

2000 A.D. REGENED 2



**THE WILDEST COMIC
IN THE UNIVERSE!**

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2000 A.D.
REGENED





GOOP T'SEE YA, THRILLSEEKING PALS!
IT'S ME, JOKO-JARGO, WITH ANOTHER WIGGING
SELECTION OF SIZZLING
SCI-FI STORIES SET IN THE FUTURE!

AS ALWAYS, MAKE SURE YOU KEEP THIS
HAZARDOUS BOOK SAFE AND AWAY FROM ANY
NERBLORDS OR SCRAPBUCKETS - OR THE
PLASMA POWER OF THESE PAGES WILL LEAVE
THEM DUSTED AND BUSTED!

SO TOGGLE YOUR GOGGLES AND PREP
YOUR MIND FOR A MEGA EXANSION!

Joko-Jargo

MEGA-CITY ONE JUDGE CADET DREDD



Mega-City One is a city so mean that only the very toughest cops - the Judges - can keep it in order. Cadet Dredd is training to be one of those Judges.

COMBAT READY PAGE 4

Script: MATT SMITH
Art: NICOLO ASSIRELLI
Colours: CHRIS BLYTHE
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BAD SEEDS PAGE 10

Script: MIKE CARROLL
Art: LUKE HORSMAN
Colours: MATT SOFFE
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

TOOTH AND CLAW PAGE 22

Script: MIKE CARROLL
Art: NICOLO ASSIRELLI
Colours: GARY CALDWELL
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

FINDER & KEEPER



Meera Hundal and Eliot Hunter are best friends who hunt ghosts with the help of Victorian ghostbusting get-up!

NUISANCE NEIGHBOURS PAGE 34

Script: JOHN REPPION
Art: DAVIDE TINTO
Colours: JIM BOSWELL
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

THE CURSE OF KREGPINDETH PAGE 44

Script: JOHN REPPION
Art: DAVIDE TINTO
Colours: JIM BOSWELL
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND



Anderson is a Judge in Mega-City One's Psi Division. She's a psychic, which means she reads minds to fight crimes!

FIRST-CLASS CITIZEN PAGE 54

Script: CAVAN SCOTT
Art: PAUL DAVIDSON
Colours: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

EARLY WARNING PAGE 64

Script: CAVAN SCOTT
Art: PAUL DAVIDSON
Colours: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

ROLL CALL

PANDORA PERFECT SHE'S PRACTICALLY POISON IN EVERY WAY!



Billionaires beware! For Pandora Perfect - futuristic criminal, terrible babysitter and all round bad 'un - is out of jail and after your jewels!

BIG DAY OUT PAGE 74

Script: ROGER LANGRIDGE
Art: BRETT PARSON
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

Strontium DOG



Johnny Alpha is a mutant teenage bounty hunter with X-Ray eyes and a flair for catching bad guys!

ACCEPTABLE LOSSES PAGE 82

Script: MIKE CARROLL
Art: NICK BROKENSIRE
Colours: JOHN CHARLES
Letters: JIM CAMPBELL

DEPARTMENT K



Department K are a bunch of butt-kicking eggheads, protecting Mega-City One - and you - from interdimensional monsters and baddies!

WELCOME TO DEPARTMENT K PAGE 94

Script: RORY MCCONVILLE
Art: P.J. HOLDEN
Colours: LEN O'GRADY
Letters: JIM CAMPBELL

VENUS BLUEGENES



Venus Bluegenes is a super-soldier travelling Nu-Earth, caught in an endless war between the Norts and the Southers.

THREAT LEVEL: ZERO PAGE 104

Script: LIAM JOHNSON
Art: ANEKE
Colours: BARBARA NOSENZO
Letters: SIMON BOWLAND

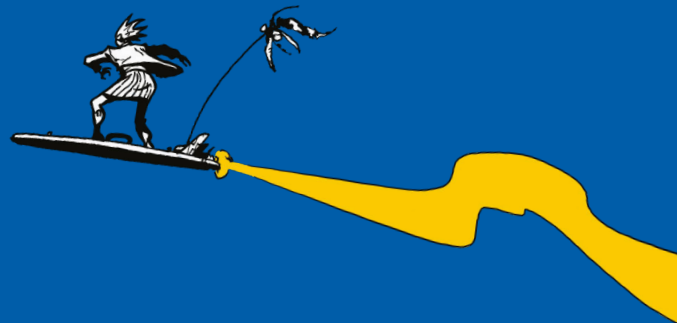
ABELARD SNAZZ



He's the smartest nerd in the galaxy! If you've got problems, old Abelard will be happy to solve them, for a price...

THE ONLY WAY IS UP PAGE 114

Script: PAUL CORNELL
Art: ANNA READMAN
Colours: PIPPA BOWLAND
Letters: JIM CAMPBELL



FUTURE SHOCKS



Future Shocks are mindbending, out of this world tales, with twists that will leave you vortexed!

THE QUEEN OF MEAN PAGE 124

Script: LAURA BAILEY
Art: ANDREA MUTTI
Colours: BARBARA NOSENZO
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BOSS LEVEL PAGE 129

Script: KARL STOCK
Art: TOM NEWELL
Colours: JOHN CHARLES
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

FOR THE MAN WHO LIVES EVERYWHEN PAGE 134

Script: KARL STOCK
Art: TOM NEWELL
Colours: JOHN CHARLES
Letters: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

CADETS DREDD AND FALKIRK - R.C.A. WILL COMMENCE IMMEDIATELY. ARE YOU READY?

ROUTINE COMBAT ASSESSMENT NOW UNDERWAY.

THEIR FIRST R.C.A.S.

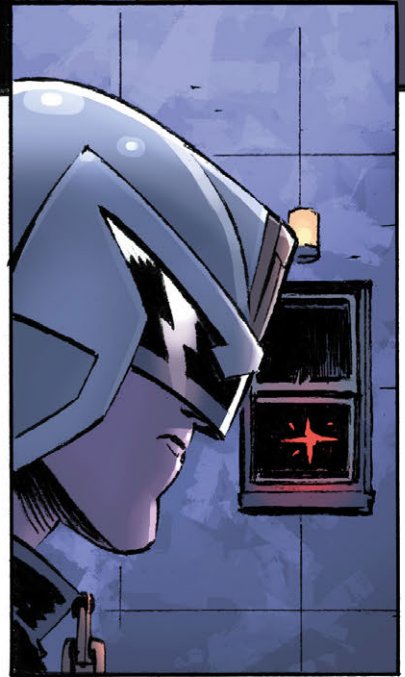
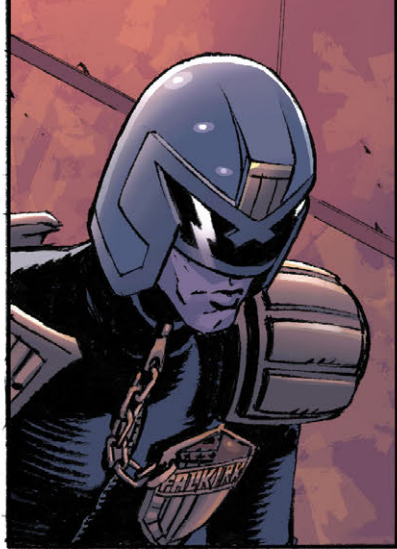
PROOF TO THEIR TUTORS THAT THEY HAD WHAT IT TOOK TO POLICE THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

AFFIRMATIVE.

CADET DREDD COMBAT READY

SCORE WELL ON THIS, AND IT WAS ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS ACHIEVING THAT FULL-EAGLE BADGE.

RICO HAD ALREADY RACKED UP A POINT NINE EIGHT-FIVE AVERAGE ON HIS FIRST GO AROUND. JOE'S INNATE COMPETITIVE STREAK URGES HIM TO DO BETTER -



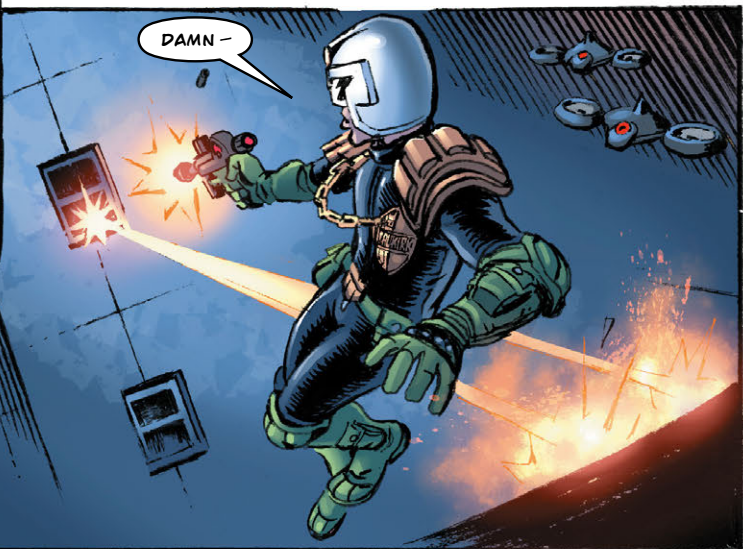


SNIPER -!

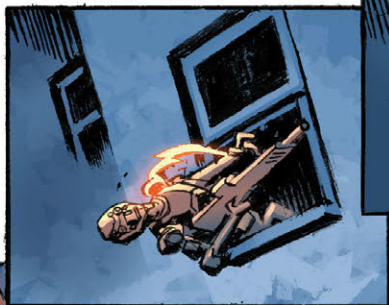


DREDD: KILL. POINT SEVEN FIVE SECONDS.

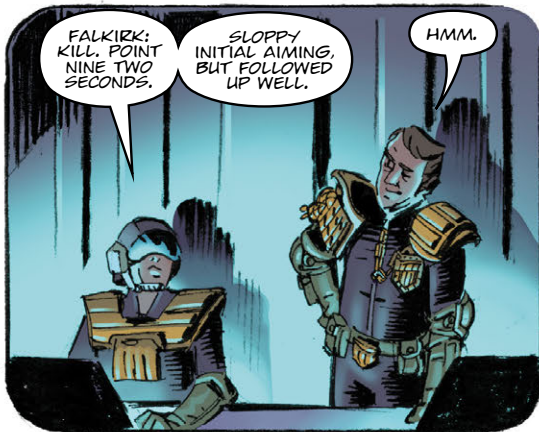
GOOD SPEED.



DAMN -



DROKKIN' THING?



FALKIRK: KILL. POINT NINE TWO SECONDS.

SLOPPY INITIAL AIMING, BUT FOLLOWED UP WELL.

HMM.

ALL THE CADETS ARE AWARE THAT THIS WON'T BE THEIR LAST R.C.A. SHOULD THEY GRADUATE, THEY'LL BE REGULARLY TESTED ON THEIR COMBAT EFFECTIVENESS FOR THE REST OF THEIR CAREERS.

NO JUDGE CAN AFFORD TO GET RUSTY.



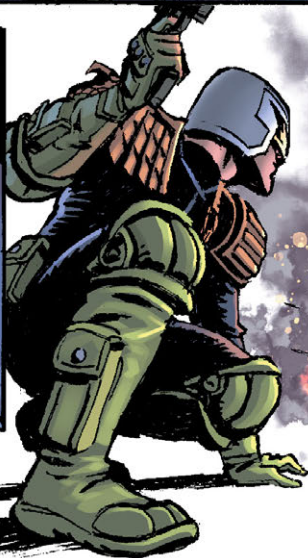
SUCH IS THE DANGEROUS NATURE OF LIFE ENFORCING THE LAW IN THE BIG MEG, IT CAN LITERALLY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SURVIVAL...



...AND A BODY BAG.

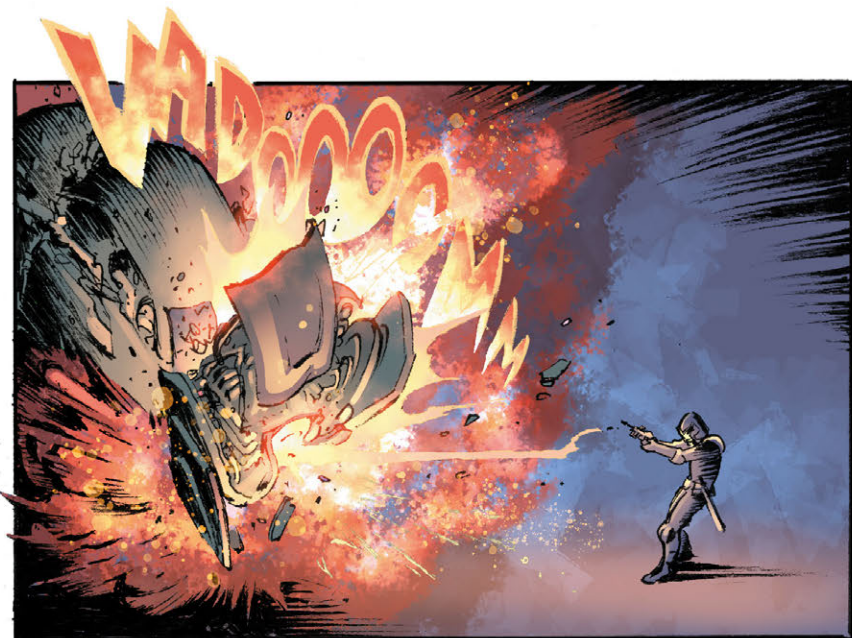
DIE, JAYBIRD!

BRANK
BRANK
BRANK





HIGH EXPLOSIVE!



SLEDGEHAMMER TO CRACK A NUT, THAT ONE.

MARK HIM DOWN TWO POINTS.



ROUTINE COMBAT ASSESSMENT NOW COMPLETE.

CADET DREDD -

YOUR FINAL SCORE IS POINT NINE EIGHT TWO.

DAMN.

CADET FALKIRK -

YOUR FINAL SCORE IS POINT SEVEN FIVE SIX.

YOU MAY NOW LEAVE THE TRAINING AREA. YOUR TUTORS WILL DISCUSS YOUR GRADING WITH YOU IN DUE COURSE.



A POINT SEVEN FIVE. THEY MUST'VE PENALISED ME. I FOULLED UP SOMEWHERE.

IT'S STILL A PASS.

YEAH, BUT IT'S NOT A DROKKIN' POINT NINE EIGHT. JOVUS, DREDD, FIRST TIME OUTTA THE GATE AN' YOU'RE ON COURSE FOR A PERFECT ONE.

NOT AS GOOD AS RICO, THOUGH.



WELL, COLOUR ME SURPRISED. LISTEN, YOU CREEPY CLONE TWINS WANNA COMPETE AGAINST EACH OTHER, KNOCK YOURSELVES OUT. THE REST OF US WILL JUST HAVETA CATCH UP.

IT WAS THAT DAMN DROID WITH THE BLADE, I BET. WOULDN'T GO DOWN. THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED ME ON.

DROKKIN' MEKS, I SWEAR TO GRUD...

TWO DAYS LATER.

ANY UNITS, VICINITY RECLAMATION YARD, SKILTON STREET, WE HAVE A CODE NINETY-NINE RED - ASSISTANCE URGENTLY REQUIRED.

THIS IS MEECHUM WITH CADET DREDD - WE'RE WESTBOUND ON CAPALDI, WE'LL TAKE THAT C99. ETA TWO MINUTES.

JUDGE IN TROUBLE!
THAT'S A ROJ. BETTER HOOF IT, CADET -

'- WE DON'T LEAVE ONE OF OUR OWN BEHIND.'

GONNA SQUASH YOU, LITTLE MEATLING!

ARMOUR PIERCING'S NOT HAVING ANY EFFECT -

UNNF!

THUNNG!

YOU'VE ABUSED ROBOTKIND FOR THE LAST TIME, FLESHY ONE!

A REVOLUTION'S COMING -

CYCLOPS
LASER, MAXIMUM
ELEVATION!

AIM
FOR THE CHEST
CAVITY, DREDD -
THAT'S WHERE
THE BRAIN'S
HOUSED!

SIR!

CENTRAL A.I. CORE'S
ALWAYS IN THE TORSO,
CADET FALKIRK. YOU SHOULD
KNOW YOUR CONSTRUCTION
DROID ANATOMY.

YEAH...
MUST'VE FORGOT
IN THE... IN THE
HEAT OF THE
MOMENT.

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

JUDGE
LAMBERT AND I
WERE INVESTIGATING
A SUSPICIOUS ROBOT
GATHERING, TURNED
HOSTILE AND WE... WE
HAD TO OPEN FIRE.
LAMBERT... H-HE
GOT KNOCKED
OUT.

HE'S
OKAY, SIR, MILD
CONCUSSION.

CALL IN
A MED-WAGON,
DREDD.

ALL GOOD
COMBAT EXPERIENCE,
CADET, THOUGH YOU
PROBABLY COULD'VE
HANDLED IT BETTER. I'D
RECOMMEND FURTHER
STREET SIMULATIONS
TO SEE IF YOU'RE CUT
OUT FOR DUTY.

THAT
HEAVY METAL KID
SEEMED PRETTY
BENT OUT OF SHAPE,
THOUGH. WHAT
DID HE MEAN BY A
'REVOLUTION'?

BEATS
ME, SIR,
JUST WENT
LOCO.

HMM, BEST
KEEP AN EYE
ON THAT, I
THINK.

DROKIN'
MACHINE? YOU
GOT WHAT YOU
DESERVED!

MED-WAGON
AND CLEAN-UP CREW
TO SKILTON STREET
RECLAMATION.
CONTROL, JUDGE
DOWN, SITUATION...
IN HAND.

FULL
REPORT WILL
FOLLOW...

THE END

MEGA-CITY ONE,
10 FEBRUARY
2074 AD.

CADET DREDD BAD SEEDS

JUDGE
CHAPLIN -
YOU ASKED
FOR ME?

ZAND, WE
HAVE A HOSTAGE
SITUATION, AT LEAST
FIFTY CITS BEING
HELD BY A DOZEN
ARMED PERPS -
ALL JUVES.

THEY
CALL THEMSELVES
WASTED YOUTH. THEY'VE
ALWAYS BEEN LOW LEVEL
- ANGRY PROTESTS,
RANTING STREAMCASTS,
SOME HACKING AND
GRAFFITI, THE
USUAL.

UNTIL
AN HOUR
AGO.



WE PULLED
A HOLO FROM THE
STORE'S SECURITY
FEED BEFORE THE
PERPS LOCKED
US OUT...

YOU'RE
AN EXPLOSIVES
EXPERT, ZAND -
ANALYSIS?

HOME-MADE...
VERY BASIC
COMPONENTS APART
FROM THE SHIELDED
MECHANISM - BUT THEY
CAN BE SCAVENGED
FROM A BATTLEFIELD
WITHOUT TOO MUCH
TROUBLE.

THE
OIL-DRUM'S
CAPACITY IS ABOUT
TWO-FIFTY LITRES -
AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE
SHOPPING CART IS
STRAINING UNDER
THE WEIGHT, SO
IT'S FULL.

THAT
SUGGESTS A
DENSE PAYLOAD,
POSSIBLY
HEAVY WITH
SHEAPNEL.



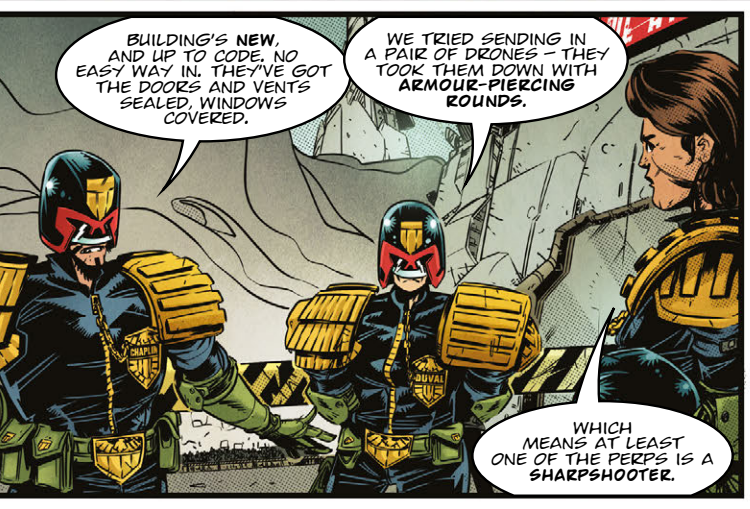
IF IT'S REAL, WE'RE LOOKING AT A POTENTIAL BLAST RADIUS OF AT LEAST SIX HUNDRED METRES.

GOT ANY I.D.'S ON THE PERPS?



SO FAR, JUST THEIR LEADER, LORCAN TELEY FITZBERG. SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD. PARENTS ARE EX-MILITIA - DURING THE WAR THEY SPECIALISED IN MUNITIONS AND EXPLOSIVES.

RIGHT NOW THEY'RE BOTH SERVING A FORTY-FIVE STRETCH FOR THE ATTEMPTED BOMBING OF A SUB-ZOOM STATION.



BUILDING'S NEW, AND UP TO CODE, NO EASY WAY IN. THEY'VE GOT THE DOORS AND VENTS SEALED, WINDOWS COVERED.

WE TRIED SENDING IN A PAIR OF DRONES - THEY TOOK THEM DOWN WITH ARMOUR-PIERCING ROUNDS.

WHICH MEANS AT LEAST ONE OF THE PERPS IS A SHARPSHOOTER.



LOOKS LIKE OBSERVATION DAY IS POSTPONED. CADETS - REPORT BACK TO THE ACADEMY.

MA'AM, WE CAN HELP WITH CROWD CONTROL, OR -

EVERYONE QUIET DOWN -



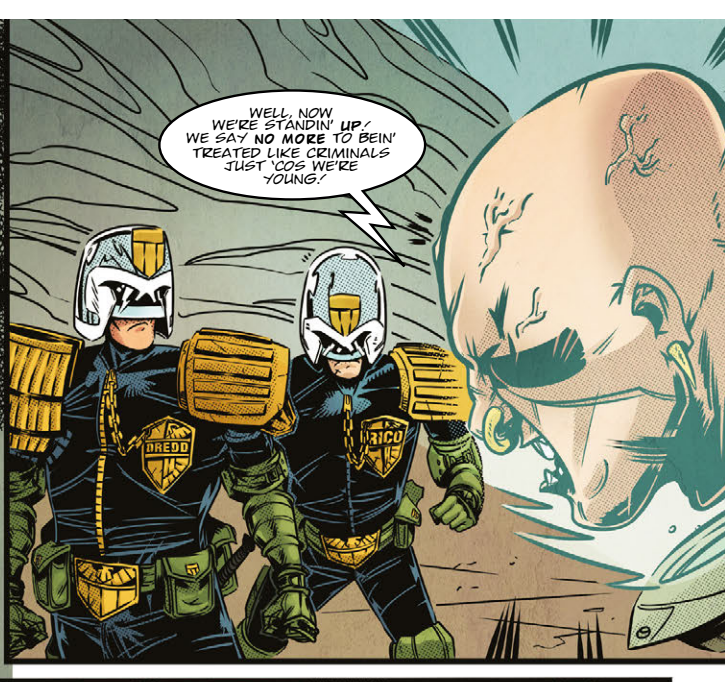
'-WE'VE GOT CONTACT.'

YO, MEGA-CITY ONE!



THIS IS THE VOICE OF WASTED YOUTH!

FOR TOO LONG THE JUDGES HAVE BEEN STAMPING ON OUR RIGHTS, TRYNA KEEP US DOWN!



WELL, NOW WE'RE STANDIN' UP! WE SAY NO MORE TO BEIN' TREATED LIKE CRIMINALS JUST 'COOS WE'RE YOUNG!



RIGHT NOW THERE'S OVER THIRTY THOUSAND JUVES ROTTING IN THE CUBES FOR NON-VIOLENT OFFENCES!

SOME ARE THERE JUST BECAUSE SOME BUCKETHEAD DIDN'T LIKE THEIR ATTITUDE!



WE WANT ALL JUVENILE PRISONERS RELEASED IMMEDIATELY AND UNCONDITIONALLY!

YOU GOT THIRTY MINUTES, OR THE SUPERMARKET GOES BOOM!

GARRET - GIMME A CLOSE-UP ON THE BOMB, DUDE.



YOU ATTEMPT TO STOP US - WE TRIGGER THIS LITTLE BABY!

ONCE THIS BLOWS, ANYONE LOOKIN' DOWN FROM SPACE IS GONNA THINK THAT THE CITY HAS DIMPLES!

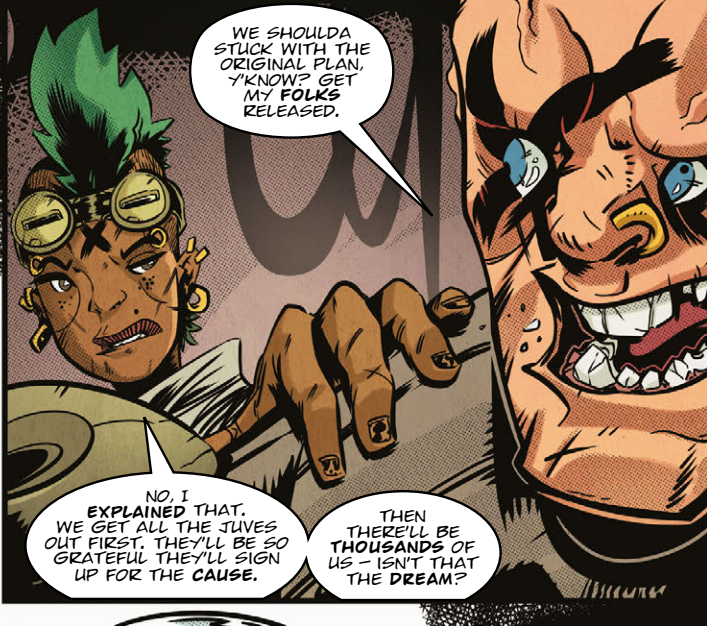
CUT THE FEED.



OKAY, GOOD LINE ABOUT THE DIMPLES, RUDI - THANKS FOR THAT.

BUT ONLY THIRTY MINUTES? THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TIME TO FREE ALL THOSE PRISONERS.

SURE IT IS, THE ISO-BLOCKS ARE MOSTLY ALL AUTOMATED, RIGHT?



WE SHOULD STUCK WITH THE ORIGINAL PLAN, Y'KNOW? GET MY FOLKS RELEASED.

NO, I EXPLAINED THAT. WE GET ALL THE JUVES OUT FIRST, THEY'LL BE SO GRATEFUL THEY'LL SIGN UP FOR THE CAUSE.

THEN THERE'LL BE THOUSANDS OF US - ISN'T THAT THE DREAM?



'TO MAKE SOME REAL CHANGES IN THIS CITY WE NEED REAL POWER.'

DIVAL, I WANT EVERY FRAME OF THAT HOLO ANALYSED DOWN TO THE MICROPIXEL - GET ME I.D.S ON THE REST OF THOSE PERPS!

YOU'VE GOT THAT LOOK AGAIN, JOE, WHAT'RE YOU THINKING?

THIS IS COLDRUN PLAZA... NAMED AFTER THE COLDRUN BUILDING THAT WAS DAMAGED DURING THE WAR.

I REMEMBER. WE HAD TO CLEAR OUT THE VAGRANTS BEFORE IT WAS DEMOLISHED. SO?

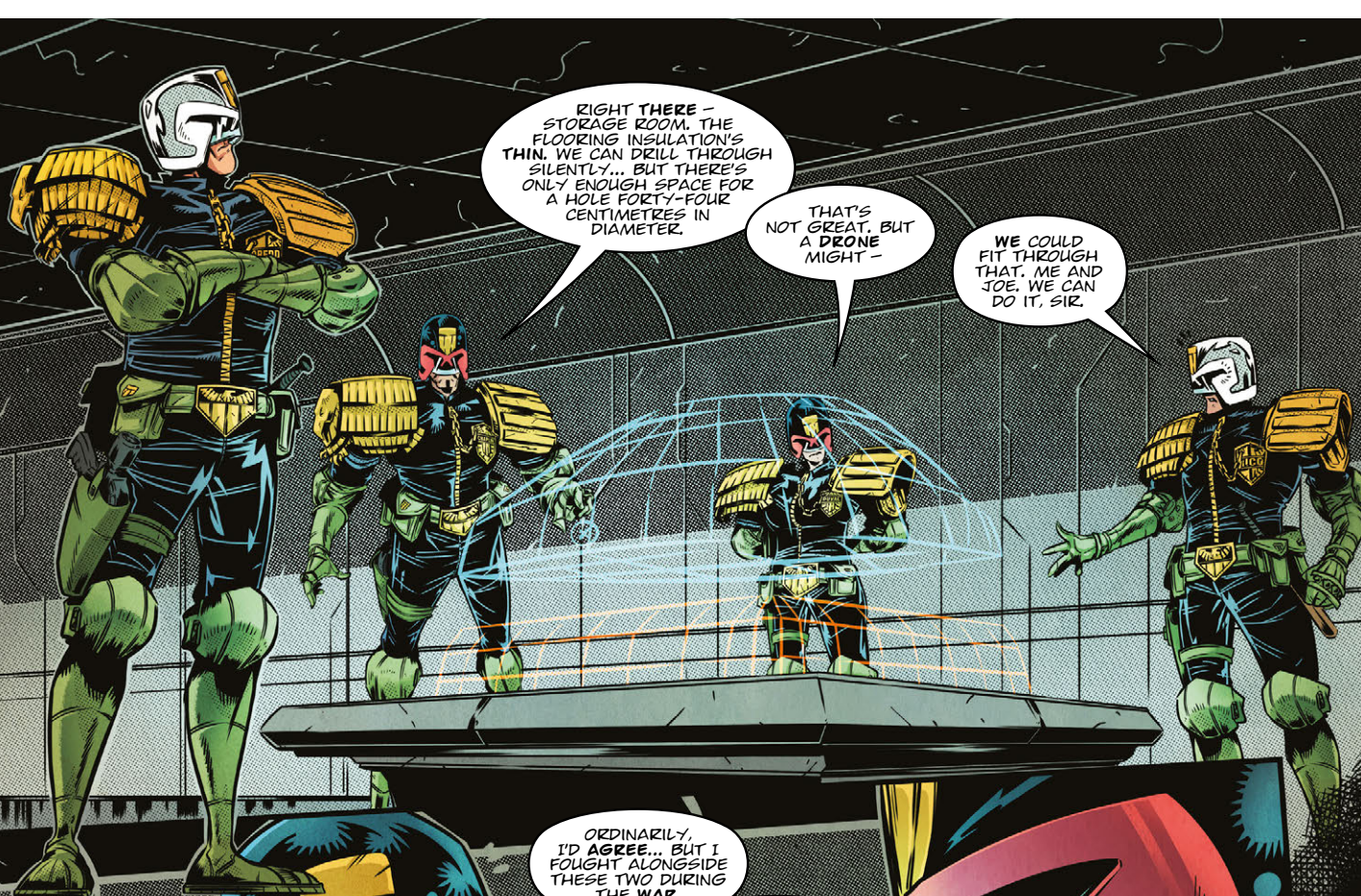


SO THEY TORE DOWN THE WALLS, BUT THEY LEFT THE ORIGINAL FOUNDATIONS INTACT...



...AND BUILT THE PLAZA ON TOP OF THEM..!

THE CADET'S RIGHT - SEWER ACCESS WILL GET US THROUGH TO THE FOUNDATIONS, AND THEN WE CAN DRILL UP.



RIGHT THERE - STORAGE ROOM. THE FLOORING INSULATION'S THIN. WE CAN DRILL THROUGH SILENTLY... BUT THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH SPACE FOR A HOLE FORTY-FOUR CENTIMETRES IN DIAMETER.

THAT'S NOT GREAT. BUT A DRONE MIGHT -

WE COULD FIT THROUGH THAT. ME AND JOE. WE CAN DO IT, SIR.

I'M NOT GOING TO SEND YEAR-EIGHT CADETS INTO A LIVE SITUATION -

ORDINARILY, I'D AGREE... BUT I FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THESE TWO DURING THE WAR.

MY OPINION? THEY'RE OUR BEST HOPE IF WE WANT TO AVOID THIS TURNING NASTY.



I'M THROUGH - PASS ME THE LAS-CUTTER!

WHNN... I SHOULD'VE SKIPPED BREAKFAST...



GET MOVING - AND REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING. THE SAFETY OF THE HOSTAGES IS YOUR TOP PRIORITY, SO STUN SHOTS ONLY.

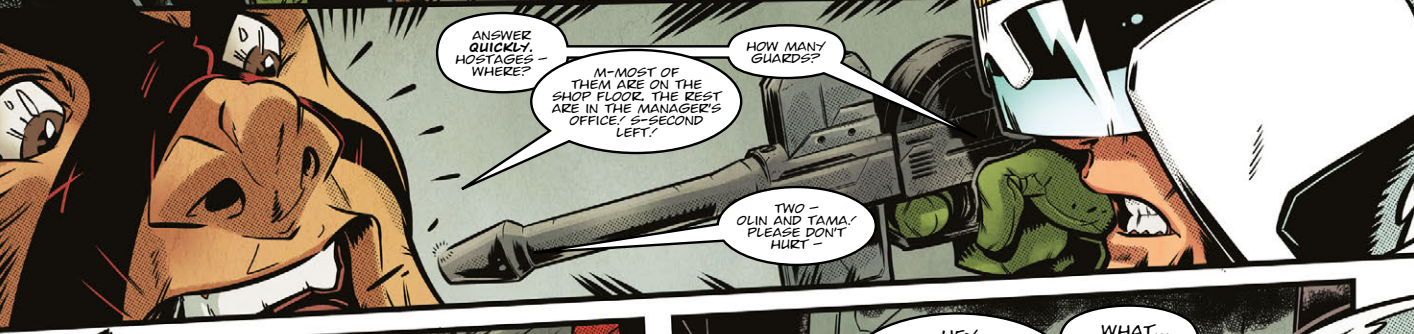
UNDERSTOOD.



STEADY FOOTSTEPS IN GUARD WALKING THE PERIMETER. THEY'RE STOPPING... TURNING BACK... NOW!



UKKK!



ANSWER QUICKLY - HOSTAGES - WHERE?

M-MOST OF THEM ARE ON THE SHOP FLOOR. THE REST ARE IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE! S-SECOND LEFT!

HOW MANY GUARDS?

TWO - OLIN AND TAMA! PLEASE DON'T HURT -



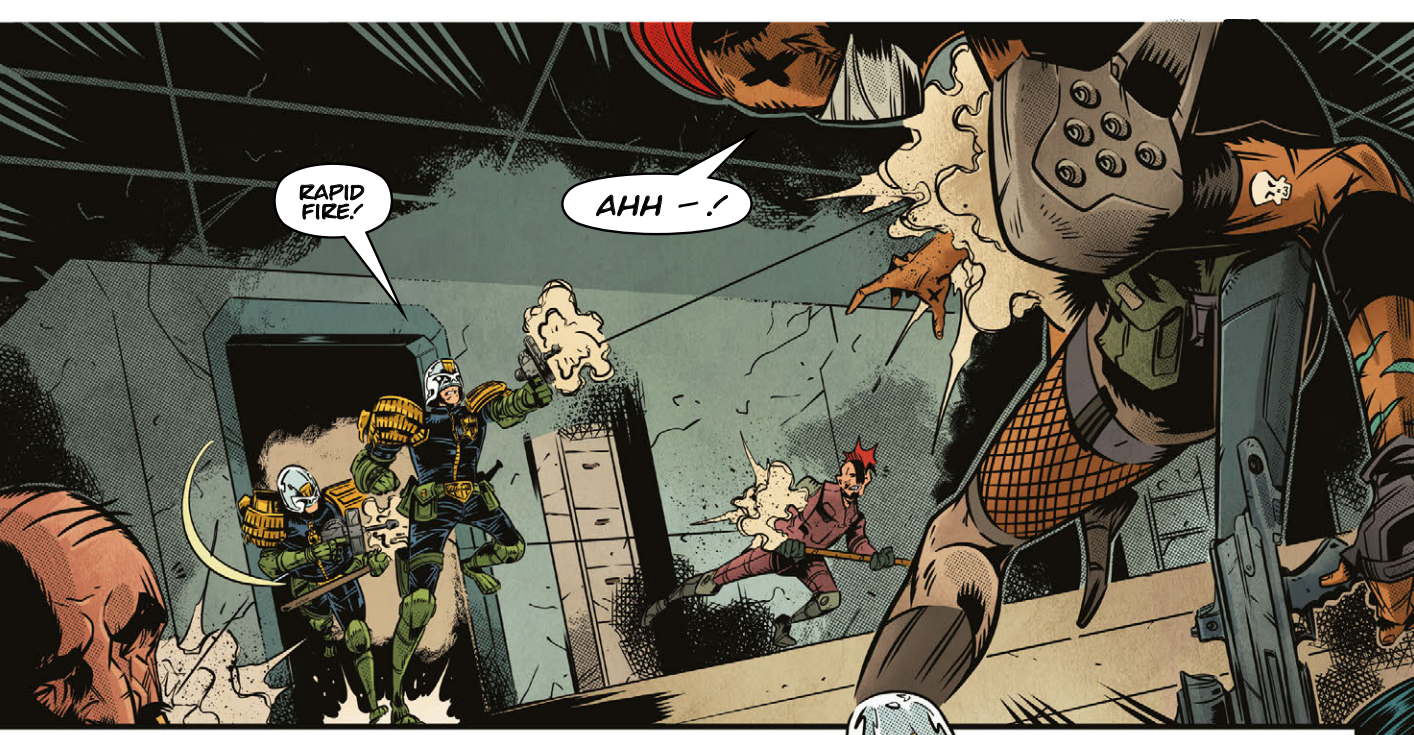
UNGH!



HEY, YOU GUYS! C'MERE - YOU EVER SEEN ONE OF THESE?

WHAT... WHO'S OUT THERE?

IT WAS WORTH A SHOT - GO!



RAPID FIRE!

AHH -!



YOU SHOT BOB!

THAT WAS A STUN SHOT - THEY'LL BE FINE. THEY'LL WAKE UP IN TEN WITH A HEADACHE AND A STIFF NECK, THAT'S ALL.

I'LL LEAVE MY KNIFE WITH YOU - USE IT TO FREE YOUR FRIENDS.

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SHOOT THE HOSTAGES!



YOU'RE JUST JUVES! WHY SHOULD WE TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU?

BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN TRAINED TO SURVIVE SITUATIONS LIKE THIS.

NOW SHUT UP AND STAY PUT.

USE THE DESKS AND CABINETS TO BARRICADE THE DOOR BEHIND US.

THEY'LL DO IT, LORCAN. I KNOW THEY WILL. MARKO, WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?

CROWD'S BUILDING... CHANNEL P1 NEWS IS SAYING THERE'S THREE HUNDRED JUVES OUT THERE -



"-AND LOTS MORE COMING!"

CONTROL, I NEED THAT BACK-UP NOW!

STUCK-BOMB-UPPER



OH MAN... MOM ALWAYS WARNED ME THAT THE JAYS NEVER SUBMIT TO TERRORISTS' DEMANDS!

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GONNA CALL US, YOU KNOW? TERRORISTS.

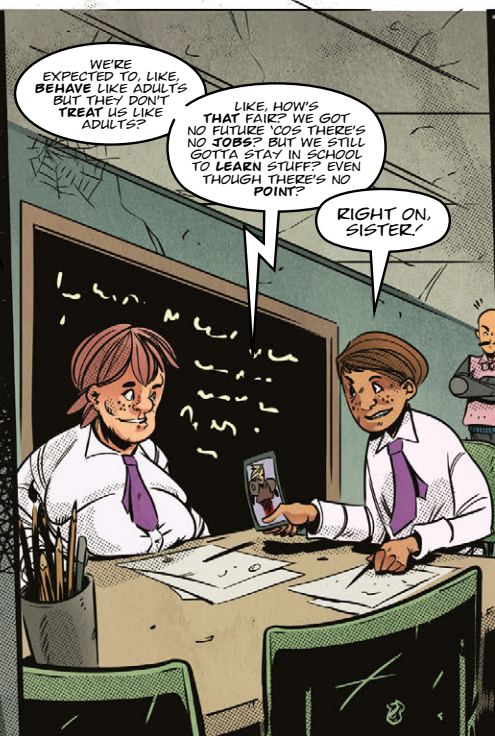


THEN WE HAFTA SHOW THEM WE'RE NOT - I'M BROADCASTING AGAIN!



YOU'RE NOT A TERRORIST, ARE YOU, JEN? TELL THE WORLD YOUR STORY.

I UH... I'M JUST KINDA FURIOUS ALLA THE TIME YOU KNOW?



WE'RE EXPECTED TO, LIKE, BEHAVE LIKE ADULTS BUT THEY DON'T TREAT US LIKE ADULTS?

LIKE, HOW'S THAT FAIR? WE GOT NO FUTURE 'COS THERE'S NO JOBS? BUT WE STILL GOTTA STAY IN SCHOOL TO LEARN STUFF? EVEN THOUGH THERE'S NO POINT?

RIGHT ON, SISTER!



JUDGE CHAPLIN? THIS IS CADET DREDD.

WE'VE TAKEN OUT THREE OF THE PERPS, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO RUSH THE REST.

ACKNOWLEDGED, DREDD. STAND BY.

ZAND?

ALL THE INDICATORS ARE THAT THE DEVICE DOESN'T HAVE A DEAD-SWITCH - IT NEEDS TO BE PRIMED BEFORE IT'S TRIGGERED.

HOW LONG WOULD THAT GIVE THEM?

NO WAY TO KNOW - IT MIGHT ONLY BE SECONDS.

THEY REALLY AS GOOD AS YOU SAY THEY ARE?

'SIR... JOE AND RICO DREDD ARE THE BEST.'

CADETS, YOU HAVE A GREEN LIGHT. TAKE THEM DOWN.

CHAPLIN, THE MEDIA STATS SHOW THAT WASTED YOUTH ARE TRENDING HIGHER THAN ANYTHING WE'VE SEEN IN WEEKS...

'CLOSE TO FORTY-SEVEN MILLION VIEWERS IN THE CRUCIAL THIRTEEN-TO-EIGHTEEN AGE BRACKET...'



'I FIGURE WE CAN PUSH IT A LITTLE FURTHER BEFORE WE...'

'SIR?'

DAMMIT -!



OH SWEET GRUD...

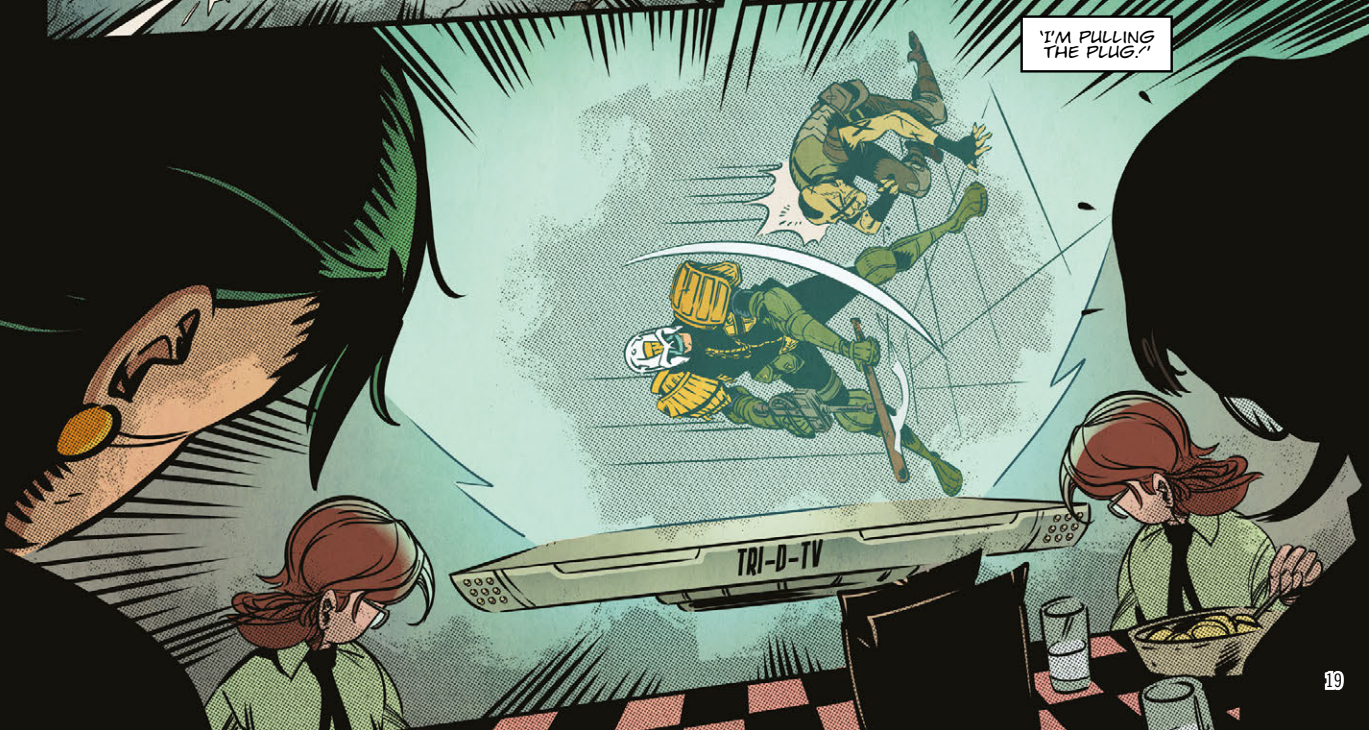
SIR, THE SITE IS UNDER ATTACK BY ACADEMY CADETS.'



'HOW DID THEY EVEN GET INSIDE?'



'THEY'RE GONNA RUIN EVERYTHING!'



'I'M PULLING THE PLUG.'

STOMM!
IT WAS NEVER
SUPPOSED TO GO
DOWN LIKE
THIS!

MARKO -
STAND DOWN!
EVERYONE,
CEASE FIRING -
DROP YOUR
WEAPONS!

WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
YOU'RE PULLING
THE PLUG?

YOU SHOULD
HAVE TOLD ME YOU'D
FOUND A WAY IN! WE
COULD HAVE...

SIR,
FOUR MONTHS AGO
TWO OF MY TEAM
INFILTRATED WASTED
YOUTH -

'- WE HAD
TO SEE WHAT
THEY WERE
PLANNING!

STAND DOWN,
CADET. I'M A JUDGE,
GARRET MADDISON, SECTOR
TWO. CHECK WITH YOUR
SUPERVISORS, CODE
K87J22.

YOU
SHOT
AT
US -!

INSTINCT,
AND CLEARLY YOU
TWO HAVE BEEN WELL
TRAINED, TOO - RUDI
AND I ALMOST
NEVER MISS.

TOO
BAD.

'CADET RICO DREDD, YOU
SHOT UNDERCOVER JUDGE
GARRET MADDISON WHILE
HE WAS UNARMED AND
SURRENDERING.'

UHHN!?



YES, MA'AM, FINGER SLIPPED.

INDEED.



SIR, IF THEY'D INFILTRATED THE ORGANISATION HOW DID THEY LET THIS GET SO FAR?

DUVAL WANTED WASTED YOUTH'S OPERATION TO GO PUBLIC - SO THAT THE CITY'S JUVES COULD WATCH THEM FAIL.

NO KID IS GOING TO IDOLISE A LOSER.



LORCAN FITZBERG IS CLAIMING THAT RUDI AND GARRET WERE BEHIND EVERYTHING, NUDGING HIS PLANS, FORCING HIM TO GO DOWN THIS PATH.

DUVAL WILL BE REPRIMANDED FOR FAILING TO INFORM ME THAT WALLY SQUAD WERE INVOLVED.

JUST A REPRIMAND? INNOCENT CITIZENS COULD HAVE BEEN HURT--

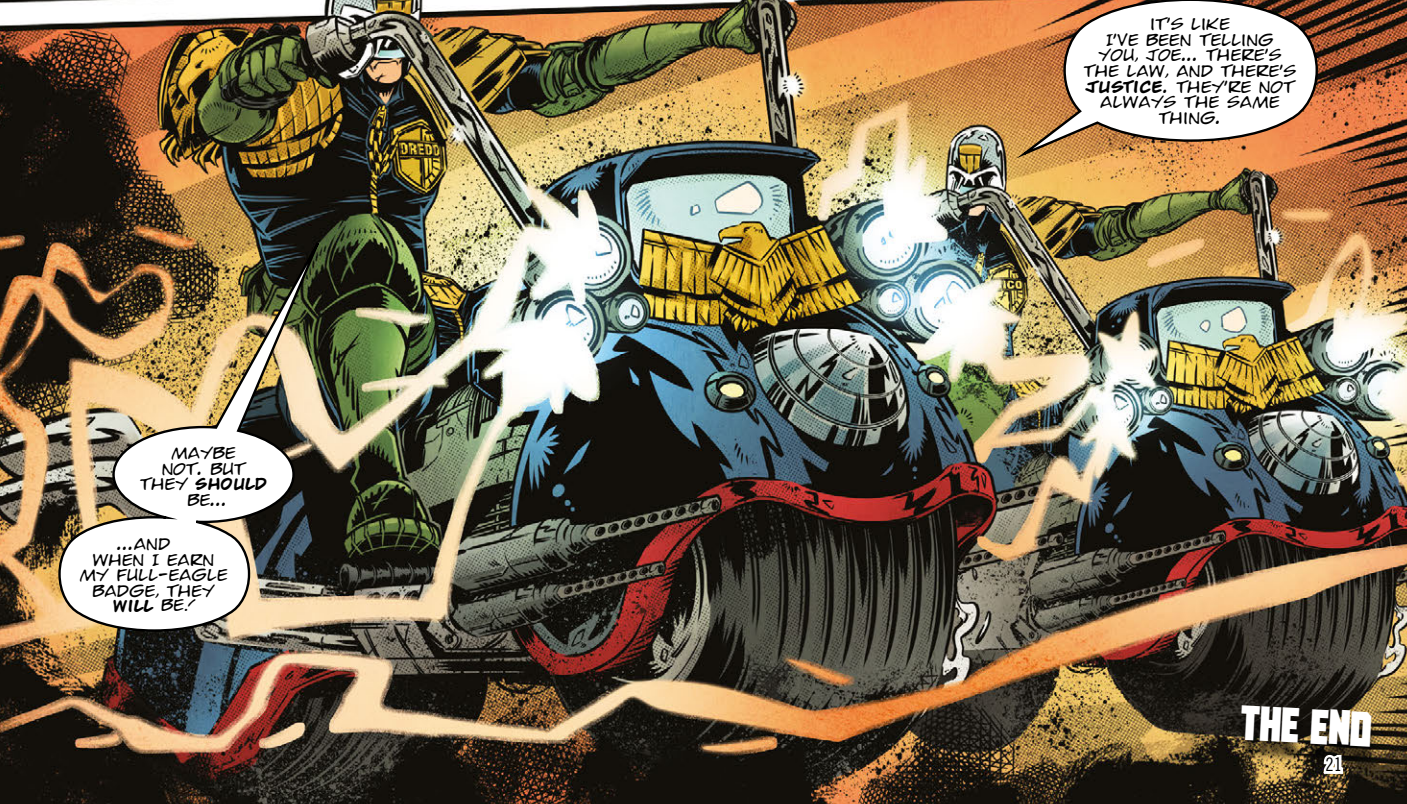
WE'RE DONE HERE, RETURN YOUR CADETS TO THE ACADEMY, ZAND.



THIS DOESN'T SIT RIGHT WITH ME, MA'AM, SURELY MADDISON'S AN ACCESSORY?

SITUATIONS LIKE THIS, WE WRITE THE LAW.

WE START FRESH AT 0600 HOURS TOMORROW, CADETS, BE READY.



IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU, JOE... THERE'S THE LAW, AND THERE'S JUSTICE. THEY'RE NOT ALWAYS THE SAME THING.

MAYBE NOT, BUT THEY SHOULD BE...

...AND WHEN I EARN MY FULL-EAGLE BADGE, THEY WILL BE.

THE END

Mission report:
Cadet Roxanne Vella,
Wednesday, June 13, 2077.

The advanced training session in Mega-City Two went well, but the trip home wasn't so smooth. First we had to divert around a huge rad-storm. And then...

JUST CADET DREDD

TEETH AND CLAW



WELL, THIS THING'S NOT GONNA FLY AGAIN - BUT AT LEAST IT WON'T EXPLODE.

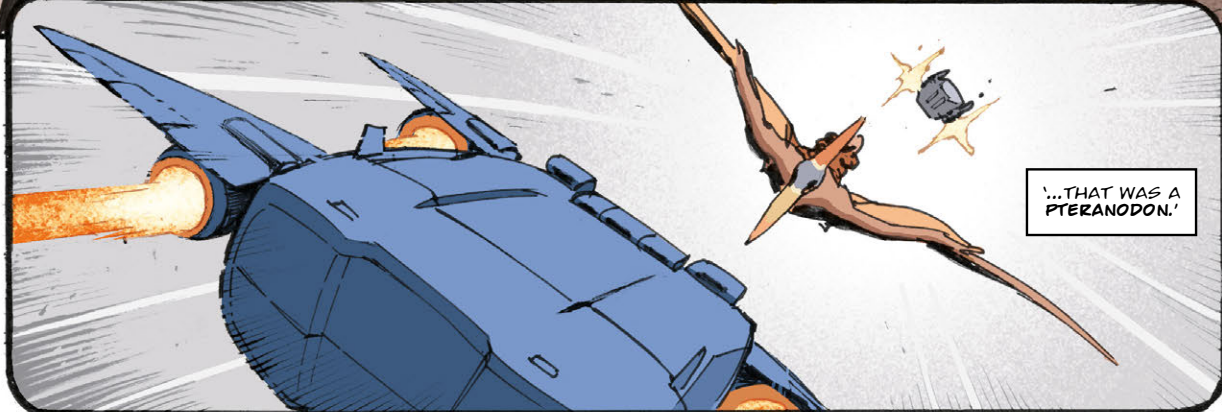
STILL, I'VE NEVER SEEN A DINOSAUR BEFORE.

MOVE IT, CADETS! THE SOONER YOU FIND THAT FARM, THE SOONER WE CAN EXPECT RESCUE!

Luckily no one died in the crash, but Rico Dredd, his brother Joe and I were the only ones with minor injuries.

Judge Zand gave us the usual warnings: don't take risks, conserve food, water and ammo.

THAT WASN'T A DINOSAUR, RICO...



'...THAT WAS A PTERANODON.'

I tried explaining to Rico that pteranodons are pterosaurs, not actually dinosaurs, but he was only able to focus on one thing...

I JUST WANT TO FIND WHOEVER SHOT US DOWN.

THAT'S NOT OUR MISSION, RICO. OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS TO GET HELP FOR THE OTHERS.

I was with Joe on that one.

Between the intense weather, the radiation and the mutants, the Cursed Earth is not the sort of place you want to linger.

Anything able to survive out there would be tough enough to give us trouble.

We'd been walking for over four hours when Joe suddenly stopped us.

HOLD IT... THAT SMELL... ANIMALS. BIG ANIMALS.

WANT YOU FOLKS TO KNOW IT WAS THE WHIPPER-SNAPPERS' MACHINE WHAT ATTACKED YOU...

...BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA BLAME ME, I CAN LET GO A' THIS ARROW AN' RESOLVE OUR DISPUTE REAL QUICK.



WE'RE NOT BLAMING YOU. LOWER YOUR WEAPON, PLEASE.

I'M ROXANNE VELLA. I'M FROM THE ACADEMY OF LAW IN MEGA-CITY ONE. WE -

I KNOW THAT. WE AIN'T ALL DUMB OUT HERE, Y'KNOW.

I'M MURIEL BECK. I WAS GONNA ASK FER YOUR HELP...



...BUT NOW I'M THINKIN' MAYBE YOU NEED ME MORE'N I NEED YOU.



WE LEFT SIX INJURED PEOPLE BACK AT THE CRASH SITE - YOU WANT OUR HELP, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP THEM FIRST.

WE NEED A RADIO POWERFUL ENOUGH TO CONTACT MEGA-CITY ONE.

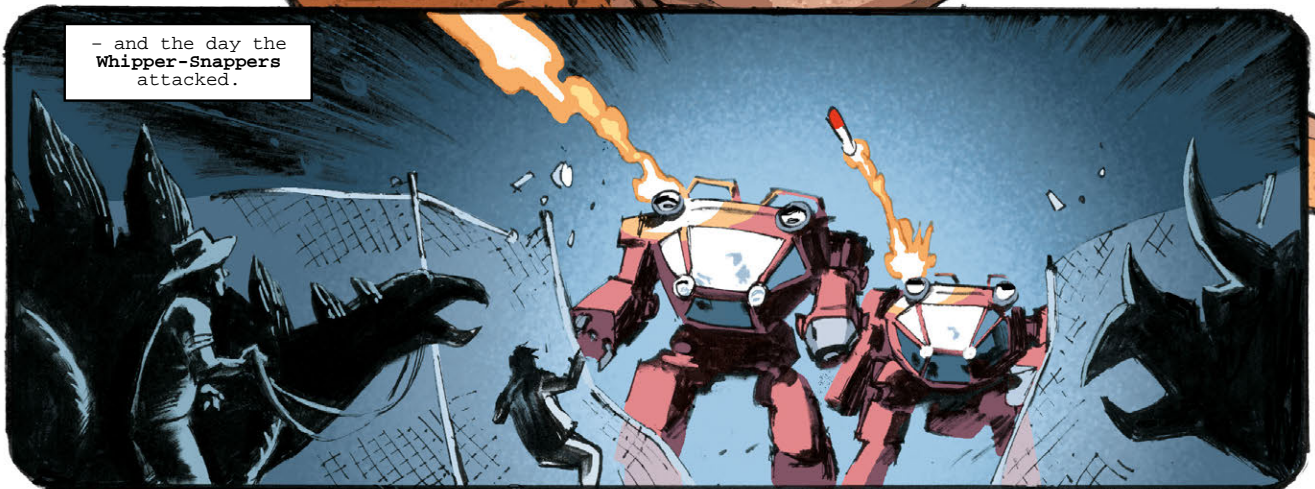
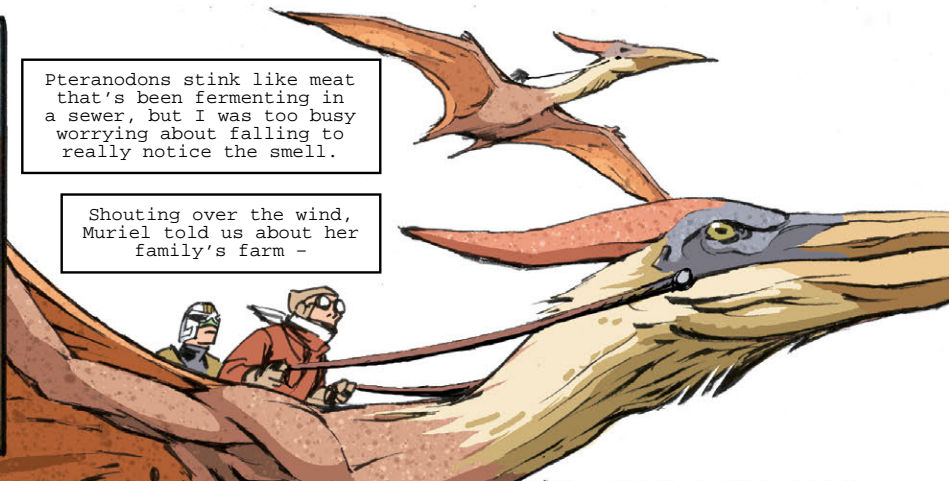


I CAN DO THAT.

CLIMB ON - BUTTERCLIP AN' WILLIS HERE CAN CARRY TWO EACH, EASY.

Pteranodons stink like meat that's been fermenting in a sewer, but I was too busy worrying about falling to really notice the smell.

Shouting over the wind, Muriel told us about her family's farm -



- and the day the Whipper-Snappers attacked.

The Mechs are leftovers from the war - they'd been decommissioned, but a man calling himself **General Buffalo Bilge** had got them working again.



THE GENERAL'S TAKIN' OVER EVERYTHIN; MAKIN' US FOLKS SLAVES ON OUR OWN FARMS!

HOW MANY IN HIS ARMY?

SEVEN, I THINK.



SEVEN? IS THAT ALL?

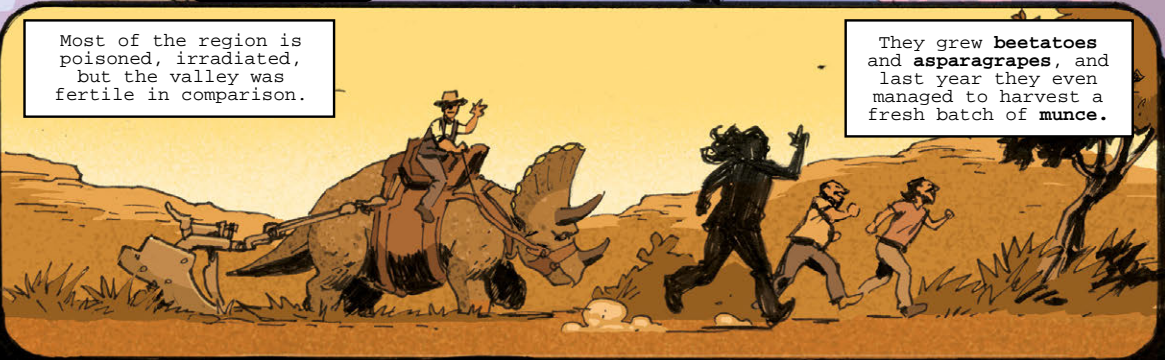
SEVEN PEOPLE DRIVIN' THEIR GIANT ROBOTS - AND CONTROLLIN' LOTS OF OTHERS. IT'S MORE'N ENOUGH TO GIVE THE RESISTANCE A LOT OF TROUBLE.

THAT'S THE FARM LANDS - ALL THE FOLK'RE DEAD OR SLAVED OR FLED.



Most of the region is poisoned, irradiated, but the valley was fertile in comparison.

They grew beetatoes and asparagrapes, and last year they even managed to harvest a fresh batch of muncce.



YOU WERE RIGHT, CELESTE - THAT WAS A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT H-WAGON.





I HATE JUDGES, BABY JUDGES ESPECIALLY. FOUGHT THEM DURING THE WAR. I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THAT, CELESTE?

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO, GENERAL. I WAS RIGHT THERE WITH YOU WHEN -

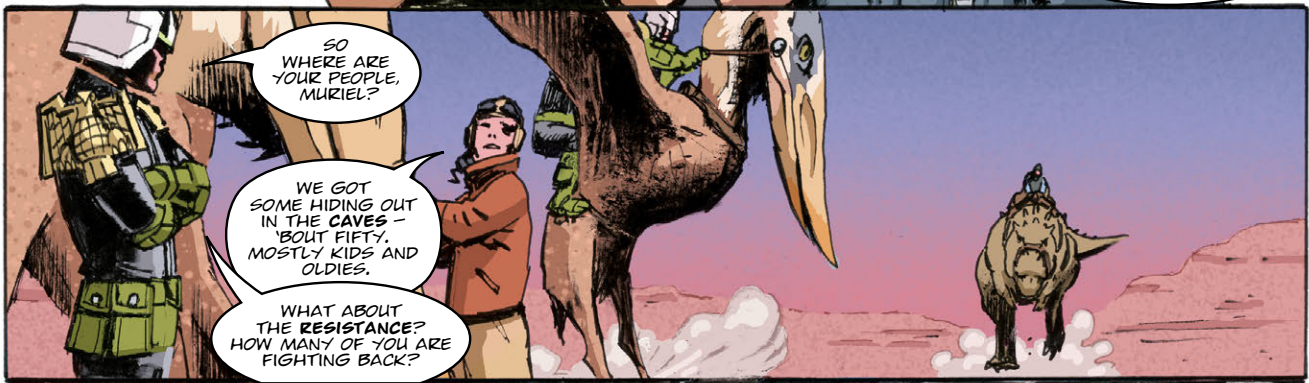


VICIOUS LITTLE SAVAGES, THE CADETS. A SQUAD OF THEM TOOK DOWN MY WHOLE PLATOON - COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN TEN YEARS OLD.

YES, SIR, I WAS THERE.

GENERAL, IF THEY CAN GET WORD BACK TO THE MEGA-CITIES -

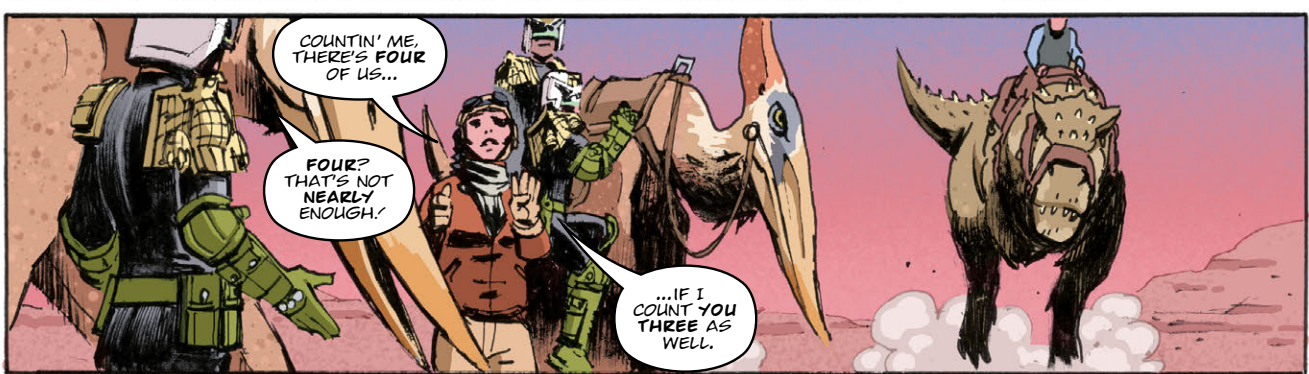
THEY WON'T, CORPORAL. I'VE GOT A PLAN - YOU AND YOUR MECHS WILL KILL THEM ALL. THE END.



SO WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE, MURIEL?

WE GOT SOME HIDING OUT IN THE CAVES - 'BOUT FIFTY, MOSTLY KIDS AND OLDIES.

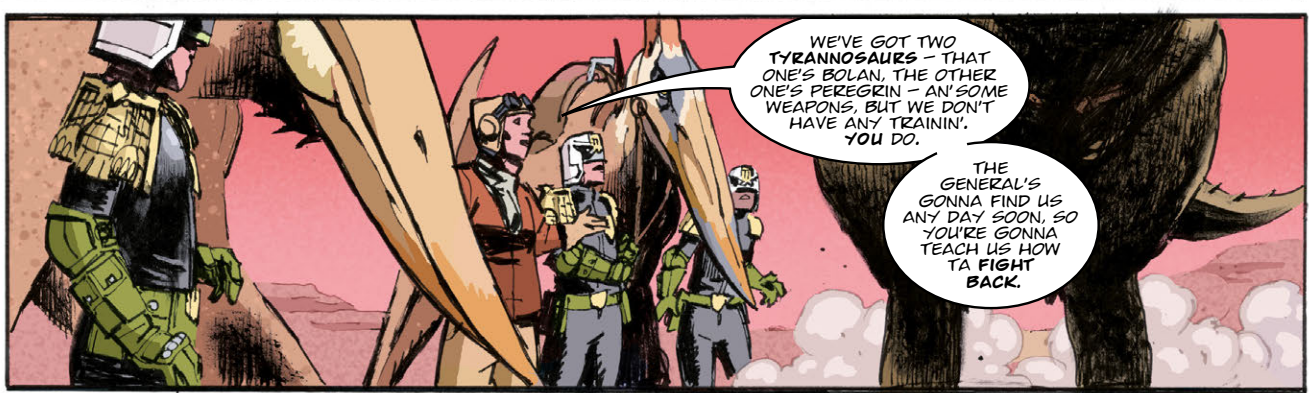
WHAT ABOUT THE RESISTANCE? HOW MANY OF YOU ARE FIGHTING BACK?



COUNTIN' ME, THERE'S FOUR OF US...

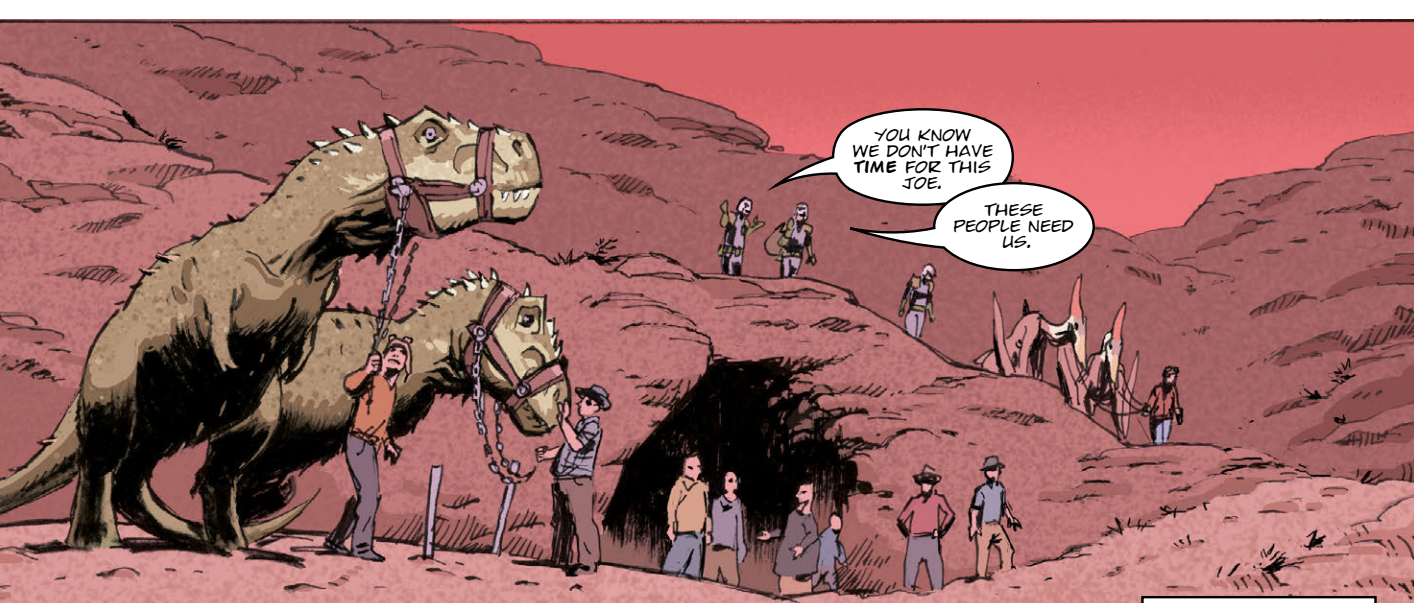
FOUR? THAT'S NOT NEARLY ENOUGH!

...IF I COUNT YOU THREE AS WELL.



WE'VE GOT TWO TYRANNOSAURS - THAT ONE'S BOLAN, THE OTHER ONE'S PEREGRIN - AN' SOME WEAPONS, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY TRAININ'. YOU DO.

THE GENERAL'S GONNA FIND US ANY DAY SOON, SO YOU'RE GONNA TEACH US HOW TA FIGHT BACK.



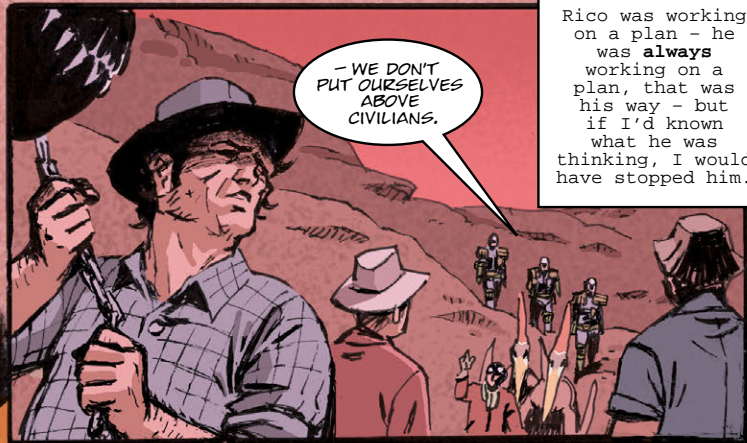
YOU KNOW WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS JOE.

THESE PEOPLE NEED US.



SO DO OUR FELLOW BADGES. OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO HELP THEM.

I DISAGREE. OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT -



- WE DON'T PUT OURSELVES ABOVE CIVILIANS.

Rico was working on a plan - he was **always** working on a plan, that was his way - but if I'd known what he was thinking, I would have stopped him.

Muriel's father, Aldo, was clearly desperate. He even tried to bargain with us...

WE DO HAVE A RADIO THAT CAN CONTACT THE MEG - BACK AT THE FARM.

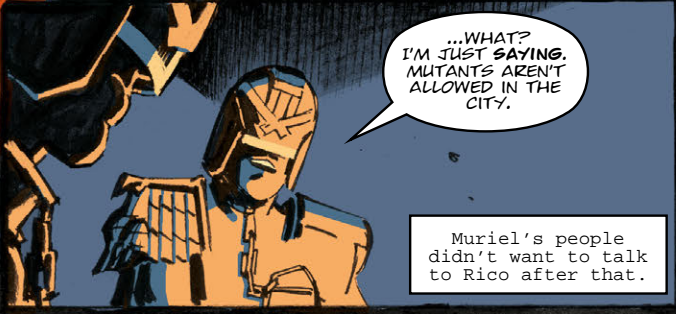


IF YOU HELP US... THEN WHEN THIS IS OVER, YOU CAN TAKE MURIEL BACK TO THE CITY. SHE'D MAKE A FINE JUDGE. SHE'S SMART, FAST, BRAVE. SHE'S GOT A STRONG SENSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

DAD, PLEASE!


MURIEL IS TOO OLD FOR THE ACADEMY, MISTER BRECK. CADETS JOIN WHEN THEY'RE FIVE.

PLUS SHE'S A MUTIE.



...WHAT? I'M JUST SAYING. MUTANTS AREN'T ALLOWED IN THE CITY.

Muriel's people didn't want to talk to Rico after that.



That suited him - he wanted them to shun him. That way, he could go where he liked.




MISTER BRECK... NO OFFENCE WAS INTENDED.

PEOPLE DON'T CHOOSE TO BE MUTANTS, BOY.

IF YOU'RE HATIN' ON SOMEONE BECAUSE OF A THING THEY GOT NO CONTROL OVER, WELL, THAT SAYS MORE ABOUT YOU THAN THEM.

I UNDERSTAND.



SO THESE TYRANNOSAURS... MURIEL SAID THEY'RE FROM YOUR FARM. THAT THEY KNOW THE WAY HOME?


THAT'S RIGHT. WE USE THEM TO PATROL THE PERIMETER.

AND GENERAL BILGE HAS TAKEN OVER THE FARM, RIGHT?




WAKE UP, JOE!

HE'S GONE - YER BROTHER IS GONE!



HE WAITED UNTIL I WAS SLEEPY... THEN HE HIT ME OVER THE HEAD, AN' TOOK BOLAN!

Later, Rico said that he didn't inform me and Joe because he didn't want to put us in danger -



- but the truth is that he didn't want us to stop him.

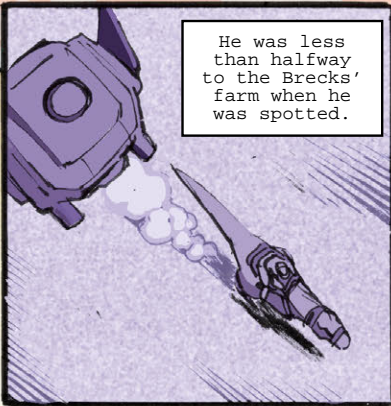
When the geneticists first recreated the dinosaurs they proved that the Tyrannosaurs were smarter than most people believed...



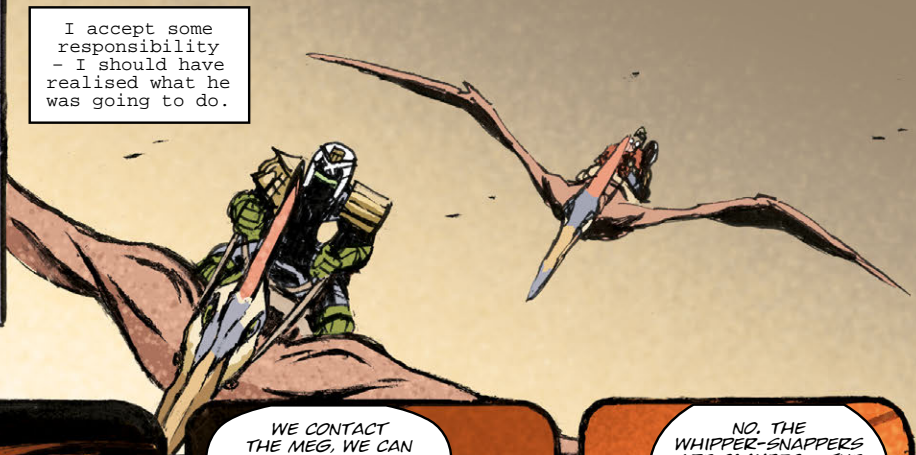
All Rico had to do was say, 'Home, girl!' and she was off.



He was less than halfway to the Brecks' farm when he was spotted.



I accept some responsibility - I should have realised what he was going to do.



JOE WON'T SEE IT THIS WAY, BUT... VELLA, THIS ISN'T OUR FIGHT.

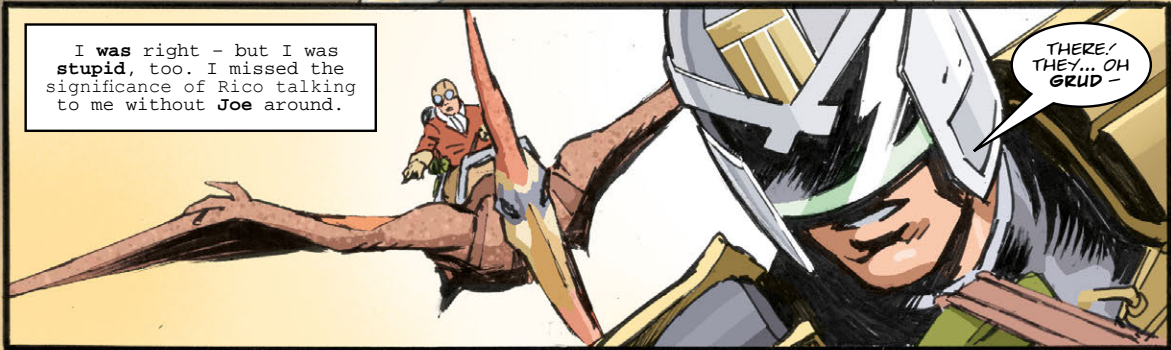
MURIEL SAID THAT BILGE'S PEOPLE ARE SCAVENGERS - IF THEY CAN RESTORE THE OLD WAR-MECHS, THEY'LL CERTAINLY HAVE RADIOS.

WE CONTACT THE MEG, WE CAN GET REINFORCEMENTS HERE WITHIN A FEW HOURS.

IF WE STAY AND FIGHT... WE'LL PROBABLY DIE, AND SO WILL ZAND AND THE OTHERS.

NO. THE WHIPPER-SNAPPERS ARE SLAVERS - THE LOWEST OF THE LOW. WE DO NOT MAKE DEALS WITH THEM.

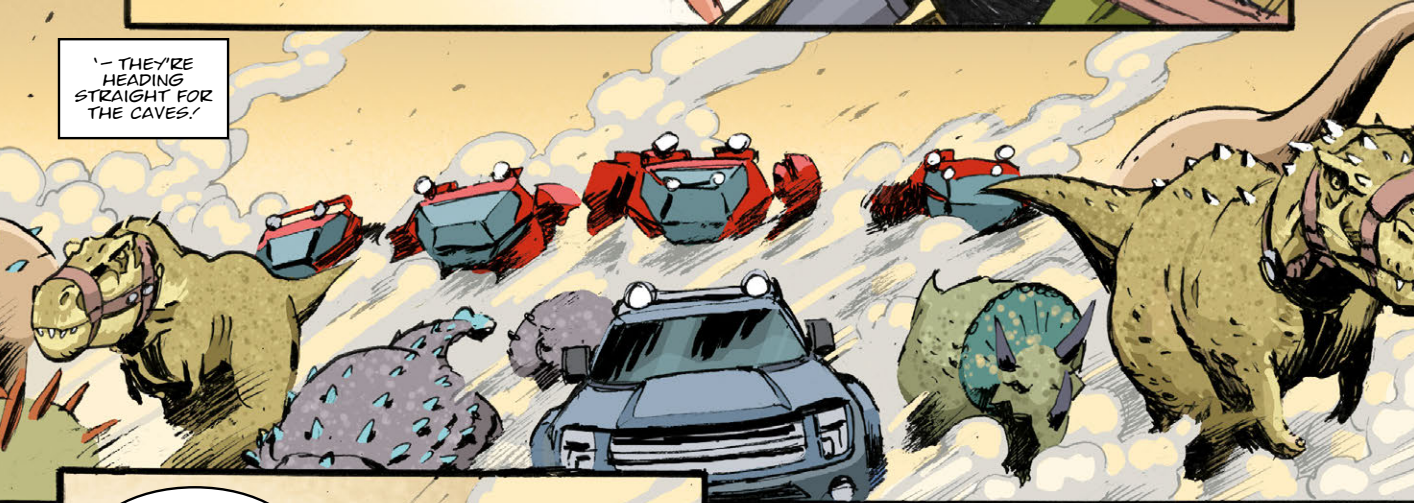
Rico just shrugged at that, and told me I was probably right.



I was right - but I was stupid, too. I missed the significance of Rico talking to me without Joe around.

THERE! THEY... OH GRUD -

!- THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE CAVES!



I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE HOW DUMB THEY'RE BREEDIN' BABY JUDGES THESE DAYS!

YOU COME RIDIN' INTO MY CAMP LOOKIN' TO DO A DEAL? SO, SO STUPID!



I'D NEED TO BE AS IDIOTIC AS YOU ARE TO TRY TO NEGOTIATE WITH THE JAYS!

AT LEAST THE FARMERS KNOW ENOUGH TO KEEP THEIR PATROLS TO THE SHADOWS, KID.

I SEE HIM, JOE - IN THAT TRUCK!

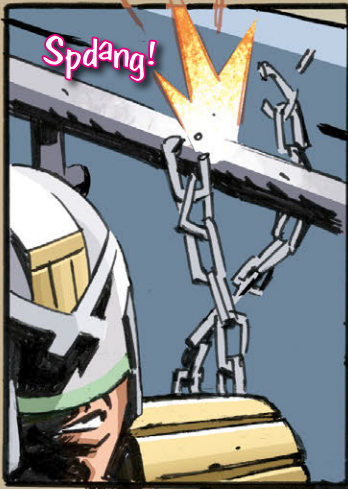


'THEY'VE GOT OBEDIENCE COLLARS ON OUR DINOS. IF WE CAN DISABLE THEIR CONTROL BOX...'



YOU THINK YOU CAN HIT IT FROM THIS DISTANCE?

NOT WHAT I'M AIMING FOR.



WHAT - ?



'- THEY'LL DEACTIVATE!'

It was carnage.

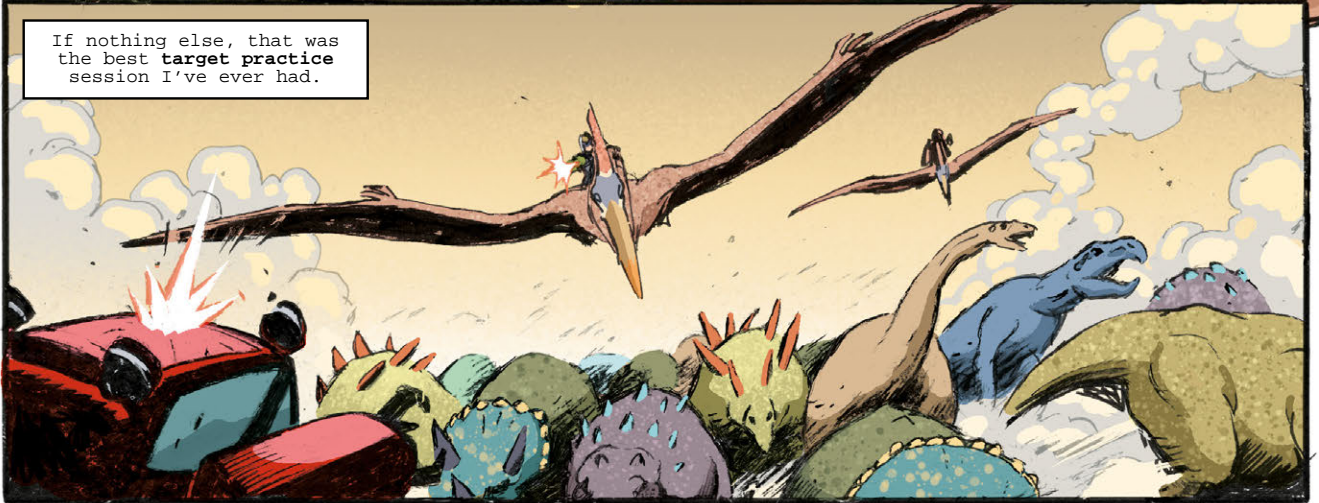
Most of the beasts are herbivores... but Bilge believed that meant that they were meek. A big mistake -



- if you're going tie up a wild animal, you'd better make sure it **never** gets free.

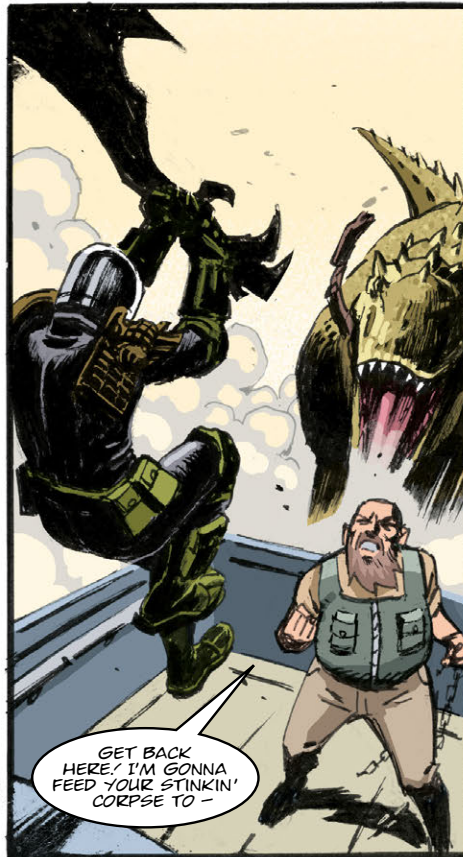


If nothing else, that was the best **target practice** session I've ever had.



RICO - JUMP!

BLASTED JUDGES RUIN EVERYTHING!



GET BACK HERE, I'M GONNA FEED YOUR STINKIN' CORPSE TO -



I'd like to say that Bilge had a last-minute escape, and that we caught him and he's safely locked away.

OH DEAR.

But a cadet should never lie on a report.

When the chaos had settled, Joe found a radio powerful enough to make contact with a way-station in Nebraska.

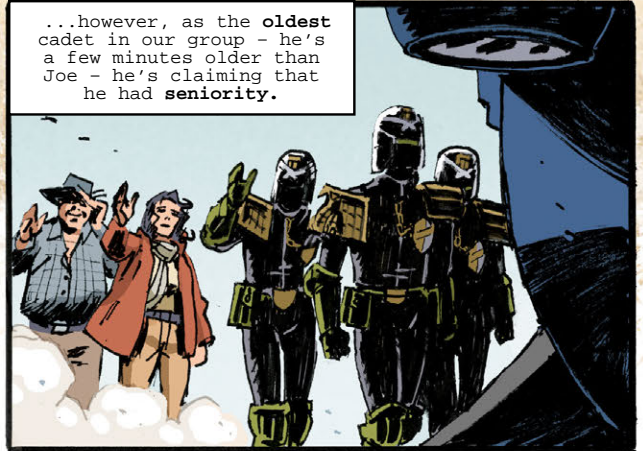
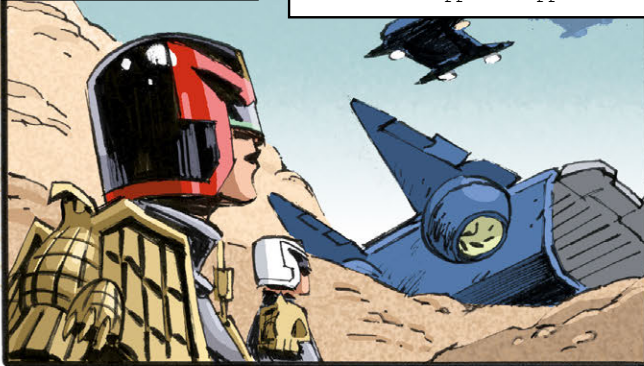
SEARCH PARTY WAS ALREADY OUT LOOKING FOR US. THEY'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR.



Judge Zand told me that there would be an investigation.

In particular, they'd be looking at Rico's decision to attempt to make a deal with the Whipper-Snappers...

...however, as the oldest cadet in our group - he's a few minutes older than Joe - he's claiming that he had seniority.



Bilge's people were arrested, Muriel's family and all the others got their farms back - and the Judges helped them round up most of their dinos.



SO IN THE END, I GUESS, EVERYTHING WORKED OUT FOR THE BEST.

YOU GUESS? CADET, I'LL REMIND YOU THAT WE DEAL WITH FACTS, NOT GUESSES.

IF RICO DREDD WASN'T A FELLOW CADET, HOW WOULD YOU JUDGE HIS ACTIONS?



A GOOD OUTCOME DOESN'T JUSTIFY ATTACKING AN INNOCENT, OR PUTTING OTHERS IN DANGER, OR BETRAYING HIS COLLEAGUES.

I THINK RICO DREDD IS... RECKLESS, SIR.

AND HE'S DANGEROUS.



THE END

FINDER & KEEPER

NUISANCE NEIGHBOURS



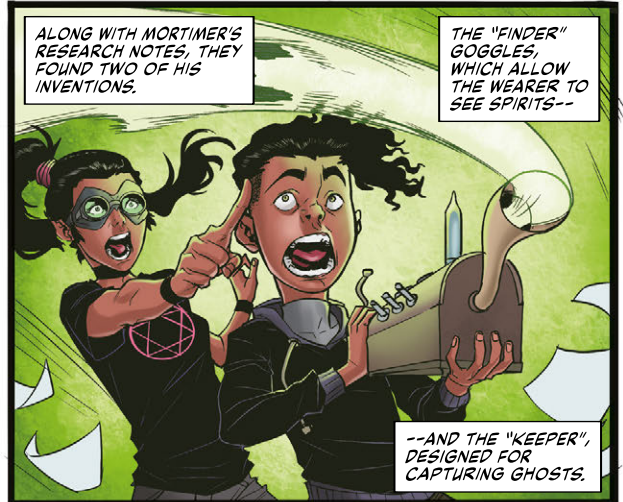
IT LOOKS LIKE A REALLY GOOD GHOST TOUR. THEY DO ALL THE CRYPTS AND CELLARS AND EVERYTHING.

YEAH, FIFTEEN QUID, THOUGH...



I'LL SORT YOU A TICKET. CALL IT AN EARLY BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

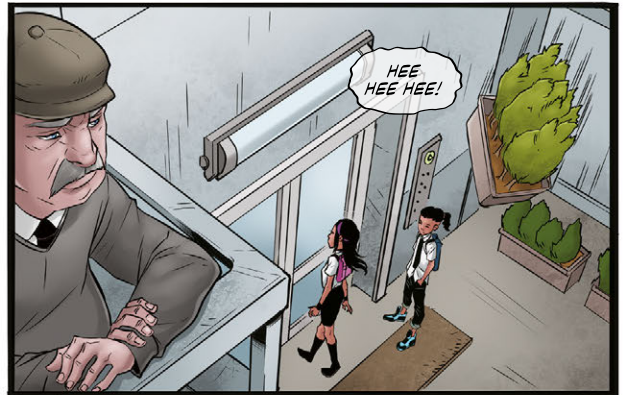
EXPLORING THE ABANDONED HOME OF VICTORIAN PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR PROFESSOR A.J. MORTIMER, MEERA HUNDAL AND ELIOT HUNTER MADE AN AMAZING DISCOVERY...



ALONG WITH MORTIMER'S RESEARCH NOTES, THEY FOUND TWO OF HIS INVENTIONS.

THE "FINDER" GOGGLES, WHICH ALLOW THE WEARER TO SEE SPIRITS--

--AND THE "KEEPER", DESIGNED FOR CAPTURING GHOSTS.



HEE HEE HEE!



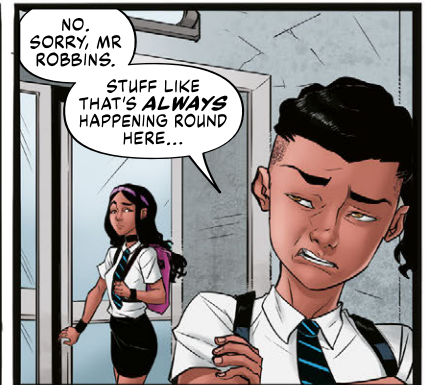
HEY--!

SMASH!



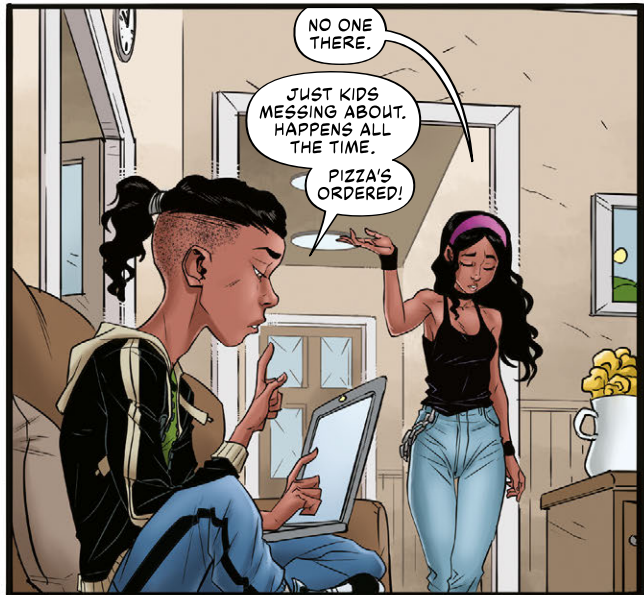
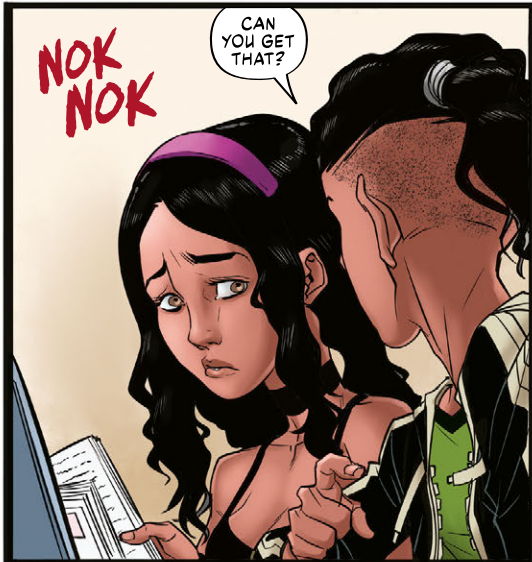
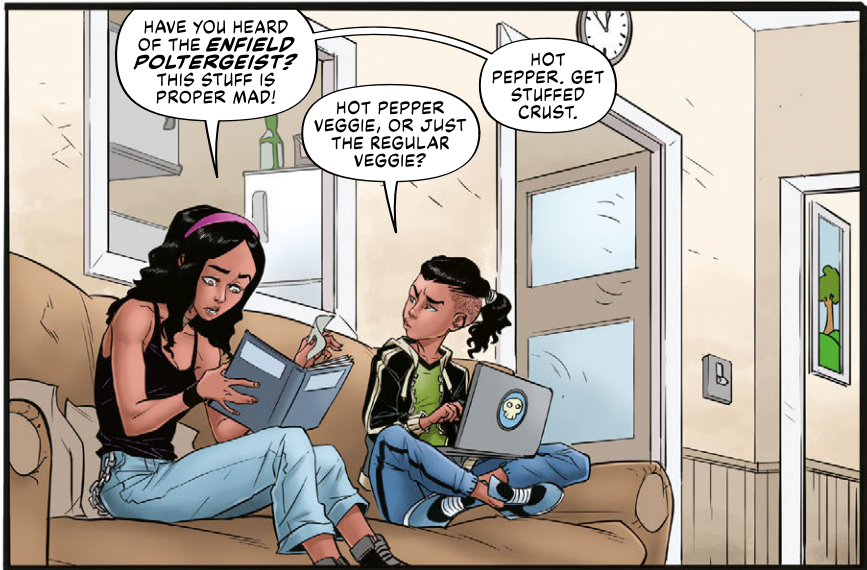
BLOOMING KIDS!

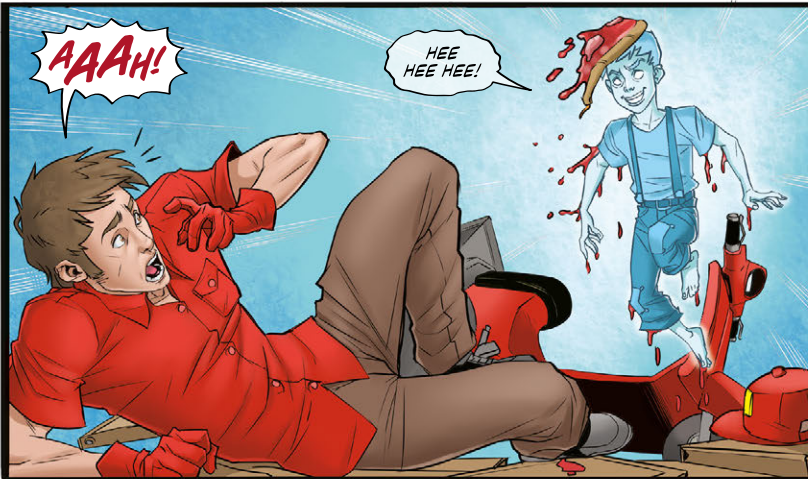
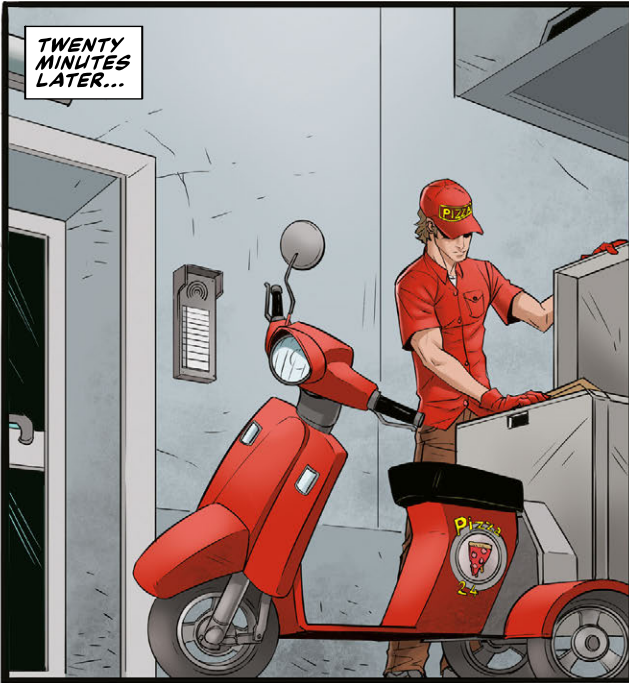
ELIOT! DID YOU SEE WHO DID THAT?



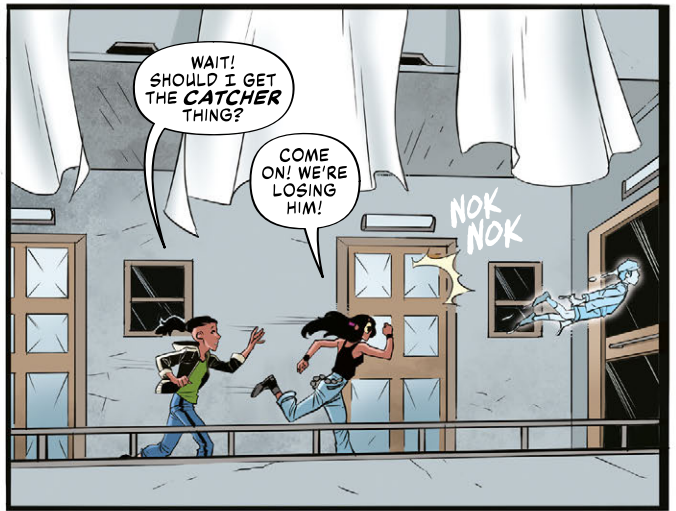
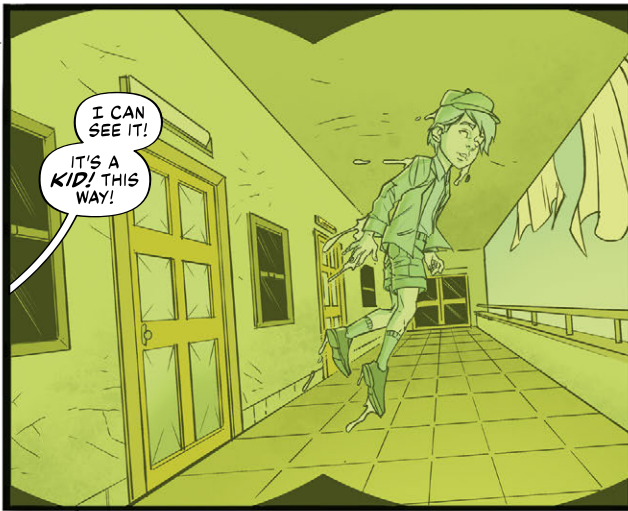
NO, SORRY, MR ROBBINS.

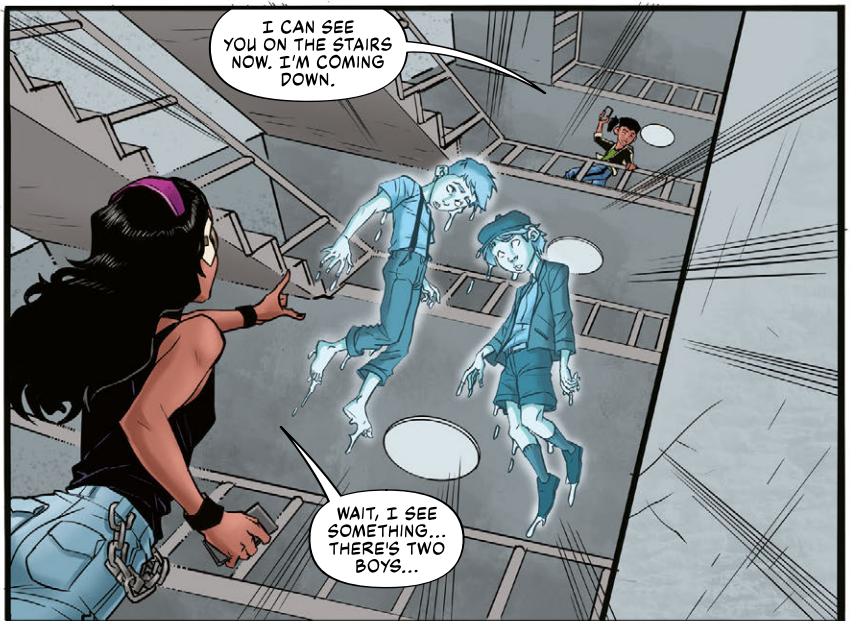
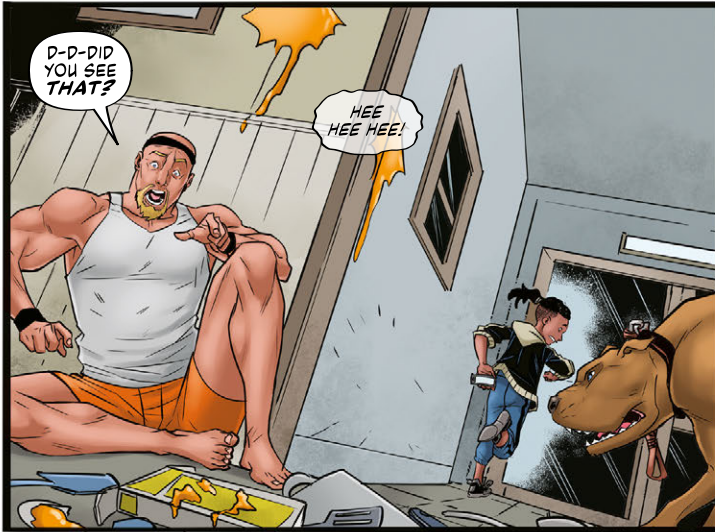
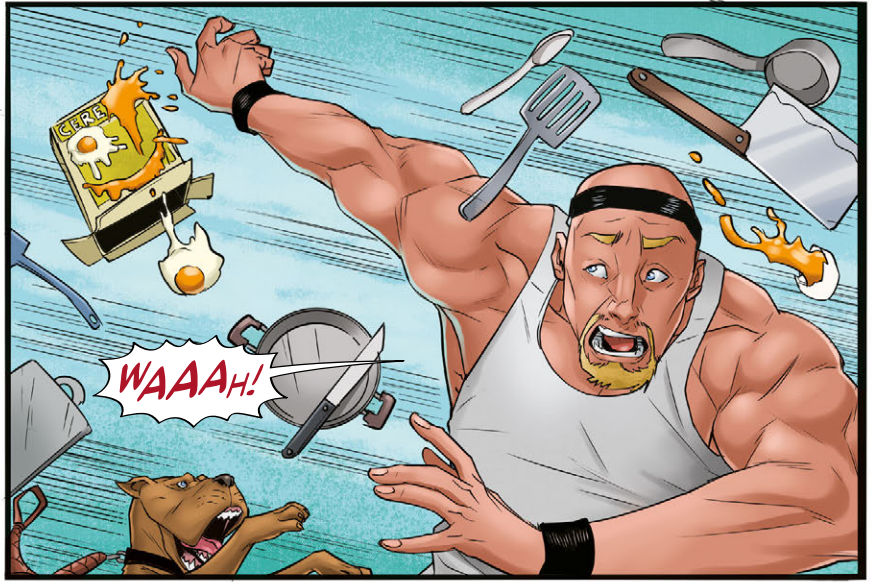
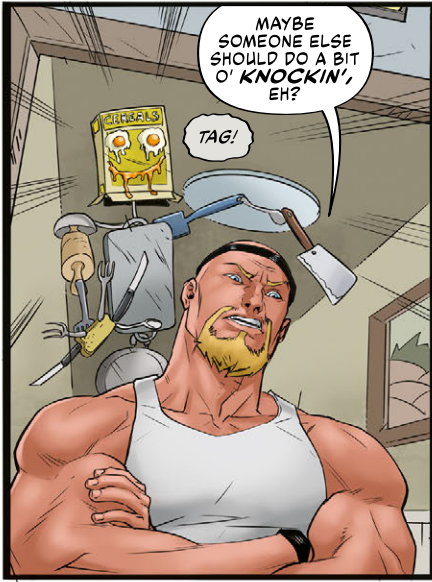
STUFF LIKE THAT'S ALWAYS HAPPENING ROUND HERE...



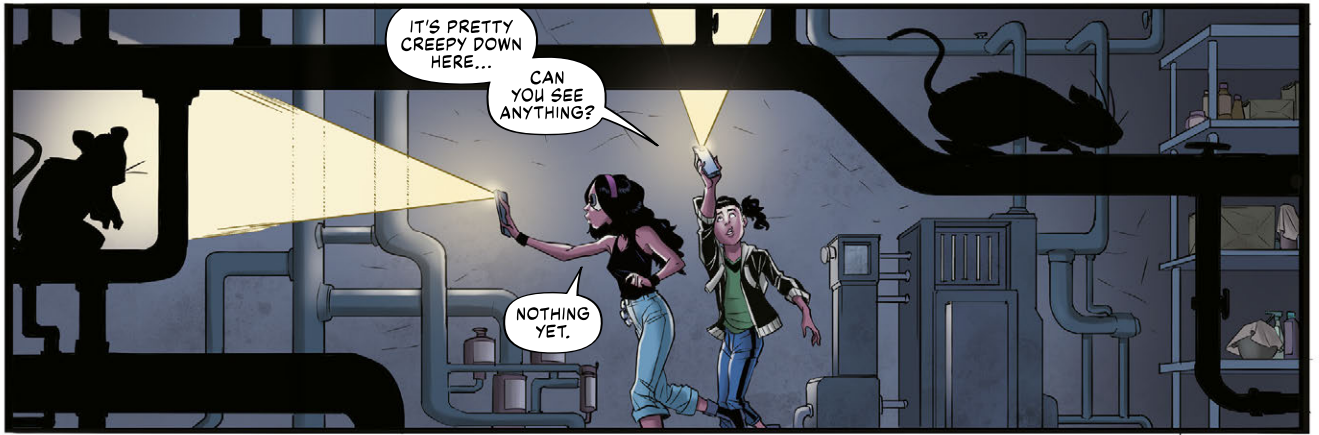












IT'S PRETTY CREEPY DOWN HERE...

CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?

NOTHING YET.



WAIT! I SEE SOMETHING!



THEY WENT THIS WAY!



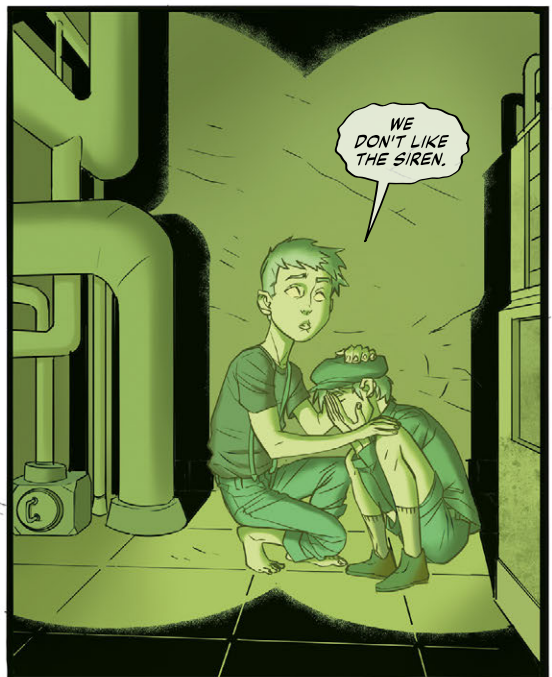
WHEEE WHEEE WHEEE

GAAH!



SORRY, IT'S MY ALARM TO REMIND ME TO RING MUM.

SHHH, IT'S ALL RIGHT.



WE DON'T LIKE THE SIREN.



REMINDS US OF WHEN WE LIVED HERE.

BEFORE THEY BUILT THE TALL HOUSES.



"ME AN' BILLY USED TO PLAY ALL DAY. HIDE N' SEEK WAS ALWAYS HIS FAVOURITE.

"BILLY'S A CHAMPION HIDER.



"HE WAS HIDIN' ONE DAY WHEN THE SIREN SOUNDED..."

WHEEEEEOOOOW



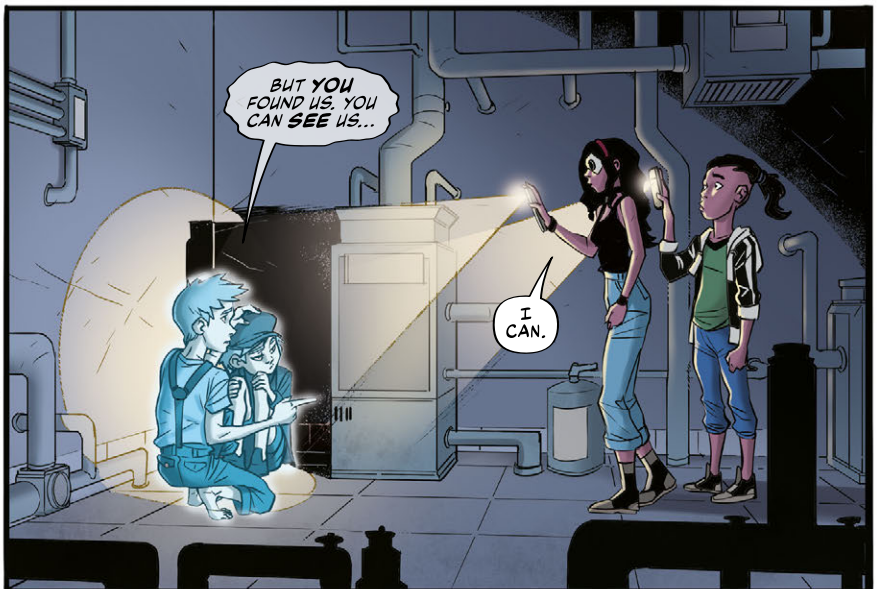
WHEEEEEOOOOW

"I COULDN'T FIND HIM IN TIME TO GET TO THE SHELTER..."



'CAUSE I'M TOO GOOD AT HIDIN'!

WE STILL PLAY ALL DAY, BUT IT'S NOT AS MUCH FUN WITH JUST THE TWO OF US.



BUT YOU FOUND US. YOU CAN SEE US...

I CAN.



EXPLORING THE ABANDONED HOME OF VICTORIAN PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR PROFESSOR A. J. MORTIMER, MEERA HUNDAL AND ELIOT HUNTER MADE AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!

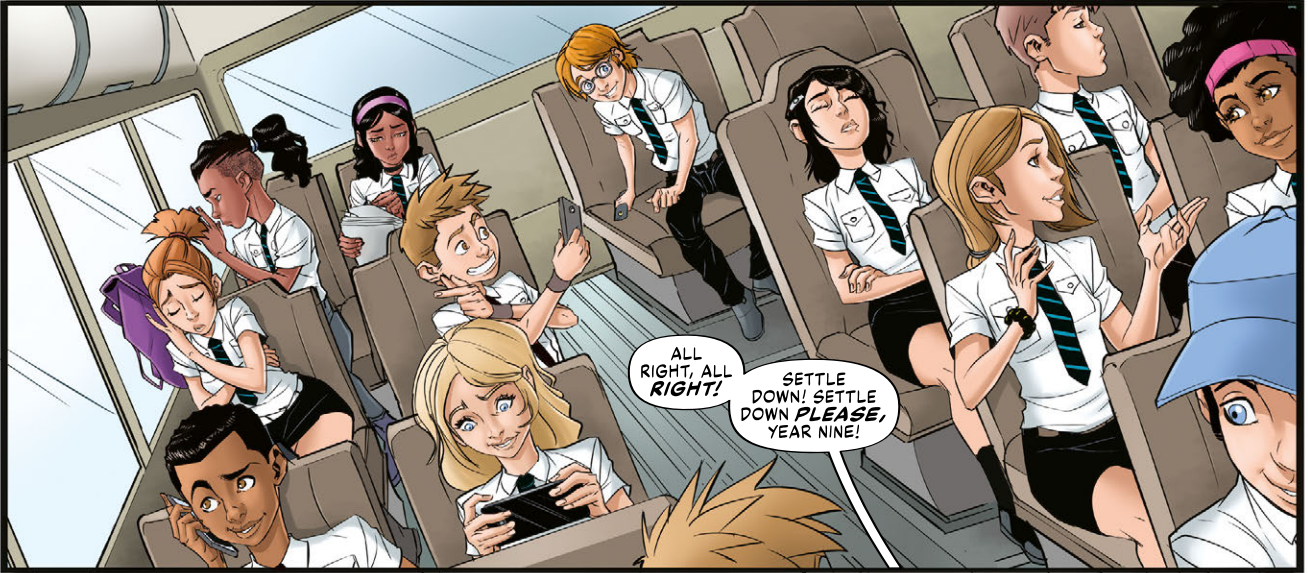


ALONG WITH MORTIMER'S RESEARCH NOTES, THEY FOUND TWO OF HIS INVENTIONS--

THE "FINDER" GOGGLES, WHICH ALLOW THE WEARER TO SEE SUPERNATURAL ENTITIES NORMALLY HIDDEN FROM VIEW...



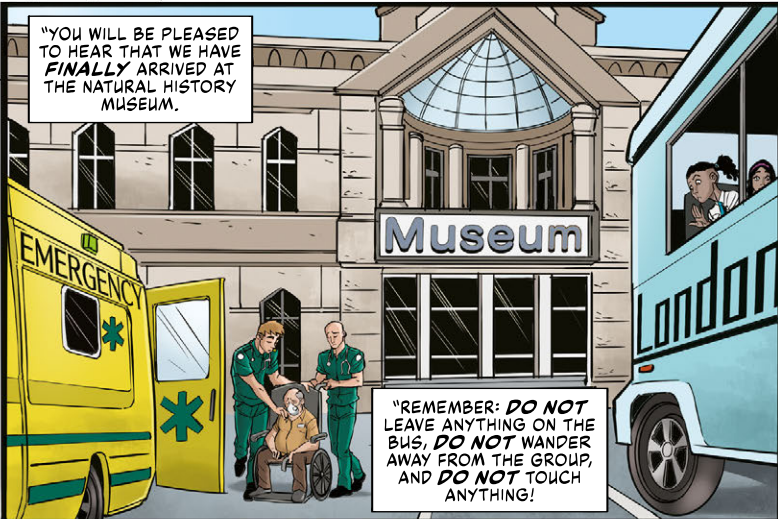
...AND THE "KEEPER" DEVICE, CREATED FOR CAPTURING GHOSTS!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

SETTLE DOWN! SETTLE DOWN PLEASE, YEAR NINE!

"YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THAT WE HAVE FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM."



"REMEMBER: DO NOT LEAVE ANYTHING ON THE BUS, DO NOT WANDER AWAY FROM THE GROUP, AND DO NOT TOUCH ANYTHING!"

"WE DO NOT WANT ANY INCIDENTS OR ACCIDENTS!"



FINDER & KEEPER

THE CURSE OF KREEPINDETH



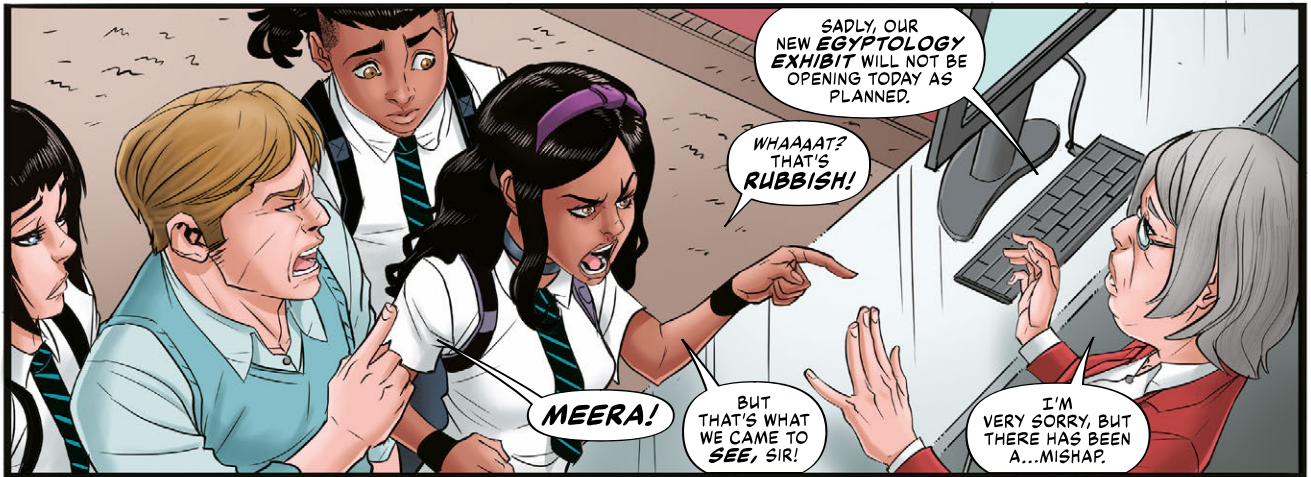
HELLO, I'M MR STEPHENS. WE'RE HERE FROM STONECROFT SCHOOL.

WE'RE A LITTLE BIT LATER THAN WE INTENDED, SORRY.

THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM, BUT I'M AFRAID I DO HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.

Siberian Tiger

Funeral Mask



SADLY, OUR NEW EGYPTOLOGY EXHIBIT WILL NOT BE OPENING TODAY AS PLANNED.

WHAAAAT? THAT'S RUBBISH!

MEERA!

BUT THAT'S WHAT WE CAME TO SEE, SIR!

I'M VERY SORRY, BUT THERE HAS BEEN A...MISHAP.



IS THAT WHY THAT MAN WAS TAKEN AWAY IN THE AMBULANCE?

IS IT THE CURSE OF PHAROAH KREEPINDETH?

WHAT? N-NO, OF COURSE NOT!

IT WAS JUST A MISHAP. A MINOR MISHAP.



RIGHT, YEAR NINE! YEAR NINE!

SADLY, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO VISIT THE EGYPTOLOGY EXHIBITION TODAY, BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE TO SEE.

NOW, LET'S LINE UP BY THE LIFTS, PLEASE.



I BET IT IS THE CURSE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE EXHIBIT'S CLOSED. I'VE DONE SO MUCH RESEARCH... I WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!



"TYRANNOSAURUS REX'S POWERFUL JAWS HOUSED SIXTY DAGGER-LIKE TEETH, AND WOULD HAVE HAD A BITE FORCE AROUND THREE TIMES AS POWERFUL THAN THAT OF A LION."

SO, BASICALLY, IT COULD HAVE BITTEN THROUGH A LAMPPOST LIKE IT WAS A PIECE OF TOAST.

SEE ANYTHING?

NAH. I TOLD YOU. THEY'RE NOT EVEN REAL BONES, THEY'RE JUST CASTS OF FOSSILS.

STILL... WOULD HAVE BEEN COOL TO SEE A DINOSAUR GHOST.



THERE'S NO WAY IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

YOU'RE NOT SAYING YOU BELIEVE THIS WHOLE CURSE THING?

PUT IT THIS WAY, NO ONE SEEMS IN ANY HURRY TO FINISH SORTING THE EXHIBIT, DO THEY?

Egypt

TED'S GONE OFF TO HOSPITAL WITH THE KEYS IN HIS POCKET, LEAVING IT ALL UNLOCKED.

SO IT'S NOT LIKE ANYONE COULDN'T GO IN AND FINISH UP. THEY JUST DON'T WANT TO BE IN THERE ON THEIR OWN.

RIGHT, YEAR NINE, FOLLOW ME!

STICK TOGETHER! NO WANDERING OFF!

In 1925, after months of searching under the scorching desert sun, something long-lost was rediscovered.



Buried beneath centuries of sand, the tomb of the ancient Egyptian king Pharaoh Kreepindeth was uncovered.

The find was made by veteran archaeologist Howard Heald and Cambridge University's own Phillip Craft.



At twelve noon on 21 April, the pair entered. The first men to set foot inside those passages for three thousand years.

The so-called "Curse of the Pharaohs"--the terrible luck said to befall anyone who entered the tombs of the ancient kings or their families--was already well known at the time.



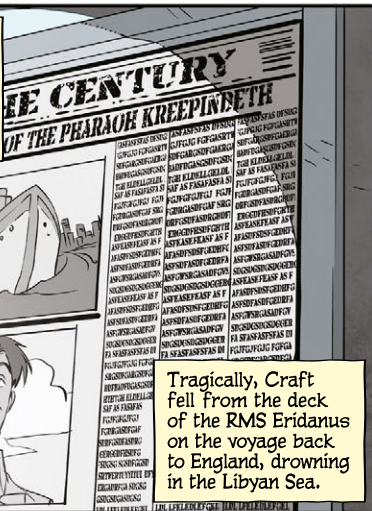
Heald, like so many of his fellow Egyptologists, dismissed the idea as "utter clap-trap".

LISTEN TO THIS...

"CURSE OR NO CURSE, HE WOULD NEVER LEAVE THE TOMB OF KREEPINDETH ALIVE. THE ROOF OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER COLLAPSED, AND HOWARD HEALD WAS KILLED OUTRIGHT."

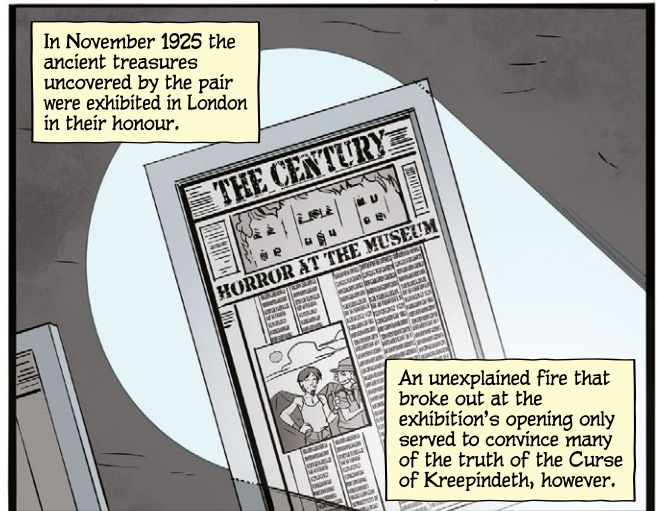


Phillip Craft survived the cave-in and was able to re-excavate the tomb, retrieving the body of his mentor along with many precious artefacts.

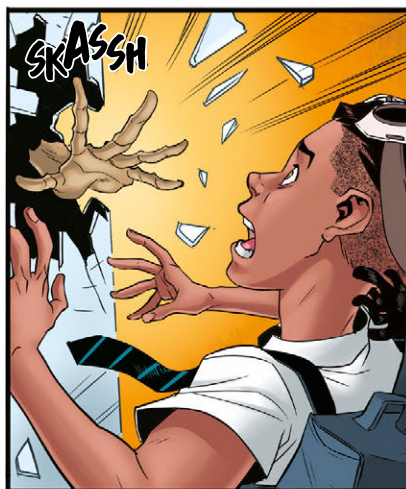
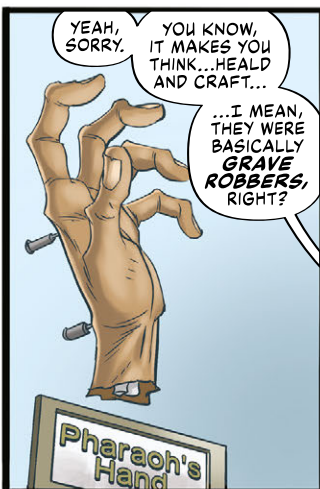
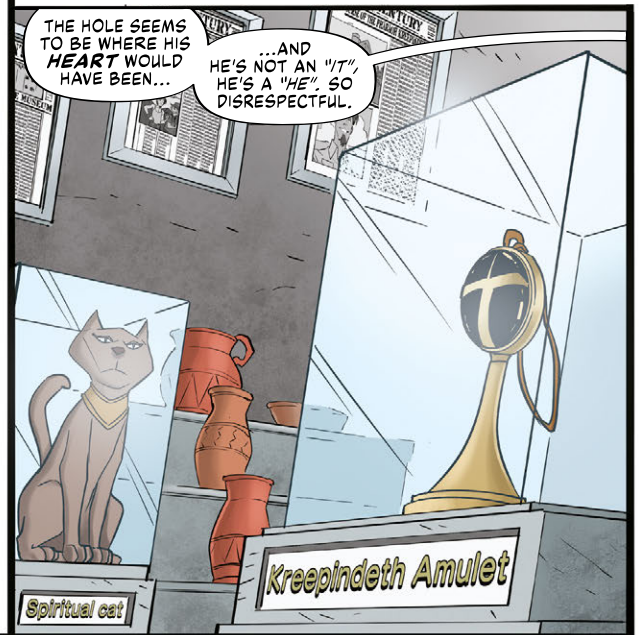


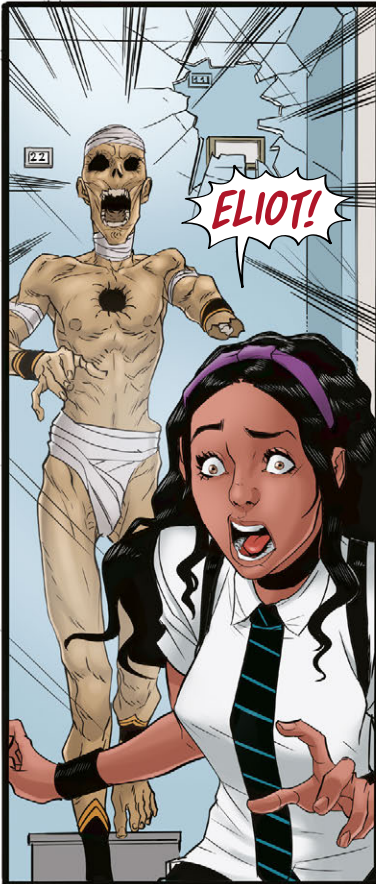
Tragically, Craft fell from the deck of the RMS Eridanus on the voyage back to England, drowning in the Libyan Sea.

In November 1925 the ancient treasures uncovered by the pair were exhibited in London in their honour.



An unexplained fire that broke out at the exhibition's opening only served to convince many of the truth of the Curse of Kreepindeth, however.







HANDS OFF!



QUICK, ELIOT, PASS ME THE SPOOKTACLES!

YOU SAID KOFF...

...NOT TO KOFF CALL THEM...



IT'S HOWARD HEALD!

SO YOU SEE ME, DO YOU?

"GRAVE ROBBER" HE CALLED ME! I AM A HIGHLY RESPECTED ARCHAEOLOGIST!



IT WAS YOU ALL ALONG!

THE CURSE... YOU DID IT!



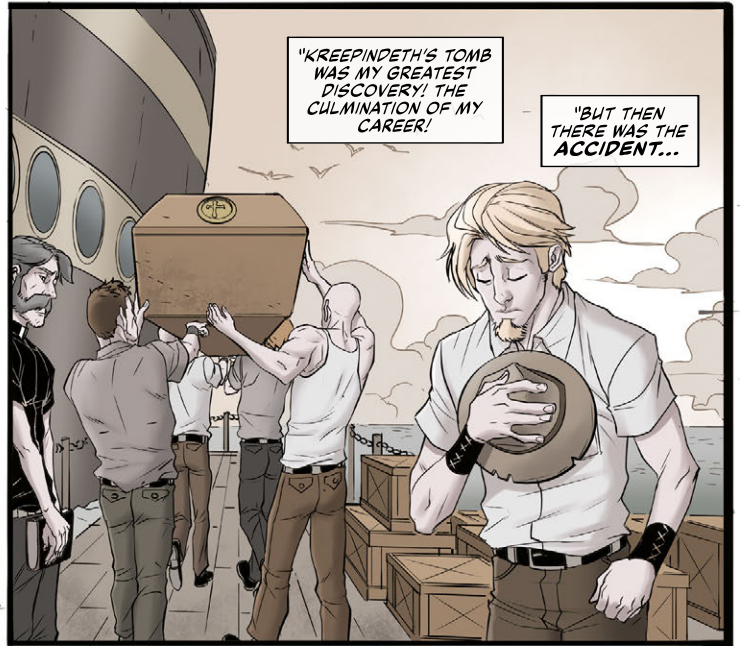
I LOCATED THE TOMB! PHILLIP CRAFT DID NEXT TO NOTHING!

THESE TREASURES ARE MINE! MINE!



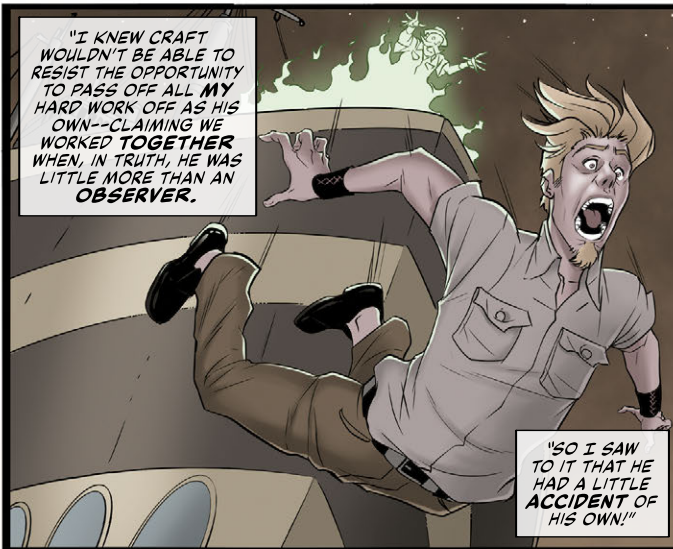
CRAFT WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A SCHOOLBOY WHEN HE ARRIVED! NO PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE WHATSOEVER!

I TOOK HIM UNDER MY WING! TAUGHT HIM EVERYTHING HE KNEW!



"KREEPINDETH'S TOMB WAS MY GREATEST DISCOVERY! THE CULMINATION OF MY CAREER!"

"BUT THEN THERE WAS THE ACCIDENT..."



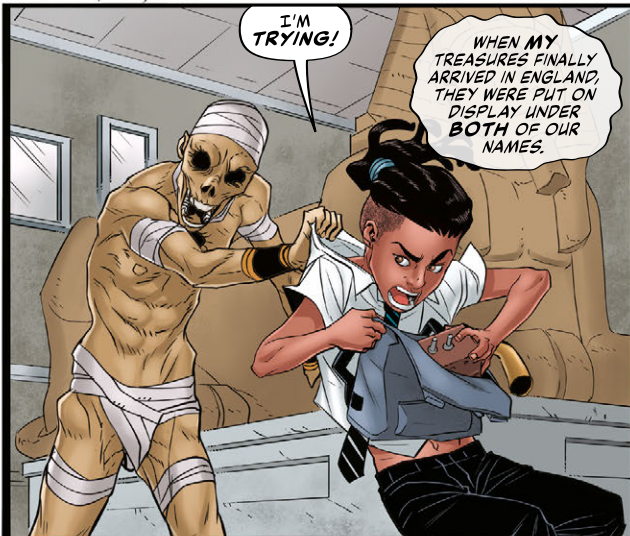
"I KNEW CRAFT WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO PASS OFF ALL MY HARD WORK OFF AS HIS OWN--CLAIMING WE WORKED TOGETHER WHEN, IN TRUTH, HE WAS LITTLE MORE THAN AN OBSERVER."

"SO I SAW TO IT THAT HE HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT OF HIS OWN!"



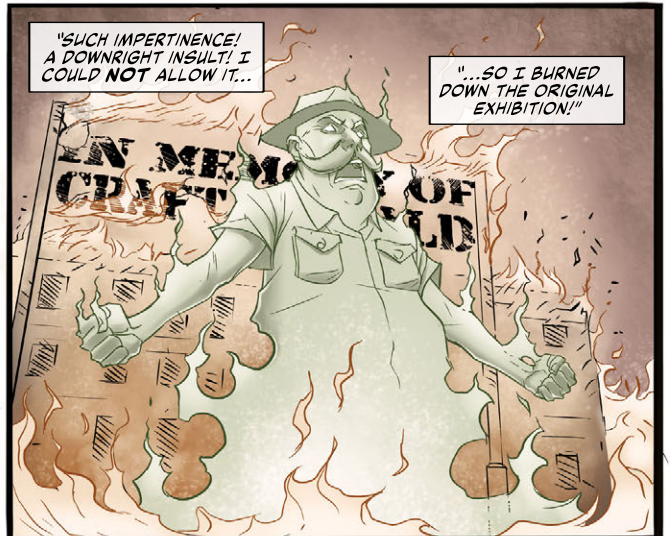
ELIOT, GET THE KEEPER!

UNFORTUNATELY, CRAFT'S DEATH ONLY MADE THINGS WORSE.



I'M TRYING!

WHEN MY TREASURES FINALLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND, THEY WERE PUT ON DISPLAY UNDER BOTH OF OUR NAMES.



"SUCH IMPERTINENCE! A DOWNRIGHT INSULT! I COULD NOT ALLOW IT..."

"...SO I BURNED DOWN THE ORIGINAL EXHIBITION!"



COME ON!
COME ON!



AFTER ALMOST A CENTURY IN STORAGE THEY HAVE BROUGHT OUT MY TREASURES ONCE MORE, AND ONCE AGAIN THEY TRY TO GIVE CRAFT CREDIT HE DOES NOT DESERVE!

I HEARD THE EXHIBITION'S OWN CURATOR MUTTERING ABOUT HOW TRAGIC A LOSS CRAFT'S DEATH WAS!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU HIT HIM ON THE HEAD WITH THAT POT!

NOW,
ELIOT!



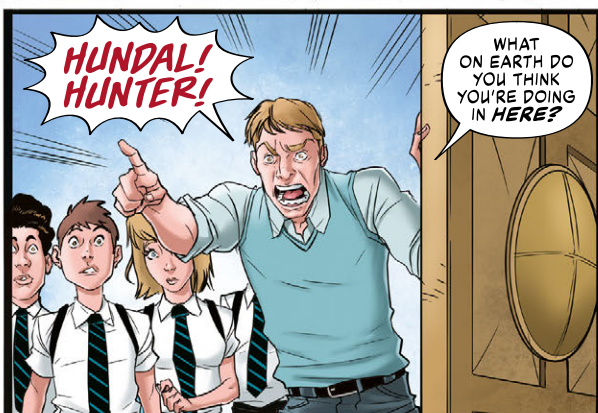
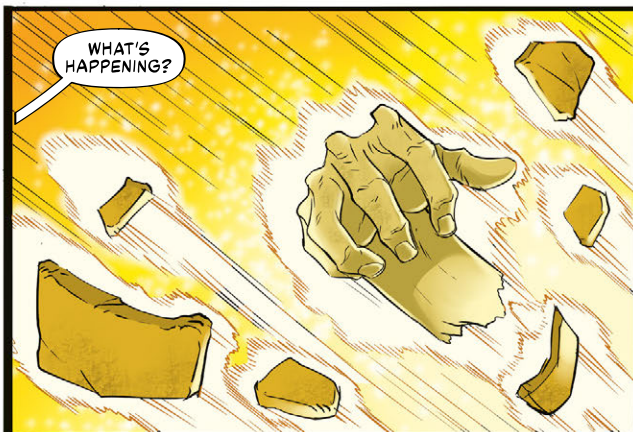
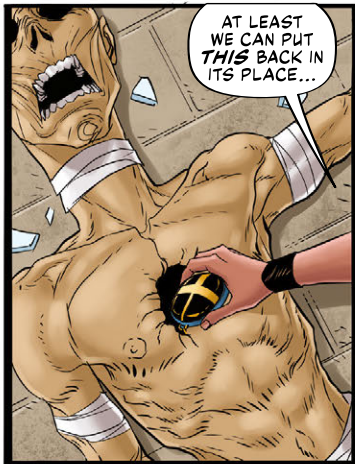
W-WHAT? WHAT IS THIS?
NO! NOOOO!



PINK



WELCOME TO THE HUNPAL AND HUNTER COLLECTION, MR HEALD.





HEY, JUVE!
SCRAWLING'S
A CRIME.

GIVE
YOURSELF
UP, KID.

GRID ON
A GREENIE!
JUDGES!

ANDERSON
PSI DIVISION
FIRST-CLASS
CITIZEN



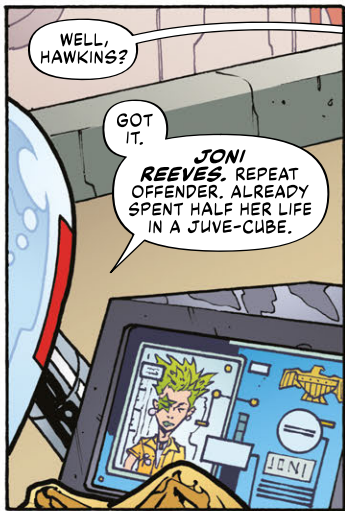
NO WAY!
YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME,
JAYBIRD.

WE GOT
OURSELVES
A RUNNER!



ANDERSON
TO CONTROL. IN PURSUIT
OF FUGITIVE WALL-
SCRAWLER. REQUEST
IDENTIFICATION.

ROGER
THAT. WE HAVE YOUR
PERP ON A SKY-CAM.
SENDING I.D. TO YOUR
ROOKIE.



WELL,
HAWKINS?

GOT
IT.

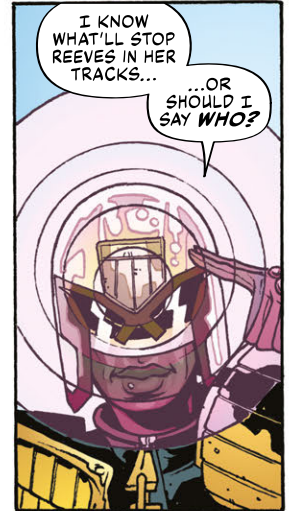
**JONI
REEVES.** REPEAT
OFFENDER. ALREADY
SPENT HALF HER LIFE
IN A JUVE-CUBE.



HEY!
WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE GOING,
SPUGWIT!

SHE'S
GONNA END UP IN
RESYK UNLESS
SHE SLOWS
DOWN.

TIME
TO PUT YOUR
TALENT TO USE,
ROOKIE.



I KNOW
WHAT'LL STOP
REEVES IN HER
TRACKS...

...OR
SHOULD I
SAY WHO?



GIVE YOURSELF UP, CREEP!

WHA--
D-DREDD?
N-NO!

SNPP

OOF!

NICE MIRAGE, BUT YOU NEED TO WORK ON JOE'S VOICE. THE REAL DEAL SOUNDS LIKE HE GARGLES WITH GRAVEL.

NOTED, BUT AT LEAST IT GOT THE JOB DONE.



OKAY, SENTENCE?

THREE MONTHS FOR SCRAWLING. FIVE YEARS FOR RESISTING ARREST.

SORRY TO BREAK IT TO YOU, LITTLE JAY--



--BUT I'M GONNA KEEP ON RESISTING.

BEEP



REMOTE CONTROL!

LOOK OUT!



CATCH YOU LATER, LOSERS.

CONTROL-- WE LOST REEVES.

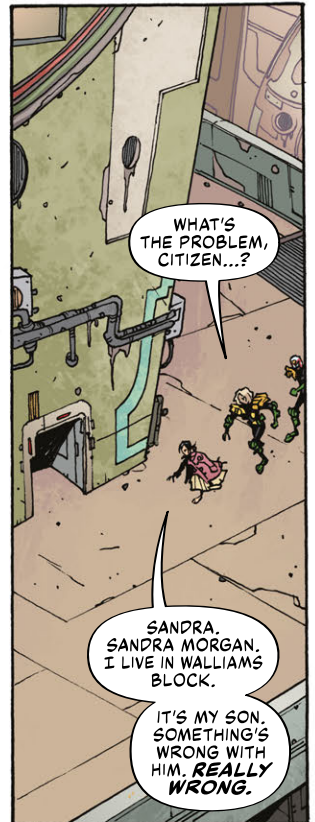
LAST SEEN HEADING TOWARDS EILISH.

UNDERSTOOD, WILL PUT OUT AN APB.



JUDGES! THANK GRUD!

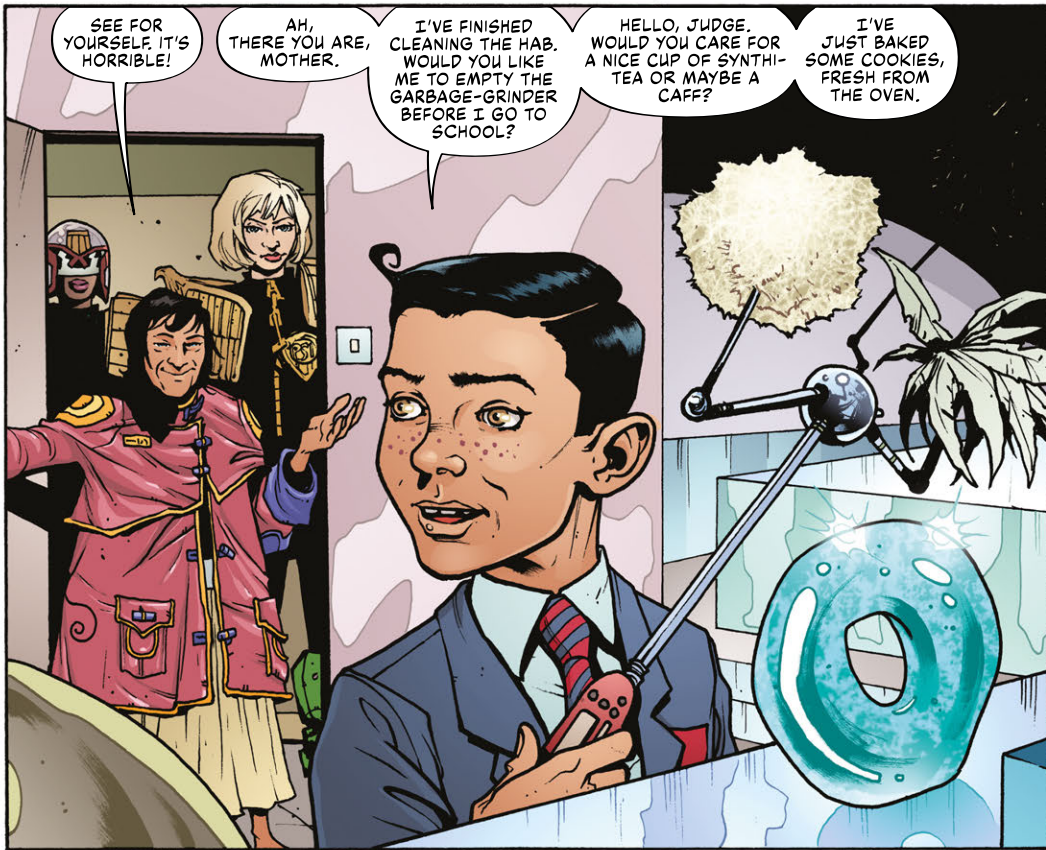
Y-YOU NEED TO HELP ME!



WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, CITIZEN...?

SANDRA. SANDRA MORGAN. I LIVE IN WALLIAMS BLOCK.

IT'S MY SON. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HIM. REALLY WRONG.



SEE FOR YOURSELF, IT'S HORRIBLE!

AH, THERE YOU ARE, MOTHER.

I'VE FINISHED CLEANING THE HAB. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO EMPTY THE GARBAGE-GRINDER BEFORE I GO TO SCHOOL?

HELLO, JUDGE. WOULD YOU CARE FOR A NICE CUP OF SYNTHI-TEA OR MAYBE A CAFF?

I'VE JUST BAKED SOME COOKIES, FRESH FROM THE OVEN.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? SEEMS LIKE A MODEL CITIZEN TO ME.

THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. HE'S JUST SO HELPFUL AND POLITE. NOT LIKE MY DAN AT ALL.

DAN? YOU DON'T MEAN **DANNY MORGAN**?



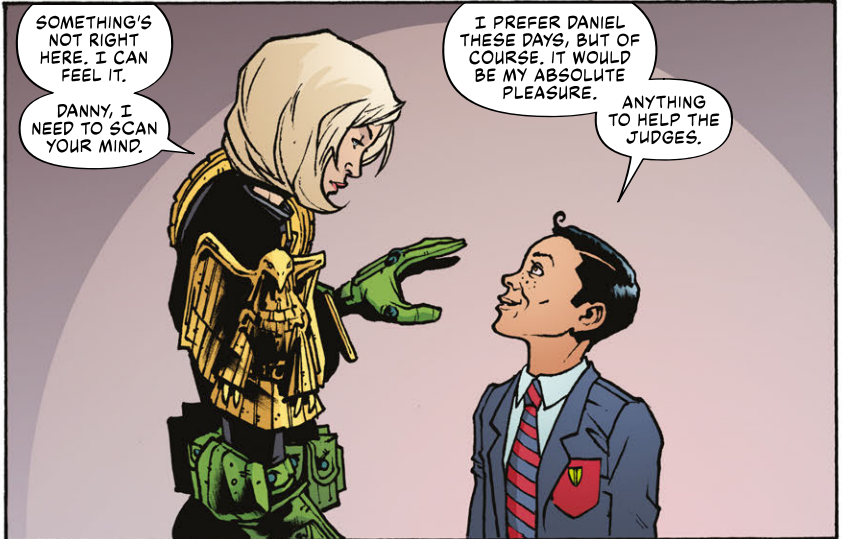
THE SAME DANNY MORGAN THAT RUNS WITH THE CROSSBONES GANG?

NOT SINCE HIS SCHOOL GOT THAT NEW ROBO-PRINCIPAL, HE'S NOT. HE'S A CHANGED BOY.

AND THAT'S A PROBLEM **WHY?**

I JUST WANT MY SON BACK. MY **REAL** SON. HE MAY BE A BAD KID, BUT HE'S **MY** KID YOU KNOW?

PLEASE DO NOT WORRY, MOTHER. I HAVE MERELY SEEN THE ERROR OF MY WAYS. I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE PLEASED.



SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT HERE. I CAN FEEL IT.

DANNY, I NEED TO SCAN YOUR MIND.

I PREFER DANIEL THESE DAYS, BUT OF COURSE. IT WOULD BE MY ABSOLUTE PLEASURE.

ANYTHING TO HELP THE JUDGES.



WHAT ARE YOU GETTING?

HE'S NOT LYING. HE WANTS TO HELP.

HE WANTS TO HELP JUST A LITTLE TOO--



ORDER!

ORDER!

ORDER!

AAAH!

JUDGE ANDERSON-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SCAN SET OFF A PSI-BOMB.
THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS HEAD.
SOMETHING ALIEN.



WAIT! WHERE'S THE KID'S GONE? WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM, HAWKINS?

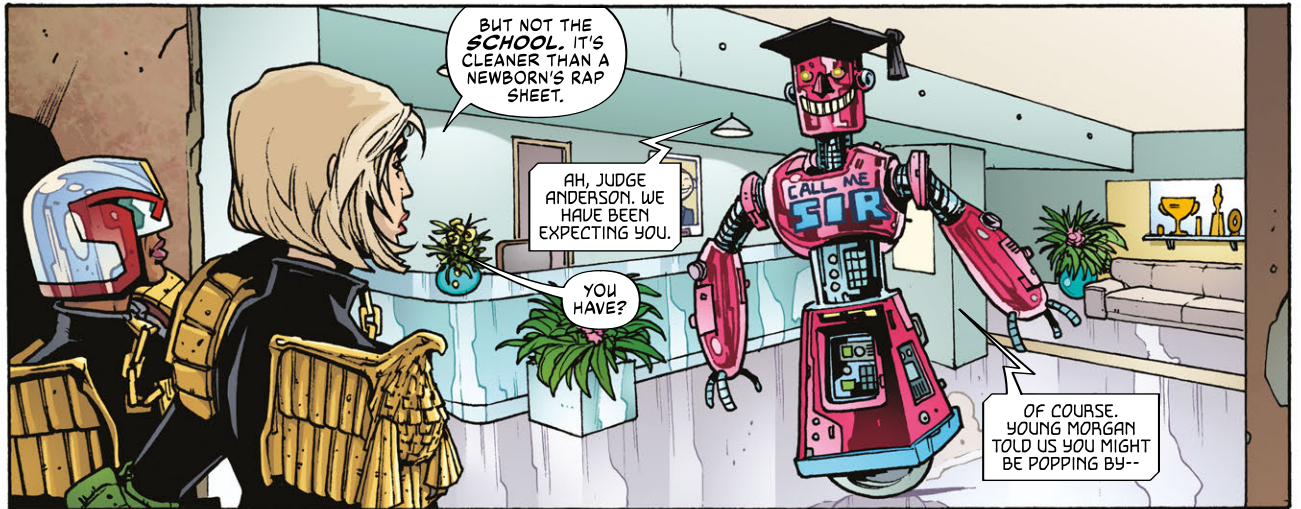
I...I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU--

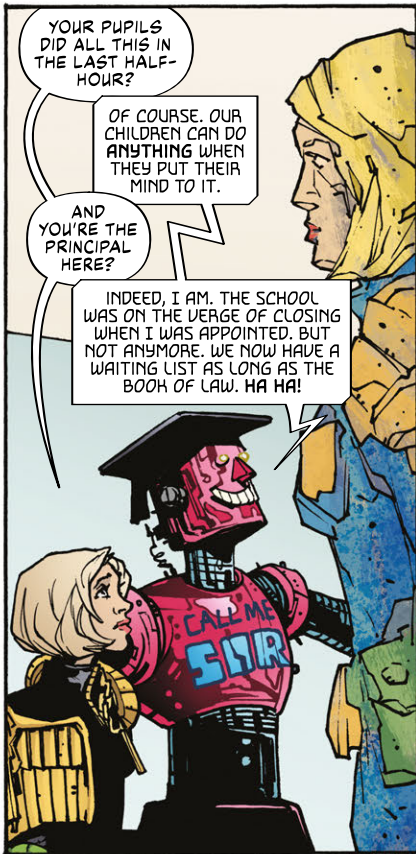
ROOKIE MISTAKE. DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.



HE'LL HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL. BAKENDALE'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG DELINQUENTS.

YOU CAN'T MISS IT, IT'S ON LEVEL 604...



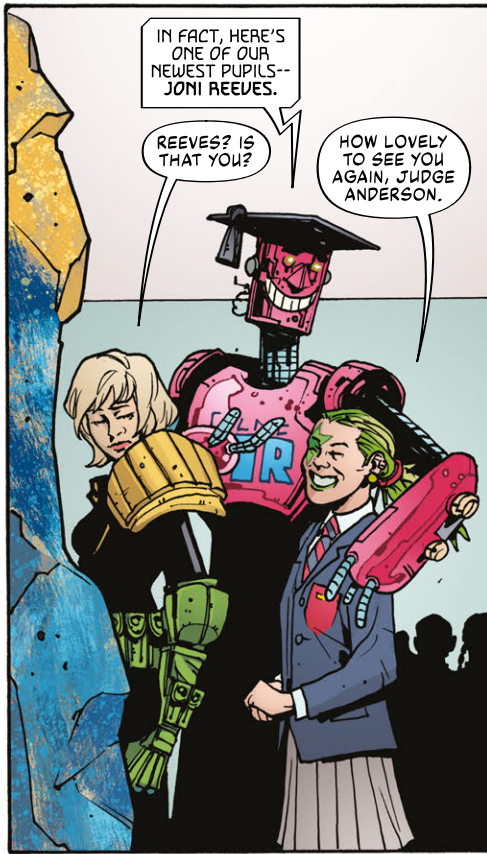


YOUR PUPILS DID ALL THIS IN THE LAST HALF-HOUR?

OF COURSE. OUR CHILDREN CAN DO ANYTHING WHEN THEY PUT THEIR MIND TO IT.

AND YOU'RE THE PRINCIPAL HERE?

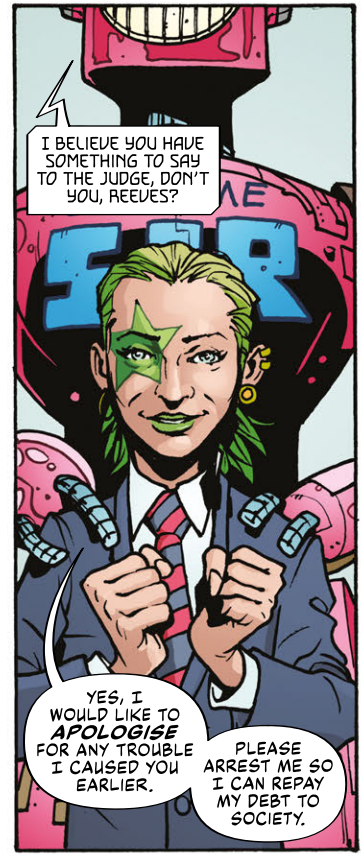
INDEED, I AM. THE SCHOOL WAS ON THE VERGE OF CLOSING WHEN I WAS APPOINTED. BUT NOT ANYMORE. WE NOW HAVE A WAITING LIST AS LONG AS THE BOOK OF LAW. HA HA!



IN FACT, HERE'S ONE OF OUR NEWEST PUPILS-- JONI REEVES.

REEVES? IS THAT YOU?

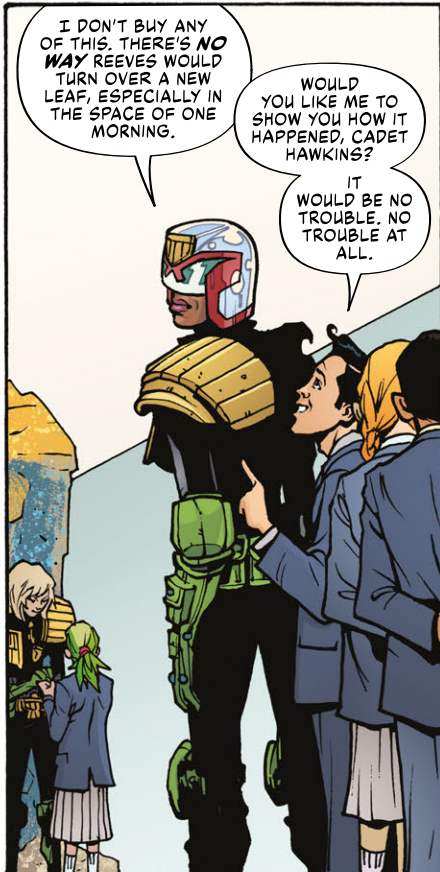
HOW LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JUDGE ANDERSON.



I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO THE JUDGE, DON'T YOU, REEVES?

YES, I WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGISE FOR ANY TROUBLE I CAUSED YOU EARLIER.

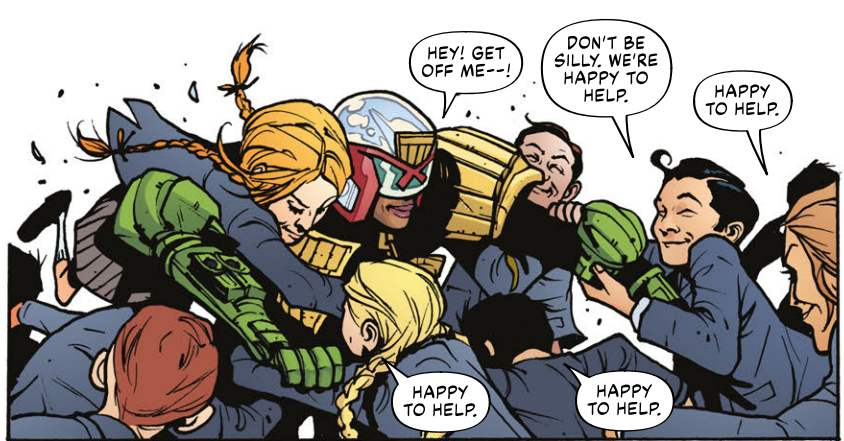
PLEASE ARREST ME SO I CAN REPAY MY DEBT TO SOCIETY.



I DON'T BUY ANY OF THIS. THERE'S **NO WAY** REEVES WOULD TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, ESPECIALLY IN THE SPACE OF ONE MORNING.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU HOW IT HAPPENED, CADET HAWKINS?

IT WOULD BE NO TROUBLE. NO TROUBLE AT ALL.



HEY! GET OFF ME--!

DON'T BE SILLY. WE'RE HAPPY TO HELP.

HAPPY TO HELP.

HAPPY TO HELP.

HAPPY TO HELP.



HAWKINS!

WHAT ARE THOSE KIDS DOING TO HER?

OH, PLEASE DON'T WORRY, JUDGE...



THEY'RE MERELY COMPLETING HER EDUCATION!

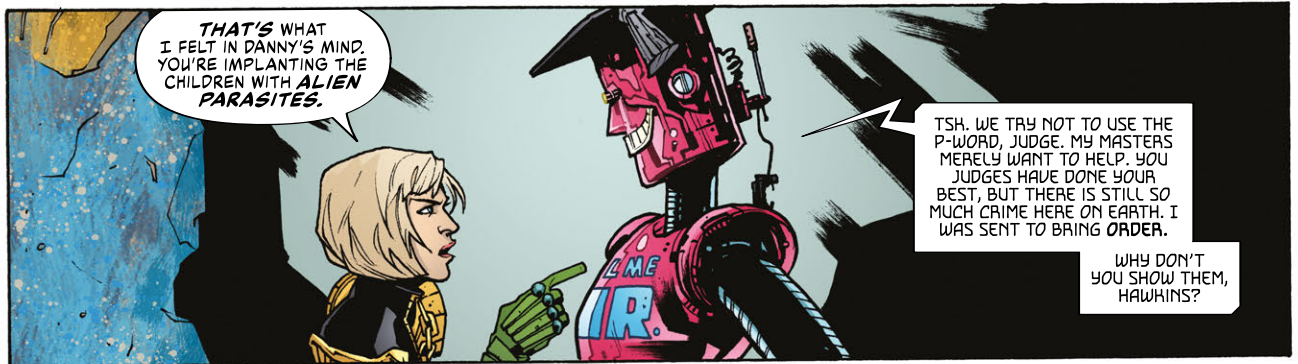
AAAH!



HAWKINS?

MR. CALL-ME-SIR IS RIGHT, JUDGE ANDERSON. I UNDERSTAND NOW.

I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING.



THAT'S WHAT I FELT IN DANNY'S MIND. YOU'RE IMPLANTING THE CHILDREN WITH ALIEN PARASITES.

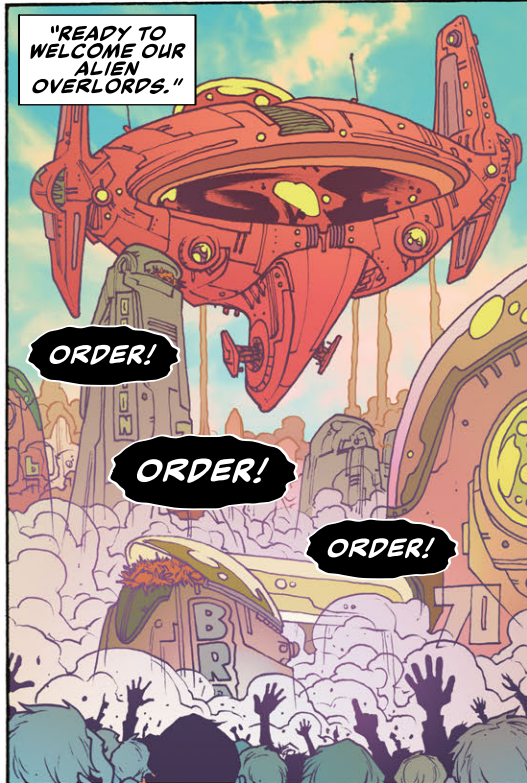
TSH. WE TRY NOT TO USE THE P-WORD, JUDGE. MY MASTERS MERELY WANT TO HELP. YOU JUDGES HAVE DONE YOUR BEST, BUT THERE IS STILL SO MUCH CRIME HERE ON EARTH. I WAS SENT TO BRING ORDER.

WHY DON'T YOU SHOW THEM, HAWKINS?



JUST IMAGINE IT, JUDGE ANDERSON. A MEGACITY ONE TRANSFORMED BY THE GRADUATES OF THE BAKENDALE ACADEMY FOR YOUNG CITIZENS. NO MORE CRIME. NO MORE DISOBEDIENCE.

THEY WILL BECOME THE LEADERS OF TOMORROW...



"READY TO WELCOME OUR ALIEN OVERLORDS."

ORDER!

ORDER!

ORDER!

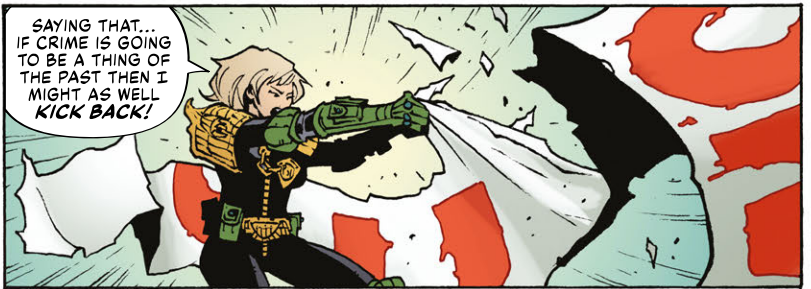


THIS ISN'T EDUCATION. IT'S AN INVASION.

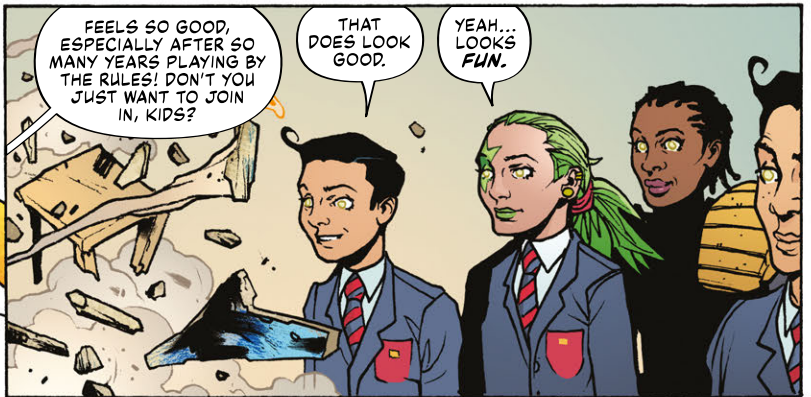
JUDGE ANDERSON... SURELY YOU WON'T PUNISH THE CHILDREN, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE SO WELL-BEHAVED--



OF COURSE NOT! I'M A JUDGE!



SAYING THAT... IF CRIME IS GOING TO BE A THING OF THE PAST THEN I MIGHT AS WELL KICK BACK!



FEELS SO GOOD, ESPECIALLY AFTER SO MANY YEARS PLAYING BY THE RULES! DON'T YOU JUST WANT TO JOIN IN, KIDS?

THAT DOES LOOK GOOD.

YEAH... LOOKS FUN.



I MISS FUN.

ME TOO.



SKREEEE

WANT...TO... HAVE...FUN... AGAIN!



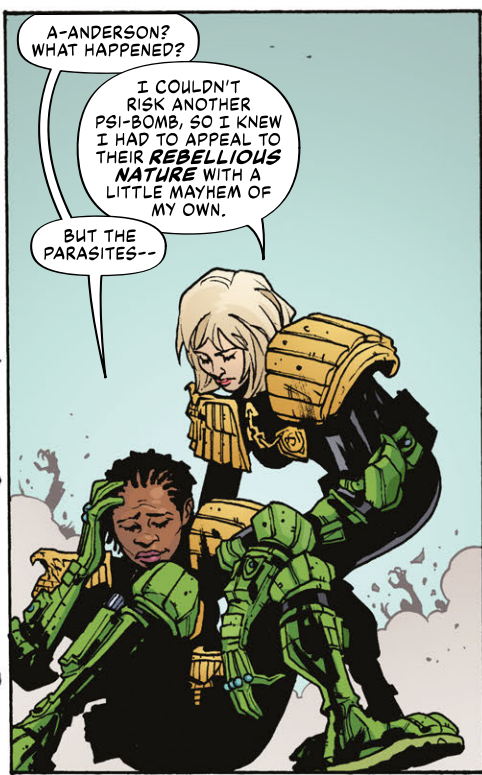
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

NO. STOP. YOU MUST BEHAVE.

BEHAVE. BEHAVE--



BEHAA--
AAAGH!



A-ANDERSON?
WHAT HAPPENED?

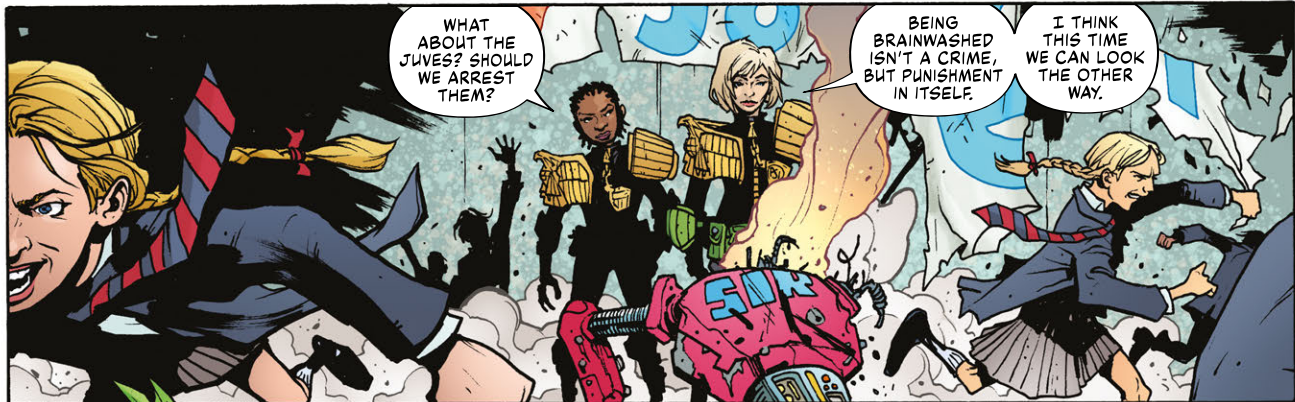
I COULDN'T
RISK ANOTHER
PSI-BOMB, SO I KNEW
I HAD TO APPEAL TO
THEIR **REBELLIOUS**
NATURE WITH A
LITTLE MAYHEM OF
MY OWN.

BUT THE
PARASITES--



CURLED
UP AND DIED
THE MOMENT
THEY HIT THE
FLOOR.

PUT A CALL
INTO TEK-DIV. WE NEED
TO FIND OUT EXACTLY
WHERE THESE THINGS
CAME FROM--AND
WHETHER THEY'LL BE
BACK!



WHAT
ABOUT THE
JUVES? SHOULD
WE ARREST
THEM?

BEING
BRAINWASHED
ISN'T A CRIME,
BUT PUNISHMENT
IN ITSELF.

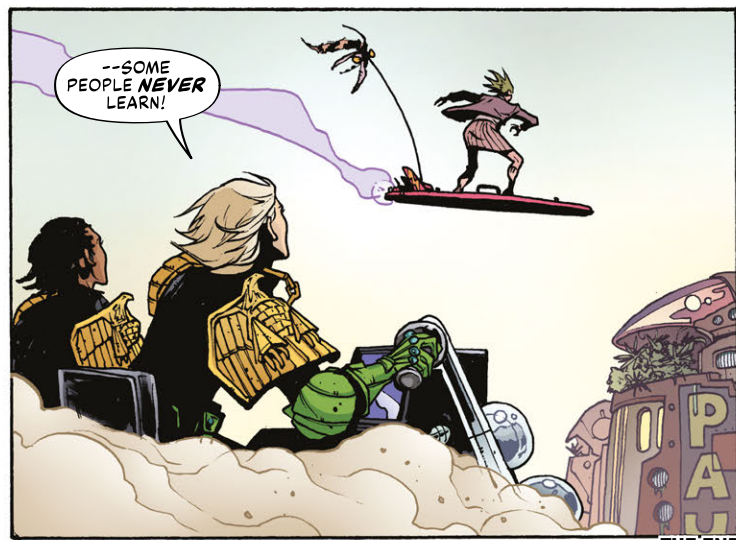
I THINK
THIS TIME
WE CAN LOOK
THE OTHER
WAY.



GLAD
TO HEAR IT! SO
LONG, BUCKET-
HEADS!

REEVES!

THEN
AGAIN--



--SOME
PEOPLE **NEVER**
LEARN!

THE END

NO STREET IN MEGA-CITY ONE IS SAFE, BUT SOME ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN OTHERS.

ANDERSON

PSI

DIVISION

EARLY WARNING

THE SKEDS OF SECTOR 8 ARE PARTICULARLY BAD, AS LAWLESS AS MC-1 EVER GETS.

THIS NEAR THE SPACEPORT ALL BETS ARE OFF, THE ENTIRE DISTRICT SWARMING WITH THIEVES AND SMUGGLERS.

HERE YOU CAN BUY ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES, NO MATTER HOW ILLEGAL--FROM FRESH BODY PARTS AND WEAPONS OF MASS DEVIATION TO COMIC BOOKS AND SUGAR CUBES.

ALMOST NEW KIDNEYS
GOING CHEAP

MEAT HERE

AGRO CAFE

EVEN THE JUDGES' TIGHT IRON GRIP CAN'T STOP CRIMINALS SLIPPING THROUGH THEIR FINGERS...





AND YET EVEN
HERE, YOU CAN
STILL FIND THE
OCCASIONAL ACT
OF KINDNESS...



HHHH...
HHH...

CITIZENS LIKE
BERNARD
CUGSWORTHY...

HELLO?



HHHHHH...
HHH...

...WILLING TO REACH
OUT TO THOSE IN NEED...

ARE YOU
OKAY?



AAAH!

...WHATEVER
THE COST.

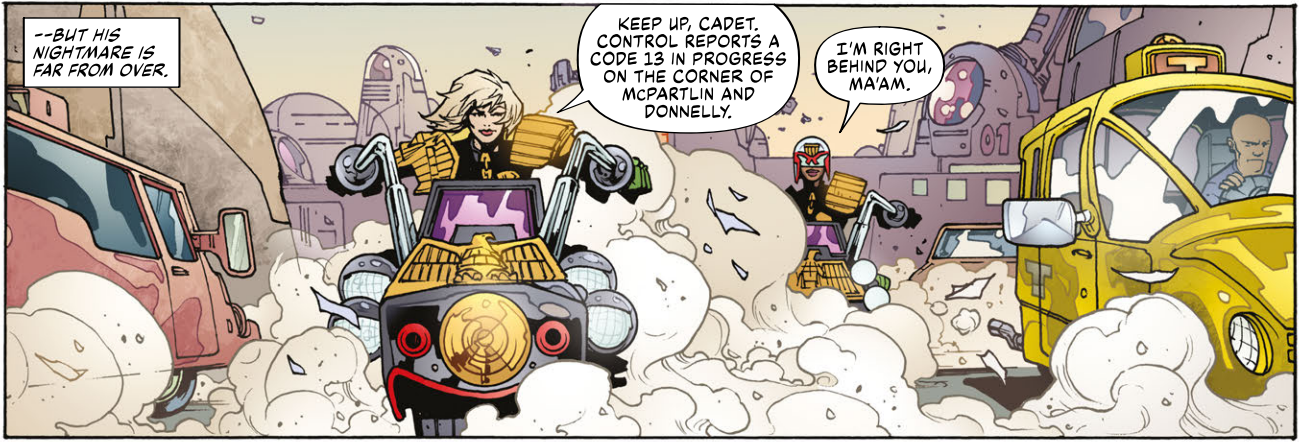


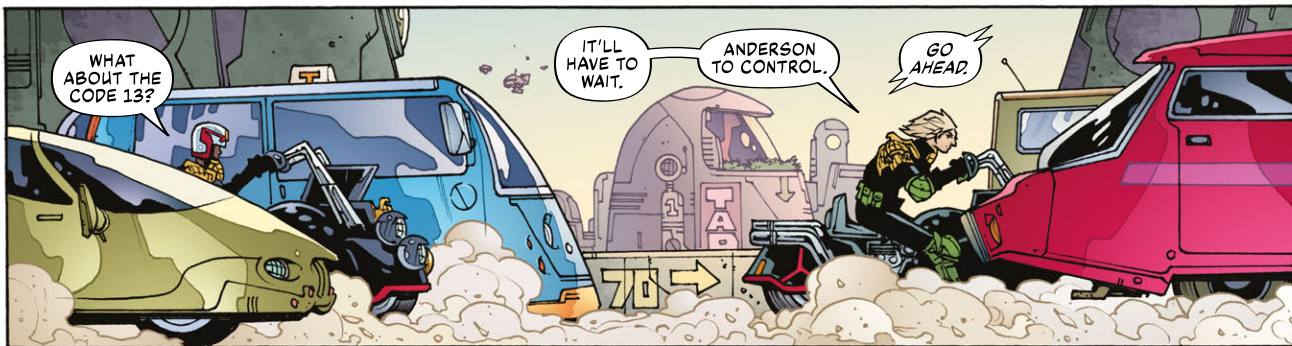
PLEASE!
S-SOMEBODY--

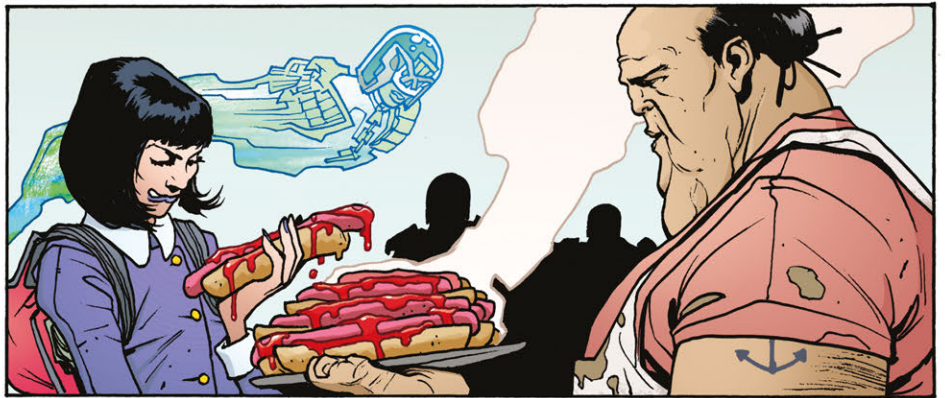
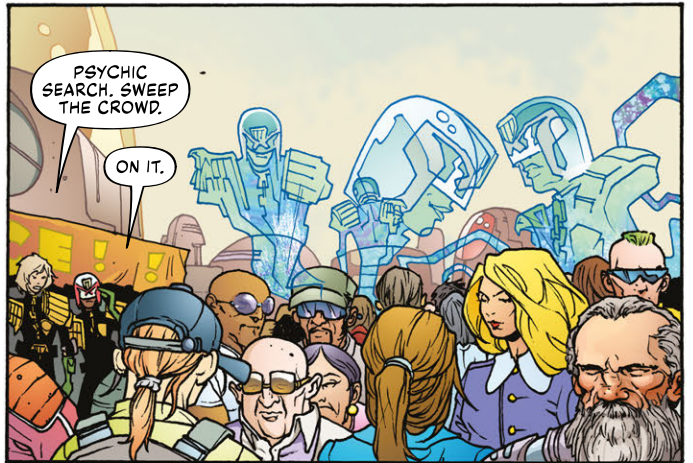
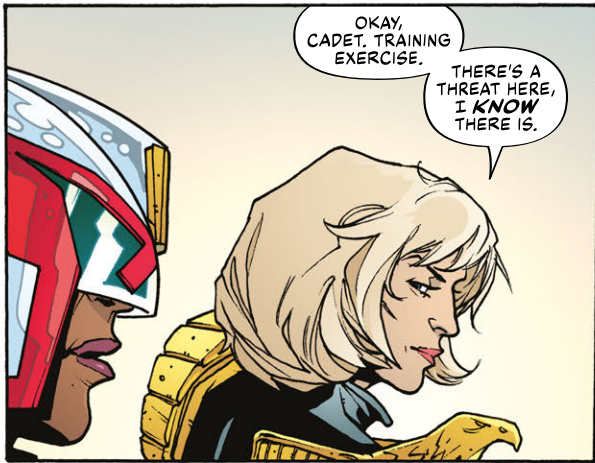


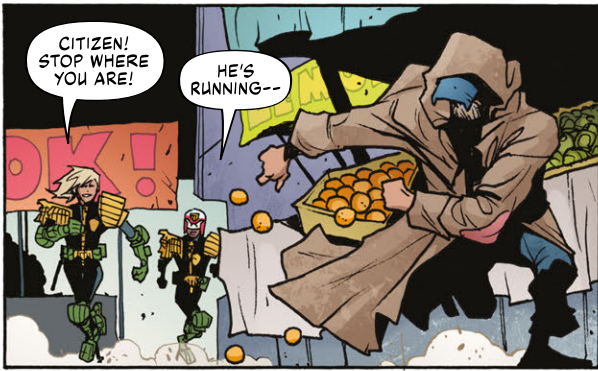
--HELP!

BERNARD'S
SCREAMS
ARE LOST IN
THE ROAR
OF STARSHIP
ENGINES--









CITIZEN!
STOP WHERE
YOU ARE!

HE'S
RUNNING--



NOT FOR
LONG!



AAROOO!

GRUD!
IT'S THE
ALIEN!



IT'S GOING
FOR THE
HALL--JUST
LIKE IN MY
VISION!



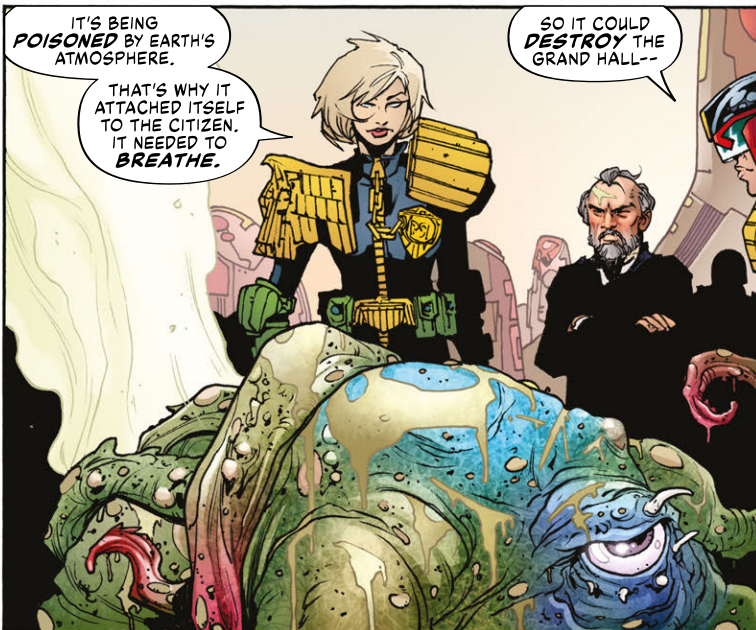
HEY!
BLOB-FACE!
GET OUTTA
OUR CITY!

YEAH,
WE DON'T NEED
YOU BUG-EYED
TROUBLE-
MAKERS!



BOG OFF
AND INVADE
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!





**GRUD ON
A GREENIE!**

ORDER!

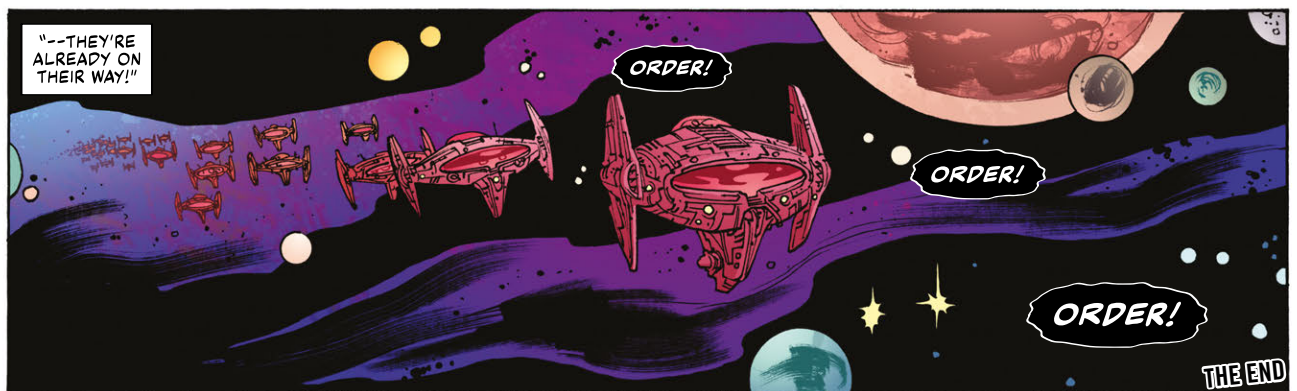
HELP

ORDER!

ORDER!

**MUST
HELP.**

ORDER!



EARTH IN THE FUTURE! SURPRISES AND FUN! CARS FLYING SKYWARD--

CASTOR SECURITY

--AND CROOKS ON THE RUN!

'APPY TO SPRING YOU OUT O' CHOHEY, MISS PANDORA...

...BUT THIS PLAN O' YOURS SOUND A BIT DODGY?

SIGH IT'S SIMPLE, GORT. THIS IS WHERE POLLUX CASTOR, C.E.O. OF THE CASTORIA SECURITY CORPORATION, LIVES.

WHERE'S THAT SNARKING BRACELET...?

HE INVENTED THIS ANKLE SHACKLE I'M WEARING; SEE? AND THE WORD IS, HE HAS A UNIVERSAL KEY. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS STEAL IT...

AH, HERE WE GO!

CLICK!

I PRETEND TO BE THE NANNY AND SEARCH HIS PENTHOUSE WHILE HE AND HIS WIFE ATTEND TONIGHT'S CHARITY BALL.

AND... DO I WEAR A DISGUISE TOO?

ZZAAP!

OH. OH NO.



SOON...

BZZZZT!

I'LL GET THAT! I EXPECT IT'S THE BABY-SITTER.



OH! AH, HELLO! THE AGENCY USUALLY SENDS US MISS TRAVERS... IS SHE ILL?

CALL ME PANDORA, MR CASTOR.

PANDORA PERFECT

SHE'S PRACTICALLY POISON IN EVERY WAY!



"MISS TRAVERS IS, AH, INDIPOSED."

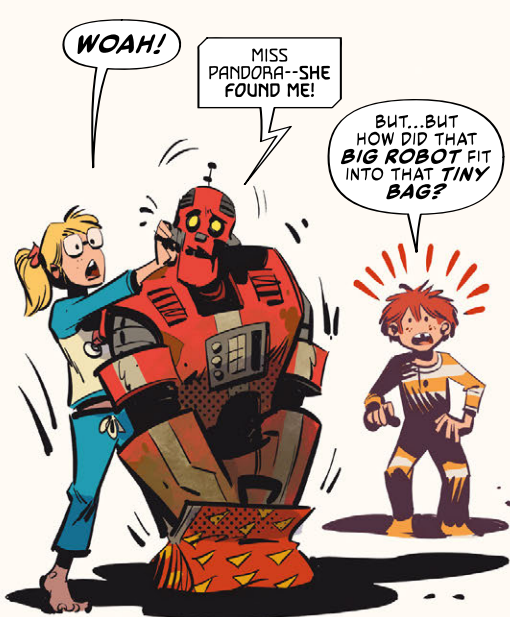
Mmmmmph!



WELL, YOU'VE CUT IT RATHER FINE--CINCINNA AND I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE! PLEASE MAKE SURE CLAVIS AND SERA ARE IN BED BY NINE.

BE GOOD, CHILDREN!

AWWW! YOU ALWAYS LEAVE US BEHIND WHEN YOU GO OUT!





WOW! THIS IS REALLY EXCITING! A REAL-LIFE BURGLAR!

MUM SAYS BURGLARS TAKE ALL YOUR STUFF AND THEN DO A POO ON YOUR CARPET. IT WOULD SERVE HER RIGHT, ALWAYS LEAVING US BEHIND!

ARE... ARE YOU GOING TO DO A POO ON OUR CARPET NOW?



CERTAINLY NOT! I'M A HIGH-CLASS BURGLAR! FOR ME, IT'S A POO IN YOUR TOASTER OR NOTHING.

SO... YOU'RE AFTER SOMETHING OF OUR DAD'S?

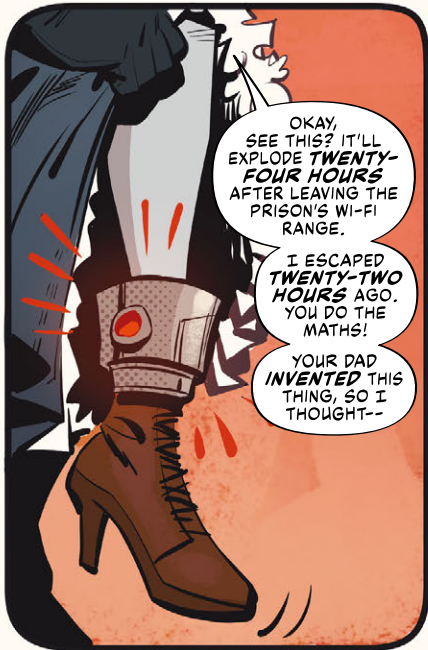
WE'LL HELP YOU STEAL IT! IT CAN BE OUR REVENGE FOR THEM ALWAYS GOING OUT WITHOUT US!



WELL... THIS IS A TURN-UP FOR THE BOOBS. SHALL WE RISK IT?

THEY COULD HAVE CALLED THE COPS BY NOW... OR THEIR MUM AND DAD.

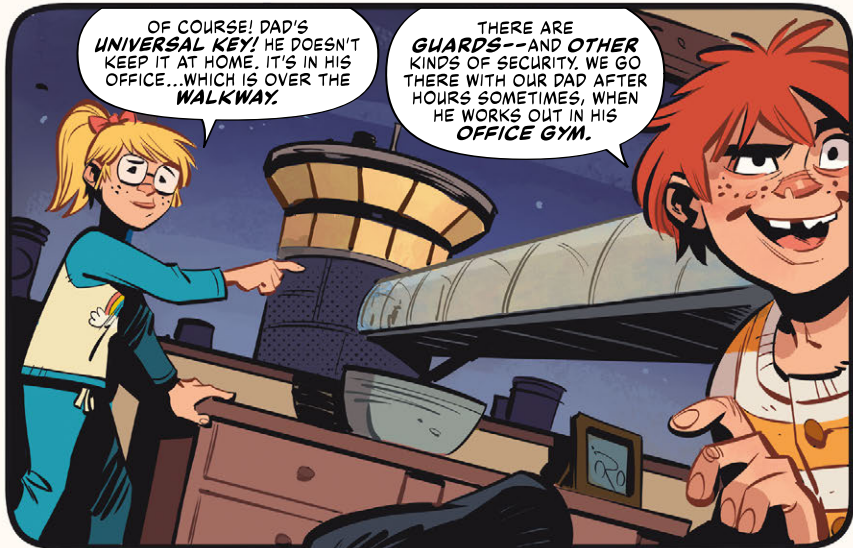
REASSURINGLY, THEY HAVEN'T. THEY MIGHT BE ON THE LEVEL.



OKAY, SEE THIS? IT'LL EXPLODE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER LEAVING THE PRISON'S WI-FI RANGE.

I ESCAPED TWENTY-TWO HOURS AGO. YOU DO THE MATHS!

YOUR DAD INVENTED THIS THING, SO I THOUGHT--



OF COURSE! DAD'S UNIVERSAL KEY! HE DOESN'T KEEP IT AT HOME. IT'S IN HIS OFFICE...WHICH IS OVER THE WALKWAY.

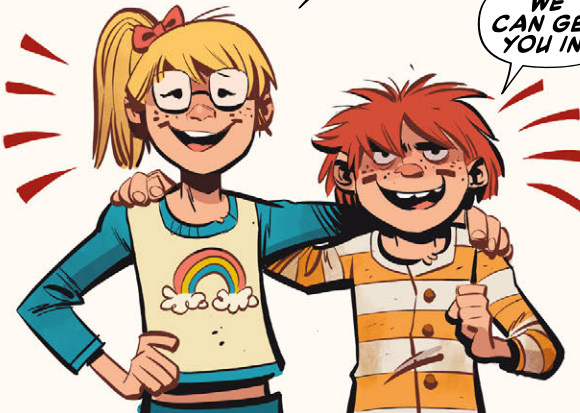
THERE ARE GUARDS--AND OTHER KINDS OF SECURITY. WE GO THERE WITH OUR DAD AFTER HOURS SOMETIMES, WHEN HE WORKS OUT IN HIS OFFICE GYM.

WE EXPLORE WHEN DAD'S ON THE ROWING MACHINE. WE KNOW THAT BUILDING BETTER THAN THE COCKROACHES. TRUST US...

WE CAN GET YOU IN!

OH, YOU TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE CHILDREN.

OKAY... LEAD ON.





♪



'OW DO, GUV'NOR! OI'M 'ERE TO CLEAN THE VENTS, OI AM!

HMM... NO RECORD HERE OF ANY SCHEDULED MAINTENANCE. LET ME CALL MY--



EAT SIX MILLION VOLTS, AGA-FACE!

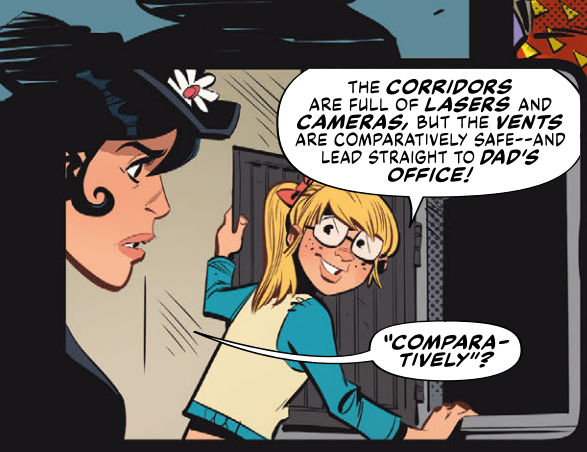
FZZAAP!



"AGA-FACE?" BIT UNCALLED FOR.

DON'T BE SUCH A RUSTFLAKE, GORT...

THIS WAY!



THE CORRIDORS ARE FULL OF LASERS AND CAMERAS, BUT THE VENTS ARE COMPARATIVELY SAFE--AND LEAD STRAIGHT TO DAD'S OFFICE!

"COMPARATIVELY"?



SURE...AS LONG AS YOU AVOID THE ROTATING FAN BLADES, RIDICULOUSLY LARGE RODENTS, SCORPIONS, SHARP METAL CORNERS AND SPRING-LOADED TRAPDOORS!



EVENTUALLY...

THIS IS OUR DAD'S OFFICE...AND THERE'S THE **UNIVERSAL KEY!**

POP THE LADDER BACK IN THE BAG FOR ME, GORT. I'M GOING TO BE BUSY GETTING THIS **BOMB** OFF MY LEG!

HOW LONG YOU GOT, MISS?

TEN MINUTES!

AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT--THIS **DOM** IS **HIGH-TENSILE PLEXI-PLASTIC**. NOTHING LESS THAN A **DIAMOND DRILL** CAN CRACK IT!

FORTUNATELY, I **STOLE** ONE ON MY WAY HERE...

HANG ON, I SAW IT A MOMENT AGO. LET'S SEE--**ATOMIC POGO-STICK... JET-PROPELLED BATTERING RAM...**

BUT THE NOISE OF **DRILLING** WILL ATTRACT **MORE GUARDS!**

HANG ON. DAD COMES HERE AFTER HOURS TO **WORK OUT**. HE ALWAYS PLAYS HIS **THUNDERPOD™** REALLY LOUD.

PANDORA-- CAN YOU **SING?**

I...I **GUESS...?**

HYPER**TENSILE** DIAMOND DRILL, THE **RACKET** IS ALARMING! BUT IF IT WILL GET THE KEY, WE'LL FIND IT STRANGELY CALMING! **STEALING THINGS FROM BILLIONAIRES**, NOW WHO'S IT REALLY HARMING? IF THAT LEG EXPLODES, THERE WON'T BE MUCH LEFT FOR **EMBALMING!**

UM DIDDLE IDDL**E** IDDL**E**, UM DIDDLE AYE!

ALL RIGHT, GORT. THAT'S ENOUGH **CHIMNEY TALK.**

BZZZZRRRT!

KRAA-AKK!!



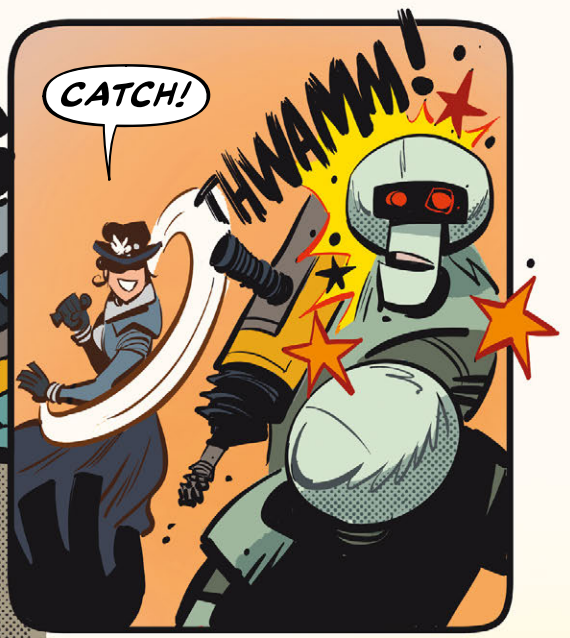
OHAY!
HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE!

HIDS--
IN THE BAG,
NO MESSIN'
ABOUT!

GUARDS!

YIKES!

HOP!



CATCH!

THWAMM!



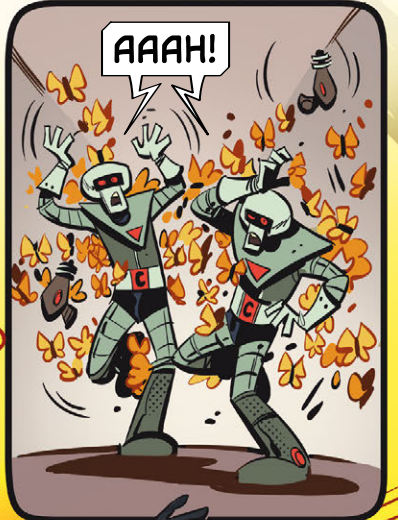
FIND A **WEAPON**,
GORT! WE NEED TO TAKE
OUT THE GUARDS--AND
I NEED TO GET THIS
SHACKLE OFF!

AWRIGHT,
AWRIGHT...
THERE MUST BE
SOMETHIN' IN
'ERE THAT'LL DO
THE TRICK...
'ELLO,
'ELLO!



EAT
LASER,
GOONS!

BLAMMO!



AAAH!

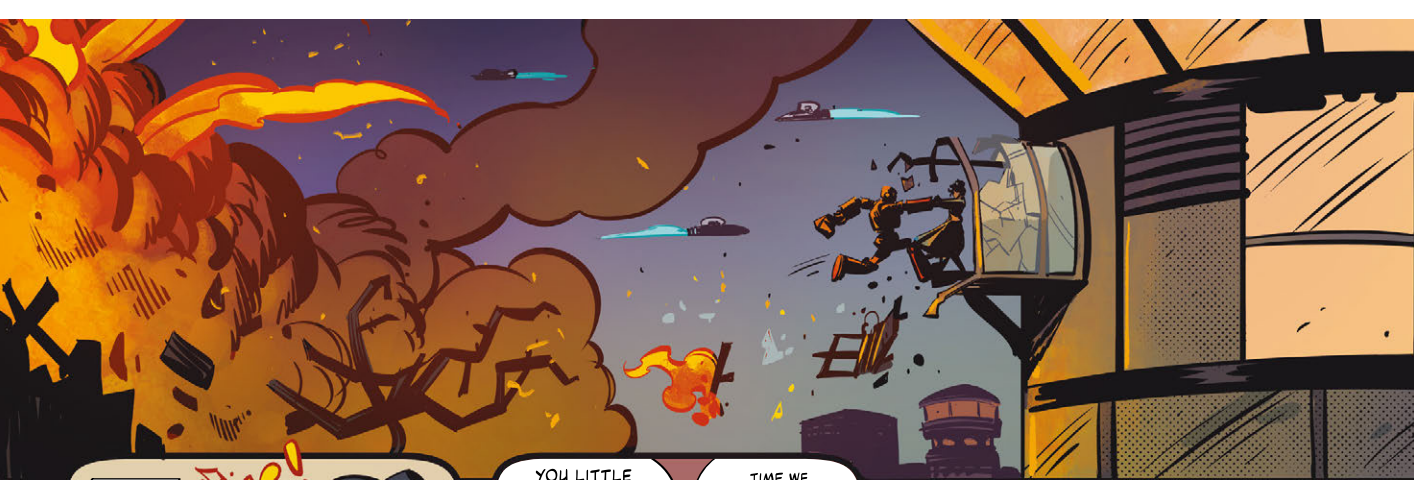


I DUNNO WHY
THAT KEEPS
'APPENING...

DOESN'T
MATTER! THROW
THE **SHACKLE**
AT THEM!



BAW
HOM!



OUT O' THERE, NOW!

DING!

THE ELEVATOR! SOMEONE'S COMING!

PLOP!

YOU LITTLE SCAMPS! I THOUGHT WE TOLD YOU TO BE IN BED BY NINE!

TIME WE WERE SCARCE, GORT! BASEMENT GARAGE--NOW! THIS KEY CAN GET US A GETAWAY CAR!

OFF SO SOON?

BUSY NIGHT! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING AFTER ELEVEN ZOMBIE ORPHANS UNTIL DAWN!

SEE YA 'ROUND!

SO WHAT NOW? DINNER? A SPOT OF DANCING?

JUST PICK A CAR, WILL YA? ONE THAT DON'T STAND OUT TOO MUCH!

MOMENTS LATER...

AAARGH!

WRRRRR!

YOU RECHON CASTOR'S NOTICED HIS BUILDING'S ON FIRE?

WORSE! I THINK HE MIGHT HAVE LOOKED INSIDE HIS TOASTER!

THE END

NEW BRITAIN,
2164 AD.

FOLLOWING THE GREAT ATOM WAR
OF 2150, THIS WAS THE TIME OF THE
MUTANT PURGE--AND THE DESPERATE
REBELLION BY THE MUTANTS AGAINST
THEIR OPPRESSORS.

ONE SUCH MUTANT IS
FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD
JOHNNY ALPHA...

Strontium Dog

ACCEPTABLE LOSSES

THIS IS
CRAZY! KID,
THEY'RE GONNA
SHOOT YOU DOWN
WHERE YOU
STAND!

I CAN
DO IT.

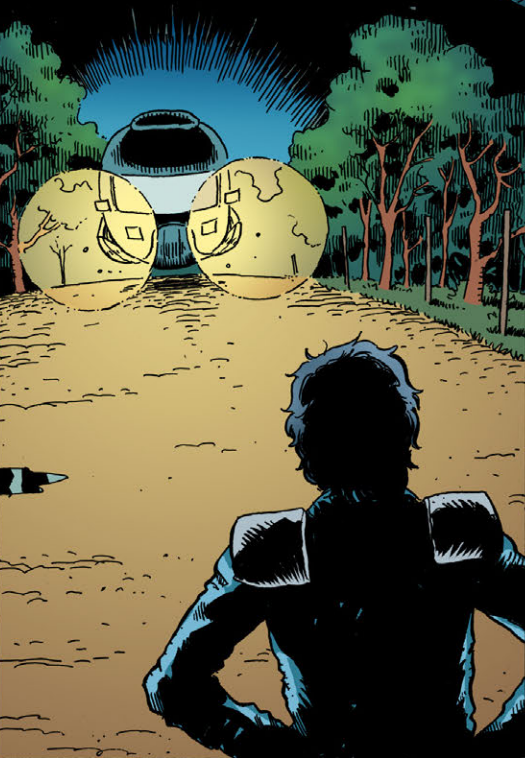
THE SECOND
THEY SEE YOUR
FREAKY EYES--
BLAM!

ENOUGH,
BOYLE! MAINTAIN
RADIO SILENCE.

"THE PERIMETER FENCES ARE RIGGED
WITH **PROXIMITY SENSORS** AND
ELECTROGUNS--ANYTHING GETS
WITHIN TEN METRES, IT'S FRIED."

THE
ONLY WAY IN IS
THROUGH THE
GATE.

ALPHA?





THIS IS **JOHN ALPHA**-- HE'LL HELP YOU MAKE THAT HAPPEN.

JOHNNY, THIS IS **GENERAL CONDA** FROM OUR LEEDS DIVISION, CAPTAINS **FINX** AND **BOYLE**-- YOU'LL FOLLOW THEIR ORDERS AT ALL TIMES, UNDERSTOOD?

THIS **KID**? ARE YOU **SERIOUS**, ARMZ? HE'S BARELY OLD ENOUGH TO HOLD A GUN!

C'MON, GENERAL. THIS IS A **WAR OF ATTRITION**, NOT SNECKIN' BABY-SITTIN' DUTY!



AND YOU CALL THAT A **MUTATION**? SET OF **CONTACT LENSES**, THIS KID COULD PASS FOR A **NORM**.

TRUE-- THIS ONE'D BE A LOT MORE USEFUL AS A **SPY**.

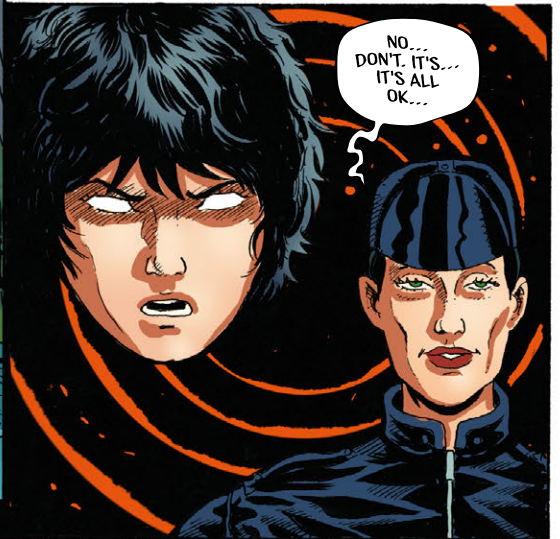
DON'T LET HIS AGE FOOL YOU. HE'S A FIGHTER, AND **LOYAL** TOO--



"--I'D TRUST HIM WITH MY LIFE."

WHAT THE **HELL**...? THERE'S SOMEONE STANDING IN THE ROAD!

THIS FEELS **WRONG**...I'M CALLING IT IN!



NO... DON'T. IT'S... IT'S ALL OK...



... EVERYTHING'S **FINE**. THE MUTIE KID'S USING SOME KIND OF **PSYCHIC TRICK** TO MAKE ME RELAX.



I **LIKE** THAT, YOU KNOW? TRUST ME, STEVIE-- I'VE GOT A **REALLY GOOD FEELING** ABOUT THIS!

OH, AND DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID, OKAY?



WHAT THE HELL, ALPHA? THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD CONTROL THEM!

IT DOESN'T WORK ON EVERYONE.

DON'T SHOOT-- PLEASE! W-WE'RE CARRYING CATERING SUPPLIES, THAT'S ALL!



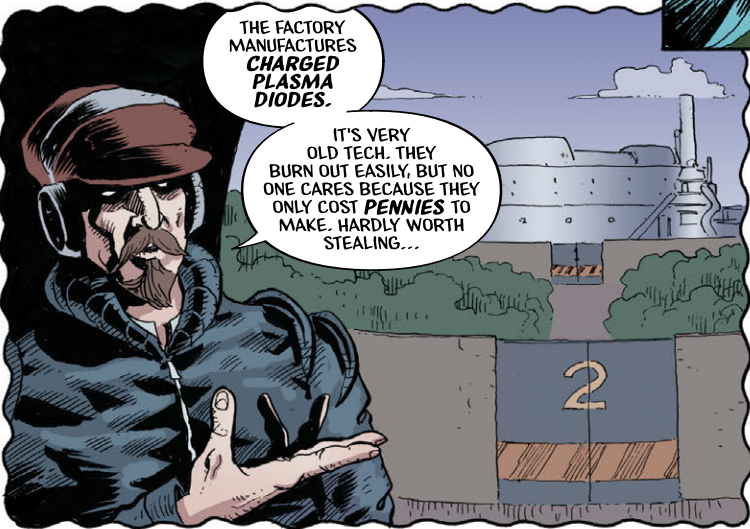
YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN THE BACK, AND DRIVE US INTO THE COMPOUND.

ABSOLUTELY! AND I WON'T EVEN TELL THE GUARDS AT THE GATE ABOUT YOU!



P-PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND DO WHAT WE SAY.



THE FACTORY MANUFACTURES CHARGED PLASMA DIODES.

IT'S VERY OLD TECH. THEY BURN OUT EASILY, BUT NO ONE CARES BECAUSE THEY ONLY COST PENNIES TO MAKE. HARDLY WORTH STEALING...

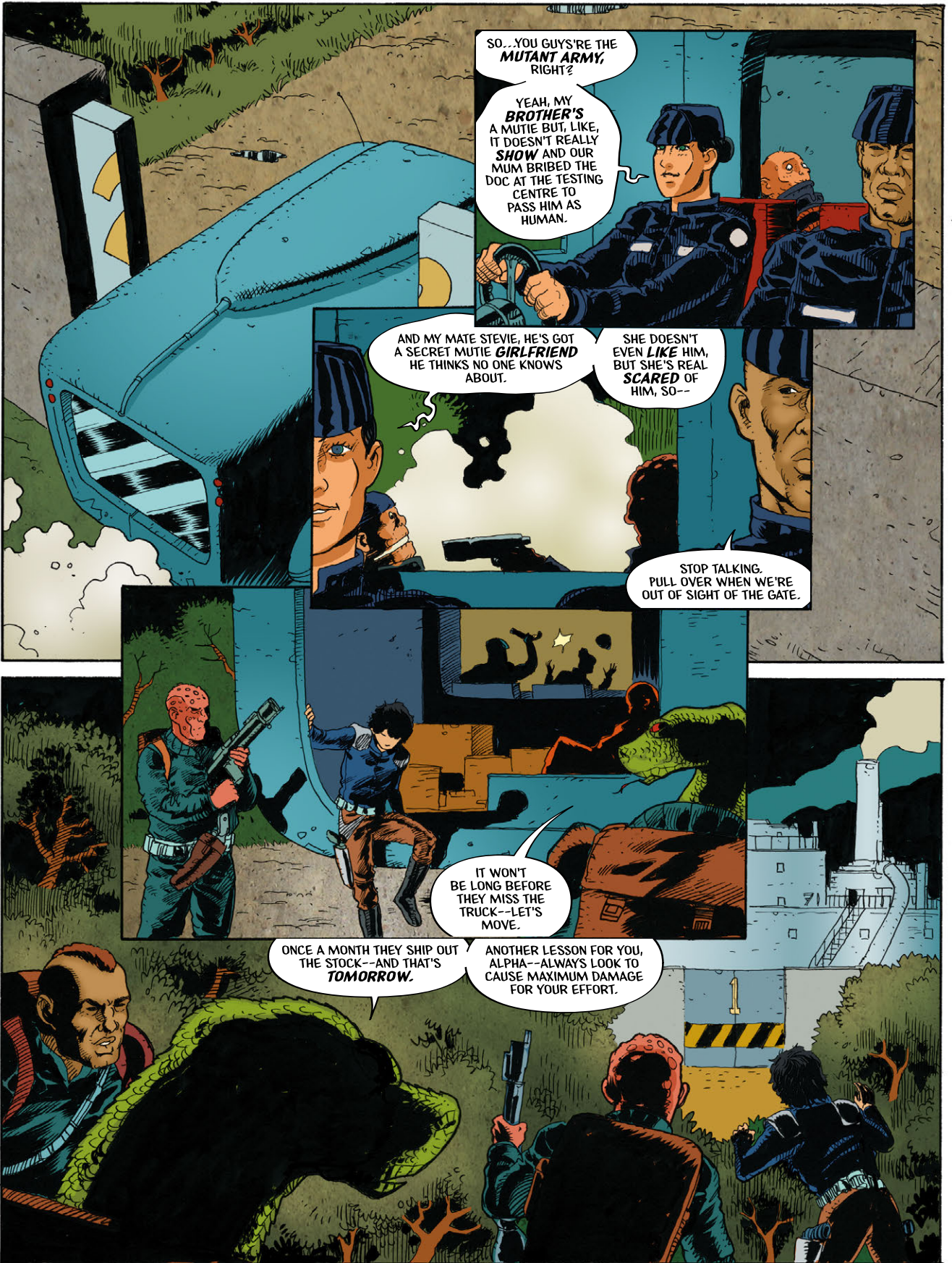


...EXCEPT THAT THEY'RE KEY COMPONENTS IN THE PLASMA CARTRIDGES FOR THE ENEMY'S THWUP-GUNS.

THEY BURN THROUGH THOUSANDS OF THESE EVERY WEEK...



"...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE FACTORY IN THE COUNTRY THAT STILL HAS THE FACILITIES TO MANUFACTURE THEM."



SO... YOU GUYS'RE THE **MUTANT ARMY**, RIGHT?

YEAH, MY **BROTHER'S** A MUTIE BUT, LIKE, IT DOESN'T REALLY **SHOW** AND OUR MUM BRIBED THE DOC AT THE TESTING CENTRE TO PASS HIM AS HUMAN.

AND MY MATE STEVIE, HE'S GOT A SECRET MUTIE **GIRLFRIEND** HE THINKS NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT.

SHE DOESN'T EVEN **LIKE** HIM, BUT SHE'S REAL **SCARED** OF HIM, SO--

STOP TALKING. PULL OVER WHEN WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE GATE.

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY MISS THE TRUCK--LET'S MOVE.

ONCE A MONTH THEY SHIP OUT THE STOCK--AND THAT'S **TOMORROW**.

ANOTHER LESSON FOR YOU, ALPHA--ALWAYS LOOK TO CAUSE MAXIMUM DAMAGE FOR YOUR EFFORT.



TIME TO DO YOUR *THING*. SCAN THE BUILDING, SEE HOW MANY **KREEELERS** WE'RE FACING.

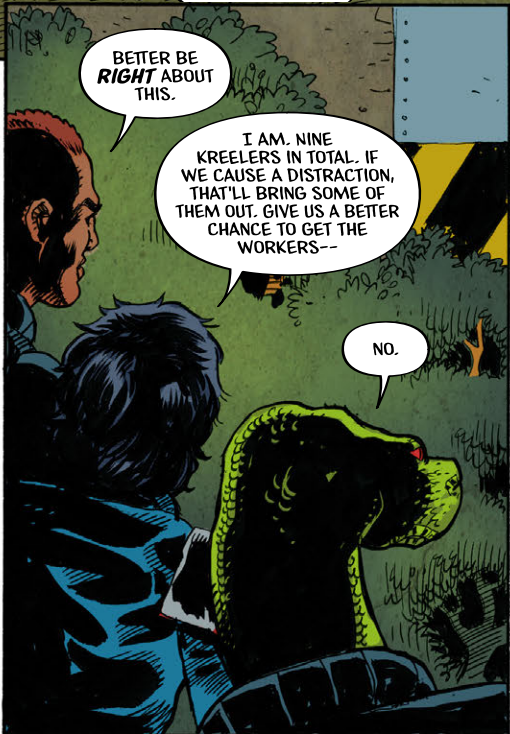


ONE AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE... COULD BE ASLEEP. TWO ON THE ROOF.

FOUR MORE INSIDE. **WORKERS**, TOO...



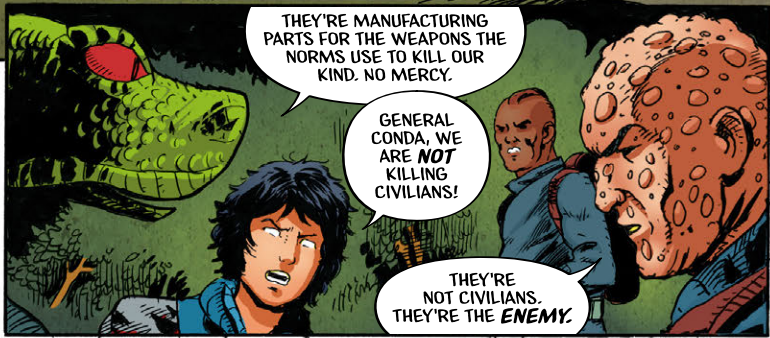
TWELVE... NO, **FOURTEEN** WORKERS AND FIVE MORE I THINK ARE SUPERVISORS... TWO MORE KREEELERS.



BETTER BE **RIGHT** ABOUT THIS.

I AM NINE KREEELERS IN TOTAL. IF WE CAUSE A DISTRACTION, THAT'LL BRING SOME OF THEM OUT. GIVE US A BETTER CHANCE TO GET THE WORKERS--

NO.



THEY'RE MANUFACTURING PARTS FOR THE WEAPONS THE NORMS USE TO KILL OUR KIND. NO MERCY.

GENERAL CONDA, WE ARE **NOT** KILLING CIVILIANS!

THEY'RE NOT CIVILIANS. THEY'RE THE **ENEMY**.



YOU THINK WE JUST PICKED THIS PLACE AT RANDOM?

WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE **DOING**, KID. AND YOU MIGHT WANNA TAKE A **CLOSER** LOOK-- TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.



THE WORKERS ARE **OUR** KIND. MUTIES... **COLLABORATORS.**



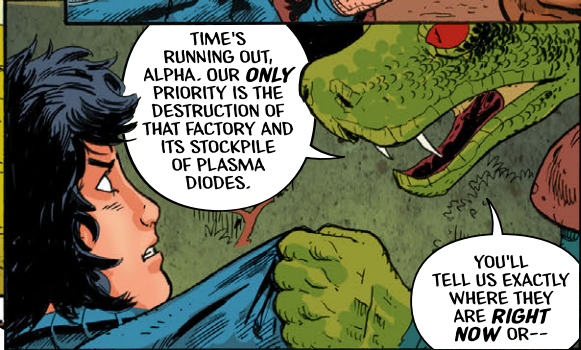
THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE HAVE TO--

YOU TAKE THE ENEMY'S COIN, YOU **BECOME** THE ENEMY. IT'S THAT SIMPLE.



NO! THE SUPERVISORS MIGHT BE COLLABORATORS, BUT I CAN TELL THE **OTHERS** DON'T WANT TO BE THERE!

WE CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE. SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO MAKE **SACRIFICES**. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR **COMPASSION** IN WAR.



TIME'S RUNNING OUT, ALPHA. OUR **ONLY** PRIORITY IS THE DESTRUCTION OF THAT FACTORY AND ITS STOCKPILE OF PLASMA DIODES.

YOU'LL TELL US EXACTLY WHERE THEY ARE **RIGHT NOW** OR--



THEN WHAT THE HELL ARE WE FIGHTING **FOR?**



GIVE ME **FOUR MINUTES**--I CAN GET THEM OUT!

NO!



STAND
DOWN,
ALPHA!

THEN
THIS IS ON
YOU--



WHAT'S
HE...?



AAAAHH!

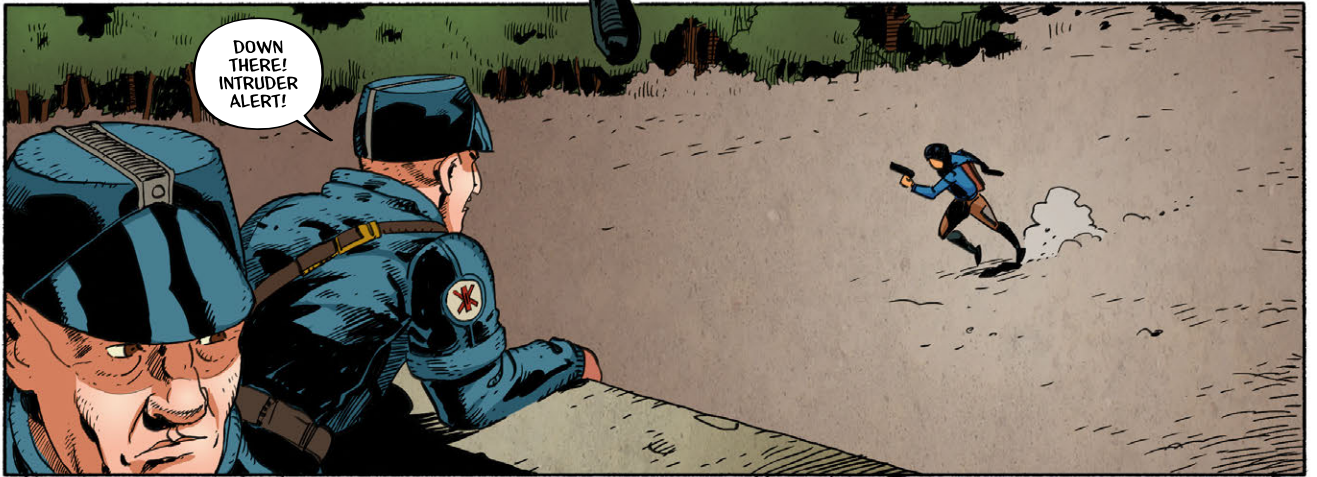
SNECK!



I'M
SORRY--



--BUT BETTER
YOU GET **STUNNED**
THAN THOSE PEOPLE
GET **KILLED**.





DAMN IT--HE'S INSIDE!



I'M ON HIM! THE LITTLE MUTIE FREAK'S GONNA WISH HE'D NEVER--



AAAHH--

"WHAT... WHAT HIT ME?"



IT WAS ALPHA. HE'S GONE OFF-BOOK-- AND HE'S TAKEN THE EXPLOSIVES.

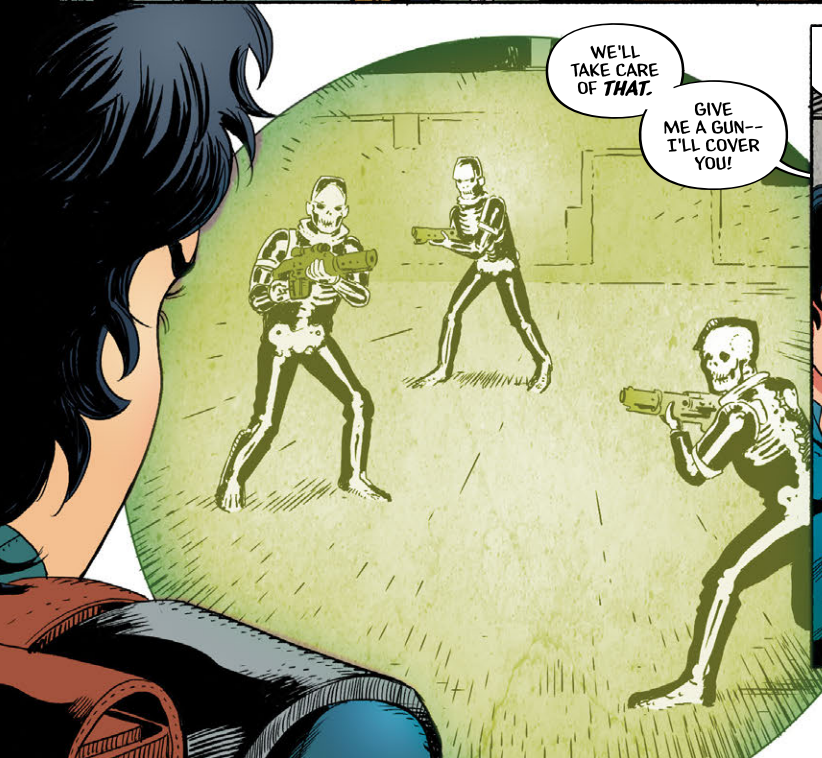
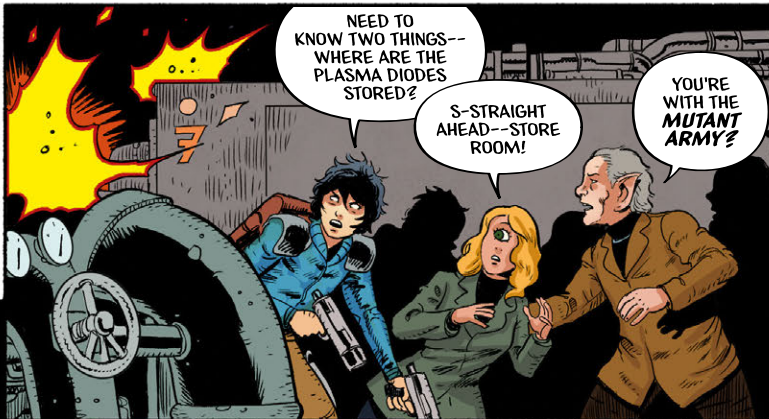
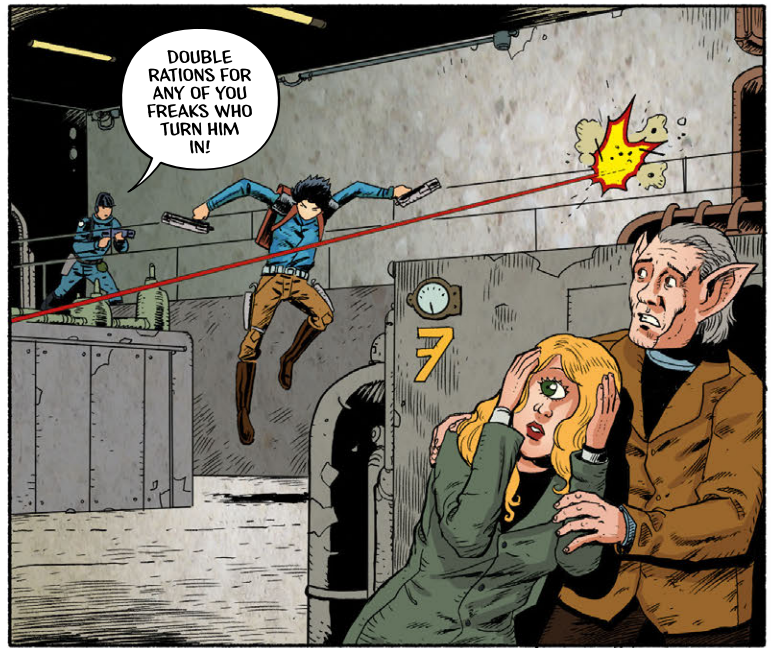
THEN WE HAVE TO ABORT THE MISSION. IF WE MOVE FAST, WE CAN GET OUT BEFORE THEIR REINFORCEMENTS--



NO. KID'S RECKLESS... BUT HE'S GOT **GUTS** AND GOOD INSTINCTS. WE'LL **NEED** SOLDIERS LIKE HIM IF WE'RE EVER GONNA WIN--



"--SO THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL WE'RE LEAVING HIM BEHIND."





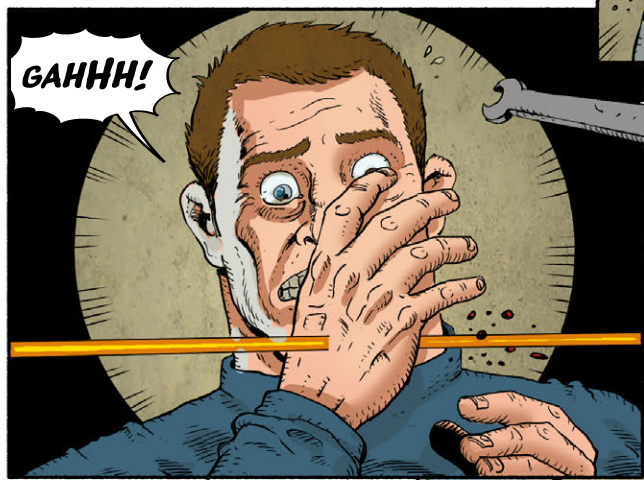
THIS WAY--MOVE!
AND KEEP
LOW!



STINKIN'
MUTIES...



UNNF!



GAHHH!



C-CAPTAIN
BOYLE! FORGET ABOUT
ME! I'VE S-SET THE
CHARGES IN THE
PACK...

GET
EVERYONE
OUT BEFORE THIS
PLACE GOES UP!



I OUT-RANK YOU, SON--
YOU DON'T GET TO GIVE
ME ORDERS.

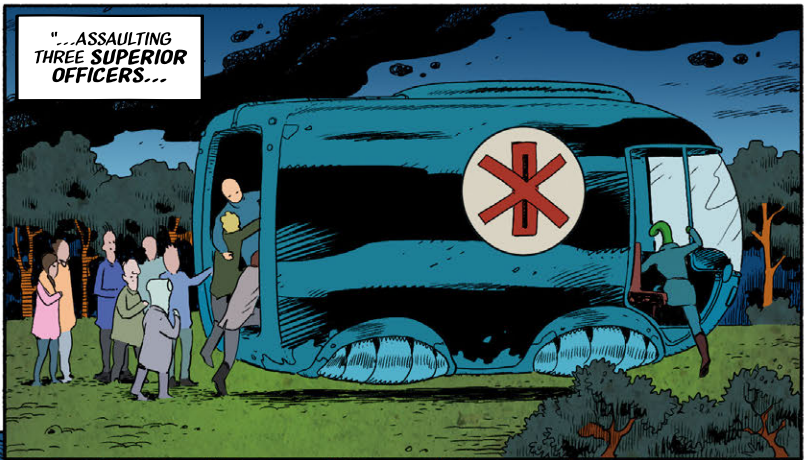
NEED
SOME HELP
HERE!



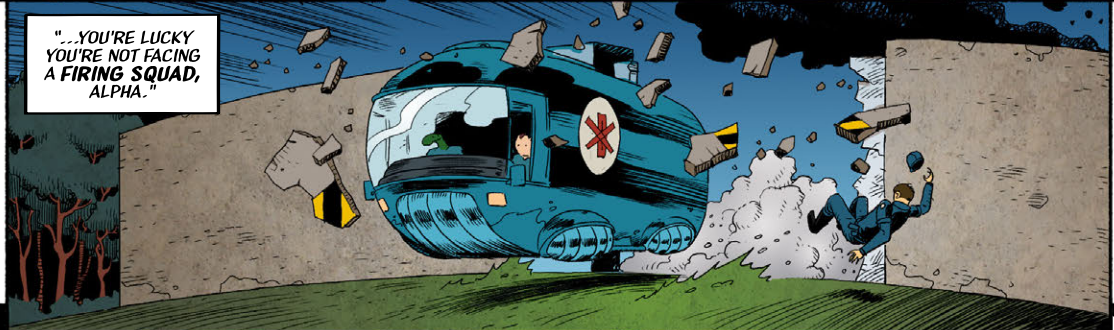
HEAD FOR THE
TRUCK--
THAT'S OUR
ONLY WAY
OUT!



"DISOBEYING A DIRECT ORDER..."



"...ASSAULTING THREE SUPERIOR OFFICERS..."

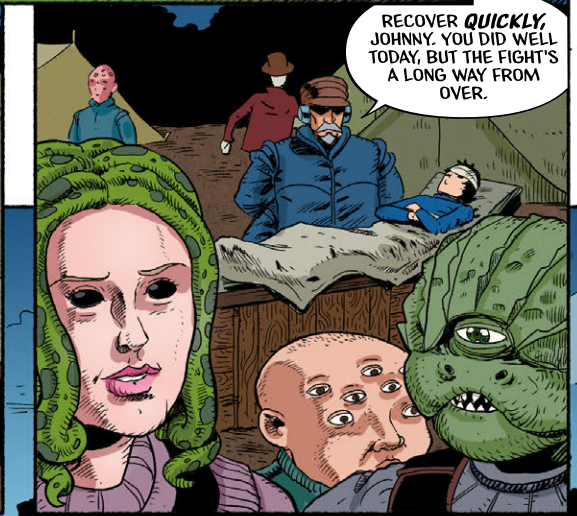


"...YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE NOT FACING A FIRING SQUAD, ALPHA."



BUT YOU'VE GIVEN US A DOZEN NEW RECRUITS, AND DONE THE KREELERS SOME SERIOUS DAMAGE.

SO WE'RE GONNA LET IT SLIDE... THIS TIME.



RECOVER QUICKLY, JOHNNY. YOU DID WELL TODAY, BUT THE FIGHT'S A LONG WAY FROM OVER.

"GENERAL CONDA HAS ASKED TO BORROW YOU FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND SO HAVE CAPTAIN BOYLE AND CAPTAIN FINX.

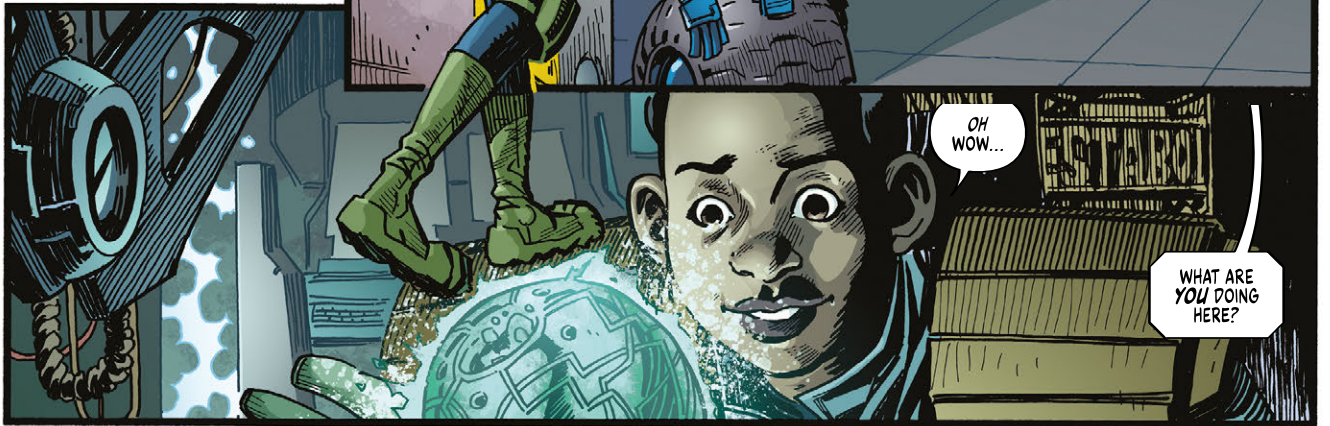


"AND THERE'S A DIVISION UP NORTH THAT WANTS YOU TO HELP TRAIN THEIR YOUNGER RECRUITS, AND ONE IN WALES..."



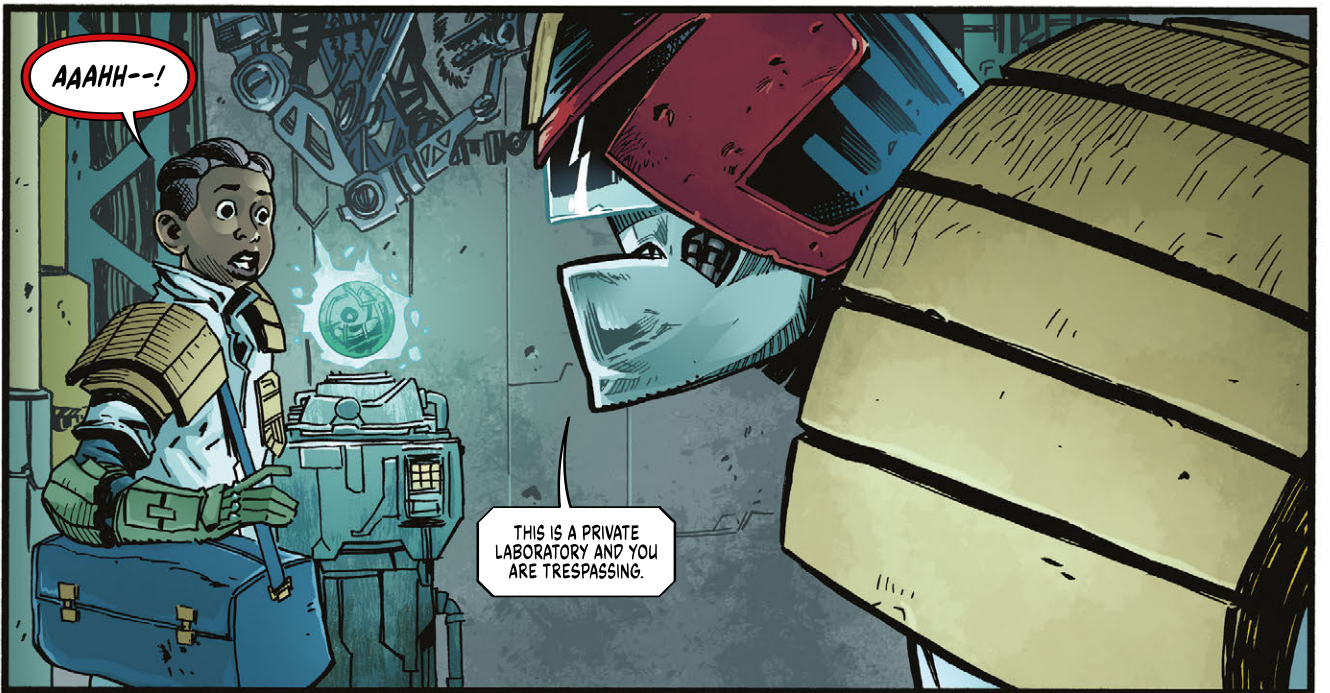
HELLO?
ANYBODY
HOME?

DEPARTMENT K



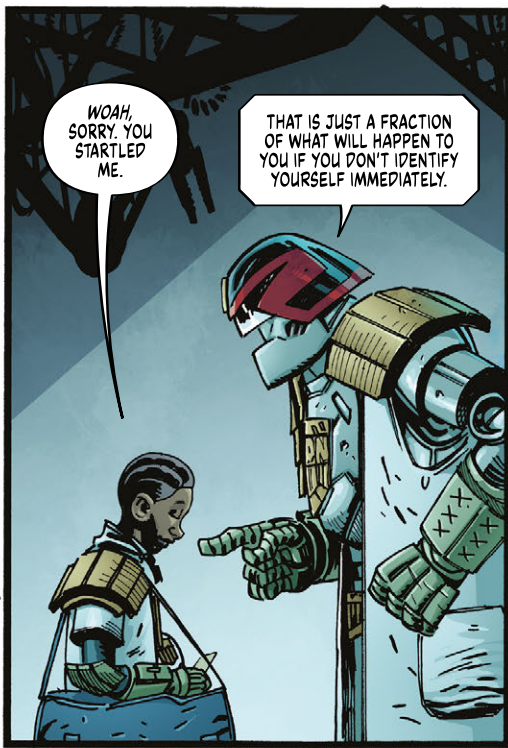
OH
WOW...

WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING
HERE?



AAAHH--!

THIS IS A PRIVATE
LABORATORY AND YOU
ARE TRESPASSING.



WOAH, SORRY, YOU STARTLED ME.

THAT IS JUST A FRACTION OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU IF YOU DON'T IDENTIFY YOURSELF IMMEDIATELY.

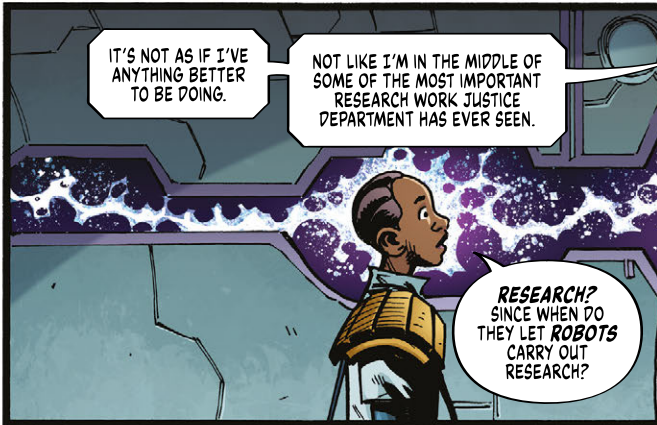


NAME'S AFUA. I'M THE NEW INTERN.



HMM. KIRBY SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE TO MEET YOU BUT, AS USUAL, SHE'S LATE.

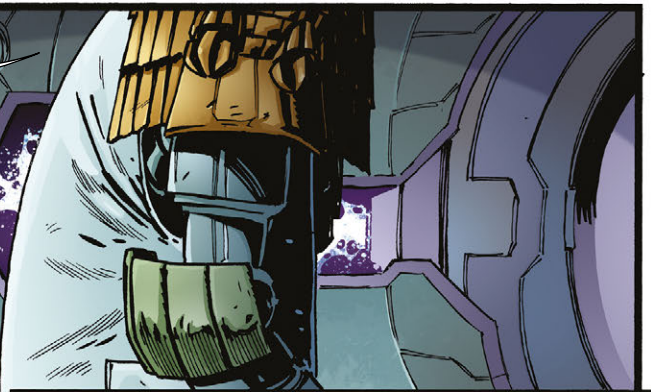
I GUESS THAT MEANS I'D BETTER SHOW YOU AROUND.



IT'S NOT AS IF I'VE ANYTHING BETTER TO BE DOING.

NOT LIKE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT RESEARCH WORK JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS EVER SEEN.

RESEARCH? SINCE WHEN DO THEY LET ROBOTS CARRY OUT RESEARCH?



FIRSTLY, I AM NOT A ROBOT. SECONDLY--

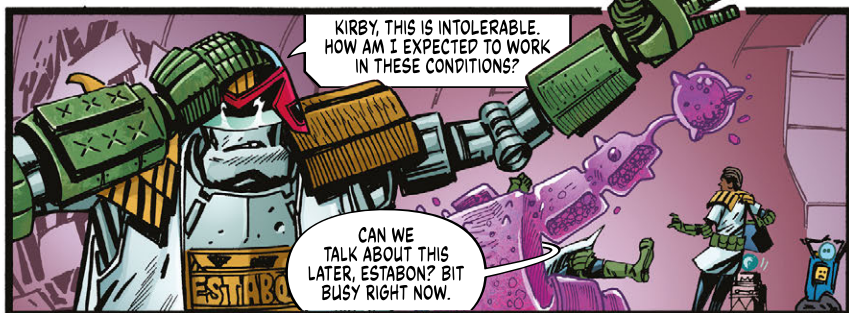


W-WHAT'S THAT?

UGH.

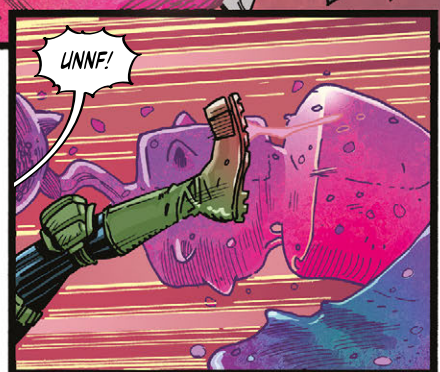


GET BACK IN YOUR CAGE, CREEP!



KIRBY, THIS IS INTOLERABLE. HOW AM I EXPECTED TO WORK IN THESE CONDITIONS?

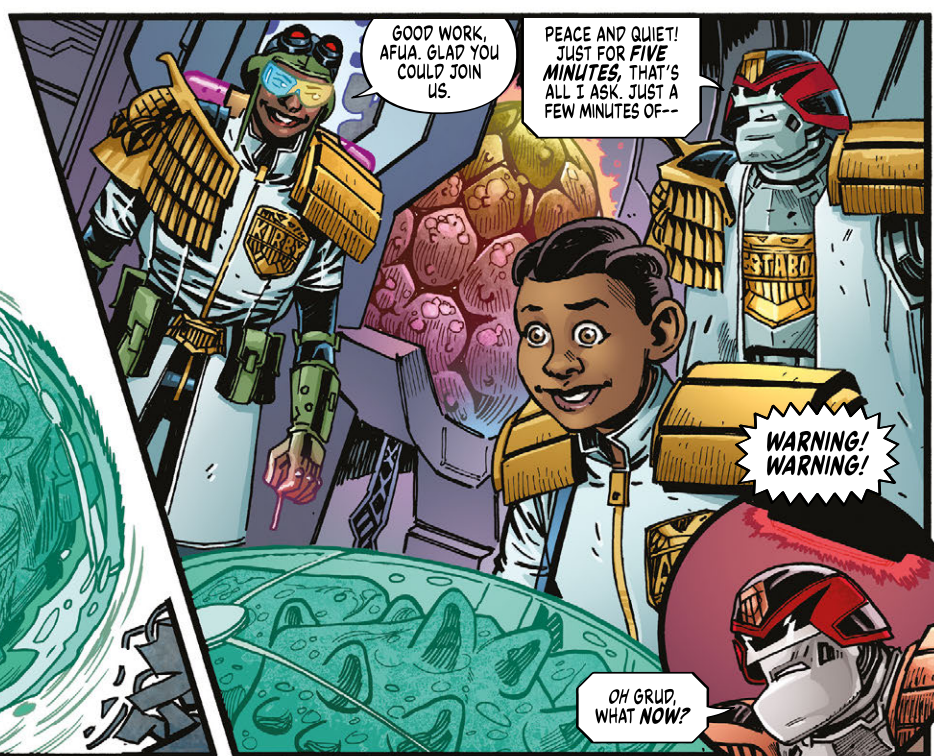
CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS LATER, ESTABON? BIT BUSY RIGHT NOW.



UNNF!



GOT YA!



GOOD WORK, AFUA. GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US.

PEACE AND QUIET! JUST FOR FIVE MINUTES, THAT'S ALL I ASK. JUST A FEW MINUTES OF--

WARNING! WARNING!

OH GRUD, WHAT NOW?

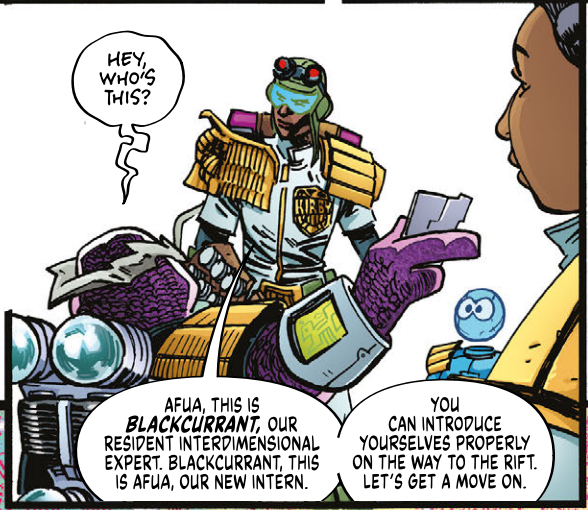


LOOK ALIVE, PEOPLE! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER X-12!



WHAT'S AN X-12?

IT MEANS AN INTERDIMENSIONAL RIFT HAS OPENED SOMEWHERE IN THE MULTIVERSE.



HEY, WHO'S THIS?

AFUA, THIS IS BLACKCURRANT, OUR RESIDENT INTERDIMENSIONAL EXPERT. BLACKCURRANT, THIS IS AFUA, OUR NEW INTERN.

YOU CAN INTRODUCE YOURSELVES PROPERLY ON THE WAY TO THE RIFT. LET'S GET A MOVE ON.



YOU SURE IT'S OKAY FOR HER TO COME?

HOW ELSE IS SHE GOING TO LEARN?

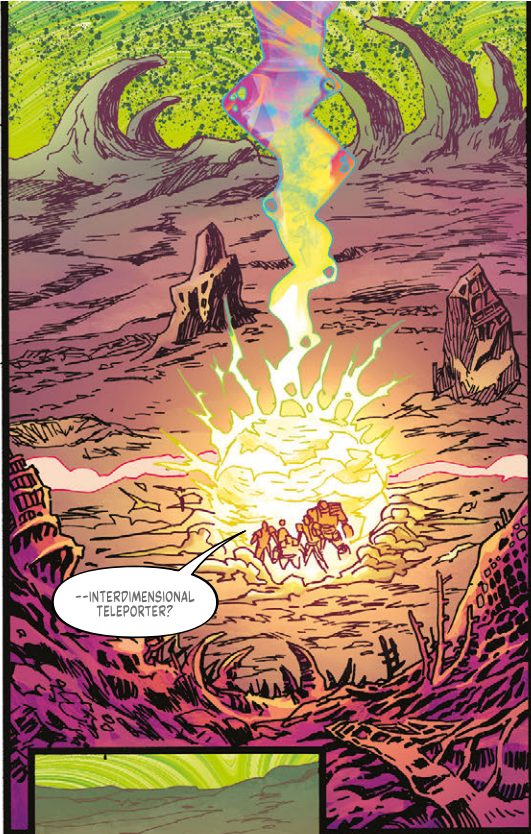


WHAT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST ONE?

THAT WAS ONE TIME. NOW LET'S GO.



OH WOW, IS THAT AN--



--INTERDIMENSIONAL TELEPORTER?

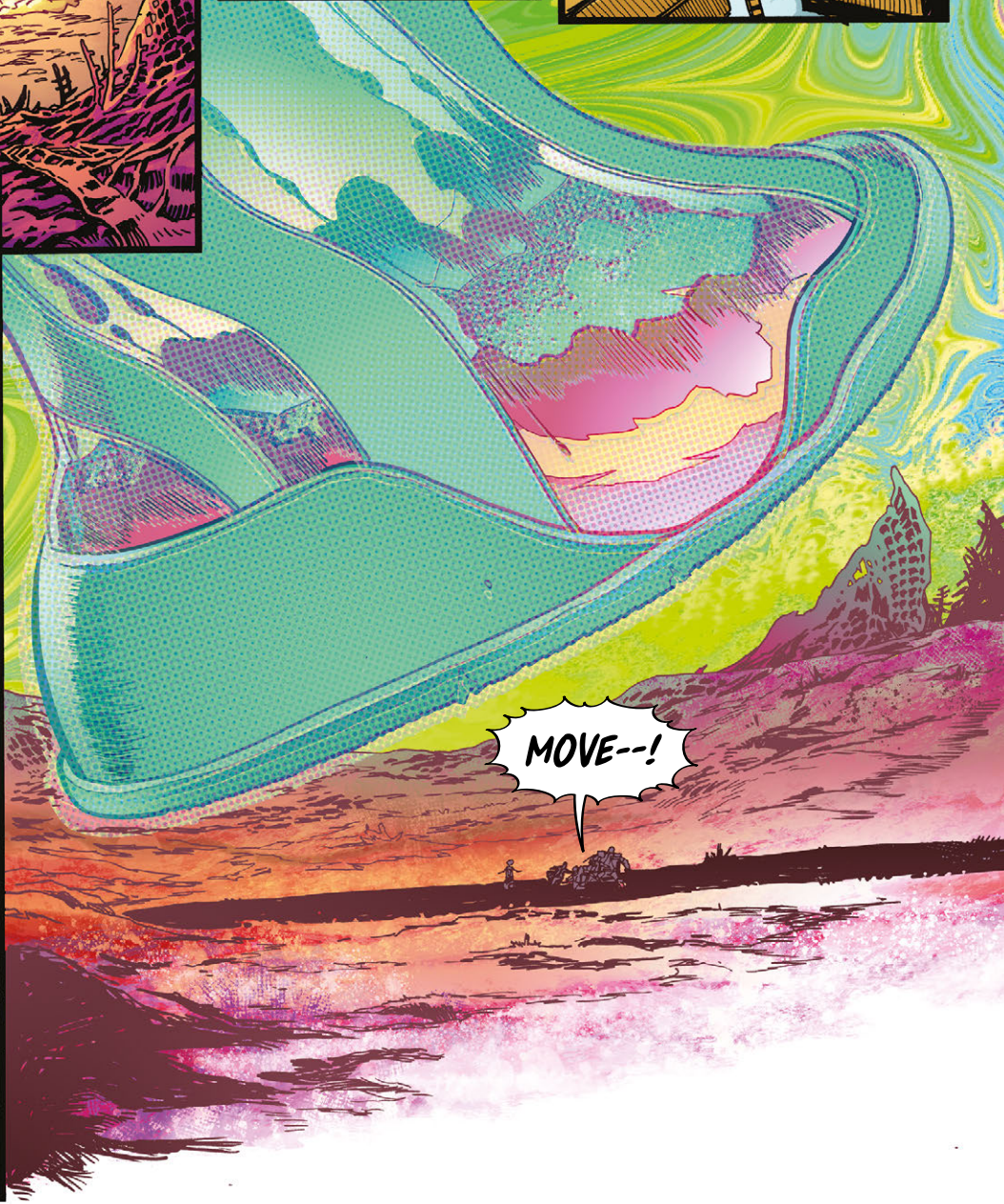


YEAH, BUT THE STUPID THING ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE OFF BY A FEW MILES. WE WERE MEANT TO MATERIALISE NEXT TO THE RIFT.

ANYWAY, WELCOME TO EARTH H3-AA. OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT, ANYWAY.



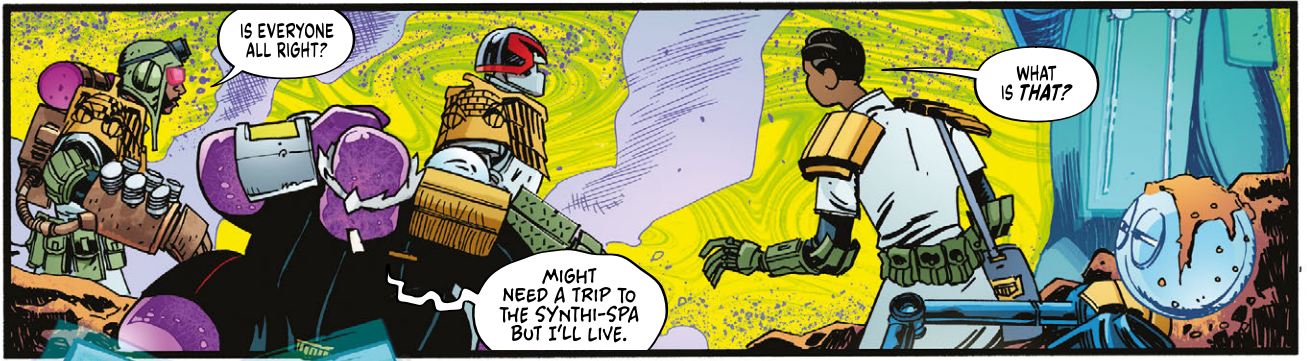
DROKK... WHAT COULD'VE DONE ALL OF THIS?



MOVE--!



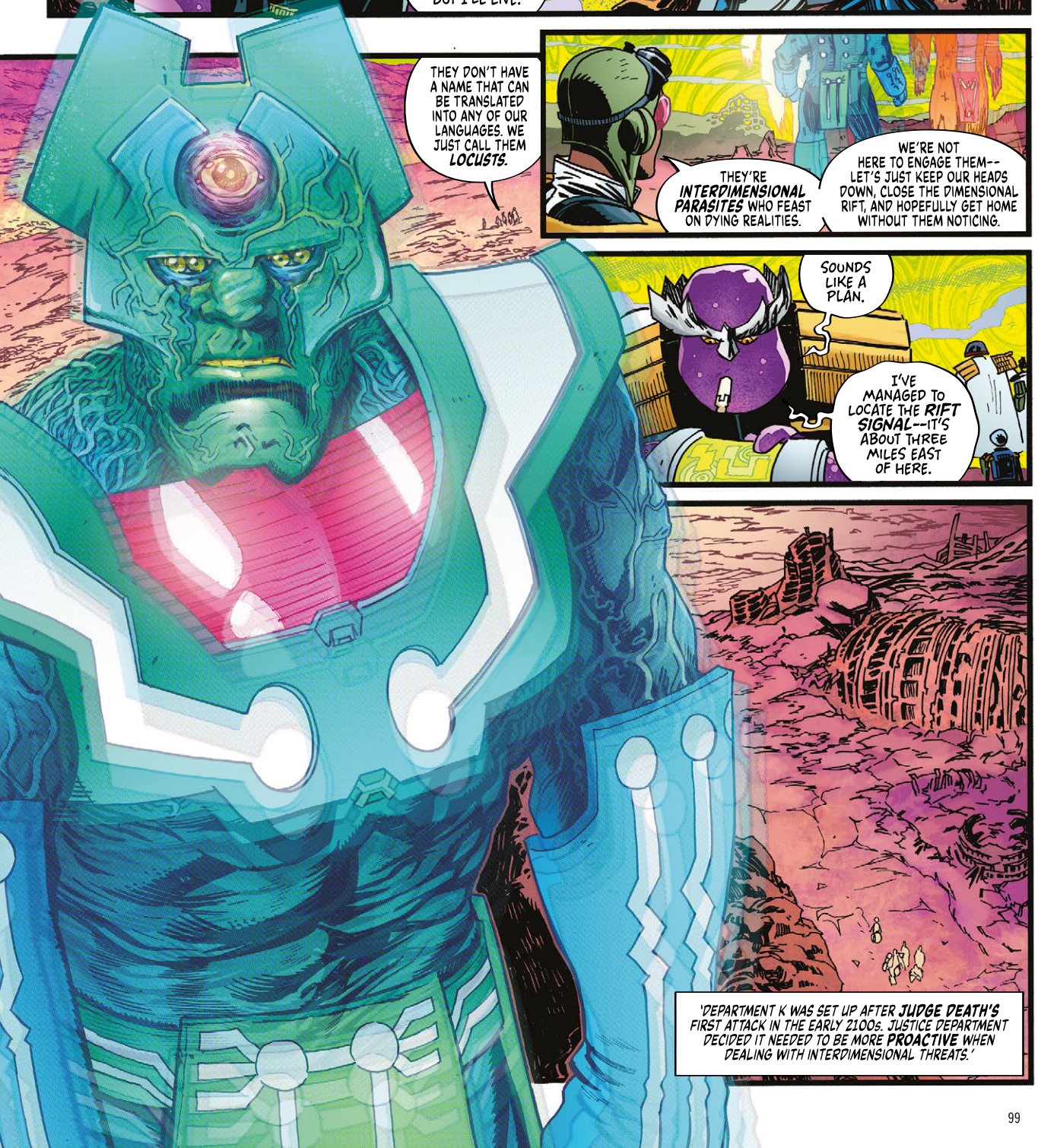
UM...



IS EVERYONE ALL RIGHT?

MIGHT NEED A TRIP TO THE SYNTHI-SPA BUT I'LL LIVE.

WHAT IS THAT?

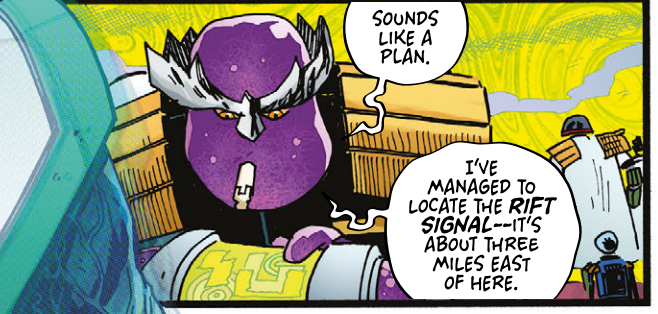


THEY DON'T HAVE A NAME THAT CAN BE TRANSLATED INTO ANY OF OUR LANGUAGES. WE JUST CALL THEM **LOCUSTS**.



THEY'RE **INTERDIMENSIONAL PARASITES** WHO FEAST ON DYING REALITIES.

WE'RE NOT HERE TO ENGAGE THEM-- LET'S JUST KEEP OUR HEADS DOWN, CLOSE THE DIMENSIONAL RIFT, AND HOPEFULLY GET HOME WITHOUT THEM NOTICING.



SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.

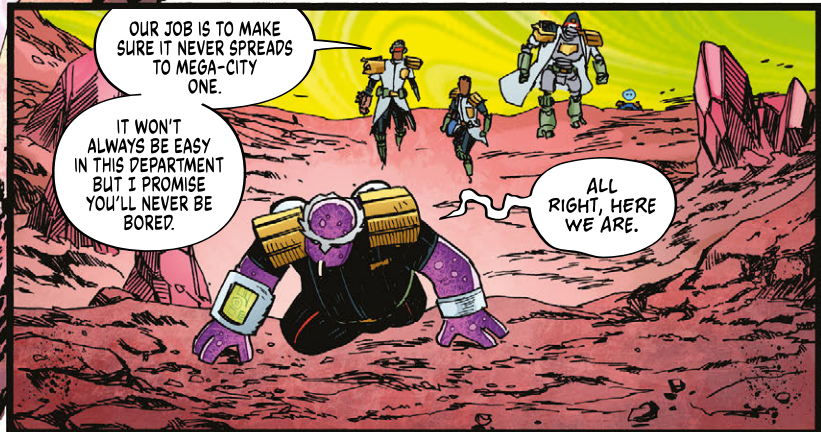
I'VE MANAGED TO LOCATE THE RIFT SIGNAL--IT'S ABOUT THREE MILES EAST OF HERE.

'DEPARTMENT K WAS SET UP AFTER JUDGE DEATH'S FIRST ATTACK IN THE EARLY 2100S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT DECIDED IT NEEDED TO BE MORE PROACTIVE WHEN DEALING WITH INTERDIMENSIONAL THREATS.'



AND THERE ARE A LOT OF THEM, BELIEVE ME. IT'S RARE FOR US TO GO A WEEK WITHOUT SOME KIND OF INTERDIMENSIONAL INVASION.

HOWEVER, WE'VE RECENTLY NOTICED SOMETHING NEW. THERE'S A CONTAGION SPREADING ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE, POISONING MORE AND MORE UNIVERSES.



OUR JOB IS TO MAKE SURE IT NEVER SPREADS TO MEGA-CITY ONE.

IT WON'T ALWAYS BE EASY IN THIS DEPARTMENT BUT I PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER BE BORED.

ALL RIGHT, HERE WE ARE.



WOAH.

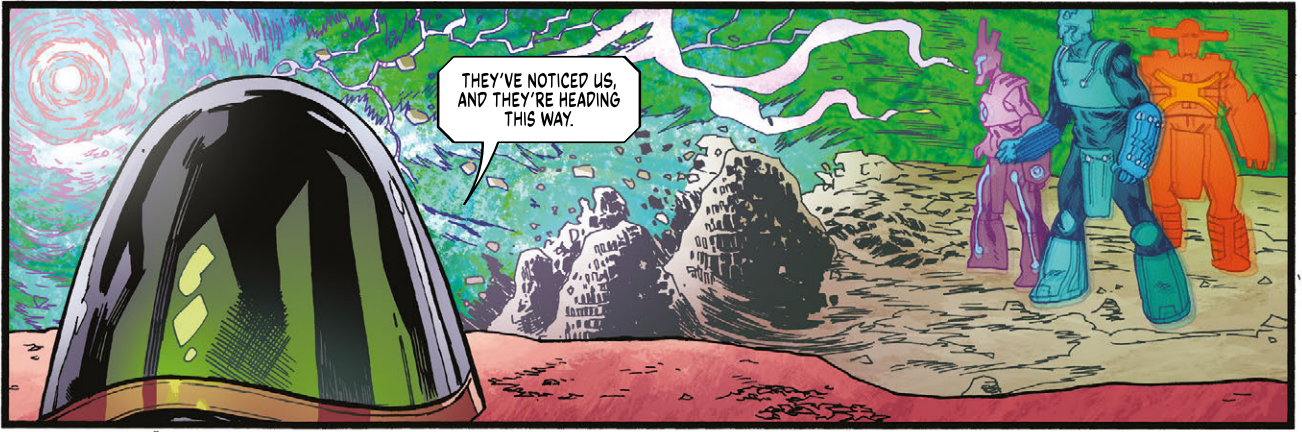


GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS PARTROPIC DECELERATOR, AFUA.

WE CAN SEAL THE RIFT WITH A BOMBARDMENT OF TR-I-ON WAVES. SHOULDN'T TAKE A MOMENT AND THEN WE CAN HEAD HOME.



OH TERRIFIC.



THEY'VE NOTICED US,
AND THEY'RE HEADING
THIS WAY.



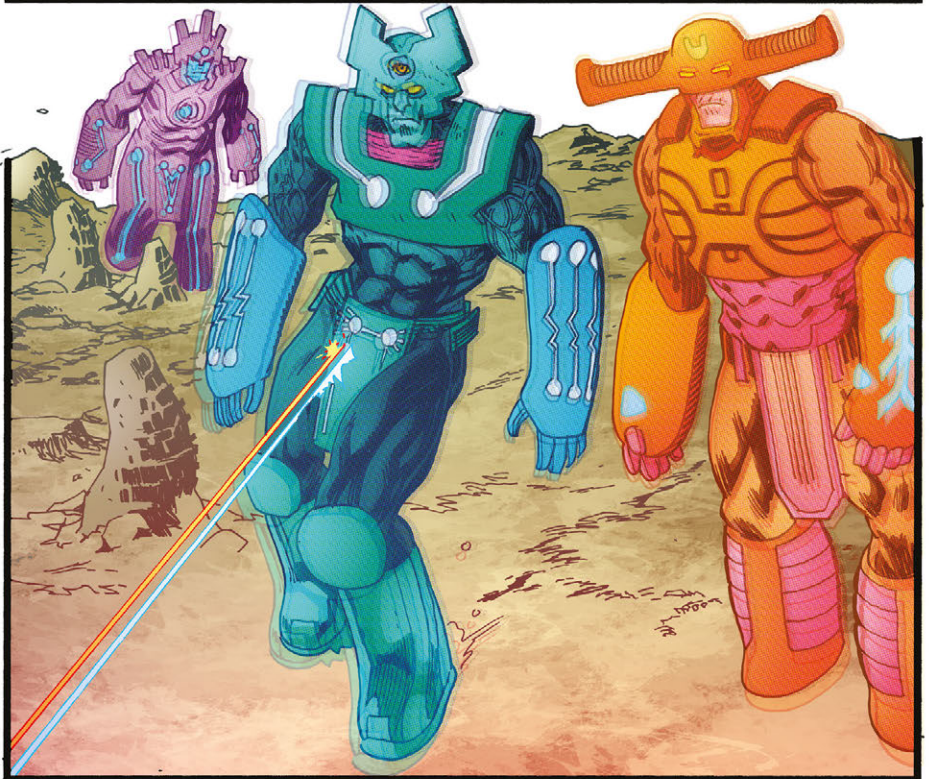
THEN
LET'S GET
A MOVE
ON.

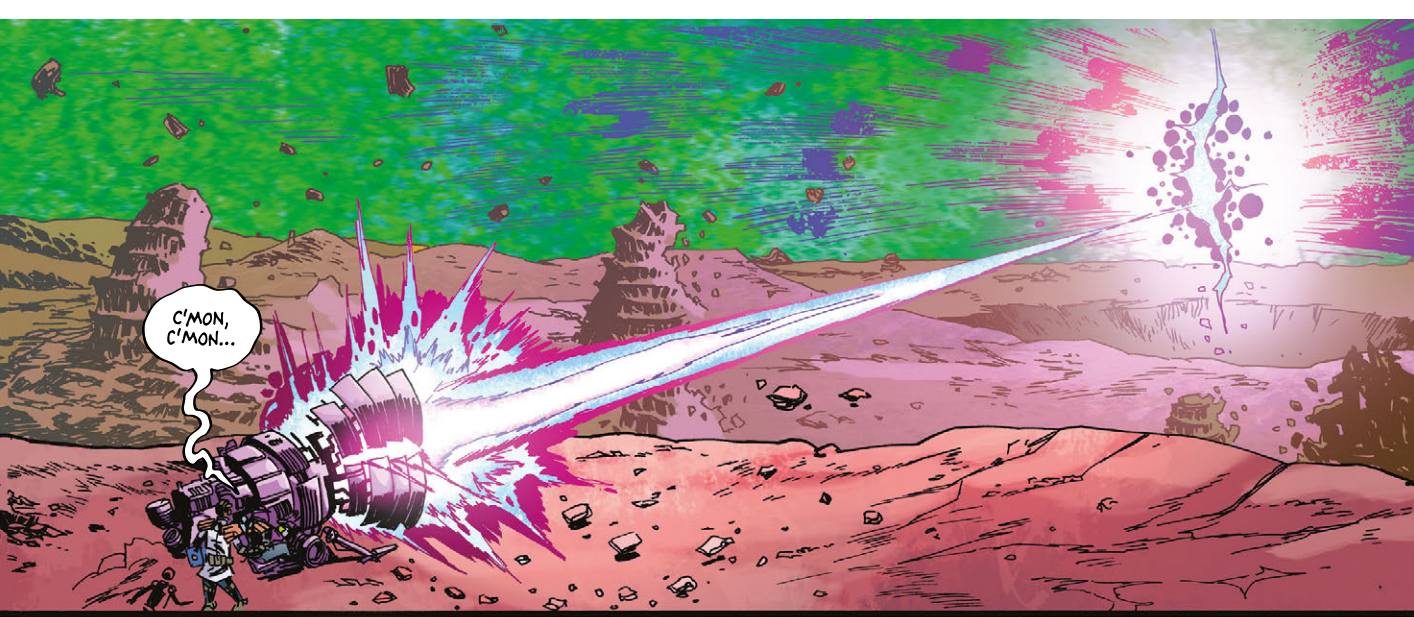
WE'LL
KEEP THEM
BUSY, YOU GET
TO WORK
SEALING UP
THAT RIFT.



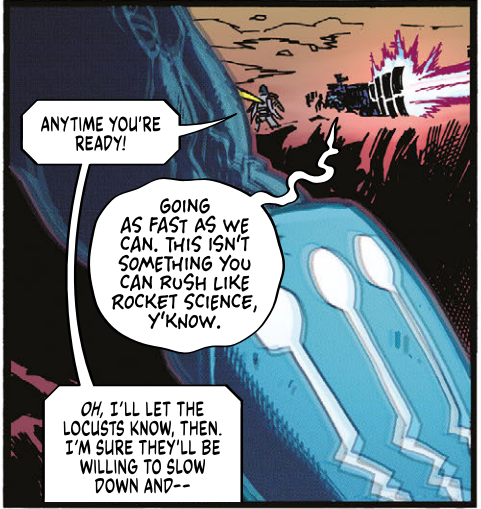
HOW ARE THEY GOING
TO FIGHT THOSE
THINGS?

OH, DON'T
WORRY. THEY'VE
GOT A FEW TRICKS UP
THEIR SLEEVES.





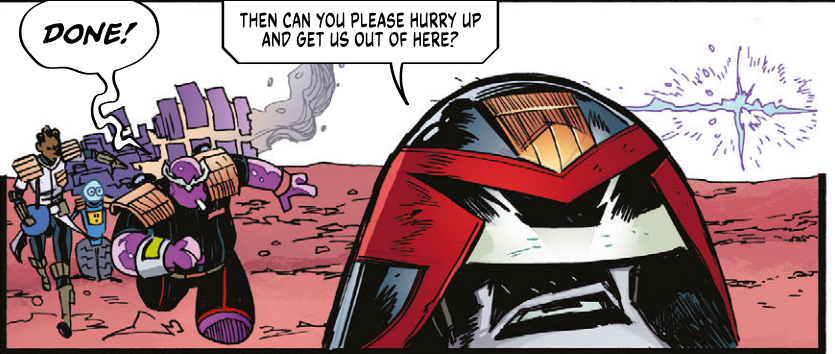
C'MON,
C'MON...



ANYTIME YOU'RE
READY!

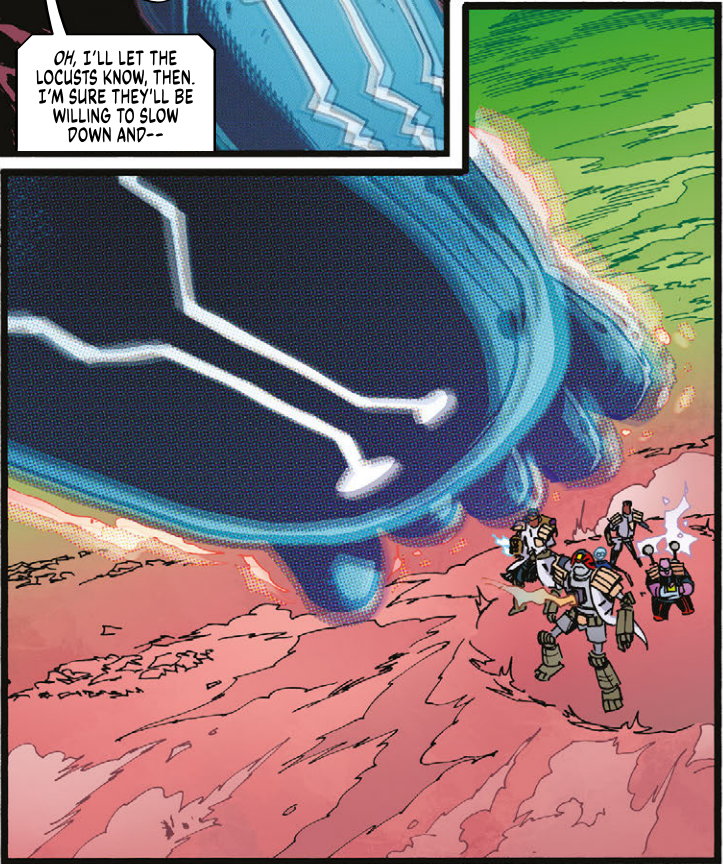
GOING
AS FAST AS WE
CAN. THIS ISN'T
SOMETHING YOU
CAN RUSH LIKE
ROCKET SCIENCE,
Y'KNOW.

OH, I'LL LET THE
LOCUSTS KNOW, THEN.
I'M SURE THEY'LL BE
WILLING TO SLOW
DOWN AND--



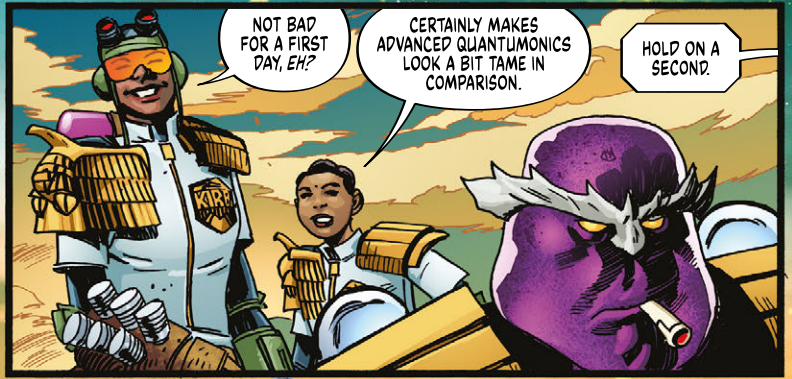
DONE!

THEN CAN YOU PLEASE HURRY UP
AND GET US OUT OF HERE?





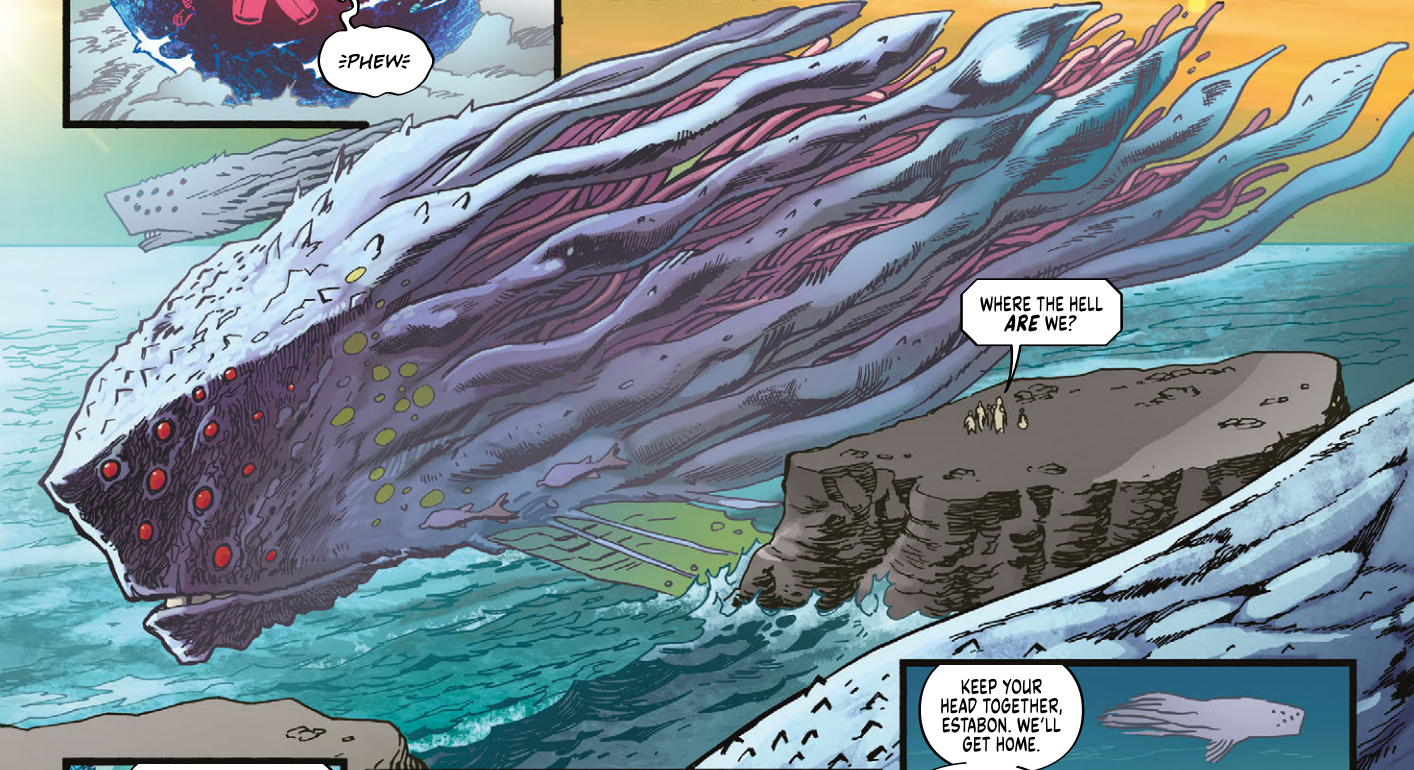
PHWE



NOT BAD FOR A FIRST DAY, EH?

CERTAINLY MAKES ADVANCED QUANTUMONICS LOOK A BIT TAME IN COMPARISON.

HOLD ON A SECOND.



WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?



AW HELL. THE TELEPORTER MUST'VE BEEN DAMAGED BY THE RIFT ENERGY.



BUT WE CAN FIX IT, RIGHT?

I...I DON'T KNOW, I'M STILL TRYING TO GET A READING ON WHAT REALITY WE'RE IN.

WELL, THAT'S JUST GREAT!



KEEP YOUR HEAD TOGETHER, ESTABON. WE'LL GET HOME.

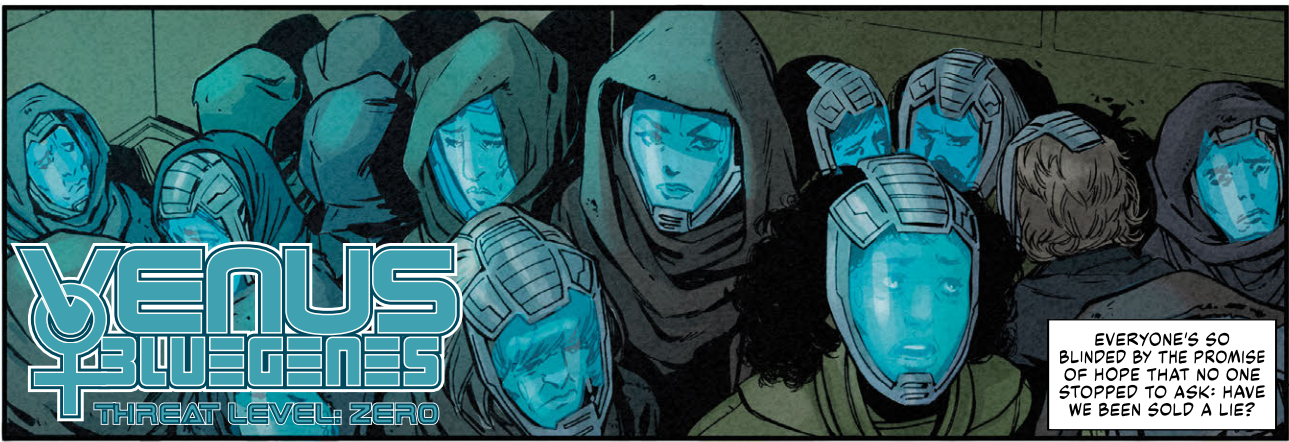
IT MIGHT JUST TAKE US A LITTLE LONGER THAN WE'D ORIGINALLY PLANNED...



THE END

NU EARTH,
WHERE THE AIR'S
POISONED AND
THE GROUND'S A
BATTLEFIELD.

IS IT REALLY ANY
WONDER PEOPLE
WOULD GIVE JUST
ABOUT **ANYTHING**
TO ESCAPE THIS
ROCK?

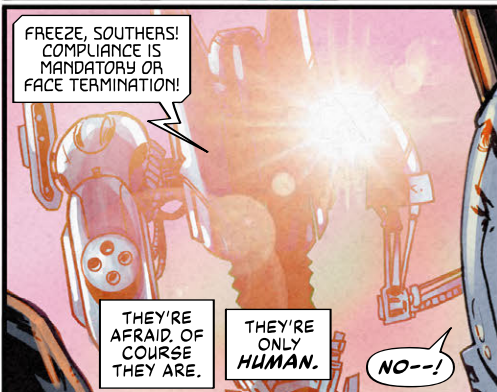


VENUS

♀ BLUE GENES

THREAT LEVEL: ZERO

EVERYONE'S SO
BLINDED BY THE PROMISE
OF HOPE THAT NO ONE
STOPPED TO ASK: HAVE
WE BEEN SOLD A LIE?

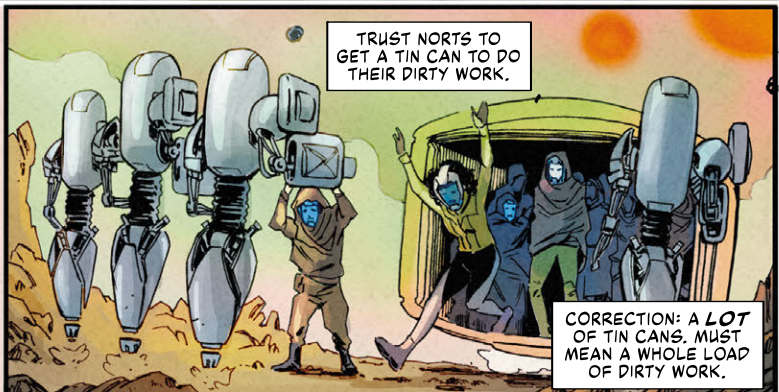


FREEZE, SOUTHERS!
COMPLIANCE IS
MANDATORY OR
FACE TERMINATION!

THEY'RE
AFRAID. OF
COURSE
THEY ARE.

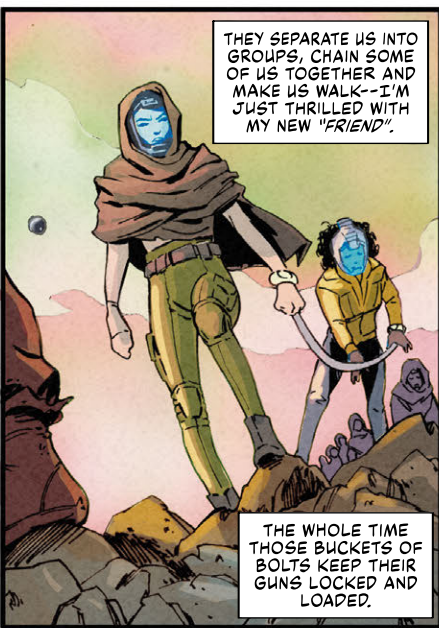
THEY'RE
ONLY
HUMAN.

NO--!



TRUST NORTS TO
GET A TIN CAN TO DO
THEIR DIRTY WORK.

CORRECTION: A LOT
OF TIN CANS. MUST
MEAN A WHOLE LOAD
OF DIRTY WORK.



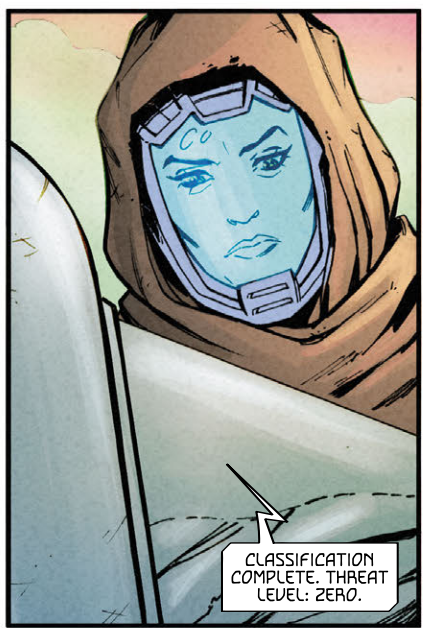
THEY SEPARATE US INTO
GROUPS, CHAIN SOME
OF US TOGETHER AND
MAKE US WALK--I'M
JUST THRILLED WITH
MY NEW "FRIEND".

THE WHOLE TIME
THOSE BUCKETS OF
BOLTS KEEP THEIR
GUNS LOCKED AND
LOADED.



ALL OF THIS FOR
A FEW FRIGHTENED
REFUGEES?
WHATEVER'S IN
HERE IS BIG.

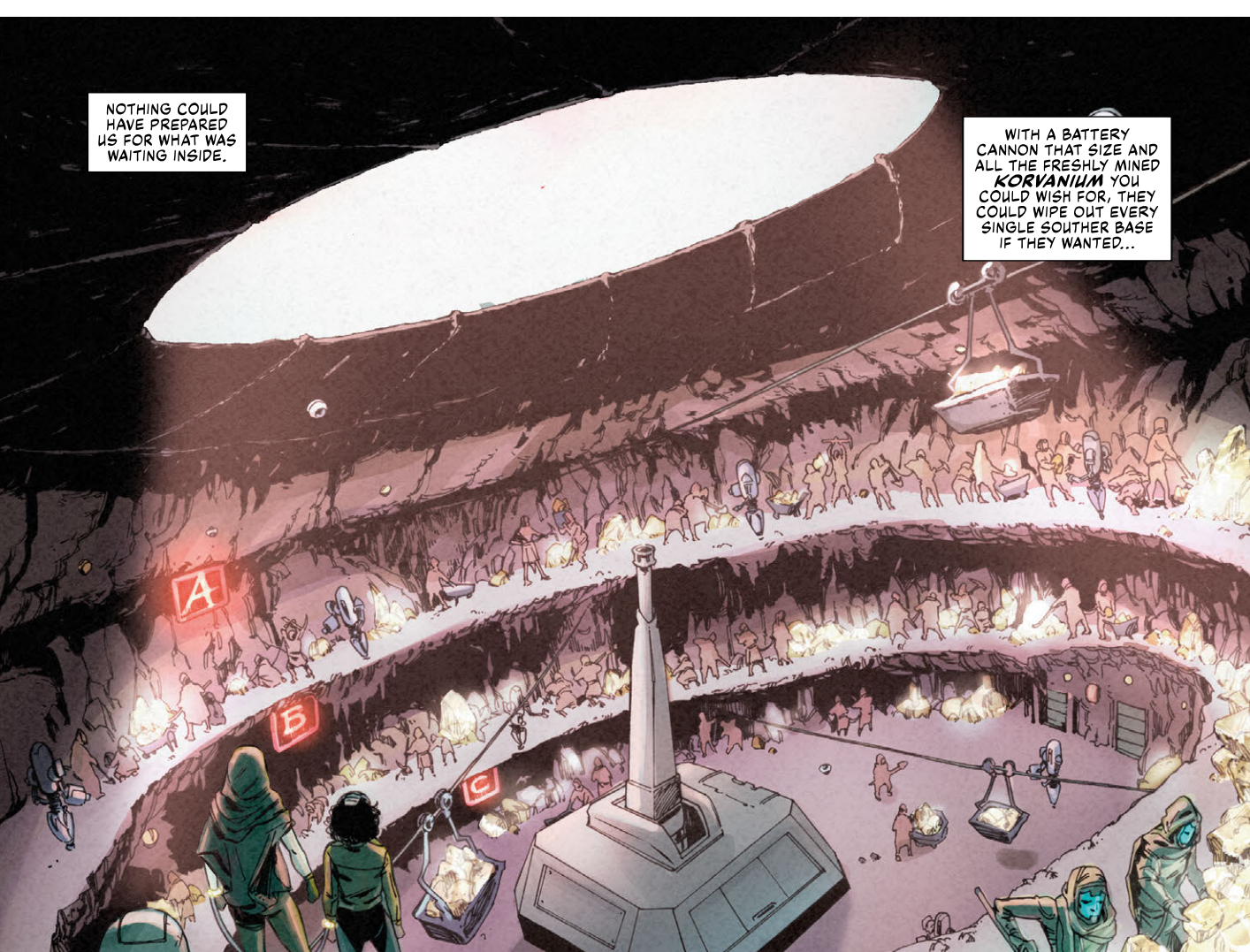
DETERMINING
CLASSIFICATION...



CLASSIFICATION
COMPLETE. THREAT
LEVEL: ZERO.

NOTHING COULD HAVE PREPARED US FOR WHAT WAS WAITING INSIDE.

WITH A BATTERY CANNON THAT SIZE AND ALL THE FRESHLY MINED KORVANUM YOU COULD WISH FOR, THEY COULD WIPE OUT EVERY SINGLE SOUTHER BASE IF THEY WANTED...



PROCEED TO MINING POSITION C16. DEPOSIT ALL KORVANUM FOR IMMEDIATE WEAPONISATION.

...AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT THEY WANT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU HEARD THE MANNER, ROBOT.

MINER 192, ARE YOU UNABLE TO COMPLY WITH INSTRUCTIONS?

I...I COMPLY.

101 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR CONCENTRATION



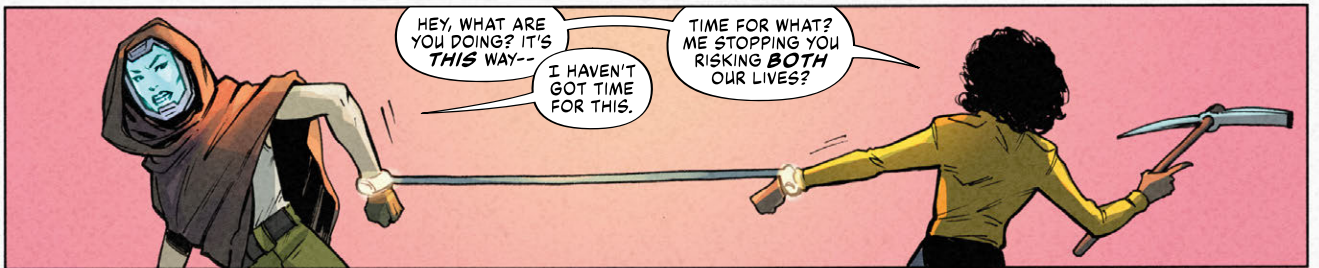
HOW ABOUT WE AVOID ANY MORE **UNWANTED** ATTENTION? WE DON'T EXACTLY KNOW HOW MANY WARNINGS THEY'RE PROGRAMMED FOR.

I'M **PEARL**. YOU ARE...?



...REALLY NOT VERY TALKATIVE.

LOOK, I GET THIS IS SCARY, I **REALLY** DO, BUT IF WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE--



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IT'S **THIS** WAY--

I HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THIS.

TIME FOR WHAT? ME STOPPING YOU RISKING **BOTH** OUR LIVES?



MOVE!

AAH--!

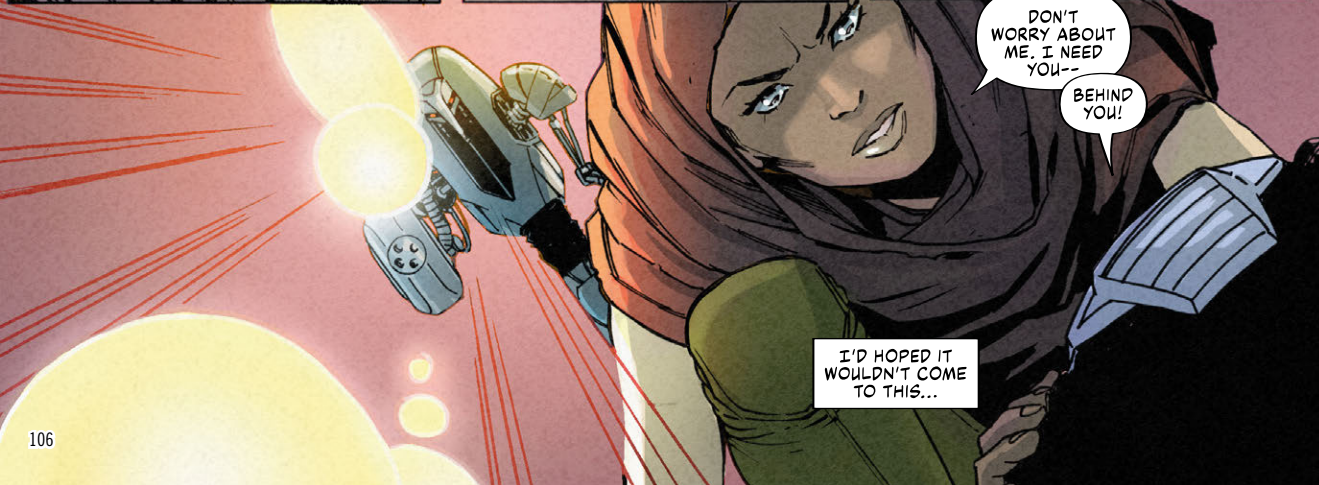


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? M-MY MASK'S CRACKED! I CAN'T... BREATHE...



TAKE MINE. QUICK. BEFORE YOU INHALE ANY MORE TOXINS.

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU CAN'T SURVIVE WITHOUT IT. **NO ONE** CAN.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, I NEED YOU--

BEHIND YOU!

I'D HOPED IT WOULDN'T COME TO THIS...

...FOR
THEIR SAKES,
NOT MINE.



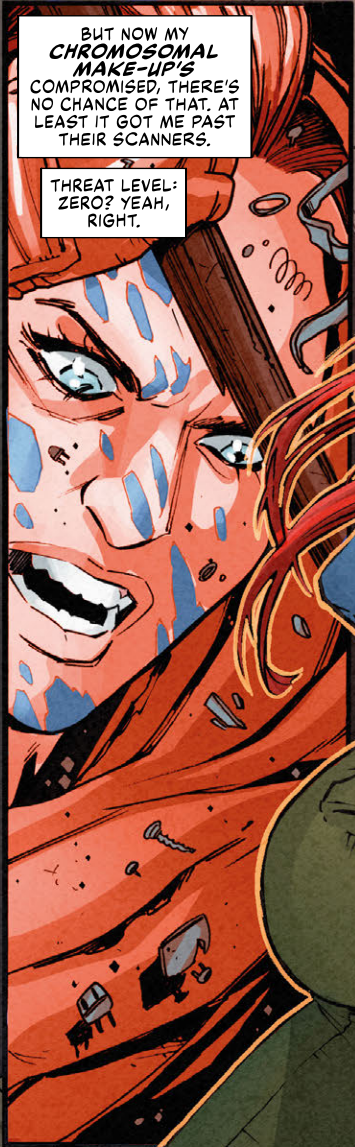
THEY MAY BE DEADLY
ROBOTS BUT THEY'RE
ONLY DOING WHAT THEY
WERE DESIGNED TO DO.
I CAN RELATE.

ALL I WANTED WAS
TO FIND OUT WHO
WAS KIDNAPPING
SOUTHERN REFUGEES
AND SET THEM FREE.
GET IN, GET OUT,
AVOID DETECTION.

BUT NOW MY
**CHROMOSOMAL
MAKE-UP'S**
COMPROMISED, THERE'S
NO CHANCE OF THAT. AT
LEAST IT GOT ME PAST
THEIR SCANNERS.

MIGHT AS WELL
DISPENSE WITH
THE DISGUISE.

THREAT LEVEL:
ZERO? YEAH,
RIGHT.



W-WHO
ARE YOU?

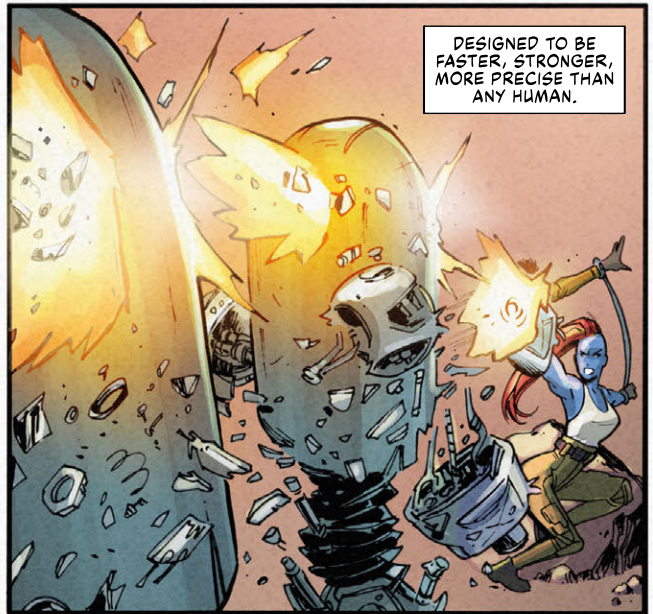
SHE'S
AFRAID, OF
COURSE
SHE IS.

SHE'S
ONLY
HUMAN.

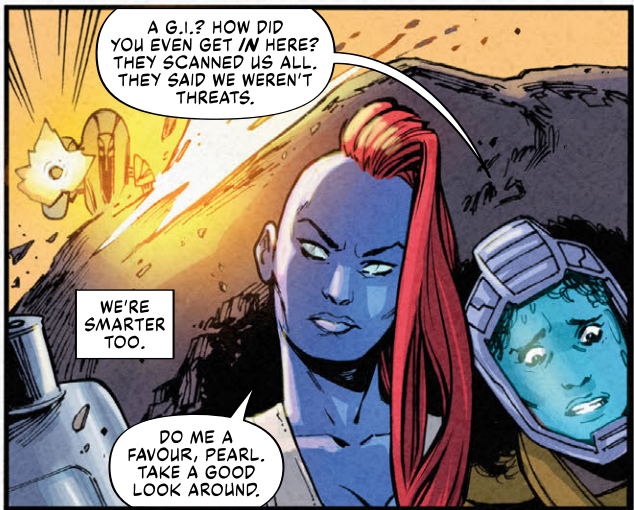


I GIVE HER THE ANSWER BUT IT'S HARD TO TELL IF SHE HEARS ME OVER HER OWN SCREAMS.

I'M **GENETIC INFANTRY**. A "G.I. DOLL", IF YOU WANT TO GET ALL CUTESY ABOUT IT. I DON'T.



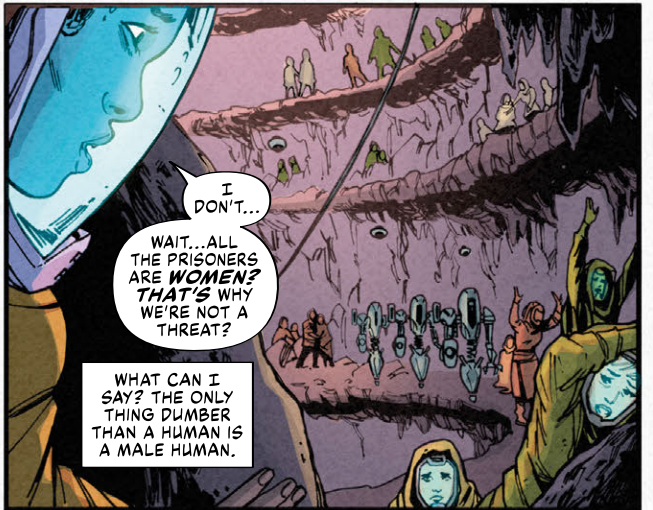
DESIGNED TO BE FASTER, STRONGER, MORE PRECISE THAN ANY HUMAN.



A G.I.? HOW DID YOU EVEN GET IN HERE? THEY SCANNED US ALL. THEY SAID WE WEREN'T THREATS.

WE'RE SMARTER TOO.

DO ME A FAVOUR, PEARL. TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND.



I DON'T...

WAIT... ALL THE PRISONERS ARE **WOMEN**? THAT'S WHY WE'RE NOT A THREAT?

WHAT CAN I SAY? THE ONLY THING DUMBER THAN A HUMAN IS A MALE HUMAN.



ARE YOU READY?

NO. I'M ANGRY.



CLOSE ENOUGH!



AAAAH--

THAT'S IT! DRAW THEIR FIRE TOWARDS US!



WINNE!



SO, VENUS... WHAT'S YOUR NEXT BRIGHT IDEA?

SAME AS THE LAST ONE...

I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN CHAINED TO ANYBODY ELSE?



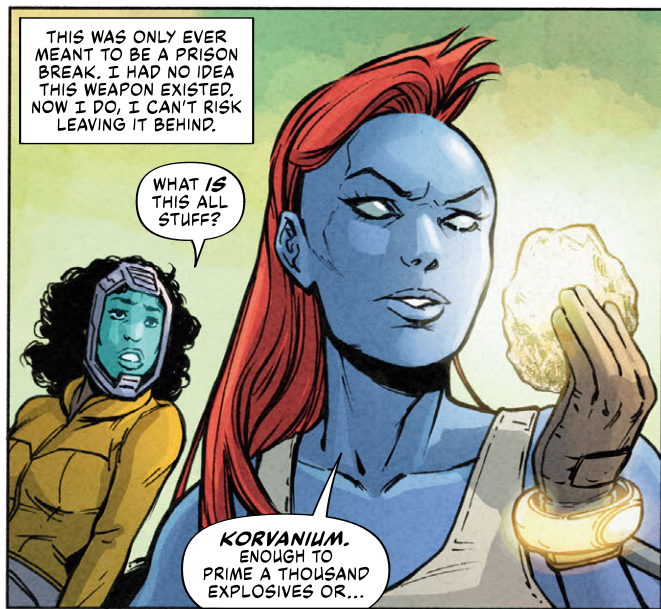
...SURVIVE.

YAAAAAH!



WILL YOU STOP DOING THAT!

AS MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO ADMIT, THE RAGDOLL'S RIGHT. I DO NEED A PLAN.



WHAT IS THIS ALL STUFF?

KORVANILUM. ENOUGH TO PRIME A THOUSAND EXPLOSIVES OR...



...ONE REALLY BIG ONE.



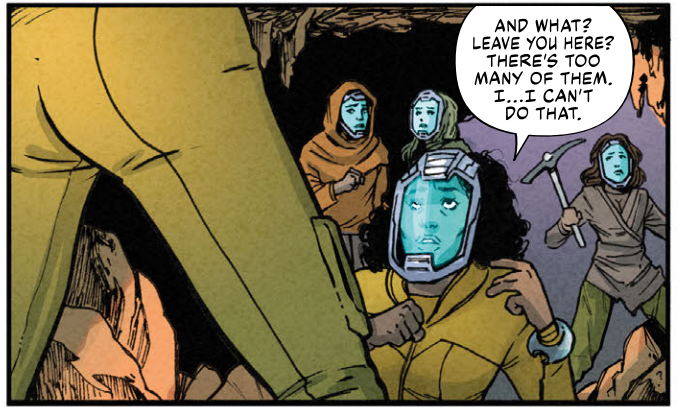
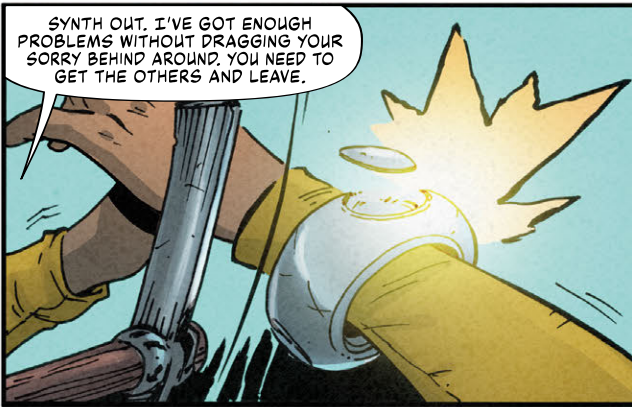
PLEASE, JUST LET ME GO! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THIS, I NEVER DID! WHY DO YOU THINK I WAS ON THAT WAGON IN THE FIRST PLACE?



YOU WANT OUT? YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE A CHOICE? FINE!



NO! WAIT--





THE CURSE OF SUPERIOR INTELLECT MEANS I FIGURE IT OUT BEFORE THEY DO.



I'M OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED. IT'S THE **ONLY** REASON I DON'T STAND A CHANCE.

LET ME ASK WHAT WE'RE ALL THINKING: WHO'S PULLING THE TRIGGER FIRST?



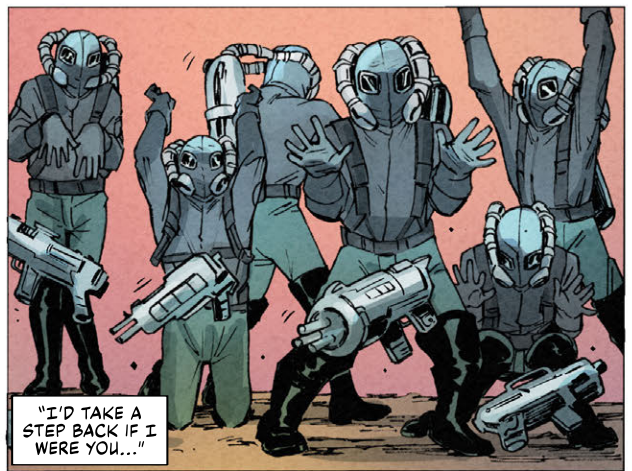
THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION...

BUT THEN AGAIN...

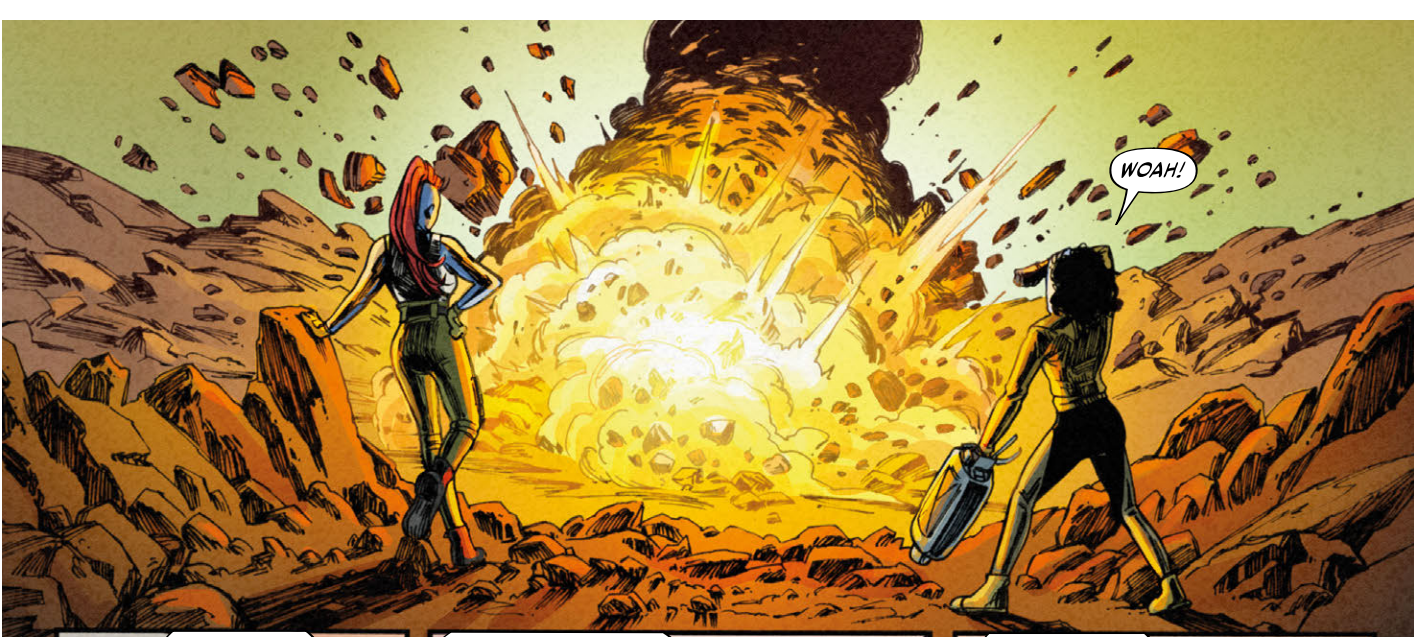


...AM I RIGHT, LADIES?

...MAYBE HUMANS AREN'T ALL BAD.



"I'D TAKE A STEP BACK IF I WERE YOU..."



WOAH!

YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE WITH EXPLOSIONS, THEN?

I'VE SURVIVED MY FAIR SHARE.

I KNOW THEY TELL STORIES ABOUT ME, ABOUT THE THINGS I DID ON CALIBAN ISLAND... BUT SHE DOESN'T PUSH ME ON IT.

I'M NOT THAT PERSON ANYMORE.

LOOK, NOW WE KNOW THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN, WE FIGURE MAYBE WE SHOULD FIGHT INSTEAD. ONLY, WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO LEARN.

I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU COULD BE THE ONE TO TEACH US?

BUT I'M NOT WHAT SHE WANTS ME TO BE, EITHER.

THERE IS A LOT I CAN SAY ABOUT HUMANS... BUT YOU?

YOU'RE NOT AS TERRIBLE AS YOU FIRST APPEAR.

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A NO, YOU KNOW YOU'RE MORE THAN WHAT THEY MADE YOU, RIGHT?

OF COURSE I DO, I'M SMARTER THAN HER, AFTER ALL. AND YET, I DECIDE IT'S BEST NOT TO REMIND HER.

I'M DONE WITH ONLY BEING A MACHINE OF WAR. I WANT TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE. THEN, ONE DAY, WHEN PEOPLE LIKE YOU NEED TO ESCAPE...



"...THEY MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE SOMEWHERE TO GO."

Snazz, obviously

HONESTLY, EDWIN, IT'S BEEN AGES!

WHAT'S THE POINT IN BEING THE SMARTEST BEING IN THE UNIVERSE--
--IF NOBODY'S PAYING ATTENTION?

ABELARD SNAZZ

THE ONLY WAY IS UP

I DON'T KNOW, SIR--

--BUT DESPITE THE EXTREME TRAUMA THAT'S RESULTED EVERY SINGLE TIME ANYONE'S PAID YOU THAT ATTENTION, I BELIEVE I AM FINALLY ALLOWING MYSELF TO--

HELP US, ABELARD SNAZZ!

OH DEAR.

I'M GOING TO START TO SING, JUST TO WARN YOU, SIR. LOUDLY.



NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO ATTEMPT TO ENTERTAIN ME WITH ANY OF THE MANY FORMS OF POPULAR CULTURE IN WHICH I HAVE ZERO INTEREST.

TLDR: SILENCE!

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!

THAT'S THE SORT OF HOPE I MOST ENJOY BEING! EDWIN, CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING DOWN THERE?



NO, SIR. EVEN WITH MICROSCOPIC VISION--

WE HAVE A LOCK!

AND YET WE CAN HEAR--

ACTIVATE!



--THEMMMMMMMMMM!

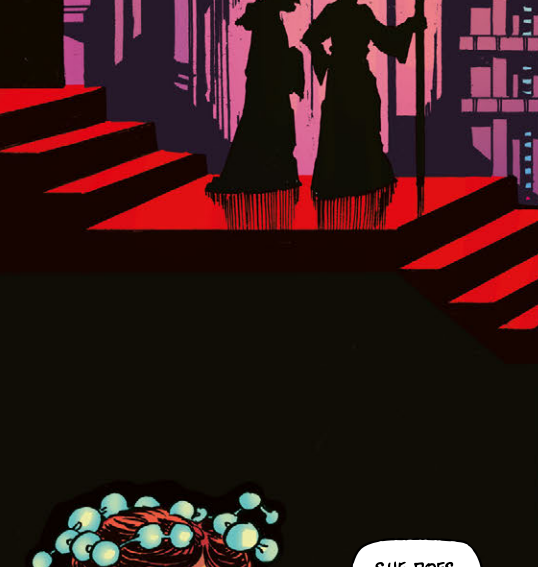
AAAAHHHHHHH!



THEY APPROACH, EMPRESS!

THEY ARE, ERM, STILL PRETTY HUGE.

BUT SHRINKING! THANK GOODNESS THERE'S NO AIR OUT THERE THROUGH WHICH TO HEAR THEIR ENORMOUS SCREAMING.



WELCOME, ABELARD SNAZZ! WELCOME TO ATOMICA!

YOU STAND IN THE MAJESTIC PRESENCE OF SHE HERSELF, THE EMPRESS OF THE ATOM!

OH GOSH, SHIRLEY, MUST YOU?



SHE DOES TRY TO BIG ME UP.

I SUPPOSE ONE WOULD.

ERR, LESS OF THAT, THANKS ANWFULLY.

A SUB-ATOMIC REALM? I... I HAVE QUESTIONS!

I MEAN, WHAT ARE WE BREATHING? AND THESE DAYS ISN'T THIS ALL MEANT TO BE A BIT LESS SOLID AND A BIT MORE... QUANTUM?

YOU KNOW, PARTICLES THAT ARE ONLY THERE IF YOU BELIEVE IN THEM, AND ALL THAT?





SORRY.

NO, NO. HE'S NEW.

WE'RE BREATHING SMALLER AIR.

AND OUR REALITY IS INDEED A MATTER OF BELIEF--



--WHICH IS WHY WE NEED ALL THE POSTERS.



HEY, I BELIEVE IN YOU!

YOU TOO! YOU'RE DEFINITELY THERE!



SO YOU NEED MY HELP, WHICH PUTS YOU IN THE GROUP KNOWN AS 'EVERYONE'.

TELL ME FACTS! TELL ME DATA! TELL ME HOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY ME!

SMALL CHANGE!

OH, SUCH LARKS! I'VE BEEN WAITING MY ENTIRE REIGN TO SAY THAT!

WAS IT WORTH IT?*

SHUT IT, YOU. YOU MAY HAVE GOT THIS IN TESCO'S, BUT IT'S NOT THE BEANO.

*READER'S VOICE.



ATOMICA, MY UNITED EMPIRE OF GAZILLIONS OF ATOMS, IS COLLECTIVELY FED UP, MR SNAZZ.

WE'RE TIRED OF BEING AT THE BECK AND CALL OF THE BIGGER UNIVERSE.

THEY SPLIT OUR WORLDS ON A REGULAR BASIS! THEY SHOVE US TOGETHER TO MAKE... STUFF!



WE'VE PERFECTED SHRINKING, BUT WE CAN'T FIND A WAY TO MAKE OUR ARMIES GROW.

ABELARD SNAZZ, TELL US HOW TO TAKE REVENGE AGAINST... BIGNESS!

HMM, I'M SEEING UN-CONVENTIONAL WARFARE!

I'M SEEING A TINY TRIUMPH--!

-I'M SEEING A
CAMPAIGN OF MOLECULAR
NON-COOPERATION!

ON MY
MARK:
PULL!

АННННННННН!

'PARTICLE ACCELERATORS
CAN'T SMASH ANYTHING!

'SO MUCH FOR
ATOMIC POWER!

YOU CAN'T FORCE
US TO FORM A
COMPOUND!

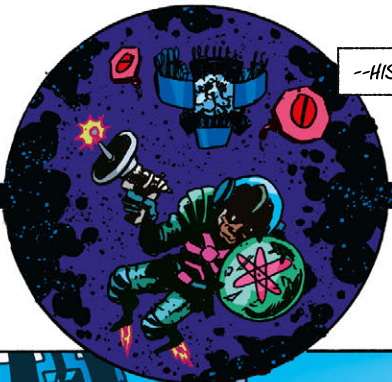
'AND SCHOOL CHEMISTRY
EXPERIMENTS WILL WORK
EVEN LESS OFTEN!'



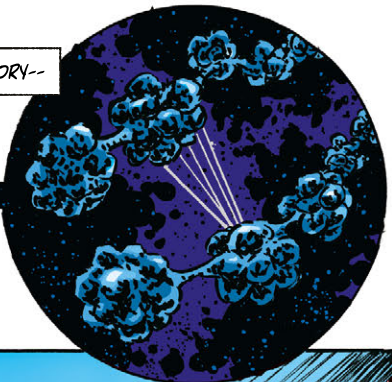




AND SO--



--HISTORY--



'DEAR ATOMICA, DON'T THINK ME TWO-FACED, BUT--'

--REPEATS ITSELF.



AAAAHHHHHHH!

SIR, ARE YOU LEARNING THE LESSON HERE?

I DON'T LEARN LESSONS, EDWIN. I TEACH--

WOOOAAARRRRHHH!



WE ARE THE PREONS! THERE'S NOTHING SMALLER THAN US!

AND THAT REALLY ANNOYS US BECAUSE--

YES, YES. I HAVE A PLAN. AN EXCELLENT PLAN.

ONE THAT REALLY MUST WORK AT SOME POINT!

AND SO--

MY MISTAKE WAS TO MAKE ULTIMATUMS. ACT FIRST, THEN DEAL!

AND I'VE CENTRALISED IT ALL IN A BIG RED SWITCH SO NOTHING BAD CAN HAPPEN.

BUT, SIR, IF THE SMALLEST POSSIBLE PARTICLES STOP WORKING WITH THE BIGGER UNIVERSE--



LET'S GET IT DONE!



YEP. THAT.

YOU APPEAR, SIR, TO HAVE ENDED THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE.

HUH.



WELL, MISTAKES WERE MADE, SURE--

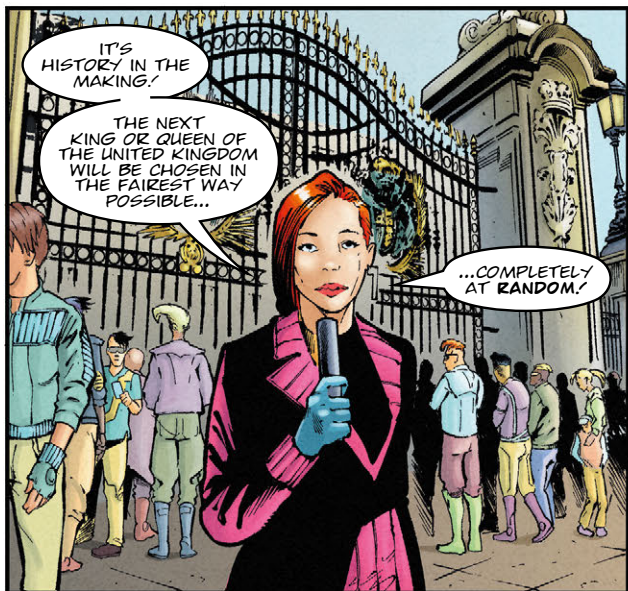
PERHAPS ANOTHER UNIVERSE WILL HAVE ME...

--BUT GIVEN WHAT I ACHIEVED--

MAYBE THE DREDD UNIVERSE. THEY KNOW HOW TO TREAT ROBOTS...



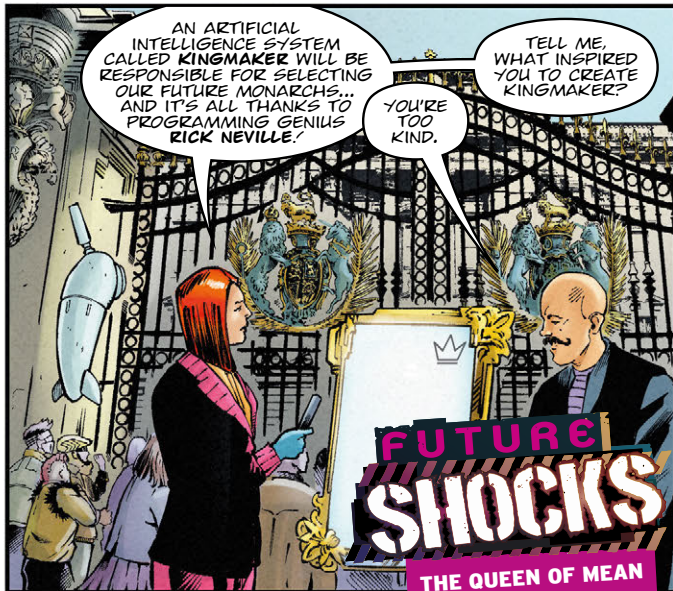
THE END



IT'S HISTORY IN THE MAKING!

THE NEXT KING OR QUEEN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM WILL BE CHOSEN IN THE FAIREST WAY POSSIBLE...

...COMPLETELY AT RANDOM!



AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM CALLED KINGMAKER WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR SELECTING OUR FUTURE MONARCHS... AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO PROGRAMMING GENIUS RICK NEVILLE!

TELL ME, WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO CREATE KINGMAKER?

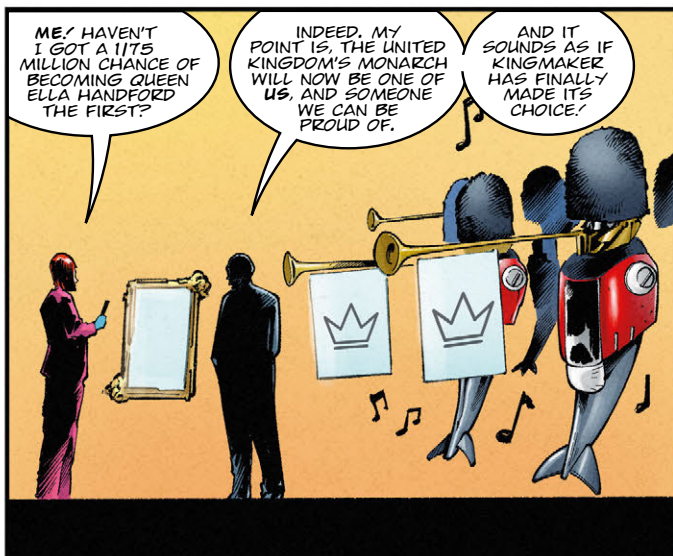
YOU'RE TOO KIND.

FUTURE SHOCKS
THE QUEEN OF MEAN



AFTER THE BLOODSHED OF KING CHARLES III'S REIGN, IT BECAME OBVIOUS THE INSTITUTION NEEDED REINVENTION.

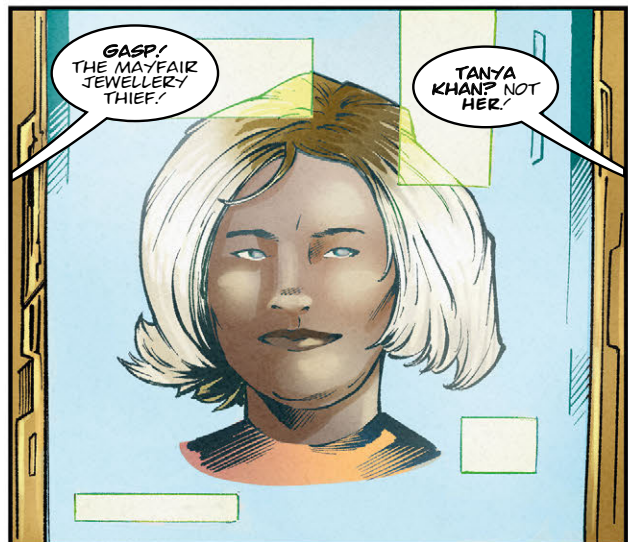
INSTEAD OF THE SAME OLD FAMILY WEARING THE CROWN, OUR NEXT RULER COULD BE A NOBEL PRIZE WINNER, A BIN MAN, OR -



ME! HAVEN'T I GOT A 1/175 MILLION CHANCE OF BECOMING QUEEN ELLA HANDFORD THE FIRST?

INDEED, MY POINT IS, THE UNITED KINGDOM'S MONARCH WILL NOW BE ONE OF US, AND SOMEONE WE CAN BE PROUD OF.

AND IT SOUNDS AS IF KINGMAKER HAS FINALLY MADE ITS CHOICE!



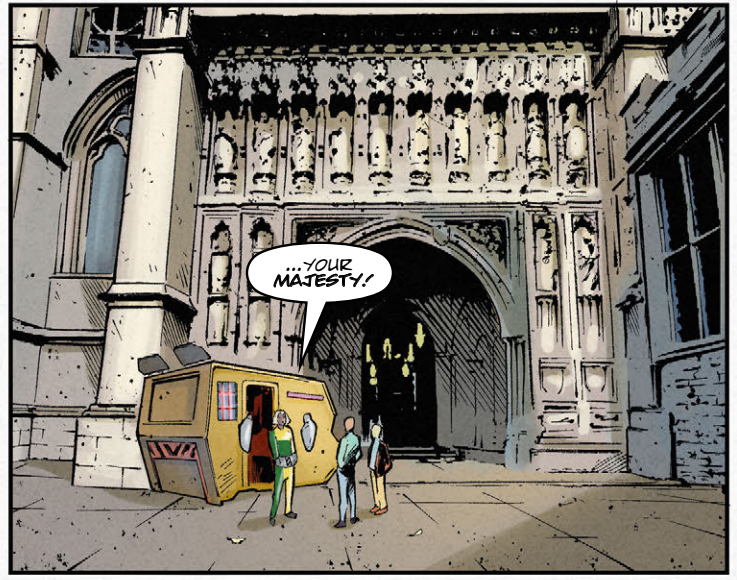
GASP! THE MAYFAIR JEWELLERY THIEF!

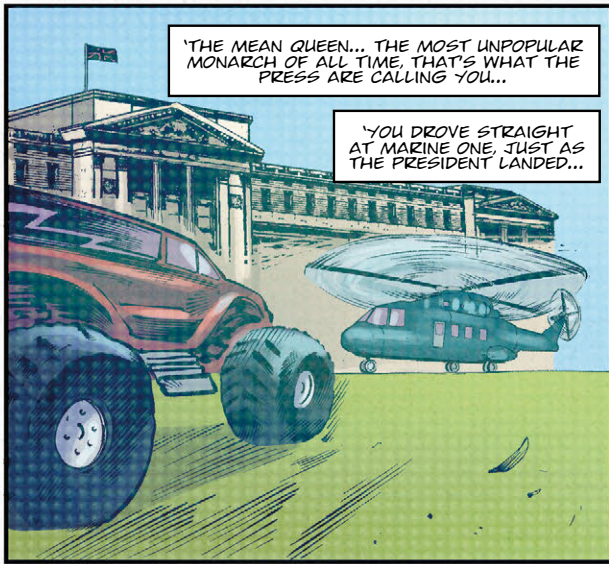
TANYA KHAN? NOT HER!



ISN'T SHE SERVING LIFE IN PRISON? CAN'T IMAGINE HAVING A CRIMINAL QUEEN!

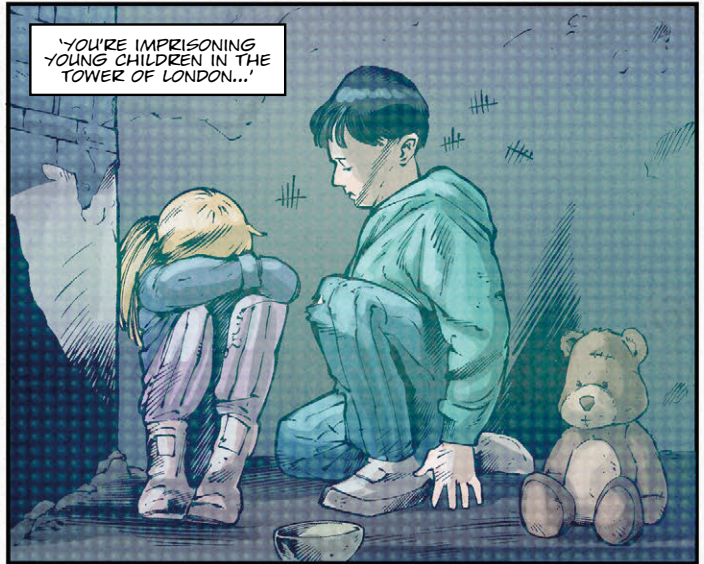
WHAT DOES IT MATTER, ANYWAY?



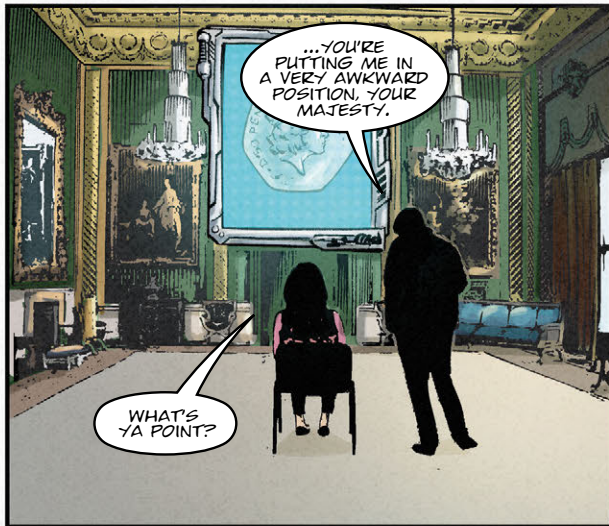


'THE MEAN QUEEN... THE MOST UNPOPULAR MONARCH OF ALL TIME, THAT'S WHAT THE PRESS ARE CALLING YOU...'

'YOU DROVE STRAIGHT AT MARINE ONE, JUST AS THE PRESIDENT LANDED...'

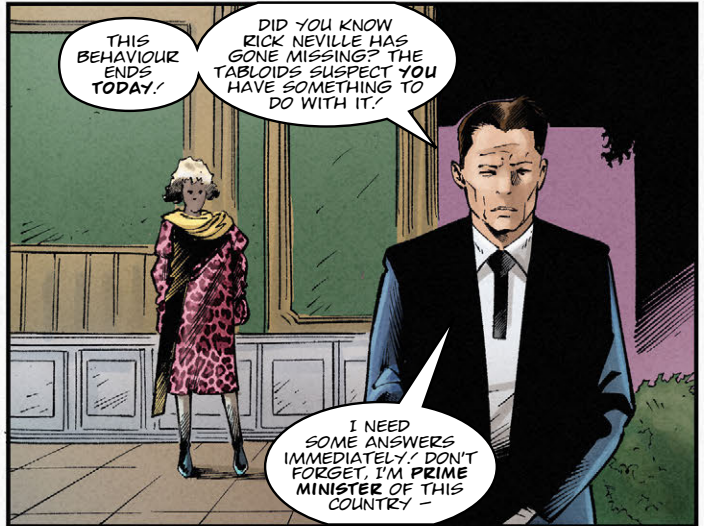


'YOU'RE IMPRISONING YOUNG CHILDREN IN THE TOWER OF LONDON...'



'...YOU'RE PUTTING ME IN A VERY AWKWARD POSITION, YOUR MAJESTY.'

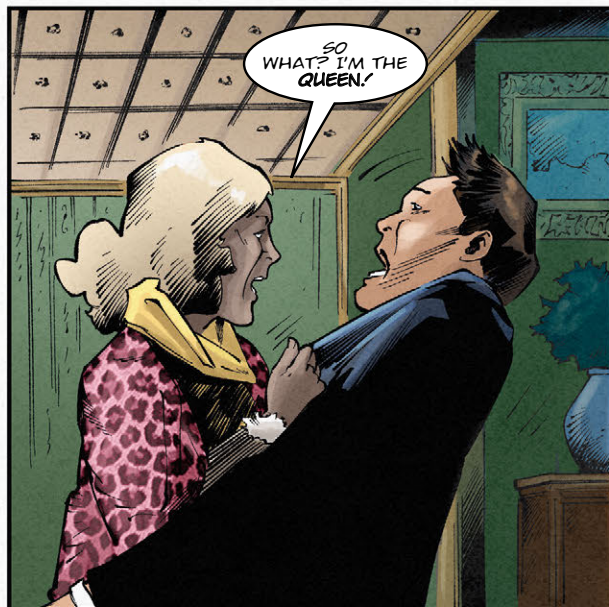
WHAT'S YA POINT?



THIS BEHAVIOUR ENDS TODAY!

DID YOU KNOW RICK NEVILLE HAS GONE MISSING? THE TABLOIDS SUSPECT YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!

I NEED SOME ANSWERS IMMEDIATELY! DON'T FORGET, I'M PRIME MINISTER OF THIS COUNTRY -



SO WHAT? I'M THE QUEEN!



MARK MY WORDS, ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOU'RE OUT!

THE DAY THAT CROWN COMES OFF YOUR HEAD YOU'LL BE BACK BEHIND BARS FOR GOOD!

GET LOST!



SO WHAT'S THE PRESS CONFERENCE FOR?

QUEEN TANYA'S BEEN ON STRIKE FOR A MONTH. SHE WROTE ME A STATEMENT TO READ OUT BUT...

UM, THE LANGUAGE WAS TOO COLOURFUL TO REPEAT.



APPARENTLY SHE HAD A COUPLE OF VISITORS LAST NIGHT. BOOKIES RECKON SHE'S ABOUT ABDICATE THE THRONE.

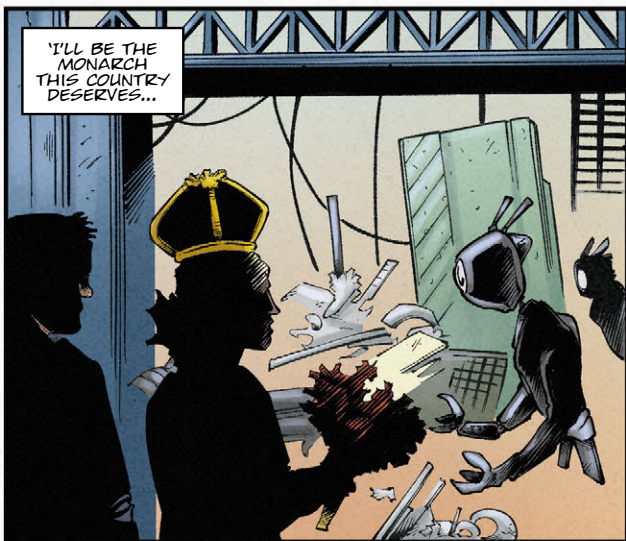
AND I SAY LET HER! STRAIGHT BACK TO JAIL FOR THE WENCH -

WAIT, SHE'S COMING OUT...



TO THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE COMMONWEALTH, I OFFER MY DEEPEST APOLOGIES FOR MY DESPICABLE BEHAVIOUR AS QUEEN.

GOING FORWARD, I SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO CHANGE MY ATTITUDE...



'I'LL BE THE MONARCH THIS COUNTRY DESERVES...



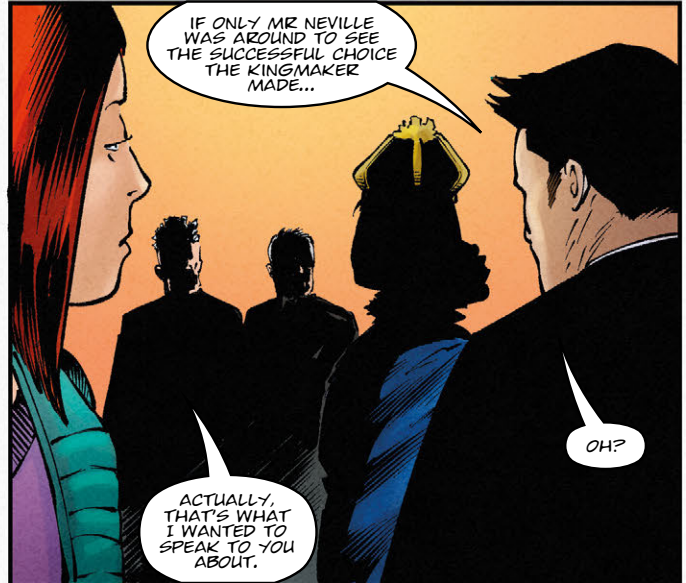
'...YOUR PERFECT QUEEN.'



PRIME MINISTER, CAN YOU ADD TO THE QUEEN'S STATEMENT?

ADMITTEDLY, I HAD MY DOUBTS ABOUT HER MAJESTY. IT'S HARD TO TRUST SOMEONE AFTER SHE GAVE ME SUCH A VIOLENT WEDDIE.

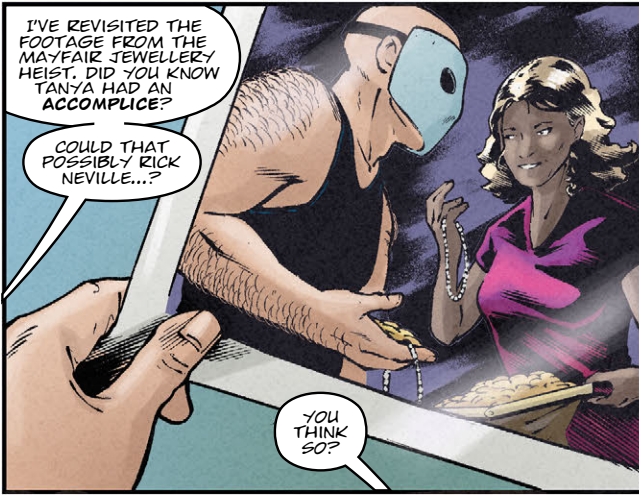
BUT THOSE DARK TIMES ARE LONG GONE. QUEEN TANYA'S TURNED IT AROUND.



IF ONLY MR NEVILLE WAS AROUND TO SEE THE SUCCESSFUL CHOICE THE KINGMAKER MADE...

ACTUALLY, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT.

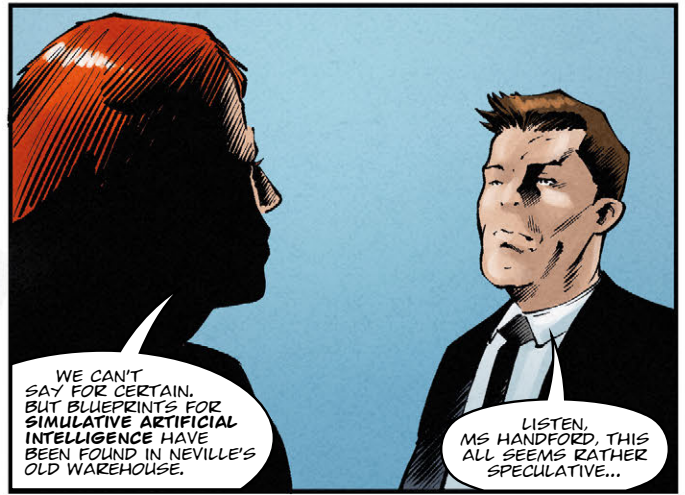
OH?



I'VE REVISITED THE FOOTAGE FROM THE MAYFAIR JEWELLERY HEIST. DID YOU KNOW TANYA HAD AN ACCOMPLICE?

COULD THAT POSSIBLY BE RICK NEVILLE...?

YOU THINK SO?



WE CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN, BUT BLUEPRINTS FOR SIMULATIVE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE HAVE BEEN FOUND IN NEVILLE'S OLD WAREHOUSE.

LISTEN, MS HANDFORD, THIS ALL SEEMS RATHER SPECULATIVE...



...I SERIOUSLY DOUBT QUEEN TANYA AND MR NEVILLE KNEW EACH OTHER.

THE GOVERNMENT GAVE ME THE KINGMAKER CONTRACT.

I'LL MAKE SURE IT SELECTS YOUR NAME SO YOU CAN GET OUTTA HERE LEGALLY.



I SAT NEXT TO NEVILLE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. CLEARLY HE HELD OUR MAJESTY IN LOW REGARD...

GOOD USE OF THE SMOKE GRENADE.



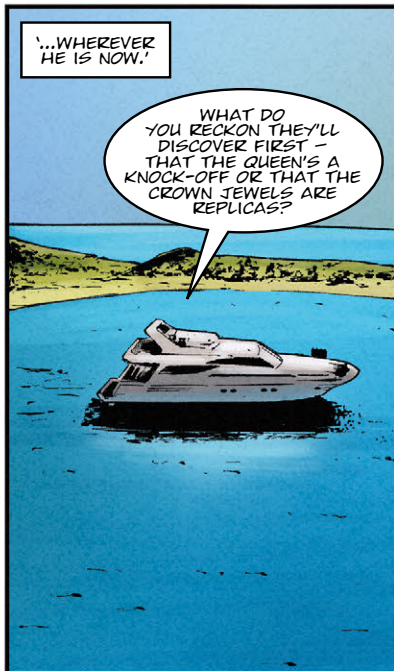
TAKE THE JEWELS QUICK BEFORE THEY NOTICE!



I'D FORGET ABOUT IT IF I WERE YOU, QUEEN TANYA IS NOW THE MOST POPULAR MONARCH WE'VE EVER HAD...

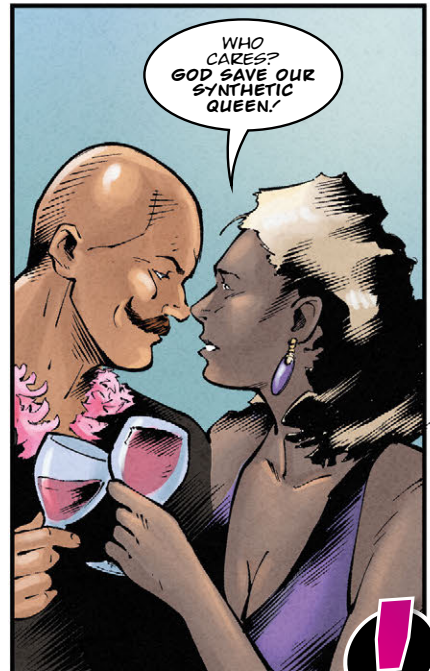
AND ONLY NEVILLE KNOWS THE TRUTH...

OKAY, THE ROBOT'S IN PLACE, LET'S MOVE!



...WHEREVER HE IS NOW!

WHAT DO YOU RECKON THEY'LL DISCOVER FIRST - THAT THE QUEEN'S A KNOCK-OFF OR THAT THE CROWN JEWELS ARE REPLICAS?



WHO CARES? GOD SAVE OUR SYNTHETIC QUEEN!





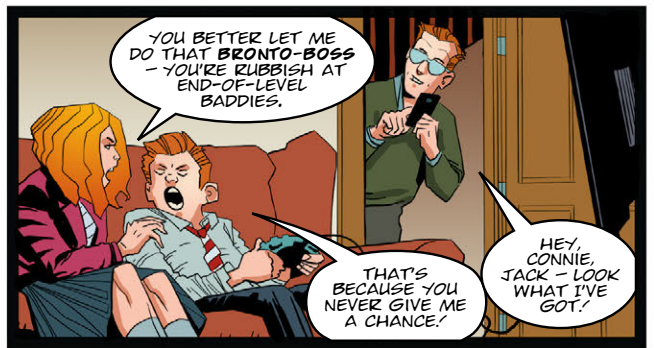
IN THE NEAR FUTURE, SCIENTISTS WILL CLONE **LIVING DINOSAURS** FROM CELL SAMPLES PRESERVED UNDER THE ARCTIC TUNDRA...

...AND FIVE YEARS LATER THE **ZOMBIE VIRUS** WILL BE UNLEASHED THROUGH THE HERD!

IT'S UP TO AN ELITE GROUP OF SOLDIERS TO WIPE THE **PREHISTORIC UNDEAD** OUT, OR THE WORLD WILL SUFFER... **DINOGEDDON!**

FUTURE SHOCKS

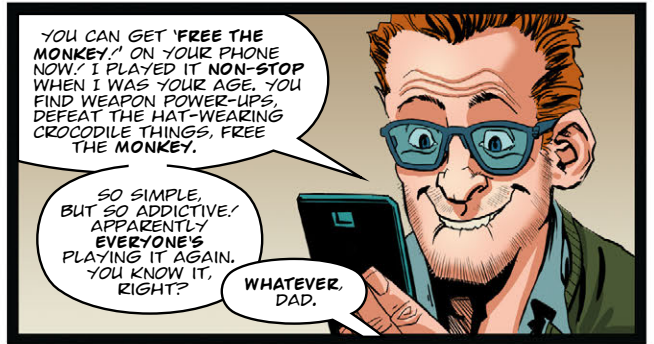
BOSS LEVEL



YOU BETTER LET ME DO THAT **BRONTO-BOSS** - YOU'RE RUBBISH AT END-OF-LEVEL BADDIES.

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU NEVER GIVE ME A CHANCE!

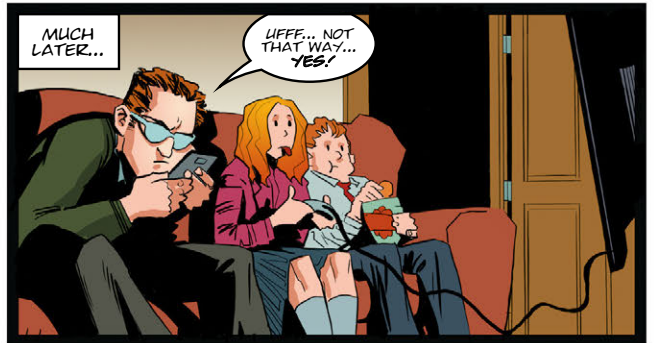
HEY, CONNIE, JACK - LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT!



YOU CAN GET 'FREE THE MONKEY' ON YOUR PHONE NOW! I PLAYED IT NON-STOP WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE. YOU FIND WEAPON POWER-UPS, DEFEAT THE HAT-WEARING CROCODILE THINGS, FREE THE MONKEY.

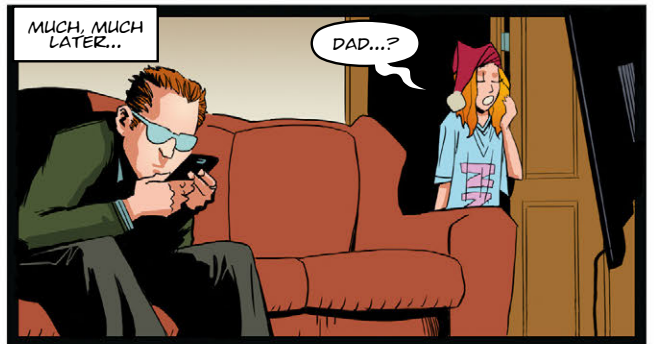
SO SIMPLE, BUT SO ADDICTIVE! APPARENTLY EVERYONE'S PLAYING IT AGAIN. YOU KNOW IT, RIGHT?

WHATEVER, DAD.



MUCH LATER...

UFFF... NOT THAT WAY... YES!

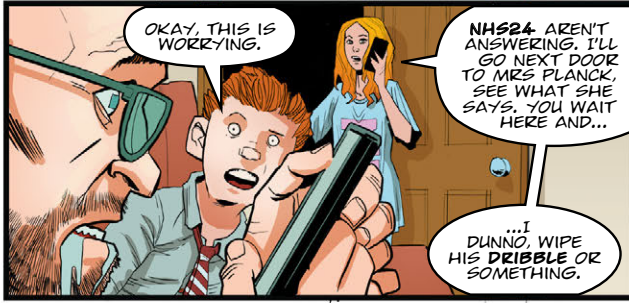


MUCH, MUCH LATER...

DAD...?



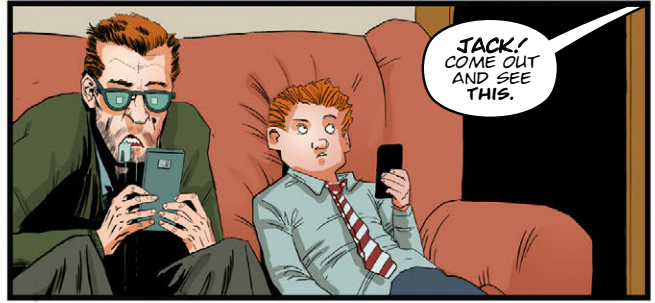
DAD?!



OKAY, THIS IS WORRYING.

NHS24 AREN'T ANSWERING. I'LL GO NEXT DOOR TO MRS PLANCK, SEE WHAT SHE SAYS. YOU WAIT HERE AND...

...I DUNNO, WIPE HIS DRIBBLE OR SOMETHING.



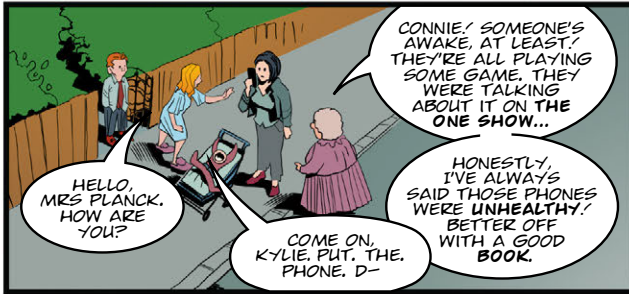
JACK! COME OUT AND SEE THIS.



EVERYONE'S ON THEIR PHONE, JUST LIKE DAD. HYPNOTISED, LIKE ZOMBIES.

GET YOUR NOSE OUT OF THAT PHONE, FOR GODNESS' SAKE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, CAN'T YOU HEAR YOUR BABY?

WHAT'S GOING ON? HIS OLD GAME CAN'T BE THAT GOOD.



CONNIE! SOMEONE'S AWAKE, AT LEAST! THEY'RE ALL PLAYING SOME GAME, THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT IT ON THE ONE SHOW...

HONESTLY, I'VE ALWAYS SAID THOSE PHONES WERE UNHEALTHY! BETTER OFF WITH A GOOD BOOK.

HELLO, MRS PLANCK. HOW ARE YOU?

COME ON, KYLE. PUT THE PHONE. D-



UH-OH.



AHHH! GET OFF!

W-WHAT AM I LOOKING... AT...?

JACK? CONNIE? ARE YOU BOTH OKAY?

THERE YOU BOTH ARE! THANK GOODNESS!
BUT - WHERE ARE WE?

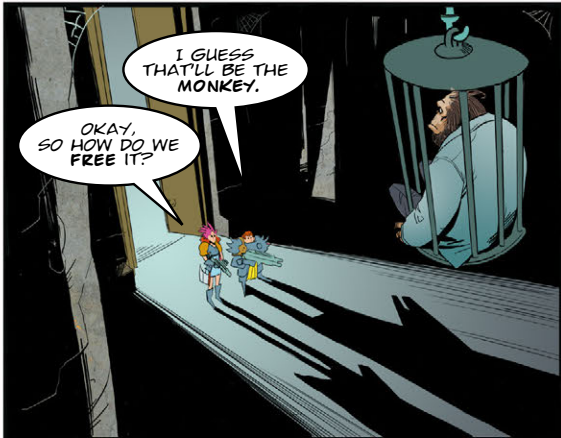
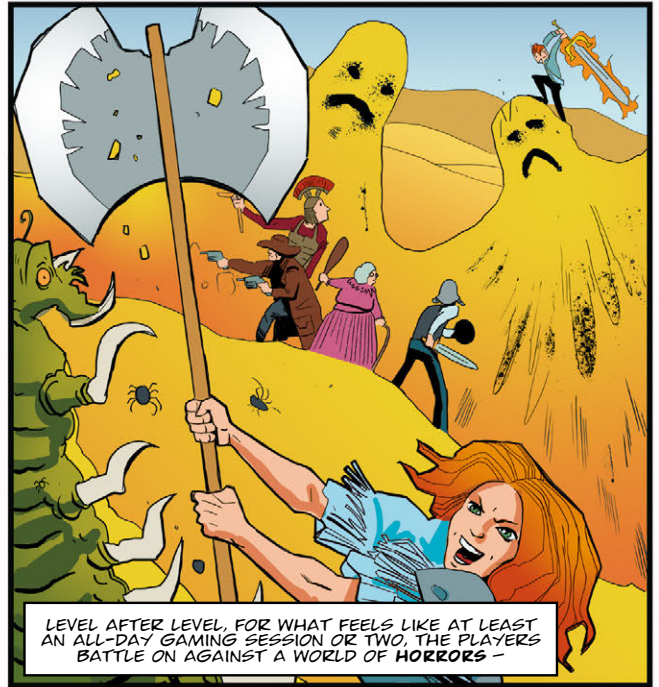
LOADING
AND WHAT IS THAT ALL ABOUT?

WHAT THE - ?
DAD!
KIDS! THERE YOU ARE! I TOLD THE GUYS HERE, I SAID TO THEM, IF ONLY MY CHILDREN WERE HERE, THEY'D FIGHT US OUT OF THIS LEVEL!



FIGHT WHAT? WHERE EVEN ARE WE?
THIS IS THE GAME - FREE THE MONKEY! AND... LOTS OF OTHER GAMES TOO. ALL AT ONCE, THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF US IN HERE PLAYING FOR REAL, MAYBE MILLIONS.
IT'S VERY STRANGE BUT THE GAMEPLAY IS INCREDIBLE!
LOOK OUT!

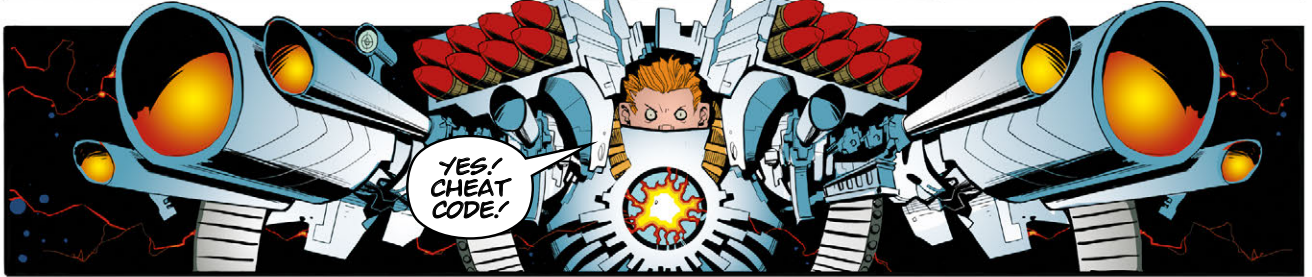
HOLD ON - WHERE DID I GET THIS?
THAT'S YOUR DEFAULT WEAPON, JACK. LOOK, YOU'VE UPGRADED TO AN AXE ALREADY! WELL DONE!
I SPENT HOURS FIGHTING OFF ORCS WITH WHAT LOOKED LIKE A SNAIL SHELL ON A STICK - I KNEW YOU'D BOTH BE GREAT AT THIS VIRTUAL REALITY STUFF!



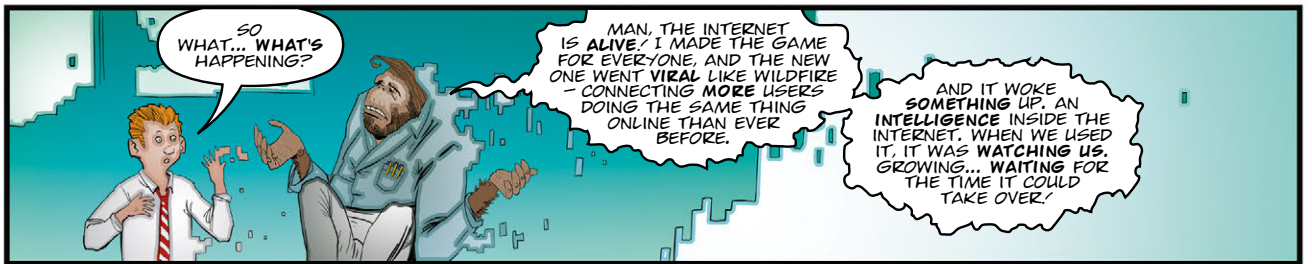


I'M OUT!
YOU BETTER NOT
SCREW THIS BOSS
UP, JACK!

...ALL THE
WAY ROUND...
TWO, THREE,
FOUR...



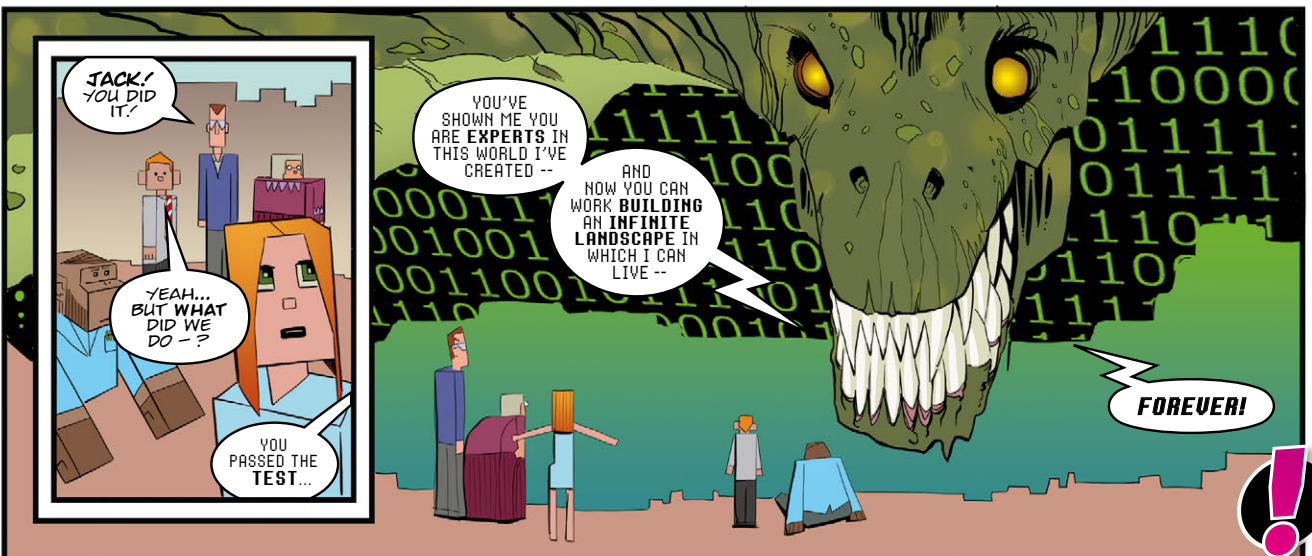
YES!
CHEAT
CODE!



SO
WHAT... WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

MAN, THE INTERNET
IS ALIVE. I MADE THE GAME
FOR EVERYONE, AND THE NEW
ONE WENT VIRAL LIKE WILDFIRE
- CONNECTING MORE USERS
DOING THE SAME THING
ONLINE THAN EVER
BEFORE.

AND IT WOKE
SOMETHING UP. AN
INTELLIGENCE INSIDE THE
INTERNET. WHEN WE USED
IT, IT WAS WATCHING US,
GROWING... WAITING FOR
THE TIME IT COULD
TAKE OVER!



JACK!
YOU DID
IT!

YEAH...
BUT WHAT
DID WE
DO - ?

YOU
PASSED THE
TEST...

YOU'VE
SHOWN ME YOU
ARE EXPERTS IN
THIS WORLD I'VE
CREATED --

AND
NOW YOU CAN
WORK BUILDING
AN INFINITE
LANDSCAPE IN
WHICH I CAN
LIVE --

FOREVER!



IN THE BEGINNING IS THE BIG BANG, AND THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING IN IT ARRIVES RIGHT AFTER THAT.

THEN A LONG, LONG, LONG TIME LATER, ONCE HISTORY AS WE KNOW IT HAS HAPPENED...

...PHYSICS STUDENT CHARLIE SMART MAKES THE MOST IMPORTANT BREAKTHROUGH SINCE THE UNIVERSE BEGAN.

HE'D ALWAYS WONDERED - IF TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE, WHY HAD NO ONE EVER MET A TRAVELLER FROM THE FUTURE?

FUTURE SHOCKS

FOR THE MAN WHO LIVES EVERYWHEN

THEN HE REALISED! HE DOESN'T NEED TO SEND SOMEONE FORWARD THROUGH TIME, HE NEEDS A RECEIVER TO CATCH THE TRAVELLERS BEING SENT BACK.

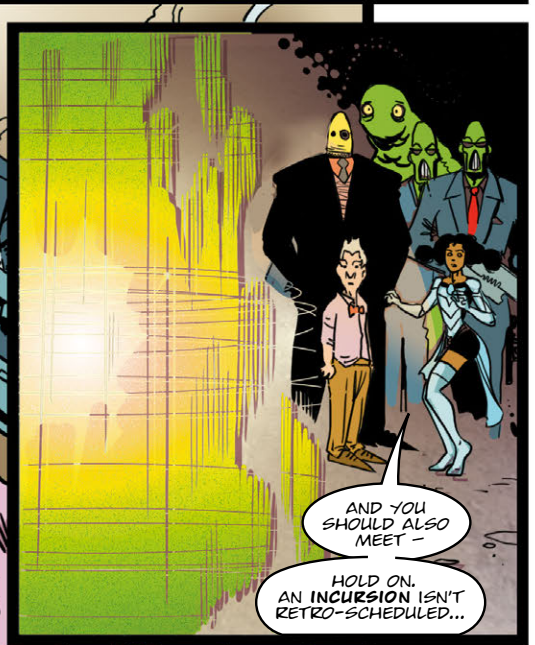
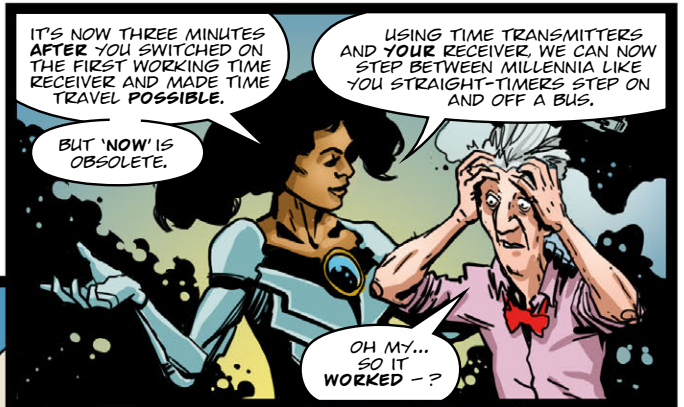
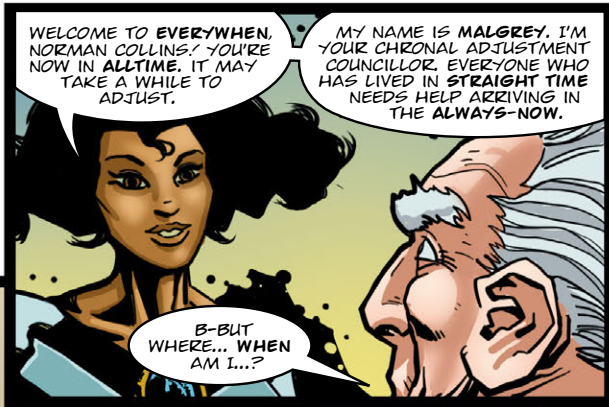
BUT WHEN PROFESSOR NORMAN COLLINS SEES CHARLIE'S RESEARCH, HE KNOWS HE'S FOUND HIS ONLY CHANCE TO BE REMEMBERED FOREVER.

NORMAN TELLS HIS STUDENT THE FOOLISH THEORY DOESN'T WORK - THEN SETS ABOUT CREATING A TIME RECEIVER HIMSELF FROM THE STOLEN DESIGN.

YET ONCE HE'S BUILT IT...

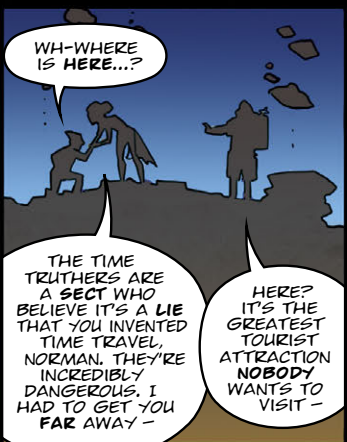
...HE CAN'T STOP THE FUTURE TUNING IN - AND ARRIVING ALL AT ONCE!

STAND BACK, ERA-DWELLERS! THIS MOMENT IS THE BEGINNING OF ALLTIME, AND NORMAN COLLINS HAS BROUGHT US THE SACRED GIFT OF FUTURE HISTORY!





HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?



WH-WHERE IS HERE...?

THE TIME TRUTHERS ARE A SECT WHO BELIEVE IT'S A LIE THAT YOU INVENTED TIME TRAVEL, NORMAN. THEY'RE INCREDIBLY DANGEROUS. I HAD TO GET YOU FAR AWAY -

HERE? IT'S THE GREATEST TOURIST ATTRACTION NOBODY WANTS TO VISIT -



IT'S THE END OF THE UNIVERSE, MAN!

THEY TOOK THE LAST OUTPOST BACK TO A SAFE TIME LONG AGO, BUT I HUNG AROUND TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS, ONE-WAY TICKET.

I CAN SEND A MINDGRAB OF IT THROUGH THE NEURALS TO MY GRANDKIDS SIX BILLION YEARS AGO, THOUGH.



THE TRUTHERS' TIME WEAPONS AND CHRONAL SHROUDS ARE INCREDIBLY UNSTABLE TECH. USING THEM CAN CAUSE AN UNHAPPENING - SOMEONE WANTS YOU REALLY BADLY, NORMAN!

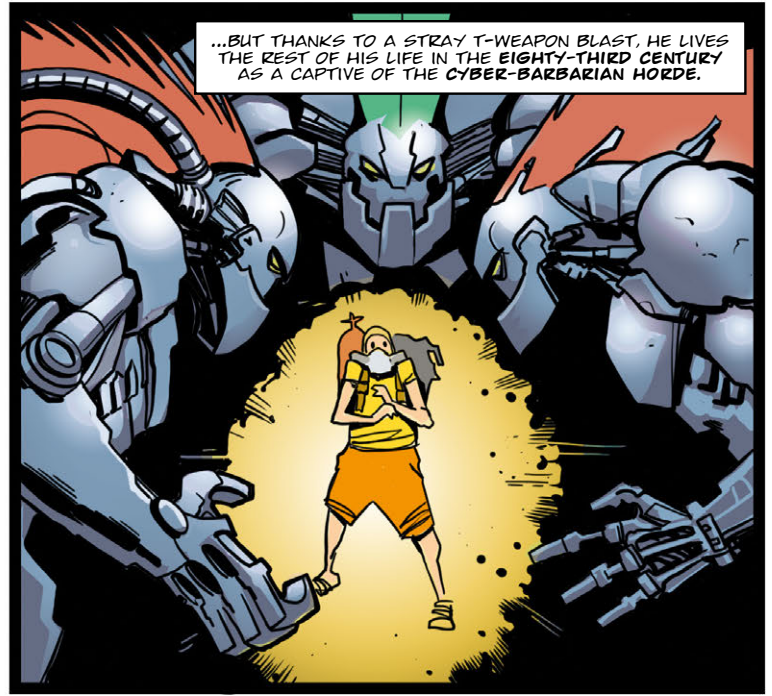
I MEAN, IT'S AMAZING YOU CAN STILL GET RECEPTION HERE...

HEY, LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE IS -



JERT KURTLE WANTED TO BE THE LAST SENTIENT BEING IN THE UNIVERSE...

ZEEK



...BUT THANKS TO A STRAY T-WEAPON BLAST, HE LIVES THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN THE EIGHTY-THIRD CENTURY AS A CAPTIVE OF THE CYBER-BARBARIAN HORDE.

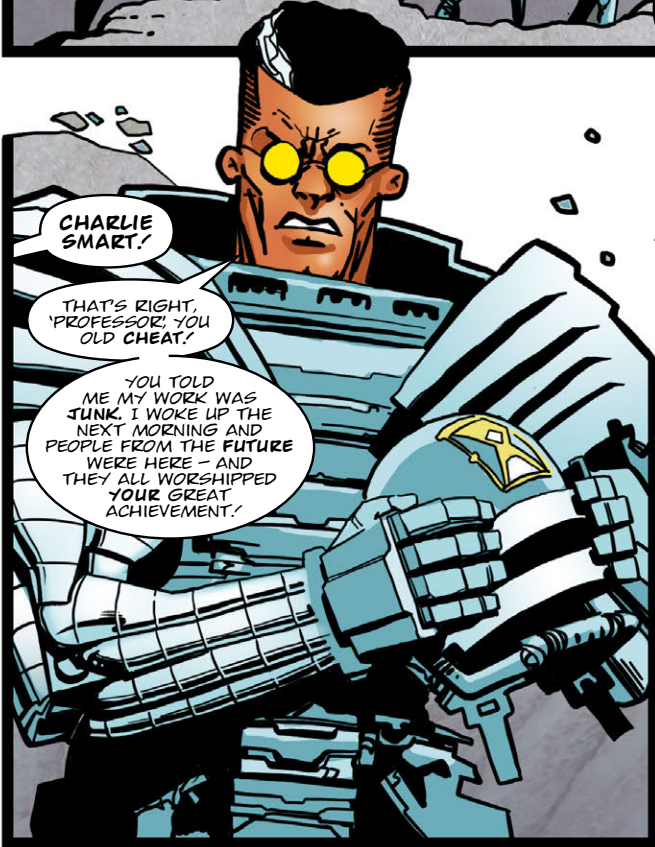


QUITE A JUMP INTO THE FUTURE. IT WOULD HAVE LOST MOST PURSUERS FOR GOOD...

...BUT OUR CHRONAL TRACING TECH IS MILITARY-GRADE, AND ILLEGAL IN MOST ERAS.

I'VE GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR YOU, NORMAN.

WHO ARE YOU?



CHARLIE SMART?

THAT'S RIGHT, 'PROFESSOR' YOU OLD CHEAT!

YOU TOLD ME MY WORK WAS JUNK. I WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING AND PEOPLE FROM THE FUTURE WERE HERE - AND THEY ALL WORSHIPPED YOUR GREAT ACHIEVEMENT!



THE ONLY THING I HAD LEFT WAS TO GET EVEN WITH YOU. LUCKY FOR ME, FOLLOWERS JOINED - PEOPLE WHO SIMPLY REFUSE TO BELIEVE OFFICIAL VERSIONS OF EVENTS.

NORMAN? DO YOU KNOW THIS GUY?



SO WHAT IF I USED YOUR RESEARCH? YOU WERE YOUNG - PLENTY MORE SUCCESSES FOR ONE AS BRILLIANT AS YOU. BUT THIS WAS MY LAST CHANCE!

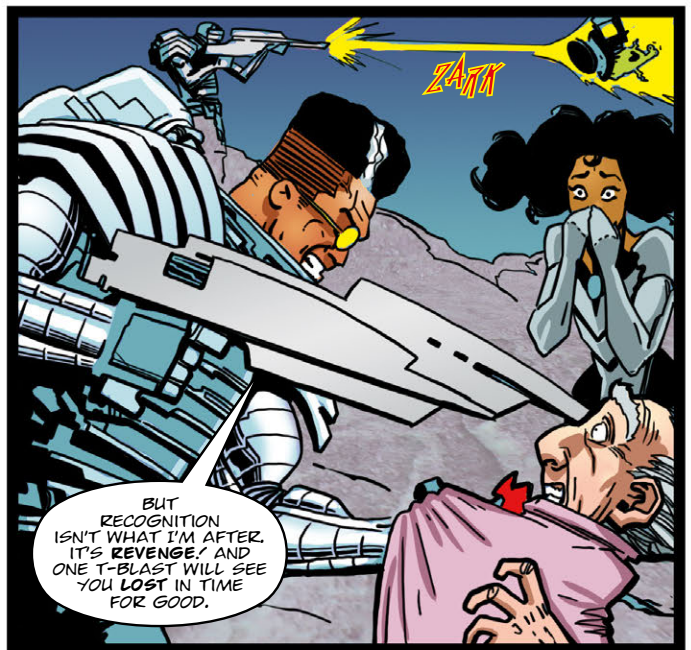
AND IT'S DONE NOW! YOU CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!



I DON'T NEED TO - YOU'VE DONE IT YOURSELF!

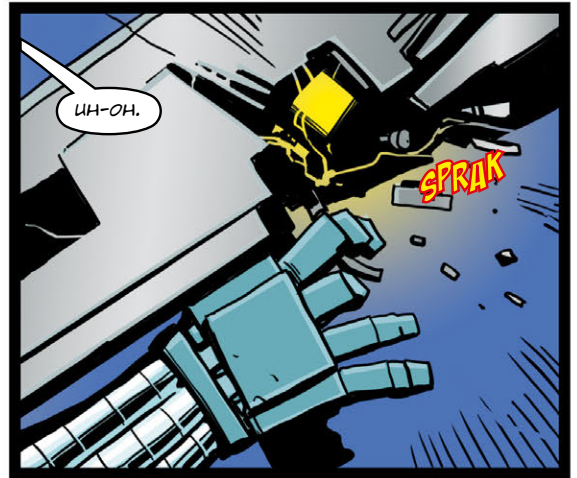
AUDIENCES ACROSS ETERNITY ARE WATCHING. NOW THEY ALL KNOW YOU'RE A CHEAT AND A CROOK.

OH DEAR ME.



ZATTA

BUT RECOGNITION ISN'T WHAT I'M AFTER. IT'S REVENGE! AND ONE T-BLAST WILL SEE YOU LOST IN TIME FOR GOOD.



IN THE BEGINNING IS THE BIG BANG, THEN A LONG, LONG, LONG TIME LATER, ONCE HISTORY AS WE KNOW IT HAS HAPPENED...

...PHYSICS STUDENT CHARLIE SMART MAKES THE MOST IMPORTANT BREAKTHROUGH SINCE THE UNIVERSE BEGAN...



EXTRAS





INTERVIEW WITH PANDORA PERFECT

SHE'S PRACTICALLY POISON IN EVERY WAY!

HOW DID YOU GET INTO A LIFE OF CRIME?

"Crime", you say? I suppose technically I do a few crimes. But I was born with natural gifts! I can think my way in and out of tricky situations, I have a gift for forgery, a cunning way with a lockpick, and am - if I may say so - terrifyingly fit. Isn't the greater crime allowing these talents to go unused? I'd say it is. Not only do I answer to a higher authority, I have a very nice private island now. Or I will when the old guy whose will I faked finally dies.

WHERE DID YOU AND GORT MEET?

I built the basic unit from a kit when I was fourteen. He's had a few enhancements since then, of course - a couple of memory upgrades, some high-tensile plating grafted on from the first security droid I blew up, a little here, a little there... he's a mech of many parts. The head's new. I bought it off a bloke in a pub car park.

WHAT DASTARDLY THEFT IS TOP OF YOUR CRIME WISH LIST?

What have you got? Actually, the Infinity Bag was the big one, and now I've got that, I'm still trying to get my head around how best to take advantage of it. I mean... the possibilities! Scale is no object! I don't know... Mount Everest? Should I steal Mount Everest? I think I should steal Mount Everest.

AFTER A LONG DAY OF JAIL BREAKS AND HEISTS, HOW DO YOU LIKE TO RELAX?

I pour all the money I've stolen that day onto the floor and roll around in it, giggling. Occasionally, just to mix things up a bit, I whinny like a horse as well.

WHAT'S THE STRANGEST THING IN YOUR INFINITY BAG?

My grandmother. I showed it to her, turned my back for a second and she'd fallen in. I try to coax her out, but she keeps wandering around in there and getting lost. I try to remember to throw some sandwiches in for her a couple of times a week. No doubt she'll come out when she's good and ready.

TELL US A FUN FACT ABOUT YOURSELF AND GORT?

Don't tell Gort, but I've programmed him to think that all our escapades are fictional, and that we're in a movie. It was the easiest way to bypass his Three Laws of Robotics and get him to actually kick some butt, otherwise I have to get in there with a screwdriver all the time and hack his metal brain. Shh - it's our secret!

IF THEY WERE TO MAKE A MOVIE OF YOUR LIFE, WHAT CRIME WOULD IT BE ABOUT AND WHO WOULD PLAY YOU?

We, uh, this is the movie! We are in a movie of my life right now! Yes! Isn't that right, Gort? I'm playing myself! Ideal casting, don't you think? I do all my own stunts and everything.

QUESTION FOR GORT - DO YOU EVER DREAM OF A QUIET LIFE WITH LESS EXPLOSIONS AND BEING STUFFED INTO INFINITY BAGS?



CHARACTER FACTOIDS



ANDERSON



AGE:

None of yer beeswax!

HEIGHT:

What kind of a fact file is this anyway? You going to ask any interesting questions?

FAVOURITE FOOD:

It'd be easier to have a favorite food if sugar wasn't outlawed in this city!

LIKES:

Winding up Dredd!

DISLIKES:

Doing paperwork! Boring!

HOBBIES:

Going for a boogie out on the town (But don't tell Dredd!)

CATCHPHRASE:

Mama Anderson didn't raise no fool!

COOLEST THING SHE'S EVER DONE:

Saving the butts of Mega-City One citizens with my psychic powers is always cool!

MOST IRRITATING PERSONALITY TRAIT:

That's it, this interview is over!

GALLERY







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