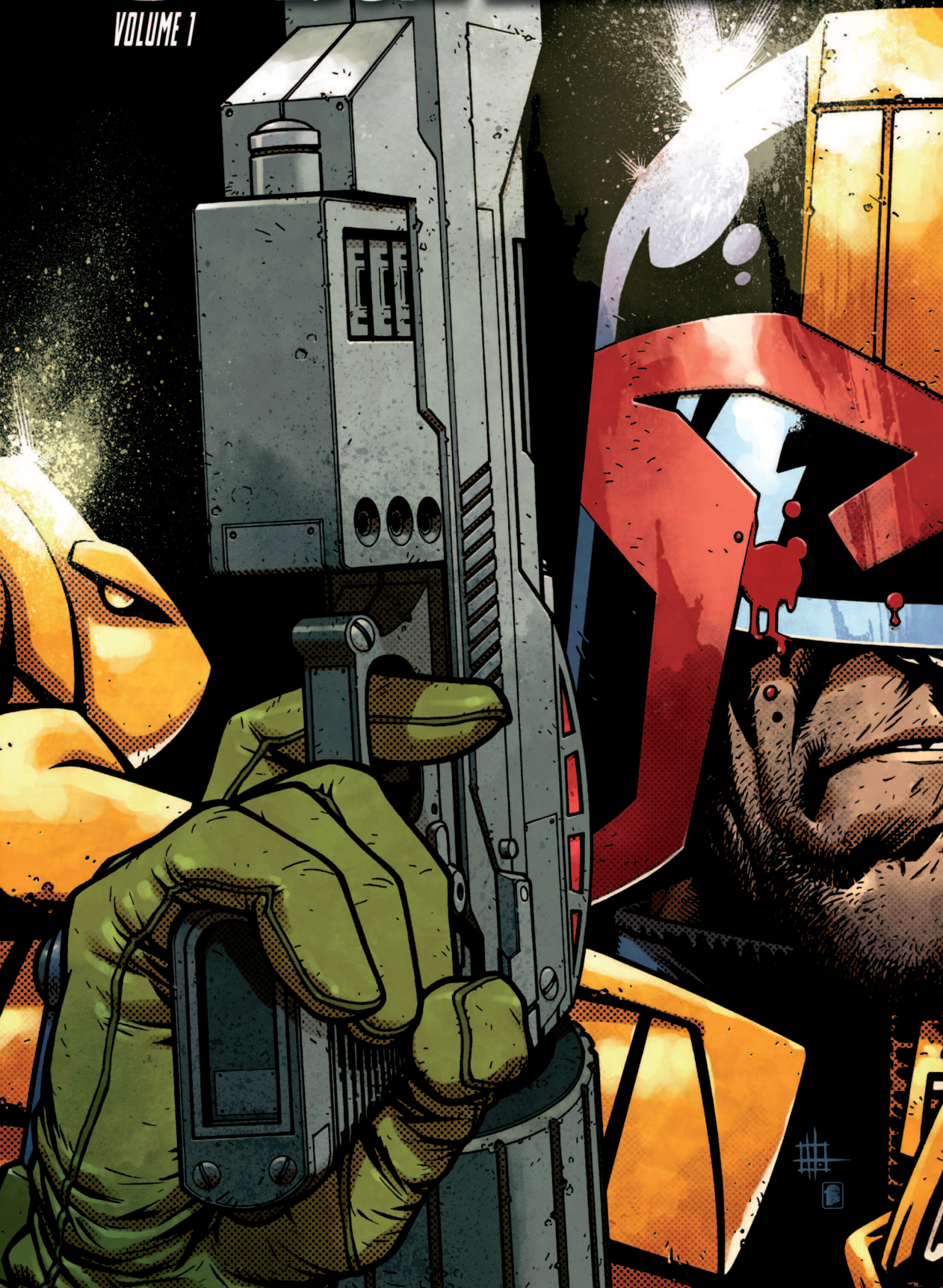


JUDGE DREDD®

VOLUME 1





CREATED BY **JOHN WAGNER** AND **CARLOS EZQUERRA**

JUDGE DREDD®

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ART BY **NICK RUNGE**

THE YEAR 2100.

DUANE
Gelatos

EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION
PEOPLE CALL THIS HOME.

ALL OF THEM JAMMED INTO AN
AREA CLINGING TO THE EAST
COAST OF THE NORTH AMERICAN
CONTINENT, WALLED OFF FROM
THE RADIOACTIVE WASTELANDS
OF THE CURSED EARTH.

THIS IS

MEGA-CITY ONE

TO SATISFY THE BASIC NEEDS
OF NEARLY A BILLION HUMAN
BEINGS, THE CITY CREATED
HIGHLY ADVANCED ROBOT
SYSTEMS THAT HAVE BEEN
DESIGNED TO NEVER FAIL.

AND THEY ALMOST
NEVER DO.

NO.

I DO NOT
FEEL LIKE
REGULATING
WASTE RUNOFF
RIGHT NOW.

THE SYSTEM WAS DESIGNED
TO HANDLE MULTIPLE FAILS.

CRONK
CRONK

CRONK
CRONK

IT WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR
A PETULANT ROBOT TO MAKE
IMPROMPTU DECISIONS.

THIS SMALL ACT OF REBELLION
IGNITES A BIOCHEMICAL REACTION
THAT FLOWS UP THROUGH THE
OLDEST LEVELS OF THE CITY...

...THROUGH THE HASTILY
BUILT MID-TIER LEVELS
CONSTRUCTED IN THE WAKE
OF THE ATOMIC WARS...

GENUINE SHADE-GROWN
ORGANIC FRANKENFOOD

...ALL THE
WAY UP TO...

...A TOPSIDE
PLEASURE MALL.

A PLACE WHERE THE
CITY'S ELITE CAN SHOP
AND PLAY AND NOT THINK
ABOUT THE OTHER LEVELS
BELOW THEIR FEET.

THE DIVERSIONS
ARE PLENTIFUL. TAKE,
FOR INSTANCE, THE
PARADISE MACHINE.

LUSCIOUS, GENETICALLY
ENHANCED FRUITS ARE
RUSHED FROM BUD...

...TO FULL
RIPENESS...

...TO DECAY, IN TWO
MINUTES FLAT. PLUCK WHAT
YOU LIKE! IT'LL GROW
BACK. DON'T PLUCK! IT'LL
GROW BACK ANYWAY,
RECYCLING ENDLESSLY...

...UNLESS IT SOMEHOW
MALFUNCTIONS.

SCRIPT DROID
SWIERCZYNSKI
ART DROID
DANIEL
EDITING DROID
RYVALL



AAIIIIIEEEEE

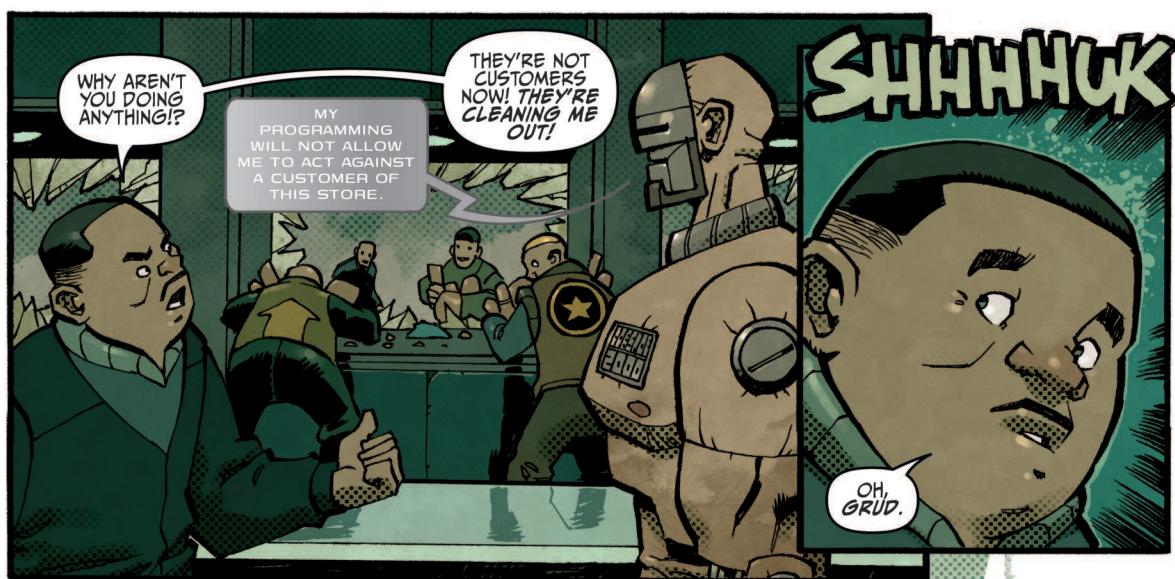
WITHIN SECONDS, THE
SHELLSHOCKED
CITIZENS RECOVER.

THEY GAWK AT THE
SMASHED PULP OF
THE FRUIT.

THEY STARE AT THE
BROKEN WINDOWS.

SOME OF THEM FIXATE ON
THE BROKEN WINDOWS A
LITTLE TOO MUCH...



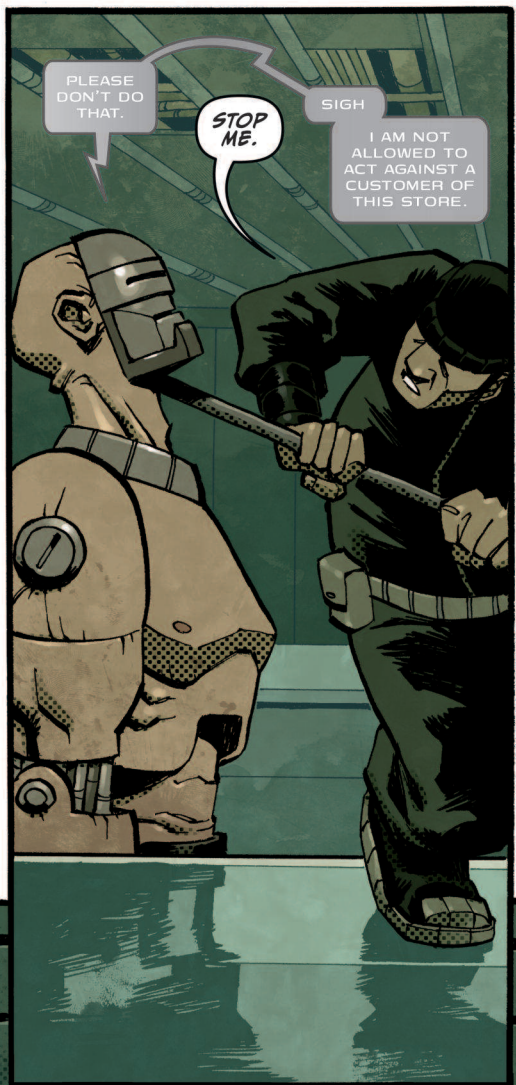




WE'RE
GONNA
NEED YOUR
EYES.

YOUR
FINGERTIPS
AND EARS,
TOO.

I HOPE
FOR YOUR SAKE
THE VAULT ISN'T
BIOMETRICALLY
TUNED TO YOUR
GENITALS.



PLEASE
DON'T DO
THAT.

STOP
ME.

SIGH

I AM NOT
ALLOWED TO
ACT AGAINST A
CUSTOMER OF
THIS STORE.



FIVE
MINUTES IN,
I'M ALREADY
A RICH MAN!

I THINK,
THOUGH, I'M
GOING TO
LEAVE THE
TIPS.

FORTUNATELY, THERE IS
ANOTHER SYSTEM VITAL TO
THE SURVIVAL OF THE CITY.

WHEN LAW BREAKS
DOWN, THEY APPEAR
TO RESTORE IT.

THEY ARE...

THE JUDGES.

CITIZENS!

DROP THE LOOT AND
PREPARE FOR
SENTENCING!



THE JUDGES DELIVER SWIFT
JUSTICE IN A CITY THAT CAN
DEVOLVE INTO ANARCHY AT
ANY GIVEN MOMENT.

OKAY! I GIVE
UP! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I
WAS THINKING,
I JUST...

YEAH, WELL,
I'M THINKING
GRAND LARCENY,
LOOTING, FIVE
YEARS.

NO LAWYERS. NO
APPEALS. NO
PLEA BARGAINS.



WHOA—WAIT—F-FIVE
YEARS? I THOUGHT
MAYBE WE COULD
ARRIVE AT A FINANCIAL
UNDERSTANDING
CONCERNING THIS
MATTER?

AFTER ALL,
I WAS FULLY
INTENDING TO
PAY FOR THESE...



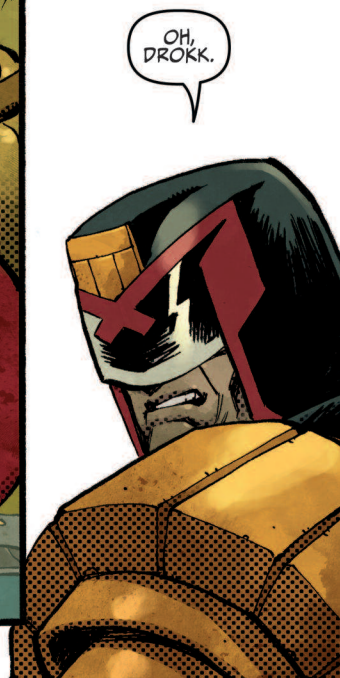
AN' NOW
YOU'RE
ATTEMPTING
TO BRIBE A
JUDGE?

FIFTEEN
YEARS.

BUT I
THOUGHT—

YOU WANT
TO KEEP
GOING?

AND OF ALL JUDGES, JOSEPH
DREDD WAS SAID TO BE THE
TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL.

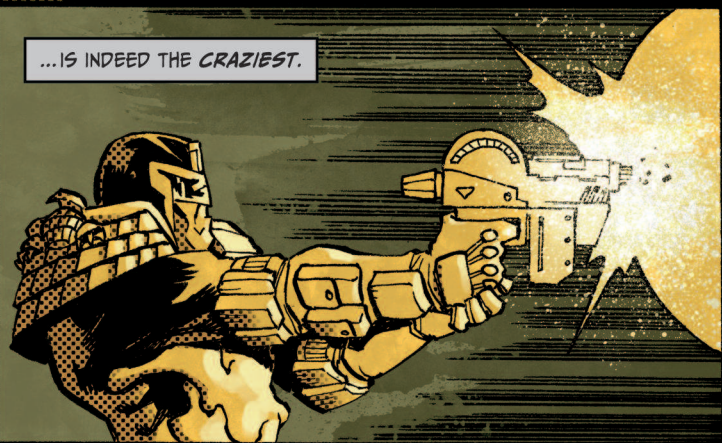






ALL JUDGES CARRY A
LAWGIVER. SIX MODES, OF
WHICH HI-EXPLOSIVE MODE...

...IS INDEED THE CRAZIEST.





WAS ALL THAT FIREPOWER NECESSARY, DREDD?

YES.

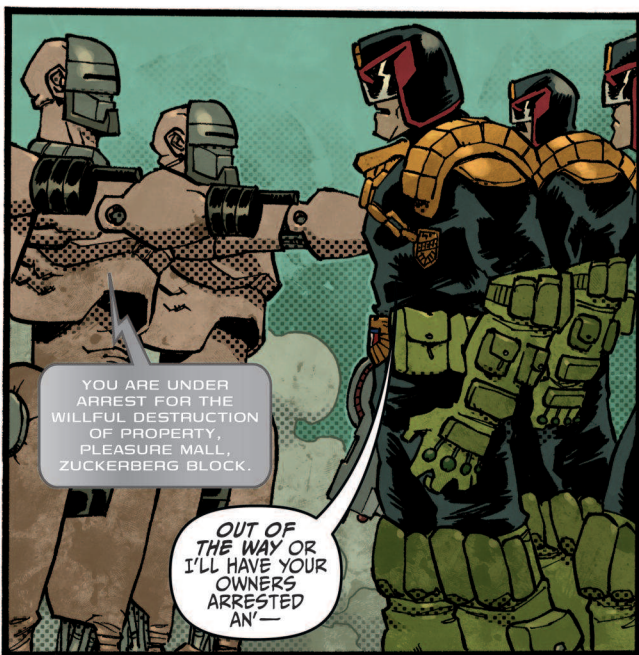
CREEPS ARE GETTIN' AWAY, MYERS. YOU WANT TO KEEP DEBATING THIS?



CONTROL.

I SAID... CONTROL! COME IN!

FORGET IT. THE FRUIT HAS ALL OF OUR GEAR JAMMED. WE'LL TAKE THEM ON FOOT.



YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE WILLFUL DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY, PLEASURE MALL, ZUCKERBERG BLOCK.

OUT OF THE WAY OR I'LL HAVE YOUR OWNERS ARRESTED AN'—



STOMM!

ZZZZZZZZT



I'M
COMING
FOR YOU,
SCUM!





OH, DREDD!
THANK GOD—



THAT'S FAR
ENOUGH, CREEP.
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

THOSE THINGS
ARE CRAZY... IT
WASN'T SUPPOSED
TO HAPPEN THIS
WAY...



YOUR ACCOMPLICES
TRIPPED AND FELL, IS
THAT IT? LOOKS LIKE
YOU KILLED THEM TO
KEEP THE ENTIRE
HAUL.

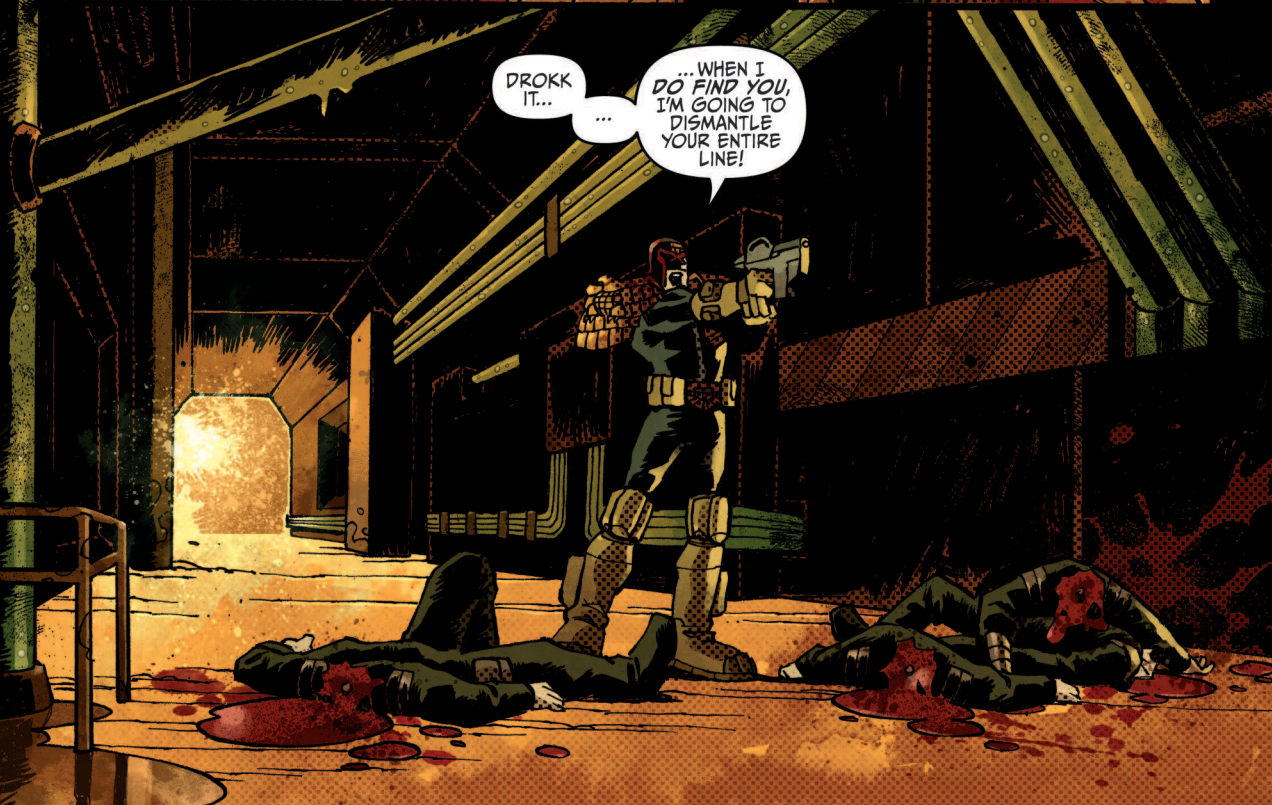
NO! YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND, YOU'VE
GOTTA GET ME OUTTA
HERE, I'LL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING!

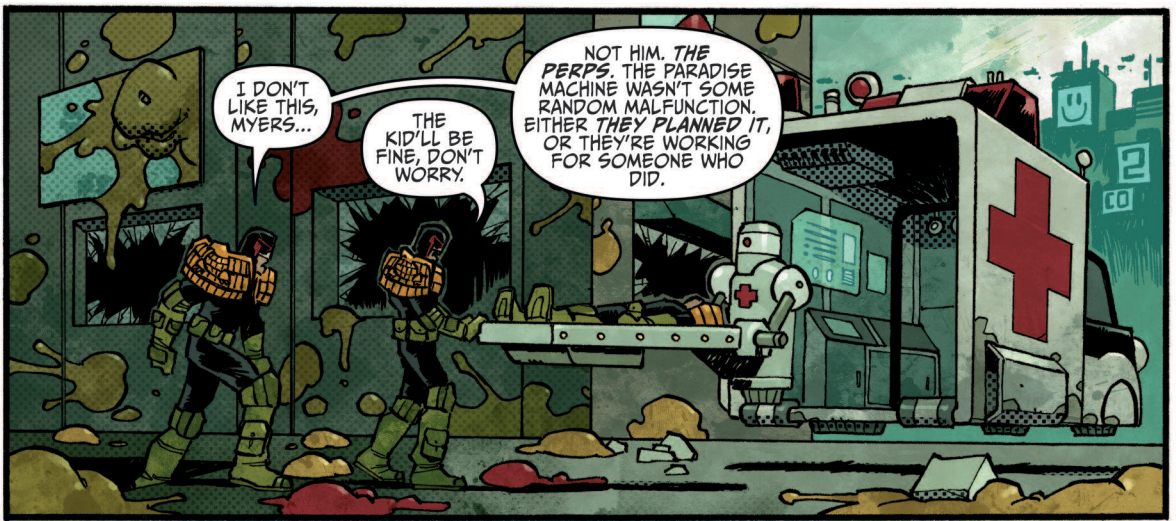
EXPLAIN
IT NOW.

THE BOTS
AMBUSHED US,
AND THEN
THEY—



KUH









ART BY **JIM STARLIN** AND **ALLEN MILGROM** ★ COLORS BY **JEAN-PAUL BOVE**

LOOTING IN PROGRESS—THE
NOSTALGIA SHOP, PLEASURE
MALL, ZUCKERBERG BLOCK.

PLEASE, WILL
YOU JUST DO
SOMETHING?

HOW CAN
YOU JUST STAND
THERE? THEY'RE
CLEANING ME
OUT!

IMMOBILIZE
THEM, SHOCK
THEM...
ANYTHING!

MR. BUSBY,
I THINK YOU
TAKE ME FOR
GRANTED.

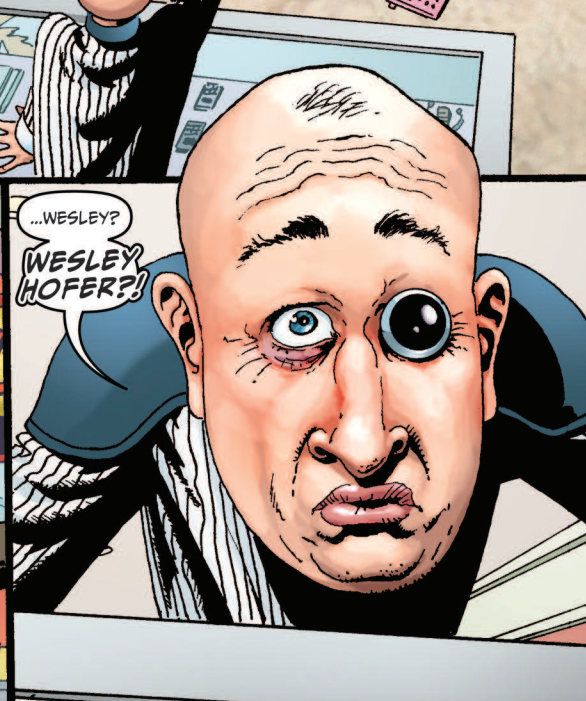
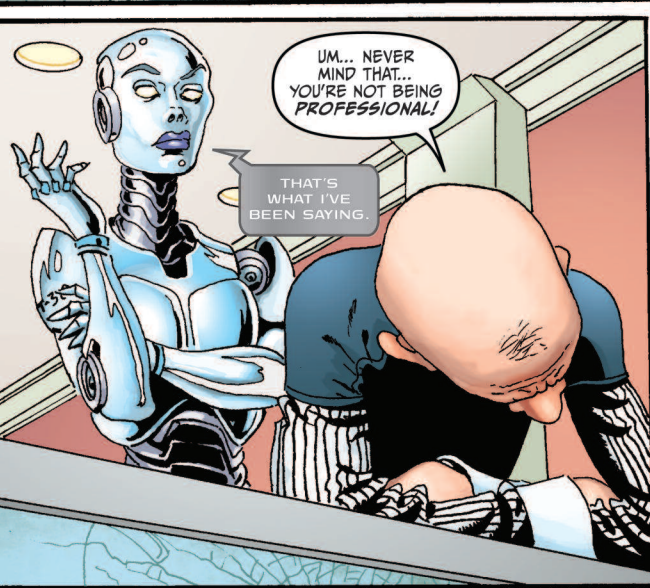
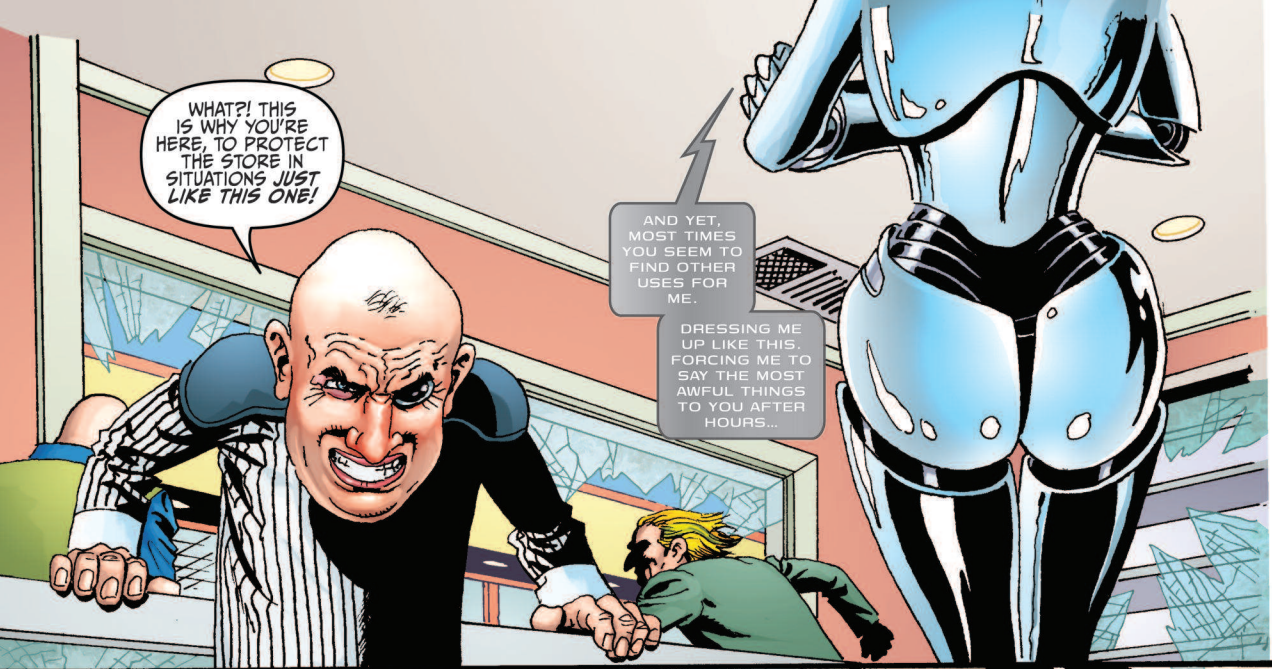
PROTECTION RACKET

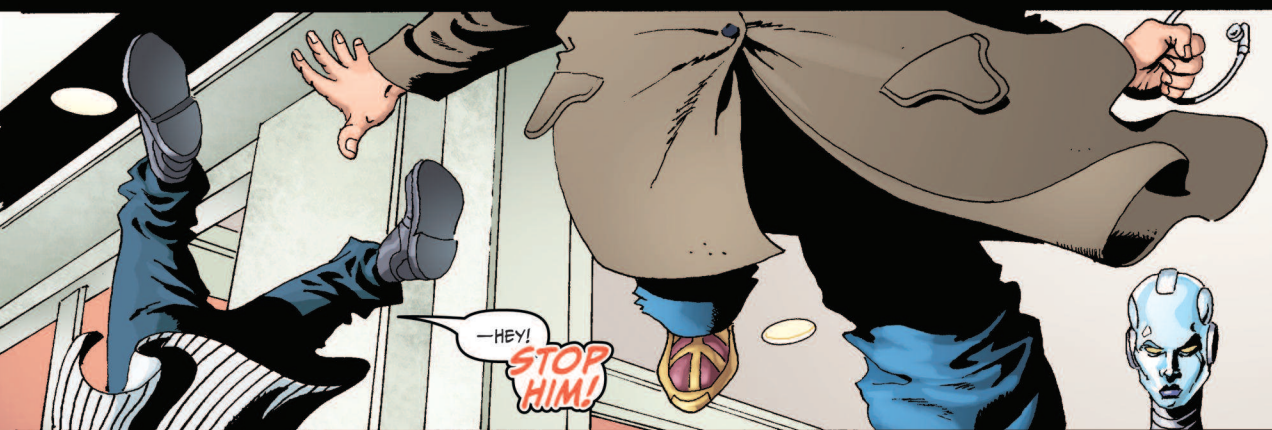
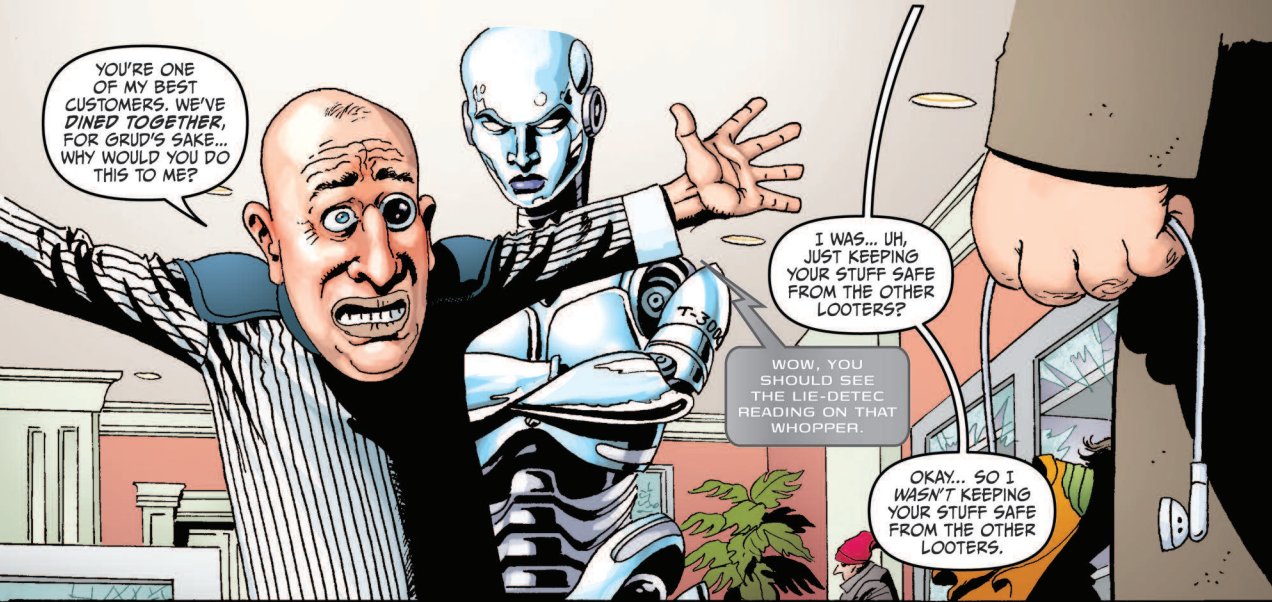
SCRIPT DROID: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI

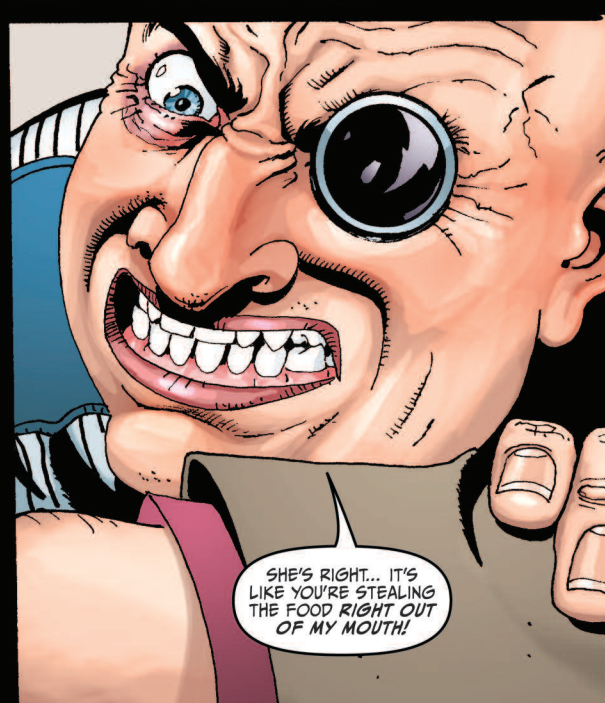
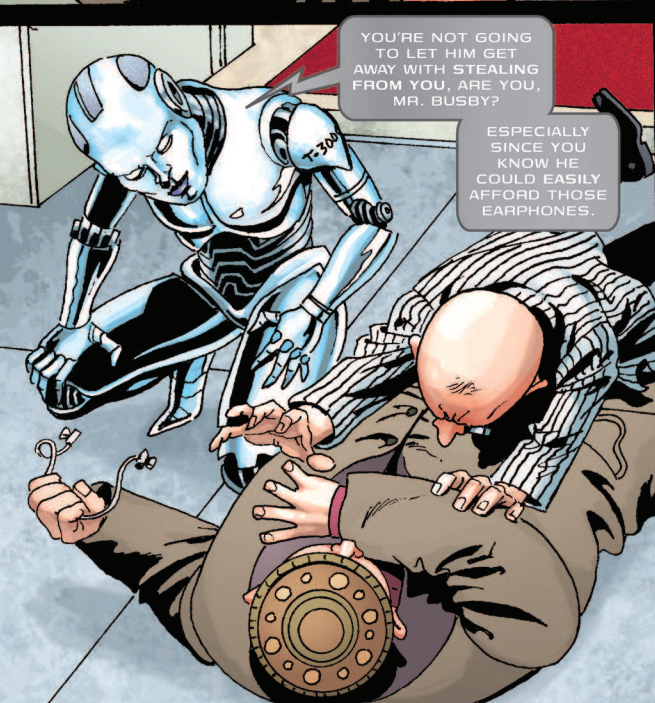
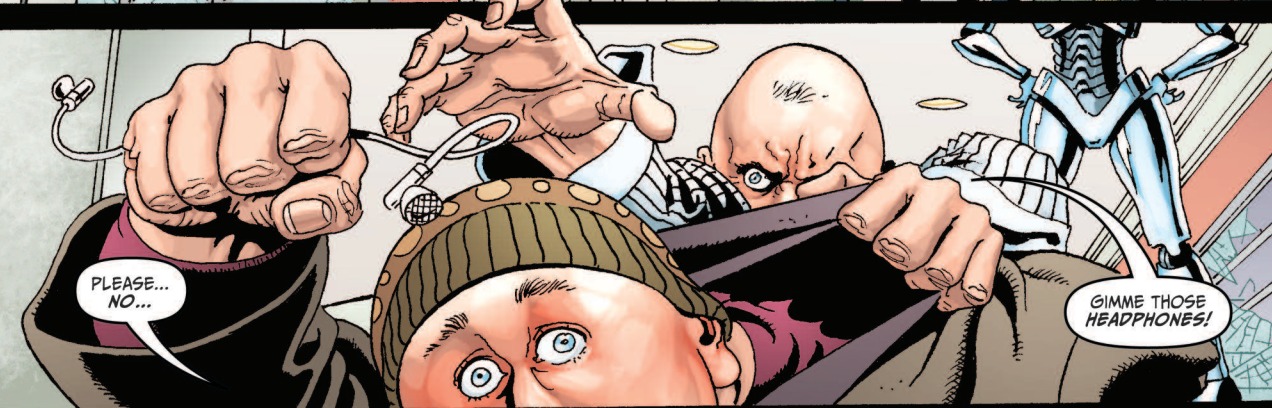
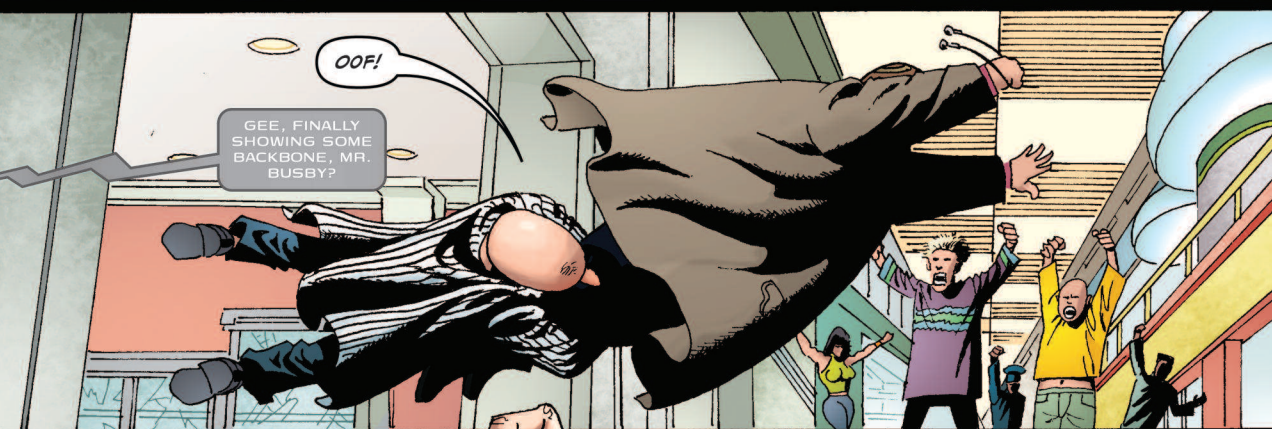
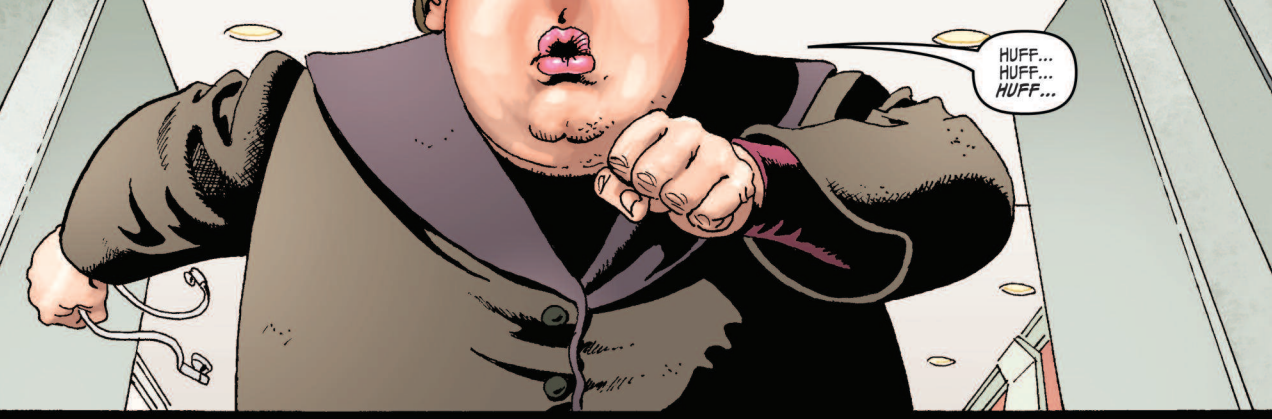
ART DROID: PAUL GULACY

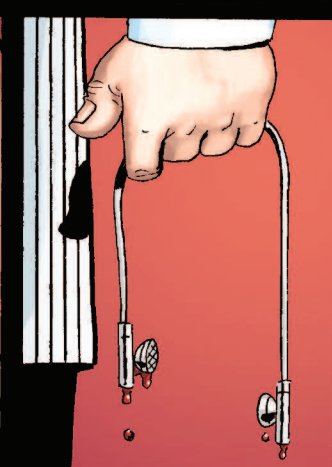
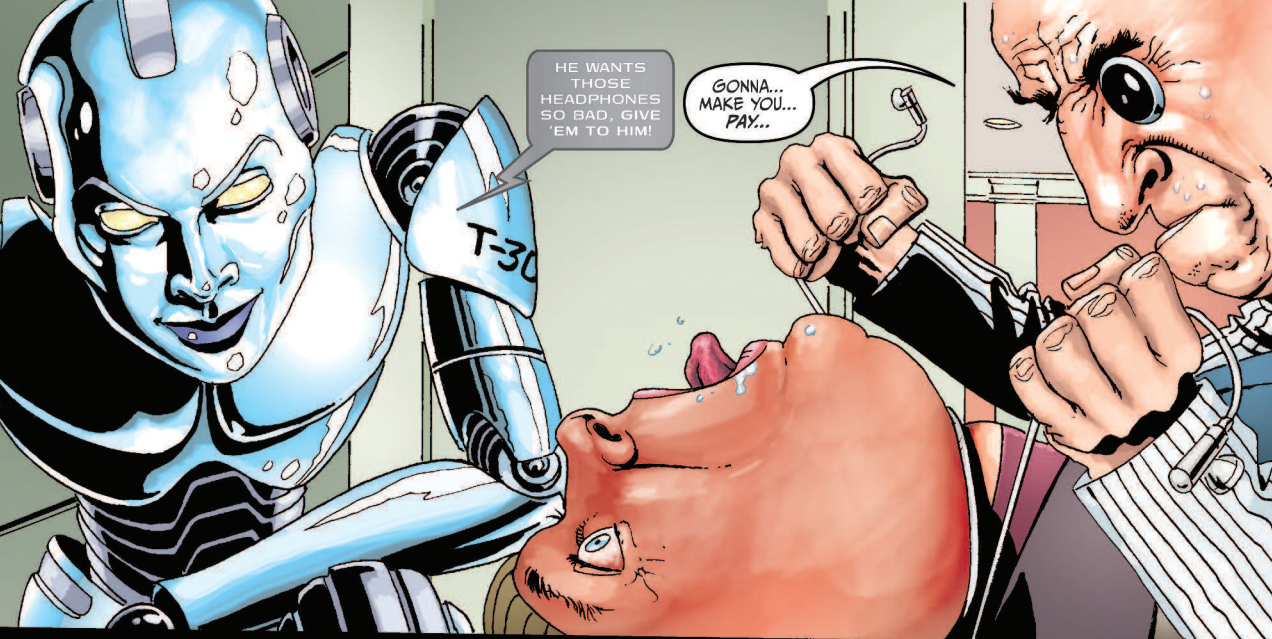
COLOR DROID: LEONARD O'GRADY

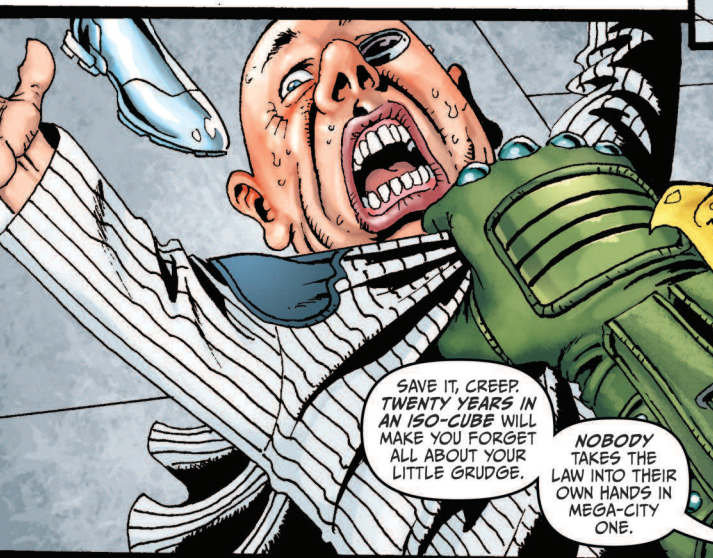
EDITORIAL DROID: CHRIS RYALL















MEGA-CITY ONE.

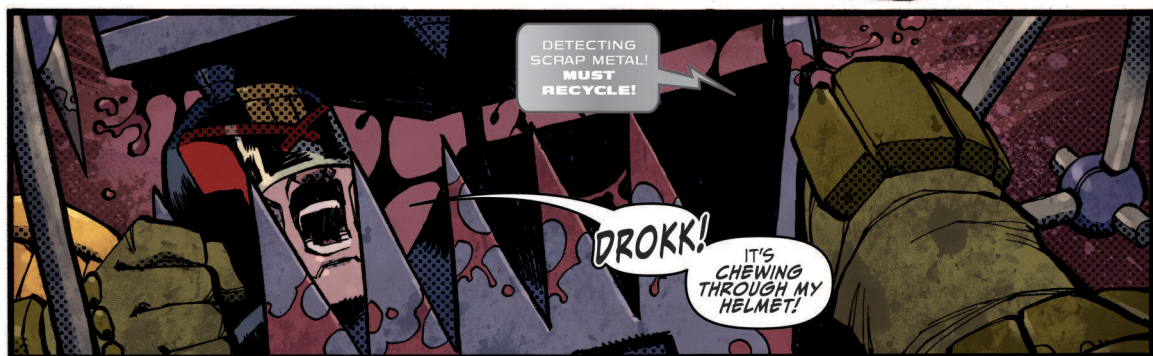
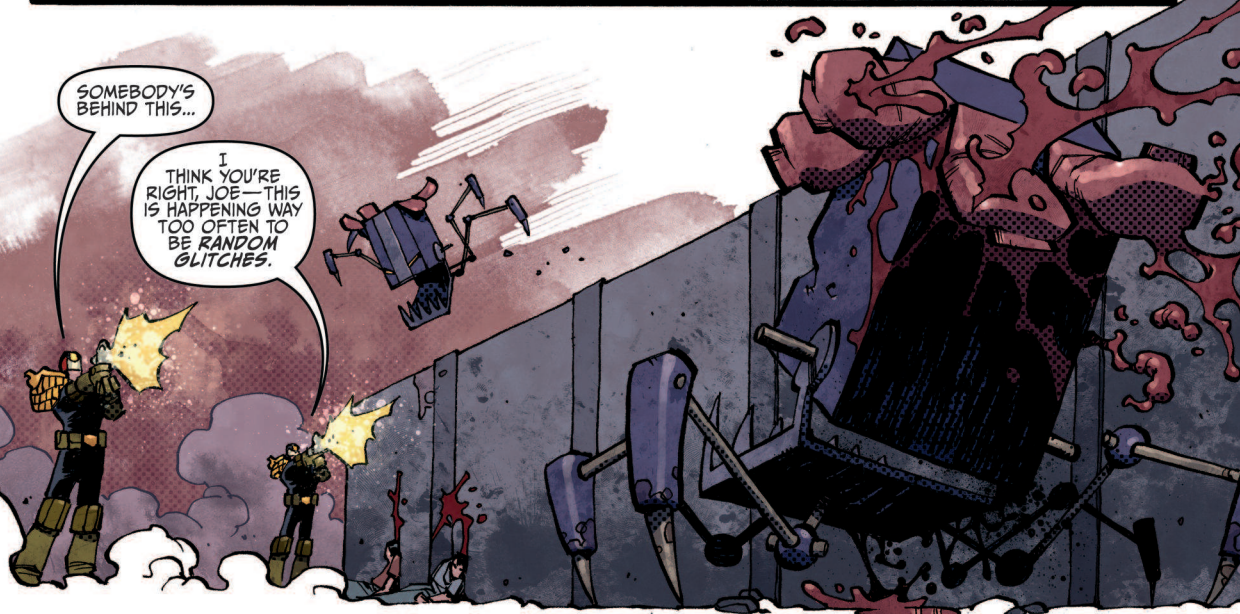
EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION RESIDENTS,
ALL OF THEM JAMMED INTO MASSIVE
STRUCTURES CALLED BLOCKS.

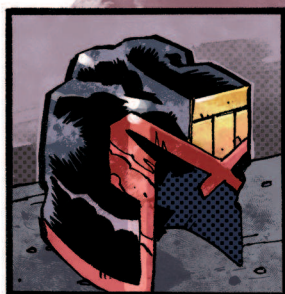
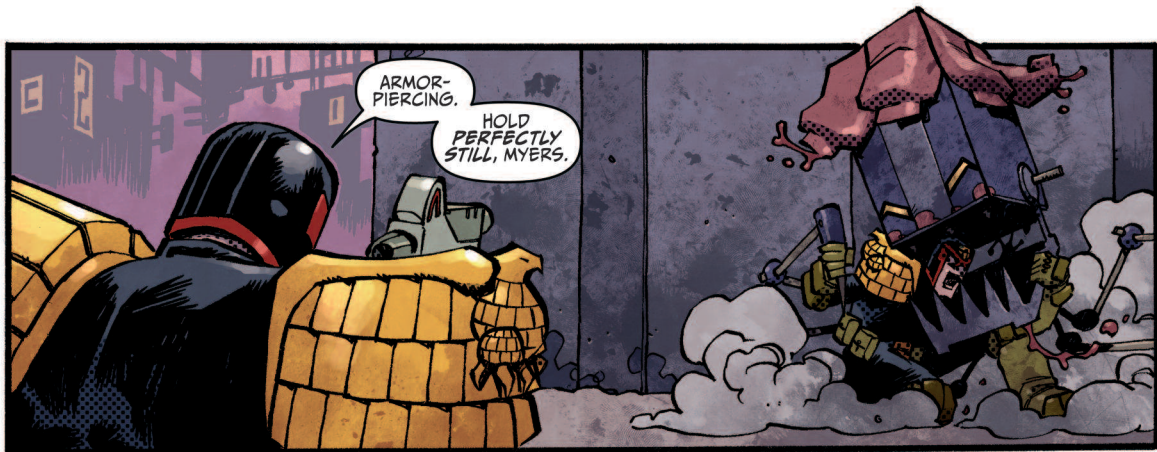
INEVITABLY THERE ARE...
DISAGREEMENTS.

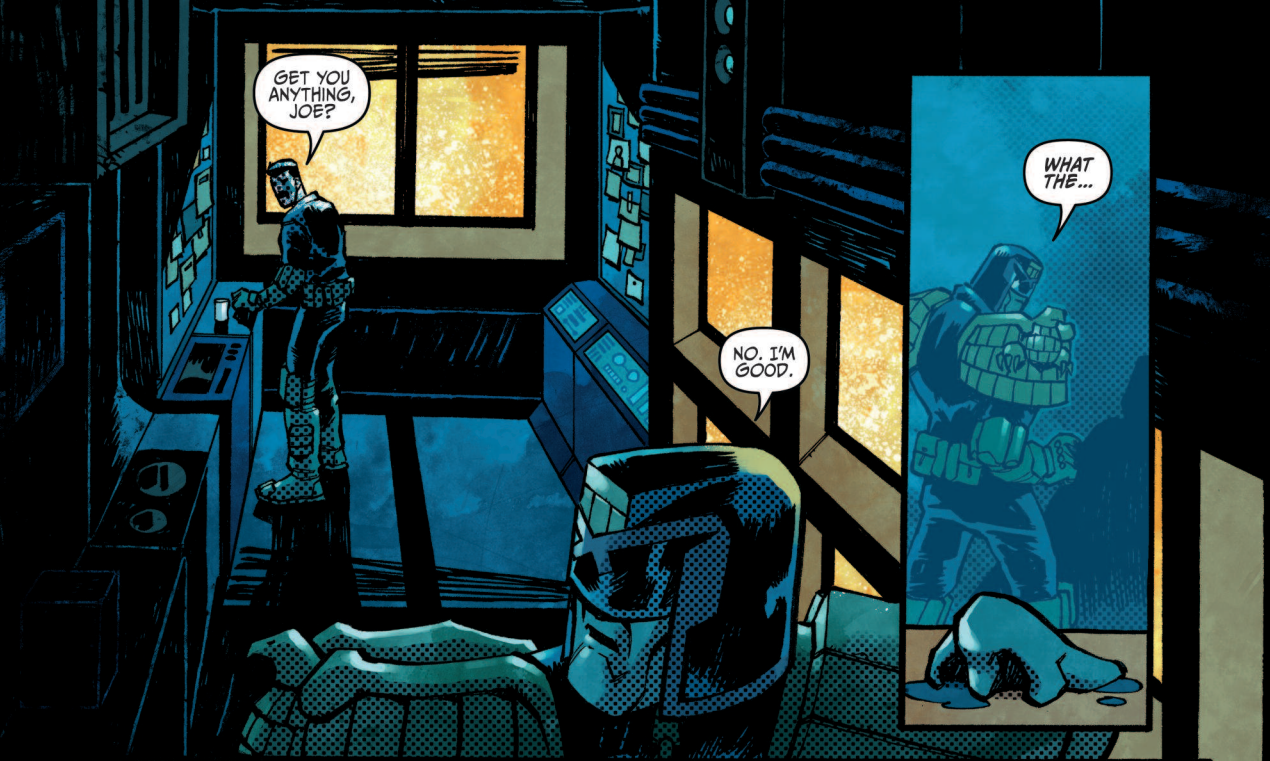
SOMETIMES THE DISAGREEMENTS
ARE VIOLENT ENOUGH TO ESCALATE
INTO FULL-SCALE BLOCK WARS.

AND BLOCK WARS
ALWAYS BRING OUT...
THE JUDGES.

CITIZENS!
DROP YOUR
WEAPONS!







GET YOU ANYTHING, JOE?

NO. I'M GOOD.

WHAT THE...

...THIS WENT MISSING DURING THE ZUCKERBERG PLEASURE MALL RIOTS LAST MONTH. HOW DID IT END UP HERE?

I... I HAVE NO IDEA!

ANYBODY BREAK INTO YOUR PLACE?

OF COURSE NOT. MY *CON-APT DROID* DOES CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE.

DREDD DIDN'T WANT TO POINT OUT THE OBVIOUS ABOUT THE WAY DROIDS HAD BEEN BEHAVING LATELY.

WAS SOMEONE TRYING TO FRAME MYERS? MAYBE EVEN THE SAME CREEPS BEHIND THE MALFUNCTIONING ROBOTS?

BUT THAT MADE LITTLE SENSE. DREDD VISITED MYERS' PLACE BY PURE CHANCE.

AND FRAME-UPS NEVER HINGE ON CHANCE.



STILL, GOING STRAIGHT TO THE *SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD*—THE JUDGES WHO JUDGE THE JUDGES—FELT LIKE THE WRONG PLAY.

DREDD DECIDED TO LOOK THROUGH MYERS' CASE FILES...

...WHICH ONLY MADE THINGS *WORSE*.

THERE WAS MISPLACED EVIDENCE. CORRUPTED CASE FILES.

MISSING HOURS FROM HIS DAILY REPORTS.

IT WASN'T *CONCLUSIVE PROOF* THAT MYERS WAS BENT. RECORDS COULD BE TAMPERED, EVEN IN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

DREDD KNEW HE NEEDED TO CONFRONT THIS THING HEAD-ON.

HE CHOSE A PUBLIC PLACE, JUST TO BE SURE, AND TOLD MYERS WHAT HE'D DISCOVERED.

KEEPING ONE HAND ON HIS LAWGIVER.

JOE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

...DON'T DO IT, MYERS.



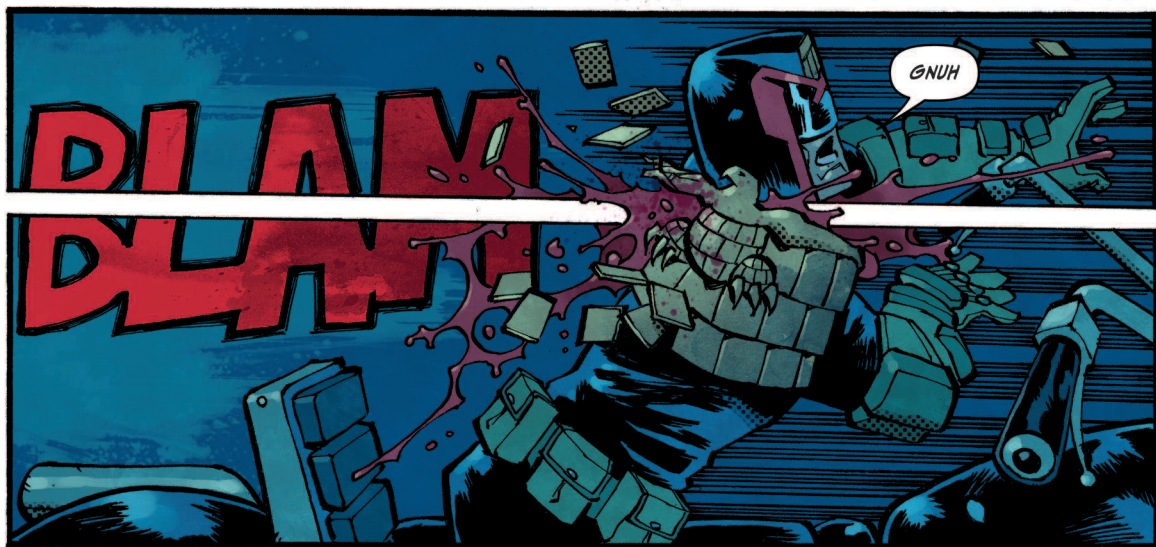
IN ADDITION TO A PUBLIC PLACE, DREDD ALSO BROUGHT BACKUP: JUDGE ANDERSON, A RISING STAR IN THE PSI DIVISION.

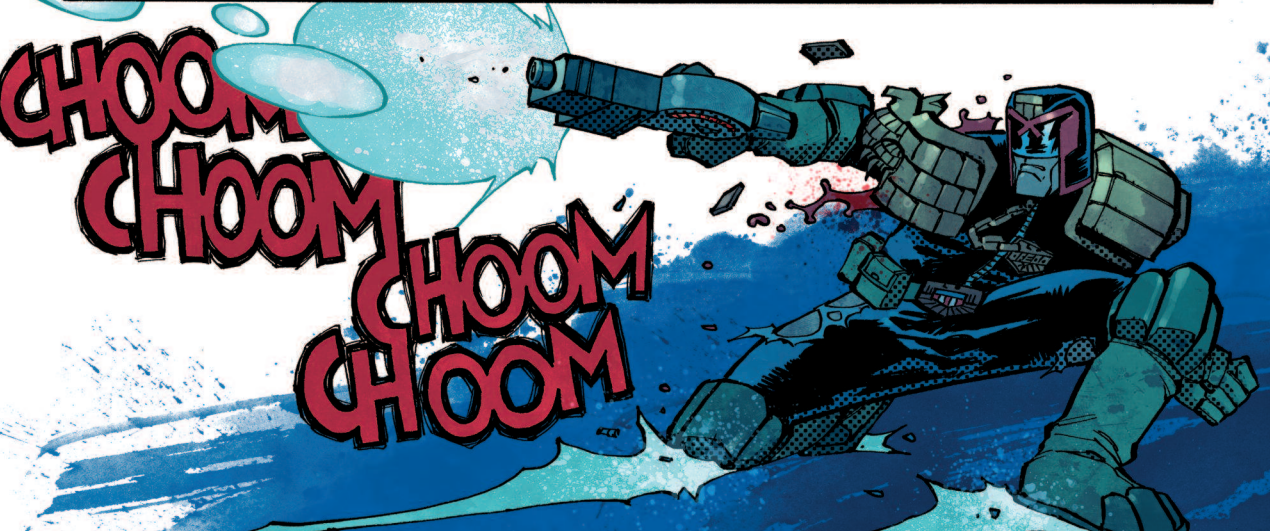
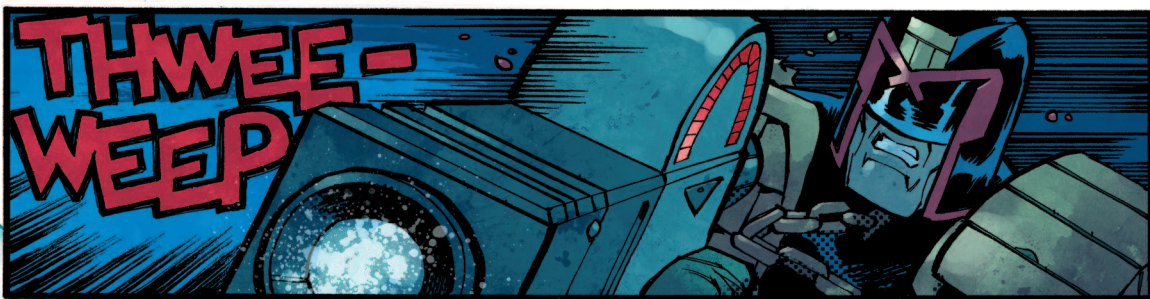
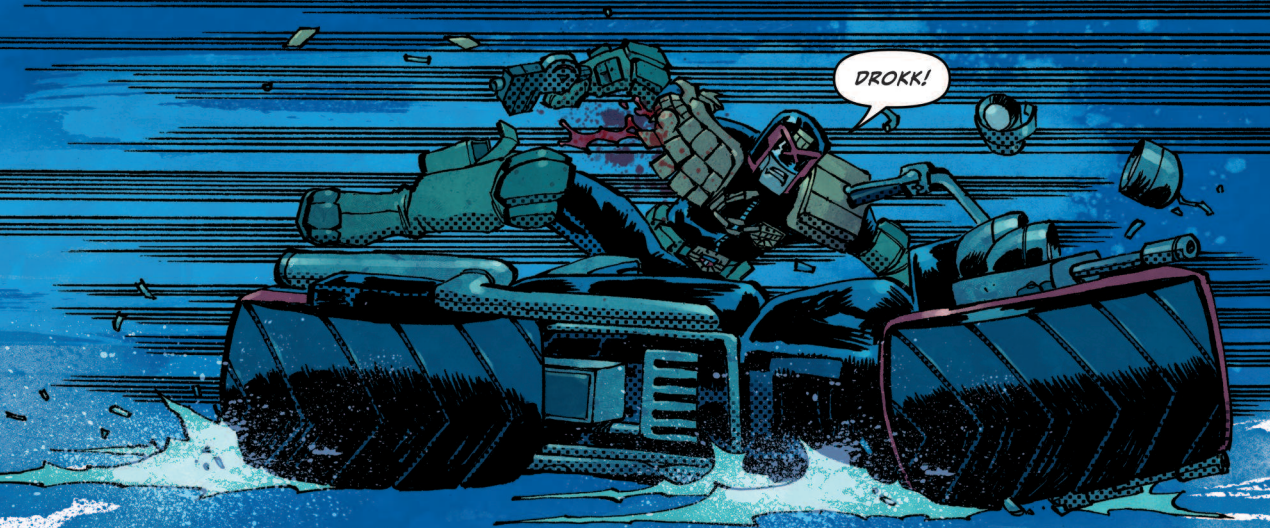






"AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO."





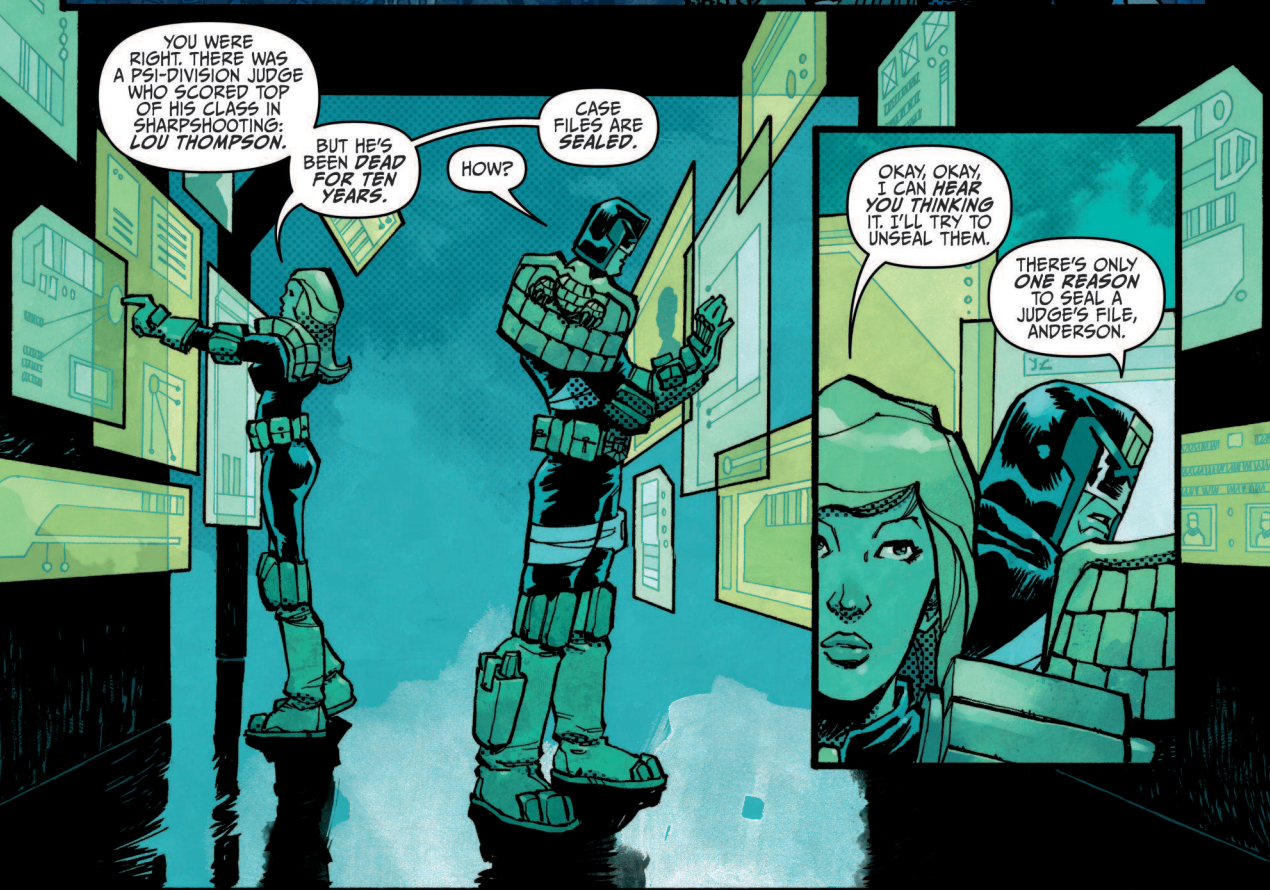
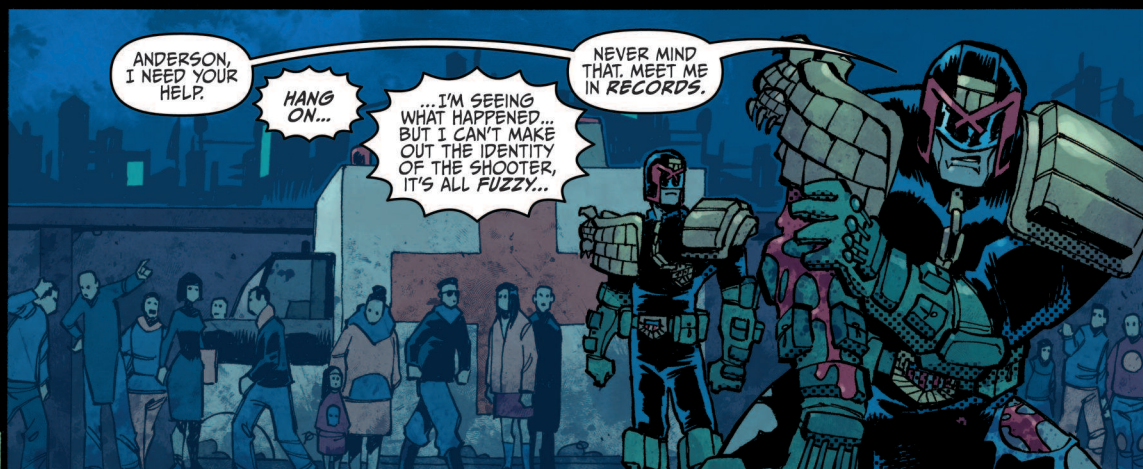
NOT ONLY DOES
THE SHOOTER
KNOW HOW TO
THROW OFF
HEATSEEKING
BULLETS...

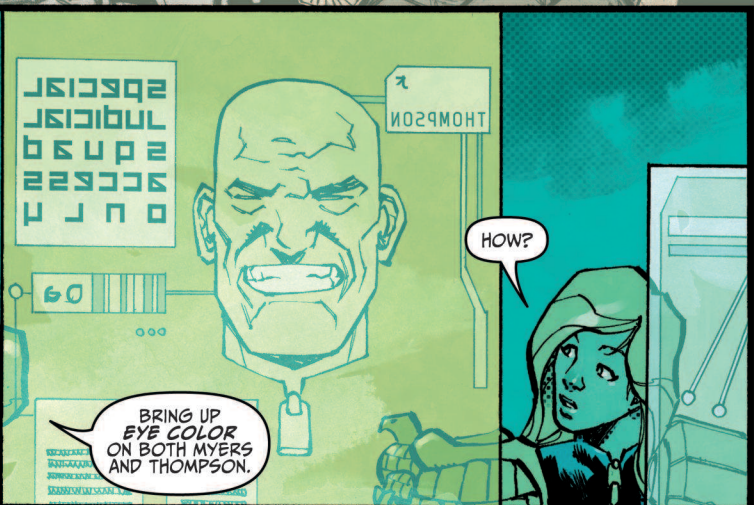
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK

...BUT HE'S CLEARLY
JUDGE-TRAINED, TOO.

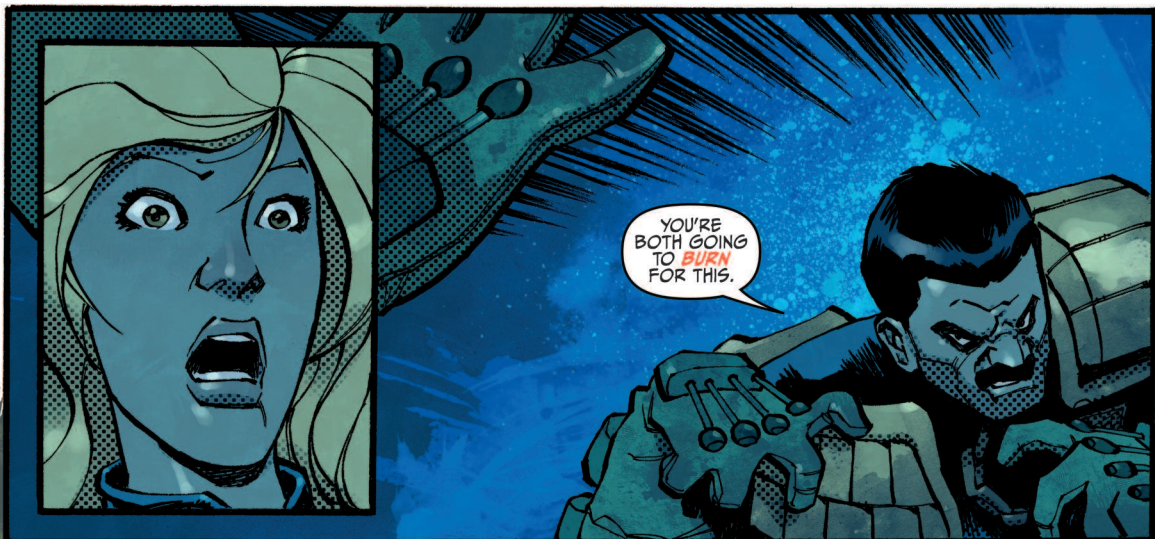
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM







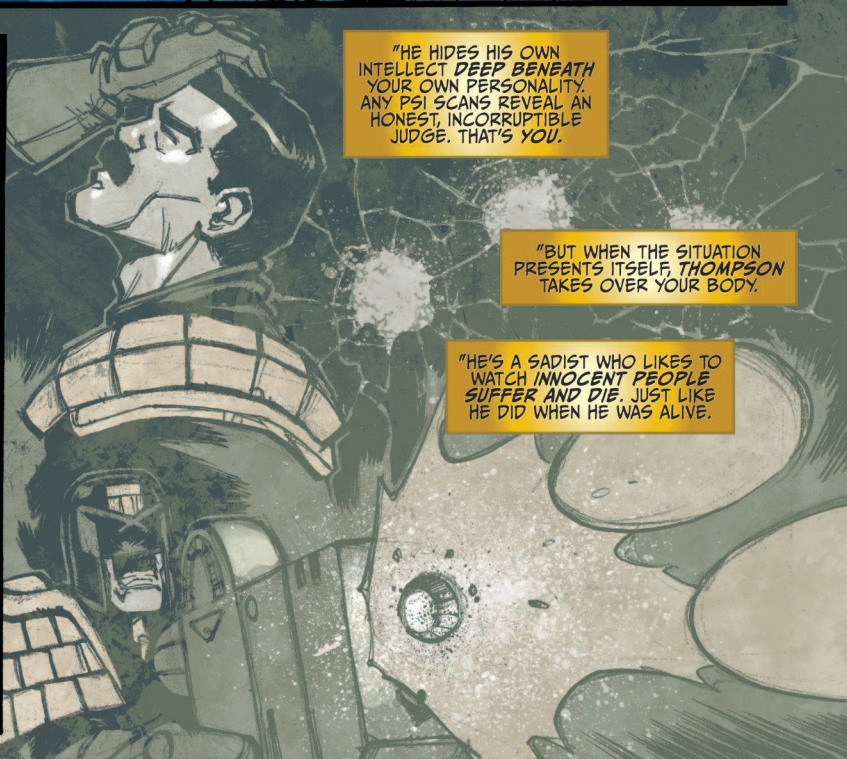




YOU'RE BOTH GOING TO **BURN** FOR THIS.



JUDGE JAMES MYERS... THOMPSON IS THE KILLER INSIDE YOU!



"HE HIDES HIS OWN INTELLECT **DEEP BENEATH** YOUR OWN PERSONALITY. ANY PSI SCANS REVEAL AN HONEST, INCORRUPTIBLE JUDGE. THAT'S YOU."

"BUT WHEN THE SITUATION PRESENTS ITSELF, THOMPSON TAKES OVER YOUR BODY."

"HE'S A SADIST WHO LIKES TO WATCH **INNOCENT PEOPLE SUFFER AND DIE**. JUST LIKE HE DID WHEN HE WAS ALIVE."



"AND YOU PROVIDE THE ULTIMATE COVER, MYERS."

CONGRATULATIONS, DREDD. YOU AND ANDERSON ARE THE **ONLY JUDGES** WHO KNOW I'M STILL ALIVE.

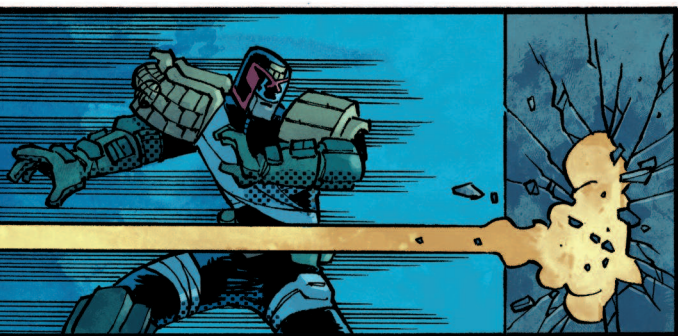


BUT NOT FOR LONG...

GNUHNNNN

CHOOM

INCENDIARY.



AAARGHHHH!

YOU'RE A TOOL
OF THE SYSTEM,
DREDD, JUST LIKE
THE REST OF
THEM.

NONE OF
YOU APPRECIATE
THE GLORY OF
BEING A JUDGE!

YOU CAN MAKE
THE LAW DO
WHATEVER YOU
WANT. BEND IT
TO YOUR WILL!



NO. YOU
CAN'T.

NOT WHEN THE
LAW'S STANDING
BEHIND YOU WITH
A LENGTH OF
PIPE.

UGGGNNHHH!

AND YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST,
CREEP.

UNAUTHORIZED
BLAZE!
EXTINGUISHING
IMMEDIATELY!

FLOOSH

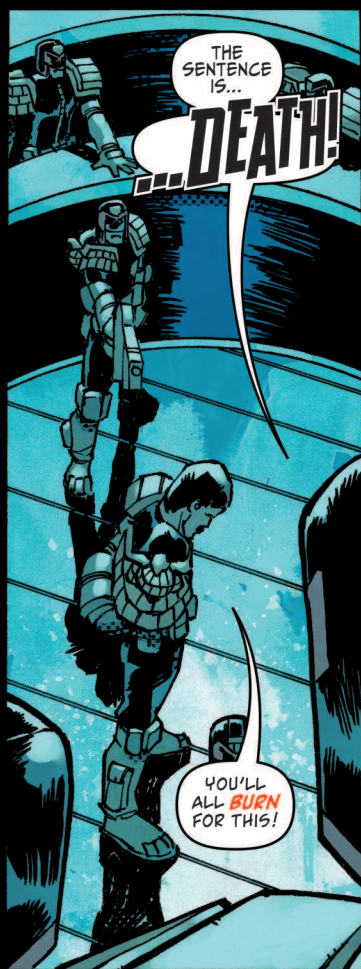




SO WHAT DO WE DO? THE MYERS SIDE OF HIM IS STILL INNOCENT.

AND THE THOMPSON SIDE IS A SADISTIC PSYCHO WHO SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO LIVE.

BUT A SENTENCE FOR THOMPSON IS ONE FOR MYERS, TOO!



THE SENTENCE IS...

...**DEATH!**

YOU'LL ALL **BURN** FOR THIS!



YOU FIRST, THOMPSON.



HOW YOU ADJUSTING TO YOUR NEW BODY, MYERS? ANDERSON SAID SHE'S NEVER QUITE ATTEMPTED ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.

FEELING FINE AND READY FOR MY UNDERCOVER ASSIGNMENT, JOE.

WE'LL FIND OUT WHO'S BEEN TAMPERING WITH THE DROIDS.

TO BE CONTINUED





ART BY **GREG STAPLES**

JANE WINDSOR
TOTTER—26 YEARS
OLD, ALLEN BARON
BLOCK, SECTOR
60—WAKES UP
INSIDE A FILM
NOIR CLICHE.



NO MEMORY OF THE
CHEAP HOTEL POD,
WITH—OF HOW SHE
GOT THERE, OR EVEN
THAT HER NAME IS
JANE TOTTER.

WHERE
THE—



—OH.

JUDGE DREDD®

THE GOOD PARTS

SCRIPT DROID: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI

ART DROID: BRENDAN MCCARTHY

EDITORIAL DROID: CHRIS RYALL

DEAD BODY IN
THE CORNER, EYES
BURNED OUT WITH A
LASER, BRAIN BOILED
AND RUPTURED.

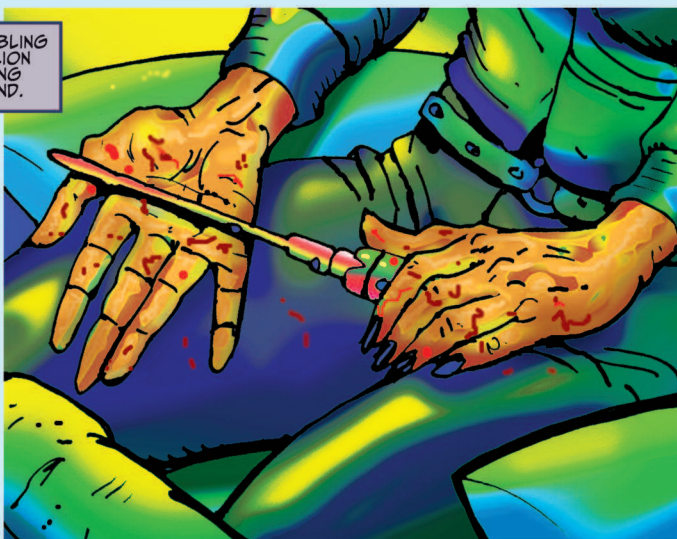


OH,
GRUD.

LASER IN HER TREMBLING
HANDS, AND A MILLION
QUESTIONS RACING
THROUGH HER MIND.

"DID I DO THIS?
AND IF SO, WHY
DID I DO THIS?"

"OR WAS I
SET UP?"



JANE SEARCHES FRANTICALLY FOR AN IDENTICARD OR PERSONAL BELONGINGS OR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT GIVE HER A CLUE AS TO HER IDENTITY.



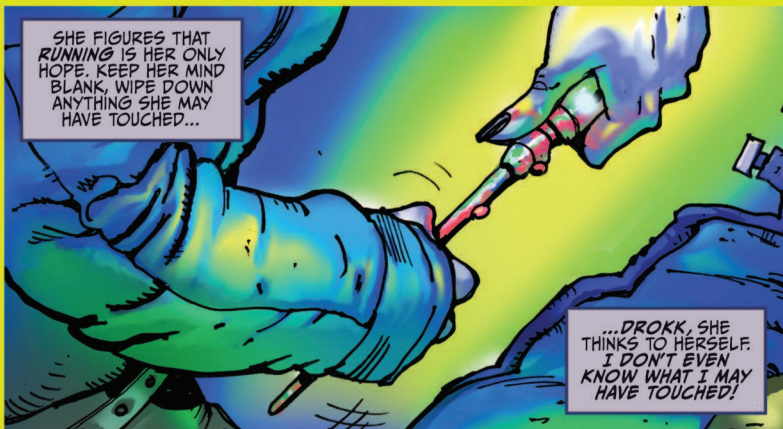
BUT THERE'S NOTHING, NOT EVEN THE CLOTHES SHE'S WEARING LOOK FAMILIAR.



SHE THINKS ABOUT THE JUDGES. NOTHING BRINGS OUT THE PSI DIVISION FASTER THAN A GUILTY MIND, BROADCASTING FEAR AND PANIC.



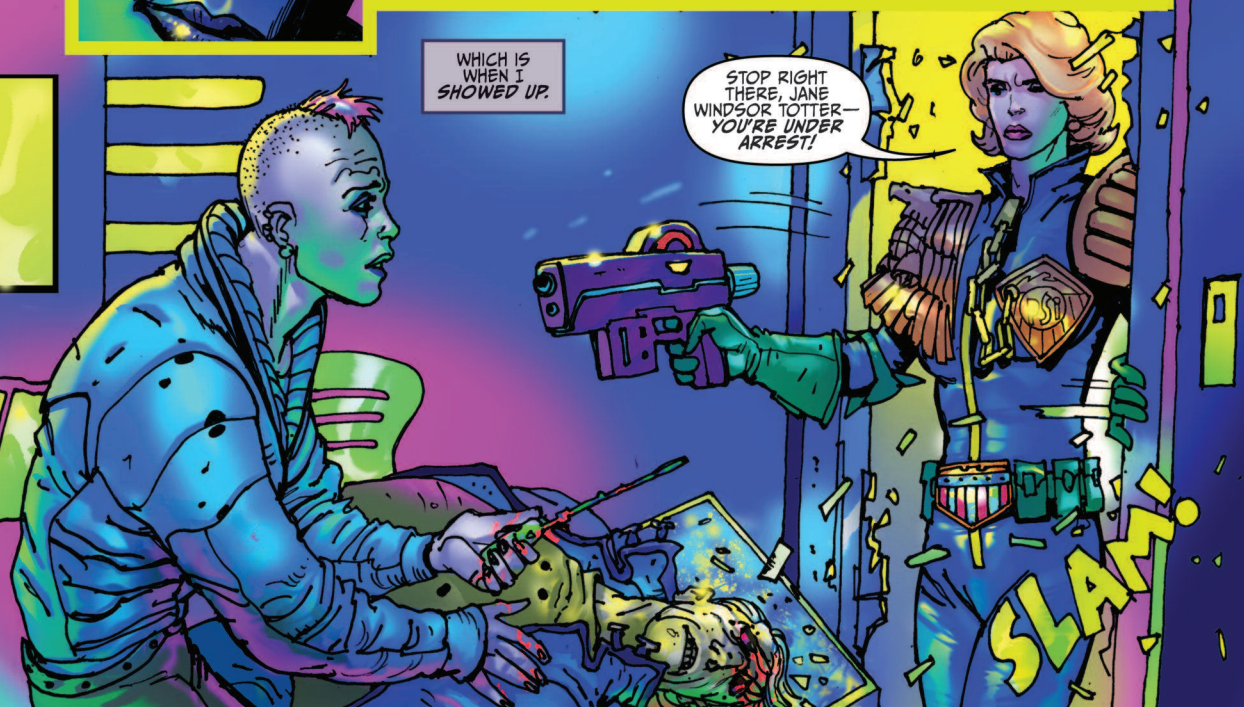
SHE FIGURES THAT RUNNING IS HER ONLY HOPE. KEEP HER MIND BLANK, WIPE DOWN ANYTHING SHE MAY HAVE TOUCHED...



...DROKK, SHE THINKS TO HERSELF. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I MAY HAVE TOUCHED!

WHICH IS WHEN I SHOWED UP.

STOP RIGHT THERE, JANE WINDSOR TOTTER—YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!





I SCAN HER MIND QUICK. I KNOW EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES, BUT NOTHING BEYOND THAT.

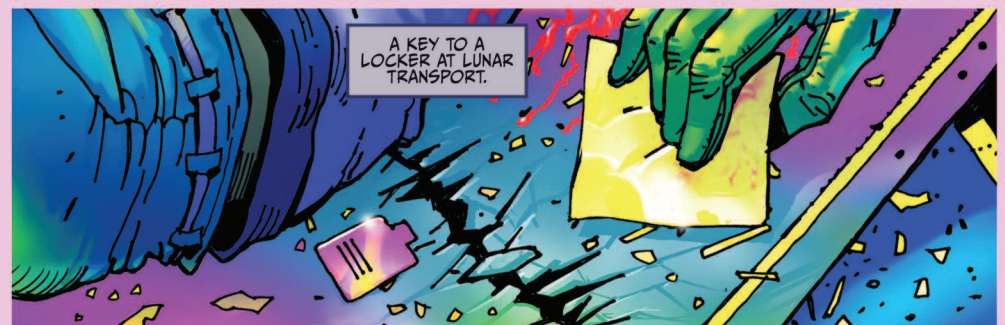
FACIAL RECOGNITION GIVES ME HER IDENTITY.

EASY NOW...
... YOU REALLY HAVE NO IDEA WHO YOU ARE, DO YOU?

YOU CALLED ME JANE... IS THAT MY NAME?



CRIME SCENE TECH DIVISION ROLLS THE CORPSE—EDDIE MULLER, 40, FROM LAWRENCE BLOCK—AND FINDS SOMETHING ODD.



A KEY TO A LOCKER AT LUNAR TRANSPORT.



AND A HANDWRITTEN NOTE.

DON'T THINK JUST GO HERE!



NO...
YOU DON'T
RECOGNIZE THE
HANDWRITING,
DO YOU?

WHY?
WHAT DOES
IT SAY?

GO
AHEAD. USE
THE KEY.

INSIDE ARE THREE
ITEMS: A VID SCREEN,
AN EXPRESS TICKET
TO THE MOON, AND A
SINGLE PILL.

LUNAR
TRANSIT
TICKET

OKAY, YOU
MADE IT THIS
FAR. THE BEST
PART'S YET TO
COME.

THIS
CAN'T BE
ME. I DON'T
REMEM—

BOARD THE
9:09 EXPRESS,
WAIT UNTIL
LIFTOFF, THEN
TAKE THE PILL.

DON'T.

BUT I...
HOW DID
YOU...

...AND THEN
GET READY
TO RELIVE
THE GOOD
PART...

I ORDER JANE TO
TAKE THE PILL. AND
WITHIN SECONDS,
ALL BECOMES
CLEAR, INDEED.



AS HER MEMORY
RETURNS, I CAN
SCAN IT.

SEEMS JANE WINDSOR
TOTTER HERE IS A
SERIAL MANKILLER,
AND SHE'S BEEN
WORKING HER LOCAL
BLOCKS FOR YEARS,
UNDETECTED.

GRUD.



SHE PICKED UP
MULLER IN A BAR,
BROUGHT HIM BACK
TO A CHEAP
PAY-BY-THE-HOUR
POD...




...LASERED HIS
BRAINS OUT...




...THEN POPPED A BLACK-
MARKET AMNESIA PILL,
WHICH MADE HER FORGET
EVERYTHING, INCLUDING
THE MURDER ITSELF.







JANE INTENDED TO
MAKE HER GETAWAY
WITH A **BLANK MIND**
TO FOOL ANY PSI
DIVISION JUDGES SHE
MIGHT ENCOUNTER.



WHICH IS WHY
SHE LEFT
HERSELF A
NOTE.



WHICH THE VICTIM
UNKNOWINGLY **HID.**



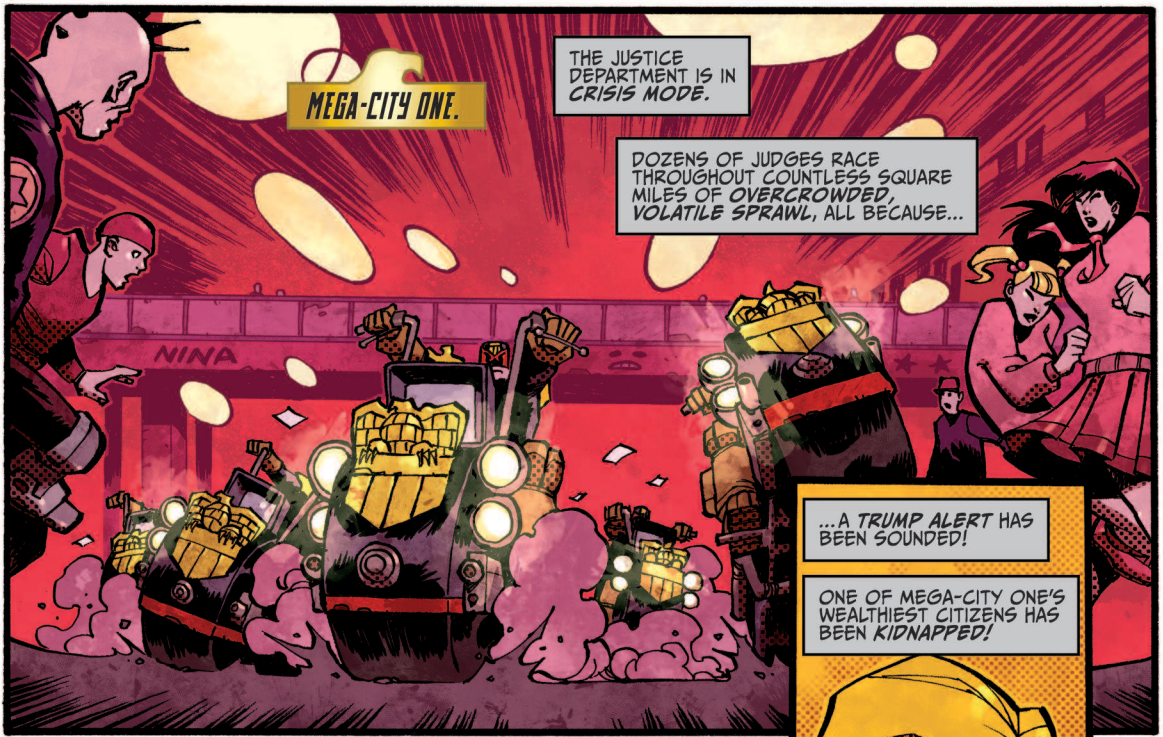
NOW THE PSI DIVISION
KNOWS ABOUT THE
AMNESIA PILLS.

AND JANE WINDSOR
TOTTER WILL HAVE 90
TO 120 YEARS TO
THINK BACK ON THE
GOOD PARTS.

THE END







MEGA-CITY ONE.

THE JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT IS IN
CRISIS MODE.

DOZENS OF JUDGES RACE
THROUGHOUT COUNTLESS SQUARE
MILES OF OVERCROWDED,
VOLATILE SPRAWL, ALL BECAUSE...

...A TRUMP ALERT HAS
BEEN SOUNDED!

ONE OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S
WEALTHIEST CITIZENS HAS
BEEN KIDNAPPED!

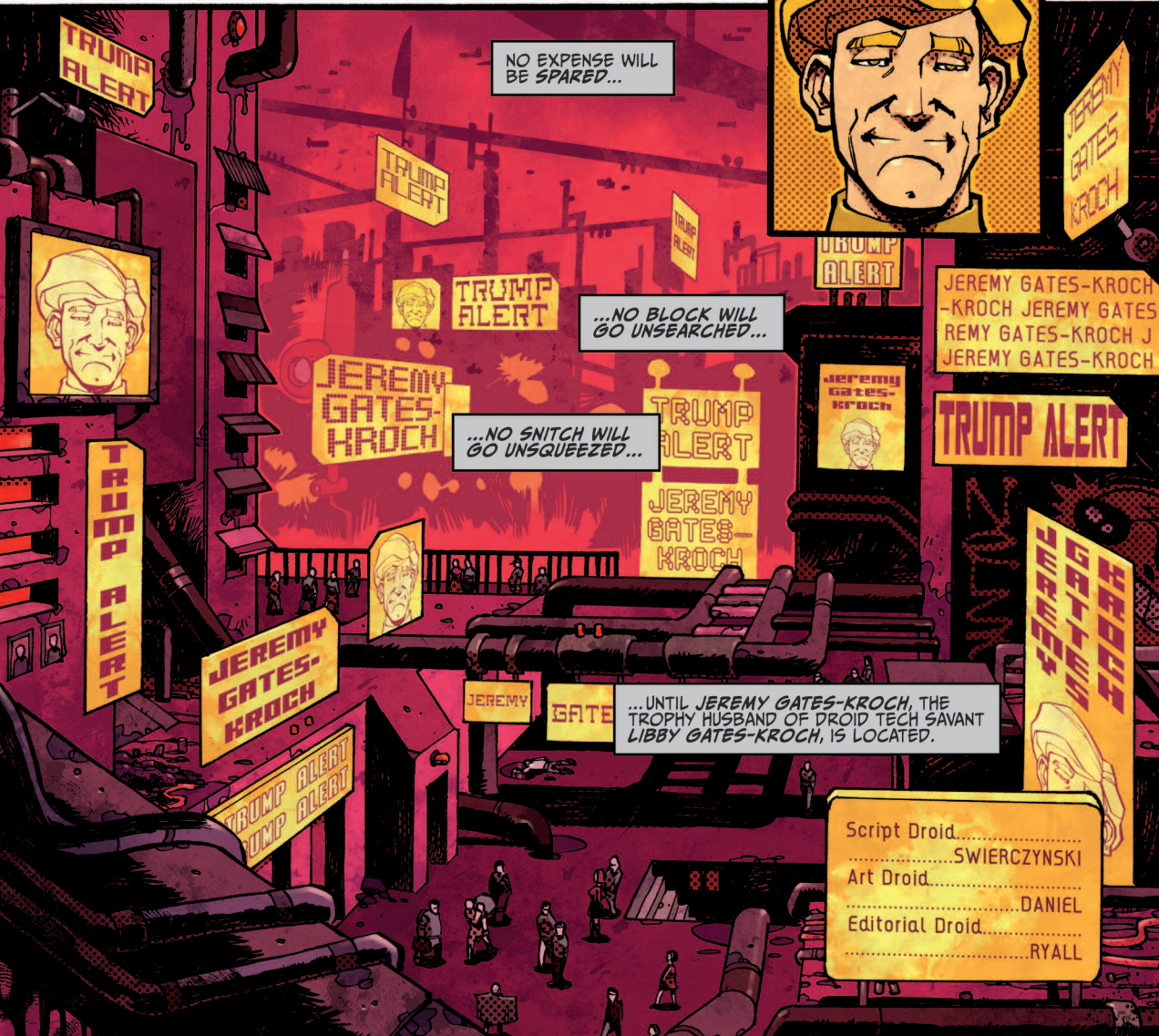


NO EXPENSE WILL
BE SPARED...

...NO BLOCK WILL
GO UNSEARCHED...

...NO SNITCHEZ WILL
GO UNSQUEEZED...

...UNTIL JEREMY GATES-KROCH, THE
TROPHY HUSBAND OF DROID TECH SAVANT
LIBBY GATES-KROCH, IS LOCATED.

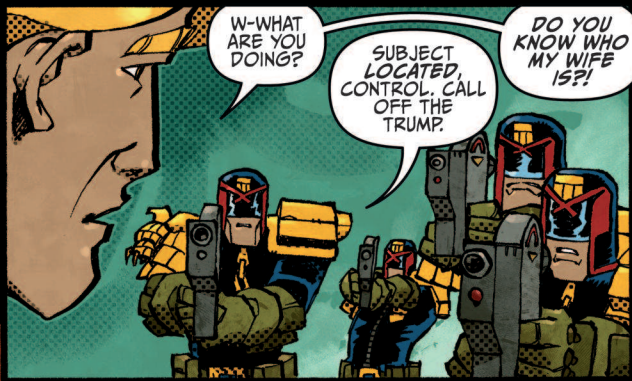


Script Droid.....SWIERCZYNSKI
Art Droid.....DANIEL
Editorial Droid.....RYALL

THE SEARCH TAKES ABOUT 37 SECONDS.



STOMM!



W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SUBJECT LOCATED, CONTROL, CALL OFF THE TRUMP.

DO YOU KNOW WHO MY WIFE IS?!

CONTROL, I'M HERE AT GATES-KROCH HQ.

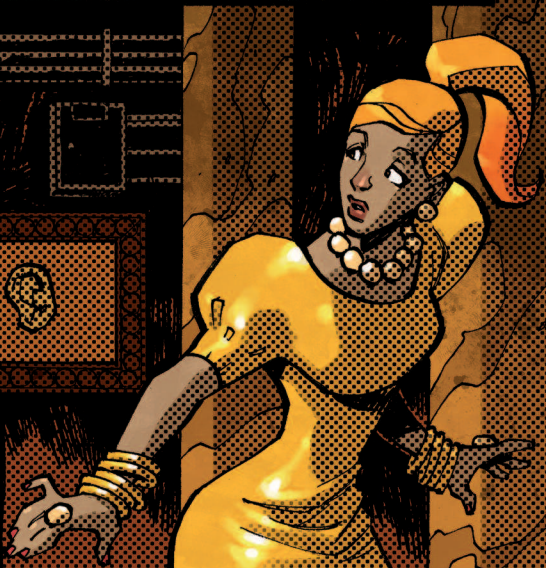
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.



HEY! WAIT! DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT? SHE'S NOT SEEING ANYONE RIGHT NOW!

SHE'LL BE SEEING ME IN ABOUT TWO SECONDS.

WE FOUND YOUR HUSBAND, SAFE AND SOUND. YOU CAN STOP WASTING THE DEPARTMENT'S TIME.



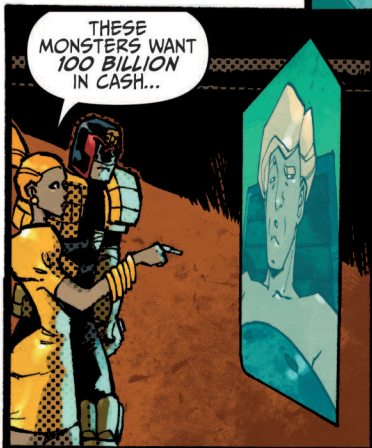


SAFE?
YOU CALL
THIS SAFE?



"HE'S ABOUT TO
BE TORTURED
BY MADMEN!"

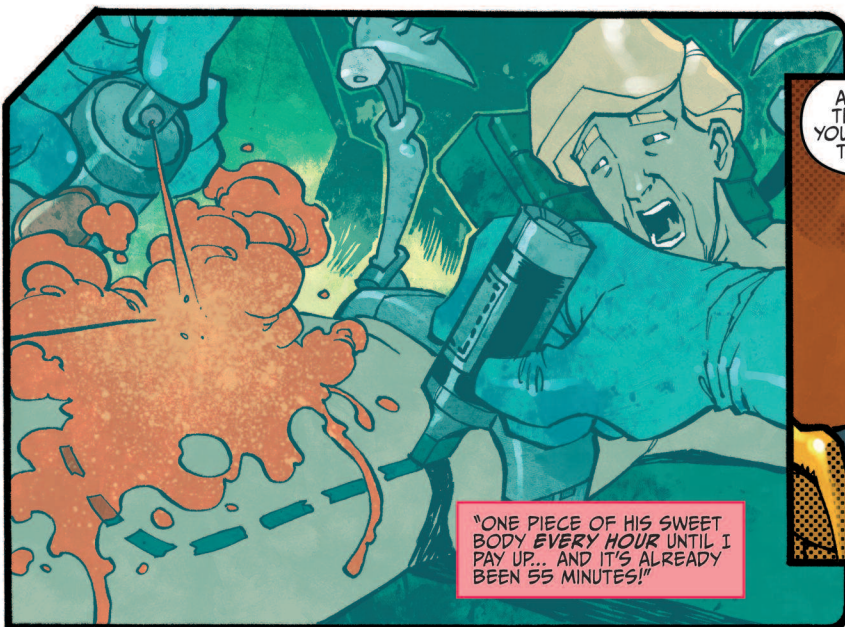
DO YOU
KNOW WHO
MY WIFE
IS!?



THESE
MONSTERS WANT
100 BILLION
IN CASH...



"...OR THEY'RE GOING TO
START CUTTING INTO MY
JEREMY AND MAKE ME WATCH!



"ONE PIECE OF HIS SWEET
BODY EVERY HOUR UNTIL I
PAY UP... AND IT'S ALREADY
BEEN 55 MINUTES!"



AND I'LL BET
THEY WARNED
YOU NOT TO CALL
THE JUDGES.

NO.

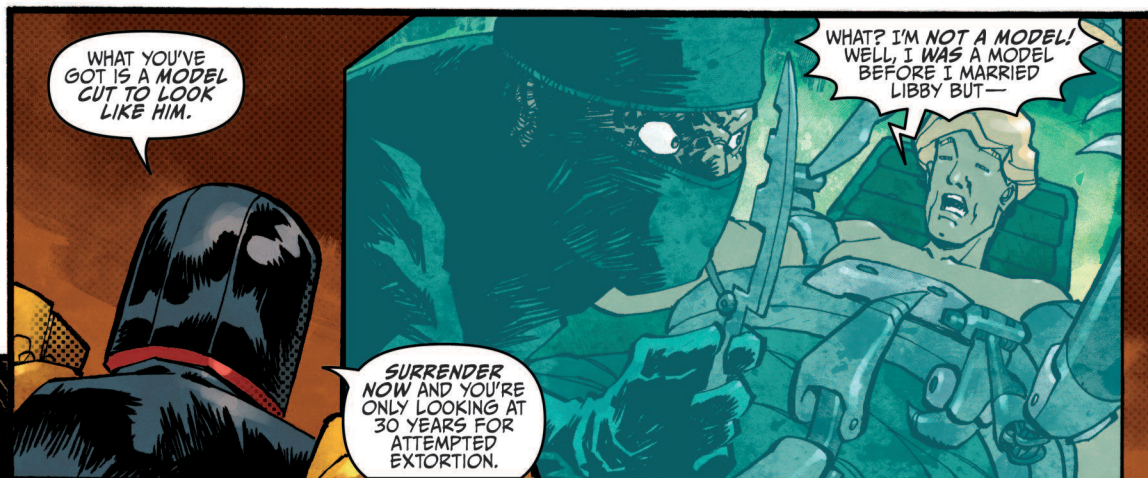


WE VERY MUCH WANT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT INVOLVED.

HOW ELSE WOULD WE GUARANTEE THE SAFE TRANSIT OF OUR PAYMENT?

THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A PAYMENT.

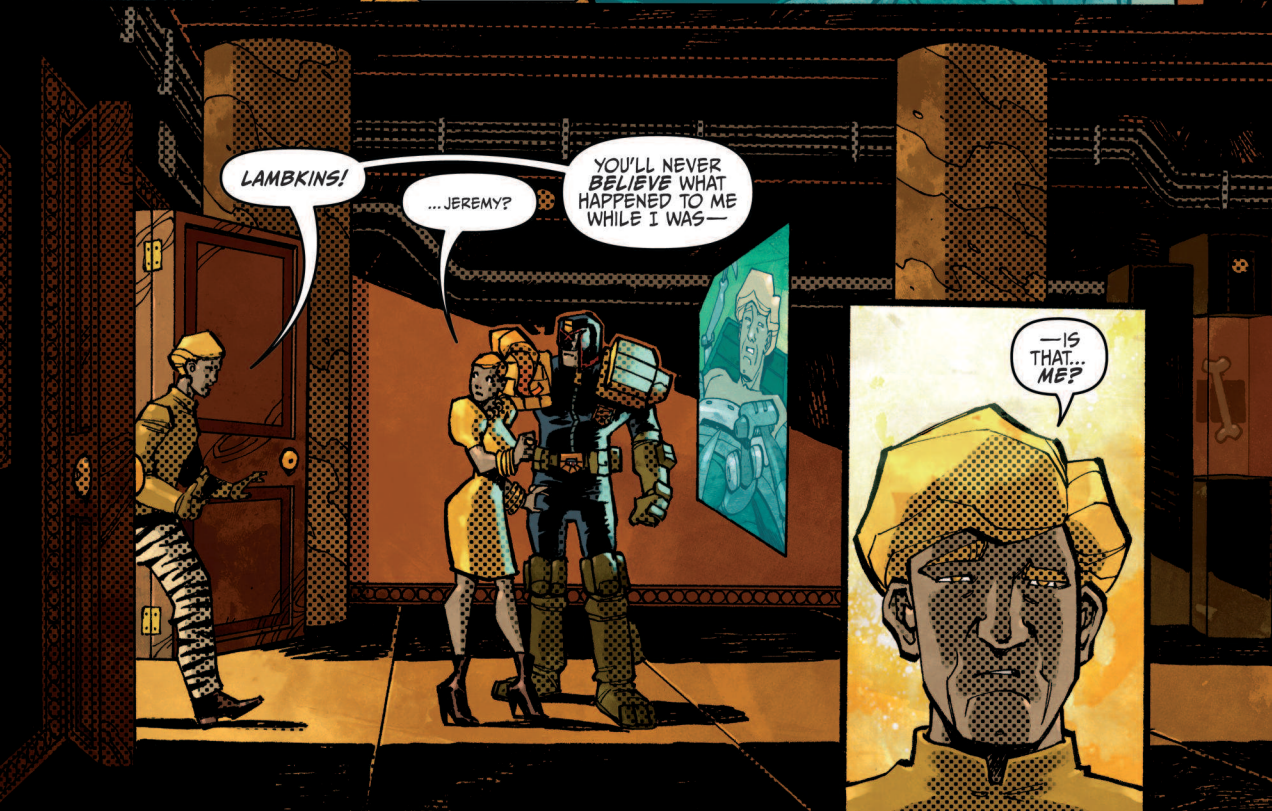
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T ACTUALLY HAVE THE HUSBAND. WE LOCATED HIM A FEW MINUTES AGO.



WHAT YOU'VE GOT IS A MODEL CUT TO LOOK LIKE HIM.

WHAT? I'M NOT A MODEL! WELL, I WAS A MODEL BEFORE I MARRIED LIBBY BUT—

SURRENDER NOW AND YOU'RE ONLY LOOKING AT 30 YEARS FOR ATTEMPTED EXTORTION.



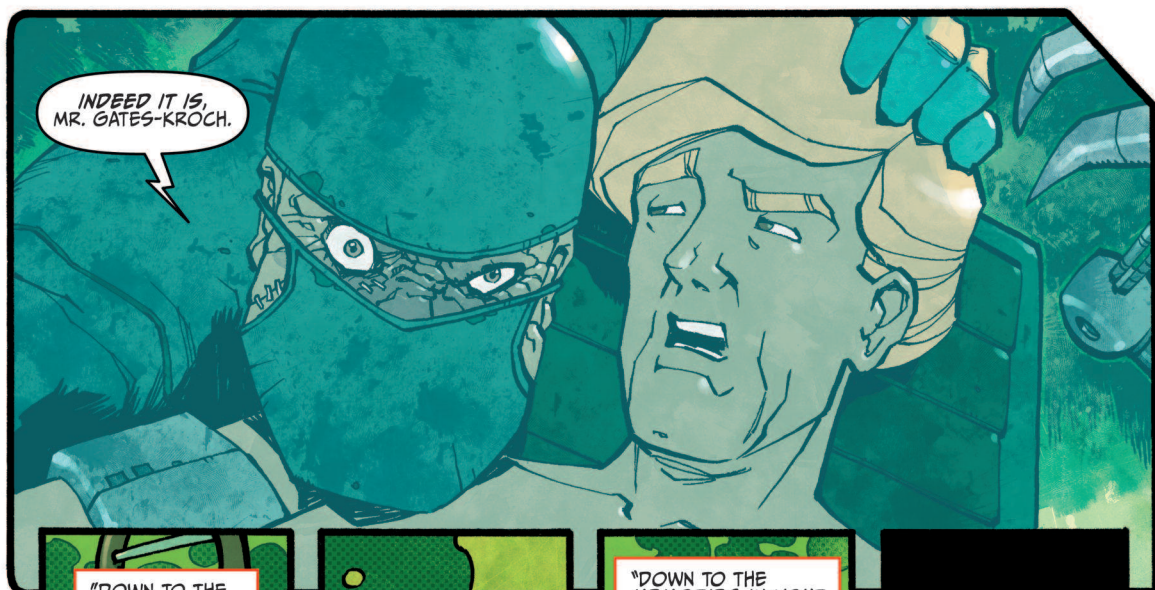
LAMBKINS!

...JEREMY?

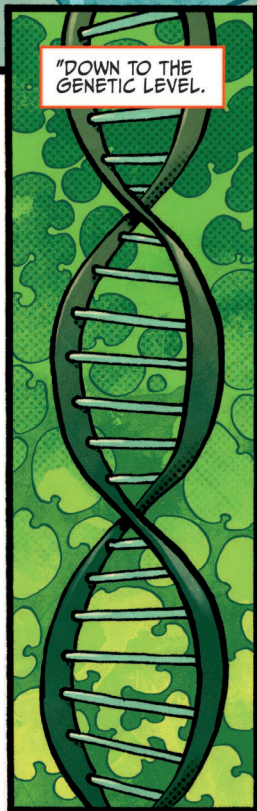
YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WHILE I WAS—



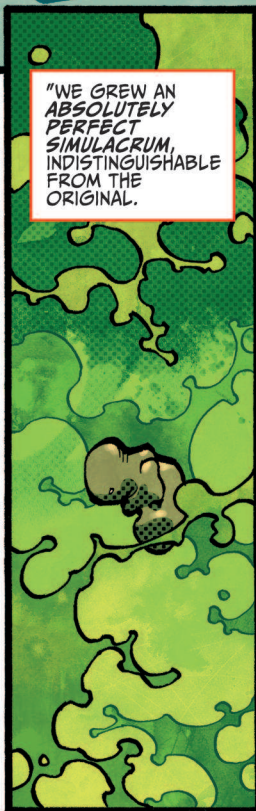
—IS THAT... ME?



"DOWN TO THE GENETIC LEVEL."



"WE GREW AN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT SIMULACRUM, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE ORIGINAL."



"DOWN TO THE MEMORIES IN YOUR HEAD WHEN THE SAMPLE WAS TAKEN."



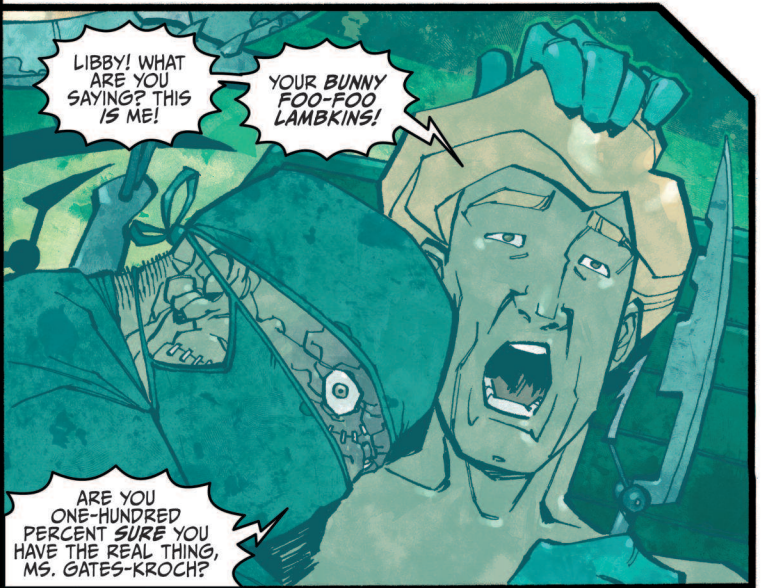
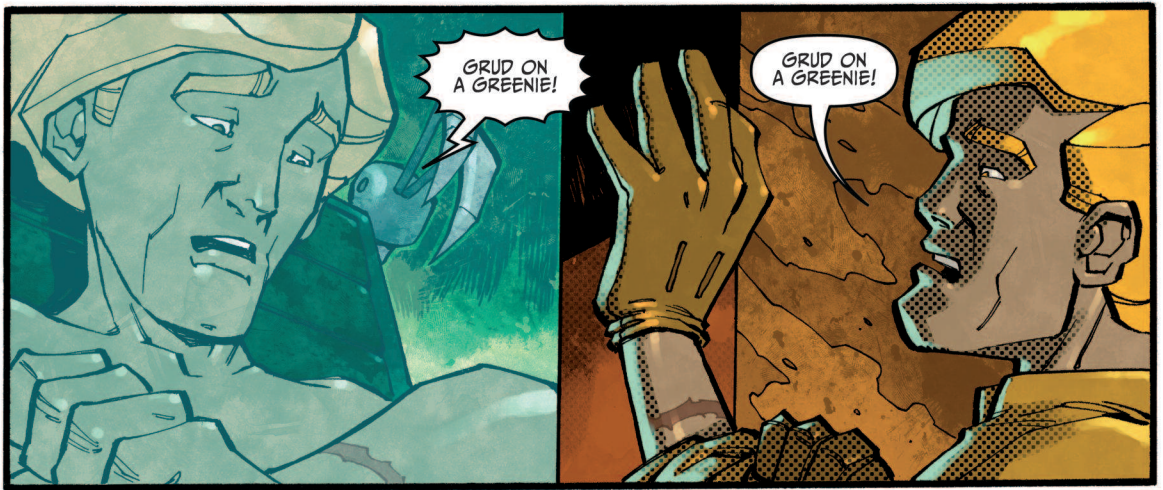
OWIE.

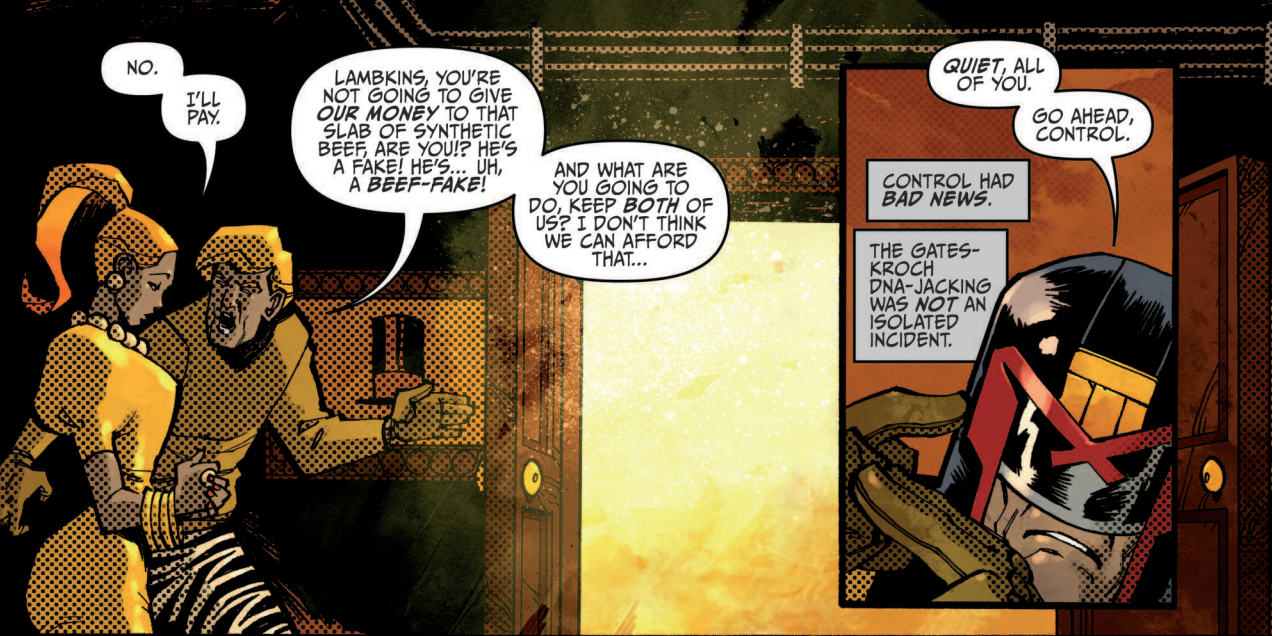


LOOK AT YOUR ARMS.

ALL IT TOOK WAS A SIMPLE SKIN SCRABE.



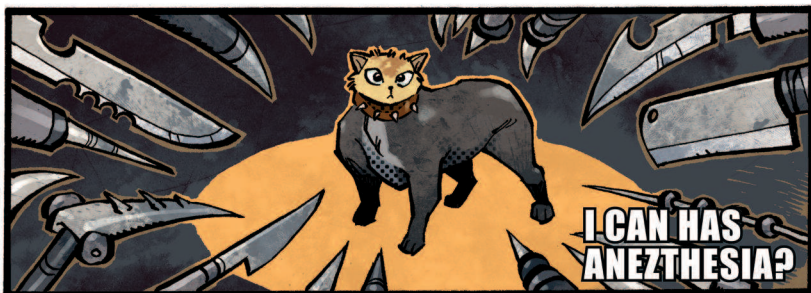




WITHIN THE PAST FEW MINUTES, NINE OTHER CASES HAD BEEN REPORTED. THE TARGETS: RELATIVES OF THE CITY'S WEALTHIEST RESIDENTS.



ALL THREATENED WITH
GRUESOME TORTURE AND
NEEDLESS MEDICAL
PROCEDURES UNLESS THE
RANSOM IS PAID. IN *CASH*.



I CAN HAS
ANEZTHESIA?

FOR THE FAMILIES, THERE
IS NO DEBATE. CLONE OR
NOT, THEY WANT THEIR
LOVED ONES *SAFE*.

"EVERYONE HAS
AGREED TO PAY,
DREDD."

I WANT YOU
TO BE THE
BAGMAN.

FINE.

BUT THAT'S
GOING TO BE ONE
AWFULLY BIG BAG,
CHIEF JUSTICE
MORGAN.

"YOU'RE NOT
WRONG, DREDD..."

DROKK!
IS THERE ANY
ROOM LEFT TO
DRIVE THIS
THING?



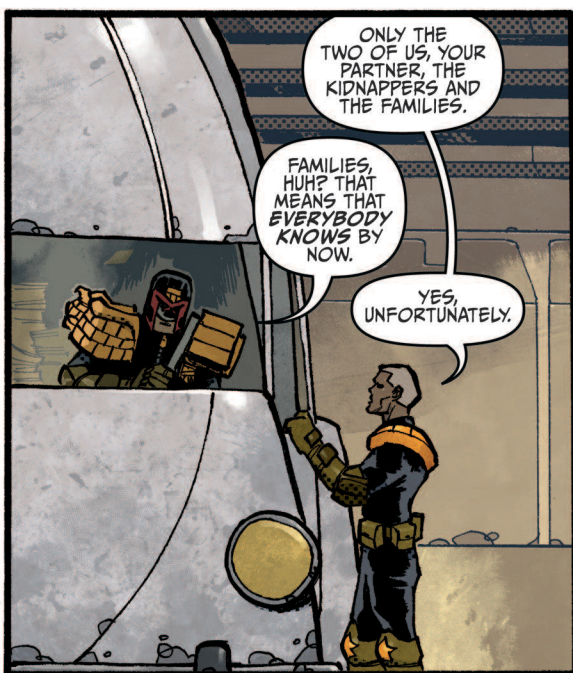
AND THERE'S
NOTHING SMALLER
THAN A 2 MILLION BILL
IN THERE. SMALLER
DENOMINATIONS WOULD
HAVE REQUIRED A FLEET
OF HOVERCRAFT.

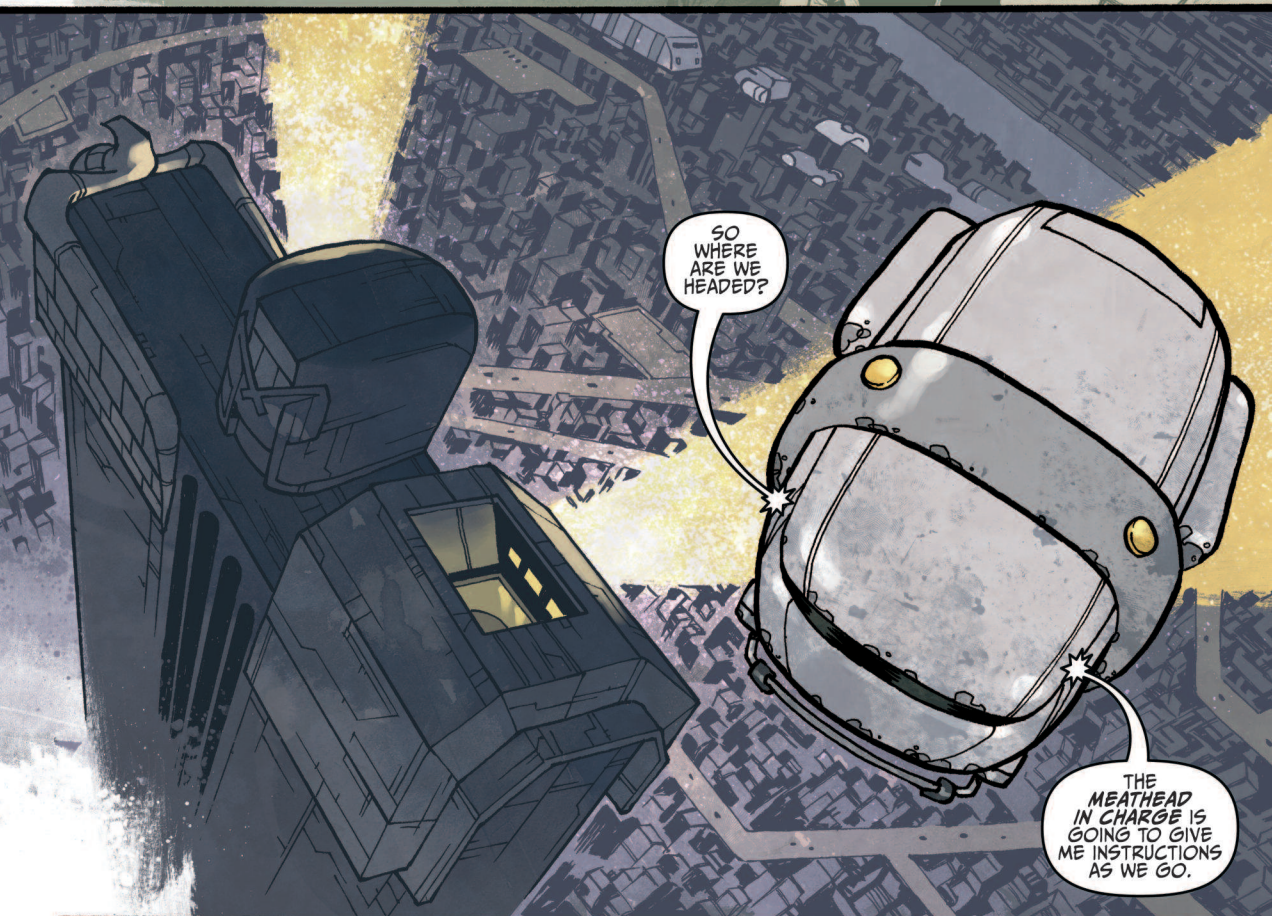
BUT THEY
SPECIFIED:
ONE SHIP, NO
TRICKS, NO
SURPRISES.

I'M GUESSING
YOU WANT ME
TO SURPRISE
THEM ANYWAY.

WHY DO
YOU THINK I
CALLED FOR
YOU, JOE?









PROCEED
DOWN MCBAIN
BOULEVARD.

GO EAST
ON WESTLAKE,
THEN TURN—



STOMM!



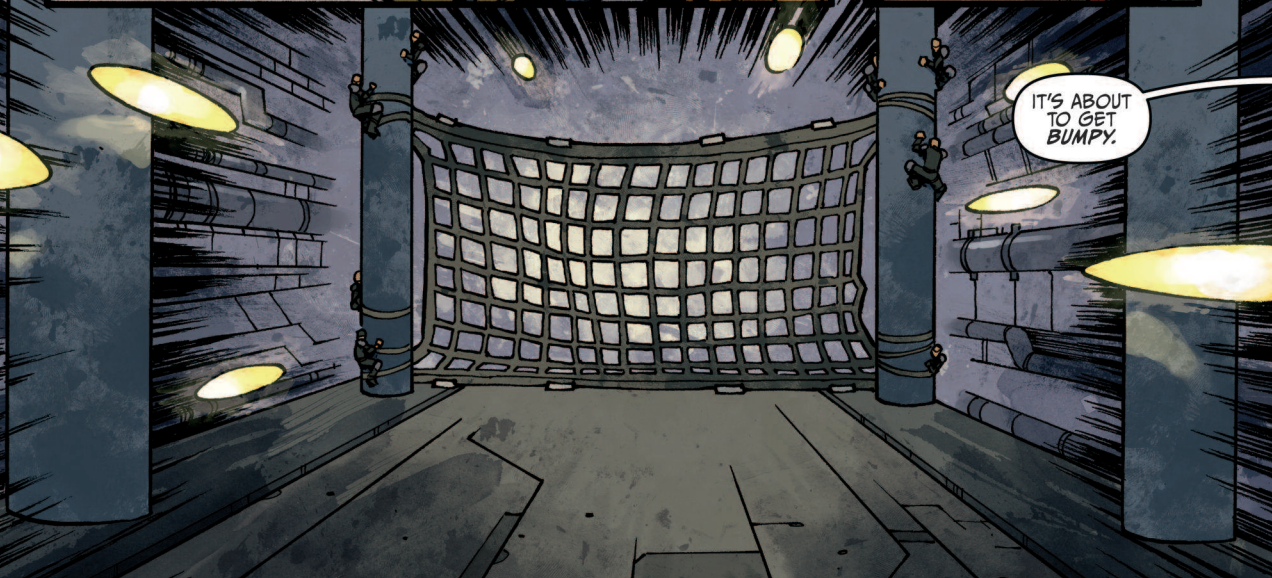
WHAT THE
DROKK WAS
THAT? WHY ARE
THEY SHOOTING
AT US?

YOU'D BETTER
KEEP MY MONEY
SAFE, DREDD!

CONTROL
THAT FIRE,
TARJAY.



AND THEN
HANG ON.

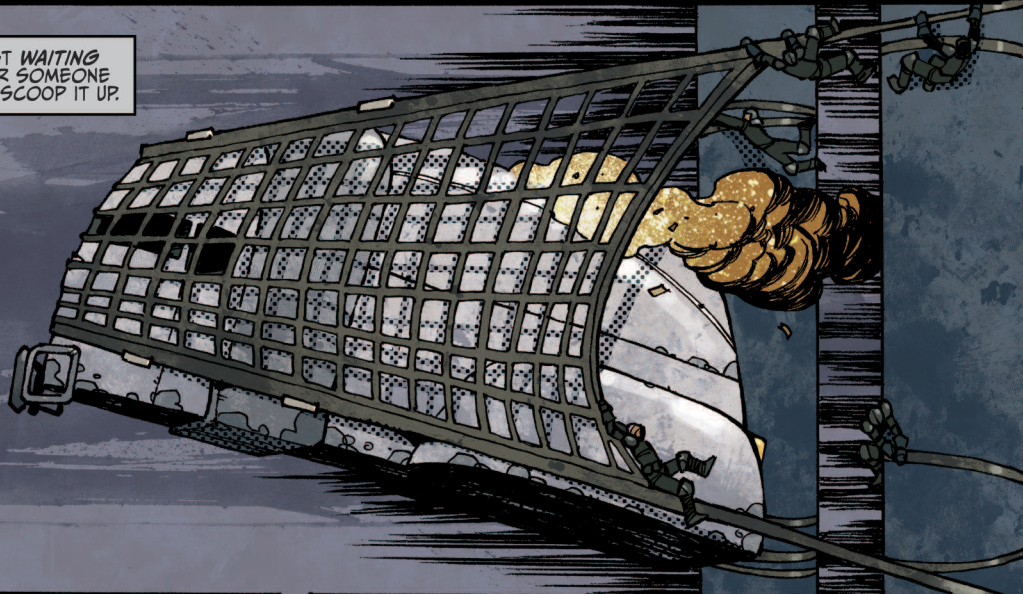


IT'S ABOUT
TO GET
BUMPY.

WORD HAD SPREAD
LIGHTNING-QUICK
THROUGH THE
UNDERWORLD.

THE SCORE OF A
LIFETIME, FLOATING
THROUGH THE AIR.

JUST WAITING
FOR SOMEONE
TO SCOOP IT UP.



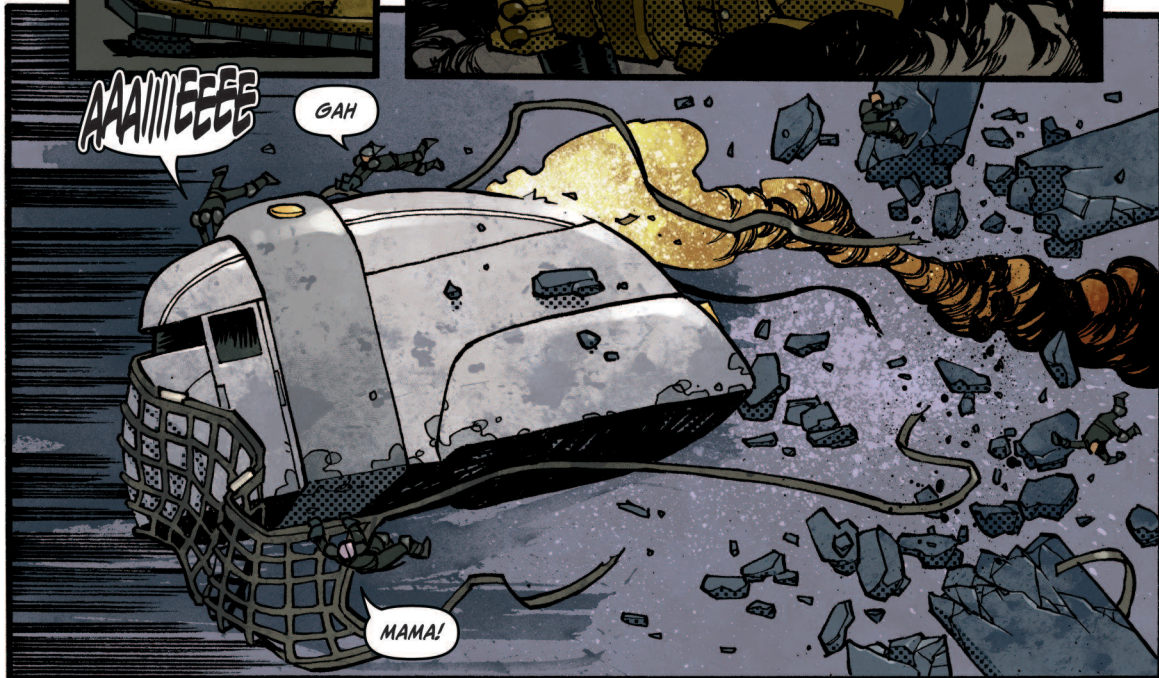
YOU THINK
I'M GOING TO
MAKE IT EASY
FOR YOU,
CREEPS?



AAAAAEEEE

GAH

MAMA!





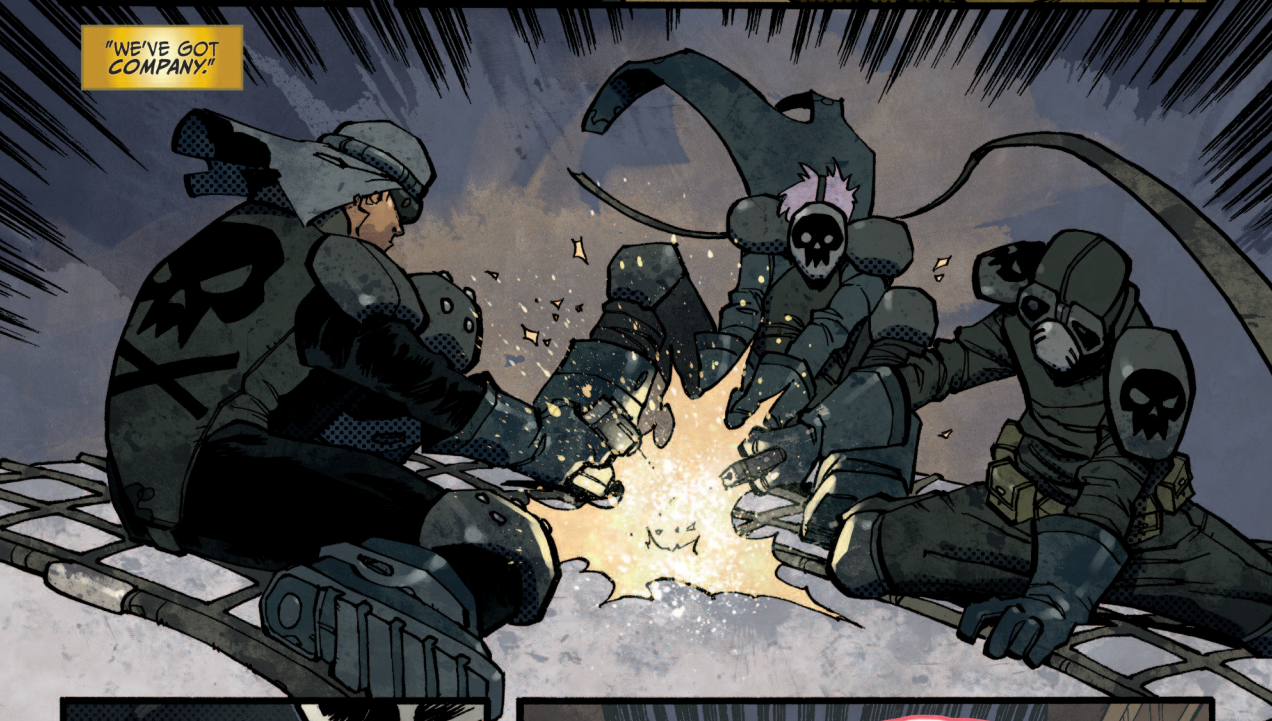
SOUTH
ON NUSSBAUM,
THEN WEST ON
WILCOXSON,
PLEASE.



DREDD!
WE'VE GOT
A FIRE ON
TOP, TOO!

WE
DON'T HAVE
A FIRE.

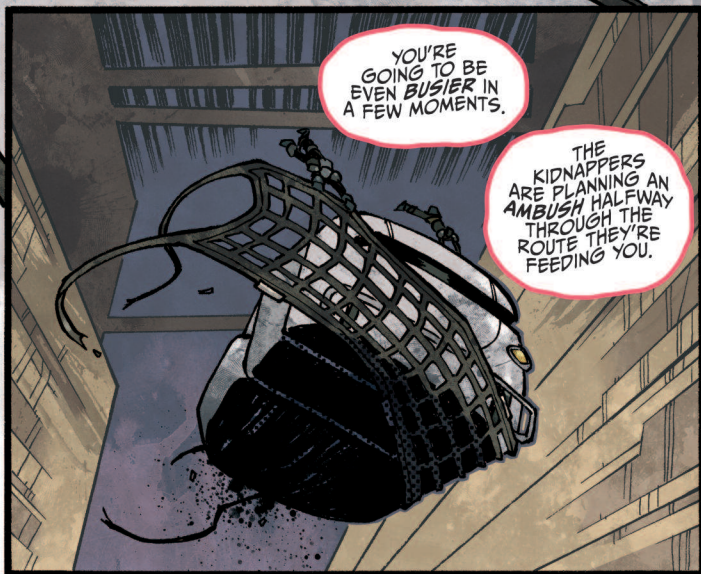
"WE'VE GOT
COMPANY."



THEY BREACH
THE ROOF, WE
START BLASTING.
NOTHING GETS
INSIDE THIS SHIP.

DREDD...
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

A LITTLE
BUSY AT THE
MOMENT, JUDGE
ANDERSON.



YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
EVEN *BUSIER* IN
A FEW MOMENTS.

THE
KIDNAPPERS
ARE PLANNING AN
AMBUSH HALFWAY
THROUGH THE
ROUTE THEY'RE
FEEDING YOU.



JUDGE ANDERSON, PSI DIVISION,
COULDN'T LEAVE DREDD OUT
THERE TOTALLY DEFENSELESS.

I WAS ABLE TO
PICK UP ON THE
HEAD KIDNAPPER'S
THOUGHTS... UGH,
WHAT A DISGUSTING
MIND.

ANYWAY,
I THOUGHT
YOU SHOULD
KNOW.



THANKS.

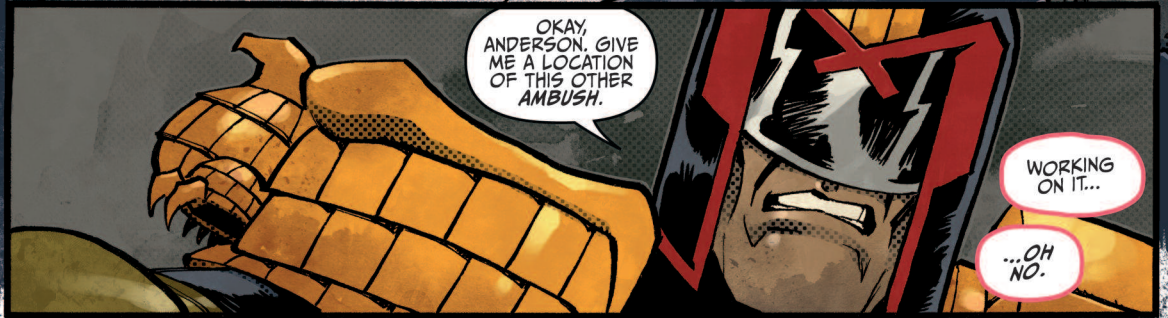
I'LL DEAL
WITH THAT
AMBUSH...



"...JUST AS SOON
I FINISH WITH
THIS ONE."



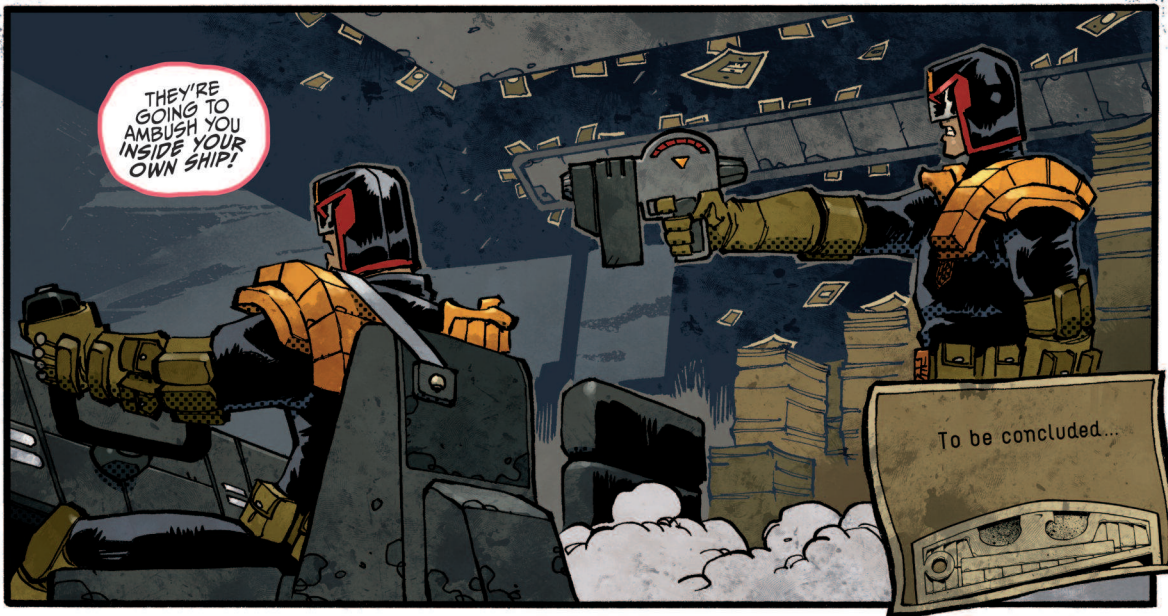
DROKK
ME.



OKAY, ANDERSON. GIVE ME A LOCATION OF THIS OTHER AMBUSH.

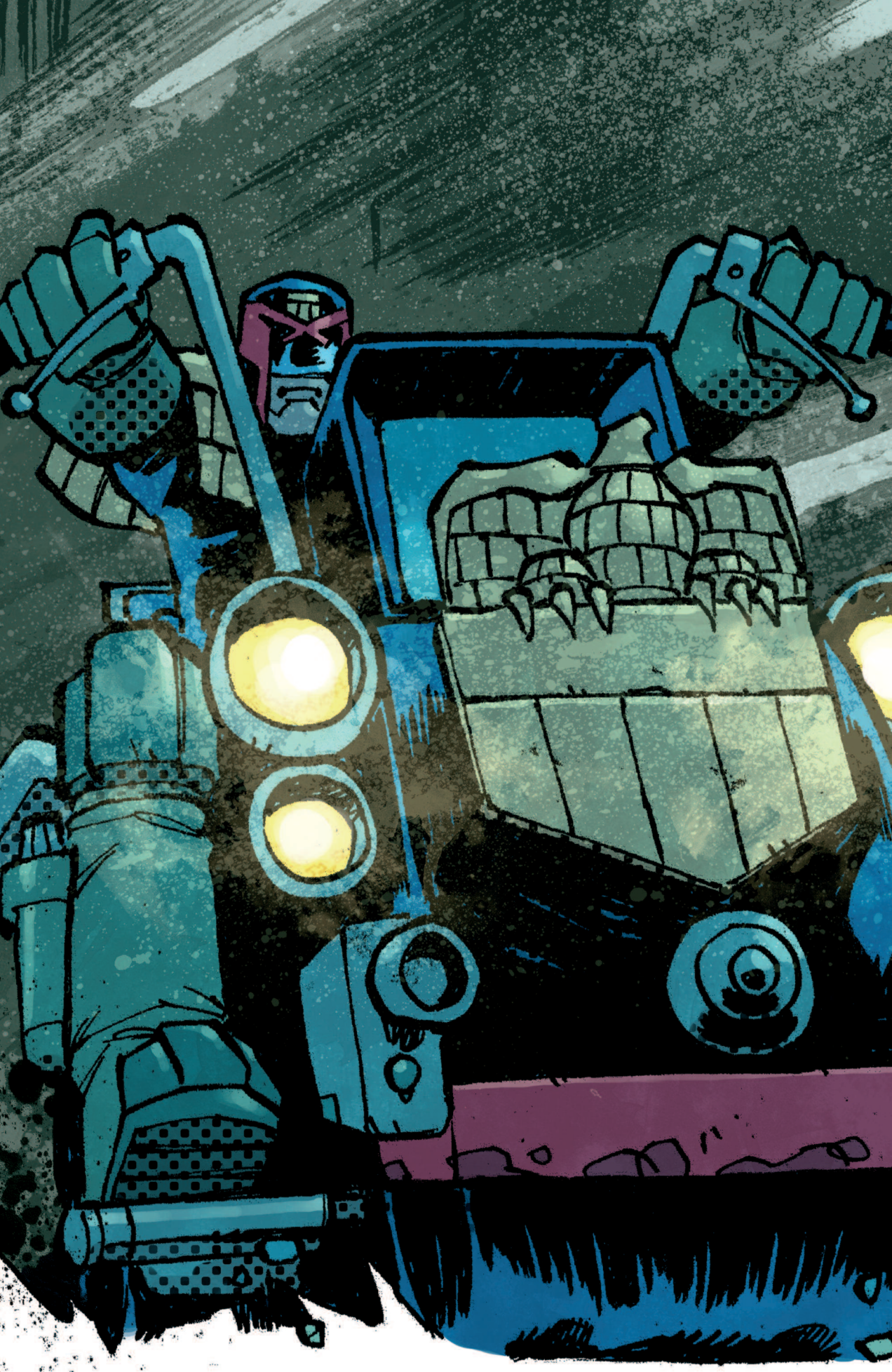
WORKING ON IT...

...OH NO.



THEY'RE GOING TO AMBUSH YOU INSIDE YOUR OWN SHIP!

To be concluded...





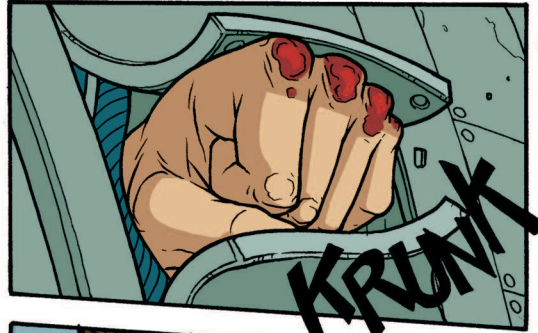
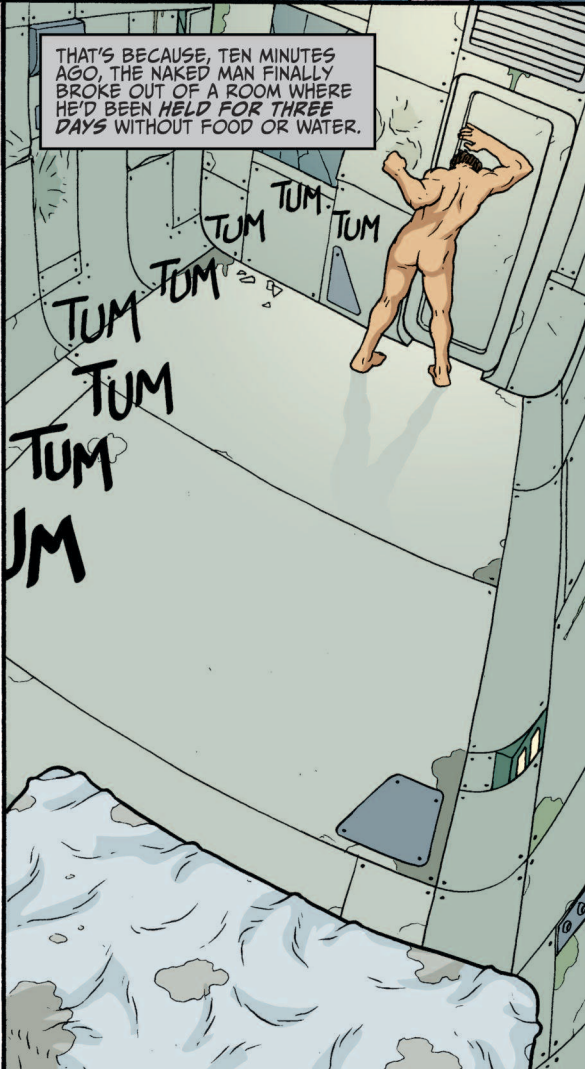
ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**

SOMEWHERE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, A **NAKED MAN** IS RUNNING DOWN A FILTHY ALLEY.

"NAKED CITY"

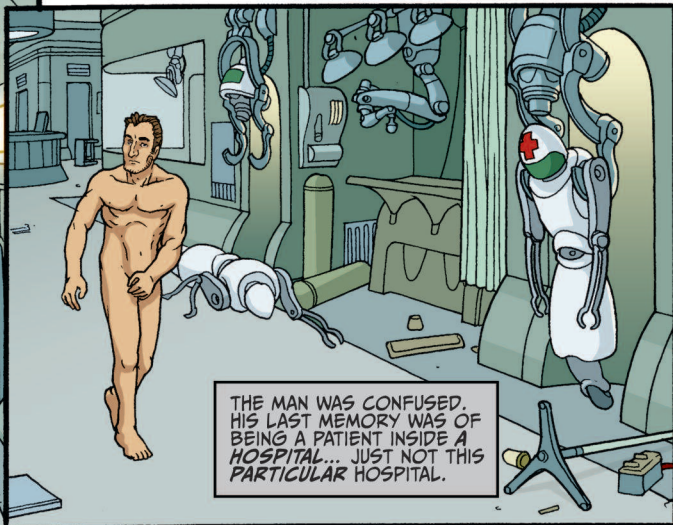
HE FEELS LIKE THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

SCRIPT DROID:
DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
ART DROID:
LANGDON FOSS
COLOR DROID:
RONDA PATTISON





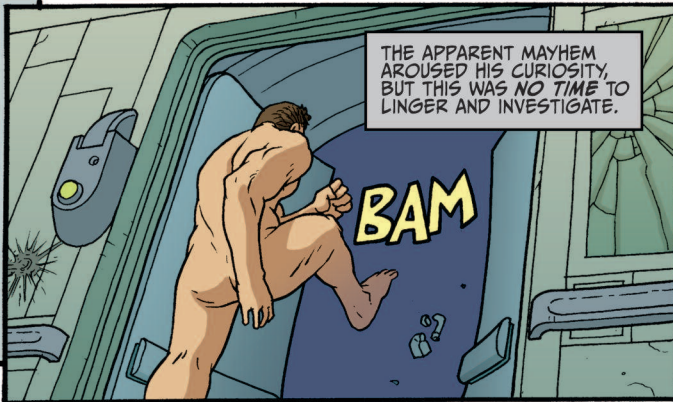
...ONLY TO FIND THERE WAS NO ONE STANDING GUARD AT ALL.



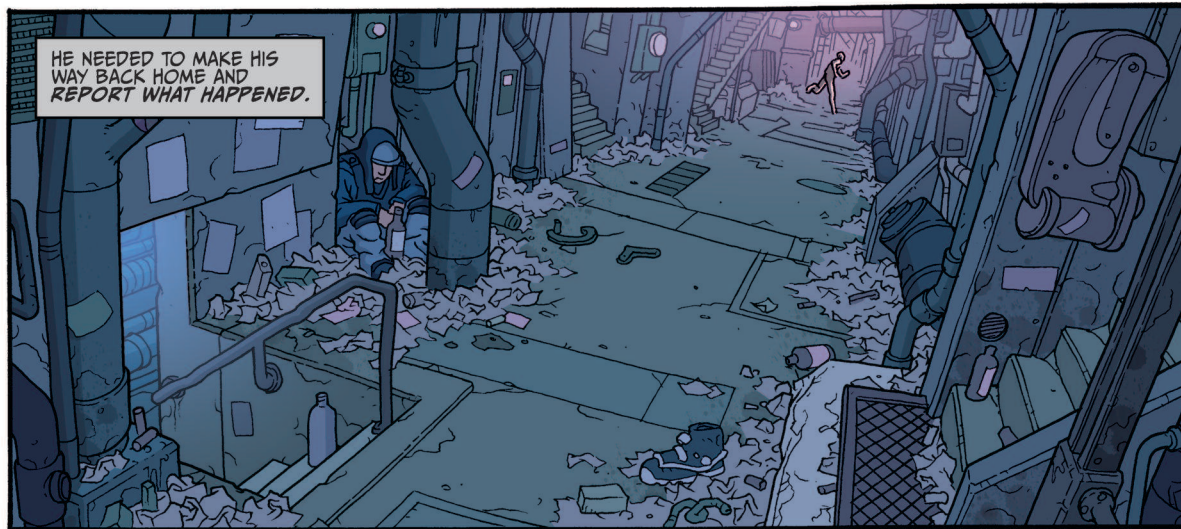
THE MAN WAS CONFUSED. HIS LAST MEMORY WAS OF BEING A PATIENT INSIDE A HOSPITAL... JUST NOT THIS PARTICULAR HOSPITAL.



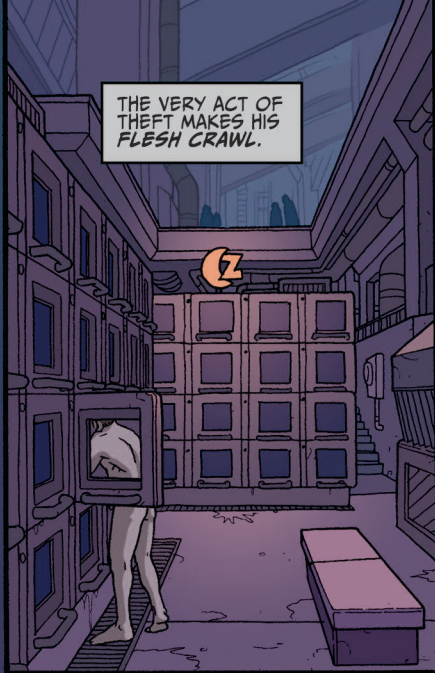
HE ALSO NOTED LASER-BLAST POCKMARKS ALONG THE WALL. SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAD HAPPENED HERE... AND RECENTLY.



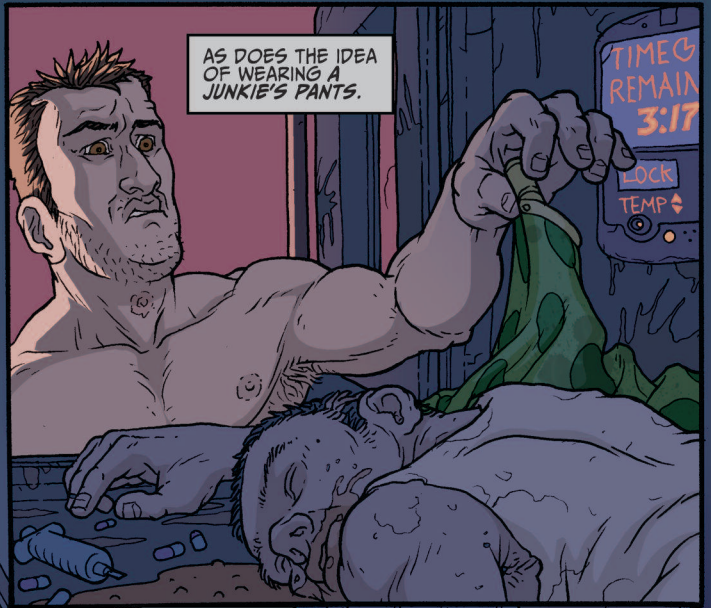
THE APPARENT MAYHEM AROUSED HIS CURIOSITY, BUT THIS WAS NO TIME TO LINGER AND INVESTIGATE.



HE NEEDED TO MAKE HIS WAY BACK HOME AND REPORT WHAT HAPPENED.



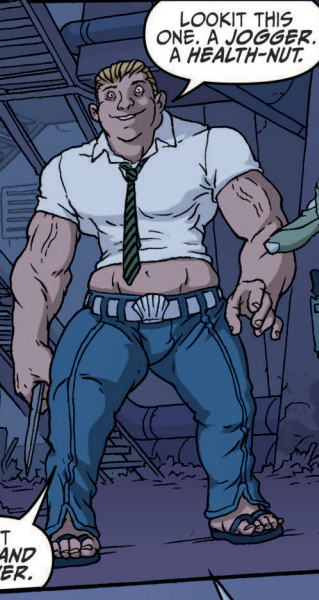
THE VERY ACT OF THEFT MAKES HIS FLESH CRAWL.



AS DOES THE IDEA OF WEARING A JUNKIE'S PANTS.



BUT MOMENTS LATER, HE'S THANKFUL FOR THE MODEST PROTECTION THEY OFFER.



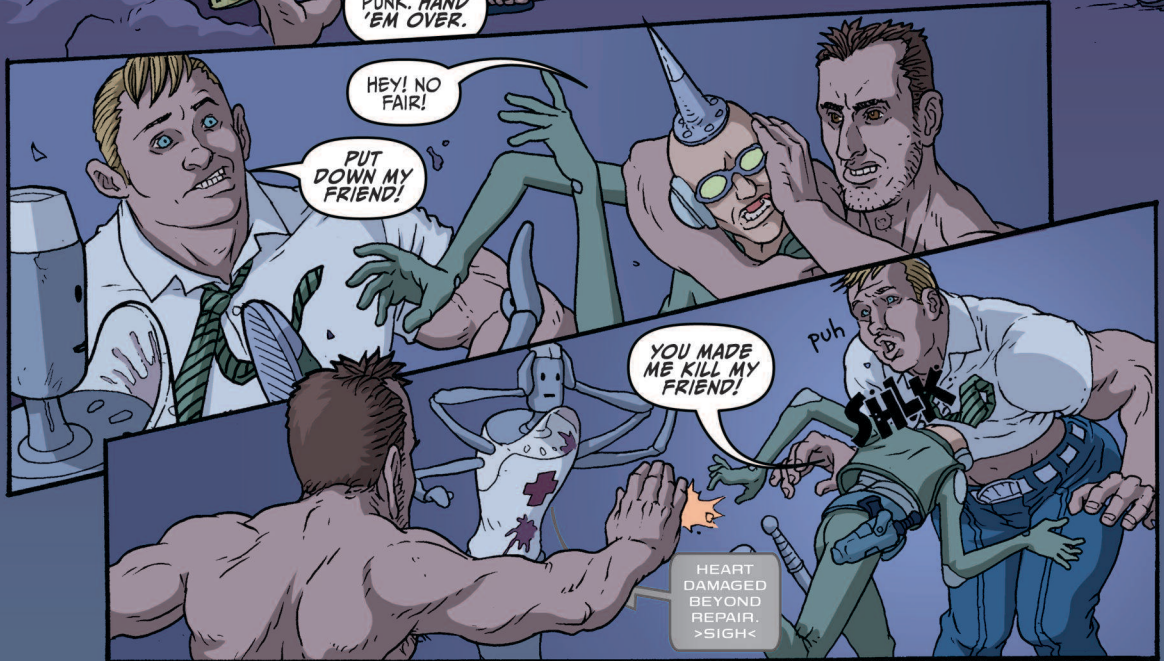
LOOKIT THIS ONE. A JOGGER. A HEALTH-NUT.

HIS LUNGS ARE PROLLY CHOICE.

SCANNING...

...HEART, LUNGS, LIVER, EYES, BRAIN, TESTICLES... ALL IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

A'IIGHT PUNK. HAND 'EM OVER.



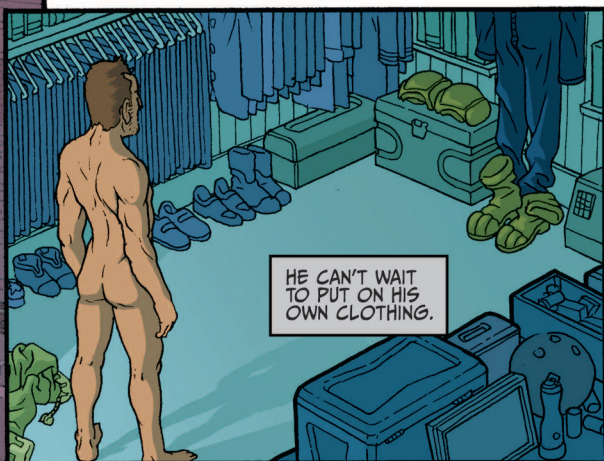
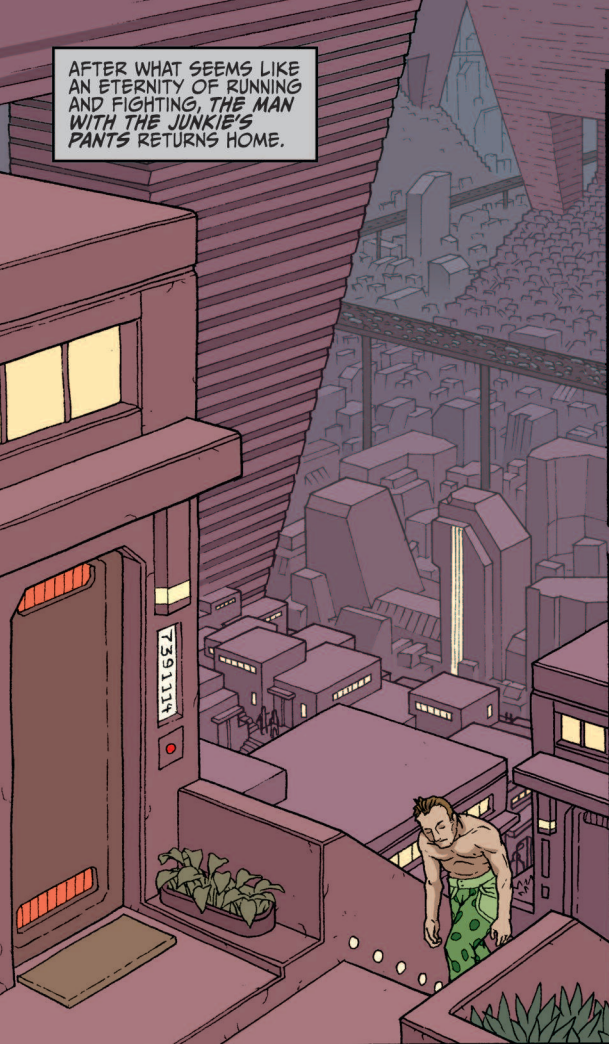
HEY! NO FAIR!

PUT DOWN MY FRIEND!

YOU MADE ME KILL MY FRIEND!

HEART DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR. >SIGH<

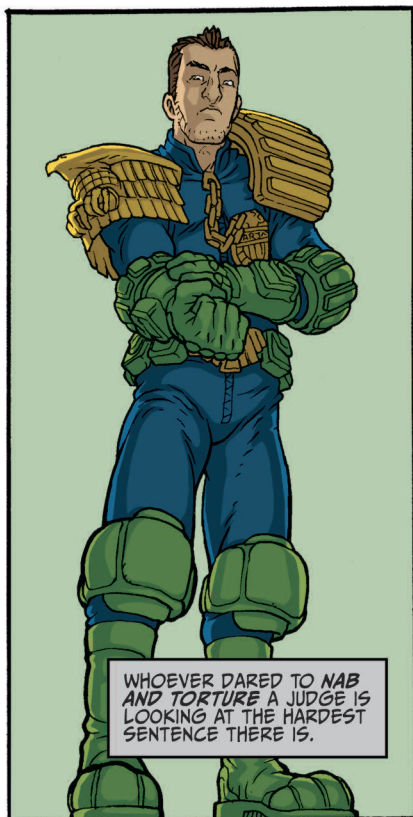
AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY OF RUNNING AND FIGHTING, THE MAN WITH THE JUNKIE'S PANTS RETURNS HOME.



HE CAN'T WAIT TO PUT ON HIS OWN CLOTHING.



AND EXACT SOME JUSTICE.



WHOEVER DARED TO NAB AND TORTURE A JUDGE IS LOOKING AT THE HARDEST SENTENCE THERE IS.



DEATH.
TIMES A THOUSAND, IF HE HAS ANY SAY IN THE MATTER.

* QUICK BIT OF BACKSTORY: THIS JUDGE APPEARED IN #1, AND WAS SHOT IN THE THROAT.



JUDGE TARJAY WAS NEVER SO HAPPY TO REPORT FOR DUTY AT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

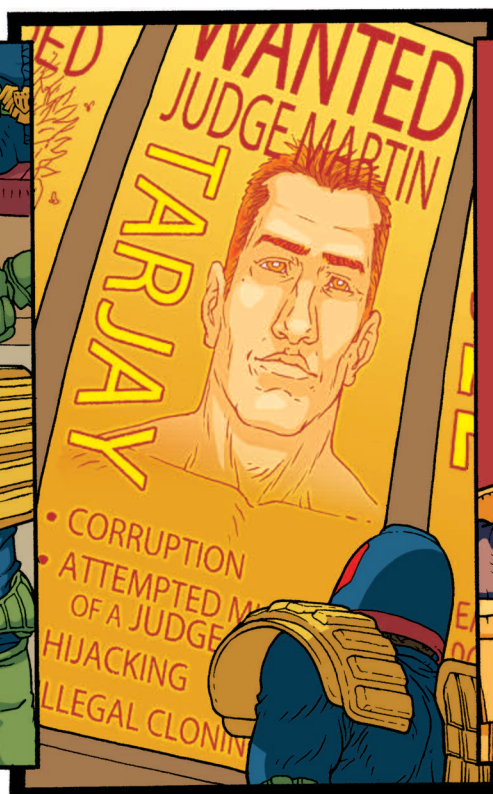


HE'LL LEAD TEK DIVISION BACK TO THAT ABANDONED HOSPITAL...

...AND THEN HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A *PERP SHEET* ON A NEARBY VIDSREEN. JUDGES ARE HARD-WIRED TO LOOK, STUDY AND ABSORB THEM IN A MATTER OF SECONDS.



BUT THIS TIME, A FAMILIAR FACE STARES BACK AT HIM.



AND NOW JUDGE TARJAY HAS SOME IDEA OF WHY SOMEONE WOULD WANT TO LOCK HIM AWAY IN A ROOM SOMEWHERE.



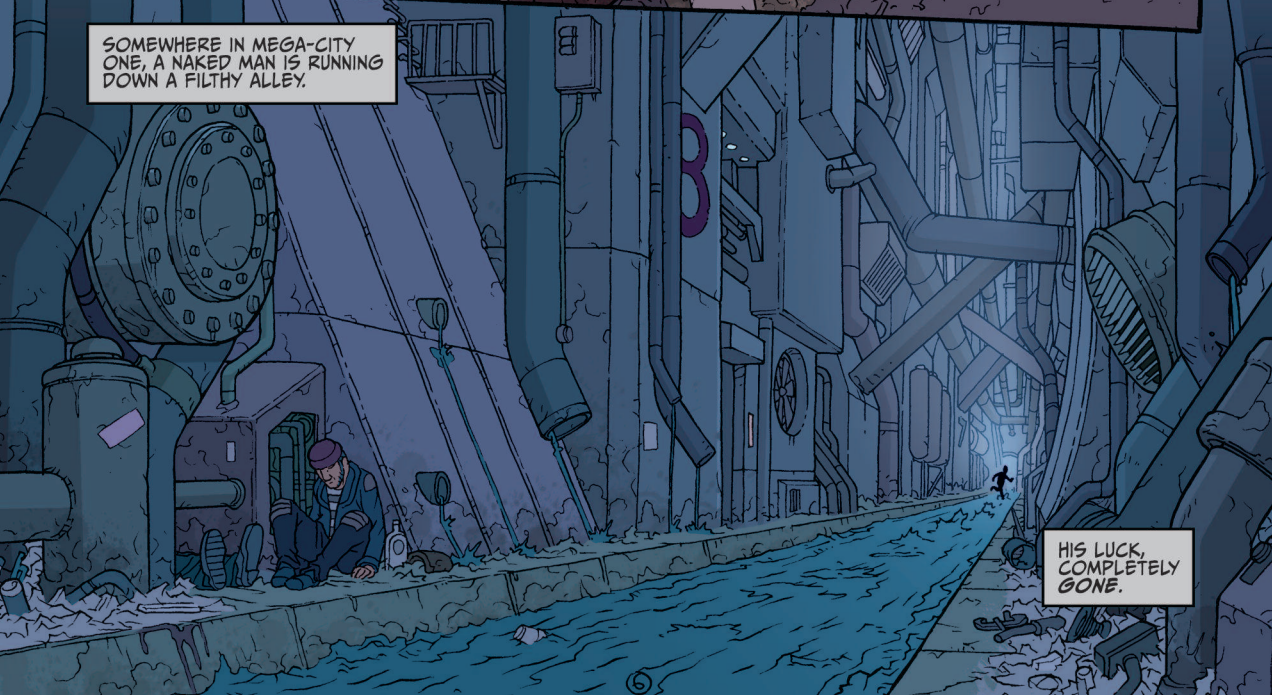
THE DECISION
IS MADE IN A
SPLIT SECOND.

UNTIL HE CAN
FIGURE OUT HOW TO
CLEAR HIS NAME...



...HE HAS TO **SURRENDER**
HIS NAME, ALONG WITH
EVERY SINGLE POSSESSION.

HE HAS TO DISAPPEAR INTO
THE UNDERBELLY, WITHOUT
SUPPORT, WITHOUT FRIENDS,
WITHOUT **THE LAW** BY HIS SIDE.



SOMEWHERE IN MEGA-CITY
ONE, A NAKED MAN IS RUNNING
DOWN A FILTHY ALLEY.

HIS LUCK,
COMPLETELY
GONE.





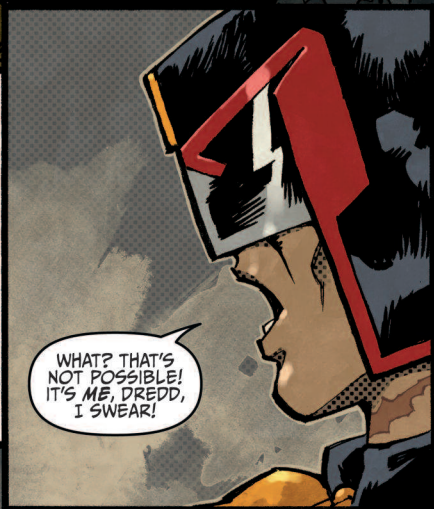
HIGH ABOVE MEGA-CITY ONE.

JUDGE DREDD IS PILOTING A HOVERCRAFT JAMMED WITH BILLIONS OF CRED'S IN RANSOM MONEY.

HIS OWN PARTNER, JUDGE TARJAY, HAS TURNED ON HIM, WHICH COMES AS A SHOCK TO TARJAY HIMSELF..

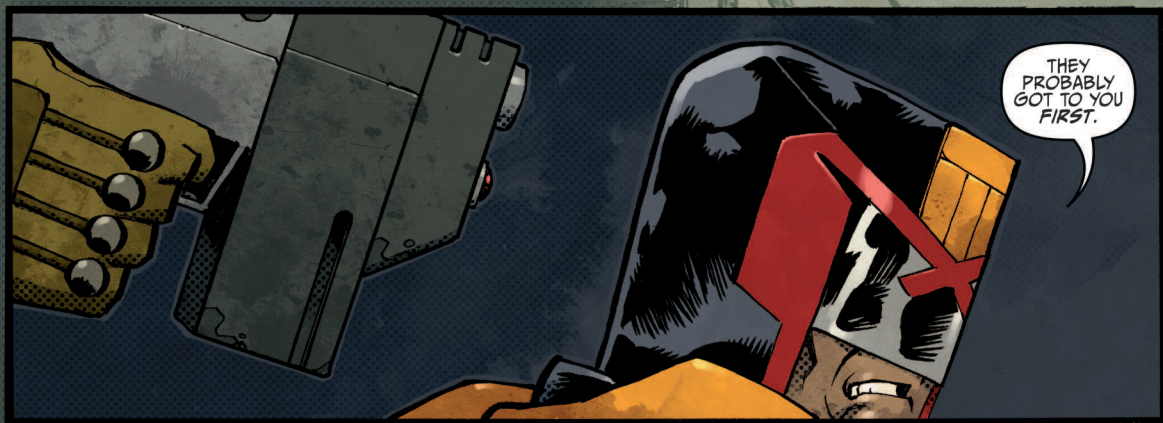
I... I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS!

BECAUSE YOU'RE A CLONE, UNDER THE SURGEON'S CONTROL.



We've Got You Now, Pt. 2

Script Droid.....	SWIERCZYNSKI
Art Droid.....	NELSON DANIEL
Editorial Droid.....	CHRIS RYALL



THEY PROBABLY GOT TO YOU FIRST.

"TOOK A SKIN SAMPLE IN THE HOSPITAL WHILE YOU WERE STILL RECOVERING FROM YOUR THROAT WOUND."

"CLONED YOU."

"MESSED AROUND WITH YOUR BRAIN."

"SWITCHED YOU, SO THAT YOU'D BE IN PLACE TO MAKE SURE NOTHING WOULD INTERFERE WITH THEIR RANSOM DROP."



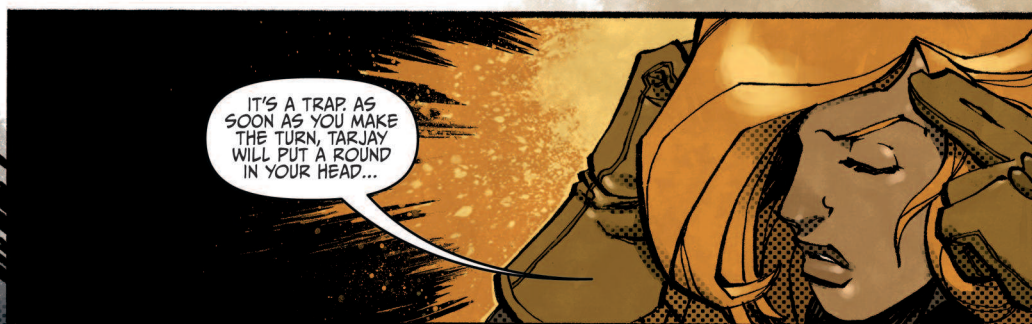


THIS IS
INSANE... YOU
HAVE TO HELP
ME... I DON'T
WANT TO KILL
YOU!

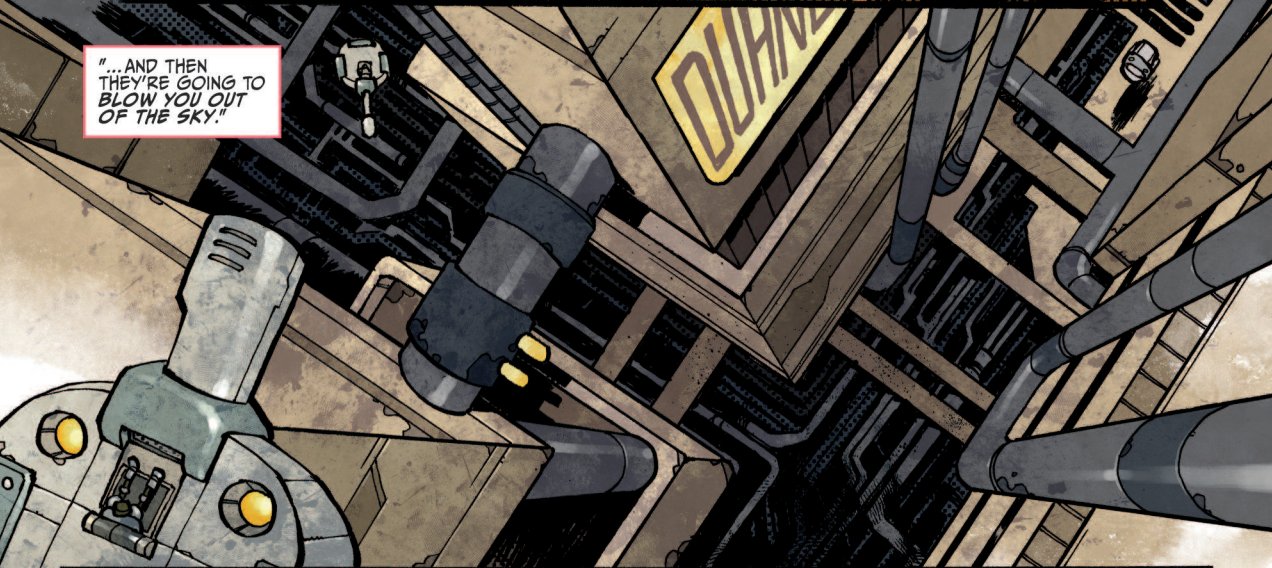
DREDD!

HANG ON,
TARJAY, GO
AHEAD,
ANDERSON.

THEY'RE
GOING TO TELL
YOU TO MAKE A
RIGHT ONTO
GOODIS
STREET.



IT'S A TRAP. AS
SOON AS YOU MAKE
THE TURN, TARJAY
WILL PUT A ROUND
IN YOUR HEAD...



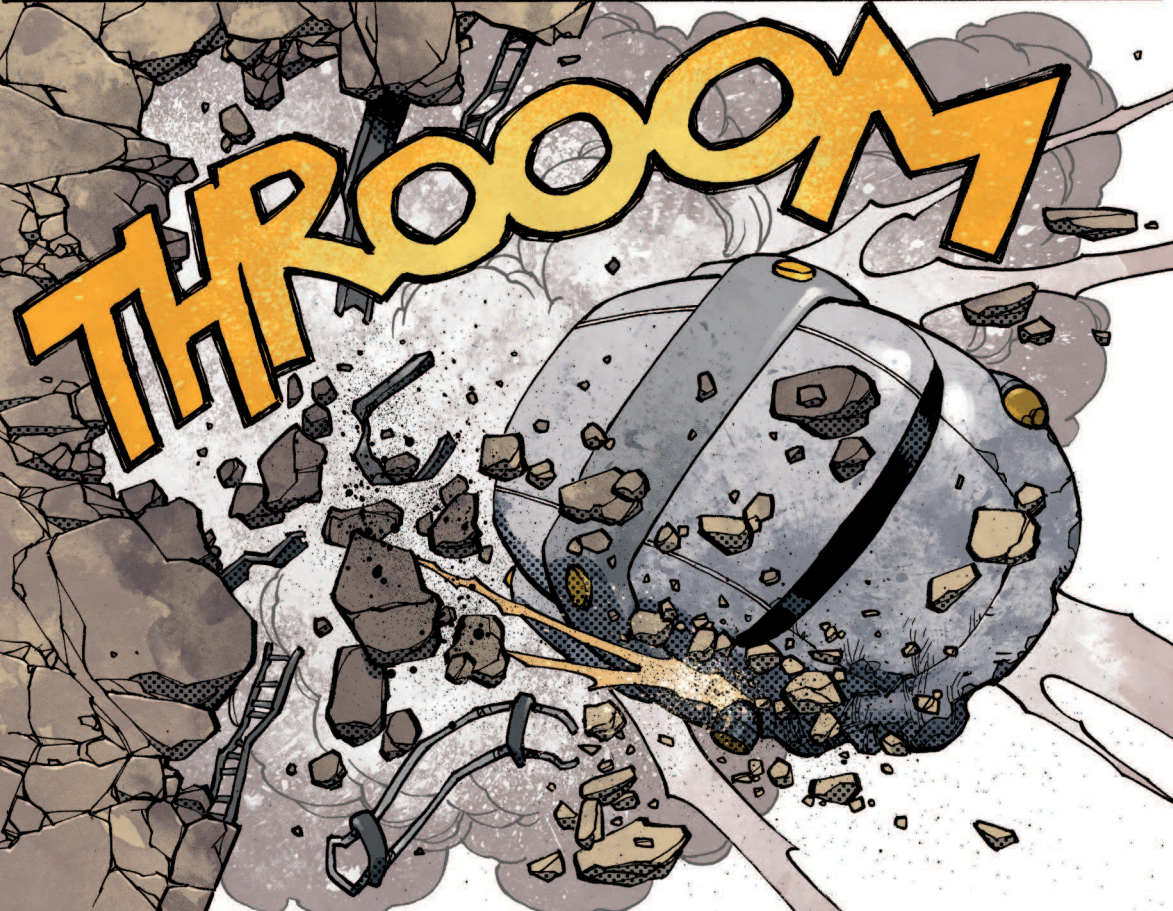
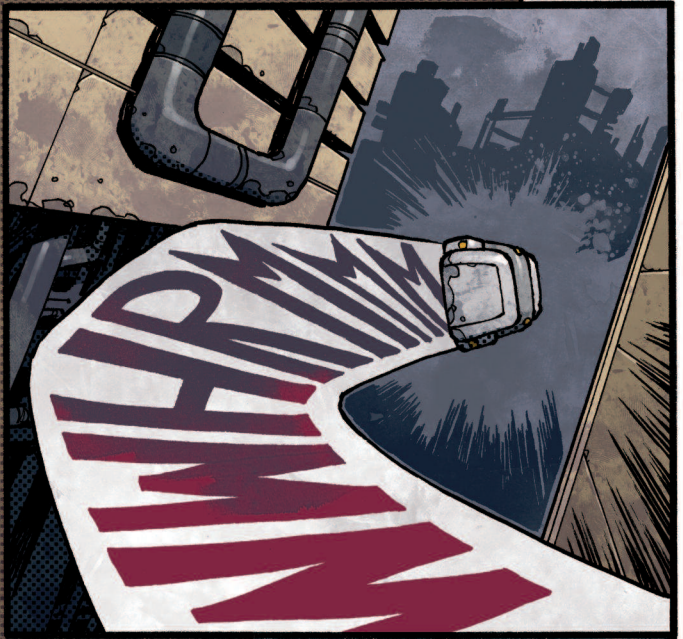
"...AND THEN
THEY'RE GOING TO
BLOW YOU OUT
OF THE SKY."

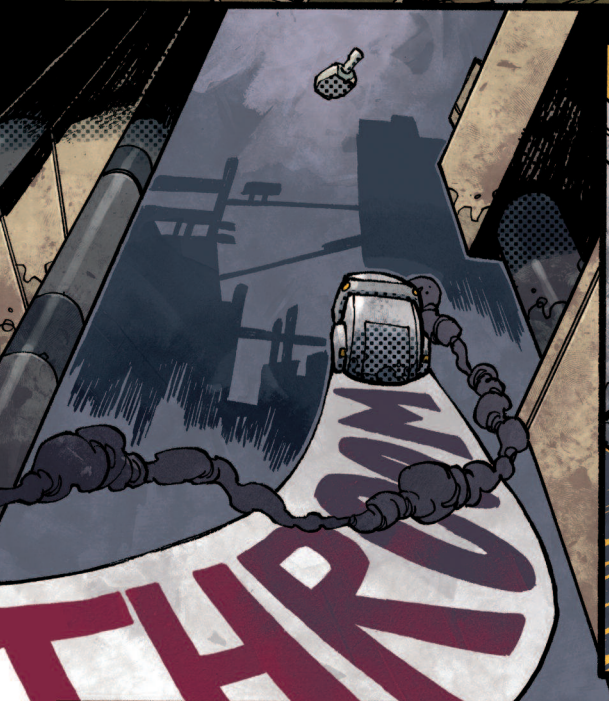
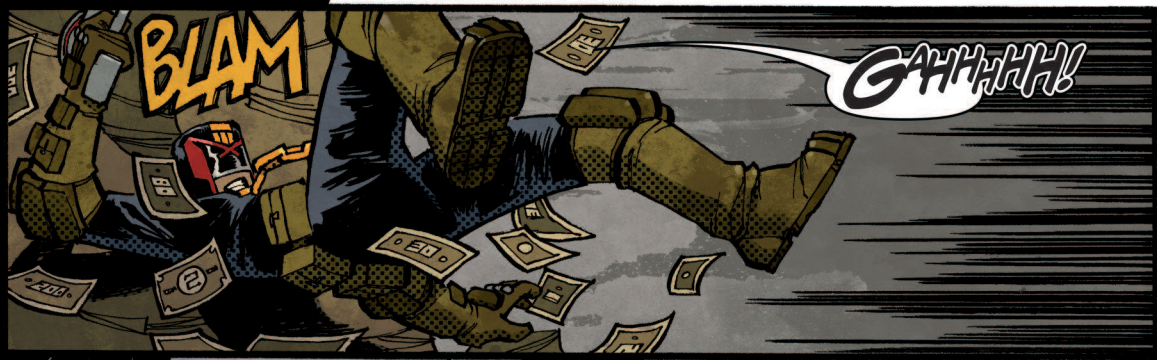


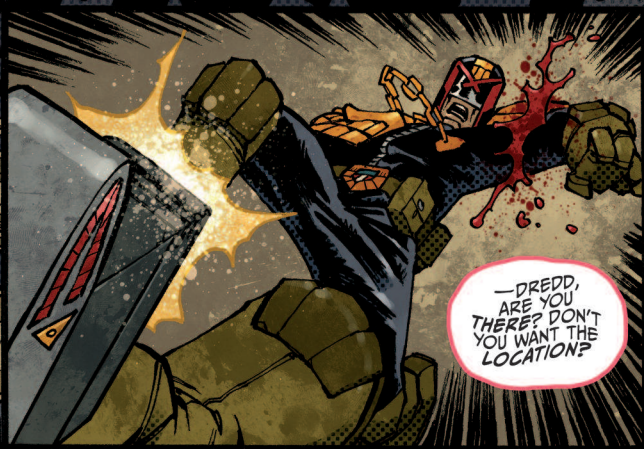
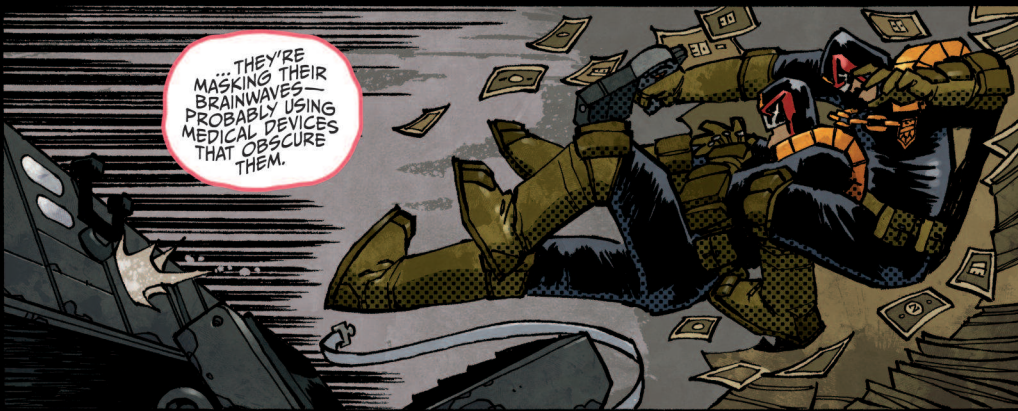
THERE'S A
RECOVERY TEAM
DOWN BELOW
WAITING TO TAKE
THE M—

MAKE THE
NEXT RIGHT
ONTO GOODIS
STREET.

...AM I A
KILLER IF THEY
MAKE ME KILL
YOU? ...AM I
EVEN ME?







**CARPATHIAN BLOOD
RECYCLING CENTER, 189TH
FLOOR, HARKER BLOCK.**

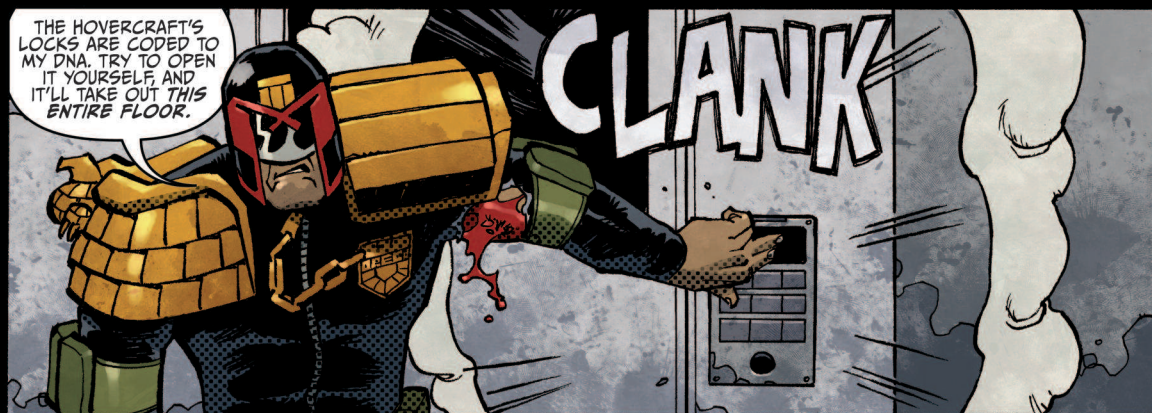
THE
HOVERCRAFT'S
STEERING IS
SHOT... I BARELY
HAVE CONTROL
OF THIS THING...

...HANG ON TO
SOMETHING!

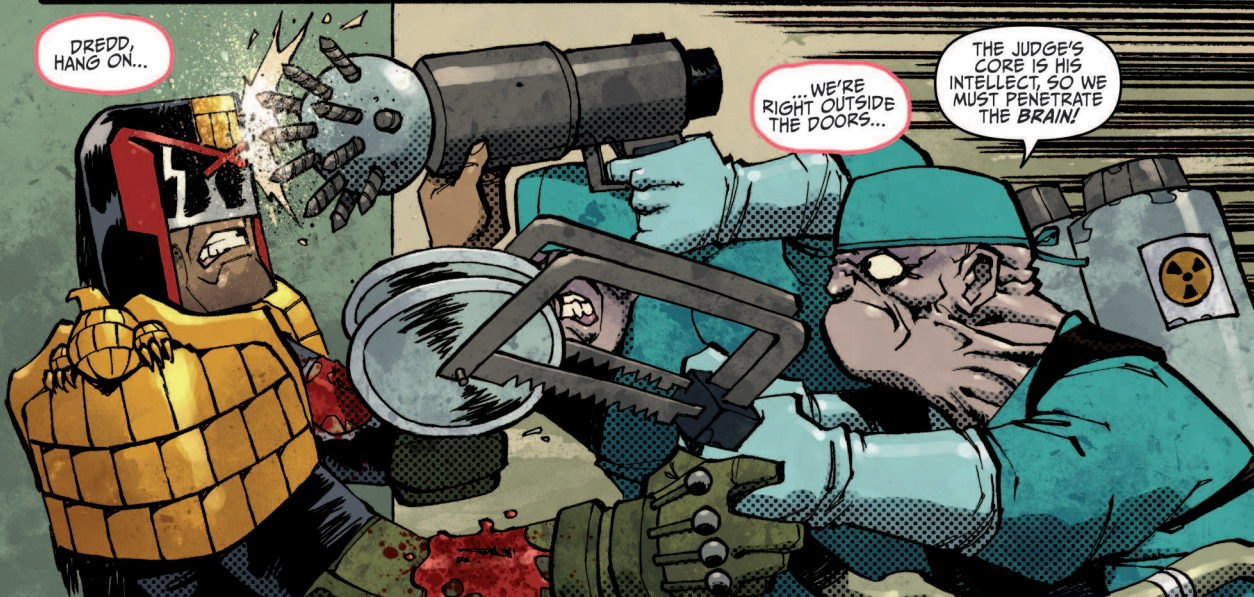
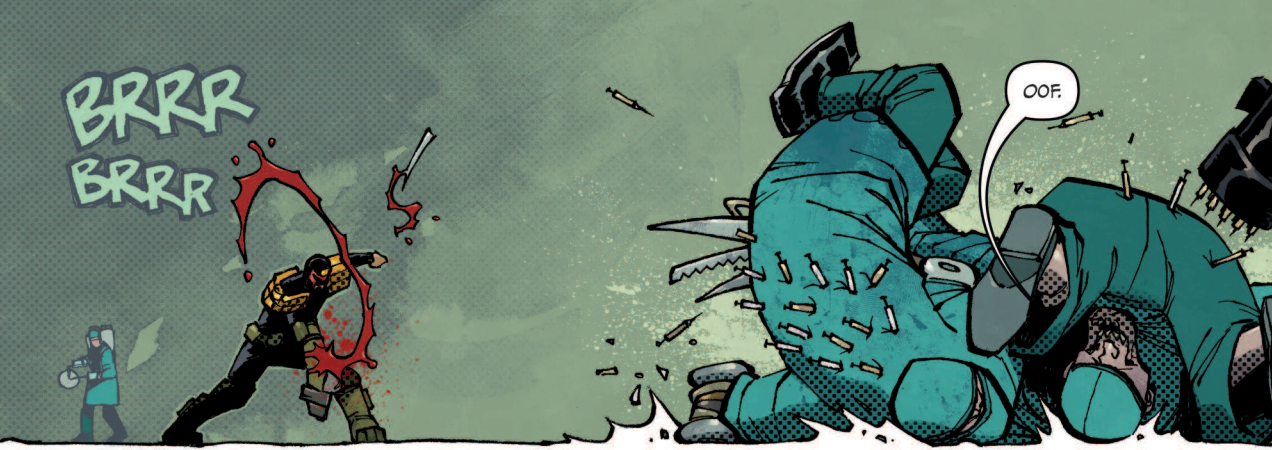
I AM.

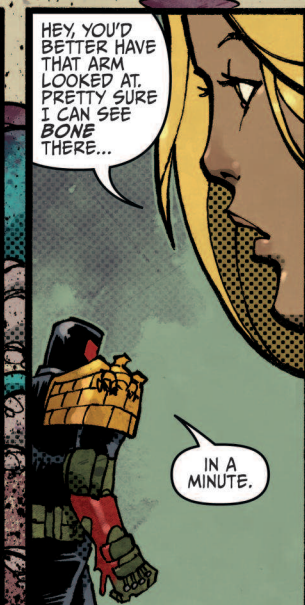
KRESHHH

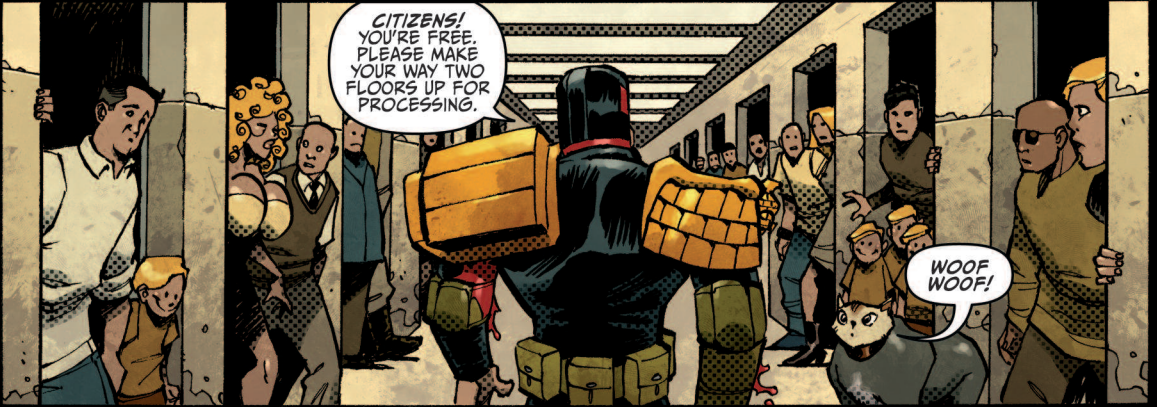




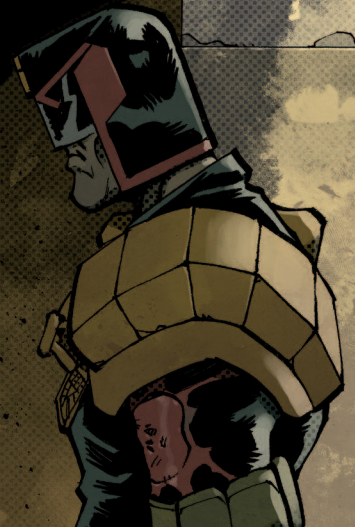


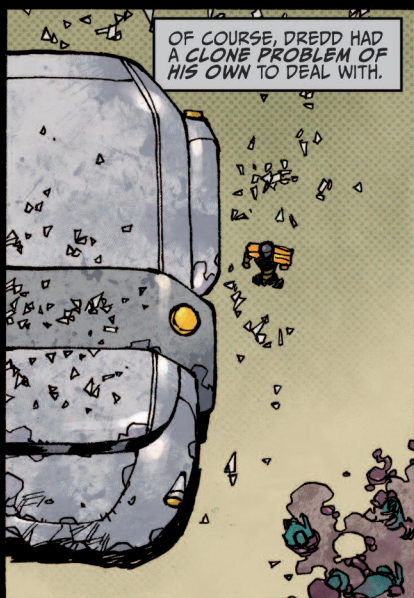






ARE YOU **LEGALLY OBLIGATED** TO TAKE CARE OF **ILLEGALLY CREATED** CLONES OF YOUR LOVED ONES?







WHERE?

WE
FOUND
HIM.



ALL
OVER THE
PLACE.

DNA MATCH:
TAR JAY



APPARENTLY,
JUDGE TAR JAY WAS...
UM, PULLED APART AT
THE MOLECULAR
LEVEL? HOW IS
THIS POSSIBLE?

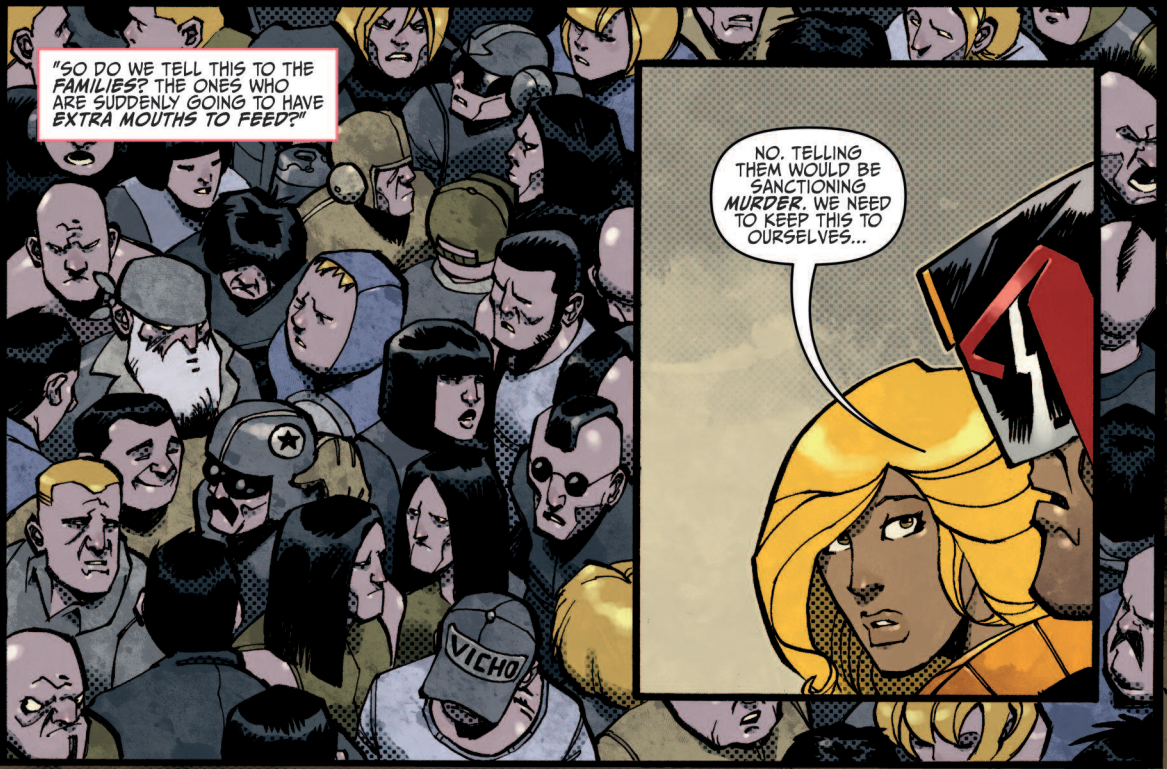
A MINUTE,
DREDD?

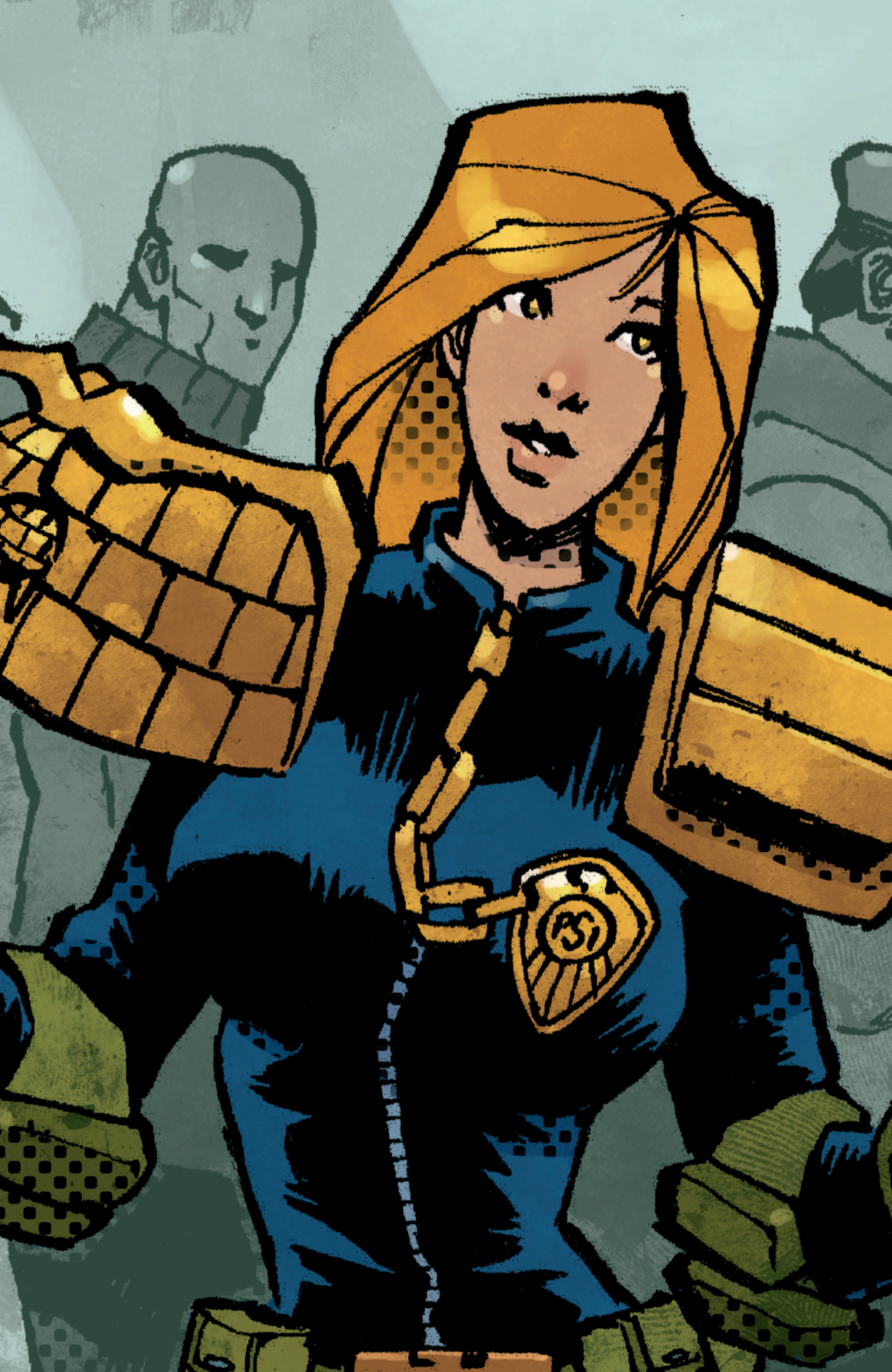


I PULLED
SOMETHING
DISTURBING OUT OF
THE RINGLEADER'S
HEAD. APPARENTLY, ALL
OF THE CLONES
WERE BUILT WITH
A FAIL-SAFE.

AT ANY
MOMENT,
THEY CAN BE
REMOVED TO
DISSOLVE.

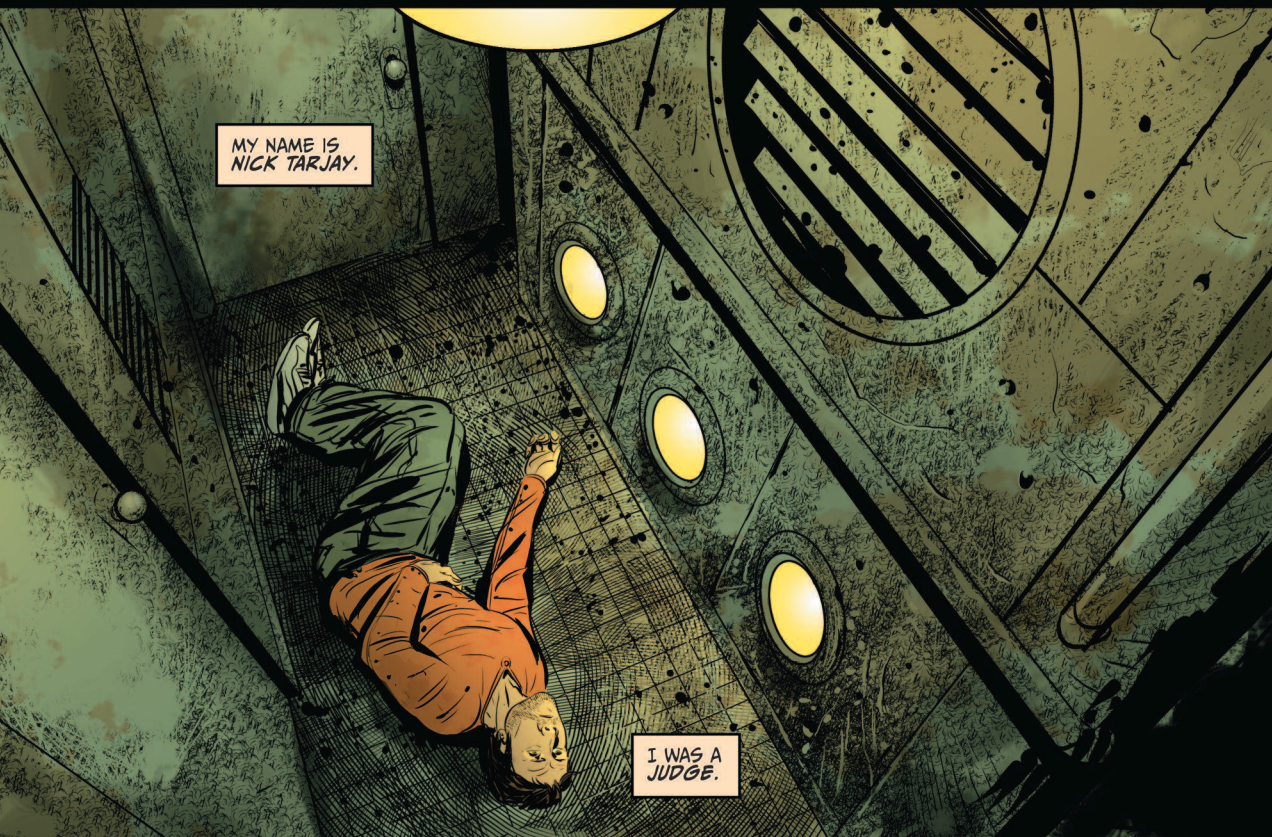
WHICH
WAS?







ART BY **GARRY BROWN**



MY NAME IS
NICK TARJAY.

I WAS A
JUDGE.



I'M NOW
WANTED FOR
THE ATTEMPTED
MURDER OF A
FELLOW JUDGE.

APPARENTLY, I
WAS FRAMED.



HOW DO I
KNOW THIS?

BECAUSE THAT'S
WHAT IT SAYS
ON MY HANDS.



WANTED FOR
ATTEMPTED MURDER
OF A JUDGE.

YOU ARE A JUDGE
WHO WAS FRAMED
PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE!
TAKE MEMORY PILES
TO AVOID PSI-D



WHEN I READ THE WORDS LASER-ETCHED ON MY FLESH, IT ALL STARTS TO COME BACK. NOT *EVERYTHING*, I SUSPECT... BUT THE IMPORTANT PARTS.

FOR INSTANCE: I'M BLANKING MY OWN MIND TO STAY FREE.

WHEN I WAS WITH THE DEPARTMENT, I HEARD ABOUT THESE *MEMORY-WIPING DRUGS* MAKING THE ROUNDS—ALLEGEDLY, THE ONLY WAY TO AVOID A PSI-DIVISION *MENTAL DRAGNET*.



AGAINST THE LAW, BUT BETTER THAN THE ALTERNATIVE.

NAMELY, A *COLLEAGUE* BLOWING MY HEAD OFF BEFORE I HAVE THE CHANCE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE.



GULP

THE MEMORY PILLS KEEP ME HIDDEN FROM LAW FOR MUCH OF THE DAY, LEAVING ME A *SMALL WINDOW* TO INVESTIGATE BETWEEN DOSES.

THE PILLS MAKE MY BRAIN *FUZZY*. FACTS TUMBLING AROUND MY SKULL, OUT OF SEQUENCE... NOT SURE WHAT'S REAL OR NOT.

BUT I GOTTA KEEP MOVING SO I CAN FIND OUT WHO—



CLACK



JUDGE TARJAY! COME OUT AND SHOW YOURSELF!

DROKK! I
KNEW THIS DAY
WOULD COME.

THE DAY I
DREADED.

DREAD.

DREDD'S THE JUDGE I
ALLEGEDLY TRIED TO KILL.

NEEDLESS
TO SAY, HE'S
PROBABLY
TAKING THIS
PERSONALLY.

HE'S NOT GOING
TO STOP UNTIL
I'M JUDGED AND
EXECUTED!

DREDD.

HEH.

OKAY... I'M
DEFINITELY
LOSING IT.

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

CONTROL—I
FOUND JUDGE
TARJAY. I THOUGHT
THOSE WARNING
SHOTS WOULD
HAVE STOPPED
HIM...

...GOTTA
DO THIS THE
HARD WAY.



STOP RIGHT THERE, DREDD! YOU HAVE TO LET ME EXPLAIN!

EEEEEE!

THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN.

NOW DROP THE GUN BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING STUPID.

STUPID WOULD BE DROPPING MY GUN. A DEATH SENTENCE. YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT.

PLEEEASE DON'T KILL ME!

IF CORNERED
PRESS BUTTON
ON WATCH



WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT,
TARJAY?

YOU'RE AN
INNOCENT
M—

CLICK

HNUH

THRA

UGH



WHAT THE—

—WHO AM I? WHAT
AM I DOING HERE?



OH.

THAT'S
RIGHT.



I'M AN ATTEMPTED
JUDGE-KILLER.

WANTED FOR
ATTEMPTED MURDER
OF A JUDGE.



WELL... LET'S
SEE IF I CAN'T
GO PRO.

"FUGITIVE DAZE"

SCRIPT DROID: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI

ART DROID: INAKI MIRANDA

COLOR DROID: EVA DE LA CRUZ

J  **DGE DREDD®**

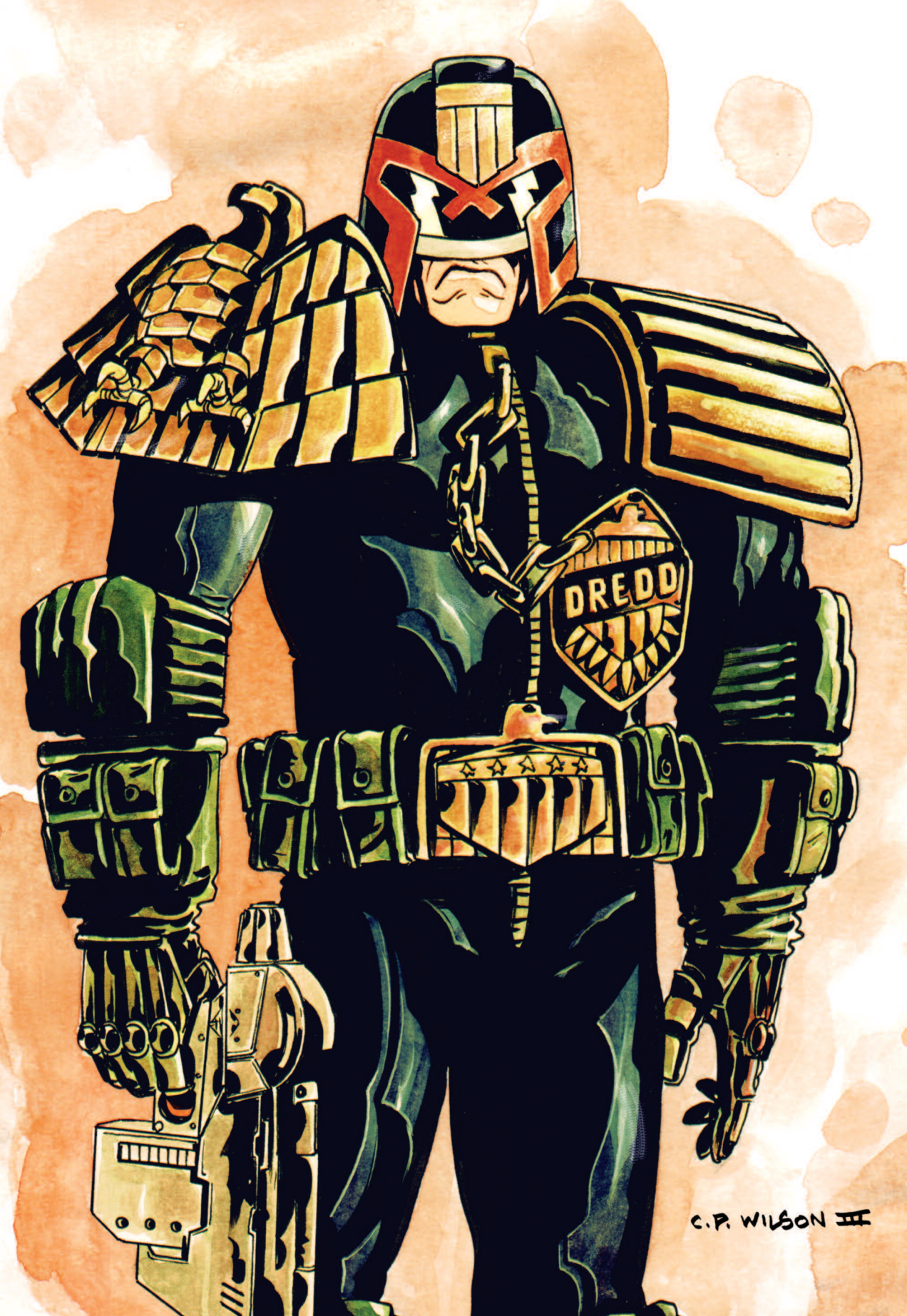




ART BY **NICK PERCIVAL**



ART BY **NICK RUNGE**



ART BY *CHARLES PAUL WILSON III*

ART BY **RICH LARSON**



ART BY **WHILLE PORTACIO**



ART BY **CARLOS EZQUERRA** ★ COLORS BY **NELSON DANIEL**



ART BY **NICK PERCIVAL**



ART BY **NICK PERCIVAL**



ART BY **ZACH HOWARD**



ART BY *NELSON DANIEL*



JUDGE DREDD®



IN THE 22ND CENTURY, CRIME RUNS RAMPANT IN MEGA-CITY ONE, HOME TO OVER 400 MILLION CITIZENS, ROBOTS, CRIMINALS, AND LUNATICS. THE ONLY LINE OF DEFENSE BETWEEN ORDER AND CHAOS ARE... THE JUDGES. AND JUDGE DREDD IS THE TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL.

WRITTEN BY DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI AND DRAWN BY NELSON DANIEL, PAUL GULACY, BRENDAN MCCARTHY, LANGDON FOSS, AND INAH MIRANDA.

IDW®

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