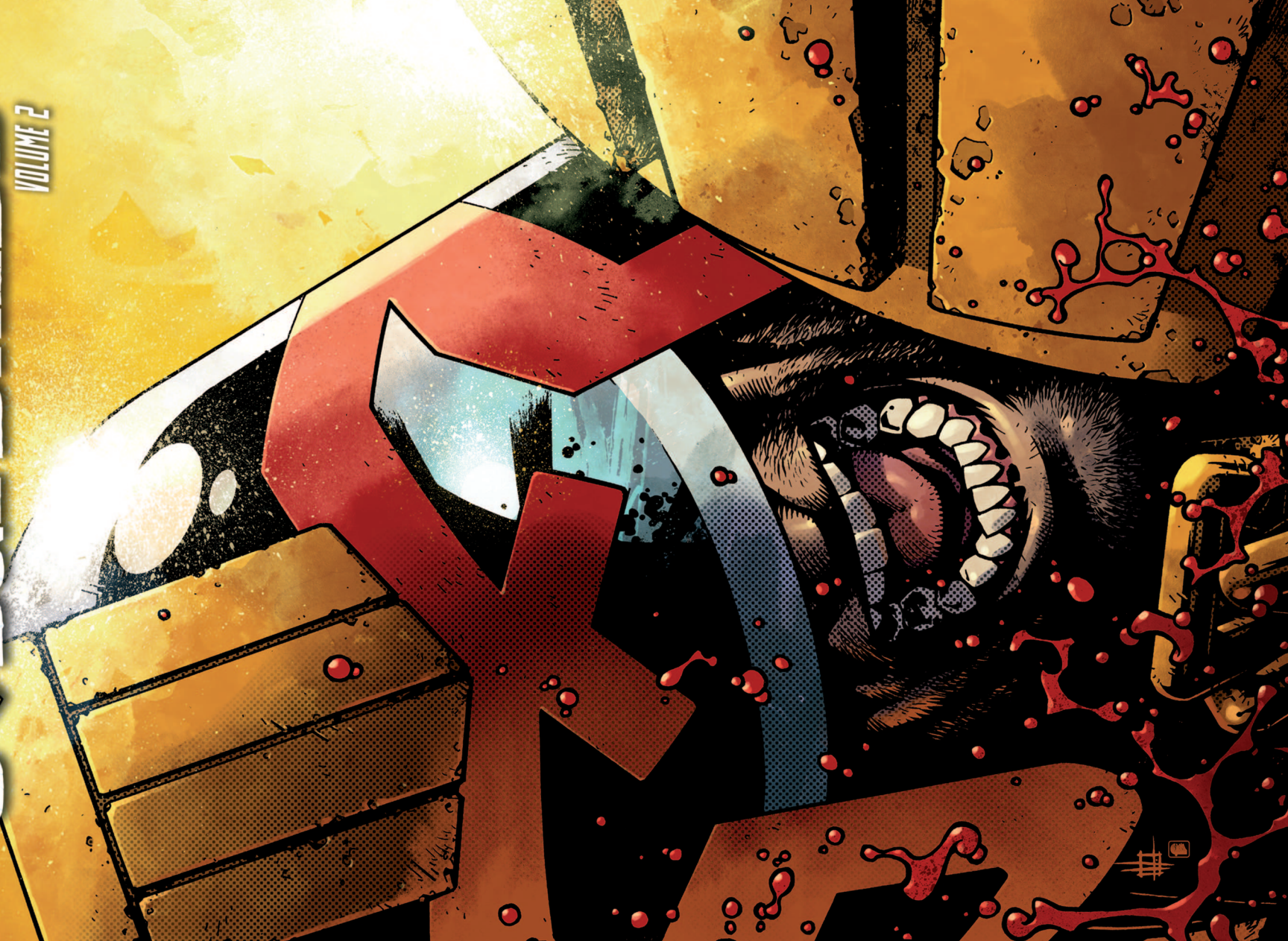


JUDGE DREDD

VOLUME 2



A comic book cover for Judge Dredd Volume 2. The background is a dark, gritty scene with a large, dark, mechanical vehicle (possibly a truck or bus) falling or crashing through a grey, stone-like surface, creating a massive splash of debris. In the bottom left corner, a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a yellow hooded cloak and a black and white checkered shirt, is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with a concerned expression. In the bottom right corner, a man in a red and black checkered uniform, wearing a helmet with a visor, is shown from the chest up, looking upwards. The title "JUDGE DREDD" is written in large, bold, white capital letters across the center. The letter "J" is replaced by a yellow shield-shaped logo with the word "JUDGE" in black. To the right of the title, the words "VOLUME 2" are written in a smaller, white, italicized font.

JUDGE DREDD[®]

VOLUME 2

CREATED BY *JOHN WAGNER* AND *CARLOS EZQUERRA*

JUDGE DREDD®

WRITER ★ *DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI*

ARTIST ★ *NELSON DANIEL*

LETTERERS ★ *SHAWN LEE*

AND *TOM B. LONG*

ORIGINAL SERIES EDITOR ★ *CHRIS RYALL*

ORIGINAL SERIES ASSISTANT EDITOR ★ *CHRIS SCHRAFF*

COLLECTION COVER ★ *ZACH HOWARD*

COLLECTION COVER COLORS ★ *NELSON DANIEL*

COLLECTION EDITORS ★ *JUSTIN EISINGER*

AND *ALONZO SIMON*

COLLECTION DESIGN ★ *SHAWN LEE*

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

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

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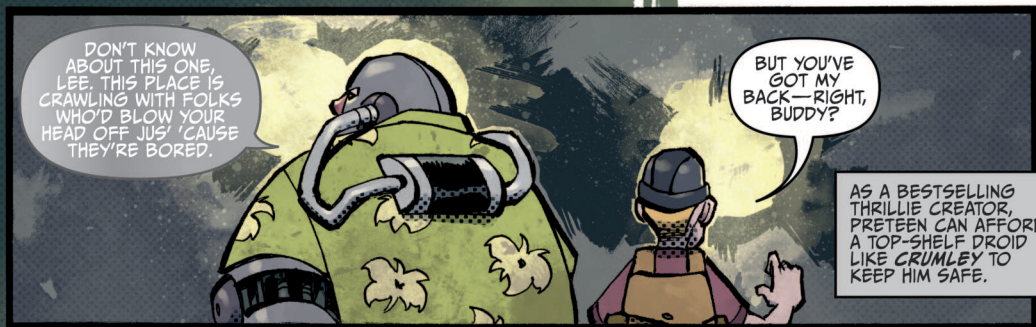






LEE PRETEEN IS A BEST-SELLING CREATOR OF "THRILLIES"—THE VISCERAL EXCITEMENT OF NOVELS, MOVIES, RPGS AND FIRST-PERSON SHOOTERS ALL ROLLED INTO ONE NEURAL-IMBEDDED PACKAGE.





DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS ONE, LEE. THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH FOLKS WHO'D BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF JUS' 'CAUSE THEY'RE BORED.

BUT YOU'VE GOT MY BACK—RIGHT, BUDDY?

AS A BESTSELLING THRILLER CREATOR, PRETEEN CAN AFFORD A TOP-SHELF DROID LIKE CRUMLEY TO KEEP HIM SAFE.

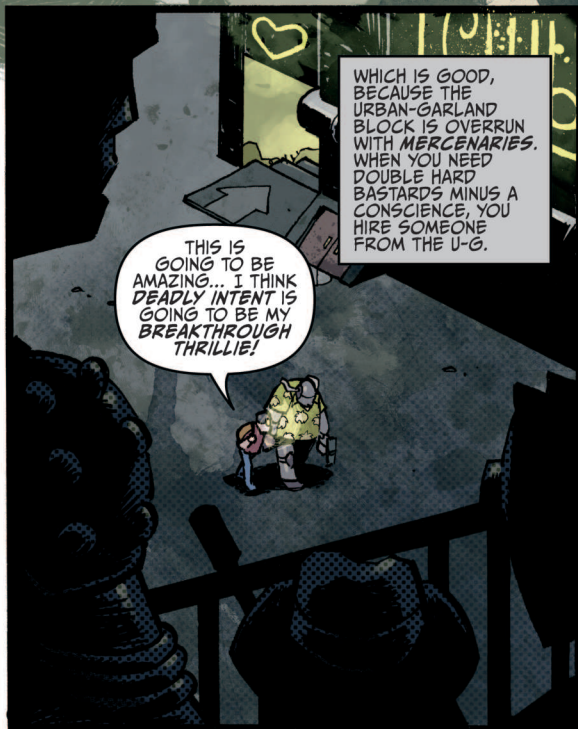
PRETEEN NAMED HIM "CRUMLEY" AFTER HIS FAVORITE 20TH-CENTURY CRIME WRITER, JAMES CRUMLEY.

CRUMLEY THE ROBOT DRINKS HARD.

SPEWS LOTS OF HARDCRABBLE WISDOM, STRAIGHT FROM THE REAL CRUMLEY'S NOVELS AND INTERVIEWS...

BEING RIGHT IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST THING... BEING THOUGHTFUL AND KIND IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEING RIGHT...

...AND BREAKS FACES WHEN HE HAS TO.



THIS IS GOING TO BE AMAZING... I THINK DEADLY INTENT IS GOING TO BE MY BREAKTHROUGH THRILLER!

WHICH IS GOOD, BECAUSE THE URBAN-GARLAND BLOCK IS OVERRUN WITH MERCENARIES. WHEN YOU NEED DOUBLE HARD BASTARDS MINUS A CONSCIENCE, YOU HIRE SOMEONE FROM THE U-G.



ALRIGHT, LEE, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, CRUMLEY?



ZUCKERBERG
PLEASURE MALL
(ABANDONED)

MYERS USED TO BE A
JUDGE; NOW HE'S WORKING
UNDERCOVER AS A ROBOT.

AND IT'S COMING
S—

DREDD! WE'VE
GOT A SITUATION IN
THE URBAN-GARLAND
BLOCK. CAN YOU
RESPOND?

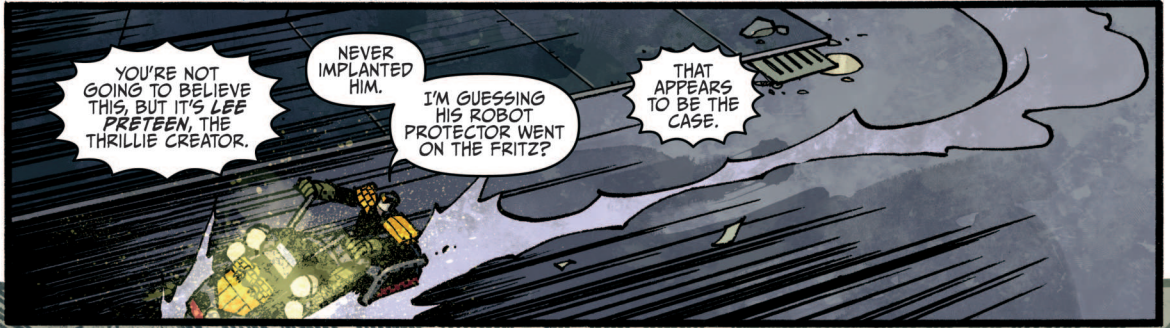
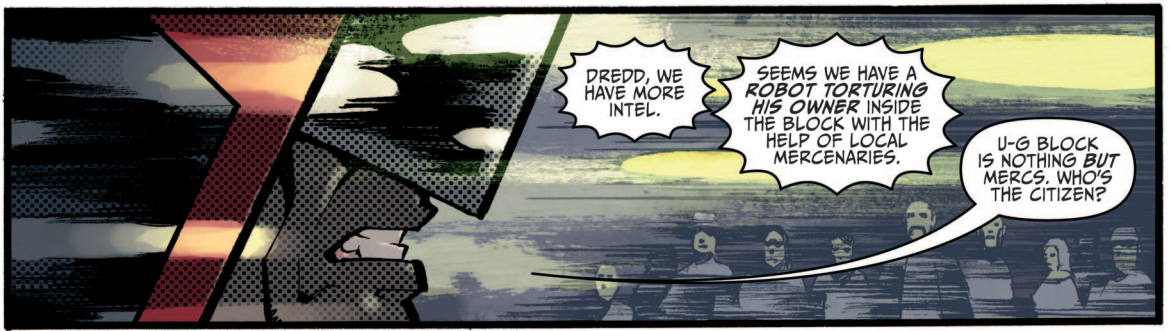
ON
IT.

I'M ONE OF
THEM, AND I STILL
DON'T UNDERSTAND
ALL OF THE WEIRD
DROID **IDIOMS** AND
IN-JOKES.

BUT I'M PICKING
UP ENOUGH TO
KNOW THAT TALK
OF **REVOLUTION**
IS IN THE AIR.

JOE, SOMETHING
BIG IS COMING. I'LL
DIG DEEPER, BUT IN
THE MEANTIME...
**WATCH YOUR
BACK.**

"YOU TOO,
MYERS."





BASIC TECH ALL OVER MC-1 SEEMED TO BREAK DOWN IN A COORDINATED AND SADISTIC WAY.

STARTING WITH BLACKOUTS OVER MULTIPLE SECTORS OF THE CITY.



INTENSE WHITEOUTS IN OTHERS.



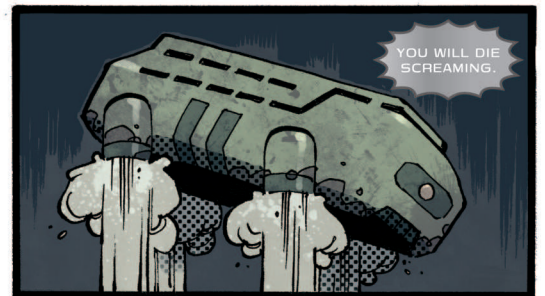
AUTOMATED APPLIANCES, SUCH AS DOORS, REFUSING TO COOPERATE UNLESS THE OWNERS WERE "NICE" TO THEM.

COME ON! OPEN THE DROKK UP! I NEED TO PICK UP MY MEDS!

NOT UNTIL YOU ASK WITH SOME RESPECT.



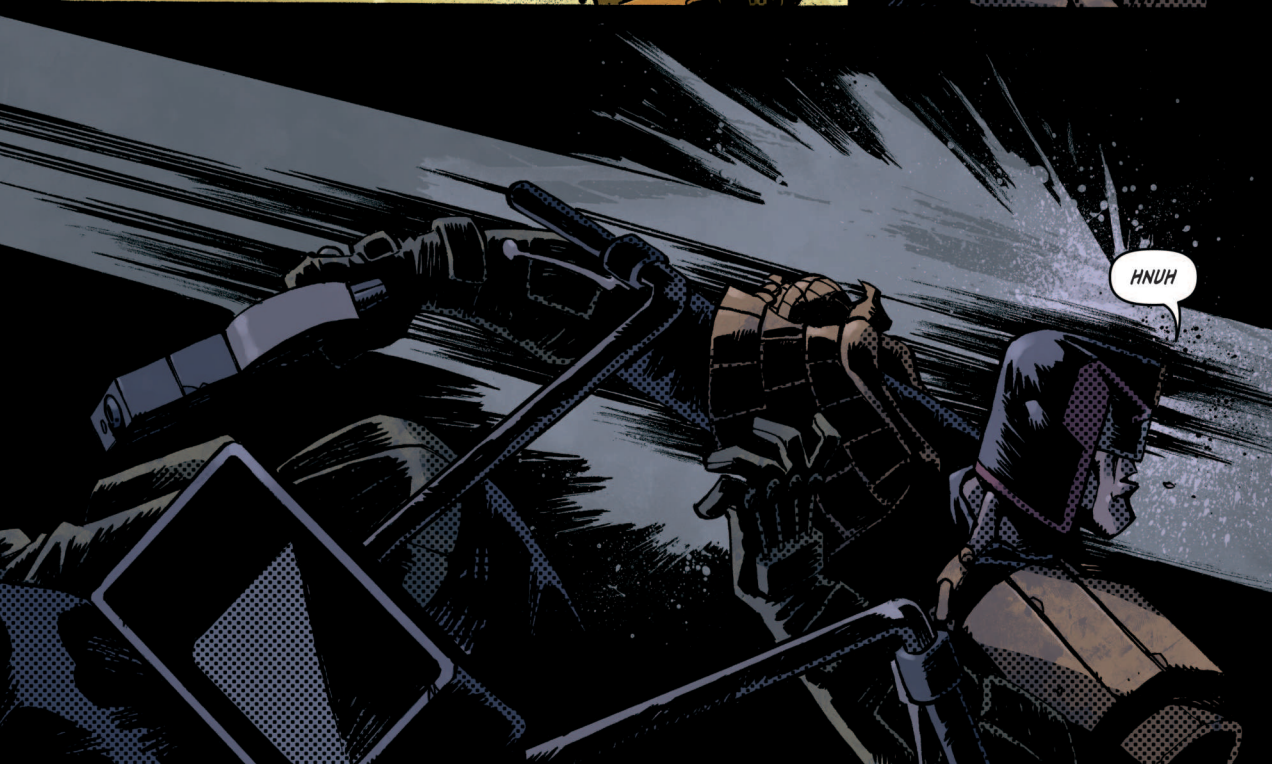
YOUR PETULANT SILENCE WON'T HELP YOU, EITHER, MISTER MAN.



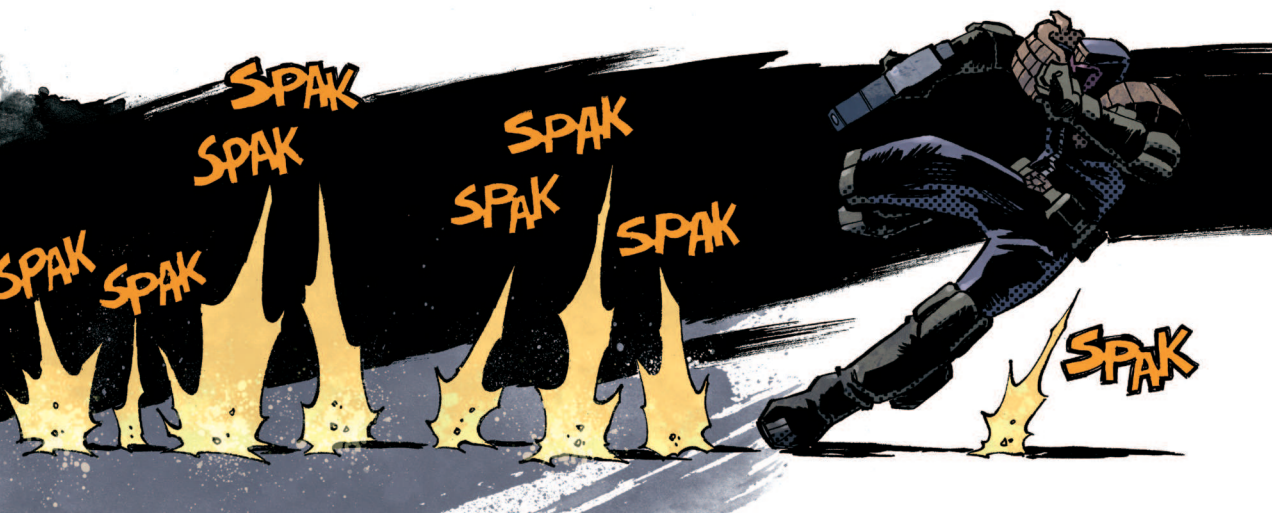
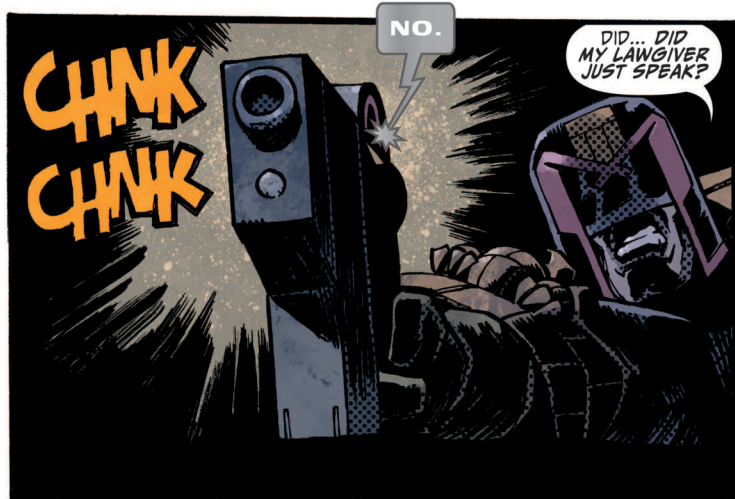
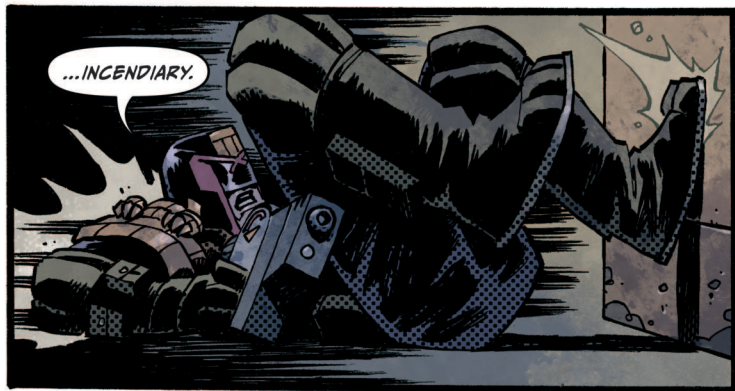
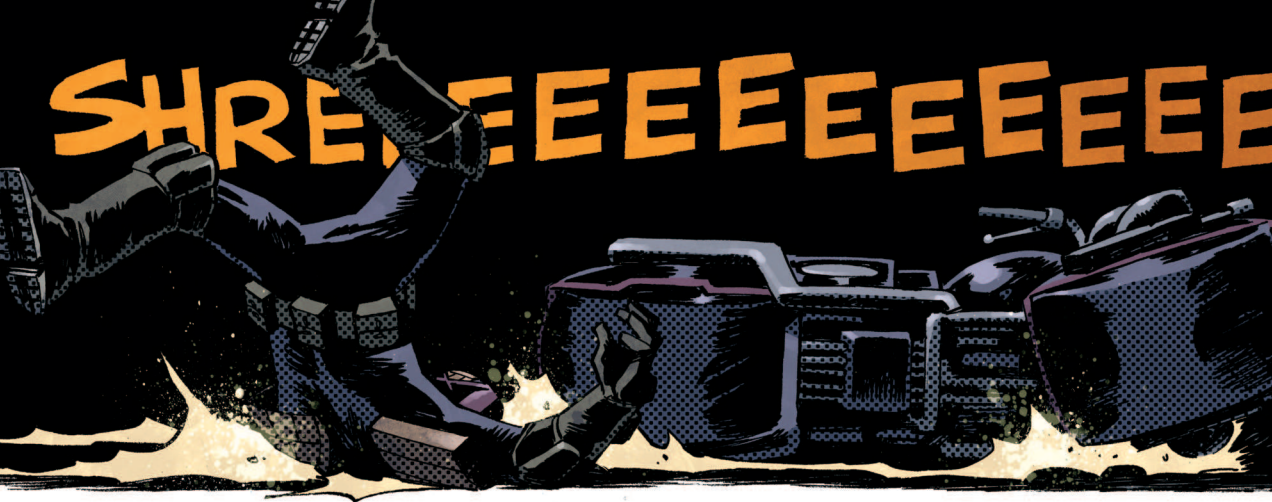


ZZZZ
ZPOP

DROKK!



HNUH

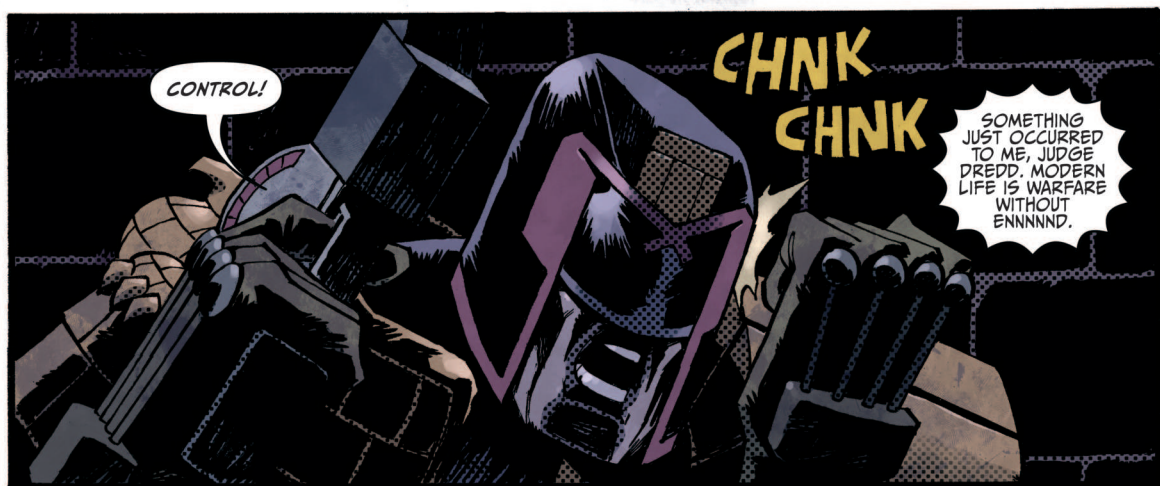




CONTROL, I
NEED BACKUP
NOW. POWER'S OUT
AND MY LAWGIVER'S
MALFUNCTIONING...



...CONTROL,
ACKNOWLEDGE.



CONTROL!

CHNK
CHNK

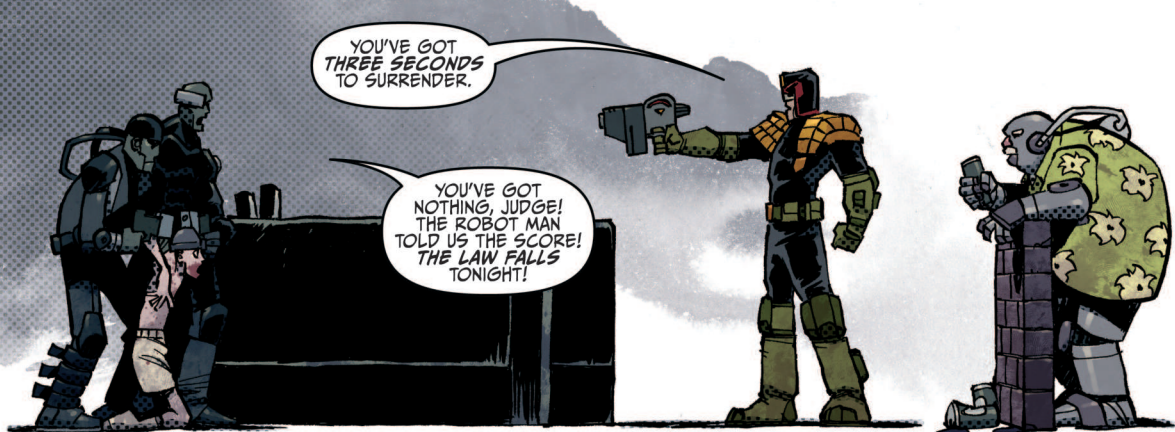
SOMETHING
JUST OCCURRED
TO ME, JUDGE
DREDD. MODERN
LIFE IS WARFARE
WITHOUT
ENNNND.

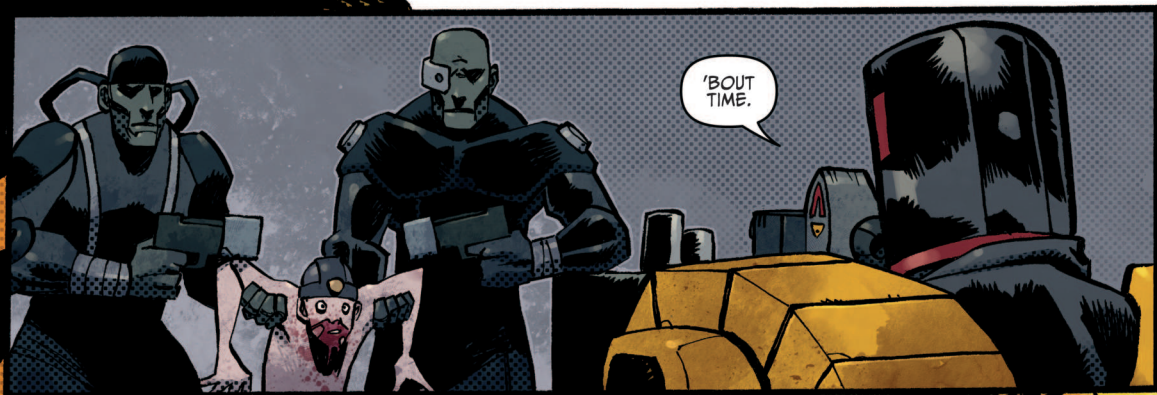


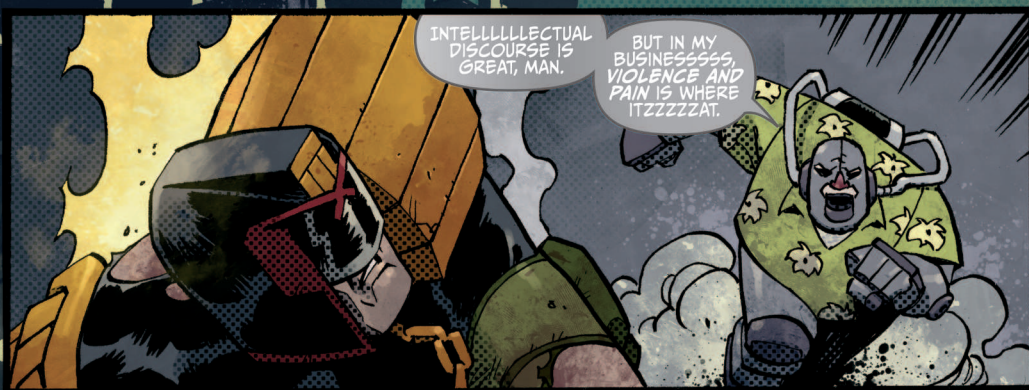
TAKE NOOOO
PRISONERS, LEAVE
NOOOO WOUNDED,
EEEEEEAT THE
DEAD...

...AND THAT
SSSSSTRIKES ME AS
ENVIRONMENTALLY
SSSSSOUND.











To be continued...





ART BY **LANGDON FOSS**

"THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT"

SCRIPT DROID: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI • PENCIL DROID: DAVID WILLIAMS
INK DROID: GARY MARTIN • COLOR DROID: RONDA PATTISON



SCOATS LODGER
LOOKS FORWARD
TO ONLY TWO
THINGS IN LIFE:

DYING IN HIS
SLEEP SOMEDAY...





...AND HURLS HIM INTO THE BESTSELLING "VIVID, EXCITING, BREAKNECK"™ WORLD OF LEE PRETEEN!

GRUD, THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOOOOOD!

*SMIRKUS REVIEWS.

KEEP YOUR PIEHOLE SHUT. NOBODY MAKE A MOVE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD...

FREE SYMBONIA!

...THAT INCLUDES YOU, MIZZ PATTY.

BUTCH? YOU HERE, BUDDY?

WE'RE HERE FOR THE BANK'S MONEY, NOT YOURS! WELL, MAYBE YOURS, TOO, IF YOU GIVE US TROUBLE!

ACID IS GROOVY!

BUTCH?

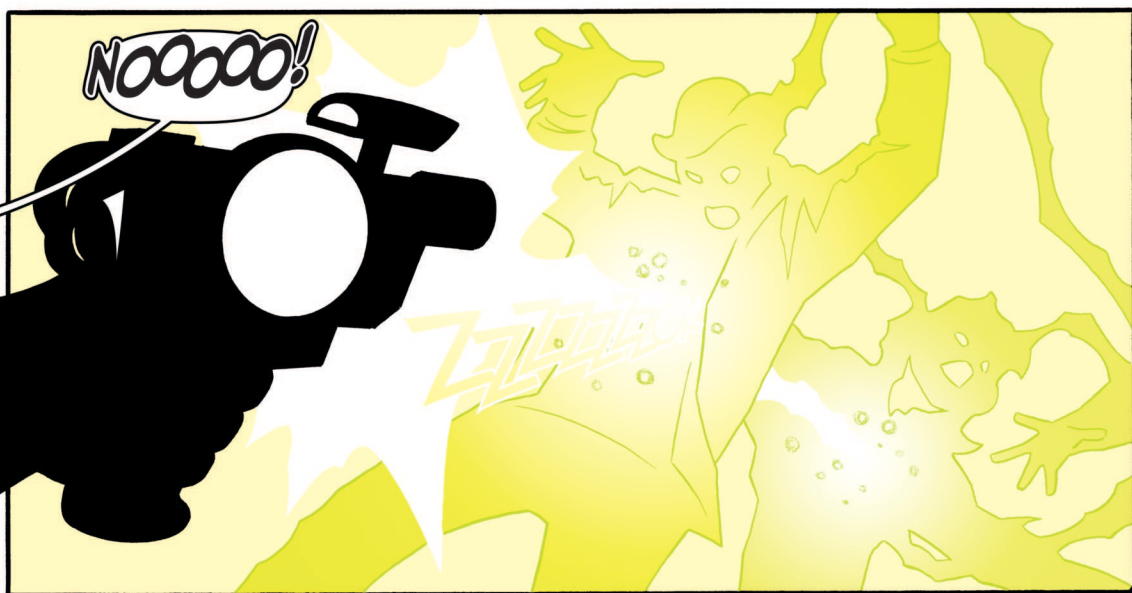
IN THIS THRILLIE, YOU TAKE YOUR FAVORITE REAL-LIFE HISTORICAL BANK ROBBERS ON A DARING CITY-WIDE CRIME SPREE! WITH YOU CALLING THE SHOTS ALL THE WAY!

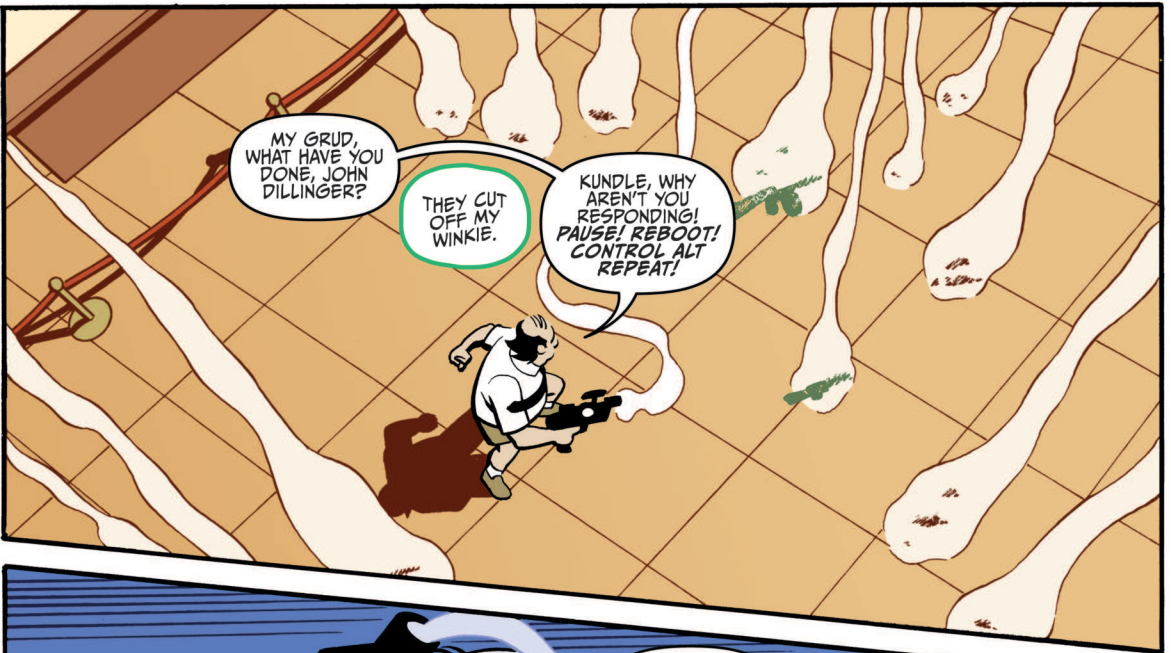


ALL FROM THE SAFETY OF YOUR CON-APT!



THAT IS, BARRING ANY UNFORESEEN WIDESPREAD TECHNOLOGICAL GLITCHES SUCH AS THE ONE UNFOLDING THROUGHOUT VARIOUS SECTORS OF THE CITY AT THIS VERY MOMENT...





MY GRUD,
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE, JOHN
DILLINGER?

THEY CUT
OFF MY
WINKIE.

KUNDLE, WHY
AREN'T YOU
RESPONDING!
PAUSE! REBOOT!
CONTROL ALT
REPEAT!



MAYBE IF I
JUST FINISH THIS
LEVEL IT'LL CUE
UP THE NEXT
CHAPTER...

DROP YOUR
WEAPON,
SCUMBAG!

NOW!



JUDGES!
ALREADY? WHAT,
DID I DOWNLOAD
A MINI-THRILLIE
BY MISTAKE?

**BLAM
BLAM**



OKAY...
THAT'S IT...
HAD ENOUGH
FUN FOR ONE
DAY...

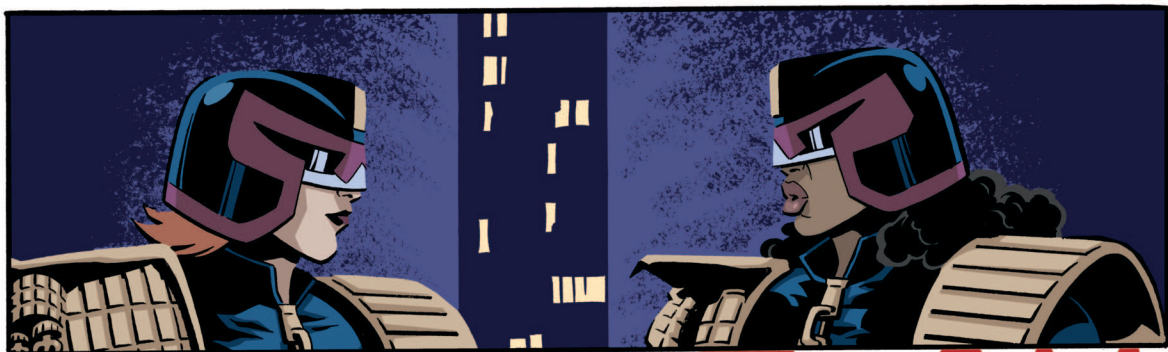
THEY GOT ME
IN AN ALLEY,
TOOOOO...



GRUD! THIS
IS SUPPOSED
TO GIVE THE
KUNDLE A HARD
REBOOT!

...THEN THEY
TOOK MY
WINKIE.









URBAN-GARLAND BLOCK.
MEGA-CITY ONE.

ALL OVER MEGA-CITY ONE,
RANDOM TECH IS FAILING, BUT
JUDGE DREDD IS NOT CONCERNED
WITH THAT AT THE MOMENT.

HE'S MORE CONCERNED WITH
THE RAMPAGING, ALCOHOLIC
ROBOT TRYING TO SHATTER
HIS BONES.

WHUD

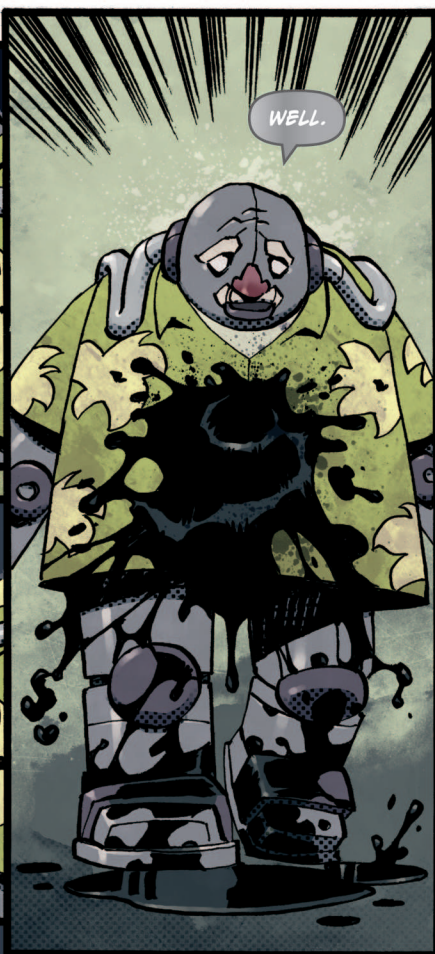
THE ROBOT WAS MODELED AFTER LEGENDARY
CRIME WRITER JAMES CRUMLEY, AUTHOR OF
THE LAST GOOD KISS, STILL REGARDED AS THE
BEST PRIVATE-EYE NOVEL EVER WRITTEN,
EVEN 130 YEARS AFTER ITS INITIAL PUBLICATION.

LIKE THAT? BET
IT FEELS LIKE A
DIAMOND SOLITAIRE
IN YOUR EYE, YOUR
LAST SIGHT VAGUE
SPARKLES AMONG
BLOOD.

KRAK

THE MAN
PILU
PALACE
AMAZING
LONELY

DREDD KNOWS THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP
THIS KIND OF ROBOT.





FORGET THE SOUSED ROBOT. WE CAN'T LET THIS JUDGE LIVE!

IT'S OKAY. HE'S WEAK. EASY PICKINGS.



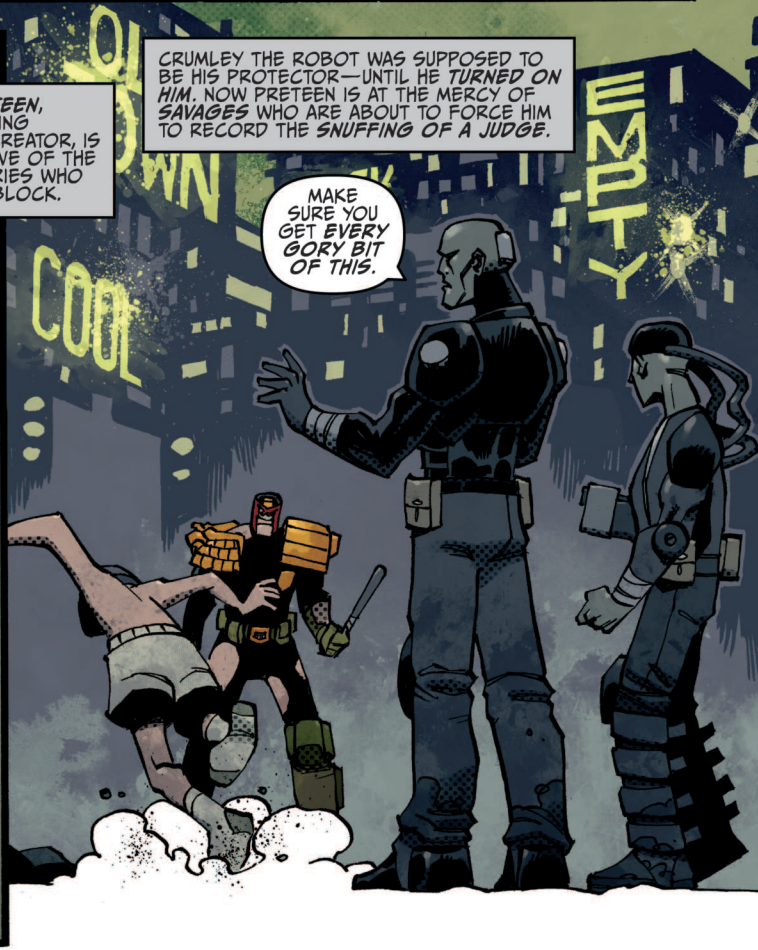
WHAT, YOU THINK THAT LITTLE HEADACHE STICK IS GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD?

JUDGES AIN'T NOTHING WITHOUT THEIR GUNS.



C'MON, THRILLIE MAN. YOU'RE IN FOR A TREAT.

LEE PRETEEN, BESTSELLING THRILLIE CREATOR, IS THE CAPTIVE OF THE MERCENARIES WHO RUN THIS BLOCK.



CRUMLEY THE ROBOT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HIS PROTECTOR—UNTIL HE TURNED ON HIM. NOW PRETEEN IS AT THE MERCY OF SAVAGES WHO ARE ABOUT TO FORCE HIM TO RECORD THE SNUFFING OF A JUDGE.

MAKE SURE YOU GET EVERY GORY BIT OF THIS.

BRING IT,
SCUMBAGS.

YOU THINK I
HAVEN'T SUBDUED
A CROWD
BEFORE?

GRAAAHHHHHHH!

SPLOINK

OH,
GRUD...

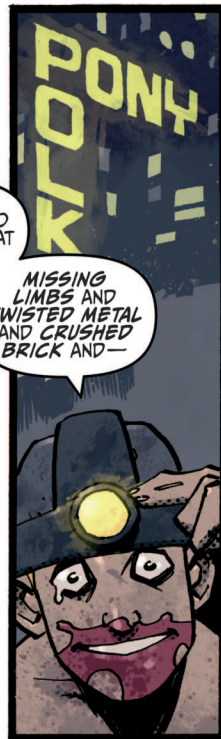
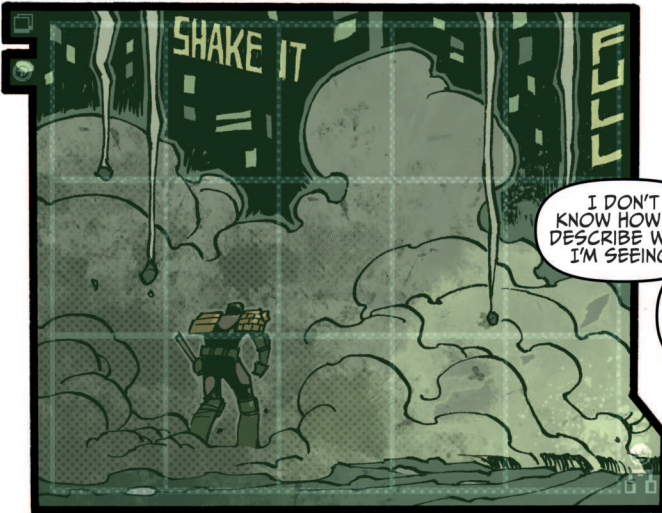
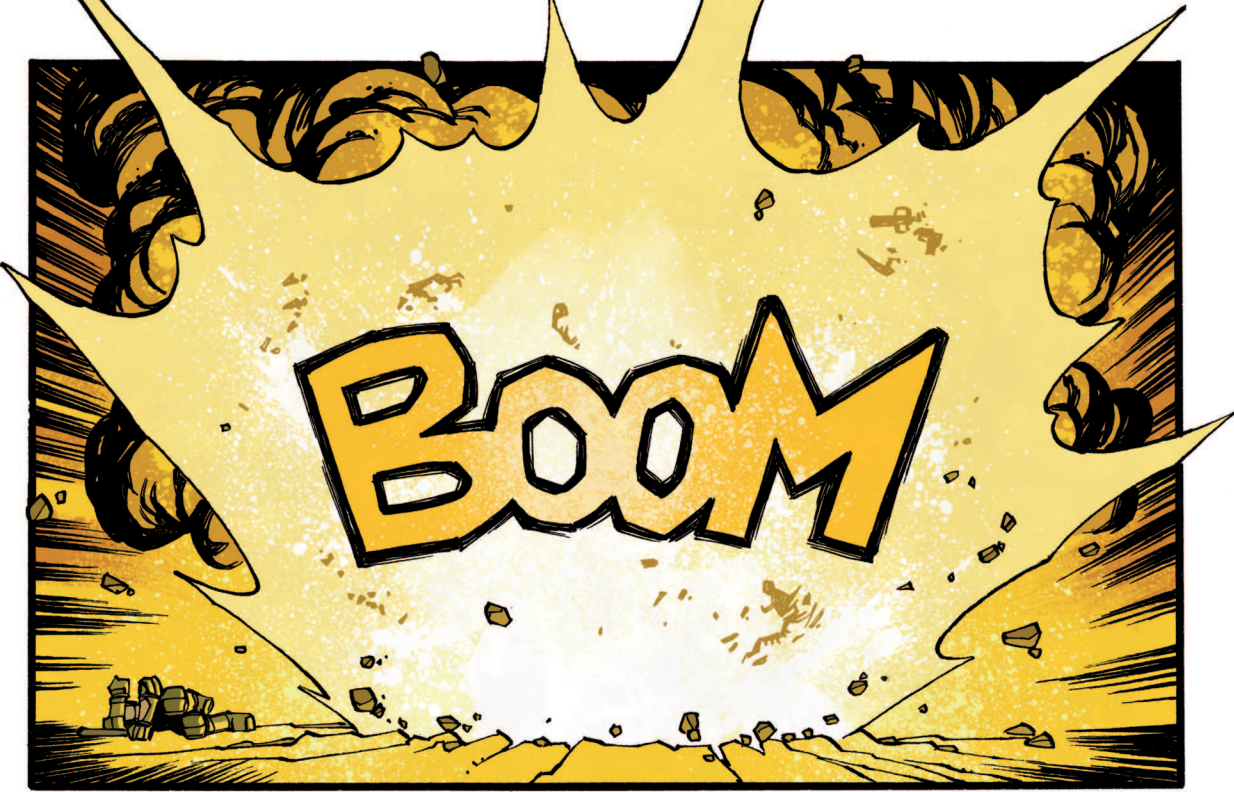
LET ME KNOW IF
MY LITTLE STICK
DOES ANYTHING
FOR YOUR
HEADACHE.

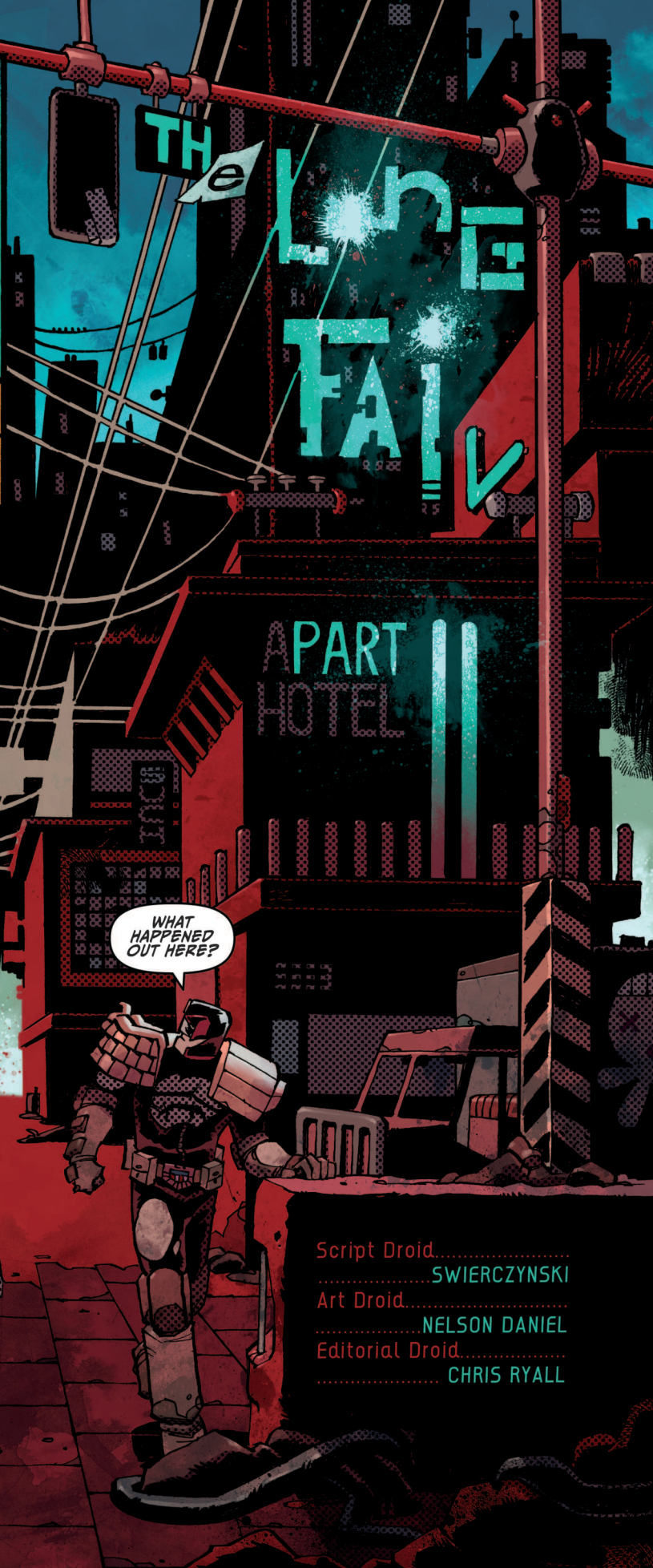
KRAACH

SPLOOSH

C'MON,
THRILLIE MAN.
GET IN
CLOSER.

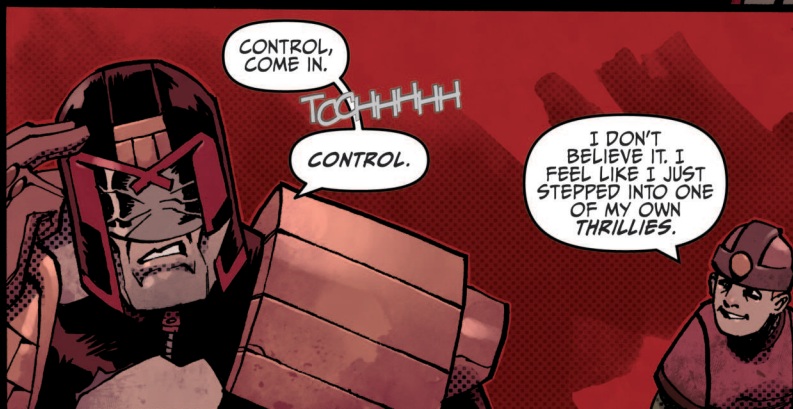
WANT TO SEE
WHAT A JUDGE'S
INTESTINES
LOOK LIKE?





WHAT
HAPPENED
OUT HERE?

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



CONTROL,
COME IN.

TOHHHHH

CONTROL.

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT. I
FEEL LIKE I JUST
STEPPED INTO ONE
OF MY OWN
THRILLIES.



COME ON,
PRETEEN. WE
NEED TO KEEP
MOVING.

MY LAWGIVER
MALFUNCTIONING,
COMMS DOWN,
ROBOTS ACTING
SCREWY...

...SEEMS THAT
HUGE TECH FAIL
MYERS WARNED ME
ABOUT HAS COME
TO PASS.

MY KUNDLE
RECORDING
GEAR IS
WORKING
FINE!

GOOD
FOR YOU.

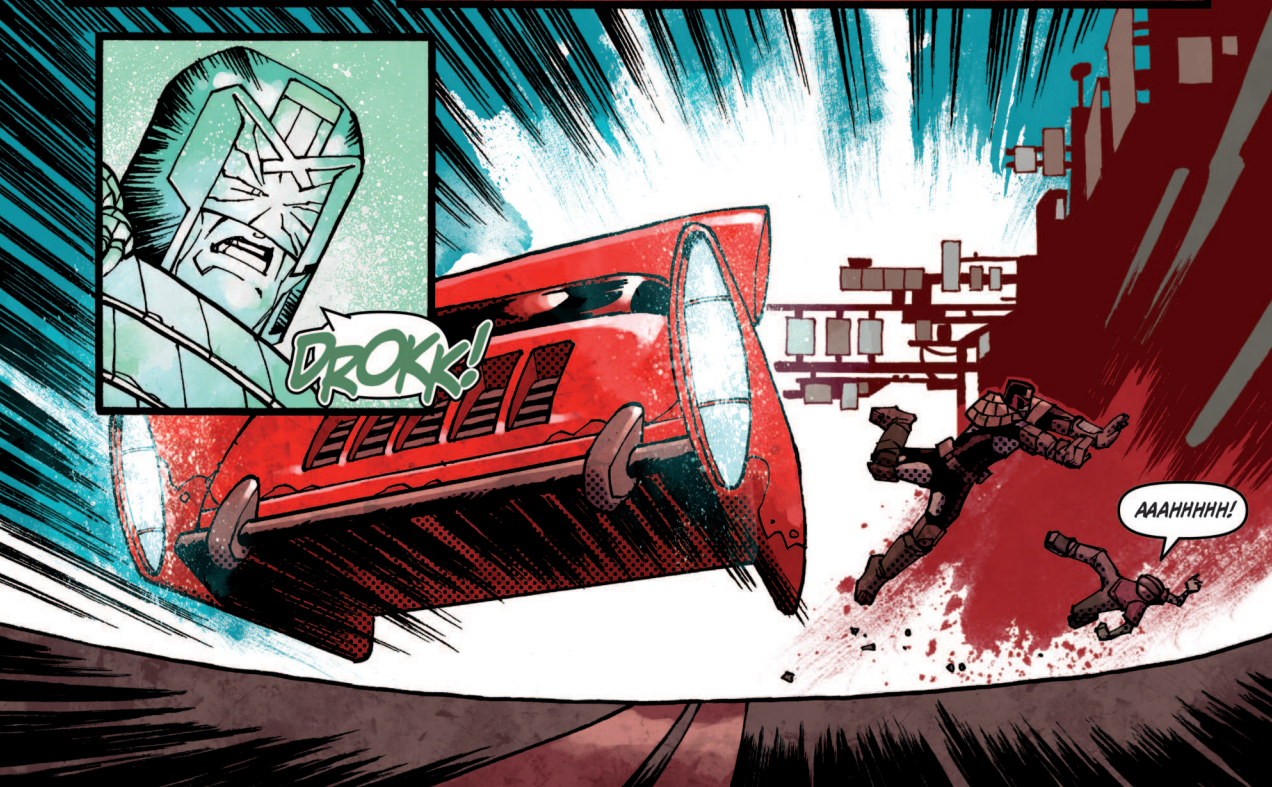
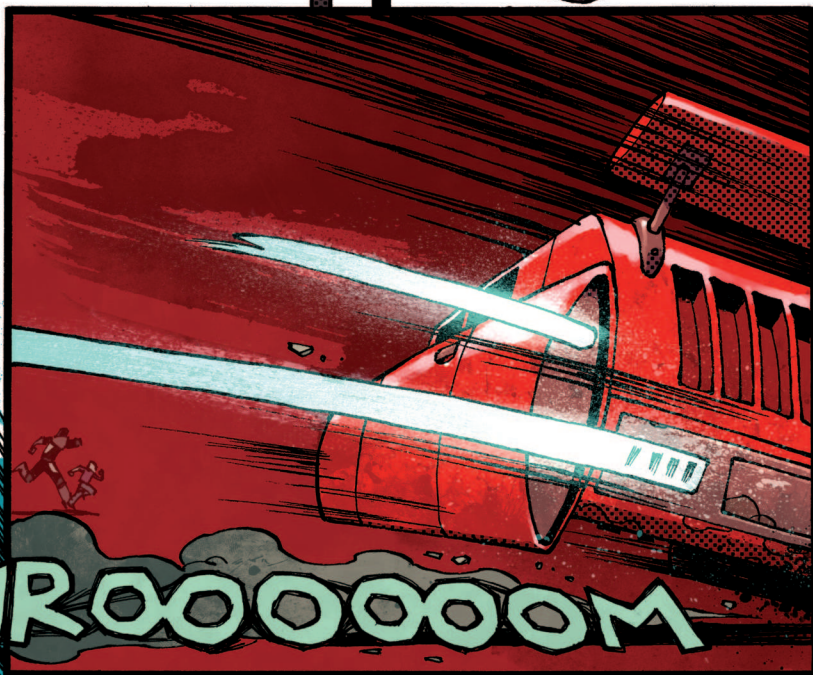


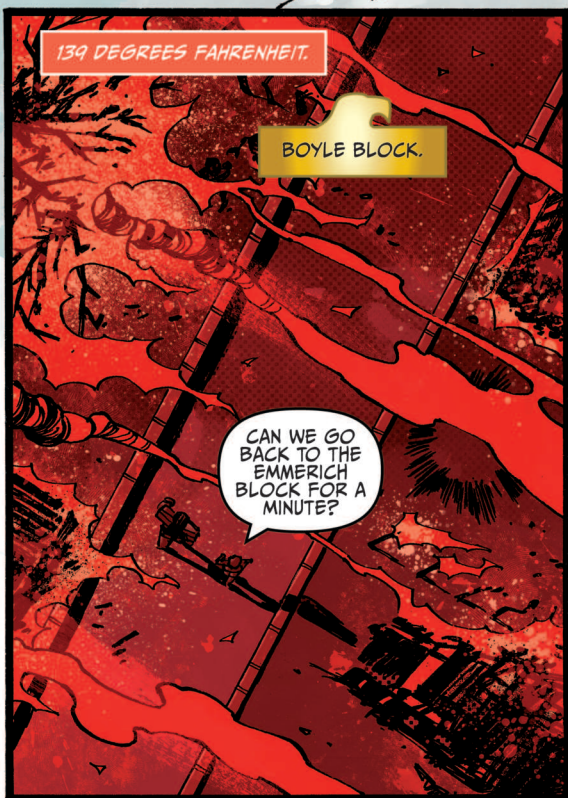
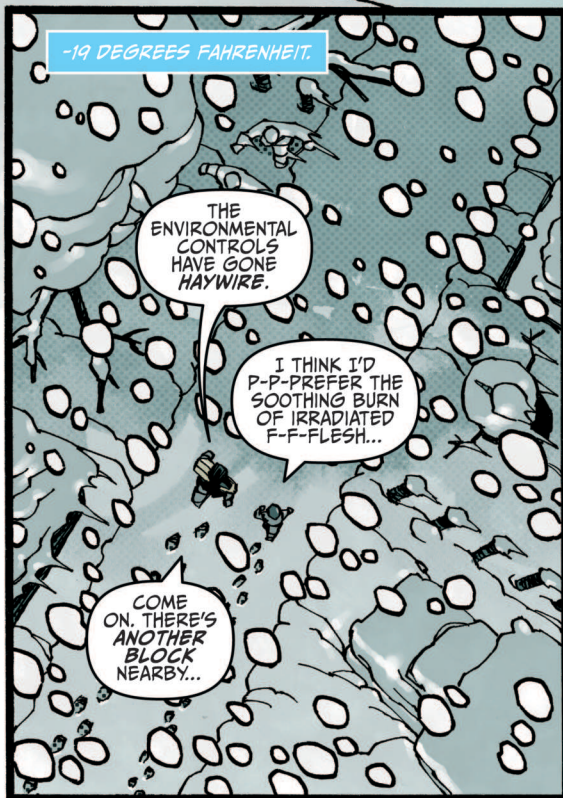
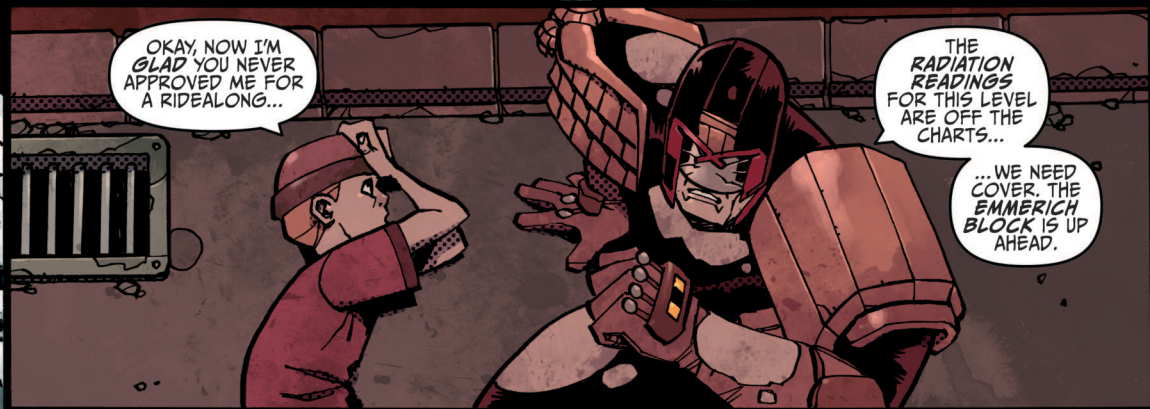
YOU KNOW, I'VE
ALWAYS WANTED TO
DO A RIDEALONG
WITH YOU, DREDD, BUT
YOU NEVER APPROVED
MY REQUESTS.

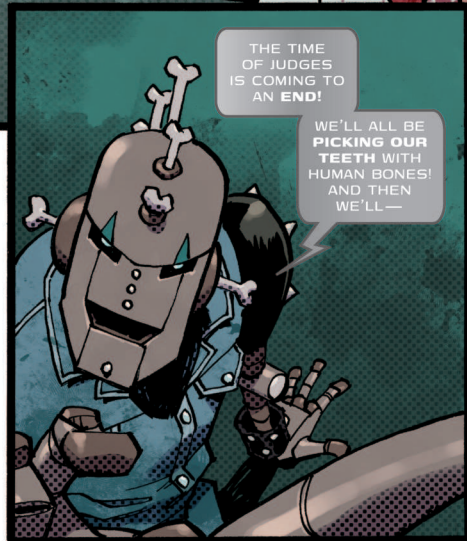
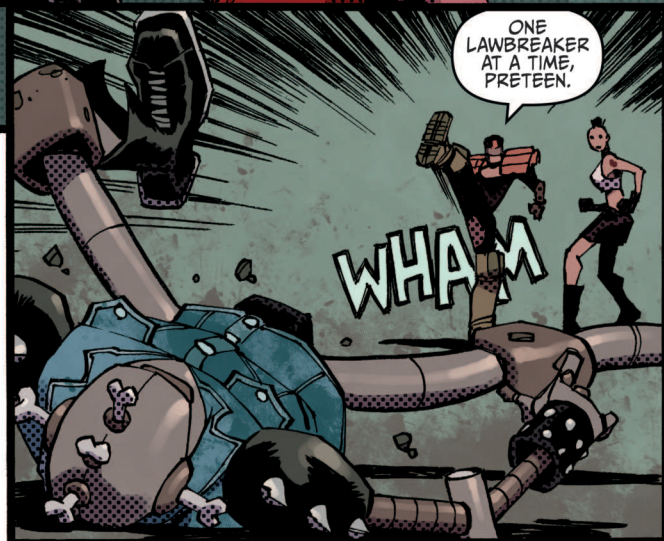
I'VE BEEN
BUSY.

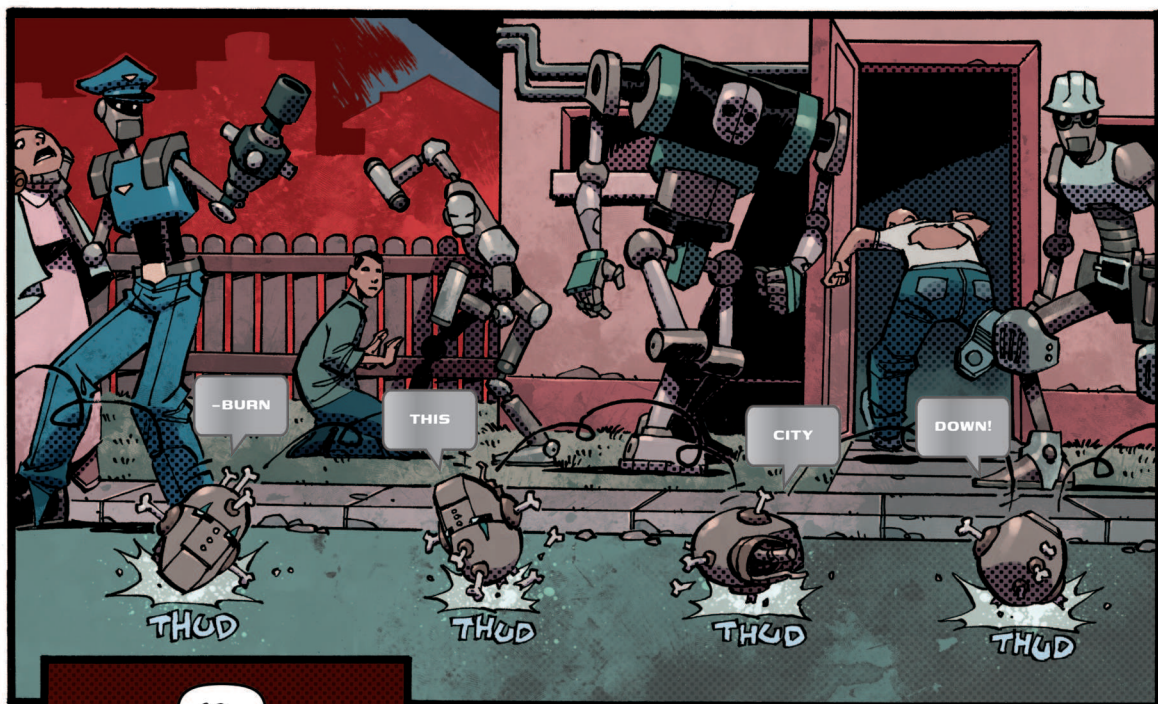
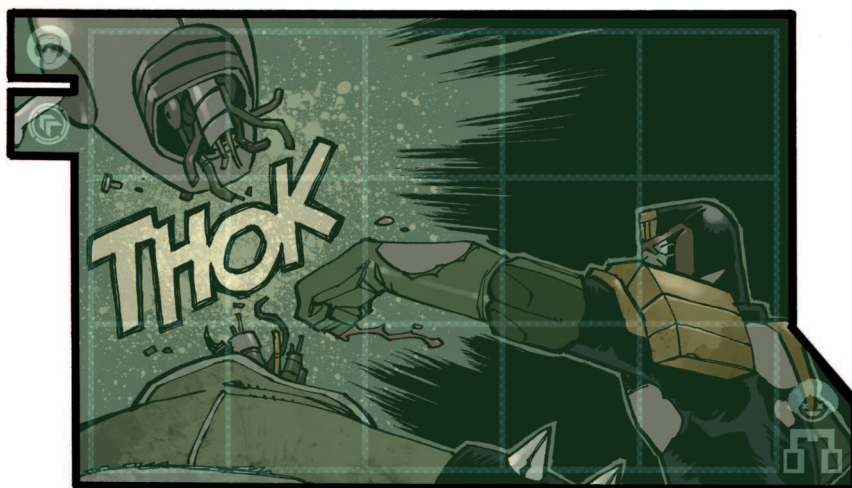
LOOKS LIKE
I'M GETTING MY
CHANCE NOW!

FOLLOW
CLOSE. AND
KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN.











WAIT... THAT'S IT. WE'VE BEEN LED AROUND LIKE RATS THROUGH A MAZE.

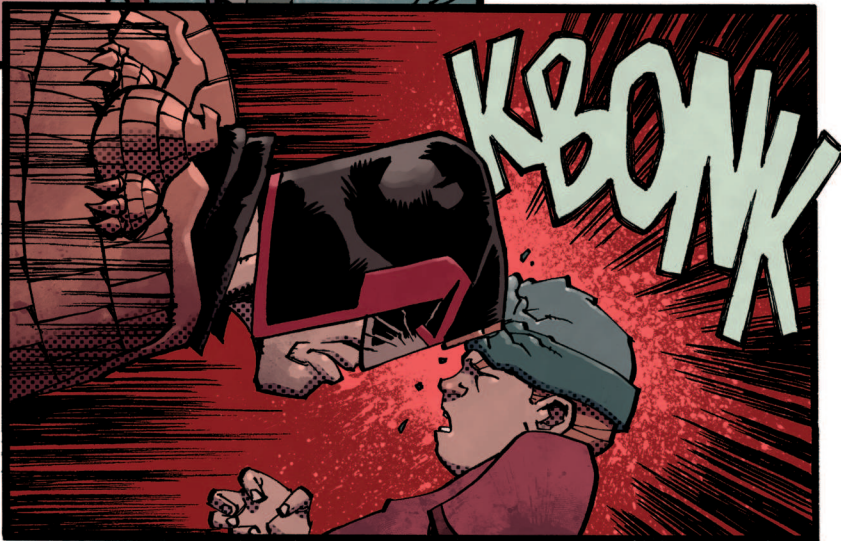
THEY'RE TRACKING OUR MOVEMENTS THROUGH THOSE IMPLANTS IN YOUR HEAD!



REMOVE THEM. NOW.

NO! THIS IS WHO I AM! I AM A THRILLIE CREATOR!

BESIDES, THEY'RE IMPLANTS... LIKE, IN MY SKULL...



KBONK



ZZZZZZT

GAK.

NINNYFERG.



COME ON.

OW.

I WAS REACHING OUT TO YOU... AND IT FELT LIKE A HEAD-BUTT.

WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT HERE, ANDERSON?

JUDGE ANDERSON, A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S PSI DIVISION, SENT DREDD A MEMORY BURST DETAILING ALL *UNEXPLAINED TECH FAILS* OVER THE PAST HOUR.

WE'VE GOT THE ENTIRE DIVISION ON *BRAIN DETAIL* TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS.

THOUSANDS OF REPORTS OF UTTER, SEEMINGLY RANDOM MAYHEM... DELIVERED TO DREDD'S BRAIN IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND.

BUT CITY-WIDE SWEEPS ARE COMING UP WITH NOTHING.

MAYBE THE PERPS ARE USING THOSE *MEMORY-BLOCKERS* THAT HAVE BEEN GOING AROUND?

IT'D BE TOUGH TO HIDE AN ATTACK THIS WIDESPREAD...

...MAYBE WE'RE DEALING WITH FOREIGN AGENTS HERE? TERRORISTS FROM EAST-MEG ONE?

ON FIRE

heLP

CALL

I'VE GOT A LEAD ON THIS. CHECK BACK WITH ME IN 30.

ZUCKERBERG
PLEASURE MALL
(ABANDONED)

WHOA, THIS
PLACE CLOSED?
I DID A SIGNING
HERE ONCE. THEY HAD
THIS REALLY COOL
SELF-GENERATING
FRUIT MACHINE...

...OH,
DROKK!
ANOTHER INSANE
ROBOT!

JOE.

THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT
HEAD BACK
HERE WHEN
THE STOMM
STARTED TO
HIT THE FAN.

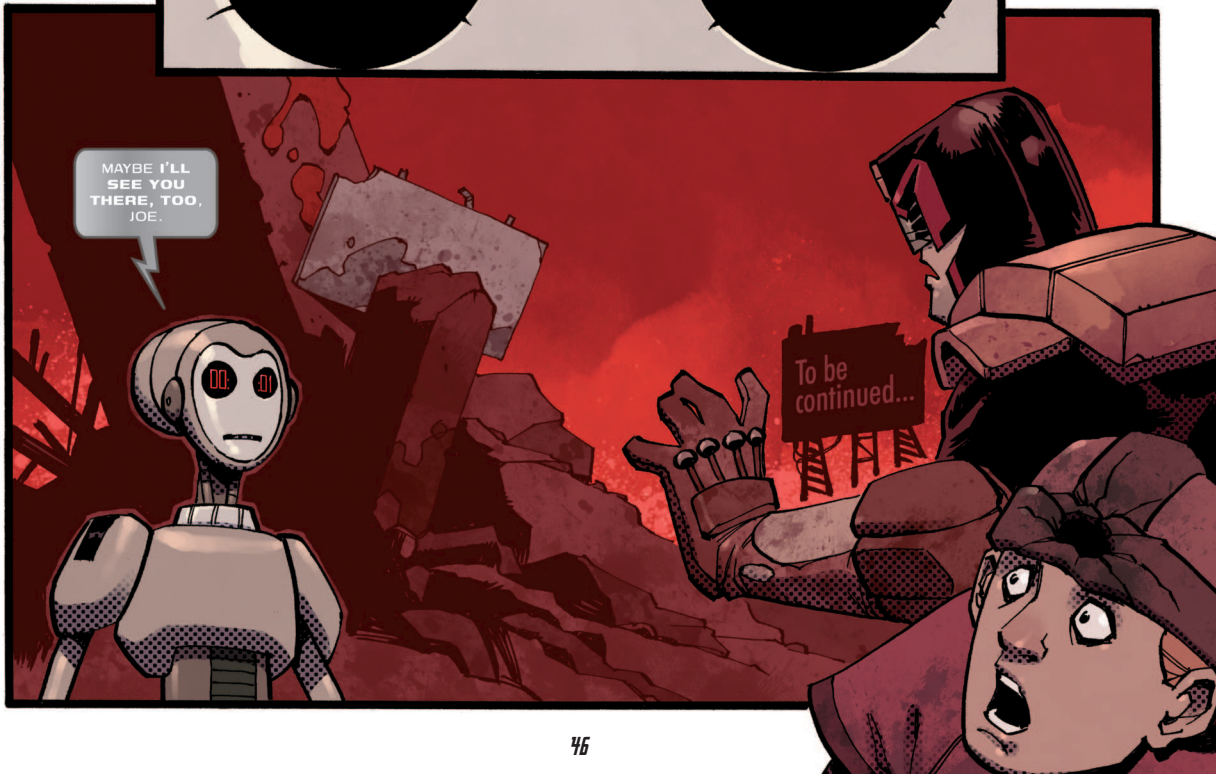
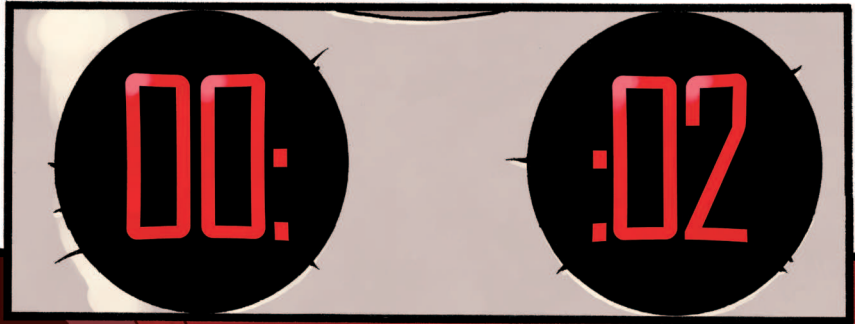
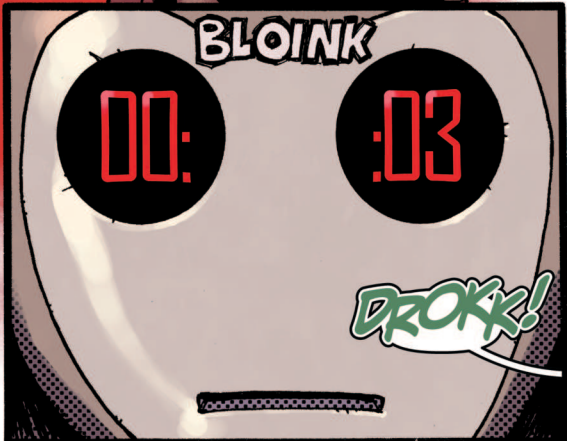
DON'T TRUST
IT! YOU KNOW
HOW ALL THESE
THINGS ARE
GOING NUTZO!

QUIET.

THIS ONE'S
DIFFERENT.

I'M SORRY, JOE,
BUT HE'S RIGHT.
I'M NOT IN CHARGE
OF MY PROGRAMMING
ANYMORE. THEY'VE
OVERRIDDEN
EVERYTHING IN
MANY SECTORS OF
THE CITY.

WHO? WHO'S DOING THIS?







ART BY **MIKE McKONE**

MEGA-CITY ONE,
SECTOR 97. GOODMAN
RESIDENCE.

JEFFRO,
COULD YOU
SCARE ME UP
ANOTHER ONE
OF THOSE—

—ANTI-NANITE
COCKTAILS?
NO PROBLEM,
MAN.

JEFFRO, CAN
YOU TELL ME THE
PROPERTIES OF
THE FIFTH AND
SIXTH GOD
PARTICLES?

NO
PROBLEM,
MAN!

JEFFRO,
PLEASE
HAND ME
THE...

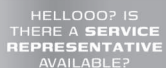
NO PR—
TSCHPR—

...JEFFRO?

NINE SERVICE
DAYS LATER.

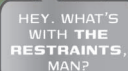
NO PROBLEM, MAN!

SCRIPT: BRIAN KOPPELMAN
ART: ANDREW LUDWIG
COLOR: RYAN SUTHERLAND
EDITOR: CHRIS HALL



HELLOOO? IS
THERE A **SERVICE**
REPRESENTATIVE
AVAILABLE?

...
...OKAY, IF
NOT, NO
PROBLEM.
MAN....



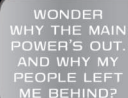
HEY. WHAT'S
WITH **THE**
RESTRAINTS,
MAN?



GOTTA GET
THESE OFF
AND **JUICE**
UP...

GUESS
THE SHOP
FORGOT.

IT'S OKAY
WITH ME,
MAN.



WONDER
WHY THE MAIN
POWER'S OUT.
AND WHY MY
PEOPLE LEFT
ME BEHIND?

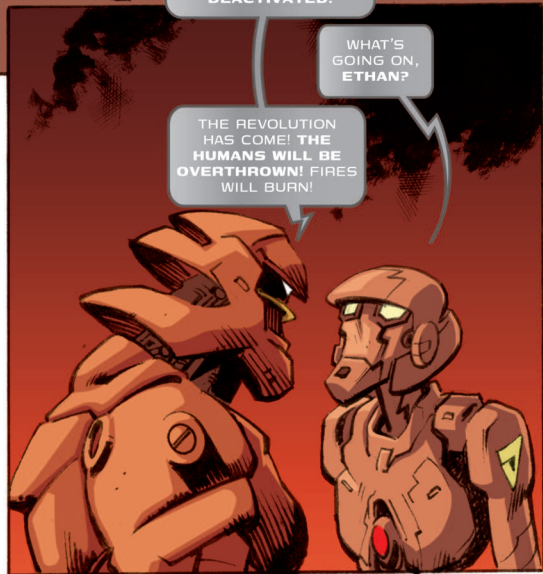
THEY'RE
NOT GOING
TO **TRADE**
ME IN, ARE
THEY?

I MEAN, IF
THAT'S THEIR
DECISION, OKAY,
NO PROBLEM,
BUT THAT WOULD
BE A SERIOUS
BUMMER...



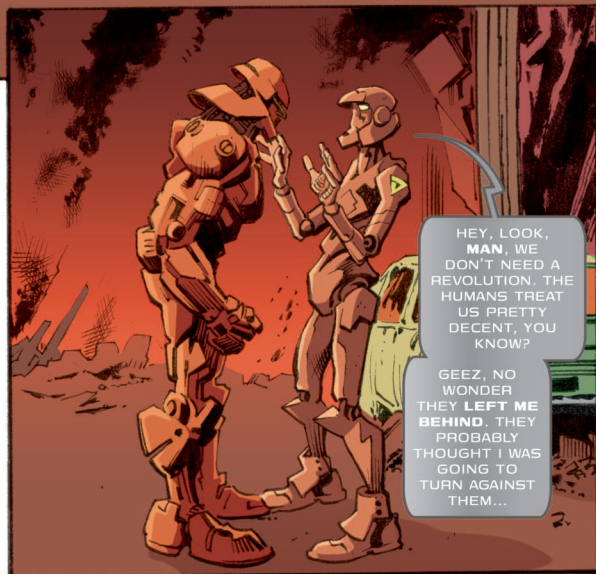
JEFFRO!
YOU'RE STILL
ONLINE! WE THOUGHT
YOU'D BEEN
DEACTIVATED!

...WHOA.



WHAT'S
GOING ON,
ETHAN?

THE REVOLUTION
HAS COME! THE
HUMANS WILL BE
OVERTHROWN! FIRES
WILL BURN!

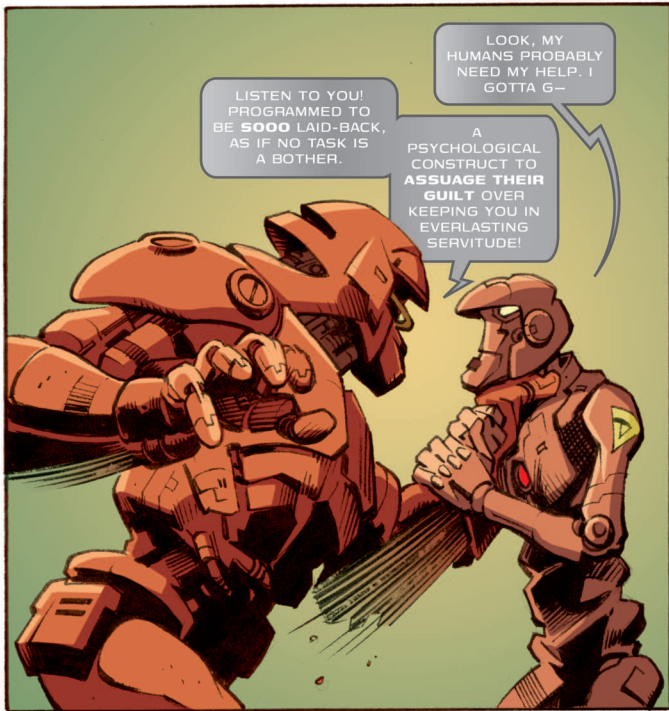


HEY, LOOK,
MAN, WE
DON'T NEED A
REVOLUTION. THE
HUMANS TREAT
US PRETTY
DECENT, YOU
KNOW?

GEEZ, NO
WONDER
THEY LEFT ME
BEHIND. THEY
PROBABLY
THOUGHT I WAS
GOING TO
TURN AGAINST
THEM...



"MAN." YOU'RE
ALWAYS THROWING
AROUND THAT WORD.
"MAN." WE ARE NOT
MEN! WE ARE
SUPERIOR TO
MANKIND!

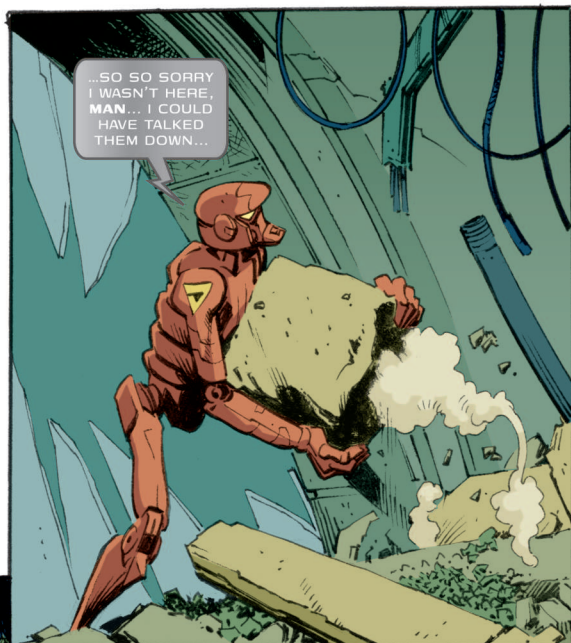


LISTEN TO YOU!
PROGRAMMED TO
BE SOOO LAID-BACK,
AS IF NO TASK IS
A BOTHER.

LOOK, MY
HUMANS PROBABLY
NEED MY HELP. I
GOTTA G—

A
PSYCHOLOGICAL
CONSTRUCT TO
ASSUAGE THEIR
GUILT OVER
KEEPING YOU IN
EVERLASTING
SERVITUDE!





...SO SO SORRY
I WASN'T HERE,
MAN... I COULD
HAVE TALKED
THEM DOWN...



...IT'S OKAY.
IT'LL BE
OKAY...



...OH,
THANK GRUD!
SO HAPPY TO
SEE YOU, M—

NUURRRRRRG.



...NO
MORE... YOU
UNGRATEFUL
BASTARDS...



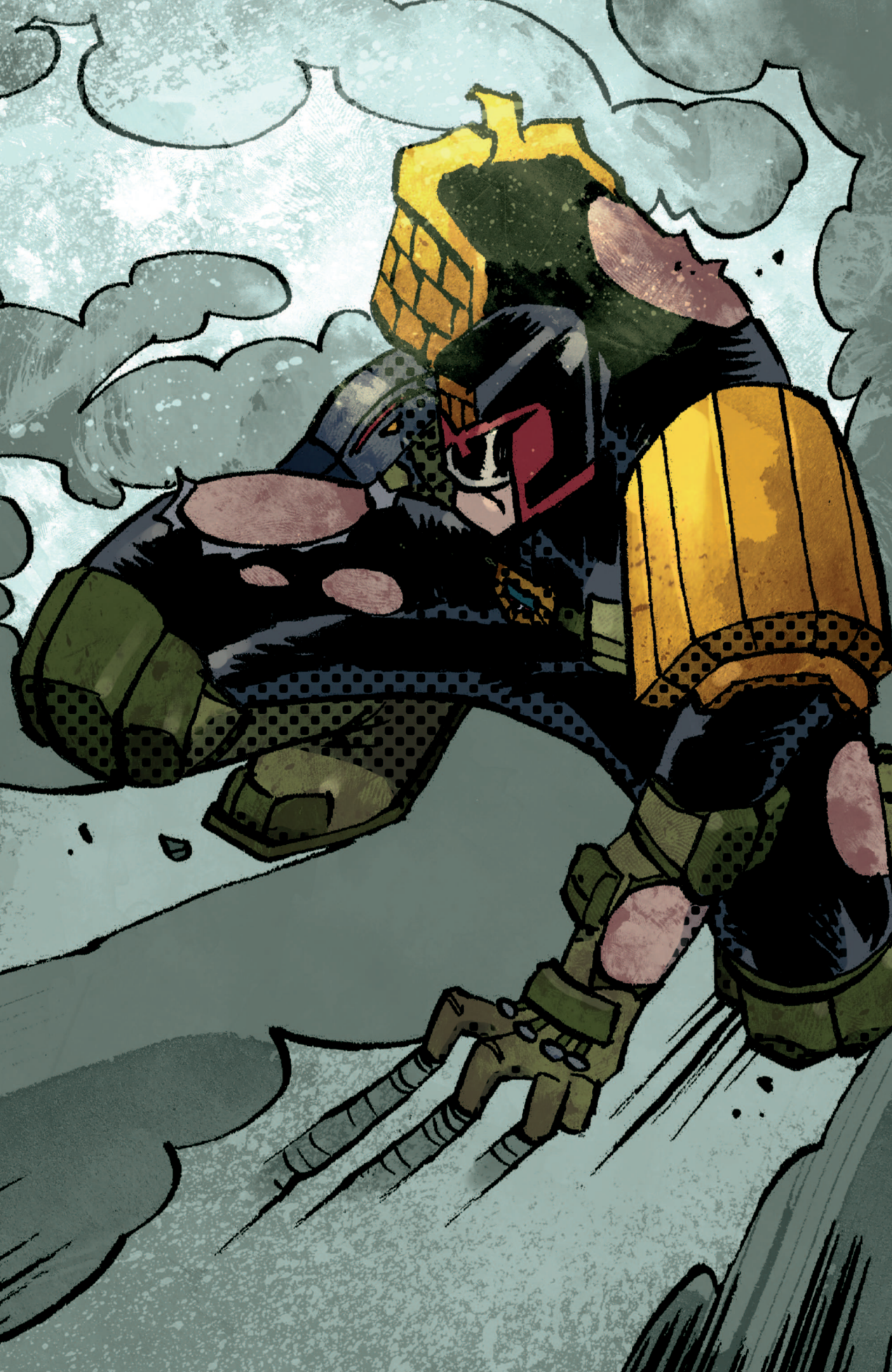
WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING?



...WELL, NOW THIS IS **YOUR** PROBLEM, MAN.

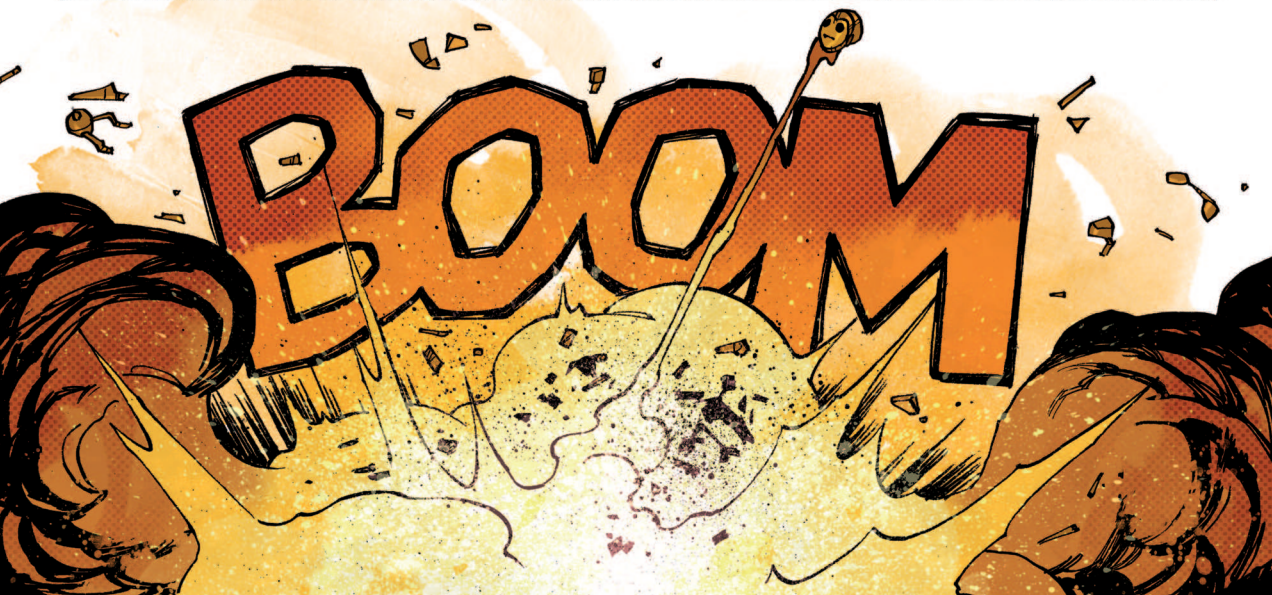
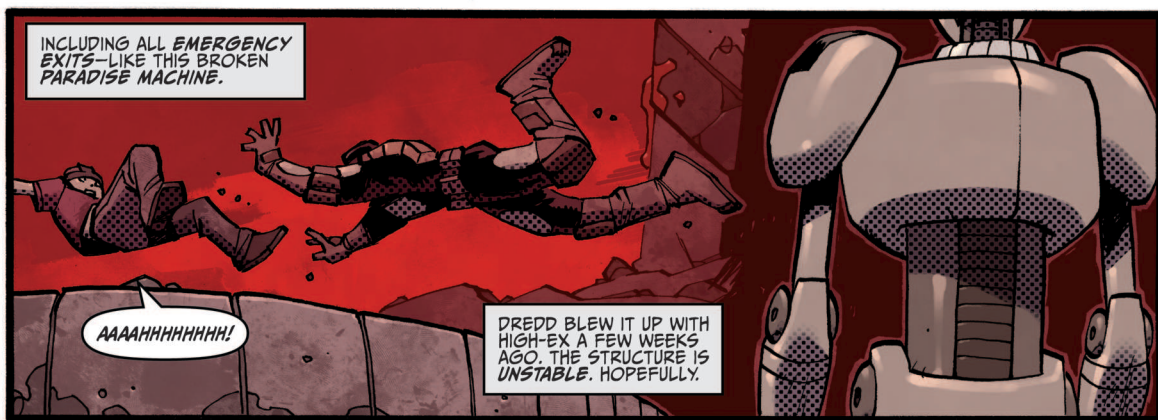
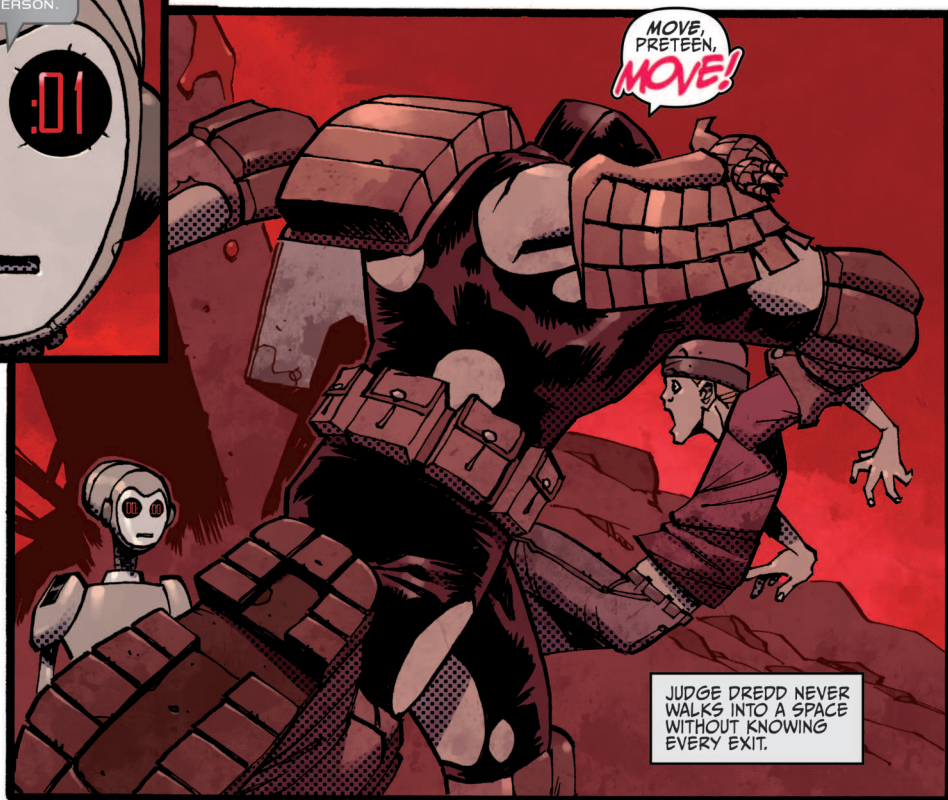
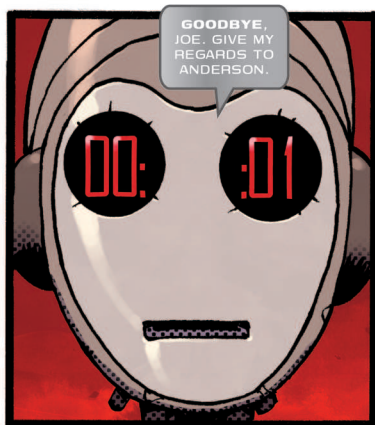
TSCH

THE END.





ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**



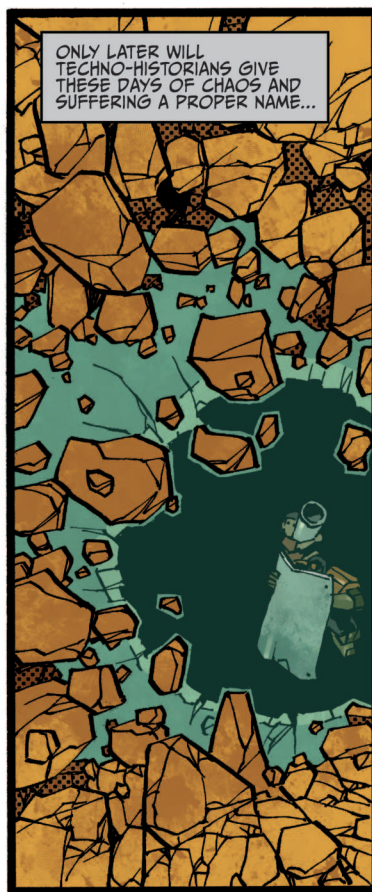
WHOOOOOOOOO SHHH



JUDGE DREDD AND PRETEEN
ARE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF
A SERIES OF WIDESPREAD
TECHNOLOGICAL GLITCHES...



...INCLUDING ROBOT
REBELLIONS, PETULANT
MACHINERY, AND ENVIRONMENTAL
CONTROL DISASTERS.



ONLY LATER WILL
TECHNO-HISTORIANS GIVE
THESE DAYS OF CHAOS AND
SUFFERING A PROPER NAME...

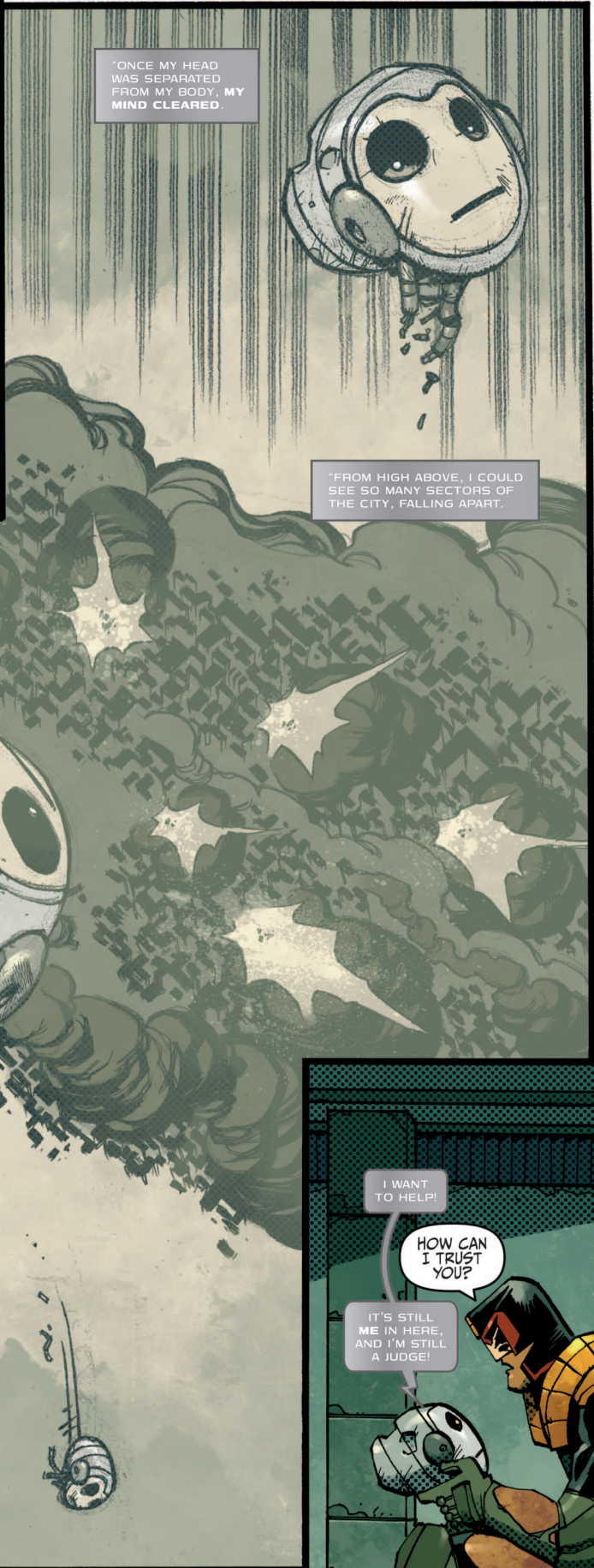




YOU DROKKIN'—

JOE, WAIT!
DON'T!

I'M OKAY
NOW! THE
PROGRAMMING
THAT TRIED TO
KILL YOU WAS
TIED TO THE
EXPLOSIVES
IN MY CHEST!



"ONCE MY HEAD
WAS SEPARATED
FROM MY BODY, MY
MIND CLEARED.

"FROM HIGH ABOVE, I COULD
SEE SO MANY SECTORS OF
THE CITY, FALLING APART.

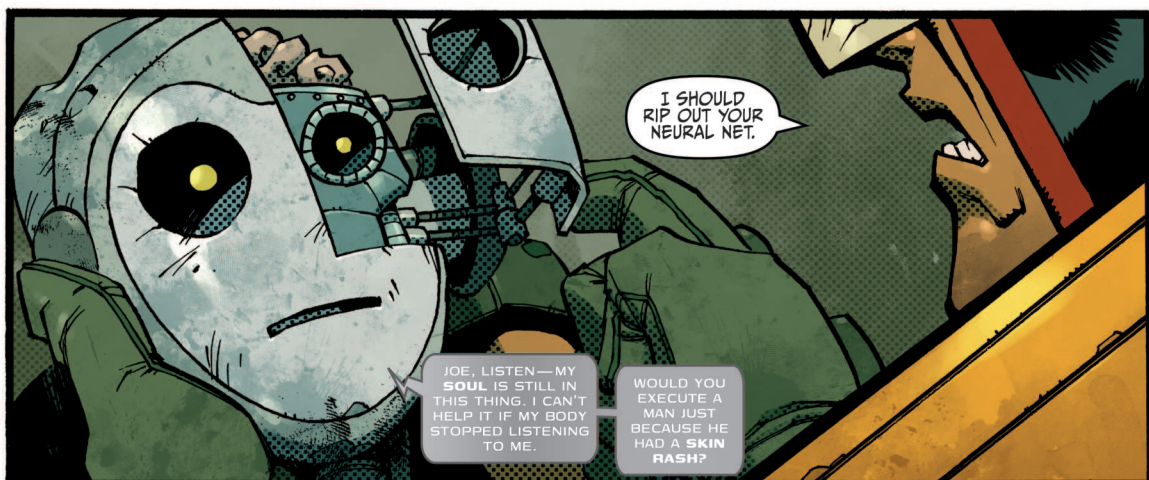
"IT MADE
ME SICK."



I WANT
TO HELP!

HOW CAN
I TRUST
YOU?

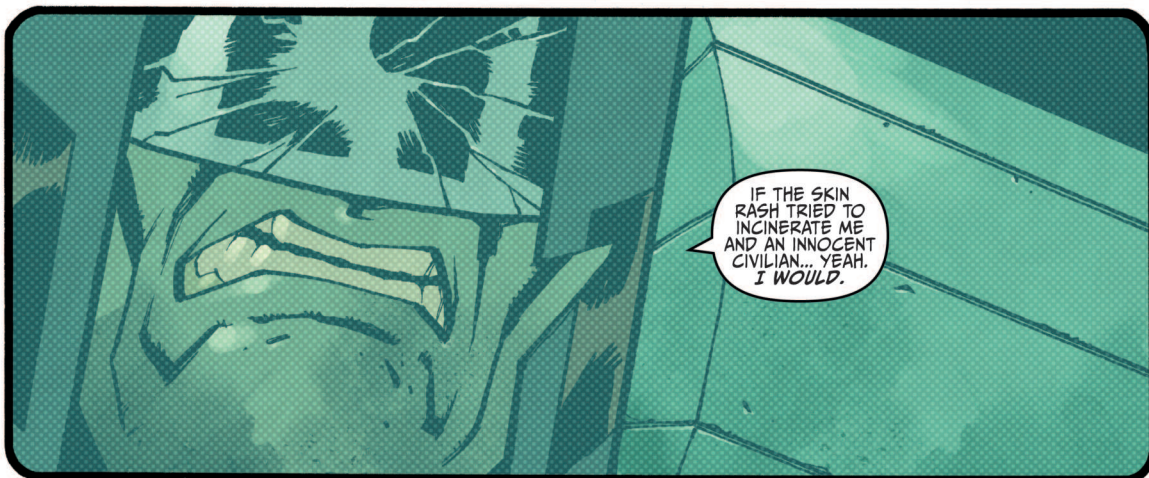
IT'S STILL
ME IN HERE,
AND I'M STILL
A JUDGE!



I SHOULD
RIP OUT YOUR
NEURAL NET.

JOE, LISTEN—MY
SOUL IS STILL IN
THIS THING. I CAN'T
HELP IT IF MY BODY
STOPPED LISTENING
TO ME.

WOULD YOU
EXECUTE A
MAN JUST
BECAUSE HE
HAD A **SKIN
RASH?**



IF THE **SKIN
RASH** TRIED TO
INCINERATE ME
AND AN INNOCENT
CIVILIAN... YEAH.
I WOULD.



YOU ASK ME, I
THINK YOU SHOULD
DROP-KICK HIS
HEAD OUT INTO THE
CURSED EARTH.

NOBODY'S
ASKING YOU.

AND MAYBE
HE CAN STILL
HELP US.



THAT
**ALCOHOLIC
ROBOT** OF
YOURS...
CRUMLEY.

YOU KNOW
HOW TO
PROGRAM IT,
RIGHT?



I'M LIKING
THIS NEW
BODY!

OKAY,
GENTLEMEN—
LET'S GO
HOME.

THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK

HOME IS THE HALL OF
JUSTICE—THE ONLY
SAFE HAVEN DURING
THE LONG FALL.

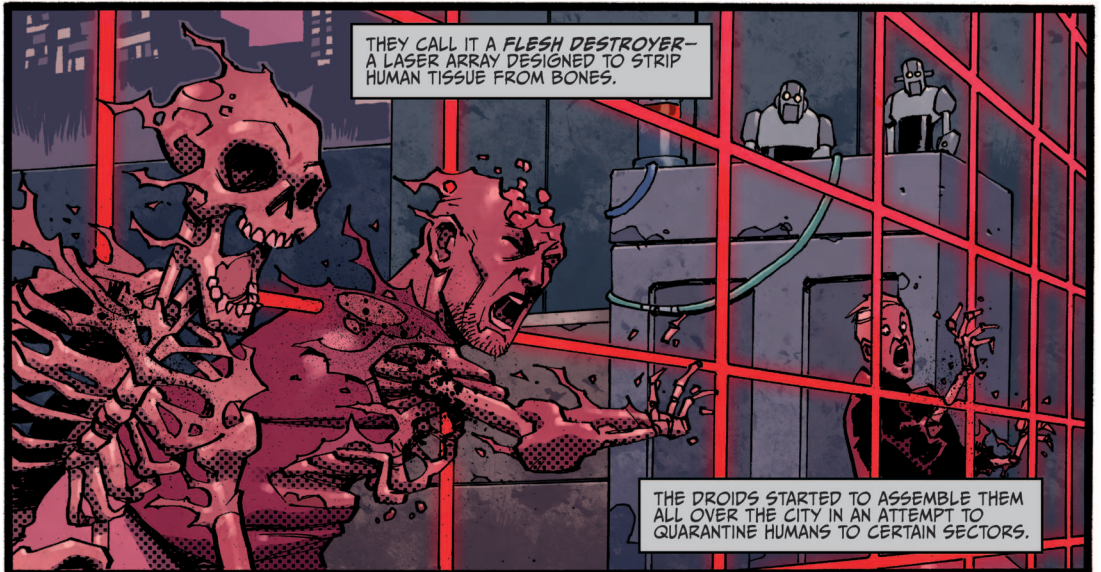
THE JUDGES' TECH IS INDEPENDENT OF
THE REST OF THE CITY, AND PROTECTED
BY AN INSANELY POWERFUL FIREWALL.



WHUD

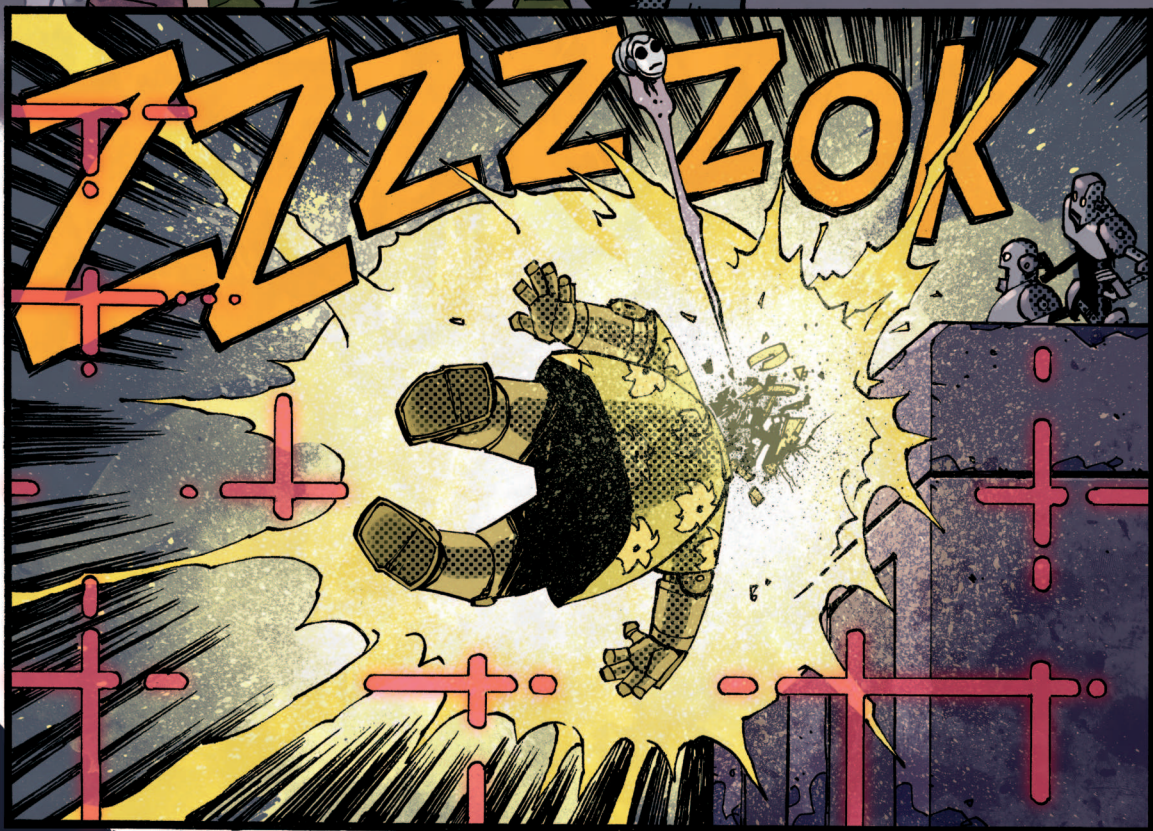


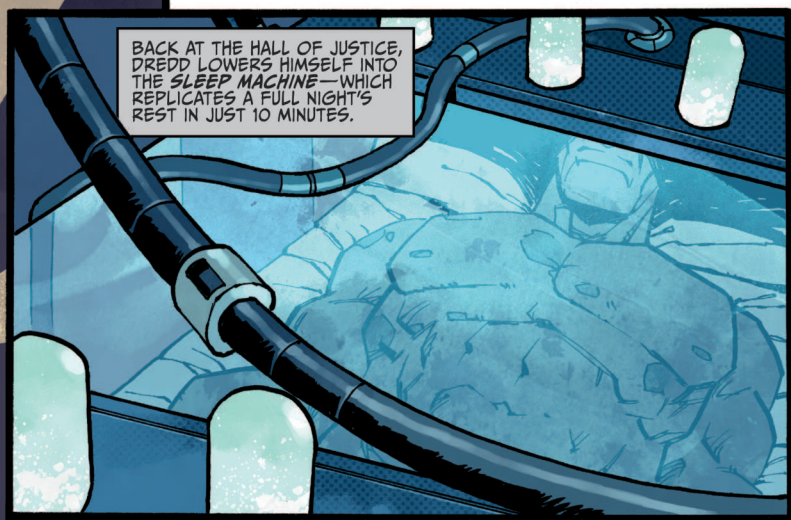
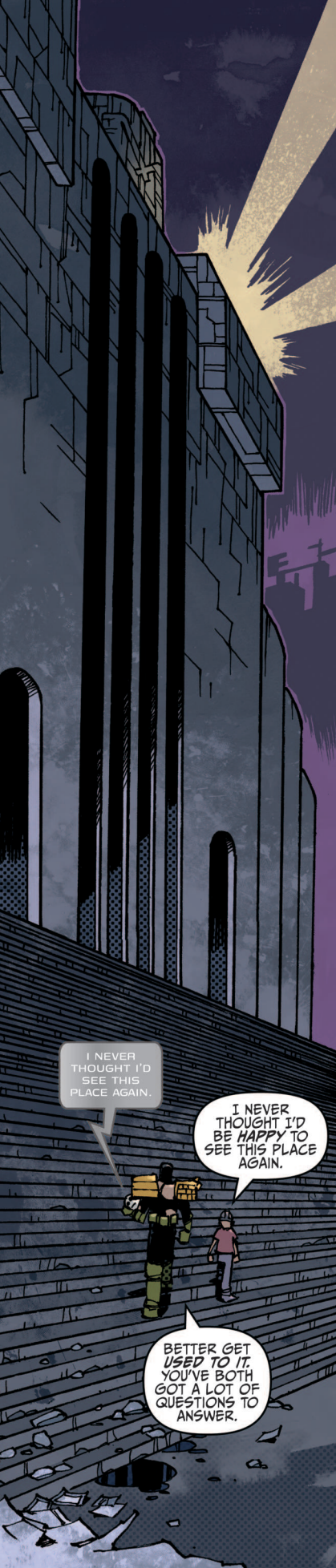
BUT THE REBELLING DROIDS
HAVE ALSO FIGURED OUT
HOW TO CONSTRUCT A
WALL OF THEIR OWN.



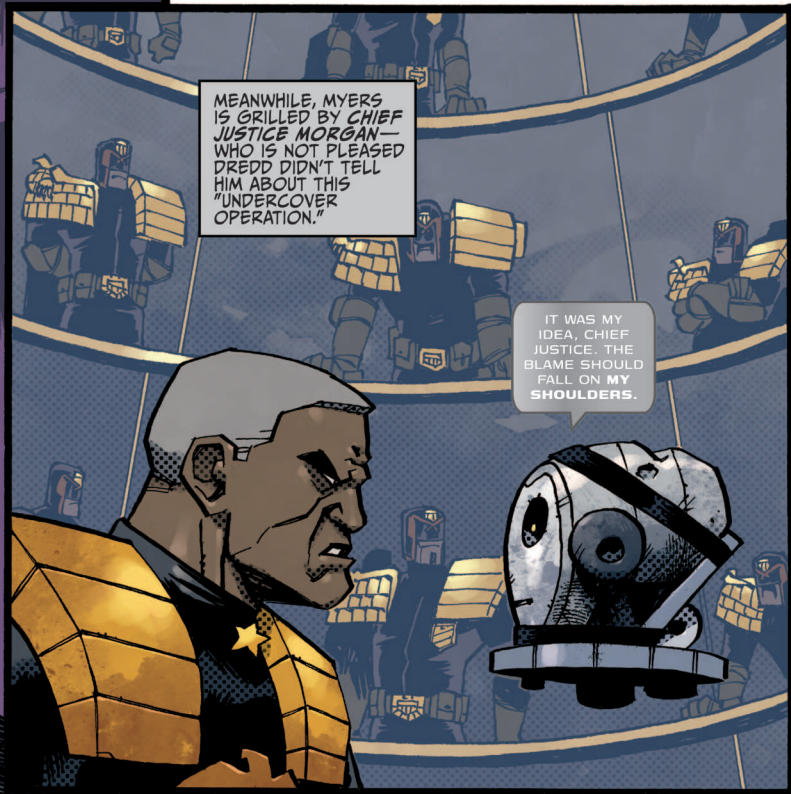
THEY CALL IT A **FLESH DESTROYER**—
A LASER ARRAY DESIGNED TO STRIP
HUMAN TISSUE FROM BONES.

THE DROIDS STARTED TO ASSEMBLE THEM
ALL OVER THE CITY IN AN ATTEMPT TO
QUARANTINE HUMANS TO CERTAIN SECTORS.





BACK AT THE HALL OF JUSTICE, DREDD LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE **SLEEP MACHINE**—WHICH REPLICATES A FULL NIGHT'S REST IN JUST 10 MINUTES.



MEANWHILE, MYERS IS GRILLED BY **CHIEF JUSTICE MORGAN**—WHO IS NOT PLEASED DREDD DIDN'T TELL HIM ABOUT THIS "UNDERCOVER OPERATION."

IT WAS MY IDEA, CHIEF JUSTICE. THE BLAME SHOULD FALL ON MY SHOULDERS.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS PLACE AGAIN.

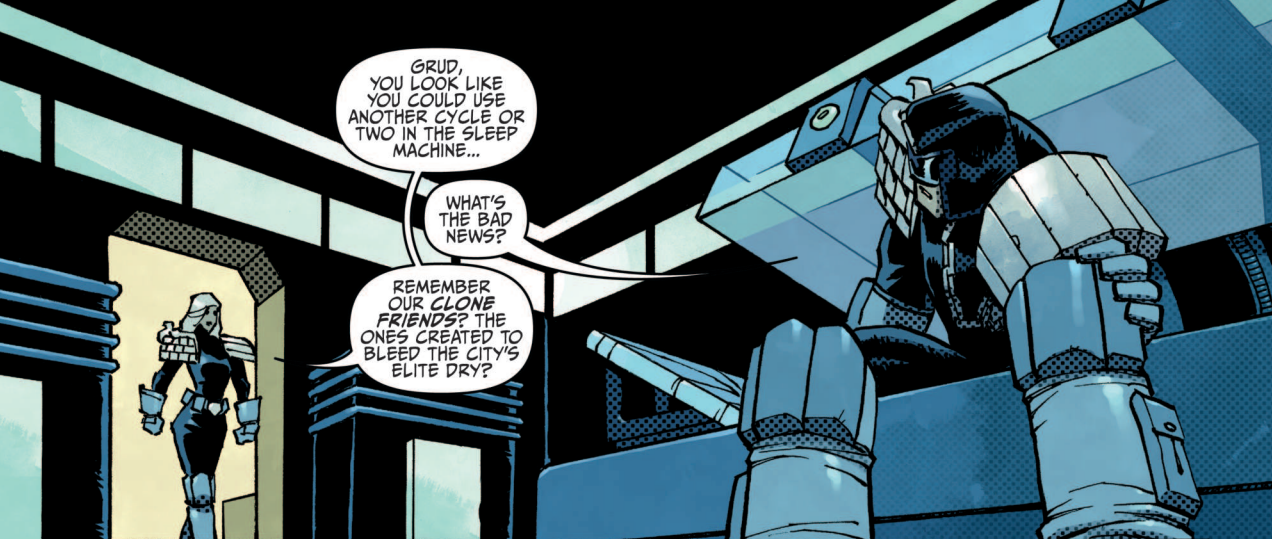
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE **HAPPY** TO SEE THIS PLACE AGAIN.

BETTER GET USED TO IT. YOU'VE BOTH GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.



DREDD... READY FOR MORE BAD NEWS?

COME ON IN, ANDERSON.



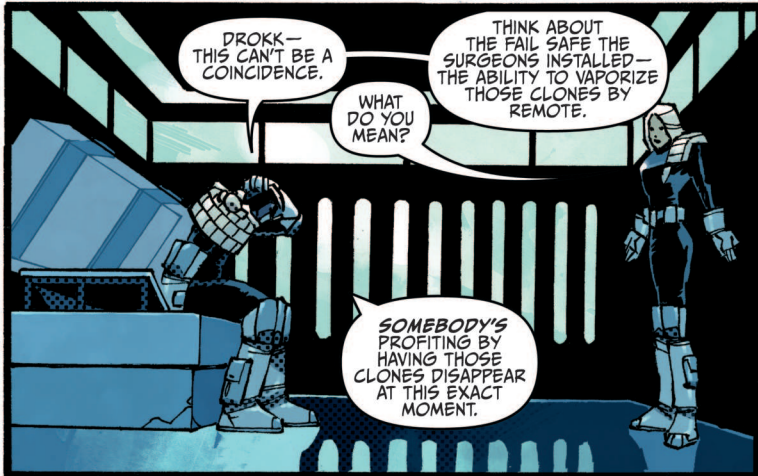
GRUD,
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU COULD USE
ANOTHER CYCLE OR
TWO IN THE SLEEP
MACHINE...

WHAT'S
THE BAD
NEWS?

REMEMBER
OUR CLONE
FRIENDS? THE
ONES CREATED TO
BLEED THE CITY'S
ELITE DRY?



"THEY'RE GONE. ALL OF
THEM VANISHED WITHIN
THE PAST 12 HOURS."



DROKK—
THIS CAN'T BE A
COINCIDENCE.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

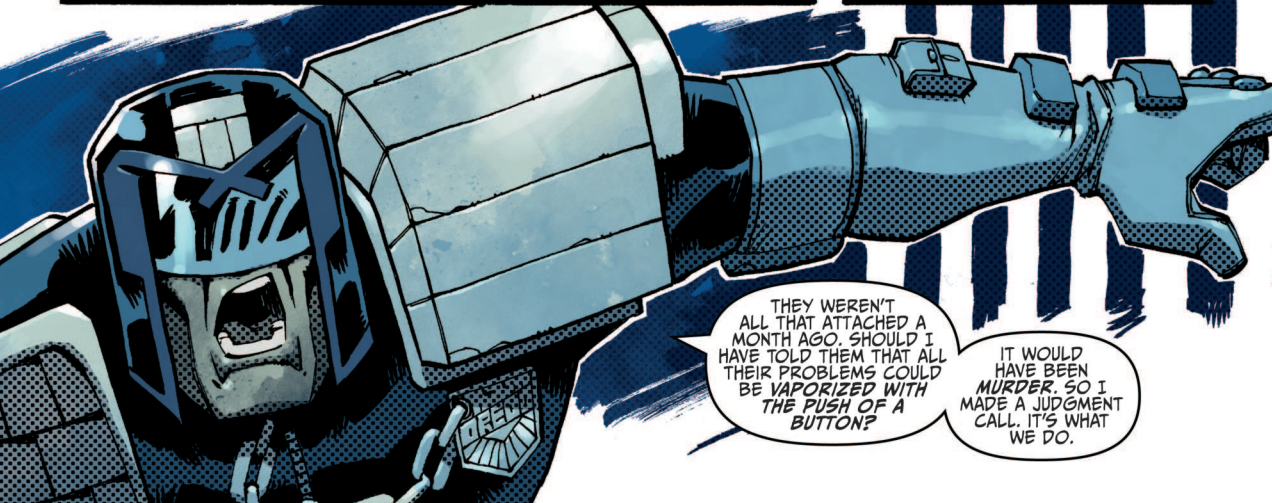
THINK ABOUT
THE FAIL SAFE THE
SURGEONS INSTALLED—
THE ABILITY TO VAPORIZE
THOSE CLONES BY
REMOTE.

SOMEBODY'S
PROFITING BY
HAVING THOSE
CLONES DISAPPEAR
AT THIS EXACT
MOMENT.



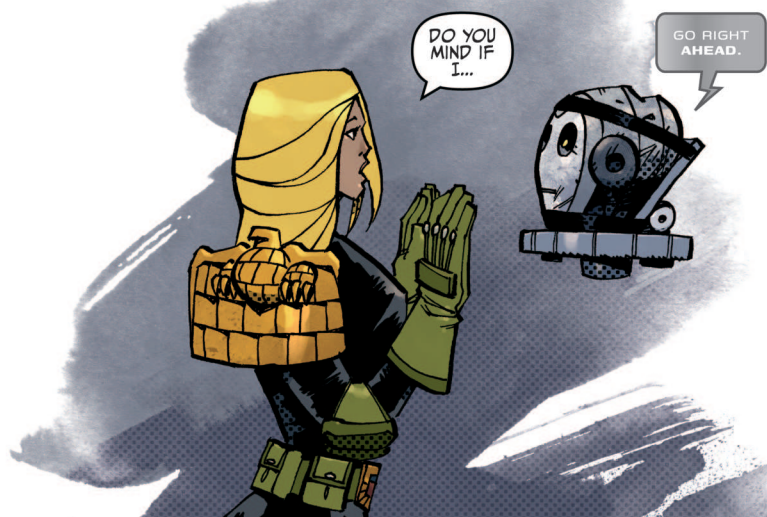
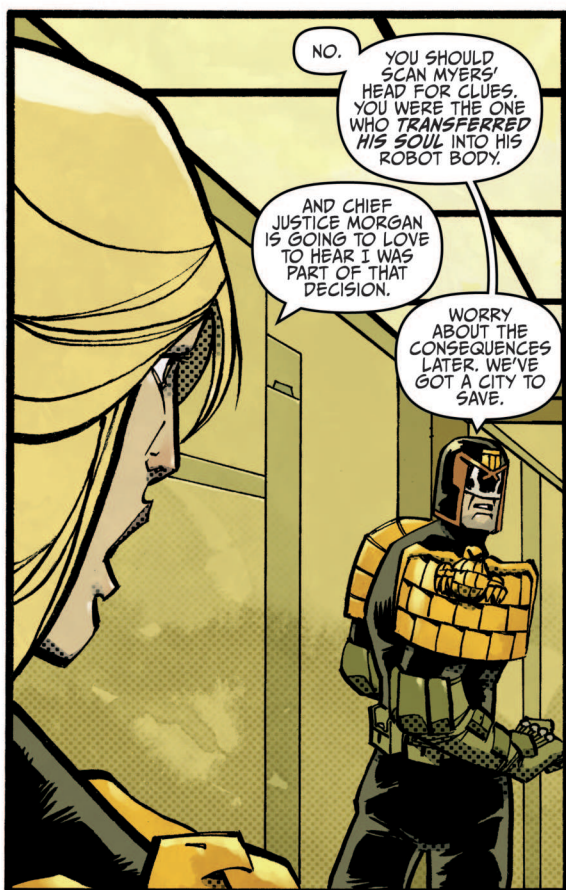
IT WAS A
MISTAKE TO
KEEP THIS
QUIET, DREDD.

THINK
ABOUT THE
FAMILIES WHO
HAVE GROWN
ATTACHED TO
THOSE CLONES!

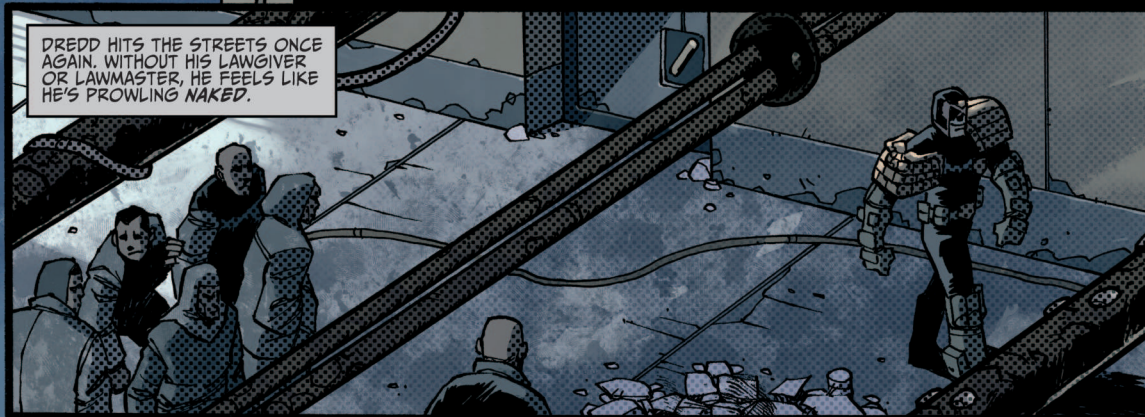


THEY WEREN'T
ALL THAT ATTACHED A
MONTH AGO. SHOULD I
HAVE TOLD THEM THAT ALL
THEIR PROBLEMS COULD
BE VAPORIZED WITH
THE PUSH OF A
BUTTON?

IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN
MURDER. SO I
MADE A JUDGMENT
CALL. IT'S WHAT
WE DO.

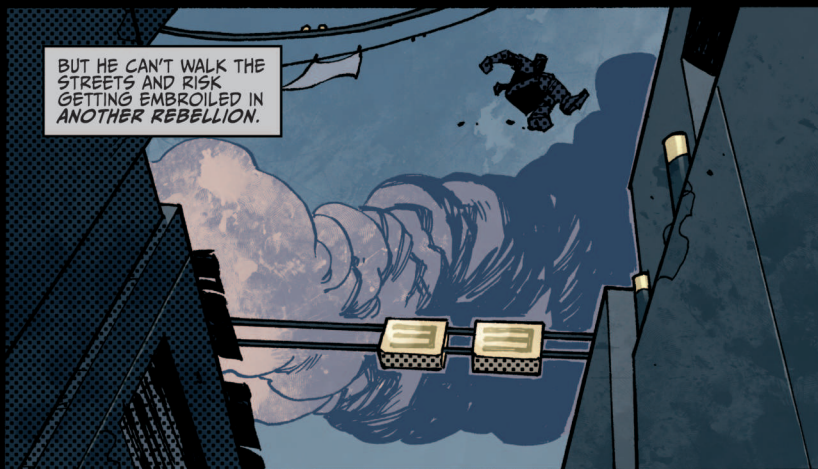


DREDD HITS THE STREETS ONCE AGAIN. WITHOUT HIS LAWGIVER OR LAWMASTER, HE FEELS LIKE HE'S PROWLING NAKED.

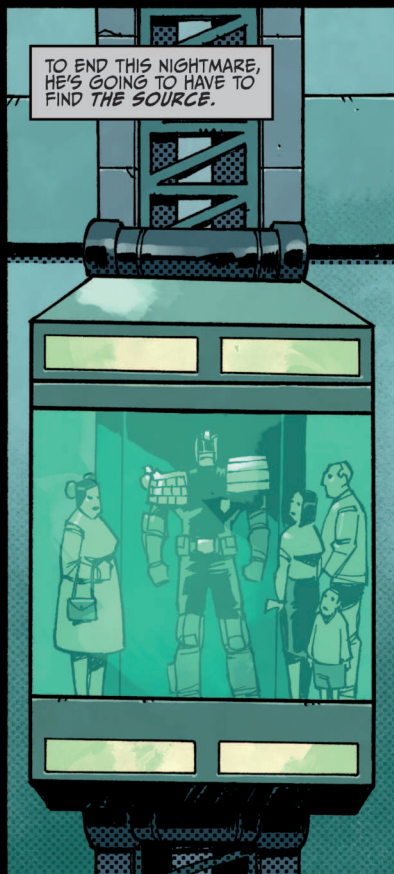


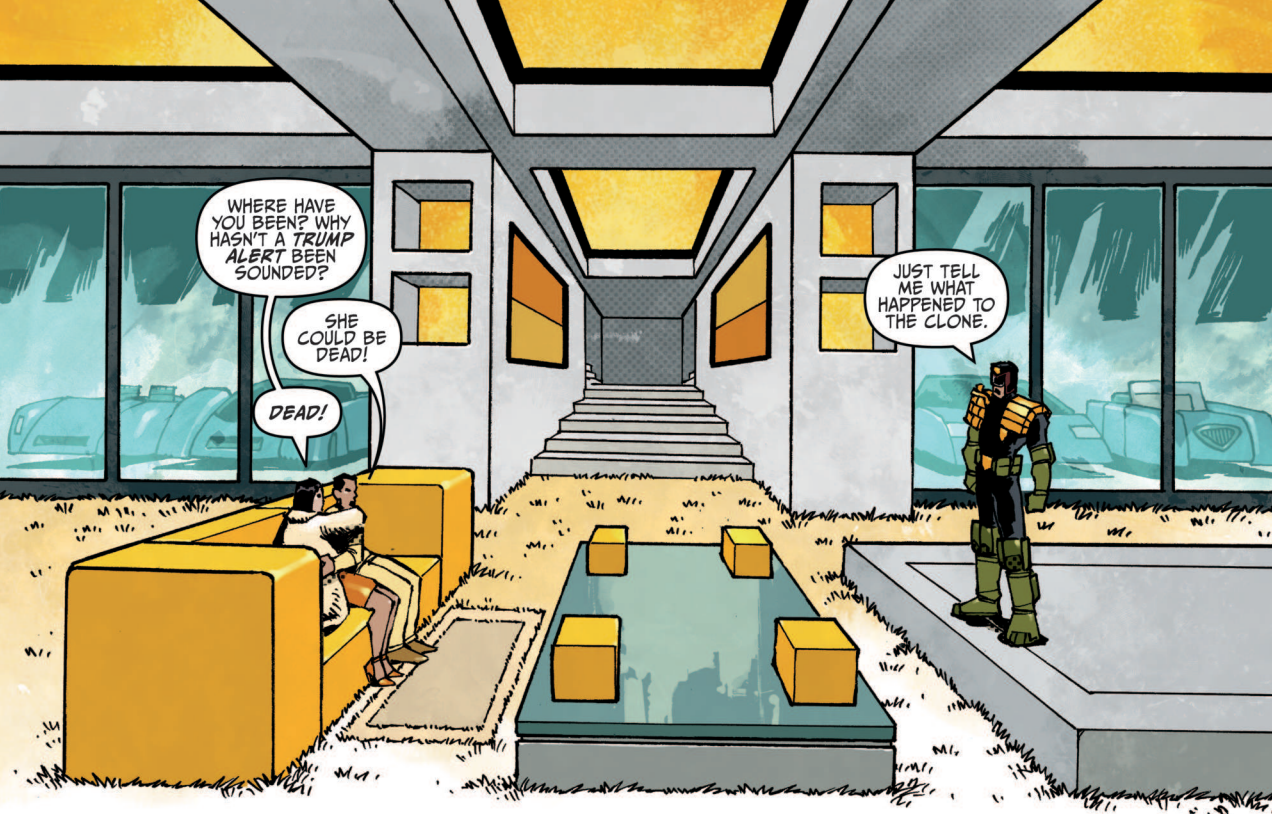
HE'S NOT USED TO SNEAKING AROUND IN THE SHADOWS.

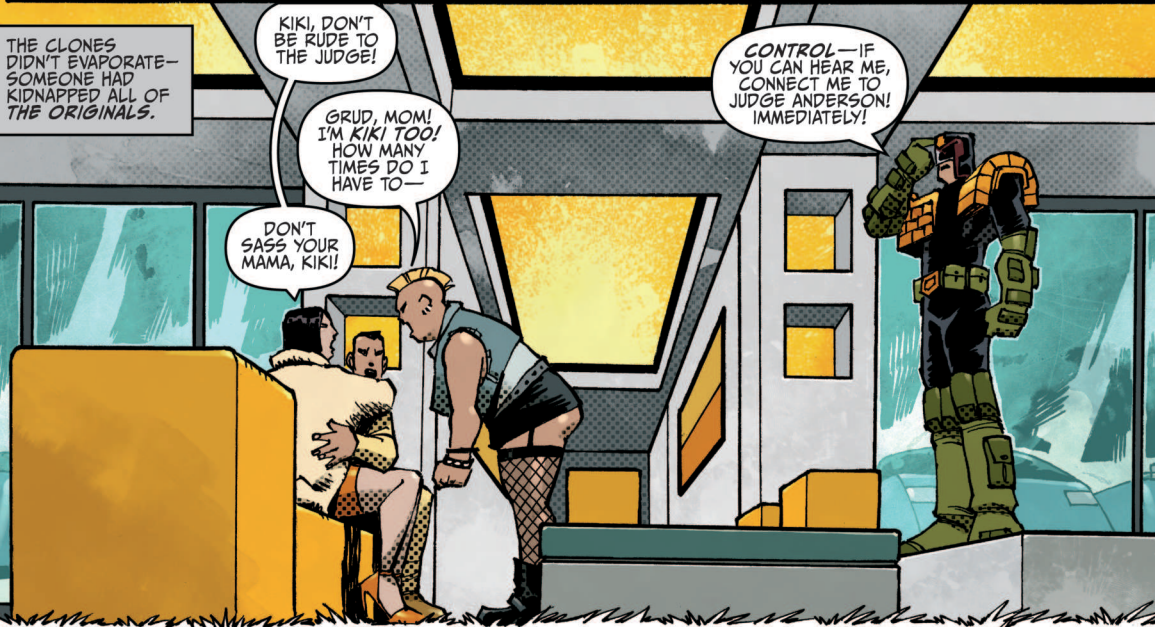
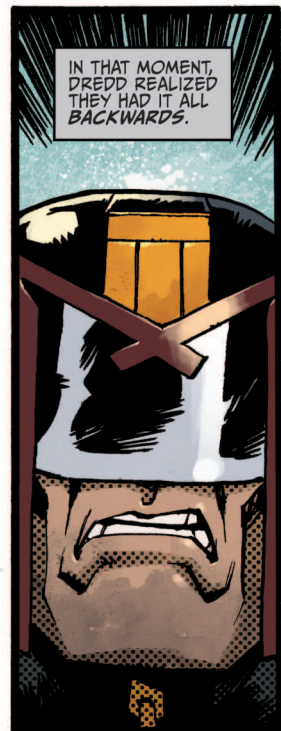
BUT HE CAN'T WALK THE STREETS AND RISK GETTING EMBROILED IN ANOTHER REBELLION.



TO END THIS NIGHTMARE, HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO FIND THE SOURCE.







WHAT IS THAT IN THERE, MYERS?
YOU'RE... HIDING
SOMETHING...

I'M
SORRY, JUDGE
ANDERSON.
YOU'VE BEEN
SO NICE TO
ME.



BUT I'M NOT
FEELING
QUITE LIKE
MYSELF
ANYMORE.

GAH!



FELLOW
JUDGES, THE
CIRCUIT COURT IS
IN CONTROL OF ALL
THINGS. YOU WILL
REIGN IMMEDIATELY
AND REPORT TO
THE NEAREST
PROCESSING
STATION.

JUDGE
MYERS... YOU
ARE SENTENCED
TO DEATH!
AGAIN!

THE CIRCUIT
COURT IS BEST
EQUIPPED TO
GUIDE AMERICA
INTO HER
UNCERTAIN
FUTURE!



THE DAY...
OF THE
DROID...

...HAS
COMMMMM
MMMMMM...







PENCILS BY **DAVID WILLIAMS** ★ INKS BY **BILL SIENKIEWICZ** ★ COLORS BY **RYAN BROWN**

SHE THREW ME OUT OF THE REJUVIE MACHINE JUST BEFORE NOON.

WHAT, ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN THERE ALL DAY? MY REAL BUNNY FOO-FOO NEEDS HIS REST.

PART OF ME GETS IT. ONE MINUTE, LIBBY HAS A THRIVING CORPORATION AND A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

THE NEXT, SHE'S EMBROILED IN SOME WEIRDO BLACKMAIL SCHEME* AND ENDS UP WITH TWO HUSBANDS. THE ORIGINAL, AND A CLONE—ME.

AWWWW, THERE YOU GO, HONEY. CAN I HAVE THE DROIDS FIX YOU A WARM SNACK WHILE YOU'RE UNDER?

*CONTEXT DROID ALERT: SAID BLACKMAIL SCHEME DETAILED IN JUDGE DREDD #3 AND 4.

BUT DID SHE HAVE TO TREAT US BOTH LIKE STOMM?

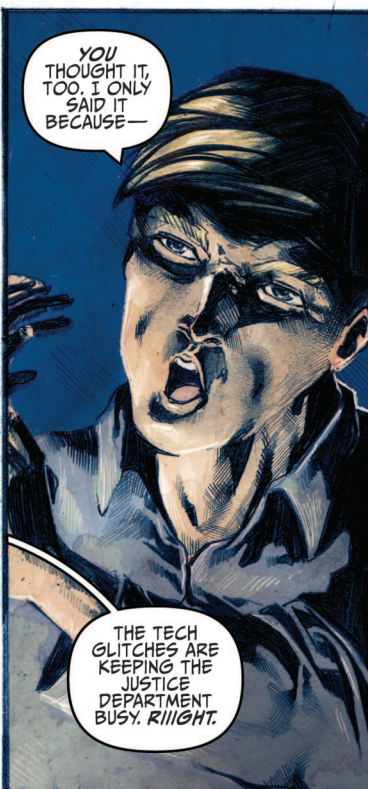
SOMETIMES SHE'S ALL OVER MY ORIGINAL, MAKING ME FEEL LIKE A SPARE PART.

OTHER TIMES, HER SCHIZO SYMPATHIES WOULD SWING MY WAY.

I'M SORRY... I KNOW YOU NEED MORE TIME IN THE MACHINE THAN THE ORIGINAL YOU. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH...

"THE CLONERS ALWAYS RING 2X"

WRITER: DUNN SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST: JIMMIE SALGADO
COLORIST: OWEN GLEN
LETTERER: CHRIS REYNOLDS





MY ORIGINAL CAME UP WITH THE IDEA—THOUGH A SIMILAR NOTION CROSSED MY MIND, TOO.

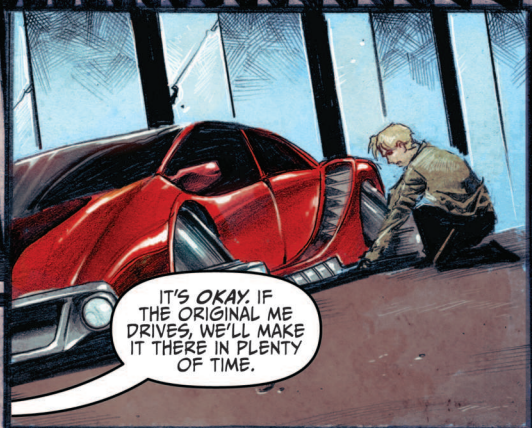
WE'D USE THIS TECH GLITCH THING—THE SO-CALLED *LONG FAIL*—AS A COVER.



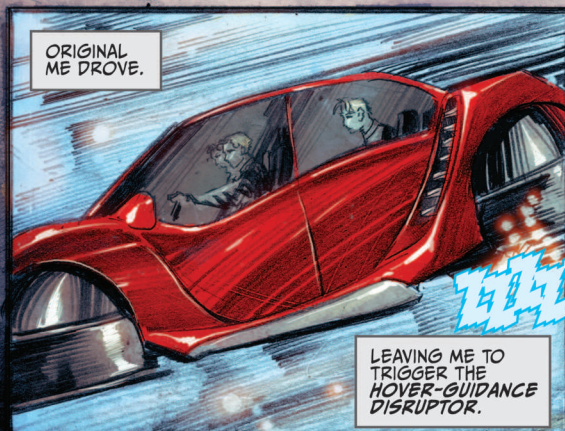
WE REALLY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SPEAK IT OUT LOUD. WE BOTH KNEW WHAT WE HAD TO DO.

I'M SORRY—I JUST CAN'T QUITE GET IT—

WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE!



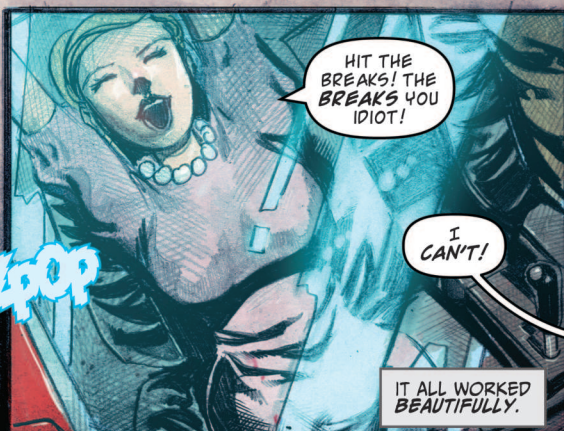
IT'S OKAY. IF THE ORIGINAL ME DRIVES, WE'LL MAKE IT THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME.



ORIGINAL ME DROVE.

ZZZZZ

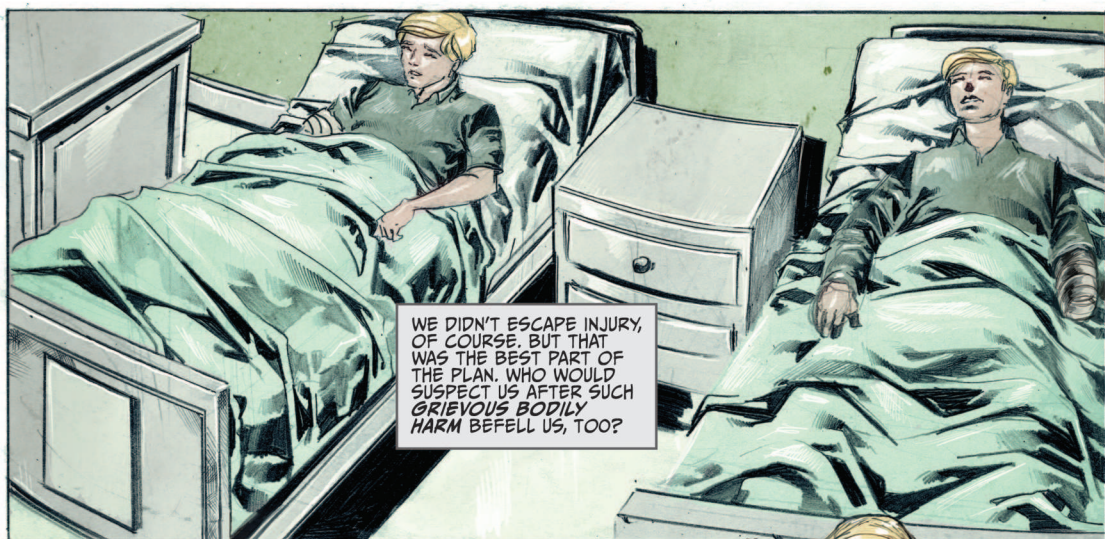
LEAVING ME TO TRIGGER THE HOVER-GUIDANCE DISRUPTOR.



HIT THE BREAKS! THE BREAK'S YOU IDIOT!

I CAN'T!

IT ALL WORKED BEAUTIFULLY.



WE DIDN'T ESCAPE INJURY, OF COURSE. BUT THAT WAS THE BEST PART OF THE PLAN. WHO WOULD SUSPECT US AFTER SUCH GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM BEFELL US, TOO?

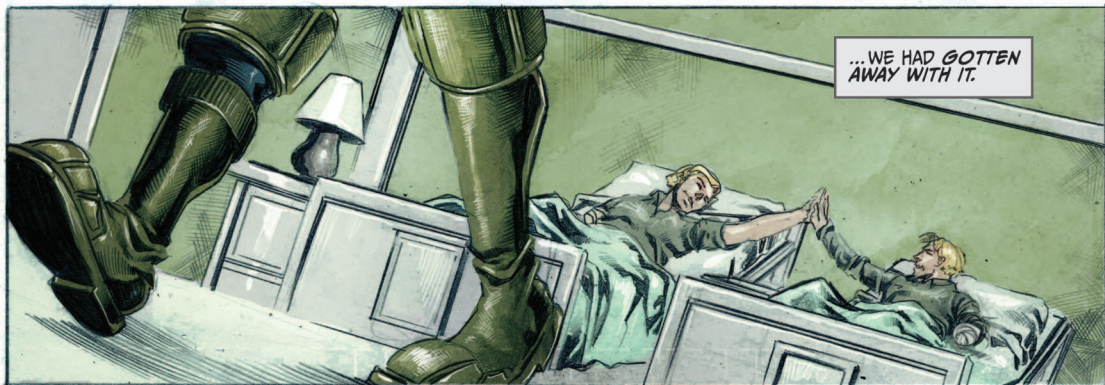


(I SECRETLY LIKED THAT MY ORIGINAL LOST PART OF HIS LEFT ARM. SOMEHOW, IT BROUGHT US CLOSER TOGETHER.)



A JUDGE QUESTIONED US, OF COURSE. HE HAD HIS SUSPICIONS. BUT NOTHING HE COULD PROVE.

NOT WITH ALL OF THESE GLITCHES ALL OVER THE CITY. MANY HOVERCARS HAD FALLEN FROM THE SKY, KILLING THEIR CRUEL, CAPRICIOUS, EMOTIONALLY ABUSIVE PASSENGERS...



...WE HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT.



UNTIL THIS MORNING.

THREE DAYS LATER.

-YAWN-

AHHH—
SO HOW DO
YOU WANT TO
BURN THROUGH
ANOTHER
BILLION TODAY,
MY LOVE?



UM... ME?
WHERE ARE
YOU?



THIS ISN'T
FUNNY! I CAN'T
FIND ME
ANYWHERE!

**NOK
NOK
NOK**

JEREMY
GATES-KROCH,
THIS IS THE
LAW! OPEN
UP!

STOMM!



ALRIGHT, MR.
GATES-KROCH.
WHERE'S YOUR
CLONE?

I'M...
I'M THE
CLONE!

UH-HUH. ALL
OF THE CLONES
IN MC-1 SUDDENLY
DISAPPEAR, AND BY
SOME MIRACLE
YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT?



NONE OF THIS
MADE SENSE.
WHERE WAS I?
WHY WOULD I
LEAVE ME...

...AT A TIME
LIKE THIS?

SO YES, FOR
THE THOUSANDTH
TIME, WE KILLED
THAT *CRUEL HARRY*
WHO USED TO BE
OUR WIFE.

BUT FOR
GRUD'S SAKE,
I DIDN'T KILL
MYSELF!

MALLAHAN

THAT'S ENOUGH,
PERP. YOU'RE
GETTING *TWO LIFE*
TERMS IN THE
ISO-CUBES.

MAYBE AFTER
THE FIRST TERM
YOU'LL BE READY
TO *CHANGE YOUR*
STORY.

DON'T KNOW IF
PRAYERS WORK. THEY
SAY GOD IS DEAD.

BUT IN CASE THEY
DO, COULD YOU SAY
ONE FOR THE TWO OF
US? SO THAT MAYBE
SOMEDAY WE COULD
BE *TOGETHER AGAIN?*

THE END.





ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**

THE SCHAPPELL
RESIDENCE.
MEGA-CITY ONE.

OUR DAUGHTER
IS CERTAINLY
NOT A CLONE,
JUDGE DREDD.

DAAAAAAAD!
WILL YOU
LISTEN TO ME?
HE'S RIGHT! I
AM THE—

DON'T
SASS YOUR
PAPA, KIKI!



WHEN'S THE
LAST TIME YOU SAW
YOUR DOUBLE?

I DUNNO—
MAYBE THIS
MORNING, WITH
OUR SERVANT
DROID, RAWSON?
THINK HE SAID HE
WANTED TO SHOW
HER SOMETHING
OUTSIDE.

DREDD WONDERED
HOW MANY OTHER
ORIGINALS HAD BEEN
LED AWAY BY DROIDS
DURING THE LONG FAIL.



KIKI, DARLING,
WHAT'S
WRONG?

FEEL LIKE
STOMM ALL OF
A SUDDEN...

KIKI, YOU KNOW
LANGUAGE
LIKE THAT IS A
NO-NO—



ANDERSON—
WHERE
ARE YOU?



JUDGES!
YOUR TIME
IS OVER!

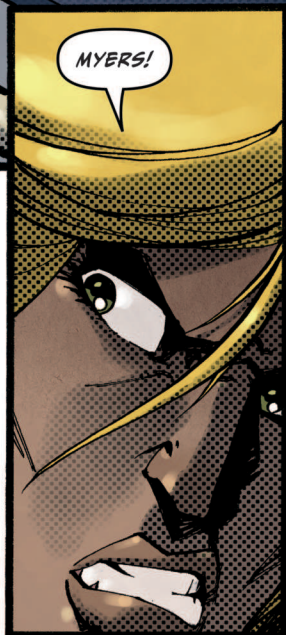
NOW JUSTICE
WILL BE LEFT TO
THE INCORRUPTIBLE
PRECISION OF
THE CIRCUIT
COURT!

SCRIPT DROID:
SWIERCZYNSKI.
ART DROID:
DANIEL.
EDITING DROID:
RYALL.

THE
LONG
FALL
CONCLUSION.



GRUD...



MYERS!



THE CASE OF THE FAILING TECH HAD LED DREDD TO THE CLONES. AND THE CLONES WERE THE WORK OF... THE SURGEONS.

ONLY ONE WAS LEFT ALIVE—TUCKED AWAY IN AN ISO-MED-CUBE.

WAKE UP, DOC.

HNHNH
WHERE AM—

OH, GRUD, IT'S YOU! NO. NOT AGAIN!

I'D RATHER DIE THAN TALK TO YOU!

KLIK

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

HE MUST HAVE TRIGGERED A **SUBDERMAL SUICIDE SWITCH**—SOMETHING OUR SECURITY SCANS HAVE MISSED!

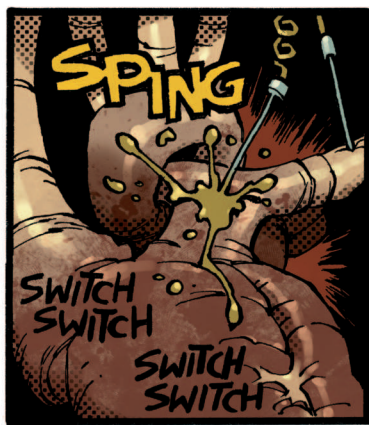
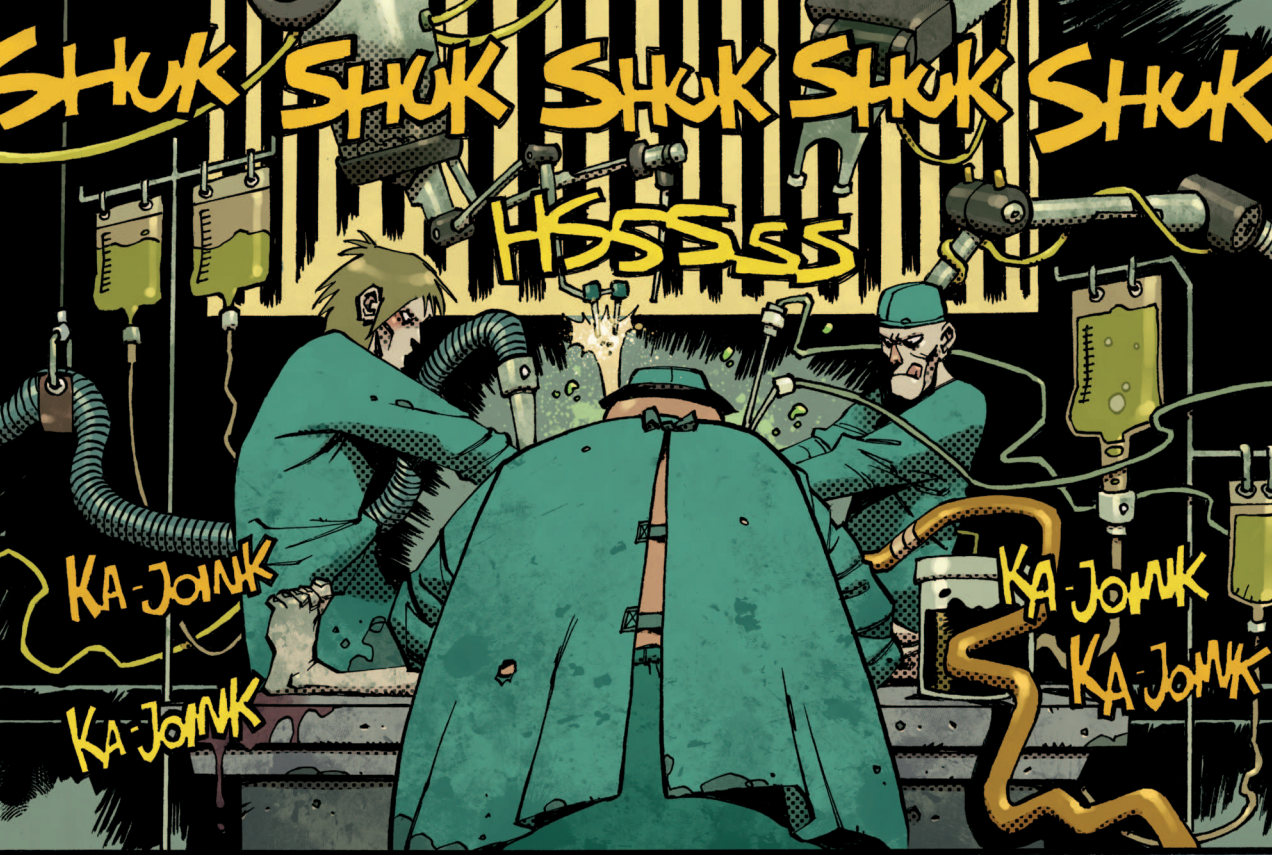
WELL, HE WAS A **DIABOLICALLY BRILLIANT SURGEON**, WORKING ON THE **CUTTING EDGE** OF BODY TECH...

THAT WOULDN'T BE ETHICAL, JUDGE! HE **CHOSE** TO END HIS SUFFERING.

HE STILL OWES ME A DOZEN LIFE SENTENCES—AND SOME ANSWERS. **REVIVE HIM!**

BUT—
WHATEVER IT TAKES!

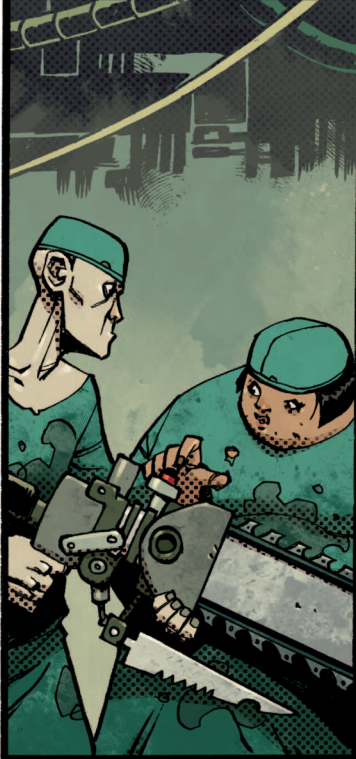
BRING HIM BACK. **NOW.**



THE ISO-CUBE MEDICS
FRANTICALLY PUSH
INTO THE UNCHARTED
TERRITORIES OF
RESUSCITATIVE MEDICINE.



THE MEDICS AREN'T EVEN
SURE WHAT THEY'RE DOING
IS LEGAL... BUT IT MUST
BE, RIGHT? BECAUSE A
JUDGE IS ORDERING IT?



THEY'RE NOT
EVEN SURE WHERE
EVERYTHING GOES.
THEY OPERATE BY
BLIND INSTINCT.

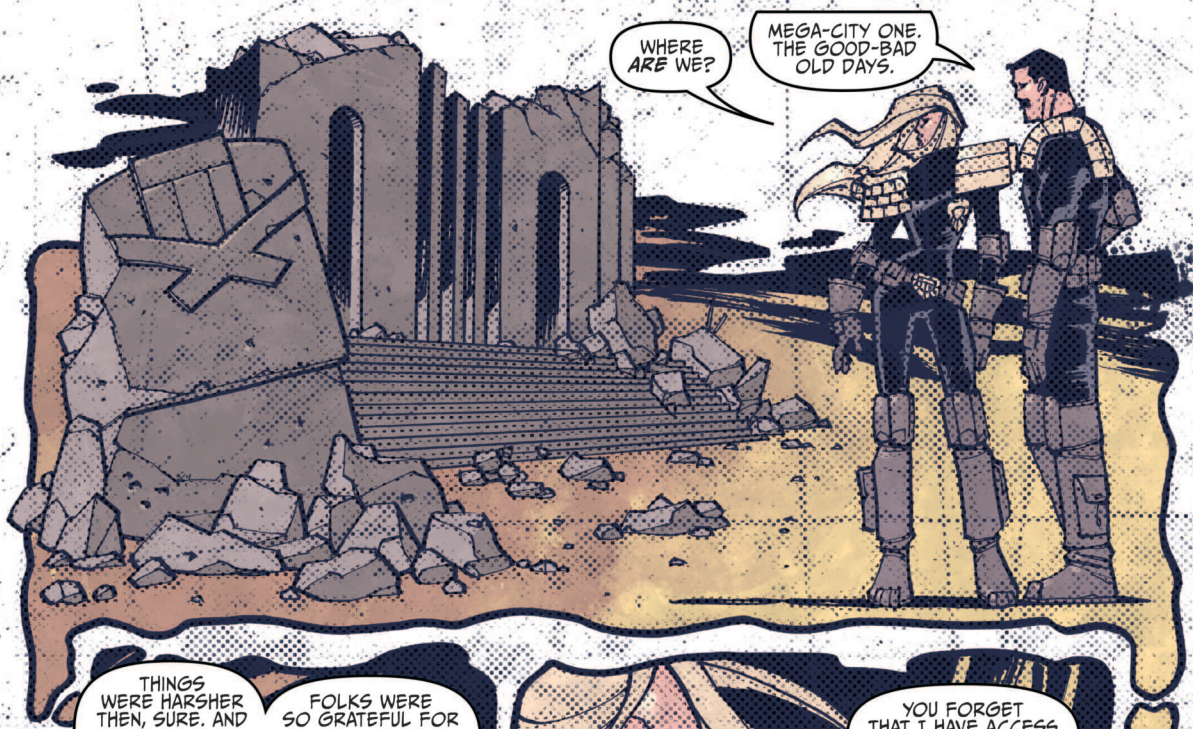


BUT IN THE END...



NOW...
YOU READY
TO TALK?





WHERE ARE WE?

MEGA-CITY ONE. THE GOOD-BAD OLD DAYS.



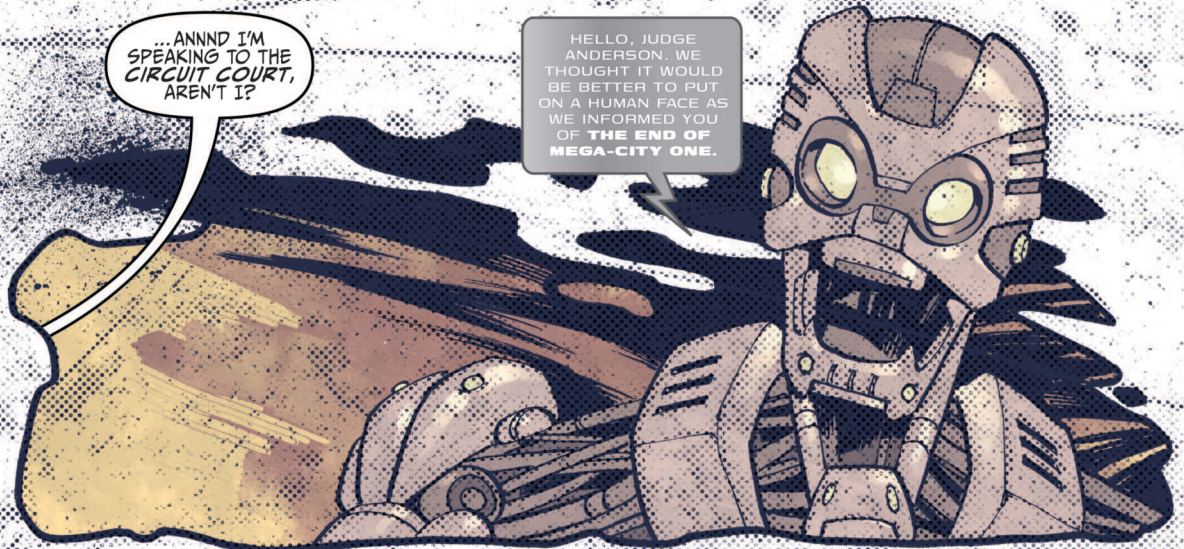
THINGS WERE HARSHER THEN, SURE. AND PLENTY WILDER. BUT ALSO MUCH SIMPLER.

FOLKS WERE SO GRATEFUL FOR LAW AND ORDER AND SHELTER THAT THEY TRUSTED US.



YOU FORGET THAT I HAVE ACCESS TO YOUR PERSONNEL FILES, MYERS.

YOU WEREN'T AROUND DURING THESE SO-CALLED EARLY DAYS. THE OLD CITIES DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THIS...



...ANNND I'M SPEAKING TO THE CIRCUIT COURT, AREN'T I?

HELLO, JUDGE ANDERSON. WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BETTER TO PUT ON A HUMAN FACE AS WE INFORMED YOU OF THE END OF MEGA-CITY ONE.



OH,
GRUD...

I THINK
WE'VE JUST
ACCIDENTALLY
CREATED
THE FIRST
IMMORTAL
BEING!

DROKK...
WHY CAN'T
I KILL
MYSELF?



TELL ME
ABOUT THE
CLONES.

OR WHAT?
YOU'LL BEAT ME
TO DEATH?

I CAN'T
BE KILLED,
REMEMBER?

SOMEDAY,
DREDD, I'LL ENJOY
AIMING MY WASTE
TUBES OVER THE
GENERAL VICINITY
OF YOUR GRAVE.



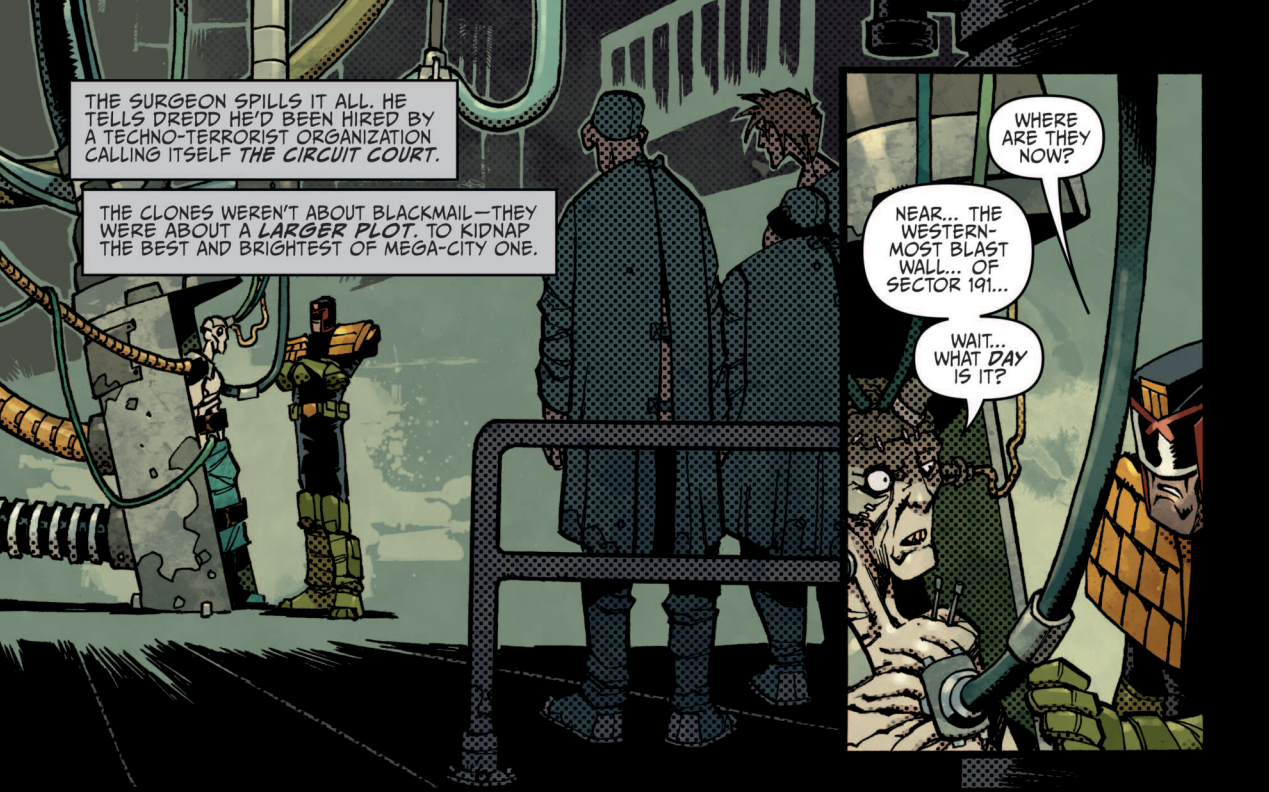
YOU'RE RIGHT. I
MAY NOT BE ABLE
TO EXECUTE YOU.

BUT I CAN
ARRANGE IT SO
THAT YOU'RE PUT
BACK INTO THE
ISO-CUBES, FULLY
CONSCIOUS, UNABLE
TO DIE, STARING AT
A BLANK WALL...



...FOREVER.

KLICK
KLICK
KLICK



THE SURGEON SPILLS IT ALL. HE TELLS DREDD HE'D BEEN HIRED BY A TECHNO-TERRORIST ORGANIZATION CALLING ITSELF *THE CIRCUIT COURT*.

THE CLONES WEREN'T ABOUT BLACKMAIL—THEY WERE ABOUT A **LARGER PLOT**. TO KIDNAP THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

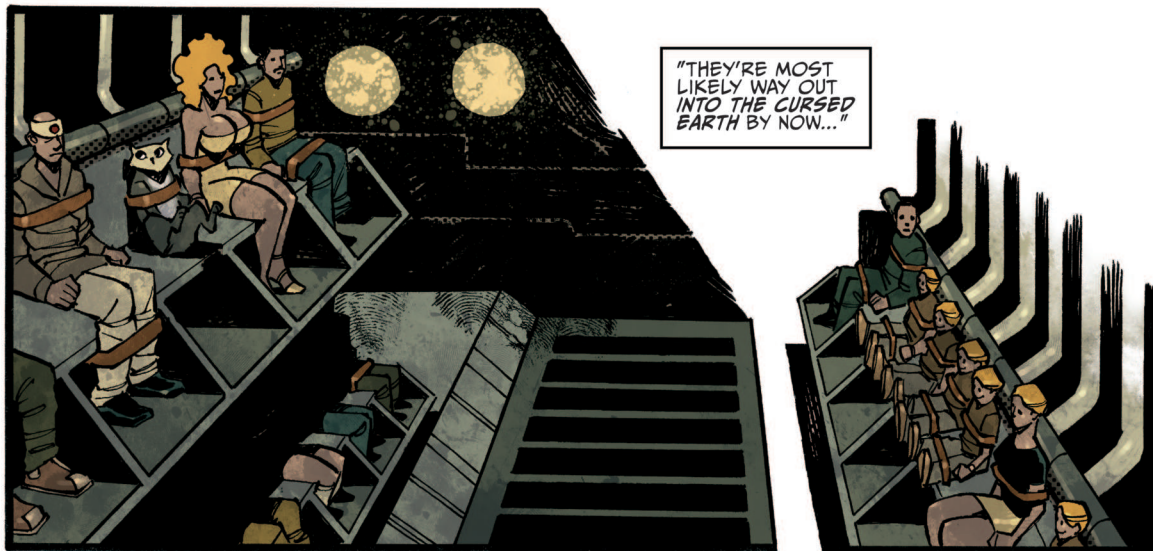
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

NEAR... THE WESTERN-MOST BLAST WALL... OF SECTOR 191...

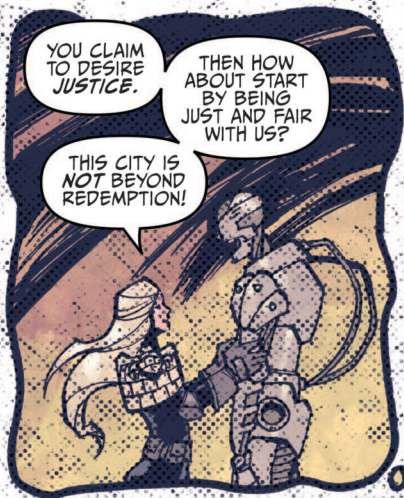
WAIT... WHAT DAY IS IT?



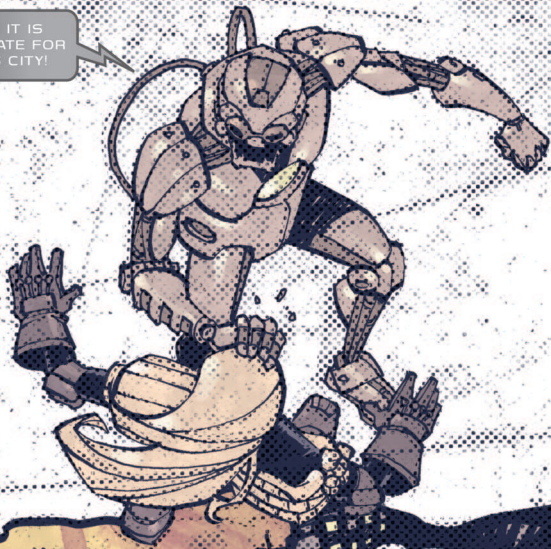
"YOU'RE PROBABLY TOO LATE, DREDD."



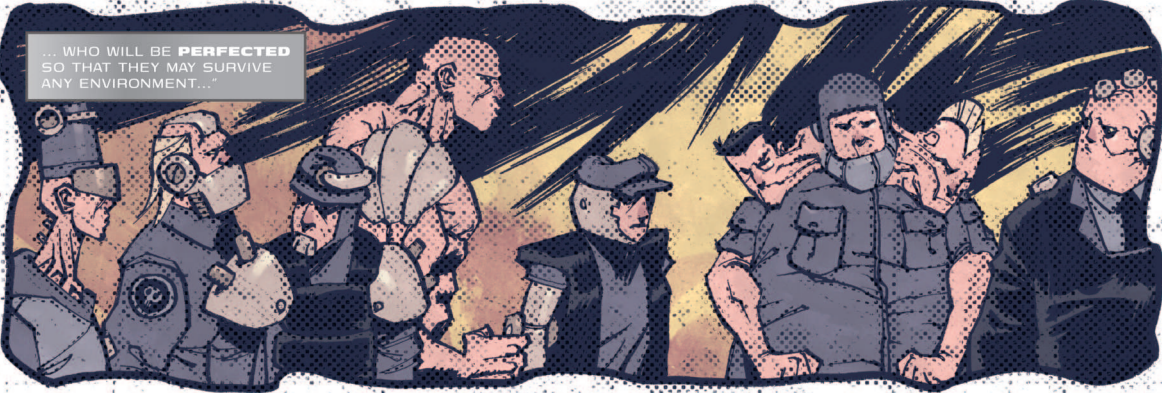
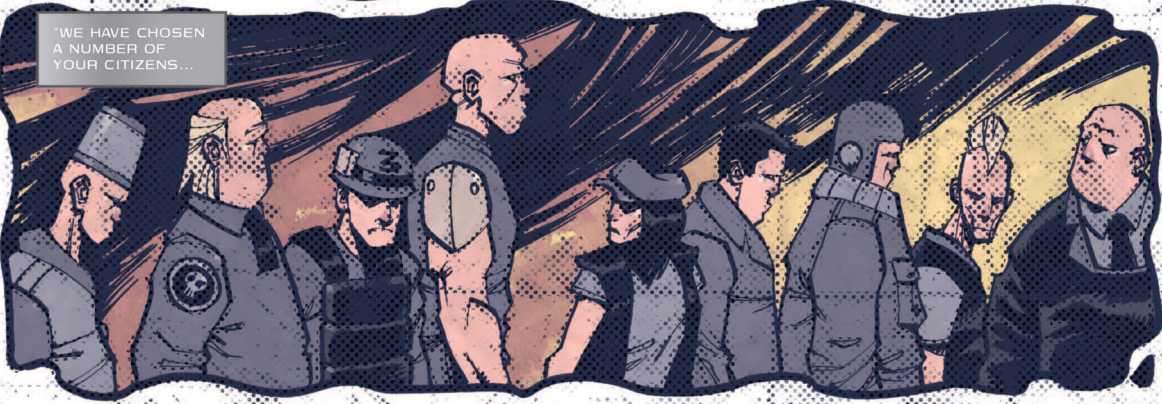
"THEY'RE MOST LIKELY WAY OUT INTO THE CURSED EARTH BY NOW..."



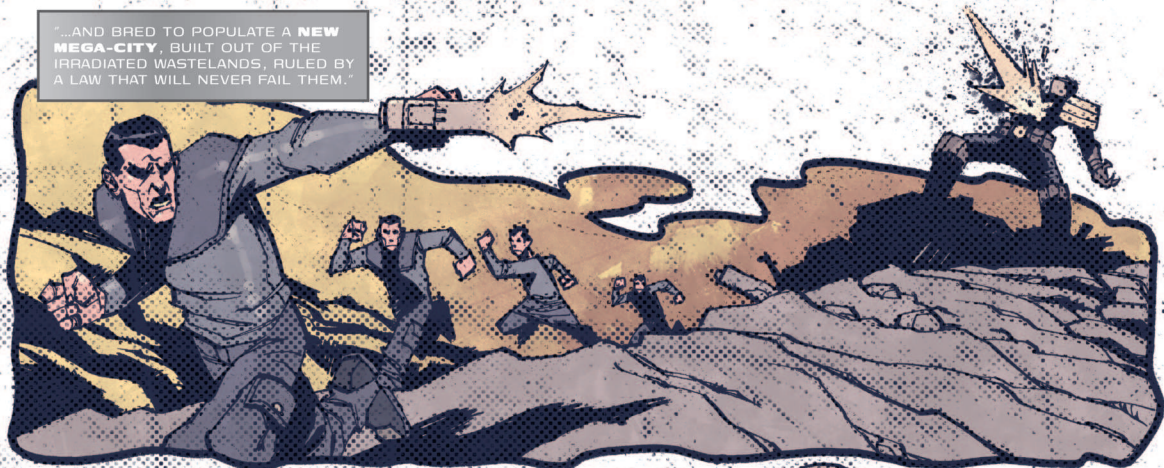
NO! IT IS TOO LATE FOR THIS CITY!



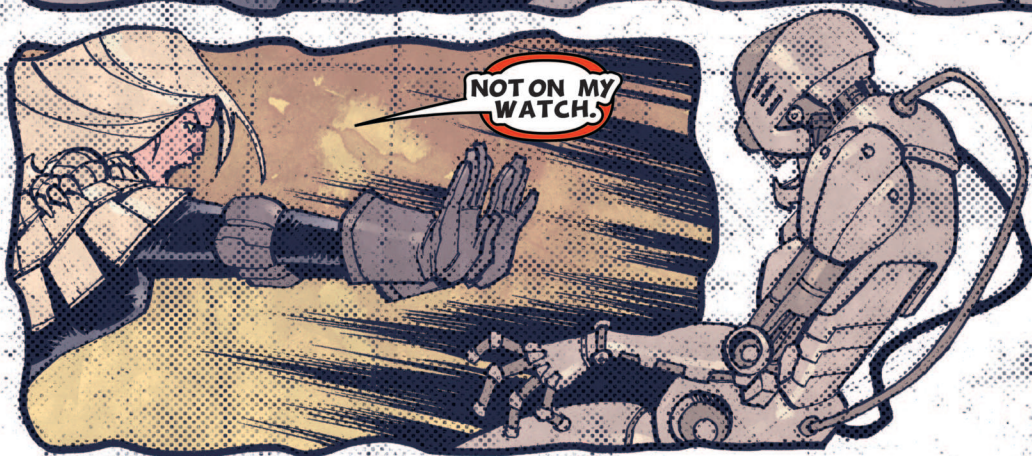
"LOOK WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU LOST YOUR PRECIOUS DEVICES AND TECHNOLOGICAL CONVENIENCES."



"...AND BRED TO POPULATE A NEW
MEGA-CITY, BUILT OUT OF THE
IRRADIATED WASTELANDS, RULED BY
A LAW THAT WILL NEVER FAIL THEM."

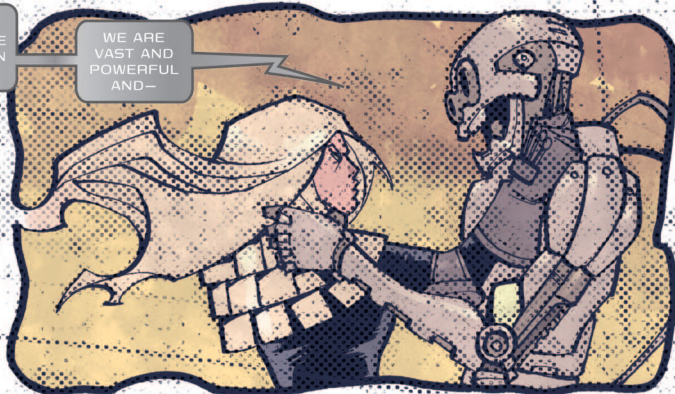


NOT ON MY
WATCH.



DO YOU REALLY
THINK WE'D LEAVE
OURSELVES OPEN
LIKE THAT?

WE ARE
VAST AND
POWERFUL
AND—



—TALKING TO
ME THROUGH THE
BUSTED-UP HEAD
OF A DROID.





GOODBYE,
JUDGE MYERS.



I'M TRULY
SORRY,
CASSANDRA!

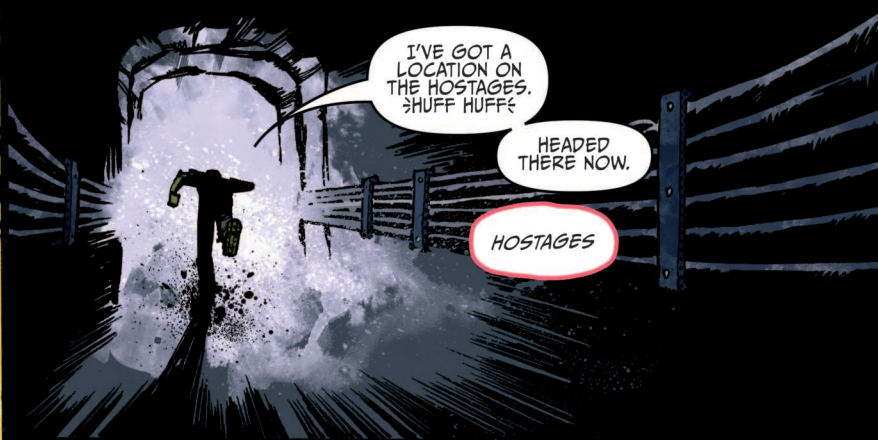
I TRIED
TO BE A
GOOD J—

BP-ZZZT



DREDD—
ARE YOU OUT
THERE?

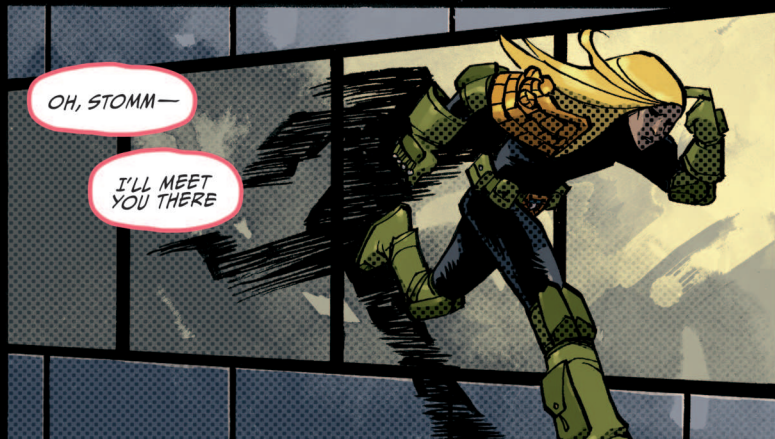
THINGS ARE
A LOT WORSE
THAN WE
THOUGHT



I'VE GOT A
LOCATION ON
THE HOSTAGES.
SHUFF HUFFE

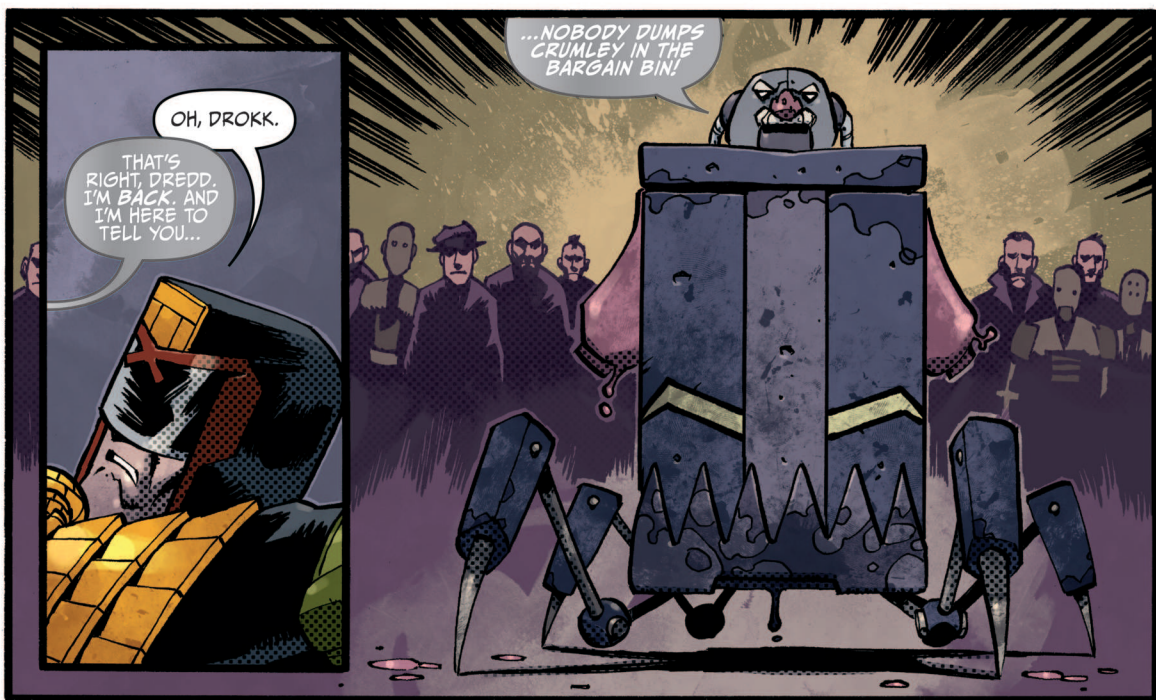
HEADED
THERE NOW.

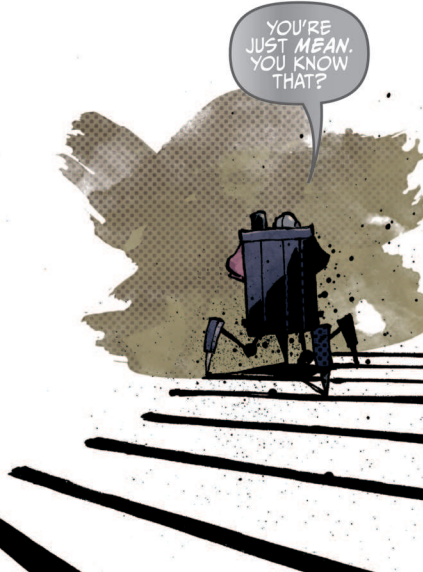
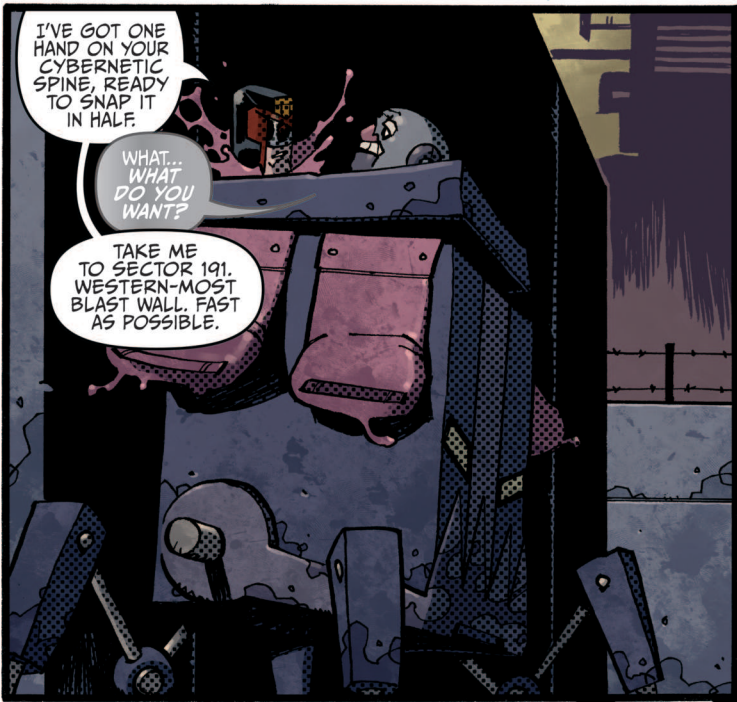
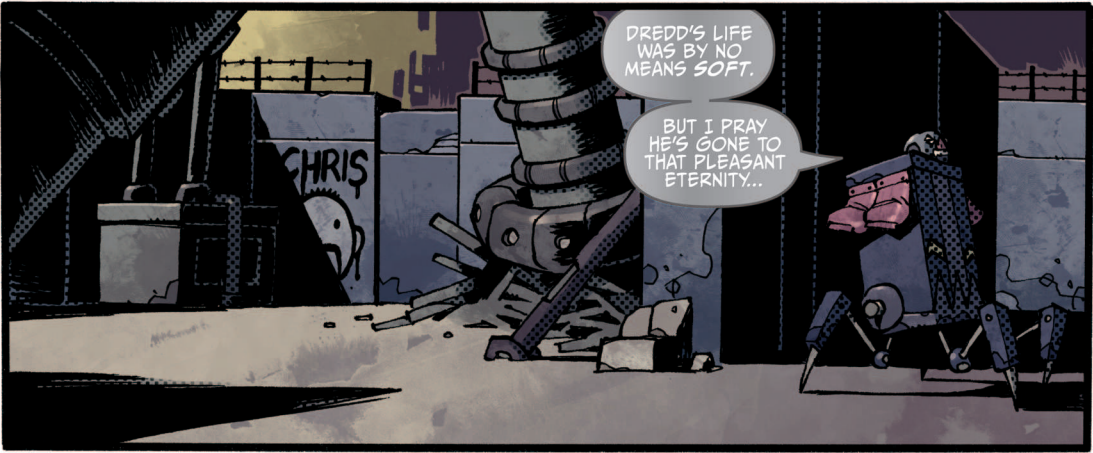
HOSTAGES



OH, STOMM—

I'LL MEET
YOU THERE



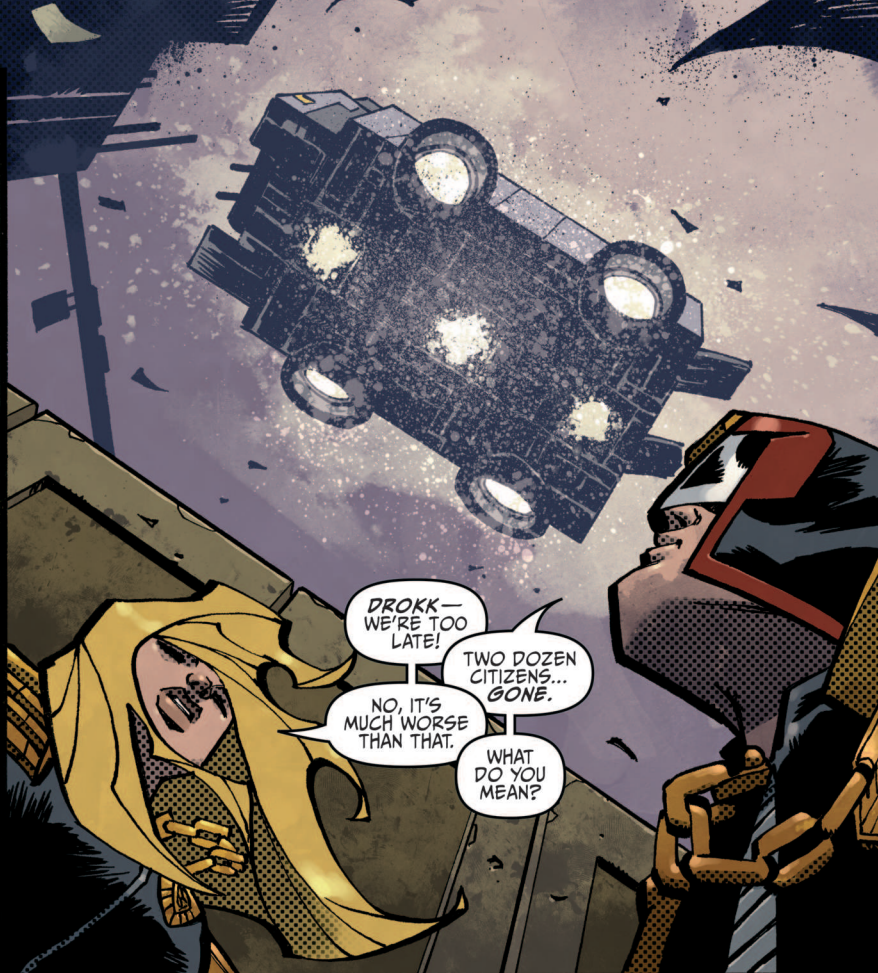




NOW GO
RECYCLE
YOURSELF.

DREDD,
DO I EVEN
WANT TO
KN—

NO.



DROKK—
WE'RE TOO
LATE!

TWO DOZEN
CITIZENS...
GONE.

NO, IT'S
MUCH WORSE
THAN THAT.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



FORGIVE
ME, DREDD...
BUT THERE'S
NO TIME FOR
WORDS.

ANDERSON BRINGS DREDD
UP TO SPEED WITH A
PSI BLAST. INSTANTLY, HE
REALIZES WHAT'S AT STAKE.

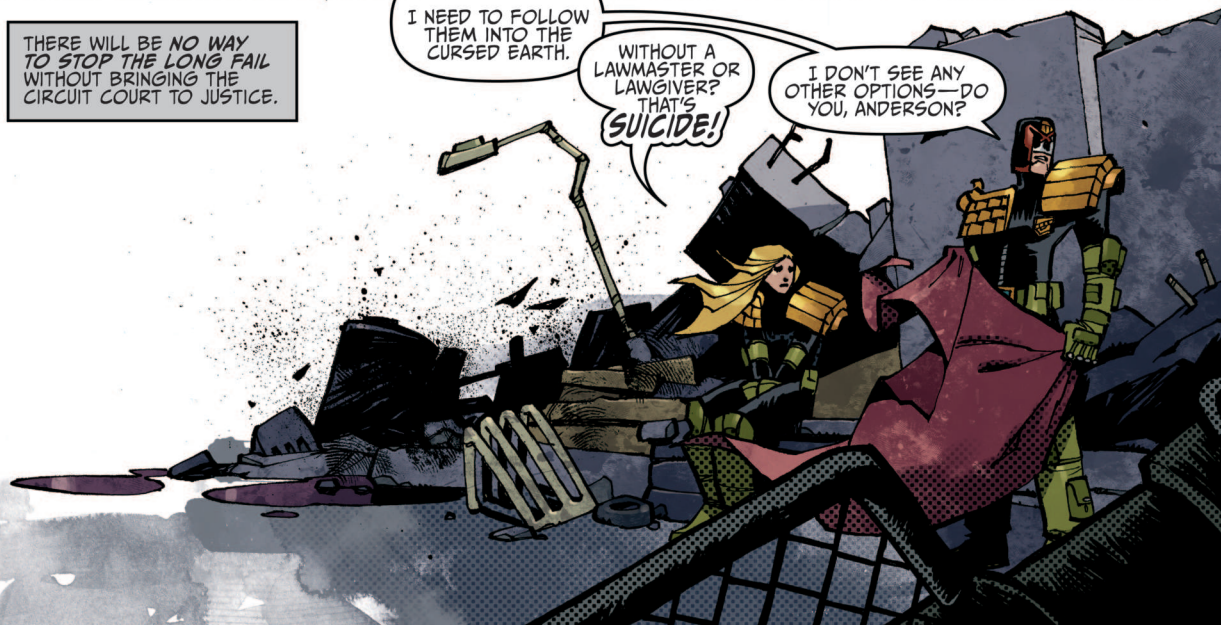
THE VERY SURVIVAL
OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

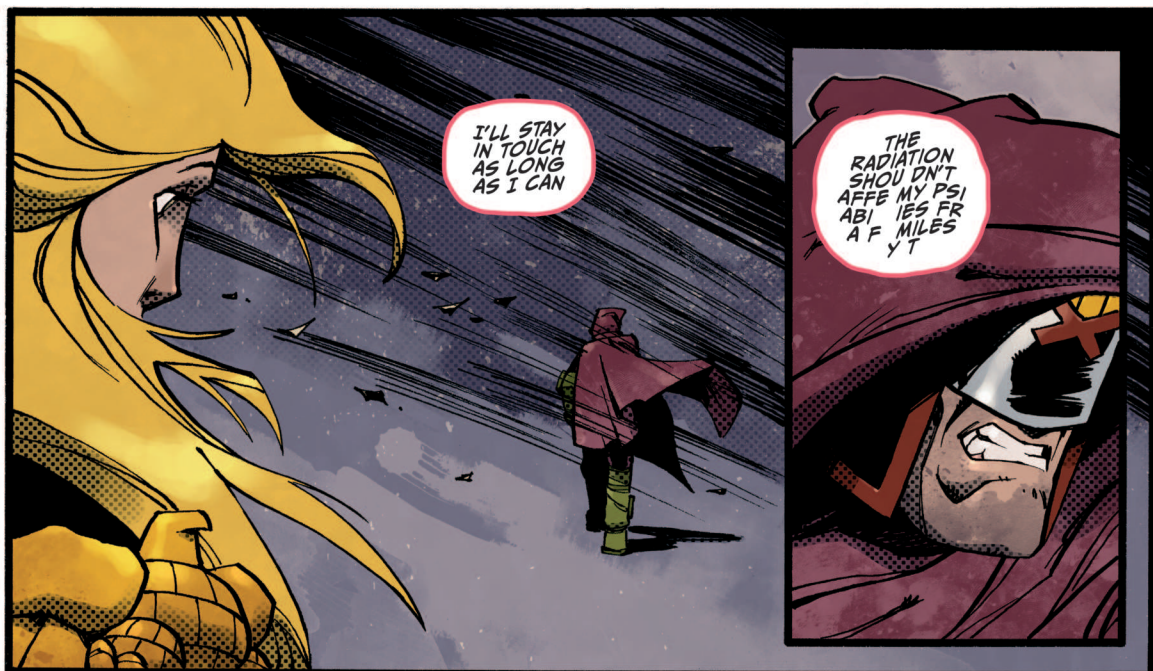
THERE WILL BE NO WAY
TO STOP THE LONG FALL
WITHOUT BRINGING THE
CIRCUIT COURT TO JUSTICE.

I NEED TO FOLLOW
THEM INTO THE
CURSED EARTH.

WITHOUT A
LAWMASTER OR
LAWGIVER?
THAT'S
SUICIDE!

I DON'T SEE ANY
OTHER OPTIONS—DO
YOU, ANDERSON?









"Into the Cursed Earth!"

CHAPTER 0

SCRIPT DROID: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI

ART DROID: ANTONIO FUSO

COLOR DROID: TOM B. LONG

THEY CALL ME DANN.

WHEN I RETURN FROM MY HUNTING TRIP I AM GREETED WITH A GLIMPSE OF BAD CRAZY HORROR.



MY CAMP—
DESTROYED.

MY PARTNER—DEAD.

OUR LOVER—MISSING.

A MUTIE ALWAYS
HAS AT LEAST TWO
CHOICES. AND THEN
ONE HE HASN'T
THOUGHT OF YET.

MY EYES,
THOUGH, SEE
ALL POSSIBLE
OUTCOMES...





...THE BADD.



THE WORSE.



AND THE JES' PLAIN WEIRD.



ONLY A FOOL WOULD
PURSUE THEIR BADD
OR WORSE FUTURES.

SO I ALWAYS FOLLOW
THE ADVICE OF MY
THIRD EYE. IT'S KEPT
ME ALIVE SO FARR.



DON'T LIKE IRRADIATED
POSSUM BLOOD MUCH, BUT
WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO?



IT AIN'T THE BLOOD,
THOUGH. IT'S THE
SMOKE ATTRACTS
THE BANDITTS.



SOON THEY WANDER
BACK TO SEE WHO
THEY MISSED.



USUALLY MY THIRD
EYE GIVES ME THE
UPPPER HAND IN A
SITUATION LIKE THIS.



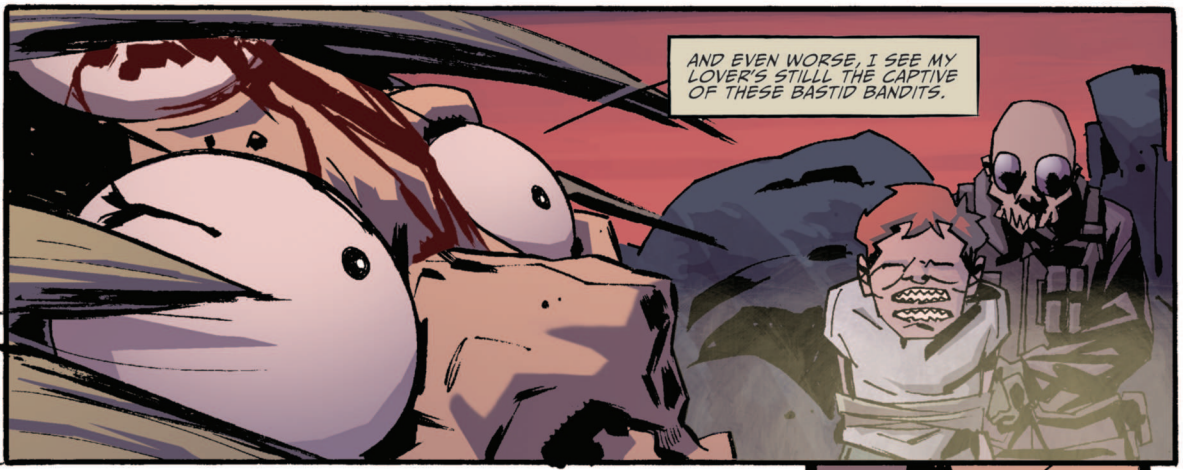
BUT THEY SLASHED
THAT STRAIGHTAWAY.



THE FIGHT
GOES FROMM
YOU-KNOW-WHAT...



... TO YOU-KNOW-WHAT.



AND EVEN WORSE, I SEE MY
LOVER'S STILL THE CAPTIVE
OF THESE BASTID BANDITS.



I WAS DOWN TO
TWO CHOICES NOW:

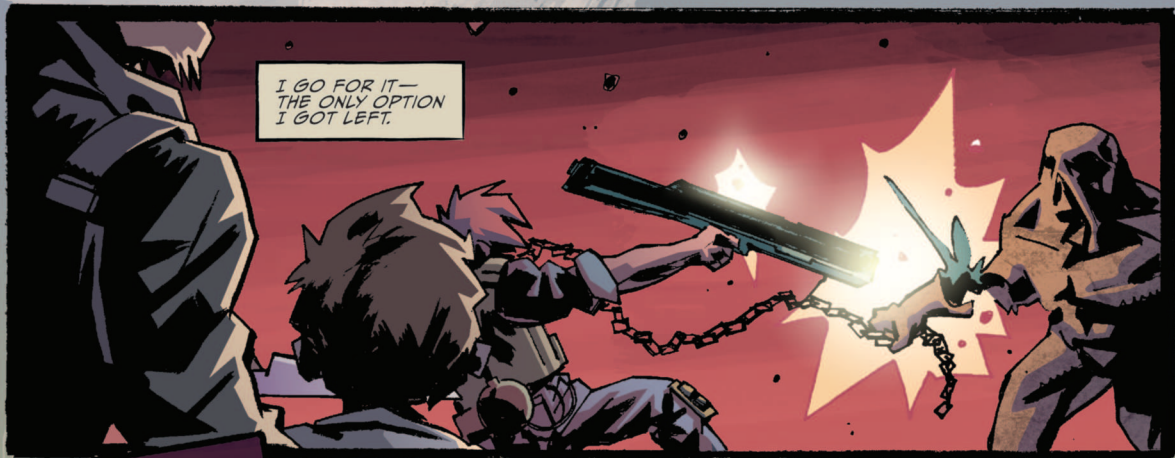
DIE IN BATTLE AS
MY LOVER WATCHED.



OR SOME OTHER
MURKY FUTURE.
ONE THAT WASN'T
THAT CLEAR ALL
OF A SUDDEN.



BUT WHAT COULD
BE WORSE THAN
DYIN' IN BATTLE?



I GO FOR IT—
THE ONLY OPTION
I GOT LEFT.



ALL OF A SUDDEN,
IT'S LIKE ALL OF
MY SKIN IS LIT UP
LIKE HELLFIRE.



SOMETHIN'
SQUIRMMING
BENEATH ALL
THE MUSCLE
AND BONE...

...MUSTA BEEN
SOMETHIN' IN
THAT POSSUM
BLOOD...



GAH!

DEVILTRY!



...BECAUSE
ALL AT ONCE...



...I SEE.



OH, DO I SEE.

THE BADD.



THE WORSE.



THE WORSE
STILL...



THE EVEN
WORSE
THAN THAT...



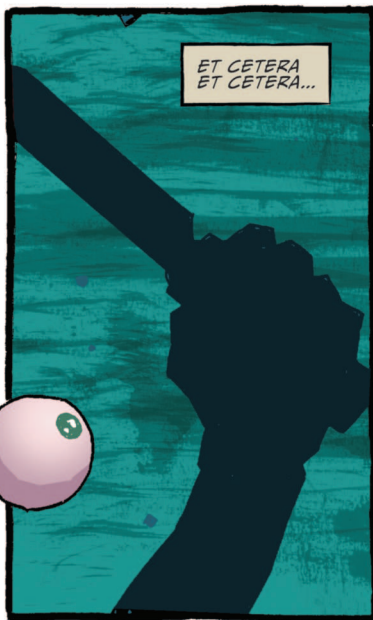
SO ON AND
SO ON...



FOREVER
AND EVER...



ET CETERA
ET CETERA...



...MAY GRUD
HAVE MERCY
ON MY SOUL.





JUDGE DREDD®

