

JUDGE DREDD

A dynamic comic book illustration for Judge Dredd. At the top, the title 'JUDGE DREDD' is written in large, white, cracked letters. A yellow shield with a star and the word 'JUDGE' is positioned to the left. The central figure is Judge Dredd, depicted as a skeletal figure in a blue uniform, holding a flaming skull on a pike. Behind him, a large, winged, bat-like creature with a red and white striped grille and the word 'FEAR' on its chest is shown. The background features a red sun and a cityscape. The bottom of the cover has a red and blue background with the title 'DAY OF CHAOS: ENDGAME' and a list of names.

DAY OF CHAOS: ENDGAME

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JUDGE DREDD

DAY OF CHAOS: ENDGAME


JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA



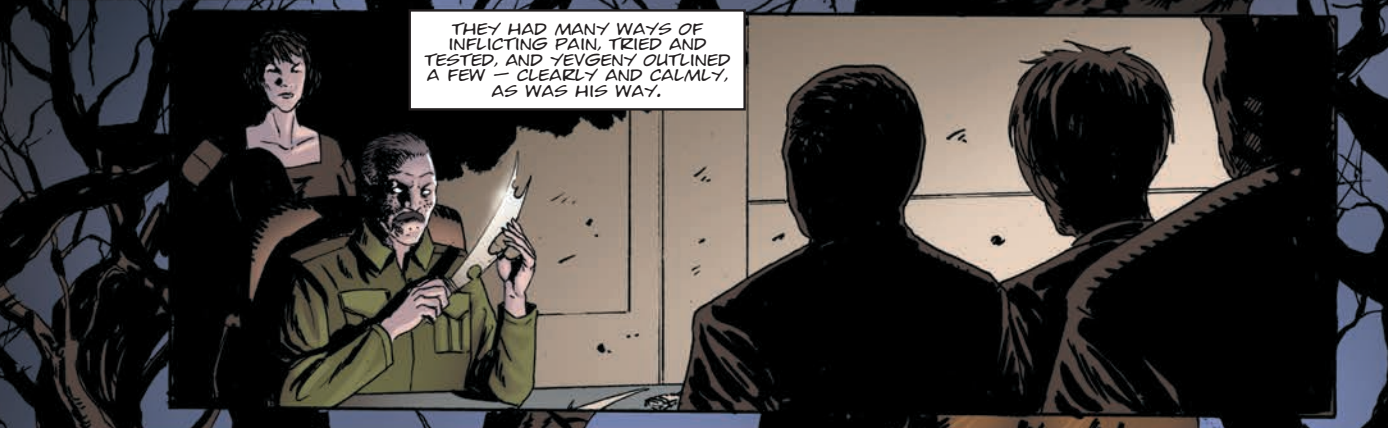
THE ASSASSINATION LIST

Script: John Wagner
Art: Leigh Gallagher
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Letters: Annie Parkhouse


Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1759-1764



THEY HAD, IN THE
END, HARDLY HAD TO
TORTURE THE YURGES
FAMILY AT ALL.



THEY HAD MANY WAYS OF
INFLECTING PAIN, TRIED AND
TESTED, AND YEVGENY OUTLINED
A FEW — CLEARLY AND CALMLY,
AS WAS HIS WAY.



IF PAIN FAILED THEY WOULD
PROGRESS TO MUTILATION.
THE FAMILY WOULD BE
GRADUALLY DISMEMBERED,
EYES AND EARS REMOVED,
TONGUES CUT OUT, THE
BOYS WOULD BE CASTRATED.
ALL WOULD BE REPEATEDLY
VIOLATED, AT EVERY STAGE
ELMORE YURGES WOULD BE
A SPECTATOR.

THIS GAVE HIM NO PLEASURE,
YEVGENY EXPLAINED, IT WAS
AN UNFORTUNATE NECESSITY.

BARELY INTO THE FIRST SESSION
YURGES CAPITULATED.



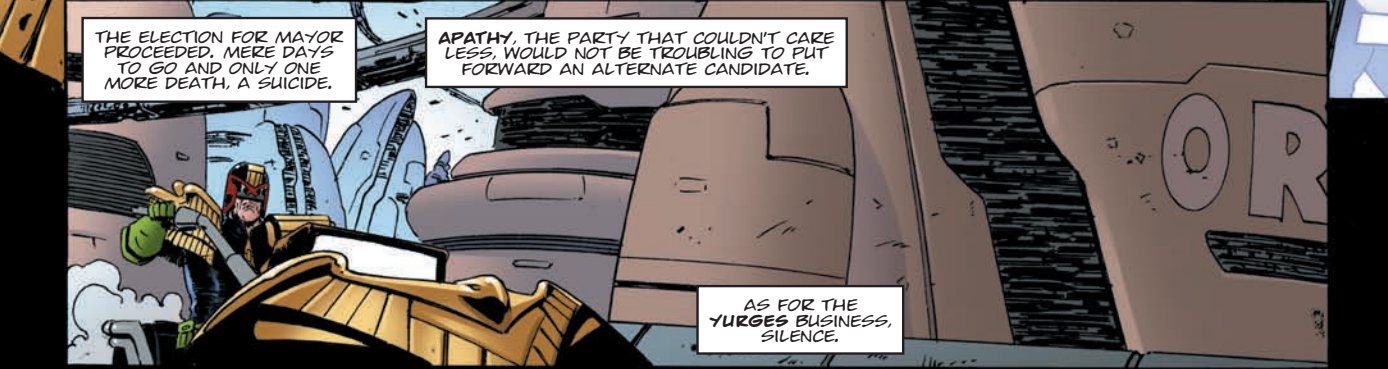
A large, detailed illustration of a man in a military uniform holding a large, curved knife. He is looking towards a woman and two men who are watching him with expressions of concern and fear. The scene is set in a dark, wooded area with a building in the background.



HE RETURNED TO THE STREETS SHORTLY AFTER THE MAYBE FIASCO. THE NEAR-FATAL WOUND INFLECTED BY THE EAST-MEG AGENT NADIA HAD LARGELY HEALED, BUT HE STILL REQUIRED TIME, LIGHT DUTIES AT FIRST.

AT HIS AGE, THE MED HAD SAID, HE SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT TAKING IT EASIER ANYWAY.


WHEREVER I MEET MY END, IT WON'T BE SITTING BEHIND A DESK.



THE ELECTION FOR MAYOR PROCEEDED, MERE DAYS TO GO AND ONLY ONE MORE DEATH, A SUICIDE.

APATHY, THE PARTY THAT COULDN'T CARE LESS, WOULD NOT BE TROUBLING TO PUT FORWARD AN ALTERNATE CANDIDATE.

AS FOR THE YURGES BUSINESS, SILENCE.



AGENTS SENT TO RECHECK THE EAST-MEG SITE HAD LITTLE TO REPORT. THE BUILDINGS HAD BEEN OBLITERATED, AND SEEMINGLY THE YURGES FAMILY AND THE SECRET OF THE 'CHAOS VIRUS', AS SOME IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAD COME TO CALL IT, WITH IT.

NOR HAD THERE BEEN FURTHER ALARMING PROPHECY FROM CADET HENNESSY, THE YOUNG PRECOG. RECENT EVENTS HAD PROVED SO DISTURBING THAT SHE HAD LAPSED INTO A NEAR-CATATONIC STATE, UNABLE OR UNWILLING TO COMMUNICATE.



WHICH IS WHY HE IS SURPRISED TO RECEIVE THE SUMMONS TODAY.



WE HAVE A BREAKTHROUGH.

CARTER STILL HASN'T SPOKEN BUT THE SISTER — THAT'S GABRIELLE, HER TWIN — HAS ESTABLISHED A DEGREE OF CONTACT.

GABRIELLE'S AN EMPATH. ADMITTED WITH ABOVE-AVERAGE ABILITIES, THOUGH PERFORMANCE SINCE SHE'S BEEN HERE HAS BEEN DISAPPOINTING. I CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT THE SITUATION - THAT AND HER CLOSE LINK WITH HER SISTER - HAS PROVIDED THE SPARK.

OF COURSE, SHE COULD BE IMAGINING EVERYTHING - A KIND OF CONTAGIOUS PSYCHOSIS. YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO HER.

IT'S NOT THAT SHE'S NOT SEEING ANYTHING ANYMORE - SHE'S SEEING TOO MUCH. THAT'S THE TROUBLE, ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER TUMBLING ROUND IN HER HEAD - HORRIBLE THINGS. IT'S LIKE SHE'S HOTWIRED INTO IT AND SHE CAN'T STOP THEM COMING.

AND YOU CAN SEE THESE THINGS TOO?

SORT OF. IT'S MORE LIKE I FEEL THEM.

THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE?

I DON'T KNOW. I'VE WRITTEN THEM DOWN, EVERYTHING I COULD REMEMBER.

A man has fallen in a cesspit. I think he's Chinese. He's scrambling to get out but the sides are steep and it's too slippery. He's screaming and it turns to a horrible gurgle as his mouth fills and then he throws out his arms and goes under.

A boy - about 16 - is running through trees. It's thick forest. He's scared. He comes out of the trees but there's a man with a gun behind him, he's wearing a hat with fur round it. The front of the boy's chest blows out, where his heart is. He falls by a sign with funny letters and the number 35. They look like this - BMWCK 35

There's a hoverbus. It's full of really old people. Some of them are wearing badges and things - The Alice Faye Eldsters. I think they're going to the zoo. An old man in a cowboy hat goes to the driver. He's holding a knife, like a tree-meat cleaver. He shouts: 'We're all going to heaven on a Number 7 bus.' He chops off the driver's head. The bus is plunging. Everyone's screaming.

Three women are at a table in an eatery, they speak with south sectors accents. They're quite old, maybe 35-40. Their faces don't look quite right, I think they're mutants. The window breaks and something heavy falls on their table and rolls off, like a big tin can. The can explodes, there's a big flash and the women are on fire.




FIVE PAGES OF IT HERE.

THERE'S MORE. THERE'S LOTS MORE. IT JUST KEEPS COMING. I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT HER.

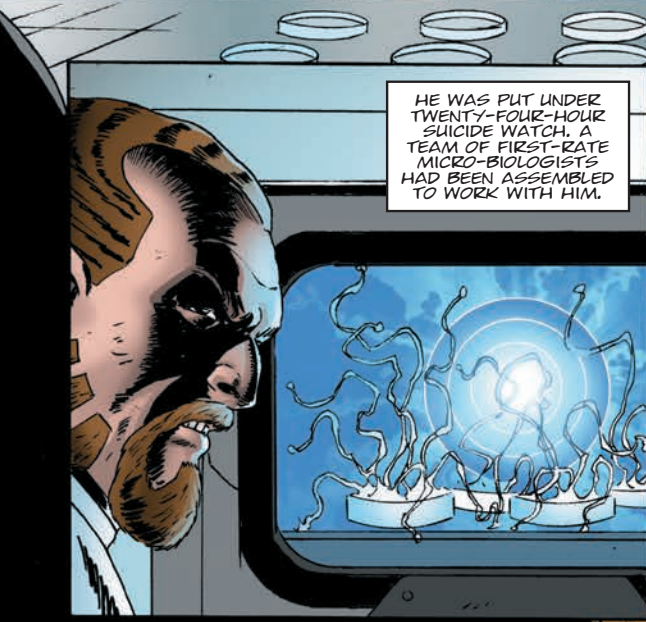
SHE'LL COME OUT OF IT, HENNESSY, MEANWHILE I'LL LOOK THIS OVER, SEE WHAT'S TO BE DONE.

YOU KNOW YOUR SISTER HAD A LINE ON THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE YURGES KIDNAPPING. I'M STILL VERY INTERESTED IN THAT - ANYTHING WITH EAST-MEG CONNECTIONS. SHE COMES UP WITH ANYTHING FRESH LET ME KNOW IMMEDIATELY.

YES, SIR, I WILL, SIR.



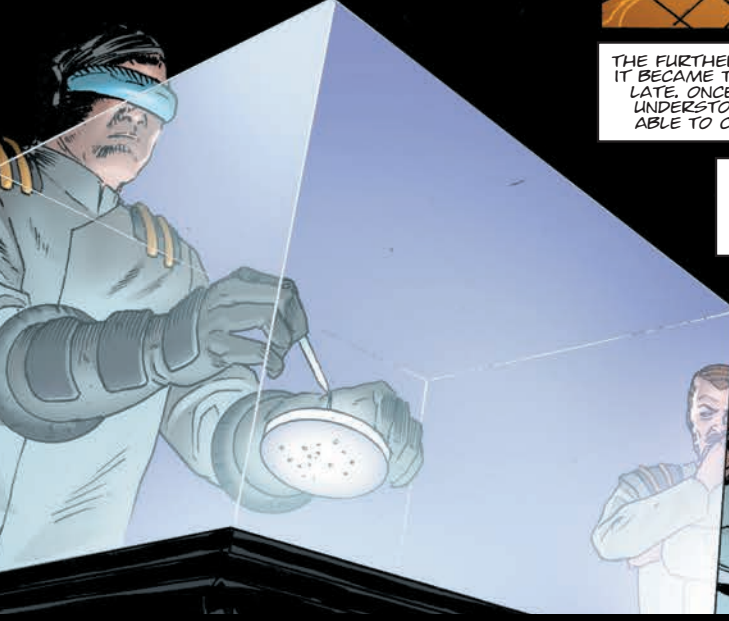
WHILE THE IMMEDIACY OF HIS WIFE AND SONS' FLIGHT FAR OUTWEIGHED THE DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE ANNIHILATION OF HIS CITY, NO DOUBT ELMORE YURGES HOPED SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE TO FIND A WAY OUT.




HE WAS PUT UNDER TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SUICIDE WATCH. A TEAM OF FIRST-RATE MICRO-BIOLOGISTS HAD BEEN ASSEMBLED TO WORK WITH HIM.



SHOULD THEY SPOT ANY DEVIATION, ANY DELIBERATE EVASION OR DELAY, A REINFORCEMENT SESSION WOULD BE ORDERED ON THE FAMILY.



THE FURTHER YURGES PROGRESSED THE HARDER IT BECAME TO TURN BACK, AND THEN IT WAS TOO LATE. ONCE THE EAST-MEG SCIENTISTS FULLY UNDERSTOOD YURGES'S METHOD, THEY WERE ABLE TO COMPLETE THE WORK WITHOUT HIM.



FORTY-THREE DAYS AFTER BEGINNING WORK, THE MICRO ORGANISM WAS READY FOR TESTING.

HE HAD PULLED LOGAN, BEENY AND ROAKE OFF THE MAYBE INVESTIGATION. IT WAS GOING NOWHERE, HE COULD NO LONGER SPARE THREE GOOD JUDGES.

IT'S CYRILLIC - EAST-MEG.



TRANSLATED THAT'S BYSK. IT'S A TOWN IN SIBERIA. THAT'S GOT TO BE A ROAD SIGN.

YOU THINK IT COULD BE LINKED TO YOUR CASE?



IT'S POSSIBLE. DAY OF CHAOS - SHE HASN'T FORGOTTEN IT. PLENTY OF OTHER REFERENCES TO IT HERE...

AND BE GENTLE, THEY'RE NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL ROBUST.

BOY OF SIXTEEN... ROAKE, TAKE MUGSHOTS OF BRUCE AND BRIAN YURGES ALONG TO THE ACADEMY. SHOW THEM TO GABRIELLE HENNESSY - HER SISTER TOO, IF SHE'S RESPONSIVE.

WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE... A JUDGE IS BY A CAR - BIG, BLACK. I ASSUME SHE MEANS THE CAR, DOESN'T IDENTIFY THE JUDGE.

SOMEONE IN THE CAR SAYS, YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME WHILE I'M WAITING. THE JUDGE HANDS IN A SHEET OF PAPER AND SAYS: 'COME THE DAY, BETTER IF THEY'RE NOT AROUND.'

IT'S A LIST OF NAMES. DREDD, FRANCISCO, NILES, QUANT - JUDGES, SOME OTHERS TOO - GILBEY, TOMMASON, LUCAS WYANT, ANTHEA OR ANDREA SOMEBODY. THAT'S ALL SHE CAN REMEMBER.

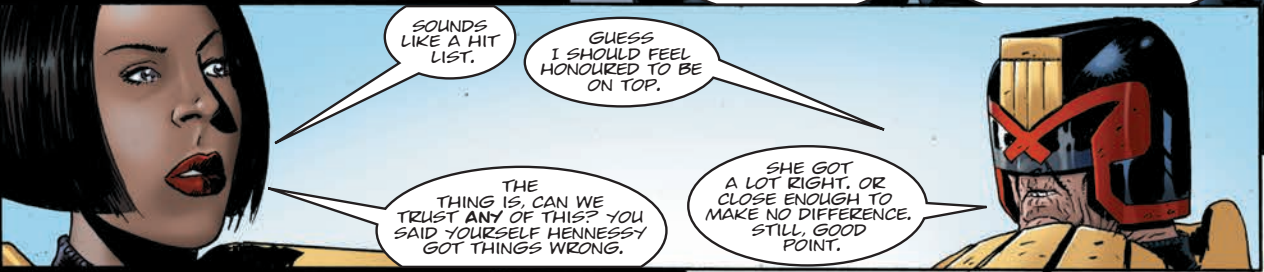


SOUNDS LIKE A HIT LIST.

GUESS I SHOULD FEEL HONORED TO BE ON TOP.

THE THING IS, CAN WE TRUST ANY OF THIS? YOU SAID YOURSELF HENNESSY GOT THINGS WRONG.

SHE GOT A LOT RIGHT, OR CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAKE NO DIFFERENCE. STILL, GOOD POINT.



HERE'S ONE WE CAN VERIFY. STARE DOWN 19 - THAT'S TAKING PLACE TODAY.

FAT MAN IN AN INSCRUTABLES SHIRT - PULLS OUT A GUN AND STARTS MOWING DOWN GAZERS FANS. SHE THINKS IT'S ON AN UPPER TIER.

SO, WHAT - WE HAVE IT CANCELLED?

THAT WOULD PROVE NOTHING. LET IT GO AND IF THE ROGUE INSCRUTABLE SHOWS WE STOP HIM, EVEN IF HE DOESN'T SUCCEED WE CAN TAKE IT AS VERIFICATION.



AGREED?

MAKES SENSE, I GUESS.

HALEY, FIND OUT WHAT TIME STARE DOWN 19 KICKS OFF.

YEAH. RIGHT. GRID.

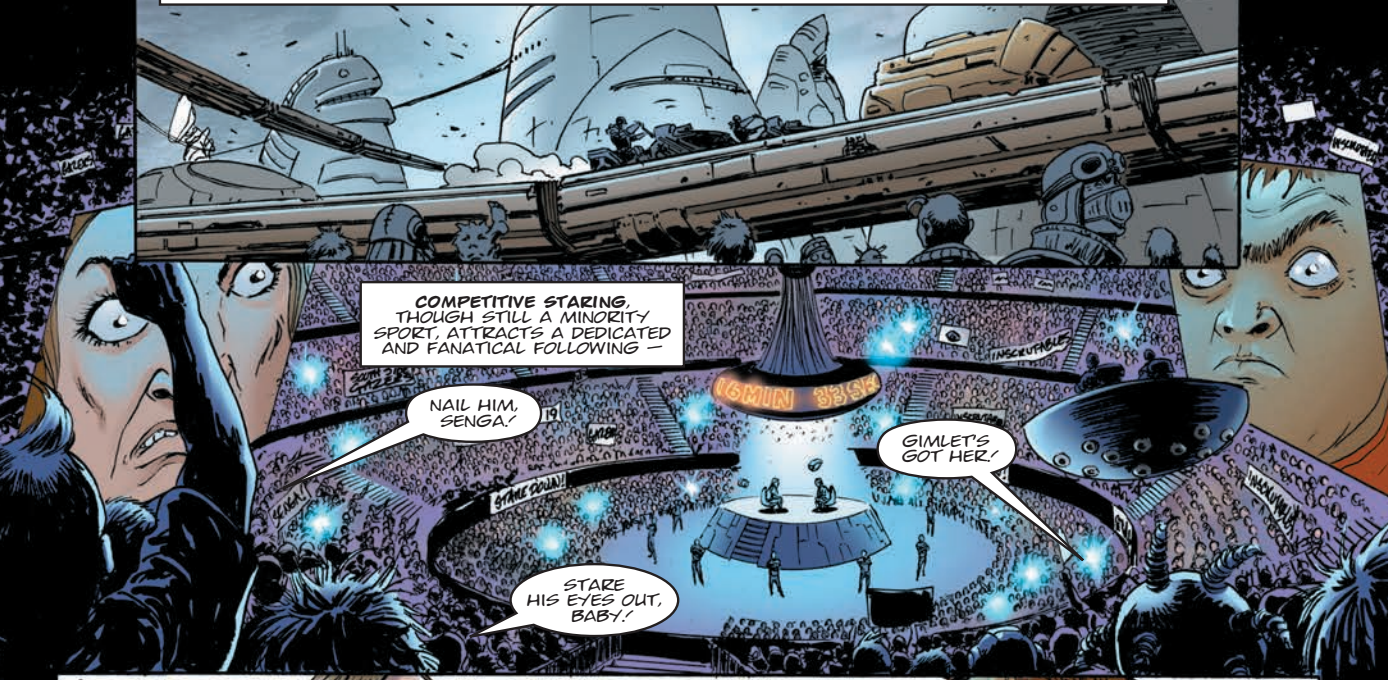
EARLY START BECAUSE OF THE TRAFFIC. FIRST STARE-OFF STARTED TWENTY MINUTES AGO.

CALL THEM. WARN THEM.

BEENY, LET'S MOVE.



It's Stare Down 19, that's what the banners say. High up in the stadium, I think. 'Gazers! Gazers! Gazers!' everyone's chanting. There's a man at the top of the aisle. He's very fat with a red face. His shirt says: INSCRUTABLES - 'The Dead Eyes'. He's got a blaster. He shouts something - I couldn't make it out - and starts firing. Four, five people are hit. At first they're angry then they scream. Someone falls over the rail.



COMPETITIVE STARING, THOUGH STILL A MINORITY SPORT, ATTRACTS A DEDICATED AND FANATICAL FOLLOWING -

NAIL HIM, SENGA!

GIMLET'S GOT HER!

STARE HIS EYES OUT, BABY!



IT IS AN EVENT WHERE THE SPECTATORS ARE CONSIDERABLY MORE PHYSICAL THAN THE COMPETITORS.



ANYTHING?

NEGATIVE, THE STADIUM'S SEGREGATED. ANY INSCRUTABLE SHOWN IN THIS SECTION GAZERS FANS WOULD HAVE RIPPED HIM APART.

THESE FANS PLAY ROUGH. THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT METAL DETECTORS AT THE ENTRANCE GATES. NOBODY COULD GET IN HERE ARMED.

GAZERS! GAZERS!

GAZERS! GAZERS!

EASY THE DEAD EYES!

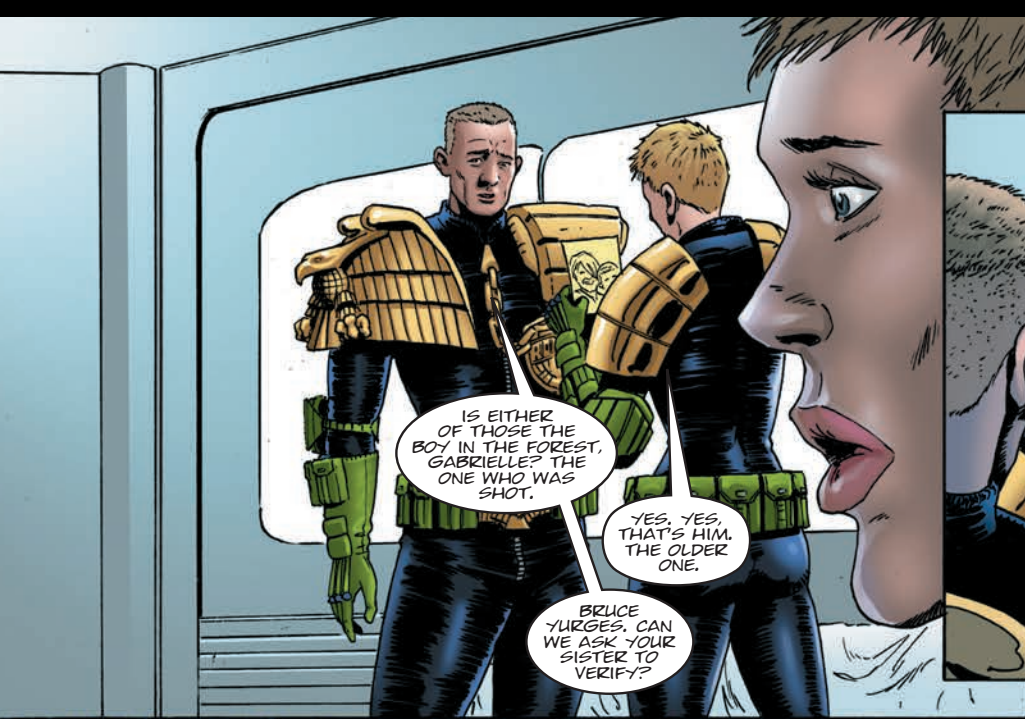
A SQUIRT GUN!

GET HIM!

AAAAHHH!

I'LL GIVE YOU GAZERS, YOU FREAKWADS!

IT'S BURNINGGGGGGG!



IS EITHER OF THOSE THE BOY IN THE FOREST, GABRIELLE? THE ONE WHO WAS SHOT.

YES, YES, THAT'S HIM, THE OLDER ONE.

BRUCE YURGES, CAN WE ASK YOUR SISTER TO VERIFY??



SHE'S NOT REALLY RESPONSIVE LIKE THAT. I'LL TRY.

CARTER...



NO - !

CARTER, WHAT IS IT?

SHE SPOKE! SHE HASN'T SPOKEN FOR WEEKS!





STARE THIS DOWN, YOU YELLA GIZZARDS!

FAT CREEP IN AN INSCRUTABLES SHIRT, JUST LIKE HENNESSY PREDICTED!

IT'S BURNINGGGGG!

GETS THE MEDS HERE, LOOKS LIKE ACID BURN!

SOME VIOLENCE HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE GAZERS SECTION!

SONNA BE SOME DEATHS THERE.

HAFTA GO SOME TO BEAT STARE DOWN 17, BOB.

DOWN

SOUTH SIDE GAZERS

20:17

ARE DOWN





SQUIRT GUN FILLED WITH ACID. PLASTEN, WHY IT GOT THROUGH THE METAL DETECTORS.

SATISFIED?

THE LIST SPECIFIED A BLASTER, AND THE NUTCASE DIDN'T FALL OVER, HE WAS PUSHED.

YOU'RE SPLITTING HAIRS. HENNESSY GOT IT RIGHT.

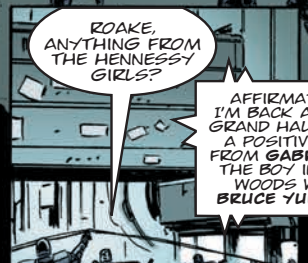
ROADBLOCK AHEAD.



HOVERBUS CAME DOWN. ELDSTERS FROM ALICE FAYE GOING TO THE ZOO. NO SURVIVORS. DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED YET.

PICK YOUR WAY THROUGH. SAVE YOU A DETOUR.

There's a hoverbus. It's full of really old people. Some of them are wearing badges and things -- The Alice Faye Eldsters. I think they're going to the zoo. An old man in a cowboy hat goes to the driver. He's holding a knife, like a tree-meat cleaver. He shouts: 'We're all going to heaven on a Number 7 bus.' He chops off the driver's head. The bus is plunging. Everyone's screaming.



ROAKE, ANYTHING FROM THE HENNESSY GIRLS?

AFFIRMATIVE. I'M BACK AT THE GRAND HALL. GOT A POSITIVE I.D. FROM GABRIELLE. THE BOY IN THE WOODS WAS BRUCE YURGES.

OKAY, CONVINCED.

SO IF WE BELIEVE THE REST OF HENNESSY'S PREDICTIONS THE YURGESSES DID SURVIVE, OR ONE OF THEM DID.



CONVINCED?



IF ONE, THEN ALL. MAKES NO SENSE OTHERWISE. WE WERE TOO LATE... OR WE WERE DUPED.

SOMETHING FREAKED CARTER HENNESSY. WASN'T ME, SHE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT THE PICTURES. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS. I LEFT HER WAILING LIKE A BANSHEE.

AT LEAST IT'S SOME ANIMATION. GUESS WE COULD CALL THAT PROGRESS.

THEY BROUGHT IN A GROUP OF ITINERANTS — UZBEKS, SCAVENGERS WHO ROAMED THIS PART OF SIBERIA. THEIR DISAPPEARANCE WOULD NOT BE REMARKED UPON.



THE CULTURE WAS DAUBED HERE AND THERE IN THE CAGES. THEY COULD AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS. THEY WOULD, IN THE END, REQUIRE VERY LITTLE. NATURAL TRANSMISSION, HUMAN TO HUMAN, WOULD DO THE REST.



THE ORGANISM, TOXOPLASMA GONDII, IS COMMONLY FOUND IN RATS. IT IS KNOWN TO DRIVE ITS HOST TO RECKLESS AND AGGRESSIVE ACTS.

WHAT ELMORE YURGES HAD DISCOVERED WAS A WAY TO MUTATE T.GONDII INTO A NEW AND DEADLY FORM, A FORM THAT TRIGGERED ITS EFFECTS IN HUMAN HOSTS. THAT IN THE FOUR OR SO DAYS UNTIL THEIR EVENTUAL DEATH WOULD SLOWLY DRIVE THEM INTO AN INSANE, MURDEROUS RAGE.

THEY WOULD HAVE LIKED TO CONDUCT MORE EXTENSIVE TESTS, BUT TIME WAS SHORT. THE ORGANISM WAS PRONOUNCED READY.

GIVE THEM SOME EXERCISE, SHE SAYS. I'D GIVE THEM A BULLET IN THE BACK, MEGA-CITY SCUM.





HOLD UP, GOTTA TAKE ONE.

THIRTY YEARS WE'VE SAT ON OUR HANDS. I'M TIRED OF WAITING. I SAY WE START WITH THESE TWO. WE COULD DO A FEW THINGS TO THEM, EH?

SURE, YOU WANT TO DO THE EXPLAINING TO YEVGENY?

LNNF!?

BRIAN - RUN!



B-BRUCE - !



LNNH!

НИКК!

ВДАМ

БИЙСКА
3.5

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE,
EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF
THE DEFENCE COMMITTEE —

WE'VE SURVEYED
EVERY ROAD LEADING INTO
БИЙСК. THE INDICATED AREAS ARE
ALL WOODED AND LIE APPROXIMATELY
THIRTY-FIVE KAYS FROM THE CITY.
IN ONE OF THOSE AREAS **ELMORE**
YURGES'S SON WAS OR WILL
BE SHOT DEAD.

БИЙСК

A boy - about 16 - is running through trees. It's thick forest. He's scared. He comes out of the trees but there's a man with a gun behind him, he's wearing a hat with fur round it. The front of the boy's chest blows out, where his heart is. He falls by a sign with funny letters and the number 35. They look like this — БИЙСК 35

SO YOU'RE SAYING THAT
YURGES AND FAMILY DIDN'T DIE
AT **ZUBILENKA** — THEY'RE HIDDEN IN SOME
SIBERIAN FOREST WHERE HE IS NO DOUBT
CREATING THE **CHAOS VIRUS** — BASED
ON THE WORD OF AN UNSTABLE
GIRL WHO NOW REFUSES
TO SPEAK?

SHE'S BEEN
COMMUNICATING THROUGH
HER SISTER. IT'S NOT IDEAL
BUT HER PREDICTIONS HAVE
PROVED EXTREMELY
ACCURATE.

IT'S JUST NOT
ENOUGH TO ACT ON,
DREDD. WE DON'T WANT
ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL
INCIDENT. WE'RE STILL
GETTING ENOUGH GRIEF
FOR THE ATTACK ON
ZUBILENKA.

AND IF
WE'D DONE THE
ZUBILENKA OPERATION
PROPERLY THERE'D
BE NO NEED FOR
THIS.

I
RESENT
THAT!

THAT'S YOUR
PRIVILEGE, GENERAL. WHAT
I'M SAYING IS IF WE **DON'T** ACT —
AND IF **CADET HENNESSY** IS **RIGHT**,
AS I BELIEVE SHE IS — THEN THE
CONSEQUENCES WILL BE
CATASTROPHIC.

IF YOU'RE
NOT PREPARED TO
RISK TROOPS, I'M MORE
THAN HAPPY TO LEAD A
UNIT OF JUDGES. I'LL
GO ALONE, IF
NECESSARY.





HERNANDEZ, I WANT SIXTY TROOPERS, FULL BATTLE KIT, READY TO MOVE AT 23:00. ASSEMBLE AT ATLANTIC HOVERPORT.

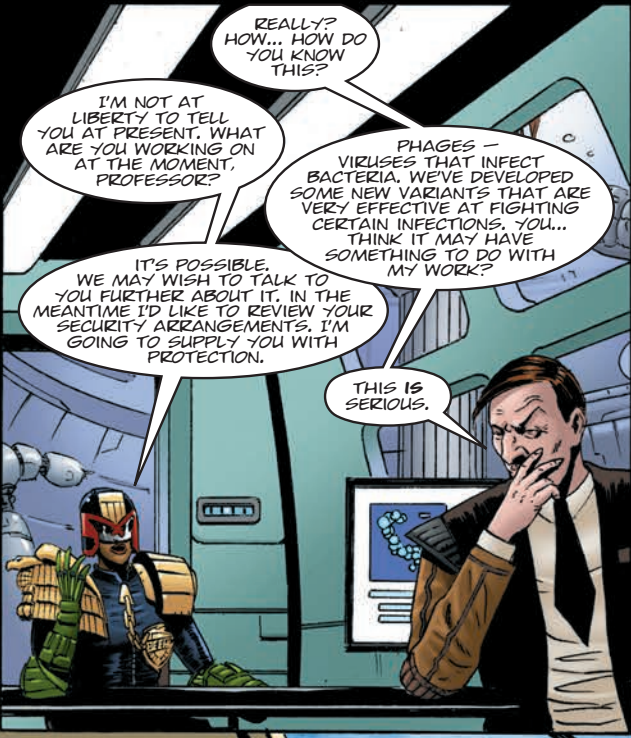


WHEN DREDD BARKS, EVERYBODY JUMPS.

I THINK HE'S GOT A POINT, WILE, SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HIM LAST TIME.



WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOUR LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER, PROFESSOR WY'ANT.



REALLY? HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?

I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO TELL YOU AT PRESENT. WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON AT THE MOMENT, PROFESSOR?

PHAGES - VIRUSES THAT INFECT BACTERIA. WE DEVELOPED SOME NEW VARIANTS THAT ARE VERY EFFECTIVE AT FIGHTING CERTAIN INFECTIONS. YOU... THINK IT MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY WORK?

IT'S POSSIBLE. WE MAY WISH TO TALK TO YOU FURTHER ABOUT IT. IN THE MEANTIME I'D LIKE TO REVIEW YOUR SECURITY ARRANGEMENTS. I'M GOING TO SUPPLY YOU WITH PROTECTION.

THIS IS SERIOUS.



DOLLIS - LOOK, IT'S NOTHING TO GET TOO AGITATED ABOUT BUT WE'VE GOT A PRECOG PREDICTION OF AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON THE CHIEF JUDGE, AMONG OTHERS. ASSAILANT OR ASSAILANTS UNKNOWN.

SO TELL ME SOMETHING NEW.

THIS INFORMATION'S GOOD. KID SAYS IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, IT'LL HAPPEN.

LOOK, LOGAN, YOU KNOW HOW MANY CREEPS TRY TO TAKE A POP AT THE CHIEF? WE'LL DEAL WITH IT, OKAY?



JUDGE ROAKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU.



WHAT'S WRONG, CARTER?

IT'S ONLY JUDGE ROAKE.

SHE ACTS LIKE SHE'S AFRAID OF YOU.

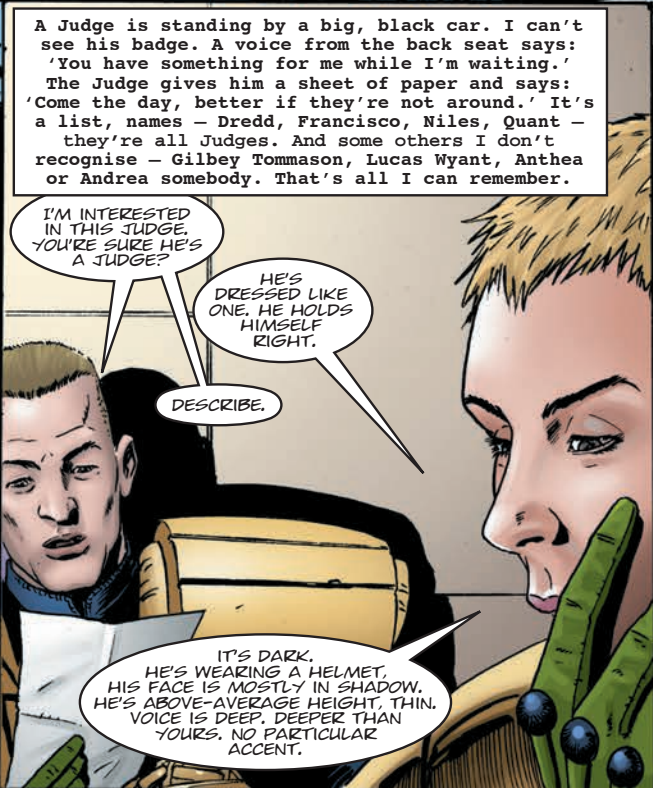
BETTER WE TAKE THIS OUTSIDE. CAN YOU LEND US YOUR OFFICE?



I'M NOT MAKING ANY SENSE OF HER. ALL I GET IS LIKE... STATIC. SOMETHING FRIGHTENED HER - TERRIFIED HER - I DON'T KNOW WHAT.

SOME OF HER PREDICTIONS HAVE ALREADY HAPPENED. SHE MAY HAVE SAVED LIVES. TELL HER THAT. IF YOU CAN GET THROUGH TO HER, THAT MIGHT HELP.

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT. I'D LIKE TO RUN OVER THIS LIST. SEE IF YOU CAN REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE.



A Judge is standing by a big, black car. I can't see his badge. A voice from the back seat says: 'You have something for me while I'm waiting.' The Judge gives him a sheet of paper and says: 'Come the day, better if they're not around.' It's a list, names - Dredd, Francisco, Niles, Quant - they're all Judges. And some others I don't recognise - Gilbey Tommasson, Lucas Wyant, Anthea or Andrea somebody. That's all I can remember.

I'M INTERESTED IN THIS JUDGE. YOU'RE SURE HE'S A JUDGE?

HE'S DRESSED LIKE ONE. HE HOLDS HIMSELF RIGHT.

DESCRIBE.

IT'S DARK. HE'S WEARING A HELMET. HIS FACE IS MOSTLY IN SHADOW. HE'S ABOVE-AVERAGE HEIGHT, THIN. VOICE IS DEEP. DEEPER THAN YOURS. NO PARTICULAR ACCENT.



HIT THE ROAD.

Y-YES, SIR.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU, OLD MAN. CLOSE UP. I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED.

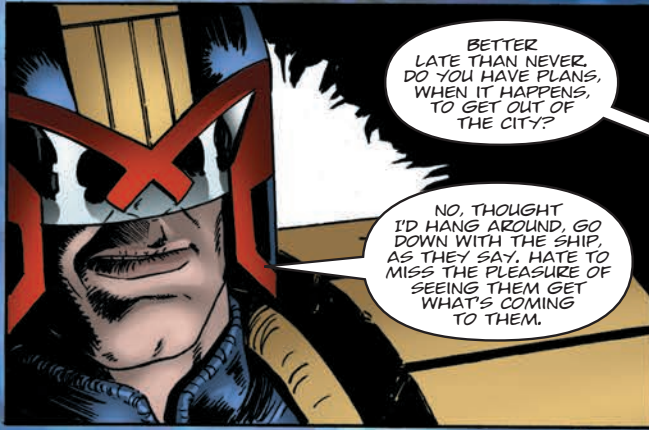


SO THEY KNOW.

THIRTY-FIVE KAYS FROM BLYSK.

I WILL SEE THAT GALAXY IS INFORMED. THIS IS VERY SERIOUS, WILE.

DREDD, OF COURSE. WE SHOULD HAVE DEALT WITH HIM YEARS AGO.



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, DO YOU HAVE PLANS, WHEN IT HAPPENS, TO GET OUT OF THE CITY?

NO, THOUGHT I'D HANG AROUND, GO DOWN WITH THE SHIP, AS THEY SAY, HATE TO MISS THE PLEASURE OF SEEING THEM GET WHAT'S COMING TO THEM.



YOU MAY BE DENIED THAT PLEASURE, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

YES.

DON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU ALIVE, WILE.



JUDGE DREDD WILL BE ACCOMPANYING YOU - JUST TO MAKE SURE WE DO THINGS RIGHT, EH?

I HAVE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN YOUR MEN, POLL.

AS LONG AS YOU REMEMBER ALL OPERATIONAL DECISIONS WILL BE DOWN TO MAJOR DUCKER HERE.

I'M SURE WE'LL COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING.





YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME, WILE?

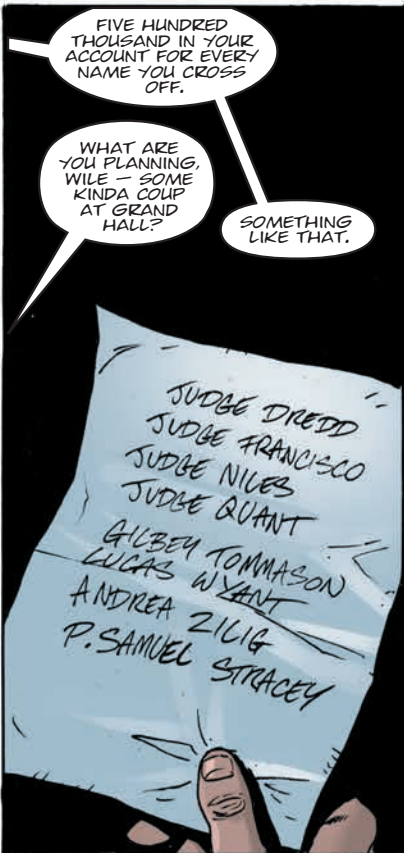


I'M WAITING.

THIS HAPPENS BEFORE THE ELECTION. UNDERSTOOD?



COME THE DAY, BETTER IF THEY'RE NOT AROUND.



FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN YOUR ACCOUNT FOR EVERY NAME YOU CROSS OFF.

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING, WILE - SOME KINDA COUP AT GRAND HALL?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

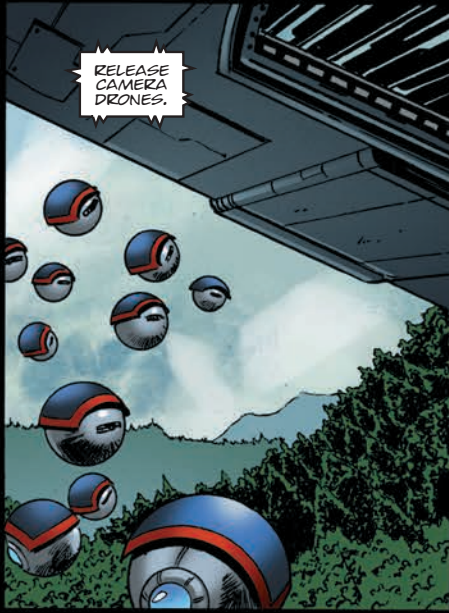


AND YOU CALL ME A CRIMINAL.



OVER SIBERIA -

IN PLACE NOW.

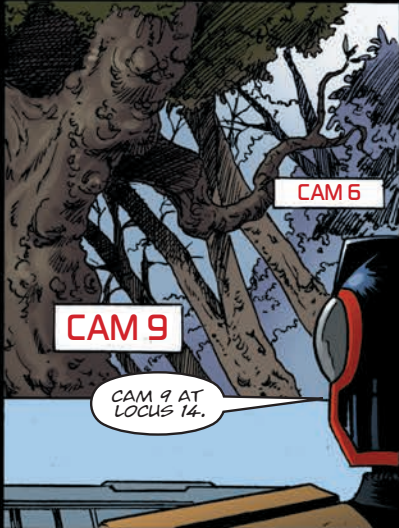


RELEASE CAMERA DRONES.



IF THEY FIND NOTHING, WE ABORT.

THEY'LL FIND IT.



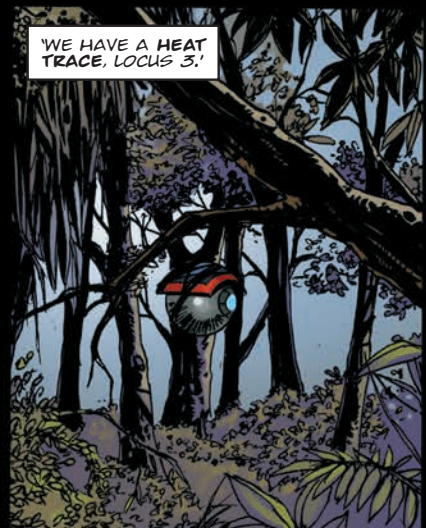
CAM 6

CAM 9

CAM 9 AT LOCUS 14.



'I'M MOVING THROUGH.'



'WE HAVE A HEAT TRACE, LOCUS 3.'



MOVING FAST. TRACKING.



'NEGATIVE, NEGATIVE. WILD ANIMAL OF SOME SORT.'



БИЙСК 35



THERE'S YOUR SIGNPOST. LOOKS LIKE BLOOD ON IT THERE.



IT'S WHERE MY PRECOG CLAIMS THE YURGES BOY DIES.

DIVERT CAMERA DRONES 3, 4, 8.



PICKING UP HEAT TRACE.

TAKE IT SLOW, SIMPSON. NOT TOO CLOSE. DON'T WANT TO SHOW OUR HAND.

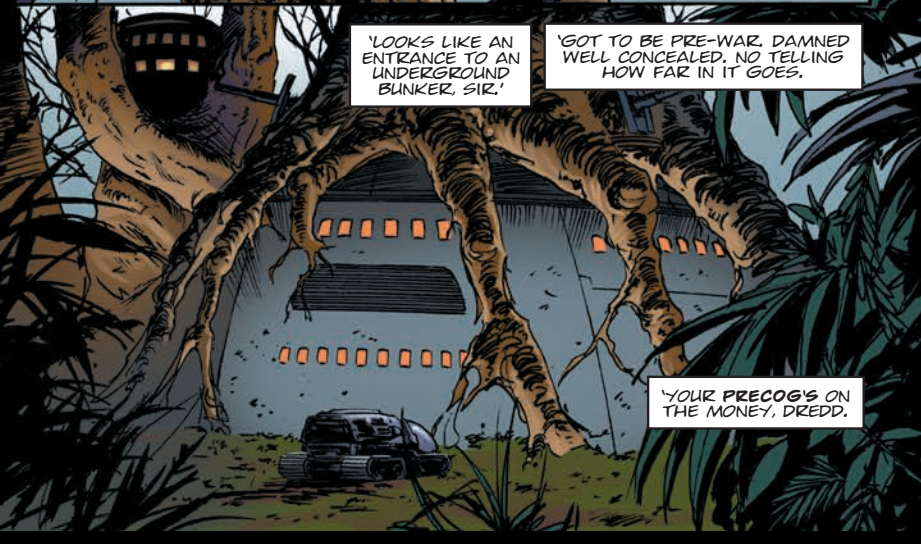


'SOV SNIPER — PLATFORM IN THE TREES THERE.'



'GOT ONE HERE TOO, VECTOR 211.'


'GOT TO BE MORE. KEEP LOOKING.'



'LOOKS LIKE AN ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER, SIR.'

'GOT TO BE PRE-WAR. DAMNED WELL CONCEALED. NO TELLING HOW FAR IN IT GOES.'

'YOUR PRECOG'S ON THE MONEY', DREDD.

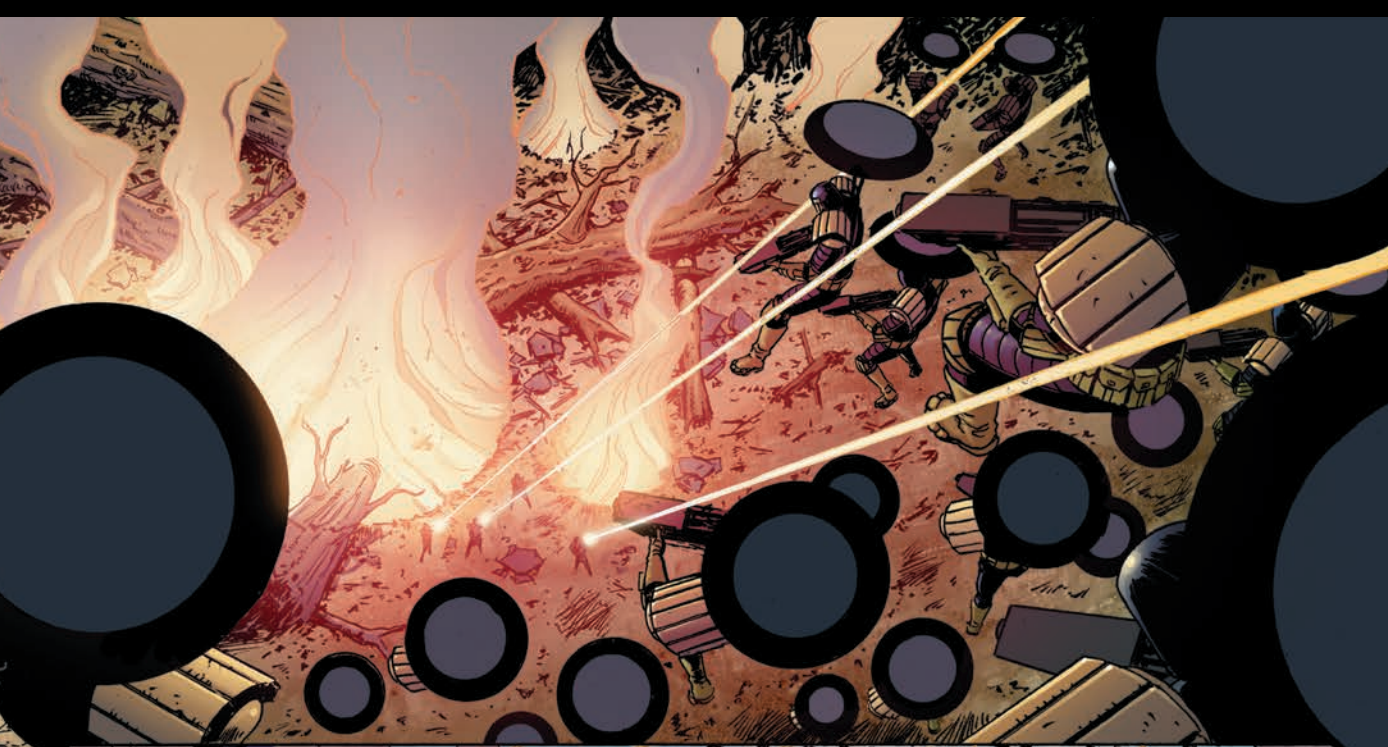


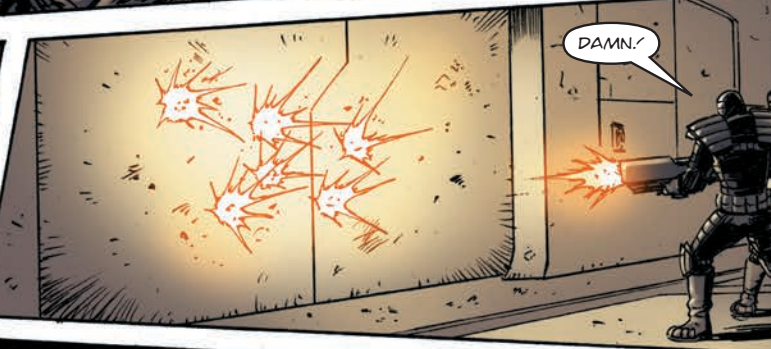
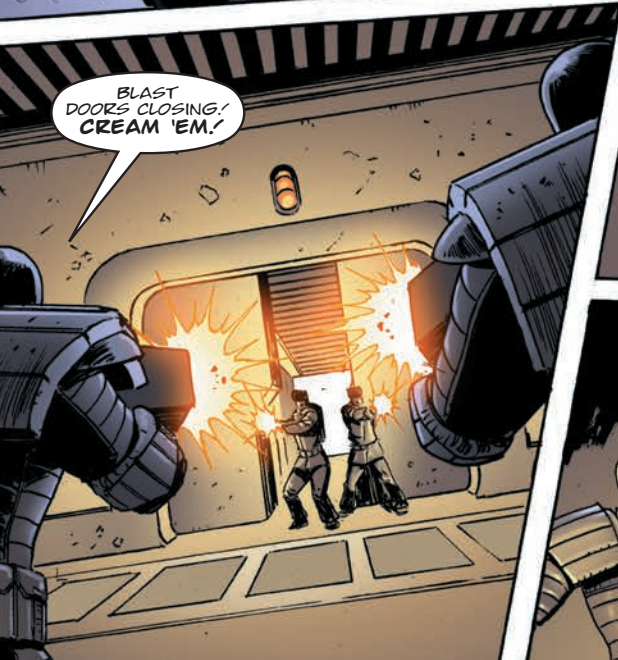
'THEY'LL HAVE DETECTION DEVICES SCATTERED AMONG THOSE TREES. NO POINT PUSSYFOOTING. WE GO STRAIGHT IN. ANTI-GRAV CHUTES, LIGHTNING ASSAULT. SOVS WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM.

'WE'VE LOCATED SNIPERS IN THE TREES AND DOUBLE EMPLACEMENTS EAST AND WEST OF THE ENTRANCE. TWO-MAN, PROBABLY LIGHT LASER CANNON. SHIP'S ARMAMENT WILL NULLIFY THEM BEFORE WE GO IN.

'OUR PRIORITY IS TO FIND ELMORE YURGES, PREFERABLY ALIVE. IF THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE THEN PRESERVE THE BODY FOR IDENTIFICATION.

'BE WARNED: THERE MAY BE CHEMICAL OR BIOLOGICAL AGENTS IN THAT BUNKER. IF ENCOUNTERED BACK OFF AND SEEK INSTRUCTIONS.'







KEEP FIRING, BOYS! SHE'S GLOWING!



WE GOT MELTDOWN!



SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS, FOR YOU AND ME, AT LEAST.

YOU WANT TO DO IT?

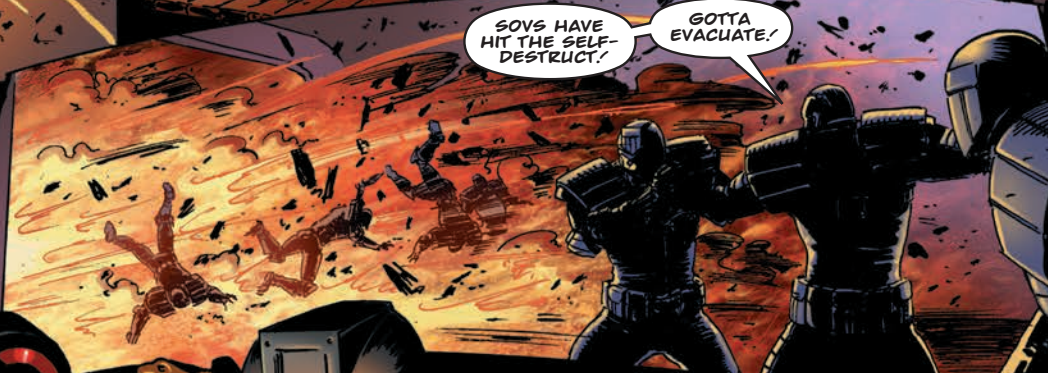
AND DENY YOU THE PLEASURE? UNTHINKABLE.



TO REVENGE.



DEEP WITHIN THE BUNKER -



SOVS HAVE HIT THE SELF-DESTRUCT!

GOTTA EVACUATE!



YOU EVACUATE! I'M DOING WHAT WE CAME TO DO!

YOU CANT GO IN THERE, DREDD! YOU'LL FRY!



GRUDDAMN
PIGHEADED LAWYOCKEY! I
CAN TELL YOU WHOSE ASS IS
GONNA BE ON A SKEWER
FOR THIS!

YOU
WANT WE
SHOULD GO IN
AFTER HIM,
SIR?

DON'T BE
A FOOL! IT'S
SUICIDE! THE WHOLE
BASE IS TURNING
INTO A BLAST
FURNACE!



YET ANOTHER
EXPLOSION ROCKS
THE SOV BUNKER.



HIS UNIFORM AFFORDS
ONLY BRIEF PROTECTION
AGAINST THE WALL OF
FLAME. HE MUST GET
CLEAR —

HE'S BEEN SUSPICIOUS SINCE EARLY IN THE ASSAULT ON THE SOV BUNKER, TOO FEW DEFENDERS, NOW THIS.



DRAWERS HASTILY EMPTIED, WALLS STRIPPED, ALL THE SIGNS OF A RAPID EVACUATION.

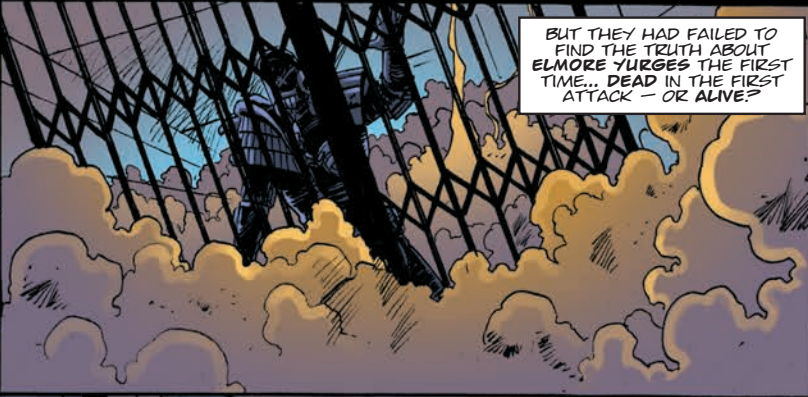


SOMEHOW — AGAIN — THEY HAD ANTICIPATED THE ATTACK, LEFT ONLY A TOKEN FORCE.

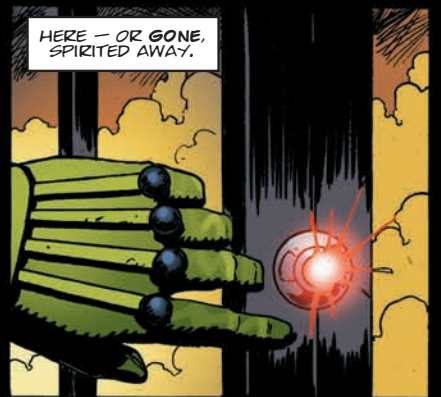
HE IS AWARE OF THE STEADY HISS OF OXYGEN, HIS RESPIRATOR HAS A LIMITED SUPPLY, HE WILL BE LUCKY TO GET OUT ALIVE.



BUT THEY HAD FAILED TO FIND THE TRUTH ABOUT ELMORE YURGES THE FIRST TIME... DEAD IN THE FIRST ATTACK — OR ALIVE?

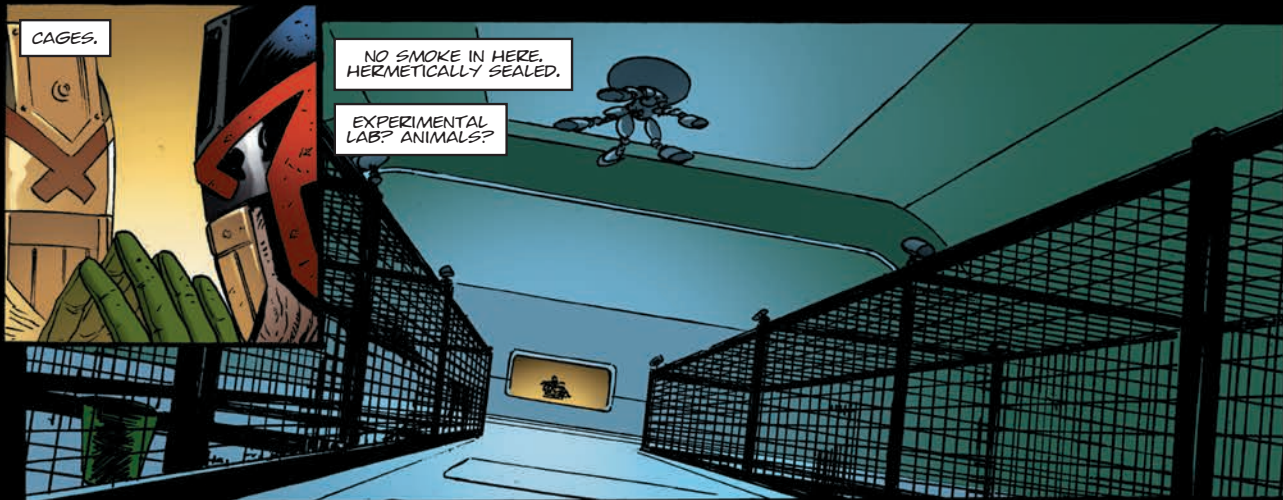


HERE — OR GONE, SPIRITED AWAY.



HE REFUSES TO BE THWARTED AGAIN.





CAGES.

NO SMOKE IN HERE,
HERMETICALLY SEALED.

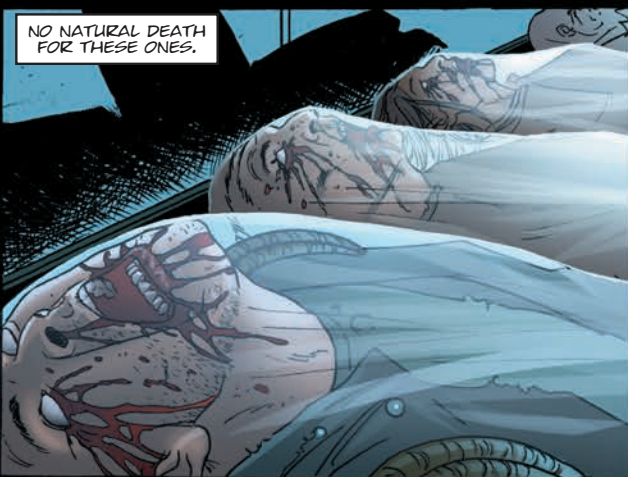
EXPERIMENTAL
LAB? ANIMALS?



HERE THE AIR IS BREATHABLE,
THIS MUST BE NEAR THE INTAKE.
HE CAN TEMPORARILY DISPENSE
WITH THE RESPIRATOR.



A MORGUE...



NO NATURAL DEATH
FOR THESE ONES.



OR HIM.

A bald man in a ripped Shapiro's tank top is beating on a boy with a baseball bat. He's bleeding from the eyes and ears. He looks insane. The boy is dead, but the man keeps beating him, beating him, growling like an animal.

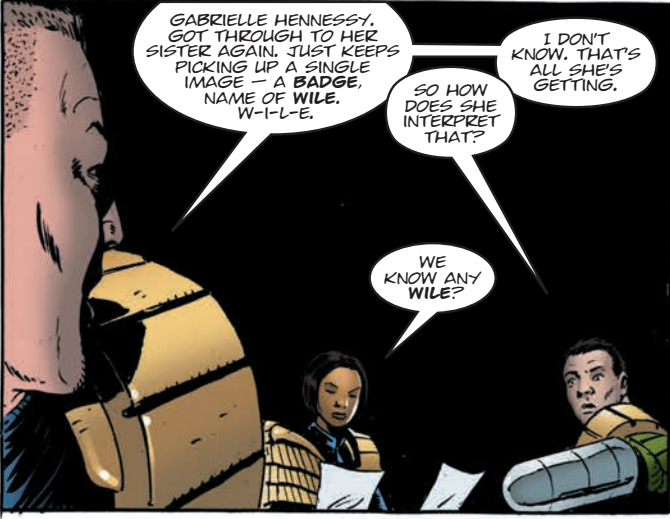
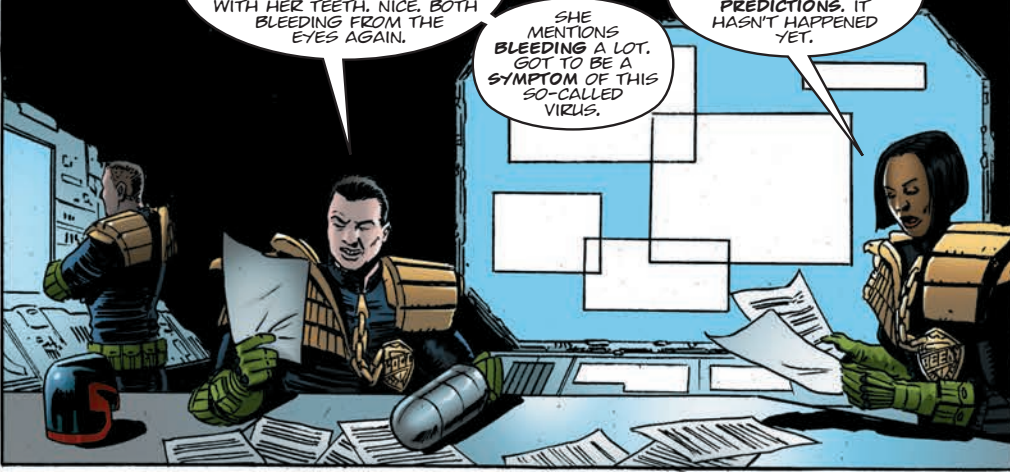
MEGA-CITY ONE -

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE - TWO WOMEN FIGHTING IN THE STREET, TEARING AT EACH OTHER. ONE OF THEM RIPS THE OTHER ONE'S THROAT OUT - WITH HER TEETH. NICE, BOTH BLEEDING FROM THE EYES AGAIN.

SHE MENTIONS BLEEDING A LOT. GOT TO BE A SYMPTOM OF THIS SO-CALLED VIRUS.

BUT NOTHING FOR US TO INVESTIGATE. THESE ARE CARTER HENNESSY'S PREDICTIONS. IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET.

WILD?
RIGHT. WITH AN 'E'. OKAY, WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU. STICK WITH HER.



GABRIELLE HENNESSY, GOT THROUGH TO HER SISTER AGAIN. JUST KEEPS PICKING UP A SINGLE IMAGE - A BADGE, NAME OF WILE, W-I-L-E.

SO HOW DOES SHE INTERPRET THAT?

I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S ALL SHE'S GETTING.

WE KNOW ANY WILE?



PROBABLY STANLEY WILE, SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR ATTACHED TO THE GRAND HALL - CHEEVER'S OFFICE. I THINK, WORKED WITH HIM ONCE. GOOD MAN.

MAYBE HE CAN GIVE US A LEAD ON SOME OF THIS?

POSSIBLE, WE CAN ASK.





WILE'S ADOPTED RADIO SILENCE. I'VE LEFT A MESSAGE TO GET IN TOUCH.

'KAY, NO RUSH.

SOMETHING HERE, THOUGH. ANDREA SPOMIK HAS JUST BEEN REPORTED KILLED IN A HIT AND RUN. SHE WAS ONE OF OUR TOP EAST-MEG ANALYSTS. APPARENTLY, IT'S POSSIBLE SHE WAS THE ANDREA ON THE ASSASSINATION LIST.

OUGHT TO CHECK IT OUT. WHERE'D IT HAPPEN?

95TH AND CANNOLL, SECTOR 22. CASE JUDGE IS ADENHAUER.

THE ASSASSINATION LIST...



IT COULDN'T BE - GRUD. THAT'S CRAZY...

ENLIGHTEN US.

THE PREDICTION ABOUT THE ASSASSINATION LIST. HENNESSY SAW A JUDGE PUTTING OUT A MURDER CONTRACT BUT COULDN'T GIVE US HIS NAME. OR THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT. A JUDGE LINKED TO THIS CHAOS PLOT.

BUT MAYBE SHE DID GIVE US A NAME. MAYBE IT WAS THERE ALL THE TIME.

A Judge is standing by a big, black car. I can't see his badge. A voice from the back seat says: 'You have something for me while I'm waiting.' The Judge gives him a sheet of paper and says: 'Come the day, better if they're not around.' It's a list, names - Dredd, Francisco, Niles, Quant - they're all Judges. And some others I don't recognise - Gilbey Tommason, Lucas Wyant, Anthea or Andrea somebody. That's all I can remember.

YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME WHILE I'M WAITING, THAT ALWAYS SOUNDED KIND OF UNNATURAL. WHILE HE'S WAITING FOR WHAT?

DUNNO.

IT DOESN'T RING RIGHT. BUT WRITE IT LIKE THIS -

You have something for me, Wile. I'm waiting



MAYBE GABRIELLE JUST PICKED IT UP WRONG. THE WORDS SOUND THE SAME.

SWEET GRUD ON A BIKE, I TOLD YOU SHE WAS SMART, LOGAN.

WILE? A SOV AGENT?

I KNOW, HARD TO SWALLOW. BUT OUR PRECOP HASN'T BEEN WRONG ABOUT MUCH. I REALLY THINK WE OUGHT TO TALK TO HIM, NOW.

SPECIAL INVESTIGATION. JUDGE CHEEVER'S OFFICE. YOU HAVE A MED-TEK NAME OF AHMED HERE.

HE'S OFF DUTY NOW.

FINE, I'VE GOT TO CHECK THE DISPENSARY ANYWAY.

DUTY MED'S CALLED LITTLEJOHN. I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE COMING.

APPRECIATE IT.



SORRY, LOGAN, HE'S STILL ON RADIO SILENCE...

WAIT UP, THEY'VE JUST LOGGED HIM IN AT THE ACADEMY. 23:45.

ON RADIO SILENCE - AT THE ACADEMY?

OH MERCY -

CALL THE ACADEMY, ORDER THEM TO STOP AND DETAIN JUDGE WILEY UNITS IN VICINITY TO ASSIST. ON NO ACCOUNT MUST HE BE ALLOWED TO APPROACH THE MED BAYS!



YOU CAN TAKE THAT ON DREDD'S AUTHORITY! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



HE'S HERE!

WHAT?



CARTER YOU SPOKE! THAT'S GREAT!

HE'S GOING TO KILL US!

WHAT? WHO? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



HE STOPPED HEARING THE HISS OF HIS RESPIRATOR — SEEMS LIKE HOURS AGO. ONLY HIS VISOR'S INFRA-RED PENETRATES THE BLOWING CLOUDS, KEEPS HIM STUMBLING ON.

HIS LUNGS ARE SEARED, BURNT RAW BY THE BLACK, OILY SMOKE, BUT HE MUST KEEP ON. THE CITY MUST KNOW.

NO ONE COULD SURVIVE IN THERE! NOT THIS LONG!

TIME TO INFORM THE CITY OF THE DEATH OF JUDGE DREDD.

SIR, I THINK I CAN SEE SOMETHING MOVING —

SOMEONE THERE, ALL RIGHT?

IT'S DREDD!

GRUD'S TEETH, DREDD, I'D HAVE BET WE'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU?

MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU HAD.

THAT'S BRUCE YURGES, SHOT THROUGH THE HEART, LIKE HENNESSY PREDICTED.

OUR BIRDS HAVE FLOWN, WE'RE TOO LATE. THEY'VE CREATED THE CHAOS BUG.



MEGA-CITY ONE -

THE ACADEMY IS NOW IN LOCKDOWN!

ATTENTION JUDGE WILE, REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE! FACULTY MEMBERS ARE ON THEIR WAY!

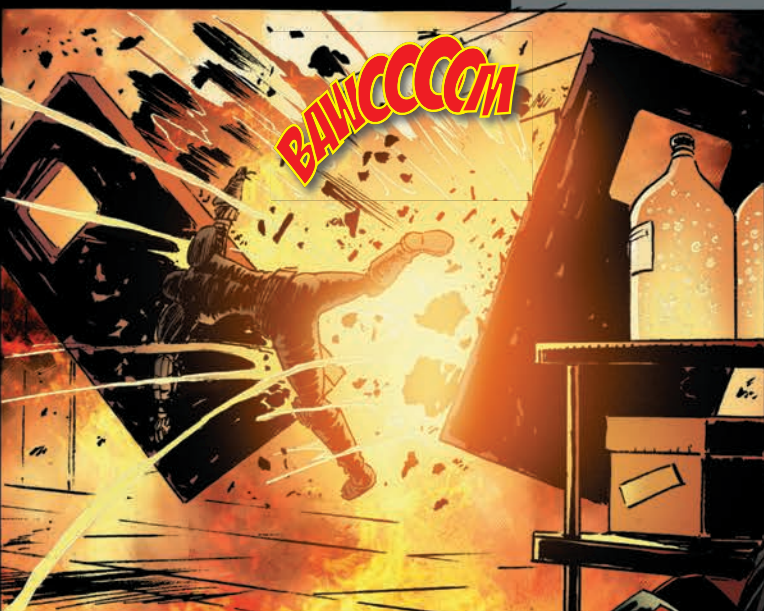


GET UP, CARTER! WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

IT'S NO GOOD. WE CAN'T STOP IT. NOTHING WILL CHANGE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. WE MIGHT AS WELL JUST... SIT AND WAIT FOR IT.



I-I CAN'T LET YOU IN, SIR! IT'S NOT ALLOWED! WE'RE ON LOCKDOWN!



BAWCCCCOM!





WILE, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON.

INCENDIARY!! BACK OFF!

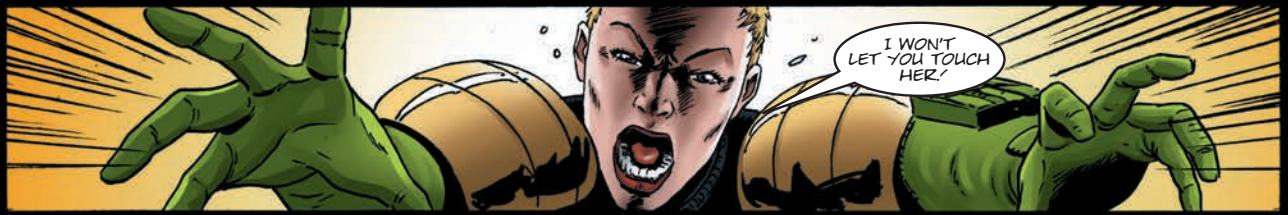
HE'S BOUGHT TIME, NOW HE MUST FIND HENNESSY.



CARTER, HELP ME!



GOOD. MAXIMUM RESISTANCE. THAT'S WHAT I EXPECT FROM A BABY JUDGE.



I WON'T LET YOU TOUCH HER!



TOP MARKS!

SWAKKK!



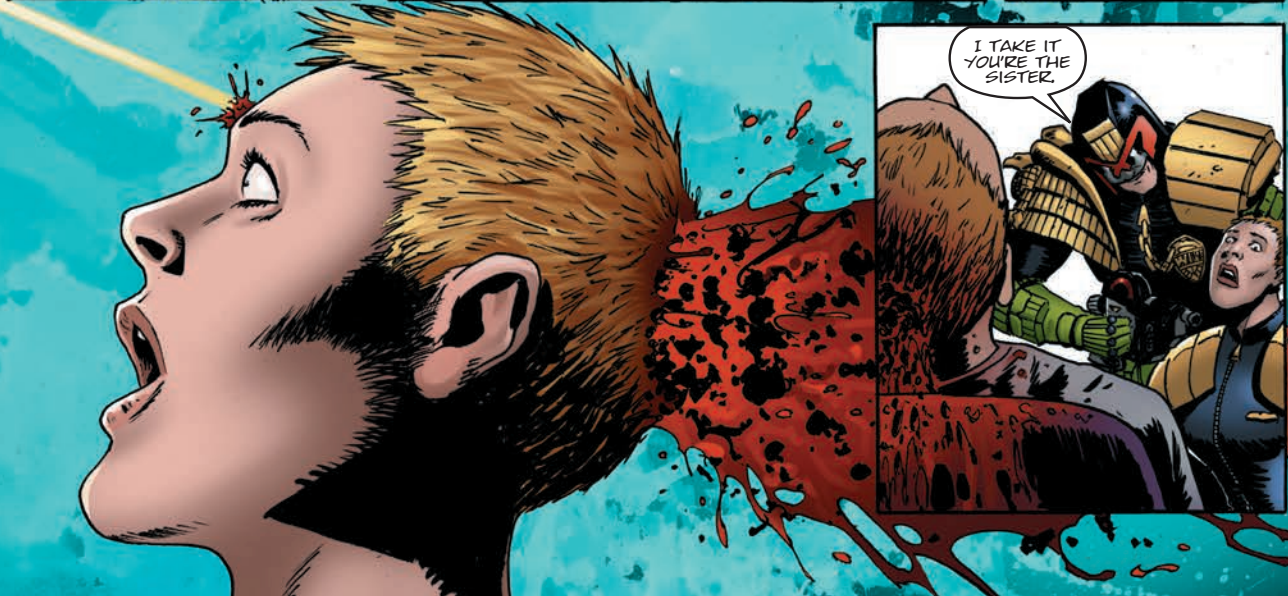
SAW THIS COMING, DID YOU, KID?

PLEASE... PLEASE...

NOOOOO - !



PLEASURE TO OBLIGE.



I TAKE IT YOU'RE THE SISTER.



HE IS INFORMED OF THE DOUBLE MURDER ON THE RETURN FLIGHT.

IF WE COULD JUST HAVE DECIPHERED HENNESSY'S MESSAGE SOONER.

NOT A GOOD DAY FOR THE KIDS, FOR ANY OF US.





EVE OF DESTRUCTION

Script: John Wagner

Art (parts 1-5 & 11-16): Henry Flint

Art (parts 6-10): Ben Willsher

Art (parts 17-20): Colin MacNeil

Colours: Chris Blythe

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

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CHAOS DAY
MINUS 6.

10:33 HOURS,
CENTRAL LABORATORIES,
SECTOR 1. EXAMINATION
OF UNKNOWN DECEASED
RETURNED FROM THE
SIBERIAN RAID —

BLEEDING
FROM ALL FACIAL
ORIFICES. PUPILS WIDELY
DILATED. CONJUNCTIVAE
SUFFUSED WITH BLOOD.
EVIDENCE OF ADVANCED
NECROSIS IN NASAL
AND ORAL
CAVITIES.



SUB-DERMAL
BLEEDING
EXTENDING OVER
ENTIRE BODY,
APPARENTLY EXUDED
THROUGH PORES.
SEVERE LACERATIONS
ACROSS THE
ABDOMEN, POSSIBLY
SELF-INFLICTED.
DOUBLE COMPOUND
FRACTURE OF THE
RIGHT RADIUS
AND ULNA.

THEY HAD DRAFTED
IN LUCAS WYANT, THE
CITY'S PRE-EMINENT
MICRO-BIOLOGIST —



WE FOUND
THE MICRO-ORGANISM
IN ALL PARTS OF THE BODY
WITH CONCENTRATIONS IN
MAJOR ORGANS AND
ESPECIALLY THE
BRAIN.

DEFINITE
SIMILARITIES TO
T.GONDII BUT NOT THE
SAME BEAST AT ALL.
YOU TOOK PROPER
PRECAUTIONS,
I ASSUME?

WE SENT
IN ROBOTS TO
BRING THE BODY OUT.
THEY WERE STEAM
CLEANED AFTERWARDS.
MYSELF, NO DOUBT
THERE WAS ANY
CONTACT.

YOU START FEELING
UNWELL REPORT IT TO ME
IMMEDIATELY. BUT I'M FAIRLY
CERTAIN THERE'S NO
DANGER.

DEAD, YOU
SEE, EVERY ONE, EVERY
SLIDE WE'VE TESTED, I SUSPECT
THE ORGANISM DOESN'T OUTLIVE
THE HOST BY MORE THAN AN
HOUR OR TWO, HALF A
DAY AT MOST...

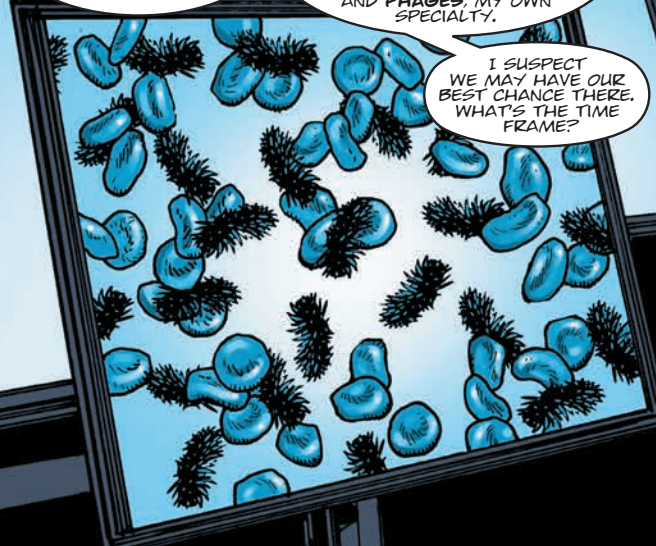


CAN WE
USE THAT TO
FIGHT IT?

STRICT
QUARANTINE OF ALL
VICTIMS AND POTENTIAL
VICTIMS — IT MIGHT BE
POSSIBLE, DEPENDS ON
HOW THE ORGANISM
SPREADS.

WE CAN
EXPERIMENT WITH
ANTI-VIRAL AGENTS,
ASSUMING WE CAN REPLICATE
THE LIVE ORGANISM. THERE'S THE
VACCINE AVENUE, OF COURSE,
AND PHAGES, MY OWN
SPECIALTY.

I SUSPECT
WE MAY HAVE OUR
BEST CHANCE THERE.
WHAT'S THE TIME
FRAME?



SHORT.

DAYS,
A WEEK.

I WISH
I COULD BELIEVE
YOU WERE
JOKING.

22:17 LOCAL TIME, UVS NUUR, MONGOLIAN FREE STATE -

I WILL MISS YOU, TITIANA, THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.

HE HAD DESPATCHED THE CARRIERS DURING THE SHORT STOPOVER IN BIYSK.

CAREFULLY SELECTED AGENTS, THEIR BEST AND MOST LOYAL.

WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE WE WILL HAVE NO FURTHER CONTACT. IF WE FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS WE CANNOT GIVE YOU AWAY.

LOYALTY WAS ESSENTIAL. THERE COULD BE NO CHANGE OF HEART, NO LAST-MINUTE WOBBLES. YEVGENY BORISENKO HAD PLANNED TOO LONG FOR THIS DAY TO SEE IT ALL CRUMBLE NOW.

INCUBATION IS TWENTY-FOUR TO TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS. BY THEN YOU SHOULD EXPERIENCE SYMPTOMS SIMILAR TO A BAD COLD - COUGHING, SNEEZING, HEADACHE, WATERING OF THE EYES. THIS IS THE ORGANISM'S PRIMARY METHOD OF TRANSMISSION.

THE PHIAL IS SHAPED FOR EASE OF CONCEALMENT. IT IS BEST IF THE OPTIMUM TRANSMISSION STAGE OCCURS DURING YOUR FLIGHT.

HE HAD SHAKEN HANDS, THANKED THEM ON BEHALF OF THEIR LAMENTED MOTHER CITY, WATCHED THEM GO WITHOUT A QUALM. THIS... THIS WAS NOT SO EASY.

TITIANA HAD ARRIVED WITH THE OTHERS, BARELY OUT OF THE BIRTHING TANK. PERFECT SPECIMENS OF... NOT QUITE HUMANITY, PERHAPS.

HE HAD RAISED THEM LIKE A FATHER, EDUCATED THEM IN THEIR GREAT MISSION. NOW HE COULD HARDLY STAND IN THE WAY WHEN THE MISSION WAS THERE TO BE FULFILLED.

THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME GO, YEVGENY BORISENKO. I WILL HONOUR YOU WITH MY SACRIFICE.

THIS IS SOMETHING I MUST DO, YEVGENY. I MUST BE PART OF IT, TO BE THE SPEAR THAT RIPS THROUGH THE ENEMY'S HEART.

REMEMBER TO KILL THE BOATMAN WHEN YOU REACH YOUR DESTINATION.

OF COURSE.

14:12 HOURS,
MEGA-CITY ONE.

ONLY DAYS
TO GO IN THE RACE FOR
MAYOR BUT FOR ONE CANDIDATE
THE RACE IS OVER. ANEMIA BLENT OF
THE ELDSTER LIBERAL PROGRESSIVES,
WAS FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING
AT THE JIMMY OSMOND TWILIGHT
HOME IN SECTOR 22. THE DEATH
IS BELIEVED TO BE OF NATURAL
CAUSES. MS BLENT
WAS 158.



THE SHOCK
ELECTION NEWS TODAY IS
THAT WE HAVE A NEW FRONT
RUNNER BACKED BY A WIDESPREAD
AND MISCHIEVOUS CAMPAIGN. SIMP
PARTY CANDIDATE RIBENA HARDLY-
LUCIDBERRY HAS LEAPT
TWO POINTS AHEAD IN
THE POLLS.

MS HARDLY-
LUCIDBERRY STUDIED
UNDER FORMER PARTY LEADER
BISHOP DESMOND SNOGRASS.
FOR THE PAST FOURTEEN
YEARS SHE HAS UTTERED ONLY
A SINGLE WORD - 'CLUMP' -
A WORD TAUGHT TO HER
BY SNOGRASS
HIMSELF.

WE SENT
LEFTY JONES
TO SIMP HQ
TO INTERVIEW
HER.

RIBENA
HARDLY-LUCIDBERRY,
FIRST LET ME CONGRATULATE
YOU ON YOUR LEAD IN
THE POLLS.

CLUMP.

WE KNOW,
HOWEVER, THAT
THERE IS A FRIVOLOUS
CAMPAIGN TO MAKE A
MOCKERY OF THE ELECTION
PROCESS BY ELEVATING -
IF YOU DON'T MIND ME
SAYING - A MARGINAL
CANDIDATE LIKE YOU TO TOP
SPOT. WHEN VOTING DAY
COMES, WON'T THESE
SUPPORTERS JUST
MELT AWAY?

CLUMP.

A
POLITICIAN
OF FEW
WORDS.

ON A
MORE SOMBER
NOTE A RESPECTED
SENIOR JUDGE TODAY
DIED AFTER A
DRIVER LOST
CONTROL.

JUDGE VINCENT
QUANT, HEAD OF JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT'S TACTICAL
AGGRESSION GROUP
WAS CONDUCTING A ROUTINE
INTIMIDATORY EXERCISE
AT THE JUSTICE FOR KEVIN
LING MARCH IN SECTOR 294
WHEN A VEHICLE DRIVEN BY
A TWENTY-NINE-YEAR-
OLD LOCAL WOMAN
STRUCK HIM.





I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, IT JUST WOULDN'T RESPOND!



THEY HAD WARNED QUANT, OF COURSE - TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS NAME ON THE ASSASSINATION LIST, ABOUT HENNESSY'S PREDICTIONS.

QUANT WAS THE KIND OF MAN WHO LAUGHED IN THE FACE OF THREATS.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST NOTICE SOMETHING WAS WRONG?



IT WAS ON BUNDY. I TRIED TURNING INTO WATTS, BUT IT WOULDN'T. IT JUST KEPT GOING. THE AUTOMATIC HAD KICKED IN. I COULDN'T GET IT TO SWITCH OFF. I CALLED THE EMERGENCY LINE FOR HELP - YOU CAN CHECK.

WE HAVE.

THEN IT TURNED INTO THE SQUARE. I COULD SEE THE JUDGES CLOSING THE STREET OFF UP AHEAD, BUT IT WOULDN'T STOP -



SHE'S GENUINE HAIRDRESSER AT LAMPLEYS. ALWAYS FINISHES AT 13:30 TUESDAYS. SOMEONE COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT.

FIND OUT WHERE SHE LEAVES HER VEHICLE, HOW LONG IT'S UNATTENDED. MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE.

GOT SOMETHING HERE.



THE EAR STUD WAS ON THE FLOOR, IT HAD SLIPPED UNDER THE MAT.

CITIZEN SAYS SHE'S NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE, AND THAT SHE DOESN'T ALLOW ANYONE ELSE IN HER CAR.



SOMETIMES YOU GET LUCKY.

WE'LL GET IT TESTED FOR DNA.



16:09, HERZOG CONTACTS -



HOLY SHIIII —

DOWN! ON THE FLOOR!



BRING IN THE SEARCH TEAM.

MISSING A STUD THERE, BRONCO.



DREDD IS INFORMED OF THE ARREST —

MOSELY 'BRONCO' HORSMAN, THIRTY-SIX, OLD DROIDWORKS, KNOWN AS THE MECHANIC, ASSUMING HE RIGGED THE CAR, AND IT'S A PRETTY SAFE BET, HE'S OUR LINK TO THE ASSASSINATION LIST.

HE'S REFUSING TO TALK. WE DON'T WANT TO USE DRUGS IF WE CAN AVOID IT. THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAMMER THE MESSAGE HOME IF YOU SPOKE TO HIM.



YOU MURDERED A JUDGE, BRONCO. RIGHT NOW YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE DEATH PENALTY. AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT I'M PREPARED TO MAKE YOU A DEAL. TELL US WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL JUDGE QUANT AND I'LL CONSIDER COMMUTING YOUR SENTENCE.

WHAT GOOD IS THAT? WHEREVER YOU PUT ME THEY'LL GET TO ME. I'LL BE DEAD ANYWAY.

WE COULD PUT YOU ON WITNESS PROTECTION. GET YOU A NEW IDENTITY, MOVE YOU OUT OF THE CITY. IT'S ALL POSSIBLE, BUT WHEN I LEAVE THIS ROOM ANY DEAL IS OFF, AND I'M LEAVING NOW.

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL TAKE IT!



EVERYTHING COMES THROUGH THIS LAWYER. HIS NAME'S CHARLIE —

TELL IT TO THEM.



KEEP HIM AROUND FOR NOW IN CASE YOU NEED MORE.

AFTER THAT?



I SAID I'D CONSIDER COMMUTING HIS SENTENCE. CONSIDER IT CONSIDERED. HE MURDERED A JUDGE.

RIGHT.

23:15, PRAGUE ENCLAVE, THE CZECH PROTECTORATE -

I'LL BE CHECKING OUT TOMORROW. OVER-NIGHTER TO MEGA-CITY ONE.

HOW EXCITING. YOU DO GET AROUND, MR SVENSON. WILL WE BE SEEING YOU BACK HERE AGAIN?

ALL GOING WELL, I VERY MUCH DOUBT IT.

ALONE IN HIS ROOM, THE AGENT KNOWN AS ARNE SVENSON, RETRIEVES THE PHIAL.

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT HE STANDS ON THE BRINK OF DEATH.



22:44 HOURS, INTERROGATION
CUBES, GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE -

WE HAVE BRONCO
HORSMAN'S TESTIMONY THAT
YOU HIRED HIM TO TAMPER WITH A VEHICLE.
FOLLOWING YOUR INSTRUCTIONS THAT VEHICLE
RAN DOWN AND KILLED JUDGE VINCENT QUANT,
THAT GIVES YOU A ONE-WAY TICKET TO DEATH ROW,
CHARLIE - AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING
UNLESS YOU COME CLEAN RIGHT NOW!

ADDRESS
ME AS MR
WOMANLY, I SAY
NOTHING UNTIL I
SPEAK TO MY
LAWYER.

YOU ARE
A LAWYER, CHARLIE,
AND I HATE CREEPS LIKE
YOU SO MUCH I MIGHT JUST
COME ALONG AND GIVE
YOU THE NEEDLE MYSELF.
THINK THEY'D LET ME,
ROAKE?

SURE
THEY WOULD,
LOGAN, IF
YOU ASKED
NICE.

DROID
OUT HERE CLAIMS
IT'S WOMANLY'S
LAWYER.

SO LET'S
TRY IT ONE MORE
TIME, CHARLIE - WHO
PAID YOU TO EX
QUANT?

OKAY,
I'LL HANDLE
IT.

SO?

ADOPT
DIGNIFIED
POSE, BEST
COMMANDING
VOICE.

AH, JUDGE
BEENY, I'M PUBLIC
DEFENDER 314. MR CHARLES
WOMANLY'S HOUSE INFORMED
ME HE'D BEEN ARRESTED. I
INSIST ON SEEING HIM
IMMEDIATELY.

THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE.

PUMP OUT
CHEST, INDIGNANT
SPLUTTER.

TO DENY
A CITIZEN HIS
LAWYER IS A CLEAR
VIOLATION. EMPHASISE
IT, EMPHASISE IT, A
VIOLATION OF HIS
RIGHTS.

WHY DID
THE HOUSE CALL
YOU? YOU'RE A PUBLIC
DEFENDER. WOMANLY
IS NOT ENTITLED TO A
PUBLIC DEFENDER.

CLAIMS THE
CALL WAS MADE
BY THE HOUSE
SYSTEM.

SPEAK TO
THE HOUSE, IT MAY
HAVE DONE IT OF ITS
OWN ACCORD. CAN'T SEE
HOW CALLING IN A PD
HELPS ANYONE, WE'LL
CONCENTRATE ON
WOMANLY.

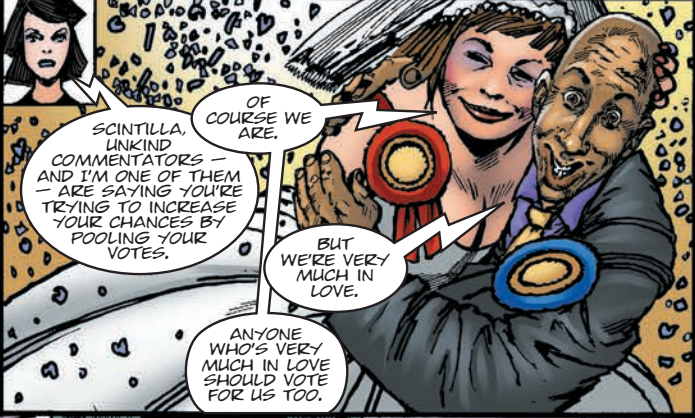
AT THE
MOMENT IT'S
JUST BRONCO'S
WORD AGAINST HIS, EVEN
WITH THE LIE DETECTOR
WE HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH TO
CONVICT AND HE KNOWS IT, IF
WE'RE GOING TO CRACK THE
ASSASSINATION LIST WE
HAVE TO GET HIM
TO TALK.

CHAOS DAY
MINUS 5.

00:01 HOURS.

THE RACE FOR MAYOR
TOOK A NEW TWIST TODAY
AT A CITY WEDDING SHOP
WHEN ILLIBERAL PROGRESSIVE
CANDIDATE SCINTILLA RIBNEY
MARRIED BROSANAN HIGTS,
THE CANDIDATE FOR THE LIBERAL
CONSERVATIVES.

THE TWO WILL
NOW RUN AS JOINT
CANDIDATES UNDER THE
ILLIBERAL LIBERAL
BANNER.



SCINTILLA,
UNKIND
COMMENTATORS —
AND I'M ONE OF THEM
— ARE SAYING YOU'RE
TRYING TO INCREASE
YOUR CHANCES BY
POOLING YOUR
VOTES.

OF
COURSE WE
ARE.

BUT
WE'RE VERY
MUCH IN
LOVE.

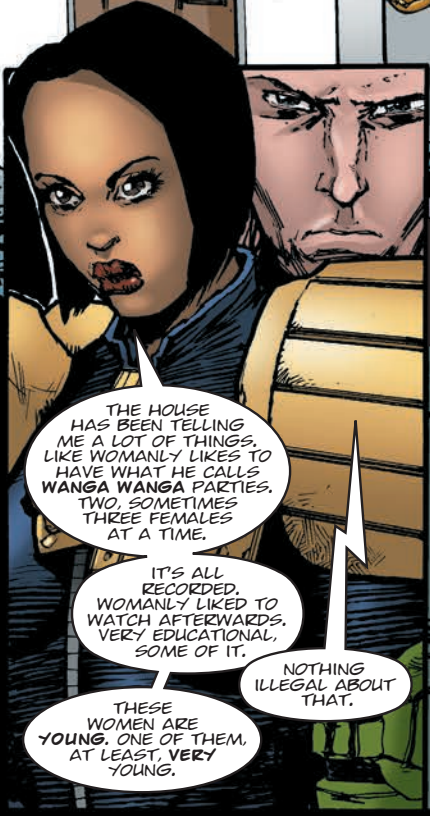
ANYONE
WHO'S VERY
MUCH IN LOVE
SHOULD VOTE
FOR US TOO.

00:03 HOURS,
HILTONIA LUXAPTS.

CHARLES
WOMANLY'S HOUSE
SYSTEM CONFIRMS IT CALLED
THE PD OF ITS OWN VOLITION.
IT ALSO CALLED WOMANLY'S
OWN LAWYER, A BRYCE
STEFFORD.

I KNOW.
WE'VE HAD HIM IN
HERE BREAKING OUR
NUTS, HAD TO PUT
HIM IN THE HOLDING
TANK TO COOL
DOWN.

WOMANLY'S
STILL CLAMMED UP,
BRONCO'S WORD AGAINST
HIS AND HE'S CLAIMING
ATTORNEY/CLIENT
PRIVILEGE.



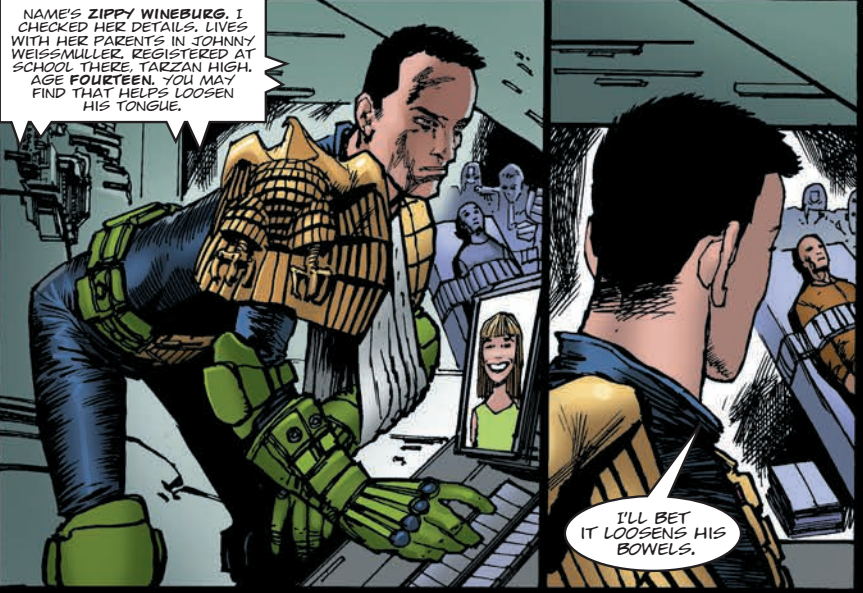
NAME'S ZIPPY WINEBURG, I
CHECKED HER DETAILS. LIVES
WITH HER PARENTS IN JOHNNY
WEISSMULLER, REGISTERED AT
SCHOOL THERE, TARZAN HIGH,
AGE FOURTEEN, YOU MAY
FIND THAT HELPS LOOSEN
HIS TONGUE.

THE HOUSE
HAS BEEN TELLING
ME A LOT OF THINGS,
LIKE WOMANLY LIKES TO
HAVE WHAT HE CALLS
WANGA WANGA PARTIES.
TWO, SOMETIMES
THREE FEMALES
AT A TIME.

IT'S ALL
RECORDED.
WOMANLY LIKED TO
WATCH AFTERWARDS.
VERY EDUCATIONAL,
SOME OF IT.

NOTHING
ILLEGAL ABOUT
THAT.

THESE
WOMEN ARE
YOUNG, ONE OF THEM,
AT LEAST, VERY
YOUNG.



I'LL BET
IT LOOSENS HIS
BOWELS.

01:05 HOURS,
TROY BOYLE
BLOCK.



07:21 HOURS, INTERROGATION CUBES.

I'M TOLD YOU'RE READY TO TALK.

PROVIDED THE INFORMATION IS CORRECT.

DEAL IS HE DOES SEVEN FOR THE STATISTOR, IN RETURN HE TELLS US WHO HIRED HIM AS GO-BETWEEN IN THE MURDER OF JUDGE VINCENT QUANT AND NO CHARGES WILL BE BROUGHT.

I WANT IT IN WRITING, SIGNED BY YOU.

MY WORD NOT GOOD ENOUGH?

OF COURSE NOT.

A COPY GOES TO MY LAWYER, BRYCE STEPFORD, HE'S UNDER DETENTION. I WANT HIM RELEASED.

YOU DON'T WANT MUCH, DO YOU?

MAKES ME SICK DEALING WITH SCUM LIKE YOU. IN OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES I'D LET THE CASE FALL AND EXECUTE YOU HERE ON THE SPOT.

WE HAVE THE DOCUMENT DRAWN UP, SIR.

HE SIGNS. WOMANLY IS A SLIMEBALL WHO DESERVES THE SEVEREST PUNISHMENT, BUT MORE IMPORTANT NOW THAT THEY FIND THE CONTRACTORS -

WHEN YOU GET TIME CHECK THOSE RECORDINGS AGAIN. COULD BE OTHERS UNDER AGE.

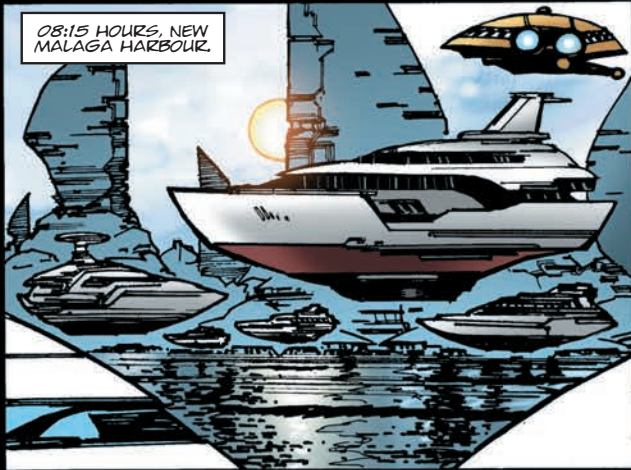
SEE WHAT ELSE YOU CAN GET OUT OF THE HOUSE SYSTEM, AND PUT FORENSICS ON HIS OFFICE AND APARTMENT. I WANT THIS CREEP.

SIR.

07:38 HOURS, DA VINCI INTERNATIONAL HOVERPORT, FIRENZA. THE MAN NOW CALLING HIMSELF TOMASO VOLLO BOARDS A MEGA-CITY BOUND FLIGHT.

HE IS DISPLAYING THE SYMPTOMS OF A COMMON COLD.

08:15 HOURS, NEW MALAGA HARBOUR.



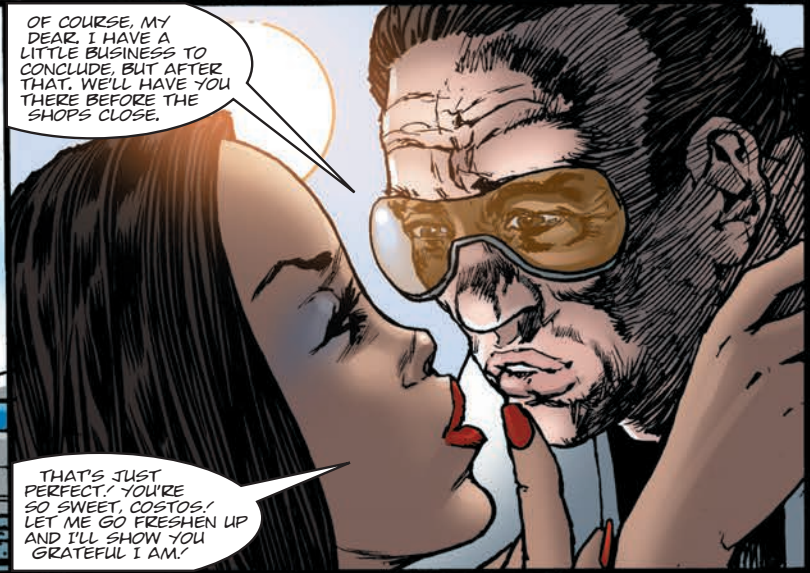
HEIDI, DEAR GIRL!
WHY HAVE YOU BEEN AWAY SO LONG? I'VE MISSED YOU!

I'VE MISSED YOU TOO, COSTOS! BUT I'M BACK NOW, AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SUCH FUN!



OH YES! YES, INDEED WE ARE!

TAKE ME TO MEGA-CITY ONE, COSTOS. THERE'S THIS WONDERFUL DRESS I SAW IN SACHS SECTOR 5. PLEASE, COSTOS...



OF COURSE, MY DEAR, I HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS TO CONCLUDE, BUT AFTER THAT, WE'LL HAVE YOU THERE BEFORE THE SHOPS CLOSE.

THAT'S JUST PERFECT! YOU'RE SO SWEET, COSTOS! LET ME GO FRESHEN UP AND I'LL SHOW YOU GRATEFUL I AM!

IN TITIANA'S BAG, THE TUBE CONTAINING THE CHAOS TOXIN -





02:30 HOURS, THE DRAGGING KNUCKLE SECTOR II.



LOOKING FOR ZOOT.

ZOOT AIN'T HERE.

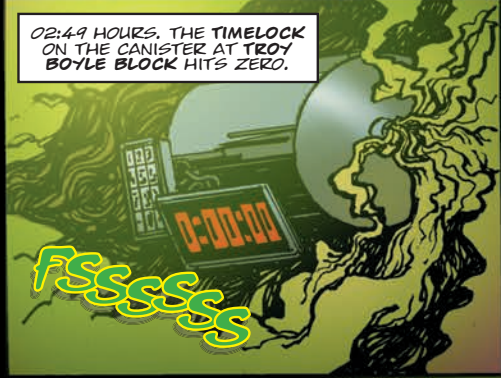
TURNS OUT HE IS HERE YOU'RE DOING TIME.

BACK ROOM.



ZOOT RUCKER, WE'RE ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF JUDGE VINCENT QUANT.

YOU JUDGES AIN'T GOT DICK!



02:49 HOURS, THE TIMELOCK ON THE CANISTER AT TROY BOYLE BLOCK HITS ZERO.

psssss



THE DUCTING CIRCULATES AIR TO THE PUBLIC AREAS BETWEEN LEVELS 42 AND 61.



IN THOSE AREAS RESIDENTS BEGIN TO DIE...

02:53 HOURS,
TROY BOYLE BLOCK.
THE LETHAL GAS IS
DRAWN ALONG THE
LEVEL 50 MALL.



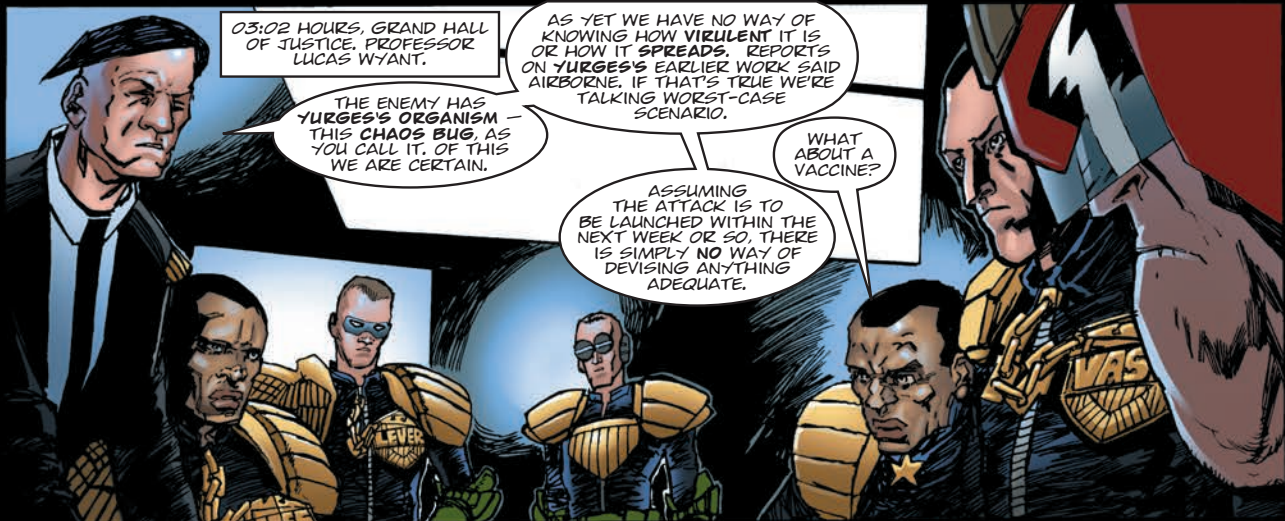
RESIDENTS KEELING
OVER EVERYWHERE!
LEVEL 42 - 47 - 48
- 50 - GRUD,
EVERYWHERE!

THIS IS
BLOCK CONTROL
AT TROY BOYLE!
WE HAVE A
SUSPECTED GAS
ATTACK!

THE VENTILATION SYSTEM
IS IDENTIFIED AS PROBABLE
SOURCE AND SHUT DOWN.
A MAINTENANCE DROID IS
DETAILED TO INVESTIGATE.
EMERGENCY SERVICES ARE
NOTIFIED.

02:59 HOURS. IN THE
DUCTING AT ST EDITH
SPOONER HOSPITAL,
A SECOND CANISTER
RELEASES ITS DEADLY
TOXIN.





03:02 HOURS, GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, PROFESSOR LUCAS WYANT.

AS YET WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW VIRULENT IT IS OR HOW IT SPREADS. REPORTS ON YURGES'S EARLIER WORK SAID AIRBORNE. IF THAT'S TRUE WE'RE TALKING WORST-CASE SCENARIO.

THE ENEMY HAS YURGES'S ORGANISM - THIS CHAOS BUG, AS YOU CALL IT. OF THIS WE ARE CERTAIN.

WHAT ABOUT A VACCINE?

ASSUMING THE ATTACK IS TO BE LAUNCHED WITHIN THE NEXT WEEK OR SO, THERE IS SIMPLY NO WAY OF DEVISING ANYTHING ADEQUATE.



SO WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND, PROFESSOR WYANT?

WE MUST MAKE PLANS TO QUARANTINE LARGE SECTIONS OF THE CITY AND TO DEAL WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF DEAD - MILLIONS, PERHAPS TENS OF MILLIONS. AND WE SHOULD CLOSE OUR BORDERS NOW.

THAT'S DRASTIC, YOU DON'T THINK THERE'S A DANGER OF OVER-REACTING?

THE DANGER, VASS, IS IN NOT REACTING.



THIS WON'T STOP AT BUG WARFARE. BORISENKO HAS BEEN BUILDING TOWARDS THIS FOR THIRTY YEARS. HE'S INFILTRATED AGENTS INTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ITSELF. IF THEY CAN GET THERE, WHERE ELSE?

WE KNOW HIS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ACTIVE IN SEVERAL DISSIDENT GROUPS. THEY HAVE USED CRIMINAL ELEMENTS TO ELIMINATE KEY PERSONNEL - FOUR PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM ARE ON THEIR ASSASSINATION LIST.

WE KNOW THEY HAVE EXTENSIVE CONTACTS WITH TERROR ORGANISATIONS, INCLUDING TOTAL WAR AND RAGE, AND THEY WILL NOT HESITATE TO USE THEM. ALL THE SIGNS ARE THERE.

BORISENKO WANTS NOTHING LESS THAN THE TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF MEGA-CITY ONE. IT'S CLEAR TO ME THAT HE INTENDS TO STRETCH OUR ABILITY TO COMBAT THE BUG BEYOND BREAKING POINT.

WE HAVE TO SEAL THE CITY OFF - IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE, BUT WE HAVE TO DO IT NOW.



RE-EXAMINATION OF SATELLITE PICTURES SHOWED TWO VEHICLES LEAVING THE WOODS ABOUT EIGHT HOURS BEFORE THE RAID ON BORISENKO'S HQ. A LARGE TRANSPORT AND A SMALLER H/V, CAPABLE OF CARRYING SIXTEEN OR SO.

WE ASSUME OTHER PERSONNEL WERE INSTRUCTED TO LEAVE ON FOOT TO AVOID ATTRACTING ATTENTION. THE VEHICLES WERE TRACED TO BYSK, THIRTY-FIVE KILOMETRES AWAY, WHERE WE LOST THEM.



A ROBOT OPERATIVE WAS DROPPED IN TO PICK UP THE TRAIL. A 44 SERIES, EQUIPPED WITH THE MALAN OLFACTORY SENSOR.

THE ROBOT TRACKED THEM TO A LUMBER YARD IN THE NORTH OF THE CITY, WHERE CAMERA DRONES WERE DEPLOYED. THEY SENT THESE PICTURES BACK. WE BELIEVE THESE ARE THE SAME VEHICLES.

AND BORISENKO'S PEOPLE? THE YURGESES?

ABSENT. THE YARD WAS ABANDONED. WE'RE STILL SEARCHING IN BIYSK BUT IT IS MORE LIKELY THAT THEY TRANSFERRED TO FRESH VEHICLES AND CONTINUED THEIR JOURNEY.

NUMEROUS ROUTES OUT OF BIYSK MAKE TRACING ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE. HOWEVER, WE MAY HAVE A BREAK. YESTERDAY WE DETECTED A BURST OF HEAVY ELECTRONIC TRAFFIC RADIATING FROM HERE - UVS NUUR IN THE MONGOLIAN FREE STATE.

THAT IS UNUSUAL ENOUGH IN ITSELF. IT'S A DESERT REGION, LARGELY UNPOPULATED. BUT THE SIGNALS WERE ALSO SCRAMBLED USING A SIGNATURE IDENTICAL TO ONE PREVIOUSLY DETECTED AT THE BASE AT ZUBILENKA.



WE ARE, OF COURSE, FOLLOWING UP ON THIS AS A MATTER OF URGENCY.

URGENT, CHIEF JUDGE.

GAS ATTACKS - A BLOCK IN SECTOR 35 AND ST EDITH SPOONER, A NERVE AGENT. CASUALTIES ARE HEAVY. GRAFITTI IN THE BLOCK CLAIMS THE ATTACK FOR RAGE AGAINST THE MEGS.

MY GRUD. YOU WERE JUST SAYING, DREDD



WE'VE BEEN TWO STEPS BEHIND DREDD ALL THE WAY ON THIS. I'M NOT INCLINED TO GO AGAINST HIM AGAIN. VASS, YOU WILL TAKE IMMEDIATE STEPS TO SEAL THE CITY.



YOU LOOK TIRED, PROFESSOR.

I'VE HARDLY SLEPT SINCE THIS STARTED. I WISH I COULD REPORT BETTER PROGRESS.

KEEP AT IT, AND BE CAREFUL — REMEMBER YOUR NAME'S ON THAT ASSASSINATION LIST TOO.



HE NOTICES THE APPROACHING JUDGE — AND THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WAY HE CARRIES HIMSELF —

WYANT! DOWNNNN!



DROKK! ANDROID!

TOO CLOSE TO WYANT TO RISK HI-EX.

ARMOUR PIERCING!



IT... IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND.

GET SOME MEDS HERE!

03:26 HOURS. THE EVACUATION OF BOYLE BLOCK AND ST EDITH SPOONER IS UNDER WAY.

ANDROIDS WITH MECHANICAL SCRUBBERS ARE SENT IN TO NEUTRALISE THE GAS. ORDERS HAVE GONE OUT ACROSS CITY TO DOUBLE-CHECK ALL VENTILATION SYSTEMS.

AS MAINTENANCE STAFF ARE COMPLYING, A THIRD DEVICE IS TRIGGERED IN DUCT 9, MANTILLA TOWER, SECTOR 133.

05:48 HOURS. GANG BOSS ZOOT RUCKER, UNDER QUESTIONING FOR THE MURDER OF JUDGE VINCENT QUANT AND NOW SUSPECT IN THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF LUCAS WYANT, IS REFUSING TO CO-OPERATE.

TIME IS AT A PREMIUM. RELUCTANTLY IT IS DECIDED TO GO THE CHEMICAL ROUTE —

YOU AIN'T TOUCHIN' ME WITH THAT!

AT ATLANTIC HOVERPORT FLIGHT 606 FROM FIRENZINA IS STILL HELD UP AT ARRIVALS.

WHAT THE HELL'S THE DELAY?

THEY'RE TRIPLE-CHECKING EVERYONE — TAKING PEOPLE AWAY. SOMETHING'S GOING ON.

THE PASSENGER CALLING HIMSELF TOMASO VOLLO HAS BEGUN TO FEEL DISTINCTLY UNWELL. WHAT BEGAN LIKE A COLD HAS TAKEN A DISTINCT TURN FOR THE WORSE.

A RED MIST IS DESCENDING. COHERENT THOUGHT IS BECOMING HARDER TO FORM. SMALL CAPILLARIES IN HIS EYES HAVE BEGUN TO RUPTURE.



06:32 HOURS. ZOOT RUCKER HAS BEGUN TO SING.

SO YOU WERE GIVEN THE ASSASSINATION LIST BY JUDGE WILE?

YEAH, OLD WILE. WAIT A WILE, OLD WILE.

AND WILE MADE THE INITIAL CONTACT?

NAH, ZUMM OTHER GUY. SOME OTHER GUY. DON'T KNOW...

YES YOU DO! THINK!

YOU'VE DONE WORK FOR WILE BEFORE? FOR THIS OTHER PERSON?

SURE, SURE, ONCE OR TWICE. FIGURE WILE'S MAKING A PLAY FOR CHIEF JAY. WHAT THE HELL, CAN'T DO ME ANY HARM, HUH?



ATLANTIC HOVERPORT -

YOU OR ANY OF YOUR FAMILY CARRYING ANYTHING ILLICIT? EITHER ON YOUR PERSON OR INTERNALLY? ANYTHING THAT COULD CAUSE HARM TO OTHER CITIZENS?

HE KNOWS HE MUST BE CALM. TALK HIS WAY THROUGH. HE'S GOOD, HE'S TRAINED -

HE CAN'T FAIL NOW. HE'S GOT TO GET AWAY, GOT TO GET INTO THE CITY.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT OF THE CITY?

JUST TEN DAYS, ALL WE COULD AFFORD.

BUT THE RED MIST WON'T LET HIM HOLD THE THOUGHT. THEY'RE TRAINED TOO. THEY'LL SEE THOUGH HIM. THIS SO-CALLED COLD - MAYBE THEY KNOW THE SYMPTOMS. THEY'LL PICK HIM OUT, SPOT HIM LIKE A FISH.



STOP HIM!



THOUGH THE SOV AGENT HAS GROWN INTO HIS PERSONA AS A DISSIPATED SALESMAN, HE IS STILL CAPABLE OF KILLING A FOE WITH A SINGLE BLOW.

BUT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST HIM, AND WITH THAT REALISATION A SUDDEN RETURN OF SANITY.



HIS FELLOW PASSENGERS MUST NOW BE INFECTED. THEY WILL CARRY THE ORGANISM TO THE HEART OF THE CITY. NOTHING MUST JEOPARDISE THAT.

SORRY, I... I JUST PANICKED, I'M CLAUSTROPHOBIC. I'M SORRY.



YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW SORRY.

INTERVIEW ROOM.



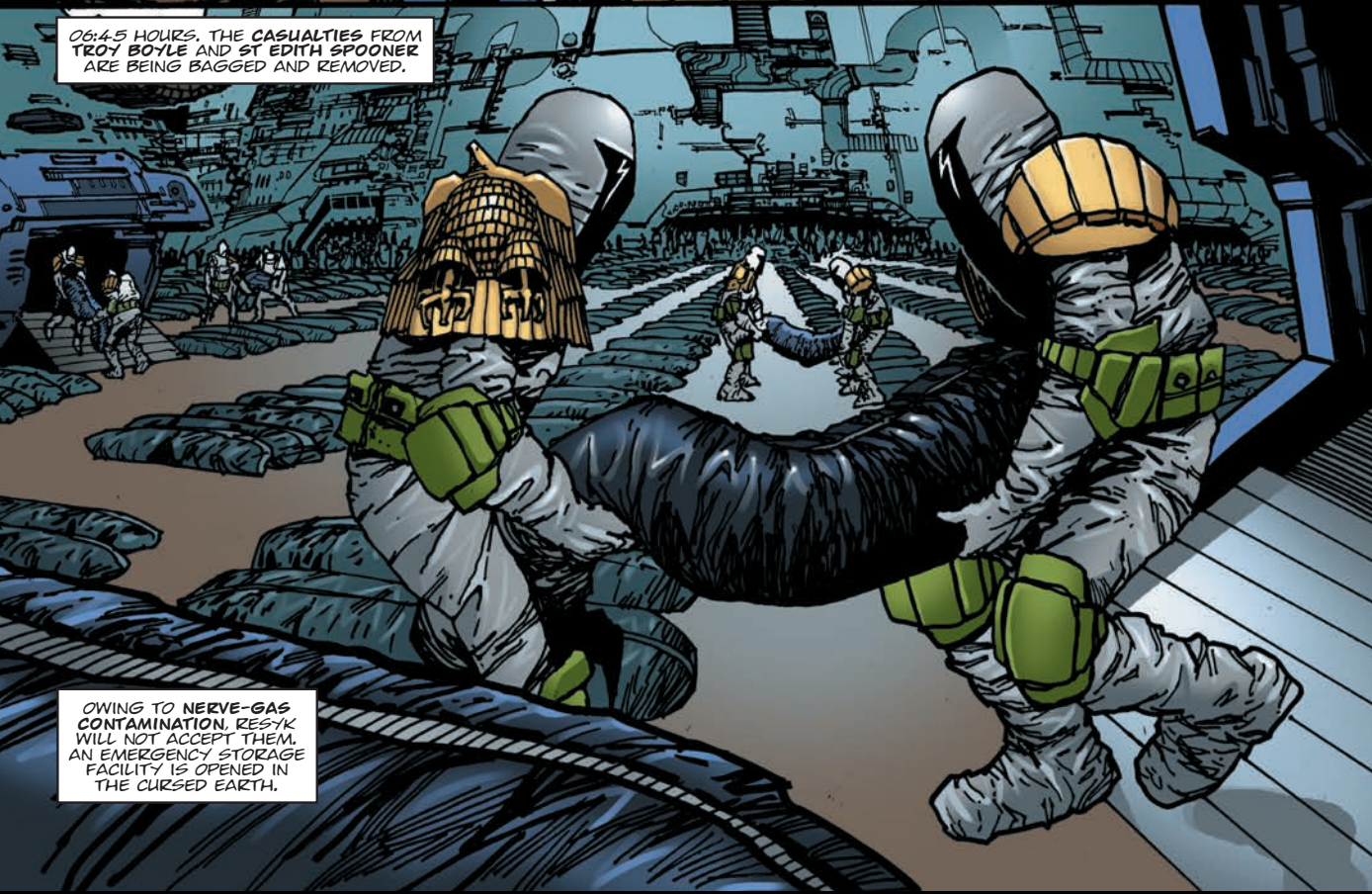
I REGRET TO ANNOUNCE A SPECIAL DIRECTIVE FROM THE CHIEF JUDGE. ALL PORTS OF ENTRY TO MEGA-CITY ONE ARE NOW CLOSED.

PASSENGERS MUST REBOARD THEIR CRAFT AND RETURN TO THEIR POINT OF DEPARTURE.

DO YOU MEAN US?

BUT I LIVE HERE!

THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT?



06:45 HOURS. THE CASUALTIES FROM TROY BOYLE AND ST EDITH SPOONER ARE BEING BAGGED AND REMOVED.

OWING TO NERVE-GAS CONTAMINATION, RESYK WILL NOT ACCEPT THEM. AN EMERGENCY STORAGE FACILITY IS OPENED IN THE CURSED EARTH.

IN MANTILLA TOWER CASUALTIES ARE HIGH. THE THIRD GAS ATTACK IS, AS BEFORE, CLAIMED BY RAGE AGAINST THE MEGS.

TOMASO VOLLO, PLASTEEN SALESMAN, YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME IN THE CITY, VOLLO. SIXTH VISIT THIS YEAR.

IT'S MY BEST MARKET. LOOK, I SAID I'M SORRY. I JUST PANICKED. I'M NOT A BAD GUY. YOU CAN CHECK MY RECORD. KOFF KOFF!

I NEED TO TAKE BLOOD. ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE.

WHY? I DON'T NEED A BLOOD TEST. THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME.

I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THE TROUBLE YOU'RE IN, VOLLO. YOU ASSAULTED TWO JUDGES, YOU CAN BE LOOKING AT TEN FOR THAT. SO DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.

NO! I WILL NOT SUBMIT!

CREEP'S GOT A HAIR TRIGGER!

SEE THE EYES - THOSE VEINS? THAT'S ONE OF THE SYMPTOMS THEY WARNED ABOUT!

RESULTS OF THE TEST AS FAST AS YOU CAN DO THEM!

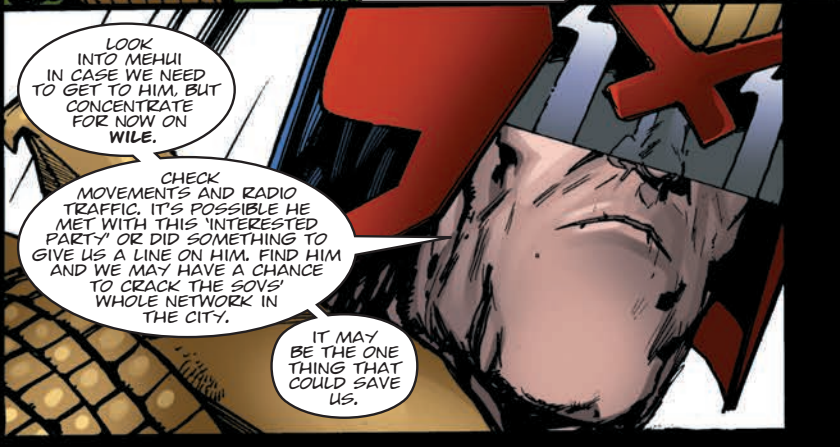
08:19 HOURS, INTERROGATION CUBES.

RUCKER SPOKE TO THE OTHER SOV CONTACT ONLY BY COM, NEVER ON VIZ, HE GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT WHOEVER IT IS WAS WILE'S SUPERIOR - MAYBE A JUDGE, TOO.

NEVER A NAME USED, REFERRED TO HIMSELF AS 'AN INTERESTED PARTY', VOICE WASN'T YOUNG, FIFTY PLUS, SLIGHT EUROPEAN ACCENT, RUCKER COULDN'T BE SPECIFIC.

COM NOT TRACEABLE?

NEGATIVE.



RUCKER DESTROYED THE ASSASSINATION LIST, HE CONFIRMS THE NAMES WE KNOW PLUS ANDREA SPOMIK - CALLED ZILIG NOW, MARRIED, KILLED IN A HIT AND RUN, HE'S ADMITTING TO THAT ONE, TOO.

THE MONEY PAID FOR THE MURDERS ORIGINATES IN ASIA - THE XAN CORPORATION, MAJOR SHAREHOLDER IZVAN MEHUI, MEHUI HAS STRONG LINKS WITH COM-PROP AND THEY IN TURN WITH EAST-MEG FACTIONS.

BORISENKO'S CALLING IN ALL THE FAVOURS.

LOOK INTO MEHUI IN CASE WE NEED TO GET TO HIM, BUT CONCENTRATE FOR NOW ON WILE.

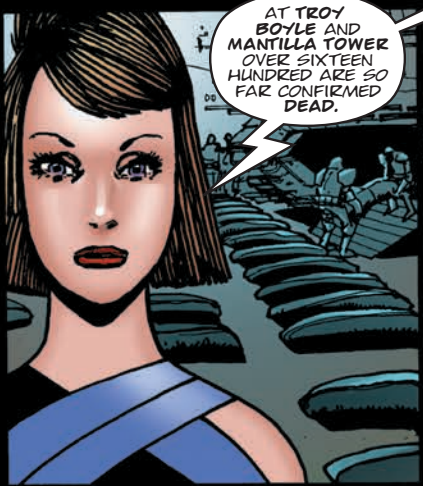
CHECK MOVEMENTS AND RADIO TRAFFIC, IT'S POSSIBLE HE MET WITH THIS 'INTERESTED PARTY' OR DID SOMETHING TO GIVE US A LINE ON HIM. FIND HIM AND WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE TO CRACK THE SOVS' WHOLE NETWORK IN THE CITY.

IT MAY BE THE ONE THING THAT COULD SAVE US.

THE NEWS AT NOON, AS THE CLEAN-UP OPERATION GOES ON, THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS OF THE HORRIFIC GAS ATTACKS AT THREE CITY LOCATIONS ARE BEING TAKEN TO AN EMERGENCY FACILITY IN THE CURSED EARTH.

AT ST EDITH SPOONER THE GAS SPREAD TO ALL LEVELS, MANY PATIENTS EXPERIENCED A GRUESOME AND AGONISING DEATH.

THE ATTACKS HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO TERRORIST GROUP RAGE AGAINST THE MEGS, JUDGES TODAY APPEALED FOR THE PUBLIC'S HELP.



AT TROY BOYLE AND MANTILLA TOWER OVER SIXTEEN HUNDRED ARE SO FAR CONFIRMED DEAD.



THE GAS IS A NERVE AGENT CLOSELY RELATED TO THE SARIN FAMILY, WHAT MADNESS INFECTS PEOPLE TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



HERE YOU SEE THE SUSPECT ENTERING THE MAINTENANCE AREA AT BOYLE AT 01:16 THIS MORNING.

DID YOU SEE THIS MAN AS HE CAME THROUGH THE BLOCK? DO YOU HAVE A KEY TO THE MAINTENANCE AREAS AND IS IT STILL IN YOUR POSSESSION?



THE MAN WAS SEEN EARLIER MAKING HIS WAY FROM THE DIRECTION OF LONGSTREET TO THE BLOCK. AFTER SETTING THE DEVICE HE RETRACED HIS STEPS AND WAS LAST SEEN BY CAMERAS AT 101 LONGSTREET, HEADING EAST.

WERE YOU ON LONGSTREET EARLY THIS MORNING? DID YOU SEE THIS MAN? THE MAINTENANCE UNIFORM WOULD HAVE BEEN DISTINCTIVE. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU.

WE BELIEVE THERE MAY BE A REWARD ON OFFER. THIS IS A PARTICULARLY HEINOUS CRIME SO IF YOU KNOW SOMETHING, CALL IN.

ELSEWHERE, VIOLENCE ERUPTED AT A DEMOCRAT ELECTION RALLY WHEN ILLIBERAL EXTREMISTS LAUNCHED AN ATTACK WITH STICKS, STONES AND ELECTRIC STUN GUNS.

12:18 HOURS, THE BLOOD TEST ON TOMASO VOLLO PROVES POSITIVE FOR THE CHAOS BUG. ATLANTIC HOVERPORT IS PLACED IN QUARANTINE.



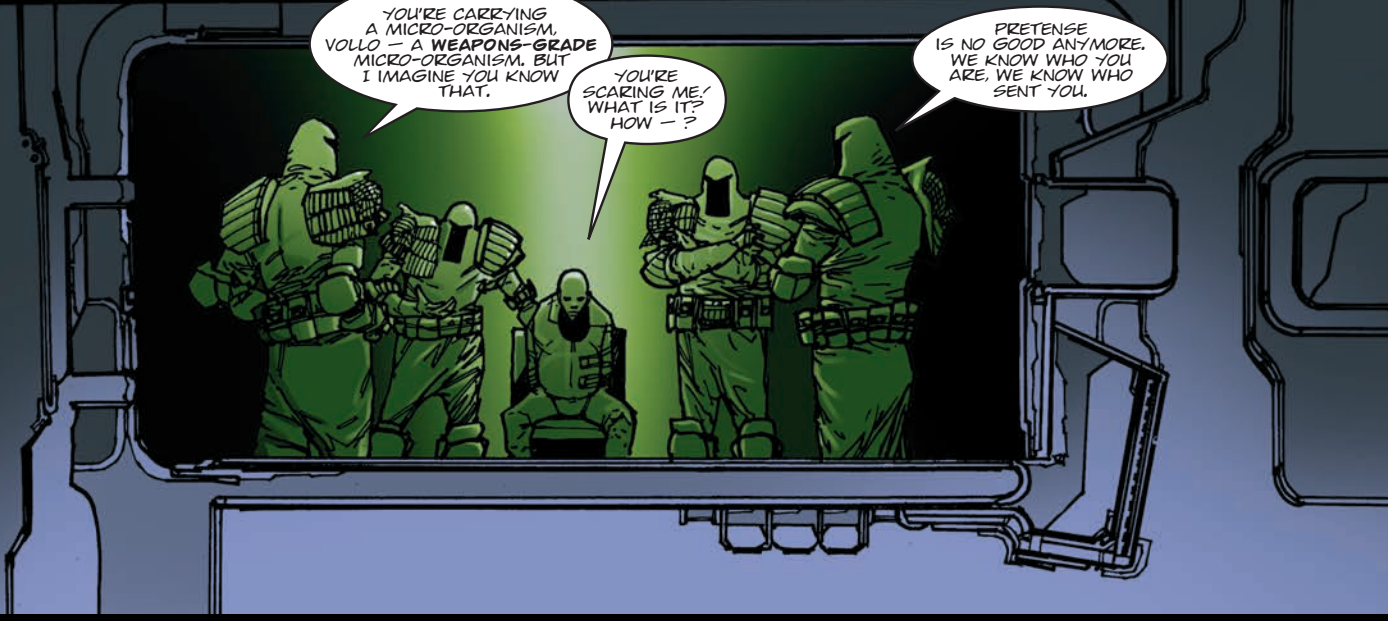
ALL STAFF AND PASSENGERS SUSPECTED OF MAKING CONTACT ARE KEPT ISOLATED WITHIN THE HOVERPORT.

**Atlantic
Hoverport**

YOU'RE CARRYING A MICRO-ORGANISM, VOLLO - A WEAPONS-GRADE MICRO-ORGANISM. BUT I IMAGINE YOU KNOW THAT.

YOU'RE SCARING ME. WHAT IS IT? HOW - ?

PRETENSE IS NO GOOD ANYMORE. WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, WE KNOW WHO SENT YOU.



OF THE FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN PASSENGERS AND CREW ABOARD THE FLIGHT, ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE HAD PASSED THROUGH IMMIGRATION BEFORE THE STOP ORDER. THE TASK OF LOCATING THEM ALL BEGINS.

WE NEED TO KNOW WHO YOU'VE SPOKEN TO, WHO YOU'VE COME IN CONTACT WITH SINCE YOU LEFT THE HOVERPORT.

MY GRID, DOUGLAS, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

N-NOTHING! I DON'T UNDERSTAND —

THE WHOLE FAMILY MUST COME WITH US, PUT THESE SUITS ON.

BY 17:00 HOURS ALL BUT ELEVEN PASSENGERS HAVE BEEN TRACED AND PLACED IN BIO-SECURE CONFINEMENT.

THE PROBABILITY IS THAT VICTIMS DON'T ACTUALLY BECOME INFECTIVE UNTIL THE ORGANISM HAS BUILT UP IN THEM SUFFICIENTLY, PERHAPS UP TO FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

THEN WE MAY HAVE NIPPED THIS IN THE BUD.

VOLLO'S STILL HOLDING BACK, CLAIMING HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW HE CAME IN CONTACT. THAT'S WHEN WE CAN GET SENSE OUT OF HIM. HE HAS MOOD SWINGS, TROUBLE CONCENTRATING. ONE MINUTE HE'S MEEK AS A LAMB, THE NEXT HE'S TRYING TO RIP YOUR THROAT OUT.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.

OUR TIME WITH HIM IS SEVERELY LIMITED. USE THE TRUTH DRUGS — DO IT NOW.

17:37 HOURS, ATLANTIC WALL.

YOUR ENTRY VISA IS REFUSED, CYCLOPS.

ON WHAT GROUNDS?

DIRECTIVE OF THE CHIEF JUDGE, MEGA-CITY ONE IS CLOSED TO ALL TRAFFIC UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.



THEY'RE IN A FLAP ABOUT SOMETHING. I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, MY DEAR, BUT THE UPSHOT IS THEY SIMPLY WON'T LET US IN.

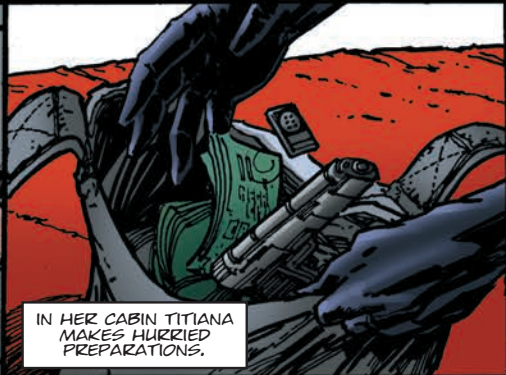
OH COSTOS -

YOU CAN BUY THAT DRESS ANOTHER TIME, NOW. WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU TO MAKE YOU HAPPY? THE CARIBBEAN IS BARELY TWENTY MINUTES AWAY - SOUTH AMERICA, PERHAPS?

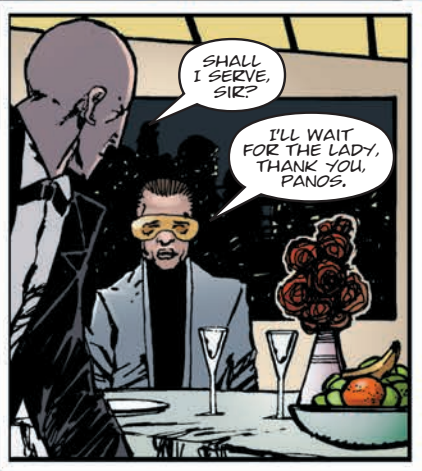


I SUPPOSE RIO WOULD BE FUN, BUT... LET'S STAY AND HAVE A NICE, ROMANTIC DINNER HERE, THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY ARE SO BEAUTIFUL.

OF COURSE. I WILL CONFINE THE CREW TO QUARTERS, JUST YOU AND ME, MY ANGEL - AND THE SERVING STAFF, OF COURSE.



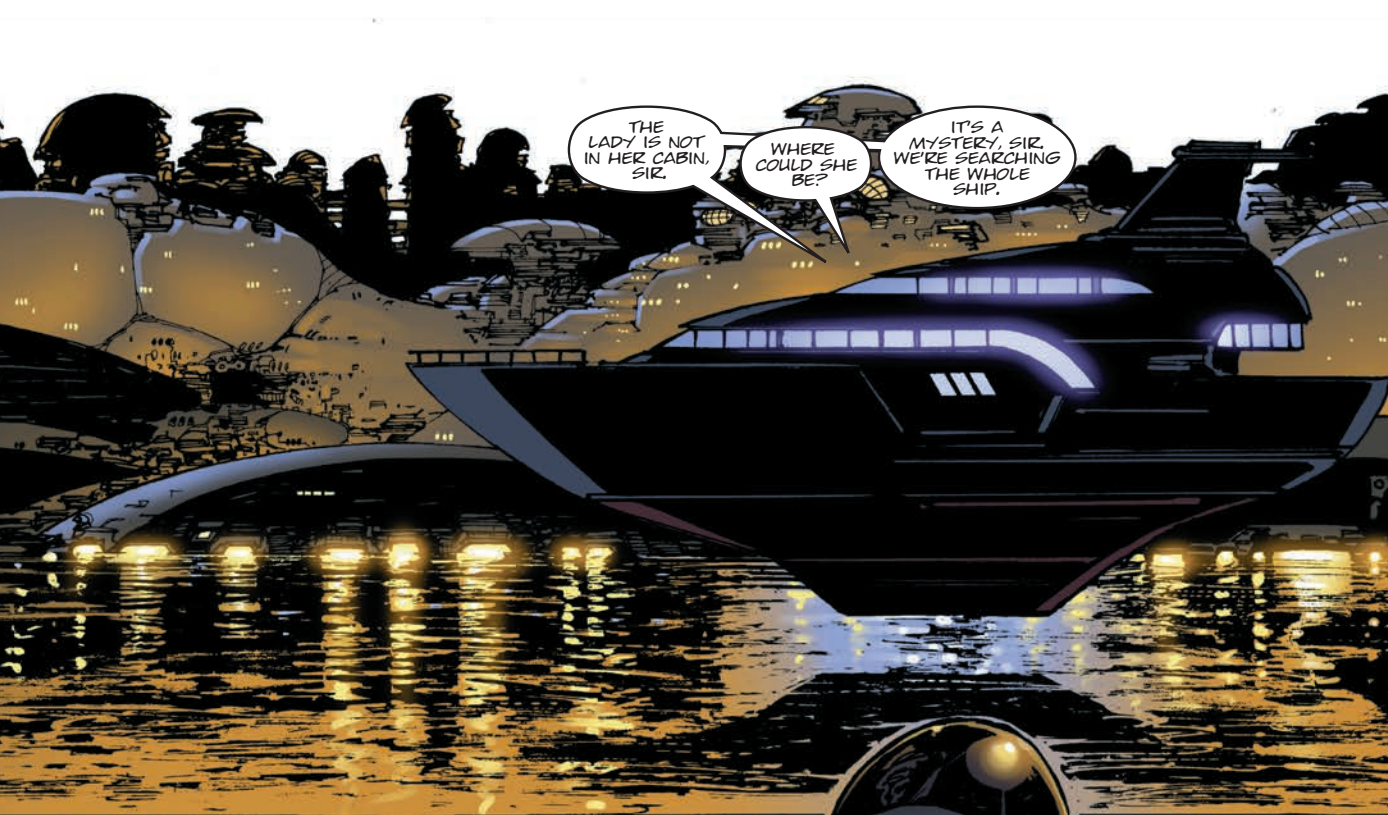
IN HER CABIN TITIANA MAKES HURRIED PREPARATIONS.



SHALL I SERVE, SIR?

I'LL WAIT FOR THE LADY, THANK YOU, PANOS.





THE LADY IS NOT IN HER CABIN, SIR.

WHERE COULD SHE BE?

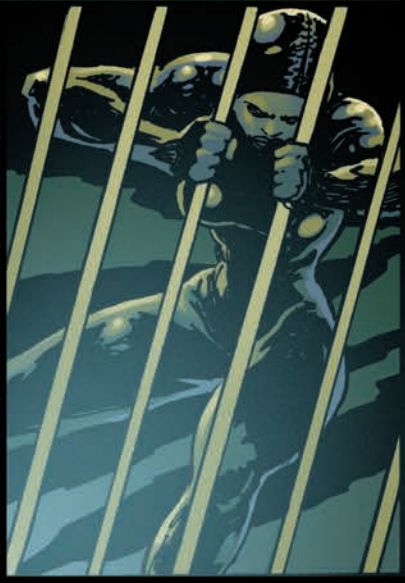
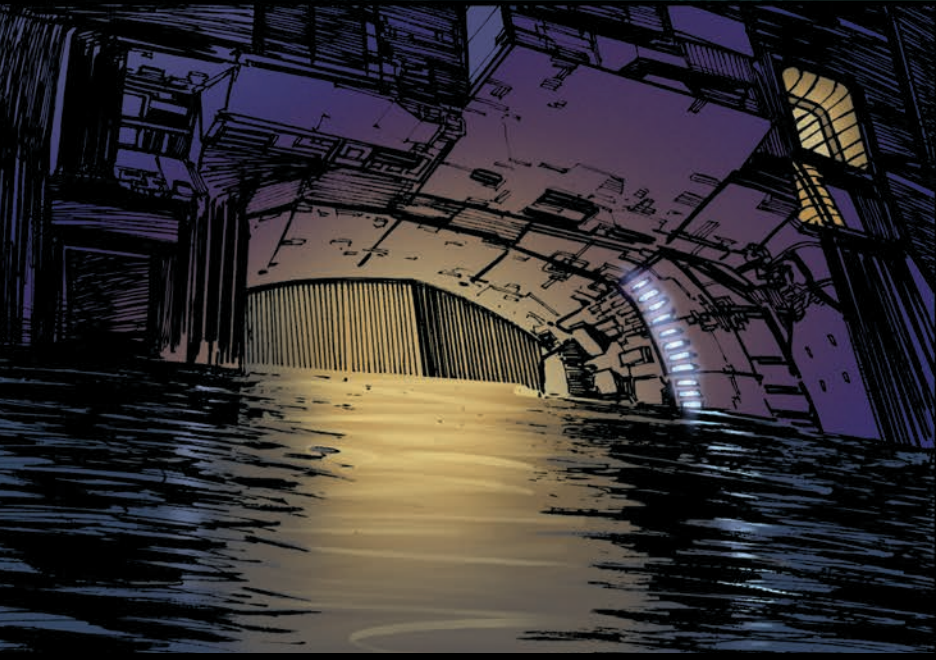
IT'S A MYSTERY, SIR, WE'RE SEARCHING THE WHOLE SHIP.

IT IS TOO SOON FOR THE ORGANISM TO WEAKEN HER. TITIANA FEELS GOOD, STRONG.



THE FISH GENES IN HER DNA GIVE HER RESISTANCE TO THE ICY CHILL OF THE BLACK ATLANTIC.

BEING BARRED ENTRY TO THE CITY IS A SETBACK - PERHAPS A RESPONSE TO THE LETHAL ORGANISM THAT SHE CARRIES - BUT SHE WILL NOT ALLOW HER MISSION TO END IN FAILURE.

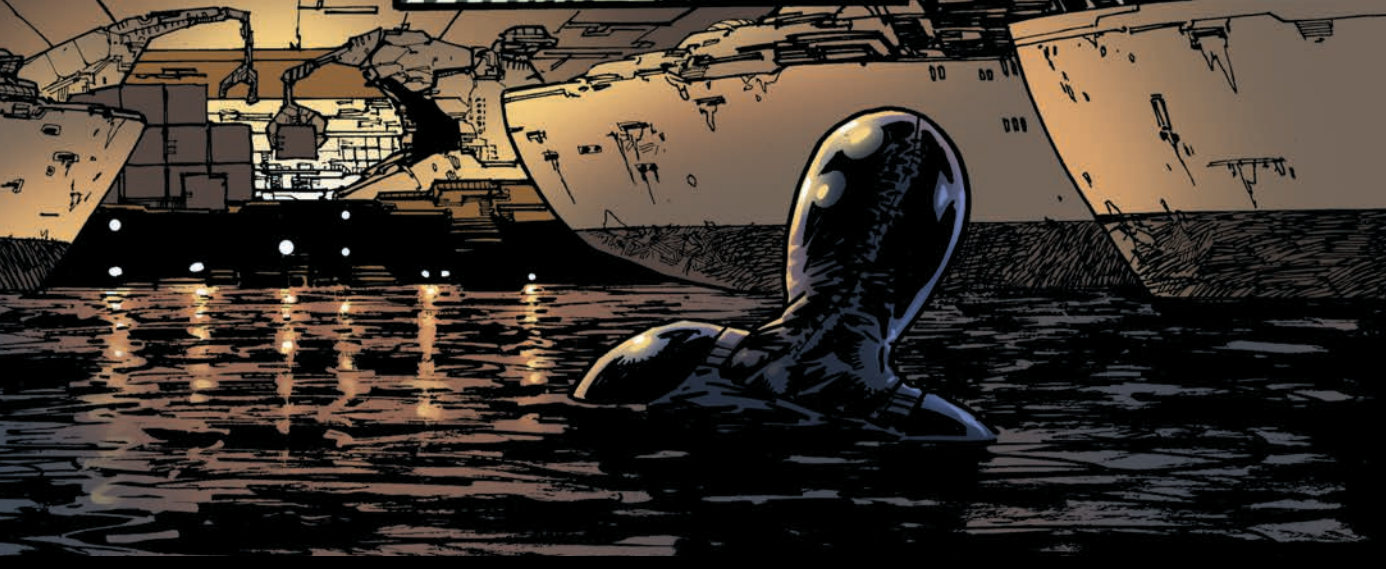
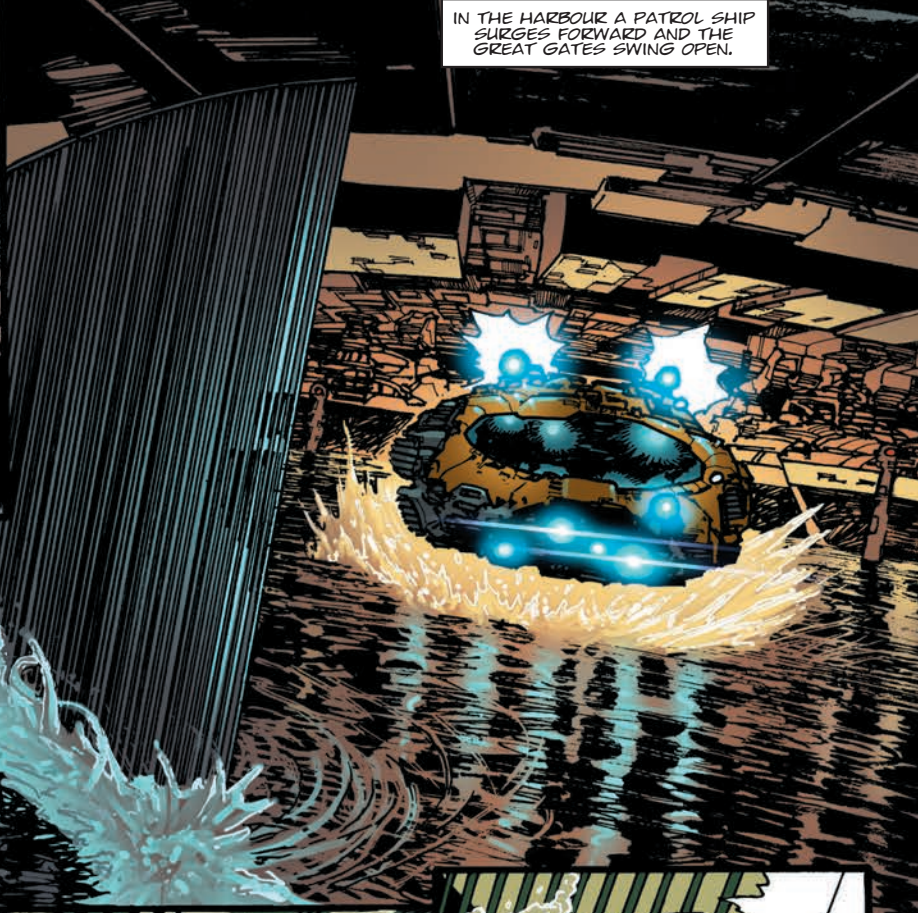


IN THE HARBOUR A PATROL SHIP SURGES FORWARD AND THE GREAT GATES SWING OPEN.



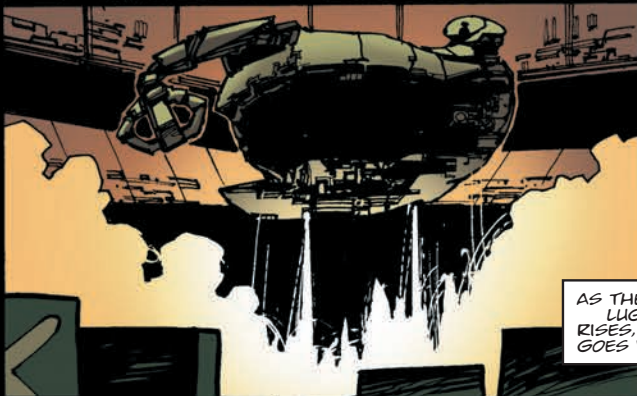
WE'RE ENGAGING THE HOVER ENGINES, SIR. WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH THE WATER.

THIS IS TERRIBLE! PUT OUT AN SOS! CONTACT THE CITY! THEY HAVE BETTER EQUIPMENT! THEY CAN'T IGNORE THIS!





SHE REACHES THE HARBOUR WALL WITHOUT SURFACING AGAIN.



AS THE HOVER LUGGER RISES, TITIANA GOES WITH IT.



AND SOON, IN THE CITY —



I AM A FRIEND OF NADIA.

I DO NOT KNOW ANYONE BY THAT NAME.

I'M TOLD YOU HAVE SOME INTERESTING STOCK I SHOULD SEE.

I HAVE A TRILOBITE THAT JUST CAME IN. IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

I WILL DROP BY THIS EVENING.

BY 21:00 ONLY THREE OF THE MISSING PASSENGERS FROM THE FIRENZINA FLIGHT REMAIN AT LARGE. ALL BUT SEVEN OF THOSE DETAINED HAVE PROVED POSITIVE FOR THE CHAOS BUG.

IN ALL TESTS SO FAR CARRIED OUT THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGN OF INFECTION IN THOSE THEY HAVE BEEN IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH.

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HER?

WE'LL DO OUR BEST FOR HER BUT I MUST WARN YOU THE PROGNOSIS IS... RATHER BLEAK.

STILL THESE THREE, RIMMER GLOCK, MISSION HILL TOWER, SECTOR 19. GLOCK'S A MINOR PLAYER IN THE HI-VIZ BIZ, RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO STUDIOS IN FIRENZINA. HIS WIFE EXPECTED HIM HOME.

DEBORRA TONSER'S BEEN SUFFERING FROM DEPRESSION. THE TRIP WAS SUPPOSED TO PERK HER UP. THERE'S BEEN NO CONTACT WITH HER HUSBAND SINCE HER RETURN.

PREESTLY MCBRIDE SMITH LIVES ALONE IN THE SINGLETONS ON WABASH, SECTOR 90. PSU TRACED HIM AS FAR AS OLD TOWN. WE'VE GOT JUDGES COMBING THE AREA.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TODAY ISSUED AN ALERT FOR THREE PASSENGERS ABOARD THIS MORNING'S FLIGHT FROM FIRENZINA.

THE THREE MAY HAVE COME IN CONTACT WITH A DANGEROUS CONTAMINANT. IT IS ESSENTIAL THEY COME FORWARD FOR TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY.

ARE YOU DEBORRA TONSER, RIMMER GLOCK OR PREESTLY MCBRIDE SMITH? HAVE YOU SEEN DEBORRA TONSER, RIMMER GLOCK OR PREESTLY MCBRIDE SMITH OR DO YOU KNOW OF THEIR WHEREABOUTS? PLEASE CONTACT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IMMEDIATELY.

TONSER

GLOCK

SMITH

TONSER

GLOCK

SMITH

JUDGE DREDD, IS THE HUNT FOR THESE THREE PASSENGERS CONNECTED TO THE EXTENSIVE SECURITY ARRANGEMENTS AROUND ATLANTIC HOVERPORT AND THE CLOSURE OF PORTS OF ENTRY?

THIS MORNING WE EXPERIENCED A BIOLOGICAL ATTACK BY ENEMIES OF THIS CITY. LET ME STRESS THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL. THE CLOSURES ARE TEMPORARY. NORMAL SERVICE WILL RESUME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

UH, YEAH, THIS GUY, UH, GLOCK. I PICKED HIM UP IN MY CAB THIS MORNING. SEEMED OKAY TA ME. I DROPPED HIM OFF ON YANCY, SECTOR 19, OUTSIDE THE FIDMART. SAID HE WAS GOING TO BUY SOMETHING FOR THE WIFE.

HE WAS FOUND STRIPPED NAKED BEHIND THE FIDMART, NO I.D. HE'S BEEN MUGGED. YOUR OWN PEOPLE BROUGHT HIM IN.

YEAH, WE KNOW.

IT'S DEFINITELY HIM - GLOCK.

AT PRAGUE GLOBAL HOVERPORT THE PASSENGER CALLING HIMSELF ARNE SVENSON IS SHOWING THE FIRST OUTWARD SYMPTOMS. HIS BRAIN FEELS LIKE IT'S STUFFED WITH COTTON WOOL. HE CAN'T QUITE TAKE ON BOARD THE ENORMITY OF THIS SETBACK.

IT CAN'T BE CANCELLED! I WON'T HAVE IT CANCELLED! BOOK ME ON ANOTHER LINE!

KOFF KOFF!

I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN, NO ONE IS FLYING TO MEGA-CITY ONE. THE CITY IS IN LOCKDOWN, SIR. NO ONE IS BEING ALLOWED IN.



DAMMIT! I MUST FLY TONIGHT!



21:50 HOURS, MEGA-CITY ONE.

YOU CONFIRM THIS IS YOUR WIFE?

YES, THAT'S HER.

OH GRID, I KNEW SHE WAS UPSET ABOUT THINGS, BUT THIS —



DEBORRA TONSER WAS FOUND UNDER THE CROSS-SKED OVERPED, ROUTE 9. PRESUMED SUICIDE.

YOU'VE INFORMED W-YANT?

HE'S OVERTOYED. ASSUMING SHE'S POSITIVE IT'S A CHANCE TO FIND OUT HOW LONG THE ORGANISM SURVIVES AFTER DEATH OF THE HOST.



22:09 HOURS, THE FOSSIL SHOP.

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME HERE.





TITIANA CAN FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE BUG NOW, EARLIER THAN PREDICTED. HER ODD GENETIC STRUCTURE, PERHAPS...

YOU COULD HAVE LED THEM TO ME, OR BLOWN MY COVER. STILL COULD.

I NEEDED TO REST.



IT IS TIME TO FULFIL HER MISSION.

IN ANY CASE, IT HARDLY MATTERS NOW. IN A FEW DAYS WE WILL ALL BE DEAD.

TRUE.

WHEN I LEAVE I WILL NOT RETURN.



I AM AT THE MOST INFECTIOUS STAGE; YOU HAVE NO DOUBT BREATHED IT IN. WHEN THE ORGANISM TAKES HOLD, BE SURE TO GET OUT AND MINGLE.

KOFF KOFF!

I DON'T NEED TO BE TOLD MY DUTY. GO ON, BE OFF - DO YOUR WORST.



23:11 HOURS. PEENUCKLE LOUNGE, SECTOR 1.

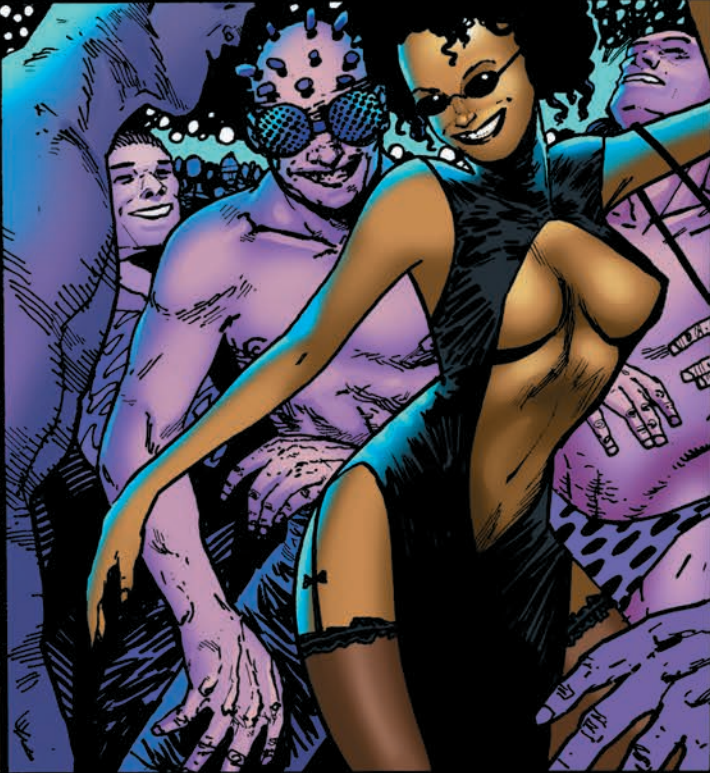
THE GUY ON THE VID - WHAT'SISNAME SMITH. HE'S RIGHT HERE IN MY BAR.

COLLAPSED IN A BOOTH OVER THERE, BEEN DRINKING ALL DAY. I JUST SAW THE NEWS. HEY, WHAT'S WITH THIS BIOLOGICAL ATTACK, HUH? I THINK WE GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW.



CONFIRM IT'S PREESTLY MCBRIDE SMITH. WE'RE BRINGING HIM IN, BAR'S QUARANTINED UNTIL WE'VE CHECKED EVERYONE OUT.

DISASTER AVERTED. THE CITY CAN BREATHE EASY AGAIN.



CHAOS DAY
MINUS 4.

14:00 HOURS,
MONGOLIAN
FREE STATE.

YEVGENY
WILL SPEAK WITH
THE FAMILY
NOW.



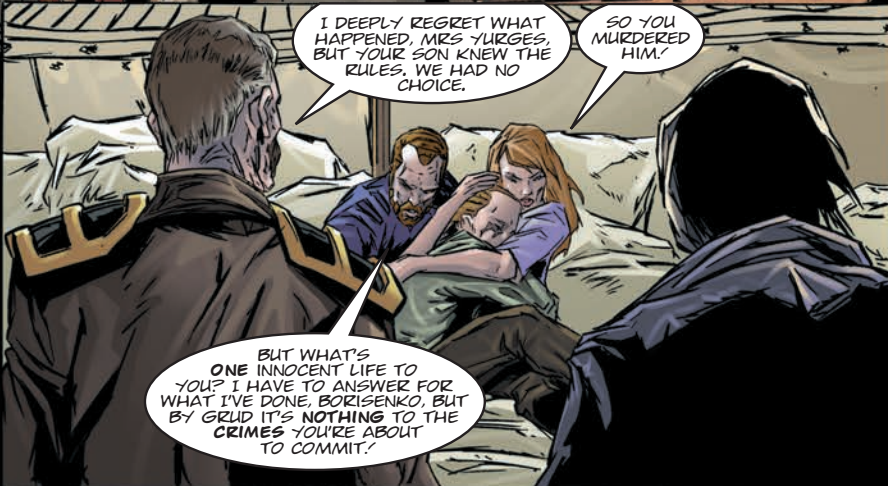
REVENGE
IS NOT A CRIME, IT
IS A DUTY.

IN A
FEW DAYS YOU
WILL BE FREE TO GO.
WHERE, I DO NOT KNOW.
I WOULD NOT RECOMMEND
MEGA-CITY ONE, IN THE
MEANTIME, PLEASE BE
PATIENT.

I DEEPLY REGRET WHAT
HAPPENED, MRS YURGES,
BUT YOUR SON KNEW THE
RULES, WE HAD NO
CHOICE.

SO YOU
MURDERED
HIM?

BUT WHAT'S
ONE INNOCENT LIFE TO
YOU? I HAVE TO ANSWER FOR
WHAT I'VE DONE, BORISENKO, BUT
BY GRUD IT'S NOTHING TO THE
CRIMES YOU'RE ABOUT
TO COMMIT.



A MESSAGE
CAME IN FROM THE OLD
MAN, HE HAS SEEN TITIANA,
HE IS ANGRY THAT SHE WAS
GIVEN HIS DETAILS.

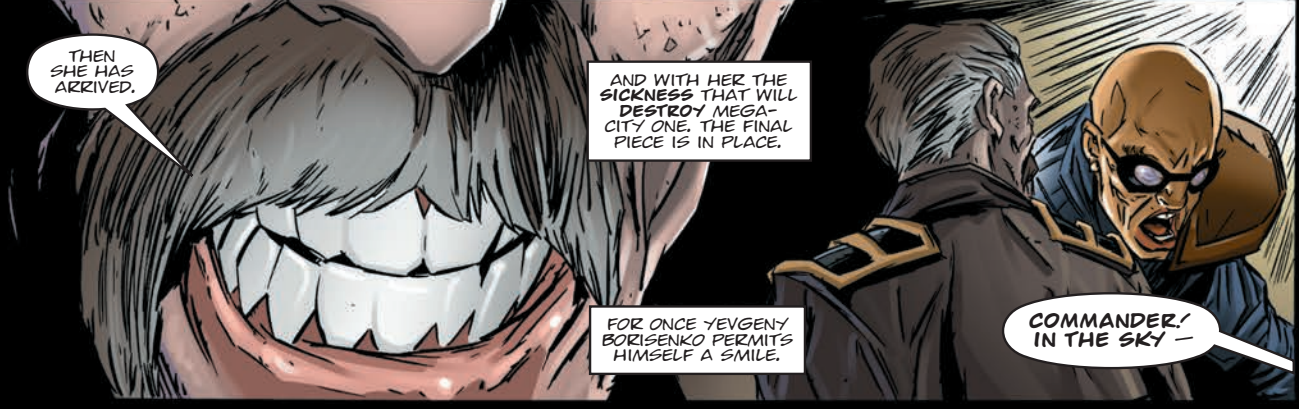


THEN
SHE HAS
ARRIVED.

AND WITH HER THE
SICKNESS THAT WILL
DESTROY MEGA-
CITY ONE, THE FINAL
PIECE IS IN PLACE.

FOR ONCE YEVGENY
BORISENKO PERMITS
HIMSELF A SMILE.

COMMANDER!
IN THE SKY -

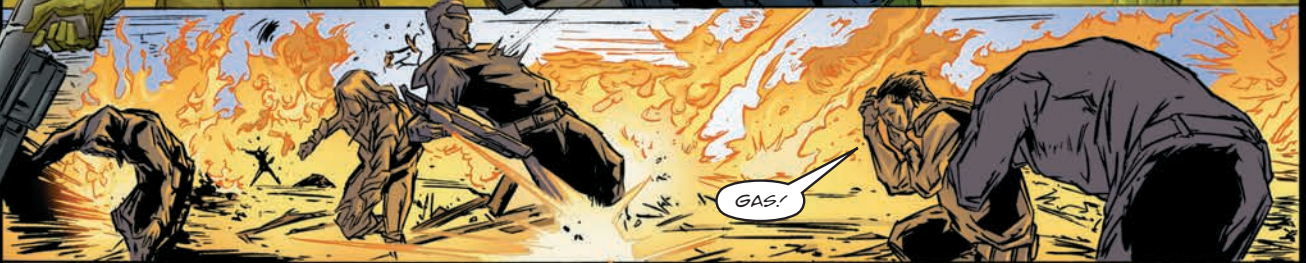




IT'S RAINING
JUDGES!



THEY HAD RECEIVED THE PICTURES FROM THE AGENT ONLY HOURS EARLIER. HE HAD DECIDED TO ACT WITHOUT DELAY.

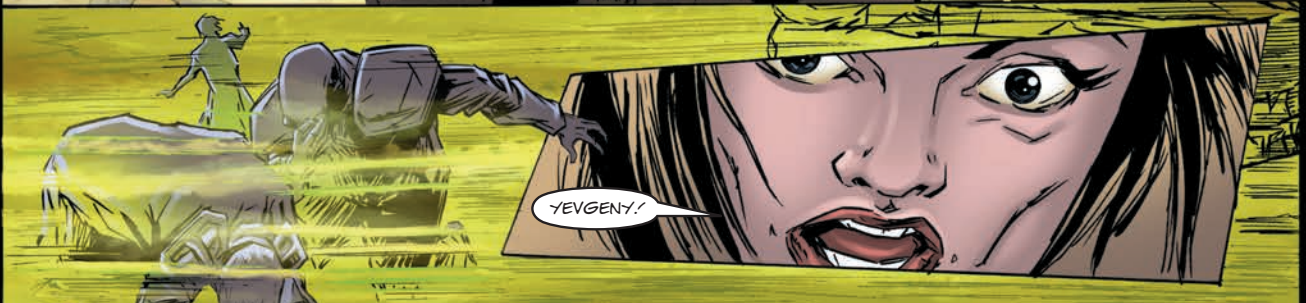


GAS!



DEAL WITH YURGES - !

GUARDS! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!



YEVGENY!



I TOLD YOU YOU COULDN'T HIDE FOREVER!

GOODBYE, MR YURGES.

NO - !

**BRACKA BRACKA
BRACKA**

FROM ABOVE A GAS
CANISTER RIPS
INTO THE TENT —

**BADCIW
BADCIW
BADCIW**

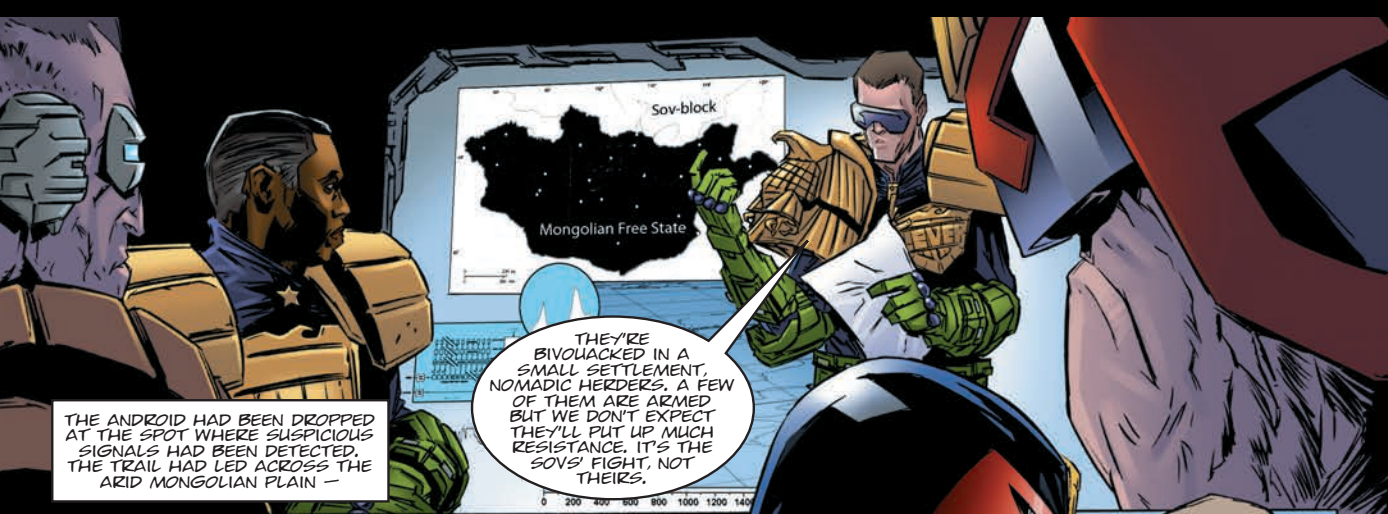
CEASE
FIRING!

DON'T SHOOT!
I'M AN AGENT OF THE
CITY. RECOGNITION
CODE 423
ABLE.

YOUR INFORMATION WAS
ACCURATE. YOU HAVE MY
COMMENDATION — IF THAT
MEANS ANYTHING
TO YOU.

NO, SIR,
PRAISE IS NEITHER
HERE NOR THERE TO AN
ANDROID OPERATIVE.
BUT THANK YOU
ANYWAY.

RECOGNISED.
COME FORWARD.



THE ANDROID HAD BEEN DROPPED AT THE SPOT WHERE SUSPICIOUS SIGNALS HAD BEEN DETECTED. THE TRAIL HAD LED ACROSS THE ARID MONGOLIAN PLAIN —

THEY'RE BIVOUACQUED IN A SMALL SETTLEMENT, NOMADIC HERDERS. A FEW OF THEM ARE ARMED BUT WE DON'T EXPECT THEY'LL PUT UP MUCH RESISTANCE. IT'S THE SOVS' FIGHT, NOT THEIRS.



THAT'S CLEARLY BORISENKO, THE AGENT CONFIRMS THE YURGESSES ARE IN THE CAMP, CONFINED IN THIS TENT HERE.

THEN THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE.

I'LL PUT MY MEN ON ALERT.

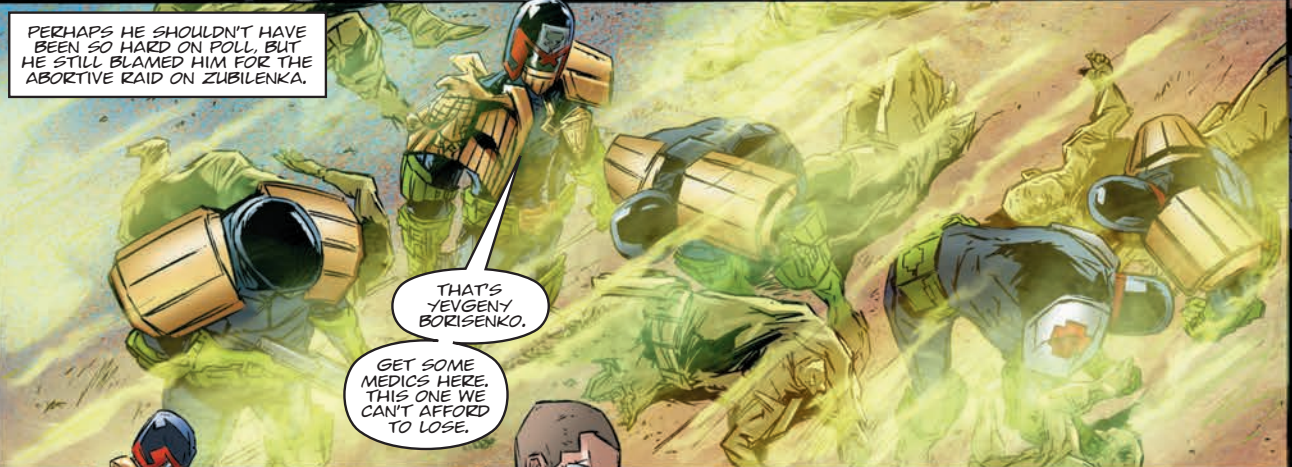


THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, POLL. I'VE ALREADY ASSEMBLED A UNIT, WE'LL HANDLE THIS OURSELVES.

THAT'S AS GOOD AS SAYING MY MEN AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH!

TAKE IT HOW YOU LIKE, THE DECISION'S MADE.

PERHAPS HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO HARD ON POLL, BUT HE STILL BLAMED HIM FOR THE ABORTIVE RAID ON ZUBILENKA.




THAT'S YEVGENY BORISENKO.

GET SOME MEDICS HERE, THIS ONE WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE.



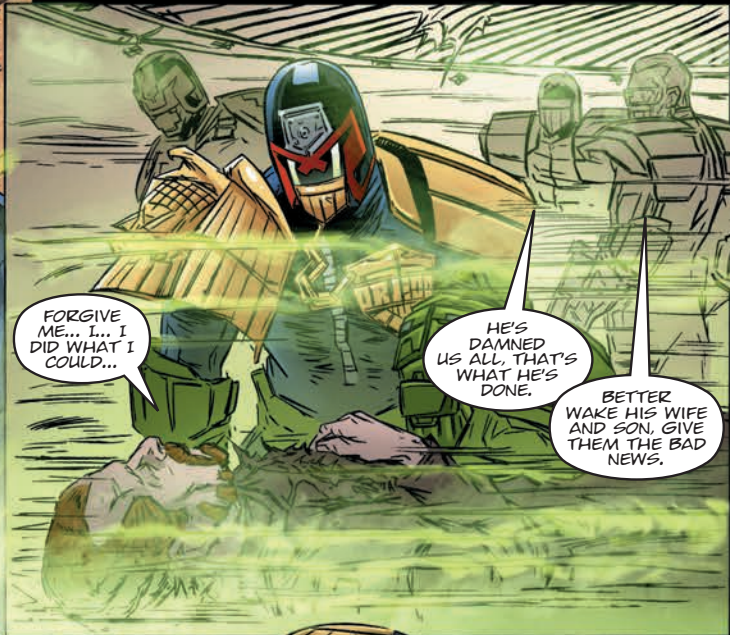
DREDD! ELMORE YURGESSES — IN THE TENT.

HE'S BEEN SHOT.



THEY BRING YURGES ROUND, BUT CANNOT PREVENT HIM BLEEDING OUT.

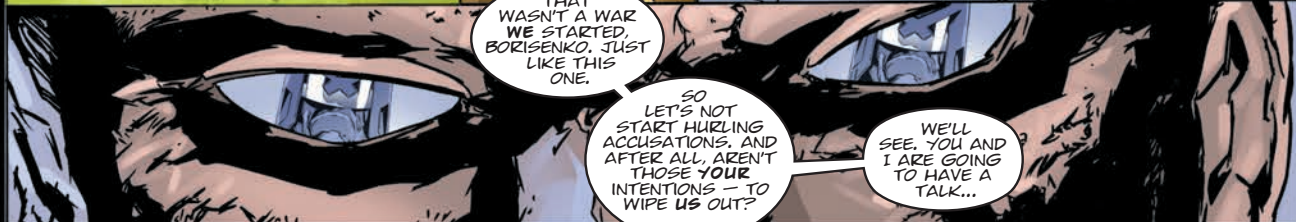
TOO MANY HOLES TO PLUG.



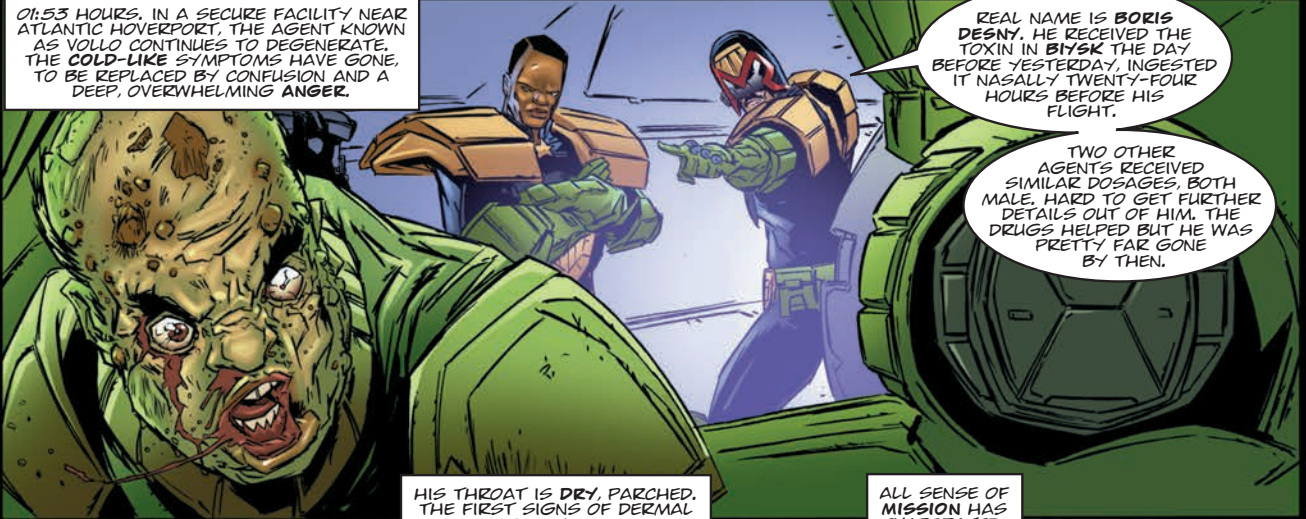
FORGIVE ME... I... I DID WHAT I COULD...

HE'S DAMNED US ALL. THAT'S WHAT HE'S DONE.

BETTER WAKE HIS WIFE AND SON, GIVE THEM THE BAD NEWS.



01:53 HOURS, IN A SECURE FACILITY NEAR ATLANTIC HOVERPORT, THE AGENT KNOWN AS VOLLO CONTINUES TO DEGENERATE. THE COLD-LIKE SYMPTOMS HAVE GONE, TO BE REPLACED BY CONFUSION AND A DEEP, OVERWHELMING ANGER.



REAL NAME IS BORIS DESNY. HE RECEIVED THE TOXIN IN BISK THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, INGESTED IT NASALLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BEFORE HIS FLIGHT.

TWO OTHER AGENTS RECEIVED SIMILAR DOSAGES, BOTH MALE, HARD TO GET FURTHER DETAILS OUT OF HIM. THE DRUGS HELPED BUT HE WAS PRETTY FAR GONE BY THEN.

HIS THROAT IS DRY, PARCHED. THE FIRST SIGNS OF DERMAL BLEEDING HAVE APPEARED.

ALL SENSE OF MISSION HAS EVAPORATED.



HE'S LIKE A MAD ANIMAL, LIKE HE WANTS TO RIP OUR THROATS OUT.

WITH HIS TEETH.



THE VICTIMS OF THE NERVE-GAS OUTRAGES ARE STILL BEING GATHERED IN. THE DISPOSAL PITS IN THE CURSED EARTH ARE RAPIDLY FILLING.



WITH JUDGES PRESSED FOR NUMBERS, A WELL-ORGANISED ATTACK ON A MUTANT NIGHT SHELTER LEAVES SIXTY-ONE RESIDENTS AND STAFF DEAD.



IN THE NIGHTHAWK CLUB IN SECTOR 14 TITIANA DANCES ON.

HER NOSE IS STREAMING NOW. SHE CAN'T STOP SNEEZING AND HER EYES ARE LOOKING DECIDEDLY BLOODSHOT, BUT SHE'S NOT SHORT OF PARTNERS.

04:01, THE CURSED EARTH.

THE AGENT DMITRI READIES HIS BOARD AND CONSIDERS THE TASK AHEAD.

HE'D FLOWN TO CANADIA, INTENDING TO ENTER THE CITY ALONG THE HIGHWAY THAT SNAKED DOWN THROUGH THE BARREN WASTELAND TO THE NORTH-WEST HAB ZONE.

AGAINST ADVICE HE HAS FAILED AS YET TO INGEST THE CHAOS TOXIN. HE WANTED A CLEAR HEAD WHEN HE CROSSED.

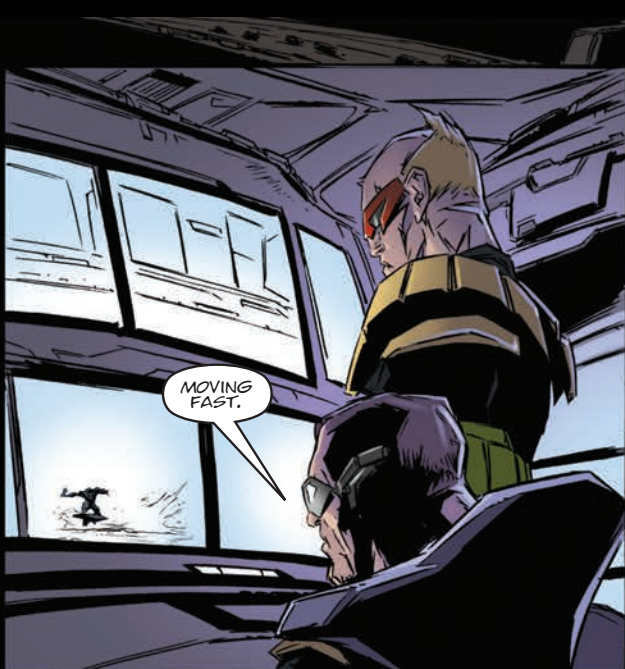
JUST AS WELL, THE CLOSURE OF THE HIGHWAY HAS FORCED A CHANGE OF PLAN. WITH THE ORGANISM EATING AWAY INSIDE HIM, ADDLING HIS BRAIN, HE WOULD HAVE NO CHANCE OF EVADING THE WALL LASERS.

THE EMPTY HIGHWAY WOULD PROVIDE COVER, A CLEAR RUN TO THE TARGET, BUT THERE ARE CAMERAS THERE.

HE HAS STUDIED EVERY STRETCH OF THE ROUTE, NOTED THE DIPS AND DEFILES WHERE HE CAN REMAIN HIDDEN.

BUT SOMEWHERE WITHIN SIGHT OF THOSE TOWERING WALLS HE MUST SHOW HIMSELF.

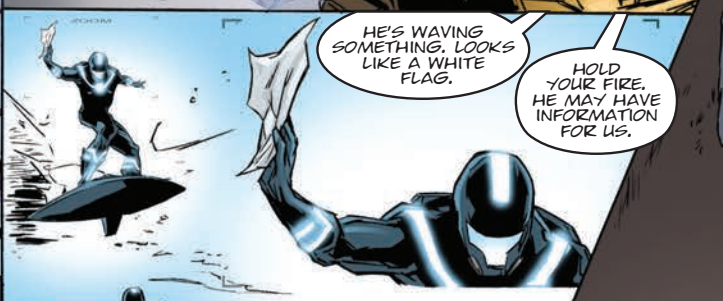




MOVING FAST.



WE HAVE HIM ON VISUAL. SINGLE SURFER.



HE'S WAVING SOMETHING. LOOKS LIKE A WHITE FLAG.

HOLD YOUR FIRE. HE MAY HAVE INFORMATION FOR US.

THE DISTRACTION — THAT MOMENT'S HESITATION — AND HE'S IN TIGHT TO THE WALL.



I DON'T LIKE THIS. BRING HIM DOWN!

TOO CLOSE, SIR. CAN'T DEPRESS THE LASER!

BUILD THE SPEED — BUILD IT — THEN CLIMB!

WATCH HIM, VECTOR 30-31!

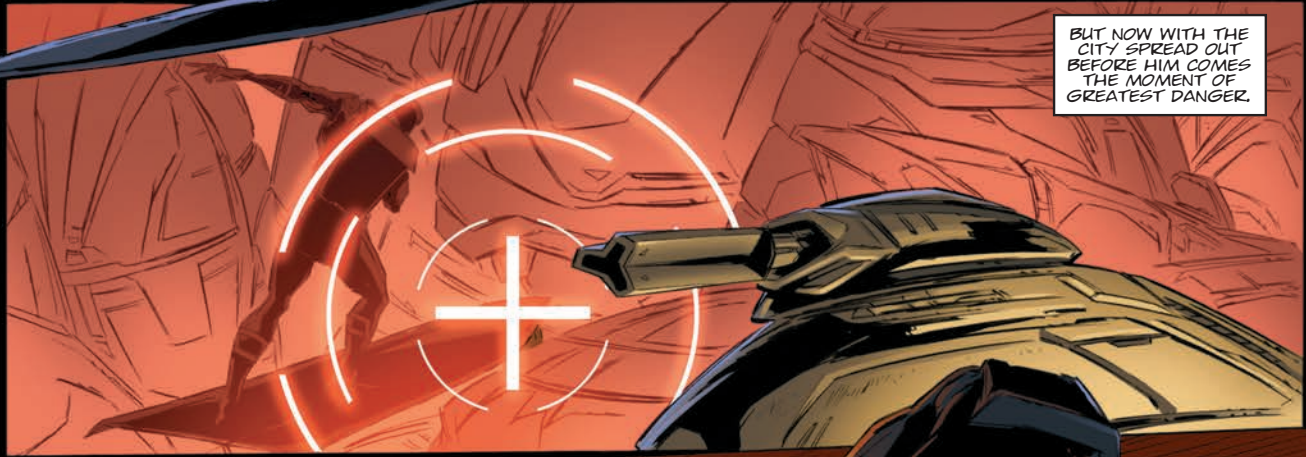


AS HE TOPS OUT THEY'RE WAITING —

HIT HIM!



IN HIS YOUTH, BEFORE THE WAR, HE HAD BEEN PART OF THE SUCCESSFUL EAST-MEG 1 SKYSURF TEAM. HE'S QUICK — QUICK ENOUGH TO BE ACROSS THE WALL BEFORE THEY CAN ZERO IN.



BUT NOW WITH THE CITY SPREAD OUT BEFORE HIM COMES THE MOMENT OF GREATEST DANGER.



HE'S DROPPING!

WE'RE LOSING VISUAL!

JUST BEFORE HIS BODY SPATTERS ON THE CRETE, THE BOARD RIG'S ITSELF —

— AND HOVERS.





DETAILS, BORISENKO.



EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE, WHO YOUR AGENTS ARE, HOW YOU INTEND TO GET THE CHAOS BUG INTO THE CITY, AND THE ANTIDOTE — YOU MUST HAVE TAKEN MEASURES TO DEFEND AGAINST IT.

NO, I AM PLEASED TO SAY THERE WAS NO TIME FOR THAT. THERE IS NO CURE, NONE THAT WE HAVE FOUND, AND TOO LATE FOR YOU, I THINK.



AS FAR AS DISSEMINATING THE ORGANISM, I CAN SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF SEALING YOUR BORDERS. IT IS THERE, SPREADING AMONGST YOU.

AND DESIGNED TO BE A FULL EPIDEMIC BY ELECTION DAY, I TAKE IT.

YOUR ELECTION WAS NEVER PART OF MY CALCULATIONS. A FORTUITOUS COINCIDENCE, I SUPPOSE. WE WERE ALWAYS DEPENDENT ON THE ORGANISM. ONCE WE HAD IT, ONLY THEN COULD WE MOVE.

IN ANY CASE, IT WON'T HAPPEN IN A DAY. THAT WOULD BE TOO EASY, TOO QUICK. THERE WILL BE DAYS AND DAYS OF SICKNESS AND HORROR, WATCHING EVERYTHING YOU HOLD DEAR DYING BEFORE YOUR EYES.

PERHAPS SOME OF YOU WILL SURVIVE. THOSE WILL BE THE MEMORIES YOU CARRY FOREVER, JUST LIKE I DO OF THE MURDER OF MY CITY.

I'M NOT GETTING INTO THAT ONE WITH YOU, BORISENKO.

THIRTY YEARS I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS. IT'S HAPPENING NOW. IT HAS ALREADY BEGUN. YOUR DESTRUCTION.





WE'LL SEE, AS FOR YOUR COURIERS, WE'VE ALREADY INTERCEPTED ONE, WE BELIEVE ANOTHER MAY HAVE BEEN STOPPED IN THE PRAGUE ENCLAVE, HOW MANY OTHERS?

YOU DON'T SERIOUSLY EXPECT ME TO TELL YOU.



NO, NOT WITHOUT PERSUASION.

WE'LL BE LANDING IN AN HOUR, SLOAN, SEE THAT THEY HAVE AN INTERROGATION CUBE READY, MEDICS ATTENDING, WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE NEEDLE.

YES, SIR.

YOU'LL TALK.

AS YOU SAY, WE'LL SEE.



DREDD.



MY FERVENT HOPE IS THAT YOU SURVIVE.

I INTEND TO, AND THE REST.



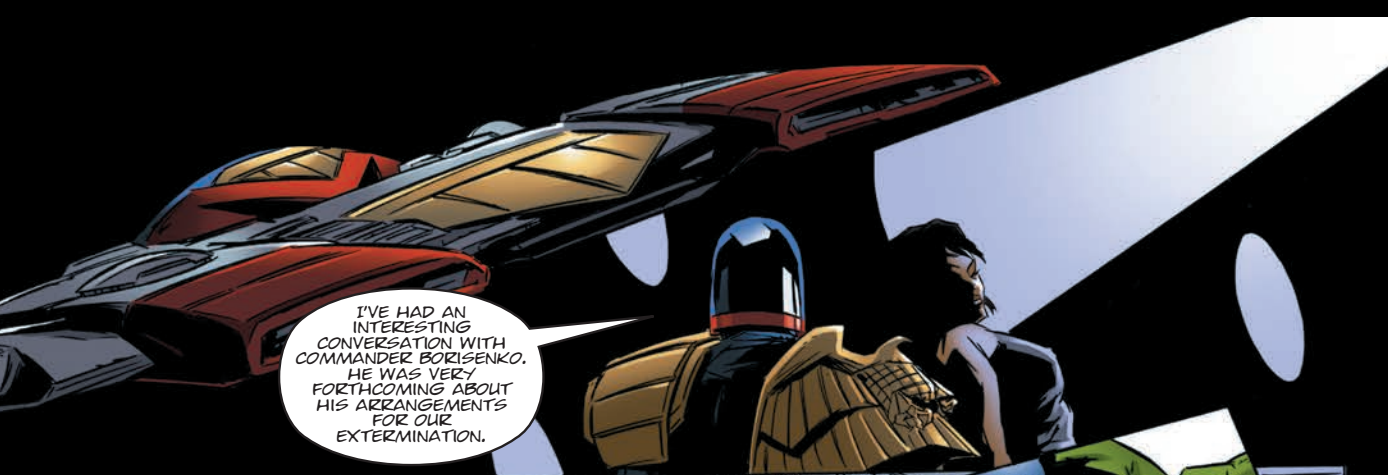
STAY ON THE DOOR, RICHARDS, NO ONE GETS IN WITHOUT MY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

YOU TWO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, ANYTHING GOES WRONG WITH HIM DREDD WILL RIP YOUR SKIN OFF.

I CAN BELIEVE IT.



HELL! HE'S NOT BREATHING --!



I'VE HAD AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH COMMANDER BORISENKO. HE WAS VERY FORTHCOMING ABOUT HIS ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR EXTERMINATION.



HE WON'T OPEN HIS MOUTH! GET SOMETHING TO PRISE HIS JAWS OPEN!

HE'S DOING THIS DELIBERATELY?



IT'S NO GOOD! WE'LL TAKE THE NASAL ROUTE!



YOUR NAME IS GALINA, YOU'RE A GM CONSTRUCT, LIKE THE OTHER ONE - NADIA, OR SO MY PEOPLE TELL ME.

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE COMMANDER BORISENKO'S EYES. YOU GO EVERYWHERE WITH HIM. I'D LIKE TO VERIFY A FEW PARTS OF HIS STORY WITH YOU.




HAVE TO DO A TRACHEOTOMY!

DREDD - SLOAN, WE HAVE A PROBLEM HERE.



NOTHING GETTING THROUGH! HE'S BLOCKING THE AIRWAY WITH HIS TONGUE!



YOU ARE MISTAKEN IF YOU THINK I WILL REVEAL ANYTHING TO YOU.

IN ANY CASE IT'S TOO LATE. NOTHING WE SAY WILL MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOUR FATE.

THAT'S INTERESTING. YOU SEE, YOU'VE TOLD ME SOMETHING ALREADY.

WE'LL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION SHORTLY.



HOOK UP THE OXYGEN.



HE'S BREATHING AGAIN.

DAMN. THAT WAS CLOSE.

DID IT HIMSELF. SWALLOWED HIS TONGUE.

CAN HE TALK?

NOT WITH THE TRACH TUBE IN. WHEN WE GET BACK THEY CAN FIT ONE WITH A VALVE. THAT WILL ALLOW SPEECH.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET YOU ESCAPE THAT EASILY, BORISENKO.

YOU THINK YOU'RE ON SOME HOLY MISSION. I LEVELLED EAST-MEG ONE AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY US BACK IN KIND. BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US. I WAS FIGHTING TO SAVE MY CITY. I DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE. YOU DO.

NOW I HAVE TO FIGHT YOU ALL OVER AGAIN. AND I'LL WIN THIS ONE, TOO.

04:36 HOURS. IN HIS SECURE FACILITY THE AGENT KNOWN AS VOLLO IS SEDATED FOR TESTING.

THE CONCENTRATION OF THE CHAOS ORGANISM IN THE BLOODSTREAM IN THE BLOODSTREAM HAS MORE THAN TREBLED SINCE THE LAST TEST. A BARE TWO HOURS EARLIER HIS BODY'S DEFENCES HAVE BEEN OVERWHELMED.

AT ATLANTIC HOVERPORT, WHERE JUDGES, STAFF AND PASSENGERS WHO HAVE HAD CONTACT WITH VOLLO ARE QUARANTINED, THOSE SHOWING THE SLIGHTEST SYMPTOMS OF INFECTION ARE TAKEN AWAY FOR OBSERVATION.

LITTLE EXPLANATION IS GIVEN, LESS SAID, IT HAS BEEN DECIDED, LESS CHANCE OF SPREADING PANIC.

JUST A PRECAUTION, SIR, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

EITHER I GOT A COLD COMIN' ON OR HE GOT ME TOO.

BETTER COME WITH US.

SWAKKK

IN THE NIGHTHAWK CLUB A RUSH OF ANGER SURGES THROUGH TITIANA.

MISTAKING HER BLOODSHOT EYES AND STRANGE MANNER FOR DRUNKENNESS, SHE IS SHOWN THE DOOR. HER BRAIN HAS BEGUN TO DETERIORATE. MOMENTS OF CONFUSION ARE INCREASING. EVEN SO, IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD PLAN.

HER WORK IS DONE HERE. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG. THERE IS SO MUCH MORE SHE CAN STILL DO TO SPREAD THE CONTAGION.



IN THE NORTH WEST HAB ZONE THE AGENT KNOWN AS DMITRI IGNORES THE Gaping Wound in his shoulder and hauls himself back onto his powerboard.

THE DAMAGED BOARD THREATENS TO CORKSCREW. HE HANGS A FOOT OUT TO GAIN SOME MEASURE OF CONTROL.



SHOPPING MALL, GOT TO ABORT!

WATCH IT!

FREAKIN' MANIAC! CALL THE LAW!

1st FLOOR
STINK OF SUMP

XXXXFAI

XXXXFAI

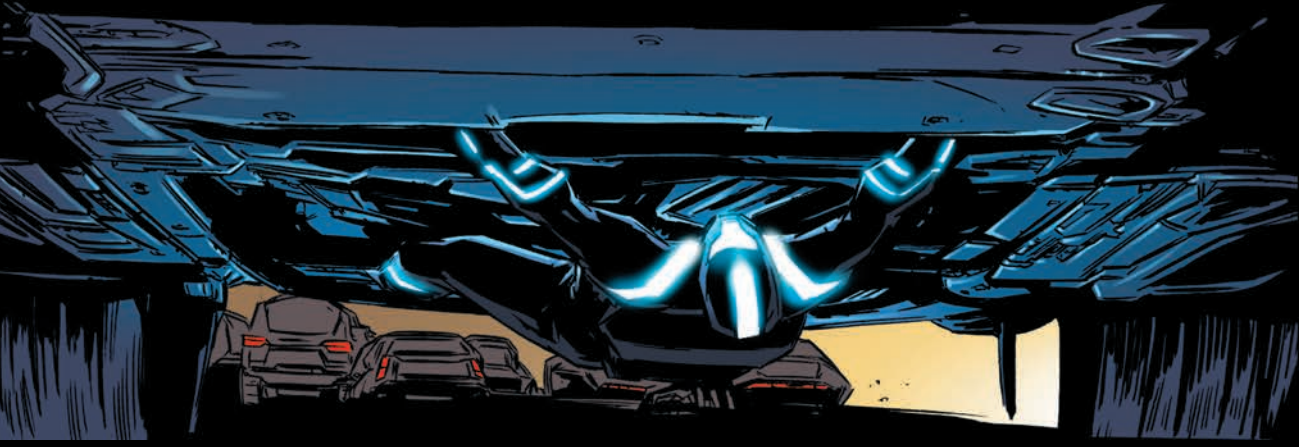
CLUMP for clunge
MUFFS
STUFF

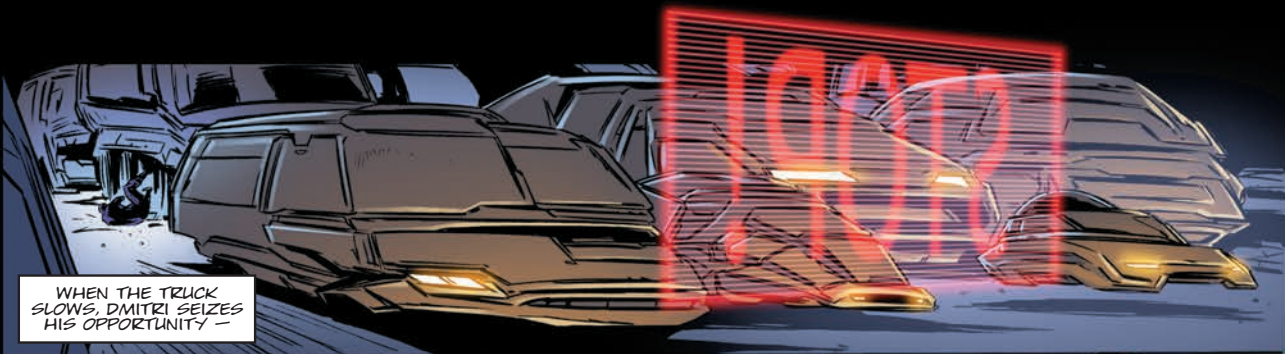


HE HITS THE MOBE SCOOTER AT HIGH SPEED —



SCRATCH ONE ILLEGAL!





WHEN THE TRUCK SLOWS, DMITRI SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY —

NO PURSUIT, HIS LUCK IS HOLDING.



KACHUNK

DIDN'T I TELL YOU I COULD THROW THAT THING MAN? THERE'S A KNACK, SEE.

JUST GET THAT PACK OFFA HIM AN' LET'S GO.



MAN, WE STRUCK LUCKY, LOOK AT THAT!

WHAT THE HELL'S THIS? THERE'S SOMETHIN' INSIDE, HOW THE HELL D'YOU OPEN THIS?

C'MON, MAN!

NOW WHAT WE GOT HERE?

05:00 HOURS. TITIANA RIDES THE UP-CITY ZOOM NORTH FROM RUBIKS HALT.

THE CONFUSION AND FEELINGS OF ANGER ARE GROWING MORE FREQUENT, BUT HER MIND IS STILL CLEAR ENOUGH TO KNOW SHE MUST CIRCULATE THE CHAOS TOXIN AS WIDELY AS SHE CAN.

SEVERAL PASSENGERS CHANGE SEATS IN AN ATTEMPT TO AVOID CATCHING HER HEAVY COLD.

IN HER MORE LUCID MOMENTS SHE STRUGGLES TO STOP HERSELF LAUGHING. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT DEATH STALKS AMONGST THEM.

FOLLOWING REPORTS OF THE TROY BOYLE GAS-ATTACK SUSPECT BOARDING A HOVERPORTER ON LONGSTREET, PSU TRACKS THE PORTER TO THE POD PARK AT GUEVARA CONAPTS, SECTOR 16.

BLOCK CAMS SHOW DRIVER AND PASSENGER ENTERING AN APARTMENT ON THE THIRTY-SEVENTH FLOOR REGISTERED TO A MORGAN DEEKIN, A RECENT IMMIGRANT FROM BRIT-CIT.

JUDGES' INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO ARREST THEM ALIVE, IF POSSIBLE.

GAS - !

MORE GAS CYLINDERS READY TO GO. PROPER LITTLE MURDER FACTORY.



07:23 HOURS. A FRAGMENTED BULLET IN THE SHOULDER OF A BODY FOUND IN THE HAB ZONE IDENTIFIES IT AS THE MYSTERY SURFER WHO CAME IN OVER THE WALL.

THE FATAL WOUND IN HIS SKULL BEARS WITNESS TO A BRUTAL ATTACK BY ASSAILANT OR ASSAILANTS UNKNOWN.

ANY POSSESSIONS HE MAY HAVE BEEN CARRYING ARE GONE.



JIMMY, ARE YOU COMIN' OUTA THAT ROOM? IT'S ALMOST EIGHT, YOU GOTTA BE AT THE WELF BY NINE.

YEAH, LEAVE OFF, WILL YA? I'LL BE THERE!

YOU BETTER, 'COS YOU MISS THE RENT AGAIN I'M KICKIN' YOUR LAZY ASS OUT!



TEN THOUSAND CRED'S AND TWO PASSPORTS. DIFFERENT NAMES, TOO - SAME GEEK INNA PICTURE.

THEY AIN'T NO USE TO US.

WE CAN SELL 'EM, JIMMY. I KNOW A GUY WHO'LL GIVE US FIVE HUNDRED C EACH.

I'M BETTIN' THIS IS DRUGS.

DON'T LOOK LIKE DRUGS TO ME.

GOTTA BE. TWO PASSPORTS, BUNDLE OF CASH, SURF SUIT. GEEK CAME IN OVER THE WALL - STILL STINKIN' OF THE CURSED EARTH, MAN. ONLY ONE EXPLANATION - DRUG RUN. THIS HERE MUST BE A SAMPLE.



WHAT DO YOU RECKON IT DOES?

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

BE CAREFUL, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW STRONG IT IS.

JUST A DROP.



AIN'T GETTIN' NOTHIN'!

LEMME TRY. MAYBE YOU GOTTA USE MORE.



CHIEF JUDGE'S OFFICE —

I'VE DECIDED TO POSTPONE THE ELECTION.

WISE, HARDLY THE TIME FOR IT, THOUGH I DOUBT IT WILL ALTER ANYTHING.

ANYTHING'S WORTH TRYING. HOW ARE THE INTERROGATIONS PROCEEDING?

BORISENKO'S IN SURGERY, FRESH TRACHEOTOMY. I'M USING TRUTH DRUGS ON HIS ASSISTANT. I'LL HANDLE THE INTERROGATION MYSELF. I HAVE BIG HOPES FOR HER.

WE'RE GETTING MOSTLY LOW-GRADE INFORMATION FROM THE OTHERS. BORISENKO'S BEEN PLAYING IT CLOSE TO HIS CHEST.

YOU LOOK TIRED. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING NON-STOP ON THIS. YOU SHOULD GET SOME REST.

SLEEP MACHINE WILL HAVE TO DO FOR NOW. PLENTY OF REST WHEN WE'RE DEAD.

LET'S START WITH PROFESSOR YURGES'S ORGANISM. THIS CHAOS BUG. TELL ME ABOUT IT.

GALINA TALKS. PERHAPS BECAUSE OF HER GENETIC MAKE-UP, THE DRUG HAS A DRAMATIC EFFECT —

IT WAS COMPLETED SOME WEEKS AGO. IT WAS TESTED ON A GROUP OF ITINERANT WORKERS.

FATAL IN EVERY CASE. NO SURVIVORS. NONE HERE EITHER, YOU WILL SEE.

WHAT ARRANGEMENTS HAVE YOU MADE TO BRING IT HERE?

THREE AGENTS. CODENAMES DMITRI, ANDRE AND BORIS. AND TITIANA, MY SISTER.

THEY WERE INSTRUCTED TO INFECT THEMSELVES BEFORE TRAVELLING SO THAT THE ORGANISM WAS UNDETECTABLE.

WHAT ROUTES WILL THEY TAKE?

I DO NOT KNOW. NOR HAVE I KNOWLEDGE OF THE IDENTITIES THEY WILL TRAVEL UNDER. IT WAS CONSIDERED PRUDENT THAT WE SHOULD NOT KNOW THESE DETAILS.

DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS MAN?

BORIS.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

SO YOU HAVE HIM. THAT IS ONLY ONE. BY NOW THE OTHERS SHOULD BE HERE. TITIANA IS, THAT I KNOW.

WE WERE CONTACTED BY ONE OF OUR REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CITY. WE CALL HIM THE OLD MAN. MORE, I DO NOT KNOW. SUCH DETAILS YEVGENY KEEPS STRICTLY TO HIMSELF.

BUT I CAN TELL YOU HE SAW TITIANA. EVEN NOW SHE IS SPREADING THE PLAGUE TO YOUR PEOPLE. SHE WILL MAKE US ALL PROUD.

THE NEWS AT MIDDAY, AND THERE HAS BEEN A STRONG REACTION TO THE CHIEF JUDGE'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CANCELLATION OF THE FORTHCOMING ELECTION. A CANDIDATES' GROUP LED BY MEDUSA KORNER HAS CALLED A MEETING LATER TODAY TO OPPOSE THE DECISION.



MEDUSA KORNER, THE CITY IS UNDER BIOLOGICAL ATTACK BY FOREIGN ELEMENTS. ISN'T THERE GOOD REASON TO DELAY THE ELECTION?

WHERE IS THIS BIOLOGICAL ATTACK? I SEE NO SIGN OF IT.

NO, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON HERE. WHAT WE'RE SEEING IS AN ELABORATE SHAM BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO ONCE AGAIN THWART THE DEMOCRATIC WILL OF THE PEOPLE.



WE WILL NOT ACCEPT IT. IF THE JUDGES WON'T PERMIT AN ELECTION WE WILL HOLD OUR OWN - A PEOPLE'S ELECTION.

I'M HERE AT ATLANTIC HOVERPORT WHERE OVER SIX HUNDRED PASSENGERS AND STAFF ARE QUARANTINED INSIDE.

ANY SHOWING SIGNS OF INFECTION BY THIS MYSTERY ILLNESS ARE BEING IDENTIFIED AND ISOLATED.

JUDGE LEZ LEACHMAN HAS AGREED TO SPEAK TO ME. JUDGE LEACHMAN, THIS 'CHAOS BUG' AS I'VE HEARD IT CALLED - ELABORATE SHAM OR JUSTIFIED PRECAUTION?



OH, IT'S REAL - BUT LET ME STRESS THERE IS NO NEED FOR PANIC. THE OUTBREAK IS UNDER CONTROL. ALL THE SAME WE DO ADVISE CITIZENS TO BE ON THE WATCH FOR COLD-LIKE SYMPTOMS - SNEEZING, COUGHING, RUNNING NOSE, REDNESS IN THE EYES. IF YOU EXPERIENCE ANY OF THESE REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO YOUR MEDICAL TECHNICIAN.

mcnn
MEGA CITY NEWS NETWORK



WE HAVE DEVELOPED TEST KITS FOR THE INFECTION. THEY'RE BEING SENT OUT NOW TO EVERY MEDICAL FACILITY IN THE CITY. THEY WILL BE AVAILABLE FREE OF CHARGE AND WILL GIVE A RESULT WITHIN HALF AN HOUR.

LET ME STRESS, EARLY TREATMENT IS ESSENTIAL.



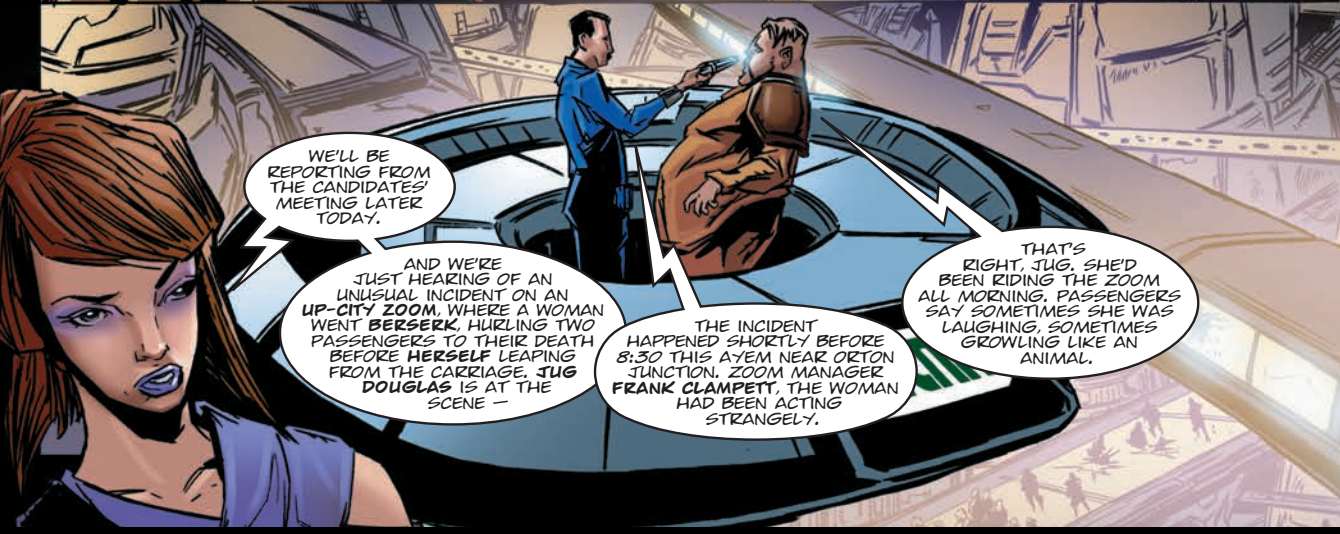
PROF. LUCAS WYANT

WE'LL BE REPORTING FROM THE CANDIDATES' MEETING LATER TODAY.

AND WE'RE JUST HEARING OF AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT ON AN UP-CITY ZOOM, WHERE A WOMAN WENT BERSERK, HURLING TWO PASSENGERS TO THEIR DEATH BEFORE HERSELF LEAPING FROM THE CARRIAGE. JUG DOUGLAS IS AT THE SCENE -

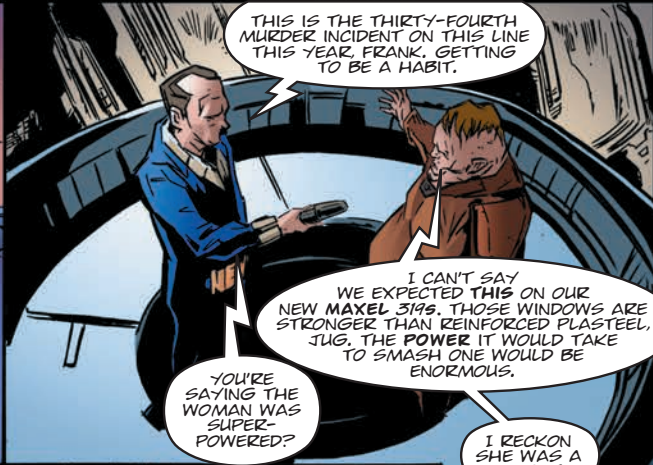
THE INCIDENT HAPPENED SHORTLY BEFORE 8:30 THIS A'EM NEAR ORTON JUNCTION. ZOOM MANAGER FRANK CLAMPETT, THE WOMAN HAD BEEN ACTING STRANGELY.

THAT'S RIGHT, JUG. SHE'D BEEN RIDING THE ZOOM ALL MORNING. PASSENGERS SAY SOMETIMES SHE WAS LAUGHING, SOMETIMES GROWLING LIKE AN ANIMAL.





NO ONE ABOARD NOTICED ANY PROVOCATION ON THE PART OF THE VICTIMS, GIG FINGER, 34, AND HIS UNCOMMON-LAW PARTNER GURNEY HALL, 37, BOTH OF EIGER CONAPTS IN SECTOR 244.



THIS IS THE THIRTY-FOURTH MURDER INCIDENT ON THIS LINE THIS YEAR, FRANK. GETTING TO BE A HABIT.

I CAN'T SAY WE EXPECTED THIS ON OUR NEW MAXEL 319S. THOSE WINDOWS ARE STRONGER THAN REINFORCED PLASTEEL, JUG. THE POWER IT WOULD TAKE TO SMASH ONE WOULD BE ENORMOUS.

YOU'RE SAYING THE WOMAN WAS SUPER-POWERED?

I RECKON SHE WAS A ROBOT.



NEWS

EITHER THAT OR THE WINDOW WAS FAULTY.

FINGER AND HALL WERE PRONOUNCED DEAD AT THE SCENE. THE WOMAN'S BODY HAS NOT BEEN FOUND, LENDING WEIGHT TO FRANK CLAMPETT'S ROBOT THEORY. MORE AS WE GET IT.



14:22 HOURS.

HOW CAN I HELP YOU, OFFICER?



FOSSILS, HUH? INTERESTING LINE. WHERE DO YOU GET THEM?

ALL OVER THE CURSED EARTH, MAINLY.



I'M LOOKING INTO THE MOVEMENTS OF JUDGE STANLEY WILE. WE PLACE HIM ON THIS STREET FOUR TIMES IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS. HIS CASE NOTES DON'T TELL US WHY.

THE JUDGE - HE IS MISSING?

YOU COULD SAY THAT.

ROAKE



SHORT AND SWEET: DO YOU KNOW OR HAVE YOU EVER ENCOUNTERED JUDGE WILE?

YES I BELIEVE I HAVE, IT WOULD PROBABLY BE ME HE CAME TO SEE.

GOT A LOT OF CALLS TO MAKE, SO I'M JUST GOING TO SAVE SOME TIME WITH THE LIE DETECTOR HERE.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO HE VISITED HERE BUT THE CAMS SEEM TO BE PERMANENTLY ON THE BLINK.

IT'S THE DRUG DEALERS, THEY SHOOT THEM OUT AS SOON AS THEY'RE REPAIRED.

I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THAT.

AND WHY WOULD THAT BE?

CAN I TELL YOU THIS IN COMPLETE CONFIDENCE?

THINK OF ME LIKE YOUR PRIEST.



UHHNN!

ROAKE! JUDGE... JUDGE DOWN...

14:49 HOURS, THE FOSSIL SHOP -

ROAKE -

OH NO...



TWO IN THE GUT, ONE IN THE CHEST. HE WAS GONE WHEN WE GOT HERE.

I'M SORRY, HE WAS YOUR PARTNER, WASN'T HE?

I ARRIVED AT 14:41. SHOP DOOR WAS UNLOCKED. ROAKE WAS LYING AS YOU SEE HIM.

SHOPKEEPER IS ONE KARL WESSEL, 84. EMIGRATED FROM BERLIN IN '68. HAS SLEEPING QUARTERS IN THE BACK THERE. HE IS NOT ON THE PREMISES.

ROAKE'S LD WAS SMASHED UP ON THE FLOOR BUT THE MEMORY SLUG WAS STILL INTACT. I CAN PLAY IT ON MINE.

I'M JUST GOING TO SAVE SOME TIME WITH THE LIE DETECTOR HERE. SHORT AND SWEET: DO YOU KNOW OR HAVE YOU EVER ENCOUNTERED JUDGE WILE?

YES, I BELIEVE I HAVE. IT WOULD PROBABLY BE ME HE CAME TO SEE.

AND WHY WOULD THAT BE?

CAN I TELL YOU THIS IN COMPLETE CONFIDENCE?

THINK OF ME LIKE YOUR PRIEST.

THEN THE GUNSHOTS. TWO TOGETHER, THEN A THIRD. YOU CAN JUST MAKE OUT ROAKE.

ROAKE... JUDGE... JUDGE DOWN...

LET ME HEAR WESSEL AGAIN.

YES, I BELIEVE I HAVE IT WOULD PROBABLY BE ME HE CAME TO SEE.

ELDSTER, SLIGHT EAST-EUROPEAN ACCENT, FITS THE PROFILE OF THE SOV CONTROLLER WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

TOTALLY CLEAN RECORD. NOT ONCE ON THE RADAR FOR ANYTHING SINCE 2116. THAT IN ITSELF IS SUSPICIOUS.

WE HAVE AN ALL UNITS OUT ON HIM. PSU RUNNING A SEARCH. WE'LL FIND HIM.

15:21 HOURS. FORENSIC
TEKS FINISH THEIR WORK
ON THE BODIES BENEATH
THE UP-CITY ZOOM LINE.

HIGH ABOVE, TITIANA
SITS AMONG THE
PLASTEEL GIRDERS.

STILL
NO NEWS ON
THE CRAZY
WOMAN?

FALL
MUST HAVE KILLED
HER. MY GUESS IS SHE
LANDED ON A PORTER
OR SOMETHING,
GOT CARRIED
AWAY.

IT'S
POSSIBLE.
WE'RE WORKING ON
THE THEORY SHE HAD
AN ANTI-GRAV
CHUTE.

NOT EVEN SHE
COULD SURVIVE
SUCH A DROP
UNSCATHED.

HER LOWER LEG
HAD CRUMBLLED
LIKE A PRETZEL
STICK, KNEECAP HIT
METAL, SNAPPING
HER THIGHBONE
AND DRIVING IT OUT
THROUGH HER SKIN
LIKE A JAGGED
STAKE, SEVERING HER
FEMORAL ARTERY
ON THE WAY.

IT WAS A
MIRACLE SHE
MANAGED TO
ARREST HER
FALL —

— TO DRAG
HERSELF
ALONG THE
GIRDERS.

— AND TO STAY THERE, FOR EVEN
IN HER DISEASE-RAVAGED STATE,
SHE HELD ON TO ONE THOUGHT
AS HER LIFE BLOOD RAN OUT:
THEY MUST NOT FIND HER.



THEY MUST NOT
LEARN HOW SHE
HAD SPREAD
THE CHAOS
PLAGUE.



16:16 HOURS.

FORENSICS FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING. THERE'S A COT BED IN THE BACKROOM HERE, GREASY SMears ON THE BEDCLOTHES, AND ON THESE HAIRS.

THEY'RE TOO LONG TO BE WESSEL'S, WRONG COLOUR, ANALYSIS SHOWS THE MIX OF CONTAMINANTS TO BE CONSISTENT WITH SEA WATER. BEDCLOTHES WERE STILL SLIGHTLY DAMP.

SO...?

SO VESSEL HAD A VISITOR - RECENTLY. SOMEONE WHO'D BEEN IN THE WATER.

I CHECKED WITH HARBOUR PATROL. THEY HAD A REPORTED DROWNING INCIDENT YESTERDAY ABOUT 18:00.

HEIDI LANGSTROM, 30, PASSENGER ABOARD A HOVER-YACHT REGISTERED IN NEW MALAGA, HAPPENED JUST BEYOND THE HARBOUR. BODY WAS NOT FOUND.

THEY SENT ME OVER A PHOTOGRAPH.

SEE ANYTHING FAMILIAR?

GRUD, DIFFERENT HAIR BUT... IT COULD BE NADIA.

OR ONE OF HER GM TWINS.



THAT WOULD SEEM TO CONFIRM WESSEL AS A SOV AGENT, I BETTER INFORM DREDD.

LISTEN, BEENY, I KNOW YOU AND ROAKE WERE CLOSE. IF YOU WANT TO TAKE SOME DOWNTIME...

NO, I'LL SEE THIS ONE THROUGH.

SHE SEES ROAKE'S BODY OFF TO RESYK.

THEY HAD BEEN PARTNERS FOR FOUR YEARS. THEY HAD SAVED EACH OTHER'S HIDES TOO OFTEN TO RECALL EVERY INCIDENT.



SOLID, DEPENDABLE... A FRIEND. GONE FOREVER.

MAYBE THAT'S ALL LIFE AS A JUDGE AMOUNTED TO - ONE BEREAVEMENT AFTER ANOTHER, HEARTBREAK AFTER HEARTBREAK UNTIL FINALLY IT WAS YOUR TURN.

HAVE TO LEAVE THIS ONE WITH YOU, BEENY.



ANOTHER GAS BOMBING UP BY ROE PLAZA, WE'RE NEEDED. WHAT'S THIS CITY COMING TO, HUH?

FINE, I'LL HANDLE IT, WHO'S YOUR CONTACT AT PSU?

CALLAGAN. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK TO US BY NOW.

CALLAGAN? BEENY, I'M HANDLING ROAKE'S CASE NOW. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON WESSEL?

I GOT NOTHING, I GOT REASSIGNED.

REASSIGNED? THIS IS PRIORITY ONE, CALLAGAN - DREDD'S OFFICE! SO UNLESS YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN TRAFFIC I SUGGEST YOU GET BACK TO IT RIGHT NOW!




YADDA YADDA.
LOOK, BEENY, I'VE HEARD IT
ALL BEFORE. WE GOT OPEN
WARFARE BREAKING OUT ALL OVER.
I DO WHAT I'M TOLD. YOU GOT
PROBLEMS TAKE IT UP WITH
MANAGEMENT -

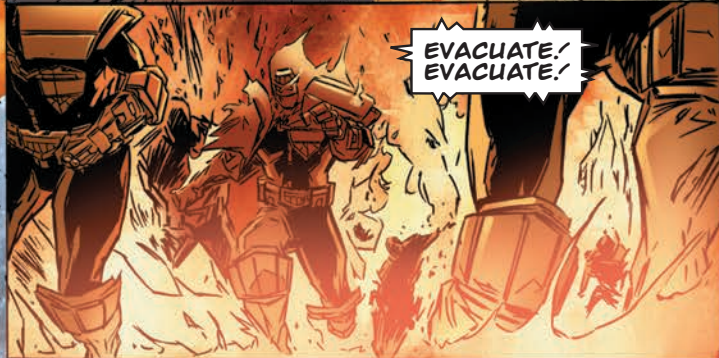


HUH - ?





AT 16:55 HOURS
PRECISELY, THE
STATUE OF JUDGEMENT,
HOME OF THE
PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE
UNIT, COMES UNDER
MISSILE ATTACK.



THE CITY HAD
BEEN PROMISED AN
ELECTION AND THEY WOULD
NOT ALLOW THE DEMOCRATIC
PROCESS TO ONCE AGAIN BE
SUBVERTED, MS KORNER SAID.
ELECTION DAY WOULD NOW
BE A PEOPLE'S
ELECTION —

AND I'M
INTERRUPTING THIS
ITEM FOR A NEWSFLASH.
THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT
HAS COME UNDER MISSILE
ATTACK. WE'RE TAKING
YOU STRAIGHT TO JUDGE
DOUGLAS AT THE
SCENE —

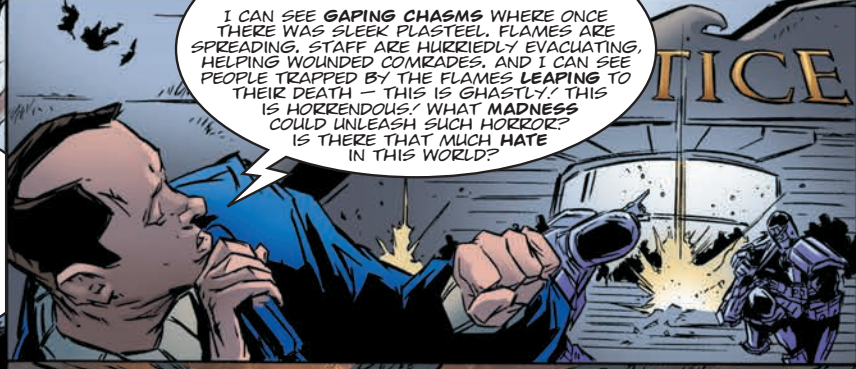




AT SHORTLY BEFORE THREE O'CLOCK AT LEAST FIVE MISSILES STREAKED THROUGH THE CITY TO HOME IN ON THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT. THEY STRUCK WITH DEVASTATING FORCE.



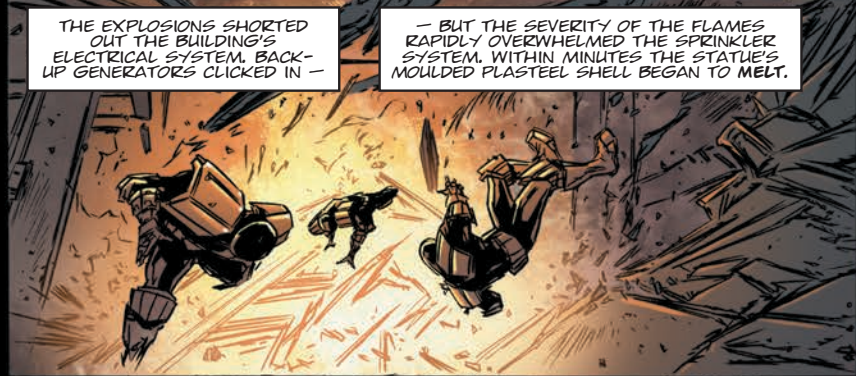
THE TARGET IS ASSUMED TO BE THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S PRIME ORGAN OF CONTROL, FOR MANY YEARS HOUSED THERE.



I CAN SEE GAPING CHASMS WHERE ONCE THERE WAS SLEEK PLASTEEL. FLAMES ARE SPREADING. STAFF ARE HURRIEDLY EVACUATING, HELPING WOUNDED COMRADES, AND I CAN SEE PEOPLE TRAPPED BY THE FLAMES LEAPING TO THEIR DEATH - THIS IS GHASTLY! THIS IS HORRENDOUS! WHAT MADNESS COULD UNLEASH SUCH HORROR? IS THERE THAT MUCH HATE IN THIS WORLD?

THE EXPLOSIONS SHORTED OUT THE BUILDING'S ELECTRICAL SYSTEM. BACK-UP GENERATORS CLICKED IN -

- BUT THE SEVERITY OF THE FLAMES RAPIDLY OVERWHELMED THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM. WITHIN MINUTES THE STATUE'S MOULDED PLASTEEL SHELL BEGAN TO MELT.



LOOK OUT!

THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT IS COMING DOWN!



HE WATCHES EVENTS UNFOLD IN THE CHIEF JUDGE'S OFFICE.

WHAT THE HELL'S THE POINT OF LASER EMPLACEMENTS IN THE STATUE IF THEY DON'T USE THEM?

NO RESPONSE FROM JUDGE NILES' OFFICE, CHIEF JUDGE.

HAPPENED SO FAST, THEY'D NO WARNING.

AND THEY'RE SURE HE WAS IN THE BUILDING?

YES, SIR.

WE SUSPECT THE MISSILES WERE THERMAL DEVICES, SIR, DESIGNED TO MELT MOULDED PLASTEEL.

MY GRID, IT'S COMING DOWN...

OF COURSE THE ENEMY WOULD ATTACK THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT. IT WOULD BE TOP PRIORITY. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN READY FOR IT, SHOULD HAVE BEEN PREPARED.

THE PICTURE HE HAS FORMED FROM THE INTERROGATION OF GALINA IS OMINOUS ENOUGH — BUT THIS IS DISASTER.

AND AS THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT FALLS, SO ANY REMAINING HOPE COLLAPSES WITH IT.

THEY HAVE COME TO RELY ON PSU TOO HEAVILY. YEAR BY YEAR THE UNIT HAS TAKEN ON A GREATER SHARE OF THE CITY'S SURVEILLANCE WORK.

THEY CAN ABSORB SOME OF ITS FUNCTIONS BACK INTO GRAND HALL — BUT NOT ENOUGH. NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH. WITHOUT IT THEY WILL BE CRIPPLED.

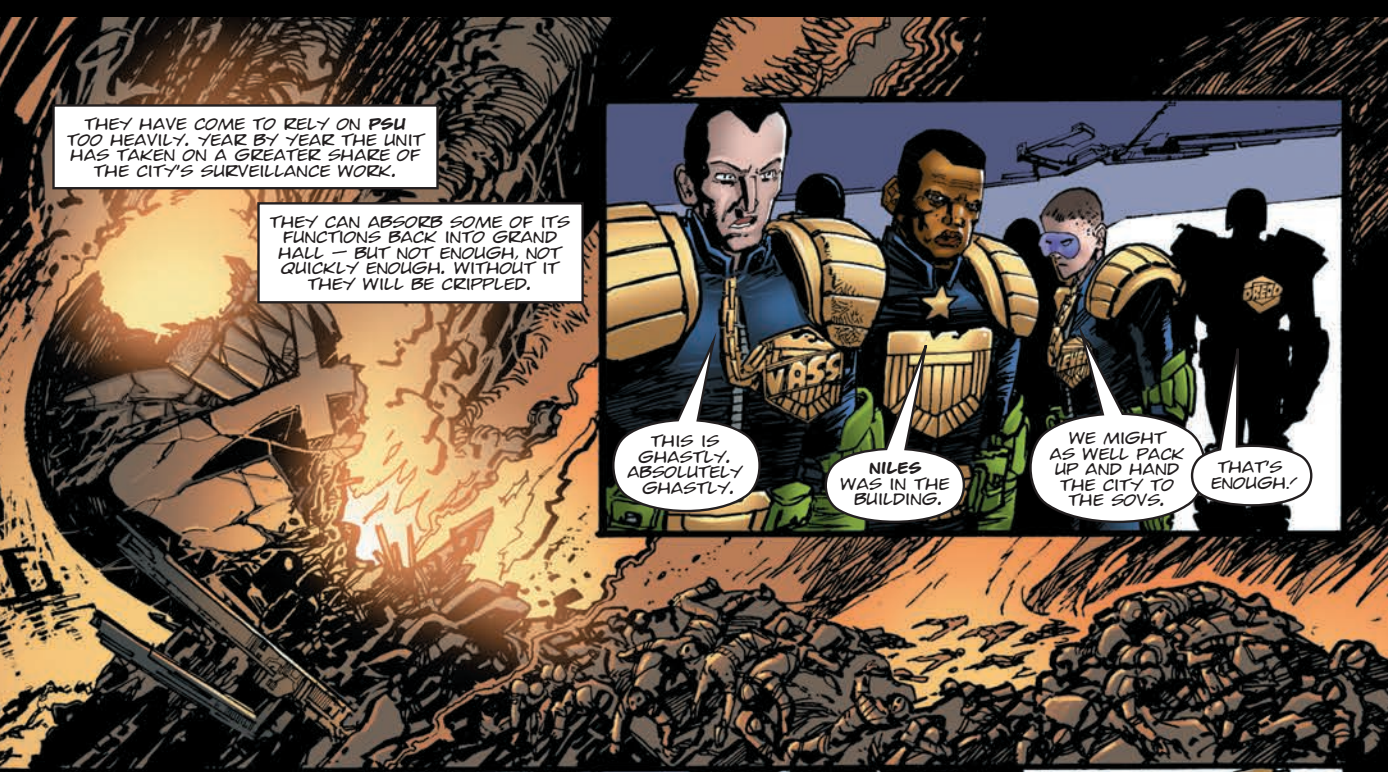


THIS IS GHASTLY. ABSOLUTELY GHASTLY.

NILES WAS IN THE BUILDING.

WE MIGHT AS WELL PACK UP AND HAND THE CITY TO THE SOVS.

THAT'S ENOUGH!



IT'S A SETBACK, THAT'S ALL. IT'S NOT THE WAR, EVERY ONE OF US HAS A JOB TO DO. DO IT RIGHT AND WE CAN STILL COME OUT OF THIS.



MED BAY! IT'S BORIS-ENKO, SIR!





WE WERE WATCHING THE NEWS - STATUE OF JUDGEMENT. I LOOK AROUND AND THE GREEP HERE'S STANDING OVER HIM AND THE KNIFE'S IN HIS THROAT.

ROWDY BAKER, FIFTY-YEAR MED-TEK WORKS DOWNSTAIRS IN ORTHOPEDICS.



I'M SORRY. IT'S OUR FAULT. SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN OUR EYES OFF HIM.



WHY?



I-I DON'T KNOW.

I DON'T KNOW!



CONFIRMED AMONG THE VICTIMS WAS JUDGE ROGER NILES, THE UNIT'S CHIEF AND LONG-STANDING MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF FIVE. IN A MESSAGE TO THIS STATION A BRIEF HOUR AGO THE TERRORIST ORGANISATION TOTAL WAR CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ATTACK.

THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT CAN JUSTLY BE DESCRIBED AS THE CITY'S MAIN ORGAN OF CONTROL. WITHOUT ITS ALL-SEEING EYE A DRAMATIC ESCALATION IN CRIME CAN BE EXPECTED. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS ADVISING CITIZENS TO REMAIN IN THEIR HOMES UNLESS IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL TO LEAVE THEM.



THE FIRST LOOTING INCIDENT IS REPORTED AT 18:44, MASKED JUVES RUNNING RAMPAGE IN A SECTOR 221 MALL. TWO SHOP STAFF AND A SECURITY GUARD ARE GUNNED DOWN.


ACROSS THE CITY
ARMED GANGS AND
OPPORTUNISTS SEIZE
THE MOMENT. BY 22:00
CIVIL DISTURBANCES
HAVE BROKEN OUT IN
EVERY SECTOR.

SIMMERING
BLOCK RIVALRIES
COME SUDDENLY
TO THE BOIL.

IN SECTOR 123 THE
EXCLUSIVE CHERNOBYL
HOTEL IS RAIDED AND
SET ABLAZE.


IN THE NORTH WEST
HAB ZONE SECTOR
HOUSE 303 ITSELF
COMES UNDER
ATTACK.

JUDGES, SHORT ON
NUMBERS TO BEGIN WITH,
ARE OVERWHELMED.
ROBOT AUXILIARIES ARE
ORDERED INTO THE FRAY.



AT 22:35 A GENERAL CURFEW IS DECLARED. CITIZENS ARE WARNED TO LEAVE THE STREETS, BUT THE MOOD BY NOW IS TOO HIGHLY CHARGED. FEW ARE LISTENING.

AT 22:40 THE DECISION IS MADE TO MOBILISE CITI-DEF BATTALIONS -



- ALWAYS A RISKY RECOURSE, ESPECIALLY NOW CONSIDERING THAT CITI-DEFS ARE CREATING NO FEW OF THE DISTURBANCES THEMSELVES.


BY 23:00 DREDD HAS COMPLETED HIS INTERROGATION OF BORISENKO'S AIDE, GALINA.



WELL?



IT'S NOT GOOD.

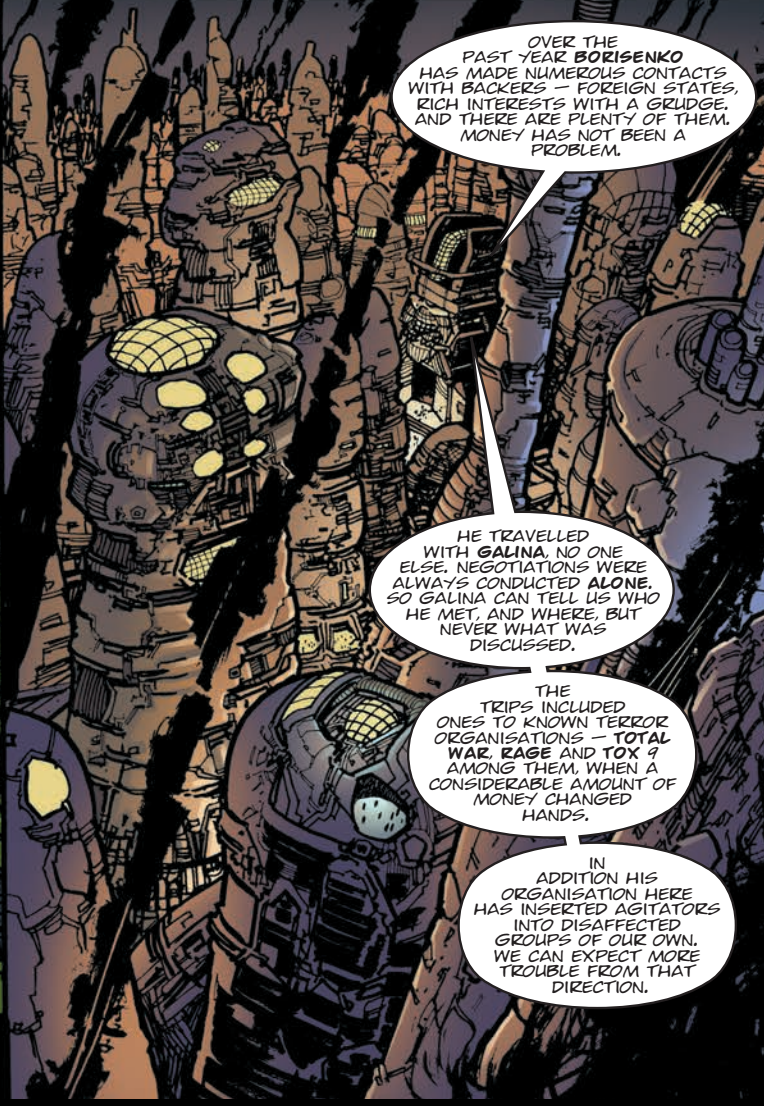


THE CHAOS BUG IS IN THE CITY. ONE AGENT AT LEAST, PERHAPS MORE, MY PEOPLE TRACED THE CARRIER TO A SAFE HOUSE RUN BY A SUSPECTED SOV CONTROLLER, ONE KARL WESSEL.

CARRIER'S NAME IS TITIANA, ONE OF BORISENKO'S GM CONSTRUCTS, DESCRIPTION MATCHES A WOMAN DISPLAYING ADVANCED SIGNS OF INFECTION AT A CLUB IN SECTOR 14 AND LATER ON THE UP-CITY ZOOM.

SO ANYONE AT THAT CLUB - ANYONE ON THAT ZOOM COULD BE INFECTED TOO.

AND ANYONE IN BETWEEN.



OVER THE PAST YEAR BORISENKO HAS MADE NUMEROUS CONTACTS WITH BACKERS - FOREIGN STATES, RICH INTERESTS WITH A GRUDGE, AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM. MONEY HAS NOT BEEN A PROBLEM.

HE TRAVELLED WITH GALINA, NO ONE ELSE. NEGOTIATIONS WERE ALWAYS CONDUCTED ALONE, SO GALINA CAN TELL US WHO HE MET, AND WHERE, BUT NEVER WHAT WAS DISCUSSED.

THE TRIPS INCLUDED ONES TO KNOWN TERROR ORGANISATIONS - TOTAL WAR, RAGE AND TOX 9 AMONG THEM, WHEN A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF MONEY CHANGED HANDS.

IN ADDITION HIS ORGANISATION HERE HAS INSERTED AGITATORS INTO DISAFFECTED GROUPS OF OUR OWN. WE CAN EXPECT MORE TROUBLE FROM THAT DIRECTION.



IF ONLY WE HADN'T LOST BORISENKO, WHAT HE COULD HAVE TOLD US...

I DOUBT HE COULD HAVE GIVEN US SPECIFICS. HE WOULD TAKE CARE NOT TO KNOW THEM. THAT WAS HIS STYLE.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH TERRORISTS WOULD BE IN GENERAL TERMS - AIMS, PERHAPS TARGETS, BUT ONCE THE DOGS WERE UNLEASHED HE WOULD HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF ACTUAL OPERATIONS.

YOU'VE INTERROGATED THE MED-TEK?



BAKER STILL CLAIMS IGNORANCE. WE SUSPECT HE'S BEEN SUBJECTED TO SOME KIND OF BRAINWASHING, POSSIBLY MIND-CONTROL DRUGS.

IN EITHER CASE SOMEONE GAVE HIM INSTRUCTIONS TO CARRY OUT THE MURDER AND RECORDS SHOW HE HADN'T LEFT THE BUILDING SINCE BORISENKO WAS BROUGHT IN. THAT SUGGESTS THE SOVS MAY HAVE SOMEONE ELSE PLANTED IN GRAND HALL.

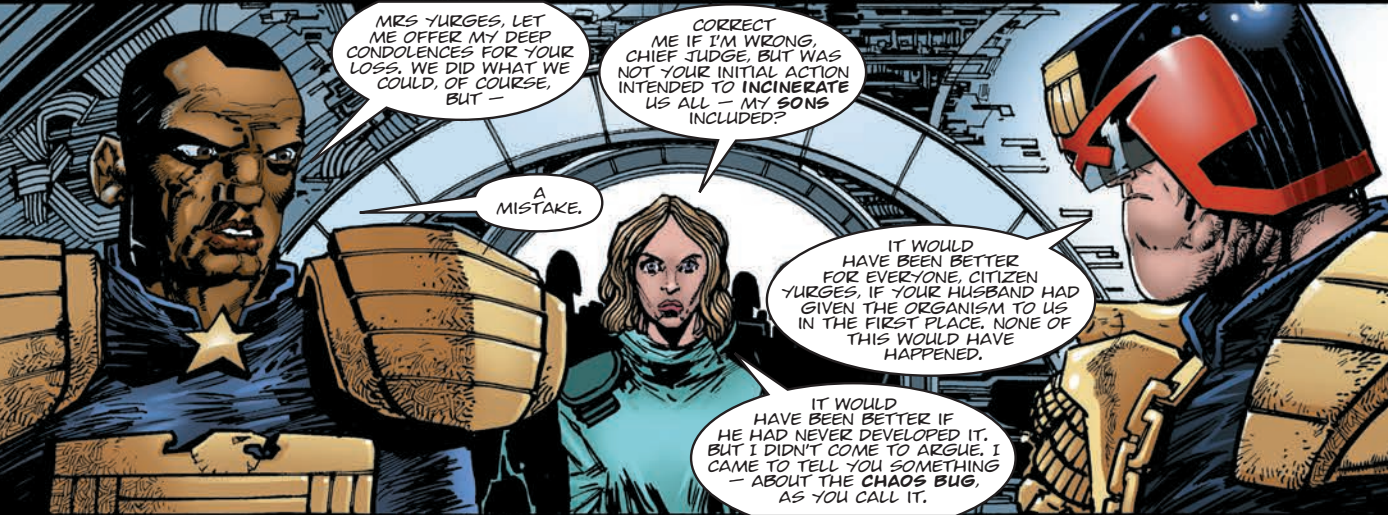
IT GETS WORSE.



MRS YURGES, CHIEF JUDGE.

AH YES, I HAD FORGOTTEN. SEND HER IN.

YOU'LL STAY FOR THIS, DREDD.



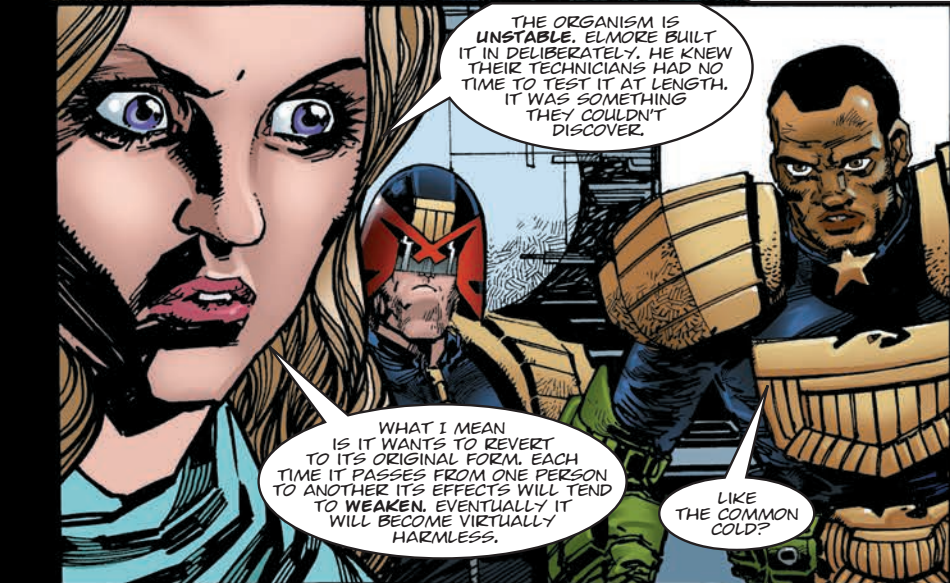
MRS YURGES, LET ME OFFER MY DEEP CONDOLENCES FOR YOUR LOSS. WE DID WHAT WE COULD, OF COURSE, BUT -

CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, CHIEF JUDGE, BUT WAS NOT YOUR INITIAL ACTION INTENDED TO INCINERATE US ALL - MY SONS INCLUDED?

A MISTAKE.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR EVERYONE, CITIZEN YURGES, IF YOUR HUSBAND HAD GIVEN THE ORGANISM TO US IN THE FIRST PLACE. NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF HE HAD NEVER DEVELOPED IT. BUT I DIDN'T COME TO ARGUE. I CAME TO TELL YOU SOMETHING - ABOUT THE CHAOS BUG, AS YOU CALL IT.



THE ORGANISM IS UNSTABLE. ELMORE BUILT IT IN DELIBERATELY. HE KNEW THEIR TECHNICIANS HAD NO TIME TO TEST IT AT LENGTH. IT WAS SOMETHING THEY COULDN'T DISCOVER.

WHAT I MEAN IS IT WANTS TO REVERT TO ITS ORIGINAL FORM. EACH TIME IT PASSES FROM ONE PERSON TO ANOTHER ITS EFFECTS WILL TEND TO WEAKEN. EVENTUALLY IT WILL BECOME VIRTUALLY HARMLESS.

LIKE THE COMMON COLD?



THAT'S WHAT YURGES MEANT. HIS LAST WORDS - 'I DID WHAT I COULD...'

I SUPPOSE IT'S TOO MUCH TO HOPE IT WILL HAPPEN BEFORE WE'RE ALL DEAD?

CHAOS DAY
MINUS 3.

DESPITE THE STRAIN ON JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT NUMBERS,
THE SHOOT-TO-KILL
POLICY GAINS THE
UPPER HAND.

AS CASUALTIES MOUNT,
LOOTERS AND RIOTERS
ARE GRADUALLY DRIVEN
FROM THE STREETS.

AT 06:00 HOURS THE
CURFEW IS TEMPORARILY
LIFTED. THE CLEAN-UP
GETS UNDER WAY.

BODIES ARE REMOVED,
THE WOUNDED TAKEN FOR
TREATMENT — AND FROM
THERE OFTEN STRAIGHT
TO THE ISO-BLOCKS.

IRONICALLY, WITHIN
THEIR AUSTERE
WALLS THE INMATES
MAY HAVE A GREATER
CHANCE OF ESCAPING
THE COMING PLAGUE.

OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH
THE PITS FOR CASUALTIES OF
THE RECENT GAS ATTACKS
ARE BEING COVERED OVER.

BESIDE THEM NEW MASS GRAVES
ARE BEING EXCAVATED TO RECEIVE
THE EXPECTED MILLIONS FROM
THE CHAOS PLAGUE.



09:00 HOURS,
GRAND HALL
OF JUSTICE -

SO WE'RE
AGREED: WE COME
CLEAN WITH THE
PEOPLE.

FOR ONCE, IT IS
CONSIDERED, PANIC MAY
COME TO THEIR AID.

IT SHOULD KEEP
THE TROUBLEMAKERS
OFF THE STREETS,
ANOTHER NIGHT LIKE
LAST NIGHT WILL
FINISH US.

IT'LL HELP
IMPEDE THE
SPREAD OF
INFECTION.

I'VE BOOKED
A MEDIA CONFERENCE
AT 10:00 HOURS.
CHIEF JUDGE, I ASSUME
YOU WANT TO MAKE
THE ANNOUNCEMENT
YOURSELF.

09:02,
MCGRUIDER
SKED.

HOLYHH -

THEY'RE
HEADING FOR
THE GRAND
HALL!

WE'VE RECEIVED UPDATED CASUALTY FIGURES FROM THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT. ONE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE JUDGES AND AUXILIARY STAFF, AS IF WE WEREN'T ALREADY SHORT-HANDED ENOUGH.

I'M SORRY, THAT SOUNDS CALLOUS.

BORISENKO MET WITH THE DEPUTY LEADER OF TOTAL WAR IN THE ANDEAN CONURB. HE'S USING AN ASSUMED IDENTITY, LIVING AT THE EL NINO.

GALINA TOLD YOU THIS?

YES. I'VE ASKED THE AUTHORITIES THERE TO ARREST AND EXTRADITE HIM WITH IMMEDIATE EFFECT. WE MAY GET A LINE ON WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING NEXT.

MISSILES INCOMING!

I COUNT FOUR-FIVE!



WAROOOOOOOM



THAT MAY ANSWER YOUR QUESTION ABOUT TOTAL WAR.

INCOMING MISSILES NULLIFIED, SIR.



HEAT TRACE WAS FIRST DETECTED AT THE UNDERPASS ON MAGSLIDER, SIR. MUST HAVE BEEN FIRED FROM INSIDE THE TUNNEL. WE CAN HALT TRAFFIC BEFORE THE OFF-RAMP.



RUNNERS?

PHASERS LOW, WE WANT THEM ALIVE.



GOT A MOBILE MISSILE BATTERY HERE.



THERE WERE TWO CREW, SIR, BOTH IN CUSTODY.

TAKE THEM STRAIGHT TO THE INTERROGATION CUBES.

DO YOU WANT TO POSTPONE THE ANNOUNCEMENT, CHIEF JUDGE?

NO, WE'D BETTER GO AHEAD.

10:14 HOURS, NORTH WEST HAB ZONE —

FOR SOME TIME WE HAVE BEEN AWARE OF A PLANNED BIOLOGICAL ATTACK BY THE REMNANTS OF EAST-MEG ONE.

OUR INFORMATION WAS THAT THEY WOULD USE A MUTATED ORGANISM CAPABLE OF KILLING EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THIS CITY.

DESPITE OUR BEST EFFORTS THE ORGANISM — THE CHAOS BUG — IS NOW IN THE CITY.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT IS STARK — DEATH STALKS THE STREETS. IF FEAR IS TO BE THEIR ALLY, THE MESSAGE MUST BE CLEAR AND CHILLING.

THE ONLY DETAIL THEY STILL HOLD BACK IS THAT THERE IS NO CURE. TO REVEAL THAT COULD ONLY HAMPER EFFORTS TO CONTAIN THE CONTAGION. VICTIMS MUST HAVE REASON TO SEEK HELP.

REMAIN IN YOUR HOMES. DO NOT GO OUT UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. IF YOU REQUIRE ASSISTANCE CALL YOUR BLOCK WELFARE OFFICER. IF YOU OR ANYONE YOU KNOW EXPERIENCE THE SYMPTOMS CALL YOUR BLOCK MED-FACILITY IMMEDIATELY.

ACHOOO

THAT CALL COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE. WITHOUT PROMPT TREATMENT THE CHAOS BUG IS FATAL. I REPEAT — ALWAYS FATAL.

WERE YOU IN THE NIGHTHAWK CLUB THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST? WERE YOU IN THE AREA? DID YOU RIDE THE 04:49 UPCITY ZOOM FROM RUBIK'S HALT? IF SO YOU MAY BE INFECTED.

JIMMY, YOU HEAR THAT? YOU GOT A BAD COLD. MAYBE IT'S THAT CHAOS THING.

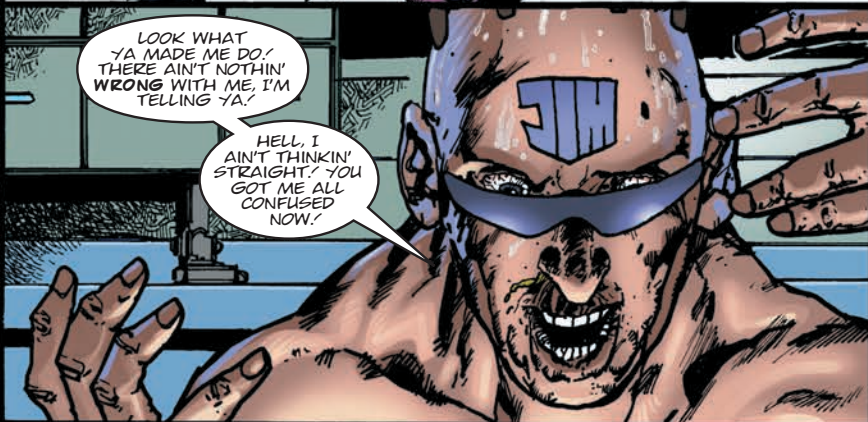
SHUDDUP! WHERE WOULD I GET THAT? KOFF! I AIN'T BEEN OUT EXCEPT TA THE WELF!

YOU'RE RUNNIN' AT THE NOSE! YOU'RE COUGHIN' AN' SNEEZIN' AN' YOUR EYES ARE RED. THAT'S THE SYMPTOMS, JIMMY. I'M GONNA CALL IT IN.



LOOK WHAT YA MADE ME DO! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WRONG WITH ME, I'M TELLING YA!

HELL, I AIN'T THINKIN' STRAIGHT! YOU GOT ME ALL CONFUSED NOW!



I'M GOIN' OUT!



LOGAN AND BEENY HAD BEGUN THE DOOR-TO-DOORS THE PREVIOUS DAY ALONG THE RUNDOWN STREET THAT HOUSED THE FOSSIL SHOP.

WITHOUT PSU'S GUIDING HAND THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO COVER THE GROUND.

THE GUY IN THE FOSSIL SHOP? DIDN'T KNOW HIM, REALLY - WOULDN'T HAVE RECOGNISED HIM.

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN HIM COME BY YESTERDAY ABOUT 14:20?

NOBODY SEEMED TO HAVE NOTICED WESSEL. THE MAN WAS LIKE A GHOST, TRAINED IN IT, NO DOUBT.

BUT DESPITE THE CHAOS ALL AROUND THEM, DESPITE THE URGENT NEED FOR EVERY JUDGE TO RESTORE ORDER, THEY WOULD NOT GIVE UP THIS HUNT. THEIR FRIEND AND PARTNER HAD BEEN MURDERED. RULE ONE - NO JUDGE KILLING CAN GO UNAVENGED.

NADA.

WHEN HE LEFT THE SHOP HE EITHER WENT LEFT TOWARDS POLAR DRIVE OR RIGHT WHERE THIS TURNS ONTO 17TH.

COULD HAVE BEEN PICKED UP RIGHT HERE.

I'M REASONING HE WOULD WANT TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE SHOP. THERE ARE CAMERAS AT THE CORNER OF POLAR AND THERE MUST BE SOME ON 17TH.

YOU TAKE POLAR, OKAY?

UPWARDS AND ONWARDS.

I'M SORRY, THE PICTURES ARE A LITTLE BLURRY, WE'VE BEEN MEANING TO GET IT FIXED.

I SUGGEST YOU DO, AS IT IS IT'S USELESS.

THAT'S THE MAN FROM THE FOSSIL SHOP, ISN'T IT?

YOU KNOW HIM?

YES, I WENT IN THERE LAST CHRISTMAS TO BUY MY DAD A PRESENT. AN OLD FOSSIL - KIND OF A JOKE, I SAW HIM YESTERDAY.

YOU DID?

HE WAS STANDING ACROSS THE STREET THERE.

WHEN WAS THIS?

YES, YES, I COULD. IT WAS A CARRIER, REALLY. A CARRIER FROM THE HIROSHIMA HOTEL.

LOGAN - WE'VE GOT SOMETHING!

ABOUT QUARTER TO THREE? HE STOOD THERE FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES THEN A CAR CAME AND PICKED HIM UP. I WAS WATCHING.

COULD YOU DESCRIBE THE CAR?



BY 1300 ON THE DAY OF THE CHIEF JUDGE'S WARNING SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN FRESH VICTIMS OF THE CHAOS BUG HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED.

AND YOU DANCED WITH THIS WOMAN?

SHE WAS DANCING WITH EVERYONE, MAN. KOFF KOFF!

SO YOU LEFT THE NIGHTHAWK CLUB ABOUT THREE AND DROVE STRAIGHT HOME, AND THEN?

BED. GOT UP ABOUT TWO, MOKED AROUND, YOU KNOW.

YOU GO OUT, MEET ANYONE?



ALL FIVE TEST POSITIVE, I'D SAY THE OTHERS AREN'T AT THE INFECTIVE STAGE YET.

I HAVE TO ASK YOU ALL TO COME WITH US, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IMMEDIATE TREATMENT.

PUT THIS SUIT ON, BARRY.

I'M GETTING SICK OF THIS, MAN. KOFF.

STAY HOME, THE CHIEF JUDGE HAD CAUTIONED, BUT ALL TOO MANY FOUND REASON TO IGNORE THE WARNING. HE COULDN'T MEAN THEM — THEY HAD THINGS TO DO — IT WAS JUST ANOTHER RUSE TO POSTPONE THE ELECTION...



JUST DO IT, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU BETTER.



KEEP AWAY, YOU!

YOU'VE GOT THE SYMPTOMS! YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE! YOU NEED TO BE TREATED!

WHAT'S YOUR FREAKIN' PROBLEM?

I'M CALLING IT IN, GET ME JUSTICE DEPARTMENT!



THERE'S NOTHIN' WRONG WITH ME, IT'S JUST A FREAKIN' COLD!

13:10, OFFICE OF THE CHIEF JUDGE.

AS YOU KNOW, WE'VE BEEN HOLDING THE EARLY VICTIMS IN A MOTHBALLED DETENTION FACILITY NEAR THE HOVERPORT. YOU'VE BEEN THERE, CHIEF JUDGE?

NO.

I HAVE, THEY ARE, FRANKLY, DEGENERATING FAST.

'IF WE PUT THEM IN WITH EACH OTHER THEY FIGHT, TRY TO RIP EACH OTHER'S THROATS OUT. AFTER A CERTAIN STAGE THERE'S NO REASONING WITH THEM.

'THE FACILITY IS ALREADY OVERCROWDED. MORE VICTIMS ARE COMING IN ALL THE TIME.'

OFTEN THEY'VE INFECTED SEVERAL OTHERS BY THE TIME WE GET TO THEM. AN HOUR AGO THEY HAD TO BRING IN ELEVEN STAFF OF A HOSPITAL EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - INFECTED. THE PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO WITH THEM IS ONLY GOING TO GET WORSE.

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, VASS?

THIS IS JUST A PROPOSAL, SIR. ONE OF OUR K14 MILITARY TRANSPORTERS - CARRIES UP TO EIGHTY TONS OF CARGO OR THREE HUNDRED PASSENGERS. THE SEATING SLIDES DOWN INTO THE FLOOR, TAKES ABOUT TWO MINUTES.

'WE ESCORT THE VICTIMS ABOARD - NOT THE SERIOUS CASES, THEY WOULD PRESENT TOO MUCH DANGER. WE TELL THEM THEY'RE BEING FLOWN TO A SPECIAL CLINIC.

'DURING THE FLIGHT WE INTRODUCE A SEDATIVE GAS INTO THE AIR SUPPLY TO SEND THEM GENTLY TO SLEEP.

'WHEN THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS WE INTRODUCE A SECOND GAS, ONE THEY USE IN THE EUTHANASIUMS. THIS ENDS THEIR LIVES SWIFTLY AND PAINLESSLY.

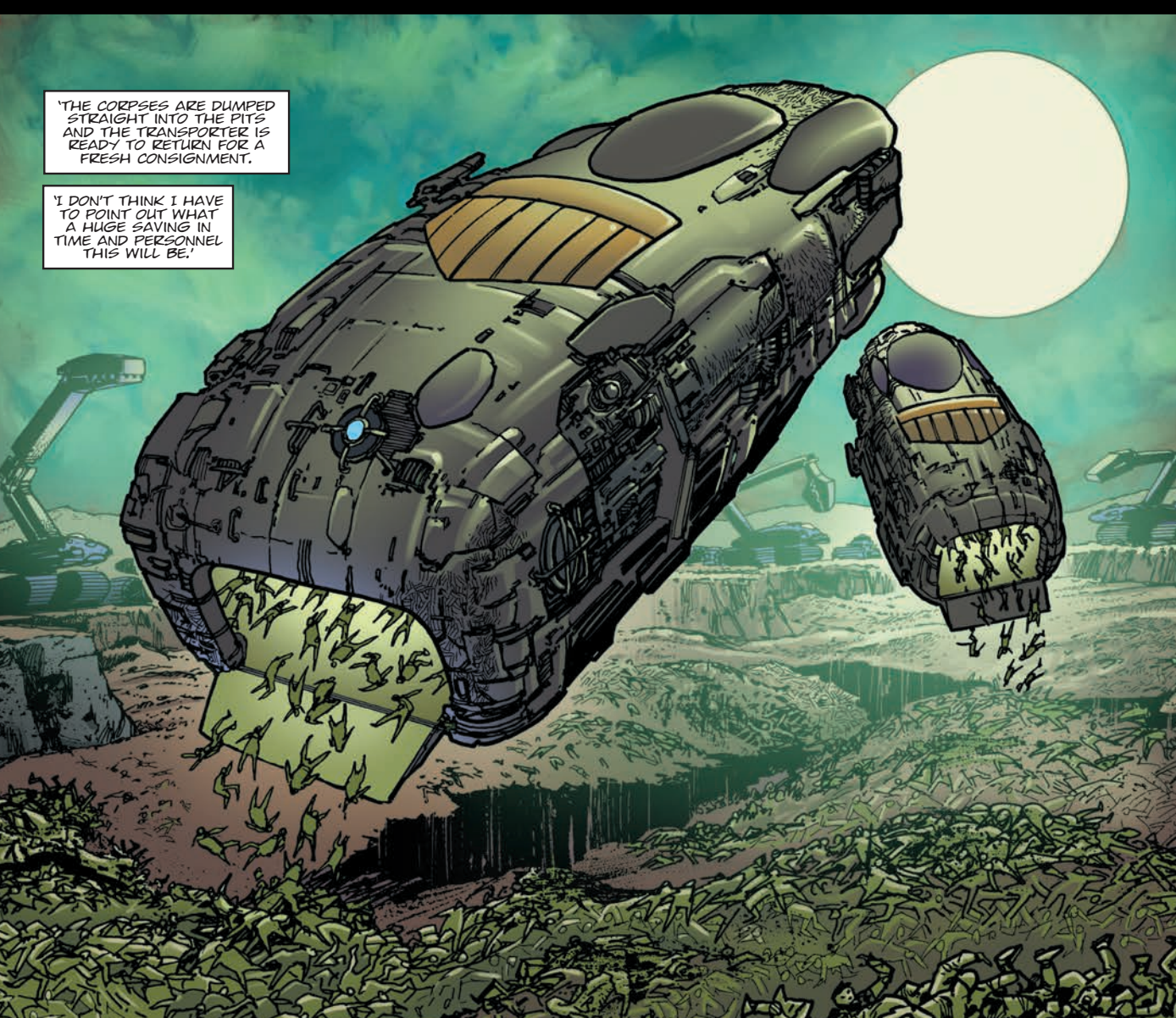
'AS THE TRANSPORTER APPROACHES THE BURIAL PITS THE SEATS ARE RETRACTED.

'THE GAS CAN THEN BE VENTED FROM THE FUSELAGE OR CAPTURED FOR REUSE. I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THAT.



'THE CORPSES ARE DUMPED STRAIGHT INTO THE PITS AND THE TRANSPORTER IS READY TO RETURN FOR A FRESH CONSIGNMENT.'

'I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO POINT OUT WHAT A HUGE SAVING IN TIME AND PERSONNEL THIS WILL BE.'



'YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND. THIS IS MONSTROUS, VASS.'

PRAGMATIC, SIR. I DON'T RELISH THE PROSPECT ANY MORE THAN YOU DO, BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE DOOMED ANYWAY, AND NUMBERS ARE GROWING ALL THE TIME. WHAT ELSE ARE WE TO DO WITH THEM?



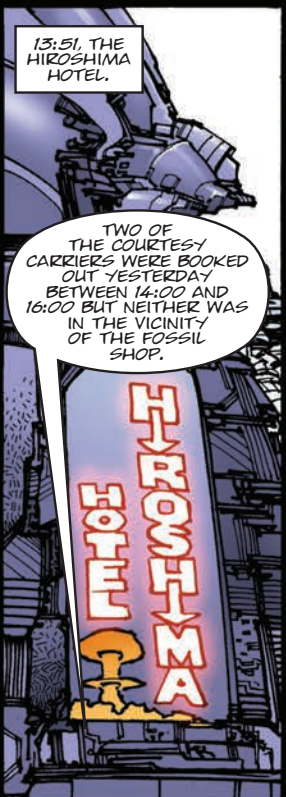
BUT THE BUG IS SUPPOSED TO WEAKEN. IT'S UNSTABLE.

BUT WILL IT WEAKEN FAST ENOUGH? I DOUBT IT. UNLESS WE CAN STOP IT IN ITS TRACKS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE MILLIONS OF CASUALTIES. WHAT DO WE DO WITH THEM?



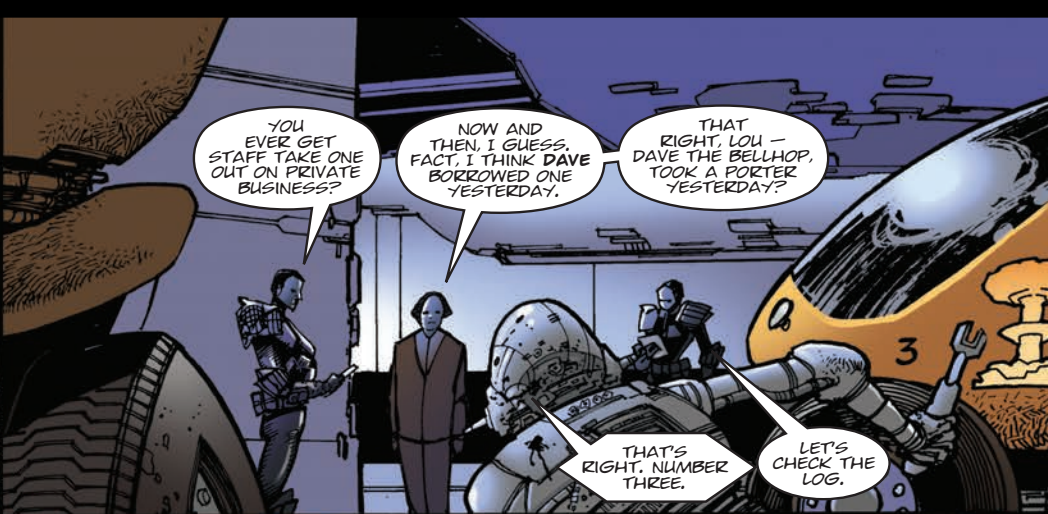
THAT THIS SHOULD HAPPEN ON MY WATCH...

NO, VASS, I WON'T DO IT. WE HAVE TO STOP THE BUG. WE HAVE TO STOP IT.



13.51, THE HIROSHIMA HOTEL.

TWO OF THE COURTESY CARRIERS WERE BOOKED OUT YESTERDAY BETWEEN 14:00 AND 16:00 BUT NEITHER WAS IN THE VICINITY OF THE FOSSIL SHOP.



YOU EVER GET STAFF TAKE ONE OUT ON PRIVATE BUSINESS?

NOW AND THEN, I GUESS. FACT, I THINK DAVE BORROWED ONE YESTERDAY.

THAT RIGHT, LOU - DAVE THE BELLHOP, TOOK A PORTER YESTERDAY?

THAT'S RIGHT, NUMBER THREE.

LET'S CHECK THE LOG.

THIS IS IT, 14:35, VEHICLE WAS DRIVEN TO 17TH STREET, RETURNED DIRECTLY TO THE HOTEL, CODE 1019.

THAT'S THE HOTEL CODE, ALLOWS ANYONE TO DRIVE IT.

SO HOW'D DAVE GET THAT?

I GAVE IT TO HIM, I GUESS.

SMART, OKAY, LET'S GO FIND DAVE.



COUPLE OF JUDGES TO SEE YOU, DAVE.

YES, SIR - MA'AM, ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP MEGA-CITY'S FINEST. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



YOU PICKED UP ONE KARL WESSEL ON 17TH STREET YESTERDAY. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU TOOK HIM.

DON'T LIE TO US, DAVE. WE'LL GET TO THE TRUTH, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.



SURE, SURE, WHAT THE HELL, IT'S TOO LATE NOW ANYWAY. NOTHING YOU CAN DO ANYMORE.

HE'S HERE, I PUT HIM IN ONE OF THE ROOMS.



READY?!

DO IT.



WHO TH' HELL - ?

DROKK! HE'S GOT THE BUG!

RESPIRATORS!



BACK OFF!



GRUD! SO MUCH FOR WESSEL!

CONTROL, WE HAVE A CHAOS VICTIM. HIROSHIMA HOTEL.

IT'S COMING TO ALL OF YOU! YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!



THAT PEOPLE COULD HATE US ENOUGH TO DO THAT.

WE BETTER GET OURSELVES CHECKED OUT.

— TODAY AGREED TO PROCEED WITH THE 'PEOPLE'S ELECTION' DESPITE THE TURMOIL IN THE CITY, CRITICISING JUSTICE DEPARTMENT FOR THEIR 'PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO SUBVERT THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS'.

LATEST FIGURES FOR INFECTION WITH THE CHAOS ORGANISM —

— SO FAR EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO CITIZENS HAVE SUCCEMBED AND ARE BEING TREATED AT A TOP CITY MEDICAL FACILITY.

MEANWHILE, AS THE DEATH TOLL FROM LAST NIGHT'S DISTURBANCES RISES ABOVE SIXTEEN HUNDRED, THE CHIEF JUDGE'S OFFICE ANNOUNCED A NEW CURFEW, HERE'S MIASMA JENNINGS AT THE GRAND HALL —

THE CURFEW WILL BEGIN AT 18:00 HOURS AND LAST TILL 06:00 NEXT MORNING.

JUDGE MARGARET STALKER, IS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT USING THIS SUPPOSED CRISIS AS AN EXCUSE TO CRACK DOWN ON CIVIL LIBERTIES?

THERE IS A CRISIS, MIASMA, THE BUG CANNOT SPREAD IF POTENTIAL VICTIMS DO NOT COME IN CONTACT. THAT'S WHY IT IS VITAL FOR PEOPLE TO REMAIN IN THEIR HOMES. I REPEAT, THIS BUG IS VIRULENT AND IT IS A KILLER. WE WILL TAKE ALL MEASURES NECESSARY TO ENSURE THE CURFEW IS OBSERVED.

17:34. MID-LEVEL POD PARK, KEELER HEIGHTS.

SO WHERE'S YOUR BADGE?

YOU DON'T NEED MY BADGE.

HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE A JUDGE?

THIS.

WHAT IS IT?

THOSE PEOPLE — WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM? IS THAT GAS?

CALL IT OUR TOP MEDICAL FACILITY.

THEY'RE LYING TO YOU. THERE'S NO CURE FOR THE CHAOS BUG. TURN YOURSELF IN AND THAT'S THE TREATMENT. DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE SHOWING SYMPTOMS, EVERYBODY GOES.

THIS... THIS IS HORRIFIC!

THEY'VE GOT PITS FOR MILLIONS AND THEY'RE STILL DIGGING. THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW. THOUGHT THE PEOPLE OUGHT TO KNOW.

THANK GRID FOR DECENT JUDGES LIKE YOU. THIS HAS GOT TO BE BROADCAST!



THE JUDGE CORNERED JIMMY IN THE TREEMEAT MARKET, BEAT HIM INTO SUBMISSION WITH HIS DAYSTICK.

JUST ONE JAY. THEY DIDN'T HUNT IN PAIRS ANYMORE. NOT ENOUGH TO GO ROUND.

WE GOT A BUG VICTIM HERE. GIVE ME AN ETA ON COLLECTION, CONTROL.

YOU PEOPLE SHOULD RETURN TO YOUR BLOCKS. GET YOURSELVES TESTED.

THE CHEM-SUITS CAME AND ASKED JIMMY A LOT OF QUESTIONS. HE WAS JUST ABOUT ABLE TO ANSWER, THOUGH THE BOLTS OF CONFUSION AND RAGE WERE COMING STRONGER NOW.

WHERE ELSE YOU BEEN TODAY, SON? AND DON'T ANSWER BACK THIS TIME.

HUUH...?

I'LL CHECK OUT THE CREEP'S APARTMENT.

NEGATIVE. THAT LOOKS LIKE A BLOOD SPLASH THERE. YOU'VE GOT TO BE TESTED.

THEY LOADED JIMMY ONTO A SEALED PORTER PACKED WITH OTHER POOR WRETCHES, TOOK THEM STRAIGHT TO THE HOLDING PENS.

THEY WEREN'T BOTHERING TO TREAT THEM ANYMORE. IN THREE DAYS THEY'D BE DEAD, MAYBE SOONER. TILL THEN THEY WERE JUST A PROBLEM.

THEY FOUND THE DROPPER IN JIMMY'S ROOM.

IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY RAN TESTS THAT THEY'D KNOW WHAT IT HAD HELD.

18:15 HOURS, INTERROGATION CUBES, GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

YOUR TEST RESULTS ARE IN. LOGAN NEGATIVE. BEENY NEGATIVE.

GOOD NEWS FOR A CHANGE. THE WAY THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING I FIGURED WE HAD TO HAVE CAUGHT IT.

WHAT ABOUT OUR DETAINEE?

ALSO NEGATIVE. I GATHER HE HAD LIMITED CONTACT WITH WESSEL?

HIS REAL NAME, HE'D TOLD THEM, WAS ALEXI. HE'D BEEN ONE OF THE GANG THAT HAD KIDNAPPED ELMORE YURGES - HE'D ADMITTED IT READILY, PROUD OF IT.

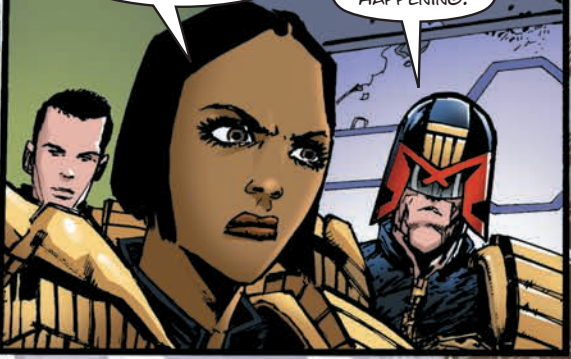
TWO OF THE GANG HAD GONE EAST WITH THE FAMILY, ONE WAS STILL LOOSE OUT THERE, THEY WERE LOOKING FOR HIM, THEY'D FIND HIM.



NO, DAVE THE BELLHOP WAS HOLDING NOTHING BACK, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW MUCH. THE CELL'S ONLY CONTACT HAD BEEN KARL WESSEL, AND WESSEL WAS INFECTED WITH THE CHAOS PLAGUE, NO LONGER COHERENT.

SEEMS LIKE EVERY TIME WE MAKE PROGRESS IT BLOWS UP IN OUR FACE. IT'S LIKE THIS THING IS GOING TO HAPPEN AND NOTHING WILL STOP IT.

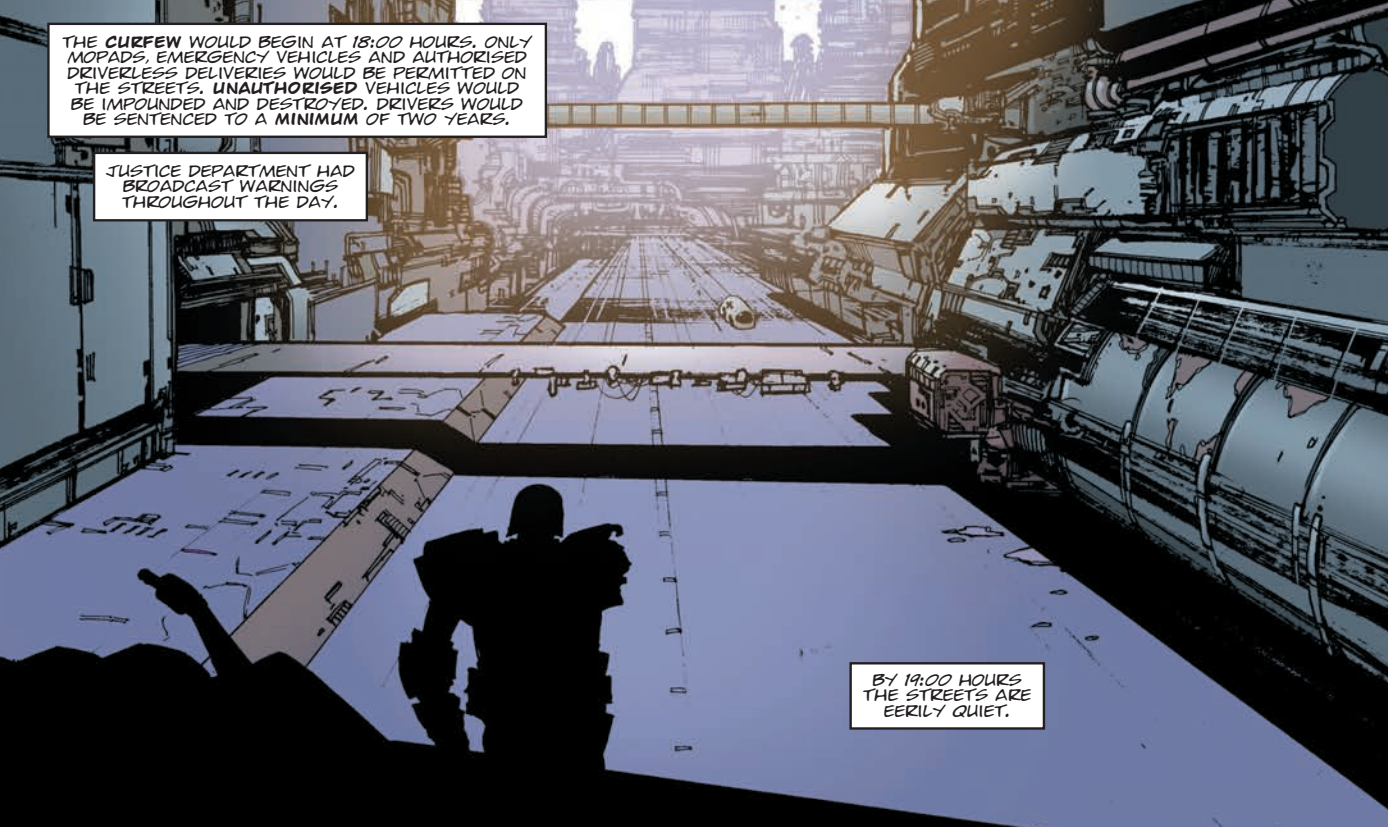
IT'S ALREADY HAPPENING.



SO FAR THE CURFEW IS HOLDING. THAT'S OUR ONE CHANCE HERE, THE PEOPLE STAY IN THEIR HOMES, THE THING CAN'T SPREAD, WE CAN PICK OFF THE INFECTED ONE BY ONE.

THE CURFEW WOULD BEGIN AT 18:00 HOURS. ONLY MOPADS, EMERGENCY VEHICLES AND AUTHORISED DRIVERLESS DELIVERIES WOULD BE PERMITTED ON THE STREETS. UNAUTHORISED VEHICLES WOULD BE IMPOUNDED AND DESTROYED. DRIVERS WOULD BE SENTENCED TO A MINIMUM OF TWO YEARS.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAD BROADCAST WARNINGS THROUGHOUT THE DAY.



BY 19:00 HOURS THE STREETS ARE EERILY QUIET.

THE JUDGES — BADLY OVERSTRETCHED — AT LAST GAIN SOME RESPIRE.

WE GOT A ROUGH SLEEPER HERE.



DOESN'T LOOK INFECTED. FIND HIM SOME SPACE IN A STACKER.

THAT'S A ROJ. PICK-UP ON ITS WAY.

WASSAMADDA? WAH-WAH-WAH I DONE?



PUBLIC SPACES WITHIN THE BLOCKS TOO ARE LARGELY DESERTED.

WE GOT TWO FOR THE CUBES, ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON.



THE PEOPLE HAVE TAKEN THE WARNINGS TO HEART AND ARE STAYING HOME.

OCCASIONAL OUTBREAKS OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE ARE HARSHLY DEALT WITH.



HOUSE ARREST? YOU JEST!

WE WANT TO GO OUT


NO CURFEW

NO TO HOUSE ARREST

BAMBER GASCOIGNE BLOCK AGAINST CURFEW



NO TO HOUSE ARREST



WE'LL BE BRINGING YOU NEWS ABOUT A SERIOUS OUTBREAK OF THE CHAOS PLAGUE IN THE CZECH PROTECTORATE AND CASES ELSEWHERE IN THE WORLD. BUT FIRST HERE'S JUG DOUGLAS IN THE NORTH WEST HAB ZONE -

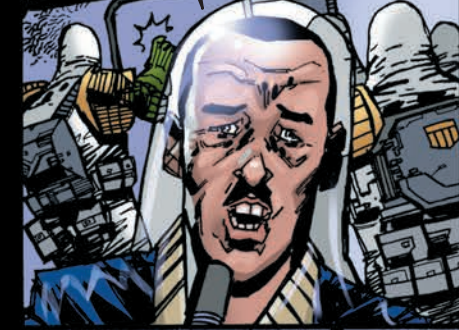
JUG DOUGLAS, NETWORK NEWS. WHAT FIRST ALERTED YOU TO THE PROBLEM?

WELL, GRAN STARTED SNEEZING AND COUGHING AND HER EYES WERE VERY RED. WE HEARD THAT WAS A SIGN OF THE DISEASE.

WE TAKE A SWAB FROM EACH PERSON'S MOUTH. IF THAT TURNS RED WHEN EXPOSED TO THE SOLUTION WE KNOW IT CONTAINS THE CHAOS ORGANISM. IT'S HIGHLY SPECIFIC AND EXTREMELY ACCURATE.

OUTSIDE, THE STREETS ARE STRANGELY QUIET. IN THE BLOCKS THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS ARE DESERTED. ACROSS THE CITY THE WORK OF ROUNDING UP VICTIMS OF THE CHAOS PLAGUE GOES ON.

I'VE BEEN PERMITTED TO ACCOMPANY A MED TEAM AS THEY RESPOND TO A CALL FOR HELP.



THE GOOD NEWS IS GRAN IS FINE. IT'S JUST A COLD.



I'M AFRAID, THOUGH YOU OTHERS MAY NOT BE SHOWING ANY SYMPTOMS, YOU ARE DEFINITELY INFECTED.

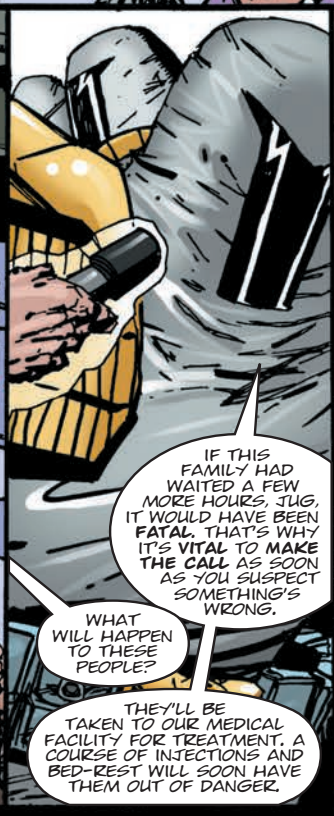
THERE WAS A GUY WHEN WE WERE OUT SHOPPING - HE WENT REALLY WACKO. JUDGE HAD TO CLUB HIM DOWN. I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE THAT CLOSE... JEEZ.

IT'S LUCKY YOU CALLED THIS IN. WITH IMMEDIATE TREATMENT YOU HAVE AN EXCELLENT CHANCE OF SURVIVAL.

OH MY GRUD. OH MY GRUD.



WAIT! I TELL MOKEY! I GOT THE CHAOS PLAGUE! I GOT THE CHAOS PLAGUE!



IF THIS FAMILY HAD WAITED A FEW MORE HOURS, JUG, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL. THAT'S WHY IT'S VITAL TO MAKE THE CALL AS SOON AS YOU SUSPECT SOMETHING'S WRONG.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THESE PEOPLE?

THEY'LL BE TAKEN TO OUR MEDICAL FACILITY FOR TREATMENT. A COURSE OF INJECTIONS AND BED-REST WILL SOON HAVE THEM OUT OF DANGER.



SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO CALL IN AS SOON AS YOU OR ANYONE AROUND YOU FEELS ILL. JUST CALL THE BUSHLINE AND LEAVE THE REST TO THE AUTHORITIES.




AS THE CALLS COME IN VEHICLES CONTINUE TO FILL UP WITH FRESH VICTIMS. A NEW HOLDING PEN HAS TO BE OPENED IN A CONDEMNED WARETOWER CLOSE TO THE HARBOUR.


BY 20:30 HOURS THE NUMBER DETAINED HAS REACHED OVER FOUR THOUSAND.




THE STREETS REMAIN QUIET, DESERTED APART FROM A FEW BRAVE OR FOOLHARDY CURFEW BREAKERS.




AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS IT SEEMS TO DREDD THE MANTRA HE'S KEPT REPEATING TO HIMSELF MAY ACTUALLY BE ACHIEVABLE — THEY CAN BEAT THIS THING.



GOOD EVENING. THIS IS MIASMA JENNINGS. TONIGHT ON STREETLIGHT A REPORT THAT WILL SHOCK THIS CITY TO THE CORE.



FOR SOME — THOSE ALREADY SKEPTICAL ABOUT THE PROMISES OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT — IT MAY NOT COME AS A SURPRISE.



EARLIER TODAY I MET WITH A JUDGE IN A SECRET LOCATION. TO PROTECT HIS IDENTITY I WILL NOT GIVE YOU HIS NAME. I WILL, HOWEVER, SHOW YOU THE DAMNING AND HORRIFIC EVIDENCE HE HANDED TO ME.

TURN YOURSELVES IN, WE ARE TOLD, THE DISEASE IS FATAL UNLESS TREATED IMMEDIATELY. HERE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO INNOCENT CITIZENS WHEN THEY FOLLOW THAT ADVICE.

HERE WE SEE PLAGUE VICTIMS BOARDING A HOVERSHIP. THEY LOOK HAPPY, RELAXED, ALMOST IN A HOLIDAY MOOD. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW WHAT AWAITS THEM.

AS THE CRAFT RISES AN INVISIBLE ODORLESS GAS IS FED INTO THE PASSENGER CABIN. THE PASSENGERS DRIFT GENTLY OFF TO SLEEP.

THE PICTURES HAVE BEEN FORWARDED TO EVERY NEWS ZINE, VID CHANNEL AND COMMENTATOR.

THIS IS FOLLOWED BY A SECOND GAS. THIS TIME, AS YOU CAN SEE, IT IS LETHAL. THOSE PEOPLE AREN'T JUST ASLEEP - THEY'RE DEAD.

MY GRUD, THOSE POOR PEOPLE, THEY'RE JUST -

IT'S MURDER, BETTY! MURDER!

THE SEATS, AS YOU SEE, HAVE BEEN CUNNINGLY ARRANGED TO SLIDE INTO THE FLOOR AS THE PASSENGERS ARE COLD-BLOODEDLY READY FOR THE FINAL ACT.

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOTHING... THE PEOPLE SURE WILL.

LIKE SO MUCH HUMAN CARRION THEY ARE DUMPED INTO PRE-PREPARED MASS GRAVES.

THIS IS THEIR REWARD FOR THEIR PUBLIC-SPIRITED ACTIONS. THIS IS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S CURE?

BASTARDS!

THIS IS WAR!

THE CITY ERUPTS.

IN EVERY BLOCK IN EVERY SECTOR ANGER BOILS OVER.



THIS IS YOUR FAULT, VASS!

HOW DID THEY GET HOLD OF THOSE PICTURES?

I... I...



I REPEAT, YOU HAVE BEEN THE VICTIMS OF AN ELABORATE HOAX. THERE IS NO POISON GAS. THERE ARE BURIAL PITS, YES, WE WOULD BE REMISS IF WE DID NOT PREPARE FOR THE DISASTER -

SEVERELY STRETCHED ALREADY, THE JUDGES ARE RAPIDLY OVERWHELMED. BY 22:00 HOURS LARGE SECTIONS OF THE CITY ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB.



THEY SHOW THE BURIAL PITS LYING EMPTY, WAITING, BUT NO ONE BELIEVES THEM.

HOW MANY TIMES DO YA THINK YA CAN LIE TO US AN' GET AWAY WITH IT?

ACROSS THE CITY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SUBSTATIONS ARE SCOURED FOR REINFORCEMENTS, ISO-BLOCKS, RESEARCH CENTRES, THE ACADEMY OF LAW, EVERYTHING DOWN TO THE SMALLEST OUTPOST IS STRIPPED TO THE BARE MINIMUM.

AT CENTRAL HOVERPORT A CONTINGENT OF BRIT-CIT ANDROID AUXILIARIES, ALREADY ON THEIR WAY, IS RUSHED INTO ACTION.

MILITARY DIVISIONS HAVE BEEN DEPLOYED FROM THE START. UNLICENSED TO ACT AGAINST THE CIVILIAN POPULATION, THEY ARE GRANTED TEMPORARY EXECUTIVE POWERS.

BUT EVEN THEIR ADDITIONAL FIREPOWER IS NOT ENOUGH, THE CITY IS TOO VAST, AND THE ANGER TOO STRONG, AND LIKE THE CHAOS BUG ITSELF, INSURRECTION SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE.



THEY ARREST MIASMA JENNINGS AND HER EDITORIAL TEAM.



ON YOUR FEET.

I WAS ONLY DOING MY DUTY. THERE'S NO CRIME IN THAT. THE VIEWERS CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE!

YOU'RE BEING ARRESTED FOR DECEIVING THE PUBLIC. YOU CONSIDER CHECKING THE FACTS BEFORE YOU RELEASED THOSE PICTURES?

I'M BEING SILENCED FOR EXERCISING MY RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH!



YOU'RE THE ONES DECEIVING US, GRUDDAM JUDGES!



BE PROUD OF YOURSELF. YOU JUST MIGHT HAVE KILLED THE LAST CHANCE WE HAD TO BEAT THIS THING.



CITIZENS - YOU KNOW ME. I HAVE GIVEN MY LIFE TO SERVING YOU. DO YOU IMAGINE THAT DAN FRANCISCO COULD EVER SANCTION THE MURDER OF OUR CITIZENS? TONIGHT I WILL PERSONALLY LEAD A DELEGATION OF THE MEDIA TO THE BURIAL SITES. YOU WILL SEE THAT THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THESE ALLEGATIONS.

DORK! I NEVER LIKED YER SHOW AN-YWAY!..



THINK, MAN! WHO COULD HAVE GOT HOLD OF THOSE PICTURES?

AND AMID ALL THE CHAOS, NO ONE IS REPORTING VICTIMS OF THE BUG ANYMORE.

WHAT FOR? SO THEY CAN GAS HIM AND DUMP HIM IN THE CURSED EARTH?



LEMME GO! HNNNN, I'LL KILL YOU!

WE GOT TO CALL THIS IN.



ACHOOO

22:42 HOURS, HIGH-SECURITY CONTAINMENT, SECTOR 7.

HALDANE, CHIEF JUDGE'S OFFICE, I HAVE A WARRANT TO INSPECT THIS FACILITY.

JUDGE HALDANE ENTERING, OPEN INNER RING.

WILD OUT THERE.

YOU'RE TELLING ME, HOW MANY OF YOU ON DUTY?

JUST FOUR, SKELETON CREW. THEY SNATCHED EVERYONE ELSE AWAY FOR THE RIOTS.

MORE THAN RIOTS, IT'S WAR.

WARRANT.

THAT'S WHY THE CHIEF JUDGE SENT ME, CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH THESE BABIES.

RIGHT.

OPEN PRIMARY CONTAINMENT.

STAND AT THAT PANEL OVER THERE, RECOGNITION BY PALM PRINT, KEEP YOUR HAND ON THE READER WHILE I KEY IN THE ACCESS CODE.

IN THE EVENT OF AN ESCAPE THE PRIMARY CONTAINMENT WILL REMAIN SEALED.

THAT WOULD BE VERY UNPLEASANT FOR US.

YOU SAID IT.



IF THIS JUDGE WHO GAVE YOU THE RECORDING WASN'T WEARING A BADGE, HOW DO YOU KNOW HE WAS A JUDGE?

THE WAY HE TALKED, THE WAY HE CARRIED HIMSELF, YOU CAN'T MISTAKE IT.

DESCRIBE, AGE, HEIGHT, ANY ACCENT?

UH-UH, THAT'S AS FAR AS I GO. JUST DIDN'T WANT YOU PLAYING HOLIER-THAN-THOU CONSIDERING THE SOURCE.




IN THIS EDITORIAL MEETING YOU ALL DISCUSSED BROADCASTING THE RECORDING? ANY OF YOU THINK TO GET SOME VERIFICATION?

YOU'D ONLY HAVE DENIED IT, IT WAS TOO BIG A SCOOP. WE HAD TO GET IT OUT.

AND YOU SENT COPIES TO THIRTY-FOUR OTHER VIDCASTERS?

WE... NEEDED TO TAKE SOME OF THE HEAT OFF, IF EVERYONE PUT IT OUT...



WE'VE CHECKED THE TEKS WHO PUT THE SIMULATION TOGETHER, AND VASS'S STAFF. I'M CONFIDENT NONE OF THEM ARE IMPLICATED. THE ONLY OTHER POSSIBLE SOURCE IS YOUR OWN OFFICE. WE NEED TO QUESTION YOUR STAFF, CHIEF JUDGE.

GRIEF, THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING WORSE AND WORSE.



REES, ASSEMBLE MY STAFF IN THE BRIEFING ROOM, ALL OF THEM. QUICKLY NOW. I LEAVE WITH THE DELEGATION IN THIRTY MINUTES.

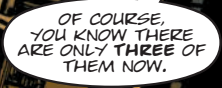
YES, SIR, WE HAVE ONE ABSENTEE, SIR, SHALL I TRY TO LOCATE HIM?

YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS?

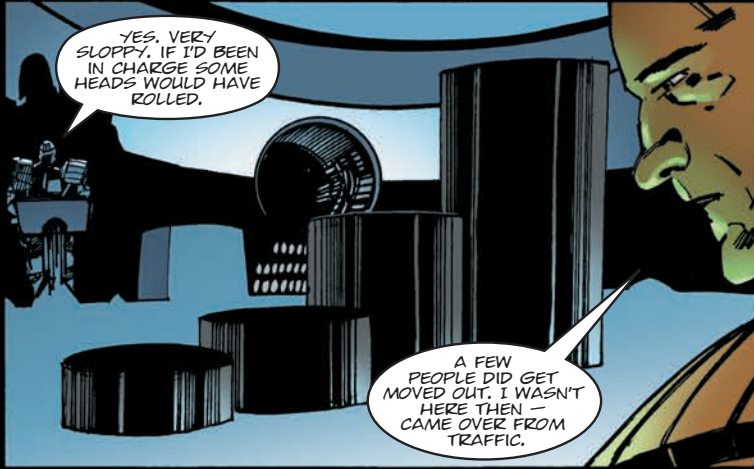
NO, SIR, HE DIDN'T INDICATE ON THE DUTY ROSTER, JUST SIGNED OUT.



HALDANE, SIR, I'LL PUT OUT A CALL FOR HIM.

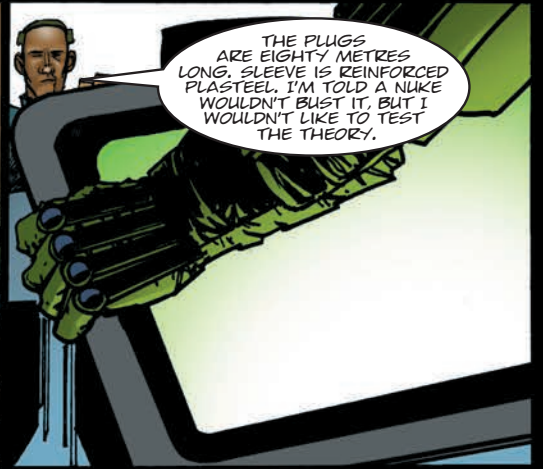


OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THERE ARE ONLY THREE OF THEM NOW.



YES. VERY SLOPPY. IF I'D BEEN IN CHARGE SOME HEADS WOULD HAVE ROLLED.

A FEW PEOPLE DID GET MOVED OUT. I WASN'T HERE THEN - CAME OVER FROM TRAFFIC.



THE PLUGS ARE EIGHTY METRES LONG. SLEEVE IS REINFORCED PLASTEEL. I'M TOLD A NUKE WOULDN'T BUST IT, BUT I WOULDN'T LIKE TO TEST THE THEORY.



AH, THERE THEY ARE.

I'M GOING TO REMOVE THEM FOR EXAMINATION.



JUDGES FEAR, FIRE AND MORTIS. REAL CREEPY HOW THEY MOVE AROUND IN THERE...



PEACE, I WANT YOU TO CALL THE REST OF THE STAFF. I WANT THEM HERE - NOW.

WH-WHY? IS SOMETHING WRONG?



YES. SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG...

22:59 HOURS.
HIGH-SECURITY
CONTAINMENT,
SECTOR 7.

SO... THIS
EVERYONE?

WHAT'S
THIS ABOUT? WHY
ARE THE CRYSTALS
LYING OUT?

HE SAYS
SOMETHING'S
WRONG.

YOU LOST
ONE OF THESE
BEFORE -
DEATH.

DO YOU
KNOW THE TROUBLE
IT COULD CAUSE WERE ANY
OF THE OTHERS TO ESCAPE
- ESPECIALLY NOW? FEAR,
FIRE AND MORTIS LOOSE IN
THE CITY - ABSOLUTE
MAYHEM.

THAT'S
WHY I NEED TO TAKE
EXTRAORDINARY
ACTION.

**BDAM
BDAM
BDAM**

**BDAM
BDAM**

DROKK - !

FENTON

FEDIN

HALDANE

YOU... YOU
TRAITOR...

NO.
LOYAL TO THE
CORE.

JUST
NOT TO THIS
CITY.

23:10 HOURS, GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE —

I REGRET THE CHIEF JUDGE HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED. HE HAS ASKED ME TO ESCORT YOU TO THE BURIAL PITS.

WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS, JUDGE STALKER? WHAT'S TO SAY YOU AREN'T DUMPING THE BODIES OF THE BUG VICTIMS YOU MURDERED SOMEPLACE ELSE?

AT ANOTHER TIME SHE MIGHT ARREST THE REPORTER ON THE SPOT, TEACH HIM A LESSON ABOUT ATTITUDE. NOW, THEY ARE TREADING VERY CAREFULLY...

YOU WILL SEE LANDMARKS YOU RECOGNISE FROM THE SIMULATION, BUT YOU WILL SEE THAT THE NEW BURIAL PITS — WE ARE NOT DENYING THEY EXIST — ARE LYING EMPTY.

WE HAVE MURDERED NO ONE. WE ARE SEARCHING FOR THE PEOPLE WHO PERPETRATED THIS HOAX ON THE CITY AND WE WILL PROSECUTE THEM TO THE FULL EXTENT OF OUR POWERS.

NOW PLEASE BOARD THE HOVERCRAFT.

YOU THINK SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH?

I STOPPED BELIEVING THE JUDGES IN KINDERGARTEN.

MAN, WHAT A MESS.

YEAH.

NICE TO BE OUT OF IT FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS.

BY 23:30 THE CHIEF JUDGE'S PERSONAL STAFF HAVE BEEN QUESTIONED. DREDD IS SATISFIED NONE OF THEM PASSED THE SIMULATION TO THE MEDIA. NOW ONLY HALDANE REMAINS.



WE'VE TRIED HIM AGAIN. SIR, HE'S NOT RESPONDING.

YOU'VE GOT HIS WHEREABOUTS? WHAT ABOUT HIS BIKE'S LOCATION SYSTEM.

NO READING, SIR. COULD BE MALFUNCTIONING.

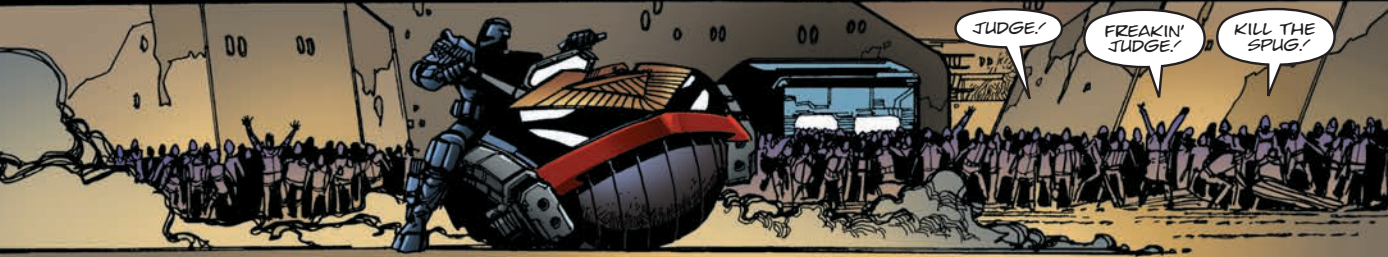
OR IT'S BEEN DISABLED. TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE. WE SUSPECTED THERE WAS ANOTHER SOV MOLE. HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW HIM?

MAYBE HE'S CONDUCTING ONE NOW.

HALDANE? NOT WELL. HE WAS RECRUITED BY SINFIELD. BELIEVE HE USED TO BE AT SPECIAL OPERATIONS.



ALL UNITS, BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR JUDGE RANDALL HALDANE. WANTED FOR QUESTIONING AT GRAND HALL. STOP AND DETAIN.



JUDGE!

FREAKIN' JUDGE!

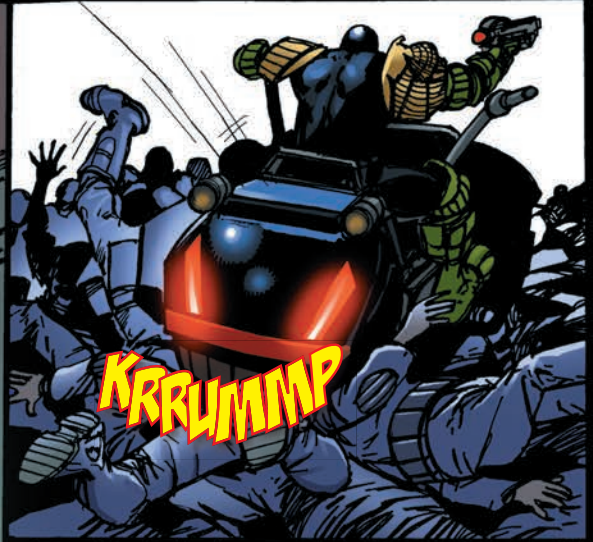
KILL THE SPUG!



HE AIN'T STOPPIN'!

VRRRRRR

VRRRRRRRRRR





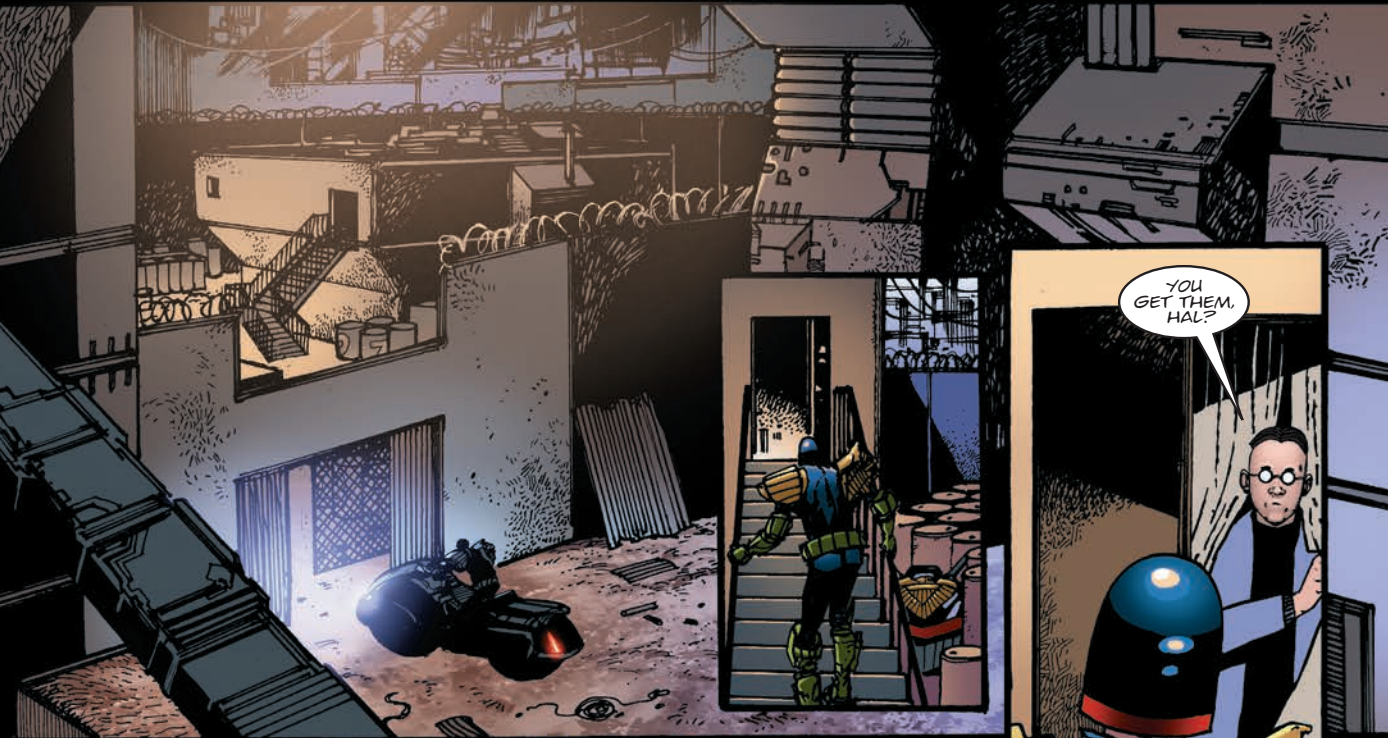
WE HAVE A SIGHTING, DREDD. SECTOR 7, ONDULINE STREET, HEADING NORTH.

UNDERSTOOD. I'M HEADING OVER THERE. KEEP ME INFORMED.

HE CALLS IN LOGAN AND BEENY. HE CAN'T JUSTIFY PULLING ANYONE ELSE OFF RIOT DUTY.

WHERE'S THE SLING, LOGAN?

SICK OF IT, THE ARM'S OKAY. IT'LL DO.



YOU GET THEM, HAL?



LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY. EVERYTHING READY?

THROUGH THE CURTAINS.



DAMN!

DON'T WORRY, THEY WON'T BREAK. IF THEY DID THEY WOULDN'T BE THE REAL ONES.

TUNK



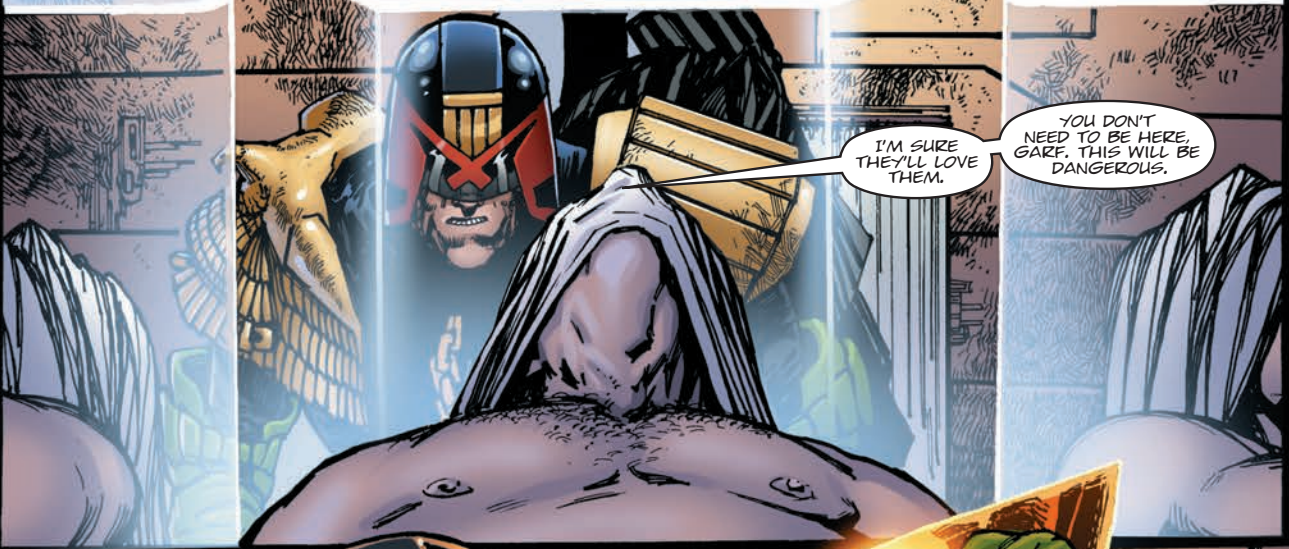
WHERE DID YOU GET THE CORPSES?

MY WORKERS. DIDN'T THINK THEY'D BE NEEDED ANYMORE.

GOOD THINKING.



I GOT THE OUTFITS FROM A COSTUME SHOP. POPULAR LINE.



I'M SURE THEY'LL LOVE THEM.

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE HERE, GARF. THIS WILL BE DANGEROUS.



YOU MIGHT NEED ME, BESIDES, I LOOK ON IT AS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME EXPERIENCE.

PROBABLY THE LAST OF A LIFETIME.

OKAY, LET'S CUT THESE SICK SUCKERS LOOSE...

CHAOS DAY
MINUS 2.

— SUICIDE
AFTER TESTING
POSITIVE FOR THE CHAOS
BUG, MR FROUSH THEREFORE
BECOMES THE FIRST MAYORAL
CANDIDATE TO DIE DIRECTLY
OR INDIRECTLY FROM ITS
EFFECTS.

DESPITE
OPEN WARFARE
ON OUR STREETS AND
THE SPREADING CHAOS
PLAGUE, MEDUSA KORNER
OF THE CANDIDATE'S
ALLIANCE DECLARED
THAT THE PEOPLE'S
ELECTION MUST
GO AHEAD.

WE ARE ALL
PLEGGED TO SUPPORT
THE WINNER IN DEMANDING
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HONOUR
THE RESULT AND INSTIGATING
A FULL INDEPENDENT
INVESTIGATION OF THESE
DREADFUL ALLEGATIONS
OF MASS MURDER
BY OUR JUDICIAL
OVERLORDS.



BESIDE
THE PITS WHERE WE ARE
TOLD THE VICTIMS OF THE CITY
GAS ATTACKS LIE BURIED, NEW PITS
STRETCH OUT, VAST EXCAVATIONS
CAPABLE OF HOLDING HUNDREDS
OF THOUSANDS — PERHAPS
MILLIONS — OF PLAGUE
VICTIMS.

DESPITE
THE DAMNING PICTURES
IN WHAT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
ALLEGES IS A HOAX VID, THE PITS
LIE EMPTY, BUT IT IS HARD FOR THOSE
WHO HAVE GROWN UP IN MEGA-CITY
ONE TO AVOID THE QUESTION —
ARE THESE THE ONLY PITS? OR
JUST THE ONES JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT CHOOSES TO
SHOW US?

REG
REGINALD,
MIDNIGHT NEWS, IN
THE CURSED
EARTH.



THANKS, REG,
AND I'M HEARING THAT OUR
OWN BUILDING HAS BEEN ENTERED BY
ARMED ELEMENTS, WE HAVE INFORMED JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT AND HELP IS PROMISED 'AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE', WE'LL KEEP
YOU POSTED.



00:16
HOURS.

WE HAVE ANOTHER
POSSIBLE SIGHTING,
EXIT 7 ON THE
INTERSKED, 23:52
HOURS, JUDGE
CANNOT POSITIVELY
BE IDENTIFIED AS
HALDANE.

IF IT'S
HIM HE'S
STAYING IN
SECTOR.

7 RUNS
INTO OLD TOWN,
TAKE THE NEXT
RAMP.



00:18
HOURS.

YESSSSSSSSSS!

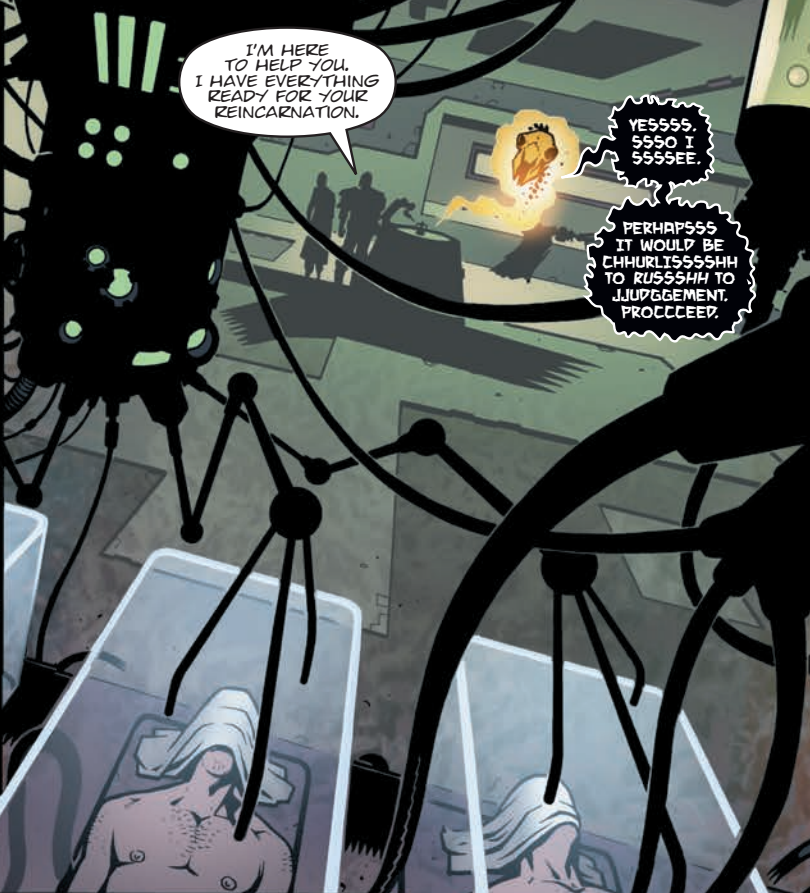
MY GOD,
YOU'VE
DONE IT!





555550,
LAWWWBREEKER, YOU
THINK FREEEING USS55
WILL 5555AVVE YOU FFROM
JUSS5T RETRIBUTION?

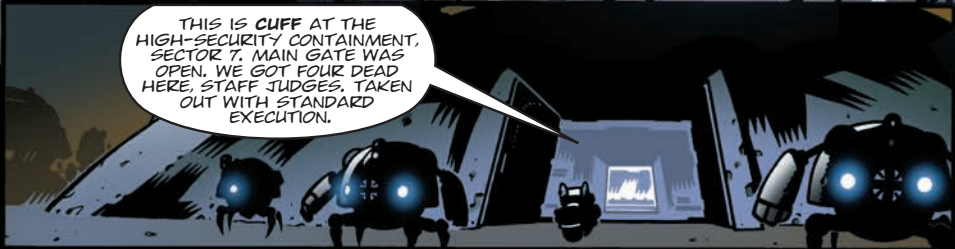
I THINK
THAT THERE'S
ENOUGH JUSTICE FOR
YOU TO ADMINISTER OUT
THERE. THE CITY IS IN
DISARRAY - THE JUDGES
ARE STRETCHED
TO BREAKING
POINT.



I'M HERE
TO HELP YOU.
I HAVE EVERYTHING
READY FOR YOUR
REINCARNATION.

YES5555,
5550 I
5555EE.

PERHAP555
IT WOULD BE
CHHURLISS555HH
TO RU555HH
TO JJUDGEMENT.
PROCCLEED.



THIS IS CLIFF AT THE
HIGH-SECURITY CONTAINMENT,
SECTOR 7. MAIN GATE WAS
OPEN. WE GOT FOUR DEAD
HERE, STAFF JUDGES, TAKEN
OUT WITH STANDARD
EXECUTION.



WARRANT
HERE SIGNED BY
THE CHIEF JUDGE
AUTHORISING JUDGE
RANDALL HALDANE
TO INSPECT THE
FACILITY.

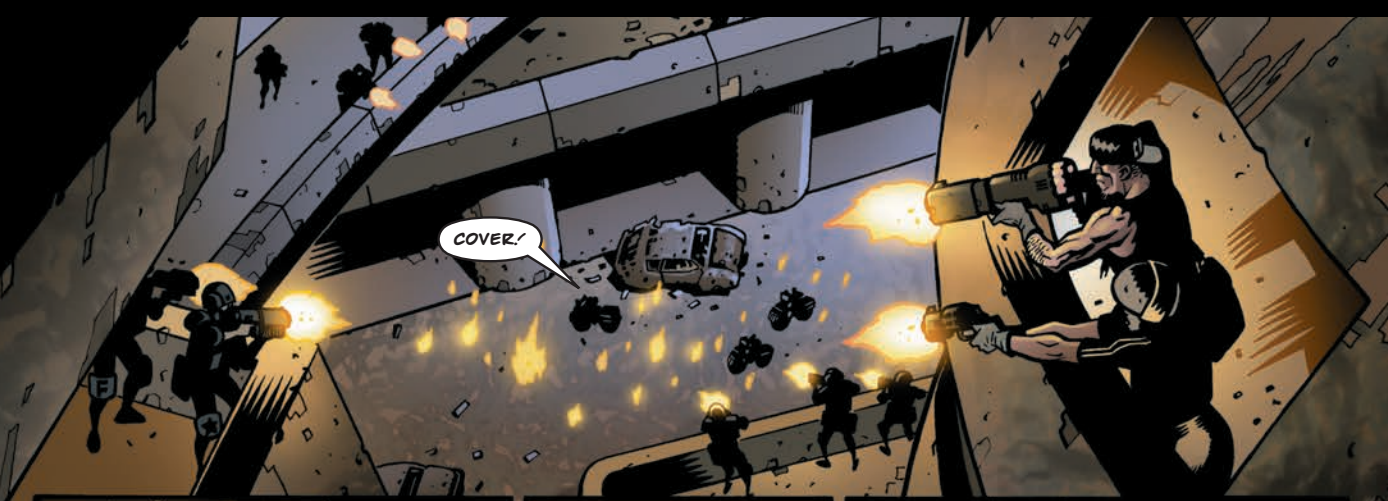
WHAT
ABOUT THE
CRYSTALS?



THE
CRYSTALS
ARE GONE.

NOW WE
KNOW WHAT
HALDANE WAS
UP TO!

LIKE THINGS
WEREN'T BAD
ENOUGH?



COVER!



FRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



WE'RE CAUGHT IN A SHOOTING GALLERY!

LAWBREAKING ON A MASSIVE SCALE! SADLY WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH IT NOW! GET READY TO RIDE!

LAWGIVERS TO HI-EX! KEEP WEAVING, KEEP LOW!



BDAM BDAM BDAM BDAM BOOM

HIT 'EM!



LET THE DEAD FLUIDSSSSS FLOWWW!

FILL THESSSE SSOULLESSSS CARCASSSSSS!



UNNH!

BEENY!



BIKE CANNON. MAXIMUM ELEVATION!



HOLY CREAM!



GREAT JOVIS, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT!



WHERE ISSS OUR BROTHHHER?

YOUR B-B-B-BROTHER? I... I... I DON'T KNOW!

SSSSINNER! IGNORANCE IS NO EXCUSSE UNDER THE LAWW!

UH-UH-UH...



TH-THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT!



I'LL BE THE JUDGE!



WHERE ISSS OUR BROTHHHER?

YOU MEAN JUDGE DEATH? HE-HE DISAPPEARED, OUT OF THE CITY, OUT WEST SOMEWHERE THE RUMOUR IS. LOOK, I'M ON YOUR SIDE -



THEN YOU WILL WELCOME PUNISHMENT FOR YOUR SSSSINSS!



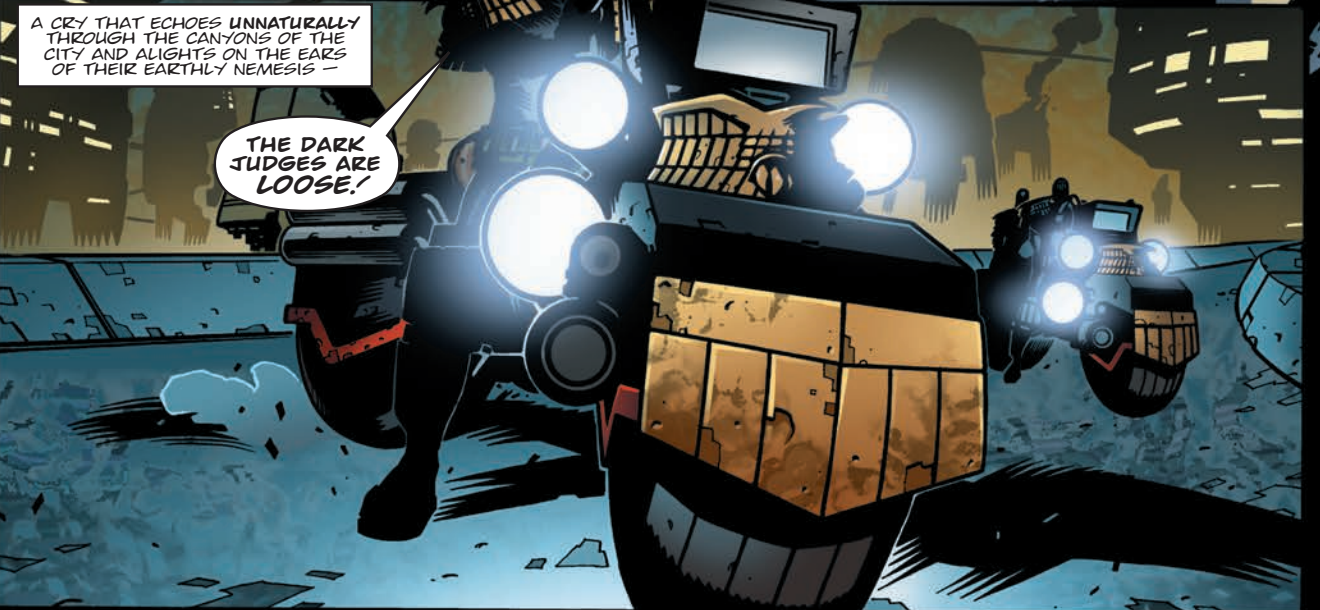
THE CRIME ISSSS LIFFFE!



THE SSSSENTENCE ISSS DEATHHHH!



FREE AT LAST! OUTSIDE THEY GAZE UPON THE CITY, TEEMING WITH EVIL, TEEMING WITH THE GUILTY, AND FROM THEIR THROATS ISSUES A BANSHEE CRY OF TRIUMPH.



A CRY THAT ECHOES UNNATURALLY THROUGH THE CANYONS OF THE CITY AND ALIGHTS ON THE EARS OF THEIR EARTHLY NEMESIS —

THE DARK JUDGES ARE LOOSE!



00:31 HOURS.

HOLY CREAM! IT-IT-IT'S THEM!

THEY AIN'T FOR REAL. IT'S ANOTHER JUDGE TRICK. BLOW 'EM THE HELL AWAY!



TH- THEY AIN'T STOPPIN', MORTY!

C'MON! DIE YA SCUMBOS!



YOU ARE ALL GUILTY! GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF LIFFFE!

THERE CAN BE BUT ONE CURE!

REJJJOICCEE! I RELEASSSE YOU FROM THE BURPEN OF YOUR WICKEDNESSSS!



GET OUTA HERE!



WE'RE INTERRUPTIN' THIS BROADCAST TA TELL YA THE JUDGES ARE KILLIN' US, MAN. ARM UP. GET OUT ONNA STREETS. WE GOTTEM ON THE RUN. THIS IS OUR CHANCE TA FINISH 'EM ONCE AN' FOR ALL. YO.



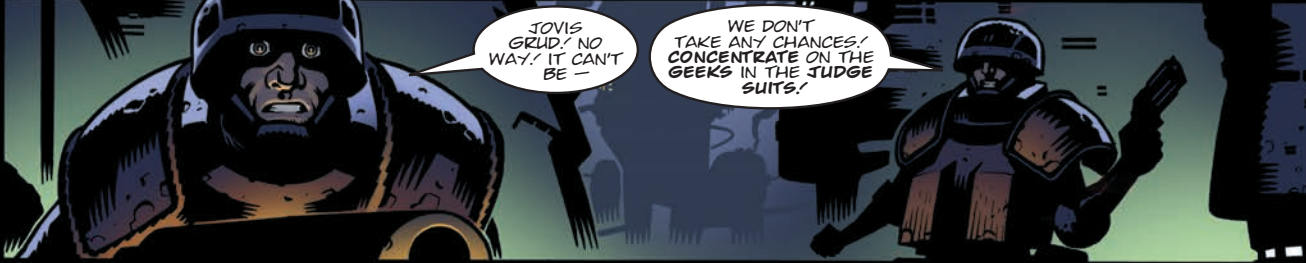
WE HAVE OUR ORDERS. NO MERCY!

OH MAN! SANDWICHED!



WE HAVE BEEN AWAYYY TOO LONG! THISSS CITY ISS RIPE FOR JJJUDGGING!

GAZE INTO THE FACE OF FEAR!



JOVIS GRUD. NO WAY. IT CAN'T BE -

WE DONT TAKE ANY CHANCES. CONCENTRATE ON THE GEEKS IN THE JUDGE SUITS.



LAWBREAKERSSSS! RESSISSINGG JUSTICE ISS A SSSERIOUS OFFFFENCE!

SSSURRENDER AND ACCEPT YOUR FFFATE!

THE
FIENDS HAVE BEEN
REINCARNATED! BRINSLEY
SQUARE, CONTROL!
ENGAGING.



THE
SSSENTENCEE ISS
DEATHHHH!

IT'S GOT
LOGAN!

GET
OFF ME!

BDAM BDAM BDAM
BDAM BDAM

GRUD,
LOGAN! ARE YOU
OKAY?

BEENY!
WATCH YOUR
BACK!

BROTHERSSSS,
TO MEEEE!

PTOW PTOW PTOW PTOW





HE CATCHES THEM ON THE CROSS-SECTOR SKED.

SSSINNERSSS! JUDGEEMENT ISSS UPON YOU!

AAAAHHHHH!

KILLLL!

YOU CAN'T FIGHT HIM, MAN! RUN!

HE'S GOT THE BUG, HE AIN'T OPEN TO REASON!

SPLATTTT

HE COMES UP ON THE BLIND SIDE AND LOBS IN A BELT CHARGE.

BUT EVEN AS HE THROWS IT HE KNOWS IT IS BUT A TEMPORARY RESPIRE.

YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOES NOT LIVVE!

WE WILL RETURN!

JUSSSTICE WILLLL BE PONE!



11:00 HOURS, CHAOS DAY MINUS 2. AS OPEN WARFARE CONTINUES, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT LOSSES MOUNT.

BODIES LITTER THE STREETS, LYING WHERE THEY FELL. IT IS NO LONGER SAFE OR PRACTICABLE TO COLLECT THEM.

SINCE TWO FIRESHIPS WERE BROUGHT DOWN, FIRES IGNITED BY FLYING ORDNANCE AND SABOTAGE — RAGE UNCHECKED, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS DIE AS BLOCKS TURN INTO BLAST FURNACES.

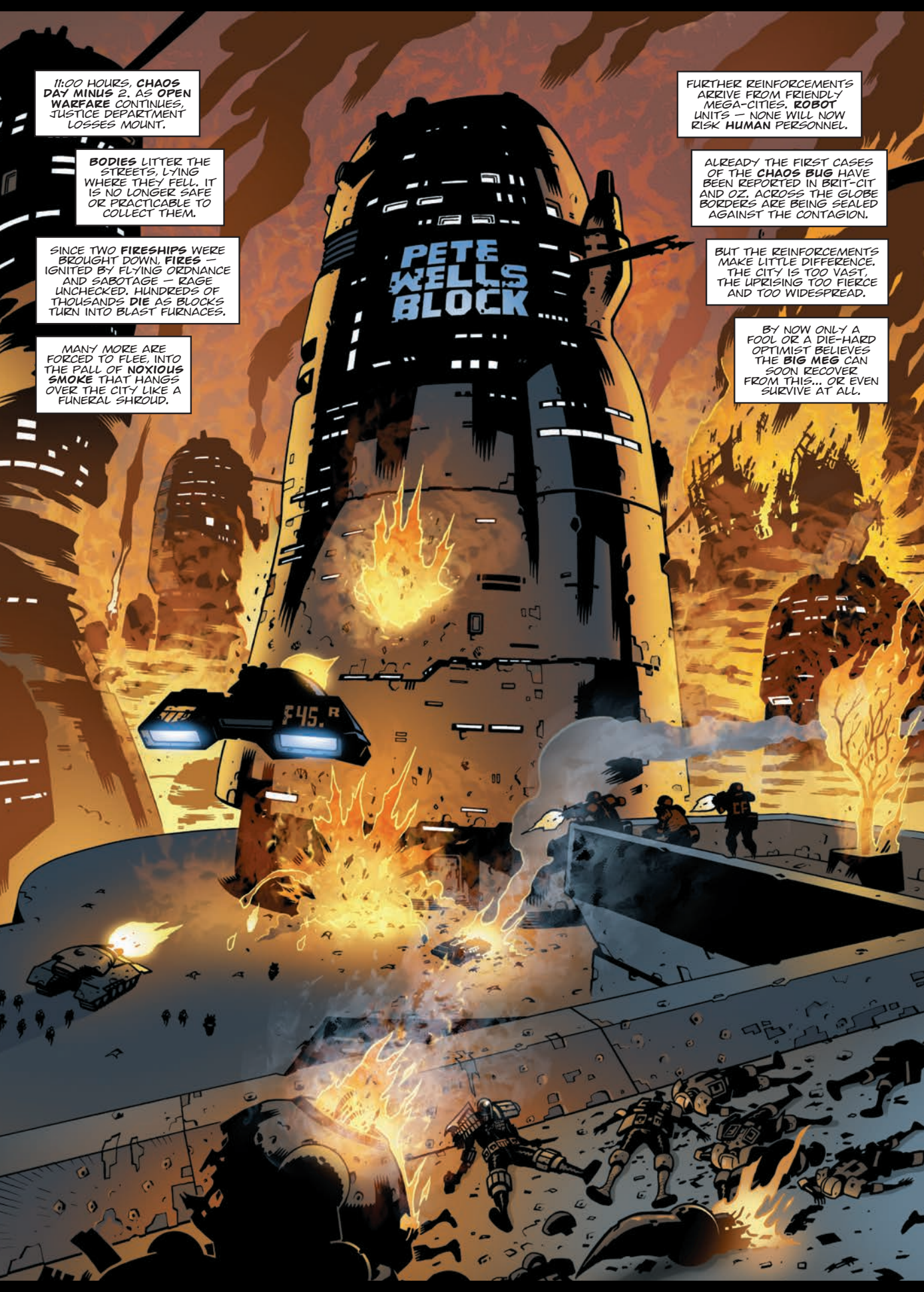
MANY MORE ARE FORCED TO FLEE, INTO THE PALL OF NOXIOUS SMOKE THAT HANGS OVER THE CITY LIKE A FUNERAL SHROUD.

FURTHER REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE FROM FRIENDLY MEGA-CITIES. ROBOT UNITS — NONE WILL NOW RISK HUMAN PERSONNEL.

ALREADY THE FIRST CASES OF THE CHAOS BUG HAVE BEEN REPORTED IN BRIT-CIT AND OZ. ACROSS THE GLOBE BORDERS ARE BEING SEALED AGAINST THE CONTAGION.

BUT THE REINFORCEMENTS MAKE LITTLE DIFFERENCE. THE CITY IS TOO VAST, THE UPRISING TOO FERCE AND TOO WIDESPREAD.

BY NOW ONLY A FOOL OR A DIE-HARD OPTIMIST BELIEVES THE BIG MEG CAN SOON RECOVER FROM THIS... OR EVEN SURVIVE AT ALL.



12:45, MED-BAY, GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

THINK WE GOT ALL THE NECROTIC FLESH, BUT JUDGE LOGAN IS STILL FEVERISH. IT'S WORRYING.

THAT THE TOUCH OF THAT CREATURE CAN CAUSE SUCH CREEPING DECAY, IT'S QUITE BIZARRE. AND THE DARK JUDGES ARE STILL LOOSE OUT THERE, YOU SAY?

THEY'LL SHOW UP, TILL THEN WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS FULL WITH EVERYTHING ELSE.

LET ME KNOW WHEN HE COMES ROUND.

AT THE MOMENT I FEAR IT'S IF HE COMES ROUND.

IN A SECURE FACILITY NEAR ATLANTIC HOVERPORT THE AGENT KNOWN AS VOLLO IS PRONOUNCED DEAD.

HE HAS, FOR THE PAST TWO DAYS, BEEN BEREFT OF ANY QUALITIES THAT COULD BE RECOGNISED AS HUMAN.

bled out.

TRANSFUSIONS DIDN'T HELP, JUST SEEMED TO INCREASE THE BLEEDING.

HE IS THE FIRST TO DIE SOLELY FROM THE PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF THE CHAOS BUG.

IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE MASSIVE FIREPOWER OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT THAT BEGINS TO TURN THE TIDE BUT THE POISONOUS SMOG THAT SEARS THE LUNGS AND BURNS THE EYES AND RAPIDLY TAKES ITS OWN GRISLY TOLL.

INSURGENTS ARE DRIVEN OFF THE STREETS, BACK TO THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF THEIR BLOCKS' FILTRATION SYSTEMS.

STRATEGY MEETING,
COUNCIL CHAMBER,
GRAND HALL OF
JUSTICE, 14:15 HOURS.

FIRST I
MUST ANNOUNCE THAT
JUDGE VASS HAS OFFERED
HIS RESIGNATION FROM THE
COUNCIL AND I HAVE ACCEPTED IT.
HE HAS VOLUNTEERED FOR DUTY
ON THE STREETS, WHICH IS
COMMENDABLE.

PROFESSOR
WYANT?

THE ORGANISM
HAS SO FAR PROVED
RESISTANT TO TREATMENT
AND EXTREMELY VIRULENT.
WITH GOOD RESPONSE FROM
THE CITIZENS WE MAY JUST
HAVE BEEN ABLE TO
CONTROL IT, BUT
NOT NOW.

FEW ARE
NOW REPORTING
SYMPTOMS, MOST OF
THOSE THAT DO WE CANNOT
GET TO, IN ADDITION, VICTIMS'
FEELINGS OF RAGE INCLINE THEM
TO JOIN WITH THE RIOTERS,
INCREASING THE SPREAD.
I HAVE DONE SOME
CALCULATIONS.

AS OF THIS MOMENT
I ESTIMATE FIFTEEN THOUSAND
CASES AT THE INFECTIOUS STAGE,
THAT'S CITY-WIDE. AS THINGS STAND,
BY TOMORROW THAT NUMBER WILL
HAVE GROWN TO THREE HUNDRED
THOUSAND, THE DAY AFTER,
SEVEN MILLION.

AND THE
DAY AFTER THAT
— WE'RE TALKING A
QUARTER OF THE
POPULATION.

I BELIEVE
THAT MAY BE AN
UNDERESTIMATE.

WE ARE MAINTAINING
STRONG DEFENCES AROUND POWER
STATIONS AND RESERVOIRS, SO FAR WE
HAVE SUSTAINED ONLY MINOR DAMAGE,
I'M CONFIDENT WE CAN KEEP
IT THAT WAY.

WE'RE
RELYING
ON YOU,
BUELL.

A NUMBER OF VID STATIONS HAVE
COME UNDER ATTACK, MANY OTHERS
ARE OFF AIR, WE CONTINUE TO USE THOSE
THAT REMAIN TO PUT OUT OUR MESSAGE,
WHAT EFFECT IT'S HAVING IS
HARD TO GAUGE.

I'LL GAUGE IT FOR
YOU, HAVE YOU LOOKED
OUT THERE? NOBODY'S
LISTENING.

MY THINKING IS THIS: IN
EVERY SECTOR WE WILL RETAKE
AND PACIFY DESIGNATED CITYBLOCKS,
THEY WILL BECOME SAFE BLOCKS WHERE
UNINFECTED CITIZENS CAN BE HOUSED,
ALL RESIDENTS AND INCOMERS
WILL BE TESTED FOR THE
CHAOS BUG.

WE PACIFY
ONE, MOVE ON TO
THE NEXT.

I HAVE
TO DIFFER, WE
ARE IN CLOSE CONTACT
WITH A FAIR NUMBER OF
BLOCKS STILL FUNCTIONING
NEARLY NORMALLY — THREE
HUNDRED AND TWELVE, TO
BE EXACT. CITI-DEF UNITS
ARE PREVENTING
INSURGENT PENETRATION,
BLOCK MEDS ARE
DEALING WITH
INFECTIONS.

THERE
ARE, OF COURSE, PROBLEMS,
MEDICAL SUPPLIES ARE RUNNING THIN,
FOOD DISTRIBUTION HAS PRACTICALLY
STOPPED, THOUGH STARVATION IS
NOT YET A PROBLEM THE SITUATION
IS DEFINITELY DETERIORATING.

AND ANY
VICTIMS? WHAT DO
WE DO WITH THEM?
THERE'S NOWHERE
LEFT TO PUT
THEM.

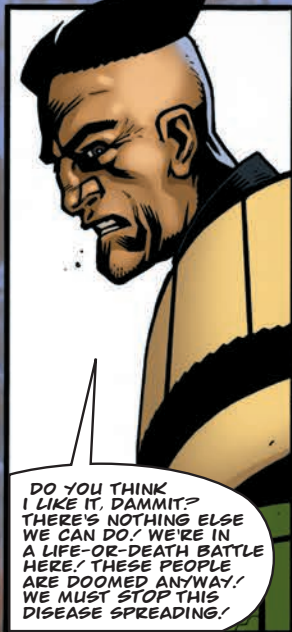


FOR THE MOMENT MEDICAL TEAMS WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH... PILLS, LETHAL DOSES, WHERE POSSIBLE VICTIMS WILL BE ENCOURAGED TO TAKE THEM VOLUNTARILY.

AND IF THEY DON'T?

THEN REGRETTABLY THEY MUST BE TERMINATED.

B-BUT THAT'S HARDLY BETTER THAN VASS'S PLAN —



DO YOU THINK I LIKE IT, DAMMIT? THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO! WE'RE IN A LIFE-OR-DEATH BATTLE HERE! THESE PEOPLE ARE DOOMED ANYWAY! WE MUST STOP THIS DISEASE SPREADING!



I'M SORRY, GETTING TO ME, MY APOLOGIES.

THE CHIEF JUDGE IS RIGHT. IT IS THE ONLY COURSE OF ACTION LEFT TO US.

FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN OF THE BUG WE'LL BE DOING THEM A KINDNESS.

SO THAT IS THEIR STRATEGY. PIECEMEAL. PRESERVE WHAT THEY CAN.

DREDD IS DETAILED TO TAKE SAM WANNAMAKER, A MID-RANGE TOWER IN SECTOR 6.



WE HAVE INFORMATION FROM A NUMBER OF CONTACTS INSIDE WANNAMAKER SAFE APARTMENTS ON MOST LEVELS. BLOCK CITI-DEF HAS SPLINTERED, FIGHTING EACH OTHER. PRO-JUSTICE UNITS ARE HOLDING THE UPPER FLOORS UNDER MAJOR JUDITH SIMES.

WARNING: THERE IS DISEASE IN THE BLOCK.



FOUR AGEING JUDGES OUT OF TRAFFIC DIVISION, THREE ARMED AUXILIARIES, A SIX-PACK FROM THE FIFTY-FIRST HOVERBOURNE AND TWO OF THEIR OWN MEKS, AND BEENY.

THAT'S IT. THAT'S ALL THEY CAN SPARE.

BEENY, TAKE THE SIX-PACK AND ONE OF THE MEKS, HEAD UP TO THE MID-LEVEL ACCESS.

I'VE ORDERED AERIAL SUPPORT TO GIVE YOU COVERING FIRE.

AND DON'T PLAY BLEEDING HEARTS WITH ANY BUG VICTIMS. DROP THEM AND MOVE ON. STAY IN TOUCH.

CHECK.



HELP US!

KEEP THOSE PEOPLE BACK!



JUDGES ARE BRINGING A MANTA UP, CAPTAIN. I THINK THEY'RE COMIN'!

THEN WE GIVE IT TO 'EM GOOD. EVERYBODY IN POSITION!

AIN'T SURE THIS IS SO SMART TAKIN' 'EM HEAD ON, CAPTAIN.



GRUDDAMN YOU FOR QUESTIONIN' MY ORDERS!



KOFF KOFF KOFF!

HEY, G-GO EAST, CAP!

YOU SEEN HIS EYES? HE GOT IT, HE GOT THE BUG, MAN!

THAT'S CRAP. AIN'T NO SUCH THING. IT'S ALL JUDGE LIES AN' YOU KNOW IT. IT'S A COLD, IS ALL!



THEY GO IN BEHIND THE MANTA.



IT CAN'T FOLLOW THEM IN, BUT IT PROVIDES A WITHERING COVER FIRE.

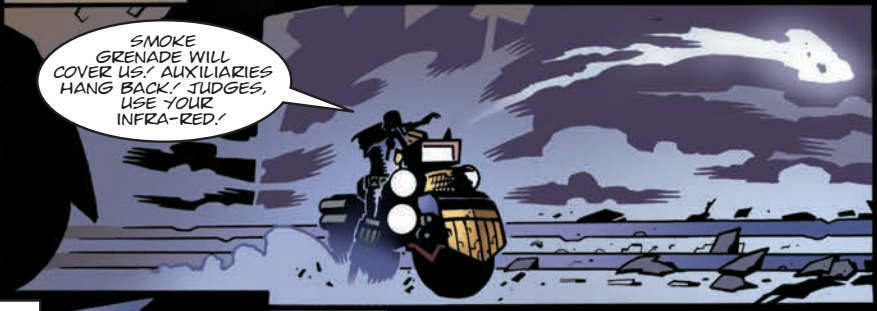




DAMN JUDGES!
KOFF! OH BOY, HAVE
YOU GOT THIS COMIN'? I
HATE YOU! I FREAKIN'
HATE YOU!

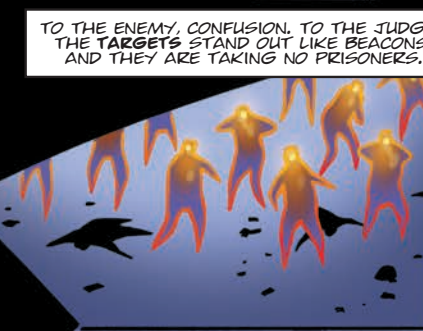


MOVE
IN!



SMOKE
GRENADE WILL
COVER US! AUXILIARIES
HANG BACK! JUDGES,
USE YOUR
INFRA-RED!

TO THE ENEMY, CONFUSION. TO THE JUDGES,
THE TARGETS STAND OUT LIKE BEACONS.
AND THEY ARE TAKING NO PRISONERS.



AT THE
MID-LEVEL
ACCESS —

HERE'S
OUR COVERING
FIRE!



STAY
BEHIND THE
DROID! LET'S
DO IT!

CHAOS DAY
MINUS 1.

HIS NUMBERS ARE
WOEFULLY THIN.

THIS IS
JUDGE DREDD!
WE ARE CLEARING THIS
BLOCK! REMAIN IN YOUR
APARTMENTS! ANY CITIZEN
FOUND AT LARGE IS
SUBJECT TO SUMMARY
EXECUTION!

HE DETAILS HIS FOUR JUDGES
TO GUARD THE ENTRANCES TO
WANNAMAHER. THOSE THEY
CAN'T COVER THEY SEAL.

THERE MUST BE NO FRESH
INCOMERS, FRIEND OR FOE,
UNTIL THE BLOCK IS SECURE.

IT IS SLOW AND
DANGEROUS
WORK. MANY OF
THE INSURGENTS
HAVE TAKEN
REFUGE IN THEIR
APARTMENTS.

DAD —
NO!

OHMYGRUD!

ALL
CLEAR.

I COULDN'T
MAKE HIM STAY
IN. IT WAS LIKE
A GAME TO HIM.

ONE HE
LOST.

REMAIN
HERE, WAIT
TILL YOU'RE
NOTIFIED.



EVERY APARTMENT MUST BE CHECKED. THE BLOCK MADE SAFE LEVEL BY LEVEL.

APARTMENT REGISTERED TO FERNANDEZ, ELDERLY COUPLE, CALLED IN YESTERDAY, ADVISED TO REMAIN WHERE THEY WERE. NO DISEASE REPORTED.

OVERRIDING.



P-P-PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!
WILSON! DOBBS! CHECK IT!

YO!



NOBODY ELSE HERE.

YOU'RE WISE TO CO-OPERATE.

DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING WE LIKE YOU, MISTER. WE THINK IT'S DISGUSTING WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO THOSE POOR DISEASED PEOPLE.

WE'RE AWFULLY HUNGRY.

FOOD DELIVERY WHEN THE BLOCK'S SECURE. TILL THEN SIT TIGHT AND KEEP YOUR DOOR LOCKED.



ATRIUM THROUGH LEVEL TWO SECURE. CONTROL, YOU CAN BRING IN THE TEST CREW.

THAT'S A ROG.



CREWS ARE STANDING BY TO TEST ALL RESIDENTS FOR INFECTION -

121. OCCUPANTS SHOT DEAD. NOT BELIEVED TO BE DISEASED.

GOT TO CHECK 'EM ANYWAY. HAVE TO CLEAR THIS APARTMENT FOR OCCUPATION.



IT'S NOT A COLD, CITIZEN. YOUR WIFE HAS PICKED UP THE CHAOS BUG.

OH GRID, I WAS AFRAID OF THAT, OH MERCY.



I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU'VE PICKED IT UP TOO. EARLY STAGES, BUT THE TESTS DON'T LIE.

YOU... YOU CAN CURE IT, CAN'T YOU? THEY SAID YOU COULD.

WE HAD TO SAY THAT OR RISK GENERAL PANIC. THE TRUTH IS THERE IS NO CURE.

DEATH WILL COME WITHIN THREE TO FOUR DAYS. WE HAVE A HOLOGRAPHIC HERE I THINK YOU SHOULD LOOK AT. IT SHOWS THE SYMPTOMS AND STAGES OF THE DISEASE.



HE'S... HE'S HARDLY HUMAN ANY MORE.

THAT'S AFTER TWO DAYS. IT GETS WORSE. IT'S NO WAY TO DIE.

TAKE THESE PILLS.

ONE FOR YOUR WIFE, ONE FOR YOU. WITHIN FIVE MINUTES YOU'LL DRIFT GENTLY OFF. NO PAIN.

K-KILL OURSELVES? I... I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS, CITIZEN. WE CAN GIVE YOU A FEW MINUTES TO THINK IT OVER.

THEN I REGRET WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU TO THE CORPORAL HERE.

COME ON, SIR. BETTER TO GET IT OVER WITH. WE REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME.



HE LOSES DOBBS TO A BUG VIC.

COMES OUT OF HIS DOOR LIKE AN EXPRESS ZOOM. HITS THE AUXILIARY BEFORE HE CAN BRING HIS WEAPON ROUND.



BY THE TIME DREDD PUTS HIM TO BED HE'S RIPPING DOBBS' THROAT OUT WITH HIS TEETH.



KEEP CLEAR. TEK'S CAN DEAL WITH IT.

IT IS PAST MIDNIGHT BEFORE HE LINKS UP WITH BEENY'S SQUAD, DESCENDING FROM MID-BLOCK —

WE HAVE TWELVE-PLUS INSURGENTS, WEST WELL, FORCING THEM DOWN TOWARDS YOU. CAN YOU ASSIST?

AFFIRMATIVE.

HEADS DOWN!



SHEEEE —

HERE THEY COME! NO MERCY!



SURRENDER!



YOU'VE FORFEITED THAT RIGHT.



THIS IS GHASTLY.

WE'VE HAD BETTER DAYS.

THE... THE WHOLE PROCESS IS TOO SLOW. WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS.

I MADE THAT POINT TO THE CHIEF JUDGE. HE AGREES IT WOULD BE PREFERABLE. REQUESTS SUGGESTIONS AS TO WHERE WE GET THE PERSONNEL.

RIGHT.

SIMES HERE, BLOCK CITI-DEF. WE GOT TWENTY PLUS IN THE LEVEL SIXTY 'DULT ZONE GETTING DRUNK AN' TASTY. RENEGADE CITI-DEF, MOSTLY. MY UNIT'S IN POSITION. GIVE THE WORD AND THEY'RE OUT OF THE EQUATION.

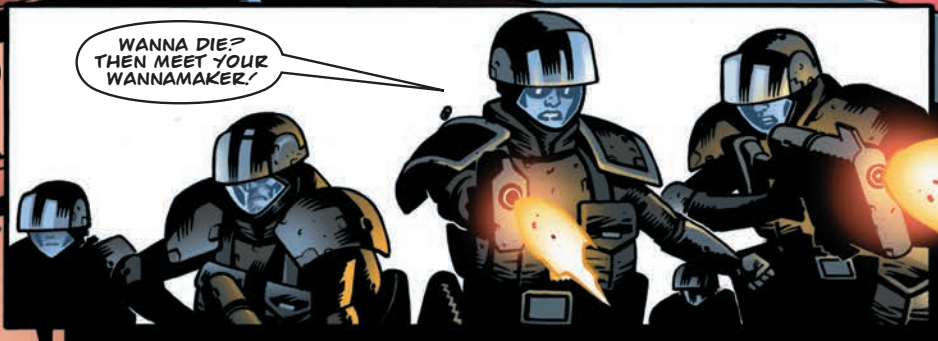


THAT'S BUB GUNTER FROM LEVEL TWENTY. ALWAYS WAS A TROUBLEMAKER.

YOU LEAVE GUNTER TO ME. LIEUTENANT. ME AN' HIM GOT HISTORY.


THIS IS SIMES. READY TO ROLL. ON MY SIGNAL.

I'M TRUSTING YOUR JUDGEMENT, SIMES. IF YOU FEEL IT'S HELPFUL TO OUR SITUATION, DO IT.



WANNA DIE? THEN MEET YOUR WANNAMAKER!





IT IS NOT UNTIL 13:00 THAT SAM WANNAMAKER IS FINALLY SECURED AND THE WORK OF CLEARING AWAY THE DEAD CAN BEGIN.

TEMPORARY STORAGE IN THE SUB-LEVEL POD PARK.

REFUGEES BEGIN TO TRICKLE IN. EACH MUST BE TESTED FOR INFECTION AND INTERROGATED BEFORE ADMISSION.

WE'RE PUTTING YOU UP WITH RESIDENTS ON LEVEL TWO. BE WARNED... ANY TROUBLE AND YOU'RE RIGHT BACK ON THE STREETS, THAT'S A PROMISE.

WE'RE HUNGRY!

EVERYBODY'S HUNGRY. JUST BE PATIENT. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF CLEANING UP TO DO. VOLUNTEERS ARE REQUIRED AND THAT MEANS ALL OF YOU. CHEM SUITS WILL BE PROVIDED.

OKAY, LET'S GRAB SOME TIME IN THE SLEEP MACHINE, THEN BACK TO WORK.

BY 16:00, CHAOS DAY MINUS 1, AN ADDITIONAL EIGHTEEN BLOCKS HAVE BEEN RENDERED SAFE.

SCANT PROGRESS. CONDITIONS WITHIN THE REMAINING BLOCKS ARE DETERIORATING RAPIDLY. AT A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE, SOME 370,000 CITIZENS HAVE NOW BEEN INFECTED WITH THE DEADLY ORGANISM.

BY THE TIME CHAOS DAY DAWNS THE INFECTED WILL NUMBER IN THE MILLIONS.



TEA FOR TWO

Script: John Wagner
Art: Edmund Bagwell
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1785

20:00 HOURS.

THE STREETS ARE SAFER NOW. THE FIRES THAT DROVE THE LAWLESS ELEMENTS BACK TO THEIR BLOCKS ARE DYING, A STIFF EASTERLY BREEZE DISPERSING THE SMOKE.

PERSONAL TIME.

THE LOOK OF AMAZEMENT ON BEENY'S FACE WHEN HE TOLD HER, BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DID ONE MORE MAN MAKE, THE WAY THINGS WERE?

SHE COULD HANDLE IT. THIS HE HAS TO DO.

THE CORPSES HAVE STARTED TO PUTREFY. OTHER DISEASES WOULD SOON START TO TAKE THEIR TOLL.

SOME WOULD SURVIVE THIS, HE IS CERTAIN OF THAT NOW. THE BLOCKS THEY HAVE MANAGED TO SECURE, THEY COULD BE DEFENDED, BUT WHAT WAS LEFT... THAT WOULD BE DESPERATELY DIMINISHED.

LIKE ALL GREAT CIVILISATIONS THEY HAD HAD THEIR TIME IN THE SUN. THEY ROSE, THEY REIGNED - BUT INEVITABLY CAME THE FALL.

DREDD!
IT'S FREAKIN'
DREDD!

AND THIS TIME, HOW SUDDEN THAT FALL HAD BEEN, NOT OVER CENTURIES, OR YEARS — BUT IN A MATTER OF DAYS, AND ALL BECAUSE OF WHAT HE HIMSELF HAD DONE, THIRTY YEARS AGO...

FUGG YOUUUU!
FUGGGG YOUUUU!

TRUE, WHAT HE DID HAD BEEN UNAVOIDABLE — YET THAT CAN'T PREVENT THE WEIGHT OF GUILT HANGING HEAVILY ON HIM.

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT, MAN, IF WE COULD NAIL HIM —

FOLLOW HIM, SEE WHERE HE GOES?

ATTENTION, UNAUTHORISED PERSONS APPROACHING THIS UNIT!

I SEE THEM, WHATEVER ACTION YOU DEEM NECESSARY — UP TO AND INCLUDING LETHAL.

UNDERSTOOD.

HEY, I GOT ME A LAWMASTER — AAHHH-UHHH-UHHHHH!

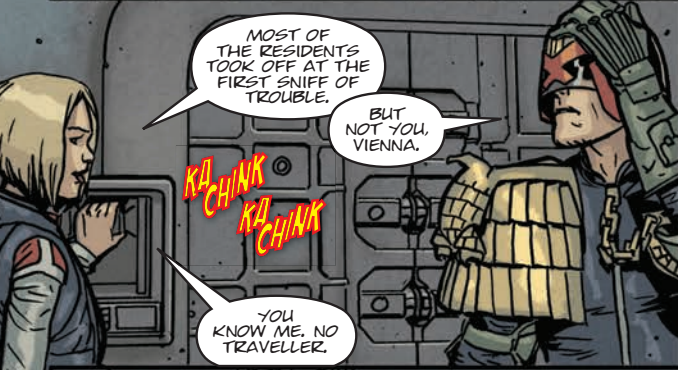
HER DOOR, AT LEAST, IS STILL INTACT.

HE PASSES THE BUZZER WITH A DEAD WEIGHT OF TREPIDATION IN HIS STOMACH.



UNCLE JOE, THIS IS A SURPRISE!

COME IN, COME IN! QUICKLY! THERE'S A BUNCH OF POND LIFE RUNNING WILD OUT HERE.



MOST OF THE RESIDENTS TOOK OFF AT THE FIRST SNIFF OF TROUBLE.

BUT NOT YOU, VIENNA.

KA-CHINK KA-CHINK

YOU KNOW ME, NO TRAVELLER.



ARMOUR'D.

RICO HAD IT DONE, GAVE ME THIS, TOO.

I'M SORRY, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN TO THESE THINGS.

I'M SURE YOU HAD LOTS ON YOUR MIND.



MORE GUILT.

YOU'VE COME AT THE RIGHT TIME, I'VE JUST MADE A POT OF TEA.

RICO DROPPED BY NOT LONG AGO, SAID IT MIGHT GET VERY DANGEROUS. HOW BAD ARE THINGS, UNCLE JOE?



ABOUT AS BAD AS THEY GET.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY WE CAN SAVE.

THE DISEASE IS SPREADING FASTER THAN WE FEARED, PILE TOTAL LAWLESSNESS ON TOP OF THAT AND I DON'T LIKE TO THINK WHAT IT'S LIKE IN SOME OF THOSE BLOCKS.



THAT'S WHY I CAME BY, WE'VE ESTABLISHED SAFE BLOCKS NOW, I'D LIKE TO MOVE YOU INTO ONE, FOR THE DURATION.

THANKS, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY, I'M PERFECTLY FINE HERE AS YOU CAN SEE, AND I'VE GOT PLENTY OF FOOD IN.

BISCUIT?

YOU MAY BE ALL RIGHT NOW, VIENNA, BUT THINGS CAN CHANGE, I CAN'T GUARANTEE YOU PROTECTION HERE, I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO INSIST.



AND IF I REFUSE WHAT WILL YOU DO, ARREST ME?

IF I HAVE TO.

OH, COME ON! YOU SOUND JUST LIKE YOURSELF!

VIENNA, THIS IS DAMNED SERIOUS.



HAVE YOU GOT UNDERFLOOR HEAT ON?

NO. IT'S IN THE WALLS HERE.



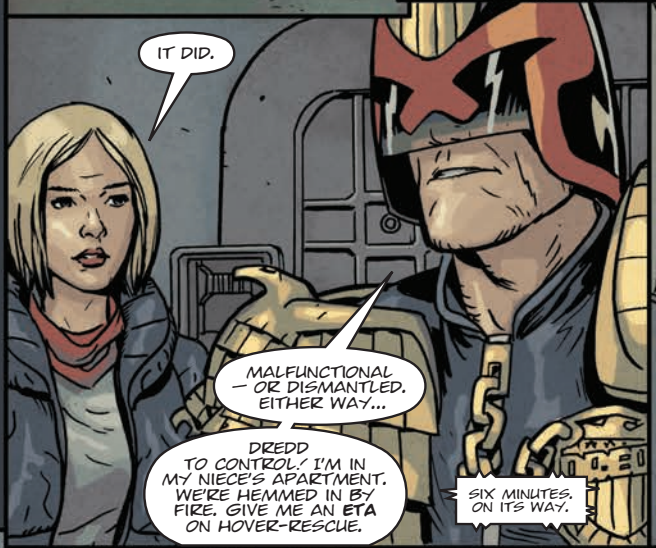
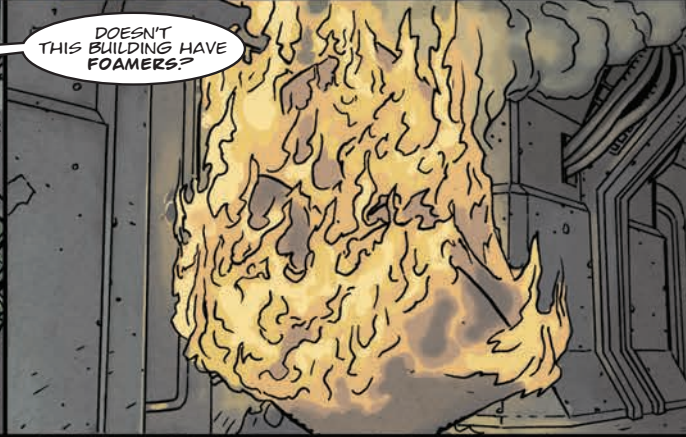
ACHOOO

OH MAN, OH MAN.



DROKK! SOMETHING ON FIRE OUT THERE.

DOESN'T THIS BUILDING HAVE FOAMERS?



IT DID.

MALFUNCTIONAL - OR DISMANTLED. EITHER WAY...

DREDD TO CONTROL, I'M IN MY NIECE'S APARTMENT. WE'RE HEMMED IN BY FIRE. GIVE ME AN ETA ON HOVER-RESCUE.

SIX MINUTES, ON ITS WAY.



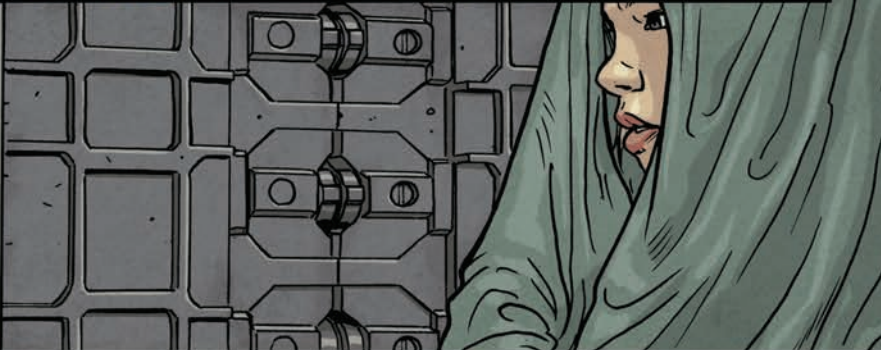
PROBABLY NOT GOING TO LAST SIX MINUTES.

IT'S GETTING VERY HOT...

WET THIS AND WRAP IT ROUND YOU.



KEEP BACK.







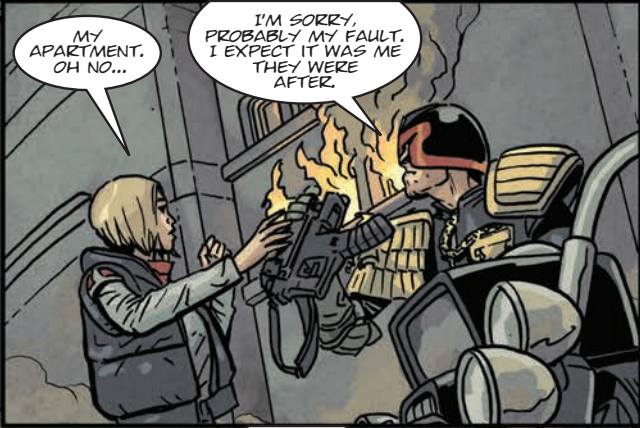
LOOK AWAY!



MERCY! I AIN'T ARMED!

KEEP IT THAT WAY!

LET'S GO, VIENNA.

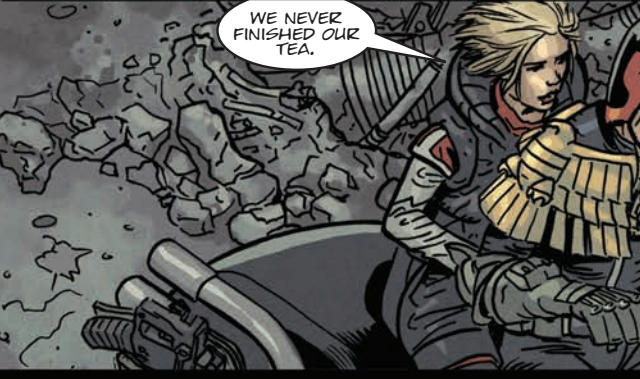


MY APARTMENT. OH NO...

I'M SORRY, PROBABLY MY FAULT. I EXPECT IT WAS ME THEY WERE AFTER.



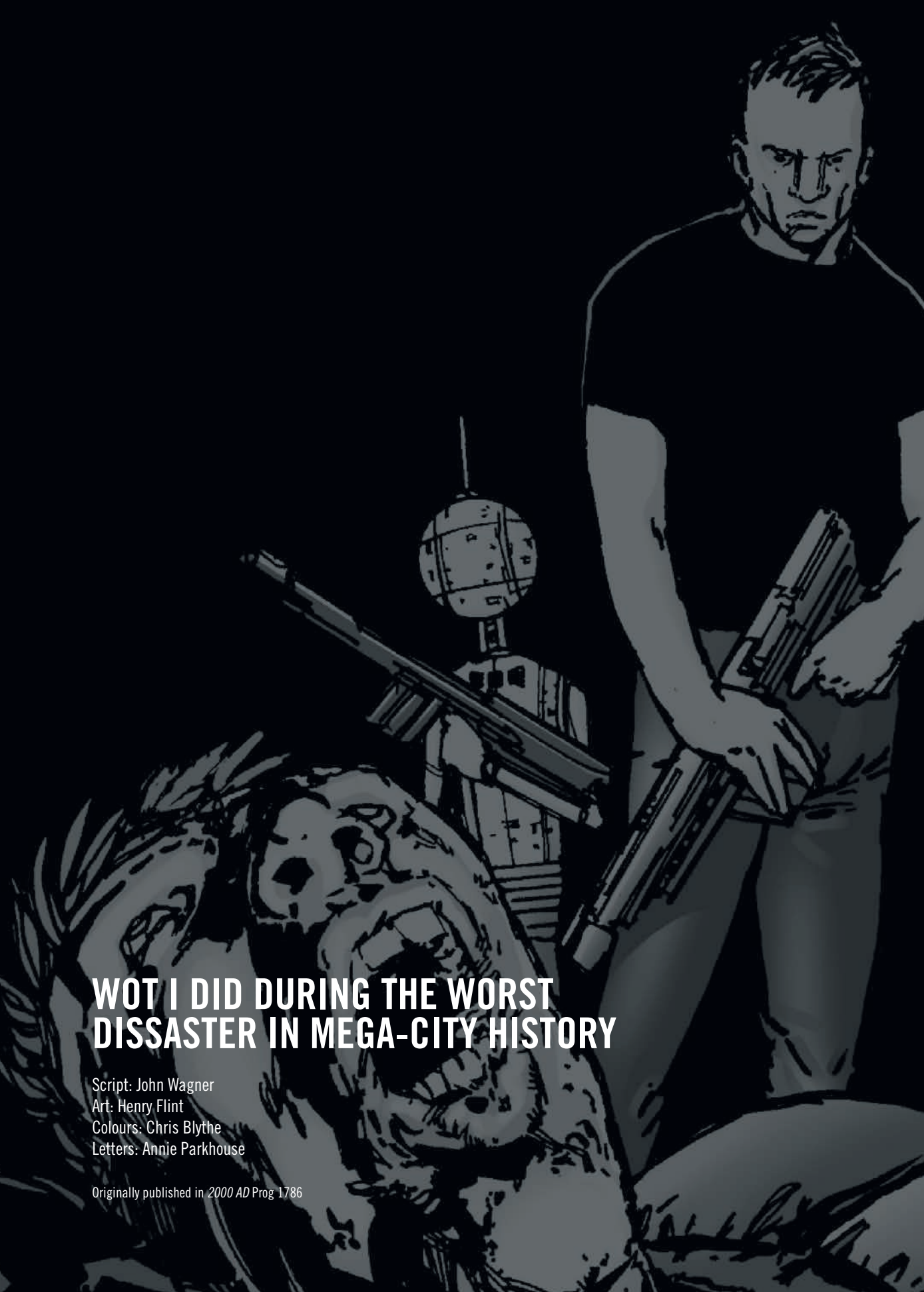
STILL, IT'S GOT YOU OUT OF THERE, AT LEAST THAT'S ONE POSITIVE.



WE NEVER FINISHED OUR TEA.



AND I'LL BET YOU FORGOT TO BRING THE BISCUITS.



WOT I DID DURING THE WORST DISSASTER IN MEGA-CITY HISTORY

Script: John Wagner
Art: Henry Flint
Colours: Chris Blythe
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 1786

And in numbers they came. something about the strepsil mansion attracted them like flies. We were building up quite a collection.

I TAKE IT YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE COME TO ROB AND LOOT US?

PERISSHHH THE THOUGHT! WE ARE INNOCENT CCCITZZZENS SSSEEKING REFUGE FROM A SSSSEETHHHINGG SSSSEA OF CRIMINALITY.

NASTY SPEECH DEFECT YOU'VE GOT THERE. WHY IS IT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU?

It might have been the guns and the Big Cleever that did it. In any case, in the present climate the best policy was shoot first and forget about the questions.

HIT 'EM, MONTY!

AS YOU WISH, SIR.

CURSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DID I JUST HEAR A DEAD MAN SPEAK?

HE GAVE A VERY GOOD IMPRESSION OF IT, SIR.

IT'SSS HAPPENED AGAINNN!



OH MY!
OH MERRY
MY!

YOU KNOW
NOT WITHHHH WHOM
YOU TRIFFLE,
MORTAL!

OBSSSTRUCTION
OF A JJUDGE IN THE
EXECUTION OF HIS DUTY
ISS A SSSSERIOUS
OFFFFENCCE!

I NEW VEVV WELL WITH WHO
I TRIFLED. I WAS IN A TRICKEY
SPOT. FORTUNATELY, I'M GOOD
AT KEEPING COOL IN A CRISIS.

THE DARK
JUDGES, I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU WERE
OUT! DON'T TELL ME
THEY PAROLED
YOU?

NO, I
DON'T SUPPOSE SO.
WELL, ANYWAY, I CAN'T
TELL YOU WHAT AN
ABSOLUTE HONOUR
IT IS TO MEET
YOU!

HONOUR?

THAT OF
ALL THE HOUSES
IN MEGA-CITY ONE YOU
SHOULD CHOOSE TO VISIT
MINE, PERHAPS THERE'S
SOME WAY I CAN ASSIST
YOU? YOU DO SEEM
A LITTLE LOST.

YES, LOSSST!
THIS ACCURSSSED
CCITY! EACHHH TIME
WE INHABIT A
MORTAL THE JUDGES
PROMPTLY
DESSSTROY
IT!

THEY, OR
ONE OF THEIR
INQUITOUSSSS
CCCCITZZENS!

WE MUSSST
HAVE FFFREEDOM FROM
DISSSTURBANCE SSSO
THAT WE MAY RESSTORE OUR
PHHYSICAL FFFORM.
THE CCCITY MUSSST BE
JJUDGED - ALL MUSSST
DIEEEE!

WE SEEM TO BE DOING
A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF THAT
WITHOUT YOUR HELP. STILL, I'M HAPPY
TO SAY YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT
PLACE. I HAVE AN IN-DEPTH KNOWLEDGE
OF CHEMISTRY AND I'VE READ ALL
ABOUT YOUR RESTORATION
PROCESS -

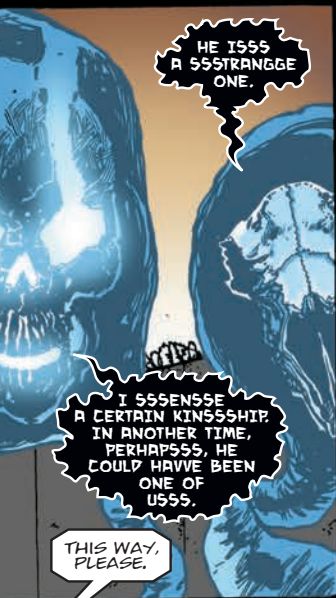
- AND AS
YOU SEE, THERE'S
NO SHORTAGE OF
BODIES TO CHOOSE
FROM.

YESSS, AND
NO FFEINW AT THE PROPER
SSSTAGE OF RIPENESSS.
YOU HAVE DONE GOOD
WORK HERE.

WE ACCEPT
YOUR OFFFER. WE WILL
BEGIN IMMEDIATELY.
AND NO TRICKSSS!

UNDRSSSTAND THISSS
- ASS SSSSOON ASS WE
ARE WHOLE AGRIN, YOU
WILL BE FIRSSST
TO DIE.

OH, AND
I SO DESERVE IT!
I'M SUCH A SINNER,
YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT.



HE ISSS A SSSSTRANGGE ONE.

I SSSSENSSE A CERTAIN KINSSSHIP IN ANOTHER TIME. PERHAPSSS, HE COULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF USSS.

THIS WAY, PLEASE.



ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, SIR? I MUST SAY, THEY DON'T SEEM QUITE THE THING.

OUR LIVES ARE DANGLING BY A THREAD, MONTY. WE'VE GOT TO PLAY THIS VERY CAREFULLY.



UH, MY WIFE - I'D RATHER SHE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE. THE SHOCK COULD KILL HER, POOR OLD DEAR.

SSSHHE MUSSST DIE TOO!

YES, YES, ALL IN GOOD TIME, BUT NOT NOW, RIGHT?



JEEZ, YOU GUYS ARE HARD WORK.



WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, ROBERTO?

OH, NOBODY, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

I'M GOING UP TO MY LAB, DEAREST. I MAY BE SOME WHILE.



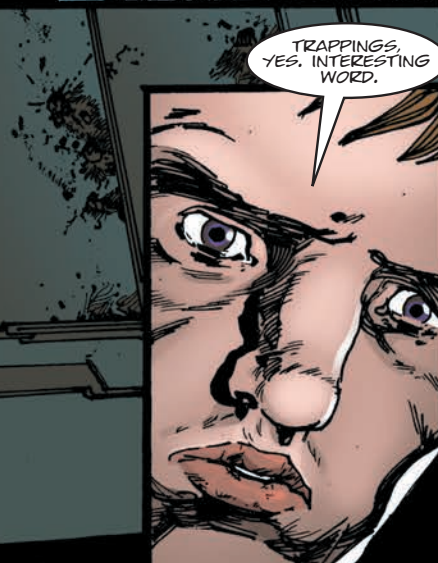
THEY GAVE ME A LONG LIST OF POISONS AND NOXIOUS CHEMICALS...

I'VE GOT A LOT OF THIS IN STOCK ANYWAY. DO QUITE A LOT OF WORK WITH POISONS.

REMEMBER, I NEED KEROSSSSSINE.

KEROSINE, GOT IT DOWN, NOT SURE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THE UNIFORMSS, THOUGH.

NEVVVER MIND THE UNIFORMSS. THEY ARE MERE TRAPPINGSSS.



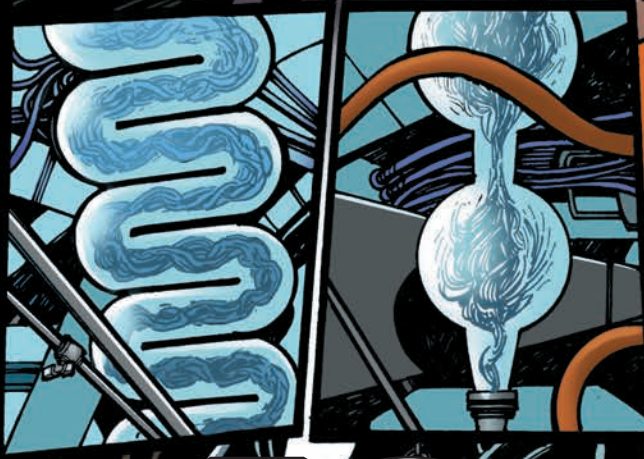
TRAPPINGS, YES. INTERESTING WORD.



They allow me one trip out, keeping Allegra as hostage. The streets were practically empty from bug victims. It made it all the more dangerous. You were easier to spot.

I used the engine off my hover-scooter. Didn't know how much suck I was going to need, but I didn't want to be caught short.

HERE THEY COME, SIR.



EXCELLENT WORK, SIR.

THANK YOU, MONTY. A NARROW ESCAPE.

LOOK AT THEM. Madder than hornets in there.

EXPERIMENT OVER, DEAREST. SHALL WE DRINK TO MY SUCCESS?

THIS BOTTLE SEEMS RATHER CLOUDY, ROBERTO.



NOT THAT ONE, MY DEAR. HA HA.

THAT ONE I'M SAVING FOR A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION!






CHAOS DAY

Script: John Wagner
Art: Henry Flint
Colours: Chris Blythe
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1787-1788



AT SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT ON CHAOS DAY THE ACADEMY OF LAW COMES UNDER ATTACK BY COMBINED ELEMENTS OF TOTAL WAR, TOX-9 AND RAGE.



IT HAD BEEN DESIGNATED BY YEVGENY BORISENKO AS A PRIME TARGET.



MEGA-CITY OF
ACADEMY OF
LAW

AND SUCH A TARGET — THE 'CRADLE OF JUSTICE', THE FOUNTAIN — THE SOURCE OF THE JUDGES OF THE MEGA-CITY MACHINE.

THEY EXPECT A SWIFT CONQUEST. OVER THE LAST FEW DAYS THE ACADEMY HAS BEEN GRADUALLY STRIPPED OF STAFF, ONLY THE SERIOUSLY INFIRM NOW REMAIN.

BUT THE ASSAULT MEETS STIFF RESISTANCE. OLDER CADETS, SOME OF THEM NEARLY STREET-READY, HAVE BEEN ARMED. THEY SELL THEIR LIVES DEARLY.

CADET WORSLEY TO CONTROL! THE ACADEMY IS UNDER ATTACK!



EVEN SO, THE ATTACKERS ARE UNDETERRED.

SHASHHHH

SURVIVAL IS UNIMPORTANT. THEY ARE BENT ON SLAUGHTER, ON TOTAL DESTRUCTION.



FOR WITH THIS ACT THEY BELIEVE THEY CAN DRIVE A FINAL STAKE THROUGH THEIR ENEMY'S HEART. THEIR LIFE'S GOAL WILL BE ACHIEVED.

WITHOUT THE STEADY FLOW OF RECRUITS, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN SURELY NEVER RECOVER.



WE CAN HOLD THEM, GET THOSE JUVES OUT!



MAKE FOR THE ARMOURY! ARM UP!

MOVE!



HEADS DOWN! GO! GO!



BOMB - !



DREDD FOLLOWS EVENTS OVER THE RADIO, TOO FAR AWAY TO ASSIST - MIRED IN HIS OWN PERSONAL HELL, BATTLING NOW AGAINST DESPAIR AS MUCH AS ANY HUMAN ENEMY.

ANY UNITS VICINITY ACADEMY OF LAW, RESPOND!

RUTGER, ON ACADEMY APPROACH! THEY'RE SET UP ALL AROUND, I'M MEETING HEAVY RESISTANCE!

HELP ME...

THE DISEASE HAS THE CITY IN ITS GRIP, VICTIMS NOW NUMBER IN THE MILLIONS.

I CAN SEE FIRES IN SEVERAL AREAS, THEY'RE BURNING IT AS THEY GO!

INFECTION IS A DANGER, RESPIRATORS ARE MANDATORY, EXPOSED SKIN IS COATED WITH A BARRIER GEL.

EVEN SO, HE HAS LOST TWO OF HIS TEAM TO THE CHAOS ORGANISM.

SOUNDS BAD AT THE ACADEMY.

IT'S ALL BAD.

YOU WANT TO BE THERE, GO, I CAN HANDLE IT HERE.

NO POINT, BE OVER BEFORE I GET THERE.

I'LL RIP YOU!

WALKER!

AHHHH!

COUNTERMAND THAT! NO TIME!

MEDICS TO THIRTY-THIRD!

OH GRUD! HE BIT ME! OH GRUD!

SOLDIER, YOUR LASER! YOU OTHERS HOLD HIM!









THEY GET THEM OUT WHERE THEY CAN, A STRAGGLE OF CADETS WIDE-EYED WITH FEAR.

RUN! KEEP LOW, DON'T STOP!




THEY'VE ASSIGNED A SECURE BLOCK TO THEM. WHAT REMAINS OF THE ROSTER, WHAT REMAINS OF CADETS THEY HAVE SALVAGED, ARE PRECIOUS COMMODITIES.

ON THE BUS, PLEASE! HURRY!




INSIDE, A GROWING CONTINGENT OF JUDGES SCOURS THE HALLS AND DORMITORIES, SEARCHING FOR THE LAST FEW SURVIVORS.

YOU'RE SAFE NOW. GO WITH THE JUDGE HERE.




THE ENEMY, MEANWHILE, IS DETERMINED NOT TO BE TAKEN ALIVE —



THE FIRES ARE SPREADING! WE CAN'T CONTAIN THIS! EVACUATE! GET OUT NOW BEFORE YOUR EXIT IS BLOCKED!



THE LAST FEW TERRORISTS REMAIN TO PERISH IN THE FLAMES.



AND THEN THERE IS NOTHING THEY CAN DO BUT WATCH THE ACADEMY OF LAW BURN TO THE GROUND.

THE PEOPLE'S ELECTION DOES, AFTER ALL, TAKE PLACE ON ELECTION DAY. THE MECHANISM IS ALL SET UP. JUST LOG IN, CHOOSE YOUR CANDIDATE AND PRESS SELECT.

FEW, HOWEVER, TAKE PART. CITIZENS HAVE OTHER THINGS ON THEIR MINDS, LIKE SURVIVAL.

THE PEOPLE'S ELECTION
**LOG IN
AND
VOTE NOW**

AT THIS MOMENT THAT'S NO SAFE BET.

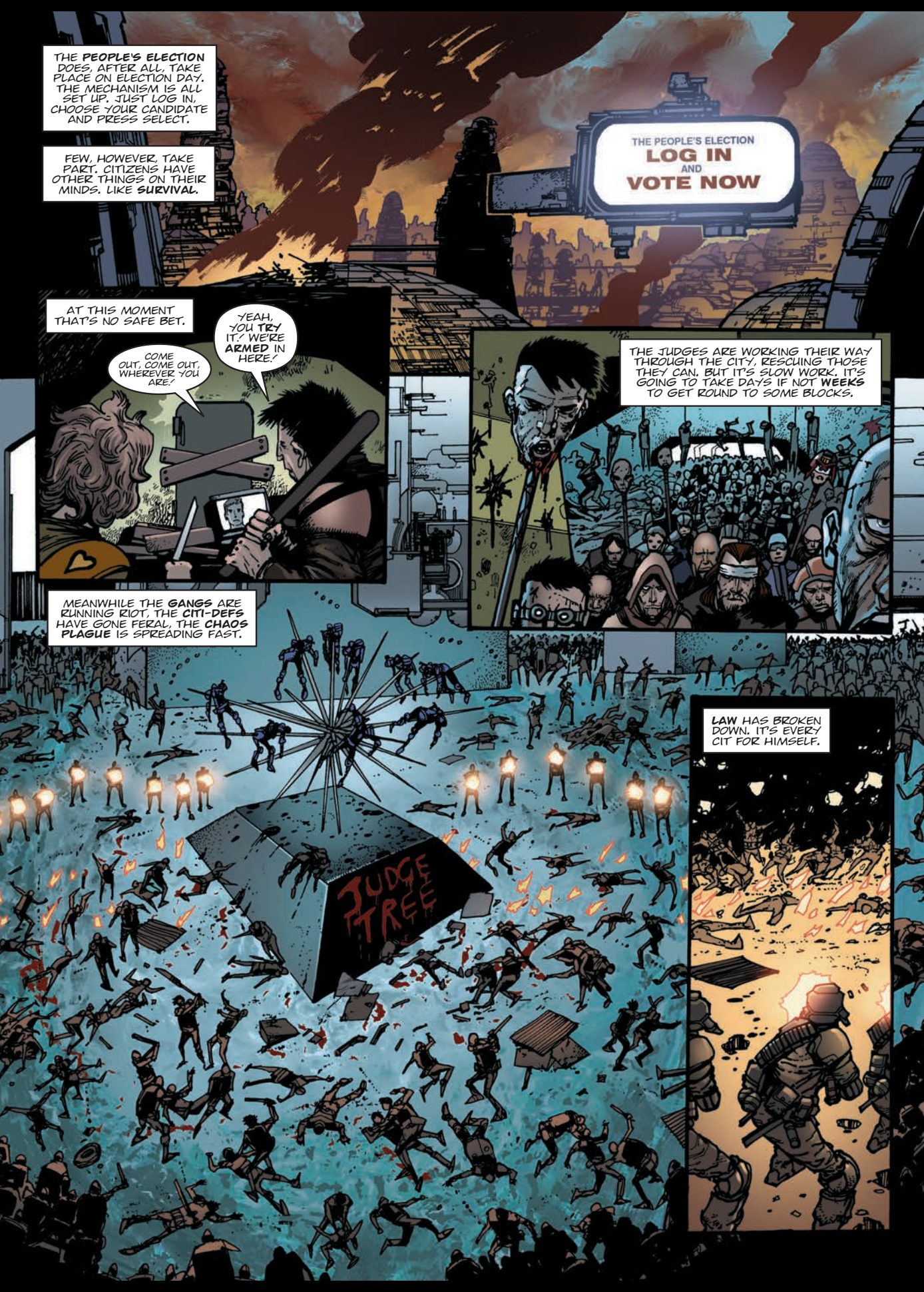
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

YEAH, YOU TRY IT. WE'RE ARMED IN HERE!

THE JUDGES ARE WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CITY, RESCUING THOSE THEY CAN. BUT IT'S SLOW WORK. IT'S GOING TO TAKE DAYS IF NOT WEEKS TO GET ROUND TO SOME BLOCKS.

MEANWHILE THE GANGS ARE RUNNING RIOT. THE CITI-DEFS HAVE GONE FERAL. THE CHAOS PLAGUE IS SPREADING FAST.

LAW HAS BROKEN DOWN. IT'S EVERY CIT FOR HIMSELF.



OUTSIDE, DAWN
BREAKS ON
A PICTURE OF
DEVASTATION.

THE FIRES HAVE DIED
DOWN, THOUGH THERE
ARE ALWAYS A FEW
FRESH ONES TO ADD TO
THE NOXIOUS CLOUDS
DRIFTING THROUGH
THE STREETS.

SPORADIC GUNFIRE
FLASHES IN THE EARLY
MORNING GLOOM.

INSIDE THE BLOCKS IT MAY
BE HELL ON EARTH, BUT
OUT HERE — OUT HERE THE
JUDGES HAVE LARGELY
REGAINED CONTROL.

THERE'S THE ODD BAND OF
URBAN WARRIORS, WILLING
TO BRAVE THE POISONOUS
AIR AND THE CITY'S GUNS.

THERE ARE THE
REFUGEES, THE BUG
VICTIMS, AND PEOPLE
SIMPLY DRIVEN OUT
BY HUNGER AND
DESPERATION.

BUT FOR ALL THAT,
THE STREETS ARE
STRANGELY PEACEFUL.

FEW OF THE DEAD HAVE BEEN CLEARED AWAY. THE JUDGES' OWN, OF COURSE — THEIR BODIES CANNOT BE LEFT LYING, TO BE DEFILED.

BUT THE REST CAN WAIT TILL TIME ALLOWS. ANY INFECTED WITH THE CHAOS BUG WILL BE SAFE WITHIN HOURS, IF YOU BELIEVE WYANT AND HIS EPIDEMIOLOGISTS.

AND AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT CAUSING TROUBLE. THAT'S ONE THING YOU CAN SAY FOR THE DEAD. THEY JUST LIE THERE, NICE AND QUIET. IN MANY RESPECTS, MODEL CITIZENS.

SO ALL IN ALL, ON THE STREETS AT LEAST, CHAOS DAY IS TURNING OUT TO BE SURPRISINGLY UNCHAOTIC.



DREDD TAKES SMALL COMFORT THAT HENNESSY'S PREDICTIONS WERE A LITTLE OFF. IN THE BLOCKS THINGS ARE AS BAD AS THEY GET.



IN THE BLOCKS MERCY IS NOT AN OPTION. MERCY IS FOR BETTER TIMES.



THE HELL - ?

SMASHH H



HE CAN SEE IT'S TAKING ITS TOLL ON BEENY — THE KILLING, THE RELENTLESS GHASTLINESS.

SHE WASN'T PREPARED FOR THIS. WHO COULD BE?

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T TELL US ABOUT THE WESSLER 440 UNDER THE BED, CREEP?

I-I FORGOT! SOMEBODY DROPPED IT OUTSIDE THE DOOR! I WAS KEEPIN' IT SAFE! I AIN'T USED IT! I AIN'T ONE OF THEM!

BEENY!

DON'T LIE TO ME!

MY BADGE.

THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

I COMMITTED AN OFFENCE.

YOU WERE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS TO TAKE HIS LIFE. YOU LET HIM OFF LIGHTLY.

PUT IT BACK ON, BEENY, I CAN'T SPARE YOU.

SHOULDNTA DONE THAT. THAT'S A CRIME.

YOU'RE UNDER HOUSE ARREST. INTERROGATORS WILL BE ALONG IN DUE COURSE. POKE YOUR NOSE OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND YOU'LL BE EXECUTED.

LIKE I'M GONNA GO ANYWHERE — IN THIS?

NOR CAN HE — CAN'T AFFORD TO GIVE HER THE BREAK SHE OBVIOUSLY NEEDS.

WOULD SHE GET OVER THIS? OR IS ANOTHER PROMISING CAREER DYING AS HE WATCHES?



IN THE EVENING THEY'RE PUT IN CHARGE OF THE REFUGEES FROM CHARLIE PARKER. FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE PACKED INTO A NEARBY DROIDBALL STADIUM.

WE WEED OUT THE OBVIOUS BUG VICTIMS, BUT QUITE A FEW MORE ARE SHOWING SYMPTOMS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

NOT A LOT WE CAN DO, EGAN. WE'LL START TESTING. SAVE WHO WE CAN.

GRAND HALL CAN ONLY SPARE TWO TEST TEAMS. PROBABLY POINTLESS. ANYWAY, BY NOW EVERYONE IN THAT STADIUM IS INFECTED.

COME TOMORROW ALL THAT WILL BE LEFT IS TO BAR THE EXITS AND LEAVE THEM TO DIE.

I'VE GOT IT, OH MY GRUD!

BAD LUCK. PLEASE GO WITH THE OFFICER HERE, HE'LL DEAL WITH YOU.

TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE... AND THE DAY AFTER THAT, AND AFTER THAT... TOO GRIM TO CONTEMPLATE.

THE CITY — HIS BELOVED CITY — IS DYING BEFORE HIS EYES.



THE DAYS AFTER

Script: John Wagner

Art: Henry Flint

Colours: Chris Blythe

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

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CHAOS DAY PLUS 5.

I HEARD YOU'D COME ROUND. HOW ARE YOU FEELING, LOGAN?

THEY TOOK IT OFF. THE ARM.

I KNOW. I'M SORRY.

THAT'S LIFE, I GUESS. FROM WHAT I HEAR I'VE HAD IT EASY.

YOU LOOK LIKE HELL. IT BEEN THAT BAD OUT THERE?

IT'S QUIETER NOW. THE DISEASE HAS JUST ABOUT PLAYED ITSELF OUT. BUT YES, IT'S BEEN... PRETTY AWFUL.



HOW MANY DID WE LOSE?

THEY'RE NOT SURE. PEOPLE ARE STILL DYING. THEY'RE ESTIMATING THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION.

WHAAAAT?!



WE MOVED WHO WE COULD INTO SAFE BLOCKS. SLIGHTEST SIGN OF DISEASE WE QUARANTINE RIGHT AWAY. SEEMS TO BE WORKING.

THAT WAS ALWAYS THE PROBLEM - CONTROL. WE COULD HAVE STOPPED IT. WE JUST NEVER GOT CONTROL OF THINGS. WHATEVER WE DID THEY WERE ALWAYS ONE MOVE AHEAD.



WE LOST A LOT OF PERSONNEL OURSELVES. THEY'RE SAYING SIXTY PER CENT PLUS.

THE ACADEMY OF LAW IS GONE. TOTAL WAR, RAGE - THE USUAL SUSPECTS. WE ONLY GOT ABOUT SIX HUNDRED OUT. AND FRANCISCO.

FRANCISCO - DEAD?



QUIT.

WE'RE ALL ASSEMBLED. THOSE THAT CAN. BUELL, LET ME SAY AGAIN HOW SORRY I AM ABOUT GARCIA.

SHOULD HAVE BEEN HER ON POWER STATION SECURITY. ME AGAIN, PLAYING THE BIG MAN.

YOU WEREN'T TO KNOW.

DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER.



WE ALL HAVE REGRETS, ME MORE THAN MOST. THAT'S WHY I MUST OPEN THIS MEETING BY TENDERING MY RESIGNATION.

CHIEF JUDGE — YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS?

NOT SURE THIS IS THE BEST TIME, CHIEF. IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DECLINE.

DREDD?
YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO, I UNDERSTAND YOUR DECISION.
THANK YOU.

LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES. I HAVE PRESIDED OVER THE WORST DISASTER IN OUR HISTORY.
I MISSED EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO PREVENT IT. I ALLOWED OUR CITY TO BE TURNED INTO A SLAUGHTERHOUSE, A DEAD ZONE. THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN MILLION AND THEY'RE STILL COUNTING — THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN MILLION.
ON ANY SCALE IT IS A RECORD UNWORTHY OF THIS OFFICE.
MY DECISION IS IRREVOCABLE.

I HAVE ASKED JUDGE HERSHEY TO RETURN AND TO FORM AN INTERIM ADMINISTRATION. SHE IS ALREADY ON HER WAY, I ASSUME THAT IS ACCEPTABLE TO YOU.

JUST FOR THE RECORD, WHEN HERSHEY IS INSTALLED I WILL ALSO BE TENDERING MY RESIGNATION FROM THIS COUNCIL.

NOT YOU, DREDD. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW THIS COMING — THE ONLY ONE WHO DID ANYTHING.

WHATEVER I DID IT WASN'T ENOUGH. WE ALL SHARE SOME PART OF THE BLAME. FOR THAT REASON I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE BEST IF WE ALL STOOD DOWN AND LET HERSHEY START FRESH.

WE'VE HAD THE FIRST SURVIVOR OF THE CHAOS BUG — A JUDGE IN SECTOR 31. WORD IS HE'S GOT PERMANENT BRAIN DAMAGE, THOUGH. ALL A BIT TOO LATE, ANYWAY.

IT'S TRUE, IF WE'D LISTENED TO YOU...

WHAT ABOUT THEM? HAVE WE FOUND THEM YET?
MORTIS AND CO? NO.

WE HAD REPORTS — SIGHTINGS — BUT NOTHING THESE PAST FEW DAYS.
TO BE HONEST WE'VE HAD A LOT WORSE TO WORRY ABOUT.

SORRY,
I DON'T SUPPOSE
THAT HELPS
YOU.

CAN'T GET
IT OUT OF MY
MIND. I KEEP SEEING
IT — FEELING IT, THAT
HAND TOUCHING ME.
CAN'T GET RID OF THE
SMELL... DECAYING
FLESH.

THEY'RE
SENDING
SOMEONE FROM
PSI-DIVISION TO SEE
ME. SOME HEALER
GUESS THAT'LL
HELP.

HOW'S
THE OLD MAN
TAKING IT?

YOU
KNOW HIM,
NEVER SHOWS
MUCH.

GOT TO BE
GETTING TO HIM,
THOUGH.

THE THIRD AFTER CHAOS
DAY, THAT HAD BEEN THE
WORST. WUORNOS TOWER.
HE KNEW IT WAS A LOST
CAUSE EVEN BEFORE HE
LED HIS UNIT IN.



YA
WANNZUMM?



THEY ESTIMATED NINETY-EIGHT
PER CENT INFECTION. THE DEAD
LITTERED THE PUBLIC AREAS
AND CORRIDORS, SOME OF THE
LIVING FEEDING ON THEM.

NO STRANGER TO
DEPRAVED BEHAVIOUR.
IT IS STILL AN IMAGE
HE WILL NEVER ERASE
FROM HIS MIND —
MAN BECOME ANIMAL.




HOW OVERJOYED WOULD BORISENKO BE TO SEE THIS?



THEY HAD NOT BEEN ANNIHILATED, THAT WAS TOO MUCH TO EXPECT, BUT THERE COULD BE NO DOUBTING THAT THE SOVS HAD WON HERE — REVENGE AT LAST.

REVENGE IN SPADES.

TEMPTING JUST TO BACK OUT, SEAL THE BLOCK UP, LEAVE THEM TO THEIR FATE.



BUT THAT COULD NOT BE AN OPTION, NOT WHILE THERE COULD BE SURVIVORS.





EVERY APARTMENT, EVERY SECTION OF THE BLOCK HAD TO BE CHECKED.

I DETECT BREATHING.

FROM IN THERE.

WE'VE GOT A HEALTHY ONE, LUCKIEST JUVIE IN THE WORLD.

WOULDN'T SAY THAT.

HELLO. DON'T BE AFRAID. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.



YOU'RE GOING TO BE SAFE NOW.

PARENTS MUST HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE INFECTED, LOCKED HER IN, SLIPPED THE KEY UNDER THE DOOR SO THEY COULDN'T GET AT HER. GOOD PEOPLE.

MEDICS TO APARTMENT 41160. SURVIVOR.



ON THE FIFTH DAY RICO BRINGS IN RELIEF FROM THE CURSED EARTH...

...A MUTANT ARMY, THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWNSHIPS, FORTY THOUSAND STRONG.

THEY'D HELD A VOTE, DESPITE DEEP ISSUES WITH THE CITY, THE VAST MAJORITY HAD DECIDED IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

COULD HAVE USED YOU A FEW DAYS AGO.

YEAH, AND YOU'D HAVE GOT YOURSELF ANOTHER FORTY THOUSAND VICTIMS TO DEAL WITH.

THEY'RE HERE TO ASSIST IN THE CLEAN-UP, NOTHING ELSE. THEY DON'T WORK IN INFECTED AREAS. ALL DEPLOYMENTS MUST BE CLEARED BY ME.



HOLY MUTHA, I WANNA GO HOME!



WELCOME BACK, CHIEF JUDGE.

NOT WHERE I WANTED TO BE.

UNDERSTANDABLE.

COULDN'T REFUSE, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.



IT'S A MESS, JOE.

ONE ALMIGHTY FOUL-UP.

PROTECT THE CITIZENS, THE ONE THING ABOVE ALL WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GUARANTEE - THE THING THAT JUSTIFIED ALL THE REST, AND WE COULDN'T GET THAT RIGHT.

DO WE DESERVE ANOTHER CHANCE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DO KNOW THAT THE ALTERNATIVE IS NOT ACCEPTABLE.

THE MEGA-CITY ONE WE KNEW IS GONE, HERSHEY, WE HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT AND MOVE ON.

REGRET, RECRIMINATION, DECISIONS - TIME FOR THAT LATER. RIGHT NOW WE HAVE ONE THING ON OUR MINDS AND ONE THING ONLY - TO SALVAGE WHAT WE CAN FROM THAT NIGHTMARE OUT THERE.

THAT'S THE LEAST WE OWE THE PEOPLE.

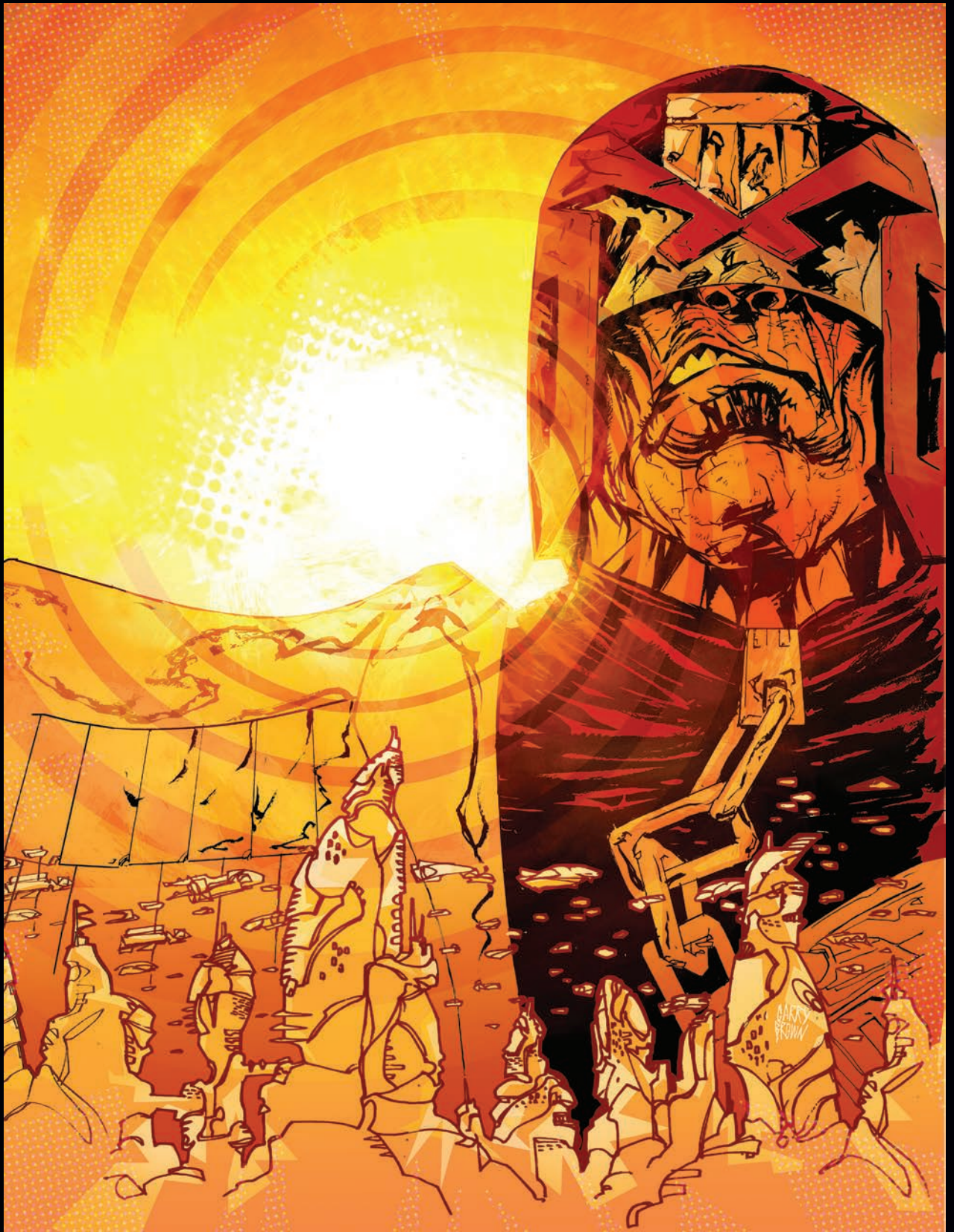






GALLERY

STILES '11





WANTED









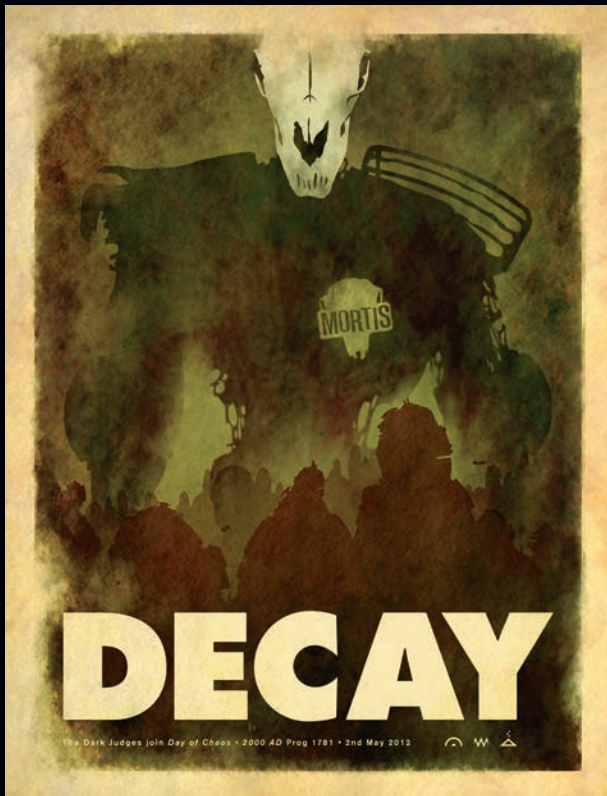












JOHN WAGNER

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

LEIGH GALLAGHER

Leigh Gallagher, once an artist for DC Comics on titles such as *The Witching*, *Justice League Unlimited*, and *Lego Bionicle*, cast off his ridiculously attractive fleshy exo-suit to proudly serve The Mighty Tharg as one of his art droids for *2000 AD*. There, he goes above and beyond to bring awesome Thrill-power to your eye holes, slapping zombies in the face for the co-created *Defoe*, donning a loin cloth whilst drawing the co-created *Aquila*, and talking in a gruff, commanding voice when working on *Judge Dredd!*

HENRY FLINT

Henry Flint, winner of the National Comics Awards for Best Comic Artist 2004, is one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's rising superstars. Co-creator of *Sancho Panzer*, *Shakara*, and the fan-favourite strip, *Zombo*, his incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Dredd/Aliens*, *Deadlock*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *The V.C.'s* and *Venus Bluegenes*. He has even written a *Tharg's Alien Invasions strip!* He has also worked on several American comics, including *Omega Men*, *Haunted Tank* and *Fear Itself: Fearsome Four*. Away from the comics industry, Henry produced art of the cover of DJ Food's 2012 album, *The Search Engine*.