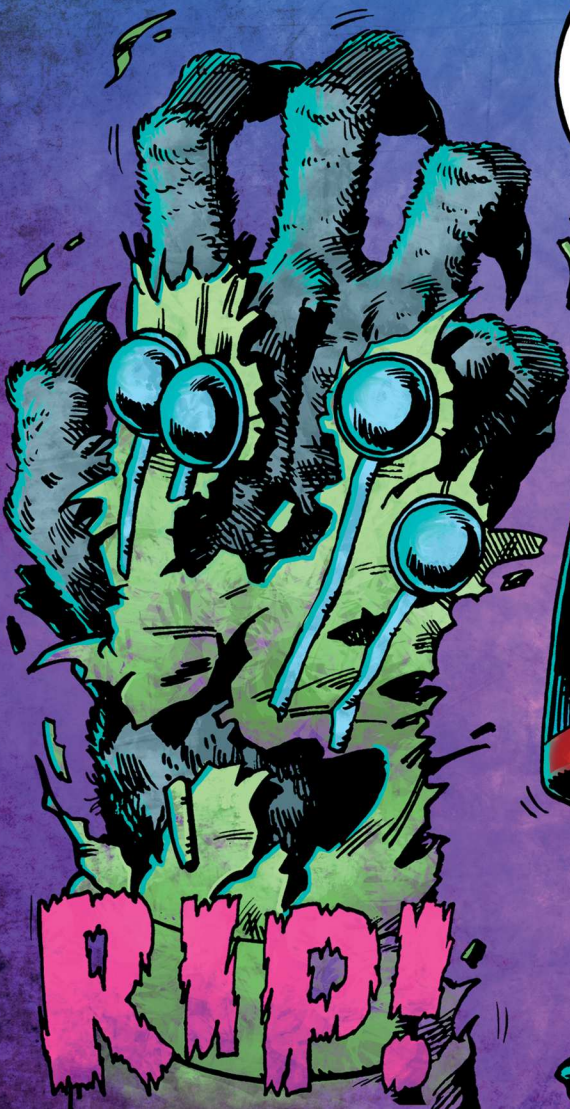


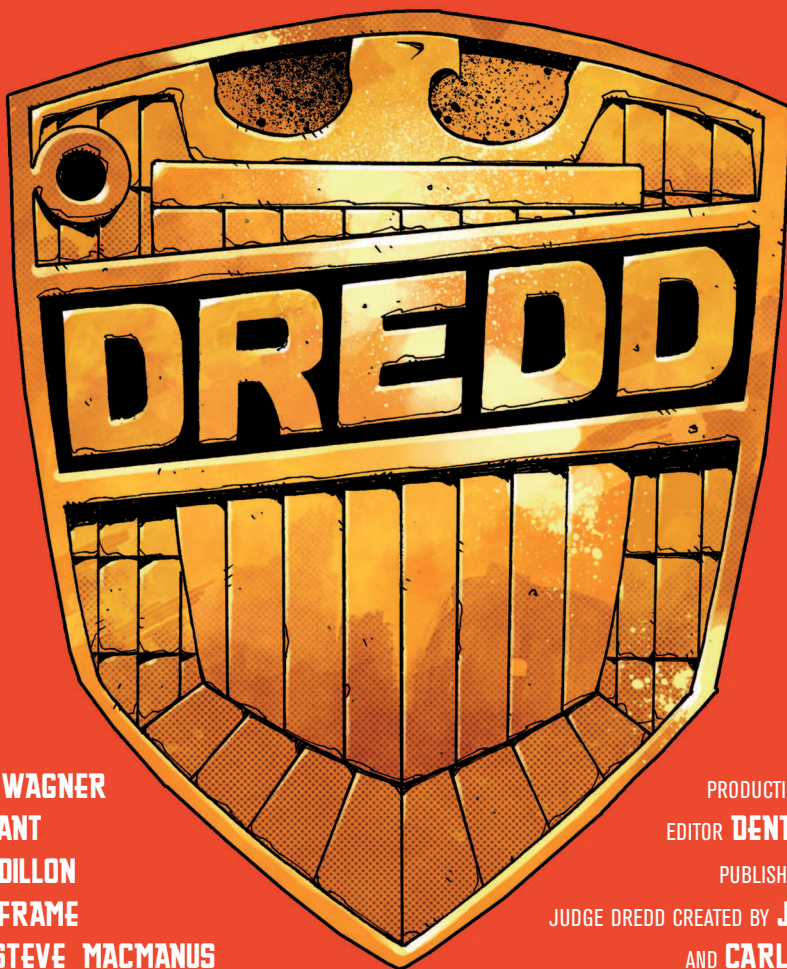
JUDGE DREDD

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF



I AM
THE LAAAAH!





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AND **ALAN GRANT**
ARTIST **STEVE DILLON**
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JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY **JOHN WAGNER**
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ORIGINALLY SERIALIZED IN **2000 AD** PROGS 322-328.

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FOREWORD

Vertigo's *Preacher*, written by Garth Ennis, was certainly the title that has had the largest audience, rightly cemented my brother Steve's reputation as a master of visual storytelling recognised around the world, and turned into a successful TV series. It is a legacy that can't be argued with.

But... more than ten years earlier, "Cry of the Werewolf" was, at least for me, a definitive pinnacle in my brother's career.

Spoiler alert: It's also the only Judge Dredd story, as far as I know, where we see Dredd without his helmet... for a full **five** pages of action.

First published in *2000 AD* Progs 322-328, and as with *Preacher*, Steve drew the entire story himself from start to finish. I think most comic readers will agree, a change of artist mid-story can spoil the experience a little. Even on the rare occasion that you love both artists equally, it can still be somewhat discombobulating. Usually the more long-form Dredd stories would have to employ at least two artists because *2000 AD* was published on a weekly basis. Deadlines would have to be planned out way in advance and then fiercely adhered to. But Steve was already getting a reputation for not only producing beautiful artwork... but producing it quickly. He even did a two-part Dredd story following immediately after the 49 pages of "Cry of the Werewolf"... a story called "The Wreckers"... which meant he completed a 62-page uninterrupted run in total. That's pretty impressive.

I can distinctly remember seeing the original artwork for the double-page spread at the start of Part 6, when on a visit to Steve's flat in London. I would've been 12 years old; he was 21.

When I was a kid, seeing his original artwork and where it was created was almost as exciting as being behind the scenes of a major Hollywood film. Seeing that actual double-page spread with Dredd riding through all the teeth and fur, letting off his Lawgiver in the face of an attacking werewolf was incredible.

Being in the flat, seeing the space where this alchemy happened, seeing the brush marks on the page... the faint pencil lines and the whiteout (which there wasn't much of)... Sitting on his chair at the big wooden drawing board with its angle poise lamp, the ashtray full of spent rollups, the Indian ink pots and tea-stained mugs, LPs and replica guns left lying around... the distinctive, slightly musty smell of early 20s men who take their washing in bin bags to the local laundrette.

It was all so impossibly glamorous to my 12-year-old mind... And it was all exactly what I desperately wanted my life to be like.

In the long run I certainly achieved the musty smells and tea-stained mugs, but I never reached the dizzying heights of Steve's skill with brush and ink. He had more natural talent than any comic artist I can think of, the fact that he was as good as this when he was only 21 still astounds me.

I appreciate I'm obviously more than a little biased, but "Cry of the Werewolf" does contain some incredible examples of Steve's storytelling prowess.

For instance, the page where poor Ramone gets it... that look on Rene's face in the first panel, then going in tight for the intimate kiss, pulling out wide for the werewolf point of view, then going super-wide to slow the pace down—which *2000 AD*'s wider page format was great for—before being hit by the big montage panel, which in this case gives the feeling of a fast-cut action sequence, but your eyes keep being drawn back to Rene screaming away, reminiscent of Janet Leigh in *Psycho*. I love this page.

Then the double-page spread at the start of Part 2... Five panels, three word balloons... He takes our eyes and leads them perfectly from one dramatic image to the next in a fluid, rhythmic illusion of movement.

And lastly, the second panel on the first page of Part 3... Darlene has her hat in her hand, she's taken it off as she sat down... This is exactly the kind of subtle realistic "acting" that Steve did so well. It goes almost unnoticed, but it instantly makes her feel human and the action feel real, therefore giving weight to the story as a whole.

Steve's eye for that kind of humanity is what made my brother's work stand out from so many other artists.

I could easily go on, picking sequences, panels, facial expressions, or dramatic action shots, but I think it would be better if you just got on with reading it and finding them for yourself.

If you've never seen it before, I envy you.

Enjoy.

GLYN DILLON
January 2017

JUDGE DREDD





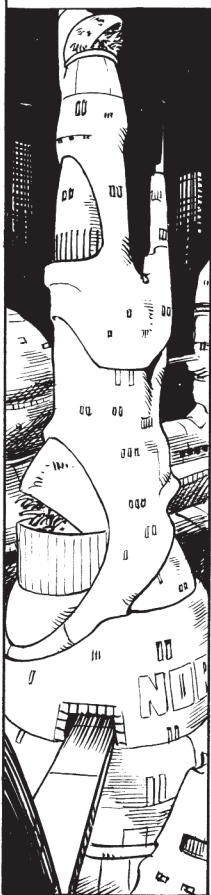


TONIGHT, THE MOON WILL BRING OUT MORE THAN JUST THE CRAZIES. . .

A CRACK HAS OPENED IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAN PITLIK CITYBLOCK -



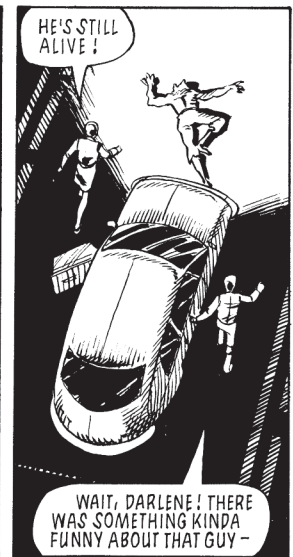
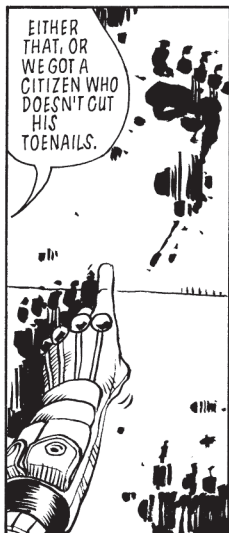
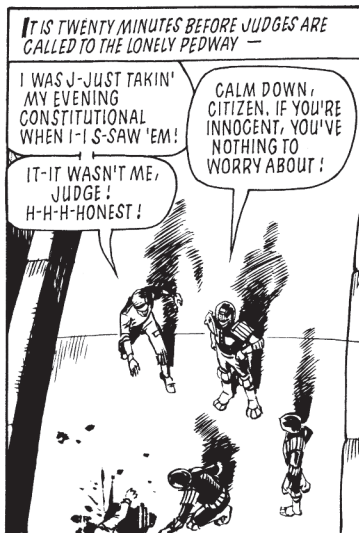
-A CRACK THAT STRETCHES DOWN TO THE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF THE UNDERCITY!

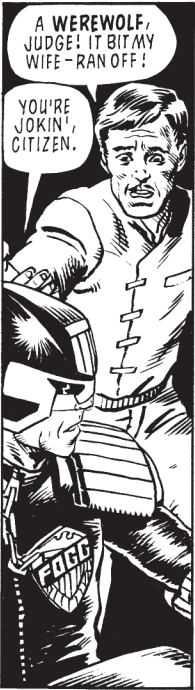


TONIGHT... THE WEREWOLF STALKS!









CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 2

A FULL MOON SHINES ON
MEGA-CITY ONE -
AND SINISTER BEASTS
ARE AT LARGE!

THREE
DIRECT HITS
AND IT'S
STILL
CLIMBING!



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME





PAT-WAGONS ARE SOON ON THE SCENE. JUDGE FOGG DISMISSES THE CREATURE'S VICTIM -

BETTER GET THAT BITE TREATED, CITIZEN. YOUR NEAREST MED-UNIT IS FOSTER GRANT BLOCK.

BLEEDING'S STOPPED NOW, FLOYD. FORGET THE HOSPITAL, I JUST WANT TO GET HOME AND LOCK THE DOOR.

OKAY, DARLENE. WE'LL PUT SOME ANTISEPTIC ON IT WHEN WE GET THERE.

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY -

CONTROL TO DREDD! JUDGE FOGG REPORTS SIGHTING AND SLAYING OF NON-HUMAN PERP. COULD BE A LINK WITH YOUR PITLIK PEDWAY KILLINGS.

CREATURE DESCRIBED AS HUMANOID, AVERAGE HEIGHT, THICKLY BUILT, HEAVY PELT COVERING ENTIRE BODY. LONG CLAWS AND DISTENDED CANINES. DISTINCT WOLFISH APPEARANCE TO HEAD.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT - WEREWOLF?

YEAH - AN' I'M BUGS BUNNY!

AROOO OOOO O

UP THERE!

DROKK!

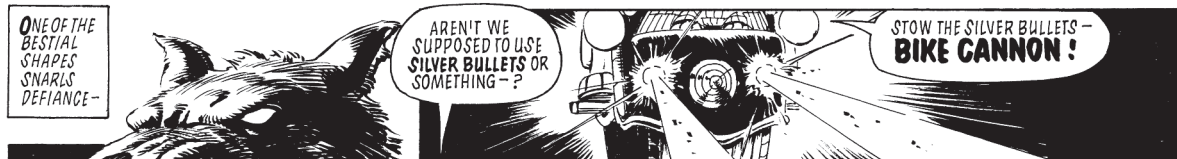
Y R M M

MOVE IT, BUGS!





ONE OF THE
BESTIAL
SHAPES
SNARLS
DEFIANCE—



STOW THE SILVER BULLETS —
BIKE CANNON!





GRARRR!

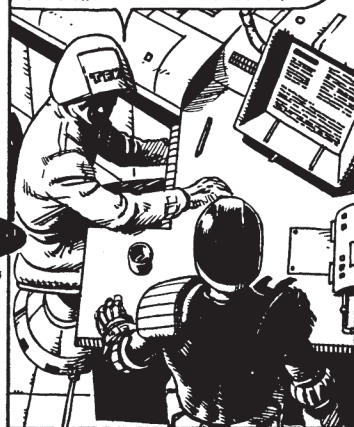


I'LL RUN THIS CARCASS DOWN TO FORENSIC FOR EXAMINATION. YOU GET THAT WOUND TREATED - NO TELLING WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE PICKED UP FROM THOSE FANGS.

DREDD TO CONTROL - TWO MORE OF THOSE WOLF MEN FOUND. PUT OUT A GENERAL WARNING - COULD BE MORE ABOUT.

AND SEND A SQUAD TO CLEARWAY 433 - THERE'S A BIT OF CLEANING UP TO DO.

SOON, AT FORENSIC - THERE'S THE DATA ON BRAM. A GOOD JUDGE, BUT SOME OF HIS DECISIONS WERE BECOMING A BIT ERRATIC. HE TOOK THE LONG WALK DOWN TO THE UNDERCITY.

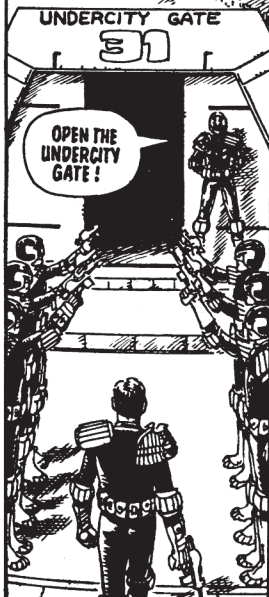


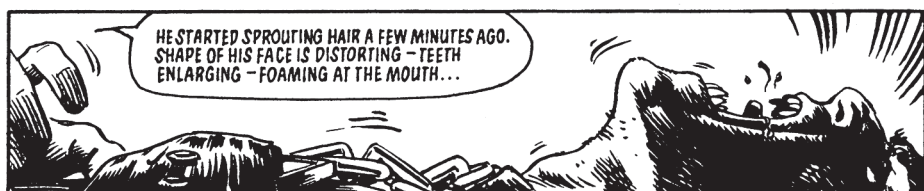
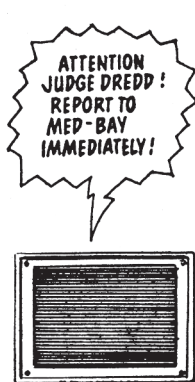
WHEN A JUDGE'S USEFUL LIFE WAS OVER, HE COULD CHOOSE TO TAKE THE LONG WALK - TO BRING LAW TO ONE OF THE LAWLESS AREAS BEYOND THE CITY'S BOUNDARIES -

ONE SUCH AREA WAS THE UNDERCITY - THE SEALED-OFF REMAINS OF THE OLD CITY ON WHICH MEGA-CITY ONE HAD BEEN BUILT -

YOU RECKON THIS WEREWOLF KILLED BRAM - TOOK HIS UNIFORM.

FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY FASHION-CONSCIOUS.

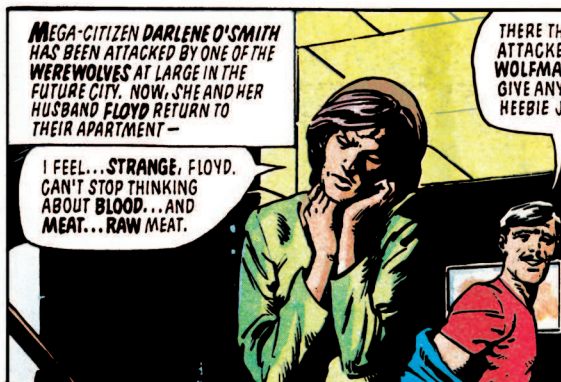


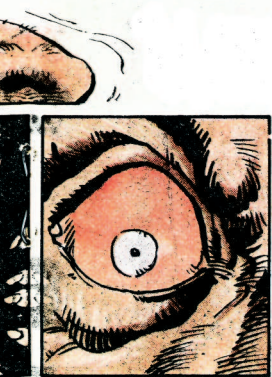
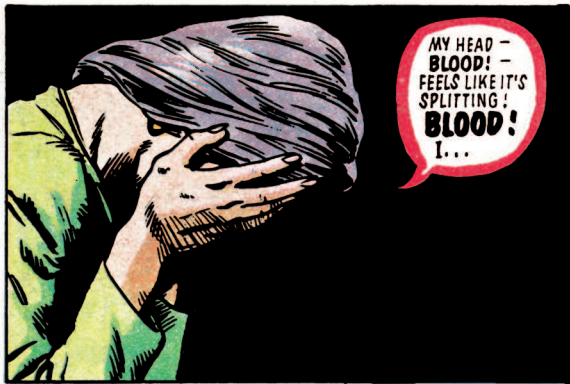


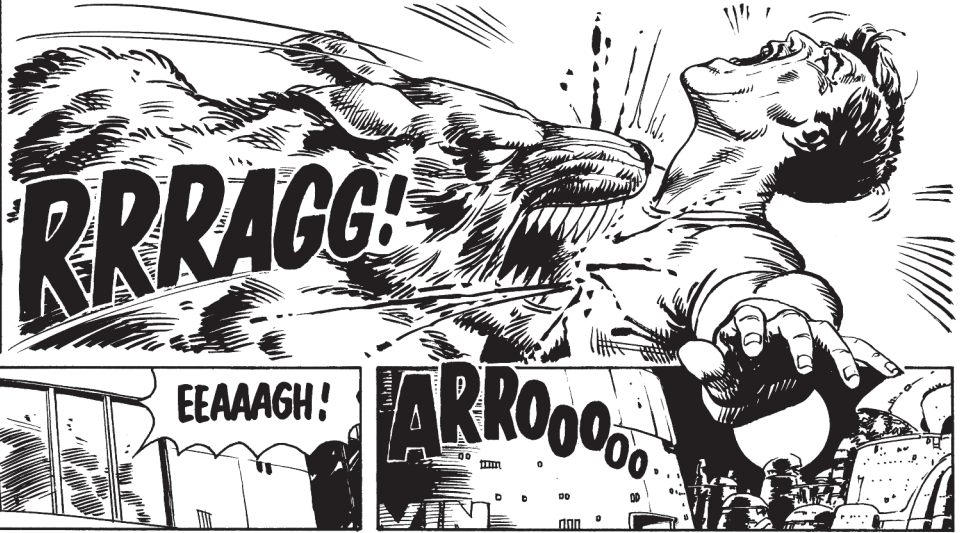


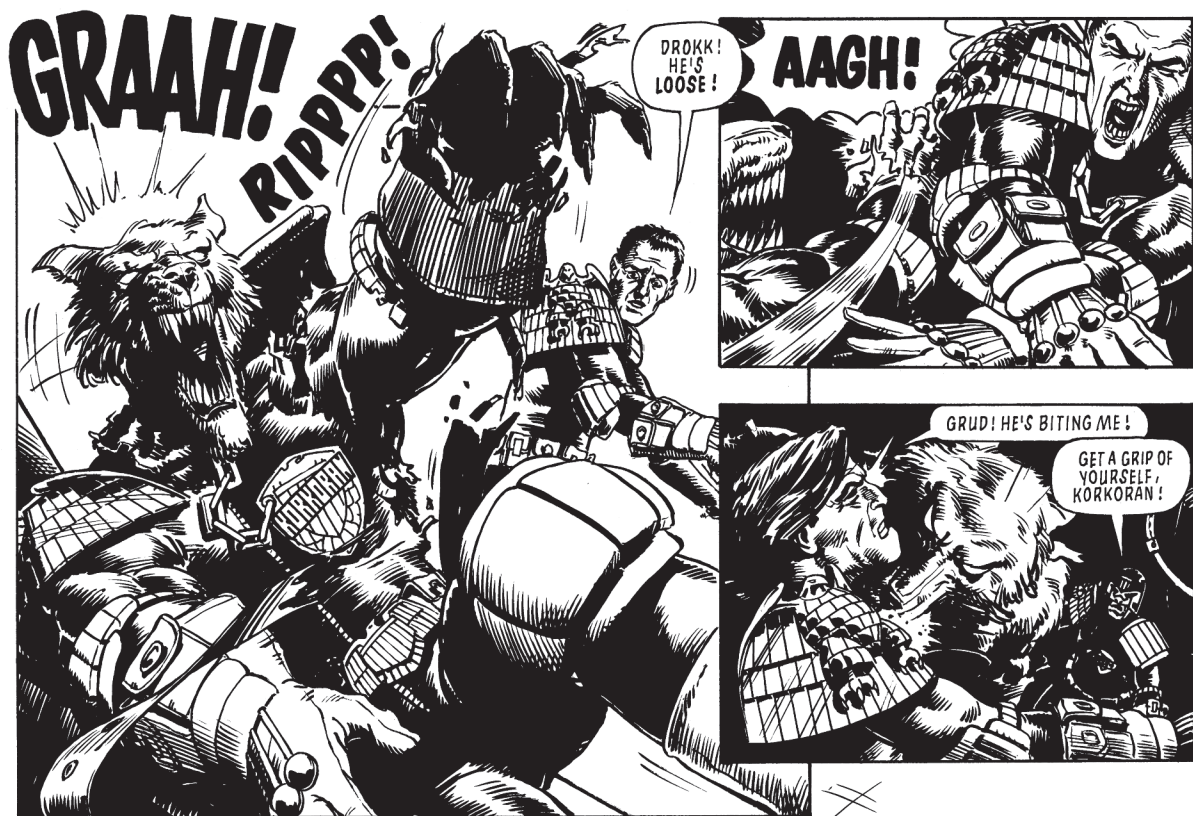
CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 3

















McCarthy

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 4

SCRIPT
T B GROV
ART
STEVE DILL
LETTERING
T FRAME

WEREWOLVES HAVE APPEARED IN MEGA-CITY ONE. NOW, IN THE FORTIFIED HOLDING PENS BENEATH THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP -

THE CONDITION IS KNOWN AS LYCANTHROPY - THE ABILITY TO CHANGE INTO WOLF FORM. VICTIMS BECOME FRENZIED CARNIVORES, POSSESSED OF IMMENSE STRENGTH.





SCANT COMFORT TO KORKORAN AND THE OTHERS.
ANY PROGRESS ON A CURE?

NOT YET, BUT THE LABS HAVE
ISOLATED THE CAUSE IN THIS
CASE.

IN THE TEK LABS—

WE FOUND A NEW
RADIOACTIVE
CHEMICAL IN THE BODIES OF THE
WEREWOLVES — A SUBSTANCE CAPABLE
OF BRINGING ABOUT DRAMATIC CHANGES
IN BODY CHEMISTRY. IT'S IDENTIFIABLE
BY THE BRIGHT GREENISH GLOW.
I CALL IT CASSIDIUM.

FAME AT LAST,
HUH, CASSIDY?



AW, C'MON — I HAD TO
CALL IT SOMETHING.





ANYWAY, I'VE DEVELOPED A NEUTRALISING AGENT. WHEN EVEN A MINUTE QUANTITY IS ADDED TO THE CASSIDIUM, IT CHANGES IT TO A HARMLESS ALGAE.



SO ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS LOCATE THE CASSIDIUM SOURCE.

THERE WE HAVE A HEADSTART, DREDD - JUDGE BRAM.



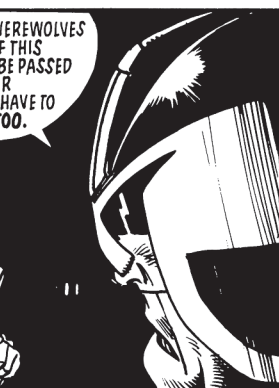
BRAM TOOK THE LONG WALK TO THE UNDERCITY. IT'S PROBABLE HE PICKED UP THE CONTAMINANT THERE.

THAT'S POSSIBLE. NO TELLING WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN THAT HELLHOLE SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR.



I WANT YOU TO HANDLE THIS, DREDD. FIND THAT SOURCE AND NEUTRALISE IT.

WHAT ABOUT THE WEREWOLVES THEMSELVES? IF THIS CONDITION CAN BE PASSED ON THROUGH THEIR SALIVA, THEY'LL HAVE TO BE ELIMINATED TOO.



EXACTLY. HAVE FUN.



THANKS.

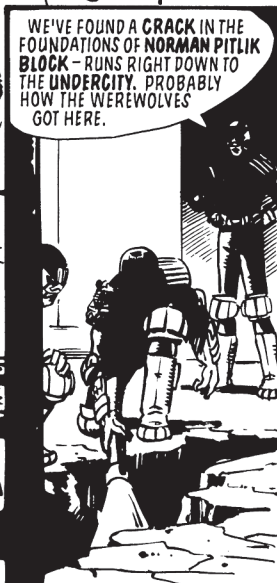


LATER THAT MORNING -

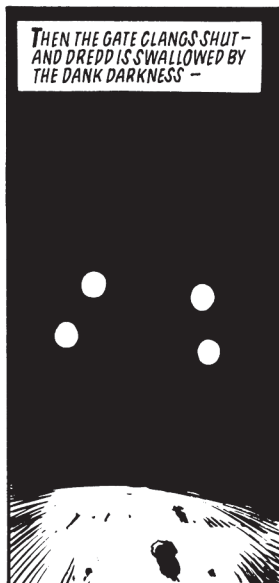
OPEN THE UNDERCITY GATE!

ROSEMAN TO DREDD!

GLAD I CAUGHT YOU. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED. . .



WE'VE FOUND A CRACK IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAN PITLIK BLOCK - RUNS RIGHT DOWN TO THE UNDERCITY. PROBABLY HOW THE WEREWOLVES GOT HERE.



THEN THE GATE CLANGS SHUT - AND DREDD IS SWALLOWED BY THE DANK DARKNESS -



THE UNDERCITY: THE OLD CITY THAT LAY BENEATH THE STREETS OF THE SPRAWLING MEGALOPOLIS.

LONG AGO, IT HAD BECOME SO POLLUTED, SO RUN-DOWN, SO DECAYED THAT JUDGES HAD DECIDED TO **CONCRETE** OVER IT AND START AGAIN.

NOW IT WAS A REFUGE FOR HALF-HUMANS, MUTANTS, ESCAPED CRIMINALS AND OTHER OUTCASTS FROM THE CITY ABOVE.

PLACE IS SO VAST I COULD SEARCH FOR WEEKS AND GET NOWHERE. BETTER MAKE FOR PITLIK - BOUND TO BE SOME WEREWOLF TRACES THERE.

FOODEE!

FOODEE!

GIVEE
FOODEE!

BLIND BEGGARS - BEEN SO LONG
IN THE PIT, THEY'VE LOST THE
USE OF THEIR EYES.

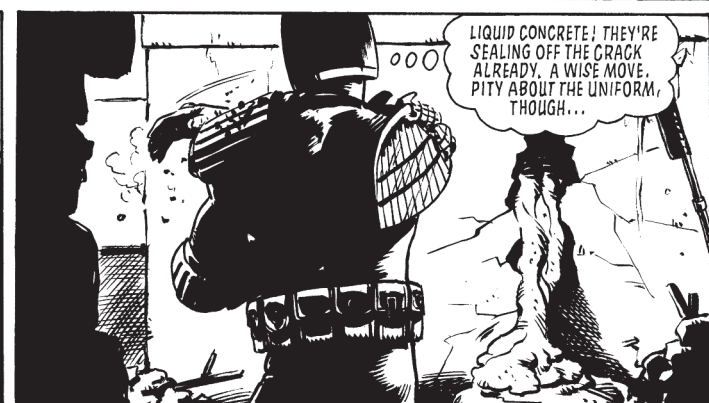
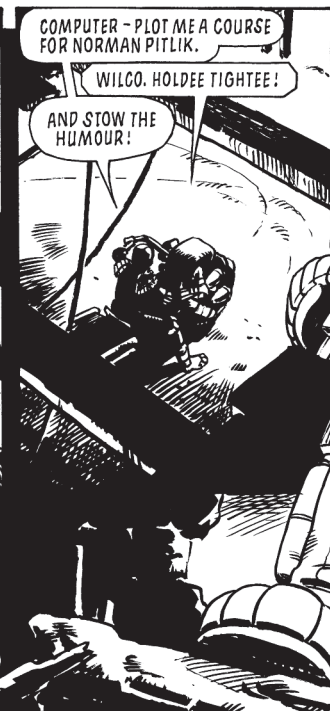
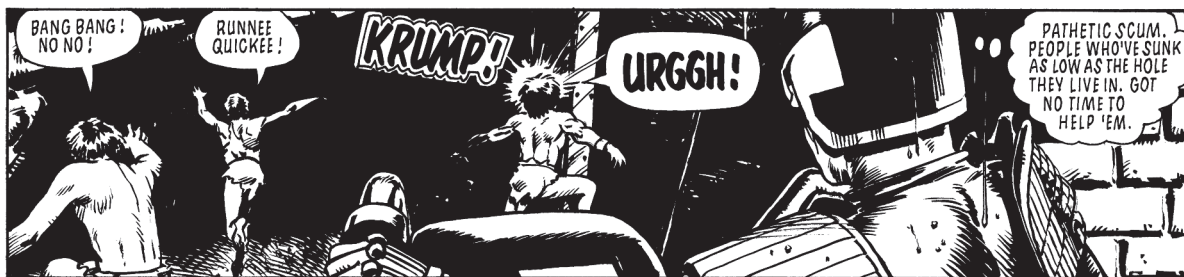
CLEAR THE
WAY!

NO! NO! FIRST GIVEE
FOODEE - OR WE
TAKEE!

...
CREEPS WON'T TAKE
A TELLING!

CLEAR THE WAY,
I SAID!

AIEEE!





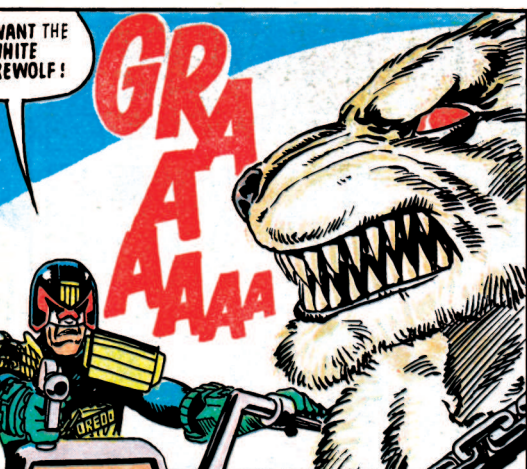
CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 5

JUDGE DREDD HAS BEEN SENT DOWN TO THE UNDERCITY TO NEUTRALISE THE CASSIDIUM SOURCE - THE RADIOACTIVE CHEMICAL WHICH HAS CREATED A RACE OF WEREWOLVES.

THERE, HE COMES UPON A GROUP OF FUGITIVE ROBOTS -



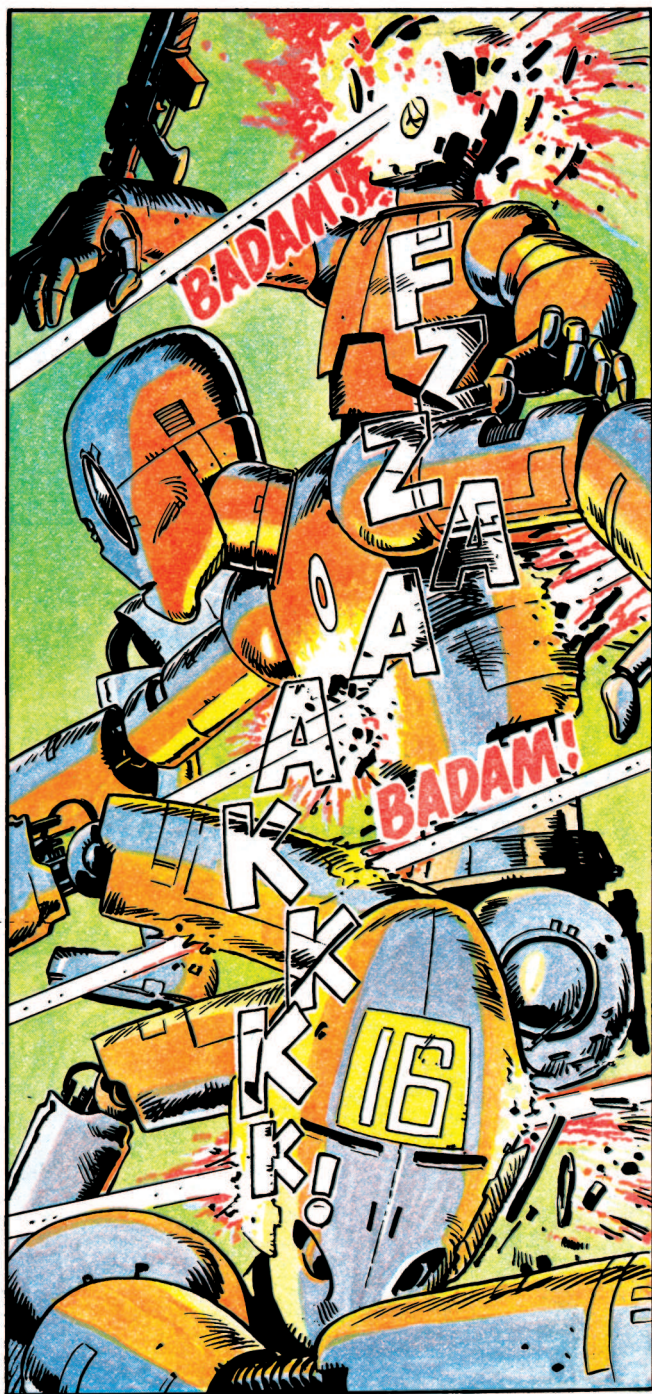
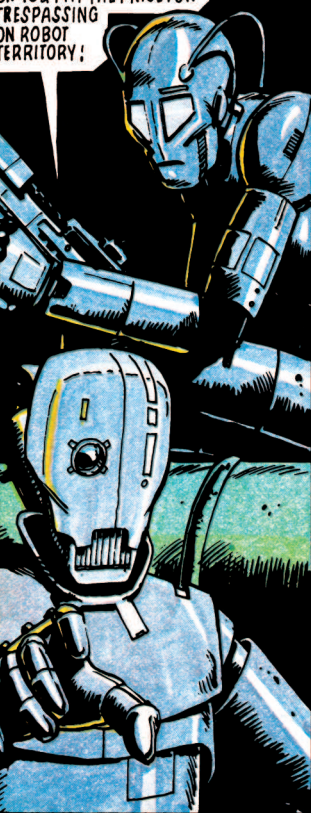


WANT THE
WHITE
WOLF!

GRA
A
AAA

WE SLEW FIFTY WEREWOLVES TO
CAPTURE THIS - THEIR LEADER. HE
IS OUR TROPHY! THE SYMBOL OF
OUR DOMINANCE OF EAST
UNDERCITY!

BE GONE, UPSIDER JUDGE -
OR YOU PAY THE PRICE FOR
TRESPASSING
ON ROBOT
TERRITORY!



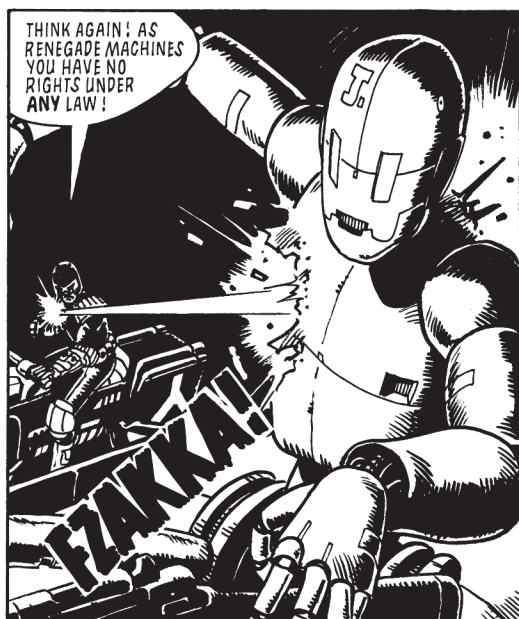


DREDD'S SECOND SALVO
SHATTERS THE WHITE
WEREWOLF'S CHAINS!

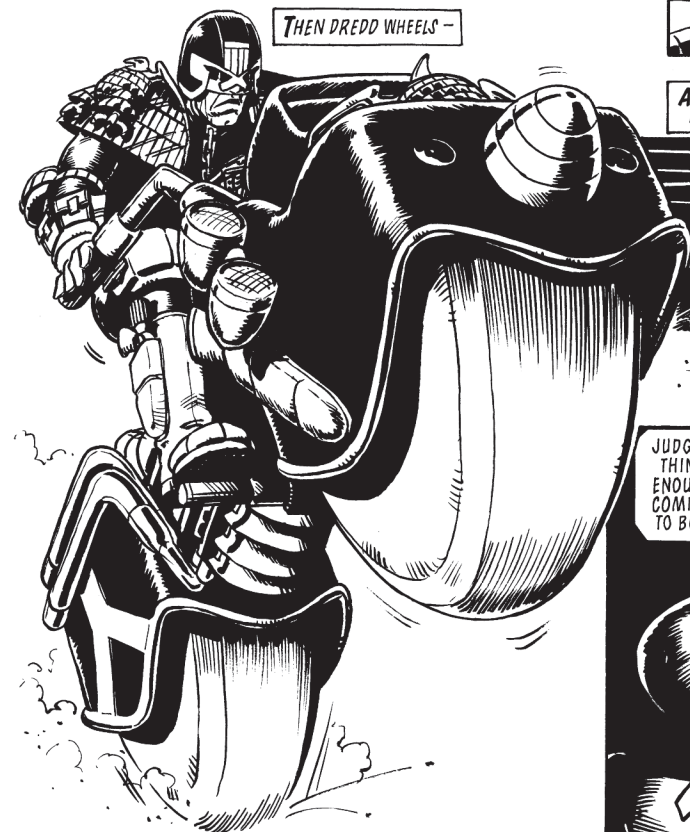


HE'S FREED THE
WEREWOLF!
KILL IT!

AROOO!

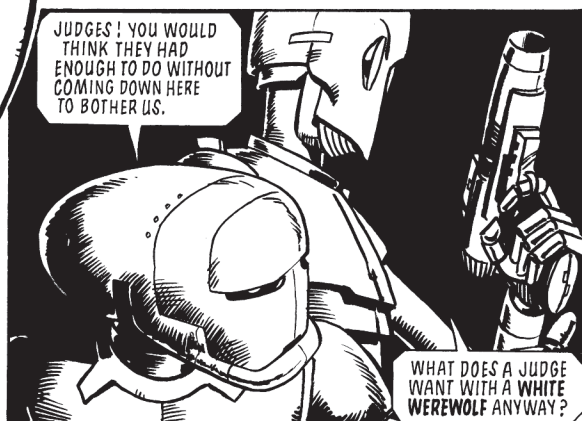
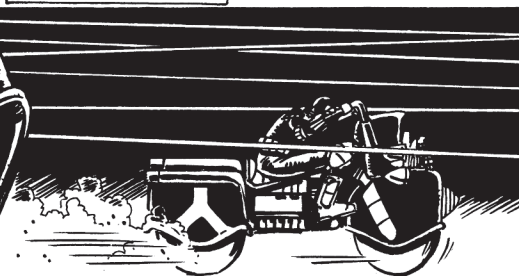


THINK AGAIN! AS
RENEGADE MACHINES
YOU HAVE NO
RIGHTS UNDER
ANY LAW!



THEN DREDD WHEELS—

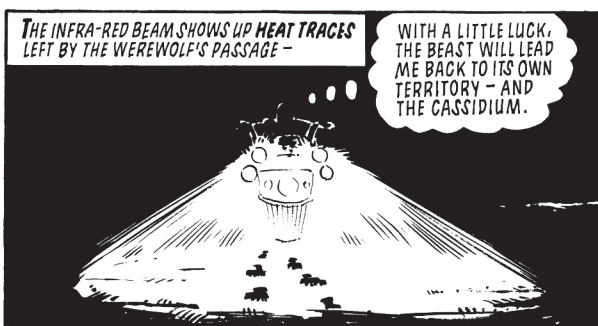
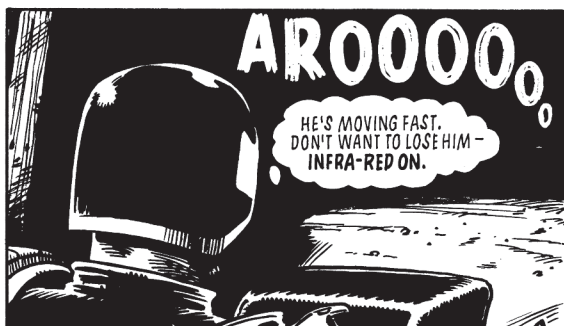
AND SPEEDS AWAY UNDER
A HAIL OF FIRE!

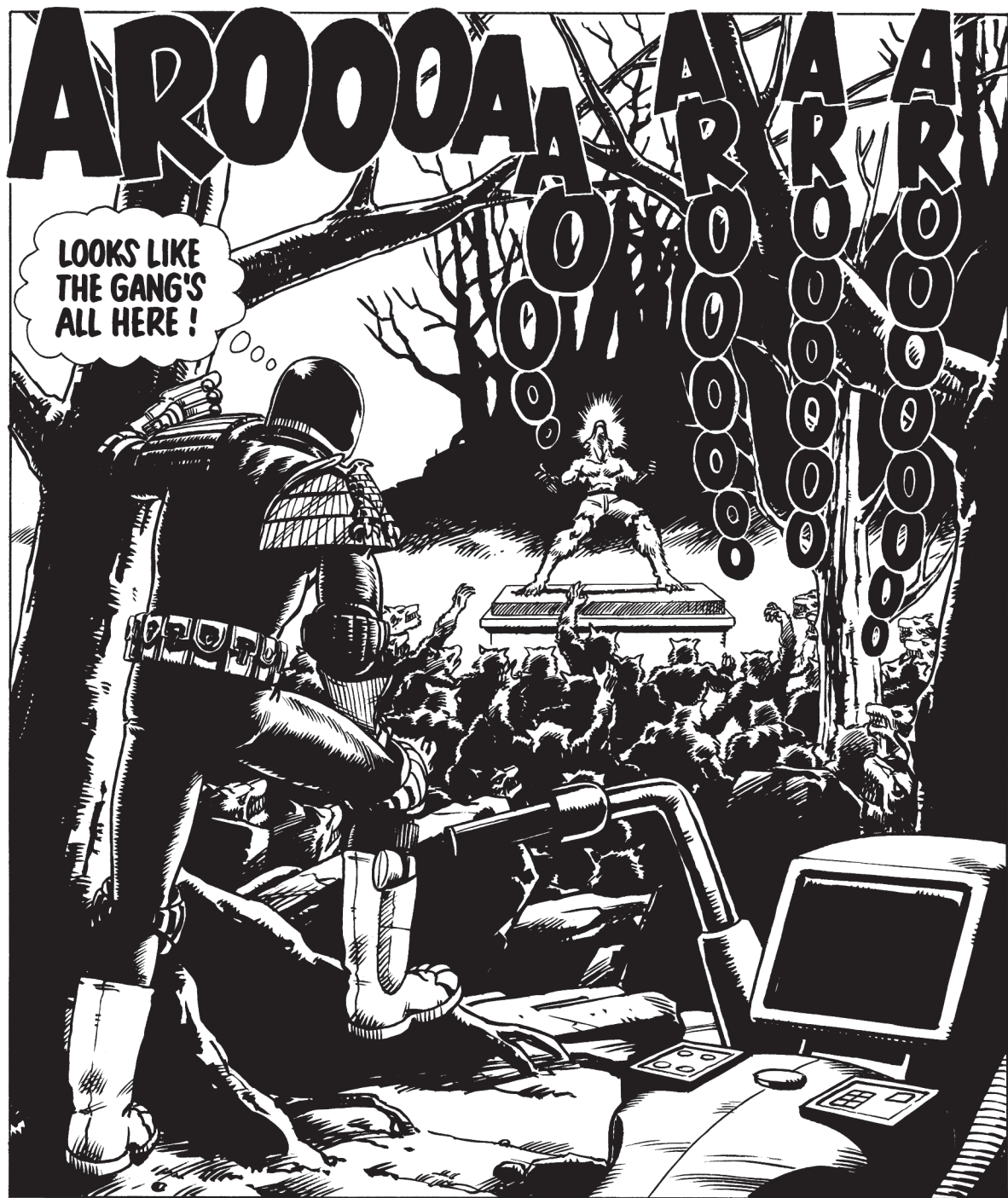


JUDGES! YOU WOULD
THINK THEY HAD
ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT
COMING DOWN HERE
TO BOTHER US.

WHAT DOES A JUDGE
WANT WITH A WHITE
WEREWOLF ANYWAY?







THEN DREDD'S EYE CATCHES SIGHT OF A
GHOULISH GREEN GLOW -

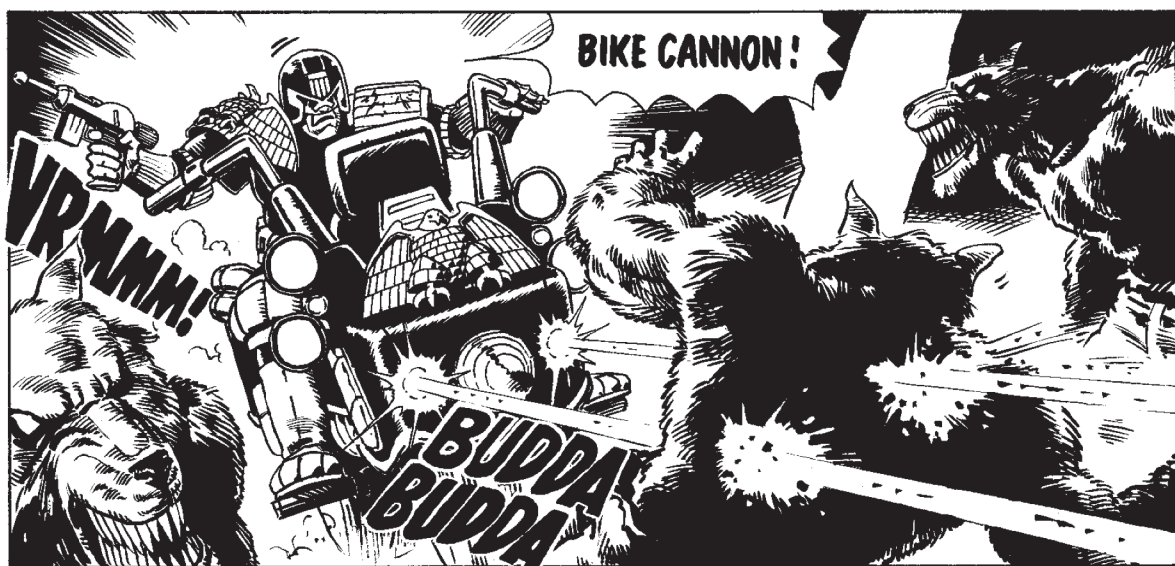
CASSIDIUM! A WHOLE
LAKE OF THE STUFF!



NO WAY I'M
GONNA GET THIS
NEUTRALISING
AGENT TO THE
CASSIDIUM
WITHOUT BEING
SEEN.

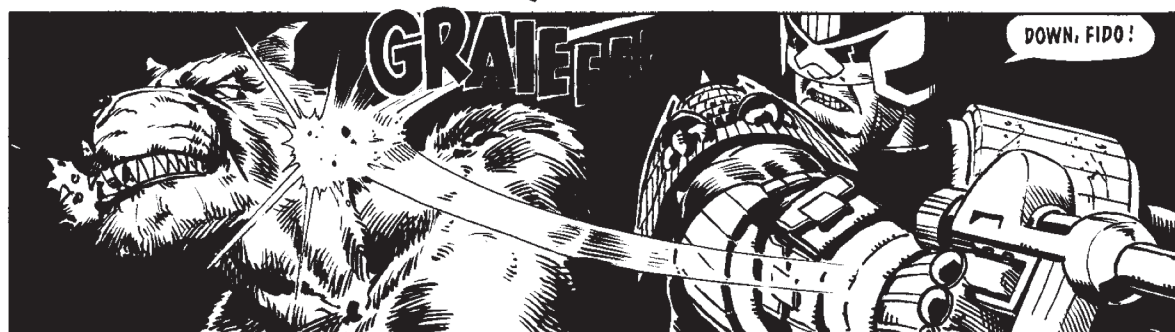


IT'LL HAVE TO BE STRAIGHT
THROUGH THEM - AND
HOPE FOR THE BEST!



BIKE CANNON!

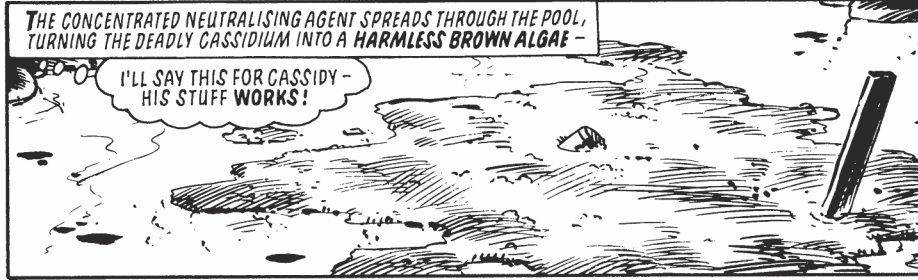
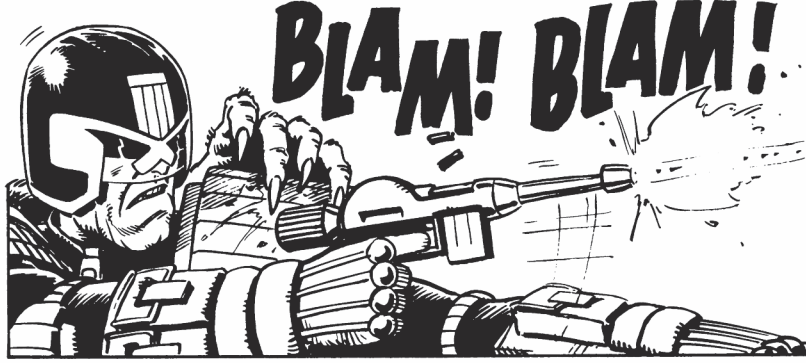
BUDDA
BUDDA

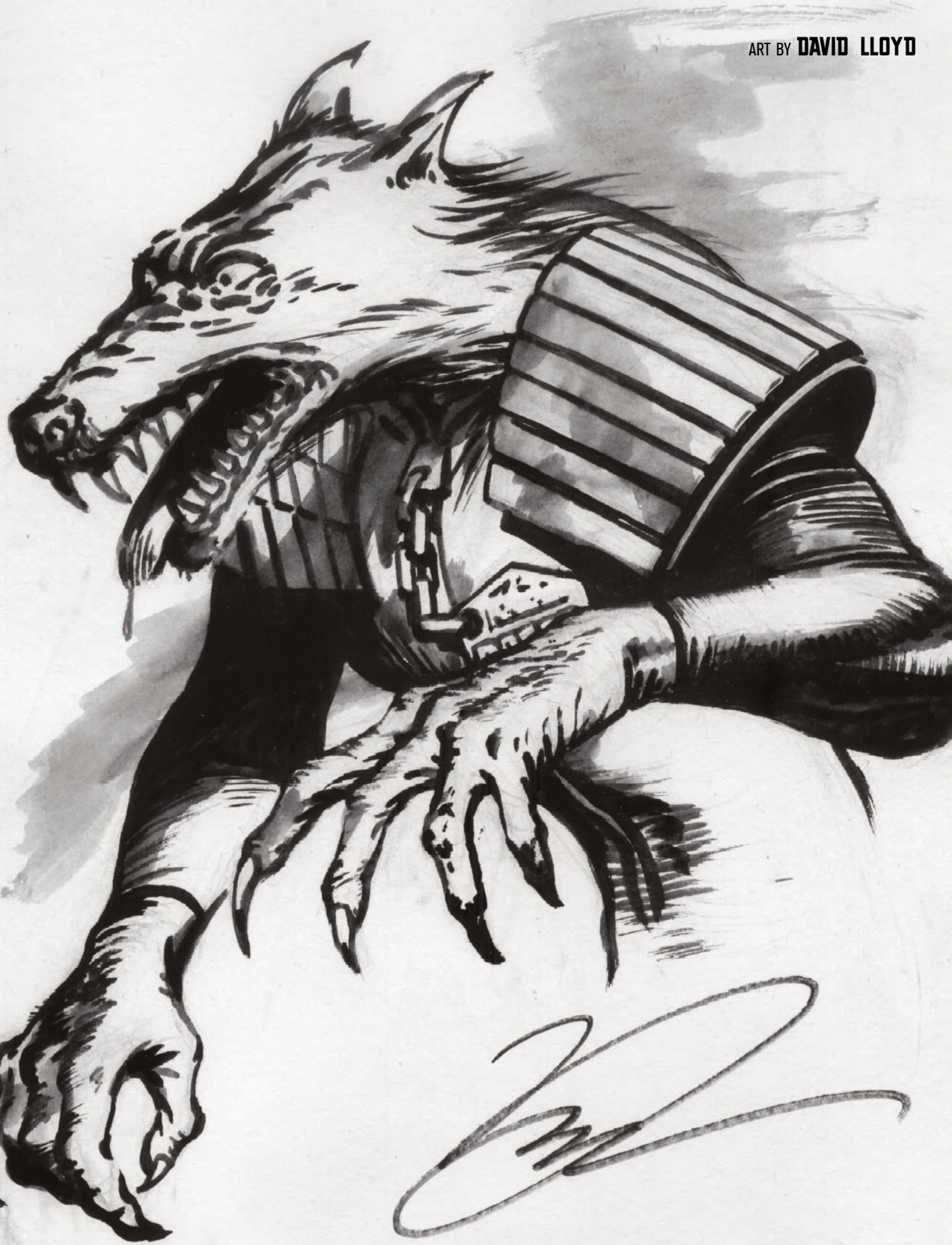


GRAIEEE

DOWN, FIDO!







For STEVE
HE TOOK A GREAT
BITE OUT OF LIFE!
—

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

GRAAAIEEEE!

PART 6

THE UNDERCITY - THE DECAYING RUINS
BENEATH MEGA-CITY ONE - WHERE
JUDGE DREDD HAS NEUTRALISED THE
CHEMICAL POOL WHICH SPAWNED A
RACE OF WEREWOLVES.

NOW, DREDD
MUST ESCAPE THE BLOOD-CRAZED PACK!



BADAM!
BADAM!

BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!





ABOVE THE MELEE, THE WEREWOLF LEADER ANTICIPATES THE BLOODY RESULT OF THE CONFRONTATION -



-AND MOVES TO FORESTALL THE ESCAPE!



WITH FIRE AND FURY, DREDD CLEAVES HIS PATH -

ROLL OVER, ROVER!
I'M COMIN' THROUGH!



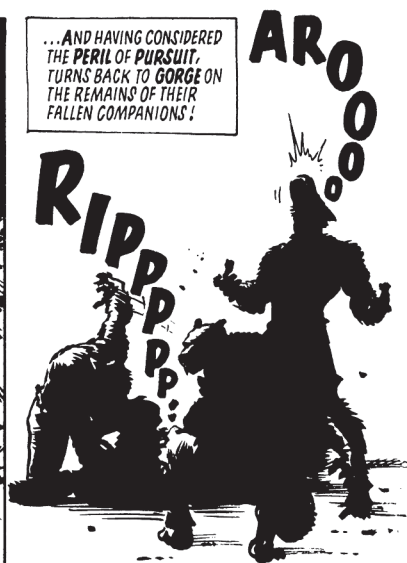
HIGH
EXPLOSIVE!



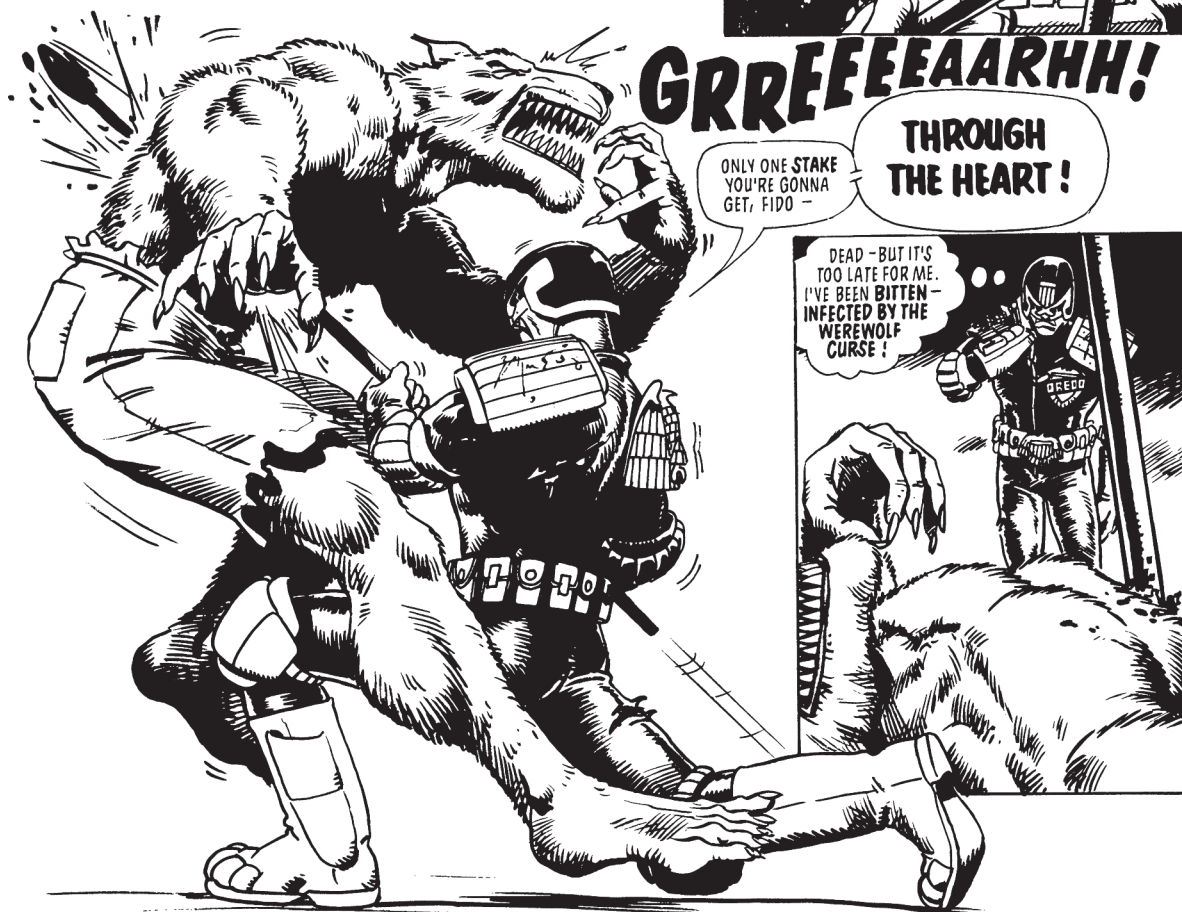
BEHIND DREDD, THE
HOWLING PACK PAUSES-
DAUNTED. . .

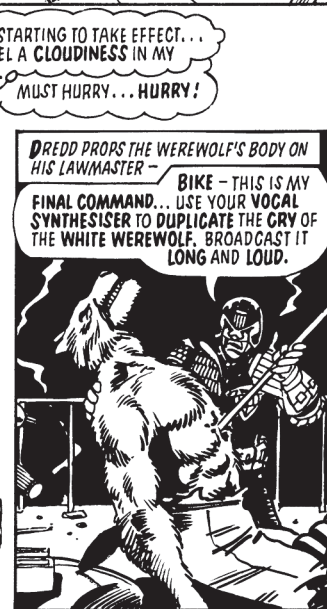
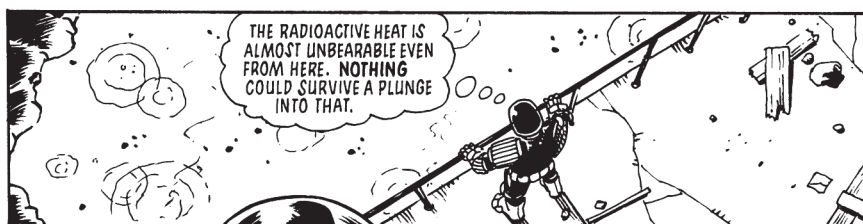
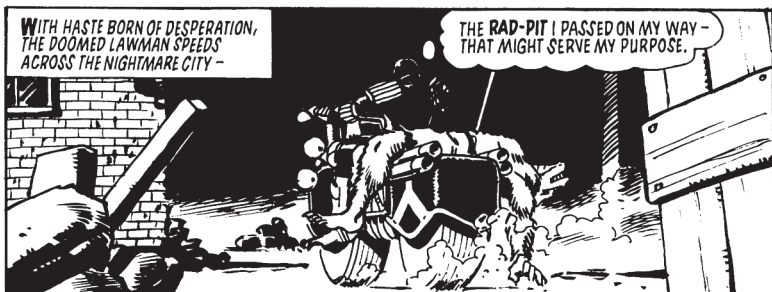
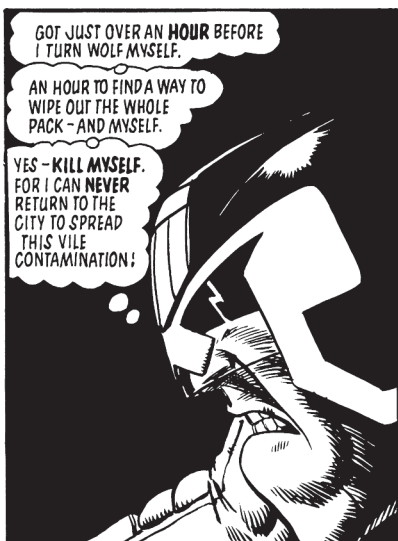


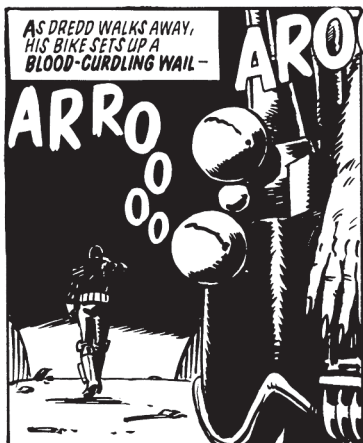
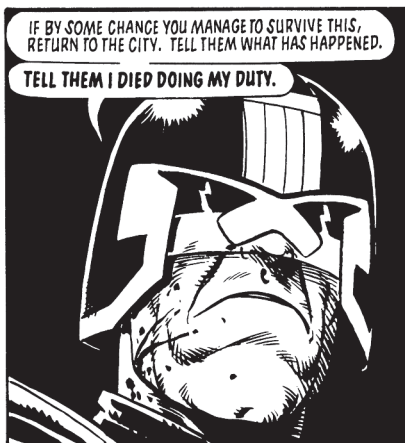
...AND HAVING CONSIDERED
THE PERIL OF PURSUIT,
TURNS BACK TO GORGE ON
THE REMAINS OF THEIR
FALLEN COMPANIONS!











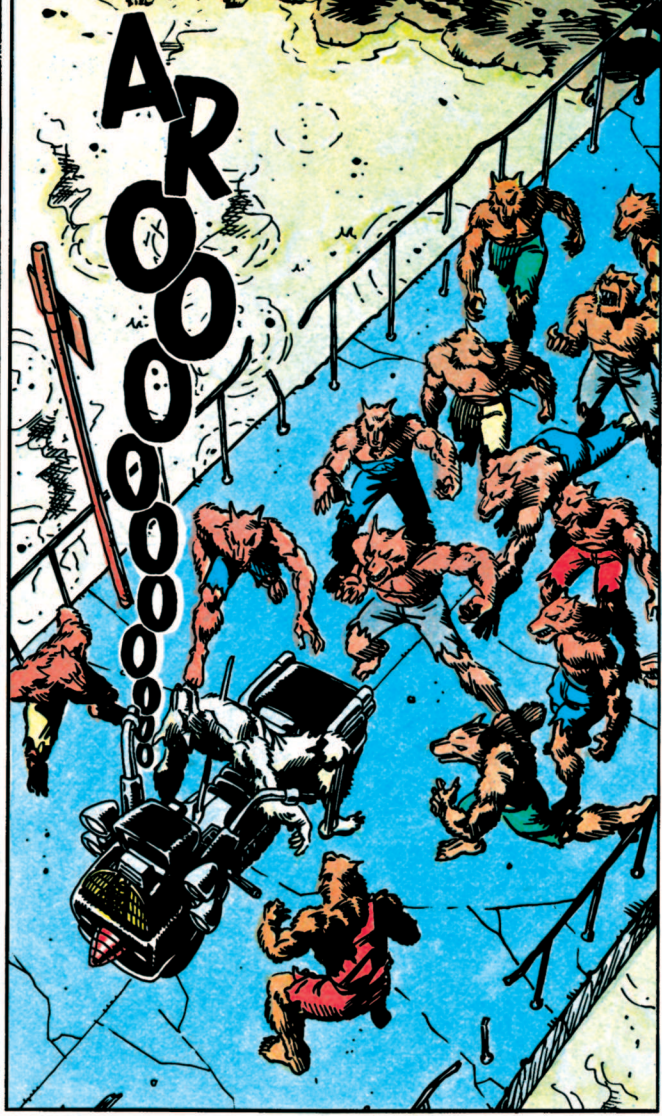
ART BY **GARRY LEACH**
COLORS BY **MIKE SPICER**



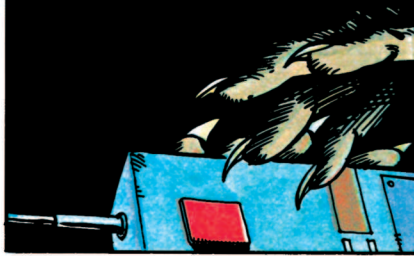
JUDGE DREDD

THE UNDERCITY! ON A CRUMBLING WALKWAY SPANNING A RAD-PIT THE WEREWOLF PACK HAVE BEEN LURED BY THE CRY OF THEIR LEADER.

THERE THEY GATHER IN CONFUSION. THEIR LEADER - THE WHITE WEREWOLF - IS DEAD... AND THE GHASTLY CRY COMES FROM A JUDGE'S LAWMASTER -



FROM ITS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT A GRISLY CLAW CREEPS TOWARDS A RADIO DETONATOR -



THE WEREPACK PLUNGES TO ITS DOOM IN THE DE



CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 7



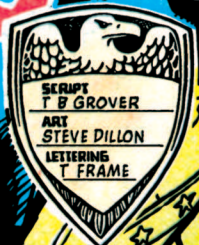


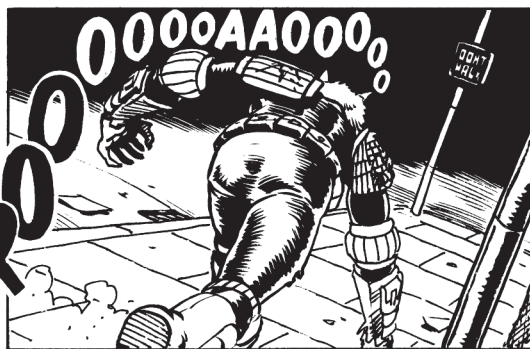
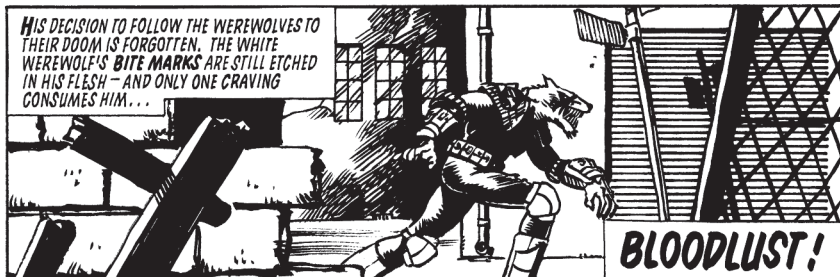
DADLY RADIATION HEAT OF THE RAD-PIT BELOW!

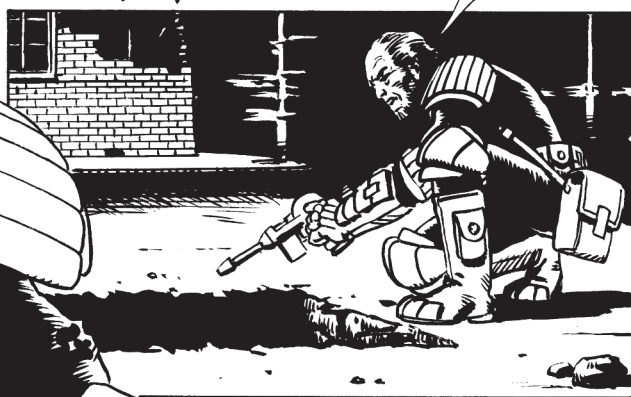
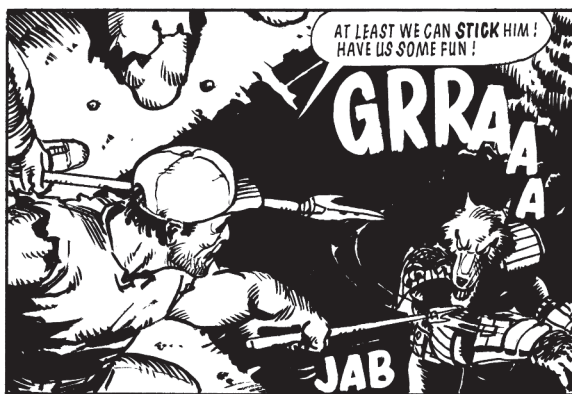


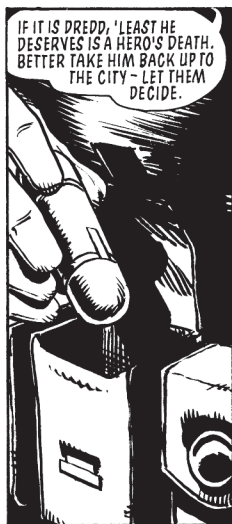
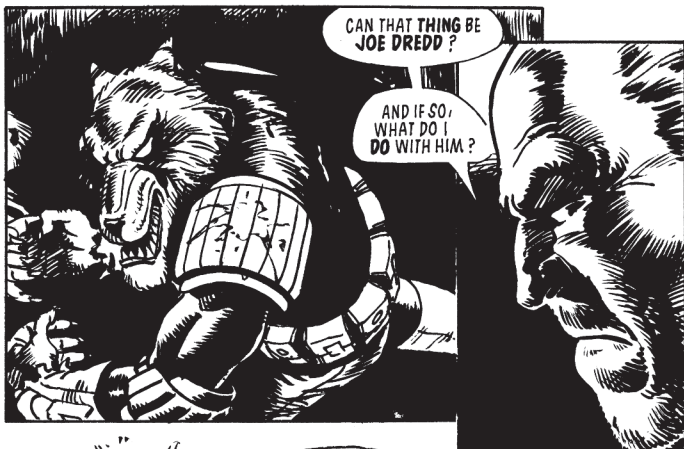
JUDGE DREDD - OR WHAT WAS
ONCE JUDGE DREDD - UTTERS A
PIERCING HOWL OF TRIUMPH!

AR ROOOOOO









PRAGER MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERCITY. IT HAS BEEN HIS TERRITORY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS. THE INHABITANTS KNOW HIM WELL, AND GIVE HIM GROUND.

AT THE CITY GATE -

CLANG!
CLANG!

WHO GOES THERE?

JUDGE PRAGER.
TOOK THE LONG WALK
FOUR YEARS BACK.
GOT SOMETHIN'
FOR YOU.

A JUDGE ALL RIGHT.
WHAT YOU GOT FOR
US, PRAGER?

THIS.

DROKK! DREDD! SO
THE WEREWOLVES
GOT HIM!

I'D BETTER
GET HIM TO
MED-BAY,
QUICK.

HIS TASK DONE, PRAGER RETURNS
TO THE GLOOM BELOW -

HEY, PRAGER -
HOW'S THINGS
DOWN THERE
ANYWAY?

GRIM.



LATER, IN A HALL OF JUSTICE MED-BAY -

HE'S COMING ROUND!



KORKORAN... YOU'RE...NORMAL AGAIN!

SO ARE YOU, DREDD.



YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT HOW - ?

CASSIDY HERE CAME UP WITH THE CURE. GUY'S A GENIUS - ONLY TROUBLE IS, HE NEVER LETS YOU FORGET IT.



WELL, YOU GOT MY THANKS ANYWAY, CASSIDY.

I DON'T MIND ADMITTING, FOR A WHILE DOWN THERE, THINGS GOT PRETTY HAIRY!







ART BY **ERIC CANETE**
COLORS BY **MIKE SPICER**



ART BY **PHIL HESTER**
COLORS BY **MIKE SPICER**



← DEVIATIONS →

IDW
ONE-SHOT

JUDGE DREDD



FREE DIGITAL ASHCAN

CHECK OUT A SNEAK PEEK OF THE AWESOME NEW ISSUE...

.....



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

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THE UNDERCITY...

Non è detto che a New York non ci sia niente di più bello che non di qui, che non a New York.





RRRRRRRRRR!

HOWL OF THE WOLF

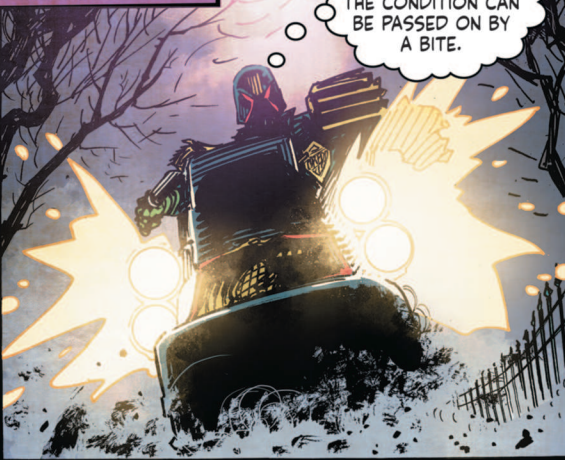
story & art JOHN MCCREA colors MIKE SPICER lettering SIMON BOWLAND edits DENTON J. TIPTON publisher TED ADAMS
Judge Dredd created by JOHN WAGNER and CARLOS EZQUERRA



THREE WEEKS
EARLIER...

THE SOURCE
OF THE WEREWOLF
SICKNESS HAS BEEN
DESTROYED, BUT
THE CONDITION CAN
BE PASSED ON BY
A BITE.

BEFORE THE
CITY ABOVE CAN BE
SAFE, EVERY LAST
WEREWOLF MUST BE
DESTROYED,
INCLUDING--



RRRAAAAGHH!

--THE
WHITE
WOLF!



TOO FAST...

IT'S CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS!

GOTTA REACH...

AA ARRO OOOO!

I CHANGED, BECAME A WEREWOLF. BUT JUDGE PRAGER--FOUR YEARS ON THE LONG WALK--TRAPPED ME, CAUGHT ME...



...IMPRISONED ME!

DNA
SCANS SHOW IT'S
DREDD, ALL RIGHT.
PRAGER WASN'T
KIDDING.



A SHAME
CASSIDY GOT
KILLED BY ONE OF
THE BEASTS. HE
WAS SO CLOSE
TO A CURE...

INDEED.



ALL THAT
RESEARCH LOST
IN THE FIRE, TOO.
A DROKKIN'
MESS.

CAN WE
PUT HIM IN CRYO
'TIL THE TEK-DIV
FIGURE OUT A
CURE?



WE RAN SIMS
BASED ON HIS WOLF
METABOLISM; IT'S
ENHANCED HEALING. HE
JUST KEPT REJECTING
THE PROCESS. NINETY-
NINE TIMES OUT OF
100 IT KILLED HIM.

KIND
OF IRONIC,
REALLY...



WE CAN'T
RISK THOSE
ODDS.

OKAY, KEEP
HIM LOCKED
DOWN...START
LOOKING FOR A
CURE AGAIN.

← DEVIATIONS →

IDW
ONE-SHOT

JUDGE DREDD



TO BE CONTINUED IN...

JUDGE DREDD: DEVIATIONS

.....

FROM THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

by Ted Adams



I've got another fun creator-owned series to tell you about this month—**Helena Crash** by artist, Warwick Johnson Cadwell, and writer, Fabian Rangel, Jr., with lettering by Ironbark. In a world where coffee has been outlawed and old technology is highly coveted, Helena Crash is the woman who can get you whatever you want—as long as you're willing to meet her price.

TA: Fabian, I love the mix of old technology and new technology in **Helena Crash** — one of my favorite scenes in the first couple of issues is Helena getting an order from a client on a phone that projects a holographic image where she gets sent on a mission to find an old-school VHS tape. The whole world

is so fun and unique—aliens and gorillas mixing with humans, bad guys wearing Mexican wrestling masks, cool race cars, and more—that I don't know where to start. So, let's start at the beginning. How did you and Warwick meet?

FR: Glad to hear you dig the world of *Helena Crash*! Warwick and I have had the best time filling it with all of our favorite things. I became aware of Warwick after he did a pin-up for *Space Riders*, and started following him on social media. It didn't take long after that for me to hit him up asking to collaborate. His work is really inspiring.

TA: What other work have you done before *Helena Crash*?

FR: It's safe to say the comic I'm most known for is *Space Riders* with Alexis Ziritt, and before that, a comic I did with Ryan Cody called *Doc Unknown* that I ran a few Kickstarters for. I also wrote an issue of *Jim Henson's The Storyteller*, the *Lucha Underground* comics for El Rey, and I did a back-up story in *TMNT: Amazing Adventures*.

WJC: I did a 4 issue run on *Tank Girl* a few years ago and more recently in the multi-artist *21st Century Tank Girl*, both for Titan Comics. I have worked with UK publishers Blank Slate and Self Made Hero and made small press and independently published comics like *Dangeritis* and *The Marionette Unit*. I've also done animation design for Aardman, Laika and Nickelodeon.

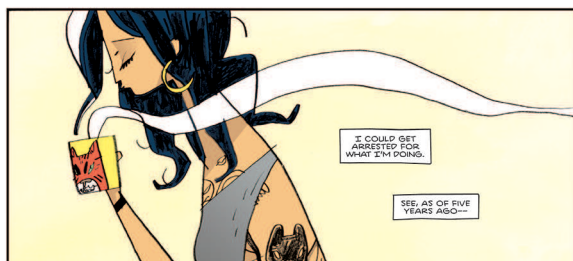
TA: What's your work process?

FR: These days, it starts with finding an

awesome artist to work with, and letting their art inspire the start of a story — whether that means a genre, or a character, or a setting. I don't even think of something new anymore until I know who I'm working with. Other elements include drinking lots of coffee, listening to movie or TV show scores on vinyl, and staring at the toy collection in my office. After that, it's filling notebooks and scripting. I also keep a big whiteboard on the wall that has everything I need to write in red.

WJC: My work process is like a hurricane. Not that it's an epic force of nature, commanding awe and respect, but more that it's a giant, messy, unpredictable event that I find impossible to steer. In the middle though, there is a short moment of sweet clarity and that's where the work gets done.

TA: Warwick, I see a little bit of Paul Pope and Jim Mahfood in your art and storytelling—high praise intended. Who inspires you? Any particular books, movies, or music that you look to for inspiration?



WJC: Well those two for a start. There are loads though. Mike Mignola, Mick McMahon, Kevin O'Neill, Duncan Fegredo. Then Frazetta, N.C. Wyeth, Kuniyoshi. Then Sergio Leone, Steven Spielberg, Genndy Tartakovsky. I've started listing and the problem is that I'll need to leave everyone else out. Anyone making stuff with love and care, that's what is inspiring.

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

FR: If you like coffee, *Mad Max* style car battles, the thrill of collecting, larger than life characters doing battle in a city populated by aliens, mutants, robots, and monsters, then you should be reading **Helena Crash**.

WJC: Helena Crash's town is an incredible place to be. Dodging fists, katanas, machetes and ray guns. Fabian Rangel Jr. knows his stuff. This book is so much fun, with a capital "F" written in bullet holes on the side of your favourite gangsters car.

Thanks, guys. Next month, I'll be talking with the creators of *Night Owl Society*, James Venhaus and Pius Bak.

