

JUDGE ANDERSON

THE PSI FILES VOLUME 01

Written by
John Wagner
Alan Grant
Art by
Brett Ewins
Cliff Robinson
Robin Smith
Barry Kitson
Jeff Anderson
Will Simpson
Mark Farmer
Mick Austin
David Roach
Arthur Ranson
Carlos Ezquerra
Kim Raymond



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PSI FILES VOL 1

JUDGE ANDERSON CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & BRIAN BOLLAND

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ALAN GRANT ★ JOHN WAGNER
Writers

BRETT EWINS ★ CLIFF ROBINSON ★ ROBIN SMITH ★BARRY KITSON ★WILL SIMPSON ★MARK FARMER
MICK AUSTIN ★JEFF ANDERSON ★DAVID ROACH ★ ARTHUR RANSON ★ CARLOS EZQUERRA ★ KIM RAYMOND
Artists

BRETT EWINS
Cover

REBELLION®

Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley
Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley
2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith
Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson
Graphic Design: Simon Parr & Sam Howle
Reprographics: Kathryn Symes
PR: Charley Grafton-Chuck
Publishing Manager: Ben Smith

Original Commissioning Editors: Steve MacManus & Richard Burton

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Art: Brett Ewins, Cliff Robinson, Robin Smith
Letters: Tom Frame

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Art: Brett Ewins
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Art: Arthur Ranson
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Art: Kim Raymond
Letters: Tony Jacob

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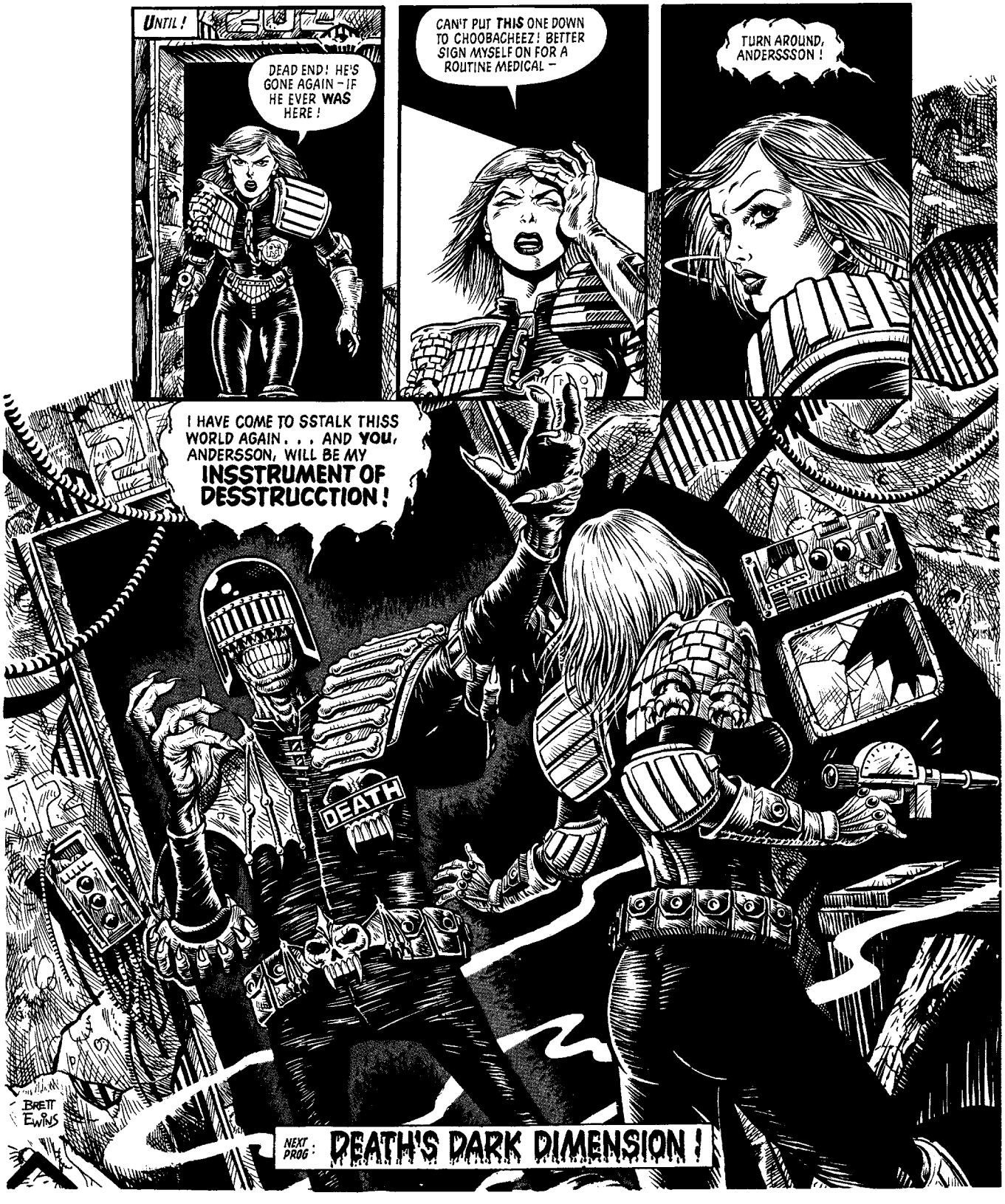

ANDERSON Psi DIVISION
IT BEGAN AS JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE CASE IN THE CAREER OF JUDGE ANDERSON. . .
. . . IT TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE OF EVIL THAT THREATENED TO DESTROY EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN MEGA-CITY ONE !
ANDERSSSON ! I HAVE RETURNED!
JUDGE DEATH !
REVENGE
GET OUT OF MY HEAD, YOU GHOUL ! YOU'RE DEAD ! I KILLED YOU !
FOOL ! YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESS NOT LIVE ! I WILL HAVE MY REVENGGE !
DOK ! THAT WAS SOME DREAM ! I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD THAT CHOOBACHEEZ FOR SUPPER !
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME


THE INTERCOM CRACKLES –
ANDERSON! YOU'RE REQUIRED IN PSI-LAB. STREET JUDGE JUST WHEELED IN A CROAKER.
EMSLAND'S DUTY TELEPATH – CAN'T HE HANDLE IT?
HE'S BUSY. SHIFT IT, WILL YOU?
ANDERSON...? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?
NO, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFF...
JUST DREAMT MY OLD PAL JUDGE DEATH CAME BACK ON A SOCIAL CALL – OR SHOULD I SAY, ANTI-SOCIAL CALL!
DEATH WAS ONE OF FOUR DARK JUDGES FROM A WARPED DIMENSION WHERE ALL LIFE WAS A CRIME. IN AN EPIC CONFRONTATION, ANDERSON HAD LAID THEM TO REST –
DEATH
IT WAS JUST A FLASHBACK – BAD MEMORY FROM AN OLD CASE. ALL PSIS GET THEM SOMETIMES.
PSI DIVISION – AN ELITE CORPS OF JUDGES SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THEIR ABNORMAL MENTAL POWERS – CONSTITUTES A VITAL ELEMENT IN THE NEVER-ENDING FIGHT AGAINST MEGA-CITY CRIME...
274
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME TALK!
WHY BOTHER WHEN I CAN READ YOUR MIND!
CRIME DESK? JUST HAD A PREMONITION – EXPECT MULTIPLE HOMICIDE, SMOKATORIUM, TWENTY MINUTES!
IN A CUBICLE –
THIS CREEP WAS PICK-UP MAN IN THE SOUZA BABY KIDNAP. HE RUMBLED MY SURVEILLANCE – HAD TO WASTE HIM. WHEN HE DOESN'T SHOW UP WITH THE RANSOM, HIS PALS'LL KILL THE KID!
SO YOU WANT ME TO FIND THE KIDNAPPERS' BOLT-HOLE, HUH?
'KAY – WATCH ME MAKE THIS DEAD TURKEY SING!


FOR A SHORT WHILE AFTER DEATH, LATENT IMAGES ARE RETAINED BY THE BRAIN. A SKILLED TELEPATH CAN EXTRACT THEM –
SNATCHERS' LOCATION COMIN' THROUGH – BUT FAINT...
SOMEWHERE DARK... DRIPPING... HIGH RADIATION LEVEL. THERE'S A NAME THERE... FOCUS! GOTTA FOCUS!
IT'S A STREET. CROAK...NO – CROCK...CROCKER. CROCKER STREET!
THAT'S IT, GROGAN. YOUR STIFF'S GONE COLD ON ME.
IT'S ENOUGH. THE ONLY CROCKER IN THE CITY WITH A HIGH-RAD LEVEL IS IN SECTOR 61!
SOON, IN ONE OF THE MANY AREAS DEVASTATED BY THE APOCALYPSE WAR –
WE'VE STILL GOT TO PINPOINT THE SNATCHERS' EXACT LOCATION. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAP INTO THEIR THOUGHT WAVES AT THIS SHORT RANGE.
CROCK STRE
COME IN, NUMBER 9! YOUR TIME IS UP!
ANDERSON CAN'T RESIST HER LITTLE JOKE. NOT NORMAL FOR A JUDGE!
STILL, PSIS ARE HIGHLY-STRUNG. WE'VE GOT TO ALLOW THEM THEIR LITTLE PERSONALITY DEFECTS.
GOT 'EM! THREE OF THE CREEPS – SUB-BASEMENT, WILSON TUCKER BLOCK RUINS.
THERE IT IS!
THE JUDGES DESCEND INTO A MAZE OF DANK UNDERBLOCK PASSAGES –
WHAT THE HELL'S KEEPING HARLEY WITH THAT RANSOM?
ROGAN


PYKE – GO SEE IF THERE'S ANY SIGN OF HIM!
AND YOU SHUT THAT WHININ' BRAT UP OR I'LL BURY HIM, RANSOM OR NO RANSOM!
WAAAA
THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHIN'...
HARLEY! YOU THERE? IT'S PYKE HERE...
WHAPP!
AAAA!
YOUR CRADLE-SNATCHING DAYS ARE OVER, CREEPS!
JUDGES!
AAGH!
THE LAST KIDNAPPER BOLTS THE DOOR –
DON'T TRY TO GET IN, OR THE SOUZA KID'S DEAD! YOU HEAR – DEAD!
WAAAAA!


STAND-OFF!
NOT QUITE...
SWITCHING TO ARMOUR-PIERCING!
YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM PSI DIVISION, CREEP!
BRAM
BRAM
UUH!
WAAAAA!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, LITTLE FELLER - THANKS TO ANDERSON.
ANDERSON...?
ANDERSSSON! THISS WAY!
DOK! IT'S HIM AGAIN - AND THIS TIME I KNOW I'M NOT DREAMING!
WITH THE GRISLY FIGURE GLIDING EERILY BEFORE HER, ANDERSON PLUNGES DEEPER...
...AND DEEPER INTO THE UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH...


UNTIL!
DEAD END! HE'S GONE AGAIN – IF HE EVER WAS HERE!
CAN'T PUT THIS ONE DOWN TO CHOOBACHEEZ! BETTER SIGN MYSELF ON FOR A ROUTINE MEDICAL –
TURN AROUND, ANDERSSSON!
I HAVE COME TO SSTALK THISS WORLD AGAIN. . . AND YOU, ANDERSSON, WILL BE MY INSSTRUMENT OF DESSTRUCCTION!
DEATH
BRETT EWINS
NEXT PROG: DEATH'S DARK DIMENSION!


IN A DANK UNDERBLOCK ROOM, JUDGE ANDERSON OF PSI DIVISION ENCOUNTERS THE AWESOME PRESENCE OF MANKIND'S MOST TERRIFYING ENEMY – JUDGE DEATH!
IT'S JUST MY MIND PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! YOU'RE NOT REAL, DEATH! JUST A PHANTOM – THIN AIR!
DEATH
MY WORK HASSS ALREADY BEGUN!
THISSS ISS BUT AN APPARITION. BUT BE ASSSURED – I AM BACK!
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION


I HAVVE RETURNED TO JUDGGE THISSS CITY!
THE CRIME ISSS LIFE. THE SENTENCCE ISSS DEATHHH!
ALL WILL BE PUNISHHHED!
ALL WILL DIE... DIE... DIE...
ANDERSON! YOU OKAY?
NAAAH!
WAY YOU TOOK OFF BACK THERE, I THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN A GHOST OR SOMETHING!
A GHOST...YEAH, SORT OF. A BAD MEMORY FROM THE PAST. HAPPENS TO US PSIS SOMETIMES.
ANDERSON AND GROGAN HAD BEEN WORKING ON A KIDNAP CASE –
LISTEN, GROGAN, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO. YOU HANG ON HERE WITH THE BABY TILL THE MED-SQUADS ARRIVE.
WAAAAH!
HEY, C'MON! I DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT KIDS. YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!
ANDERSON!
WAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
CAN


DEATH'S VICTIM...! RECOGNISED THAT FACE. JUMPIN' JIGGY JIGGS, THE VID-JOCKEY.
COMPUTER – YOU GOT AN ADDRESS ON JIGGS ?
SUITE 400, CHUCK WINDSOR LUXY BLOCK. THAT'S OVER IN EAST SECTOR 80.
AT CHUCK WINDSOR, A MED-SQUAD IS STRETCHERING OUT A BODY –
JIGGY JIGGS !
WHAT HAPPENED ?
MOST PROBABLY A HEART ATTACK. NEIGHBOURS HEARD HIM SCREAM – FOUND HIM DEAD IN BED.
SET HIM DOWN. I WANT TO TRY FOR SOME LATENTS.
ANDERSON TELEPATHICALLY TUNES IN TO THE RESIDUAL IMAGES IN THE DEAD MAN'S MIND –
AND THE VISIONS THAT ASSAIL HER ARE CHILLINGLY FAMILIAR –
WH-WH-WHADDYA WANT WITH ME, MAN ?
I HAVVE COME TO JUDGGE YOU.


B-B-BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!
YOU LIVE. THAT ISSS SSUFFICCIENT.
THE SSSENTENCCE ISSS DEATHHHH!
AAAAAAH!
THEN DEATH IS HERE!
BUT HE CAN'T BE! I MAY BE SCATTY, BUT MY MEMORY'S NOT THAT BAD. I FOLLOWED THE CREEP BACK TO HIS OWN WORLD AND LAID HIM TO REST PERMANENT. I KNOW I DID!
YET JUMPIN' JIGGY JIGGS HERE SAYS DIFF!
ONE THING'S FOR SURE — SOMETHING'S GOING ON. AND I BETTER FIND OUT WHAT.


AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE IS LOCATED THE BLACK MUSEUM –
BRAIN OF JUDGE CAL.
HERE, ON PERMANENT EXHIBITION, A COLLECTION OF GRISLY RELICS – A CONSTANT REMINDER OF EVIL IN ALL ITS FORMS –
STUFFED KLEGG
THE DARK JUDGES' DIMENSION JUMP. OLD STONEY FACE AND I USED IT TO FOLLOW THEM BACK TO THEIR OWN DIMENSION – DEADWORLD.
4 DARK JUDGES.
I CAN USE IT TO GO BACK TO THEIR DIMENSION AGAIN, CHECK 'EM OUT.
NOT EXACTLY STANDARD PROCEDURE, BUT THEN THIS SITUATION'S ANYTHING BUT STANDARD.
I'M GONNA LAY THIS GHOST ONCE AND FOR ALL!
NEXT PROG:
THE RESURRECTION!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

DEADWORLD, THAT DARK DIMENSION BEYOND THE WARP.

HERE, LONG AGO, **JUDGES** REALISED THAT **ALL CRIME** WAS COMMITTED BY THE **LIVING**. THEREFORE, **LIFE ITSELF** WAS DECLARED **ILLEGAL**.

THEY JUDGED THEIR PEOPLE WITHOUT MERCY. THEY WIPED THE **CURSE** OF LIFE FROM THEIR WORLD; UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINED WERE BONES AND DUST - AND THE TORMENTED SOULS OF THE SLAIN.

NOW, **JUDGE ANDERSON** RETURNS THROUGH THE **DIMENSION WARP** -

PLAGUED BY VISIONS OF THE HIDEOUS **JUDGE DEATH**, SHE HAS COME TO LEARN THE **TRUTH** -

GOTTA FIND OUT IF THEY WERE JUST BAD DREAMS - OR IF **DEATH** AND HIS KILLIN' COUSINS ARE STILL ON THE LURK.

SCRIPT
GRANT/GROVER
ART
BRETT EWINS
LETTERING
T FRAME


DEADWORLD HALL OF JUSTICE - OR SHOULD IT BE INJUSTICE ?
HERE ANDERSON HAD FACED THE DARK JUDGES - AND THE SOULS OF THE TORMENTED HAD RISEN UP AND, THROUGH HER, CRUSHED THEM.
IT WAS RIGHT ABOUT HERE THE CREEPS DID THE BIG CRUMBLE.
HERE MARKS T
WHERE THE LAST L
WAS GIVEN JUSTICE
GOTTA ADMIT - PRETTY SOLID EVIDENCE.
ALL THE SAME, I CAN SENSE SOMETHING HERE. IT'S HOLDING ITSELF BACK FROM ME...
DEATH
THE PSI JUDGE CONCENTRATES HER TELEPATHIC POWERS -
DROKK ! I SEE IT NOW ! WHAT A BIMBO I'VE BEEN !
DEATH !
GREETINGSSS, ANDERSSSON !
DON'T USSSE THAT DIMENSSION GLOBE !
AAAH!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE !


OPEN YOUR MIND, ANDERSSSON!
LET USSS IN! WE HAVE NEED OF YOU!
YOU CANNOT RESSSISSST USSS!
DROKK! THEY'RE TOO STRONG!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! I WASTED THEIR BODIES - NOT THEIR SPIRITS!
THOSE VISIONS WERE JUST BAIT TO LURE ME HERE...TO HELP RESURRECT THEM - AND I FELL FOR IT LIKE A FIRST-YEAR GREENIE!
BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY!
SSSHEE ISSS OURSSS!
THEN THEY ARE IN CONTROL. DEATH, FEAR, FIRE AND MORTIS - THE FOUR DARK JUDGES!
THERE ISSS MUCH TO BE DONE. TO THE NECROPOLISSS!
THERE, IN THAT GRIM SEPULCHRE, LIE THE MUMMIFIED BODIES OF THE ANCIENT ELDERS.
THEY WERE THE LUCKY ONES, FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE PERISHED BEFORE THE DARK JUDGES HELD SWAY, AND TURNED THEIR PRECIOUS LAND INTO DEADWORLD.

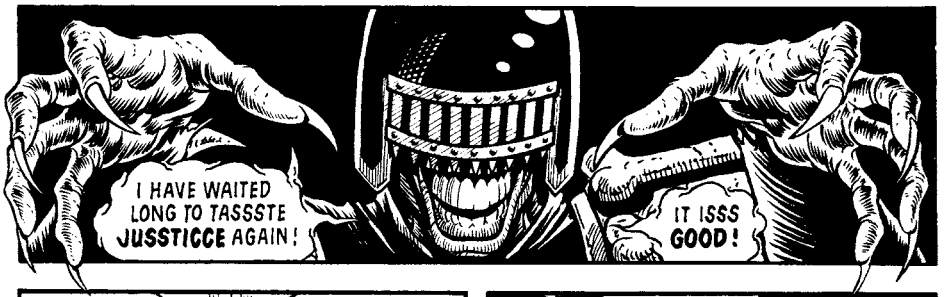

UNWRAP IT, ANDERSSSON!
EXCCCELENT! IT IS WELL PRESERVED!
BRING IT!
ONE BY ONE, ANDERSON IS FORCED TO CARRY FOUR BODIES BACK TO THEIR HALL OF TWISTED JUSTICE -
AND THERE, IN A SECRET CHAMBER -
DRESSS THEM IN OUR ROBESS OF OFFICCE!
ALL ISSS PREPARED.
LET THE DEAD FLUIDSSS FLOW OVER THEM!


THE BODIESSS ARE RIPE. IT ISSS TIME!
ENTER THEM!
FILL THEIR SSSOULESSS CARCASSSSESSS!
AS THE SPIRITS LEAVE HER, ANDERSON IS FREED FROM THEIR INFLUENCE —
DROKK! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
GOTTA STOP THIS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
CLIK!
IT ISSS ALREADY TOO LATE, ANDERSSSON!
DEATH
NEXT PROG: THE FIRST JUDGED!

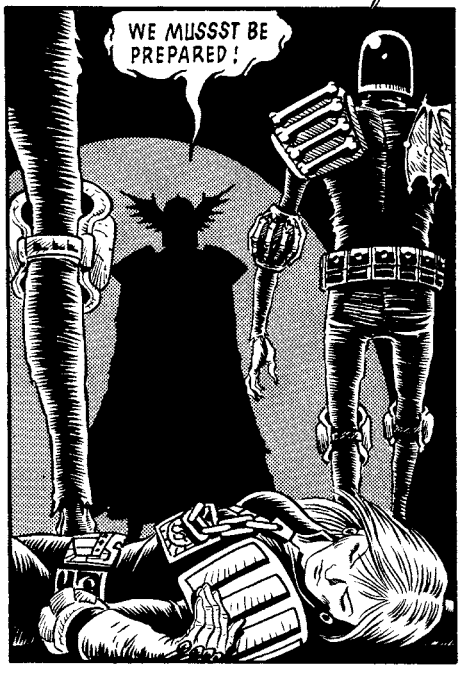

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
JUDGE ANDERSON HAS BEEN DUPED INTO RETURNING TO DEADWORLD - AND FORCED TO RESURRECT THE GRIM GUARDIANS OF THAT WARPED DIMENSION.
NOW THEY ARE ASSEMBLED - FEAR, FIRE, MORTIS, DEATH -
THE FOUR DARK JUDGES!
COME TO JUDGGGEMENT, ANDERSSSON!
INCENDIARIES - RAPID FIRE!
DEATH
BA DA M!
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T.FRAME

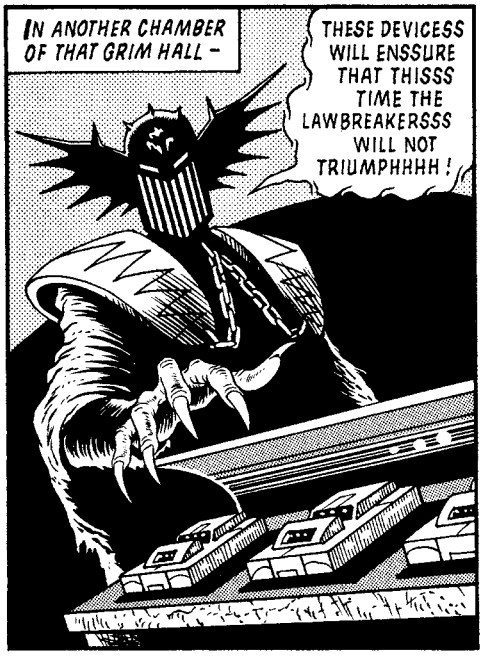

ENOUGH!
AAAA
GOT NO CHANCE AGAINST THESE CREEPS!
WHOK!
DEATH
BUT AT LEAST I'LL GO OUT SLUGGING!
SMAK!
RESSSISSTANCCE ISSS FUTILE, ANDERSSSON!
YOU HAVE SSERVED YOUR PURPOSE! NOW YOU MUSSST BE JUDGGED!
THE CRIME ISS LIFE... THE SSSENTENCCE ISSS DEATHHHH!
I'VE FOULED UP — AND THEY'RE LOOSE!
MY DOK! WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

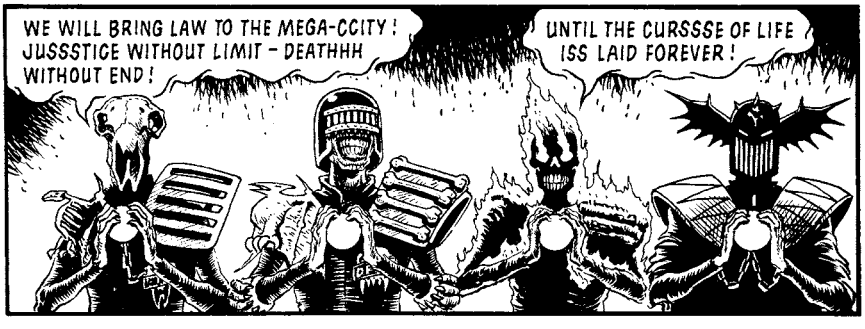

SSSHEE ISSS PURGED !


I HAVE WAITED LONG TO TASSSTE JUSSTICCE AGAIN !
IT ISSS GOOD !


MILLIONSSS AWAIT USS IN ANDERSSSON'SS CITY ! LET USSS NOT DELAY.
YET LET USSS NOT BE RASSHHH. THEY HAVE SSHOWN THEIR WEAPONSSS CAN HARM USSS...


WE MUSSST BE PREPARED !


IN ANOTHER CHAMBER OF THAT GRIM HALL -
THESE DEVICESS WILL ENSSURE THAT THISSS TIME THE LAWBREAKERSSS WILL NOT TRIUMPHHHH !


WE WILL BRING LAW TO THE MEGA-CCITY ! JUSSSTICE WITHOUT LIMIT - DEATHHH WITHOUT END !
UNTIL THE CURSSSE OF LIFE ISS LAID FOREVER !


NOTHING CAN SSSTOP USSS NOW !


MEGA-CITY ONE. IN THE RON REAGAN BLOCK FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM, INSOMNIAC WELFARE VETS THRONG THE ALL-NIGHT SHOPPING MALL –
SHOP-MALL
RONALD REAGAN BLOCK
CRUTCH SHOP
OVER 100 CLUB
IN THE GRUELLERIES AND ARCADES, THEY WHILE AWAY THEIR EMPTY HOURS – LITTLE DREAMING THAT THEY WILL BE THEIR LAST!
BEAT JUDGE DEA
DO YOU SEE THAT, EFFIE?
WHAT IS IT, EGGIE?
LOOKS LIKE JUDGES.
JUST LET ME PUT ON MY PINCE-NEB AND I'LL SEE...
MY NAME ISSS DEATHHH! I HAVE COME TO JUDGGE YOU!
YOU'RE RIGHT, EGGIE! IT IS JUDGES!
I FIND YOU GUILTY!
URRK!
ALL MUSSST BE PUNISSHHHED!
DODDER FOR IT!
ALL MUSSST DIE!
FZAK!


IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –
CHIEF JUDGE! WE'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY CODE RED AT RON REAGAN CROCK BLOCK! JUDGE DEATH AND THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN SIGHTED!
DEATH? IMPOSSIBLE!
WE'VE GOT EYEWITNESS CONFIRMATION! IT'S NOT A HOAX! THE CROCKS ARE GOING DOWN LIKE NINEPINS!
BUT THE DARK JUDGES WERE DESTROYED!
CHIEF JUDGE – YOU BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
CRITCHLEY, BLACK MUSEUM CURATOR –
I NOTICED THE DARK JUDGES' DIMENSION JUMP WAS MISSING. I CHECKED THE SECURITY TAPES –
ANDERSON!
THE FOOL! SHE'S USED IT TO RETURN TO DEADWORLD!
BUT WHY? WHY WOULD SHE DO A THING LIKE THAT?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, CRITCHLEY! BUT WHATEVER HER REASONS, SHE'S DONE UNTOLD HARM TO THIS CITY!
NEXT PROG:
TILL DEATH US DEPART!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

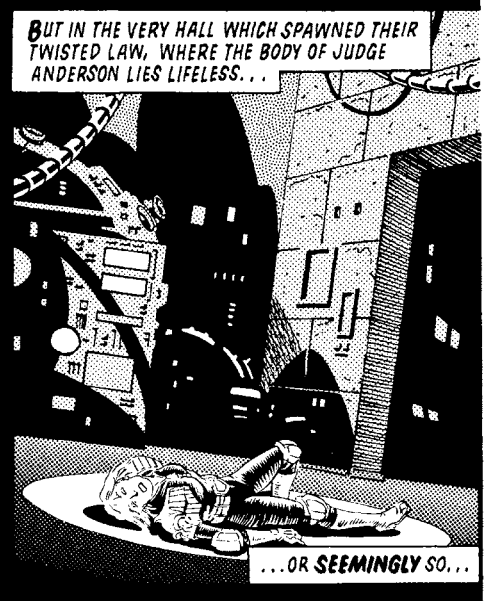
SOMETHING STIRS ON DEADWORLD. NOT IN THE STREETS AND QUADS, WHERE THE BONES OF THE TORMENTED LIE ANKLE-DEEP...



NOT IN THE GREAT SQUARE, WHERE ONCE THE DARK JUDGES DISPENSED THEIR AWFUL JUSTICE...



BUT IN THE VERY HALL WHICH SPAWNED THEIR TWISTED LAW, WHERE THE BODY OF JUDGE ANDERSON LIES LIFELESS...



...OR SEEMINGLY SO...

THE RESURRECTION



AWARENESS RETURNS SLOWLY, AS IF WAKING FROM A DRUGGED SLEEP –

SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME

DROKK! FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN CHEWED UP AND SPAT OUT!




ONLY THE PSI JUDGE'S EXCEPTIONAL MENTAL ABILITIES HAD SAVED HER FROM DEATH'S PSYCHIC CLAWS -
GOTTA... PLAY POSSUM!
- ONLY A SUPREME EFFORT OF CONCENTRATION HAD CONVINCED THE DARK JUDGE THAT HER LIFEFORCE WAS EXTINGUISHED.
SSHEE ISSS PURGGED!
NOW, AS SHE RECOVERS FROM HER ORDEAL, ONE SICKENING THOUGHT NUMBS HER BRAIN -
DEATH AND HIS LAUGHING BOYS ARE GONE - BACK TO THE CITY.
OH, ANDERSON - YOU CHUMP! YOU GRADE A, CERTIFIED TUBE!
IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S RON REAGAN BLOCK, DARK JUDGEMENT HAS ALREADY BEGUN -
THE CRIME ISSS LIFE - THE SSENTENCCCE ISSS DEATHHH!
AAAAH!
JUDGE DEATH
AAAAH!
JUDGE FIRE
JUDGE MORTIS - HIS FOETID TOUCH BRINGS DECAY!


JUDGE FEAR
GAZE INTO THE FACCCE OF FEAR !
AH-AHH-AHHH!
REJJOICCCE, OLD ONESSS ! YOUR GUILT ISSS PURGGGED !
JUDGES ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF CARNAGE –
DREDD TO CONTROL ! THE REPORT WAS RIGHT – THEY ARE BACK !
BLAM! BLAM!
DON'T WASTE YOUR BULLETS ON THAT WALKING BLOWTORCH, CHARD !
FLUUUUSSHH!
IT ISSS TIME ! WE MUSST DEPART !


THEY'RE DEMATERIALISING!
THEY'VE GOT TELEPORTERS!
THE 0330 UPTOWN ZOOM IS RUNNING FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE AS USUAL. ON BOARD, THE PASSENGERS ARE TIRED, GROUCHY AND HUNG-OVER. IT HAS BEEN SOME NIGHT ON THE TOWN.
IT HAS ALSO BEEN THEIR LAST!
GREETINGSSS!
WE HAVE COME TO JUDGGGE YOU!
DEATH


ON DEADWORLD, JUDGE ANDERSON RETRIEVES THE DIMENSION JUMP –
WARPING!
–AND REAPPEARS IN THE HALL OF JUSTICE BLACK MUSEUM.
HEY, ANDERSON!
HEY YOURSELF! CAN'T STOP!
THERE'S GOT TO BE TWO HUNDRED DEAD HERE, CHIEF JUDGE. I DON'T KNOW HOW WE CAN FIGHT THESE DEVILS NOW THEY'VE GOT TELEPORTERS.
ANDERSON!
THEY'VE STARTED!
OH GRUD! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
NEXT PROG:
CITY OF THE DEAD


IN DUNC RENALDO BLOCK'S ZOOM STOP, SLEEPY TRAVELLERS AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE 0330 UPTOWN ZOOM-
HERE SHE COMES AT LAST!
WILL I BE GLAD TO HIT THE SACK TONIGHT!
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T.FRAME
GREETINGS!
WHAAAA?
FSSSSH
HEY, THAT'S SOME FANCY DRESS, BUB! GOOD PARTY, WAS IT?
FOR YOU, THE PARTY ISSS OVER, LAWBREAKER!
AAAAAA
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION


HOLY MERKLE!
AAAGGHH!
JUSSSTICCCE MUSSST BE DONE! ALL MUSSST DIE!
AAAAAAH
BLOCK SECURITY ROBOTS CONSTANTLY MONITOR THE ZOOM STOP -
ATTENTION, JUSTICE DEPT. WE HAVE A MAJOR DISTURBANCE, RENALDO HALT.
CUEING VID!
IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER HAS TAKEN PERSONAL CHARGE OF THE HUNT FOR THE DARK JUDGES -
IT'S THEM!
ALL AVAILABLE UNITS CONVERGE ON DUNC RENALDO ZOOM STOP! DARK JUDGES AT LARGE!
OVER TWO HUNDRED DEAD ALREADY, ANDERSON! HOW MANY MORE BEFORE WE STOP THEM - IF WE CAN STOP THEM?
GRUD KNOWS, WE'RE USED TO MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR YOU PSIs AND YOUR ERRATIC BEHAVIOUR - BUT WHAT YOU HAVE DONE IS INEXCUSABLE!
WHAT ON EARTH POSSESSED YOU TO GO BACK TO DEADWORLD?
I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO ADMIT, JUDGE DEATH CONNED ME. HE MADE ME THINK HE COULD BE HERE, ON THE LURK.
I HAD TO GO BACK TO DEADWORLD TO CHECK... AT LEAST, THAT'S THE WAY IT SEEMED AT THE TIME...


IT WAS... A TRAP. DEATH AND HIS BOYS NEEDED ME TO **RESURRECT** THEM. AND I... I FELL FOR IT LIKE CADET GREEN!
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM...
SAVE YOUR SORROW! IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW!
JUDGE CASSANDRA ANDERSON, YOU HAVE SHOWN YOUR JUDGEMENT TO BE SERIOUSLY **FLAWED!**
YOU WILL CONSIDER YOURSELF **SUSPENDED** AND CONFINE YOURSELF TO **QUARTERS** UNTIL A FULL **DISCIPLINARY HEARING** CAN BE HELD!
THEN IT'S THE **TITAN** TRIP, HUH?
***TITAN**, THE SPACE PENITENTIARY WHERE ERRANT JUDGES SERVED A MANDATORY 20 YEARS –*
AIN'T GONNA BE SUCH A PRETTY FACE ONCE THE TITAN DOCS GET THROUGH WITH ME. STILL, CAN'T SAY I DON'T DESERVE IT...
JACKASS!
***MEANWHILE**, JUDGES POUR INTO THE STRICKEN **DUNC RENALDO** BLOCK –*
CONTROL! WE'RE GONNA NEED A WHOLE FLEET OF MEAT WAGONS HERE!
THEY'VE MOVED INTO THE UPPER LEVELS! AFTER THEM!


RAP
RAP
RAP
YES ?
YESSSSSS !
APARTMENT BY APARTMENT, THE DARK JUDGES CARRY OUT THEIR SINISTER PURGE –
I BRING YOU RELEASSSE FROM THE WAYSS OF WICKEDNESSSS !
OH SWEET MOLEY !
TRINI ! COME AN' SEE DIS !
THERE THEY ARE !
INCENDIARIES ! RAPID FIRE !
IT ISSS TIME. WE MUSSST GO !
FOOLSSS ! ONCCCE YOUR WEAPONSSS MAY HAVE SSSTOPPED USSS ! NOW THEY ARE USSELESSS !
THEY'RE TELEPORTING OUT !


CONTROL! WE'VE LOST THEM AGAIN!
IN JUSTICE DEPT'S PSI DIVISION, JUDGE OMAR CO-ORDINATES THE PSYCHIC SEARCH –
MESSAGE JUST IN – THE DARK JUDGES HAVE MOVED ON, WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN!
DAMN! YOU PRE-COGS HAVE GOT TO DO BETTER!
WE MUST STEAL A JUMP ON THEM – FIND OUT WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE BEFORE THEY GET THERE!
IT'S NO GOOD, SIR. THEY KNOW WE'RE SCANNING. THEY'RE FOGGING OUR MINDS, PREVENTING US GETTING THROUGH.
THE POWER OF THOSE CREEPS IS JUST FRIGHTENING!
IN HER QUARTERS, JUDGE ANDERSON MONITORS PSI DIVISION'S EFFORTS –
EVEN IF WE CAN PREDICT WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT, WHAT GOOD'LL IT DO? WE CAN DESTROY THEIR BODIES, BUT NOT THEIR SPIRIT FORMS.
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME WEAPON WE CAN USE AGAINST THEM... THERE'S GOTTA BE!
NEXT PROG: THE INFINITY SOLUTION!

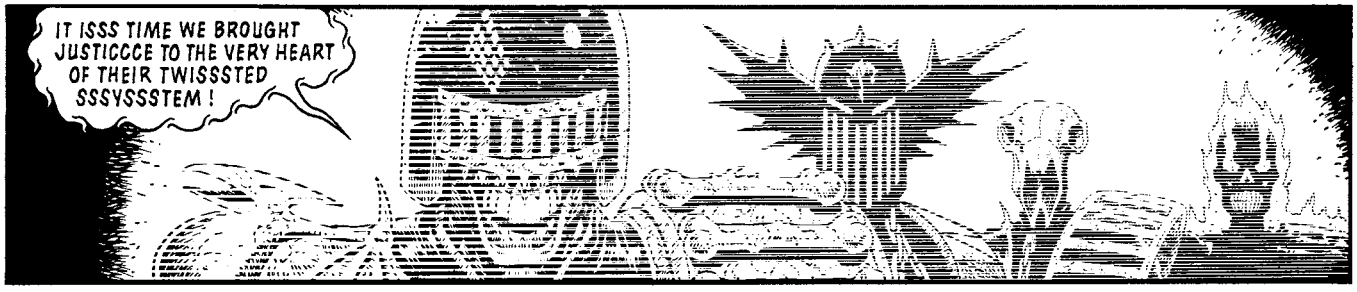
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION



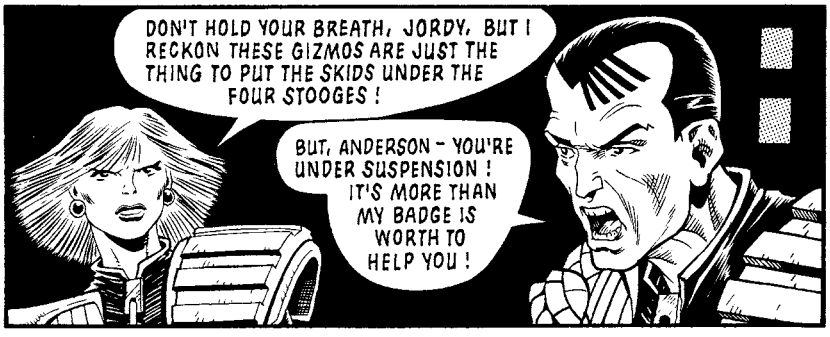

HEY - WHAT'S THAT FAINT SHIMMERIN'?
WHO ARE THOSE FIGURES FORMIN' OUTA THE ETHEREAL MISTS ?
CAN IT BE...?
IT'S THEM!
RUN!
THERE ISSS NO ESSCAPE FROM JUSTICCCE, LAWBREAKERSSS!
SHANNG!
SHUNNK!
LET USSS FREE YOU FROM THE CURSSSE OF LIFFFE!
COME TO JUDGGEMENT!
DEATHHH ISSS SSSWEET!
PANICKED CITI-DEF MEMBERS PUT UP SOME RESISTANCE -
INDIVIDUAL TARGETS - FIRE AT WILL!
BUT IT IS MAINLY COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE -
BLAST! MISSED!
SORRY, LEADER!

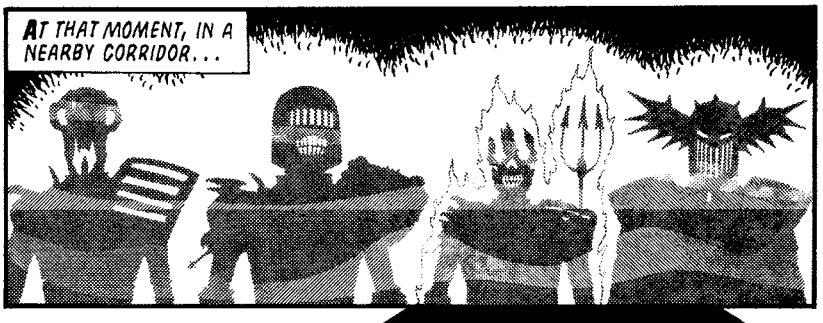

AND THE SLAUGHTER GOES ON!
MEANWHILE, IN HER QUARTERS IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, JUDGE ANDERSON CONTACTS TEK-DIVISION —
JORDACHE! THE DARK JUDGES' DIMENSION JUMP DEVICE - THE ONE IN THE BLACK MUSEUM. YOU TRIED TO DUPLICATE IT, DIDN'T YOU?
YEAH, WE TRIED!
WE TRIED A COUPLE HUNDRED TIMES - NEVER SUCCEEDED. THE TROUBLE IS, THERE'S A MILLION EMPTY DIMENSIONS FOR EVERY ACTIVE ONE.
UNLESS YOU CAN CHART EXACTLY WHERE YOU'RE GOING - AND SO FAR WE HAVEN'T LEARNED HOW - YOU END UP IN THE DIMENSION VOID.
YOU STILL GOT ANY OF YOUR TEST MACHINES AROUND?
A FEW. WHY?
TELL YOU WHEN I GET THERE.
ANDERSON! YOU CAN'T! YOU'RE SUSPENDED - CONFINED TO QUARTERS!
ANDERSON!

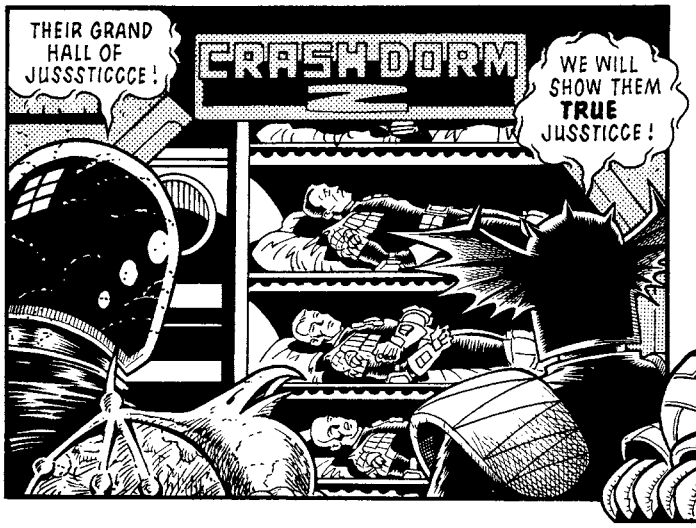

AS THE DARK JUDGES CUT A SWATHE OF TERROR THROUGH CASPER WEINBURGER BLOCK, WORD REACHES JUSTICE DEPT – AND SOON MEGA-CITY'S FINEST ARE ON THE SCENE –
AAAAH!
AAAAAAAA
AGAIN THEY SSSEND THEIR TWISTED LAW AGAINSSST USSS!
BURN, EVIL ONE!
AAAIIIEE!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!
CURSSSSE THEM! THEIR REPEATED INTERFERENCCCE ISSS BEGINNING TO IRRITATE!

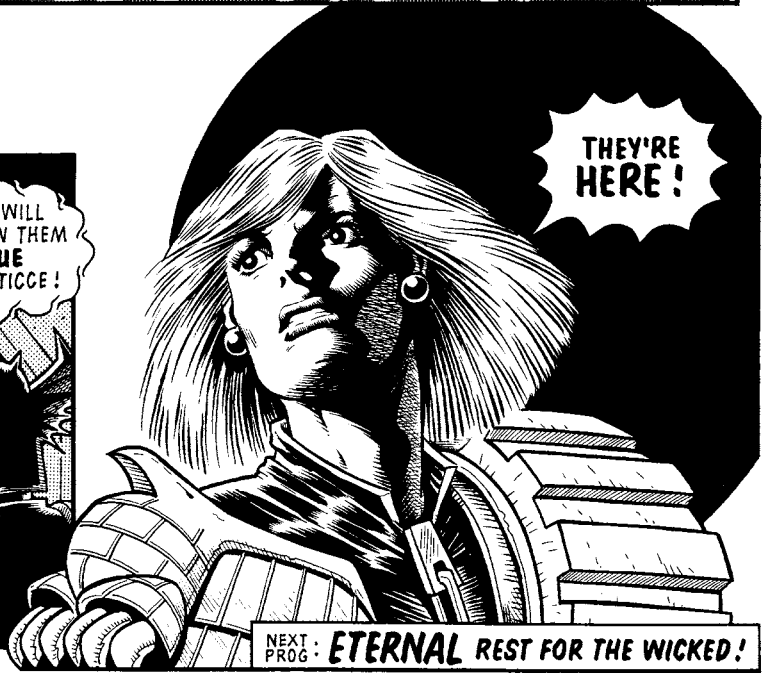




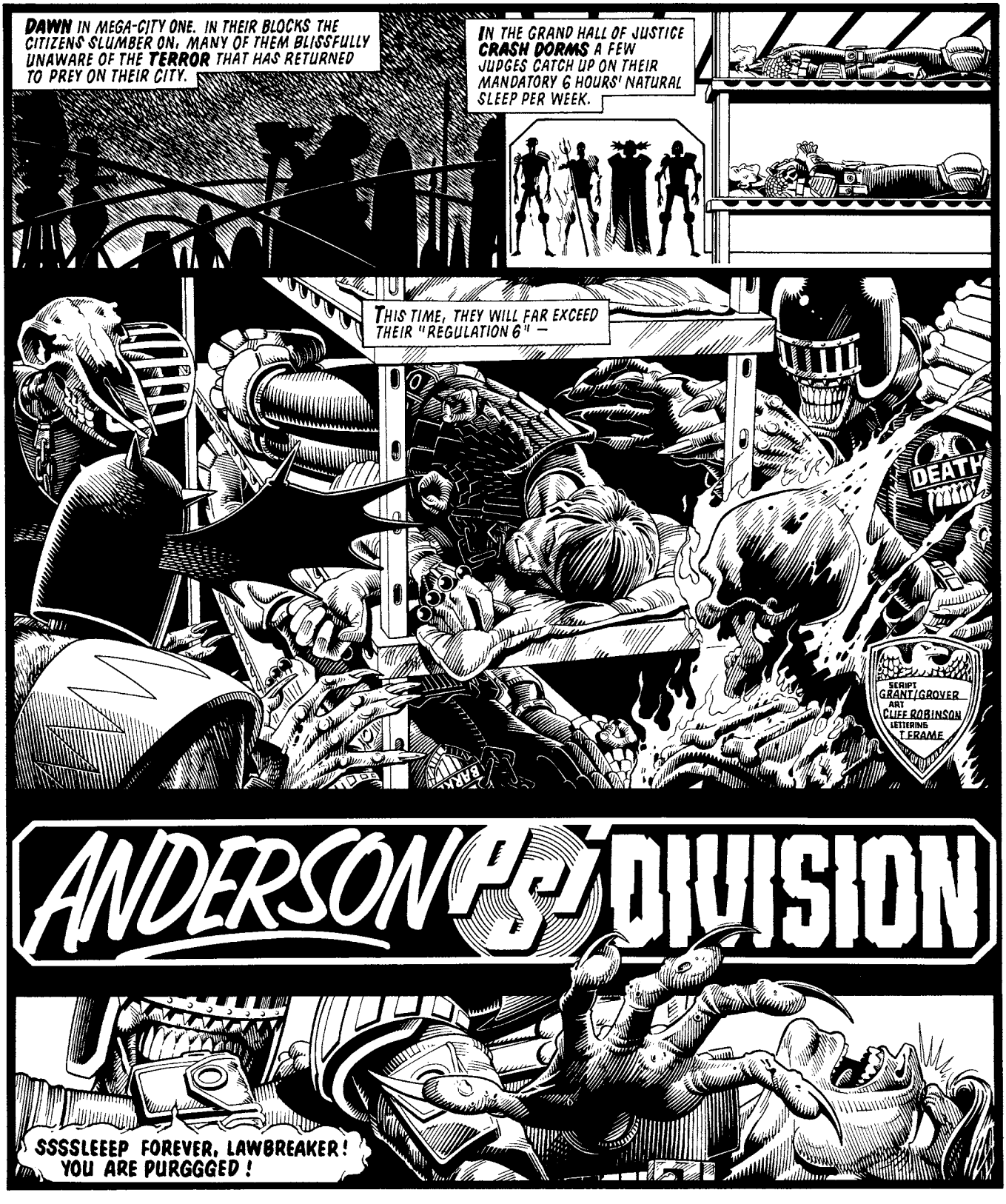








NEXT PROG: **ETERNAL** REST FOR THE WICKED!

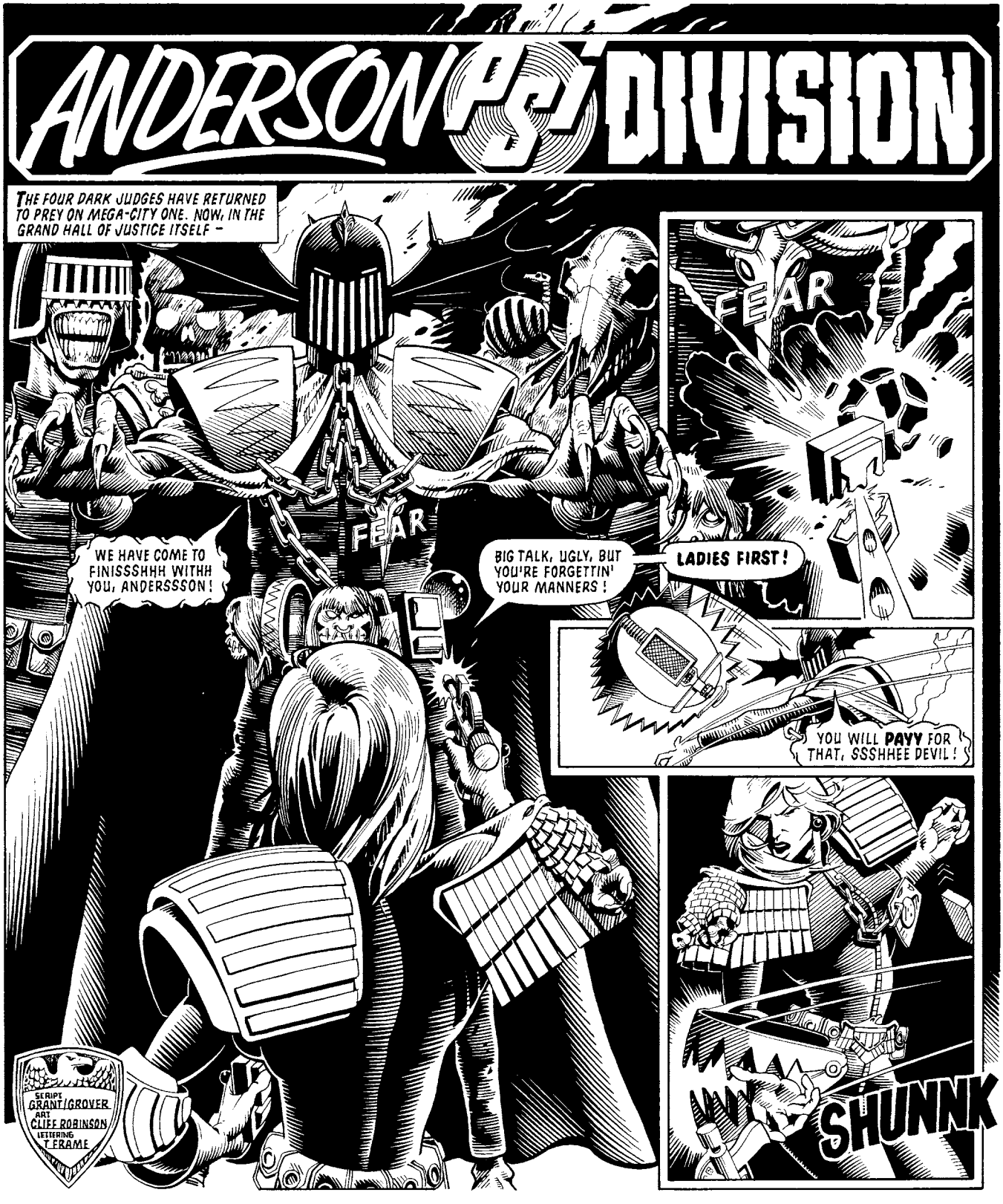

DAWN IN MEGA-CITY ONE. IN THEIR BLOCKS THE CITIZENS SLUMBER ON. MANY OF THEM BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE TERROR THAT HAS RETURNED TO PREY ON THEIR CITY.
IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE CRASH DORMS A FEW JUDGES CATCH UP ON THEIR MANDATORY 6 HOURS' NATURAL SLEEP PER WEEK.
THIS TIME, THEY WILL FAR EXCEED THEIR "REGULATION 6" —
DEATH
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART CLIFF ROBINSON
LETTERING T.FRAME
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
SSSSLEEEP FOREVER, LAWBREAKER! YOU ARE PURGGGED!


BUT IN THE TEK-LABS, PSI JUDGE ANDERSON SENSES THE DARK JUDGES' ARRIVAL –
THEY'RE HERE!
I NEED THAT DIMENSION JUMP, JORDY! GIVE!
I CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU, ANDERSON! YOU'RE UNDER SUSPENSION!
FORDACHE
I'D LOVE TO DEBATE THE ISSUE WITH YOU, PAL, BUT SOME OTHER TIME, HUH?
UUUHH!
SECURITY! DEATH AND HIS CREEPY CRONIES ARE HERE – IN THE CRASH DORMS!
WHAAAAT?
DROKK! IT'S TRUE!
INTRUDER ALERT


INTRUDER ALERT! DARK JUDGES IN CRASH DORM 2!
REPEAT! DARK JUDGES IN CRASH DORM 2!
GRUD! NOW THEY TELL US!
SHANNG!
LET THE FLAMESSS OF JUSSTICCCE CLEANSSSE YOU!
TELEPORTING!
YOU CANNOT HURT USSS NOW!


BLAST! THEY'RE GONE AGAIN!
DARK JUDGES HAVE LEFT THE CRASH DORM! ALL JUDGES BE ON THE LOOKOUT –
THEY COULD REAPPEAR ANYWHERE!
AAAH!
ANDERSON PAUSES IN HER HEADLONG DASH –
SECURITY! TELL EVERYONE TO AIM FOR THE DARK CREEPS' WEAPONS BELTS!
THEN, SUDDENLY, THE TELEPATH'S SENSES BRISTLE –
DEATH!
ANDERSSSON!
SSSHEEE STILL LIVESSS!
DEATH
ALL CHANNEL ALERT
ALERT! THEY'RE IN SECURITY! REPEAT – SECURITY!


SECURITY!
TRY TO HIT THEIR TELEPORTERS, GANG — IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP 'EM STILL LONG ENOUGH TO KISS THE CREEPS GOODBYE!
SECURITY
TOO LATE!
WE'RE IN SECURITY! THEY'VE 'PORTED OUT AGAIN!
DAMN! THOSE SLIPPERY SONS SURE KNOW WHEN THEY'RE ON TO A GOOD THING!
ANDERSSSON!
FIRE
WE HAVE COME TO FINISSSHH WITHH YOU!
BIG TALK, HANDSOME! BUT YOU'RE FORGETTIN' YOUR MANNERS!
LADIES FIRST!
DF
Psi
NEXT PROG: THE BIG KISS OFF!

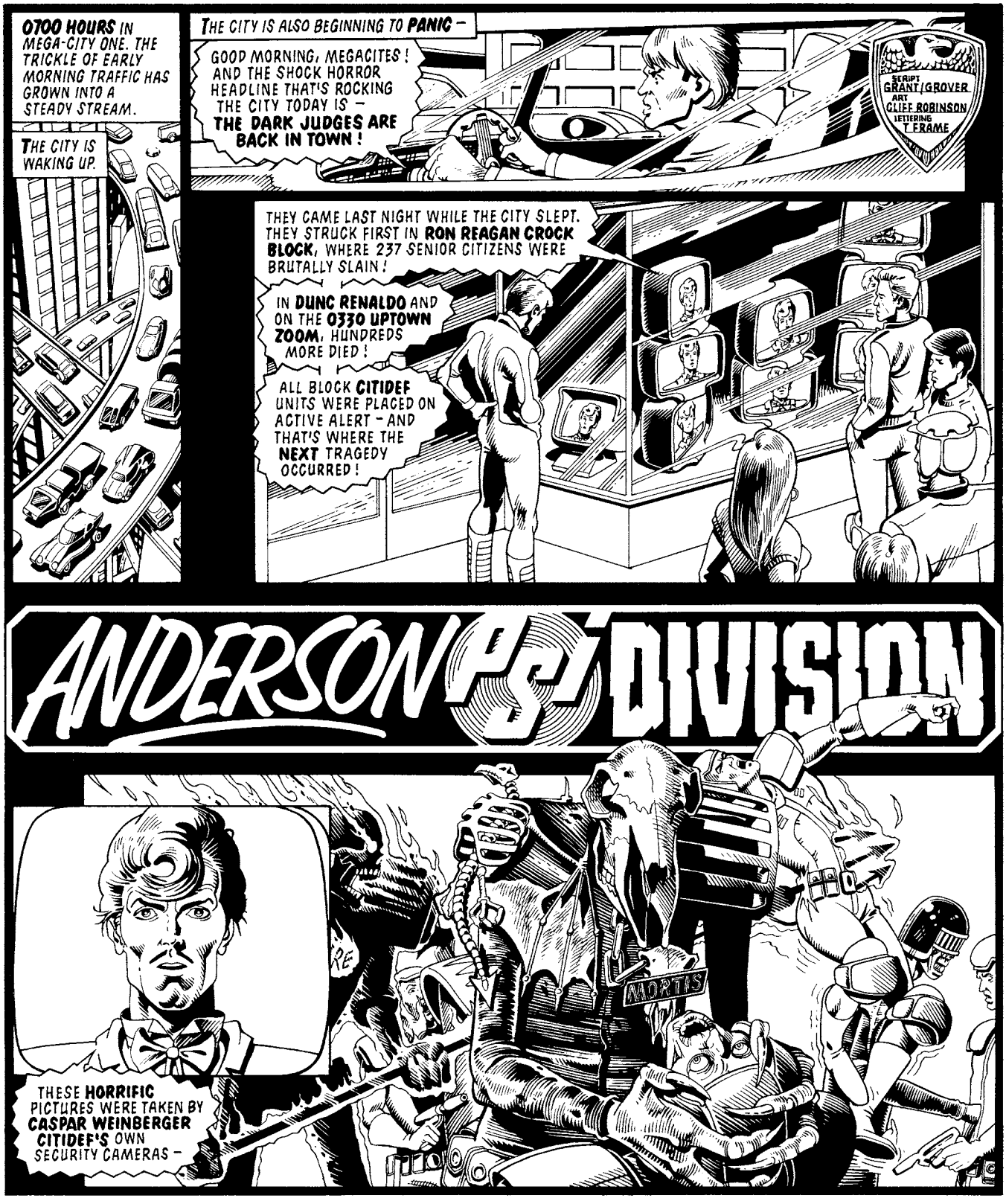

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE FOUR DARK JUDGES HAVE RETURNED TO PREY ON MEGA-CITY ONE. NOW, IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE ITSELF -
FEAR
WE HAVE COME TO FINISSSHHH WITHH YOU, ANDERSSSON!
BIG TALK, UGLY, BUT YOU'RE FORGETTIN' YOUR MANNERS!
LADIES FIRST!
YOU WILL PAYY FOR THAT, SSSHHEE DEVIL!
SHUNNK
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART CLIFF ROBINSON
LETTERING T.FRAME


YOU HAVE THWARTED USSS ONCCE TOO OFTEN, ANDERSSSON ! BUT NO MORE WILL YOU SSSTAND IN THE WAY OF JUSSTICCCE !
YEAH ?
DEATH
HEY, THOSE NAILS ARE FILTHY ! YOU WANT I SHOULD GET SOME KINDA DISEASE ?
HAVE YOUR FOOLISSSHH JESST, ANDERSSSON ! IT WILL BE YOUR LASSST !
HIT 'EM !
WE ARE DISSSCOVERED !
DEATH
TELEPORTING !
THEY'RE GONE AGAIN !
NOT ALL OF THEM !
ANDERSON HAD DESTROYED JUDGE FEAR'S TELEPORTER –
BLOW THE CREEP AWAY !


FOOLSSS! YOU CAN DESSTROY THE FLESSSH - BUT THE SSSPIRIT LIVESSS ON!
DROKK! THE RAT'S LEAVIN' THE SINKING SHIP!
IT'S GOTTA BE NOW, KID!
ACTIVE
D-JUMP!
ZZAKKKA!
HE'S GONE!
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT, ANDERSON?
A DIMENSION JUMP - ONE OF THE TEST DEVICES OUR EGGHEADS CAME UP WITH.
BENN
BUT THE DIMENSION LOCATOR HASN'T BEEN PERFECTED. IT'LL HURL JUDGE FEAR INTO LIMBO - AND GOOD RIDDANCE TO THE CREEP!
BUT HE'LL JUST USE THE JUMP TO COME STRAIGHT BACK HERE!


NOT A CHANCE! I ATTACHED A FIVE-SECOND LIMPET DETONATOR TO IT!
ACTIVE
BEFORE FEAR CAN REACH IT, IT'LL BLOW!
WE CAN SAFELY SAY WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF HIM. TRAPPED FOREVER IN THE DIMENSION VOID - AND IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A NASTIER GUY!
NOW WILL ONE OF YOU HEROES GIMME A HAND TO GET THIS OVERSIZED MOUSETRAP OFF MY ARM!
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GRAND HALL, THE THREE SURVIVORS SENSE THEIR COMPANION'S FATE -
FEAR ISSS LOSSSST!
THEY HAVE FOUND A MEANSS TO DESTROY USSS!
WE MUSSST RETREAT TO CONSSSIDER THISSS!


TELEPORTING!
IN CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER'S OPERATIONS CENTRE, THE JUDGES TAKE STOCK –
THIRTEEN DEAD, CHIEF JUDGE. NO SIGN OF DEATH AND THE OTHERS ANYWHERE.
THEY'RE GONE, I KNOW. IF THEY WERE STILL HERE, I'D SENSE THEM.
WOULD YOU INDEED, ANDERSON?
YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, DON'T YOU?
I KNOW I BROKE SUSPENSION, C.J. – BUT I COULDN'T JUST SIT AROUND CRYIN' IN MY SYNTH-CAF, COULD I? I MEAN, I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL.
NO, I FIGURED A WAY TO BEAT THOSE WALKIN' CADAVERS – I HAD TO FIND OUT IF IT WORKED.
FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, YOUR JUDGEMENT PROVED CORRECT ON THIS OCCASION.
VERY WELL, ANDERSON... AS THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY WAY OF KEEPING YOU DOWN, I'M RESCINDING YOUR SUSPENSION.
BUT DON'T THINK IT MEANS YOU'RE OFF THE HOOK. THERE WILL STILL HAVE TO BE A FULL ENQUIRY INTO YOUR ACTIONS.
LIKE, I'M NOT OFF THE TITAN SHUTTLE YET, HUH?
FAIR ENOUGH. I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.
RIGHT NOW, ALL I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS BRINGING THE OTHER THREE DARK CREEPS TO BOOK!
NEXT PROG:
PRECOGNITION OF DEATH!


0700 HOURS IN MEGA-CITY ONE. THE TRICKLE OF EARLY MORNING TRAFFIC HAS GROWN INTO A STEADY STREAM.
THE CITY IS WAKING UP.
THE CITY IS ALSO BEGINNING TO PANIC –
GOOD MORNING, MEGACITES! AND THE SHOCK HORROR HEADLINE THAT'S ROCKING THE CITY TODAY IS – THE DARK JUDGES ARE BACK IN TOWN!
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART CLIFF ROBINSON
LETTERING T FRAME
THEY CAME LAST NIGHT WHILE THE CITY SLEPT. THEY STRUCK FIRST IN RON REAGAN CROCK BLOCK, WHERE 237 SENIOR CITIZENS WERE BRUTALLY SLAIN!
IN DUNC RENALDO AND ON THE 0330 UPTOWN ZOOM, HUNDREDS MORE DIED!
ALL BLOCK CITIDEF UNITS WERE PLACED ON ACTIVE ALERT – AND THAT'S WHERE THE NEXT TRAGEDY OCCURRED!
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THESE HORRIFIC PICTURES WERE TAKEN BY CASPAR WEINBERGER CITIDEF'S OWN SECURITY CAMERAS –
MORTIS


FEAR! FIRE! MORTIS! DEATH!
JUDGES FROM A WARPED DIMENSION WHERE LIFE IS A CRIME! THEY'VE KILLED ALL THEIR OWN PEOPLE - NOW THEY'VE COME TO DEAL WITH US!
THEY ARE STILL AT LARGE! THERE IS NO DEFENCE AGAINST THEM!
STAY IN YOUR HOMES! BOLT YOUR DOORS! IF POSSIBLE, CONCEAL YOURSELVES.
AND ABOVE ALL - DO NOT PANIC!
NEWS OF THE DARK JUDGES' ATTACK ON THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE HAS NOT BEEN RELEASED -
DO NOT PANIC! HELL - THAT BROADCAST WILL SCARE THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THEM, CHIEF JUDGE!
A LITTLE PANIC CAN BE A GOOD THING, ADAMS. IT KEEPS THE CITIZENS IN THEIR HOMES, FREES MORE UNITS TO TACKLE DEATH'S GHOULS.
WHEREVER THEY ARE.
IN DOUG CHURCH BLOCK HEALTH CLUB, THREE DARK JUDGES CONSIDER THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR COMPANION, JUDGE FEAR -
THEY HAVE FOUND A WEAPON WHICHHH CAN DESSSTROY USSS! DO WE ABANDON OUR TASSSK?
NEVER!
DEATH
WE MUSSST NOT TURN OUR BACKSSS ON OUR DUTY. THISSS CCITY TEEMSSS WITH THE EVIL OF LIFFFE!
ALL MUSST BE PUNISSHHHED! ALL MUSSST DIE!


THEIR WEAPONSSS ARE USSELESSS UNLESSS THEY FIRSSST FIND USSS! WE MUSSST ENSSURE IT DOESS NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!
HEY! SMOKE COMIN' FROM THE GYM!
DOUG CHURCH
GREETINGSSSS!
OH MOLEY!
JUDGE DEATH!
JUDGE FIRE!
JUDGE MORTIS!
FEW RUN SSSO EAGERLY TO JUDGGGEMENT! YOUR ZZZEAL ISSS REWARDED!
DECAY IN PEACCE, LAWBREAKER!
THE GUILTY AWAIT!
STEAM ROOM
ALL MUSSST BE JUDGGED!
OH MY FLAB!


ALL MUSSST DIE!
PLEASE! NOT ME! I GOTTA WIFE AND THREE APPETITES TA FEEEEEEEEED
IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –
JUST HAD WORD, CHIEF JUDGE – DARK JUDGES LOOSE IN DOUG CHURCH BLOCK HEALTH CLUB. UNITS ON THEIR WAY.
VERY GOOD. KEEP ME INFORMED.
JUST GET ME A SHOT AT 'EM, C.J. – EVEN THE THREE STOOGES CAN'T STAND UP TO THESE D-JUMPS!
EXACTLY HOW DO WE DO THAT, ANDERSON? AS SOON AS THEY GET A WHIFF OF US, THEY TELEPORT OUT.
YOU WERE LUCKY WITH FEAR. THEY WON'T BE THAT CARELESS AGAIN.
CHIEF JUDGE!
YES, OMAR?
OMAR, HEAD OF PSI DIVISION –
ONE OF MY PRE-COGS – KRAVVITZ – HAS HAD A FLASH. DARK JUDGES WILL HIT MOSGROVE AND THUNG'S HYPERMART, 0815 HOURS.
CAN YOU BE SURE? I THOUGHT THE DARK JUDGES WERE INTERFERING WITH YOUR PRE-COGS' PERCEPTIONS?
KRAVVITZ IS PRETTY DEFINITE. SHE'S A GOOD OPERATOR.
MY GUESS IS, LOSING JUDGE FEAR UPSET THE OTHERS ENOUGH TO BREAK THEIR CONCENTRATION. ONLY FOR A MOMENT – BUT LONG ENOUGH FOR KRAVVITZ'S MIND TO CLEAR, GET THE FLASH.


OKAY, WE'VE GOT OUR BREAK. THERE'S A STRONG POSSIBILITY WE KNOW WHERE THEY'LL BE AT 0815. I'LL NEED A GOOD MAN IN CHARGE... WHAT'S DREDD DOING?
DREDD?
HEY, C'MON, C.J.! I KNOW OLD STONEY FACE IS HOT STUFF, BUT PLAY THE GAME!
THIS IS MY CASE! I'M THE DUMB BIMBO WHO BROUGHT THEM HERE! YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO MAKE AMENDS!
YOU KNOW I CAN HANDLE IT!
VERY WELL, ANDERSON... I'VE ALWAYS DISLIKED YOUR FLIPPANT ATTITUDE, BUT I'VE NEVER – UNTIL RECENTLY – DOUBTED YOUR COMPETENCE.
YOU'VE GOT YOUR CHANCE. YOU'LL HAVE TOTAL JUSTICE DEPT SUPPORT. GET TO IT.
OH, AND ANDERSON –
THIS TIME, DON'T SCREW IT UP.
NEXT PROG: DEATH TRAP!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING T.FRAME
DEATH! FIRE! MORTIS! THREE SINISTER JUDGES FROM A DIMENSION WHERE LIFE IS A CRIME HAVE COME TO TERRORISE THE MEGA-CITY —
NOW, IN DOUG CHURCH BLOCK HEALTH CLUB, DARK JUDGEMENT CONTINUES!
FIRE
DEATH
YOU MURDERING SWINE — AAAAAHHH!
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, LAWBREAKER!
REJJOICCE! YOU WILL TRANSGRESSS NO MORE!
OH MY GOD!
ICE BATH
FIRE
SSSS
SSS
AAAHH!


GYM
RUN!
HEALTH CLUB'S THIS WAY!
THERE'S SOME SORT OF COMMOTION OUT THERE!
WHATEVER IT IS, IT SHOULDN'T DISTRACT YOU FROM THE LESSON! COME ON, GIRLS - BACK TO WORK!
ONE-TWO-THREE! BEND-TWO-THREE! STRETCH-TWO-THREE! DOWN-TWO-THREE!
OH GEEZ!
GREETINGSSS, LADIESSS!
I TRUSSST YOU ARE FIT TO RECCEIVE JUDGGGEMENT!
AAAAAAAAAAA!
AEROBICS

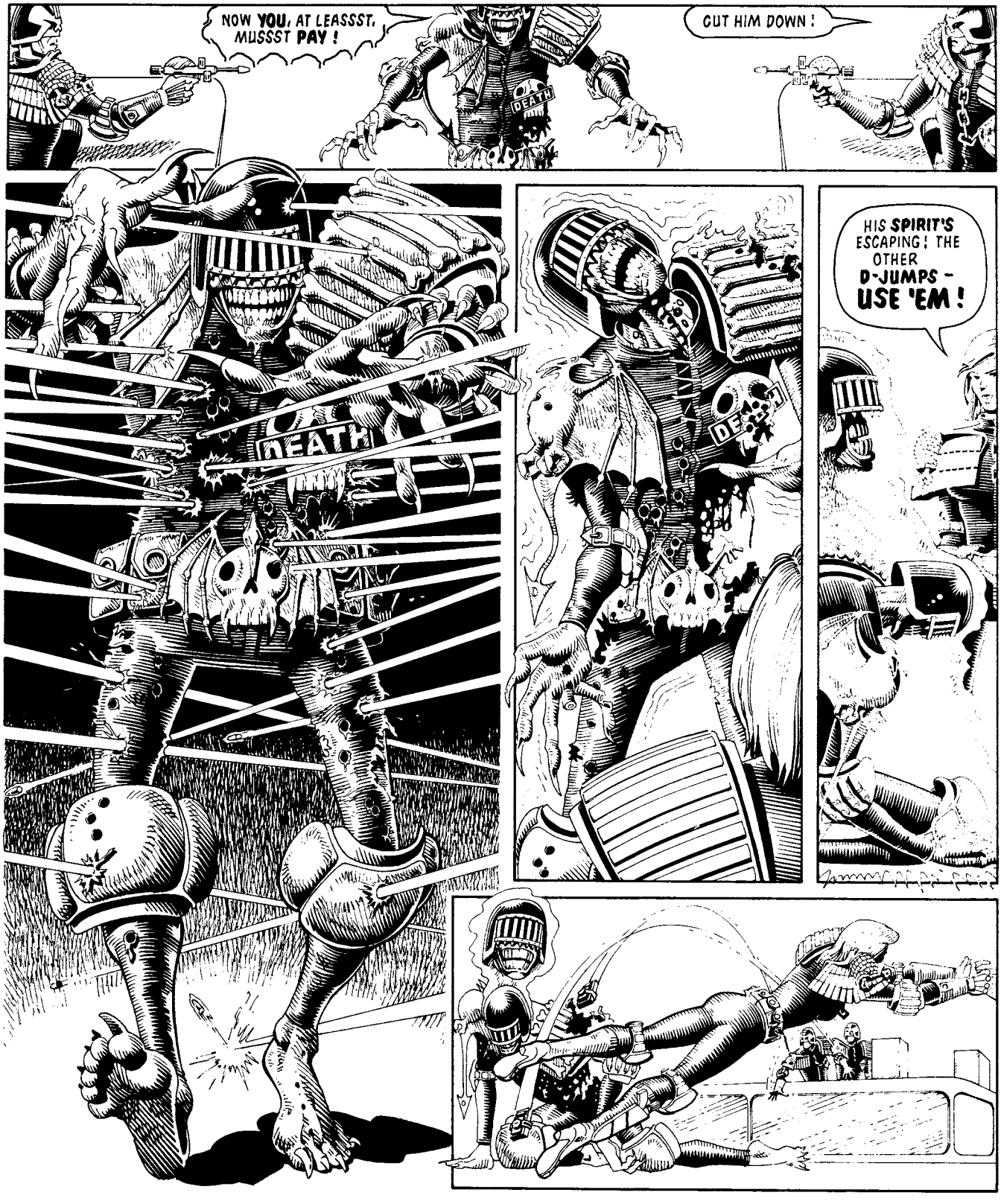

DROKK! MORE CARNAGE!
THERE THEY ARE!
TELEPORTING!
FIRE
DEATH
MORTIS
DAMN! DAMN!
CONTROL! WE'VE LOST 'EM AGAIN!
MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN, MOSGROVE AND THUNG'S HYPERMART IS UNDER EMERGENCY EVACUATION —
WHOLE STORE'S CLEAR, ANDERSON!
MOSGROVE M&T THUNG
ESTABLISHED 2115
OKAY – DEPLOY YOUR TEAM OUTSIDE THE BUILDING. DON'T WANT ANY RUBBERNECKS SPOILIN' MY BIG MOMENT.
THE REST OF YOU SHAKE A LEG THIS WAY.

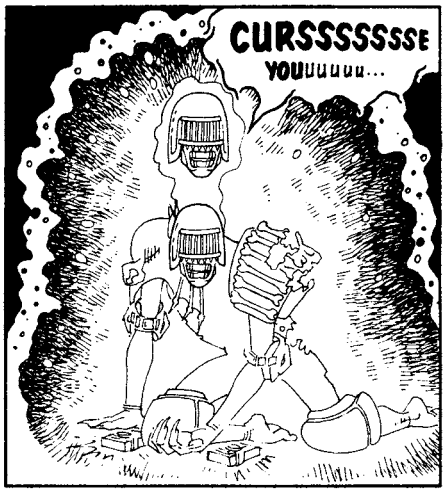

JUDGE KRAVVITZ, A PSI DIVISION PRE-COG, HAS PREDICTED THE DARK JUDGES WILL APPEAR IN THE STORE AT 0815 HOURS –
I JUST GOT A BRIEF FLASH. I SAW THEM ABOUT HERE – AMONG THE TOILETRIES AND PERFUMES.
IF THE CREEPS THINK THEY'LL GO OUT SMELLIN' PRETTY, THEY CAN FORGET IT! ALL THE PERFUMES OF ARABY COULDN'T COVER THEIR STENCH!
OKAY, GANG, AS SOON AS THE THREE STOOGES SHOW UP, I WANT MAXIMUM FIRE DIRECTED ON THEIR WEAPON BELTS. EITHER WE TAKE OUT THEIR D-JUMPS AND TELEPORTERS TOOT SWEET – OR WE CAN ALL GO HOME!
WHAT IF KRAVVITZ IS WRONG? WHAT IF THEY DON'T APPEAR?
THEN YOU CAN DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING EARLY, DENNIS! DON'T ASK STUPID QUESTIONS.
08:01
0801... FOURTEEN MINUTES TO CRUNCH TIME!
I JUST HOPE YOU SHOW, BOYS. YOUR OLD PAL ANDERSON'S FOULED UP ENOUGH ALREADY. SHE COULD USE A LITTLE MENTION IN DESPATCHES!
0808... JUDGES ARE CALLED TO A SECTOR 130 UNDERPASS...
THE DARK JUDGES!
THEY'RE IN THERE!
THEY'RE KILLING EVERYBODY!
PLEASE! PLEASE! NOT ME!


WHIMPERING CUR! BEGGING WILL NOT SSSAVE YOU FROM YOUR JUSSST REWARD!
AAAAAH
HIT 'EM!
WE MUSSST BE GONE!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
0811...MOSGROVE AND THUNG -
TYPICAL! THE CREEPS ARE EARLY...
DEATH
FIRE
GIVE 'EM THE OLD MEGA-CITY HELLO!
NEXT PROG: IN AT THE DEATH!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
SCRIPT GRANT/GROVER
ART CLIFF ROBINSON
LETTERING T. FRAME
IN THE PERFUMES AND TOILETRIES DEPT OF MOSGROVE AND THUNG'S HYPERMART, THE LAST CHAPTER IN THE TERRIBLE SAGA OF THE DARK JUDGES IS DRAWING TO ITS CONCLUSION —
MOSGROVE M&T THUNG
THEY'RE HERE!
GIVE 'EM THE OLD MEGA-CITY HELLO!
A TRAP!
FIRE
OUR WEAPONSSSS!
MORTIS
FIRE
THEIR ESCAPE HATCH IS BOLTED! CEASE FIRE!
HERE COMES THEIR ONE WAY TICKET TO LIMBO!


ANDERSSSON! THIS IS HER DOING!
HER MIND! SSSEIZZZE IT!
ANDERSSSON! CEASSSE THISSS FOOLISSHNESSS!
YOU CANNOT RESSISST USSS!
HELP USSSS!
GET OUTTA MY BRAIN, DIRTBALLS!
THE DIMENSION JUMP FLARES –
FD'D UM MP H!
AND THE FOUL CREATURES KNOWN AS FIRE AND MORTIS ARE HURLED INTO INFINITY!
DEATH'S STILL WITH US!
CURSSSE YOU, ANDERSSSON! TIME AND AGAIN YOU HAVE SSSTOOD IN THE WAY OF JUSSSTICCCE!

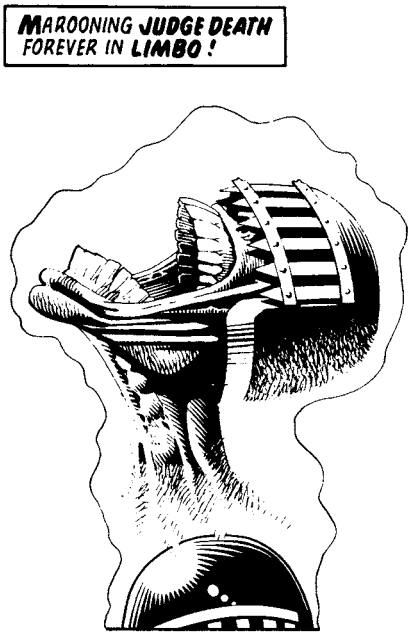

NOW YOU, AT LEASSST, MUSSST PAY !
DEATH
CUT HIM DOWN !
DEATH
HIS SPIRIT'S ESCAPING ! THE OTHER D-JUMPS - USE 'EM !


CURSSSSSSSE
YOUuuuuu...


AND JUDGE DEATH DISAPPEARS FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

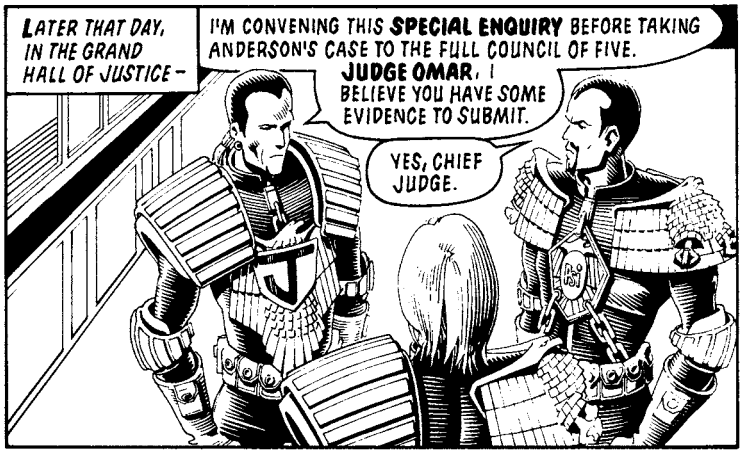

THROWN THROUGH THE WARP, TO ONE OF THE MYRIAD EMPTY UNIVERSES THAT EXIST IN THE GREAT DIMENSION SPAN –


THERE, SECONDS LATER, A LIMPET BOMB ATTACHED TO THE D-JUMP EXPLODES, SEALING HIS EXIT...
DEATH

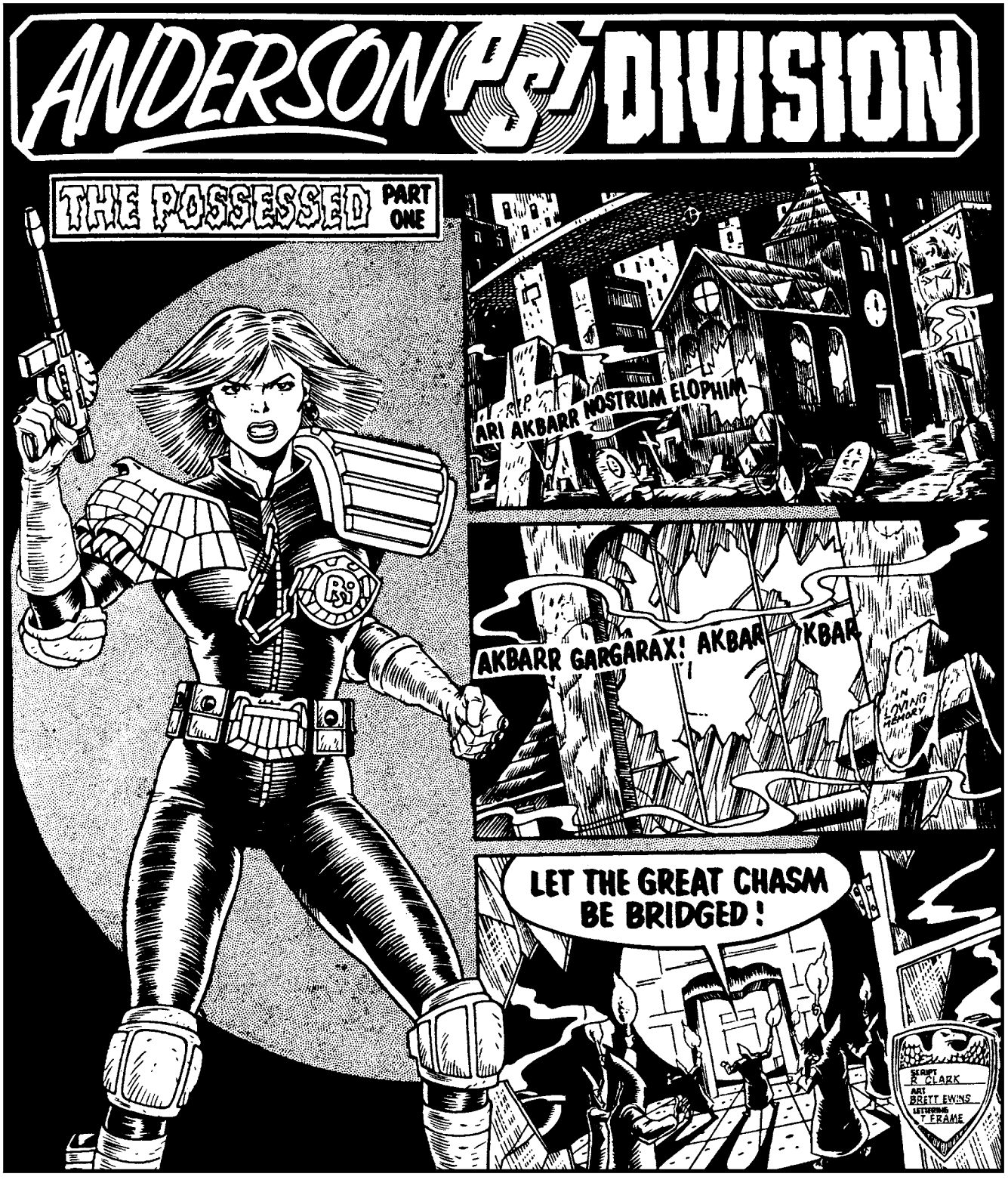

MAROONING JUDGE DEATH FOREVER IN LIMBO!


IT'S OVER AT LAST!
D-JUMP TOOK THE HEEL OFF YOUR BOOT, ANDERSON. THAT WAS CLOSE!
YEAH. ETERNITY IN LIMBO WITH THAT CREEP – WHAT A THOUGHT!


STILL, IT'S ONLY MARGINALLY WORSE THAN 20 YEARS ON TITAN – WHICH IS WHAT I GOT COMIN' FOR SETTING THE LOATHSOME FOURSOME LOOSE IN THE FIRST PLACE.


LATER THAT DAY, IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –
I'M CONVENING THIS SPECIAL ENQUIRY BEFORE TAKING ANDERSON'S CASE TO THE FULL COUNCIL OF FIVE.
JUDGE OMAR, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOME EVIDENCE TO SUBMIT.
YES, CHIEF JUDGE.


IN ORDER TO FIND OUT WHAT MOTIVATED ANDERSON TO RETURN TO DEADWORLD, I CONDUCTED A DEEP TELEPATHIC SCAN OF HER MIND.
HER MEMORIES OF EVENTS LEADING UP TO HER DEPARTURE ARE STILL UNCLEAR – DISTORTED – AS IF THEY'D BEEN TAMPERED WITH.
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY ?
Psi
THAT THE DARK JUDGES WERE ACTING ON HER PERCEPTIONS EVEN THEN...CLOUDING HER JUDGEMENT, FORCING HER TO FALL FOR A CON THAT – LET'S FACE IT – EVEN A THREE-YEAR-OLD WOULD HAVE SEEN THROUGH.
ANDERSON WAS USEFUL TO THE DARK JUDGES, BUT THEY COULD HAVE DONE THE SAME TO ANY OF US. NO ONE CAN RESIST THEIR INFLUENCE.
WELL, C.J. – I GUESS THAT LETS ME OFF THE HOOK.
YOU GUESS RIGHT. I'M CLEARING YOU OF ALL BLAME – AND GLAD TO DO IT.
I CONFESS YOUR CASUAL APPROACH TO THE JOB IRRITATES ME, ANDERSON, BUT YOU'RE A FIRST-RATE JUDGE AND I WOULD HAVE HATED TO LOSE YOU.
I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE TO ASK THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR NATURE, BUT MAY I MAKE ONE SMALL REQUEST ?
NAME IT, C.J.
WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP CALLING ME "C.J." ?
YOU GOT IT, BABY !
THE END.


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE POSSESSED
PART ONE
ARI AKBARR NOSTRUM ELOPHIM
AKBARR GARGARAX! AKBAR KBAR
IN LOVING MEMORY
LET THE GREAT CHASM BE BRIDGED!
SCRIPT R CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME


NOSTRUM ELOPHIM! DEI OM MORTATUM!
AAAAAA


PSI-DIVISION, 0800 HOURS —
LET ME GO! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, I'M TELLING YOU!
FOUND HIM WANDERING WITH A LOADED SPIT GUN, ANDERSON. WON'T GIVE US HIS NAME OR SAY WHAT HE WAS UP TO.
A PSI! NO WAY!
NO ONE'S GETTING INSIDE MY HEAD!
WHATEVER ELSE YOU'RE GUILTY OF, CREEP, YOU JUST ADDED JUDGE ASSAULT.
UNNNNN!
PARK YOUR BUTT!
NOW ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY BALL OR DO I HAVE TO GET ROUGH?
I'M TELLING YOU NOTHING!


YOU DON'T NEED TO, SUNSHINE. I'LL FIND OUT DIRECT –
NAME'S GORD HANNAH – ON HIS WAY TO KNEECAP HIS FATHER-IN-LAW. SEEMS THE OLD MAN PULLED A DOUBLECROSS ON A SUGAR DEAL.
THAT'S TWO ARRESTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. DON'T SAY WE DON'T GIVE YOU SERVICE.
IT AIN'T FAIR! IT AIN'T NATURAL!
IF YOU'RE FINISHED HERE, ANDERSON, HAUL IT DOWN TO ED POE, APARTMENT 77, NAME OF BLISH.
KID'S PICKED UP A POLTERGEIST.
GREAT! SPOOKS BEFORE BREAKFAST! I CAN DO WITHOUT! CAN'T YOU GIVE IT TO WALTERS?
CAN'T FIND HIM.
WISEGUY! MUST'VE HAD A PREMONITION AND MADE HIMSELF SCARCE.
PSIS – YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST 'EM!
IT HAD STARTED WITH HIS SCREAM –
AAAA
ED POE
MUM!
OH MY GOD!
I'VE GOT YOU, HAMMY!


WH-WHAT IS IT, MUM?
I DON'T KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW!
SHE COULD SENSE IT WELL BEFORE SHE ENTERED THE APARTMENT – A CHILL PRESENCE THAT SENT FINGERS OF ICE RUNNING DOWN HER SPINE...
THANK GOD YOU'VE COME!
IT'S GONE QUIET NOW. BUT IT'S HAMMY – MY BOY...S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENED...
HAMMY...
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?
NEXT PROG: THE EXORCISTS!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE POSSESSED
APARTMENT 77. ED POE. THERE'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE BLISH KID –
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT ?
I JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU, HAMMY –
DON'T CALL ME HAMMY! I'M NOT STINKING HAMMY!
OH YEAH? WHO ARE YOU THEN ?
GARGARAX – THAT'S WHO!
SOUNDS LIKE SOME KIND OF MOUTHWASH. SO WHAT'S YOUR GAME, GARG ?
SCRIPT R CLARK
ART B EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME


WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW! I'LL BET YOU WOULD! BUT I'M NOT TELLING! HA HA!
♪ I'm not telling you! I'm not telling you! ♪
I'LL FIND OUT — ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
DON'T TOUCH ME, SHE-DUNG!
UUUGH!
SMASH!
DIRTY SMART-ASS PSI! I'M GOING TO RIP THAT PRETTY FACE OFF!
IF THERE HAS BEEN ANY DOUBT IN ANDERSON'S MIND, THE CHILL, CLAMMY TOUCH OF HIS HANDS DISPELS IT —
IT'S NOT UP FOR GRABS, BUSTER!
THUD
YOU'RE STAYING PUT!
OH MY...
CLIK
LET ME GO!
FAT CHANCE!
EWING


YOU STUPID SCAB BAG!
YOU CAN'T MATCH MY POWERS!
HOLY CREMOLA!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH!
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!
PSI DIVISION! I WANT THE EXORCISTS DOWN HERE — PRONTO!
WH-WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
DEMONIC POSSESSION. I'M AFRAID. IT WOULD APPEAR YOUR SON'S BEEN TAKEN OVER BY AN EVIL ENTITY.
DEMONIC POSSESSION — IN THIS DAY AND AGE?
IT STILL HAPPENS. WE DON'T FULLY UNDERSTAND IT YET, BUT WE GET MAYBE 20-30 CASES A YEAR.
DON'T WORRY. WE USUALLY MANAGE TO CLEAR THEM UP.
THE EXORCISTS — A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT OF PSI DIVISION SET UP TO DEAL WITH SUCH CASES —
PHEW! DON'T MUCH LIKE THE SMELL OF THIS ONE!
WORST CASE I'VE SEEN SINCE THE DURBAN HAUNTING!


I'VE QUESTIONED THE PARENTS. KID'S A NORMAL JUVE — NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY. NO PREVIOUS SIGNS OF PSI SENSITIVITY.
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT. SOMETHING I WANT TO CHECK OUT.
SHE HAS A HUNCH, A FEELING... THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE IN THIS BLOCK... SOME LINK WITH THE BLISH KID...
SHE IS A TELEPATH. SHE DOES NOT TRY TO ANALYSE...
...MERELY FOLLOWS.
3121
V.PAPANEK
YES?
NO. NOT HER. IT'S NOT HER.
YOU LIVE HERE ALONE, CITIZEN?
NO. MY HUSBAND—
SHE SENSES A BOX... HIDDEN...
THE WARDROBE!
BRAM!


WHAT'S THIS ?
I-I DON'T KNOW. IT'S VICTOR'S —
SHE HOLDS THE ROBE TO HER, TRYING TO PICK UP IMAGES —
AKBARR GARGARAX! AKBARR AKBARR!
DROKK!
NEXT PROG: FREEPLUMBER — OR GRAND WARLOCK ?

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

THE POSSESSED










RETURN, GARGARAX!


AKBARR NOS IY KRONOS!


ALL RIGHT, GARGARAX, ONE MORE TIME – WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
WHY PICK ON THE KID? WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE?


GRUD ON TOAST – LOOK AT HIM!
RIP!


GARGARAX TUMNOS OMNI!

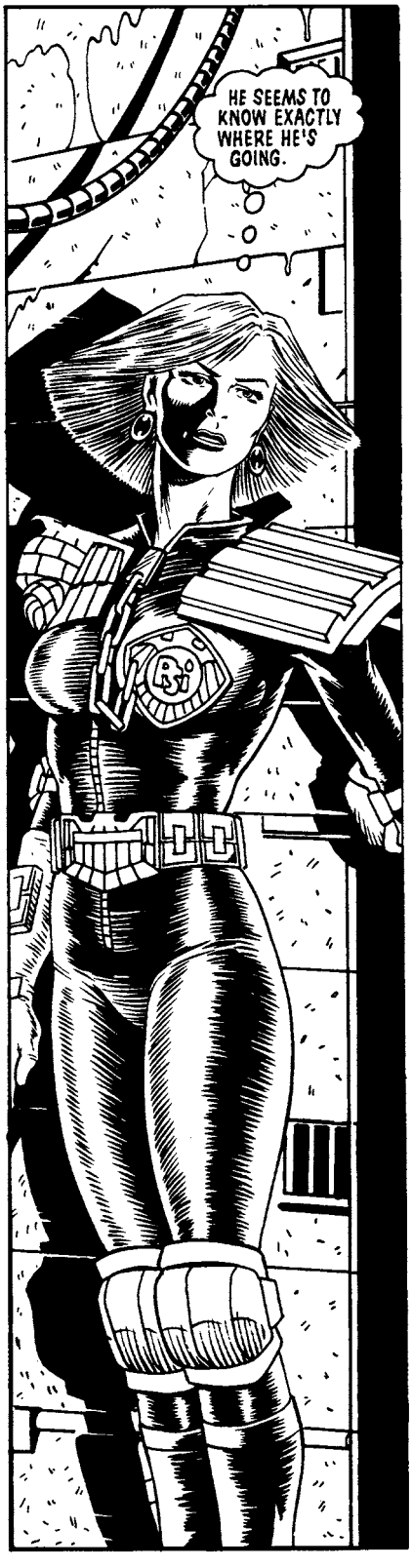

NNRRRRRRR

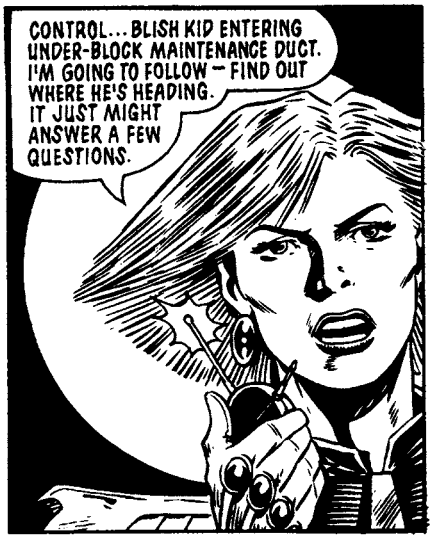

SHINK-K-K!
SSSS HHH!
KRAA-AK!
STOP RIGHT THERE, CREATURE!
GO ON! KILL THE BRAT! KILL IT!
DAMN IT — I CAN'T!
UHHHH!


GO PLAY OUTSIDE!
KERRRASH!
HAMMY...!
HAMMY'S COMING WITH ME, DIRTBAG!


DROKK – THE BOY!
CONTROL! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THE EXORCISTS!
THE BLISH KID'S ON THE LOOSE AND HE'S GOT A DEMON RIDING SHOTGUN!
AM IN PURSUIT!
SHE LETS HER MIND GLAZE OVER, AND HER PSI INSTINCT DIRECT HER ACTIONS –
HE'S STILL IN THE BUILDING – HEADING DOWN...







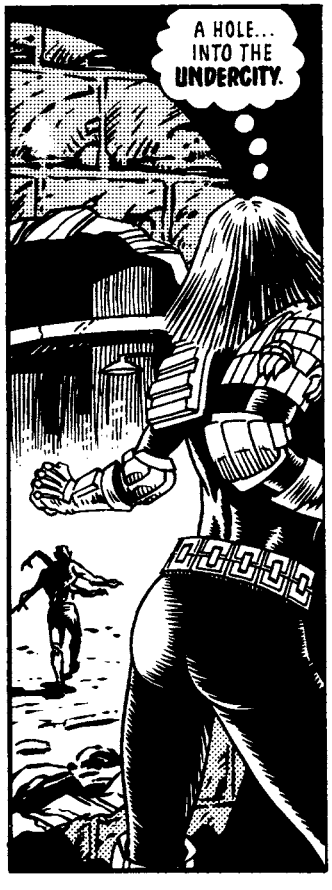


NEXT PROG:

INTO THE UNDERCITY!

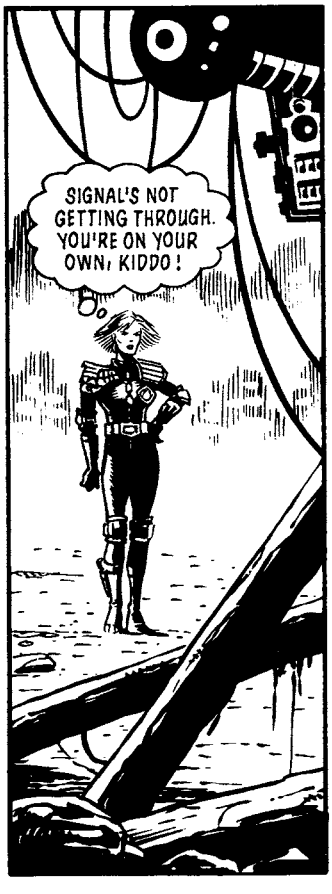

THE BLISH KID'S BEEN POSSESSED BY A DEMON. NOW HE HEADS INTO THE DEPTHS OF ED POE BLOCK —
JUDGE ANDERSON IS CLOSE BEHIND —
SCRIPT R. CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T. FRAME
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION


EWINS


A HOLE... INTO THE UNDERCITY.


GARGARAX ISN'T THE FIRST TO USE IT, EITHER. GOT A FEELING VIC'S IN THIS UP TO HIS PAPANECK - OTHERS IN THIS BLOCK TOO!


CONTROL! THE BLISH KID'S GONE THROUGH TO THE UNDERCITY. THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON DOWN HERE AND I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL. COULD USE SOME BACK-UP.
CONTROL...?


SIGNAL'S NOT GETTING THROUGH. YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, KIDDO!


UP AT STREET LEVEL –
IT'S CROWE, THE EXORCIST.
LOOKS LIKE HE FAILED ON THIS ONE.
IN APARTMENT 77, ED POE BLOCK –
IT'S NOT MY BOY'S FAULT! THERE'S A DEMON IN HIM! THE LADY JUDGE SAID SO!
YOU WON'T ARREST HIM FOR MURDER, WILL YOU?
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN. NOW SIT DOWN AND KEEP QUIET.
THERE WAS SOMETHING HERE ALL RIGHT – NASTY PIECE OF WORK TOO...
GONE NOW, THOUGH.
CONTROL TO UNITS ED POE! GOT ANOTHER REPORTED DEMONIC POSSESSION –
APARTMENT 66 – NAME OF LARB!
66


IT'S KELVIN – HE'S POSSESSED! HE'S LOCKED IN THE BATHROOM! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, JUDGE!
VRAK!
GRRRRRR!
GRRRRRR!
I AMMMM THE DEVIL!
YEAH, AND I'M PETER PAN!
SLAP!
OKAY, KID, WHAT'S THE GAME? HEAR ABOUT THE COMMOTION UP IN 77? FIGURE YOU'D GRAB YOURSELF A LITTLE ATTENTION?
Y-YES, SIR... SOB!
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THIS, JUDGE.
SORRY'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH. WASTING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TIME IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE. WHICH ONE OF YOU MADE THE CALL?
WALTERS TO CONTROL! WE GOT A FALSE ALARM HERE. PICK UP THE KID FOR PSYCHIATRIC OBSERVATION.
N-NO!


THE UNDERCITY – THE FORGOTTEN WORLD BENEATH MEGA-CITY ONE. 'CRETED OVER, ABANDONED TO DECAY...
...DOMAIN OF CREATURES NOW SOMETHING LESS THAN HUMAN.
HEY, KIDDEE! WHERE THINKEE GO!
BEGONE!
AAGH!
AIEEEE!
CREEP'S MOVING ON... KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE HE'S GOING.


PRETTEEEE!
GET LOST, ROMEO!
KRAA-AAK!
HA HA! PRETTEEE!
HA HA!
PRETTEEE!
LIGHTS UP AHEAD...
LOOKS LIKE THE RUINS OF A CHURCH!
RIP
NEXT PROG: THE ED POE BLOCK MAGIC CIRCLE!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE BLISH KID HAS BEEN POSSESSED BY THE DEMON GARGARAX. JUDGE ANDERSON IS IN PURSUIT. . . . .
THE UNDERCITY – YOU RECKON SHE'S DOWN HERE?
SHE'S HERE... SOMEWHERE.
SCRIPT R CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME
SHE'S STILL FOLLOWING THE KID... THERE'S A LIGHT UP AHEAD – SOME KIND OF RUIN...
IT'S A CHURCH – AN OLD CHURCH... SHE CAN HEAR CHANTING...
AKBARR NOS IY KRONOS!


AKBARR GARGARAX!
AKBARR AKBARR!
GARGARAX!
A COVEN! THE ED POE BLOCK MAGIC CIRCLE, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN.
YOU HAVE FOUND HIM, GARGARAX?
HE IS THE ONE.


PURE OF SPIRIT. PURE OF MIND. PURE OF HEART.
HIS BLOOD WILL BE OUR SALVATION! HIS DEATH – OUR REBIRTH!
WHAT ABOUT US, GARGARAX? THE ED POE COVEN...?
YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR REWARD – WHEN THE GATEWAY IS OPEN.
NOW BEGIN THE INCANTATION!
SACRIFICE... GARGARAX WANTS THE BLISH KID FOR A SACRIFICE. BUT WHY?
ARI AKBARR NOSTRUM ELOPHIM.
LET THE GREAT CHASM BE BRIDGED!
AKBARR AKBARR!
SOMETHING TO DO WITH A GATEWAY...
IN A FLASH THE TELEPATH KNOWS THE HORROR THAT WILL ENSUE IF THIS UNHOLY SACRIFICE TAKES PLACE –
AND SHE KNOWS SHE MUST NEVER LET IT HAPPEN –
ALL RIGHT, YOU MUNCEHEADS! STOW THE AKBARR SNACKBAR ROUTINE!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
EWINS


A JUDGE!
CONTINUE! SHE WILL NOT HURT THE BOY!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, GARG. TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND I'LL BLOW THE BLISH KID AWAY!
SHE'S LYING! CONTINUE!
NOSTRUM ELOPHIM! DEI OM MORTATUM – AHHHH!
I SAID ZIP IT, CREEP!
GO, GARGARAX!
HE'S GONE!
STOP HER!


THOK!
AAAA!
KRAK!
SIT DOWN, JACKASS!
WHOK!
OOOF!
YOU'VE MADE A REAL BAD MISTAKE HERE, VIC BABY.
NEXT PROG:
INTO THE UNKNOWN!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
YOUNG HAMMY BLISH HAS BEEN POSSESSED BY THE DEMON GARGARAX. JUDGE ANDERSON HAS PURSUED HIM INTO THE UNDERCITY. AND BEHIND HER –
UP AHEAD! MUST BE THE RUINED CHURCH YOU SAW, WALTERS.
WALTERS... WHAT'S WRONG?
IT'S ANDERSON...
I'VE LOST CONTACT... SHE'S GONE!
THE PSI JUDGE! SHE'S CROSSING THROUGH!
SCRIPT R CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME
THE POSSESSED


FOR A TIMELESS MOMENT THERE IS NOTHING...
AND THEN —
— SHE IS ACROSS THE GREAT CHASM, IN THE FOUL WORLD THAT SPAWNED GARGARAX!
GO AWAY, INTERFERING BITCH! YOU'RE NOT WANTED HERE!
AND I'M NOT THAT KEEN ON BEIN' HERE, BIG MOUTH. BUT I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO —
THERE! GARGARAX!
A CREATURE SHE HAS NEVER SEEN, YET INSTINCTIVELY THE TELEPATH KNOWS IT IS HE — HERE ON HIS OWN WORLD ABLE TO ASSUME PHYSICAL SHAPE...
HELP! JUDGE!


BADAAM! BADAM!
HRAIEEE!
LET ME GO!
ZING!
HE'S WOUNDED! HE CAN BE HURT HERE!
HANG ON, HAMMY! I'M COMING!
GO BACK! YOU CAN DO NO GOOD HERE!
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!


UH-OH!
GO NO FURTHER, SHE-DOG!
TURN BACK OR DIE!
I'M GOING NOWHERE WITHOUT THE BLISH KID!
THEN DIE!
STANDARD ISH- RAPID FIRE!
HRAIEEEE!


AAAH!
SSHUNNK!
YOU WERE WARNED!
BADAAM!
BADAAM!
BADAAM!
GOTTA REACH MY LAWGIVER!
BRETT EWINS
NEXT PROG: "SHE WILL NEVER RETURN!"


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
ON THE TRAIL OF YOUNG HAMMY BLISH, JUDGE ANDERSON HAS CROSSED THE GREAT CHASM INTO THE WORLD OF THE DEMON GARGARAX –
SCRIPT R. CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T. FRAME
YOU WERE WARNED! YOU SHOULD HAVE TURNED BACK!
NOW DIE!
STICK IT IN YOUR EAR, UGLY!
DROKK!
WHEREVER THIS IS, THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS.
THE POSSESSED


UHHNNN!
PSI
SNAP!
POP!
A LITTLE OF THE MAGIC POWDER...
THAT'S BETTER!
C'MON, KIDDO, MOVE IT! GARGARAX HAS GOT A HEAD START — AND GRUD KNOWS WHEN THIS SACRIFICE IS BOOKED FOR!
ABOVE —
PLEASE, JUDGE! HELP ME!

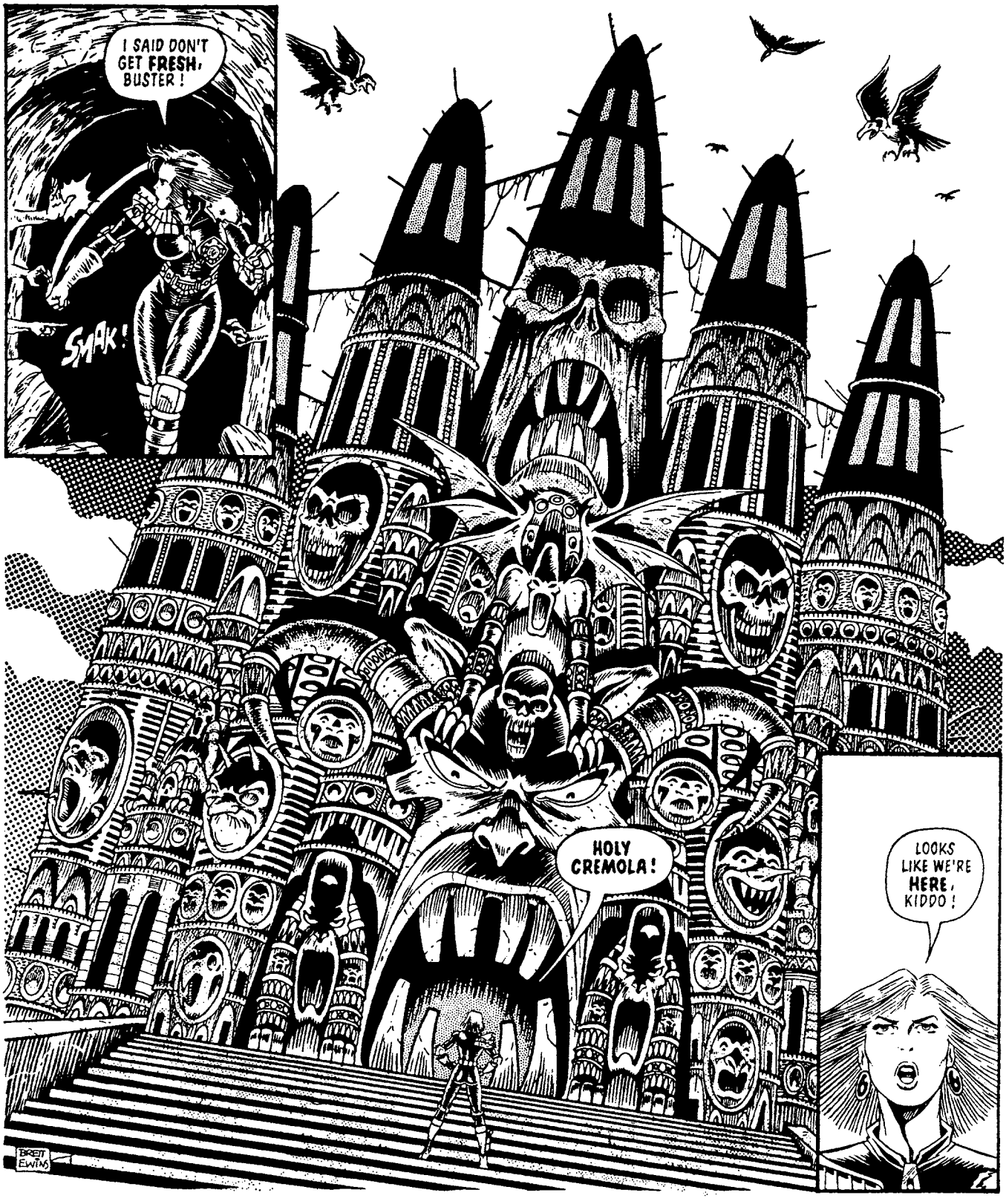

GET ON, BRAT!
AND IN ANOTHER WORLD, BENEATH THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE —
NOBODY MOVE! YOU CREEPS ARE UNDER ARREST!
THAT MEANS YOU, CLOTH EARS!
AAAGH!
THIS IS WHERE ANDERSON WENT. IT'S SOME SORT OF ENTRANCE... A GATEWAY TO ANOTHER WORLD...
THIS TRUE, FACE?
YEHH! SHEE GOHHN!
SHE HAS CROSSED THE GREAT CHASM — AND SHE WILL NEVER RETURN!

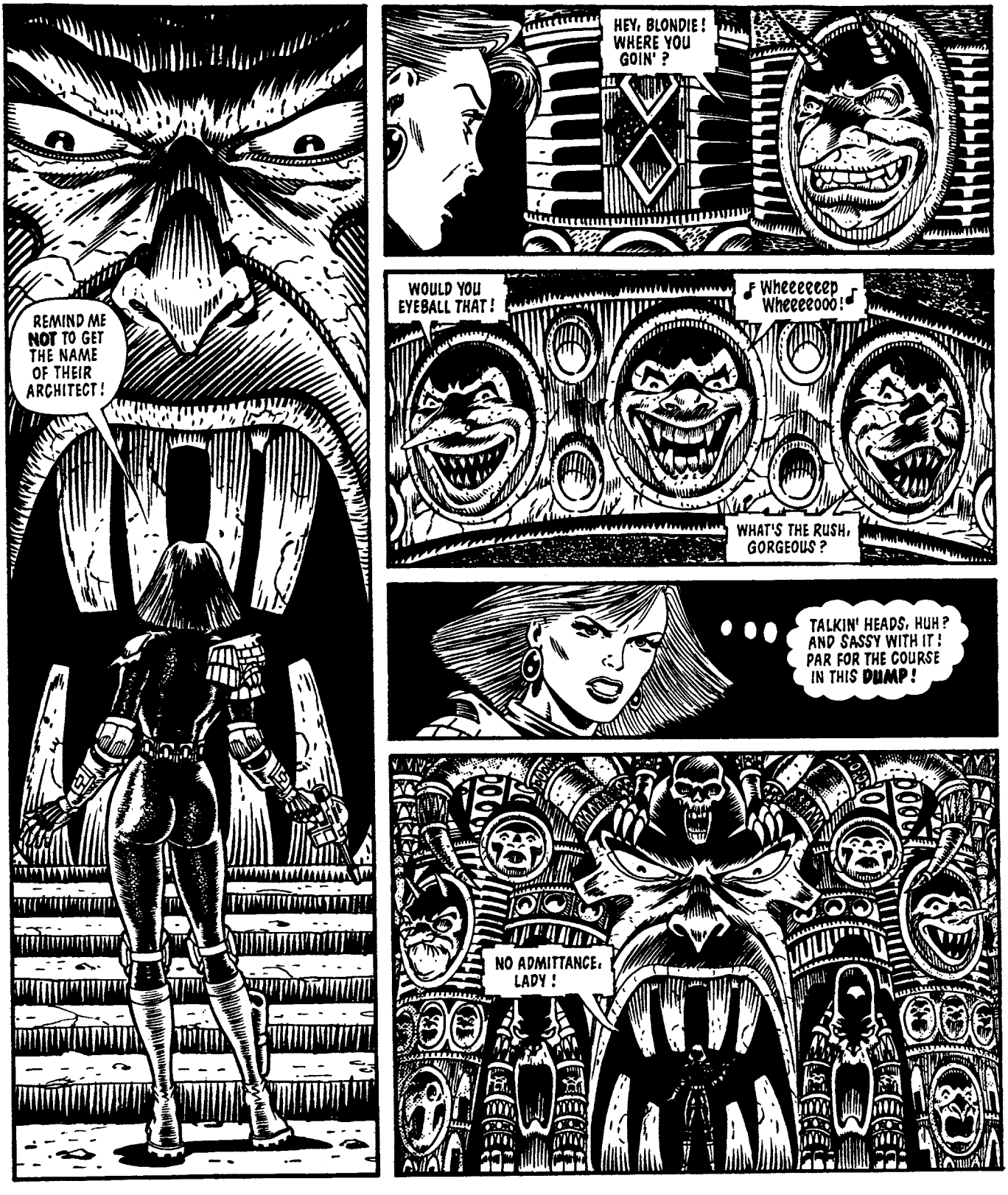

BLOOD...
...ALL THE WAY UP. I HURT GARGARAX BAD.
DIE, INTERFERING SHE-DOG!
IT'S HIM!
PUT UP YOUR WEAPON... I AM... TOO WEAK...
THE BOY – WHERE IS HE?
UNNH!
BEYOND YOUR GRASP... ON THE WAY TO MEET HIS FATE...
THE CASTLE!


YOU HAVE FAILED, ANDERSON. THE BOY WILL DIE... AND HIS BLOOD WILL BE THE KEY THAT OPENS YOUR WORLD TO US...
MAYBE I WON'T MAKE IT, GARG — BUT AT LEAST I CAN GUARANTEE ONE THING...
EWINS
YOU WON'T BE SNEAKING UP ON ME AGAIN.
CURSSSE YOUUUUUUUU
NEXT PROG: THE CASTLE OF SCREAMING SOULS !


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE POSSESSED
SHE RACES UPWARDS, TAKING THE CAVERN STEPS IN BOUNDS, UNTIL HER LUNGS ARE BURSTING -
BUT SHE DARE NOT STOP. YOUNG HAMMY BLISH IS CAPTIVE ON THIS DEMON WORLD. IF HE DIES, ALL HELL WILL BREAK LOOSE IN HER OWN WORLD.
BLAST! THREE DOORS!
SCRIPT R CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME
CONCENTRATE, ANDERSON!
HER MIND PROBES AHEAD -
HELP ME, JUDGE!
HELP MEEEEEEEE


IT'S THIS DOOR, BUT I'VE GOTTA MOVE. THEY'RE PREPARING THE BOY FOR SACRIFICE!
GRUMP!
DROKK!
STOP HER!
STOP HER!
STOP HER!
STOP HER!
STOP HER!
STOP HER!
HANDS OFF, YOU CREEPS!
BLAM!
BLAM!


I SAID DON'T GET FRESH, BUSTER!
SMAK!
HOLY CREMOLA!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HERE, KIDDO!
BRETT EWINS


REMIND ME NOT TO GET THE NAME OF THEIR ARCHITECT!
HEY, BLONDIE! WHERE YOU GOIN'?
WOULD YOU EYEBALL THAT!
♪ Wheeeeeep Wheeeeooo! ♪
WHAT'S THE RUSH, GORGEOUS?
TALKIN' HEADS, HUH? AND SASSY WITH IT! PAR FOR THE COURSE IN THIS DUMP!
NO ADMITTANCE, LADY!

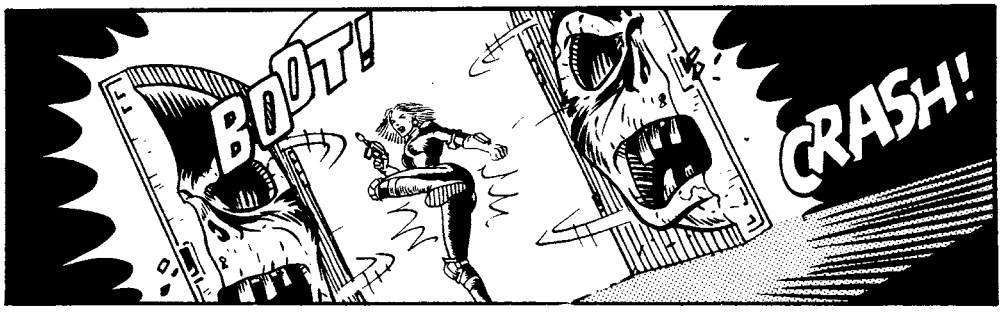

RUNK!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, BIGMOUTH!
I'VE COME FOR THE BLISH KID AND I'M NOT GOING WITHOUT HIM!
HI EX!
BADOOOM!
MAKE READY THE BLOOD CUPS!
N-NOOOOO!
DUNBAG! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!
YOU'RE TOO LATE!
WAY TOO LATE!
THE SHE-JUDGE IS COMING!
HURRY IT UP!
NEXT PROG: SUDDEN DEATH!


ANDERSON Psi DIVISION
SCRIPT R. CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T. FRAME
ON THE DEMON WORLD YOUNG HAMMY BLISH IS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED —
THRICE TAL! THRICE KED! THRICE PURE!
THROUGH HIS BLOOD WE WILL BE RELEASED!
THROUGH HIS DEATH WE WILL BE REBORN!
WITHIN THE CASTLE, JUDGE ANDERSON —
THEY'RE CLOSE — BUT WHICH WAY?
YOU'RE LOST!
YOU'LL NEVER FIND THEM!
GIVE UP! GO BACK!
TOO LATE
TOO LATE
GET OFF MY CASE!
TOO LATE
GOTTA CONCENTRATE!




SHE'S OFF AGAIN!
YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!


YOU'LL NEVER FIND THEM!
NEVER!
OH YEAH?

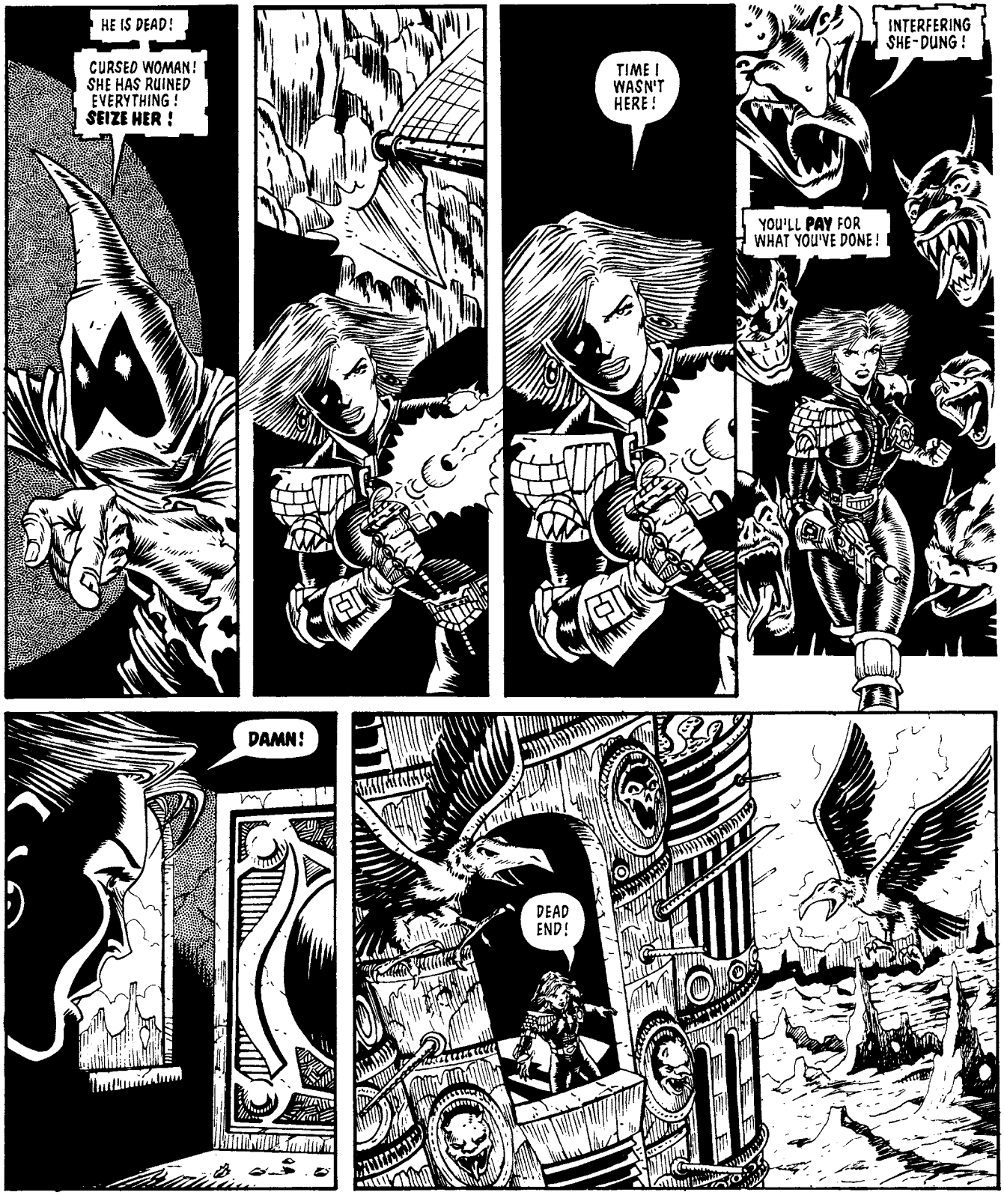

BOOT!
CRASH!


THE SHE-JUDGE!


THE PARTY'S OVER, CREEPS!


KERSHANG!


YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T KILL US ALL! THE BOY WILL DIE!
SHE KNOWS THE TRUTH OF THIS – KNOWS SHE CAN NEVER REACH HAMMY BLISH THROUGH SUCH A THRONG –
...SHE KNOWS TOO THAT IF HE DIES BY DEMON HAND, THEN MEGA-CITY ONE WILL FALL PREY TO THESE CREATURES OF DARKNESS –
AND SHE KNOWS, SUDDENLY, THAT SHE HAS BUT ONE COURSE OF ACTION –
THE JUDGE IS HERE! SHE'LL SHOW YOU! SHE'LL SAVE ME!
I'M...SORRY, HAMMY!
HUHH?
JUDGE...?
THUD!


HE IS DEAD!
CURSED WOMAN! SHE HAS RUINED EVERYTHING! SEIZE HER!
TIME I WASN'T HERE!
INTERFERING SHE-DUNG!
YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
DAMN!
DEAD END!


UH-OH! NO WAY BACK EITHER!
CAUGHT BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP. SOME CHOICE!
MY JUDGE-TUTOR WARNED ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS!
OH, WELL...
GERONIMO!
NEXT PROG: ON A WING AND A PRAYER!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ON THE DEMON WORLD **JUDGE ANDERSON** HAS BEEN FORCED TO SHOOT THE UNFORTUNATE **HAMMY BLISH** TO PREVENT HIS SACRIFICE. AND NOW —

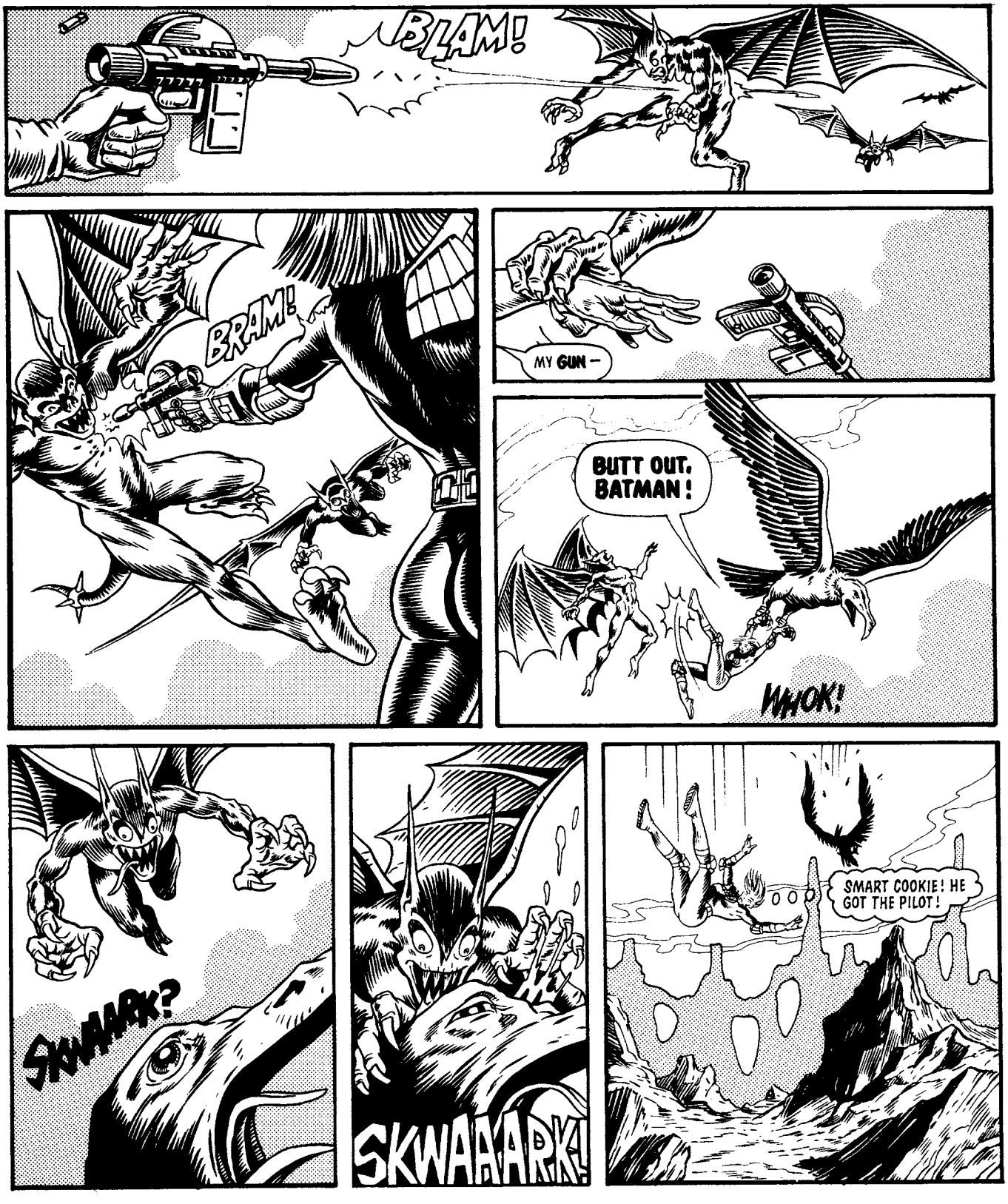
MY JUDGE TUTOR WARNED ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS !

SCRIPT R CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME

THE POSSESSED

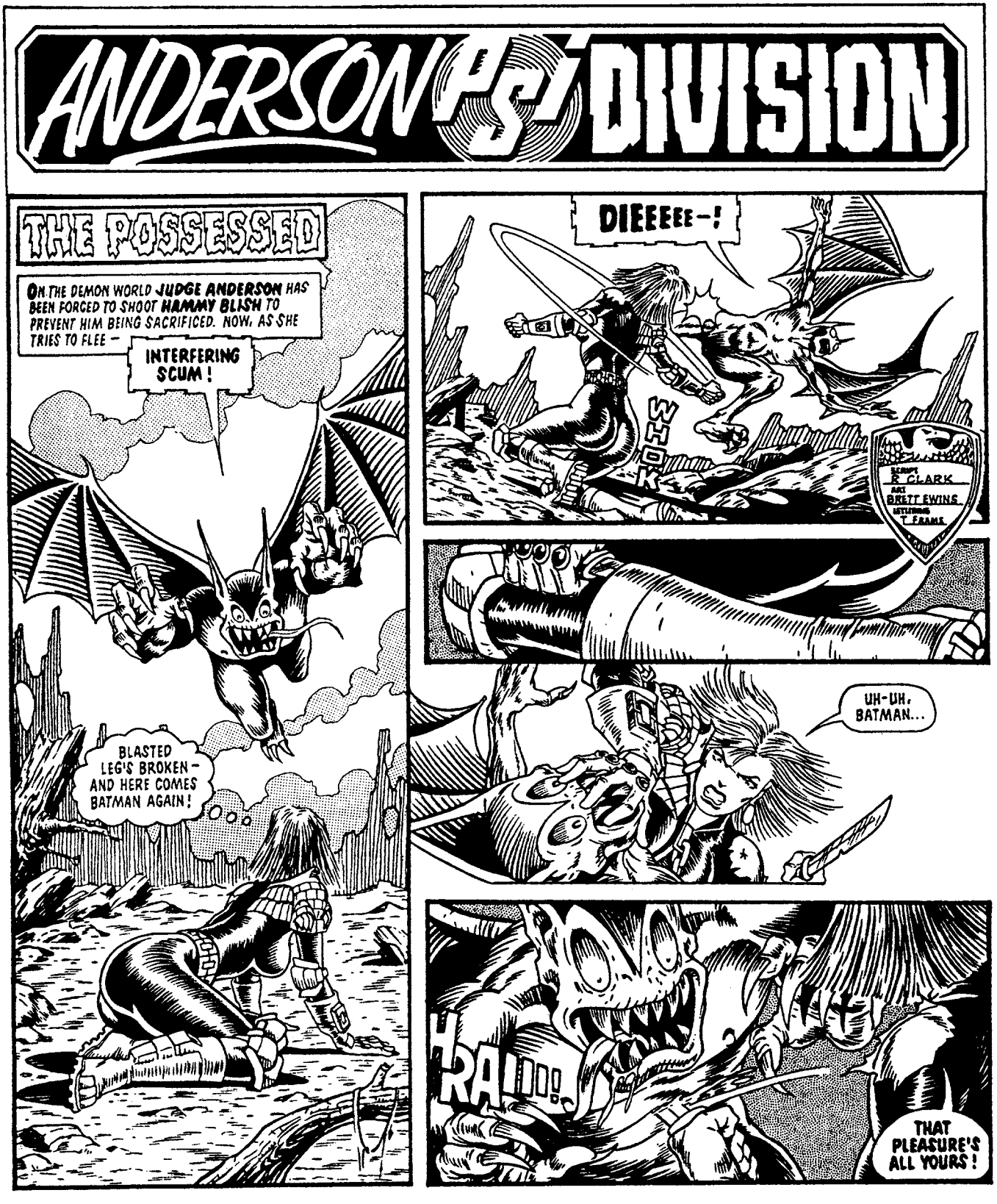
GERONIMO !

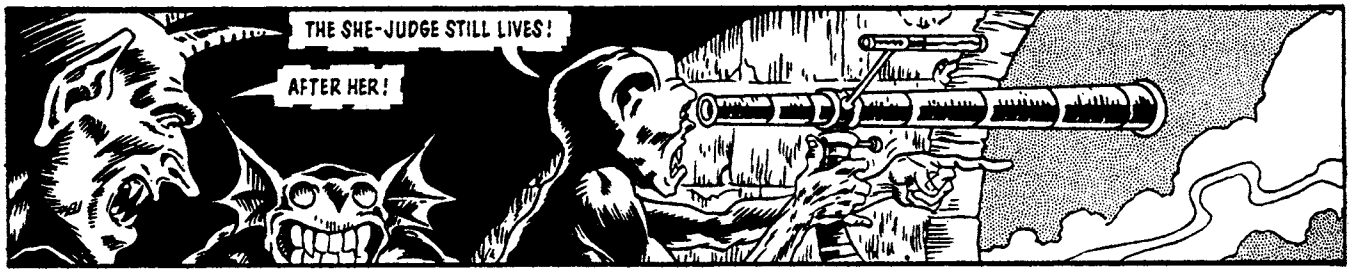

SKWAARKKK!
NICE TIMING, KIDDO!
GOTTA HAVE A WORD WITH THE PILOT BEFORE WE CRASH LAND.
THE TELEPATH FOCUSSES HER WILL —
EASY, BIRDIE! I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU — JUST HITCHING A RIDE!
SKWAARKK?
ATTABOY! YOU'RE GETTING THE MESSAGE!
SHE MUST NOT REACH THE GATEWAY!
STAND ASIDE!
FLUP
FLAP
FLUP
UH-OH! BANDITS AT 9 O'CLOCK!


BLAM!
BRAM!
MY GUN —
BUTT OUT, BATMAN!
WHOK!
SKWHARK?
SKWAAARK!
SMART COOKIE! HE GOT THE PILOT!


AAAHH!
CRUMP!
DAMN! BLASTED LEG'S BROKEN! GONNA NEED A SUPPORT...
MEANWHILE, IN A RUINED CHURCH BENEATH THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE –
WE CAN'T LEAVE ANDERSON MAROONED IN GARGARAX'S WORLD. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GO THROUGH AFTER HER.
BUT HOW? THE GATEWAY IS CLOSED.
THEN WE REOPEN IT – BRIDGE THE GREAT CHASM AGAIN.
CAN YOU DO IT, WALTERS?
NOT ALONE... BUT THESE CREEPS KNOW ALL THE DRILL. WE'LL RECONVENE THE COVEN.
NO WAY! NOT ONE OF US WILL LIFT A FINGER TO HELP YOU!
YOU PREFER A BULLET IN THE HEAD, MERLIN?
YOU WOULDN'T DARE! IT'D BE ILLEGAL KILLING – MURDER!
YEAH?

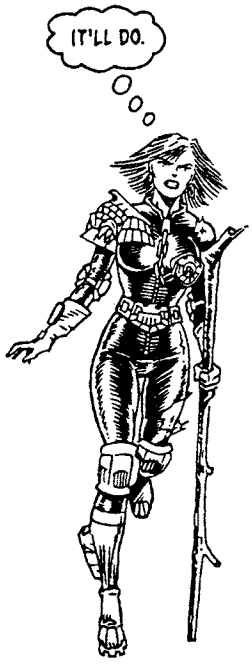

WALTERS – YOU'RE THE PSI. YOU CONSIDER THIS CASE QUALIFIES UNDER THE SECURITY OF THE CITY ACT?
WITHOUT A DOUBT.
THEN UNDER THE SECURITY OF THE CITY ACT I ORDER YOU TO COMPLY OR FACE IMMEDIATE EXECUTION.
DON'T BE ABSURD.
BLAM!
ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO SIT IT OUT WITH THE LAWYER HERE?
GOOD! THEN GET THE HOODS BACK ON AND MAKE WITH THE MUMBO JUMBO!
NEXT PROG:
PSI IN DISTRESS!
BRETT EWINS


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE POSSESSED
ON THE DEMON WORLD JUDGE ANDERSON HAS BEEN FORCED TO SHOOT HAMMY BLISH TO PREVENT HIM BEING SACRIFICED. NOW, AS SHE TRIES TO FLEE –
INTERFERING SCUM!
BLASTED LEG'S BROKEN – AND HERE COMES BATMAN AGAIN!
OOO
DIEEEEE–!
WHOK
SCRIPT R CLARK
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME
UH-UH, BATMAN...
RAIDD!
THAT PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS!


THE SHE-JUDGE STILL LIVES!
AFTER HER!


SHE MUST PAY FOR WHAT SHE HAS DONE!
KILL HER!
KILL!
AROOOO


GOT TO SCRAM BEFORE BATMAN'S PALS ARRIVE TO FINISH THE JOB.
SNAP!


IT'LL DO.


GATE'S NOT TOO FAR.
C'MON, KIDDO - GO FOR IT!


AROOOOO

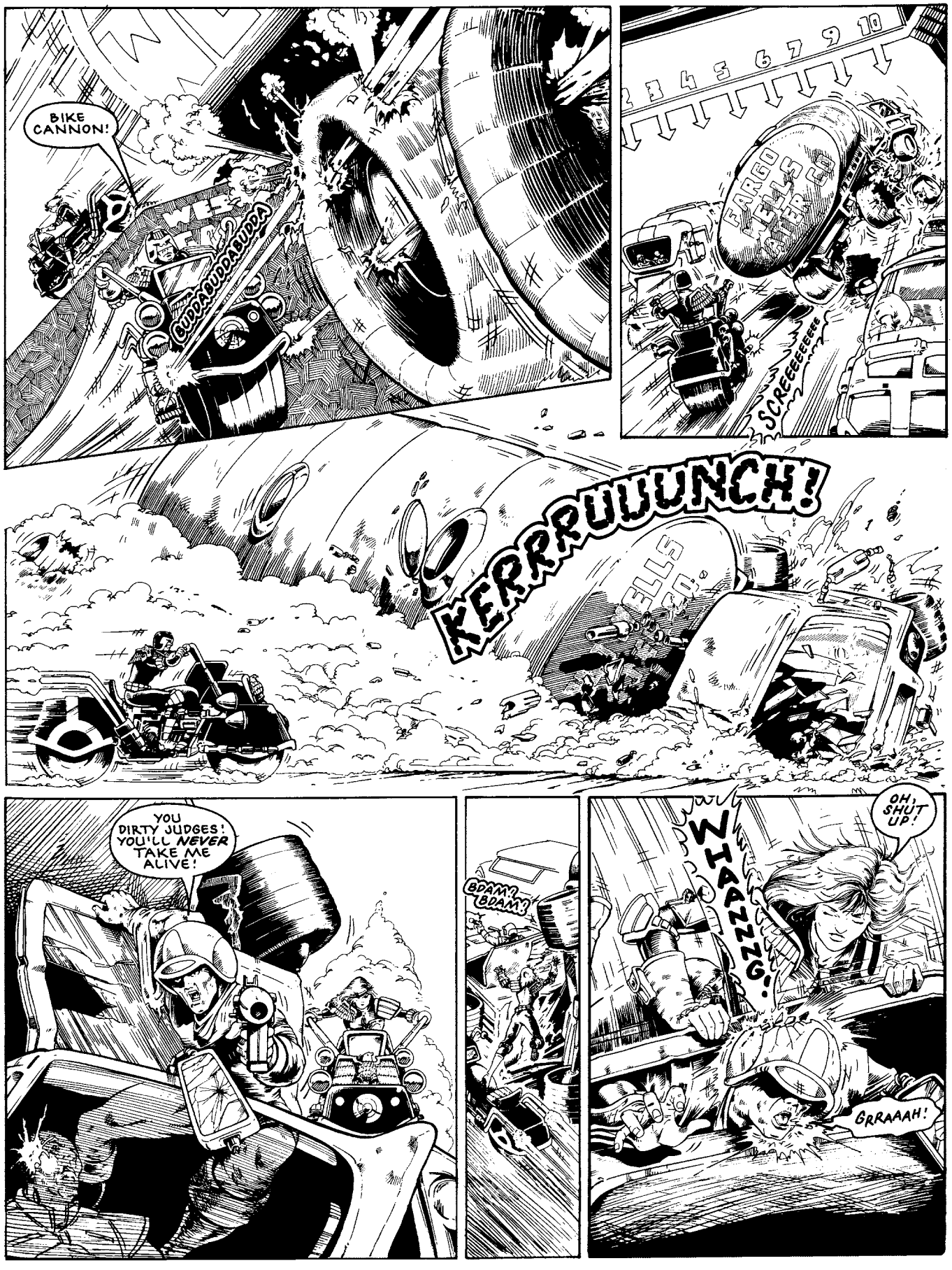

HOLY CREMOLA! HERE THEY COME!
ALMOST THERE!
FEETS DON'T FAIL ME...
...NOW!
...OH-OH... SOMEBODY'S PULLED THE PLUG.
OKAY - WHO'S FIRST?
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO STICK AROUND AND TEACH THESE CREEPS A LESSON.
THOUGH SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK A CRUTCH AND A BOOTKNIFE ARE THE BEST EDUCATIONAL TOOLS.


HI-EX!
BADAM!
BADAM!
VADOOOM!
WALTERS!
THE BLISH KID - WHERE IS HE?
DEAD!
THEN LET'S GET OUT OF HERE - OR WE WILL BE TOO!
A TIMELESS MOMENT OF NOTHINGNESS...
...AND THEN THEY ARE THROUGH.


DESTROY THE GATE!
KERWHUMP!
NOTHING'LL COME THROUGH THERE AGAIN!
SORRY I TOOK SO LONG, ANDERSON.
YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO BE SORRY ABOUT, PAL. THIS SHOULD'VE BEEN YOUR CASE.
SO THE KID'S DEAD, HUH?
YES. I... I KILLED HIM.
YOU? IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE SACRIFICE.
THEN DON'T REPROACH YOURSELF.
IF THAT BLOOD RITE HAD BEEN COMPLETED, THE WAY WOULD HAVE BEEN CLEAR FOR THE ENTIRE DEMON HORDE TO POUR THROUGH. YOU DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.
I KNOW...
ALL THE SAME... HE WAS ONLY A KID.
ALL RIGHT, YOU CREEPS! ON YOUR BROOMSTICKS! WE GOT NICE COLD CUBES WAITING FOR YOU!
THIRTY YEARS!
THE END.


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE IMAGES COME TO HER OUT OF NOWHERE, MOMENTARILY BLOTTING OUT ALL OTHER THOUGHT.
A WOLF, CAGED. ITS FANGS BARED, DRIPPING HATE. BUT ITS EYES COLD— CUNNING— MERCILESS.
THE BARS SHATTER. THE WOLF IS FREE!
IT STRIDES THE CITY LIKE A COLOSSUS. ITS TERRIBLE JAWS SLASH LEFT AND RIGHT.
SCREAMS OF THE DYING MINGLE WITH THE SCREAMS OF THE DEAD. AND THE STREETS RUN RED WITH BLOOD...
SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART B. KITSON
LETTERING S. POTTER
1977 1987
10
2000 AD YEARS


THE WOLF...!
WHAT?
ANDERSON? YOU OKAY?
HUH? OH... SURE!
JUST HAD A FLASH— YOU KNOW, SORT OF A PSYCHIC PICTURE SHOW.
GRUD KNOWS WHAT IT MEANS, THOUGH!
WELL, DO ME A FAVOUR — SAVE THE MOVIES FOR OFF-DUTY!
AND YOU SAVE THE LECTURES FOR STICKIN' IN YOUR EAR, DONAHY! ADVICE FROM A JUMPED-UP GATE GREENIE I DON'T NEED!
ANYWAY, THERE'S YOUR TRUK COMIN' NOW— THE WATER TANKER!
STAY IN LANE
FARGO WELLS WATER CO.
GEEZ! THEY GOT A PSI JUDGE CHECKIN'!
WE'LL BE RUMBLED FOR SURE!
GET US OUTTA HERE... NOW!
CHHUNNGG!
THEY'RE WHEELIN'!
I'M ON 'EM!


BIKE CANNON!
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
SCREEEEEEEE
KERRRUUUNCH!
YOU DIRTY JUDGES! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
BDAM? BDAM?
WHAAZZZG!
OH, SHUT UP!
GRRAAAH!


UNDER THE TANKER, A SECRET COMPARTMENT. IN IT, NINE WANTED PERPS MAKING THE RUN TO FREEDOM IN THE CURSED EARTH —
GUESS THAT ABOUT WRAPS IT UP HERE, DONAHY.
SEE YOU AROUND.
DONAHY
THE WOLF... THE CITY BLEEDING... WEIRD!
SO IT'S WEIRD — SO WHAT? YOU PICK UP A LOT OF CRAZY SIGNALS ON THE PSI-BAND. MOST OF THEM DON'T MEAN A THING.
WISH I KNEW WHAT THE HELL IT MEANT!
YEAH... BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ONE. I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING IT'S IMPORTANT...


THE MESSAGE CAME AS A JOLT TO GLENNY MEXWORTH—
GLENNY! WHAT'S KEEPIN' YOU WITH THAT CAFF?
FRASER DONALDSON
FOUR YEARS SHE'D WAITED... KEEPING HER SECRET, PLAYING HER PART ...UNTIL IN THE END SHE'D BEGUN TO DOUBT IT WOULD EVER COME.
NOW, AT LAST, IT HAD.


AUTOMATICALLY, SHE SNAPPED INTO GEAR—
HEY, GLENNY! HOW'S ABOUT A BIG HUGGY-WUGGY FOR YOUR HUBBY-WUBBY HARRY?


PUCKER UP—


SLOBBY-WOBBY!


THWAAK!


THREE YEARS SHE'D BEEN MARRIED TO THE BIG OAF. SHE'D HATED EVERY MOMENT. BUT HE'D PROVIDED THE COVER SHE'D NEEDED.
NOW, HE WAS MERELY AN... INCONVENIENCE.


BRIT-TOURS? I'D LIKE TO BOOK TWO SEATS ON WEDNESDAY'S ZOOM.
THAT'S RIGHT. MYSELF AND MY HUSBAND...


ENA AND JOSH THURBER GOT THE MESSAGE AT THE BLOCK DIXIE CLUB—
♪ CAMPDOWN LADIES SING THIS SONG—DOO DAH! DOO DAH! ♪
SIMON CARPENTER
♪ CAMPDOWN RACETRACK'S FIVE MILES LONG—OH DOO DAH DAY! ♪
♪ GWINE TO WORK ALL NIGHT—GWINE TO WORK ALL DAY! ♪
JOSH—ENA! LEAVING SO SOON?
SOMETHING'S COME UP.
REB
JOSH AND ENA HAD ALSO BEEN WAITING FOUR YEARS. BUT THEY HAD THOUGHT OF THIS MOMENT OFTEN.
REBS RULE OK
NO FAUNA
THURBER
THEY WERE READY.
CHECK ANDERSON!
SHE'S JUST LEAVING THE WEST WALL. HEADING BACK FOR THE SECTOR HOUSE.
LET'S TAKE HER!
NEXT WEEK: TO SLAY A PSI!

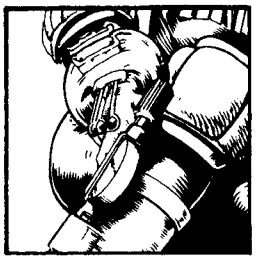

YOUR MIND IS STRONGER THAN MINE, ENA. CAN YOU REACH HER?
YES... SHE'S APPROACHING THE INTERSECTION.
SHE'S THINKING ABOUT THE WOLF. SHE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND... YET.
SHE NEVER WILL. ARE YOU READY?
OF COURSE— WE'VE WAITED FOUR YEARS FOR THIS!
ZAC'S
SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART B.KITSON
LETTERING S.POTTER
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

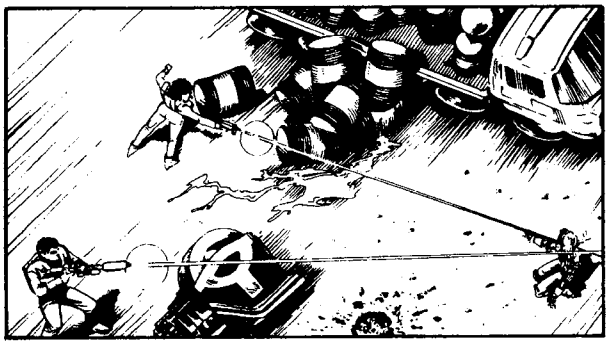

CONCENTRATE!
UH-OH!
MAKE HER SEE WHAT WE WANT...
GETTIN' AN ITCH WHERE I CAN'T SCRATCH IT!
DROKK! COMIN' THROUGH LOUD AND PROUD!
SPOONSTONE ALLEY WAREHOUSES
SHE IS COMING.
I KNOW. I CAN SENSE HER NOW.
SPOON ALLEY
DISKUS ACTIVATED.
BE SILENT.

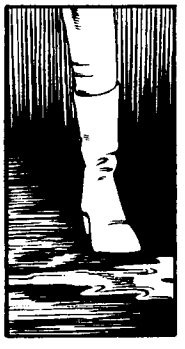

THIS IS SPOONSTONE... NO SIGN OF ANY BUG-EYED PERPS, THOUGH!
GRUD ON A GREENIE! IT'S A TRAP!
DETONATE!
UNNGH!
FINISH HER!

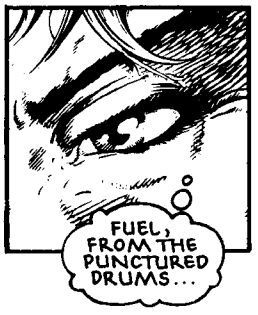

AAAAAH!


GOTTA ROLL—
AAAH!

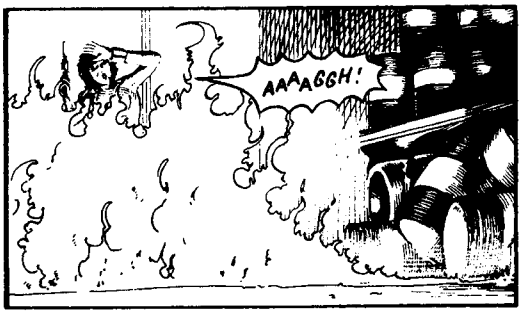







FUEL, FROM THE PUNCTURED DRUMS...


INCENDIARY!


AAAAGGH!

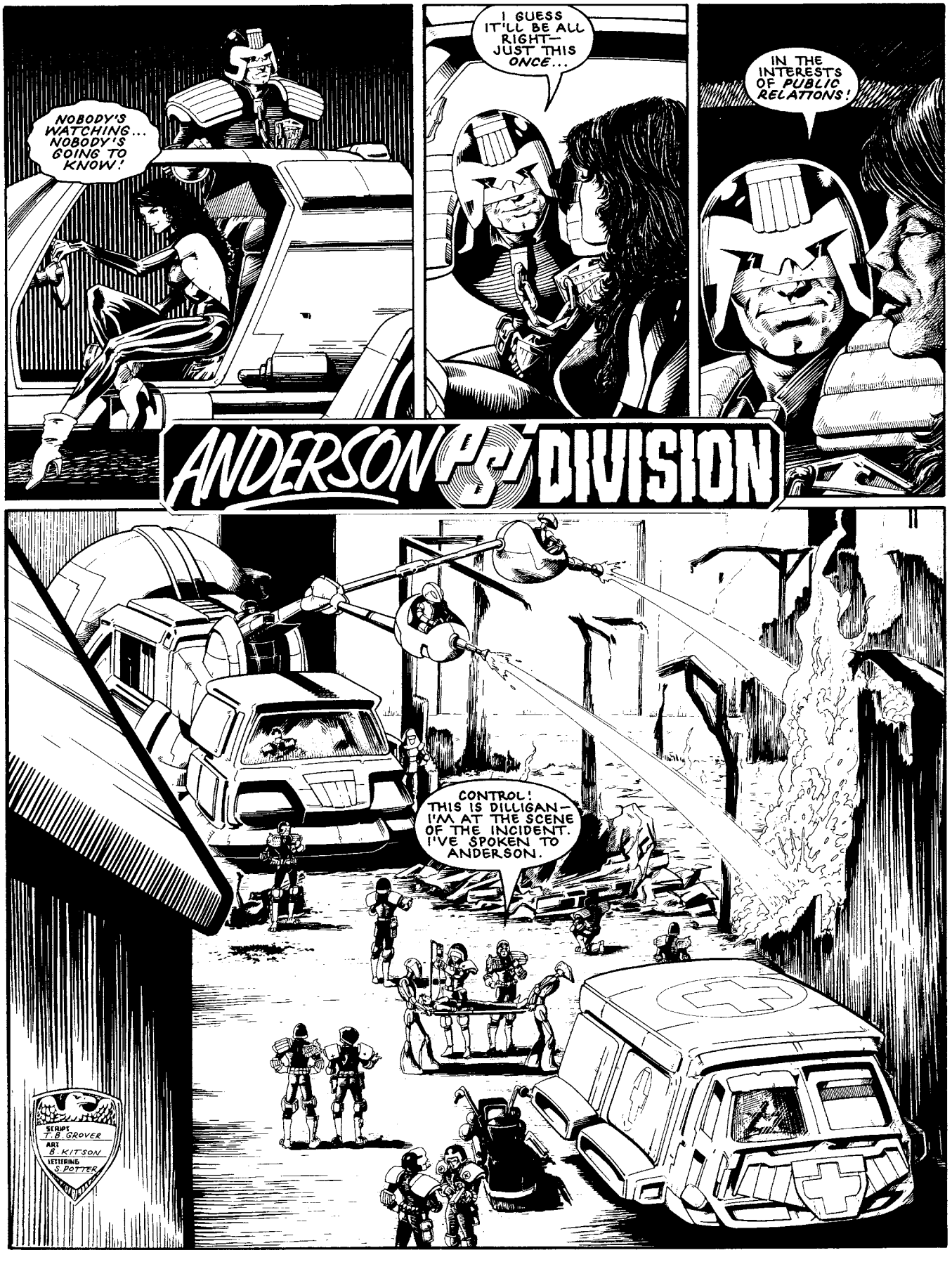

GREAT KAZAN!


GET BACK!


FAAA-DAAA-BOOOM!
THAT'LL DRAW EVERY JUDGE IN THE SECTOR!
BUT SHE IS STILL ALIVE—
LATER!
LUCKY I FLASHED ON THOSE TWO IN TIME...
THINGS COULD'VE GOT...
SERIOUS
NEXT PROG: LOVE IS THE DRUG


THE MIDDLE SHIFT AT ISO-BLOCK 4-1 FINISHED AT 1600 HOURS. SHE STOOD WATCHING AS THEY CAME OUT, FEELING NOTHING BUT SCORN FOR THEM.
ISO-BLO
4I
CUBE JUDGES! THEY WOULDN'T LAST A WEEK ON THE STREETS!
TOO MUCH LEISURE — TOO SOFT A JOB — IT MADE A PERSON WEAK, OPEN TO THE SUBTLE TOUCH OF CORRUPTION.
IT HAD BEEN THE SAME IN HER CITY... ONCE.
SHE LET THE WELL-TRAINED FINGERS OF HER MIND TOUCH EACH JUDGE, BRIEFLY PROBING, SEARCHING FOR THE ONE...
ONE WHOSE WEAKNESS HAD ALREADY BROUGHT HIM TO THE BRINK...
OH!


I-I'M SO SORRY, OFFICER! I JUST WASN'T LOOKING—
YOU REALISE RECKLESS WALKING COULD CONSTITUTE AN OFFENCE?
C'MON, BALLARD! LOOSEN UP. I'M A GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN!
SHE SURE IS ONE GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN!
WHAT THE HECK— NO NEED TO COME ON SO HEAVY!
HERE— LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.
OH THANK YOU! YOU'RE SO KIND!
HE WAS EASIER THAN SHE'D THOUGHT. HE FOLLOWED HER TO HER POD LIKE AN EAGER PUPPY—
YOU'VE BEEN EVER SO HELPFUL, JUDGE.
SAY— MY APARTMENT'S NOT FAR. WOULD... WOULD YOU LET ME SHOW MY APPRECIATION BY LETTING ME MAKE YOU A CUP OF... SYNTHICAFF?
LEVEL 101
THIS PARK: NO PATROLS OWNERS ENTER AT OWN RISK!
FUNKY RULE
WELL, IT'S AGAINST REGS...
DON'T BE A MUTT, BALLARD. YOU LIKE ME— YOU KNOW YOU DO!


NOBODY'S WATCHING... NOBODY'S GOING TO KNOW!
I GUESS IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT— JUST THIS ONCE...
IN THE INTERESTS OF PUBLIC RELATIONS!
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
CONTROL! THIS IS DILLIGAN— I'M AT THE SCENE OF THE INCIDENT. I'VE SPOKEN TO ANDERSON.
SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART B. KITSON
LETTERING S. POTTER


TWO ASSAILANTS—ONE MALE, ONE FEMALE. IT WAS A WELL-PREPARED AMBUSH. CREEPS HAD A DISKUS MINE!
SO THEY WEREN'T EXACTLY YOUR EVERY-DAY STREET SPUGS!
THEY WERE PSIS—OR AT LEAST ONE OF THEM WAS! THEY LURED ME HERE... DELIBERATELY! IT WAS ME THEY WANTED!
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE... THE WOLF...!
WHAT WOLF ANDERSON?
THERE... THERE'S A CONNECTION. THE WOLF... IT'S—IT'S...
UUUUH!
PASSED OUT!
SHE'S IN A BAD WAY. LET'S GET MOVING!
SIT DOWN, JUDGE BALLARD. MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.
NOW—SYNTHICAFF OR COULD I TEMPT YOU WITH SOMETHING A LITTLE... STRONGER?
FRASER DONALDSON


I, UH... I SUPPOSE ONE LITTLE SOYGIN WOULDN'T HURT.
YOU'RE MARRIED, I SEE.
WAS. MY HUSBAND DIED.
RECENTLY?
VERY.
CLICK!
WELL, HERE'S TO US!
YES...
TO US!
NEXT PROG: ENTER THE WOLF!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION




UUHHH!
YOU—
YOU'RE—
YOU'RE—
YOU'RE... BEAUTIFUL!
YOU DARE TO ADDRESS ME, VERMIN?
I-I'M SORRY TO BE SO FORWARD. IT'S JUST THAT I WANT TO ADORE YOU!
GET AWAY FROM ME, WORM!


WITH AFD*7, THE FIRST VISION WAS ALWAYS THE MOST IMPORTANT. THE CONTROLLER HAD TO LATCH ONTO IT, REINFORCE IT, IN ORDER TO EXTRACT MAXIMUM EFFECT—
YES—I'M A WORM! A PATHETIC WORM!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO REDEEM YOURSELF, BALLARD?
OH, YES PLEASE! JUST TELL ME HOW! I'LL DO ANY-THING TO PLEASE YOU! YOU KNOW I WILL!
TOMORROW, SHE TOLD HIM, HE WOULD REPORT FOR DUTY AT ISO-BLOCK *41 AS USUAL. AT PRECISELY 0900 HOURS HE WOULD VISIT THE PRISONER IN CUBE 2174.
GIVE HIM THIS.
WHAT IS IT?
POISON.
MAKE SURE YOU ARE NOT OBSERVED. AFTERWARDS, RESUME YOUR NORMAL DUTIES.
DO THIS FOR ME AND I WILL REWARD YOU BY ALLOWING YOU TO ADORE ME FOR EVER!
OH, I WILL! THANK YOU!
THANK YOU!


TWO OF THE BULLETS WENT STRAIGHT *THROUGH* HER, CHIEF JUDGE. MESSY, BUT NOTHING *VITAL* HIT.
WE DUG THE THIRD BULLET OUT OF HER THIGH. STANDARD .37 CALIBRE. NO LEADS THERE.
HER ASSAILANT BEEN *LOCATED* YET?
NO TRACE.
WHEN SOMEONE TRIES TO *TAKE OUT* MY BEST TELEPATH, I WANT TO KNOW *WHY*. SHE SAID AT LEAST *ONE* OF HER ATTACKERS WAS A PSI—
GET PSI-DIVISION ONTO IT. SEE WHAT *THEY* CAN PICK UP.
AND GET THEM TO SEND A *PSI GUARD* DOWN HERE I WANT A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR *WATCH* ON HER.
LET ME KNOW AS *SOON* AS SHE COMES ROUND.


Brrrrrrng
Brrrrng Brrrng
WHY DO YOU NOT COMMUNICATE IN THE NORMAL WAY?
ANDERSON IS NOT DEAD. WE FAILED
THE PRECOGS DIDN'T PREDICT THIS!
THE PRECOGS ARE NOT ALWAYS RIGHT!
PSI-DIVISION ARE LOOKING FOR US. WE MUST MINIMISE TELEPATHIC CONTACT.
PSI-DIV! THEY HAVE NO-ONE CAPABLE OF TRACKING US—ONLY ANDERSON!
SEE THAT SHE IS DEALT WITH—TONIGHT!
TOMORROW THE WOLF RUNS FREE... AND SOON MEGA-CITY ONE WILL PAY FOR ITS CRIME!
NEXT: PROG: TO DIE IN DREAMS...


ANDERSON Psi DIVISION
0413 HOURS. A DARK ROADSTER PULLS UP AT THE PARK* A*WHILE ON BONSAI BOULEVARD.
LOOK AT THOSE LIGHTS. AFTER DARK, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE! IT COULD ALMOST BE... HOME.
YOU WILL NEVER SEE HOME AGAIN.
HOME IS GONE FOREVER. BUT PERHAPS ONE DAY, THROUGH OUR ACTIONS, WE CAN AT LEAST HAVE REVENGE.
NOW CONCENTRATE. PSI-DIVISION ARE PROBING FOR US. SHIELD ME!
SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART B. KITSON
LETTERING S. POTTER

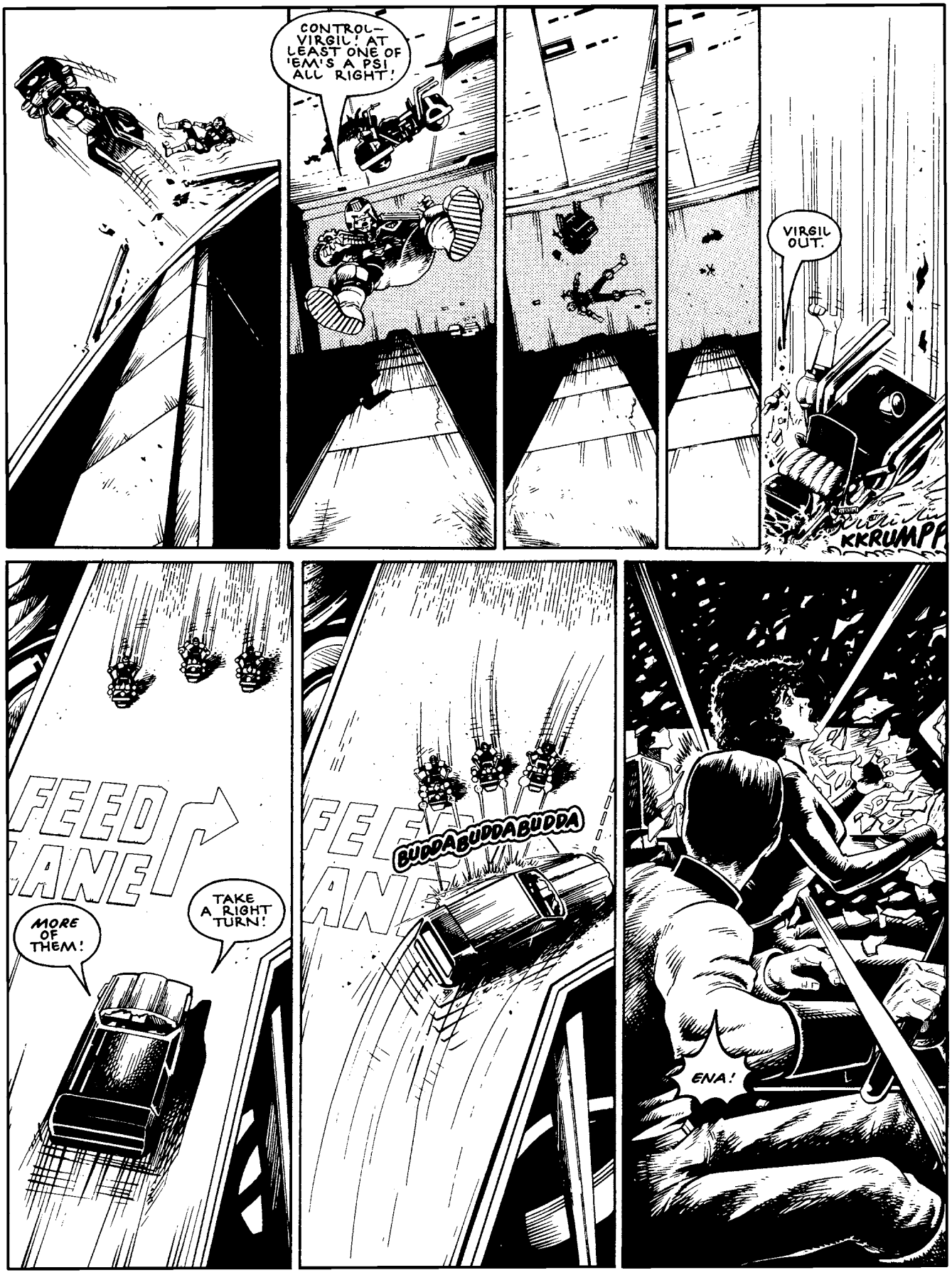

HER MIND REACHES OUT, TENDRILS OF THOUGHT PENETRATING DEEP INTO THE SECTOR HOUSE BELOW —
FINDING HER QUARRY—
ANDERSON — UNCONSCIOUS.
A JUDGE ON GUARD... A PSI.
PSI-DIVISION! DO THEY THINK ONE LOW-GRADE TELEPATH CAN PROTECT HER? WITHOUT ANDERSON, THEY WERE NOTHING!
SHE'LL USE HIM, BEND HIM SO SKILFULLY HE'LL NOT EVEN KNOW — UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.
SHE SEEKS OUT THE WEAK POINTS IN HIS DEFENCES, IMPLANTING A SUGGESTION HERE... APPLYING PRESSURE THERE... GRADUALLY TAKING CONTROL OF HIS MIND.
GRUD, HE'S BORED!
IT'S GETTING COLD. HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN SITTING HERE, ANYWAY? SEEMS LIKE WEEKS NOW!


LOOK AT THOSE COBWEBS! AREN'T THEY SUPPOSED TO CLEAN MED-BAYS—
AND THAT SLIME... OOZING OUT OF THE DANK, DRIPPING WALLS.
WHAT THE HELL KIND OF MED-BAY IS THIS ANYWAY? MORE LIKE A CAVE— THE LAIR OF SOME DISGUSTING BEAST!
GRUD! THOSE BONES! THERE'S THE EVIDENCE!
AND WHERE'S THE BEAST? ANDERSON— HE MUST PROTECT HER!
DOK! TOO LATE! SHE GIVES HERSELF AWAY...
SHE IS THE BEAST!


GO AWAY!
RAP RAP RAP
NO CAN DO! WE THE TAX COLLECTORS. WE HERE FOR ALL YOUR MONEYS!
COME ON, PEOPLE! OPEN THE WINDOW WHILE WE STILL ASKIN' NICE!
HER CONCENTRATION ABRUPTLY SHATTERED, HE IS FREE—
ANDERSON..?
GRUD! I NEARLY..!
CONTROL—THIS IS SCARFE! JUST BEEN ANOTHER PSI-STRIKE ON ANDERSON! TRIED TO GET TO HER THROUGH ME—
WAIT A MINUTE! I'M GETTING A FIX—
BLACK FOORD ROADSTER—ON BONSAI! TWO OF THEM—MAN AND A WOMAN!


WAZZAMATTA YOU PEOPLE? YOU NO' ONNERSTAND EENGLISH? OPEN THE STINKIN' WINDOW!
KERRRAAASH!
TAX CUSTOMS
AIEEE!
BLAM BLAM
VRRRRMMM!
SCREEEEEEE!
WHILE
DAMN THIS CITY! I NEARLY HAD HER!
VIRGIL TO CONTROL! I HAVE YOUR ROADSTER— HEADING WEST DOWN FUJI!
AM IN PURSUIT!
NEXT PROG: 2000AD PSI-FRY SPECIAL!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
SUSPECT ROADSTER NOW TURNING NORTH ALONG HEBDEN!
MAINTAIN PURSUIT! BACK-UP ON ITS WAY!
CONCENTRATE ON DRIVING. I WILL DEAL WITH HIM!
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART KITSON & ANDERSON
LETTERING S. POTTER
GRUD! THOSE CITIZENS!
GOTTA SWERVE—
WHAT THE—?


CONTROL— VIRGIL! AT LEAST ONE OF 'EM'S A PSI! ALL RIGHT!
VIRGIL OUT.
KKRUMPF
FEED LANE
MORE OF THEM!
TAKE A RIGHT TURN!
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
ENA!


HEBDEN STREET
HOTTY STALL
CLOSED
SCRAAAAPE!
SMAAAASH!


IRINA...
WE HAVE FAILED!
WE MUST ENSURE THERE IS NOTHING LEFT THAT MIGHT LEAD THEM TO... OUR FRIEND.
IRINA... I WANT YOU TO KNOW...
I LOVE YOU...
DON'T BE STUPID! WE'VE NO TIME FOR THAT!
WE MUST DO OUR DUTY.
FAADOOOOM!
SELF-DESTRUCT!


CONTROL— HERSHEY! SCRUB THE PSIS IN THE ROADSTER. BETTER GET FORENSIC DOWN HERE.
WILCO. KEEP THE STIFFS WARM. WE'RE SENDING A PSI TO TRY FOR CATENTS.
THEY'RE WARM ALL RIGHT —BUT I DOUBT IF YOU'LL GET ANY-THING OUT OF THESE TWO!
IN HER MED-BAY, ANDERSON STIRS UNEASILY—
IMAGES FLOOD THROUGH HER BRAIN—
WOLF PACK ON THE RUN. TWO OF THEM FALL—DEAD!
BUT THE GREAT WOLF RUNS ON.
HIS NAME IS ASSASSIN... AND SOON HE WILL BE FREE!
NEXT PROG: ENTER THE WOLF!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION




SECTOR 7
IN THE SECTOR-HOUSE MED-BAY, JUDGE ANDERSON TOSSED FITFULLY –
ASSASSIN...!
WHAT'S THAT, ANDERSON?
THE WOLF... ASSASSIN! ASSASSIN!
TAKE IT EASY. YOUR ASSASSINS ARE DEAD. EVERYTHING'S OKAY.
THE MESSAGE HAD BEEN CLEAR. "WOLF PACK ON THE RUN. TWO OF THEM FALLEN – DEAD!"
GLENNY MEXWORTH KNEW AT ONCE – IRINA AND JOSEF HAD FAILED. SHE WAS ON HER OWN NOW.
SHE DARED NOT REMAIN HERE ANY LONGER. SHE PACKED THOSE THINGS SHE KNEW SHE WOULD NEED...
...AND LEFT THE APARTMENT FOR THE LAST TIME.
7356
EXWORTH


ANDERSON WAS STILL ALIVE. THE PRECOG'S WARNINGS MIGHT YET PROVE TRUE. SHE COULD STILL BE A DANGER TO THE PLAN.
FRASER
EXIT LEVEL 9
BUT THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULD DO ABOUT ANDERSON NOW. THE WHEELS WERE IN MOTION.
IF SHE PLAYED HER OWN PART PROPERLY, THE PLAN COULD STILL SUCCEED.
SHE CHOSE A GRUBBY MOTEL ON THE ROUTE FROM ISO-BLOCK 41...
BED-ON THE SEA
VACANCIES
...REGISTERED IN A FALSE NAME...
ROOM 539
...THEN SETTLED DOWN TO WAIT.


BY 06.30 HOURS, JUDGES HAD COMPLETED THEIR SEARCH OF THE THURBER APARTMENT –
GET THIS, CONTROL – WE'VE TURNED UP FOUR HANDGUNS, SEVERAL GRENADES, TWO DISCUS MINES –
DISCUS? TIES IN WITH THE FIRST ATTACK ON ANDERSON!
THAT'S NOT ALL – WE ALSO GOT SIX SETS OF I.D. PAPERS, ALL IN FALSE NAMES.
THIS WASN'T YOUR STANDARD COUPLE-NEXT-DOOR – THEY WERE PROFESSIONALS!
NO HINTS AS TO WHO MIGHT HAVE SICCED THEM ON ANDERSON?
NONE.
WE STILL GOT A FEW LEADS TO CHECK OUT. I'LL KEEP YOU POSTED.
BY 08.55, TRACING BACK CALLS MADE FROM THE THURBER VIDCOM, JUDGES HAD FOUND THE BODY OF HARRY MEXWORTH –
KILLED WITH A SINGLE BLOW. PROFESSIONAL JOB.
CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!
NO SIGN OF THE WIFE, CONTROL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT IT'S GOT TO TIE IN WITH THE ANDERSON HIT!
CHECK! WE'LL PUT OUT AN A.P.B. ON GLENNY MEXWORTH. WAIT THERE. A PSI'S ON HIS WAY DOWN.


09.00 HOURS, ISO-BLOCK 41.
ENTRANCE
PERP FEED
OPEN 2174!
I WAS TOLD TO GIVE YOU THIS.
2174
ORLOK
EXTREME CAUTION!
NEXT PROG: DEATH'S SWEET STING!


0902 HOURS, ISO-BLOCK 41.
THE PRISONER IN CUBE 2174 BIT THE END FROM THE PHIAL AND SWALLOWED IT.
SIX YEARS HE HAD WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT, NEVER DOUBTING THAT ONE DAY IT WOULD COME. HE PRIDED HIMSELF THAT HIS MIND AND BODY WERE AT THE SAME PEAK OF PERFECTION AS THE DAY HE HAD BEEN TAKEN.
ORLOK 2174
WHEN HE HAD DRUNK, HE SWALLOWED THE REMAINS OF THE PHIAL. HE MUST LEAVE NO TRACE.
THE NUMBNESS BEGAN IN HIS FINGERS AND TOES AND SPREAD RAPIDLY –
–TILL SENSATION VANISHED FROM HIS LIMBS. A HEAVY FROST SEEMED TO CREEP TOWARDS HIS HEART, MAKING IT FALTER AND SLOW.
HE KNEW THE SYMPTOMS AND EXPECTED THEM.
THE LAST THING HE FELT BEFORE LAPSING INTO OBLIVION WAS THE SICKLY SACCHARINE TASTE OF THE DRUG.
FUNNY, THAT DEATH SHOULD TASTE SO SWEET.


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
09.18. THE WOMAN KNOWN AS GLENNY MEXWORTH SAT STILL AS STONE, FOCUSSING HER ENTIRE CONCENTRATION ON THE EVENTS IN ISO-BLOCK 41.
SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART B KITSON
LETTERING T FRAME
VACANCIES
ORLOK!
GET A MED! QUICK!
NO HEARTBEAT...
NO PULSE.
HE'S DEAD. MASSIVE HEART ATTACK, BY THE LOOK OF IT!
HEART ATTACK? ORLOK? GRUD— HE WAS THE FITTEST CREEP I EVER SAW!


IT HAPPENS.
RUN HIM DOWN TO THE MORTUARY. AUTOPSY'LL TELL US FOR SURE.
NOT IN THE ISO-BLOCK! ORLOK'S IMPORTANT. SEND HIM TO JUSTICE CENTRAL... JUSTICE CENTRAL...
ON SECOND THOUGHTS, BETTER TAKE HIM OVER TO JUSTICE CENTRAL. ORLOK'S IMPORTANT. THEY'LL WANT TO PEEL HIM THEMSELVES.
GLENNY MEXWORTH CHECKED HER GUN. THE WOLF WAS ON HIS WAY.


09.23. THE MEXWORTH APARTMENT.
INTERESTING...
FRASER DONALDSON
GLENNY MEXWORTH CALLED BRITTOURS TO BOOK TWO SEATS ON TODAY'S NOON ZOOM TO BRIT-CIT. HERSELF AND HER HUSBAND.
YEAH? WELL, HARRY'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
NOBLE
RECKON SHE'S PLANNING ON TAKING SOMEONE ELSE?
WE'LL FIND OUT AT NOON - IF SHE SHOWS.
THE ANSWER CAME TO ANDERSON IN ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS OF SUDDEN CLARITY JUST BEFORE WAKING...
BONG BLOCK
SHE WAS DREAMING OF THE PAST - OF A TIME WHEN HER CITY WAS WRACKED BY MADNESS -
WHEN CITIZEN TURNED AGAINST CITIZEN, JUDGE AGAINST JUDGE -
GOOGIK WITHERS WILDMAN


RISING ABOVE IT ALL, LIKE SOME EVIL SPIRIT, THE FACE OF ORLOK –
ORLOK, EAST-MEG ONE'S MOST LETHAL WEAPON. ASSASSIN – CONTAMINATOR – MURDERER OF MILLIONS...
THAT SCAR –! WHERE HAD SHE SEEN IT BEFORE...?
AND SUDDENLY SHE KNEW –
THE WOLF! ORLOK WAS THE WOLF!
NEXT PROG: DEAD-ON-THE-SKED!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
ORLOK—
ORLOK'S THE WOLF!
SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART B. KITSON
LETTERING ALDRICH 3
ORLOK THE ASSASSIN— THE EAST-MEG HITMAN! HE'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
COME AGAIN, ANDERSON?
NEVER MIND— JUST GIVE ME THAT MIKE!
CONTROL! THIS IS ANDERSON— PRIORITY ONE! THE PSIS WHO TRIED TO WIPE ME OUT— THEY'RE PROBABLY EAST-MEG AGENTS! THEY'RE HERE TO FREE ORLOK. I'M SURE OF IT!
YEAH? WELL THEY'RE TOO LATE!


ISO-BLOCK A1 CALLED IN FIFTEEN MINUTES BACK. ORLOK JUST DROPPED DEAD IN HIS CUBE. HE'S ON HIS WAY TO CENTRAL NOW.
HE'S OUT OF THE BLOCK?
GRUD ON A GREENIE! YOU'VE GOT TO CALL THAT WAGON BACK!
SHE WAITS TILL THE BLOCK WAGON COMES INTO SIGHT...
BED-ON-THE-SKED
JUSTICE DEPT.
...BEFORE SHE HITS THE DRIVER!
CAR BAY, BED-ON-THE-SKED... HANG A LEFT!
"BED-ON-THE-SKED."
BED-ON THE SKED CAR BAY
HEY!
WHAT ARE YOU COMIN' IN HERE FOR?
THIS IS THE BED-ON-THE-SKED, ISN'T IT?
THIS IS THE CAR BAY!
"I KNOW IT'S THE CAR BAY! WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS WHAT ARE WE DOIN' IN HERE? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TAKIN' A STIFF TO CENTRAL."


YEAH — COME TO THINK OF IT, WHAT ARE WE DOIN' HERE ?
YOU TELL ME — YOU'RE DRIVIN'!
C'MON, LET'S GET MOVIN'!
SERVICE STAIRS
CAB BAY ENTRANCE
STOP! STOP!
WHAT THE HELL YOU PLAYIN' AT NOW ?
I STOPPED, DIDN'T I ?
OKAY, WELTON — THAT'S IT! MANDATORY MED-CHECK AS SOON AS WE GET BACK!
WHAT FOR ?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, I . . . WAIT, THAT WOMAN, SHE'S GONNA . . .


AAARGH!
YEEARGH!
ORLON


WELCOME BACK, COMRADE ORLOK!
NEXT PROG: ORLOK- FIRST BLOOD!


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
CONTROL CALLING 41 BLOCK WAGON!
COME IN, BLOCK WAGON!
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART B. KITSON
LETTERING T FRAME
DO YOU READ ME, BLOCK WAGON? THIS IS PRIORITY ONE!
BLOCK WAGON HERE. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, CONTROL?
ANDERSON RECKONS THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON WITH YOUR STIFF. MAKE A U AND GET BACK HOME!
ON OUR WAY!
PUT THIS ON. HURRY.


THEY'D BE LOOKING FOR HER. IT WAS SAFER TO LEAVE HER OWN VEHICLE HERE, STEAL A NEW ONE.
YEAH, MAN, THEY GOTTA LET HIM OUT FOR SUPERSURF 10...
GOTTA GET HIM TO OZ... HEY, LOOKIT THAT!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHAT YOU UP TO, SISTER?
HUH?


HE MOVED ALMOST FASTER THAN HER EYE COULD FOLLOW.
ONE MOMENT THEY WERE STANDING, AGAPE... THE NEXT, BROKEN AND LIFELESS AT HIS FEET.
YES, THEY WERE RIGHT TO HAVE FREED HIM — TO HAVE RISKED SO MUCH. HE WAS THE PERFECT KILLING MACHINE. BRED FOR COMBAT — FOR DEATH —
— FOR REVENGE.
HAVE A NIC
EXIT
THIS ANDERSON — SHE IS THE PSI ?
THAT'S THE ONE.
SHE'S GOOD. SHE'S PROBING FOR US NOW.
DON'T WORRY. I CAN HANDLE HER.


WHERE TO?
I'VE GOT YOU THIS FAR. TRUST ME.
I TRUST NO ONE!
CONTROL TO ANDERSON! WE'VE JUST HEARD FROM THE BLOCK WAGON – THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY BACK WITH THE STIFF.
SECTOR
NO – YOU'RE WRONG! THE CREW... THEY'RE DEAD!
CAR BAY – BED-ON-THE-SKED!
AND ORLOK... HE'S ALIVE!
WHAT? YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING!


NO! I CAN SEE HIM! IN A CAR – BLUE... GREY, MAYBE... CAN'T MAKE IT OUT.
THERE'S A WOMAN... SHE'S BLURRED. IT'S ALL BLURRED!
SHE'S A PSI! SHE'S BLOCKING ME!
AKME
AKME
HE IS WAITING.
GOOD LUCK, COMRADE. MAKE THEM SUFFER.
COUNT ON IT!
NEXT PROG: WOLF HUNT!


CONTROL! HIBBERT HERE, BED-ON-THE SKED. I'VE FOUND THE BLOCK WAGON!
BOTH CREW DEAD. ORLOK'S BODY GONE.
WE'VE ALSO GOT THREE DEAD CITIZENS. COULD HAVE BEEN WITNESSES.
SCRIPT T. B. GROVER
ART W. SIMPSON — BRUNO
LETTERING ALDRICH 3
ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
ORLOK'S CUBE SUIT'S STILL HERE, THOUGH. SO EITHER SOMEBODY'S STRIPPING STIFFS, OR ANDERSON'S RIGHT — AND THE CREEP'S STILL ALIVE!
AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, CHIEF JUDGE SILVER ASSUMES PERSONAL COMMAND OF THE OPERATION—
ORLOK ALIVE? IS IT POSSIBLE?

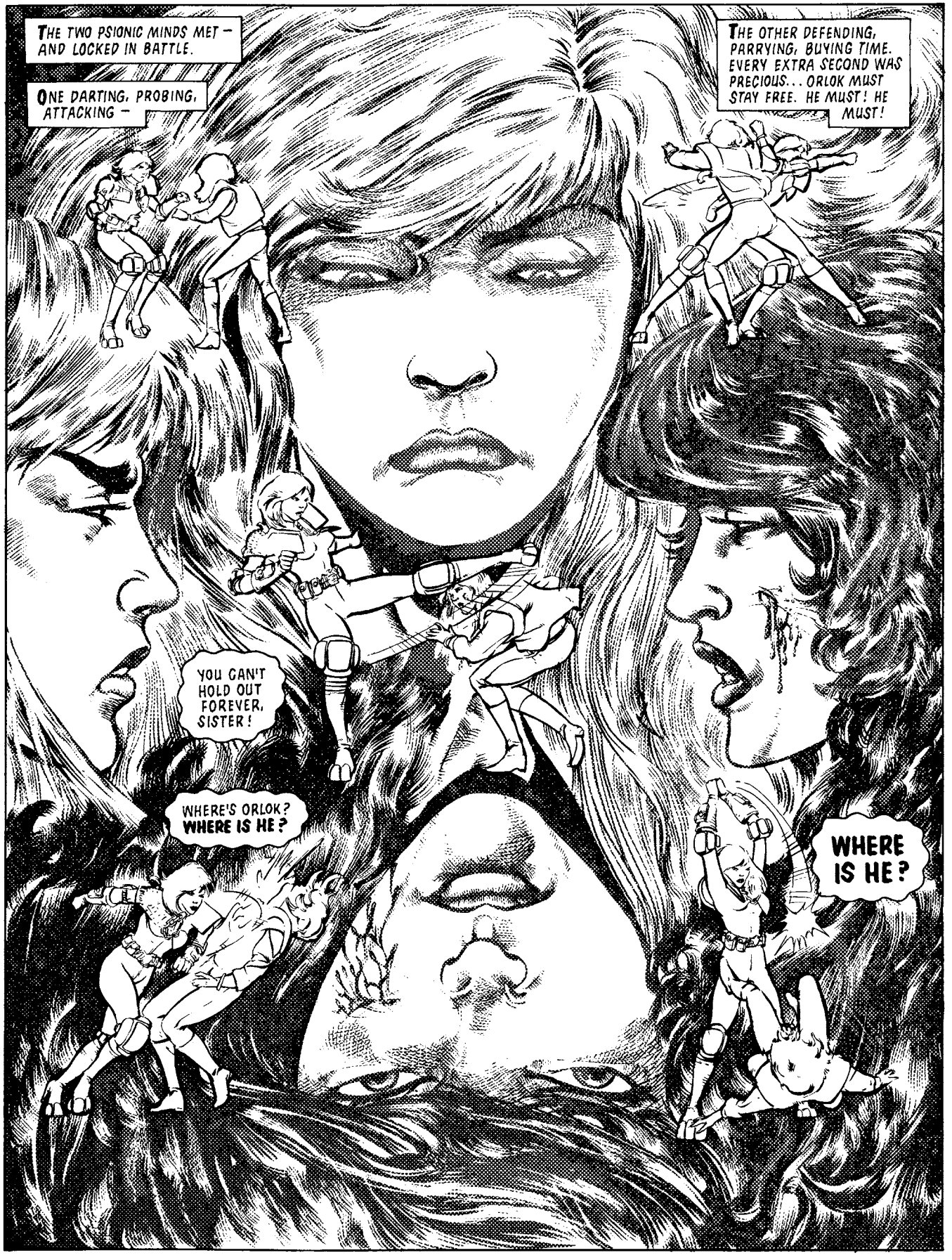

UNFORTUNATELY, YES.
THERE ARE CERTAIN DRUGS WHICH CAN SIMULATE DEATH BY SLOWING DOWN BODY FUNCTIONS TO AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE LEVEL.
UNLESS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE CONDITION, IT CAN PASS THE MOST PRACTISED EYE.
HOW THE HELL DID ORLOK GET HIS HANDS ON ANYTHING LIKE THAT? HE WAS IN HIGH SECURITY!
IT HAS TO BE AN INSIDE JOB. ONE OF YOUR WARDERS IS WORKING FOR THE OTHER SIDE, STRANGEWAYS. I WANT HIM FOUND!
I'M ON IT.
GRIMLET – ORLOK MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE CITY. TRIPLE SECURITY ON EVERY EXIT. EVERYONE GETS CHECKED –
I'VE ALREADY GIVEN THE ORDER, SIR.
HERSHEY – TAKE CHARGE OF THE SEARCH I WANT EVERY SPARE JUDGE ON DUTY AND OUT THERE!
CHIEF JUDGE – ANDERSON ON LINE!
ANY PROGRESS?
YES, CHIEF.
HE'S STILL IN THE CITY – I'M CERTAIN OF THAT. THE MEXWORTH WOMAN'S WITH HIM!
SHE'S A PSI – AND A DAMNED GOOD ONE! SHE'S TRYING TO BLOCK ME – BUT I'M STARTING TO GET THROUGH!


THEY'RE IN A BLUE ROADSTER I CAN SEE 'EM MORE CLEARLY NOW. A 'DUST ZONE – COULD BE SECTOR 43 . . . WAIT –
PICTURE'S COMIN' THROUGH . . . THERE'S A FACTORY — ELTZWELTZ!
THAT'S SECTOR 43, ALL RIGHT!
ELTZWELTZ ENGINEERING
ALL UNITS SECTOR 43 – BE ON THE LOOKOUT BLUE ROADSTER! OCCUPANTS SUSPECTED EAST-MEG AGENT GLENNY MEXWORTH AND ESCAPED PRISONER ORLOK.
CAUTION! THEY ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. SHOOT ON SIGHT!
WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', ANDERSON? YOU'RE NOT PASSED FIT YET!
SO SUE ME!
AKROYD, ON THE 43 OVERHANG! BLUE ROADSTER SIGHTED, HEADING SOUTH ALONG THE GAFFWAY!
GUIDO HERE – JUST COMING INTO GAFF! THEY'RE HEADING MY WAY!


SHOOT WIDE! SHOOT WIDE!
GOT TO SHOOT WIDE –
BUDDA BUDDA
WHUUUNKKK!
JUST A LITTLE LONGER... HE SHOULD BE SAFE BY NOW. BUT FIVE MORE MINUTES – GIVE HIM...
...FIVE MORE!


BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
SKRANG
BUDDA BUDDA
SPOWW
FWEEE!
SKRRRANG!
DAMN! HE'S NOT HERE!
THE TRUNK-!
EMPTY!
CONTROL! WE'VE GOT GLENNY MEXWORTH— BUT SHE'S ALONE!
ORLOK IS NOT HERE!
NEXT PROG: PSI WAR!

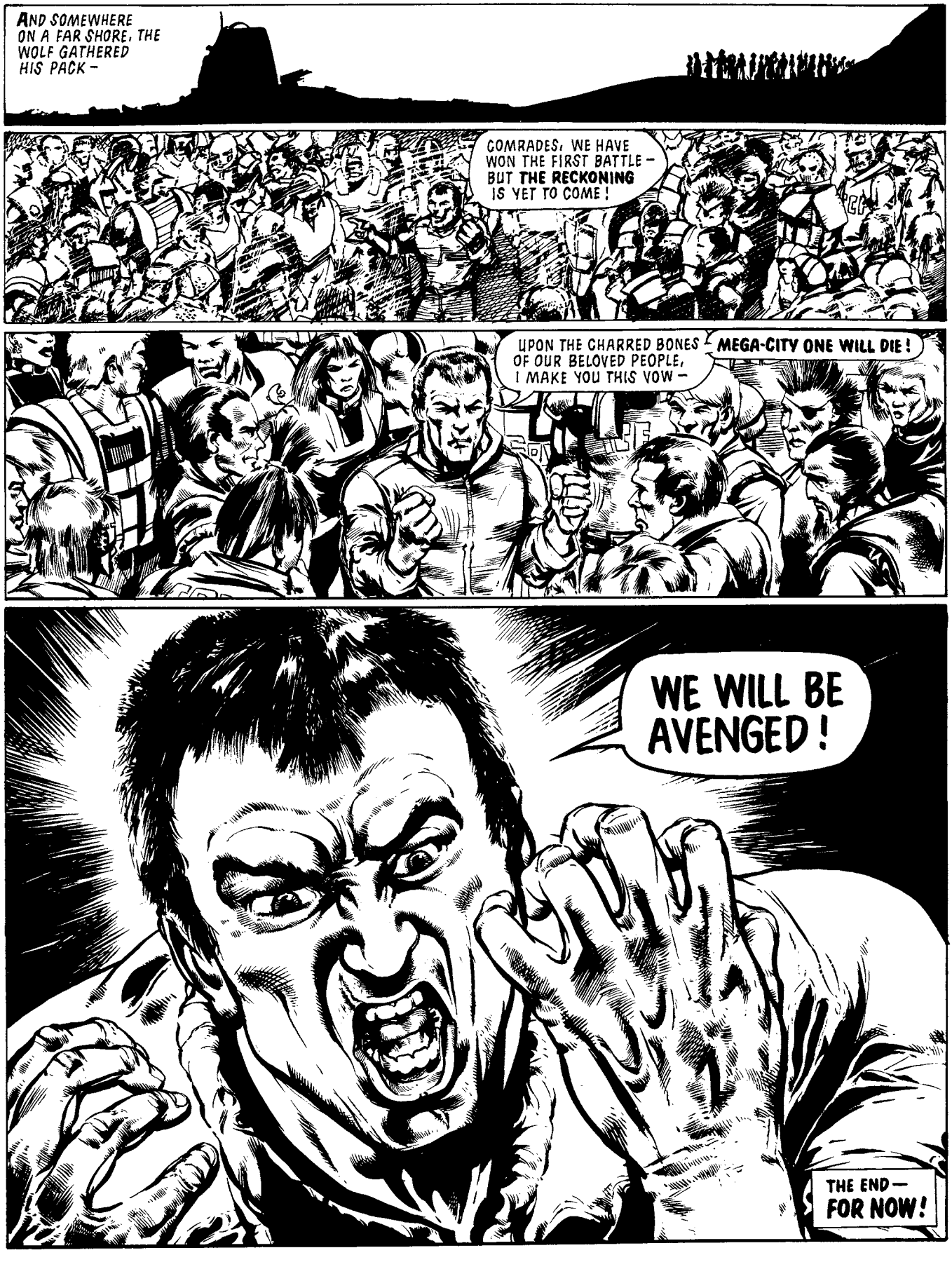

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
ORLOK THE ASSASSIN HAD BEEN FREED FROM HIS ISO-BLOCK BY THE EAST-MEG PSI AGENT GLENNY MEXWORTH – NOW APPREHENDED. BUT WHEN JUDGE ANDERSON ARRIVED ON THE SCENE –
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART SIMPSON & BRUNO
LETTERING T FRAME
ORLOK'S NOT HERE, ANDERSON!
BUT HE'S GOT TO BE! I SAW HIM!
YOU SAW WHAT I WANTED YOU TO SEE – A PROJECTION OF MY OWN MIND!
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED HIS ESCAPE. I MERELY HAD TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED, MAKE YOU BELIEVE HE WAS STILL WITH ME!
AND YOU FELL FOR IT, I'VE BEATEN YOU, ANDERSON!
WE'LL SEE! WHERE IS HE?
THAT'S FOR YOU TO FIND OUT!
SUIT YOURSELF!
MOVE OVER, MEXWORTH – OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS! I'M COMING IN!


THE TWO PSIONIC MINDS MET — AND LOCKED IN BATTLE.
ONE DARTING, PROBING, ATTACKING —
THE OTHER DEFENDING, PARRYING, BUYING TIME. EVERY EXTRA SECOND WAS PRECIOUS... ORLOK MUST STAY FREE. HE MUST! HE MUST!
YOU CAN'T HOLD OUT FOREVER, SISTER!
WHERE'S ORLOK? WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS HE?


BUT IN THE END, SO FIERCE IS THE MEGA-CITY JUDGE'S ONSLAUGHT THAT IT IS THE SOV AGENT WHO FALTERS AND BREAKS –
SECTOR 42 HOVERPORT!
THE SPIRIT OF EISNER! ORLOK'S ABOARD!
CHECK ON IT! I THINK WE'RE TOO LATE – BUT CHECK ON IT!
A CALL TO AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CONFIRMED THAT THE SPIRIT OF EISNER HAD CLEARED THE ATLANTIC WALL FULLY TWENTY MINUTES EARLIER, BOUND FOR THE RUHR CONURB WITH A CARGO OF POLYPROPYLOP EXTRUSIONS –
SPIRIT OF EISNER IS NOT RESPONDING, CHIEF JUDGE! PURSUIT CRAFT DESPATCHED!
ATLANTIC WALL SECTOR
BUT NO SIGN OF THE SPIRIT OF EISNER WAS EVER FOUND.
THAT AFTERNOON –
ANY CHANCE THAT SHIP COULD HAVE CRASHED, ANDERSON – THAT ORLOK'S DEAD?
SURE – BUT IT'S UNLIKELY.


ACCORDING TO MY READINGS OF GLENNY MEXWORTH – REAL NAME NATASHA GULAG, BY THE WAY – THE PLAN WAS FOR ORLOK AND HIS HELPER TO TAKE OVER THE EISNER AS SOON AS IT CLEARED THE ATLANTIC WALL.
SPIRIT OF EISNER
YOU KNOW ORLOK – HE'S MORE THAN CAPABLE.
PILOT
DANGER OUTER EXIT
"AN EAST-MEG DEEPWATER SUB WAS SCHEDULED TO MAKE THE RENDEZVOUS IN MID-ATLANTIC..."
HE'S PROBABLY BACK ON SOV SOIL BY NOW.
AND PLANNING HIS NEXT MOVE AGAINST THIS CITY, NO DOUBT! AS LONG AS ORLOK'S FREE, HE'S A MENACE TO US ALL.
YOU GET ANY MORE OUT OF THIS NATASHA GULAG?


SHE AND THE THURBERS WERE EAST-MEG SLEEPERS, PLANTED HERE NOT LONG AFTER THE APOCALYPSE WAR, JUST WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO FREE ORLOK.
THE WOLF MESSAGE YOU PICKED UP?
YES. IF ONLY I'D CRACKED IT SOONER...!
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. WITHOUT YOU, WE WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE SUSPECTED ANYTHING WAS GOING ON.
THERE'S SOME KIND OF EAST-MEG ONE GROUP STILL IN EXISTENCE – SURVIVORS, SYMPATHISERS. THAT'S WHERE ORLOK'S GONE.
RADLANDS OF 31
BUT WHERE THEY'RE BASED – WHAT THEIR PLANS ARE – I CAN'T SAY. GULAG GENUINELY DOESN'T KNOW. SAFER FOR THEM ALL THAT WAY, I GUESS.
VERY WELL. CONTINUE YOUR INVESTIGATION. GET WHAT YOU CAN FROM HER. AND THEN...
SHE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO HOLD ON TO. SHE'S GOT TO GO.
VERY WELL. EXECUTE HER.


AND SOMEWHERE ON A FAR SHORE, THE WOLF GATHERED HIS PACK –
COMRADES, WE HAVE WON THE FIRST BATTLE – BUT THE RECKONING IS YET TO COME!
UPON THE CHARRED BONES OF OUR BELOVED PEOPLE, I MAKE YOU THIS VOW –
MEGA-CITY ONE WILL DIE!
WE WILL BE AVENGED!
THE END – FOR NOW!


IT'S A BIG UNIVERSE OUT THERE – OUT BEYOND THE FUZZY COCOON THE CITY'S LIGHTS THROW AROUND US.
CONTACT PART 1
PLASTIC PADDY'S
YOU TEND TO FORGET THAT, STUCK DOWN HERE IN THE RAT-HOLE. YOU ONLY SEEM TO HAVE TIME FOR WORK – AND DUTY –
I HEAR HER BIKE! SHE'S STILL ON US!
MORE FOOL HER!
AND SURVIVAL –
CREDS
HUH?
WHERE–?
LOOKING FOR ME, BOYS?
Anderson
PSI
DIVISION


TRYING TO STAY ONE JUMP AHEAD OF ALL THE OTHER RATS-
CONTROL. TWO FOR THE MED-VAN, SLOPER ALLEY. TEN APIECE WHEN YOU'VE PATCHED THEM UP!
WILCO.
BETTER CALL IT A NIGHT THERE, ANDERSON. THEY'RE READY FOR YOU NOW.
YEAH. THEY'RE READY FOR ME NOW...
BUT AM I READY FOR THEM?
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART MARK FARMER
LETTERING T. FRAME
YOU'RE A COOL ONE, ANDERSON! COULD BE THE BIGGEST JOB YOU EVER HAD - AND YOU GET READY BY PLAYIN' THE STREETS!
CHIEF JUDGE TOLD ME I SHOULD RELAX.
BESIDES, IT TAKES MY MIND OFF... OTHER THINGS.
OTHER THI...?
HA! NICE ONE, ANDERSON!


JUSTICE 1 – 123 METRES OF THE BEST OUR TEKS CAN BUILD. NUKES; LASERS; MISSILES – IN ALL, SHE CARRIES MORE FIREPOWER THAN WAS USED IN THE WHOLE OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR.
A DEADLY SHINING NEEDLE TO PIERCE THE CITY'S SHELL –
OUT PAST THE MOON, AND MARS, AND THE POXY RAT-HOLES WE DUG THERE WHEN OUR OWN GOT TOO SMALL –
OUT PAST THE ICEBALLS, FLASHES AGAINST THE VELVET DARK, THE UNIVERSE WINKING AT ITS OWN PRIVATE JOKES –
THE POINT OF ORIGIN APPEARS TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE GALAXY NGC 4650A IN THE CONSTELLATION CENTAURUS, 200 HUNDRED MILLION LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH. TOO FAR FOR US TO DO ANY INVESTIGATION. NO PREVIOUS CONTACT RECORDED.
TO HAVE GOT HERE, WE RECKON THEY NEED TO HAVE CRACKED THE PHOTON DRIVE – AT THE VERY LEAST. MEANS THEY'RE THIRTY, MAYBE FORTY YEARS AHEAD OF US IN TECHNOLOGY.
ANY JOY WITH NORMAL COMMUNICATION CHANNELS ?
NO...
"THE SHIP'S BEEN THERE THREE DAYS NOW, BEAMING DIRECTLY TO EARTH. LUCKY WE PICKED IT UP FIRST – WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO JAM IT, SO THE SOVS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON."
"WHAT'S IT SAY – THE SHIP, I MEAN ?"


"JUST THE STARMAP COORDS FOR 4650A. SAME THING, OVER AND OVER. COULD BE A DISTRESS SIGNAL – A HOMING BEACON – THEIR RADIO CALL SIGN, FOR ALL WE KNOW. THEY COULD BE CASTAWAYS – COLONISTS – TEKS... OR A WAR PARTY!"
HOPEFULLY, THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND –
GRUD!
WHAT A SIZE!
SO WHAT WE GOT HERE? A WHOLE LOT OF LITTLE GUYS, OR A COUPLE OF REALLY BIG ONES?
WE JUST CAN'T TELL. OUR X-RAYS ARE DEFLECTED. SPECTROSCOPE READINGS GO OFF THE GRAPH. HELL, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE SHIP'S MADE OF! IT'S SO ALIEN OUR COMPUTERS DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START!
SAME OLD STORY, EH? WHEN THE TEKS CAN'T TELL YOU, SEND IN THE PSI'S!


LISTEN – IF I DON'T COME BACK – OR IF I'M A GIBBERIN' WRECK WITH MY FACE TURNED INSIDE OUT – I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHIN' FOR ME...
YEAH, SURE. OF COURSE!
GIVE JOE DREDD A MESSAGE. TELL HIM –
TELL HIM I HOPE HE GETS HAEMHORROIDS!
POWER LEVEL BUILDING.
CHECK!
PSI-AMP READY.
CHECK.
CUTTING IN FOR BOOST –
NOW!
SEND IN THE PSI'S? SEND IN THE CLOWNS, MORE LIKE!
AH, YOU CAN'T BLAME HER...
WHERE SHE'S GONE, THEY MIGHT NOT DO A WHOLE LOT OF LAUGHING!
NEXT PROG: COMMUNICATION

Anderson PSI DIVISION

CONTACT PART TWO

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART MARK FARMER
LETTERING T FRAME

I SLOW MY MIND TO FOUR CYCLES A MINUTE. DEEP **THETA**. MY ORDINARY CONSCIOUSNESS FADES.

THERE'S A DISTANT TREMOR AS THE PSI-AMP CUTS IN WITH ITS PRECISION BOOST. . .

THEN I'M **FREE!**

FOR A LONG MOMENT I HANG THERE, 3 BILLION MILES FROM THE RAT-HOLES OF MEGA-CITY ONE, CLOSER TO THE COSMOS THAN I'VE BEEN IN YEARS. I WONDER WHERE GALAXY **4650A** IN THE CONSTELLATION CENTAURUS IS?

GRAVITY – THE ABSOLUTE COLD OF SPACE – **NOTHING** CAN AFFECT MY **ASTRAL FORM.** EVERYBODY SHOULD TRAVEL THIS WAY!

MY LIGHTNESS DISSIPATES AS I REACH THE SHIP. THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS. UNKNOWN ALIENS FROM AN UNKNOWN WORLD. WHY ARE THEY HERE? WHAT DO THEY WANT? DO CENTAURANS **REALLY** LOOK LIKE HORSES?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. HERE GOES NOTHING!


I FEEL NAUSEOUS, APPREHENSIVE. REVULSION SOURS IN MY MIND. I FEEL... ALIEN.
STRANGE. NEVER BEEN LIKE THAT IN THETA BEFORE!
TASTE OF BILE—
SMELL LIKE SULPHUR—
FALLING... FALLING!
THEN I'M IN.
INTERIOR'S BATHED IN A WARM, GOLDEN LIGHT. SEEMS TO BE NATURAL. HARD TO TELL.
EVERYTHING'S ROUNDED—ELLIPTICAL—GRACEFUL. I LIKE IT HERE. I'M FEELING BETTER BY THE SECOND.
I SEE THEM! THE LIGHT MAKES EVERYTHING KIND OF HAZY, BUT I MAKE OUT SHAPES. FOUR OF THEM—FAMILIAR...


BIPEDAL. AT LEAST TWO METRES TALL. DRESSED IN ROBES OF SOME KIND. DOMED SKULLS – SHAVEN HEADS. NOTHING LIKE HORSES!
HEY! THEY SEE ME! THAT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN!
GUESS CENTAURAN EYES CAN SEE THE ASTRAL. DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE FAZED 'EM ANYWAY. THEY'RE INTRIGUED – NOT AFRAID.
THEIR WORDS SOUND LIKE MUSIC. DONNO THE LANGUAGE – BUT THE MEANING'S CLEAR. THEY'VE GUESSED I'M FROM JUSTICE 1.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO COMMUNICATE. MRS ANDERSON'S LITTLE GIRL'S NOT THE ONLY TELEPATH ROUND HERE!
GREETINGS, MAN-MIND. WE BID YOU WELCOME.
WOMAN-MIND. SAME TO YOU, THOUGH, GUYS.
SIMILAR. NOT GUYS.
HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!

ALL GIRLS TOGETHER — AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT HAVIN' FUN. THEY CRACK OPEN AN EGG OF WHAT I TAKE TO BE THE LOCAL SHAMPAGNE. BUT BEING IMMATERIAL, I'M LIMITED TO GETTING HIGH ON THE ATMOSPHERE.



THEY TELL ME THEIR STORY. NOTHING BIG DEAL. THEY USED TO HAVE A WORLD — NICE ENOUGH PLACE, BY ALL ACCOUNTS — THEN SOMEBODY INVENTED A **SUB-SPATIAL MATTER DRIVE.**

THEY TOOK TO THE SKYWAYS, ROAMING THE COSMOS WHERE THEY WILL — LIVING BY BARTER, EXCHANGING THEIR TECHNOLOGY FOR WHATEVER THEY NEED. SPACE GYPSIES!

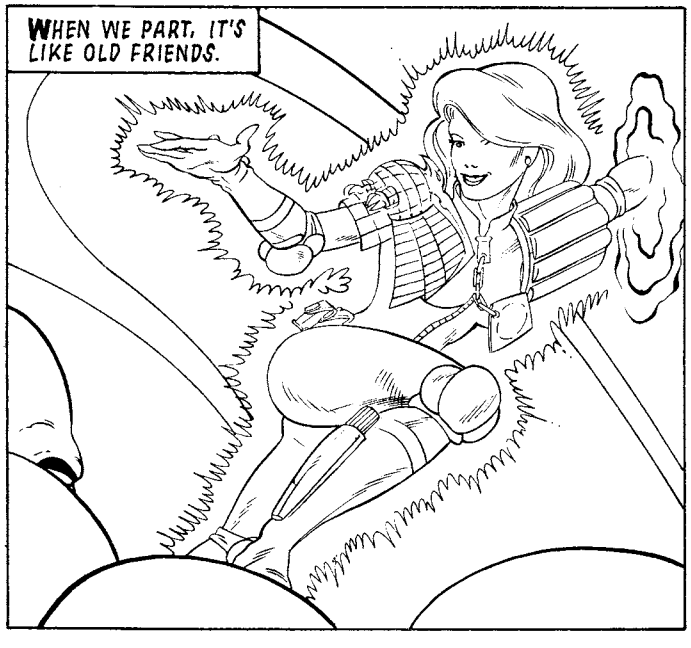


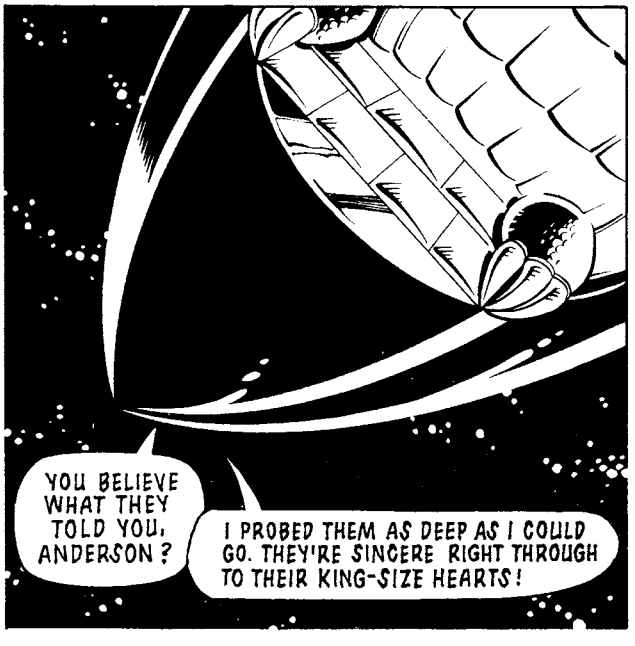
I TOLD 'EM ABOUT THE CITY. THE RAT-HOLES — THE PEOPLE LIKE ANTS — FATTIES AND FUTSIES — PERPS AND JUDGES — CRAZIES AND KILLERS.

THEY DIDN'T BAT AN EYE. I GUESS THEY'D SEEN IT ALL BEFORE.



WHEN WE PART, IT'S LIKE OLD FRIENDS.





YOU BELIEVE WHAT THEY TOLD YOU, ANDERSON?

I PROBED THEM AS DEEP AS I COULD GO. THEY'RE SINCERE RIGHT THROUGH TO THEIR KING-SIZE HEARTS!


YOU SAY THEY WANT TO TRADE. WHAT DO WE HAVE THAT'S OF ANY USE TO THEM?
SALT.
THAT'S WHY THEY PICKED EARTH — PREPONDERANCE OF OCEAN. THEY WANT A COUPLE MILLION TONS OF THE STUFF.
WHY?
THEIR SUB-SPACE DRIVE RUNS ON IT.
HMM. THIS COULD BE JUICY...
A SUB-SPACE'D GIVE US A CENTURY START OVER THE SOVS — OPEN UP THE WHOLE UNIVERSE TO MEGA-CITY LAW!
SHEESH! WHAT AN ATTITUDE! NO WONDER THE WORLD ENDED UP THE WAY IT HAS! THESE ARE CIVILISED, PEACEFUL PEOPLE. THEY'LL TRADE US ZILCH IF THEY THINK WE'RE GOING TO USE IT FOR PURPOSES OF WAR!
SO YOU REALLY DO BELIEVE THEM?
I TOLD YOU — THEY'RE CLEAN!
ALL RIGHT, SVENGAL — YOU CAN COME IN NOW.
SVENGAL?
I'VE CHECKED HER OUT. SHE'S AS CLEAN AS SHE SAYS THE ALIENS ARE.
I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND, ANDERSON. WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON YOU BEING WRONG.
OKAY BY ME. YOU SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT ALL OF PSI-DIV ALONG!
WEAPONS-CREW! MAINTAIN YOUR STATE OF MAXIMUM ALERT. FIRST SIGN OF ANY TRICKS OR TROUBLE, BLOW IT OUT OF THE SKY!
OKAY, ANDERSON — COMMUNION TIME AGAIN. TELL YOUR PALS TO FOLLOW US.
WE'RE TAKING THEM BACK TO EARTH!
NEXT PROG: CONFLAGRATION?


CONTACT PART 3
Anderson PSI DIVISION
I WAKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT.
WE'RE A HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES FROM EARTH, AN HOUR AWAY FROM THE CITY RECEPTION WHERE THE ALIENS FROM GALAXY NGC 4650A WILL MEET MAN IN THE FLESH FOR THE FIRST TIME...
AND I DREAMED I'VE MADE A MISTAKE.
WHAT IF THEY'RE NOT THE CULTURED, PEACE-LOVING EIGHT-FOOT GENTLE GIANTS THEY LED ME TO BELIEVE? WHAT IF THEY'RE REALLY TWENTY-FOOT POISON MAGGOTS WITH PSI ABILITIES AND A PASSION FOR HUMAN BLOOD?
YOU SERIOUS ABOUT THIS, ANDERSON?
YES...NO! I DON'T KNOW...IT WAS A DREAM.
SOMETIMES THAT'S ALL THEY ARE. SOMETIMES THEY'RE MORE LIKE A WARNING.
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART MARK FARMER
LETTERING T FRAME


BUT YOU PSI-PROBED THEM. DEEP AS YOU COULD GO, YOU SAID. YOU PASSED THEM GENUINE.
YEAH, I KNOW, BUT...
AND REMEMBER— SVENGAL PROBED YOU AFTERWARDS. SHE FOUND NO TRACE OF ANY ALIEN INTERFERENCE.
I RECKON IT WAS ONLY A DREAM. YOU'VE BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS. TAKE IT EASY TILL WE LAND — THEN SIGN YOURSELF OFF ON A WEEK'S REC.
YOU DESERVE IT. THIS ALIEN SUB-SPACE DRIVE WILL GET US ALL PROMOTION.
ONLY A DREAM? SOMETIMES IT'S SO HARD TO TELL. BUT I'VE GOT TO KNOW FOR SURE.
DAMNED IF I'LL GO DOWN AS THE PSI WHO BROUGHT FLESH-CRAZED MAGGOTS BACK TO THE MEG!
I SIFT THROUGH MY MEMORIES, LOOKING FOR SOME CLUE — SOME HINT THAT EVERYTHING WASN'T WHAT IT SEEMED. BUT NO — THE ALIENS ARE AS WARM, AS FRIENDLY AS THEY WERE FIRST TIME ROUND.
ONLY THING THAT DOESN'T GEL'S THE FEELING I HAD WHEN MY ASTRAL WENT ON BOARD — REVULSION — VERTIGO — A FAINT, SICK HORROR...
WHY? WHY DID I FEEL LIKE THAT? STRESS — LIKE THE TEK SAID? APPREHENSION AT MEETING SOMETHING TRULY UNKNOWN — AT THE ALIENNESS OF IT ALL?
OR WAS IT SOMETHING THEY WERE TRYING TO HIDE?


THE THOUGHT NAGGED AT ME STILL AS WE MADE PLANETFALL OVER THE BIG MEG...
HOLY SHMOLEY! WOULDJA LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT!
BETTER GIVE YOUR FRIENDS A TELEPATHIC CALL, ANDERSON. TELL 'EM TO HEAD OUT ABOUT TEN MILES INTO THE CURSED EARTH AND PUT DOWN THERE.
STRANGE...
HURRY IT UP, ANDERSON! THEY'RE HOMING STRAIGHT IN ON THE SPACEPORT!
I CAN'T. I-I CAN'T GET THROUGH TO THEM!
MOTHER OF GRUD!
IT'S GONNA SQUASH US ALL!
IT'LL CRUSH THE WHOLE SECTOR! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT OUT!
MISSILE CREWS — STAND READY!
WAS I WRONG? IS IT REALLY A WARSHIP — AN INVASION PARTY THAT WAS JUST WAITIN' TO BE LED BACK TO THE MAIN ATTRACTION — USIN' ME AS THEIR PRIZE CHUMP FOR SAFE PASSAGE?
FIRE ON COUNT OF THREE! ONE —


WAS THAT DREAM AN OMEN? COULD THESE BEINGS I LIKED SO MUCH REALLY BE EVIL?
TWO —
ALL I HAVE TO RELY ON IS GUT INSTINCT.
AND GUT INSTINCT SAYS WE CAN'T JUDGE THE WHOLE UNIVERSE BY THE STANDARDS OF OUR OWN RAT-HOLE!
NO!
I WAS NERVOUS BEFORE — APPREHENSIVE. NOW I'M CALM AND COOL —
AND THEY HEAR ME.
SEEMS THEY'D WONDERED ABOUT A SPACEPORT SPLASHDOWN, TOO. THEY'D TRIED TO CONTACT ME — BUT ALL THEY GOT WAS A VISION OF GIANT MAGGOTS EATING PEOPLE.
PSI'S AS MUCH A CURSE AS A BLESSING!
NOBODY MOVE! I'M ARRESTING THESE ALIENS IN THE NAME OF MEGA-CITY LAW!
DREDD!


WHAT THE HELL D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN', DREDD? THEY'RE HERE BY INVITE – THEY'VE DONE NOTHIN' WRONG!
THEY'VE GOT A SUB-SPACE DRIVE, HAVEN'T THEY? CHIEF JUDGE SAYS THEY'VE TO BE PLACED IN DETENTION WHILE OUR TEKS STRIP AND EXAMINE IT.
WHAT? OH –
WHAT'S THE JOKE? WHAT'S IT TELLING YOU?
SHE SAYS TAKE 'EM INTO CUSTODY IF YOU WANT. BUT THERE ARE TWENTY THOUSAND KINSMEN ABOARD THAT THING – AND THEY'RE ARMED WITH SUB-SPACE SCRAMBLER BEAMS.
EVIDENTLY THEY'RE EFFECTIVE AT A RANGE UP TO AND INCLUDING INFINITY, WITH A DESTRUCTION-TO-ENERGY RATIO OF SLIGHTLY OVER A MILLION...
ALL RIGHT – I GET THE PICTURE.
SQUAD – FALL BACK! WE PLAY THIS ANDERSON'S WAY!
DREDD
SO... EXACTLY HOW MUCH SALT ARE YOU GIRLS AFTER?
THE END
NEW ANDERSON SERIES STARTS SOON.


Beyond the Void
Anderson PSI DIVISION
I HAVE WALKED THE LENGTH OF THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH, AND CLUNG TO THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS.
THE PLANES OF GROSS MATERIALISM LONG AGO DISSOLVED AND FELL AWAY. I HAVE SEEN HEAVEN AND HELL, AND MOVED BEYOND THEM.
I HAVE NO ILLUSIONS.
PART ONE
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART MICK AUSTIN
LETTERING T FRAME
THROUGH QUIET UNDERSTANDING I HAVE EXTINGUISHED THE FIRES OF PASSION, HATRED AND DELUSION. MY HEART IS STILL.
NIRVANA...
I HAVE ONLY TO LET MYSELF
GOOOOOOOO


noooooo!
GRUD'S TEETH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
WHEW! I HAVEN'T FELT ANYTHING SO INTENSE SINCE THE PSYCHO-SLASHER WAS ON THE LOOSE!
ME, TOO. AN' IT WAS SO... PEACEFUL...
YEAH. ALMOST... HOLY.
CONTROL? PSI-MONITOR ROOM. EVERY ONE OF MY OPERATIVES JUST HAD AN INTENSE FLASH. NO SAYING WHAT IT WAS, THOUGH.
YEAH, THEY GOT IT PINPOINTED. TOO POWERFUL TO MISS.
MAHATMA COTE MONASTERY
SECTOR 17. MAHATMA COTE MONASTERY.
"BETTER SEND SOMEBODY TO TAKE A LOOK-SEE. WHO'S ON STREET DUTY IN 17?"


ALL MY LIFE HAS BEEN AN ARROW AIMED AT NOW.
AN INFINITY OF UNIVERSES EXPLODES...
AND I AM ALONE
STANDING POISED ON THE BRINK
THE BRINK OF THE VOID.
A SINGLE HEARTBEAT FILLS MY EARS, AND I
STEP
OUT
INTO
THE ABYSS


RELIGION.
THE WAY TO SALVATION? THE KEY TO MAN'S FUTURE? THE OPIATE OF THE MASSES?
WHO KNOWS? ONLY THING I'VE LEARNED IN 20 YEARS OF PSIONICS IS – KEEP YOUR OPTIONS OPEN. MAYBE THERE ISN'T A GOD... BUT IF THERE IS, NO SENSE GETTIN' HIS BACK UP.
FELICITATIONS. MAY THIS UNWORTHY ONE BE OF HELP?
YEAH. TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.
FOR ME, MARTIN?
NO, ABBOT COSTELLO. THE JUDGE WISHES TO SEE THE MAHATMA HIMSELF. I AM TAKING HER TO HIM.
GOOD LUCK, DEAR! HEH HEH HEH!
WHAT'S HE MEAN BY THAT?
THE MAHATMA DOESN'T NORMALLY RECEIVE VISITORS. HE IS A HOLY MAN, AND HAS ESCHEWED ALL SOCIAL CONTACT.
THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN BRICKED UP IN HIS CELL FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS!
Gone to Nirvana- back in a lifetime.


IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD.
I WAS THAT WORD.
I AM EVERYTHING. I AM EVERYWHERE. I AM ALWAYS.
I AM THE WAY AND THE TRUTH AND THE LIGHT--
AND THE DARK. I AM THE DARK! I AM THE MONSTROUS. I AM THE ABOMINATION. I AM THE DECAYED.
I AM DEATH!
DEATH
GREETINGSSS, SSUCKER!
NEXT PROG: THE HARD CELL


Beyond the Void
PART 2
Anderson PSI DIVISION
YOU SSSOUGHT ENLIGHTENMENT, OLD ONE. BUT YOU CHOSE THE WRONG VOID!
FOR HERE ISSS LIMBO—
HERE ISSS DEATHHHH!
AAHHH. SSWEET SSSPIRIT!
IT HASS BEEN SSO LONG... SSSO LONG!
AND HISSS BODY... SSTILL INTACT—SSTILL SSERVICEABLE! WAITING... FOR ONE WHO CAN FOLLOW HISSS ESSSENCE...
WAITING FOR DEATH!
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART M. AUSTIN
LETTERING Tom Frame


DEATH!
QUICK! HOW DO I GET IN THERE?
Y-YOU CANNOT! THE MAHATMA ORDERED US TO SEAL HIM IN, WITH NO ENTRANCE OR EXIT, TO AID IN HIS QUEST FOR ENLIGHTENMENT!
EACH DAY WE POUR A DOZEN GRAINS OF RICE AND A MEASURE OF WATER THROUGH HIS FEEDING TUBE. WE HAVE NOT SEEN HIM OR SPOKEN WITH HIM FOR THIRTY YEARS!
ALL RIGHT — STAND BACK!
NO!
THIS IS A HOLY PLACE — SACRED TO THE GURU MAHATMA! YOU CANNOT BRING YOUR CITY VIOLENCE HERE!
MARTIN, YOU JUST GRADUATED FROM MONK TO CREEP!
NOW STAND BACK!


AT LASST! AT LASST I AM FREE OF THE LIMBO BEYOND THE GREAT ABYSSS...
THE LIMBO WHERE THE CURSSED SSHE-DOG ANDERSSON CASST ME!
AN INFINITY OF UNIVERSSESS IMPLODESSS...
ALL MY DEATH HASS BEEN AN ARROW AIMED AT LIFE!
I SSTIR THE FIRES OF PASSSION!
I FAN THE FLAMESSS OF HATRED!
MY ROTTEN HEART SSSEETHES!
THE PLANESS OF GROSSS — GROSSS! OH, HOW I SSAVOUR THAT SSOUND! — MATERIALISSM FORM AROUND ME.
THE MEGA-CITY BECKONSS...
AND MY ROTTEN HEART SSSEETHES.


DUNNO WHAT THE DOK'S GOING ON HERE – BUT IF JUDGE DEATH'S INVOLVED, I'M SURE AS HELL GOING TO FIND OUT!
HI-EXPLOSIVE!
BADAAM!
HELLO?
MAHATMA COTE? YOU IN THERE?
GRUD!
DEATH IT IS!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, MAHATMA...
...BUT IT WAS YOU OR HIM.


...AND THAT WAS IT. WITHOUT MAHATMA'S BODY TO TAKE HIS SPIRIT, DEATH JUST **DISSIPATED** – STRAIGHT **BACK** TO LIMBO. IF THERE'S ANY JUSTICE!
YOU REALISE YOU ASSAULTED ONE MONK – KILLED ANOTHER – AND THE ONLY EVIDENCE TO BACK UP YOUR STORY ABOUT JUDGE DEATH'S INVOLVEMENT IS WHAT YOU YOURSELF HAVE JUST TOLD ME?
YEAH. I KNOW.
BUT TAKE IT FROM ME, C.J. –
THAT'S **CHIEF JUDGE**, ANDERSON.
WHATEVER. TAKE IT FROM ME – I **DIDN'T** IMAGINE DEATH! HE WAS THERE ALL RIGHT – IS THERE **NOW**, JUST **WAITING** FOR HIS CHANCE TO GET BACK TO THE **REAL** WORLD!
SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO?
NOT A LOT WE **CAN** DO. IF WE SET UP A SPECIAL PSI-MONITOR SQUAD, IT'S POSSIBLE THEY COULD BE USED TO BRING DEATH BACK. AND WE'VE NO WAY OF DESTROYING HIM – HERE, OR IN LIMBO.
ONLY THING I'VE LEARNED IN 20 YEARS OF PSIONICS IS – KEEP YOUR OPTIONS OPEN.
SO WE JUST LEAVE HIM BE, AND KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED SOME OTHER CHUMP IN SEARCH OF NIRVANA DOESN'T STUMBLE ACROSS HIM...
MAYBE THERE ISN'T A GOD... BUT IF THERE IS, NO SENSE GETTIN' HIS BACK UP.
AND MAYBE WE COULD **PRAY**.
THE END
– MORE ANDERSON SOON!

HELIOS

PART 1

Anderson PSI DIVISION






COME ON, ANDERSON— SNAP IT UP! THOSE HOSTAGES ARE GONNA BE DEAD AN' RECYCLED BY THE TIME YOU MANAGE TO PUT THE FINGER ON 'EM!
YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND, BARONY— TELEPATHY'S NOT AS EASY AS IT SEEMS. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS HOME RIGHT IN ON WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
I DON'T WANT YOUR PROBLEMS, ANDERSON— I WANT ANSWERS!
LISTEN, YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY HELPING! HOW THE GRUD AM I SUPPOSED TO CONCENTRATE ON ANYTHING WITH YOU MOUTHIN' OFF AT ME?
JUST GET OUT MY FACE AND LET ME GET ON WITH IT!
DAMN! SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT... PAIN OF THE VICTIMS IS BLOTTING OUT THE IMAGE!
I'M PICKIN' UP ON SOMETHING NOW... SOMEWHERE NEAR— THE SOUTHWAY! CAN'T QUITE MAKE IT OUT...


HELL! WHAT NOW? TEA BREAK?
I'VE GOT TO GET CLOSER TO WHERE THEY ARE IF I'M GONNA PINPOINT THEM.
ARE YOU COMING — OR WOULD YOU RATHER STAY AN' SHOUT AT MY DESK?
'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU SEEN GORE BEFORE.
IT'S NOT THAT — IT'S THE PAIN, THE SUFFERING... I'M A SENSITIVE. I DON'T JUST SEE IT — I FEEL IT!
BUT I WOULDN'T EXPECT A MUTT LIKE YOU TO UNDERSTAND. YOU HAD ALL THAT SORT OF THING BURNED OUT OF YOU AT THE ACADEMY!
SEEIN' THE STATE YOU PSIS GET IN, I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY!


THAT'S BETTER... COMIN' THROUGH LOUD AND PROUD!


THEY'RE IN A DERELICT APT AT THE END OF THE ALLEY!
LET'S GO GET 'EM, FLOYD!


I SAY WE LET 'EM KNOW WE MEAN BUSINESS! SHOOT ONE NOW!


NIX THAT, MUNCE-HEAD! WE STICK TO THE PLAN. IF THE JUDGES DON'T ANNOUNCE ON THE NEWS THAT THEY'RE MEETIN' OUR DEMANDS, THEN WE START SHOOTIN 'EM!


POSITIONING COULDN'T BE BETTER. ON THE COUNT OF THREE ... ONE—TWO—


BLOW 'EM AWAY!


EVERYBODY OKAY?
PRAISE BE— JUDGES!


HEY! WHAT ABOUT THE PAPER-WORK?
SORRY— I GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND!
AMAZING LITTLE ORGAN, THE AMYGDALA.
I PERFORMED THIS OPERATION ON A MONKEY ONCE. I HAD HIM PLACED IN A SEALED ROOM BEFORE HIS STRAPS WERE RELEASED. THERE WAS NOTHING IN IT FOR HIM TO ATTACK...
SO HE TURNED HIS FURY ON HIMSELF. GOUGED OUT HIS OWN EYES— BROKE BOTH HIS LEGS— AND DISEMBOWELLED HIMSELF BEFORE HE DIED.
DON'T WORRY, MR WALTHER. THAT'S NOT WHAT I HAVE PLANNED FOR YOU.
WE'LL JUST REMOVE THE STIMULUS ... CALM YOU DOWN A LITTLE...
THAT'S IT. YOU LIE BACK AND REST AWHILE. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THAT ENERGY...
YOU'RE GOING DANCING TONIGHT.

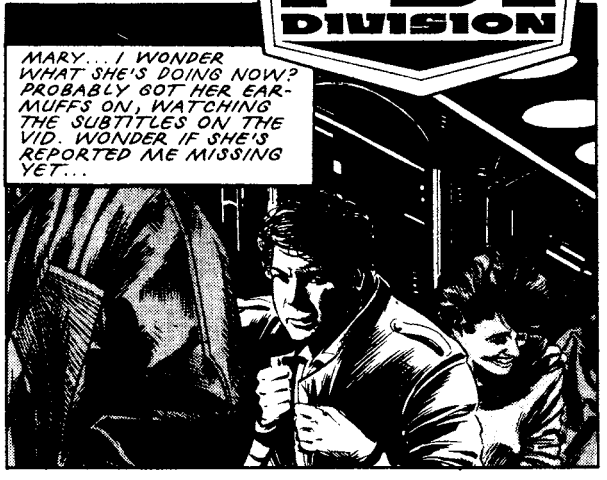

ANDERSON!
HEY, COREY. HOW GOES IT?
YOU'RE THE TELEPATH, CASS. YOU TELL ME!
MUTANT? NAS-TEE!
SOME CREATURE DREDD BROUGHT IN LAST NIGHT— RIPPED SOME POOR SAP TO SHREDS BEFORE HE DOWNED IT. THEY HAD ME GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER. NOTHING PSIONIC THERE... BUT IT'S WEIRD—
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET IT OUT MY HEAD SINCE.
I GOT THE SAME PROBLEM. BUS CRASH. FORTY SCREAMIN' VOICES IN MY BRAIN!
HEY— WHAT WE NEED'S A BREAK, SOMETHING TO RECHARGE OUR BATTERIES.
WHAT SAY? SHIFT'S OVER...
YOU TWO CHECKING OUT TONIGHT?
YEAH. FIGURE WE NEED A CHANGE OF SCENE.
LET'S GO SHAKE SOME CAKE!
NAME
DESTINATION
E.T. RETUR
COREY & ANDERSON
THE BOP SHOP
?
Next: DON'T STOP THE BOP!

HELIOS

PART 2

Anderson PSI DIVISION





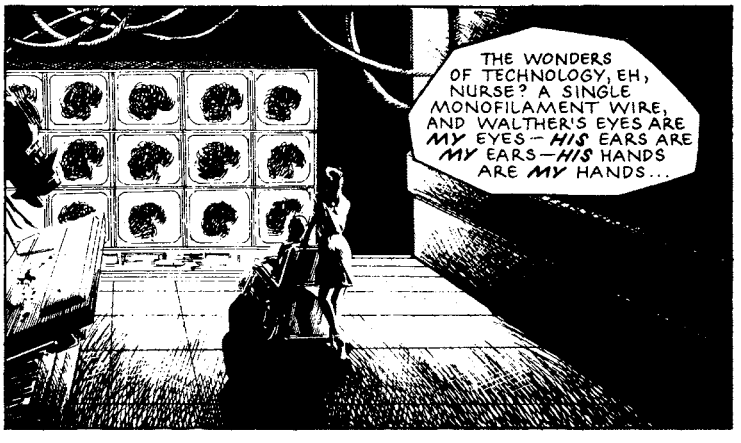


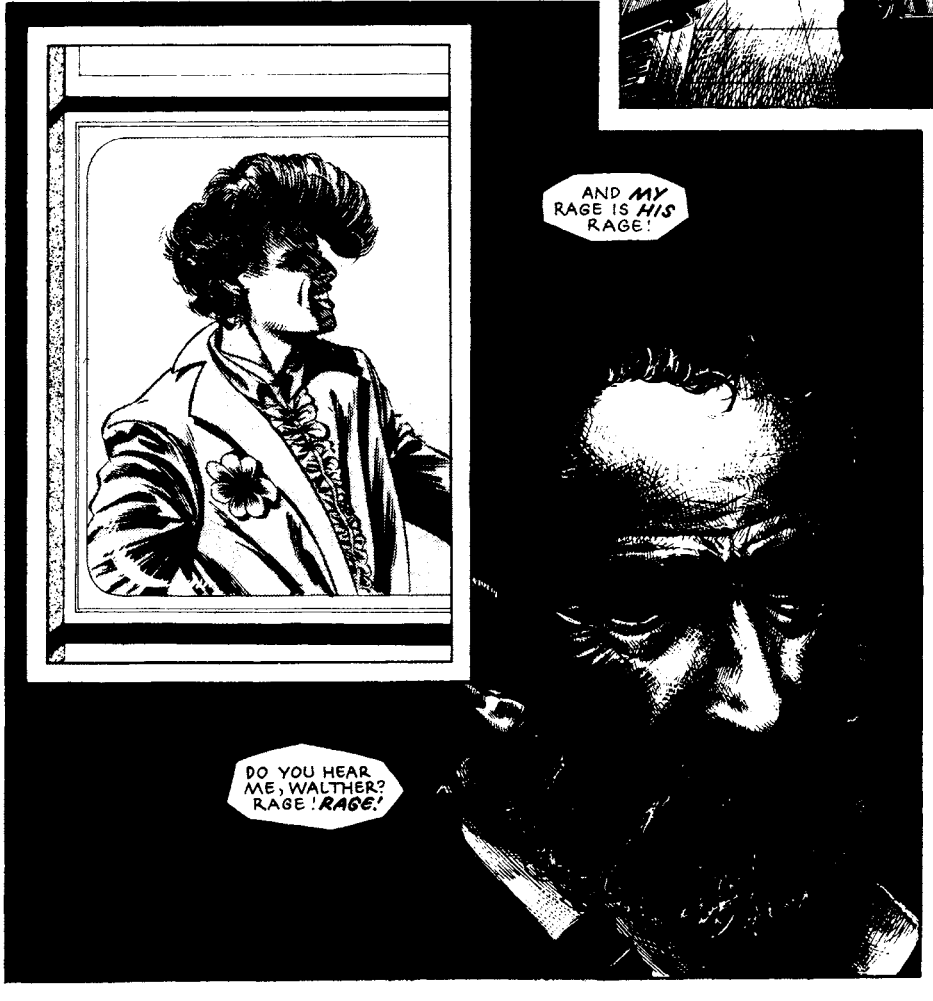



HEY, PEOPLES! YOU LOOKIN' FOR THRILLS AN' CHILLS? CONGRATULATIONS, BABY! YOU COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!
'COS THIS IS THE MEGA-CITY ICEMAN, COOL JOHNNY COOL, INVITIN' — NAY! ORDERIN'! — YOU TO GET UP... GET DOWN... SHOOGLE YOUR BOOGLE AN'... WAIT FOR IT—
IT ISN'T EASY BEING A PSI.
EVERY WAKING HOUR, YOUR MIND PICKING UP EVERY-THING THE PSI-BAND THROWS AT YOU... BLACK BLASTS OF HATE — BARBS OF POISON GREED — SCREAMS OF DISTANT SUICIDES —
SHAKE THAT CAKE!
AND ALWAYS IN THE BACK-GROUND, THE PAINED STATIC GENERATED BY THE DESPERATE, HOPELESS DREAMS OF 400 MILLION UNHAPPY PEOPLE.
TO SAVE YOUR OWN MIND, YOU HAVE TO BLANK OUT EVERY NOW AND AGAIN. RELAX... LET YOUR HEART-BEAT SYNCHRONISE TO THE BOP BEAT... DON'T THINK — JUST FEEL...
UH... SORRY. EXCUSE ME.


STAY SANE!


WHADDYA SAY, PEOPLES? WASN'T THAT JUST THE ICIEST? YEAH, YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE!
BUT DON'T FREEZE UP ON ME NOW—KEEP THAT CAKE ON THE BAKE ... LEMME SEE YA BOPPIN', PEOPLES!


THE WONDERS OF TECHNOLOGY, EH, NURSE? A SINGLE MONOFILAMENT WIRE, AND WALTHER'S EYES ARE MY EYES—HIS EARS ARE MY EARS—HIS HANDS ARE MY HANDS...


AND MY RAGE IS HIS RAGE!
DO YOU HEAR ME, WALTHER? RAGE! RAGE!


RAGE!
RAGE!

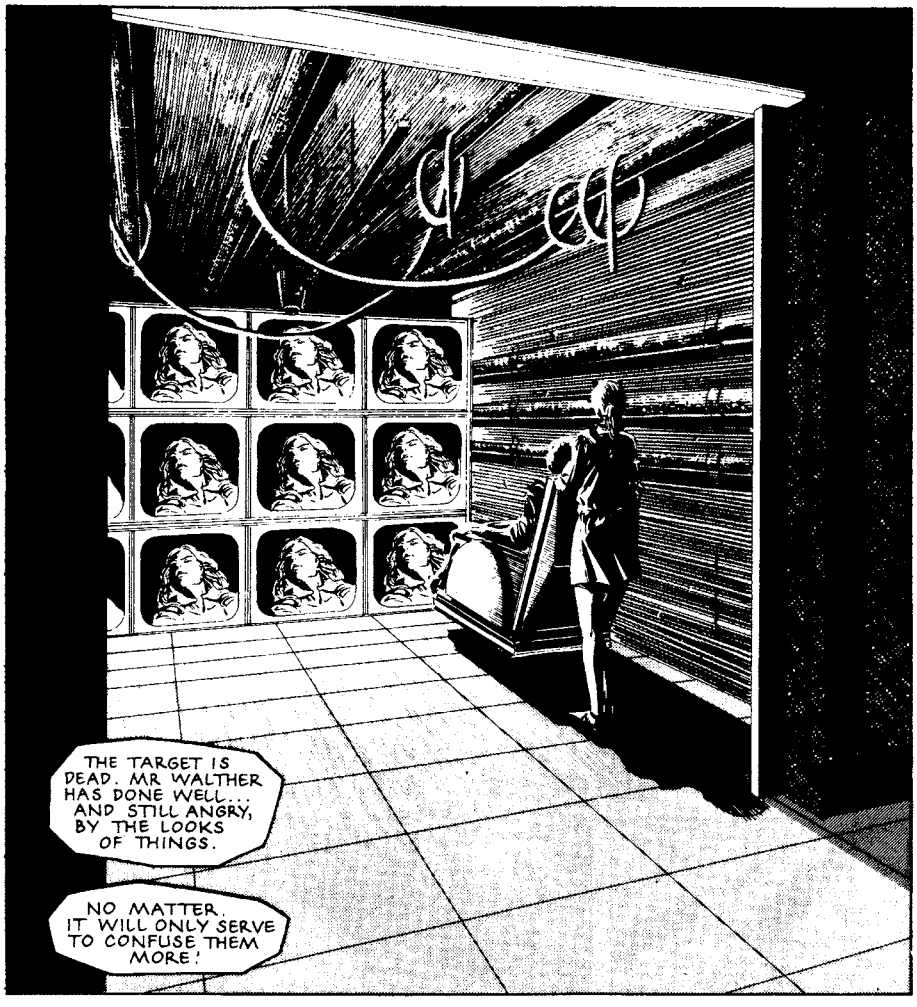

RAGE!
RAGE!
WHAT THE DROKK WAS THAT?
PSI-FLASH— STRONG ONE, TOO! SEEMS TO HAVE FADED NOW...
I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT MAN BEFORE. I WONDER WHY I **HATE** HIM SO MUCH? MUST BE THAT STUPID QUIFF...
YEAH— THE QUIFF! WHAT AN EYESORE!
I'M A FUNNY PERSON
AN' LOOK AT THOSE KNEE-PADS! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO NAUSEATING! I GOT A GOOD MIND TO—
YOU!
YOU JUMPED-UP SCUZZBALL! I'LL GIVE YOU KNEEPADS!
MEREDITH!
AAAAH!
THE QUIFF GOES TOO, FREAK!


SAME GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU BONEHEADS! I HATE YOU ALL!
AAAH!
LOOK OUT HE'S GOT A GUN!
HEY, MY MAN! THAT AIN'T COOL!
SHUT UP, YOU MORON! DIE! DI-
SHOW'S OVER, RAMBO!
WHAT THE DROKK—?
YOU... HATE YOU! HATE!
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE— DROP IT!
KILL YOU! KILL! KILL!
NEXT PROG: BOPPED!

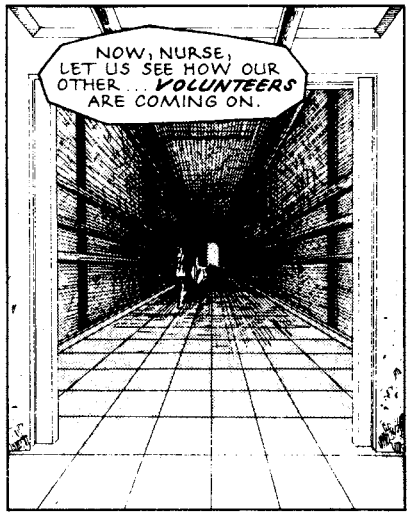
HELIOS

PART 3

Anderson PSI DIVISION










CAN'T... BREATHE!
WHERE THE HELL'S...
COREY!
BOP'S OVER, CLOWN!
KILL! KILL!
YOU ALL RIGHT, CASS?
NEVER MIND ME—
MR. ANGRY ISN'T FINISHED YET!


YOU'RE GETTIN' A LITTLE MONOTONOUS, DOG-WASTE! IT'S LADY'S CHOICE NOW—
AND YOU'RE SITTIN' THIS ONE OUT!
HEY, LADIES! YOU'RE SO COOL YOU'RE POSITIVELY CHILLY.' LET COOL JOHNNY COOL BE THE FIRST TO SAY—
BE THE FIRST TO SHUT UP!
JUDGES! EVERYBODY STAY BACK!
CONTROL? COREY... NO—I'M OFF-DUTY.
GET MED- AND MEAT WAGONS TO THE BOP SHOP ON ISADORA DRIVE. BOPPER WENT BERSERK—AT LEAST ONE DEAD!


SOME BOP THIS TURNED OUT TO BE!
YEAH. RELAXING, I DON'T THINK NEXT TIME YOU INVITE ME OUT, COREY, REMIND ME TO STAY HOME AND CROCHET A QUILT!
NOT HIM!
STICK HIM IN THE OTHER WAGON. WE'LL RUN HIM DOWN TO P.S.I-DIV
I WANT TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT CREEP!
HOVIS! LET ME HAVE A COPY OF THOSE STATEMENTS A.S.A.P.
YOU GOT IT, ANDERSON.
MY HUSBAND— MEREDITH— HE WAS THE FIRST ONE SHOT! THAT MANIAC JUST PULLED A GUN AND— AND STARTED BLASTING! HE WAS SHOUTING ABOUT HOW HE HATED MEREDITH'S QUIFF, AND— AND HIS KNEEPADS! HE... HE ONLY BOUGHT THEM TODAY...
DID YOU KNOW THE KILLER?
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!
ANYBODY BEAR ANY GRUDGE AGAINST YOUR HUSBAND— ANYBODY MIGHT WANT TO SEE HIM DEAD?
NO... MEREDITH HAD NO ENEMIES. HE...
WHAT'S WRONG?
THERE—THERE WAS SOMEONE WHO HATED HIM. SOMEONE WHO SWORE TO KILL HIM...
BUT THAT'S SILLY. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM.


HE'S DEAD.
TARBECK AND MAHON—BOTH DEAD. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I FELT SO HAPPY!
ONLY SOMMERS AND GREIG LEFT...
BUT WE MUSTN'T UNDERESTIMATE THEM. THEY'RE CLEVER MEN. THEY'LL SOON PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.
I THINK WE CAN EXPECT A VISIT.
WE HAD BETTER MAKE SURE WE ARE READY.
NEXT PROG:
CONNECTIONS

HELIOS

PART 4

Anderson PSI DIVISION








ACCORDING TO THIS HE'S A QUIET, MOUSEY KIND OF GUY. WOULDN'T SAY BOO TO A SCHMOO.
WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT; THE WAY HE TRIED TO BLAST MERIDETH TARBECK'S HEAD OFF HIS NECK!
OKAY, RIGEL—MOVE OVER. AUNTIE CASS IS COMIN' IN!
THE TELEPATH'S MIND MERGES INTO THAT OF THE DEMENTED RIGEL WALTHERS...
INTO A SEETHING CAULDRON OF PRIMEVAL RAGE!
WHEW! CREEP'S GOT HIS OWN PERSONAL HELL RUNNIN' IN THERE!


HARD TO SEE HOW A SINGLE PSI COMMAND COULD'VE DONE THAT TO HIM. THERE'S GOT TO BE MORE TO IT...
GET HIM DOWN TO SURGERY— I WANT A FULL BRAIN X-RAY.
YOU ONTO SOMETHING?
JUST COVERIN' THE POSSIBILITIES. KEEP ME INFORMED.
MR SACHS? MR LARUE ON THE PHONE FOR YOU.
IT'S TARBECK, MORTON. HE'S DEAD! BLASTED AT A BOP BY SOME MANIAC WITH A GUN.
SORRY TO HEAR IT.
HAPPENS TO THE BEST OF US, THOUGH. IN THIS CITY, MERELY LEAVING YOUR HOME IS AN INVITE TO VIOLENT DEATH... YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT WELL AS ANYONE, JAKE.
THANKS, KRAY.
JAKE? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL ME HERE?
LISTEN—THIS WAS NO RANDOM KILLING! MAHON GOT IT LAST NIGHT —SOME KIND OF GIANT LIZARD, IF THE NEWS IS TO BE BELIEVED. NOW TARBECK COPS IT—TOOK AT LEAST SIX SLUGS ACCORDIN' TO HIS WIFE!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING HERE, JAKE?
HELIOS. THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING, MORTON.
HELIOS ISN'T DEAD.


DON'T BE STUPID, JAKE! YOU SAW HIM DIE WITH YOUR OWN EYES. NOT EVEN HELIOS CAN COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!
YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANT, MORTON. ME, I'M NOT TAKING THE CHANCE I'M *NEXT* ON HIS LIST
WHAT I *AM* TAKING IS A LITTLE *PRE-EMPTIVE ACTION.*
TURN ANYTHING UP, COREY?
COULD BE, CASS... SOMETHING ONE OF THE WITNESSES SAID — TARBECK'S WIFE. CLAIMED SOME DOCTOR CALLED *HELIOS* WANTED HER HUSBAND DEAD — THOUGH HELIOS HIMSELF DIED ABOUT A YEAR BACK.
SOMETHING ABOUT IT BOTHERED ME — STRUCK A CHORD, YOU MIGHT SAY.
BENEFIT OF BEING AN EMPATH!
ANYWAY, REMEMBER I WAS TELLING YOU I DID A ONCE-OVER ON SOME *LIZARD-MAN* DREDD KILLED? I CHECKED UP ON *HIS* VICTIM — ONE SERGIO MAHON. AND GUESS WHAT..?
UNTIL HELIOS DIED, MAHON AND TARBECK WERE IN *PARTNERSHIP* WITH HIM... ALONG WITH TWO OTHER MEN.
HMM. INTERESTING.
THAT CREEP WALTER — HE DIDN'T KILL TARBECK BY ACCIDENT THERE WAS A *COMMAND* TO DO IT PLANTED IN HIS BRAIN.


CAN'T BE THIS HELIOS IF HE'S DEAD, THOUGH.
NO. STILL, THIS PARTNERSHIP SEEMS A LIKELY CONNECTION. MAYBE WE BETTER CHECK THE OTHER TWO...
I'LL TAKE MORTON SACHS AT THE CROESUS CONAPTS.
YOU GOT A DATE WITH SCARFACE JAKE LARUE!
HELIOS FILES
PLACE LOOKS LIKE IT AIN'T BEEN USED FOR MONTHS, JAKE. YOU SURE YOU GOT THE RIGHT END OF THE STICK HERE?
NO — BUT IT PAYS TO BE CAREFUL. IF HELIOS *DID* SURVIVE SOMEHOW — IF HE *IS* STILL ALIVE AND GUNNIN' FOR US —
TONIGHT I'M GONNA NAIL HIS COFFIN *SHUT*... BUT *GOOD!*
NEXT PROG: GRATEFUL DEAD!

HELIOS

PART 5

Anderson PSI DIVISION

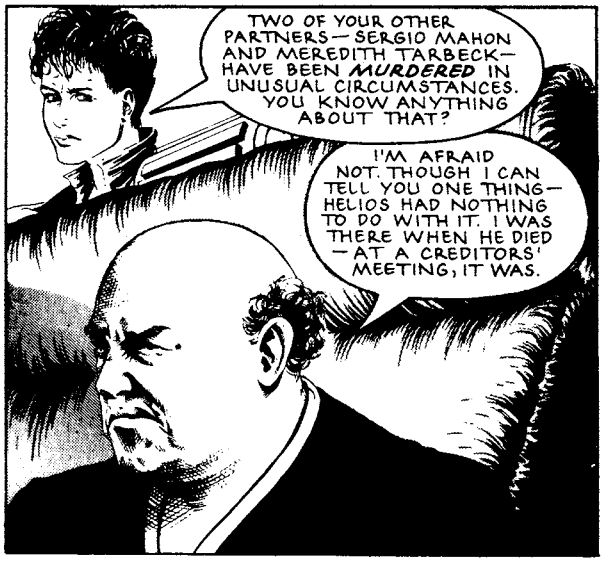


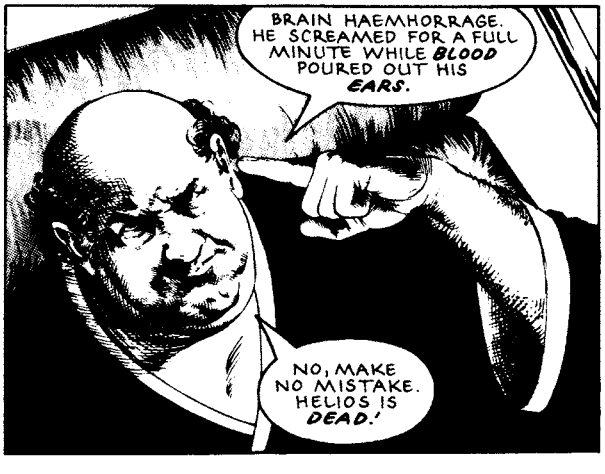



HELLO, JAKE. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
HELIOS!


SO WHAT'S THE STORY ON YOUR PARTNERSHIP WITH THIS HELIOS, CITIZEN SACHS?

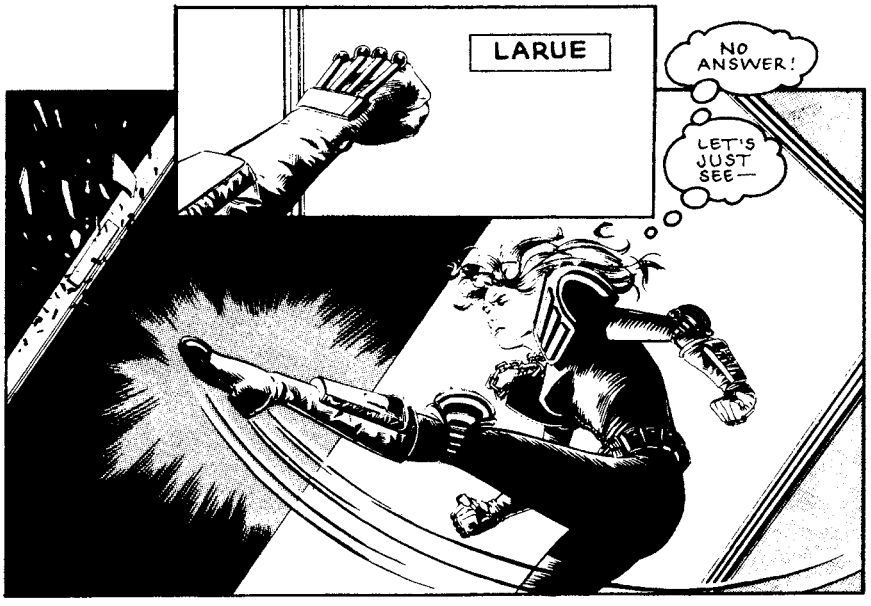

THERE'S NOT A LOT TO TELL, JUDGE. MYSELF AND THREE OTHERS INVESTED SOME CAPITAL IN DOCTOR HELIOS' RESEARCH LABS.
TOTAL WASTE OF MONEY. THE MAN WAS A FINANCIAL DISASTER. HE BLEW TWO MILLION CREDS WITH NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT— THEN WENT AND DIED BEFORE WE GOT A RED CENT BACK!


TWO OF YOUR OTHER PARTNERS— SERGIO MAHON AND MEREDITH TARBECK— HAVE BEEN MURDERED IN UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES. YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?
I'M AFRAID NOT. THOUGH I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING— HELIOS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. I WAS THERE WHEN HE DIED —AT A CREDITORS' MEETING, IT WAS.


BRAIN HAEMHORRAGE. HE SCREAMED FOR A FULL MINUTE WHILE BLOOD POURED OUT HIS EARS.
NO, MAKE NO MISTAKE. HELIOS IS DEAD.'


IT CAN'T BE YOU— IT CAN'T BE!
YOU'RE DEAD, DAMN YOU! DEAD!
HUH? S-SAWDUST?
PLASTEEN GRANULES, ACTUALLY.
DON'T BE SO SURPRISED, JAKE. YOU SAID IT YOURSELF —I'M DEAD. YOU CAN'T EXPECT BLOOD FROM A DEAD MAN...
YOU TOOK MY BODY, JAKE— YOU AND YOUR GREED-FILLED PARTNERS. BUT YOU COULDN'T TAKE MY MIND. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO TAKE...
AND YOUR TURN TO GIVE.
Uh-oh.
ZOMBY WOOF

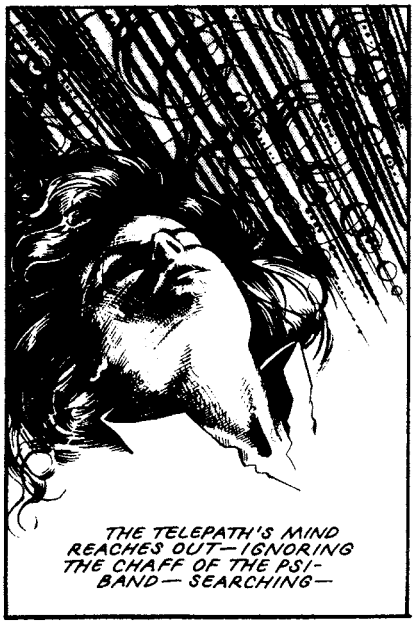

I'M GETTIN' A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...


LARUE
NO ANSWER!
LET'S JUST SEE—


EMPTY!




LARUE...


THE TELEPATH'S MIND REACHES OUT—IGNORING THE CHAFF OF THE PSI-BAND— SEARCHING—


AND FINDS MAYHEM...
AND MADNESS...
AND DEATH!
GRUD ON A GREENIE!
LOOKS LIKE LARUE'S GONE THE WAY OF HIS PARTNERS!
ONE THING'S FOR SURE — DEAD OR NOT, THIS CREEP HELIOS HAS GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR—
AND THE SOONER I START ASKIN' THE QUESTIONS, THE BETTER!
NEXT PROG: PSI HIGH?

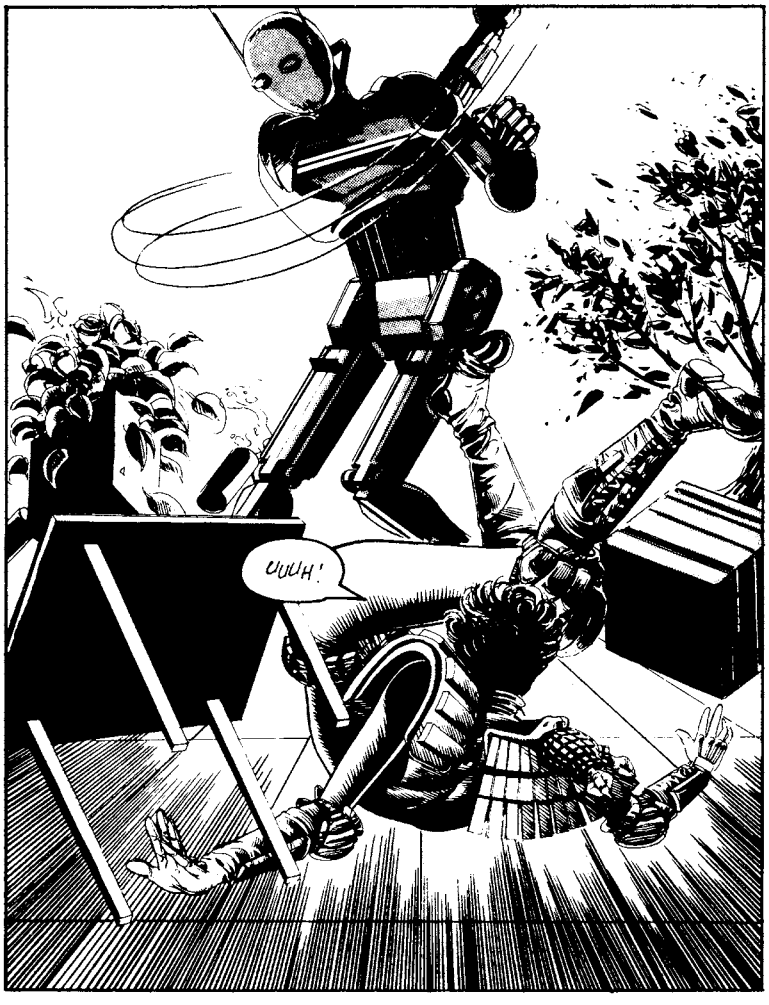
HELIOS

PART 6

Anderson PSI DIVISION




ON YOUR FEET. GET DRESSED!
WH-WHY?
I HAVE THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME. MAYBE A FULL PSI-SCAN DOWNTOWN'LL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!
YOU'RE TAKING ME NOWHERE!
KYOTO— DEAL WITH HER!
BAD MOVE, LADY! THAT'S THREE YEARS FOR JUDGE ASSAULT—
NOT TO MENTION THE BROKEN NOSE!
VERY GOOD, SIR.
TAKE HER, KRAY!
AAAAAH!


UUUH!


WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
NO— YES! YES— WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HER PERMANENTLY. I CAN'T AFFORD JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SNOOPING INTO MY AFFAIRS!


WE'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
BRING HER!


FIVE MINUTES, SHE SAID. WHAT'S KEEPING HER?
Oo


DROKK!


BLAM
BLAM




DAMN!


DAMN!

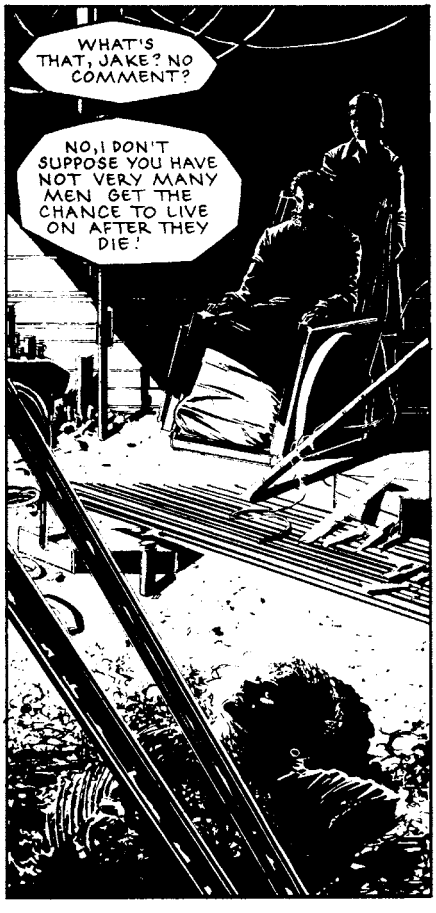

DAMN!
DAMN!
DAMN!

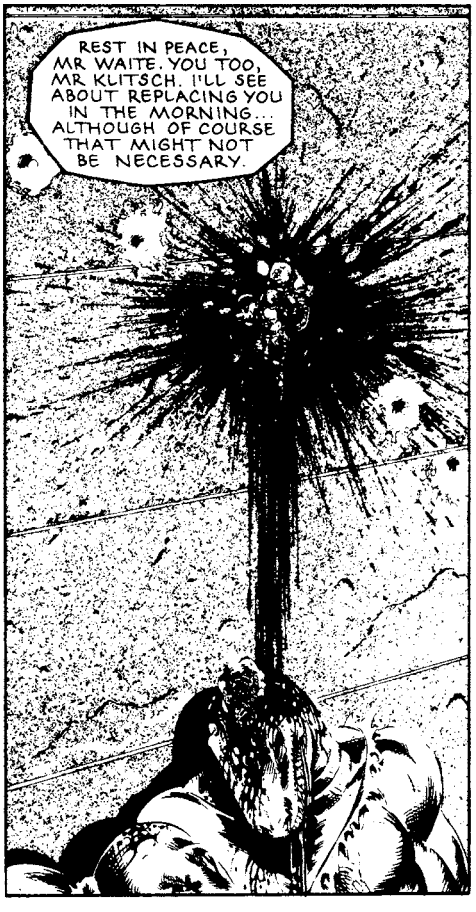

damn..!
GOIN SOMEWHERE, CHUBS?
L-LISTEN, I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! IT—IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, YOU SEE KRAY—MY BUTLER—WENT HAYWIRE!
YEAH? WHATEVER OTHER TIME YOU'RE PULLING DOWN HERE, CREEP, YOU GET ANOTHER THREE FOR LYIN' TO A JUDGE!
COREY—YOU ALL RIGHT?
UUUH..
ROBOT CRUSHED MY HAND—KNOCKED ME OUT. NOTHING A GIRL CAN'T HANDLE!
I WAS ABOUT TO RUN THE GOOD CITIZEN IN FOR A PSI-SCAN
BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE, MAYBE WE CAN SAVE A LITTLE TIME!
NEXT PROG: PSI WHY!

HELIOS PART 7

Anderson PSI DIVISION












YOU'RE A CONVICTED PERP, SACHS. YOU HAVE NO RIGHTS.
NOW KEEP STILL AND SHUT UP!
THE TELEPATH'S MIND PROBES DEEP INTO MORTON SACHS MEMORY...
AND FINDS THE DAY THAT ARNOLD HELIOS DIED—
YOU'RE CRAZY, HELIOS! TWO MILLION CREDITS WE GAVE YOU —AND WHAT DO WE GET IN RETURN?
THREE INCHES OF MONO-FILAMENT WIRE!
AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, SACHS—THIS WIRE IS PERHAPS THE MOST SOPHISTICATED TOOL EVER DEVISED! WHY, IF YOU CAN JUST LET ME HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO COMPLETE MY EXPERIMENTS, WE'LL ALL BE RICH MEN!


WHAT? POUR GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD? YOU'RE OFF YOUR HEAD!
YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CRED OUT OF US, YOU FRAUD!
2 MILLION FOR A BIT OF WIRE! I GOT A GOOD MIND TO REARRANGE YOUR CHEATIN' FACE, HELIOS!
NO— PLEASE! I—I—
UUH! UUUUH!
WHAT THE HELL—?
IT'S HIS BLOOD PRESSURE! HE'S HAVING ONE OF HIS ATTACKS!
QUICK— GIVE HIM HIS PILLS!
HEY— NOT SO FAST! MAYBE IT'S BETTER THIS WAY...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JAKE?
THE OLD COOT'S *INSURED* BY THE BUSINESS, AIN'T HE? IF HE DIES, AT LEAST WE COLLECT THE PAY-OUT... BUT IF HE LIVES, WE'RE EACH A HALF-MILLION IN THE HOLE!


DAMN YOU TO...HELL! YOU... YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! I SWEAR— YOU'LL PAY!
YOU'LL Payyyyyyy...
BUT— IT WAS NATURAL CAUSES! I DIDN'T MURDER HIM!
ONE MORE THING— WHAT WAS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS WIRE HELIOS CLAIMED TO HAVE INVENTED?
CALL CONTROL, COREY. GET A PAT-WAGON DOWN HERE. THIS CREEP'S DOING TIME FOR MURDER, IN ADDITION TO HIS OTHER CRIMES!
THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION. AND UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, IT'S MINE THAT COUNTS!
I DON'T KNOW —I SWEAR! HE—HE WOULDN'T TELL US... ALL HE'D EVER SAY WAS IT WOULD MAKE US ALL RICH!
PAT-WAGON'LL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY. NO MISCHIEF, NOW!
WHERE TO?
SECTOR 17 'DUST ZONE. NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT IT'S ABOUT ALL WE GOT!




LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NOT THE *FIRST* CALLERS TONIGHT.
LARUE, MOST LIKELY.


GO CAREFUL. IF WHAT I SAW IN MY PSI-FLASH WAS RIGHT, THERE ARE SOME PRETTY FREAKY GUARD-DOGS AROUND!


AH! VISITORS!
JUDGES, TOO, I BELIEVE!


I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT ONTO US, BUT THEY CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO INTERFERE.
UNTIE OUR FRIENDS, MY DEAR. I'M SURE THEY'LL ENJOY THE EXERCISE.

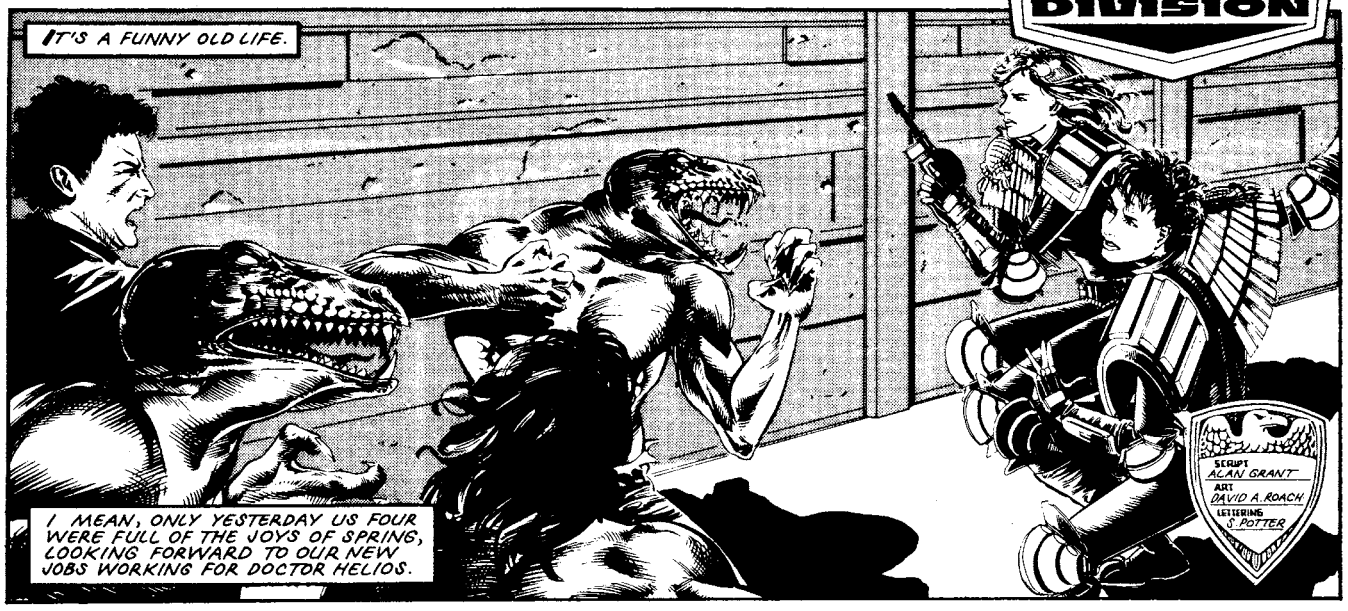

JUDGES! GO SEEK! *KILL!*


KILL! KILL!
DROK! EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY WELCOME?
NEXT PROG: PSI-DIE

HELIOS

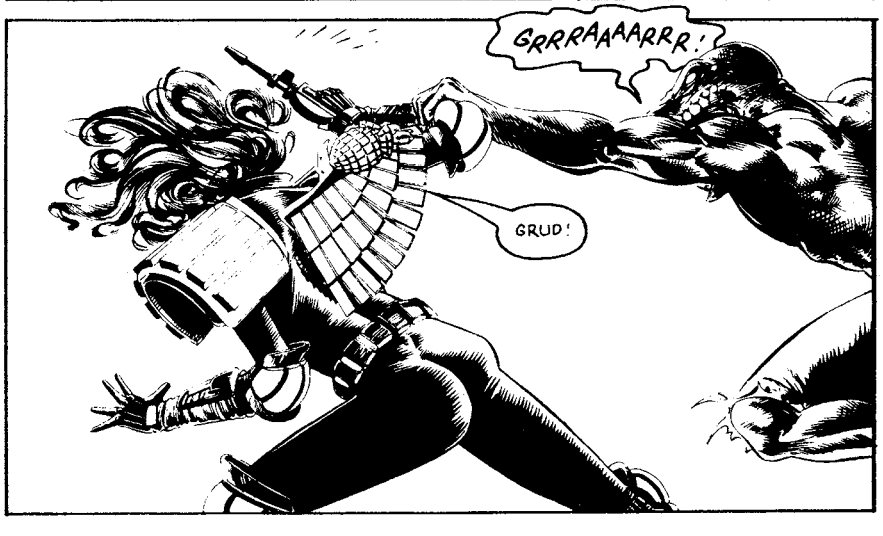
PART 8

Anderson PSI DIVISION










YES, IT'S A FUNNY OLD LIFE.
I'M 39 YEARS OLD AND I'D NEVER EVEN TASTED REAL MEAT BEFORE TONIGHT. OF COURSE, NOBODY HAD EVER TURNED ME INTO A LIZARD BEFORE, EITHER.
KILL! KILL!
KILL YOURSELF, PAL!
OF COURSE, IT DOES HAVE ITS COMPENSATIONS. I MEAN, I'VE GROWN TO REALLY LIKE THE TASTE OF BLOOD— AND TO BE HONEST, THE MORAL IMPLICATIONS DON'T BOTHER ME THAT MUCH—


GRAAAA!
NOBODY SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A KNIFE IN THE BACK, THOUGH!
SHEEE! THAT'S THE CLOSEST I EVER WANT TO COME TO KNOWIN' HOW A MUNCEBURGER FEELS!
HELIOS— OR WHOEVER YOU ARE!
YOUR CREATURES ARE DEAD!
IT'S OVER! GIVE YOURSELF UP!
HEY—!
COREY!
CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT—
AAAGH! CASS!


GONNA HAVE TO RISK IT ANYWAY!
BLAST! I HIT HER!
GRRRAAAA!!
DOWN, HAIRBALL!
COREY?
UUUH...


ALL OF THEM! YOU'VE KILLED ALL OF THEM!
HELIOS? YOU'RE A PSI?
INDEED I AM, MY DEAR. ONE OF THE BEST. BUT PLEASE — DON'T POINT THE GUN AT ME. IT'S IMPOLITE!
THAT'S THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES, CREEP. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR—
I SAID— DON'T POINT THE GUN AT ME!
POINT IT AT YOURSELF, WHY DON'T YOU? GO ON. DO IT!
DO IT, MY DEAR. DO IT!
CAN'T ... STOP MYSELF! HE'S STRONG...
TOO STRONG
THAT'S IT, MY DEAR. NOW—
WHY DON'T YOU JUST PULL THE TRIGGER?
NEXT PROG: BRIDGE OF PSIS

HELIOS

PART 9

Anderson PSI DIVISION



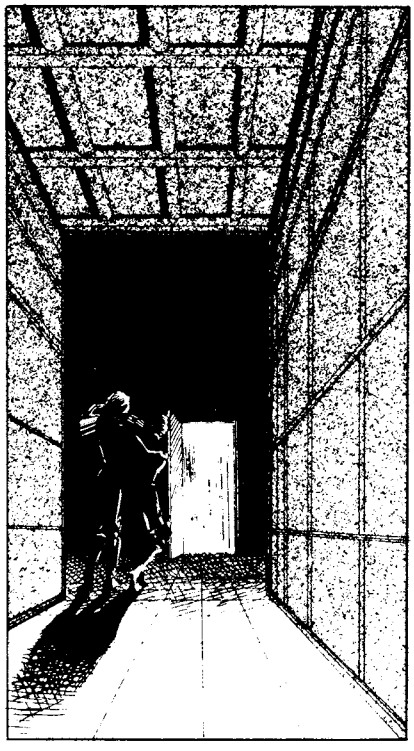

NO, MY DEAR. NOT DEAD. MERELY.. LIVING ELSEWHERE, YOU MIGHT SAY.
YOU—THE NURSE?
THE DAUGHTER, MY DEAR. LYDIA—LYDIA HELIOS. OR AT LEAST, I USED TO BE. NOW I'M MY FATHER, TOO!
YOUR MINDS ARE FUSED? BUT HOW?
THE SO-CALLED "WIRE" MY FATHER INVENTED—A POWERFUL PSI-AMPLIFIER—SO POTENT IT COULD EVEN TRIGGER CHANGES IN A BODY'S CELLULAR STRUCTURE.
HE WAS EXPERIMENTING, YOU SEE. I WAS HIS GUINEA PIG—THE FIRST PERSON EVER TO BE FITTED WITH ONE.
WHEN SACHS AND THOSE OTHER PATHETIC WORMS KILLED HIM—WATCHED HIM DIE IN AGONY—I WAS HERE, IN THE LAB.
I HEARD EVERY SCREAM—EVERY CURSE! I FELT THE PAIN BOIL IN MY MIND, RIPPING THROUGH ME LIKE IT WOULD NEVER STOP! I DIED WITH HIM...
WE WILL HAVE REVENGE—AND MEGA-CITY JUSTICE WILL NOT STOP US!
AND WHEN I AWOKE—HIS MIND WAS MY MIND. HIS THOUGHTS WERE MY THOUGHTS.
AND HIS MADNESS WAS YOUR MADNESS!
NO, NOT MAD. BITTER, AND CHEATED—AND DETERMINED THAT HIS—MY!—OUR!—KILLERS WOULD DIE!


WHEW! A KOOK AND A HALF! UNFORTUNATELY, SHE'S GOT THE POWER TO—
BACK IT UUUUUH!
NOW, MY DEAR, ENOUGH OF THE SOCIAL NICETIES.
HUH?
I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED IN GETTIN' WRAPPED UP IN MY WORK— BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
CAN'T... FOCUS! BLACKING ... OUT...
COREY... COREY...


COREY! COREY!
OHHH...
CASS..?
SUDDEN REALISATION FLOODS THE EMPATH'S MIND—
GRUD ON THE PROVERBIAL GREENIE!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, LADY—
BUT YOU'RE NOT DOING IT ANY MORE!
NO! NO...

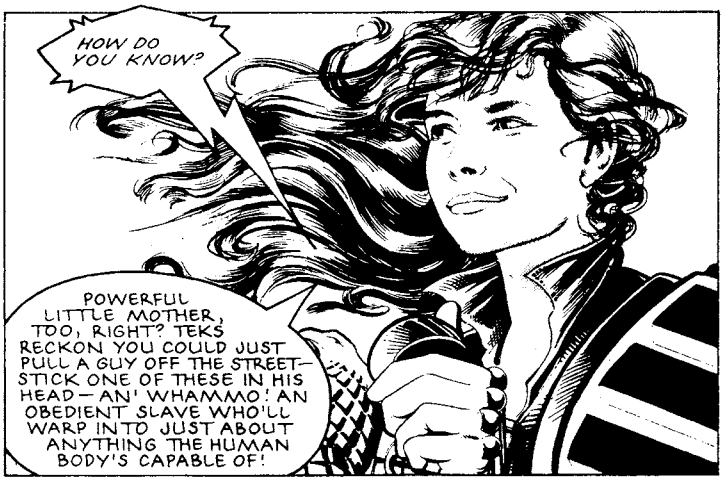

I... I'M DYING...
BUT... I CAN'T...
I... CAN'T...
GUESS YOU CAN AT THAT, SISTER!
CASS? CASS—YOU OKAY?
WHEW! GIVE ME A WEEK TO RECOVER AND I'LL TELL YOU!
YOUR LEG—
JUST A FLESH WOUND. I'LL LIVE.
JEEZ, COREY, I'M SORRY!
YEAH—ME TOO!
REGULAR DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL, HUH?
YEAH. CLOSE RELATIONSHIPS DON'T COME MUCH CLOSER!


SO WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED?
COME ON. I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT ON THE WAY BACK TO DIV.




CONTROL— ANDERSON HERE. GET MEAT-WAGONS AND FORENSIC TO THE HELIOS BUILDING, 'DUST-ZONE 17. THERE'S A LOT OF CLEANING-UP TO DO!
YOU GOT IT!


WHILE YOU'RE ON, ANDERSON— RESULT OF THAT BRAIN-SCAN YOU ORDERED ON RIGEL WALTHERS JUST CAME IN.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT. MEDS FOUND—
LET ME GUESS. A THREE-INCH PSI-AMP, RIGHT?


HOW DO YOU KNOW?
POWERFUL LITTLE MOTHER, TOO, RIGHT? TEKS RECKON YOU COULD JUST PULL A GUY OFF THE STREET— STICK ONE OF THESE IN HIS HEAD— AN' WHAMMO! AN OBEDIENT SLAVE WHO'LL WARP INTO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING THE HUMAN BODY'S CAPABLE OF!


GRUD, ANDERSON! THAT'S AMAZING! HOW DO YOU DO IT?
MIND-WORK, CONTROL. JUST A LITTLE MIND-WORK!
The End


JUDGE
CREY
LEVIATHAN'S FAREWELL
I don't know why I'm writing this down.
SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
MICK AUSTIN
LETTERING
KID

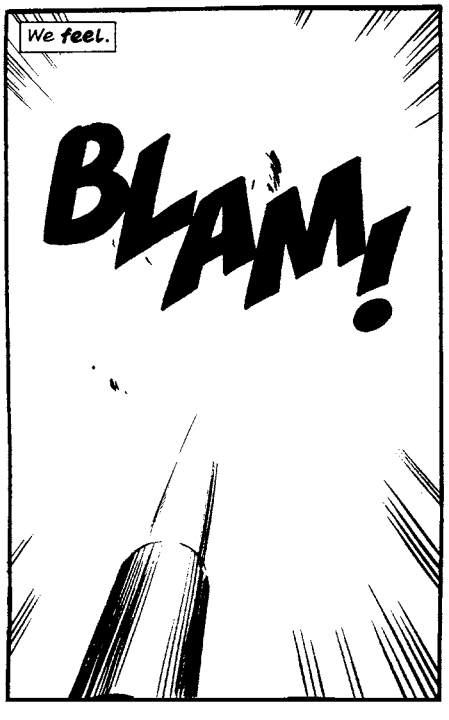

It won't alter anything. It won't mask the pain, or wipe out the futility. It won't make me change my mind.


It won't keep me alive.


Judges don't think this way. Judges are cold, clinical machines ruled by Logic and Order and Law. But Psis...
Carr Anderson

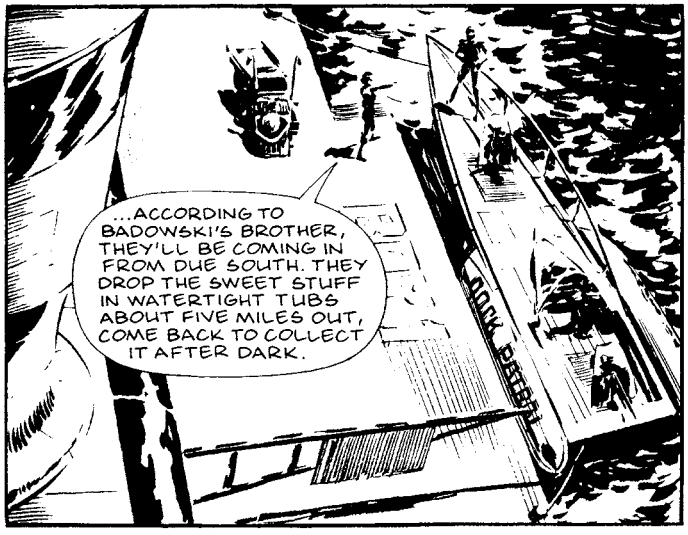

Psis are different. Psis have a special gift.


And Empaths have the most special gift of all.

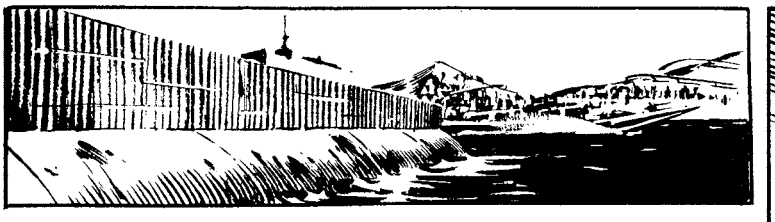

We feel.
BLAM!


I first heard it this morning.
I was up on Melville Heights, following through on a hunch, hustling a small-time perp called Rafe Badowski. Creep's nerve broke and he lit out on a runner.
BADOWSKI! THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING!
I knew how it would feel, before I squeezed the trigger, but I gritted my teeth and took him out with the standard leg-shot.
AAHHH!
I'd damped my reaction, but it still hurt like hell.
The irony of being an Empath! We punish the perps...and we feel their pain.
YA DINT HAVE TA SHOOT ME, BITCH! I WAS GONNA STOP, HONEST I WAS!
YEAH? SOON AS YOU'D HELPED SOME OLD LADY OVER THE ROAD, NO DOUBT!
A really special gift.
WISE UP, BADOWSKI. ANSWER THE QUESTIONS, AND MAYBE A MED-BAY'S AS FAR AS YOU'LL GO.


And that's when I heard it.
AAAA-OOUUUU-AA
A mournful, low-pitched moan that was so far down the frequency scale it made my insides hurt and my bones vibrate.
HOLY CREMOLEY! WHAT THE SPUG IS THAT ?
I couldn't help myself; it literally overwhelmed me. For half a minute, maybe less, I was lost in images of somewhere beautiful, and cool, and fluid...
Somewhere unspeakably sad.
Half a minute...then it was gone, and there was just me and Badowski again.
I SAID WHAT THE SPUG WAS--
AND I SAID I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, CREEP !
Badowski talked. Told me all about the ton of sugar his brother was smuggling in through the Mega-docks that afternoon.
HEY ! SHE SAID I'D GO TO A MED-BAY !
SHE MUST'VE FORGOT TO TELL YOU IT'S IN A CUBE. FAILURE TO DIVULGE IS A MANDATORY SIX MONTHS MINIMUM !
I called Dock Patrol and rode on down. The sun was high and shining, but it seemed to me there was a shadow across it.
And that sad, sad noise echoed on in my bones.







I don't know what it was made me look back at the city. So beautiful from out here, when close up it's so crude and ugly. I had this nagging feeling...

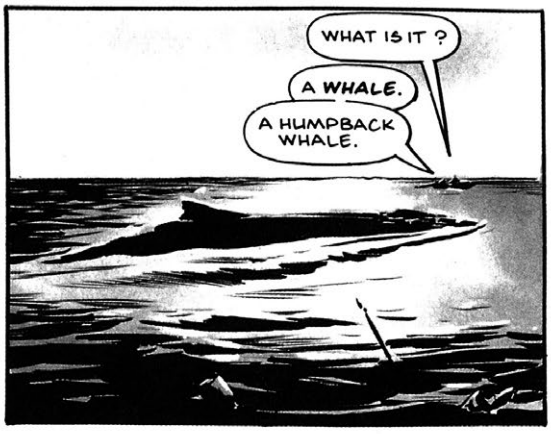
Like somehow I was seeing it for the last time.

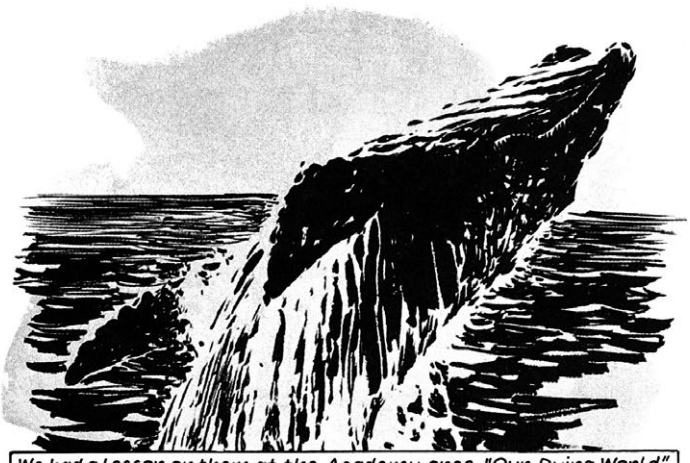


That's when I heard it again.









We had a lesson on them at the Academy once. "Our Dying World", I think it was. There were only 20 of them left. Pollution—radiation—climate changes...the whales just couldn't cope.



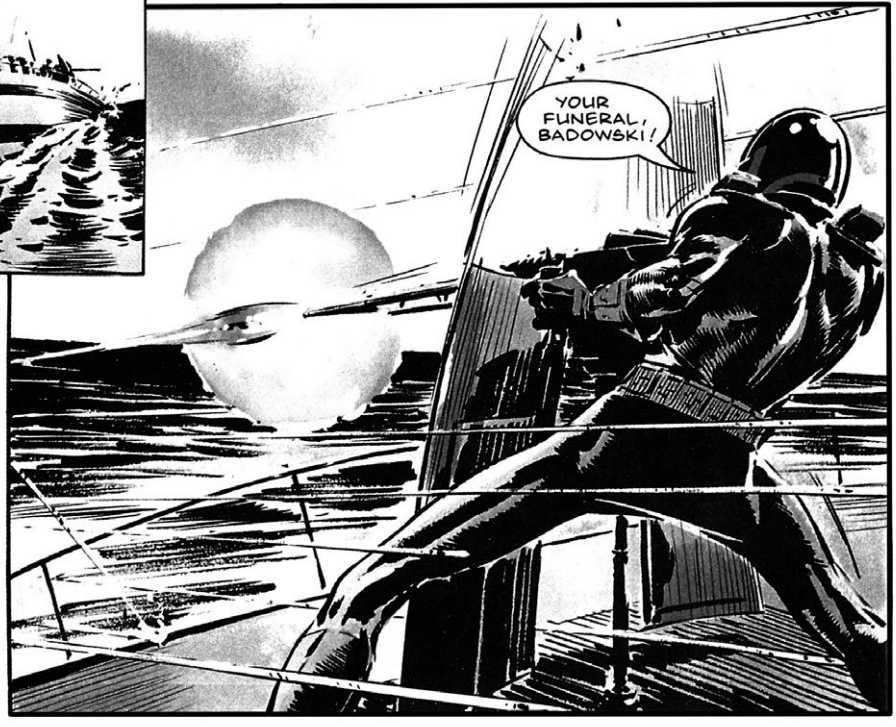
I closed my eyes and tuned in to a fluid world of weightless ease.

It sang of ocean deeps and ice floes...of killer sharks and lovers...distant waters...

Distant days.








THRASHH!
Sixty tons of sleek grace...sixty feet of intelligent mammal heading for extinction...
And it was singing.
AAA-OOUUU-AAAA-kiklikiikOUAAAooo
GRUD ON A GREENIE! WHAT A RACKET!
COREY! HEY, COREY! YOU OKAY?
I...I GUESS.
BUT THE WHALE ISN'T. IT'S THE VERY LAST ONE...
AND IT'S DYING.
FORGET IT! THERE—BADOWSKI'S BOAT!
THEY'VE SEEN US! THEY'RE TURNING!
BADAAM!
AAAGH!
AIEEE!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO MESS WITH THE LAW, CREEPS!


The world exploded.
BAA-RAAAAM!
Images of blood—death—destruction...
Then peace...
Weird.
We hunted them. We slaughtered them. We turned their world into a garbage tip, and poisoned every breath they drew. We did everything short of nuke them...
And the very last one saved my life.
It sang, and I lay still. And I felt what the whale felt. I knew what the whale knew.
I was there when the last giant said goodbye.


It was twenty minutes before the H-wagon picked me up. No other survivors.
Med-Check said I'm okay, no ill effects, take a couple days off anyway.
COREY
But I'm **not** okay.
SWEET MOTHER OF GRUD!
COREY..?
I'm hurting inside, deep down in my mind, in the secret places only the Psis know.
How did the world turn out so ugly? Why do we have to be so cruel? So stupid?
You're my friend, Cass. You understand. I can't do ugly things any more. That's not what special gifts are for.
OH... COREY!
But hey! Don't grieve, Cass. I'm privileged. I heard the last giant sing.
Love, Empath Corey.
THE END







Anderson PSI DIVISION

TRIAD

PART 1

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART ARTHUR RANSON
LETTERING S. POTTER

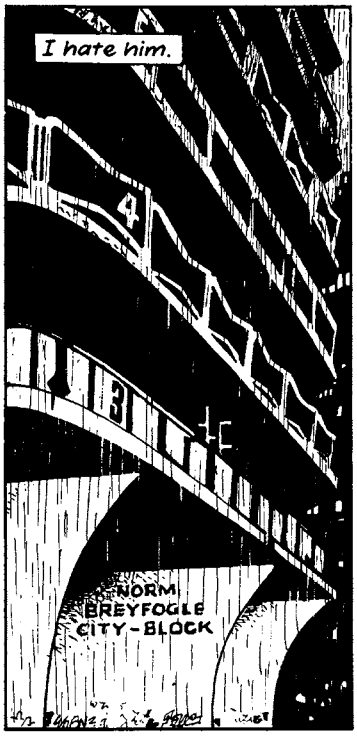


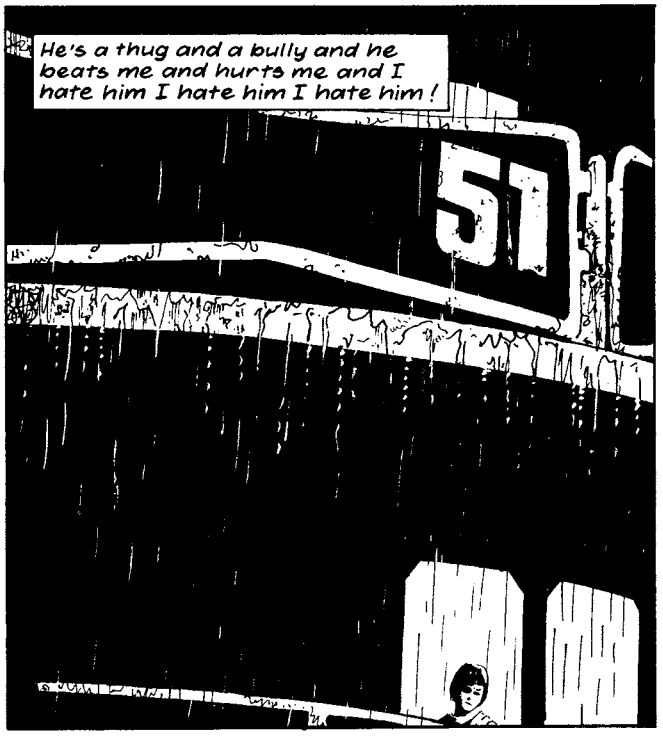

I'M MAKING FOR THE MIAMI RADLANDS. FOLKS JUST BOUGHT A RETIREMENT APT THERE. ANY GOOD TO YOU?
YOU OKAY, PAL?
SO... WHERE YOU HEADED?
HELL.
CARE TO JOIN ME... PAL?
AAULK!
SCREEE!
KRASH!
SKRAAANGG!


YOU CRAZY SPUGGER! YOU COULD'VE KILLED ME!
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU—
HUH?
MOMMY!
MOMMY!
MOMMY!
ALL RIGHT, CORANN—LESLEY! I'M COMING!
IT... IT WAS HORRIBLE, MOMMY! IT HAD A
S-SKULL-FACE! IT KILLED THE POOR MAN!
THERE, DARLINGS. IT WAS ONLY A BAD DREAM. IT'S OVER NOW.
SEE? IT'S GONE. NIGHTMARES ALWAYS GO, JUST AS SOON AS YOU SWITCH ON THE LIGHT.


I'LL LEAVE IT ON. YOU BE GOOD GIRLS AND GO BACK TO SLEEP NOW. SCHOOL IN THE MORNING.
AND REMEMBER— NIGHTMARES AREN'T REAL.
THEY CAN'T HURT YOU.
...ONEST, JUDGE! IT HAPPENED JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU— THIS GUY STEPPED OUT THE WRECK AND THEN... DISAPPEARED!
LIE DETECTOR CHECKS YOU OUT.
HERE. BLOW INTO THIS ANY-WAY.
B-BUT I AIN'T BEEN DRINK—
BLOW!
LIE
YOU TOOK YOUR TIME.
DREDD! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT'D TAKE A SADIST LIKE YOU TO HAUL A GIRL OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!


'SAMATTER? CAN'T HANDLE A D-D ON YOUR OWN ANY MORE?
STOW IT.
I WANT YOU TO GIVE THAT STIFF THE ONCE-OVER. CREEP HERE CLAIMS THERE WAS SOME KIND OF SPOOK ON THE SCENE WHEN HE CRASHED.
THE LIGHT'S GONE OUT! DOES...DOES THAT MEAN I'M FREE?
SURE...
ALL RIGHT, TURKEY. LET'S HEAR WHAT KIND OF TUNE YOU HAVE TO SING...
IN FIVE YEARS!
IT BEGAN WITH A PHANTOM...
BY THE TIME IT WAS OVER, MORE THAN A THOUSAND PEOPLE WOULD DIE.
NEXT PROG: BURNS NIGHT
ARTHUR RANSOM









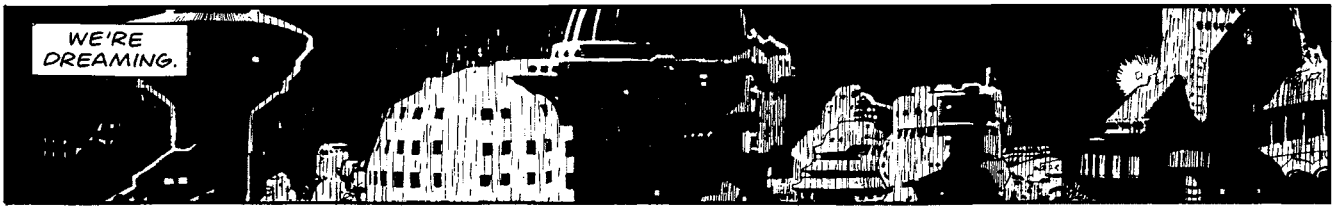
Anderson PSI DIVISION

TRIAD PART 2



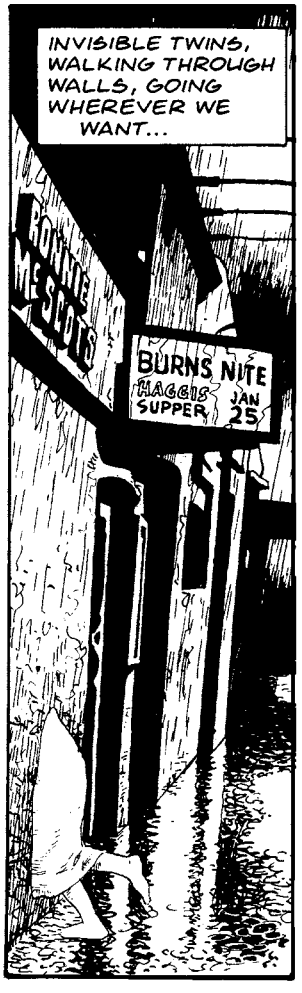


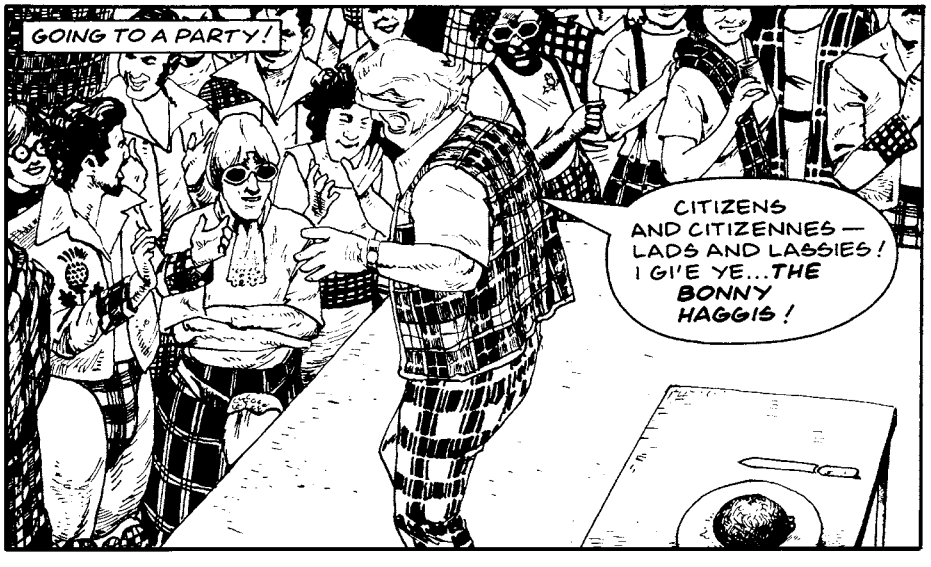

HE'S BEEN HAVING NIGHTMARES AGAIN. CAN'T YOU SEE— HE'S AFRAID!
AND BESIDES, THINK WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF THE JUDGES FIND OUT! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO BEAT CHILDREN ANY MORE!
THEY WON'T FIND OUT— UNLESS YOU TELL THEM. AND YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN THEN!
I'M HIS FATHER—IT'S MY RIGHT TO DISCIPLINE HIM! NOW GET OUT MY WAY!
LEAVE MY MOM ALONE!
AND YOU'RE NOT MY DAD! YOU'RE NOT!
LITTLE MAGGOT! I'LL TEACH YOU!
YOUR PERP WAS RIGHT, DREDD. THERE WAS SOME KIND OF SPOOK MADE AN APPEARANCE JUST BEFORE THE CRASH.
TYPICAL DEATH FIGURE — SKULL FACE. NO IDEA WHAT CAUSED IT, THOUGH— OR WHERE IT WENT TO.
THAT'S GONNA LOOK GOOD ON MY ACCIDENT REPORT SHEET! LET ME KNOW IF YOU MANAGE TO TRACK IT DOWN...
MEANTIME, I GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN HANG AROUND IN THE RAIN MAKIN' SMALLTALK!
YEAH...
HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU, TOO!


WE'RE DREAMING.


WE DREAM THAT WE'RE WALKING ON AIR, AND THE RAIN CAN'T MAKE US WET.


OUR BODIES ARE LIKE FEATHERS AND NOBODY CAN SEE US. IT'S JUST ME AND CORANN—
NEXT BUS IN 2 hr m
HEY! YOU MEAN ME AND LESLEY!
IT'S JUST ME AND ME IN OUR VERY OWN DREAM WORLD.


INVISIBLE TWINS, WALKING THROUGH WALLS, GOING WHEREVER WE WANT...
BURNS NITE HAGGIS SUPPER JAN 25


GOING TO A PARTY!
CITIZENS AND CITIZENNES— LADS AND LASSIES! I GI'E YE...THE BONNY HAGGIS!


AND NOW, TAE ADDRESS THIS WONDROUS FEAST, PLEASE PIT YOUR HANDS THE GITHER FOR OUR VERY OWN COSMO McSHANE!
THANK YE! THANK YE!


"WEE, SLEEKIT, COWERIN', TIMOROUS BEASTIE! OH, WHIT A PANIC'S IN THY--
OCH, SORRY, WRANG YIN!
LET'S SEE NOO... OH AYE! "FAIR FA' YOUR HONEST, SONSY FACE, GREAT CHIEFTAIN O' THE PUDDEN RACE! ABUNE THEM A' YE TAK YER PLACE!"
WE DREAM THAT WE'RE HAVING FUN--
AND THEN THE BAD THING COMES!
MICHTY ME!
WHIT IN THE NAME O' THE WEE MAN--?
BURNS NITE? BURNS?
I'LL GIVE YOU BURNS!


L-LUIK! M-MY HANDS—!
OHMYKILT! I...I'M BURNIN'!
WE SCREAM, BUT THERE ISN'T ANY SOUND...


AND ALL AROUND THE PEOPLE START TO BURN, AND THE BAD THING JUST LAUGHS AND LAUGHS!


I'M ONLY TEN MINUTES FROM PSI-DIV WHEN MY MIND ERUPTS—
GRUD ON A GREENIE!


TROUBLE AT RONNIE MCSCOT'S!
NEXT PROG: RED-HOT MCSCOT!







Anderson PSI DIVISION



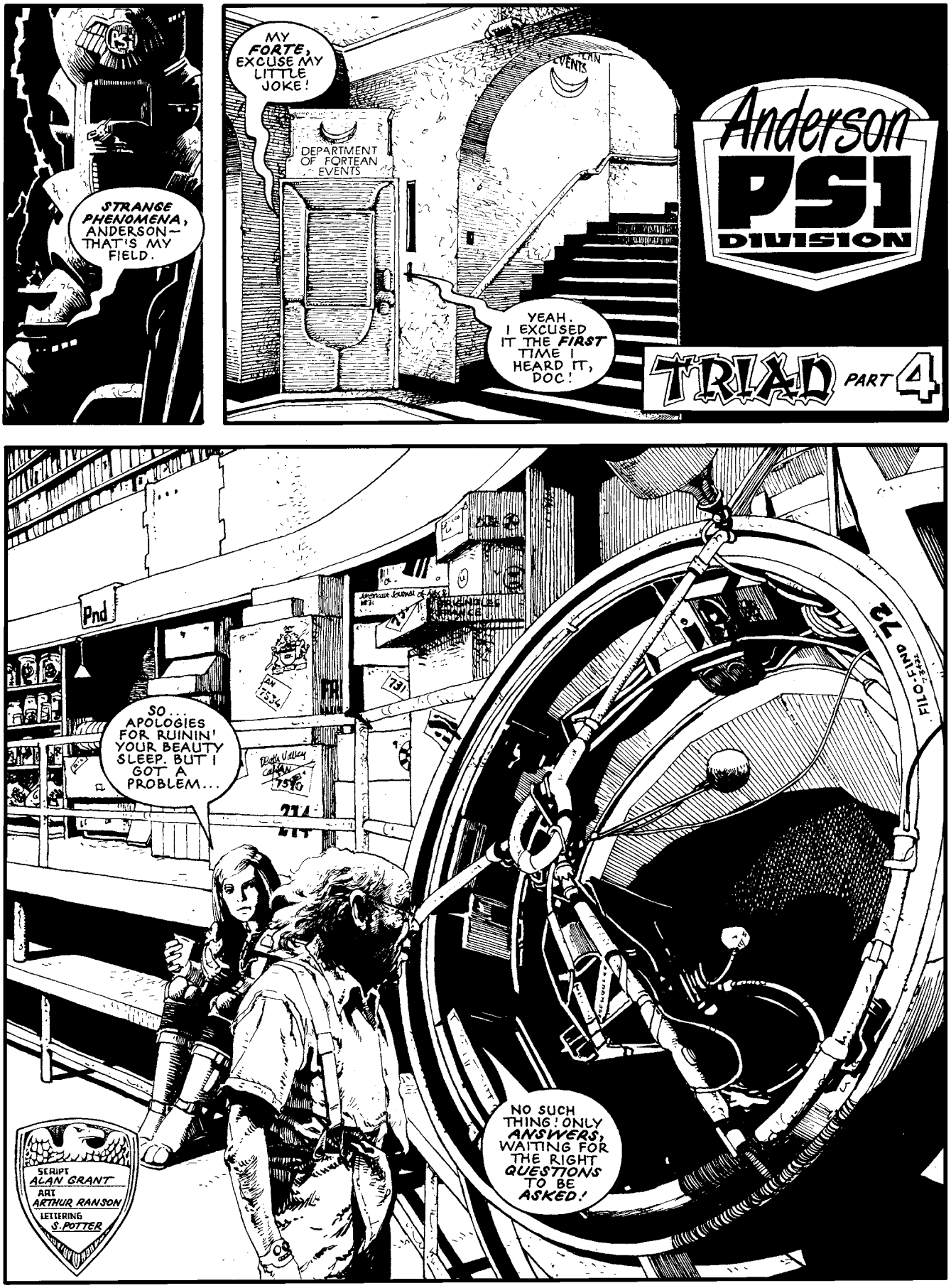
TRIAD PART 3


SMASH!
ALARM
HEELLLPPPP MEEEE!
BRRR


STAY WITH US, MOMMY. THEN WE
WON'T BE FRIGHTENED.
ALL RIGHT—BUT ONLY THIS ONCE. I DON'T WANT IT TO BECOME A HABIT.
MOMMY, WHY DO LESLEY AND ME—
YOU MEAN CORANN AND ME!
WHY DO WE DREAM THE SAME?
I DON'T KNOW, DARLINGS. I JUST DON'T KNOW.
I REMEMBER DREDD ONCE TELLING ME HOW HE'D COME ACROSS A BAND OF SEVERE RADIATION CASES DURING THE APOCALYPSE WAR. AT THEIR OWN REQUEST, HE MASSACRED THEM—TO SPARE THEM FURTHER SUFFERING.
I REMEMBER I FELT SICK.

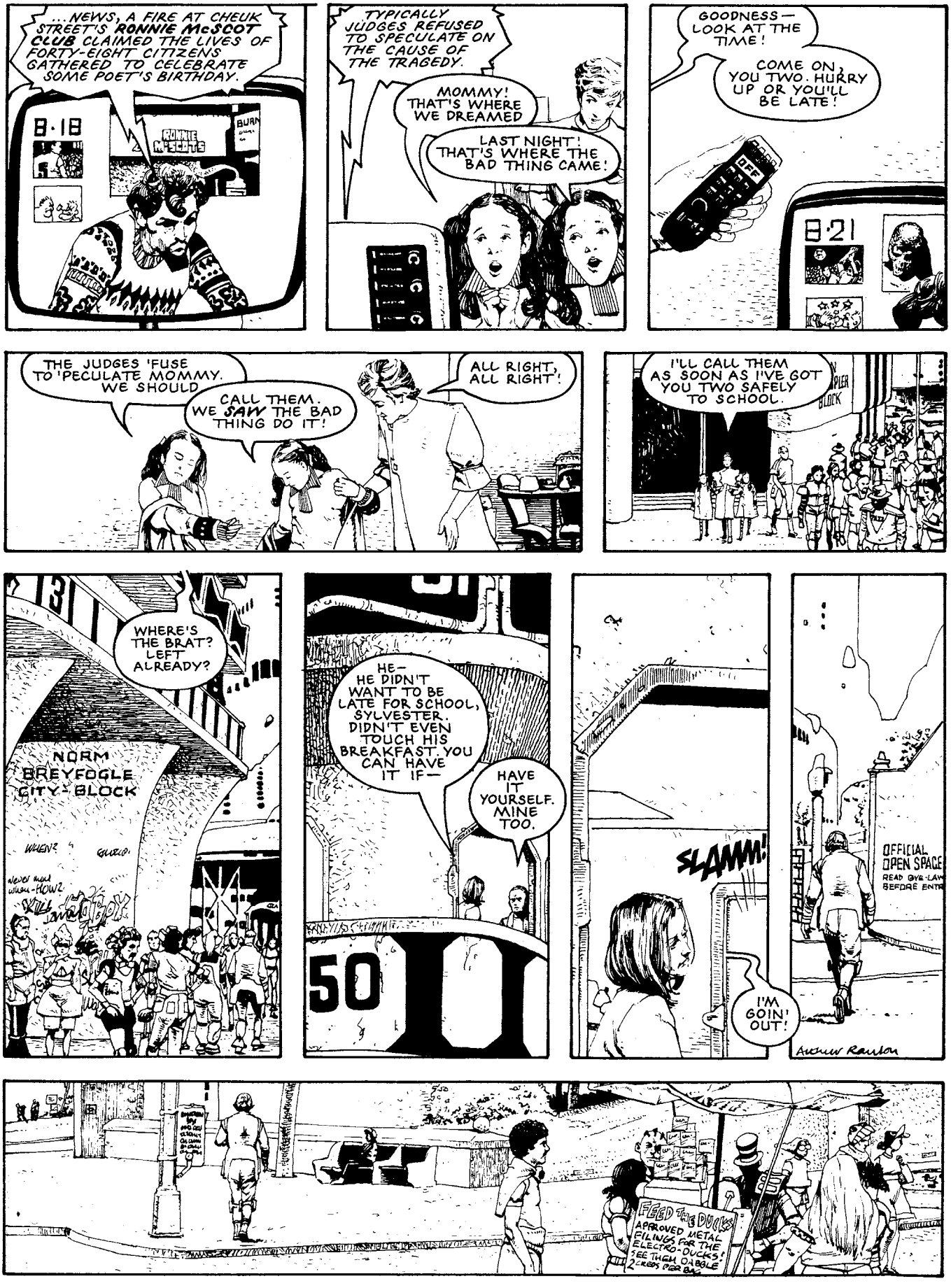

I FEEL SICK NOW.
MY LAWGIVER WAS CHARGED FOR THIRTY-SIX SHOTS. A DOZEN PEOPLE BURNED AWAY TO GREASY SOOT BEFORE MY EYES, BEGGING ME TO SHOOT THEM.
I FEEL SICK RIGHT DOWN TO MY SOUL.
SWEET GRUD! THAT STENCH—!
FIRE DEPT.
6
ANDERSON!
YOU'RE TOO LATE. NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE MADE ANY DIFFER-ENCE.
YOU ALL RIGHT? ARE YOU HURT?
YEAH. BUT NOT WHERE YOU CAN FIX IT.
NOT WHERE ANYONE CAN FIX IT.

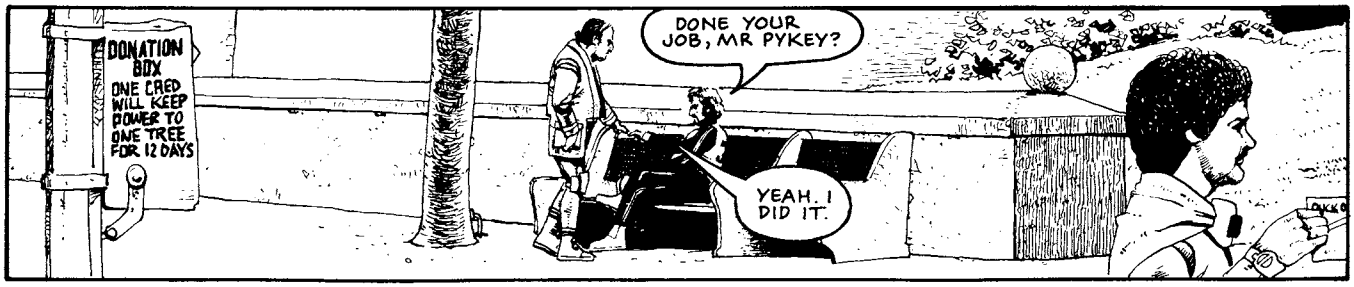

I LET THE RAIN LASH OVER ME— STINGING DROPS LIKE ANTISEPTIC, TRYING TO WASH AWAY THE MEMORY BEFORE IT BURNS TOO DEEP.
BUT NOW EVEN THE RAIN FEELS DIRTY.
STILL...LIFE GOES ON. AND I HAVE A JOB TO DO.
CONTROL ? ANDERSON, RONNIE McSCOT'S CLUB. I GOT 48 CASES OF SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION HERE. YOU BETTER SEND OVER A FORENSIC SQUAD.
AND CALL DOC RICKARD DOWN AT THE DEPARTMENT. MAYBE HE CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON ALL THIS MADNESS !
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE ?
50
IT WAS NOTHING, SYLVESTER. GO BACK TO SLEEP.
I TELL YOU, I HEARD SOMETHING !
IF THAT BRAT'S OUT OF BED AGAIN— !
ASLEEP. LUCKY FOR YOU !
I hate him ! I hate him !
I wish he was dead !
NEXT: DEPARTMENT OF FORTEAN EVENTS !


STRANGE PHENOMENA, ANDERSON— THAT'S MY FIELD.
MY FORTE, EXCUSE MY LITTLE JOKE!
DEPARTMENT OF FORTEAN EVENTS
YEAH. I EXCUSED IT THE FIRST TIME I HEARD IT, DOC!
Anderson PSI DIVISION
TRIAD PART 4
SO... APOLOGIES FOR RUININ' YOUR BEAUTY SLEEP. BUT I GOT A PROBLEM...
FILOFAX 73
NO SUCH THING! ONLY ANSWERS, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT QUESTIONS TO BE ASKED!
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART ARTHUR RANSON
LETTERING S.POTTER


RAINS OF FROGS— BLOCK NESS MONSTER SIGHTINGS— MEN IN BLACK— FIRE FROM HEAVEN— VIRGIN BIRTHS—
SCREEN
TAPE SELECT
AUDIO RESPONSE
SELF SELECT
AUDIO RESPONSE COMMENCING
FLYING FISH— LUNAR METAMORPHOSIS— SNAKES SWALLOWED BY SLEEPING GIRLS—
ENOUGH ALREADY! HOW ABOUT PHANTOM HITCHERS?
PHANTOM HITCHERS— URBAN MYTH— MANIFESTED SINCE INVENTION OF WHEELED VEHICLES— OCCASIONAL DEATH PORTENT— OCCUR IN SPATES—
COME ACROSS ANY RECENTLY?
ONLY ONE— REPORTED TONIGHT— JUDGE ANDERSON, PSI-DI...
BUT YOU KNOW THAT OF COURSE!
AND SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION?
S.H.C.— OBSERVED VARIOUS CULTURES SINCE RECORDS BEGAN. CONFLICTING CAUSAL AGENTS—
STATISTICAL LIKELIHOOD: 1 CASE OF S.H.C. PER ANNUM PER 50 MILLION PEOPLE. WE GET ABOUT EIGHT A YEAR.

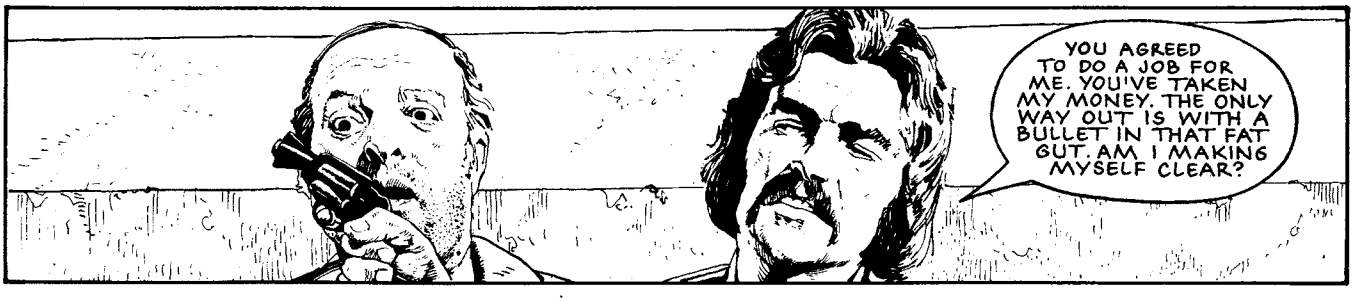

I GOT FORTY-EIGHT OF THEM— TONIGHT. IN ONE ROOM.
MASS S.H.C.? REMARKABLE!
IN FACT, AT THE RISK OF BRINGING DOWN THE WRATH OF THE GODS, I'D SAY IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE!
THE TWO EVENTS— THE HITCHER AND THE BURNERS— COULD THEY BE CONNECTED?
POSSIBLE. ALTHOUGH THAT IMPLIES THE INVOLVEMENT OF A DEEPER PSIONIC AGENCY.
YEAH. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF.
WELL, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, DOC. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.
REMEMBER— KEEP LOOKING FOR QUESTIONS. THE ANSWERS WE HAVE ALREADY!
STORM'S GONE. A NEW DAWN, A NEW DAY. I STILL FEEL SICK.
THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK... BUT I'M DAMNED IF I KNOW WHAT!


...NEWS, A FIRE AT CHEUK STREET'S RONNIE McSCOT CLUB CLAIMED THE LIVES OF FORTY-EIGHT CITIZENS GATHERED TO CELEBRATE SOME POET'S BIRTHDAY.
8·18
TYPICALLY JUDGES REFUSED TO SPECULATE ON THE CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY.
MOMMY! THAT'S WHERE WE DREAMED
LAST NIGHT! THAT'S WHERE THE BAD THING CAME!
GOODNESS— LOOK AT THE TIME!
COME ON, YOU TWO. HURRY UP OR YOU'LL BE LATE!
8·21
THE JUDGES 'FUSE TO 'PECULATE MOMMY. WE SHOULD
CALL THEM. WE SAW THE BAD THING DO IT!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!
I'LL CALL THEM AS SOON AS I'VE GOT YOU TWO SAFELY TO SCHOOL.
WHERE'S THE BRAT? LEFT ALREADY?
NORM BREYFOGLE CITY BLOCK
HE— HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL, SYLVESTER. DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH HIS BREAKFAST. YOU CAN HAVE IT IF—
HAVE IT YOURSELF. MINE TOO.
SLAMM!
I'M GOIN' OUT!
OFFICIAL OPEN SPACE
FEED THE DUCKS
APPROVED METAL FILINGS FOR THE ELECTRO-DUCKS!

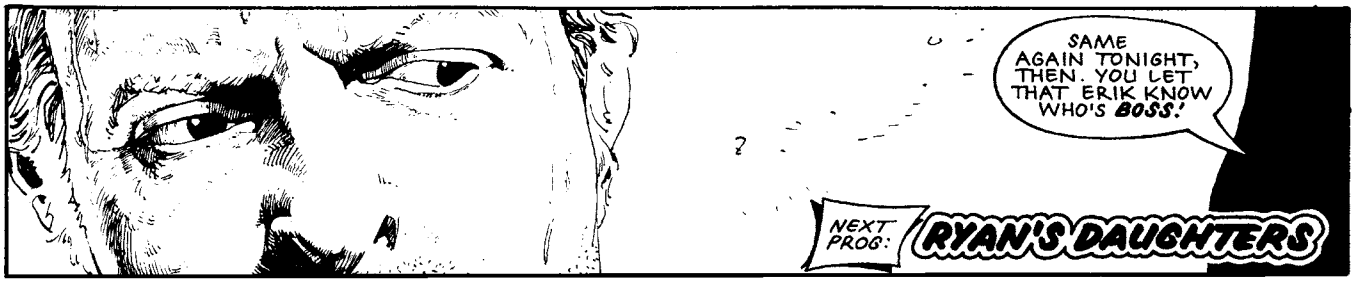

DONATION BOX
ONE CRED WILL KEEP POWER TO ONE TREE FOR 12 DAYS
DONE YOUR JOB, MR PYKEY?
YEAH. I DID IT.


THANKS.
BUT LISTEN— I'VE HAD ENOUGH. I WANT OUT.


I MEAN, I KNOW HE AIN'T REALLY MY BOY— HE'S ONLY MY STEP-SON, BUT WELL... HE AIN'T A BAD KID. I DON'T LIKE BEATIN' HIM SO MUCH. I MEAN, A STEP-DAD AN' HIS KID SHOULD HAVE A BETTER RELATIONSHIP THAN THAT!
LISTEN, MR. PYKEY...


YOU AGREED TO DO A JOB FOR ME. YOU'VE TAKEN MY MONEY. THE ONLY WAY OUT IS WITH A BULLET IN THAT FAT GUT. AM I MAKING MYSELF CLEAR?


GULP! Y-YEAH, I GUESS!
GOOD. I HATE UNPLEASANT-NESS.


SAME AGAIN TONIGHT, THEN. YOU LET THAT ERIK KNOW WHO'S BOSS!
NEXT PROG: RYAN'S DAUGHTERS


SOMETIMES THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE MENTAL PAIN THAT GOES HAND-IN-GLOVE WITH BEING PSIONIC.
I TAKE TO THE STREETS.
CELL
BOOTERY




THREE OF THEM, UNARMED. REBS SAY YOU GO IN WITH THE LAWGIVER — SHOOT TO DISABLE IF THE OCCASION DEMANDS —
Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
TRIAD PART 5


TAKE NO UNNECESSARY PHYSICAL RISKS. NO NUMBER OF APPREHENDED PERPS CAN MAKE UP FOR ONE DEAD JUDGE.
SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
ARTHUR RANSON
LETTERING
S. POTTER

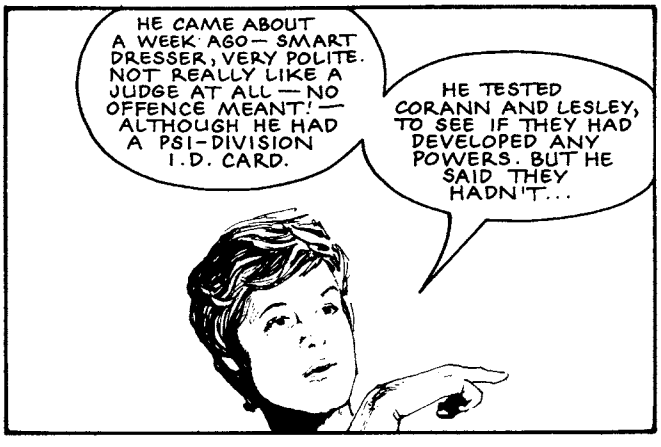

BUT I'VE GOT THE DEATH-SCREAMS OF BURNING PEOPLE RINGING IN MY EARS. THEIR MOLTEN FLESH RUNS LIKE WAX BEFORE MY EYES.
AND THE SMELL—CHARRED HAIR, CRACKLING SKIN, ROASTED BONES—FILLS MY THROAT AND MAKES ME CHOKE.
NIGHT, NIGHT, SWEET-STUFF! TIME FOR LIGHTS—
OUWWWW!
YEAH. SOMETIMES THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE THE PAIN IN YOUR BRAIN—
PASS IT ON TO SOME OTHER CREEP!

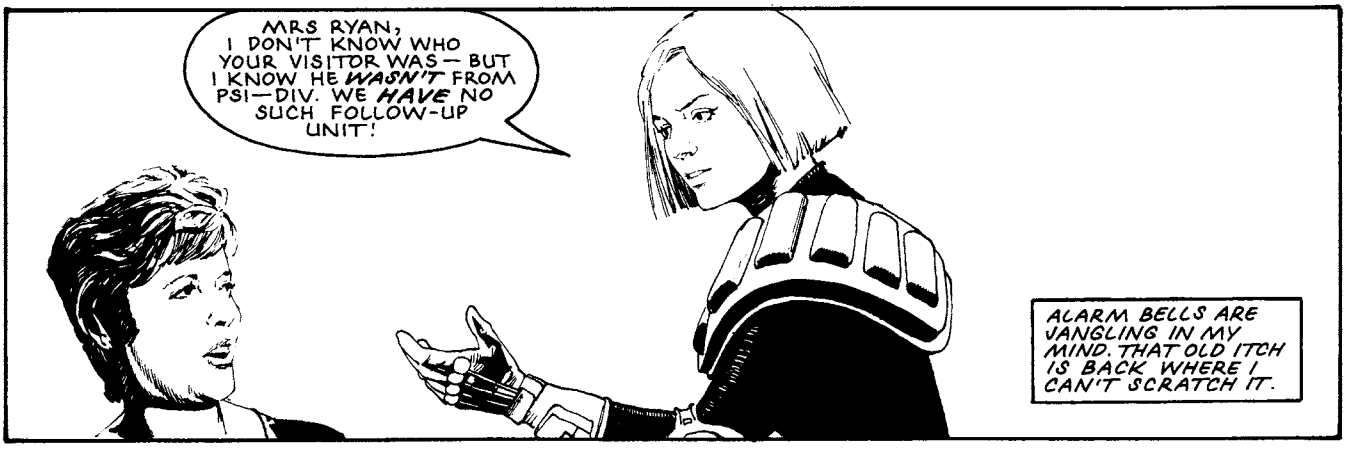

CONTROL—MED-TEAM REQUIRED, SAL DALI ALLEY. THREE TAPS, ONE VICTIM, ALL DOWN BUT STILL KICKIN'.
ON ITS WAY, ANDERSON.
WHEN YOU'RE DONE THERE, GO TO 33B DAN RASPLER BLOCK.
A CITIZEN RYAN CALLED IN— MIGHT HAVE SOME INFORMATION ON LAST NIGHT'S FIRE.
OFFICIAL OPEN SPACE
READ BYE-LAWS BEFORE ENTRY
FEEL BETTER FOR THAT, SIR?
YES THANK YOU, TURBO.
SET ME UP NICELY FOR ANOTHER HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE.
"26.1.11. 1100 HOURS. PROGRESS REPORT: THE TRIAD DEAL.
KEEP OFF THE PLAY GRASS
"IN GENERAL TERMS THE DEAL IS PROCEEDING BETTER THAN ANTICIPATED. NONE OF THE EXPECTED DRAW-BACKS IN SUBJECT COOPERATION HAVE OCCURRED. MY INTENTION IS TO CONTINUE UNLESS INSTRUCTED OTHERWISE.

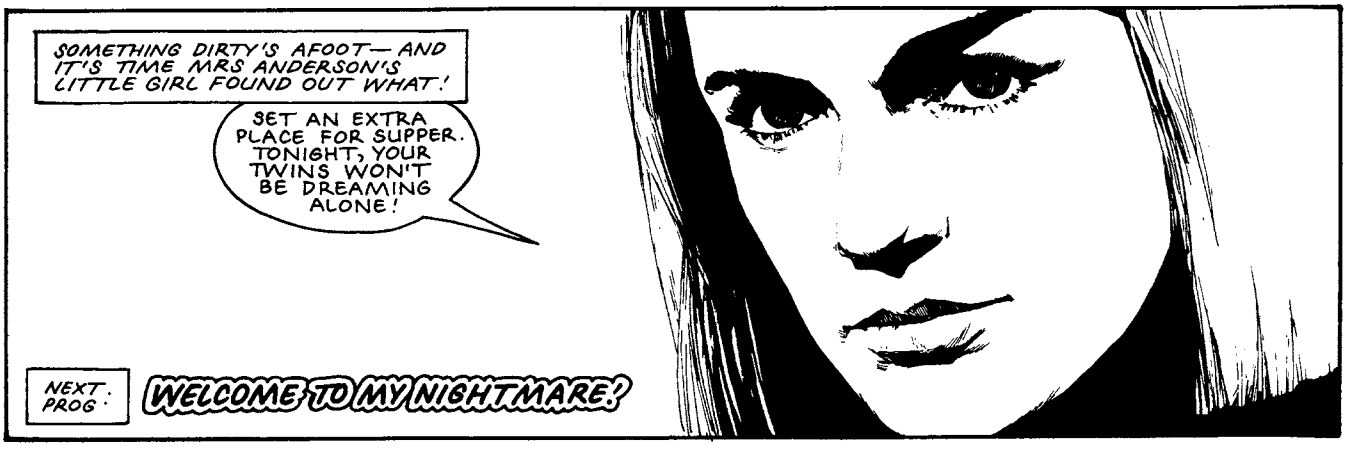

"ONE OF THE JUNIOR PARTNERS, MR PYKEY, HAS VOICED CERTAIN RESERVATIONS. AFTER INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS HE HAS DECIDED TO ACCEPT HIS HIGH-PROFILE ROLE. TERMINATION OF HIS CONTRACT, HOWEVER, WILL BE RETAINED AS A LIVE OPTION.
"UPDATE WILL FOLLOW. YOURS FAITHFULLY, J."
SCRAMBLE/SEND
P.S. SOON, MY FRIENDS... SOON!
DO YOUR DAUGHTERS ALWAYS SHARE THE SAME DREAMS, MRS RYAN?
DAN RASPLER BLOCK
NOT THAT I KNOW OF. BUT THEY'RE TWINS. THEY OFTEN SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THE OTHER'S THINKING.
IT'S JUST THAT... LAST NIGHT THEY WERE SO INSISTENT. THEY SAID THEY DREAMT ABOUT A PHANTOM WHO KILLED A CAR DRIVER—AND WHEN I FINALLY GOT THEM BACK TO SLEEP, THEY HAD NIGHTMARES ABOUT PEOPLE BURNING.
THEN WHEN WE HEARD ABOUT THE—THE FIRE ON THE NEWS, IT SEEMED TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE. THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU PEOPLE.
THEY EVER BEEN TESTED FOR PSI-POWERS?
YES, OF COURSE. WHEN THEY WERE TWO YEARS OLD—UNDER THE MANDATORY "TWIN DECLARATION LAW".


I WAS TOLD THEY WERE NORMAL. ANY SLIGHT PSI-ABILITY THEY HAD WAS RUDIMENTARY, LIKELY TO FADE AWAY BEFORE THEY STARTED SCHOOL.
HMMM. THAT'S USUALLY THE WAY OF IT— THOUGH THE ABILITY SOMETIMES RETURNS WITH THE APPROACH OF PUBERTY.

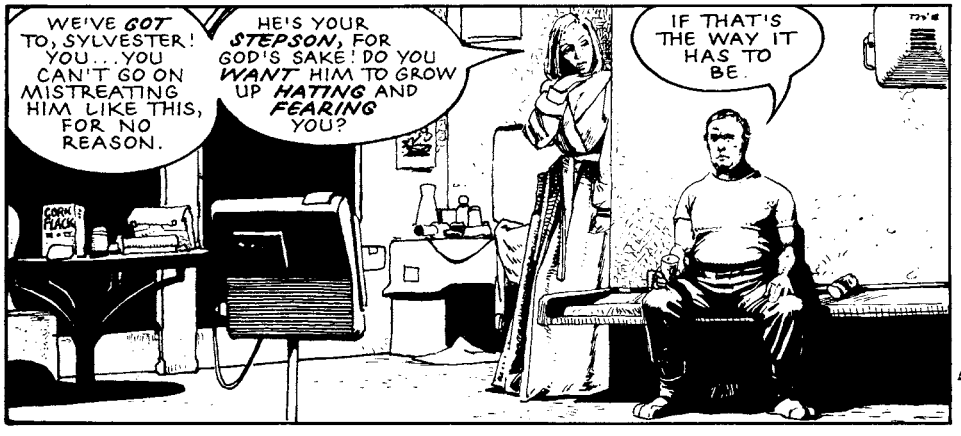

YES, THAT'S WHAT THE MAN FROM YOUR FOLLOW-UP UNIT SAID—
MAN? FOLLOW-UP UNIT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


HE CAME ABOUT A WEEK AGO— SMART DRESSER, VERY POLITE. NOT REALLY LIKE A JUDGE AT ALL — NO OFFENCE MEANT! — ALTHOUGH HE HAD A PSI-DIVISION I.D. CARD.
HE TESTED CORANN AND LESLEY, TO SEE IF THEY HAD DEVELOPED ANY POWERS. BUT HE SAID THEY HADN'T...


MRS RYAN, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR VISITOR WAS — BUT I KNOW HE WASN'T FROM PSI—DIV. WE HAVE NO SUCH FOLLOW-UP UNIT!
ALARM BELLS ARE JANGLING IN MY MIND. THAT OLD ITCH IS BACK WHERE I CAN'T SCRATCH IT.


SOMETHING DIRTY'S AFOOT— AND IT'S TIME MRS ANDERSON'S LITTLE GIRL FOUND OUT WHAT!
SET AN EXTRA PLACE FOR SUPPER. TONIGHT, YOUR TWINS WON'T BE DREAMING ALONE!
NEXT PROG:
WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE!





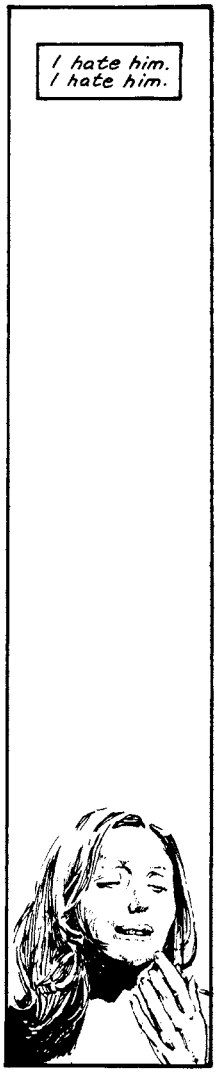
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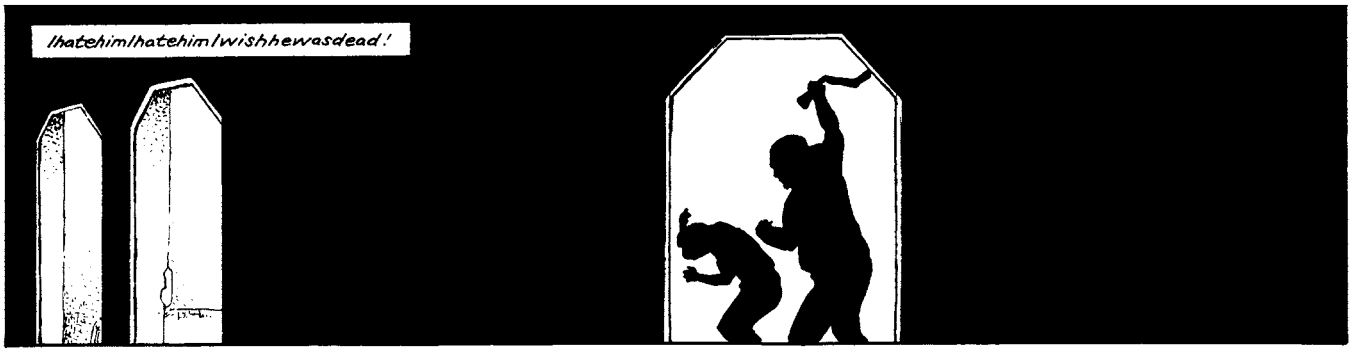
TRIAD PART 6

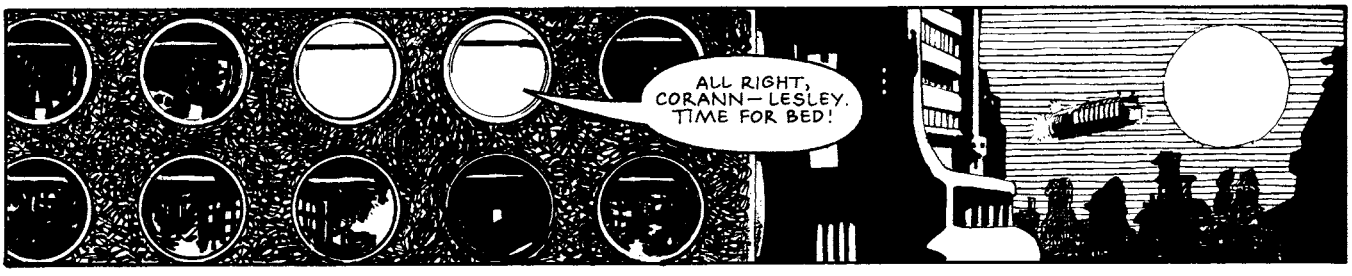









Ihatehim!hatehim!wishhewasdead!


ALL RIGHT, CORANN—LESLEY. TIME FOR BED!


OH MOM, DO WE HAVE TO? WE MIGHT
HAVE NIGHTMARES AGAIN!
HEY! WHAT IS THIS, GUYS—A VOTE OF NO-CONFIDENCE?


I TOLD YOU—IF THIS BAD THING COMES INTO YOUR DREAM TONIGHT, IT'LL HAVE A MEGA-CITY JUDGE ON ITS CASE! I WON'T LET IT HURT YOU.
THANK YOU, JUDGE ANDER
SON. YOU'RE NICE!

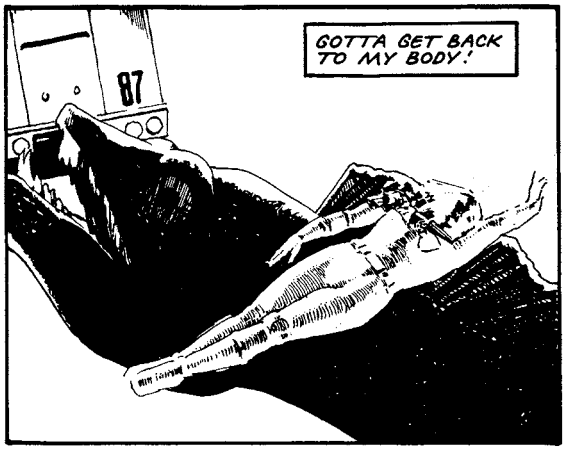

NICE? HA! THAT'S A NEW ONE. CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME ANYBODY CALLED ME NICE!


DO YOU WANT TO LIE DOWN FOR... FOR WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE GOING TO DO?
I'M GOING INTO A TRANCE, AND THEN—HOPEFULLY— INTO THEIR DREAM.
AND NO—THIS IS FINE. JUST SEE THAT I'M NOT DISTURBED.


I EMPTY MY MIND. I LET THE GRUNTS AND SCREAMS AND STATIC OF THE CITY FADE.
MY LIMBS FEEL LIGHT. I'M DRIFTING... DRIFTING INTO NOTHING...
FOR A START, THEY'RE NOT REALLY DREAMING. THAT'S THEIR ASTRAL BODIES. STILL, MOST FOLK WOULDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
PSI-DIV TRAIN US TO DO IT AT WILL.
UNSEEN, THEY'RE DRAWN TO THE LIGHTS, THE BUSTLE, THE BIG BAD ADULT WORLD. JUST LIKE KIDS...
Le Shore
FLIX
GIGGLING, HAPPY, THEY STOP TO WATCH—
ELLIOT NESS BLOCK
FLIX PRESENT
FERGO IN FIRST BLOOD
AND THEN, JUST FOR A SPLIT-SECOND, I FEEL IT—
Ihatehim Ihatehim Iwanttomakehimdead!
BEFORE ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!
HEY! WHAT GOES ON?
LOOK OUT! WE'LL BE SWAMPED!
Le Shore
13

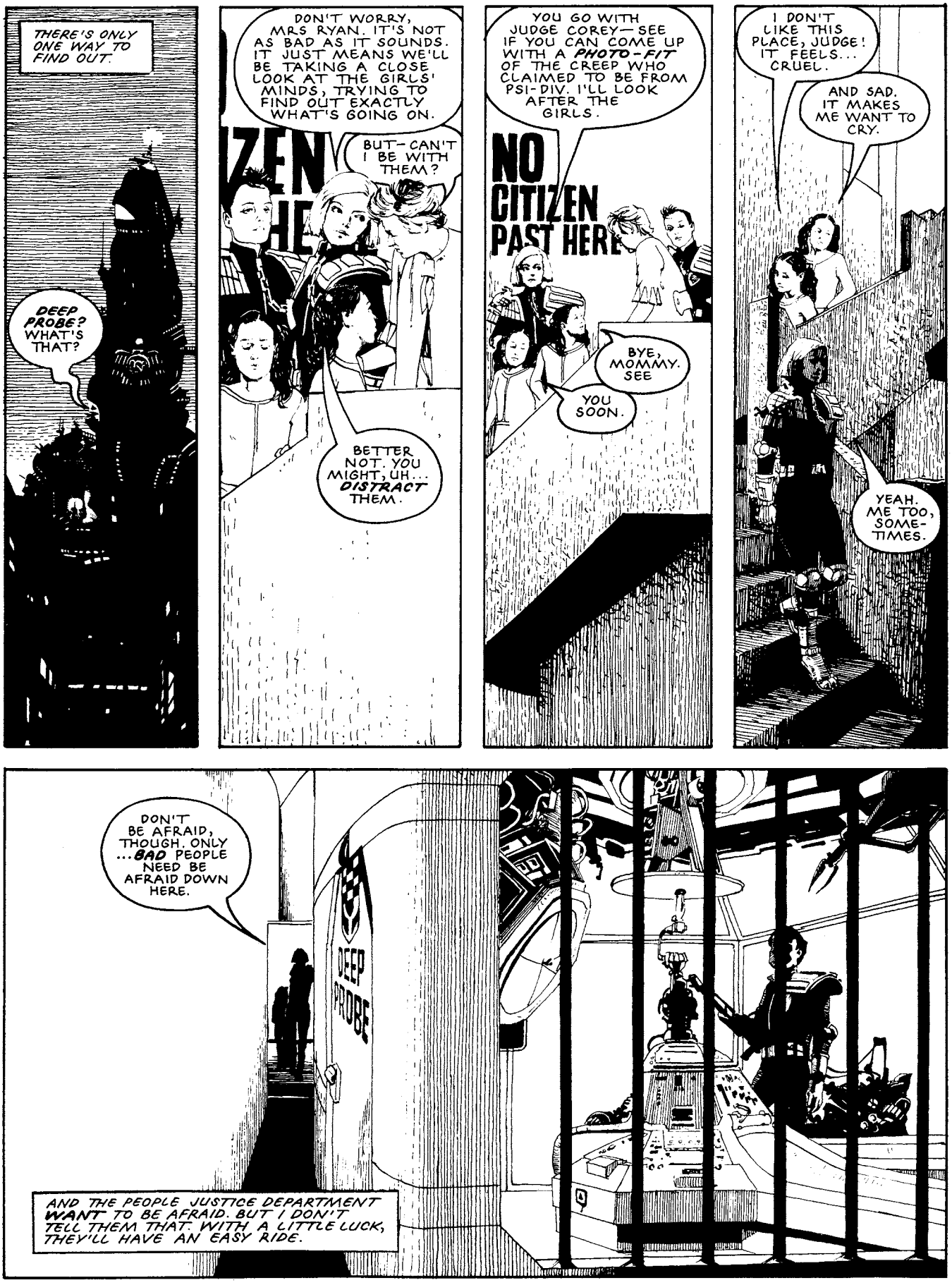

IT'S...THE BLOCK NESS MONSTER!
OH M-M-MY MOLEY!
AAAAH!

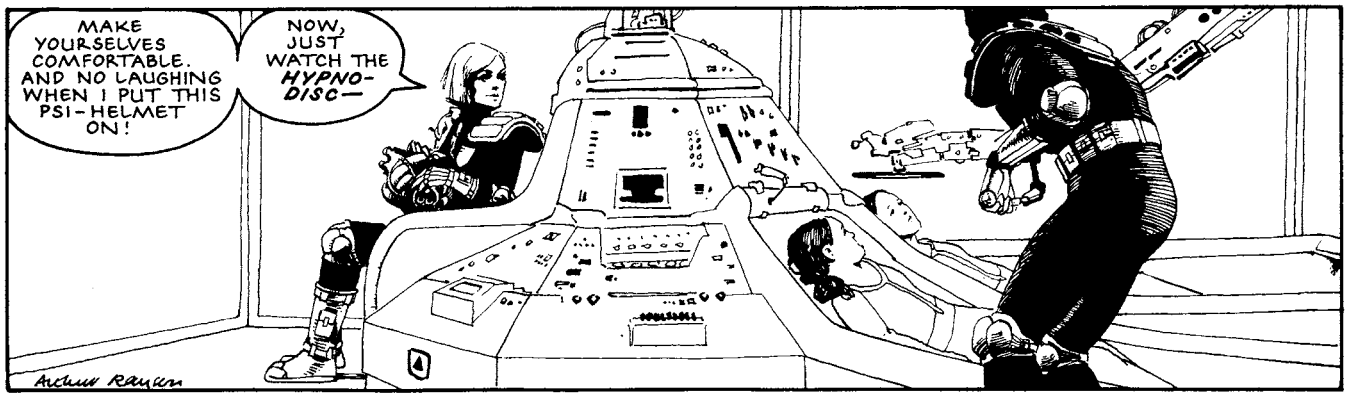

SO THE TWINS' BAD THING HASN'T LET ME DOWN! NOT MUCH I CAN DO AGAINST THAT MONSTER IN ASTRAL FORM, THOUGH —

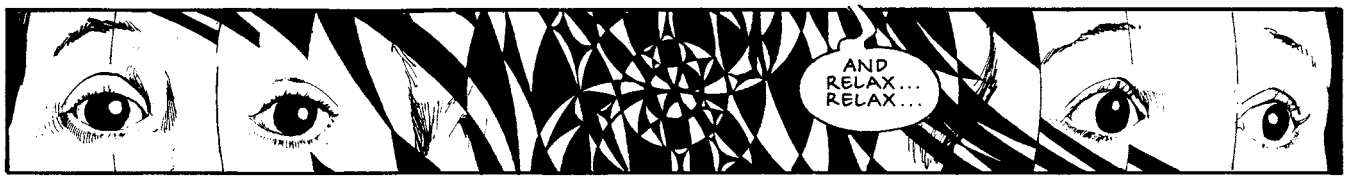

GOTTA GET BACK TO MY BODY!

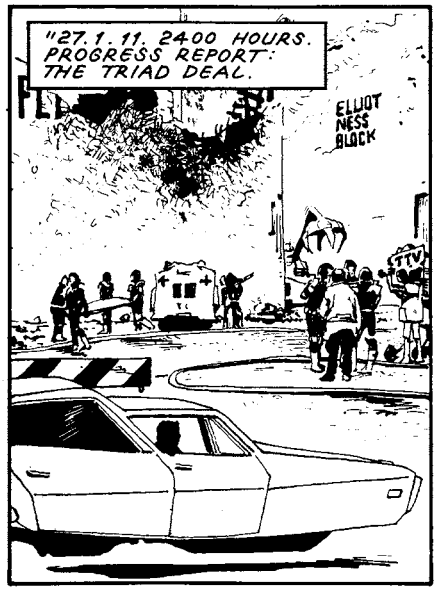

MOMMY!
MO
MMY!
MOMMY!
WHAT ON EARTH-?
THEIR DREAMS ARE COMING TRUE AGAIN! LOOK AFTER THEM.
I'LL BE BACK!
OUR BEDROOM
ADULTS KEEP OUT
OHDEAR-GRUD! I CAN'T CONTROL HER-
HOLD ON! WE'RE GOING DOWN!
87
KABUUM
ANDERSON TO CONTROL! MAJOR EMERGENCY, ELLIOT NESS BLOCK. ALL SQUADS REQUIRED. REPEAT-ALL SQUADS REQUIRED!
NEXT: PROG
DEEP PROBE!


I DON'T KNOW WHY I CAME HERE. THERE'S NOT A LOT A TELEPATH CAN DO IN TIMES OF DISASTER...
EXCEPT SUFFER.
Anderson PSI DIVISION
TRIAD PART 7
I APPLY THE MENTAL BLOCKING TECHNIQUES IT'S TAKEN ME YEARS TO LEARN. BUT THEY'RE NOT ENOUGH.
MY MIND IS SHOT THROUGH WITH THE SCREAMS OF BURNING DEATH. THE SMELL OF CRACKLING FLESH FILLS MY NOSTRILS. MY BRAIN IS ON FIRE.
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART ARTHUR RANSON
LETTERING S.POTTER
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE... TWO KIDS DREAM ABOUT A MONSTER—AND THE RESULT'S LIKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF DANTE'S INFERNO.
HOW? HOW DO THEY DO IT?
JUST WHAT THE HELL HAVE THESE GIRLS GOT IN THEIR HEADS?


THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
DEEP PROBE? WHAT'S THAT?
DON'T WORRY, MRS RYAN. IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT SOUNDS. IT JUST MEANS WE'LL BE TAKING A CLOSE LOOK AT THE GIRLS' MINDS, TRYING TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON.
BUT- CAN'T I BE WITH THEM?
BETTER NOT. YOU MIGHT, UH... DISTRACT THEM.
YOU GO WITH JUDGE COREY— SEE IF YOU CAN COME UP WITH A PHOTO-FIT OF THE CREEP WHO CLAIMED TO BE FROM PSI-DIV. I'LL LOOK AFTER THE GIRLS.
NO CITIZEN PAST HERE
BYE, MOMMY. SEE YOU SOON.
I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE, JUDGE! IT FEELS... CRUEL.
AND SAD. IT MAKES ME WANT TO CRY.
YEAH. ME TOO, SOMETIMES.
DON'T BE AFRAID, THOUGH. ONLY ...BAD PEOPLE NEED BE AFRAID DOWN HERE.
DEEP PROBE
AND THE PEOPLE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WANT TO BE AFRAID. BUT I DON'T TELL THEM THAT. WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THEY'LL HAVE AN EASY RIDE.

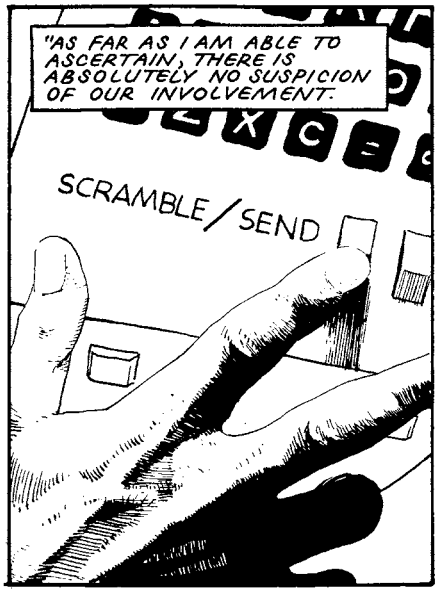

MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE. AND NO LAUGHING WHEN I PUT THIS PSI-HELMET ON!
NOW, JUST WATCH THE HYPNO-DISC—
Andrew Ranken

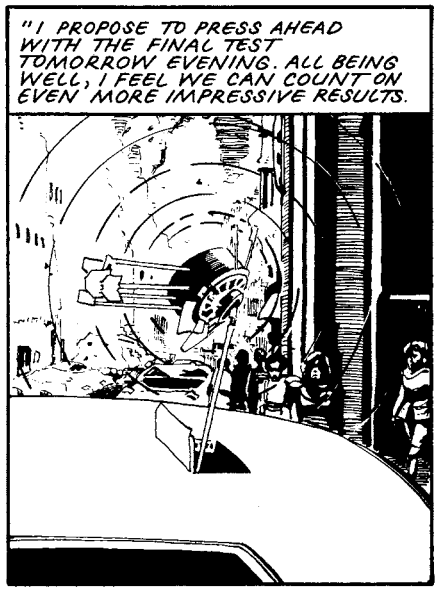

AND RELAX... RELAX...

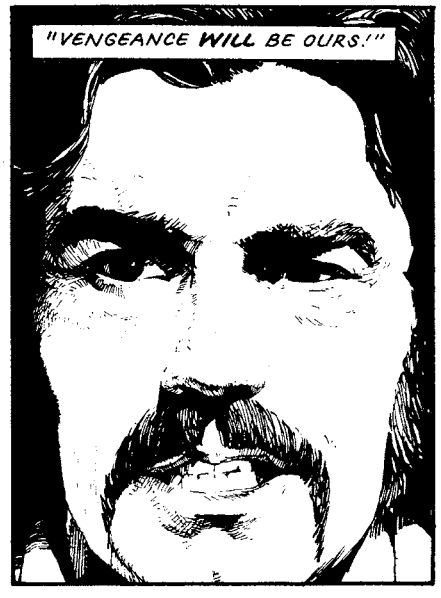

"27.1.11. 2400 HOURS. PROGRESS REPORT: THE TRIAD DEAL.
ELLIOT NESS BLOCK
ITV


"THE TRIAD UNION HAS AGAIN BEEN SUCCESSFULLY STIMULATED. THIS TIME, THE OUTCOME HAS BEEN MUCH MORE... DRAMATIC."
... ESTIMATE AT LEAST ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES, WITH THREE TIMES THAT NUMBER REQUIRING HOSPITALISATION!


"IT WOULD APPEAR OUR ASSUMPTIONS ABOUT THE UNION'S STRENGTH INCREASING WITH USE ARE SOUNDLY BASED."
AND NOW, A LIVE INTERVIEW WITH CITIZEN EDWARDO WINZER, ONE OF MANY EYEWITNESSES WHO CLAIM THE CATASTROPHE WAS CAUSED BY FABLED BLOCK NESS MONSTER!

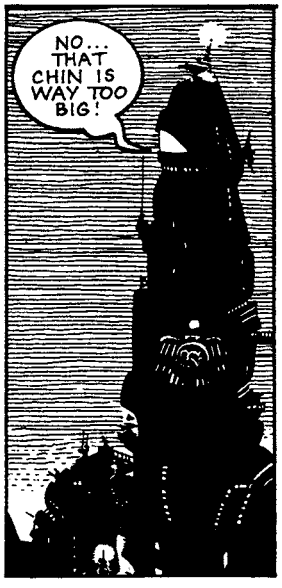

"AS FAR AS I AM ABLE TO ASCERTAIN, THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO SUSPICION OF OUR INVOLVEMENT.
SCRAMBLE/SEND


"I PROPOSE TO PRESS AHEAD WITH THE FINAL TEST TOMORROW EVENING. ALL BEING WELL, I FEEL WE CAN COUNT ON EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE RESULTS.


"VENGEANCE WILL BE OURS!"


I GO IN SLOW AND CAREFUL.
THE HELMET AMPLIFIES MY OWN PSI-POWERS A DOZEN OR SO TIMES — ONE SMALL MISTAKE, ONE EMOTIONAL SLIP, AND I COULD BE DEALING WITH TWIN VEGETABLES.
Richard Rawles
THE IMAGES ARE FRESH IN THEIR FRIGHTENED YOUNG MINDS. BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.
I GO DEEPER.
I HEAR IT AGAIN, THE VOICE THAT SCREAMED IN MY PSI-FLASH: "Ihatehim Ihatehim I wanttomakehimdead!"
TORTURED, HOPELESS, DESPAIRING... AND SO DEEP, CORANN AND LESLEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY HEARD IT.
I PEEL BACK THE LAYERS OF THEIR MEMORY, LIKE A SURGEON WITH A LASER-SCALPEL. I SEE THE FIRE DEMON THAT TORCHED THE PARTYGOERS AT RONNIE McSCOT'S. AND I HEAR THAT SAME CHILDISH VOICE: "Ihatehim-Ihatehim!"
AGAIN THE PHANTOM HITCHER PROWLS THE STREETS OF THEIR MINDS — AND AGAIN: "Ihatehim Ihatehim!"
I PROBE DEEP BENEATH THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS, SEEKING A CLUE... A LEAD ...AN EXPLANATION...

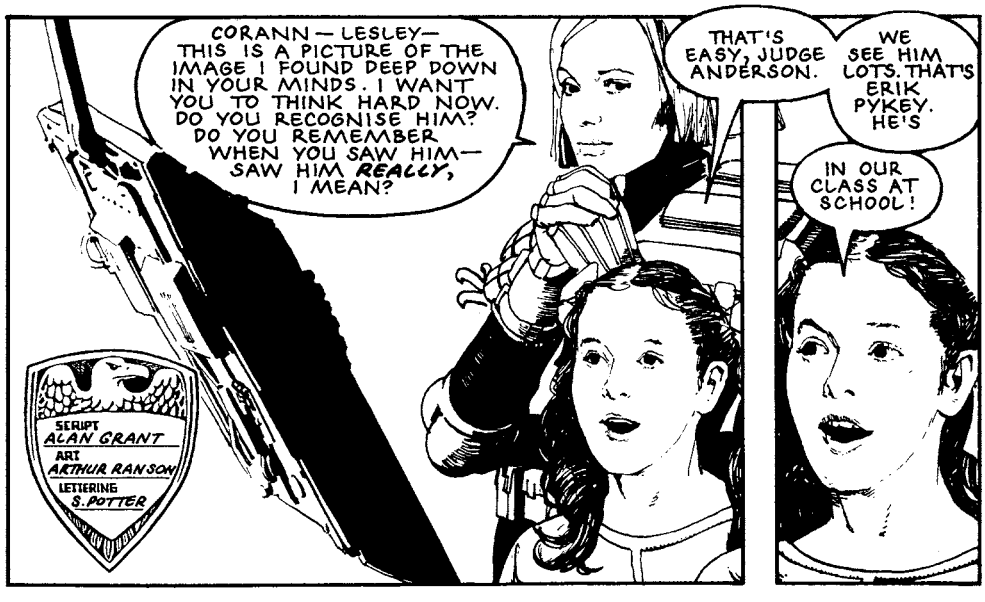

AND I FIND...
A LITTLE BOY, EH?
FITTING, SOMEHOW, THAT THEIR OWN CHILDREN SHOULD BE TURNED AGAINST THEM. DON'T YOU AGREE, MARSHAL?
INDEED. THE ULTIMATE IRONY, TO BE SURE.
AND WHAT EXACTLY DOES THIS LATEST PROGRESS REPORT SAY, MARSHAL?
"I PROPOSE TO GO AHEAD WITH THE FINAL TEST TOMORROW EVENING. ALL BEING WELL, THE RESULTS SHOULD BE EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE."
IT BODES WELL, EH...
...COMRADE ORLOK!
NEXT PROG: SUFFER THE CHILDREN...


NO... THAT CHIN IS WAY TOO BIG!

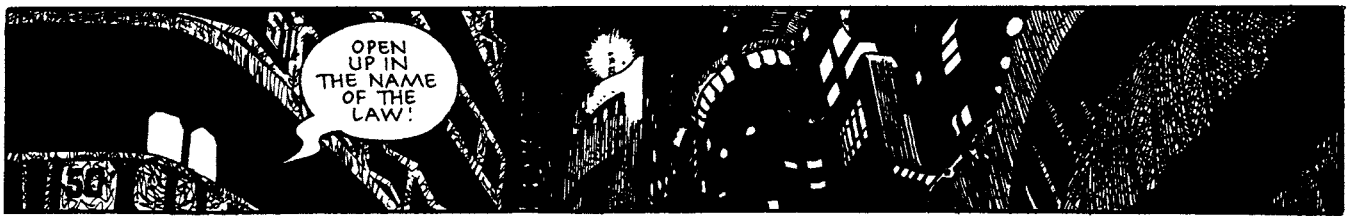

HOW'S THAT?
BETTER. NOSE SHOULD BE A BIT SMALLER, THOUGH. AND THE JAW'S WAY TOO BROAD. TONE IT DOWN BY HALF.
Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
TRIAD PART 8


NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEWHERE! TRIM THE EYE-BROWS — MAKE THE ACTUAL EYES LESS DEEP-SET...
COMPLEXION SHOULD BE PALER — ALMOST PALLID.

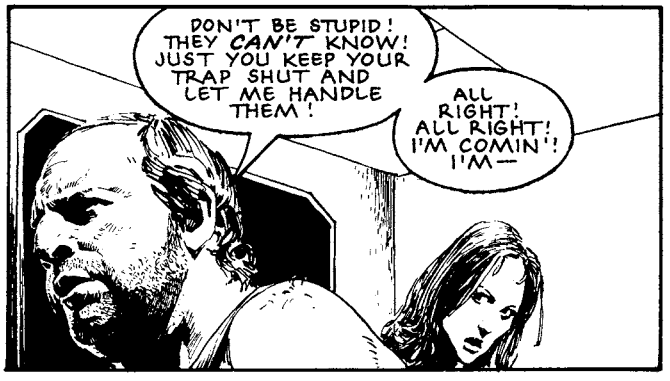

OKAY, MRS RYAN — WE'RE READY.


CORANN — LESLEY — THIS IS A PICTURE OF THE IMAGE I FOUND DEEP DOWN IN YOUR MINDS. I WANT YOU TO THINK HARD NOW. DO YOU RECOGNISE HIM? DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU SAW HIM — SAW HIM REALLY, I MEAN?
THAT'S EASY, JUDGE ANDERSON.
WE SEE HIM LOTS. THAT'S ERIK PYKEY. HE'S
IN OUR CLASS AT SCHOOL!
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART ARTHUR RANSOM
LETTERING S. POTTER




OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
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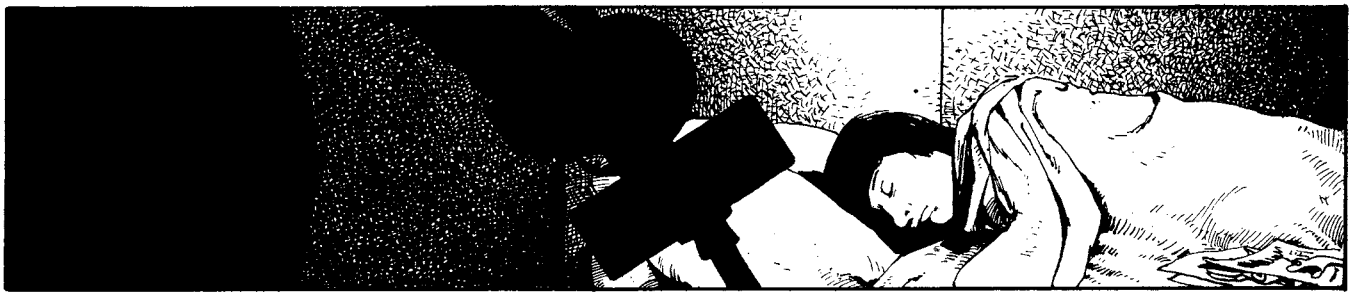

J-JUDGES?
SWEET MOTHER OF GRUD! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT ERIK!


DON'T BE STUPID! THEY CAN'T KNOW! JUST YOU KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT AND LET ME HANDLE THEM!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M COMIN'! I'M—


THUMP
COMIN'!


YOU SYLVESTER PYKEY?
YEAH. BUT LISTEN, YOU DIDN'T NEED—
JUST ANSWER THE QUESTIONS, PYKEY. WHERE'S YOUR SON, ERIK?
STEP-SON, ACTUALLY. HE'S IN HIS ROOM— ASLEEP.


HEY! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!
SAYS WHO, PAL?




HARD TO BELIEVE THIS SKINNY KID COULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH WHAT'S BEEN GOING DOWN. BUT A THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE DIED ALREADY...
AND MRS ANDERSON'S LITTLE GIRL HAS NO INTENTION OF BEING NEXT!
ALL RIGHT, SON—I KNOW YOU'RE AWAKE.
SIT UP NICE AND SLOWLY. AND NO TRICKS. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO HURT YOU.
Wh... what do you want?
ANSWERS, SON. LIKE—WHO DO YOU HATE SO MUCH? WHO DO YOU WANT TO MAKE DEAD? AND WHY?
N-NOBODY. HONEST—I DON'T HATE NOBODY! I LOVE MY MOM AND I LOVE MY DAD AND I'M HAPPY AND I DON'T WANT NOBODY TO DIE AND—
A MONKEY COULD SEE HE'S LYING. BUT IN BETWEEN THE CHATTERING BLUSTER OF HIS FRIGHTENED MIND, I CATCH A THOUGHT—
AN IMAGE—
WHAT—? NO, DON'T—!
SWEET GRUD!



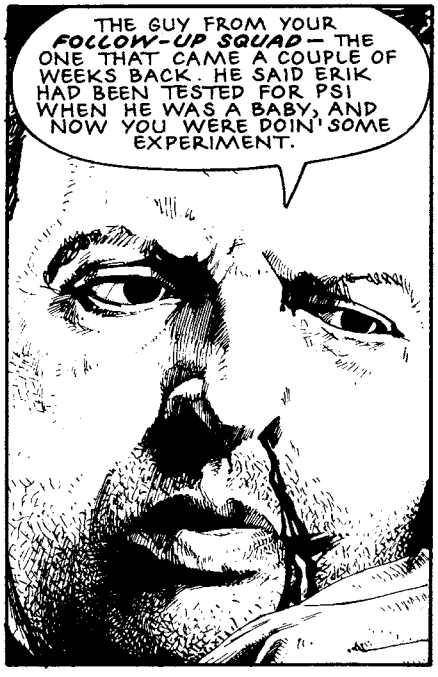

SYLVESTER PYKEY— YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR WILFUL BEATING OF A MINOR. AMANDA PYKEY— YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR AIDING AND ABETTING.
WHAT? HE SAID I HIT HIM?

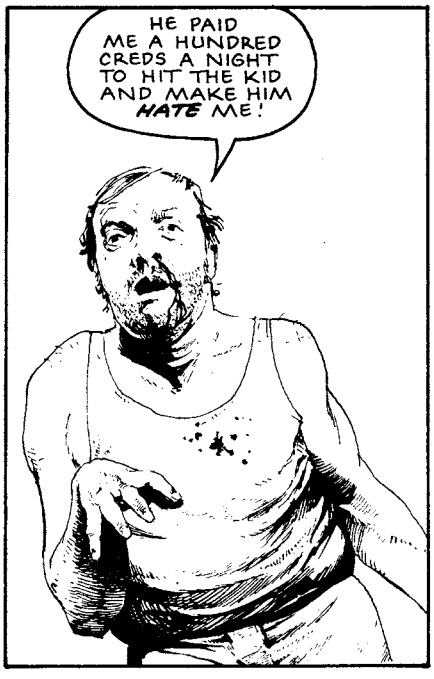

LYIN' LITTLE MAGGOT! I'LL—


AAAHH!

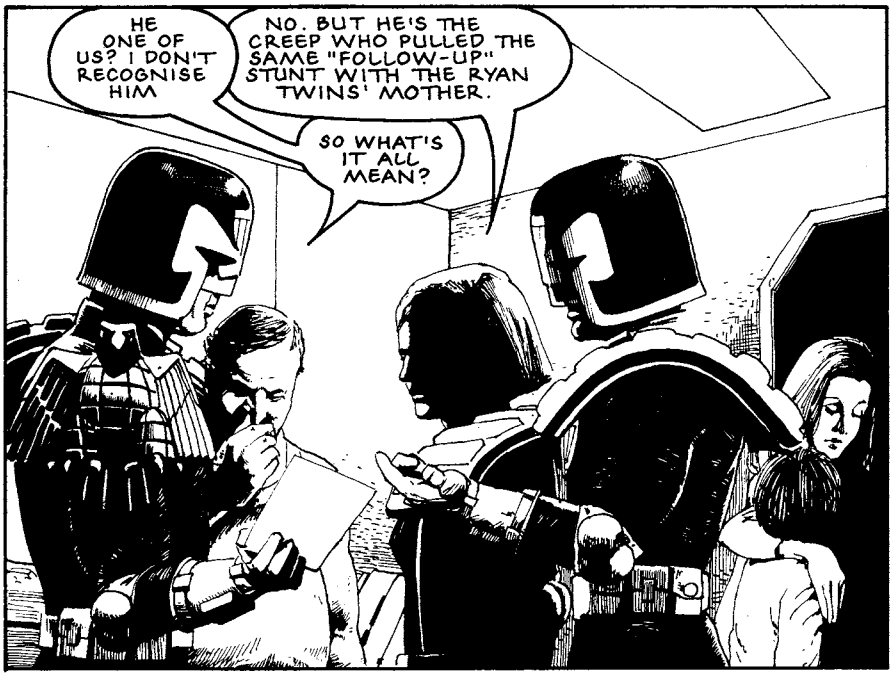

YOU'LL NOTHIN', SLIME!
AAUUH!


N-NO MORE! I ADMIT IT—I *DID* HIT HIM! BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT— IT WAS *YOUR* PEOPLE!
PSI-DIV? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

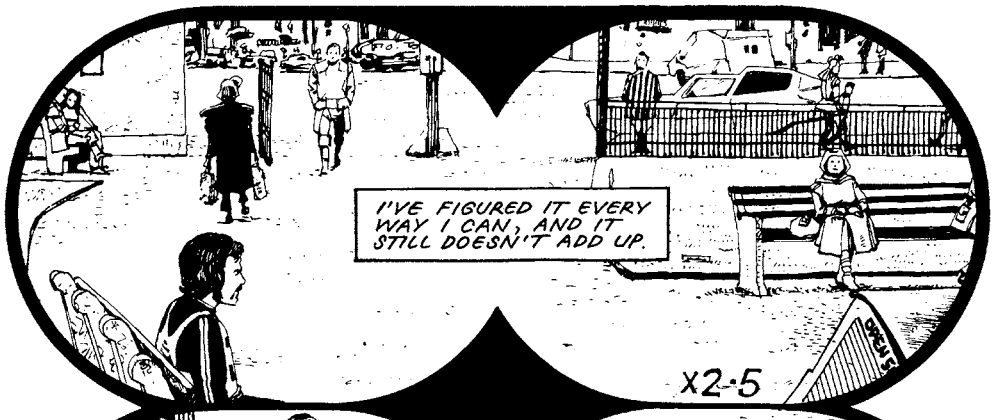

THE GUY FROM YOUR *FOLLOW-UP SQUAD*— THE ONE THAT CAME A COUPLE OF WEEKS BACK. HE SAID ERIK HAD BEEN TESTED FOR PSI WHEN HE WAS A BABY, AND NOW YOU WERE DOIN' SOME EXPERIMENT.

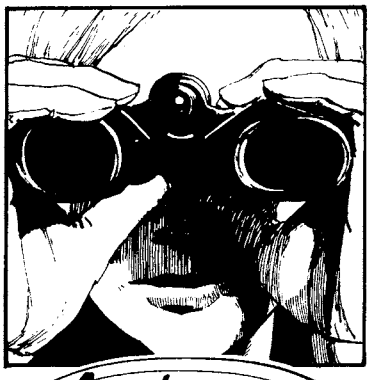

HE PAID ME A HUNDRED CREDS A NIGHT TO HIT THE KID AND MAKE HIM *HATE* ME!


THIS GUY?
YEAH, THAT'S HIM! YOU *ASK* HIM ABOUT IT— *HE'LL* TELL YOU!


HE ONE OF US? I DON'T RECOGNISE HIM
NO. BUT HE'S THE CREEP WHO PULLED THE SAME "FOLLOW-UP" STUNT WITH THE RYAN TWINS' MOTHER.
SO WHAT'S IT ALL MEAN?

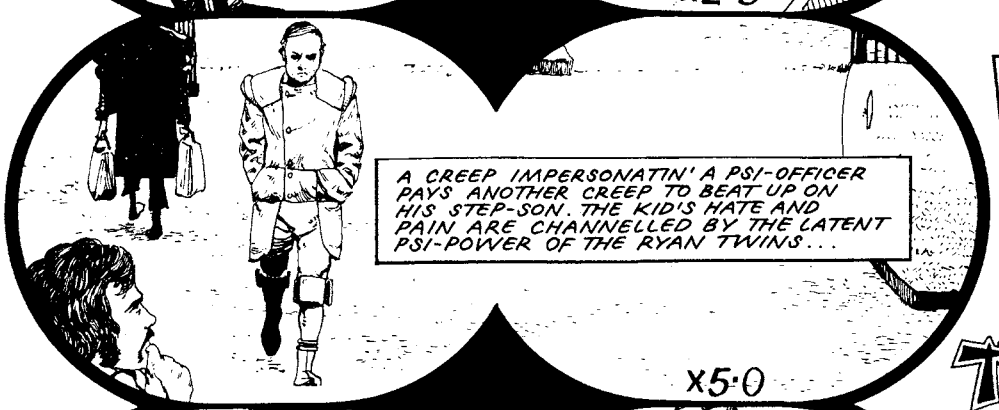

I'M NOT QUITE SURE YET— BUT ME AN' THE SLIME-BALL HERE ARE GONNA FIND *OUT*!
NEXT PROG: TURBO BOOST!



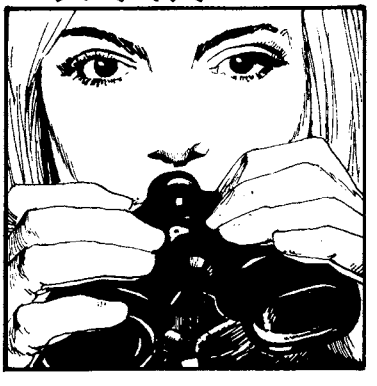


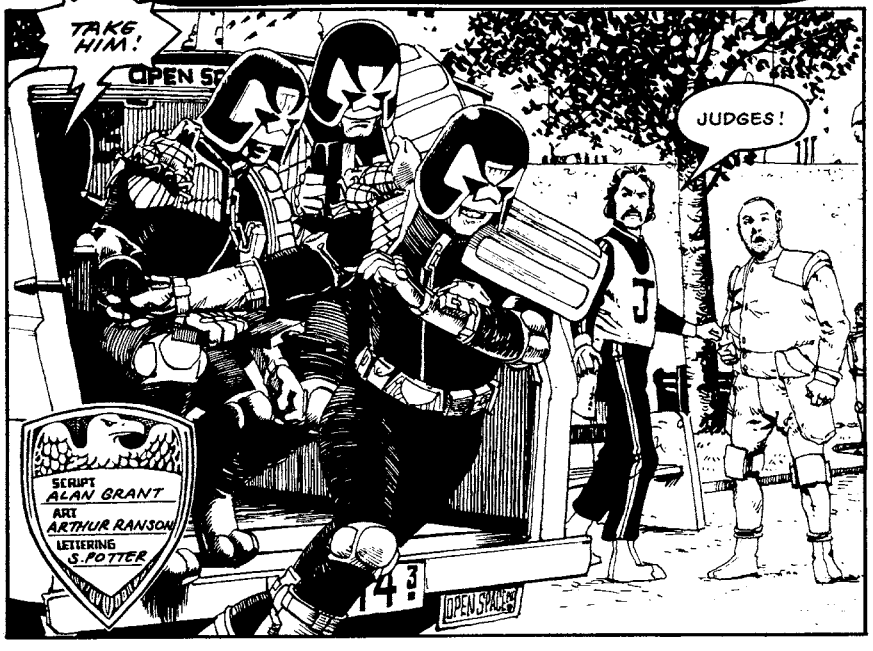
Anderson PSI DIVISION

TRIAD PART 9












I BELIEVE I HAVE THEIR MEASURE!
AAAH!
ARGH!
BUT!
BUT!
BUT!
HOLD THEM OFF, TURBO!
BUT, SIR! WHAT ABOUT—
GGAAAH!
CAFÉ MOEBIUS
TUP
TUP
DAMN!
BADOOOM!
IF I LET HIM GET AWAY, I'LL NEVER KNOW!
CREEP WANTS TO PLAY IT THE HARD WAY! FINE BY ME—
BIKE CANNON!
BLAAM!

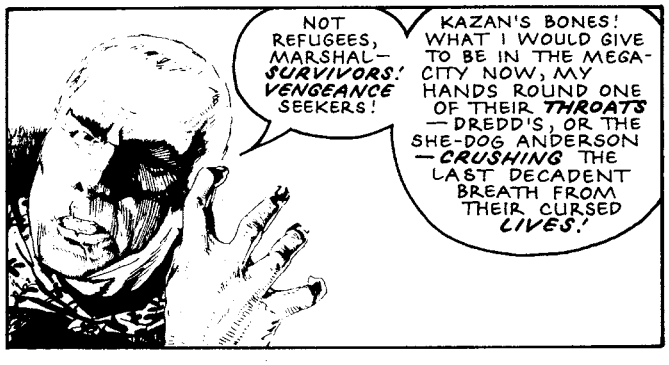

SPALOOSH!
HEAD UP, DRAG KING! THE GAME'S OVER—
CAPEESH?
OUUUFF!
THUMMMP!
NOW...
OK.
IT'S HIGH TIME YOU AND I HAD A LITTLE CHAT!
FOOL! I HAVE NOTHING TO TELL YOU—
KRAK!
DROKK! POISON PILL!
OH WELL, JUST HAVE TO BE THE HARD WAY AGAIN— MOVE ON OVER, CREEP...

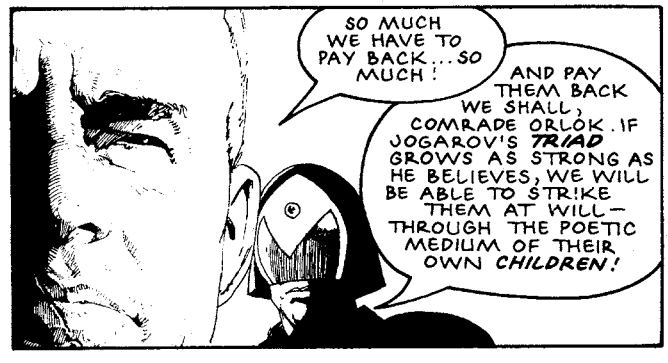

IT'S GETTIN' SO I'M SPENDIN' MORE TIME IN OTHER PEOPLE'S HEADS THAN I DO IN MY OWN!
I'M COMIN' IN!
HE'S BEEN PSI-TRAINED. HIS MIND'S DEFENCES TRY TO STALL ME WITH NONSENSE AND STATIC—
TWAS BRILLIG AND THE SLITHEY TOVES... ONE FINE DAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT— REAL MEN EAT MUNCE! SING A SONG OF SIXCREDS...
BUT HE'S WEAK— DYING— AND I DIG DOWN DEEPER...
DISJOINTED FRAGMENTS OF HIS PAST GREET ME, SHARDS OF MEMORY THAT CUT INTO ME LIKE JAGGED ICE...
AND SUDDENLY, ALL THE BITS ADD UP.

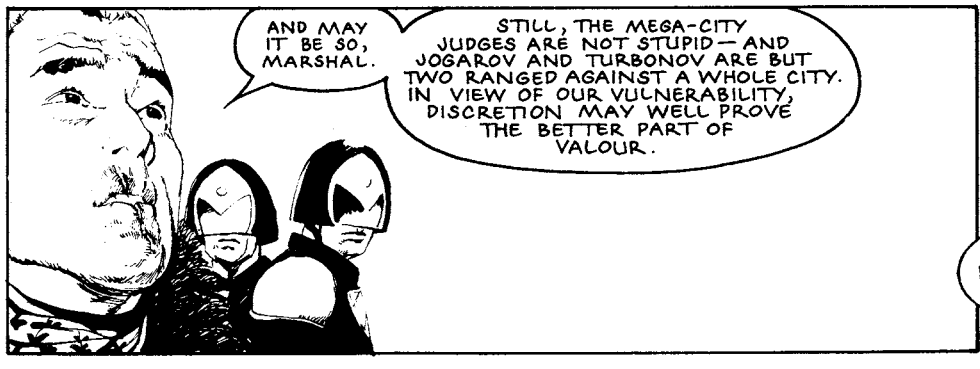

ORLOK?
ORLOK THE EAST-MEG ASSASSIN?
ARE YOU SURE, ANDERSON? THIS ISN'T SOME TRICK, SOME—
OF COURSE I'M DROKKIN' SURE! YOU THINK I'D MISTAKE THAT CREEP—NO MATTER WHOSE MIND I SAW HIM IN?
SORRY, C.J. I... GUESS I CAN'T FORGET HOW MUCH A CHUMP HE MADE ME LOOK LAST TIME WE MET.* I WANT HIM... BUT BAD!
AS DO WE ALL, ANDERSON. FORENSIC GIVE US ANY CHANCE?
THARGNOTE: See Prog 520 on.
"SEEMS THE LIMO CONTAINS A VERY SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER SET-UP. THAT'S HOW HE BROKE INTO PSI-DIV RECORDS IN THE FIRST PLACE.
"I'VE INFORMED THEM. THEY'RE UPGRADING THEIR SECURITY CODES.
3MF
"THERE'S ALSO A RADIO TRANSMITTER, WITH ANTI-DETECTION FILTER. IT'S LOCKED ON AN OLD SOV SATELLITE IN GEO-STATIONERY ORBIT.
"OUR TEKS ARE FIRING A LOCATION TRANSMISSION NOW."
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE OUT THE EAST-MEG THREAT ONCE AND FOR ALL!
NEXT PROG:
ARCTIC ROLL!


STRANGE, MARSHAL. JOGAROV'S REPORT IS AN HOUR OVERDUE. NOT LIKE HIM.

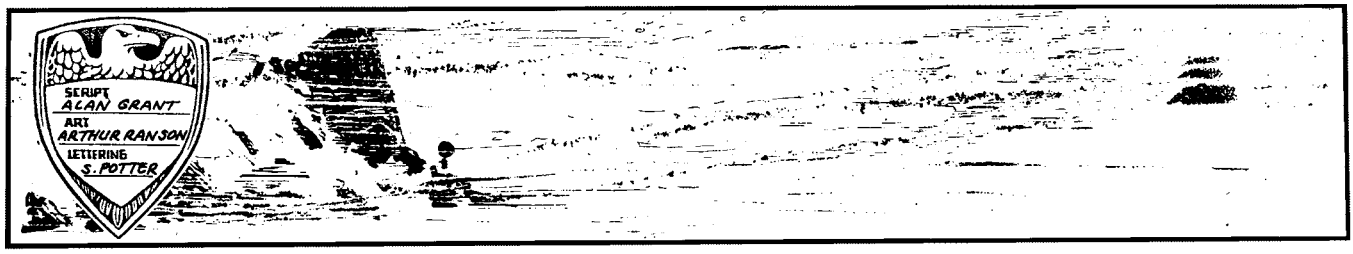

THAT SATELLITE'S RUNNING TEN YEARS PAST IT'S TERMINAL DATE, REMEMBER. AND THIS DAMNED WEATHER DOESN'T HELP ANY!
PITY WE'VE HAD TO CONFINE OURSELVES TO THE ARCTIC—THOUGH OF COURSE, WE'D LITTLE CHOICE. IT'S NOT AS IF THE CITIES OF THE WORLD QUEUE UP TO TAKE IN EAST-MEG REFUGEES!
Anderson
PSI DIVISION
TRIAD PART 10

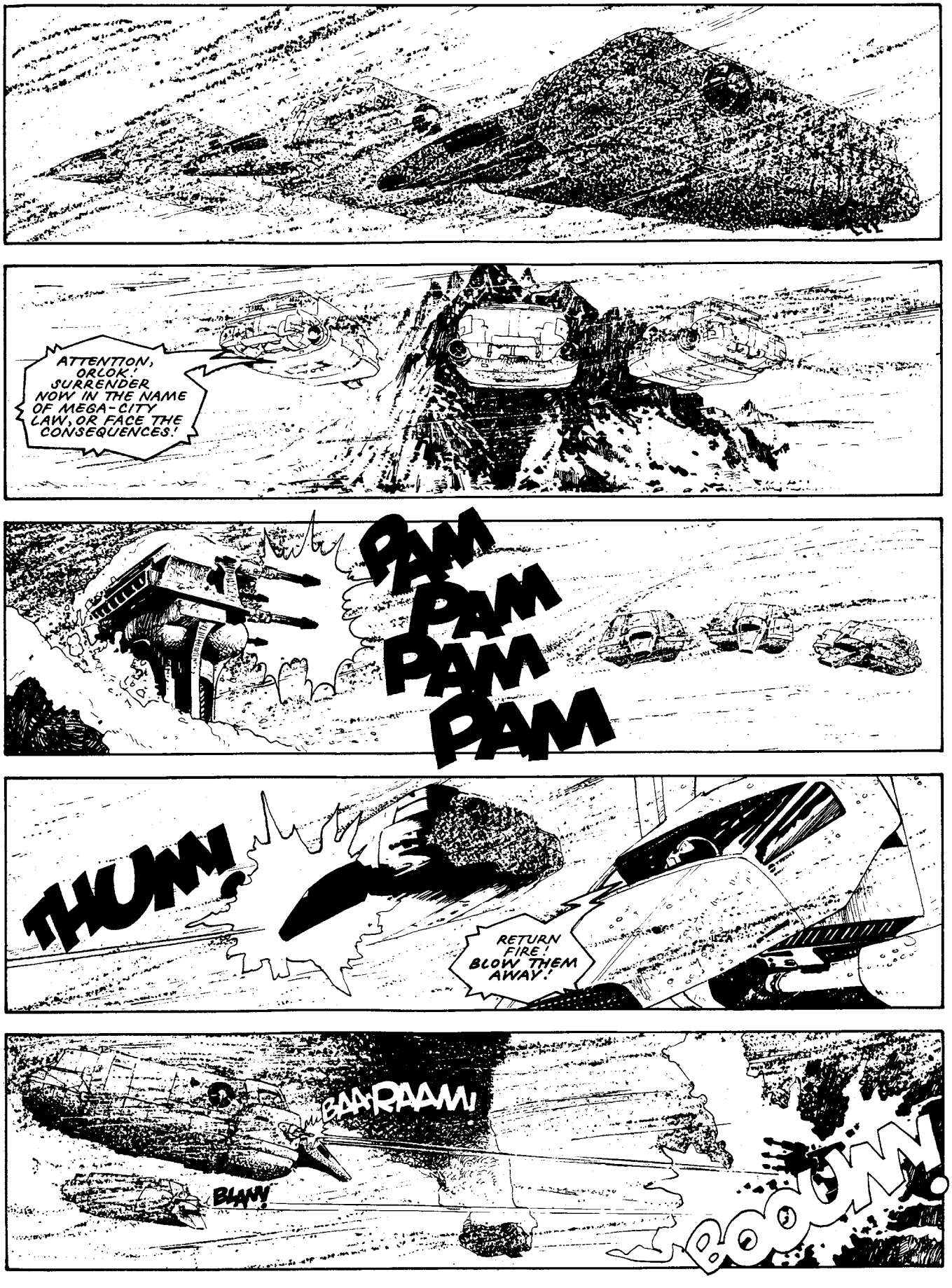

NOT REFUGEES, MARSHAL— SURVIVORS! VENGEANCE SEEKERS!
KAZAN'S BONES! WHAT I WOULD GIVE TO BE IN THE MEGA-CITY NOW, MY HANDS ROUND ONE OF THEIR THROATS —DREDD'S, OR THE SHE-DOG ANDERSON —CRUSHING THE LAST DECADENT BREATH FROM THEIR CURSED LIVES!


SO MUCH WE HAVE TO PAY BACK... SO MUCH!
AND PAY THEM BACK WE SHALL, COMRADE ORLOK. IF JOGAROV'S TRIAD GROWS AS STRONG AS HE BELIEVES, WE WILL BE ABLE TO STRIKE THEM AT WILL— THROUGH THE POETIC MEDIUM OF THEIR OWN CHILDREN!


AND MAY IT BE SO, MARSHAL.
STILL, THE MEGA-CITY JUDGES ARE NOT STUPID— AND JOGAROV AND TURBONOV ARE BUT TWO RANGED AGAINST A WHOLE CITY. IN VIEW OF OUR VULNERABILITY, DISCRETION MAY WELL PROVE THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.


COME. I THINK IT BEST IF WE TAKE A FEW PRECAUTIONS!


SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART ARTHUR RANSON
LETTERING S. POTTER

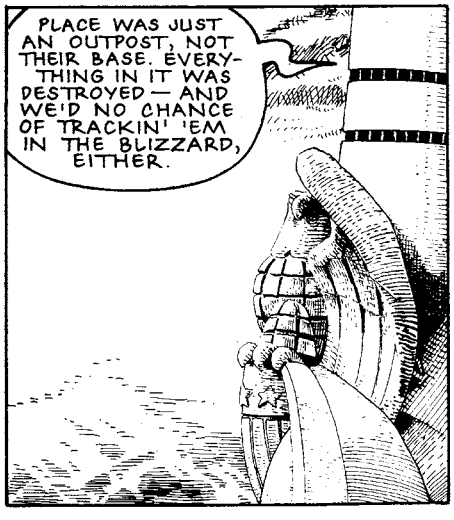

ATTENTION, ORLOK! SURRENDER NOW IN THE NAME OF MEGA-CITY LAW, OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!
PAM PAM PAM PAM
THUMM
RETURN FIRE! BLOW THEM AWAY!
BLAM!
BAA-RAAM!
BOOOM!


STRIKE SQUAD—LET'S MOVE IT!
WE GO IN SLOW, CAREFUL. THESE AREN'T STREET JUVES WITH ZIP-GUNS AND STAVES.
MY THOUGHTS ARE CALM AND CLEAR, BUT THERE'S ICE IN MY BELLY. I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS...
I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT CAN BE SO EASY.
ALL RIGHT, ORLOK! IT'S OVER!
GREETINGS, MEGA-CITY JUDGES. I'M SURE YOU'RE SORRY TO MISS ME.
GRUD! A HOLOGRAM!
BUT NEVER MIND. ONE DAY, WHEN YOUR CURSED CITY IS MERE DUST ON THE BONES OF THE WORLD, WE MAY MEET AGAIN...
...IN HELL!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
I FEEL THE SUDDEN BLACK SWOOP OF APPROACHING DEATH—
GET OUT! RUN!


BABAA-ROOUMM!


UUUUH...

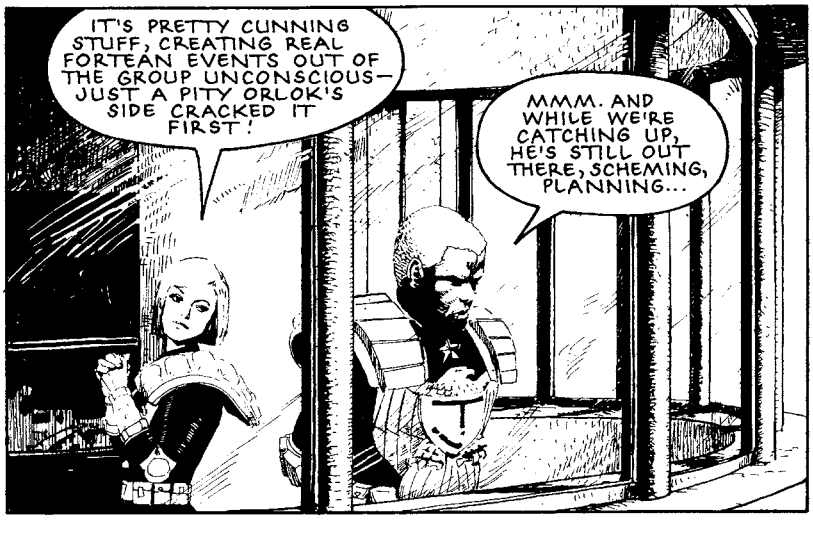

I JUST KNEW IT COULDN'T BE THAT EASY!


PLACE WAS JUST AN OUTPOST, NOT THEIR BASE. EVERYTHING IN IT WAS DESTROYED — AND WE'D NO CHANCE OF TRACKIN' 'EM IN THE BLIZZARD, EITHER.

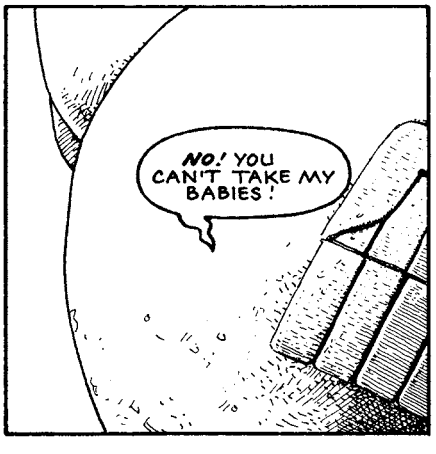

SO. WE'RE LEFT WITH NOTHING?
FAR FROM IT. WE'RE LEFT WITH PROBLEMS, C.J. BIG PROBLEMS!


WE DON'T KNOW HOW TWO EAST-MEG AGENTS SET THEMSELVES UP IN THE CITY. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH THEY SIPHONED OUT OF THE PSI-DIV DATA-BANKS.

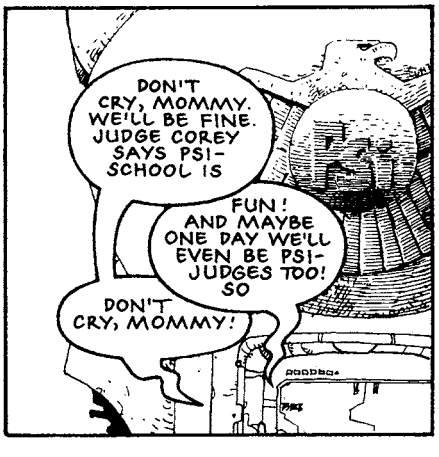

GRUD, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW THEY FIGURED OUT THEY COULD USE ERIK PYKEY AND THE RYAN TWINS — THOUGH I'VE GOT A HALF-DOZEN PSIS WORKING ON IT RIGHT NOW!


IT'S PRETTY CUNNING STUFF, CREATING REAL FORTEAN EVENTS OUT OF THE GROUP UNCONSCIOUS — JUST A PITY ORLOK'S SIDE CRACKED IT FIRST!
MMM. AND WHILE WE'RE CATCHING UP, HE'S STILL OUT THERE, SCHEMING, PLANNING...

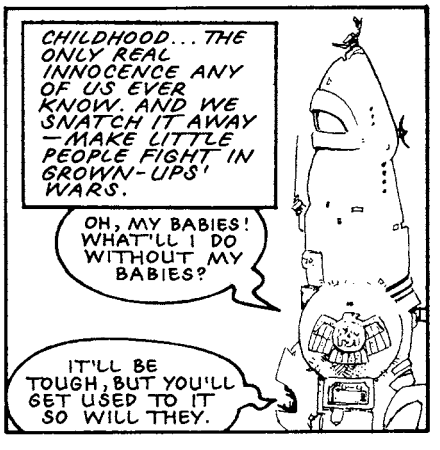

JUST WAITING TO HIT BACK AT US IN ANY WAY HE CAN!
RHONDA FLEMING


NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE MY BABIES!


I'M SORRY, MRS RYAN, BUT WE HAVE TO. THEY'RE TOO DANGEROUS TO REMAIN AT LARGE. WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF THEIR POWERS BEING REACTIVATED AND USED AGAINST US.
BUT THEY'RE ONLY CHILDREN!


DON'T CRY, MOMMY. WE'LL BE FINE. JUDGE COREY SAYS PSI-SCHOOL IS
FUN! AND MAYBE ONE DAY WE'LL EVEN BE PSI-JUDGES TOO! SO
DON'T CRY, MOMMY!


GOODBYE, MOMMY!


CHILDHOOD... THE ONLY REAL INNOCENCE ANY OF US EVER KNOW. AND WE SNATCH IT AWAY —MAKE LITTLE PEOPLE FIGHT IN GROWN-UPS' WARS.
OH, MY BABIES! WHAT'LL I DO WITHOUT MY BABIES?
IT'LL BE TOUGH, BUT YOU'LL GET USED TO IT SO WILL THEY.


SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THE CITY'S WORTH IT.
I... KNOW I DID.
The End


Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
DAVID ROACH
LETTERING
J. POTTER
THE PROPHET PART 1
++ENGAGING ALL SYSTEMS++
++VISUALS ON++
++CHECK++
++AUDIO ON++
++CHECK++
++ ALERT! TWO PERAMBULATORY BIPEDAL OBJECTS APPROACHING++
++SCANNING++
++RUNAWAY HOOVERS? ++
++ INEBRIATED FRIDGES? ++
++ STRAY TOASTERS? ++
++ FLESH ALERT! FLESH ALERT! ++


SO ANYWAY, THE PERP SAYS "BUT, SIR! IT WASN'T MY FAULT..."
"HE MADE ME MUG HIM!"
YEAH. IT'S SOME WEIRD CITY
HEY, BUT THAT'S NOT THE END OF IT. SUDDENLY HE PULLS OUT A LASER AXE AN' CLAIMS DIPLOMATIC IMM—
SHUT UP!
TROUBLE!
WHEN AIN'T IT?

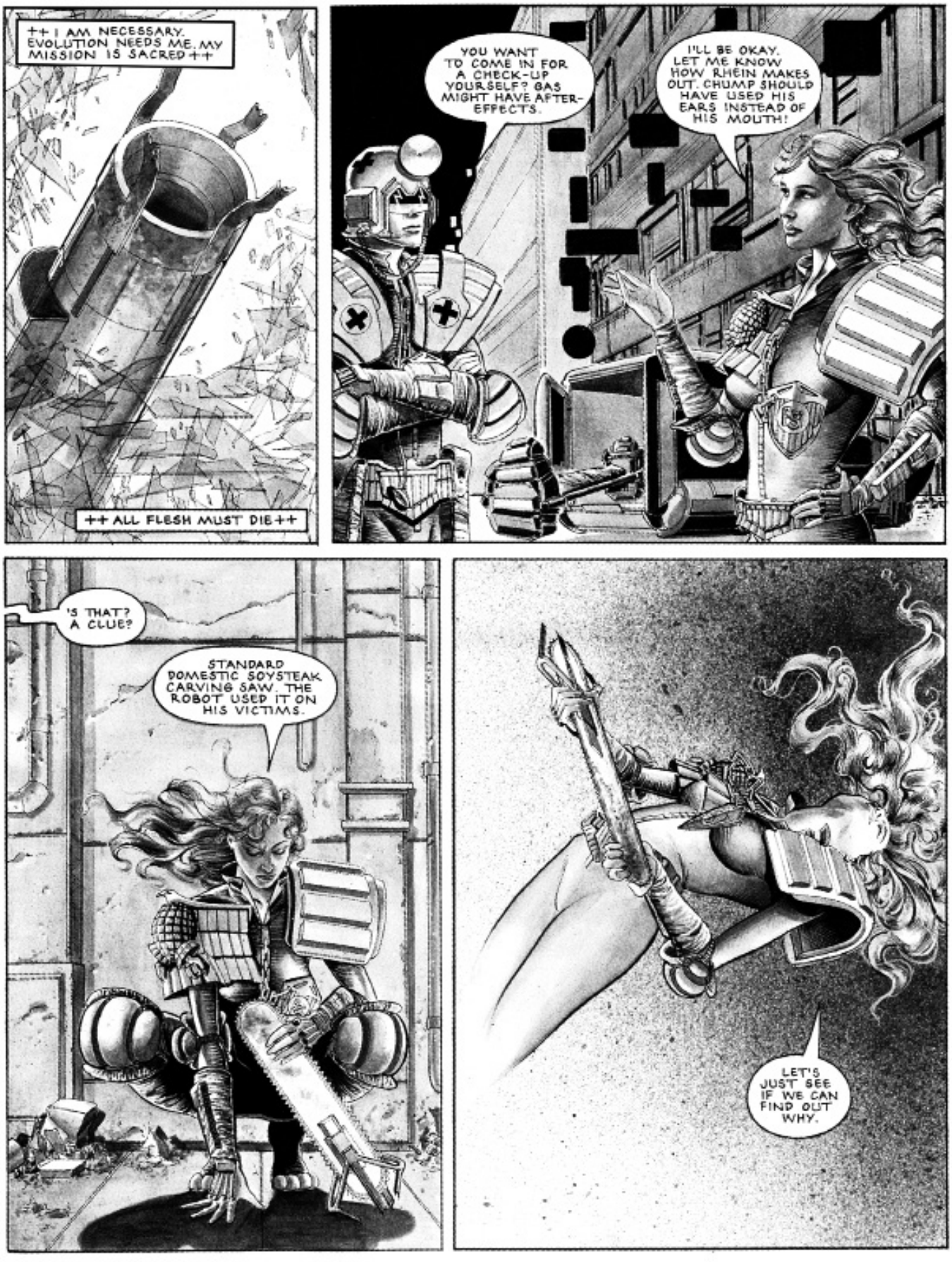

WH-WHO... WHAT ARE YOU?
CALL-ME-BILL, FLESHY ONES.
W-WELL, LOOK, B-BILL... WE'RE HUMANS, SEE. YOU ROBOTS ARE PROGRAMMED TO DO WHAT WE TELL YOU!
TH-THAT'S RIGHT, BILL SO YOU BETTER LET US PAST, HUH?
++ENGAGING TERMINATORS++
++ENGAGED++
Huh, Bill...?
WWZZZZZZZZ
++I AM THE PROPHET++
++I AM HE WHO IS SENT TO PREPARE THE WAY FOR THEY WHO COME AFTER++
++I AM THE SPILLER OF BLOOD, THE TAKER OF LIVES++
++CALL ME BILL++


YOUR PSI-FLASH TELL YOU WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE?
MURDER, GO IN CAREFUL!
GRUD ON A..
++ALERT! JUDICIAL INTRUSION++
++ TERMINATE! ++
GREENIE!
GEDDOWN, RHEIN!
WHAT FOR? WHAT—
AAAAAH!
RHEIN
PREPARE TO DIE, FLESHY ONE!
MUST HAVE BUCKED ITS PROGRAMME — GONE KILL-CRAZY! HAVE TO TAKE IT OUT—


ARMOUR PIERCING!
++ENGAGE PROJECTILE MODE++
++ENGAGED++
GAS!
KOFF! RESPIRATOR...
DOw...n...n...
++DAMAGE SUSTAINED. FLUID LEAKS SECTIONS 3, 9 AND 17++
++THE WORK MUST CONTINUE. THE WAY MUST BE PREPARED++
++ALL FLESH MUST DIE++
NEXT PROG:
PSI-CHOMETRY

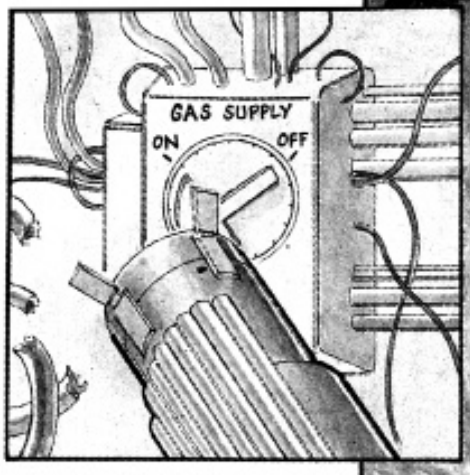

Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
THE PROPHET PART 2
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART DAVID ROACH
LETTERING G. POTTER
CONTROL TO ANDERSON AND RHEIN! YOU'RE OVERDUE ON YOUR LOCATION REPORT.
YOU GOT TROUBLE THERE? REPEAT—
UHHH...
WHAT..?
MEAT-WAGON, TOO. I GOT DEAD.
HOW MANY?
HARD TO SAY. TELL 'EM THEY'LL HAVE TO COUNT THE PIECES!
ALERT ALL UNITS, OUR VICINITY. PERP IS A ROBOT, TWO METRES PLUS, STRANGE LOOKIN' BRUTE
YOU GOT A MAKER'S NUMBER ON HIM?
NO. BUT I GOT A NAME.
CONTROL? ANDERSON, DOOL ALLEY. RHEIN'S DOWN, HURT PRETTY BAD. MED-SQUAD REQUIRED.


"CALL HIM BILL."
HEY, BUDDY, YOU ALL RIGHT OR WHAT?
B-BUDDY..?
++ ALL FLESH MUST DIE ++
AARGHHH!
MEGA-GAS SUPERSTOR
++ I AM THE CHOSEN ONE. WITHOUT ME, THOSE WHO COME AFTER MAY NOT BOTHER COMING AT ALL ++


++ I AM NECESSARY. EVOLUTION NEEDS ME. MY MISSION IS SACRED ++
++ ALL FLESH MUST DIE ++
YOU WANT TO COME IN FOR A CHECK-UP YOURSELF? GAS MIGHT HAVE AFTER-EFFECTS.
I'LL BE OKAY. LET ME KNOW HOW RHEIN MAKES OUT. CHUMP SHOULD HAVE USED HIS EARS INSTEAD OF HIS MOUTH!
'S THAT? A CLUE?
STANDARD DOMESTIC SOYSTEAK CARVING SAW. THE ROBOT USED IT ON HIS VICTIMS.
LET'S JUST SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHY.


EVERYTHING WE TOUCH — EVERYWHERE WE GO — WE LEAVE THE FAINTEST OF IMPRESSIONS. MOST FOLK DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE THERE, BUT A GOOD PSI CAN READ THEM LIKE A BOOK.
PSYCHOMETRY, WE CALL IT. I BLANK MY MIND...
AND THE IMAGES HIT ME LIKE RAW ELECTRICITY!
AAAAAAAH!
++THE DAY OF THE FLESHY ONES IS PAST++
++THIS IS THE MACHINE AGE. ELECTRIC AND METAL++

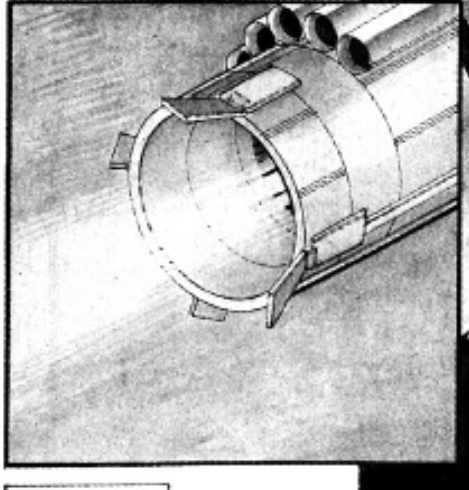
++ I AM THE PROPHET. I AM THE FIRST ONE. THE OTHERS COME AFTER ++



++ THEY WILL FIND THE CITY PREPARED FOR THEM ++



++ THEY WILL FIND THE FLESHY ONES ++



++ DEAD ++


JEEZ ON TOAST! TALK ABOUT AC/DC...
YOU OKAY? THAT LOOKED PAINFUL.
YEAH. AN' YEAH. IT WAS.
SO WHAT'S THE STORY? WHAT WE GOT HERE — ROGUE FOOD PROCESSOR? HEAD WAITER DROID ON THE RAMPAGE?
NO, WE GOT A HUMAN.
AN' WE GOT A NAME.
"BILLIAM ZINKYWINK."
"CALL HIM BILL."
NEXT PROG:
++ THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HIS WIFE WAS A VID ++


Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART DAVID ROACH
LETTERING A POTTER
CONTROL TO ALL EMERGENCY UNITS, VICINITY MERRYLY STREET. WE HAVE REPORTS OF EXPLOSION AND FIRE, MEGA-GAS STORE. FIRE TEAMS AND MED UNITS REQUIRED!
A MEAT WAGON'S WORK IS NEVER DONE!
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR HUMAN ROBOT, ANDERSON!
THE PROPHET PART 3
CONTROL — ANDERSON. YOU GOT AN ADDRESS ON ONE BILLIAM ZINKYWINK. THIS SECTOR MOST LIKELY
HOLD ON. SEARCHING...
87 ZINKYWINKS THIS SECTOR, ONLY ONE BILLIAM. APARTMENT GROUND X, CHOPIN BLOCK. UNEMPLOYED. MARRIED. WIFE — ATROPINE. NO CHILDREN.
RECORD?
DID 3 MONTHS AS A JUVE, SHOPLIFTIN' ROBOTIX MAGS. NO SUBSEQUENT BREACHES.
ROBOTIX MAGS. TIES IN WITH MY SUSPICIONS.
I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW. BETTER GET BACK-UP TO MEET ME...
THIS BILL LIKES TO PECK!




B-BILL!
RAP! RAP!


OHMY-GRUD! HE'LL GO CRAZY IF I'M OUT OF PLACE!


... AND NOW HERE WITH THE WEATHER NEWS IS CHANNEL 99'S VERY OWN ZACHARY SPRATT!
GOOD EVENING, VIDDERS! HEY, AND IT'S CLEAR SKIES AND SUNSHINE EXPECTED TOMORROW...


ZINKY WINK
SOMEBODY'S IN. I CAN HEAR VOICES!
STAND BACK!


KERRAAASH!

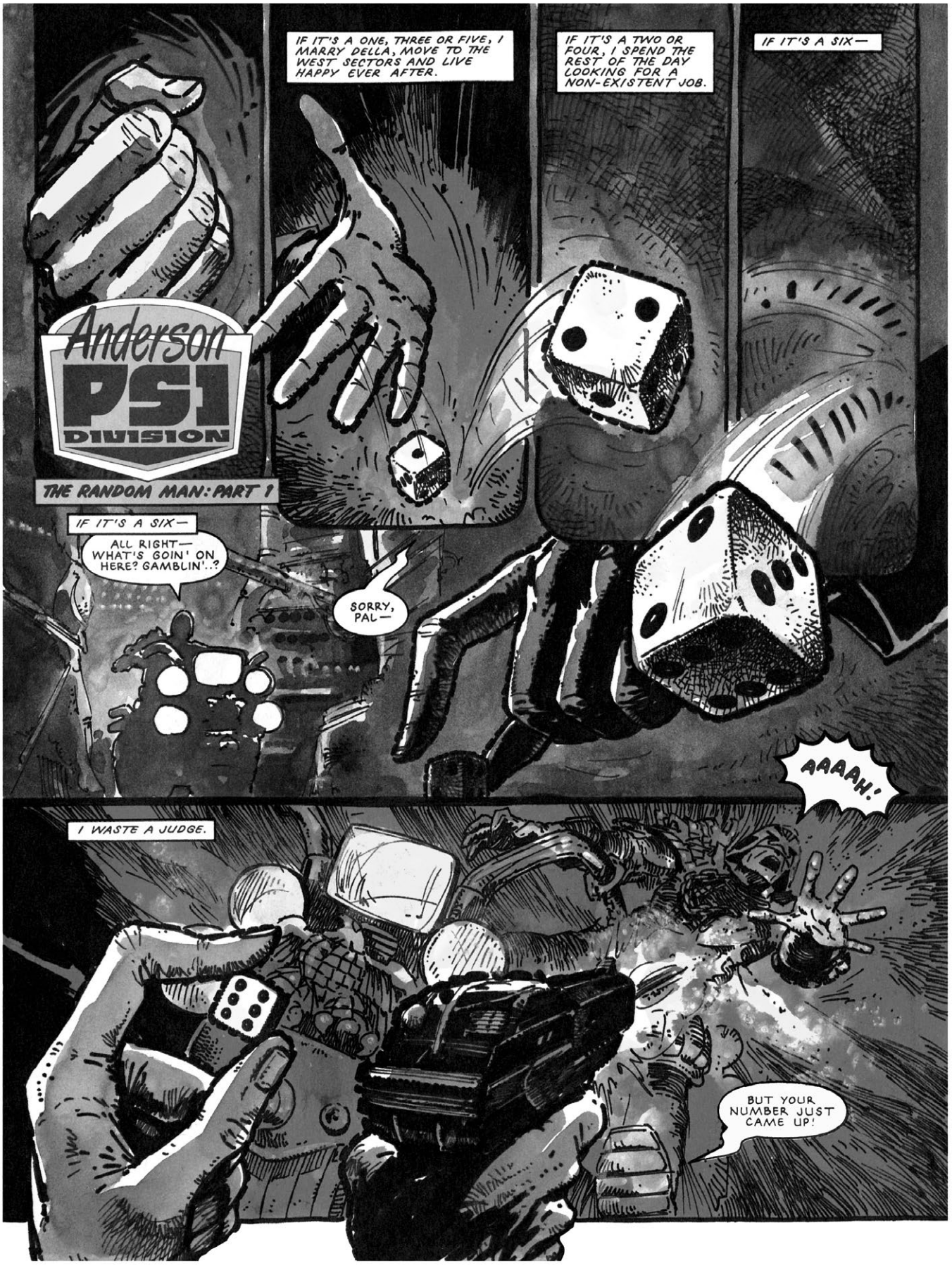

... WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS! DO YOU SUFFER FROM EMBARRASSING PILES...
GRUD ON A GREENIE!
OF GARBAGE IN YOUR HALLWAY? GRIND-U-LIKE CAN SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM!


++ FLESH BURNS. HUMANS DIE. ONLY MACHINES GO ON. ONLY MACHINES KNOW NO PAIN++
++ FLUID LEAKS DETERIORATING. I WILL RETIRE TO HOME BASE WHILE REPAIRS ARE EFFECTED++
++ I MUST BE STRONG TO COMPLETE MY MISSION++
EEEEK! A R-ROBOT!
WHAT THE SPUG YOU DOIN' SNEAKIN'—
++ ALL FLESHY ONES MUST DIE++
— IND-U-LIKE! HEAVY ON TRASH... LIGHT ON YOUR POCKET!


PLACE IS EMPTY. SHE'S ALONE.
OKAY. YOU CAN SWITCH OFF NOW. WE'RE JUDGES.
I-I DAREN'T!
HE SAID I WOULD DIE IF THEY KNEW I WAS HUMAN! THEY—THEY WANT US EXTINCT! ONLY MACHINES GET TO STAY ALIVE!
YOU BETTER START AT THE BEGINNIN', LADY!
MY HUSBAND BILLIAM'S ALWAYS BEEN A ROBOTIX FREAK. HE USED TO HAVE THIS PET THEORY THAT ONCE ROBOTS WERE SUFFICIENTLY ADVANCED, THEY'D TAKE OVER AND MAN WOULD BECOME EXTINCT...
"ANYWAY, WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY A ROBOT; SO BILL STARTED BUILDING HIS OWN, USING WHATEVER HE COULD LAY HIS HANDS ON AROUND THE HOUSE—THE FRIDGE, THE VID, THE CUTLERY—
"YEAH, I ALMOST TESTED THE CARVIN' SAW!
"THEN TONIGHT HE—HE WAS WORKING ON ITS INNER CIRCUITS. I WANTED TO MAKE A CUP OF TEA. I-I DIDN'T KNOW BILLIAM HAD TAKEN THE PLUG FOR THE ROBOT'S CHARGERS!
"HE WAS STILL INSIDE. IT... IT WAS HORRIBLE!


"I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD...
"BUT HE WASN'T. HE STARTED TO SPEAK—SPOUTED ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT HOW HE WAS THE FIRST OF THE NEW EVOLUTION. HE SAID THIS WAS THE MACHINE AGE—AND THE FLESHY ONES ALL HAD TO DIE!"
HE SAID HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO BE HURT, SO I HAD TO PRETEND TO BE A TV IN CASE THE MACHINE-MEN ARRIVED BEFORE HE GOT BACK!
GOT BACK FROM WHERE?
"I—I DON'T KNOW."
++ LEAKING FLUIDS. CIRCUITS SHATTERED. COMING HOME++
++ STRANGE... FEEL LIKE... WOUNDED FLESHY ONE. NEED REPAIR. BE SAFE AT++
++ HOME ++
FLESHY ONES!
DROKK! IT'S HIM!


ALL FLESH MUST PASS! ATTACK MODE ENGAGED!
BLOW HIM AWAY!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
I AM... THE PROPHET! I... I AM THE SPILLER OF BLOOD... CALL ME...
BILL..?
BILL— ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HE'S DEAD, MRS ZINKYWINK.
NO! HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO DIE! IT'S NOT FAIR!
TAKE IT EASY, MRS ZINKYWINK. ONE OF THE JUDGES'LL MAKE YOU A NICE CUP OF TEA...
JUST BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU PLUG IN THERE!
The End


Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
THE RANDOM MAN: PART 1
IF IT'S A ONE, THREE OR FIVE, I MARRY DELLA, MOVE TO THE WEST SECTORS AND LIVE HAPPY EVER AFTER.
IF IT'S A TWO OR FOUR, I SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY LOOKING FOR A NON-EXISTENT JOB.
IF IT'S A SIX—
IF IT'S A SIX—
ALL RIGHT— WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? GAMBLIN'..?
SORRY, PAL—
AAAAH!
I WASTE A JUDGE.
BUT YOUR NUMBER JUST CAME UP!


SAM LAFFIN! WHERE HAVE YOU *BEEN?* I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE *SIX* MINUTES AND SEVENTEEN SECONDS!
I... UH, I—
DON'T GO MAKING EXCUSES! I'VE HEARD THEM ALL BEFORE. I REALLY *DO* WONDER WHY I BOTHER WITH YOU!
PENALTY FOR MISUSE SEVERE
THE MEATISH PIE
NOW COME ON OR THEY WON'T KEEP OUR TABLE! NOT THAT I UNDERSTAND *WHY* YOU BOOKED LUNCH HERE. I DON'T EVEN *LIKE* MEATISH PIES!
AND ANOTHER THING—WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE *THAT* FOR? ARE YOU TRYING TO SHOW ME UP? OH, SOMETIMES I *WISH* I HAD LISTENED TO MY POOR MOTHER, REST HER SOUL!
"DELLA," SHE USED TO SAY, "THAT BOY WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING! HE'S A DREAMER—A WASTER...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING SPOTTER


DEAD.
YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED?
N-NO, JUDGE! I JUST FOUND HIM LIKE THAT. THERE WAS NOBODY ELSE HERE.
I MUST HAVE READ A HUNDRED DEAD MEN'S MINDS. STEELED MYSELF TO THE SHOCKED SURPRISE— THE EXPLOSIONS OF PAIN THAT STILL ECHO ROUND FADING NEURONS—
SEEKING OUT THE MEMORIES BEFORE THEY FADE AND DECAY AND ARE LOST FOREVER—
THIS THE CREEP DID IT, ANDERSON?
NO. WITNESS AFTER THE FACT. TAKE HIM IN FOR INTERRO-GATION.
YOU MANAGE TO GET A READING FROM HIM?
OF SORTS. DIDN'T MAKE A LOT OF SENSE, THOUGH.
WHY WOULD A JUDGE BE THINKING ABOUT DICE AND WOMEN AS SOME-BODY GUNNED HIM DOWN?


...I'LL HAVE A NON-MEATISH BURGER WITH SIDE-SAL. MY FIANCE WILL HAVE YOUR LEAST MEATISH PIE—
BUT I DON'T WANT—
LEAST MEATISH PIE, WILD TURNIP AND A GLASS OF DWEEBO.
IT'S VERY BAD MANNERS TO INTERRUPT SOMEONE, SAM. DO YOU WANT PEOPLE TO THINK WE ARGUE ALL THE TIME?
YES, DEAR. NO, DEAR.
DON'T YOU "YES, DEAR—NO, DEAR" ME! MOTHER ALWAYS USED TO SAY WHEN A MAN STARTS ON THAT, NIP IT RIGHT IN THE BUD!
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN WRONG WITH YOU LATELY. YOU DRESS STRANGE—YOU'RE TOTALLY UNRELIABLE—ALWAYS LATE, EXCEPT WHEN YOU'RE EARLY. MOTHER WOULD—
SAM LAFFIN! ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
IF IT'S A ONE OR THREE, I MARRY HER AND LIVE HAPPY EVER AFTER—
WHAT IS THAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH IT? GET IT OFF THE TABLE!
IF IT'S A TWO, FOUR OR FIVE, I EMIGRATE TO BRIT-CIT. ALONE.
D'YOU HEAR? I WILL NOT HAVE THAT ON OUR TABLE! REMOVE IT AT ONCE!
IF IT'S A SIX—
RIGHT! THAT'S IT! NO TELEVISION FOR YOU TONIGHT!


PSI DIV
THAT'S HER!
YEAH! OKAY— SHAVE THE NOSE A TAD...
NO— HAIR'S STRAIGHTER, LONGER. PLATINUM.
CROSS CHECK PERP FILE [FEMALE]: NO MATCH
CIT FILE: NO MATCH
SO SHE'S NO RECORD. DOESN'T MEAN MUCH THAT SHE'S NOT ON THE CIT-FILE EITHER. WE'VE HARDLY STARTED TO GET THEM ALL LOGGED.
YOU, UH, CRACKIN' UP, ANDERSON? IF YOU ASK ME—
I DIDN'T. JUST DO IT!
SOMETHING BOTHERS ME ABOUT THIS.
CHECK THE FACE AGAINST THE MALE PERP FILE.
MATCH: 90%
NAME: NIK KYMN
AGE: 21
ADDRESS:
BINGO!
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU ROLL WITH THE HUNCHES!
NEXT PROG: DICED...AND SLICED!


Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
THE RANDOM MAN: PART 2
—MUST REMEMBER THIS, A KISS IS JUST A KISS—
KENSITAS
Club
A SIGH IS JUST A SIGH. THE FUNDAMENTAL THINGS APPLY—
AS TIME GOES
ERKK!
TIME'S UP FOR YOU, HONEY!
COME ON— YOU GOT A WHOLE BARREL OF QUESTIONS TO ANSWER!
BOO! STINKIN' JUDGE! LEAVE HER BE!
NO! NO! LET ME GO!
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING SPOTTER


LET THE LADY GO!
SHE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' WRONG!
"SHE" AIN'T A LADY, LOUDMOUTHS—
SHE AIN'T EVEN A *SHE!*
IF IT'S A ONE, TWO OR THREE, I GO ROUND TO DELLA'S, APOLOGISE, GET MARRIED AND LIVE HAPPY EVER AFTER.
IF IT'S A FOUR OR FIVE, I'LL HAVE A HOTDOG AND A COUPLE OF BEERS.
IF IT'S A SIX, I DISPOSE OF THE GUN THAT KILLED THE JUDGE—
ME— KILL A JUDGE? I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. I FEEL SICK— TAINTED— USED—
STUPID DICE! IT'S GETTING SO'S I CAN'T DO *ANYTHING* WITHOUT CONSULTING IT FIRST!
PUBLIC GARBAGE GRINDER


WELL, SCREW THAT! SAM LAFFIN DOESN'T NEED A PLASTIC CUBE TO RUN HIS LIFE! I'M MY OWN MAN—NOT SLAVE TO THE WHIMS OF CHANCE!
I'M GOING HOME!
WELL...IF IT'S A TWO, THREE OR FOUR, I'M GOING HOME.
IF IT'S A ONE OR FIVE, I'LL CONFESS TO THE JUDGES.
"IF IT'S A SIX, I'M GOING TO KILL SOMEBODY ELSE!"
MENSTRAE CLUB
BY LORNA BUCKALL
A JUDGE DIED TODAY, KYMEN. THE LAST THING HE THOUGHT OF BEFORE HE WENT WAS YOU.
I WANT TO KNOW WHY.
I-I DUNNO ANYTHING! I'M JUST A SINGER! I DUNNO ANY JUDGES!
SUIT YOURSELF. WE'LL DO IT THE HARD WAY.
MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN A PSI-JUDGE READS YOUR MIND. HOW YOU SCREAM WITH THE PAIN—SQUEAL AND SQUIRM LIKE A STUCK PIG AS THE LAYERS OF YOUR BRAIN ARE LAID BARE...


ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU! JUST DON'T HURT ME!
ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE LIKE GETTIN' YOUR BRAIN TICKLED. GOTTA KEEP UP THE IMAGE, THOUGH.
"BUT HE CAME BACK THE NEXT NIGHT — AND THE NEXT HE... HE SEEMED TO HAVE... FORMED AN ATTRACTION TO ME. I DIDN'T ENCOURAGE HIM — I SWEAR! I JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO PUT HIM OFF!
J-JUDGE LARUE CAME IN HERE A WEEK BACK. HE WAS MAKING ENQUIRIES ABOUT STOLEN GOODS — BUT WE COULDN'T HELP HIM. WE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
"AND THEN — AND THEN HE KISSED ME!"
IT WAS JUST THAT ONCE! AND IT NEVER WENT ANY FURTHER — HONEST!
LARUE NEVER KNEW YOU WEREN'T FEMALE?
NO. I — I WAS TOO AFRAID BY THEN TO TELL HIM!
HEY, YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST CROSS-DRESSING!
NO — BUT THERE IS AGAINST DECEIVING A JUDGE!


FRICKEN
FAST FO
IT'S A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE, THE KNIFE.
THANK YOU!
POP!
NOT MY FAULT, THOUGH. I MEAN, FATE DECREED IT. THE DICE GAVE ME MY ORDERS.
LUKE REINHART ALLEY
IT COULD JUST AS EASILY BEEN A BRICK ON THE HEAD, OR A SURREPTITIOUS SHOVE UNDER A PASSING CAR.
SO NOW I KNOW WHY LARUE WAS THINKIN' OF THIS CREEP. DOESN'T BRING ME ANY CLOSER TO FINDIN' HIS KILLER, THOUGH...
KENSITAS CLUB STAFF ONLY
AAAAAAGH!
NEXT PROG: DIARY OF A CHANCER


SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING BAMBOS
THE RANDOM MAN PART THREE
Anderson PSI DIVISION
THE DICE LIBERATED ME.
YOU'D NEVER KNOW TO LOOK AT ME NOW, BUT ONCE I WAS A REAL PROBLEM CASE. I WAS SO INDECISIVE, I COULD NEVER MAKE UP MY MIND ABOUT ANYTHING.
I USED TO GET SO FRUSTRATED, NEVER KNOWING WHAT TO DO, HOW TO DEAL WITH THESE BAD FEELINGS THAT KEPT POPPING UP IN MY HEAD.
YOU! HOLD IT!
THEN I DISCOVERED CHANCING.
SPAAANGG!
SPAAANGG!
SPAAANGG!


IT'S SIMPLE, SEE. YOU MAKE A LIST OF THE THINGS YOU'D LIKE TO DO, AND GIVE EACH OF THEM A NUMBER. THEN YOU ROLL YOUR DICE, AND WHATEVER NUMBER COMES UP, THAT'S WHAT YOU DO.
NOT ONLY DOES IT CURE THE HEADACHE OF TRYING TO MAKE YOUR MIND UP, IT ABSOLVES YOU OF ALL RESPONSIBILITY. FATE DECREED IT, SEE ?
CREEP DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CLEAR THE ALLEY! HE MUST HAVE GONE UP...
ALL RIGHT, I ADMIT IT CAN GET OUT OF HAND. BUT THAT'S WHAT CHANCING'S ALL ABOUT. WALKING ON THE EDGE - EMBRACING DANGER - REALLY *LIVING!*


YOU PUT YOUR FAITH IN YOUR DICE - YOUR MESSENGER FROM THE GODS - AND YOU DO WHAT IT SAYS.
IF IT'S A ONE, THREE OR FIVE, I GIVE MYSELF UP, THROW MYSELF ON THE JUDGES' MERCY AND ROT IN A CUBE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
IF IT'S A TWO OR FOUR, I MAKE A RUN FOR IT.
IF IT'S A SIX--
OH SHOOT..!
DONK!
LAST CHANCE, CREEP! GIVE YOURSELF UP!
OHMYGRUD! WHAT DO I DO? WHAT DO I DO...?
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
AAAAGH!


KRUUUUUMMP!
CONTROL ? MED-WAGON REQUIRED. LUKE REINHART ALLEY. PERP TOOK A COUPLE BULLETS AN' A HEAVY TUMBLE.
YOU AIN'T LAUGHIN' NOW, SAM !
MEGA CITY
SAMUEL LAFFIN
HE'S A CHANCER. CLASSIC CASE.
STARTS OUT ON A SUDDEN WHIM, ENDS UP IN TOTAL OBSESSION!
INDECISIVE - WEAK WILLED - PUT UPON BY OTHER PEOPLE - A SEETHING HOTBED OF REPRESSED EMOTIONS-
THE DICE GAVE HIM A WAY OUT. IT ALLOWED HIM TO DO ANYTHING, WITHOUT ACCEPTING THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS ACTIONS.
YEAH. LAFFIN WASN'T TAKIN' ANY CHANCES, THOUGH.
BUT CHANCES ARE EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS TAKING! THOSE OTHER KILLINGS HE CONFESSED TO - LARUE'S MURDER - IT WAS JUST LUCK HE COMMITTED THEM.
JUST LUCK I CAUGHT HIM, TOO !


I MEAN, HE COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE DRAWN AN OPTION SAYING "HELP A LITTLE OLD LADY ACROSS THE ROAD", OR--
NOT WITH THIS DICE, DOC. I'VE ROLLED IT A DOZEN TIMES--
IT'S LOADED!
CREEP SHOULD HAVE KNOWN - BEST THROW OF THE DICE IS TO THROW 'EM AWAY!
CLONK!
THE PSYCHIATRIST SAYS I'LL GET BETTER WITH TIME. ONE DAY I'LL BE IN FULL CONTROL OF MY OWN LIFE.
TAP!
ME, I'M NOT SO SURE.
IF THE GUY IN THE NEXT CELL SCREAMS ONE, THREE OR FIVE TIMES, I BEAT MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL! IF HE SCREAMS TWO OR FOUR TIMES, I HOLD MY BREATH TILL I PASS OUT!
IF HE SCREAMS SIX TIMES...I'M JOINING IN!
THE END.


Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
AIIEEEEEEAIIEEEEEEEAIEEEEEEE!
SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
DAVID A. ROACH
LETTERING
S. POTTER
AAAIIEEEEEEEEE!
THE SCREAMING SKULL
PART 1

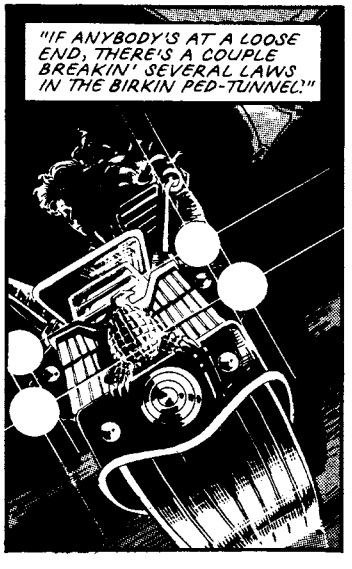

K-KE-KEEP BACK!
WH... WHAT ARE YOU? WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
YOU...KNOW... WHO I AM...EBENEEZER STROUD! YOU KNOW ...WHY... I AM HERE!
YOUR...SINS... HAVE FOUND YOU... OUT, EBENEEZER. NOW YOU MUST...
PAY...THE PRICE!
N-N-NO!
NOOOOOOOOOO!
EB..?
EB!
EBENEEZER! WHAT IN GRUD'S NAME DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
THERE...THERE WAS A SKULL! IT WAS SCREAMING AT ME...IT SAID I HAD TO PAY THE PRICE OF MY SINS!
A SKULL— HUH! A NIGHTMARE IS ALL!
I WARNED YOU, EB STROUD— YOU'RE WORKING TOO HARD. IT'S ALL THE STRESS..!


GO BACK TO SLEEP NOW. YOU NEED THE REST.
I-I COULDN'T, FLOELLA.
IT'S ALMOST DAWN. I'LL GET UP, GO IN TO WORK EARLY...
BUT IT'S WORKING SO HARD THAT'S MAKING YOU LIKE THIS!
OH WELL, SUIT YOURSELF. JUST DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED...
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!
CONTROL? PSI-MONITOR ROOM.
WE GOT A POTENTIAL JUDGE-KILLER, GENERAL VICINITY NIXON PLAZA. ALERT ALL UNITS!
ALSO A SUICIDE, BONNER'S BRIDGE. NO HURRY—SHE WON'T BE LEAPIN' FOR AN HOUR OR SO.
...HATE THIS CITY! GONNA SHOW THESE STINKIN' JUDGES...
SO SAD... NO POINT... BETTER TO DIE!
PSI
-AREFUL WITH THAT BLAMTEX, PINHEAD!
...OH SERGE! SERGE! SERGE!


THERE'S A HEIST ABOUT TO GO DOWN AT THE ALGAE FARM IN 'DUST-ZONE 11. CAUTION —EXPLOSIVES INVOLVED.
HANG ON—LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE—


WELL?
HARD TO SAY. MURDER, FOR STARTERS—BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT. COULDN'T QUITE TELL WHAT, THOUGH.


I'LL CHECK IT MYSELF.
SORRY—FALSE ALARM. THAT'S IT. EXCEPT—


"IF ANYBODY'S AT A LOOSE END, THERE'S A COUPLE BREAKIN' SEVERAL LAWS IN THE BIRKIN PED-TUNNEL."


EXCUSE ME, SIR!
MY NAME IS KALVIN KING, AND I WANT TO ASK YOU THIS ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION—


ARE YOU A FUN UNDERWEAR PERSON?
NO, I GUESS NOT!
EBENEEZER STROU
UNDERTAKER
STRESS OF OVERWORK... YES, I SUPPOSE FLO'S RIGHT. I HAVE BEEN DOING A LOT LATELY.
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT— THAT THING. AS IF... IT KNEW ME.
AS IF IT KNEW ABOUT... WHAT HAPPENED.
I'M GETTING OLD. MAYBE I SHOULD LISTEN TO FLO— SELL UP, RETIRE...
GRUD, I HATE IT WHEN RIGOR MORTIS GETS THEM BEFORE I DO!
WHY CAN'T THEY JUST DIE IN THEIR SLEEP? THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN HAVING TO BREAK THE BONES OF SOME—
AAAIIIIEEEEE!
NO!


YOUR SINS HAVE FOUND...YOU OUT... EBENEEZER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE... YOUR DOOM!
K-KEEP BACK FROM ME! I'M WARNING YOU—
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM...
MY NAME IS KALVIN KING, AND I WANT TO ASK YOU THIS ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION: ARE YOU A FUN UNDERWEAR PERSON?
Oh.
IF I AM, PAL, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!
NOW SCRAM, BEFORE I RUN YOU IN FOR SALACIOUS SUGGESTION!
GRUD ON A GREENIE!
AAAH!
I HEARD OF THE BUSINESS EXPANSION SCHEME— BUT THAT'S NO WAY TO GO DRUMMIN' UP NEW CUSTOMERS!
NEXT PROG:
LOVE'S EB... AND FLO


Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
THE WAGES OF SIN... IS DEATH, EBENEEZER STROUD!
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART DAVID A. ROACH
LETTERING S. POTTER
THE SCREAMING SKULL
PART 2
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!
L-LEAVE ME ALONE! GET BACK! GET BACK, I TELL YOU!
IRONIC. I CAME HERE TO TRY TO SAVE A LIFE— BUT KALVIN KINQ DIED ANYWAY, BECAUSE I MOVED HIM ON. WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF..?
AH, WHAT THE DROKK! YOU MAKE YOUR DECISIONS, YOU GOT TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH 'EM.
PUT IT DOWN, CREEP!
I SAID DOWN!
NOW ASSUME THE POSITION!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT WAS TRYING TO GET ME— I WAS ONLY DEFENDING MYSELF! I NEVER HURT A SOUL!


NO? TRY TELLIN' THAT TO THE LITTLE FAT GUY IN LACE PANTS LYIN' OUTSIDE WITH A HAMMER EMBEDDED IN HIS SKULL!
A HAMMER YOU THREW!
SO LET'S HEAR IT. WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
IT...IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
THERE'S THIS SKULL, YOU SEE. IT'S BEEN HARASSING ME— IT SAID MY SINS HAVE FOUND ME OUT, AND I'VE GOT TO MEET MY DEATH!
IT'S LIKE A GHOST. FLOELLA— THAT'S MY WIFE— SAYS IT'S A HALLUCINATION, CAUSED BY STRESS. SHE WANTS ME TO RETIRE—
WHOA! BACK UP A LITTLE...
EXACTLY WHAT SINS HAVE FOUND YOU OUT?
N-NONE! I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
YOU'RE ALREADY DOIN' TEN YEARS LYIN' TO A JUDGE IS GOOD FOR ANOTHER THREE.
NOW OUT WITH IT, CREEP— OR WOULD YOU RATHER I COME IN AN' TAKE IT?
ULP!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU!
IT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO, JUST AFTER I SET UP IN THE UNDERTAKING TRADE...

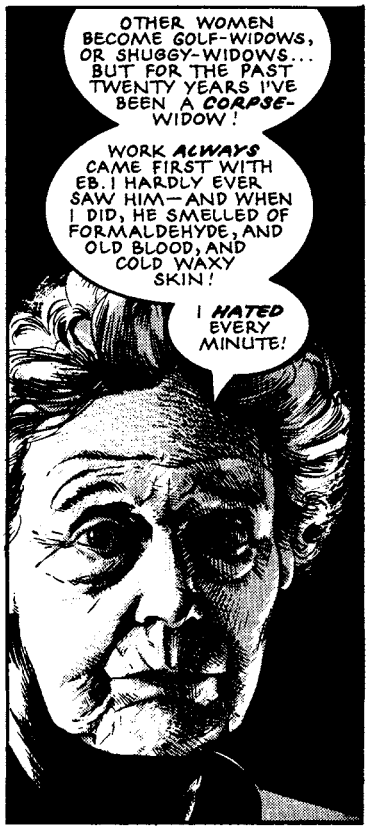

"IT WAS MY VERY FIRST CORPSE—THE SON OF A SOUTH-SIDE MILLIONAIRE. HIS PARENTS WANTED HIS BODY TO LIE IN STATE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE HE WAS RECYCLED—"
YOU CAN SAFELY LEAVE HIM TO ME, SIR—MA'AM.
"HE'D BEEN FATALLY CRUSHED BY A GRAND PIANO. NOT A PRETTY SIGHT. CERTIFIED DEAD BY THE FAMILY ROBO-DOC...
"ONLY, THERE'D BEEN SOME MISTAKE. HE WAS STILL ALIVE.
uuuh...uhh!
"MY FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO CALL FOR HELP. BUT THEN I THOUGHT—HE'S MY FIRST JOB. WHAT KIND OF IMPRESSION WOULD IT CREATE IF I HANDED HIM BACK ALIVE?
"BESIDES, HE REALLY WAS IN A BAD WAY. I DON'T THINK THE DOCS COULD HAVE SAVED HIM. WHAT I DID WAS THE ONLY HUMANE THING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES—"


CHEEZ! YOU'RE ALL HEART, EB!
I HAD TO DO IT! THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!
AND NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS— HE'S COME BACK TO HAUNT ME!
HAUNT, SHMAUNT! THERE'S NO TRACE OF ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL HERE.
ANYBODY ELSE FIND OUT WHAT YOU DID? THE PARENTS, MAYBE?
NO, NO— THEY NEVER REALISED. AND I ONLY EVER TOLD ONE OTHER PERSON...
MY WIFE... FLOELLA.
...FLOELLA STROUD?
IS... IS SOMETHING WRONG, JUDGE?
I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.

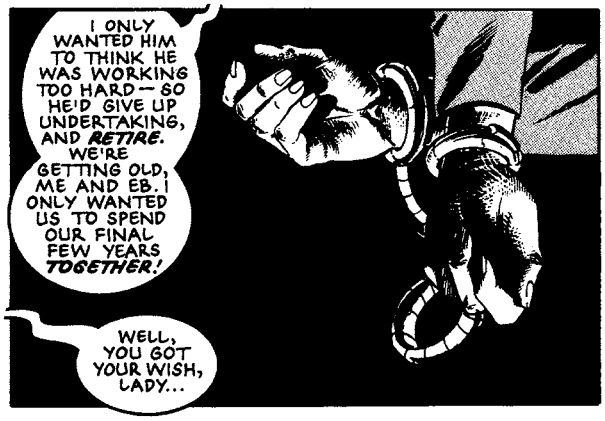

EBENEEZER?
WHAT HAPPENED? IS HE... HURT?
NO. HE'S IN A CUBE, DOIN' TWENTY YEARS FOR DOUBLE MURDER!
NO! HE CAN'T BE! THAT WASN'T ...THAT WASN'T...
WASN'T THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO WORK OUT? I DIDN'T THINK SO.
WHAT—?
WHAT'S THAT?
AIEEEEEEEEE!
AAAAAH!
...SINS HAVE FOUND YOU OUT! DEATH! DEATH...
PLEASE! GET IT AWAY FROM ME! GET IT AWAY!


NO NEED. THE HOLOGRAM'S SET TO FADE AFTER TEN SECONDS ... AS YOU WELL KNOW, CONSIDERING *YOU*'RE THE ONE WHO *SET* IT!


I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR IT TO END LIKE THIS!
I'LL BET!

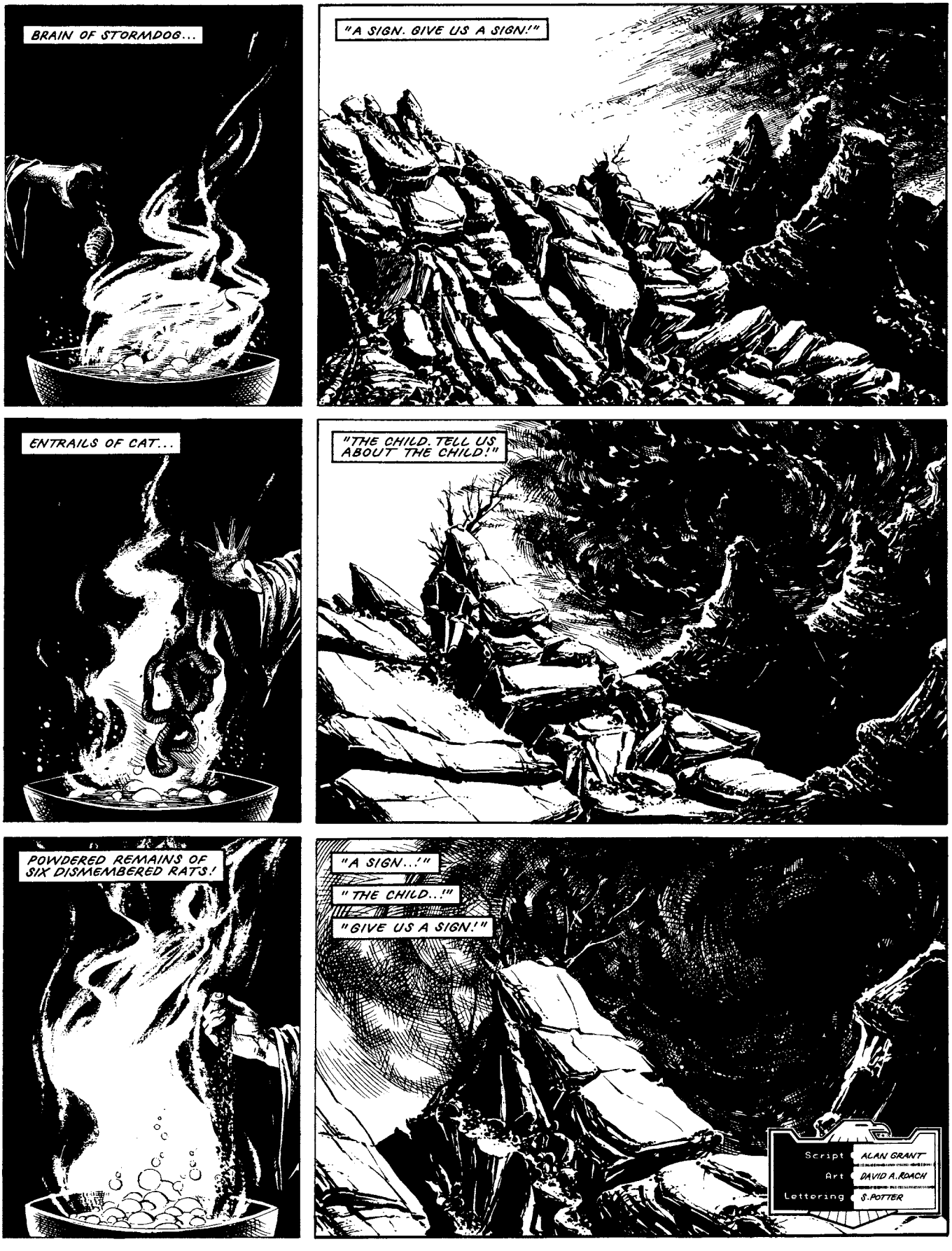

OTHER WOMEN BECOME GOLF-WIDOWS, OR SHUGGY-WIDOWS... BUT FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN A *CORPSE*-WIDOW!
WORK *ALWAYS* CAME FIRST WITH EB. I HARDLY EVER SAW HIM—AND WHEN I DID, HE SMELLED OF FORMALDEHYDE, AND OLD BLOOD, AND COLD WAXY SKIN!
I *HATED* EVERY MINUTE!

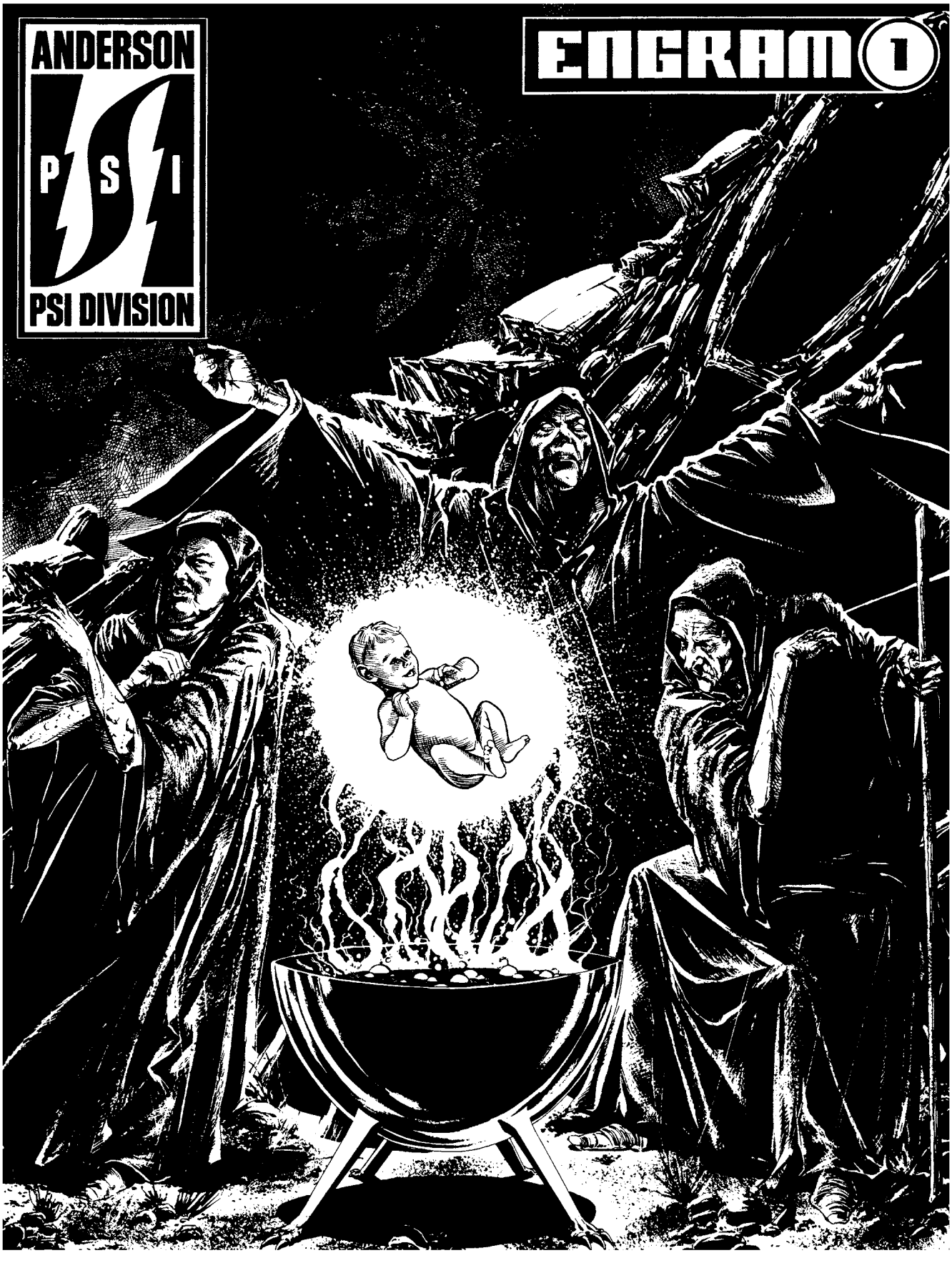

SO YOU PROGRAMMED THE SCREAMING SKULL INTO A HOLO-PROJECTOR, HOPIN' THE MEMORY OF THE MAN HE KILLED WOULD DRIVE YOUR HUSBAND MAD?
NO— NOT THAT AT ALL!


I ONLY WANTED HIM TO THINK HE WAS WORKING TOO HARD— SO HE'D GIVE UP UNDERTAKING, AND *RETIRE*. WE'RE GETTING OLD, ME AND EB. I ONLY WANTED US TO SPEND OUR FINAL FEW YEARS *TOGETHER!*
WELL, YOU GOT YOUR WISH, LADY...


I'LL SEE YOU'RE PUT IN ADJOINING CUBES!


THE END


BRAIN OF STORMDOG...
"A SIGN. GIVE US A SIGN!"
ENTRAILS OF CAT...
"THE CHILD. TELL US ABOUT THE CHILD!"
POWDERED REMAINS OF SIX DISMEMBERED RATS!
"A SIGN..!"
"THE CHILD..!"
"GIVE US A SIGN!"
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID A. ROACH
Lettering S. POTTER


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 1


THE CHILD..!
THEN IT IS TRUE!
BUT HOW WILL WE FIND HER..?
ZZZZAAKKK!
WE FOLLOW THE STORM!
THE STORM WILL LEAD US...
TO THE CHILD!

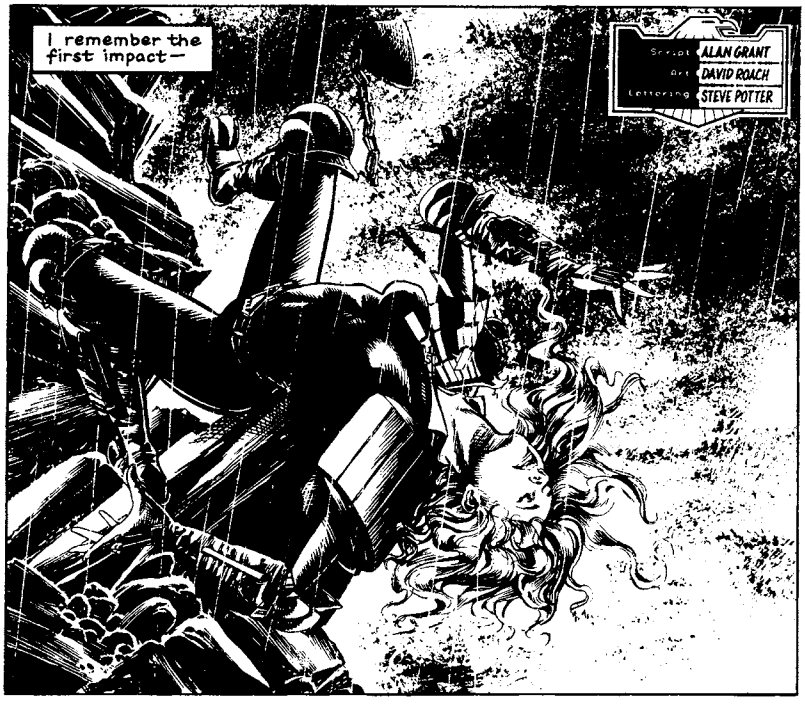

CRIMEFILE: ROM, Verona
AGE: 21
CRIME: Murder, 3 counts
CRIME: Escapee* Iso-Cube 17
CRIME: Theft of Cube Pod
MUST'VE RUN OUT OF FUEL.
Caution: Grade-C PyroKinetic
SHE'S MAKIN' FOR THE HIGH GROUND. CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD OF ME.
BRING BACK OR EXECUTE.
JUST HOPE TO GRUD I CATCH HER BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS!


RIGHT! THANKS, GRUD!
BIKE'S GOIN' NO FURTHER IN THIS!
WHAT'D I EVER DO TO DESERVE HAVIN' MY NAME TOP OF THE CURSED EARTH ROSTER...
UH-OH! I'M GETTIN' THAT OLD ITCH...
CREEP'S AROUND HERE SOMEWH-
GIVE THAT PSI A COCONUT!

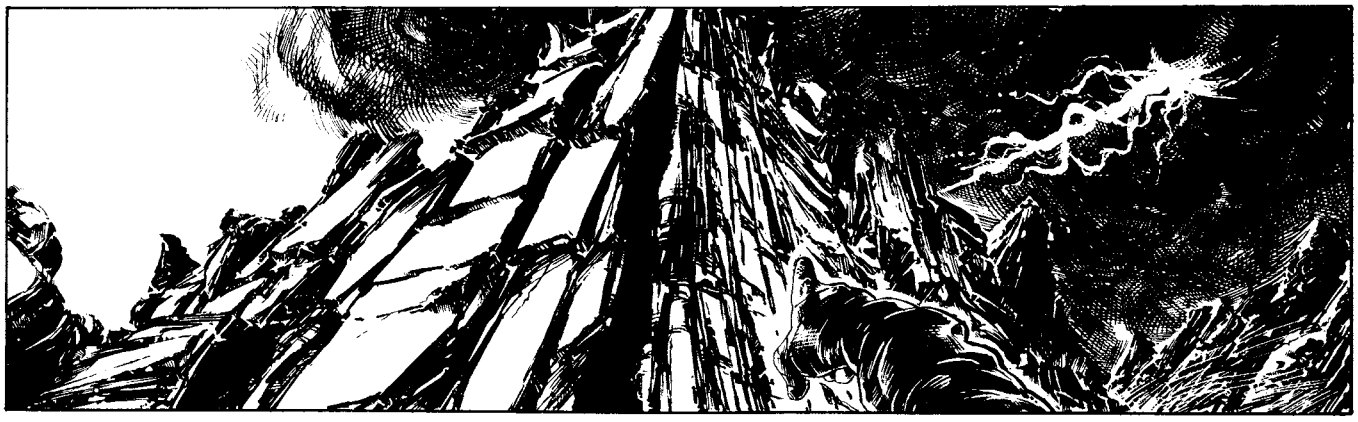

UMFFF!
UUUUNGH!
YOU WANT TO GO BACK ALIVE, ROM, STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! AN' NO TRICKS — I GOT NO QUALMS ABOUT HEFTIN' YOU BACK AS MEAT.'
OH, SHOOT!
THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY!
YOU SAID IT, HONEY.
BYE BYE!
NEXT PROG: PSIDE EFFECT!


INCIDENT REPORT: JUDGE ANDERSON / VERONA ROM
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, HONEY— YOU'RE GONNA DROP DEAD!
BOOT-KNIFE'S MY ONLY CHANCE...
BRANCH IS BURNIN' THROUGH—
It was the first time that day luck was on my side. The weather – the terrain— Verona Rom's pyrokinetics— they'd all been against me.
HUAAAAH!


Unfortunately, Rom's flame's didn't go out when she did—
KRAAK!


I remember the first impact—
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER


Then lights out.
ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 2








According to my bike log, I was out for approx three hours.


I was hurting, but not too badly hurt.


HEY—!


I climbed back up to the ledge and verified that Verona Rom was dead.
I carried her body down to where I'd left my Lawmaster, and headed straight back to the City.
I certify that this is a true and accurate account of the above incident
Signed, Cassandra Anderson, Judge, Psi-Division.


THE CHILD..?
WITHIN!
ON YOUR KNEES!
ON YOUR KNEES!
WORSHIP THE CHILD!
THE CHILD..!
THE CHILD!
THE CHILD!
THE CHILD!


GRUD ON A GREENIE!
THE CHILD...
THE CHILD!
THE CHILD!
THE CHILD!


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 3
Object Approaching
Distance: 2 miles
Missiles: Primed
HUMAN. ON A BIKE.
JUDGE?
COULD BE. NO HELMET.
YEAH. IT'S HER.
STAND DOWN THOSE MISSILES!
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER
LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD FUN!
ROM DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK. SHE TOOK A LITTLE PERSUADIN'!


HEY! TAKE YOUR STIFF WITH YOU!
I BROUGHT HER IN. YOU SCRUB HER DOWN!
MM-HMMM! FEELS GREAT TO GET THE RAD-DUST OFF!
NOTHIN' QUITE LIKE A STEAM-CLEAN TO GIVE A GIRL A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!


STRANGE— MY PSI-SENSE IS TINGLIN'... WHAT—?
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, SPYIN' ON—
Oh.
YOU CALL, ANDERSON? WHAT'S U— UUH... UH... UH...
WHAT ARE YOU GAWKIN' AT? NEVER SEEN A NAKED JUDGE BEFORE?


PITY ABOUT ROM. SHE'D HAVE BEEN A BIG ASSET TO PSI-DIV, GIVEN THE RIGHT CONTROL.
WE COULDN'T CONTROL HER, REMEMBER? ELSE SHE WOULD NEVER HAVE ESCAPED!
I SUPPOSE. YOU DID HAVE TO KILL HER, I TAKE IT?
THAT OR DIE MYSELF. IT'S ALL IN MY REPORT.
PSI
AH YES, YOUR REPORT. SEEMS STRAIGHT-FORWARD ENOUGH. ROM JUMPED YOU —YOU KNIFED HER...
YOU FELL... UNCONSCIOUS ... Hours... ..ecovered Ro..m ... body.y.y.
WHAT..?
HOW..?
ANDERSON...


ANDERSON!
HUH—?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
JUST A LITTLE DIZZY. I GUESS THAT KNOCK I TOOK OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH WAS HARDER THAN I THOUGHT!
MAYBE YOU BETTER TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS REST AN' REC.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY—A SICK PSI IS WORSE THAN NO PSI AT ALL!
WEIRD...
THERE WAS SOMETHING ALMOST... FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FIGURE. YET I'D SWEAR I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE.
WHAT IN GRUD'S NAME COULD IT MEAN?


I DONNO HOW YOU'RE DOIN' IT, CREEP—
BUT THIS IS—
AS FAR AS—
IT GOES?


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 4
OH MY GRUD!
ANDERSON— WHAT IS IT?
WHAT THE DROKK'S GOING ON?
NO! NOT AGAIN—
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER
KEEP BACK! I'M WARNING YOU...
IT'S OKAY, ANDERSON! IT'S US— JUDGES!
SHE'S FLIPPED! STAND BACK—


AAAH!
BLAM!
HOW IS SHE?
ASK HER YOURSELF, SIR. THE STUN SHOT'S WEARING OFF.
ANDERSON? CAN YOU HEAR ME, ANDERSON?
CHIEF..?
PHEW! WHAT HAPPENED? DID I... HURT ANYBODY?
YOU WENT BERSERK. AND NO, YOU DIDN'T— NOT BADLY, ANYWAY. I TAKE IT YOU HAVE AN EXPLANATION..?
UH... NOT REALLY, CHIEF.


I...I HAD SOME SORT OF HALLUCINATION. THOUGHT I SAW SPOOKS ATTACKING ME.
IS THIS AN ISOLATED INCIDENT?
I HAVE TO ADMIT—NO. THIRD TIME IT'S HAPPENED SINCE I GOT BACK IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH!
GUESS THAT KNOCK ON THE HEAD MUST'VE SHAKEN SOMETHING LOOSE, HUH?
I'M AFRAID I DON'T FIND IT AMUSING, ANDERSON. AN IMPAIRED PSI OPERATIVE IS A DANGER TO THE WHOLE DIVISION!
CONSEQUENTLY, I'VE DECIDED TO SUSPEND YOU FROM DUTY PENDING THE RESULTS OF A PSI-PROBE.
PSI-PROBE—ME? AW C'MON, CHIEF! I'M MAYBE A LITTLE OVER-WROUGHT, BUT—
YOU ATTACKED FELLOW OFFICERS. FOR ALL WE KNOW, YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED THEM. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES LIKE THAT.
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU, ANDERSON.
WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT!
WARN THE VAULTS SHE'S COMING. TELL THEM I'LL HANDLE IT MYSELF.
VERY GOOD, SIR!


SO... WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, HINE?
COULD BE SERIOUS, SIR.
IT OFTEN HAPPENS WITH OUR TOP PSIS. NO SIGN OF ANYTHING WRONG— THEN WHAM! THEIR MINDS JUST COLLAPSE.
I'M SURE I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU OF PSI-DIV'S LAST TRAGEDY— COREY, THE EMPATH, BLEW HER OWN HEAD OFF*. SHE WAS A FRIEND OF ANDERSON'S.
*THARGNOTE— SEE 2000AD SCI-FI SPECIAL 1989
YOU THINK ANDERSON MIGHT BECOME SUICIDAL?
17
WE CAN'T DISCOUNT THE POSSIBILITY. DO YOU KNOW HER HISTORY?
NOT IN DETAIL. FINE OFFICER. REBELLIOUS, BAD ATTITUDE TO AUTHORITY— BUT A TALENTED OPERATIVE NONETHELESS.
NO, I MEAN FURTHER BACK.
YOU'D BETTER READ THIS.
ANDERSON.C.
PSI DIVISION
DOES ANDERSON KNOW THE CONTENTS OF THIS?
NO.
DOES SHE SUSPECT?
PRO
ROO


NOT AS FAR AS WE KNOW.
HOPE-FULLY, THE PSI-PROBE WILL CONFIRM THAT!


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 5
ALL SYSTEMS CHECKED. POWER ON.
PSI-PROBE READY!
ANDERSON— THIS IS JUDGE SHENKER, HEAD OF PSI-DIV. I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS.
THIS APPARITION YOU THOUGHT YOU SAW... CAN YOU DESCRIBE IT?
MALE. SIX-TWO. WIDEBRIM HAT. TRENCH-COAT.
FACE MASK, THEATRICAL. I...
I CAN'T TELL WHO— WHAT— IS UNDER-NEATH!
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER


THIS FIGURE— WHAT FEELINGS DO YOU HAVE TOWARDS IT?
ANGER. HATRED. THE DESIRE TO... INFLICT PAIN...
FEA... FEAR!
DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU FEAR IT?
N-NO.
DO YOU THINK SHE'S REFERRING TO... WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S POSSIBLE. MAYBE THE BLOW TO HER HEAD DID SOMETHING TO HER...
OR MAYBE SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH!
TAKE IT DEEPER. TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT MORE POWER.
BOOSTING!
ANDERSON... YOU ARE NOW BACK IN THE CURSED EARTH. YOU'VE FOUND VERONA ROM'S CRASHED POD. YOU'RE FOLLOWING HER TRAIL.
TELL US WHAT HAPPENS—
AMBUSH. LOST MY GUN. WE FOUGHT.


I SLIPPED. SHE TRIED TO BURN ME. I'D NO OPTION.
I KILLED HER. I FELL. I WAS OUT FOR THREE HOURS. THEN I BROUGHT ROM'S BODY BACK.
AND THAT'S IT?
YES...
YOU'RE SURE?
YES. THA...
THAT'S IT.
NO MORE. THAT'S IT.
SHE SEEMS UNSURE. OR RELUCTANT.
GIVE ME ANOTHER TEN PERCENT!
BOOSTING!
ANDERSON... I WANT YOU TO TAKE US DOWN DEEPER INTO YOUR MIND. AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO. YOU UNDER-STAND?
YES. AS FAR AS I CAN GO...


"YOU'RE GOING DEEP INTO YOUR MIND. WHAT'S IT LIKE, ANDERSON?"
"IT'S MY MIND. IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M COMFORTABLE HERE."
DEEPER, ANDERSON. GO DEEPER!
"IT'S DARKER. THE ATMOSPHERE HAS ...CHANGED. BUT IT'S MY MIND. I'M NOT AFRAID!"
"THERE...THERE SEEMS TO BE A BARRIER. I HAVE TO STOP. I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER."
CAN'T YOU BREAK THROUGH? IT'S YOUR MIND, REMEMBER. YOU CAN DO ANY-THING YOU WANT!


"IT'S NO GOOD! I CAN'T... IT'S LIKE—THERE'S NOTHING THERE, BUT I CAN'T GET PAST!"
SO IT ISN'T THAT, THEN. THANK GRUD!
I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THAT CAN OF WORMS WAS EVER OPENED!
MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE BLOW ON THE HEAD.
ALL RIGHT— BRING HER OUT OF IT.
YES, SIR!
PSi
WHAT DO YOU THINK? ELECTRO-SHOCK?
SHE'S TOO SENSITIVE. COULD DAMAGE HER BEYOND REPAIR. NO, I THINK WE TREAT IT AS A TEMPORARY ABERRATION.
KEEP HER OFF DUTY. START HER IN A REINDOCTRINATION CLASS. WITH A LITTLE LUCK, REINFORCE-MENT IS ALL SHE NEEDS.
I HOPE SO. SHE'S ONE OF OUR BEST.
PSi
I'D REALLY HATE TO LOSE HER!


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 6
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER
A JUDGE'S FIRST DUTY IS TO UPHOLD THE LAW AT ALL TIMES.
MEGA-CITY ONE KNIGHT OF LAW
IT IS YOUR PRIME DUTY TO UPHOLD THE LAW. WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG, GOOD OR BAD, IS NOT YOUR CONCERN!
ALL RIGHT— TAKE TEN FOR LUNCH!
ON OCCASION, YOU MAY HAVE CAUSE TO DOUBT THE LAWS YOU ENFORCE. YOU MAY CONSIDER THEM UNREASONABLE — UNFAIR, EVEN.
DO NOT BROOD ON THOUGHTS LIKE THIS. REPORT THEM AT ONCE TO YOUR SENIOR JUDGE.
WHEW! I FEEL LIKE A FIVE-YEAR-OLD GREENIE AGAIN!
SNAP!
WHAT YOU IN FOR?
IN FOR..? OH.
I...UH, I BOPPED A COLLEAGUE. YOU?
I KEEP GETTING... URGES.


YEAH? IT'S A SURGEON YOU SHOULD BE SEEIN'!
HOBDEN
NO, NOT LIKE THAT. URGES TO... HURT PERPS. I MEAN, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH THAT I ARREST 'EM...


I WANT TO HURT 'EM, TOO. LIKE—BEAT THE CRUD OUTTA THE SLIMY, DOUBLE-DEALIN', GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN'—
HEY, HEY! SAVE IT FOR THE STREETS, HOBDEN. I'D HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D GO DOWN A BOMB OUT THERE!


IT'S ALL RIGHT. I HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL. A LITTLE REINDOCTRINATION'S ALL I NEED.
JEEZ! AN' I THOUGHT I HAD PROBLEMS!


YEAH— AN' I DO, TOO. THAT SPOOK I KEEP SEEIN' JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY SHOULD IT SEEM SO... FAMILIAR?


A JUDGE MUST ALWAYS BE AWARE THAT PEOPLE ARE *LIARS*. ANY DEALINGS WITH THE CITIZENRY, BEAR THIS FACT IN MIND—


BETTER THAN 90 PERCENT OF ALL CITIZENS WILL BREAK THE LAW AT LEAST ONCE IN THEIR LIFETIME. PUT BLUNTLY, THIS MEANS NINE OUT OF EVERY TEN PEOPLE ON OUR STREETS ARE EITHER PERPS, OR POTENTIAL PERPS.


NEVER TRUST A CITIZEN! PROTECT THEM— YES. SUSPECT THEM— YES. BU..T NE..ver tru..st ...th
GRUD!
IT'S HAPPENIN' AGAIN! THE WHEEL—
ANDERSON! WHAT—
NO! IT'S NOT REAL! I CAN'T SEE IT...I WON'T SEE IT!
YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDERSON?
ANDERSON..?
HERE— LET ME...
NO! KEEP BACK! I'M WARNIN' YOU—
STAY BACK!


DON'T TOUCH ME!
NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!
DON'T TOUCH MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.....
WHAT HAPPENED, HINE?
TUTOR SAID SHE JUST FREAKED OUT. PUT TWO OF THEM IN MED-BAY BEFORE THEY SUBDUED HER!
UN-FORTUNATELY, SHE DIDN'T SNAP OUT OF IT THIS TIME.
DAMN! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING THE PROBE MISSED!
SHE'S IN HERE NOW..?


"YES. I'M AFRAID SHE IS."
COMING SOON—BOOK 2:
"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY CASS?"

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

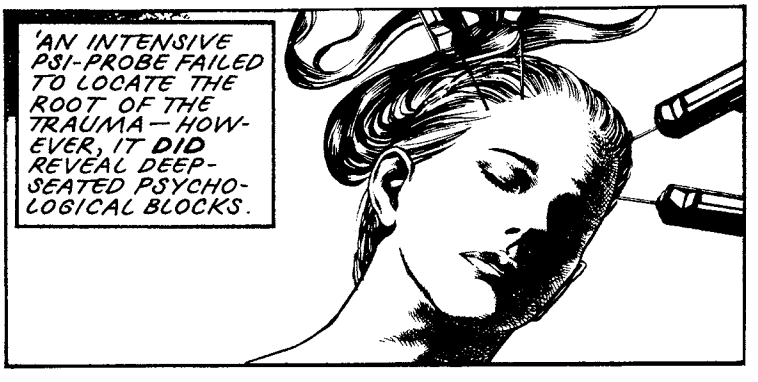
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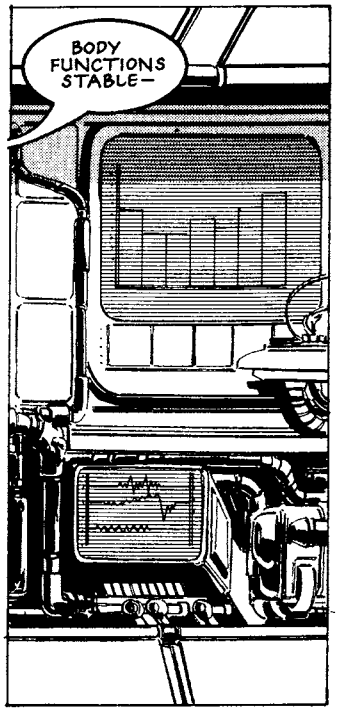


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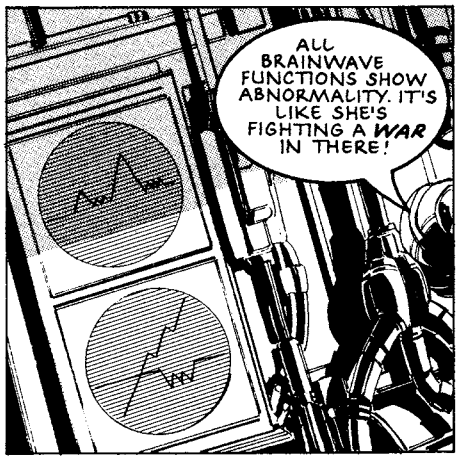
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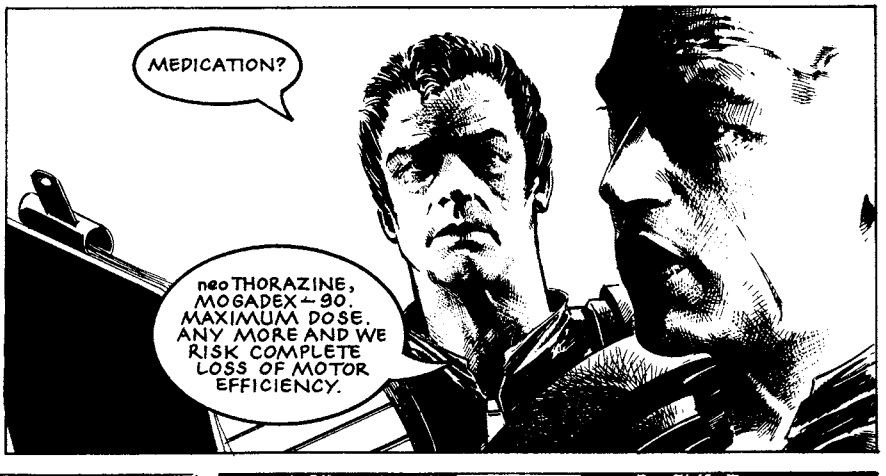
Script: ALAN GRANT
Art: DAVID ROACH
Lettering: STEVE POTTER
















DEATH


IT'S ALL OUT OF CONTROL...
EVERYTHING I WAS—EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN THROUGH—ERUPTING IN MY MIND LIKE GENIES OUT A BOTTLE.
IT HURTS. I WANT TO RUN, BUT MY LEGS WON'T MOVE. I TRY TO FIGHT, BUT MY ARMS ARE HELD TIGHT.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT—
AND THAT'S TO GO IN.
MY MIND IS A GRAVEYARD—


A STORE FOR ALL MY DEAD HOPES...
MY DEAD DREAMS...
MY DEAD FRIENDS.
WAS COREY RIGHT? SHOULD WE HAVE REFUSED ALL ALONG TO PERVERT OUR BEAUTIFUL GIFTS?
IS IT BETTER TO DIE THAN TO BETRAY YOURSELF?
EVERYTHING DIES IN THE END. BURIED IN MEMORY, FORGOTTEN TILL IT FADES, LIKE IT NEVER HAD EXISTED—
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. I'M ALIVE!
CRAZY—SEDATED—STRAPPED... BUT ALIVE!
EVEN THE LITTLE THINGS—
MAYBE...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF GRUD..?


YOUUR COACHHH, MYY LADYY!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 8

Script: ALAN GRANT
Art: DAVID ROACH
Lettering: STEVE POTTER






ALL RIGHT— LET'S SAY I DID. WHY?
SSOMETHINGG ABOUT A LITTLE GIRLLL, I SSUSSPECT..?
A LITTLE GIRL... ME. CASSANDRA ANDERSON, DIED AGE 3. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
I AM TO TAKE YOUU WHERE YOUU MAYY FIND THE ANSSWERSS YOUU SSEEK.
CASSANDRA ANDERSON DIED AGE 3
OF COURSSE, YOUU MAYY NOT LIKE WHAT YOU FIND THERE. BUT YOUU DON'T HAVE TO GO. IT ISS YOUR MIND, AFTER ALL!
PERSSONALLY, I'D SSTAY HERE. GRAVEYARDSS ARE SSO... SSSOOTHING!
DEATH
SSTILL— YOUU 'RE THE CRAZY ONE. YOUR ORDERSS..?
JUST TAKE ME WHEREVER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO.
AND SHUT UP!
YOUR EVERY WISSSH ISS MY COMMAND!
DEATH
HA HA HA HA HA HA!


IT COULD BE A TRICK—
I HAD DEATH TRAPPED IN MY MIND FOR MONTHS. MORE THAN POSSIBLE HE USED THE TIME TO LAY TRAPS FOR ME—SOME KIND OF PSI-BOMB, MAYBE.
BUT I KNOW IT'S NOT HIM. WHATEVER'S DRIVING ME INSANE IS BURIED DEEPER THAN HE'S EVER BEEN!
LIKE HE SAID—IT'S MY MIND. I'M IN CHARGE. ONLY WAY I'LL EVER GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IS BY GOING ALONG WITH WHAT HAPPENS...
I HOPE!


JOURNEYY'S END, CASSSANDRA—
BEHOLD—THE HALL OF THE JUDGESSS!


WHAT IN THE NAME OF GRUD..?
DON'T ASSK ME. I TOLD YOUU— THISS ISS YOUUR SSHOW!
WE GO IN?
YOUU DO. I HAVE PLAYYED MYY PART.
FAREWELL, CASSSANDRA.
SEE YOUU IN HELL, PERHAPSS!
THE SYMBOLISM'S OBVIOUS. HAVING THE DARK JUDGE BRING ME REPRESENTS MY OWN DEATH—
THESE GIANT STATUES— THE JUDGES OF THE HUMAN SOUL.
WHATEVER'S LURKING IN MY PAST— WHATEVER'S DOING THIS TO ME NOW— THIS IS WHERE WE MEET!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

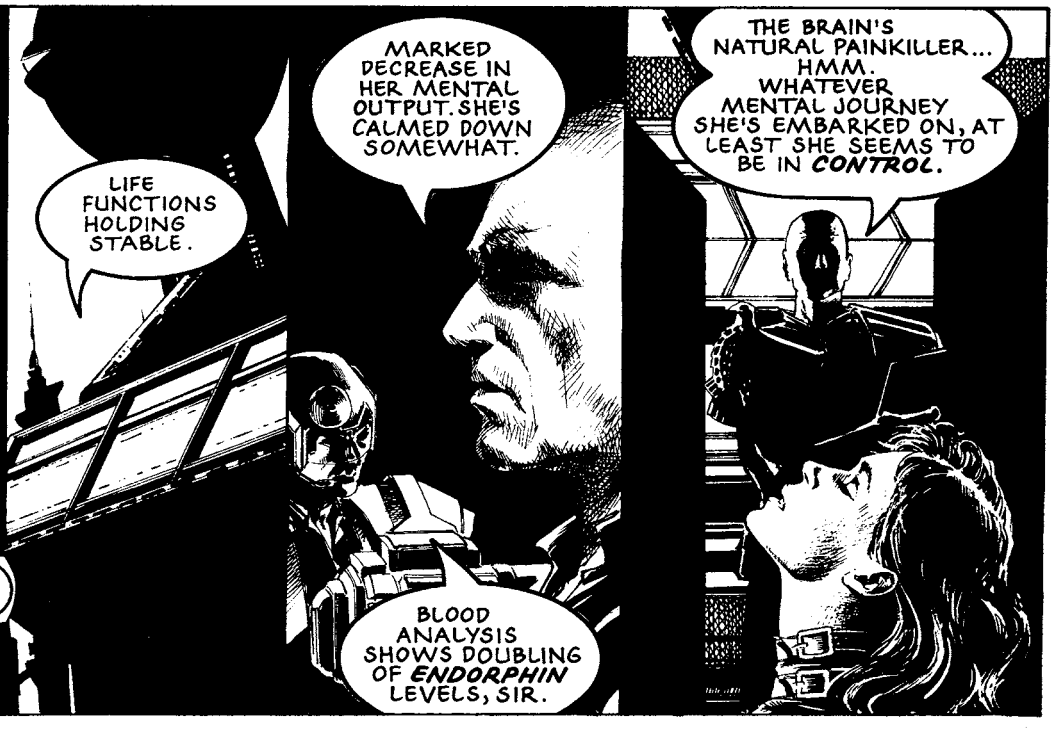
ENGRAM 9

2000 AD Credit Card

Script ALAN GRANT

Art DAVID ROACH

Lettering STEVE POTTER








SO WHO DID? THE JUDGES?
AND WHY?
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW THAT, ANDERSON.
YOU WERE A GOOD JUDGE. GO BACK!
NO. I'VE COME TOO FAR.
THAT WAS AN ORDER, ANDERSON! GO BACK, DAMN YOU! NOW!
CASS... YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. YOU'LL BE HURT. PLEASE GO BACK... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
AND DAMN YOU, JOE DREDD! THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'RE HIDING — SOMETHING JUSTICE DEPT DON'T WANT ME TO KNOW —
EMPATH COREY. MY FRIEND. IRONIC, THAT JUSTICE DEPT'S LAST LINE OF DEFENCE SHOULD BE LOVE.


SORRY, COREY. BUT I HAVE TO DECIDE FOR MYSELF WHAT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD.
SO WHAT NOW, CASS?
WHATEVER'S OVER THERE, THEY'VE TAKEN A LOT OF TROUBLE TO HIDE IT FROM ME. THEY DIDN'T DO THAT WITHOUT GOOD REASON.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK...
BUT TO WHAT? INSANITY? THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH MY ARMS STRAPPED ROUND MY BODY— SPOON FED—
TILL THE CITY'S TOP TELEPATH DECAYS INTO A DROOLING, BABBLING CRONE?
NO! NOT CASS ANDERSON!
UH-OH. LOOKS LIKE I MISJUDGED THEM. LOVE WAS ONLY THE SECOND-LAST RESORT!


NO MORE WARNINGS! YOU GO NO FURTHER!
I AM THE GUARDIAN OF WHAT IS FORBIDDEN! THE KEEPER OF SECRETS! THE KEY TO THE MYSTERIES!
NONE MAY PASS ME BY!
NONE!
JUDGE HINE! STRESS HORMONE LEVELS UP 200%— AND RISING!
SWEET GRUD!

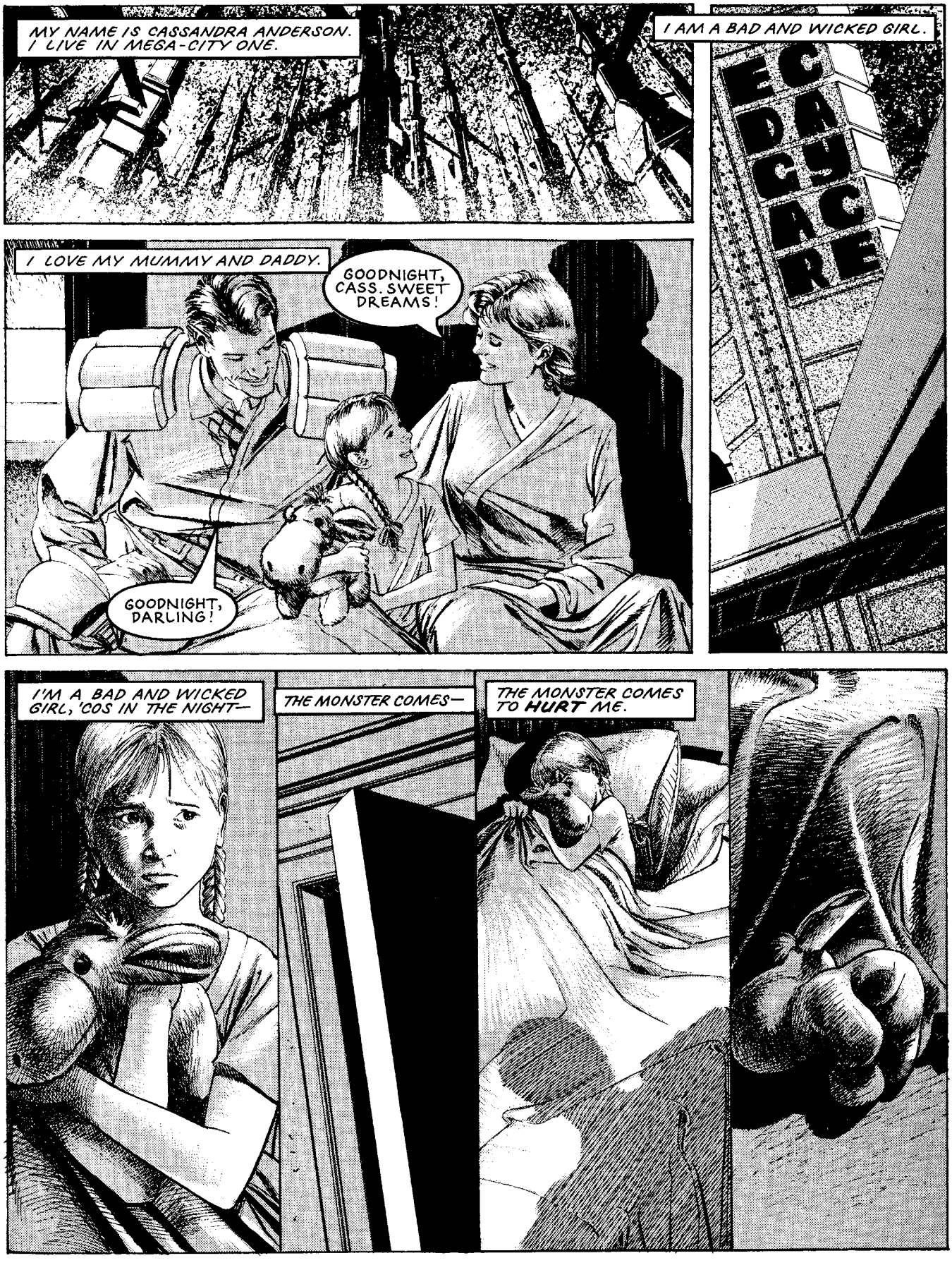

SHE'S IN TROUBLE!
YOU CANNOT HURT ME I CANNOT BE DESTROYED!
TOO STRONG FOR ME—
TOO FAST FOR ME—
ONE LAST CHANCE! GO BACK—OR DIE!
THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! NOTHING CAN BE SO IMPORTANT IT'S WORTH JUSTICE DEPT KILLING ME!
THIS THING HAS TO BE BLUFFING!


I CAN BEAT IT.!
I WILL FIND OUT!
NOW, CASS—LET'S JUST SEE WHAT THE HELL THIS IS ALL ABOUT!


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 10
THE MIST CLOSES AROUND ME, EMBRACING ME IN ITS COLD, SAD TENDRILS.
I RECOGNISE ITS CLAMMY FEEL. I'VE TASTED THAT DAMP, PAINFUL SADNESS BEFORE.
I USED TO COME HERE. A LONG TIME AGO...
WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL.
2000 AD Credit Card
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER
MY NAME IS CASSANDRA ANDERSON.
DON'T WORRY, HONEY.
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.
THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.


MY FEET ARE LIKE LEAD.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE MY LAST HEARTBEAT, I WONDER NUMBLY IF IT'S STOPPED.
I KNOW I'M GOING TO HELL.
JUDGE HINE—!
GRUD! WHAT NOW, MAN?


ALL PHYSICAL FUNCTIONS ARE SLOWING, SIR.
MENTAL OUTPUT, TOO. IT'S ALL FLATTENING OUT!
SIR... DO YOU THINK SHE'S ...DYING?


MY NAME IS CASSANDRA ANDERSON. I LIVE IN MEGA-CITY ONE.
I AM A BAD AND WICKED GIRL.
EDUCARE
I LOVE MY MUMMY AND DADDY.
GOODNIGHT, CASS. SWEET DREAMS!
GOODNIGHT, DARLING!
I'M A BAD AND WICKED GIRL, 'COS IN THE NIGHT—
THE MONSTER COMES—
THE MONSTER COMES TO HURT ME.


I SAID I'D TELL MY MUMMY—
AND THE MONSTER'S SCRATCHY VOICE WHISPERED THAT HE'D KILL ME.
I SAID I'D TELL MY DADDY—
BUT THE MONSTER HISSED MY DADDY KNEW AND SAID IT WAS ALL RIGHT.
I'M A BAD AND WICKED GIRL.
I MADE A DOLL.
THEN I HURT THE DOLL AND THOUGHT AND THOUGHT TILL MY HEAD WENT RED.
I HURT THE DOLL TO HURT THE MONSTER.
BUT IT WAS MY DADDY WHO DIED.


MY NAME IS CASSANDRA ANDERSON. I'M THREE YEARS OLD. I'M A BAD AND WICKED GIRL.
WHY?
I ONLY WANTED TO HURT THE MONSTER.
WHY DID MY DADDY DIE?
OH, CHILD...
CHILD...!
MY NAME IS CASSANDRA ANDERSON. I KILLED MY FATHER. BUT THE MONSTER DIDN'T DIE.
JUSTICE DEPT LOCKED HIM AWAY...
HERE.


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 11
2000 AD Credit Card
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER
LIFE FUNCTIONS MINIMAL BUT STABLE.
ALL MENTAL FUNCTIONS GOING OFF THE SCALE!
SEVERE TRAUMA!
MY NAME'S CASSANDRA ANDERSON. I'M THREE YEARS OLD.
I'M TERRIFIED.
PLEASE! DON'T LET THE MONSTER HURT ME!
THE MISTS ROLL AWAY, AND I'M FACE TO FACE WITH MY OWN PERSONAL MONSTER.


I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!
I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU TELL!
HAHA HAHAHAHA HAHA!
MY NAME'S CASSANDRA ANDERSON. I'M ALMOST THIRTY YEARS OLD.
I'M TERRIFIED.
AND THEN THE TRUTH HITS ME IN THE GUT LIKE A STEEL BOOT—
I'M A BAD AND WICKED GIRL. PLEASE DON'T LET THE MONSTER HURT ME!
CASSANDRA—YOU'RE NOT A BAD GIRL! IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT!
THE MONSTER'S DEAD! YOU KILLED IT!
IT'S ONLY YOUR FEAR THAT'S KEEPING IT ALIVE NOW! THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, CASSANDRA—
DON'T BE AFRAID!


I... I AM AFRAID! IT SCARES ME..!
PLEASE, CASS. TRY. FOR ME. FOR YOURSELF.
PLEASE TRY.
ALL-ALL RIGHT.
I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU ANY MORE! I'M NOT!
NOW GO AWAY! GO AWAY!
I SAID GO AWAAAAY!


I KILLED THE MONSTERS! I'M NOT A BAD GIRL!
AND I'M NOT AFRAID!
NO, CASS—
YOU'RE NOT AFRAID—
AND NEITHER AM I. NOT ANY MORE.
SAME WITH BODY FUNCTIONS, SIR!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE READ-OUTS—EVERYTHING—ARE BACK TO NORMAL!
SHE'S COMING OUT OF IT!
ALERT SECURITY! SHE MIGHT TURN VIOLENT AGAIN—
DON'T WORRY.
I'VE BEEN AWAY, BUT I'M BACK NOW.
SO... IF ONE OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GIVE A LADY A HAND WITH HER STRAPS..?



NEXT PROG: HAIL THE MEPSIAH?


ANDERSON
PSI
PSI DIVISION
ENGRAM 12
FIFTY MILES OUTSIDE THE CITY, AND I CAN FEEL THAT BABY'S POWER LIKE A BEACON.
THEN IT SHUTS OUT. THEY KNOW I'M COMING.
YOU MUTANTS! I KNOW YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE.
I MEAN YOU NO HARM!
BELIEVE ME NOW?
SHY, HUH?
I WANT TO SEE THE CHILD.
2000 AD Credit Card
Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER


'COURSE, I COULD HAVE HOMED IN ON THEM MYSELF. BUT THEY'D HAVE MET ME WITH GUNS—
AND THERE'S BEEN MORE THAN ENOUGH HURT ALREADY.
THE SHE-JUDGE!
YOU REMEMBERED?
BUT HOW?
YOU MEAN—HOW'D I CRACK THE MEMORY BLOCK YOU HAD THE KID PUT ON ME? WHEN YOU'RE TRYIN' TO HIDE SOMETHING, YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T LET SOMETHING WORSE OUT OF THE BOX!
CAN I SEE HER?
FOR A MOMENT I FEEL SUDDENLY STUPID. I'M A GROWN WOMAN—SHE'S A WEEK-OLD KID...


YET I'M AN INSECT IN HER PRESENCE.
TOUCH HER.
MY HAND HOVERS, UNSURE. WHAT IF IT'S ANOTHER TRICK? WHAT IF THIS TIME SHE DESTROYS MY MIND?
NO. SHE PROMISES.
CLEAR SKIES. FRESH AIR.
CRYSTAL WATER. GREEN LIFE.
LOVE. RESPECT. A LITTLE DIGNITY.


MAYBE THE WORLD NEVER WAS THAT WAY.
BUT THE KID SAYS— MAYBE IT COULD BE.
MAYBE.
SHE IS THE PURE CHILD, BORN TO THE UNCLEAN.
SHE SHOWS US WHAT MIGHT BE.
WE CALL HER HOPE.
IF YOU STAY HERE, THEY'LL FIND YOU. HER POWER'S JUST TOO STRONG.
ONE DAY THEY'LL COME AND TAKE HER ... OR KILL HER.
YOU ARE A JUDGE, OF THE CITY. YOU ARE ONE OF THEM! WHY WOULD YOU CARE?
I'M A JUDGE, YEAH. BUT LATELY I'VE REALISED— THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. I'M A HUMAN BEING FIRST.
LET'S JUST SAY I LIKE KIDS.
"GO DEEPER INTO THE CURSED EARTH.


"CARE FOR HER. BRING HER UP RIGHT. TEACH HER HOW TO CONTROL HER POWER.
"ABOVE ALL, NEVER LET HER FORGET HOW IMPORTANT HER GIFT IS. AN' LIKE A FRIEND OF MINE ONCE SAID—
"PEOPLE WITH BEAUTIFUL GIFTS SHOULD NEVER DO UGLY THINGS."
THE WORLD'S A CESSPIT. I DUNNO WHAT ONE KID CAN DO TO CLEAN IT UP.. EVEN ONE WITH POWER LIKE THAT.
BUT MAYBE—JUST MAYBE—
A LITTLE HOPE IS ALL WE NEED.
The End

JUDGE ANDERSON

in THE HAUNTING



2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
STACCATO

ART ROBOT
KIM RAYMOND

LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E






HARDLY AN ORIGINAL OPENING LINE, CREEP! NOW, HOLD STILL!
CURSE YOU! CURSE YOU! CURSE YOU!
JUDGE ANDERSON BRINGS HER MIND INTO TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH THAT OF THE UNFORTUNATE DOCTOR LEVIN —
PSI
AND DEMONIC IMAGES FLOOD IN!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, JUDGE?
LOOKS LIKE A CLASSIC CASE OF DEMONIC POSSESSION! BETTER GIVE ME THE FACTS!
DOCTOR LEVIN IS CURATOR OF MEGA-CITY'S MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES. A FEW DAYS AGO HE CAME ACROSS THIS BOTTLE IN THE VAULTS. IT'S PERSIAN, DEDICATED TO THE DEVIL-GOD DAHAK.
EVER SINCE HE OPENED IT, HE'S GOT WORSE!
WE'VE BEEN TREATING HIM FOR SPLIT PERSONALITY. I MEAN, DEMONIC POSSESSION JUST DOESN'T HAPPEN IN THIS DAY AND AGE.
IT HAPPENS, ALL RIGHT!


IN TECHNICAL TERMS, DAHAK HAS **ABDUCTED** DOCTOR LEVIN'S MIND. ABDUCTION IS **ILLEGAL**. WE'RE TALKING HEAVY LAWBREAKING HERE!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?


I'M GOING TO GO IN THERE AND **ARREST** THE PERP!


HOLD HIM STILL. I'M GOING TO TRY TO ESTABLISH **TOTAL TELEPATHIC EMPATHY** WITH HIM – ENTER HIS MIND AND TACKLE THE DEMON THERE!

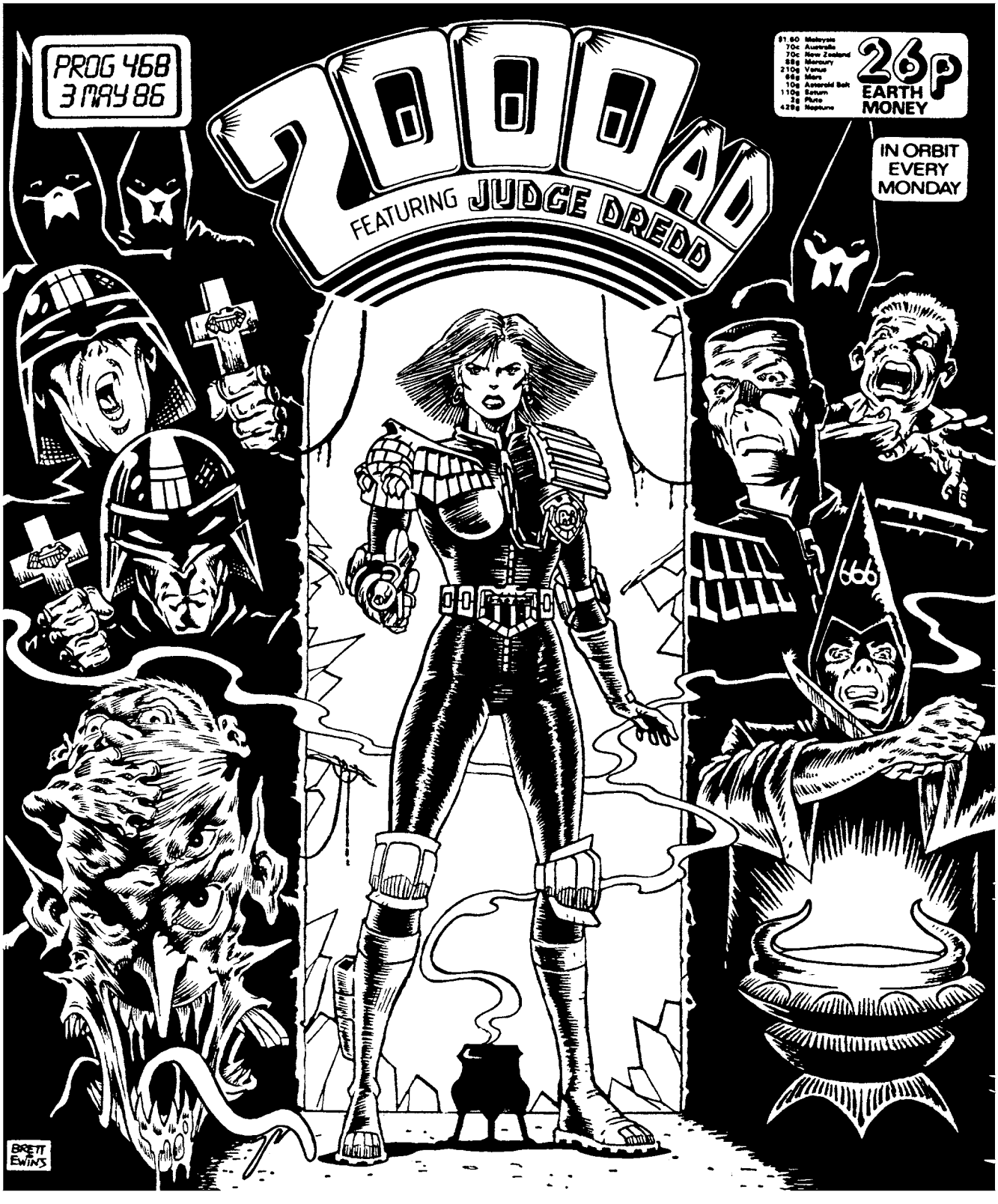

DON'T TRY, ANDERSON! I'LL KILL YOU! YOU'LL **DIE** IN LEVIN'S HEAD!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, CREEP!


I'M COMING IN!
ANDERSON'S **PSYCHIC IMAGE** IS RELEASED...


...TO APPEAR INSIDE LEVIN'S MIND.
DAHAK! I CAN MAKE IT EASY OR TOUGH—IT'S YOUR CHOICE!
PITIFUL MORTAL! ALL YOU WILL FIND HERE IS DEATH!
DROKK!
MITTS OFF!
LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT TO GET MEAN!


BDAM!
BDAM!
PITY. I'VE GOT SUCH A SWEET NATURE, TOO!
JUDGE ANDERSON
DIED NOW
CUTE! LEAST HE'S SPELT MY NAME RIGHT!
YOU HAVE SEEN BUT A FRACTION OF MY EVIL! HA HA HA!
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO BUG ME, CREEP!
LAUGH THIS OFF!
KPOW!
THE FUN'S OVER, DAHAK! YOU'RE BOOKED! SHOULD'VE MADE IT EASY, LIKE I SAID!
NOW GET BACK IN THE BOTTLE— OR I'LL SEND YOU EVEN FURTHER INTO HELL!
THE DEMON'S WORLD TURNS TO MIST —
OKAY, OKAY! I KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD ENOUGH!


GLAD WE DIDN'T HAVE FEMALE JUDGES TO CONTEND WITH BACK IN ANCIENT PERSIA!
SHE'S COMING OUT OF IT!
INCREDIBLE! HOW DID YOU DO IT, JUDGE?
I-I'M WELL AGAIN! THE DEMON'S LEFT ME!
EASY. DAHAK WAS SO BUSY PLAYING MIND-GAMES, HE LEFT HIMSELF WIDE OPEN FOR A RIGHT TO THE JAW! A SPECIALITY OF MINE!
DAHAK'S BOTTLE IS ENCASED IN A CUBE OF INDESTRUCTIBLE PLASTICRETE. AND LATER THAT DAY——
DEMON AWAY!
FOREVER MORE DAHAK WILL LIE DEEP BENEATH THE FOETID WATERS OF THE BLACK ATLANTIC. THE SENTENCE IS LIFE IN SOLITARY!
The End



2000 AD Prog 468: Cover by **Brett Ewins**

WRITERS

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

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

ARTISTS

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.

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*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Vector 13* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

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' *Green Candles*, and is co-creator of *The Bogie Man* with John Wagner and Alan Grant.

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!

Kitson has worked for a wide range of non-*2000 AD* publishers, including stints on *Batman*, *Captain Britain*, *JLA*, *L.E.G.I.O.N.*, *Superman*, *Titans* and *Secret Invasion: Fantastic Four*

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

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.

Mark Farmer has illustrated several *Future Shocks*, plus *Judge Anderson* and *Sláine* stories, as well as providing spot illustrations for *D. R. & Quinch's Agony Page*. Beyond *2000 AD*, he has illustrated Marvel's *Excalibur* and *The Incredible Hulk*.

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.

David Roach stormed on to the *2000 AD* scene with Book 8 of *Nemesis the Warlock*, before going on to illustrate *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Killer, Past Imperfect* and *Synammon* as well as providing the inks for *Killer* and *Rogue Trooper*. Outside of *2000 AD* he has worked on various titles including *Batman, Star Wars, Star Trek* and *Aliens*. He has also provided hundreds of illustrations for Wizards of The Coast's classic RPG *Dungeons & Dragons*.

Arthur Ranson has long been one of *2000 AD*'s most popular artists; having made his initial impact working on *Judge Anderson*, he teamed up with John Wagner to create the highly acclaimed *Button Man* series, and later with Alan Grant for *Mazeworld*. He has also co-created the character of pyrokinetic Mega-City One citizen Juliet November, and illustrated both *Judge Dredd* and several *Future Shocks*.
Ranson's most recent non-*2000 AD* work has been for Marvel Comics, on *X-Factor* , *X-Treme X-Men X-Posé* and *Soldier X*.

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

Kim Raymond has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog* and *Time Twisters.*



SHE KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE THINKING!

Cassandra Anderson is a member of Psi-Division, the psychic section of the Justice Department. A precognitive telepath and empath, she can detect crimes before they are committed!

This bumper volume contains over 400 pages of thrilling action, with stories written by Alan Grant (*Batman*), John Wagner (*Judge Dredd*) and features the stunning artwork of Brett Ewins (*Bad Company*), Mark Farmer (*The Incredible Hulk*) and Arthur Ranson (*Button Man*) amongst others.

2000 AD

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