

# MEGA-CITY UNDERCOVER

VOL. 02

LIVING THE LOW LIFE

ROB WILLIAMS ★ SMUDGE ★ D'ISRAELI ★ RUFUS DAYGLO



# INTRODUCTION

IT TAKES A SPECIAL KIND OF JUDGE TO GO UNDERCOVER ON THE MEAN STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE – ESPECIALLY IN THE CRIME-INFESTED LOW LIFE; THE NASTIEST PART OF THE ‘BIG MEG.’ THIS DIVISION OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT KNOWN AS THE ‘WALLY SQUAD’ CONTAINS SOME OF THE BRAVEST INDIVIDUALS WORKING THE STREETS – AND ALSO SOME OF THE MOST UNHINGED!

## A QUICK GUIDE TO THE LOW LIFE WALLY SQUAD JUDGES



### AIMEE NIXON

A grade-A student at the Justice Academy with an uncanny ability to beat any lie detector, Nixon was an ideal candidate for Wally Squad duty. Her dedication to the job led her to voluntarily have her left arm removed and replaced with a robotic one so that she could blend into the Low Life more easily.



### DIRTY FRANK

Completely lacking any sense of personal hygiene, Frank or ‘Dirty Frank’ as he so often refers to himself, is a Judge who has been undercover for far too long. Although he is totally insane, Frank is still able to uphold the law and keep order on the meanest streets of Mega-City One.



### ERIC ‘MORTAL’ COIL

After graduating with honours from the Justice Academy, great things were expected of Judge Eric Coil. However, after a disastrous mission in the Cursed Earth, Coil suffered the effects of prolonged exposure to radiation which mutated him back into an infant form.



### THORA

Another young female Judge operating in the Low Life, Thora has undergone the latest in complete body-change surgery and now resembles a Mega-City One pensioner, or ‘eldster’ as they are referred to by their fellow citizens.

**ROB WILLIAMS**

Writer

**RUFUS DAYGLO ★ D'ISRAELI ★ SMUDGE**

Artists

**RUFUS DAYGLO**

Cover Artist

**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 & Luke Preece

Reprographics: Kathryn Symes

PR: Michael Molcher

Original Commissioning Editor: Matt Smith

# MEGA -CITY UNDER COVER

LIVING THE  
LOW LIFE

**VOL. 02**

Originally serialised in the *Judge Dredd Magazine* 271-274 and *2000 AD Progs* 1624-1631, Prog 2010, Progs 1700-1709 Copyright © 2008, 2009, 2010 and 2012 Rebellion A/S. All Rights Reserved. *Low Life* and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of Rebellion A/S. *2000 AD* is a registered trademark. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional.

Published by Rebellion,  
Riverside House, Osney  
Mead, Oxford OX2 0ES.  
[www.rebellion.co.uk](http://www.rebellion.co.uk)

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

For information on other 2000 AD graphic novels, or if you have any comments on this book, please email [books@2000ADonline.com](mailto:books@2000ADonline.com)

To find out more about 2000 AD, visit [www.2000ADonline.com](http://www.2000ADonline.com)

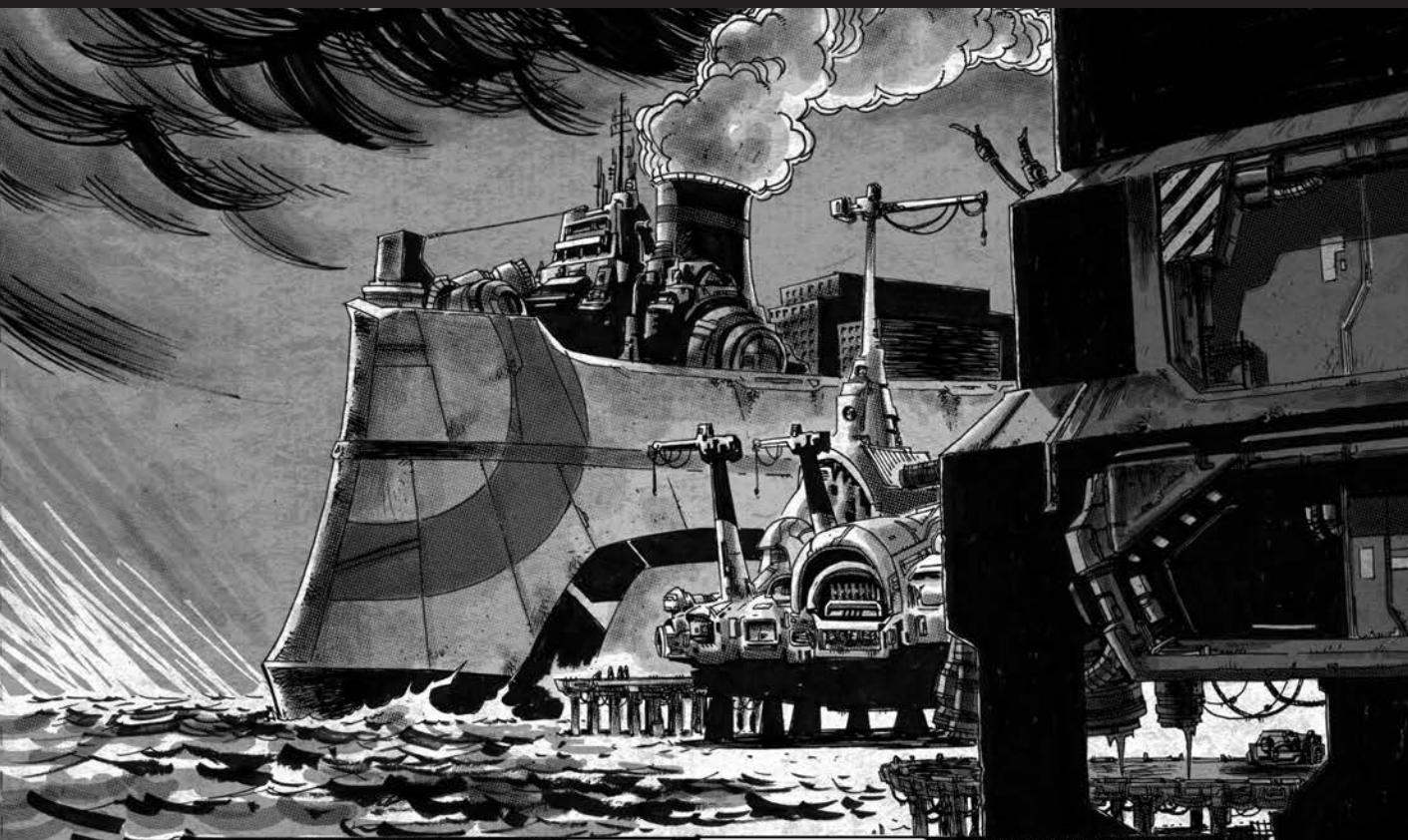




# WAR WITHOUT BLOODSHED

Script: Rob Williams  
Art: Rufus Dayglo  
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazines* 271 - 274



WAKE UP.

YOU NODDED OFF THERE FOR A SECOND, SAM.

G-GO TO HELL, BERNIE.

I'M ALREADY HERE. IT'S CALLED THE LOW LIFE.

THIS BAD-TRIP CITY AIN'T A GOOD PLACE TO BE WITH NO CRED'S IN YOUR POCKET AN' NO PURPOSE TO YOUR DAYS.

NO RESPECT. NOTHIN' TO LIVE FOR.

NO JOB.

SO HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO, SAM.

TOMORROW MORNING YOU'RE GOING TO GET RID OF A QUARTER OF THE DROID'S WORKING YOUR WAREHOUSES DOWN HERE. NOTHING TOO OBVIOUS. WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT SUSPICION.

AND YOU'RE GOIN' TO START HIRING GOOD HONEST CITIZENS TO TAKE THEIR PLACE. **UNION** GUYS. YOU'RE GOIN' TO PAY THEM A BASIC WAGE, SAM. GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

OR... ?

AW, C'MON NOW. WE'RE BOTH MEN OF THE WORLD, RIGHT?



FORGET IT.

YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT'S TAKEN ME TO BUILD UP MY BUSINESS DOWN HERE? HOW MANY YEARS I'VE WORKED?


YOU THINK I CAN BE COMPETITIVE WITH HUMAN WORKERS? I'LL BE FINISHED WITHIN SIX MONTHS.

SO SCREW YOU, BERNIE.

YOU DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO. I AIN'T PLAYING BALL.



THESE MASSIVE SHIPS CARRY ROADSTERS AROUND THE WORLD. BRIT-CIT, OZ. THAT ONE'S HEADING FOR HONDO CITY.



'ROADSTERS LOADED AND UNLOADED BY YOUR ROBOTS. **BUILT BY ROBOTS. THOSE CARS HAVE NEVER FELT A HUMAN HAND.**

'THERE'S NOT EVEN ANYBODY ON THAT SHIP. IT'S ENTIRELY **AUTOMATED.**'



WHICH IS BAD NEWS FOR YOU.

HUH?



I MEAN, IF SOMEONE WERE ON BOARD? YOU COULD CALL FOR HELP, RIGHT?

WHAT THE DROKK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



'THE LIFE PRESERVER WILL KEEP YOU AFLOAT ALL THE WAY TO HONDO, I IMAGINE. HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT TAKES A MAN TO STARVE TO DEATH AT SEA? THREE DAYS? FOUR?'

'AND THEN THERE'S THE THIRST, THE EXPOSURE... THE LONELINESS.'

'DAMN!'



OR MAYBE YOU'LL GET LUCKY. MAYBE THE BLACK ATLANTIC WILL KILL YOU QUICK. MAYBE ONE OF THEM NASTY CRITTERS THAT LIVE OUT THERE WILL TAKE A BIG MEATY CHUNK OUT OF YOU.



BERNIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I'VE JUST CHAINED YOU TO THE BACK OF THAT CARGO SHIP, SAM.

YOU TRAVEL SAFE NOW.



AHHHHHHH!

BERNIE, YOU BASTARD! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!

OH GRUD! HELP ME! SOMEONE!



I'VE GOT MONEY, BERNIE! I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY GRAND!

THIRTY... FORTY GRAND! I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY GRAND!

FOR GRUD'S SAKE, HAVE MERCY!



'... THERE IS A  
POWER IN A UNION!



HUFF!

HUFF!

HUFF!

HUFF!



COME ON,  
OPENNNNN...



COME  
ON!



GOIN'  
SOMEWHERE,  
MCREADY?



GRUD!  
DON'T KILL  
ME!

NOW, NOW.  
I'M NOT GOING  
TO KILL YOU.  
YOU CAN  
RELAX.

I  
MEAN...

... WOULD  
I LIE TO  
YOU?



NIXON, I DIDN'T...  
I DIDN'T KNOW IT  
WAS YOU, I...

WHAT,  
YOU GOT  
A STUTTER NOW?  
FOR YOUR SAKE  
I SUGGEST YOU  
DO TWO  
THINGS.



ONE,  
SHUT UP.  
AND  
TWO...



C'MERE,  
PRETTY  
BOY.



MAN, YOU SCARED THE DROKK OUTTA ME!

I HONESTLY DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU. JUST SAW THE PISTOL AND RAN.

YOU'RE CRAZY, NIXON, YOU KNOW THAT? TOTALLY LOCO.

YEAH, I'M THE REGULAR WHACKY FRUIT-LOOP.

YOU GOT ANYTHING TO TELL ME OR AM I WASTING MY TIME HERE?



UH, THERE'S NOT MUCH GOING ON AT STREET LEVEL. NOTHING BIG, ANYHOW.

THEY GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO SMOKE? YOUR EMPLOYERS?



MY EMPLOYERS LET ME DO A LOT OF THINGS IF I BRING IN RESULTS.

THEY'LL EVEN LET ME SCREW VAPID, NOTHING LITTLE STREET SKANKS. Y'KNOW, DOOMED RESYK CASES JUST WAITING TO HAPPEN. AS LONG AS THEY COME UP WITH GOOD INTEL.

YOU GOT ANY GOOD INTEL FOR ME, MCREADY?



YEAH...

I HEAR THERE'S SOMETHIN' BREWING DOWN THE DOCKS. SOME KINDA UNDERGROUND PRO-DEM MOVEMENT, MAYBE. THAT'S MY INTEL, AIMEE.

WADDYA KNOW, MCREADY? TURNS OUT YOU ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

ENJOY YOUR CRED.



PRO-DEMOCRACY MOVEMENT AT THE DOCKS? COUPLE OF PISSED-OFF BLEEDING HEARTS GRUMBING ABOUT THEIR LACK OF RIGHTS? IT'S GOING TO BE SMALL FRY, NOTHIN' MORE.

AND IT'LL DO ME JUST FINE, RIGHT NOW.

MAYBE IT'S THE WEATHER. MAYBE I'M GETTING OLD. BUT LATELY THIS PLACE, THIS SCUM-STAIN SIDE OF THE CITY...



... IT'S GETTING TO ME.

I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT 'COS MY ARM HURTS. MY ROBOT ARM. HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

I FEEL TIRED.

I FEEL TIRED ALL THE TIME.



SO I TAKE THIS LITTLE PISSANT CASE. MOOCH AROUND THE DOCKS FOR A WHILE, GET TO KNOW THE LOCALS. MINGLE. GAMBLE A LITTLE. DRINK A LITTLE. GO CHEMICAL A LITTLE.

KEEP OFF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S RADAR FOR A FEW WEEKS. TELL THEM I MIGHT BE ON TO SOMETHING BIG SO THEY LEAVE ME ALONE.



TAKE IT EASY, IN OTHER WORDS.



WALLY SQUAD-WISE, THIS SHOULD BE A DROKING VACATION.

HAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DOWN YOU GO, BOY.

ALL THE WAY DOWN.

YAAAAAAAY!

SPLOSH

WE ARE EMPLOYED, MY BROTHERS! WE HAVE WORKED A FULL WEEK AND WE HAVE HONOUR, AND MONEY TO SPEND AS A RESULT!

SO WHO WILL BE NEXT TO CLIMB UP HERE AND BET ME ONE HUNDRED CRED'S THAT THEY CAN KNOCK ME OFF MY CRANE?

NAZ'S ENORMOUS CRANE!

OY, ANOTHER LUNATIC TALKING IN THE THIRD PERSON...

IT'S OBVIOUSLY CATCHING ON.

ONE OF THE TOUGHEST THINGS ABOUT BEING WALLY SQUAD IS GETTING THE 'IN': GAINING ACCEPTANCE TO THE GROUP YOU'RE TRYING TO INFILTRATE.

YOU CAN SEE WHY...

IT'S WHERE 37.4% OF WALLY SQUAD FATALITIES TAKE PLACE.

Y'KNOW, NAZZY BOY, IT'S ONLY THOSE WITH NOTHING TO SHOUT ABOUT WHO TEND TO BANG ON ABOUT THE SIZE OF THEIR CRANE.

SO WHY DON'T YOU COME AND SHOW A LADY WHAT YOU'RE REALLY GOT?





HEH. BEST CLIMB BACK DOWN. NAZ DOESN'T HIT LITTLE GIRLIES.

WOULDN'T WANT TO MESS UP YOUR HAIR OR CRACK YOUR PRETTY NAILS.



THIS NAIL LOOK CRACKED TO YOU?



GAAAAHHH!

OKAYYYY. SO YOU DON'T HIT THE GIRLIES?

DIDN'T EXACTLY NEED A LOT OF CONVINCING, DID YOU?



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE NAILS, THOUGH...

... I'M SURE I JUST HEARD SOMETHING CRACK.



CRACK!

THERE IT IS AGAIN!

OK. REMEMBER WHAT THE TUTOR WOULD SAY BACK IN THE ACADEMY, AIMEE. FIRST, GAIN THEIR RESPECT. THEN, EARN THEIR FRIENDSHIP...



YOU OK THERE, NAZ? NEED A HAND UP?

BIG-NOSED BITCH.

OR...

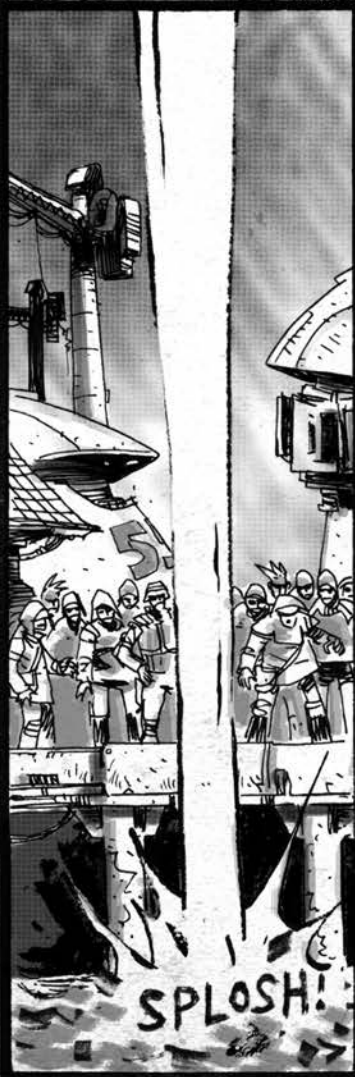
BEAT THEM UP AND  
STEAL THEIR CASH WHILE  
THEY'RE NOT LOOKING...

YOU...  
YOU FIGHT  
WELL, FOR  
A GIRL.

... THEN THROW THEM  
OFF THE NEAREST  
HIGH STRUCTURE.

I FIGHT  
BETTER THAN  
YOU FLY, NAZTY  
BOY.

HUH?



OH  
CRAP.

HOW TO WIN  
FAVOUR AND  
INFLUENCE PEOPLE.

GAIN ACCEPTANCE,  
AIMEE. INFILTRATE.  
MAKE FRIENDS.

AND DO IT QUICK,  
UNLESS YOU WANT TO GET  
YOUR HEAD CAVED IN  
BY AN ANGRY MOB...



AN HONEST DAY'S WORK!  
DIGNITY! PAY IN OUR  
POCKETS AT THE END  
OF THE WEEK!

ISN'T  
THAT WHAT WE  
DESERVE?

ISN'T  
THAT WHAT THE  
JUDGES HAVE  
DENIED  
US?



WE ARE **STRONG!** WE  
ARE THE **LIFEBLOOD** OF  
THIS CITY AND WE HAVE  
BEEN **IGNORED** FOR  
TOO LONG!

WELL, NO  
MORE!



A **CHANGE** IS  
HERE! A **NEW**  
**DAWN** IS  
HERE!

THE  
DAY OF THE  
WORKERS IN  
MEGA-CITY  
ONE HAS  
COME!



AND THERE WILL  
BE **REWARDS**  
FOR ALL OF  
US!





HMPH. NOT EXACTLY PRUDENT SAVERS, THESE GUYS.

WELL, THANKS TO YOU, THEY'VE GOT A LITTLE EXTRA IN THEIR POCKETS. THEY CAN AFFORD TO BLOW SOME.

THAT WAS VERY GENEROUS OF YOU, ESPECIALLY SINCE I DON'T RECALL YOU ACTUALLY WORKING DOWN HERE.

MY NAME'S **BERNIE**. I'M THE **FOREMAN**. I'D KNOW.

I HEARD THAT THEY WERE HIRING HUMAN WORKERS DOWN THE DOCKS. GUESS I GOT INSPIRED.

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME FOR BEING A TAD SUSPICIOUS, BUT WE START OUR LITTLE UNDERGROUND LABOUR MOVEMENT AND YOU JUST TURN UP AND MAKE A SHOW LIKE THAT?

FOR ALL WE KNOW YOU COULD BE A **JUDGE**, MISS...?

**NELSON**. IF I WERE A JUDGE I'D HAVE SHUT YOU DOWN THE MOMENT I HEARD ABOUT YOUR OPERATION.

BESIDES, YOU WOULDN'T EXACTLY HAVE TO BE **DREDD** TO TAKE YOU GUYS IN. A FEW BLOOD TESTS AND VICE SQUAD COULD **KNOCK OFF** FOR THE YEAR, **QUOTAS** FILLED.

SO WHO'S A GIRL GOT TO SCREW TO GET A JOB ROUND HERE?

LADY, MY MEN ARE WILLING TO GO TO THE **CUBES** FOR WHAT THEY BELIEVE IN. TO GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR THESE **JOB**S.

WE'LL GIVE YOU SOME WORK. IF WE GO DOWN, YOU COME WITH US.

SO... LET'S SEE EXACTLY WHAT **YOU** BELIEVE IN.



I START THE NEXT MORNING,  
LUGGING CONTAINERS ON  
AND OFF THE CARGO SHIPS.

IT'S BORING AS  
HELL, I DON'T KNOW  
HOW THEY DO IT, BUT  
IT KEEPS ME OFF THE  
STREETS. LETS MY  
BRAIN GO SLEEP-  
WALKING.

I ALMOST HAVE  
TO REMIND MYSELF  
THAT I'M ON THE  
LOOKOUT FOR  
THE ODD NASTY  
CRIMINAL HERE.

I'M HERE A COUPLE OF  
DAYS AND I'LL BE DAMNED  
IF I CAN SEE ANYTHING  
PRO-DEM OR DANGEROUS  
ABOUT THIS CREW.

THEY'RE JUST  
WORKERS, DOING  
A JOB FOR A  
PAYPACKET.

SURE, THEY'RE SAPS.  
I MEAN, WHO THE  
HELL WANTS A REAL  
JOB ANYWAY?

BUT IS THERE  
ANYTHING  
WRONG WITH  
THAT?

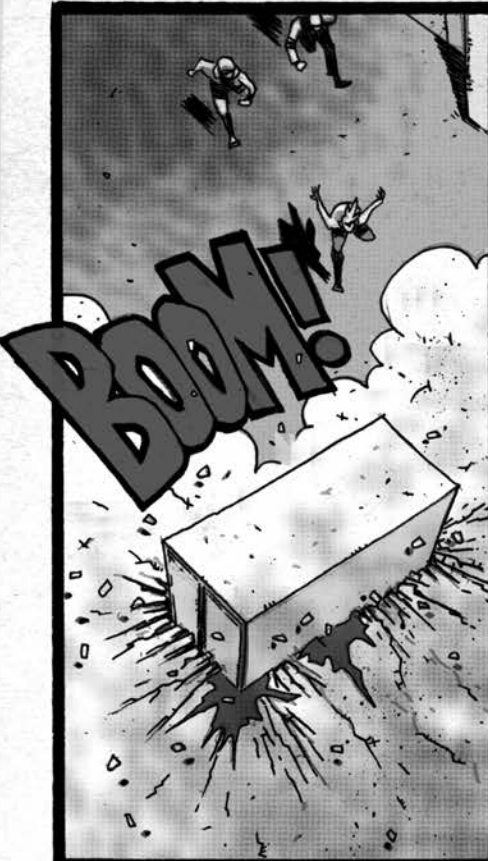
NOT THAT I  
CAN SEE.

THAT'S IT,  
THAT'S IT. EASE  
IT DOWN NOW,  
YEAH?

WOAH!  
WATCH  
IT!

DROKK!





OK, PAL! WAIT, WE'VE GOT YOU!

NNNNNN... MY LEGS....



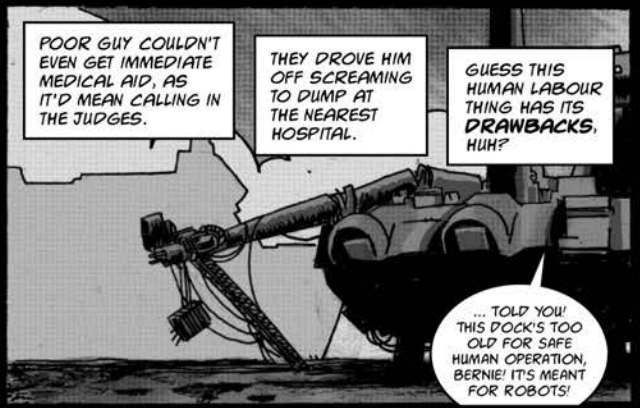
THAT CRANE'S COMING DOWN TOO, ANY SECOND. BEEN PULLED OFF ITS MOORINGS. WE'VE GOT TO GO. NOW.

THEN MOVE HIM.

THE CONTAINER—



YEAH. THE CONTAINER.



POOR GUY COULDN'T EVEN GET IMMEDIATE MEDICAL AID, AS IT'D MEAN CALLING IN THE JUDGES.

THEY DROVE HIM OFF SCREAMING TO DUMP AT THE NEAREST HOSPITAL.

GUESS THIS HUMAN LABOUR THING HAS ITS DRAWBACKS, HUH?

... TOLD YOU! THIS DOCK'S TOO OLD FOR SAFE HUMAN OPERATION, BERNIE! IT'S MEANT FOR ROBOTS!



STILL, THE CONTAINER THING WORKED OUT VERY NICELY. GOT ME SOME TRUST AND A FEW SLAPS ON THE BACK.

BERNIE WAS OBVIOUSLY IMPRESSED TOO...

NELSON! GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

♪ WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AND LIFE IS MAKING YOU LONELY YOU CAN ALWAYS GO... ♪

♪... UPTOWN. ♪

BERNIE'S SENDING ME UPTOWN.

I DROKING HATE UPTOWN.

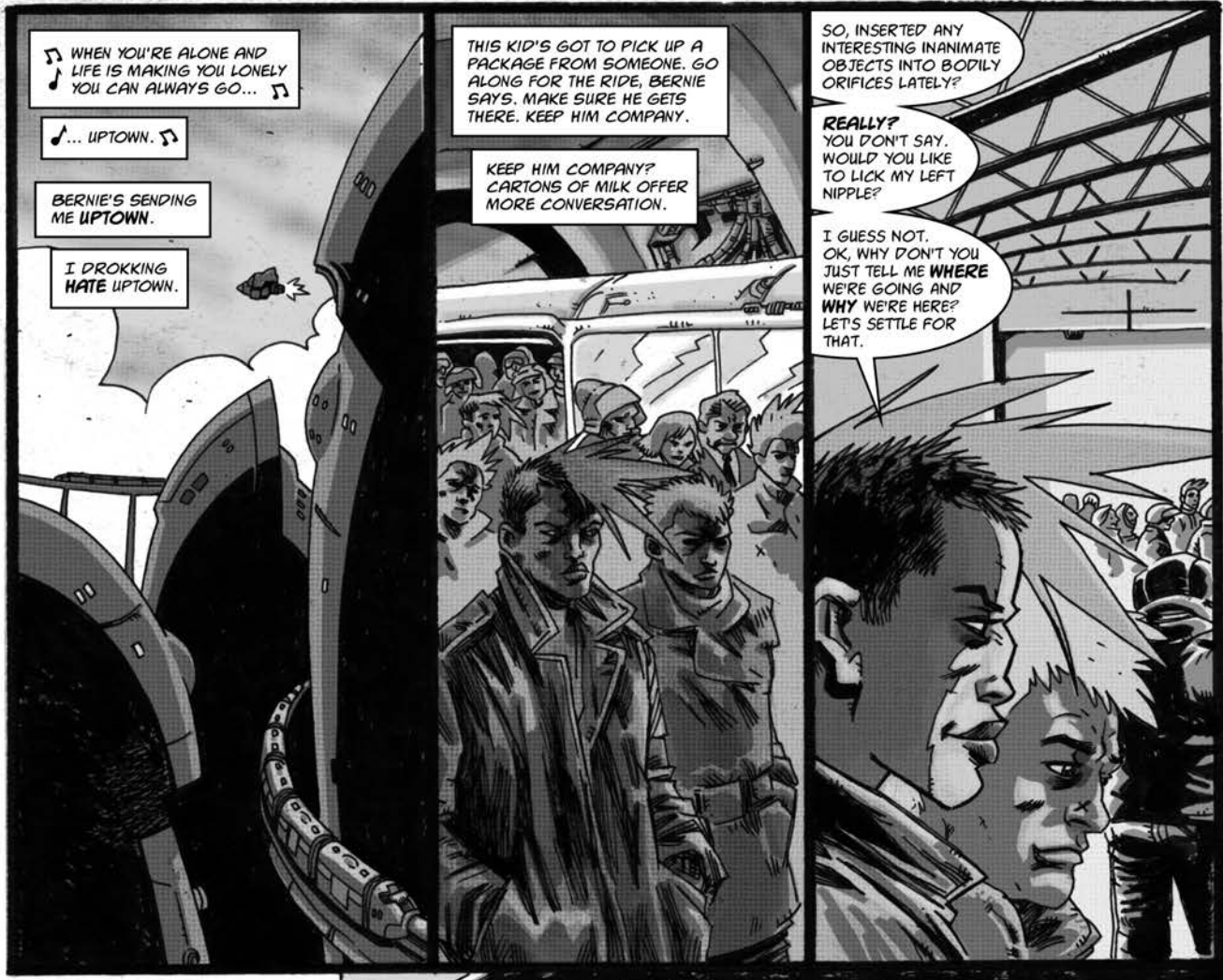
THIS KID'S GOT TO PICK UP A PACKAGE FROM SOMEONE. GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE, BERNIE SAYS. MAKE SURE HE GETS THERE. KEEP HIM COMPANY.

KEEP HIM COMPANY? CARTONS OF MILK OFFER MORE CONVERSATION.

SO, INSERTED ANY INTERESTING INANIMATE OBJECTS INTO BODILY ORIFICES LATELY?

REALLY? YOU DON'T SAY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO LICK MY LEFT NIPPLE?

I GUESS NOT. OK, WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE WE'RE GOING AND WHY WE'RE HERE? LET'S SETTLE FOR THAT.



MAN, YOU ARE THE REGULAR RACONTEUR!

I CAN'T HANDLE ALL THIS WITTY BANTER, I TELL YOU. IT'S WEARING ME OUT.

I JUST WANNA KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE.

HOUSE OF FRAZER

SALE

WELCOME!



WHY ARE WE  
HERE? THE ETERNAL  
QUESTION...

IT'S A TOP DEPARTMENT  
STORE. PLENTY OF MONEY  
GOING IN AND OUT. LOTS OF  
SECURITY, SO ANY KIND OF  
HEIST AIN'T GOING TO GET FAR.



UPTOWN'S GOT MORE SECURITY  
CAMS PER SQUARE MILE THAN  
ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE MEG.

SO WHY DOES BERNIE WANT  
ME TO TAG ALONG? SOME KIND  
OF INITIATION, YEAH. BUT...

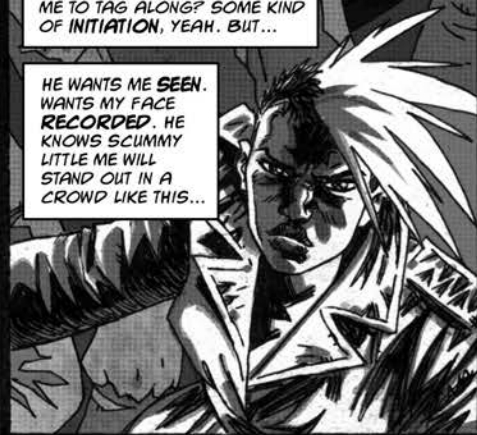
HE WANTS ME SEEN.  
WANTS MY FACE  
RECORDED. HE  
KNOWS SCUMMY  
LITTLE ME WILL  
STAND OUT IN A  
CROWD LIKE THIS...

... WHEN THEY  
LOOK AT THE  
FOOTAGE  
LATER.

WHY ARE THEY  
GOING TO LOOK  
BACK AT THE  
FOOTAGE LATER?

HEY, TALKY-  
TALKY. WHY DON'T  
YOU AND I GO FIND  
SOMETHING TO EAT  
FIRST? Y'KNOW, YOU  
CAN REGALE ME WITH  
YOUR FAVOURITE  
HUMOROUS  
ANECDOTES.

для  
родины

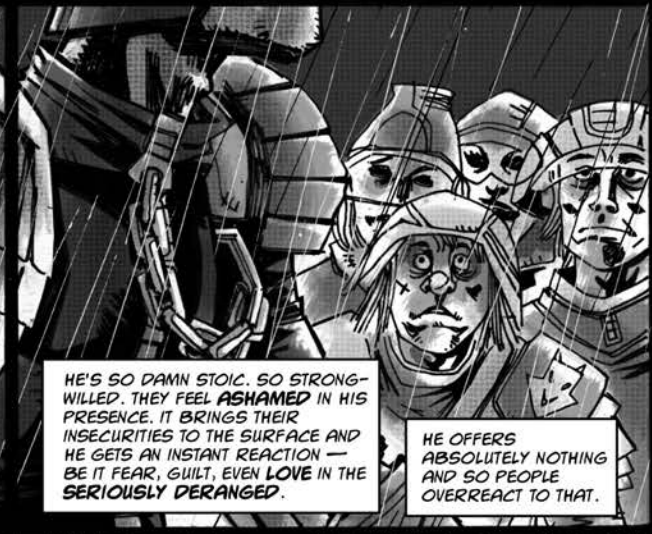






THE MAN HIMSELF.

AND HERE HE COMES.



I ASK YOU... LOOK AT THEM. HIS PEOPLE...

LOOK AT THEIR DROKING STUPID FACES.

HE'S SO DAMN STOIC. SO STRONG-WILLED. THEY FEEL ASHAMED IN HIS PRESENCE. IT BRINGS THEIR INSECURITIES TO THE SURFACE AND HE GETS AN INSTANT REACTION — BE IT FEAR, GUILT, EVEN LOVE IN THE SERIOUSLY DERANGED.

HE OFFERS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AND SO PEOPLE OVERREACT TO THAT.



HE COULD BE HIS OWN CHURCH.

AND NOW I GET TO HAVE MY OWN PRIVATE AUDIENCE...

SHE'S IN THERE.



... LITTLE OLD F-LIST JUDGEY ME.

WONDER HOW HE'LL MAKE ME FEEL?

WHAT JUST HAPPENED, NIXON?




MAN, IS YOUR REPUTATION AS A MASTER DETECTIVE OVER-RATED.

I DON'T KNOW. ONE OF THE STORE'S MICROWAVES WAS A BIT FAULTY, I GUESS.

NIXON...

SORRY. TOUGH DAY. HOW BAD IS IT OUT THERE?



THIRTY-FOUR DEAD, SEVENTY-EIGHT INJURED. PROBABLY LOSE AT LEAST TEN MORE OVERNIGHT. NUMEROUS LIMBS LOST.

WHAT'S A LOW LIFE WALLY SQUAD JUDGE DOING IN ONE OF THE CITY'S RICHEST SECTORS WHEN A BOMB GOES OFF?

HOW DOES HE MAKE ME FEEL?

DROCK.

HE MAKES ME WANT TO CONFESS.



SO I TELL HIM EVERYTHING, AND THE UNREADABLE BASTARD JUST LISTENS.

DOESN'T FLINCH. DOESN'T SHOW ANY EMOTION (LIKE HE HAS ANY). JUST MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A BAD JUDGE BY BEING IN THE SAME ROOM AS HIM.

I TELL HIM ABOUT THE DOCKS, ABOUT BERNIE, ABOUT THE KID.

BUT IT'S ME, RIGHT? THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LIAR. SO I CAN'T GIVE HIM THE WHOLE TRUTH.

SO I DON'T MENTION THE FACT THAT THE STOOGESPOKE WHAT SOUNDED LIKE SOV TO ME JUST BEFORE HE WENT BOOM.

ДЛЯ РОДИНЫ




WHY DO I DO THIS? DAMNED IF I KNOW.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I WANT SOME PERSONAL REVENGE ON BERNIE, AND THE MOMENT I CRY SOV THEY'LL BRING THE WHOLE OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT DOWN ON THE DOCKBOYS.

OR MAYBE I JUST WANT TO HOLD SOMETHING IMPORTANT BACK. SOMETHING THAT GIVES ME A LITTLE POWER OVER MR LIVING LEGEND HERE.

SO THAT'S IT.

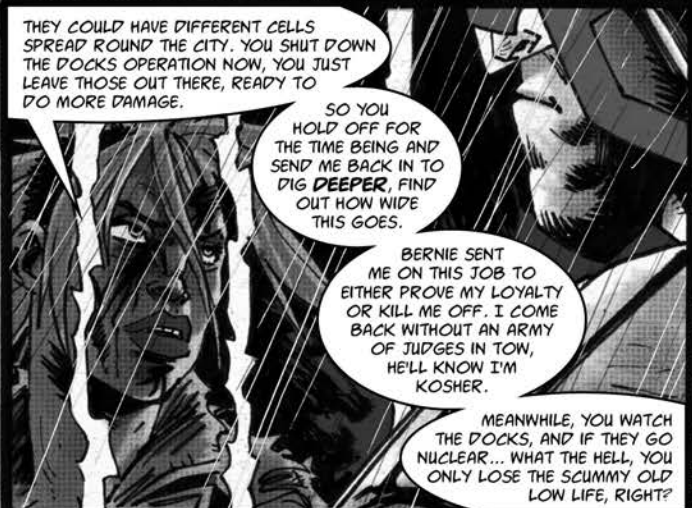


CLASS WARRIORS. PRO-DEMOCRACY TERRORISTS. MAYBE. WE SHUT THEM DOWN. NOW.

NO, WE DON'T.



EXPLAIN.




THEY COULD HAVE DIFFERENT CELLS SPREAD ROUND THE CITY. YOU SHUT DOWN THE DOCKS OPERATION NOW, YOU JUST LEAVE THOSE OUT THERE, READY TO DO MORE DAMAGE.

SO YOU HOLD OFF FOR THE TIME BEING AND SEND ME BACK IN TO DIG DEEPER, FIND OUT HOW WIDE THIS GOES.


BERNIE SENT ME ON THIS JOB TO EITHER PROVE MY LOYALTY OR KILL ME OFF. I COME BACK WITHOUT AN ARMY OF JUDGES IN TOW, HELL KNOW I'M KOSHER.

MEANWHILE, YOU WATCH THE DOCKS, AND IF THEY GO NUCLEAR... WHAT THE HELL, YOU ONLY LOSE THE SCUMMY OLD LOW LIFE, RIGHT?




I MEAN, HOW COME YOU'RE PERSONALLY BROUGHT IN TO OVERSEE THIS OPERATION? YOU THINK THAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THIS BOMB HAD GONE OFF IN THE LOW LIFE?

THIS IS UPTOWN, AND THAT'S WHY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S POSTER BOY PROTECTS IT, RIGHT?



GO BACK IN. WE'LL BE WATCHING. FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE WE TAKE THEM DOWN.



BUT WHO'S GOING TO BOMB THE LOW LIFE?

AND, NIXON, IF A BOMB OF THIS MAGNITUDE HAD GONE OFF IN THE LOW LIFE, I WOULD OVERSEE EXACTLY THE SAME OPERATION.

FIRST THING I DO ON THE WAY BACK TO THE LOW LIFE IS VISIT MCCREADY — STRICTLY TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S BEEN TALK OF ANYTHING SOV ON THE STREETS.

THERE HASN'T.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN I GET BACK TO THE DOCKS.

COMPLETELY DESERTED WASN'T IT, THOUGH.

COMPLETELY DESERTED APART FROM 'GRUMPY THE TRACTION BOY' HERE...

WHO THE DROKK AM I? I OWN THIS OPERATION, LADY.

AND NO, IT WAS NOT MY IDEA FOR THEM TO DOWN TOOLS AND ALL HEAD OFF FOR SOME STUPID MEETING.

UNIONS, I ASK YA!

THIS MEETING GIVES ME A CHANCE TO DO THE SNEAKY THING IN BERNIE'S OFFICE.

I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO BE STUPID AND LEAVE A BOTTLE OF VODKA, A PICTURE OF A COSSACK AND A STICK OF DYNAMITE IN THE SAFE, BUT SOME KIND OF HINT WOULD'VE BEEN GOOD.

INSTEAD THERE'S JUST A PILE OF IDENTITY CARDS. BLANK.

SO THEY'RE SNEAKING IN SOVS ON BOARD THE AUTOMATED SHIPS, MAYBE?

THAT'S WHAT THE IDENTITY CARDS ARE FOR. BERNIE PRINTS THEM UP NEW LIVES WHEN THEY ARRIVE.

REGARDLESS, THE UNION'S ONLY BEEN UP AND RUNNING A FEW WEEKS, SO THE OPERATION CAN'T BE THAT BIG YET, WHICH IS REASSURING.

MAYBE THEY ARE JUST A BUNCH OF PISSED OFF POORBOYS, HATING THE RICH.

I CAN RELATE.

ORDER!

ORDER! OR I'LL COME OUT THERE AND CAUSE SOME BRAIN DAMAGE!



IT'S OK, NAZ. I'M SURE THAT EVERYONE TRUSTS MY DECISION, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOYS?



YOU'RE GOING TO GET US ALL IN THE CUBES! WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GO PUBLIC YET!

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO GROUP DECISIONS, BERNIE? UNION DECISIONS? THIS IS LOW LIFE WORKERS' RIGHTS WE'RE FIGHTING FOR! THE BOY —



— WAS A HERO.

THIS CITY'S A BOSSY BITCH. SHE TELLS YOU WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE FROM THE MOMENT YOU'RE BORN.

BUT WHEN YOU'RE BORN IN THE LOW LIFE, YOU DON'T GET TO BE ANYTHING. NO ROLE. NO JOB. YOU'RE NOT IMPORTANT. SO WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE, LEAVING THAT BEHIND?



THE BOY KNEW THAT.

HE WAS WILLING TO TELL THIS SOCIETY, THIS CITY, THAT HE WOULDN'T BE DEFINED BY THEIR RULES. IN HIS FINAL ACT, HE MADE HIMSELF IMPORTANT.

IF BERNIE GAVE THAT ORDER, THAT'S OK WITH ME.

THIS CITY'S GOT TO CHANGE. THE JUDGES HAVE TO HEAR US.

TODAY THEY HEARD US. SOON THEY'LL HEAR FROM ALL OF US.





THE UNION!

AMAZING... BERNIE'S GOT THEM WILLING TO DIE FOR THE LOW LIFE.

THEY WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT THEY'RE TERRORISTS FOR THE SOVS.



SOMETIMES BEING AN EXCELLENT LIAR REALLY PAYS OFF.

AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BERNIE?

UNION! UNION! UNION! UNION!



YOU'VE GOT A TALENT FOR IT, YOU KNOW.

I DIDN'T RECOGNISE IT WHEN I FIRST MET YOU. JUST GOES TO SHOW, YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK...



A TALENT FOR WHAT, EXACTLY?

ORATION. POLITICS. THAT'S TWICE NOW YOU'VE WON THEM OVER, GOT THEM ONSIDE. THEY BELIEVE IN YOU.

THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU.




POLITICS IS A LITTLE TOO BORING FOR ME. I'M MORE OF AN ACTION GIRL.

IN THE 20TH CENTURY THERE WAS A LEADER OF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY CALLED MAO TSE-TUNG. LED HIS PEOPLE TO VICTORY IN A BLOODY CIVIL WAR.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID ABOUT POLITICS?




'POLITICS IS WAR WITHOUT BLOODSHED, WHILE WAR IS POLITICS WITH BLOODSHED!'



HE TELLS ME HE'S SORRY ABOUT SENDING ME ALONG WITH THE BOY, THAT HE HAD TO BE SURE ABOUT ME, THAT HE HAD TO KNOW HE COULD TRUST ME.

HE TALKS ABOUT THE NEED FOR SACRIFICE WHILE HE SIPs A LARGE BRANDY AND I WONDER JUST WHEN I CAN WASH OTHER PEOPLE'S BLOOD OFF ME.

I TELL HIM I WANT TO BE INVOLVED.



I GET A PROMOTION AS A RESULT. SPEND A FEW MORE DAYS ON THE DOCKS DOING THEIR OH-SO-PRECIOUS WORK.

IT MAKES ME WANT HARD DRUGS.

BERNIE AND NAZ ARE THE BOYS, GRUMPY'S THEIR BITCH, THAT'S FOR SURE.

BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING. WHETHER THEY'RE LYING LOW FOR A WHILE AFTER THE UPTOWN HIT, I DON'T KNOW.

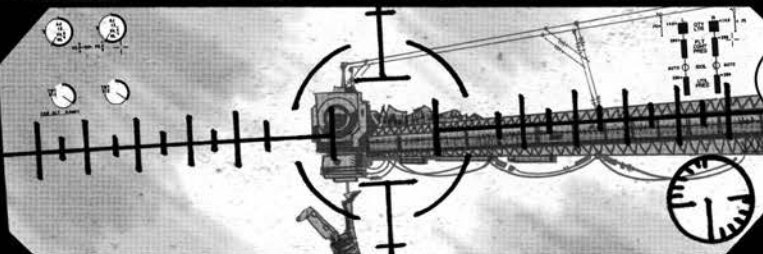
I GET NO HINTS, NO CLUES... AND SO EVENTUALLY MY PATIENCE SNAPS AND I DO WHAT ANY GOOD BULLY DOES:



I PICK ON THE LITTLE GUY.



WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW?



SHE'S HUNG SOME SHORT, CRIPPLED GUY OFF THE END OF A CRANE AND SHE'S JUST SITTING THERE.

I THINK SHE'S FALLEN ASLEEP.



WALLY SQUAD.

YEP.



I'M TIRED OF WAITING FOR ANSWERS AND YOU'RE PLAINLY ONE OF LIFE'S VICTIMS, SO I FIGURE YOU'LL TALK.

I'LL REMOVE THE GAG...



'... BUT YOU CRY OUT AND YOU FALL LIKE A WHORE'S PANTIES. GOT IT?'



YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, YOU MORON! I GIVE JOBS TO THE BOYS OR BERNIE KILLS ME, SIMPLE AS THAT!

COME ON, LIMPY, YOU GOTTA GIVE ME MORE THAN THAT.



'THAT'S ALL THERE IS!'



'OK, LOOK, LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING. BERNIE TURNS UP HERE, WHAT, ALMOST A MONTH BACK, AND HE THREATENS YOU...'

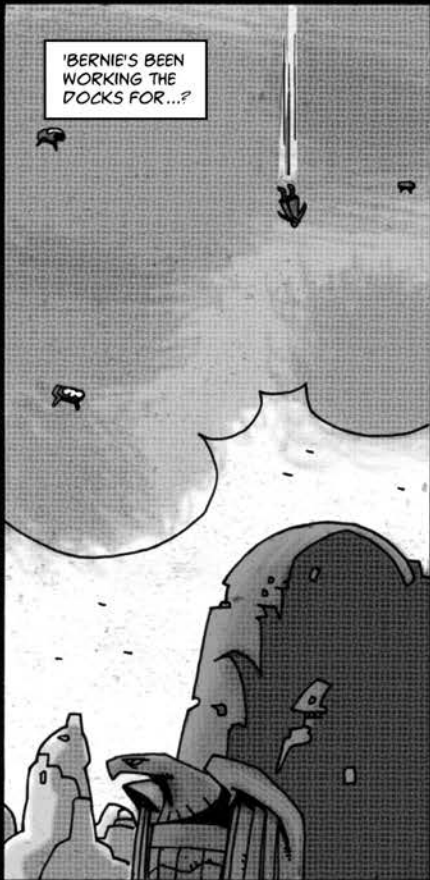


BERNIE'S WORKED HERE **TWO YEARS!** HE WAS MY DEPUTY MANAGER! HE RAN THE ROBOTS!

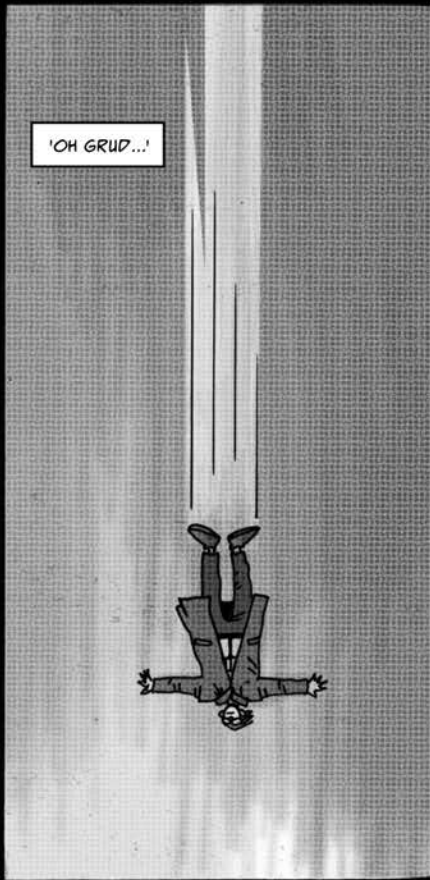
IT'S ONLY THIS LAST MONTH THAT ALL THIS WOODY GUTHRIE CRAP STARTED!



WHAT?



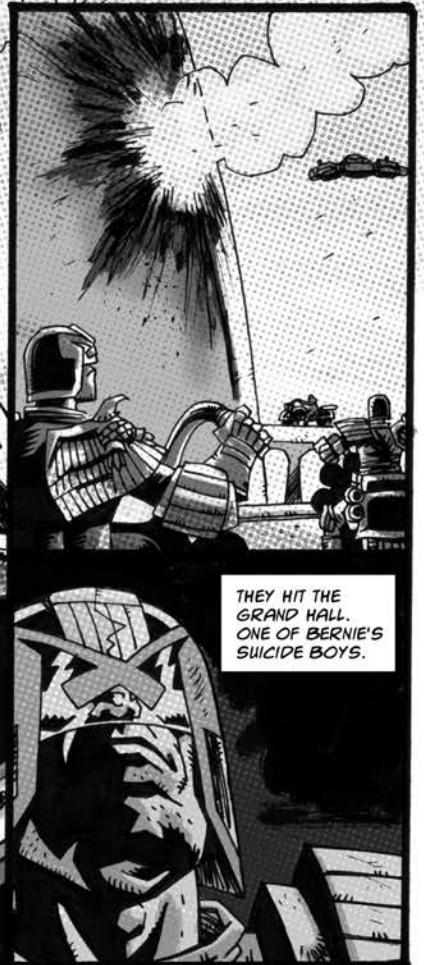
'BERNIE'S BEEN WORKING THE DOCKS FOR...?'



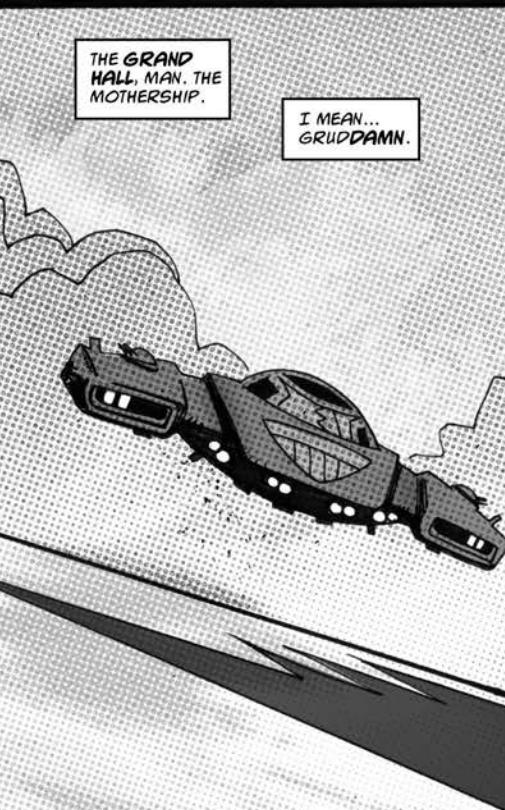
'OH GRUD...!'



BERNIE COULD'VE BROUGHT IN HUNDREDS OF THEM...



THEY HIT THE GRAND HALL. ONE OF BERNIE'S SUICIDE BOYS.



THE GRAND HALL, MAN. THE MOTHERSHIP.

I MEAN... GRUDDAMN.



EVEN THOUGH THE BUILDING'S NUKE-PROOF AND CAN WITHSTAND A FRONTAL ASSAULT, IT'S STILL ONE HELL OF A STATEMENT.



I THINK IT'S FAIR TO ASSUME THAT THERE ARE GOING TO BE VIOLENT REPERCUSSIONS.

I WAS GOING TO TAKE BERNIE DOWN THE MOMENT THE DOCKBOSS SPILLED.

**KRASH!**

A SOV SPYMASTER SMUGGLING SLEEPER AGENTS INTO MEGA-CITY ONE FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS?

I'M STUPID, BUT I'M NOT THAT STUPID.

THERE WAS NO RECORD OF HIM WORKING HERE. I COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN.

GRUD, THE AMOUNT OF SOVS HE COULD'VE BROUGHT IN, SET UP WITH FAKE IDENTITIES THROUGHOUT THE CITY...

... AND HE'S HIDDEN IT ALL BEHIND A PRO-DEMOCRACY SMOKESCREEN. GENIUS.



NO ONE WILL KNOW. AND 'COS I DIDN'T TELL DREDD ABOUT THE FIRST BOMBER SPEAKING SOV I CAN'T SUDDENLY 'FESS UP NOW. THEY'D NAIL ME TO THE TITAN EXPRESS.

SO C'MON, BERNIE, DO SOMETHING STUPID AND LEAVE BEHIND A...

**RIP!**

... CLUE.

AIMEE NIXON



I KNOW YOU, AIMEE.  
YOU BELIEVE IN  
NOTHING.

YOU'RE ARROGANT,  
SELF-SERVING... LAZY.

AIMEE,  
I MEANT WHAT I SAID, YOU  
DO HAVE A TALENT FOR POLITICS.  
YOU COULD'VE LED THIS ENTIRE  
OPERATION,  
BEEN THE PRO-DEMOCRACY  
POSTER CHILD, TAKEN THE FALL  
WHILE I SLIPPED AWAY, THAT  
WAS MY ORIGINAL PLAN.  
BUT, AS I'M SURE YOU KNOW,  
IT TAKES A LIAR TO RECOGNISE  
A LIAR...



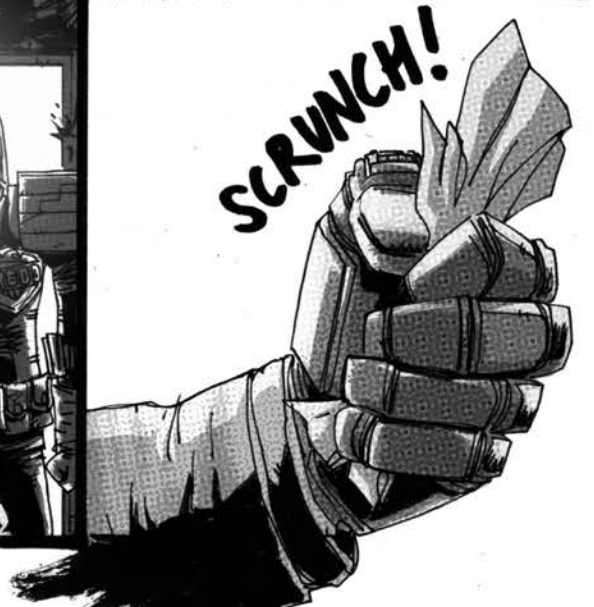
DID YOU REALLY THINK  
I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU  
FOLLOWED 24/7?

MCREADY  
WAS VERY  
IMFORMATIVE  
... AFTER  
A WHILE.

D  
Y  
O  
B  
P  
O  
S  
T  
W  
H  
I  
L  
E  
W  
A  
S  
M  
Y  
B  
U  
T  
I  
T  
T  
A  
K  
E  
S  
A  
L  
I  
A

NIXON.  
A WORD.

SCRUNCH!





NIXON!



MCREADY?


'MY EMPLOYEES LET ME DO A LOT OF THINGS IF I BRING IN RESULTS.'



'THEY'LL EVEN LET ME SCREW VAPID, NOTHING LITTLE STREET SKANKS.'



'Y'KNOW, DOOMED RESYK CASES JUST WAITING TO HAPPEN.'



FOUR HUNDRED MILLION  
PEOPLE IN THIS CITY AND  
HE COULD BE ANYWHERE.

BERNIE'S GONE.




AN EXPERT IN CREATING  
FALSE IDENTITIES,  
CREATING NEW LIVES...

GIMPY THE DOCKBOSS  
GAVE ME HIS  
PERSONAL DETAILS.

CHECKED HIS NAME.  
CHECKED HIS  
SUSPECTED ADDRESS  
THE PAST TWO YEARS.

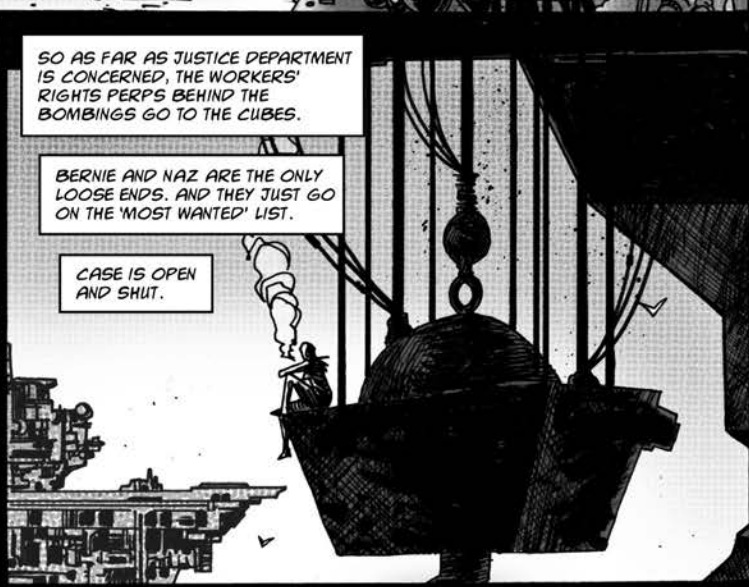
NEITHER EVER  
EXISTED.



THE BASTARD FOUND OUT I WAS ON TO  
HIM SO HE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO  
SHUT HIS OPERATION DOWN, PUSHED  
FORWARD THE SUICIDE BOMBS.

HIT THE GRAND HALL  
TO REALLY GET THE  
JUDGES' ATTENTION.


GET DREDD AND THE BOYS  
TO COME AFTER HIS 'PRO-  
DEMOCRACY' MOVEMENT.



SO AS FAR AS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT  
IS CONCERNED, THE WORKERS'  
RIGHTS PERPS BEHIND THE  
BOMBINGS GO TO THE CUBES.

BERNIE AND NAZ ARE THE ONLY  
LOOSE ENDS. AND THEY JUST GO  
ON THE 'MOST WANTED' LIST.

CASE IS OPEN  
AND SHUT.



AND NO ONE EVEN  
KNOWS ABOUT  
THE SOV ANGLE.

MEANWHILE,  
THEY'RE OUT  
THERE.

JOB DONE.



SO...

... WHERE DO YOU  
GO AFTER  
FINISHING WORK?



YOU GO HOME.



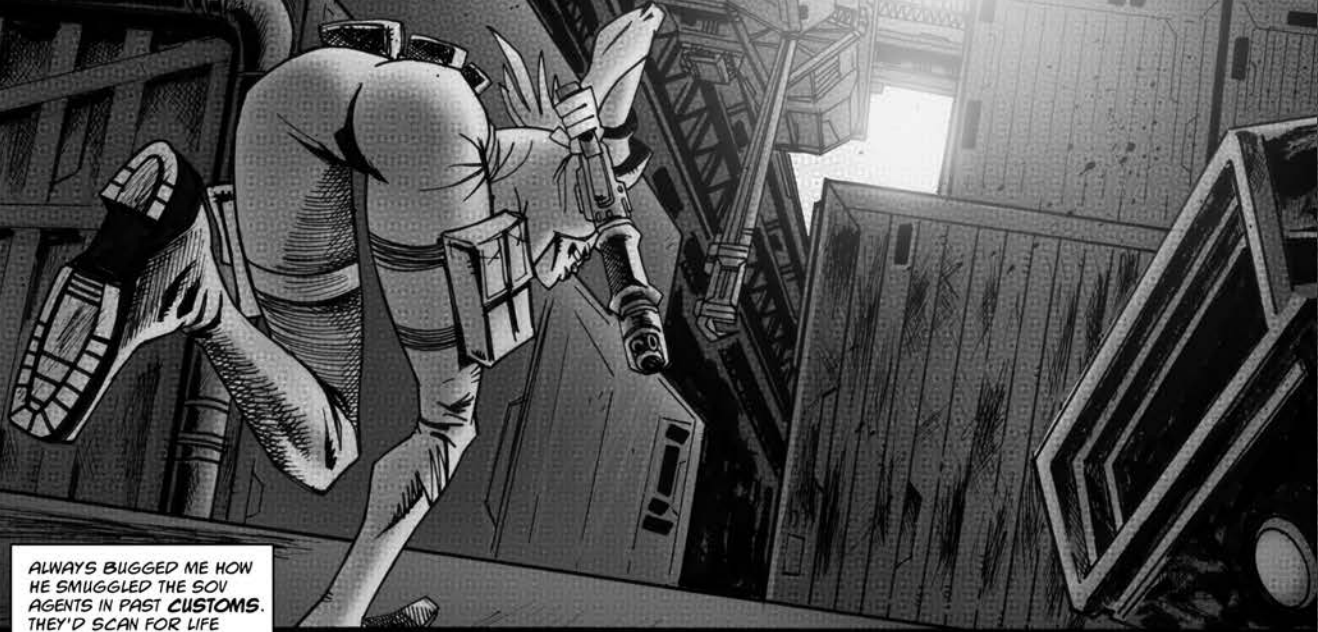
TIME TO DISCUSS THE STATE OF THE UNION, BERNIE.



FOUR SHIPS LEFT THE DOCKS IN THE PERIOD BETWEEN MY LAST MEETING WITH HIM AND THE STOMM HITTING THE FAN.

THIS IS THE SECOND ONE WE'VE BOARDED. WE'LL GET TO THE OTHER TWO, IF NEED BE.

THING IS, EVEN IF HE IS ON BOARD, HOW THE DROKK DO WE FIND HIM?



ALWAYS BUGGED ME HOW HE SMUGGLED THE SOV AGENTS IN PAST CUSTOMS. THEY'D SCAN FOR LIFE SIGNS, AFTER ALL.

SO THERE CAN'T HAVE BEEN ANY LIFE SIGNS.



CRYOGENIC TUBES, MAYBE.

I MEAN, WHO'S LOOKING FOR CRYOGENIC TUBES?



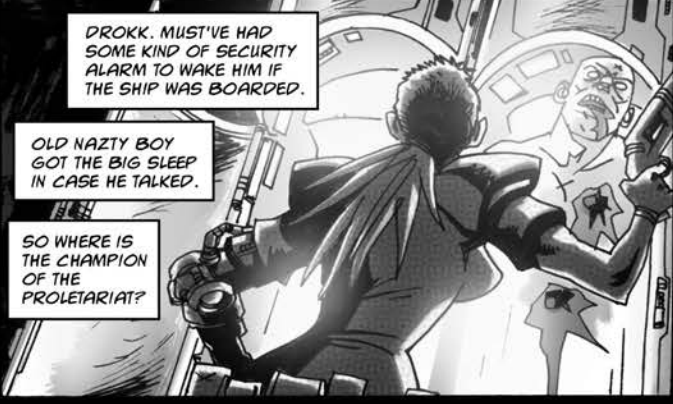
ME? I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THEM.



DROKK. MUST'VE HAD SOME KIND OF SECURITY ALARM TO WAKE HIM IF THE SHIP WAS BOARDED.

OLD NAZI BOY GOT THE BIG SLEEP IN CASE HE TALKED.

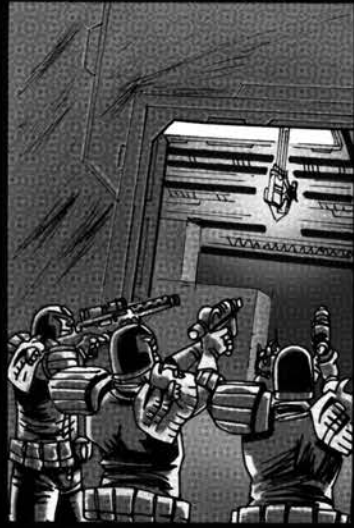
SO WHERE IS THE CHAMPION OF THE PROLETARIAT?





TIME TO LAY DOWN, BERNIE! HALF OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S ONBOARD!

YOU GOT NOWHERE TO RUN!



WHEN I FIRST MET HIM, BERNIE TALKED ABOUT GIVING YOUR LIFE FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT.

EVEN IF IT WAS A LIE.

THE WORKERS!



**BRAP  
BRAP  
BRAP!**

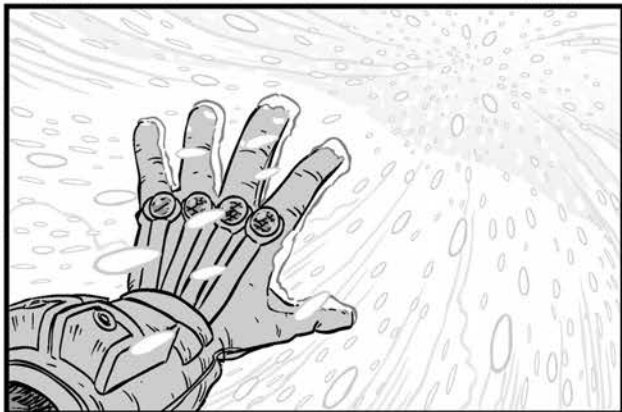
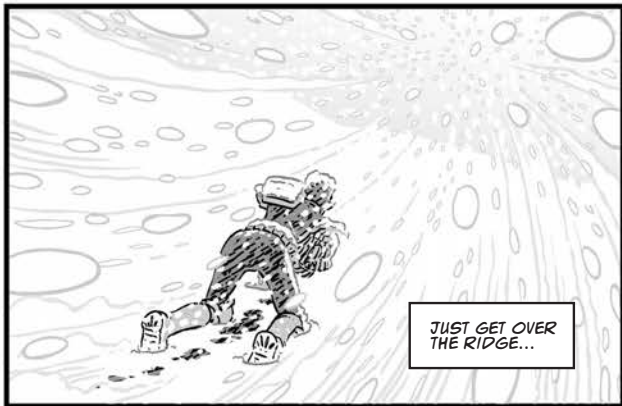
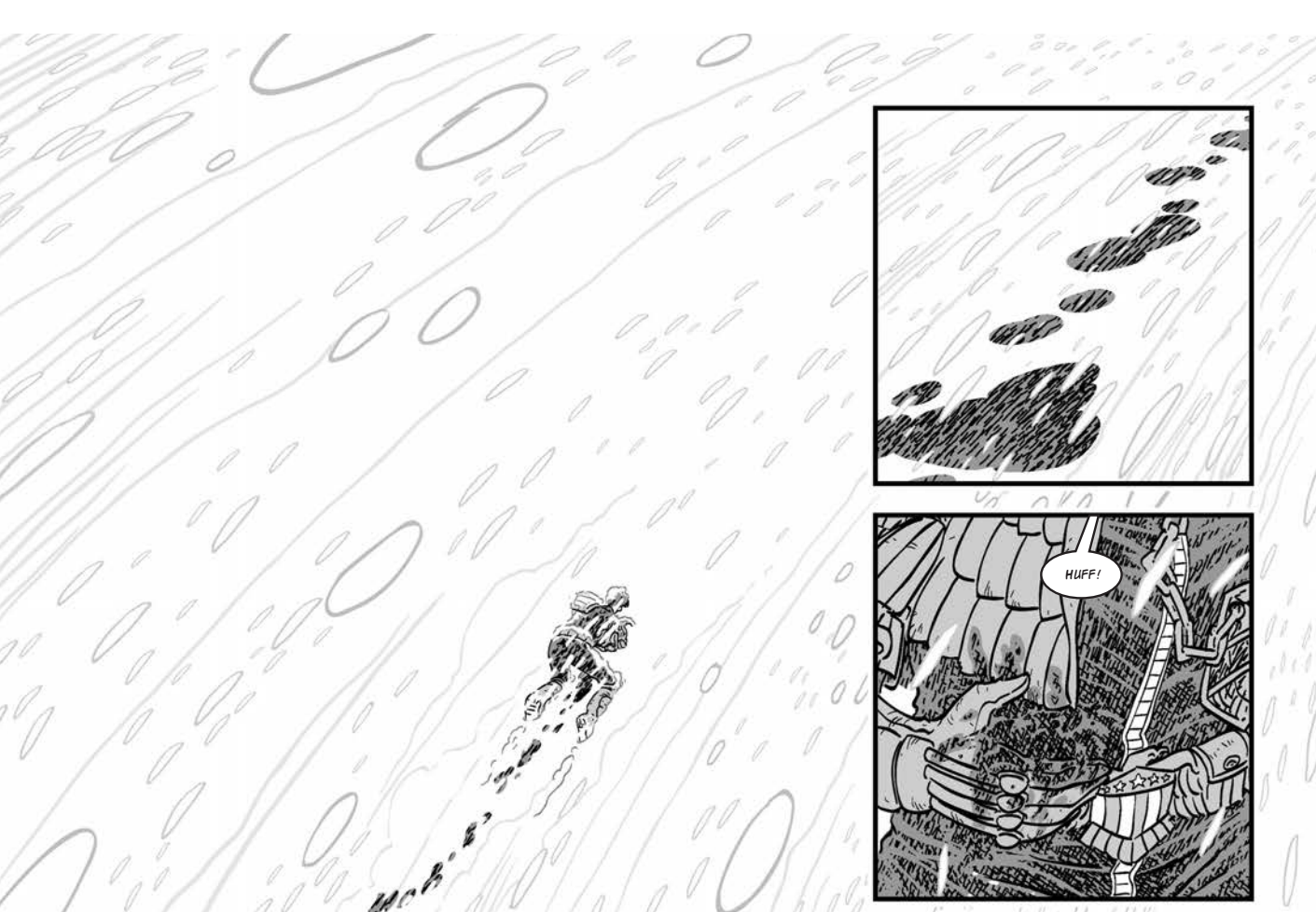


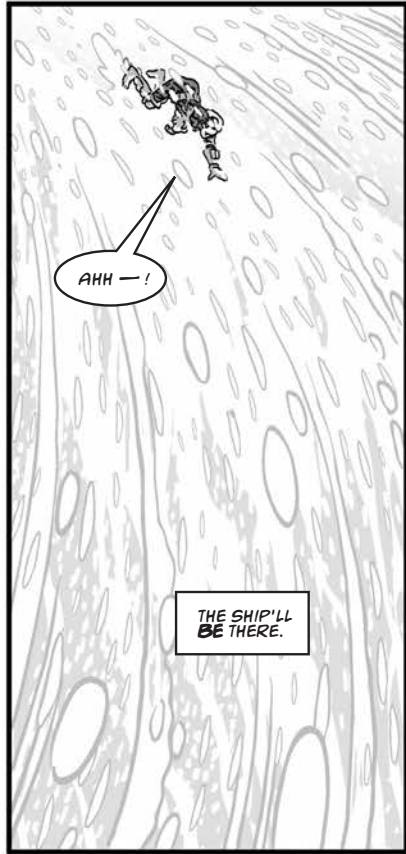


## CREATION

Script: Rob Williams  
Art: D'Israeli  
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1624 - 1631





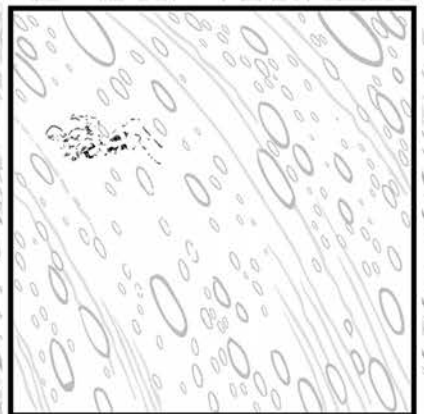
... IS GONE.

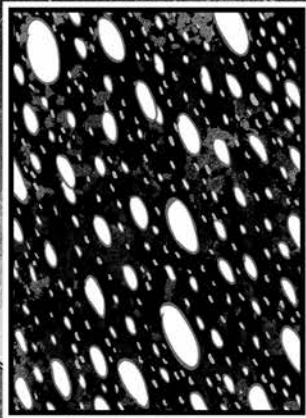


'TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. IF WE'RE NOT BACK, RUN FOR HOME.'

'BECAUSE IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

'... THEN WE'RE DEAD.'





UGHH!

MOM, THE BIG MAN WHO SMELLS LIKE FRISKY'S POO IS MAKING SALT COME OUT OF HIS HAIRY FACE.

MY DINNER FEELS STRANGE IN MY TUMMY...



CAUTION, CHILD! BE WARY OF WHOM YOU SPEAK!

FOR YOU HAVE UNWITTINGLY THIS DAY ENJOYED A CHANCE ENCOUNTER WITH MEGA-CITY ONE'S GREATEST PERSONAL HYGIENE-CHALLENGED CRIME-FIGHTING PROTAGONIST.



JUDGE DREDD!

NO.

CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY!

NO.

ROBO-WING, NIGHT GLIDER OF AWESOME!

YOU JUST MADE HIM UP.



NO, POTENTIAL NINJA-YOUTH, TODAY YOU HAVE MET YOUR VERY OWN PERSONAL HERO. THE MAN WHOSE NAME ALONE GIVES THE PERPS NIGHT TERRORS...

... WELL, IT WOULD IF THE HERO IN QUESTION WERE NOT A TOP-SECRET UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE...

DIRTY FRANK!

BWAHAH-BWAH-BWAHAWA!

COME AWAY, SIEGFRIED. QUICKLY NOW.



GRUD, FRANK. DEALING WITH YOU ON A REGULAR BASIS, I TELL YA...

I THINK YOU'RE BRINGING ON THE MENOPAUSE.

THORA. EXCELLENT. DIRTY FRANK KNEW THERE WAS A REASON HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.



YOU'D FORGOTTEN IT WAS ME YOU WERE MEETING?

IT WAS EITHER YOU OR DIRTY FRANK'S ANTIQUES DEALER. DIRTY FRANK HAD IT NARROWED DOWN.

WHO'S THE PEACE ENVOY?



CAMERON.

DIRTY FRANK.

YOU STINK, FRANK.

HENCE THE NAME. WHAT A RARE INTUITION YOU ENJOY.



MONKEYBOY WANT SOME NANAS, THORA. WHY IS HE HERE? THE UNIVERSE CALLED, IT WANTS TO KNOW.



BECAUSE HE'S YOUR REPLACEMENT, FRANK.



THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH CRAZY THE BADGE CAN TAKE.

IT'S OVER.

'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD AND THE WORD WAS "CREATION".

'THE NEWEST, HOTTEST DRUG ON THE STREETS OF THE LOW LIFE.

'THIS BABY'S SPREADING LIKE STDs THE NIGHT THE APOCALYPSE WAR ENDED.

'AND ITS BUYING CIRCLE IS UNUSUALLY BROAD FOR THE LOW LIFE. NOT JUST YOUR UNDISCERNING, EXHAUST PIPE-LICKING DROKKHEADS GETTING INTO THIS ONE.

'IT'S APPEALING TO THOSE WHO'VE ACTUALLY READ A BOOK TOO, WHICH IS TROUBLE.

'ON THE SURFACE IT SEEMS TO BE YOUR AVERAGE PSYCHEDELIC.

'OLD-SCHOOL TRIPPY. "THE COLOURS, THE COLOURS", "MORNING, MR. MINOTAUR, HOW'S THE INSURANCE BUSINESS" PROOLINGS, RIGHT? WELL, NO, THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT.



'CREATION, YOU SEE, DOES EXACTLY WHAT IT SAYS ON THE TIN.

'IT ALLOWS YOU TO FASHION YOUR VERY OWN PERSONAL UNIVERSE AND TO SHAPE IT IN ANY WAY YOU SEE FIT.



'IT MAKES YOU GOD.

'AND YOU CAN SEE HOW THAT WOULD APPEAL TO THE AVERAGE DOWN-TRODDEN CITIZEN IN THIS CITY. NO JOB, NO MONEY, NO SELF WORTH...



'... OR WELDER OF WORLDS, SCULPTOR OF SUPERNOVAS, ALL-POWERFUL, ALL-HOLY, ALL-FATHER OF EVERYTHING YOU BEHOLD.

'OF COURSE, THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN ACTUALLY SEE ALL THIS. TO THE TAKER, THE CREATION EXPERIENCE IS UTTERLY REAL. TO THE REST OF US, NADA.

'NOW THERE'S A SPOT OF SUBTEXT FOR YA.'





YES, INSANE, PUNGENT WALLY SQUAD JUDGE AT THE FRONT.

IT CAN'T BE SUBTEXT IF YOU SPEAK IT OUT LOUD, THORA. THAT'S VERY ON THE NOSE.

I WAS MAKING A SARCASTIC JOKE REGARDING THE SUBJECTIVE NATURE OF FAITH, FRANK.

YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN. THAT'S NOT SUBTEXT, IT'S... TEXT. DON'T PATRONISE YOUR AUDIENCE.



YOU SMELL LIKE ONE OF MY INCONTINENCE BAGS, FRANK. IT'S REALLY TOUGH NOT TO PATRONISE YOU.

WHAT HAVE TEXT MESSAGES GOT TO DO WITH ANY OF THIS?

DIRTY FRANK'S SOUL HURTS WHEN THE GIBBON SPEAKS, THORA. MAKE HIM STOP.



I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT FOR YOU, FRANK, AND I SYMPATHISE, REALLY...

... BUT CAMERON'S TAKING OVER YOUR PITCH AND AS HEY NONNY NONNY AS YOU MAY BE, NO ONE KNOWS THE LOW LIFE AS WELL AS YOU.

SO YOU WILL FOLLOW ORDERS AND MENTOR HIM ON THIS YOUR LAST JOB AS A JUDGE. UNDERSTAND?



DIRTY FRANK UNDERSTANDS.

YOU WANT US TO INFILTRATE THE CREATION NETWORK?



WELL, *MAYBE*. THIS THING'S MOSTLY PRETTY HARMLESS. IT'S HIGHLY ADDICTIVE, YES, BUT WE'VE HAD NO REPORTED O.D. DEATHS YET.

'CREATION JUNKIES ARE SO CAUGHT UP IN THEIR OWN UNIVERSES THAT THEY DON'T REALLY BOTHER OTHER PEOPLE...

... APART FROM THE OVERTLY POMPUS PROCLAMATIONS OF THEIR OWN PERSONAL BIBLES, WHICH CAN BE A LITTLE ANNOYING.'

AND I SAY UNTO THEE...

KILLED YOUR FIRST-BORN SON? WOAH! I WAS OBVIOUSLY KIDDING!

BRILLIANT, ERIC! JUST BRILLIANT! WHAT WAS THE ONE THING I SAID NOT TO DO? DON'T EAT THE DROKING APPLE!





**DIRTY FRANK'S  
CASE NOTES:**

Final entry. Sniff.

Despite Dirty Frank's concerns, Simian the Erudite does have his uses, physical intimidation being the only one.



He's very good at it, though, in a way that Dirty Frank is not, and never was.

Perhaps this city, and the Low Life in particular, needs someone like him more than it does Dirty Frank?

Perhaps action and vicarious gore is all that's needed from the protagonist's role these days?



Perhaps Justice Department is right.

**STOP. COVERT  
PURVEYOR OF ILLEGAL  
SUBSTANCES AND  
OCCASIONAL CRIMINAL  
INFORMANT!**

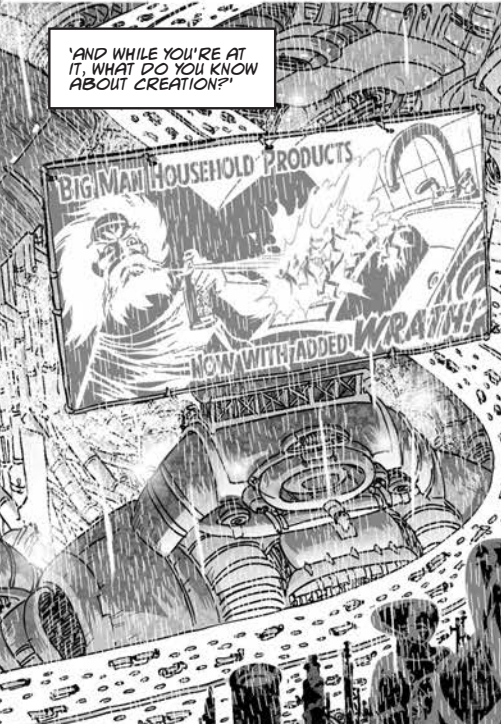
**DIRTY FRANK  
COMMANDS IT!**



HUFF! HUFF!



Perhaps Dirty Frank's days are over.





HMPH.

PLANNING LEGISLATIVE RULE, 4769B, SUB-CLAUSE (J), NO SINGLE ADVERTISER OR PRODUCT SHALL HAVE A MONOPOLY OVER BILLBOARDS IN ONE CITY SECTOR.

JUST WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING WHEN YOU WROTE THOSE PERMITS, JUNIOR PLANNING CLERK JENKINS?



AND THEN NOT TURNING UP FOR WORK FOUR DAYS AFTER THE EVENT...

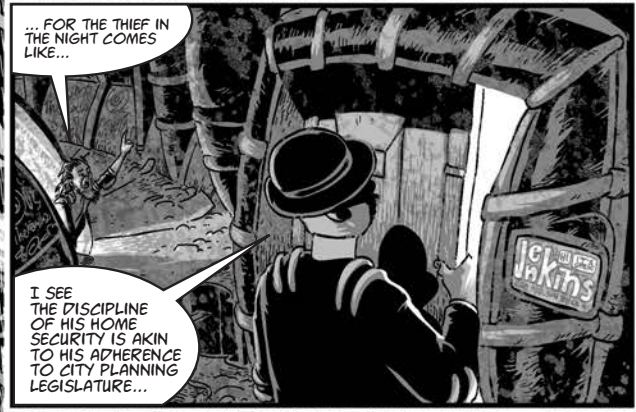
YOU HAVE RAISED MY SUSPICIONS, SIR. RULES HAVE BEEN BROKEN AND THE NEFARIOUS STENCH OF FISCAL CORRUPTION ABOUNDS.



AND SO A HOME VISIT BY SENIOR CITY PLANNING CLERK THAPUS GAINING !!! SHALL BE YOURS.

REPENT! REPENT NOW, WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE!

THE FATAL DAY IS COMING, VERILY...



...FOR THE THIEF IN THE NIGHT COMES LIKE...

I SEE THE DISCIPLINE OF HIS HOME SECURITY IS AKIN TO HIS ADHERENCE TO CITY PLANNING LEGISLATURE...



...WELL, LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, USUALLY. THE THIEVING BASTARD.

JENKINS?



'SO TELL ME, FRANK.'

'WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE CRAZY?'



DIRTY FRANK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.



RIGHT, RIGHT. OF COURSE YOU DON'T. I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS PULLING THE PLUG ON YOU, EITHER.

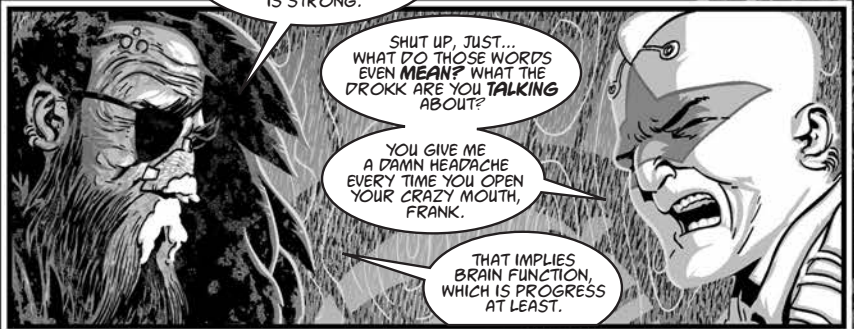
AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE Madder THAN A BAG OF DUNE SHARKS.



NURSE, DIRTY FRANK DESIRES A MILKY TOP-UP —

GRUD, SHADDUP, WILL YA? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE BLENDING IN! EVERYONE'S STARING AT US!

DIRTY FRANK GETS THAT A FAIR BIT. NEVERTHELESS, HIS DESIRE FOR MAMMARY-PRODUCED SUSTENANCE IS STRONG.



SHUT UP. JUST... WHAT DO THOSE WORDS EVEN MEAN? WHAT THE DROKK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU GIVE ME A DAMN HEADACHE EVERY TIME YOU OPEN YOUR CRAZY MOUTH, FRANK.

THAT IMPLIES BRAIN FUNCTION, WHICH IS PROGRESS AT LEAST.



STOP. TALKING.



I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS PLACE, FRANK. I JUST PULLED A PISTOL AND NO ONE EVEN FLINCHED. BUT YOU? YOU THEY STARE AT.



THIS IS THE LOW LIFE — THE TYPE OF PLACE THAT'LL GUT YOU FOR A WRONG LOOK.



DO YOU CARRY A GUN? DO YOU CARRY ANY SORT OF WEAPON AT ALL?



DIRTY FRANK'S WITTGENSTEIN-LIKE WITS ARE ALL HE NEEDS TO —



WE'RE JUDGES, FRANK. JUDGES.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT? 'COS I THINK YOU HAVE.

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PLAYING A PART. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO GO BACK IN UNIFORM TOMORROW IF WE'RE ASKED TO.



DO YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU COULD DO THAT, FRANK?



YOU'RE A JOKE, FRANK. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'VE PULLED THIS OFF AS LONG AS YOU HAVE, BUT THANK GRUD THEY'VE FINALLY NOTICED AND FLIPPED YOUR SWITCH.

THIS IS MY SHOW NOW.

YOU'RE CRAZY, AND I'M GOING TO HIT A DRUG DEALER.



HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM! NOW, MOTHER-DROKKERS!

I WANNA SEE THE —



... CREATION.



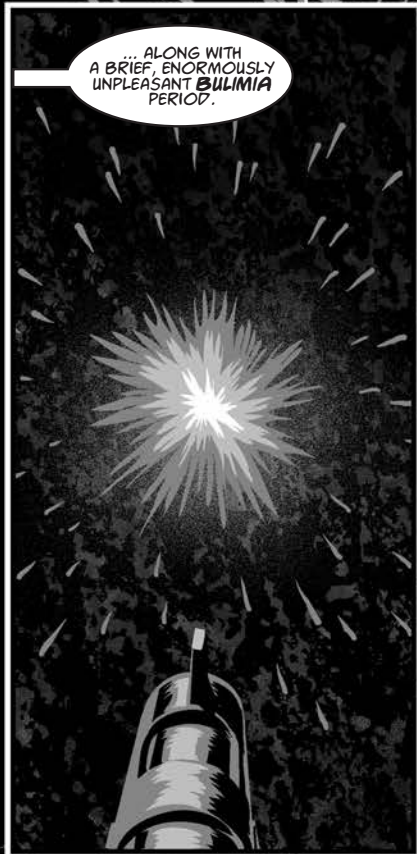
DIRTY FRANK PAID FOR YOUR **THREE** MUNCEBURGERS, CAMERON.

YOU'LL END UP LOOKING LIKE A MUNCEBURGER IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL. THAT'S WHAT DIRTY FRANK'S MOTHER ALWAYS STATED WITH FORMIDABLE PASSION.



AND CHILDHOOD THINNESS WAS SOON ACHIEVED ...

... AS WAS A TERRIBLE FEAR OF KAFKAESQUE FOOD-RELATED METAMORPHOSIS...



... ALONG WITH A BRIEF, ENORMOUSLY UNPLEASANT **BULIMIA** PERIOD.



UH... CAMERON?

YOU LOOK TROUBLED. IS ALL WELL? HAVE YOU JUST EXPERIENCED AN EPIPHANY WHERE YOU'VE REALISED YOU'RE AN IDIOT?



I'M... FINE.

I'LL JUST... I'M JUST GOING TO GET SOME FRESH AIR.



JUST STAY AWAY FROM ME A SECOND, OK?

BUT THERE ARE DRUGS TO CONFISCATE AND INERT CITIZENS TO BEAT!

THIS IS LIKE CHRISTMAS FOR YOU, SURELY?



GLADLY.

TEMPORARY SIMIAN EXCLUSION ZONE ACTIVATED.



DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:

Hmmm...

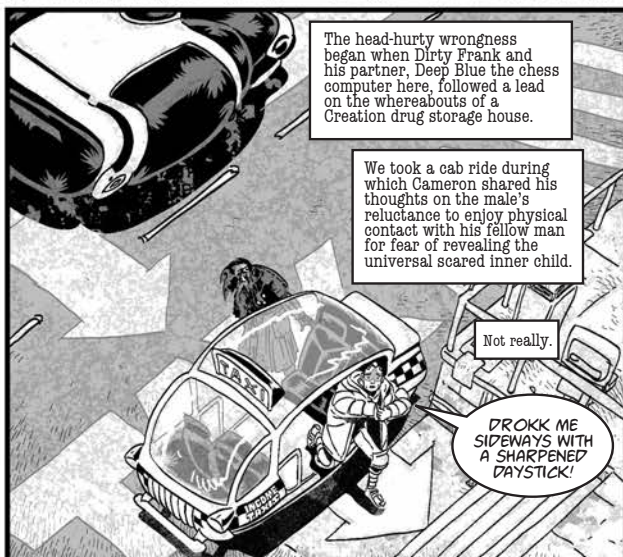
**DIRTY FRANK'S  
CASE NOTES:**

It has been a somewhat unusual day, even by Low Life standards.

RIBBETT!



Indeed.



The head-hurty wrongness began when Dirty Frank and his partner, Deezy Blue the chess computer here, followed a lead on the whereabouts of a Creation drug storage house.

We took a cab ride during which Cameron shared his thoughts on the male's reluctance to enjoy physical contact with his fellow man for fear of revealing the universal scared inner child.

Not really.

DROKK ME  
SIDEWAYS WITH  
A SHARPENED  
DAYSTICK!

Eloquence may not be Cameron's *raison d'être* but in this instance he summed matters up quite well, Dirty Frank would have to say.

After all, it was raining frogs.



Once Dirty Frank had convinced Cameron that his first instinct - to shoot anything outside his understanding - was probably unnecessary in this amphibian-heavy circumstance, there was little to do.

Dirty Frank called it in and waited for the clean-up team to arrive.

It seemed this bizarre phenomenon was not citywide, but purely localised to the Low Life. Odd.

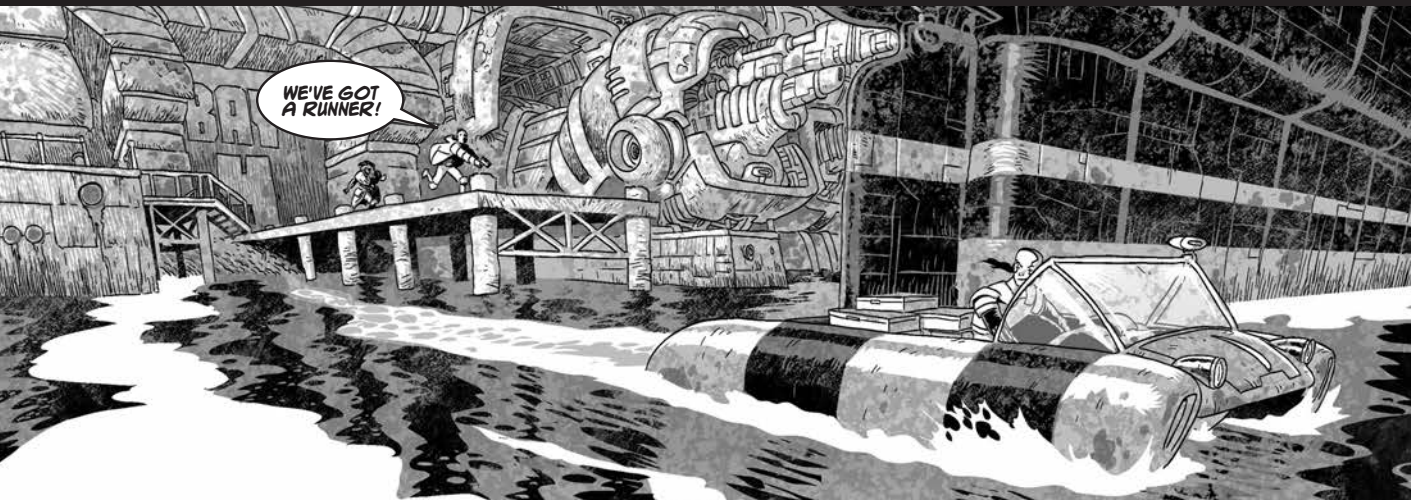
Then, upon finally arriving at our destination, the docks, things took another turn for the wacky...

LIGHTS ARE ON. CAN'T HEAR VOICES, THOUGH.



RIBBETT!

SILENCE. SNEAKY WALLY SQUAD WORK IS AFOOT.



WE'VE GOT A RUNNER!



HEH! SEE YA, LOSERS!



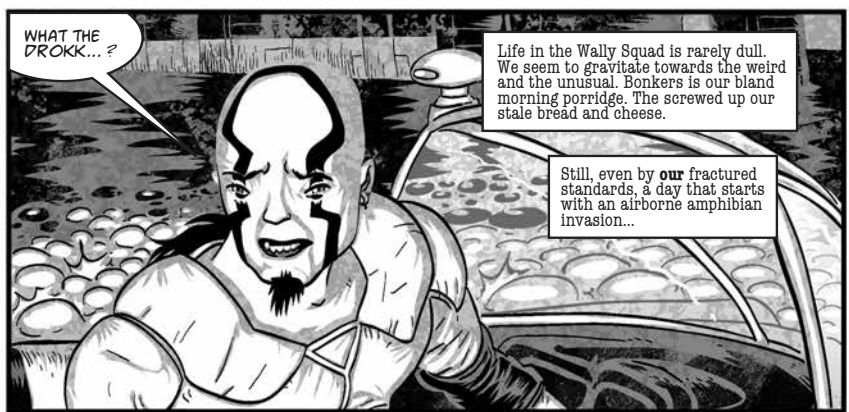
GRUD, HE'S TOO FAR OUT!

CALL IT IN! WE CAN GET A DOCK PATROL SQUAD TO —

OOH, BUBBLES...



'DIRTY FRANK LIKES BUBBLES.'



WHAT THE PROKK...?

Life in the Wally Squad is rarely dull. We seem to gravitate towards the weird and the unusual. Bonkers is our bland morning porridge. The screwed up our stale bread and cheese.

Still, even by our fractured standards, a day that starts with an airborne amphibian invasion...



... And then proceeds to become even **more** surreal?

That one may just stick in the memory.

DIRTY FRANK GONE DONE A PEE-PEE.



АННННННННННН!



YOU SEE THAT? THAT'S YOU, FRANK! GRUD KNOWS HOW BUT THIS IS YOUR FAULT!

BEFORE I MET YOU MY DAYS WERE DANGEROUS, YEAH — BUT THEY WERE NEVER LIKE THIS!

YOU'RE A DROKING DISEASE! YOU'RE INFECTING THINGS! YOU'RE TURNING ME CRAZY! YOU MAKE EVERYTHING AROUND YOU CRAZY!



TINY GAY FLYING BABIES! FROGS! LOTS OF FROGS! GIANT KILLER FISH!

IT'S A SPERM WHALE.

I DON'T CARE! I CAN'T TAKE THIS, FRANK! THIS AIN'T WHAT THE JOB SHOULD BE!



'T SHOULD BE CRIMES AND PERPS AND CHASES AND GUNS.

'REALLY BIG GUNS.



'THIS IS YOU, FRANK! IT'S ALL DOWN TO YOU!

'YOU GOTTA GO! YOU HEAR ME?

'FRANK?'



FRANK!



WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING TO THE LOW LIFE, IT'S GETTING BIGGER. A LOT BIGGER.

SO WHAT'S NEXT?



DIRTY FRANK DOESN'T KNOW...



I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING. I KNOW SOME OF YOU DON'T EXACTLY GET ON.

BUT IT'S GOOD TO SEE THAT THE CRIMINAL GANGS OF THE LOW LIFE CAN PUT PETTY DIFFERENCES LIKE BLOOD FEUDS AND DEATH CONTRACTS TO ONE SIDE WHEN FACED WITH AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS.



YOU'VE ALL HAD A TASTE OF WHAT WE CAN DO. YOU'VE CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE ON THE STREETS.

WELL, THAT'S ALL IT'S BEEN SO FAR. GLIMPSES.

AND NOW THE REAL SHOW IS ABOUT TO START AND IF YOU'RE WISE YOU BOYS CAN BE BENEFICIARIES, COURTESY OF THE BIG MAN.



GENTLEMEN...

... IT'S TIME TO TURN UP THE HEAT!

**DIRTY FRANK'S  
CASE NOTES:**

With both a yea and a verily - maybe two verilys, possibly three - Dirty Frank will look into it.

You see, it's all gone a bit Biblical down the Low Life way.

At least, that is Dirty Frank's suspicion, given the sudden arrival of plagues of frogs, Barry Blubber the man-swallowing whale, and, in Cameron's words, 'tiny gay flying babies'.

Cherubs, presumably.

For some reason the unusual abundance of new billboard signs and the timing of their arrival bothers Dirty Frank. Particularly their godly theme and their Big Man label.

It could be unrelated, but we have come to the Low Life's City Planning Headquarters to look into it, just in case.

NNNN...

CAMERON? DO YOU HAVE A THEORY TO POSIT?

... NNNNN  
AAAAHHH!

OBVIOUSLY NOT.

OH.

THAT'LL BE THE GREAT FLOOD, THEN.

AND THERE GOES THE LOW LIFE'S CITY PLANNING HEAD-QUARTERS.

TRULY A STAB IN THE HEART OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S FINEST ARCHITECTURE.

THERE... THERE'S NO POINT RUNNING, IS THERE? THIS IS REALLY IT... THE END.

PUFF! DIRTY FRANK KNEW THESE WOULD COME IN HANDY ONE DAY. PUFF!

LIFE'S LIKE... SO PRECIOUS. I NEVER REALISED... SO BEAUTIFUL... AND SHIT.

CAMERON...





DIRTY FRANK'S BIBLICAL SUSPICION WAS CORRECT, IT SEEMS.

TRULY HE IS THE UNRIVALLED MASTER OF DETECTION, THE INCOMPARABLE SLEUTH DU JOUR, ABLE TO UNWRAP THE CLOUDING BOUNDS OF ANY MELLIFLOUS MYSTERY, TO PREDICT THE ONCOMING OF ANY —



OOOOOH, BUGGER!  
RUN FOR IT!



**DIRTY FRANK'S WATER-STAINED, NOW PROBABLY UNREADABLE, CASE NOTES:**

Anarchy has come to the streets of the Low Life.

And Dirty Frank wonders who, exactly, it benefits.



'SECTOR 5 — FIVE HUNDRED CITIZENS ALL CLAIMING TO BE CALLED JOSEPH AND ALL WEARING APPALLINGLY GARISH JACKETS WON'T STOP WHOLEHEARTEDLY SINGING ABOUT THEIR DREAMS.

'JUDGES ON THE SCENE REPORT THAT IT'S REALLY QUITE ANNOYING.



'SECTOR 11 — THREE HUNDRED CITIZENS BEAT A PRIZE-WINNING GARDENER UNCONSCIOUS IN ORDER TO STOP HIM EXTINGUISHING THE BURNING BUSH THAT HAD, APPARENTLY, BEEN OFFERING CHOICE CELEBRITY GOSSIP TO THEM FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS.



'MORE ALARMINGLY, IN SECTOR 8, THE SECTOR HOUSE HAS COLLAPSED DUE, APPARENTLY, TO EIGHT HUNDRED CITIZENS JUST KIND OF MARCHING IN CIRCLES AROUND IT.

'WE'VE ARRESTED THE BUILDING CONTRACTORS JUST IN CASE.



'AND THEN THERE'S OUR CURRENT AQUALUNG ISSUE.

'THESE OCCURRENCES ARE ALL OVER THE LOW LIFE, PEOPLE, AND, FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, THEY'RE NOT HAPPENING ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE CITY.

'THE PLACE IS IN CHAOS, AND WE'RE ASSUMING IT'S CREATION RELATED — WHICH WOULD MEAN THAT SOMEONE'S EITHER DELIBERATELY OR ACCIDENTLY BEHIND IT.'



IT'S GETTING WORSE BY THE HOUR, GUYS. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN'T COPE.

SO YOU'VE ALL BEEN WORKING THE STREETS. CREATION — WHAT'S THE STORY AND HOW DO WE TURN OFF THE CRAZY?



GREETINGS MORTAL.

I HEAR YOU'RE ON THE OUTS, FRANKIE. THAT SUCKS LIKE ME ON A SUPERMODEL'S NIPPLE.

INDEED. YOU RECALL THE INFANT MINDSWAP CASE?

THE ONE WHERE YOU BEAT UP A LOAD OF BABIES TRAPPED IN PENSIONERS' BODIES?

YES. THERE WAS MENTION OF A BIG MAN BEING BEHIND IT.

BIG GUY I THINK.



**DIRTY FRANK'S APOCALYPTIC CASE NOTES:**

Thora is in some form of coma, the Sector House is destroyed, Dirty Frank's Wally Squad contemporaries are missing, and the Low Life has gone all oceany.

Dirty Frank's had better days.



HUFF!  
HUFF!

OH THANK THE GREAT CITY PLANNER! FINALLY, HELP!



YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE, SIR, FOR ANSWERING MY PLAINTIVE CRIES FOR AID AND ASSISTANCE!

SOP OFF, BARRY! DIRTY FRANK IS WARNING YOU! NONE OF YOUR BIG SWALLOWY NONSENSE NOW!

OR DIRTY FRANK WILL DROP HIS PANTS AND DEFECCATE DOWN BARRY'S BLOW-HOLE.



... SIR? I... I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...

JUDGES WILL BE ALONG PRESENTLY, CITIZEN... POSSIBLY.

OH, THE TRAVAILS OF SENIOR CITY PLANNING CLERK THADEUS MANNING !!!

I COME TO THE LOCAL SECTOR HOUSE TO REPORT A WRONGDOING AND I AM SWEEP AWAY IN A GREAT FLOOD FOR MY TROUBLES!

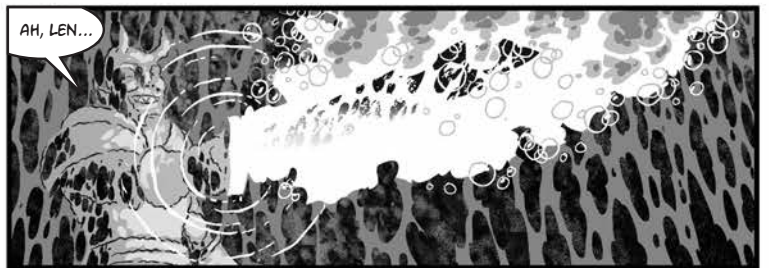
BUT THE CORRUPTION-RELATED INSTALLATION OF MONOPOLISED BIG MAN ADVERTISING BILLBOARDS SHALL NOT BE ALLOWED TO STAND!

NOT ON MY WATCH!



EH?

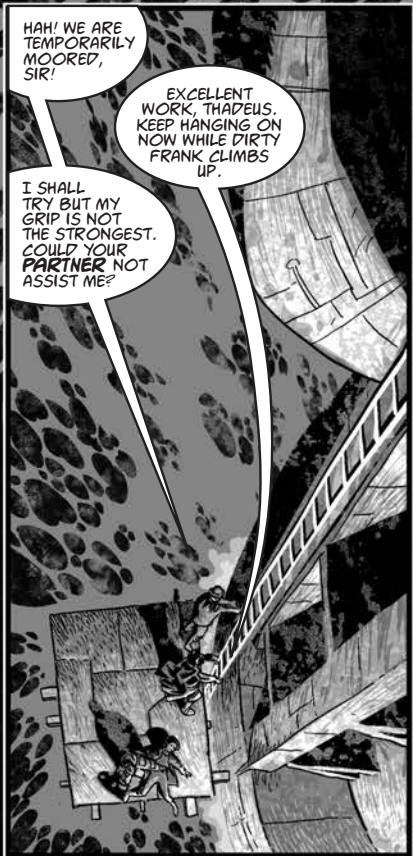
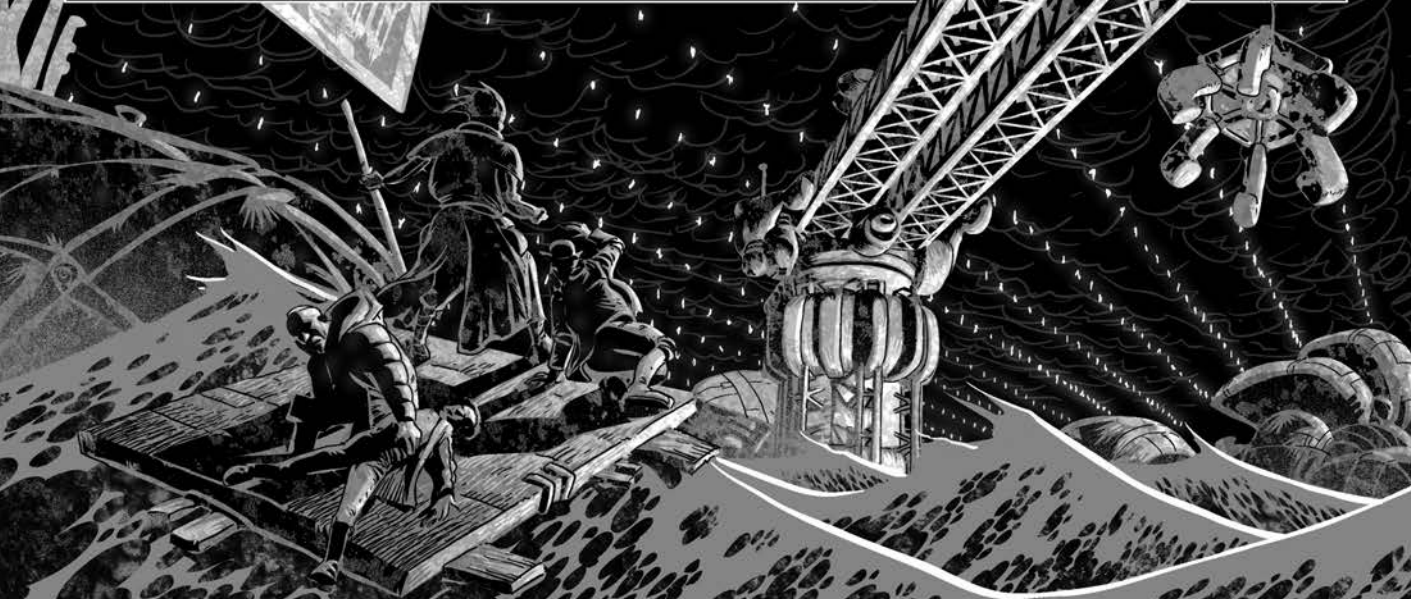






WHEN YOU TRULY BELIEVE...

... NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.



HAH! WE ARE TEMPORARILY MOORED, SIR!

EXCELLENT WORK, THADEUS. KEEP HANGING ON NOW WHILE DIRTY FRANK CLIMBS UP.

I SHALL TRY BUT MY GRIP IS NOT THE STRONGEST. COULD YOUR PARTNER NOT ASSIST ME?



MAYBE I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT, THOUGH.

THIS ISN'T REALLY HIS SORT OF JOB ANYMORE.



A new hallucinogenic drug arrives on the Low Life streets making Biblical visions real.

At the exact same time Old Testament-themed Big Man billboards go up all around the Low Life, and nowhere else in the city.

Coincidence?



Let's find out.

DIRTY FRANK SMASH!



YESSSSSS!

BEHOLD DIRTY FRANK'S FURY GIVEN ENORMO-CRANE FORM!

BEHOLD THE HYGEINE-CHALLENGED GLORY THAT IS DIRTY FRANK'S OWN PECULIAR BRAND OF —



CACKNUGGETS.

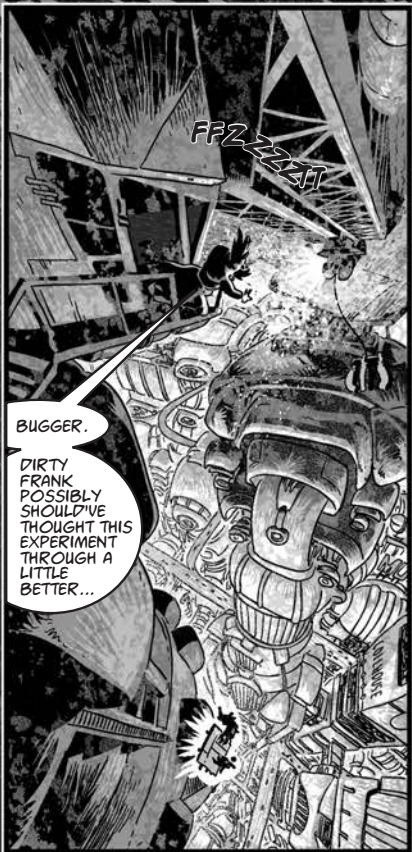


FZZZZZZZZZZ

OY, AGAIN WITH THE FUTILITY. ALWAYS WITH DIRTY FRANK IT'S THE FUTILITY.

NOTHING HAS CHANGED.

IT SEEMS THAT DIRTY FRANK WAS INCORRECT. THE BIG MAN BILLBOARDS ARE ENTIRELY UNCONNECTED TO THE —



FFZZZZZZZZ

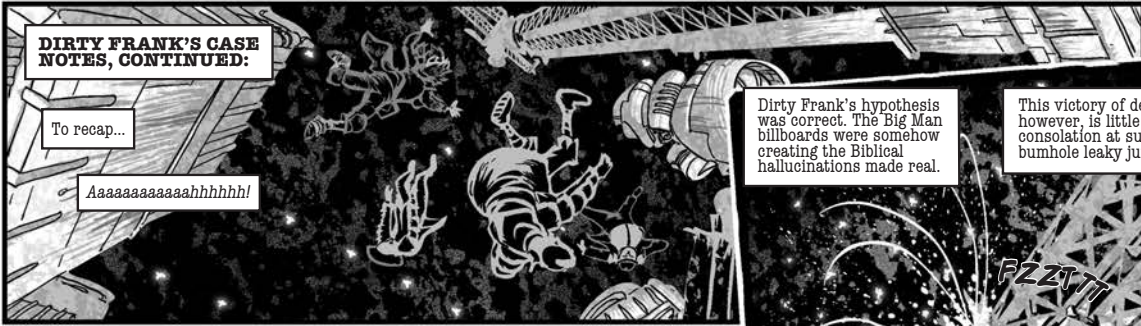
BUGGER.

DIRTY FRANK POSSIBLY SHOULD'VE THOUGHT THIS EXPERIMENT THROUGH A LITTLE BETTER...



DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!



**DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES, CONTINUED:**

To recap...

Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!

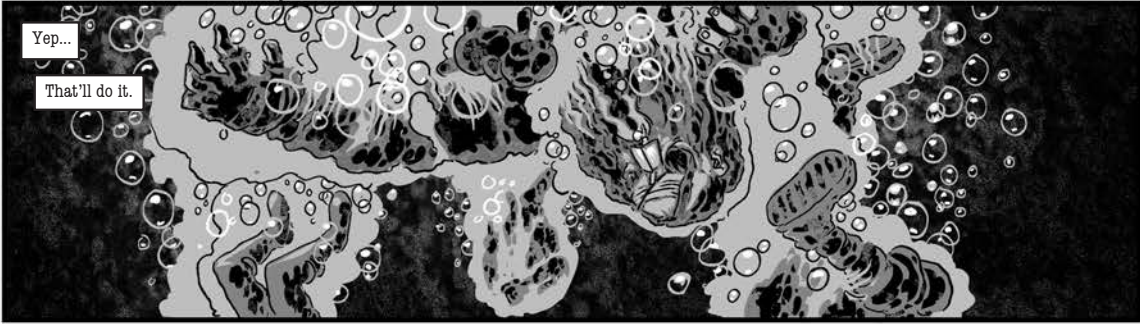
Dirty Frank's hypothesis was correct. The Big Man billboards were somehow creating the Biblical hallucinations made real.

This victory of deduction, however, is little consolation at such a bumhole leaky juncture...



Dirty Frank's brain is about to be converted to hummus due to an imminent high-speed sidewalk meeting.

Barring something entirely unexpected occurring, that is...



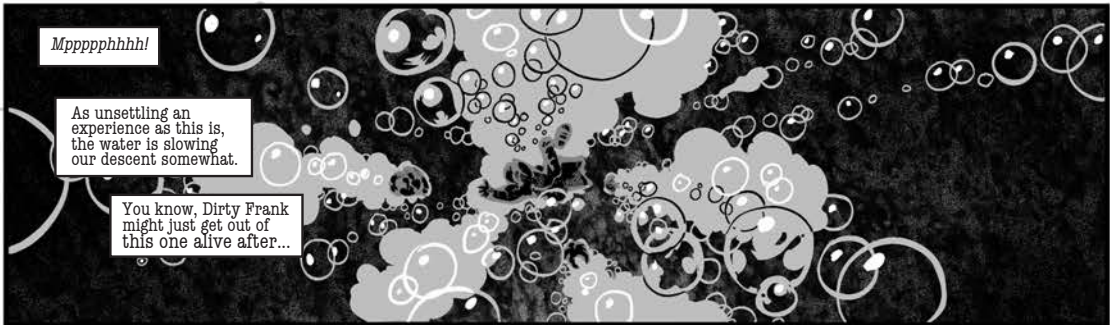
Yep...

That'll do it.



The billboard...

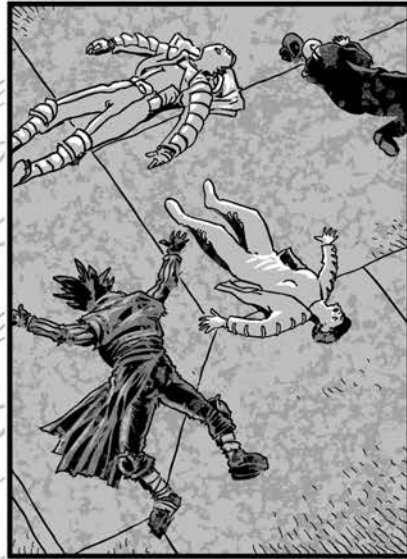
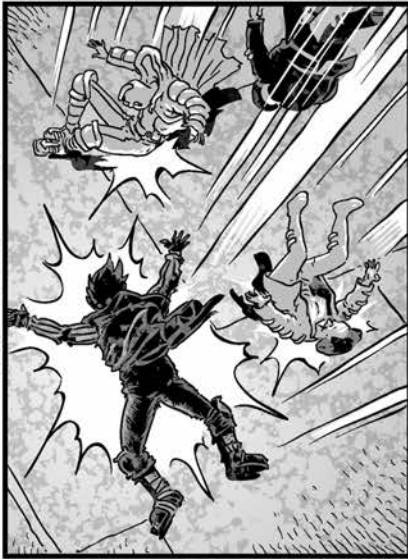
The Big Man billboard is shorting in and out as it dies. So one second thin air, the next...



Mpppphhhh!

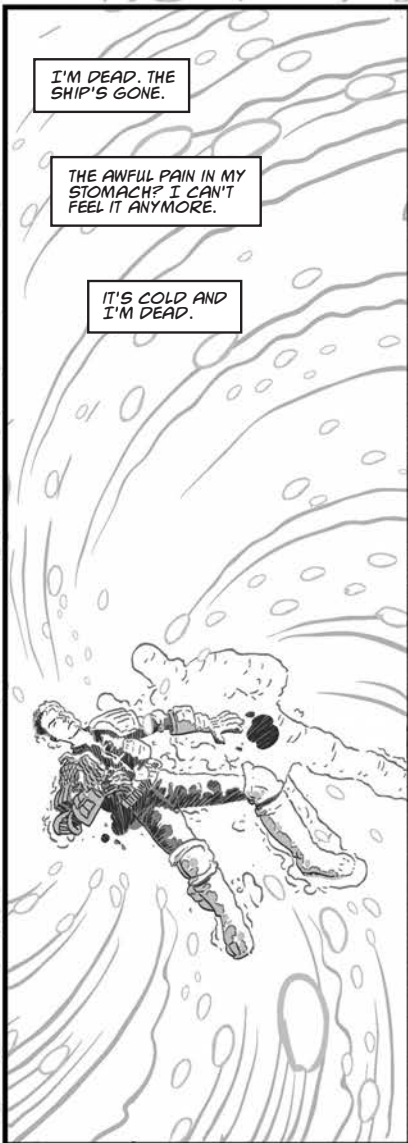
As unsettling an experience as this is, the water is slowing our descent somewhat.

You know, Dirty Frank might just get out of this one alive after...



IT'S COLD.

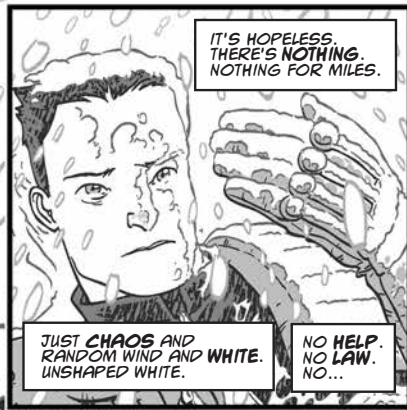
IT'S VERY,  
VERY COLD.



I'M DEAD. THE  
SHIP'S GONE.

THE AWFUL PAIN IN MY  
STOMACH? I CAN'T  
FEEL IT ANYMORE.

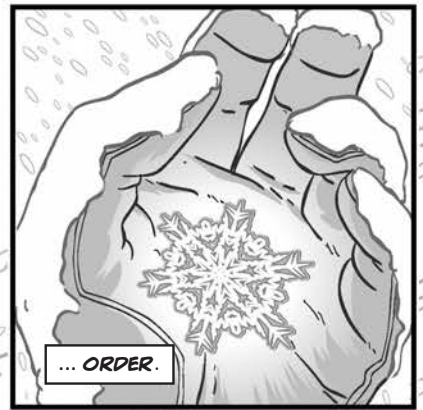
IT'S COLD AND  
I'M DEAD.



IT'S HOPELESS.  
THERE'S NOTHING.  
NOTHING FOR MILES.

JUST CHAOS AND  
RANDOM WIND AND WHITE.  
UNSHAPED WHITE.

NO HELP.  
NO LAW.  
NO...



... ORDER.



'UH... PARDON ME?'

'MR DIRTY?'





RIGHT, THEN. ENOUGH OF THE GA-GA.

TIME TO SPEAK TO CAMERON IN A LANGUAGE HE UNDERSTANDS.

UGGGHH...



CAMERON!



WAKE UP!



STOP IT, FRANK.



CAMERON, IT'S GENUINELY GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK. DIRTY FRANK HAS NEED OF YOUR PARTICULAR TALENTS.

THERE ARE THINGS TO DESTROY! POSSIBLY TO SHOOT WITH BIG GUNS! YOU'LL HAVE A FIELD DAY!



THIS IS THADEUS MANNING III.

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS.

TOP BLOKE. DIRTY FRANK LIKES A LOT. HE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE CERTAIN BILLBOARDS ARE IN THE LOW LIFE.

DESTROY THEM, CAMERON. TAKE OUT ALL YOUR SMALL PENIS, INTELLECTUAL INSECURITY ANGER ON THEM. HAVE A BIG OLD RETRIBUTION SHIT-FIT.



AND TAKE THORA WITH YOU. GET HER HELP. SHE'S NOT AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS, YOU KNOW.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, FRANK?

SILLY QUESTION. TOWARDS THE SNOWFLAKE, OF COURSE. TO STOP THIS.

FRANK, I'M... SORRY. I LOST IT THERE FOR A WHILE.

THIS TYPE OF STUFF... IT'S NOT ME...

MAYBE... MAYBE THIS SHOULDN'T BE YOUR LAST CASE, AFTER ALL.





HAH!



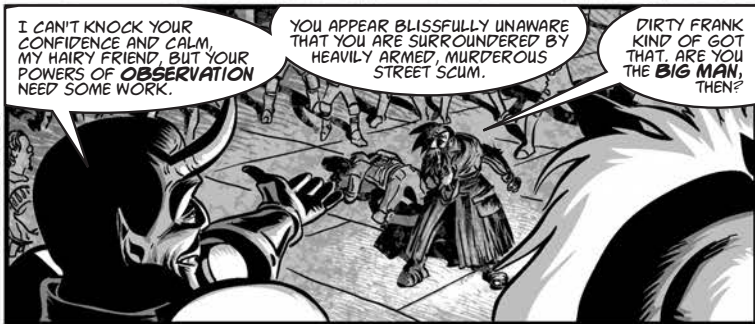


IS HE EVEN ARMED?

NOTHING.

AW MAN! KOFF! THAT'S AWFUL RIPE...

DUDE SMELLS LIKE JUDGE DEATH'S ATHLETE'S FOOT.



I CAN'T KNOCK YOUR CONFIDENCE AND CALM, MY HAIRY FRIEND, BUT YOUR POWERS OF **OBSERVATION** NEED SOME WORK.

YOU APPEAR BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY HEAVILY ARMED, MURDEROUS STREET SCUM.

DIRTY FRANK KIND OF GOT THAT. ARE YOU THE **BIG MAN**, THEN?

YOU? YOU ARE GOING TO STOP US?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, **STINK** US INTO SUBMISSION?



OH NO, I AM JUST HIS **CREATION**. A **SYMBOL** OF HIS POWER.

WHY JUST THE LOW LIFE? THAT'S WHAT DIRTY FRANK DOESN'T GET. THERE ARE FAR RICHER SECTORS OF THE **BIG MEG** TO TARGET IF SIMPLE **THEFT** IS THE AIM.

LET'S JUST SAY HE HAS A... **VESTED INTEREST** IN THE AREA.

NOW, WHO **ARE** YOU AND WHO, EXACTLY, IS THIS **DIRTY FRANK** YOU KEEP REFERRING TO?

DIRTY FRANK'S IDENTITY SHALL NOT BE REVEALED.

DIRTY FRANK IS NOBODY SPECIAL. JUST AN UNWANTED, REDUNDANT MAN ON HIS FINAL JOB.

SO GO AHEAD AND DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO. DIRTY FRANK'S TIME IS OVER, ANYWAY.



HAPPY TO OBLIGE.



AH. IT WORKS, THEN...

THAT'S SOMETHING OF A RELIEF.

IT TOOK A WHILE FOR DIRTY FRANK TO WORK IT OUT. THAT, A NEEDLESSLY AMBIGUOUS FLASHBACK, AND A BLOW TO THE HEAD SO HARD THAT IT MADE DIRTY FRANK WEE A BIT.

THE BILLBOARDS ARE PROJECTING SOME KIND OF NANOTECHNOLOGY, AREN'T THEY?



THAT REACTS TO THE HALLUCINOGENIC OF THE CREATION DRUG, SOMEHOW MAKING PEOPLE'S PERSONAL BIBLICAL VISIONS COME TO LIFE. IT GIVES THEM ACTUAL PHYSICAL FORM.

AFTER YOU STREET-TESTED IT, YOU MUST HAVE GOT CREATION INTO THE WATER SUPPLY. IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD HAVE INFECTED EVERYONE.



YOU OFFER THE LOW LIFE'S CRIMINAL FRATERNITY SOME FORM OF ANTIDOTE FOR A PRICE, SO THEY GET TO KEEP THEIR MARBLES AND ENJOY THEIR CRIME JAMBOREE.

AH, APOCALYPTIC RELIGIOUS IMAGERY, NANOTECHNOLOGY AND AN HALLUCINOGENIC IN THE WATER SUPPLY. THE OLDEST CRIME IN THE BOOK.



BUT THE BILLBOARDS ARE COMING DOWN, HORNY BOY.

THE BIG MAN'S CRIME SPREE IS GETTING CLEANED UP, AND DIRTY FRANK IS THE CLEANING PRODUCT.

NOW WITH ADDED WRATH!

UHHH... I KNOW WE'VE BEEN MAKING MIRACLES COME TO LIFE...

... BUT THIS IS DROKING RIDICULOUS.

WHO ARE YOU?



# ROBO-WING™ NIGHT GLIDER OF AWESOME!

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?  
I AM...

YOU SOUGHT TO MAKE THE POPULATION WEAK BY GIVING THEIR BELIEF PHYSICAL FORM!

BY BRINGING OLD TESTAMENT-STYLE FURY AND NIGHTMARES DOWN UPON THEM!

BUT WHERE THERE ARE NIGHTMARES, THERE ARE ALSO DREAMS!

AND THERE IS POWER IN BELIEF!

HOW?

HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?

DIRTY FRANK HAS BEEN CALLED MAD BY SOME, AND WHAT IS MADNESS IF NOT A TOTAL BELIEF IN THE EXISTENCE OF THAT WHICH ONLY YOU CAN SEE?

YOU AND YOUR BIG MAN HAVE CREATED A WORLD WHERE BELIEF IS REALITY, WHERE PEOPLE IGNORE THE MUNDANE AND SEE THE UNCANNY WITH CLARITY.

WELL, DIRTY FRANK HAS LIVED IN SUCH A WORLD FOR YEARS.

DIRTY FRANK SEES ORDER WHERE OTHERS SEE ONLY CHAOS.



DIRTY FRANK IS THE MASTER OF CREATION!



YES YOU WOULD DO WELL TO COWER, BAD LAD PERPETRATORS OF INIQUITY.

ESPECIALLY YOU SMALL ONES.



YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS OVER!

THIS SAYETH ROBO-WING, NIGHT GLIDER OF...



... ARSE.

THEY'VE TURNED OFF THE BILLBOARD.

AND DIRTY FRANK WAS REALLY ENJOYING HIMSELF.



WELL, WADDYA KNOW?

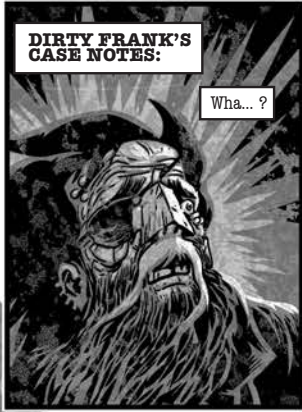
AIN'T NO HAPPY ENDING TO THIS GOOD BOOK.



BADD

BADD BADD

BADD

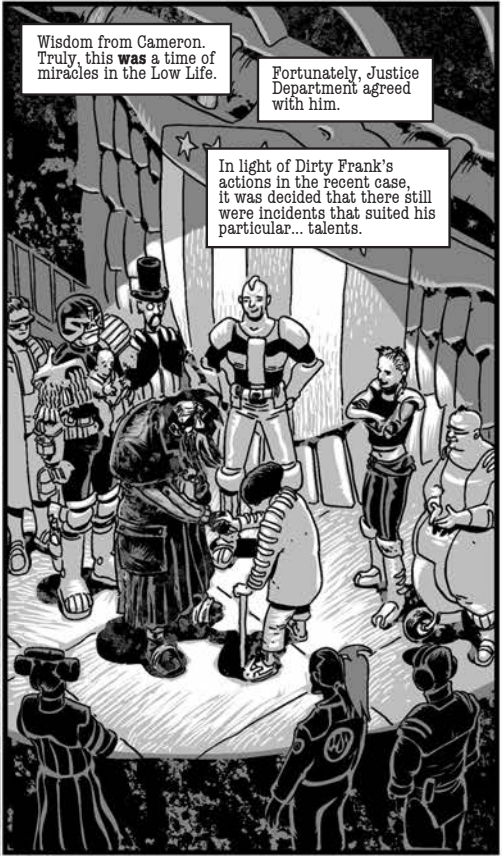


**DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:**

Wha... ?

I DROPPED OFF THORA AT A SECTOR HOUSE AND LET THADEUS TURN OFF THE BILLBOARDS ON HIS OWN. HE SEEMED PRETTY KEEN.

MEANWHILE, I FOUND A REALLY BIG GUN I COULD FIRE. GUESS EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN ROLE IN THIS WORLD, HUH, FRANK?



Wisdom from Cameron. Truly, this was a time of miracles in the Low Life.

Fortunately, Justice Department agreed with him.

In light of Dirty Frank's actions in the recent case, it was decided that there still were incidents that suited his particular... talents.



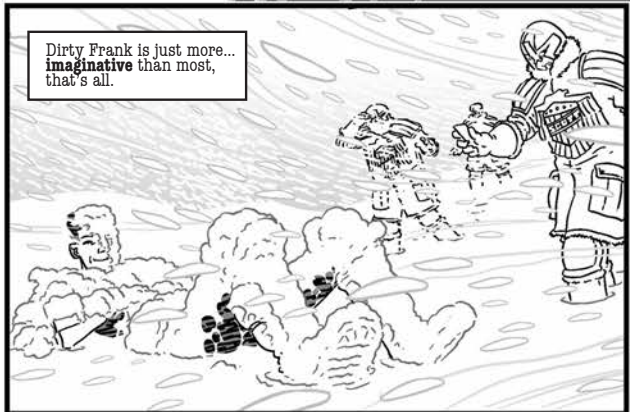
Just when it seemed that Justice Department had abandoned Dirty Frank they unexpectedly came back for him...

Thora, informing Dirty Frank that he could stay on with Wally Squad, said, 'A mad city sometimes needs a mad Judge.'



Cheeky cow.

Dirty Frank is not mad.



Dirty Frank is just more... imaginative than most, that's all.



And sometimes that's just enough to save the day.



THE LOW LIFE'S  
SECTOR HOUSE.

A STOIC SYMBOL OF LAW  
AND UNCOMPROMISING  
AUTHORITY, EVEN IN THE  
WANING HOURS OF THIS  
CHRISTMAS DAY.

A TEMPORARY HAVEN FOR  
THE GALLANT PROTECTORS  
AND UPHOLDERS OF A  
SYSTEM THAT SIMPLY WILL  
NOT TOLERATE INIQUITY  
IN ANY FORM.

BEHOLD AND CHERISH  
THESE NOBLE, ECLECTIC KNIGHTS OF  
RIGHTEOUSNESS--UNDERCOVER  
JUDGES. THE WALLY SQUAD.

UNRELENTING WARRIORS OF IDEALISM TRUE.

OH DROKK,  
DROKK ME. THERE'S  
MORE...MORE'S  
COMIII...

**BLEUUURGH!**

**BLEUUURGH!**

...KILL ME...  
PLEASE...

...KILL ME  
NOW...

NIXON...

CAMERON,  
YOU DON'T  
LOOK SO  
GOOD.

NAH,  
I'M FINE. IRON  
CONSTITUTION.  
STRONG.  
STRONG LIKE A  
MUTIE BULL.

FINALLY...  
FINALLY STOPPED  
BARFING...THANK  
YOU...MERCIFUL  
GRUD...

HEY, YOU GUYS  
MADE IT! I WAS GETTING  
WORRIED, BUT THEN I  
CRAPPED IN MY DIAPER  
AND THAT KINDA TOOK  
OVER MY THOUGHT  
PROCESSES...

THERE'S SOME  
SYNTHI-TURKEY STILL  
WARM DOWN THE HALL  
IF YOU'RE--

**BLEEUUGGGHHHHHHH!**

**NILS  
LOFGREN!**



MERRRRY CHRISTMAS!

GOOD, YOU ALL SURVIVED CHRISTMAS DAY. THIS VALIDATES MY DECISION ABOUT PARTY HEADWEAR.

MORTAL, YOU'RE A JUDGE, MAN. CLEAN YOURSELF UP. HAVE SOME SELF-RESPECT.



WAIT. IT SMELLS HALFWAY NORMAL IN HERE, DESPITE THE VOMIT.

WHERE'S FRANK?



HE'S NOT BACK YET.

SAFETY CURFEW ENDED FOUR MINUTES AGO, WHICH MEANS HE'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.



OR HE'S FORGOTTEN THE WAY HOME AGAIN.

THAT TOO.

FRANK WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST WALLY SQUAD JUDGE TO DIE ON CHRISTMAS DAY. IT'S THE ULTIMATE TEST OF AN UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE'S IMMENSE, NEAR-SUPERHUMAN TECHNICAL SKILL AND DISCIPLINE.



BLEUURGH!

CLARENCE CLEMONS!

SO WE GO OUT AND GET HIM.

FORGET IT, NIXON. YOU KNOW JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RULES.

WALLY SQUAD STREET IDENTITIES ARE SACROSANCT. WE BUST IN ON HIM JUDGE-HEAVY AND A YEAR'S WORTH OF UNDERCOVER WORK GOES DOWN THE CRAPPER.



WE'RE ON OUR OWN OUT THERE.

THAT'S THE JOB.



SIX AM THAT MORNING--

MERRY DROKING CHRISTMAS.

I HOPE YOU'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK.

YOU'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK OR YOU DIE.



WE SPEND ALL YEAR ADOPTING DIFFERENT IDENTITIES FOR DIFFERENT PEOPLE, LEARNING TO SHOW THEM FACES THAT AREN'T TRULY US.

WE DO SUCH A GOOD JOB OF IT THAT THEY INVITE US IN ON CHRISTMAS DAY: FOR FOOD, FOR DRINKS, FOR... OTHER THINGS.



AND WE ACCEPT THEIR INVITATIONS BECAUSE, DESPITE THE PERSONAL DANGER, IF WE BREAK SYNTHI-BREAD WITH THEM, IT INCREASES THE BOND.

SO TODAY YOU EAT THEIR VARIOUS MEALS--ALL THE MEALS--AND YOU REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL OF THE LIES AND FAIRYTALES YOU'VE FED TO THEM OVER THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.

I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE SECTOR HOUSE AT SAFETY CURFEW, AND HAVE THE BUCKETS READY.

TRULY AN INSPIRATIONAL PEPTALK.



"GOOD LUCK."

LOOK, VINNY? HE IS-A-SO ADORABLE! I THINK-A-HE WANT A FEED. I CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR-A-STEALING HIM AND ANONYMOUSLY LEAVING HIM ON OUR DOORSTEP.

UH... RIGHT.

ROY BITTAN.



YOU. TELL ST NICK THAT CAMERON'S HERE FOR THE REINDEER ROAST HE PROMISED ME.

OH, AND THAT HIS CLONED ELVES ARE GETTING A LITTLE OUT OF HAND.

I ASK YA...



"... WHAT KINDA PERSON DOESN'T LOVE CHRISTMAS?"



YOU ARE PREPARED FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER?

GOOD. REMOVE YOUR BLINDFOLDS AND WELCOME TO THIS SECRET, JUDGE-SENSITIVE LOCATION.

DIRTY FRANK'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM IS BRACED FOR YULETIDE ARMAGEDDON.



FRANK, MEET MY COUSINS, PATTY, PHIL, LEROY...

...AND MALTHUSIAN, BLOOD-GUZZLER AND HARBRINGER OF ULTIMATE DARKNESS.

HI.



I'VE INVITED YOU PEOPLE FOR DINNER BECAUSE... WELL... YOU GUYS... YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN GOOD TO OLD ENTRY-WOUND ERNIE THIS PAST YEAR.

WHAT WITH MOM DYING AND BARBARA LEAVING AND ALL...

BITCH.



THANKS, FRANK. THAT MEANS A LOT.

§SNIFF§

YOU ALL MEAN A LOT. YOUR SUPPORT... WELL... I COULDN'T HAVE BUILT MY SEX AND ROBOTIC WEAPONRY TRAFFICKING EMPIRE UP INTO A SUCCESS WITHOUT IT.



AND THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO LIVE.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU FIVE.

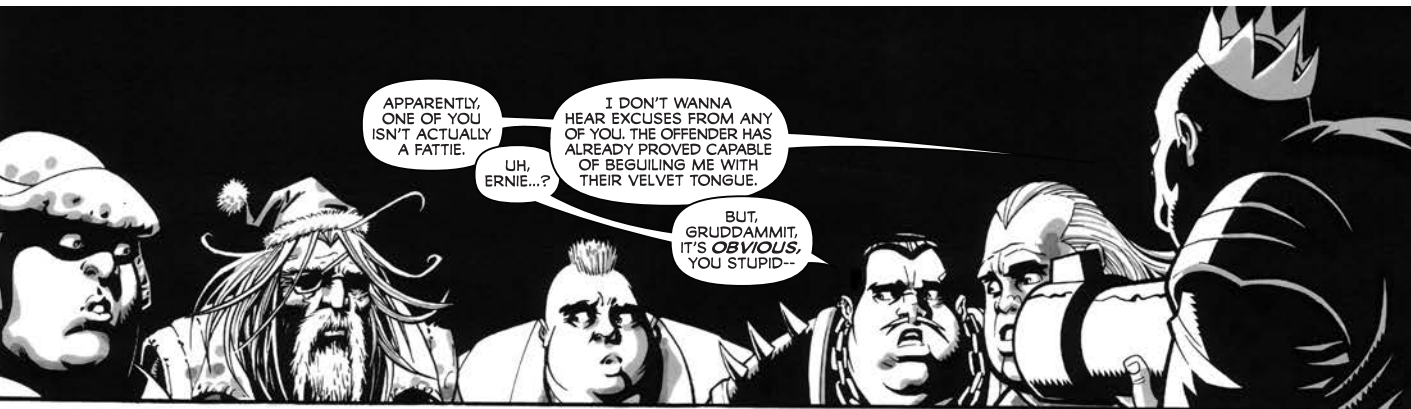
I MEAN, NORMALLY, I'D JUST KILL ALL OF YOU. JUST TO BE SURE, Y'KNOW?



Y'SEE...

...AND I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE THIS...

...BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT ONE OF YOU FIVE IS SOMETHING OTHER THAN WHAT YOU ACTUALLY PRETEND TO BE.



APPARENTLY, ONE OF YOU ISN'T ACTUALLY A FATTIE.

UH, ERNIE...?

I DON'T WANNA HEAR EXCUSES FROM ANY OF YOU. THE OFFENDER HAS ALREADY PROVED CAPABLE OF BEGUILING ME WITH THEIR VELVET TONGUE.

BUT, GRUDDAMMIT, IT'S *OBVIOUS*. YOU STUPID...



NO MORE LIES, BARBARA! YOU SHE-DEVIL!

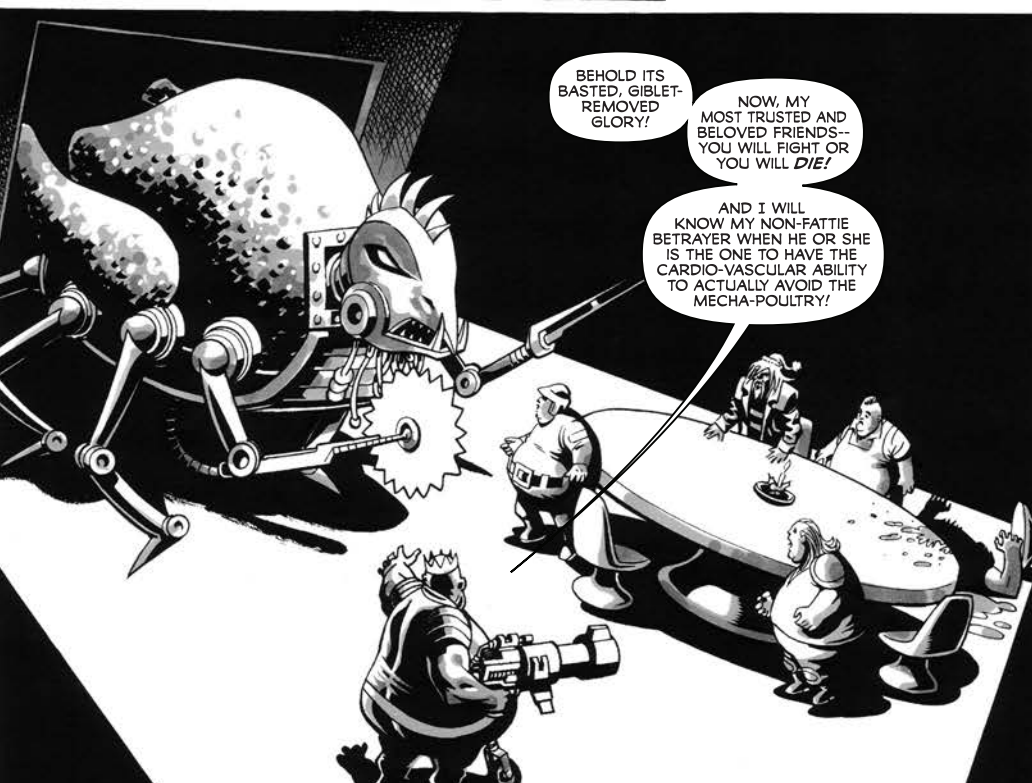


SORRY, PROBABLY A LITTLE REPRESSED ANGER OVER THE BREAK-UP BUBBLING TO THE SURFACE THERE.

ANYWAY...



ENTER THE GARGANTUATURKEY!



BEHOLD ITS BASTED, GIBLET-REMOVED GLORY!

NOW, MY MOST TRUSTED AND BELOVED FRIENDS-- YOU WILL FIGHT OR YOU WILL *DIE!*

AND I WILL KNOW MY NON-FATTIE BETRAYER WHEN HE OR SHE IS THE ONE TO HAVE THE CARDIO-VASCULAR ABILITY TO ACTUALLY AVOID THE MECHA-POULTRY!



THIS IS SO MUCH LIKE DIRTY FRANK'S CHILDHOOD CHRISTMAS IT'S ALMOST SPOOKY.

DIRTY FRANK IS GOING TO NEED A BIGGER GRAVY BOAT.



DROKK YOU.



"WE'RE NOT JUDGES."

"NOT REALLY."

OFFICIALLY, WE ARE, SURE. BUT LET'S FACE IT...

...WE'RE JUST ALL REALLY GOOD AT SHOWING THE RIGHT PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT TO SEE.

AND I GUESS THERE'S A **BROTHERHOOD** IN THAT. A DROKKED-UP ONE, SURE, BUT...





"SO, JUST FOR CHRISTMAS, I SAY SCREW THORA AND SCREW JUSTICE DEPARTMENT."

"WE'RE *WALLY SQUAD* AND ONE OF OURS IS IN TROUBLE."

"SO WE RIDE..."





COLLEAGUES. WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

THIS IS ENTRY-WOUND ERNIE. HE IS UNDER ARREST FOR COUSIN MURDER AND SEX AND ROBOTIC WEAPONRY TRAFFICKING.

ALSO, AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED... *DIRTY FRANK RIDES THE GARGANTUATURKEY!*

BY THE WAY, IS ANYONE HUNGRY? THIS TRULY IS A SUBLIMELY COOKED BIRD.

ALTHOUGH I'D AVOID THE BIT DIRTY FRANK'S ASS HAS RESTED UPON IF I WERE YOU...



IT WILL BE SLIGHTLY WARM...

...AND A TOUCH CLAGGY.

*BLEEDGGGGCHHHHH!*

MAX WEINBERG!



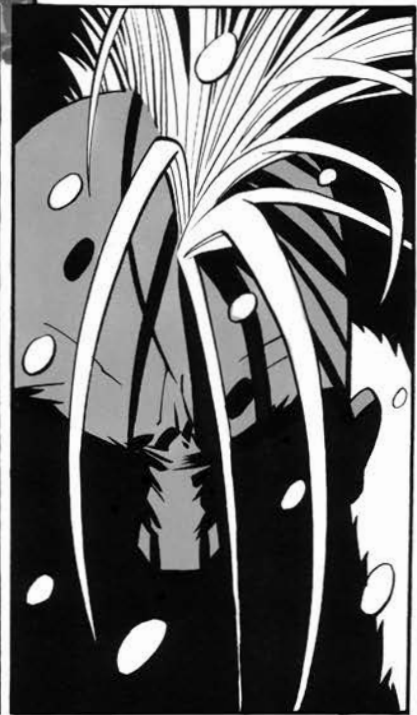
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

IT'S BOXING DAY NOW, FRANK.

SHUSH.



"GRUD BLESS US, EVERYONE!"



"...ANYONE SEE WHERE NIXON WENT?"



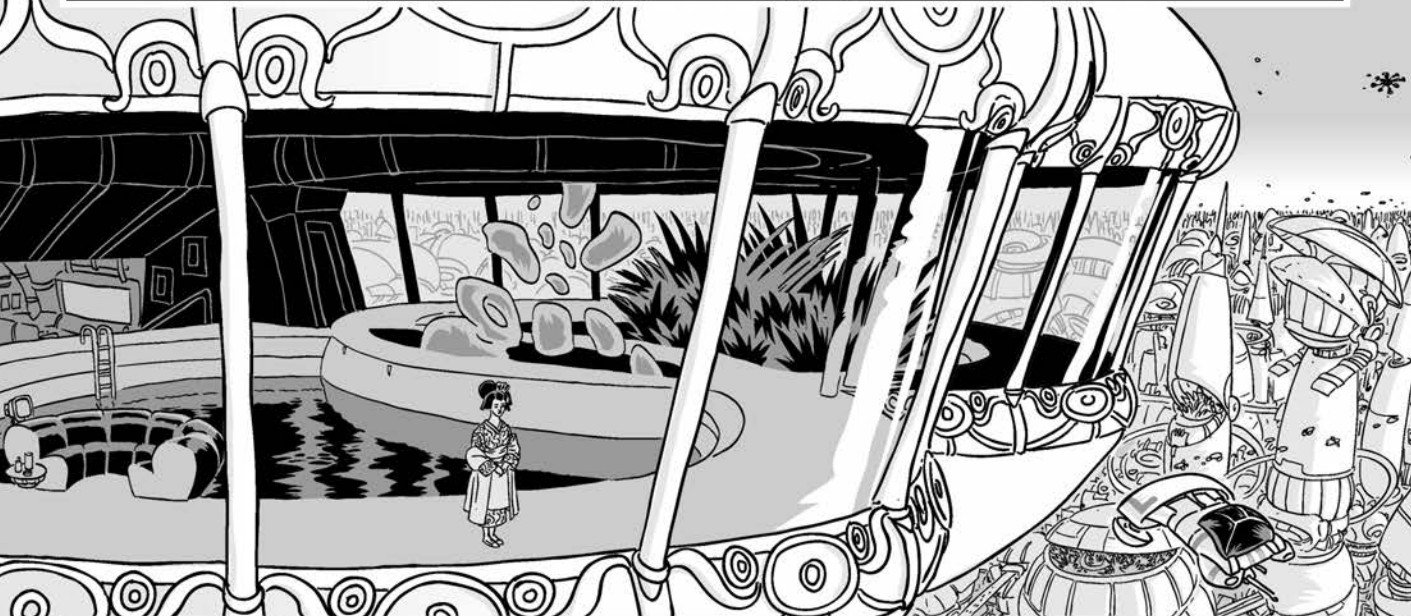
# HOSTILE TAKEOVER

Script: Rob Williams

Art: D'Israeli

Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 1700 - 1709





'GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU...

'... THAT'S ONE **BIG-ASS ROBOT.**'



YOU CAME THROUGH, FRANK. THIS'LL WORK GREAT. GOTTA ASK, THOUGH...

WHAT'S WITH THE —

**DON'T!**



BEFORE YOU CONTINUE YOUR SENTENCE, CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY, DIRTY FRANK WOULD ASK ONLY TWO THINGS:

**ONE** — DOES **CROSS-DRESSING** TREV NOT DESERVE THE SAME RESPECT FOR HIS PRIVATE PECCADILLOES AS THE REST OF US?

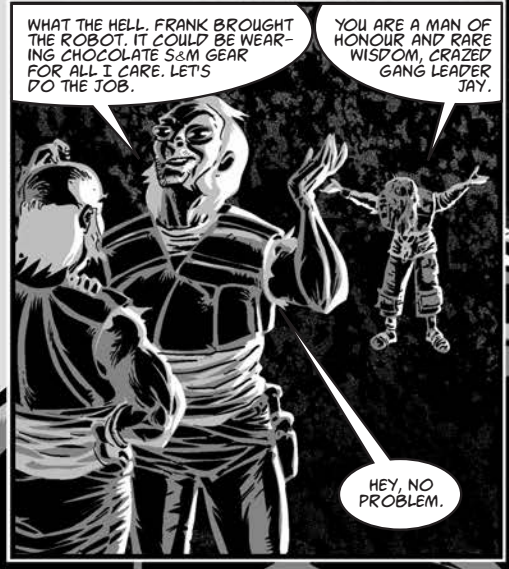
**TWO** — WHAT TYPE OF MURDEROUS AND HYPER-VIOLENT CRIMINAL GANG DO WE WISH TO **BE**, EXACTLY?

A **TOLERANT** AND **ACCEPTING** ONE THAT OUR MOTHERS WOULD APPROVE OF, DIRTY FRANK WOULD WARRANT.



WHAT THE HELL. FRANK BROUGHT THE ROBOT. IT COULD BE WEARING CHOCOLATE S&M GEAR FOR ALL I CARE. LET'S DO THE JOB.

YOU ARE A MAN OF HONOUR AND RARE WISDOM, CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY.



HEY, NO PROBLEM.

AGERO  
GOTO  
sit  
chir



THE BIG MAN ONLY CARES ABOUT THE CREDS, YEAH?!

AAAAAHHH!



BONDS DELIVERY ARRIVED AN HOUR AGO, JAY.

ENJOY.

BIG MAN SAYS THANKS FOR THE TIP. NICE ENVELOPE COMING YOUR WAY, JUDGE STEWART.



MEIN GOTT! CROOKED JUDGE ALERT!

WE GOT OURSELVES AN OFFICIAL JUDICIAL INVITATION, FRANK...



'LET'S GET TREV IN THERE.'

'GIANT ROBOT LINGERIE DON'T COME CHEAP AFTER ALL.'



**TWENTY SECONDS!**

JUST CALL ME JAY, FRANK. WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER A WHILE NOW.

ERM, CRAZED GANG LEADER...?

VERY WELL. CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY, DIRTY FRANK DID A RIGHTEOUS AND ADMIRABLE JOB, RIGHT?



YEAH, FRANK. YOU DID.

SO, WHEN CAN DIRTY FRANK ACTUALLY MEET THE BIG MAN?

DIRTY FRANK IS AMBITIOUS AND IN NO WAY SNEAKY AND UNTRUSTWORTHY. HE HAS A VERITABLE PLETHORA OF HEIST AND CRIME OPPORTUNITIES FOR HIM.

SOON, FRANK. I'VE BEEN TELLING HIM ABOUT YOUR GOOD WORK.



HE SAID HE'D REALLY LIKE TO MEET YOU.

**DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:**

After twenty-two weeks of uninterrupted deep-cover work it seems Dirty Frank may soon achieve his Wally Squad goal.

He may finally take down the Low Life's master criminal.

He may finally take down The Big Man.



**THIRTEEN DAYS LATER:**



THORA.



AH, FRANK. YOU CREEPT UP ON ME.

YES.

DIRTY FRANK DID.





ILLEGAL LOW LIFE CASINO.

OWNED BY THE BIG MAN.



PROFITABLE JOINT.

VERY PROFITABLE.

RAP  
RAP



PASSWORD.

AND IT  
BETTER BE  
RIGHT...



... FOR YOUR  
SAKE.

UH.

WHAT THE  
DROCK IS THIS?  
FANCY DRE--



AAAAHH!



BOOOOM!



'JUVIS. ALL OF THEM?'

'EVERY LAST ONE. LOTS OF DECAPITATIONS. HEADS ALL OVER THE DAMN FLOOR. THEY USED SWORDS. FEW GOT BARBEQUEED, THOUGH.'

'IT WAS AN ABATTOIR, I'M TELLING YOU. PRO JOB. PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.'



'AND THEY TOOK ALL THE CREDS?'

'WHY DO YOU THINK I'M TALKING TO YOU?'

'AW, BIG MAN'S GOING TO BE AWFUL PISSED.'



YOU DONE GOOD. BIG MAN THANKS YOU.

NO PROBS.

HE'D THANK YOU MORE IF YOU KNEW WHO DID IT.

I'LL LOOK INTO IT. IT'S A MURDER CASE, I'M A JUDGE. WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO?



WHAT'S WITH THE DUDE GOING FOR A PLACE IN THE SMELL OLYMPICS?

THAT'S FRANK. HE'S KIND OF ECCENTRIC BUT HE'S A GOOD FIXER.

I'M GETTING THE VIBE THAT HE DOESN'T MUCH LIKE ME.



NONSENSE.

DIRTY FRANK LOVES YOU.

BEHOLD HIS PROVED EBULLIENCE.



UH... OK.

HE MUST BE A REALLY GOOD FIXER.

**Dirty Frank's Case Notes:**

A crooked Judge. It fills Dirty Frank with carcinogenic feelings of anger and offence.

It is a betrayal of the badge. Of every one of Dirty Frank's brave colleagues. Those alive, and those long dead.

COULD JUST BE A SHAKEDOWN, BUT THE SWORDS, KILLING EVERY-ONE...

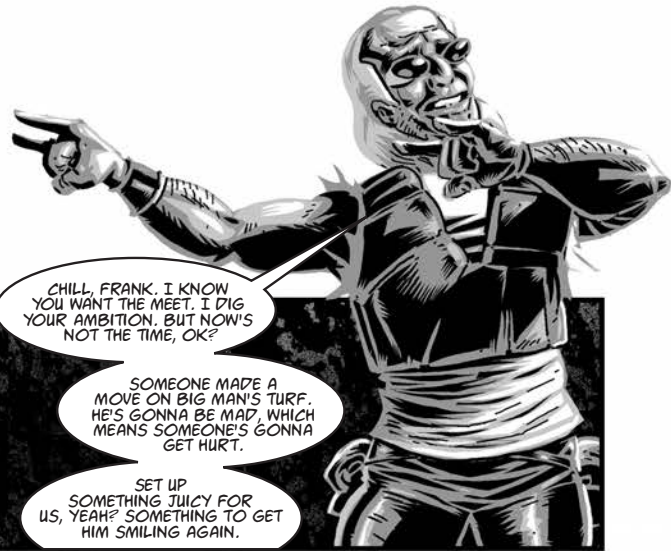
FEELS LIKE A STATEMENT.

Judge Stewart will taste justice at Dirty Frank's hands. Soon...

For now, Dirty Frank's focus must remain on the BIG prize.

FRANK, I GOTTA GO TALK TO THE BIG MAN ABOUT THIS, OK?

DIRTY FRANK COULD ACCOMPANY YOU?



CHILL, FRANK. I KNOW YOU WANT THE MEET. I DIG YOUR AMBITION. BUT NOW'S NOT THE TIME, OK?

SOMEONE MADE A MOVE ON BIG MAN'S TURF. HE'S GONNA BE MAD, WHICH MEANS SOMEONE'S GONNA GET HURT.

SET UP SOMETHING JUICY FOR US, YEAH? SOMETHING TO GET HIM SMILING AGAIN.

FAREWELL, CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY.

SNIFF!

DIRTY FRANK SHALL COUNT THE MINUTES UNTIL OUR NEXT MEET.



DIRTY FRANK FEELS GREAT GOBS OF WARMTH TOWARDS THAT SHY AND FRAGILE CARING MAN...

STILL A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER, THEN?

EH? OH, NIXON.



THORA WANTS A WORD. HOP ON.



THE BIG MAN.

STILL?

DIRTY FRANK IS GETTING CLOSER, AIMEE NIXON.



IT IS HIS DESTINY. HE CAN FEEL IT.



THIS IS TURNING INTO YOUR WHITE WHALE, YOU KNOW THAT? YOU MAY WANT TO TURN DOWN THE INTENSITY A LITTLE.

DIRTY FRANK WAS ALMOST SWALLOWED BY A BIG BLUBBERY BIBLICAL WHALE BECAUSE OF THE BIG MAN.

THE CREATION DRUG WASN'T JUST ABOUT THE CREDS, AIMEE. IT WAS AN ASSAULT ON THE JUDGE SYSTEM ITSELF.

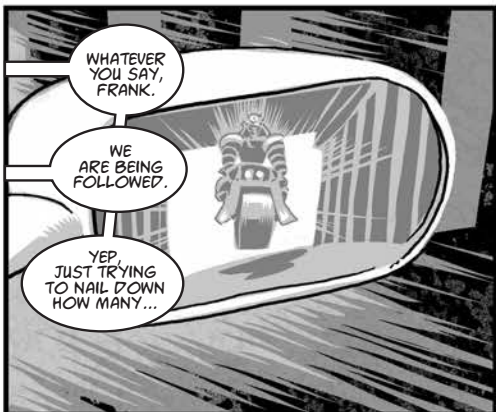
THAT MEANS THE BIG MAN IS MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER CRIME BOSS.



HE IS AN IDEALOGIST.

IDEALOGISTS ARE DANGEROUS.

UH-HUH.



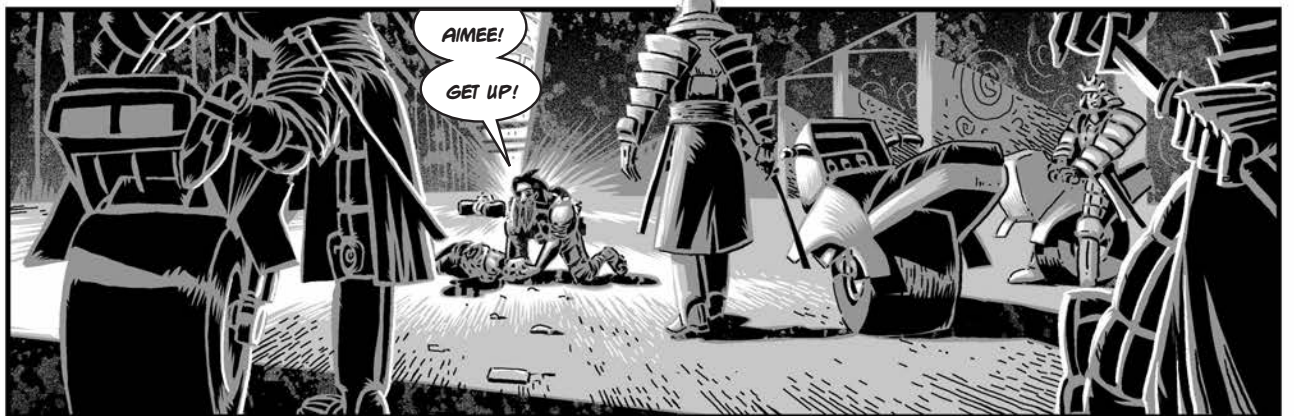
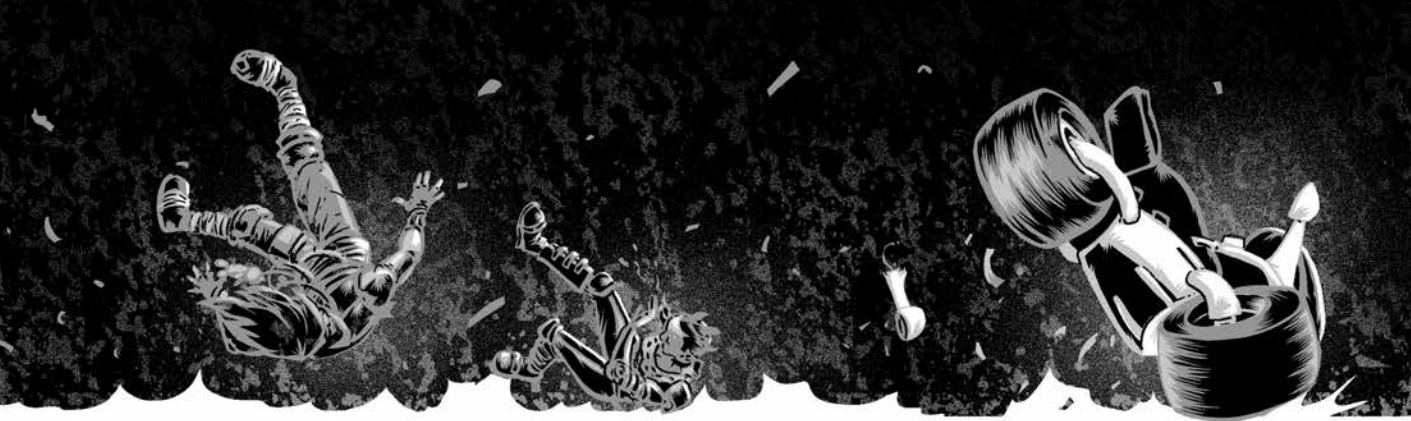
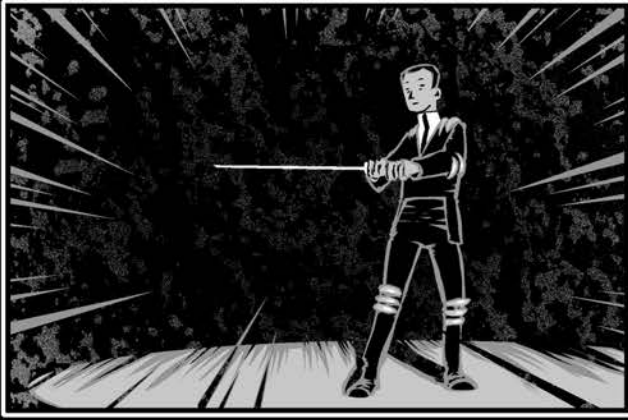
WHATEVER YOU SAY, FRANK.

WE ARE BEING FOLLOWED.

YEP, JUST TRYING TO NAIL DOWN HOW MANY...



NIXON!





AIMEE...

CAN YOU...?



UHHN!



**DIRTY FRANK'S  
CASE NOTES:**

... goodbye.







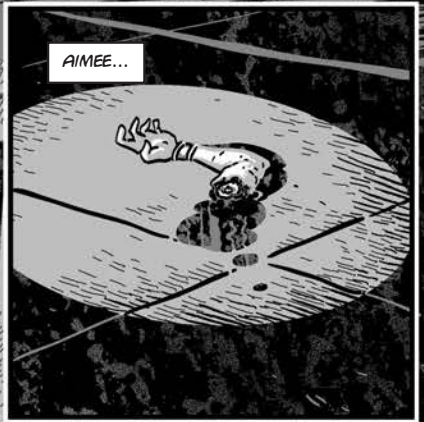
MAKE HIM SLEEP.

OBSERVE DIRTY FRANK'S GIFT.

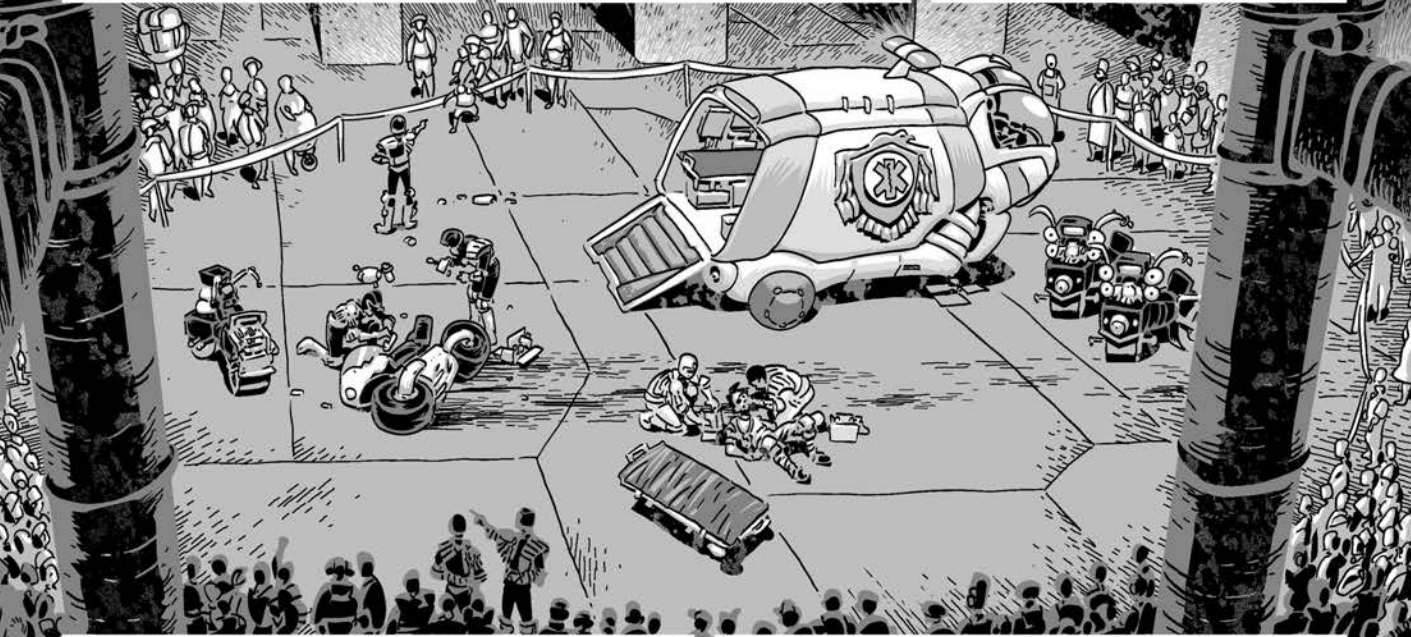


DIRTY FRANK'S GIFT HURTS...

... A LOT.



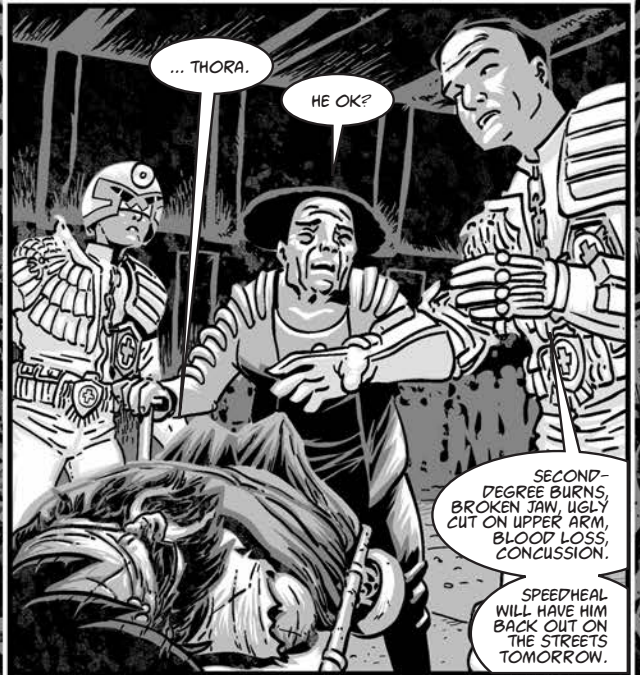
AIMEE...



CRIME SCENE, ELDESTER. BEAT IT AND GET BACK TO YOUR KNITTING —

I'LL BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH MY WALKING STICK, YA FLATFOOT INGRATE.

WALLY SQUAD, CODE CHIKLISO3828. STAND ASIDE AND CALL IT IN.



... THORA.

HE OK?

SECOND-DEGREE BURNS, BROKEN JAW, UGLY CUT ON UPPER ARM, BLOOD LOSS, CONCUSSION.

SPEEDHEAL WILL HAVE HIM BACK OUT ON THE STREETS TOMORROW.





WHERE DID THEY TAKE HER?

I DON'T KNOW... I SWEAR...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



FRANK... ... PLEASE.



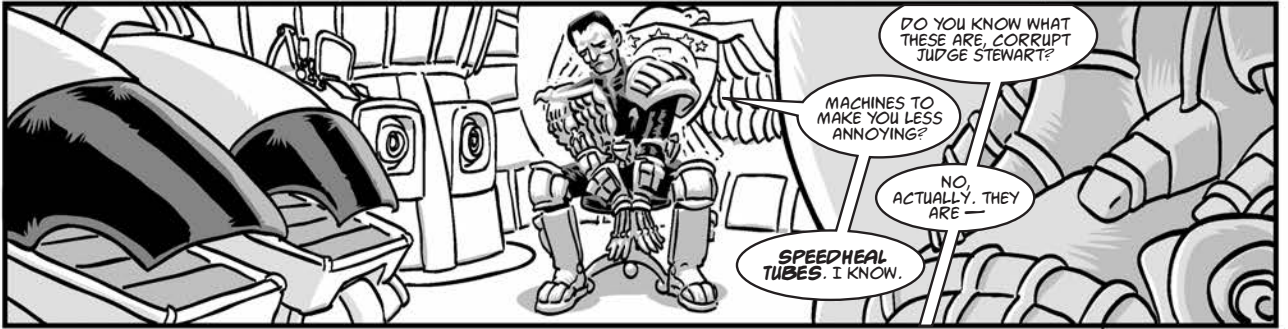
STEWART.

CORRUPT JUDGE. ON THE TAKE FOR THE BIG MAN. ARREST HIM.



THORA...

WHO DO WE TRUST?



YOU'RE GONNA HELP US.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR MISSING FRIEND, OKAY? I TOOK THE DAMN LIE DETECTOR...

YOU WILL WEAR A WIRE. GO BACK ON THE STREETS WITH CRAZED GANG LEADER JAY AND HELP UNCOVER THE TRUTH OF THE JAPANESE ASSASSINS.



FORGET IT.

I'M GOING TO TITAN NO MATTER WHAT. SO IF YOU THINK I'M PUTTING MY NECK ON THE LINE OUT THERE, YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT.

AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE **PLENTY** CRAZY. TRUST ME, FRUITBOY.



THIS IS CAMERON.

HOWARYA?

CAMERON IS NOT THE SMARTEST.

DUH.

BUT HE IS EXTREMELY SKILLED AT **PHYSICAL VIOLENCE**. ALSO POETRY AND **PROGRESSIVE ROCK**.

HE HAS WRITTEN A PLAINTIVE 146-MINUTE MUSICAL NOVELLA USING A SOCIETY OF LEMURS AS A METAPHOR FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MALE EMOTION.



YOU WORK ME OVER AND THE EVIDENCE WILL SHOW. AND THEN **YOU'LL** GET THE SEAT NEXT TO ME ON THE TITAN EXPRESS.

'SIDES, NOT LIKE I HAVEN'T TAKEN A COUPLE OF PUNCHES IN MY TIME. I CAN DEAL.



BEING WALLY SQUAD IS A STRANGE THING, STEWART. WE DON'T EXACTLY LIVE... UNIFORM LIVES.

THAT REMINDS DIRTY FRANK. HE HAS TO GO FEED HIS IMAGINARY CAT.

BUY AN IMAGINARY CAT AND THEN FEED SAID IMAGINARY CAT.

LINES GET BLURRED.



CAMERON'S GONNA BEAT YOU NOW. UNTIL YOU CAN'T TAKE NO MORE.

THEN HE'S GONNA PLACE YOUR UNCONSCIOUS BODY IN THE SPEEDHEAL TUBE. HELL WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE COMPLETELY HEALTHY...

AND THEN HE'LL REPEAT THE PROCESS UNTIL YOU AGREE TO COOPERATE WITH US. AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

WAIT...



ROCK.



DIRTY FRANK DOESN'T LIKE THIS.

NONE OF US DO, FRANK.

BUT THAT MUTT WAS NEVER GOING TO PLAY BALL. AND AIMEE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, HELD PRISONER WITH HER DAMN ARM CUT OFF.

WHOEVER THESE SAMURAI BOYS ARE, THEY'RE MAKING A SERIOUS PLAY FOR THE BIG MAN'S TURF. WHICH MEANS THEY WANT THE LOW LIFE.



GANG TURF WAR. OK, WE DIG. BUT WHETHER THEY'RE YAKUZA OR NOT THEY DON'T SEEM BIG-MEG NATIVE, RIGHT, FRANK?

TESTIFY, MORTAL.

AND THE LOW LIFE BEING THE SCUMMIEST HOLE ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD OUTSIDE OF FRANK'S SHORTS, WHY PILE UP THE AIR MILES?



THE LOW LIFE MAY BE RUN-DOWN, BUT DIRTY FRANK KNOWS FULL WELL THE BIG MAN IS MAKING **SERIOUS** MONEY FROM IT.

'AND WHERE THERE IS MONEY, THERE IS A DESIRE TO TAKE MONEY.'

'VIA VIOLENCE.'

GROVE, OLD BOY, STOP HOGGING THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT!



YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE, LECKWITH. PATIENCE.

BY JOVE, THIS IS EXCITING!

A SAFARI OF THE POOR!



AND SAFETY IS ASSURED?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE SELLING. SHOOT ANYONE YOU WANT DOWN THERE WITH THE TRANS PARTS. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CRED'S PER VICTIM.

LIVE ROUNDS WOULD BRING DOWN TOO MUCH HEAT. BUT THIS? BIG MAN CAN MAKE THIS GO AWAY.



AH, ALAS. IF ONLY THESE WERE REAL BULLETS. COULD ANYTHING BE MORE FUN? WIPING OUT THE WORTHLESS AND THE PARASITIC.

JUDGEMENT FROM ABOVE.

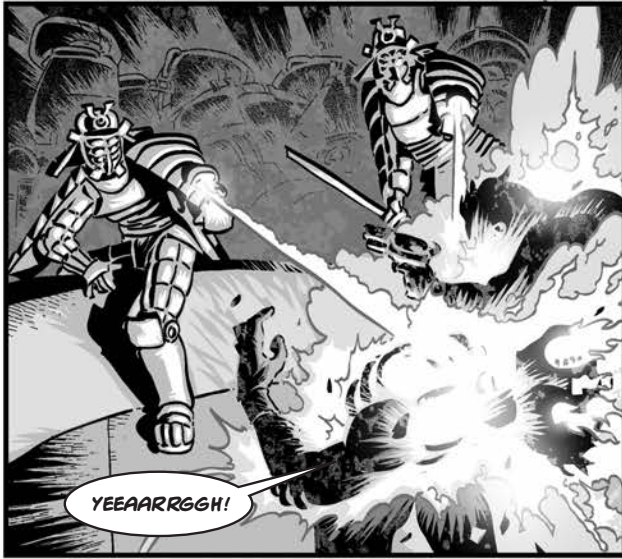


WITH NO REPERCUSSIONS —

HUH?



I SAY!



YEEAARRGGH!



SHOOT THEM, GROVE!  
FOR GRUD'S SAKE,  
MAN!



IT FIRES TRANO  
DARTS, YOU  
COLOSSAL  
ASS.

OH YES, I  
FORGOT.

MUMMY.



YOU WERE PAYING  
THE BIG MAN TO  
SHOOT PEOPLE  
BELOW?

UH... GOOD  
GRUD, NO!  
AS IF!

HOW DARE YOU!  
THAT WOULD BE THE  
MOST GHAUSTLY,  
INHUMAN —

THE NEXT  
PERSON TO LIE,  
I TAKE THEIR  
HEAD.



YES.  
WE'RE  
SORRY.

ONLY TRANO DARTS,  
THOUGH.

AWFULLY  
SORRY.



LIVE AMMO.

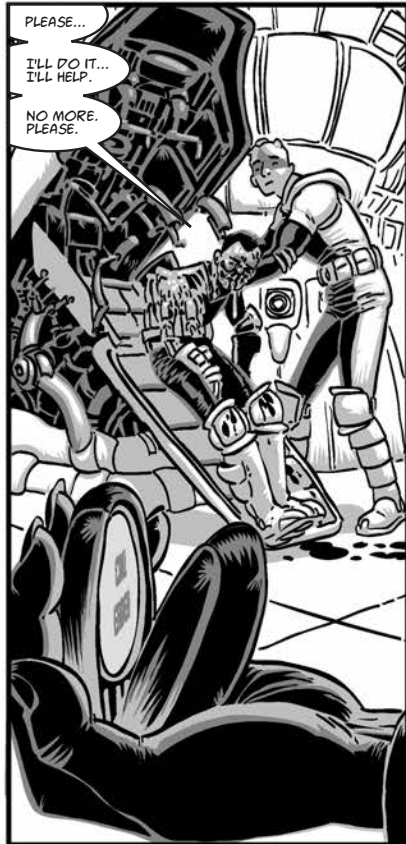
ONE  
MILLION CREDITS  
PER BULLET.



THE BIG MAN NO  
LONGER  
RUNS THIS  
TRIP.

THE BIG MAN  
NO LONGER  
RUNS THE  
LOW LIFE.

THERE  
IS... NEW  
MANAGE-  
MENT.



**DIRTY FRANK'S  
CASE NOTES:**

The Low Life streets  
seemed surprisingly quiet  
for the next three days.

Then the Samurai death squad  
tracked down Crazy Gang  
Leader Jay and the boys.

Their desire to wipe out  
the Big Man's control  
structure was obvious.

And, despite Dirty Frank's  
moist fondness for Jay,  
criminals killing criminals  
is not the worst thing to  
occur in this sector.

But, as ever...

Jay escaped, the only  
one of his gang to do so.

Genocide befell the  
Big Man's people.

... it is the innocent who  
suffer in the crossfire.

There was nowhere else for Jay  
to go. He was suddenly adrift.

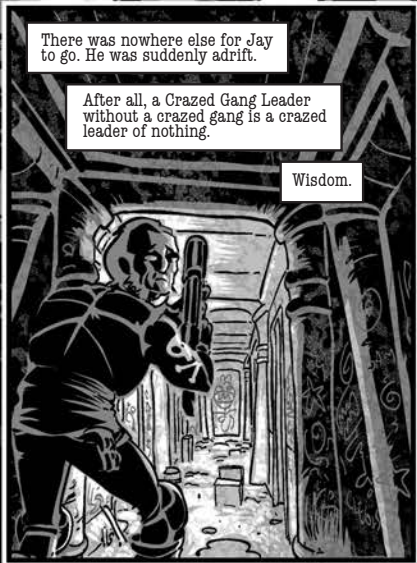
After all, a Crazy Gang Leader  
without a crazy gang is a crazy  
leader of nothing.

Wisdom.

So it was only a matter of  
time until he came to the only  
man who could save him.

**CRAZY  
GANG LEADER  
JAY! WHAT A PLEASANT  
AND FRIGHTENINGLY  
UNEXPECTED  
SURPRISE!**

This being Dirty Frank,  
in case you hadn't guessed.





YOU'RE A FIXER, FRANK! THE BEST FIXER I'VE EVER KNOWN!

SWEET GRUD, DO I NEED YOU TO FIX THINGS FOR ME NOW!

DIRTY FRANK WILL POP SOME CLOTHES ON.

Jay was spooked. Beyond spooked. A long haul, nefarious hardened career criminal and killer.

Scared to the point of pants peeage.

IF YOU GOT A PLAN, FRANK, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPILL IT.



THESE ASSASSINS, THEY WISH TO KILL ANYONE CONNECTED WITH THE BIG MAN SO THAT THEY MAY RULE THE LOW LIFE.

THEY STRIKE FROM NOWHERE, WITH SURPRISE AS THEIR ALLY. SO, IF WE WISH TO KILL THEM, WE HAVE TO LURE THEM SOMEWHERE WHERE WE CAN SURPRISE THEM.



WE SET A TRAP. WE LET THE LOCATION BE KNOWN OF THE ONE THING THEY WANT THE MOST.

THE BIG MAN.

THE BIG MAN.

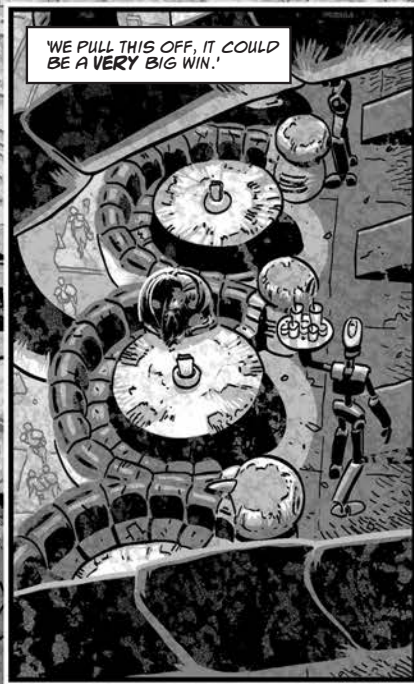
BUT, FRANK, WE DON'T HAVE THE FIREPOWER OR MANPOWER LEFT TO FIGHT THEM OFF.

'THEN WE LOOK TO FRIENDS WHO HAVE...'

THIS BIG ENOUGH FOR YA?

TRULY, YOU HAVE AN IMPRESSIVE AND CAPACIOUS WEAPON, CORRUPT JUDGE STEWART.







IT'S ARRANGED?

IT IS. IF ALL GOES WELL, WE'LL TAKE DOWN BOTH THE BIG MAN AND WHOEVER THESE ASSASSINS ARE.

AND WHEN WE HAVE THEM PRISONER, WE 'CONVINCE' THEM TO GIVE US AIMEE BACK.



LIKE WE THOUGHT, THEY'RE A BRANCH OF THE HONDO YAKUZA. YOU FOUND THIS GUY IN THE MUGSHOTS.

MUSCLE GOES BY THE NAME DAICHI. NUMBER TWO IN ONE MAJOR FAMILY.

HIS BOSS IS BELIEVED TO BE ONE MASAHISA YAMAGUCHI. AND, MUCH LIKE GRUD, NO PHOTOS CURRENTLY EXIST OF HIM. THE TRUE MARK OF POWER.



AS FOR WHY THEY'D COME ALL THE WAY HERE TO MAKE A PLAY ON THE CRAPPIEST PART OF THE BIG MEG...

AREA MAY BE CHRONICALLY UNDERFUNDED, BUT THE BIG MAN HAS BEEN BLEEPING A FORTUNE FROM IT.

SOMEONE OBVIOUSLY ADMIRED HIS WORK.



SOMEONE WHO NOW HOLDS AIMEE PRISONER. WHO WAS CUTTING SOME KIND OF DEAL WITH HER.

DIRTY FRANK NEVER SAID THAT.

DIDN'T HAVE TO. THEY TOOK HER ALIVE. THEY LEFT YOU ALIVE. MEANS ONE OR BOTH OF YOU HAD SOME FORM OF IN WITH THEM.

AND LAST TIME I LOOKED, FRANK, YOU'VE STILL GOT A FULL WORKING SET OF LIMBS.



THEY NEARLY TOOK DIRTY FRANK'S HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS.

THEY CUT OFF AIMEE'S ARM, THORA.

DO THESE SOUND LIKE THE ACTIONS OF FRIENDS?



NO FRIENDS OUT HERE, FRANK. YOU KNOW THAT.

JUST ANGLES.



HMM. HARSH WORDS, BUT TRUE.

PERHAPS DIRTY FRANK IS GETTING SOFT.



THORA IS NO DIPLOMAT, BUT SHE DOES ASK A QUESTION THAT DIRTY FRANK HAS BEEN TRYING TO AVOID:

WHY DID THE YAKUZA STOP WHEN AIMEE ASKED THEM TO?



WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM HER?

DETAILS FOR ALL WALLY SQUAD OPERATIVES THROUGHOUT THE LOW LIFE?



IF SO, THEN NONE OF US ARE SAFE.



NO FRIENDS...



... JUST ANGLES.



SIX OF 'EM SO FAR.

GOT THE SHOTS?

HELL YEAH.



GIVE THE WARNING.

WAIT LESS THAN HALF A MILLI-SEC, AND IF THEY DON'T COMPLY...



'... SHOW THEM HOW WE DEAL WITH HOSTILE TAKEOVERS.'

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT!

YOU ARE SURROUNDED AND UNDER ARREST!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS OR BE FIRED UPON! NOW!



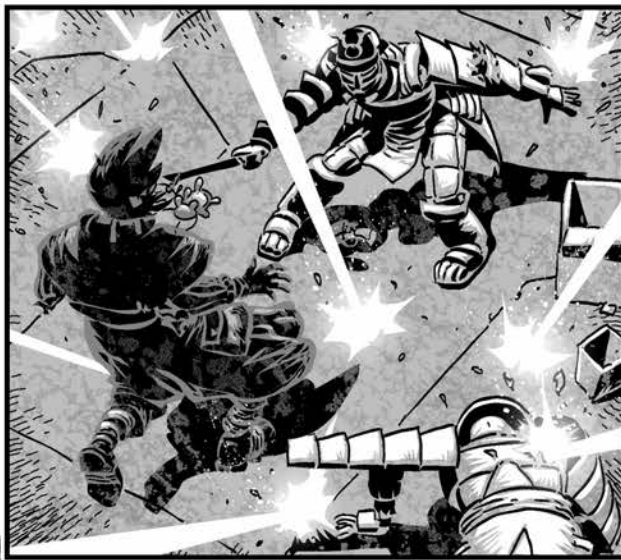
YEEEEAAHH!



YEP.

THAT'LL DO IT.

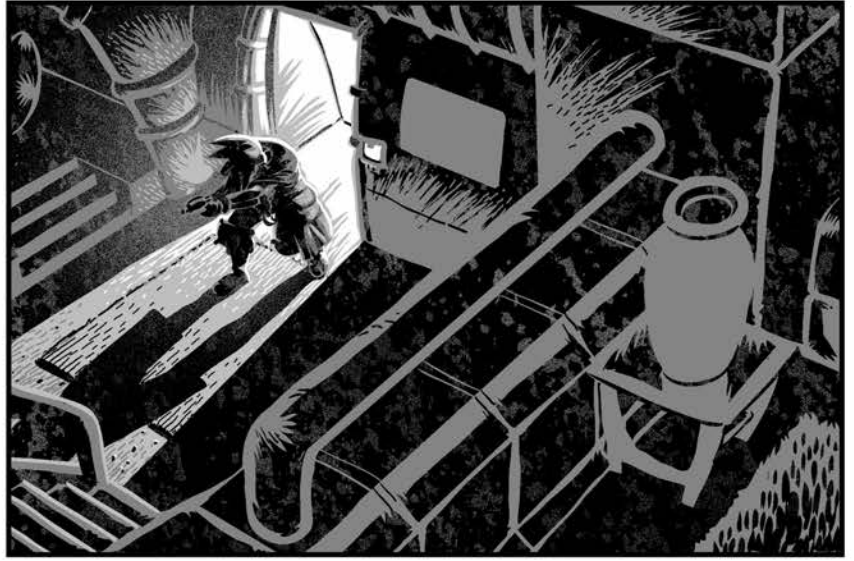






ONE MORE VICTIM OF THE BIG MAN'S EMPIRE.

ONE MORE DEATH TO PAY FOR.



HOUSE COMPUTER — REVEAL TO DIRTY FRANK THE NUMBER OF INDIVIDUALS CURRENTLY ON PREMISES, AND WHERE THEY ARE.

SHARPISH.

OCCUPANTS: ONE.



MEIN GOTT. HE... IS HERE.

WHERE IS HE?

STANDING AT THE FRONT DOOR.

STANDING AT THE FRONT DOOR.



AH.

RIGHT.

HOUSE COMPUTER — WHEN DID THE PREVIOUS OCCUPANT LAST LEAVE THE HOUSE?

SEVENTY-EIGHT POINT SEVEN HOURS AGO.



THE BIG MAN WAS NEVER HERE.





GET THE MESSAGE NOW?



YOU BOYS AREN'T WANTED HERE.

BEST YOU GO HOME.

HE WILL... KILL HER FOR THIS.



MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.

IT'S ALL ABOUT VALUE, RIGHT? HOW MUCH AN INDIVIDUAL'S WORTH ALIVE.

SO TELL ME...

... HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?



THERE ARE MANY MORE OF US.

THE LOW LIFE IS OURS.

YOUR DESTINY IS DEATH, AND A YAKUZA BLADE REMOVING YOUR HEAD FROM ITS DRIED, SHRIVELLED SHOULDERS.



DON'T BELIEVE IN DESTINY.



WELL, THEN.

LOOKS LIKE A WAR'S COMING.



TWO DAYS LATER —

I'M SO BORED I JUST FILLED MY DIAPER.

TWICE.



YOU'RE A BARREL OF FUN TO BE ON A STAKEOUT WITH, Y'KNOW THAT, CAMERON?

I'VE HAD BETTER CONVERSATIONS WITH THINGS THAT ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED OUT OF MY NOSE.



WHY DOES THORA WANT US FOLLOWING FRANKIE ANYWAY?

ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS REASON. TO OBSERVE A COMPLETE LUNATIC AT LARGE IN ORDER TO AVOID EVENTUALLY BECOMING LIKE HIM.

IT'S A CAUTIONARY TALE OF GREAT STUPIDITY.



I KNOW MY NICKNAME'S 'MORTAL' BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I CAN FEEL MY LIFE EBBING AWAY HERE.

MAYBE I SHOULD SHOOT MYSELF. GET IT OVER WITH.

DO YOU TOO, WHICH WOULD UPSET FANS OF GREAT RACONTEURS WORLDWIDE.



WE ALL GOTTA DIE SOMETIME, YEAH?

RIGHT NOW WOULD BE A MERCY.

SIGH...

**DIRTY FRANK'S  
CASE NOTES:**

Dirty Frank can see why Corrupt Judge Stewart was left on the streets for his connection with Crazy Gang Leader Jay.

But Jay is dead. That lead to the Big Man is gone, as is the Big Man himself, alas.

Yet Stewart remains at large, the order to keep him active being Thora's.

Who Dirty Frank has seen murder, and therefore cannot be trusted.



And now Stewart speaks on a non-Judge issue comm device.

While another street Judge does not remark or act on this procedural oddity.



Aimee disappears in mysterious and bloody circumstances. Thora speaks of war.

Trust and normalcy are dead. Black is white. Up is down. Clean shorts are unfortunately and embarrassingly brownly stained.



FOLLOW THOSE JUDGES!  
DIRTY FRANK  
COMMANDS  
IT!

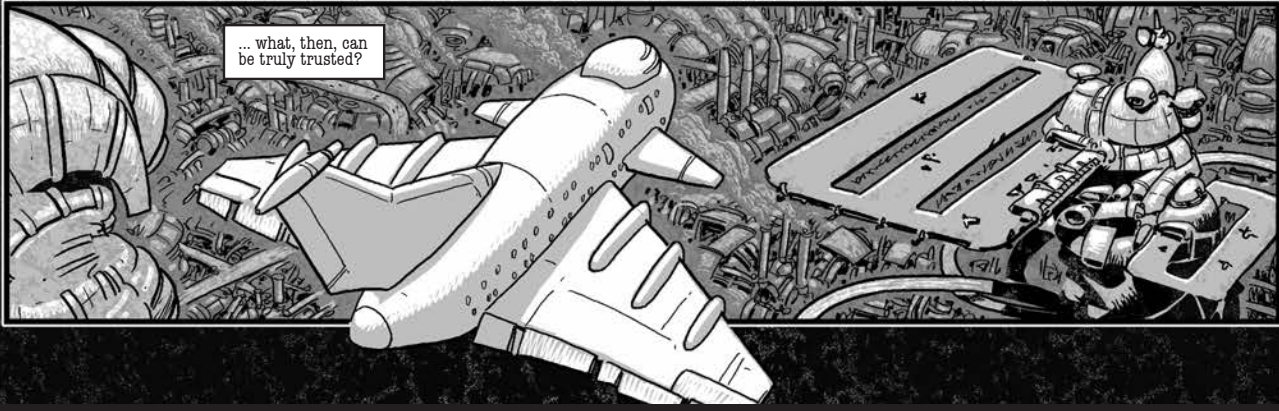
I YER  
COMPLIANT  
DRIVER,  
OBEY.

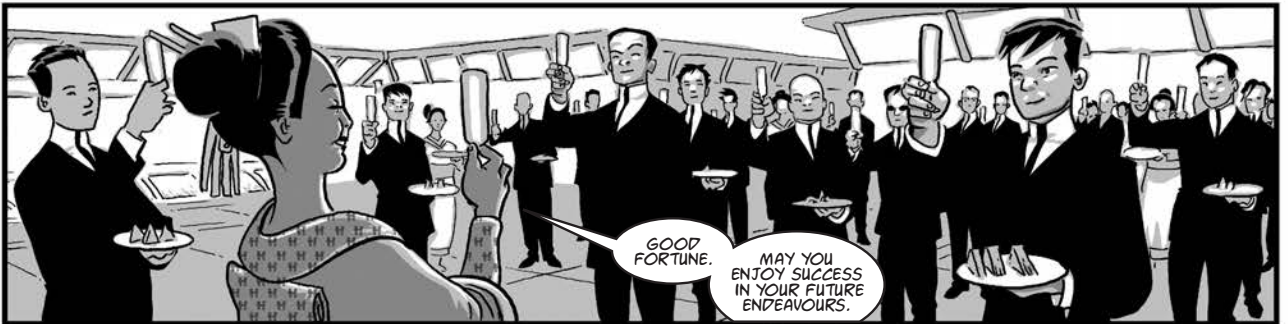
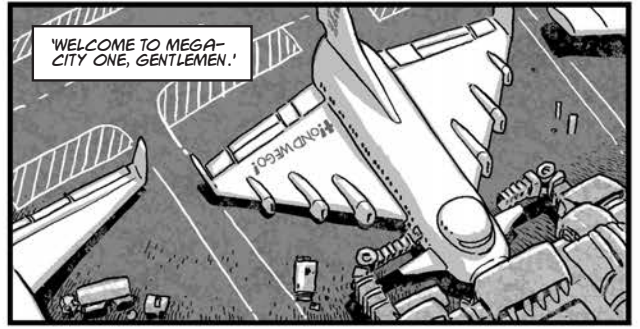
These are Dirty Frank's comrades of longstanding. Justice should be their myopic goal.

But if they hold secrets and motives that Dirty Frank does not know...



... what, then, can be truly trusted?







GOTT IN HIMMEL!

HEAVY FIREPOWER! MURDER! SCREAMS! THE CULLING OF INNOCENTS!

ECONOMY CLASS AT LAST EVOLVES TO ITS NATURAL CONCLUSION!



HEY! YOU!

OR POSSIBLY NOT.



DIRTY FRANK MAKE HASTE!



ONE CORRUPT JUDGE... HAPPENS.

BUT A DEATH SQUAD? A GROUP WORKING TOGETHER?

OPENNNNNNN...

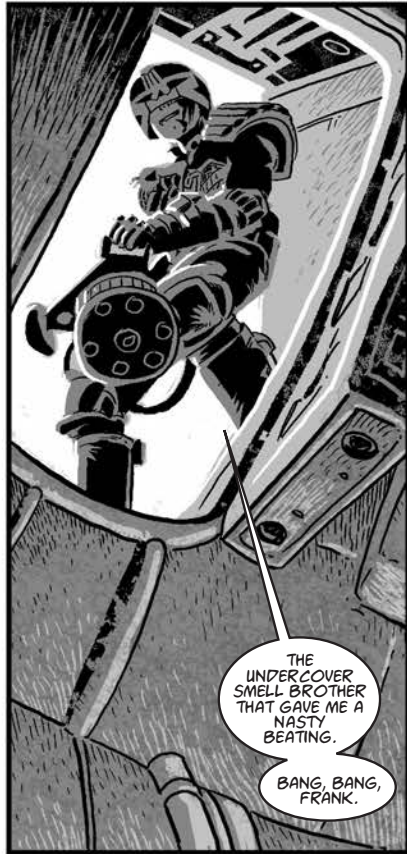


THIS IS HIGHLY UNEXPECTED.

AAAHHHH!



HEH.  
WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS.  
STARING DOWN THE BARREL OF MY GUN.



THE UNDERCOVER SMELL BROTHER THAT GAVE ME A NASTY BEATING.  
BANG, BANG, FRANK.



YOU'D BE DEAD IF IT WAS UP TO ME, BUT...  
**SHE** WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU. GONNA MAKE YOU AN OFFER.  
YOU'RE A LUCKY BOY.



'WALLY SQUAD DON'T DIE TODAY.'

BZZZT! IS IT DONE?  
BZZZT! IS IT DONE?  
BZZZT! IS IT DONE?



BZZZT! IS IT DONE?  
BZZZT! IS IT DONE?



BZZZT! IS IT DONE?

LOVELY VIEW.



YOU WOULDN'T BE INTENDING TO PUSH DIRTY FRANK OFF THIS LANDING PAD, WOULD YOU, CORRUPT JUDGE STEWART?

UNASSISTED FLIGHT IS NOT WITHIN DIRTY FRANK'S SKILL-SET.

NOT YET, ANYWAY.



DON'T FRET YOUR PRETTY LITTLE INSANE HEAD ABOUT IT.

I'M NOT HERE TO HURT YOU.



THORA...

THIS IS... DISAPPOINTING.



YEAH, WELL, SO ARE MY STRETCH-MARKS.

STEWART, GET YOUR PEOPLE OUTTA HERE.

NOW, SLEAZE-BAG!



YOU'RE THE BOSS.

ALMOST.

HE'S NOT ARMED, BY THE WAY.



'COURSE HE AINT. WORKS THE NASTIEST STREETS IN THE BIG MEG AND NEVER PACKS HEAVY, EH, FRANK?

LUNATIC. NOTHING TO FEAR FROM YOU.



DIRTY FRANK D'ONES'T CARE FOR WEAPONRY.

CORRUPT JUDGE STEWART WORKS FOR YOU NOW?



YEAH. HE WAS FREELANCE DIRT PREVIOUSLY, BUT NOW... I HAD A QUIET WORD IN HIS EAR AFTER THE BEATDOWN WE GAVE HIM. MADE HIM AN OFFER HE COULDN'T REFUSE.

FIGURED AN EXPERIENCED STREET JUDGE COULD BE USEFUL.



USEFUL FOR YOUR WAR?

WHAT DO YOU WANT, THORA?



I WANT TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER.

I WANT YOU TO JOIN US.





DIRTY FRANK DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHO 'YOU' ARE.

...  
WHAT IF DIRTY FRANK REFUSES?



YAKUZA HAVE MOVED IN, WANT TO TAKE OVER THE LOW LIFE. IF YOU THINK IT'S BAD NOW, WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS UNDER FOREIGN OWNERSHIP...

WE'RE TRYING TO ENCOURAGE THEM TO GO HOME, IS ALL.



'PROTECTING WHAT'S OURS.'



'IT AIN'T A MATTER OF WHETHER OR NOT WE WANT A WAR, FRANK.'

'WAR'S HERE.'





'DIRTY FRANK HAS A NOVEL IDEA, THORA...



'... WHY DON'T YOU ARREST THEM?'

'YEAH...

'THAT'S ADMIRABLE, FRANK, REALLY. BUT THESE DAYS...

'AND FOR THESE GUYS...



'... THAT MAY BE A LITTLE OLD FASHIONED.'



TRUST ME WE'RE NOT THE BAD GUYS HERE.

AND, FRANK... I KNOW THIS IS THE END. THAT THERE'S NO COMING BACK FROM THIS. FOR ANY OF US.

THAT THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING.

BUT I... CARE ABOUT YOU.



NO FRIENDS, YOU SAID. JUST ANGLES.

AND YOU DIDN'T ANSWER DIRTY FRANK'S QUESTION.

WHAT  
IF DIRTY  
FRANK  
REFUSES?



YOU'VE GOT  
A FEW DAYS  
TO THINK IT  
OVER. FIGURE  
I OWE YOU  
THAT, AFTER  
ALL THESE  
YEARS.

THURSDAY, THE  
CONSTRUCTION  
SITE AT THE OLD  
PINKERTON BLOCK.  
MIDDAY. BE  
THERE.



THORA,  
ONE LAST  
QUESTION.

AND THE  
TRUTH.

PLEASE.



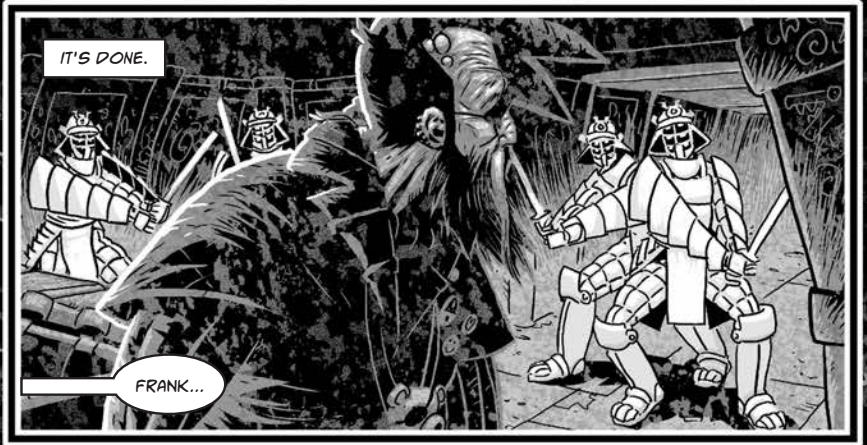
'DO YOU KNOW  
WHERE AIMEE IS?'



'NO, FRANK.'

'I DON'T.'









THORA SENT MORTAL TO KILL ME.

HE ASKED ME TO GO CROOKED. I REFUSED. HE PULLED A GUN. IT WAS SELF-DEFENCE. I SWEAR.

I DIDN'T WANNA...



... I DIDN'T WANNA...



'HAD MY SUSPICIONS ON THORA FOR A WHILE. FIGURED IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME 'TIL THEY MADE A MOVE ON YOU.

'SO I BEEN FOLLOWIN' YOU. FOLLOWIN' YOU AND SLEEPING DOWN HERE.

'DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.'



DIRTY FRANK'S UNSEEN BODY-GUARD?

YEAH. I AIN'T NO THINKER, FRANK. I NEED YOU. BESIDES, WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE CREATION DRUG... YOU SAVED ME, Y'KNOW. \* I DON'T FORGET THAT.

HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN'T WITH THEM FIRST. I FIGURED YOU WEREN'T. BUT THORA, MORTAL, AIMEE... THINGS HAVE GOT CRAZY.

AIMEE'S STILL THEIR PRISONER.

\*THARGNOTE: SEE PROGS 1624-1631.



FRANK, SHE WAS TAKEN TWO WEEKS AGO.

SHE'S EITHER WORKING WITH THEM OR SHE'S DEAD.

EITHER WAY, SHE'S GONE.



ACCEPT IT.

YOU GET TOO OBSESSIVE OVER THESE THINGS. SAME WITH THE BIG MAN.

YES...



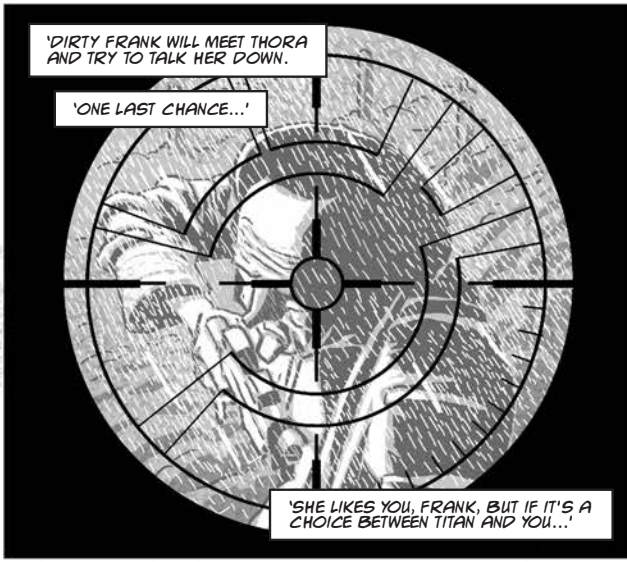
'SO NINETY PER CENT OF WALLY SQUAD AND STREET JUDGES IN THE LOW LIFE ARE CORRUPT AND WE'VE GOT A MILITARISED INVADING FORCE TRYING TO TAKE OVER.'

'WAPPA WE DO NEXT, FRANK?'



'DO YOU HAVE WEAPONRY?'

'I TOOK WHAT I COULD, YEAH.'



'DIRTY FRANK WILL MEET THORA AND TRY TO TALK HER DOWN.'

'ONE LAST CHANCE...'

'SHE LIKES YOU, FRANK, BUT IF IT'S A CHOICE BETWEEN TITAN AND YOU...'



'DIRTY FRANK KNOWS THAT.'

'DIRTY FRANK IS NOT STUPID.'



'THAT'S WHY YOU'LL PROVIDE COVER.'

'SHE WON'T COME ALONE. STEWART AND HIS "DEATH SQUAD", PROBABLY.'

'CORRUPT JUDGES. TAWDRY MURDERERS.'



'DIRTY FRANK WILL NOT WEEP FOR THEM IF THEY MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.'

Bam

Bam



WAIT...  
WAIT  
A SECOND,  
NOW...



WAIT!

'KEEP CORRUPT JUDGE  
STEWART ALIVE IF YOU CAN.'  
'DIRTY FRANK WOULD  
LIKE TO TALK TO HIM.'



YOU KNOW WHAT  
YOU'VE JUST **DONE**  
HERE?

YOU'VE  
GIVEN THE JAPS  
THE LOW LIFE!

WHO'S  
GONNA HAND  
DOWN THE ORDERS  
NOW?



ORDERS...

... FROM  
WHOM?

DROKK YOU,  
FRUITLOOP!



**BDAM!**

AAAHH!



TELL DIRTY  
FRANK...

... ABOUT THE  
**BIG MAN.**



**DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:**

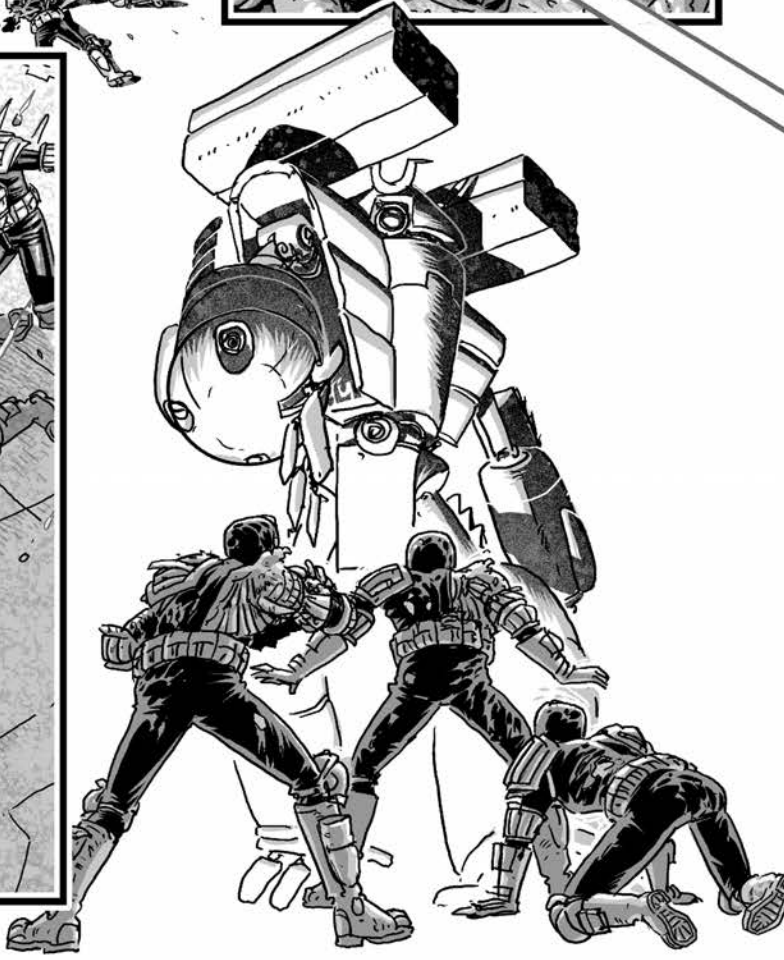
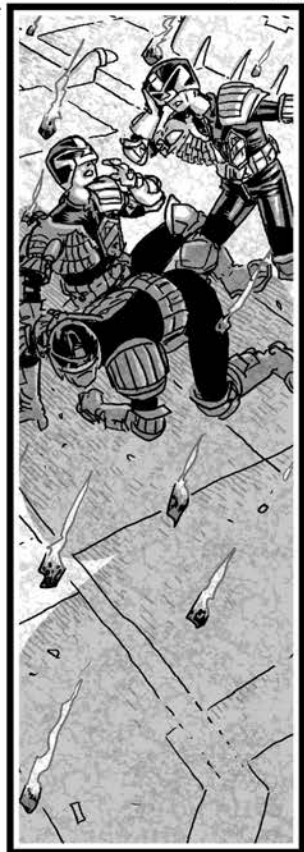
Q: How do you know a war is over?

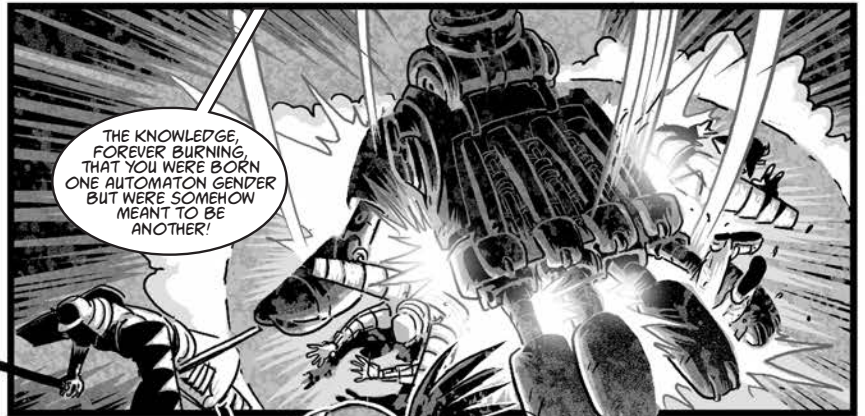
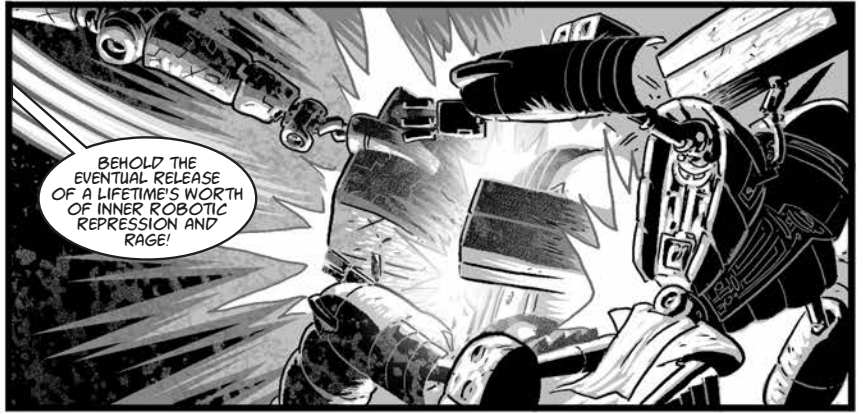
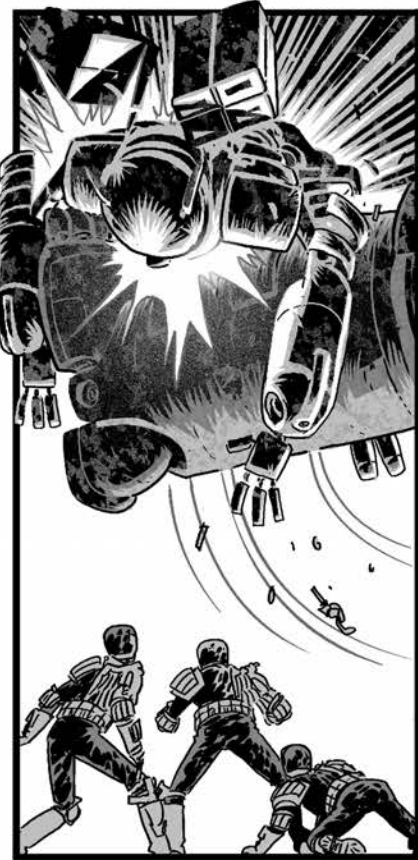
Aside from plaintive folk songs being written and sung?



LOW LIFE'S GONE WARZONE!

CONTROL! WHERE ARE THOSE H-WAGONS? WE NEED THEM NOW!





How do you know a war is over?

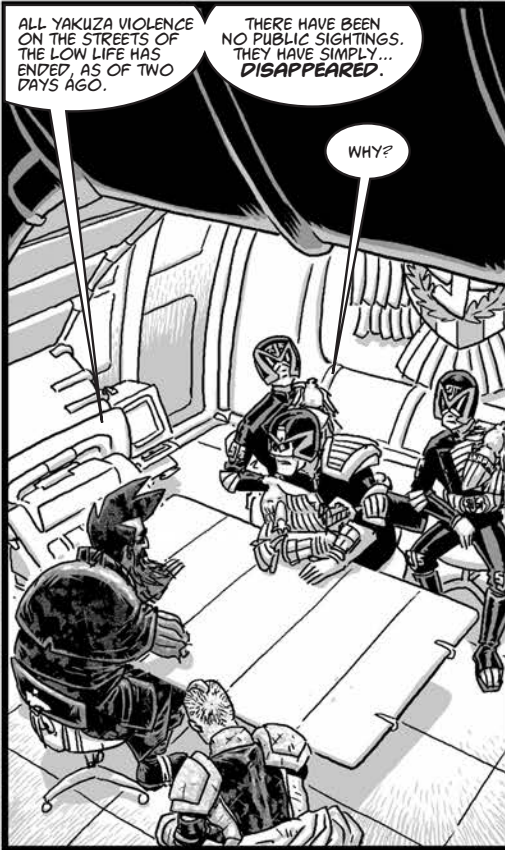
People stop shooting one another.



ALL YAKUZA VIOLENCE ON THE STREETS OF THE LOW LIFE HAS ENDED, AS OF TWO DAYS AGO.

THERE HAVE BEEN NO PUBLIC SIGHTINGS. THEY HAVE SIMPLY... **DISAPPEARED.**

WHY?



BECAUSE THEY GOT WHAT THEY CAME FOR.

THEY GOT THE LOW LIFE.



EXPLAIN.

ORGANISED CRIME IN THE LOW LIFE WAS RUN BY 'THE BIG MAN'.

THE YAKUZA HAVE BEEN FIGHTING A BATTLE AGAINST A LARGE-SCALE ORGANISATION OF CORRUPT JUDGES SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE LOW LIFE FORCE...

... ALL OF WHOM WERE WORKING UNDER THE ORDERS OF THE BIG MAN, ATTEMPTING TO DEFEND HIS INTERESTS.



WHO WAS THE BIG MAN?





'DIRTY FRANK DOES NOT KNOW.'

'BUT I THINK WE CAN ASSUME THAT THEY GOT HIM.'



JUST ANOTHER CRIME BOSS.

NO. THE BIG MAN WAS DIFFERENT. AN IDEALIST —

DEAD IDEALIST NOW.

— AND WHEN HIS ORDERS STOPPED COMING DOWN... THE WAR WAS OVER.



TWO WEEKS LATER.

**DIRTY FRANK'S CASE NOTES:**

After days of aggressive SJS questioning, Dirty Frank is finally released.

All Wally Squad operations in the Low Life are cancelled until a full judicial review into undercover corruption is completed.

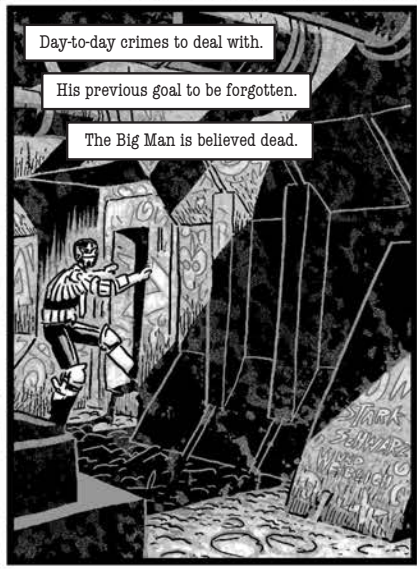


Dirty Frank returns to uniform for the foreseeable future.

Limitations and rigid definitions are his.

Neutered...

... Defeated.



Day-to-day crimes to deal with.

His previous goal to be forgotten.

The Big Man is believed dead.



Perhaps he is...

... But Thora was *not* the Big Man.

CORRUPT JUDGE STEWART.

HOW'S THE MEMORY COMING ALONG? HAS YOUR TIME HERE ALONE ALLOWED YOU AN EPIPHANY OF RECOLLECTIONS?



THIS... THIS AIN'T STRAIGHT JUDGE'S BEHAVIOUR...  
 ... LEFT ME HERE TO STARVE...  
 YOU'VE TURNED DIRTY, FRANK.



APOLOGIES. IT WAS SOMEWHAT DIFFICULT TO GET AWAY DUE TO DIRTY FRANK'S ENTIRE LIFE'S WORK BEING RIPPED DOWN, BURYING FRIENDS, ETC.

PERHAPS NOW YOU'LL BE MORE CO-OPERATIVE. REVEAL ALL AND AN EXTREMELY BIG PIE SHALL BE YOURS.

ON THE LANDING PAD, YOU SAID TO THORA, 'YOU'RE THE BOSS... ALMOST.'

WHAT DID YOU MEAN?



THORA WAS... GETTING ORDERS FROM SOMEONE...  
 SHE HAD A PERSONAL CELLPHONE.



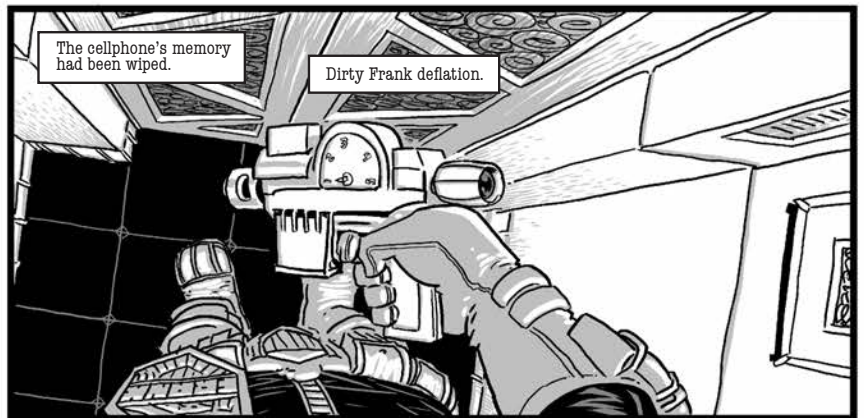
NEVER FOUND A CELLPHONE ON HER.

A full search of Thora's effects followed in the Sector House.



The cellphone was, with some difficulty, eventually found.

Dirty Frank elation!



The cellphone's memory had been wiped.

Dirty Frank deflation.



So Dirty Frank ran the phone's cell destinations with the cellphone company.


There was only one.



A luxury penthouse apartment, rented to a Hondo company in previous months.

A Hondo company who recently vacated the premises, leaving absolutely nothing behind.

A Hondo company who paid in cash and who, upon further investigation, do not actually exist.




The cellphone company had a recording of a conversation.

One word. An instruction to warfare. To protect the Low Life.

Akeldama.

Translation from Aramaic:  
*Field of Blood.*



A field in Jerusalem, bought with the money Judas Iscariot earned by betraying Jesus.

And where he is believed to have hung himself.



No friends. Just angles.

Aimee...

... where are you?



2000 AD Prog 1631: Cover by D'Israeli

## ROB WILLIAMS

**Rob Williams** debuted in *2000 AD* with *Asylum* and went on to pen the immensely popular *Low Life* series along with *Breathing Space*, *Family*, *Judge Dredd* and *The Ten-Seconds*. His work outside of the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic* includes *Cla\$\$war*, *Star Wars Tales*, *Star Wars: Rebellion* and *Wolverine*.

## D'SRAELI

Matt Booker, a.k.a. **D'Israeli**, is a current fan-favourite at *2000 AD*. His distinctive style has graced several strips in the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*, including three *Tharg's Future Shocks* (which he also scripted) *The Vort*, *Stickleback*, *Low Life*, *Judge Dredd*, and *XTNCT* which he co-created with Paul Cornell for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*.

Beyond *2000 AD*, D'Israeli co-created *Lazarus Churchyard* with renowned comic writer Warren Ellis and the critically-acclaimed *Kingdom of the Wicked* and *Scarlet Traces* with his regular collaborator, Ian Edginton.

## RUFUS DAYGLO

**Rufus Dayglo** started his career as an animation slave-bot, but was saved by Tharg and rebuilt as an art-droid. He now works for various publishers in the UK and US. He's since worked on *Low Life*, *Metal Gear Solid*, *Judge Dredd*, a number of horror books and *Tank Girl* with Alan Martin. Dreams can come true... all hail Tharg the Mighty!

## SMUDGE

**Smudge's** earliest memories are of life in the dark, beneath a slightly moldy desk located in a damp storeroom somewhere beneath Kings Cross railway station. Smudge is still unsure about how he came to be there. It has been suggested that he evolved from the dregs within an unwashed mug which had been left and forgotten. Either way, his emergence into the outside world found him in need of means to sustain himself physically, emotionally, and mentally. After years of perseverance and experiment he has found that 'making marks on paper' is a useful ability in this respect and enables him to 'get by' rather cheerfully (on a good day), with grumpy belligerence (on others!).

Smudge has 'made many marks on paper' in the form of Zarjaz strips for *2000 AD* including, *Judge Dredd*, *Chiaroscuro* and *Low Life*, while indulging in other 'mark making' experiments his spare time. He is also experimenting with unwashed mugs hidden in various dark, damp places, in an attempt to better understand himself and his origins. These experiments have, as yet, proved less fruitful than those of the 'mark making' kind. Still, he perseveres.....

# ALSO AVAILABLE FROM 2000 AD!

## MEGA-CITY UNDER COVER 01

978-1-905437-52-8

**AUTHORS:** Andy Diggle & Rob Williams  
**ARTISTS:** Jock, Henry Flint & Simon Coleby  
**PRICE:** £12.99  
**EXTENT:** 224pp  
**FORMAT:** Paperback

### SYNOPSIS

Sometimes it takes a special kind of judge to work the mean streets of mega-city one. Meet Lenny Zero and Aimee Nixon, two under-cover Judges who work the lowest levels of the Big Meg, mixing with mob bosses and murderers alike.



## INSURRECTION

978-1-907992-49-0

**AUTHOR:** Dan Abnett  
**ARTIST:** Colin MacNeil  
**PRICE:** £13.99  
**EXTENT:** 128pp  
**FORMAT:** Paperback

### SYNOPSIS

Mega-City One mining colony K-Alpha 61 has declared independence from the 'Big Meg' and renamed itself Liberty. This act of defiance has angered the Justice Department's Special Judicial Squad and in a bid to stop further colonies from rebelling, war is inevitable...

*To Order*

PHONE THARG'S FUTURE SHOP HOTLINE:  
**01621-877-250**

OR VISIT THE ZARJAZ ONLINE STORE:  
**SHOP.2000ADONLINE.COM**



WWW.  
ZOOOONLINE  
.COM