

# **DREDD** A.D. **REGENED**

**NEW AND  
EXCLUSIVE  
CADET DREDD  
ADVENTURE  
INSIDE!**



**THE BEST NEW COMIC  
IN THE GALAXY!**

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Originally serialised in 2000 AD progs 2130, 2170 & Free Comic Book Day 2018.

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Published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0ES, UK

[www.rebellion.co.uk](http://www.rebellion.co.uk)

ISBN: 978-1-78108-813-5

Printed in the UK

Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services Ltd.,  
Wellingborough NN8 3PJ, UK.

First published: October 2020

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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Script: HENRY FLINT  
Letters: HENRY FLINT

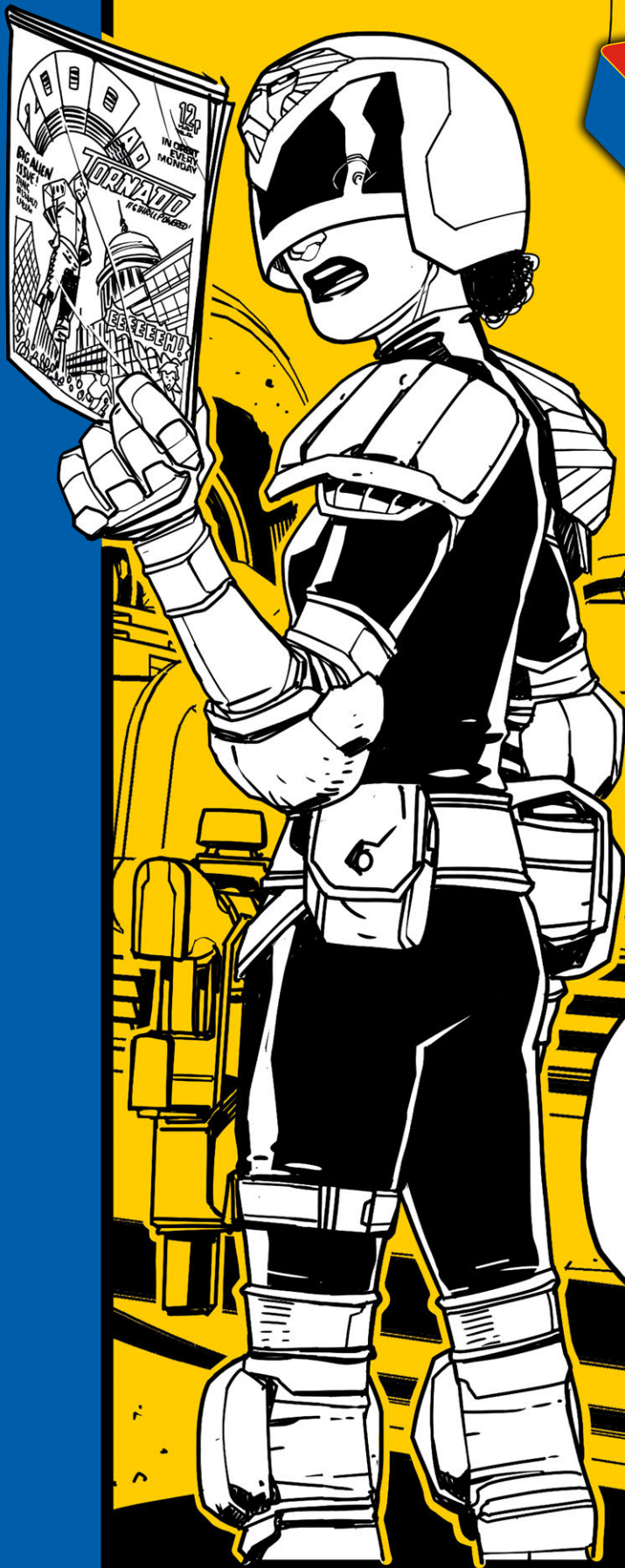
Art: HENRY FLINT


## **INTESTINAUTS**

Script: ARTHUR WYATT  
Letters: PYE PARR

Art: PYE PARR

**2000 A.D.**  
**REGENED**





GOOP T'SEE YA, HUMES! IT IS, I,  
JOKO-JARGO, THE BAD BOY OF  
THE PLANET BETELGEUSE, THE  
PRINCE OF THE PROGS, THE TITAN OF  
THRILLPOWER - THAT IS, WHEN  
MY UNCLE THARG ISN'T AROUND!

WHEN MY GLEAZY UNCLE  
WAS LOOKING THE OTHER WAY  
I SNUCK INTO HIS OFFICES  
AND HIT PRINT ON THIS  
HAZARDOUS COLLECTION OF  
COMICS YOU ARE NOW HOLDING  
IN YOUR TERRANIAN FINGERS!

THIS COLLECTION IS FOR  
WIGGIN' THRILLSEEKERS  
SUCH AS YOURSELF ONLY!  
SO BE CAREFUL NOT TO  
LET ANY JUNKED NERBLORDS  
NEAR THIS COMIC -  
OR THE PRIME POWER  
OF THESE PAGES WILL  
HAVE THEM DUSTED  
AND BUSTED!

# ROLL CALL

## JR. 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.

## ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

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

## ROGUE TROOPER

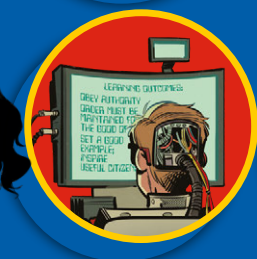
Rogue is genetic infantry - a specially created super-soldier. He travels the war-torn Nu-Earth with his bio-chip buddies - Gunnar, Bagman and Helm.

## STADIUM ACE

Johnny Alpha is a mutant with X-Ray vision and a flair for getting on the bad side of his robo-instructor!

## THE GRONK

The Gronk are gentle, chill little creatures, but when a big, rich, scary reality TV star takes up on their planet, the Gronk decide to fight back!



## FINDER & KEEPER

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

## FUTURE SHOCKS

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

## D.R. & QUINCH

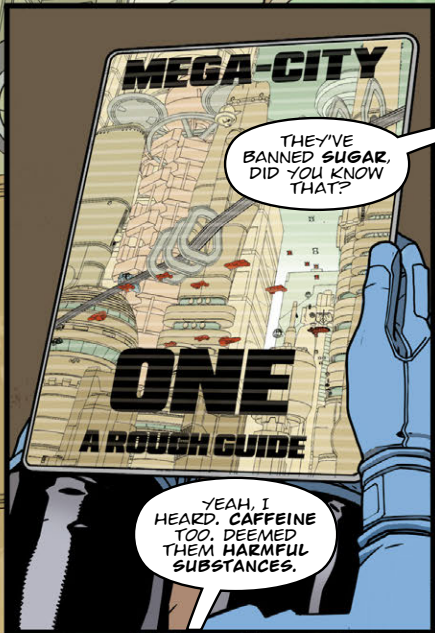
Alien teenagers D.R. and Quinch are on a mission to make themselves the heroes of comics! And the only way to do so is to... err... travel through time and change the course of history!

## CHET JETSTREAM

He's a space-faring primate with a snout for trouble and now he needs **your** help to escape the perilous hell island!



Intestinauts are cure-all wonder bots! When you've got a junked tum, these pills take out the bad guys!



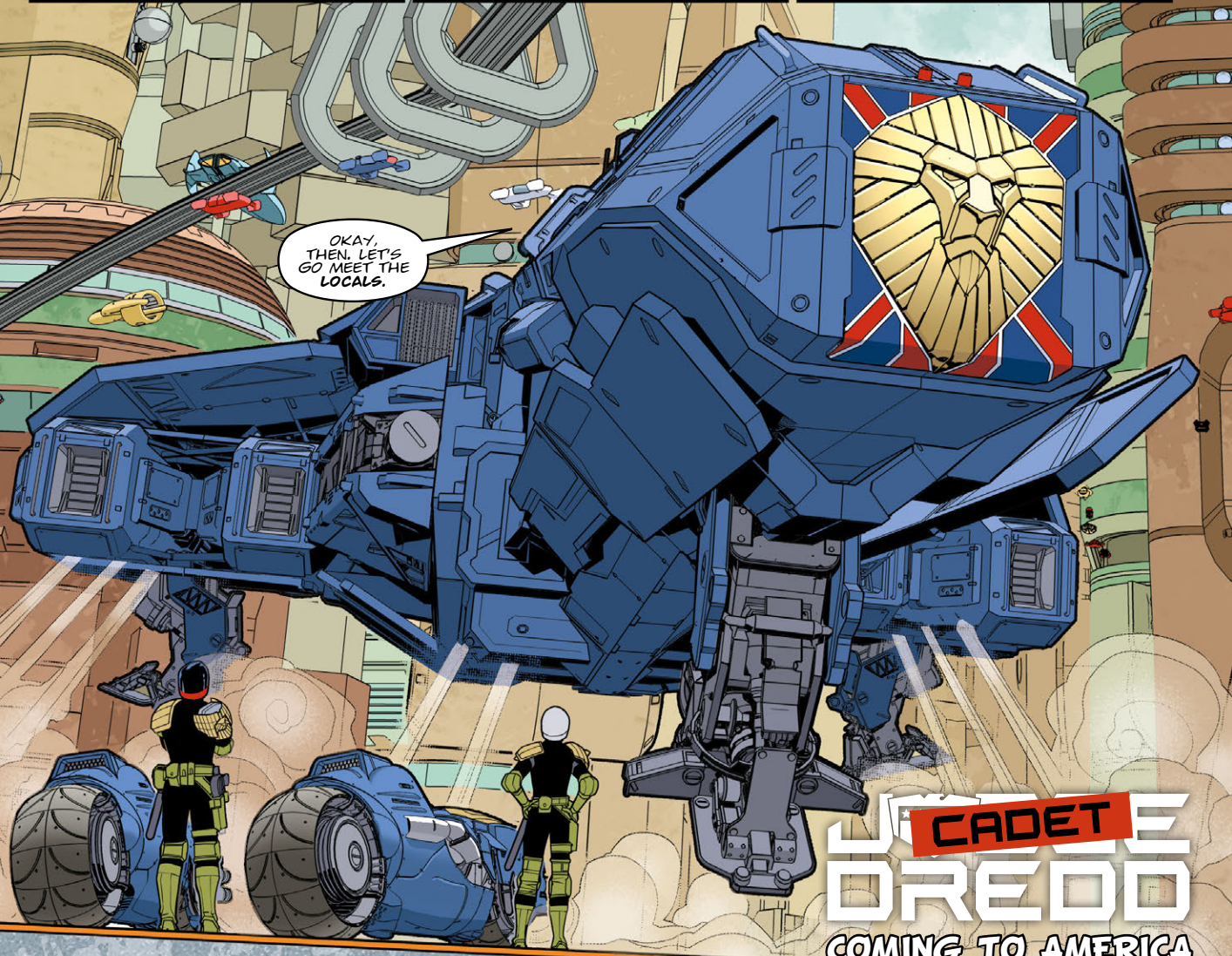
YEAH, I HEARD. CAFFEINE TOO. DEEMED THEM HARMFUL SUBSTANCES.



I'M NOT HOLDING OUT MUCH HOPE. THE MOST REPRESSIVE REGIME ON THE PLANET... FIGURES THEY WOULDN'T BE BIG ON NICETIES.



OH YES, MA'AM. BELIEVE ME, I'M READY.



OKAY, THEN, LET'S GO MEET THE LOCALS.

**W** CADET  
**DREDD**  
COMING TO AMERICA



HENDRY, RIGHT? I'M MEECHUM.

WELCOME TO THE BIG MEG.

PLEASURE TO BE HERE.

HEH, WELL, LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES. YOU MIGHT BE REVISING THAT OPINION BEFORE LONG.



HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, DREDD.

LIKEWISE, TOP OF YOUR CLASS, THEY SAID.

YEAH... SO A CLONE, HUH? WHAT'S THAT FEEL LIKE?

YOU GET USED TO IT.

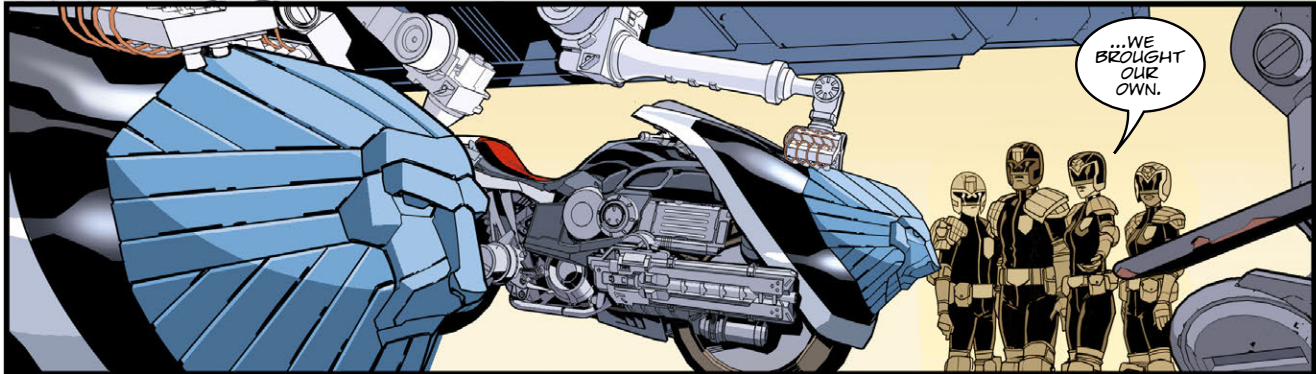


OKAY, LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.

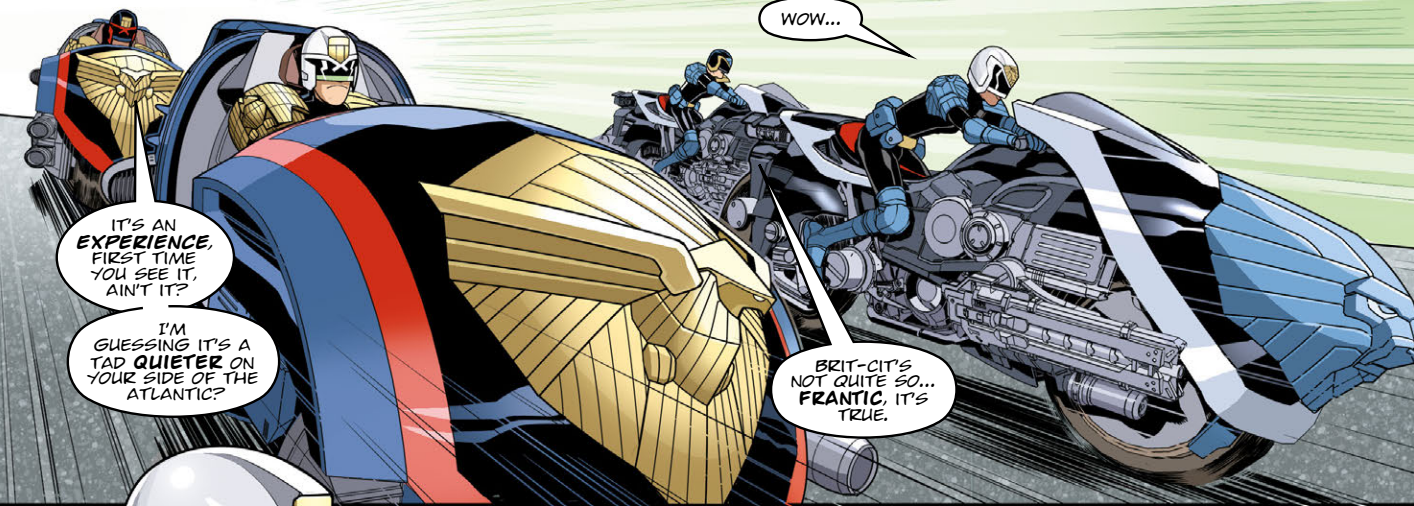
THESE INTER-CITY MEET 'N GREET'S ARE ALL VERY WORTHY BUT CRIME WAITS FOR NO ONE.

YOU WANT US TO PICK YOU UP SOME WHEELS?

NO NEED...



...WE BROUGHT OUR OWN.



WOW...

IT'S AN EXPERIENCE, FIRST TIME YOU SEE IT, AIN'T IT?

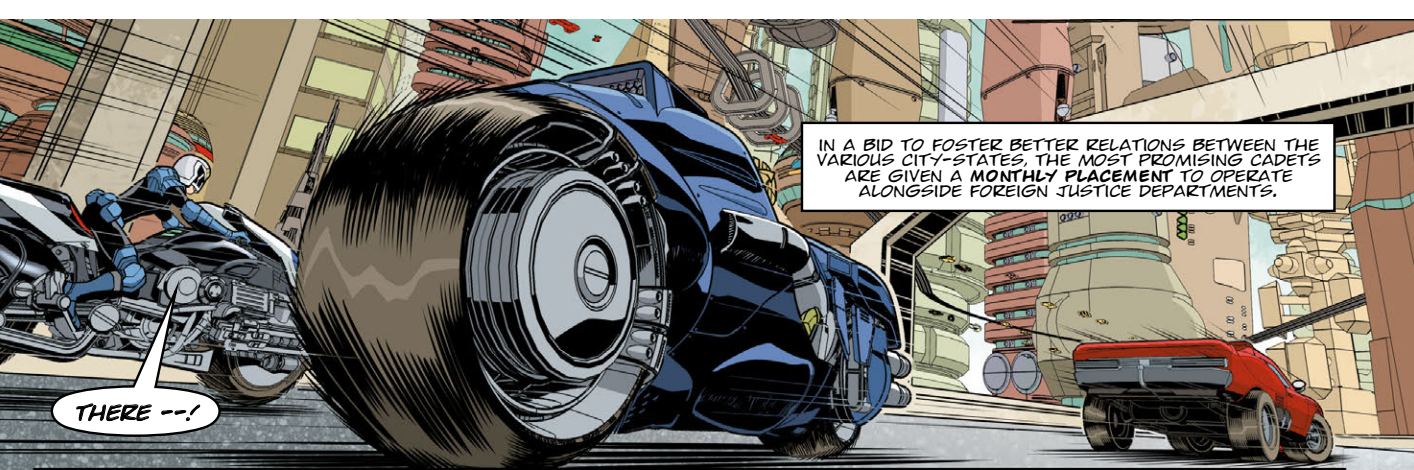
I'M GUESSING IT'S A TAD QUIETER ON YOUR SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC?

BRIT-CIT'S NOT QUITE SO... FRANTIC, IT'S TRUE.



SIR, GETTING REPORTS OF A ROBBERY AT THE FIRST MEGAPOLITAN BANK, STAMFORD STREET. PERPS HAVE FLED IN A MAROON MODEL-FIVE ZONTIAC.

THAT'S TWO MINUTES FROM HERE. LEAD THE WAY, CADET.



IN A BID TO FOSTER BETTER RELATIONS BETWEEN THE VARIOUS CITY-STATES, THE MOST PROMISING CADETS ARE GIVEN A MONTHLY PLACEMENT TO OPERATE ALONGSIDE FOREIGN JUSTICE DEPARTMENTS.

THERE --!



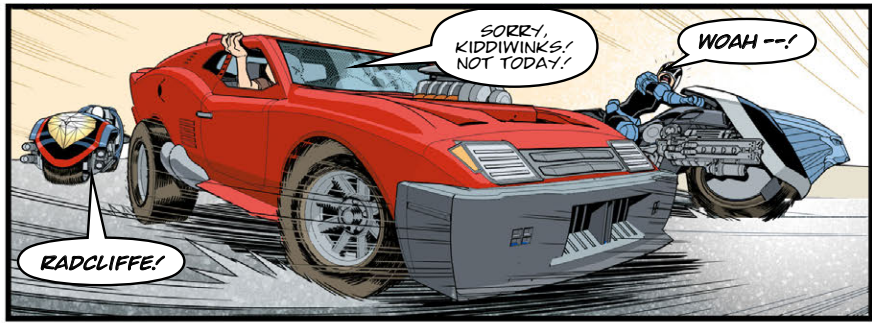
IT'S AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN **PROCEDURE** AND **TECHNIQUE** FROM A VERY DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE.

WE GOT JAYS ON OUR TAIL!



THEY'RE JUST JUVIES!

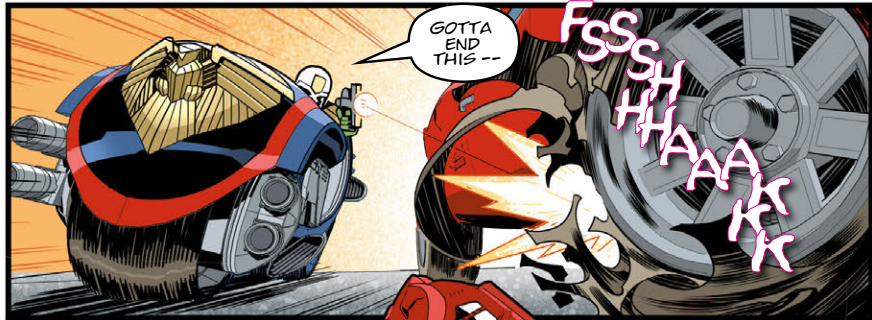
PULL OVER RIGHT NOW!



SORRY! KIDDIWINKS! NOT TODAY!

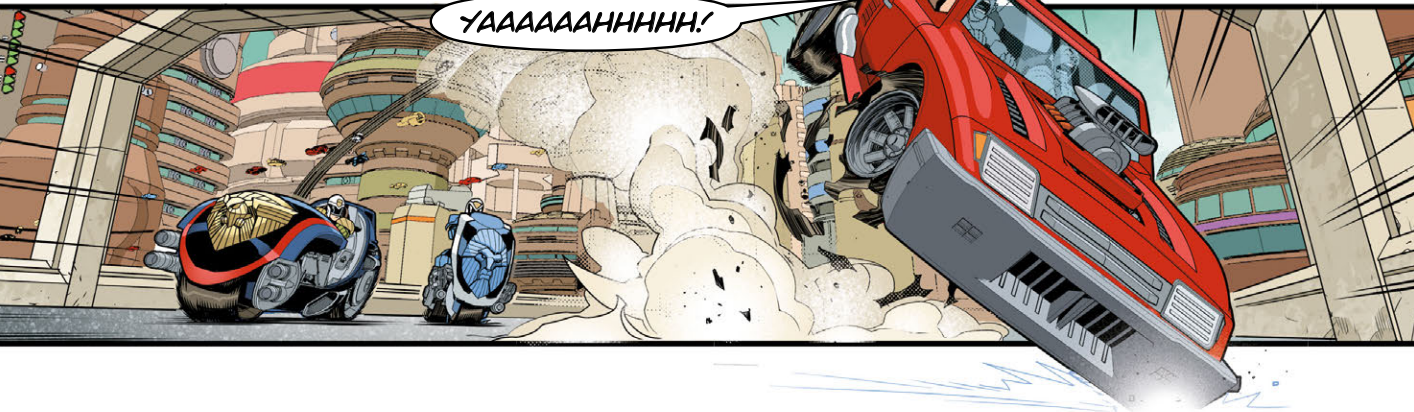
WOAH --!

RADCLIFFE!



GOTTA END THIS --

FSSSH  
HAAAKK



YAAAAAAHHHHH!



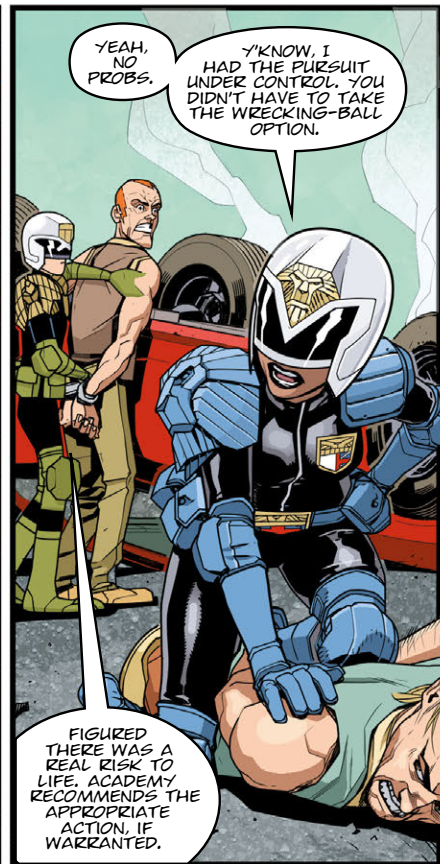
OWWWW...



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CREEP! ROBBERY, RECKLESS DRIVING, ENDANGERMENT OF A JUDGE - THERE'S AN ISO-CUBE WITH YOUR NAME ON IT.

HEY, GO EASY, SHORT-STUFF! I'M SUFFERIN' HERE!

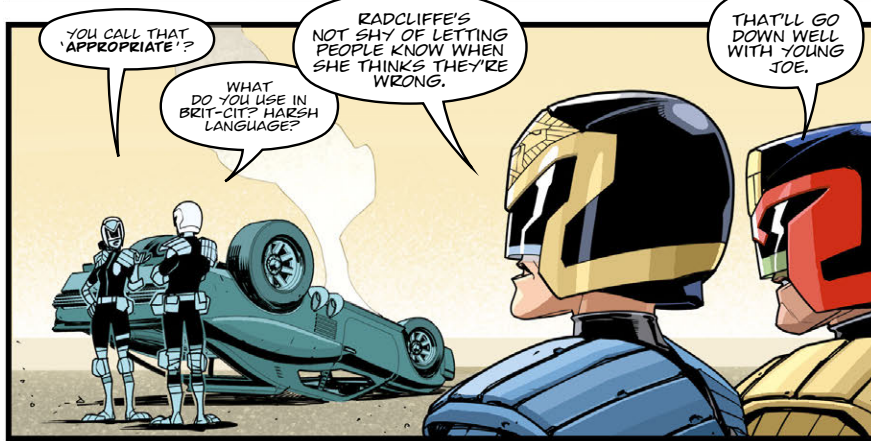
YOU GOT YOURS IN HAND, RADCLIFFE?



YEAH, NO PROBS.

Y'KNOW, I HAD THE PURSUIT UNDER CONTROL. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE THE WRECKING-BALL OPTION.

FIGURED THERE WAS A REAL RISK TO LIFE, ACADEMY RECOMMENDS THE APPROPRIATE ACTION, IF WARRANTED.



YOU CALL THAT 'APPROPRIATE'?

WHAT DO YOU USE IN BRIT-CIT? HARSH LANGUAGE?

RADCLIFFE'S NOT SHY OF LETTING PEOPLE KNOW WHEN SHE THINKS THEY'RE WRONG.

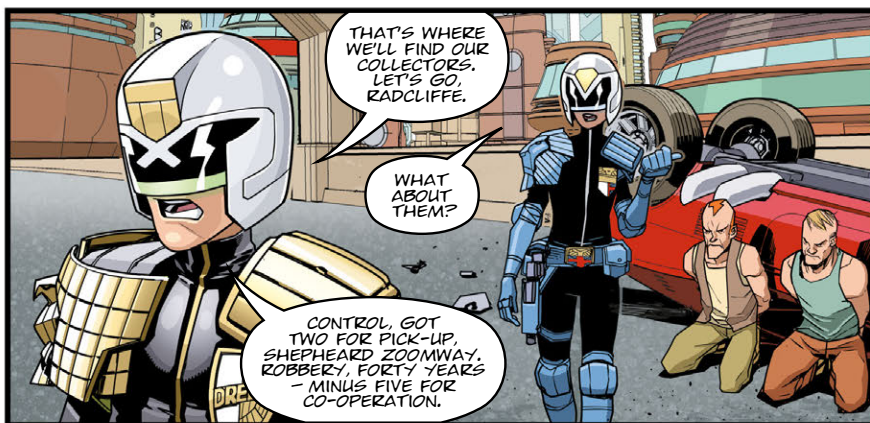
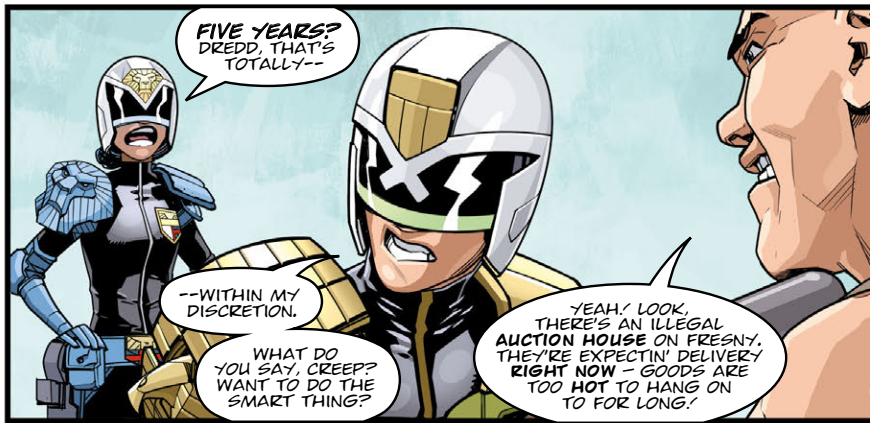
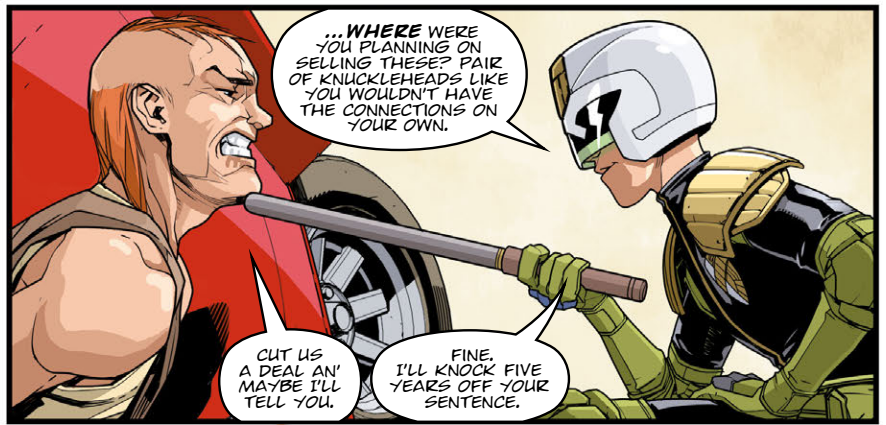
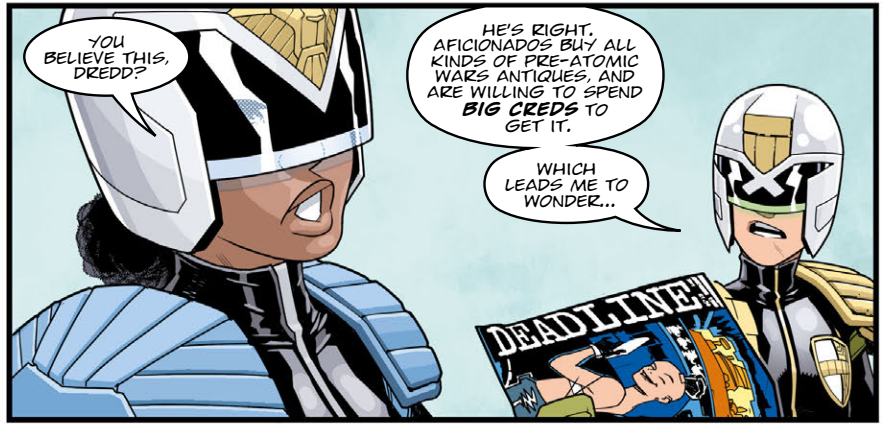
THAT'LL GO DOWN WELL WITH YOUNG JOE.

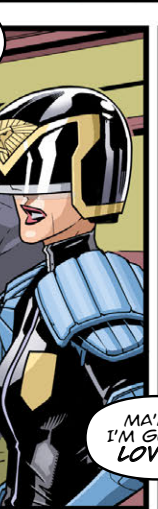
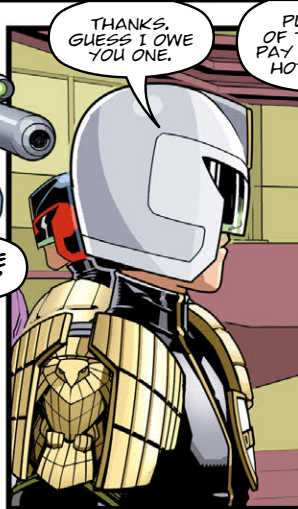
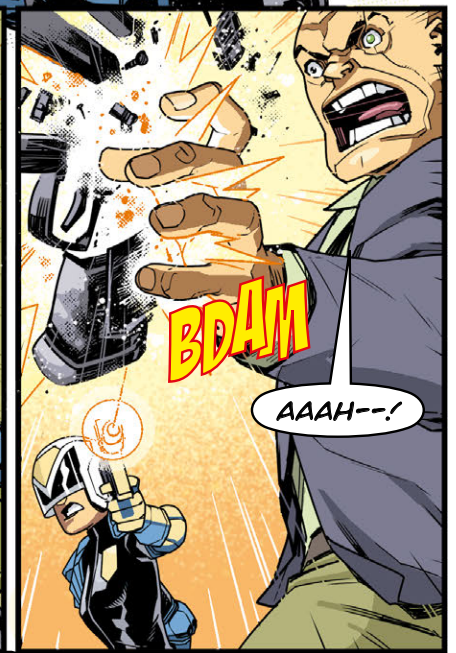
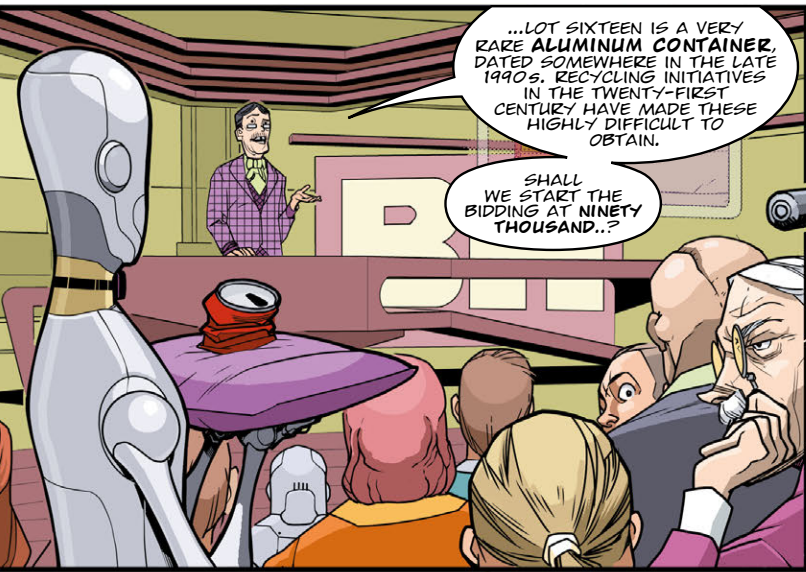


LET'S SEE WHAT YOU BOZOS HAD STOLEN...



...COMICS?





HELLCATS 0  
RAPTORS 0

AND THE 2073  
WORLD AEROBALL  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
FINAL IS GO!

# CADET DREDD CROWD CONTROL

ALREADY LOCAL HERO AND HELLCATS  
STAR SHOOTER DWIGHT DINKUM IS  
MAKING A PLAY FOR THE RAPTORS'  
SCORE TANK! HE'S LOOKING FOR  
THAT EARLY LEAD, FRANK!

SURE IS, TERRY! WE ALL  
KNOW THE YOUNGSTER'S  
GOT THE SPEED—BUT THE  
DALLAS DEFENDERS WILL  
BE READY FOR HIM!

OH,  
BEAUTIFUL!  
HE'S HIT  
THE RECOIL  
SURFACE—

ERIKSON'S  
GONE FOR  
THE BODY  
BLOCK—

BUT DINKUM'S ANTICIPATED HIM!  
HE'S LOBBING IT— SURELY HE  
DOESN'T HAVE THE ANGLE...?

—AND  
IT'S IN! FIRST  
AIR-STRIKE TO  
THE SECTOR 5  
HELLCATS!



DINK-UM!  
DINK-UM!  
DINK-UM!

JUST LISTEN TO THE HOME CROWD! THEY'LL BE HOPING FOR AN EASY WIN AGAINST THEIR FIERCE TEXAS-CITY RIVALS!

BUT SURELY THE RAPTORS AS SIX-TIME DEFENDING CHAMPIONS WILL COME OUT FIGHTING NOW, TERRY!

SO HOW FAR DO WE PUSH THIS, SIR?

CADET?

STATISTICALLY AN UNRULY CROWD IS LIKELY TO SPILL OVER INTO GENERAL TROUBLE-MAKING, WITH AN INCREASED PROBABILITY OF VIOLENCE AND AFFRAY.

AT WHAT POINT DO WE CONSIDER IT NECESSARY TO INTERVENE?

JUDGE'S DISCRETION, DREDD. DOES THE CITS GOOD TO WORK OFF SOME STEAM--

TONK

-UNTIL, THAT IS, THEY OVERSTEP THE MARK.

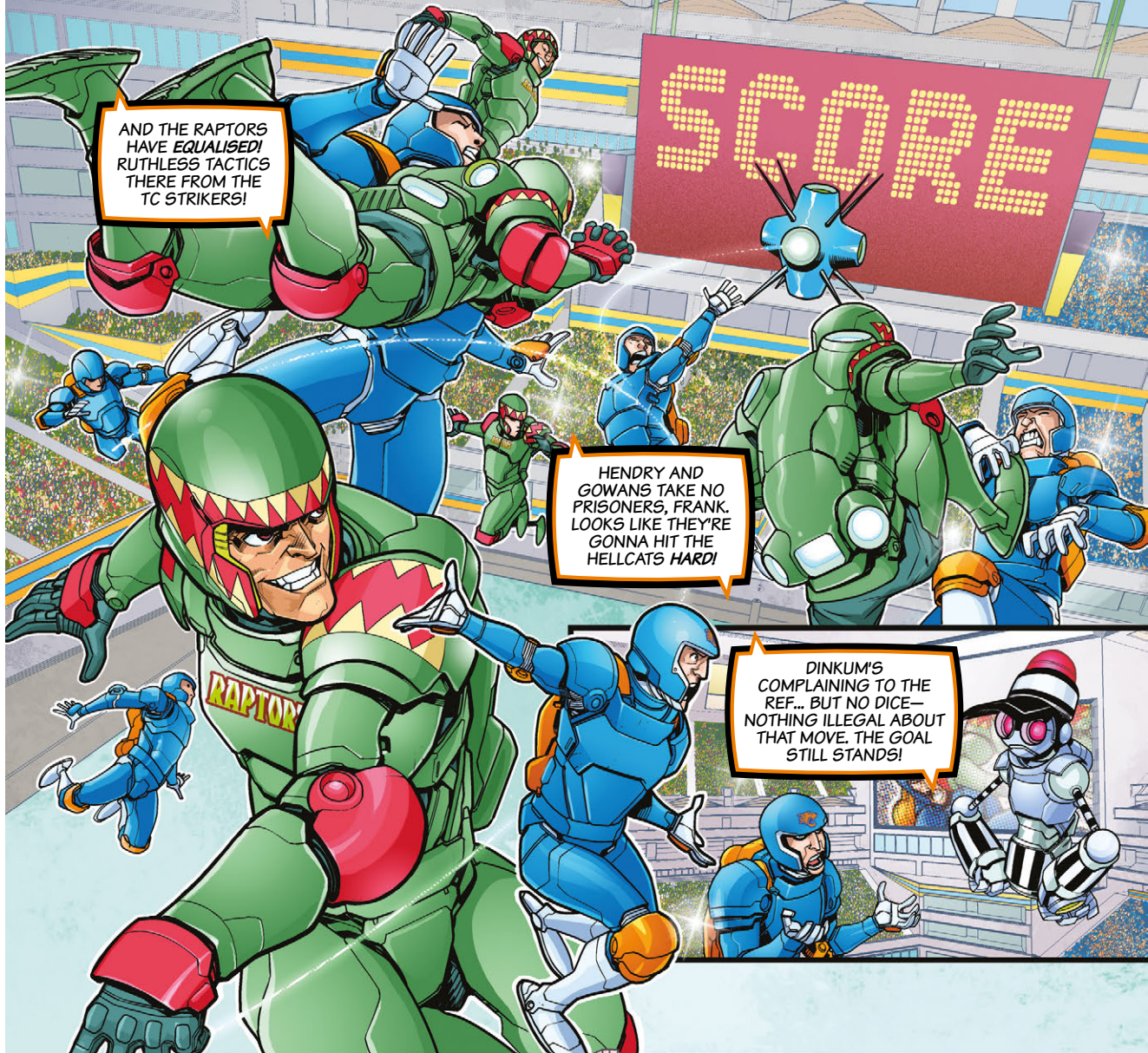
C'MERE, CREEP!

IT... IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! IT SHIPPED OUT MAH HAND--!

SWELL

ALL PART OF THE TRAINING, SON-- MANAGING A MOB LIKE THIS IS ONE OF THE TOUGHEST JUDGEMENT CALLS YOU CAN MAKE. GET IT WRONG AND YOU'LL HAVE A RIOT ON YOUR HANDS.

I'M GONNA TAKE THIS MEATHEAD TO THE CATCH-WAGON. UNTIL I GET BACK, YOU'RE IN CHARGE.



AND THE RAPTORS HAVE EQUALISED! RUTHLESS TACTICS THERE FROM THE TC STRIKERS!

HENDRY AND GOWANS TAKE NO PRISONERS, FRANK. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GONNA HIT THE HELLCATS HARD!

DINKUM'S COMPLAINING TO THE REF... BUT NO DICE—NOTHING ILLEGAL ABOUT THAT MOVE. THE GOAL STILL STANDS!

LOWLIFE RAPTOR DROKKERS! NO WAY THAT OUGHTTA BE ALLOWED!

SIMMER DOWN THERE.

DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN, BOY! CHAMPIONS CUP IS AT STAKE HERE! THOSE DALLAS DWEEBS AIN'T STEALIN' IT FROM US!

DAMN STRAIGHT!

YOU WILL SIT BACK IN YOUR SEAT, CITIZEN, AND SHUT UP BEFORE I START HANDING OUT SOME CUBE-TIME.

AAAWWWW! BABY JUDGE THINKS HE'S THE LAW!

HAW HAW!

TODDLE OFF BACK TO THE ACADEMY, KID. WE GOT A GAME TO WIN HERE--

AND A LESSON TO BE LEARNT IN RESPECTING THE BADGE TOO, IT SEEMS.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, PUNK? WANT TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY?

GOOD ANSWER. FAR AS ALL OF YOU ARE CONCERNED, I AM THE LAW.

UHP! N-NO, SIR.

BELIEVE IT!

Y-YOU'RE ALL A BUNCHA CHEATING WEASELS, YA KNOW THAT, TEXAS? SHOULDA KNOWN YOU'D COME TO SECTOR 5 AN' TRY - HICI! - YOUR USUAL T-TRICKS!

BACK OFF, BUD.

UH-OHI LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT AN ALTERCATION ON THE TOUCHLINE, FRANK. IS... IS THAT THE HELLCATS' MASCOT?

WHAT NOW?

I'M TOLD *BUNK WELLOWS* IS THE MAN IN THE COSTUME, TERRY. BEEN THE MASCOT FOR THE LAST TWO DECADES, AND WAS DUE TO RETIRE TODAY. HAVE TO SAY, HE LOOKS A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR...

WELL, YOU AINT GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT! CUP BELONGS TO THE HELLCATS! YOU AINT DENYIN' US NO LONGER!

WE'RE - HICI - CLAIMIN' TH'CHAMPIONSHIP, YOU HEAR ME?

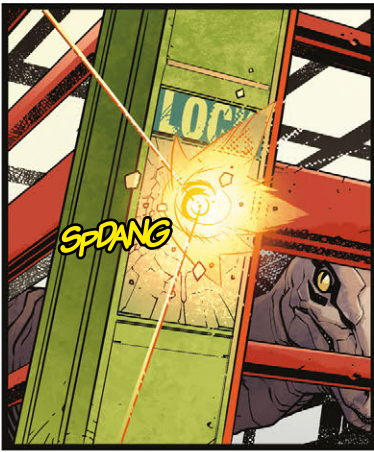
SECTOR 5 HELLCATS F-FOREVER!

ASTOUNDING DEVELOPMENTS HERE IN THE HYPERBOWL, VIEWERS. DO NOT TURN OFF YOUR SETS--

OOH! STUNNING TACKLE FROM THE JUNIOR JUDGE ON CROWD CONTROL.

YEP, FRANK, WELLOWS IS DOWN! THE SITUATION SEEMS TO BE--

**BDAM**



N-NOW, TERRY, I UNDERSTAND THOSE ARE GENUINE CLONED VELOCIRAPTORS. IS THAT RIGHT?

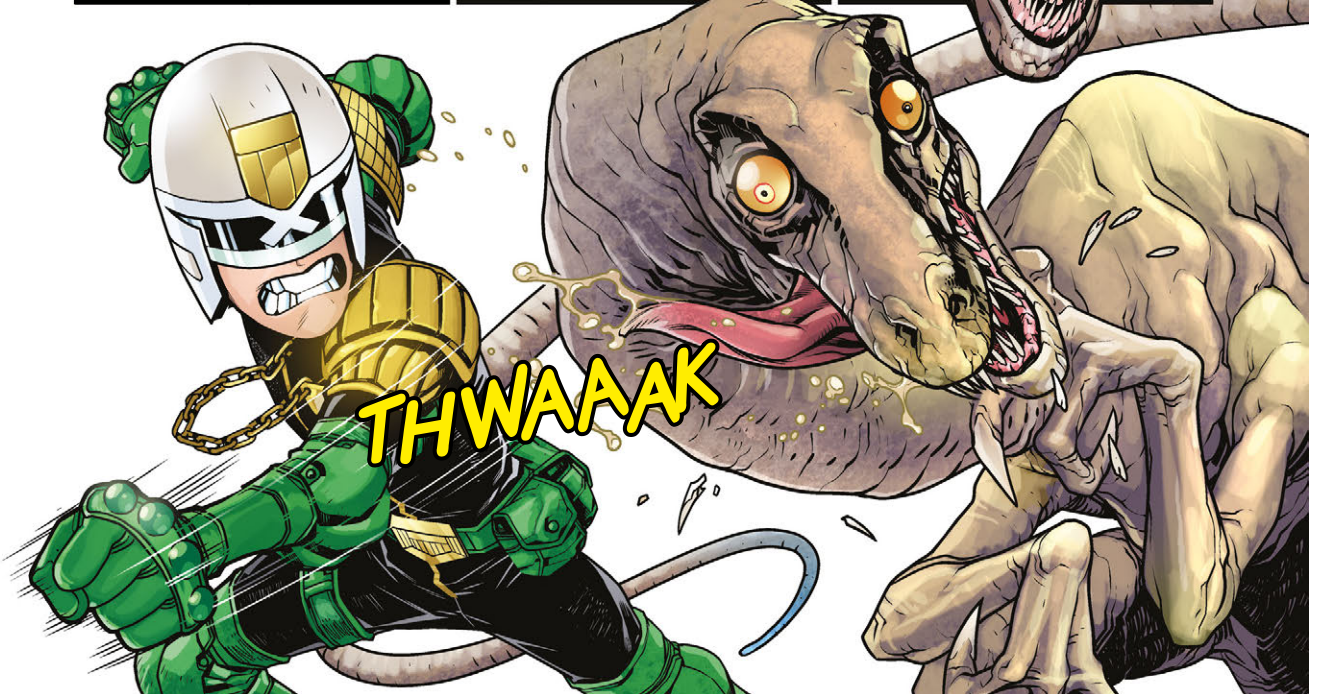


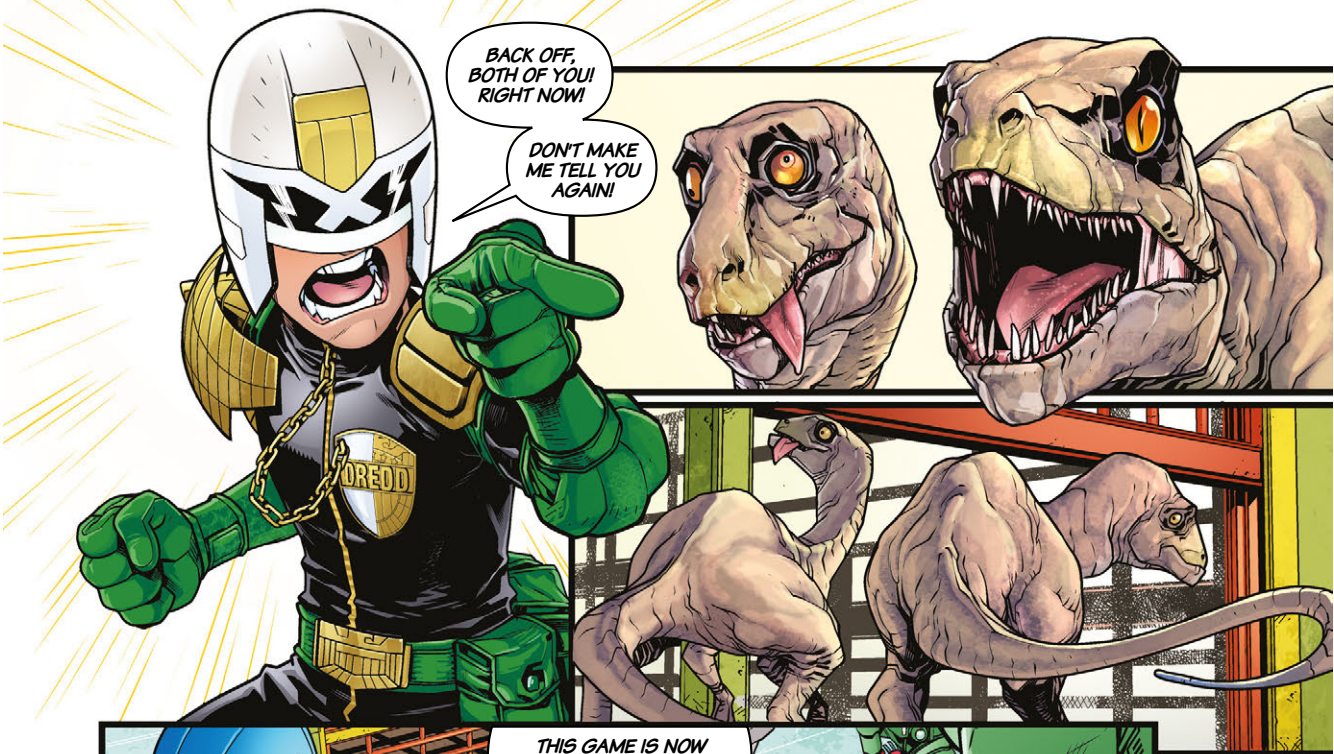
CAN'T LET THESE THINGS GET LOOSE AMONGST THE CITS OR THEY'LL BE DINO-SNACKS...

GOTTA SHOW THEM WHO'S TOP DOG--



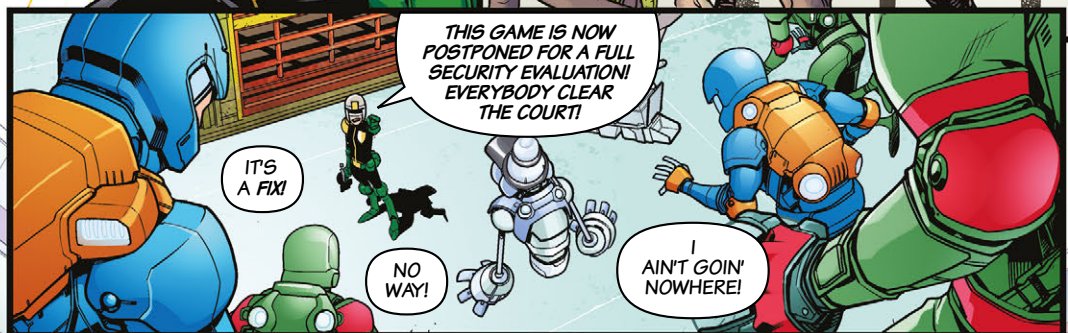
SPOT ON, FRANK. THE DALLAS BOYS BOUGHT THEM FROM DINOSAUR NATIONAL PARK BEFORE THE ATOMIC WAR, AND THEY'VE BEEN THEIR LUCKY CHARMS EVER SINCE.





BACK OFF,  
BOTH OF YOU!  
RIGHT NOW!

DONT MAKE  
ME TELL YOU  
AGAIN!



IT'S  
A FIX!

THIS GAME IS NOW  
POSTPONED FOR A FULL  
SECURITY EVALUATION!  
EVERYBODY CLEAR  
THE COURT!

NO  
WAY!

I  
AIN'T GOIN'  
NOWHERE!



HOW'S THE  
KID WORKING  
OUT?

HE'S A STICKLER,  
ALL RIGHT. KNOWS HIS LAW  
INSIDE OUT. I CAN SEE WHY THE  
GRAND HALL'S PINNING SUCH  
HIGH HOPES ON HIM.

THIS KIND OF  
DUTY'S IDEAL TO SEE  
IF JOE DREDD'S GOT  
WHAT IT TAKES...

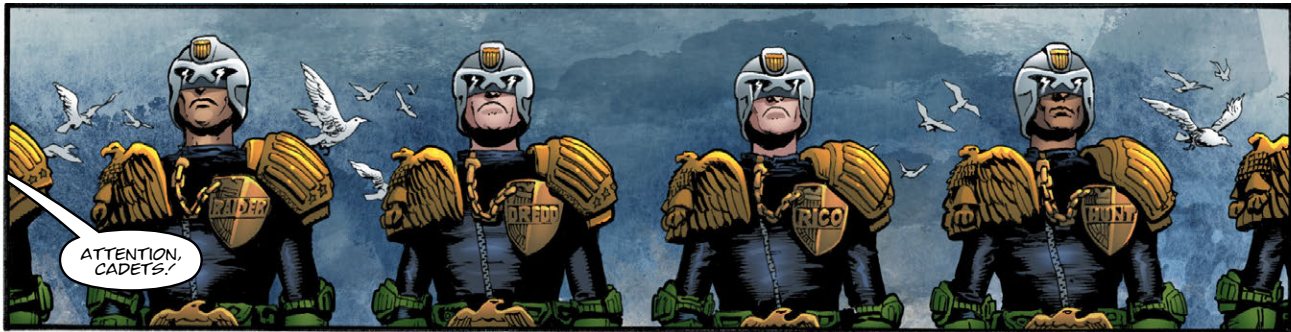


WHERE  
DO YOU WANT  
THEM, SIR?

EXTRAORDINARY  
SCENES, FRANK. I'VE  
HEARD OF PLAYERS  
BOOKED, BUT NEVER  
THE WHOLE CROWD!

GUESS THEY MIGHT  
BE OUT IN TIME FOR  
THE REPLAY NEXT  
YEAR, TERRY...

THE END



ATTENTION, CADETS!



TODAY IT IS MY SOLEMN DUTY TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF THE TOUGHEST ASPECTS OF BEING A JUDGE...

A PART OF THE JOB EVERY BIT AS TESTING AS ALL THE STREET SCUM, TERRORISTS, MUTIES, MOBSTERS, TROGGIES AND FUTSIES YOU'LL ENCOUNTER...

I'M TALKING ABOUT PUBLIC RELATIONS!

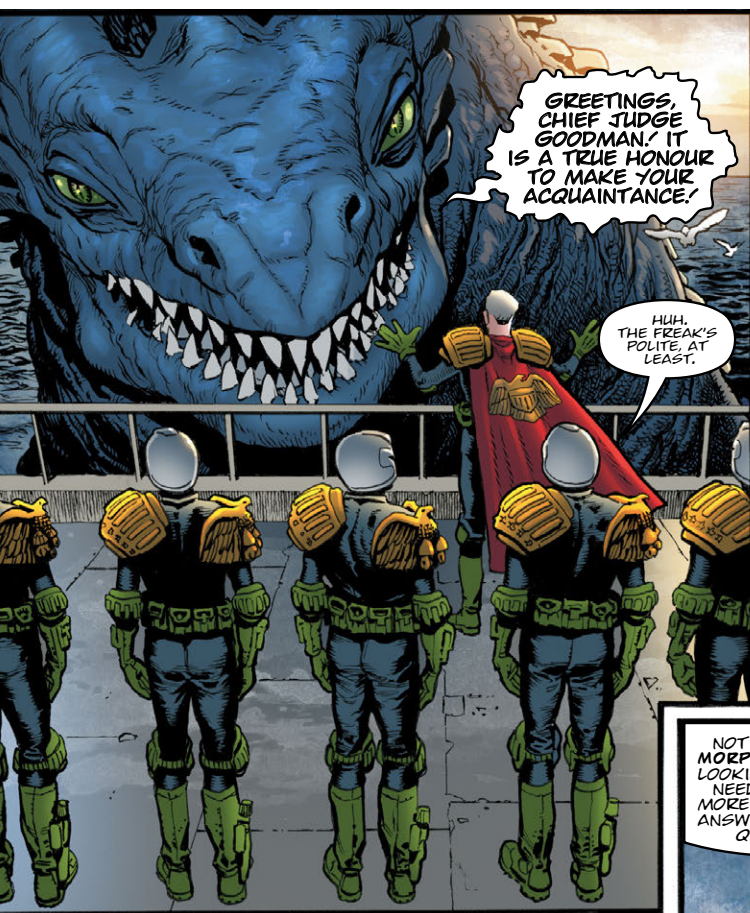
KEEPING THE PEACE IS A COSTLY PURSUIT, SO ON OCCASION WE'RE FORCED TO WEAR A 'FRIENDLY FACE' TO ATTRACT A LITTLE EXTRA FUNDING.



TODAY IS ONE SUCH DAY. TODAY, WE PLAY HOST TO...

GRUDZILLA!

# J-CADET DREDD VS GRUDZILLA



GREETINGS, CHIEF JUDGE GOODMAN! IT IS A TRUE HONOUR TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!

HUH, THE FREAK'S POLITE, AT LEAST.



WATCH YOUR MOUTH, RICO. HONDO-VID IS DONATING SERIOUS CREDITS TO SHOOT THE LATEST INSTALLMENT OF THEIR FAMOUS 'GRUDZILLA' FRANCHISE HERE IN MC-1...

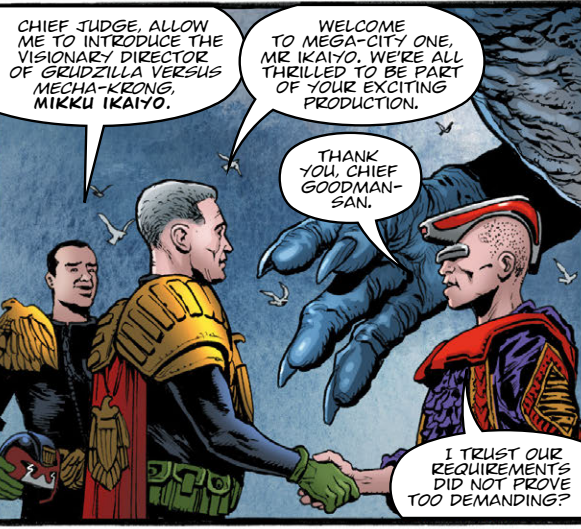
SO THE CHIEF JUDGE WANTS US EXTENDING OUR WARMEST WELCOME, KAPEESH?

YES, SIR.



NOT AT ALL! JUDGE MORPHY HERE HAS BEEN LOOKING AFTER ALL YOUR NEEDS... AND HE'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO ANSWER ANY FURTHER QUESTIONS.

MOST COMFORTING. MY LEADING MAN, IN PARTICULAR, HAS A COUPLE OF 'SAFETY CONCERNS' THAT REQUIRE SOME REASSURANCE...



CHIEF JUDGE, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE VISIONARY DIRECTOR OF GRUDZILLA VERSUS MECHA-KRONG, MIKUU IKAIKO.

WELCOME TO MEGA-CITY ONE, MR IKAIKO. WE'RE ALL THRILLED TO BE PART OF YOUR EXCITING PRODUCTION.

THANK YOU, CHIEF GOODMAN-SAN.

I TRUST OUR REQUIREMENTS DID NOT PROVE TOO DEMANDING?



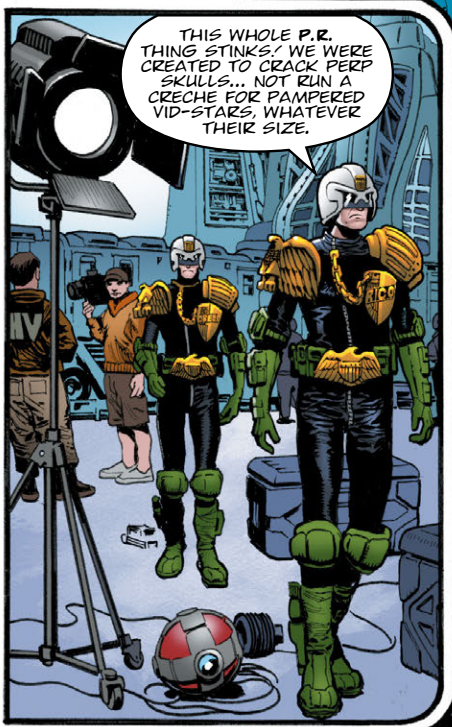
WAY TO GO, RICO. DROPPED US IN IT AGAIN.

STOW IT, JOE. YOU'RE JUST SORE YOU COULDN'T MATCH MY TARGET SCORES AGAIN.



NO NEED TO WORRY, CADET RICO AND HIS CLONE-BROTHER HAVE LITERALLY JUST VOLUNTEERED TO PROVIDE YOU WITH PERSONAL ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION.

CONSIDER THEM COMPLETELY AT YOUR BECK AND CALL. RIGHT, BOYS?



THIS WHOLE P.R. THING STINKS! WE WERE CREATED TO CRACK PERP SKULLS... NOT RUN A CRECHE FOR PAMPERED VID-STARS, WHATEVER THEIR SIZE.

I MEAN, LOOK AT HIM.

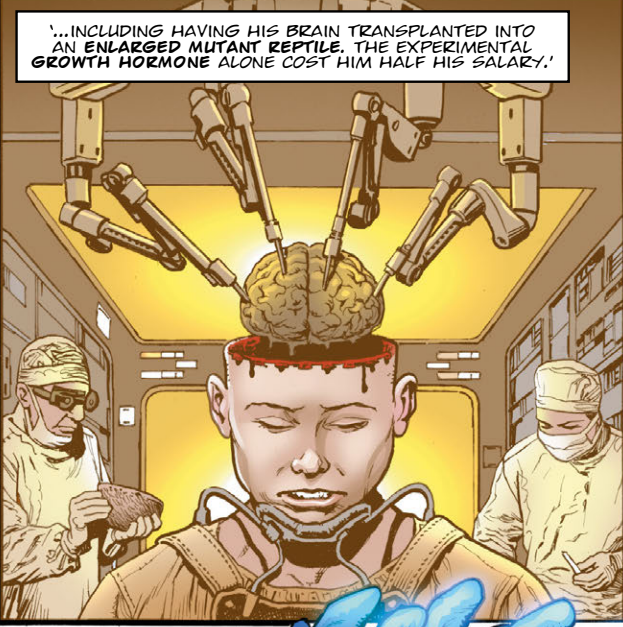
KRONG? I'M EXPECTED TO SHARE MY SCENES WITH THAT MO-CAPPED ROBOTIC HAS-BEEN? LOOK HOW TATTY HE IS! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY CO-STAR APPROVAL CLAUSE?

HE'S DEFINITELY GOT A MONSTER EGO TO MATCH HIS SIZE, HOW DO THEY PUT UP WITH HIM?



TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, JUDGE-KUN: WORKING WITH HISTORY'S MOST DEDICATED ACTOR, HO-HO MESODDO, IS NOTHING BUT A PRIVILEGE.

AND THE ROLE OF GRUDZILLA IS THE PINNACLE OF HIS CAREER! IF YOU ONLY KNEW THE EXTRAORDINARY LENGTHS HE TOOK JUST TO GET INTO CHARACTER...



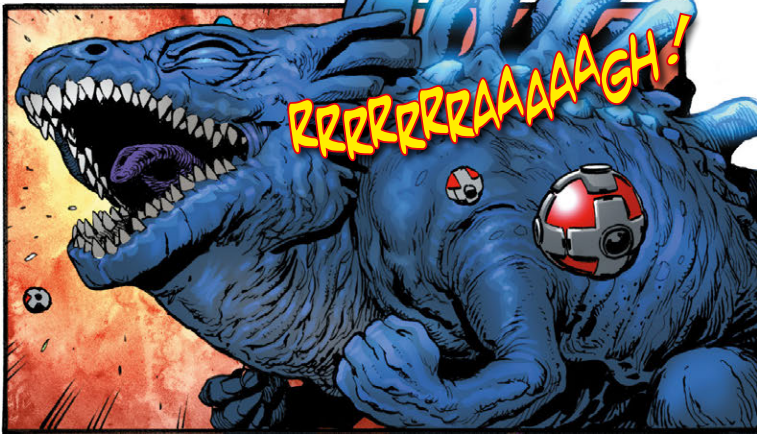
'...INCLUDING HAVING HIS BRAIN TRANSPLANTED INTO AN ENLARGED MUTANT REPTILE, THE EXPERIMENTAL GROWTH HORMONE ALONE COST HIM HALF HIS SALARY!'



ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT. TIME FOR MESODDO TO PERFORM HIS MAGIC!

LET'S GO AGAIN, EVERYONE: GRUDZILLA VERSUS MECHA-KRONG, SCENE FOUR, TAKE TWO!

ROLL SOUND... ROLL DRONE-CAMS... AND... ACTION!





HUH. TERRIFYING.



AND... CUT! BEAUTIFUL WORK AS EVER, MAESTRO.

BUT PERHAPS WE COULD DO ONE MORE TAKE, ONLY THIS TIME YOU GIVE US A FRACTION MORE... RAGE?

MORE RAGE? THIS ISN'T SOME CARTOON PERFORMANCE I'M GIVING HERE, IKAIYO! I'M TRYING TO SHOW THE INNER TURMOIL OF THE MONSTER! LET ME SEE THE PLAYBACK!



WHAT? I'M BARELY EVEN IN THE SHOT!

I'M ONLY SHOWING BRIEF GLIMPSES OF THE CREATURE; IT HELPS BUILD TENSION. WE DISCUSSED THIS, MESODDO -

GRUDZILLA! I TOLD YOU! I ONLY ANSWER TO GRUDZILLA WHEN I'M ON THE SET!



ONCE MORE, YOU'VE UPSET MY EQUILIBRIUM, IKAIYO. NOW I'M FORCED TO RETURN MY TRAILER AND MEDITATE UNTIL I'VE RE-CENTRED MY EMOTIONAL CORE.

IT'S OKAY... IT'S ALL PART OF HIS METHOD. HE REALLY IS VERY TALENTED.

GIVE ME THAT!



LISTEN UP, CREEP; IF YOU THINK WE'RE JUST GONNA WAIT HERE 'TIL YOUR THIN-SKINNED BUTT IS 'RE-CENTRED', YOU'RE DEAD WRONG!

'COS WHILE WE'RE BABYSITTING YOU, CRIMES GOING UNCHECKED ON THE STREETS. FINISH THE GRUDZILLA SCENE BEFORE I CHARGE YOU WITH WASTING OUR TIME!

TAKE IT EASY, RICO...



YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH MY CREATIVE PROCESS, LITTLE ONE?

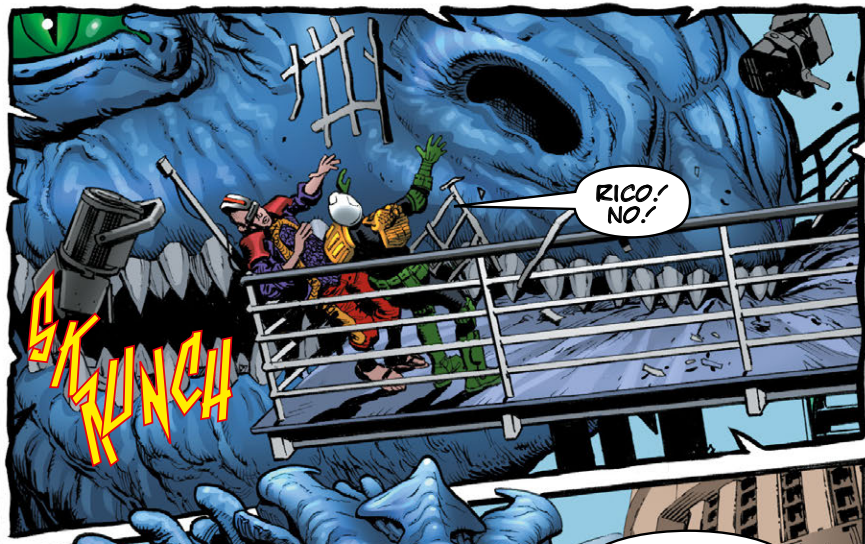
YEAH, AND YOUR FITFUL ACTING, SO SUCK IT UP AND GET BACK TO WORK!

THAT... THAT'S NOT THE BEST WAY TO MOTIVATE TALENT...



'SUCK IT UP?'  
I'LL SUCK YOU UP, TINY  
JUDGE-KUN!

LOOK OUT,  
RICO -



RICO!  
NO!

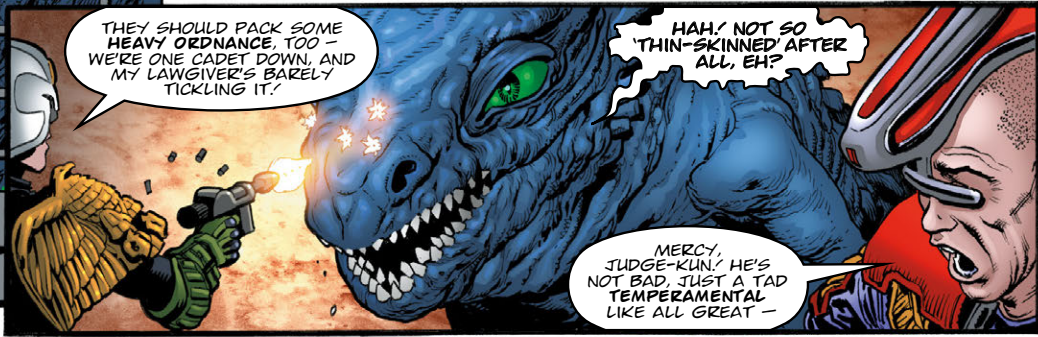
SK  
RUNCH



OH,  
MESODDO,  
NOT AGAIN!  
PLEASE STOP  
EATING YOUR  
CRITICS!

DREDD TO  
CONTROL! URGENT  
BACK-UP REQUIRED!  
GRUZZILLA'S  
GONE LOCO!

IT CAN'T  
BE HELPED, IKAIYO.  
I KNOW THEY DON'T  
AGREE WITH ME...  
BUT THEY'RE SO  
MOREISH!



THEY SHOULD PACK SOME  
HEAVY ORDNANCE, TOO.  
WE'RE ONE CADET DOWN, AND  
MY LAWGIVER'S BARELY  
TICKLING IT!

HAH! NOT SO  
'THIN-SKINNED' AFTER  
ALL, EH?

MERCY,  
JUDGE-KUN! HE'S  
NOT BAD, JUST A TAD  
TEMPERAMENTAL  
LIKE ALL GREAT -



MOVE!

AAAAAHH!



MANTA TANKS  
HEADED YOUR WAY,  
DREDD. KEEP HIM  
OCCUPIED UNTIL  
THEY ARRIVE!

ROGER  
THAT, CONTROL.  
BUT TELL THEM TO  
HURRY...



...THE WHOLE SITUATION'S GONE BELLY UP!'

LIHNN... WHERE THE DROCK AM I?

GOTTA GET... EMERGENCY FLARE.

STOMM! I'M IN GRUDZILLA'S GUTS!



NGGGH!

SPLOOOSH



AAHH! GASTRIC ACID...! BURNING!



JOVUS! OVERGROWN INTESTINAL WORM!



WE HAVE VISUAL CONTACT, DREDD! NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL CHEWING THE SCENERY!



THAT THING'S ALREADY HAD RICO FOR STARTERS... LET'S GIVE IT SOME HOT LEAD FOR DESSERT!



WITH PLEASURE!



HEY!



PATHETIC, I'VE HAD REVIEWS THAT STUNG WORSE THAN THAT!



LOOKS LIKE YOUR LEADING MAN'S LOST ALL HIS 'SAFETY' CONCERNS, KAIYO... ALONG WITH HIS WHOLE DROKKIN' MIND!

AU CONTRAIRE! THIS IS METHOD ACTING AT ITS VERY FINEST! HE'S A GENIUS!



YOU'RE AS MAD AS HE IS.

I MUST LAUNCH THE DRONE-CAMS...



"THIS SPECTACLE MUST BE RECORDED FOR POSTERITY!"

SO MANY JUDGES! EXPECTING A SHOW OF RESISTANCE, EH?

OH WELL... GIVE THE AUDIENCE WHAT THEY WANT, THAT'S MY MOTTO!



UUGH! THAT GROWTH HORMONE'S GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR! CREEP NEEDS SERIOUS DE-WORMING...



RICO TO ALL UNITS! COME IN... ANYONE!



HEY, KID, HELP ME! MY LEG'S STUCK!

I DON'T MIND DYING FOR MY ART BUT GETTING KILLED IN A LEOTARD COVERED IN PING-PONG BALLS ISN'T THE MOST DIGNIFIED WAY TO GO.



THANKS, PAL! I'D HAVE HATED KRONG TO BE MY FINAL ROLE!

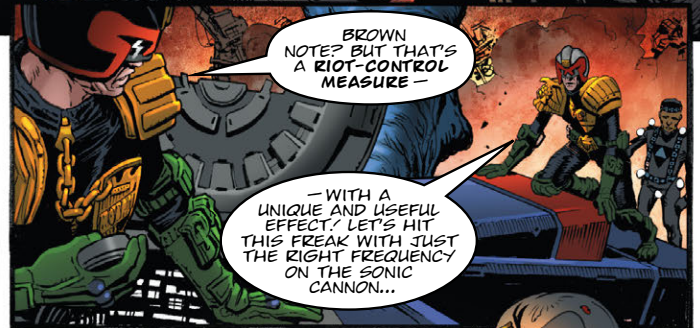
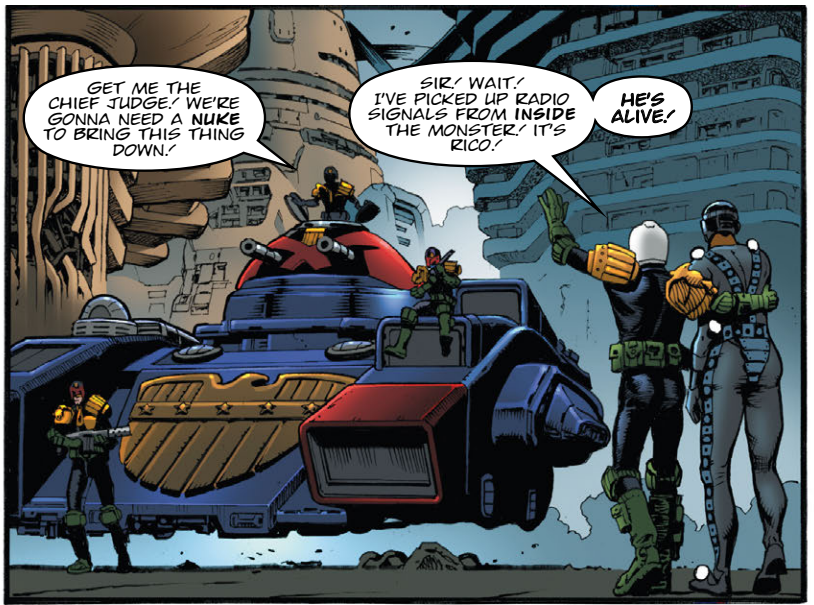
KRONG?



YEAH, MOSTLY HE'S A.I. DRIVEN, BUT I PERFORM KRONG'S MORE COMPLEX MOVES REMOTELY THROUGH THIS MOTION-CAPTURE SUIT.

SEE HOW I'M RAISING MY ARM? NOW LOOK AT KRONG.

...REPEAT: RICO... SKZZZZ... ALL UNITS...





AH, DROKK IT. I'M WORM-FOOD EITHER WAY. DO IT!



AHHH! ACID'S EATING THROUGH MY BOOTS, BUT THESE PARASITIC DROKKERS SEEM RESISTANT TO IT... MIGHT GIVE ME A LITTLE EXTRA EDGE...



BUCKLE UP, RICO, 'COS IT'S ABOUT TO GET MESSY!



RESPIRATOR'S DOWN, JOE. READY WHEN YOU ARE.

OKAY, HIT IT!



OOOH...



LUUURGH... I... I DON'T FEEL SO WELL...



GNNNNNNN!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! MESODDO'S LOOKING A BIT GREEN AROUND THE GILLS...



I CAN'T JUST SIT ROUND WHILE WE WAIT FOR RICO TO BE RELEASED...

YOU! I'M COMMANDEERING YOUR MO-CAP SUIT! STRIP!

HUH?

WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT IN MIND, ROOKIE, MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE'VE GOT SIGNS OF MOVEMENT!



BLUUURP

EW!

YEAH I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THAT SCENE...



HEY, NO ONE SAID WHEN I BECAME A JUDGE I'D BE SHOVELLIN' GRUDZILLA DUNG!

UGH... THE SMELL!

QUIT BELL'ACHIN' AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELLED FOR RICO!



OH, THE HUMILIATION! THIS FARCE HAS RUN ON LONG ENOUGH!

SO THAT MEANS CURTAINS FOR YOU, TINY JUDGES!



YOUR ACT'S GROWN STALE, CREEP...



IT'S TIME YOU TOOK YOUR FINAL BOW!

OOOF!



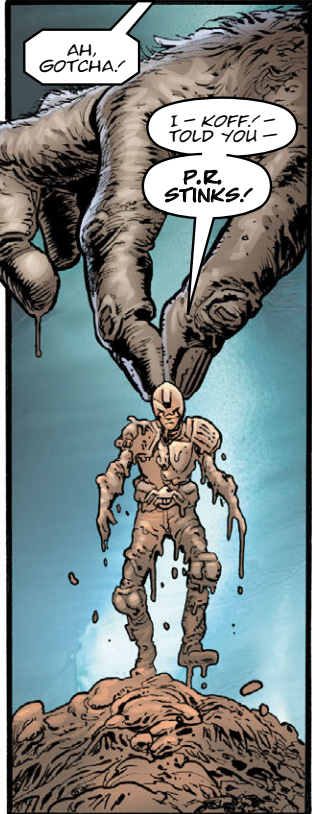
BRAVISSIMO, JUDGE-KUN. YOUR MO-CAPPED KRONG PERFORMANCE HAS STOLEN THE PICTURE! WE'RE LOOKING AT MONSTER BOX-OFFICE!

THIS FILM CONSTITUTES CRIMINAL EVIDENCE AND IS THEREFORE THE PROPERTY OF MEGA-CITY'S JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. FURTHER TO THAT, YOUR LEADING MAN'S HEADED TO THE BIGGEST CUBE WE CAN FIND.

NEITHER'S COMING OUT ANY TIME SOON. SO BEAT IT, IKAIYO!



COME ON, RICO. I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE SOMEWHERE.



AH, GOTCHA!

I - KOFF! - TOLD YOU - P.R. STINKS!



HA! NICE OUTFIT, JOE! CAN'T DECIDE WHICH OF US LOOKS WORSE!

GUESS WE'VE BOTH BEEN THROUGH THE MOTIONS!

DO ME A SOLID, RICO, AND SHUT UP. ONE DAY YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO LAND YOURSELF IN IT!

THE END

YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW IT YET, CADETS, BUT YOU ARE STARRING AT THE FUTURE OF CRIME PREVENTION.



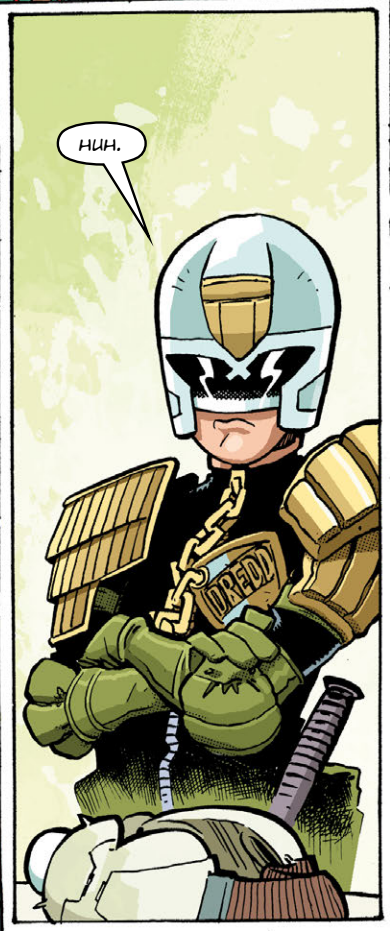
WITH THESE GUILT-DETECTING GOGGLES, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TELL IF A CITIZEN'S COMMITTED A CRIME JUST BY LOOKING AT THEM.

THEY'RE STILL IN THE EARLY STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT BUT I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF EVERY SINGLE JUDGE WAS USING THEM BY THE TIME YOU ALL GRADUATE.



# CADET DREDD SCHOOL TRIP

HUH.



BELIEVE ME, THE REST OF YOUR CLASS WILL BE EXTREMELY JEALOUS TO HAVE MISSED THIS TOUR.

THIS TEK-FACILITY IS AT THE FOREFRONT OF THE MOST EXCITING DEVELOPMENTS—



# RRUMMMBLE

WHAT—?





W-WHAT WAS THAT...?

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE NEAREST EXIT IMMEDIATELY!



UM... ALL RIGHT, CADETS, LET'S GET A MOVE ON!



HEY, HUNT! WHAT DO YOU THINK'S GOING ON?

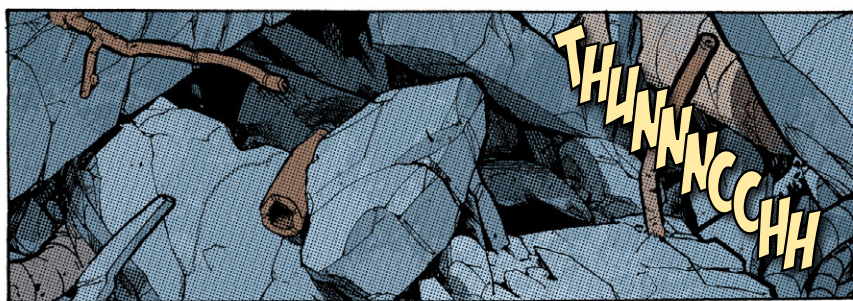
SOV ATTACK. GOTTA BE.



BAXTER, LOOK OUT!



UNFF!



THUNNCCCHH



GRUD!  
JOE -!



YOU  
OKAY?

YEAH,  
THANKS,  
DREDD.



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE TO FIND  
ANOTHER WAY OUT  
OF HERE...

OH  
DROKK -



W-WHAT  
IS THAT?



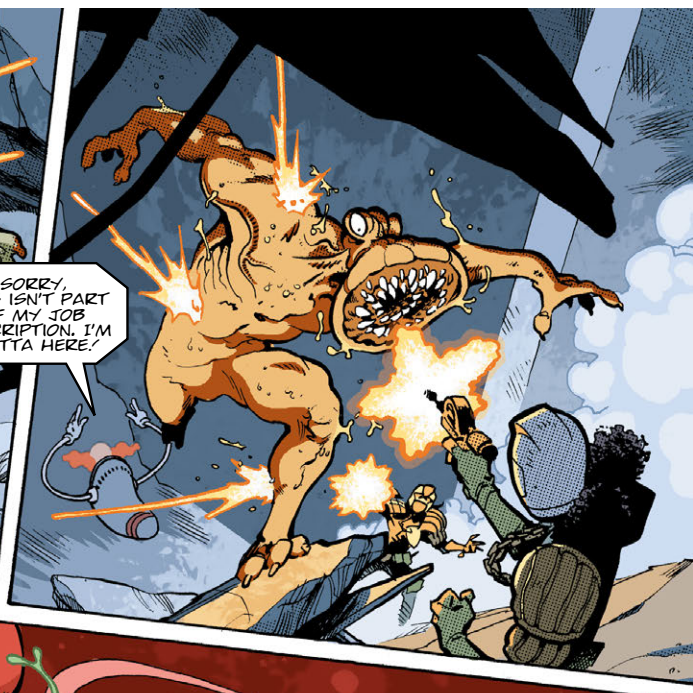
STOMM.  
WATCH  
OUT!



LAWGIVERS AREN'T HAVING MUCH EFFECT.

ROBOT - YOU KNOW WHAT THIS THING IS?

SORRY, THIS ISN'T PART OF MY JOB DESCRIPTION, I'M OUTTA HERE.



ENTERING EMERGENCY SHUTDOWN MODE.

SOME HELP YOU ARE.



DOWN, CREEP!



PRETTY SURE I'VE NEVER COME ACROSS THIS IN OUR ALIEN ENCYCLOPEDIAS.

ME NEITHER. MUST BE CONNECTED TO THE BUILDING COMING DOWN.



ALL RIGHT, CADETS, LET'S GET MOVING.

SKZZZZZ... ANYONE THERE? IF ANYONE IS STILL INSIDE THE FACILITY, REPORT IN.



DREDD  
HERE, I'M WITH  
BAXTER AND  
COLLINS.

WE'VE  
JUST HAD A  
RUN-IN WITH  
SOME ALIEN  
FREAK.

AFRAID  
THERE'S  
MORE THAN  
ONE, DREDD.



SECURITY  
CAM-FOOTAGE  
SHOWS A GROUP  
OF CREATURES  
COMING  
THROUGH A PORTAL  
IN ONE OF THE  
LABS.

TERRIFIC.  
WHICH  
ONES?

INTERDIMENSIONAL  
TRAVEL. SKILLET  
WANTED TO SEE IF  
IT WAS POSSIBLE TO  
OPEN A  
DOORWAY TO  
ANOTHER REALITY...



SOUNDS LIKE IT  
MIGHT'VE WORKED  
TOO WELL.

REINFORCEMENTS  
ARE ON THE WAY  
BUT WE NEED TO  
CLOSE THAT PORTAL  
BEFORE AN ENTIRE  
ARMY OF THE CREEPS  
COMES THROUGH.

YOU GADETS  
ARE THE ONLY  
ONES WHO  
CAN DO IT.

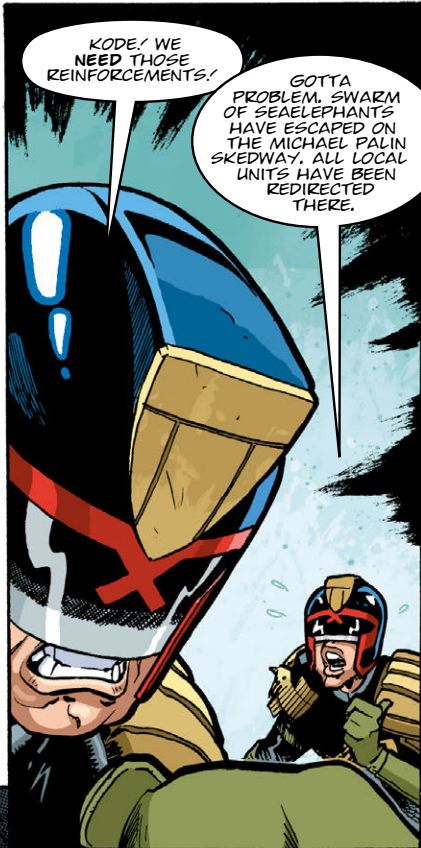


WE'RE  
ON IT.

KEEP US  
UPDATED...  
SKZZZZZ...



SIGNAL'S  
GONE.



KODE, WE NEED THOSE REINFORCEMENTS!

GOTTA PROBLEM, SWARM OF SEAELEPHANTS HAVE ESCAPED ON THE MICHAEL PALIN SKEDWAY. ALL LOCAL UNITS HAVE BEEN REDIRECTED THERE.



DROKKIN' SEAELEPHANTS -

TEK-DIV DID SEND OVER SOME MORE INFO ABOUT THOSE CREATURES, THOUGH.



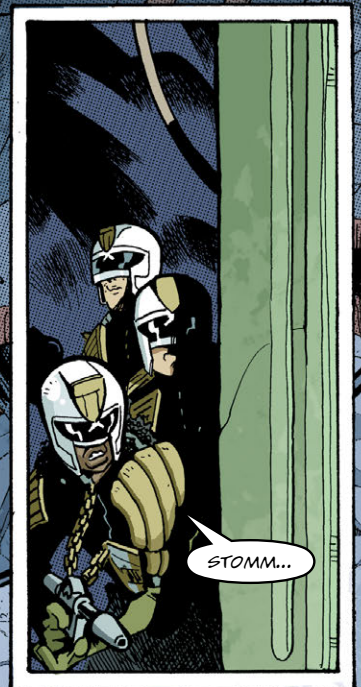
DATABASES SHOW THEY'RE CALLED THE STRONGQUETS - PARASITES THAT TRAVEL FROM DIMENSION TO DIMENSION, PILLAGING EVERY CIVILISATION THEY ENCOUNTER.

FANTASTIC.

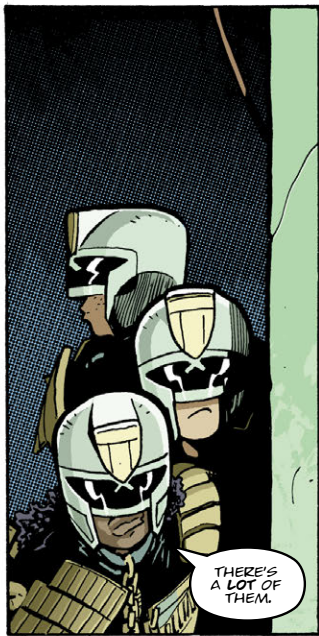


'BETTER HOPE THOSE CADETS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING...'

THINK WE'RE ALMOST THERE.



STOMM...



THERE'S A LOT OF THEM.



HOW? OUR LAWGIVERS BARELY LEAVE A SCRATCH.

WE CAN TAKE 'EM.



PSST, GUYS...



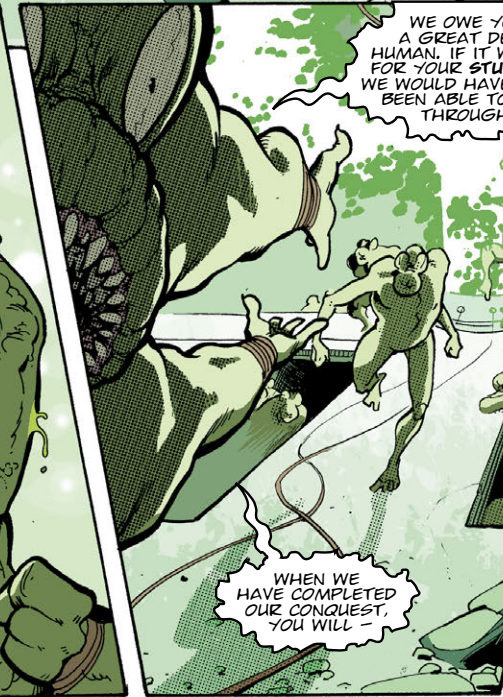


P-PLEASE, THIS IS MADNESS!  
YOU HAVE TO STOP!

STOP? YOU MUST BE JOKING!  
DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET A FOOHOLD INSIDE YOUR DIMENSION?



THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. ONCE WE'VE ESTABLISHED A BASE HERE, WE'LL USE IT TO LAUNCH OUR CAMPAIGN ALL ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE!



WE OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT, HUMAN. IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR STUPIDITY, WE WOULD HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET THROUGH.

WHEN WE HAVE COMPLETED OUR CONQUEST, YOU WILL -



**BLAM**

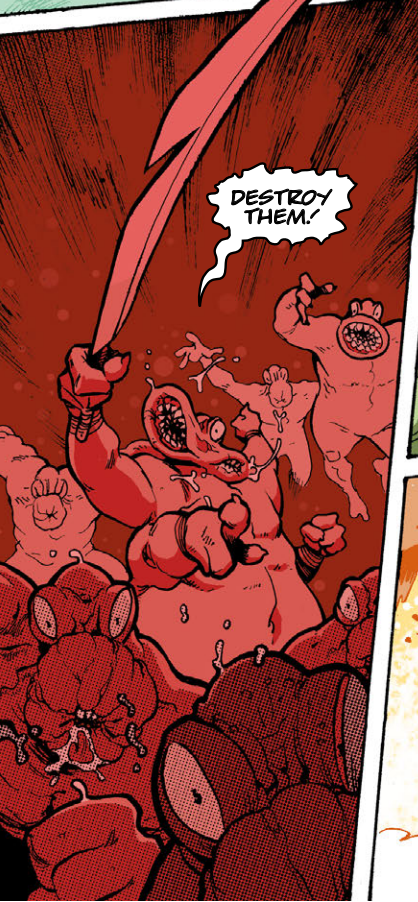
EH?



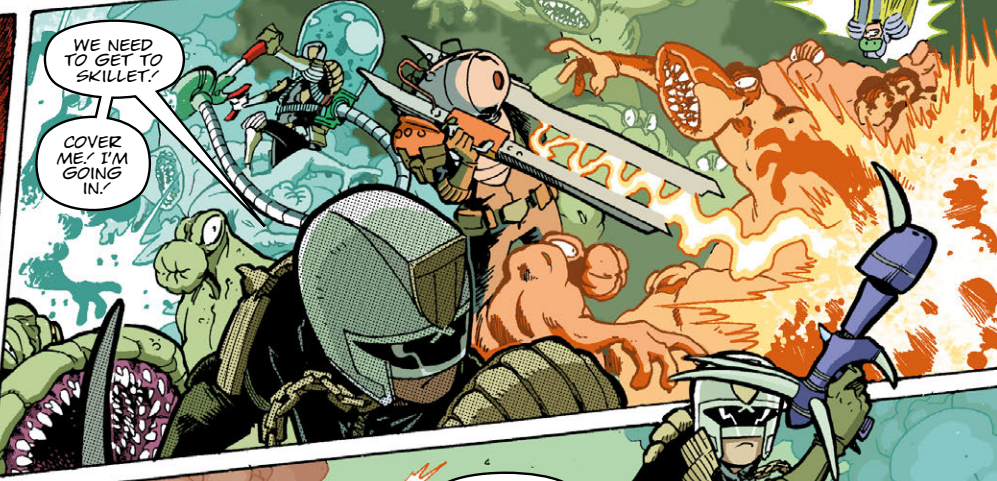
YOU CREEPS ARE TRESPASSING!



NOBODY MOVE! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!



DESTROY THEM!

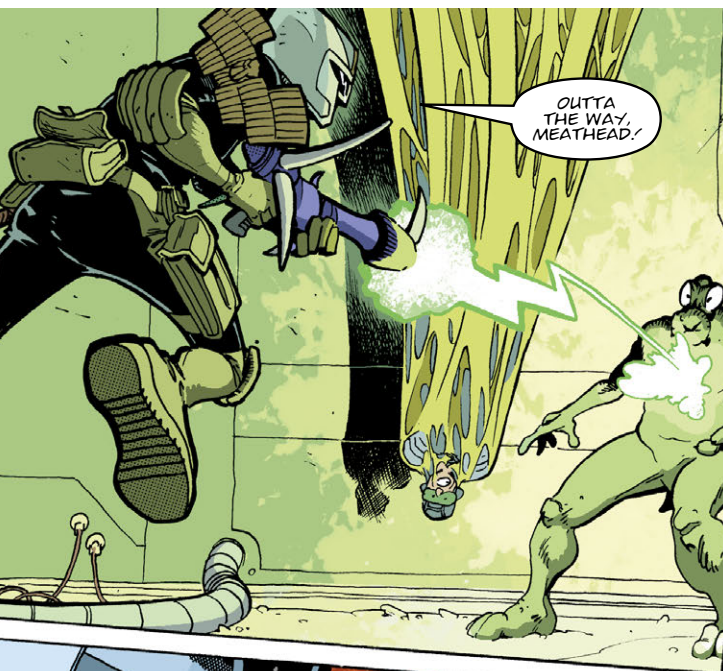


WE NEED TO GET TO SKILLET!

COVER ME, I'M GOING IN!



YOU GOT IT, DREDD!



OUTTA THE WAY, MEATHEAD!



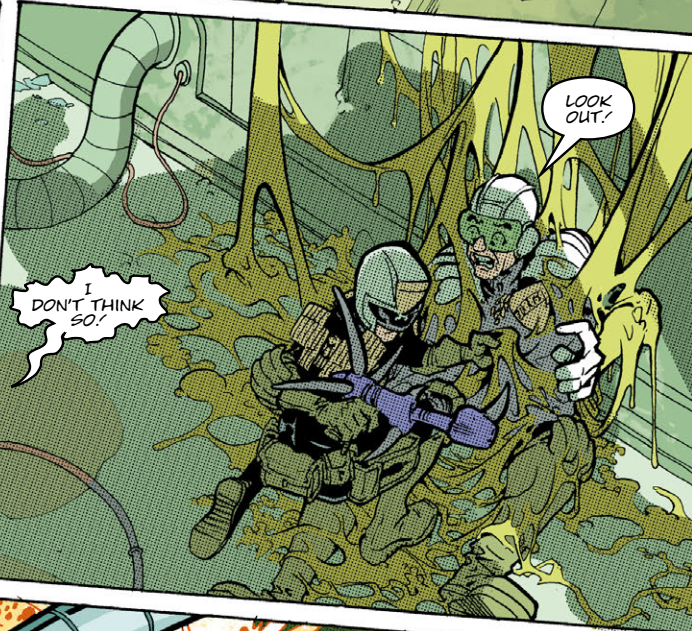
TEK-JUDGE SKILLET! HOW DO I SHUT DOWN THE PORTAL?

OH GRUD, I'VE DOOMED US ALL...



SAVE THE PITY PARTY FOR LATER! TELL ME HOW TO FIX THIS!

T-THE CONTROL PANEL - DESTROY IT AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CLOSE THE DOORWAY.

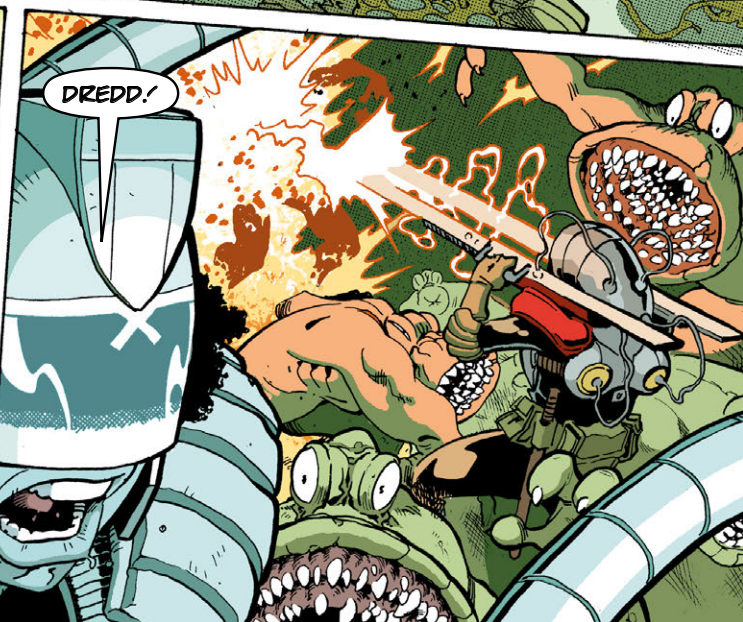


LOOK OUT!

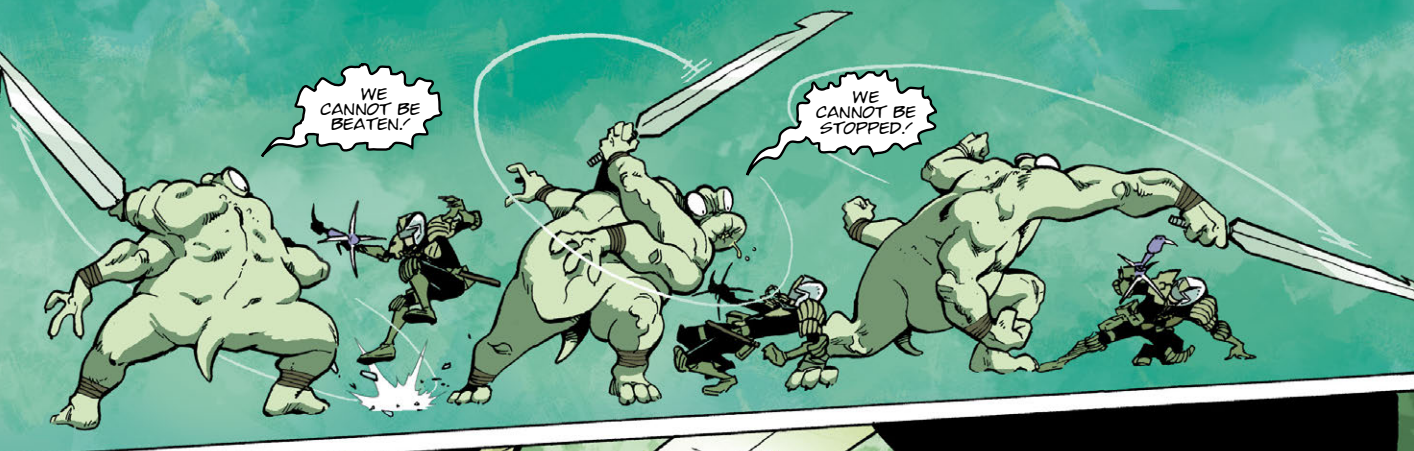
I DON'T THINK SO!



WE'VE CONQUERED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CIVILISATIONS - AND YOU THINK WE CAN BE BEATEN BY A BUNCH OF CHILDREN?



DREDD!



WE CANNOT BE BEATEN!

WE CANNOT BE STOPPED!



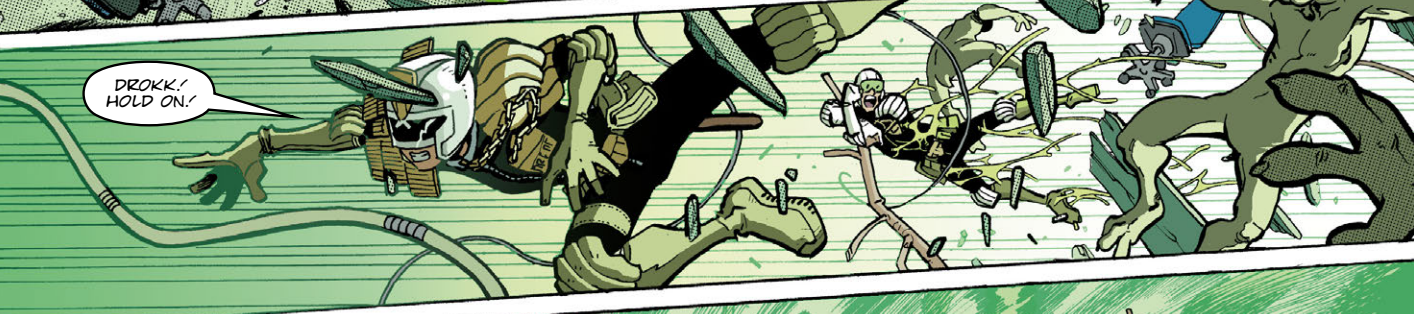
IF YOU SAY SO.



WADDOOOOM!



NO-!



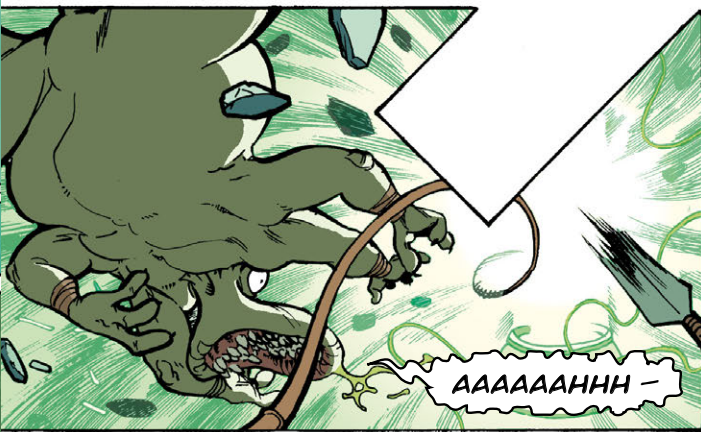
DROKK! HOLD ON!



SKILLET, HOW DO WE TURN THIS THING OFF?

IT SHOULDN'T TAKE MUCH LONGER! THE PORTAL'S IN ITS DEATH THROES!

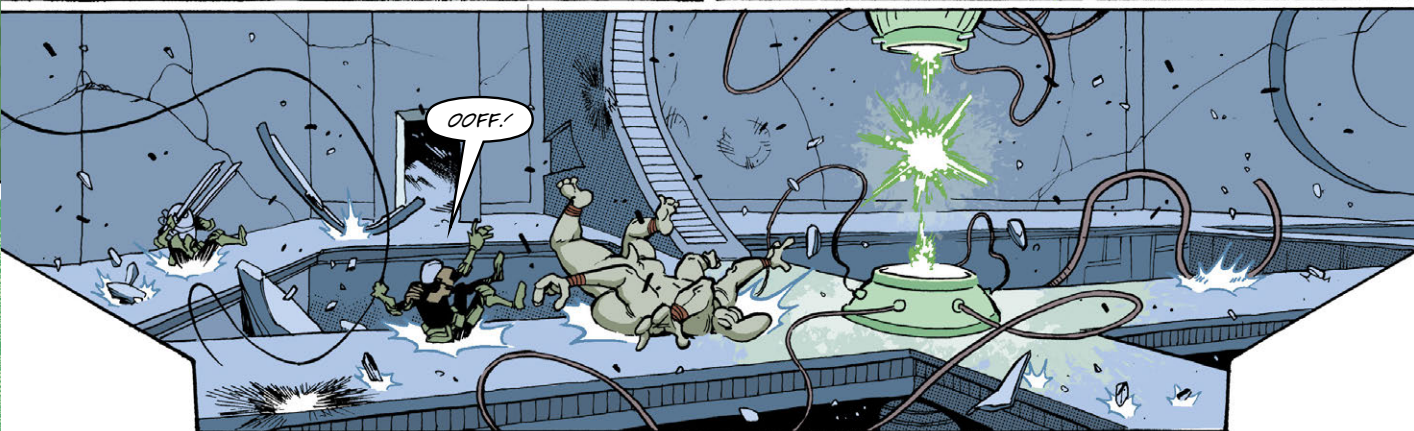
JUST HOLD ON FOR A FEW MORE SECONDS -



AAAAAAHHH -



NOT SO FAST, CREEP.

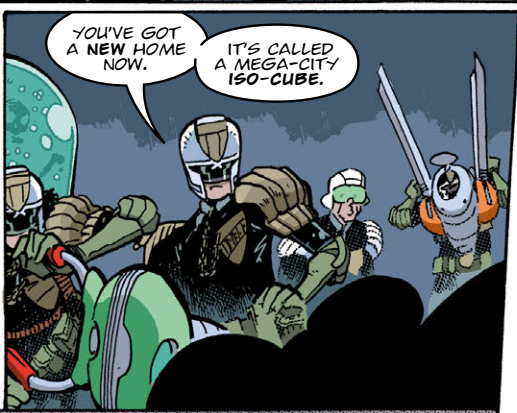


OOFF!



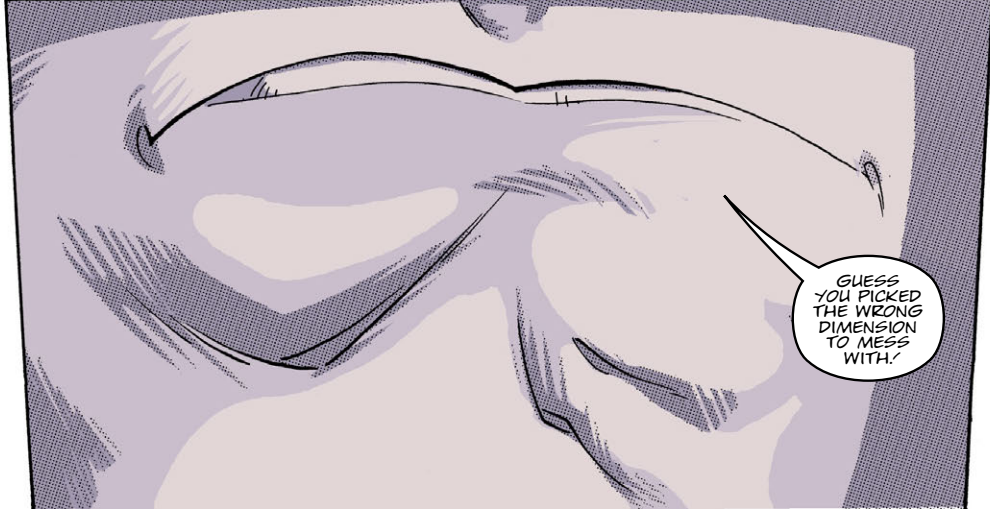
HEH! W-WELL, HOW ABOUT WE DO A DEAL, KID?

LET ME HEAD HOME AND I WON'T CAUSE YOU ANY MORE TROUBLE.



YOU'VE GOT A NEW HOME NOW.

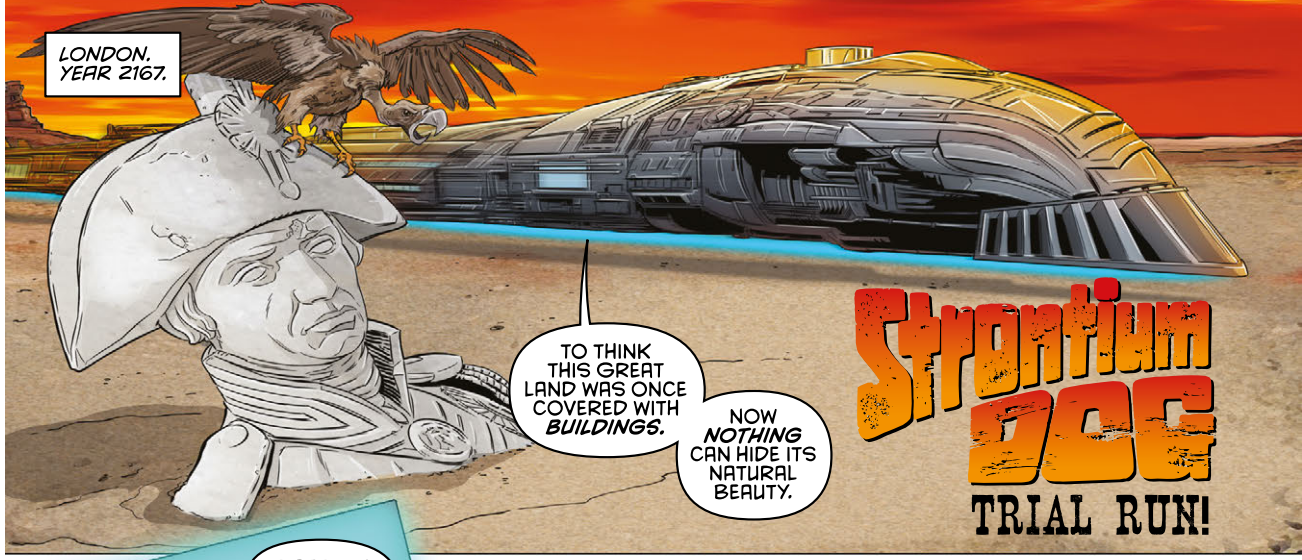
IT'S CALLED A MEGA-CITY ISO-CUBE.



GUESS YOU PICKED THE WRONG DIMENSION TO MESS WITH.

THE END

LONDON,  
YEAR 2167.



TO THINK  
THIS GREAT  
LAND WAS ONCE  
COVERED WITH  
**BUILDINGS.**

NOW  
**NOTHING**  
CAN HIDE ITS  
NATURAL  
BEAUTY.

# Strontium DOG

TRIAL RUN!

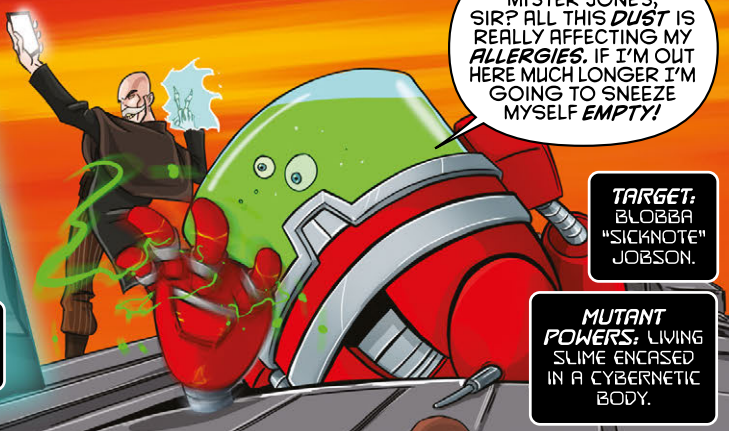
**TARGET:**  
CARRION JONES,  
A.K.A. "THE ZOMBIE-  
MASTER".

A BEAUTY  
EQUAL ONLY  
TO MY OWN.



**CRIMES:**  
ROBBERY, THEFT,  
MIND-CONTROL.

**BOUNTY:**  
TEN THOUSAND  
CREDITS!



**URRGH!**  
MISTER JONES,  
SIR? ALL THIS **DUST** IS  
REALLY AFFECTING MY  
**ALLERGIES.** IF I'M OUT  
HERE MUCH LONGER I'M  
GOING TO SNEEZE  
MYSELF **EMPTY!**

**TARGET:**  
BLOBBA  
"SICKNOTE"  
JOBSON.

**MUTANT  
POWERS:** LIVING  
SLIME ENCASED  
IN A CYBERNETIC  
BODY.



"GOOD THING THE  
GUARDS ARE STILL UNDER  
YOUR CONTROL, SIR.  
THEY'VE ALMOST FINISHED  
ROBBING THE **NORMS\*.**"

**CAAAAASH!**  
VALUABLES!  
NOOOOOOW!

**AAAAEE!**  
T-TAKE IT!

**TRANSLATION:**  
"NORMS"—  
NON-MUTANTS.

**JONES/MUTANT  
POWERS:** BIOGENIC  
FIRE CAN TURN LIVING  
BEINGS INTO **ZOMBIES**  
WITH A SINGLE TOUCH!

**HMMM!** BY  
MY CALCULATIONS,  
I SHOULD HAVE MY  
HANDS ON THE MONEY  
IN LESS THAN **FIVE  
MINUTES.**

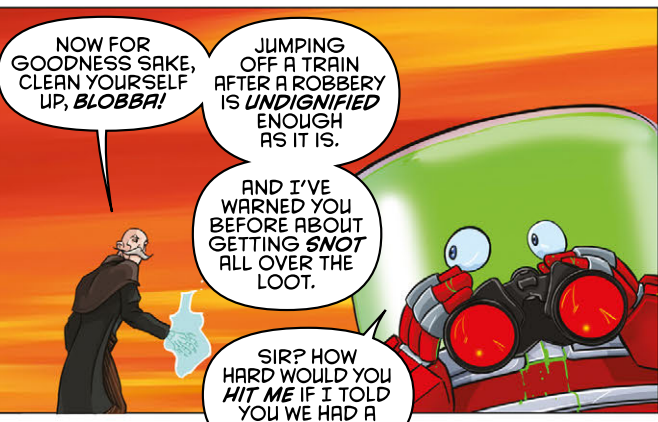


NOW FOR  
GOODNESS SAKE,  
CLEAN YOURSELF  
UP, **BLOBBA!**

JUMPING  
OFF A TRAIN  
AFTER A ROBBERY  
IS **UNDIGNIFIED**  
ENOUGH  
AS IT IS.

AND I'VE  
WARNED YOU  
BEFORE ABOUT  
GETTING **SNOT**  
ALL OVER THE  
LOOT.

SIR? HOW  
HARD WOULD YOU  
**HIT ME** IF I TOLD  
YOU WE HAD A  
**PROBLEM...?**



**AGENT:**  
JOHNNY ALPHA.

**MUTANT POWERS:**  
ALPHA-WAVE VISION  
ENABLES THE SUBJECT  
TO SEE THROUGH  
SOLID OBJECTS.

**CURRENT STATUS:**  
UNDER EXAMINATION!

AND THAT'S **TWO POINTS**  
DEDUCTED FOR **INSULTING**  
YOUR **ROBO-EXAMINER!**

MR ALPHA, YOU ARE  
**NOT** A MEMBER OF THE  
**SEARCH/DESTROY**  
**AGENCY** UNTIL YOU **PASS**  
THIS **FIELD EXAM**. SO LESS  
OF THE **"BIG BAD BOUNTY**  
**HUNTER"** ATTITUDE, IF  
YOU PLEASE!

AND THAT'S  
ANOTHER **TWO POINTS**  
DEDUCTED FOR FAILING  
TO OBSERVE CORRECT  
PURSUIT SPEED.

I'M  
GUESSING  
YOU'RE NOT A  
BIG FAN OF  
MUTANTS.

YOU GUESS **CORRECTLY**, YOUNG  
MAN. **MOST** MUTANTS UNDER MY  
OBSERVATION ARE KNOWN  
THIEVES OR TROUBLEMAKERS. ONE  
EVEN ATTEMPTED TO **STEAL ME**  
FOR **SPARE PARTS!**

SO LET ME **REMINDE** YOU  
THAT **ALL** AGENCY  
PROPERTY--INCLUDING  
YOUR **WEAPONS** AND  
**VEHICLE**--HAS BEEN FITTED  
WITH **SECURITY TECH**.

**WARNING**  
HIGH  
RADIATION

SHOULD I SUSTAIN **ANY** DAMAGE  
DURING THIS EXAM, YOUR EQUIPMENT  
WILL **CEASE TO FUNCTION** AND YOU'LL  
BE **WALKING** BACK TO WHATEVER  
SLUM IT IS YOU CALL **HOME!**

LET  
ME **REMINDE**  
YOU, PAL.

I'M  
**NOT** MOST  
MUTANTS.

SKIMMER MAGNETICALLY  
SECURED. STUDENT ATTEMPTING  
ENTRY THROUGH A WINDOW TO  
AVOID DETECTION.

A SOUND  
ENOUGH TACTIC,  
I SUPPOSE...  
THREE POINTS.

I WONDER IF  
I CAN SCORE ANY POINTS  
FOR MAKING IT THROUGH THIS  
MISSION WITHOUT **BLASTING**  
THAT RUSTBUCKET!

I **HEARD**  
THAT, MR  
ALPHA!

**SQUELCH**

WHAT  
THE?



CAPTURED?  
*ALREADY?*

I WONDER IF I COULD FINISH  
THIS REPORT *NOW* AND GO  
HOME FOR A NICE HOT CUP OF OIL...

I'VE GOT  
HIM, MISTER  
JONES, SIR!

**AAH!**

I THINK  
HE'S A BOUNTY  
HUNTER, A  
STRONTIUM  
DOG!

LOOKS  
LIKE HE'S  
JUST A KID.

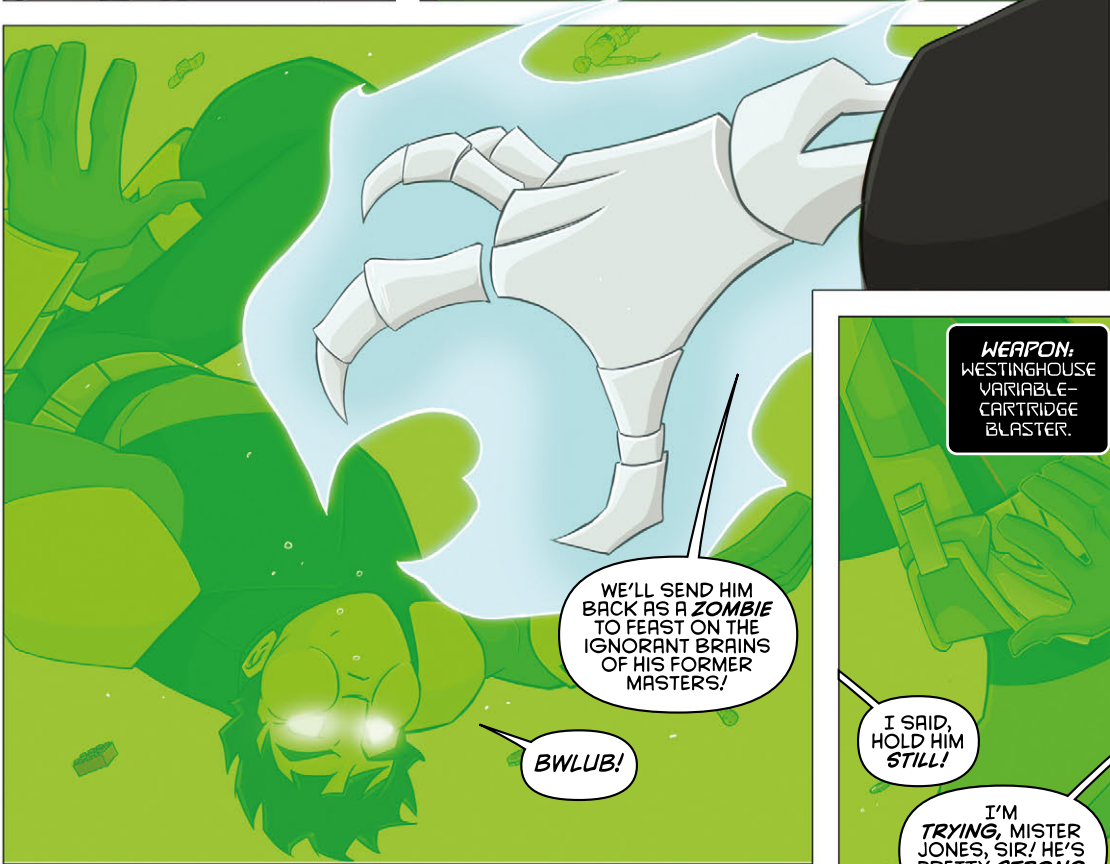
THE  
SEARCH/DESTROY  
AGENCY SEND A  
*CHILD* TO THWART  
ME? THIS IS AN  
*OUTRAGE!*

IF YOU  
WANT ME TO  
DROWN HIM, CAN  
I DO IT QUICK?  
HE TASTES  
AWFUL.

**BLUUURGH**

HOLD  
HIM STILL,  
BLOBBA.

I WANT TO  
RETURN HIM TO THE  
AGENCY A TOUCH  
MORE *UNDEAD* THAN  
WE FOUND HIM.  
*HAHAHA!*



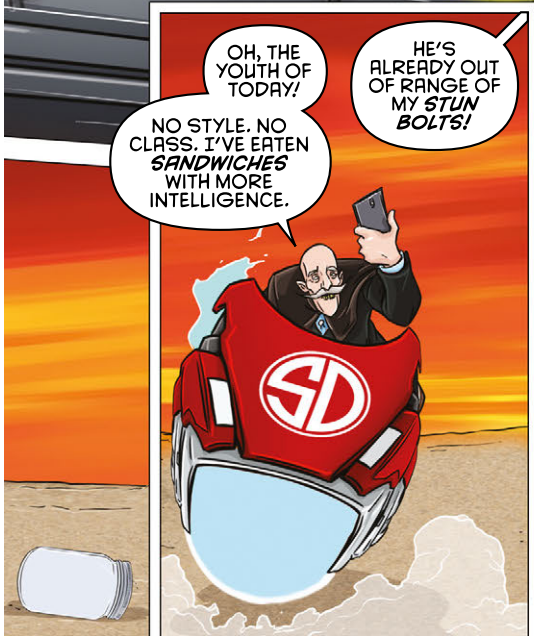
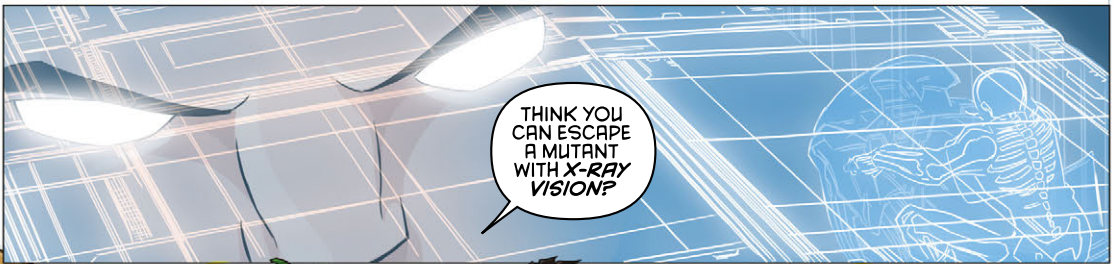
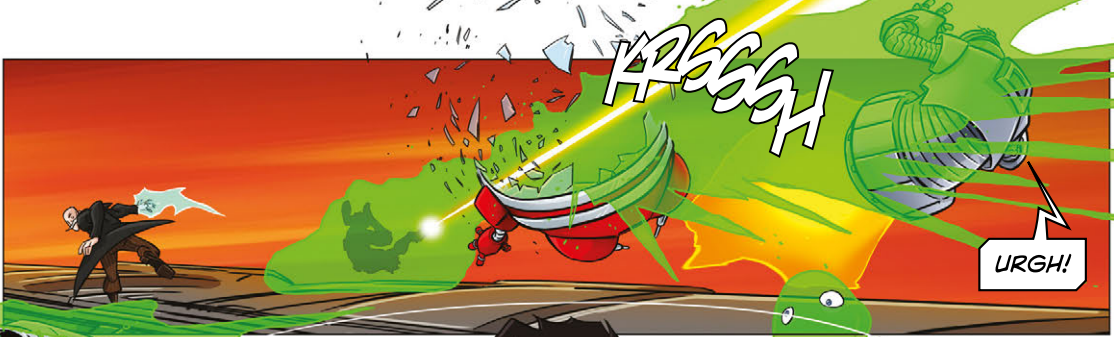
WE'LL SEND HIM  
BACK AS A *ZOMBIE*  
TO FEAST ON THE  
IGNORANT BRAINS  
OF HIS FORMER  
MASTERS!

**BWLUB!**

**WEAPON:**  
WESTINGHOUSE  
VARIABLE-  
CARTRIDGE  
BLASTER.

I SAID,  
HOLD HIM  
*STILL!*

I'M  
*TRYING*, MISTER  
JONES, SIR! HE'S  
PRETTY *STRONG*  
FOR A KID.





KZZZT

WEAPON:  
TAURUS  
550,000-VOLT  
ELECTRONUX.

I CAN'T  
SPEND ANOTHER  
YEAR ON THE  
STREET WAITING  
TO REAPPLY FOR  
THIS EXAM.

SURE  
HOPE I'VE  
GOT THIS  
RIGHT...

WHOOOAH!

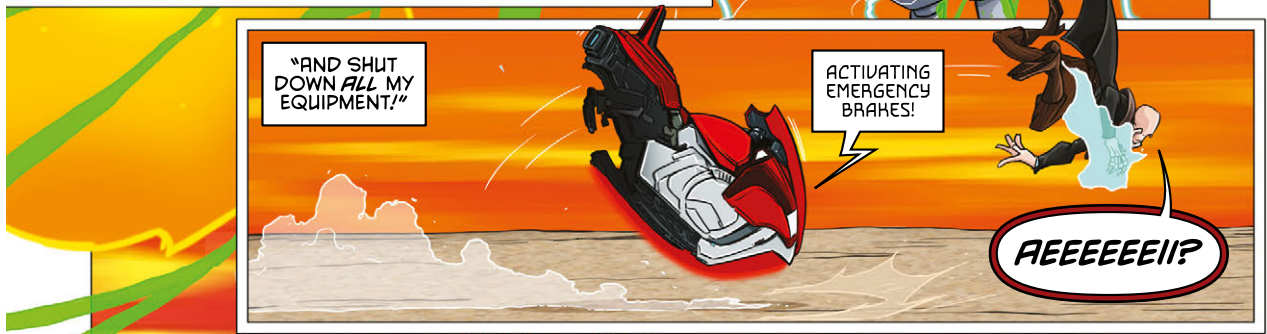
AAAAAIIII!

KZZZZK



BLEEP!  
BLEEP!  
EMERGENCY  
BRAKES

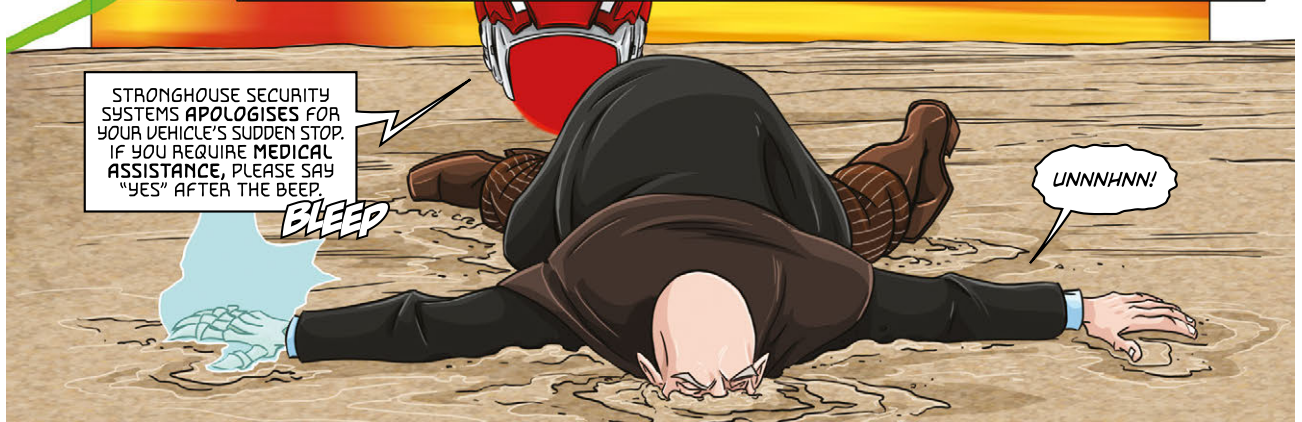
"THE DROID SAID IF HE  
TOOK ANY DAMAGE  
DURING THIS EXAM THAT  
IT WOULD TRIGGER THE  
SECURITY TECH..."



"AND SHUT  
DOWN ALL MY  
EQUIPMENT!"

ACTIVATING  
EMERGENCY  
BRAKES!

AAAAAIIII?



STRONGHOUSE SECURITY  
SYSTEMS APOLOGISES FOR  
YOUR VEHICLE'S SUDDEN STOP.  
IF YOU REQUIRE MEDICAL  
ASSISTANCE, PLEASE SAY  
"YES" AFTER THE BEEP.

BLEEP

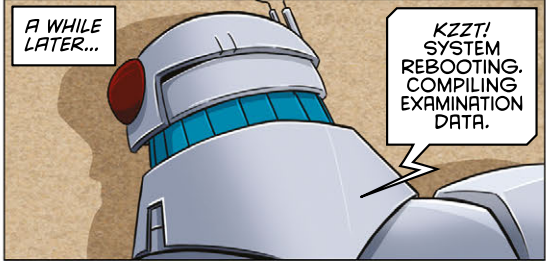
UNNNHNN!



UNNH!  
MY HEAD.

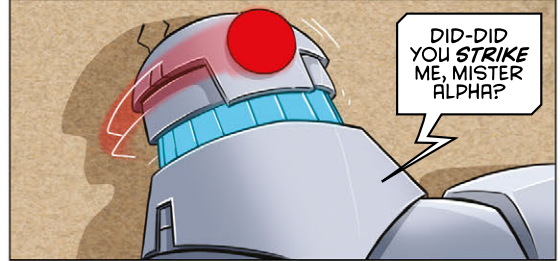
ARE YOU  
OKAY? SOME CREEPY  
MUTANT WITH A SKELETON  
HAND TURNED YOU ALL  
INTO BARBEQUED  
ZOMBIES!

AWW, I  
WANTED TO  
SEE HER EAT  
SOMEONE'S  
BRAIN.

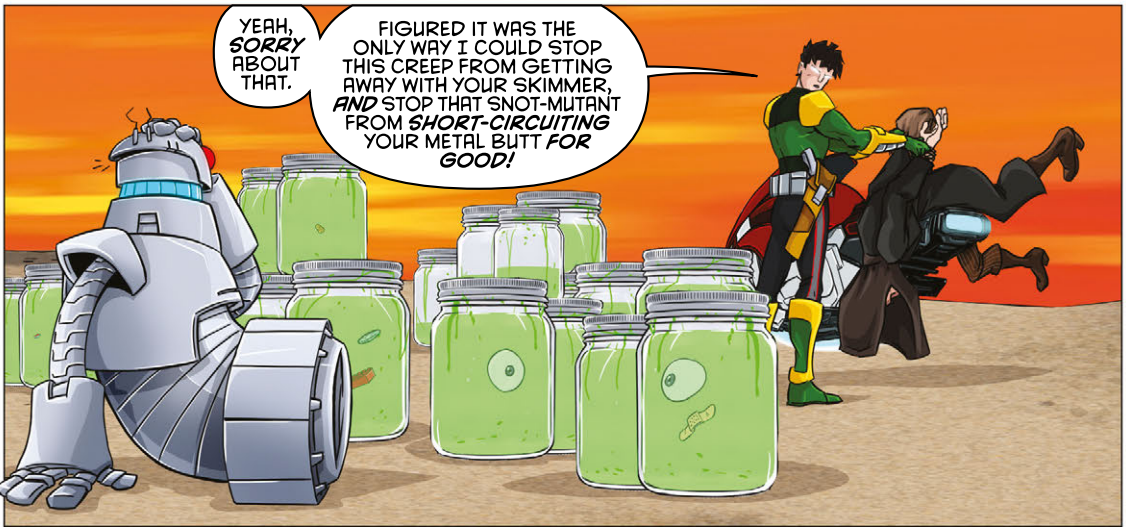


A WHILE  
LATER...

KZZT!  
SYSTEM  
REBOOTING.  
COMPILING  
EXAMINATION  
DATA.

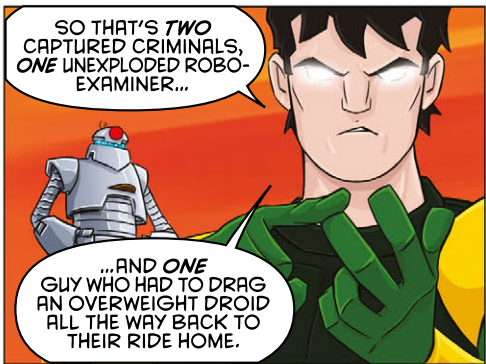


DID-DID  
YOU STRIKE  
ME, MISTER  
ALPHA?



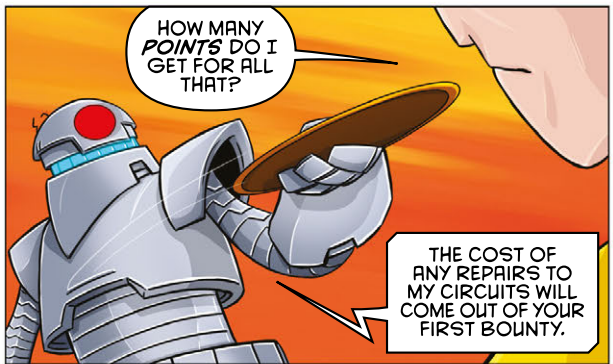
YEAH,  
SORRY  
ABOUT  
THAT.

FIGURED IT WAS THE  
ONLY WAY I COULD STOP  
THIS CREEP FROM GETTING  
AWAY WITH YOUR SKIMMER,  
AND STOP THAT SNOT-MUTANT  
FROM SHORT-CIRCUITING  
YOUR METAL BUTT FOR  
GOOD!



SO THAT'S TWO  
CAPTURED CRIMINALS,  
ONE UNEXPLODED ROBO-  
EXAMINER...

...AND ONE  
GUY WHO HAD TO DRAG  
AN OVERWEIGHT DROID  
ALL THE WAY BACK TO  
THEIR RIDE HOME.



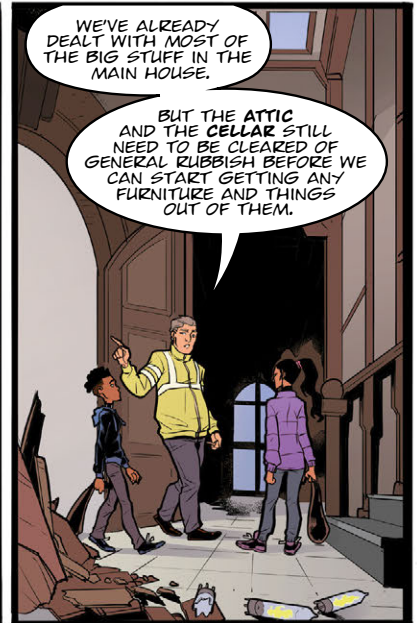
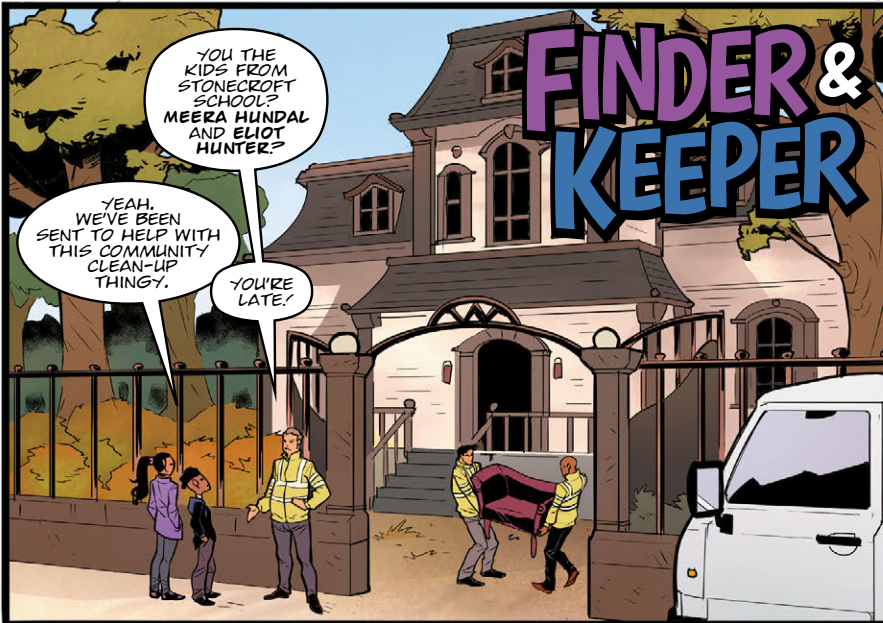
HOW MANY  
POINTS DO I  
GET FOR ALL  
THAT?

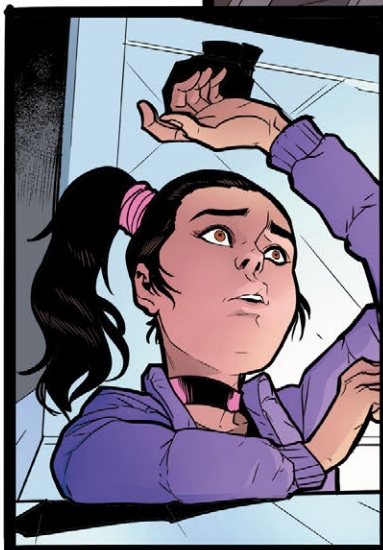
THE COST OF  
ANY REPAIRS TO  
MY CIRCUITS WILL  
COME OUT OF YOUR  
FIRST BOUNTY.



IS THAT  
UNDERSTOOD,  
AGENT  
ALPHA?

SOUNDS  
GOOD TO  
ME.



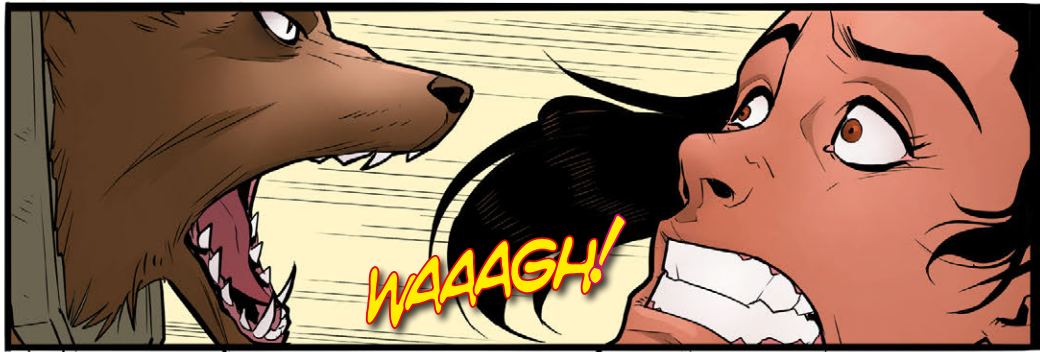


UGH. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE BAGGIED THE CELLAR.

WHERE THE HECK ARE THE LIGHTS?



HERE WE GO!



WAAAGH!



OOOFF!



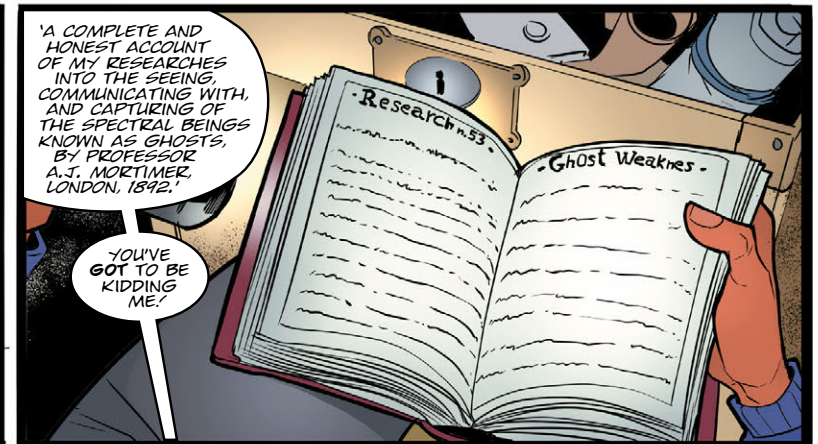
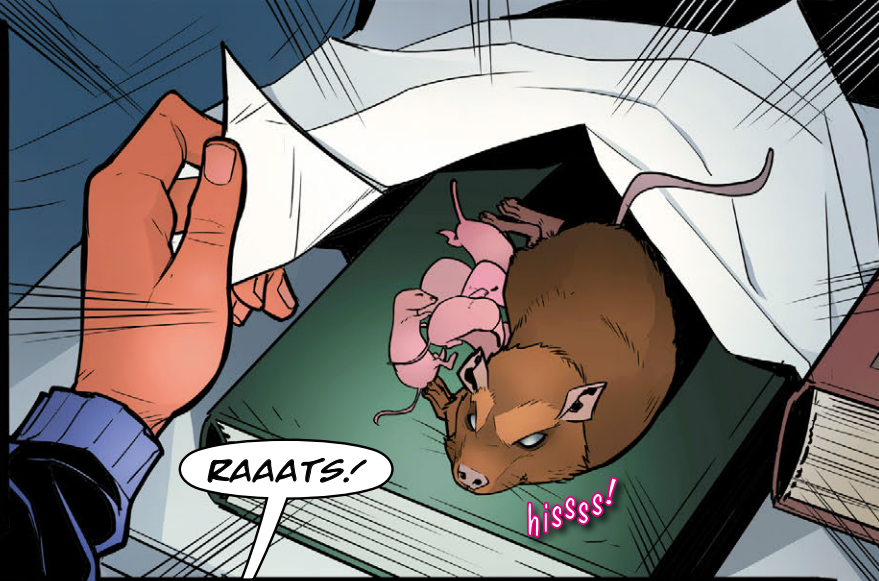
HEY, WHAT IS THAT?

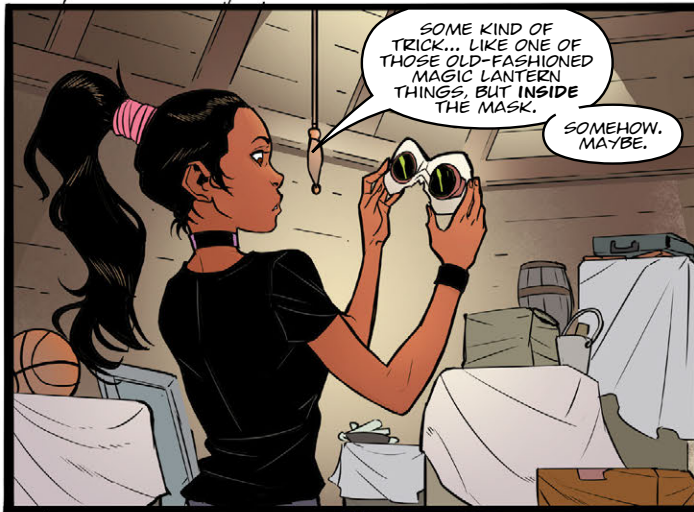
IS THAT PART OF A SKULL?



IT'S LIKE A MASK THING...

OH MY...





The Spectral Vision Goggles were a success, but almost immediately I noted a most unexpected side-effect of their use.

GOGGLES?  
LIKE GHOST  
FINDERS?

Not only could I now see and hear the spirts, but they seemed more aware of my own presence.

Indeed, the act of being observed seemed to further enrage those spectral forms, which had already proved most disruptive and hostile in particular.

This, naturally, made me redouble my efforts into perfecting my Capturing Apparatus.

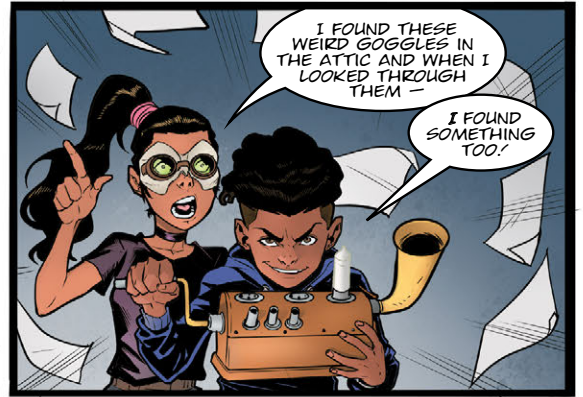
The third batch of vacuum tubes proved less fragile than the second but, even so, breakages released —

CAPTURING  
APPARATUS?

FOR  
KEEPING  
GHOSTS?

NO WAY.

ELIOT!



THE END?



HILLTOP CEMETERY--

I STILL THINK THIS IS STUPID.

# FINDER & KEEPER

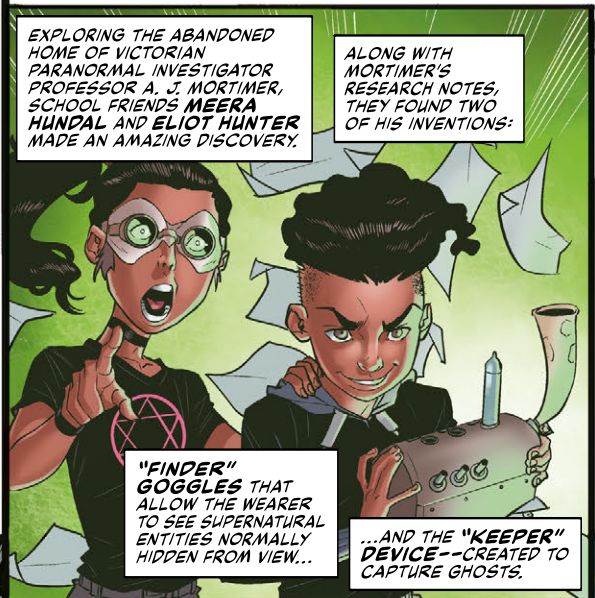
## DEAD SIGNAL



LOOK, WE NEED TO TEST THESE THINGS OUT PROPERLY. WHERE'S BETTER THAN A CREEPY OLD GRAVEYARD?

I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES, YOU DON'T GET GHOSTS IN GRAVEYARDS.

NO ONE **DIES** IN GRAVEYARDS, DO THEY?



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

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

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

...AND THE "KEEPER" DEVICE--CREATED TO CAPTURE GHOSTS.



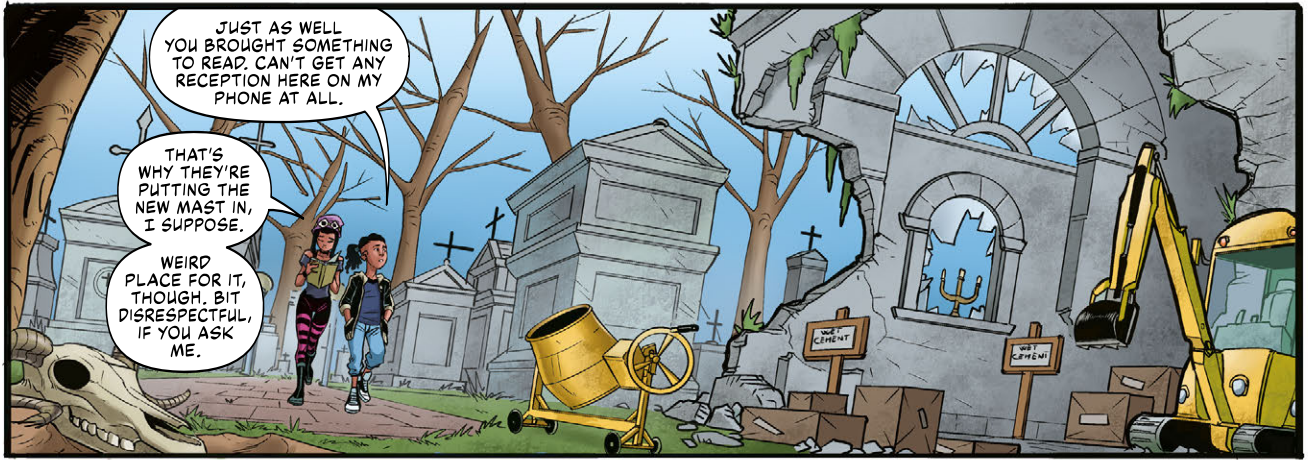
ANYWAY, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE MOANING. YOU'VE ONLY GOT THE **SPOOKTACLES**, WHEN THIS THING WEIGHS A TON!

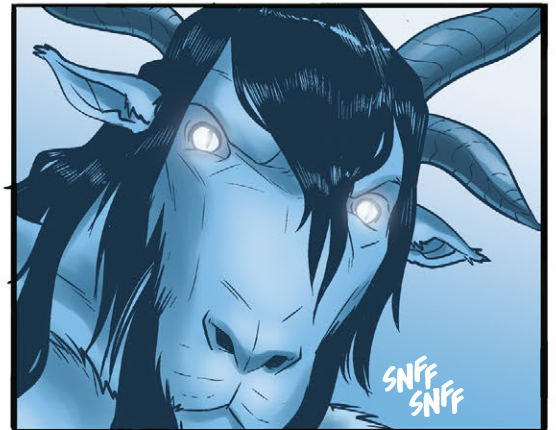


I'M CARRYING EVERY GHOST AND FOLKLORE BOOK THEY HAD IN THE LIBRARY, SO MY BAG'S WELL HEAVIER THAN YOURS!

AND DON'T CALL THEM "SPOOKTACLES". IT'S CRINGE.

SO CHILDISH.







I'M SURE THERE WAS SOMETHING I'D READ...

CAN I HAVE THE SPOOKTACLES BACK, PLEASE? PLEASE?



THEY'RE CALLED SPECTRAL VISION GOGGLES.

WHATEVER!



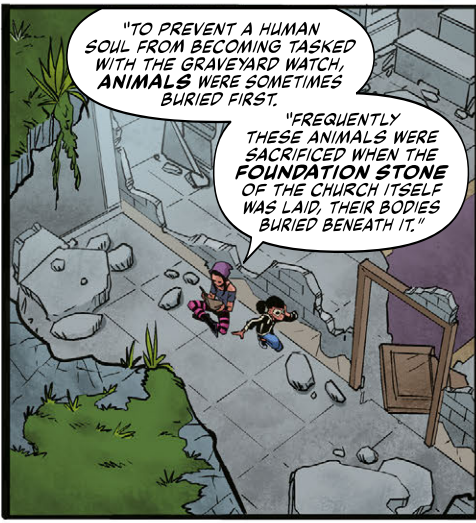
HERE IT IS! LISTEN TO THIS...

"THE CHURCH GRIM IS THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT OF A CHURCHYARD, WHOSE TASK IS TO PROTECT IT FROM ACTS OF SACRILEGE."



"HA! I TOLD YOU GRAVEYARDS HAVE GHOSTS!"

"JUST ONE, THE VERY FIRST BODY TO BE BURIED THERE, BUT SOMETIMES IT ISN'T A PERSON."



"TO PREVENT A HUMAN SOUL FROM BECOMING TASKED WITH THE GRAVEYARD WATCH, ANIMALS WERE SOMETIMES BURIED FIRST."

"FREQUENTLY THESE ANIMALS WERE SACRIFICED WHEN THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE CHURCH ITSELF WAS LAID, THEIR BODIES BURIED BENEATH IT."

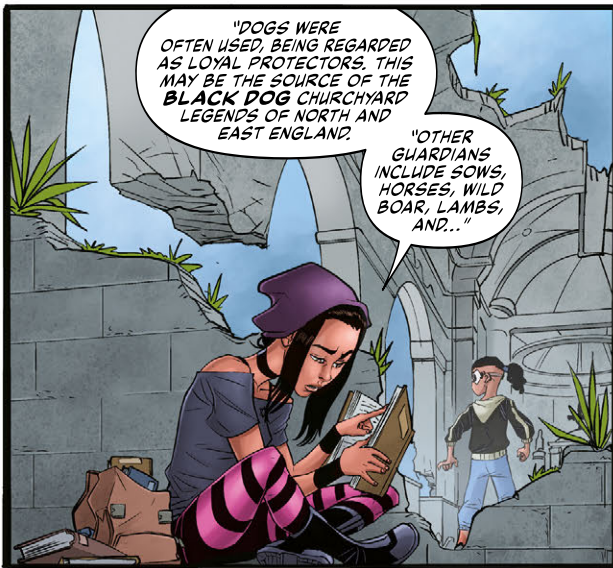


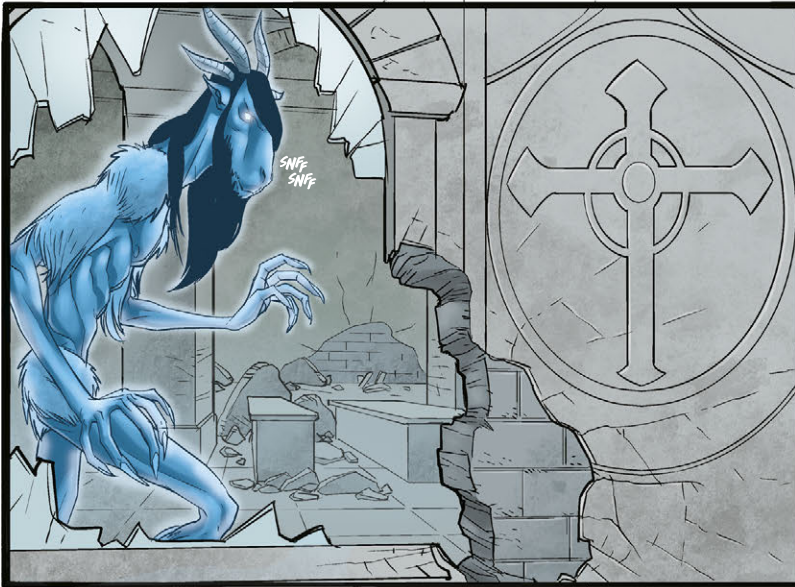
SO WE'RE EXACTLY WHERE IT DOESN'T WANT US TO BE.

GOOD THING WE'VE GOT...OH.



"MEERA... I'VE LEFT THE GHOST-CATCHER BACK WITH OUR BIKES!"





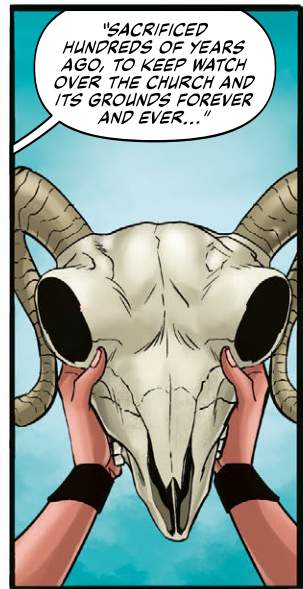


THE RAM MUST HAVE BEEN BURIED UNDER THE ALTAR, BEFORE THE CHURCH COLLAPSED.

THE DIGGING WORK FOR THE PHONE MAST MUST HAVE UNCOVERED IT.



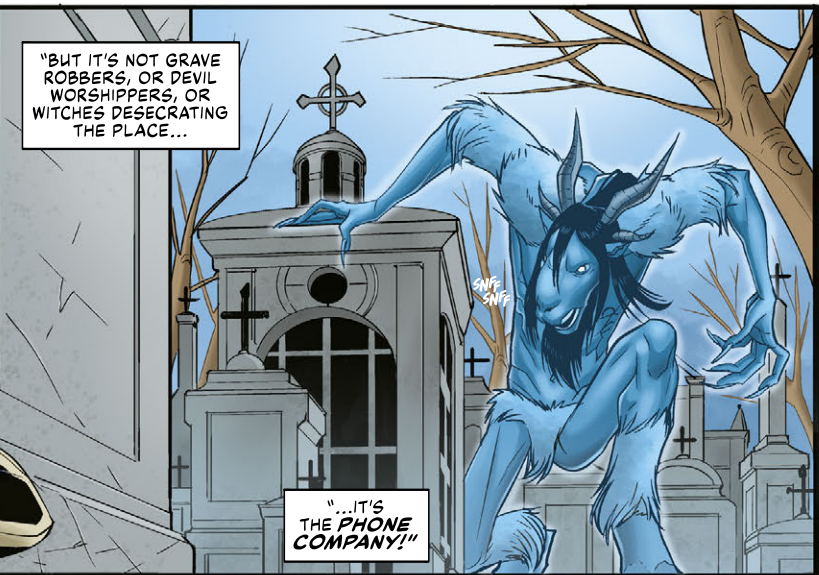
THE GUARDIAN OF THE GRAVEYARD...



"SACRIFICED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, TO KEEP WATCH OVER THE CHURCH AND ITS GROUNDS FOREVER AND EVER..."



"BUT IT'S NOT GRAVE ROBBERS, OR DEVIL WORSHIPPERS, OR WITCHES DESECRATING THE PLACE..."



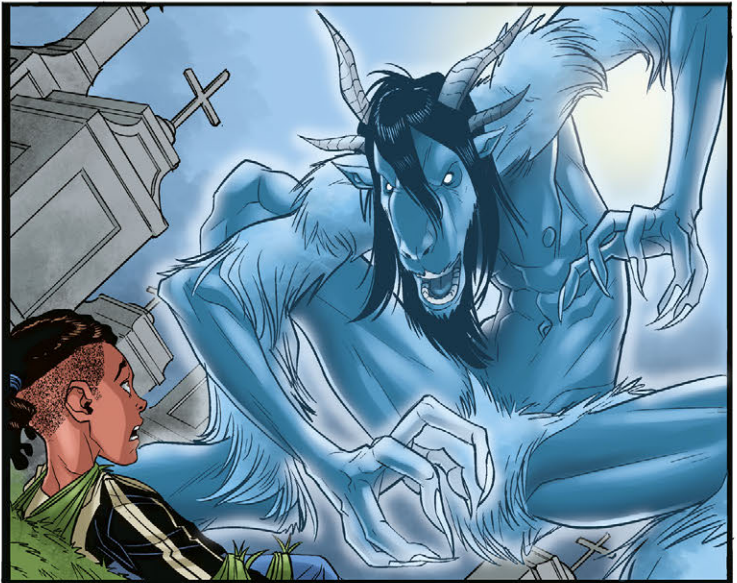
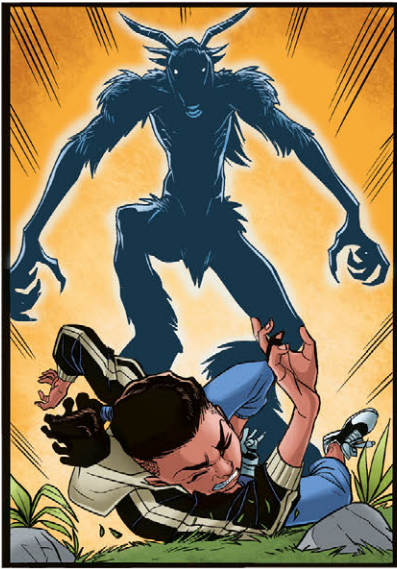
"...IT'S THE PHONE COMPANY!"

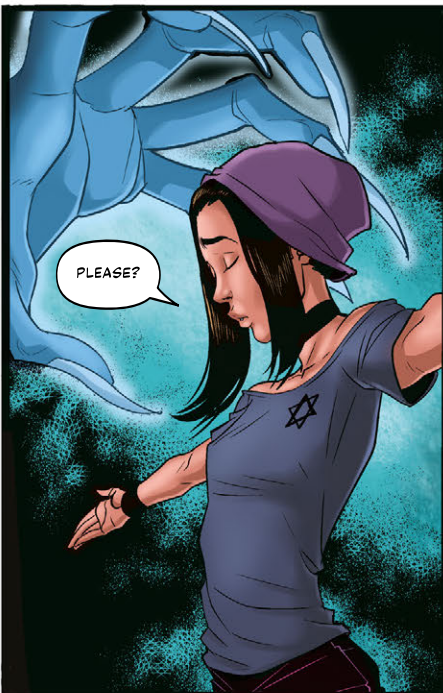
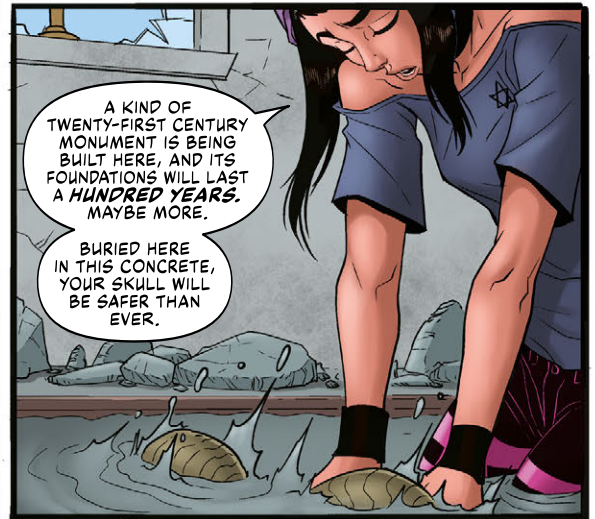
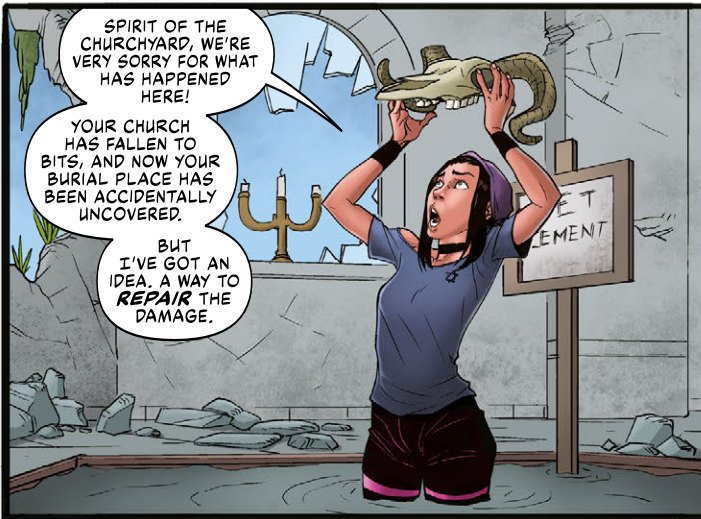


MAYBE WE DON'T NEED THE CATCHER...



MAYBE THERE'S A BETTER WAY.







WEEKS LATER--



YOU SEE ANYTHING?

NAH.

WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS I'VE GOT FULL, SUPER-FAST COVERAGE UP HERE NOW.



YOU KNOW, I READ A THING SAYING THAT WI-FI AND MOBILE PHONES AND EVERYTHING MIGHT BE WHY PEOPLE SEE LESS GHOSTS THESE DAYS.

SOMETHING TO DO WITH WAVE-LENGTHS.



BUT THAT MADE ME THINK, IF THEY'RE USING SIMILAR FREQUENCIES OR WHATEVER...

HOW COME IT DOESN'T **BOOST** THE GHOST SIGNALS?



YOU MEAN, WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU PLANT A CHURCH GRIM'S SKULL IN THE CONCRETE FOOTING OF A 5G MOBILE-PHONE MAST?

WELL, NOTHING, ACCORDING TO THE SPOOK-TACLES.

HM. C'MON, LET'S GO HOME. IT'S GETTING COLD...

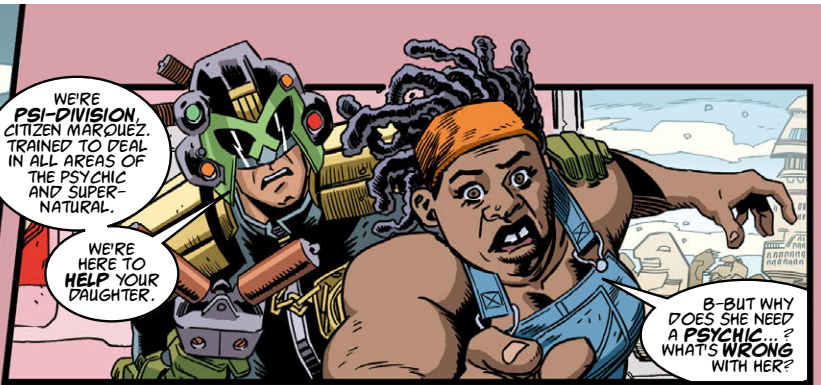
THE END



ANOTHER DAY IN MEGA-CITY ONE —

I CALLED A MED-WAGON, BUT YOU'RE NOT A DOCTOR!

WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?



WE'RE PSI-DIVISION. CITIZEN MARQUEZ. TRAINED TO DEAL IN ALL AREAS OF THE PSYCHIC AND SUPER-NATURAL.

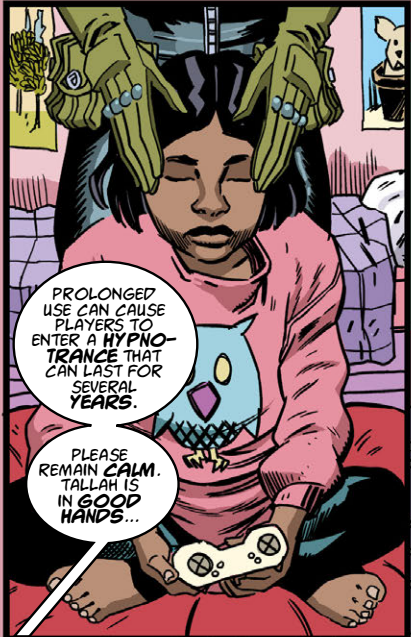
WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOUR DAUGHTER.

B-BUT WHY DOES SHE NEED A PSYCHIC...? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?



# SPELLCRAFT

I'M AFRAID YOUR DAUGHTER HAS DOWNLOADED AN ILLEGAL VID-GAME, ONE THAT USES A HIGHLY DANGEROUS FORM OF CODING.



PROLONGED USE CAN CAUSE PLAYERS TO ENTER A HYPNOTRANCE THAT CAN LAST FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

PLEASE REMAIN CALM. TALLAH IS IN GOOD HANDS...

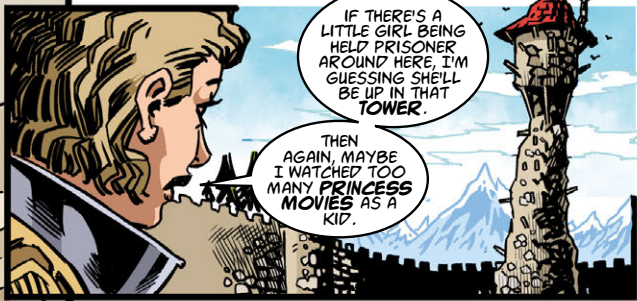


YOU GUYS WANNA KEEP IT DOWN? I'M TRYING TO WORK HERE!



IF I'M GOING TO SAVE TALLAH, I NEED TO BECOME PART OF THE FANTASY WORLD THAT'S ABSORBED HER...

MAKE WAY, SNOTBAGS! JUDGE ANDERSON COMING THROUGH!



IF THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL BEING HELD PRISONER AROUND HERE, I'M GUESSING SHE'LL BE UP IN THAT TOWER.

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I WATCHED TOO MANY PRINCESS MOVIES AS A KID.



GRUNTILDA CRUSH YOUR SKULL!

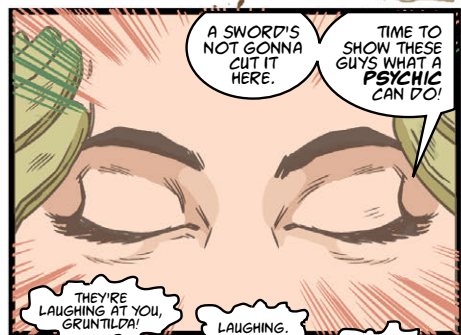
EAT SCRAMBLED BRAINS FOR BREAKFAST!

WHOAH!



NOT IF YOUR PALS DON'T SCRAMBLE 'EM FIRST!

GET HER!



A SWORD'S NOT GONNA CUT IT HERE.

TIME TO SHOW THESE GUYS WHAT A PSYCHIC CAN DO!

THEY'RE LAUGHING AT YOU, GRUNTILDA!

LAUGHING.

LAUGHING.



HA HA HA HA!

HUH? NO!



NO ONE LAUGHS AT GRUNTILDA!

AAAAHH!



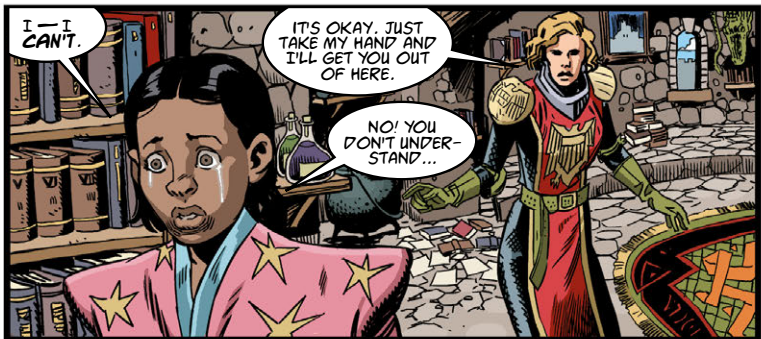
GRUNTILDA CRUSH YOU ALL!

THAT WAS CLOSE! IF THOSE GUYS HAD TAKEN ME DOWN, I'D BE LOCKED OUT OF THIS WORLD FOR GOOD.



HEY, TALLAH...? UHN!

YOU IN HERE? TIME TO GO HOME.



I—I CAN'T.

IT'S OKAY. JUST TAKE MY HAND AND I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

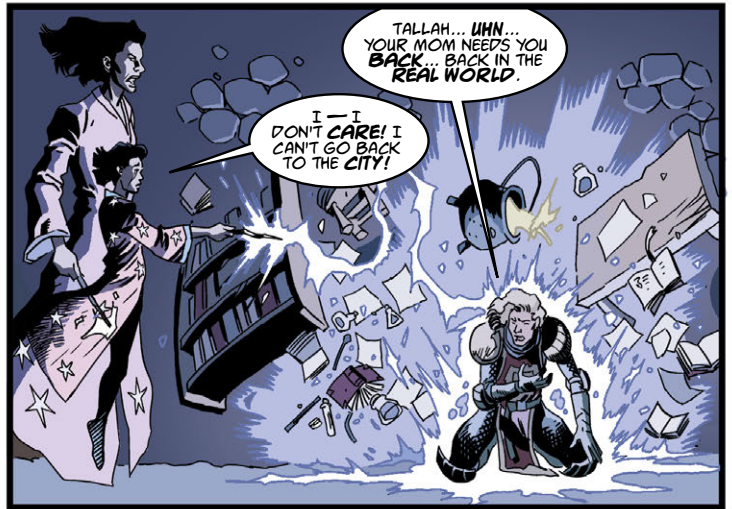


I DON'T WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

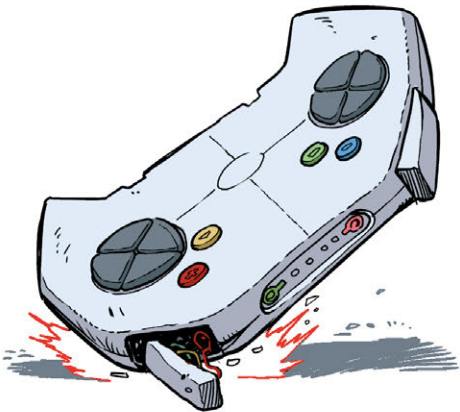


OWWWWWWWW!

S-SOME KIND OF PSYCHIC FORCE FIELD... BLOCKING MY POWERS...



'NOW GO BE IT IN THE REAL WORLD.'



THE END

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER  
**WARZONE**. CHEM  
CLOUDS. RADIOACTIVE  
RUINS. ACID RAIN.

NU EARTH IS  
A **DISASTER**.

ANY SIGN  
OF THE NORTS,  
HELM?

NOT  
ACCORDIN' TO MY  
SCANS, GUNNAR.  
THE CITY'S  
DESERTED.

THEN  
MAYBE WE CAN  
SALVAGE SOME  
SUPPLIES. I'M  
RUNNING LOW  
ON AMMO.

ME? I'M A G.I.  
**GENETIC INFANTRY**  
CREATED TO BE IMMUNE  
TO THE POISONED AIR.  
HARD TO KILL.

THEY CALL ME--

# ROGUE TROOPER

I FIGHT ALONE, MY  
ONLY COMPANY THREE  
**BIOCHIPS** CONTAINING  
THE MEMORIES OF  
CLONE-BROTHERS I  
LOST LONG AGO.

AGAIN?

HEY, IF  
YOU AND ROGUE  
DIDN'T SHOOT  
EVERYTHIN' THAT  
MOVES...

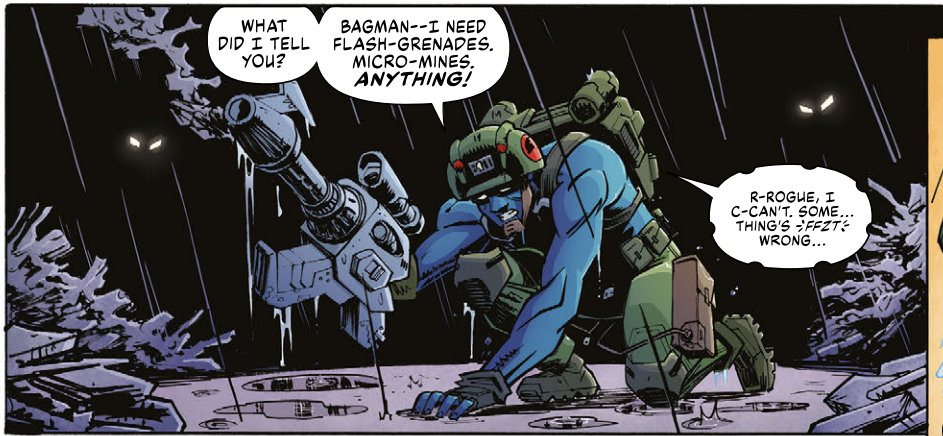
BIOCHIPS  
THAT **NEVER**  
SHUT UP.

**QUIET,**  
THE LOT  
OF YOU.

SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS PLACE  
DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.  
I'VE GOT A BAD--

# WREEEEEEE

AAAH!



WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

BAGMAN--I NEED FLASH-GRENADES, MICRO-MINES, ANYTHING!

R-ROGUE, I C-CAN'T. SOME... THING'S G-GO'G-? WRONG...



BAGMAN?



AAAH!

YOUR WEAPONS WON'T PROTECT YOU NOW, SOUTHER SCUM! OUR EMP-BURST HAS SEEN TO THAT.

NORTS. THEY'RE THE REASON THE G.I. PROGRAMME WAS INITIATED BY THE SOUTH.



TO DEFEAT THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL. LET'S JUST SAY IT DIDN'T GO TO PLAN...

THE ENEMY IS OURS, GENERAL FROST.

AH, THE INFAMOUS ROGUE TROOPER. YOU WILL BE SENT TO HIGH KOMMAND FOR QUESTIONING, MY BLUE-SKINNED FRIEND.

TAKE HIM AWAY!



WHAT ABOUT THE BIOCHIPS, MA'AM?

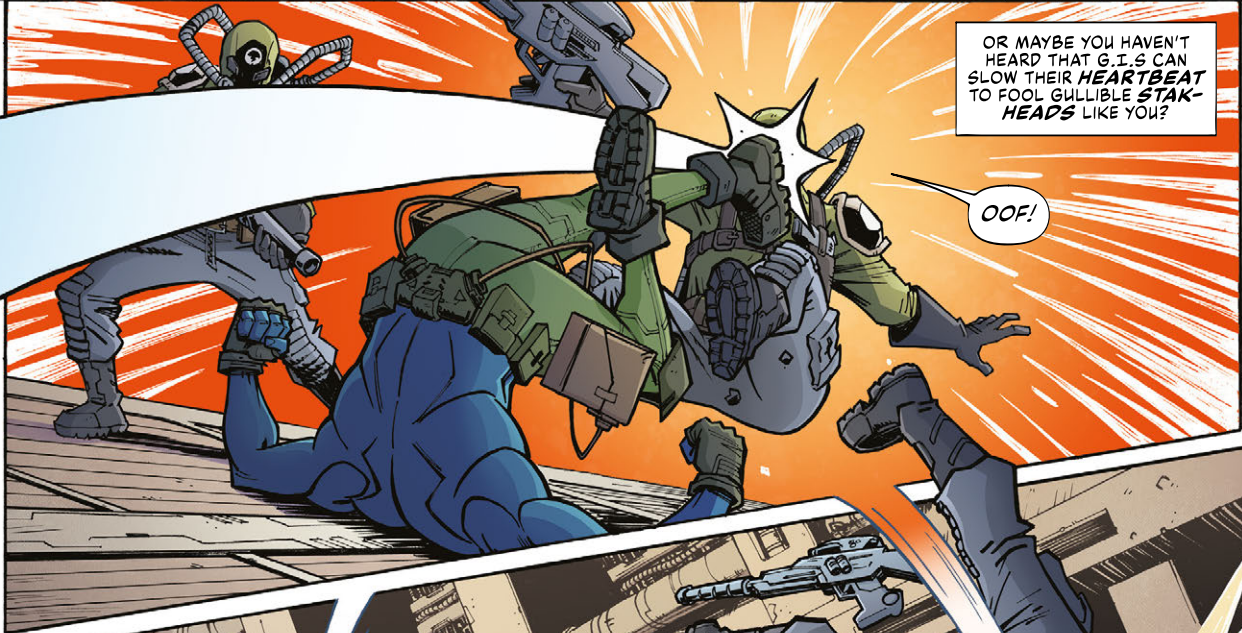
THESE ARE THE TRUE PRIZE, KORA. THE SECRETS OF THE KEEP SHALL BE OURS.

THE KEEP? THAT'S A NAME I'VE NOT HEARD FOR A LONG TIME.



A REAL BLAST FROM THE PAST.

KEEP MOVING, FREAK. WE'VE GOT A NICE COLD CELL WITH YOUR NAME ON IT.





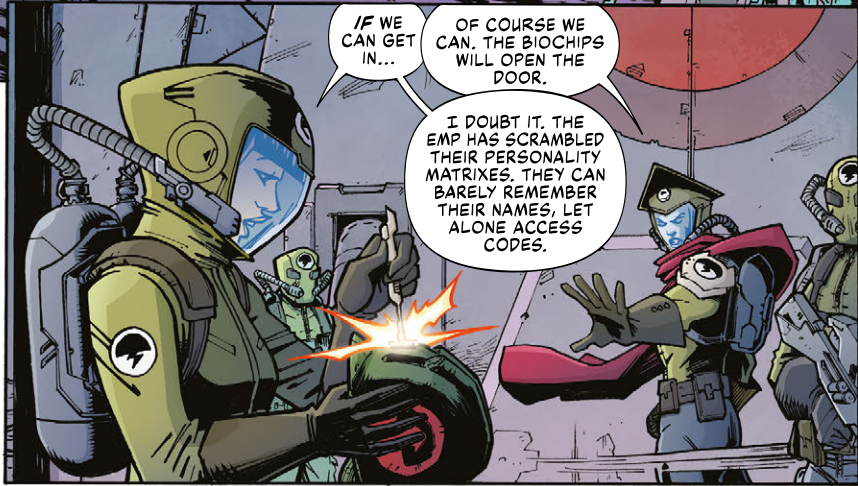
--BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO.

HERE IT IS. THE SOUTHERS' LEGENDARY KEEP.



WHO KNOWS WHAT *WONDERS* LIE WITHIN THIS VAULT?

THIS WILL WIN US THE WAR, KORA. HAVE NO DOUBT.



IF WE CAN GET IN...

OF COURSE WE CAN. THE BIOCHIPS WILL OPEN THE DOOR.

I DOUBT IT. THE EMP HAS SCRAMBLED THEIR PERSONALITY MATRIXES. THEY CAN BARELY REMEMBER THEIR NAMES, LET ALONE ACCESS CODES.

THEN MAKE THEM REMEMBER, KOMMANDER!

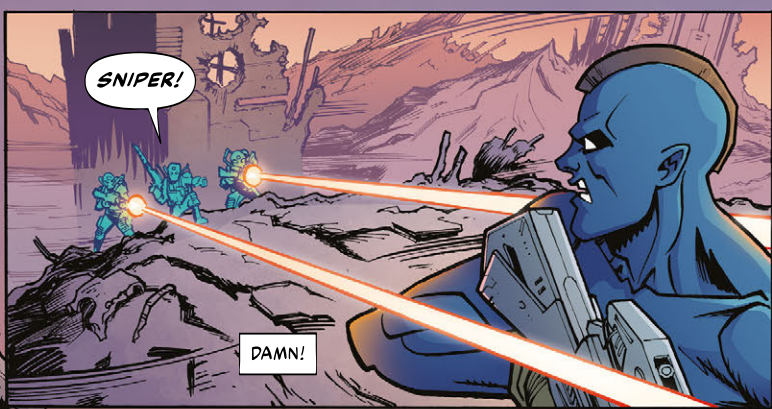
FRY THEIR CIRCUITS IF YOU HAVE TO--WE *NEED* THOSE CODES!



CAREFUL GENERAL. THOSE ARE MY BUDDIES YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

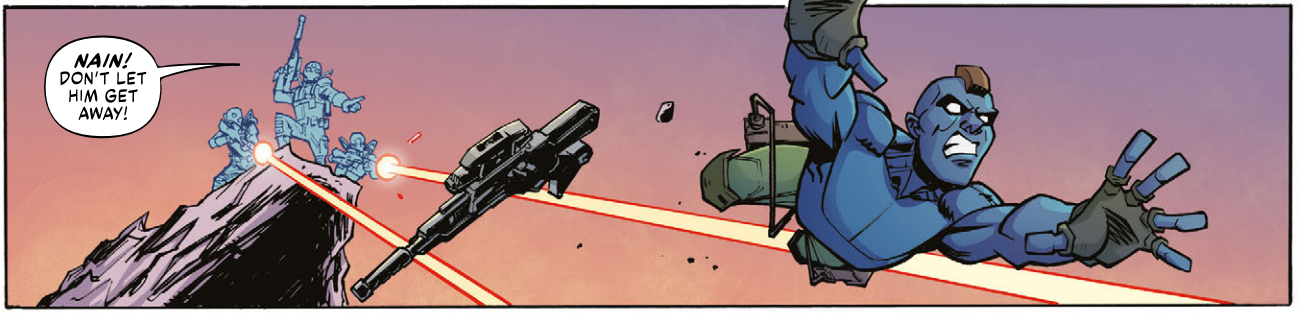


THE CHIPS MAY BE ANNOYING, BUT THEY'RE ALL I'VE GOT LEFT--

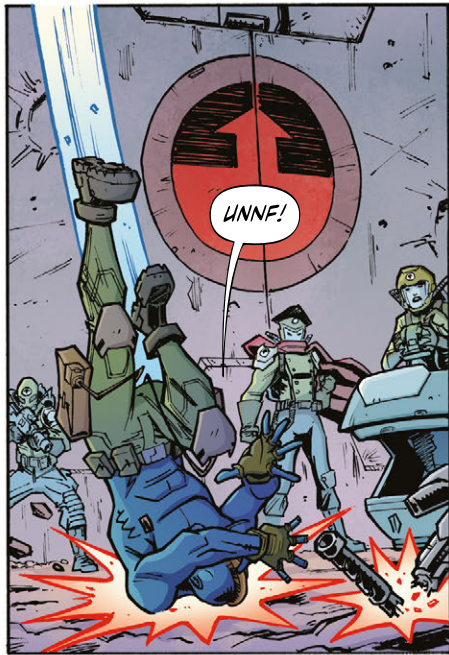


SNIPER!

DAMN!



NAIN!  
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY!



UNNF!

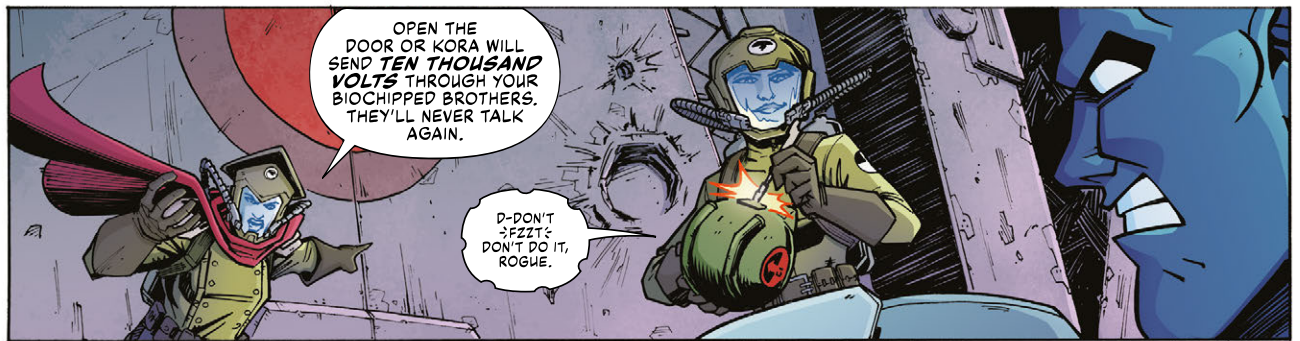


THE ROGUE  
TROOPER? HE  
SHOULD BE BEHIND  
LASER-BARS BY  
NOW!

NO  
PRISON CAN  
HOLD ME,  
NORT.

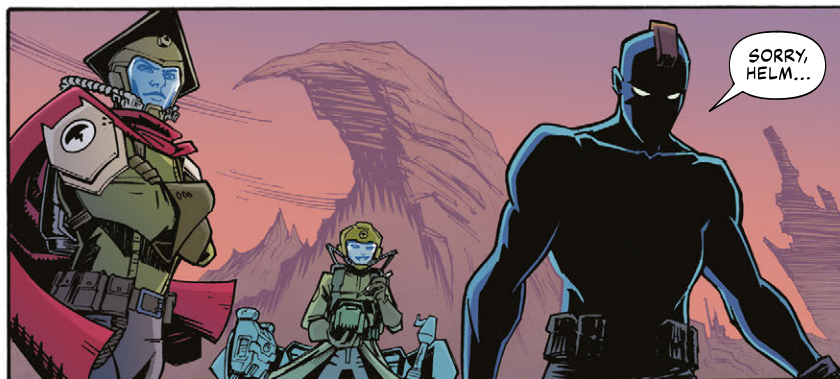
HA! I  
LIKE THIS ONE,  
KORA. HE HAS  
SPIRIT.

AND HE'S  
ARRIVED JUST  
IN TIME.



OPEN THE  
DOOR OR KORA WILL  
SEND TEN THOUSAND  
VOLTS THROUGH YOUR  
BIOCHIPPED BROTHERS.  
THEY'LL NEVER TALK  
AGAIN.

D-DON'T  
->FZZT<  
DON'T DO IT,  
ROGUE.



SORRY,  
HELM...



...BUT  
WHAT CHOICE  
DO I HAVE?



THIS IS IT, KORA. AFTER ALL THIS TIME...



THIS IS *WHAT*? A LOAD OF OLD JUNK?

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND. THERE SHOULD BE WEAPONS GALORE. TECHNOLOGY BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS.



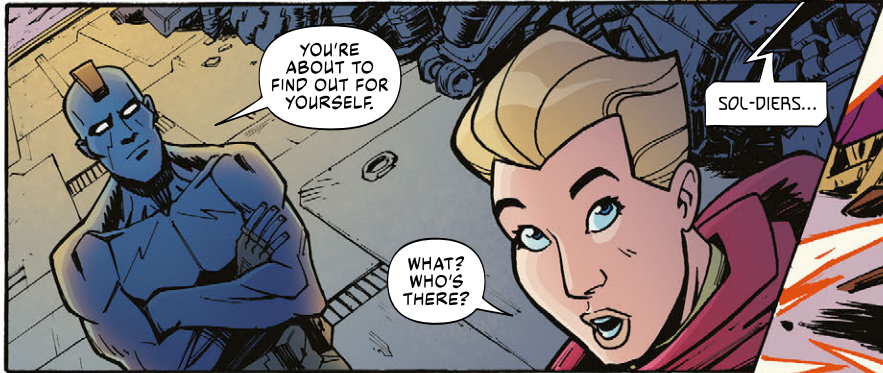
MORE LIKE NIGHTMARES.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TROOPER?



TELL ME!

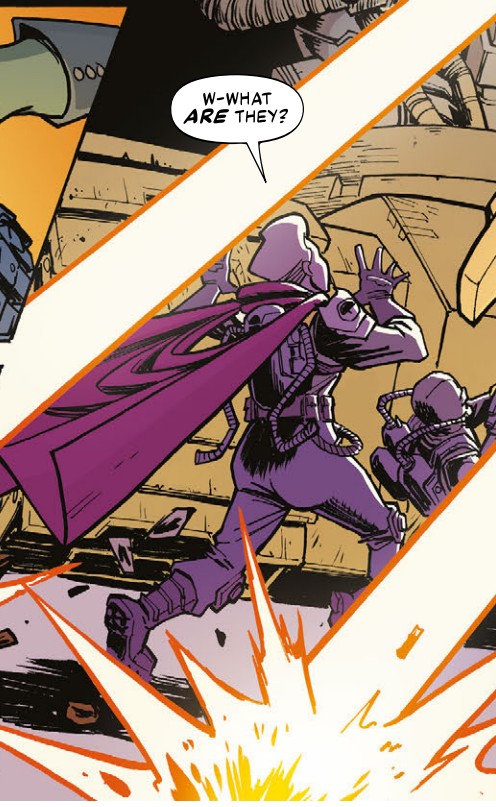
W-WHAT ARE THEY?




YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.

WHAT? WHO'S THERE?

SOL-DIERS...





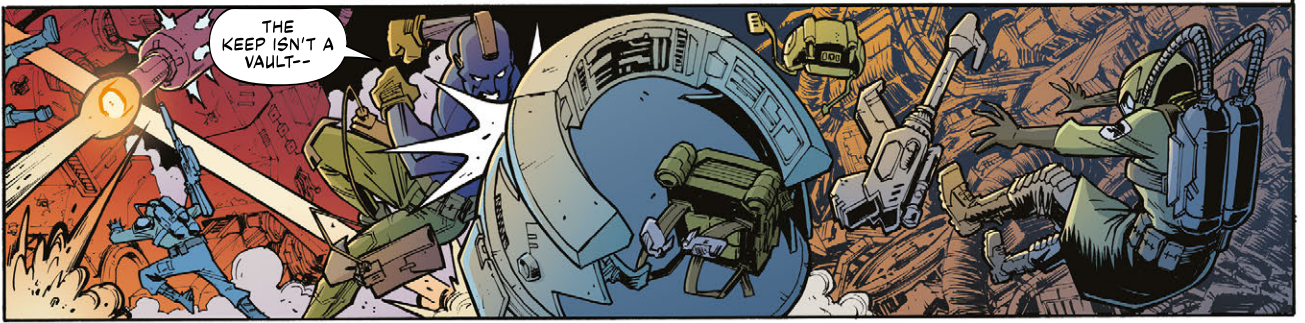
SOLDIERS  
COME TO PLAY  
WITH US...

BASH 'EM...  
MASH 'EM...  
MESS 'EM UP!

THE  
SECRET OF  
THE KEEP.

**WAR-  
DOZERS.**

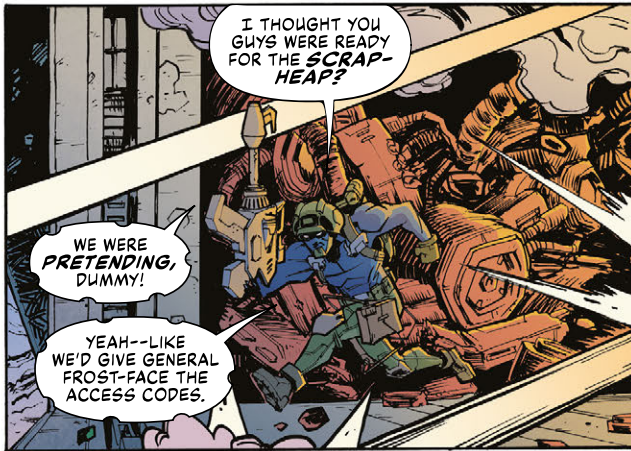
THE  
ULTIMATE FIGHTING  
MACHINES--UNTIL  
THEY TURNED  
AGAINST THEIR  
MASTERS!



THE  
KEEP ISN'T A  
VAULT--

--IT'S  
A TOMB.

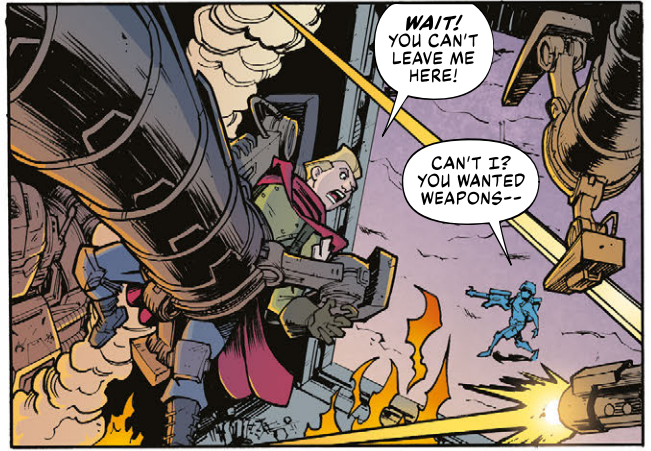
YEAH. UNTIL  
SOMEONE WAS  
DUMB ENOUGH  
TO OPEN THE  
FRONT DOOR!



I THOUGHT YOU  
GUYS WERE READY  
FOR THE SCRAP-  
HEAP?

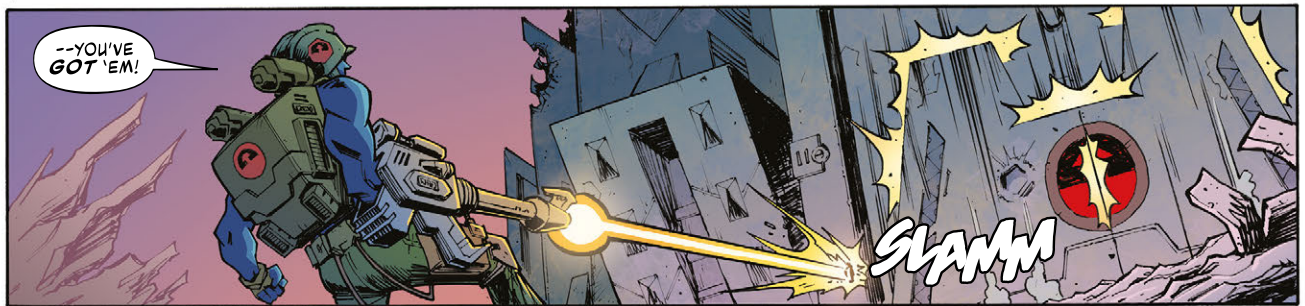
WE WERE  
PRETENDING,  
DUMMY!

YEAH--LIKE  
WE'D GIVE GENERAL  
FROST-FACE THE  
ACCESS CODES.



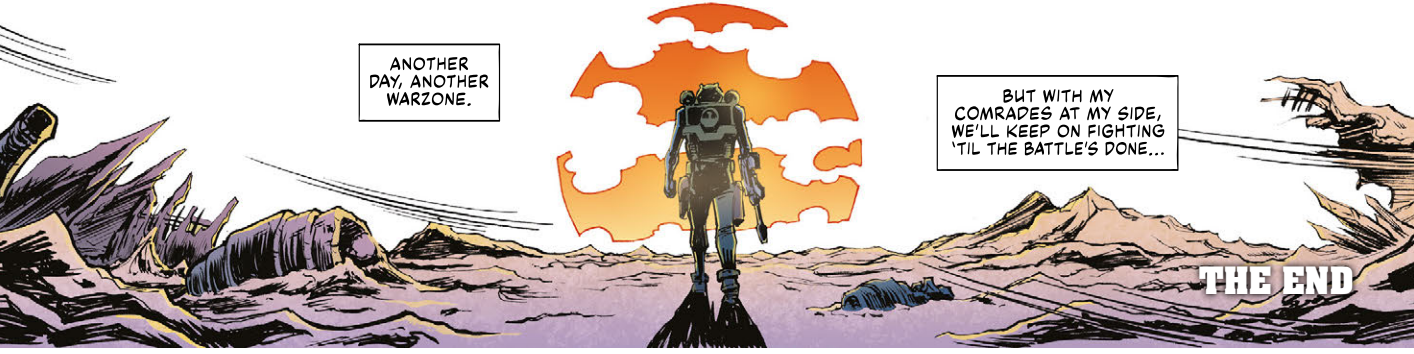
WAIT!  
YOU CAN'T  
LEAVE ME  
HERE!

CAN'T I?  
YOU WANTED  
WEAPONS--



--YOU'VE  
GOT 'EM!

**SLAMM**



ANOTHER  
DAY, ANOTHER  
WARZONE.

BUT WITH MY  
COMRADES AT MY SIDE,  
WE'LL KEEP ON FIGHTING  
'TIL THE BATTLE'S DONE...

**THE END**

WELCOME TO NU EARTH. I'M NOT GOING TO LIE...IT'S A LIVING HELL.

TAKE THIS PLACE, FOR EXAMPLE-- **THE SAVAGE SWAMP**? ALL RADIOACTIVE BOGS, POISON MIST AND KILLER PLANTS.

# ROGUE TROOPER SAVAGE SWAMP

YOU'D HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO COME HERE--

--BUT NO ONE EVER SAID WE WERE SANE.

THAT'S ROGUE-- THE LAST **GENETIC INFANTRYMAN**, A SOUTHER SUPER-SOLDIER BRED FOR WAR BY THE GOOD GUYS.

AT LEAST, WE **THINK** THEY'RE THE GOOD GUYS. IT'S HARD TO TELL THESE DAYS.

AS FOR ME...THE NAME'S **GUNNAR**. I USED TO BE JUST LIKE ROGUE, BUT BY THE BULLET LONG AGO. NOW MY MEMORIES ARE LODGED IN A BIO-CHIP ON HIS PULSE-RIFLE.

ANY LIFE SIGNS, HELM?

MY BUDDIES ARE HERE TOO. **BAGMAN**--WHO LOOKS AFTER ROGUE'S AMMO--AND **HELM**. HE'S THE CLEVER ONE.

PICKING UP ONE SIGNAL--

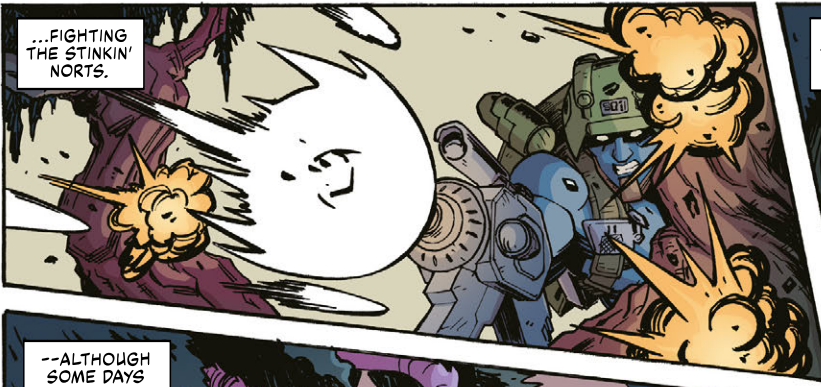
(JUST DON'T TELL HIM I SAID SO, OKAY?)

**DIE, SOUTHER SCUM!**

HEY, HELM! HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE WARNING NEXT TIME?

--RIGHT BEHIND US!

I'VE NO IDEA HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE...



...FIGHTING THE STINKIN' NORTS.



YOU LOSE TRACK AFTER A WHILE--

WHA--?



--ALTHOUGH SOME DAYS ARE BETTER THAN OTHERS.

YAAAHH!

VIPER VINES! THOSE THINGS ARE NASTY!

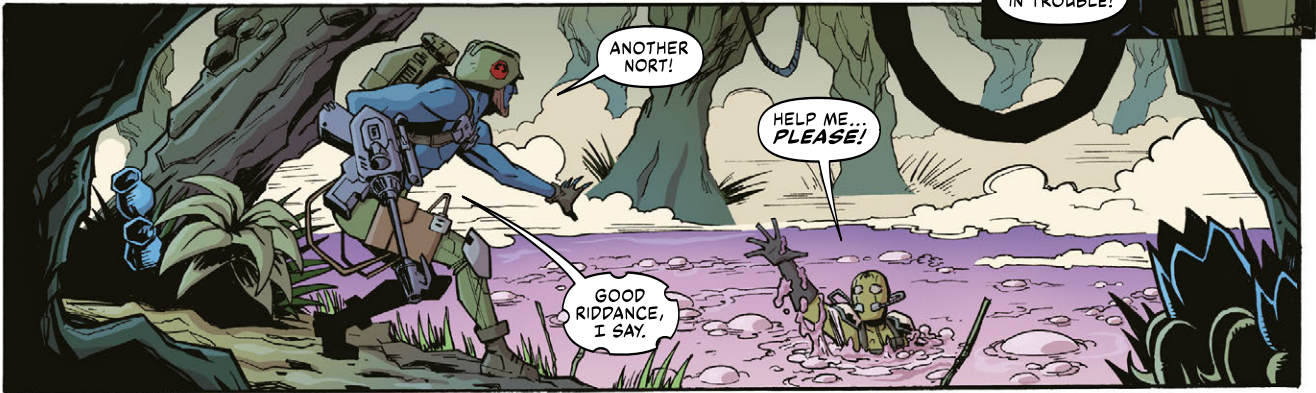
COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A NICER GUY.

1

3

AAAH!

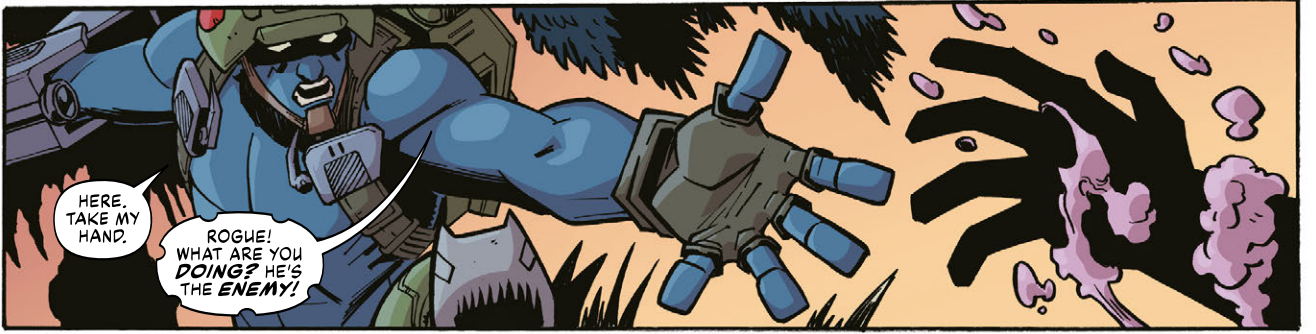
SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE!



ANOTHER NORT!

HELP ME... PLEASE!

GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY.



HERE. TAKE MY HAND.

ROGUE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HE'S THE ENEMY!



NO ONE DESERVES THIS, NOT EVEN A NORT--



AAAH!

GREAT, THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING A HERO!

ROGUE!



CAN'T B/W/N/? BREAK FREE...  
CRUSHING ME...



ZAM  
ZAM

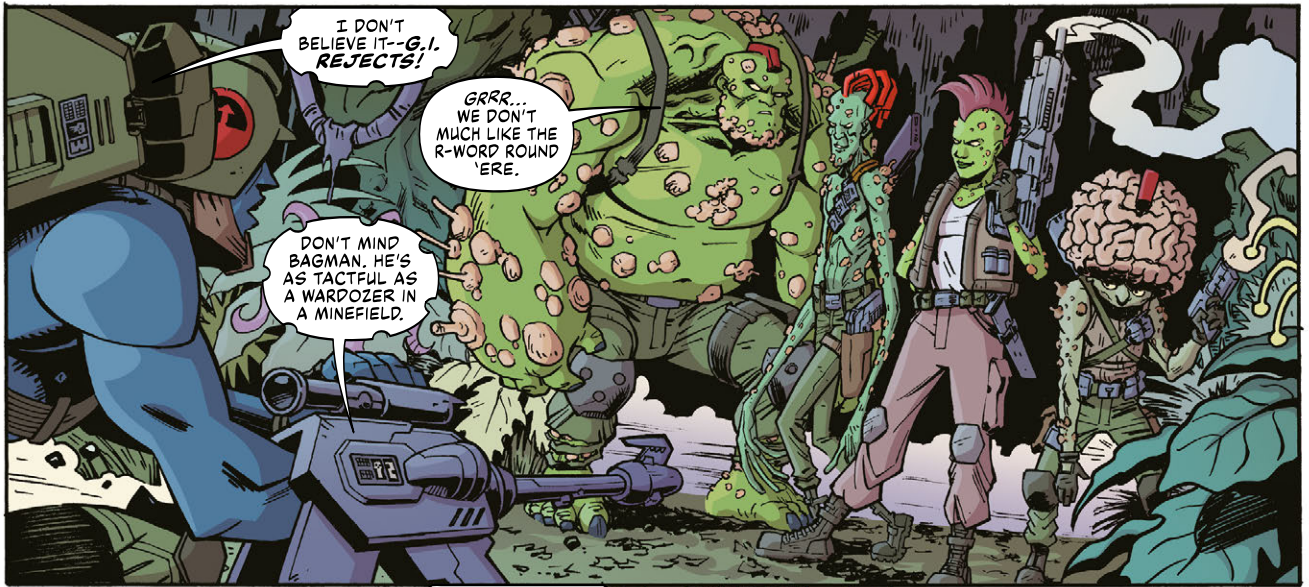


GOOD SHOT, GUNNAR!

IT WASN'T ME!



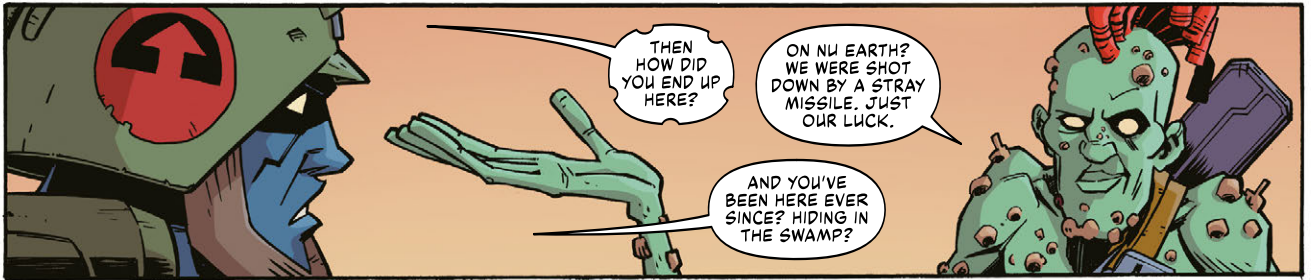
THEN... WHO WAS IT?





"WE STOLE A SHIP AND ESCAPED, HEADING FOR THE STARS."

"A WHOLE UNIVERSE TO EXPLORE..."



THEN HOW DID YOU END UP HERE?

ON NU EARTH? WE WERE SHOT DOWN BY A STRAY MISSILE. JUST OUR LUCK.

AND YOU'VE BEEN HERE EVER SINCE? HIDING IN THE SWAMP?



YOU CALLIN' US COWARDS, NORM?

CALM DOWN, AGRO. BLUE'S ON OUR SIDE, REMEMBER?



IT'S GETTING LATE. OUR CAMP'S NEARBY. WHY NOT STAY WITH US TONIGHT? YOU COULD TELL US ABOUT THE WAR.

IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA, ROGUE. YOU'VE BEEN ON YOUR FEET FOR DAYS.

WHAT ABOUT THE NORT?



THE SWAMP'S TAKEN CARE OF HIM.



IN THAT CASE...YES, I'LL STAY, JUST FOR TONIGHT... UM...?

THE NAME'S GREENGENES.

YOU'VE ALREADY MET LANK, AND THAT'S DOME AT THE BACK. HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH.



YOU COMING, AGRO?

YOU LOT DO WHAT YA WANT. I'M GOING ON PATROL.



WHAT CAN I SAY? THE REJECTS TURNED OUT TO BE ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

IT WAS GOOD TO SEE ROGUE RELAX FOR ONCE.



THE POOR GUY EVEN GRABBED SOME MUCH-NEEDED SHUT-EYE...

ALTHOUGH NOTHING LASTS FOREVER...NOT ON NU EARTH.



THE MORNING BROUGHT PROBLEMS OF ITS OWN...

WHAT'S WRONG?

AGRO DIDN'T MAKE IT BACK TO CAMP. HE'S MISSING.



HMM. LAS-BURNS. THERE'S BEEN A FIGHT.

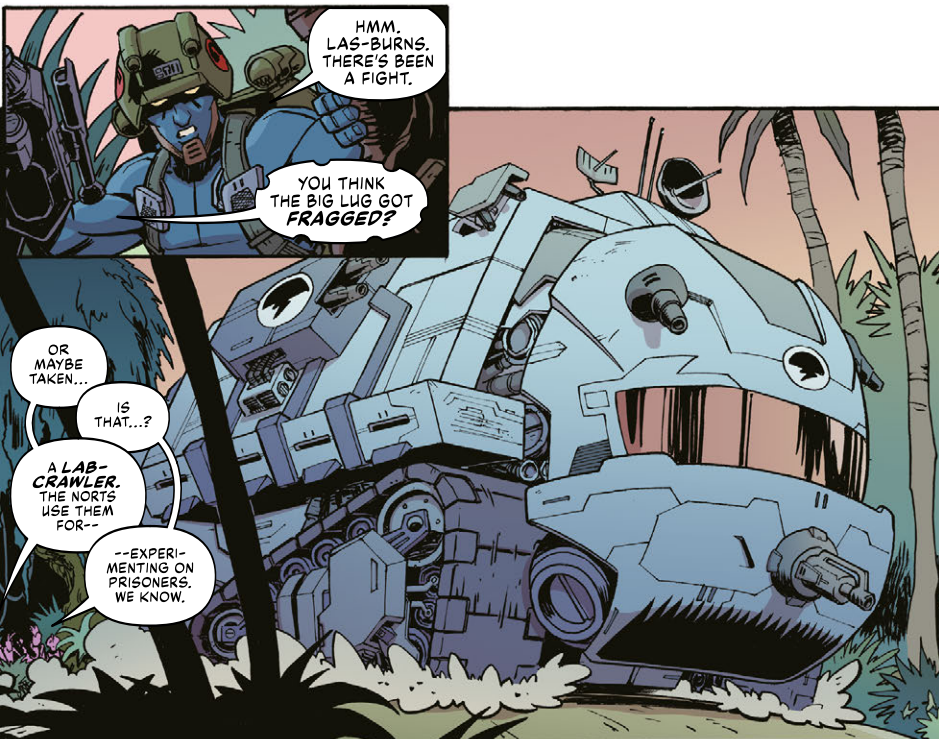
YOU THINK THE BIG LUG GOT FRAGGED?

OR MAYBE TAKEN...

IS THAT...?

A LAB-CRAWLER. THE NORTS USE THEM FOR--

--EXPERIMENTING ON PRISONERS. WE KNOW.



RECKON YOU CAN OPEN THAT HATCH?

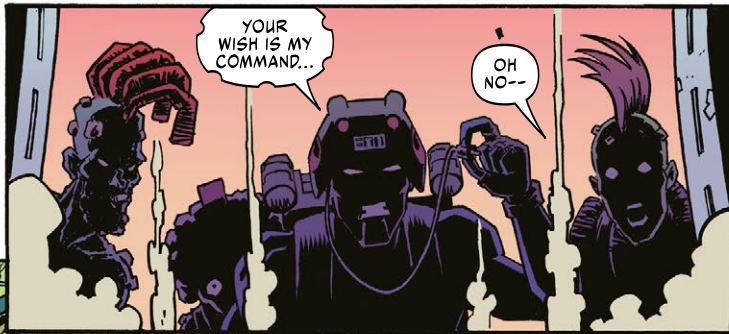
SURE, WHAT DO YOU WANNA USE? MICRO-MINES? PLASMA SPHERES?

OOOH, WHAT ABOUT GAMMA GRENADES?



I WAS TALKING TO HELM. THIS CALLS FOR STEALTH, NOT A FIREWORK DISPLAY.

HMPH. EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.



YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND...

OH NO--



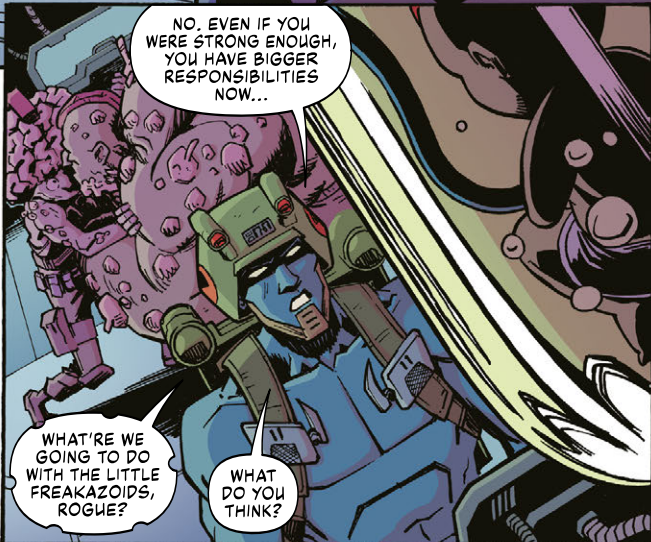
--AGRO!

THEY'RE CLONING HIM. CREATING THEIR OWN GENETIC INFANTRY.



LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

Y-YEAH--SO I CAN SMASH THOSE NORT STAK-HEADS ONCE AND FOR ALL.



NO, EVEN IF YOU WERE STRONG ENOUGH, YOU HAVE BIGGER RESPONSIBILITIES NOW...

WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE LITTLE FREAKAZOIDS, ROGUE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



"WE PUT THEM TO WAR..."

NAIN!  
THE TUBES...  
THEY'RE  
EMPTY!



AWW--  
MISSING  
YOUR KIDS,  
NORT?

AAAH!  
THE CLONES!

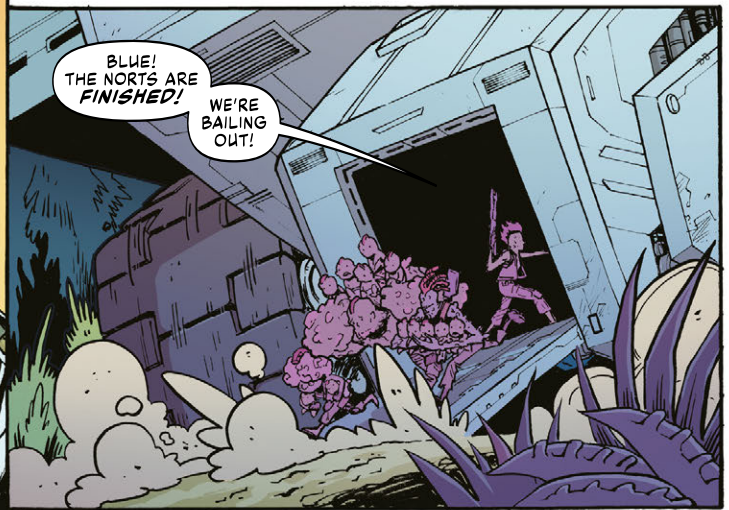
GET  
THEM OFF ME!  
GET THEM  
OFF!



WHAT CRY-  
BABIES.

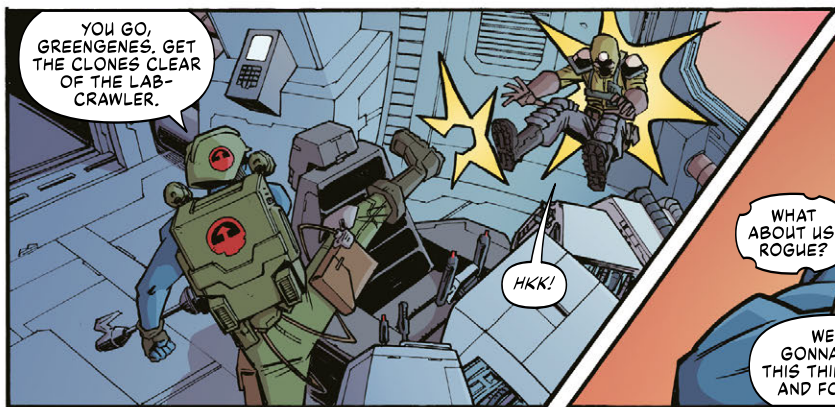
DOES NORTY  
NEED A NAP?  
HERE, LET ME  
HELP.

UHNN!



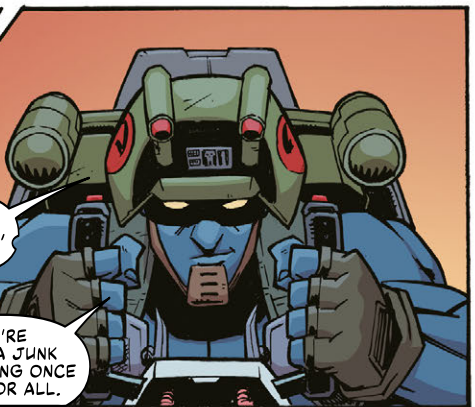
BLUE!  
THE NORTS ARE  
FINISHED!

WE'RE  
BAILING  
OUT!



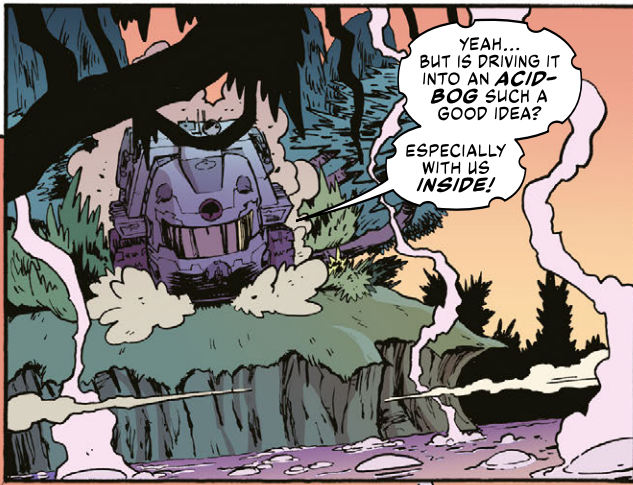
YOU GO,  
GREENGENES. GET  
THE CLONES CLEAR  
OF THE LAB-  
CRAWLER.

HKK!



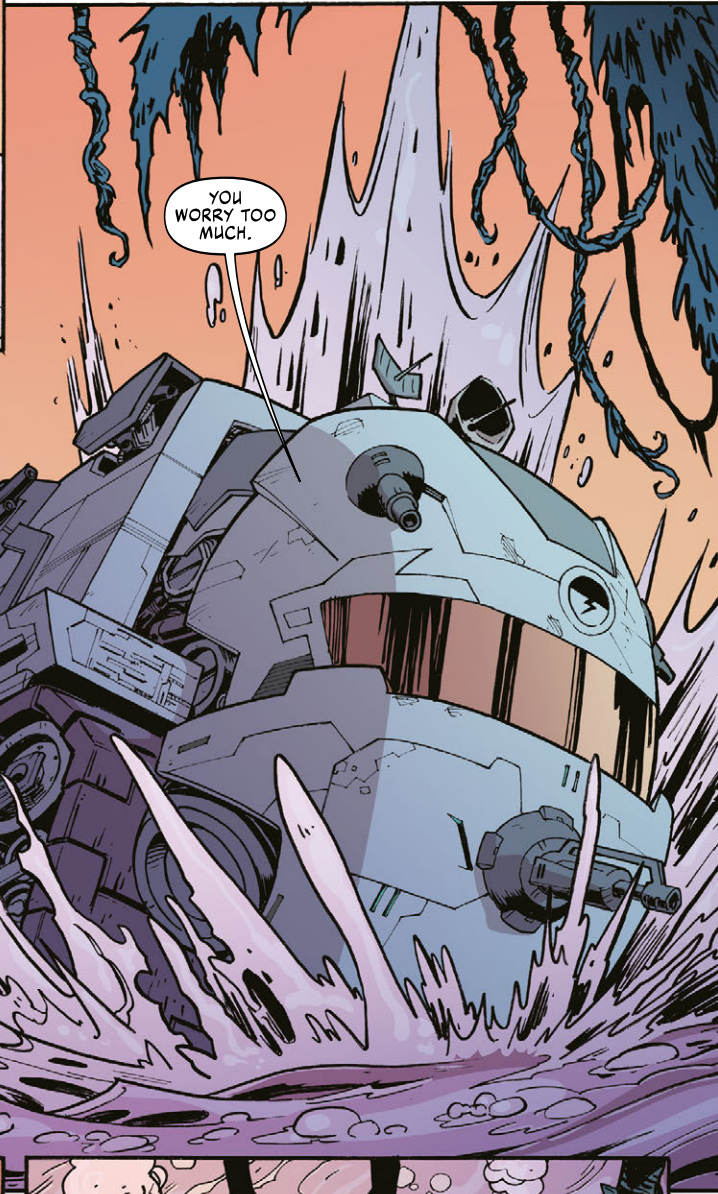
WHAT  
ABOUT US,  
ROGUE?

WE'RE  
GONNA JUNK  
THIS THING ONCE  
AND FOR ALL.

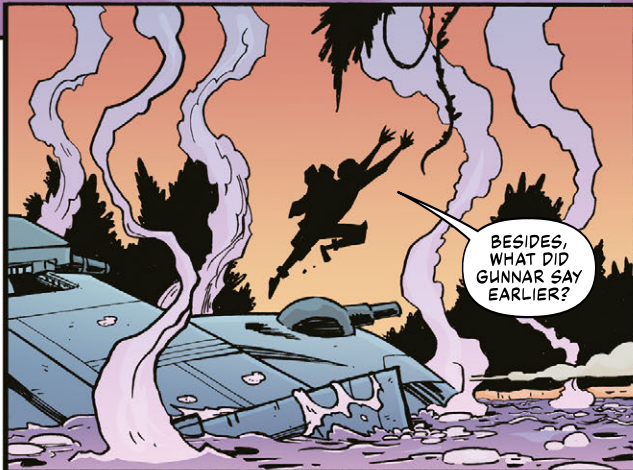


YEAH...  
BUT IS DRIVING IT  
INTO AN **ACID-  
BOG** SUCH A  
GOOD IDEA?

ESPECIALLY  
WITH US  
**INSIDE!**



YOU  
WORRY TOO  
MUCH.



BESIDES,  
WHAT DID  
GUNNAR SAY  
EARLIER?



GOOD  
RIDDANCE  
TO **TOXIC  
RUBBISH!**



THE NORTS WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN.

BUT WHAT IF ANY ESCAPED? WE SHOULD GO AFTER 'EM!



NO. REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, SOLDIER. YOU HAVE A **NEW MISSION** NOW-- AND A **NEW FAMILY**. YOU NEED TO KEEP THEM SAFE.

FROM THE NORTS?

FROM THE **WAR**.



BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, BLUE? YOU COULD STAY TOO.

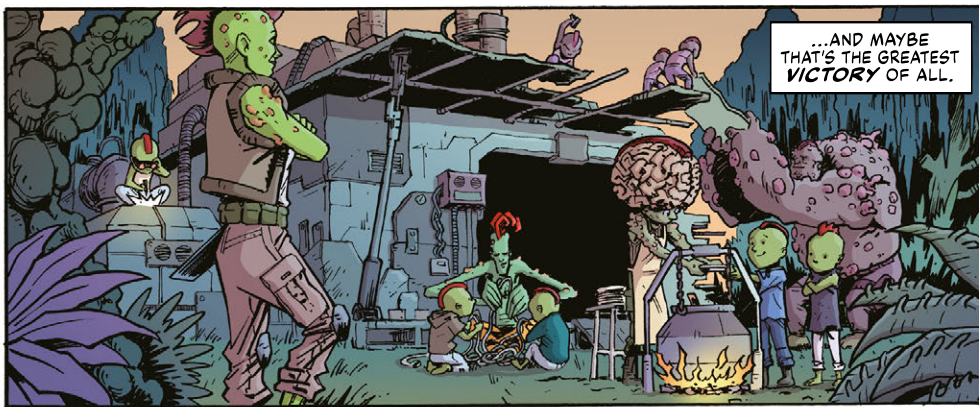
YEAH... LIKE THAT WAS GONNA HAPPEN.

THERE'S ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE ROGUE TROOPER. HE NEVER STOPS. NEVER STAYS IN ONE PLACE. NOT WHEN THERE'S ANOTHER BATTLE TO FIGHT.



NU EARTH IS HELL-- BUT IN OUR DARKEST MOMENTS, WHEN THE ODDS ARE AGAINST US AND THE WORLD LOOKS BLEAK, ROGUE KNOWS HE'S DONE GOOD.

THAT HE'S MADE A DIFFERENCE...



...AND MAYBE THAT'S THE GREATEST **VICTORY** OF ALL.



**THE END**

THE GRONK...ERM, BY WHICH I MEAN THE NATIVE SPECIES OF THIS PLANET...IS A FASCINATING CREATURE!

EVEN APART FROM THE FACT THEY CAN APPARENTLY EAT ANYTHING AT ALL...ROCKS, GLASS, METAL...

species: GRONK  
origin: BLAS  
genus: MAMMALIA -GLOPPUS

...THEY ALSO ACTUALLY SPEAK THROUGH THEIR NOSE AS THEIR MOUTH IS IN THEIR STOMACH!

**BORING!**  
WHY IS HE TALKING?  
CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHY THIS UGLY ALIEN DUDE IS STILL TALKING?

I DESPISE BEING BORED! A.I.? I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU!

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE ACTIVATED AND READY FOR YOUR COMMAND, SIR.

PUT THIS BORE IN DIMENSION X!

ATLANTIS VALENTINE, THE MOST FAMOUS REALITY HOLOTAINTMENT STAR IN THE GALAXY. MEGA-RICH!

# THE GRONK

## THE TROUBLE WITH GRONKSES

NO! PLEASE! WHY WOULD YOU--?

MR VALENTINE, SIR... IF I MAY, BUILDING YOUR NEW MEGA-HOME HERE MAKES PERFECT SENSE FOR THE FOLLOWING THREE REASONS:

VAR, AN INTERPLANETARY REAL-ESTATE AGENT LOOKING TO MAKE BIG MONEY.

THESE GRONK CREATURES ARE STUPID. THEY HAVE NO HOLO-SCREENS HERE AND THEREFORE WON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE (IF YOU CAN BELIEVE SUCH A THING)!

**ZAP**

AND NO ONE ELSE WILL EVER BOTHER YOU BECAUSE IT'S HIGHLY ILLEGAL TO SET EVEN A SINGLE FOOT ON THE PLANET OF BLAS!

AND EVERY TIME I ROAR A WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM WILL FAINT, RIGHT?

CORRECT, SIR.

THAT IS SO FUNNY! LET'S BUILD!

REGARD, IF YOU WILL, **DOBBYN**—  
THE LARGEST CITY ON **BLAS**, AND  
HOME TO HALF OF THE PLANET'S  
**GROK** POPULATION.

THE GROK LIVES A QUIET, SATISFYING LIFE: **CHILLING**  
(OR **CHILLINGS**, AS THEY CHARMINGLY SAY), ENJOYING  
THE GENTLE COMBINATION OF SUN AND BREEZE THAT  
THE PLANET AFFORDS THEM...

THE GROK IS A HAPPY ALIEN, WITH LITTLE TO  
WORRY ABOUT... EXCEPT, IF THE STORIES ARE TO  
BE BELIEVED, WHAT MIGHT LIVE IN THE AREA  
KNOWN AS **THE NEVERGLADES**. BUT WAIT...  
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THEY'RE  
**HERES!** THE  
SPACE GODDES  
HAVE FINALLY  
**COMES!**

...AND OF COURSE MUNCHING THROUGH  
**TERRAIN**, WHICH IS HOW THE HUMBLE  
GROK CREATES **GROKPILES**  
(HOMES) FOR THEIR COMMUNITY.

THEY HAVES SPACE CHARIOTSSES  
AND EVERYTHINGS, MADE FROM  
**SPARKLING ALIEN METALSSES**...  
WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, LOOKS  
**DELICIOUS!**

SPACE GODDESSES? JUST  
AS THE PROPHECY  
FORETOLDS!

OH! GLORIOUS  
**DAYSES!**

**THUMPTHUMPTHUMP**

WAITS...  
WHAT'S THAT  
NOISES?

**RAAAAGGGH!**

OH! MY POOR  
HEARTSES!

**HA HA HA!**  
THIS IS **INDEED** MY  
NEW FAVOURITE  
HOBBY!

SOME HOURS LATER, IN TUNNELS DEEP BENEATH THE CITY...

WE, THE ELDERSES OF DOBBYN, CALLS TO ORDER THIS EMERGENCY MEETINGS!

FIRST WE'S GOT TO ANALYSE THE SITUATIONSES. AS WE ALL KNOW, WE GRONKSES BELIEVE THAT ONE DAY GREATS BEINGS WILL COME TO BLAS, AND TAKES US INTO OUTER SPACES!

SPACE GODSES, KEEPING US SAFES FROM HARM! AS IT'S WRITTEN IN THE PROPHECY! DON'T FORGETS THAT BIT!

DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY IDEASES? WHAT ARE WE GOINGS TO DO?

SOMETHINGS TELLS ME THAT THIS GRONKPILE-STOMPING MONSTER IS *MAYBE* NOT ONE OF THOSE NICE SPACE GODSES.

AFTER THE PROBABLY-NOT-A-SPACE-GOD STOMPED ALL OVERS OUR GRONKPILES I MANAGED TO STAY AWAKESES. I HEARD HIM TALKINGS TO ANOTHER!

HIS NAME'S ATLANTIS VALENTINE AND HE'S HERE TO BUILDS A GIANT GRONKPILE. BUT *NOT* FOR GRONKS!

AWAKE?! OH YOUR MIGHTY HEARTSES!

SO JUST A...PILE?

THENS... WHAT IS HE?

BRING THE GRONK TELESCOPE!

HE'S RIGHTSES! THAT'S NO GRONKPILE. IT'S... HORRIBLE!

BUT WHAT CANS WE DO ABOUT IT? WE GRONKSES FALL DOWN AT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST FRIGHTSES!

THE ELDERS OF DOBBYN HAVE *SPOKENS!* THIS ATLANTIS VALENTINE IS *NOT* AN OUTER-SPACE GOD--HE'S A VERY NAUGHTIES MONSTER!

I HAVES A PLAN!





AHEM! MISTER SPACE GOD! WE GRONKSES HUMBLY REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE AT A PARTY.

A CELEBRATION OF YOUR ARRIVALS!

PLEASE DON'T STOMPSES ON US!



I'M TOO BUSY TO COME TO YOUR STUPID PARTY. WHY DON'T YOU WORSHIP ME FROM AFAR LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?

OKAY, WELL... HOWS ABOUT YOU JUST DRINKS THIS LOVELY SOUP WE MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU?



DANG, THIS IS TASTY. WHAT'S IN IT?

IT'S A GRONKSEY SECRET, CLEVER SIRRS.

IT'D BETTER BE MEAT--AND LOTS OF IT!



NO, REALLY... WHAT'S IN THIS...

SOULU PPPP ZZZZ!



OKAY, VERY GOOD EATING GRONKS!

BEGIN YOUR WORK!

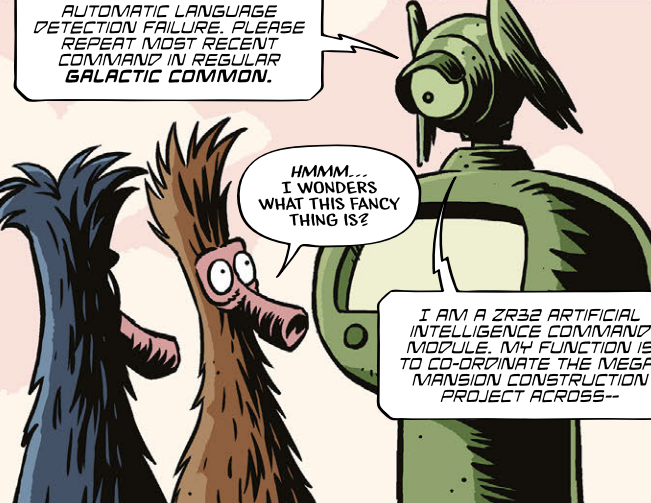
ZZZZZ...



MMMM... OVERTURES OF GREENSPICE AND CAMBERCRUNCH.

CHOMP CHOMP

NO NEEDS TO REVIEW YOUR FOODSES! JUST EAT!



AUTOMATIC LANGUAGE DETECTION FAILURE. PLEASE REPEAT MOST RECENT COMMAND IN REGULAR GALACTIC COMMON.

HMMM... I WONDERS WHAT THIS FANCY THING IS?

I AM A ZR32 ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE COMMAND MODULE. MY FUNCTION IS TO CO-ORDINATE THE MEGAMANSION CONSTRUCTION PROJECT ACROSS--



NOPESIES. MAKES NO SENSE. MUST BE BROKENS.

THIS A.I. UNIT DOES NOT RESPOND WELL TO BEING... -ZZZZT- ...CONSUMED!

-FRZZT- PLEASE VESIS!

CHOMP



AH! MISTER ATLANTIS VALENTINES! YOU ARE AWAKE. GOOD!

WE, THE ELDERS OF DOBBYN, HAVE SOME DEMANDSES.

LEAVES OUR PLANET ALONES!



HA HA! YOU THINK THIS PUNY ROPE CAN HOLD ME?

GRONKSROPE IS SOME OF THE FINEST TWINE SPLICINGS YOU'LL FIND THIS SIDE OF--



AH. I SEE.



GRAAAHHH!

YARGHS! OUR HEARTSIES!



WHAT THE--?

THRUNCH



IT WORKED!  
THE MONSTER IS  
TRAPPED!



YAGGH!  
OKAY, KEEP  
EATING,  
GRONKS!

WE NEED  
MORE  
TUNNELS!

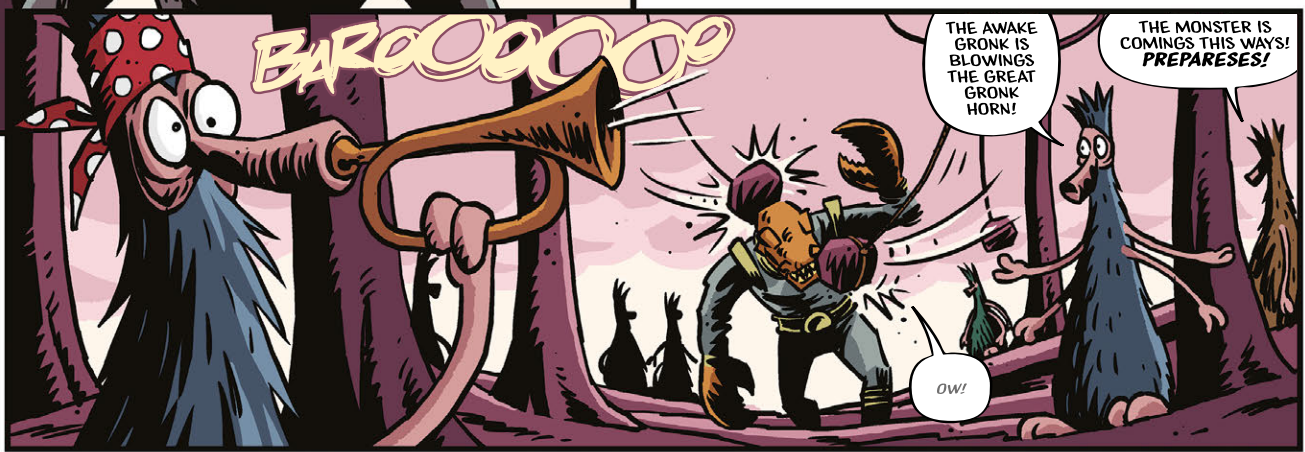


GRONKS  
AWAY!



**THWUMP**

OOF!



**BAROOOOO**

THE AWAKE  
GRONK IS  
BLOWING  
THE GREAT  
GRONK  
HORN!

THE MONSTER IS  
COMING THIS WAY!  
**PREPARESE!**

OW!



KEEP HIM MOVING!  
WE'RE ALMOST THERE!



URGH... WHAT NOW?

BEWARE!  
NO GRONK'S LAND!



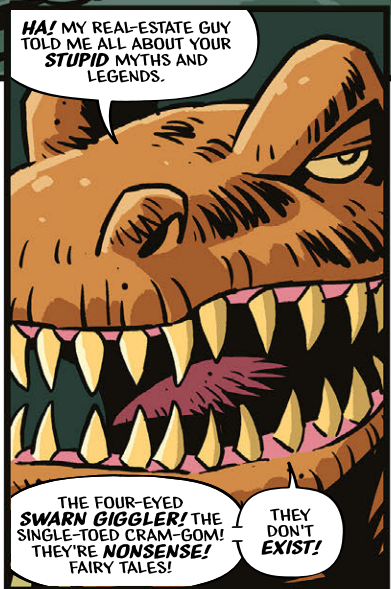
I'LL CHEW EVERY ONE OF YOU INTO STRIPS, YOU MISERABLE, FAINTING FURMOPS!

MISTER MONSTER! PLEASE! PLEASE BE QUIETS!

THIS IS THE NEVER-GLADESES. HERE BE MONSTERSES!



WE DON'T WANT YOU TO BE EATEN... WE JUST WANT YOU TO LEAVE US ALONE!



HA! MY REAL-ESTATE GUY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOUR STUPID MYTHS AND LEGENDS.

THE FOUR-EYED SWARN GIGGLER! THE SINGLE-TOED CRAM-GOM! THEY'RE NONSENSE! FAIRY TALES!

THEY DON'T EXIST!



SEE? NOTHING! YOU'RE ALL IDIOTS!

SHHHH!

STOMP KSPLOSH



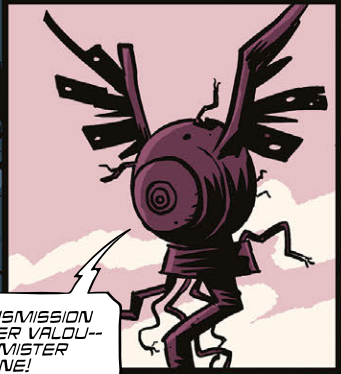
...



A.I.?  
C-CAN YOU  
HEAR ME,  
A.I.?

**ZERO IN ON MY CO-ORDINATES. I REQUIRE TRANSPORT BACK TO THE SITE OF THE MEGA-MANSION THIS VERY NANOSECOND!**

=BZZZT= TRANSMISSION RECEIVED, MISTER VALDU--VALLEE--M-MISTER LAVENTINE!



DISTRESS MESSAGE RECOOD...EVED--ZZ-KZZ--

UNFORTUNATELY THE ERROR! ERR. DR.

TRANSPORT INITIATED...LAST DESTINATION SELECTED!



ERROR?  
WHAT ERROR?  
THE MEGA-MANSION!  
TAKE ME BACK TO MY MANSION!

ERR--DR! TRANSPORT INIT-SHED-DATED!



YUMS. THIS ONE IS SO TASTIES!

I AM THE AWAKES GRONK...AND I MUST BEARS WITNESS TO THIS!



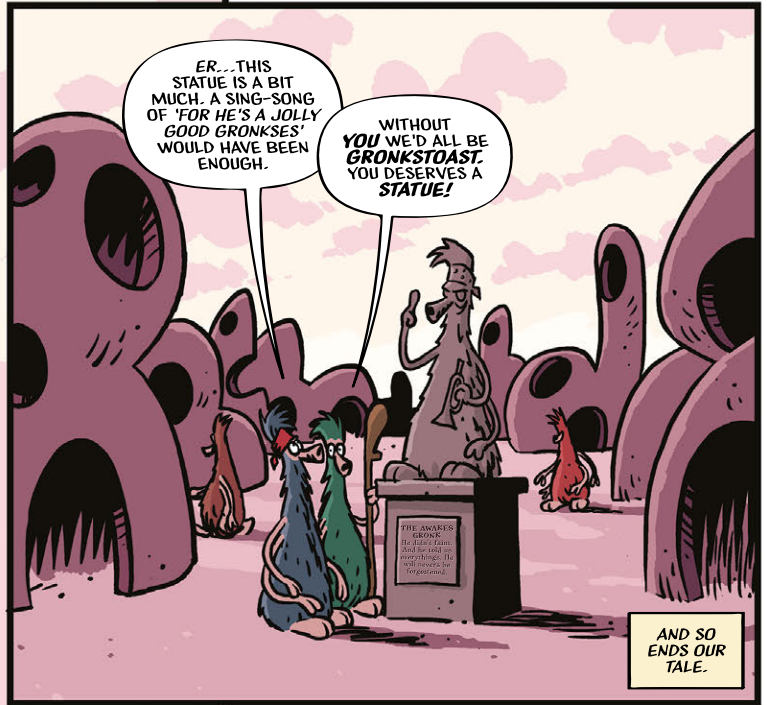
WAIT! A.I., STOP!

StooPPPP





THE AWAKES GRONK  
He didn't faint.  
And he told us  
everything. He  
will never be  
forgotten.

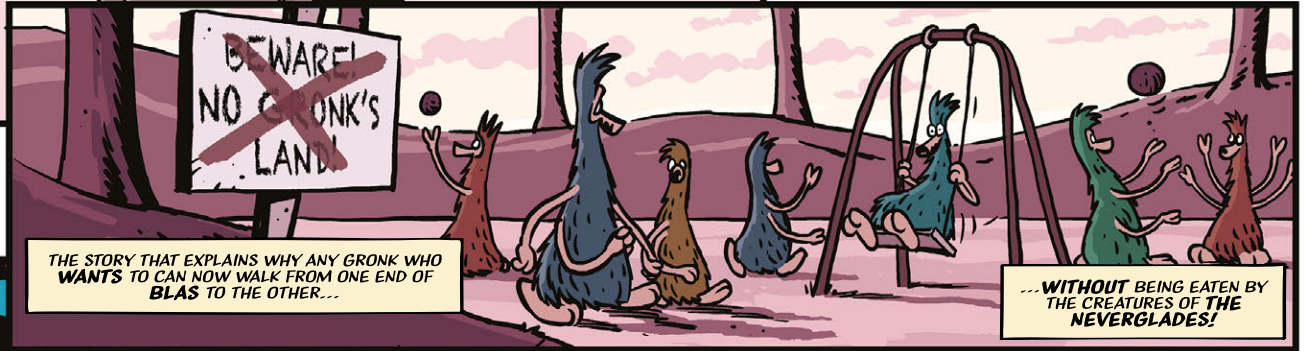


ER...THIS  
STATUE IS A BIT  
MUCH. A SING-SONG  
OF 'FOR HE'S A JOLLY  
GOOD GRONKSES'  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
ENOUGH.

WITHOUT  
YOU WE'D ALL BE  
GRONKSTOAST  
YOU DESERVES A  
STATUE!

THE AWAKES GRONK  
He didn't faint.  
And he told us  
everything. He  
will never be  
forgotten.

AND SO  
ENDS OUR  
TALE.



~~BEWARE!~~  
~~NO GRONK'S~~  
~~LAND~~

THE STORY THAT EXPLAINS WHY ANY GRONK WHO  
WANTS TO CAN NOW WALK FROM ONE END OF  
BLAS TO THE OTHER...

...WITHOUT BEING EATEN BY  
THE CREATURES OF THE  
NEVERGLADES!



OF COURSE THERE'S NO SUCH  
THING AS A STORY THAT ENDS  
WELL FOR EVERYONE...

RAAAAARGH!

HEEEELLLL!

DIMENSION X.



...AND IF YOU  
ASK ME, THAT  
OKAY!

THE END

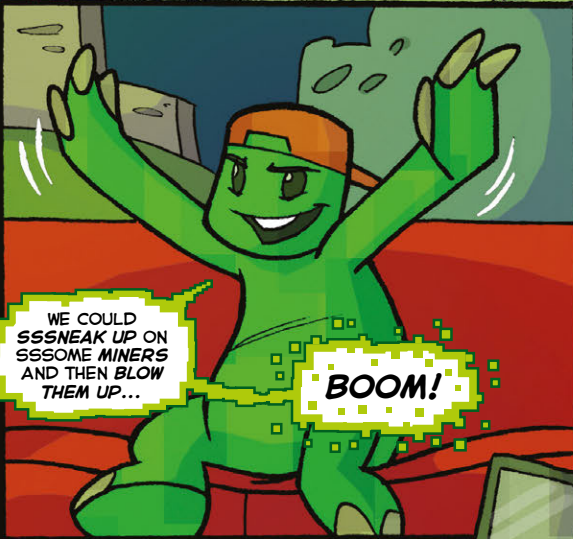
# FUTURE SHOCKS



I'M BORED!

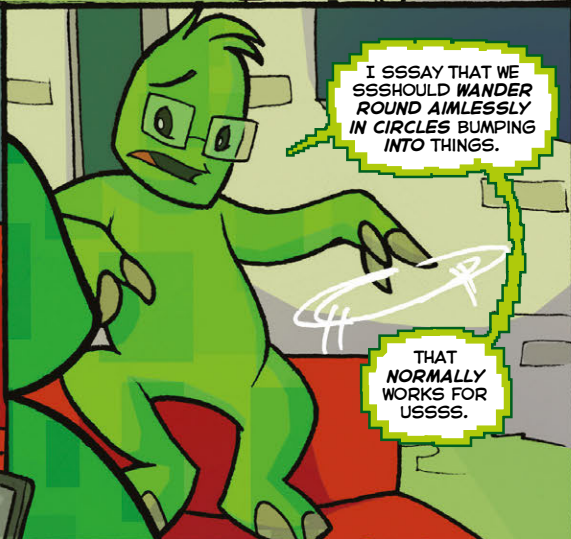
ME TOO!  
WHAT SSSHALL  
WE DO??

## HUMANCRAFT!



WE COULD  
SSSNEAK UP ON  
SSSOME MINERS  
AND THEN BLOW  
THEM UP...

**BOOM!**



I SSSAY THAT WE  
SSSHOULD WANDER  
ROUND AIMLESSLY  
IN CIRCLES BUMPING  
INTO THINGS.

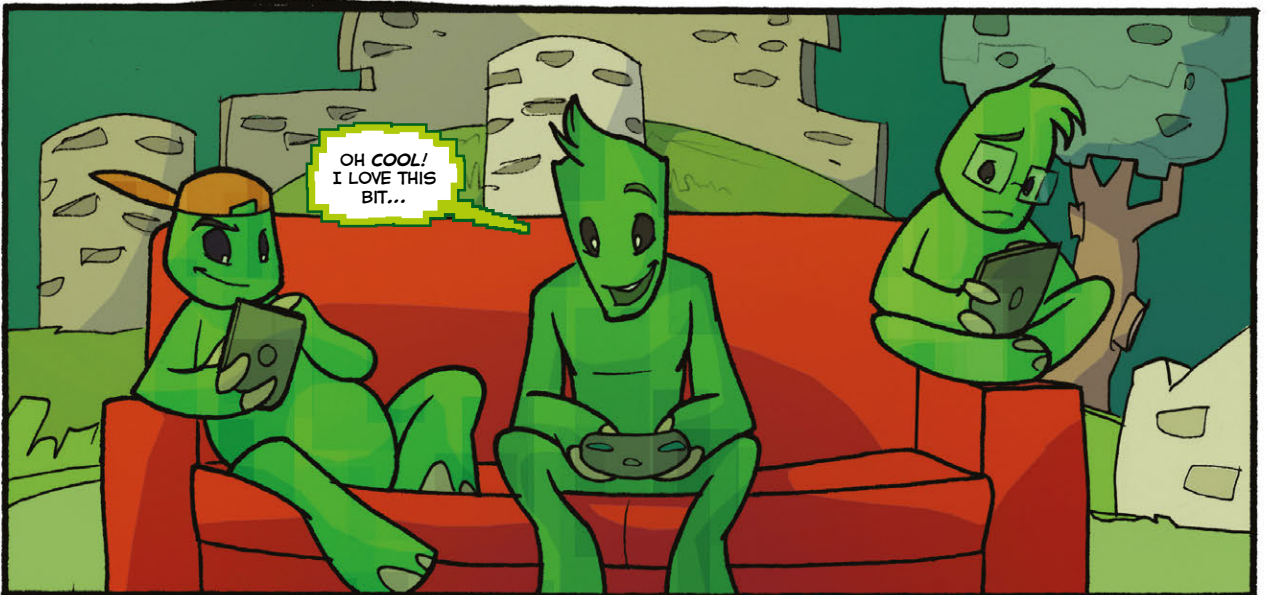
THAT  
NORMALLY  
WORKS FOR  
USSSS.



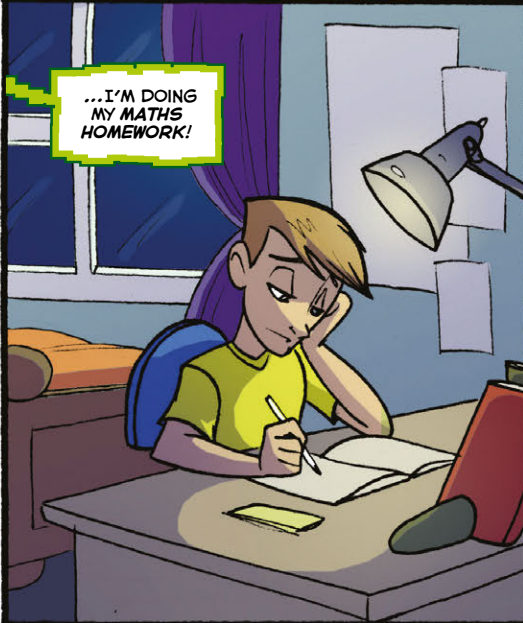
ONLY ONE WAY  
TO RESSOLVE  
THIS!

LET'SSS PLAY  
HUMANCRAFT!  
HIGHEST SCORE  
WINSSS!

**YAY!**



OH COOL!  
I LOVE THIS  
BIT...



...I'M DOING  
MY MATHS  
HOMEWORK!



THAT'S NOTHING  
SSSIMON, I'VE JUST  
UNLOCKED THE  
NEXT LEVEL...



...I'M DOING POINTLESS  
SUMS AND PAPERWORK!  
HOW COOL IS THAT?



I CAN'T GET  
MINE TO DO ANY OF  
THOSE THINGS. I THINK  
I CHOSE THE WRONG  
CHARACTER.

I SSSAID  
THAT I WANTED  
TO TAKE OUT THE  
RUBBISSSH!

WHAM!

OW!

ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED:  
CLEARING UP DOG MESS

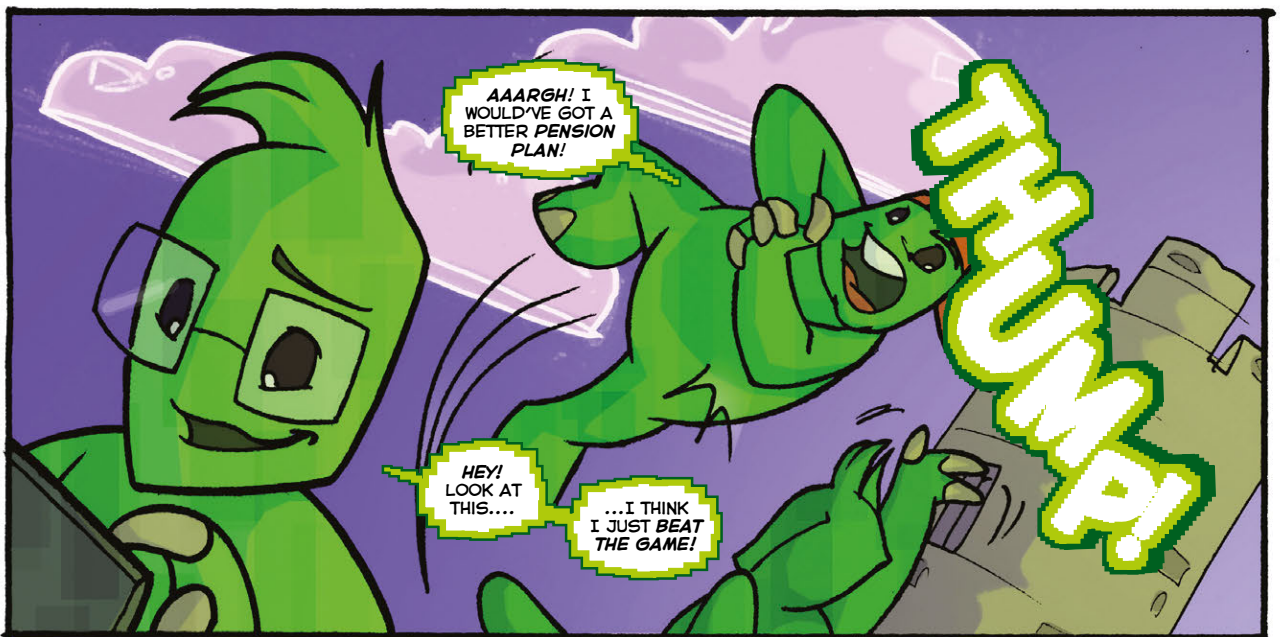
GET OFF ME SSSAM! I'VE  
GOT TO THE NEXT LEVEL!

YOU RUIN  
EVERYTHING!  
YOU BROKE MY  
GAME!

WHUMP!

I WAS ABOUT  
TO BE PROMOTED TO  
ASSISTANT REGIONAL  
MANAGER! THAT'S THE  
BESST I'VE EVER DONE  
IN HUMANCRAFT!

ACHIEVEMENT FAILED:  
PROMOTION DENIED

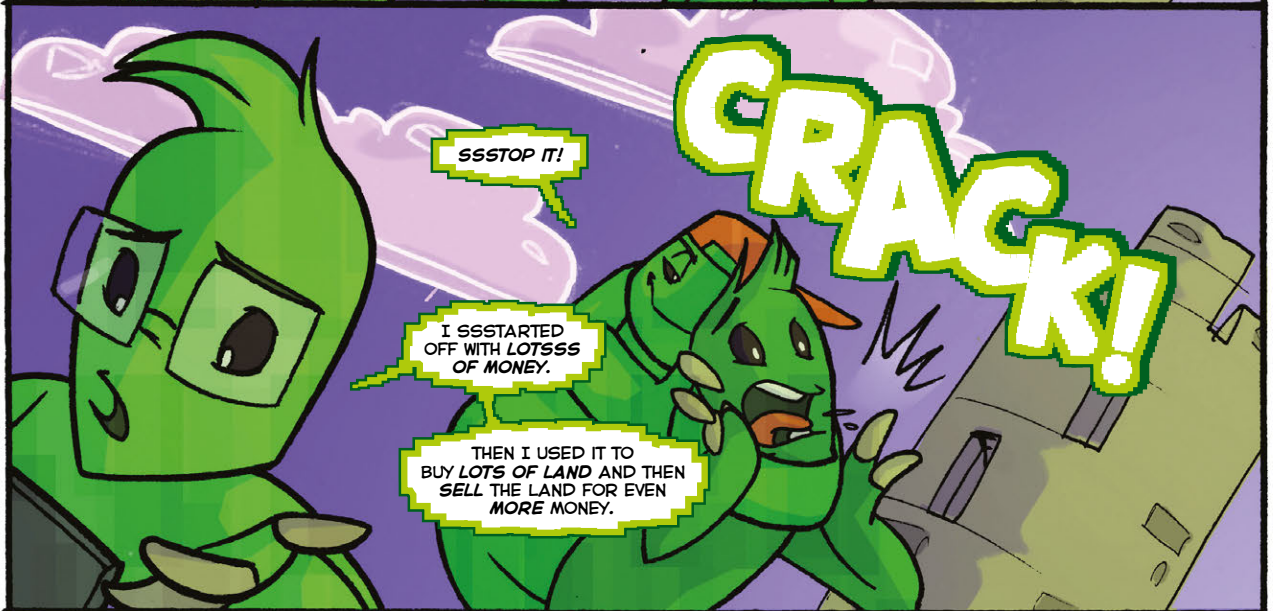


AAARGH! I WOULD'VE GOT A BETTER PENSION PLAN!

HEY! LOOK AT THIS....

...I THINK I JUST BEAT THE GAME!

THUMP!

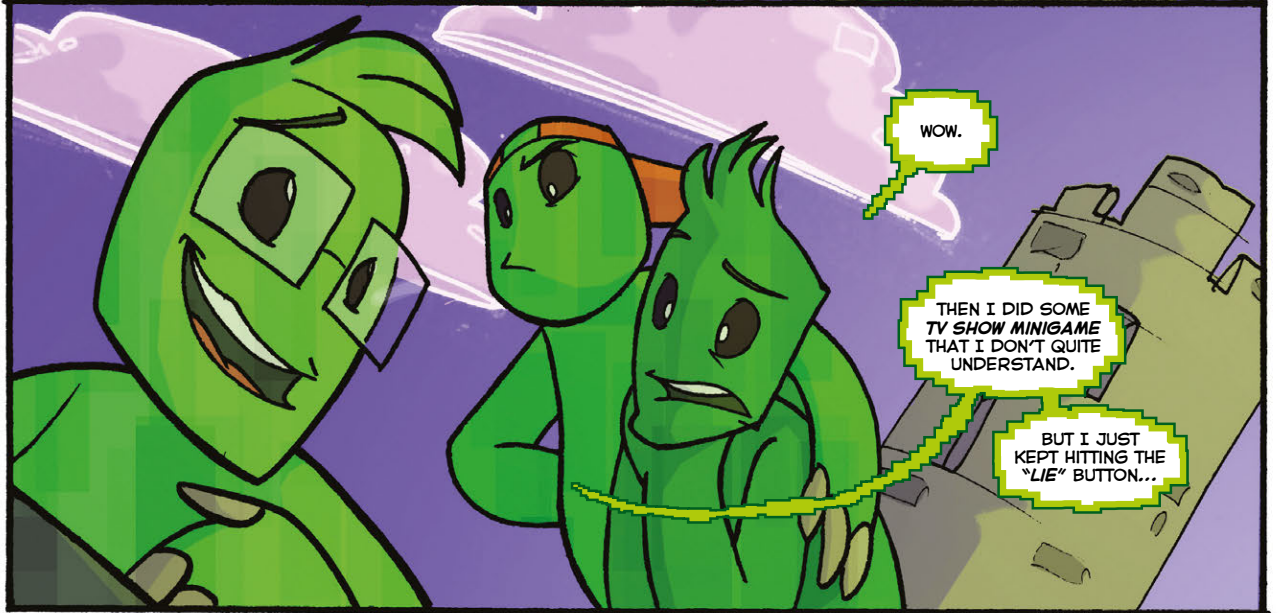


SSSTOP IT!

I SSSTARTED OFF WITH LOTSSS OF MONEY.

THEN I USED IT TO BUY LOTS OF LAND AND THEN SELL THE LAND FOR EVEN MORE MONEY.

CRACK!



WOW.

THEN I DID SOME TV SHOW MINIGAME THAT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND.

BUT I JUST KEPT HITTING THE "LIE" BUTTON...



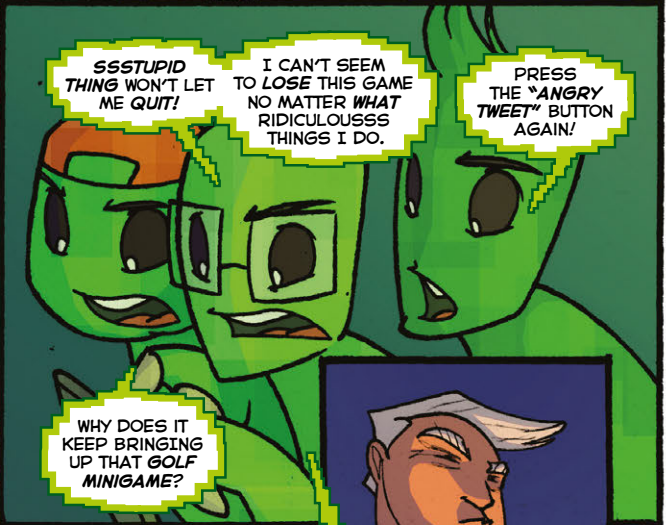
...AND NOW I'M PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!



HUH. COOL.

MUSSST BE A GLITCH IN THE GAME.

YEAH. BIT STUPID REALLY.

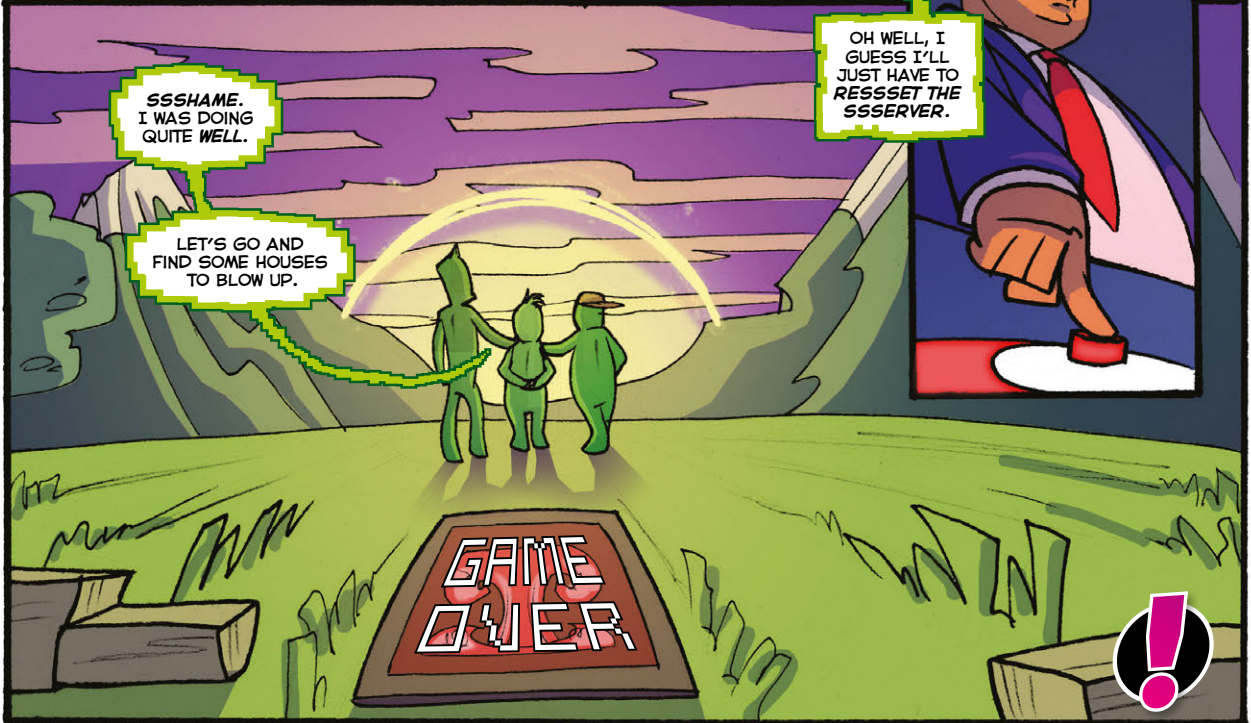


SSSTUPID THING WON'T LET ME QUIT!

I CAN'T SEEM TO LOSE THIS GAME NO MATTER WHAT RIDICULOUSSS THINGS I DO.

PRESS THE "ANGRY TWEET" BUTTON AGAIN!

WHY DOES IT KEEP BRINGING UP THAT GOLF MINIGAME?



SSSHAME. I WAS DOING QUITE WELL.

LET'S GO AND FIND SOME HOUSES TO BLOW UP.

OH WELL, I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO RESSSET THE SSSSERVER.

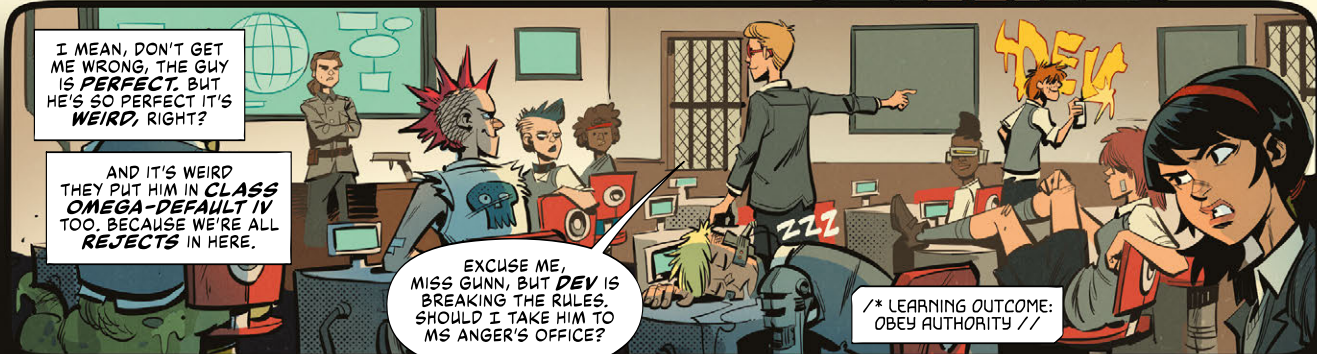
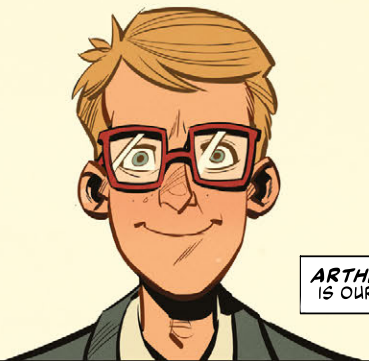


# FUTURE SHOCKS

## THAT WEIRD KID

EVERY SCHOOL HAS A **WEIRD KID**, RIGHT?

**ARTHUR** IS OURS.



I MEAN, DON'T GET ME WRONG, THE GUY IS **PERFECT**. BUT HE'S SO PERFECT IT'S **WEIRD**, RIGHT?

AND IT'S WEIRD THEY PUT HIM IN **CLASS OMEGA-DEFAULT IV** TOO, BECAUSE WE'RE ALL **REJECTS** IN HERE.

EXCUSE ME, MISS GUNN, BUT **DEV** IS BREAKING THE RULES. SHOULD I TAKE HIM TO MS ANGER'S OFFICE?

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: OBEY AUTHORITY //



HE NEVER GETS IN TROUBLE, EVEN WITH THE **SCHOOL POLICE**, AND THEY GIVE KIDS GRIEF JUST FOR FUN. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE... **SCARED** OF HIM.

BREAK IT UP, GUYS. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO **HURT** YOU!

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: ORDER MUST BE MAINTAINED FOR THE GOD OF ALL //

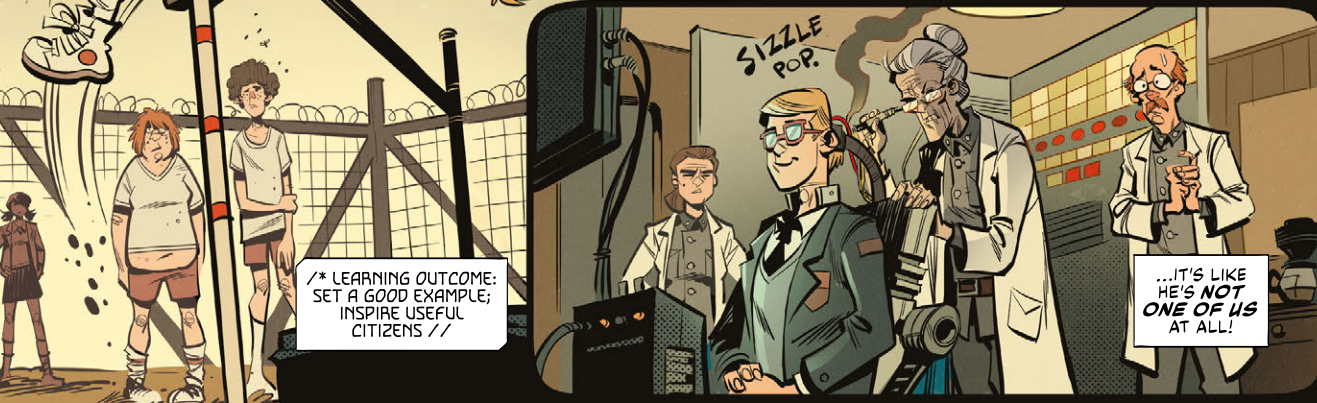


HE'S IN WITH THE WORST OF THE **WORST** AT THE WORST SCHOOL IN TOWN, AND HE'S A STRAIGHT-A KID WHO'S GOOD AT EVERY SPORT.

SEE? JUST LIKE THIS...IT'S **EASY**...!

**SPRING!**

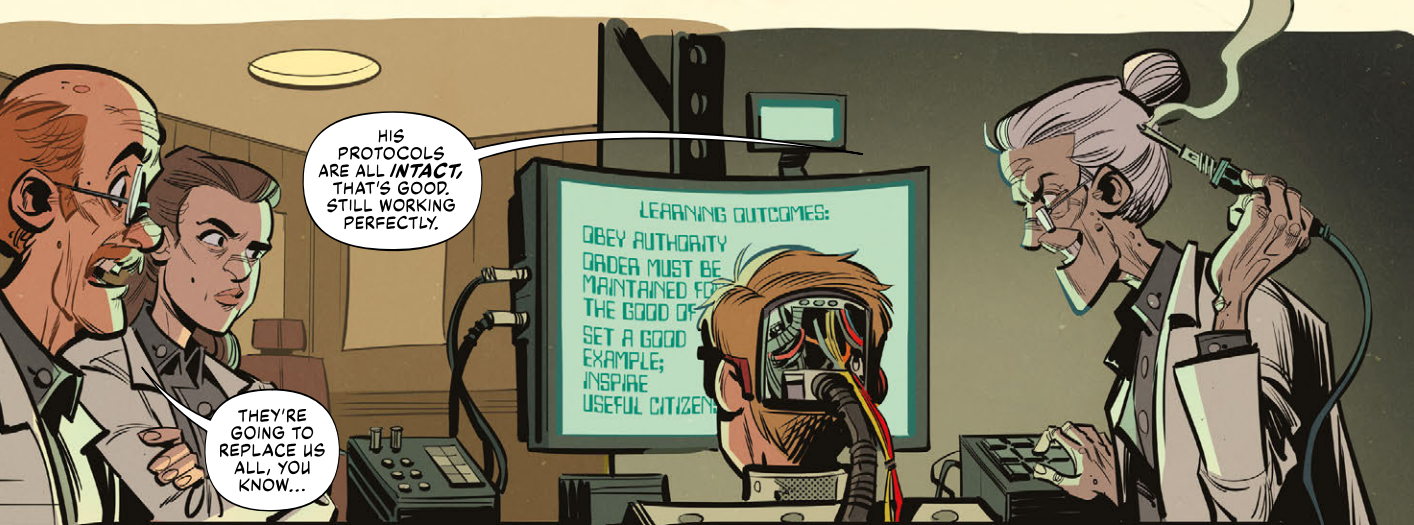
YEAH, THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT HIM ALL RIGHT...



/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: SET A GOOD EXAMPLE; INSPIRE USEFUL CITIZENS //

...IT'S LIKE HE'S **NOT ONE OF US** AT ALL!

**SIZZLE POP.**



HIS PROTOCOLS ARE ALL *INTACT*, THAT'S GOOD. STILL WORKING PERFECTLY.

THEY'RE GOING TO REPLACE US ALL, YOU KNOW...

LEARNING OUTCOMES:  
OBEY AUTHORITY  
ORDER MUST BE MAINTAINED FOR THE GOOD OF THE  
SET A GOOD EXAMPLE;  
INSPIRE USEFUL CITIZENS



HOW SO, MISTER STANDARD?



ROBOTS IN THE CLASSROOM! WHEN THEY SEE THIS ONE KEEPING THE SAVAGE *BRATS* IN LINE, WHAT WILL THAT MEAN FOR US?

WE CAN'T KEEP DISCIPLINE AS IT IS. THEY'RE GOING TO *AUTOMATE* US ALL!



OH, NONSENSE-- KIDS DON'T LISTEN TO TEACHERS AS IT IS. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY'D LISTEN TO AN *A.I.* THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE?

PUT A PERFECT *PEER* IN THERE, THOUGH. A KID TO *ASPIRE* TO...

"IF *PROJECT ARTHUR* WORKS, SOON THERE WILL BE A *COVERT TEACHING ASSISTANT* IN EVERY CLASSROOM IN THE COUNTRY!"



/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: KNOW YOUR PLACE \*/



YEAH, ARTHUR IS A WEIRD KID, ALL RIGHT.

THAT'S WHY WE ALL *HATE* HIM.



**DOOF!**

GET HIM!

BREAK IT UP, GUYS! I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO HURT YOU!

FUD!

WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO YOU, HUH? COME ON, LET'S BE PALS!

AHHK! YOU...TOTAL FREAK...!



WHUMP!

YAY, SLUG! FLATTEN THE WEIRDO!



UH-OH.

I KNEW HE WAS WEIRD.

WHATEVER HE IS, SLUG'S SLIME HAS SHORTED HIM OUT SOMEHOW.



ARTHUR...  
IF, UH, IF I GIVE YOU MY DINNER CREDITS, WILL YOU FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS?

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: \*

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: \*

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: SET A GOOD EXAMPLE; INSPIRE USEFUL CITIZENS //

AFTER THAT, ARTHUR WAS PRETTY **NORMAL**. JUST ANOTHER ONE OF US KIDS.

ALTHOUGH WHO KNOWS WHAT HE **REALLY** IS, RIGHT?

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: ART CAN BE A POSITIVE INFLUENCE, IF PROPERLY CONTROLLED //

IN FACT, HE PRETTY MUCH BECAME ONE OF THE GANG. IT'S **WEIRD** HOW THAT TURNED OUT. I GUESS WE GOT THROUGH TO HIM SOMEHOW.

**KRAK!**

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: ORDER MUST BE MAINTAINED FOR THE GOOD OF ALL //

ALTHOUGH I MUST SAY, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE OVERALL **LEARNING EXPERIENCE** WE'RE GETTING THESE DAYS. IT KINDA SUCKS.

**DISCIPLINE** HAS GONE THROUGH THE FLOOR. THERE'S NOT A TEACHER TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE.

WE'RE MAKING FOR THE **TUNNELS**, MS ANGER! WE ADVISE YOU TO DO THE SAME!

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: OBEY AUTHORITY //

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: KNOW YOUR PLACE //

IN FACT, I'M PRETTY CERTAIN WHEN THE NEXT REPORT COMES OUT, THIS PLACE WILL BE **CLOSED** FOR GOOD...

/\* LEARNING OUTCOME: GIVE KIDS THE CHANCE TO LEAD THEIR BEST LIFE //

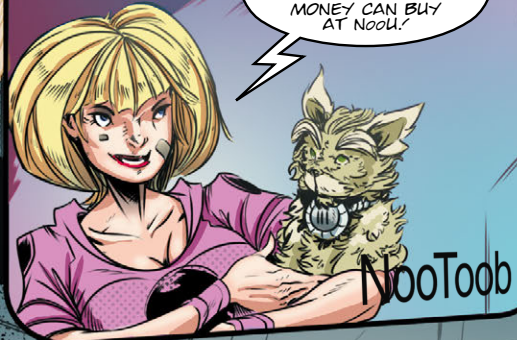


REINCARNATION IS REAL!

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT TO EXPERIENCE IT. I'M DOCTOR CAPA NORVES, AND YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE NEXT LIVES MONEY CAN BUY AT NOOU.

CALL IN AT OUR UNMISSABLE BUDDHA BOUTIQUE ON MAIN STREET FOR A NO-OBLIGATION CONSULTATION.

WHAT DOES SAMBARA HOLD FOR YOU NEXT? OUR TRAINED TEAM OF EXPERTS ARE ON HAND TO ADVISE ON THE BEST PACKAGE FOR YOU.



NooToob

# FUTURE SHOCKS

LIVING YOUR BEST LIFE

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPA! WHEN WE FOUNDED THIS COMPANY WE WERE A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE SELLING INSURANCE. NOW YOU'RE THE MOST FAMOUS INFLUENCER IN THE WORLD...

BUT HOW CAN WE REINCARNATE SOMEONE SO THEY'RE STILL, WELL, THEM? OUR PATENTED KARMATOLOGICAL SCIENCE, THAT'S HOW. WE CAN TRIGGER A FULL-BODY REINCARNATION TO ANY AGE WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES AND PRESERVE CONSCIOUSNESS!

WITH NANO-BIOENGINEERING WE CAN FIT A HUMAN MIND INSIDE THE SMALLEST CREATURE, COMING BACK AS A BUTTERFLY? ONLY AT NOOU WILL YOU STAY YOU WHEN YOU RENEW.

OH HUSH, DEREK! HEE HEE!

...AND I'M A DOG. AND LET ME TELL YOU, IT'S GREAT - I'D NEVER GO BACK!

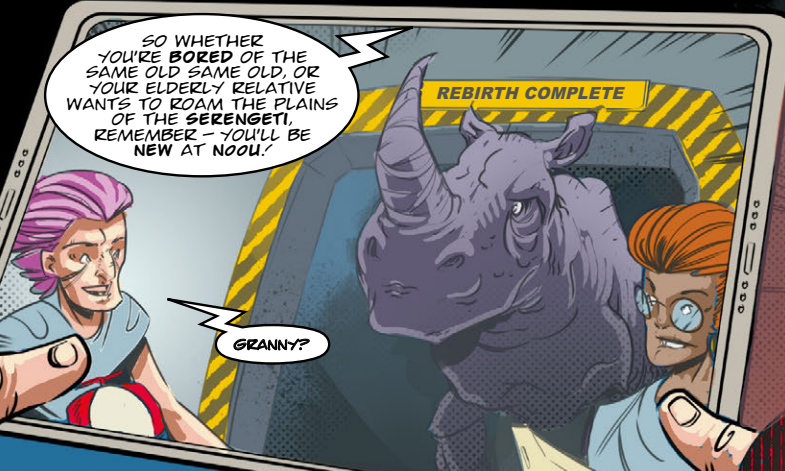
SO WHETHER YOU'RE BORED OF THE SAME OLD SAME OLD, OR YOUR ELDERLY RELATIVE WANTS TO ROAM THE PLAINS OF THE SERENGETI, REMEMBER - YOU'LL BE NEW AT NOOU.

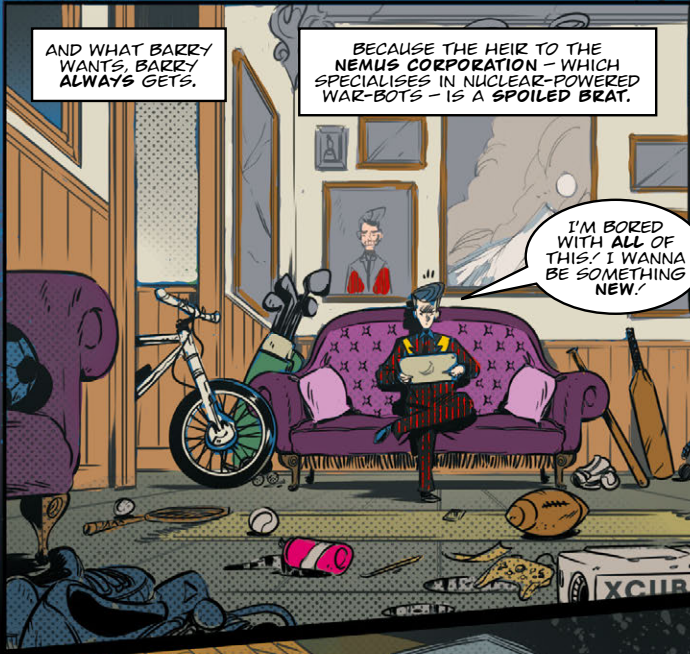
REBIRTH COMPLETE

GRANNY?

BARRY NEMUS IS A SUCKER FOR THE HARD SELL -

I WANT!

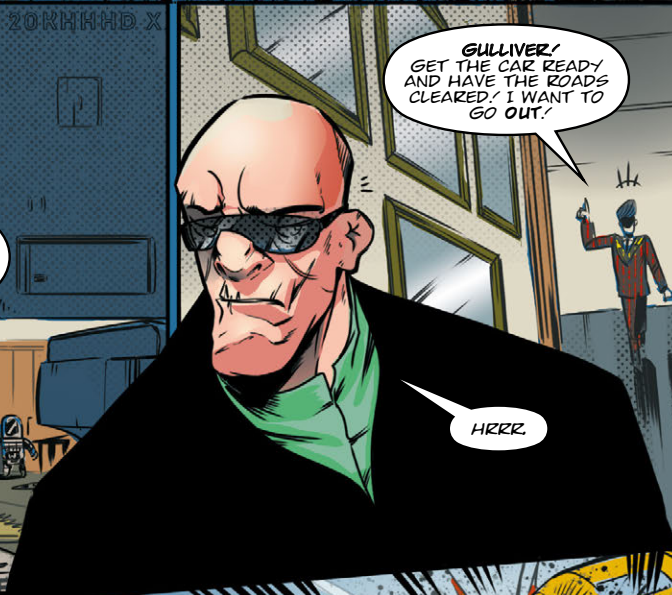




AND WHAT BARRY WANTS, BARRY ALWAYS GETS.

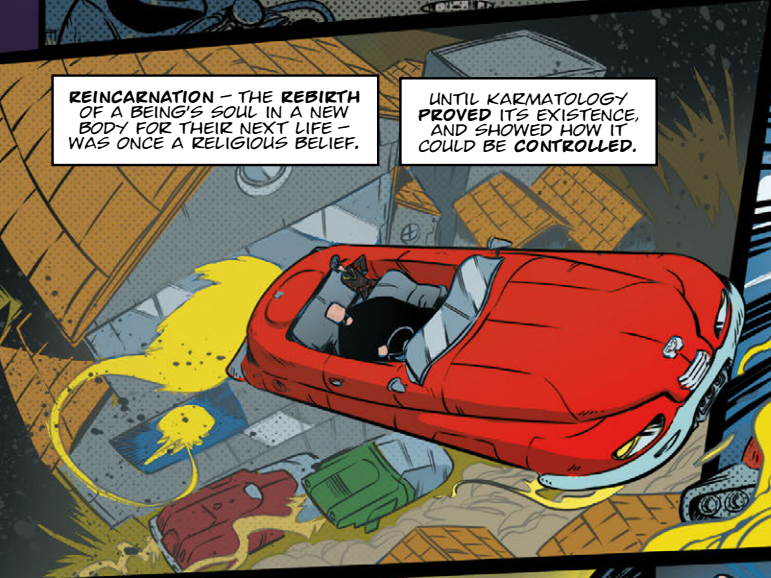
BECAUSE THE HEIR TO THE NEMUS CORPORATION - WHICH SPECIALISES IN NUCLEAR-POWERED WAR-BOTS - IS A SPOILED BRAT.

I'M BORED WITH ALL OF THIS! I WANNA BE SOMETHING NEW!



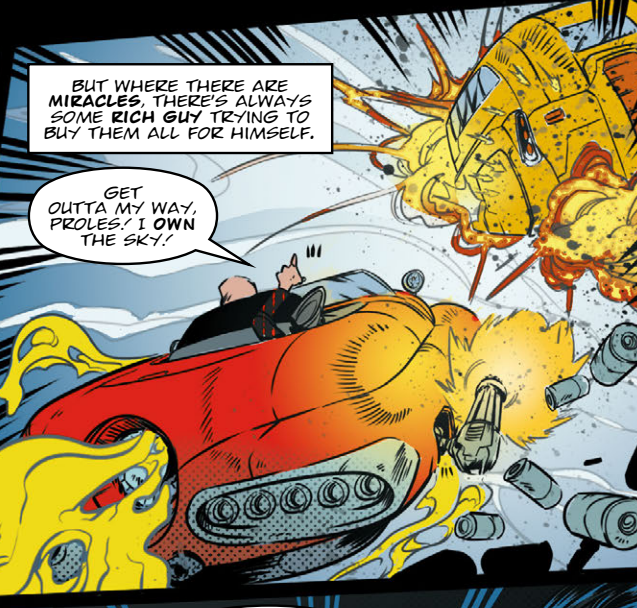
GULLIVER! GET THE CAR READY AND HAVE THE ROADS CLEARED! I WANT TO GO OUT!

HRRR.



REINCARNATION - THE REBIRTH OF A BEING'S SOUL IN A NEW BODY FOR THEIR NEXT LIFE - WAS ONCE A RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

UNTIL KARMATOLOGY PROVED ITS EXISTENCE, AND SHOWED HOW IT COULD BE CONTROLLED.



BUT WHERE THERE ARE MIRACLES, THERE'S ALWAYS SOME RICH GUY TRYING TO BUY THEM ALL FOR HIMSELF.

GET OUTTA MY WAY, PROLES! I OWN THE SKY!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY MOTHER?

YOU MADE HER A DOG, BUT IT PEEES ON THE CARPET AND SNIFFS MY... MY MOTHER WOULDN'T DO THAT, OKAY?

SIR, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY -



I WANNA BE SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING REALLY COOL. BELIEVE ME, THERE'S MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM.

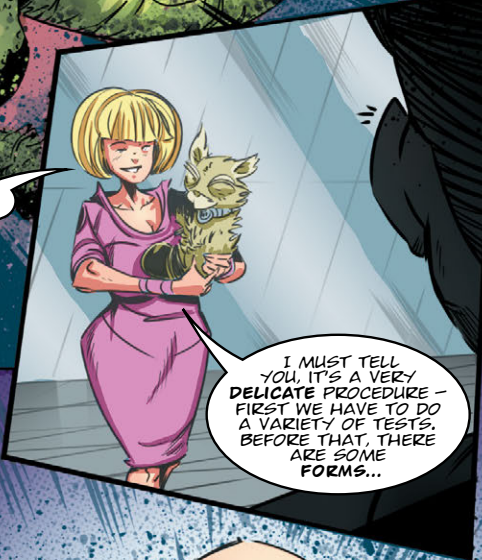
OH!

URK!

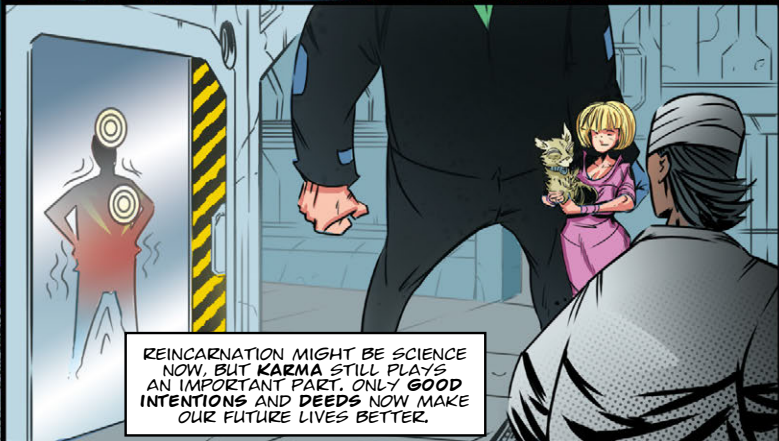


I WANT TO BE A TYRANNOSAUR. OKAY? DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE LASER CANNONS, I CAN GET THEM AFTER. AND I WANNA BE HUGE - DON'T CON ME WITH SOME CHEAP ALLOSAURUS!

ER, SIR?



I MUST TELL YOU, IT'S A VERY DELICATE PROCEDURE - FIRST WE HAVE TO DO A VARIETY OF TESTS. BEFORE THAT, THERE ARE SOME FORMS...



REINCARNATION MIGHT BE SCIENCE NOW, BUT KARMA STILL PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART. ONLY GOOD INTENTIONS AND DEEDS NOW MAKE OUR FUTURE LIVES BETTER.



ANGER - DO NOT INCUBATE

BEE BEE BEE BEE

THIS MAY CAUSE PROBLEMS FOR BARRY.

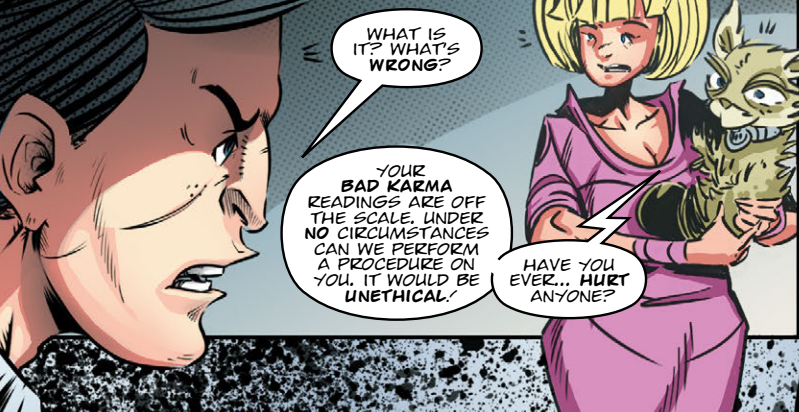
GOSH!



HERRHH.

NOT BY MYSELF, NO.

ALTHOUGH THAT CAN BE ARRANGED IF I DON'T GET WHAT I WANT RIGHT NOW!



WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

YOUR BAD KARMA READINGS ARE OFF THE SCALE. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES CAN WE PERFORM A PROCEDURE ON YOU. IT WOULD BE UNETHICAL.

HAVE YOU EVER... HURT ANYONE?

**WEAPONS DETECTED!**



IT'S THE KARMA POLICE, THANK AKANISHTHA!

HALT!



TRANSMIGRATION ROOM

MOVE! OR THEY'LL HAVE TO REINCARNATE YOU ONE PIECE AT A TIME!

IN HERE!

HEAVENS!



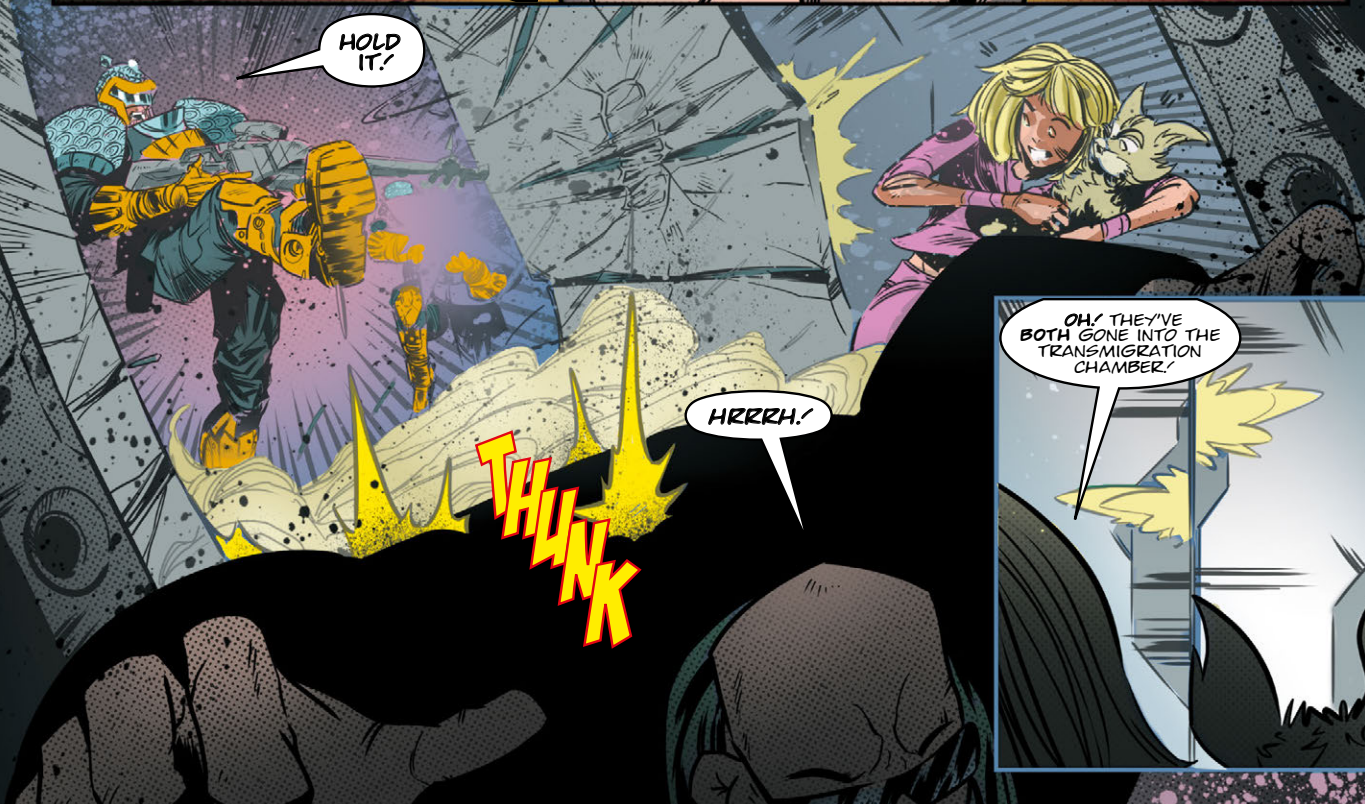
I'M GOING IN! SET IT TO TYRANNOSAUR AND GIVE IT FULL BLAST!

BUT THAT'S NOT HOW IT -

JUST DO IT! ANY FUNNY BUSINESS AND GULLIVER WILL GIVE YOU BOTH BARRELS!



AFTER THAT YOU BETTER RUN, BECAUSE IN TWENTY MINUTES I'LL BE BACK TO EAT YOU ALL!



HOLD IT!

HRRRH!

THUNK

OH! THEY'VE BOTH GONE INTO THE TRANSMIGRATION CHAMBER!

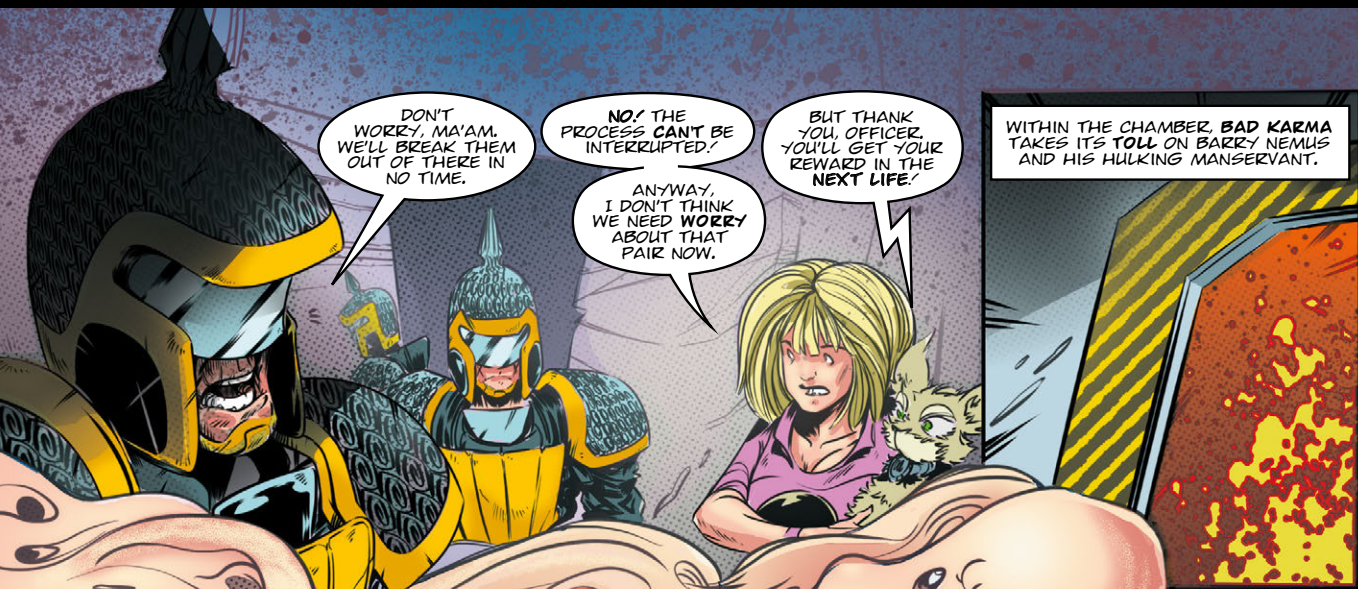
DON'T WORRY, MA'AM. WE'LL BREAK THEM OUT OF THERE IN NO TIME.

NO! THE PROCESS CAN'T BE INTERRUPTED!

BUT THANK YOU, OFFICER. YOU'LL GET YOUR REWARD IN THE NEXT LIFE.

WITHIN THE CHAMBER, BAD KARMA TAKES ITS TOLL ON BARRY NEMUS AND HIS HULKING MANSERVANT.

ANYWAY, I DON'T THINK WE NEED WORRY ABOUT THAT PAIR NOW.



THE NANO-BIOENGINEERING PROCESS HAPPENS AUTOMATICALLY, ALTHOUGH IT'S NEVER BEEN TESTED TO THIS LEVEL.

HOW LONG DOES BARRY RETAIN SELF-AWARENESS FOR?

WHEN HE BEGINS HIS NEW LIFE AS A MICROSCOPIC SINGLE-CELLED AMOeba ATTACHED TO A PIECE OF DEAD SKIN, DOES HE STILL KNOW WHO HE IS?

IT'S NOT A QUESTION WHICH MATTERS FOR VERY LONG.

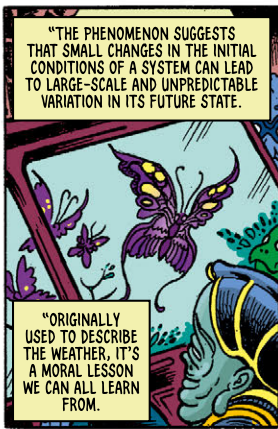
HRRRRHHH!

CHOMP



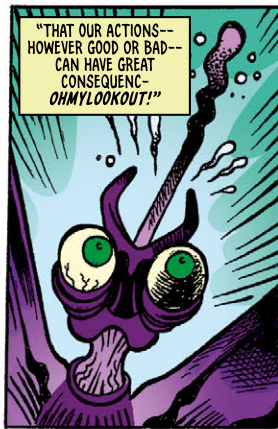


"THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT."



"THE PHENOMENON SUGGESTS THAT SMALL CHANGES IN THE INITIAL CONDITIONS OF A SYSTEM CAN LEAD TO LARGE-SCALE AND UNPREDICTABLE VARIATION IN ITS FUTURE STATE."

"ORIGINALLY USED TO DESCRIBE THE WEATHER, IT'S A MORAL LESSON WE CAN ALL LEARN FROM."



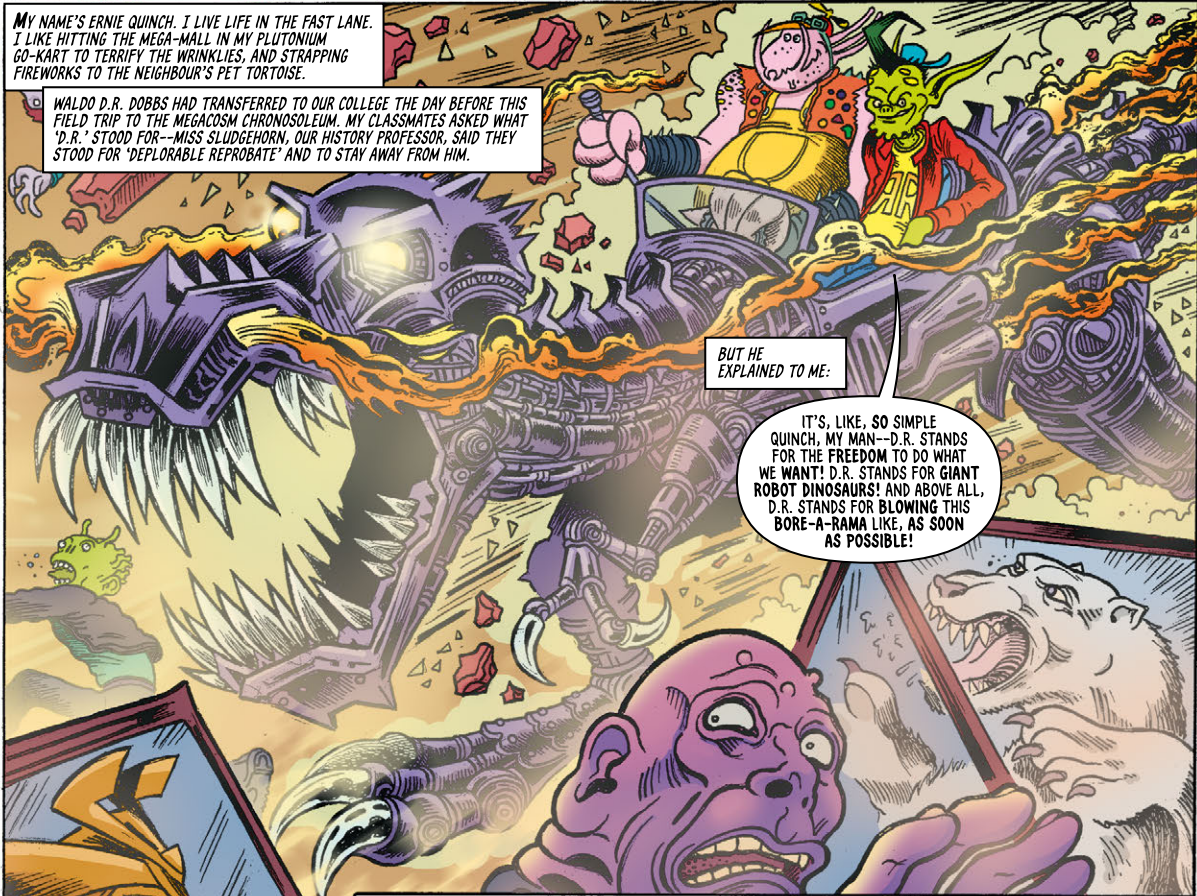
"THAT OUR ACTIONS-- HOWEVER GOOD OR BAD-- CAN HAVE GREAT CONSEQUENCE-- OHMYLOOKOUT!"



**KRONCH**

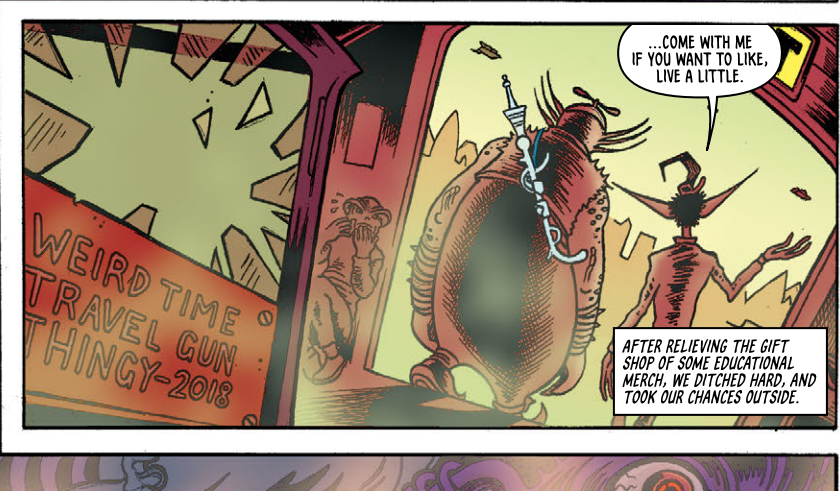
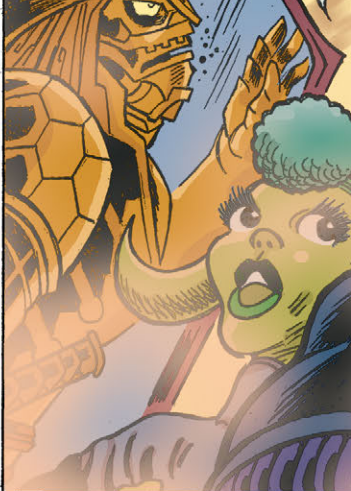
MY NAME'S ERNIE QUINCH. I LIVE LIFE IN THE FAST LANE. I LIKE HITTING THE MEGA-MALL IN MY PLUTONIUM GO-KART TO TERRYF THE WRINKLES, AND STRAPPING FIREWORKS TO THE NEIGHBOUR'S PET TORTOISE.

WALDO D.R. DOBBS HAD TRANSFERRED TO OUR COLLEGE THE DAY BEFORE THIS FIELD TRIP TO THE MEGACOSM CHRONOSOLEUM. MY CLASSMATES ASKED WHAT 'D.R.' STOOD FOR--MISS SLUDGEHORN, OUR HISTORY PROFESSOR, SAID THEY STOOD FOR 'DEPLORABLE REPRORATE' AND TO STAY AWAY FROM HIM.



BUT HE EXPLAINED TO ME:

IT'S LIKE, SO SIMPLE QUINCH. MY MAN--D.R. STANDS FOR THE FREEDOM TO DO WHAT WE WANT! D.R. STANDS FOR GIANT ROBOT DINOSAURS! AND ABOVE ALL, D.R. STANDS FOR BLOWING THIS BORE-A-RAMA LIKE, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



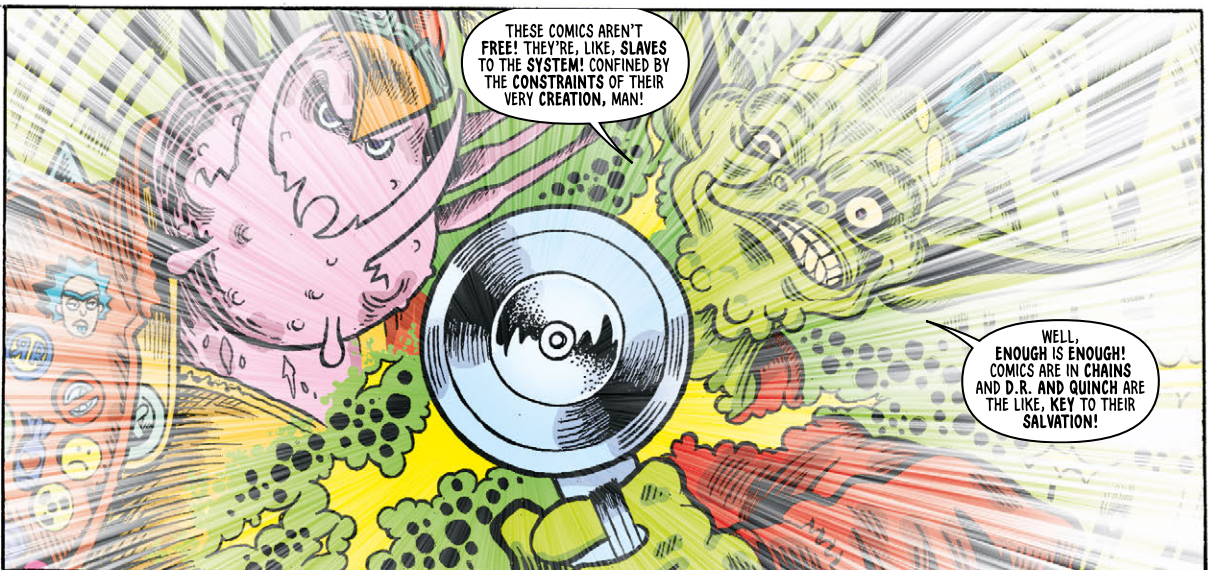
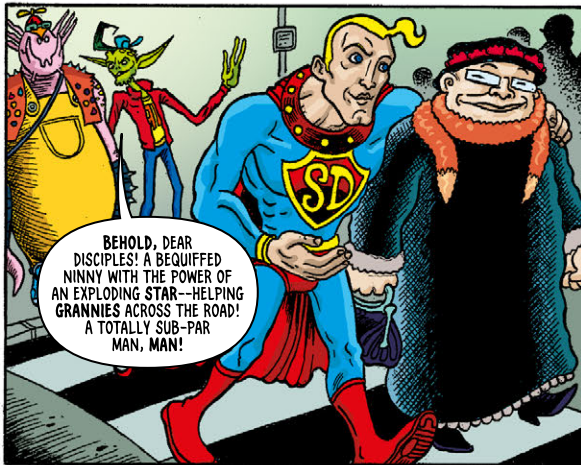
...COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIKE, LIVE A LITTLE.

AFTER RELIEVING THE GIFT SHOP OF SOME EDUCATIONAL MERCH, WE DITCHED HARD, AND TOOK OUR CHANCES OUTSIDE.



# D.R. & QUINCH

## HIJACK FREE COMIC BOOK DAY



WELL, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! COMICS ARE IN CHAINS AND D.R. AND QUINCH ARE THE LIKE, KEY TO THEIR SALVATION!

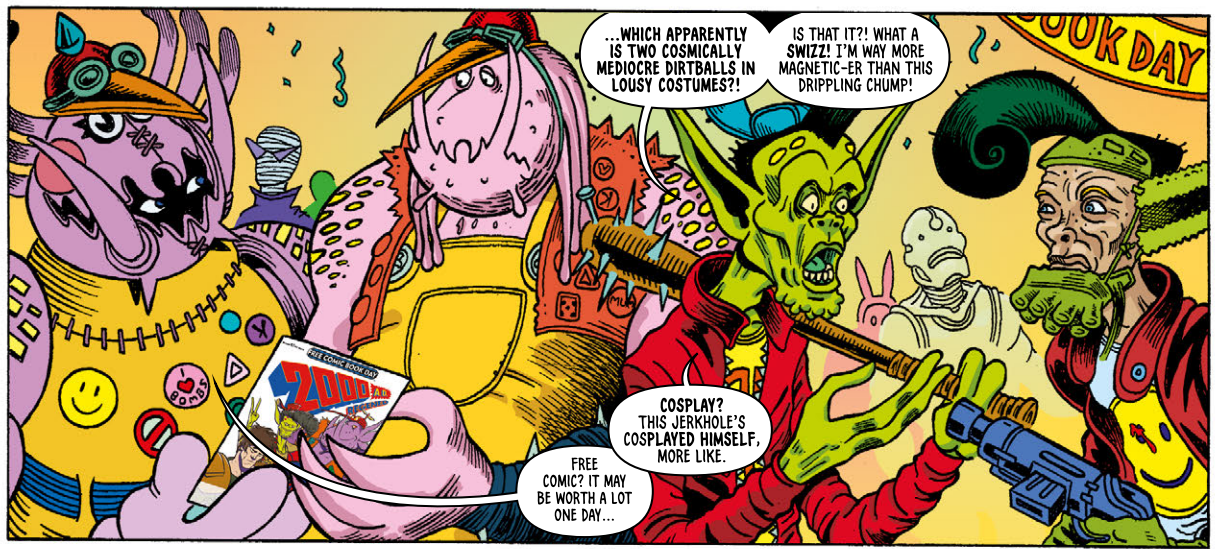
EARTH, 1983 A.D.



I THINK WE MADE A STUNNING IMPRESSION.

S'RIGHT.

NOW LET'S HEAD BACK AND LIKE, MARVEL AT OUR LEGACY...



... WHICH APPARENTLY IS TWO COSMICALLY MEDIOCRE DIRTBALLS IN LOUSY COSTUMES?!

IS THAT IT?! WHAT A SWIZZI! I'M WAY MORE MAGNETIC-ER THAN THIS DRIPPING CHUMP!

COSPLAY? THIS JERKHOLE'S COSPLAYED HIMSELF, MORE LIKE.

FREE COMIC? IT MAY BE WORTH A LOT ONE DAY...



I'M--

I MEAN--WE'RE NOT GETTING INTERGALACTICALLY FAMOUS AT THIS RATE! IT'S CLEAR WE NEED TO DIG DEEPER. WE NEED TO GO, LIKE, PAST THE PAST.

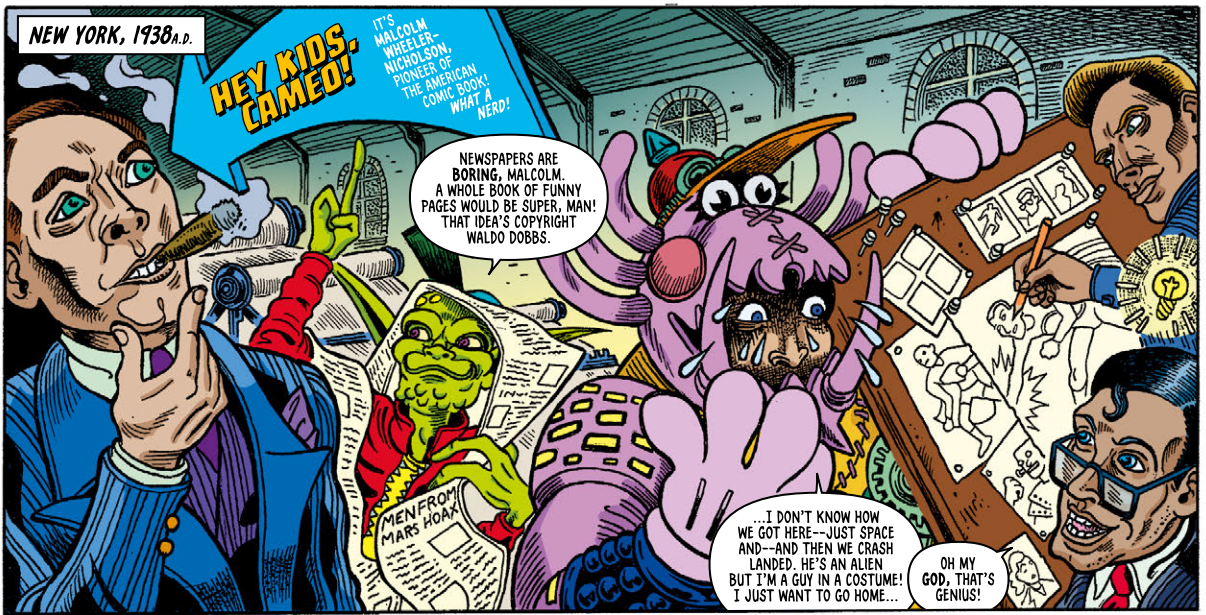
QUINCH OLD PAL, WE'VE ONLY JUST MET BUT I FEEL THIS IS THE FIRST OF MANY RADICAL AND STUPENDOUSLY VIOLENT ADVENTURES SIDE BY SIDE. AND FOR THIS, OUR FIRST COLLABORATION, WE'RE GIVING EARTH'S CULTURAL TIMELINE A GREASY FOUR-COLOUR REFASHIONING, MAN!

D.R. SAID THERE WAS A FORTUNE TO BE MADE IN FREE COMIC BOOKS, SO HE HATCHED A MIND-BOGGINGLY CUNNING CAPER TO TRAVEL BACK IN TIME AND STICK OUR DARS INTO THE BEST ONES.

ANY EXCUSE TO AVOID SLUDGEHORN'S POINTLESS LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF ART. THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE USEFUL.



LET'S, LIKE, PULVERISE POP CULTURE!



NEW YORK, 1938 A.D.

HEY KIDS. COMED!

IT'S MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON, PIONEER OF THE AMERICAN COMIC BOOK! WHAT A NERD!

NEWSPAPERS ARE BORING, MALCOLM. A WHOLE BOOK OF FUNNY PAGES WOULD BE SUPER, MAN! THAT IDEA'S COPYRIGHT WALDO DOBBS.

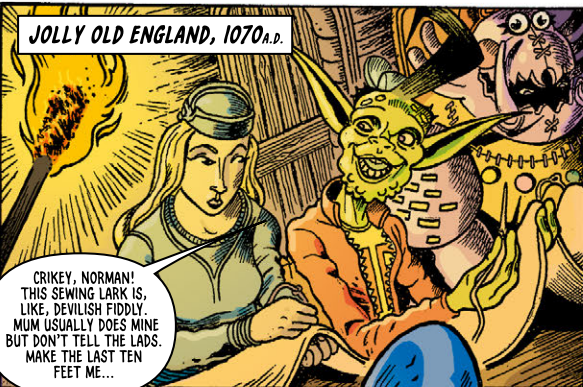
...I DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT HERE--JUST SPACE AND--AND THEN WE CRASH LANDED. HE'S AN ALIEN BUT I'M A GUY IN A COSTUME! I JUST WANT TO GO HOME...

OH MY GOD, THAT'S GENIUS!



VATICAN CITY, 1536 A.D.

YOU WERE RIGHT, MY DUDES! THE CLOTHES WERE JUST GETTING IN THE WAY.



JOLLY OLD ENGLAND, 1070 A.D.

CRUIKEY, NORMAN! THIS SEWING LARK IS, LIKE, DEVILISH FIDDLY. MUM USUALLY DOES MINE BUT DON'T TELL THE LADS. MAKE THE LAST TEN FEET ME...



CHISELLING?! BACK IN THE FUTURE WE JUST USED, LIKE, SOME OLD BANDAGES WHAT WAS LYING AROUND. LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO SPELL "D.A."...

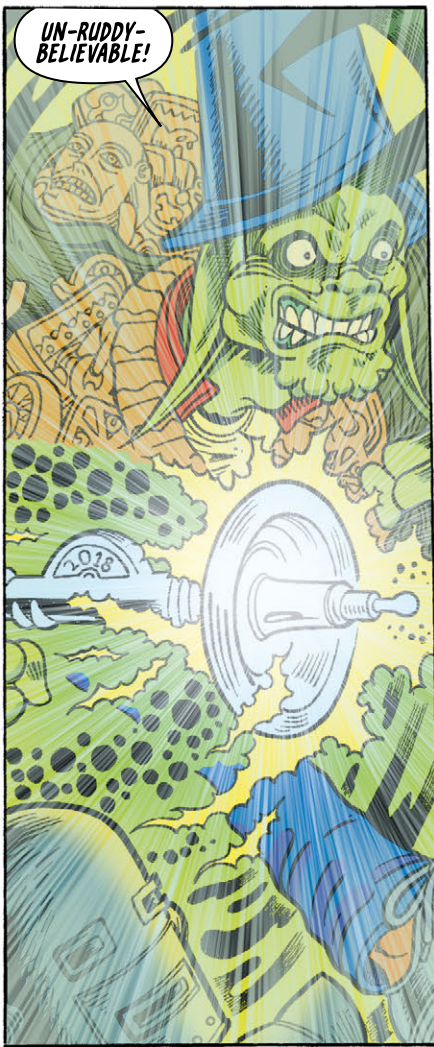
ANCIENT EGYPT, A WAYS BACK



SOUTH AMERICA. AZTEC TIMES, I GUESS

...2012, GANGAM STYLE. GOT IT.

QUINCH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'VE BEEN OFF ALL DAY. YOU'VE CHANGED, MAN!



UN-RUDDY-BELIEVABLE!



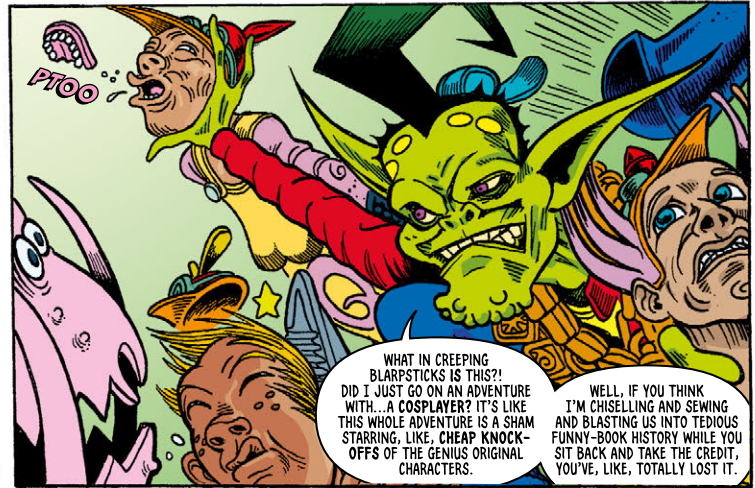
GIVING HERE

CAN YOU JUST MAKE IT OUT TO 'E-BAY'?

I'M HIS BIGGEST FAN--GOT HIS FACE TATTOOED ON MY--

S'RIGHT

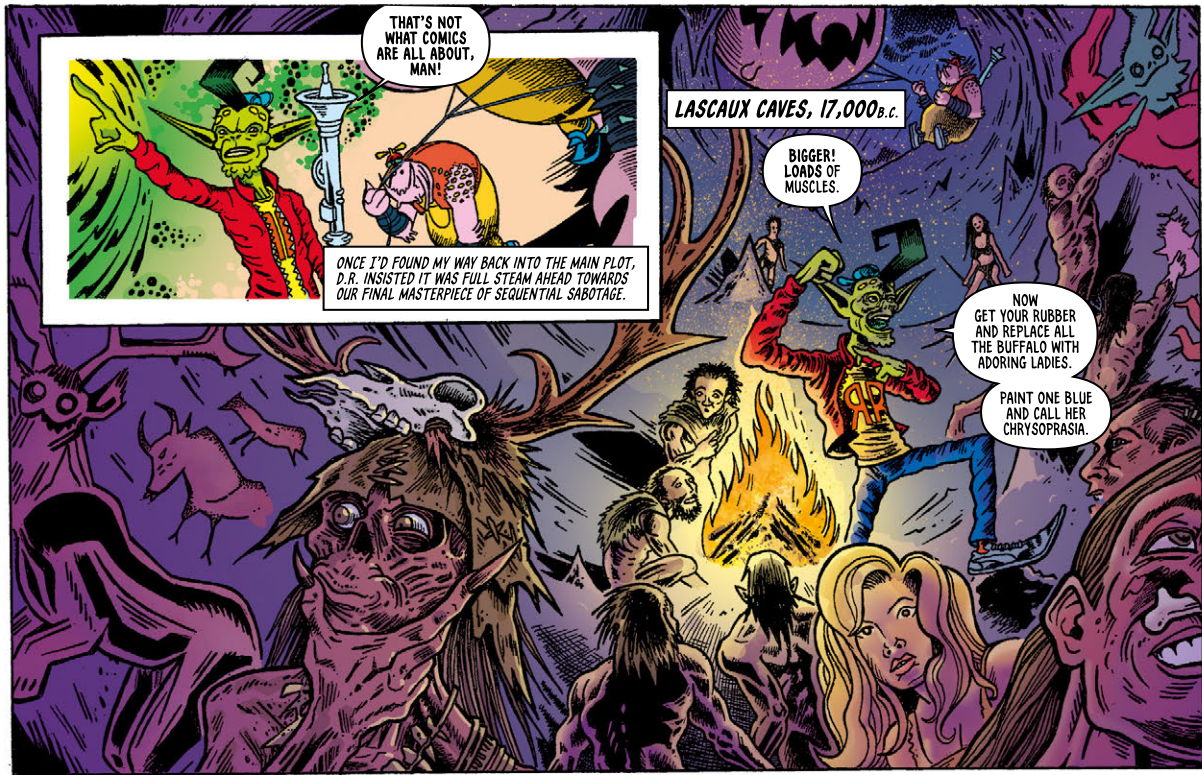
GIVE ME A QUING



PTOO

WHAT IN CREEPING BLARPSTICKS IS THIS?! DID I JUST GO ON AN ADVENTURE WITH... A COSPLAYER? IT'S LIKE THIS WHOLE ADVENTURE IS A SHAM STARRING, LIKE, CHEAP KNOCK-OFFS OF THE GENIUS ORIGINAL CHARACTERS.

WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M CHISELLING AND SEWING AND BLASTING US INTO TEDIOUS FUNNY-BOOK HISTORY WHILE YOU SIT BACK AND TAKE THE CREDIT, YOU'VE, LIKE, TOTALLY LOST IT.



THAT'S NOT WHAT COMICS ARE ALL ABOUT, MAN!

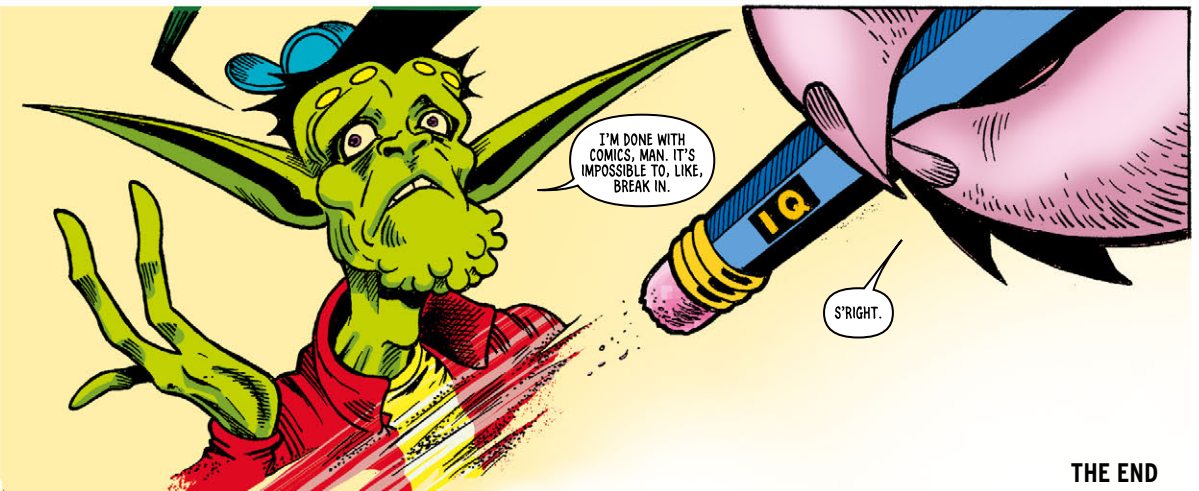
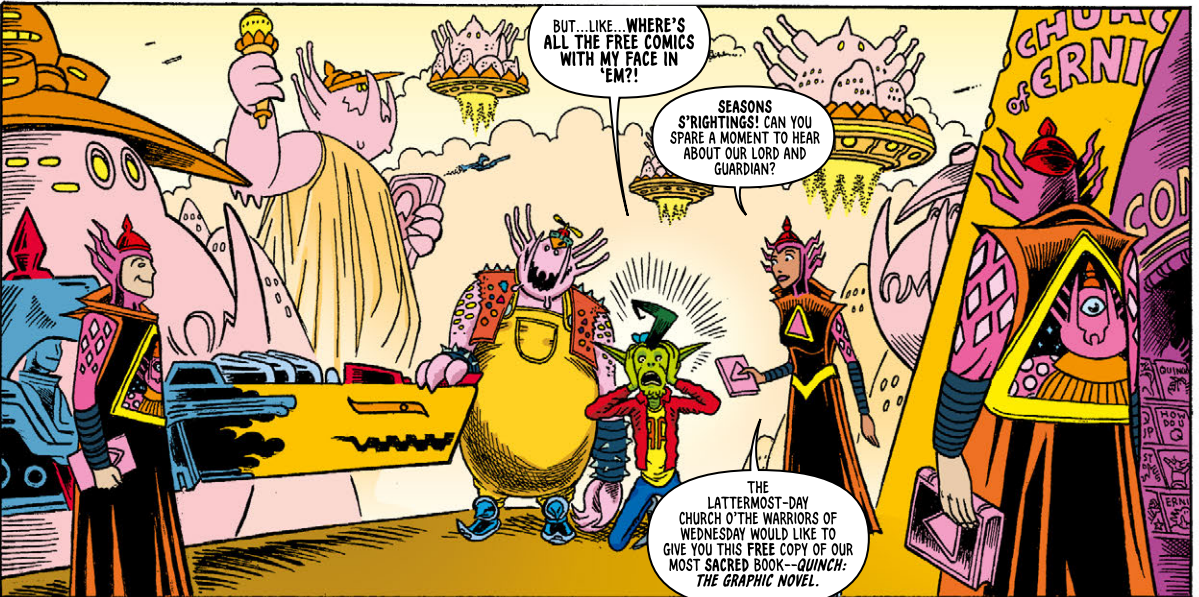
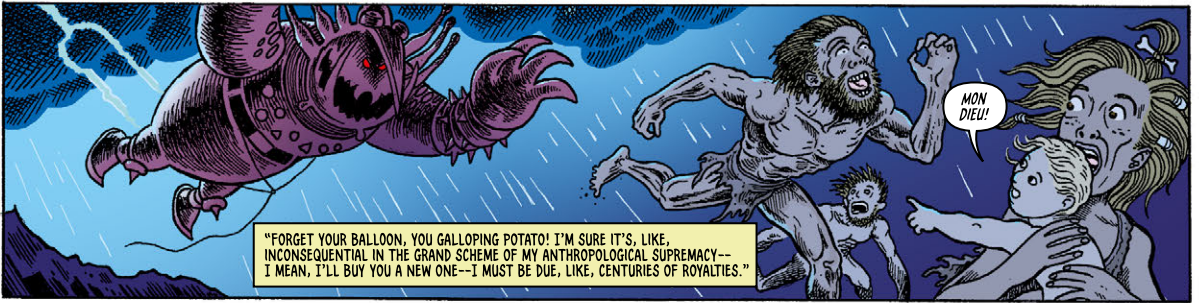
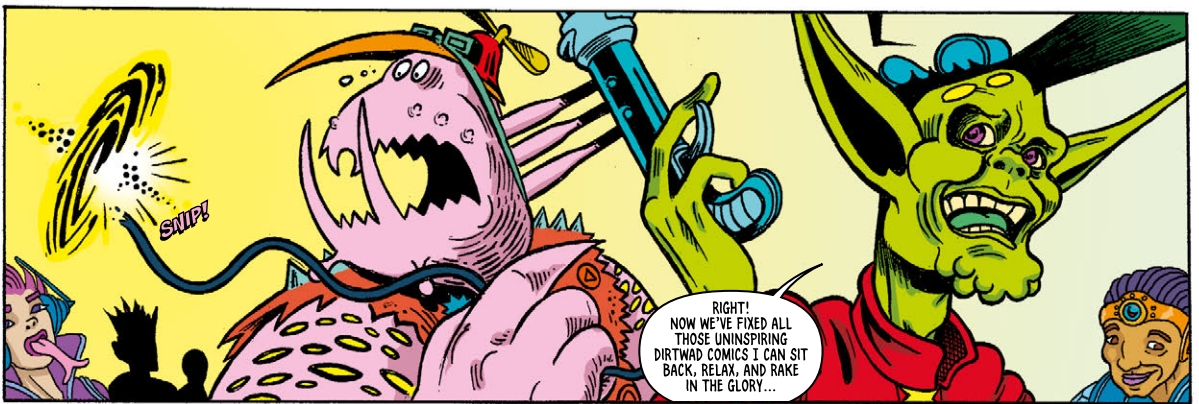
LASCAUX CAVES, 17,000 B.C.

BIGGER! LOADS OF MUSCLES.

NOW GET YOUR RUBBER AND REPLACE ALL THE BUFFALO WITH ADORING LADIES.

PAINT ONE BLUE AND CALL HER CHRYSOPRASIA.

ONCE I'D FOUND MY WAY BACK INTO THE MAIN PLOT, D.R. INSISTED IT WAS FULL STEAM AHEAD TOWARDS OUR FINAL MASTERPIECE OF SEQUENTIAL SABOTAGE.



THE END

HELP CHET JETSTREAM ESCAPE...

# HELL ISLAND



**START HERE**  
FOLLOW THE ARROWS  
FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS

**CRASH SITE**

**KILLER BEES**

**GO TO** **TOXIC FOREST**

**GO TO** **GOVERNMENT ZOMBIE CONTAINMENT AREA A**

**VAMPIRES**

**GO TO** **GOVERNMENT ZOMBIE CONTAINMENT AREA B**

**LAKE OF FIRE**

**GO TO** **CANNIBALS**

**GO TO** **BOGEYMAN**

**GO TO** **QUICK SAND**

**GO TO** **PSYCHO COMPUTER**

**GO TO** **FOREVER WINTER**

**GO TO** **TELEPATHIC RAVENS**

**GO TO** **SLUDGE AND DISCHARGE**

**GO TO** **TREE OF EYES**

**GO TO** **ALIEN RESERVATION**

**GO TO** **FEVER AND WARTS**

**GO TO** **LAKE OF FIRE**

**GO TO** **GOVERNMENT ZOMBIE CONTAINMENT AREA B**

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**GO TO** **VAMPIRES**

**GO TO** **TOXIC FOREST**

**GO TO** **SLUDGE AND DISCHARGE**

**GO TO** **FESTIVAL OF FEAR**

**GO TO** **MISERY WIND**

**GO TO** **BACTERIA**

**GO TO** **GIANT ROBOT CYCLOPS**

**GO TO** **FEVER AND WARTS**

**GO TO** **CANNIBALS**

**GO TO** **QUICK SAND**

**GO TO** **VOLCANO OF BLUE VOMIT**

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**GO TO** **RABID GEESE**

**GO TO** **PLAQUE TEARS**

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**THE END**

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**DR. GLOBULON**  
(DISEMBODIED) HEAD OF HUMAN/BRAINIAR RELATIONS, INTESTINAB BIOTECH GMBH

GREETINGS, TRAVELLER! SPACEPORTS ARE AN EXCITING PLACE TO TRY ALL KINDS OF EXCITING NEW FOOD FROM ALL ACROSS THE GALAXY! BUT WITH THE GOOD COMES THE BAD: A THOUSAND PLANETS' WORTH OF MICROBES AND PARASITES!

YOUR STOMACH NEEDS DEFENCE. YOUR STOMACH NEEDS...



LET'S SEE HOW THEY WORK...



UH OH! LOOKS LIKE A HUMAN HAS EATEN AN UNDERHEATED VINDALOO, AND IS SUFFERING THE CONSEQUENCES!\*

"FORTUNATELY THEY'VE TAKEN AN INTESTINAUTS MAXIMUM FORMULA PILL™ AND THE BOTS INSIDE ARE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THE BUGS."

OUT OF THE WAY, YA WIMPS!

"THE INTESTINAUTS FORMULA IS CONSTANTLY BEING REVISED! WITH EACH NEW GENERATION WE INTRODUCE NEW BOTS, AND CULL THE ONES THAT ARE UNDERPERFORMING."

...AN INFECTION THIS SERIOUS REQUIRES MY VORTEX CANNON.

WE'LL NEVER MATCH THAT FIREPOWER!

THAT'S RIGHT, GET READY FOR THE TRASH HEAP!

HEY HR-666, STOP GETTING IN MY WAY!

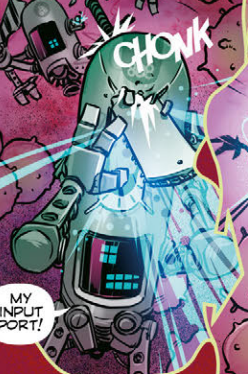
CUTTING! CUTTING! CUTTING!

THAT ONE'S JUST AS BAD!

WATCH OUT! IT'S GONE INTO A FRENZY!

CHOP! CHOP!

Another quality advertainercommercial brought to you by  
**ARTHUR WATT**  
ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE  
**PYE PARR**  
BRAND MANAGER



MY INPUT PORT!

LOOKS LIKE BEING OBSOLETE IS THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES - THESE BUGS ARE SWARMING!

HOW WILL WE EVER DEFEAT THEM ALL?

SAME WAY WE ALWAYS DO - WITH TEAMWORK AND DETERMINATION!

AND ONCE WE'VE CLEARED OUR WAY THROUGH THEM WE'LL GET OUR FINAL REWARD - IN THE BIG FLUSH!

\*Venusian vindaloo is safe and delicious at the correct temperature and pressure of 467° centigrade and 90 earth atmospheres.

⚠ REMEMBER, KIDS, PILLS ARE NOT CANDY AND CAN BE DANGEROUS!

CENSORED ON BEHALF OF SENSITIVE READERS

**ZARJAZ READER OFFER!**  
GET A FREE TRIAL PACK OF INTESTINAUT NANOBOTS!

NAME ..... SPACERS UNION ID NUMBER.....  
GENDER:  Yes  No  None of your business  
SPICE INTAKE:  Normal  Volcanic  Io moon of Jupiter  
 I am not an employee of the Bowelbot Nanobot Medicinals Company and agree that I will not pass any samples on to any members of the Bowelbot Nanobot Medicinals Company. I understand that this is a legally binding statement.

**PRESS THUMB HERE**

*Alleviates* Unsuitable for silicone-based life. One use only.  
**CRAMPS ★ TAPEWORMS ★ AMOEBIC DYSENTRY**  
**QUANTUM REAMLICE ★ THRILL-SUCKERS** *Lot*



HMM, LOOKS LIKE THE NEW HR-666 AND HR-808 UNITS DIDN'T REALLY WORK OUT.

OH WELL... WE'LL JUST KEEP THE SAME OLD 101S AND 102S FOR THE NEW FORMULA AND CHANGE THE LOGO.

AND SO PROGRESS MARCHES ON, CONSTANTLY KEEPING ONE STEP AHEAD OF DISEASE AND KEEPING YOUR GUTS SAFE!



# QUIZ PAGES



## WORD SEARCH!

JUDGE CADETS SPEND FIFTEEN YEARS REFINING THEIR OCCIPITAL LOBES TO SPOT ANY KIND OF CRIME! SCAN THIS WORDSEARCH WITH YOUR OWN SNEAK-PEEPERS TO FIND THESE TEN THINGS OUTLAWED IN MEGA-CITY ONE AND PROVE YOU HAVE THE OBSERVATIONAL POWER-SKILLS REQUIRED TO ENFORCE **THE LAW**.

STEALING COFFEE  
LITTERING MUTANTS  
ARSON SWEARING  
PIRACY SUGAR  
JIMPING  
(IMPERSONATING  
A JUDGE)

IF YOU WANT TO GIVE YOUR BRAINBULB A REAL COSMIC CRUNCH, TRY SOLVING THESE PUZZLES WITH ONE EYE CLOSED WHILE RUNNING AN ANDALUSIAN DRESSAGE COURSE!

C B L R D Y W H Y A J C Q O M S P  
U T H X G H J S P G P O P U N B W  
L I T T E R I N G F P F Z J X C B  
U E Z S F B A Z P J W F T T Q D S  
I T K V Y H E F Z M V E M V H W J  
H Z Q V Q V N H F X C E H R E S F  
L R N Y V R I H U I K X T A A L Y  
S A S T E A L I N G T C R Y F A D  
T M A T D G P W Q G S I R C I Z R  
N C M I L U Y S Y R N Q F A W C W  
A F Z B T S S L T G A Z A R S O N  
T W R S T S R N H O Y M D I G O K  
U Y P F H G A C F P Q N J P S M D  
M S O A X G N I P M I J N X W A A

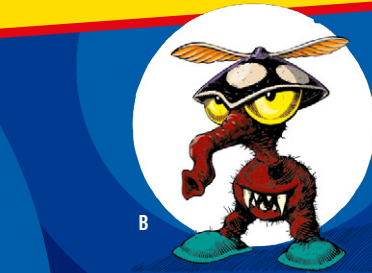
# SPOT THE DIFFERENCE!

DREDD IS SO ZAPPED-UP ON IRRESISTIBLE UMPY-CANDY THAT HE'S SEEING DOUBLE! FIND 10 DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THESE TWO SACCHARINE SCENES AND HELP JOUNCE THE JUDGE FROM A SERIOUS SUGAR SURGE.



# MATCH THE THRILL-SUCKERS!

TWO THRILL-SUCKERS - PARASITIC ENERGY EATERS FROM THE PLANET ZRAG - HAVE SNUCK BETWEEN THESE VERY PAGES BY HIDING AMONG MY ULTRA-COLLECTABLE LIMITED-EDITION-VARIANT JOY-SNIFFER™ DOLLS! CAN YOU LIMBER UP YOUR FACE-ORBS AND FIND THE TWO IDENTICAL INFILTRATORS AMONG THE MISMATCHED MODELS BEFORE THEY SLURP UP EVERY SPECK OF SCINTILLATING STORYTELLING... PERMANENTLY?



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE: 1. EAGLE BADGE IN THE LOGO HAS BEEN REVERSED. 2. THE UMPY BAR OVERLAYING THE JUDGE DREDD TITLE IS A DIFFERENT COLOUR. 3. THE ROUND, YELLOW SWEET OVERLAYING THE 'E' ON JUDGE, HAS BEEN REMOVED. 4. A WORD IN THE SPEECH BUBBLE HAS CHANGED. 5. DREDD'S HELMET HAS CHANGED COLOUR. 6. THE 'UM' ON JUDGE'S TOLLY TEXT HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH AN IMAGE OF JOKO-JARGO. 7. DREDD'S GLOVE HAS CHANGED COLOUR. 8. A LINK IS MISSING FROM DREDD'S CHAIN. 9. THE UMPY'S PACKET HAS CHANGED COLOUR. 10. UMPY CANDY IS NOW CALLED EMPTY CANDY. MATCH THE THRILL-SUCKERS: A & E ARE THE SAME - ZAP 'EM NOW!

# FINDER & KEEPER

I GOT ON THE COM-LINKS TO ONE OF OUR TOP SCRIPT DROIDS, JOHN REPPION, TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HOW TO WRITE ULTRA-PRIME COMICS LIKE *FINDER & KEEPER* AND HOW TO HUNT GHOSTS!

Not all of our readers may know this, but the coolest thing about **2000 AD** is that our stories are all written by droids! That's right, robots! As a robot, what do you think gives you the edge over fleshy earthlet writers?

**John:** All we writer droids need is a desk, a chair, a computer and unlimited cans of oil to drink (which Tharg kindly provides us with) and we can crank out a couple of scripts a day. Unlike human writers, we don't get distracted by things like Facebook, or Twitter, or stopping to feed the cat, or collect the kids from school. People are always asking human writers where they get their ideas. We get ours in a weekly download, so we never run out.

Eliot and Meera use finder goggles and a keeper device to bust ghosts! If you had to hunt ghosts as a team, which two household items would you use to dispatch them?

**John:** A good torch is definitely a powerful ghostbusting device. Turn it on and blast away the shadows in any dark corner where a ghost might be hiding. Every ghost hunter should get themselves a decent torch. Salt is sometimes used to create a barrier which ghosts supposedly can't pass. If you pour a thick line of salt out across the doorway and along the windowsills of a room, then that's supposed to stop a ghost being able to enter or leave. You can even pour out a protective circle of salt, which is supposed to keep anyone or anything inside it safe from ghosts. Covering the place in salt probably isn't going to go down that well with the other people you live with though, so I'd probably stick with the torch.

In the first *Finder & Keeper* story, the ghost is a scary old human— but in the second story the ghost is a goat! Is it fun to write such different types of ghosts?

**John:** Definitely. It's a lot of fun coming up with what kind of ghost we're going to have in the

next story - what will they look like, what will they be able to do, are they visible, invisible, do they throw things, are they angry, are they friendly? It's one of my favourite parts of writing these stories.

Which character are you most like? Meera or Eliot? (Or maybe even one of the ghosts?)

**John:** Meera is the sensible, knowledgeable, one. She does the reading and the research and she knows what she's talking about. Eliot is more of an enthusiastic amateur who just likes to jump straight in. So, obviously, I'd like to think I'm more like Meera, but I'm probably more of an Eliot to tell the truth.

Do you have advice for any earthlets who want to write truly mindblowing comics?

**John:** Just do it. If you have an idea for a story then write it down. Every story - no matter how long or short - needs three things: a beginning, a middle, and an end. Make sure you have those clear, and then a story is really just joining the dots between them. If you're not much of an artist then find an artist friend and work one something with them. Start small with stories which are just a few pages long and try to get those as perfect as you can. Most importantly, have fun!

Finally - do you have any top tips for an earthlet who may want to hunt ghosts after reading this comic?

**John:** Well, we've got ourselves a good, powerful torch and some salt already, right? A digital camera, and a sound recorder are also essential



INTERVIEW WITH  
**JOHN REPPION!**

bits of ghost hunting equipment. If there are a few of you investigating and you each have your own phones, then someone could be on photo duty, someone filming, and someone recording audio. That way, if anything strange does happen, you stand a much better chance of having some kind of record of it. Obviously, ghost hunters shouldn't go anywhere they don't have permission to be, or aren't allowed, and should never, under any circumstances try to annoy or provoke ghosts. Be respectful, because no-one wants an angry ghost after them.

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# CHARACTER



## JOKO-JARGO

**AGE:**

14 in your earth years!

**HEIGHT:**

Extremely tall!

**FAVOURITE FOOD:**

Flimflam burglets!

**LIKES:**

Comics bursting with thrillpower, freeflying across the galaxy and a game of Crushcraft!

**DISLIKES:**

Nerblords!

**HOBBIES:**

Making on flex comics when Uncle Tharg is not looking!

**MOST IRRITATING PERSONALITY TRAIT:**

What the - how did a question such as this end up in this comic??

# FACTOIDS

## CADET DREDD



**AGE:**  
11 (but he's a clone  
so he ages faster!)



**HEIGHT:**  
6 ft



**FAVOURITE FOOD:**  
Nutrients.



**LIKES:**  
The Law



**DISLIKES:**  
Anything which isn't  
the Law, to be honest.



**HOBBIES:**  
Can your job count  
as a hobby?



**CATCHPHRASE:**  
I am the Law!



**COOLEST THING HE'S EVER DONE:**  
PUNCHED A WIGGIN'  
DINOSAUR!



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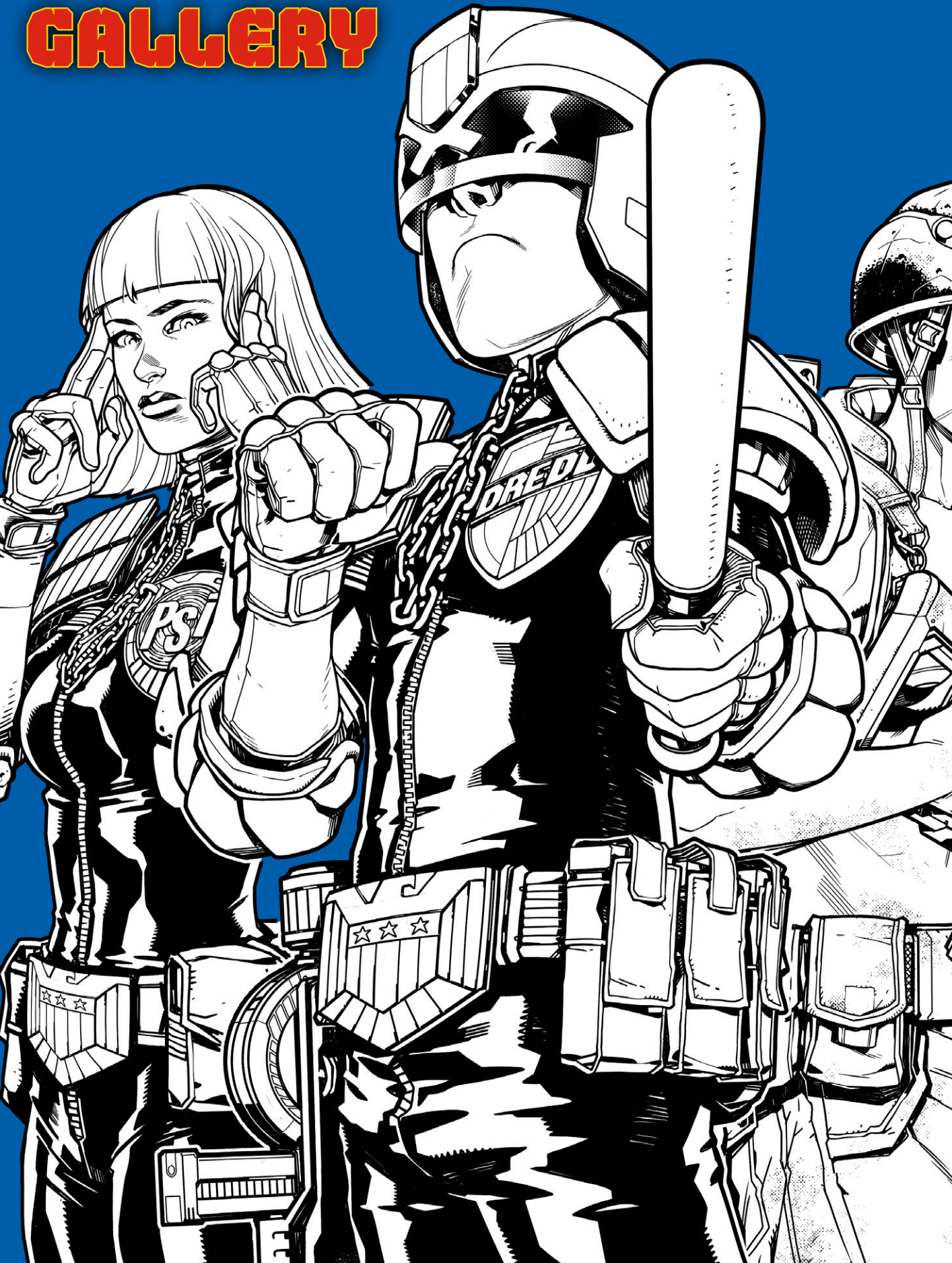


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