE'S ALPHA. WILL LEADS THE PACK. BUT HE AIN'T KING. THE KING IS THE KING.

HE'S THE KING. KING OF THE WILD KINGDOM.



GEEZZ, MORON. YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHING. WHAT A DUMB-HEAD.

WHY DOES DINGO STAR KEEP RAGGING ON GENE?

COZ HE THINKS YOU LOOK FIT, GENE. STRONG.

YOU JOIN THE WILD, YOU MIGHT MAKE BETA, ALPHA EVEN. YOU'RE THE BIGGEST RIVAL DINGO'S HAD IN HIS LIFE, LONG TIME.



FOR THE RECORD, CLARA BOW THINKS YOU LOOK FIT TOO.



HEY, HOLLY. WHAT'S THE RUMPLUS?

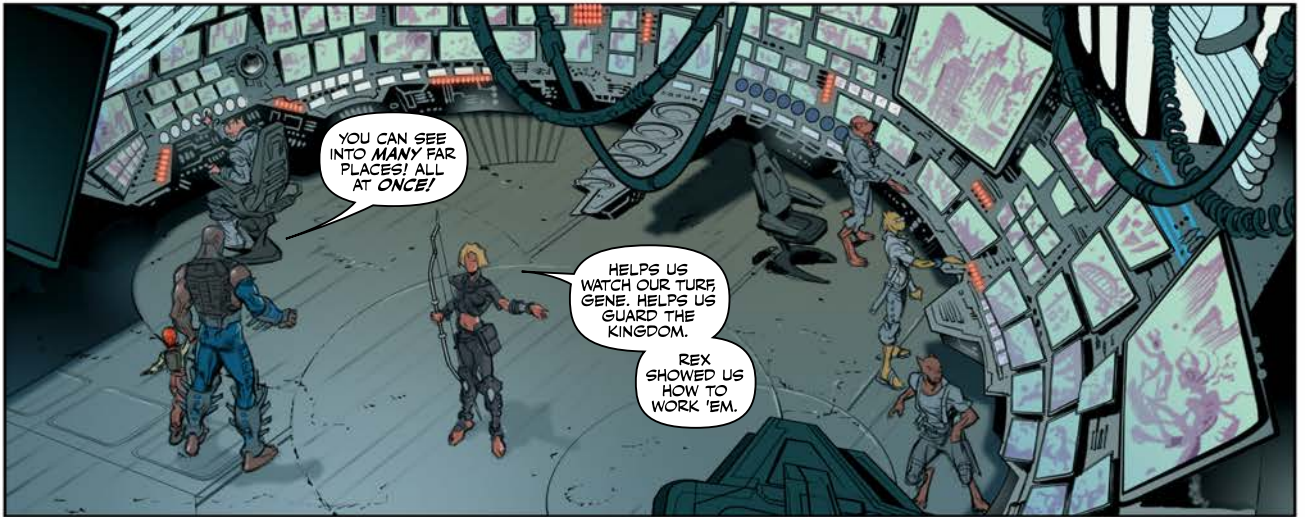
WE GOTTA GET BACK OUT TO WEST AVENUE. THEM'S STIRRING. SIX OR SEVEN CRITTERS MINIMUM.



HOW DOES HOLLY HUNTER KNOW THAT? THERE WAS NO SCENT, NO GROUND SOUNDS...

THE GUYS WATCHING THE MOVIE MACHINES WOULD'VE SEEN THEM.

I'LL SHOW YOU.



YOU CAN SEE INTO MANY FAR PLACES! ALL AT ONCE!

HELPS US WATCH OUR TURF, GENE. HELPS US GUARD THE KINGDOM.

REX SHOWED US HOW TO WORK 'EM.



I WANT TO SEE THIS REX. HE SOUNDS LIKE A MASTER.

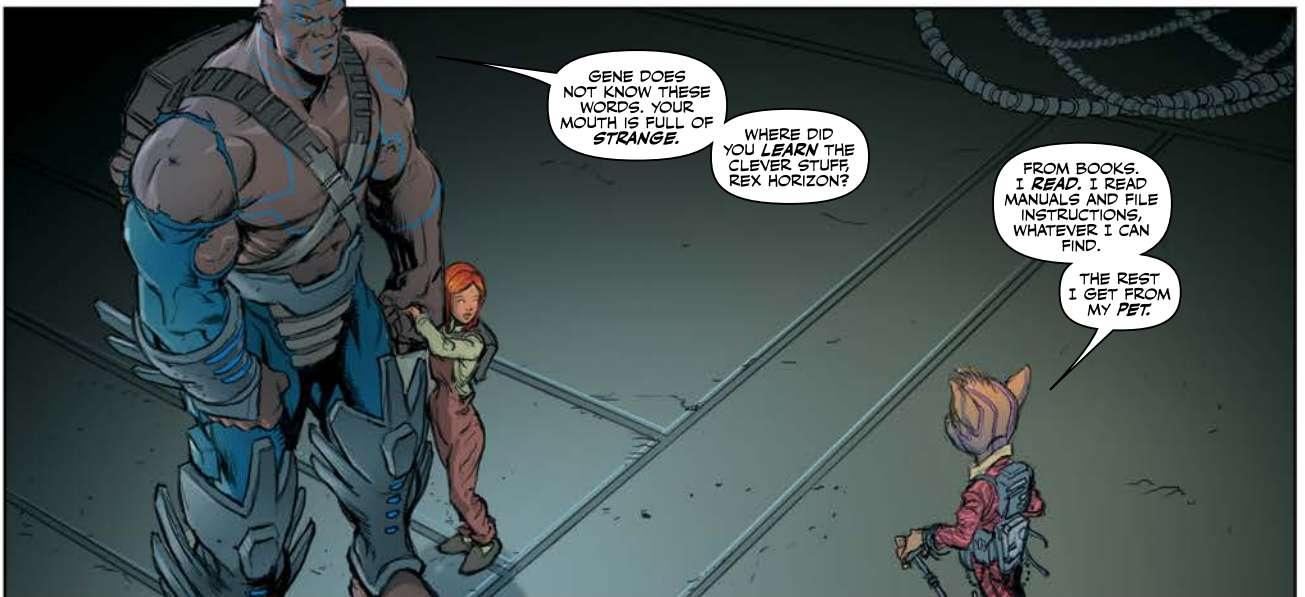
WELL, HE'S COME TO MEET YOU, GENE.



HI. HEY, CLARA BOW.

GENE OMEGA, THIS IS REX.

YOU ARE REX?





PET?

YEAH,
YOU'RE NOT
THE ONLY ONE
WITH A PET,
GENE.

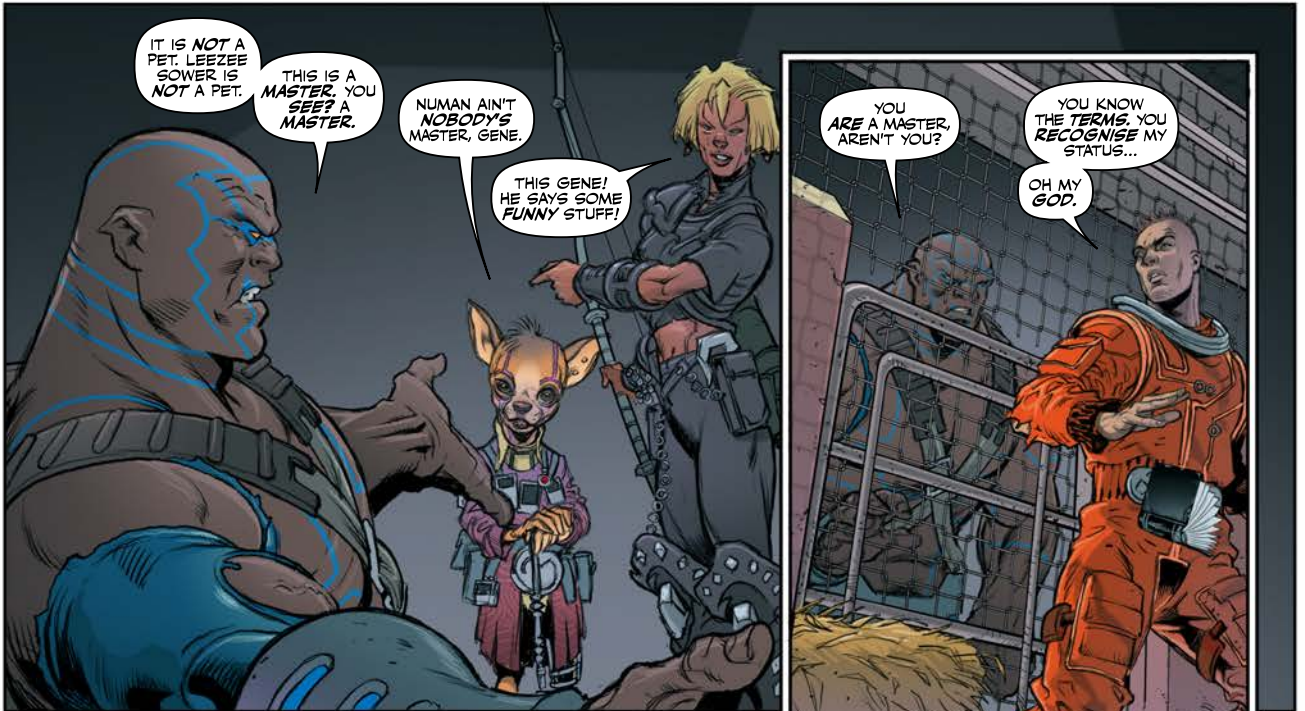
"COME AND
MEET
MINE."



WHAT IS THIS?

IT'S MY PET, GENE. YOU LIKE HIM?

HIS NAME'S NUMAN.



IT IS NOT A PET. LEEZEE SOWER IS NOT A PET.

THIS IS A MASTER. YOU SEE? A MASTER.

NUMAN AIN'T NOBODY'S MASTER, GENE.

THIS GENE! HE SAYS SOME FUNNY STUFF!



YOU ARE A MASTER, AREN'T YOU?

YOU KNOW THE TERMS. YOU RECOGNISE MY STATUS...

OH MY GOD.



PLEASE! LISTEN TO ME!

I'M REVIVAL OFFICER PAUL NUMAN. I'VE BEEN KEPT HERE FOR TWO YEARS.

WHO SENT YOU? ARE YOU FROM AN AUX RECOVERY COMPANY?

DID SOMEONE SEND YOU TO FIND ME?



NO ONE *SENT* GENE.



BUT YOU'RE **FACTORY STOCK**, NOT **WILD-BRED** LIKE THESE ANIMALS.

WHAT'S YOUR BATCH NUMBER? YOUR UNIT **CALL-SIGN**? WHICH **BASE STATION** ARE YOU FROM?

WHICH COMCON AUTHORIZES YOUR DEPLOYMENT?

YOUR MOUTH IS FULL OF STRANGE.

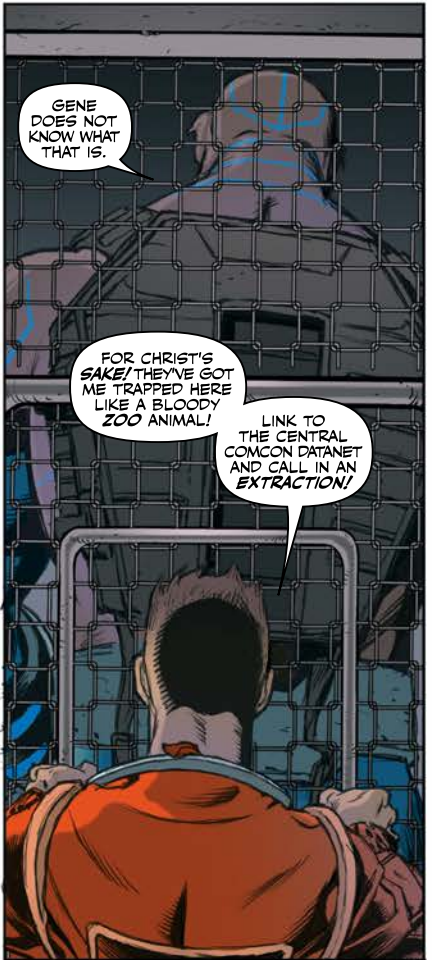


LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE AUX. YOU'RE **CODED** TO TAKE ORDERS.

I NEED YOU TO LINK TO CENTRAL COMCON RIGHT **NOW** AND REPORT MY POSITION.

GENE DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO.

OF COURSE YOU DO! JUST FLIP DOWN THE **SUBLIM RETINAL MENU** AND SELECT **GENERAL VOICE!**



GENE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT THAT IS.

FOR CHRIST'S **SAKE!** THEY'VE GOT ME TRAPPED HERE LIKE A **BLOODY ZOO ANIMAL!**

LINK TO THE CENTRAL COMCON DATANET AND CALL IN AN **EXTRACTION!**



GENE HACKMAN CANNOT HELP YOU, PAUL NUMAN.



WAIT!
DON'T YOU TURN YOUR
BACK! DON'T LEAVE
ME IN HERE!

HALT!
THAT'S AN ORDER!
I'M GIVING YOU AN
ORDER!

DON'T BARK AT
GENE-DOG!



HOLY
SHIT.

WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?



WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

IT'S TURNING INTO A BUSY DAY. MOVIE
MACHINES JUST SIGHTED TWO MORE THEM
INCURSIONS. REX IS DIVVING UP THE
PACKS TO TACKLE THEM ALL.

WE GOT OUR
HANDS FULL.



DO YOU
NEED MORE
HANDS, WILL
FERAL?

IF YOU'RE
OFFERING, MATE,
WE COULD USE
YOU. FIND HIM A
WEAPON.

HEY,
BUT--

ZIP IT AND
FIND HIM A
WEAPON,
DINGO.



GENE LIKES THE NEW DEATH TOY.

"DEATH TOY" BLOODY DUMB-HEAD RETARD...

WE CALL 'EM GUNS, MATE. THAT'S AN M73 SHRAP-CANNON.

YOU EVER FIRED ONE BEFORE?

GENE HACKMAN KNOWS HOW TO USE DEATH TOYS. VAL KILMORE TAUGHT HIM.



OKAY.

WHERE ARE THEY? YOU SAID THEM WAS COMING, INVADING YOUR KINGDOM.



WELL, THAT'S WHAT THE MOVIE MACHINE PICKED UP.

HOLLY LOVE! WHAT'S THE SCORE?

THEY SAID TWO OR THREE PRIEST BUGS COMING IN THIS WAY, RIGHT?

YEAH, AND THE REST.

WE GOT SOME SERIOUS BUGTRASH COMIN' AT US...



"...PRIEST BUGS, PLUS CHOMPERS,
SOME RAKS AND CRANE FLIERS."



SOUNDS LIKE
OUR BUSY DAY
IS GONNA GET
BUSIER.



YOU UP FOR
THAT, GENE
HACKMAN?

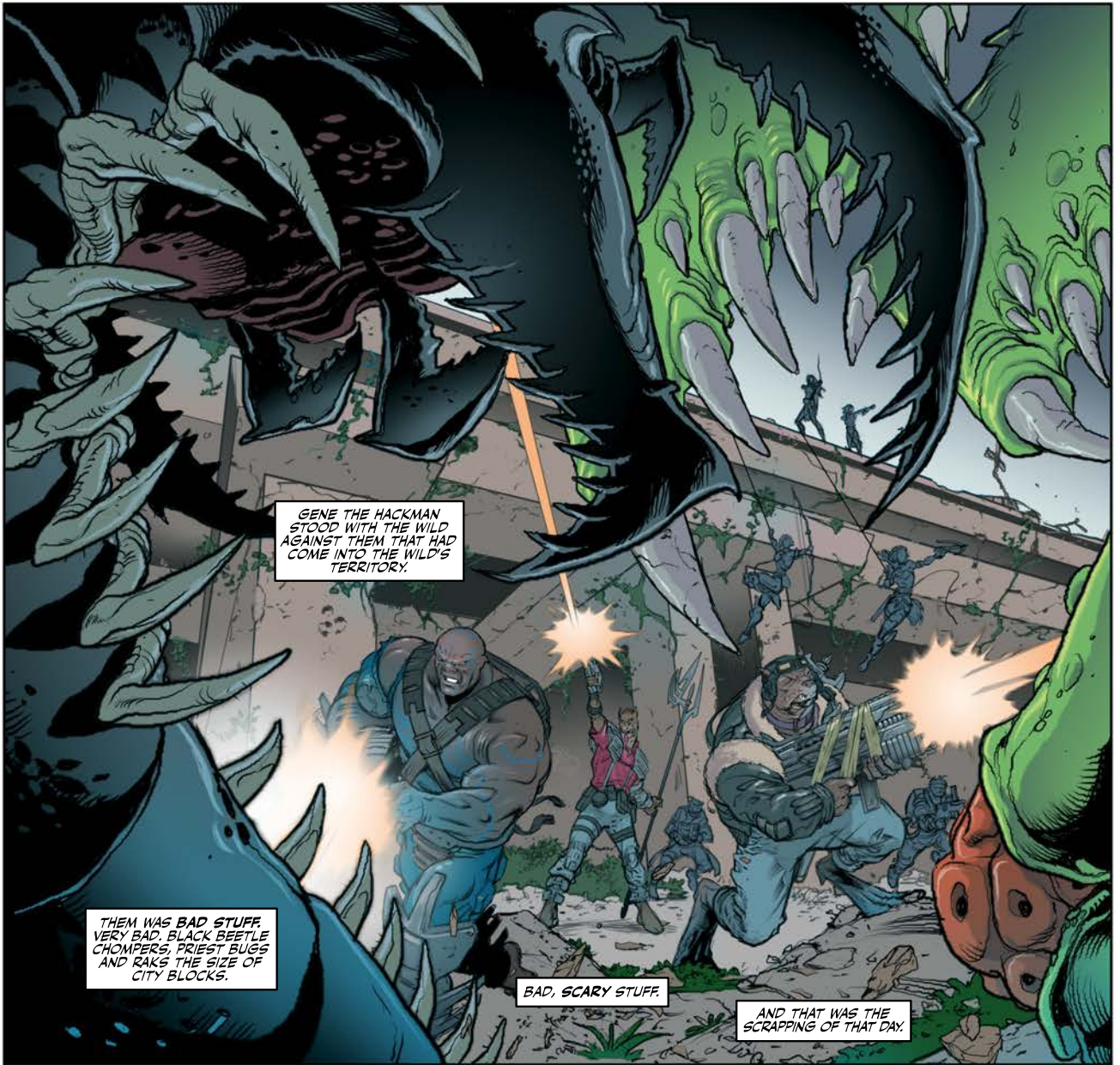
TOUGHER
AND TOUGH.
GET
WHET.



YEAH,
I HEARD
THAT.

EVERYONE?
LIKE MY NEW
FRIEND GENE
SAID...

**GET
WHET!**



GENE THE HACKMAN
STOOD WITH THE WILD
AGAINST THEM THAT HAD
COME INTO THE WILD'S
TERRITORY.

THEM WAS BAD STUFF,
VERY BAD. BLACK BEETLE
CHOMPERS, PRIEST BUGS
AND RAKS THE SIZE OF
CITY BLOCKS.

BAD, SCARY STUFF.

AND THAT WAS THE
SCRAPPING OF THAT DAY.



THE WILD HAD LOANED
GENE A DEATH TOY. IT
WAS A GOOD TOY.

EAT IT,
CHOMPER!

IT SPAT CLOUDS OF TINY METAL
FRAGMENTS THAT CHEWED THROUGH
KITIN AND CARAPACE LIKE THEY WERE
MARZIPAN ON A DOG TREAT.



DINGO DID NOT LIKE TO BE SHOWN UP NONE BY A NEWCOMER LIKE GENE-DOG.

INTO 'EM! YOU PUSSIES, WHAT'RE YE WAITING FOR?

HE MADE SURE WILL FERAL SAW HOW TOUGH HE WAS THAT DAY.



YEAH! RESULT! DINGO SCORES!



CLARA, HOLLY AND THE BOW-GIRLS WERE SPANKING OFF DARTS TO KEEP THE CRANE FLIERS OFF THEIR HEADS.

THEY'RE COMIN' IN REAL HEAVY, WILL!

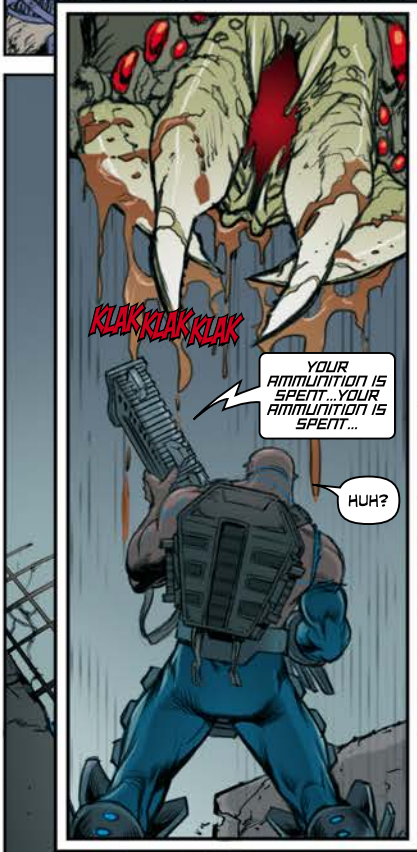


GEEZZ-LOO-WHEEZZE! RAK! RAK AT OUR BACK!

RAK COMIN' IN TO BITE!



GENE HAS YOUR BACK, CLARA BOW!



KLAK KLAK KLAK

YOUR AMMUNITION IS SPENT...YOUR AMMUNITION IS SPENT...

HUH?



WELL, THEN! GET WHET!

GRAAAAAH!



HOLY MOLEY! LOOK AT HIM!

HE'S HOT, CLARA! UP AND DOWN AND ROUND AND ROUND HOT!

YOU SHOULD TAG HIM QUICK, GIRL. YOU SHOULD TAG HIS MUSCLEY ASS GOOD AND FOREVER, YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!



THE BUNCH, THEY'RE HOLDING THEM OFF *GOOD*.

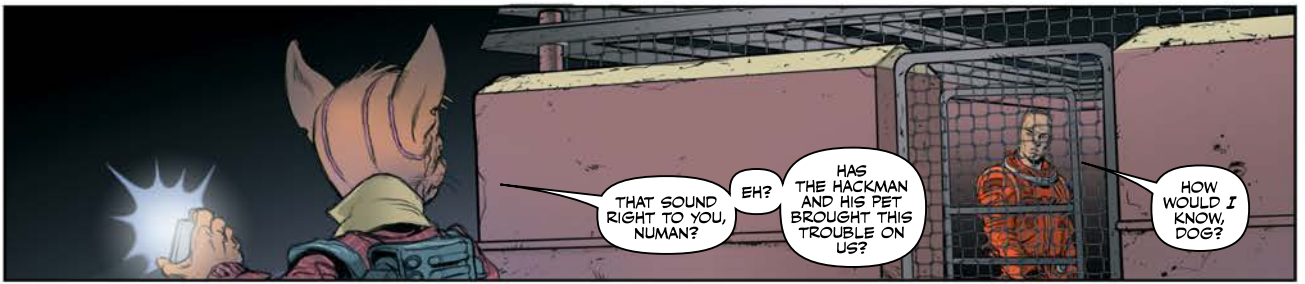
THAT GENE, ALSO, HE'S A PIECE OF WORK.



IT JUST MAKES ME WONDER...

YE KNOW, WE HAVEN'T HAD *ANY* TROUBLE *THIS* BIG FOR FREAKIN' AGES.

IT ALMOST FEELS LIKE...LIKE GENE THE FREAKIN' FANCY HACKMAN AND HIS LITTLE PET HAVE BROUGHT THIS SHIT *WITH* THEM.

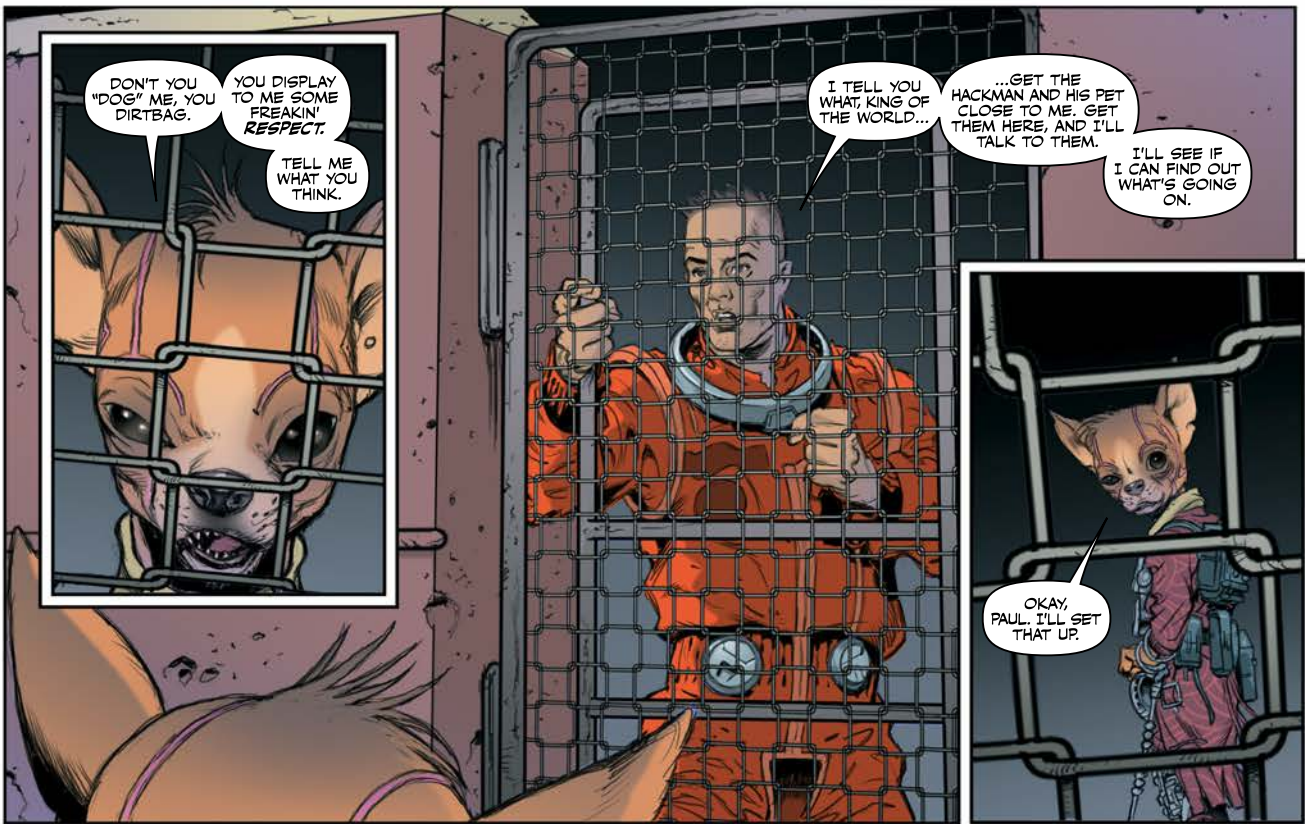


THAT SOUND RIGHT TO YOU, NUMAN?

EH?

HAS THE HACKMAN AND HIS PET BROUGHT THIS TROUBLE ON US?

HOW WOULD I KNOW, DOG?



DON'T YOU "DOG" ME, YOU DIRTBAG.

YOU DISPLAY TO ME SOME FREAKIN' RESPECT.

TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK.

I TELL YOU WHAT KING OF THE WORLD...

...GET THE HACKMAN AND HIS PET CLOSE TO ME. GET THEM HERE, AND I'LL TALK TO THEM.

I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.

OKAY, PAUL. I'LL SET THAT UP.



STAY!



YOU'RE DONE, THEM!



SHIT, WE DID IT. WE SMASHED THEM ALL.

YEAH, WE DID IT.



YOU ARE A WILD ONE, GENE. TRUE AND TRUE.

SO I SHOULD JOIN YOUR PACK, WILL FERAL?

WE'LL BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU, GENE HACKMAN.



WILL WE REALLY, WILL FERAL?

WHAT IF GENE-DOG TURNS OUT TO BE THE TROUBLE I THINK HE IS?





WHY DO YOU CALL FOR ME, NUMAN?

WHAT IS LEEZEE SOWER DOING IN HERE?

IT'S OKAY, GENE-DOG. PAUL NUMAN JUST WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT, GENE. I'VE TALKED TO LEEZEE AND NOW I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.



SO TALK.

I KNOW YOU'RE A PURE-BRED AUX, EVEN IF YOU'VE FORGOTTEN IT.

YOU'RE FROM A BASE STATION SOMEWHERE.

AND I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN ON YOUR OWN, AND THAT REX'S TRIBE OFFERS WELCOME SAFETY AND COMPANIONSHIP.

BUT I NEED YOUR HELP.



TELL HIM THE TALE, PAUL NUMAN.

OK, LEEZEE.

GENE, WHEN THE INSECTS...WHEN THEM...FIRST AROSE, THE HUMAN RACE, WHICH IS WHAT YOU CALL THE MASTERS, WAS ALMOST WIPED OUT.

WE HID AWAY FROM THEM, GENE, OUT IN ANTARCTICA. THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE HID IN CRYO-SUSPENSION UNDER THE ICE.



WE LEFT VAT-GROWN SOLDIERS BEHIND TO FIGHT THE WAR FOR US. TO KEEP US SAFE WHILE WE SLEPT IN THE ICE. TO PROTECT US UNTIL THE THREAT OF THEM HAD GONE.

BUT THEM...THEM HAS PROSPERED, AND LASTED LONGER THAN WE EVER THOUGHT THEY WOULD.



I WASN'T UNDER THE ICE, GENE. I WAS PUT INTO CRYO-SUSPENSION ON AN ORBITAL STATION CALLED COMCON CENTRAL.

I WAS PART OF THE OVERWATCH, GENE. WE WERE WOKEN PERIODICALLY TO ASSESS HOW THINGS WERE PROGRESSING DOWN ON THE SURFACE.

WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIRST LINE OF RE-ACTIVATION...THE PIONEERS WHEN THE BIG WAKE-UP CAME.



ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO, I WAS WOKEN BECAUSE COMCOM SYSTEMS HAD DETECTED ELECTRONIC ACTIVITY HERE IN SYDNEY.

WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE THE START OF THE WAKE-UP, SO I WAS SENT DOWN ON A LANDER TO SCOPE OUT THE SITUATION.

BUT MY LANDER CRASHED, AND I WAS CAPTURED BY THE WILD.

TURNED OUT THEY WERE THE SOURCE OF THE ELECTRONICS.



SO WHAT DOES THIS ALL MATTER TO GENE THE HACKMAN?



GENE, IT WAS COMING HERE THAT MADE ME REALISE HOW *WRONG* THINGS HAD GONE. HOW *SUCCESSFUL* THEM HAD BECOME. HOW *LONG* WE'D ALL BEEN SLEEPING.

MANKIND'S BEEN IN CRYO-SLEEP FOR *CENTURIES* MORE THAN WAS INTENDED.

THE BIG WAKE-UP *NEVER CAME*, GENE, AND NOW THE HUMAN RACE IS BEING KEPT ALIVE BY MACHINES *WAY* PAST THEIR OPERATIONAL TOLERANCES.



THE MASTERS HAVE *GOT* TO WAKE UP SOON, OR THEY WILL *DIE* IN THEIR SLEEP, AND THAT WILL BE *IT*.



YOUR MOUTH IS FULL OF WRONG!

BESIDES, THE MASTERS *CANNOT* WAKE UP YET. *THEM* IS *STILL* HERE.

GENE, I *KNOW* ABOUT THE TICK LEEZEE CARRIES IN HER FLESH. IT REPRESENTS A *BIOLOGICAL THREAT* TO THEM.

IF WE COULD *ANALYSE* IT, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SYNTHESISE *BIOLOGICAL AGENTS* THAT COULD BE USED TO *WIPE THEM OUT*.

LEEZEE SOWER COULD *SAVE MANKIND*, GENE.



HOW?

I NEED TO GET HER BACK TO COMCON CENTRAL. I NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS CAGE AND CALL DOWN AN EXTRACTION.

I CAN'T DO THAT WITHOUT YOUR HELP, GENE.



GENE IS PART OF THE WILD! GENE IS PART OF THE PACK! GENE WON'T TURN ON THE PACK!

YOUR LOYALTY DOES YOU CREDIT, GENE. LOYALTY TO THE PACK IS GOOD.

BUT WHAT ABOUT LOYALTY TO THE MASTERS?

WHAT ABOUT LOYALTY TO LEEZEE SOWER?



THEM CAN SMELL THE TICK, GENE. THEM CAN SMELL HER.

THAT'S WHY ALL THIS TROUBLE IS COMING INTO THE WILD KINGDOM. THEY KNOW HOW MUCH OF A THREAT SHE IS.



THEM WILL KEEP COMING AND KEEP COMING UNTIL SHE IS REMOVED.

ANOTHER WEEK, TWO MAYBE, AND THE WILD KINGDOM'S GOING TO BE OVERRUN AND DEAD.



GENE DOESN'T KNOW THE CLEVER STUFF LIKE YOU DO, PAUL NUMAN.

GENE NEEDS TIME TO THINK.



"NO",
REX HORIZON?

YEAH, IT'S A
"NO" TO THAT, GENE
I AIN'T GOING TO
LET NUMAN OUT.

HE'S GUNN YOU
SOME *FIBS*, MATE.
SOME *RIS-POOR*
YARNS.



PETS DO THAT
ALL THE TIME. YOURS
MUST *TOO*. THEY MAKE
SHIT UP TO GET STUFF
OUT OF YOU.

I'VE HEARD THIS
TALE BEFORE. IT'S ALL
LIES. I DON'T EVEN
BELIEVE IN THE MASTERS,
MATE, AND EVEN IF I *DID*,
WHAT DO I CARE IF
THEY *DIE*?

WHAT
DID *THEY*
EVER DO
FOR ME?



DON'T TAKE
IT TOO *HARD*,
GENE-DOG.
NUMAN'S FOOLED
YOU WITH HIS
CLEVER YAP.

I HEAR WILL
CALLING FOR YOU,
MATE. A PATROL'S
GOING OUT. GET
SOME EXERCISE,
AND YOU'LL FEEL
TONS BETTER
ABOUT IT.



I *KNEW* THAT
BASTARD'S PET WAS
TROUBLE. GENE SAID
IT WITH HIS *OWN*
MOUTH.

THAT
LEEZEE THING
IS BRINGING THEM
HERE TO *HURT*
US.

SO WHAT
DO WE DO,
REX?

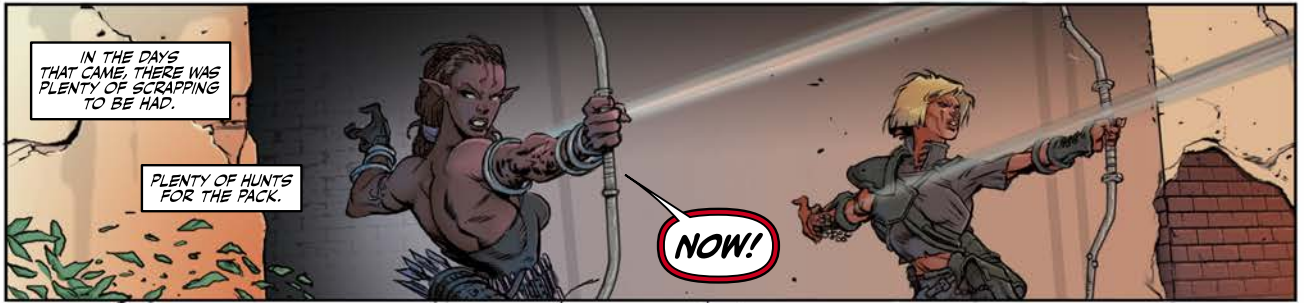


I'LL *TELL*
YOU WHAT WE
DO, DINGO.

WE MAKE
PEACE WITH
THEM.

WE *GIVE* THEM
LEEZEE SOWER.





IN THE DAYS THAT CAME THERE WAS PLENTY OF SCRAPPING TO BE HAD.

PLENTY OF HUNTS FOR THE PACK.

NOW!



THEM WAS ROAMING INTO THE WILD KINGDOM MORE AND MORE.

SCRAP 'EM!

KTOOOM
KTOOOM

THEM WAS COMING MORE OFTEN THAN THEM HAD DONE IN YEARS.

SCRAP 'EM GOOD AND DROP 'EM DEAD!

AND THEM WAS COMING IN NEW WAR FORMS, UGLY-BUG SHAPES BRED FOR A KILLING PURPOSE.



GET WHET.

EVERYONE KNEW THAT THEM WAS FIXING TO INVAD AND FINISH OFF THE WILD KINGDOM.

EVERYONE KNEW IT, BUT NO ONE SAID IT OUT LOUD.



THERE WAS GONNA BE A LOT OF SCRAPPING BEFORE THE KINGDOM WAS SAFE AGAIN.



THERE WAS GONNA BE A LOT OF SCRAPPING BEFORE THEM WAS TAUGHT A LESSON AND DRIVEN OUT OF THE PACK'S TERRITORY FOR GOOD.



GET OFFA THE LAWN!



YEAH, WE'RE DONE HERE. THE WEST END'S CLEAR FOR NOW.

WE'RE COMING BACK IN.



LET YOUR BEST FRIEND KNOW HE'S THE BEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD!

BONZA PET FOOD

WHERE'S LEEZEE? WHERE IS LEEZEE SOWER?





BUT HE MIGHT, REX.

SHUT UP AND LISTEN. GENE-DOG WON'T FIND HIS PET. NOT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, HE WON'T.

WHAT IF HE DON'T, REX?

SHE'LL BE GONE, AND HE'LL COME ROUND TO THE IDEA THAT SHE RAN OFF.



SHUT UP!

SO WHERE'D YOU PUT HER?

UP AT EAST POINT, LIKE YOU TOLD ME. SHE MADE A RIGHT FUSS.



EAST POINT?

OH YEAH. THERE SHE IS.

THAT'S GOOD. THEM'LL GET HER SCENT PRETTY DECENT FROM UP THERE.

HER SCENT, AND THE STINK OF THAT THING SHE CARRIES.



"THEM'LL COME GET HER, AND ONCE THEM HAS GOT HER, WE'LL HAVE SOME PEACE AND THEM'LL LEAVE US ALONE."

GENE...? WHERE ARE YOU, GENE-DOG?

GENE...?





GENE, WHAT'S GOING ON?

YOU'RE GOING TO BE QUIET.

GOD, I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET OUT OF THAT CAGE--

BE QUIET, OR YOU GO BACK IN IT.



REX HORIZON'S DONE SOMETHING WITH LEEZEE SOWER. WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER, PAUL NUMAN.

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE SHE'S SAFE.

H-HOW?



YOU SAID YOU COULD DO THAT! YOU SAID YOU KNEW HOW!

YOU SAID YOU COULD CALL IN AN EXTRA SHUN AND TAKE HER SOMEWHERE!

COMCON CENTRAL! I CAN GET HER TO COMCON CENTRAL!

JUST GET ME TO A NETWORK HUB!



YOU SAID LEEZEE SOWER COULD SAVE MANKIND. YOU SAID SHE COULD WIPE THEM OUT.

WAS THAT JUST TALK TO GET GENE TO HELP YOU?

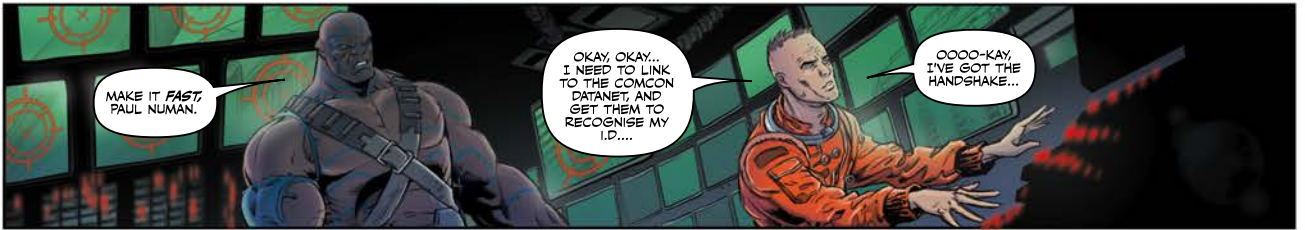
I SWEAR IT WASN'T! JUST GET ME TO A NETWORK HUB AND I'LL PROVE IT!



NO ONE HERE. GET A MOVE ON.

I TOLD THE KING I'D TAKE THE MIDNIGHT WATCH. WE'VE GOT AN HOUR.

WHERE IS EVERYBODY?



MAKE IT FAST, PAUL NUMAN.

OKAY, OKAY... I NEED TO LINK TO THE COMCON DATANET AND GET THEM TO RECOGNISE MY I.D....

OOOO-KAY, I'VE GOT THE HANDSHAKE...



YEAH, THAT'S IT. I'VE GOT AUTHORITY RECOGNITION.

JUST NEED TO SELECT THE REMOTE ACCESS MENU AND SET UP AN AUTOMATED EXTRACTION.

GENE DOESN'T CARE WHAT IT IS YOU'RE DOING. JUST DO IT.

OKAY, I'M SETTING THE EXTRACTION POINT AS THE RECREATION PARK FOUR CLICKS NORTH.

THE FASTEST A BIRD CAN GET HERE IS THREE HOURS.

GENE?



SHOW GENE HOW TO BRING THE MOVIE MACHINES CLOSER.

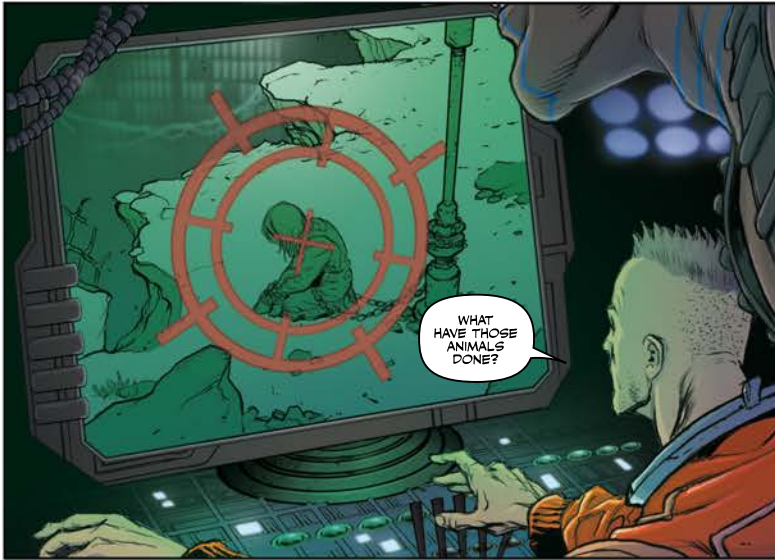
YOU MEAN...ZOOM THE VIEW?

GENE WANTS TO SEE THIS CLOSER.



ALL RIGHT, IT'S EASY ENOUGH...

YOU JUST CLICK AND DRAG THE ZOOM FUNCTION. MAGNIFICATION GOES UP PROGRESSIVELY AND--



GRRRAAAAAHHH!!



NGHHHH!

STOP IT!
STOP!

UHK!



YAAAAHHH!!





HKKK...

SHOULDA
DONE GUTTED YOU
WHEN YOU FIRST
SHOWED UP,
GENE-SMEAR!



YEAH...



...YOU
SHOULDA.



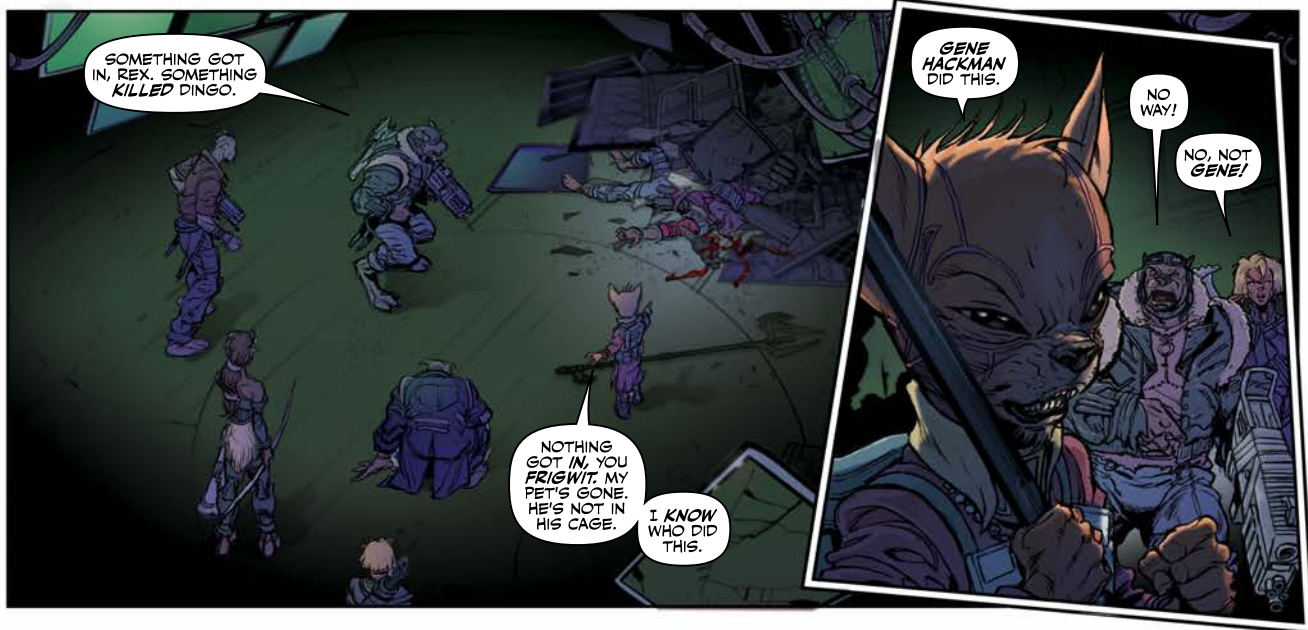
COZ IT WAS
THE ONLY CHANCE
YOU WAS *EVER*
GONNA GET.



J-JESUS...

TIME TO GO,
PAUL NUMAN.

AND THAT WAS HOW GENE OMEGA
BROKE HIS BONDS WITH THE WILD
BUNCH, AND HOW HE AND THE HUMAN
FLED INTO THE RUINS.



SOMETHING GOT
IN, REX. SOMETHING
KILLED DINGO.

NOTHING
GOT IN, YOU
FRIGWIT. MY
PET'S GONE.
HE'S NOT IN
HIS CAGE.

I KNOW
WHO DID
THIS.

GENE
HACKMAN
DID THIS.

NO
WAY!

NO, NOT
GENE!



YOU FIND THE SCENT AND TELL ME I'M **WRONG!** YOU FIND IT, WILL FERAL!

THIS NEEDS TO BE **AVENGED!** YOU GONNA MAKE HIM PAY!



WILD BUNCH! WE'RE MOVING OUT!

THE KING COMMANDS US!

LET'S GO!



SLOW DOWN, GENE!

JESUS, I'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN A CAGE FOR TOO LONG. THIS IS **HARD GOING** FOR ME.

NO TIME. WE'VE GOT **THREE HOURS**, YOU SAID, AND THE SUN'S ALREADY COMING UP.

WE GOTTA GET TO LEEZEE SOWER, PAUL NUMAN.



THEM MOVE ABOUT **MUCH MORE** WHEN IT'S LIGHT...

"...AND THEM WILL SCENT THE TICK IN LEEZEE'S HIDE, AND THAT WILL BRING THEM RIGHT TO HER."



HELLO?

WHO IS THAT THERE?



OH.





HEY! HEY, YOU
SUNOVABITCH!
OVER
HERE!
HERE!



LEAVE HER
ALONE, YOU
BASTARD!

HERE!
HEY! OVER
HERE!

MISTER
NUMAN! DON'T
MAKE SO
MUCH NOISE...



...PLEASE,
MISTER NUMAN,
THE RAK WILL
HEAR YOU...



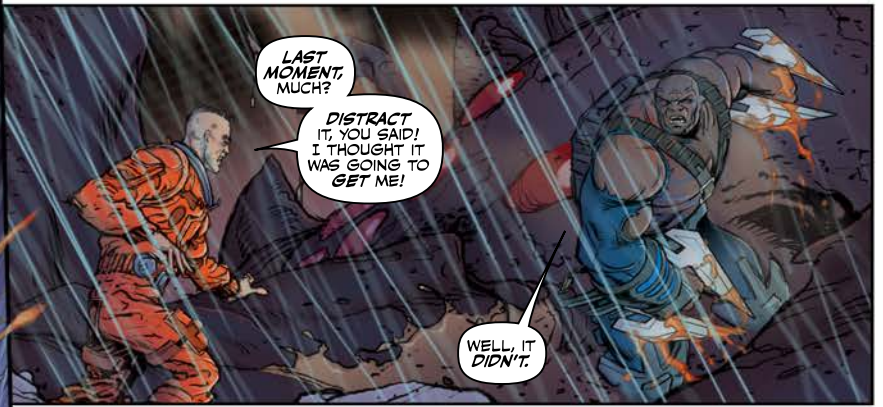
THAT'S THE
IDEA, LEEZEE!
THAT'S THE
IDEA!

OH GOD
HELP ME...
COME
ON, YOU PIECE OF
XENOPTERA CRAP!
OVER HERE!

OH
JESUS!



NHHFF!



LAST MOMENT, MUCH?

DISTRACT IT, YOU SAID! I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO GET ME!

WELL, IT DIDN'T.



OH, GENE! GENE-DOG! YOU'RE A GOOD DOG, YOU ARE!

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME OUT HERE!

HURRY, LEEZEE SOWER, WE'VE GOT TO MOVE NOW.

NUMAN HAS GOT AN EXTRA SHUN FOR YOU.

A WHAT?

AN EXTRACTION. IT MEANS I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE.



GROUND SOUNDS. THEY'RE COMING.

WHO? THEM?

NO...



"...THE WILD BUNCH. THE WILD BUNCH IS HUNTING US."



GENE! GENE OMEGA!

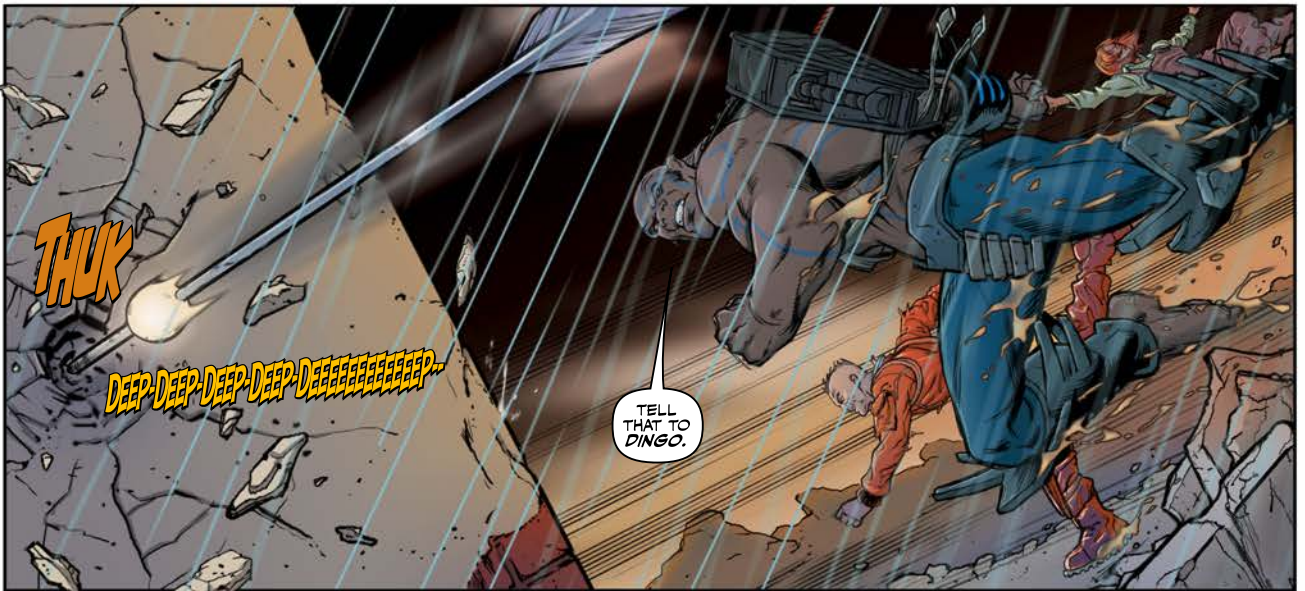
DON'T RUN NO MORE, MATE! GIVE YOURSELF UP!

YOU DONE CRIMES TO OUR PEOPLE, MATE! YOU GOTTA FACE THE PAYBACK!



YOU KILLED DINGO, GENE! YOU BROKE HIS NECK!

YOU GOTTA PAY FOR THAT! IT'S THE LAW OF THE KINGDOM! WE DON'T KILL OUR OWN!



THUK

DEEP-DEEP-DEEP-DEEP-DEEEEEEEEEEEEP...

TELL THAT TO DINGO.



DOWN!



MY EARS ARE RINGING, GENE-DOG!

KEEP RUNNING ANYWAY, LEEZEE!

THERE! THERE! THE BIRD'S COMING IN, RIGHT ON TIME!

JEE-ZUS, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT!



WHAT IS THAT THING, GENE?

IT'S A COMCON DROPSHIP, LEEZEE. IT'S FLYING IN TO RESCUE US ON AUTOMATIC PILOT.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE US TO COMCON CENTRAL!

WHERE IS COMCON CENTRAL, MISTER NUMAN?

UP THERE, LEEZEE.

UP WHERE THE STARS ARE?

MAYBE GENE WILL FINALLY FIND OUT WHICH ONE THEY NAMED HIM AFTER...



LOOK OUT!

GET BEHIND GENE!



KEEP GOING!



UGHNN!



GNHHH!
NO--!



GENE!
GENE-DOG!

IT'S TOO LATE,
LEEZEE!

THERE'S NOTHING WE
CAN DO!



GRRAAAH!



THLUK

HUH?



CLARA BOW? YOU SAVE GENE?



YOU FOUGHT FOR US, YOU FOUGHT FOR THE KINGDOM *MANY* TIMES, NO HESITATIONS.

I RECKON A SOLDIER LIKE THAT DESERVES *ONE* LAST CHANCE, NO MATTER *WHAT*.

SIDES, I ALWAYS *LIKED* ME GENE THE HACKMAN.





YOU BETTER GO.

THE WILD BUNCH IS RIGHT BEHIND ME, AND THEY DON'T FANCY YOU LIKE I DO.

YOU BETTER COME, THEN.

I CAN'T, GENE. I DONE TOO MUCH ALREADY.

GO GET LEEZEE TO SAFETY.



GET OFFA MY LAWN, GENE HACKMAN.

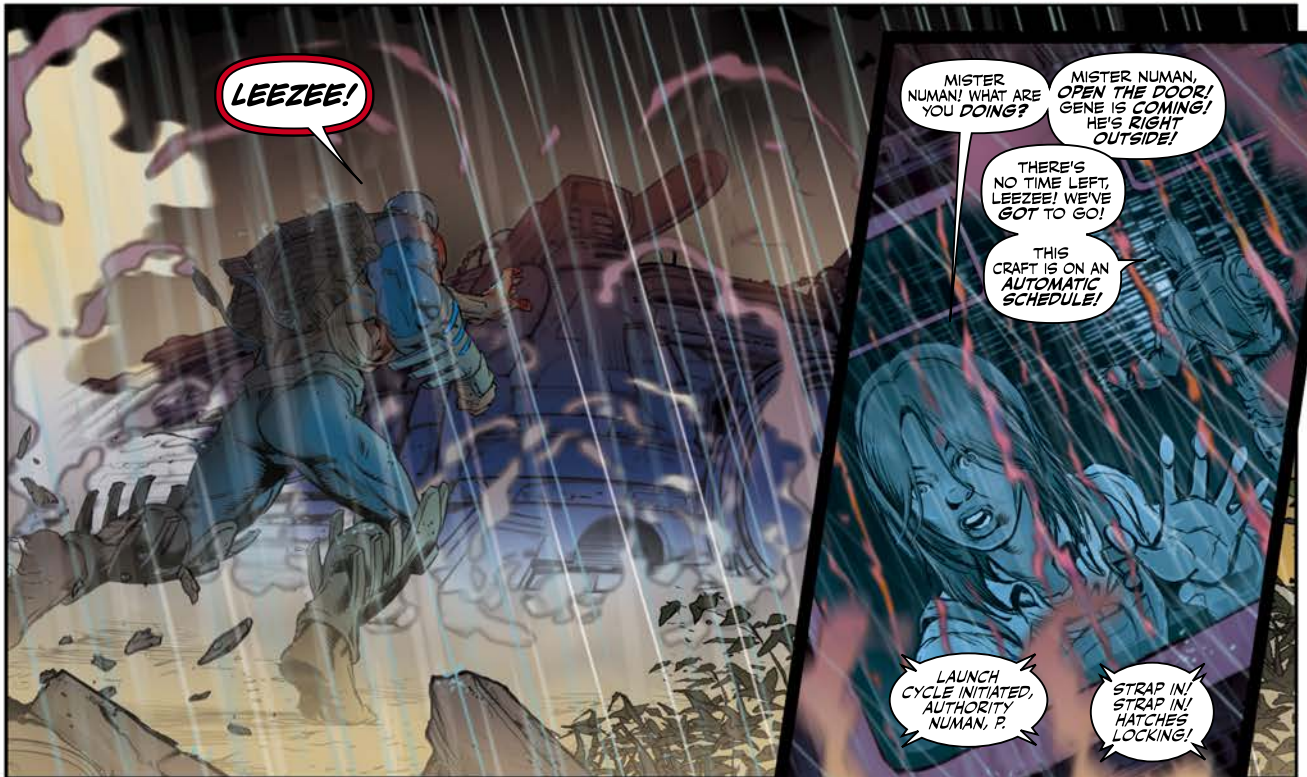


YOU FOUND HIM, THEN, CLARA?

WHY THE CRAP ARE YOU LETTING HIM ESCAPE, CLARA BOW?

I DUNNO.

I GUESS HE MUSTA GOT THE BETTER OF ME.



LEEZEE!

MISTER NUMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

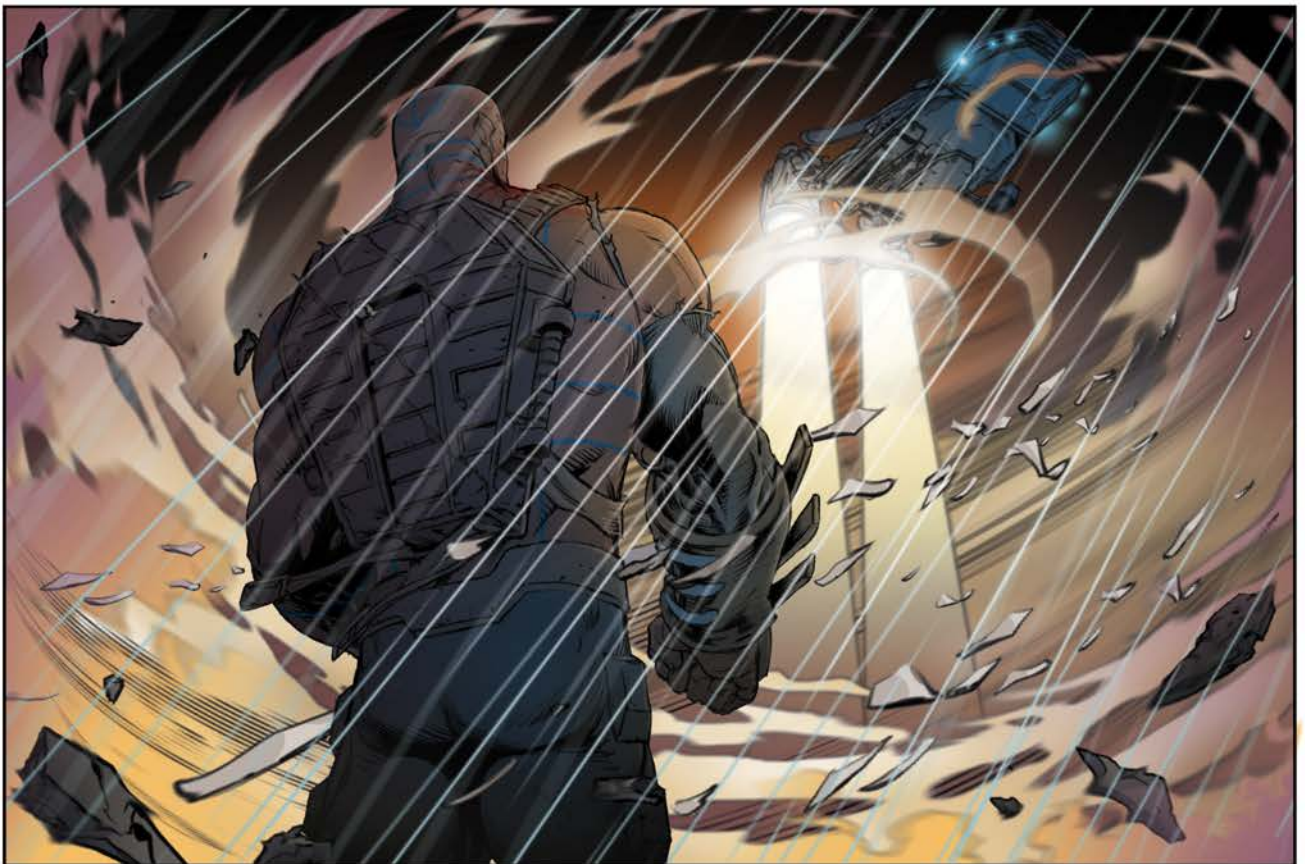
MISTER NUMAN, OPEN THE DOOR! GENE IS COMING! HE'S RIGHT OUTSIDE!

THERE'S NO TIME LEFT, LEEZEE! WEVE GOT TO GO!

THIS CRAFT IS ON AN AUTOMATIC SCHEDULE!

LAUNCH CYCLE INITIATED, AUTHORITY NUMAN, P.

STRAP IN! STRAP IN! HATCHES LOCKING!







I'LL DO THE WALK-AROUND, LIKE I DONE BEFORE. LONGEST WALK-AROUND.

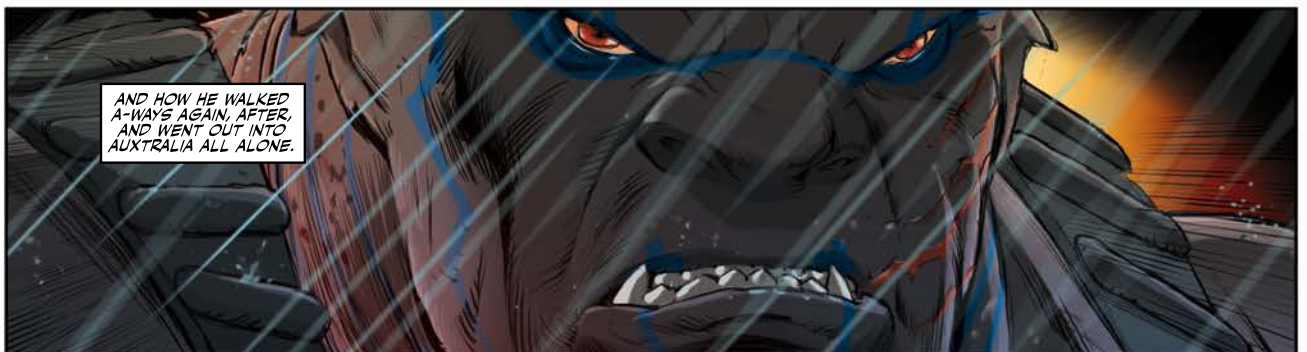
THERE'S A FARM IN THE COUNTRY THAT I HEARD OF. MAYBE I'LL FIND THAT.



AND THAT WAS THE TALE OF HOW GENE THE HACKMAN CAME TO THE WILD KINGDOM.



AND HOW HE SAVED IT, TOUGHER AND TOUGH.



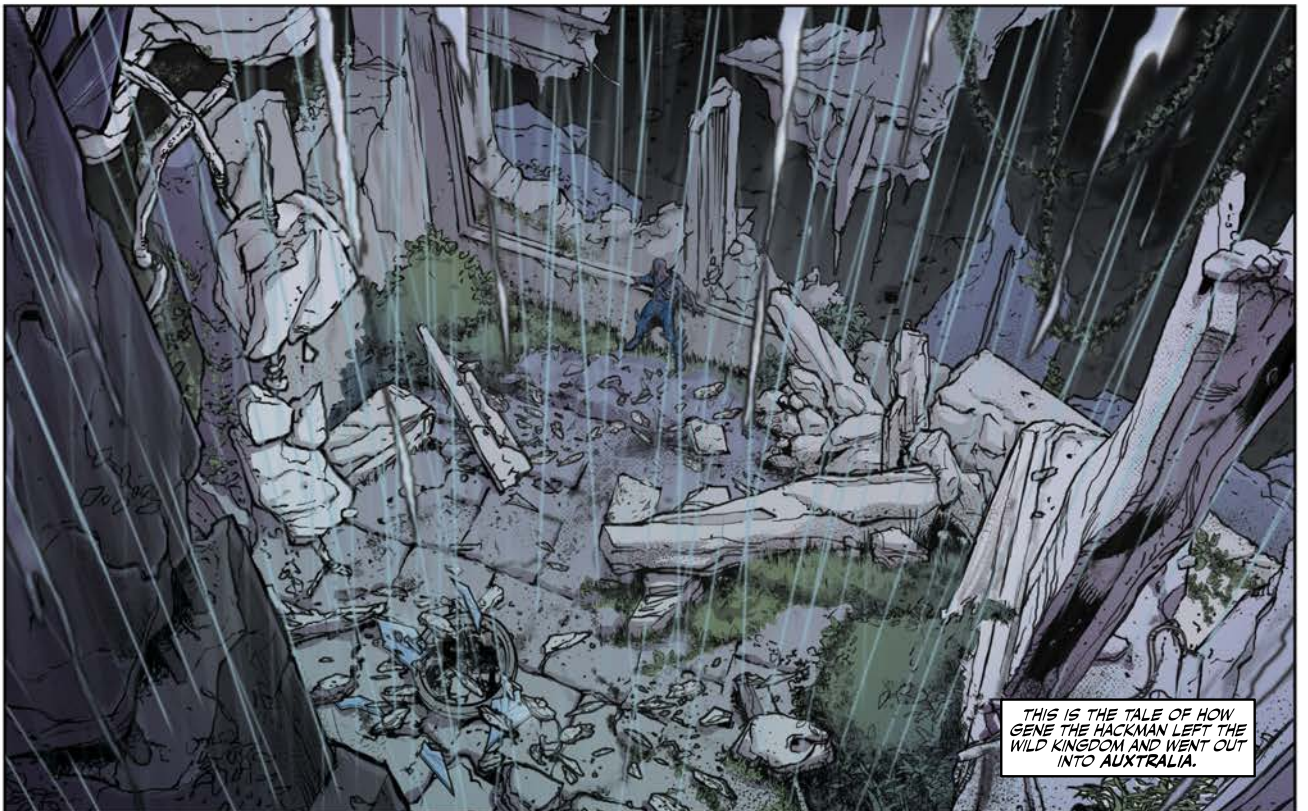
AND HOW HE WALKED A-WAYS AGAIN, AFTER, AND WENT OUT INTO AUSTRALIA ALL ALONE.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE

Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Richard Elson
Colours: Abigail Ryder
Letters: Simon Bowland

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 2011, 1715-1725







GENE HAD ONCE BEEN ALPHA MALE, LEADING HIS PACK ON THE WALK-AROUND TO KEEP THE COLD PLACE CLEAN. BUT THEM DAYS WAS LONG GONE.

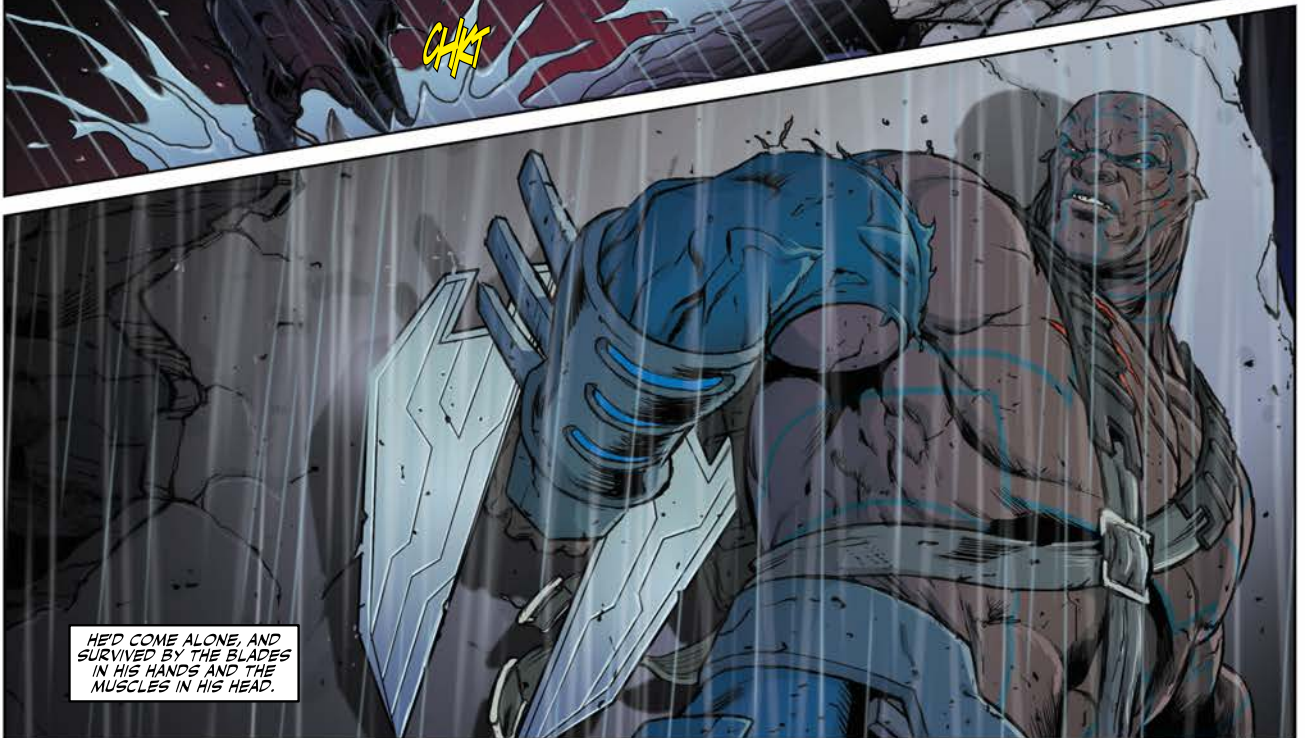


GENE HAD NOT BEEN ALPHA LONG TIME. GENE WAS OMEGA NOW. ROGUE DOG, HIM.

GENE HAD COME A LONG WAY FROM ANARCHTICY AND TAZZY ISLAND TO AUXTRALIA.



CHKT



HE'D COME ALONE, AND SURVIVED BY THE BLADES IN HIS HANDS AND THE MUSCLES IN HIS HEAD.



FOR A WHILE, HE'D HAD A FRIEND CALLED LEEZEE SOWER, BUT SHE HAD GONE NOW, AND LEFT GENE.

GENE DID NOT KNOW WHERE LEEZEE SOWER HAD GONE. HE HOPED IT WAS TO A GOOD PLACE. MAYBE TO A FARM IN THE COUNTRY.

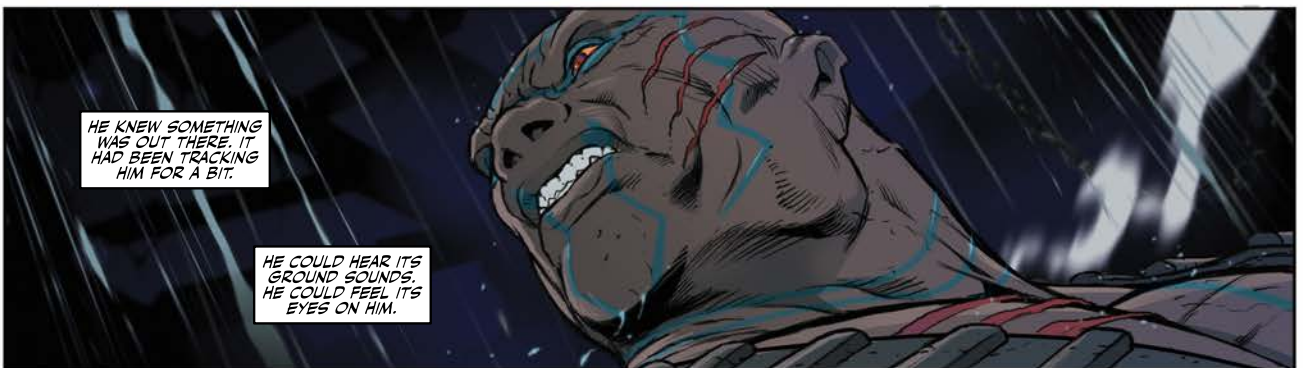


GENE PREFERRED NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT--AND THERE WAS PLENTY OF SCRAPPING TO DO, SO THAT KEPT HIM BUSY.

PLENTY OF SCRAPPING.



GENE WAS TOUGHER AND TOUGH, AND HE'D BEEN FIGHTING THEM LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT WAS WHAT.



HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS OUT THERE. IT HAD BEEN TRACKING HIM FOR A BIT.

HE COULD HEAR ITS GROUND SOUNDS. HE COULD FEEL ITS EYES ON HIM.



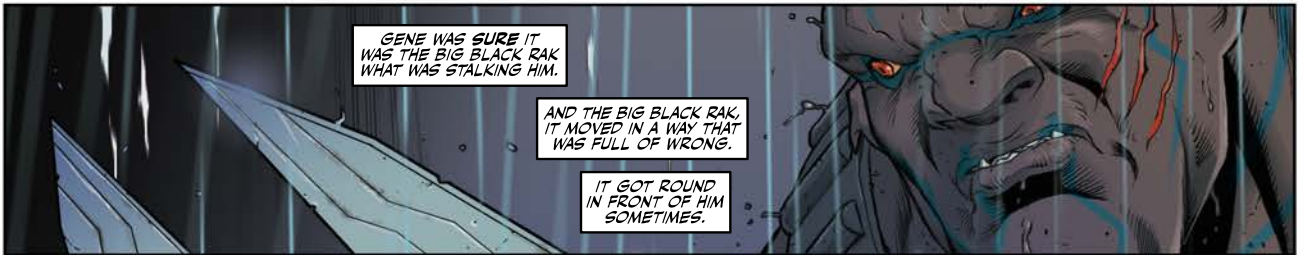
ALL OF 'EM.



GENE HAD COME WHISKER-CLOSE TO A BIG BLACK RAK TWO DAYS BEFORE.

BIG MEAN THING. A NEW WAR FORM GENE HADN'T SCRAPPED WITH BEFORE.

IT HAD ALMOST LEFT GENE ALL BIT-UP AND KILLED DEAD.



GENE WAS SURE IT WAS THE BIG BLACK RAK WHAT WAS STALKING HIM.

AND THE BIG BLACK RAK, IT MOVED IN A WAY THAT WAS FULL OF WRONG.

IT GOT ROUND IN FRONT OF HIM SOMETIMES.



SOMETIMES HE GLIMPSED IT SHADOWING HIM, AND NOT WHERE HE EXPECTED IT TO BE.

AND IT GOT NO SCENT.



GENE OMEGA, HE KNEW THAT WHEN THE RAK FINALLY DECIDED TO MAKE ITS PLAY...



...IT WAS GONNA HURT.

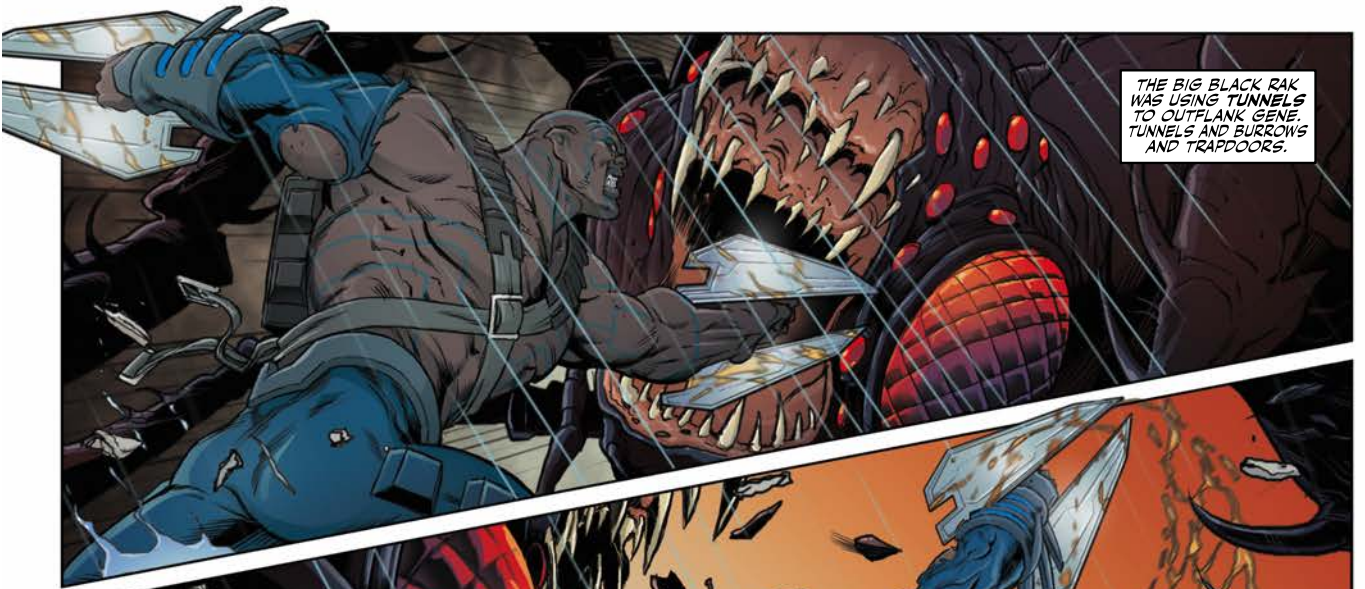
GAAHH!



NHH!



GET WHET!



THE BIG BLACK RAK WAS USING TUNNELS TO OUTFANK GENE. TUNNELS AND BURROWS AND TRAPDOORS.



IT WAS CLEVER. GENE KNEW IT WAS A TRICK HE'D NEED TO REMEMBER AND WATCH FOR ANOTHER TIME.



IF HE GOT ANOTHER TIME.

UHHN!

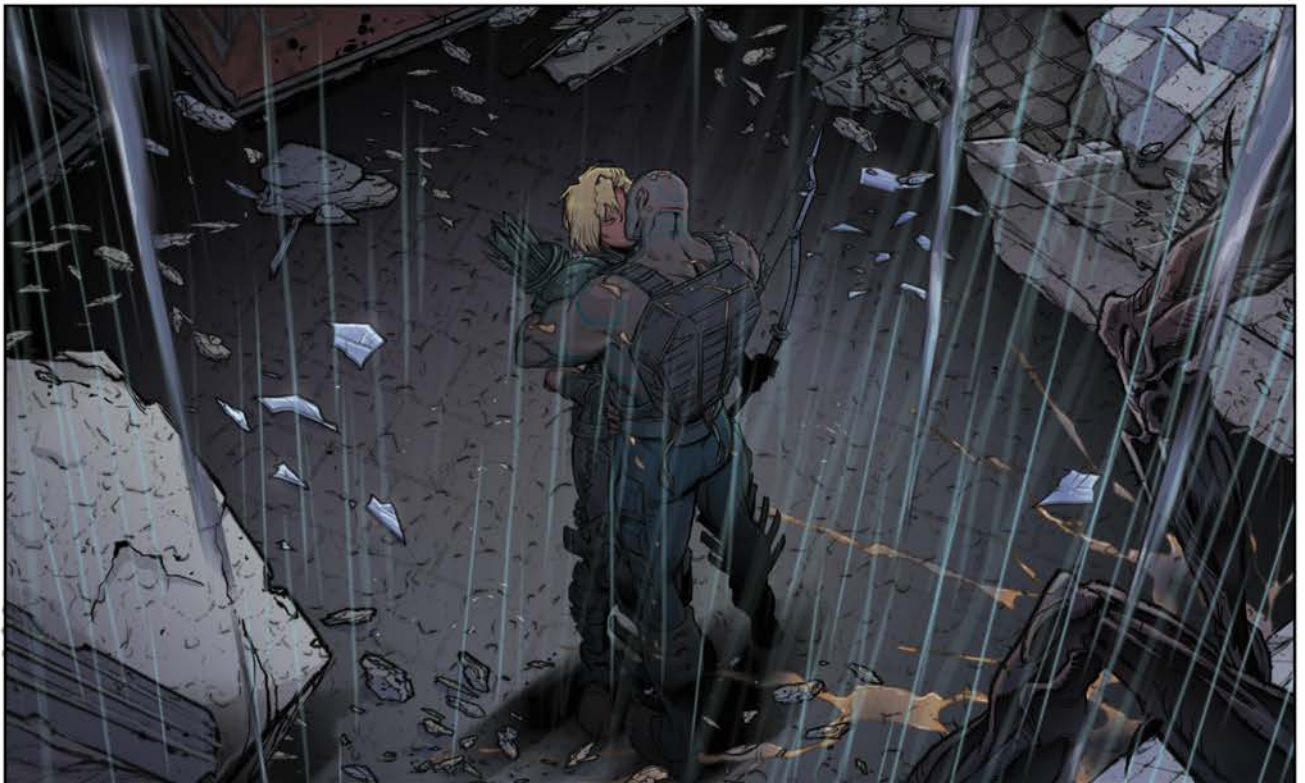
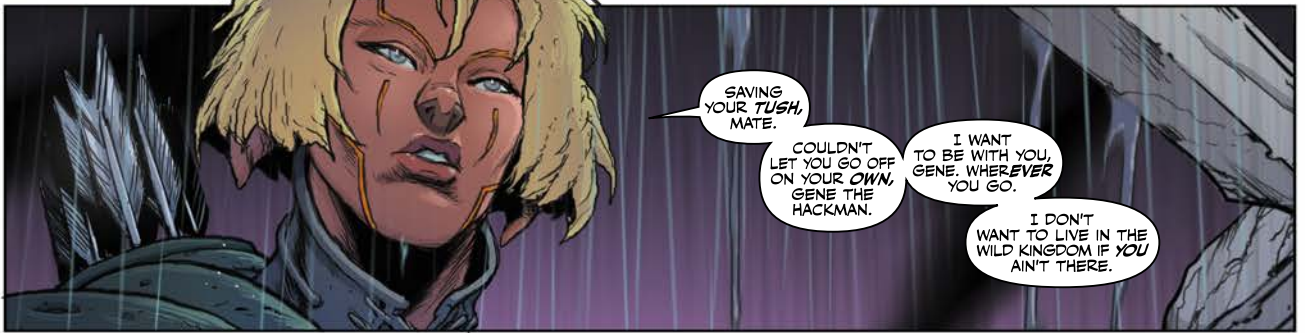




THUKKTCH
THUKKTCH

VADDDDDOM

HUH?
CLARA?
CLARA
BOW?





WHERE WILL WE GO, GENE-DOG?

MAYBE WE *SHOULD* GO BACK TO THE WILD KINGDOM.

NO.

BUT WE COULD GET WILL AND HOLLY ON-SIDE, AND THEY COULD EXPLAIN TO REX WHAT YOU HAD TO DO, MATE.



NO.

WE GONNA GO ON OUT, CLARA, OUT ON A WALK-AROUND INTO AUXTRALIA.

WHY? THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT *THERE*?



BECAUSE THESE LAST FEW DAYS, GENE'S *HEARD* THEM AGAIN, CLARA.

GENE'S HEARD THE MASTERS AND THEY'RE CALLING OUT TO HIM.

THEN WE'D BETTER NOT KEEP THE BASTARDS *WAITING*, EH?



SO, GENE HACKMAN, YOU GONNA TELL ME ABOUT THESE VOICES SOME?



NOT MUCH TO TELL.

YEAH, BUT YOU'RE GONNA TELL CLARA BOW ANYWAY, RIGHT?



WE CALL THEM THE **URGINGS**. THEY ARE THE VOICES OF THE MASTERS.



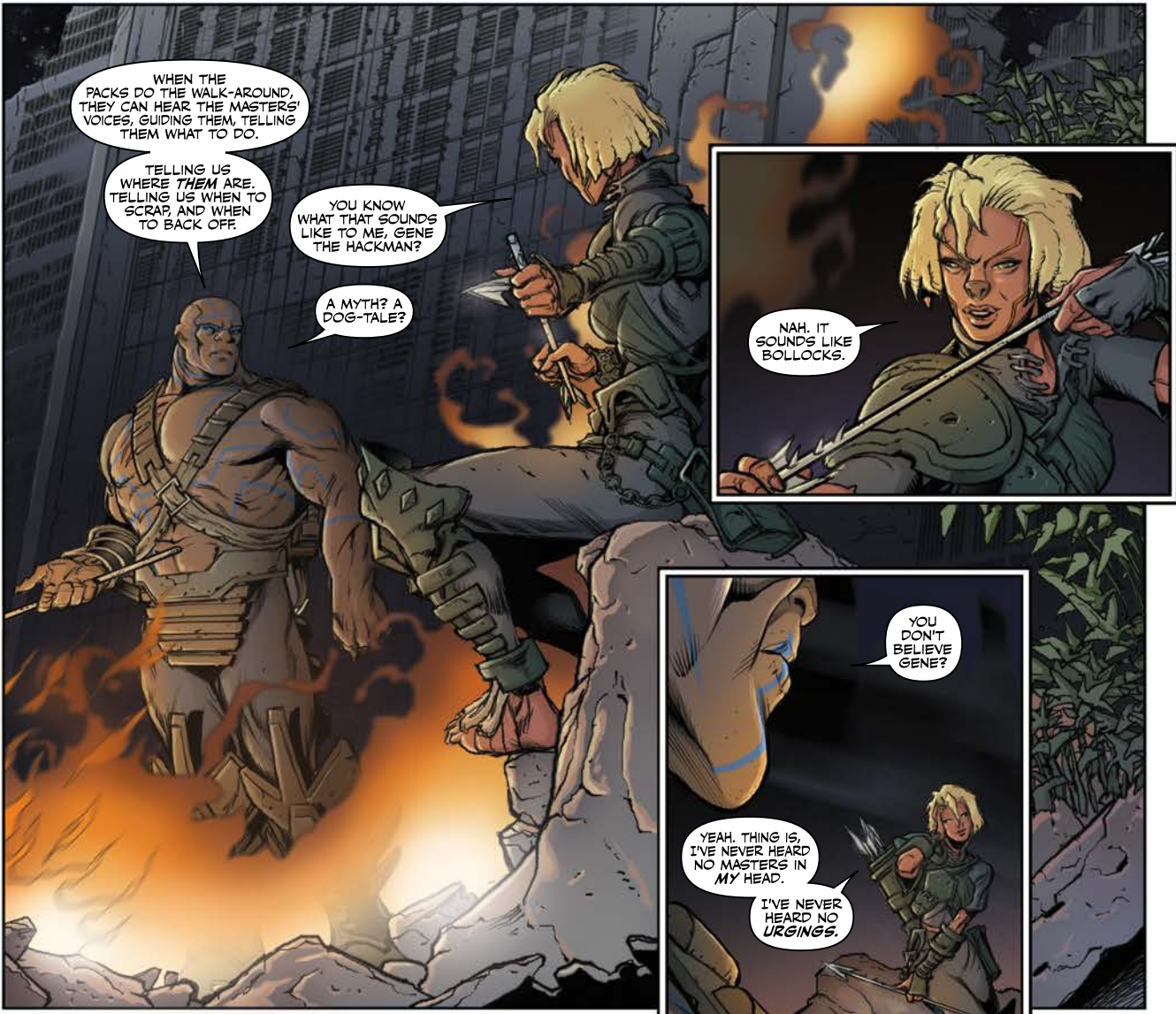
RIGHT-HO.

AND THESE "MASTERS", MATE--SINCE WHEN DO DOGS HAVE MASTERS?



I DON'T KNOW THE WAY IT WORKS, CLARA. I JUST KNOW THAT THE MASTERS ARE WHO **MADE** US, AND THE MASTERS ARE THE ONES THAT SEND THE PACKS OUT.

THEY SEND THE PACKS OUT TO KEEP THE COLD PLACE CLEAN WHILE THE MASTERS SLEEP UNDER THE ICE, LONG TIME.



WHEN THE PACKS DO THE WALK-AROUND, THEY CAN HEAR THE MASTERS' VOICES, GUIDING THEM, TELLING THEM WHAT TO DO.

TELLING US WHERE *THEM* ARE. TELLING US WHEN TO SCRAP, AND WHEN TO BACK OFF.

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SOUNDS LIKE TO ME, GENE THE HACKMAN?

A MYTH? A DOG-TALE?



NAH. IT SOUNDS LIKE BOLLOCKS.



YOU DON'T BELIEVE GENE?

YEAH. THING IS, I'VE NEVER HEARD NO MASTERS IN *MY* HEAD.

I'VE NEVER HEARD NO *URGINGS*.



I THINK THAT'S BECAUSE WE COME FROM DIFFERENT PLACES.

I COME FROM THE COLD PLACE, FROM ANARCHTICY, AND I WAS BRED BY THE MASTERS, LIKE ALL MY PACK.

WE WAS *BRED* TO HEAR THE MASTERS' VOICE.



YOU WAS BRED
IN THE WILD KINGDOM,
OUTSIDE OF THE PLACES
THAT THE MASTERS
CONTROL.

I THINK
THAT'S WHY.

GENE, CAN
YOU HEAR THEM
NOW, THE
MASTERS?

YEAH.

TELL ME
WHAT THEY
SAY.

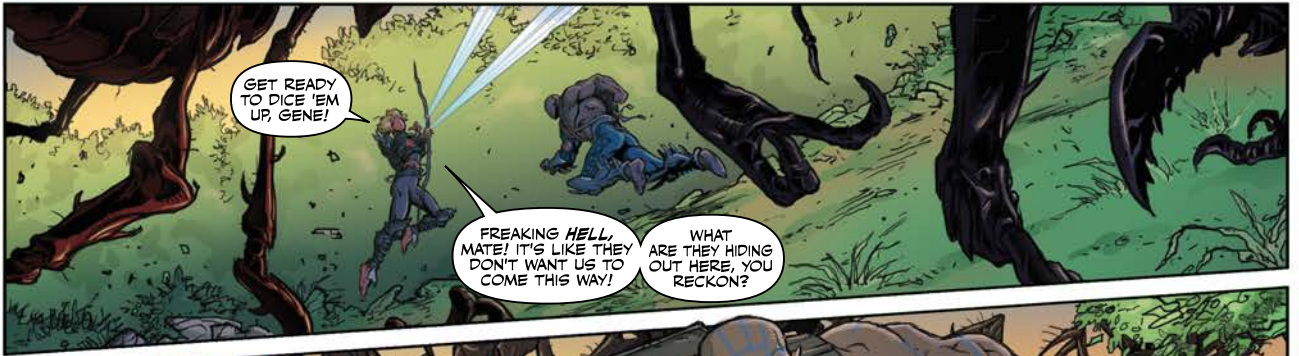


THEY SAY,
COME THE DAWN, WE
SHOULD GET MOVING
COZ IT'S NOT SAFE
AROUND HERE.

FUNNY,
DIDN'T NEED
NO MASTERS TO
FIGURE THAT,
GENE-DOG...



**KEEP MOVING,
GENE-DOG!**



GET READY TO DICE 'EM UP, GENE!

FREAKING HELL, MATE! IT'S LIKE THEY DON'T WANT US TO COME THIS WAY!

WHAT ARE THEY HIDING OUT HERE, YOU RECKON?



GENE THOUGHT HE KNEW WHAT.

THE URGINGS HAD BEEN STRONG AGAIN OVERNIGHT, CALLING TO HIM.

CALLING TO HIS HEAD.



HERE! THIS WAY!



COME ON, CLARA BOW! THIS WAY! THIS IS WHERE THE MASTERS ARE!



I CAN HEAR THEM CALLING! CALLING TO *US!*

WE'LL BE *SAFE* IN HERE!



OPEN UP! OPEN THE GATES!

GENE?

IF THEY'RE CALLING TO US, WHY DON'T THEY LET US IN?



GENE?

WHY DON'T THEY LET US IN?



WHY WON'T
THEY LET US
INSIDE?

GET
BEHIND GENE,
CLARA BOW!



GET
BEHIND
ME!



GENE-DOG!
DUCK!



THOK



WATCH IT!

NNYAAHH!



IT'S NO GOOD! IT'S NO GOOD, GENE--

SHIT, GENE!



BOZZZK

YOW!





MOVE!



GET WHET!



HELLO?

»KOFF«
»KOFF«



HELLO?
ANYONE
HERE?

ANY
MASTERS
HERE?



WHERE ARE YOUR MASTERS, MATE?

WHO OPENED THE GATE? WHO FIRED THE GUNS?
GENE, WHERE IS EVERYONE?

GENE DOESN'T KNOW, HE--



GROUND SOUNDS!

I FEEL IT! GROUND SOUNDS, BUT NO SCENT! SOMETHING'S COMING! IT--



GENE?
IS THAT ONE OF YOUR MASTERS?







UGHNN!
GET OFF!

**GENE
WILL
BREAK
YOU!**

**GENE-DOG!
I CAN'T MOVE MY
LEGS! THEY'VE
GONE ALL DEAD!**



**GET OFF ME,
METAL-FACE!**

**DISABLE
SPECIMEN
ONE.**



GAAAAHH!

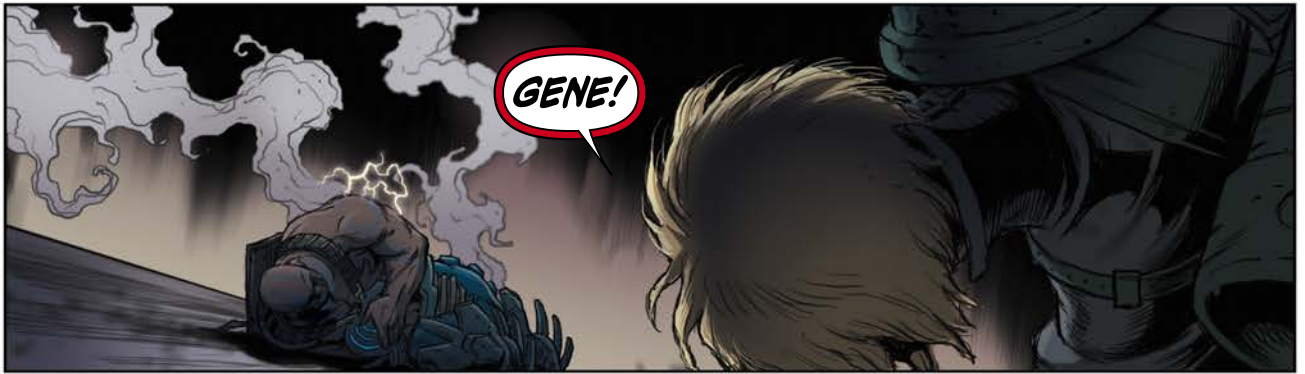
GENE!



**TRANSPORT
SPECIMEN TWO
TO HOLDING
POUND.**

**PUT ME
DOWN! LET
ME GO!**

**GENE! IT'S
BLOODY GOT
ME! GENE-DOG!
DON'T BE
DEAD!**



GENE!



GEEZ-LO-WHEEZE!
THIS PLACE IS UGLY!

I WISH WE'D NEVER COME HERE!
I WISH WE'D NEVER KNOCKED ON YOUR STUPID DOOR!

I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THIS!



OH SHIT.



LOOK, EVERYBODY.

FRESH MEAT.



C-CLARA?

CLARA BOW?



CLARA BOW!

THE MONGREL ISN'T HERE, ALIX.

IS SHE YOUR LIFE-MATE, ALIX?



YOU KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, STAY IN LINE, AND MAYBE I'LL LET YOU SEE HER AGAIN. MAYBE WE'LL GET YOU A LICENCE TO BREED.

WHO ARE YOU, FUNNY VOICE? YOU ARE NOT THE MASTERS, YOU ARE NOT THE URGINGS.



OH, BUT I AM, ALIX.

I'M **GENERAL JOHN BINGHAM HERLOCKER.**

AND I'M GOING TO BRING YOU TO HEEL.

NEW MEXICO, SIX YEARS BEFORE THE BIG SLEEP.





CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING, SIR?

YOU LOOK TIRED, IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING.

I DON'T THINK ANYBODY'S CATCHING MUCH SLEEP AT THE MOMENT, JOHN.

I SPEND TIME WITH THE FAMILY, AND ALL I DO IS BARK AT THEM.

THEN I CAN'T SLEEP. I END UP WATCHING OLD MOVIES ON CABLE.



DO YOU LIKE OLD MOVIES, LIEUTENANT? SEEMS TO ME THEY DON'T MAKE STARS LIKE THAT ANY MORE.

REAL HEROES, YOU KNOW?

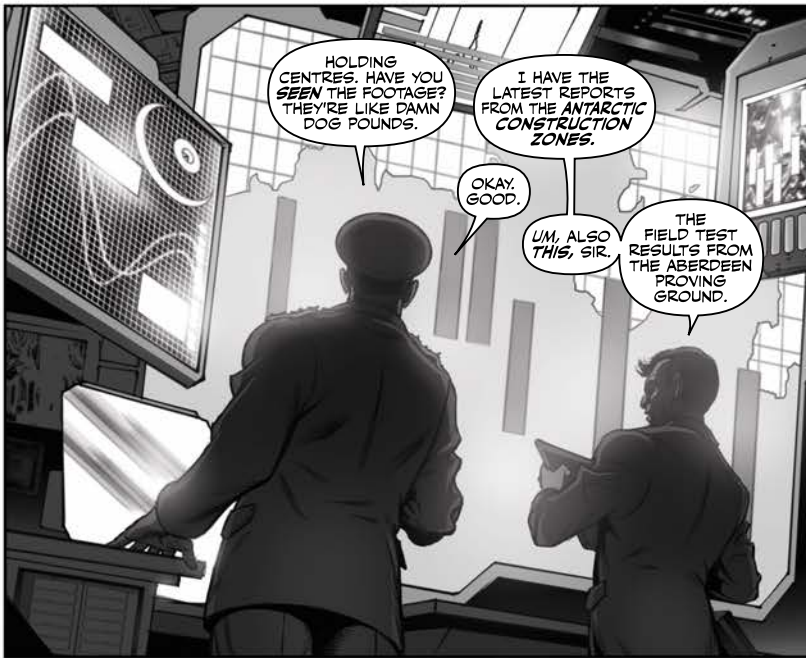


JOHN WAYNE, AUDIE MURPHY. THOSE GUYS.

THEY'D HAVE KICKED THEM'S ASS YEARS AGO. THEY WOULDN'T STILL BE SCRABBLING AROUND IN THE DIRT, TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO BEAT A BUNCH OF DAMN INSECTS...

OH, IGNORE MY GROUCHING, JOHN. TALK ME THROUGH TODAY'S SLATE.

THE EVACUATION OF FLORIDA CONTINUES, SIR. THE HOLDING CENTRES OUTSIDE ATLANTA ARE GETTING PRETTY FULL.



HOLDING CENTRES. HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOOTAGE? THEY'RE LIKE DAMN DOG POUNDS.

I HAVE THE LATEST REPORTS FROM THE ANTARCTIC CONSTRUCTION ZONES.

OKAY, GOOD.

UM, ALSO THIS, SIR.

THE FIELD TEST RESULTS FROM THE ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND.



THE NEONICOTINOID SPRAYS AREN'T WORKING.

WHAT? BUT THE LAB TESTS WERE SOLID!

COMCON THINKS THEY ARE DEVELOPING RAPID IMMUNITY AFTER EXPOSURE. WE CAN'T DEVELOP PESTICIDES FAST ENOUGH.



GOD HELP US, JOHN. THE NEONICOTINOIDS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE **MAGIC BULLET**.

I WAS GOING TO PRESENT TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF THIS MORNING.



WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO **NOW**, JOHN?

WE NEED A BREAKTHROUGH. A **MIRACLE**.

SIR, I'VE BEEN SITTING ON THIS PROPOSAL FROM THE GENETICS DIVISION BECAUSE IT'S **PRETTY OUT THERE**, BUT--

SHOW ME, JOHN.

RIGHT NOW...



"...I'LL LOOK AT **ANYTHING**."

AUXTRALIA, PRESENT DAY.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, AUX?



GENE. IT'S GENE.

GENE?

I'LL BE...

REALLY?

LISTEN TO ME, GENE. THIS IS ONE OF COMCON'S **PRIMARY SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE BASE STATIONS**.

IT'S A VAT-PLANT. AN **AUX FACTORY**.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



NOT REALLY. YOUR MOUTH IS FULL OF STRANGE.

WHY ARE YOU IN A METAL SHINY THING LIKE A SURFEATER ROBERT?

WHY ARE YOU SO OLD?

I'VE BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME, AUX. SINCE BEFORE THIS DAMN WAR BEGAN.

I WAS IN CRYO, BUT THERE WAS A SYSTEM FAILURE.

I'VE BEEN REVIVED AND ACTIVE NINE YEARS THIS SPRING. MY CYBER-FRAME KEEPS ME TICKING ALONG.



THIS WAR'S ALL BUT LOST, AUX. THEM HAVE VIRTUALLY WIPED US OFF THE STAGE.

IT'S VITAL THAT THIS VAT-FACTORY STARTS PRODUCING NEW WAVES OF FRONTLINE TROOPS.

TROUBLE IS, OUR GENETIC SAMPLE BANKS ARE EXHAUSTED.



WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A MIRACLE, AUX. A BREAKTHROUGH.

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.



THE POUND.



WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BRIGHT EYES?

I'M CLARA BOW.

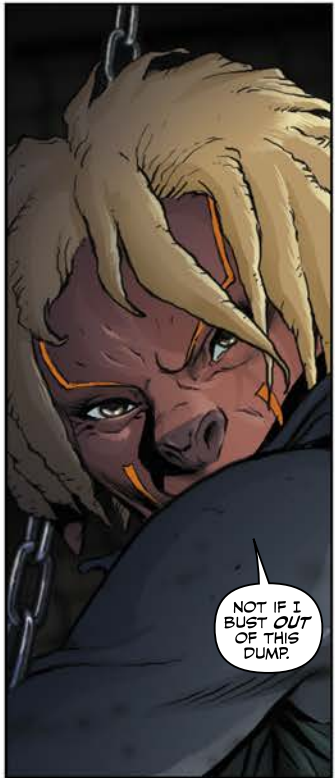


PLEASED TO MEETCHA, CLARA.

I'M J.S. BARK.

THIS IS DEBORAH CUR, AND CLAWED RAINES, AND ALL THE OTHERS.

YOU'LL GET TO KNOW ALL OF US.



NOT IF I BUST OUT OF THIS DUMP.



YEAH, BUT YOU WON'T, BITCH. NO ONE GETS OUT OF THE POUND.

NO ONE EVER DOES. YOU'RE ONE OF US, SEE? YOU'RE MONGREL BREED, WILD STOCK.

US STRAYS, WE'RE NO BLOODY USE TO THE GENERAL. HE'S LOOKING FOR PEDIGREE.



YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING, BRIGHT EYES?



YOU WIND UP IN THE POUND, YOU BETTER HOPE SOMEONE WANTS YOU...

...OTHERWISE YOU STAY HERE TILL YOU'RE DEAD.









YOU! TELL
GENE YOUR
NAME!

D-DEBORAH!
DEBORAH CUR!

GET
CLEAR,
DEBORAH
CUR!



GENE WILL
FINISH THIS!



HE'S
GOOD.



BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM

GET THE
HELL OFF OF
MY LAWN!



DADDY!
DADDY!

I'LL
CALL IT IN. WE'LL
NEED LOCKDOWN TO
GET THE AREA
SWEEP.
JOYCE,
CAN YOU SHUT
THE DAMN DOG
UP, PLEASE??



THE
"DAMN DOG"
GOT IN ITS
WAY.

DIDN'T
YOU *SEE*?

BUT FOR
THE "DAMN DOG",
OUR SON WOULD
BE DEAD.



GET UP,
DEBORAH
CUR.

THEM'S
DEADER AND
DEAD.

W-WHAT
ARE YOU?

A
HACKMAN.

GENE IS
LOOKING FOR
CLARA BOW. DO
YOU *KNOW* CLARA
BOW, DEBORAH
CUR?



Y-YEAH,
SHE CAME TO US
YESTERDAY.

SHE'S IN
THE POUND
WITH US.

BEGIN
PHASE
TWO...



"...WOLF-CLASS ARACHNID."

TELL
GENE ABOUT
THIS "POUND"
PLACE.
NOW.



NO! NO MORE!

SHUT UP, DEBORAH CUR! SHUT UP AND RUN!

TEST SUBJECT IS NOW TACKLING PHASE TWO. WOLF-CLASS ARACHNID-FORM.



GOOD CHRIST, LOOK AT HIM.

SUBJECT IS CLEARLY AN ALPHA-CLASS AIX.

IT'S NOT JUST THE BUILD AND THE MUSCLE DENSITY...



"...IT'S THE *ENGINEERED* COMBAT SKILLS AND SENSORY ENHANCERS. YOU CAN'T TRAIN THAT. WE *BRED* IT INTO THEM.

"BRED IT INTO THE *BONE*."



"IT'S A *FIGHTING* ANIMAL. NO MERCY, NO REMORSE, NO FEELINGS."

"NOT WEAK AND DILUTED LIKE THE *MONGREL CRAP* IN THE POUND."



BUILT FOR ONE PURPOSE.

OUR SALVATION.



NEW MEXICO, SIX YEARS BEFORE THE BIG SLEEP.

USAF ACCOMMODATION COMPOUND.

JOHN?
YEAH, SORRY TO CALL SO LATE, BUT--

OH, YOU HEARD? RIGHT, RIGHT.

NO, MY SON'S FINE. THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN.



YEAH, GODDAMN THING LANDED IN MY YARD.

WELL, THEY'RE ON SITE NOW. USUAL SPRAY AND DETOX.

NO, I HADN'T HEARD THAT, JOHN. CHRIST.



RIGHT ACROSS THE NEW MEXICO ZONE, GENERAL. YOURS WASN'T THE ONLY BACKYARD TO GET A VISIT TONIGHT.

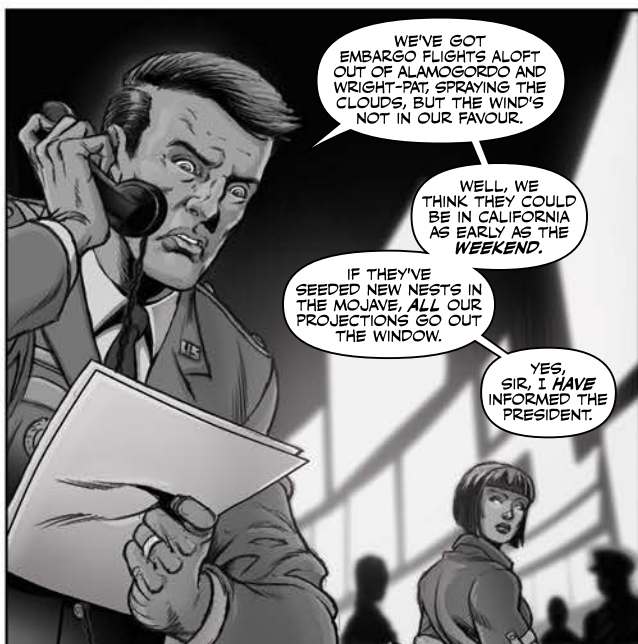
THE SOUTHERN SWARM DRONES HAVE NEVER GOTTEN THIS FAR WEST BEFORE. BEHAVIOURAL THINKS IT COULD BE PART OF A NEW MOBILISATION PHASE.

AN EXTENSION OF THE NEST NETWORK, TRYING TO ESTABLISH NEW COLONIES.



YEAH, JUST LIKE WE SAW LAST YEAR IN FLORIDA.

WELL, WE'RE SURPRISED BY THE RANGE TOO.



WE'VE GOT EMBARGO FLIGHTS ALOFT OUT OF ALAMOGORDO AND WRIGHT-PAT, SPRAYING THE CLOUDS, BUT THE WIND'S NOT IN OUR FAVOUR.

WELL, WE THINK THEY COULD BE IN CALIFORNIA AS EARLY AS THE WEEKEND.

IF THEY'VE SEEDED NEW NESTS IN THE MOJAVE, ALL OUR PROJECTIONS GO OUT THE WINDOW.

YES, SIR. I HAVE INFORMED THE PRESIDENT.



JOHN, WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THIS *AUX PROPOSAL* FROM GENETICS.

YEAH, I *KNOW* I SHOT IT DOWN EARLIER. THAT WAS EARLIER.

AND I *KNOW* THE THINKING IS WE SHOULD GO WITH THE *ROBOTICS* OPTION.



BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY *GLITCHES*, AND THE UNIT PRICE IS SO DAMN HIGH!

THIS COULD BE *CHEAPER*. MORE IMPORTANTLY, THIS COULD BE *FASTER*.

WE NEED FASTER.



JOHN, CAN YOU WORK UP A PRESENTATION FOR ME? I'M GOING TO TAKE IT TO THE JOINT CHIEFS IN THE MORNING.

JOHN, YOU'RE A *HERO*. I'LL MAKE SURE THEY HAVE THAT *ROBERT WAGNER* FELLAH PLAY YOU IN THE BIOPIC.



AUXTRALIA, PRESENT DAY.

THE POUND.

THEN HE CAME OUT OF *NOWHERE*, AND HE *KILLED* IT! *DEAD AS!*

AND THE *RAK* THAT CAME AFTER! HE SAVED MY LIFE!



WHAT DID YOU SAY HIS NAME WAS, *DEB*?

SHUT UP, CLAWED RAINES! I WANNA HEAR *DEB* TELL THE TALE *AGAIN!*

TELL IT *AGAIN*, *DEBORAH* CUR!



SHE'S TOLD IT ALREADY, J.S.
LEAVE HER BE.



IT WAS GENE, WASN'T IT, DEBORAH CUR?
IT WAS GENE OMEGA WHO SAVED YOU.



HE CALLED HIMSELF GENE THE HACKMAN.
HE ASKED AFTER YOU, CLARA BOW.
I TOLD HIM YOU WAS HERE.



AFTER HE KILLED THE BIG RAK, THE SERVITOR ROBOTS TOOK HIM AWAY.
BUT HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU HE WAS COMING TO FIND YOU.



WHOO-HOO, BRIGHT EYES!
YOUR BOYFRIEND'S BACK, AND THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE!

TOO BLOODY RIGHT THERE IS.



GENTLEMEN,
COLLEAGUES.

SORRY
TO CALL YOU
IN SO LATE,
BUT I HAVE
NEWS.



GOOD
NEWS.

THE AIX SPECIMEN
WE GATHERED TWO DAYS
AGO HAS COME THROUGH
EXAMINATION AND
EVALUATION WITH *VERY*
HIGH PERCENTILES.



AS WE HOPED, HE'S
GENUINE FIRST GENERATION.
PEDIGREE GENE STOCK.
FACTORY QUALITY.

WE CAN *RESTART*
THE BREEDING
PROGRAMME. WE
CAN *RESTART*
PRODUCTION.



OF COURSE,
THE SPECIMEN WILL HAVE
TO BE *ENTIRELY* RENDERED
DOWN TO MAXIMISE *GENETIC*
YIELD, BUT THAT'S A
SMALL PRICE.



GENTLEMEN,
WE CAN START
FIGHTING THIS
WAR AGAIN!



NEW MEXICO, SIX YEARS BEFORE THE BIG SLEEP

GENTLEMEN, COLLEAGUES.

I'M GOING TO KEEP THIS SIMPLE.

WE'RE LOSING THE WAR AGAINST THEM AND WE'RE LOSING IT BAD.



MANKIND NEEDS AN EDGE, OR MANKIND IS GOING TO BE EXTINCT SOMETIME IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS.

WE HAVE OUR SURVIVAL CONTINGENCIES. COMCON IS MAKING GREAT STRIDES WITH THE ANTARCTIC CONSTRUCTION ZONES.

BUT WE NEED A WEAPON.



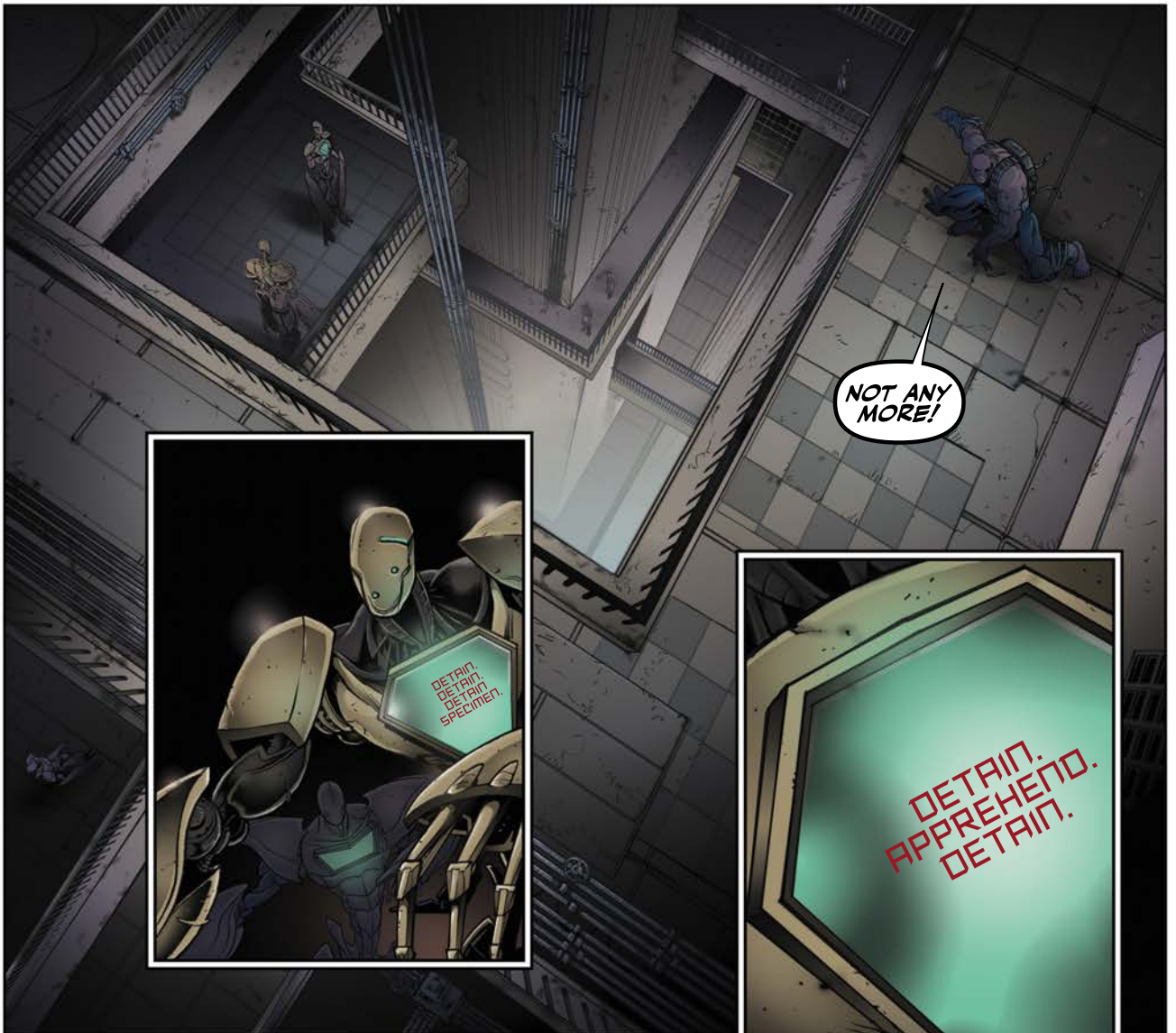
FIRST SLIDE, PLEASE.

GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE AUXILIARY COMBATANT RESOURCE.



I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO SOMEONE WHO'S GOING TO FIGHT THIS WAR FOR US.







I DON'T WANT TO DETAIN YOU LONG.

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT **GENETICALLY MANUFACTURING** FRONTLINE SOLDIERS.

THIS ISN'T MORE OF THAT "SUPER SOLDIER" CRAPOLA, IS IT, GENERAL?

THE DROP-OUT RATE WAS **ATROCIOUS**, NOT TO MENTION THE **INVALIDITY SETTLEMENTS**.



NO, SIR. WE'RE NOT GOING TO ENHANCE OR ADAPT ANY **HUMAN** PERSONNEL AT ALL.

I'M TALKING ABOUT **CONSTRUCTING TROOPS**. TROOPS THAT ARE **BIOLOGICALLY FABRICATED** TO BE FAR **TOUGHER** AND FAR **STRONGER** THAN ANY HUMAN COULD EVER BE.

THE DEVELOPMENTAL PLATFORM WILL INCLUDE **SOME** HUMAN DNA, BUT ONTO THAT WE WILL GRAFT **SYNTHETICS** AND ALLOYS TO BOOST MUSCLE STRENGTH, BONE DENSITY AND ORGAN REDUNDANCY.

WE'LL MAKE THEM RESISTANT TO TOXINS, MAKE THEM ABLE TO SOAK UP PAIN AND DAMAGE WITHOUT **BLINKING**.

AND THEY WILL BE **UNFAILINGLY** LOYAL AND OBEIENT.

THEY WILL ALSO HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF NATURAL TENACITY, FEROCITY, AND **INHUMAN** REFLEXES.

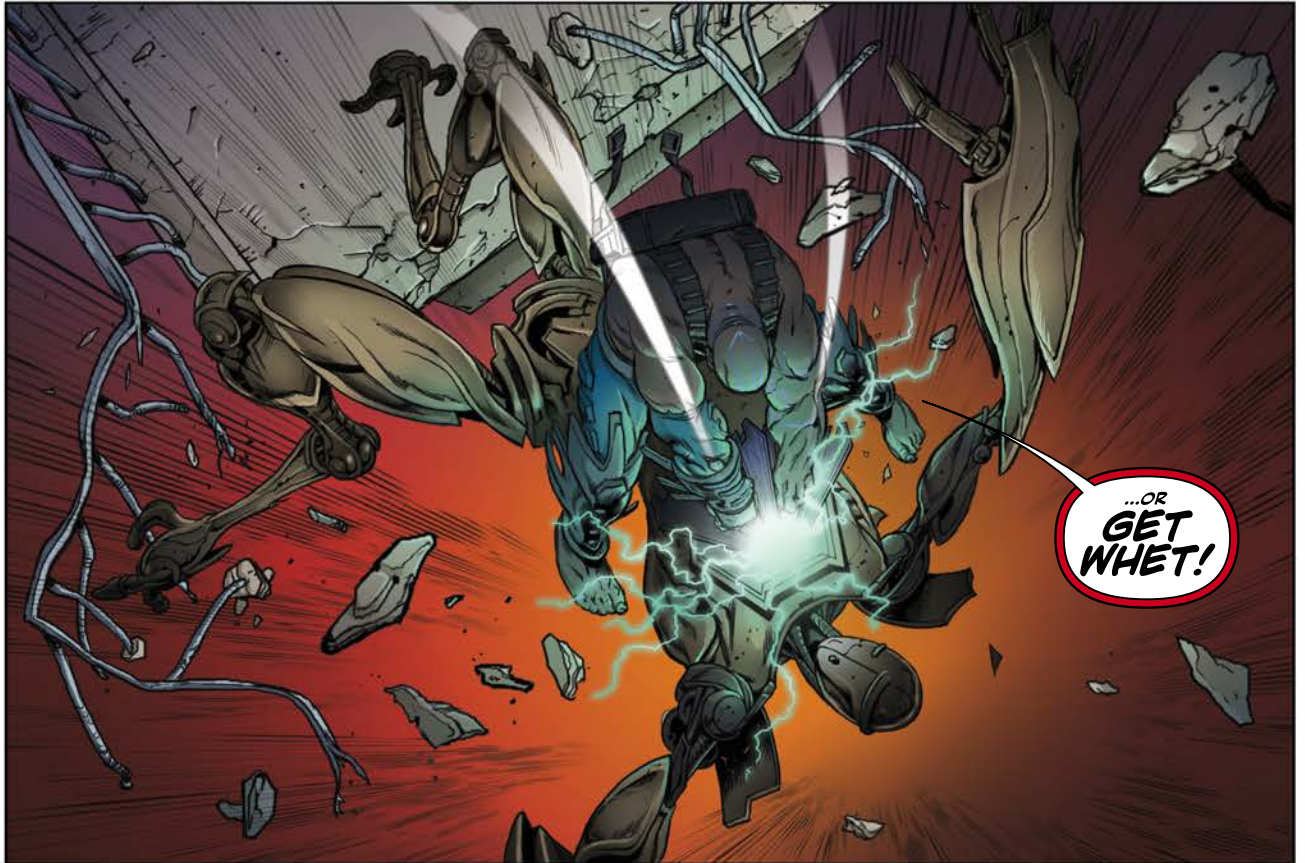
SENSES SHARPER THAN A **MICROPROBE**. SIGHT, HEARING, VIBRATION, SMELL...

GENERAL, IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT **GENETIC MODIFICATION**, WHERE'S THE BULK OF THE **CONTRIBUTORY DNA** GOING TO COME FROM?



FOR THAT, SIR, WE'LL NEED A FRIEND.

A **BEST** FRIEND.



THE POUND.

TROUBLE!
I HEAR THAT
TROUBLE AND
HOO-HAH I
TOLD YOU WAS
COMING!

SOMETHING'S
DEFINITELY UP!

I
HEAR IT TOO,
J.S. BARK!



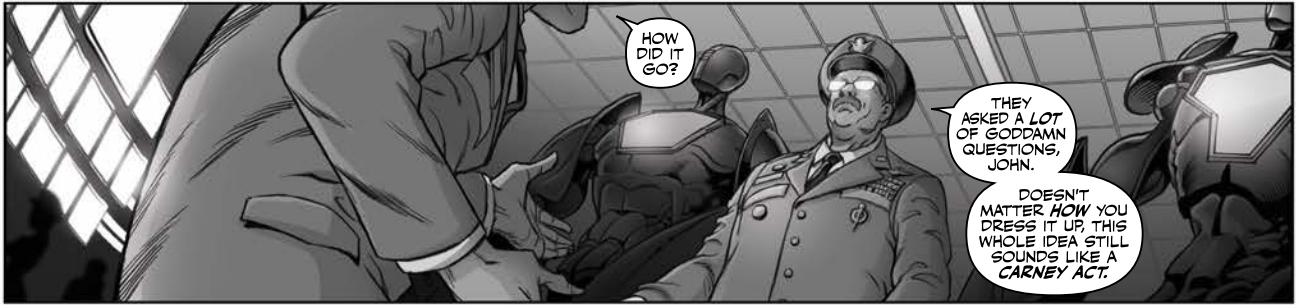
YOU'RE
RIGHT,
BARK.

IT'S
GENE THE BLOODY
HACKMAN, THAT'S
WHAT IT IS.



NEW MEXICO, SIX YEARS BEFORE THE BIG SLEEP

GENERAL?



HOW DID IT GO?

THEY ASKED A LOT OF GODDAMN QUESTIONS, JOHN.

DONESIT MATTER HOW YOU DRESS IT UP THIS WHOLE IDEA STILL SOUNDS LIKE A CARNEY ACT.



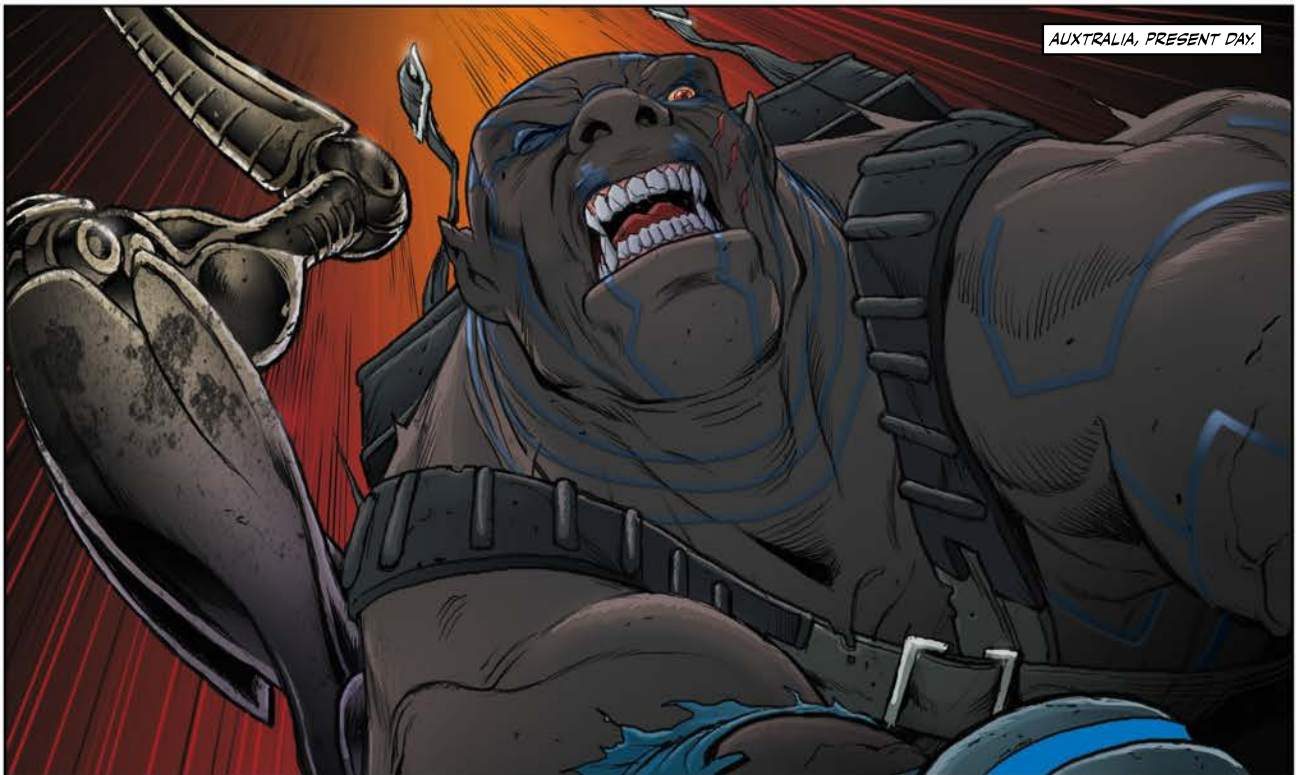
THEY WENT FOR IT.

THESE ARE TOUGH TIMES, JOHN.

RUSH START. PROTOTYPES AS SOON AS WE CAN DO IT.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR AUX PROGRAMME GREEN-LIT, JOHN.

MY GOD, SIR!



AUXTRALIA, PRESENT DAY.





WHAT'S HAPPENING?

GIVE ME DATA!



THE ALIX IS FREE!
DAMMIT!

GET IT DETAINED
AND INTO A
GENETIC
SPLICER!

NOW!



NO, YOU DAMN WELL ARE NOT AUTHORISED TO USE LETHAL FORCE!

I NEED ITS BODY ALIVE SO I CAN DISASSEMBLE IT!



AAAHH!

GET YOUR STING THING OUT OF GENE'S FACE, SURFEATER ROBERT!



THE POUND.

HEAR HIM? OH, YEAH!

HE'S COMING! YOUR BOYFRIEND'S COMING, CLARA BOW!

COMING TO SAVE US ALL!



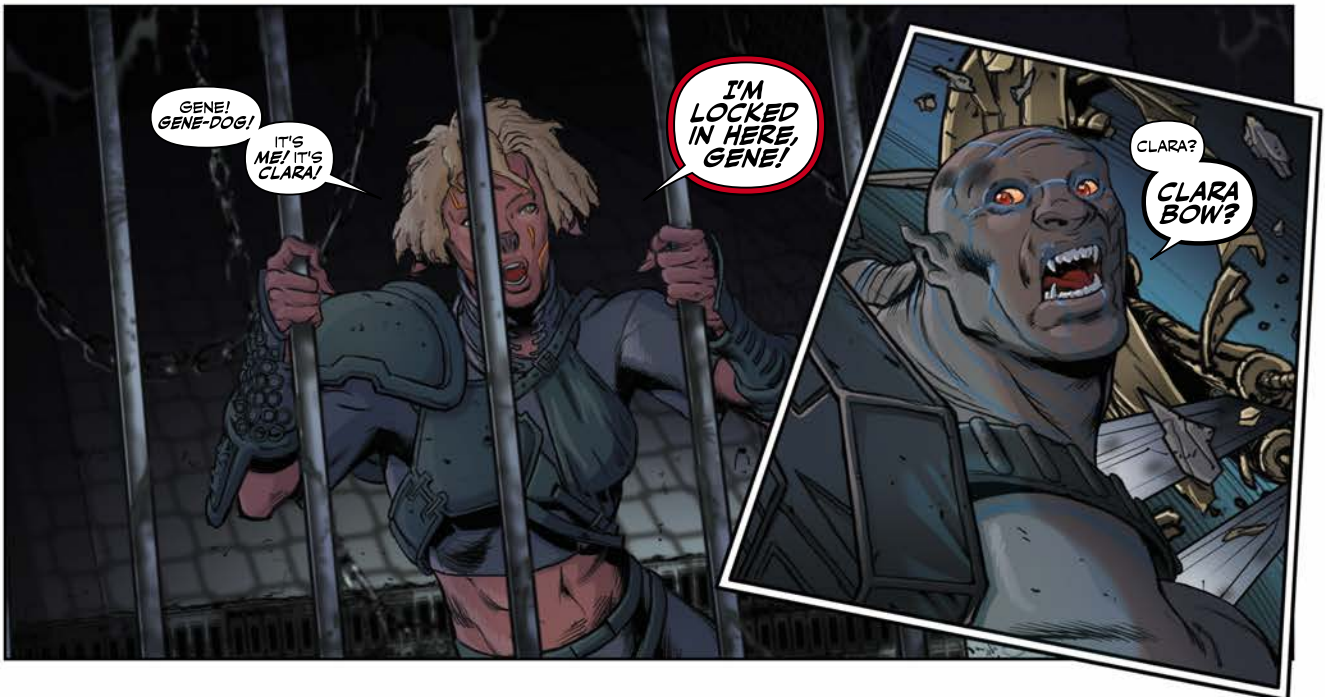
IS THAT TRUE, CLARA?

WILL HE SAVE US ALL?



HE'S COMING TO SAVE ME. ME.

BUT IF I ASK HIM NICE...



GENE! GENE-DOG!

IT'S ME! IT'S CLARA!

I'M LOCKED IN HERE, GENE!

CLARA?
CLARA BOW?



I HEAR YOU, CLARA BOW!

I HEAR YOU!



SEE?



LOOK AT HIM. MAGNIFICENT.

IF HE WASN'T DESTROYING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY WHOLESALE, IT WOULD BE A THING OF BEAUTY.

YES, I NOTICED. HE'S HEADING FOR THE POUND NOW.



HIS LIFEMATES IN THERE, ISN'T SHEP OF COURSE.

LOYALTY. THEY'RE ALWAYS SO GODDAMN LOYAL.

GIVE ME TANNON.



GENE? YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS YOUR MASTER'S VOICE.

THIS IS GENERAL HERLOCKER.

I URGE YOU TO SURRENDER AT ONCE, GENE.



IF YOU DON'T, GENE, I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO START KILLING THE MONGRELS IN THE POUND.

STARTING WITH THAT BITCH OF YOURS...



NEW MEXICO, SIX YEARS BEFORE THE BIG SLEEP.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS, WELCOME TO THE PROVING GROUNDS THIS MORNING.

YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE FIRST **FIELD DEMONSTRATION** OF THE **AUXILIARY COMBATANT RESOURCE PROJECT PROTOTYPE.**



GENTLEMEN, IT MAY CHANGE THE **OUTCOME** OF THIS NIGHTMARE WAR.

THE AUX MAY **SAVE** THE HUMAN RACE.

IF YOU TURN TO YOUR ZOOM SCREENS, WE'LL BEGIN.



YE **GODS**, MAN! YOU'VE GOT TWO OF **THEM** THINGS LOOSE DOWN THERE!

ALL PART OF THE EXERCISE, COLONEL WAYLEN. **WATCH.**





AUXTRALIA, PRESENT DAY.

OKAY, HERLOCKER. YOU WIN.

GENE WILL NOT FIGHT YOU AND YOUR SURFEATER ROBERTS ANY MORE.

NOT IF YOU ARE GOING TO HURT CLARA BOW.

SMART, GENE. *REAL* SMART.

YOU ALPHAS ALWAYS *WERE* QUICK ON THE UPTAKE.

G-GENE DOG?

EVERYTHING WILL BE *ALL RIGHT*, CLARA BOW.

EXACTLY. EVERYTHING WILL BE *SWELL*.

WE'RE WORKING *TOGETHER* NOW, YOU AND ME.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO *DO* TOGETHER, GENE?

NO.

WE'RE GOING TO *SAVE* THE WORLD.

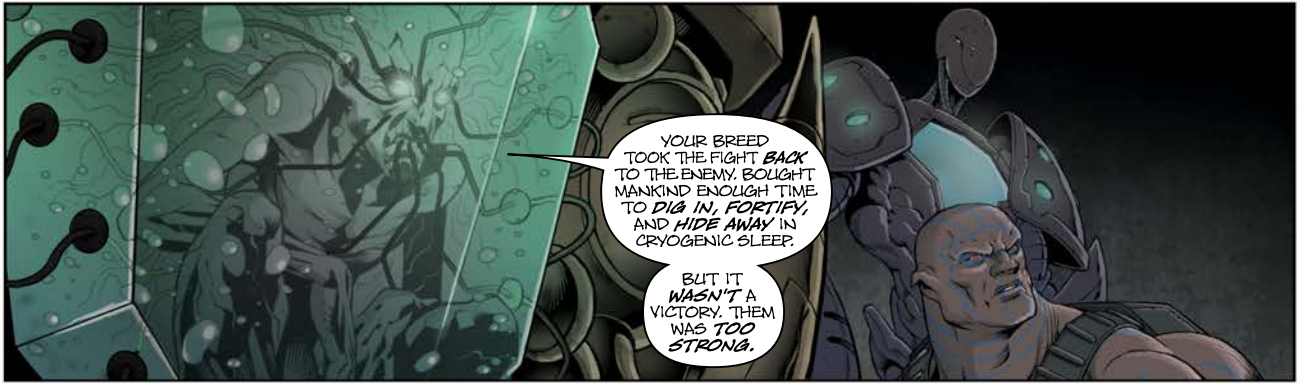
COME AND MEET THE TOP BRASS.

THERE'S A *WAR* ON, YOU KNOW. MANKIND VERSUS *THEM*. AND WE WERE *LOSING*. LOSING *BAD*.

MANKIND WAS ON THE *ROPE*, GENE. *ANY* OF MY COLLEAGUES HERE WILL TELL YOU THAT.

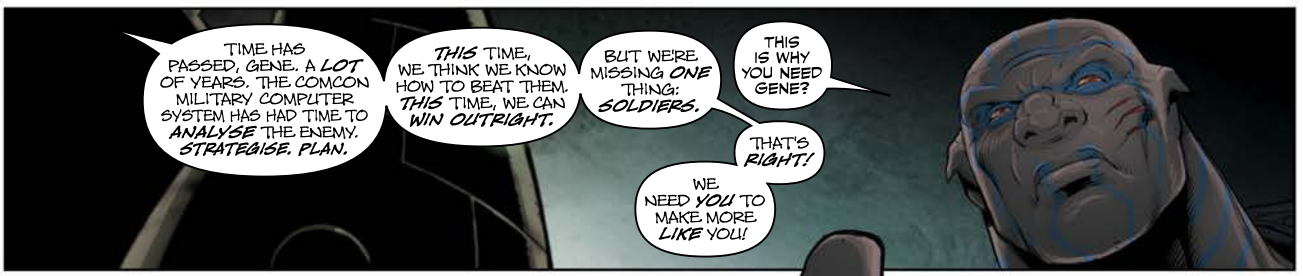
SO WE BUILT THE *AUX*. WARRIORS LIKE *YOU*.

I WAS RIGHT THERE AT THE START OF THE PROGRAMME.



YOUR BREED TOOK THE FIGHT **BACK** TO THE ENEMY. BOUGHT MANKIND ENOUGH TIME TO **DIG IN, FORTIFY,** AND **HIDE AWAY** IN CRYOGENIC SLEEP.

BUT IT **WASN'T** A VICTORY. THEM WAS **TOO STRONG.**



TIME HAS PASSED, GENE. A **LOT** OF YEARS. THE COMCON MILITARY COMPUTER SYSTEM HAS HAD TIME TO **ANALYSE** THE ENEMY. **STRATEGISE, PLAN.**

THIS TIME, WE THINK WE KNOW HOW TO BEAT THEM. **THIS** TIME, WE CAN **WIN OUTRIGHT.**

BUT WE'RE MISSING **ONE** THING: **SOLDIERS.**

THIS IS WHY YOU NEED GENE?

THAT'S **RIGHT!**

WE NEED **YOU** TO MAKE MORE **LIKE YOU!**



GENE SEES THE **SENSE, HERLOCKER.** GENE UNDERSTANDS YOUR **WORDS.**

BUT GENE DOESN'T NEED MUSCLES IN HIS HEAD TO FIGURE OUT...



...THAT THE WORLD IS **NOT** HOW YOU SEE IT, AND THAT **YOUR** HEAD IS FULL OF **WRONG!**

AUXTRALIA, PRESENT DAY.

SO YOU
THINK I'M
CRAZY,
HUHF?

THAT'S RICH.
AN AUX--AN AUX
LIKE YOU--TELLING
ME I'M CRAZY?

YOU'RE JUST AN
INSTRUMENT, GENE.
JUST A TOOL.

WE
MADE YOU TO
FIGHT, NOT
TO THINK.

YOU
SHUT UP,
TIN-BOY!

NO,
CLARA
BOW.

HERLOCKER,
HE IS RIGHT.

IT IS THE
RIGHT THING TO
FIGHT THEM. THE
RIGHT THING.

THAT'S
WHY WE
ARE.

FIGHTING
THEM, BEATING
THEM, THAT'S ALL
THAT MATTERS.



I'M GLAD YOU SEE THE TRUTH OF IT, GENE.



TROUBLE IS, GENE IS WORRIED ABOUT HERLOCKER'S JUDGEMENT.

YOU BEEN IN THE CRYO A LONG TIME, BEEN IN THAT MACHINE TOO.

TOLD GENE THAT YOURSELF.



GENE THINKS MAYBE IT'S ROTTED YOUR BRAIN.

THE WORLD ISN'T LIKE YOU SEE IT.



THEM BLOKES? THEY'RE DEAD, HERLOCKER, BEEN DEAD AGES.



WE'RE...

...WE'RE UNDERSTAFFED.



RIGHT.

THAT'S WHY WE NEED **MORE SOLDIERS**, GENE! THAT'S WHY WE NEED **YOU!**



WE NEED TO BUILD UP OUR ARMY! A THOUSAND! **TEN THOUSAND!**

WE NEED TO BUILD UP A FIGHTING FORCE THAT WILL DRIVE **THEM** OFF THE PLANET **FOREVER!**



YOU DON'T NEED **MORE** SOLDIERS.

YOU BUILD MORE, THEY'LL **BREED** MORE.




YOU BRED ME TO **FIGHT**, HERLOCKER. I KNOW HOW TO DO IT. **REAL GOOD.**

I KNOW HOW TO **FIGHT** A FIGHT AND HOW TO **WIN** IT.

YOU GAVE GENE THE **MUSCLES**, AND THE **BLADES** TO DO IT.



AND HOW WOULD **YOU** WIN, THEN, GENE-DOG?



YOU NEED TO USE **TRICKS**. YOU GO UP AGAINST AN ENEMY SO **STRONG** HE CAN'T BE BEAT BY **NUMBERS**, THEN YOU HAVE TO USE THE MUSCLES IN YOUR **HEAD**.

FIGHT **SMART**. OLD MAN GARY TOLD GENE THAT.



YOU HAVE TO USE **SMART TRICKS**.

IF AN ENEMY'S **THAT BIG** AND **STRONG**, YOU CAN'T BEAT HIM IN A **STRAIGHT MATCH**.

SO YOU HAVE TO GET IN RIGHT **CLOSE**, RIGHT IN **UNDER** HIS **GUARD**...

...AND **STICK** HIM IN THE **HEART**.



IS THAT **SOP**?



OH YEAH. **KILL-STICK**.

A GOOD **KILL-STICK** TO THE **HEART**'LL TAKE DOWN **ANYTHING**, EVEN THE **BIGGEST** **BASTARD**.



YOU THINK **THAT**'LL **WORK**?

YUP.



I KNOW IT WORKS.

SKKKASSSUH

SEE?





BUT YOU SAID HE WAS A MASTER.

GENE AIN'T GOT NO MASTER.



WHAT ABOUT THE SURFEATER ROBERTS?



COMMAND SIGNAL HERLOCKER OFF LINE



DEFAULT DEACTIVATION POWER DOWN



THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TROUBLE US.

WE'RE LEAVING.

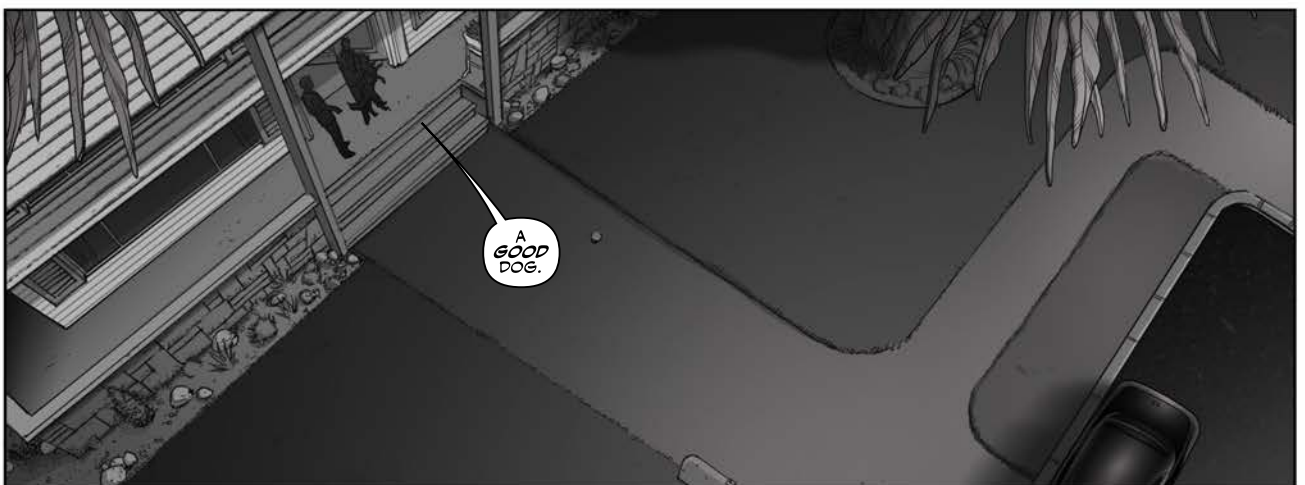
GENE, WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS IN THE POUND? WHAT ABOUT DEBORAH CUR AND CLAWED RAINES AND J.S. BARK?

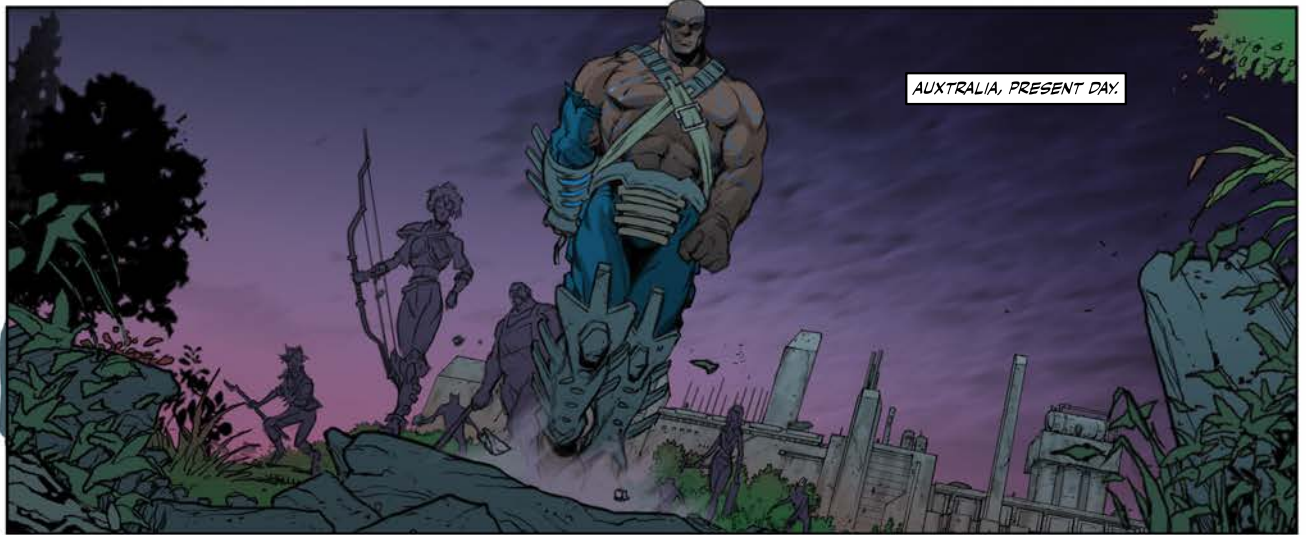


GO GET 'EM.

TELL THEM IF THEY WANT TO COME WITH US THEY CAN.





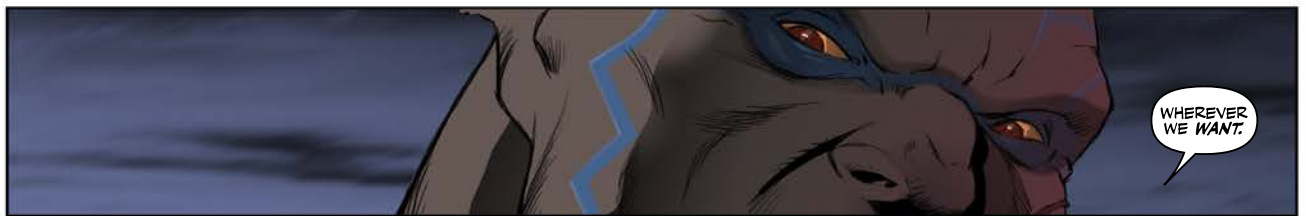


AUXTRALIA, PRESENT DAY.



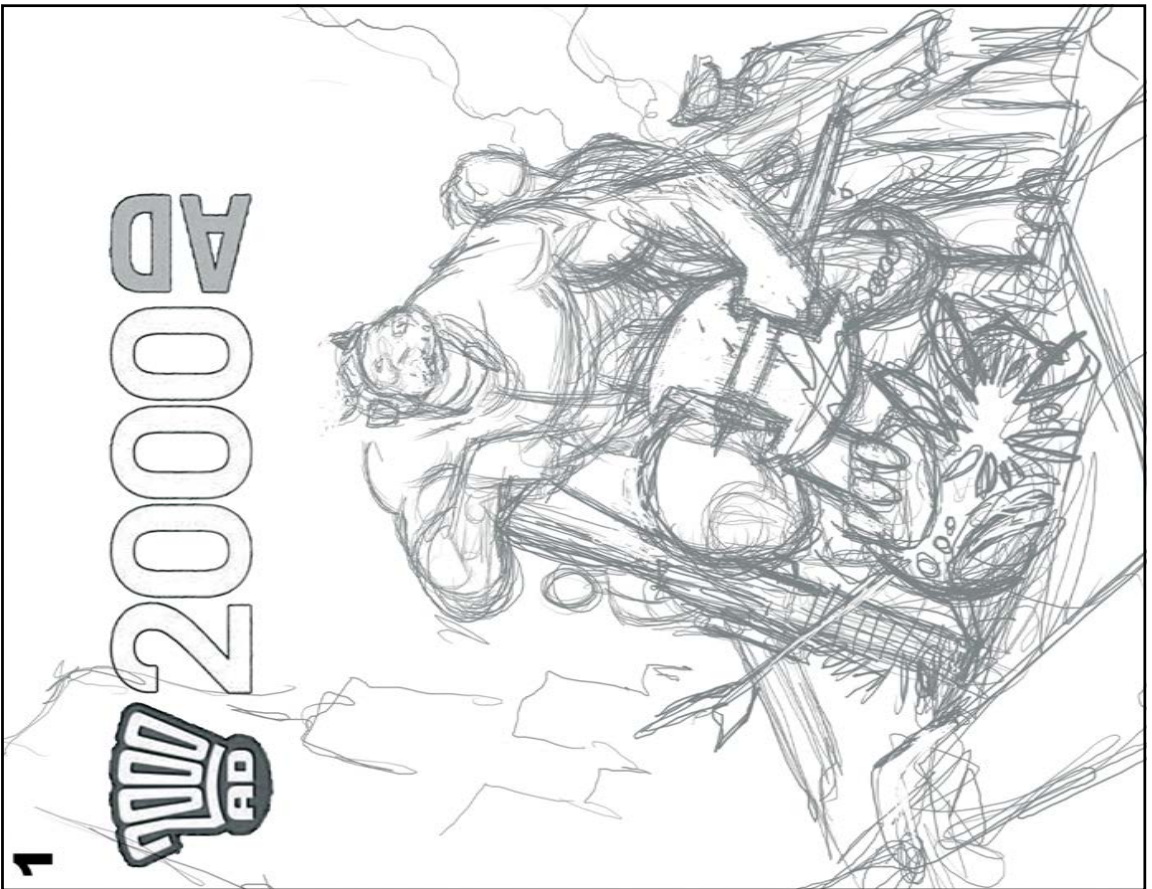
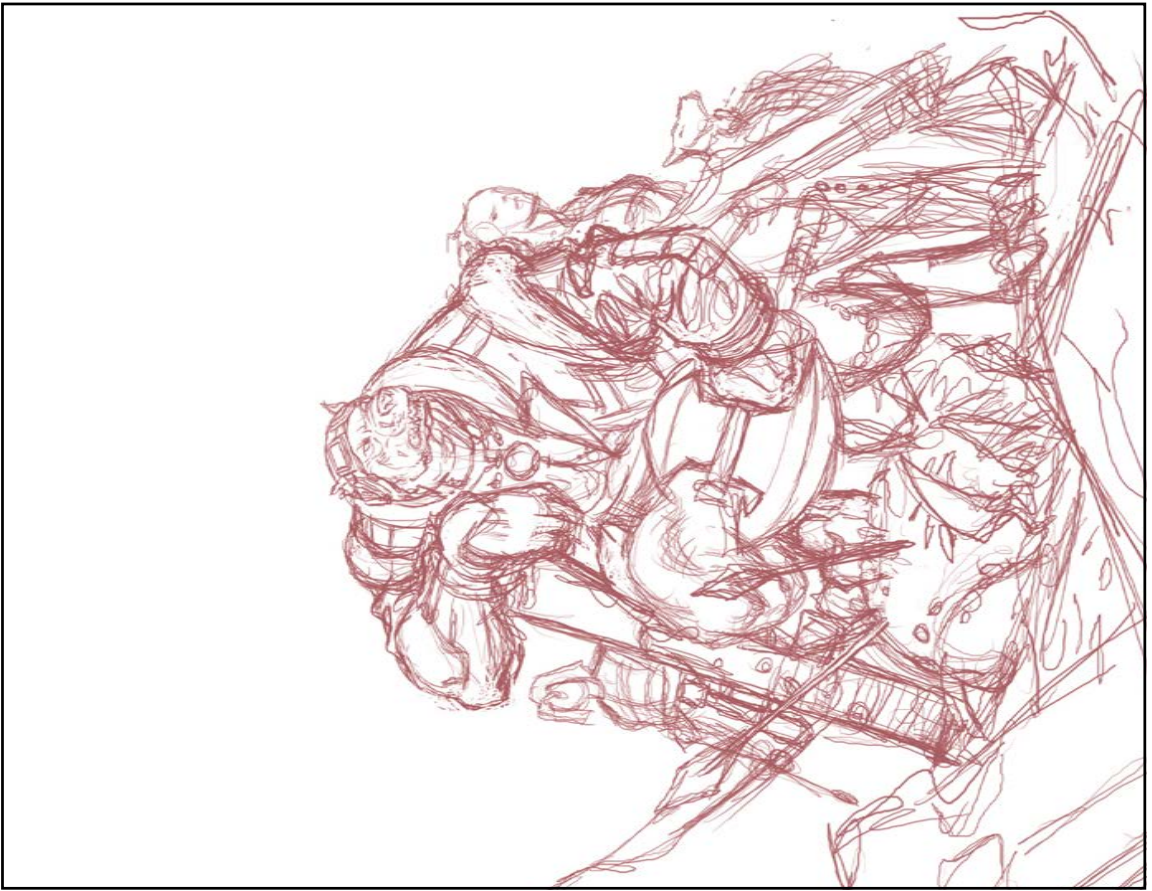
SO WHERE ARE WE GOING, GENE?

YEAH, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO, MATE?



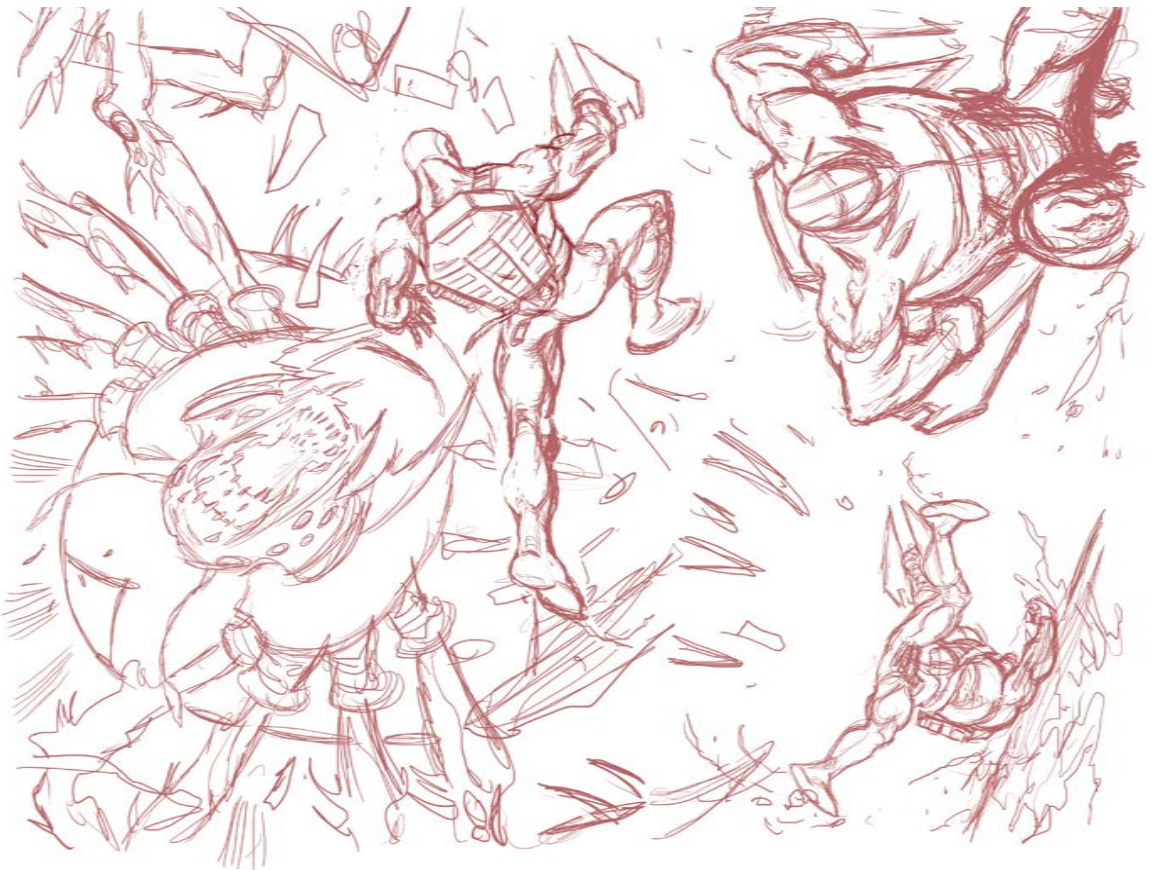
WHEREVER WE WANT.





The creative process: 2000 AD Prog 1652 cover from rough layout to pencils, inks and colour





The creative process: Episode 1 page 6, from rough layout to inks and colour



Half chewed ear.

WILL

Rex to scale.

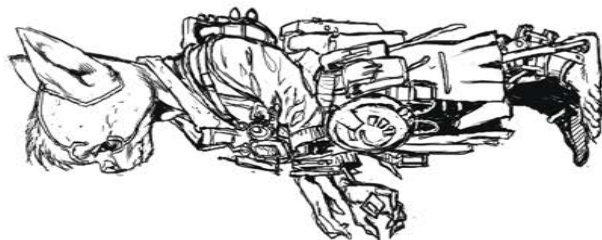
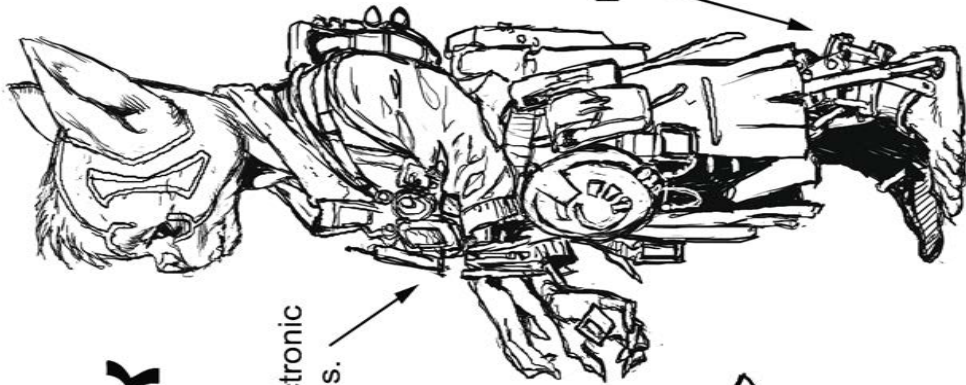


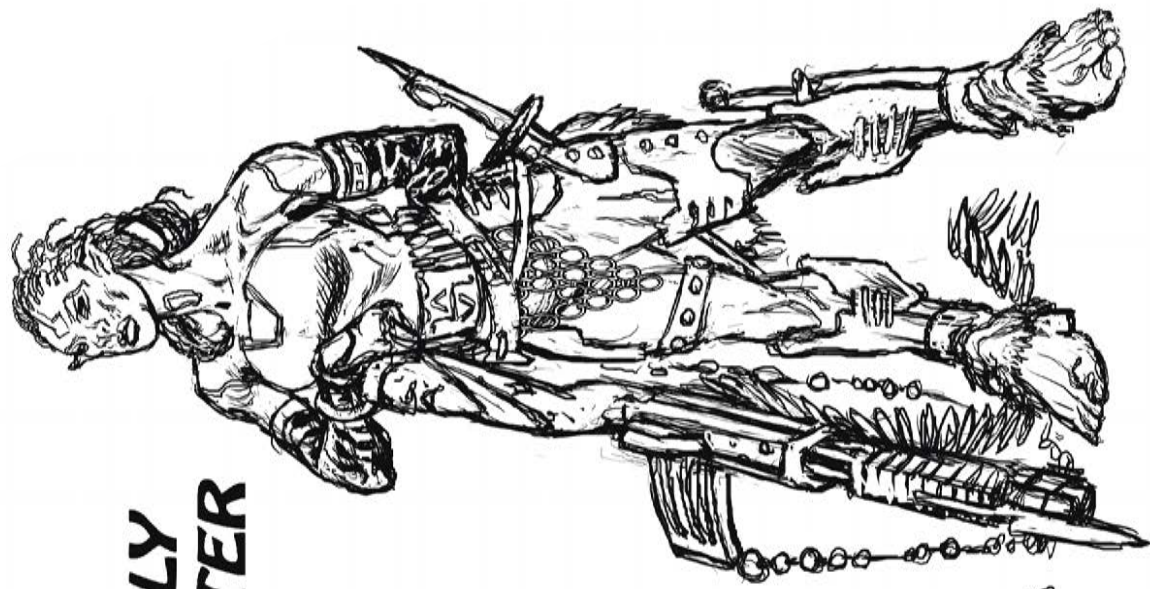
REX

Small, electronic devices.

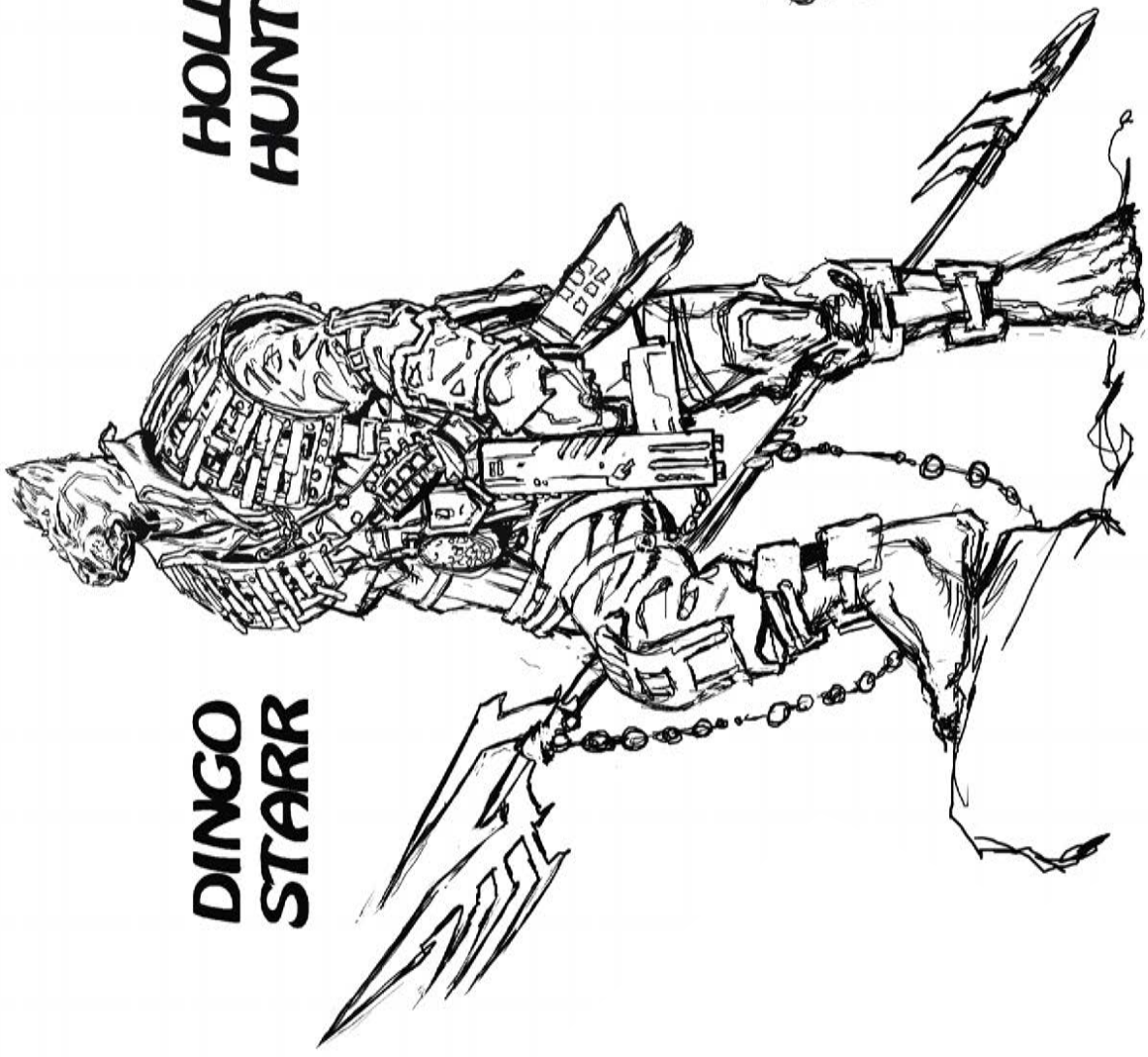
Brace on leg.

These small dogs always seem to have leg problems.





**HOLLY
HUNTER**



**DINGO
STARR**

CLARA BOW



DAN ABNETT

Dan Abnett is the co-creator of *2000 AD* series *Atavar*, *Badlands*, *Sancho Panzer* and *Sinister Dexter*. He has also written *Black Light*, *Downlode Tales*, *Durham Red*, *Flesh*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Roadkill*, *Rogue Trooper*, *The VCs*, *Vector 13* and *Venus Bluegenes*, as well as *The Scarlet Apocrypha* and *Wardog* for the *Megazine*. A prolific creator, Abnett has also written for Marvel, Dark Horse and DC Comics. He is the author of twenty novels for the Black Library, including the bestselling *Gaunt's Ghosts* series. His most recent work outside the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic* is DC's *Legion* and *Superman*, and Wildstorm's *Mr Majestic*. Dan Abnett was voted Best Writer Now at the 2003 National Comic Awards.

RICHARD ELSON

Richard Elson's first *2000 AD* work was on a *Future Shock* way back in 1988, and since then he has pencilled *Judge Dredd*, *Time Twisters*, *Terror Tales* and *Tyranny Rex*, as well as the co-created strips *Atavar*, *Roadkill*, *Shadows*, *The Scrap*, *A.H.A.B.*, *Go-Machine* and *Kingdom*.



IT'S A DOG EAT DOG WORLD!

EARTH, THE FAR FUTURE. Mankind has been all but destroyed, those still surviving forced into hiding by Them – insectile creatures that have taken over the world. Charged with protecting humanity are genetically engineered dog-soldiers like Gene the Hackman – savage warriors that patrol the wilderness, directed by Urgings from their Masters.

Now without a pack and having the responsibility of protecting young Leezee Sower, Gene has to survive in the kingdom of Auxtralia, where if Them don't kill him, the 'Wild Bunch' just might!

Written by best-selling author Dan Abnett (*Sinister Dexter*) and featuring the stunning art of Richard Elson (*Thor*) the continuing adventures of Gene the Hackman are a must have for any sci-fi/action fan.



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