

# JUDGE DREDD



## DAY OF CHAOS: THE FOURTH FACTION

JOHN WAGNER ★ BEN WILLISHER ★ STAZ JOHNSON ★ COLIN MACNEIL ★ HENRY FLINT

**JOHN WAGNER**

Writer

**BEN WILLISHER ★ STAZ JOHNSON**

**COLIN MACNEIL ★ HENRY FLINT**

Artists

**GREG STAPLES**

Cover Artist



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

*2000 AD* Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson

Graphic Design: Simon Parr & Sam Howle

Reprographics: Kathryn Symes

PR: Michael Molcher

Original Commissioning Editor: Matt Smith

Originally serialised in *2000 AD* Progs 1700-1704, 1740-1751, 1753-1758 and *Judge Dredd Magazine* Issues 307-308 & 310. Copyright © 2010, 2011, 2013 Rebellion A/S. All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced without the express permission of the publisher. Names, character, places and incidents featured in the publication are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead (except for satirical purposes) is entirely coincidental.

Published by Rebellion, Riverside House,  
Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0ES, UK.  
[www.rebellion.co.uk](http://www.rebellion.co.uk)

For information on other *2000 AD* graphic novels, or if you have any comments on this book, please email [books@2000ADonline.com](mailto:books@2000ADonline.com)

To find out more about *2000 AD*, visit [www.2000ADonline.com](http://www.2000ADonline.com)





# J DGE DREDD

DAY OF CHAOS: THE FOURTH FACTION

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & CARLOS EZQUERRA

# THE CAUSE OF THE CHAOS

## HOW ONE PIVOTAL ACTION IN JUDGE DREDD'S PAST LED TO THE LATEST MEGA-EPIC

By 1981 John Wagner and co-writer Alan Grant were getting a little concerned by how large Mega-City One had become. Extending along almost the entirety of the eastern seaboard from Florida in the south and well into Canada in the north, the two writers decided that the city was far too unmanageable, even for a force as powerful and effective as the Justice Department. It was clear that Mega-City One had to undergo some extensive downsizing – and so *The Apocalypse War* was born.

Animosity towards the Sovs had been hinted at in *Pirates of the Black Atlantic* (published in Progs 197-200, and collected in *Case Files 04*). But nine months later, the main event began. A multi-part prologue, *Block Mania* (published in Progs 236-244 and collected in *Case Files 05*), saw the start of what was to lead to an all-out attack on Mega-City One by its Sov Block

counter-part, East-Meg One. A series of block-on-block riots suddenly start to occur across the Big Meg and it quickly becomes apparent that the widescale violence has been orchestrated by an outside influence. It is revealed that East-Meg superspy Orlok has poisoned the city's water supply with a drug designed to bring out the citizens most violent instincts.

With the Judges busy trying to contain the multiple block wars taking place in the city, East-Meg One is able to launch a successful nuclear attack, marking



J  
U  
D  
G  
E  
D  
R  
E  
D  
D





the start of *The Apocalypse War* (Progs 245-270, collected in *Case Files 05*). Almost half of Mega-City One is destroyed before the East-Meg leadership send in an invading army. In total disarray and with no hope of support from Mega-City Two or Texas City, the East-Meggers are easily able to take over, while the surviving Judges including Dredd, Anderson and Hershey are forced underground to regroup and start a guerrilla war against the occupying force.

On 29th May 1982, Prog 266 came out, containing the 22nd part of *The Apocalypse War*, changing the perception and the world of *Judge Dredd* forever. Having successfully led a commando unit to seize an East-Meg missile silo, Dredd chooses to obliterate East-Meg One

from the face of the Earth. This one controversial act has caused much debate amongst the *2000 AD* readership for many years and raises questions about morality and justice that few comic writers and publishers would dare to explore with their precious 'heroes'. It is clearly a standout moment in the history of *Judge Dredd*, *2000 AD* and Western comics in general.

There have often been repercussions caused by the events that transpired in *The Apocalypse War*, but no East-Meg retaliations have been as devastating to the citizens of Mega-City One as those that occur in *Day of Chaos*, thirty years after the first missiles flew...

**Keith Richardson**  
2012





# THE SKINNING ROOM

Script: John Wagner  
Art: Ben Willsher  
Colours: Chris Blythe  
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1700-1704





FIRST OFF, THIS MEETING SHOULD KNOW WE'VE RECEIVED WORD THAT FORMER CHIEF JUDGE MARTIN SINFIELD HAS ARRIVED ON TITAN.

HE WAS PROCESSED IMMEDIATELY AND ASSIGNED TO A WORK GANG.

SINFIELD!



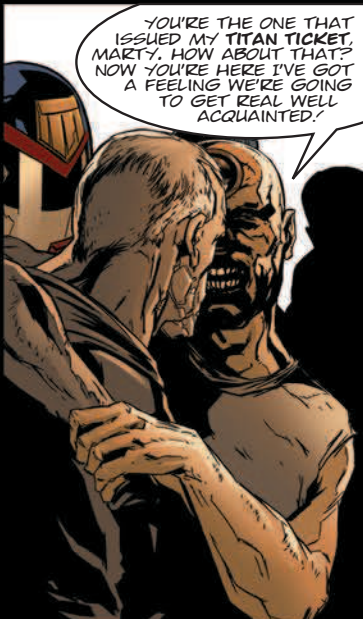
HEY, CHIEF JUDGE, ANY CHANCE OF A FREE PARDON?

I'M AN INNOCENT MAN, CHIEF JUDGE, I WAS FRAMED.

I WAS FRAMED TOO.

SUCK THIS, CHIEF JUDGE.

SILENCE!



YOU'RE THE ONE THAT ISSUED MY TITAN TICKET, MARTY. HOW ABOUT THAT? NOW YOU'RE HERE I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE GOING TO GET REAL WELL ACQUAINTED.



ZUNK!



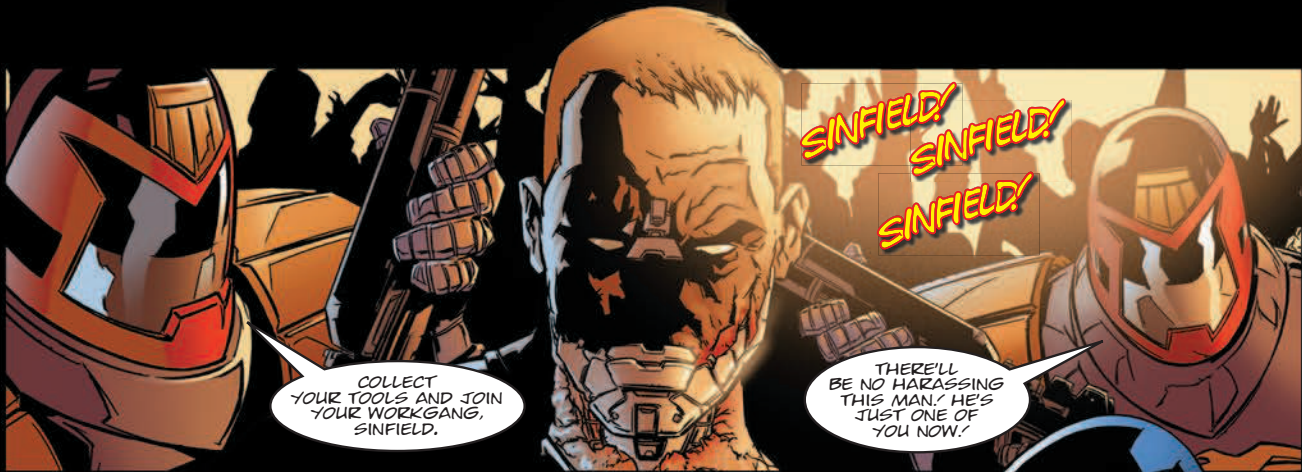
PUT HIM IN THE MEETH BOX.

ZUNK!

ZUNK!

THUD!





COLLECT YOUR TOOLS AND JOIN YOUR WORKGANG, SINFIELD.

THERE'LL BE NO HARASSING THIS MAN. HE'S JUST ONE OF YOU NOW.



IF HE'S IN THE GENERAL POPULATION, CHIEF JUDGE, YOU UNDERSTAND IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP HIS PRESENCE THERE A SECRET.

I'VE GIVEN THAT SOME CONSIDERATION. I DON'T BELIEVE IT WILL DO ANY HARM FOR THE CITIZENS TO KNOW WE TREAT OUR OWN AS HARSHLY AS WE TREAT THEM.

I QUITE AGREE.

OTHER BUSINESS, MARGARET, YOU HAVE THE QUOTES ON THAT TROUSER CONTRACT -



YET ANOTHER COUNCIL MEETING.

ANOTHER ENDLESS COUNCIL MEETING.

THE PRICE HE MUST PAY FOR ASSISTING FRANCISCO'S RETURN.

IT COULD BE WORSE. HE COULD BE SITTING IN FRANCISCO'S CHAIR.

THE NUMBER OF CRIMINAL-RELATED SURVEILLANCES DROPPED TO EIGHTY-FOUR PER CENT AT PSU, WHILE - AND I THINK BUELL WILL BACK ME UP ON THIS - THE NUMBER OF INTERNAL SURVEILLANCES - THAT IS, SURVEILLANCE SPECIFICALLY TARGETED AT JUDGES AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEES - ROSE BY OVER FOUR HUNDRED PER CENT.

THIS IS UNDER SINFIELD?

HE SAW PLOTS AGAINST HIM FROM EVERY QUARTER, WITH GOOD REASON, AS IT TURNED OUT.



HE FEELS LIKE HIS BRAIN IS BEING SLOWLY SUCKED OUT THROUGH A STRAW.

SURELY THERE CAN'T BE SO MANY THINGS TO TALK ABOUT? SO MANY TEDIOUS, TEDIOUS THINGS TO TALK ABOUT.

THAT BRINGS US TO DREDD'S BUSINESS.

DREDD?

WHAT'S THAT - ?

THIS MOTION OF YOURS, RE-IMPOSE ORDER BY CRACKDOWN. DISCUSS.

THE PROBLEM IS CLEAR. YOU'VE SEEN THE CRIME STATS.

THE CRIME STATS SEEM QUITE GOOD TO ME. IN FACT, THEY'VE NEVER BEEN BETTER.

SURE, THEY LOOK FINE, VASS - UNTIL YOU PROBE DEEPER. CRIMES AGAINST MUTANTS SINCE EXPELLED AREN'T RECORDED. SEVERAL CRIMES HAVE BEEN DOWNGRADED TO SIMPLE MISDEMEANOURS.

WHAT WE HAVE IS A CRIMEWAVE. PUBLIC OBEDIENCE IS AT AN ALL-TIME LOW. UNDER SINFIELD THE CITY HAS DESCENDED TO A STATE OF NEAR-ANARCHY.

IT'S SOMETHING I'VE NOTICED TOO.

THERE'S A CERTAIN AIR OF LAWLESSNESS ABOUT - CONTEMPT FOR AUTHORITY.

IT'S ALL TO DO WITH THE MUTANT SITUATION.

THE CITIZENS HAVE BEEN ALLOWED RATHER TOO MUCH LATITUDE, I THINK.

SO YOUR SOLUTION IS CRACKDOWN?

ZERO TOLERANCE, MAXIMUM PUBLICITY.

START WITH SECTOR 50 - THAT'S SHOWN THE HIGHEST RISE IN MAJOR CRIME OUTSIDE THE HAB ZONE - AND THEY HAVE AN EMPTY 150-BLOCK, A FORMER MUTANTS-ONLY FACILITY, WAITING FOR OCCUPATION.

WE DRAFT IN EVERY AVAILABLE HELMET. WE BRING IN SENIOR CADETS FROM THE ACADEMY. USE ROBOTS WHERE APPLICABLE. WE SWAMP THE SECTOR. BOOK EVERY WORM THAT SQUIRMS.

WHEN WE'RE FINISHED WITH FIFTY, WE MOVE ON. WE KEEP DRIVING THE MESSAGE HOME - LET THE PEOPLE KNOW THE PARTY'S OVER.

YOU HAVE SOMEONE IN MIND TO ORGANISE THIS?

I... NATURALLY THOUGHT MYSELF.

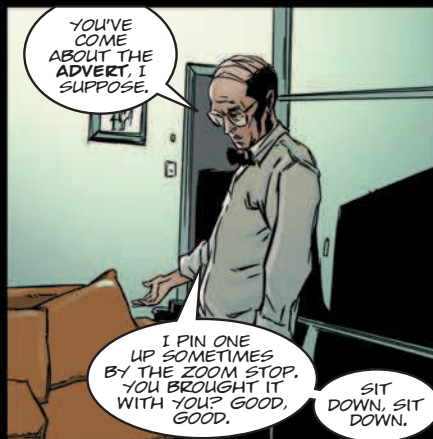
OF COURSE, IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO MISS OUT ON A FEW OF THESE MEETINGS WHILE THE OPERATION IS ONGOING. WITH REGRET.

OH, I'M SURE WE CAN SPARE YOU FOR A WHILE - DESPITE YOUR VALUABLE CONTRIBUTIONS.





HELLO, HELLO, I'M MR SKINNER. COME IN, COME IN.



YOU'VE COME ABOUT THE ADVERT, I SUPPOSE.

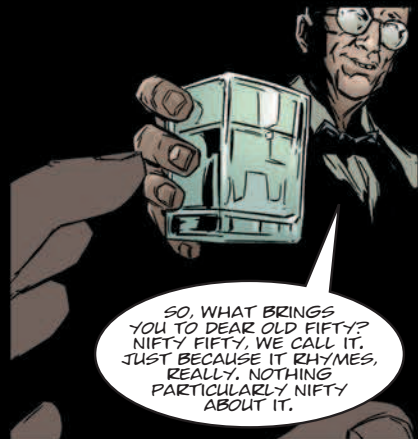
I PIN ONE UP SOMETIMES BY THE ZOOM STOP. YOU BROUGHT IT WITH YOU? GOOD, GOOD.

SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN.



CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING? A NICE CUP OF MOCK CHOC? A DRINK, PERHAPS? YES, YOU MUST HAVE A DRINK.

IT'S OLD MARYLAND, MADE RIGHT HERE IN SECTOR 50, RIGHT HERE.



SO, WHAT BRINGS YOU TO DEAR OLD FIFTY? NIFTY FIFTY, WE CALL IT, JUST BECAUSE IT RHYMES, REALLY. NOTHING PARTICULARLY NIFTY ABOUT IT.

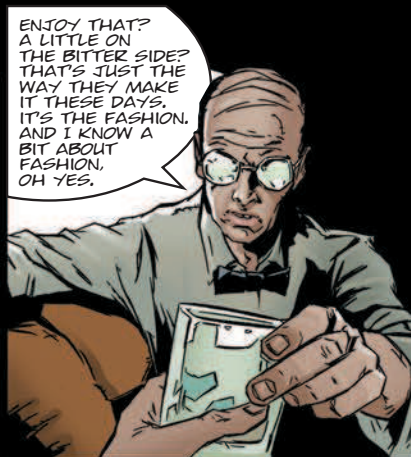


ALL ALONE? OH DEAR, THAT'S A SHAME, AND YOU SAW MY ADVERT.

WELL, YES, I HAVE A VERY NICE ROOM, ONLY FOR THE RIGHT TYPE OF GENTLEMAN, OF COURSE.

BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE AN OKAY GUY, A SQUARE JOE, AN UPRIGHT DWIGHT.

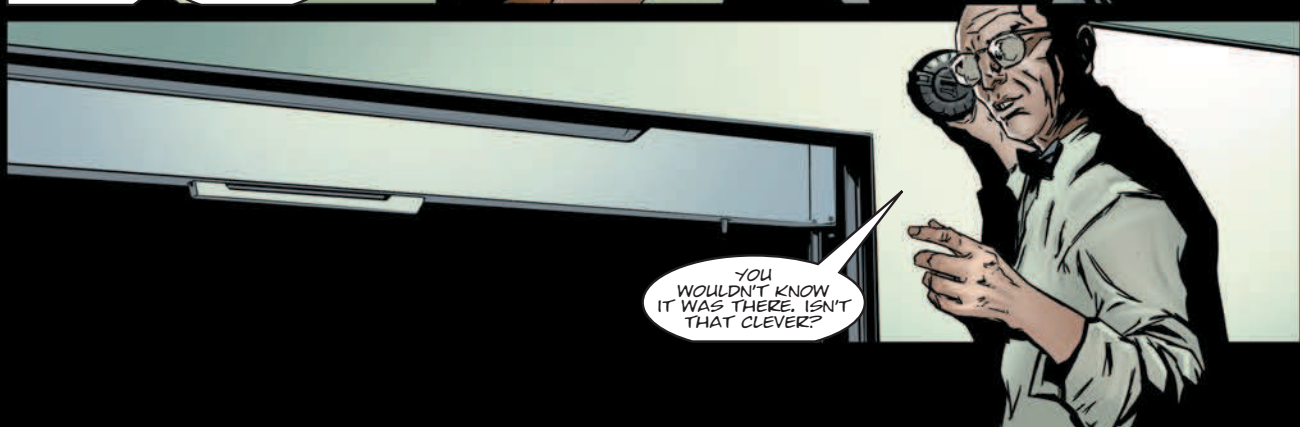
DRINK UP AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROOM.



ENJOY THAT? A LITTLE ON THE BITTER SIDES? THAT'S JUST THE WAY THEY MAKE IT THESE DAYS. IT'S THE FASHION, AND I KNOW A BIT ABOUT FASHION, OH YES.

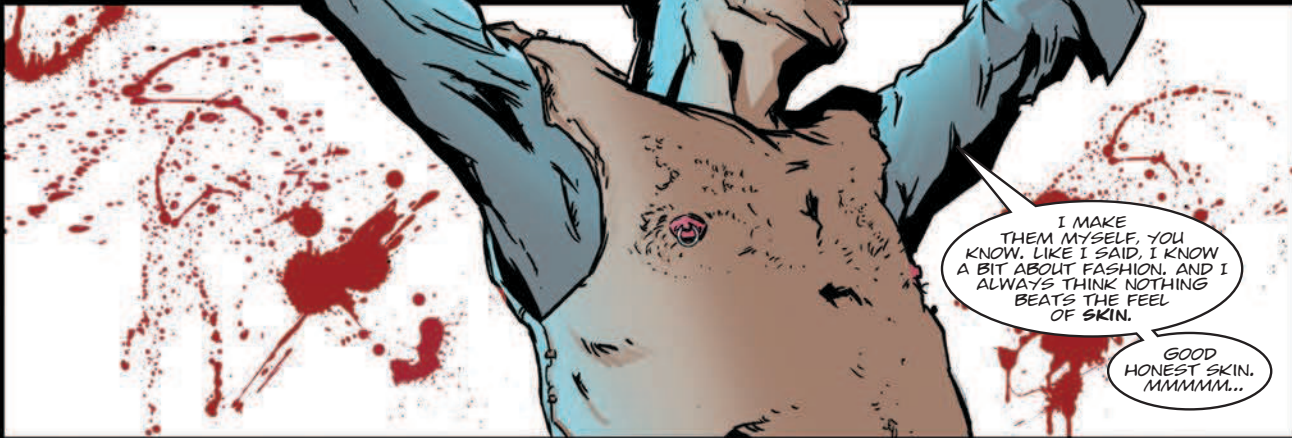


WHERE'S THE DOOR, I HEAR YOU THINKING, THAT'S THE GIMMICK. SEE, I JUST TAP IN THE CODE ON THE CLOCK HERE —



YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT WAS THERE, ISN'T THAT CLEVER?





THIS  
IS WHERE I  
KEEP MY CLOTHES.  
MY **SPECIAL**  
CLOTHES.

I MAKE THEM MYSELF, YOU KNOW. LIKE I SAID, I KNOW A BIT ABOUT FASHION. AND I ALWAYS THINK NOTHING BEATS THE FEEL OF SKIN.

GOOD  
HONEST SKIN.  
MMMMMM...





FEELING A LITTLE WOBBLY, ARE WE? THERE, YOU JUST LIE BACK ON THE BED. THAT'S IT. GOOD, GOOD.



NOT AS SOFT AS YOU'D LIKE, I KNOW, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE SPENDING TOO LONG IN IT. NO, NO, NOT TOO LONG AT ALL. I THINK WE CAN SAFELY SAY THAT.



NOW LET'S JUST HANG MR PINK BACK UP. WOULDN'T WANT HIM GETTING IN A MESS.

SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN, AS SOON AS I SAW HIM I THOUGHT TO MYSELF - TANK TOP, TANK TOP AND A NICE PAIR OF CHINOS.



JUST CRYING OUT TO BE MADE, OH, I KNOW, A LITTLE ROUGH ON MR PINK, WHEN ALL HE WANTED WAS A ROOM.



BUT THAT'S THE LUCK OF THE DRAW. SOME YOU WIN, SOME YOU LOSE, WE CAN'T ALL BE LUCKY IN LIFE.

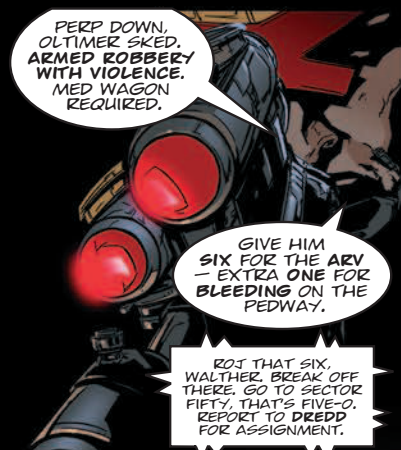
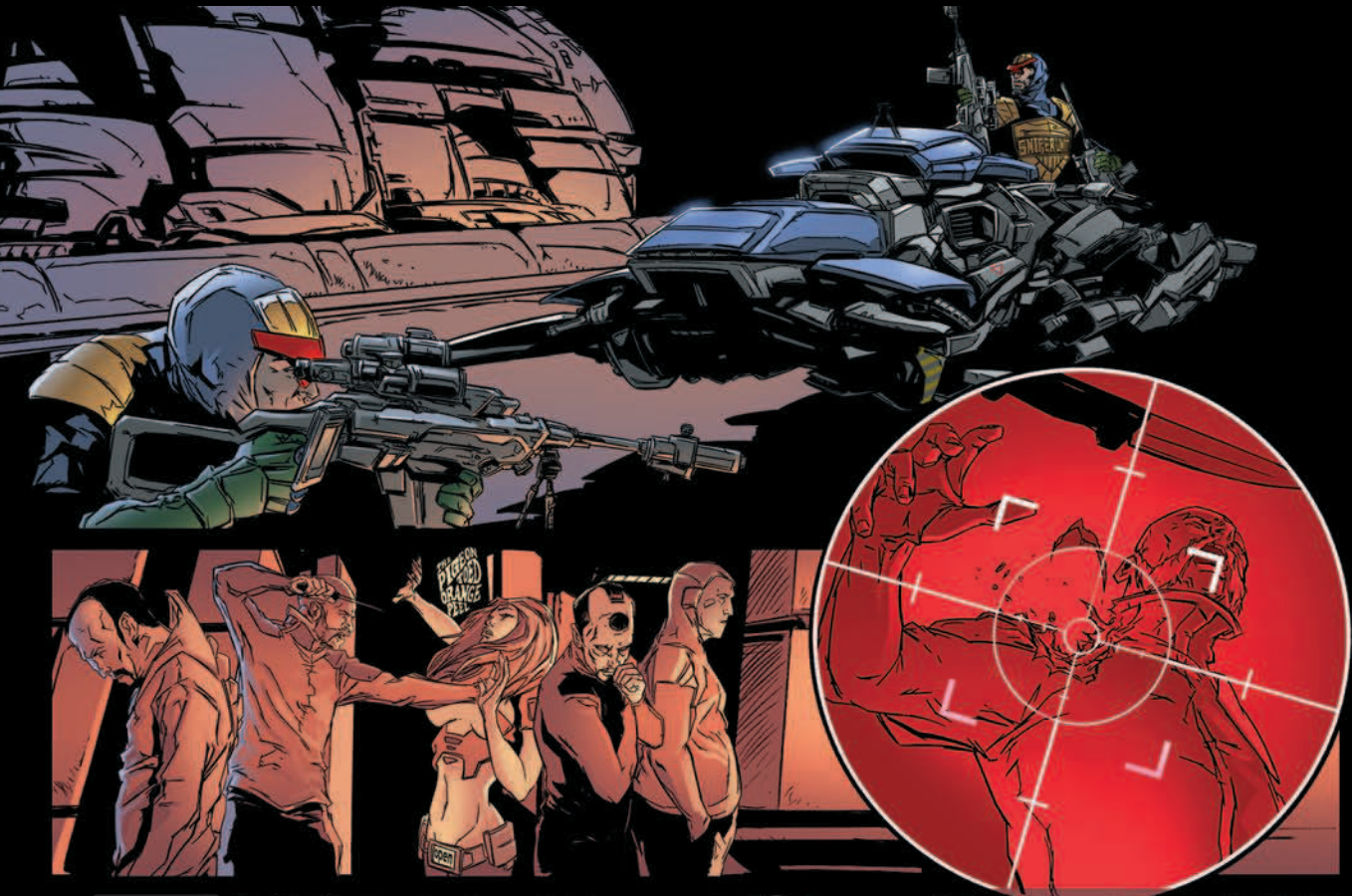
SO MANY PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD - TOO MANY, REALLY. AND AFTER ALL, HE DID MAKE SUCH A LOVELY OUTFIT.



SO ALL IN ALL I DON'T FEEL TOO GUILTY ABOUT WHAT I DID TO POOR MR PINK, OR ANY OF MY LODGERS, OH NO. I CAN HONESTLY SAY I FEEL QUITE COMFORTABLE IN MY OWN SKIN.

AND I'M SURE I'M GOING TO FEEL VERY COMFORTABLE IN YOURS...









JOHNSON, YOUR MANTAS ROUND CENTRAL ZOOM. SEAL OFF THE STATION. ANYONE TRIES TO LEAVE WITHOUT CLEARANCE, PULL 'EM UP OR BRING 'EM DOWN.

YO!

DREDD, WE HAVE ONE FIVE EXTRA HELMETS INCOMING FROM SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT.

DIVERT TO LOGAN, DUST ZONE 4. EXPECT TO LOCATE AND ERADICATE LARGE-SCALE ZZIZ OPERATION.

WALTHER, SNIPER, WHERE DO YOU WANT ME?

CROSBY HEIGHTS. BE ON WATCH SPECIALLY FOR ANTI-MUTANT ACTIVITIES, TWO LYNCHINGS IN BING LAST WEEK.

WE TALKING SHOOT TO KILL?

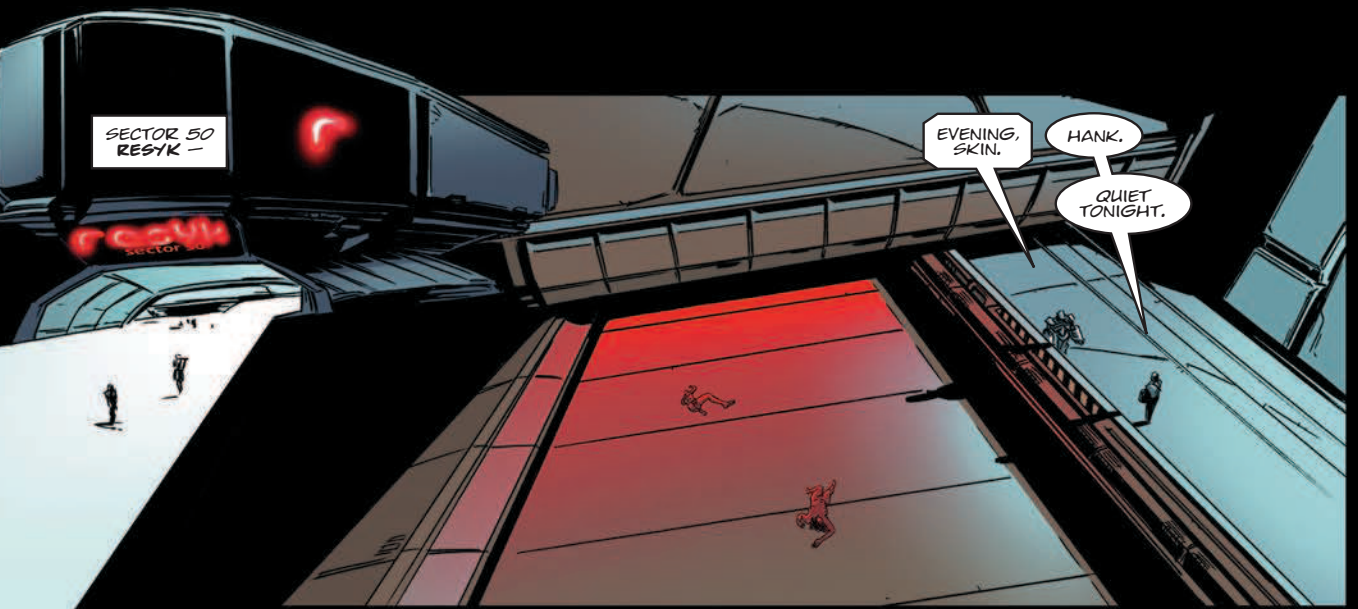
WE NEED TO SEND A MESSAGE, DON'T HOLD BACK IF APPROPRIATE.

HE'S COMMANDEERED UNITS FROM EVERY AVAILABLE SOURCE. HE'S CALLED IN SENIOR CADETS AND MANTAS.

IF HE HAS TO SERVE ON THE COUNCIL OF FIVE, AT LEAST HE CAN USE THE POSITION TO RESTORE SOME GOOD OLD FASHIONED LAW AND ORDER.

THE MEDIA ARE READY NOW, SIR.





SECTOR 50  
RESYK -

EVENING,  
SKIN.

HANK.

QUIET  
TONIGHT.



LULL BEFORE  
THE STORM. BIG  
CRACKDOWN  
GOING ON OUT  
THERE - JUDGES  
EVERYWHERE.

BEFORE  
LONG THIS BELT  
WILL BE WORKING  
OVERTIME.



THREE NIGHTS A  
WEEK SKINNER  
GOES TO WORK ON  
THE BIG MACHINE  
AT RESYK.

YO,  
SKIN.

JIM.



HEY, SKINNER,  
FRANCIS WANTS  
TO KNOW IF YOU CAN  
HANDLE HIS SHIFT  
TOMORROW.

TOMORROW'S  
SATURDAY - I  
GUESS THAT'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT.

SKIN  
NEVER DOES  
ANYTHING ON  
SATURDAY  
NIGHT, DO  
YOU?

SOMETIMES  
I DO.





SOMETIMES HE DOES. SKINNER RANDY HERE GETS OUT MORE THAN YOU.

I'VE BEEN DANCING. I DANCED WITH A WOMAN.

THAT'S NOT TRUE.

IT IS, FRANCIS AND ME TOOK HIM. I'M TELLIN' YOU.



THEY THINK HIM A REAL DULL SPUG. IF THEY COULD SEE HIM, ALL DRESSED UP, READY TO PARTY.

DRESSED TO KILL.



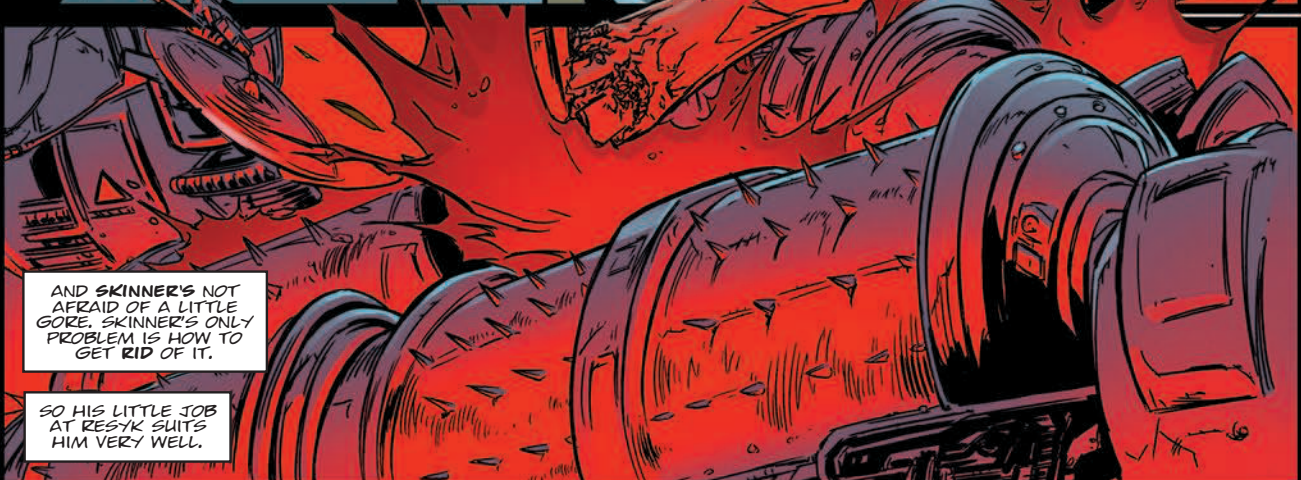
SADLY, THAT CAN NEVER BE.



SOME THINGS A MAN IS STILL BETTER AT THAN A ROBOT. MORE FLEXIBLE, YOU SEE, LIKE WHEN THE MACHINERY AT RESYK GETS BLOCKED UP.



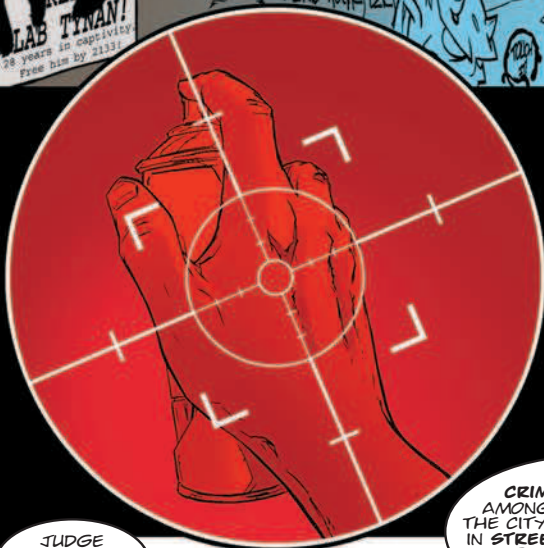
THEN IT NEEDS A GOOD MAN TO GO IN THERE AND SORT IT OUT. A MAN WHO'S NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE GORE.



AND SKINNER'S NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE GORE. SKINNER'S ONLY PROBLEM IS HOW TO GET RID OF IT.

SO HIS LITTLE JOB AT RESYK SUITS HIM VERY WELL.





FIFTY'S CRIME STATS ARE AMONG THE WORST IN THE CITY. WE HAVE PEAKS IN STREET CRIME, CRIMES AGAINST MUTANTS, CASUAL MURDER AND ARV.

HOW LONG DOES THE CRACKDOWN GO ON, SIR?

UNTIL THE MESSAGE GETS HOME.



IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, THAT'S ZERO TOLERANCE. BREAK THE LAW - ANY LAW - AND THE LAW WILL BREAK YOU.

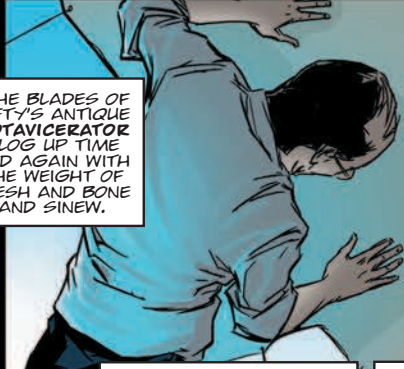






IT IS, INDEED, A  
BUSY NIGHT.

THE BLADES OF  
FIFTY'S ANTIQUE  
ROTAVICERATOR  
CLOG UP TIME  
AND AGAIN WITH  
THE WEIGHT OF  
FLESH AND BONE  
AND SINEW.



HE DECIDES, IN THE  
END, ON A SHIRT — A  
PLEATED EFFECT USING  
STRIPS OF SULIMON  
PATEL, THE MATURE  
STUDENT WHO'D TURNED  
UP FOUR SUNDAYS AGO.

THE FRONT RUFFED,  
ELEGANT — THE  
COLLAR WIDE, BOLD,  
EDGED WITH PATEL.  
THE COLOUR  
CONTRAST MAKES  
A VERY PLEASING  
EFFECT, DEFINITELY  
ONE TO ENHANCE  
HIS SUMMER  
COLLECTION.



SKINNER WORKS AUTOMATICALLY, HIS  
THOUGHTS CONTINUALLY STRAYING  
TO THE THOMSON BOY — WHAT HE'LL  
DO WITH HIM WHEN HE GETS HOME...

FULLY CURED NOW, THE SKIN YOUNG AND  
FRESH AND UNBLEMISHED. UNHAPPILY,  
HARDLY SUFFICIENT FOR ANYTHING BUT  
THE SLIGHTEST GARMENT. HE HAD BEEN  
SLIM, NOT TO SAY UNDERNOURISHED.



OPEN  
UP! THIS IS THE  
LAW!



YOU  
WERE WARNED,  
CITIZEN!

STAND  
BACK! WE'RE  
COMING  
IN!



NO ONE  
HERE!

COULD  
BE HIDING!  
SEARCH  
IT!





HOW LONG DOES THE CRACKDOWN GO ON, SIR?

UNTIL THE MESSAGE GETS HOME. IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, THAT'S ZERO TOLERANCE.

BREAK THE LAW — ANY LAW — AND THE LAW WILL BREAK YOU.

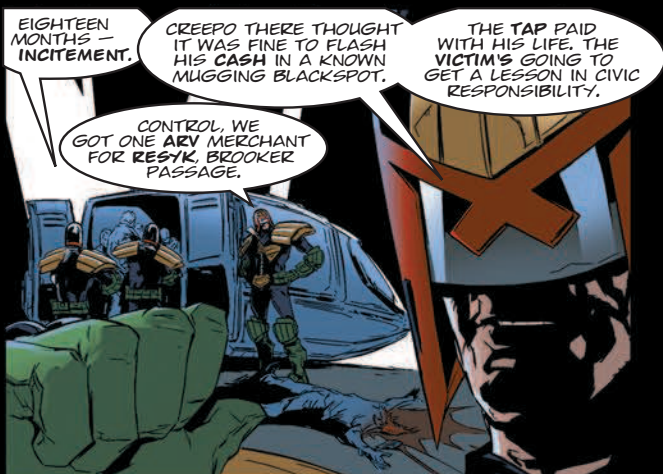


WITH THAT JUDGE DREDD MAKES IT CLEAR — IT'S NO MORE MR NICE GUY! SECTOR 50 HAS SEEN NOTHING LIKE THIS SINCE THE SOV INVASION. JUDGES ARE OUT IN UNPRECEDENTED NUMBERS. THEY'RE HANDING OUT HEAVY SENTENCES FOR EVEN MINOR INFRACTIONS!



YOU, CITIZEN — WHAT'S YOUR CRIME?

I DIDN'T DO NO CRIME. I'M THE VICTIM!

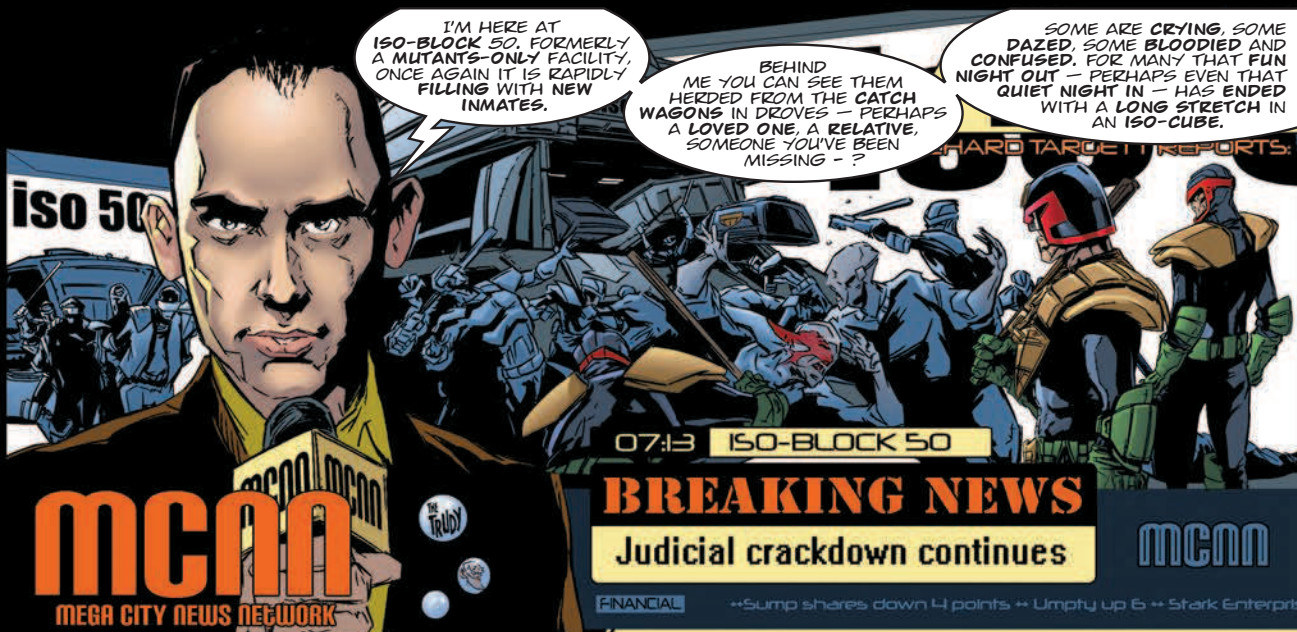


EIGHTEEN MONTHS — INCITEMENT.

CREEPO THERE THOUGHT IT WAS FINE TO FLASH HIS CASH IN A KNOWN MUGGING BLACKSPOT.

THE TAP PAID WITH HIS LIFE. THE VICTIM'S GOING TO GET A LESSON IN VIC RESPONSIBILITY.

CONTROL, WE GOT ONE ARMY MERCHANT FOR RESYK, BROOKER PASSAGE.



I'M HERE AT ISO-BLOCK 50, FORMERLY A MUTANTS-ONLY FACILITY. ONCE AGAIN IT IS RAPIDLY FILLING WITH NEW INMATES.

BEHIND ME YOU CAN SEE THEM HERDED FROM THE CATCH WAGONS IN DROVES — PERHAPS A LOVED ONE, A RELATIVE, SOMEONE YOU'VE BEEN MISSING — ?

SOME ARE CRYING, SOME DAZED, SOME BLOODIED AND CONFUSED. FOR MANY THAT FUN NIGHT OUT — PERHAPS EVEN THAT QUIET NIGHT IN — HAS ENDED WITH A LONG STRETCH IN AN ISO-CUBE.

07:13 ISO-BLOCK 50

**BREAKING NEWS**

Judicial crackdown continues

**mcnn**  
MEGA CITY NEWS NETWORK

**mcnn**

FINANCIAL

++Sump shares down 4 points ++ Umpty up 6 ++ Stark Enterprises





AND THEY MIGHT BE THE LUCKY ONES.'

I'M WAY, WAY UP ON CROSSBY HEIGHTS WITH JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SNIPER KEEL WALTHER.

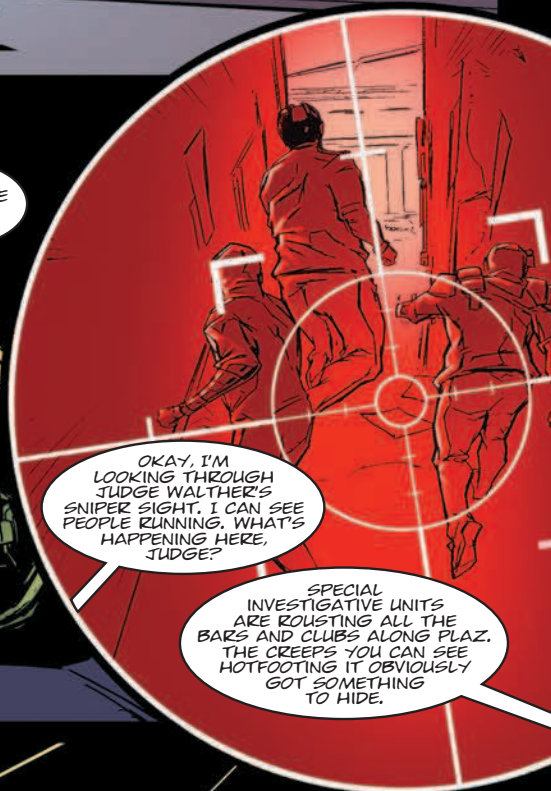


THAT'S JUDGE WALTHER, ISN'T IT? YOU ARE A QUALIFIED JUDGE?

GOT THE BADGE TO PROVE IT.

AND WHAT'S YOUR ROLE HERE?

I WATCH THE STREETS. I SEE ANYTHING I DON'T LIKE, I BLAST IT.



OKAY, I'M LOOKING THROUGH JUDGE WALTHER'S SNIPER SIGHT. I CAN SEE PEOPLE RUNNING. WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE, JUDGE?

SPECIAL INVESTIGATIVE UNITS ARE ROUSTING ALL THE BARS AND CLUBS ALONG PLAZ. THE CREEPS YOU CAN SEE HOTFOOTING IT OBVIOUSLY GOT SOMETHING TO HIDE.



SO WE'RE JUST GOING TO SLOW THEM DOWN A BIT.

CONTROL, YOU GOT THREE DOWN, SOUTH PLAZ. RUNNERS.



THAT'S AMAZING SHOOTING.'

NOTHING TO IT, GUN DOES ALL THE WORK. JUST LOCK ON AND LET HER RIP.

AND IT ALL GOES TO SHOW THAT TONIGHT IN SECTOR 50 THERE'S NO HIDING PLACE.'







SKINNER LEFT  
WORK AT 06:30 HOURS,  
TOOK THE 714 WEST TO  
DAHMER STREET, SEEN  
ENTERING GEIN  
AT 06:53.

WONDER HE  
WASN'T CHECKED OUT  
EN ROUTE, MUST  
STILL BE IN THE  
BUILDING.

WE'LL  
PROBABLY COME  
ACROSS HIM. SEEMS  
LIKE A SOLID  
CITIZEN.

LET'S  
CLOSE UP AND  
MOVE ON, YOU GOT  
A PROBLEM,  
RIGGS?

JUST THINK  
IT'S A... KIND OF SMALL  
APARTMENT.

JUST  
ONE GUY - HOW  
MUCH SPACE DOES  
HE NEED?



**MANNY SKINNER**

OBVIOUSLY  
HAPPY IN HIS  
WORK.

RESYK 50- EMPLOYEE OF THE YEAR, 2130

I NEED  
A DRINK!





I'M HERE  
AT NIELSON STREET  
HOVERBOWL WHERE AN  
UNKNOWN NUMBER OF ARMED  
SUSPECTS HAVE TAKEN REFUGE.  
JUDGES ARE NOT STANDING  
ON CEREMONY - !

KERRUMBBBBLLL



MEDLEY'S  
SQUAD, WE'RE  
FINISHED HERE, WHERE  
DO YOU WANT US?

GO TO  
LEVEL 41,  
FOUR ONE.



THERE'S  
SOMETHING I  
WANT TO CHECK.  
I'LL CATCH  
YOU UP.

OKAY,  
RIGGS. LEVEL  
41.



IT HAD BEEN  
A CLOSE CALL.  
NEVER BEFORE  
HAS HE COME  
SO CLOSE TO  
DISCOVERY.



DEFINITELY SOMETHING  
NOT RIGHT. ALL THE OTHER  
APARTMENTS THIS SIDE ARE FIVE  
ROOM. WHY'S THIS ONLY  
THREE...?



TAP





HE'S GOOD  
WITH THAT  
FLENSING  
TOOL.

THAT'S ONE THING  
THEY ALWAYS SAY  
ABOUT SKINNER. HE'S  
GOOD WITH THAT  
FLENSING TOOL...







OH YES, SKINNER MAY NOT BE RUSSELL MUSCLE BUT HE'S GOOD WITH THAT FLENCING TOOL.







ONLY WHEN HE HAS HER SECURED DOES THE FULL ENORMITY OF WHAT HE'S DONE STRIKE HOME. A JUDGE — SUCH A HUE AND CRY THERE WOULD BE. WHY, OTHERS COULD BE ON THEIR WAY RIGHT NOW —



HE'D HAD NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER. SHE'D FORCED HIS HAND.

SOMETIMES THINGS HAPPEN THAT WAY. GO ALONG FOR YEARS WITHOUT A HITCH, THEN OUT OF THE BLUE LUCK TAKES A TURN FOR THE WORSE.



ALL HE CAN DO IS COVER UP AS BEST AS HE CAN



COME ABOUT THE ROOM.

HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON ROUND HERE? JUDGES CRAWLIN' OUTA EVERY ORIFICE, MAN.



NO ROOM, GO AWAY!

SNATCH



OH GRUD!



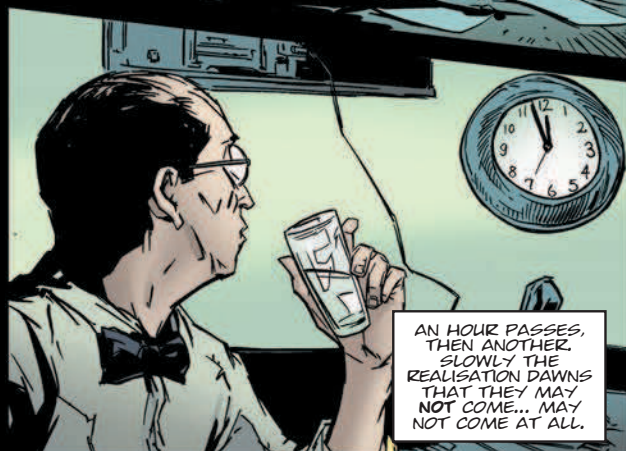


OUR TEAM  
LEADER TOOK SHOTS  
TO THE CHEST AND ABDOMEN.  
WE EXPECT HE'LL PULL THROUGH.  
JUST ONE OF THE MANY  
DANGERS JUDGES  
FACE IN THE LINE  
OF DUTY.



WHAT  
WE HAVE HERE IS  
A COMBINED VI AND ZZIZ  
OP — YOU'D PROBABLY  
FIND AT LEAST ONE  
IN ANY BLOCK IN  
THE CITY.

WOULDN'T  
BREATHE TOO  
DEEP IN HERE — STILL  
A LOT OF POWDER  
IN THE AIR.



AN HOUR PASSES,  
THEN ANOTHER.  
SLOWLY THE  
REALIZATION DAWNS  
THAT THEY MAY  
NOT COME... MAY  
NOT COME AT ALL.



SHE'S STIRRING.  
NO PROBLEM, SHE'S  
SECURE ENOUGH.



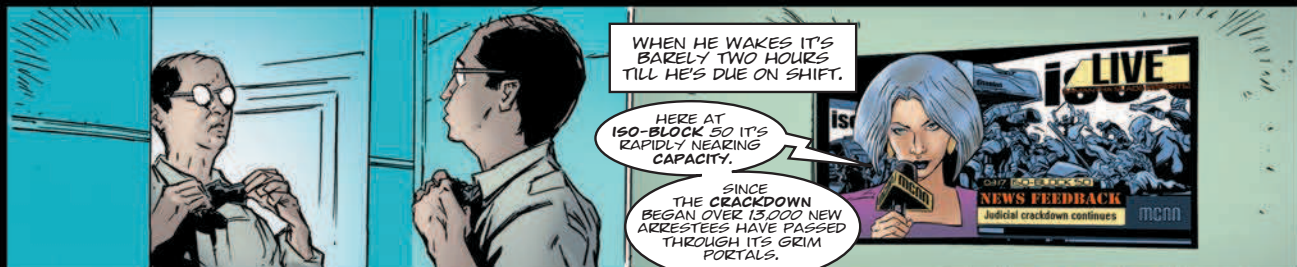
THE QUESTION  
IS, WHAT TO  
DO WITH HER?

HE'S TIRED, JUST  
OFF NIGHT SHIFT —  
ANOTHER SHIFT  
TO DO TONIGHT,  
COVERING FOR  
FRANCIS. SUCH A  
DECISION CALLS  
FOR A CLEAR HEAD.

HE'S NEVER HANDLED A WOMAN  
BEFORE. THE SKIN IS GOOD,  
SMOOTH AND UNBLEMISHED.  
PERHAPS A **BLOUSSON** — SHORT,  
STYLISH, THE BREASTS FORMED  
INTO TWO NATTY ZIP POUCHES.

NO, NO, TOO IMPORTANT A  
DECISION TO GET WRONG.  
HE MUST SLEEP ON IT.





WHEN HE WAKES IT'S BARELY TWO HOURS TILL HE'S DUE ON SHIFT.

HERE AT 150-BLOCK 50 IT'S RAPIDLY NEARING CAPACITY.

SINCE THE CRACKDOWN BEGAN OVER 13,000 NEW ARRESTEES HAVE PASSED THROUGH ITS GRIM PORTALS.

I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU FOR A WHILE. JUST TIME FIRST TO GET YOU PREPARED.

DON'T WORRY, THIS WON'T HURT A BIT...

NEARLY TWELVE HOURS SINCE SHE FELL INTO HIS HANDS. SURELY NO ONE WILL COME NOW.

AH, YOU'RE AWAKE. GOOD, GOOD. I HOPE I DIDN'T CAUSE YOU TOO MUCH DISTRESS.



AT 19:00 HOURS ON THE SECOND DAY DREDD BRINGS THE CRACKDOWN TO A END.

TAKE AN HOUR TO REFUEL, CATCH UP ON SLEEP, THEN ALL UNITS ASSEMBLE IN SECTOR 141.

SIR -

WE HAVE AN OFFICER MISSING, SIR - RIGGS. WE'VE TRIED CONTACTING HER BUT SHE DOESN'T RESPOND.

WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

I'M NOT SURE, SIR. MEDLEY WAS IN CHARGE. WHEN HE GOT HIT WE WERE SPLIT UP - HALF WENT TO STRATEGIC RESERVE, HALF ON S&S DOWNTOWN. DIDN'T NOTICE SHE WAS MISSING TILL WE REGROUPED AT 18:30.

YES, SIR. I'M SORRY, IT'S MY FAULT, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE ON THE BALL.

WHERE WERE YOU BEFORE? GEIN TOWER, WASN'T IT?

ALL RIGHT, IT'S DONE NOW. LET'S CONCENTRATE ON FINDING HER.







HE TAKES THE HOVERBUS TO SECTOR 50 RESYK. HE'S USED THE GARBAGE GRINDER BY THE VIADUCT MANY TIMES BEFORE —



NOT A JUDGE, THANK GRUD.

THE RISKS HE TAKES FOR HIS ART!



NOTHIN'. TIGHT LITTLE DREEP. WHY DON'T HE JUST DUMP IT LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?



HEY —



WELL, LOOK AT THAT!





JUDGE DREDD, I-I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU, SIR.

YOU GOT SOMETHING FOR US, CADET?

I WAS IN THE VICINITY. DON'T BE NERVOUS, CONNORS, SPIT IT OUT.

UH, CREEP STOPPED BY THE GRINDER APPROXIMATELY TEN MINUTES AGO. DUMPED A BAG FULL. MRS GASPACHO HERE SAW IT ALL. DIDN'T YOU, MRS G?

THAT'S RIGHT, SON.

THIS FELL OUT.



DESCRIPTION?

AVERAGE HEIGHT. HAT, COAT, COLLAR PULLED UP HIGH - SHE DIDN'T PAY HIM MUCH ATTENTION. YOUR EYES WERE ON THE GRINDER, WEREN'T THEY, MRS G?

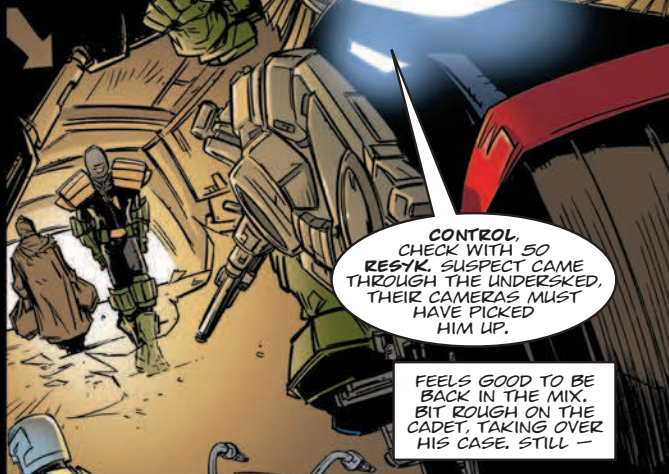
CREEP HEADED OFF THROUGH THE UNDERSKED.



I GET A REWARD.

WE'LL SEE TO THAT, CONNORS. WAIT TILL FORENSICS GETS HERE. I WANT THE GRINDER OPENED AND THE CONTENTS EXAMINED.

Y-YES, SIR.



CONTROL, CHECK WITH 50 RESYK. SUSPECT CAME THROUGH THE UNDERSKED. THEIR CAMERAS MUST HAVE PICKED HIM UP.

FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK IN THE MIX. BIT ROUGH ON THE CADET, TAKING OVER HIS CASE. STILL -



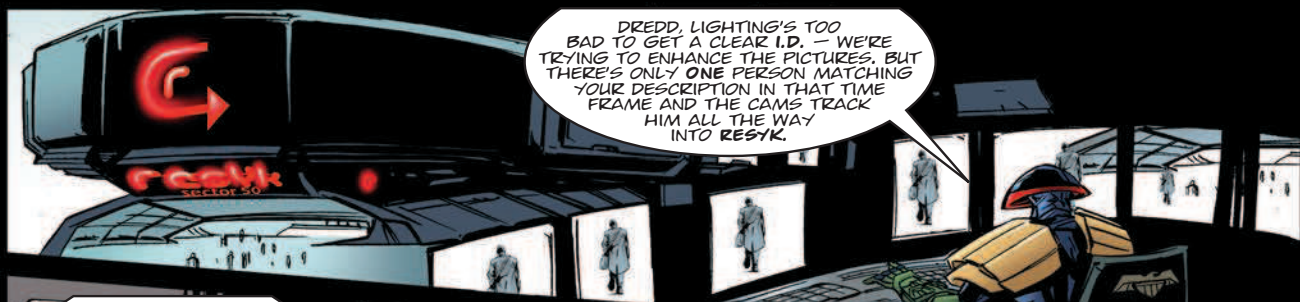
SENIOR JUDGE, COUNCIL OF FIVE NOW - WOULDN'T BE DOING HIS JOB IF HE DIDN'T HELP BRING THE YOUNGSTERS ON.

NEVER MIND WAITING FOR FORENSICS, CONNORS - THE GRINDER'S GOING NOWHERE.

ON YOUR BIKE, TIME'S WASTING.

YES, SIR!





DREDD, LIGHTING'S TOO BAD TO GET A CLEAR I.D. — WE'RE TRYING TO ENHANCE THE PICTURES, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON MATCHING YOUR DESCRIPTION IN THAT TIME FRAME AND THE CAMS TRACK HIM ALL THE WAY INTO RESYK.



YES, SIR, THAT'S MANFRED SKINNER, 'SKIN'. WE CALL HIM FOR SHORT. HE'S OUR GO-TO GUY IN THE GRINDERS. THAT'S WHERE HE'LL BE. YOU WANT ME TO CALL HIM DOWN?

NEGATIVE, YOU GOT A HOME ADDRESS FOR HIM?



PETERSON, WHERE ARE YOU?

LEVEL 9, GEIN TOWER.

CHECK OUT APARTMENT 22340B.

I'M AT RESYK, PREPARING TO INTERVIEW THE RESIDENT, NAME OF SKINNER, MANFRED SKINNER. THINK IT HIGHLY PROBABLE HE'S IMPLICATED IN RIGGS' DISAPPEARANCE.



WHAT'S THE PLAN, CONNORS?

SIR?

THE PLAN OF ACTION YOU'RE INVOLVED HERE, GET WITH IT.

UH, WE HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALIVE, SIR.



WHY?

HE MIGHT HAVE DONE SOMETHING WITH HER — ASSUMING HE'S THE ONE, WE MAY NEED HIM TO TALK.

OKAY, COVER THE GANTRY.

















DOESN'T  
LOOK TOO BAD.  
MED WAGON'S ON  
ITS WAY.

MAYBE  
NEXT TIME, CONNORS,  
YOU'LL COME IN A LITTLE  
SOONER WITH THE  
DAYSTICK.



LATER —

NEIGHBOUR  
SAYS HE USED TO  
PUT UP A NOTICE AT THE  
ZOOM — ROOM  
TO RENT.

THE  
SKINNING  
ROOM.

DOOR  
MECHANISM'S  
ON THE CLOCK THERE,  
PRETTY GOOD JOB, EXCEPT  
RIGGS FIGURED OUT IT  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN A  
BIGGER APARTMENT,  
WONDERED  
WHY.

SO SHE  
CAME BACK TO  
CHECK AND SKINNER  
CAUGHT HER  
UNAWARES.

SHE'S LUCKY  
TO BE ALIVE. HE WAS  
DUE ON NIGHT SHIFT, DIDN'T  
WANT TO RISK DAMAGING THE  
SKIN BY REMOVING IT  
IN A HURRY.



THE JOB  
AT RESYK SUITED  
HIM PERFECTLY. HE  
OBSOULETLY STORED  
THE PARTS HERE AND  
DISPOSED OF THEM  
AT WORK WHEN  
SHIFTS ALLOWED.

THERE WAS  
A HOLD-ALL IN HIS  
LOCKER. I SENT IT TO  
SECTOR HOUSE FOR  
BLOOD AND DNA.



THEY'VE  
IDENTIFIED FOUR OF  
THE VICTIMS ALREADY. WHO  
KNOWS HOW MANY WELL  
FIND? HIS ACTIVITIES  
GO BACK OVER  
YEARS.

I'M NO  
EXPERT, BUT SOME  
OF THIS STUFF LOOKS  
PRETTY GOOD. OUTSTANDING.  
ACTUALLY, GUY SURE  
COULD WORK WITH  
SKIN.

WELL,  
JUST DON'T  
FIGURE ON IT MAKING  
ANY CATWALK,  
PETERSON...





## HOT NIGHT IN 95

Script: John Wagner

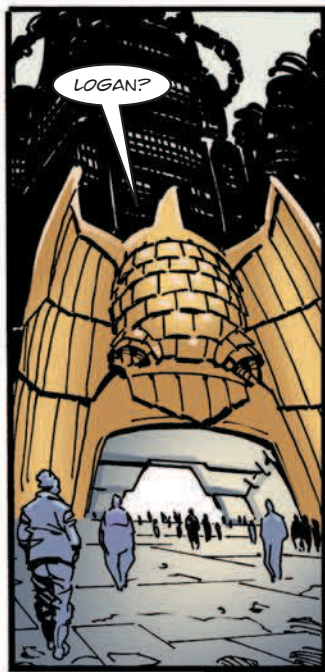
Art: Staz Johnson

Colours: Chris Blythe

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* Issues 307, 308 & 310





LOGAN?



JUST DROPPED BY TO SHOW YOU MY NEW ARM.



THEY'RE GROWING IT FROM MY OWN CELLS. FULLY ARTICULATED - LOOK, I CAN WIGGLE MY FINGERS.

FASCINATING.

WHEN IT'S GROWN ALL YOU'LL SEE IS A RIDGE WHERE IT JOINS. THEN THEY'LL DO MY LEG.

THE WONDERS OF MEDICINE.

YOU OUGHT TO LEAVE THAT OFF, GIVE IT SOME AIR.



GOT TO KEEP IT PROTECTED FOR NOW, BONES ARE STILL A LITTLE FRAGILE. I HAVE TO WORK OUT WITH IT - YOU KNOW, WEIGHTS AND STUFF.

SAY, MITKIN SAID YOU WERE GOING TO BE THE NEW CHIEF AT 95. I TOLD HIM NO CHANCE.



COUNCIL OF FIVE NOW, LOGAN.

CAN'T SHIRK ALL MY RESPONSIBILITIES. IT'S JUST TEMPORARY, TILL ASHTON RECOVERS.

I PITY THEM. THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM.

I HEAR HERSHEY'S COMING IN TODAY. NO CONNECTION, IS THERE?



WHY SHOULD THERE BE? WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY, THE SPANISH INQUISITION?

JUST KEEPING UP WITH DEVELOPMENTS. PAYS TO KNOW WHICH WAY THE WIND'S BLOWING THESE DAYS.

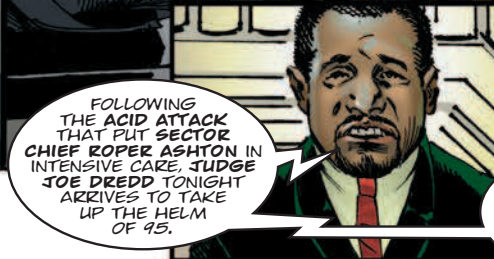
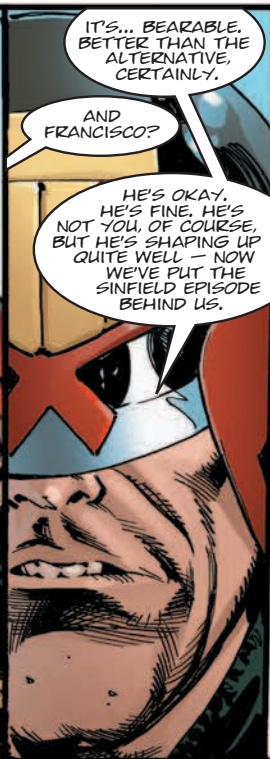
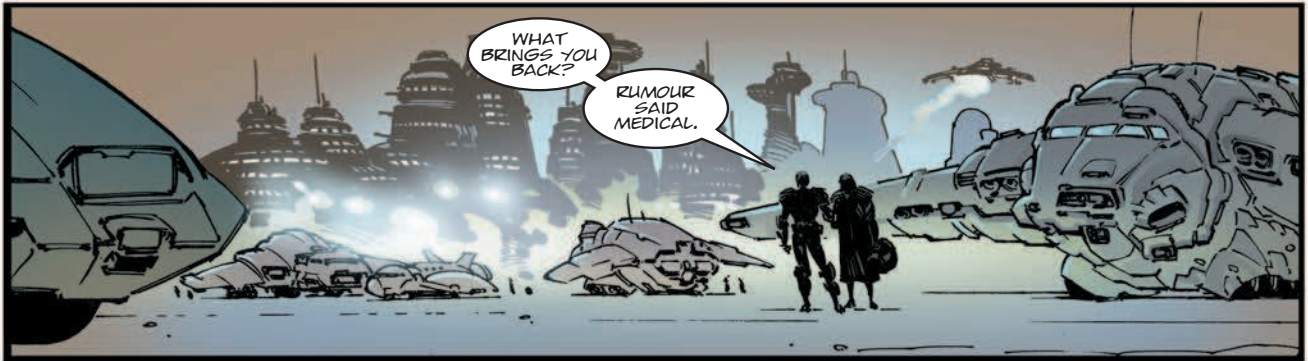


THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT... NO, NO CONNECTION.

I THOUGHT I'D MEET HER AT THE SPACEPORT. SHE DESERVES SOME KIND OF RECEPTION, EVEN IF IT IS ONLY ME.

THROW HER A YO FROM ME. TELL HER ABOUT THE ARM.







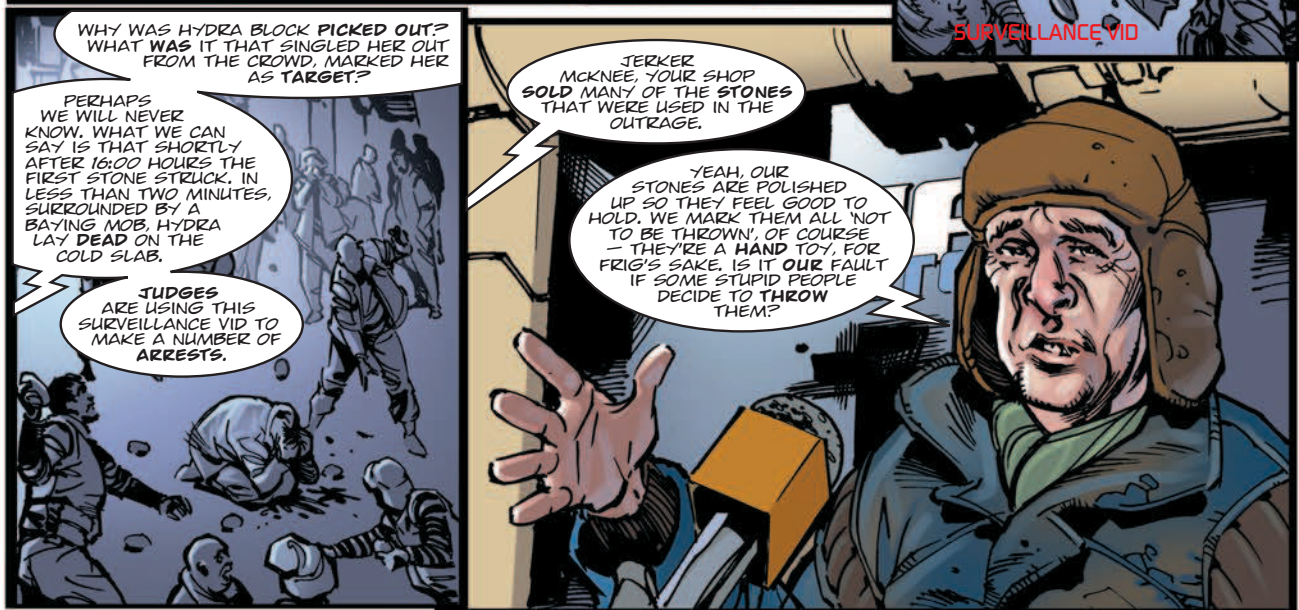


HERE IN THIS QUIET CORNER OF THE SECTOR ONLOOKERS WATCHED IN HORROR TODAY AS THE LATEST IN THIS NEW WAVE OF OUTRAGES TOOK PLACE.

THEY START SEEMINGLY FROM NOTHING, WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON. SOMEONE THROWS THE FIRST STONE AND THEN A KIND OF MASS MADNESS TAKES HOLD.

TODAY'S VICTIM WAS INNOCENT, LAW-ABIDING MOTHER OF TWELVE HYDRA BLOCK.

SURVEILLANCE VID



WHY WAS HYDRA BLOCK PICKED OUT? WHAT WAS IT THAT SINGLED HER OUT FROM THE CROWD, MARKED HER AS TARGET?

PERHAPS WE WILL NEVER KNOW. WHAT WE CAN SAY IS THAT SHORTLY AFTER 16:00 HOURS THE FIRST STONE STRUCK. IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES, SURROUNDED BY A BAYING MOB, HYDRA LAY DEAD ON THE COLD SLAB.

JUDGES ARE USING THIS SURVEILLANCE VID TO MAKE A NUMBER OF ARRESTS.

JERKER MCKNEE, YOUR SHOP SOLD MANY OF THE STONES THAT WERE USED IN THE OUTRAGE.

YEAH, OUR STONES ARE POLISHED UP SO THEY FEEL GOOD TO HOLD. WE MARK THEM ALL 'NOT TO BE THROWN', OF COURSE - THEY'RE A HAND TOY, FOR FRIG'S SAKE. IS IT OUR FAULT IF SOME STUPID PEOPLE DECIDE TO THROW THEM?



STONES DON'T GROW ON TREES. POSSESSION OF STONES SHOWS CLEAR INTENT. ANYONE FOUND CARRYING A STONE, POLISHED OR OTHERWISE, WILL FACE TWENTY YEARS' ENCUMBERMENT. BE WARNED.

MOVE!

ASHTON HAD THE SECTOR RUNNING WELL. STATS WERE EXCELLENT. CRIME RATE WAS LOW, RATIO OF CRIMES SOLVED TO DETECTED FOURTEEN PER CENT UP ON AVERAGE.

BOTH WATCHES WERE LED BY FIRST-RATE COMMANDERS, MEN DREDD CAN RELY ON.





IT SHOULDN'T BE MUCH TROUBLE TO KEEP THINGS TICKING OVER TILL ASHTON RETURNS. WITH LUCK HE'LL GET IN PLENTY OF STREET TIME...

DELL, SIR.

THEY TELL ME YOU'LL ONLY TALK TO ME, DELL. SO TALK.



I... I DIDN'T EXPECT ANY OF THEM TO BELIEVE ME. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF YOU WILL. I... I DID IT BECAUSE PEOPLE HAD TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS LIKE.

YOU'RE REFERRING TO SECTOR CHIEF ASHTON? YOU WERE AN AUXILIARY ASSIGNED TO HIS OFFICE.



SO WHAT WAS HE LIKE?

WHAT DID HE DO THAT WAS SO BAD YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO THROW ACID IN HIS FACE?

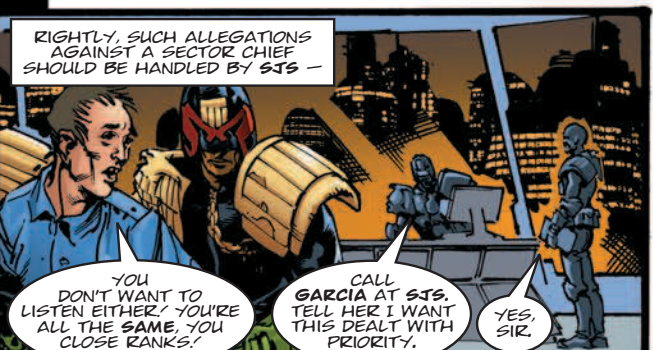


WHEN WE WERE ALONE, LATE AT NIGHT, HE... HE WOULD MAKE ME DO THINGS. VILE THINGS.

I TAKE IT YOU'RE REFERRING TO ACTS OF A LEWD NATURE?

THAT — AND MORE.

I SEE, A WHOLE CATALOGUE OF SINS, ALL RIGHT, DELL. I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.

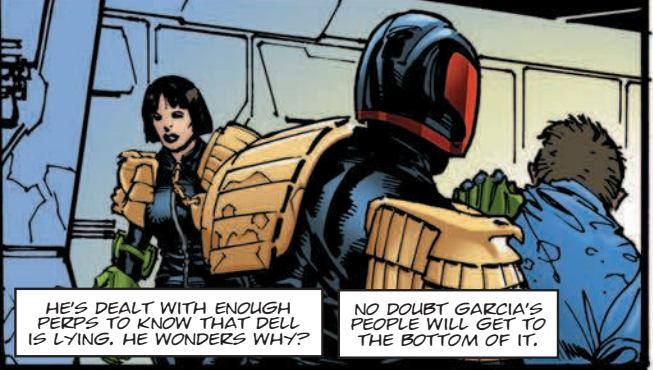


RIGHTLY, SUCH ALLEGATIONS AGAINST A SECTOR CHIEF SHOULD BE HANDLED BY SJS —

YOU DON'T WANT TO LISTEN EITHER? YOU'RE ALL THE SAME, YOU CLOSE RANKS!

CALL GARCIA AT SJS. TELL HER I WANT THIS DEALT WITH PRIORITY.

YES, SIR.



HE'S DEALT WITH ENOUGH PERPS TO KNOW THAT DELL IS LYING. HE WONDERS WHY?

NO DOUBT GARCIA'S PEOPLE WILL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT.



JUDGE HERSHEY — GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK, MA'AM.



THAT OFFER STILL OPEN?

THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO RESIST. I WAS GOING TO TAKE AN HOUR OR TWO ANYWAY TO FAMILIARISE MYSELF WITH THE SECTOR.





QUIET  
TONIGHT, A STONING  
EARLIER, BUT THAT'S WELL  
IN HAND, THE USUAL  
RUN OF PETTY CRIME  
AND MINDLESS  
VIOLENCE.

STILL, NO  
DOUBT SOMETHING  
INTERESTING WILL  
TURN UP.



TONITE!  
KNOWERS OF HIS MIND  
ALL CITY COULD GET  
THEIR HANDS ON  
THE CAR



PUT IT  
AWAY, B. TOO  
EARLY. WAIT  
TILL THE  
TIME.



EVER WONDER  
WHY WE'RE DOING THIS,  
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER.  
EVERYTHING YOU HATE ABOUT  
THE MESS - GLUTTONY  
- WASTE - GREED -  
DEPRIVITY.

OH,  
YEAH, THEY  
GOT IT COMIN',  
MAN. THEY'VE  
SO GOT IT  
COMING.





TRENCHMAN!  
TRENCHMAN!

GO  
JOE!

SUCK  
IT DOWN, BIG  
BILL!



STOP  
EATING!

WEIGHTMEISTER,  
CHECK THE  
SCALES!



AT TWELVE POINT  
FIVE FIVE POUNDS  
ROUND TWO THE RIBSTEAK  
GOES TO - BIG BILL  
BALOONSKI!



BALOONSKI TOOK THE  
SECOND ROUND EASY, MAX.  
ONE MORE AN' WE'RE  
UP NEXT.

HOW  
YOU FEELIN',  
BOY?



I'M FEELIN'  
GOOD, MYRTLE. I  
CAN DO THIS! I  
KNOW I  
CAN!

SURE  
YOU CAN, MAX.  
SURE YOU  
CAN.

YOU  
JUST WATCH  
ME GO OUT THERE.  
FAT BOY AIN'T GONNA  
KNOW WHAT HIT  
HIM.

DAMN  
RIGHT!



I'M OLD  
BUT I STILL GOT  
IT. I CAN STILL  
EAT. I'LL SHOW  
'EM ALL!

SURE  
YOU WILL,  
MAXIE.

I GOT  
TOO MUCH  
RIDING ON  
THIS. I CAN DO  
IT. I GOTTA  
DO IT!





HE'S GOT STONES — STONES BURNING A HOLE IN HIS POCKETS.



HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA, A REAL LAUGH. EVERYONE WAS DOING IT, WHY SHOULDN'T HE?

BUT NOW HE'S OUT THERE AND A COUPLE OF JAYS GO WHIZZING BY HE STARTS TO GET WORRIED.



HE'S GOT TO GET RID OF THEM.



UNNH!



HEY, EVERYBODY, YOU SAW — I STONED HIM!



COME ON, WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GET HIM! OKAY? COME ON!



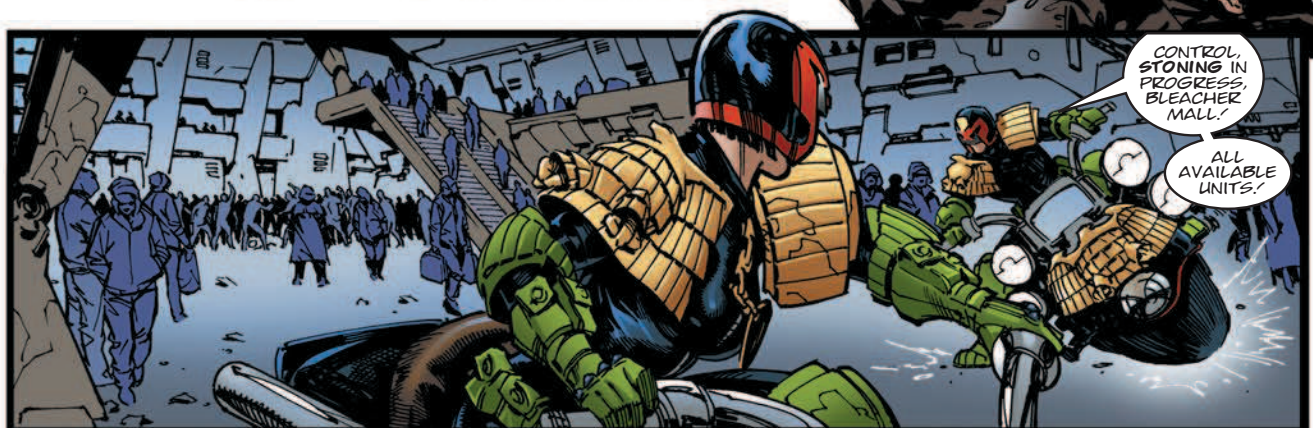
HUH?





GET HIM!

SCUZZBAG!



CONTROL, STONING IN PROGRESS, BLEACHER MALL!

ALL AVAILABLE UNITS!



HE'S HAD IT!

THAT'LL LEARN YOU, SCUMMER!

JAY'S, MAN! SCRAMOLA!



JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!

ONLY THE DUMB CRIME HAS CHANGED!



YOU HEAR FIRING? THEY'VE STARTED!

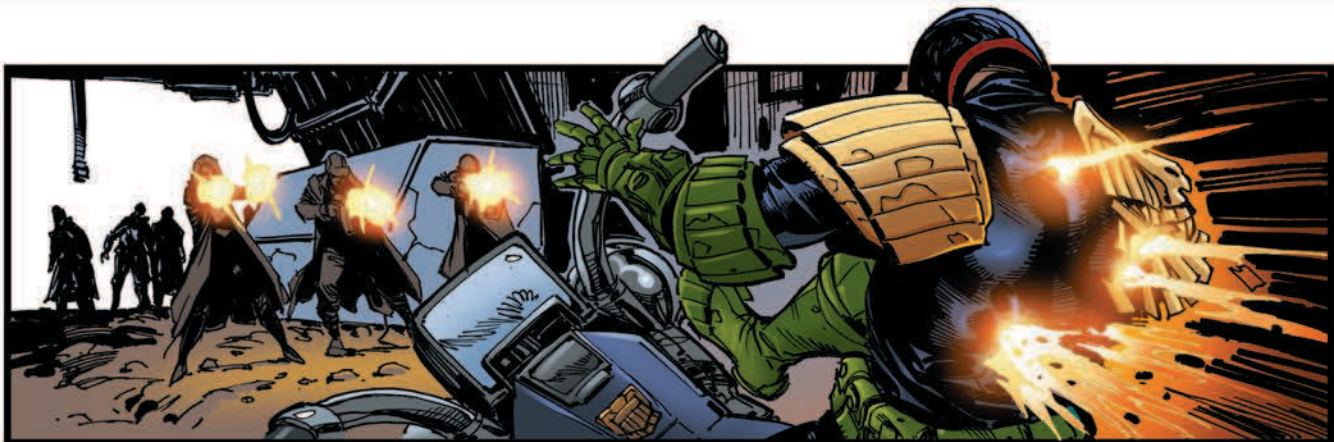
NOT NECESSARILY - THERE'S ALWAYS SHOOTING IN THE MEGS.

IT'S TIME ANYWAY! LET'S GO!



YOU!









ALL UNITS, WE  
HAVE SHOOTING.  
GROVER  
WASHINGTON  
SQUARE AREA!

ANY UNIT  
VICINITY JELLY  
BOWL, CODE  
RED, JUDGE  
DOWN?

REPORT OF  
EXPLOSIONS,  
SKEDSIDE,  
PRECINCT 3!

WHAT THE  
HELL - ?



SURVEILLANCE  
CAMS SHOW  
ARMED GROUP,  
RATNER BLOCK  
PLAZ. WE  
HAVE MULTIPLE  
CASUALTIES!



WADDDCCCM!

LET'S  
FIND OUT!

SOUNDS  
LIKE SOMETHING  
BIG'S GOING  
DOWN!

JUDGES ENGAGED  
IN FIREFIGHT.  
JOSEPHAT PEDWAY!  
REINFORCEMENTS  
REQUIRED!

GUNMEN  
ATTACKING  
AMBULANCE,  
SKEDSIDE!

SUSPECTED  
BOMBING,  
WALLBANGERS!





— VICINITY GROVER WASHINGTON SQUARE! HEAVILY ARMED AND FIRING AT RANDOM! CITIZENS DOWN!

GUNMEN ON LEVEL THREE — REPEAT, LEVEL THREE! APPROACH VIA SUCTAVATOR!

CREEPS ARE MAKING NO ATTEMPT AT DISGUISE! THEY MEAN TO GO DOWN KILLING!

CONTROL TO SECTOR CHIEF DREDD —!

CALM DOWN, CITIZEN! JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!

WE HAVE ARMED ACTIONS ACROSS THE SECTOR, CHIEF! SO FAR NINE SEPARATE INCIDENTS, SMALL AND WELL-ARMED GROUPS!

ANY I.D. ON THEM?

SOME ARE WEARING THE NAME RAGE AGAINST THE MEGS!

GET EVERY AERIAL UNIT OUT — EVERY HELMET YOU CAN BEG OR BORROW! DON'T HOLD BACK ON THIS!

YES, SIR.

LOOKS LIKE YOU LUCKED IN, HERSHEY! THE NIGHT JUST HOTTED UP!



OBJECTIVE: Spread  
FEAR AND PANIC  
on the streets.



TACTICAL: 1. Attacks to  
be concentrated on  
most populous targets.

2. Optimise  
casualties. High  
body count is  
essential.

YOU!  
YOU GUYS ARE  
FREAKIN' CRAZY!  
STOP IT! GET THE  
HELL OUT OF  
HERE!

WE  
GOTTA GET  
OUTA HERE,  
MAN!

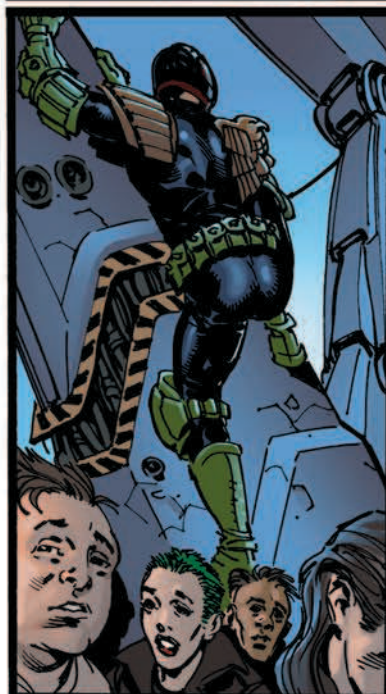


3. Spave  
no one.

WE GOT  
ZERO VISIBILITY  
HERE, CONTROL! WHERE  
ARE THOSE AERIAL  
UNITS?















MUST WE kill  
innocents?



No One is  
innocent.



If you are not actively  
OPPOSING the Mega-Cities,  
you are SUPPORTING them.



Should we willingly  
sacrifice our lives?

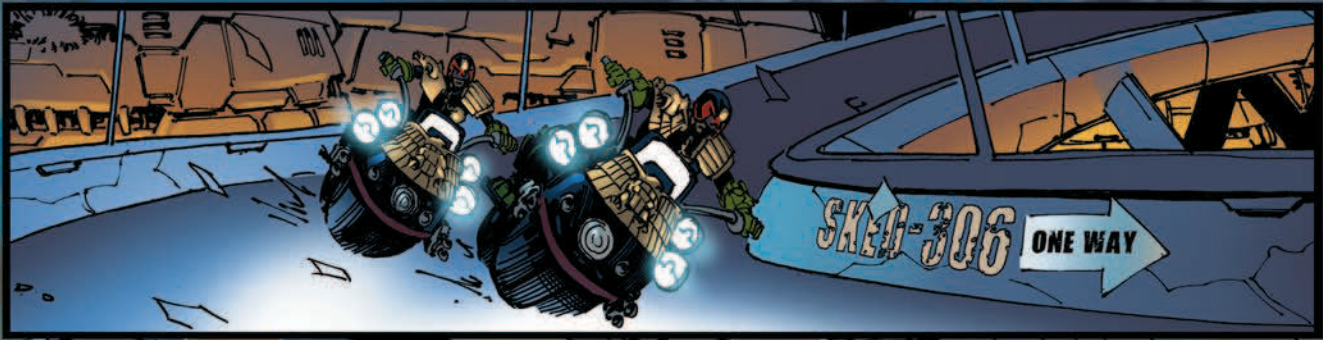


No. The organisation  
does not require  
martyrs. Activists  
are worth more alive.



However, if sacrifice  
becomes unavoidable,  
be sure to sell your  
life dearly.









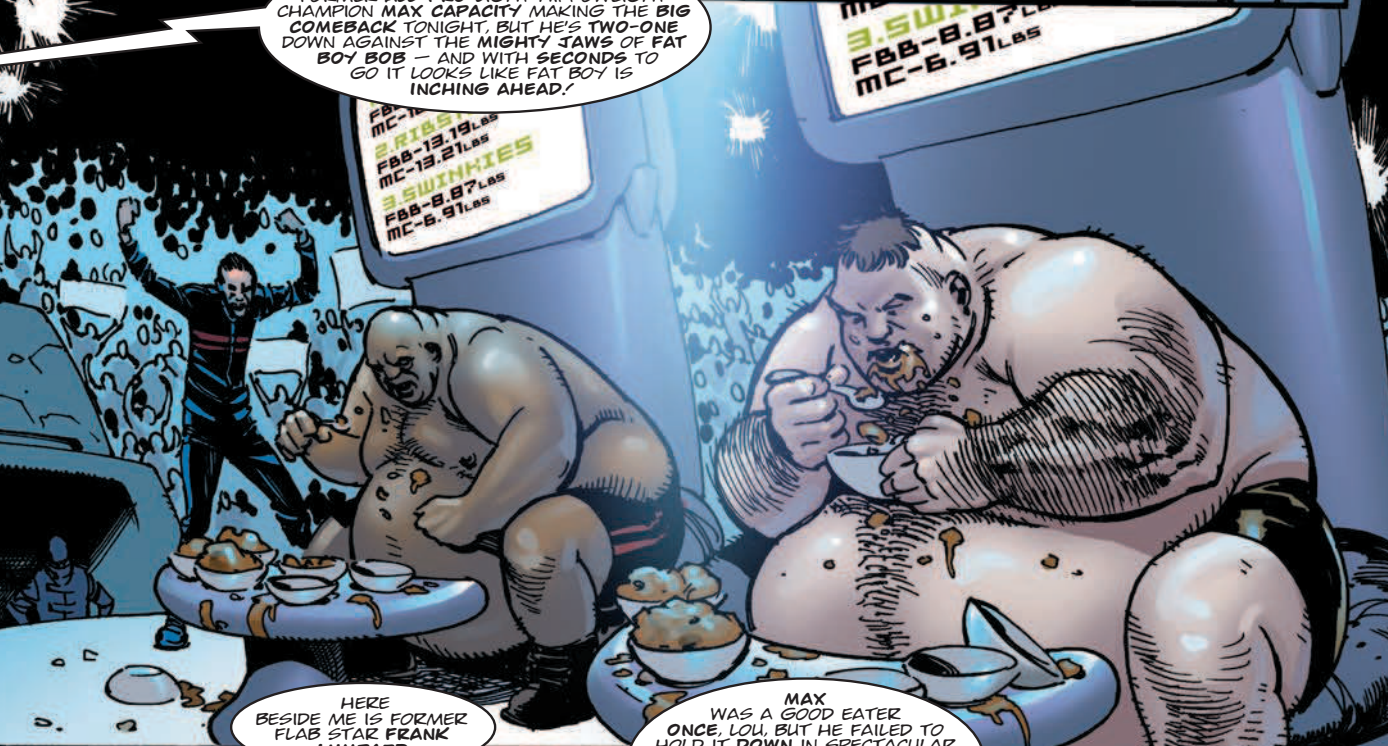
No one is innocent. They keep telling themselves no one is innocent. They're not natural killers.



AND IT'S NECK  
AND NECK IN ROUND FOUR!  
FORMER ALL-PRO LIGHT HIPPOWEIGHT  
CHAMPION MAX CAPACITY MAKING THE BIG  
COMEBACK TONIGHT, BUT HE'S TWO-ONE  
DOWN AGAINST THE MIGHTY TAWS OF FAT  
BOY BOB - AND WITH SECONDS TO  
GO IT LOOKS LIKE FAT BOY IS  
INCHING AHEAD!

FB-13.19Lbs  
MC-13.21Lbs  
3.5 SWINXIES  
FBB-8.87Lbs  
MC-6.91Lbs

FB-13.19Lbs  
MC-13.21Lbs  
3.5 SWINXIES  
FBB-8.87Lbs  
MC-6.91Lbs



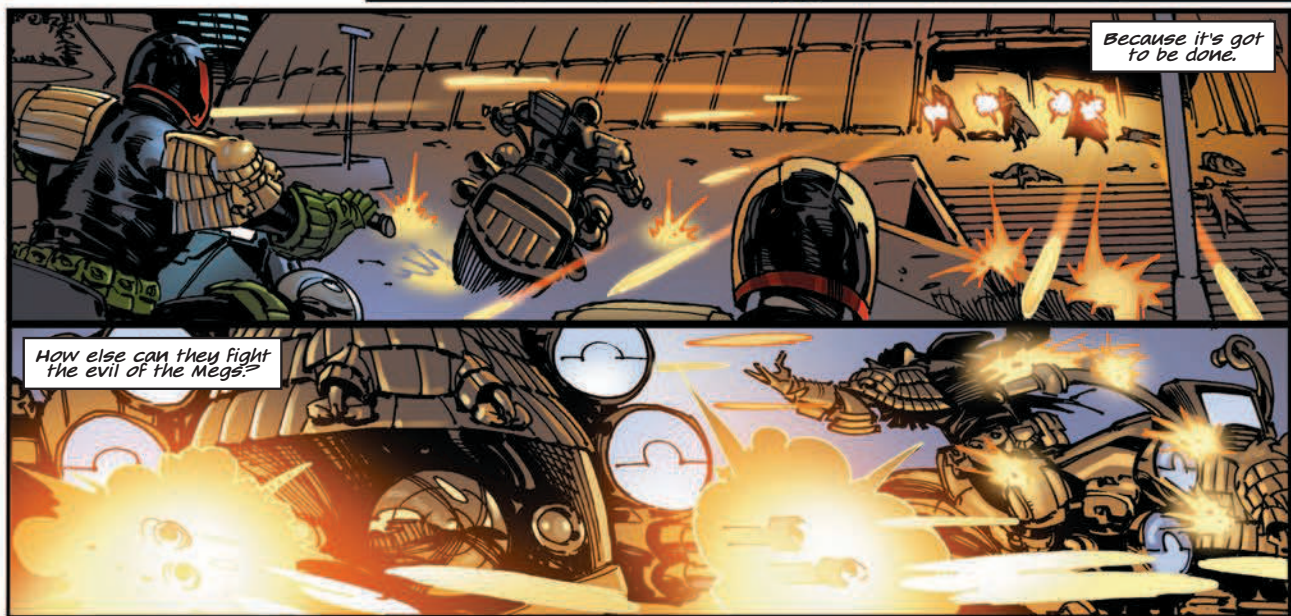
HERE  
BESIDE ME IS FORMER  
FLAB STAR FRANK  
LUMPARD.

MAX  
WAS A GOOD EATER  
ONCE, LOU, BUT HE FAILED TO  
HOLD IT DOWN IN SPECTACULAR  
FASHION IN THE HEINZ SUPER-SIZE  
AND ONCE THE HEAVES GET  
YOU, IT'S MENTALLY TOUGH  
TO GO FOR THAT BIG  
GORGE-OUT.



HOW TRUE  
THAT IS, FRANK! EVEN  
THOUGH HE EDGED FAT BOY IN  
THE RIBSTEAK HIS TOTALS HAVE  
BEEN WELL DOWN ON HIS  
BEST! AND - THERE'S  
THE BELL!









LOOKS LIKE THIS IS GETTING S-SERIOUS...

NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME. YOU GO ON, I'LL... I'LL HOLD 'EM.

LOVE YOU, B.



AND I'M HEARING THERE'S A LITTLE COMMOTION OUTSIDE. NO DOUBT THE USUAL PROTESTS FROM THE ANTI-FLAB BRIGADE. WELL, WE'RE JUST CARRYING ON REGARDLESS, FLAB FANS, BECAUSE WE DON'T CARE.

DAMN RIGHT, LOU! ON STAGE THE WIPERS ARE JUST CLEANING UP OUR EATERS FOR THE RE-WEIGH - AND JUST LOOK AT MAX CAPACITY!



LOOKS LIKE MAX IS HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING IT IN! HAS MAX CAPACITY REACHED OVER-CAPACITY?

HOLD IT DOWN, MAX! HOLD IT!



AFTER THE WIPE DOWN THE WEIGHTS HAVE BEEN CORRECTED! ROUND FOUR GOES TO -

1.BLANCMAN  
FBB-14.47LB5  
MC-14.52LB5

1.BLANCMANGE  
FBB-14.47LB5  
MC-14.52LB5



OH! NOW IT'S FAT BOY'S TURN TO LODGE A PROTEST! TRAINER SKINNY MUFFIN IS APPROACHING THE REFEREE!

SKINNY'S SEEN MAX'S DISTRESS! HE'S TRYING TO DELAY THE VERDICT! IF MAX HEAVES BEFORE THE ANNOUNCEMENT, THE CONTEST GOES TO FAT BOY! IF MAX HOLDS ON WE'RE INTO A SUDDEN DEATH GORGE-OFF!









TERRORIST ATTACKS  
CONTINUE ACROSS  
THE CITY —

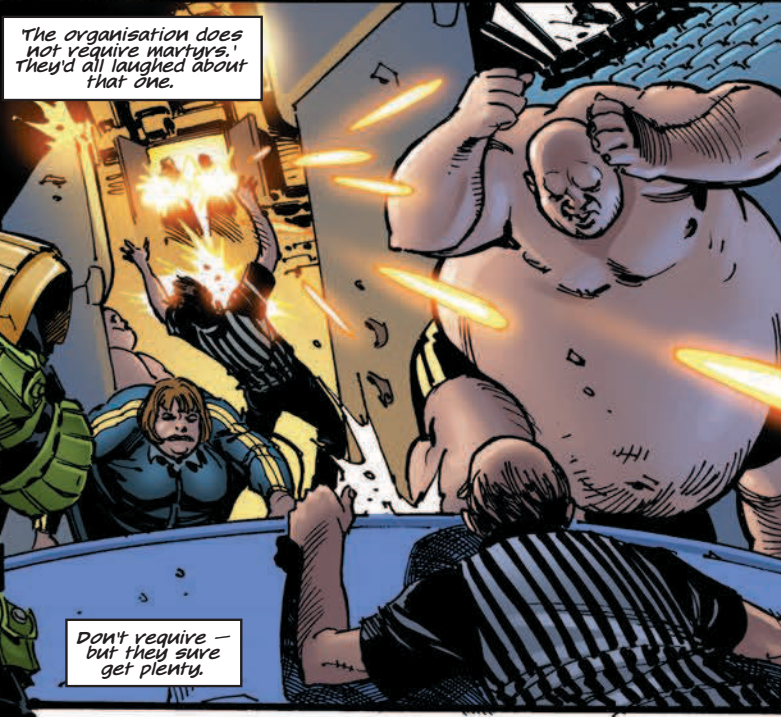


THE JELLY  
BOWL! THEY'RE BLASTIN'  
EVERYONE! GET HERE  
QUICK!



JUDGES ARE  
ON SCENE! KEEP  
YOUR HEAD DOWN,  
CITIZEN!

The organisation does  
not require martyrs.  
They'd all laughed about  
that one.



Don't require —  
but they sure  
get plenty.



Like the law is  
just going to let  
them walk away  
from this?

PEOPLE DYING  
ALL AROUND US AND  
STILL MAX CAPACITY  
IS HOLDING  
IT IN!

BUT HE CAN'T  
HOLD ON FOREVER, LOU.  
UNTIL THE REF DECLARES  
THIS ROUND OVER IT AIN'T  
OVER! CAPACITY COULD  
STILL LOSE THIS!



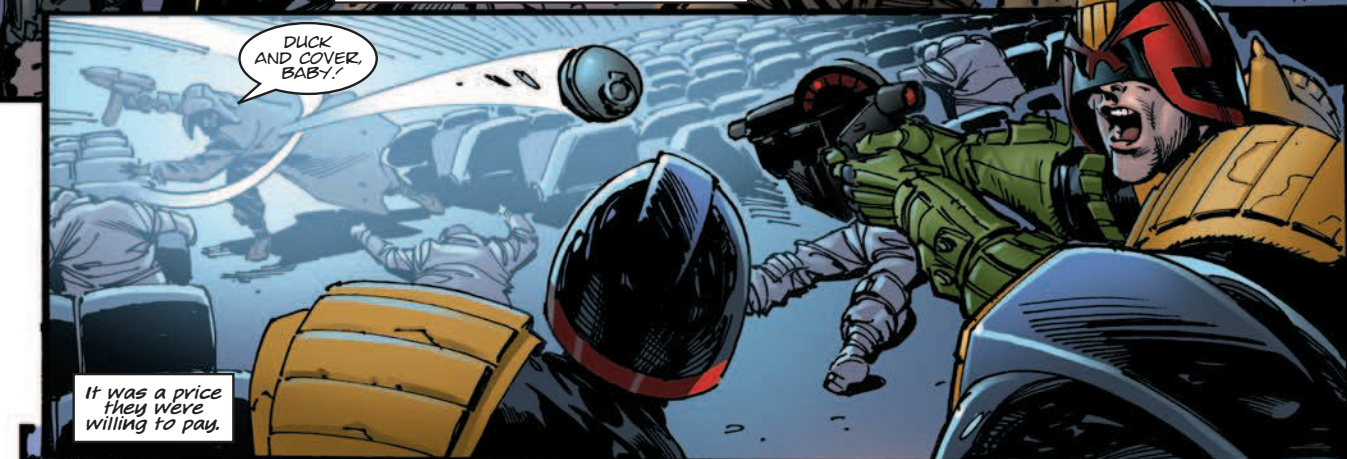
YOU GOTTA  
ANNOUNCE THE  
RESULT!

ARE  
YOU OUT  
OF YOUR MIND?  
GET OUTA  
HERE!



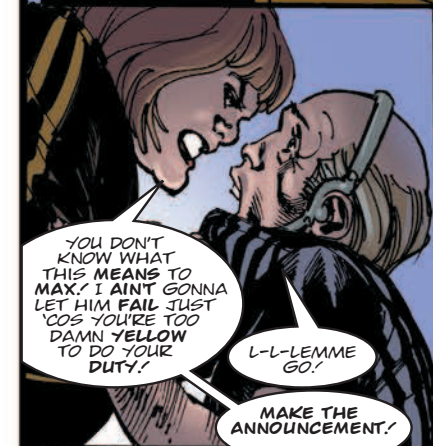


Still, they'd never kidded themselves, never swallowed the company line. You weren't expected to, really. Everybody knew this was how it would end.



DUCK AND COVER, BABY!

It was a price they were willing to pay.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO MAX! I AINT GONNA LET HIM FAIL JUST 'COS YOU'RE TOO DAMN YELLOW TO DO YOUR DUTY!

L-L-LEMME GO!

MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT!



VAROOOOOM



AND-AND THE W-WINNER OF ROUND FOUR, THE BLANCANGE - M-MUH-MUH-MAX CAPACITY!



THERE'S THE ROUND FOUR RESULT - AND WE'RE INTO A SUDDEN DEATH GORGE OUT!

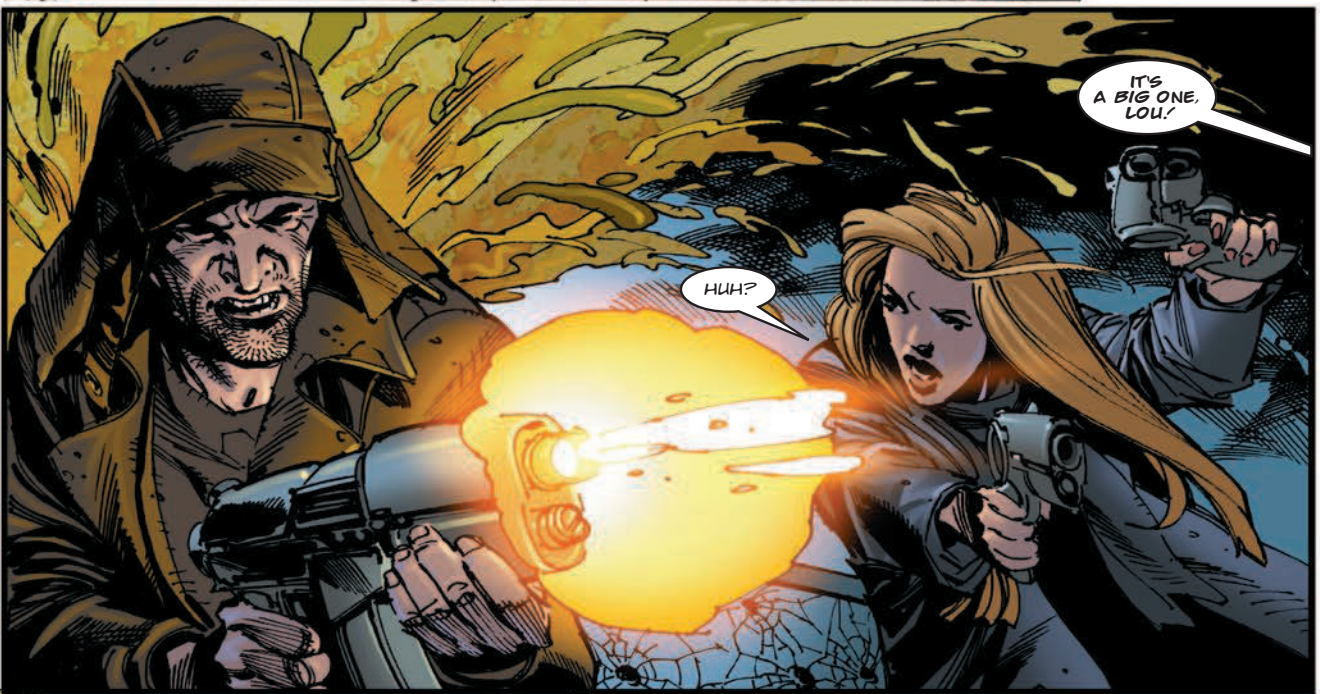
AND LOOK OUT, YOUNG AND OLD!

HERE BLOWS BIG MAX - !





JET  
BARF!



IT'S  
A BIG ONE,  
LOU!

HUH?



SLODDZZZ





CAN'T  
FREAKIN'  
SEE -



UHH - !



YOU DID GOOD,  
KID. SHOWED THOSE  
MEGGER'S.



JINGA!



His turn  
now.

He's tried to figure out  
good words to say,  
when the time comes.  
It's here now...

THIS  
IS FOR ALL  
THE LITTLE  
PEOPLE!



EH?





IT'S GONE ALL QUIET, FRANK! FOR THOSE OF YOU JUST JOINING US WE'RE HERE AT THE JELLY BOWL WHERE WE'VE HAD A BIT OF AN INCIDENT!

MAYBE THERE IS A WAY OUT OF THIS!

THAT'S RIGHT, LOU! WE WERE AT TWO-ONE - NOW TWO-TWO - IN THE LIGHT HIPPOWEIGHT BOUT BETWEEN FAT BOY BOB AND MAX CAPACITY WHEN ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!

IN THE RING I CAN SEE THE PARTICIPANTS PICKING THEMSELVES UP AND - UH-OH! FAT BOY'S TRAINER SKINNY MUFFIN IS LOOKING AGITATED THERE!



HE'S DEAD! DEAD! TAKEN IN HIS PRIME! OH WOE!

A TRAGEDY! AND IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!

WH-WHAT?



FAT BOY AIN'T FIT TO CONTINUE! THE CONTEST GOES TO MAX CAPACITY!

GEE! I'M BACK INNA GAME!



PITY IT HADDA BE IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES...

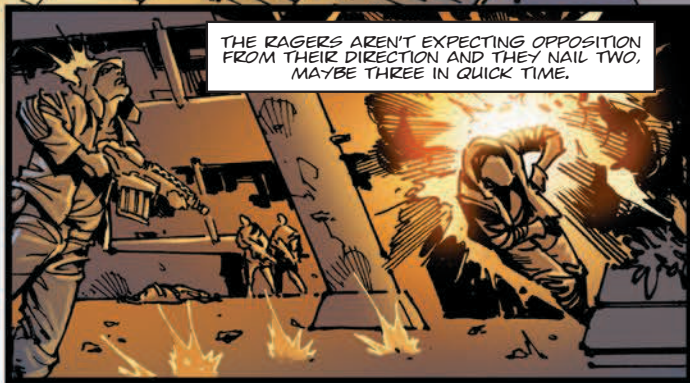
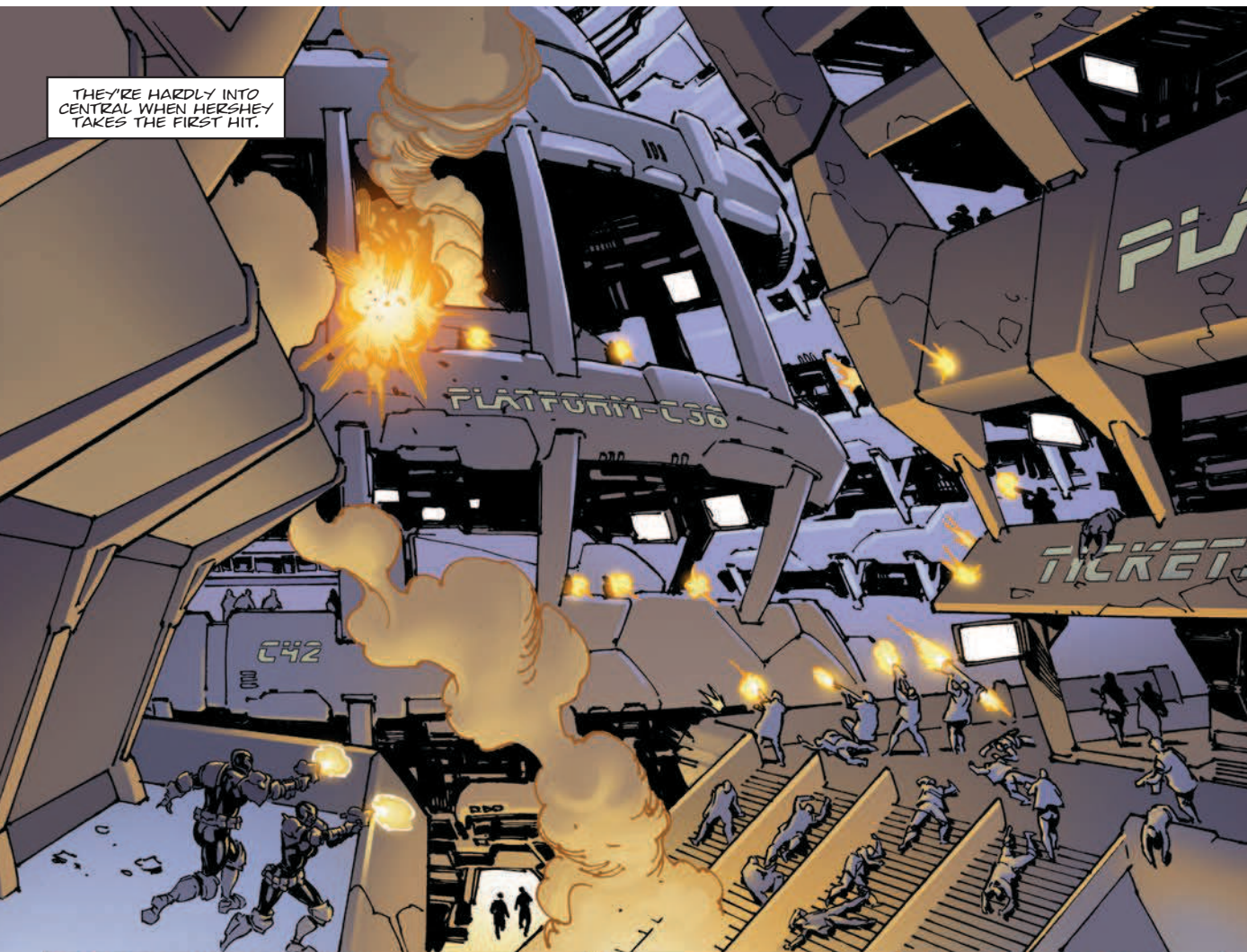
EVERYBODY, KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM.



THIS WAY!



THEY'RE HARDLY INTO  
CENTRAL WHEN HERSHEY  
TAKES THE FIRST HIT.



THE RAGERS AREN'T EXPECTING OPPOSITION  
FROM THEIR DIRECTION AND THEY NAIL TWO,  
MAYBE THREE IN QUICK TIME.



HERSHEY - !





THINK I CAN STILL USE IT.

CAN HAPPEN TO ANYONE. NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE RUSTY OR ANYTHING.

THANKS FOR THOSE WORDS OF SUPPORT.



THE SECOND WOUND, THOUGH, THAT'S THE BAD ONE.



STOP WHERE YOU ARE! FLAT ON THE FLOOR! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!

YOU HEARD!



JUST WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT THE SITUATION WRAPPED UP —



WE'LL WIN IN THE END, YOU KNOW.





WHEN THE DUST SETTLES  
HERSHEY'S LYING THERE  
WITH A LUMP OF THE  
CREEP'S JAW IN HER NECK

CODE  
RED, WE HAVE  
A BLEEDER! MEDICS  
REQUIRED! THAT'S  
IMMEDIATE!



Hard to believe,  
but maybe Zero's  
bucked the odds.



NO  
SIGN OF  
HIM!







No better place to lose himself than in a crowd.

The organisation has safe houses, sympathisers. They've been given numbers to memorise. Never thought he'd get a chance to use them.



SOMETHIN'S UP MY NOSE - !

GET A LOAD OF HIM!

EEWWW - THAT'S VOM!



HEY, SICKBAG!



SPONK



GET HIM!

KILL HIM!

STINK OF SICK!  
STINK OF SICK!



H-HEY - !





ALL SITUATIONS UNDER CONTROL. UNITS PURSUING FUGITIVES VICINITY JELLY BOWL, GROVER WASHINGTON SQUARE AND PUTKIN.

FULL CASUALTY REPORT AND RESPONSE STATS AS SOON AS YOU HAVE THEM.



SHE LOST A LOT OF BLOOD. IF YOU HADN'T CLAMPED THAT WOUND WE'D PROBABLY HAVE LOST HER.



I TRUST YOU FOUND YOUR EVENING INSTRUCTIVE.

IT'S BEEN LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE.

GLAD TO HEAR IT. WOULDN'T LIKE TO THINK IT HAD PUT YOU OFF.

ALTOGETHER, NOT THE BEST REINDUCTION TO THE STREETS —

CONTROL, I'M FINISHED HERE. STILL ALL QUIET?

AFFIRMATIVE.

VERY WELL, RETURNING TO SECTOR HOUSE.



WE HAVE REPORTS OF AN INCIDENT, HARDCRETE PLAZA. THAT'S ON YOUR ROUTE, CHIEF.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER STONING.

ROGER, ON MY WAY.





# THE FURTHER DASTERDLY DEEDS OF PJ MAYBE

Script: John Wagner  
Art: Colin MacNeil  
Colours: Chris Blythe  
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1740-1742



ISO-BLOCK 4 -





A short while after my incarseyashun they took me to the face change machine. This is a privilege not usually accorded to life's without Payole, but owing to the peculiar circumstances of my crimes it was in my case deemed necessary.

WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS HERE, MR MAYBE? SURELY YOU CAN'T OBJECT TO HAVING YOUR OWN FACE BACK?

WHY CAN'T I OBJECT? I'LL OBJECT IF I LIKE. I DEMAND MY RIGHTS.

YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHTS.

To be honest I was pretty sick of Ambroses stupid face anyway. I felt I had to make a protest just for forms sake.

I DON'T THINK WE NEED THE HANDCUFFS.

BRACELETS STAY ON AT ALL TIMES OUTSIDE HIS CUBE. ORDERS. THIS ONE'S DANGEROUS.

PLEASE BE GENTLE.

Mayor Byron Ambrose had died of a heart attack — at least, that was the story being put out by the Judges — and it was real inconvenient to have me still wearing his face.

Ambrose was indeed dead, I no that for a fact because I killed him. But once theyd changed me back I could tell the world I'd been masquerading as mayor of Mega-City One for years and years and theyd think I was just some nutcase. Poor PJ Maybe, theyd say, hes cracked right up.

Little would they know that PJ Maybes mind was as sharp as ever, and that even then, even as I sat at that face changer, I was working on my brilliant plan of escape.



GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.  
MEETING OF THE COUNCIL  
OF FIVE...

NEXT  
ITEM, PHILIP JANET  
MAYBE...

NOW THAT A  
FACE CHANGE HAS BEEN  
EFFECTED ON THE PRISONER  
THE PROPOSAL IS TO RE-OPEN  
ISO-BLOCK 4 FOR OTHER  
INMATES. COMMENTS?  
OBJECTIONS?

THE  
FACE CHANGE  
TOOK?

INDEED.  
HE'S BEEN RETURNED  
TO HIS NORMAL  
APPEARANCE.

I'LL  
SECOND  
THAT.

WE CAN  
DO WITH THE ADDED  
CUBE SPACE. THAT'S  
FOR SURE.

DREDD?

YOU ALL KNOW MY  
OPINION. IF MAYBE HAD  
BEEN EXECUTED LIKE HE  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE  
QUESTION WOULDN'T  
ARISE.

WE'VE  
TALKED ALL  
THIS THROUGH.  
THE DECISION'S  
BEEN MADE.

IT'S NOT  
TOO LATE TO CHANGE  
OUR MINDS. IF NONE OF  
YOU HAVE THE INCLINATION  
I'M HAPPY TO GO DOWN  
THERE RIGHT NOW AND  
CARRY OUT SENTENCE.

YOU KNOW THE  
SHRINKS ARE RUNNING  
A FIVE-YEAR STUDY  
ON HIM.

THEY'RE TRYING TO  
DISCOVER WHAT MAKES A  
COLD-BLOODED KILLER LIKE HIM  
TICK. THEY INTERVIEW HIM EVERY  
DAY. I THINK THAT'S  
IMPORTANT.

THEY WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT MAKES  
HIM TICK JUST LOOK AT  
THE CASE NOTES. PLENTY  
OF ENLIGHTENMENT  
THERE - PLENTY OF  
BODIES TOO.

AS LONG  
AS PT MAYBE IS  
ALIVE, HE REMAINS A  
SERIOUS DANGER TO  
THE PEOPLE OF  
THIS CITY.

ISO-BLOCK 4  
IS MAXIMUM SECURITY.  
THERE'S NO POSSIBILITY OF  
ESCAPE. I REALLY DON'T  
SEE YOUR WORRY,  
DREDD.

WE  
STILL HAVE  
TWELVE ITEMS  
HERE -

LET HIM  
GO.

YOU CAN  
SEE HE HATES  
EVERY MINUTE  
OF THIS.

WE'LL  
PROBABLY  
GET THINGS DONE  
MORE QUICKLY  
WITHOUT  
HIM.

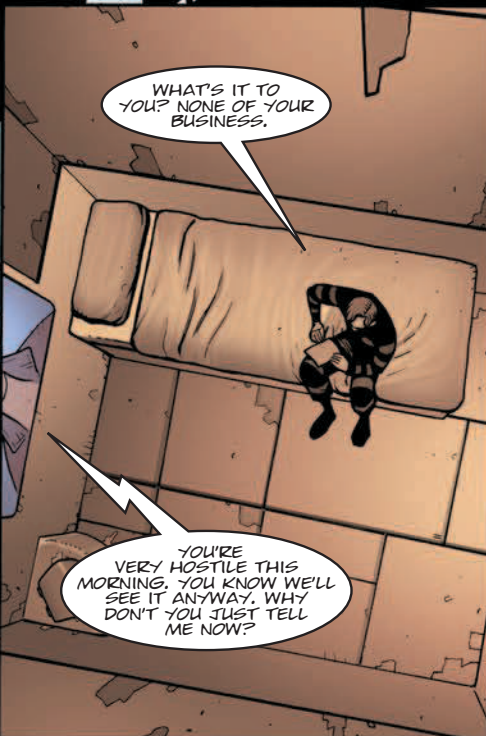
FINE.  
I'LL LEAVE IT TO  
YOU. THEN, DON'T COME  
CRYING TO ME WHEN IT  
BLOWS UP IN YOUR  
FACES.

IF THERE'S  
NO FURTHER BUSINESS  
I'LL GET BACK ON THE  
STREETS.





WHAT  
ARE YOU  
WRITING,  
PJ?



WHAT'S IT TO  
YOU? NONE OF YOUR  
BUSINESS.

YOU'RE  
VERY HOSTILE THIS  
MORNING. YOU KNOW WE'LL  
SEE IT ANYWAY. WHY  
DON'T YOU JUST TELL  
ME NOW?



IT'S A LETTER  
ALL RIGHT? TO MY  
LAWYER. I'M ALLOWED  
TO WRITE TO MY  
LAWYER.

WHY  
ARE YOU WRITING  
TO YOUR LAWYER,  
PJ?

BECAUSE  
I'M NEVER GETTING  
OUT OF THIS HOLE. I'VE  
GOT THINGS I HAVE TO DO.  
PEOPLE I'VE GOT TO  
SEE RIGHT.

THAT'S  
IMPORTANT TO  
YOU, PJ? TO REWARD  
PEOPLE WHO  
HAVE HELPED  
YOU?



SURE, SURE. YOU THINK  
I'M JUST A COLD, HEARTLESS  
KILLER BUT HERE INSIDE I'M A  
WARM AND CARING INDIVIDUAL —  
YOU MIGHT EVEN SAY CUDDLY. IN  
FACT, IT BRINGS TEARS TO MY  
EYES WHEN I THINK WHAT  
A THOROUGHLY NICE  
GUY I AM.

HOW CAN  
THEY LOCK ME  
UP HERE FOREVER?  
ISN'T EVERYONE  
CAPABLE OF  
CHANGING?

REGRETTABLY  
IN YOUR CASE THE  
ANSWER IS  
PROBABLY NO.



OPEN  
HATCH,  
BOSS!



BREAKFAST!  
GET IT WHILE IT'S  
HOT!



THE SLOP'S  
REAL GOOD TODAY.  
EXTRA SPECIAL.  
KNOW WHAT  
I MEAN?

THANKS,  
MEATY, YOU'RE  
A PAL.

NO  
REASON. JUST AN  
EXPRESSION.

WHY DID  
YOU CALL HIM  
'PAL', PJ?

WOULD  
YOU SAY  
FRIENDSHIP IS  
IMPORTANT TO  
YOU?

NOT AT  
ALL. I USE PEOPLE,  
AND WHEN I'M FINISHED  
WITH THEM I DISCARD  
THEM LIKE AN OLD  
SOCK.

BUT YOU TELL  
ME YOU WANT TO  
REWARD OLD FRIENDS.  
AND YOU HAD A DEEP  
FRIENDSHIP WITH YOUR  
ROBOT, THE ONE  
YOU CALLED  
INGA.

MAN,  
THIS CUBE  
GRUB TASTES  
BETTER EVERY  
DAY.

THAT  
WAS DIFFERENT.  
INGA WASN'T HUMAN.  
I LOVED INGA. NOW  
SHUT UP, WILL YOU?  
I'M TRYING  
TO EAT.

MIGHT AS WELL  
GET TO LIKE IT, HUH?  
I'M GOING TO BE IN HERE  
FOR A LONG, LONG  
TIME.

YOU'VE  
ESCAPED CUSTODY  
BEFORE.

YEAH,  
AND THIS TIME  
THEY'RE WATCHING ME  
LIKE A HAWK. THEY'RE  
NEVER GOING TO GIVE  
ME THAT CHANCE  
AGAIN.

BELIEVE  
ME, I'M RESIGNED  
TO MY FATE. THIS  
TIME THERE'S NO WAY  
OUT FOR PJ  
MAYBE.





BUENOS DIAS, SENOR FONZO.

DON EMILIO?

BY THE POOL, SENOR. HE IS EXPECTING YOU.



SO?

IT IS HERE. IT CAME THIS MORNING.



ISO-BLOCK 4



Dear Senor Fonzo,

My name is PJ Maybe. You may have herd of me as I am a notorius murder whos name is feared the world over. But you will No me better as Don Pedro Montez, an identitty I used for several years. Please menshun me to our mutual friend Don Emilio. I hope that unsitely growth on his left buttock isn't still giving him trouble.

As circumstances now find me occupying a cube in Iso-block 4 with no hope of releese, I have decided to put my affaives in order. To that end I would be grateful if you would do me the courtesy of coming to see me.

YOU THINK IT'S HIM?

HE KNOWS YOU WORK FOR ME, AND HE KNOWS ABOUT THE GROWTH. THAT'S PRIVILEGED INFORMATION. MONTEZ SAW IT ONCE, WHEN WE WERE... PLEASURING OURSELVES.



NO INSINUATIONS, FONZO. MUD WRESTLING WITH SOME NUNS, THAT'S ALL.

SI, SENOR.

SO... PJ MAYBE, MADRE GROD. I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT MONTEZ... CUNNING DEVIL.

WHAT SHALL I DO, DON EMILIO?



I'LL ALWAYS BE IN HIS DEBT AFTER THAT BUSINESS IN RIO. HE KNOWS THAT. AND DON EMILIO LOPEZ HIDALGO IS A MAN OF HONOUR. IF I CAN HELP, I WILL.

GO AND SEE HIM. SEE WHAT HE WANTS. HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, FONZO. MARK MY WORDS, CUNNING DEVIL...





I USED  
TO HAVE THE  
WHOLE BLOCK TO  
MYSELF.

WHEN THEY  
CHANGED MY FACE BACK  
THEY LET THE OTHER CRIMS IN.  
NOW IF I WAS TO TELL THEM  
I WAS MAYOR AMBROSE  
THEY'D JUST THINK I  
WAS MAD.

YOU  
DON'T THINK  
I'M MAD, DO  
YOU, SENOR  
FONZO?

I THINK YOU ARE A  
VERY EXTRAORDINARY  
MAN, SENOR MAYBE. SUCH A  
SHAME THAT YOU WILL NEVER  
KNOW FREEDOM AGAIN. NEVER  
FEEL THE WIND ON YOUR  
FACE, OR HEAR A BIRD  
SING.

NO,  
NEVER KNOW  
FREEDOM...

IT  
WOULD TAKE  
A FULL-FRONTAL  
ASSAULT WITH  
HEAVY ATTACK  
DROIDS.

AND  
EVEN THEN IT  
WOULD ONLY BE A  
DIVERSION.

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF MY FACE  
CHANGE? MY NOSE  
IS A LITTLE TOO  
LONG.

YOU WILL  
REMEMBER,  
WON'T YOU, SENOR  
FONZO?

I'D LIKE A SMALL  
GIFT - I'M SURE DON  
EMILIO WILL ARRANGE IT - TO  
GO TO THE WIFE OF AN INMATE.  
TEN THOUSAND CREDITS TO  
HELP WITH HER MED BILLS. HER  
NAME'S MEAT - MRS ELVIRA  
MEAT. SHE LIVES IN ARNOLD  
SCHWARZENEGGER.

IT LOOKS  
A PERFECTLY  
GOOD NOSE TO ME,  
SENOR.

I HAVE  
AN APPOINTMENT  
TO HAVE IT CHANGED.  
THREE WEEKS ON MONDAY,  
AT TWO O'CLOCK.  
THAT'S A DATE TO  
REMEMBER.

SI... SI,  
SENOR, I WILL NOT  
FORGET.

AND  
NOW, THESE  
AFFAIRS YOU WISH  
PLACED IN  
ORDER...

THAT IS MOST  
CONSIDERATE OF YOU,  
SENOR. YOU ARE CLEARLY  
NOT THE EVIL MONSTER YOU  
ARE PAINTED. I'M SURE DON  
EMILIO WILL BE MOST  
OBLIGING IN EVERY  
RESPECT.

YAP  
SHOP



HE'S REQUESTING AN ASSAULT ON THE ISO-BLOCK. THE NINTH OF NEXT MONTH, AT TWO O'CLOCK.

WHAT TEMERITY! WHAT AN OPERATOR! YOU HAVE TO ADMIRE HIM, FONZO. THE MAN NEVER GIVES UP.

WHAT'S HE PLANNING, I WONDER?

I SAY DON'T DO IT, DON EMILIO. IT'S TOO RISKY. YOU DON'T NEED THIS MAN. HE IS IN NO POSITION TO HURT YOU.

YES, YES, BUT THERE IS OBLIGATION, FONZO. AND I AM INTRIGUED TO SEE WHAT HE WILL DO.

HAVE NO FEAR. THERE IS NO NEED TO SHOW MY HAND IN IT.

THE HOVERPORTER CAME OVERHEAD AT 14:11. THE GUARD TOWER FIRED WARNING SHOTS AND WHEN IT CONTINUED TO DESCEND DIRECTED FIRE AT THE VEHICLE.

WHERE WAS MAYBE AT THIS TIME?



MR MAYBE, DO COME IN.

I'VE RE-CHECKED ALL OUR REFERENCE AND I MUST SAY THE NOSE LOOKS QUITE IN PROPORTION TO THE FACE.

JUST SEEMS A LITTLE TOO BIG TO ME, DOC. IT'S REALLY GETTING ME DOWN.

VERY WELL, MR MAYBE, AS YOU LIKE, CAN'T HAVE DISAPPOINTED CUSTOMERS.

WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT THAT MUCH?

THAT WILL DO NICELY.

MAYBE P J

YOU SEEM RATHER NERVOUS, MR MAYBE. SURELY OUR FACE-CHANGE MACHINE ISN'T WORRYING YOU?

WELL, YOU KNOW, YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE WITH THESE THINGS...

14:11. They were late — if they were coming at all.

WE'LL JUST GET HER WARMED UP, SEND THE DETAILS OVER FROM THE HOLOGROMITER —

RELAX, I NEVER LOSE A PATIENT.

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, MAYBE?

HOLY CREMOLA! WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

IT'S NOT RESPONDING! BRING IT DOWN!



'FIRE FROM THE GUARD TOWER  
BROUGHT THE HOVERPORTER  
DOWN, BUT COULD NOT  
PREVENT IT UNLOADING.'



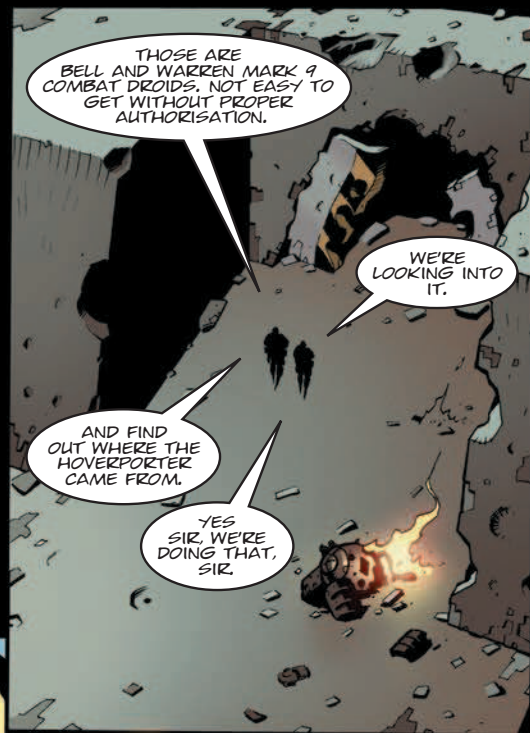
THAT'S  
THE GENERAL  
ALERT?

WE  
CAN'T LEAVE  
MAYBE.

HE'S  
UNDER  
RESTRAINT. HE  
CAN'T COME TO ANY  
HARM. GO, I'LL  
BE PERFECTLY  
ALL RIGHT  
HERE.

ARROOGAH HARROOGAH HARROOGA





THOSE ARE  
BELL AND WARREN MARK 9  
COMBAT DROIDS. NOT EASY TO  
GET WITHOUT PROPER  
AUTHORISATION.

WE'RE  
LOOKING INTO  
IT.

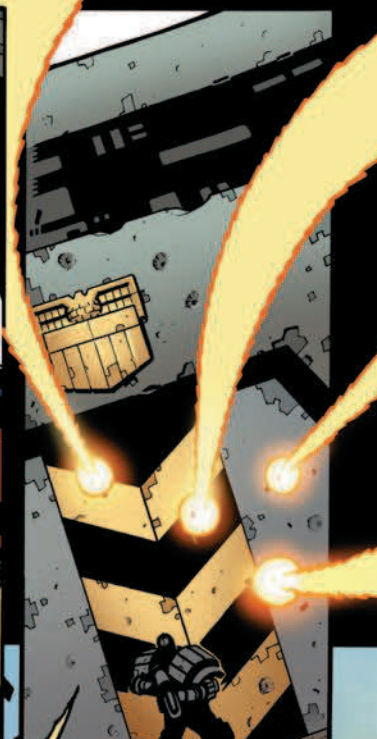
AND FIND  
OUT WHERE THE  
HOVERPORTER  
CAME FROM.

YES  
SIR, WE'RE  
DOING THAT,  
SIR.



SORRY, I REALISE  
THIS IS ALL SECOND NATURE  
TO YOU, KOOPER. I'M JUST A LITTLE  
DISAPPOINTED THIS SHOULD HAVE  
HAPPENED IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.

YES  
SIR, BIT OF A  
FOUL-UP.




GOODNESS!  
IT'S A WARZONE OUT  
THERE!





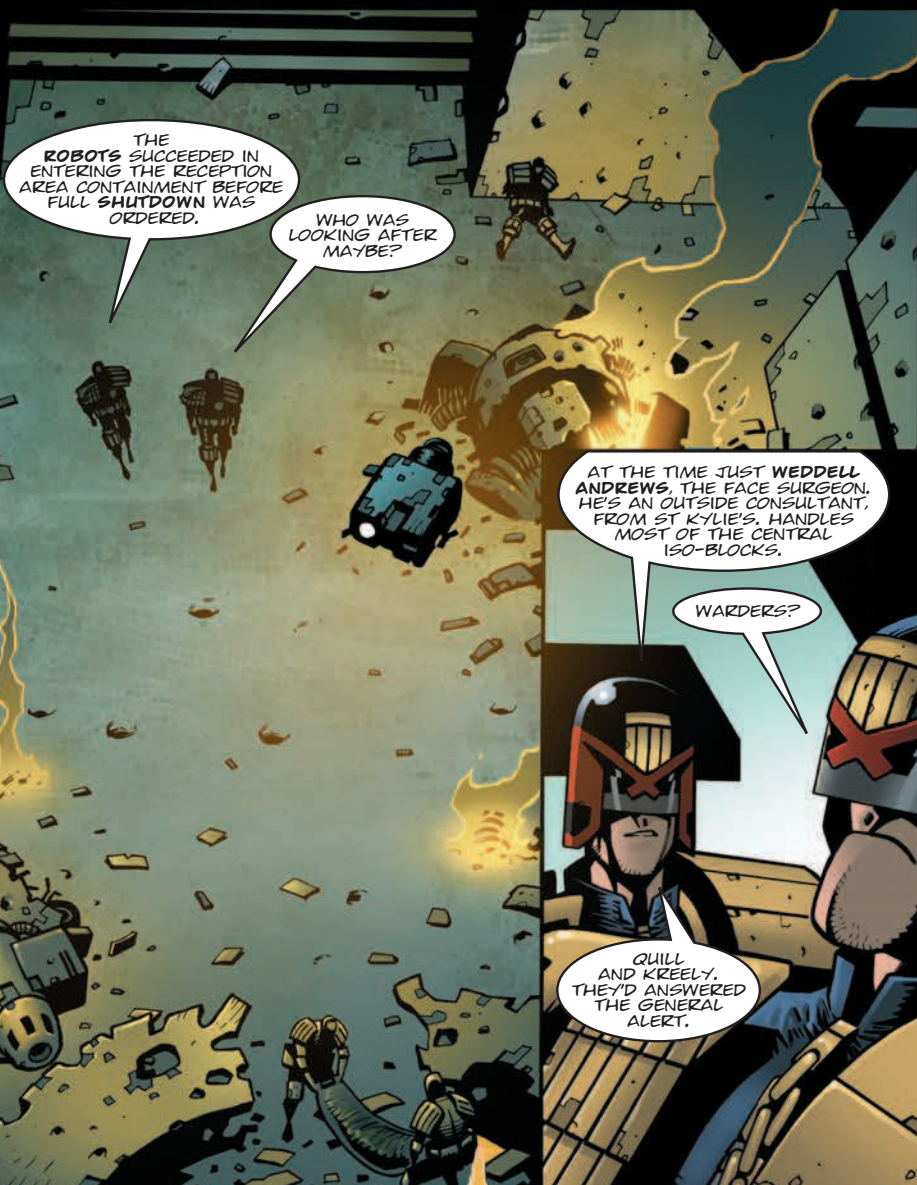






THE  
ROBOTS SUCCEEDED IN  
ENTERING THE RECEPTION  
AREA CONTAINMENT BEFORE  
FULL SHUTDOWN WAS  
ORDERED.

WHO WAS  
LOOKING AFTER  
MAYBE?



AT THE TIME JUST WEDDELL  
ANDREWS, THE FACE SURGEON.  
HE'S AN OUTSIDE CONSULTANT,  
FROM ST KYLIE'S. HANDLES  
MOST OF THE CENTRAL  
ISO-BLOCKS.

WARDERS?

QUILL  
AND KREELY.  
THEY'D ANSWERED  
THE GENERAL  
ALERT.



KREELY'S STATION WAS ON LEVEL THREE  
OVERLOOKING THE CONTAINMENT. HE  
HELPED BRING DOWN THE INTRUDERS BUT  
WAS WOUNDED BY RICOCHETING SHRAPNEL.





'QUILL WAS TRAPPED IN THE SOUTH ACCESS CORRIDOR WHEN THE BARRIERS CAME DOWN.'



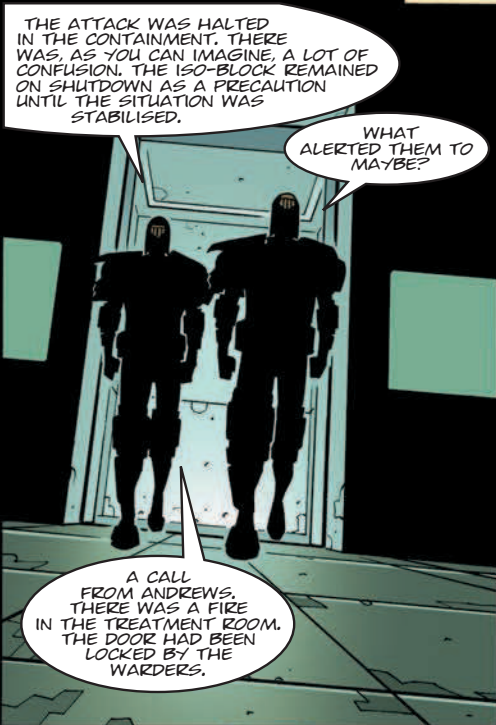
THEIR ORDERS WERE TO REMAIN WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES?

YES, SIR.



MAKE SURE THEY'RE PUNISHED. THREE YEARS MINIMUM.

YES, SIR.



THE ATTACK WAS HALTED IN THE CONTAINMENT. THERE WAS, AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, A LOT OF CONFUSION. THE ISO-BLOCK REMAINED ON SHUTDOWN AS A PRECAUTION UNTIL THE SITUATION WAS STABILISED.

WHAT ALERTED THEM TO MAYBE?

A CALL FROM ANDREWS. THERE WAS A FIRE IN THE TREATMENT ROOM. THE DOOR HAD BEEN LOCKED BY THE WARDERS.



OH, THANK GRUD! KOFF!



SOMETHING WENT WRONG! I - KOFF! - TRIED TO PUT IT OUT!





HE'S DEAD.

OH NO, WHAT'VE I DONE? WHAT'VE I DONE? KOFF KOFF!

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. BEST THING THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO PJ MAYBE.

KOFF KOFF KOFF!

DOC, YOU ALL RIGHT?

GET A MEDIC.



NO! KOFF KOFF! C-CALL AN AMBULANCE! GET ME... GET ME - KOFF! - TO ST KYLIE'S. THEY HAVE FACILITIES TO DO A - KOFF! - FULL PULMONARY WASH -

OKAY, CALL A MED-WAGON.

SO ANDREWS WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL. WHEN DID THEY REALISE THEY'D MADE A MISTAKE?

FORENSICS DIDN'T GET ROUND TO CHECKING THE BODY UNTIL A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER.

AND THEY DISCOVERED THE DNA BELONGED TO WEDDELL ANDREWS. THAT THEY'D SENT PJ MAYBE TO ST KYLIE'S.



'WE IMMEDIATELY SENT UNITS TO THE HOSPITAL BUT MAYBE WAS, OF COURSE, NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.'

THE MACHINE WAS ALREADY PROGRAMMED WITH MAYBE'S FEATURES SO DOCTORING ANDREWS' WOULD HAVE BEEN A SIMPLE MATTER. ALTERING MAYBE'S OWN FACE WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE DIFFICULT.

I DOUBT HE BOTHERED.



SAME BUILD, SOOT HIDING HIS FACE...

A QUICK SHAVE OF THE HEAD WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH.

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

THE SOOT COULD HAVE BEEN MAKE-UP, ANY NUMBER OF CHEMICALS HERE TO START A FIRE WITH. AND MAYBE'S AN EXCELLENT MIMIC.







I new I had to put  
some distanse in  
before the alarm  
went up.



Busses  
and zooms  
would have  
survaylance  
cams...



Theyd find the  
scoobey wherever  
I left it. I HAD to  
disappear without  
a trace. It wasn't  
going to be easy.




PARDON ME,  
SIR, BUT COULD YOU  
DIRECT US BACK ONTO  
THE CROSSTOWN  
SKED?



AS A  
MATTER OF FACT  
I'M HEADING THAT WAY  
MYSELF. WHY DON'T I  
HOP ON AND SHOW  
YOU?






IT WOULD TAKE A FULL FRONTAL ASSAULT WITH HEAVY ATTACK DROIDS, AND EVEN THEN IT WOULD ONLY BE A DIVERSION.



SOMEONE ACTUALLY WATCHED THIS?

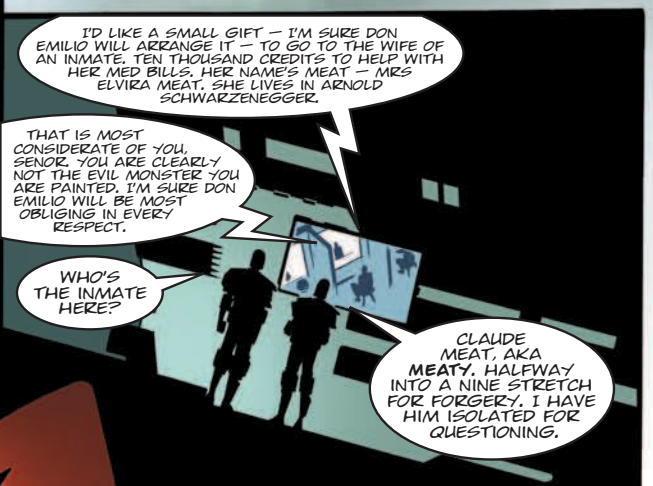
IT'S MARKED AS CHECKED AND APPROVED.



THREE WEEKS ON MONDAY, AT TWO O'CLOCK. THAT'S A DATE TO REMEMBER, YOU WILL REMEMBER, WON'T YOU, SENOR FONZO?

THAT DIDN'T MAKE THEM SUSPICIOUS?

SI... SI, SENOR. I WILL NOT FORGET.



I'D LIKE A SMALL GIFT - I'M SURE DON EMILIO WILL ARRANGE IT - TO GO TO THE WIFE OF AN INMATE, TEN THOUSAND CREDITS TO HELP WITH HER MED BILLS. HER NAME'S MEAT - MRS ELVIRA MEAT. SHE LIVES IN ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER.

THAT IS MOST CONSIDERATE OF YOU, SENOR. YOU ARE CLEARLY NOT THE EVIL MONSTER YOU ARE PAINTED. I'M SURE DON EMILIO WILL BE MOST OBLIGING IN EVERY RESPECT.

WHO'S THE INMATE HERE?

CLAUDE MEAT, AKA MEATY. HALFWAY INTO A NINE STRETCH FOR FORGERY. I HAVE HIM ISOLATED FOR QUESTIONING.




NO DOUBT HE PERFORMED SOME SERVICE, A FORGER - DOCUMENTS, PERHAPS.

HE HAD ACCESS TO THE MACHINE SHOP. I THOUGHT PERHAPS A KEY TO THE MANACLES. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MAYBE DID THAT.


THAT'S POSSIBLE, WHAT A FOUL-UP!

CARRY ON HERE, KOOPER. LOOK INTO THIS DON EMILIO AND HIS HENCHMAN FONZO. HAVE A FULL DOSSIER ON MY DESK BY THE MORNING. I'M GOING TO HAVE A WORD WITH THE WARDEN ABOUT STANDARDS AT THIS 150-BLOCK.

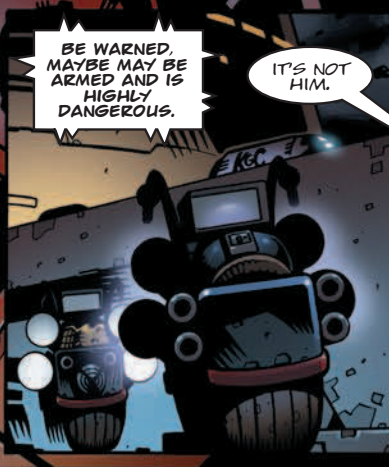


WE'VE GOT AN ALL-UNITS OUT ON HIM, SIR. WE COULD GET LUCKY.






ALL UNITS.  
BE ON LOOKOUT FOR PJ  
MAYBE. ABSCONDED ISO-BLOCK  
4. CHECK BIKE SCAN FOR STATS  
AND PHOTO LIKENESS. THIS IS  
PRIORITY ONE.




BE WARNED.  
MAYBE MAY BE  
ARMED AND IS  
HIGHLY  
DANGEROUS.

IT'S NOT  
HIM.




HOW CAN WE BE  
SURE? THIS CREEP'S  
THE MASTER OF  
DISGUISE.



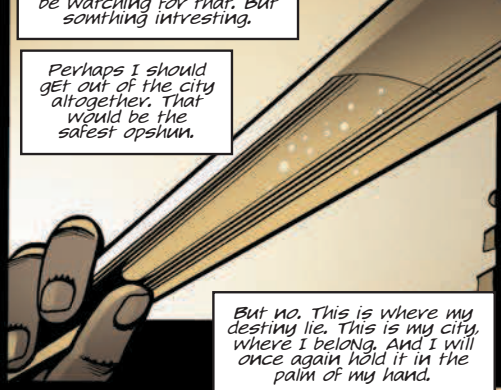
It had been almost ridiculously  
easy. The organs of law and  
order aren't all they're cracked  
up to be. They've got the citizen's  
living and trembling in fear - if  
only they knew how incompetent  
they are.

But I knew.  
PJ Maybe  
new.




Now I could relax in safety  
and plan my next move.  
Not mayor again - they'd  
be watching for that. But  
something interesting.

Perhaps I should  
get out of the city  
altogether. That  
would be the  
safest option.

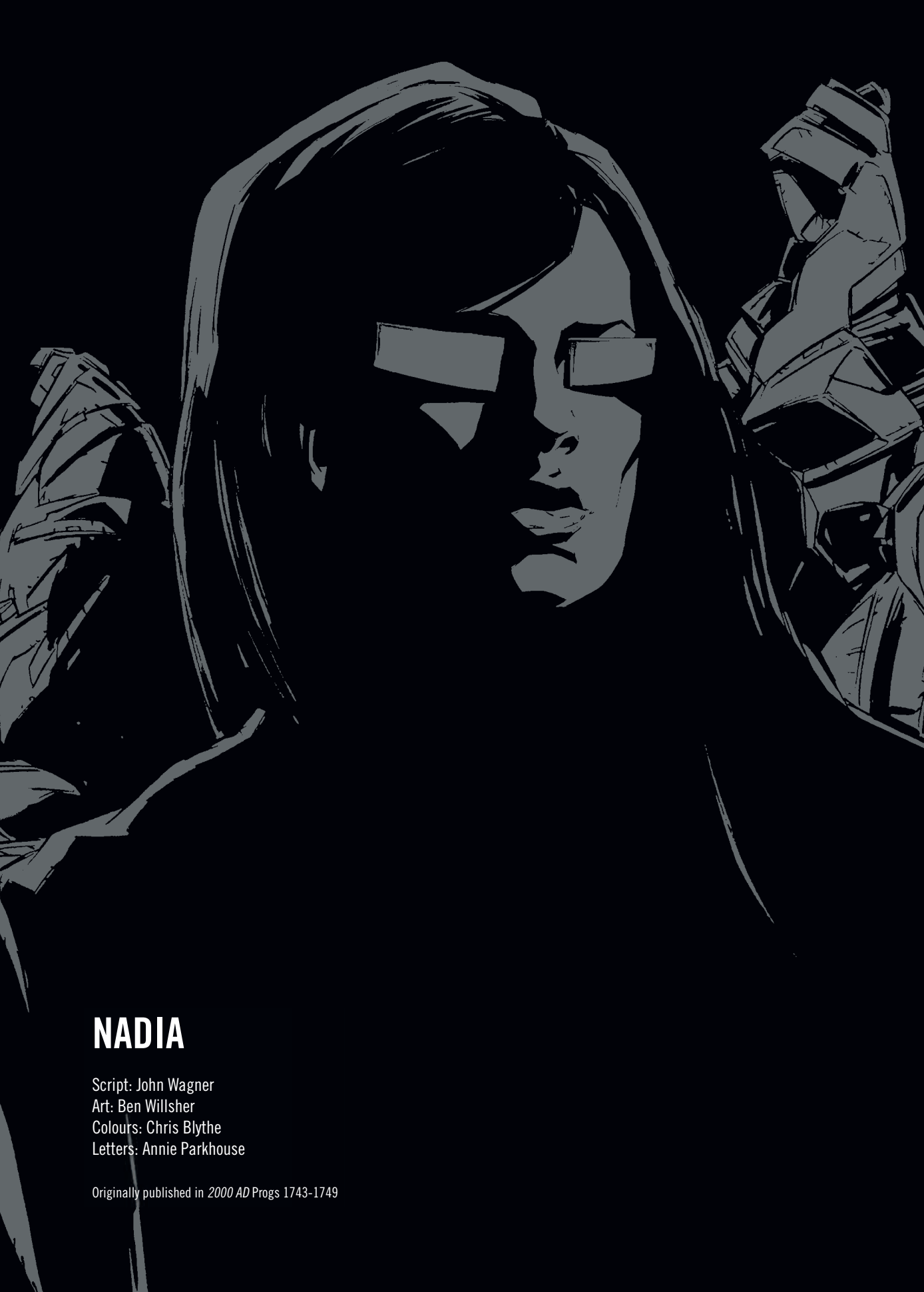


But no. This is where my  
destiny lies. This is my city,  
where I belong. And I will  
once again hold it in the  
palm of my hand.



But for now, for tonight,  
there was just me, the  
champagne, and freedom.





# NADIA

Script: John Wagner

Art: Ben Willsher

Colours: Chris Blythe

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1743-1749



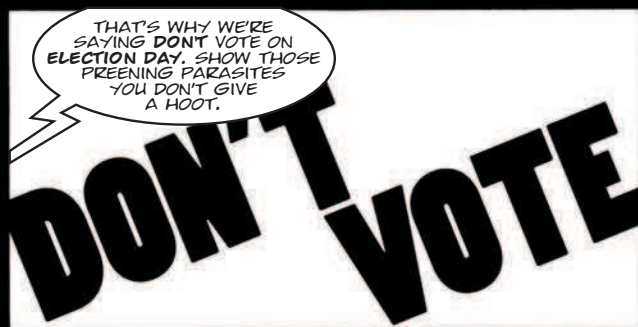


WHAT'S  
THE POINT? I  
MEAN, WHAT'S THE  
POINT?



I'M TALKING  
ABOUT THE ELECTION.  
A NEW MAYOR — FOR  
ALL THE DIFFERENCE  
IT'S GOING TO  
MAKE.

I MEAN,  
DOESN'T MATTER  
WHO YOU VOTE FOR, YOU'RE  
GONNA GET SOME BUM — SOME  
SELF-SERVING JERKWAD OUT  
TO ROB THE CITY BLIND.  
THEY'RE ALL THE SAME,  
BELIEVE ME.

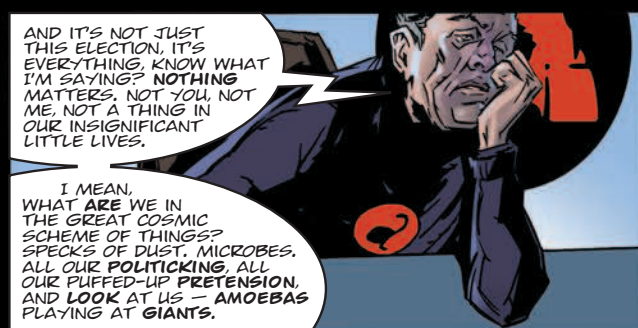


THAT'S WHY WE'RE  
SAYING DON'T VOTE ON  
ELECTION DAY. SHOW THOSE  
PREENING PARASITES  
YOU DON'T GIVE  
A HOOT.



AH, WHY  
AM I WASTING  
MY BREATH? DO  
WHAT YOU WANT.  
I DON'T CARE.

DUNNO  
WHY I'M EVEN DOING THIS.  
I MEAN, FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'S  
GONNA DO I COULD HAVE  
STAYED IN BED.



AND IT'S NOT JUST  
THIS ELECTION, IT'S  
EVERYTHING. KNOW WHAT  
I'M SAYING? NOTHING  
MATTERS. NOT YOU, NOT  
ME, NOT A THING IN  
OUR INSIGNIFICANT  
LITTLE LIVES.

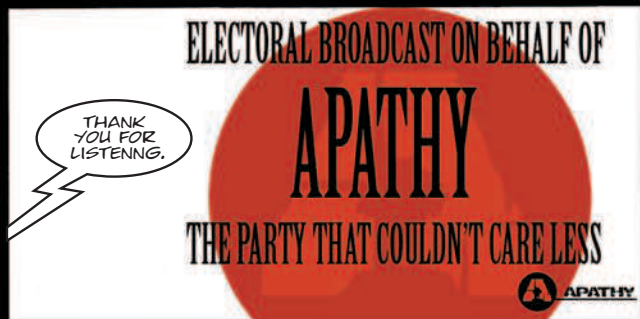
I MEAN,  
WHAT ARE WE IN  
THE GREAT COSMIC  
SCHEME OF THINGS?  
SPECKS OF DUST, MICROBES.  
ALL OUR POLITICKING, ALL  
OUR PUFFED-UP PRETENSION.  
AND LOOK AT US — AMOEBAS  
PLAYING AT GIANTS.



IT'S SO  
PATHETIC I'D  
LAUGH...



...IF  
I COULD BE  
BOTHERED.



ELECTORAL BROADCAST ON BEHALF OF

APATHY

THE PARTY THAT COULDN'T CARE LESS



THANK  
YOU FOR  
LISTENING.



MEETING, CHIEF JUDGE FRANCISCO AND THE COUNCIL OF FIVE.

SO WE'RE AGREED, FISCAL DEMANDS REQUIRE A TAX ON THE UNBORN.

ABSENT: JUDGE DREDD.

VASS, YOU'LL LOOK INTO WAYS AND MEANS?

GOOD. NEXT ITEM, PSI-DIVISION'S ANNUAL PROJECTIONS. A QUIET YEAR, NO SHOCKS OR SURPRISES. APPARENTLY.

COMMENTS?

CERTAINLY, I'VE ALREADY WORKED UP SOME PRELIMINARY FIGURES. I'LL HAVE THEM ON YOUR DESK THIS AFTERNOON.

I'LL BELIEVE THAT WHEN IT HAPPENS.

PSI-DIVISION'S RECORD OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS HAS HARDLY SET THE SLAB ON FIRE.

WHAT ABOUT THIS CADET AT THE ACADEMY — PREDICTING DEATH, RIOT, DESTRUCTION ON ELECTION DAY?

HENNESSY, CHIEF JUDGE, EIGHTH YEAR, LOW-GRADE STUDENT, MINOR TELEPATHIC ABILITIES. AVERAGE IS FIFTY-EIGHT POINT FOUR PER CENT.

THAT'S BARELY ABOVE EENY-MEENY-MINEY-MO. I THINK WE CAN SAFELY DISCOUNT HER.

THAT BRINGS US NEATLY TO THE MAYORAL ELECTION.

THERE'S BEEN AMPLE TIME SINCE THE MURDER ATTEMPT ON SINFIELD. WE CAN'T PUT IT OFF ANY LONGER. IF THERE ARE NO OBJECTIONS I'M SETTING THE DATE FOR THREE MONTHS HENCE.

BETTER TO MAKE IT THREE WEEKS, LESS DRAIN ON RESOURCES.

THIS WHOLE THING'S BEEN RUMBLING ON SINCE AMBROSE DIED.





IF WANTING THE MUTANTS OUT OF MEGA-CITY ONE MEANS I'M A BIGOT - THEN I'M A BIGOT!

LOVE NORMS, HATE MUTIES!

LOVE NORMS, HATE MUTIES!

LOVE NORMS, HATE MUTIES!

STARTING TO GET UGLY. LET'S BREAK THIS UP.

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION. HE'S SEEN IT ALL BEFORE. HE REMAINS TO BE IMPRESSED.

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE, AND THE PEOPLE GAVE YOU DAVE THE MAYOR, AND WORSE.

HE REMEMBERS FARGO... THOSE DYING WORDS.

IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO... BE FOREVER, JOE.

WHAT HAD HE MEANT? NOT THIS, SURELY? POWER TO THE PEOPLE - THESE PEOPLE?

NO, DREDD COULD NOT ACCEPT THAT.

IRONIC THAT THE BEST MAYOR THEY'D HAD, WHO MIGHT HAVE MADE A CASE FOR DEMOCRACY, WAS A WANTED MASS MURDERER.

PT MAYBE - AKA MAYOR AMBROSE - HAD SUPPORTED THE JUDGES, BALANCED THE BUDGET, MADE THE ZOOMS RUN ON TIME, AND HE'D PROBABLY KILLED ANYONE WHO GOT IN HIS WAY.

OR EVEN ON HIS NERVES.

MAYBE WAS STILL AT LARGE. HIS OWN FAULT. HE SHOULD HAVE PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS SKULL AND BE DONE WITH IT.

THE COUNCIL HAD APOLOGISED, BUT THAT WASN'T GOING TO PUT HIM BACK IN A CUBE, EVEN NOW MAYBE COULD BE SLAYING HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF A MAJOR CORPORATION, OR SEDUCING AN HEIRESS, OR RUNNING FOR MAYOR.

AGAIN? WOULD EVEN PT MAYBE HAVE THE NERVE...?

HARDLY LIKELY, BUT NOT BEYOND MAYBE TO TRY. WORTH KEEPING A SPECIAL EYE ON THE CANDIDATES.

YOU BROUGHT THIS ON US ALL, DREDD. YOU'LL GET YOUR COMEUPPANCE ONE DAY. POWER TO THE PEOPLE! POWER TO THE NORMS!

CREEP DOESN'T NEED AN AMPLIFIER.

SIMPS HERE AT SIXTEEN, SHOULDN'T BE A LOT OF TROUBLE, I LEAVE IT TO YOU.



ATLANTIC SPACEPORT —

HERE ON BUSINESS, MS TORSSEN?

AND PLEASURE. BUSINESS AND PLEASURE, A BIT OF BOTH.

YOU'RE STAYING AT THE HIROSHIMA, SECTOR 1. YOU'VE BOOKED TWO TICKETS FOR A SHOW SATURDAY NIGHT. WHO WILL BE ACCOMPANYING YOU, MS TORSSEN?

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T USUALLY HAVE TROUBLE FINDING COMPANY.

YOU'RE ATTENDING UGLY-CON. WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST IN UGLY PEOPLE, MS TORSSEN?

I'M IN COSMETICS. IMPORT. YOU COULD SAY I BROUGHT UGLY TO SCANDINAVIA.

I'M SURE THEY'RE GRATEFUL.

ROOM SERVICE.

**NOK  
NOK**

I'M DAVE, YOUR BELLHOP. I HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD FLIGHT. THEY SAY THOSE V69S ARE SO QUIET YOU CAN HEAR A PIN DROP.

I WAS ALL OUT OF PINS.





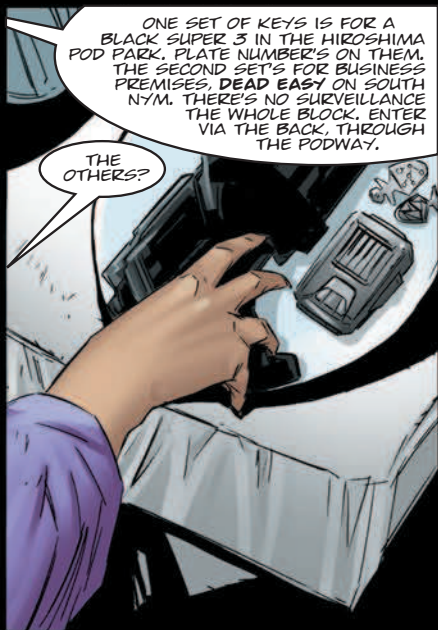
GOT YOU SOME COFFEE HERE.

GENUINE?

NO, MA'AM. IT'S NOT PERMITTED. THE TASTE IS PRETTY CLOSE, THOUGH. THERE'S SOME FOOD BARS AND HERE WE HAVE —

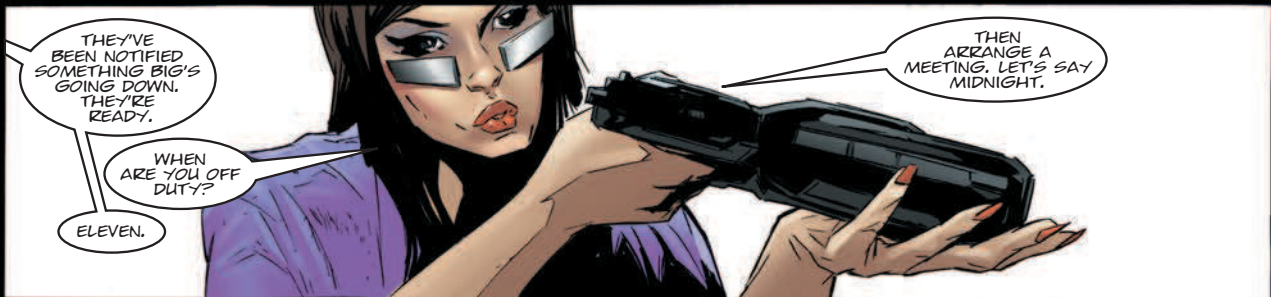


THE BLASTER'S CLEAN AND UNTRACEABLE. SAME WITH THE COM.



THE OTHERS?

ONE SET OF KEYS IS FOR A BLACK SUPER 3 IN THE HIROSHIMA POD PARK. PLATE NUMBER'S ON THEM. THE SECOND SET'S FOR BUSINESS PREMISES. DEAD EASY ON SOUTH N.Y.M. THERE'S NO SURVEILLANCE THE WHOLE BLOCK. ENTER VIA THE BACK, THROUGH THE PODWAY.

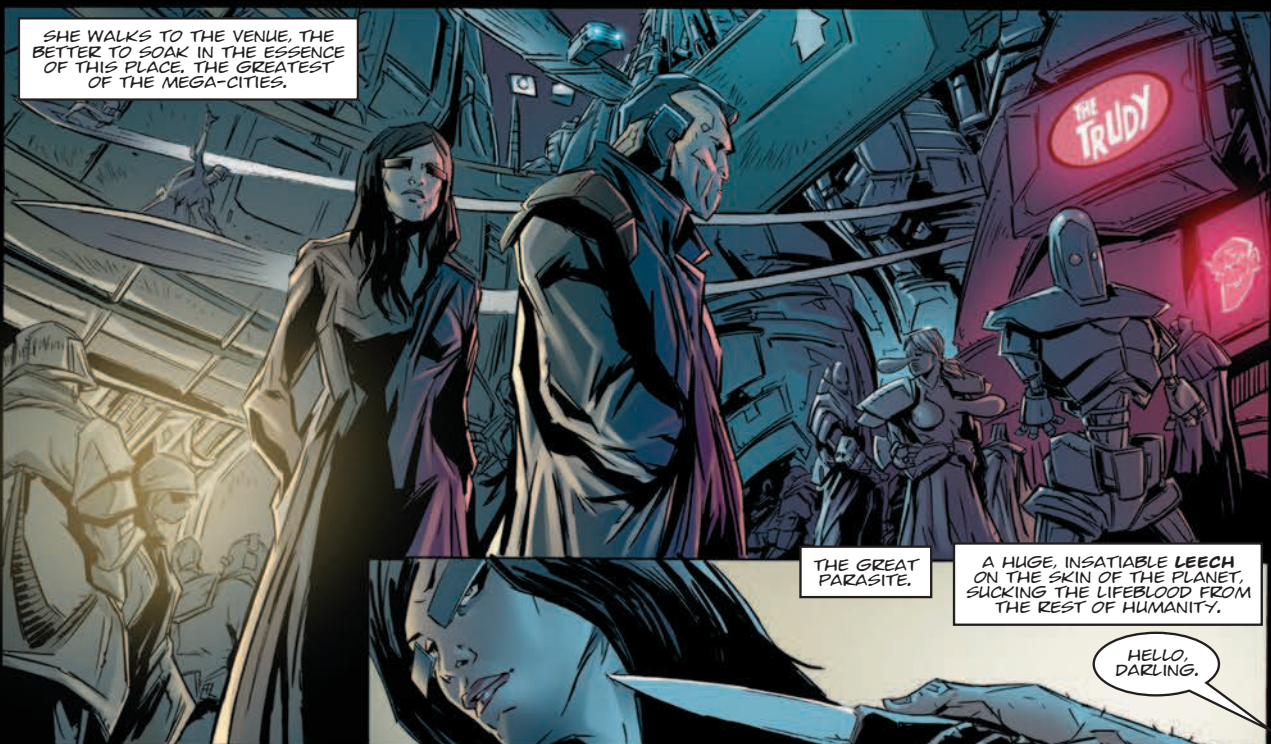


THEY'VE BEEN NOTIFIED SOMETHING BIG'S GOING DOWN. THEY'RE READY.

WHEN ARE YOU OFF DUTY?

ELEVEN.

THEN ARRANGE A MEETING. LET'S SAY MIDNIGHT.



SHE WALKS TO THE VENUE, THE BETTER TO SOAK IN THE ESSENCE OF THIS PLACE, THE GREATEST OF THE MEGA-CITIES.

THE GREAT PARASITE.

A HUGE, INSATIABLE LEECH ON THE SKIN OF THE PLANET, SUCKING THE LIFEBLOOD FROM THE REST OF HUMANITY.

HELLO, DARLING.



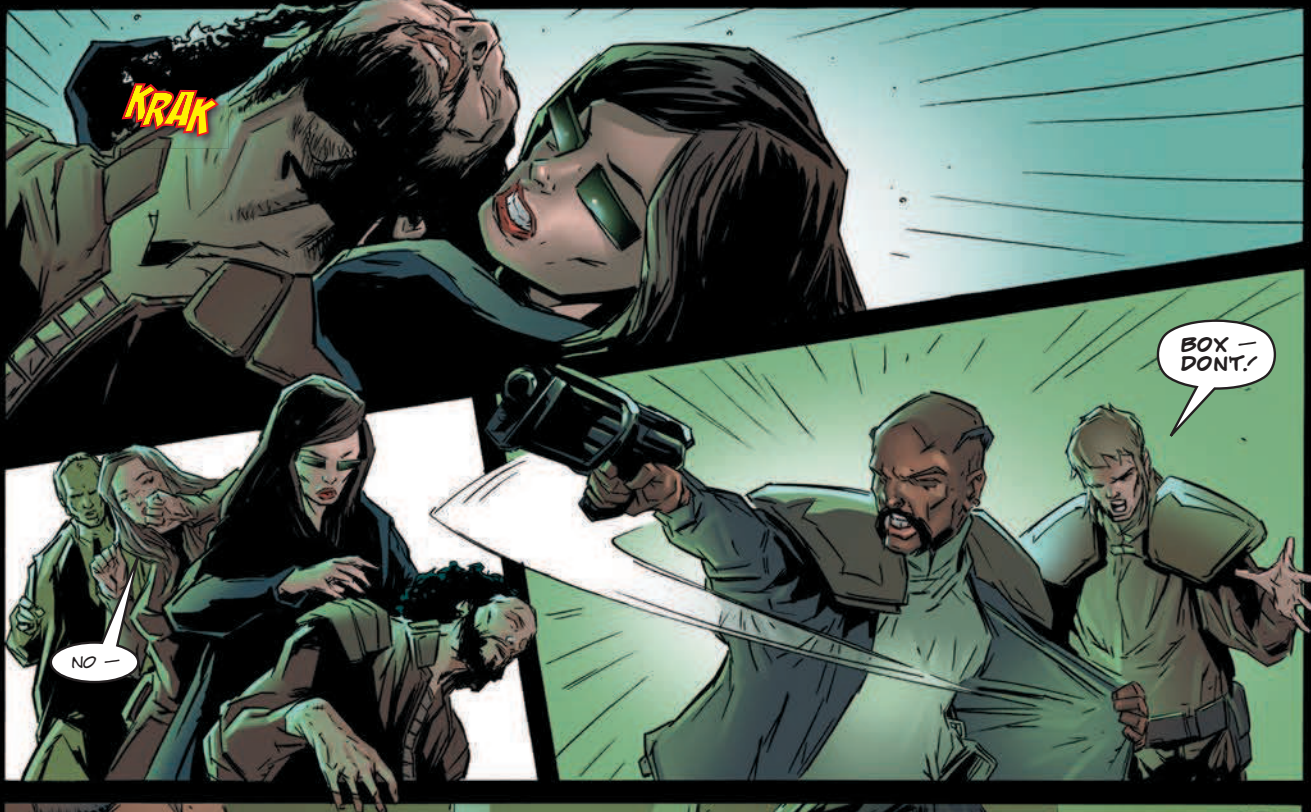


...THIS IS THE EVE OF DESTRUCTION.

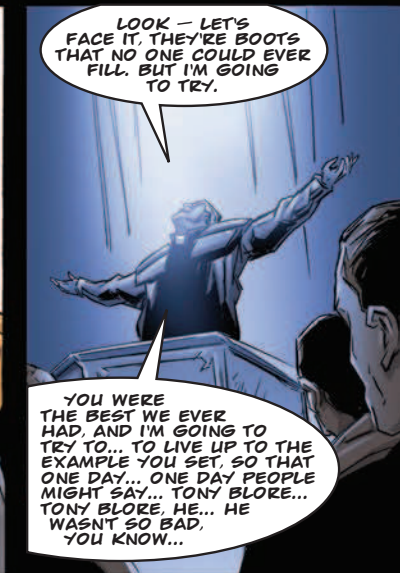
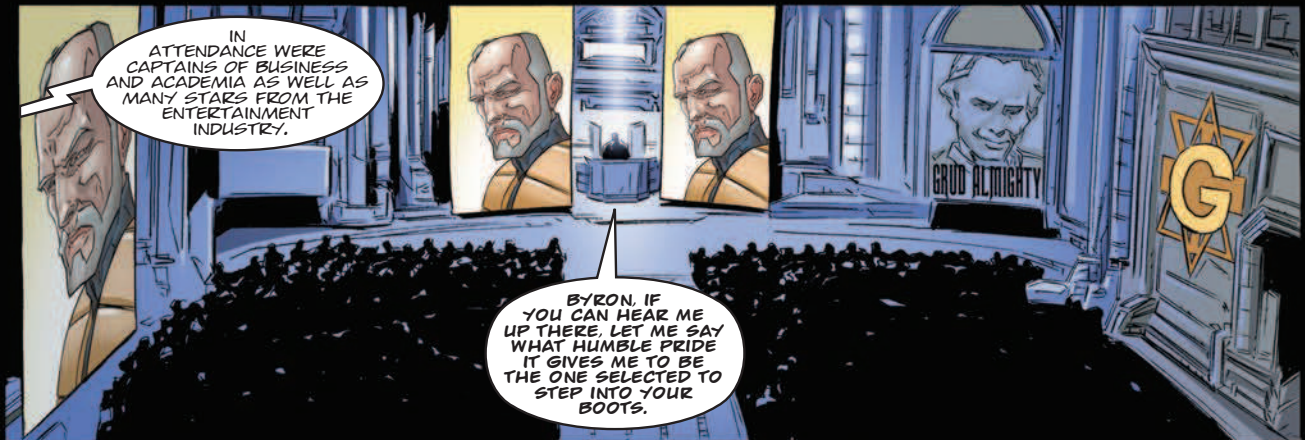
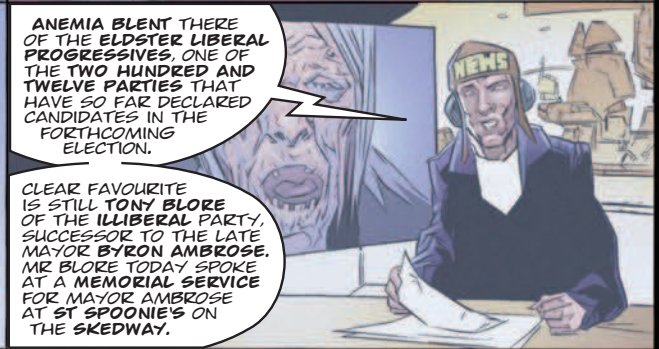
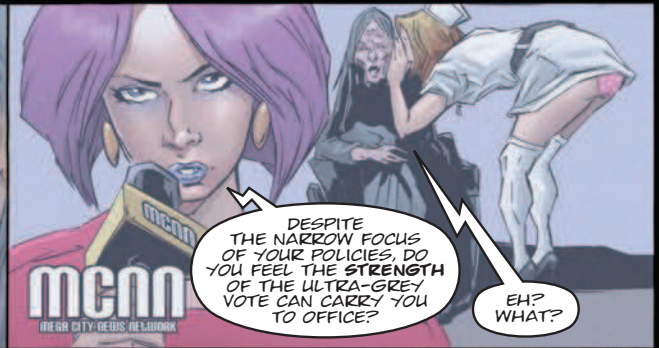
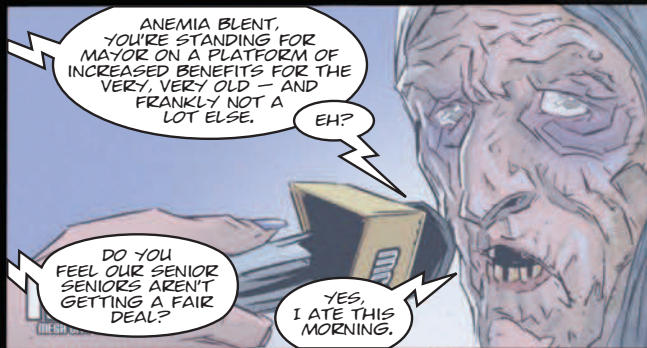
















HE TAKES A CLASS AT THE ACADEMY OF LAW THREE TIMES A MONTH, WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES ALLOW.

FRANCISCO LIKES ALL THE COUNCIL TO DO THEIR BIT. GOOD FOR CADET MORALE.

ATTITUDE IS HALF THE BATTLE. HOW YOU CARRY YOURSELF, HOW YOU PROJECT YOURSELF TO THE PUBLIC.

BEFORE YOU SAY A WORD, A SUSPECT SHOULD KNOW TWO THINGS - ONE, HE CANNOT BEAT YOU. FURTHER RESISTANCE IS FUTILE. AGAINST YOU HE CAN NOT WIN.

TWO - THERE IS NO POINT IN HOLDING BACK INFORMATION. WHATEVER HE'S DONE, WHATEVER HE KNOWS, YOU WILL FIND OUT.



THE CHIEF JUDGE'S POLICY HAS MUCH TO COMMEND IT, OF COURSE, THOUGH HE CANNOT AVOID RESENTING THE TIME OFF THE STREETS.

SIR, AREN'T WE IN DANGER OF APPEARING HEAVY-HANDED?

IT'S A FINE LINE, BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO CROSS IT, HEAVY-HANDED BEATS SOFT TOUCH EVERY TIME.

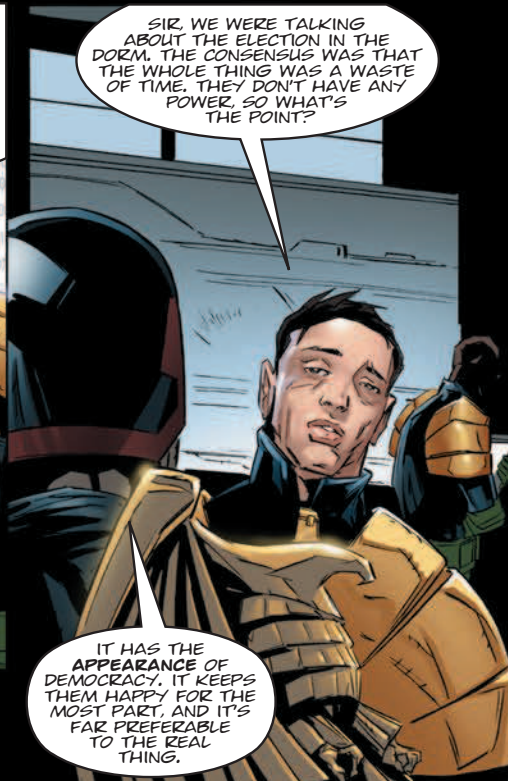
AND YOU CAN CONVEY THIS JUST BY THE WAY YOU STAND?



HE CAN.

UNLESS YOU KNOW THE SUSPECT CAN'T BEAT YOU, YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO CONVINCE HIM.

WORK ON YOUR APPROACH. THE INITIAL FACE TO FACE IS THE MOST VITAL PART OF THE INTERROGATION. AND REMEMBER ATTITUDE COMES FROM WITHIN.



SIR, WE WERE TALKING ABOUT THE ELECTION IN THE DORM. THE CONSENSUS WAS THAT THE WHOLE THING WAS A WASTE OF TIME. THEY DON'T HAVE ANY POWER, SO WHAT'S THE POINT?

IT HAS THE APPEARANCE OF DEMOCRACY. IT KEEPS THEM HAPPY FOR THE MOST PART, AND IT'S FAR PREFERABLE TO THE REAL THING.





SIR, CAN I SPEAK TO YOU?

THAT APPEARS TO BE WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

I'M CARTER HENNESSY. I'M IN THE ACADEMY ON A PSI BURSARY. I HAVE ABOVE-AVERAGE PRECOGNITIVE POWERS.

AND?



WELL, RECENTLY I'VE BEEN GETTING THESE NIGHTMARES. THEY'VE STARTED HAPPENING ANYTIME, REALLY. I SEE THE CITY IN FLAMES. IT'S REALLY CRAZY ON THE STREETS, PEOPLE LIKE MAD DOGS, AND THEY'RE DYING ALL OVER THE PLACE...

ELECTION DAY. IT'S ALL HAPPENING ON ELECTION DAY.

YOU'VE TOLD YOUR SUPERVISOR AT PSI-DIVISION ABOUT THIS?

YES, SIR. HE KEEPS TELLING ME I'VE GOT TO BE MORE SPECIFIC.



YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, HENNESSY. A LOT OF PRECOGS HAVE VISIONS. MOST OF THEM TURN OUT TO BE INACCURATE. JUST PLAIN WRONG.

YOU WANT US TO TAKE IT FURTHER YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE US MORE TO GO ON.

CONCENTRATE ON IT. WHY IS IT HAPPENING? WHAT'S BEHIND IT? LET ME KNOW IF YOU GET ANYTHING MORE.

YES, SIR.



SHE'S HERE WITH HER SISTER. BIT OF A DISAPPOINTMENT TO US, BOTH OF THEM. NOT LIVING UP TO EARLY PROMISE.

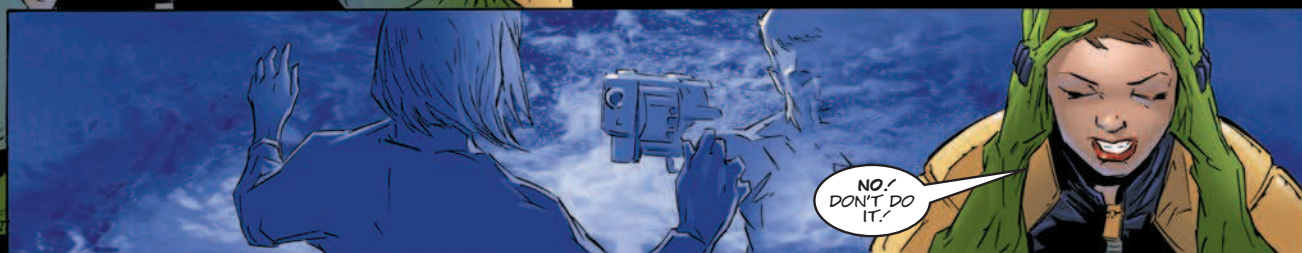
SHE SEEMED VERY SERIOUS. QUITE PERTURBED.

THAT'S HENNESSY.

















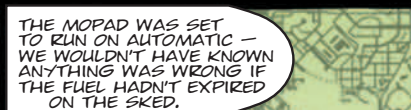
FORENSICS ARE STILL WORKING ON THE MOPAD. TRAFFIC'S SNARLED UP ALL ALONG THE GREAT WEST SKED.



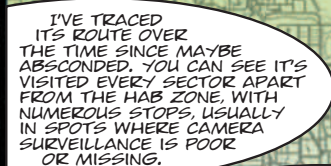
THEY'D FOUND PJ MAYBE'S DNA AND PRINTS BELONGING TO 'MAYOR AMBROSE' - THEY'D STILL TO MAKE THE AMENDMENT AT CENTRAL RECORDS.

NAME IS PITCHER, SPIKE AND ADORA. BOUGHT THE MOPAD WITH THE PROCEEDS OF AN ACTION AGAINST QUEELY COMESTIBLES, MAKERS OF THE CONTAMINATED MUNCE PASTE THAT KILLED THEIR SON. BEEN TOURING SINCE '28.

BY THE STATE OF DECOMPOSITION FORENSICS SAY THEY'VE BEEN DEAD AT LEAST FOUR WEEKS.



THE MOPAD WAS SET TO RUN ON AUTOMATIC - WE WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ANYTHING WAS WRONG IF THE FUEL HADN'T EXPIRED ON THE SKED.



I'VE TRACED ITS ROUTE OVER THE TIME SINCE MAYBE ABSCONDED. YOU CAN SEE IT'S VISITED EVERY SECTOR APART FROM THE HAB ZONE WITH NUMEROUS STOPS, USUALLY IN SPOTS WHERE CAMERA SURVEILLANCE IS POOR OR MISSING.

MAYBE WOULD HAVE HAD ACCESS TO INFORMATION ON EVERY SURVEILLANCE BLACKSPOT. SO HE COULD HAVE STEPPED OFF AT ANY ONE OF THESE STOPS.



IF YOU DON'T MIND, RUIS, I'D LIKE TO HAND THIS INVESTIGATION TO MY OWN PEOPLE.

BE MY GUEST. LOOKS LIKE A NO-HOPER TO ME. CREEP'S SMART.



STAY ON IT TILL YOU FIND HIM. LOGAN. YOUR ONE AND ONLY PRIORITY, UNDERSTOOD?

GOTCHA.

I'M GIVING YOU BEENY AND ROAKE. THEY BOTH HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH MAYBE. I'LL SPEAK TO THEIR SECTOR CHIEF.

DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE, COUNCIL OF FIVE. LIKE TRYING TO JUGGLE TOO MANY BALLS. HE HAS TO LEARN TO DELEGATE. AT LEAST WITH LOGAN AND THE OTHERS, HE'LL MAINTAIN A DIRECT LINE TO THE INVESTIGATION.



SHE COULDN'T BE NORMAL, THE WAY SHE SNAPPED JOHN'S NECK LIKE A TWIG.

STEWART LEE BLOCK

GM - HAD TO BE, SHE WAS ABOUT THE RIGHT AGE, MAYBE ONE OF THE LAST ON THE PROGRAMME.

FREAKIN' NADIA, SHE CHOSE ME FOR THIS OUT OF SPITE.

NOT SURE HER BRAIN WORKS THAT WAY.

I LIKED JOHN.

NOT OURS TO LIKE.

RAP RAP

MAYBE THAT'S HER POINT. KEEP YOUR MIND ON WHY WE'RE HERE.

TREENA, IT'S MIKE AND DEBBIE JONSON. WE'RE FRIENDS OF BILLY.

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED. WE NEED TO SPEAK TO YOU. IT'S IMPORTANT.

BILLY WASN'T HIS REAL NAME EITHER. IT'S JUST WHAT TREENA KNEW HIM AS.

JOHN WASN'T HIS REAL NAME, OF COURSE. IT'S WHAT THE OTHERS KNEW HIM AS.

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

SHH. CLOSE THE DOOR.

BILLY'S IN A BIT OF TROUBLE, TREENA. HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO LAY LOW FOR A WHILE.

WH-WHY?

MUTANT BUREAU.

HE WANTED US TO COLLECT SOME THINGS. HE SAID HE KEPT THEM HIDDEN SOMEWHERE. WHERE IS THAT, TREENA?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHAT'S THE MUTANT BUREAU GOT TO DO WITH IT?

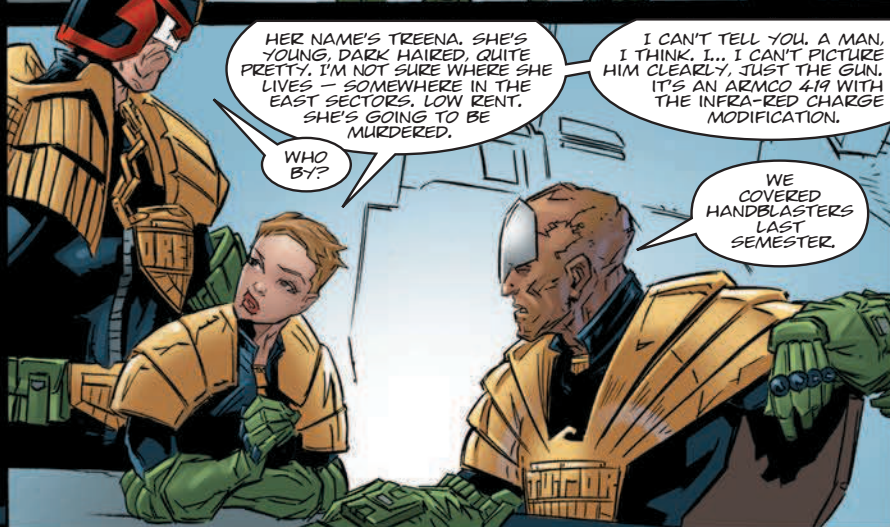
DIDN'T HE TELL YOU HE HAD FUNNY GENES?

THINK, TREENA, WHERE WOULD HE HIDE SOMETHING?





LET'S HEAR IT, HENNESSY.

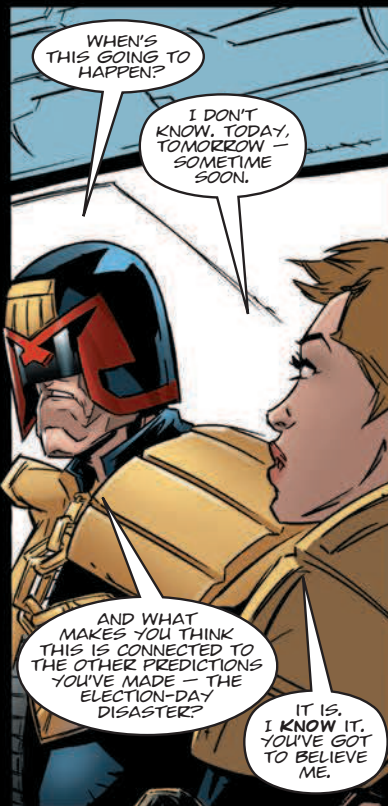


HER NAME'S TREENA. SHE'S YOUNG, DARK HAired, QUITE PRETTY. I'M NOT SURE WHERE SHE LIVES - SOMEWHERE IN THE EAST SECTORS. LOW RENT. SHE'S GOING TO BE MURDERED.

WHO BY?

I CAN'T TELL YOU, A MAN, I THINK. I... I CAN'T PICTURE HIM CLEARLY, JUST THE GUN. IT'S AN ARMCO 419 WITH THE INFRA-RED CHARGE MODIFICATION.

WE COVERED HANDBLASTERS LAST SEMESTER.



WHEN'S THIS GOING TO HAPPEN?

I DON'T KNOW. TODAY, TOMORROW - SOMETIME SOON.

AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS IS CONNECTED TO THE OTHER PREDICTIONS YOU'VE MADE - THE ELECTION-DAY DISASTER?

IT IS, I KNOW IT. YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME.



IF YOU WANT ME TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY, HENNESSY, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COME UP WITH A LOT MORE. AN ARMCO 419 IS NOT UNCOMMON, EVEN WITH THE IRC. PRETTY GIRL GETS MURDERED - HOW MANY OF THOSE DO YOU THINK WE GET EVERY DAY?



AND THIS IS IT? NO PLACE ELSE?

IT'S A SMALL APARTMENT. WHERE'S HE GOING TO HIDE ANYTHING? LOOK, I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS.



I KNOW. IT'S ALL KIND OF HARD TO TAKE IN.

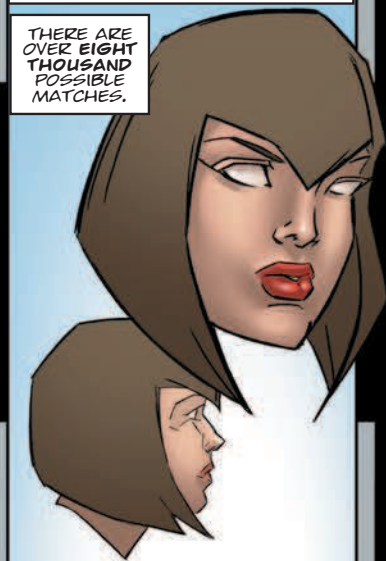






HENNESSY'S DRAWING OF THE SUPPOSED VICTIM IS FED INTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S CENTRAL COMPUTER. FEATURES ARE CALIBRATED ALLOWING A TEN PER CENT MARGIN FOR ERROR.

THERE ARE OVER EIGHT THOUSAND POSSIBLE MATCHES.



I GOT HER RIGHT. THAT'S THE FACE I SAW.

ALL RIGHT, COMPUTER. SHAVE THE MARGIN TO TWO PER CENT.

THIS TIME NINETY-SEVEN NAMES.

SPECIFY TREENA, TRINA, CHRISTINA, TRINABEL - ALL VARIATIONS.



THREE.

NOT HER.



IT'S NOT THEM EITHER. NONE OF THEM.

TRY MIDDLE NAMES. DID YOU TRY MIDDLE NAMES?

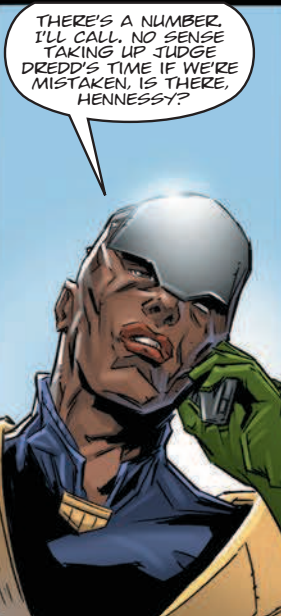


THAT'S IT. THAT'S HER!

MAYLENE KATARINA GRIGGS.

LIVES ALONE IN SHORT-LIVES IN SECTOR 34.

KATARINA - TREENA. THAT WORKS.



THERE'S A NUMBER, I'LL CALL. NO SENSE TAKING UP JUDGE DREDD'S TIME IF WE'RE MISTAKEN, IS THERE, HENNESSY?



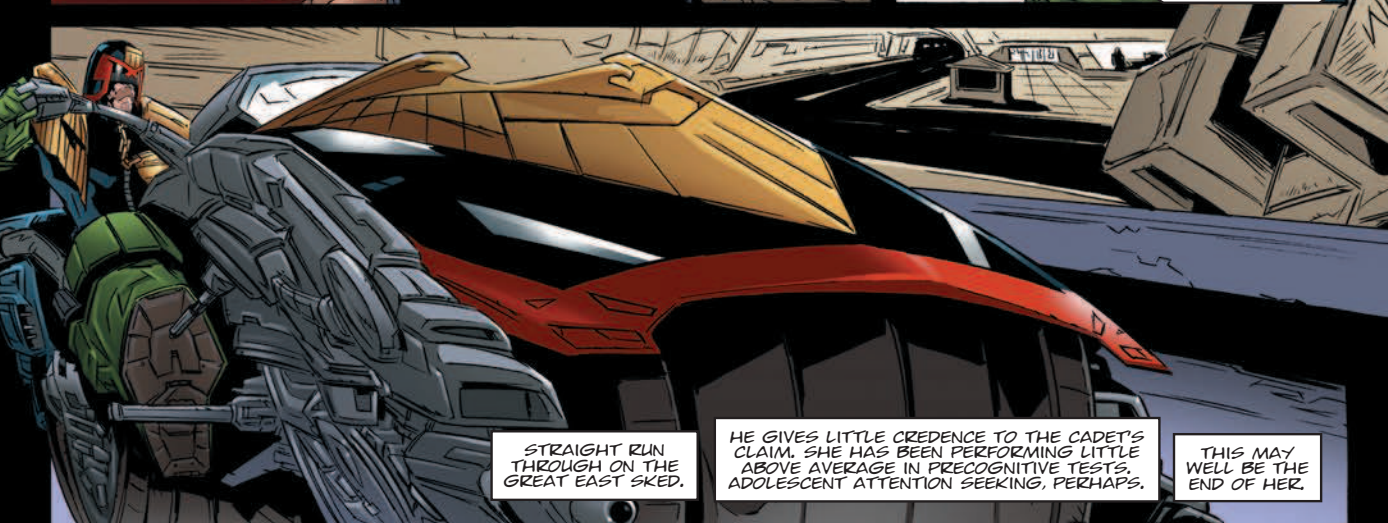




NOT HOME OR...

COULD BE A LOT OF EXPLANATIONS.

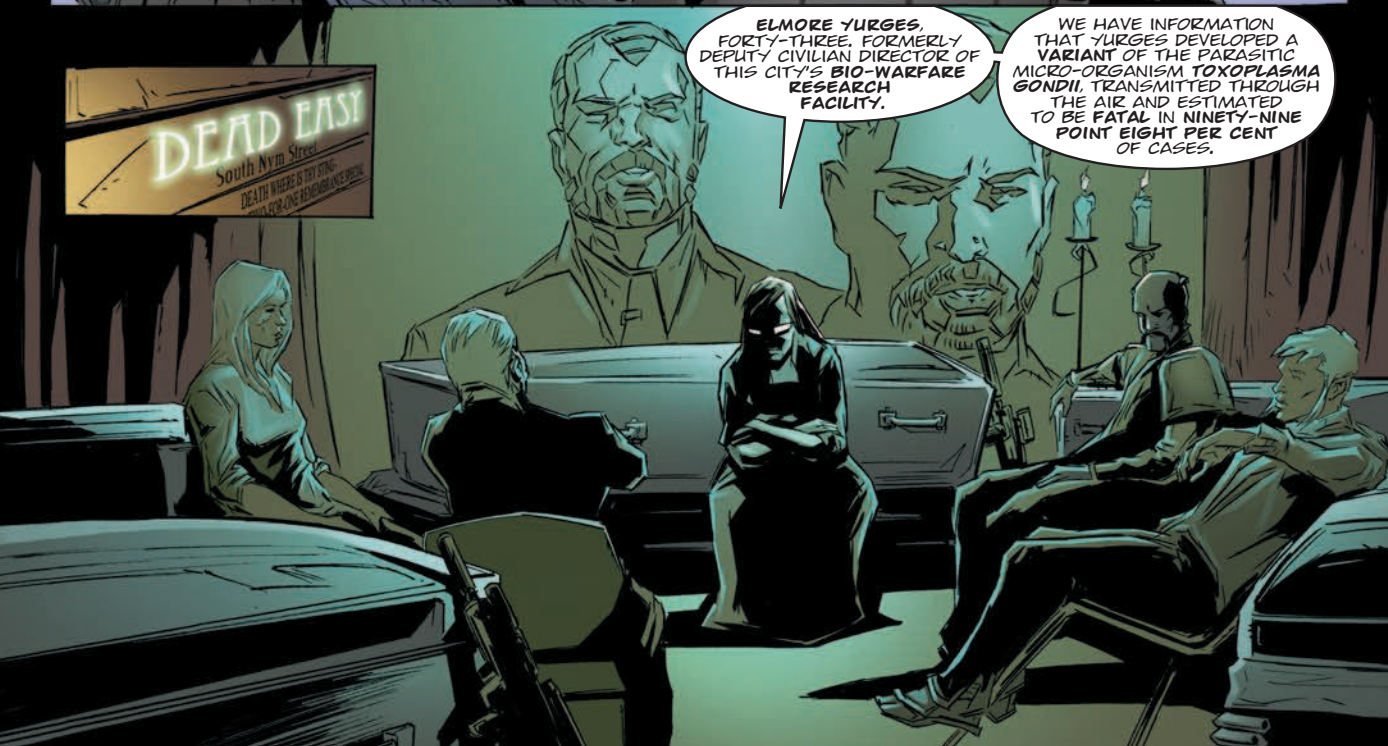
ONLY HALF AN HOUR AWAY, I'LL CHECK IT OUT MYSELF.



STRAIGHT RUN THROUGH ON THE GREAT EAST SKED.

HE GIVES LITTLE CREDENCE TO THE CADET'S CLAIM. SHE HAS BEEN PERFORMING LITTLE ABOVE AVERAGE IN PRECOGNITIVE TESTS. ADOLESCENT ATTENTION SEEKING, PERHAPS.

THIS MAY WELL BE THE END OF HER.



ELMORE YURGES, FORTY-THREE, FORMERLY DEPUTY CIVILIAN DIRECTOR OF THIS CITY'S BIO-WARFARE RESEARCH FACILITY.

WE HAVE INFORMATION THAT YURGES DEVELOPED A VARIANT OF THE PARASITIC MICRO-ORGANISM *TOXOPLASMA GONDII*, TRANSMITTED THROUGH THE AIR AND ESTIMATED TO BE FATAL IN NINETY-NINE POINT EIGHT PER CENT OF CASES.



IT SEEMS YURGES HAD SOME KIND OF CONVERSION. SOON AFTERWARDS HE RESIGNED, DESTROYING HIS NOTES AND ALL EXISTING CULTURES OF THE MICRO-ORGANISM. HE NOW HOLDS A CHAIR AT ATLANTIC TECH.

WHY THEY DID NOT SQUEEZE THE SECRET OUT OF HIM I FIND MYSTIFYING.

WE CERTAINLY SHOULD HAVE, BUT THOSE ARE THE FACTS.

I TELL YOU THIS BECAUSE YOU WILL LEARN ABOUT IT WHEN WE HAVE ASSISTED YURGES AND HIS FAMILY TO LEAVE THE CITY.

THEY WANT TO DEFECT?

THEIR WISHES ARE OF NO CONCERN TO US.

I GET YOU.

WHY NOT JUST SEND THEM TICKETS FOR A FOREIGN HOLIDAY AND PICK THEM UP ABROAD? EASY TO ARRANGE.

BECAUSE OF WHAT HE KNOWS THEY DO NOT PERMIT HIM TO LEAVE THE CITY. THEY WATCH HIM. THAT IS A FACTOR WE MUST BE AWARE OF.

WE HAVE BEEN OBSERVING THE FAMILY FOR SOME TIME.

WE KNOW THAT THEY HAVE PURCHASED FOUR TICKETS TO A THEATRE PRODUCTION TONIGHT. THAT IS WHEN YOU WILL DETAIN THEM.

SPEED IS OF THE ESSENCE. EVERYTHING WILL BE WORKED OUT TO A HIGH PRECISION. THERE WILL BE NO SURPRISES.

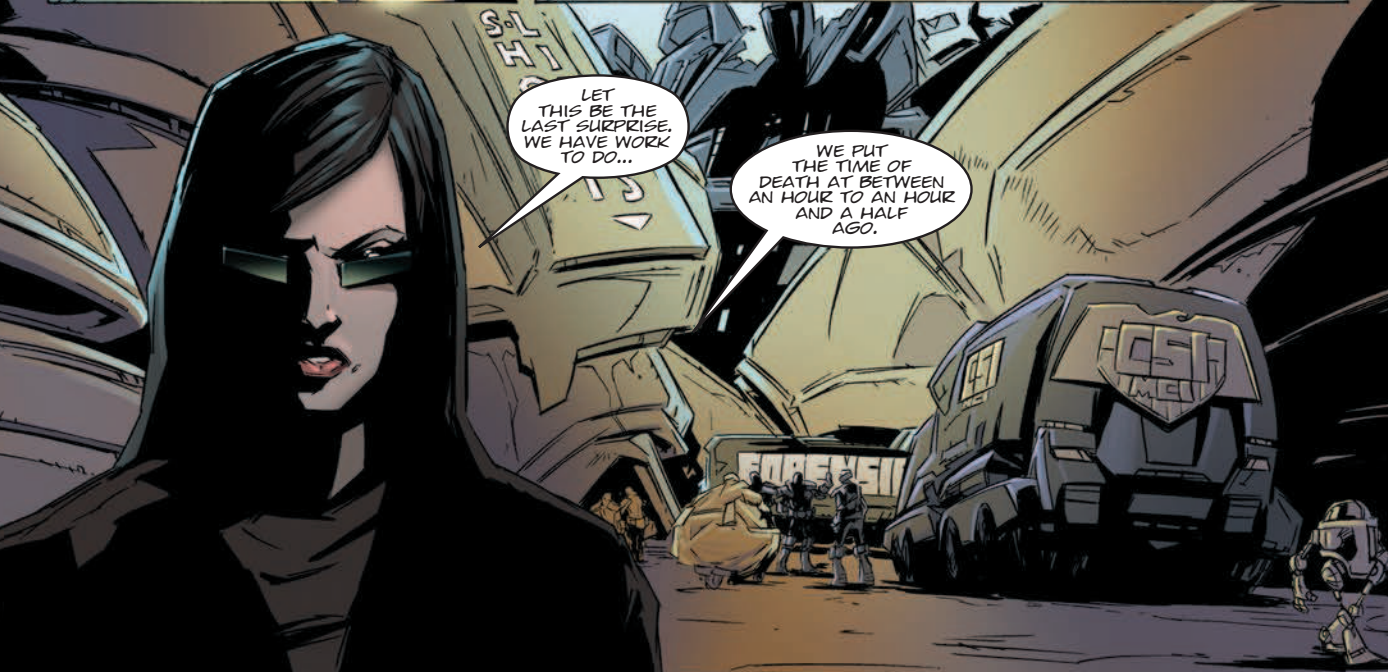
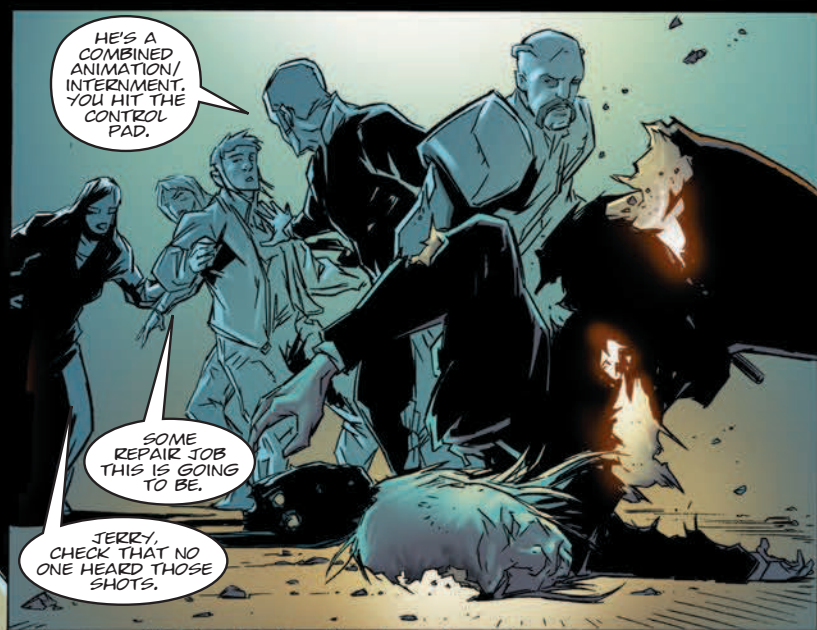
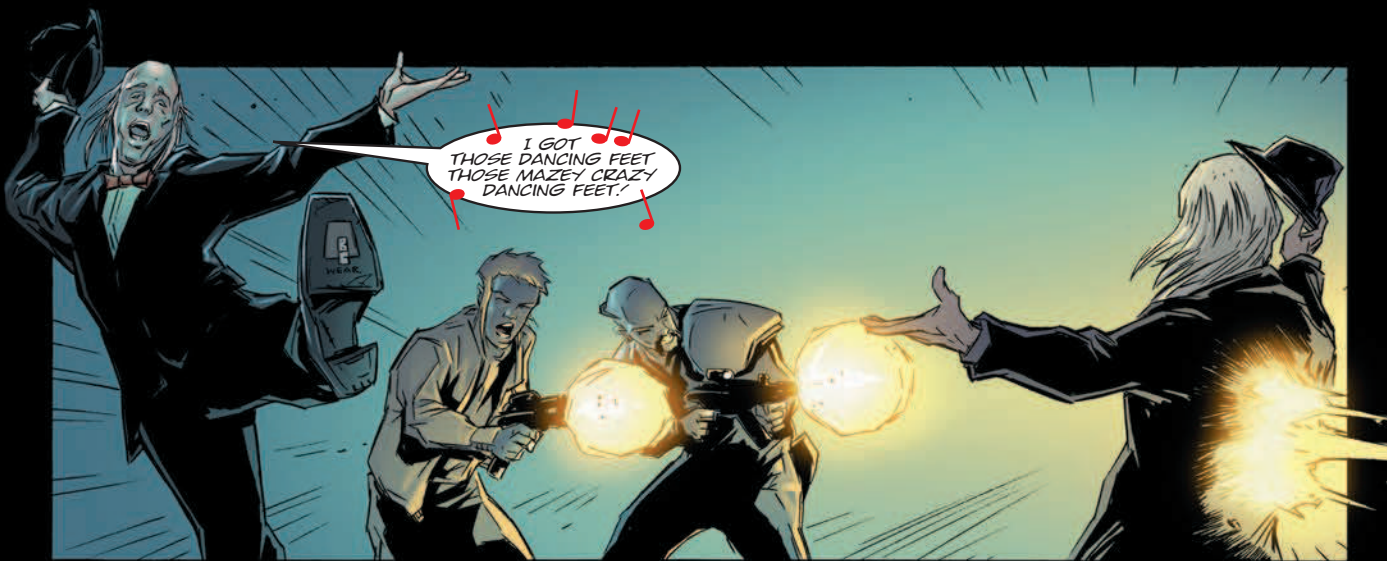
DAVE - !

**KLIK**

HUUHH - ?

OH NO! DON'T SHOOT!





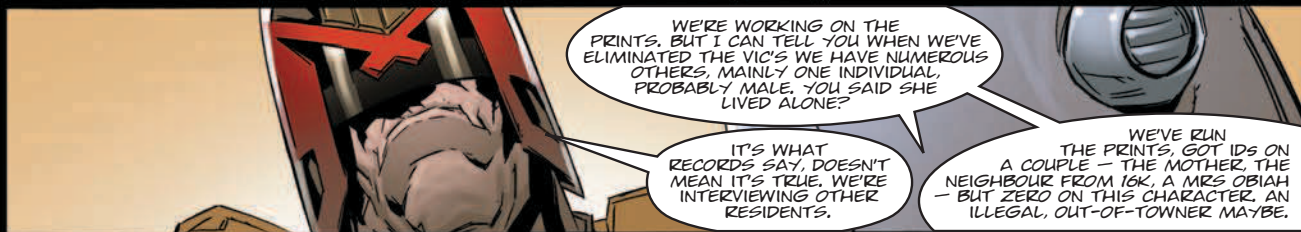




I THINK I CAN NAIL THAT ONE DOWN PRETTY PRECISELY. PRECOG AT THE ACADEMY SAW IT. TIME OF DEATH ABOUT TEN PAST MIDDAY.

YOU DON'T SAY? ANY OTHER LITTLE GEMS?

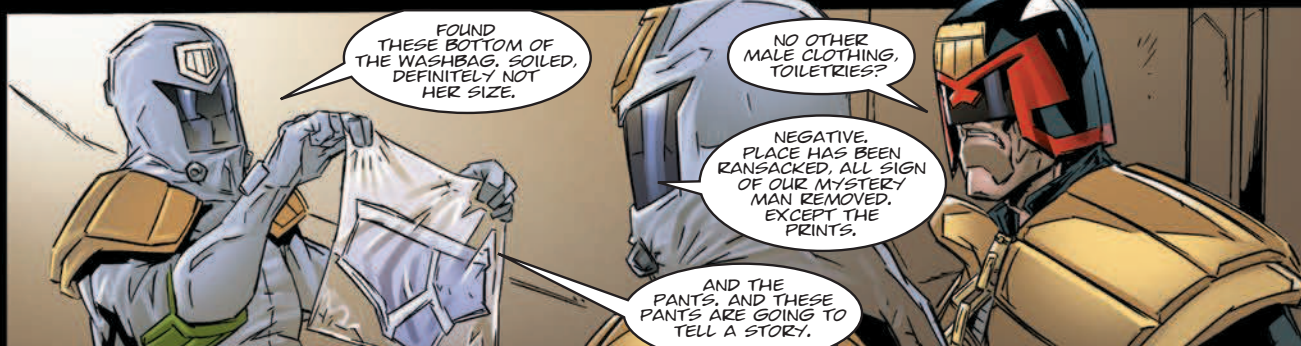
NOT AS YET.



WE'RE WORKING ON THE PRINTS, BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHEN WE'VE ELIMINATED THE VIC'S WE HAVE NUMEROUS OTHERS, MAINLY ONE INDIVIDUAL, PROBABLY MALE, YOU SAID SHE LIVED ALONE?

IT'S WHAT RECORDS SAY, DOESN'T MEAN IT'S TRUE. WE'RE INTERVIEWING OTHER RESIDENTS.

WE'VE RUN THE PRINTS, GOT IDS ON A COUPLE - THE MOTHER, THE NEIGHBOUR FROM 16K, A MRS OBIAH - BUT ZERO ON THIS CHARACTER. AN ILLEGAL, OUT-OF-TOWNER MAYBE.



FOUND THESE BOTTOM OF THE WASHBAG. SOILED, DEFINITELY NOT HER SIZE.

NO OTHER MALE CLOTHING, TOILETRIES?

NEGATIVE. PLACE HAS BEEN RANSACKED. ALL SIGN OF OUR MYSTERY MAN REMOVED, EXCEPT THE PRINTS.

AND THE PANTS, AND THESE PANTS ARE GOING TO TELL A STORY.



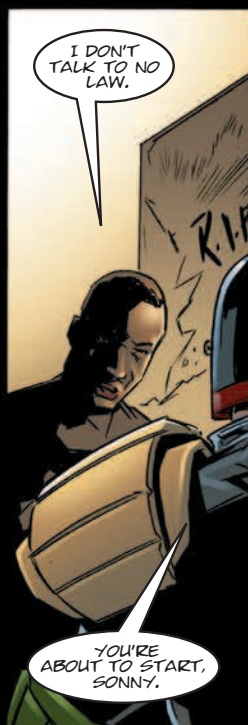
THE FACTS: KILLER OR KILLERS ARRIVED, RANSACKED THE APARTMENT, MURDERED THE OCCUPANT AND LEFT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, PRESUMABLY LOADED DOWN. SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING.

HAVEN'T SEEN A THING, OFFICER. LIKE A DRINK?



YEAH, YEAH, MAYBE I HEARD SOMETHING. WHAT THE HELL, YOU HEAR ALL SORTS A NOISE, WE DON'T GET INVOLVED, AIN'T THAT RIGHT, HON?

YEAH, NO, WE DON'T GET INVOLVED.



I DON'T TALK TO NO LAW.

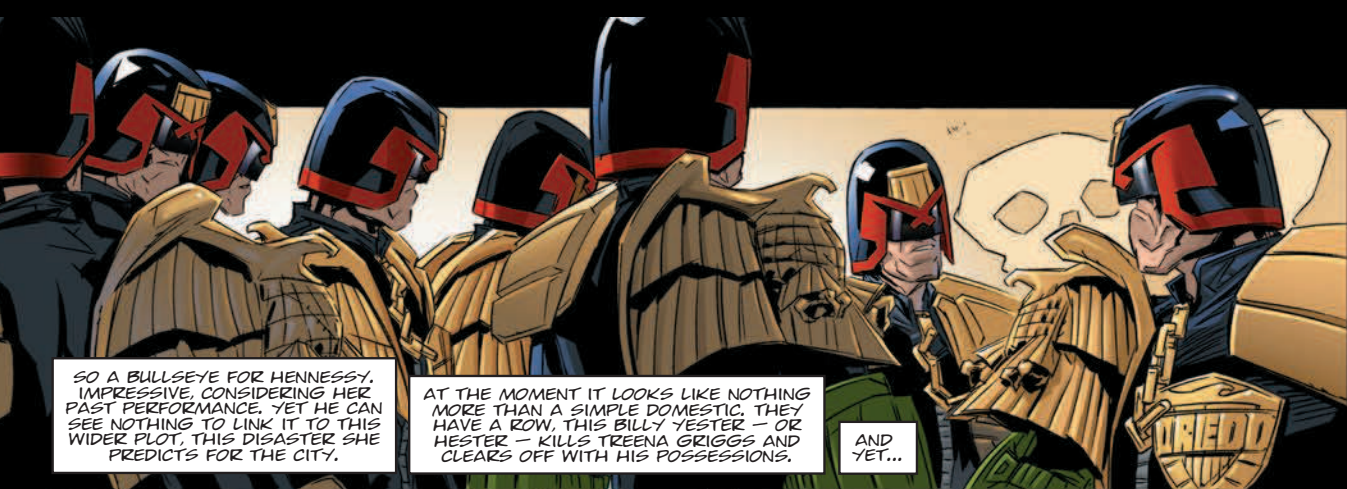
YOU'RE ABOUT TO START, SONNY.



OH YES, I SAW HIM QUITE OFTEN, SINCE HE MOVED IN. BILLY WAS HIS NAME - BILLY, UH... YESTER, I THINK. YESTER, HESTER, A NAME LIKE THAT. NICE FELLA. THEY SEEMED TO GET ON SO WELL.

YOU NEVER HEARD THEM ARGUING? NEVER ANY VIOLENCE BETWEEN THEM?





SO A BULLSEYE FOR HENNESSY. IMPRESSIVE, CONSIDERING HER PAST PERFORMANCE. YET HE CAN SEE NOTHING TO LINK IT TO THIS WIDER PLOT, THIS DISASTER SHE PREDICTS FOR THE CITY.

AT THE MOMENT IT LOOKS LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN A SIMPLE DOMESTIC. THEY HAVE A ROW, THIS BILLY YESTER - OR HESTER - KILLS TREENA GRIGGS AND CLEARS OFF WITH HIS POSSESSIONS.

AND YET...



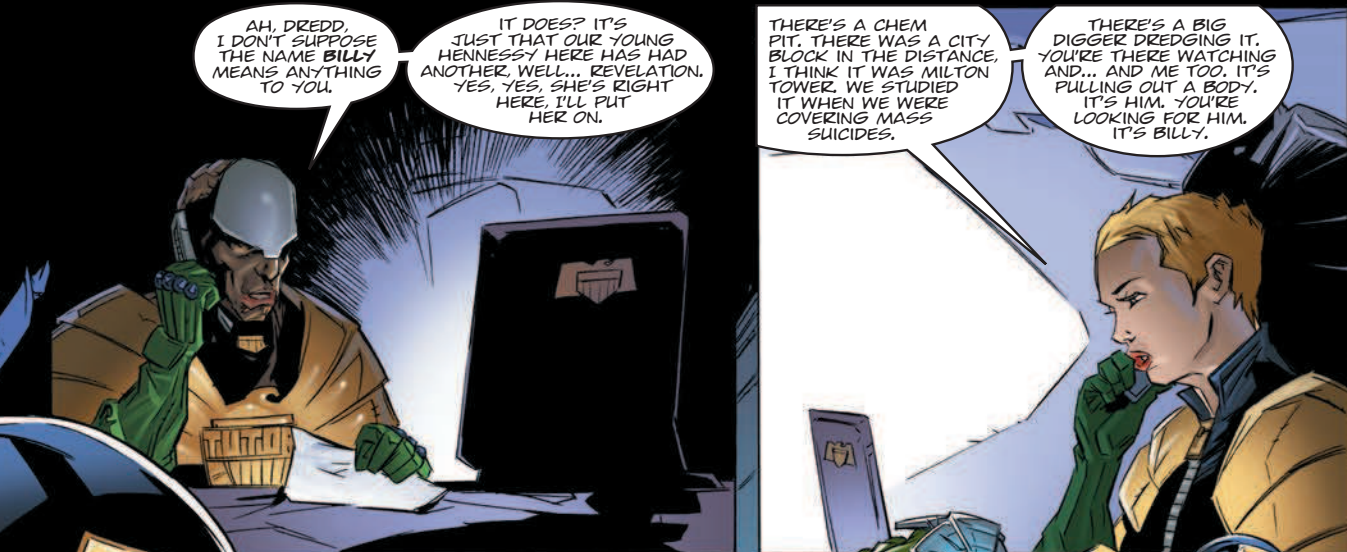
WE'VE SUCCESSFULLY ISOLATED DNA FROM THE PANTS. NOTHING ON FILE, BUT IT BEARS OUT OUR ILLEGAL THEORY. SUBJECT IS OF SLAVIC GENETIC TYPE.

RIGHT, WE PUT OUT AN ALL UNITS FOR HIM. TALK TO THE OTHER RESIDENTS AGAIN, BRING IN GRAPHICS DROIDS, SEE IF YOU CAN GET A LIKENESS.

PSU CAN LOOK INTO THE GIRL'S MOVEMENTS. SOME SECURITY CAM MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE BOYFRIEND.

CONTROL TO DREDD, WE HAVE A RELAY FROM JUDGE GALLOW AT THE ACADEMY.

PATCH HIM THROUGH.



AH, DREDD, I DON'T SUPPOSE THE NAME BILLY MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU.

IT DOES? IT'S JUST THAT OUR YOUNG HENNESSY HERE HAS HAD ANOTHER, WELL... REVELATION. YES, YES, SHE'S RIGHT HERE, I'LL PUT HER ON.

THERE'S A CHEM PIT. THERE WAS A CITY BLOCK IN THE DISTANCE. I THINK IT WAS MILTON TOWER. WE STUDIED IT WHEN WE WERE COVERING MASS SUICIDES.

THERE'S A BIG DIGGER DREDGING IT. YOU'RE THERE WATCHING AND... AND ME TOO. IT'S PULLING OUT A BODY. IT'S HIM. YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM. IT'S BILLY.



I THINK I KNOW WHERE YOU MEAN, HENNESSY. PICK UP A BIKE FROM THE POOL, MY NAME AS AUTHORISATION. I'LL BE THERE IN THIRTY.

DON'T SEE WHY WE SHOULD BUCK THE PREDICTION...





YOU'RE ON  
THE BUTTON AGAIN,  
HENNESSY.

PICKING  
UP ANYTHING  
MORE?

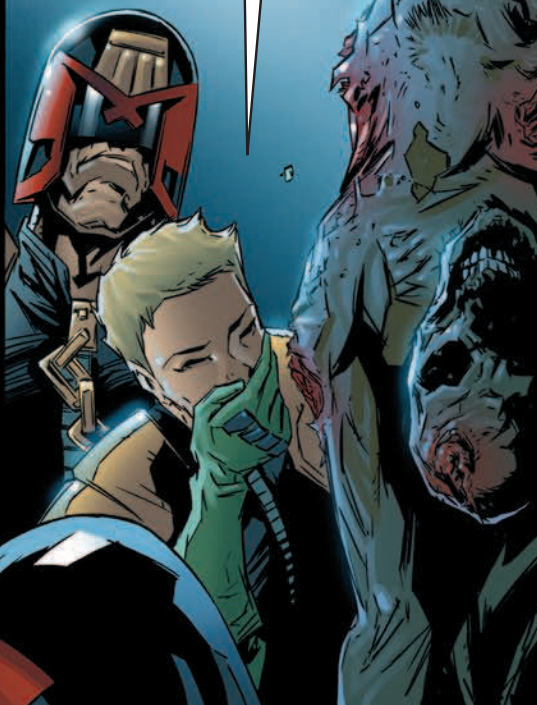
NO.

SO  
ASSUMING THIS  
IS BILLY HESTER, OR  
YESTER, OR WHATEVER HIS  
NAME IS — THE BOYFRIEND  
OF TREEN GRIGGS — HOW  
DO THESE MURDERS  
CONNECT TO THE  
BIG PLOT?

I... I DON'T  
KNOW.

BUT YOU  
THINK THEY ARE  
CONNECTED?

YES,  
YES, I'M SURE  
OF IT.



YOU'LL  
SEE A LOT WORSE  
IF YOU EVER  
MAKE THAT FULL  
EAGLE.

WE'LL WAIT  
FOR  
FORENSICS.









AW, MOM,  
I WANT TO STAY  
AND PLAY WITH  
LUCINDA.

YOU PLAY  
WITH LUCINDA TOO  
MUCH. I'M SORRY WE  
EVER GOT HER FOR  
YOU.



WE'RE ALL  
GOING TO HAVE A  
FAMILY NIGHT OUT  
FOR ONCE, BRUCE,  
OKAY?



THEY'RE  
MOVING.

KILLING JOHN HAD  
BEEN A CRUDE LESSON.  
BUT EFFECTIVE. THEY  
FEAR HER NOW. IT IS  
IMPORTANT THAT THEY  
FEAR HER MORE THAN  
THE JUDGES.

YOU SEE  
THE SPY CAMERAS?  
ONE OVERHEAD, ONE UP  
AHEAD OF THEM.



YOUR  
EYES MUST BE  
BETTER THAN --  
WAIT --



RIGHT, I  
SEE THEM.

HOW  
DID YOU KNOW  
ABOUT THEM?  
HAVE WE GOT  
SOMEONE ON THE  
INSIDE?

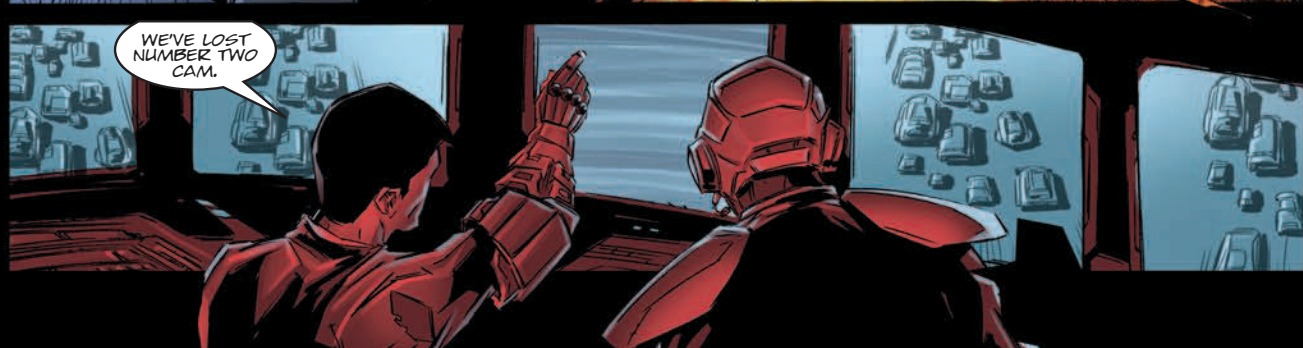


THAT IS  
INFORMATION  
YOU DO NOT  
REQUIRE.

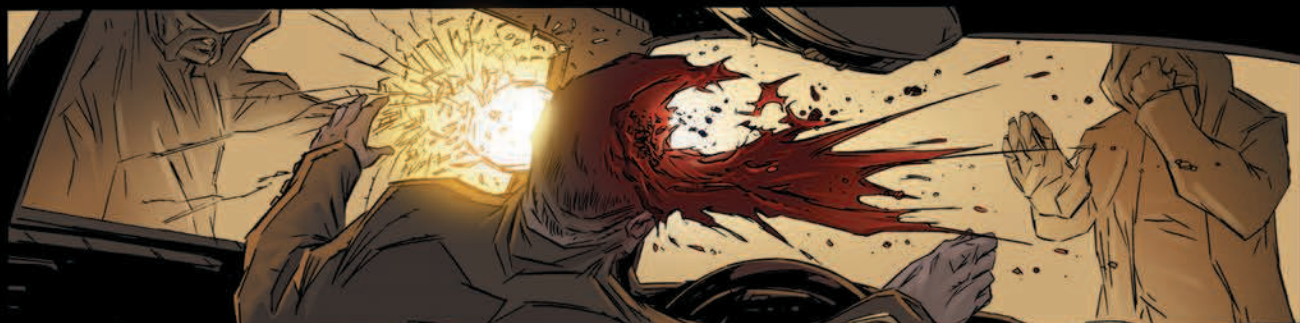
ADHERING  
TO PREDICTED  
ROUTE. ESTIMATE  
THREE MINUTES.  
ARE YOU IN  
POSITION?

COMING  
UP.













THINK I'VE GOT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, DREDD.

YOU DIDN'T NEED ME, PRETTY SIMPLE STUFF, ANYONE COULD HAVE DONE IT. CHECK YOUR BIKE SCREEN.



GOT THE FULL LIFE STORY ON MAYLENE GRIGGS, BUT YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN HER, RIGHT?

RIGHT.

SO THIS IS HER FREQUENT COMPANION, WHO I TAKE TO BE BILLY HESTER OR YESTER.



HESTER, AS IT TURNS OUT. WILLIAM Y. HESTER, HE'S A REGISTERED MEMBER OF THE SONS OF AMERICA AND GENE CRUSADE, BOTH RIGHT WING, ANTI-MUTANT NUTCASE JOBS, ATTENDS MEETINGS.



BUT GET THIS - HESTER IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE MUTANT DEFENCE CORPS.



THAT MEMBERSHIP'S ENTIRELY MUTANT.



CHECK.

A SORT OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES HATER.

INTERESTING FELLOW.

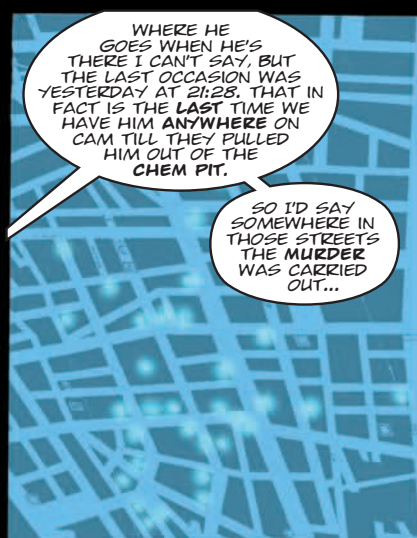
THAT WAS JUST THE APPETISER. HERE'S THE REALLY INTERESTING BIT.

ON ELEVEN SEPARATE OCCASIONS OVER THE SIX-MONTH PERIOD HESTER LEAVES THE SHORT-LIFE AND CATCHES A CROSS-CITY HOV AT THE HALT ON PAYLOVA, GETTING OFF UP SECTOR ON 413.



HE CROSSES 413 AND DISAPPEARS INTO O'DOWD. THERE'S A WHOLE MESS OF STREETS DOWN THERE WITH ZERO SURVEILLANCE. NIELSON - DELANCY - SOUTH NYM - CHAN - OLD SKED BOULEVARD AND SO ON. IT'S SCHEDULED FOR REDEVELOPMENT AND BEEN ALLOWED TO RUN DOWN.

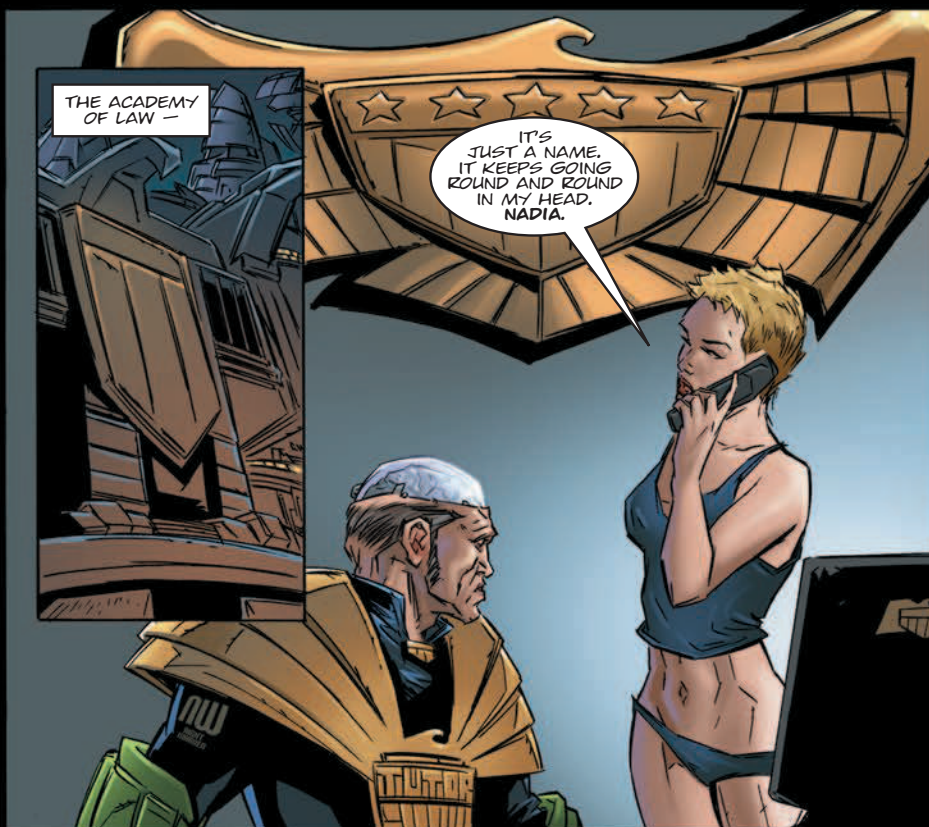
HE RETURNS BY THE SAME ROUTE, ANYWHERE BETWEEN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES AND SIXTEEN HOURS LATER, THE TIMES VARY, CAN'T SEE ANY PATTERN.



WHERE HE GOES WHEN HE'S THERE I CAN'T SAY, BUT THE LAST OCCASION WAS YESTERDAY AT 21:28. THAT IN FACT IS THE LAST TIME WE HAVE HIM ANYWHERE ON CAM TILL THEY PULLED HIM OUT OF THE CHEM PIT.

SO I'D SAY SOMEWHERE IN THOSE STREETS THE MURDER WAS CARRIED OUT...





THE ACADEMY  
OF LAW —

IT'S  
JUST A NAME.  
IT KEEPS GOING  
ROUND AND ROUND  
IN MY HEAD.  
NADIA.



THAT'S ALL.  
I DON'T HEAR A VOICE  
OR ANYTHING, I DON'T SEE  
ANYONE, NADIA, NADIA,  
NADIA...

COULDN'T  
BE 'NADA' —  
NOTHING?

NO,  
DEFINITELY  
NADIA.

AND YOU  
THINK IT'S  
CONNECTED?

YES.  
HOW IT FITS  
IN I DON'T  
KNOW...



I'M SORRY.  
IT'S NOT VERY  
MUCH, IS IT?  
I'M WASTING  
YOUR TIME.

EVERY SCRAP OF  
INFORMATION HELPS,  
HENNESSY. I'M MORE  
THAN PLEASED WITH  
WHAT YOU'VE  
GIVEN US.

THANK  
YOU, SIR.



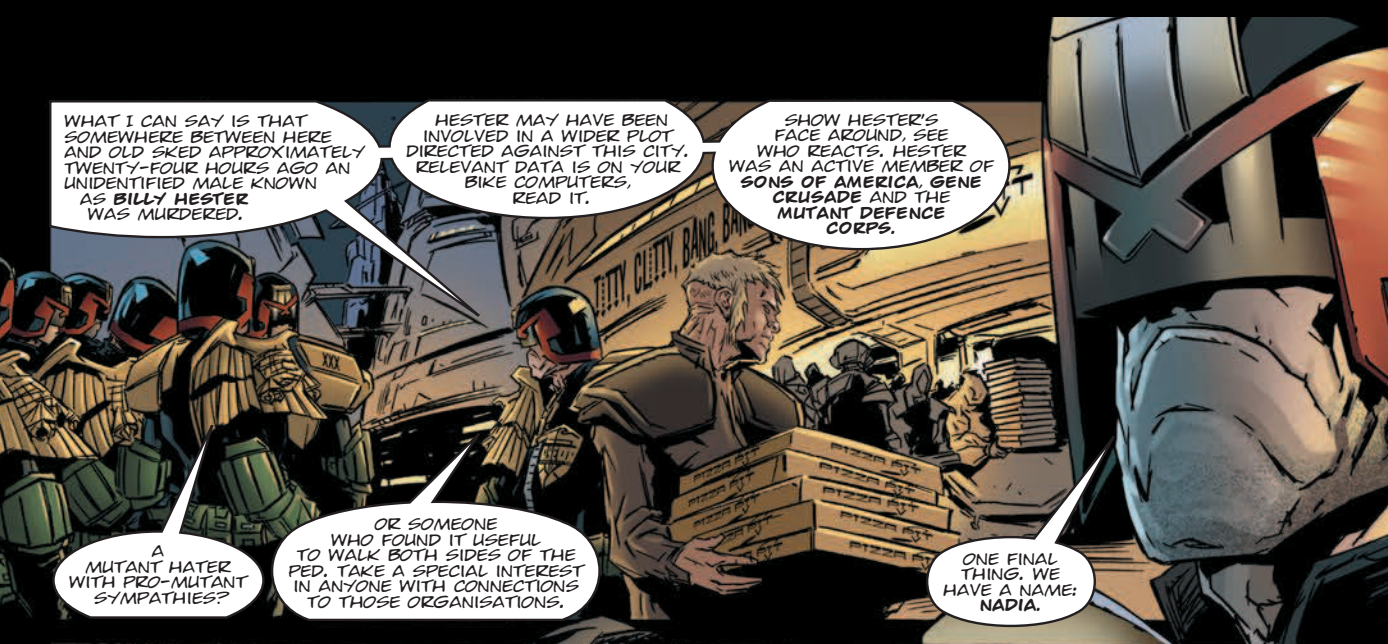
HE HAS NINETY PLUS HELMETS AT  
HIS DISPOSAL. ONE OF THE FEW  
PERKS OF COUNCIL STATUS — NO  
MORE PLEADING FOR BODIES.

WE HAVE THE WHOLE  
GRID CLOSED OFF, NOBODY  
GETS IN OR OUT WITHOUT  
BEING CHECKED. NOW WE GO  
PROPERTY TO PROPERTY,  
SYSTEMATIC.

WHO  
ARE WE  
LOOKING  
FOR?

THAT  
I CAN'T TELL  
YOU.





WHAT I CAN SAY IS THAT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND OLD SKED APPROXIMATELY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO AN UNIDENTIFIED MALE KNOWN AS BILLY HESTER WAS MURDERED.

HESTER MAY HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN A WIDER PLOT DIRECTED AGAINST THIS CITY. RELEVANT DATA IS ON YOUR BIKE COMPUTERS, READ IT.

SHOW HESTER'S FACE AROUND, SEE WHO REACTS. HESTER WAS AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF SONS OF AMERICA, GENE CRUSADE AND THE MUTANT DEFENCE CORPS.

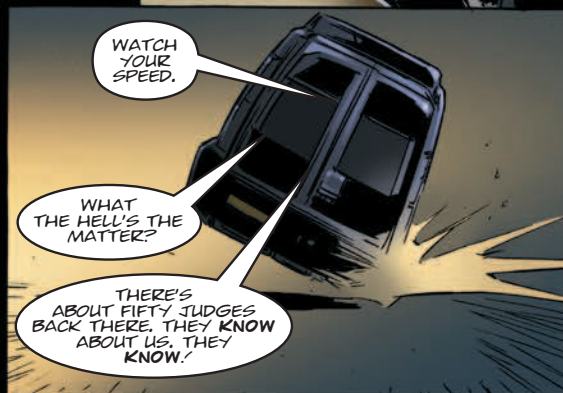
A MUTANT HATER WITH PRO-MUTANT SYMPATHIES?

OR SOMEONE WHO FOUND IT USEFUL TO WALK BOTH SIDES OF THE PED. TAKE A SPECIAL INTEREST IN ANYONE WITH CONNECTIONS TO THOSE ORGANISATIONS.

ONE FINAL THING. WE HAVE A NAME: NADIA.



GET OUT OF HERE! MOVE!



WATCH YOUR SPEED.

WHAT THE HELL'S THE MATTER?

THERE'S ABOUT FIFTY JUDGES BACK THERE. THEY KNOW ABOUT US. THEY KNOW!



'HOW COULD THEY?'



I DON'T KNOW, BUT I HEARD THEM.

THEY MUST HAVE FOUND JOHN - THEY NAMED HIM AS BILLY HESTER, AND THEY KNOW ABOUT YOU.

WELL, I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

NONE OF US SAID ANYTHING. IT HAS TO BE JOHN - HE LEFT SOMETHING. WE MISSED SOMETHING.

WE'VE GOT TO ABORT. THE WHOLE AREA'S CORDONED OFF. EVERYWHERE'LL BE SWARMING WITH JUDGES. DREDD'S IN CHARGE. BLOODY DREDD.



DREDD... THE NAME BRINGS THE TASTE OF BILE TO HER MOUTH. THEY ALL HAVE REASON TO HATE IT.

THEY CANNOT KNOW THAT WE HOLD YURGES. THERE WILL BE NO TALK OF ABORTING OUR TASK. THERE IS A WAY.

JERRY, EXTINGUISH THE SHOP LIGHTS.



WE MUST MOVE YOU SOONER THAN EXPECTED.



WHEN YOU AWAKE YOU WILL BE IN A BETTER PLACE. BE REASSURED IN THAT.



THEY DO NOT PUBLICISE THE ABDUCTION OF THE YURGES FAMILY, BUT THE ALARM IS RAISED ON JUDICIAL NETWORKS. ALL PORTS OF EXIT ARE PUT ON EXTREME ALERT.



YURGES HAS KNOWLEDGE USEFUL TO TERRORISTS AND ENEMIES OF THE CITY. VITAL HE IS FOUND.

## MASSAGE IN A BOY-HOLE

IF THE INCIDENT REGISTERS WITH DREDD IT IS ONLY ON THE PERIPHERY OF HIS MIND. HE IS FOCUSED ON HIS OWN CASE, LITTLE REALISING THAT HE MAY INADVERTANTLY BE CLOSING IN ON THE OTHER.



ZZIZ DEN UP ON THE FOURTH. ANOTHER TWO UPSTAIRS.

LOAD 'EM UP AND BACK ON THE SEARCH. PRIORITY ONE.

YES, SIR.





ELLIOTT,  
344 SOUTH N.Y.M. NO  
RESPONSE FROM DEAD  
EASY. CAN'T SEE ANY SIGN  
OF LIFE. GOING TO  
OVERRIDE AND TAKE  
A LOOK.

THAT'S  
A ROJ.  
LOGGED  
AT 2201.

I'M TELLING  
YOU. WE'RE NEVER  
GOING TO GET THEM  
THROUGH.

YOU  
BEGIN TO  
WORRY ME,  
DAVE.

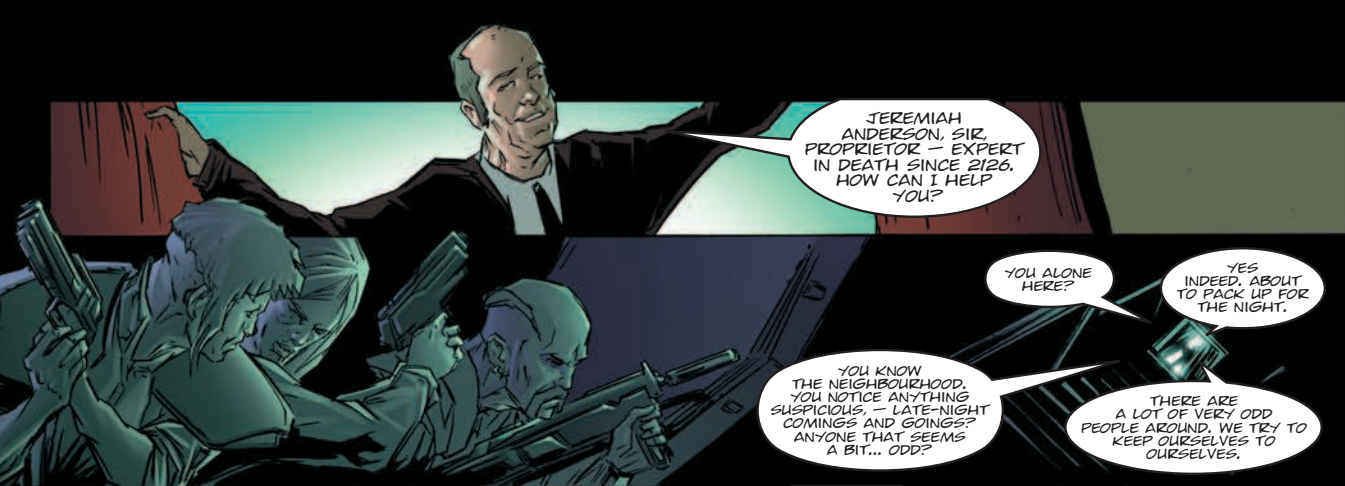
SO MUCH  
NEGATIVITY.

THAT'S THE  
DOOR!

CHapel of Death

THIS IS  
THE LAW. IS THERE  
ANYONE ON THESE  
PREMISES?





JEREMIAH ANDERSON, SIR, PROPRIETOR - EXPERT IN DEATH SINCE 2126. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

YOU ALONE HERE?

YES INDEED. ABOUT TO PACK UP FOR THE NIGHT.

YOU KNOW THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. YOU NOTICE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, - LATE-NIGHT COMINGS AND GOINGS? ANYONE THAT SEEMS A BIT... ODD?

THERE ARE A LOT OF VERY ODD PEOPLE AROUND. WE TRY TO KEEP OURSELVES TO OURSELVES.



RECOGNISE THIS MAN?

UH... NO, NO, I DON'T THINK SO...

THE NAME NADIA MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?



A MOMENTARY HESITATION. ELLIOTT DOESN'T MISS IT.

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LOOK AROUND. WHAT'S DOWN HERE?

NOTHING. JUST THE WORK ROOMS. REALLY, SIR, IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY? I HAVE TO BE GOING.



WHAT IS IT, ANDERSON? SOMETHING MAKE YOU NERVOUS? SOMETHING YOU DON'T WANT ME TO SEE?

SIR, IT'S JUST THAT -

I THINK I BETTER CALL IN SOME BACK-UP. JUST IN CASE THERE'S A NASTY SURPRISE WAITING DOWN THERE.

PLEASE, I'M IN SUCH A HURRY -



CREEP GIVING YOU TROUBLE?

I FIGURE HE'S HIDING SOMETHING.



THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME, ISN'T THERE, SINNER? AND I FIGURE IT'S RIGHT DOWN HERE.

THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

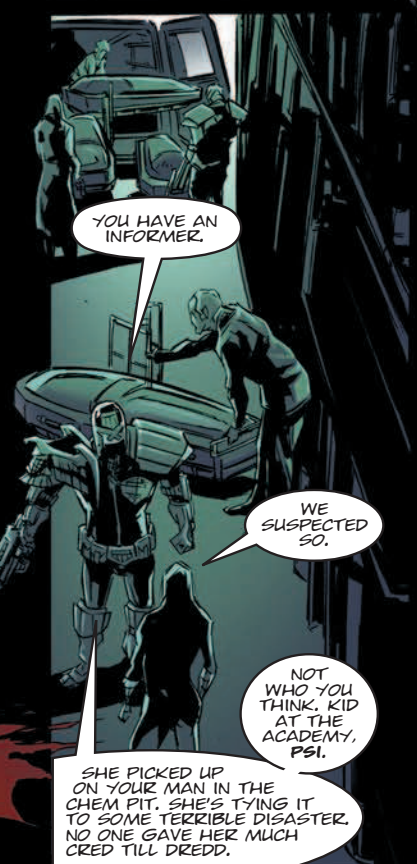


CHECK IT OUT!





HOLD YOUR FIRE!

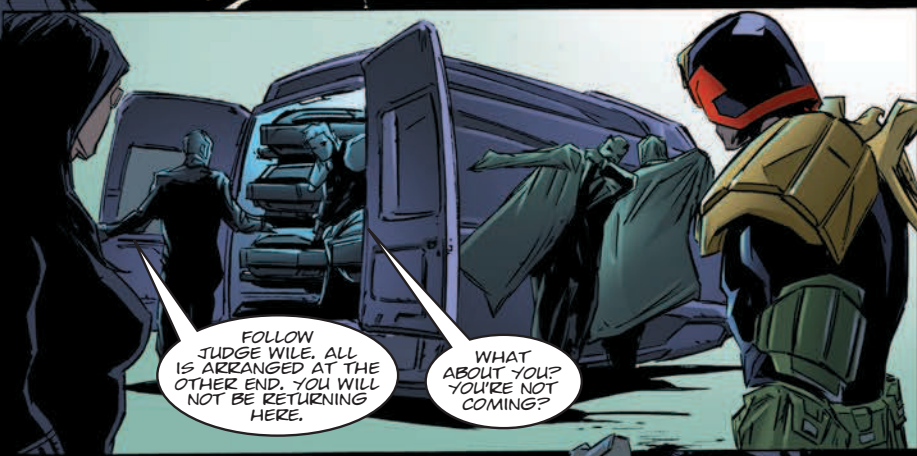


YOU HAVE AN INFORMER.

WE SUSPECTED SO.

NOT WHO YOU THINK. KID AT THE ACADEMY, PSI.

SHE PICKED UP ON YOUR MAN IN THE CHEM PIT. SHE'S TYING IT TO SOME TERRIBLE DISASTER. NO ONE GAVE HER MUCH CRED TILL DREDD.



FOLLOW JUDGE WILE. ALL IS ARRANGED AT THE OTHER END. YOU WILL NOT BE RETURNING HERE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU'RE NOT COMING?



I MUST REMAIN. I HAVE ONE MORE TASK TO CARRY OUT.

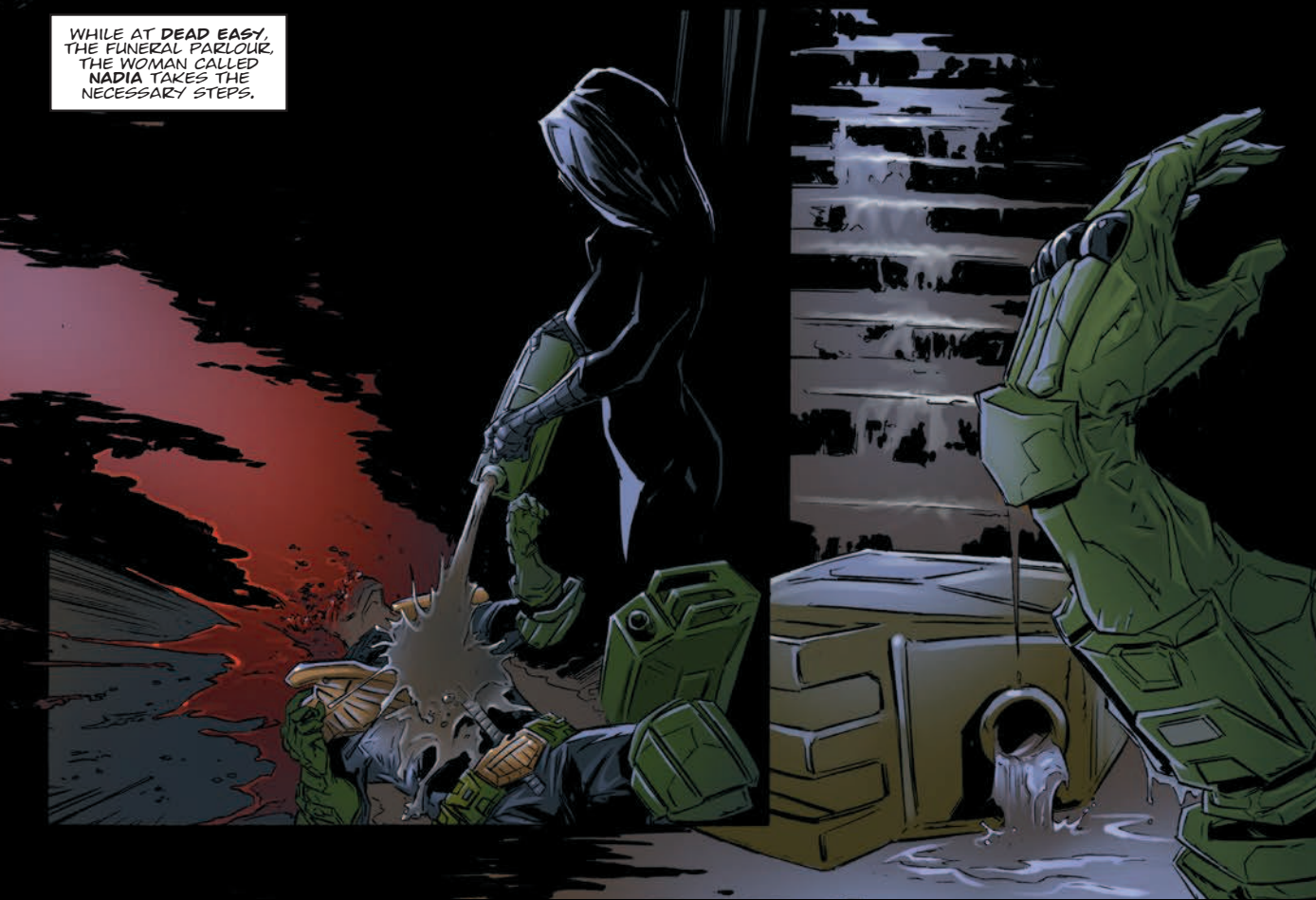
THOUGH HER ORDERS FORBID IT, IT IS TOO GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY TO LET PASS...



WITH A JUDGE ESCORT,  
THE KIDNAPPERS SLIP  
UNHINDERED THROUGH  
THE SEARCH CORDON.  
THE CAPTIVE SCIENTIST  
AND FAMILY ABOARD.



WHILE AT DEAD EASY,  
THE FUNERAL PARLOUR,  
THE WOMAN CALLED  
NADIA TAKES THE  
NECESSARY STEPS.







CHECKPOINT  
AHEAD.

REMEMBER,  
THEY DON'T TAKE  
US ALIVE.



LET THEM  
PASS.



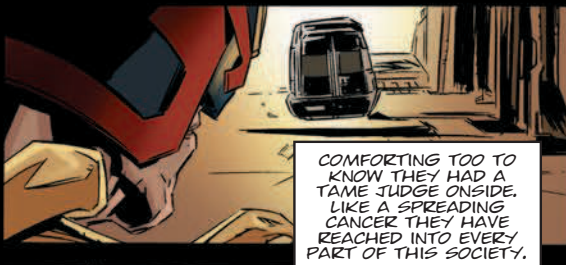
KILL  
THE ST  
ELMO'S.



THIS IS  
WHERE WE PART  
COMPANY. KEEP STRAIGHT  
ON THREE HUNDRED, RIGHT  
ON ZIMMER. THAT'LL  
BRING YOU OUT NEAR  
THE SKED.

UNLESS  
THAT PRECOG'S  
PICKED UP ON YOU, YOU  
OUGHT TO BE IN THE  
CLEAR.

A  
COMFORTING  
THOUGHT.



COMFORTING TOO TO  
KNOW THEY HAD A  
TAME JUDGE ONSIDE.  
LIKE A SPREADING  
CANCER THEY HAVE  
REACHED INTO EVERY  
PART OF THIS SOCIETY.



AND ONCE THEIR  
CARGO IS DELIVERED,  
THE INFECTION WILL  
BE TERMINAL.



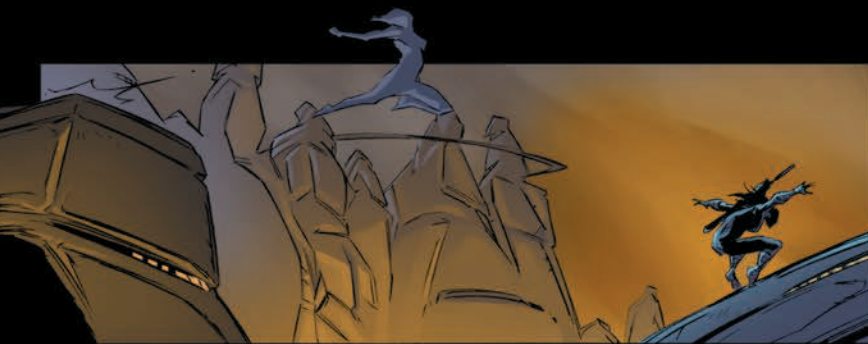
BUT NADIA... NADIA  
HAS MORE IMMEDIATE  
RETRIBUTION IN MIND.













DISOBEYING GALAXY'S INSTRUCTIONS, THAT IS HARD. OBEDIENCE HAS BEEN INSTILLED IN HER FROM CREATION.

DRINK VOM  
SICK IN BOTTLE  
IN ORDS,  
BUT YOU'LL  
LOVE IT!

BUT THIS PRIZE IS TOO PRECIOUS TO IGNORE.

WE GOT A CALL TO CHECK ON ELLIOTT. HE'D TIMED INTO THE PREMISES AT 2201, HADN'T RESPONDED SINCE. WHOLE PLACE WENT UP AS WE WENT IN.

SO ELLIOTT'S STILL IN THERE?

IT'S POSSIBLE, SIR. PROBABLY, I GUESS. I...

WE HAVE A RELAY FROM CADET HENNESSY, MARKED URGENT. MESSAGE READS: BE AWARE, NADIA IS GOING TO KILL YOU. SHE IS ARMED WITH A LASER RIFLE. THERE IS A FIRE NEARBY.

MAKE ANY SENSE?

ENOUGH.

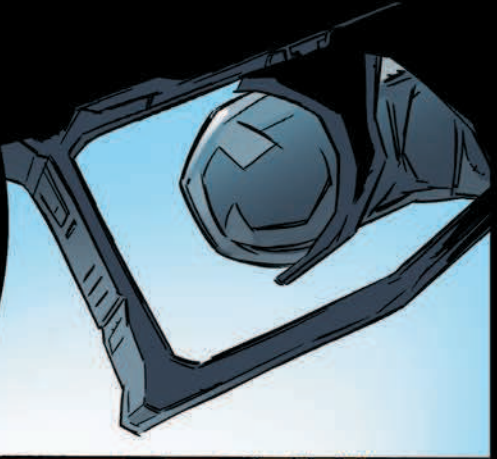
SO IT'S A SHE. THAT'S PROGRESS AT LEAST.



IT'LL BRING A LUMP TO YOUR THROAT!



SO MUCH  
BLOOD ON  
THIS MAN'S  
HANDS.







A PASSING  
JUDGE  
INTERCEPTS  
THE SHOT  
MEANT FOR  
DREDD —

GET  
DOWN!



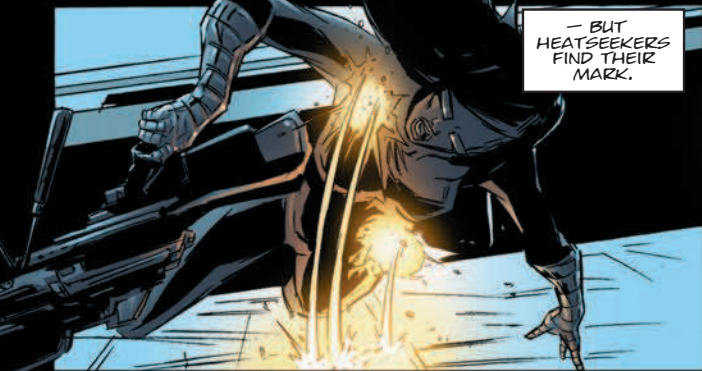
THE SECOND FARES  
A LITTLE BETTER —

UNNH!

HALF-BLIND BY BLOOD  
AND BRAIN MATTER, DREDD  
CAN'T BANK ON ACCURACY —



BDAM  
BDAM  
BDAM



— BUT  
HEATSEEKERS  
FIND THEIR  
MARK.











LATER!  
TEND TO  
SINGER!



ONE LAST  
CHANCE.

SHE'S  
DEAD.



DO NOT TENSE UP. DO  
NOTHING TO BETRAY  
YOUR INTENTIONS.  
PREPARE YOURSELF.

WHO  
WAS SHE,  
SIR?

NADIA, I  
ASSUME.



THEN MOVE, SO  
SWIFTLY YOUR HAND  
IS JUST A BLUR —

— AND THE  
OLD DEVIL  
DOESN'T REACT  
SO QUICKLY  
ANYMORE.

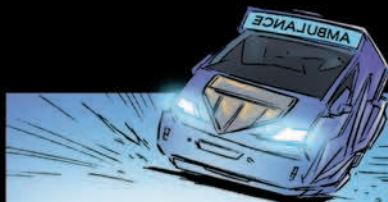




HER WORK IS NOT  
FINISHED. ONE GOOD  
TWIST OF THE BLADE —







IT'S LUCKY YOU GOT TO HIM SO QUICKLY.

LET'S GO, PEOPLE!

ST. DAVID ICKE HOSPITAL

TWO DAYS LATER —

HALDER, THEY PUT ME IN TEMPORARY CHARGE, I PIECED THINGS TOGETHER FROM YOUR VERBAL NOTES, AND I TALKED TO YOUR YOUNG PRECOC.

HOW IS... HENNESSY'S ANY MORE FROM HER?

ZERO. SHE'S BEEN PRETTY MESSED UP BY THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE. SHE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

FOR ONCE... GLAD SHE GOT THINGS WRONG.

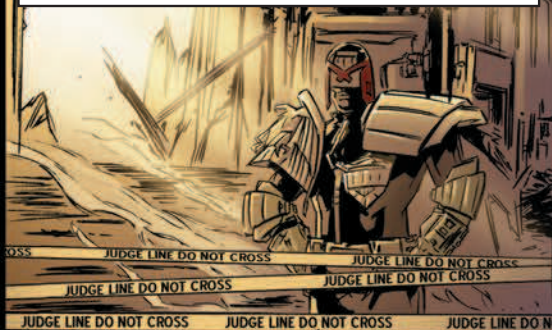
YOU UP TO HEARING WHAT WE'VE GOT?

HEARING'S OKAY, TALKING... NOT SO GOOD.

'THE FIRE AT DEAD EASY WAS DELIBERATE. ACCELERANT WAS MYLOPROFENE, SPLASHES OF THE SAME ACCELERANT ON NADIA'S SKIN AND CLOTHES. WE'RE ASSUMING SHE'S NADIA — IT WILL DO AS WELL AS ANYTHING.

'DESTRUCTION WAS NEAR TOTAL, BUT THEY DID FIND REMAINS OF A HYPODERMIC SYRINGE BELIEVED TO CONTAIN COMATIN, THE SLEEP DRUG, NOT SOMETHING YOUR AVERAGE MORTICIAN HAS USE FOR. APART FROM ELLIOTT THERE WERE OTHER HUMAN REMAINS, BUT THEY'VE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS BUSINESS RELATED.

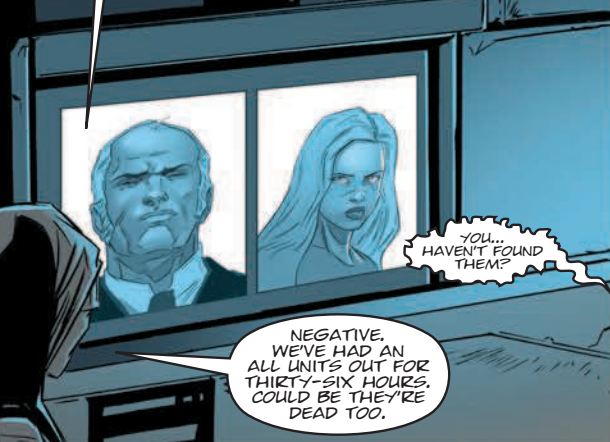
'THE SAFE IN THE UPSTAIRS OFFICE CONTAINED FALSE IDs AND OTHER DOCUMENTS FOR KAREEN CARTHAY AND JEREMIAH ANDERSON, PAYCARDS AND CASH TO THE VALUE OF TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND CREDITS, AND TWO HANDBLASTERS. NEITHER OF THEM THE ARMCO 419 HENNESSY MENTIONED.



'THOUGH WE CAN'T DEFINITELY LINK BILLY HESTER TO THE PREMISES, I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THAT'S WHERE HE WAS MURDERED. I TAKE HIM TO BE A MEMBER OF THE GROUP WHO FOR SOME REASON BECAME EXPENDABLE.'

JEREMIAH ANDERSON HAS BEEN THE REGISTERED OWNER OF DEAD EASY SINCE 2126, IMMIGRATED FROM BRIT-CIT IN 2124 WITH A DIPLOMA IN LEVEL 3 TAXIDERMY FROM THE LONDON SCHOOL OF DEATH.

SHARES AN APARTMENT IN THE FELDER BUILDING WITH HIS ASSISTANT, KAREEN CARTHAY, ALSO A NATURALISED BRIT. NO EVIDENCE OF A RELATIONSHIP WITH ANDERSON PRIOR TO '26, NO EVIDENCE OF ANY KIND OF CONJUGAL RELATIONSHIP. THEY KEEP SEPARATE BEDROOMS.



YOU... HAVEN'T FOUND THEM?

NEGATIVE. WE'VE HAD AN ALL UNITS OUT FOR THIRTY-SIX HOURS. COULD BE THEY'RE DEAD TOO.





NADIA  
ARRIVED THREE DAYS  
AGO ON THE SCANDANAVIAN  
EXPRESS UNDER THE NAME  
SILVA TORSÉN. OCCUPATION  
GIVEN AS COSMETICS IMPORT.  
SHE'S VISITED THE CITY ON  
SEVERAL EARLIER OCCASIONS  
BULK BUYING FROM  
SUMP CO.

SHE TOOK  
A ROOM AT THE  
HIROSHIMA, SECTOR 1.  
NOTHING THERE THAT SHEDS  
ANY LIGHT, THOUGH IT LOOKED  
LIKE SHE EXPECTED TO COME  
BACK. SHE WAS  
BOOKED TO ATTEND  
UGLY-CON.

WE'RE  
CHECKING INTO  
HER BACKGROUND BUT  
IT'S GOING TO BE ALL  
SMOKE AND MIRRORS.  
YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S  
LIKE WITH THESE  
PEOPLE.



THESE  
PEOPLE?

I HAVEN'T  
TOLD YOU THE BEST  
BIT - OR THE WORST. I  
SUPPOSE, WE RAN A DNA  
CHECK. SHE'S A GENETIC  
CONSTRUCT. EXPERIMENTAL  
BACK THEN, PART OF THE  
EAST-MEG ONE DRIVE TO CREATE  
THE SUPERHUMAN. JUDGING BY  
HER AGE SHE MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN ONE OF THE LAST  
BEFORE YOU NUKED  
THEM.

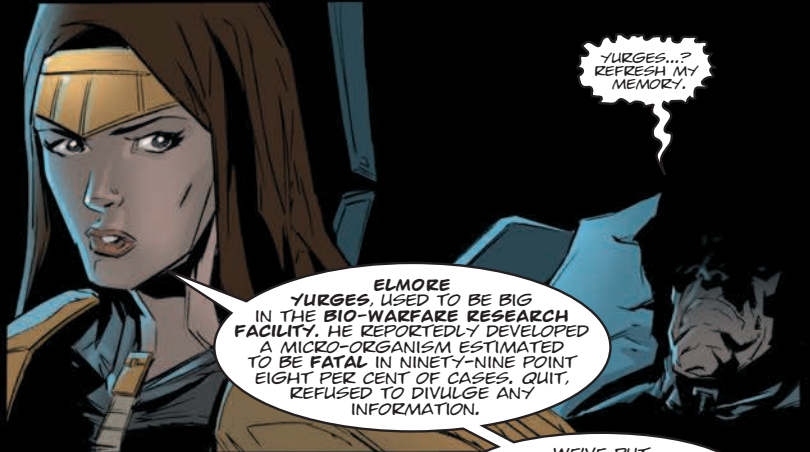
EAST-MEG...  
YES, I CAN SEE  
IT NOW. I SEE  
THEIR MARK ON  
THIS.

BUT  
WHY? WHAT  
WAS IT ALL FOR?  
NOT JUST TO GET  
ME... HAS TO BE  
MORE.



I THINK WE CAN ANSWER THAT TOO.  
FORENSICS FOUND A SMALL, BLOOD-  
STAINED SLIVER OF GLASS IN THE VEHICLE  
THE YURGES FAMILY WERE ABDUCTED IN.

THERE WAS BLOOD ON IT.  
THEY EXTRACTED DNA. IT  
BELONGS TO KAREEN CARTHY.



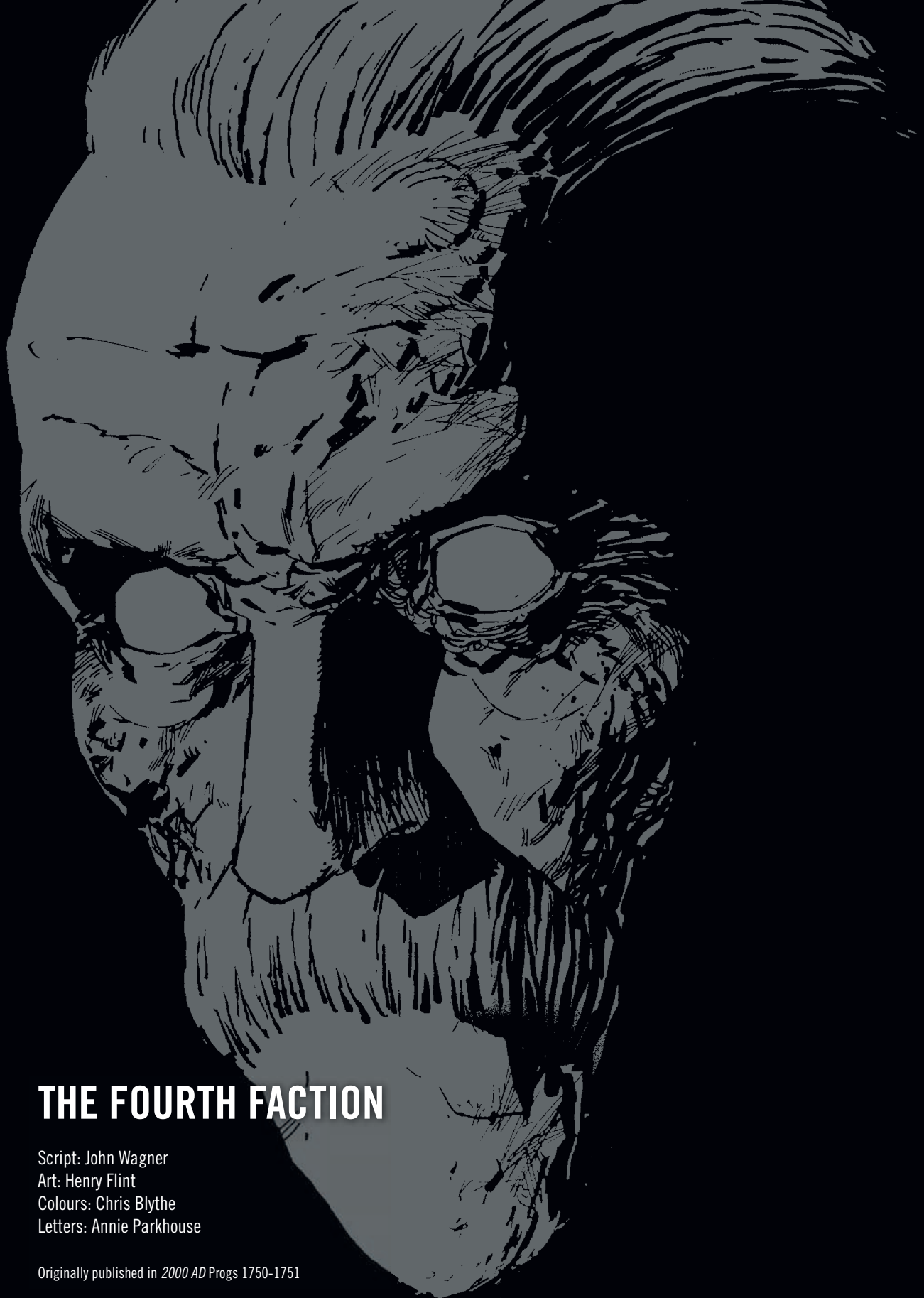
YURGES...?  
REFRESH MY  
MEMORY.

ELMORE  
YURGES, USED TO BE BIG  
IN THE BIO-WARFARE RESEARCH  
FACILITY. HE REPORTEDLY DEVELOPED  
A MICRO-ORGANISM ESTIMATED  
TO BE FATAL IN NINETY-NINE POINT  
EIGHT PER CENT OF CASES. QUIT,  
REFUSED TO DIVULGE ANY  
INFORMATION.

WE'VE PUT  
A WATCH ON ALL PORTS  
OF EXIT, BUT IF WE HAVEN'T  
FOUND THEM BY NOW,  
CHANCES ARE THEY'VE BEEN  
SMUGGLED OUT OF  
THE CITY...







# THE FOURTH FACTION

Script: John Wagner

Art: Henry Flint

Colours: Chris Blythe

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1750-1751





THEY BROKE  
DOWN ON THE  
PLAIN SOUTH  
OF NOVIGRAD.



THE OLD  
TRABANT.

HOVERJETS  
ARE CLOGGED. I'LL  
HAVE TO REAM THE  
FILTERS.

HOW  
LONG?

HALF AN  
HOUR AT MOST,  
COLONEL.



HE'D HAD ANOTHER TRABANT ONCE, THE STAFF  
CAR, A LITTLE V-WING THAT COULD BARELY  
GET OFF THE GROUND, THAT CHUGGED AND  
SHOOK AND RATTLED LIKE A STEAM ENGINE.



WE'RE  
TOO FAR AWAY,  
YEVGENY.

NEVER  
TOO FAR AWAY,  
GALINA. IN OUR  
HEARTS.

I MEAN,  
YOU COULDN'T  
SEE IT FROM  
HERE, THE CITY.  
IF YOU COULD  
SEE.

IT'S ONLY  
DEPRESSING  
ANYWAY. I CRY  
EVERY TIME  
I THINK  
OF IT.



HE REMEMBERED THAT  
DAY SO WELL. HOW  
COULD HE FORGET IT?

I'LL  
NEVER FIX THIS,  
SIR.

DAMNED  
IRRITATING.

HEAP  
OF DUNG, SIR.  
SHOULD NEVER  
HAVE REVIVED  
THEM.

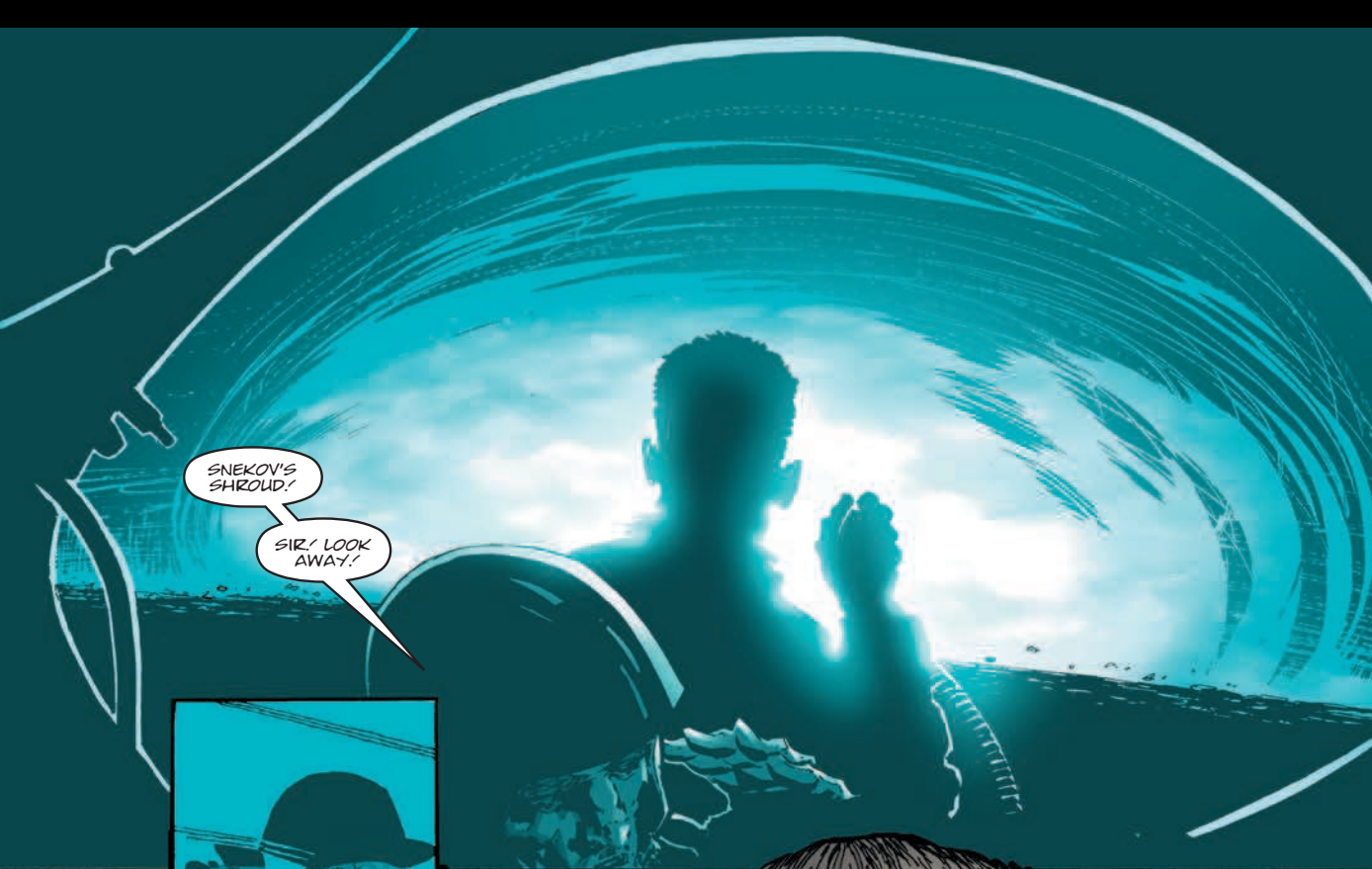
I'LL  
CALL THE  
BUREAU.



BORISENKO,  
FORGET YOUR  
CAR! DREDD'S  
DONE FOR US  
ALL!

WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?





SNEKOV'S  
SHROUD!

SIR, LOOK  
AWAY!



I SEE  
IT AS A MERE  
SKIRMISH, GALINA,  
IN A WAR THAT  
IS NOT YET  
OVER.

I'LL  
WAIT IN THE  
TRABANT.



GRAND HALL  
OF JUSTICE —

WHAT  
EVIDENCE WE  
HAVE SUGGESTS  
THE YURGES FAMILY  
WAS SMUGGLED  
OUT OF THE CITY  
IN CASKETS,  
DRUGGED.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STRATEGIC  
DEFENCE COMMITTEE —

YOU'RE  
SURE THEY'RE OUT OF  
THE CITY AT ALL? WE'VE  
BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE  
EYE ON ALL PORTS  
OF EXIT.

SADLY  
RATHER TOO  
LATE IN THE DAY, THE  
ABDUCTORS WERE  
GEARED TO MOVE  
FAST.

HE INSISTED ON SITTING  
IN, SIR, OPERATION ON THE  
LARYNX YESTERDAY, STILL  
NOT PERMITTED TO  
SPEAK.

DREDD —

OF COURSE,  
DREDD. GOOD TO  
SEE YOU UP AND  
ABOUT.

GET HIM  
A CHAIR.

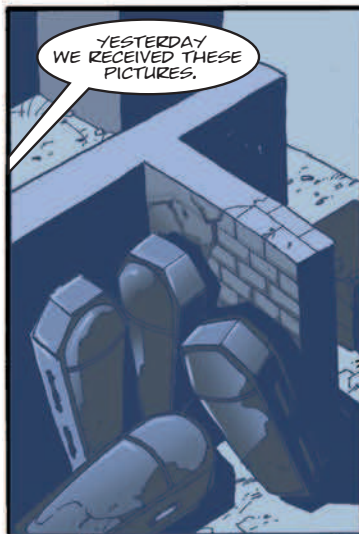
WE BELIEVE  
THE CASKETS WERE  
BROUGHT IN VIA ONE OF THE  
BALTIC DOCKS AND DRIVEN EAST  
BY PRIVATE LOADER. QUITE A FEW  
SYMPATHISERS OPERATE OUT OF  
THE BALDOCKS. WE PUT OUT  
WORD TO EVERY AGENT  
ON THE GROUND.

LAST WEEK  
WE RECEIVED A MESSAGE  
FROM THE AGENT CODENAMED  
GORKI. HE'D NOTICED INCREASED  
ACTIVITY IN AND AROUND THE  
DP SETTLEMENT THEY  
CALL ZUBILENKA —

— A LARGE  
INFLUX OF ARMED MILITIA  
CAMPED IN AND AROUND THIS  
FORTIFIED COMPOUND  
HERE.

THESE  
IMAGES ARE TAKEN  
FROM SPACE. WE NEEDED  
TO FIND OUT MORE. WE ASKED  
GORKI TO TRY TO GET INSIDE.  
THIS HE WAS RELUCTANT TO  
DO, UNDERSTANDABLY. HE DID,  
HOWEVER, MANAGE TO BRIBE  
ONE OF THE MILITIA.





YESTERDAY  
WE RECEIVED THESE  
PICTURES.



WE'VE HAD THEM EXPERTLY  
EXAMINED. THE CASKETS  
ARE FISHER 407S, MEGA-CITY  
ONE MANUFACTURE, A MODEL  
DEAD EASY USED FREQUENTLY.  
INDEED, THERE WERE FOUR  
LISTED IN THEIR STOCK  
INVENTORY.

AND THESE  
WERE IN THE  
COMPOUND?

YES,  
CHIEF JUDGE, IN A  
STOREROOM THERE, OF  
COURSE WE CAN'T EXAMINE  
THEM FORENSICALLY,  
BUT THERE'S  
MORE.



I  
APOLOGISE  
FOR THE QUALITY  
OF THE IMAGES  
BUT I THINK WE CAN  
BE FAIRLY SURE  
THAT IS ELMORE  
YURGES.

DEMELDA  
YURGES AND HER SONS  
APPEAR TO BE KEPT  
SEPARATELY.



THEN THERE  
CAN'T BE ANY  
DOUBT.

DAMN  
SONS, THEY NEVER  
LEARN!

WHAT  
DO WE KNOW  
ABOUT THE PEOPLE  
HOLDING  
THEM?



YEVEGENY  
BORISENKO,  
CODENAME  
GALAXY.

AS YOU KNOW, AFTER THE  
DESTRUCTION OF EAST-MEG ONE  
THE REMNANTS OF THEIR MILITARY  
AND INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITIES  
SPLIT INTO FOUR SEPARATE GROUPS.  
THREE OF THEM LATER FORMED A  
LOOSE ALLIANCE AND CONTINUE TO  
PRESENT THE OCCASIONAL  
PROBLEM.

THE FOURTH  
FACTION UNDER  
BORISENKO HAS  
BEEN RELATIVELY  
QUIET UP TILL  
NOW.

BORISENKO IS  
KNOWN AS A PLANNER, A  
LONG-TERM STRATEGIST, A  
COLONEL IN INTELLIGENCE  
BEFORE THE WAR. HE  
WAS THE LIAISON WITH  
THE MILITARY'S GM  
PROGRAMME —

THIS  
WOULD TIE IN  
WITH 'NADIA', YOUR  
WOULD-BE ASSASSIN,  
DREDD.



NADIA... HE HAD TRUSTED HER.

PERHAPS HE SHOULD HAVE TOLD HER MORE, THEN SHE WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD WHAT SHE WAS JEOPARDISING.

NOW... MORE SACRIFICES, AS IF THEIR PEOPLE HAVE NOT SUFFERED ENOUGH.

HOW LONG?

ANOTHER FOUR HOURS AND WE WILL BE THERE.

AND NADIA HAD FAILED. HIS INFORMATION WAS DREDD WAS RECOVERING. DREDD WAS STILL ALIVE AND THIS PRECOG OF HIS SEEMED TO BE GETTING TOO CLOSE.

IF NADIA HAD KILLED ANYONE, IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE PRECOG.

GENERAL POLL, YOUR THOUGHTS ON OUR CHANCES OF EFFECTING A RESCUE.

THE WHOLE FAMILY? IT'S POSSIBLE, I SUPPOSE, ASSUMING WE WISH TO.

OF COURSE WE WISH TO.

DO WE?

WHO IS THIS ELMORE YURGES? A TURNCOAT SCIENTIST WHO DIDN'T LIKE THE GAME AND TOOK HIS BALL AWAY. WE OWE HIM NOTHING. ME, I'D HAVE THROWN HIM IN A CUBE AND LEFT HIM TO ROT. YOU GUYS ARE SLIPPING.

THAT'S UNCALLED FOR.

WE'RE MISSING THE POINT. YURGES HAS THE KNOW-HOW TO CREATE A BACTERIA THAT COULD WIPE OUT NINETY-NINE PER CENT OF OUR POPULATION.

NOT STRICTLY SPEAKING BACTERIA, BUT YES, ESSENTIALLY TRUE.

THAT IS CLEAR REASON WHY WE CANNOT LEAVE HIM IN ENEMY HANDS.

I'M NOT SUGGESTING WE LEAVE HIM IN ENEMY HANDS. I'M SAYING ELIMINATE HIM.





LET ME EXPLAIN IT TO YOU. THE COMPOUND IS CRAWLING WITH ARMED FIGHTERS - I SEND TROOPERS IN THERE WE'RE GOING TO LOSE PLENTY, AND I MEAN PLENTY. AND THE RUSSKIES WILL PROBABLY KILL THE WHOLE FAMILY ANYWAY OUT OF SPITE.

**WISHER**  
HERE'S GOT A STRATO-CRAFT OVERHEAD NOW. HE CAN **GUARANTEE** NO ONE LEAVES THAT COMPOUND ALIVE.

A COUPLE OF PHOTON TORPEDOES AND THE JOB'S DONE. QUICK, CLINICAL, NO RISK TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

IT'S A QUESTION OF BALANCE - MY BOYS' LIVES AGAINST A BUNCH OF PINKOS WHO DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEIR LOYALTIES LAY - AND FRANKLY, I'M NOT WILLING TO SEE MY BOYS DIE FOR THAT.

WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE. WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO DILLY DALLY. WE HAVE TO ACT NOW. WHAT'S YOUR DECISION?

IT'S HARD TO ARGUE WITH YOUR LOGIC, GENERAL. BUT THE WIFE - THE CHILDREN - NO MATTER WHAT YOU THINK OF ELMORE YURGES, THEY'RE TOTALLY INNOCENT.

IT SEEMS HARSH, AND YET... FACED WITH THE ALTERNATIVE...

WE HAVE OVER FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CITIZENS. THROW THEIR LIVES INTO THE EQUATION AND POLL'S ARGUMENT IS IRREFUTABLE. MAY I SUGGEST, CHIEF JUDGE, THAT WE TAKE A SHOW OF HANDS.

THAT'S ALMOST UNANIMOUS, DREDD? YOU'RE AGAINST?

WHAT - THE MAN WHO NUKED EAST-MEG ONE HAS QUALMS?

I DISAGREE, IN THIS CASE I THINK OUR INFORMATION IS ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE.

CHIEF JUDGE, THE VOTE IS OVERWHELMING. MAY WE TAKE IT THIS MISSION IS GO?

UNITS ON THE GROUND - ONLY WAY TO BE SURE.

DREDD



THEY REACHED THE FOREST BEFORE DARK, ALL DAY WITHOUT ANOTHER BREAKDOWN, UNTIL AT LAST THE TREES CLOSED IN AROUND THEM.



GALAXY.  
REPEAT,  
GALAXY.







WELCOME, COMMANDER!

THAT UNMISTAKEABLE AROMA OF SURGICAL SPIRIT. ALL IS WELL, ELENA?

AS EXPECTED, YEVGENY BORISENKO. SOME SLIGHT AFTER-EFFECTS OF THE DRUGS, BUT THEY ARE PASSING.

NO NEWS AS YET FROM ZUBILENKA, SIR. THE DEFENDERS HAVE BEEN WARNED TO EXPECT A RESCUE MISSION.

PERHAPS WE HAVE MISCALCULATED.

NEVER DOUBT THEY WILL COME, KAPELNIKOV. IT IS THE METHOD OF THEIR COMING THAT SHOULD CONCERN US.



DREDD LEAVES THE MEETING WITHOUT FURTHER COMMENT. THEY ALL KNOW WHERE HE STANDS.

I REPEAT, IT'S ELEVEN TO ONE.

I HAVE TO CONFESS, I'M NEVER THAT COMFORTABLE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF AN ARGUMENT TO DREDD.

GOT TO AGREE, WHATEVER YOU THINK OF THE MAN, HE HAS AN INSTINCT FOR THINGS. I'VE SEEN IT TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

GRUD'S BLOOD. THEY'RE TURNING INTO A RIGHT BUNCH OF PANTY PADS IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

THERE'S NO CALL FOR THAT, POLL. MODERATE YOUR LANGUAGE.

APOLOGIES, CHIEF JUDGE. I GET A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, AS I SEE IT, THE FACTS ARE VERY SIMPLE. ELMORE YURGES CAN CREATE A BUG THAT'LL WIPE OUT EVERYONE IN THIS CITY. ELIMINATE HIM AND THE PROBLEM GOES AWAY.

WE KNOW THE SOVS ARE HOLDING HIM IN THEIR COMPOUND IN ZUBILENKA. WE WAIT ANY LONGER AND THEY COULD MOVE HIM — AND WE'RE DEBATING THE MATTER?

IT'S THE FAMILY. THAT WOMAN AND HER BOYS. THEY'RE HOLDING THEM TOO. TO JUST BLOW THEM APART... CAN THAT BE RIGHT?

SOMETIMES WE ARE FORCED TO CHOOSE THE LESSER OF EVILS. POLL HAS A POINT. WE WOULD SUFFER HEAVY LOSSES IN ANY RESCUE ATTEMPT, AND THEIR CAPTORS WOULD PROBABLY KILL THE WHOLE FAMILY ANYWAY.

DETROIT, THIS AGENT OF YOURS, GORKI — CAN HE BE TRUSTED?

HE'S BEEN WITH US FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS, SIR. SINCE BEFORE THE WAR, HIS INFORMATION HAS ALWAYS BEEN ACCURATE.

VERY WELL, WISHER. GIVE YOUR STRATO-CRAFT THE ORDER TO PROCEED.











OF COURSE THE ENEMY WOULD NOT REST UNTIL THEY FOUND YURGES. SO GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT.

THIS JUST IN, SIR.

IT IS FROM IVAN. A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COMPOUND IN ZUBILENKA. EXCEPT THERE IS NO COMPOUND.

HUH? IF WE HAD SUCH FIREPOWER?



THE RISK HAD BEEN THAT THEY WOULD ATTEMPT A RESCUE, SO BRING IN ENOUGH FIGHTERS TO MAKE THE EXERCISE LOOK COSTLY - NOT HIS BEST PEOPLE, BUT THE MISFITS, THE TROUBLEMAKERS, THE ONES WHO COULD BE SPARED.

GORKI...

GORKI HAD BEEN IN THEIR POCKETS SINCE THE DESTRUCTION. IT WAS HE WHO HAD COME TO YEVGENY, BEGGING FORGIVENESS AND SWEARING REVENGE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF EAST-MEG ONE.

THEY HAD KEPT HIM IN PLACE, FEEDING HIM INFORMATION, HELPING GORKI EARN THE ENEMY'S TRUST, READY FOR THE DAY WHEN HE COULD BE USED TO FEED THEM THE LIE.

THEY FELL FOR IT.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY. THE QUICK FIX - THE INSTANT SOLUTION. THAT IS THE MEGA-CITY WAY. THEY HAVE PROVED IT BEFORE, THEY PROVE IT AGAIN.

BUT REMEMBER, WE HAVE LOST PEOPLE IN THIS ATTACK. THEIR SACRIFICE MUST BE RESPECTED.

I WILL SEE THE FAMILY NOW.

GALATOVA AND KOSEGIN, SIR. THEY ASSISTED IN THE ABDUCTION, ACCOMPANIED THE FAMILY HERE.

AN HONOUR TO MEET YOU, YEVGENY BORISENKO.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL. YOUR COVER IN MEGA-CITY ONE IS BLOWN NOW BUT WE WILL FIND A GOOD USE FOR YOU HERE.

THANK YOU, SIR.

GOOD EVENING. MY NAME IS BORISENKO.

YEVGENY BORISENKO WAS A PATIENT MAN. NOT LIKE THE OTHERS, THE HOTHEADS.

I APOLOGISE FOR THE WAY YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE, BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.

WHERE ARE WE? WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT US HERE?

HOW DARE YOU!

LOOK, BORISENKO, IF YOU THINK I'M CO-OPERATING YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH VODKA. I DIDN'T GIVE THE ORGANISM TO MEGA-CITY ONE AND I WON'T GIVE IT TO YOU. THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?

PUT ALL THE PIECES IN PLACE, RUSH NOTHING. STRIKE ONLY WHEN YOU ARE SURE OF VICTORY, WHEN ANNIHILATION WILL BE FULL AND COMPLETE.

FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES ONLY, YOU UNDERSTAND.

PLEASE EXCUSE MY EYES. BY THE WAY, I WITNESSED THE DESTRUCTION OF MY CITY FROM RATHER TOO CLOSE.

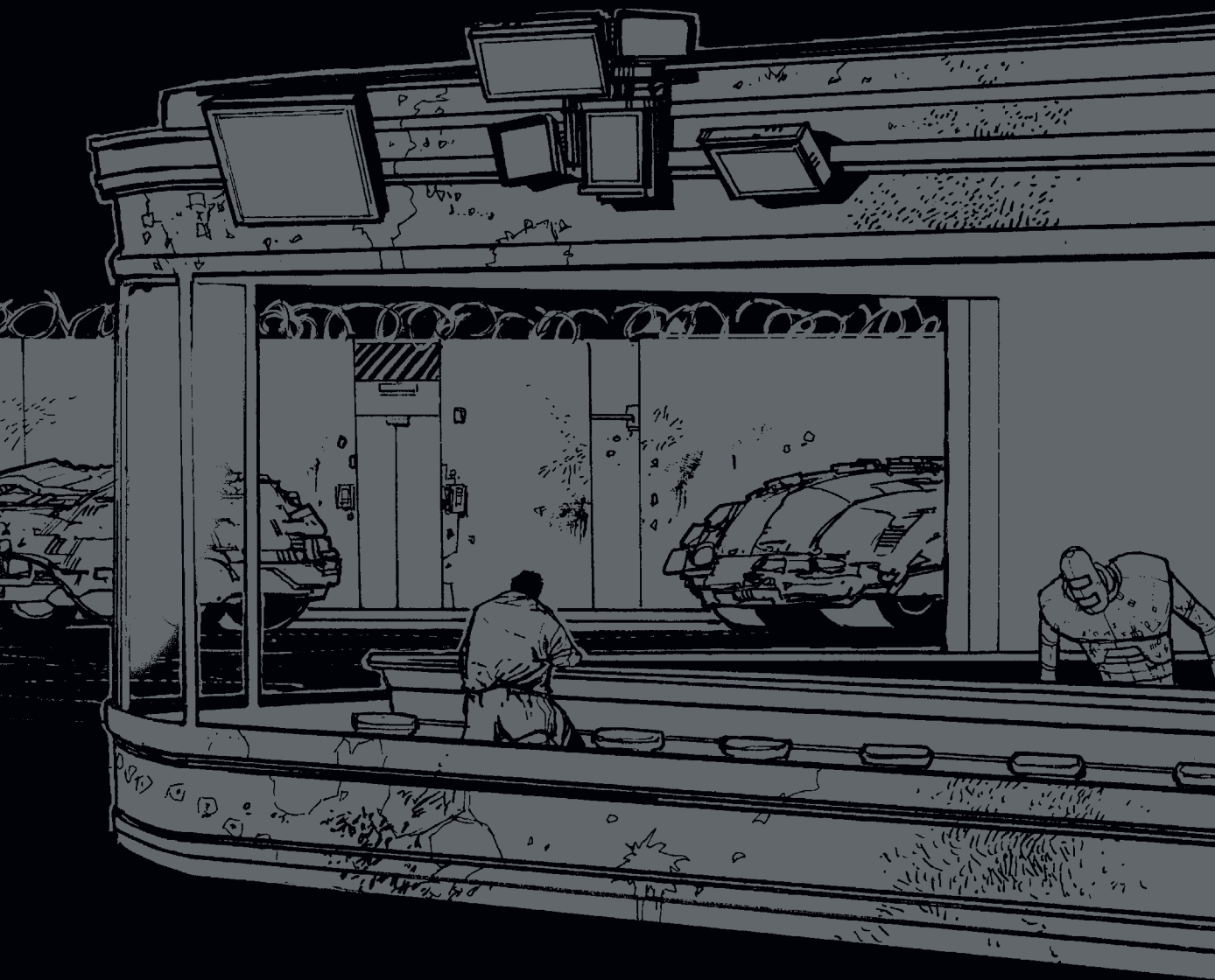
PITY YOU DIDN'T DIE! YOU BETTER LET US GO, BORIS, OR THE BIG MEG'S GONNA FIND YOU AND KICK YOUR SOVVO ASS!

THIRTY YEARS SINCE THE MISSILES HAD OBLITERATED THE GREAT EASTERN MEG, BUT YEVGENY BORISENKO PLAYED THE LONG GAME. REVENGE WOULD BE JUST AS SWEET FOR THE WAIT.

AS FAR AS MEGA-CITY ONE IS CONCERNED YOU ARE DEAD. SO I DOUBT THEY WILL BE KICKING MY SOVVO ASS.

I WOULD PREFER TO AVOID UNPLEASANTNESS, BUT TIME IS A LITTLE SHORT. I ASSURE YOU, I WILL OBTAIN YOUR CO-OPERATION... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.



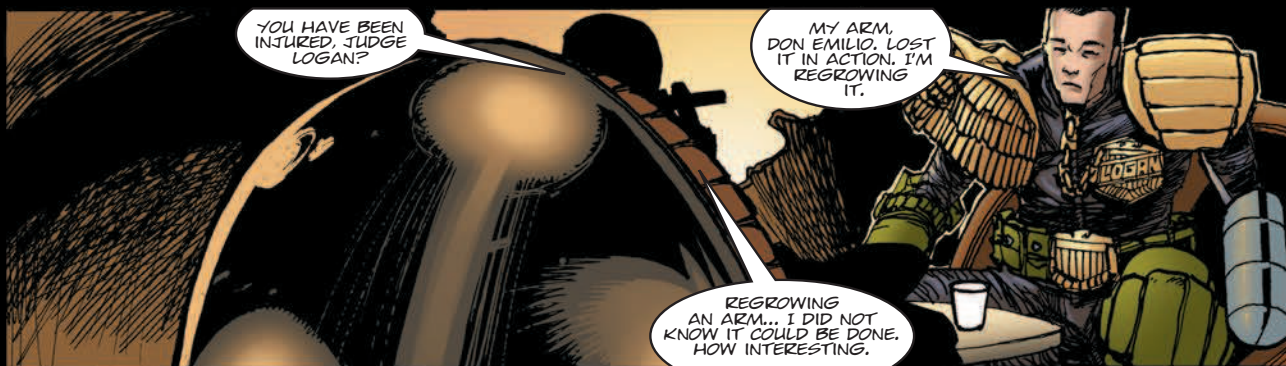


## ELUSIVE

Script: John Wagner  
Art: Henry Flint  
Colours: Chris Blythe  
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1753-1758

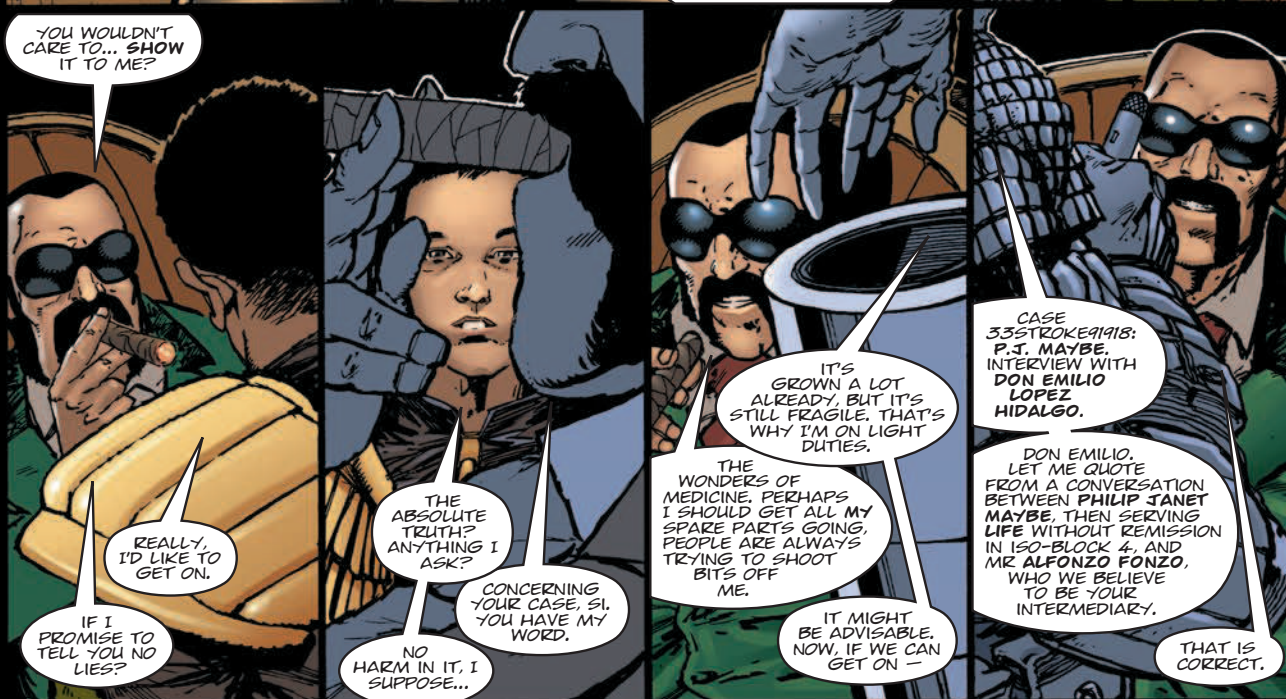




YOU HAVE BEEN INJURED, JUDGE LOGAN?

MY ARM, DON EMILIO. LOST IT IN ACTION. I'M REGROWING IT.

REGROWING AN ARM... I DID NOT KNOW IT COULD BE DONE. HOW INTERESTING.



YOU WOULDN'T CARE TO... SHOW IT TO ME?

REALLY, I'D LIKE TO GET ON.

IF I PROMISE TO TELL YOU NO LIES?

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH? ANYTHING I ASK?

CONCERNING YOUR CASE, SI. YOU HAVE MY WORD.

NO HARM IN IT, I SUPPOSE...

IT'S GROWN A LOT ALREADY, BUT IT'S STILL FRAGILE. THAT'S WHY I'M ON LIGHT DUTIES.

THE WONDERS OF MEDICINE, PERHAPS I SHOULD GET ALL MY SPARE PARTS GOING. PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO SHOOT BITS OFF ME.

IT MIGHT BE ADVISABLE. NOW, IF WE CAN GET ON -

CASE 335STROKE91918: P.J. MAYBE. INTERVIEW WITH DON EMILIO LOPEZ HIDALGO.

DON EMILIO, LET ME QUOTE FROM A CONVERSATION BETWEEN PHILIP JANET MAYBE, THEN SERVING LIFE WITHOUT REMISSION IN ISO-BLOCK 4, AND MR ALFONZO FONZO, WHO WE BELIEVE TO BE YOUR INTERMEDIARY.

THAT IS CORRECT.



MAYBE, 'IT WOULD TAKE A FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT WITH ATTACK DROIDS.'

HE MEANS TO FREE HIM. HE SUGGESTS THIS WOULD BE A 'DIVERSION'. LATER HE MENTIONS A DATE AND TIME, SAYING IT IS A 'DATE TO REMEMBER'.

WE TAKE THIS TO BE A REQUEST TO STAGE A DIVERSIONARY ATTACK ON THE ISO-BLOCK TO ASSIST HIS ESCAPE.

SI, THAT IS HOW I UNDERSTOOD IT.

AND YOU'RE CLAIMING YOU REFUSED HIS REQUEST?

QUITE THE CONTRARY. I DID ALL I COULD TO ASSIST.

YOU ADMIT IT?

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. I USED A CONTACT IN MEGA-CITY ONE - WHO MUST REMAIN NAMELESS. THIS COST ME A SMALL FORTUNE. STILL, YOU UNDERSTAND OBLIGATION, EH?

IN THAT CASE CAN YOU SHED LIGHT ON WHERE MAYBE IS NOW?

THERE I CANNOT HELP. WHEREVER HE IS, HE IS GOING TO CAUSE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE, I THINK.

YOU REALISE YOU'RE ADMITTING TO AN ARRESTABLE OFFENCE?

NOT HERE, I THINK.

THE JURISDICTION OF MEGA-CITY JUDGES EXTENDS WHEREVER WE GO.





I HESITATE TO CONTRADICT A GUEST IN MY HOME, JUDGE LOGAN, BUT I THINK WE MUST AGREE THERE ARE SOME PLACES WHERE EVEN THE **SHORT ARM** OF THE LAW CANNOT REACH.



YOU TOOK NO FURTHER ACTION AGAINST HIDALGO?

DIDN'T SEEM ADVISABLE.

OKAY, WE'LL MARK HIM DOWN FOR ATTENTION AT A LATER DATE. LET'S CONCENTRATE ON **MAYBE**.



WE'VE BEEN CHECKING OUT **BOARDING HOUSES**, **RENTAL ROOMS** AND **FACE-CHANGE PARLOURS** ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE MOPAD. NOT A LOT ELSE TO WORK WITH, **REALLY**.

WE KNOW THAT ON DAY ONE **MAYBE** ACCESSED INFORMATION ON CITY **SURVEILLANCE BLACKSPOTS**.

THE SITE IS RUN FROM OUT OF CITY, NOT A LOT WE CAN DO TO STOP THEM.

THE BODIES IN THE MOPAD, BY WEEK TWO THE **SMELL** WOULD HAVE BEEN **UNBEARABLE**.

GOOD POINT.

SO...?

THE LOCATIONS WERE PROGRAMMED INTO THE **AUTOPILOT**. IN THE **THIRTY-THREE** DAYS BEFORE THE MOPAD WAS FOUND IT VISITED ALL OF THEM — SOME OF THEM **TWICE**.

BEENY FIGURED WE SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON STOPS IT MADE IN **WEEK ONE**.



It was the shine in the window  
that got my eye, I past it twice,  
it had definite potenshal.



**STAFF WANTED**  
Humans Only  
**EXPERIENCED**  
**FACE-CHANGE**  
**TECHNICIAN**  
**CCOMMODATION**  
**AVAILABLE**  
Apply within



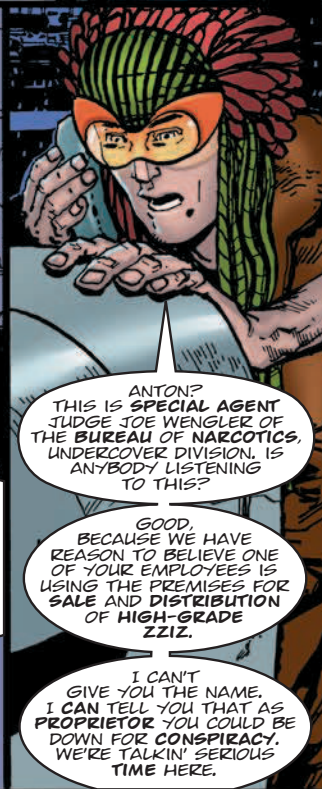
COULD  
BE JUST THE  
THING.



LEMME  
SPEAK TO  
ANTON.

LOOK, HONEY,  
DON'T GIMME NO  
EXCUSES, PUT THE  
GUY ON SHARP OR  
I COME IN THERE  
PERSONAL WITH A  
WARRANT AND DRAG  
HIS SORRY ASS  
DOWNTOWN.

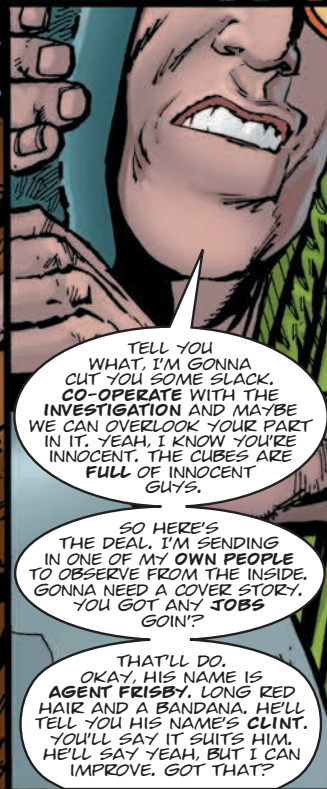
Every judge in the city  
was looking for me.  
I needed a change of  
face, but familiar as  
I am with process I'd  
never pass for qualified.  
I had to play it smart.



ANTON?  
THIS IS SPECIAL AGENT  
JUDGE JOE WENGLER OF  
THE BUREAU OF NARCOTICS,  
UNDERCOVER DIVISION. IS  
ANYBODY LISTENING  
TO THIS?

GOOD.  
BECAUSE WE HAVE  
REASON TO BELIEVE ONE  
OF YOUR EMPLOYEES IS  
USING THE PREMISES FOR  
SALE AND DISTRIBUTION  
OF HIGH-GRADE  
ZZIZ.

I CAN'T  
GIVE YOU THE NAME.  
I CAN TELL YOU THAT AS  
PROPRIETOR YOU COULD BE  
DOWN FOR CONSPIRACY.  
WE'RE TALKIN' SERIOUS  
TIME HERE.



TELL YOU  
WHAT, I'M GONNA  
CUT YOU SOME SLACK.  
CO-OPERATE WITH THE  
INVESTIGATION AND MAYBE  
WE CAN OVERLOOK YOUR PART  
IN IT. YEAH, I KNOW YOU'RE  
INNOCENT. THE CLUBS ARE  
FULL OF INNOCENT  
GUYS.

SO HERE'S  
THE DEAL, I'M SENDING  
IN ONE OF MY OWN PEOPLE  
TO OBSERVE FROM THE INSIDE.  
GONNA NEED A COVER STORY.  
YOU GOT ANY JOBS  
GOIN'?

THAT'LL DO.  
OKAY, HIS NAME IS  
AGENT FRISBY. LONG RED  
HAIR AND A BANDANA. HE'LL  
TELL YOU HIS NAME'S CLINT.  
YOU'LL SAY IT SUITS HIM.  
HE'LL SAY YEAH, BUT I CAN  
IMPROVE. GOT THAT?



I WANNA,  
LIKE, SPEAK TO  
ANTON.







AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

OH DEAR, OH DEAR, I FEAR VERY LITTLE, A WALKING DISASTER ZONE.

I COME ABOUT THE JOB, MAN.



OH, OH WOW! FAR OUT! A SKIN-U-RIN 4-09, WORKED ONE OF THESE LITTLE BEAUTIES FOR THREE YEARS IN KATMANDU - THE SPA OF THE ETERNAL LIGHTNESS.

YOU? WHY, THAT'S ONE OF THE PREMIER TREATMENT CENTRES IN THE WORLD.



NOT SO PREMIER NOW, MAN, NOT SINCE THEY LOST THEIR STAR FACE-FIXER. ALL I WANTED WAS A BIGGER CELL AN' A BIT LESS OF THE BELL RINGING. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

HMMMPH.

BUT I CAN SEE YOU AND ME ARE GONNA GET ALONG SWELL. THE NAME'S CLINT.



UH, CLINT, UH, OH... IT-IT SUITS YOU.

YEAH, BUT I CAN IMPROVE, SO HOW ABOUT YOU AN ME DISCUSSING THIS FURTHER WHILE WE CHECK OUT THE ACCOMMODATION?



YEAH, IT AIN'T THE NAGASAKI BUT IT'LL DO.

BUT... BUT I REALLY DO NEED A FACE-CHANGE TECHNICIAN.

WORRY NOT, LIKE I SAID I'M FULLY QUALIFIED. GOT A LITTLE PROBLEM, THOUGH, ANTON, THE SUSPECT, I THINK SHE MIGHT HAVE RECOGNISED ME, GONNA NEED A FACE CHANGE MYSELF.



HERE'S THE PLAN - I HIDE UP HERE TODAY AND TONIGHT AFTER HOURS YOU DO THE DEED. YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK THE MACHINE?

YES, BUT, DEAR BOY -

DON'T DEAR BOY ME, ANTON, THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS, SOMEBODY COULD GET KILLED. DO YOU KNOW IF THE WOMAN IS ARMED?



BU-BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS.

NO, OF COURSE YOU DON'T. JUST TESTING, OKAY. TOMORROW THE STORY WILL BE YOU GAVE CLINT THE HEAVE AND I'M THE NEW GUY. I'M ROBIN.



IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. THAT NIGHT I CHOSE A NEW FACE. IT COULDN'T BE TOO FLASHY, A GOOD SOLID FACE. A FACE THAT SAID, HEY, I AM A HONEST CITIZEN. YOU CAN TRUST THIS MAN.

HAPPY?

ABSOLUTELY.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH. IF ANTON RECOGNISED ME I WOULD HAVE TO KILL HIM.

I KIND OF LIKED ANTON, IN AN ODD SORT OF WAY. I REELY HOPED I WOULDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM EVENTUALLY, BUT I FIGURED I PROBABLY WOULD.

HMMM... YOU'VE HAD SOME WORK BEFORE. QUITE A LOT, ACTUALLY.

ALL PART OF BEING AN AGENT, I'M AFRAID.

THERE'S A LIMIT TO WHAT THE FLESH WILL TAKE, STILL, THERE'S SOME RESILIENCE THERE. WE'LL DO OUR BEST.

EXCELLENT JOB. I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN.

FOR THE MOMENT MY BEST MOVE WAS TO LIE LOW, SO I SETTLED FOR KILLING SOME TIME.

BYRON, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME UP THERE, LET ME SAY WHAT HUMBLE PRIDE IT GIVES ME TO BE THE ONE SELECTED TO STEP INTO YOUR BOOTS.

TONY BLORE? YOU JUST COULDN'T WAIT TILL I WAS OUT OF THE WAY, COULD YOU?

I SHOULDN'T HAVE WATCHED THE MAJORAL BROADCASTS. I KNEW IT WOULD MAKE ME ANGRY. THAT WAS MY JOB THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT. ME, MAYOR BYRON ANDROSE AS WAS.

LOOK - LET'S FACE IT, THEY'RE BOOTS THAT NO ONE COULD EVER FILL. BUT I'M GOING TO TRY. YOU WERE THE BEST WE EVER HAD, AND I'M GOING TO TRY TO... TO LIVE UP TO THE EXAMPLE YOU SET, SO THAT ONE DAY... ONE DAY PEOPLE MIGHT SAY... TONY BLORE... TONY BLORE, HE... HE WASN'T SO BAD, YOU KNOW...

SUDDENLY I FELT IMPAIRED WITH A NEW PURPOSE.

YOU'LL BE A LOT BETTER WHEN I CUT YOUR HEART OUT. YOU SLIMY LITTLE TOAD!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED  
PLANS STARTED TO TURN IN  
MY MIND. MEANWHILE I KEPT  
UP MY FICTIONAL IDENTITY.

WE'LL  
HAVE THOSE  
UNSIGHTLY LUMPS  
REMOVED IN  
A TRICE.

HAVING CHANGED MY FACE SO OFTEN I HAVE  
DEVELOPED SOME SKILL ON THE MACHINE.  
EVEN SO, MISTAKES DO HAPPEN —

IT  
HURRRTTTTTS!

NOTHING  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT.

SWITCH  
IT OFF!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY,  
MRS BREWSTER. JUST A  
LITTLE GLITCH. YOU HAVE A NICE  
CUP OF SOMETHING AND CATCH  
YOUR BREATH, AND WHEN YOU'RE  
FINISHED I'LL PUT THINGS  
RIGHT MYSELF.

WHAT  
CAN I DO  
FOR YOU,  
JUDGE?

I'M INVESTIGATING  
THE ESCAPE OF A  
DANGEROUS CRIMINAL.  
I WANT TO KNOW IF  
YOU OR ANY OF THE  
STAFF HAVE SEEN  
THIS MAN.

HOW  
MUCH LONGER IS  
THIS GOING TO  
GO ON?

THE SUSPECT'S  
PLAYING IT REAL CRAFTY.  
NATURE OF THE GAME. JUST  
HAVE TO KEEP HER UNDER  
OBSERVATION. WAIT FOR  
THE MISTAKE.

I DON'T  
RECOGNISE  
HIM.

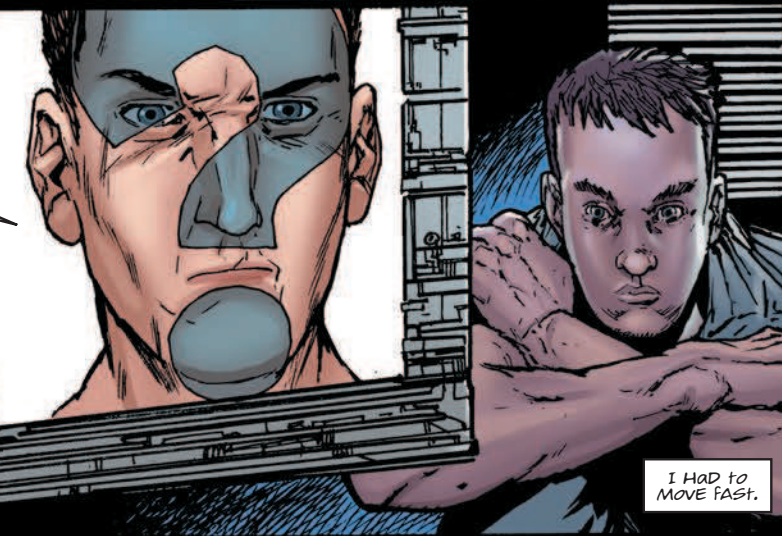
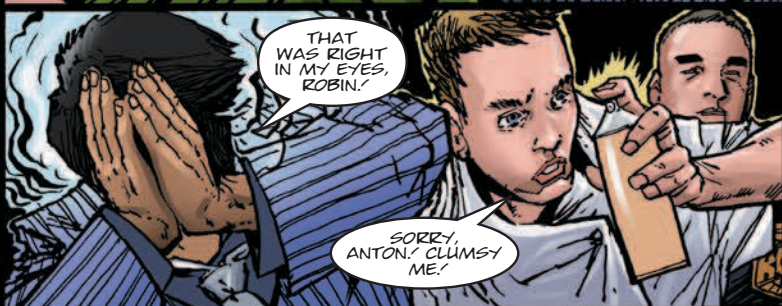
THAT'S HIM.  
AND BELIEVE ME,  
HE'S ANYTHING  
BUT GENTLE.

WHAT  
ABOUT YOU  
TWO? HAVE A GOOD  
LOOK AT THIS  
FACE...

HE LOOKS  
SO GENTLE. WHAT  
DID HE DO?

ISN'T THAT  
PJ MAYBE, THE  
NOTORIOUS MASS  
MURDERER?



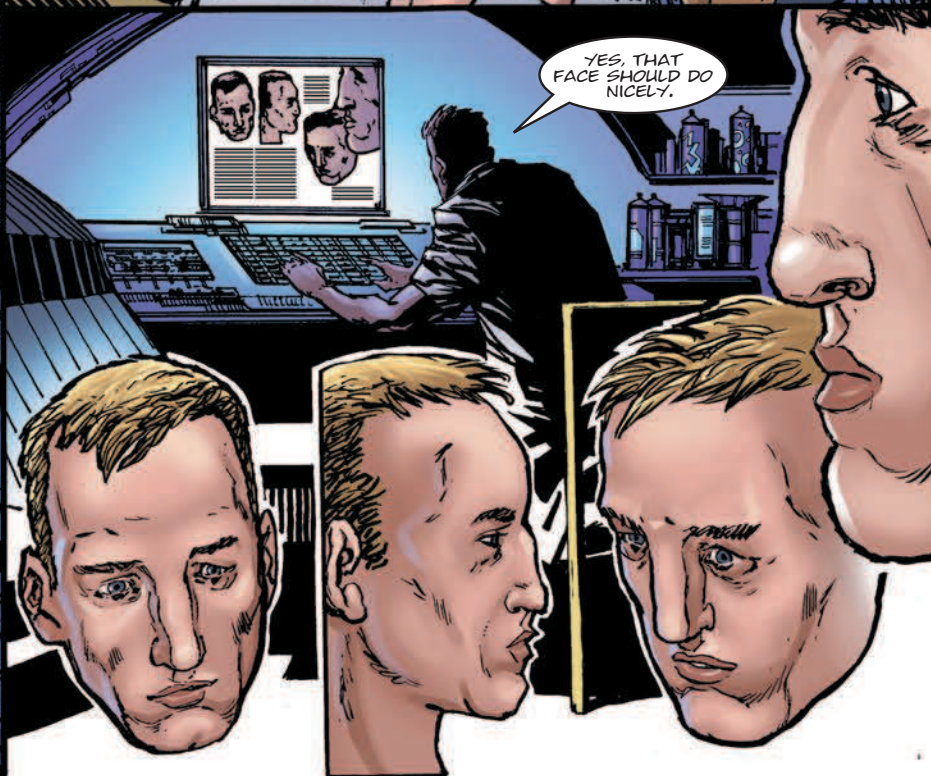
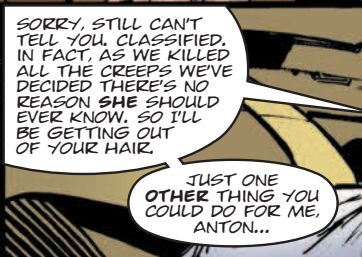
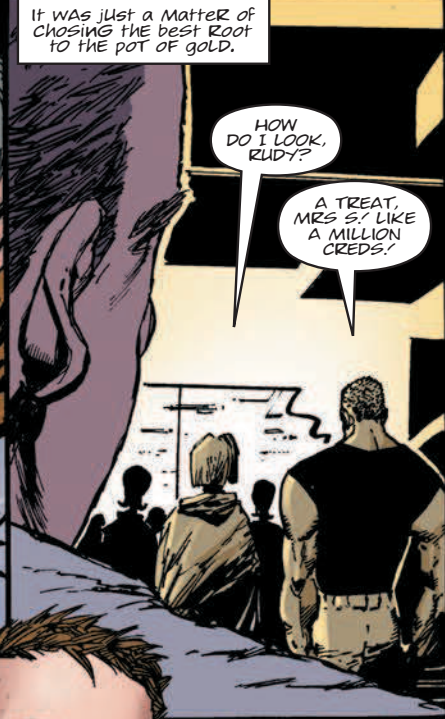




NOT THAT I HADN'T BEEN CONSIDERING MY OPTIONS. IN FACT, I'D ALREADY SPOTTED ONE OR TWO DEFINATE POSSIBILITIES.

PRIME REQUIREMENT WAS MONEY. MONEY EQUATED POWER. IF I'VE LEARNED ONE THING IT'S THE GUY WITH MONEY CAN GET AWAY WITH JUST ABOUT ANYTHING.

IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF CHOOSING THE BEST ROOT TO THE POT OF GOLD.





I decided NOT to kill ANTON. The judges would investigate and find my prints all over the place anyway. What would be the point?

ANTON URLINGER? YOU'RE THE ONE MADE THE CALL?

I'M HE.

IT WAS A BIT OF A FIRST FOR ME. NORMALLY I KILL JUST FOR THE PRINCIPAL OF IT. BUT LIKE I SAID I KIND OF LIKED THE GUY.

AGENT FRISBY WAS HIS NAME. HE CALLED HIMSELF CLINT. THAT WAS THE NAME HE USED WHEN I CHANGED HIS FACE.

YOU CHANGED HIS FACE?

THEN HE BECAME ROBIN. HE WAS AN AGENT FOR THE BUREAU OF NARCOTICS UNDERCOVER DIVISION. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT HIS BOSS TOLD ME.

HIS BOSS?

I WONDER IF I'M GETTING TO NICE.

SPECIAL AGENT WENGLER. I... I SUPPOSE THAT WAS ROBIN TOO. THAT'S WHY I CHANGED HIS FACE, TO HELP THEIR INVESTIGATION. AND LET HIM LIVE IN THE UPSTAIRS FLAT. OH DEAR, I SUPPOSE I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT.

THAT CLINT?

HE HAD LONG RED HAIR.

AND WORE CRAZY GLASSES.

THIS MORNING WHEN I CAME IN I FOUND THIS.

SO HE'S CHANGED HIS FACE AGAIN.

THE MACHINE MUST HAVE A RECORD OF IT.

SADLY, NO. HE'S REMOVED THE MEMORY.

WHEN DID YOU BEGIN TO SUSPECT THAT CLINT OR ROBIN WASN'T ALL HE PRETENDED TO BE?

LAST NIGHT I LET HIM HAVE THE SPARE KEYS. HE SAID HE NEEDED TO CHANGE HIS FACE AGAIN. FOR ANOTHER INVESTIGATION.

HE COULD WORK THE MACHINE?

NOT LIKE A PROPER TECHNICIAN BUT HE HAD A GOOD WORKING KNOWLEDGE, AS LONG AS YOU KEPT AN EYE ON HIM.

ANTON-  
CONSIDER  
YOURSELF  
LUCKY.  
P.J. MAYBE





AND THIS IS THE FACE YOU SAW?

THAT'S HIM. OH, I SHUDDER JUST TO THINK HOW CLOSE I CAME.

I'LL CALL IN FORENSICS.

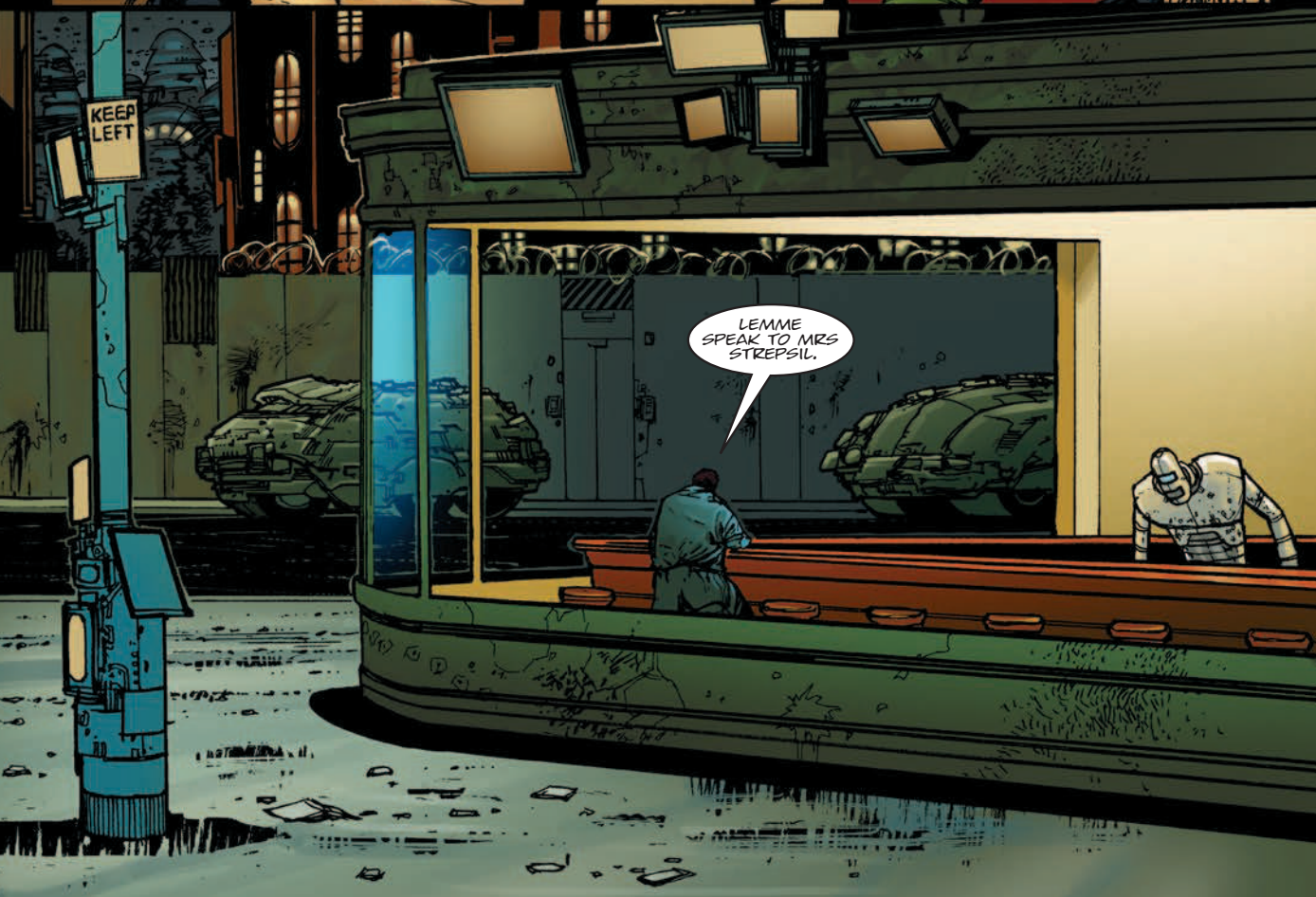


SEVERAL GOOD SETS OF PRINTS HERE. IT'S MAYBE, ALL RIGHT.



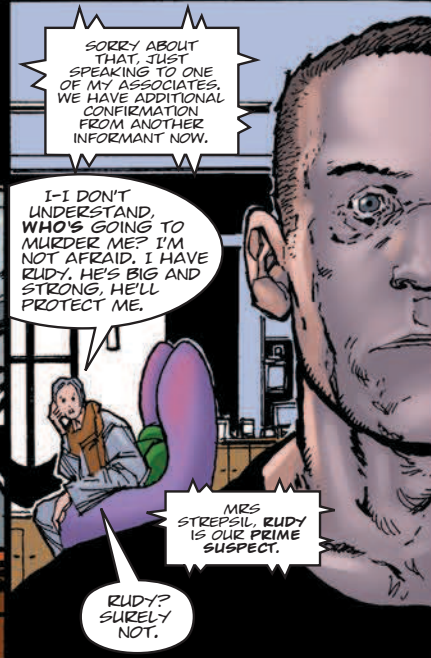
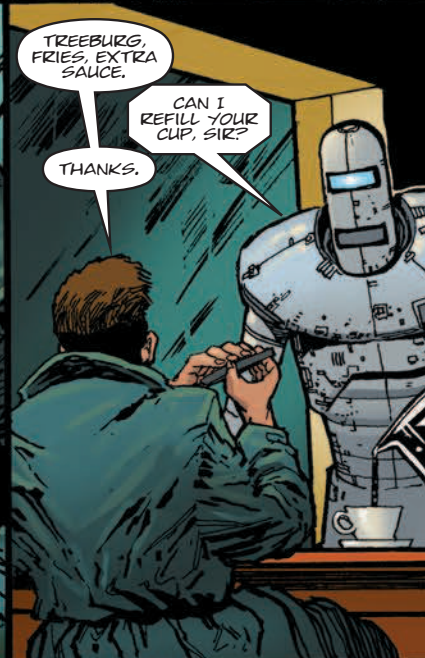
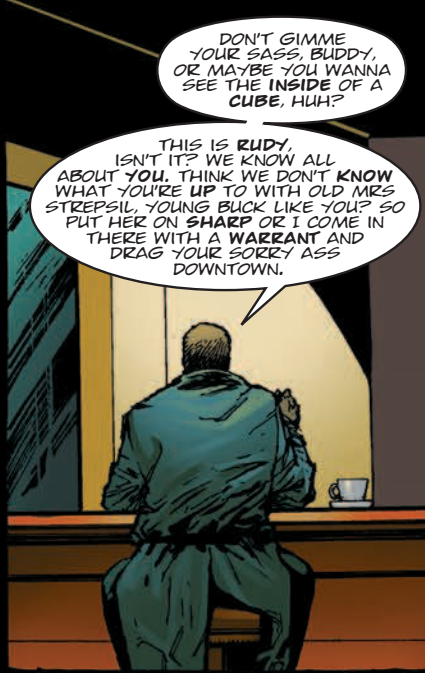
IT'S THE FIRST BREAK WE'VE HAD. HE HASN'T GOT MUCH OF A HEAD START.

HE'S HAD ALL NIGHT. THAT'S USUALLY ENOUGH FOR PJ MAYBE.



LEMME SPEAK TO MRS STREPSIL.







YOU'VE GOT TO BE STRONG, MRS STREPSIL. I DON'T THINK HE'LL TRY ANYTHING NOW. HE'S NOT READY YET. AND HE KNOWS WE'RE WATCHING HIM. THE LONGER YOU LEAVE IT THE MORE DANGER YOU'RE IN.



I waited in the cafe till I saw Rudy leave. I didn't want him seeing my new face.



WAITER!



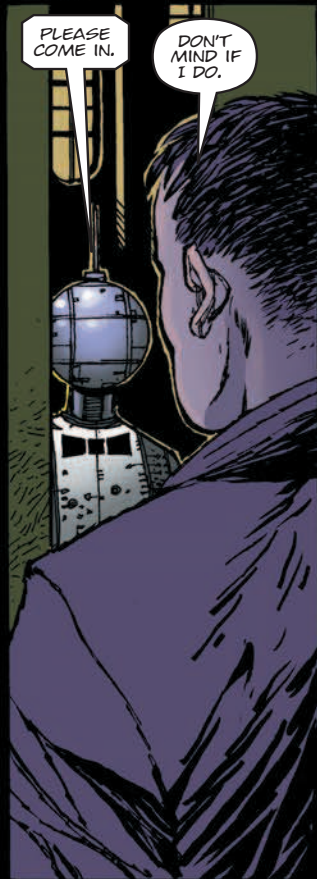
AGENT OZENDALE FOR MRS STREPSIL, TELL HER JUDGE MITCHELL SENT ME.



YES, SIR, SHE'S EXPECTING YOU, SIR.

PLEASE COME IN.

DON'T MIND IF I DO.



AGENT OZENDALE, MA'AM.

OH! OH!



SOMETHING WRONG, MRS STREPSIL?

NO, NOT WRONG. IT'S JUST THAT YOU... YOU BEAR AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO MY... TO MY DEAR LATE HUSBAND.



YOU DON'T SAY? THERE'S A COINCIDENCE...







IF I AM ELECTED MAYOR I WILL CALL FOR THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF ROBOTS IN THE WORKPLACE, SO SAY IT FIVE TIMES FAST, PEOPLE —

PICK PAUL PECK OF THE PEOPLE PARTY AND THE PEOPLE WILL PREVAIL!



SHORTLY AFTER GIVING THIS SPEECH PEOPLE PARTY CANDIDATE PAUL PECK WAS CRUSHED TO DEATH BY A RUNAWAY SLAB-ROLLER. THE SLAB-ROLLER HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY FOR QUESTIONING.

THE UNFORTUNATE DEATH OF A SINGLE, PERIPHERAL CANDIDATE, THE CHIEF JUDGE'S OFFICE SAID THIS EVENING, IS NOT SUFFICIENT REASON TO DELAY THE FORTHCOMING MAYORAL ELECTION.



ELSEWHERE, A NARROW ESCAPE FOR FLUGTIVE MURDERER PJ MAYBE WHO, JUDGES BELIEVE, HAS BEEN MASQUERADING AS A FACE-CHANGE TECHNICIAN.

JUDGES ARRIVED AT A CITY BEAUTY PARLOUR THIS MORNING TO FIND THE ELUSIVE MAYBE HAD ONCE AGAIN SLIPPED THEIR NET.

The elusive Maybe — I liked that. It made me sound like the scarlet pimpernell or something.

I SEE PJ MAYBE IS ON THE LOOSE AGAIN. I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY DIDN'T PUT HIM TO DEATH WHEN THEY HAD HIM.

IT PUZZLED US IN UNDERCOVER DIVISION, THAT ELUSIVE DEVIL'S GIVEN US A LOT OF TROUBLE OVER THE YEARS.

They seek him here they seek him there The judges seek him everywhere, Is he in heaven, Is he in hell?

No, he's at Mrs Strepsils, doing quite well.

ANOTHER BISCUIT, MRS STREPSIL?

THANK YOU, GREGORY, AND PLEASE, CALL ME ALLEGRA.



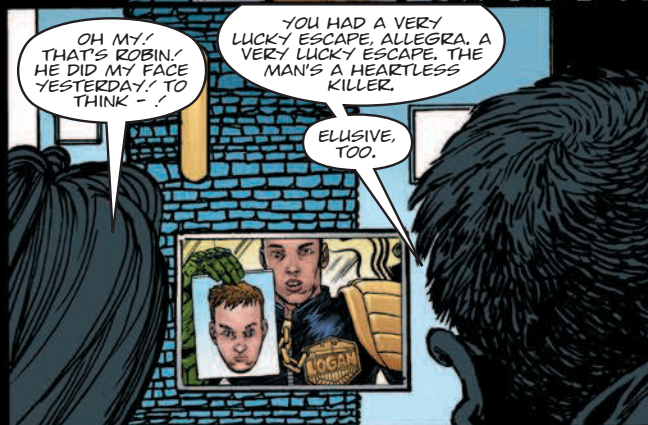


MY LIFE!  
THAT'S ANTON'S!  
THAT'S WHERE  
I GO!

YOU  
DON'T  
SAY.



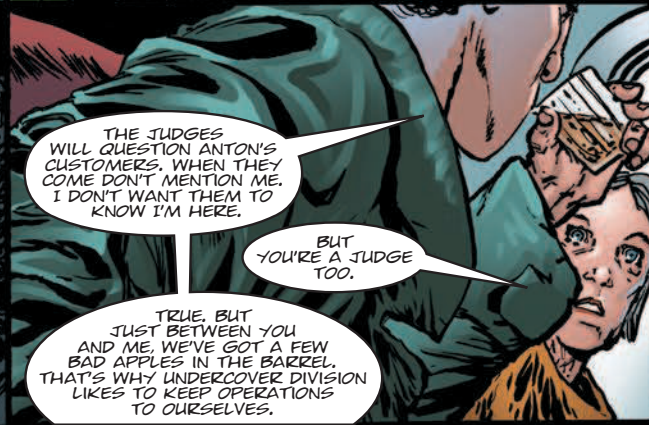
THIS IS  
MAYBE'S LAST-KNOWN  
IDENTITY, THOUGH WE DOUBT  
IT'S THE FACE HE'S WEARING NOW.  
WE'RE FAIRLY CERTAIN HE USED  
THE PARLOUR'S EQUIPMENT TO  
ALTER HIS APPEARANCE  
AGAIN.



OH MY!  
THAT'S ROBIN!  
HE DID MY FACE  
YESTERDAY!  
TO THINK -

YOU HAD A VERY  
LUCKY ESCAPE, ALLEGRA. A  
VERY LUCKY ESCAPE. THE  
MAN'S A HEARTLESS  
KILLER.

ELUSIVE,  
TOO.



THE JUDGES  
WILL QUESTION ANTON'S  
CUSTOMERS. WHEN THEY  
COME DON'T MENTION ME.  
I DON'T WANT THEM TO  
KNOW I'M HERE.

BUT  
YOU'RE A JUDGE  
TOO.

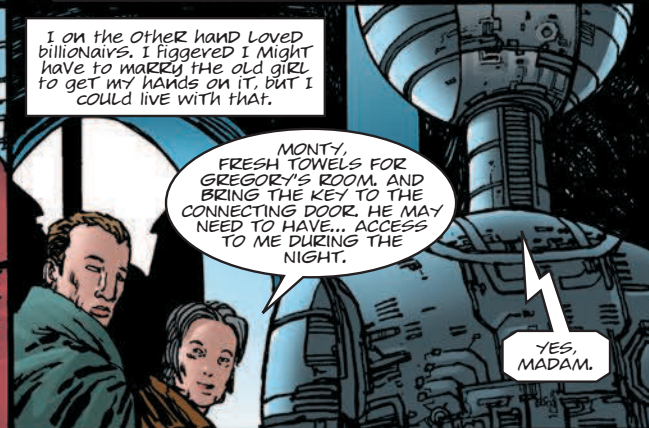
TRUE, BUT  
JUST BETWEEN YOU  
AND ME, WE'VE GOT A FEW  
BAD APPLES IN THE BARREL.  
THAT'S WHY UNDERCOVER DIVISION  
LIKES TO KEEP OPERATIONS  
TO OURSELVES.



AFTER ALL,  
WE WOULDN'T WANT  
ANYTHING BAD HAPPENING  
TO YOU, DEAR, DEAR  
ALLEGRA.

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND,  
GREGORY, WHY  
WOULD RUDY WANT  
TO KILL ME? WE  
GOT ON SO  
WELL.

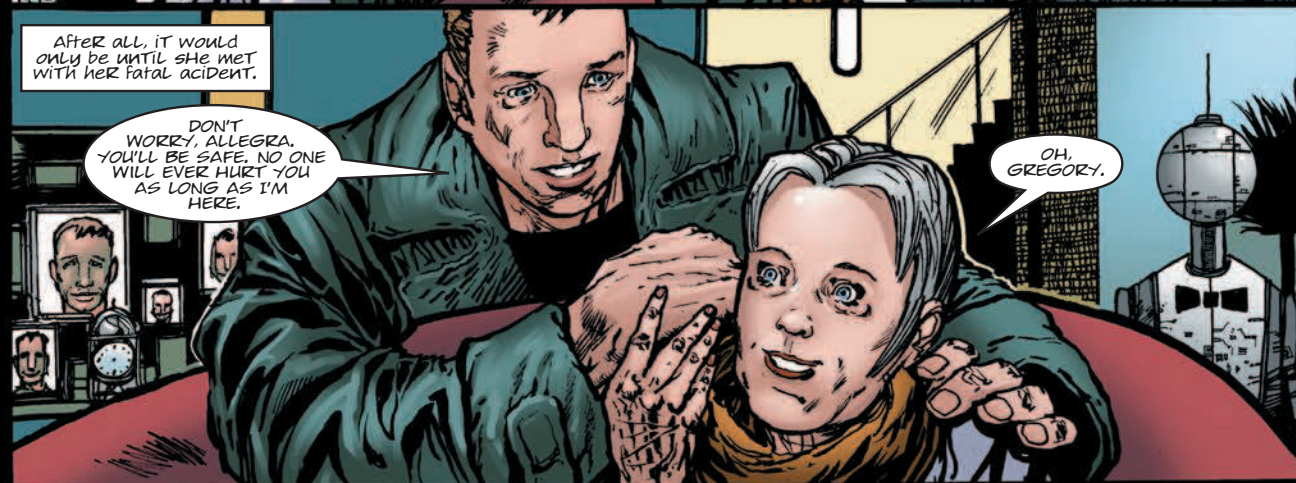
THAT'S  
WHAT HE WANTED  
YOU TO THINK. WE KNOW  
HE'S A PAID-UP MEMBER  
OF KILL THE RICH. THEY  
HATE BILLIONAIRES  
LIKE YOU.



I ON THE OTHER HAND LOVED  
BILLIONAIRES. I FIGGERED I MIGHT  
HAVE TO MARRY THE OLD GIRL  
TO GET MY HANDS ON IT, BUT I  
COULD LIVE WITH THAT.

MONTY,  
FRESH TOWELS FOR  
GREGORY'S ROOM. AND  
BRING THE KEY TO THE  
CONNECTING DOOR. HE MAY  
NEED TO HAVE... ACCESS  
TO ME DURING THE  
NIGHT.

YES,  
MADAM.



AFTER ALL, IT WOULD  
ONLY BE UNTIL SHE MET  
WITH HER FATAL ACCIDENT.

DON'T  
WORRY, ALLEGRA.  
YOU'LL BE SAFE. NO ONE  
WILL EVER HURT YOU  
AS LONG AS I'M  
HERE.

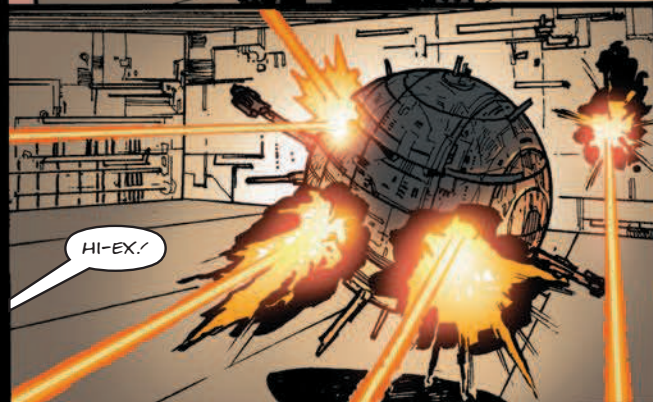
OH,  
GREGORY.



YOU WILL BE PRESENTED WITH A VARIETY OF TARGETS. THE CHOICE TO SHOOT IS YOURS. THE CHOICE OF PROJECTILE IS YOURS. RAPID FIRE OR SINGLE SHOT, BOTH ARE PERMITTED.

BECAUSE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF CONFUSION, VOICE COMMANDS WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE. THE CHARGE IN YOUR HI-EX HAS BEEN REDUCED. **RICOCET** BULLETS WILL NOT FUNCTION BECAUSE OF THE ABSORBENT WALL BUT YOU WILL BE GRADED ON THEIR USE.

YOU WILL BE ASSESSED FOR SPEED, ACCURACY AND CORRECT USAGE OF YOUR WEAPON. THE TEST BEGINS NOW.





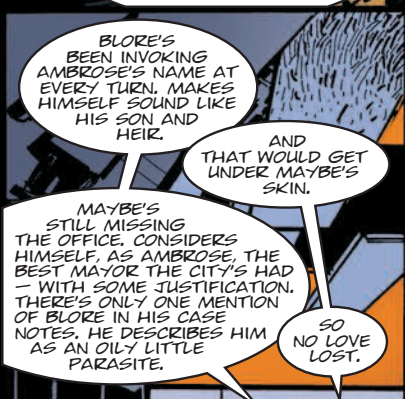






IT DOESN'T HELP THAT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE. IF HE'S TRUE TO FORM HE'LL HAVE FOUND A BOLTHOLE SOMEWHERE. WE COULD SEARCH TILL DOOMSDAY AND NEVER GET NEAR HIM. MY THINKING IS OUR BEST CHANCE IS TO ANTICIPATE HIM.

POWER — MONEY — MURDER. THESE ARE THE THINGS WE KNOW HE LIKES. THE FIRST TWO AREN'T THAT EASY TO GET A HOOK ON. BUT MURDER, NOW...

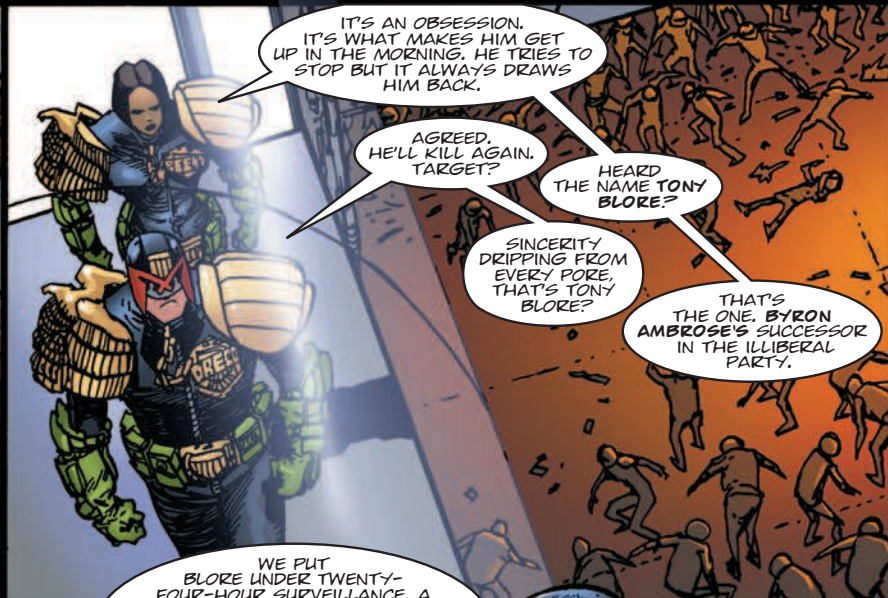


BLORE'S BEEN INVOKING AMBROSE'S NAME AT EVERY TURN. MAKES HIMSELF SOUND LIKE HIS SON AND HEIR.

AND THAT WOULD GET UNDER MAYBE'S SKIN.

MAYBE'S STILL MISSING THE OFFICE. CONSIDERS HIMSELF, AS AMBROSE, THE BEST MAYOR THE CITY'S HAD — WITH SOME JUSTIFICATION. THERE'S ONLY ONE MENTION OF BLORE IN HIS CASE NOTES. HE DESCRIBES HIM AS AN OILY LITTLE PARASITE.

SO NO LOVE LOST.



IT'S AN OBSESSION. IT'S WHAT MAKES HIM GET UP IN THE MORNING. HE TRIES TO STOP BUT IT ALWAYS DRAWS HIM BACK.

AGREED. HE'LL KILL AGAIN. TARGET?

HEARD THE NAME TONY BLORE?

SINCERITY DRIPPING FROM EVERY PORE. THAT'S TONY BLORE?

THAT'S THE ONE. BYRON AMBROSE'S SUCCESSOR IN THE ILLIBERAL PARTY.



WE PUT BLORE UNDER TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SURVEILLANCE. A COUPLE OF UNDERCOVER UNITS IN HIS CLOSE-SUPPORT TEAM. DISCREET SPY CAMS, AERIAL COVER EVERYWHERE HE GOES. HELMETS ON TAP READY TO MOVE ANY TIME DAY OR NIGHT.

COULD BE LONG TERM.

IT'S POSSIBLE.

EXPENSIVE...

I'M CALCULATING MAYBE WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD OFF FOR THAT LONG. GOT TO BE BEFORE THE ELECTION.



ALL RIGHT. THE COUNCIL GOT US IN THIS MESS. I'LL SEE THEY DON'T STAND IN THE WAY. WHATEVER YOU NEED. ANYBODY GIVES YOU TROUBLE REFER THEM TO ME.

WHEN I GET THIS DAMNED COLLAR OFF I'LL ASSIST YOU MYSELF.



PUTTING ON ALLEGRAS DEAR HUSBANDS FACE  
PROVED A SMART MOVE. SHE WAS PUTTY IN MY  
HANDS. IN FACT TWO WEEKS AFTER I MOVED IN  
TO THE STREPSIL MANSHUN WE TIED THE NOT.

I CONVINCED HER TO FLY US IN SECRET TO CUIDAD  
BAYANQUILLA WHERE THRO OLD CONTACTS I OBTAINED  
NEW PAPERS. IMPORTANT, I SAID, TO HIDE MY TRUE  
IDENTITY IN CASE HER WOULD-BE ASSASSINS REALISED  
JUDGES WERE WATCHING. I WAS NOW ROBERTO SMITH,  
BEACH ATTENDANT. WE HAD A LOVELY WEDDING ON  
THE BEACH AT SLOTTER BAY.

OF OUR WEDDING NIGHT, WELL,  
A GENTLEMEN DOESN'T TELL.  
LET'S JUST SAY FOR A 47 YEAR  
OLD, SHE WAS LIVELEY.

BACK  
IN THE CITY. OH,  
I WAS FORGETTING,  
YOUR FIRST VISIT,  
ROBERTO.

DON'T YOU  
WORRY, WE'LL SOON  
GET YOU A RESIDENCY  
PERMIT. CITIZENSHIP, TOO.  
I HAVE QUITE A LOT OF  
INFLUENCE, YOU  
KNOW.

THAT  
WOULD BE KIND,  
MY DEAR. BEST  
NOT TO USE MY OWN  
SOURCES IN CASE I  
GIVE THE GAME  
AWAY.

I HAD DESIDED TO POSTPONE  
ALLEGRAS ACCIDENT FOR A  
WHILE. TRUTH WAS, I KIND OF  
LIKED THE OLD GIRL, I GUESS  
I AM GOING A BIT SOFT.

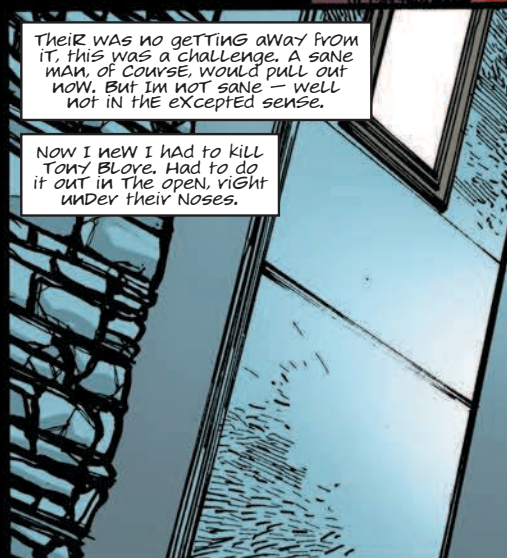
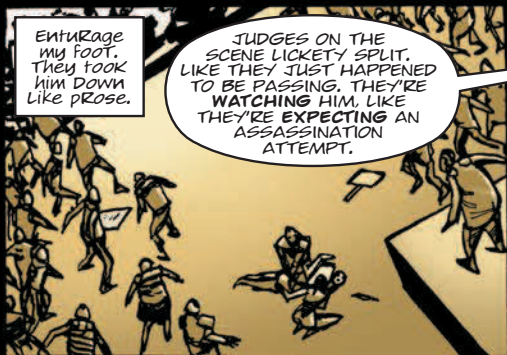
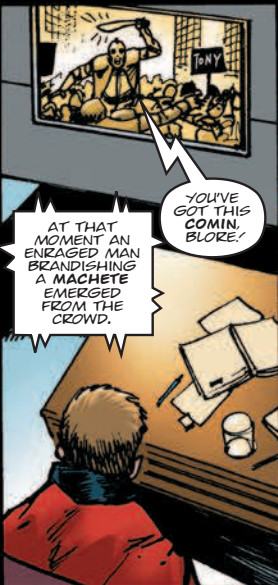
IT'S LATE, MY  
DEAR. YOU'RE TIRED. YOU  
GO OFF UP, I'LL JOIN  
YOU SOON.

BUT IN ANY  
CASE I HAD  
OTHER FISH  
TO FRY.

TONY BLORE

IT WAS ONLY A FEW WEEKS TILL THE  
ELECTSHUN. THEY WASN'T MUCH  
TIME. I HAD TO FIGGER OUT THE  
BEST WAY TO KILL TONY BLORE...





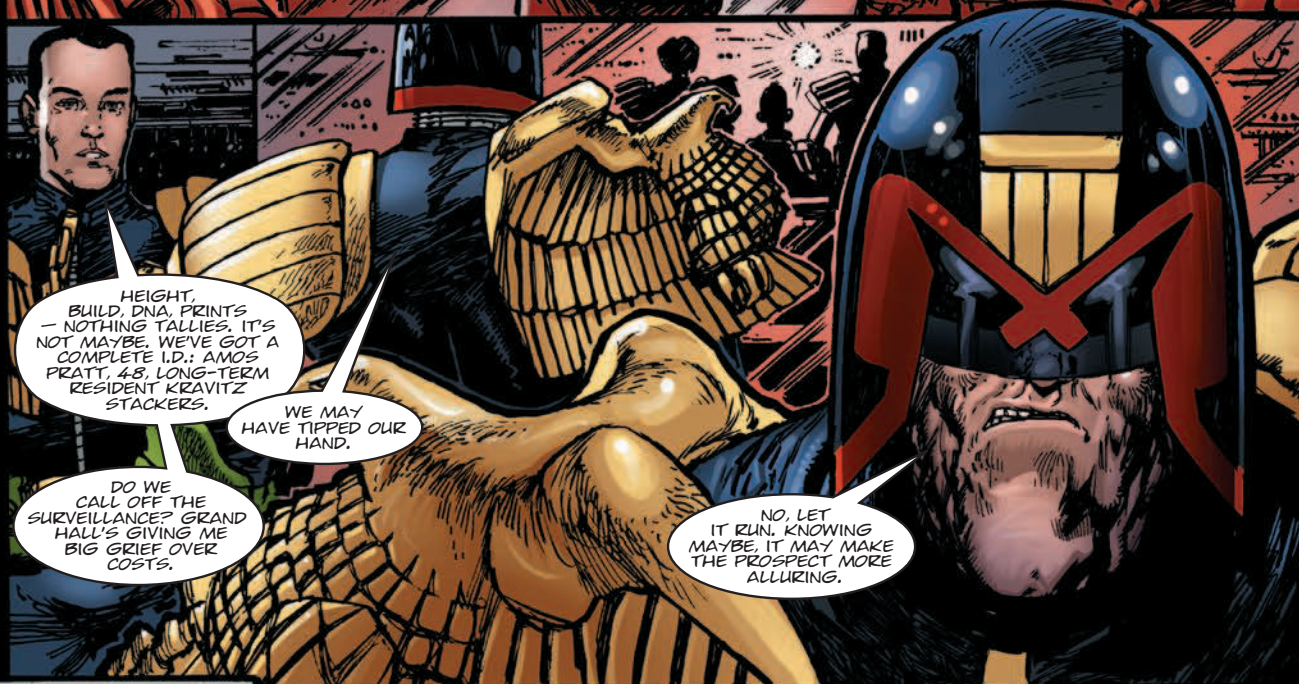




SO YOU  
THOUGHT YOU'D  
JUST DECAPITATE TONY  
BLORE - THERE, IN  
FRONT OF WOMEN AND  
CHILDREN.

IT'S  
TOO LATE FOR  
APOLOGIES. YOU'RE  
GOING TO THE  
PSYCHO  
CUBES.

I AIN'T  
MAKING NO  
APOLOGIES!



HEIGHT,  
BUILD, DNA, PRINTS  
- NOTHING TALLIES. IT'S  
NOT MAYBE, WE'VE GOT A  
COMPLETE I.D.: AMOS  
PRATT, 48, LONG-TERM  
RESIDENT KRAVITZ  
STACKERS.

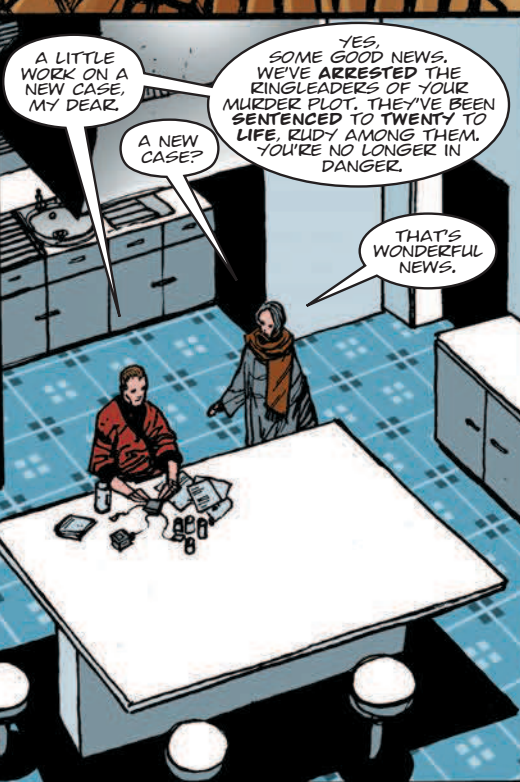
WE MAY  
HAVE TIPPED OUR  
HAND.

DO WE  
CALL OFF THE  
SURVEILLANCE? GRAND  
HALL'S GIVING ME  
BIG GRIEF OVER  
COSTS.

NO, LET  
IT RUN. KNOWING  
MAYBE, IT MAY MAKE  
THE PROSPECT MORE  
ALLURING.



WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING,  
ROBERTO?

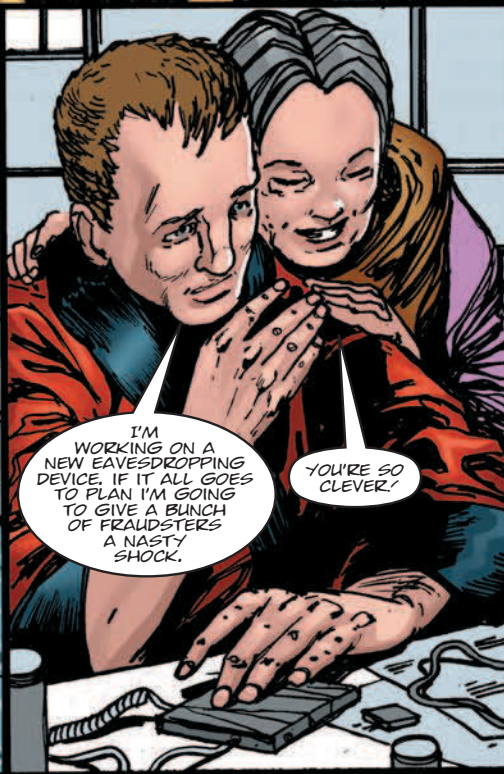


A LITTLE  
WORK ON A  
NEW CASE,  
MY DEAR.

A NEW  
CASE?

YES,  
SOME GOOD NEWS.  
WE'VE ARRESTED THE  
RINGLEADERS OF YOUR  
MURDER PLOT. THEY'VE BEEN  
SENTENCED TO TWENTY TO  
LIFE, RUDY AMONG THEM.  
YOU'RE NO LONGER IN  
DANGER.

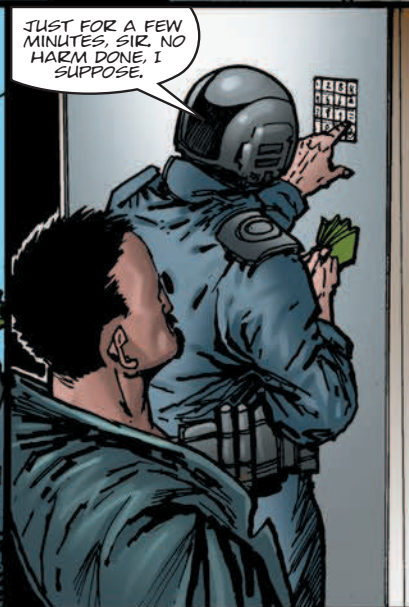
THAT'S  
WONDERFUL  
NEWS.



I'M  
WORKING ON A  
NEW EAVESDROPPING  
DEVICE. IF IT ALL GOES  
TO PLAN I'M GOING  
TO GIVE A BUNCH  
OF FRAUDSTERS  
A NASTY  
SHOCK.

'YOU'RE SO  
CLEVER!'









OH,  
WONDERFUL!  
WONDERFUL!

I WONDER  
IF I MIGHT...  
SIT IN THE  
SEATS?

SURE.



OH MY!  
THERE HE IS  
AGAIN!

WHO?  
WHAT?

THE  
MUTANT. I SAW  
HIM THROUGH THE  
WINDOW. I SAW HIM  
EARLIER, SNEAKING  
IN. HE LOOKED  
UP TO NO  
GOOD.



A MUTIE,  
HUH? I'LL  
GIVE HIM A  
MUTATION. YOU  
WAIT HERE,  
SIR.



The seat's were  
padded. It was easy  
to slip the flatpax  
in underneath. They  
wouldn't feel any  
thing when they  
sat on them.



My reeding and  
viting may not be  
that good but  
I've always been  
a whiz at sience.



ANY  
LUCK?

NAH! WHAT DID  
HE LOOK LIKE, THIS  
MUTIE?

REALLY  
UGLY. BUT AREN'T  
THEY ALL?



I DO HOPE  
YOU FIND HIM. MUTANTS  
DISGUST ME. WE OUGHT  
TO PUT THEM ALL IN CRUSHERS  
AND CRUSH THEM  
LIKE BUGS.

DAMN  
RIGHT. FREAKIN'  
DREDD TO BLAME FOR  
IT. OUGHTA CRUSH  
HIM TOO.

DON'T  
TELL HIM I SAID  
THAT.

PERISH THE  
THOUGHT.





TONIGHT,  
LIVE FROM STUDIO 2,  
IT'S IN THE HOT  
SEAT.



HOVER 9,  
GOAT INCOMING,  
ETA STUDIOS  
THIRTY SECONDS.




MAN IN THE GREEN  
OVERTAK, CONTROL.  
GO IN CLOSE ON  
HIS RIGHT  
HAND.




PISTOL  
CAM. POINT AND  
SHOOT.

DRIVER  
IS INSTRUCTED  
TO DROP GOAT AT  
THE FRONT. HE'LL MAKE  
AN INVITING TARGET.  
ALL UNITS, BE  
ALERT.




ROAKE —  
ROW K, END  
SEAT YOUR SIDE, IS  
THAT A MAN IN  
A WIG?

THAT'S  
AFFIRMATIVE.



NO WAY  
IT'S MAYBE UNLESS  
HE'S BEEFED UP  
SUDDEN.

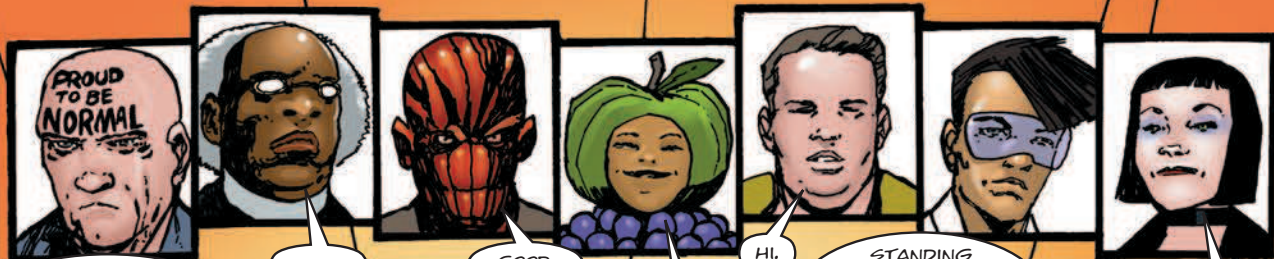


TONIGHT IN THE HOT SEAT,  
EIGHT LEADING CANDIDATES IN  
THE MAYORAL ELECTION, NOW  
THREE SHORT WEEKS  
AWAY.

EDITH TOFU  
OF THE VEGAN  
FRINGE.

HELLO.





FRANK  
HUMMER OF THE  
NORMAL DEFENCE  
LEAGUE.

HELLO.

GOOD  
EVENING.

HI.

STANDING  
IN TONIGHT FOR  
THE LATE PAUL PECK,  
IT'S LARS PIPPER  
OF THE PEOPLE  
PARTY.

HELLO.

THE  
REVEREND  
BRUCE MCKIMBO  
OF PATH OF  
GRUD.

RIDLEY  
SOLONG OF  
THE MUTANT  
TENDENCY.

RIBENA  
HARDLY-  
LUCIBERRY  
OF THE SIMP  
PARTY.

CLUMP.

TONY  
BLORE OF THE  
ILLIBERALS.

FINALLY,  
THE REPRESENTATIVE  
FROM APATHY DECLINED TO  
APPEAR, SO INSTEAD IN THE HOT  
SEAT IT'S ANGELINA PRINCE  
OF THE REACTIONARY  
PROGRESSIVES.



I poshunned myself  
in the Cay Park next  
Dore. That's where  
Tony Bloves Limo  
had to park up.

EXCUSE  
ME, SIR, DID YOU KNOW  
YOU HAVE A SMALL CHILD  
CRUSHED UNDER YOUR  
VEHICLE?

WHAAT?

I CAN'T  
SEE ANYTHING.  
YOU'RE JOKING,  
RIGHT?

YEAH,  
HERE'S  
THE FUNNY  
BIT.





FIRST QUESTION TONIGHT FROM SYNTHIA CARPER OF SECTOR 217. SYNTHIA SAYS: WHAT ABOUT THE MUTANTS?

WELL, WHAT ABOUT THEM?

FRANK HUMMER OF THE NDL, YOU'RE IN THE HOT SEAT.

NO MUTIES. PERIOD. GET 'EM OUT. WE NEVER ASKED FOR 'EM. WE DON'T WANT 'EM.

PROUD TO BE NORMAL

RIDLEY SOLOING OF THE MUTANT TENDENCY — YOU'RE NOT WANTED.

OH, WE KNOW THAT VERY WELL.

OH, YOU ARE SO GOING TO GET IT.

EDITH TOFU OF THE VEGAN FRINGE, YOU'RE IN THE HOT SEAT!

THE DAY THAT HATE MONGERS LIKE FRANK HUMMER GET THEIR WAY WILL BE A SAD DAY FOR MEGA-CITY ONE.

CLUMP.

RIBENA HARDY-LUCIDBERRY OF THE SIMP PARTY, YOU DON'T LIKE SAD DAYS.

OH REALLY, LET'S TRY TO KEEP THE LEVEL OF DEBATE ABOVE THE CHILDISH.

TONY BLORE OF THE ILLIBERALS.

LOOK, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE MUTANT QUESTION, YOU NEED ONLY FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF MY LATE, DEAR FRIEND BYRON AMBROSE —

THERE HE GOES AGAIN!

YOU LITTLE PUNK, YOU'RE NOT FIT TO LICK BYRON AMBROSE'S U-FRONT'S.

BAW  
OOOOO  
M





REMAIN  
IN YOUR SEATS, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN. DON'T  
PANIC.

CAN'T  
MOVE!

I'M  
STUCK!

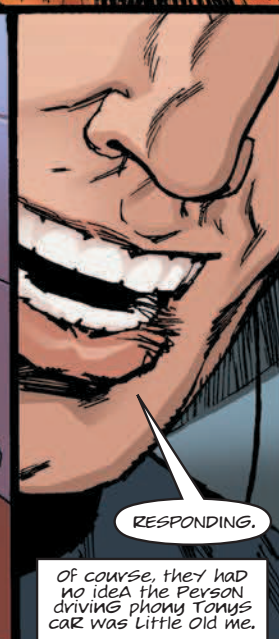
OH GRUD,  
LET GO!

THIS  
IS A MUTIE  
TRICK!

PROUD  
TO BE  
NORMAN

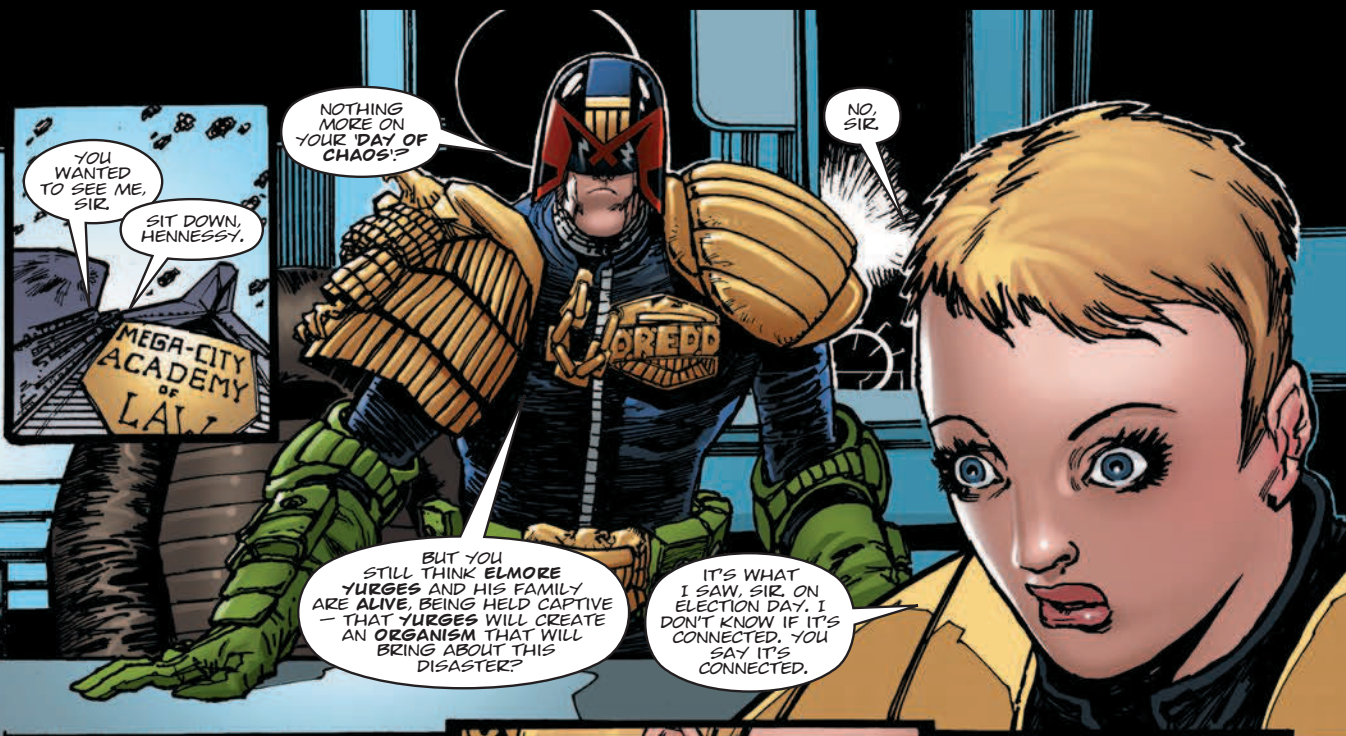






Of course, they had no idea the person driving phony Tony's car was Little Old Me.





YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, SIR.

SIT DOWN, HENNESSY.

NOTHING MORE ON YOUR 'DAY OF CHAOS'?

NO, SIR.

BUT YOU STILL THINK ELMORE YURGES AND HIS FAMILY ARE ALIVE, BEING HELD CAPTIVE — THAT YURGES WILL CREATE AN ORGANISM THAT WILL BRING ABOUT THIS DISASTER?

IT'S WHAT I SAW, SIR, ON ELECTION DAY. I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S CONNECTED, YOU SAY IT'S CONNECTED.

THE PEOPLE THAT CARRIED OUT THE ABDUCTION WERE THE SAME ONES WHO KILLED TREENA GRIGGS AND BILLY HESTER. THE WOMAN WHO DID THIS WAS AN EAST-MEG AGENT — YOU SAW HER, THAT ALL CONNECTS YOUR VISIONS TO YURGES.

THE YOUNG PRECOG HAD BEEN DEEPLY AFFECTED BY THE MURDERS. SINCE THEN HER INSIGHTS HAD DRIED UP. SHE NEEDS HANDLING WITH CARE —

DON'T GET UPSET.

YOU'VE STOPPED BELIEVING ME TOO.

NOT AT ALL. SOME OF YOUR PREDICTIONS HAVE BEEN UNCANNILY ACCURATE. NO ONE ELSE HAS TAPPED INTO THIS. I JUST NEED MORE.

BUT I NEVER SAW MR. YURGES. I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S ALIVE. I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. I JUST KNOW SOMETHING BAD'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

I KNOW YOU CAN'T SWITCH THESE THINGS ON AND OFF. JUST DO YOUR BEST, HENNESSY. THAT'S ALL I ASK. I HAVE FAITH IN YOU.

YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR.

IT COULD BE THAT THE CONSENSUS IS RIGHT. THAT YURGES IS DEAD. HENNESSY HADN'T GOT EVERYTHING RIGHT. SHE WAS WRONG ABOUT HIS OWN DEATH. SHE COULD BE WRONG ABOUT THIS DAY OF CHAOS...

BIDIP

IN ANY CASE, HE TAKES COMFORT FROM ONE THOUGHT: WITH THE ELECTION ONLY WEEKS AWAY, THERE IS NOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT YURGES COULD HAVE THE VIRUS READY.

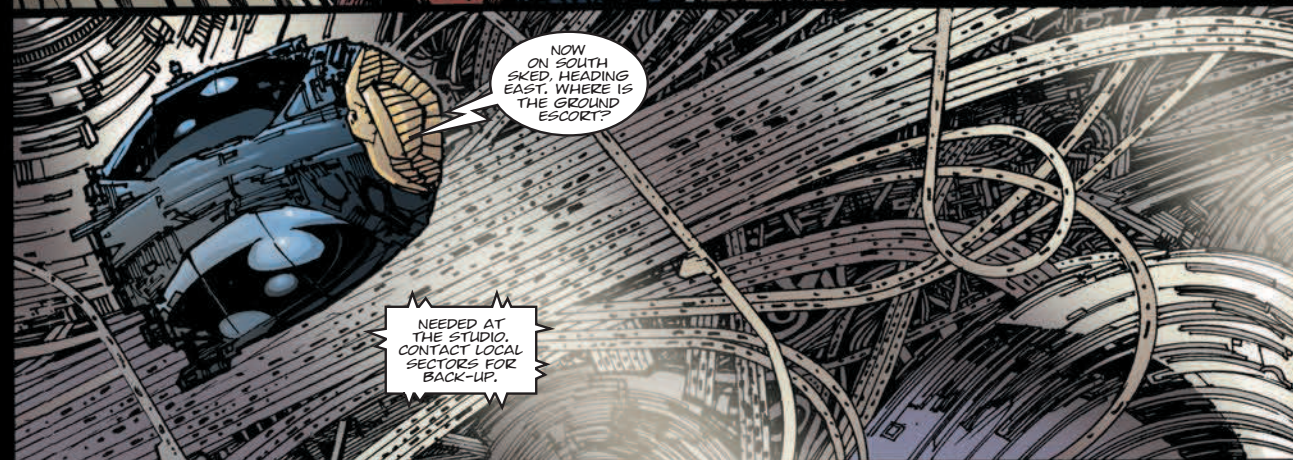
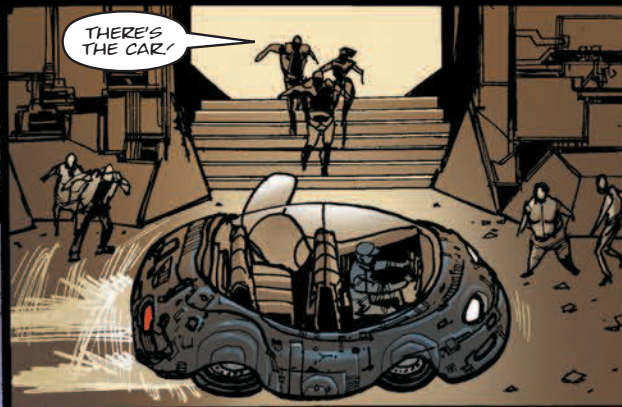


DREDD. I THINK YOU SHOULD LOOK AT THIS.



IN THE HOT SEAT









WELL, IT'S TONY BLOKE.

YOU'RE NOT MY DRIVER, WHERE'S MY NORMAL DRIVER?

YOUR NORMAL DRIVER IS IN THE TRUNK. I KILLED HIM.



I'M YOUR ABNORMAL DRIVER.



VERY FUNNY. I CAN DO WITHOUT ANY INSOLENCE AFTER WHAT I'VE SEEN.

SOME SHOW, HUH? THAT'S WHAT I CALL IN THE HOT SEAT.

YOU'RE SICK.



FUNNY, THOUGH, WHY THEY DIDN'T BLOW YOUR BUTT OFF, DIDN'T THAT STRIKE YOU AS ODD? I MEAN, IF I WAS GOING TO KILL ANYONE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN YOU. IF FACT, I AM GOING TO KILL YOU.

I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH. I WANT YOUR NAME.

BY ALL MEANS, IT'S MAYBE - PJ MAYBE, BUT YOU KNOW ME BETTER AS BYRON AMBROSE.



MAYOR AMBROSE, YOUR MENTOR - YOUR FATHER FIGURE - YOUR BEST FRIEND. BUT WE KNOW WHAT BYRON REALLY THOUGHT OF YOU, DON'T WE, TONY?

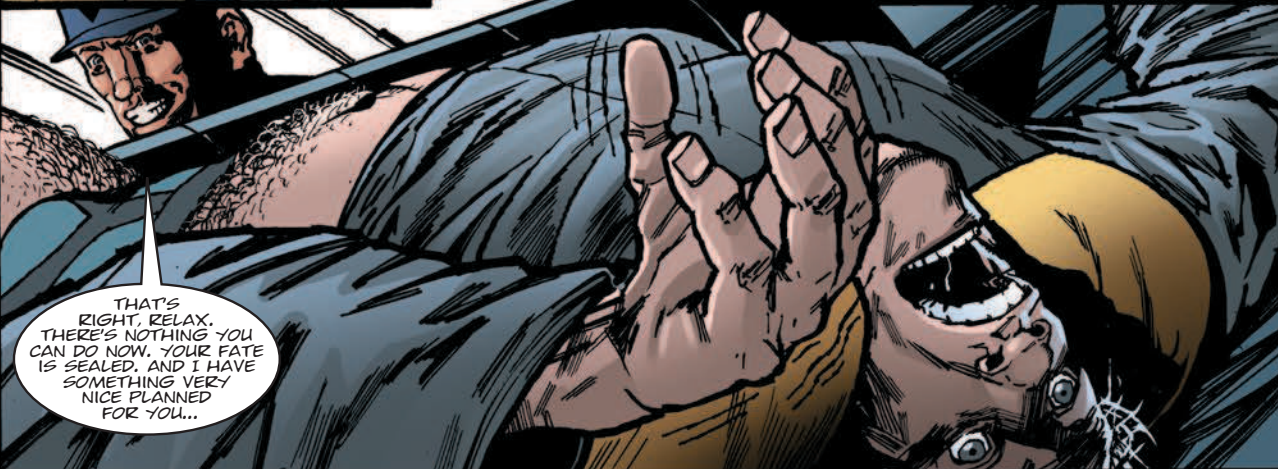
YOU'RE MAD. I'M CALLING FOR HELP.



VZZZZZZTTTTT

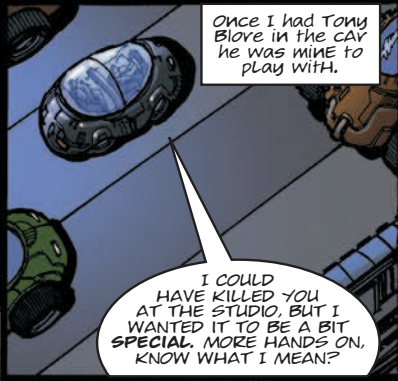
UNNNNNHHH!

TONY, TONY, TONY.



THAT'S RIGHT, RELAX. THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO NOW. YOUR FATE IS SEALED, AND I HAVE SOMETHING VERY NICE PLANNED FOR YOU...





ONCE I HAD TONY BLOVE IN THE CAR HE WAS MINE TO PLAY WITH.

I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU AT THE STUDIO, BUT I WANTED IT TO BE A BIT SPECIAL. MORE HANDS ON. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



WHUUH —  
WHUUH —  
WHO...?

I TOLD YOU, I'M PJ MAYBE. I USED TO BE BYRON AMBROSE, THE MAYOR. THAT'S WHY YOU GOT ON MY NERVES, PRETENDING WE WERE BEST PALS. IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT YOU'RE GETTING THIS.



GOATKEEPER, YOU ARE DIVERGING FROM SCHEDULED ROUTE. ADVISE NEW DESTINATION.

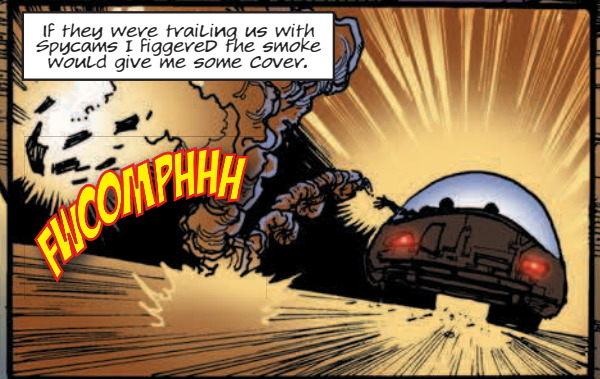


NO RESPONSE.

HE'S IN THE UNDERSKED. CATCH HIM THE OTHER SIDE.

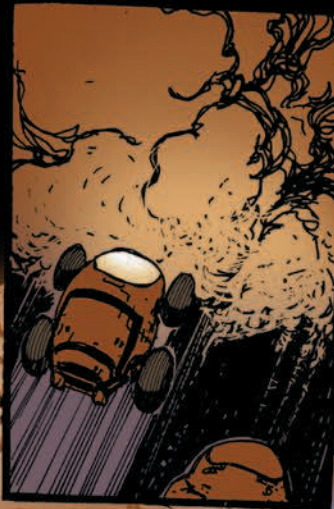


I'M GOING TO TELL THE CAR TO MAKE A BRIEF STOP THEN CARRY ON WITHOUT US.

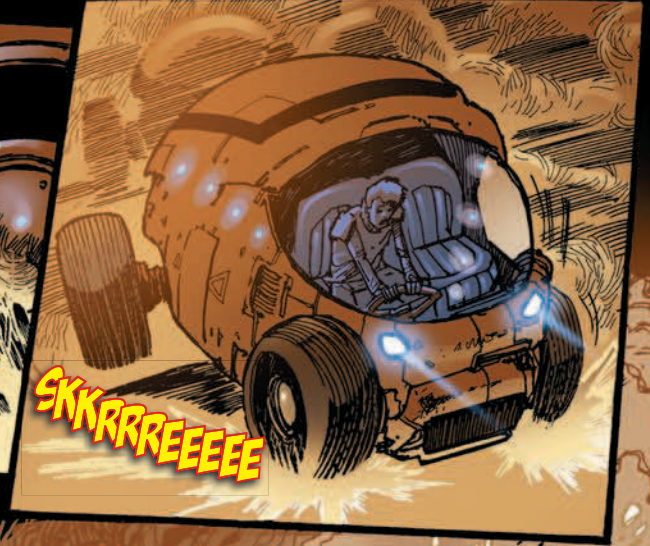


IF THEY WERE TRAILING US WITH SPYCAMS I FIGGERED THE SMOKE WOULD GIVE ME SOME COVER.

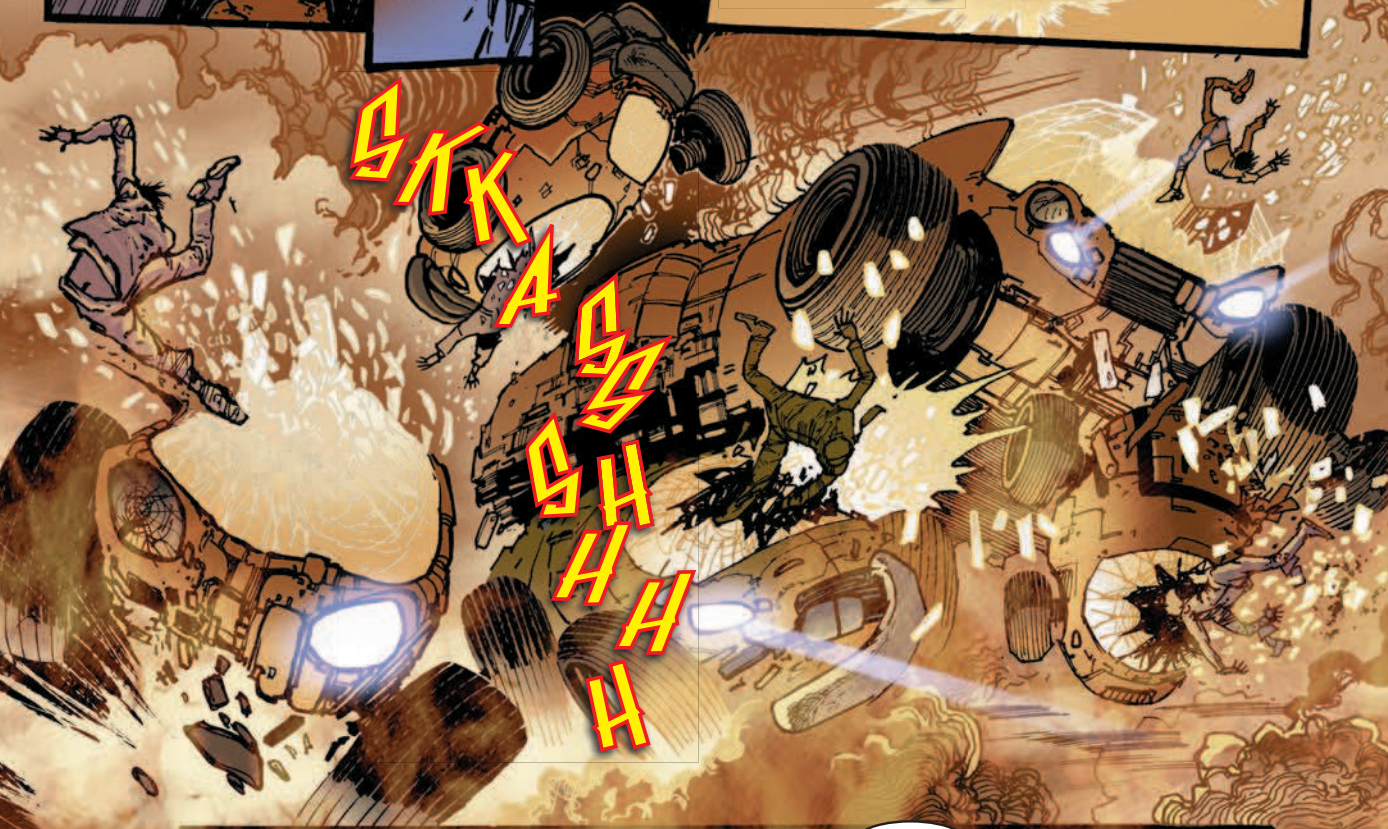




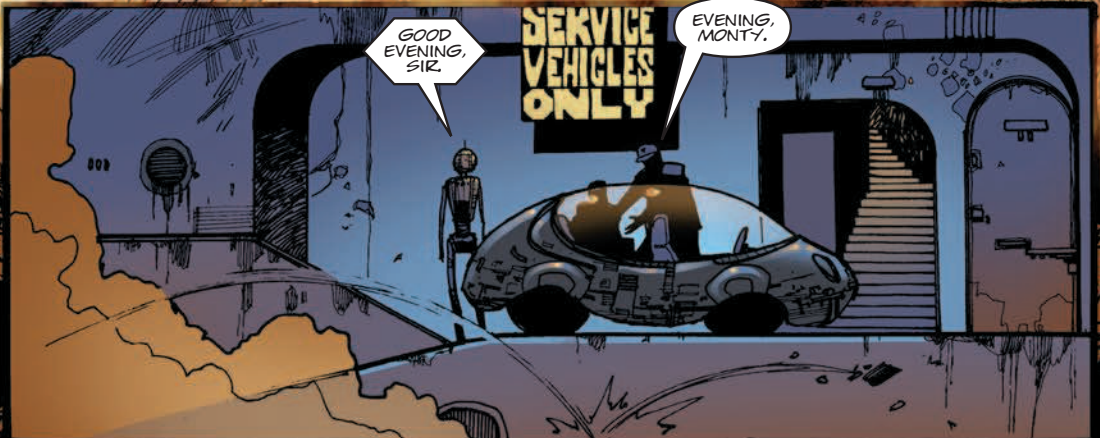
GRUD - !



SKKRRREEEEE



SKK  
A  
SH  
H  
H



GOOD  
EVENING,  
SIR.

SERVICE  
VEHICLES  
ONLY

EVENING,  
MONTY.





THIS IS ALL MOST IRREGULAR, SIR.

JUST DON'T TELL ANYONE, ESPECIALLY MY DEAR WIFE. SHE WOULD BE SO UPSET.

PLEASE... PLEASE....!



IT'S GOING TO GET TIRESOME LISTENING TO YOU BEGGING.



THERE HE IS.

GOATKEEPER, YOU ARE DIVERGING FROM SCHEDULED ROUTE. ADVISE NEW DESTINATION.



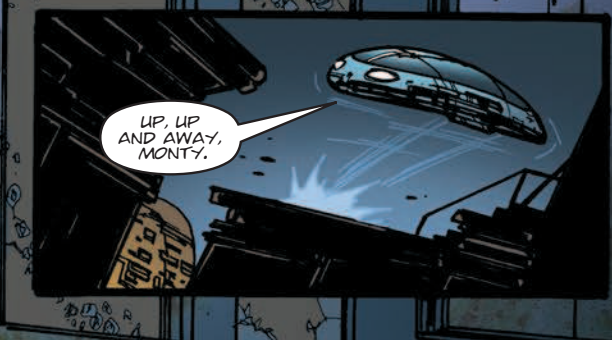
NO SPYCAMS. OKAY, BETTER HURRY. THEY'LL SEND RESCUE WORKERS THIS WAY.



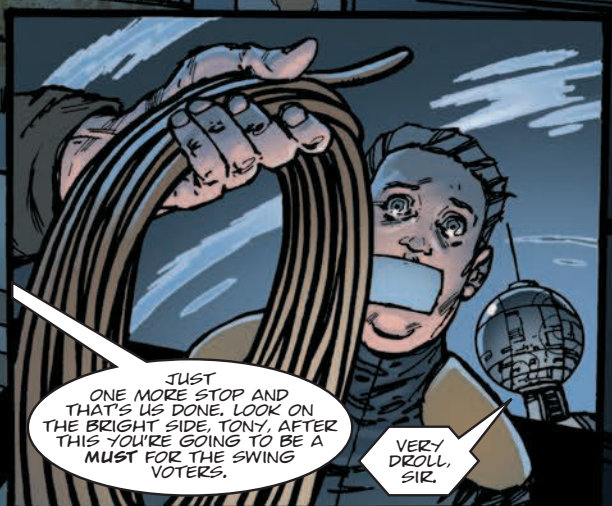
I PARKED MRS STREPSIL'S VEHICLE OVER THERE.

FALSE PLATES?

OF COURSE, SIR, AS YOU INSTRUCTED.



UP, UP AND AWAY, MONTY.



JUST ONE MORE STOP AND THAT'S US DONE. LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, TONY, AFTER THIS YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MUST FOR THE SWING VOTERS.

VERY DROLL, SIR.



MEANWHILE, BACK  
AT THE STUDIOS -

SOME OF  
THOSE CHAIRS  
MAY STILL BE LIVE.  
KEEP WELL BACK TILL  
THE BOMB SQUAD'S  
CLEARED IT.

THIS IS HOVER 9.  
GOAT HAS DIVERGED  
FROM SCHEDULED ROUTE.  
NOW ON EAST SWARTSWAY.  
WE'RE GETTING NO  
RESPONSE FROM  
GOATKEEPER. ADVISE.

BETTER  
CALL IN GROUND  
UNITS, CHECK  
IT OUT.

TELL  
JUDGE LOGAN  
WHAT YOU  
TOLD ME.

I HAD AN  
EMERGENCY. MUTIE  
LOOSE IN THE  
BUILDING.

WHAT'S LEFT OF  
THE FIVE HUNDRED.  
COULD BE PRINTS  
ON IT, DNA.

I'LL GET  
SOMEONE TO  
CHECK THE  
SURVEILLANCE  
TAPES.

FROM  
BRAINBOX'S  
DESCRIPTION, IF IT'S  
MAYBE HE WAS IN  
HEAVY DISGUISE.

COUPLA  
DAYS AGO GUY SLIPS  
ME FIVE BIG TO LOOK AT  
THE STUDIO. SAYS HOT SEAT'S  
HIS NUMBER ONE SHOW. I JUST  
LET HIM IN FOR A COUPLA  
MINUTES. I DIDN'T THINK  
HE WAS GONNA DO  
NOTHING.

THIS  
STUDIO'S SUPPOSED  
TO BE KEPT  
LOCKED FOR A  
PURPOSE.

OF COURSE,  
IT WAS TOO MUCH TO  
HOPE THAT BRAINBOX  
WOULD ACTUALLY STAY  
AND WATCH HIM.

HOVER 9,  
THE VEHICLE IS  
EMPTY. RUNNING  
ON AUTO.

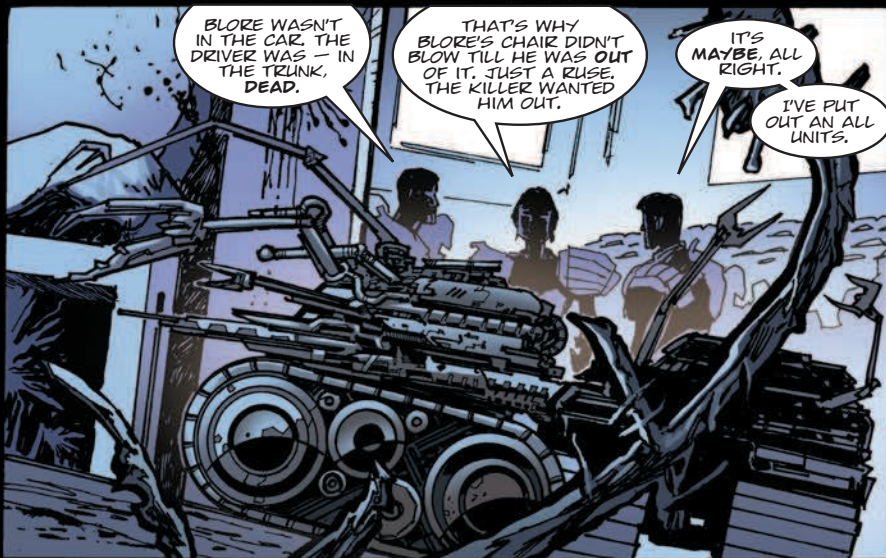
PULL  
OVER!

DRIVER'S  
CAP AND JACKET  
ARE ON THE FRONT  
SEAT.

COULD  
BE THE DRIVER  
HERE.

IT'S NOT  
TONY BLORE  
ANYWAY.





BLORE WASN'T IN THE CAR. THE DRIVER WAS — IN THE TRUNK, DEAD.

THAT'S WHY BLORE'S CHAIR DIDN'T BLOW TILL HE WAS OUT OF IT. JUST A RUSE THE KILLER WANTED HIM OUT.

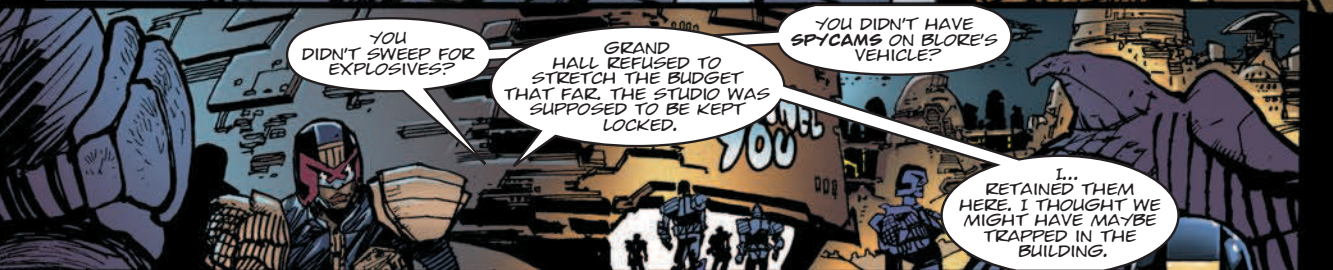
IT'S MAYBE, ALL RIGHT.

I'VE PUT OUT AN ALL UNITS.



WHAT A FOUL-UP! WHAT A DAMNED FOUL-UP!

UH-OH. DREDD.



YOU DIDN'T SWEEP FOR EXPLOSIVES?

GRAND HALL REFUSED TO STRETCH THE BUDGET THAT FAR. THE STUDIO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE KEPT LOCKED.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE SPYCAMS ON BLORE'S VEHICLE?

I... RETAINED THEM HERE. I THOUGHT WE MIGHT HAVE MAYBE TRAPPED IN THE BUILDING.



WHOSE IDEA WAS IT NOT TO KEEP BLORE HERE?

MINE, SIR. I THOUGHT HE WOULD BE SAFER.



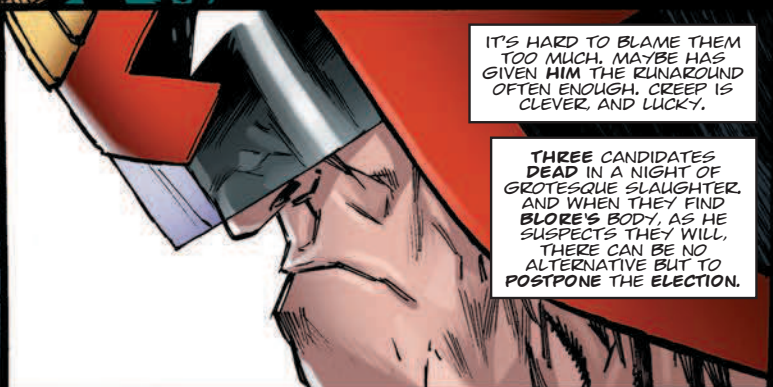
WHAT ABOUT YOU, BEENY? WHAT DID YOU GET WRONG?

I THINK I TURNED UP TODAY.

WE THINK THEY LEFT THE CAR IN THE BRINSLEY UNDERSKED. THERE WAS A MULTIPLE PILE-UP THERE, EIGHT DEAD, DRIVERS REPORTED SMOKE.



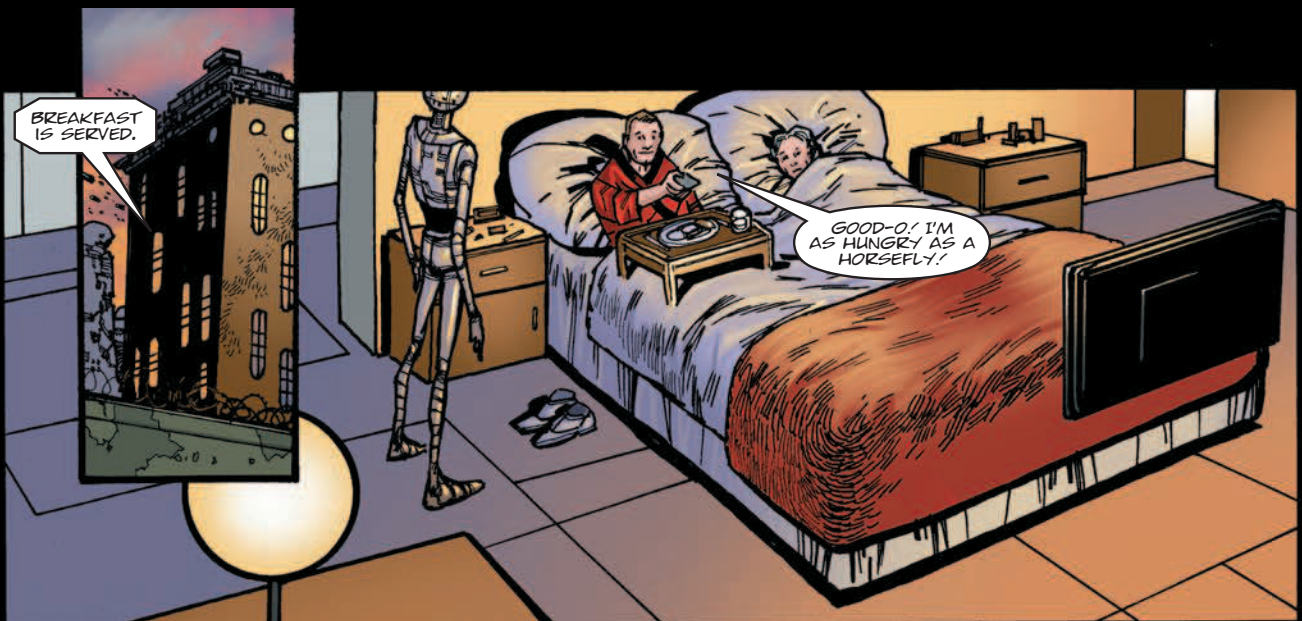
THIS GETS BETTER AND BETTER.



IT'S HARD TO BLAME THEM TOO MUCH, MAYBE HAS GIVEN HIM THE RUNAROUND OFTEN ENOUGH. CREEP IS CLEVER, AND LUCKY.

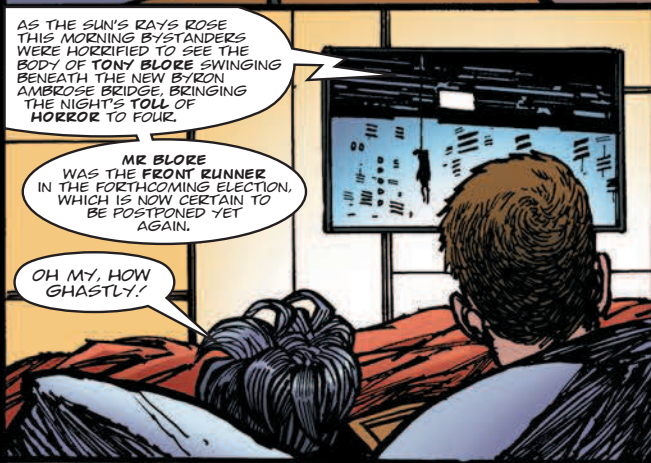
THREE CANDIDATES DEAD IN A NIGHT OF GROTESQUE SLAUGHTER, AND WHEN THEY FIND BLORE'S BODY, AS HE SUSPECTS THEY WILL, THERE CAN BE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO POSTPONE THE ELECTION.





BREAKFAST IS SERVED.

GOOD-O! I'M AS HUNGRY AS A HORSEFLY!



AS THE SUN'S RAYS ROSE THIS MORNING BYSTANDERS WERE HORRIFIED TO SEE THE BODY OF TONY BLORE SWINGING BENEATH THE NEW BYRON AMBROSE BRIDGE, BRINGING THE NIGHT'S TOLL OF HORROR TO FOUR.

MR BLORE WAS THE FRONT RUNNER IN THE FORTHCOMING ELECTION, WHICH IS NOW CERTAIN TO BE POSTPONED YET AGAIN.

OH MY, HOW GHASTLY!



IRONIC THAT MR BLORE SHOULD BE FOUND HANGING FROM THE BRIDGE DEDICATED TO HIS FORMER LEADER AND MENTOR.

JUDGES BELIEVE THE MURDERS TO BE THE WORK OF TERRORIST GROUPS, SO FAR NONE HAS CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY.



SO, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO ADMIT I DID IT.

YOU DID IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ROBERTO?



JUST MY LITTLE JOKE. AS IF I COULD COMMIT SUCH A GHASTLY ACT WHEN I'M SO FULL OF LOVE FOR YOU.

OH ROBERTO...



Anyway, what did it matter? They knew it was me. That was enough. I'd announced myself. PJ Maybe was back.

Time now to sit back and quietly enjoy the fruits of married life. But they'd no I was out here somewhere, waiting till the mood took me... cunning - dangerous - elusive.





**GALLERY**

*James*





2000 AD Prog 1743: Cover by Clint Langley





2000 AD Prog 1749: Cover by Garry Brown

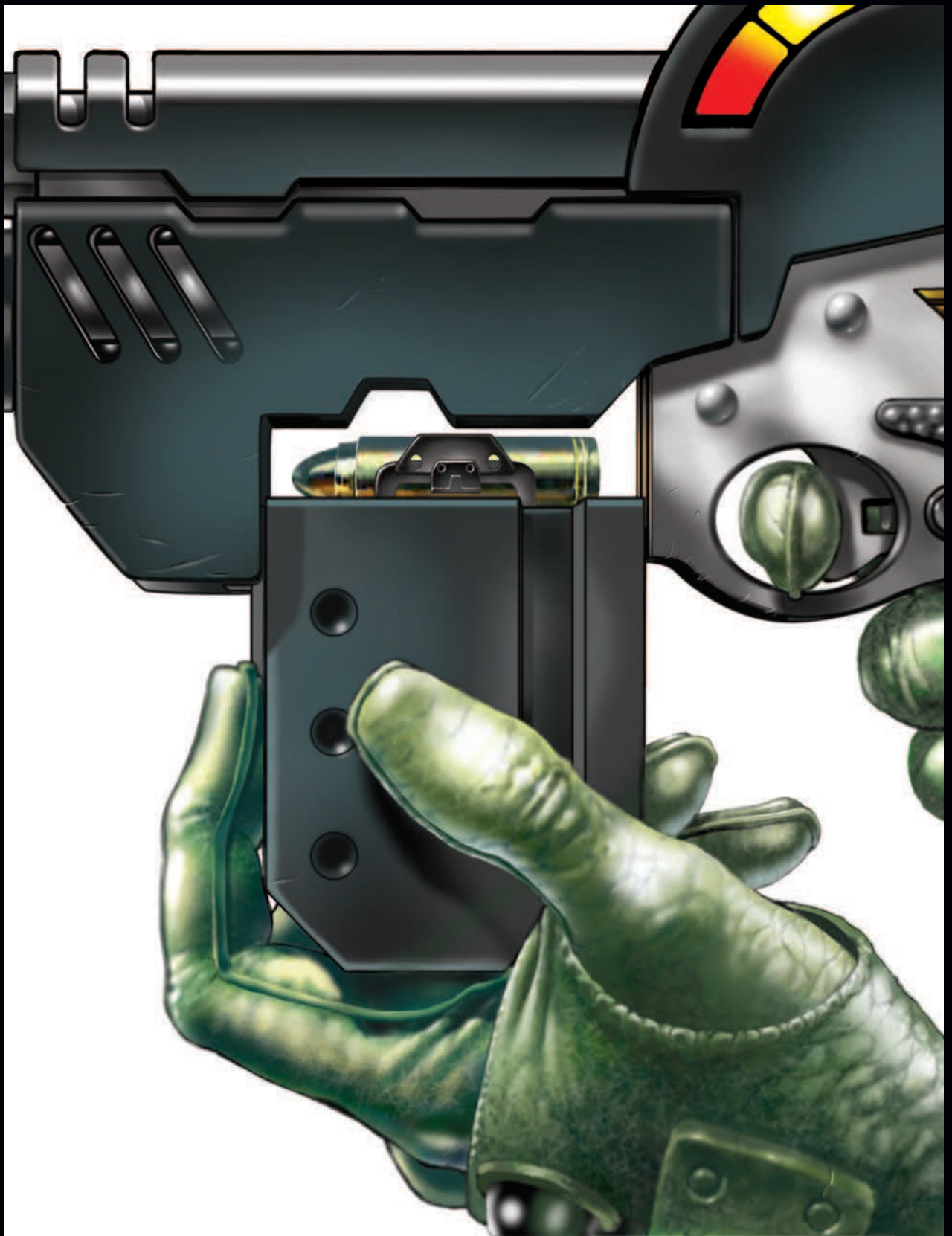












2000 AD Prog 1755: Cover by **Cliff Robinson**





*Judge Dredd Magazine Issue 308: Cover by Clint Langley*



# JOHN WAGNER

**John Wagner** has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

# HENRY FLINT

**Henry Flint**, winner of the National Comics Awards for Best Comic Artist 2004, is one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's rising superstars. Co-creator of *Sancho Panzer*, *Shakara*, and the fan-favourite strip, *Zombo*, his incredibly versatile pencils have also graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Dredd/Aliens*, *Deadlock*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *The V.C.'s* and *Venus Bluegenes*. He has even written a *Tharg's Alien Invasions strip*! He has also worked on several American comics, including *Omega Men*, *Haunted Tank* and *Fear Itself: Fearsome Four*. Away from the comics industry, Henry produced art of the cover of DJ Food's 2012 album, *The Search Engine*.

# STAZ JOHNSON

**Stewart "Staz" Johnson** started his artistic career working on RPG magazines. From there he got work at Marvel UK where he worked on weekly comic book series such as *Transformers* and *Action Force*. Having worked on the majority of Marvel's A-list titles such as *Thor*, *The Avengers* & *Spider-Man*, he moved over to DC Comics, working on several *Batman* titles. His work for *2000 AD* includes *Judge Dredd*, *Future Shocks*, *Rogue Trooper* and the strip *Killer* which he co-created with Steve Moore.

# COLIN MACNEIL

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper: Song of the Surfer* and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog: The Final Solution*. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award-winning *America* for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad*, and, outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

# BEN WILLISHER

**Ben Willsher** got his break in comics in the ground-breaking *Deadline* magazine (home of *Tank Girl*), before being stolen by the world of computer games, where he has worked as an Art Director for many years. However, the lure of Comics was too strong and he came back to *2000 AD* and has drawn *Future Shocks*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Tharg's Terror Tales*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Damnation Station*, but he is probably best known for his work on *Judge Dredd*. He most recently revived the uber cool grifter *Lenny Zero*, with original creator Andy Diggle.

Beyond his accomplishments in the world of comics he has also worked in film, television and the music industry, and is heavily involved in the World of *Doctor Who*, where he has illustrated work for the Time Lord luminaries such as Russell T Davies, Mark Gatiss, and comic giant Neil Gaiman.