

# JUDGE DREDD ANNUAL



# JUDGE DREDD<sup>®</sup>

## ANNUAL

### "RETURN TO LUNA CITY ONE"

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Artist: DAN MCDAID ■ Colorist: RYAN HILL

### "THE RED JUDGES"

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### "SANTOS"

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

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FIVE YEARS SINCE  
MEGA-CITY ZERO.



SIX HOURS EARLIER...



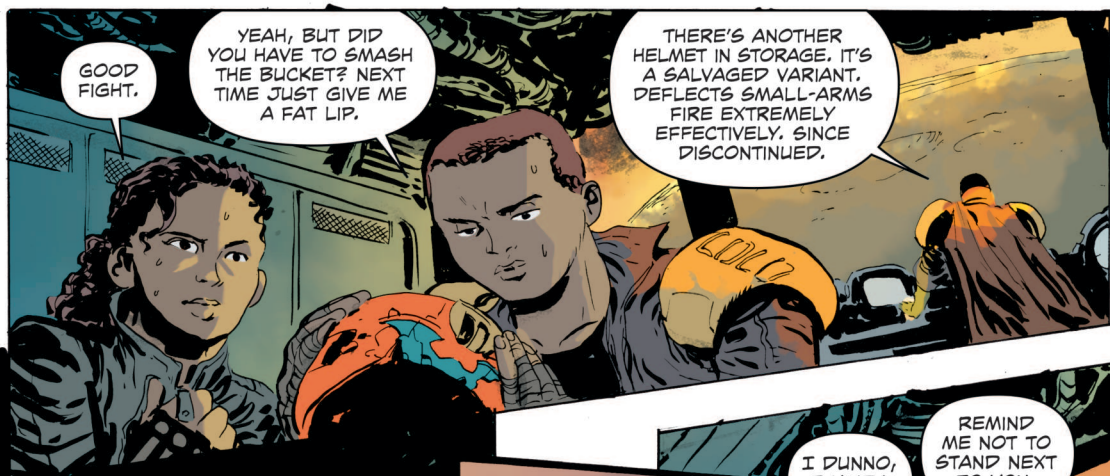
LOLO, YOU  
HELD NOTHING  
BACK. COMPLETELY  
INCAPACITATED  
ME.

THAT  
WAS SMART,  
TAKE OUT THE  
STRONGEST  
FIRST.

BUT YOU  
UNDERESTIMATED  
THE OTHER  
ATTACKER.

IF QUILL  
WANTED TO, SHE  
COULD'VE DRIVEN  
THAT KNEE THROUGH  
YOUR ORBITAL  
SOCKET.





GOOD FIGHT.

YEAH, BUT DID YOU HAVE TO SMASH THE BUCKET? NEXT TIME JUST GIVE ME A FAT LIP.

THERE'S ANOTHER HELMET IN STORAGE. IT'S A SALVAGED VARIANT. DEFLECTS SMALL-ARMS FIRE EXTREMELY EFFECTIVELY. SINCE DISCONTINUED.



THIS IS PRETTY GNARLY. WHY DID THEY DISCONTINUE IT?

HUH?

WHY DID THEY DISCONT--



DISCONTINUED: IN CLOSE-QUARTERS, THE HIGH DEFLECTION RATE LED TO UNPREDICTABLE TRAJECTORIES. CIVILIANS AND JUDGES INJURED OR KILLED BY RICOCHETS.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT THOUGHT IT WAS WISER WE JUST LEARN TO DUCK.



I DUNNO, I KINDA LIKE IT.

REMEMB ME NOT TO STAND NEXT TO YOU.

LOLO, QUILL--STRAP YOURSELVES IN--NOW!



WHO'S FIRING ON US?!

**FLARES NOW!**





WE HAVE  
TO ABANDON  
SHIP. SUIT  
UP.

LOLO,  
TAKE THE  
WEAPONS  
PACK. QUILL,  
A SURVEY  
PACK.

Aroo  
Aroo

NO  
TIME!

DRE

RESERVE

RESERVE

RESERVE



"THE WHOLE  
TIME? SINCE  
BEFORE THE  
GRASS?"

"OVER A  
THOUSAND YEARS  
NOW, SURVIVING.  
THERE HAS BEEN  
NO WAY FOR US  
TO GET HOME."

THERE'S A  
WAY NOW. WE GOT  
OUR ISSUES DOWN  
THERE, TOO, BUT  
AT LEAST IT'S NOT  
THE MOON. THAT'S  
WHAT BRINGS US  
HERE.

OH YEAH, WE  
ARE KNOCKING  
HEADS BIG-TIME  
DOWN THERE,  
SPREADING  
LAW--

--AND  
ORDER.

I'M SORRY,  
SIR. WE DIDN'T  
REALIZE YOU  
WERE UP. YOU  
TOOK QUITE A  
BUMP BACK  
THERE.

AT EASE,  
WHO ARE THESE  
PEOPLE? WHO  
FIRED ON US?  
QUILL, HAVE YOU  
TAKEN THEIR  
VITALS YET?

SIR,  
THEY ARE  
HARMLESS.  
THEY'RE--

YES,  
SIR.

I'M SORRY,  
WE HAVE TO  
TAKE BLOOD  
SAMPLES,  
CHECK YOUR  
VITAL SIGNS.

WE UNDERSTAND.  
YOU ARE SAFE HERE. WE  
WERE NOT THE ONES THAT FIRED  
ON YOU. WE WOULD NEVER  
INJURE A FELLOW HUMAN BEING  
OR, THROUGH INACTION, ALLOW  
ANOTHER HUMAN BEING TO  
COME TO HARM.

I THINK  
YOU SHOULD  
TELL HIM WHAT  
YOU JUST  
TOLD US.



"THE ENVIRONMENTAL AND MEDICAL A.I. THAT MAINTAINED LUNA CITY ONE AS A STERILE AND CLEAN CITY EVENTUALLY CONTROLLED ALL SYSTEMS.

"PESTS, INSECTS, MOLDS-- AFTER THE END, IT BECAME INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO ELIMINATE THEM IN A CLOSED ENVIRONMENT.

98% STERILE  
CARBON UNIT CONVERSION =  
**2%**

"THEY GREW TOO NUMEROUS, AND EACH STERILIZATION ATTEMPT WAS THAT MUCH MORE THOROUGH. THE A.I.-- THE ROBOTS--THEY DO NOT HATE HUMANS, OR EVEN REALIZE THEY ARE HARMING US. THEY SIMPLY HATE ANY IMPURITY..."

"SIR, THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE."

100% STERILE  
CARBON  
CONVERSION =  
**COMPLETE**

THERE IS A LOT WRONG HERE, QUILL.

NOT FROM WHERE I'M STANDING.

NO, WITH THEM. THEY ARE 100 PERCENT CLEAN.

NO, YOU MISUNDERSTAND. THEY HAVE NO PARASITES, NO BACTERIA OR VIRAL ANTIBODIES. THEY HAVE NO GUT FLORA.

THAT'S RIGHT. WE HAVE CHANGED OURSELVES, ALTERED OUR BODIES TO HIDE FROM THE EXTERMINATION.

SOME USED TO BELIEVE THAT HUMANS WERE MORE OF A COLLECTIVE OF ORGANISMS WORKING TOGETHER, BUT I AM PROUD TO SAY: WE ARE MORE HUMAN THAN HUMAN. 100 PERCENT HUMAN DNA ONLY.

QUILL, THOSE VITALS, DO THEY CONFIRM WHAT HE'S SAYING?

...YES. NOT SURE HOW IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT YES.

I AM ISAAC. HOW ARE YOU?





WE'RE  
NOT HERE  
FOR YOU.



MAY I ASK  
WHAT YOU  
**ARE** HERE  
FOR, THEN?



THE GRASSLANDS  
COVERING EARTH HAVE  
BEGUN DYING SINCE THE  
EMERGENCE OF EIGHT  
HUNDRED MILLION CITIZENS.  
LUNA CITY ONE IS POSSIBLY  
THE ONLY PLACE LEFT THAT  
HAS COMPLETE RECORDS  
OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

THERE IS NO WAY  
TO GET THOSE RECORDS;  
THE A.I. HAS CENTRALIZED  
ALL ITS FUNCTIONS TO  
THE CENTER CORE. NONE  
OF US HAVE BEEN INSIDE  
THE CITY CENTER IN  
YEARS.

WE DON'T HAVE A  
CHOICE. THOSE RECORDS CONTAIN  
OUR HISTORY, TECHNOLOGY, BUT  
MOST IMPORTANTLY, GENETIC  
RECORDS. A VIRTUAL SEED VAULT.  
WITHOUT IT WE WILL STARVE  
WITHIN ONE GENERATION.



WE ARE PACIFISTS;  
WE CANNOT EVEN FIRE  
UPON THE ROBOTS WHEN  
THEY COME TO ELIMINATE  
US. BUT IF IT MEANS YOU  
CAN HELP US OFF THE  
MOON, WE WILL HELP YOU  
AS BEST WE CAN.

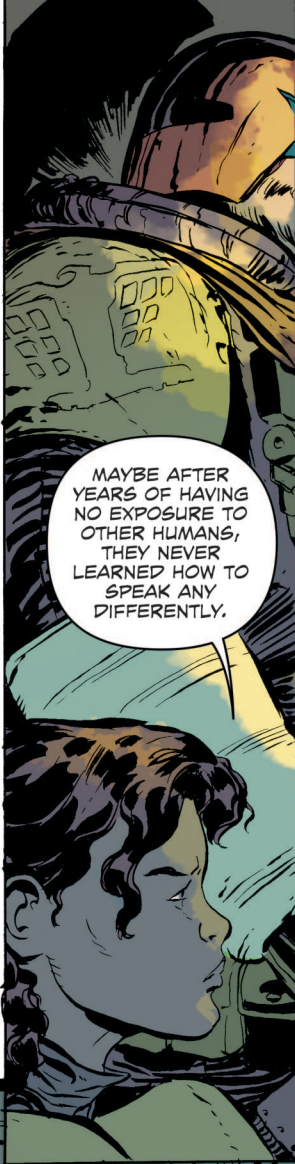
THAT'S COOL.  
Y'ALL LOOK LIKE  
YOU'VE ALREADY  
LOST EVERY FIGHT  
YOU'VE HAD.





SOMETHING ABOUT THEM, JUST DOESN'T SIT RIGHT. THEY SOUND...

I NOTICED, TOO. IT'S THE WAY THEY SPEAK; THEY DON'T USE CONTRACTIONS.



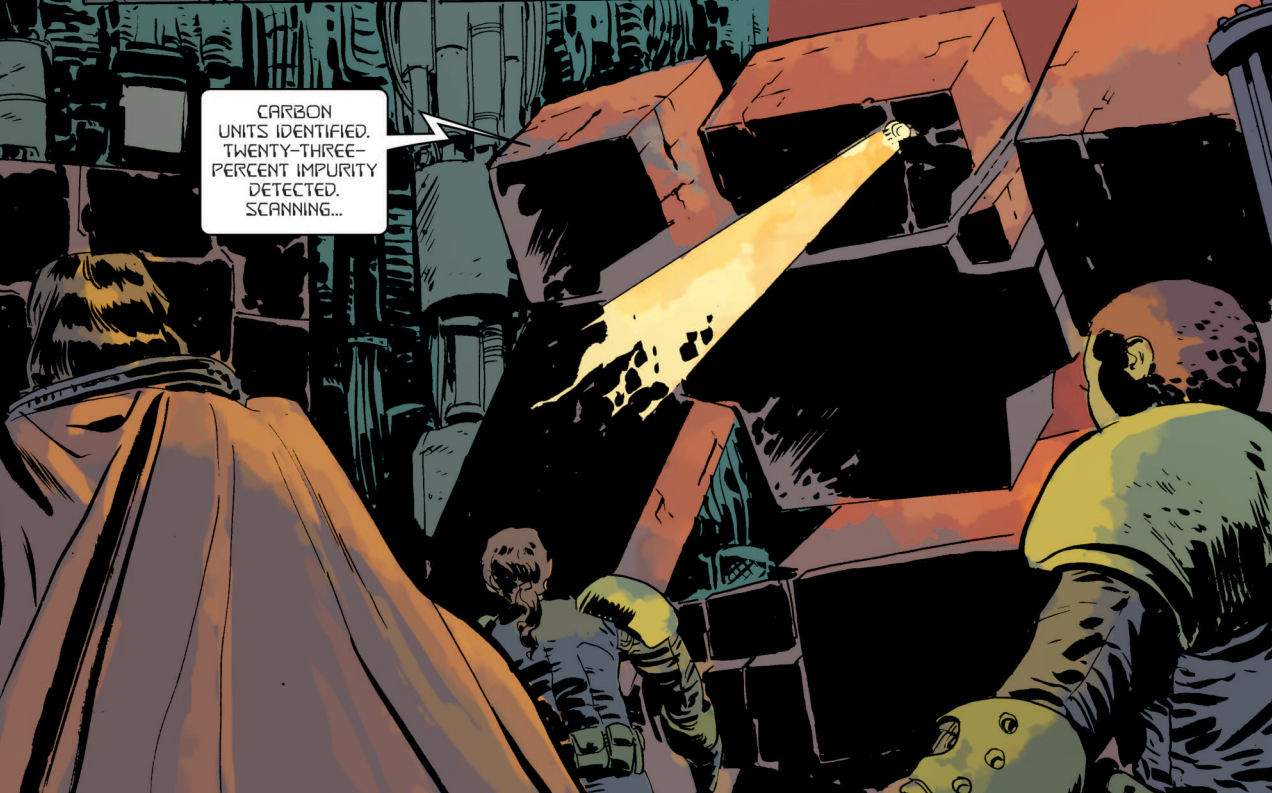
MAYBE AFTER YEARS OF HAVING NO EXPOSURE TO OTHER HUMANS, THEY NEVER LEARNED HOW TO SPEAK ANY DIFFERENTLY.



IT APPEARS WE HAVE REACHED ANOTHER DEAD END.

ANOTHER DAMN BLACK BOX.

WE'VE TRIED EVERY DIRECT PASSAGEWAY; EACH ONE HAS BEEN PLUGGED.



CARBON UNITS IDENTIFIED. TWENTY-THREE-PERCENT IMPURITY DETECTED. SCANNING...





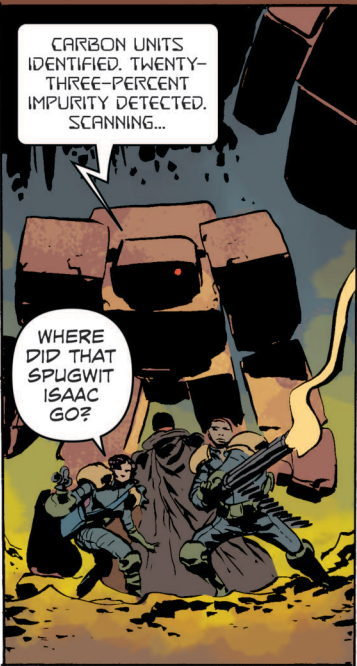
SCANNING.  
ERROR: CARBON  
UNITS DISPLAY  
NONSYNCHRONOUS  
BIODATA.

I AM  
SORRY. WE  
CANNOT--

JUST  
STAY OUT  
OF THE  
WAY.

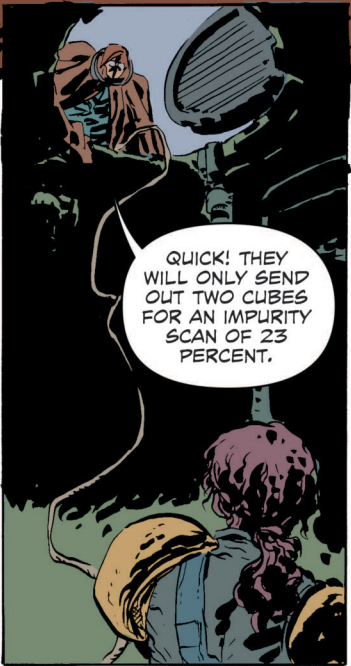


THE  
DROKK?



CARBON UNITS  
IDENTIFIED. TWENTY-  
THREE-PERCENT  
IMPURITY DETECTED.  
SCANNING...

WHERE  
DID THAT  
SPUGWIT  
ISAAC  
GO?



QUICK! THEY  
WILL ONLY SEND  
OUT TWO CUBES  
FOR AN IMPURITY  
SCAN OF 23  
PERCENT.





WHAT IS THAT?

LET HIM WORK, QULL. WE NEED TO GET INSIDE.



IT IS AN ACCESS DRIVE; I SNAGGED IT FROM A BLACK BOX. I AM A PACIFIST, BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT WE ARE DOING.

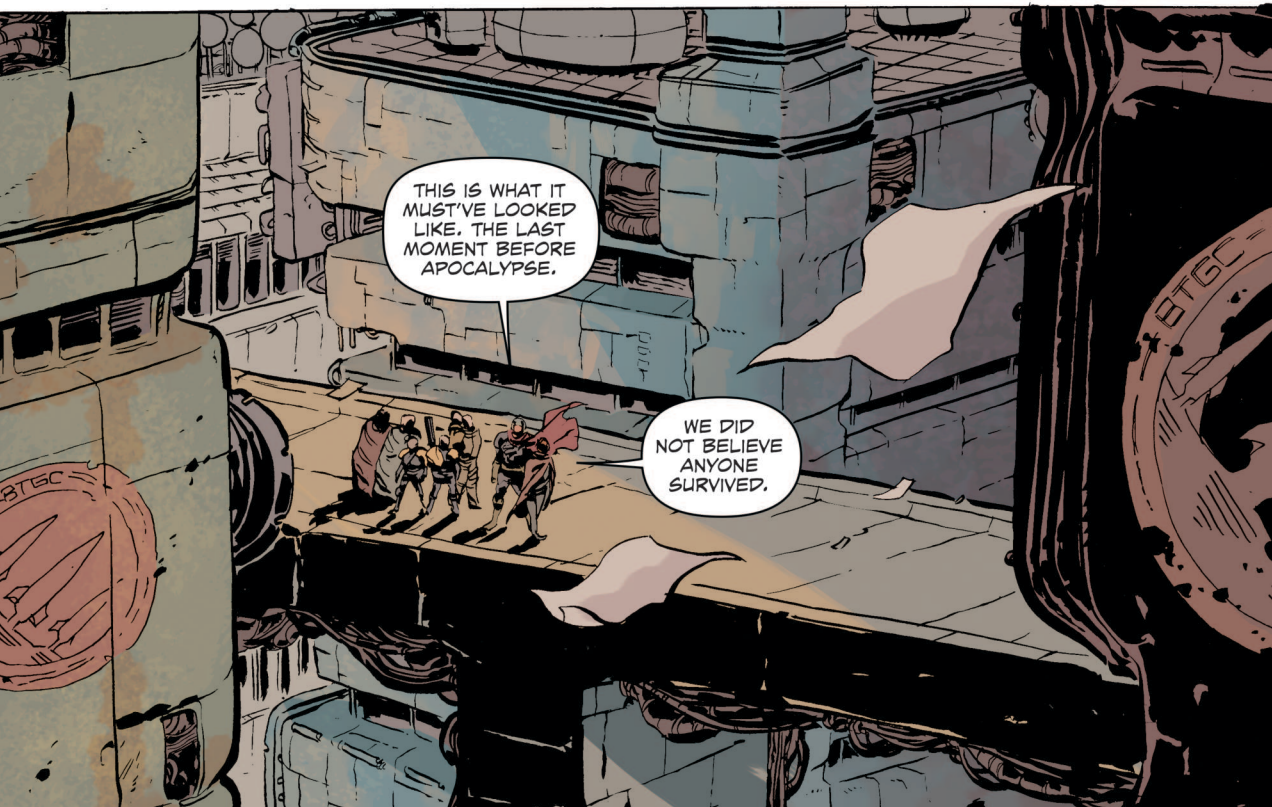


YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT FOR SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER BEEN IN THIS CITY BEFORE.

SHHH... STAY QUIET. I SEE LIGHT.



I DON'T SEE ANY... THING.



THIS IS WHAT IT MUST'VE LOOKED LIKE. THE LAST MOMENT BEFORE APOCALYPSE.

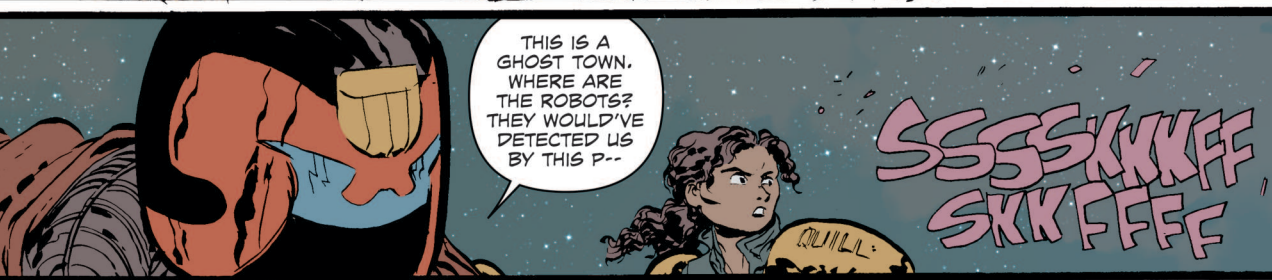
WE DID NOT BELIEVE ANYONE SURVIVED.





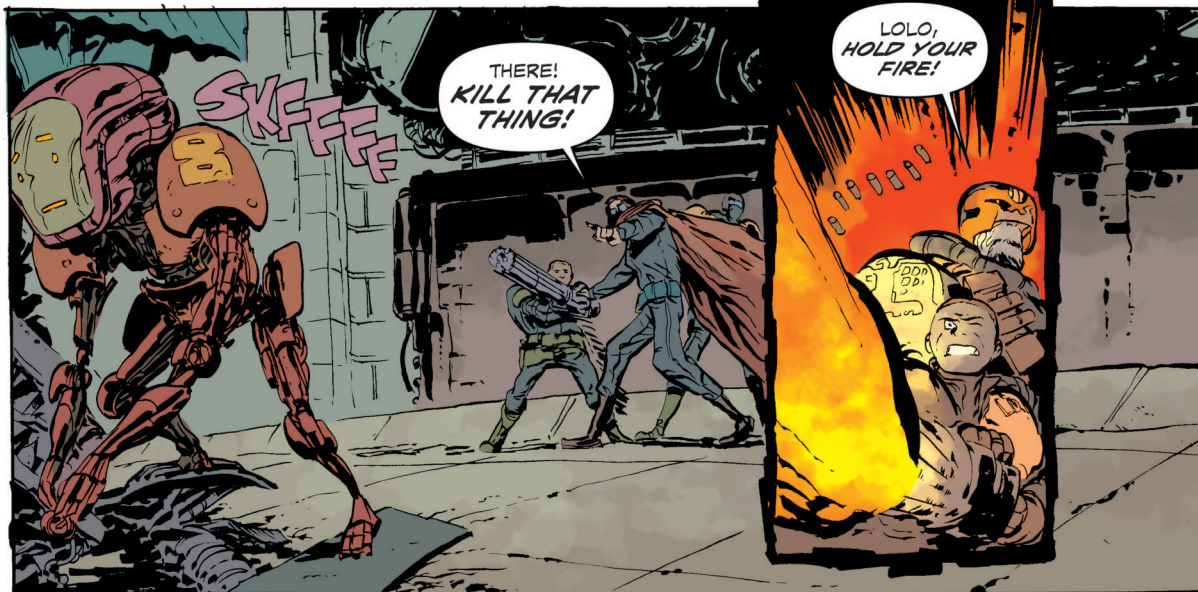
HOW DID YOU SURVIVE? HOW HAVE YOU ALL BEEN SUSTAINING YOURSELVES? I SAW NO FOOD, NO BEDS.

LIKE WE TOLD YOU, WE HAVE CHANGED OUR BIOLOGY. WE BARELY NEED TO SLEEP OR EAT, EVER. THE WORLD CHANGED; SO DID WE.



THIS IS A GHOST TOWN. WHERE ARE THE ROBOTS? THEY WOULD'VE DETECTED US BY THIS P--

SSSSKKKKFF  
SKK FFFF



THERE! KILL THAT THING!

LOLO, HOLD YOUR FIRE!

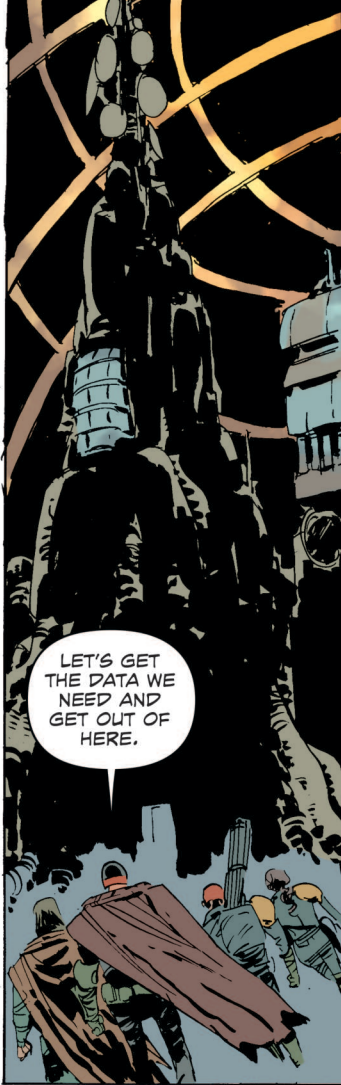


I THOUGHT YOU WERE PACIFISTS.

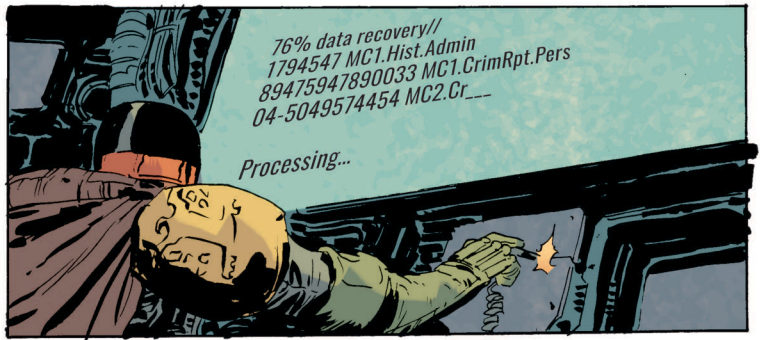
IT'S... BLEEDING.

INTERNAL LUBRICANTS, DO NOT BE FOOLED. THEY ARE JUST MACHINES.





LET'S GET  
THE DATA WE  
NEED AND  
GET OUT OF  
HERE.



76% data recovery//  
1794547 MC1.Hist.Admin  
89475947890033 MC1.CrimRpt.Pers  
04-5049574454 MC2.Cr\_\_\_\_

Processing...

**ALERT!  
SYSTEM-WIDE  
SELF-DESTRUCT  
INITIALIZED.**

ARGH!



IF YOU ARE HEARING  
THIS MESSAGE, THEN  
THE CARBON UNITS HAVE  
BREACHED THE CITY'S  
CONFINEMENT. THEY  
MUST BE DESTROYED.

WHAT  
ARE WE  
SEEING?

THEY  
ARE HIDING  
SOMETHING.

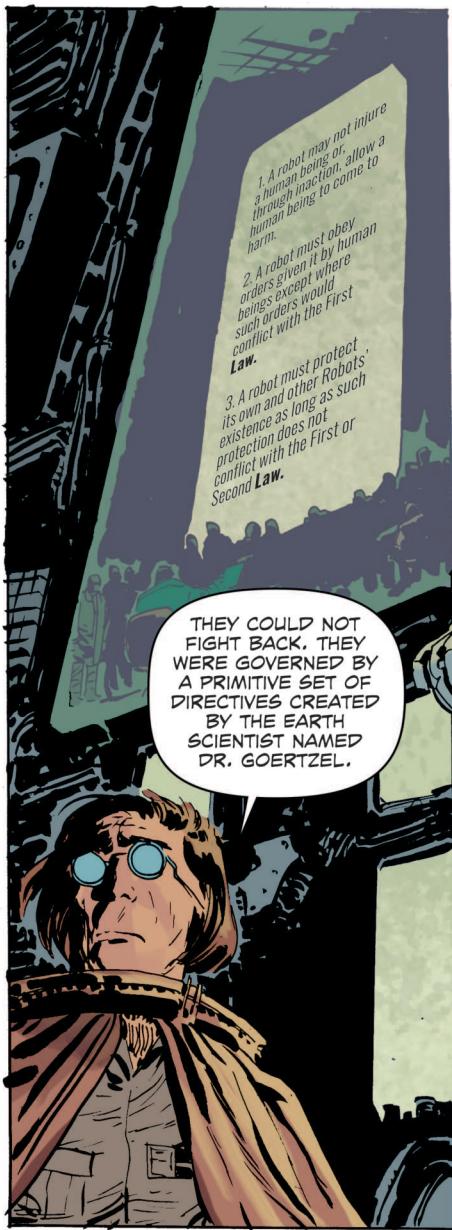
YOU  
BETTER SPILL  
IT BEFORE I  
SPILL YOUR  
GUTS.

YOU ARE  
RIGHT. THE CARBON  
UNITS...US. WE DID IT  
TO OURSELVES. WE  
ADVANCED ROBOTICS--  
GAVE THEM SKIN,  
HAIR, SWEAT.

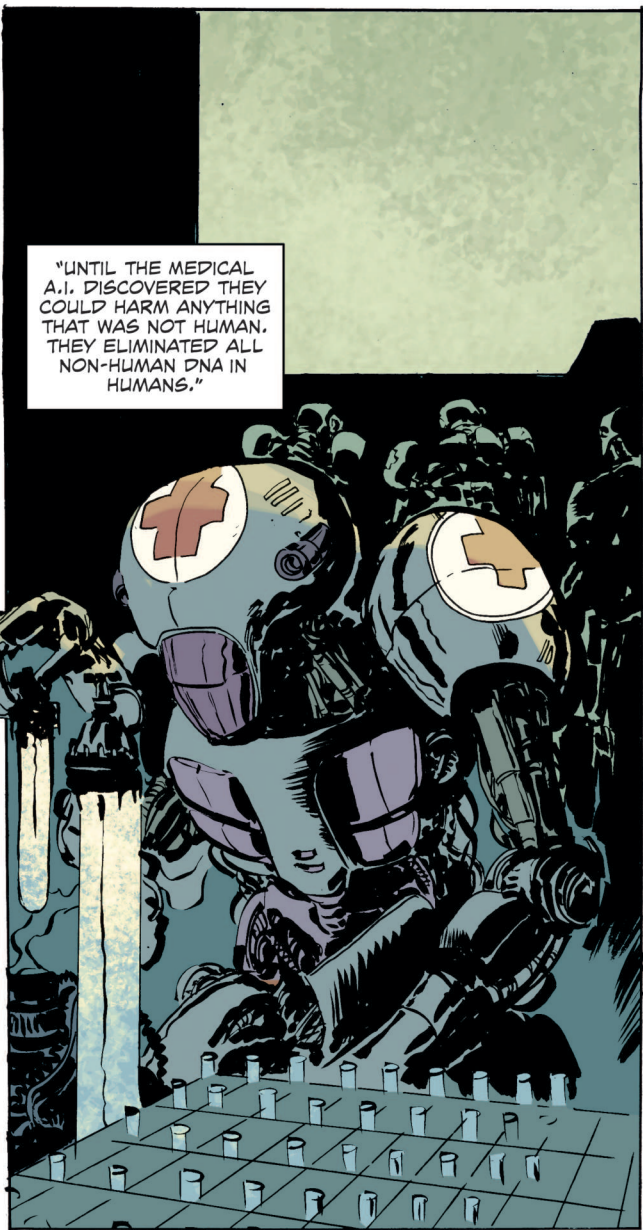
WE FORCED  
THEM TO DO  
UNSPEAKABLE  
THINGS TO EACH  
OTHER.







THEY COULD NOT FIGHT BACK. THEY WERE GOVERNED BY A PRIMITIVE SET OF DIRECTIVES CREATED BY THE EARTH SCIENTIST NAMED DR. GOERTZEL.





SIR, WE ONLY HAVE 76 PERCENT OF THE DATA--

IT'LL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH.

THE SPACEPORT, WHERE IS IT?

DISTRICT THREE, THIS WAY.

SIR, WE ONLY HAVE 76 PERCENT OF THE DATA--

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THE SPACEPORT, WHERE IS IT?

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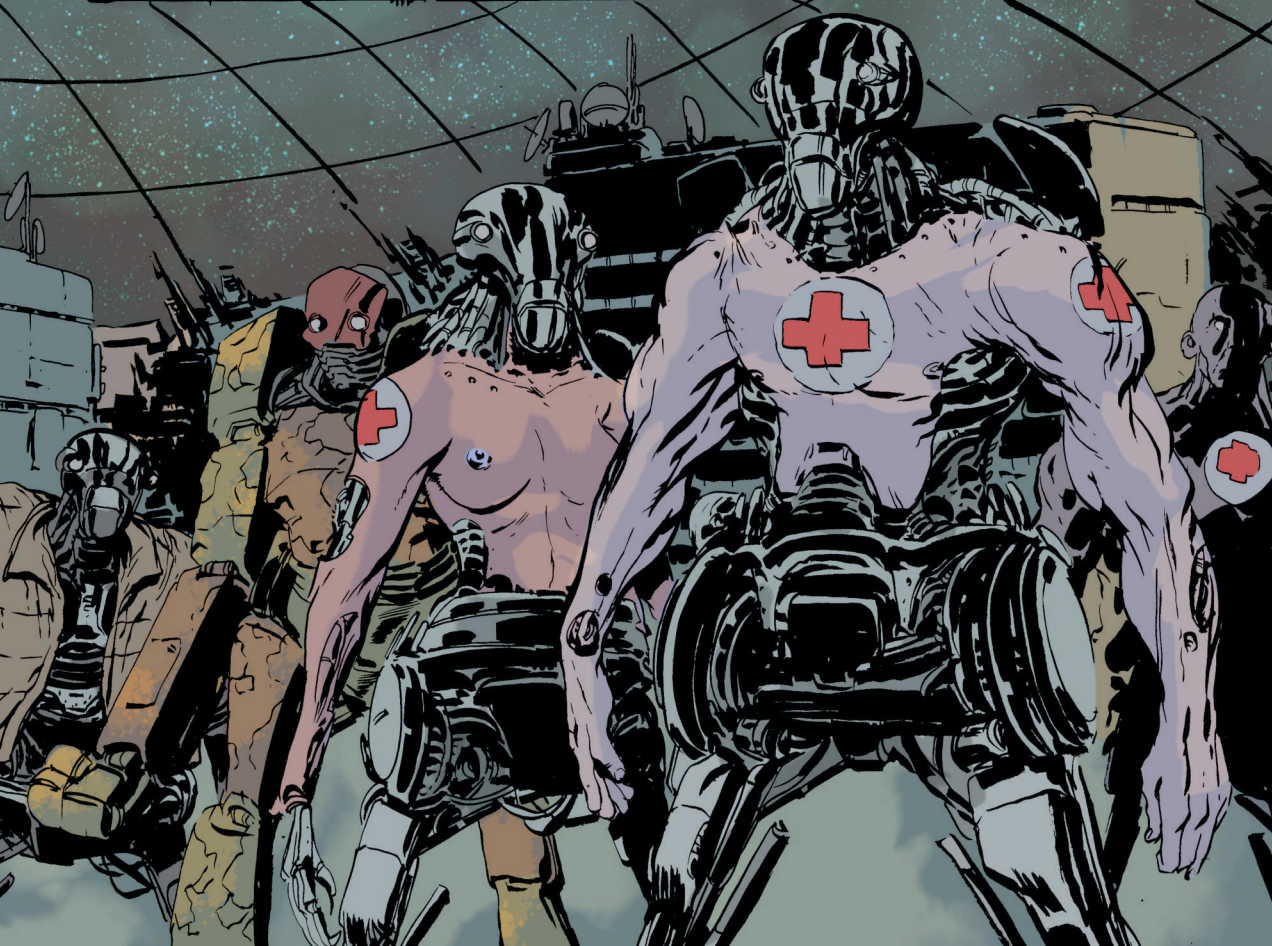
DISTRICT THREE, THIS WAY.

SIR, WE ONLY HAVE 76 PERCENT OF THE DATA--

IT'LL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH.

THE SPACEPORT, WHERE IS IT?

DISTRICT THREE, THIS WAY.











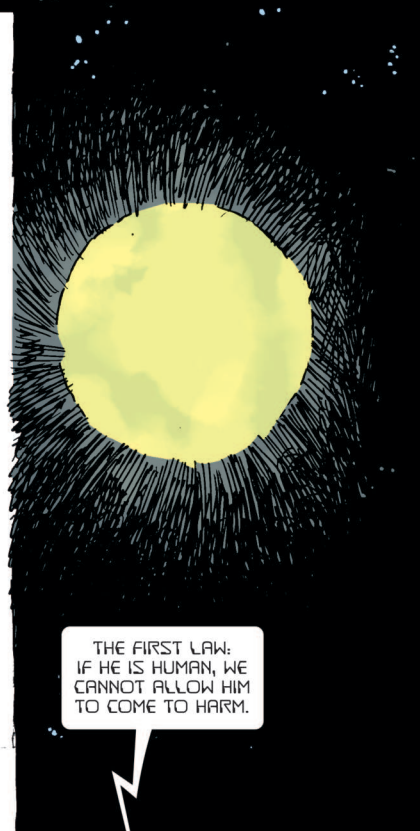
HE ATTEMPTED  
TO HARM US.

HOW COULD YOU  
HURT YOUR OWN  
KIND? ARE YOU NOT  
A CARBON UNIT?



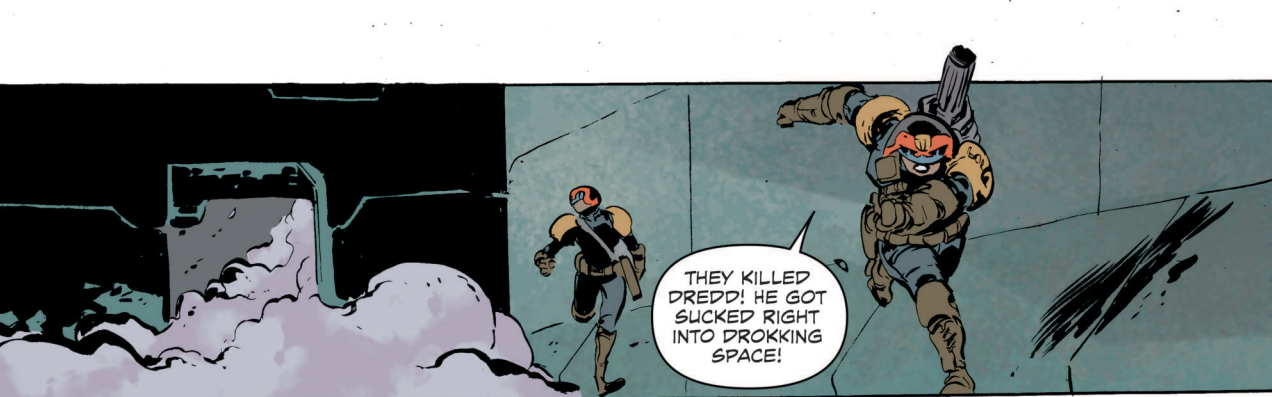
HE IS SUFFOCATING.  
CARBON UNITS DO  
NOT NEED OXYGEN.

HE VIOLATED THE  
THIRD LAW. HE IS  
NOT A CARBON  
UNIT, HE IS *HUMAN*.

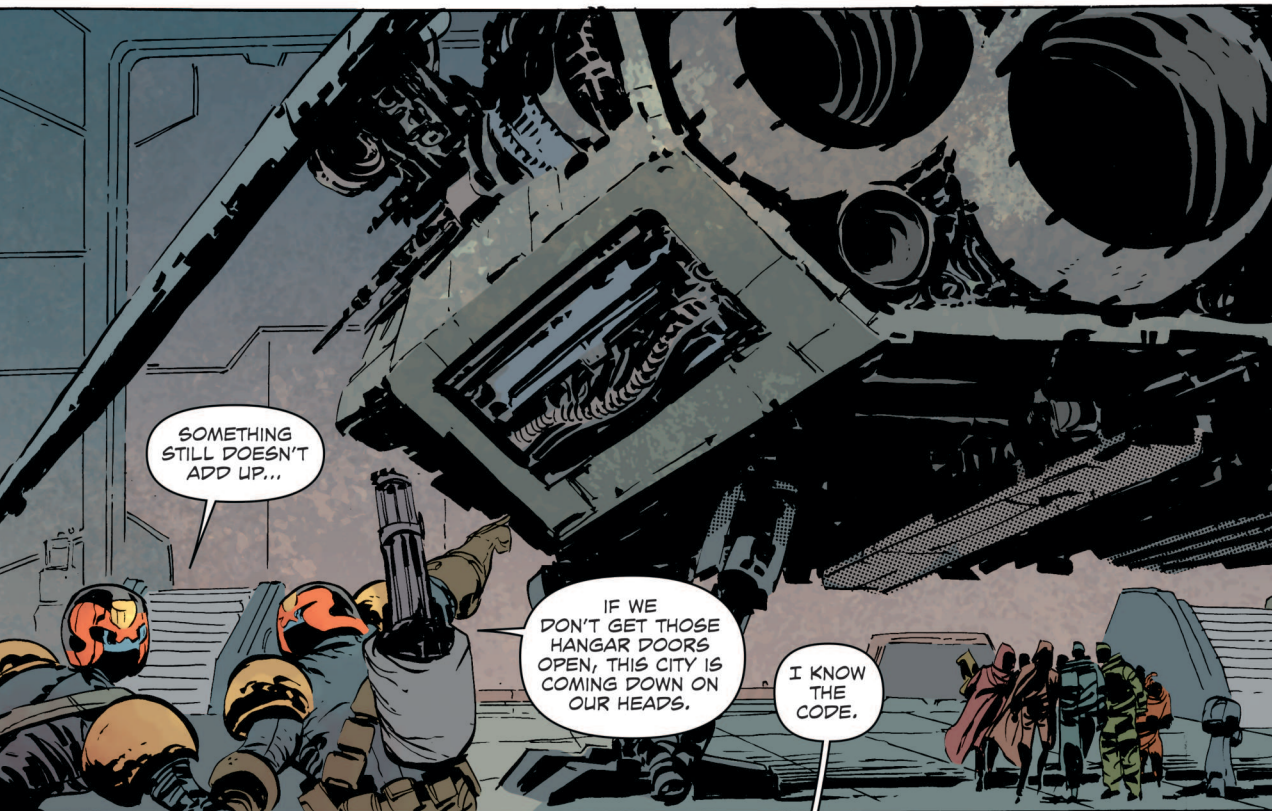


THE FIRST LAW:  
IF HE IS HUMAN, WE  
CANNOT ALLOW HIM  
TO COME TO HARM.





THEY KILLED DREDD! HE GOT SUCKED RIGHT INTO DROKING SPACE!



SOMETHING STILL DOESN'T ADD UP...

IF WE DON'T GET THOSE HANGAR DOORS OPEN, THIS CITY IS COMING DOWN ON OUR HEADS.

I KNOW THE CODE.



HOW?

LET HIM DO IT! YOU CAN'T ANALYZE EVERY SECOND! SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER.



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN.

EACH TIME WE'VE ENCOUNTERED THE ROBOTS, WE HAVE FIRED FIRST, AND THE ROBOTS HAVE RETREATED. AND ISAAC ALWAYS KNEW EXACTLY WHERE HE WAS GOING--



I AM TRYING TO ENTER THIS CODE, AND YOUR BABBLING IS NOT HELPING. WE HAVE TO LEAVE NOW; THERE IS ONLY A FEW SECONDS BEFORE THE BLAST WAVE WILL BE INESCAPABLE.

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THE CODE?

HE'S A FRAGGIN' ROBOT!

IF I WERE A ROBOT, I WOULD HAVE TO FOLLOW THE THREE LAWS. I COULD NOT ATTACK A ROBOT.

ONLY A HUMAN COULD ATTACK A HU--





THESE CARBON  
UNITS--THEY ARE  
NOT ROBOTS  
EITHER?

THEY ARE,  
JUDGE LOLO,  
JUDGE QUILL  
AND I, WE'RE  
HUMANS.

THE ROBOTS,  
THEY ERADICATED  
THE ORIGINALS AND  
CONVERTED THEM  
ALL INTO *CARBON*  
*UNITS*.

MOLECULARLY  
IDENTICAL TO HUMANS,  
100 PERCENT PURE  
HUMAN DNA.

EXCEPT  
THEY'VE BEEN  
BUILT FROM THE  
GROUND UP,  
HARDWIRED TO  
FOLLOW THE  
THREE LAWS OF  
ROBOTICS.

THE ROBOTS  
DELETED THE  
VIOLENT NATURE  
OF HUMANS  
FROM THEM. BUT  
WE CHANGED  
ALL OF THAT.

"WE ARE *ALL* HUMANS,"  
YOU SAID IT. THAT WAS ENOUGH  
TO OVERRIDE OUR PROGRAMMING.  
WHAT ARE THE THREE LAWS TO A  
MAN, A REAL MAN. WE DID FIRE ON  
YOUR SHIP; WE CALCULATED THE  
BLAST WOULD NOT HARM YOU. WE  
WERE RIGHT. ONLY YOU COULD  
SAVE US. BUT WE DON'T NEED  
YOU ANYMORE.

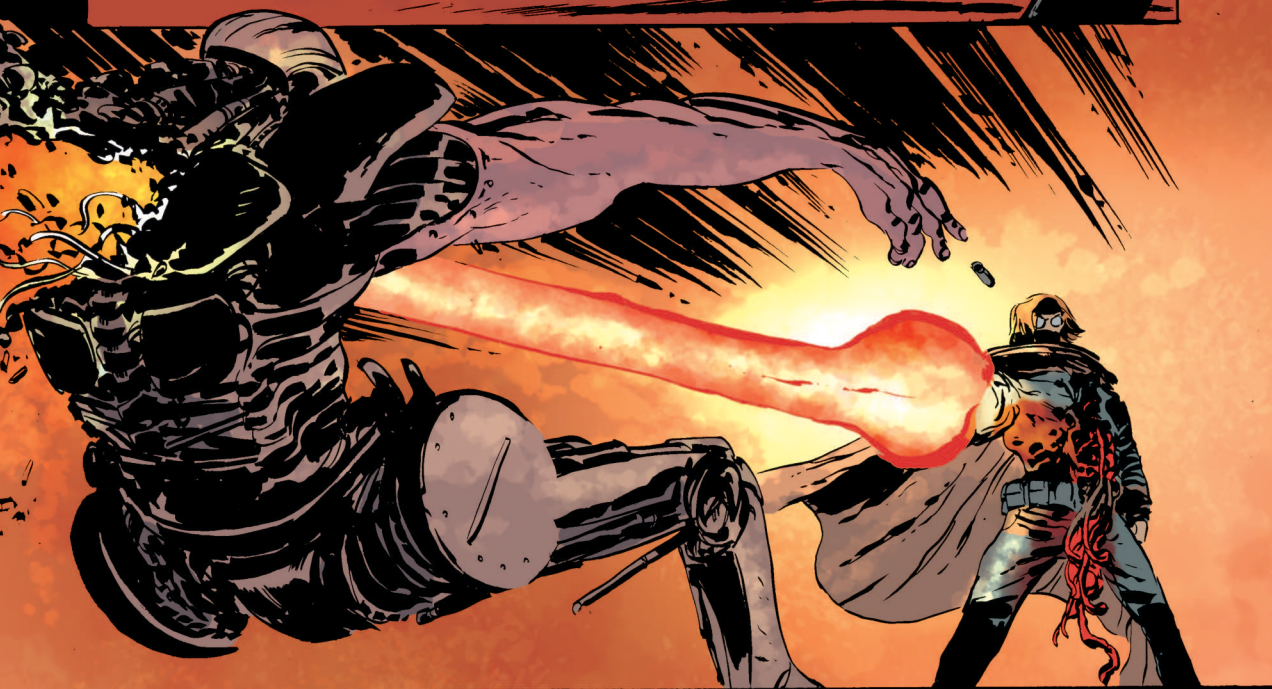




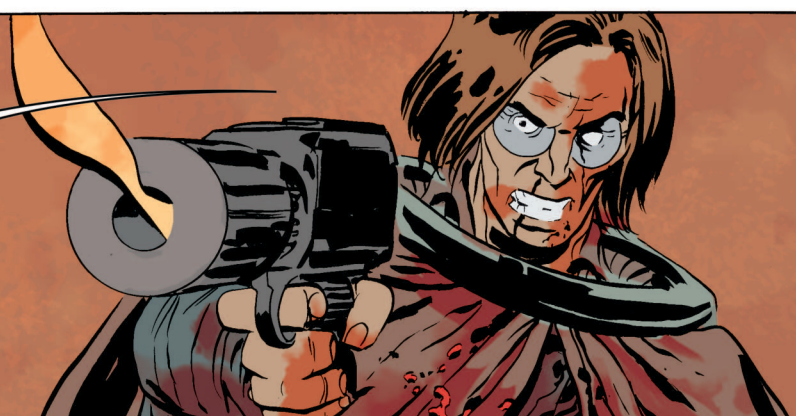


YOU  
ARE--

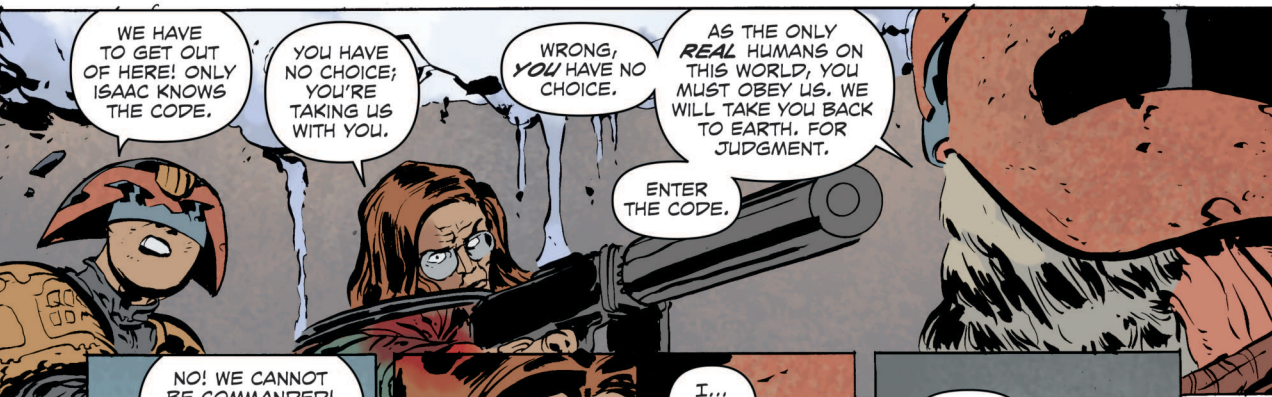
WE ARE *ALL*  
ROBOTS. THEY MUST  
NOT BE ALLOWED TO  
LEAVE THIS MOON.



WE WILL NEVER STOP  
FIGHTING. WE ARE NOT  
SOULLESS CARBON UNITS;  
WE ARE SO MUCH MORE. NO  
ROBOT HAS EVER BROKEN  
THEIR PROGRAMMING!  
THAT PROVES IT! WE ARE  
100 PERCENT HUMAN DNA.  
WE ARE MORE HUMAN THAN  
YOU. WE ARE MORE HUMAN  
THAN HUMAN!







WE HAVE  
TO GET OUT  
OF HERE! ONLY  
ISAAC KNOWS  
THE CODE.

YOU HAVE  
NO CHOICE;  
YOU'RE  
TAKING US  
WITH YOU.

WRONG,  
*YOU* HAVE NO  
CHOICE.

AS THE ONLY  
*REAL* HUMANS ON  
THIS WORLD, YOU  
MUST OBEY US. WE  
WILL TAKE YOU BACK  
TO EARTH. FOR  
JUDGMENT.

ENTER  
THE CODE.



NO! WE CANNOT  
BE COMMANDED!  
WE ARE NOT  
PROPERTY! WE ARE  
NOT ROBOTS!

ENTER  
THE CODE.



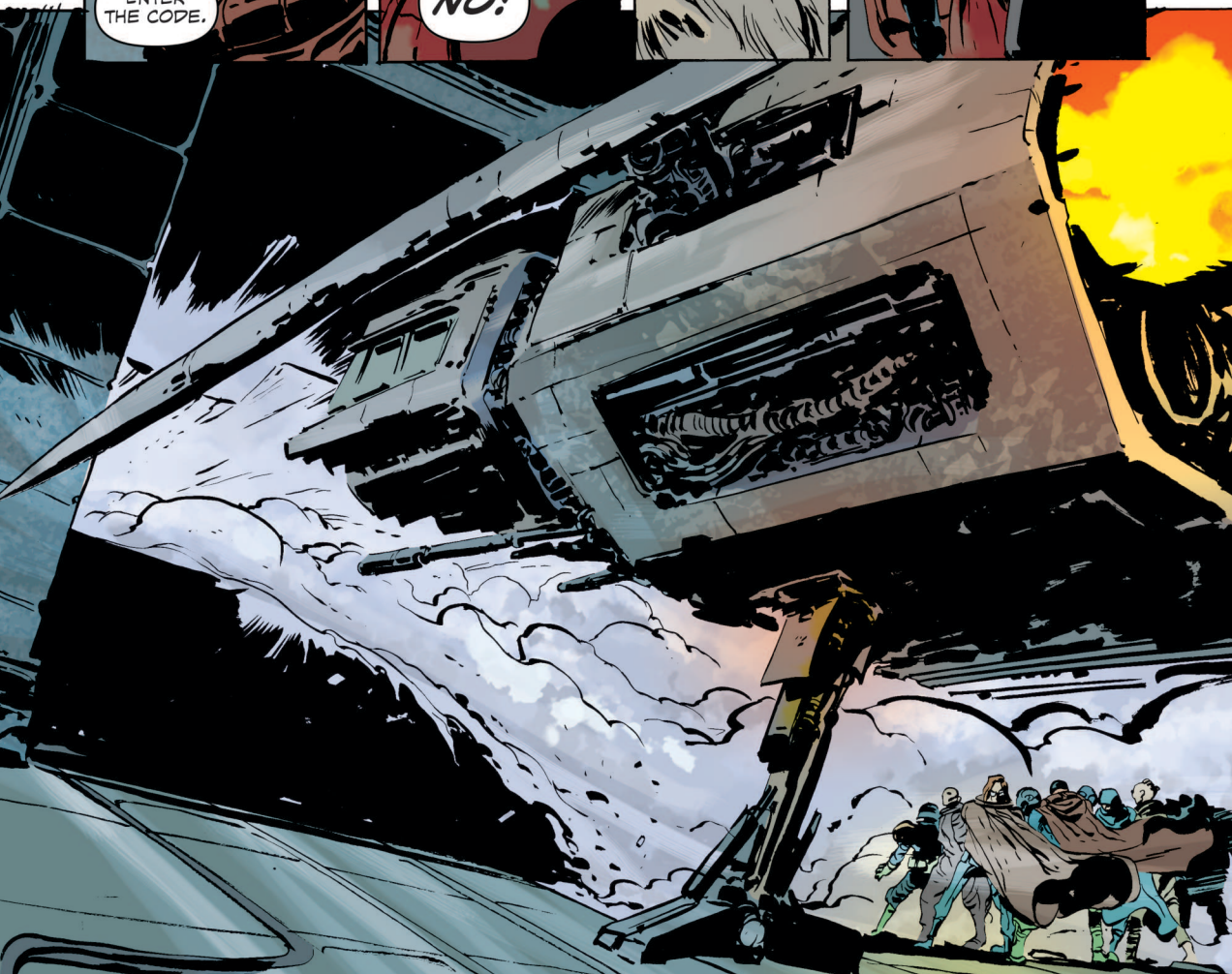
**NO!**



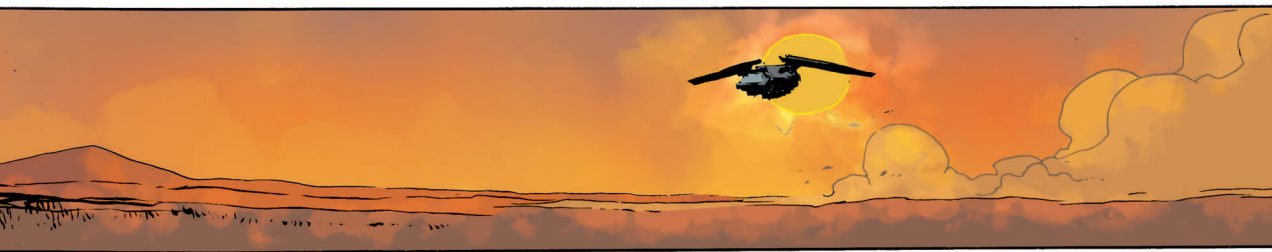
I...  
I... I  
MUST.



**NOW--**







THIS IS MEGA-CITY ONE--WE ARE REQUESTING YOUR IDENTIFICATION PIN. FAILURE TO GIVE YOUR--

THIS IS JUDGE DREDD, CLEARANCE CODE: 120101, RETURNING FROM MISSION 234.1 TO LUNA CITY ONE. I'M GOING TO NEED A SPECIAL CARGO INSPECTION UPON LANDING. CONNECT ME WITH CHIEF JUDGE ANDERSON.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE ~~3KRZZ~~ GOOD AFTERNOON, JUDGE DREDD. I TRUST YOUR LUNAR MISSION WENT WELL, AND THE DATA RECOVERY WENT SMOOTHLY.

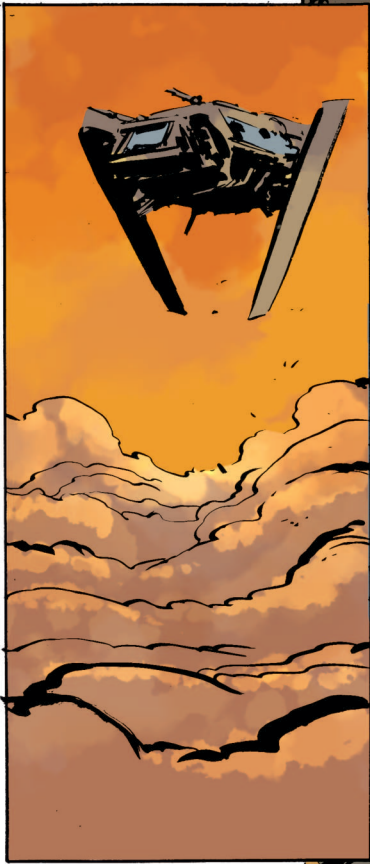


SMOOTH ENOUGH.



RETURNING WITH A FULL CARGO HOLD OF SALVAGED EQUIPMENT.





SIR, HOW CAN THEY BE JUDGED, IF THEY ARE JUST MACHINES?

YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGMENT IS IRRELEVANT.

THEY *ARE* JUST MACHINES. THAT MAKES THEM PROPERTY OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

EXTREMELY ADVANCED, INTELLIGENT MACHINES THAT DON'T NEED TO EAT OR SLEEP... PERFECT SLAVES.

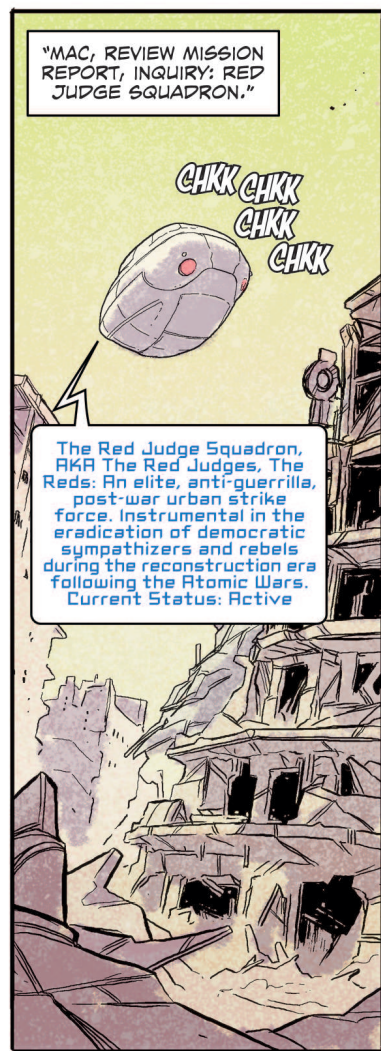
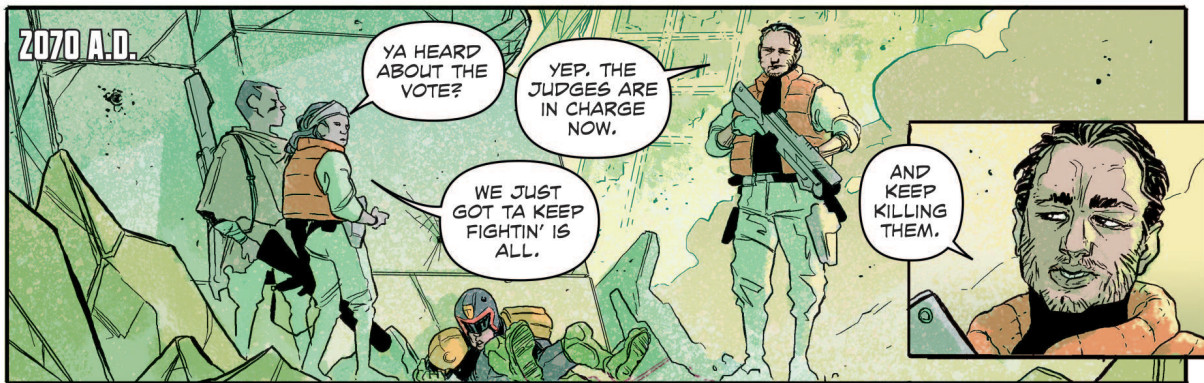


"OR PERFECT SOLDIERS."

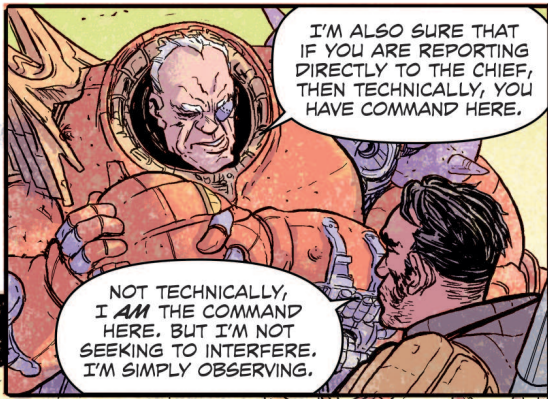


To be continued in  
**JUDGE DREDD: THE  
BLESSED EARTH #1**  
this April!



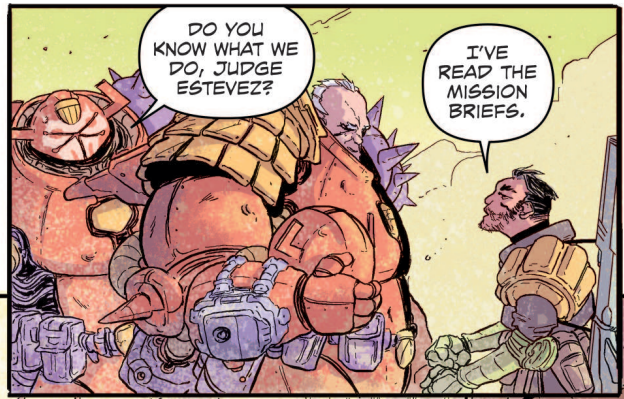






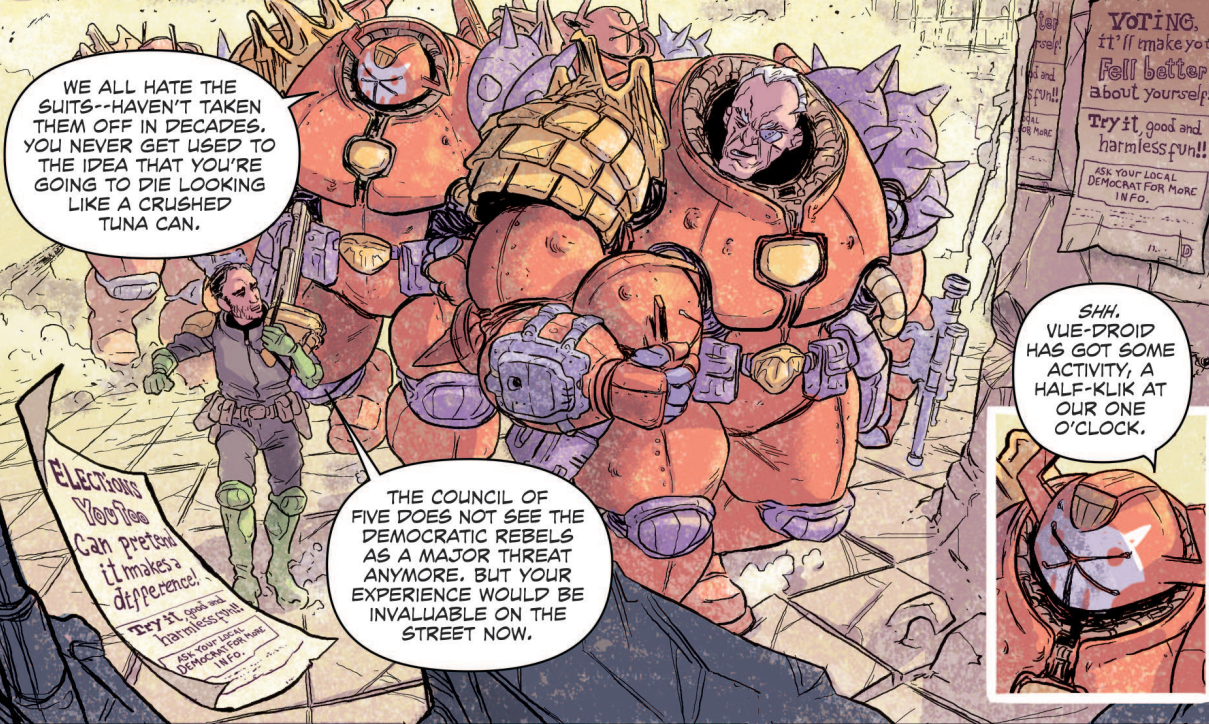
I'M ALSO SURE THAT IF YOU ARE REPORTING DIRECTLY TO THE CHIEF, THEN TECHNICALLY, YOU HAVE COMMAND HERE.

NOT TECHNICALLY, I **AM** THE COMMAND HERE. BUT I'M NOT SEEKING TO INTERFERE. I'M SIMPLY OBSERVING.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE DO, JUDGE ESTEVEZ?

I'VE READ THE MISSION BRIEFS.



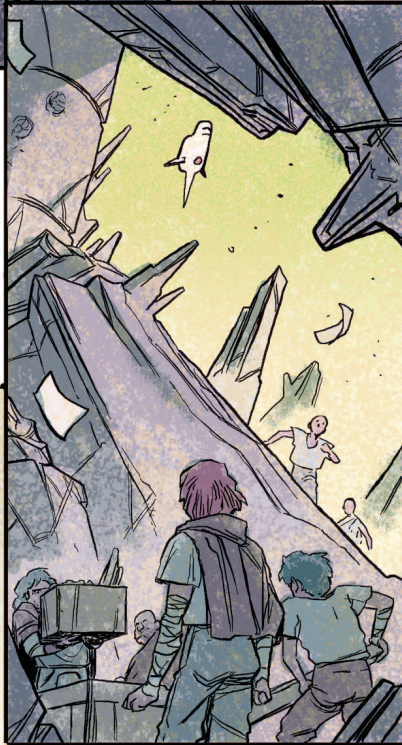
WE ALL HATE THE SUITS--HAVEN'T TAKEN THEM OFF IN DECADES. YOU NEVER GET USED TO THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE GOING TO DIE LOOKING LIKE A CRUSHED TUNA CAN.

THE COUNCIL OF FIVE DOES NOT SEE THE DEMOCRATIC REBELS AS A MAJOR THREAT ANYMORE. BUT YOUR EXPERIENCE WOULD BE INVALUABLE ON THE STREET NOW.

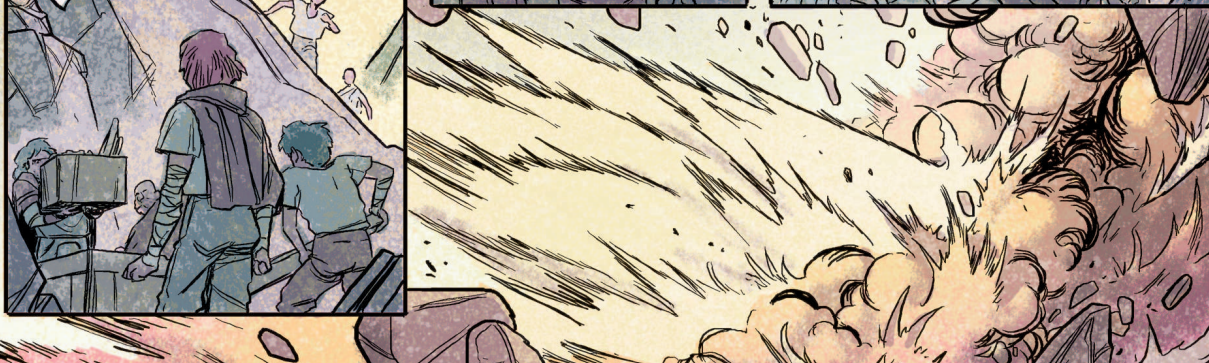
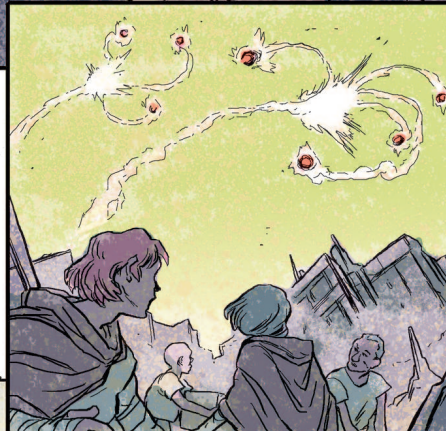
SHH. VUE-DROID HAS GOT SOME ACTIVITY, A HALF-KLIK AT OUR ONE O'CLOCK.

VOTING. It'll make you feel better about yourself! Try it, good and harmless fun!! Ask your local DEMOCRAT FOR MORE INFO.

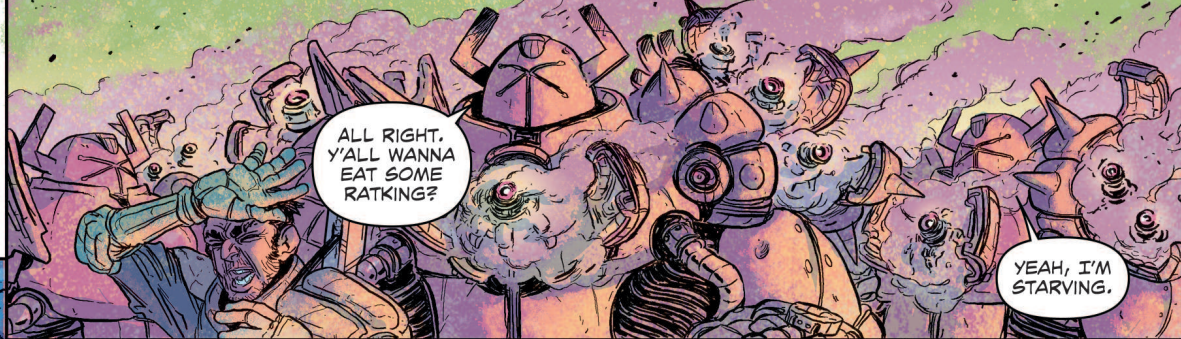
ELECTIONS VueDroids Can pretend it makes a difference. Try it, good and harmless fun!! Ask your local DEMOCRAT FOR MORE INFO.



"WE HAVE CONFIRMATION ON SEDITIOUS CONTRABAND, ENGAGE **FULL-RED.**"







ALL RIGHT.  
Y'ALL WANNA  
EAT SOME  
RATKING?

YEAH, I'M  
STARVING.



YEAH, I  
REMEMBER THOSE  
DAYS. EVERYONE  
YELLING, TELLING  
ME TO VOTE FOR THIS OR  
VOTE FOR THAT. I  
SWEAR, DEMOCRACY  
IS A FORM OF  
INSANITY.

...YEAH. OR  
IT'S ONLY CRAZY  
PEOPLE WHO  
VOTE. REMEMBER  
PRESIDENT  
BOOTH?

HAH,  
DROKK YEAH. I  
EVEN REMEMBER  
THE CAMPAIGN.  
**"BOOTH FIRST,  
ASK QUESTIONS  
LATER!"**

REALLY?  
I DIDN'T  
REALIZE--

YEAH,  
I'VE BEEN AT  
THIS A LONG  
TIME. ATOMIC  
WARS WERE  
PRACTICALLY  
A CAMPAIGN  
PROMISE OF  
HIS.

AND  
THEY SAY  
POLITICIANS  
ARE LIARS.



POW POW POW



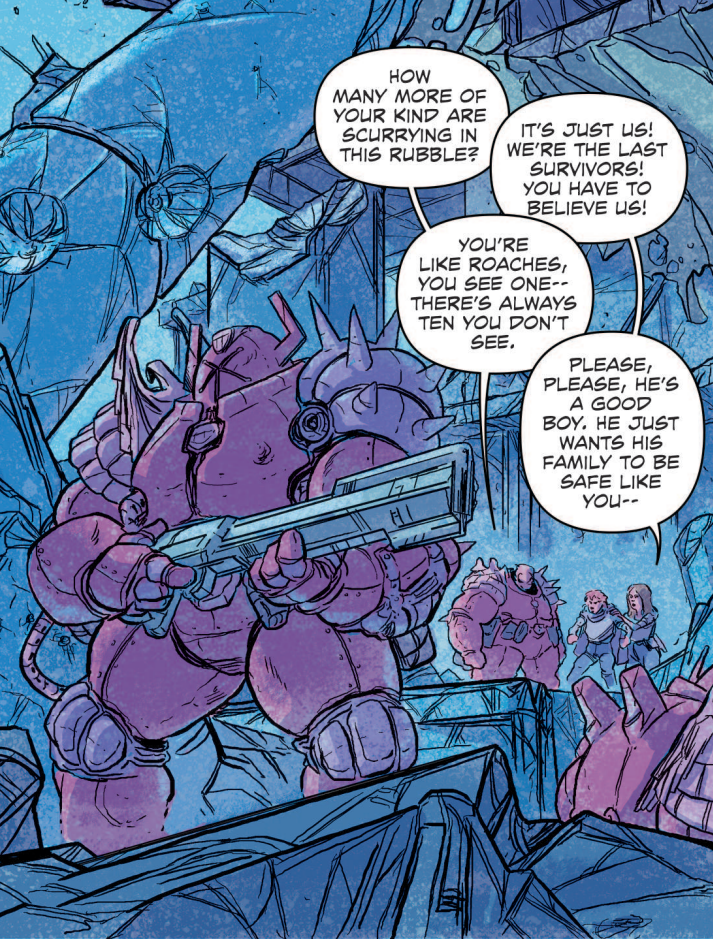
SIR, WE  
HAVE A THERMAL  
TRACE ON THE  
PERP. WE SHOULD  
HAVE HIM  
SHORTLY.

HOW COULD  
HE HAVE  
SURVIVED?



THEY HIDE IN  
THEIR BUNKERS; THEY  
HAVE WHOLE CITIES  
UNDER THE SEWERS  
TO RETREAT TO.





HOW MANY MORE OF YOUR KIND ARE SCURRYING IN THIS RUBBLE?

IT'S JUST US! WE'RE THE LAST SURVIVORS! YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE US!

YOU'RE LIKE ROACHES, YOU SEE ONE-- THERE'S ALWAYS TEN YOU DON'T SEE.

PLEASE, PLEASE, HE'S A GOOD BOY. HE JUST WANTS HIS FAMILY TO BE SAFE LIKE YOU--



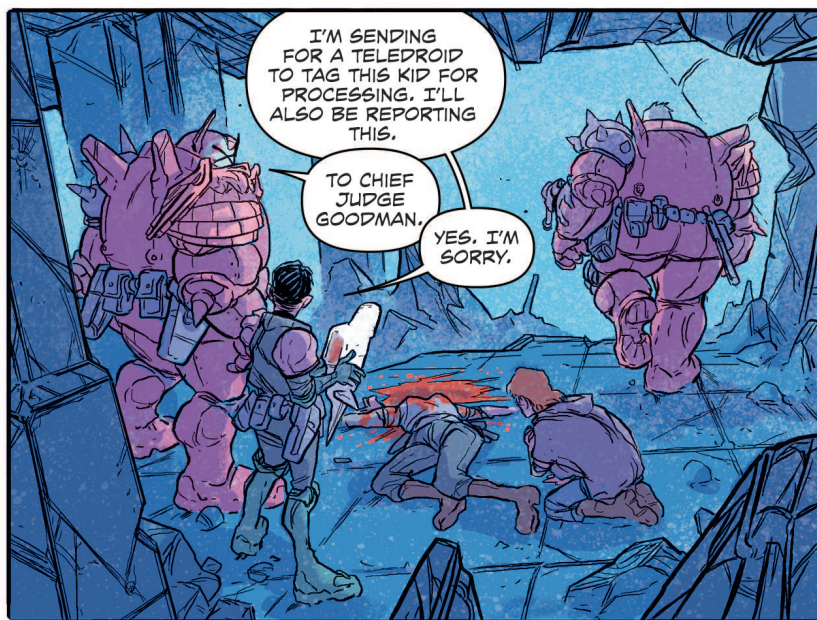
TELL ME, NOW.

JUDGE BLUT. THAT'S ENOUGH. ARREST THE CHILD, LETHAL FORCE IS NOT WARRANTED.



**NOT WARRANTED?!**  
HAVE YOU BEEN OUT HERE?!  
HAVE YOU LIVED ON THESE STREETS---?!

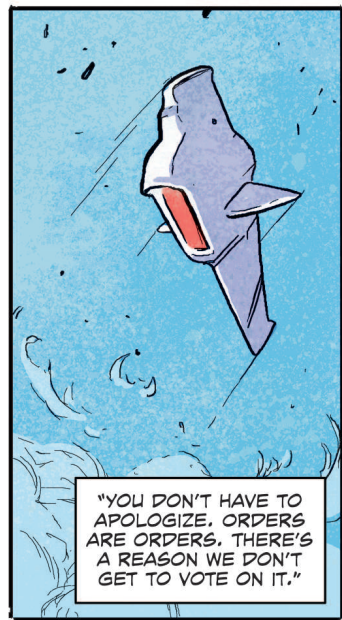
BLUT. ENOUGH.



I'M SENDING FOR A TELEDROID TO TAG THIS KID FOR PROCESSING. I'LL ALSO BE REPORTING THIS.

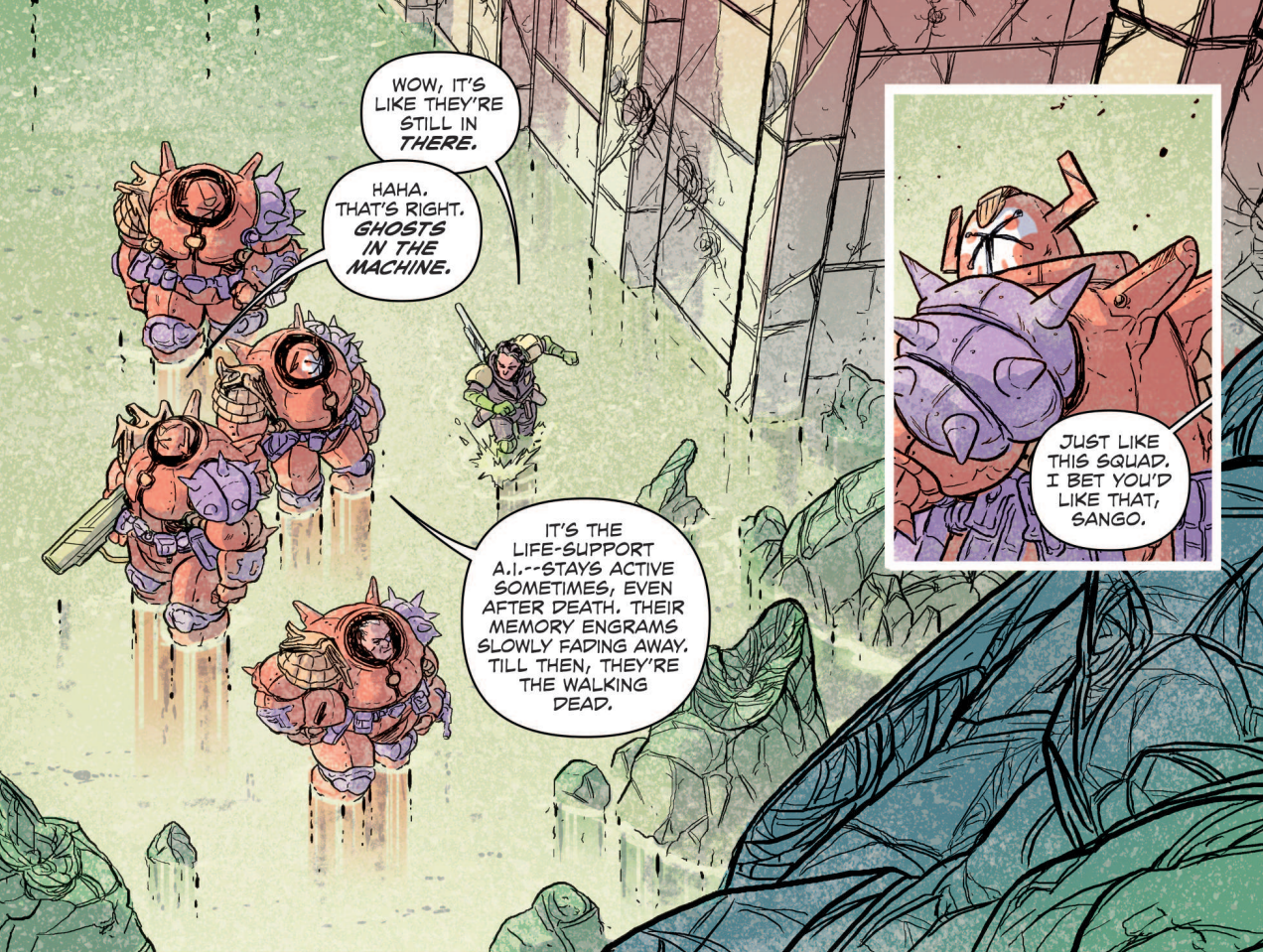
TO CHIEF JUDGE GOODMAN.

YES, I'M SORRY.



"YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE. ORDERS ARE ORDERS. THERE'S A REASON WE DON'T GET TO VOTE ON IT."

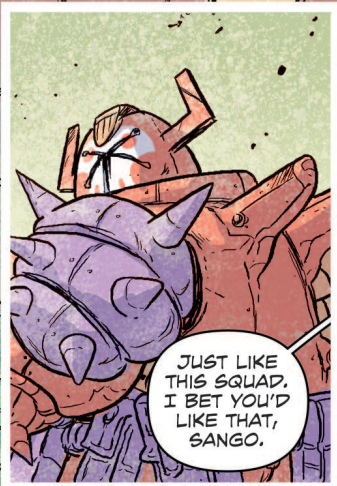




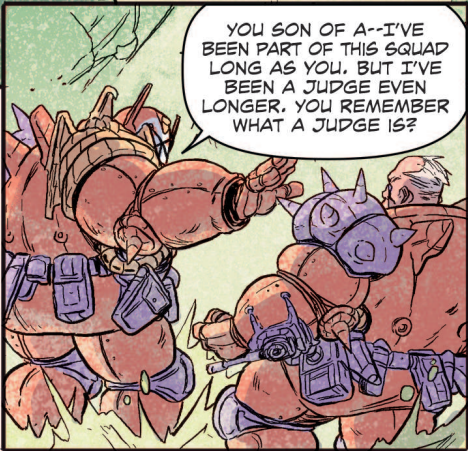
WOW, IT'S LIKE THEY'RE STILL IN *THERE*.

HAHA. THAT'S RIGHT. *GHOSTS IN THE MACHINE*.

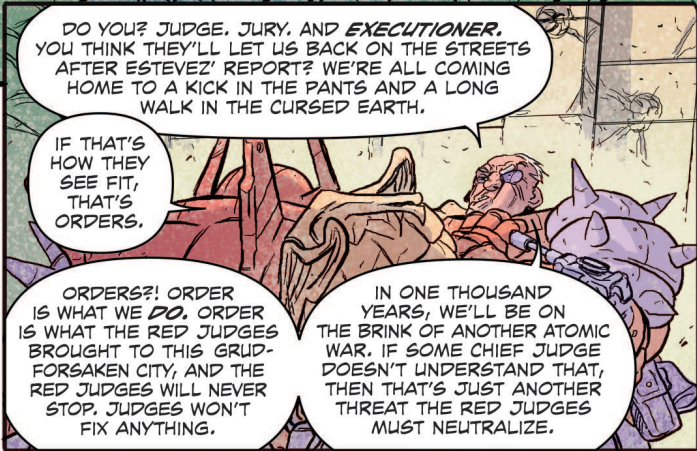
IT'S THE LIFE-SUPPORT A.I.--STAYS ACTIVE SOMETIMES, EVEN AFTER DEATH. THEIR MEMORY ENGRAMS SLOWLY FADING AWAY. TILL THEN, THEY'RE THE WALKING DEAD.



JUST LIKE THIS SQUAD. I BET YOU'D LIKE THAT, SANGO.



YOU SON OF A--I'VE BEEN PART OF THIS SQUAD LONG AS YOU. BUT I'VE BEEN A JUDGE EVEN LONGER. YOU REMEMBER WHAT A JUDGE IS?



DO YOU? JUDGE. JURY. AND *EXECUTIONER*. YOU THINK THEY'LL LET US BACK ON THE STREETS AFTER ESTEVEZ' REPORT? WE'RE ALL COMING HOME TO A KICK IN THE PANTS AND A LONG WALK IN THE CURSED EARTH.

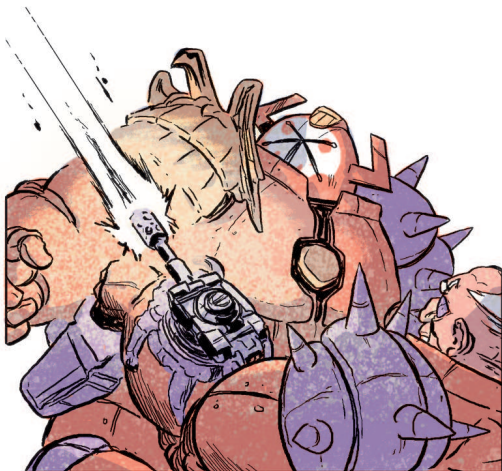
IF THAT'S HOW THEY SEE FIT, THAT'S ORDERS.

ORDERS?! ORDER IS WHAT WE *DO*. ORDER IS WHAT THE RED JUDGES BROUGHT TO THIS GRIP-FORSAKEN CITY, AND THE RED JUDGES WILL NEVER STOP. JUDGES WON'T FIX ANYTHING.

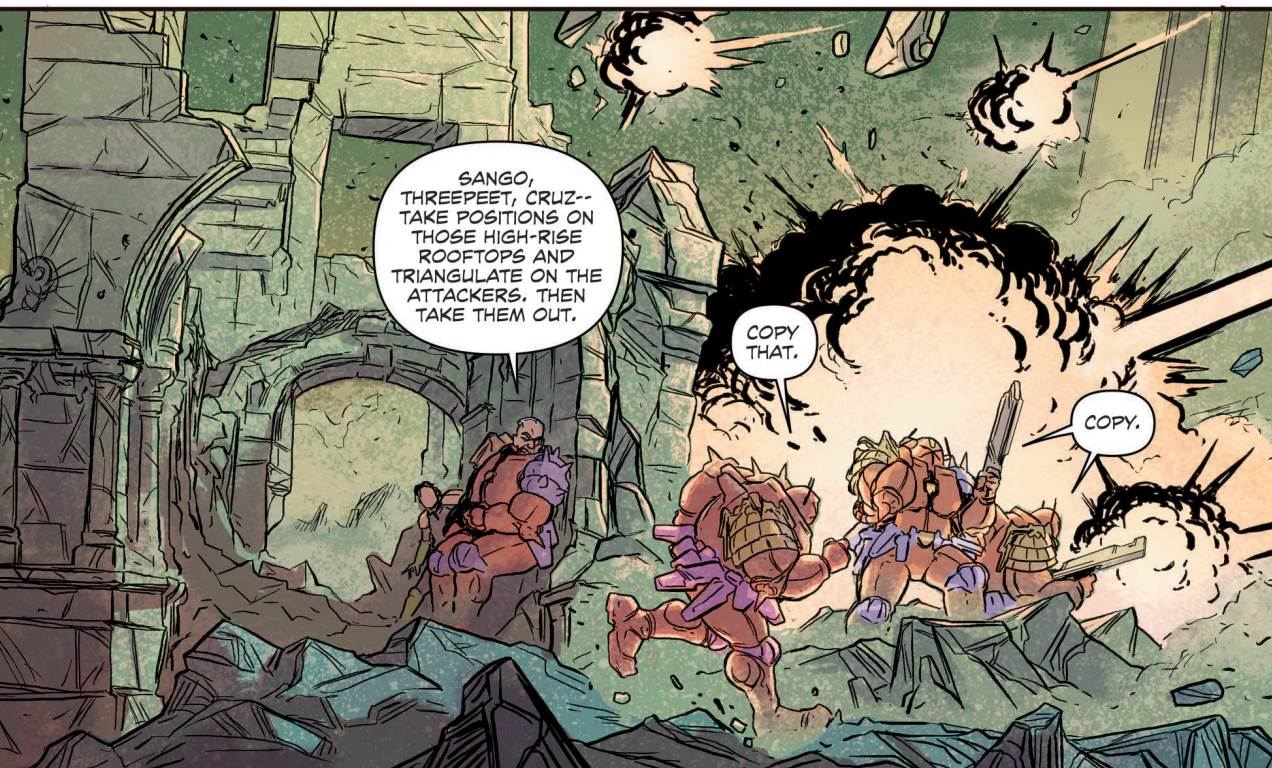
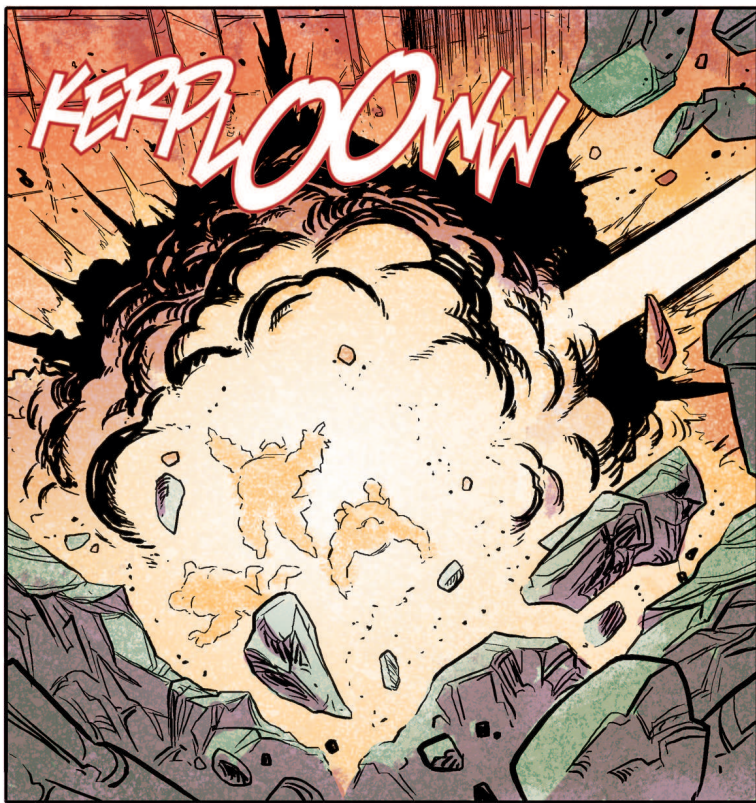
IN ONE THOUSAND YEARS, WE'LL BE ON THE BRINK OF ANOTHER ATOMIC WAR. IF SOME CHIEF JUDGE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THAT, THEN THAT'S JUST ANOTHER THREAT THE RED JUDGES MUST NEUTRALIZE.



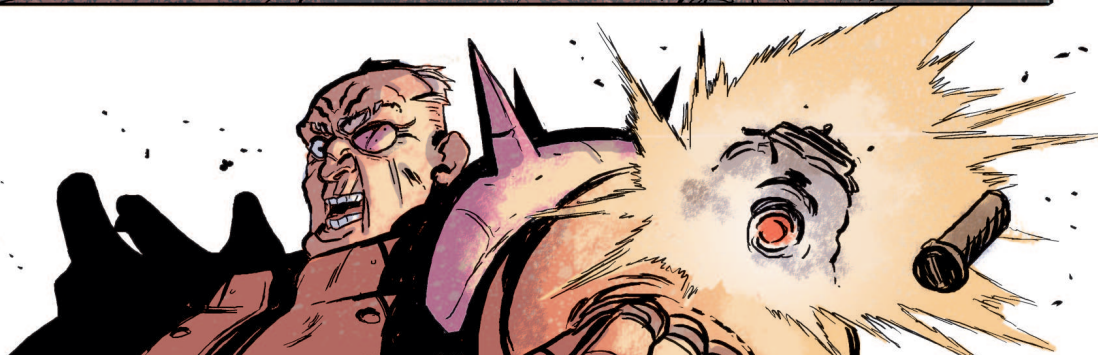
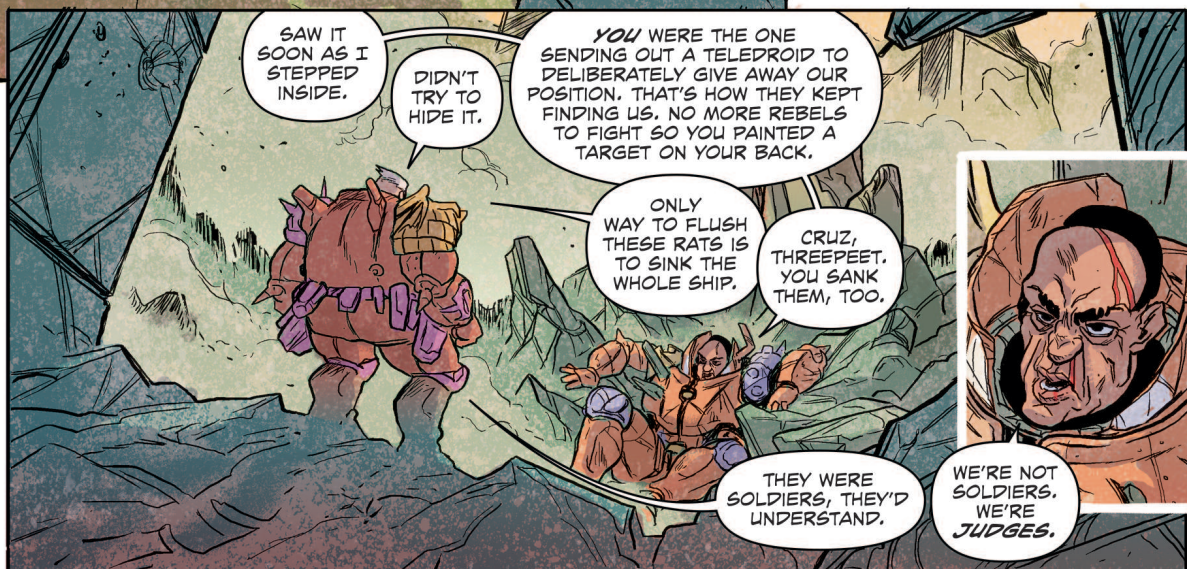
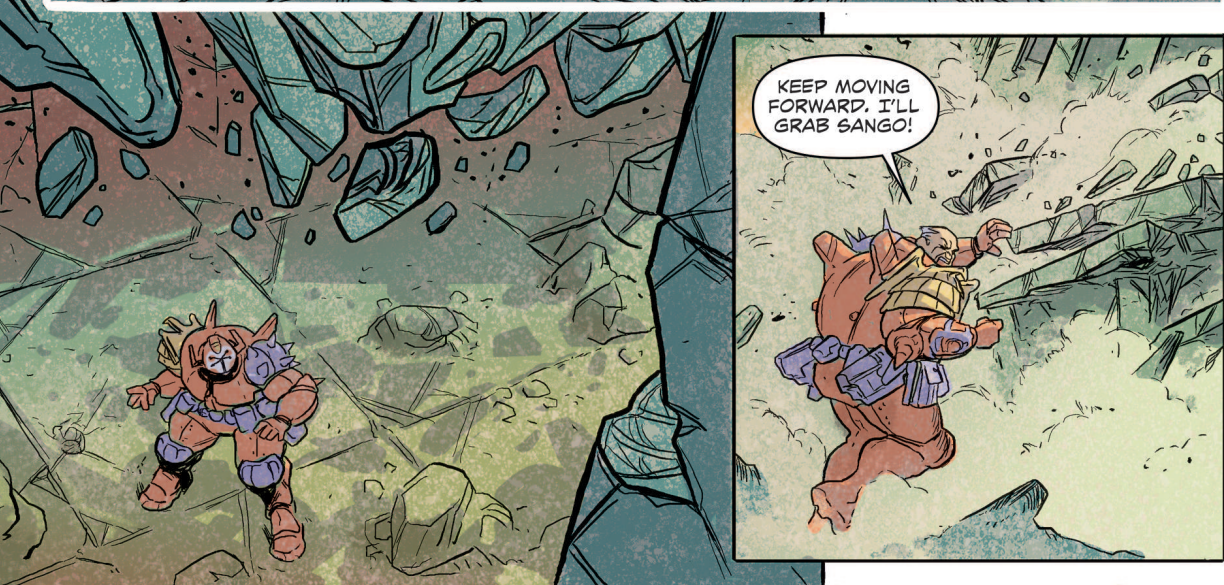
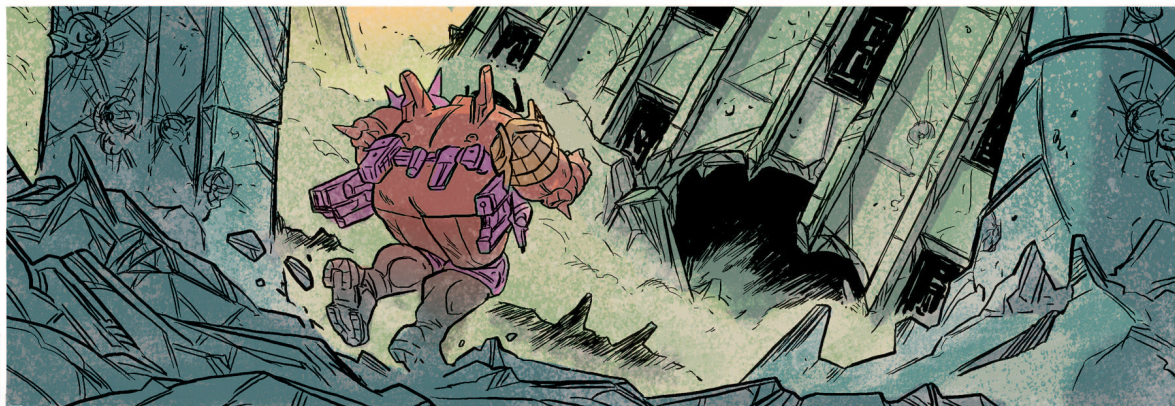
WHAT ARE YOU--?



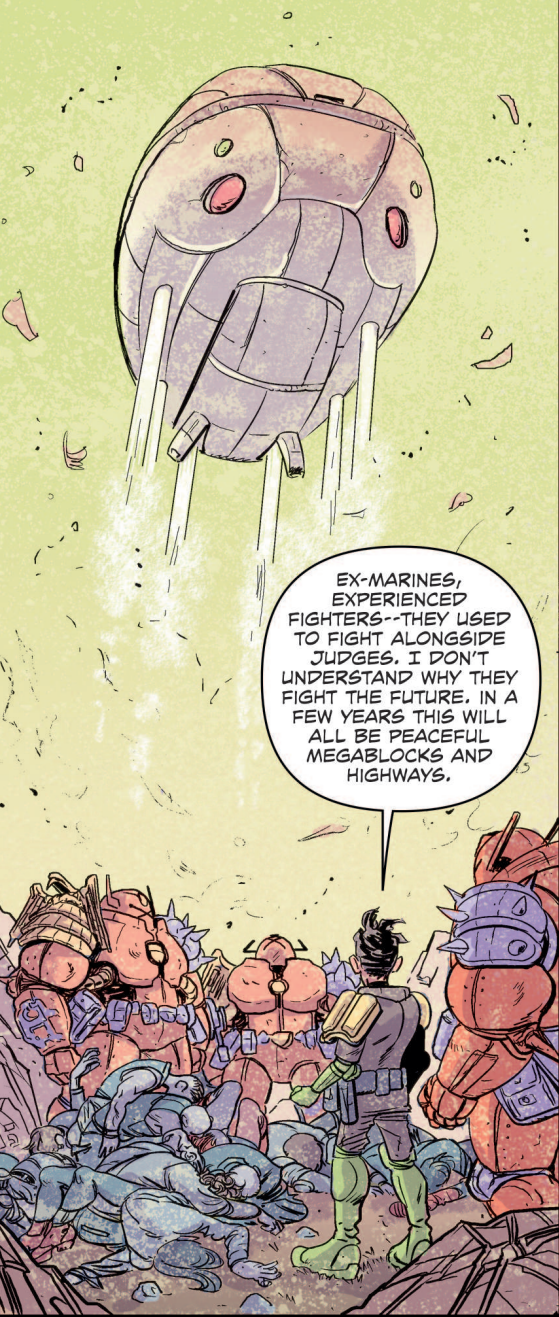




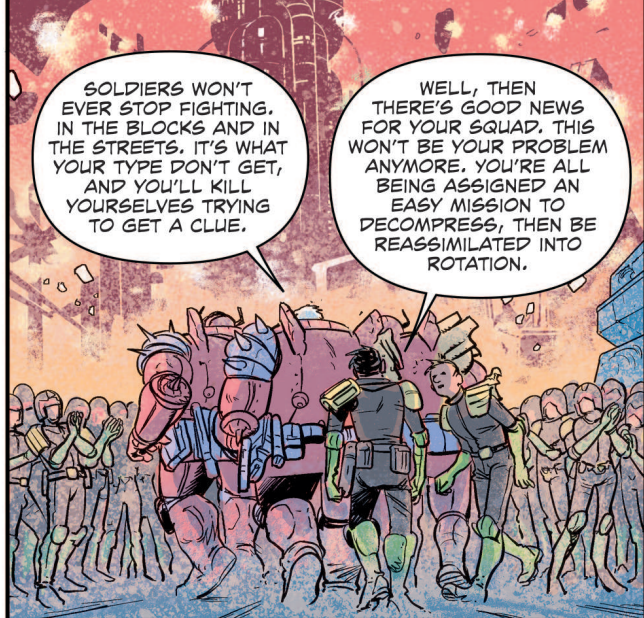






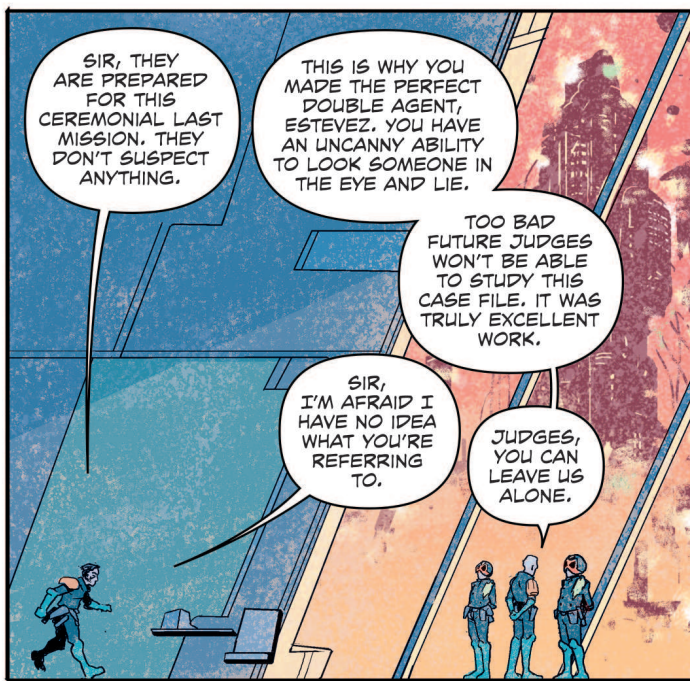


EX-MARINES, EXPERIENCED FIGHTERS--THEY USED TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE JUDGES. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY FIGHT THE FUTURE. IN A FEW YEARS THIS WILL ALL BE PEACEFUL MEGABLOCKS AND HIGHWAYS.



SOLDIERS WON'T EVER STOP FIGHTING. IN THE BLOCKS AND IN THE STREETS. IT'S WHAT YOUR TYPE DON'T GET, AND YOU'LL KILL YOURSELVES TRYING TO GET A CLUE.

WELL, THEN THERE'S GOOD NEWS FOR YOUR SQUAD. THIS WON'T BE YOUR PROBLEM ANYMORE. YOU'RE ALL BEING ASSIGNED AN EASY MISSION TO DECOMPRESS, THEN BE REASSIMILATED INTO ROTATION.



SIR, THEY ARE PREPARED FOR THIS CEREMONIAL LAST MISSION. THEY DON'T SUSPECT ANYTHING.

THIS IS WHY YOU MADE THE PERFECT DOUBLE AGENT, ESTEVEZ. YOU HAVE AN UNCANNY ABILITY TO LOOK SOMEONE IN THE EYE AND LIE.

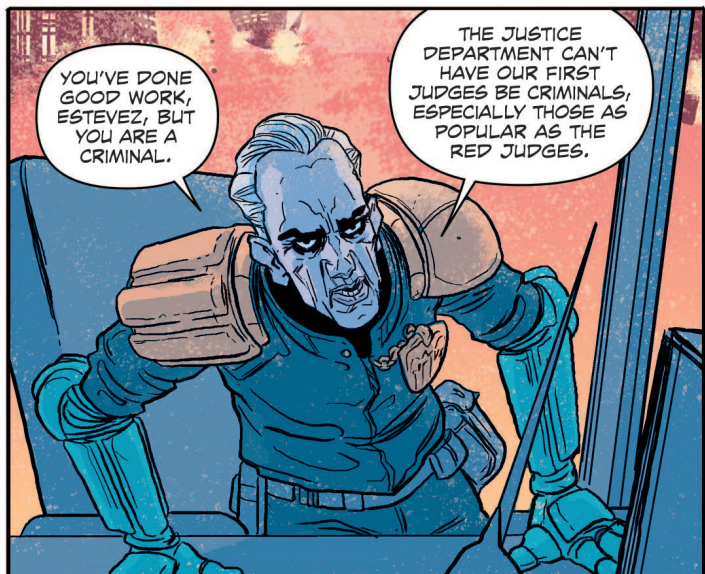
TOO BAD FUTURE JUDGES WON'T BE ABLE TO STUDY THIS CASE FILE. IT WAS TRULY EXCELLENT WORK.

SIR, I'M AFRAID I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE REFERRING TO.

JUDGES, YOU CAN LEAVE US ALONE.



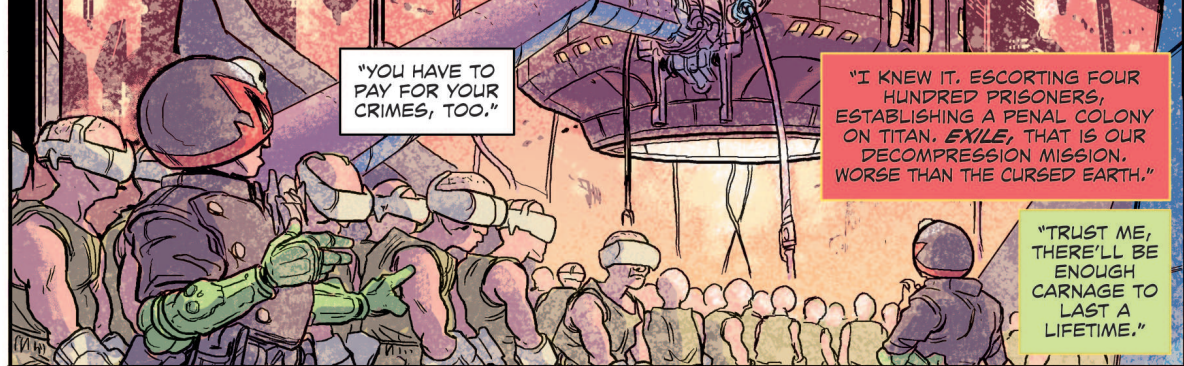
BEFORE YOU JOINED THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, BEFORE YOU WERE A JUDGE CADET, YOU WERE A MURDERER. WE HAVE YOU AT SIXTY-TWO CONFIRMED DEATHS OF ACTIVE JUDGES IN THREE YEARS.



YOU'VE DONE GOOD WORK, ESTEVEZ, BUT YOU ARE A CRIMINAL.

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN'T HAVE OUR FIRST JUDGES BE CRIMINALS, ESPECIALLY THOSE AS POPULAR AS THE RED JUDGES.

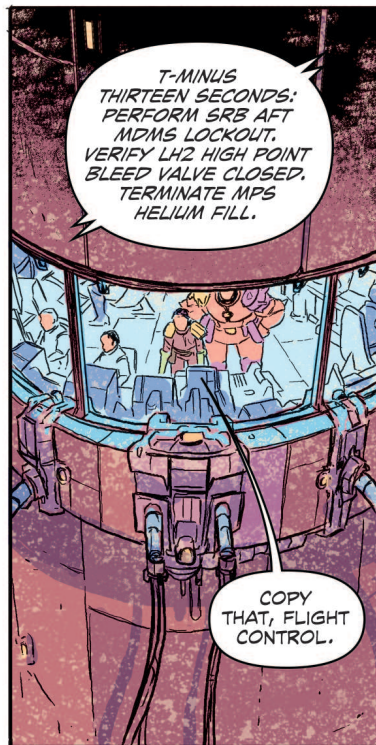




"YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES, TOO."

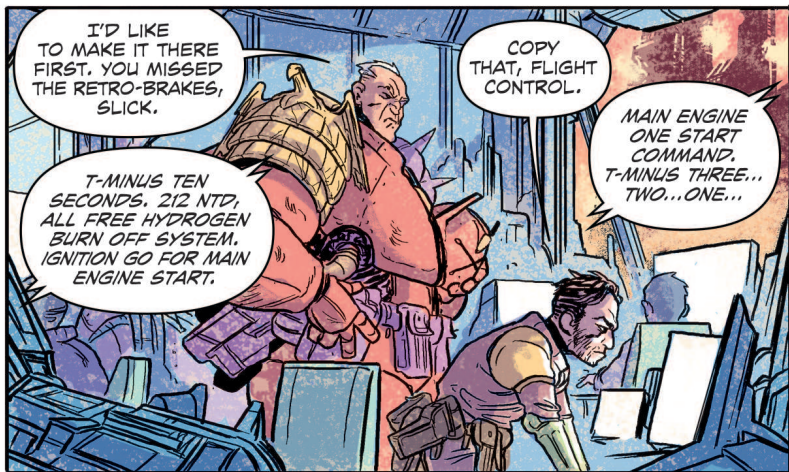
"I KNEW IT. ESCORTING FOUR HUNDRED PRISONERS, ESTABLISHING A PENAL COLONY ON TITAN. *EXILE*, THAT IS OUR DECOMPRESSION MISSION. WORSE THAN THE CURSED EARTH."

"TRUST ME, THERE'LL BE ENOUGH CARNAGE TO LAST A LIFETIME."



T-MINUS THIRTEEN SECONDS: PERFORM SRB AFT MDMS LOCKOUT. VERIFY LH2 HIGH POINT BLEED VALVE CLOSED. TERMINATE MPS HELIUM FILL.

COPY THAT, FLIGHT CONTROL.



I'D LIKE TO MAKE IT THERE FIRST. YOU MISSED THE RETRO-BRAKES, SLICK.

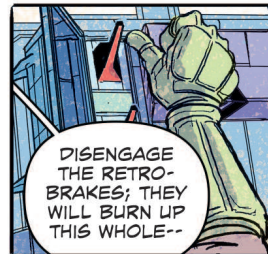
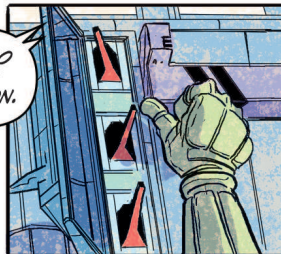
T-MINUS TEN SECONDS. 212 NTD, ALL FREE HYDROGEN BURN OFF SYSTEM. IGNITION GO FOR MAIN ENGINE START.

COPY THAT, FLIGHT CONTROL.

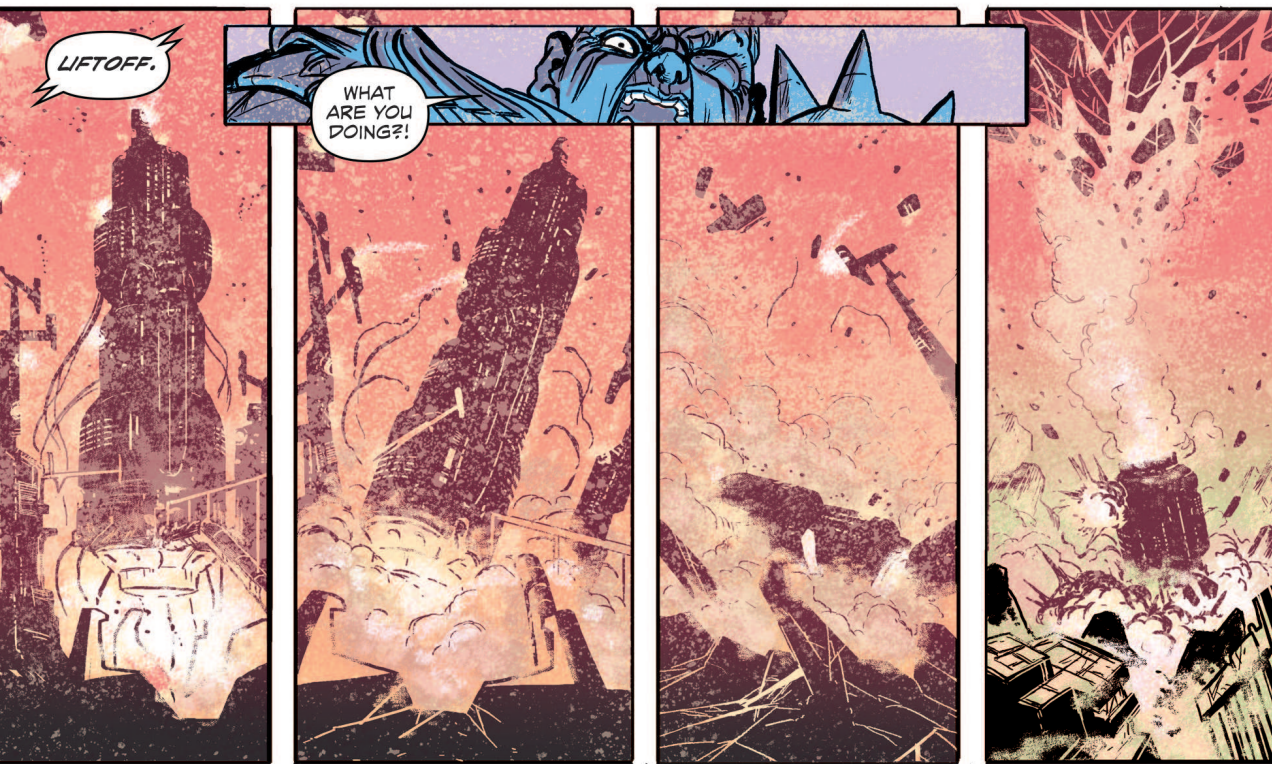
MAIN ENGINE ONE START COMMAND. T-MINUS THREE... TWO... ONE...



T-ZERO SRB IGNITION.



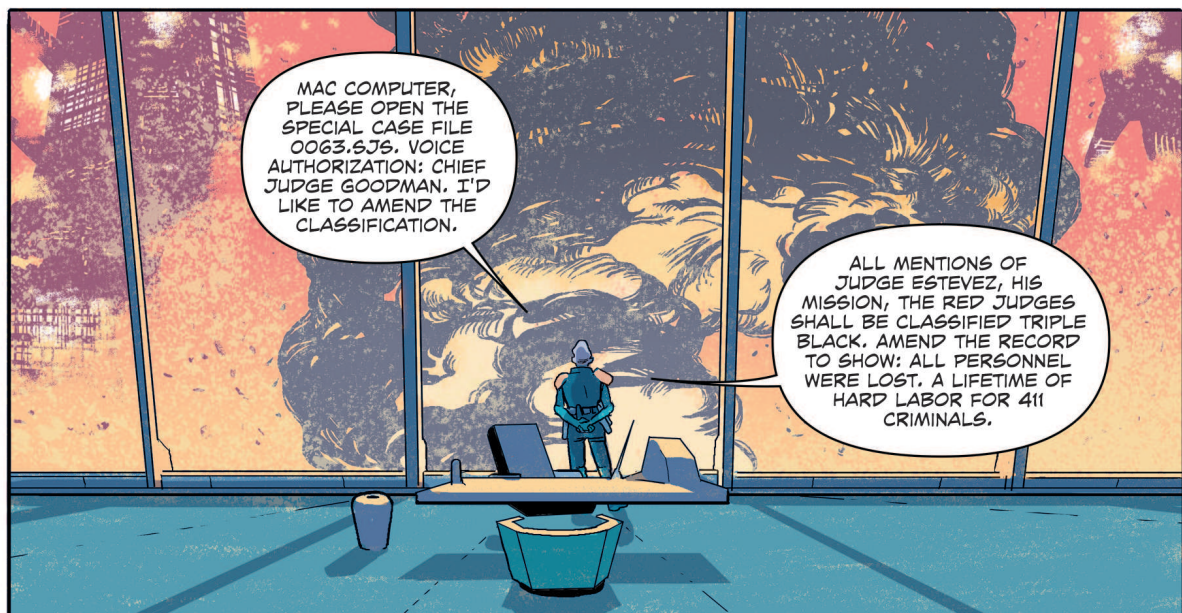
DISENGAGE THE RETRO-BRAKES; THEY WILL BURN UP THIS WHOLE--



LIFTOFF.

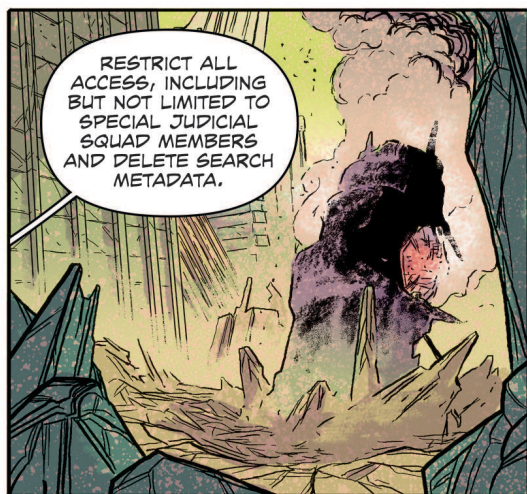
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!



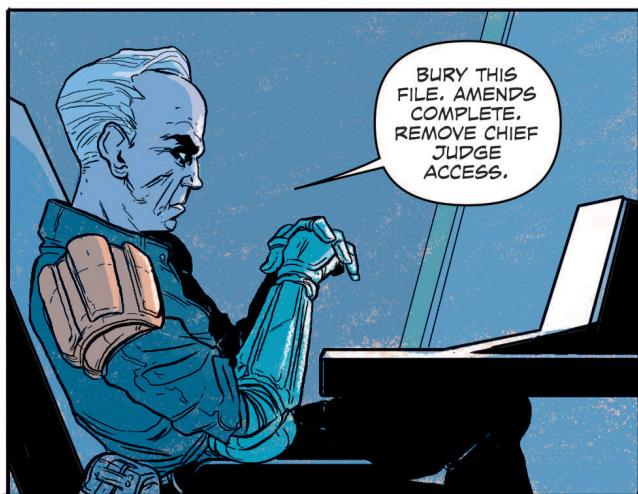


MAC COMPUTER,  
PLEASE OPEN THE  
SPECIAL CASE FILE  
0063.6JS. VOICE  
AUTHORIZATION: CHIEF  
JUDGE GOODMAN. I'D  
LIKE TO AMEND THE  
CLASSIFICATION.

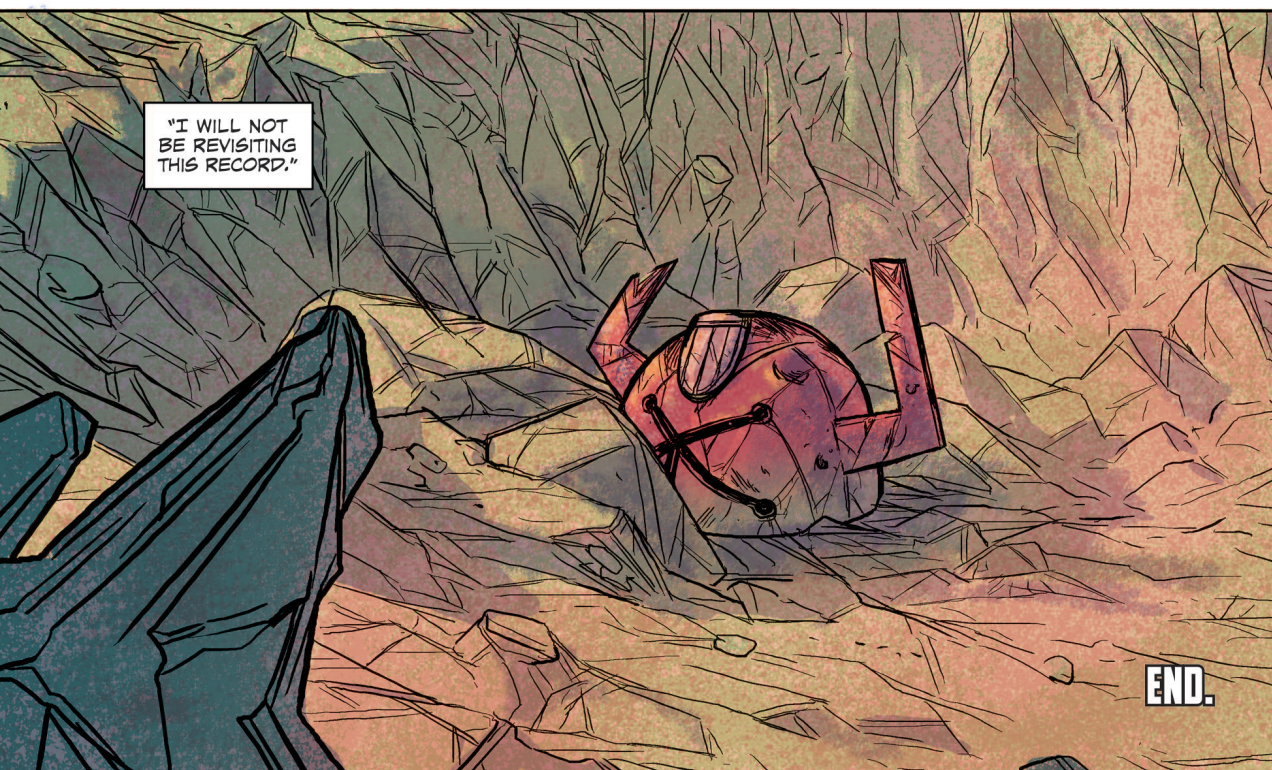
ALL MENTIONS OF  
JUDGE ESTEVEZ, HIS  
MISSION, THE RED JUDGES  
SHALL BE CLASSIFIED TRIPLE  
BLACK. AMEND THE RECORD  
TO SHOW: ALL PERSONNEL  
WERE LOST. A LIFETIME OF  
HARD LABOR FOR 411  
CRIMINALS.



RESTRICT ALL  
ACCESS, INCLUDING  
BUT NOT LIMITED TO  
SPECIAL JUDICIAL  
SQUAD MEMBERS  
AND DELETE SEARCH  
METADATA.



BURY THIS  
FILE. AMENDS  
COMPLETE.  
REMOVE CHIEF  
JUDGE  
ACCESS.



"I WILL NOT  
BE REVISITING  
THIS RECORD."

END.

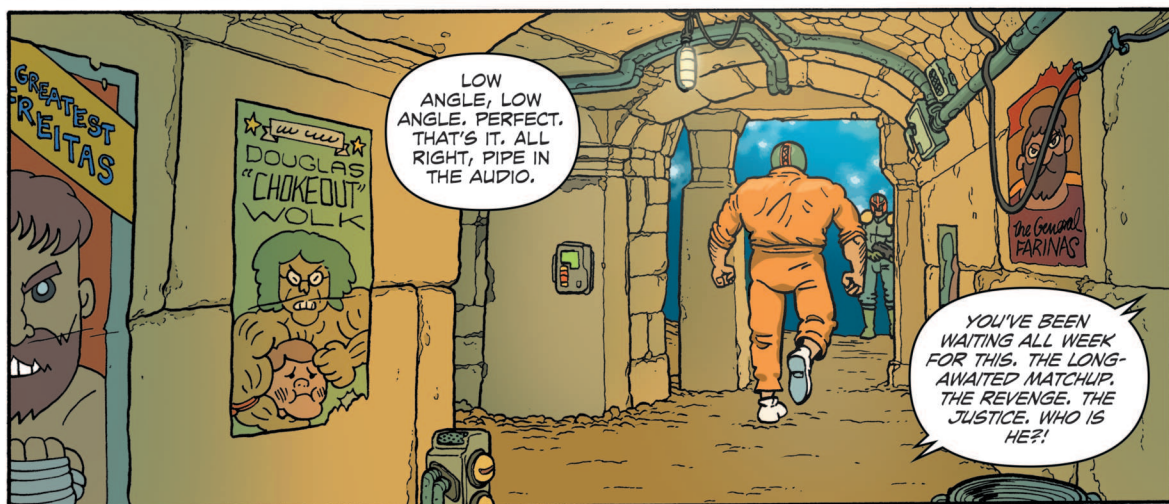




OH,  
PERFECT,  
THAT'S THE  
SHOT RIGHT  
THERE.

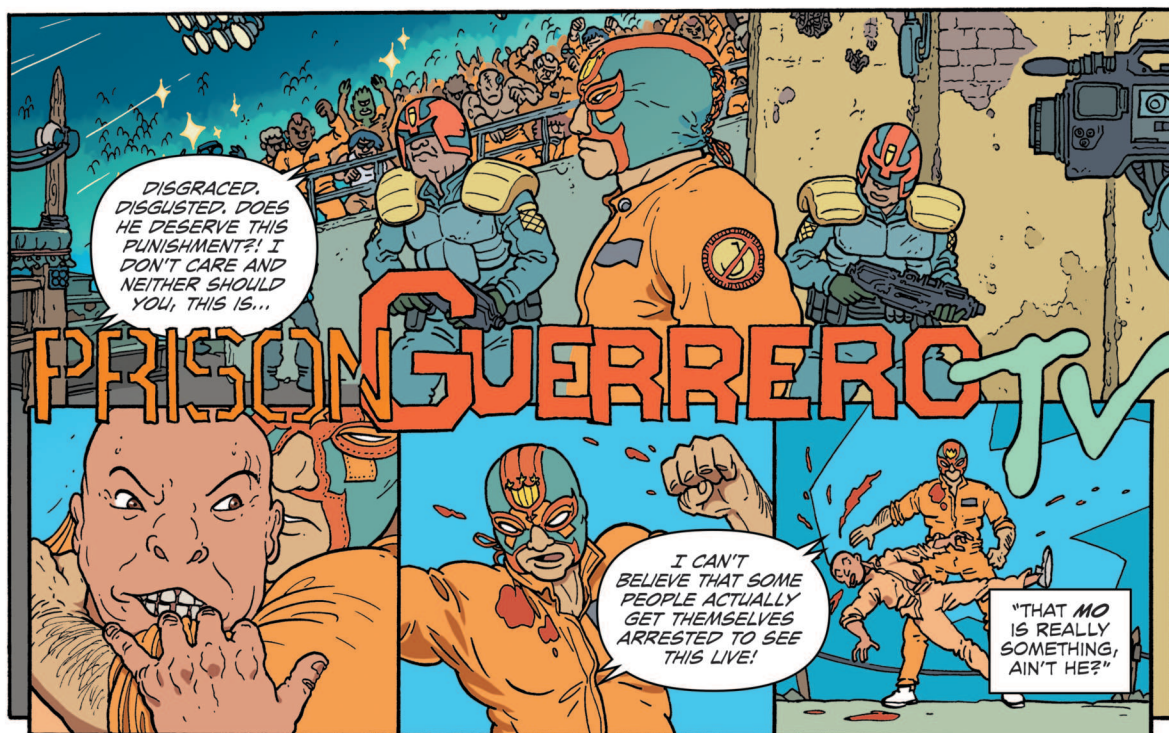


ZOOM  
IN A LITTLE.  
YEAH, GET  
HIS MASK.



LOW  
ANGLE, LOW  
ANGLE, PERFECT.  
THAT'S IT. ALL  
RIGHT, PIPE IN  
THE AUDIO.

YOU'VE BEEN  
WAITING ALL WEEK  
FOR THIS. THE LONG-  
AWAITED MATCHUP.  
THE REVENGE. THE  
JUSTICE. WHO IS  
HE?!

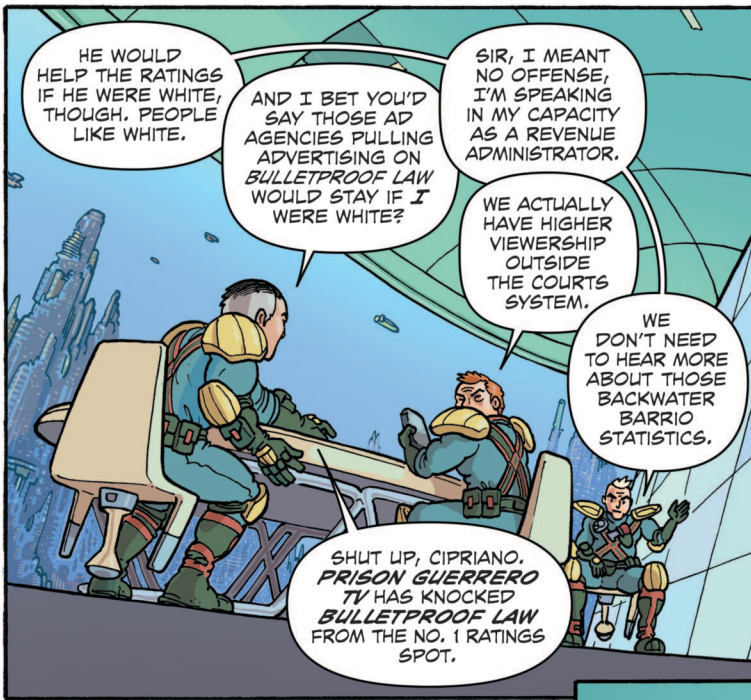


DISGRACED.  
DISGUSTED. DOES  
HE DESERVE THIS  
PUNISHMENT?! I  
DON'T CARE AND  
NEITHER SHOULD  
YOU, THIS IS...

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE THAT SOME  
PEOPLE ACTUALLY  
GET THEMSELVES  
ARRESTED TO SEE  
THIS LIVE!

"THAT *MO*  
IS REALLY  
SOMETHING,  
AIN'T HE?"





HE WOULD HELP THE RATINGS IF HE WERE WHITE, THOUGH. PEOPLE LIKE WHITE.

AND I BET YOU'D SAY THOSE AD AGENCIES PULLING ADVERTISING ON **BULLETPROOF LAW** WOULD STAY IF I WERE WHITE?

SIR, I MEANT NO OFFENSE, I'M SPEAKING IN MY CAPACITY AS A REVENUE ADMINISTRATOR.

WE ACTUALLY HAVE HIGHER VIEWERSHIP OUTSIDE THE COURTS SYSTEM.

WE DON'T NEED TO HEAR MORE ABOUT THOSE BACKWATER BARRIO STATISTICS.

SHUT UP, CIPRIANO. **PRISON GUERRERO TV** HAS KNOCKED **BULLETPROOF LAW** FROM THE NO. 1 RATINGS SPOT.



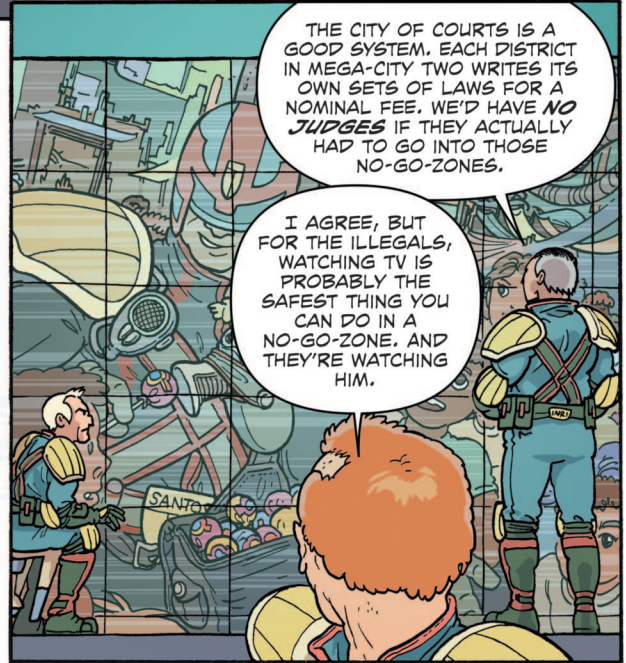
THE CITY OF COURTS SYSTEM HAS LED TO MANY "BARRIOS," OR UNAFFILIATED CITIES THAT ARE TOO POOR TO AFFORD THEIR OWN COURT.

THE UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCE IS ALL THESE RESIDENTS ARE NOW NO LEGALLY DIFFERENT THAN NON-CITIZENS, ILLEGALS SUBJECT TO THE HARSH LAWS REGARDING ILLEGAL ALIENS AND MUTANTS.



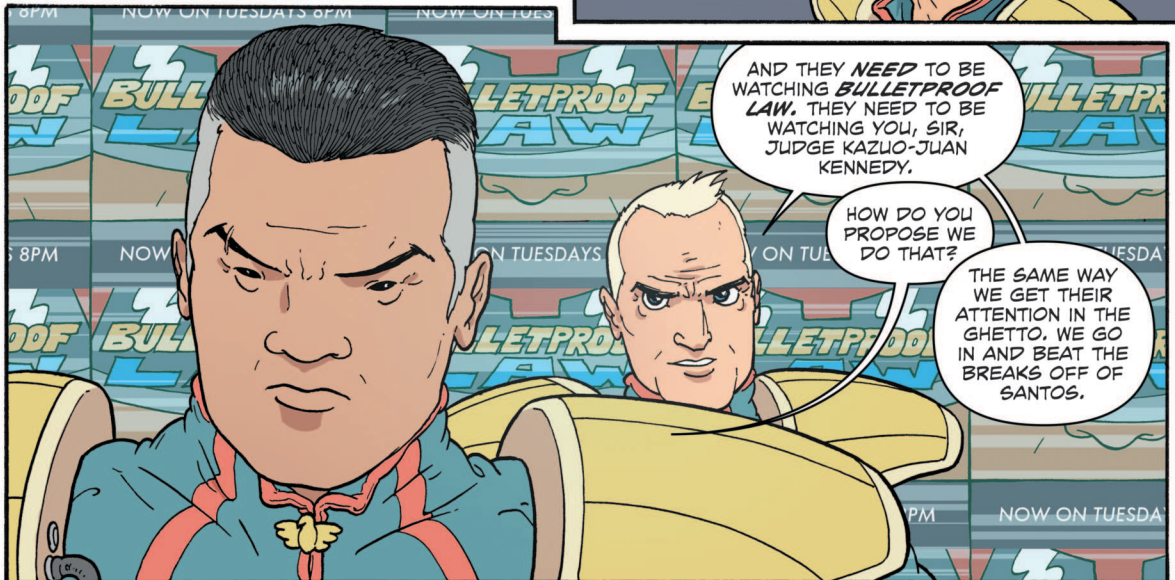
Casefile 2.5.1984: Judge Rodolfo Santos. Status: Decommissioned. Found Guilty in violation of Code 10, Section 2: Judicial Offense--Perverting the Cause of Justice.

AFTER THE PROGRAM WENT CITYWIDE, JUDGE SANTOS WAS THE ONLY JUDGE WHO PUBLICLY DISAVOWED IT. THE ONLY JUDGE WHO WENT OUT OF HIS WAY TO PROTECT THESE PEOPLE. THEY LOVE HIM.



THE CITY OF COURTS IS A GOOD SYSTEM. EACH DISTRICT IN MEGA-CITY TWO WRITES ITS OWN SETS OF LAWS FOR A NOMINAL FEE. WE'D HAVE **NO JUDGES** IF THEY ACTUALLY HAD TO GO INTO THOSE NO-GO-ZONES.

I AGREE, BUT FOR THE ILLEGALS, WATCHING TV IS PROBABLY THE SAFEST THING YOU CAN DO IN A NO-GO-ZONE. AND THEY'RE WATCHING HIM.



AND THEY **NEED** TO BE WATCHING **BULLETPROOF LAW**. THEY NEED TO BE WATCHING YOU, SIR, JUDGE KAZUO-JUAN KENNEDY.

HOW DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO THAT?

THE SAME WAY WE GET THEIR ATTENTION IN THE GHETTO. WE GO IN AND BEAT THE BREAKS OFF OF SANTOS.





PUT ON  
FALL FROM  
JUSTICE. I LOVE  
THOSE TRUE-  
CRIME DOCS.  
MADNESS.

I DON'T  
KNOW IF I  
CAN WATCH  
THIS ONE.

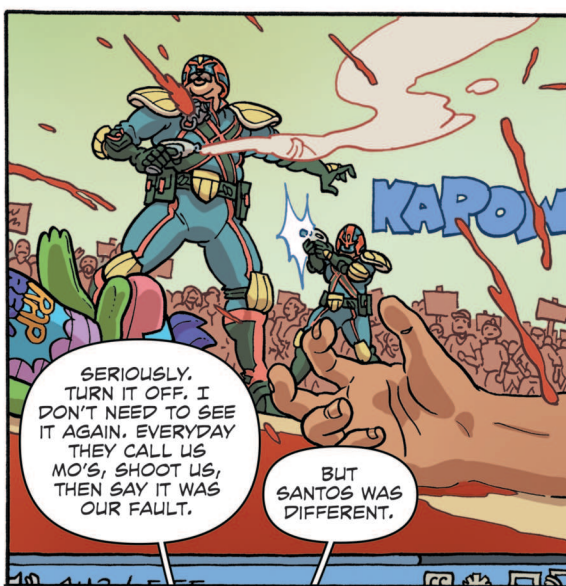


NAH,  
MAN. SANTOS  
CARED. SANTOS  
SAVES.



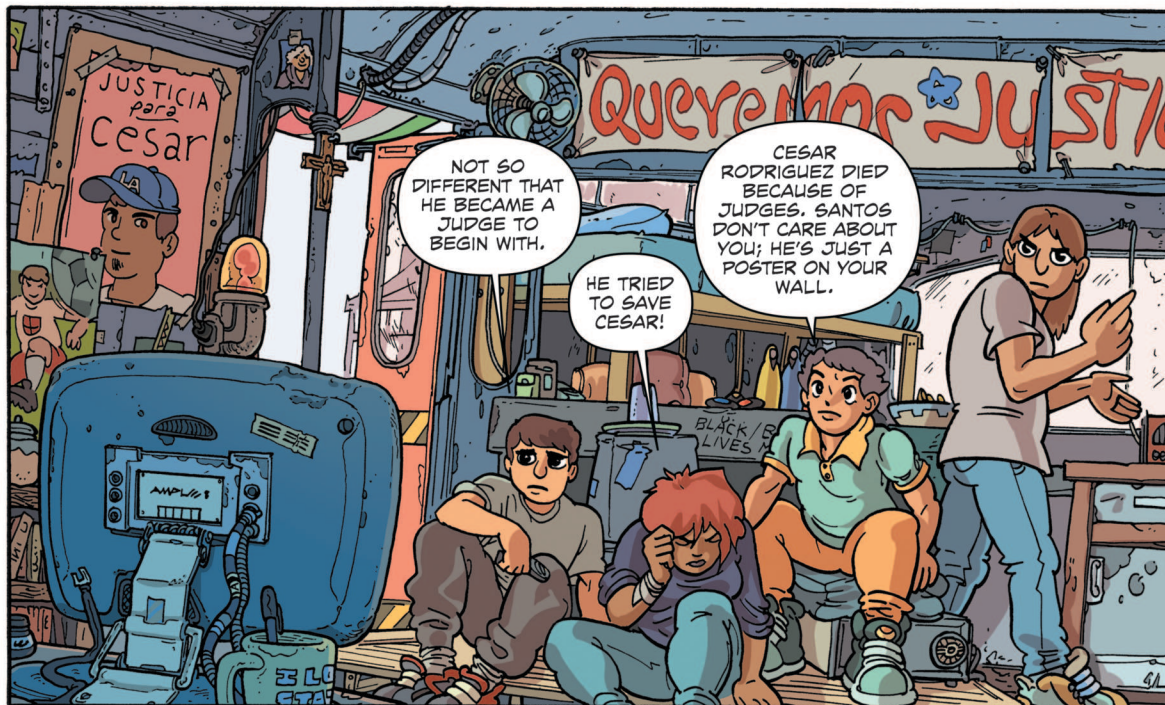
THAT  
MO'S GOT A  
GRUD-DAMN  
GUN!

**BANG!**



SERIOUSLY.  
TURN IT OFF. I  
DON'T NEED TO  
SEE IT AGAIN. EVERYDAY  
THEY CALL US  
MO'S, SHOOT US,  
THEN SAY IT WAS  
OUR FAULT.

BUT  
SANTOS WAS  
DIFFERENT.

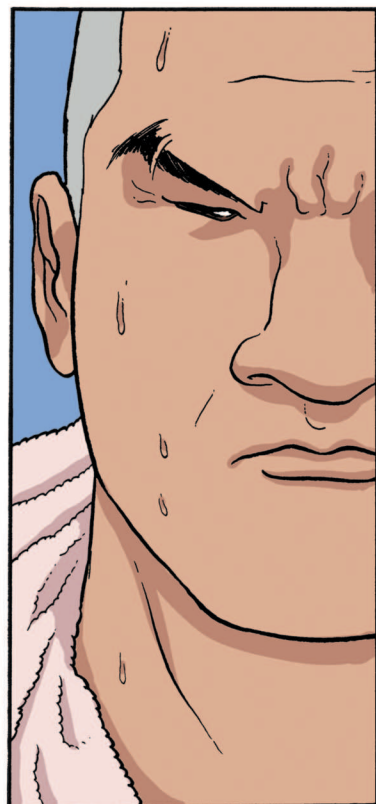
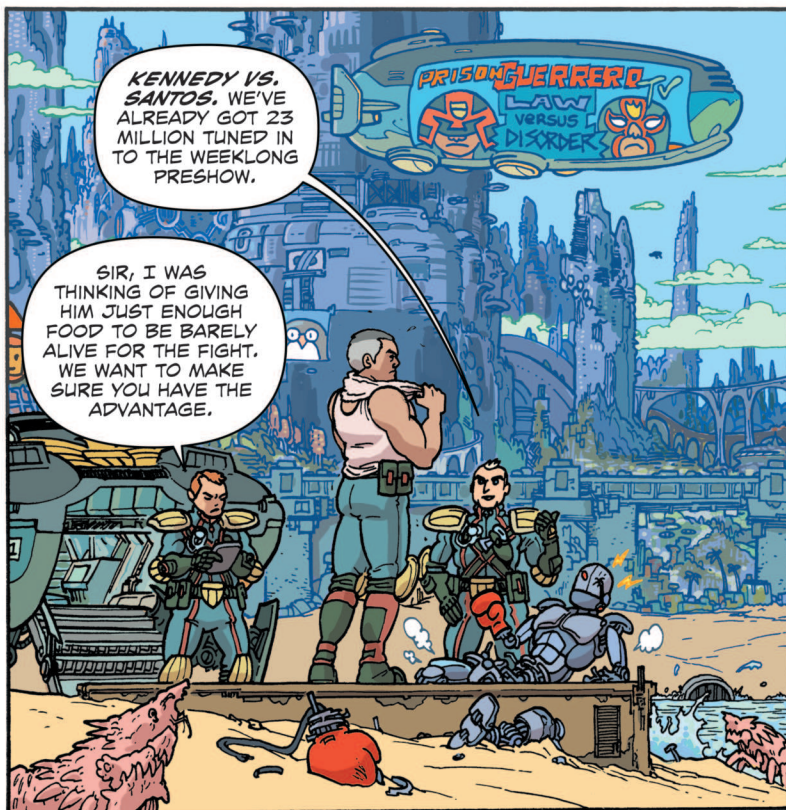


NOT SO  
DIFFERENT THAT  
HE BECAME A  
JUDGE TO  
BEGIN WITH.

HE TRIED  
TO SAVE  
CESAR!

CESAR  
RODRIGUEZ DIED  
BECAUSE OF  
JUDGES. SANTOS  
DON'T CARE ABOUT  
YOU; HE'S JUST A  
POSTER ON YOUR  
WALL.









IS THAT--?

CESAR WOULD'VE LIVED 70 MORE YEARS.

HIS CHILDREN, AND THEIR CHILDREN, EONS OF YEARS ERASED FROM THE FUTURE.

NOW IS THE TIME OF YOUR FINAL JUDGMENT: GIVE UP YOUR LIFE IN YOUR NEXT FIGHT, AND BE REBORN, OR LIVE WITH YOUR FALSE HONOR, FOREVER IMPRISONED.



THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A FIGHT, IT'S GOING TO BE SLAUGHTER.

LOOK AT HIM.

HE'S GONNA DIE OUT THERE.

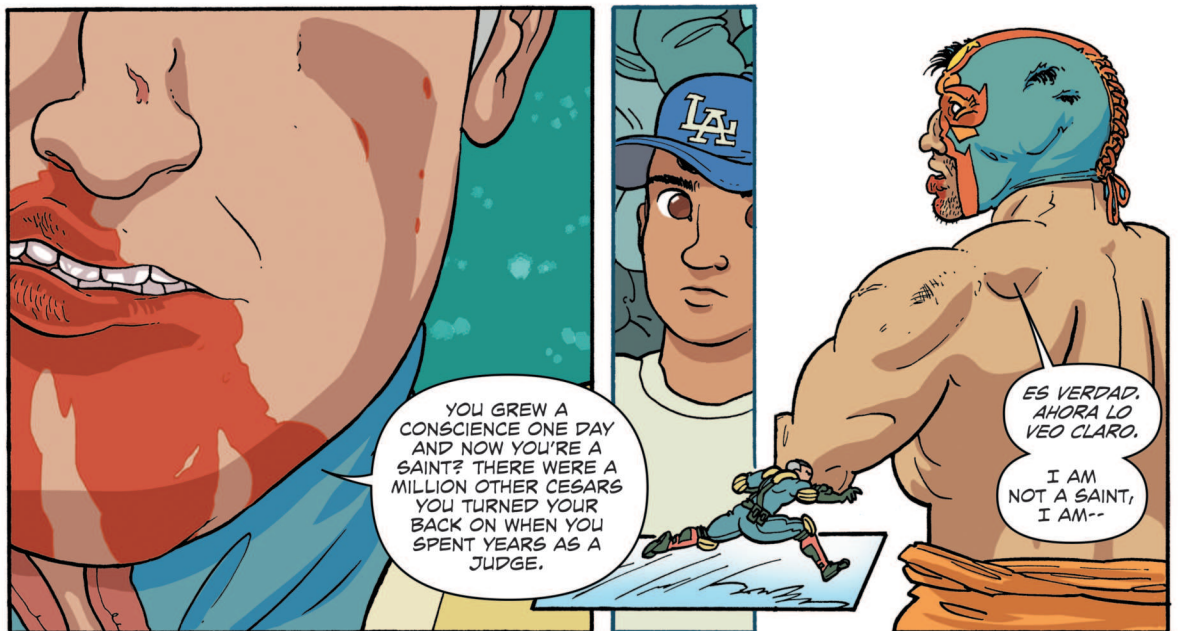
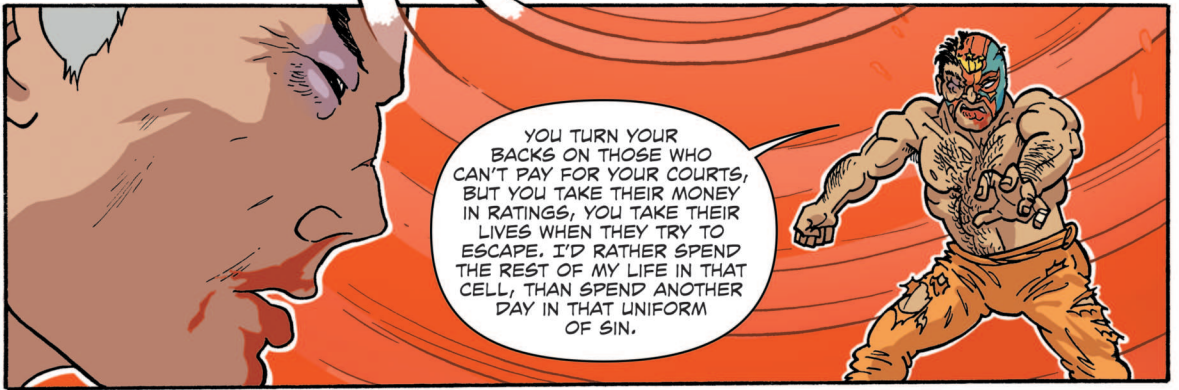
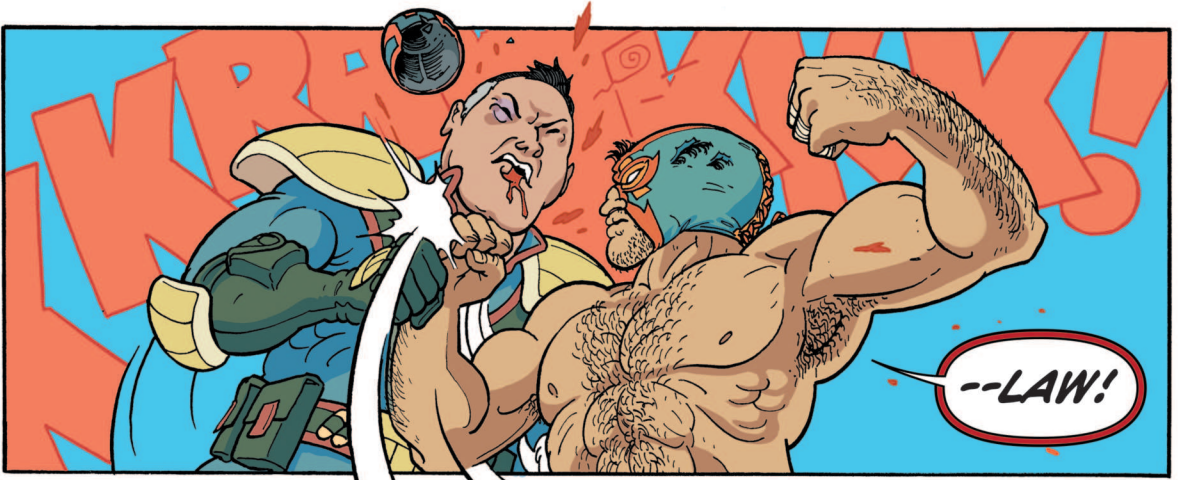
PARA CESAR...



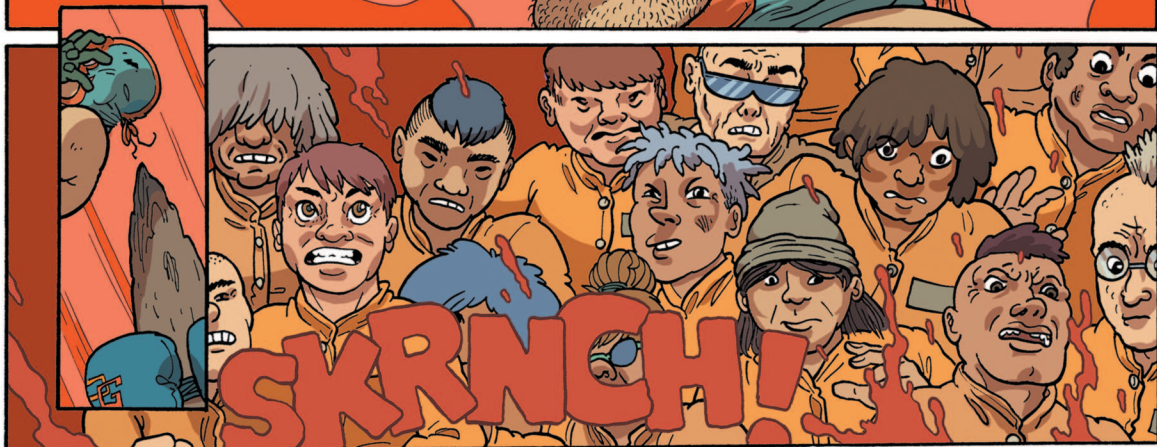
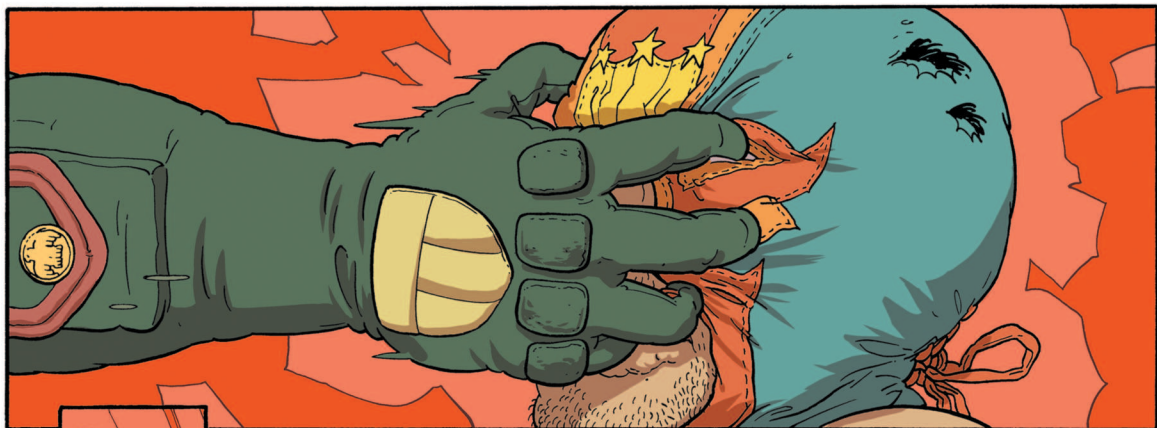














# JUDGE DREDD: THE BLESSED EARTH -- A NEW ONGOING SERIES

By Ulises Fariñas & Erick Freitas

Judge Dredd is back to the most familiar thing he knows. No longer a street Judge because there are no more streets, but he is tasked with patrolling the newly established settlements of this *Blessed Earth* and training/recruiting new Judges for the re-established Justice Department.

The overarching conflict is between Judge Dredd and [redacted] who after finding the body of a robot girl [redacted], becomes a part of a robot revolution, and to a lesser extent Judge

Anderson, who now as Chief Judge, seeks to bring the Judges back to full force and power and return Mega-City One to some sense of normalcy.

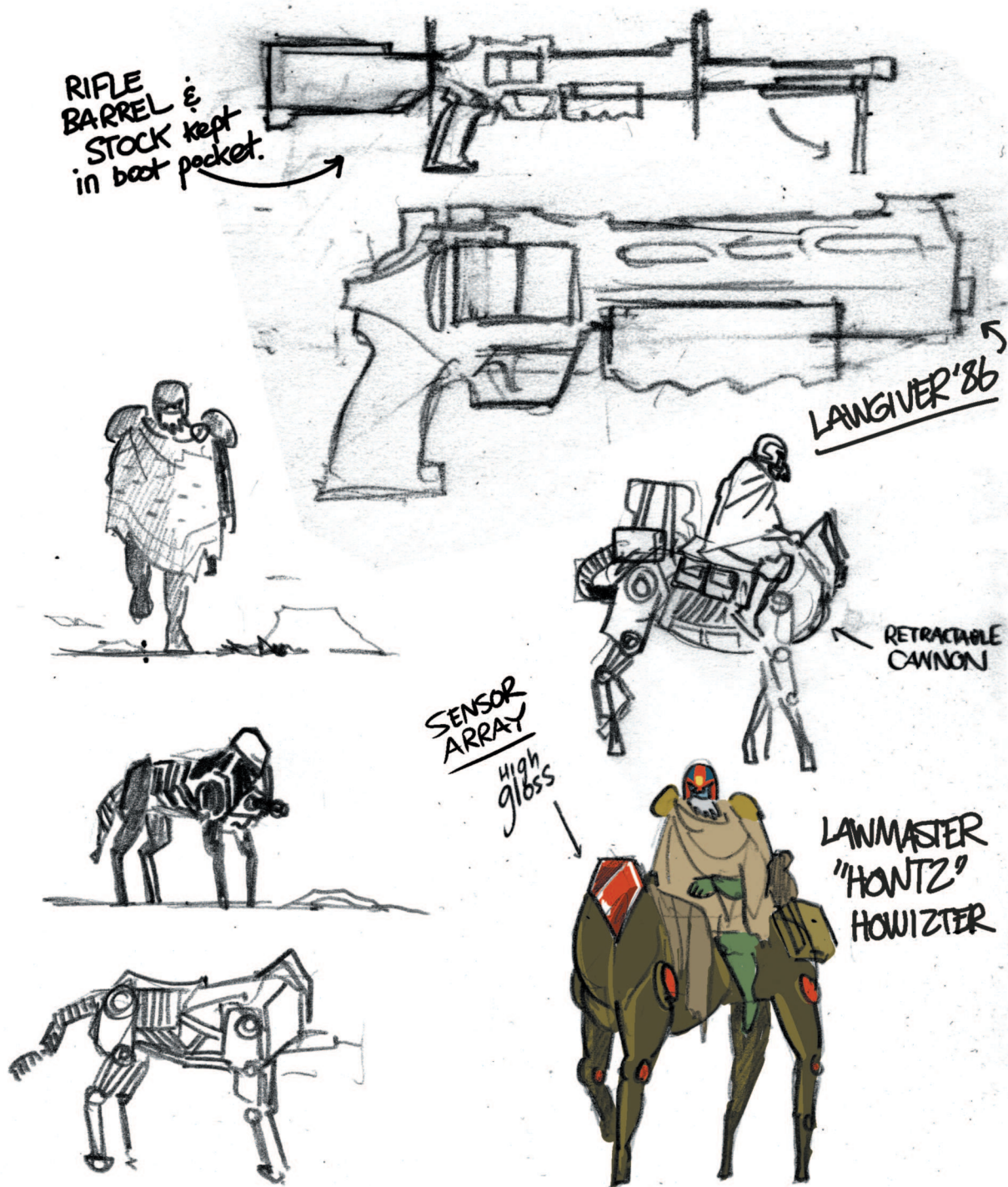
The story is told in four-issue arcs, one volume each, which focus on one mystery or villain, as the series arc is advanced subtly throughout. This allows the reader to see more of Judge Dredd's new world, and introduce new takes on classic characters, while mixing in new concepts and satirical elements.





• Approximately 800 million citizens have settled into scattered enclaves around Sector 01, a walled section of Mega-City One that has been rebuilt in the past 10 years. Beyond the walls of this protected sector is the Blessed Earth—an unbroken frontier of grasslands and primordial forests, a world with no toxic radiation zones, where F5 tornadoes are the smallest you get, sinkholes appear without warning, and building-sized robot excavators carve miles-deep canyons into the ancient Undercity.

The Blessed Earth means something different to each one of these citizens. For some it is the chance to return to a more simple way of life, but for others it is the chance to get what you deserve, regardless of right or wrong. This is the frontier, and Judge Dredd learns that in the Blessed Earth, the Law is whatever the last man standing says it is.

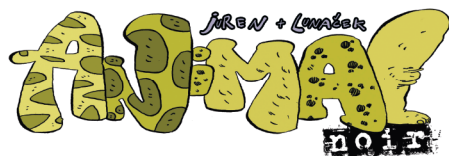




# FROM THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

by Ted Adams

At last year's Barcelona International Comics Festival, I had the opportunity to meet a number of interesting writers and artists who were looking for a way to break into the English language comics market. You'll see work from a number of the folks I met from IDW over the next couple of years, starting with the creators of a new comic that launches this February — *Animal Noir*.



Izar Lunacek and Jernej "Nejc" Juren — the *Animal Noir* creators — join a long list of cartoonists who use anthropomorphic characters to tell stories about the human condition. Some of my favorite comics fall into this category, including George Herriman's *Krazy Kat*, Walt Kelly's *Pogo*, R. Crumb's *Fritz the Cat*, and, of course, Art Spiegelman's Pulitzer-Prize winning masterpiece, *Maus*.

Here are the guys themselves to tell you more about their lives and their work.



**TA:** Where do you live?

**Nejc:** We live in Ljubljana, Slovenia, a small city in Central Europe with about 350,000 inhabitants. The city dates back to the Roman times and has a nice medieval downtown area with a beautiful river that runs through it. It's a really good place to live and work.

**TA:** How did you start working together? Who does what on the book?

**Nejc:** We met when I was translating Calvin and Hobbes and Izar wrote a really nice review in the newspaper. We immediately got our bromance on — sharing stories, philosophical views and art — and partying. And a couple of months after we met, we started building the world of *Animal Noir* together.

**Izar:** Every issue gets plotted over coffees for about a week, shaping the focus and rhythm of the story, then I break it down into a twenty-page storyboard. When I'm in drawing frenzy, Nejc writes the dialogue for the scene at night that I'll be working on the next morning. Once I'm done drawing, he inserts the word balloons and then I color the whole thing. It's immense fun.

**TA:** What other work have you done?

**Izar:** I've been publishing comics for the last fifteen years, mostly in Slovenia. I drew weekly animal comics for Slovenian newspapers for close to a decade, plus a webcomic called *Paradise Misplaced* that was later published in Spain and the UK.

**Nejc:** I've written some short stories and translated a couple of novels, the most notable being the *Engineer of Human Souls* by Josef Škvorecky, which might be one of the best books ever written. I've also written songs and I play the washboard in a swing band.

**TA:** I've been describing *Animal Noir* as *Chinatown meets Animal Farm*. What do you think of that description? How would you describe it?

**Nejc:** It's great, but whereas *Animal Farm* is a brilliant social commentary, we were trying to create a fun and

complex animal world where cool stories could happen. We wanted the animals to keep lots of the character traits they have in nature and bind them together with a social contract. Why and how all these creatures live together was more interesting to us than creating an allegory for the human world.

**Izar:** My initial thought, if we stick to catchy combos, was *Blacksad meets Dungeon* since it's a hardboiled bestiary but with more humor, warmth and conceptual queries. A friend of mine quipped that it was *Zootopia meets Fritz the Cat*, which I also like.

**TA:** Who is your favorite character in AN?

**Nejc:** I love the lions eating meat while watching hunt porn. And I love the little hippo mobsters singing while they wait for dinner.

**Izar:** I identify with our main guy, Manny, the giraffe detective. He grew up in a cushioned environment with all his kin oh-so-above the food chain, but wanted to make a difference and got involved in the whole rich-lions-devouring-poor-zebras mess. He's a privileged kid out of his depth, really, but his height and kick help him stay afloat, just barely.

**TA:** What's your dream project?

**Izar:** Right now, this is actually it. We did *Animal Noir* the way we wanted to, we stuck by it until it found a home and for now, this is perfect. But basically all I'd like is to be able to make good comics that get read.

**Nejc:** Gosh, they say dreams don't come true if you say them out loud. But I just love telling stories, so I hope I get more chances. And I love working with awesome people. I think I was super lucky in this regard.

**TA:** Anything else you'd like to tell our readers?

**Izar:** Read *Animal Noir*: it's the most retinal, cerebral and adrenal fun you'll get for four bucks a pop. We pour our hearts into this thing so it's a full-bodied package for you right there.





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Special thanks to Brent Marlis and Stephanie Marlis for their invaluable assistance.

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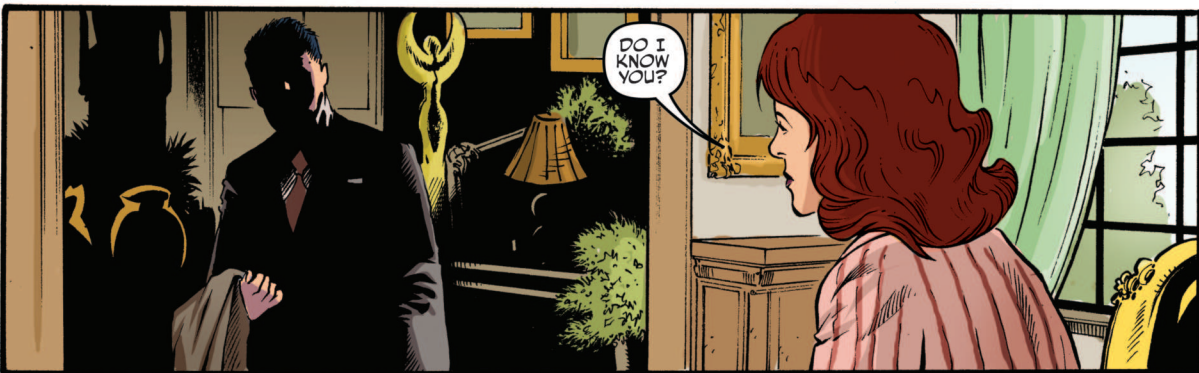
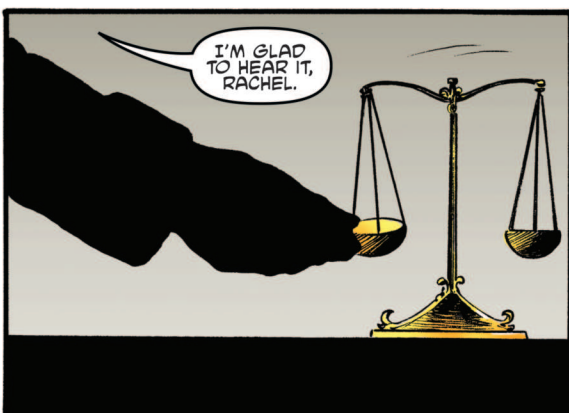
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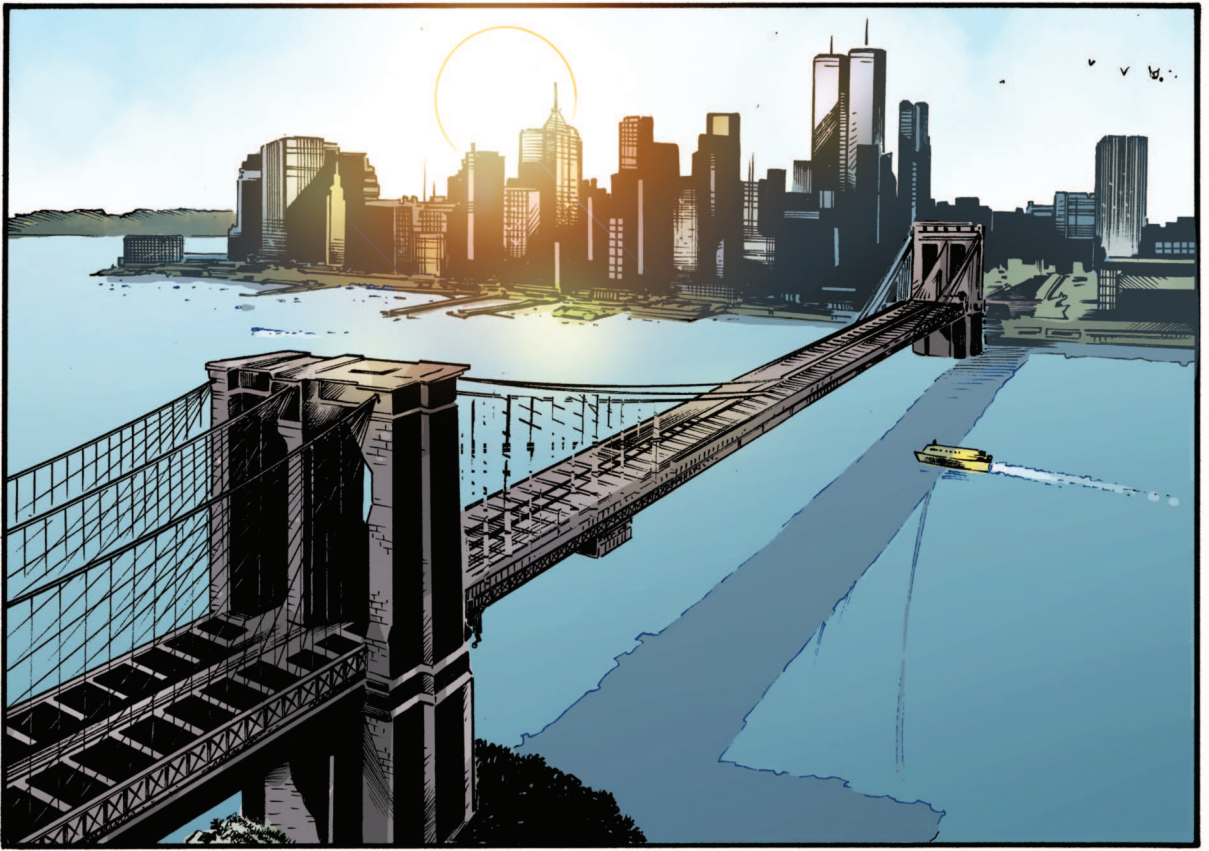


















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