

JUDGE DREDD

ANDERSON

P S I - D I V I S I O N



JUDGE DREDD

ANDERSON

P S I - D I V I S I O N

THE KING OF THE SIX SECTORS



WRITTEN BY

MATT SMITH

ART BY

CARL CRITCHLOW

LETTERS BY

SHAWN LEE

SERIES EDITS BY

DENTON J. TIPTON

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY

JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

PSI-JUDGE ANDERSON CREATED BY

JOHN WAGNER AND BRIAN BOLLAND

COVER BY

MIMI YOON

COLLECTION EDITS BY

JUSTIN EISINGER AND ALONZO SIMON

COLLECTION DESIGN

SHAWN LEE

Special thanks to Ben Smith, Matt Smith, and Stephen Green for their invaluable assistance.

ISBN: 9781623027322

IDW[®]

IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins



Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales
Dink Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Burjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Digital Publishing & Business Development

Facebook: [facebook.com/idwpublishing](https://www.facebook.com/idwpublishing)
Twitter: [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing)
YouTube: [youtube.com/idwpublishing](https://www.youtube.com/idwpublishing)
Instagram: [instagram.com/idwpublishing](https://www.instagram.com/idwpublishing)
deviantART: [idwpublishing.deviantart.com](https://www.deviantart.com/idwpublishing)
Pinterest: [pinterest.com/idwpublishing/idw-staff-faves](https://www.pinterest.com/idwpublishing/idw-staff-faves)
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

DIGITAL



JUDGE DREDD: ANDERSON, PSI-DIVISION. FEBRUARY 2015. FIRST PRINTING. JUDGE DREDD[®] is a registered trademark. © 2015 REBELLION[®] A/S. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Judge Dredd and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks or registered trademarks of Rebellion A/S. 2000 AD is a registered trademark. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. Published under license from Rebellion. www.2000ADonline.com. © 2015 Idea and Design Works, LLC. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as JUDGE DREDD: ANDERSON, PSI-DIVISION issues #1-4.



1:A

COVER BY MATT HALEY



SECTOR 6, MEGA-CITY ONE, 2080 A.D.

ROAD AHEAD CLOSED
EMERGENCY VEHICLES ONLY
BEYOND THIS POINT

AAAAH!

OH... OH
GRUD!

BREATHE,
HONEY!

REMEMBER?
DEEP BREATHS!
NOT FAR NOW!

JOVUS,
D-DID YOU
SEE THAT?
THEY TOOK THE
WHOLE BLOCK
APART!

KINDA
OCCUPIED
HERE. THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT'VE
-HNNNN/-
NOTICED.

EYES ON
THE SKED, IF
YOU -HFF/-
DON'T MIND.

SORRY,
SORRY.

BUT I... I
THINK IT'S
THE JUVES. I
THINK THEY'RE
DOING THIS.

NNHH! JUST
GET US TO THE
MED-CENTRE IN THE
NEXT FIVE MINUTES
OR YOUR UNBORN
OFFSPRING IS GOING
TO BE -HNGG/- OUT
THERE JOINING
THEM.

DON'T
WORRY, IT'S ONLY
ANOTHER COUPLE
OF STREETS AWAY.
TRY TO STAY CALM.
I'LL GET US THERE
IN ONE PIECE—

DROKK—!



MY GRUD...
HOW ARE
THEY...?

PLEASE, CAN
WE GO? THIS
BABY'S NOT
→HNN← HANGING
AROUND!

WE'RE
ON OUR
WAY!

MY
WIFE, SHE'S
GONE INTO
LABOUR—

WE'LL TAKE
IT FROM
HERE, SIR. BE
ASSURED...



"...SHE'S IN
SAFE HANDS."

MARTHA?

HMM,
NOT KEEN.
ANNEKA?

WITH
ANDERSON AS
A SURNAME?
COME ON.

WELL,
THERE WAS MY
GRANDMOTHER'S
MIDDLE NAME.

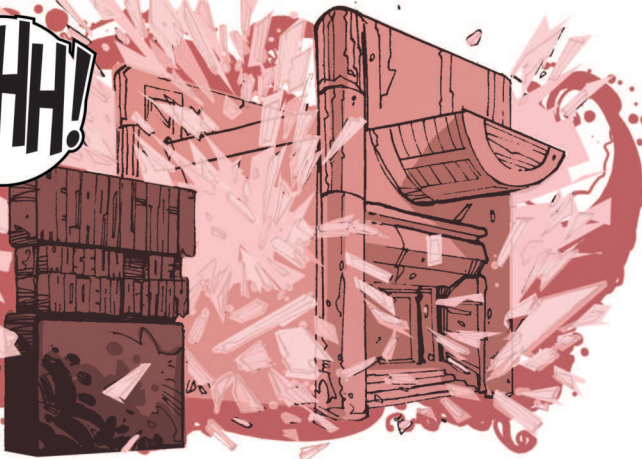
I ALWAYS
KINDA LIKED IT,
THOUGHT IT WAS
QUITE CLASSY.



CASSANDRA.

SECTOR 48, MEGA-CITY ONE, 2104 A.D.

AAHH!



STANDARD
PROCEDURE
IS TO CALL IT
IN, NO MATTER
HOW VAGUE
IT MAY BE...

CONTROL—
ANDERSON.
JUST CAUGHT A
PRECOG FLASH.
THE MEGAPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF MODERN
HISTORY. GOT A HINT
OF SOMETHING...
TROUBLE, MAYBE.
MIGHT WANT TO
CHECK IT OUT.

WILCO. DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU
CAN, UH, GIVE US
ANYTHING MORE
TO GO ON?

HEY, ALL I CAN TELL
YOU IS THAT IT WOKE ME
UP AND THAT'S THE ONE
DETAIL I CAN REMEMBER.
MEANT TO BE CATCHING
SOME ZEES HERE.

BUT IT'S
BARELY 7
P.M.—

UGH. **PSI-FLASH**—STRONG
ONE, TOO. WOULD HAVE TO
BE FOR IT TO CUT THROUGH
MY UNCONSCIOUS LIKE THAT.

SLEEP'S USUALLY MY RETREAT,
WHEN THE MENTAL CHATTER
DIALS BACK A NOTCH. RARE
THAT IT INTERRUPTS MY DREAMS.

CHECK YOUR
DUTY ROSTER.
I'M LOGGED
OFF TILL 6
TOMORROW.

BRAIN NEEDS
A RECHARGE—
READING CREEPS'
DIRTY SECRETS
ALL DAY TAKES IT
OUT OF A GIRL.

ANDERSON
OUT.

TRUTH IS, THE POTENCY OF THE FLASH HAS GOT ME THINKING... REGULAR HELMETS COULD BE ILL-EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH IT.

TUNING IN TO THAT LEVEL OF PSI-ENERGY SUGGESTED THESE MIGHT NOT BE ORDINARY PERPS.

DROKK IT. NO REST FOR THE WICKED.

CONTROL—
DECIDED TO HEAD
OVER TO THE
MEGAPOLITAN. FIGURE
THE SLAB-JOCKS COULD
DO WITH MY EXPERTISE
AND GENERAL SUNNY
DISPOSITION.

THEY
TURNED UP
ANYTHING
UNUSUAL?

NOT SO FAR.
THE MUSEUM
DIRECTOR'S KICKING
UP A STINK. HE'S NOT
APPRECIATING HIS
GUESTS BEING
SEARCHED ON
ENTRY.

HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT THIS ONE,
ANDERSON.

I DON'T. IF I
MADE A MISTAKE,
ALL WE DID WAS JUST
INCONVENIENCE A FEW
DOZEN EGGHEADS.
I CAN LIVE WITH
THAT.

WHAT'S THE
OCCASION
HERE, ANYWAY?

NEW
EXHIBITION
OPENING—RELICS
OF THE CURSED
EARTH. MEANT TO
BE THE BIGGEST
COLLECTION OF
PREWAR ANTIQUITIES
SINCE THE BOMBS
DROPPED.

SOME ARE
PRICELESS, SO
THEY SAY.

AND IF THAT
AIN'T BAIT, I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT IS...





OH,
DROKK.



GRUD ON A
GREENIE—!

AAAAHHH!

EEEEAAHH!

HOLY... HOLY CRAP. CREEP
WAS SOME KIND OF
PSI-BOMB. CAN FEEL THE
POWER TRYING TO WIPE MY
MIND... DARKNESS STEALING
IN ACROSS THE EDGES...

GONNA TAKE... ALL
MY STRENGTH TO
STAY CONSCIOUS...





LOOKS LIKE
I'M THE ONLY
ONE THAT DID.

MASSIVE *PSYCHIC*
BLAST KNOCKED THEM
ALL OUT. JUST MY MENTAL
DEFENCES THAT HAVE
KEPT ME UPRIGHT...

ALL UNITS,
THIS IS
ANDERSON!

I'M
INSIDE THE
MEGAPOLITAN—
WE HAVE A PSI-
INCIDENT, MANY
CASUALTIES!

SECURE
THE SCENE
AND BRING IN
MED-TEAMS!

SUSPECT FOUL
PLAY, POSSIBLE
MUTANT
INVOLVEMENT...

WAIT A
SECOND...

ANDERSON—
CONTROL, UNIFORMS
OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM
ARE NOT RESPONDING
TO HAILS. WHAT'S THE
SITUATION THERE?

SOMEONE'S
PULLED THE PLUG
ON THE WHOLE
DAMN PARTY, IS WHAT.
MASS BLACKOUTS,
WITH A VIEW TO
COMMITTING A LITTLE
LIGHT *ROBBERY*,
IF I'M NOT
MISTAKEN...

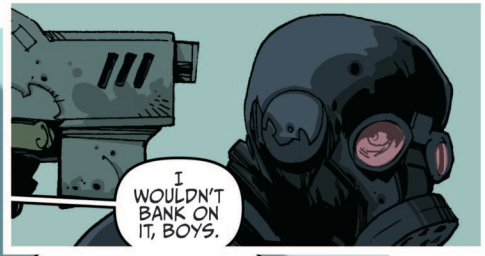
...AN' I GOT
THE DROP ON
THE CREEPS
BEHIND IT.



...AIN'T THIS GONNA BE SETTIN' OFF THE SILENT ALARM, MAN?

DON'T MATTER. SECURITY'S OUT FOR THE COUNT — NO ONE STILL CONSCIOUS TO DO ANYTHIN' ABOUT IT.

COUPLE MORE SECONDS AND WE'LL BE AWAY.



I WOULDN'T BANK ON IT, BOYS.



GUESS YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD PSI-JUDGE BEING IN THE VICINITY.

DROP THE HARDWARE.

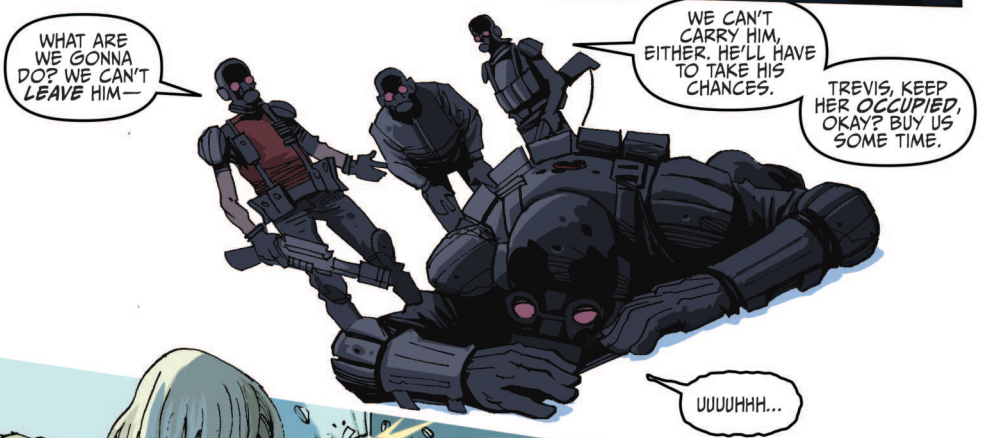
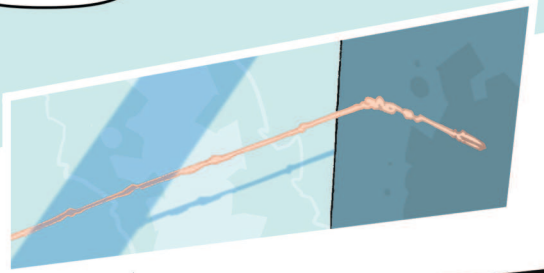


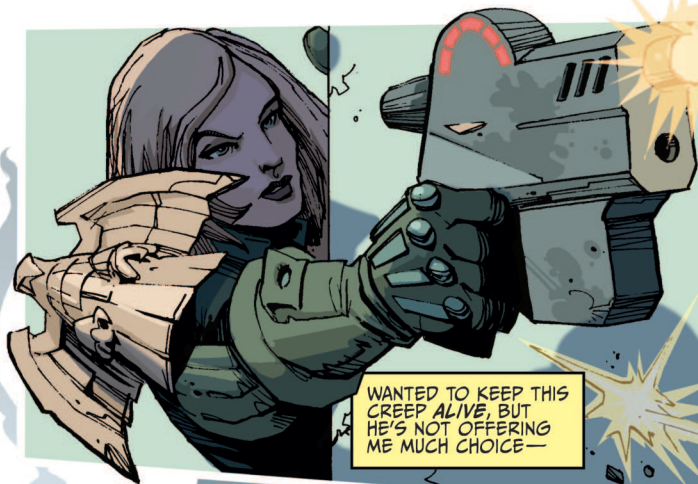
TAKE HER OUT! NOW!



UNFF!

I GOT IT! LET'S SPLIT!

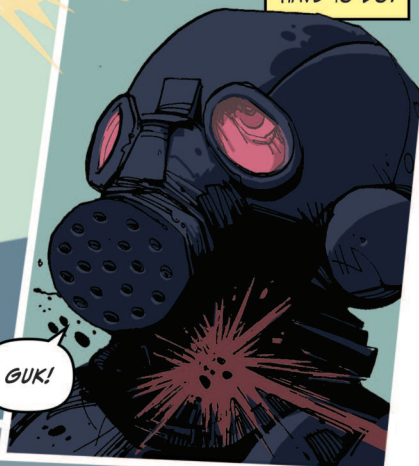




WANTED TO KEEP THIS CREEP ALIVE, BUT HE'S NOT OFFERING ME MUCH CHOICE—

—DEAD'LL HAVE TO DO.

GUK!



LOOKS LIKE HIS BUDDIES HAVE FLOWN. THEY CLEARLY GOT WHATEVER IT WAS THEY CAME FOR—AND IT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR THEM TO IGNORE THE REST OF THE EXHIBITS.

THIS WAS A HEIST WITH A VERY SPECIFIC GOAL.

LET'S SEE IF THIS TURKEY CAN SING. SHOULD BE ENOUGH LATENTS LEFT IN HIS MIND TO GIVE ME AN IDEA OF MOTIVE...

...HUH. NOTHING. NOT A SPARK.

I WONDER...



...PSI-SHIELDS I'LL BET. ENSURED THEY WERE IMMUNE TO THE EFFECTS OF THE BLAST.

OKAY, TRY TO KEEP ME OUT OF YOUR HEAD NOW, PAL...





AND THAT'S ALL YOU COULD GLEAN?

IMAGES WERE TOO FRAGMENTARY. HE SHUT DOWN FASTER THAN I EXPECTED, CHIEF—I COULD ONLY DELVE SO FAR.

THE ALABAMA MORASS? YOU'RE CERTAIN?

**OFFICE OF JUDGE OMAR,
PSI-DIVISION HEADQUARTERS.**

YEP, THAT'S THE ONE SOLID I COULD PICK UP. IT WAS AT THE FOREFRONT OF HIS DYING MIND, WHICH SUGGESTS IT HAS SIGNIFICANCE. THEY WERE SWAMP-BOUND.

ANY I.D. BACK ON THE STIFF YET?

YES, HE'S BEEN CONFIRMED AS **TREVIS WIMPOLE**, 38, 245/44C TODD CARTY BLOCK.

RAP SHEET AS LONG AS YOUR ARM—RELEASED SIX MONTHS AGO FROM A TEN-STRETCH FOR ARV AND AGGRAVATED ASSAULT.

STREET UNITS ARE INVESTIGATING HIS KNOWN ASSOCIATES, BUT SURVEILLANCE LOST THE REST OF THE GANG THAT ESCAPED FROM THE MEGAPOLITAN.

ANDERSON, I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU *DIDN'T* SIT ON MY DESK.

SORRY, BOSS.

YOU THINK THEY'RE STILL IN-CITY?

POSSIBLE BUT UNLIKELY. FROM WHAT YOU SAID, ALL SIGNS POINT TO THEM HEADING **SOUTH**.

PLUS THE STOLEN ITEM THEY NOW HAVE IN THEIR POSSESSION INDICATES THEY'RE **LOOKING FOR SOMETHING**.



WHAT WAS IT?

A MAP, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL SURVEYS OF THE CURSED EARTH, COLLATED AND DRAWN UP IN THE YEARS FOLLOWING THE ATOMIC WAR.

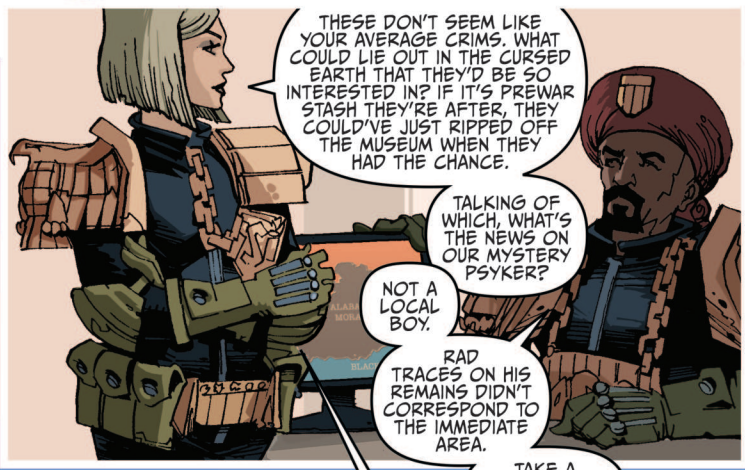
IT WAS NECESSARY IN THE WAKE OF THE DEVASTATION TO CHART WHAT REMAINED OF OUR COUNTRY, TO SEE HOW THE LANDSCAPE HAD CHANGED.

THROUGH DRONE COVERAGE AND ROBOT RECONAISSANCE, A PICTURE WAS ESTABLISHED.

THE MUSEUM HAD UNEARTHED AN EARLY DRAFT FROM THE ARCHIVES—THE FIRST TIME IT HAD BEEN SEEN IN PUBLIC. NEEDLESS TO SAY, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HOLDS THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE, AVAILABLE TO ACCESS ONLY BY THOSE WITH A HIGH LEVEL OF CLEARANCE.

SO THE PERPS *KNEW* IT WAS GOING TO BE THERE. COULD THEY HAVE HAD AN INSIDER AT THE MEGAPOLITAN?

WE'VE BEEN RUNNING THE STAFF THROUGH THE INTERROGATION CUBES SINCE THEY'VE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS. SO FAR, NO EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST THAT.



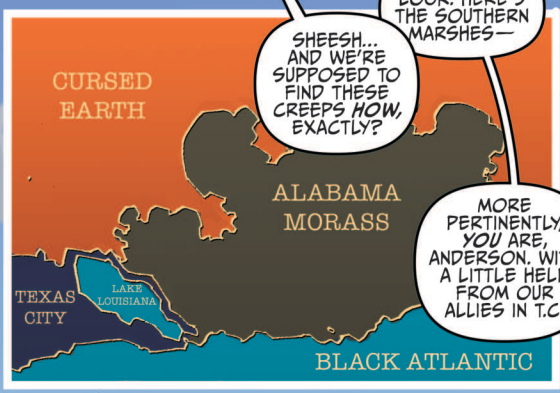
THESE DON'T SEEM LIKE YOUR AVERAGE CRIMS. WHAT COULD LIE OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH THAT THEY'D BE SO INTERESTED IN? IF IT'S PREWAR STASH THEY'RE AFTER, THEY COULD'VE JUST RIPPED OFF THE MUSEUM WHEN THEY HAD THE CHANCE.

TALKING OF WHICH, WHAT'S THE NEWS ON OUR MYSTERY PSYKER?

NOT A LOCAL BOY.

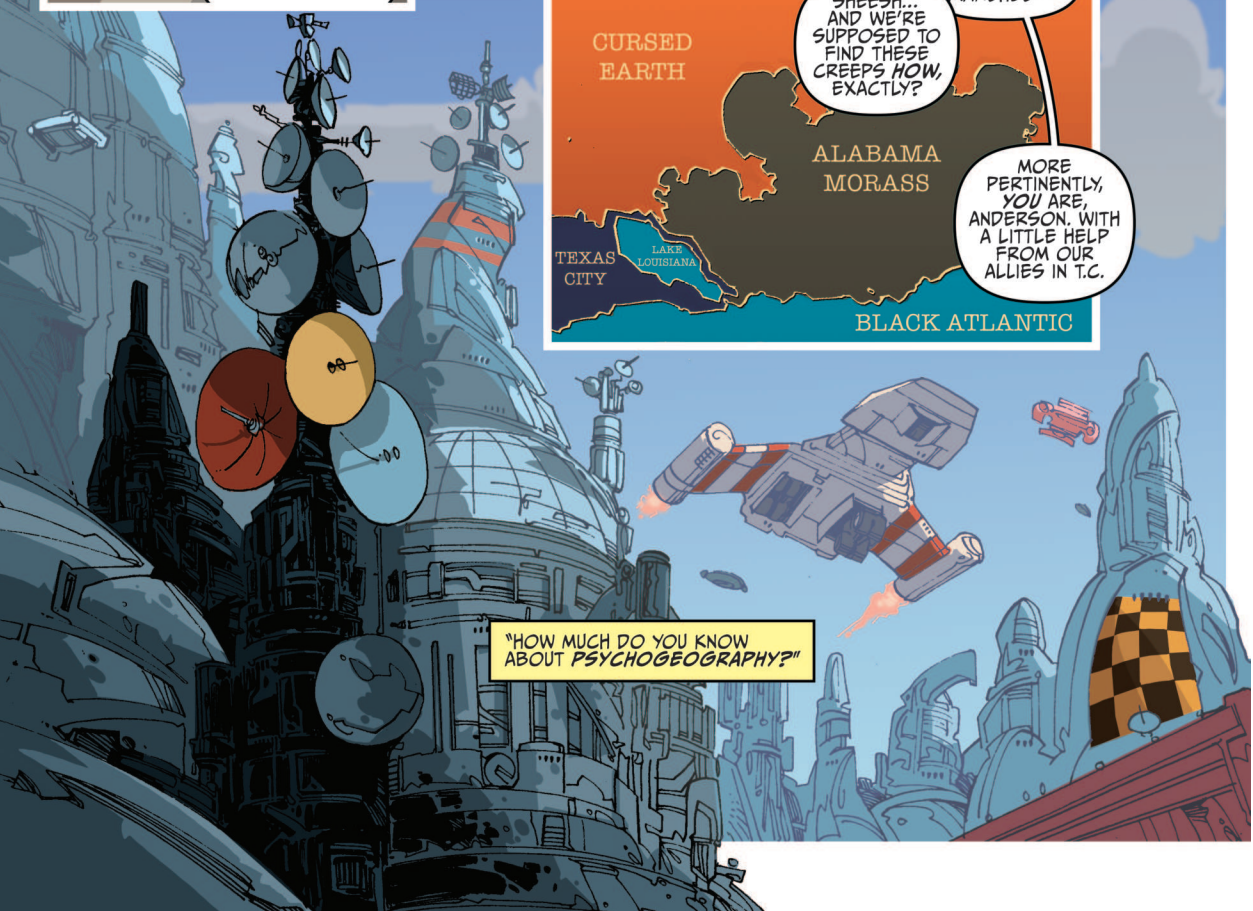
RAD TRACES ON HIS REMAINS DIDN'T CORRESPOND TO THE IMMEDIATE AREA.

TAKE A LOOK. HERE'S THE SOUTHERN MARSHES—



SHEESH... AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FIND THESE CREEPS *HOW*, EXACTLY?

MORE PERTINENTLY, *YOU* ARE, ANDERSON. WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR ALLIES IN T.C.

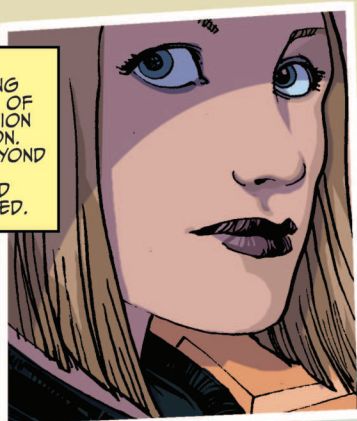


"HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY?"

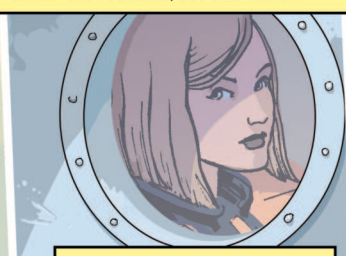
FIRST TIME I'VE LEFT THE CITY, BAR A FEW TRAINING EXERCISES IN THE CURSED EARTH, BACK IN THE DAY.



I CAN'T DENY THAT I'M FEELING A COMBINATION OF BOTH ANTICIPATION AND TREPIDATION. THE WORLD BEYOND THE WALLS HAD ALWAYS SEEMED SO FAR REMOVED.



THE BIG MEG—FROM INDUCTION INTO THE ACADEMY TO GRADUATION ONTO THE STREETS—HAS BEEN ALL I'VE KNOWN. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN MY ONLY FAMILY, FOR BETTER OR WORSE. IT GAVE ME A HOME, A *PURPOSE*.



I CAN REMEMBER NEXT TO NOTHING OF MY PARENTS OR WHERE I GREW UP. ONCE MY PSI-TALENTS BECAME APPARENT AS AN INFANT, CLEARLY MY FUTURE PATH WAS CHOSEN FOR ME—MRS. ANDERSON'S LITTLE GIRL'S CAREER MAPPED OUT IN AN INSTANT.

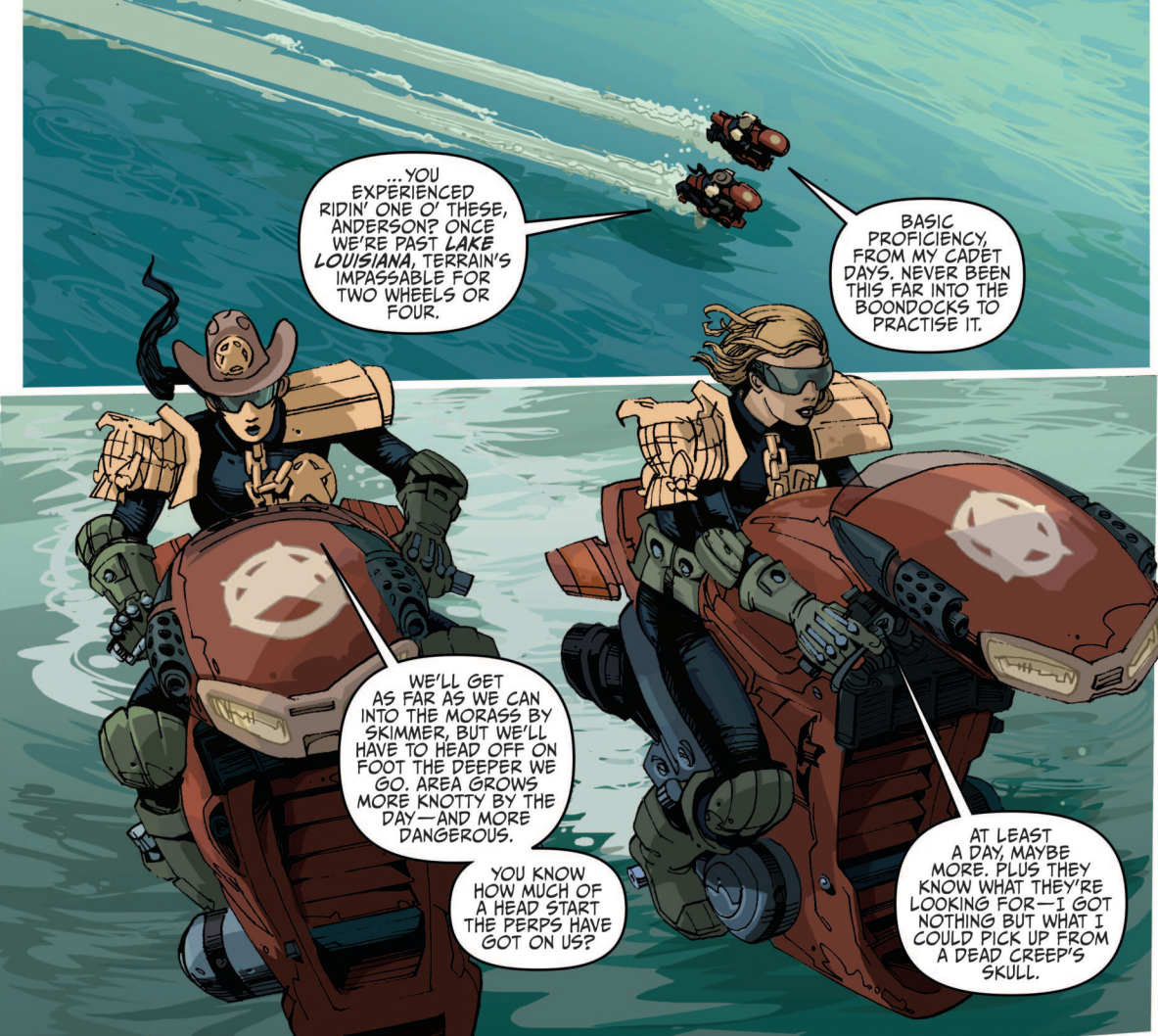
STILL: STRANGE I CAN'T AT LEAST PICTURE WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE, OR RECALL THEM AS PEOPLE. MY LIFE PRIOR TO THAT OF A CADET IS... *BLANK*. A DEAD SPOT IN MY PAST.

ODD.

EVEN THOUGH RELATIONSHIPS MEAN LITTLE WHEN YOU BECOME A JUDGE—YOUR LIFE IS THE LAW, YADDA, YADDA—IT'S AT MOMENTS LIKE THIS THAT I WISH I COULD KNOW THAT MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE THERE...

...TWO FRIENDLY FACES AMONGST THE TEEMING MILLIONS.





... YOU EXPERIENCED RIDIN' ONE O' THESE, ANDERSON? ONCE WE'RE PAST LAKE LOUISIANA, TERRAIN'S IMPASSABLE FOR TWO WHEELS OR FOUR.

BASIC PROFICIENCY, FROM MY CADET DAYS. NEVER BEEN THIS FAR INTO THE BOONDOCKS TO PRACTISE IT.

WE'LL GET AS FAR AS WE CAN INTO THE MORASS BY SKIMMER, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD OFF ON FOOT THE DEEPER WE GO. AREA GROWS MORE KNOTTY BY THE DAY—AND MORE DANGEROUS.

YOU KNOW HOW MUCH OF A HEAD START THE PERPS HAVE GOT ON US?

AT LEAST A DAY, MAYBE MORE. PLUS THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR—I GOT NOTHING BUT WHAT I COULD PICK UP FROM A DEAD CREEP'S SKULL.



WHICH I GUESS IS WHERE I COME IN, HM?



JOVIS...

YEAH, KINDA INTIMIDATING, AIN'T IT? NO USE EMPLOYIN' H-WAGONS TO RUN AERIAL *INFRA-RED* SCANS, EITHER—SO MUCH WILDLIFE RUNNIN' RAMPANT IN THERE, WE'D NEVER PINPOINT HUMAN HEAT SOURCES.

LONG-RANGE SURVEILLANCE PICKED UP A DISTURBANCE OVER IN THE *SOUTHEAST* QUADRANT, BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS IT CAN BE NARROWED DOWN.

GONNA BE JUST THE TWO OF US AGAINST THAT.



JOY.

SO HOW DOES THIS WORK THEN, DEGROOT? THE PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY?

WE NEED TO SET DOWN FIRST. I HAVE TO GET A SENSE O' THE LAND.

YOU ALWAYS HAD THE POWER? SINCE YOU WERE A JUVE, I MEAN?

OMAR TOLD ME YOU WERE T.C.'S ONLY PRACTITIONER—MADE YOU SOMETHING OF A STAR IN PSI-DIV.

YEAH, BEEN AWARE OF IT FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER. USED TA WALK THE CITY STREETS ON MY OWN, FEEL MYSELF INFLUENCIN' THE WORLD AROUND ME—T.C. USED TA OPEN UP, SHOW ME EVERY DARK CORNER, EVERY SECRET.

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, I USED TA USE IT TO MY ADVANTAGE, REALISED I COULD HIDE FROM THE JAYS WHEN I NEEDED TO. THE CITY WAS A LIVING, BREATHING ENTITY THAT I COULD GET ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH WITH. IT'D TALK TO ME, IN EFFECT. HELP ME.

I WAS GIVEN A CHOICE O' THE CUBES OR RECRUITMENT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SAW A TALENT THAT COULD BE A USEFUL RESOURCE.

MY SKILL'S IN READING HOW THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT REFLECTS THE PSYCHE O' THE HUMANS THAT INHABIT IT. I CAN SENSE CHANGE, FEAR, AND DISTRESS... FINDIN' PEOPLE BECAME MY SPECIALTY.



SO LET'S SEE IF WE CAN TRACK DOWN YOUR BAD GUYS, HUH?



DOES IT WORK OUT HERE IN GRUD-KNOWS-WHERE?

PRINCIPLE'S THE SAME. YOU FOLLOW YOUR NOSE; LET THE LAND TAKE YOU WHERE IT MAY. YOU'LL START TO RECOGNISE THE SIGNS, THE PATTERNS...



HEY, I APPRECIATE A STROLL THROUGH A RAD-SWAMP AS MUCH AS ANYONE, BUT WE'RE KINDA ON THE CLOCK HERE. THE MORASS IS A BIG PLACE—WHERE DO WE START?

PATIENCE, ANDERSON. I'M ALREADY PLUGGED IN. JUST SENSIN' THE SHAPE O' THE AREA AROUND ME...



...GIVIN' ME A ROUTE.

KEEP AN EYE OUT, WOULD YOU? ALL SORTSA CRITTERS MAKIN' THEIR HOME HERE.

YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA...?

YOU WANT THESE MEATHEADS TRACKED, I GOTTA LET MY INSTINCTS TAKE OVER.

JUST KEEP YOUR LAWGIVER PRIMED AN' FOLLOW MY LEAD.



AW, DROKK ME.



REMAND ME AGAIN WHY THEY DIDN'T SEE FIT TO PROVIDE US WITH A HEAVILY ARMED TAC-SQUAD AS BACKUP??

THE MORE BODIES THERE ARE ON THE GROUND, THE MORE IT INTERFERES WITH MY ABILITY TO CHANNEL THE ENVIRONMENT.

TOO MANY COMPETING CONSCIOUSNESSES — I NEED TO KEEP MY MIND CLEAR.



OF COURSE.

DEGROOT, I'M GETTING A TINGLE OF SOMETHING BEHIND US...

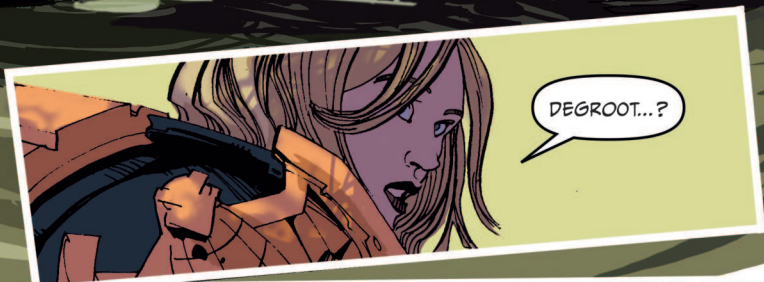
FAIRLY SURE THE PERPS ARE STILL SOME WAY AHEAD —

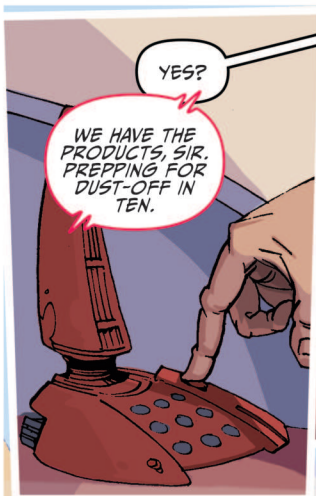


NO, I DON'T THINK IT'S HUMAN.



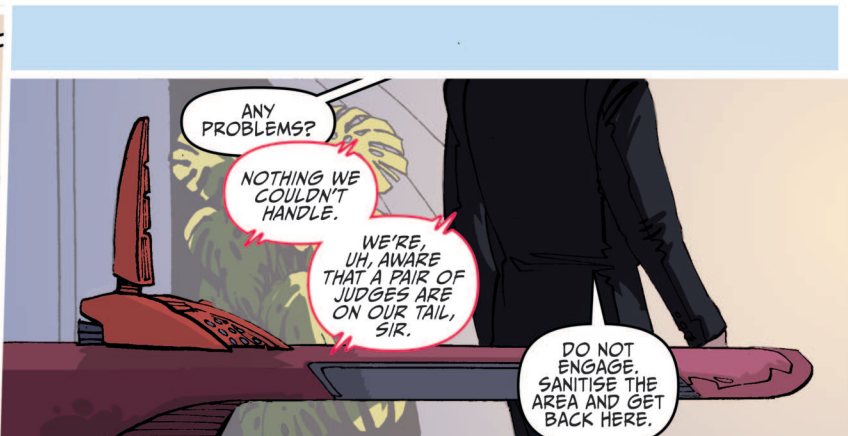
STOMM—!





YES?

WE HAVE THE
PRODUCTS, SIR.
PREPPING FOR
DUST-OFF IN
TEN.



ANY
PROBLEMS?

NOTHING WE
COULDN'T
HANDLE.

WE'RE,
UH, AWARE
THAT A PAIR OF
JUDGES ARE
ON OUR TAIL,
SIR.

DO NOT
ENGAGE.
SANITISE THE
AREA AND GET
BACK HERE.



SECTOR 6, MEGA-CITY ONE.

SANITISE?
WHAT, ALL OF
THEM?

EVERY LAST
ONE. LEAVE
NONE STANDING.
RAZE THE
SETTLEMENT TO
THE GROUND.


COPY THAT,
MR. ASHBERRY,
SIR.



2:A

COVER BY MATT HALEY





FUNNY THE WAY YOUR DAY TURNS OUT. YOU CAN FIND YOURSELF IN SITUATIONS YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE ANTICIPATED WHEN YOU CRAWLED OUT OF BED THAT MORNING.

OF COURSE, THE CYNICS MIGHT REMARK: "YOU'RE THE DROKKIN' PSYCHIC, ANDERSON—HOW DID YOU NOT KNOW WHAT WAS IN STORE?"

IT'S A FAIR POINT, TO WHICH I'D ARGUE THAT IF THE WORLD WORKED THAT WAY, I'D BE GRUDDAMNED **BULLETPROOF**, FORESEEING EVERY EVENTUALITY AND SIDESTEPPING THEM ACCORDINGLY.

SUFFICE TO SAY, I AM MOST CERTAINLY NOT BULLETPROOF.

COME ON... I'VE INFLUENCED BIGGER BRAINS THAN YOURS, YOU OVERGROWN GECKO...

YOU'RE NOT HUNGRY... YOU'VE LOST YOUR APPETITE...

YEAH, THAT AIN'T WORKING.

HUH. ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I NEVER SAW **THIS** END COMING—

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA



MOTHER OF GRUD.



SORRY IF I GAVE YOU A FRIGHT, DISAPPEARIN' LIKE THAT.

I FIGURED THE HEAVY WEAPONS WERE OUR BEST BET.

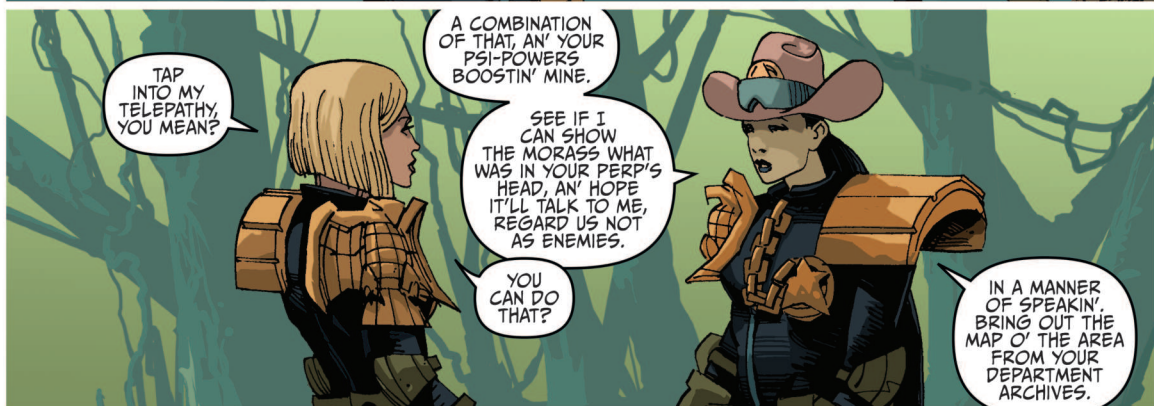
JOVUS, DEGROOT, KINDA CUTTING IT FINE, WEREN'T YOU?



WASN'T SURE IF YOU HAD THE SITUATION IN HAND. DIDN'T WANT YOU TA THINK I WAS NEEDLESSLY PULLIN' YOUR FAT OUTTA THE FIRE.

OH YEAH, FAT MOST DEFINITELY PULLED.

THANKS, BY THE WAY. I'M USED TO WORKING MY SPELL ON TWO-LEGGED CREEPS RATHER THAN FOUR—MEGA-CITY WILDLIFE TENDS TO BE MORE EASILY SUGGESTIBLE.



"...LET THE
LAND BRING
US TO OUR
DESTINATION."

WE SLOUGH OFF OUR
PHYSICAL FORMS AND
RELEASE OUR MINDS,
DEGROOT EFFECTIVELY
LEADING ME AS WE
ATTUNE OURSELVES TO
THE CONSCIOUSNESS
OF THE MORASS.

WE SLIP THROUGH
ITS LIFE-WEB
LIKE SPIRITS
SEEKING A HOME.

THOSE TWO BURNING EYES I
SAW IN THE STIFF'S HEAD BACK
AT THE MEGAPOLITAN HEIST ACT
AS OUR COMPASS, THE SWAMP
DRAWS US CLOSER, THRUMMING
WITH RECOGNITION.

I CAN HEAR THE T.C. PSI-JUDGE
COERCING AN ANSWER FROM
THE GREEN EVEN AS SHE LEADS
US ON A SEEMINGLY RANDOM
ROUTE. SOON PATTERNS
COALESCE, ACCEPTANCE
EMERGES FROM CHAOS.

THE MORASS WELCOMES US,
OPENING UP AND REVEALING ITS
SECRETS. WE CAST OUR NET
WIDER, PUSHING DEEPER INTO
THIS HEART OF DARKNESS...



...UNTIL WE FIND THE
HORROR AWAITING
US AT ITS CENTRE.

IT TAKES BUT A SECOND
TO REALISE THAT THE
PSYCHIC MUTANT AT THE
MUSEUM HAD BEEN FROM
THE SAME FAMILY.

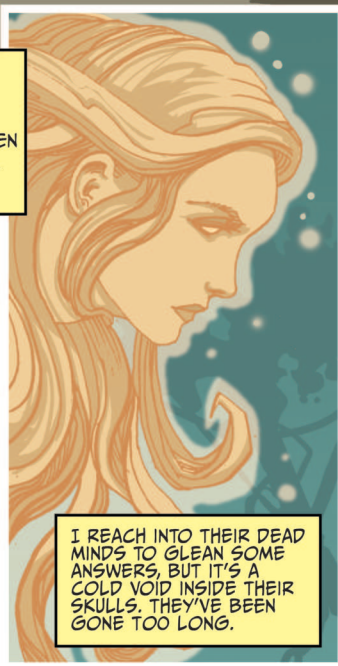
EVEN THOUGH THE CREEPS
RESPONSIBLE HAVE GONE TO
GREAT LENGTHS TO TORCH
THE SETTLEMENT, THE
SIMILARITY IS UNMISTAKABLE.

THEY'D TRACKED
DOWN WHAT THEY'D
NEEDED THE MAP
FOR... AND THEN
DESTROYED IT. WHY?



A MUTANT PEOPLE,
MASSACRED.

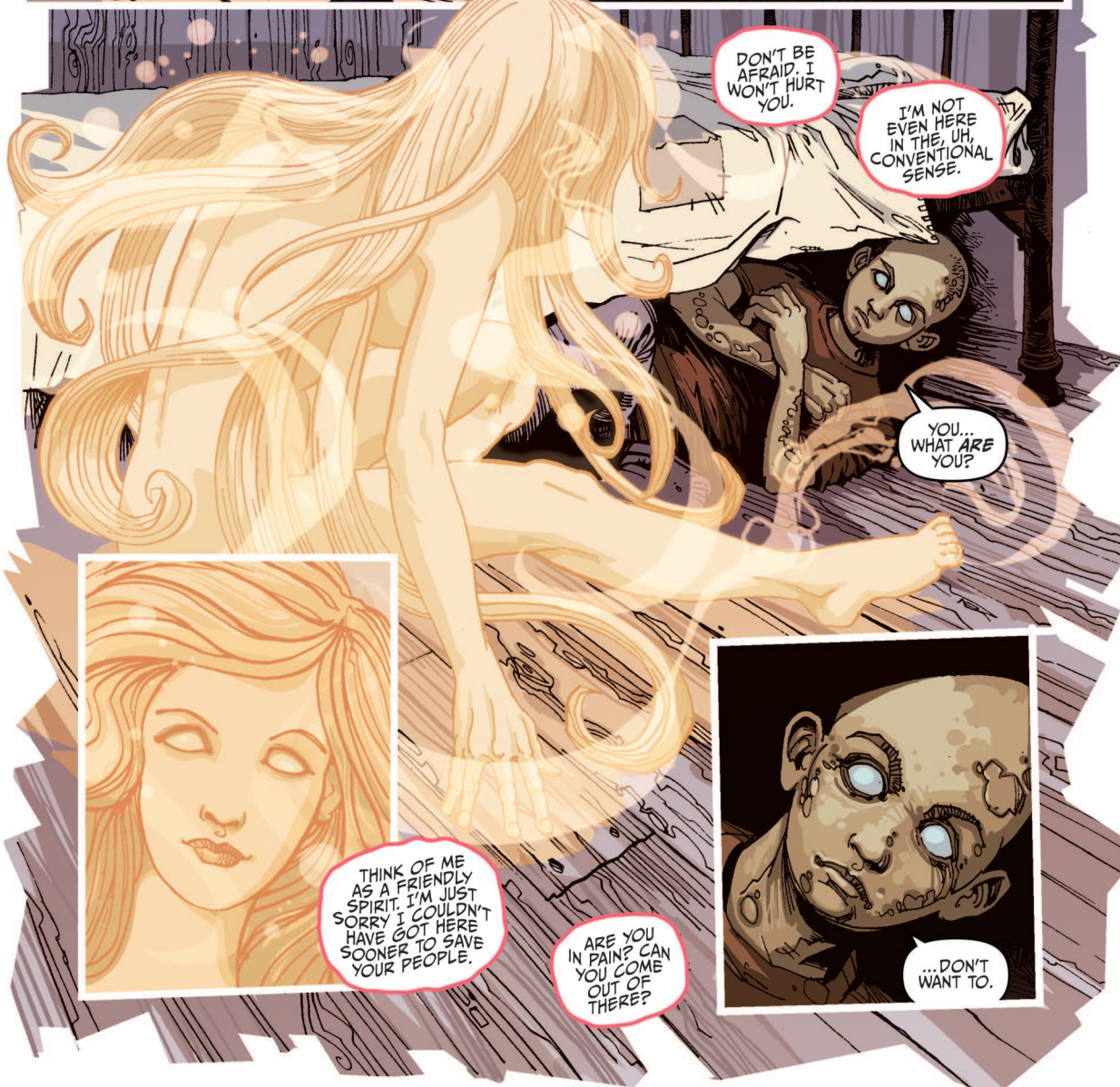
THEY WEREN'T
ARMED, THERE
CLEARLY HADN'T
BEEN A STRUGGLE
HERE—THEY'D BEEN
BRUTALLY AND
COLD-BLOODEDLY
WIPED OUT.

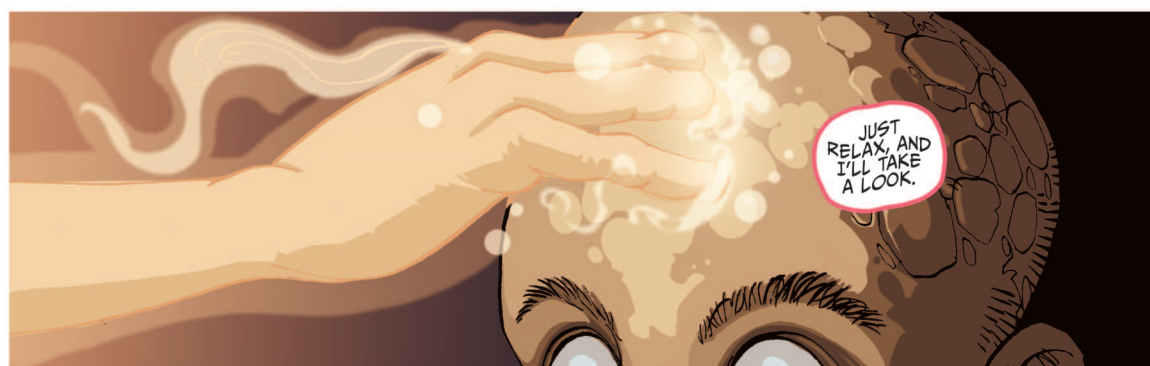



I REACH INTO THEIR DEAD
MINDS TO GLEAN SOME
ANSWERS, BUT IT'S A
COLD VOID INSIDE THEIR
SKULLS. THEY'VE BEEN
GONE TOO LONG.



EXCEPT... A FLICKER OF
LIFE TUGS MY ATTENTION...







I ALMOST INSTANTLY
REGRET DOING SO.
THE JUVE'S MIND IS
A CAULDRON OF
TERROR AS HE
BORE WITNESS TO
THE DECIMATION OF
HIS SETTLEMENT.

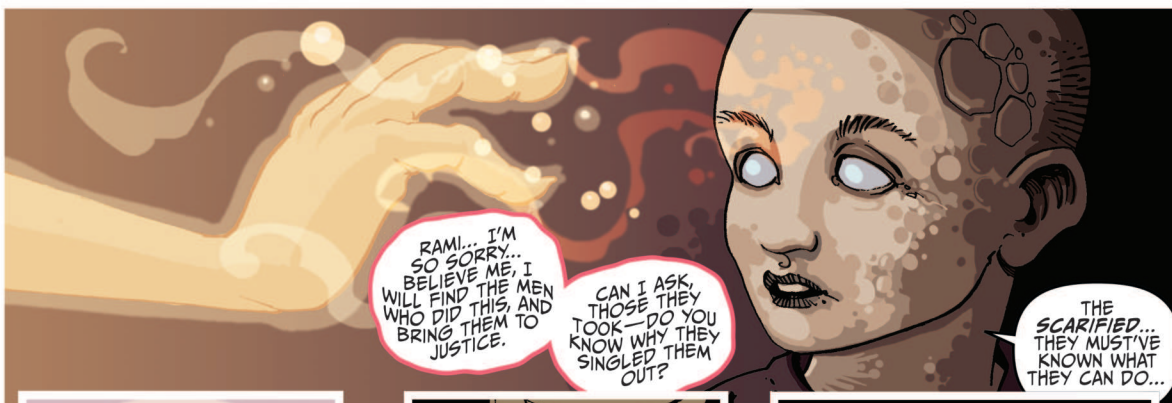
THE MEGA-CITY MEN
SHOWED NO MERCY, NO
RESTRAINT, AS THEY
PUT THE MUTANTS TO
THE TORCH. CLEARLY
THEY'D INTENDED TO
LEAVE NO SURVIVORS.

BUT THEY DIDN'T
KILL THEM *ALL*.
RAMI SAW AT
LEAST FIVE OF HIS
PEOPLE MARCHED
INTO THE CREEPS'
SHUTTLE AND
WHISKED AWAY.

PRESUMABLY THAT WAS
WHAT THE PERPS WERE
AFTER IN THE FIRST
PLACE, AND THE
OTHERS BUTCHERED TO
COVER THEIR TRACKS.

WHAT WAS SO
SPECIAL ABOUT
THEM? INDEED,
HOW WERE THE
CRIMS AWARE
THESE POOR SAPS
WERE *HERE* IN
THE FIRST PLACE?

AND WHY AM I
HEARING THE NAME
ASHBERRY?



RAMI... I'M SO SORRY... BELIEVE ME, I WILL FIND THE MEN WHO DID THIS, AND BRING THEM TO JUSTICE.

CAN I ASK, THOSE THEY TOOK—DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY SINGLED THEM OUT?

THE SCARIFIED... THEY MUST'VE KNOWN WHAT THEY CAN DO...



SCARIFIED?

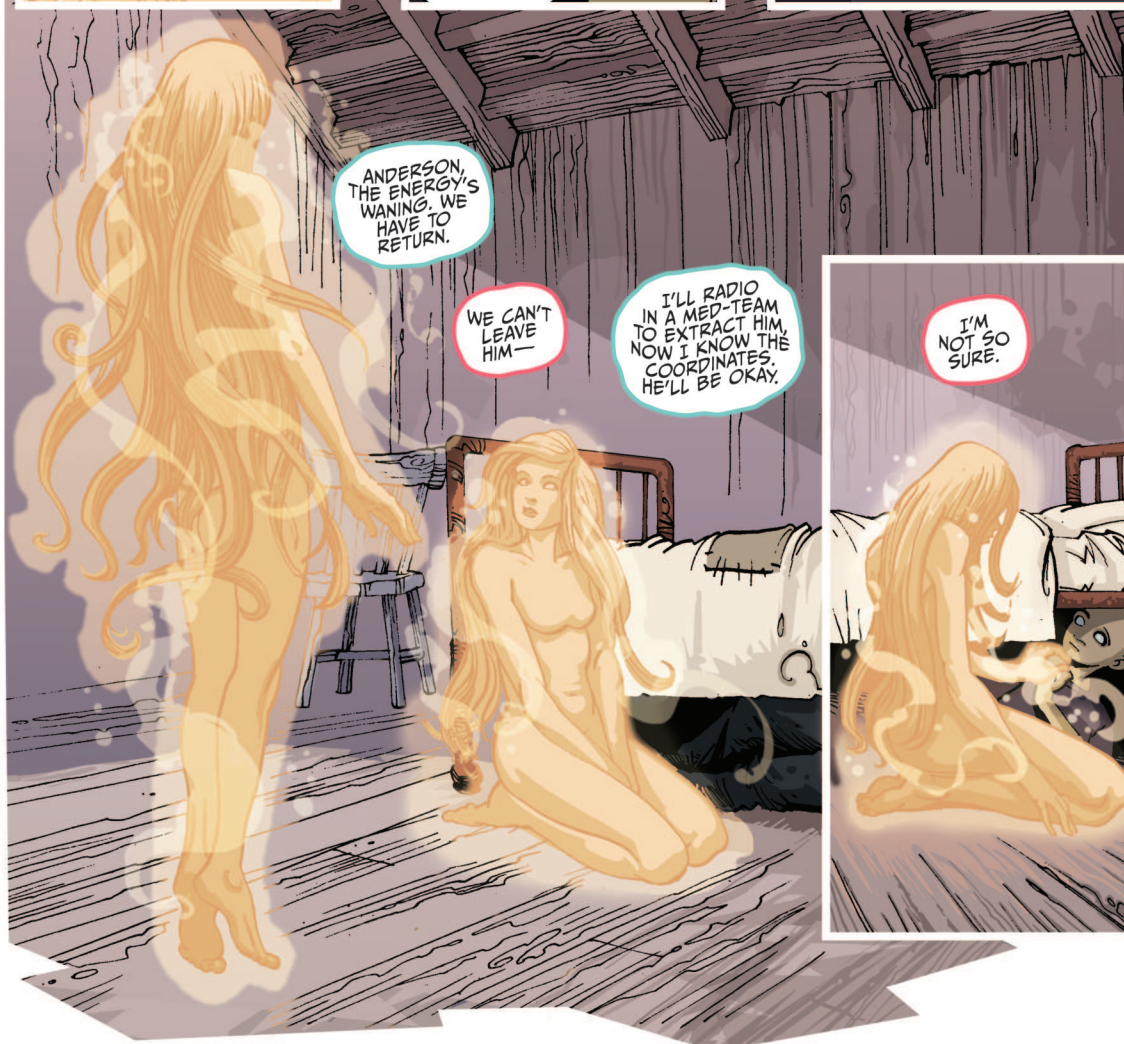


LIKE THIS.

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY OTHERS BORN SINCE ME, BUT IT HAPPENS ONCE EVERY FEW YEARS.



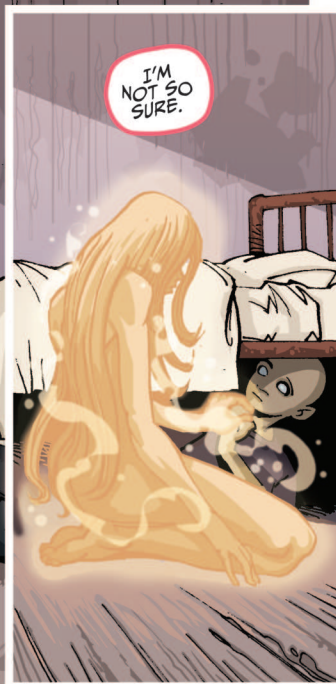
I MUST'VE PASSED THEM BY.



ANDERSON, THE ENERGY'S WANING. WE HAVE TO RETURN.

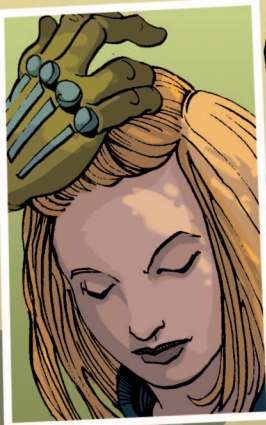
WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM—

I'LL RADIO IN A MED-TEAM TO EXTRACT HIM, NOW I KNOW THE COORDINATES. HE'LL BE OKAY.



I'M NOT SO SURE.

WITHIN SECONDS,
WE'RE BACK, OUR
TETHERED PSYCHIC
FORMS REELED IN—



—BUT IT FEELS
DIFFERENT, LIKE
SOMETHING'S
PIGGYBACKED ON
OUR RETURN. I'M
NEVER ENTIRELY
ALONE IN MY HEAD
AT THE BEST OF
TIMES, BUT EVEN
SO... THERE'S
DEFINITELY A LITTLE
LESS ROOM THAN
THERE USED TO BE.

UH,
DEGROOT?

NO SHORTAGE
OF VISITORS
ALL OVER—

LET'S
GET THE
HELL OUT
OF HERE.



"CIVILISATION'S CALLING."

HEY, DREDD.

ANDERSON. LAST I HEARD YOU WERE EMPTYING ALABAMA SWAMPWATER OUT OF YOUR BOOTS.

YEAH. IT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT TO ADMIT I'M GLAD TO BE BACK IN THE BIG MEG. THIS KIND OF JUNGLE I CAN COPE WITH.

LOT TO BE SAID FOR "BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW."

WHAT YOU GOT GOING ON HERE?

GLIB GLIBBINS BEEN OPERATING AN EXTORTION AND PROTECTION RACKET OUT BACK.

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

PERPS I CHASED SOUTH KIDNAPPED MEMBERS OF A MUTANT CLAN, SLAUGHTERED THE OTHERS. FROM WHAT I GLEANED FROM THE ONLY SURVIVING WITNESS, THE CREEPS REFERRED TO SOMEONE CALLED ASHBERRY.

I RAN THE NAME THROUGH M.A.C., AND IT FLAGGED AN OLD CASE OF YOURS—FROM QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO, IN FACT.

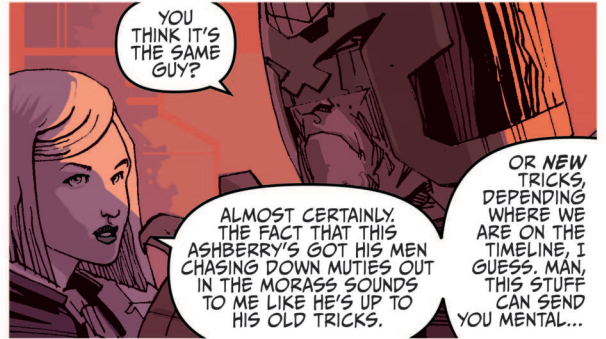
THE TIME JOB. I REMEMBER.

THE REPORT WAS LIGHT ON DETAILS ABOUT HIM. WHAT WAS THE OUTCOME OF THAT? INVESTIGATION IS STILL LISTED AS OPEN.

MEATHEAD REMAINS AT LARGE. HE WAS USING TIME TECH AND A MUTANT PSI TO RIP OFF PARALLEL REALITIES. ATTEMPTED THE SAME THING HERE IN ZOBO—JUVES IN SECTOR 6 EXHIBITED UNPRECEDENTED PSYCHIC ABILITIES, SENT THEM ON A LOOTING FRENZY.

SINCE HE WAS ROBBING THE PAST, WE HAD TO ASSUME HE WAS OPERATING FROM AN UNSPECIFIED FUTURE. BEEN WAITING FOR HIM TO APPEAR BACK ON OUR RADAR...

DREDD!





HRRRR!



UNF!



HEY.



UHHHHH...



GN!



WHAT DID YOU DISTRACT HIM WITH?

JUST PULLED OUT OF HIS HEAD THE THING THAT'S BEEN HAUNTING HIS DREAMS SINCE HE WAS A JUVE. PROJECTIONS ARE A CINCH ON THE SLOW-WITTED.

WELL... APPRECIATE THE ASSIST.

HELP THE ELDERLY, THAT'S WHAT I SAY.

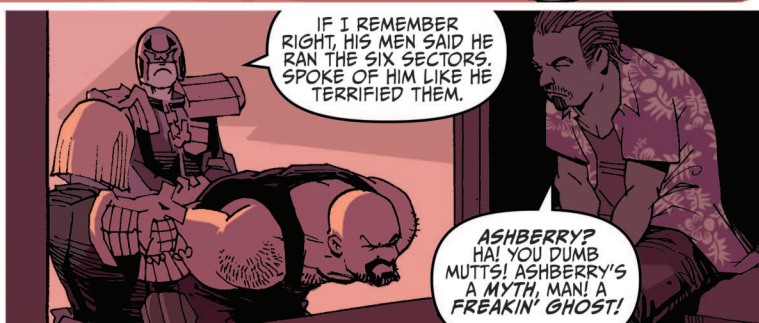
THESE ALABAMA MUTANTS TALENTED, TOO?

I BELIEVE SO. ONE FROM THE SAME CLAN BLACKED OUT THE MEGAPOLITAN WHEN IT WAS RAIDED A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. MY WITNESS SAID THE SWAMP PERPS WERE ONLY INTERESTED IN 'THE SCARIFIED'.



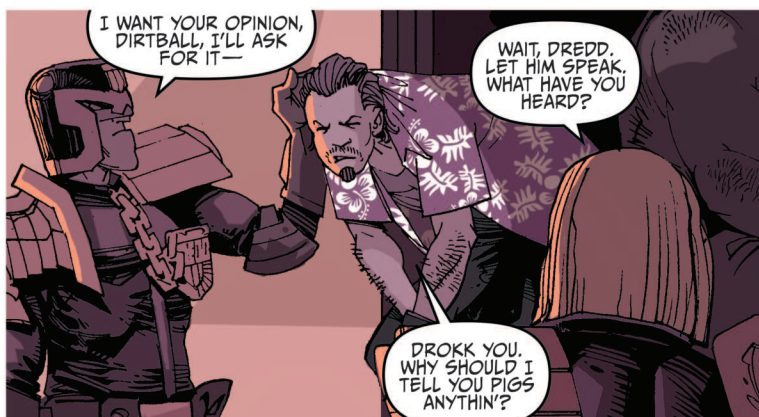
WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW COME THIS ASHBERRY HASN'T MADE HIS PRESENCE KNOWN BEFORE NOW.

CREEP MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF CLOUT TO PULL THESE JOBS OFF.



IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, HIS MEN SAID HE RAN THE SIX SECTORS. SPOKE OF HIM LIKE HE TERRIFIED THEM.

ASHBERRY? HA! YOU DUMB MUTTS! ASHBERRY'S A MYTH, MAN! A FREAKIN' GHOST!



I WANT YOUR OPINION, DIRTBALL, I'LL ASK FOR IT—

WAIT, DREDD. LET HIM SPEAK. WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?

DROKK YOU. WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU PIGS ANYTHIN'?



BECAUSE I'M A
PSI-JUDGE AND I'LL
TWIST YOUR DROKKIN'
BRAIN UNTIL YOU SEE
STARS, OKAY?

I'LL FILL YOUR
HEAD WITH **BROKEN
GLASS** AND **NIGHTMARES**
SO YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO
CLOSE YOUR EYES WITHOUT
PISSING YOUR JOCKS
IN FEAR.

YOU WANT A
TASTE OF THAT,
I'LL BE HAPPY
TO OBLIGE.

OH
YEAH?



OH
YEAH.



H-HEY, MAN,
IT'S COOL,
OKAY? N-NO
NEED TO GET
HEAVY.

SPILL.



S'JUST WHAT I HEARD, ALL
RIGHT? THE OUTFITS, THE
MOB BOSSES, THE GANGS—
THEY ALL ANSWER
TO HIM.

NO ONE'S
SEEN HIM, NO ONE
KNOWS ANYTHIN'
ABOUT HIM, BUT HIS
REP IS HE RUNS THE
CENTRAL SECTORS
WITH AN IRON
DROKKIN' FIST,
MAN.

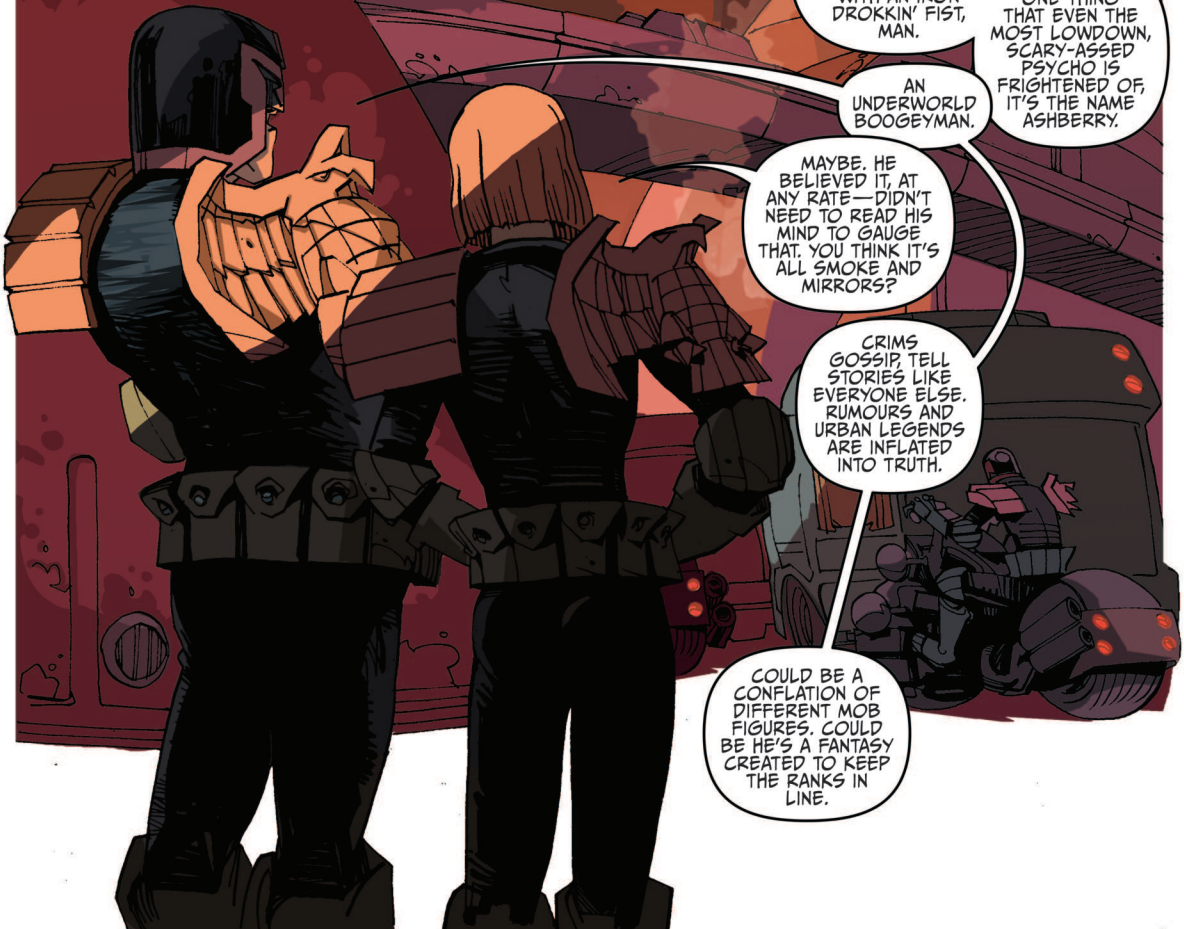
IF THERE'S
ONE THING
THAT EVEN THE
MOST LOWDOWN,
SCARY-ASSED
PSYCHO IS
FRIGHTENED OF,
IT'S THE NAME
ASHBERRY.

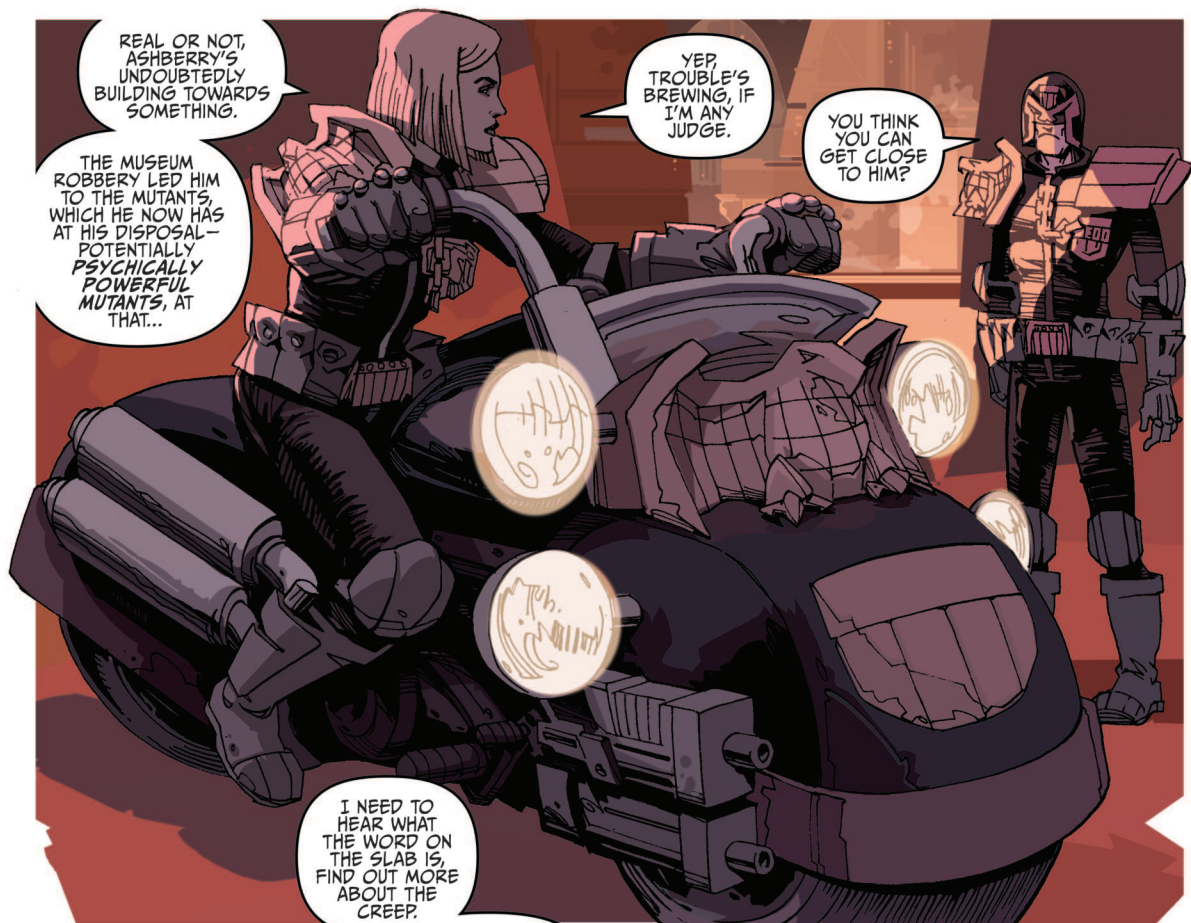
AN
UNDERWORLD
BOOGEYMAN.


MAYBE. HE
BELIEVED IT, AT
ANY RATE—DIDN'T
NEED TO READ HIS
MIND TO GAUGE
THAT. YOU THINK IT'S
ALL SMOKE AND
MIRRORS?

CRIMS
GOSSIP, TELL
STORIES LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE.
RUMOURS AND
URBAN LEGENDS
ARE INFLATED
INTO TRUTH.


COULD BE A
CONFLATION OF
DIFFERENT MOB
FIGURES. COULD
BE HE'S A FANTASY
CREATED TO KEEP
THE RANKS IN
LINE.







—ARKENUS IS ON
THE ROPES, FOLKS!
HE'S TAKIN' A HELLUVA
BEATIN'! THAT ARM'S ONLY
HANGIN' BY A THREAD
NOW—I CAN'T SEE
HIM GETTIN' BACK
FROM THIS ONE!



OOOH! AND
CALL-ME-CLAUDIUS
IS WHALING AWAY ON
ARKENUS—HE'S NOT
LETTING UP! THOSE
ZOO-POUND FISTS
ARE DEMOLISHING
HIM!

SURELY IT'S
ONLY A MATTER
OF TIME
BEFORE—

YES—
THERE IT
IS! TKO!

WHAT A
FINISH!

ILLEGAL 'SCRAPS' LIKE THESE ARE ALL OVER THE CITY—STOLEN CONSTRUCTION DROIDS REPROGRAMMED FOR GLADIATORIAL BOUTS. ON A GOOD NIGHT THE BOOKIES CAN RAKE IN UP TO 50K.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TOLERATES THEM BECAUSE THEY'RE A NATURAL MAGNET FOR CRIMINAL ELEMENTS, AND RELATIVELY EASY TO INFILTRATE.

GOSSIP PASSES THROUGH THE STANDS LIKE A BAD HOTTIE...

NEXT UP, FIGHT-FANS: **DIAMOND RON** VERSUS **MECHABLAST!**

I GOT FIVE LARGE ON RON.

WORD IS, HE'S BEEN PUNCHING WAY BELOW HIS FORM RECENTLY.

BUT HE'S A SURVIVOR. KNOWS HOW TO KEEP HIS HEAD DOWN AND OUTLAST HIS OPPONENT.

WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, ZOLLER?



DON'T OFTEN
SEE YOU OUTTA
UNIFORM, CASS.
WHAT BRINGS YOU
SLUMMING IT WITH
WALLY SQUAD?



YOUR TEAM ARE
AT THE COALFACE.
FIGURED IF I NEEDED
UNDERWORLD INFO,
YOU WERE MY BEST
CONTACT.

THERE
MANY MADE
GUYS PRESENT
AT THESE
GATHERINGS?

NO QUESTION
OF THAT. THE
SCRAP SCENE IS
PRETTY MUCH ALL
MOB-FUNDED. YOU
GOT SOMEONE
IN MIND?

YEAH,
BUT HE
WON'T BE
HERE.

JUST
WONDERED IF
YOU'D HEARD
THE BOSSES
MENTION HIM:
ASHBERRY.

ASHBERRY?
YOU SERIOUS?

OF
COURSE—

ASHBERRY'S
THE GRUDDAMNED
DEVIL TO THESE
PEOPLE! THE MAN
THEY ALL THINK
THEY ANSWER
TO!

THE
JUDGES DON'T
MAKE THESE
DROKKERS
SWEAT, BUT A
MENTION OF HIS
NAME SURE
WILL.



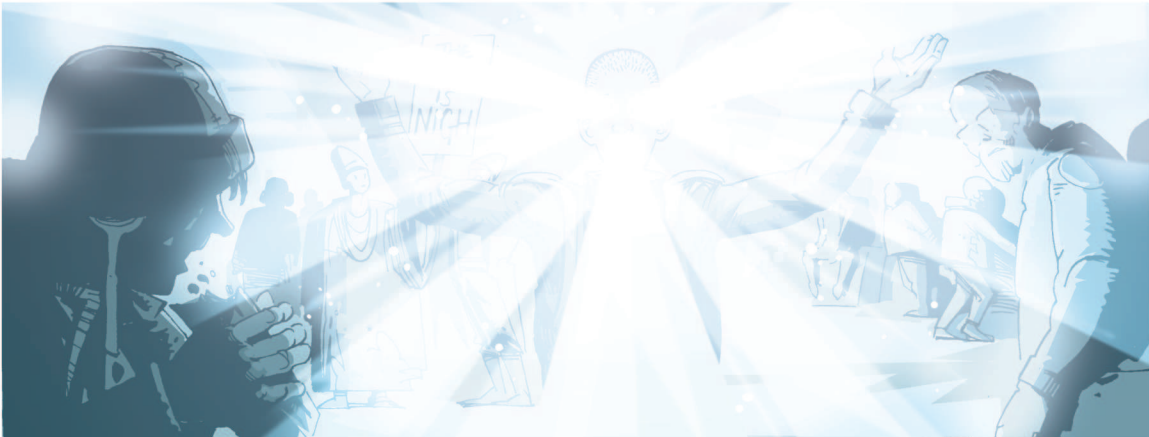
HOW HAS THIS
CREEP NEVER
BEEN INVESTIGATED
BEFORE? AND WHAT
DO YOU MEAN THEY
'THINK' THEY ANSWER
TO HIM? DOES HE
EXIST OR NOT?

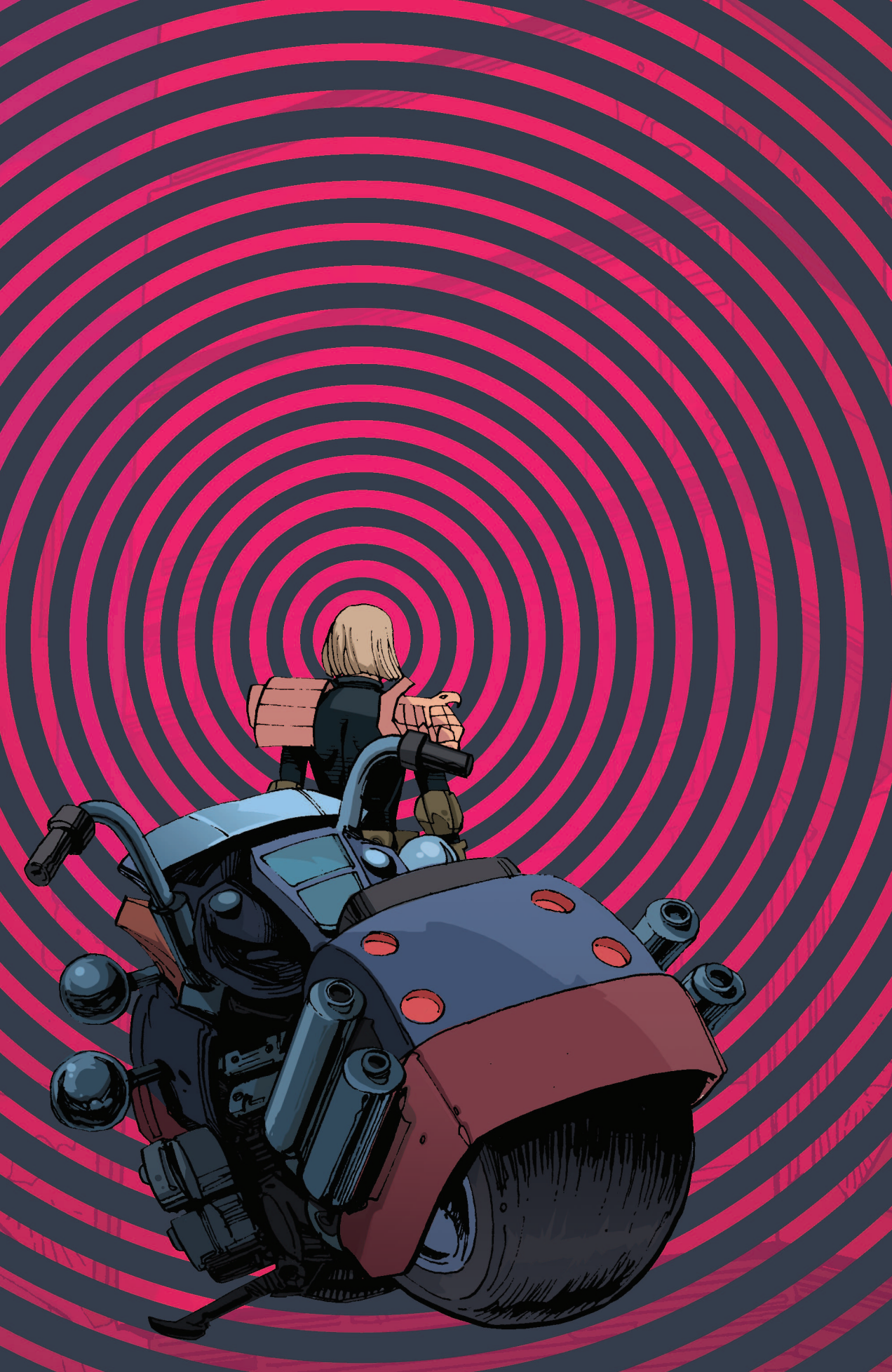


NO ONE
KNOWS, THAT'S
HIS POWER. YOU
CAN'T CONVICT A
RUMOUR. IF THE
CRIMS AREN'T
SURE, HOW CAN
WE BE?

ASHBERRY'S
REAL, I'LL BET
MY BADGE ON IT—
AND HE'S PLANNING
SOMETHING.
SOMETHING BIG,
MAYBE.

I WANT TO TAKE
HIM DOWN, ZOLLER,
AND I'LL NEED YOUR
HELP TO DO IT...





3:A

COVER BY MATT HALEY



M
H
A
L
E
Y
M
H
A
L
E
Y



SO YOU THINK THIS IS, WHAT, SOME KINDA STUNT?

I DON'T KNOW NUTTIN' FER SURE, BUT MY BOYS TOL' ME THE DINK LIT UP LIKE A GRUDDAMN CHRISTMAS TREE. I MEAN, BOOM!

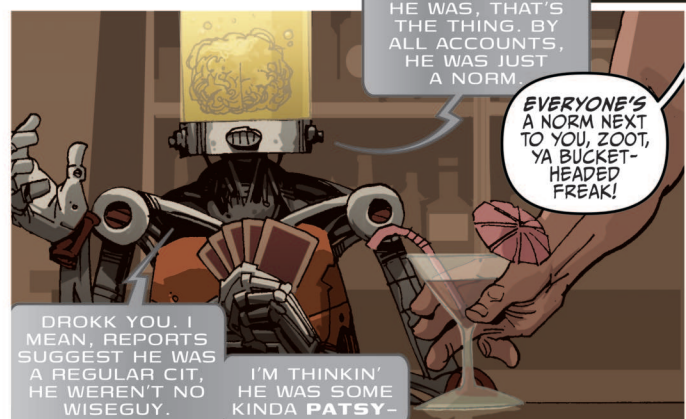
NEXT THING, EVERYONE'S ON THE FLOOR, KNOCKED COLD.

S' A MAGIC TRICK, SAL. MISDIRECTION. A WHADDYACALLIT, AN ILLUSION.

SOME ILLUSION THAT MADE **EIGHTY THOU** DISAPPEAR FROM FRAGMELLI'S SAFE ACROSS THE SKED!

LOU, IT WEREN'T NO COINCIDENCE THAT THIS SAP LIGHTS UP OUTSIDE A KNOWN MONEY LAUNDERER. THAT WAS WHAT HE WAS AFTER.

IF HE KNEW WHAT KINDA GREEN FRAGMELLI WAS HOLDIN', THEN HE HAD TO HAVE BEEN WORKIN' FER ONE OF THE OUTFITS.

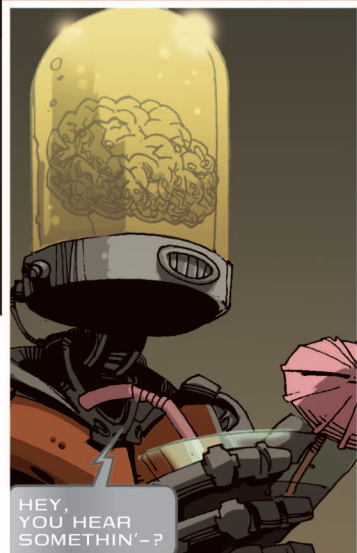


THANKS, TONY. LOOK, NO ONE KNOWS **WHO** HE WAS, THAT'S THE THING. BY ALL ACCOUNTS, HE WAS JUST A NORM.

EVERYONE'S A NORM NEXT TO YOU, ZOOT, YA BUCKET-HEADED FREAK!

DROKK YOU. I MEAN, REPORTS SUGGEST HE WAS A REGULAR CIT, HE WEREN'T NO WISEGUY.

I'M THINKIN' HE WAS SOME KINDA **PATSY**-



HEY, YOU HEAR SOMETHIN' - ?





YEAH, DO WHAT YOUR BOSS SAYS AND KEEP QUIET.
'DULTS TALKING HERE.

CARE TO EXPLAIN THE CONTENTS OF THESE CONTAINERS, CITIZEN?
WHAT WE GOT, HOCKLEY?

DECOMMISSIONED WAR-DROID PARTS, MOSTLY. STACK OF FIRING PINS. ALL LOOK EX-MILITARY.



HEY, IT'S LEGITIMATE SALVAGE—

OH, AND I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT THE PAPERWORK TO BACK IT UP, AM I RIGHT? WHAT SAY WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE SERIAL NUMBERS, SEE IF THEY MATCH?

WHERE THEY HEADED FOR, ANYWAY? MONGOLIAN FREE ZONE? SOME FRIENDS IN SINO? YOU OPENING A LITTLE TRADE WITH THE SOVS BEHIND OUR BACK, SAL?

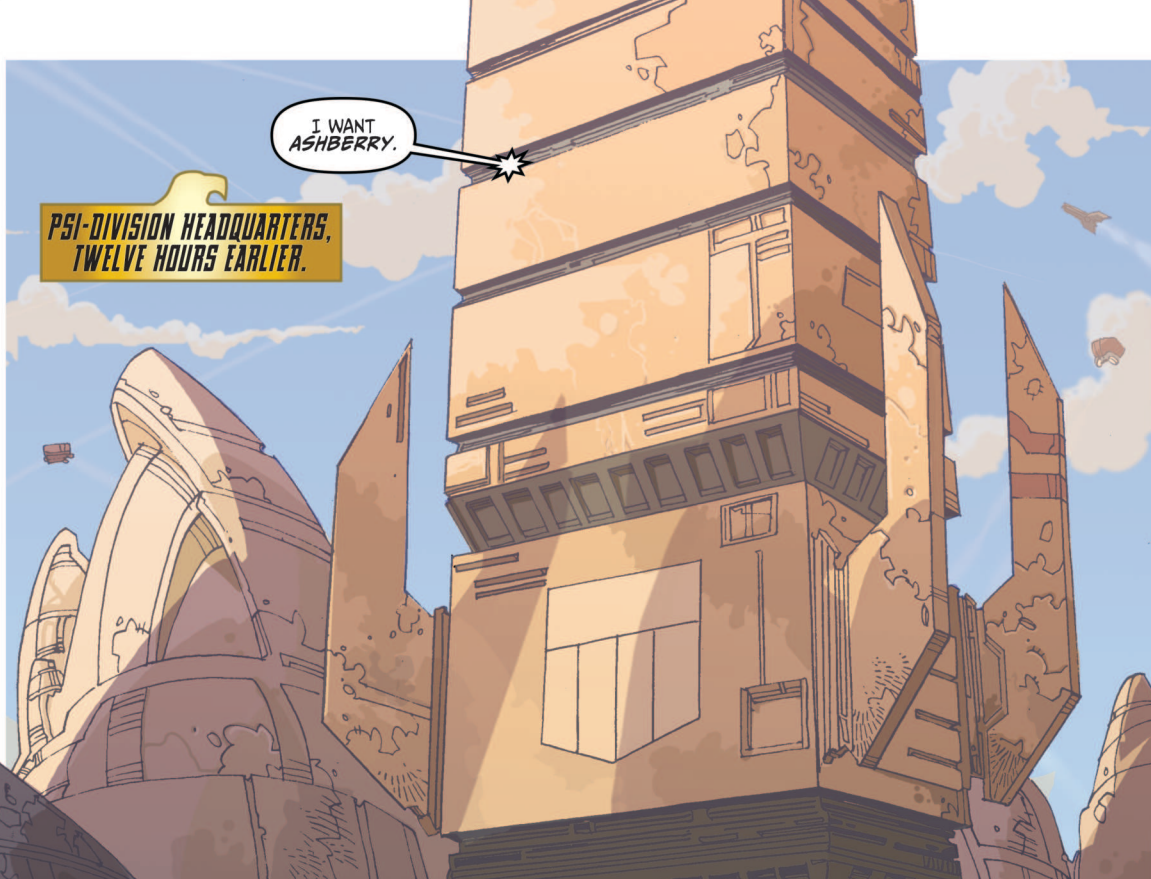


YOU KNOW THE KIND OF SENTENCE YOU CAN EXPECT FOR SUPPLYING MUNITIONS TO THIS CITY'S ENEMIES?



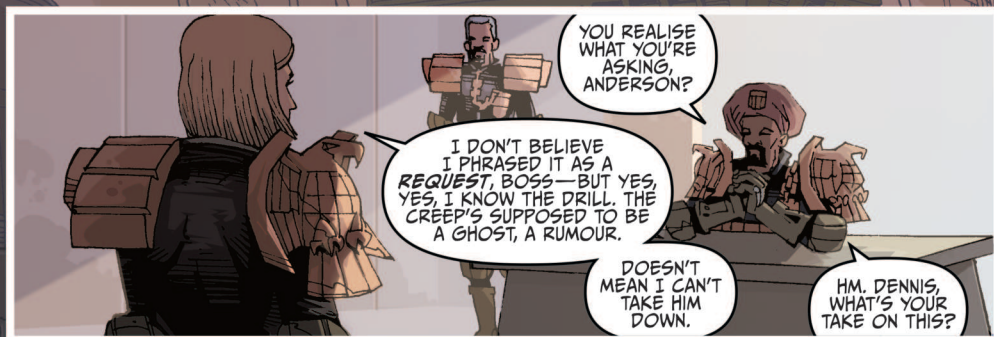
WE'RE CRACKING DOWN ON YOUR OPERATIONS, CONSTANZA—YOU AND YOUR CAPOS FURTHER UP THE FOOD CHAIN CAN'T HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME.

I WANT DETAILS, YOU UNDERSTAND? I WANT NAMES.



I WANT
ASHBERRY.

**PSI-DIVISION HEADQUARTERS,
TWELVE HOURS EARLIER.**



YOU REALISE
WHAT YOU'RE
ASKING,
ANDERSON?

I DON'T BELIEVE
I PHRASED IT AS A
REQUEST, BOSS—BUT YES,
YES, I KNOW THE DRILL. THE
CREEP'S SUPPOSED TO BE
A GHOST, A RUMOUR.

DOESN'T
MEAN I CAN'T
TAKE HIM
DOWN.

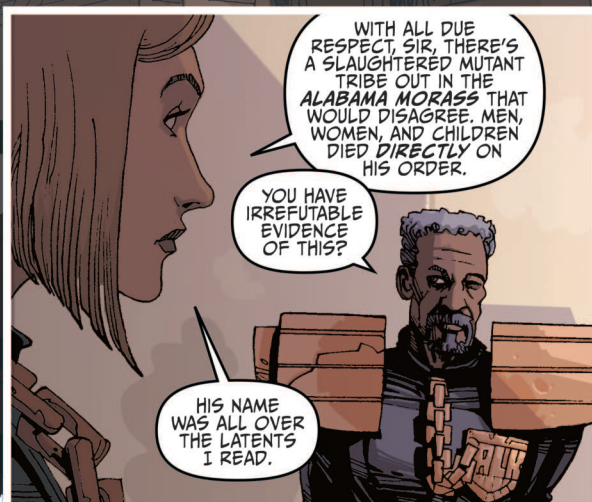
HM. DENNIS,
WHAT'S YOUR
TAKE ON THIS?

I HAVE TO SAY, I'VE
BEEN SECTOR ONE
CHIEF FOR THE PAST
HALF DOZEN YEARS,
AND THE NAME DOES
CROP UP EVERY
FEW MONTHS—

—A MOB
SNUFF HERE,
AN UNCOVERED
DRUGS
FACTORY
THERE.

ASHBERRY
CIRCLES
THEM LIKE THE
SPIRIT OF THE
UNDERWORLD.

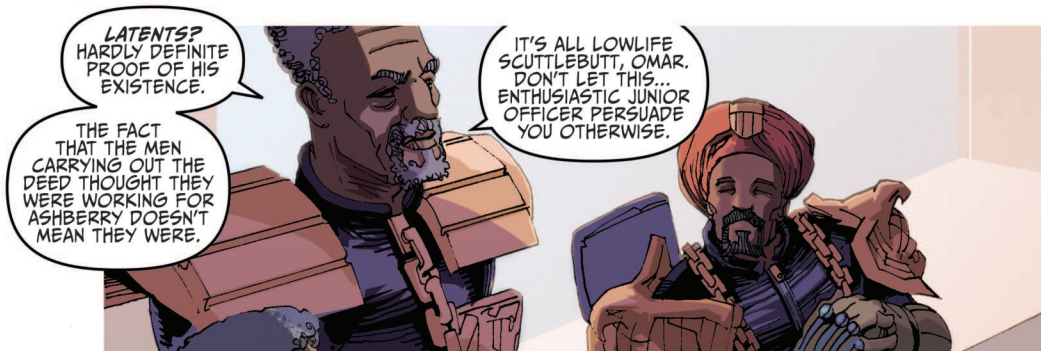
BUT DO I
BELIEVE HE'S
REAL? NO. HE'S
AN URBAN
LEGEND.



WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, SIR, THERE'S
A SLAUGHTERED MUTANT
TRIBE OUT IN THE
ALABAMA MORASS THAT
WOULD DISAGREE. MEN,
WOMEN, AND CHILDREN
DIED *DIRECTLY* ON
HIS ORDER.

YOU HAVE
IRREFUTABLE
EVIDENCE
OF THIS?

HIS NAME
WAS ALL OVER
THE LATENTS
I READ.



LATENTS?
HARDLY DEFINITE
PROOF OF HIS
EXISTENCE.

THE FACT
THAT THE MEN
CARRYING OUT THE
DEED THOUGHT THEY
WERE WORKING FOR
ASHBERRY DOESN'T
MEAN THEY WERE.

IT'S ALL LOWLIFE
SCUTTLEBUTT, OMAR.
DON'T LET THIS...
ENTHUSIASTIC JUNIOR
OFFICER PERSUADE
YOU OTHERWISE.



YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL
ASHBERRY, SECTOR CHIEF FALK?
"THE KING OF THE SIX SECTORS."
HE'S OUT THERE RIGHT NOW
SECRETLY RUNNING CRIME IN
CENTRAL—YOUR TERRITORY, SIR—
AND BECAUSE HE REMAINS AT
LARGE YOU REFUSE TO
ADMIT HE EXISTS!

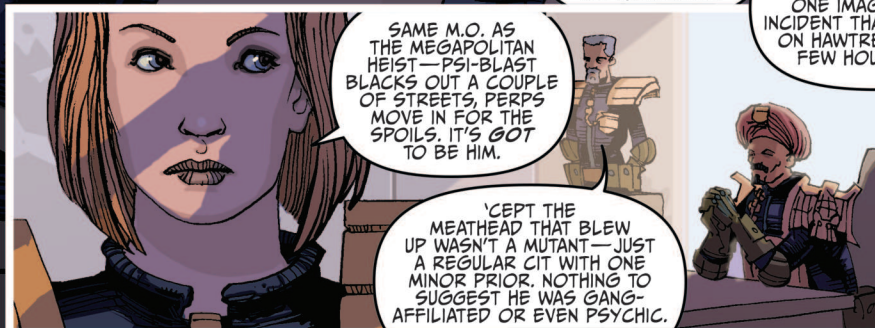
THAT'S
ENOUGH,
ANDERSON.

KINDA PUTS A
BLOT ON YOUR
ARREST QUOTAS,
DOESN'T IT?

I SAID,
ENOUGH!

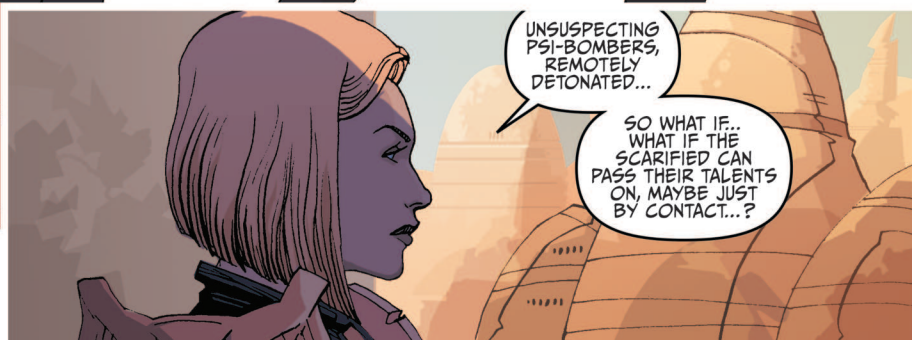
DENNIS, ANDERSON
IS HEADSTRONG AND
FLIPPANT, BUT SHE'S
PROBABLY OUR MOST
POWERFUL TELEPATH,
REGARDLESS OF HER
YOUTH. HER INSTINCTS
HAVE BEEN INVIOLABLY
ON THE MONEY.

WHETHER THE
MAN IS REAL OR NOT,
IT'S CLEAR THAT NO
ONE IMAGINED THE
INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED
ON HAWTREY PLAZA A
FEW HOURS AGO.



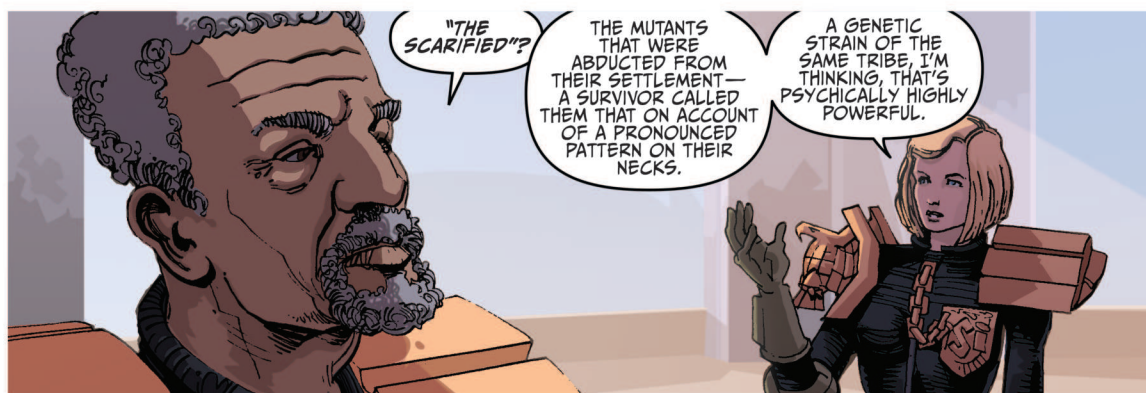
SAME M.O. AS
THE MEGAPOLITAN
HEIST—PSI-BLAST
BLACKS OUT A COUPLE
OF STREETS, PERPS
MOVE IN FOR THE
SPOILS. IT'S GOT
TO BE HIM.

'CEPT THE
MEATHEAD THAT BLEW
UP WASN'T A MUTANT—JUST
A REGULAR CIT WITH ONE
MINOR PRIOR. NOTHING TO
SUGGEST HE WAS GANG-
AFFILIATED OR EVEN PSYCHIC.



UNSUSPECTING
PSI-BOMBERS,
REMOTELY
DETONATED...

SO WHAT IF...
WHAT IF THE
SCARIFIED CAN
PASS THEIR TALENTS
ON, MAYBE JUST
BY CONTACT...?



"THE SCARIFIED"?

THE MUTANTS THAT WERE ABDUCTED FROM THEIR SETTLEMENT—A SURVIVOR CALLED THEM THAT ON ACCOUNT OF A PRONOUNCED PATTERN ON THEIR NECKS.

A GENETIC STRAIN OF THE SAME TRIBE, I'M THINKING, THAT'S PSYCHICALLY HIGHLY POWERFUL.

THEY WERE TAKEN FOR *JUST* THAT REASON, TO BE USED AS PSI-BOMBS LIKE THE CREEP IN THE MUSEUM. HOW THE PERPS WERE AWARE OF THEM, AND KNEW WHAT THEY WERE CAPABLE OF, I'M NOT SURE...

...BUT IT MAY WELL BE POSSIBLE THEY CAN **TRANSFER** THEIR POWERS TO JOE PUBLIC, TOO, SET THEM TO GO OFF AT ANY TIME, LIKE THE POOR CLUELESS SPUG TONIGHT.



YOU THINK THERE'S GOING TO BE MORE OF THESE PSI-BOMBS WALKING AROUND?

I'D STAKE MY BADGE ON IT, CHIEF. THAT'S WHAT ASHBERRY'S DOING—HE'S BUILDING TO SOMETHING, SOME CONCERTED ASSAULT.

I RECKON HE'S TRYING TO EXPAND, FUND HIS EMPIRE-BUILDING.

AND YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN STOP HIM?

ASHBERRY'S GREATEST ASSET IS HIS **ANONYMITY**—I WANT TO RILE HIM ENOUGH TO BRING HIM INTO THE LIGHT. I HAVE ZOLLER IN UNDERCOVER FEEDING ME INFO FROM THE SLAB. I HAVE A LIST OF CRIMINAL TARGETS I WANT TO GO AFTER.

WE SHAKE THE TREE, SEE WHAT FALLS OUT. THEN WE STAMP ON THE DROKKERS.

ON YOUR WORD, SIR.





OMAR'S WORD WAS: *GO*.

THIS IS THE TENTH CRIMINAL HAUNT I'VE NOW HIT, AND THE ISO-CUBES ARE FILLING UP.

DOUBTFUL WE'LL BE ABLE TO HOLD THE STAFF FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. CONSTANZA WAS FULLY LICENSED UP.

DOUBLE-CHECK THE DANCERS' VISAS, AND RUN THEIR BLOOD THROUGH TOXICOLOGY. MORE THAN LIKELY THEY'LL BE ON SOMETHING.

THE BOSS-MAN WILL BE LAUYERED TO THE HILT, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT? GOING TO BE TOUGH TO MAKE A CHARGE STICK.

EVEN THE SMOKING?



AH, THEY'LL CLAIM PERSECUTION, OBFUSCATE TILL IT'S REDUCED TO A FINE. HE'LL WALK.



SAL'S A MEANS TO AN END, THAT'S ALL. IT'S THE INCONVENIENCE WE CAUSE THAT'S THE MAIN THING RATHER THAN SECURING A CONVICTION. IT'S ALL GOING TO FILTER UP.

TO ASHBERRY? DANGEROUS ENEMY TO MAKE, EVEN THE PUNKS SOIL THEIR *Us* AT THE MERE MENTION OF HIS NAME.



OH, HE'LL FIND I'M MADE OF MUCH STERNER STUFF...

"...I'M NOT AFRAID OF
THE BIG BAD WOLF."

YES?

WE'VE JUST
HAD WORD,
SIR—CONSTANZA'S
CLUB'S BEEN SHUT
DOWN, ALL ASSETS
SEIZED.

...I SEE.
THAT'S, WHAT,
CLOSE TO A DOZEN
BUSINESSES IN THE
PAST EIGHT HOURS
NOW NO LONGER
TRADING?

AT LAST
COUNT, SIR,
YES.

WOULD YOU
COME IN HERE,
PLEASE,
PATTERSON?



MR.
ASHBERRY,
S-SIR, I—

SSHH. BE CALM
AND LISTEN. THE
JUDGES ARE UP TO
SOMETHING.

THIS IS MORE
THAN JUST A
CONCENTRATED
BLITZ—IT'S
PROVOCATION.
THEY'RE SENDING
A MESSAGE.

I BELIEVE
IT WOULD BE
REMISS OF ME
NOT TO SEND
ONE BACK.



WE STILL HAVE A FEW FRIENDS
IN THE GRAND HALL. FIND OUT WHO'S
LEADING THIS WITCH-HUNT. ORGANISE THE
TORPEDOES AND TARGET ACCORDINGLY. I
THINK THE TEST RUN WENT WELL ENOUGH
FOR THEM TO BE ROLLED OUT.

YES,
SIR.

NOW TURN
AROUND,
PATTERSON.

PLEASE,
SIR, I
DON'T—

NOW!

THIS
WILL BE THE
LAST TIME YOU
BRING ME BAD
NEWS, IS THAT
UNDERSTOOD?

I...
UNDERSTAND,
SIR.





THE UNDERWORLD IS JUMPING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE PSYCHIC TO PICK UP ON THE PANIC SPREADING THROUGH THE RANKS.

THERE'S UNEASE ETCHED ON THE PERPS' FACES AS WE RELENTLESSLY POUND AWAY ON THEIR CRIMINAL FORTRESS.

I OFFER THEM A PERSONAL PREDICTION OF THEIR FUTURES AND IT'S UNMISTAKABLY CUBE-SHAPED.

THE SLAB IS AWASH WITH RUMOUR...

WHAT YOU GOT FOR ME, ZOL?

A LOTTA SERIOUSLY DROKED-OFF OUTFITS, IS WHAT. YOU'RE CRIMPING A LOTTA PEOPLE'S PROFITS.

PUSHERS ARE DITCHIN' PRODUCT, SCARED THEY'LL BE CAUGHT HOLDIN'. SHARKS ARE SHUTTIN' UP SHOP IN CASE THEY'RE RAIDED. CENTRAL'S NEVER LOOKED SO CLEAN.

BUT NO MENTION OF ASHBERRY.

ME NEITHER. I'M SCANNING THE CREEPS' MINDS, BUT HE'S JUST A BACKGROUND PRESENCE—INTANGIBLE, LIKE THE FEAR OF GRUD.

HE'S GOTTA BE FEELING THIS, THOUGH.

NO QUESTION OF THAT. NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF HOW HARD YOU PUSH BEFORE YOU GET A REACTION...

"...AND WHETHER YOU WANNA RISK IT."

CUT OFF SUPPLY AND THE HEAD WILL DIE—OR AT LEAST THE HEAD WILL FIGHT TO SURVIVE.

ORGANISED CRIME'S PARALYSSED RIGHT NOW IN ASHBERRY'S HOME SECTORS, ALL THOSE FRONT COMPANIES AND MINIONS—MOST UNAWARE OF WHOM THEY ULTIMATELY ANSWER TO—TOO SCARED OF DOING TIME.

SCRAP HOTTIE HOUSE

PILE ON THE PRESSURE, CASH FLOW GRINDS TO A HALT.

THAT'S GOTTA YANK HIS CHAIN.

EVEN THE CITS CAN SENSE SOMETHING'S IN THE WIND. WALKING THROUGH THEM NOW, I DIAL INTO THEIR PSI-MURMURING AND PICK UP NUGGETS OF INTEREST...

SOME GUY'S SUGAR DEALER HAS STOPPED ANSWERING HIS VONE... THE RODENTS BACKED DOWN FROM A RUMBLE WITH THE COSMICS ON TUFNELL PLAZA... SCRAP BOUTS CANCELLED ALL OVER...

THE DEVIL, AS EVER, IS ALWAYS IN THE DETAILS.

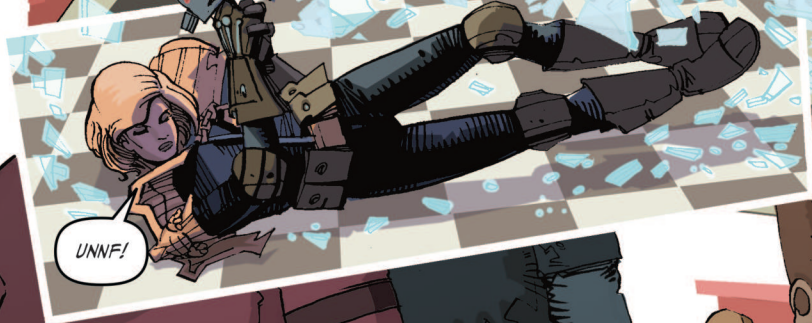
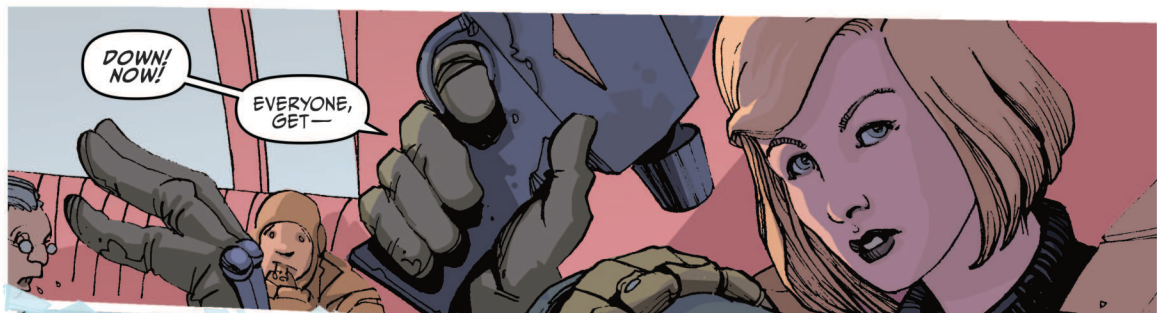
HOTTIE, EVERYTHING ON, ELTZWELTZ ON THE SIDE.

YOU GOT IT, JUDGE.

ASHBERRY'S REACH SNAKES THROUGH THE STREETS, TOUCHING EVERYONE. THESE PEOPLE, THEY'RE HIS LIFELOOD: ALL THE DESPERATE DWEEDS AND CHOWDERHEADS.

IT'S A KIND OF CRIMINAL ECOSYSTEM. PUT A SPOKE IN IT AND—

—VOILA.





THESE AREN'T
MUTANTS, THEY'RE
CITS UNDER *PSYCHIC*
REMOTE CONTROL:
ASHBERRY'S ALABAMA
DETAINEES WORKING
THEIR INFLUENCE.

MORE INNOCENTS
TRANSFORMED
INTO SUICIDE
BOMBERS...

THE BIG MAN'S
SENT HIS REPLY.

CAN'T JUSTIFY THEIR
EXECUTION—THEY'RE
NOTHING MORE THAN
UNWITTING PUPPETS.

BUT LET'S SEE IF A
LITTLE PAIN CAN PUT
A DENT IN THEIR
CONCENTRATION...

SORRY,
PAL.

OH NO YOU
DON'T—



IF I'M THE TARGET, THEN I GOTTA LEAD THEM AWAY FROM ANY BYSTANDERS BEFORE THEY GET THEIR BRAINS FRIED—

HEY—!

CLEAR THE PLACE! GET EVERYONE OUTTA HERE!

THEY TRACKED ME TO THE HOTTIE HOUSE, I'M BANKING ON THEM FOLLOWING...

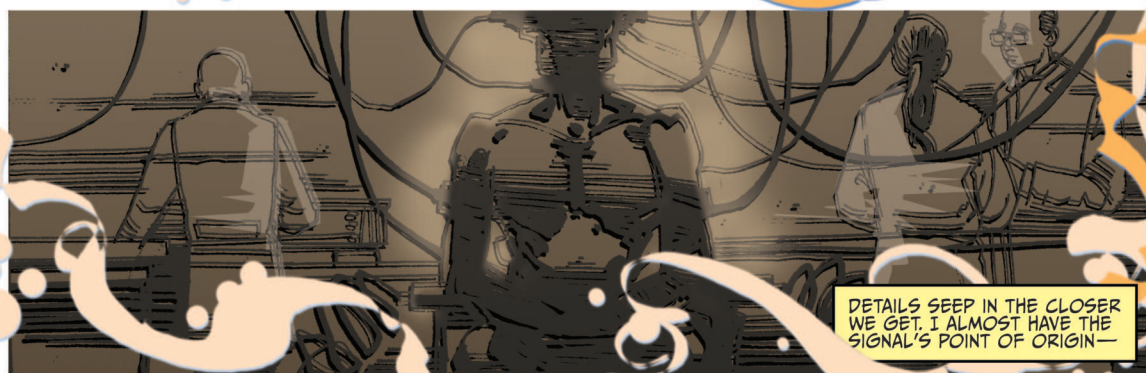


SAY GOODNIGHT TO THE FOLKS, GRACE.



UH-OH.

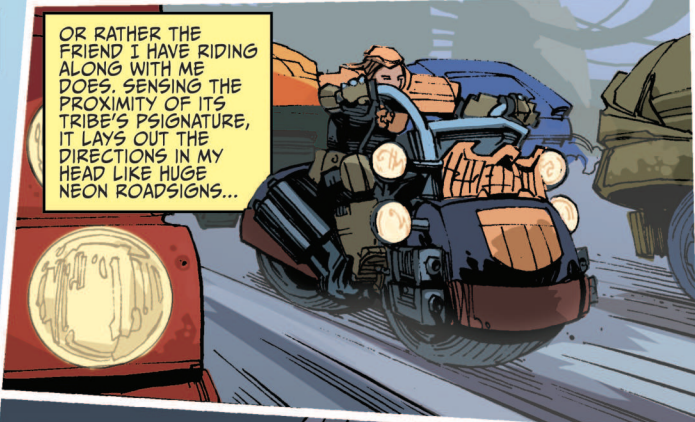






—AND THEN THE CONNECTION IS CUT.

BUT I'VE SEEN ENOUGH. I HAVE A ROUTE MAP OF MY OWN.

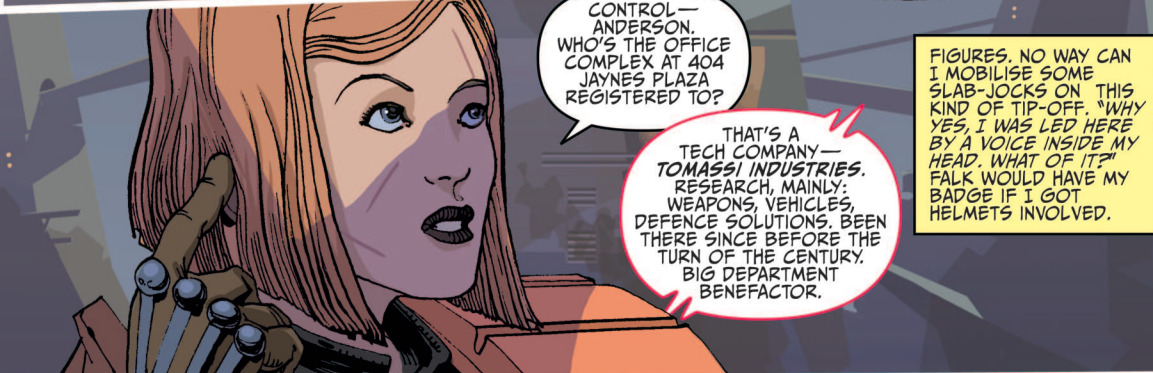


OR RATHER THE FRIEND I HAVE RIDING ALONG WITH ME DOES. SENSING THE PROXIMITY OF ITS TRIBE'S PSIGNATURE, IT LAYS OUT THE DIRECTIONS IN MY HEAD LIKE HUGE NEON ROADSIGNS...



...UNTIL HERE I AM AT THE OGRE'S KEEP, AS INCONSPICUOUS AS I SHOULD'VE IMAGINED.


ANY OTHER TIME, I'D QUESTION WHETHER I'D COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, BUT MY SILENT PARTNER IS VIRTUALLY SCRABBLING AT THE DOOR LIKE A ROBO-PUP IN NEED OF AN OIL CHANGE.



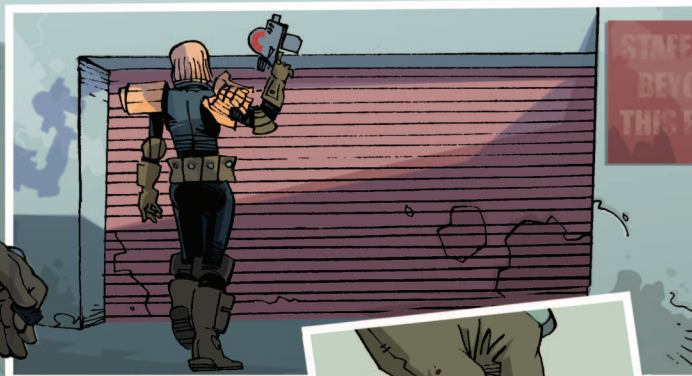
CONTROL — ANDERSON, WHO'S THE OFFICE COMPLEX AT 404 JAYNES PLAZA REGISTERED TO?

THAT'S A TECH COMPANY — **TOMASSI INDUSTRIES**. RESEARCH, MAINLY: WEAPONS, VEHICLES, DEFENCE SOLUTIONS. BEEN THERE SINCE BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. BIG DEPARTMENT BENEFACTOR.


FIGURES. NO WAY CAN I MOBILISE SOME SLAB-JOCKS ON THIS KIND OF TIP-OFF. "WHY YES, I WAS LED HERE BY A VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD. WHAT OF IT?" FALK WOULD HAVE MY BADGE IF I GOT HELMETS INVOLVED.



CAN'T WAIT FOR THE BOSSES TO GROW A PAIR, ESPECIALLY NOW ASHBERRY HAS ME IN HIS SIGHTS. GOTTA STOP THIS BEFORE HE SETS OFF MORE OF HIS PSI-BOMBS.



JUDICIAL OVERRIDE TAKES CARE OF THE GATES...



...AND I'M IN.



OH, CASSANDRA, YOU CAN'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED...



WE HAVE A JUDGE ON SITE, GENTLEMEN, ENTERING THROUGH THE POD PARK. I FEAR THIS ONE COULD CAUSE US SOME TROUBLE.

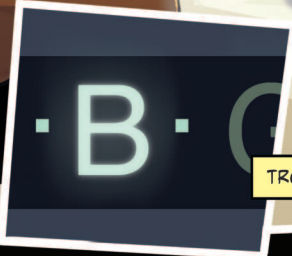


PUT THE LABS ON ALERT, AND BRING HER TO ME—ALIVE, IF YOU CAN.

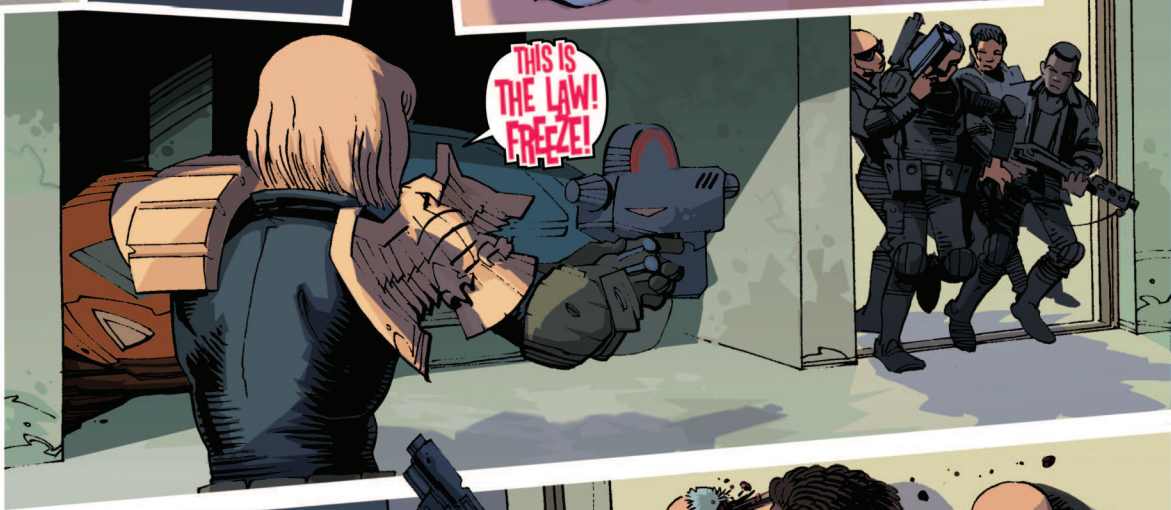


NEED TO FIND WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING THE MUTANTS...

GRUD ON A GREENIE, I HOPE I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...



TRUBLE!



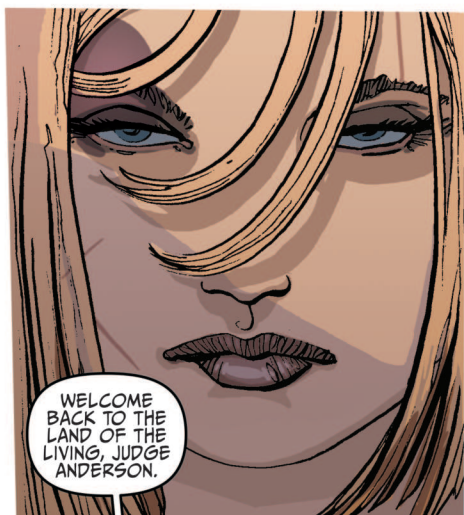
THIS IS THE LAW! FREEZE!



DAMMIT—!

UKK!





WELCOME
BACK TO THE
LAND OF THE
LIVING, JUDGE
ANDERSON.



I
APOLOGISE IN
ADVANCE FOR MY
HOSPITALITY, BUT I
SAW NO OTHER WAY
OF GETTING THE
CHANCE TO SPEAK
TO YOU FACE
TO FACE...

...AND YOU
HAVE BEEN SO
VERY KEEN TO
TRACK ME
DOWN.



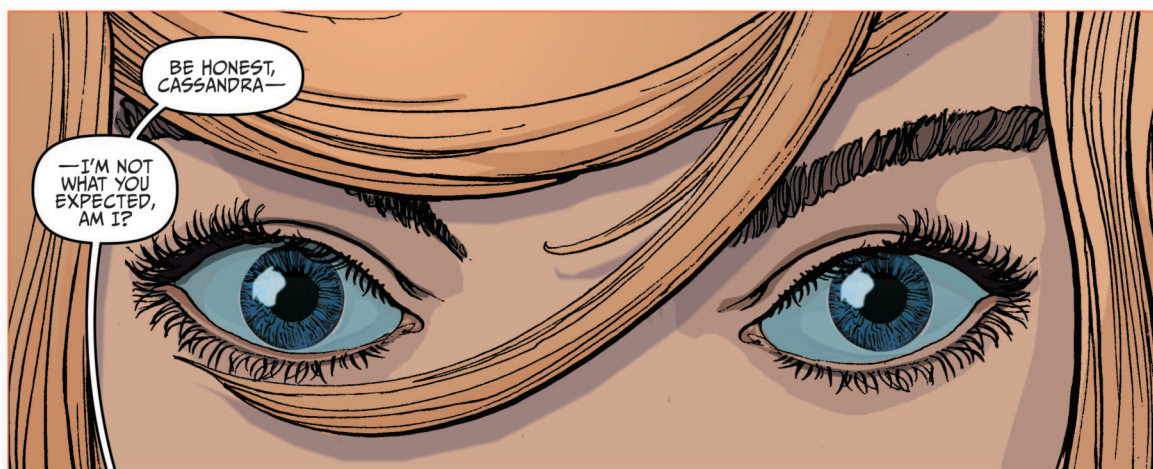


4:A

COVER BY MATT HALEY

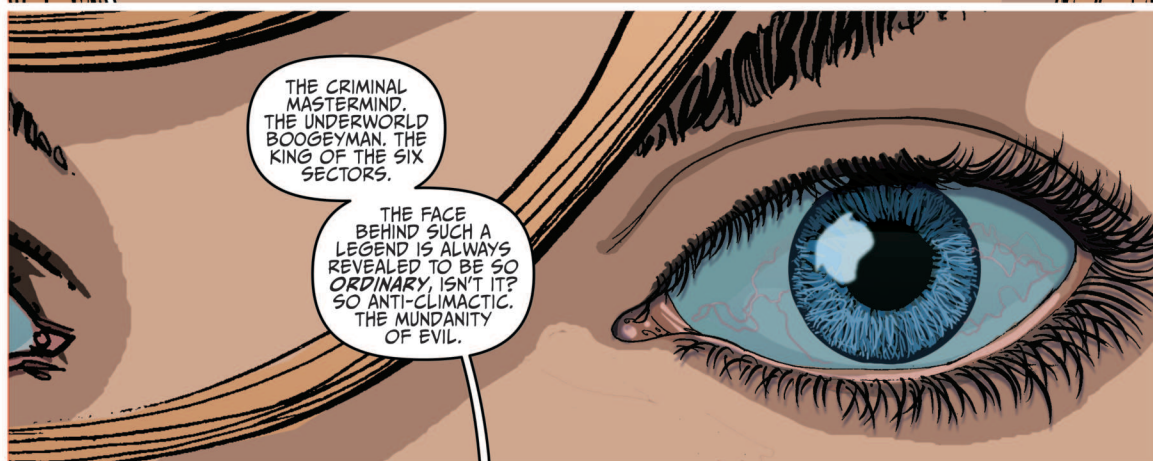


M
H
A
L
E
Y



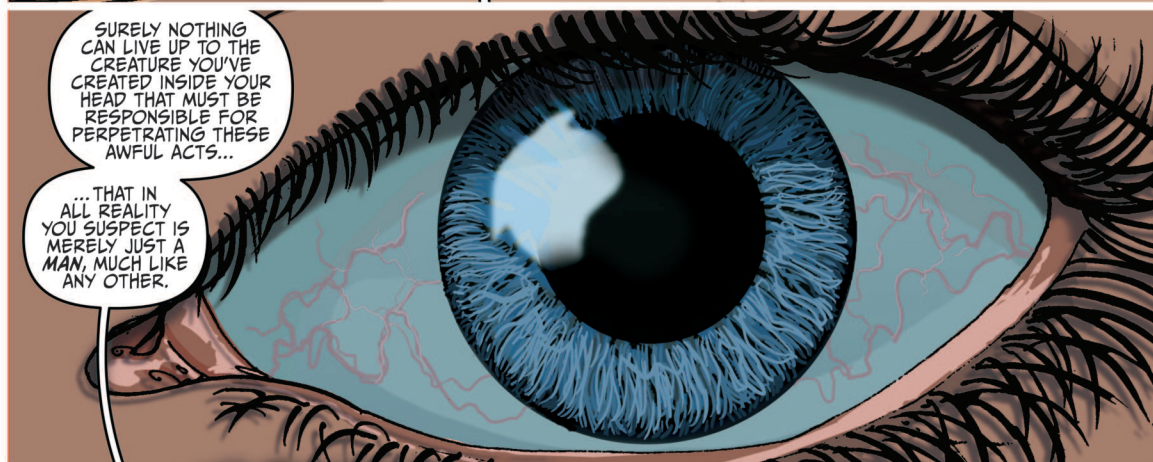
BE HONEST,
CASSANDRA—

—I'M NOT
WHAT YOU
EXPECTED,
AM I?



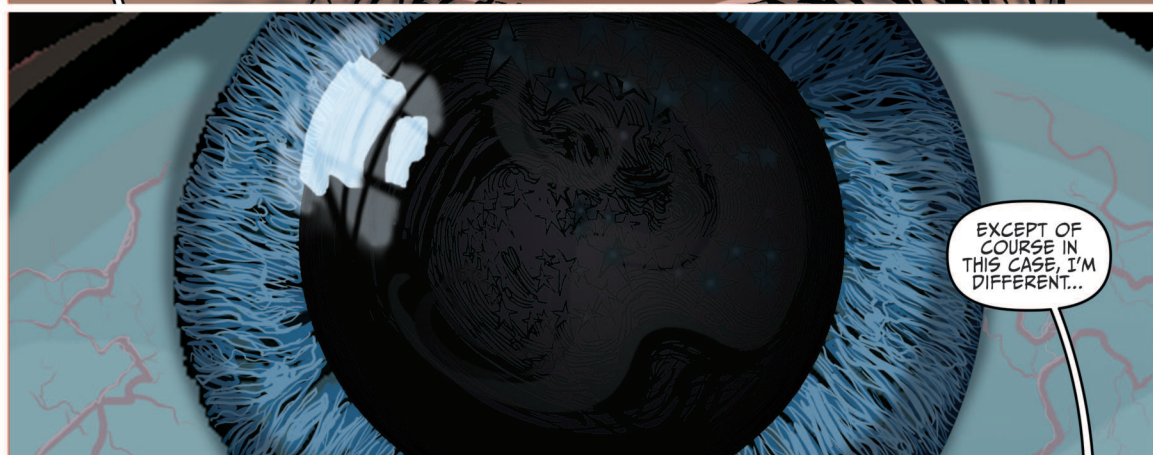
THE CRIMINAL
MASTERMIND.
THE UNDERWORLD
BOOGEYMAN. THE
KING OF THE SIX
SECTORS.

THE FACE
BEHIND SUCH A
LEGEND IS ALWAYS
REVEALED TO BE SO
ORDINARY. ISN'T IT?
SO ANTI-CLIMACTIC.
THE MUNDANITY
OF EVIL.



SURELY NOTHING
CAN LIVE UP TO THE
CREATURE YOU'VE
CREATED INSIDE YOUR
HEAD THAT MUST BE
RESPONSIBLE FOR
PERPETRATING THESE
AWFUL ACTS...

... THAT IN
ALL REALITY
YOU SUSPECT IS
MERELY JUST A
MAN, MUCH LIKE
ANY OTHER.



EXCEPT OF
COURSE IN
THIS CASE, I'M
DIFFERENT...



HE'S PEELING AWAY MY MENTAL DEFENCES ONE LAYER AT A TIME. NEVER FIGURED ON ASHBERRY BEING A PSI HIMSELF. A STRONG ONE, TOO.

CAN'T MOVE, CAN'T SPEAK... ALL I CAN FEEL IS HIS CORRUPTIVE PRESENCE INVADING MY HEAD.

STUPID... STUPID! SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEARDED THIS DRAGON IN HIS LAIR ALONE. TOO IMPETUOUS—DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS WALKING INTO.

NOW THE BLACKNESS FROM THOSE INFERNAL EYES SEEPS INTO ME, STRANDING ME...

...SOMEWHERE.

WHA—?

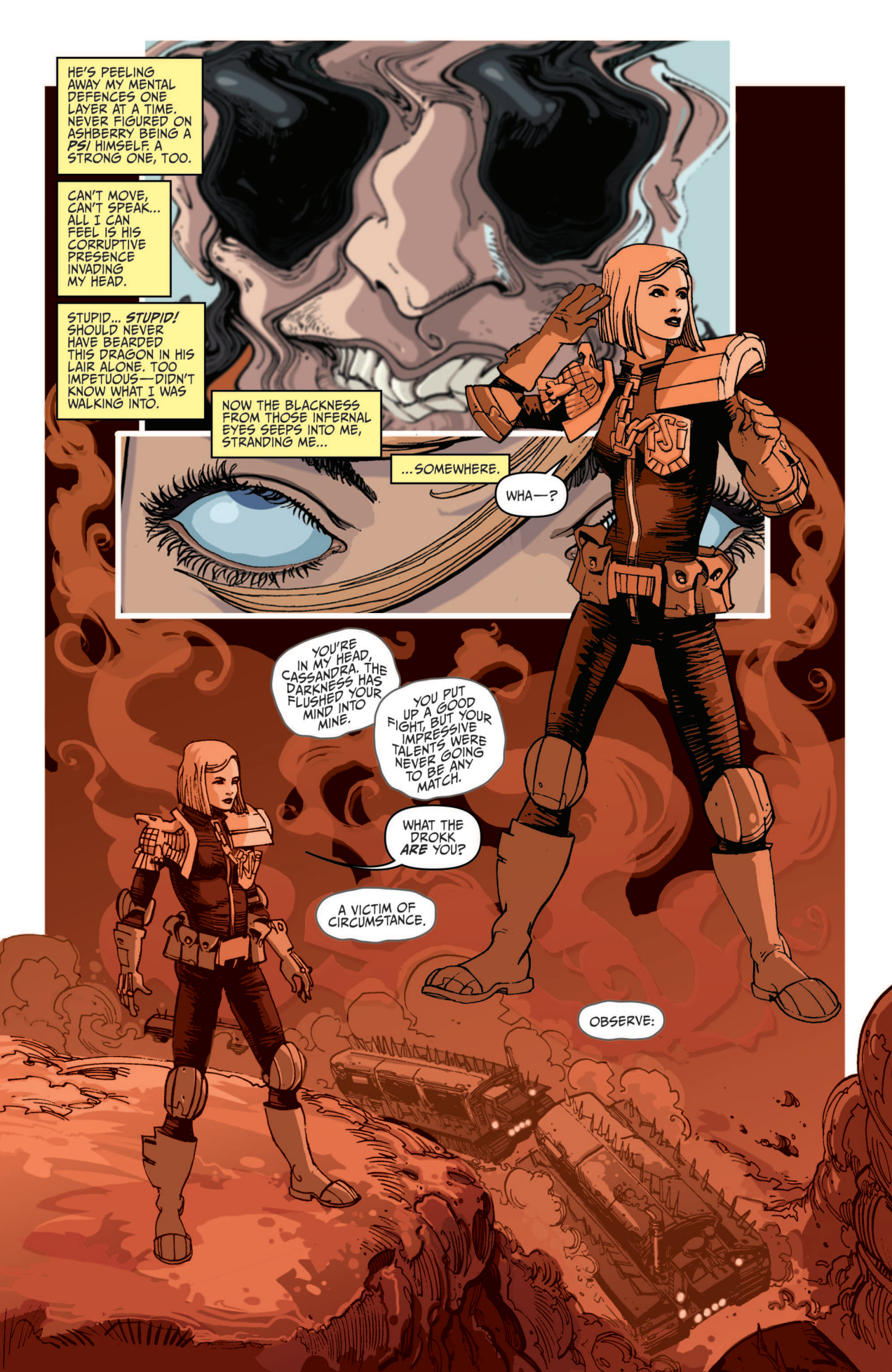
YOU'RE IN MY HEAD, CASSANDRA. THE DARKNESS HAS FLUSHED YOUR MIND INTO MINE.

YOU PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT YOUR IMPRESSIVE TALENTS WERE NEVER GOING TO BE ANY MATCH.

WHAT THE DROKK ARE YOU?

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

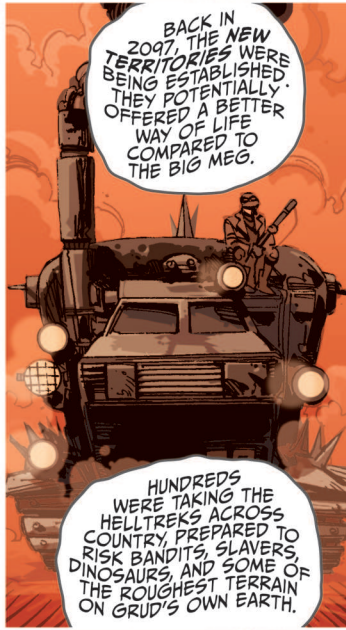
OBSERVE:





WHY AM
I SEEING
THIS?

TO PROVE
A POINT. NOW
HUSH—IT'LL
ALL BECOME
CLEAR.



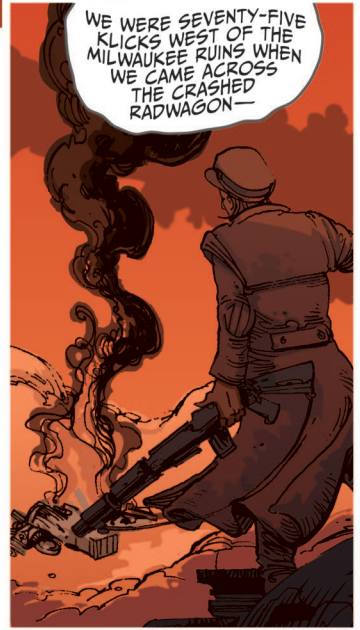
BACK IN
2097, THE NEW
TERRITORIES WERE
BEING ESTABLISHED.
THEY POTENTIALLY
OFFERED A BETTER
WAY OF LIFE
COMPARED TO
THE BIG MEG.

HUNDREDS
WERE TAKING THE
HELLTREKS ACROSS
COUNTRY, PREPARED TO
RISK BANDITS, SLAVERS,
DINOSAURS, AND SOME OF
THE ROUGHEST TERRAIN
ON GRUD'S OWN EARTH.



I JOINED
THEM. I'D BEEN A
CONMAN, ILLEGAL
TECH-DEALER, AND
RACKETEER FOR
YEARS, BUT NEW GANGS
WERE ENCROACHING
ON MY TURE. THREATS
WERE MADE, BLOOD
WAS SPILLED.

I DECIDED TO
LIGHT OUT SOONER
RATHER THAN LATER,
RECKONING SETTLERS
WERE JUST AS EASY TO
SEPARATE FROM THEIR
CREDS AS CITYFOLK.



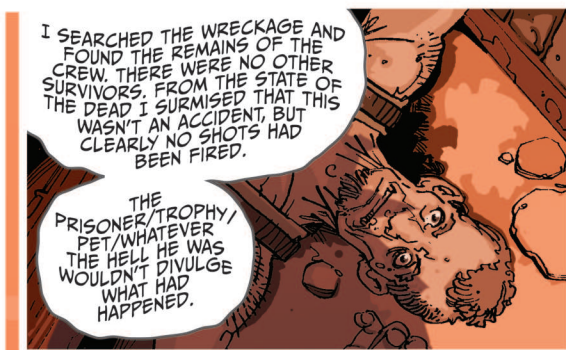
WE WERE SEVENTY-FIVE
KLICKS WEST OF THE
MILWAUKEE RUINS WHEN
WE CAME ACROSS
THE CRASHED
RADWAGON—



—AND
THE CARGO
IT HAD
CONTAINED.



THE MUTANT DIDN'T OPEN HIS MOUTH, BUT HIS VOICE CHIMED IN MY HEAD, TELLING ME HE'D BEEN CAPTURED FROM A SETTLEMENT TO THE SOUTH BY RAIDERS. HE PLEADED FOR HIS FREEDOM.



I SEARCHED THE WRECKAGE AND FOUND THE REMAINS OF THE CREW. THERE WERE NO OTHER SURVIVORS. FROM THE STATE OF THE DEAD I SURMISED THAT THIS WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, BUT CLEARLY NO SHOTS HAD BEEN FIRED.

THE PRISONER/TROPHY/PET/WHATEVER THE HELL HE WAS WOULDN'T DIVULGE WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



MY FELLOW PIONEERS REFUSED TO TAKE THE MUTIE ON BOARD.

THEY WERE SPOOKED, FIGURED HIM FOR TROUBLE. THEY WANTED TO BE ON THEIR WAY WITHOUT DELAY.



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT SURPRISED EVEN ME.



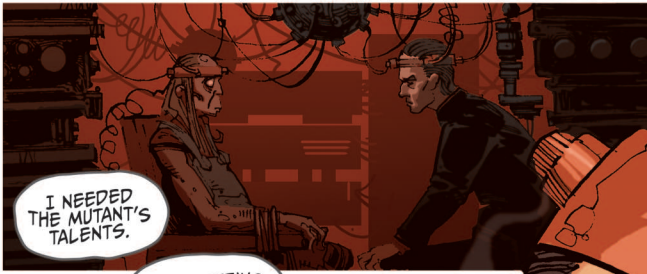
I RETURNED TO THE CITY, AWARE THAT MY ACTIONS WERE BEING INFLUENCED TO A CERTAIN DEGREE...

... BUT NOT SO MUCH THAT I WAS ABOUT TO RELEASE MY NEW ASSET. PSI-POWER OF THIS MAGNITUDE, POTENTIAL OPPORTUNITIES WERE ALREADY PRESENTING THEMSELVES.



MEMBERS OF THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY NEEDED A LITTLE INCENTIVISING... BUT THEY HELPED ME TO WEAPONISE MY FIND, BOOST ITS ABILITIES FURTHER.

I HAD PLANS. I WANTED A KINGDOM TO RULE, TO TAKE BACK THAT WHICH I HAD TO ABANDON. TO DO THAT, I NEEDED TO BE FEARED, TO BE UNSTOPPABLE.




I NEEDED THE MUTANT'S TALENTS.


THE BOFFINS HAD ASSURED ME THEY COULD BE TRANSFERRED.



THEY WERE RIGHT, IN A WAY.




THEY CALL IT THE
BLACK MIRROR—THE
POWER WAS TOO GREAT,
IT CHANGED YOU INSIDE
AND OUT. MY HEADSPACE
GOT A LITTLE...
WARPED.




BUT IT GAVE ME
WHAT I NEEDED TO
ASSERT MY AUTHORITY
AND PROPEL MY RISE. I
COULD READ MINDS, DIVINE
FUTURES, STRIP THE SANITY
FROM RIVALS—EACH
STREET I GAINED, EVERY
NEW EMPLOYEE,
STRENGTHENED MY
GRIP.


I SOUGHT
TO CONSOLIDATE
THE LOCAL SECTORS;
UNDERWORLD, BRING IT TO
HEEL—THE PROFITS FROM
EVERY BAG OF BRAIN
CHOWDER SOLD, EVERY
CLUB'S NIGHTLY TAKINGS,
EVERY PROTECTION SCAM
PUSHED ON SOME
GULLIBLE SAP, WOULD
FEED MY EMPIRE'S
GROWTH.




WITHIN
MONTHS, MOST
BOSSSES
ACQUIESCED;
THOSE THAT
DIDN'T WERE
CRUSHED.




I RETREATED
INTO RESEARCH,
MY FASCINATION
WITH TECH OFFERING
POTENTIAL REVENUE
STREAMS. IF I
WANTED THE CITY, I
NEEDED EXTRA
FUNDING.



BY NOW, I HAD
CONTACTS IN JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT IN RETURN
FOR SUBSTANTIAL PAY-OFFS.
THEY LEAKED THE PROGRESS
THEY'D MADE IN THEORETICAL
TIME TRAVEL, AND I
DEVELOPED THE TECH TO
MAKE IT WORK.



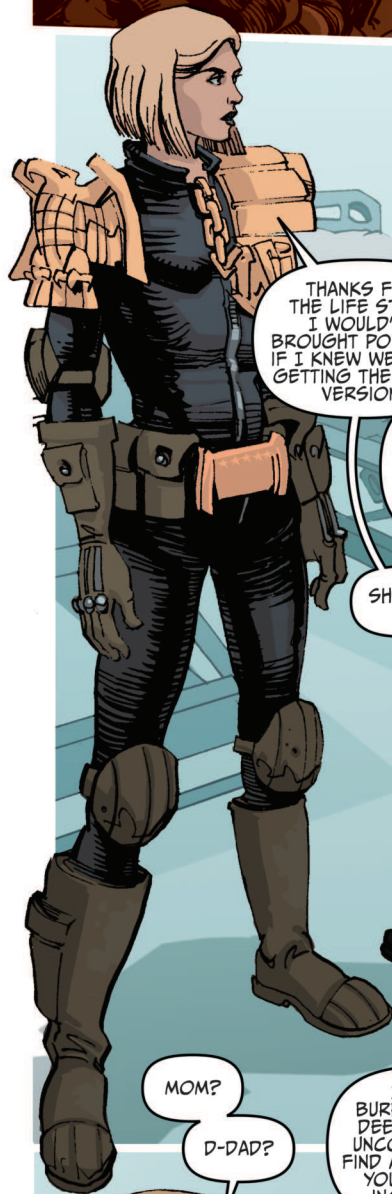
WITH IT IN
PLACE, I WAS ABLE
TO SACK REALITIES
DOWN THE TIMESTREAM,
PSYCHICALLY
MANIPULATING THE NATIVES
TO DO THE HEAVY LIFTING
WHILE MY MEN BEAMED
THE SPOILS BACK.



IN MY
ENTHUSIASM,
HOWEVER, I
DIDN'T QUITE
ANTICIPATE THE
BLEED-THROUGH
INTO THIS
DIMENSION,
CIRCA ZOBO.



AND SO
ALL GOOD
THINGS CAME
TO AN END.



THANKS FOR
THE LIFE STORY.
I WOULD'VE
BROUGHT POPCORN
IF I KNEW WE WERE
GETTING THE UNCUT
VERSION.

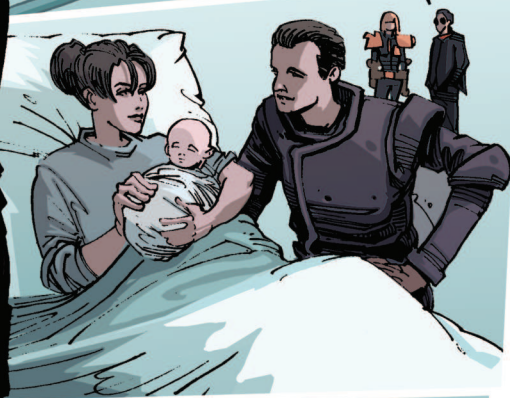
OH, THIS
ISN'T THE
FINISH. THIS IS
WHERE ONE LIFE
BEGINS. YOU
KNOW WHERE
WE ARE?

SHOULD
I?

OF COURSE.
AFTER ALL, THIS
IS WHERE **YOU**
ENTER THE TALE,
CASSANDRA.

BORN AT THE
HEIGHT OF THE
INCURSION IN 2080, ALL
THAT PSYCHIC ENERGY
FLOATING THROUGH THE
ETHER... DON'T YOU
REALISE? I MADE YOU
WHAT YOU ARE. YOUR
TALENTS WOULDN'T
EXIST WITHOUT **ME**.

VICTIM OF
CIRCUMSTANCE,
SEE? NONE OF
US CHOOSES
THE ROLES
WE PLAY.



MOM?

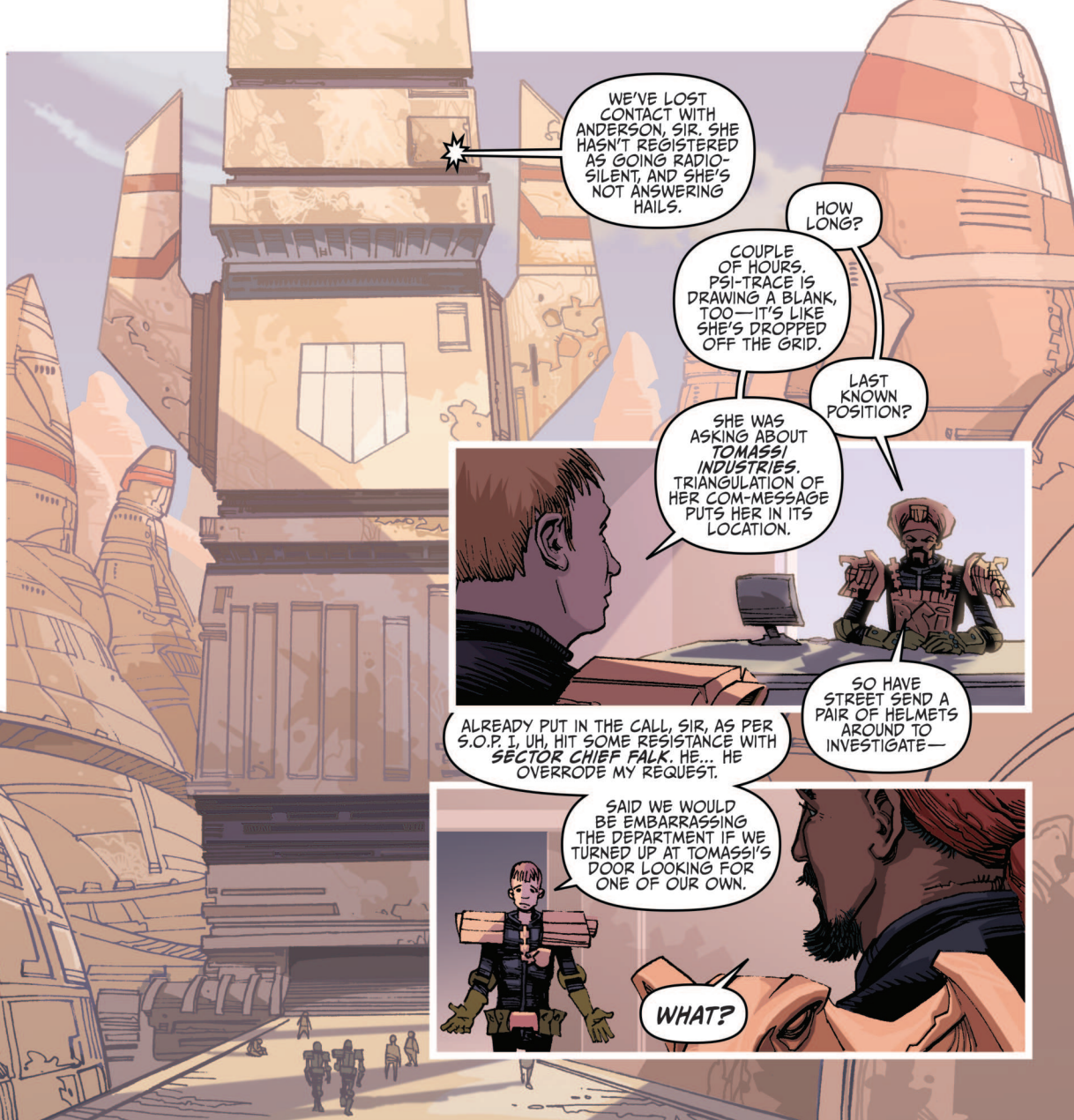
D-DAD?

I HAD TO
BURROW PRETTY
DEEP INTO YOUR
UNCONSCIOUS TO
FIND ANY TRACE OF
YOUR PARENTS,
INCIDENTALLY.

FROM
WHAT I
CAN SEE, YOU
WERE **MEMORY-
LOCKED** AT SOME
POINT BEFORE
PUBERTY.

CHILDHOOD
TRAUMA, FAMILY
TRAGEDY... WHO
KNOWS? THEY'VE
DONE A GOOD
JOB AT SEALING
IT AWAY, AT ANY
RATE.

YOUR PALS IN
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
LOOKING OUT FOR
YOU, I GUESS,
HUH?



WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH ANDERSON, SIR. SHE HASN'T REGISTERED AS GOING RADIO-SILENT, AND SHE'S NOT ANSWERING HAILS.

HOW LONG?

COUPLE OF HOURS. PSI-TRACE IS DRAWING A BLANK, TOO—IT'S LIKE SHE'S DROPPED OFF THE GRID.

LAST KNOWN POSITION?

SHE WAS ASKING ABOUT TOMASSI INDUSTRIES. TRIANGULATION OF HER COM-MESSAGE PUTS HER IN ITS LOCATION.

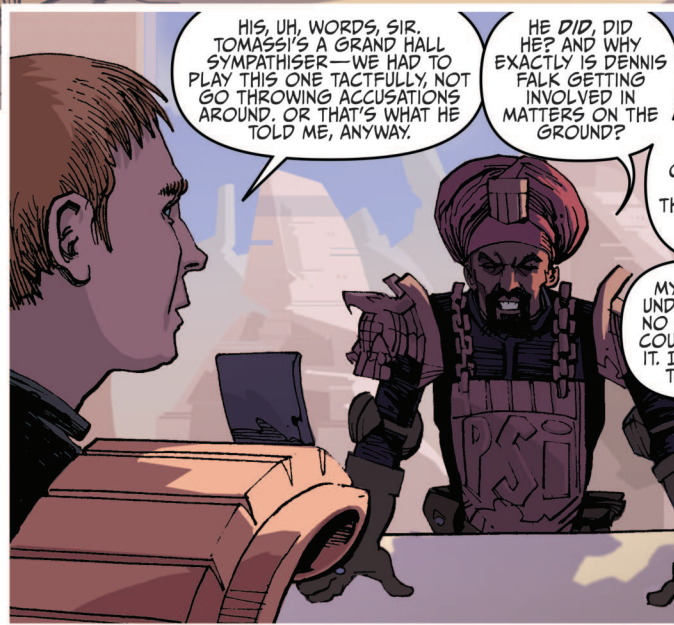
SO HAVE STREET SEND A PAIR OF HELMETS AROUND TO INVESTIGATE—

ALREADY PUT IN THE CALL, SIR, AS PER S.O.P. I, UH, HIT SOME RESISTANCE WITH SECTOR CHIEF FALK. HE... HE OVERRODE MY REQUEST.



SAID WE WOULD BE EMBARRASSING THE DEPARTMENT IF WE TURNED UP AT TOMASSI'S DOOR LOOKING FOR ONE OF OUR OWN.

WHAT?

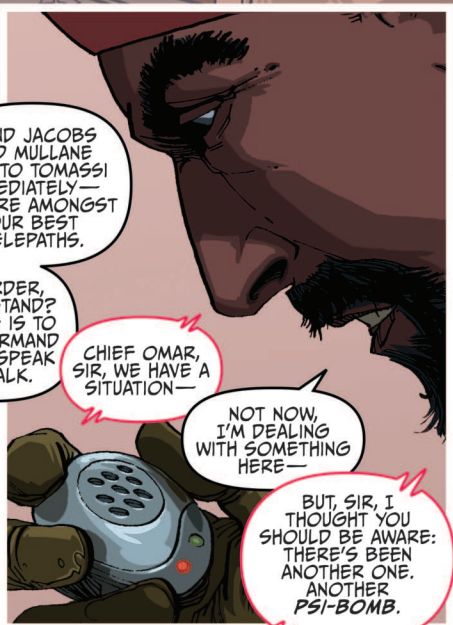


HIS, UH, WORDS, SIR. TOMASSI'S A GRAND HALL SYMPATHISER—WE HAD TO PLAY THIS ONE TACTFULLY, NOT GO THROWING ACCUSATIONS AROUND. OR THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD ME, ANYWAY.

HE DID, DID HE? AND WHY EXACTLY IS DENNIS FALK GETTING INVOLVED IN MATTERS ON THE GROUND?

SEND JACOBS AND MULLANE OUT TO TOMASSI IMMEDIATELY—THEY'RE AMONGST OUR BEST TELEPATHS.

MY ORDER, UNDERSTAND? NO ONE IS TO COUNTERMAND IT. I'LL SPEAK TO FALK.



CHIEF OMAR, SIR, WE HAVE A SITUATION—

NOT NOW, I'M DEALING WITH SOMETHING HERE—

BUT, SIR, I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD BE AWARE: THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER ONE. ANOTHER PSI-BOMB.

16:57 P.M.

SERGIO'S EAT N' GREET ON FULSOM, SECTOR 7. REGULAR HANGOUT FOR THE CAPRETTI FAMILY BUTTON MEN:

GOT A VISITOR.

HUH? WHA'CHOO LOOKIN' AT, YA DINK?

OHhhh DROKK—!

SUCH **SECRETS** OUR HEADS HOLD, EH? EVEN THE BEST OF US ARE BARELY AWARE OF THEIR UNMAPPED REGIONS.

YOU YOURSELF, CASSANDRA, HAVE PROBABLY UTILISED ONLY A **TENTH** OF YOUR POWERS. YOU'VE SO MUCH **POTENTIAL** STILL TO FULFILL... AND YET SADLY NOW NEVER WILL.

OR AT LEAST, NOT WITHOUT **ME** AT THE REINS.

PSI-ENERGY IS THE NEW FRONTIER. WE'VE EXPLOITED EVERY OTHER CRIMINAL RESOURCE—THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE POST-NUCLEAR, POST-HUMAN AGE.

THROUGH MY MUTANT, I LEARNED OF **OTHERS** OF HIS TRIBE, SCATTERED ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

YEARS OF SEARCHING LED ME TO ONE IN A TRAVELLING CARNY—I PUT HIM TO GOOD USE TO HELP FIND ME THE OTHERS.

THE MEGAPOLITAN HEIST...

...YOU BUTCHERED INNOCENTS! SLAUGHTERED THOSE FAMILIES IN THE MORASS TO FURTHER YOUR DROKKING EMPIRE!



GRIST TO THE MILL. YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE, ETC., ETC.

BUT YES, ALL IN THE CAUSE OF EXPANSION. WHAT EMPEROR WAS EVER SATISFIED WITH HIS LOT?

I HAVE AN ENTIRE CITY TO CLAIM.



HOLY—



YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN WHAT THE MUTANTS CAN DO FIRSTHAND. FIRST I'LL WIPE OUT MY RIVALS IN THE NEXT SECTORS, THEN I'LL TAKE THE BANKS, THEN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ITSELF...

...I'LL DRENCH THE WHOLE TOWN IN DARKNESS.

MR. ASHBERRY, SIR, WE HAVE TWO JAYS ON THE PREMISES DEMANDING ACCESS.

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME? GET RID OF THEM.

THEY'RE CONDUCTING A 54C, SIR—RANDOM PROPERTY SEARCH. WE CAN'T KEEP THEM OUT WITHOUT RAISING SUSPICION.

DROKKSACE... STALL THEM, KEEP THEM BUSY. I'LL SPEAK TO MY CONTACT.

THE PARALYSIS WANES SLIGHTLY AS ASHBERRY MOVES AWAY, DISTRACTED. BRAIN FEELS LIKE IT'S BLEEDING, BUT THE PRESSURE, AT LEAST, HAS LIFTED.

...NO. NO, THERE WAS SOMETHING HE DIDN'T FIND. ALL THAT SEARCHING THROUGH MY PSYCHE AND HE MISSED IT, AN EXPERIENCED RECLUSE HIDING AWAY IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST DEPTHS LIKE—

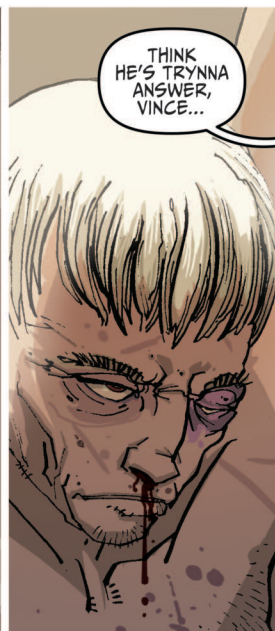
NEED TO... SUMMON A RESERVE FROM SOMEWHERE, BUT MY HEAD'S BEEN HOLLOWED OUT, STRIPPED CLEAN...

—LIKE—

—LIKE THE STOWAWAY THAT LED ME HERE, WHO WANTED TO BE REUNITED WITH HIS PEOPLE—

—WHO BURIED HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWY RECESSES TO AVOID DETECTION, BUT NOW—

—NOW I HAVE TO RELEASE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.





FELT A PSI-TREMOR SUDDENLY... LIKE THERE WAS AN ENERGY BURST CLOSE BY.

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. SOMETHING JUST SPIKED...

...YOU CARE TO EXPLAIN WHERE THAT MIGHT BE COMING FROM, PENCILNECK?



OMAR! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, SENDING MEN OVER TO TOMASSI? THEY'RE OUR ALLIES!

DENNIS, JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO SEE.



PULL THEM BACK, GRUDDAMMIT! YOU AWARE OF THE DAMAGE YOUR INSINUATIONS COULD CAUSE? NOT TO MENTION GOING OVER MY HEAD WHEN I EXPRESSLY ORDERED NO INVESTI—

I'M FULLY AWARE OF YOUR ORDER, DENNIS...



... WHICH IS WHY I BELIEVE YOU'RE NO LONGER FIT TO HOLD A POSITION OF AUTHORITY.

YOU'RE RELIEVED OF DUTY, SECTOR CHIEF, PENDING FURTHER QUESTIONING.

WE'VE GOT REPORTS OF MULTIPLE PSI-DISTURBANCES COMING IN FROM OUTSIDE CENTRAL, AND I NEED EVERY MAN I CAN TRUST ON THIS.



17:00 P.M.

KAREN ALLEN
UNDERZOOM,
SECTOR 7:



17:01 P.M.

DELGAR STREET TEA
ROOMS, SECTOR 9:



17:02 P.M.

CRED-COUNTING ROOM,
SCHAPELLI'S, SECTOR 13:

THE INCIDENTS RIPPLE OUT
INTO THE NEIGHBOURING
AREAS, LEAVING HUMAN
WRECKAGE IN THEIR WAKE...

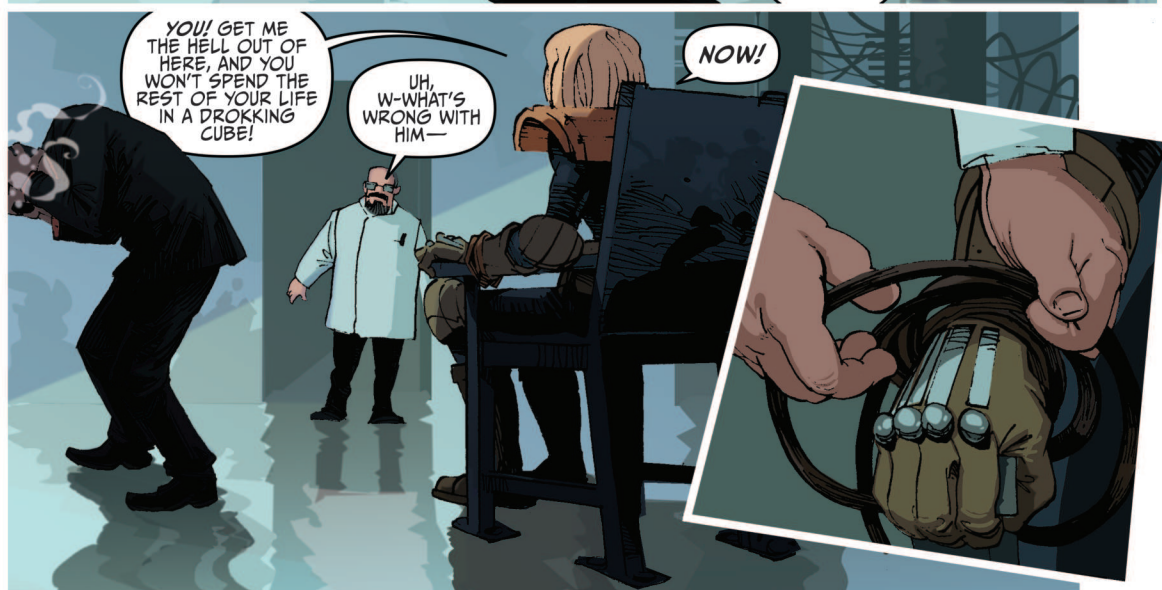
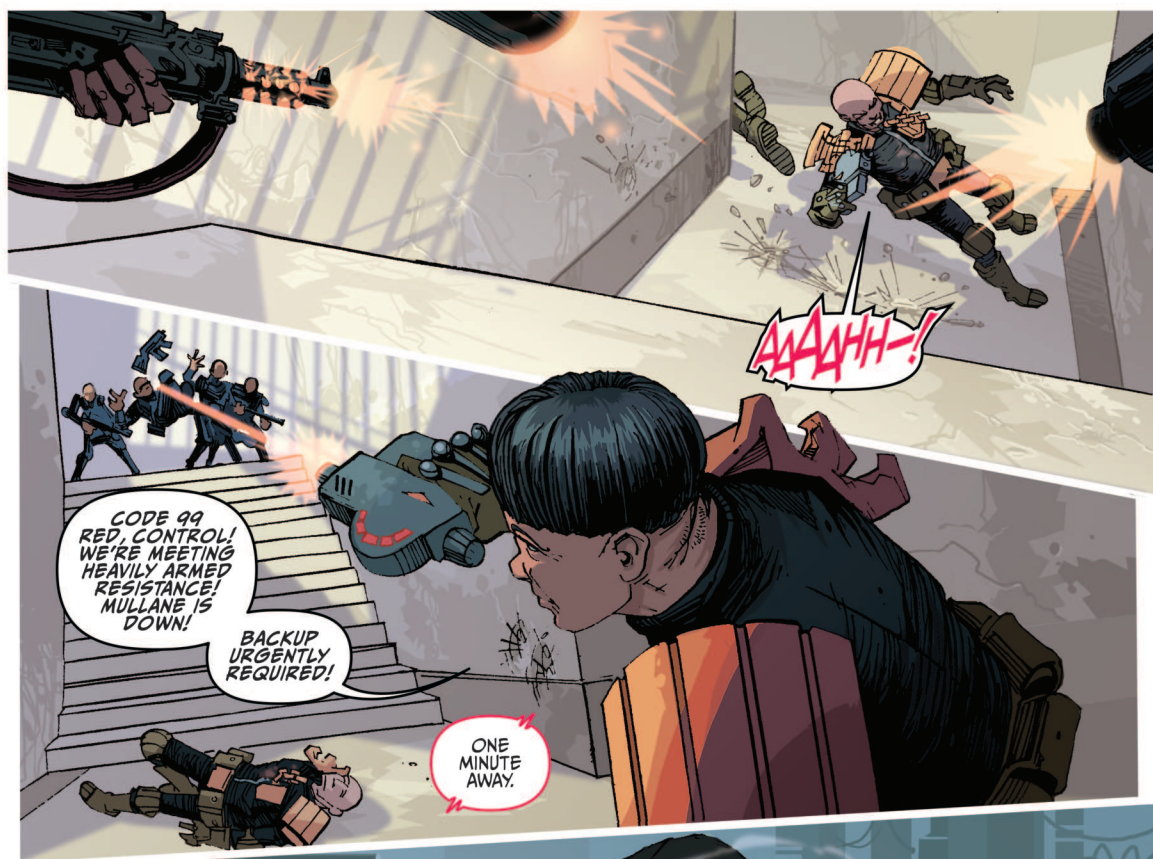


...RIPE FOR
PLUNDERING.



ANDERSON!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING—?









ONE BY ONE, THE LIGHTS ON ASHBERRY'S PSI-TECH GO OUT, AND ONE BY ONE THE PEOPLE HE WEAPONISED BECOME HUMAN AGAIN.

ANGRY, HURT, VENGEFUL, EXPLOITED PEOPLE.

AND WHO ALL, UNDERSTANDABLY, WANT A PIECE OF THE MAN RESPONSIBLE.

I BRIEFLY CONSIDER LETTING THEM HAVE THEIR REVENGE. WHO WOULDN'T CALL THAT JUSTICE?

BUT NO. NO POINT FIGHTING FOR SOMETHING IF YOU BECOME AS BAD AS THE ENEMY.

YOU OKAY, ANDERSON?

I'LL LIVE.

TAKE THIS ONE AWAY. LIFE, SPECIAL CONFINEMENT.

AND IN A HOLDING CELL IN TEXAS CITY, A YOUNG MUTANT BOY CALLED RAMI SMILES AND CLOSES HIS EYES.

I WAS WRONG. I'D TOLD ASHBERRY THAT HIS EMPIRE HAD FALLEN, BUT ALL I'D DONE WAS REMOVE THE HEAD.

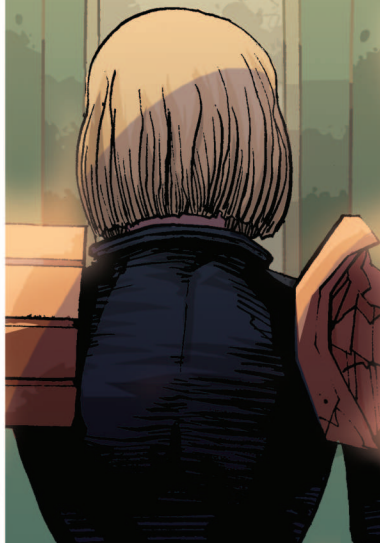


THE KING OF THE SIX SECTORS HAD BEEN DEPOSED, BUT THERE WERE PLENTY OF *LIEUTENANTS* EAGER TO ASCEND THE THRONE. THE POWER SIMPLY SHIFTED.



PROBABLY NONE HAD HIS AMBITION OR TALENTS, BUT FEW CREEPS WERE GOING TO SIT IDLY BY WHILE THERE WAS ALL THAT CAPITAL FOR THE TAKING. OVER THE COMING WEEKS THEY COULD EXPECT TURF WARS, TAKEOVERS, EXECUTIONS...

GRAND HALL NEEDED TO GET ITS HOUSE IN ORDER, TOO. IT WASN'T A SURPRISE TO FIND HIS CORRUPT TAINT AMONG THE RANKS.



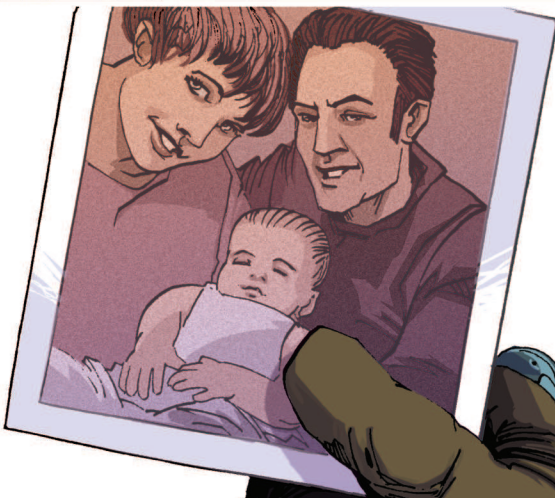
THE MYTHICAL, MONSTROUS ASHBERRY WAS GONE—IMPRISONED IN A PSI-SHIELDED CUBE—BUT HIS *LEGACY* LINGERED.

AN IMPRINT.
A *STAIN*.



PSI DIVISION
PERSONNEL FILES

A KNOT TO
BE UNPICKED.



END.

ART GALLERY IV



1:SUB

COVER BY MIMI YOON



2:SUB
COVER BY MIMI YOON



3:SUB

COVER BY MIMI YOON









3:RI

COVER BY NICK PERCIVAL



4:RI

COVER BY AGNES GARBOWSKA



"Judge Anderson is a total badass that knows what is up."

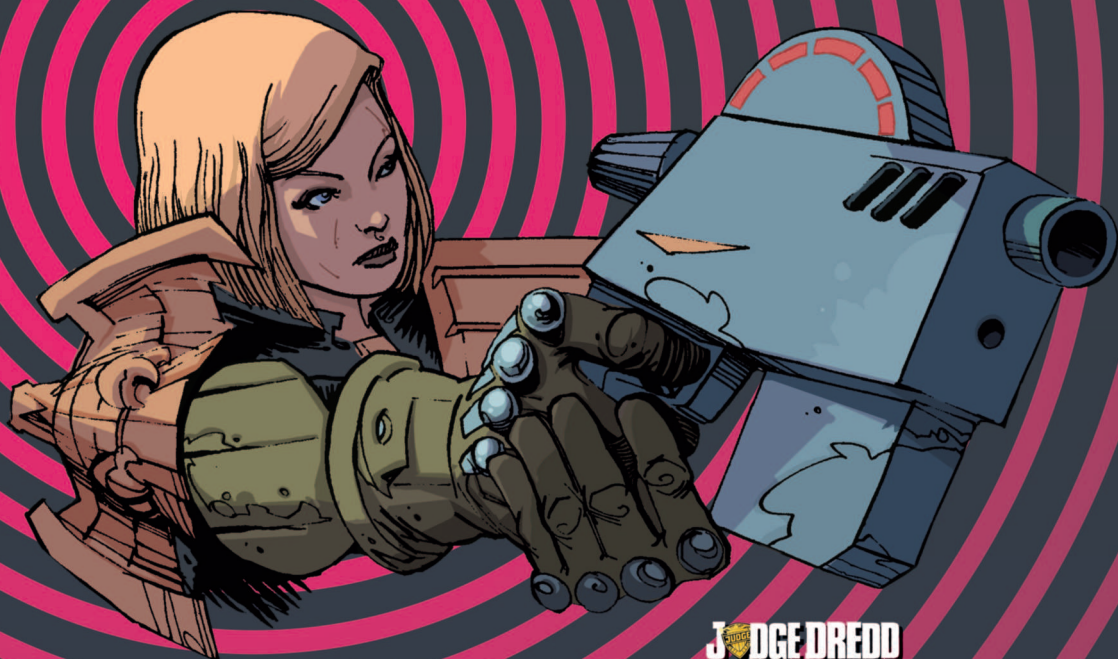
-UnleashTheFanBoy.com

"This book has some really awesome illustrations! ...Mr. Critchlow, you have gained a major fan."

-SciFiPulse.net

"10 out of 10."

-Newsarama.com



JUDGE DREDD
ANDERSON
P S I - D I V I S I O N

In an all-new adventure from Cassandra Anderson's early days in the Mega-City One Psi-Division, writer **Matt Smith** and artist **Carl Critchlow** present "The King of the Six Sectors." It all starts with Anderson awaking from an unusually strong vision of an attack on the Megapolitan Museum showcasing Cursed Earth artifacts...

IDW®