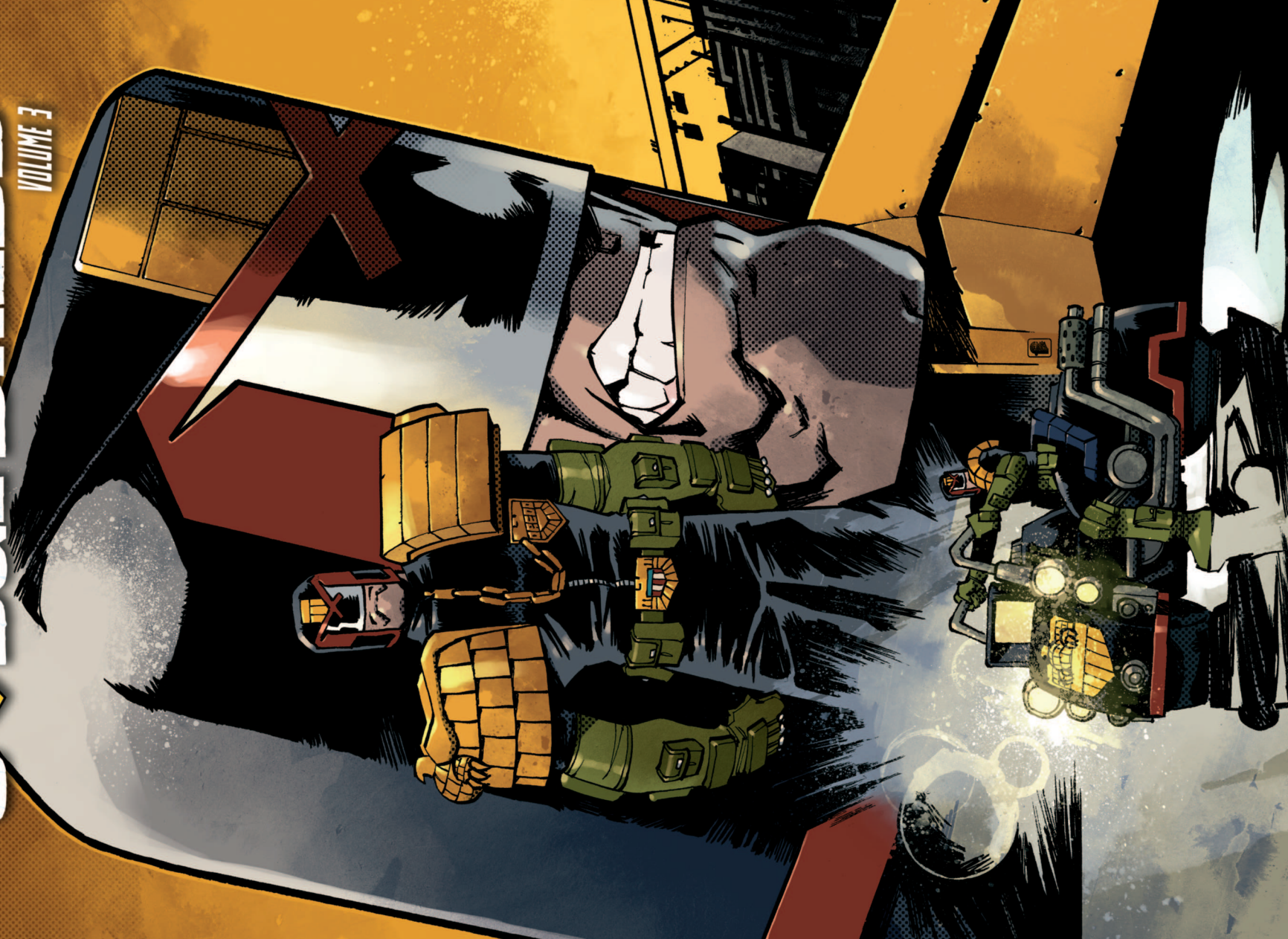


JUDGE DREDD

VOLUME 3



JUDGE DREDD®

VOLUME 3



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

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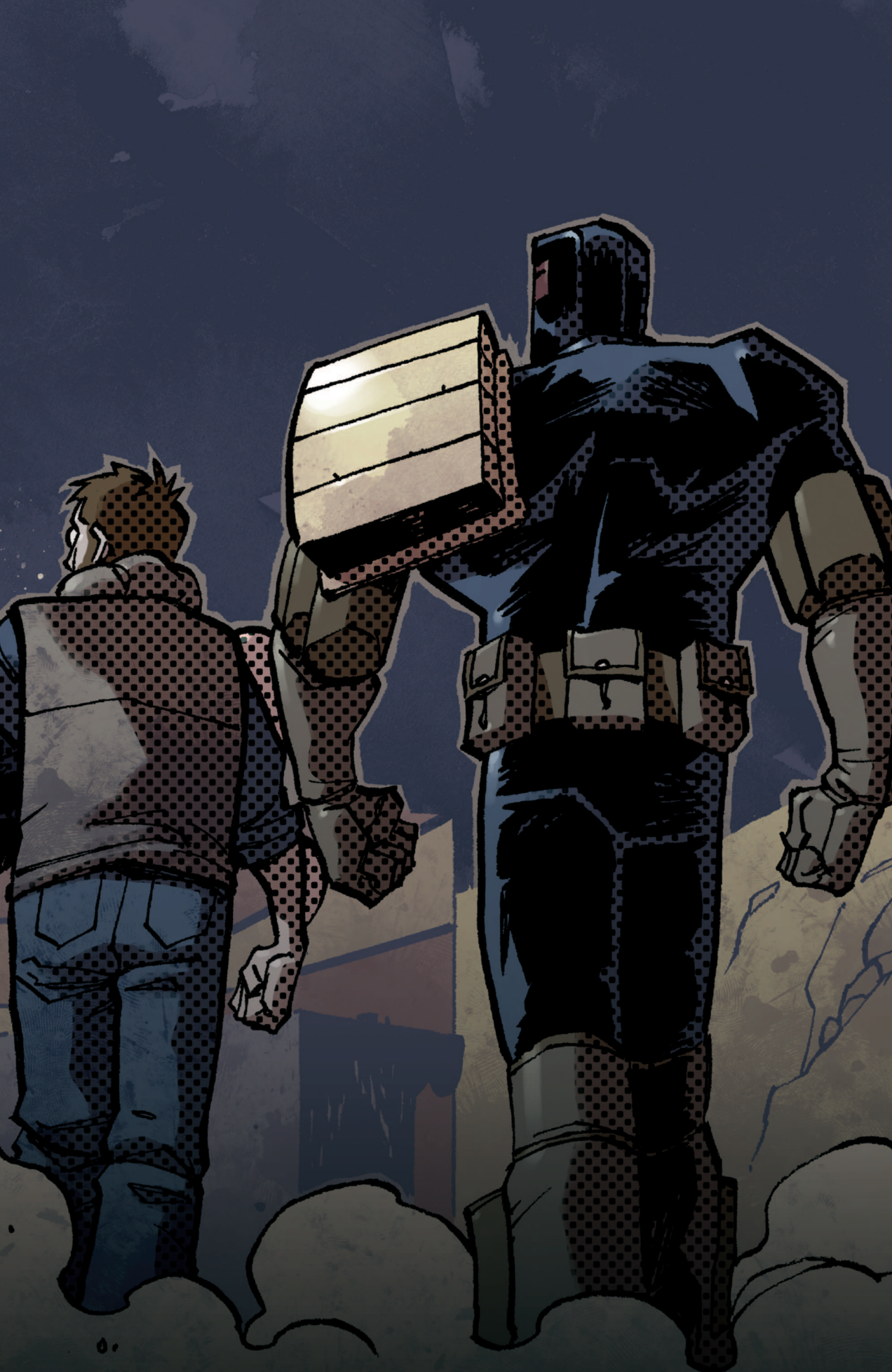
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INTO THE
CURSED
EARTH!

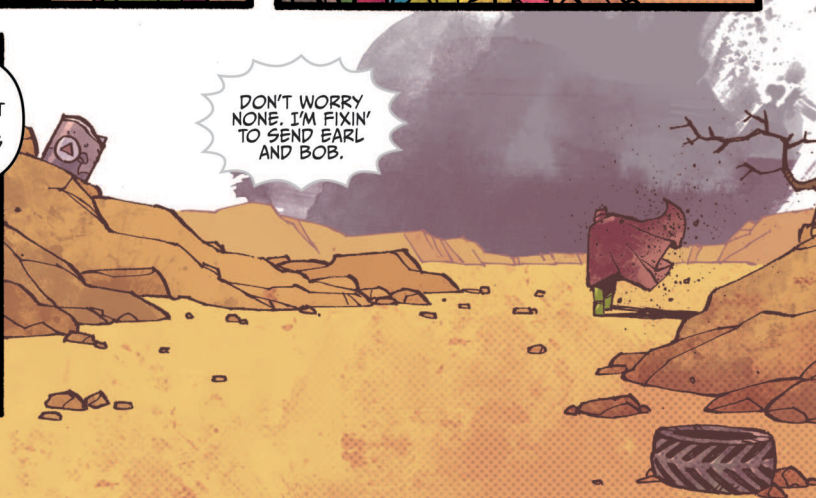
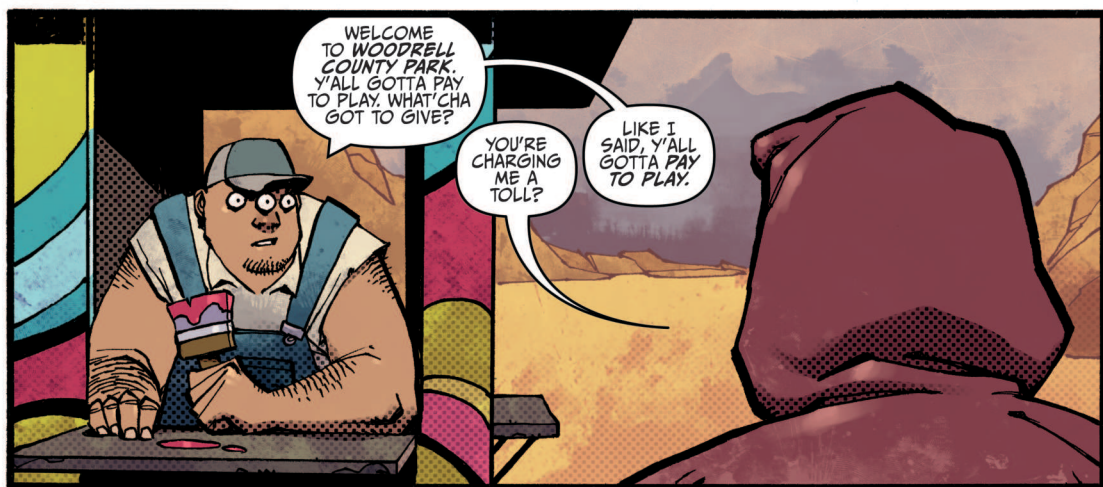
A WALK THROUGH
THE VALLEY OF
WHOLESALE
FAMILY FUN

THERE, IN THE DISTANCE... THE
FIRST PIECE OF CIVILIZATION
JUDGE DREDD HAS SEEN IN DAYS.

DREDD HAS VENTURED OUT
INTO THE CURSED EARTH ON
THE HUNT FOR A MISSING
HOVERCRAFT THAT COULD
SAVE MEGA-CITY ONE.

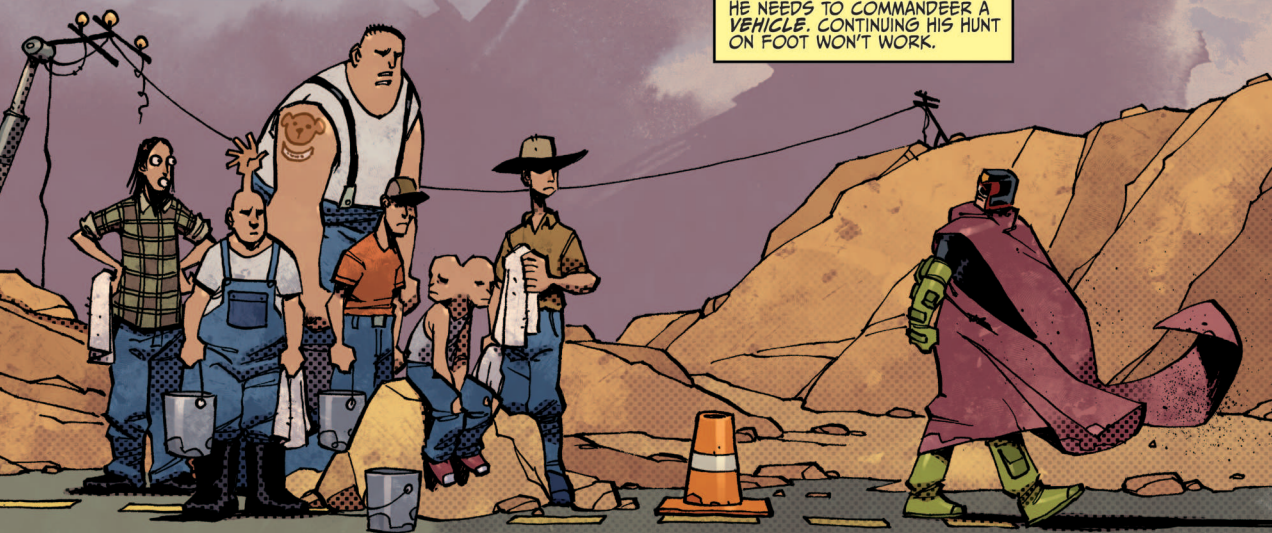
HE'S MODIFIED HIS RAD METER
TO DETECT TRACE ELEMENTS
FROM THE HOVERCRAFT'S
EXHAUST SYSTEM, AND THE TRAIL
HAS LED HIM THROUGH *HERE*...

...WHATEVER
THIS PLACE IS.

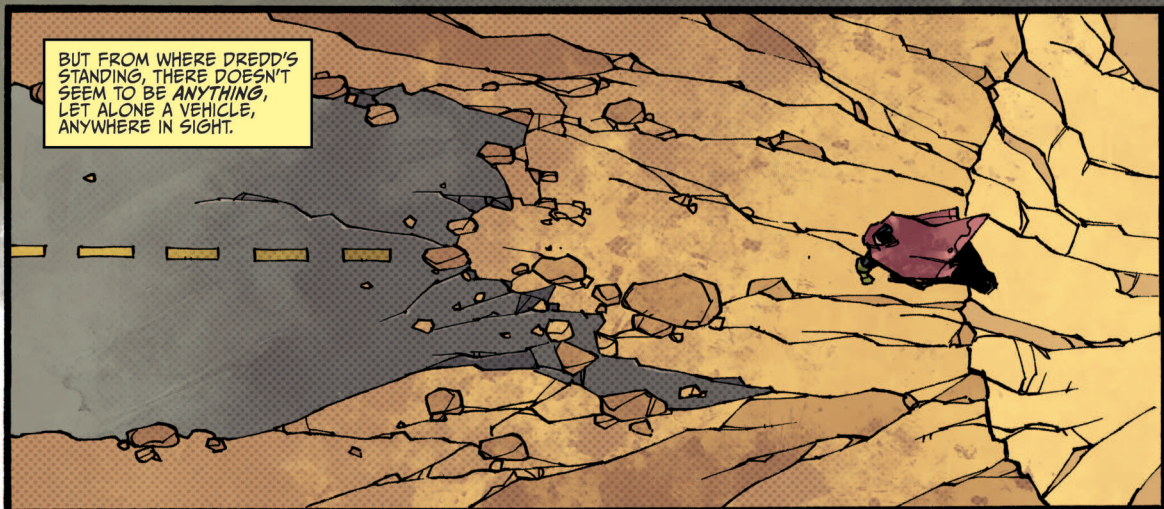


DREDD HOPES THERE'S MORE TO THIS PLACE THAN JUST A FEW CONFUSED MUTIES.

HE NEEDS TO COMMANDEER A VEHICLE. CONTINUING HIS HUNT ON FOOT WON'T WORK.



BUT FROM WHERE DREDD'S STANDING, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE *ANYTHING*, LET ALONE A VEHICLE, ANYWHERE IN SIGHT.



STOMM! ONE MORE STEP AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN—



— WHAT THE...



...AN
AMUSEMENT
PARK? IN THE
MIDDLE OF A
BLAST
CRATER?

THREE CUPS OF





AS DREDD DRAWS CLOSER TO THE AMUSEMENTS, HE BEGINS TO DISCERN THEIR TRUE PURPOSE.

OKAY, LET'S GIVE HER A SPIN.

I GOT REAL SICK ON THIS THING LAST TIME, BROTHER.

WE FIXED IT, FRANK. YOU SHOULDN'T HURL THIS TIME OUT.

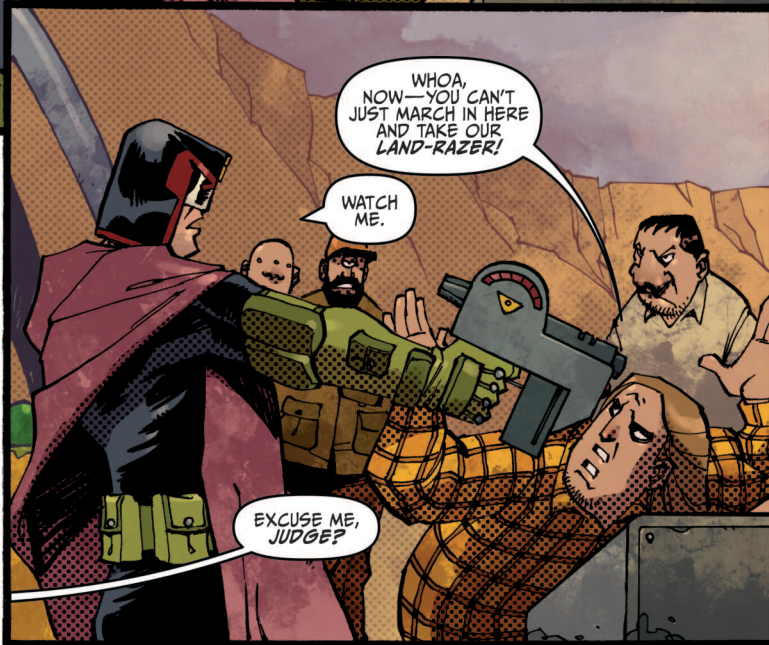
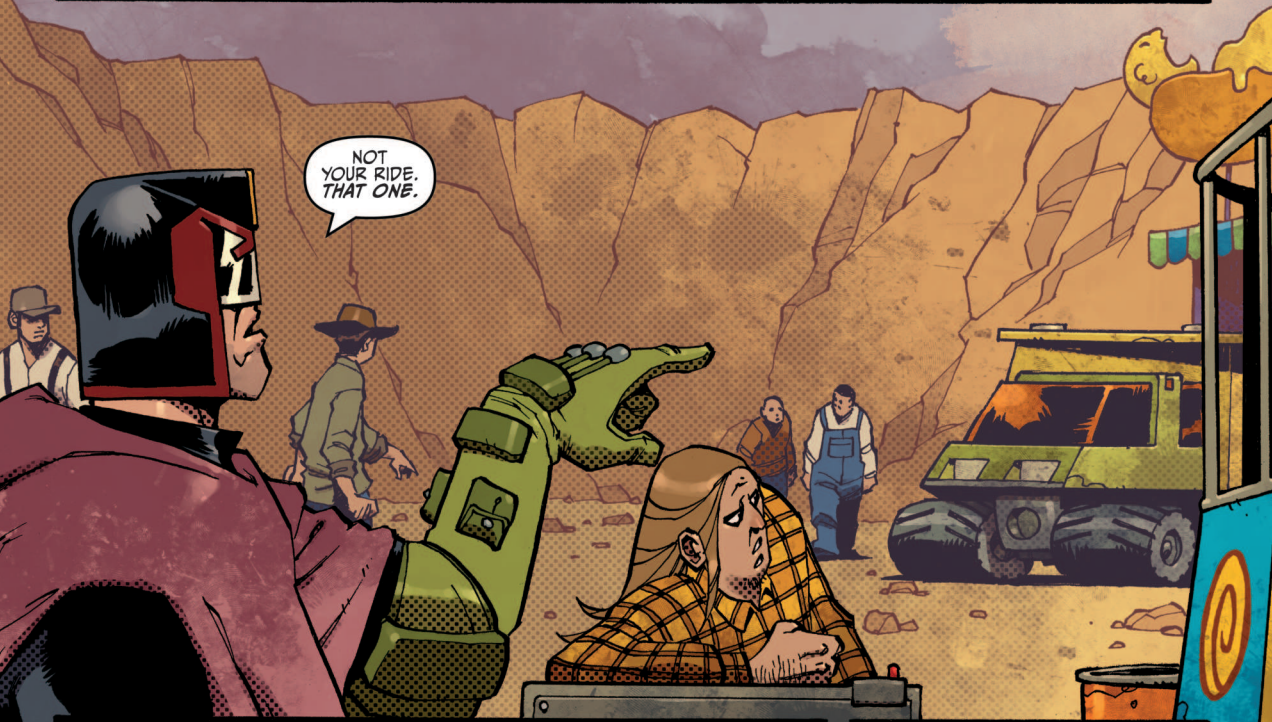
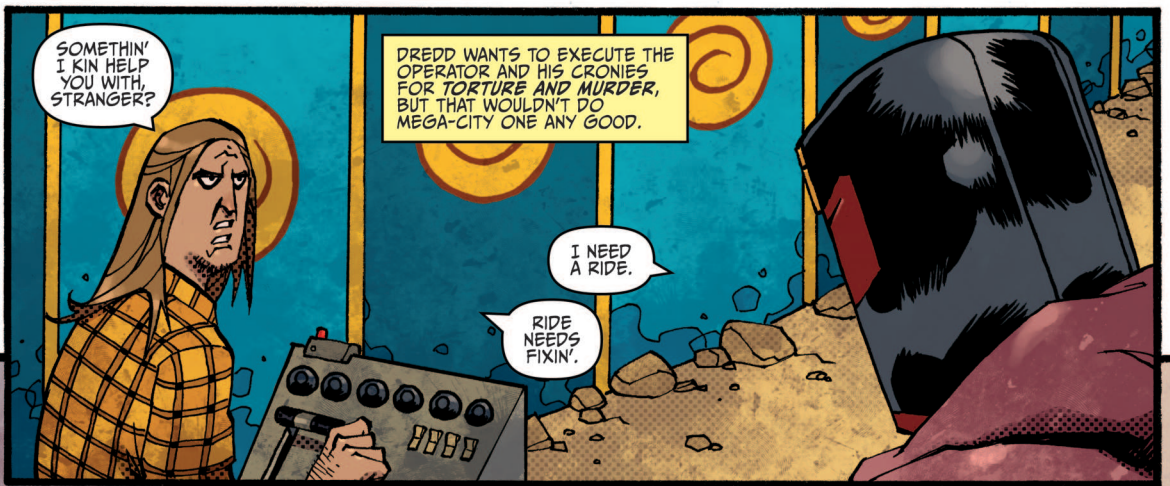
I K-K-KIN F-FEEL MAH INSIDES COMIN' UND-D-DONE...

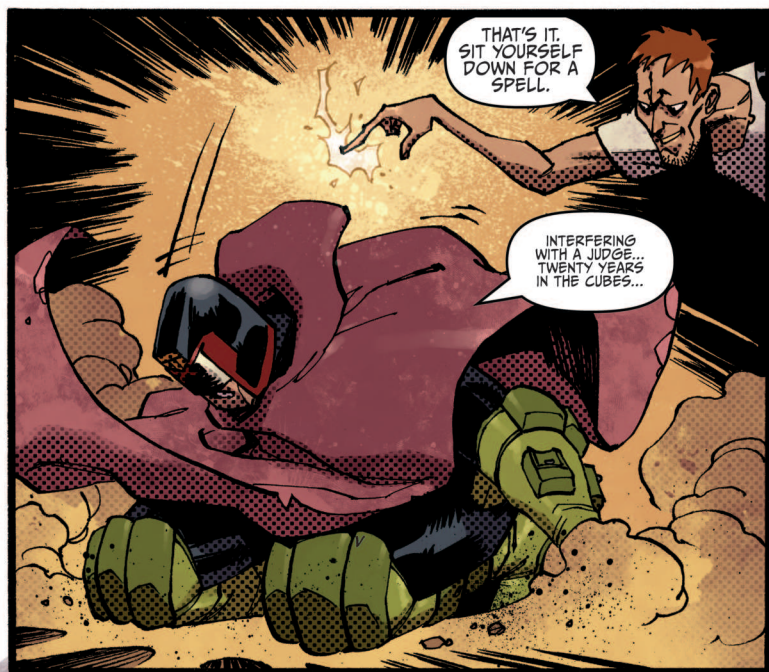
SHHHHOK SHHHHOK SHHHHOK

A'IGHT, THAT DIDN'T GO TOO GOOD NOW, DID IT?

FRANK SHOULD'A LASTED A HECK OF A LOT LONGER THAN THAT.

SPLOSH SPLOSH SPLOSH
SSSSSSSS





INTO THE
CURSED
EARTH!
2
WOODRELL
COUNTY AND
HOW IT GOT
THAT WAY

YOUNG DONALD RAY
"DOLLY" WOODRELL
JUST LIKED TO HAVE
A GOOD TIME.



I JUST LOVE
TO HAVE A GOOD
TIME! ESPECIALLY
IN SPOOKY
SPOOKHOUSES!

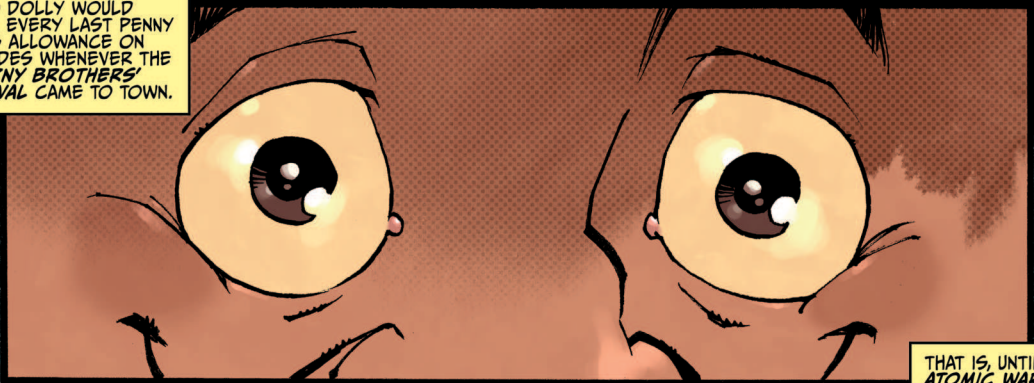


DO YOU
DARE
ENTER...

...THE
REALM OF
DESPAIR?

YES, I
DO!

YOUNG DOLLY WOULD
SPEND EVERY LAST PENNY
OF HIS ALLOWANCE ON
THE RIDES WHENEVER THE
ZELAZNY BROTHERS'
CARNIVAL CAME TO TOWN.



THAT IS, UNTIL THE
ATOMIC WARS.



AFTER THAT HORRIBLE EXCHANGE
BETWEEN NATIONS, YOUNG DOLLY
WAS TREATED TO A REAL-LIFE
HORROR SHOW...



...OF GHASTLY,
GHOULISH BODY
TERRORS...



...OF PERVERTED
GENETICS...



...OF THE PAST RETURNED
TO HAUNT THE PRESENT.



BUT YOUNG DOLLY
WOODRELL **SURVIVED**,
AGAINST ALL ODDS.

HE AND HIS CLAN FOUGHT
LONG BITTER WARS TO
RECLAIM THEIR TURF—EVEN
IF IT WAS JUST A HUNK OF
IRRADIATED WASTELAND.

AND DEEP DOWN
INSIDE, WOODRELL
WAS STILL THAT BOY
WHO JUST LIKED TO
HAVE A GOOD TIME.

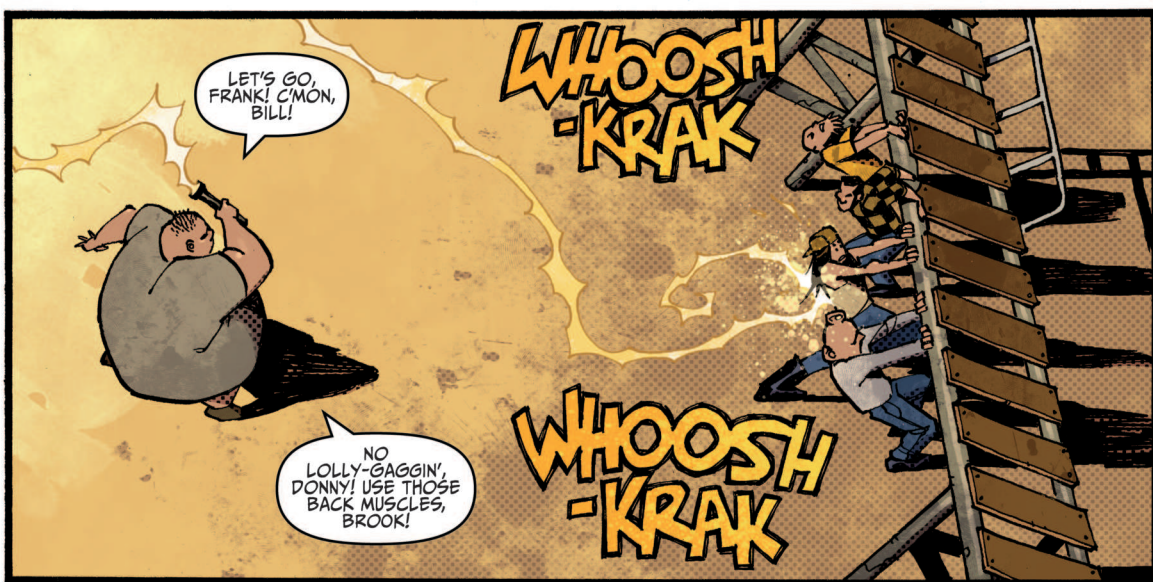


LET'S GO,
FRANK! C'MON,
BILL!

NO
LOLLY-GAGGIN',
DONNY! USE THOSE
BACK MUSCLES,
BROOK!

WHOOSH
-KRAK

WHOOSH
-KRAK



YES,
DADDY!

WE'RE
LIFTIN' HER,
DADDY!

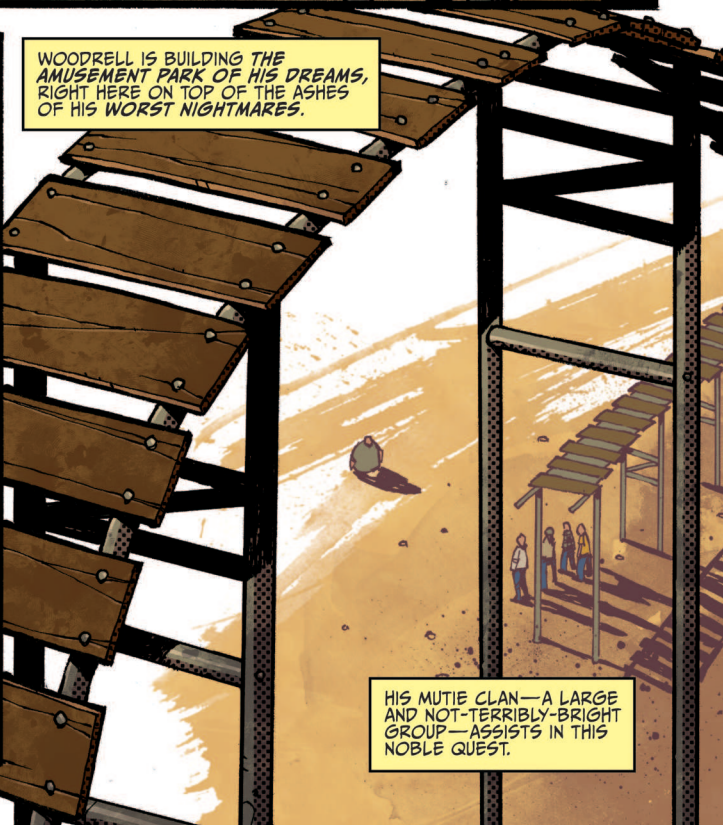
YOU
GOIN' TO
BE ENJOYING
THIS RIDE IN
NO TIME,
DADDY!

MY BACK
MUSCLES ARE
STRONG,
DADDY!

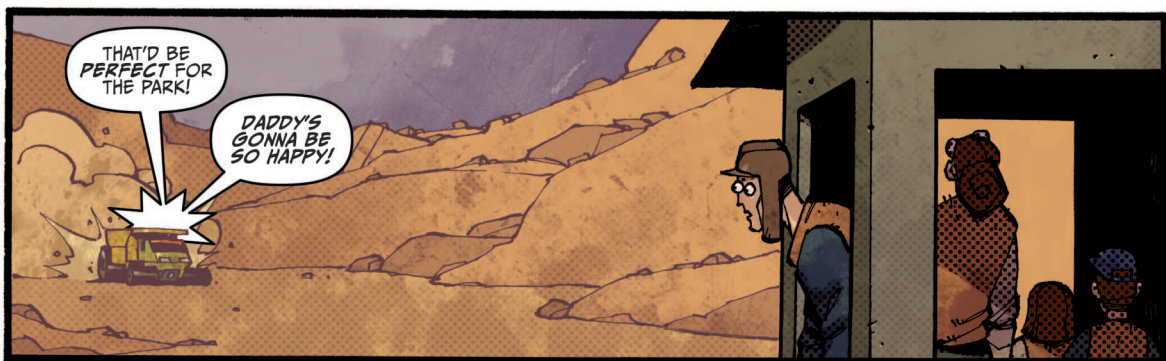
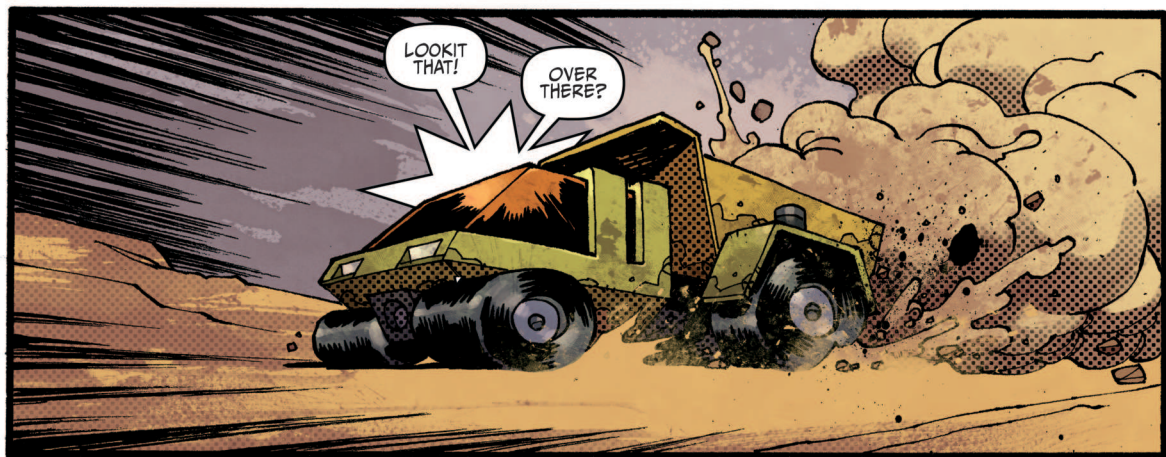
WOODRELL IS BUILDING THE
AMUSEMENT PARK OF HIS DREAMS,
RIGHT HERE ON TOP OF THE ASHES
OF HIS WORST NIGHTMARES.



HIS MUTIE CLAN—A LARGE
AND NOT-TERIBLY-BRIGHT
GROUP—ASSISTS IN THIS
NOBLE QUEST.

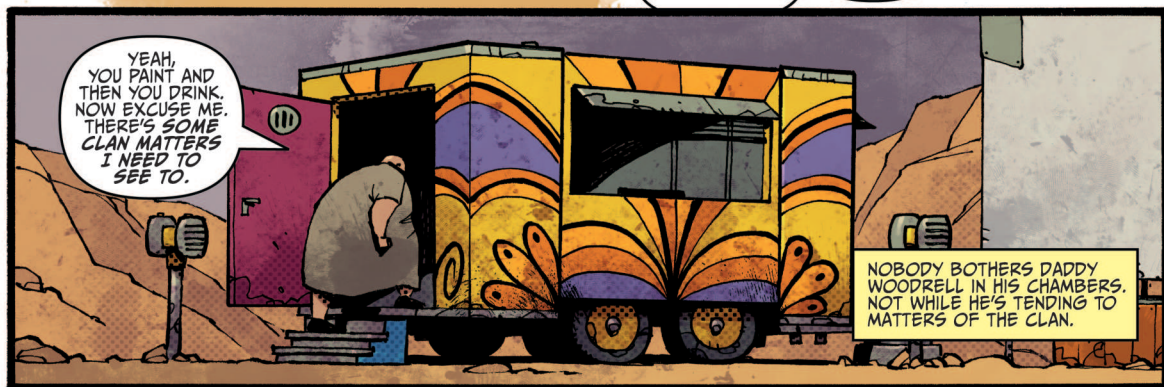
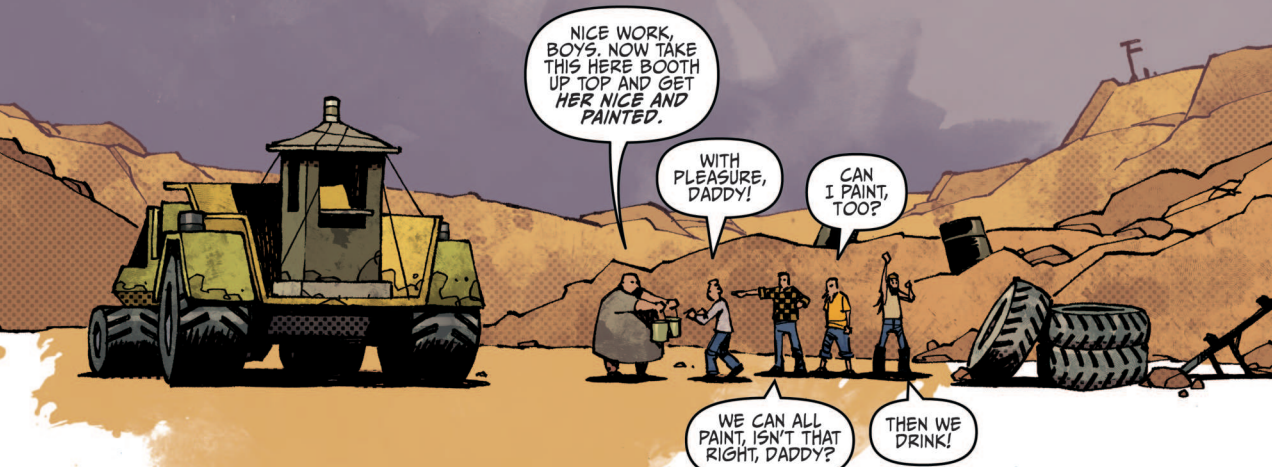




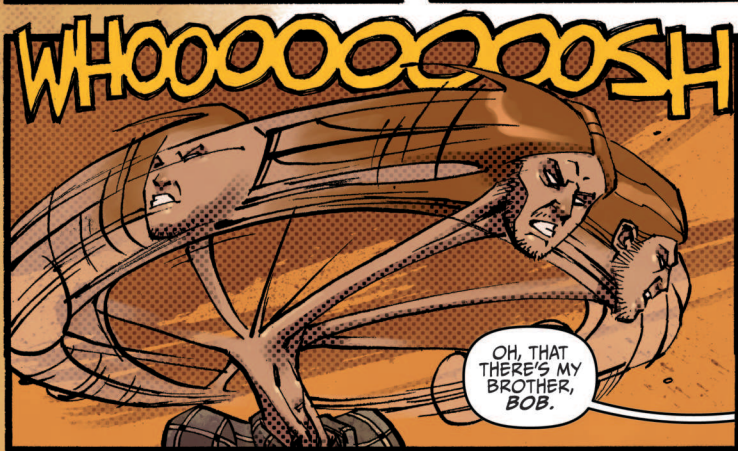
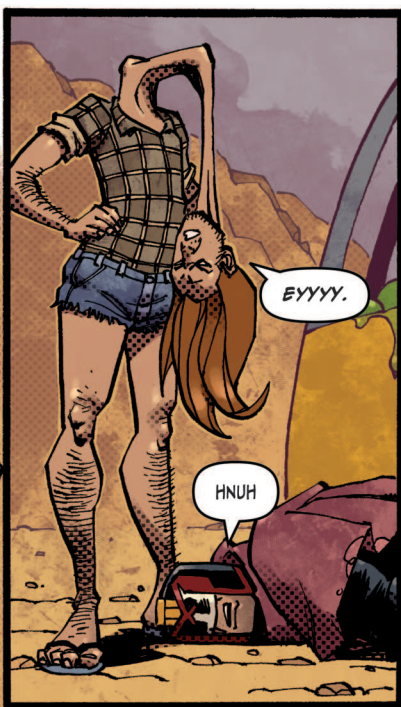


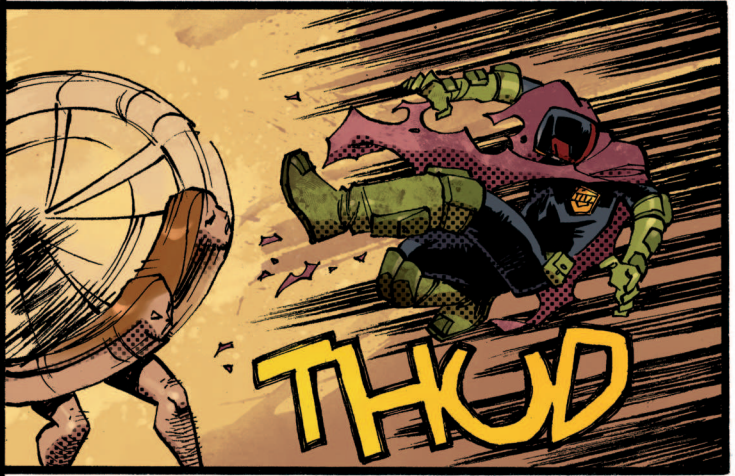
FOR NEARLY A DECADE NOW, WOODRELL'S CLAN HAS BEEN USING THEIR ONLY VEHICLE—AN ABANDONED LAND-RAZER—TO TIRELESSLY SCAVENGE FOR RIDE PARTS.





INTO THE
CURSED
EARTH!
3 GAZE UPON
THE FACE
OF DREDD







WELL WELL
WELL...

...A JUDGE
FROM THE BIG
CITY, HUH? WHAT
BRINGS YOU OUT
TO THESE PARTS,
DREDD?



SURRENDER,
FAT MAN. I AM
THE LAW!

OH, THE LAW
OF MEGA-CITY ONE
AIN'T NOTHING BUT
POPPYCOCK. OUT
HERE, I'M ALL THE LAW
THERE IS OR MY NAME
ISN'T DONALD RAY
DOLLY WOODRELL!

I GOT
HIS GUN,
DADDY.

AND I
GOT HIS
BIRDY-
SHOULDER
THING!

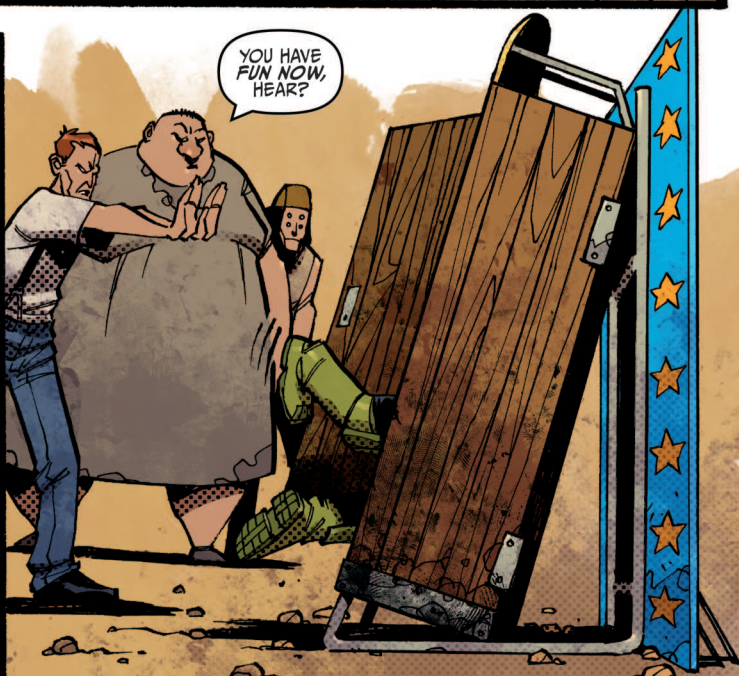
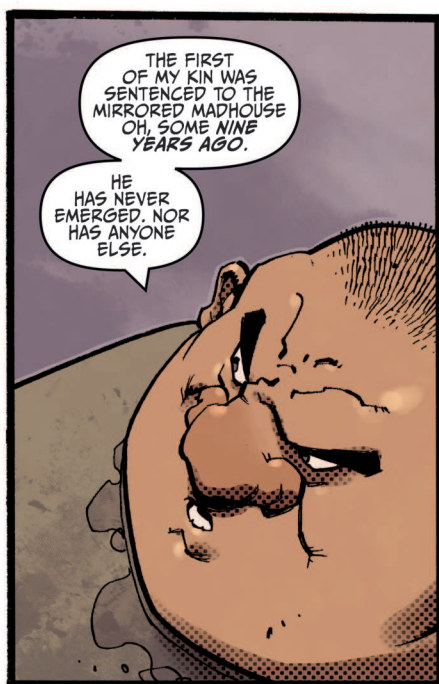
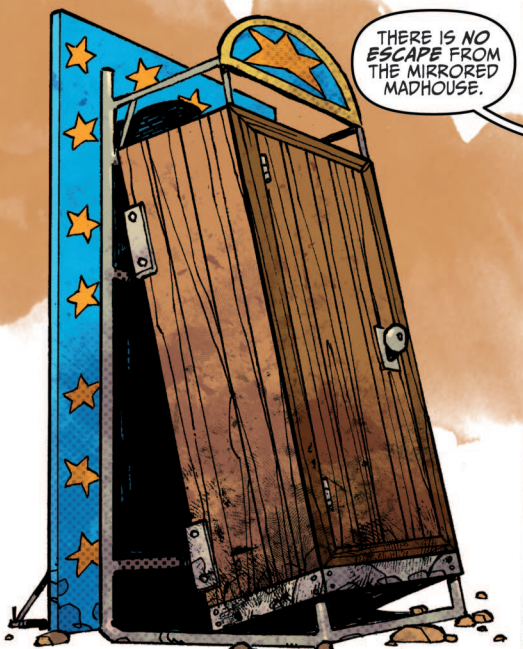


LET'S SEE
NOW... HOW SHALL
WE ENTERTAIN YOU? SO
MANY AMUSEMENTS COME
TO MIND. THE SWAT, ROCK 'N'
TUG, THE REVERSE PURPLE
SURGE, THREE CUPS ONE
SHOT, THE KAMIKAZE
MATTERHORN...

...HOLD ON.
HOLD ON, I GOT
IT! SINCE YOU LOOK
SO RIDICULOUS IN YER
FANCYPANTS JUDGE
GETUP AND WHATNOT, I
WANT YOU TO TAKE A
GOOD, LONG LOOK
AT YERSELF...



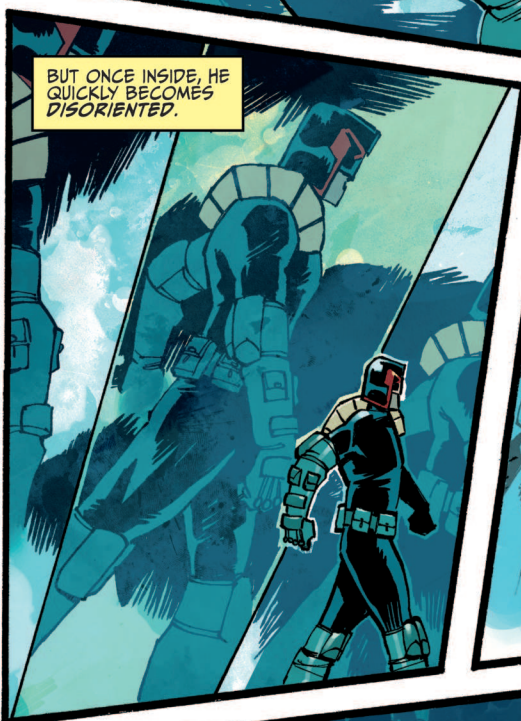
...IN THE
**MIRRORED
MADHOUSE!**





AT FIRST, DREDD ISN'T TOO CONCERNED. AFTER ALL, THIS IS A FINITE SPACE FULL OF FRAGILE GLASS.

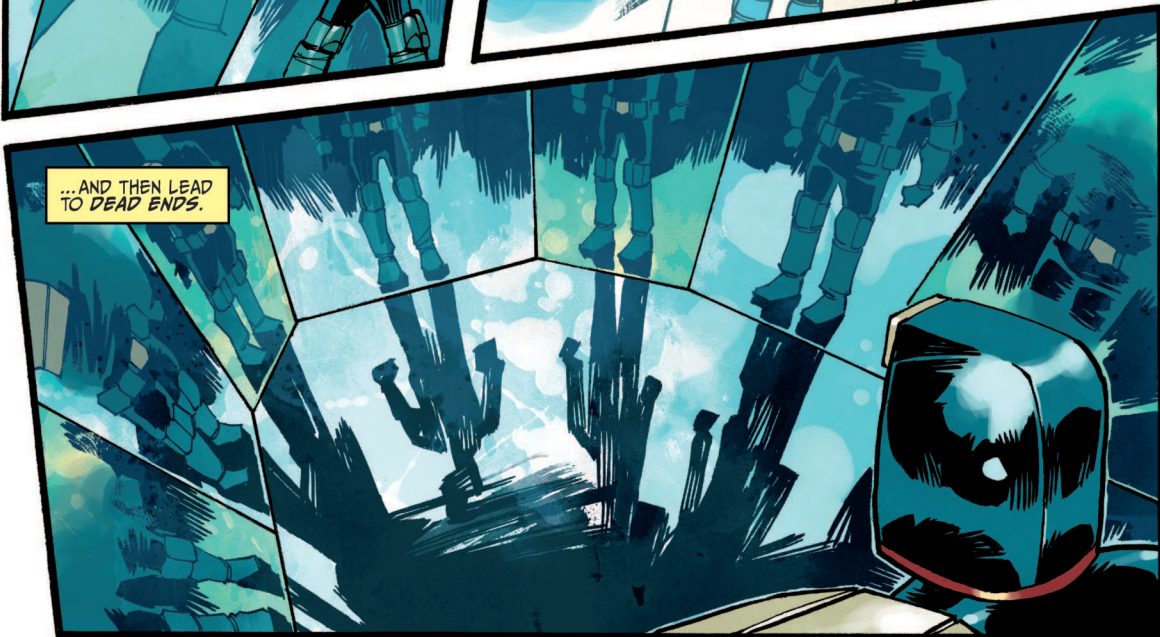
IF HE CAN'T FIND HIS WAY OUT, HE'LL SMASH HIS WAY OUT.



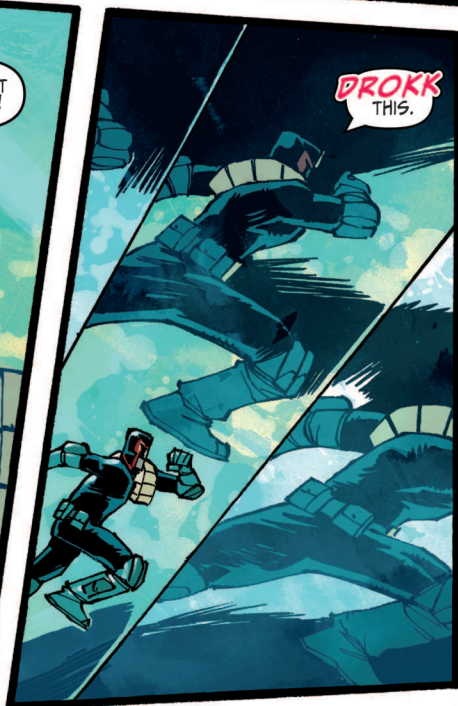
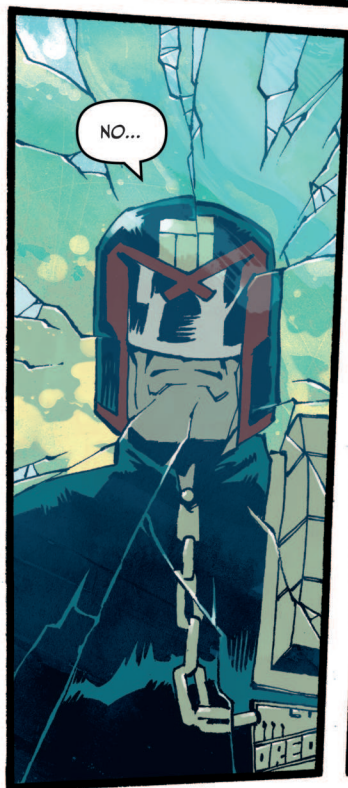
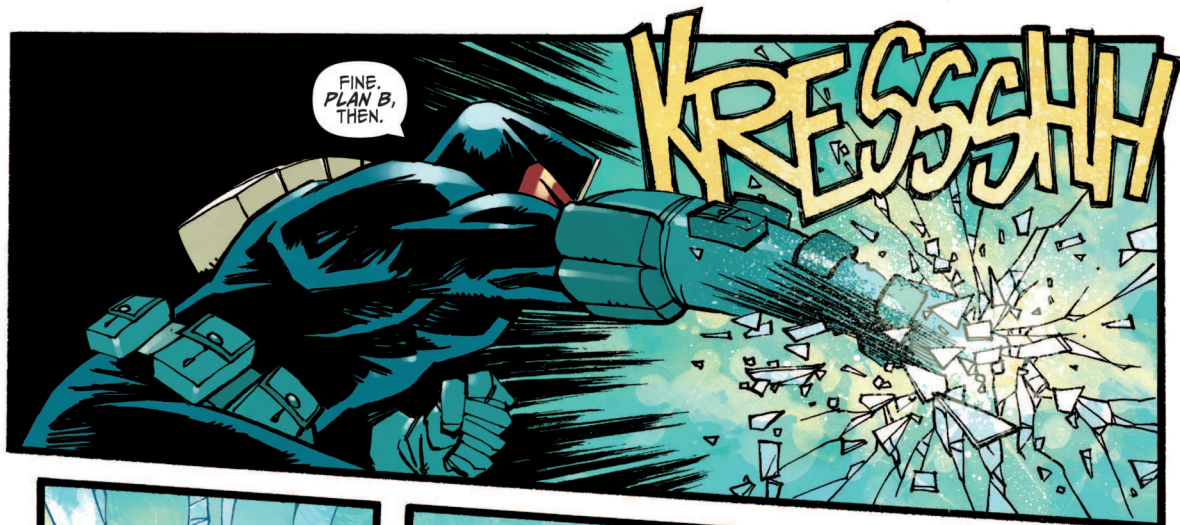
BUT ONCE INSIDE, HE QUICKLY BECOMES DISORIENTED.

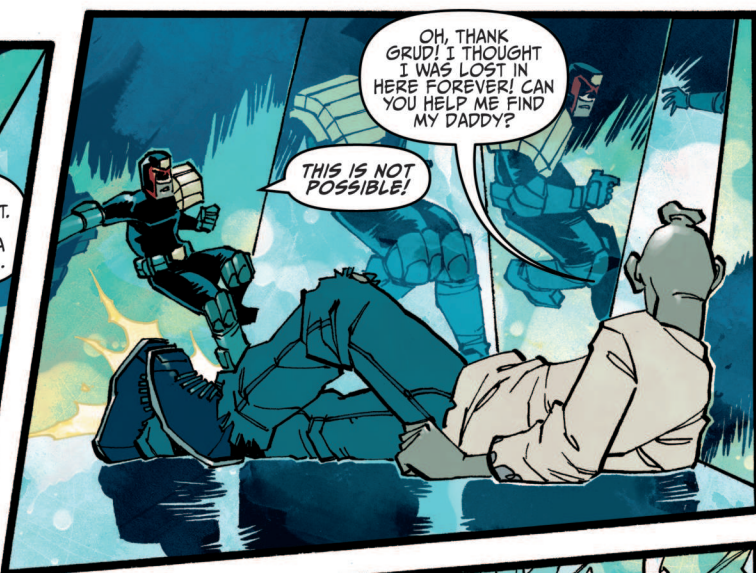


NONE OF THE TURNS MAKE SENSE. HALLWAYS SEEM TO STRETCH FOREVER...



...AND THEN LEAD TO DEAD ENDS.





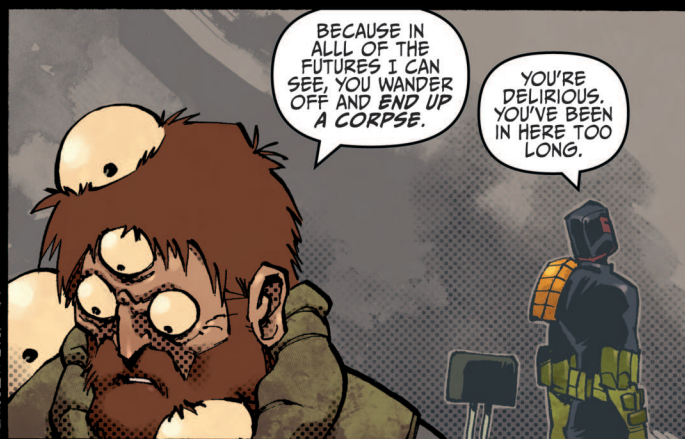


PLACE: THE MIRRORRED MADHOUSE.
TIME: INDETERMINATE.

NOT
GOING TO
ASK AGAIN,
MUTIE.

FOR THE
SEVENTH OR EIGHTH
TIME, MY NAME'S
DANNN, YOU'RE **JUDGE
DREDD**, AND NO, WE'RE
NEVER, EVER GETTING
OUT OF HERE.

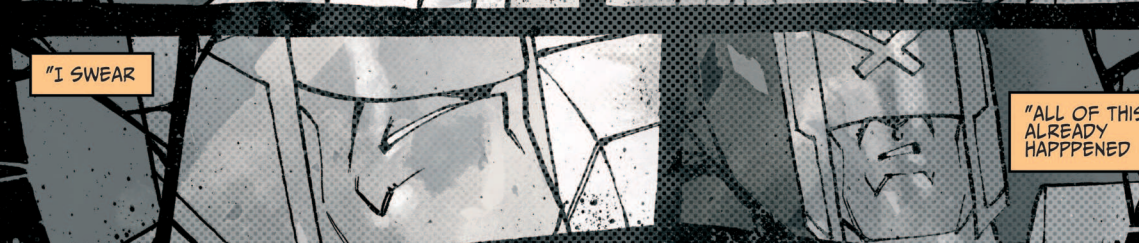
WHAT
MAKES YOU
SO SURE?



I FOUND
THIS
YESSTERDAY.

AT LEAST I
THINK IT WAS
YESSTERDAY.

INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
5 HEADS UP



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE MIRRORING MADHOUSE, DONALD RAY WOODRELL, LEADER OF THE WOODRELL CLAN, BUSIED HIMSELF WITH PREPARATIONS.

LISSEN UP NOW, CHILDREN!

YOUR PAPPY HAS SOME SPECIAL GUESTS ARRIVING TOMORROW, SO I WANT THIS PLACE SPIC AND SPAN!

WHO'S COMING, PAPPY?

YEAH, WHO, PAPPY?

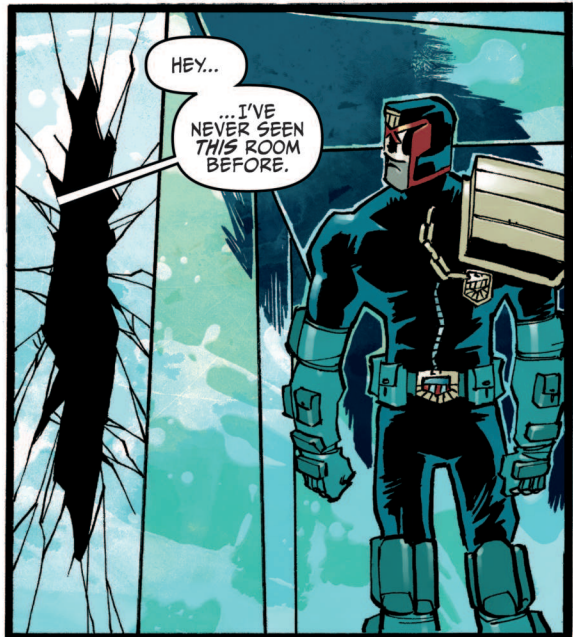
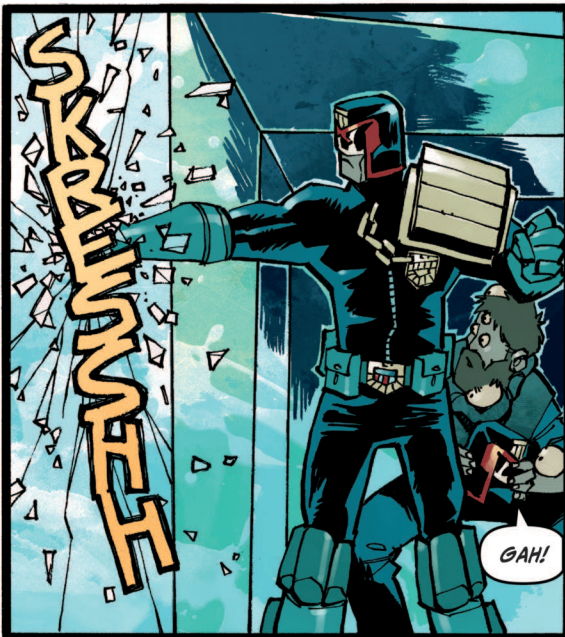
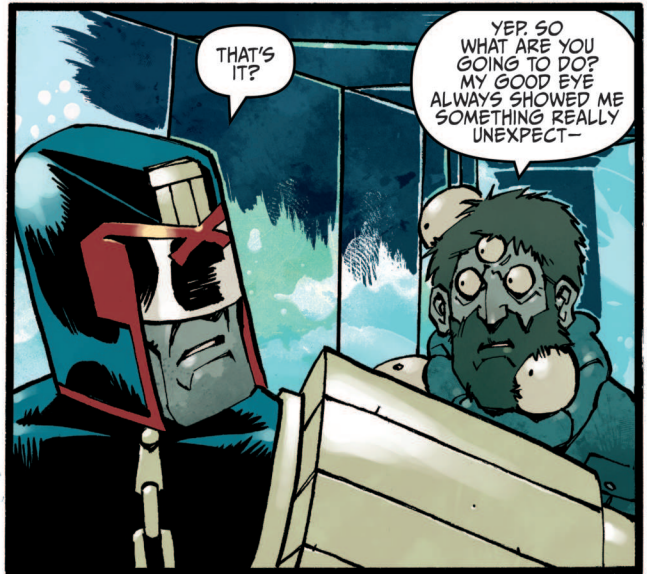
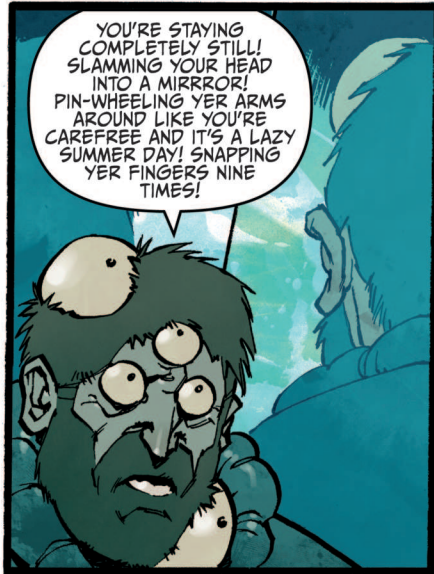
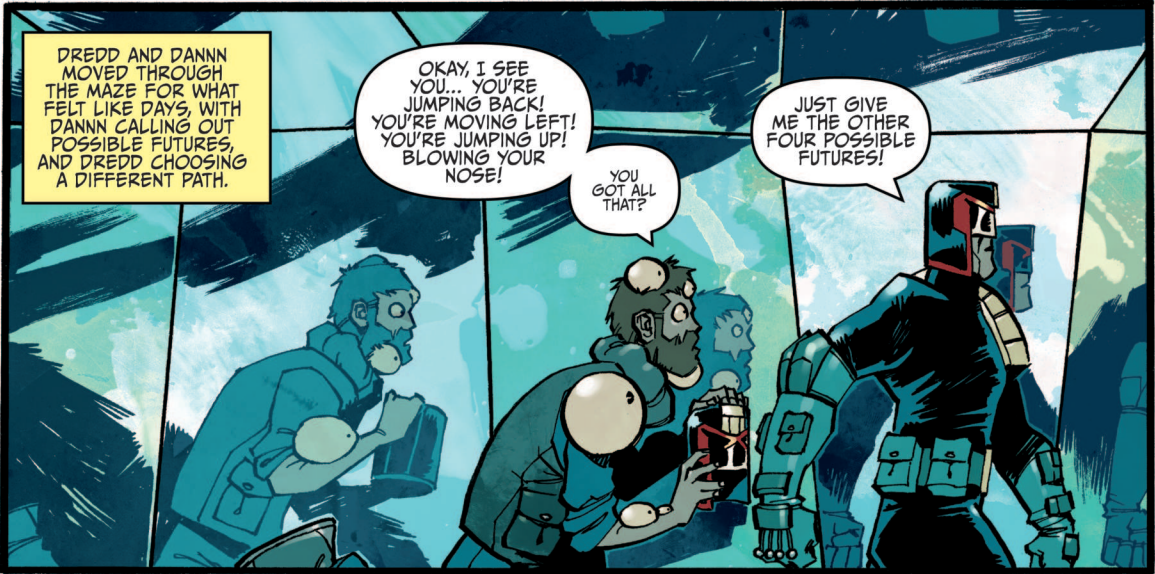
LESS JUST SAY THEY'RE SOME FOLKS WHO WANT THE JUDGE FOR A SPECIAL BAR-B...

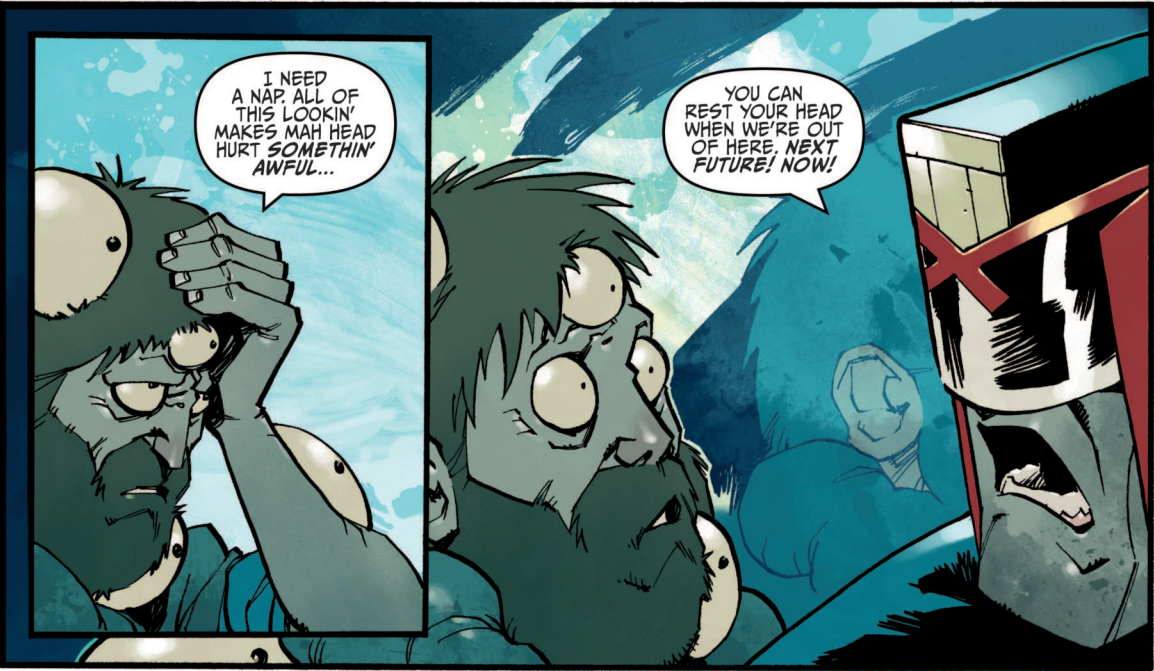
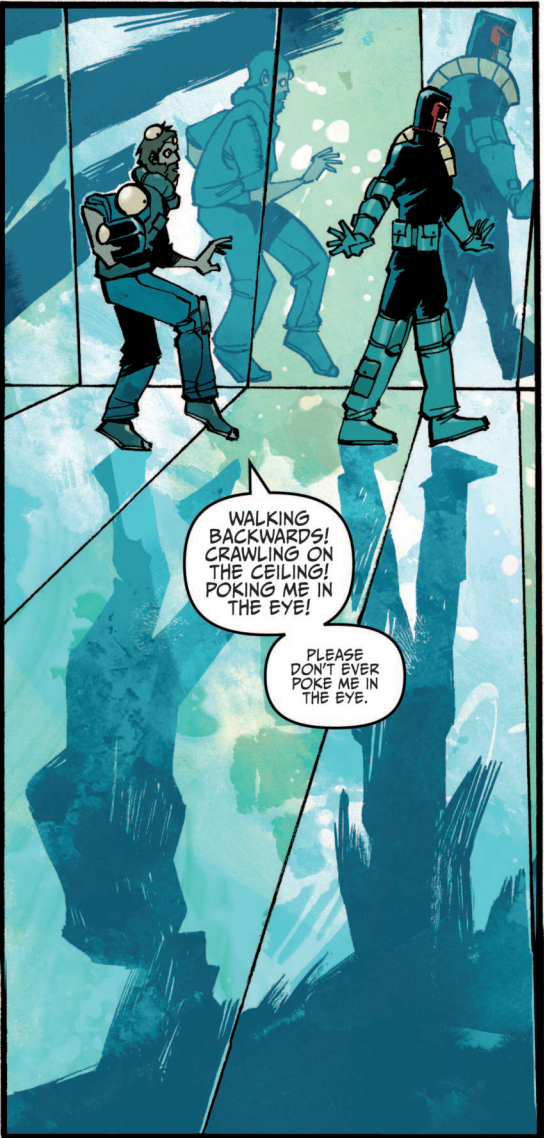
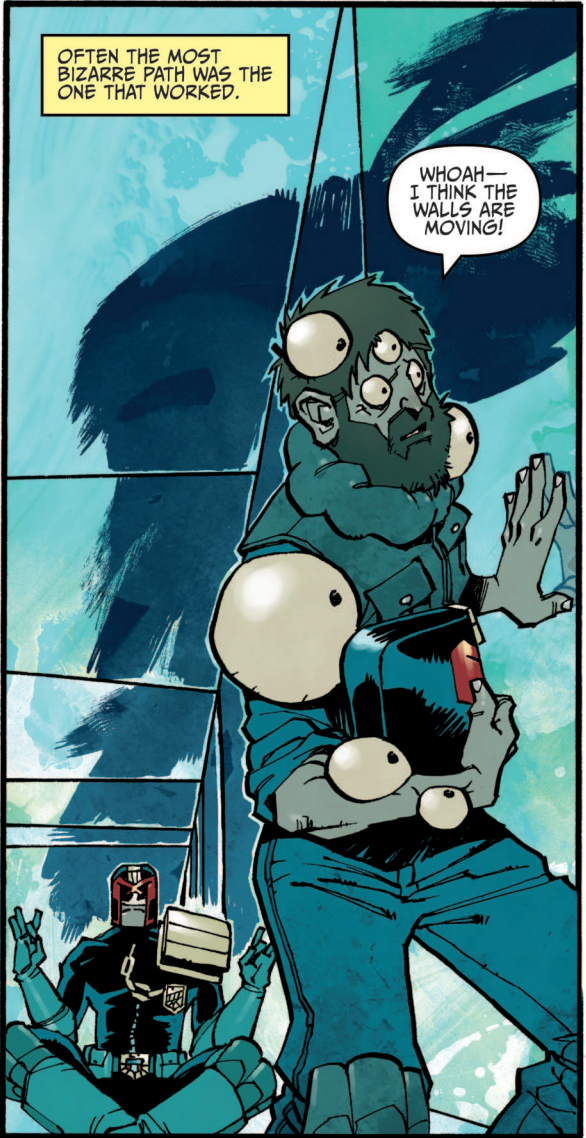
BAR-BUH...

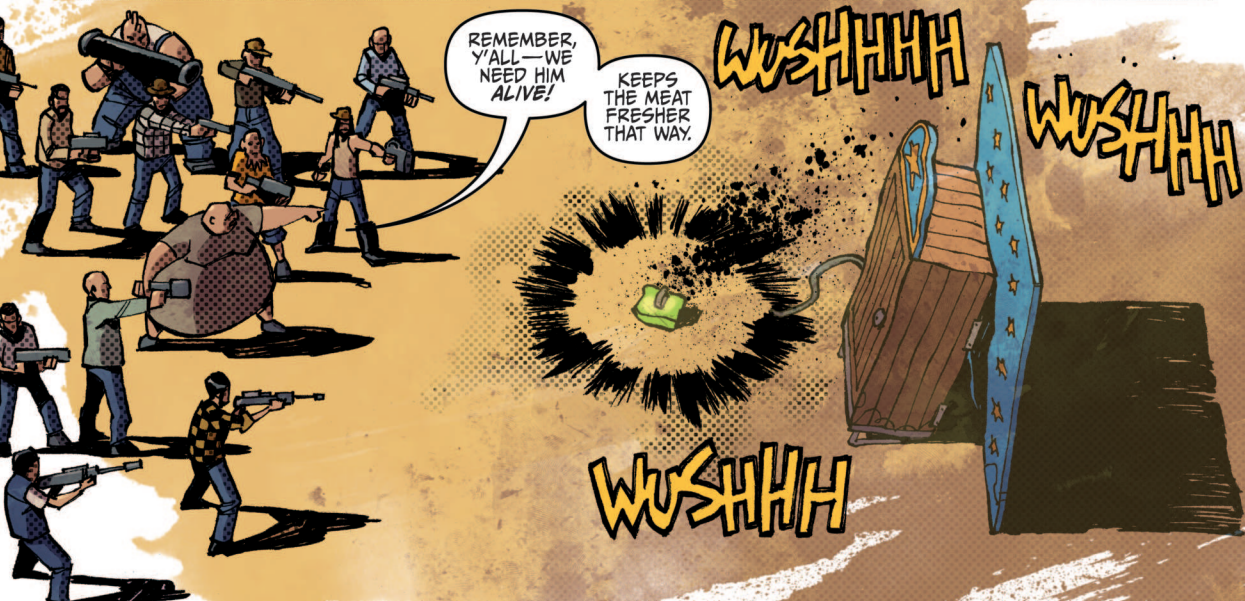
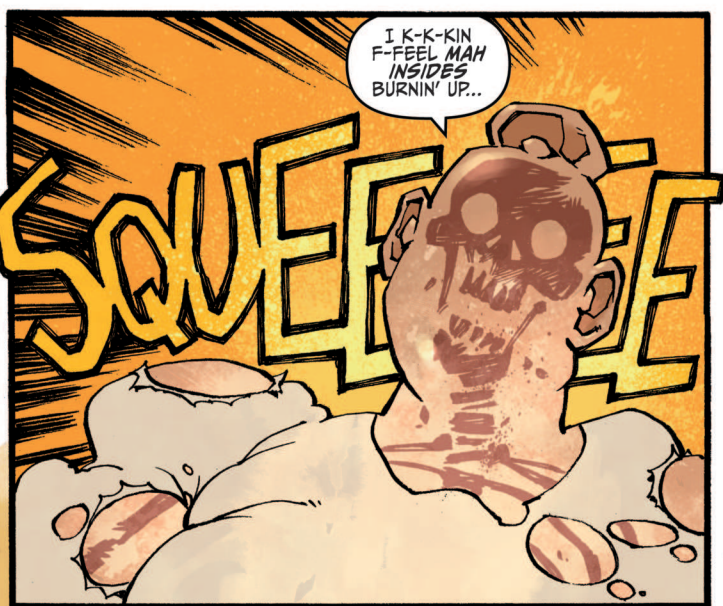
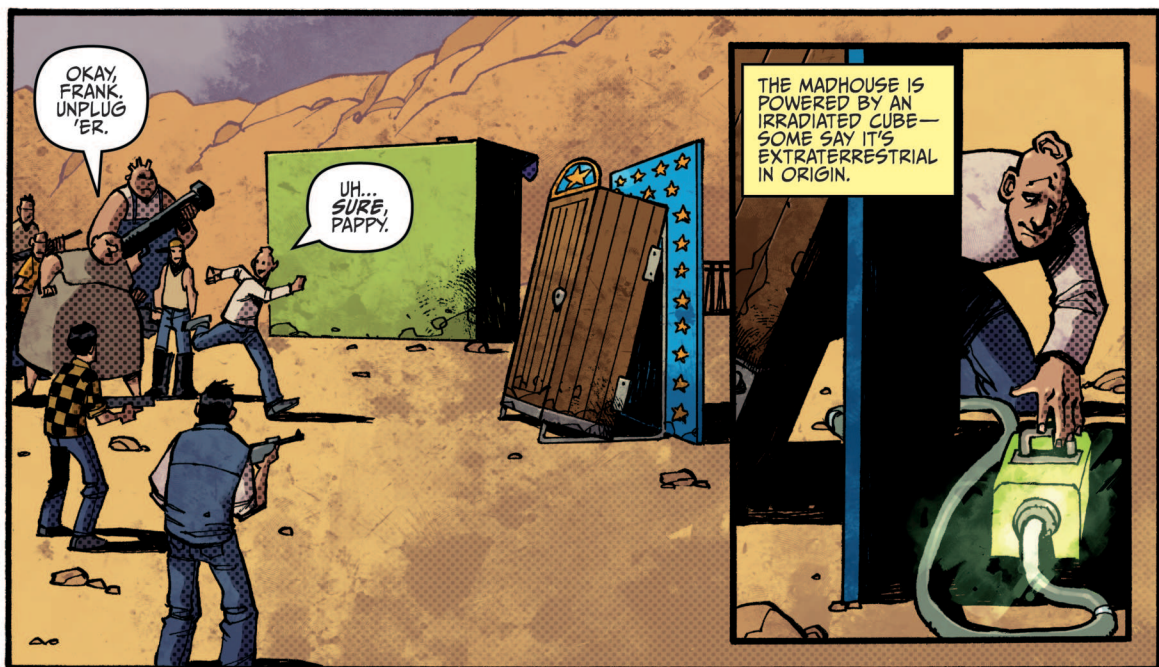
HURK

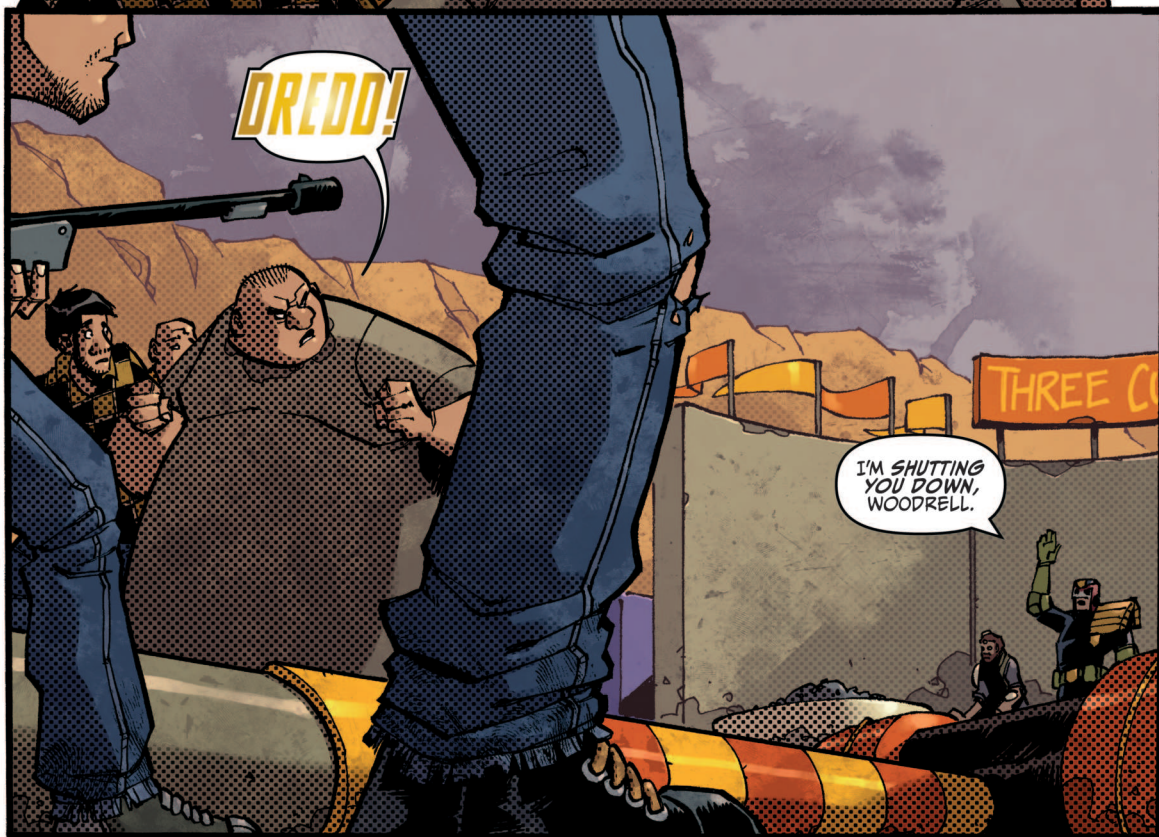
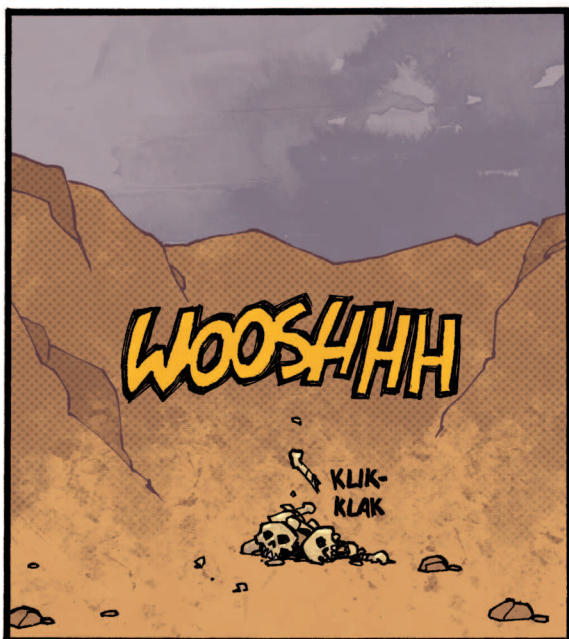
WELL, IT IS THAT TIME, I RECKON.

THAT POOR MAN.











INTO THE CURSED EARTH! 5 MY ANGEL BABY

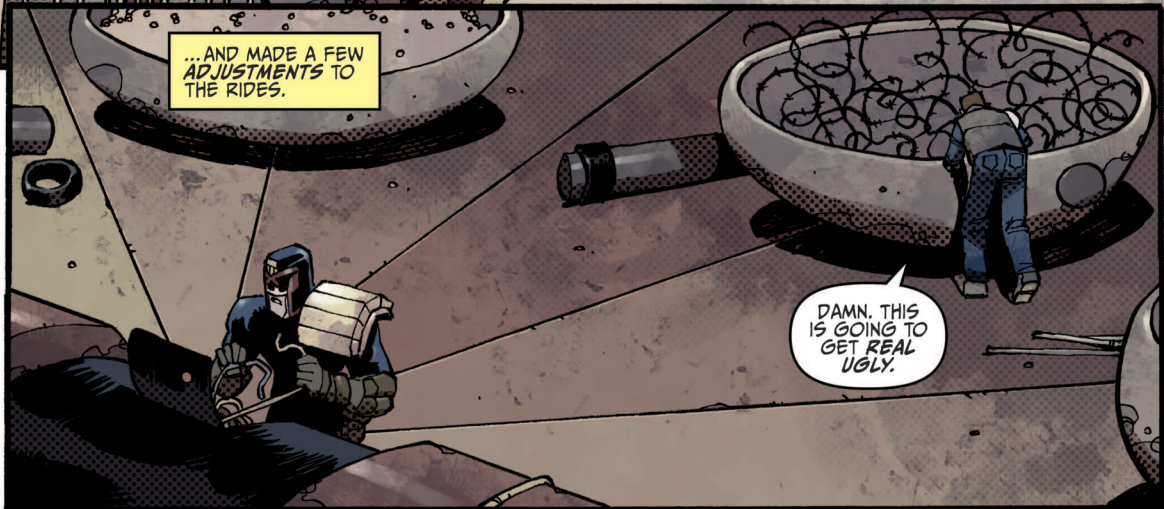
AND TO MAKE IT TO THE PECKERWOOD DESPOT, DREDD KNEW HE'D HAVE TO FIGHT AN ARMY OF MUTIES.



OVER THE NEXT FEW HOURS, AS WOODRELL AND HIS MINIONS SLEPT, DREDD AND DANNN CREPT THROUGH THE SPOOKY-QUIET AMUSEMENT PARK...



... AND MADE A FEW ADJUSTMENTS TO THE RIDES.

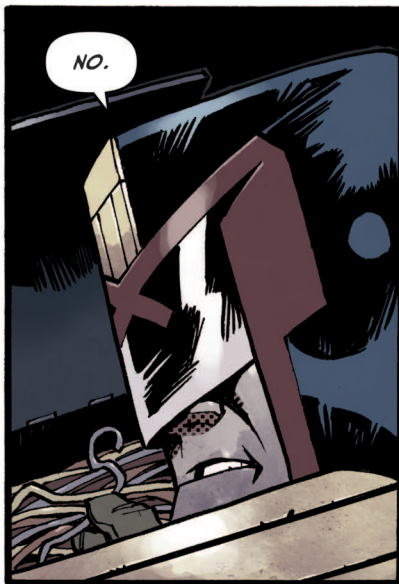


DAMN. THIS IS GOING TO GET REAL UGLY.



HEY, HEY, LOOOK AT ME!

CAN YOU MAKE ME AN HONORARY JUDGE, OR SOMETHIN'?



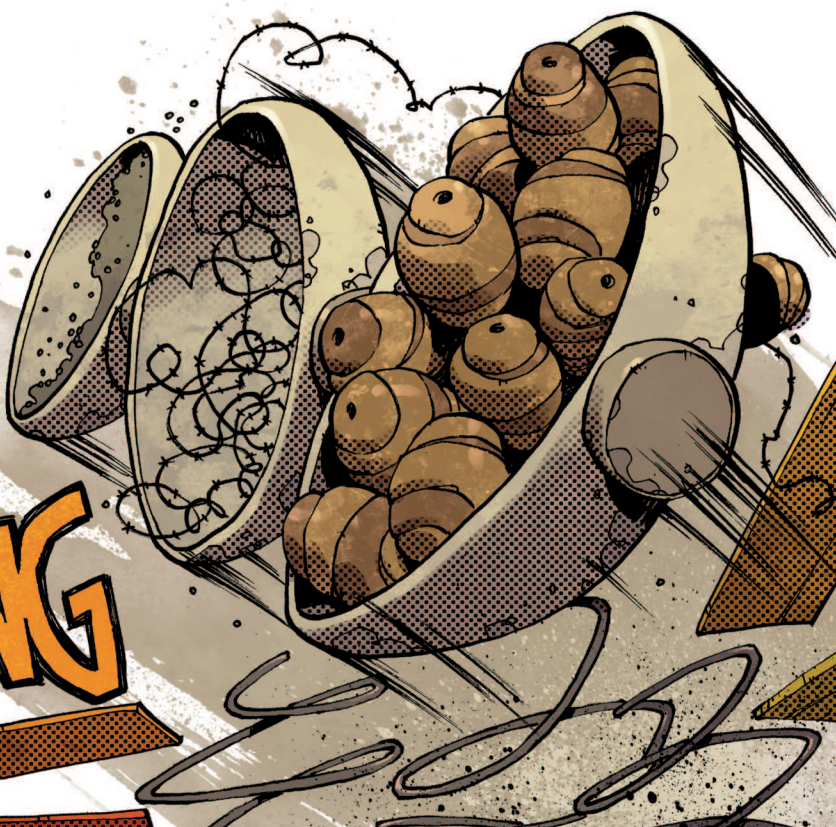
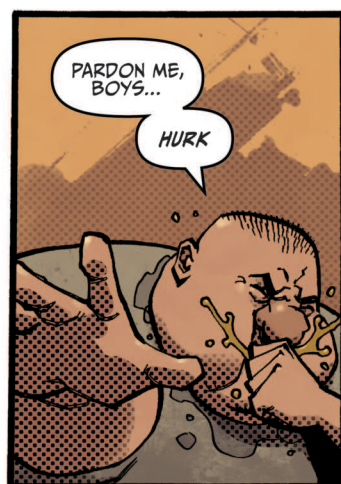
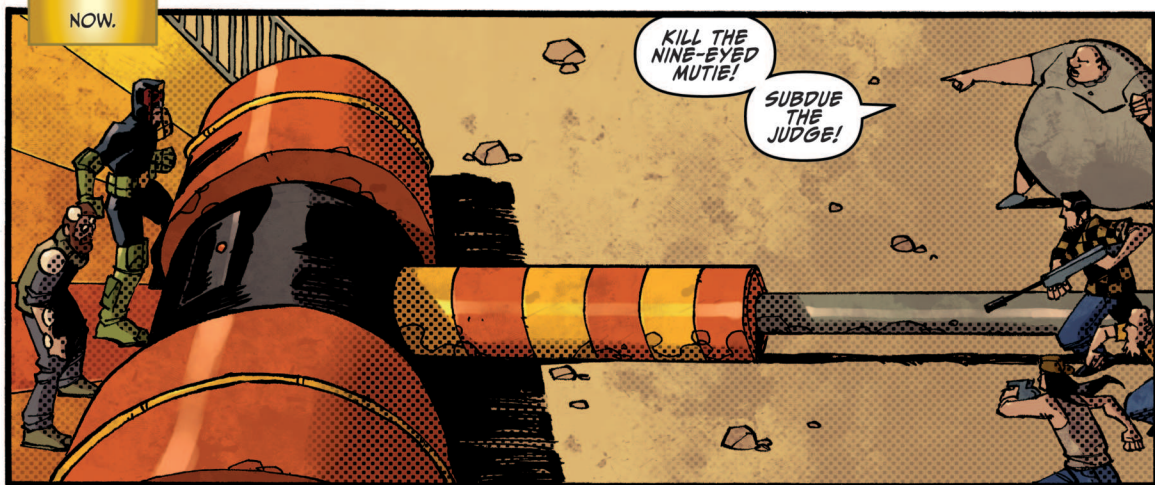
NO.



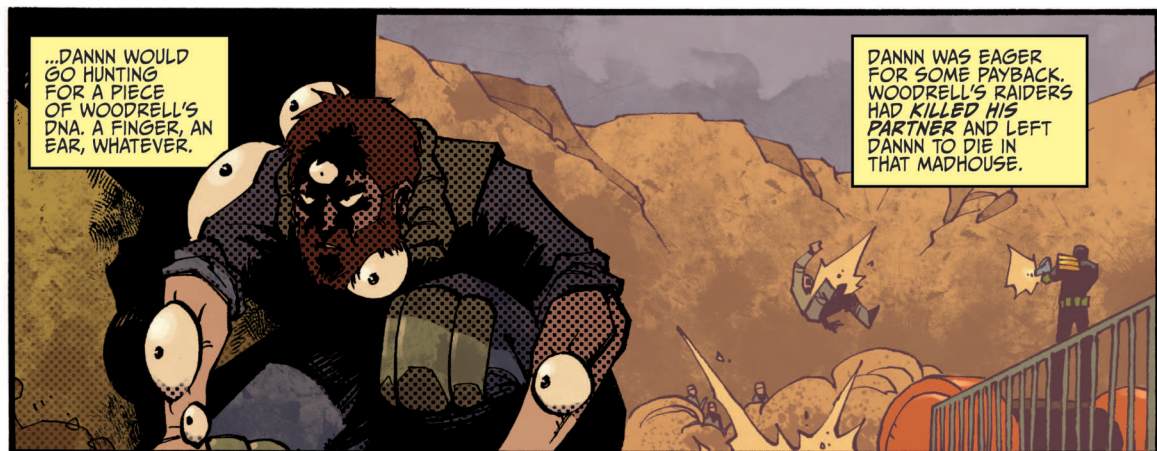
UH... RIGHT.

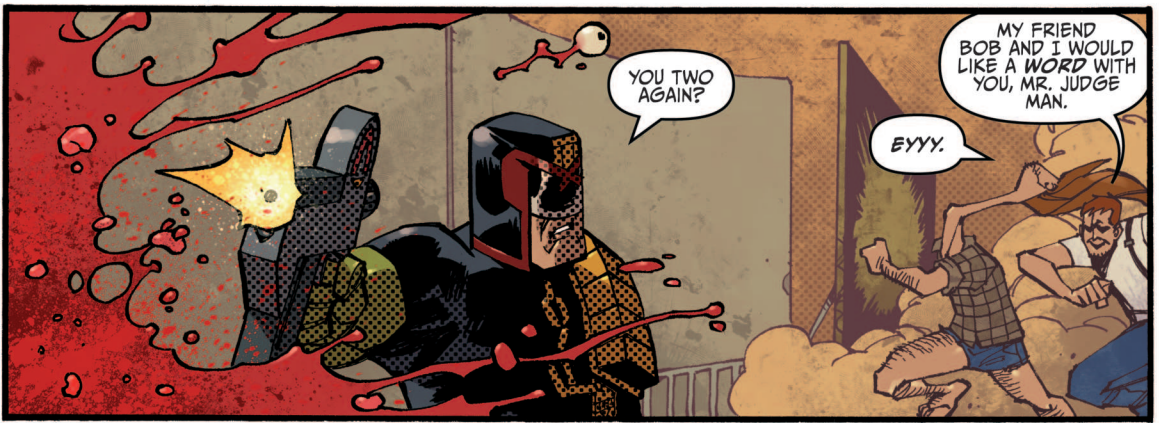
I'LL JUST STRAP IT TO MAH BELT, THEN. IN CASE YOU NEED IT LATER?

NOW.



SPONG





YOU TWO AGAIN?

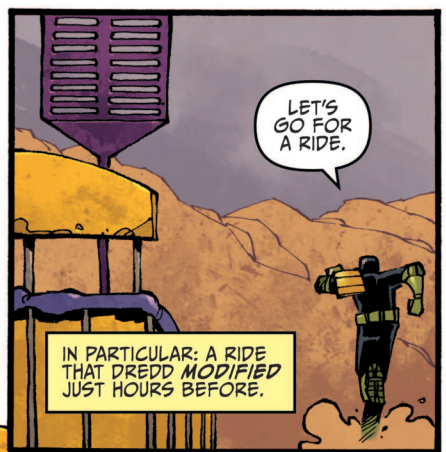
MY FRIEND BOB AND I WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, MR. JUDGE MAN.

EYYY.



SWOOP SWOOP

YOU'RE A TOUCH PARANOID, AIN'TCHA?



LET'S GO FOR A RIDE.

IN PARTICULAR: A RIDE THAT DREDD MODIFIED JUST HOURS BEFORE.



THE SWAT, KOCK'N TUG

YOU WANT TO PLAY IN OUR SANDBOX? BE MY GUEST, FRIEND!



HEY! THAT CAR'S NOT SUPPOSED TO MOVE LIKE THAT!

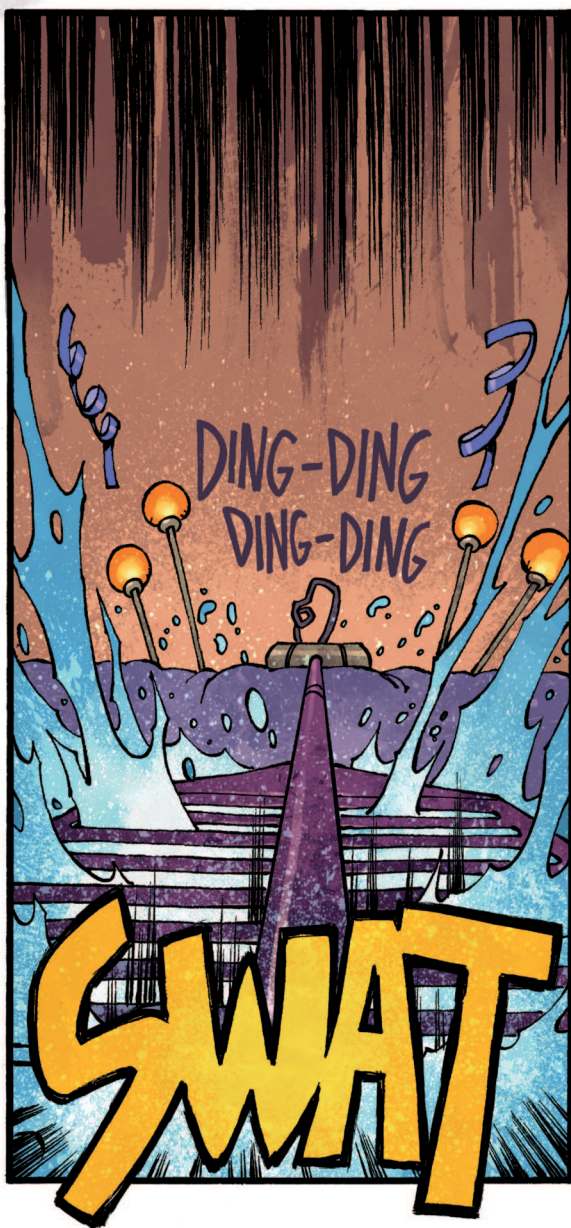
BOING



KRAK

OOF!

EYYYYY!





"WHAT IN THE...!?"



AFTER THE FALLOUT, YOUNG DONALD RAY WOODRELL LEARNED HE HAD A SPECIAL GIFT:

CUNGRATS!
IT'S A
FRANK!

GENERATING FAMILY
MEMBERS FROM A
BIRTHING CANAL IN
HIS BACK. NO
FEMALE REQUIRED.

OH
DANG, IT
HURTS!

P-P-P-
PAPPY?

WOODRELL
WASN'T JUST
THE LEADER OF
HIS ALL-MALE
CLAN. HE WAS
ITS **SOLE**
PARENT, TOO.

PAPPY I'M
HUNGRY!

SOMEBODY
CLEAN MY SLIT
AND GET THAT
BOY SOMETHIN'
TA EAT.

OH.

OH
MYYY.

AN
INTERLOPER?
IN THE BIRTHIN'
ROOM?

NO STRANGER
SHALL WITNESS
THE BIRTH OF
NEW KIN!

IT'S THE
OLDEST
LAW!

WIPE HIM
FROM THE
FACE OF THE
EARTH!



PURSUED BY
MUTIES. DOWN TO
FOUR ROUNDS IN
HIS LAWGIVER.
THREE STANDARD,
ONE HIGH-EX.

AND ACCORDING
TO DANNN, NO WAY
OUT BUT DEAD.





OUT OF STANDARDS, AND DOWN TO JUST ONE HIGH-EX!

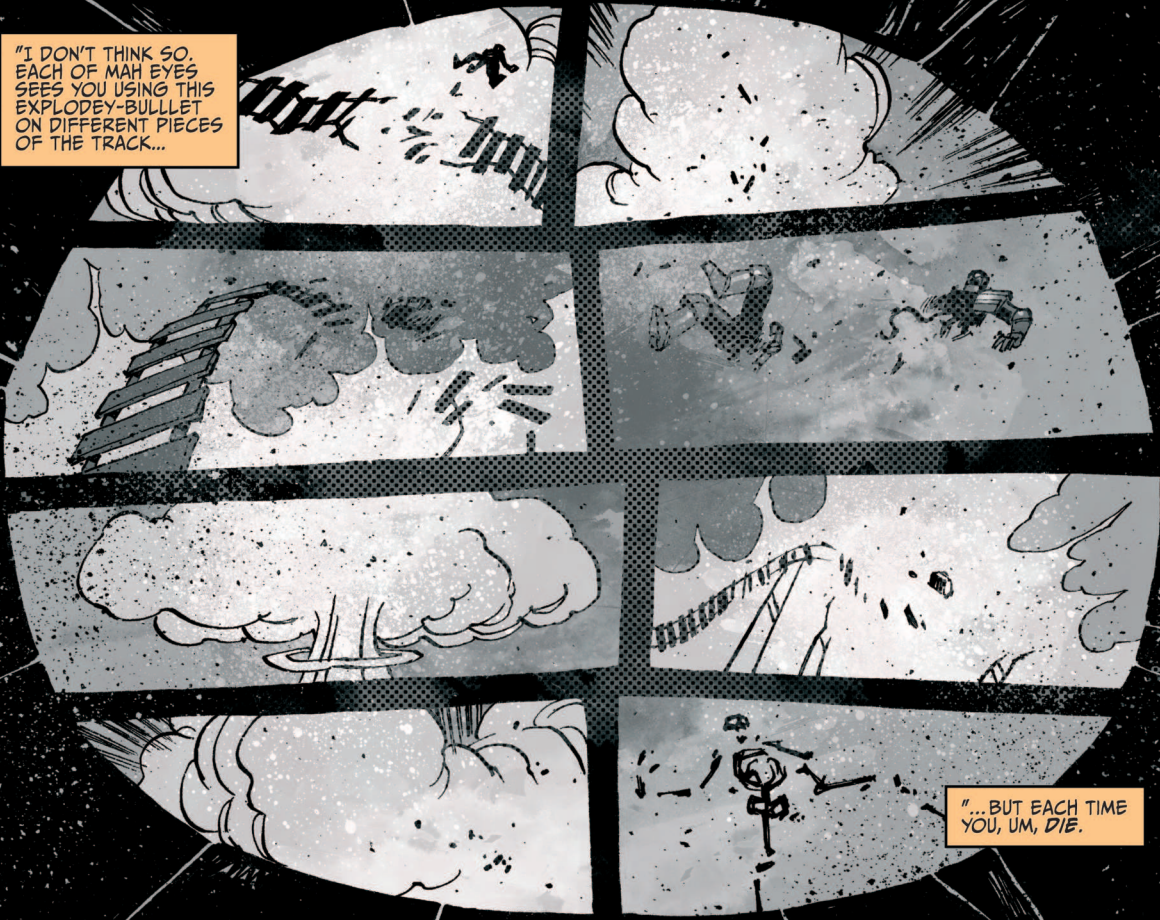
JUST LIKE DANNN SAID...



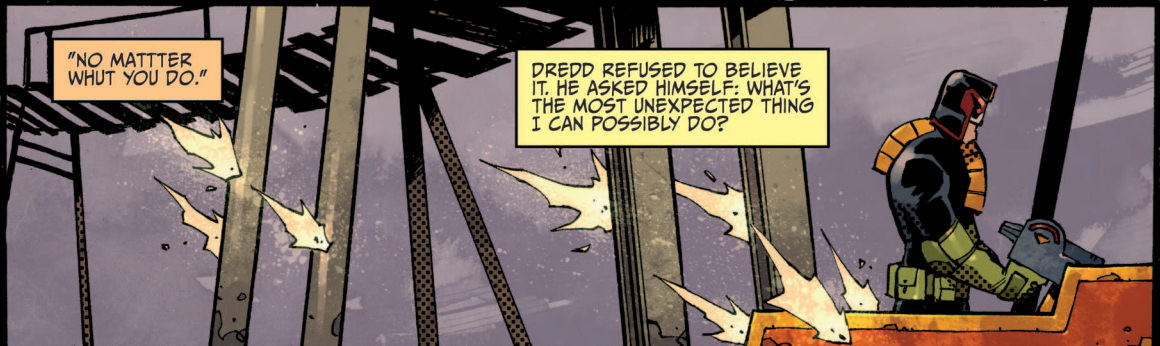
YEP, YER GONNA DIE ON THAT ROLLY COASTER THING, I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY.

WHAT IF I TRY SOMETHING UNEXPECTED, LIKE WE DID IN THE MIRROR MADHOUSE?

"I DON'T THINK SO. EACH OF MAH EYES SEES YOU USING THIS EXPLODEY-BULLET ON DIFFERENT PIECES OF THE TRACK..."

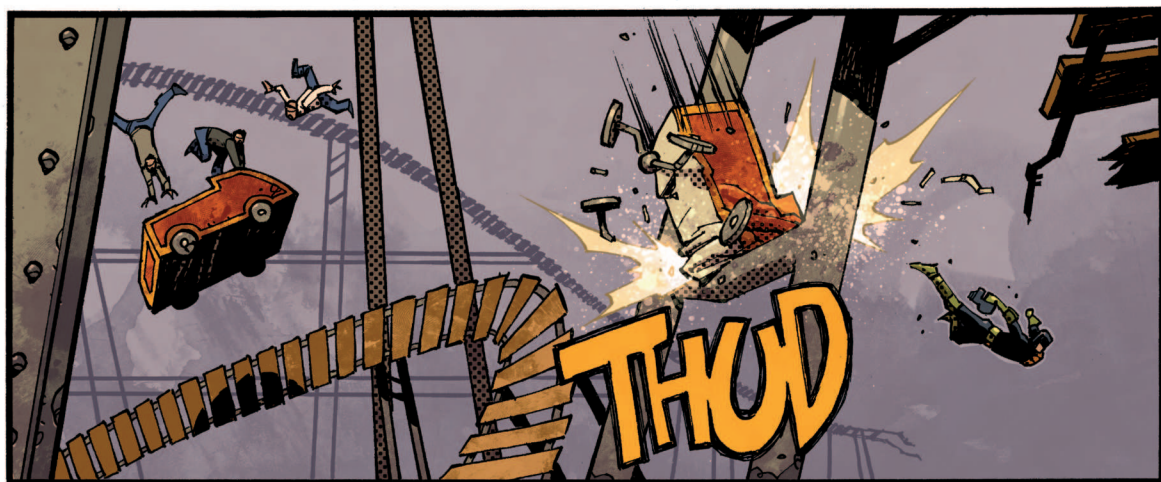
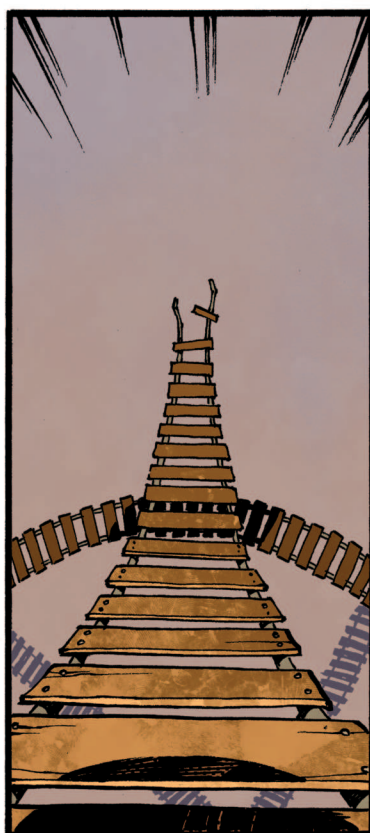


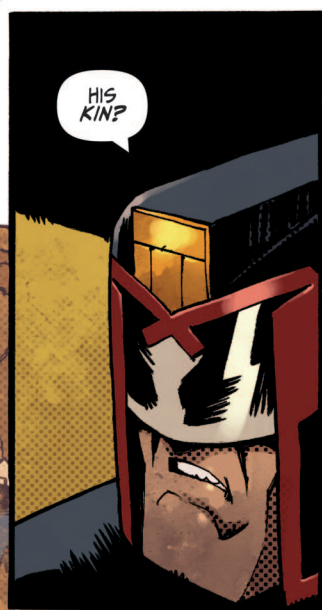
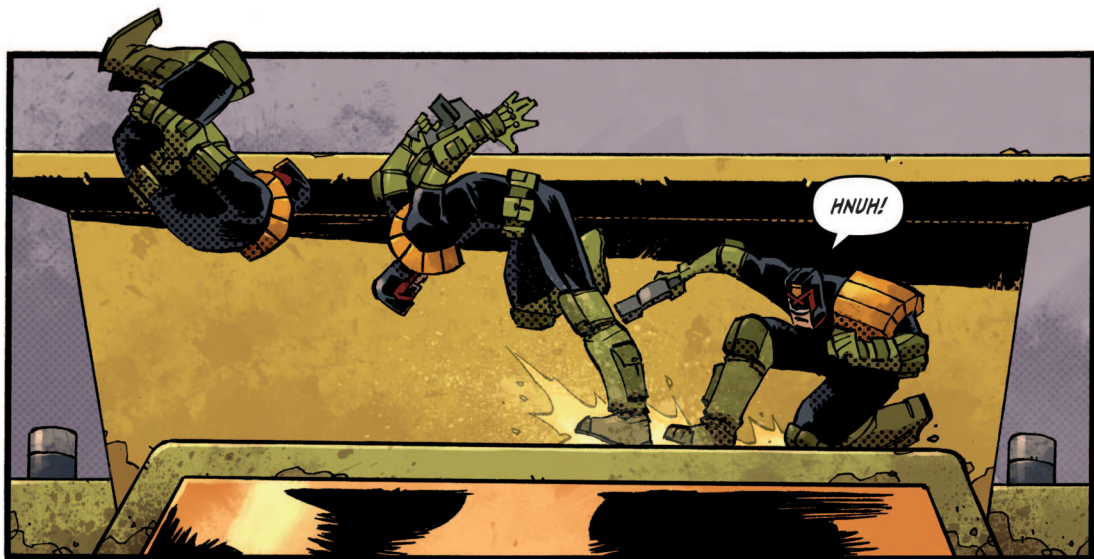
"...BUT EACH TIME YOU, UM, DIE."

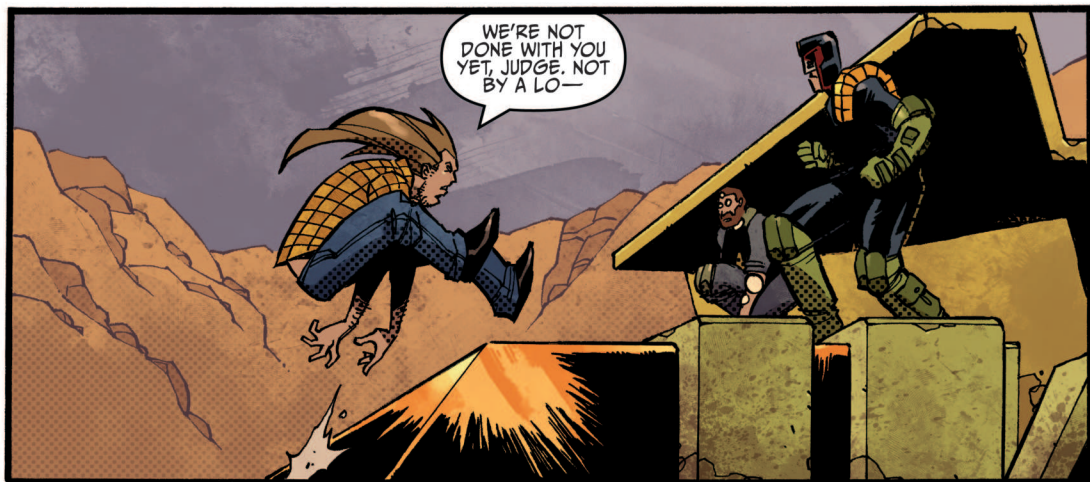


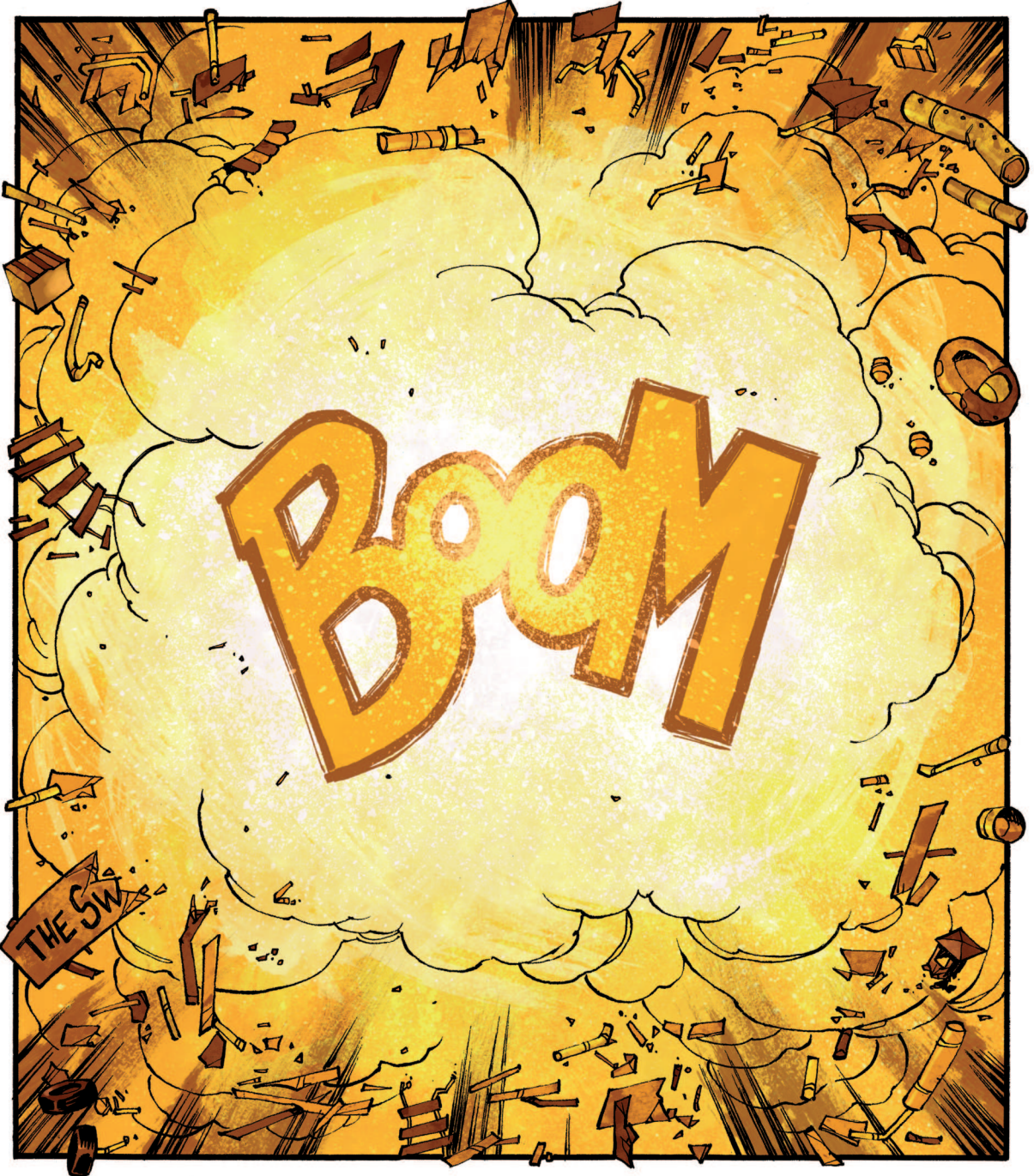
"NO MATTER WHUT YOU DO."

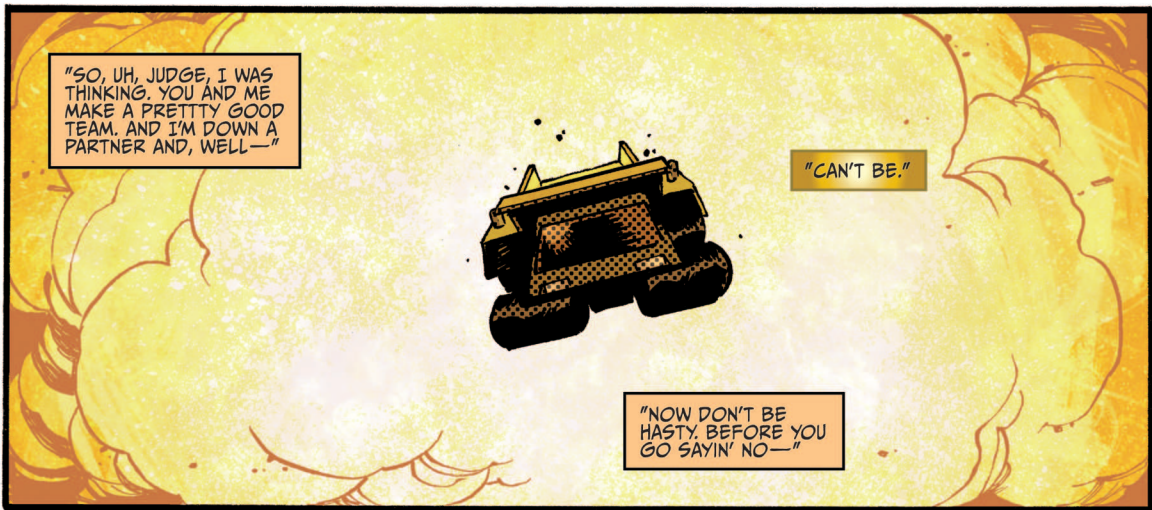
DREDD REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT. HE ASKED HIMSELF: WHAT'S THE MOST UNEXPECTED THING I CAN POSSIBLY DO?











"SO, UH, JUDGE, I WAS THINKING. YOU AND ME MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM. AND I'M DOWN A PARTNER AND, WELL—"

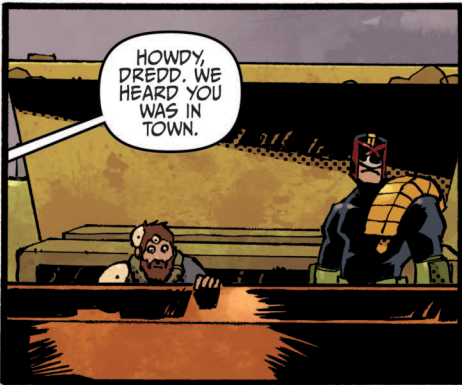
"CAN'T BE."

"NOW DON'T BE HASTY. BEFORE YOU GO SAYIN' NO—"



NO. I MEAN I CAN'T BE SEEING WHAT I'M SEEING.

SCREEEEEEEECH



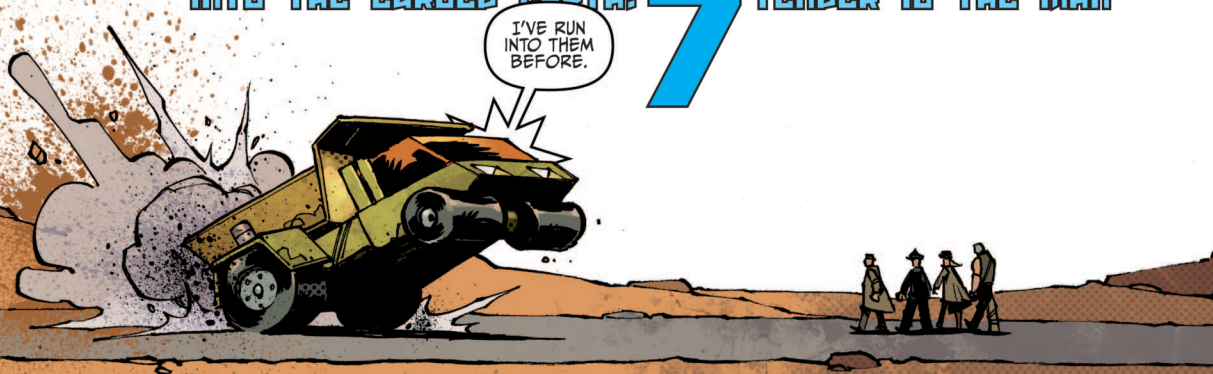
HOWDY, DREDD. WE HEARD YOU WAS IN TOWN.

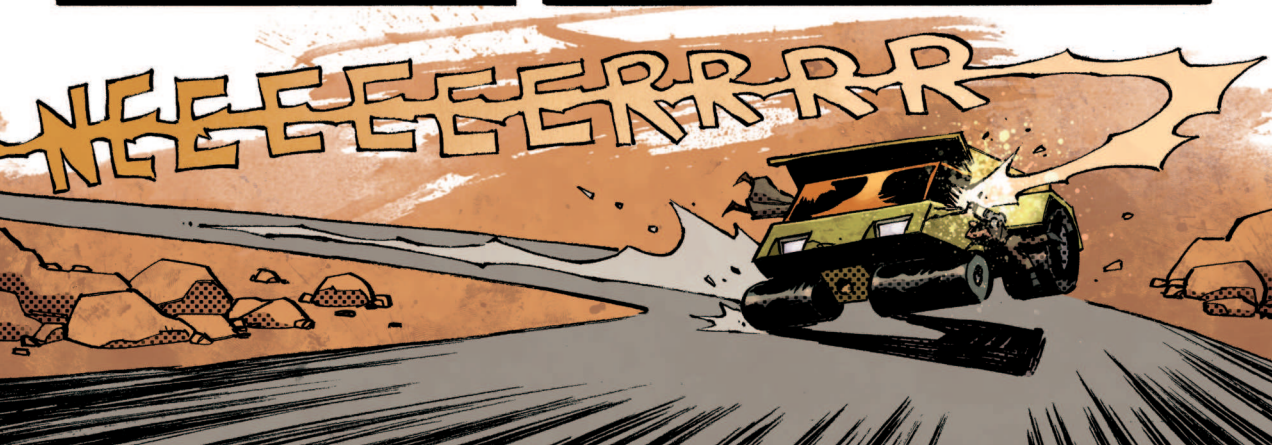
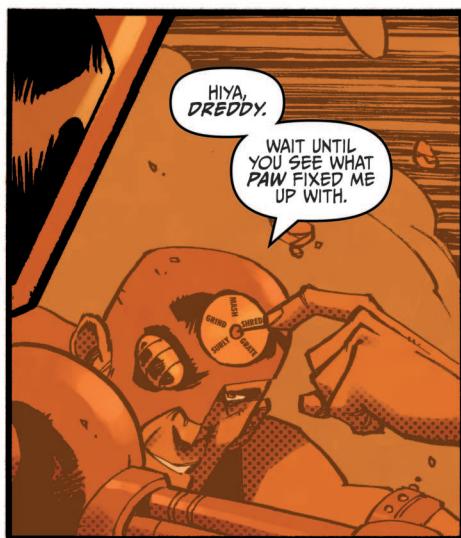
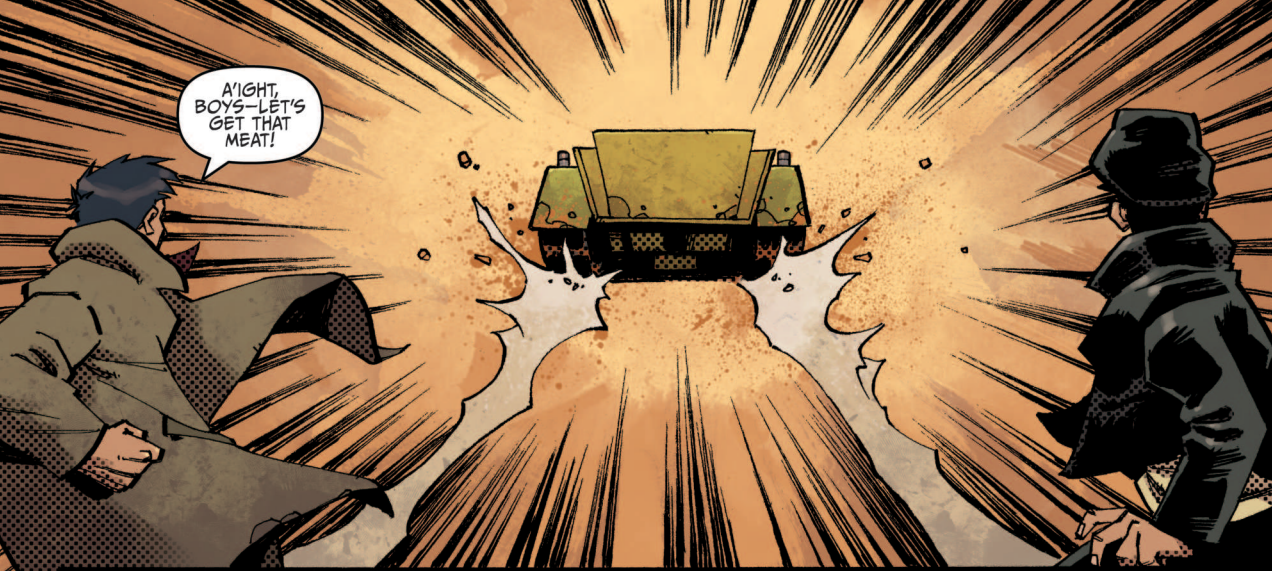


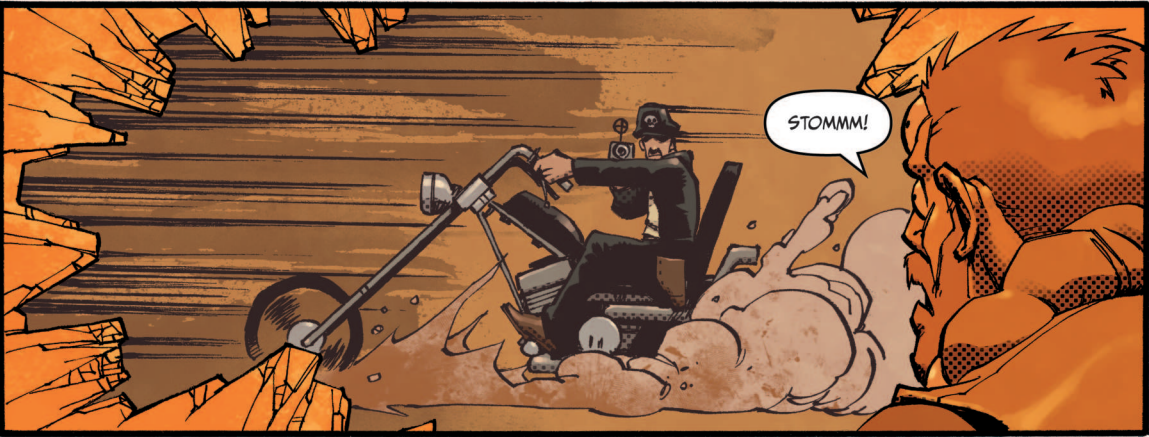
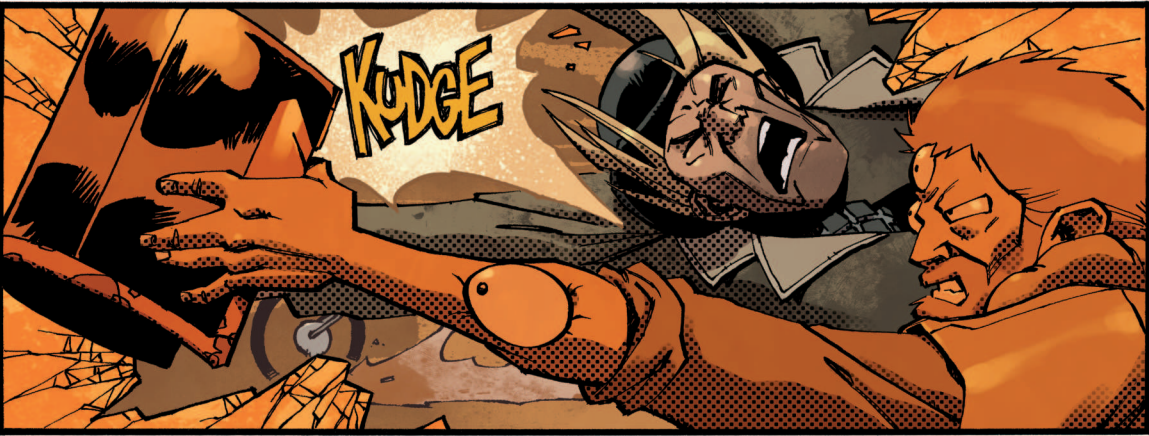
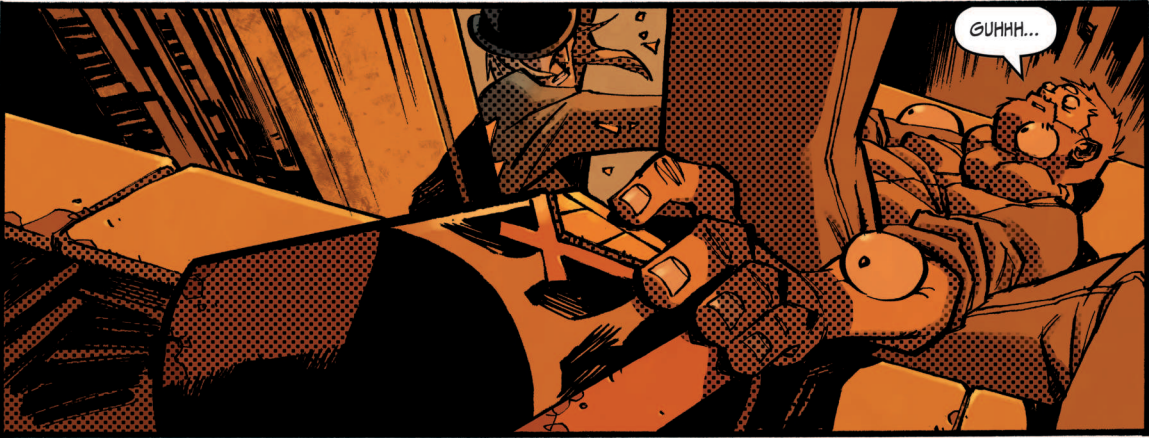
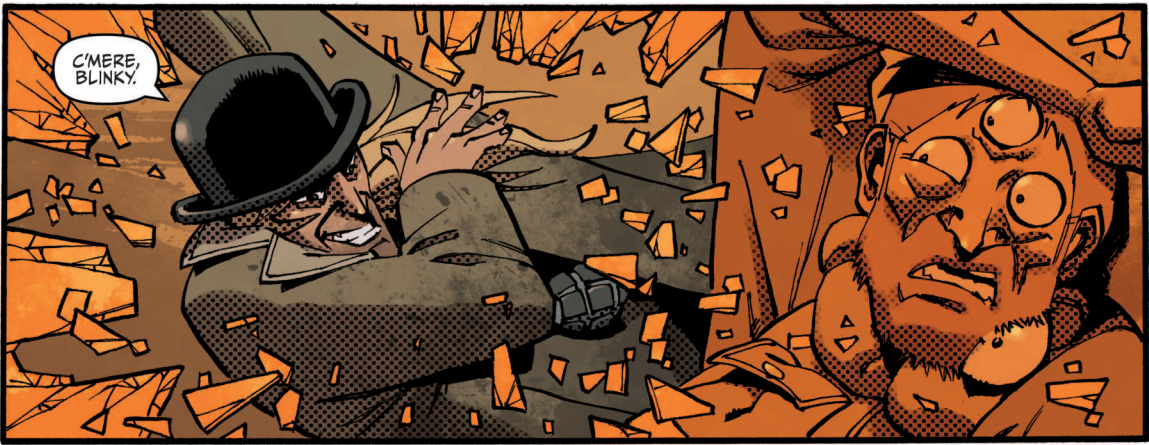
YOU GOT PLANS FER DINNER?

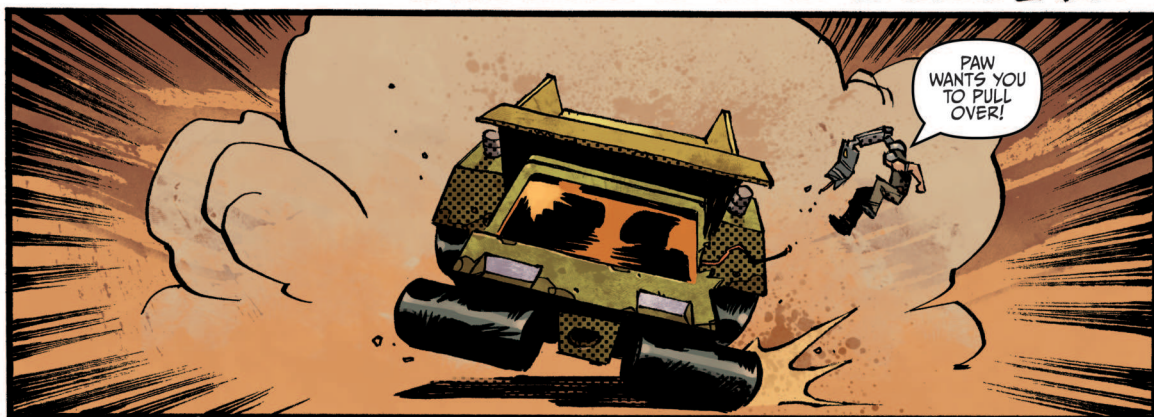
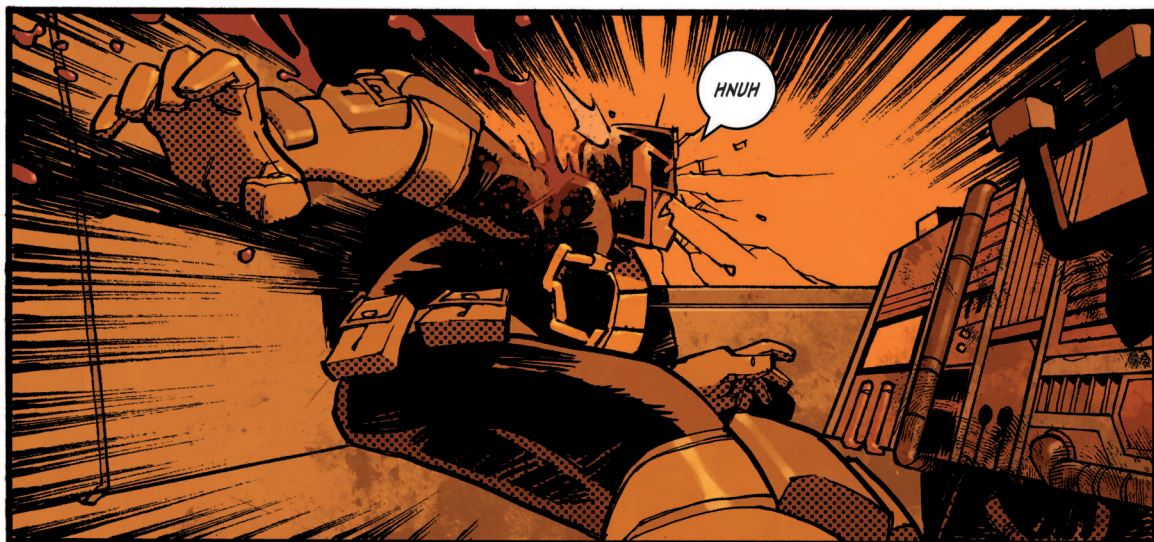
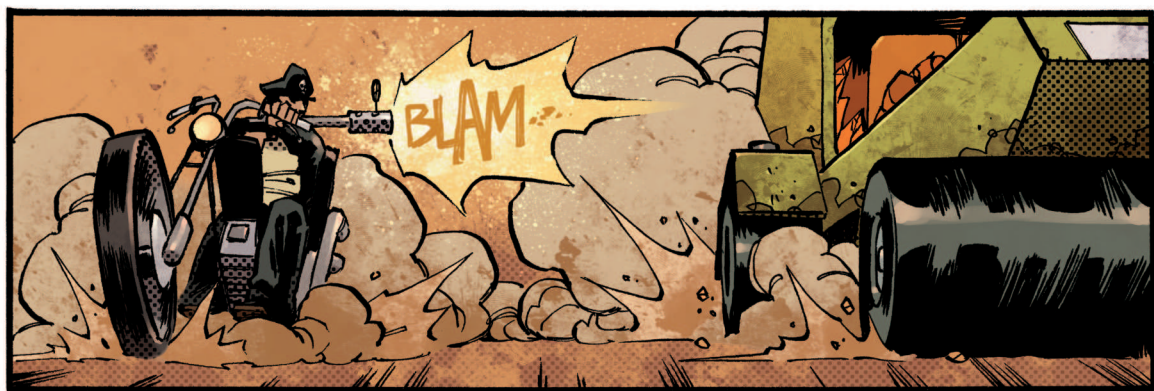


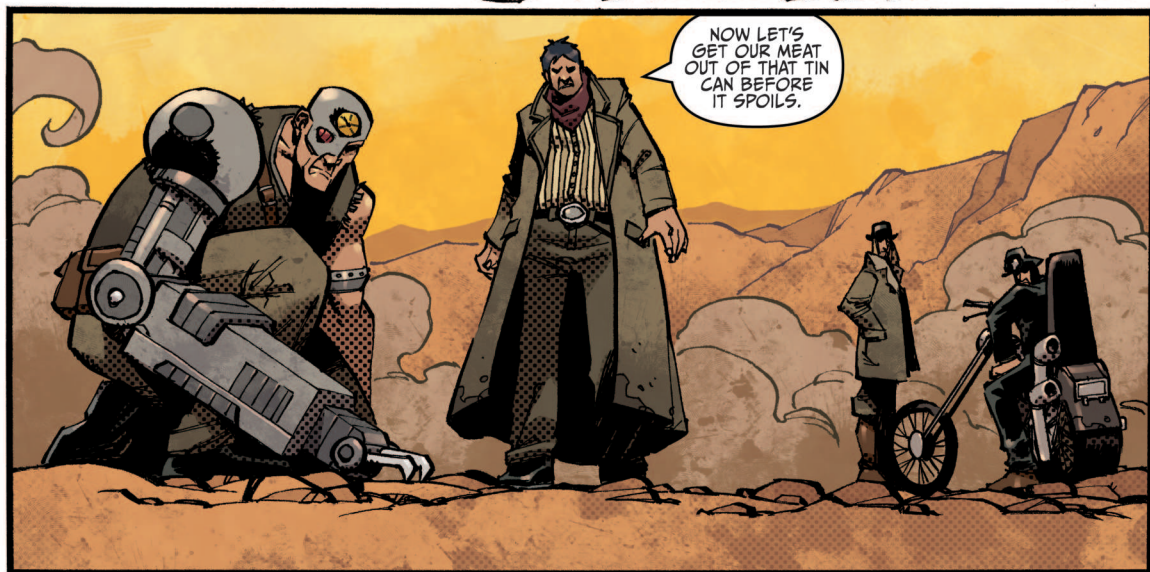
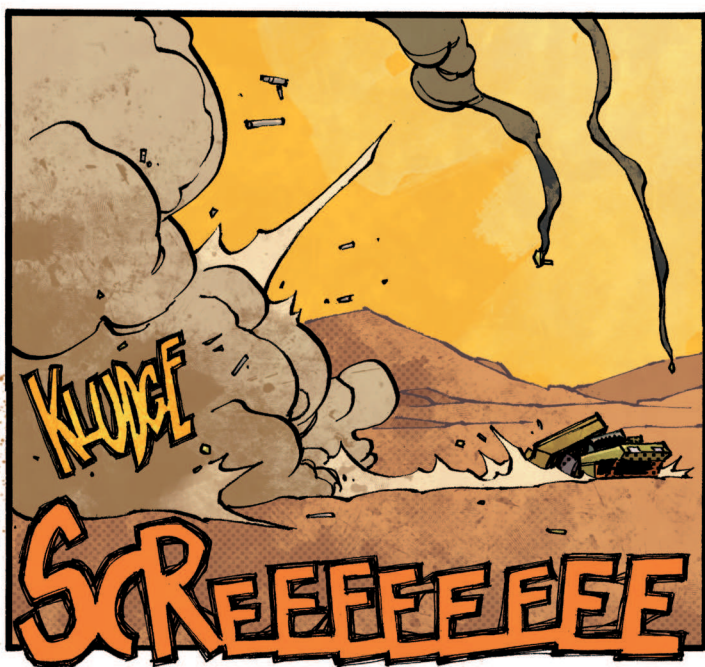
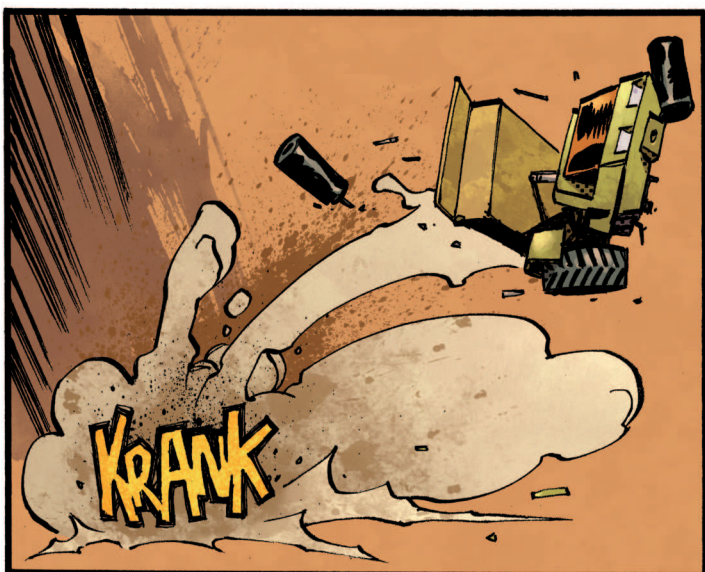
INTO THE CURSED FOOTHI! 7 TENDER IS THE MAN

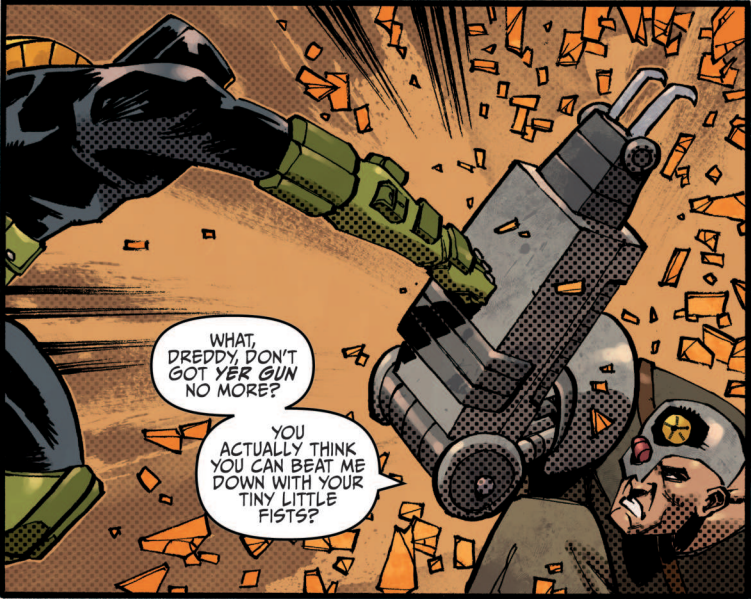














HOWDY, BOYS! WHAT BOUNTY HAVE YOU BROUGHT BACK FROM THE WILDS OF IRRADIATED AMERICA?

WE FINALLY GOT DREDD, CHEF. WE GONNA HAVE THE BARBECUE TO END ALL BARBECUES.



NICE, FRESH JUDGE MEAT AND... WHOAH, WHAT'S THIS?

IS THAT AN HONEST-TO-GRUD MULTI-EYED MUTIE?



AS YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD, I HAVE A FONDNESS FOR COOKING ODD BITS—EYES, TENDONS, EARDRUMS, YOU KNOW.

I AIN'T EVER HEARD OF YOU.

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? I'M THE LAST CHEF. THE ONLY NAME IN CULINARY EXCELLENCE BETWEEN THE TWO MEGS.

I DON'T EAT OUT MUCH.



THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M A BIG BELIEVER IN WASTELAND-TO-TABLE CUISINE.

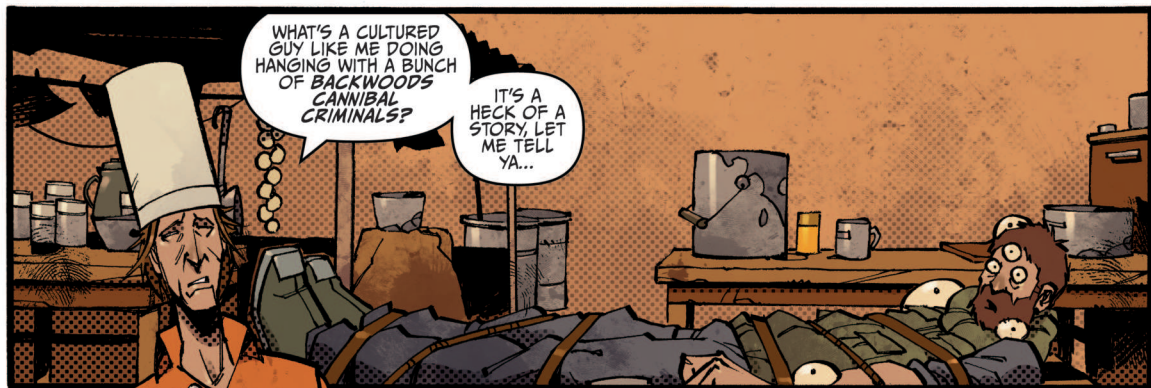
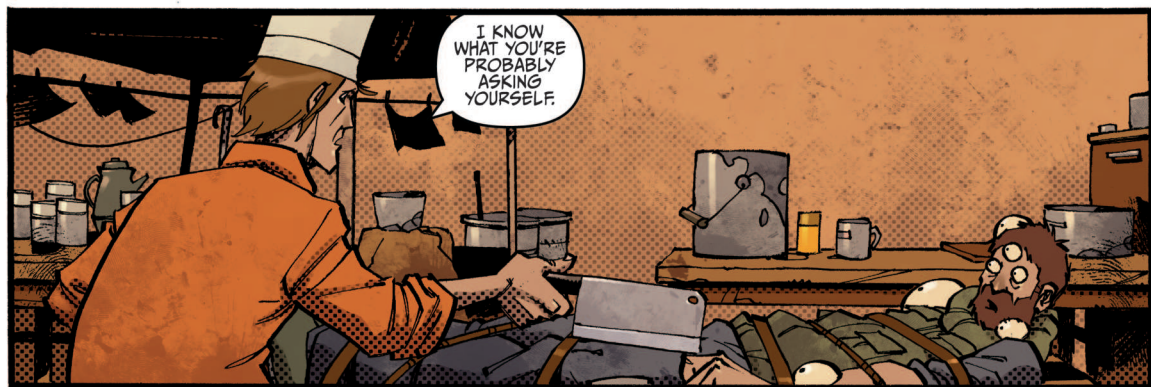
GENTLEMEN? WANT TO DO THE HONORS?



PEASANT FOOD IS THE BEST FOOD, AND IT DOESN'T GET ANY MORE PEASANT THAN A COUPLE OF FRESHLY-SCOOPED PEEPIN' ORBS...

WHAT ABOUT DREDD?

SET MEAN MACHINE TO TENDERIZE MODE.



INTO THE CURSED EARTH! HOW THE ANGEL GANG FOUND GRUB

8

I WAS BORN
SOMETIME IN THE,
OH, MID-20TH... I
WOULDN'T WANT
TO DATE MYSELF
TOO MUCH.

SUFFICE IT TO
SAY THAT I LIVED
IN DECADENT TIMES.
DIONYSUS WAS MY
GOD AND MY HOLY
WAFERS WERE
CHOLESTEROL
PILLS.

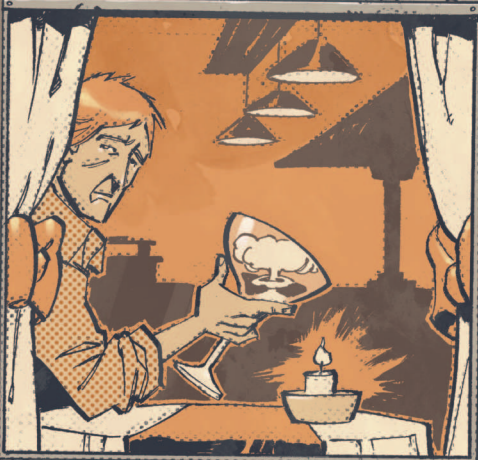
DOGS TOLD ME
THAT EPIC DOSES
OF GASTROSEC™
AND BLUBBITOR™
CHANGED THE
CHEMISTRY OF
MY BLOOD.

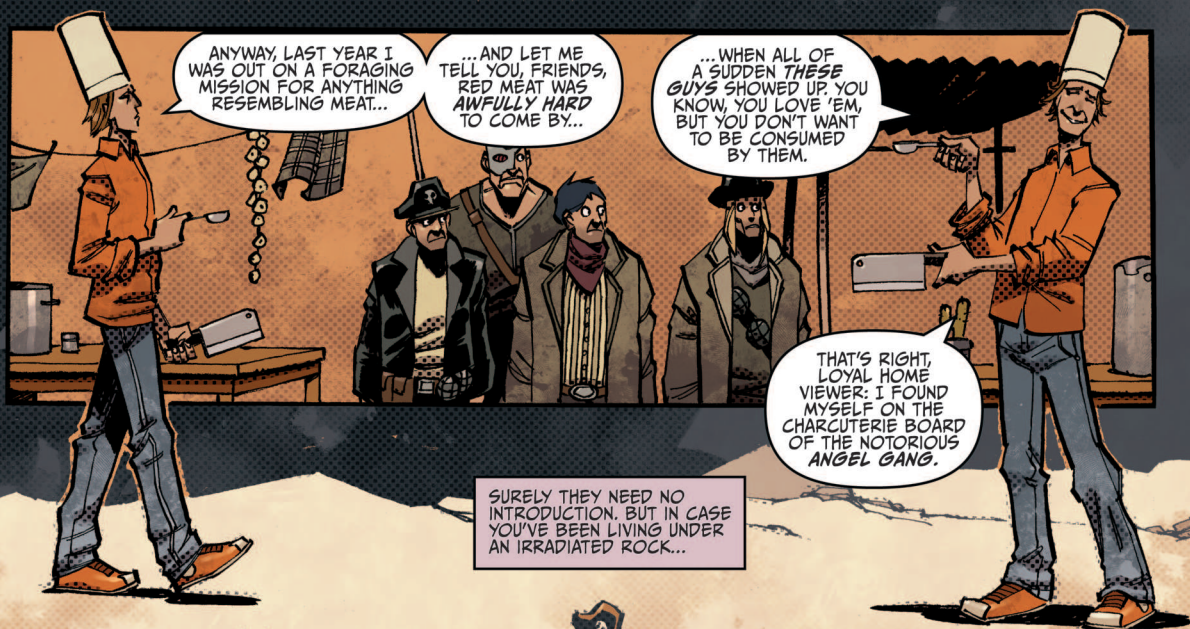
I LITERALLY
COULDN'T DIE.
NO MATTER
WHAT I ATE.

SO EVEN AFTER
THE REALLY BAD
STUFF WENT DOWN
IN THE LATE 21ST...

...I WAS STILL OUT
THERE, LOOKING
FOR SOMETHING
GOOD TO EAT.

Hell





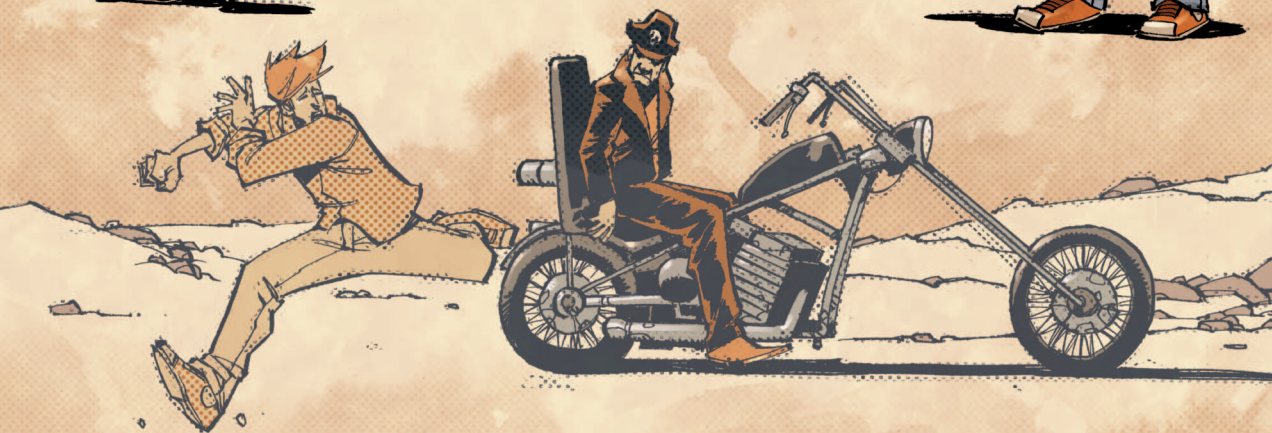
ANYWAY, LAST YEAR I WAS OUT ON A FORAGING MISSION FOR ANYTHING RESEMBLING MEAT...

...AND LET ME TELL YOU, FRIENDS, RED MEAT WAS **AWFULLY HARD** TO COME BY...

...WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN **THESE GUYS** SHOWED UP. YOU KNOW, YOU LOVE 'EM, BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CONSUMED BY THEM.

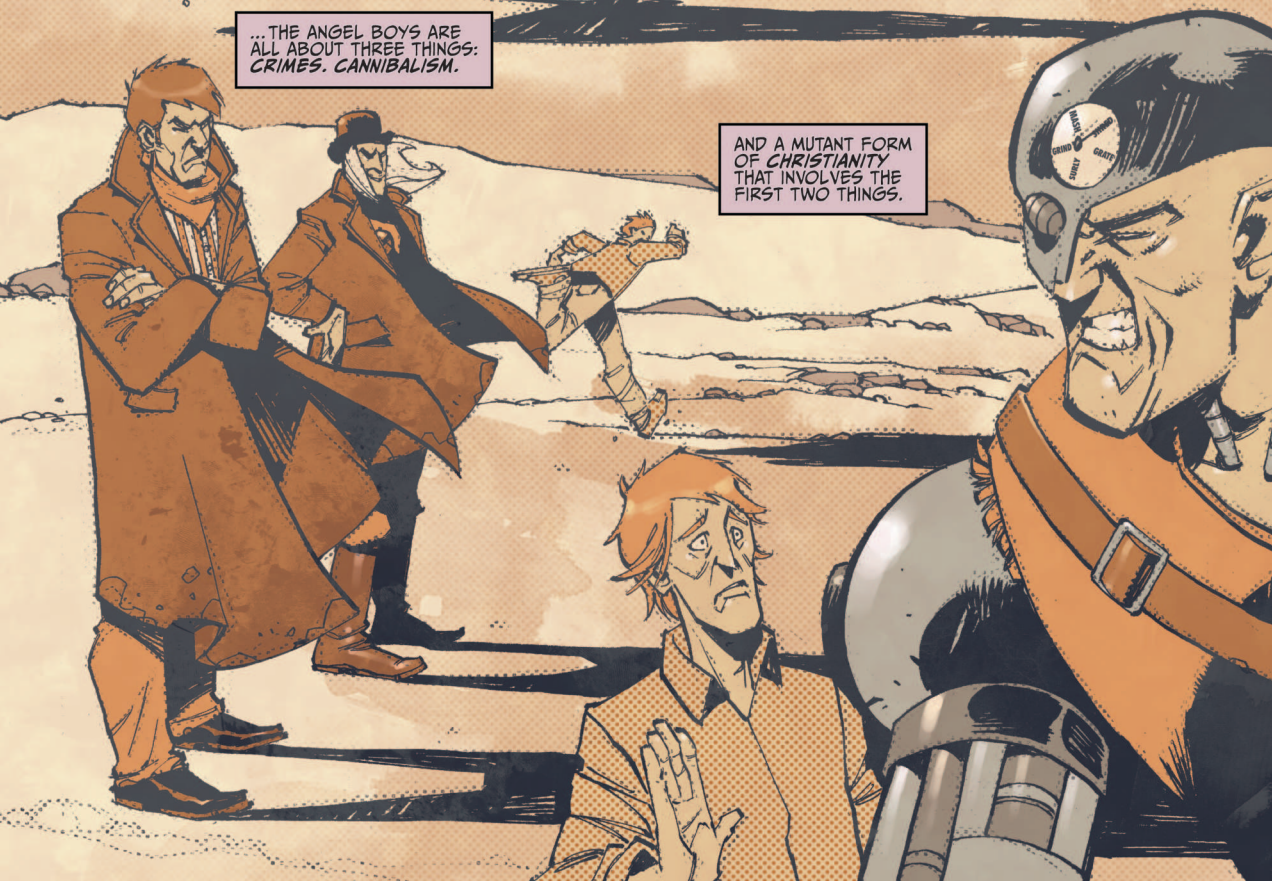
THAT'S RIGHT, LOYAL HOME VIEWER: I FOUND MYSELF ON THE CHARCUTERIE BOARD OF THE NOTORIOUS **ANGEL GANG**.

SURELY THEY NEED NO INTRODUCTION. BUT IN CASE YOU'VE BEEN LIVING UNDER AN IRRADIATED ROCK...



...THE ANGEL BOYS ARE ALL ABOUT THREE THINGS: **CRIMES. CANNIBALISM.**

AND A MUTANT FORM OF **CHRISTIANITY** THAT INVOLVES THE FIRST TWO THINGS.



STRAPPED TO
THEIR BUFFET
TABLE, I WASN'T
AFRAID OF DYING.



NO, FOR ALL I KNEW,
I'D REMAIN ALIVE AND
CONSCIOUS EVEN
AFTER THE ANGEL
BOYS CHEWED ME UP.

AND THAT'S WHAT *REALLY*
FREAKED ME OUT.

SO, IN MY DESPERATION,
I SHOWED THEM A
SIMPLE RECIPE TWEAK.



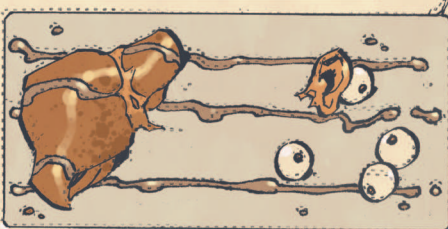
SOMETHING
TO MAKE RAW
HUMAN FLESH
TASTE JUST A
BIT MORE...
YUMMY.

SOON, THE
GANG HAD ME
PREPARING
EVERYTHING
FOR THEM.

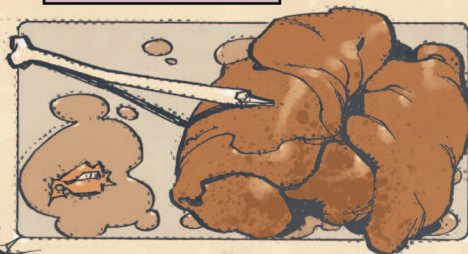
MY SPECIALTY
WAS GETTING
THEM TO SAVOR
THE WEIRD LITTLE
BITS THEY USED
TO THROW AWAY.

BLASPHEMY,
I CRIED!

IT'S A SIN TO ENJOY *PAN-SEARED
LIVER* WITHOUT SIDES OF
EYEBALLS AND EARS—A FEAST
FOR ALL THE SENSES!



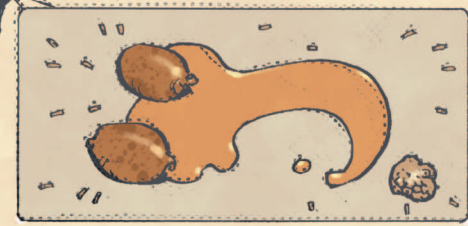
BREATHE IN DEEP THE
INTOXICATING RUSH OF
SOMEONE ELSE'S *LAST
BREATH*. AHHHHH...



I PROMISE, YOU WILL RUB YOUR
BELLY AND PRAISE GRUB AFTER
EATING THIS MAN-SIZED PORTION
OF *DIGIT-INFUSED BELLY*.



AND WHAT'S BETTER THAN,
ER, *SWEETMEATS*... IF
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A
TASTE OF HEAVEN?



KNOWING THE
GANG'S FONDNESS FOR
HIGHER AUTHORITIES AND
SUCH, I TOLD THEM THAT I
WORSHIPPED ALMIGHTY
GRUB, THE GOD OF
GOOD EATIN'.

AND LEMME
TELL YOU
THEY ATE THAT
UP WITH A
SPOON.





SO NOW
THE ANGEL
GANG HAS GONE
GOURMET. OUR
MEALS ARE **EPIC
PRODUCTIONS**.

I WISH CABLE
TELEVISION STILL
EXISTED OUT HERE IN
THE CURSED EARTH,
BECAUSE I'M TELLING
YOU, THEY'D BE
THROWING EMMYS
AT ME.



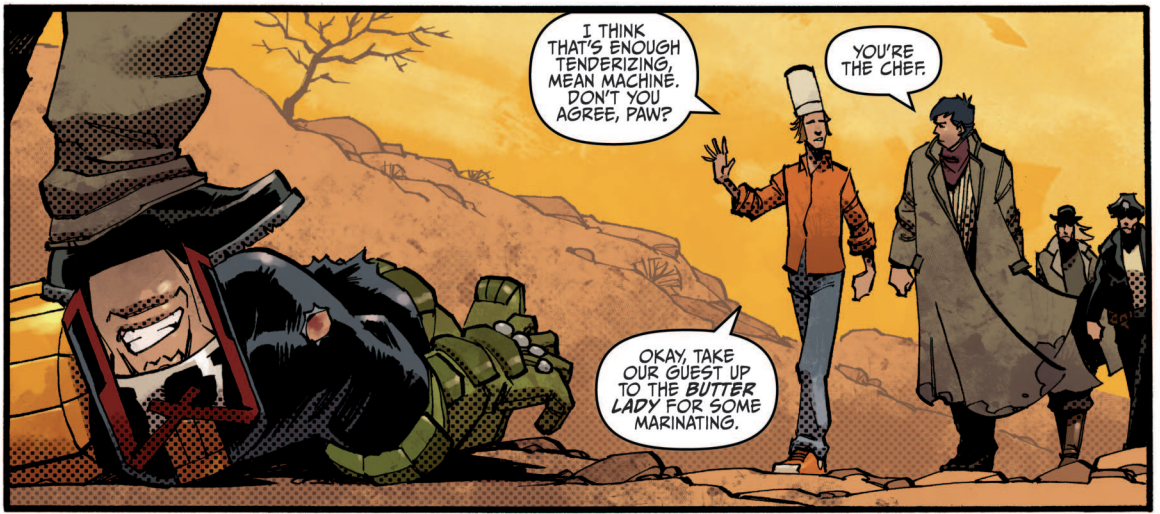
BUT THERE'S
ONE DISH THE
BOYS HAVE
BEEN **REALLY
HANKERIN'**
FOR...



"...ROASTED JUDGE ON A SPIT."



SO WHEN WE HEARD THAT OL'
DOLLY WOODRELL HAD CAUGHT
HIMSELF A JUDGE, WELL... I
KNEW I HAD A **CHALLENGE**.





NOW
DON'T
BLINK...



GRUB IS
MY SOUS
CHEF... THERE
IS NOTHING I
SHALL WANT...



MMMM-
MMMMMM.



YOU WANT
A LITTLE?

YOU REALLY,
REALLY
SHOULD TRY
THIS.



GRUD!



LAST ONE
LEFT... WHO
WANTS IT?

INTO THE CURSED EARTH! COOKING LIGHT WITH THE BUTTER LADY

9

OH,
THERE'S THAT
MAY-UN!

GIT HIM
OVER HERE,
BOYS.

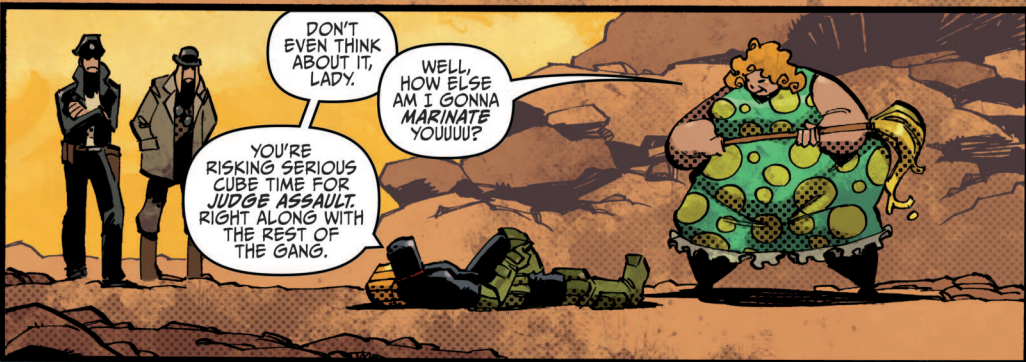
CAN'T WAIT
TO GET Y'ALL
INTO MAH
BUTTER!



DON'T
EVEN THINK
ABOUT IT,
LADY.

WELL,
HOW ELSE
AM I GONNA
MARINATE
YOUUUU?

YOU'RE
RISKING SERIOUS
CUBE TIME FOR
JUDGE ASSAULT.
RIGHT ALONG WITH
THE REST OF
THE GANG.



DROP
THE MOP!
NOW!

YOU'RE
AIDING AND
ABETTING A
WANTED
G—

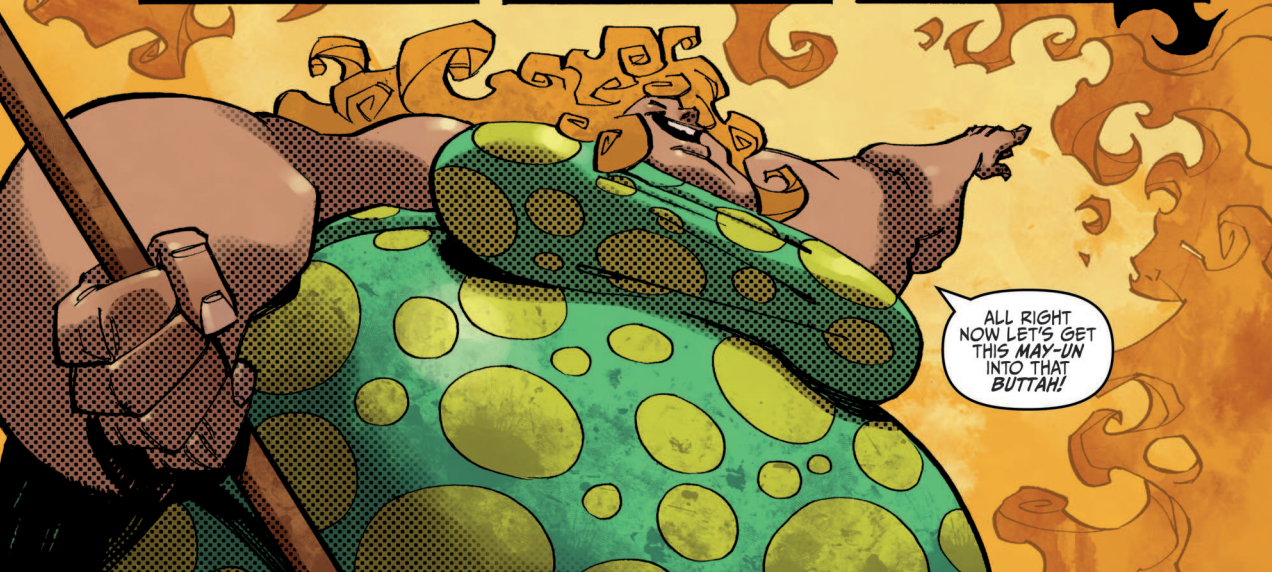
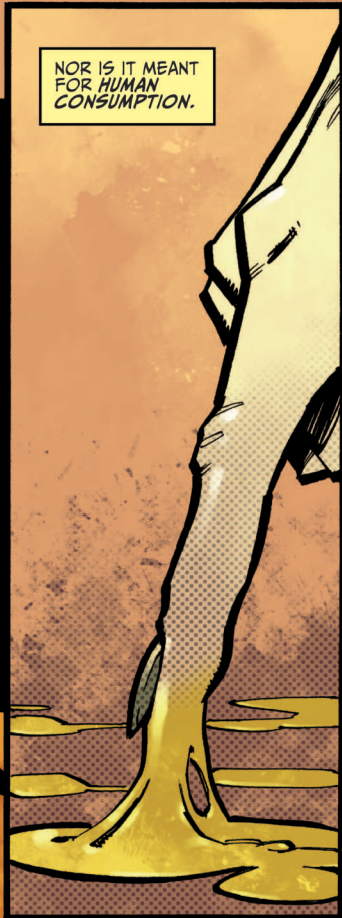
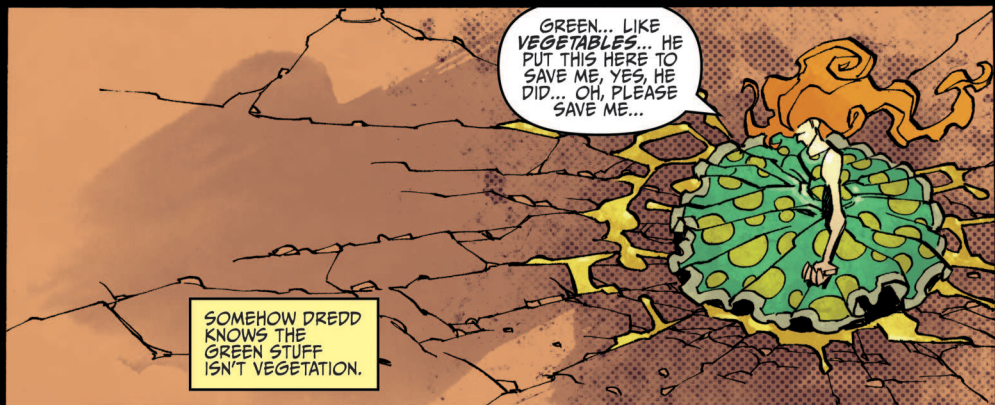


—GERG

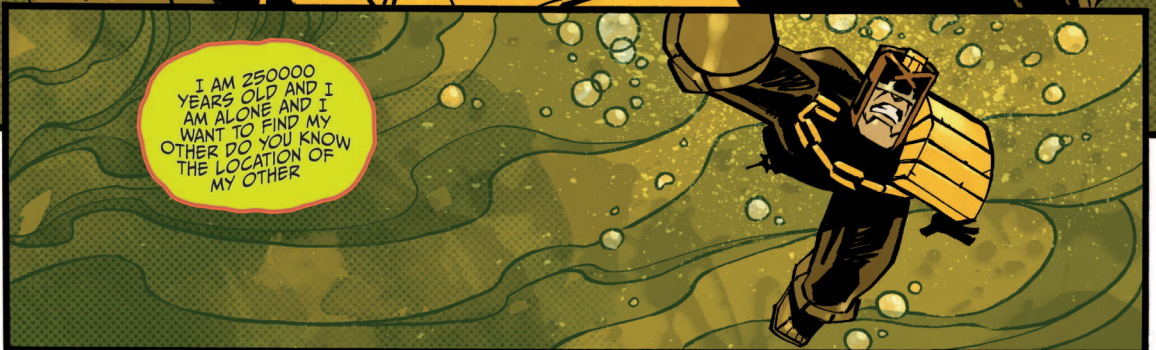
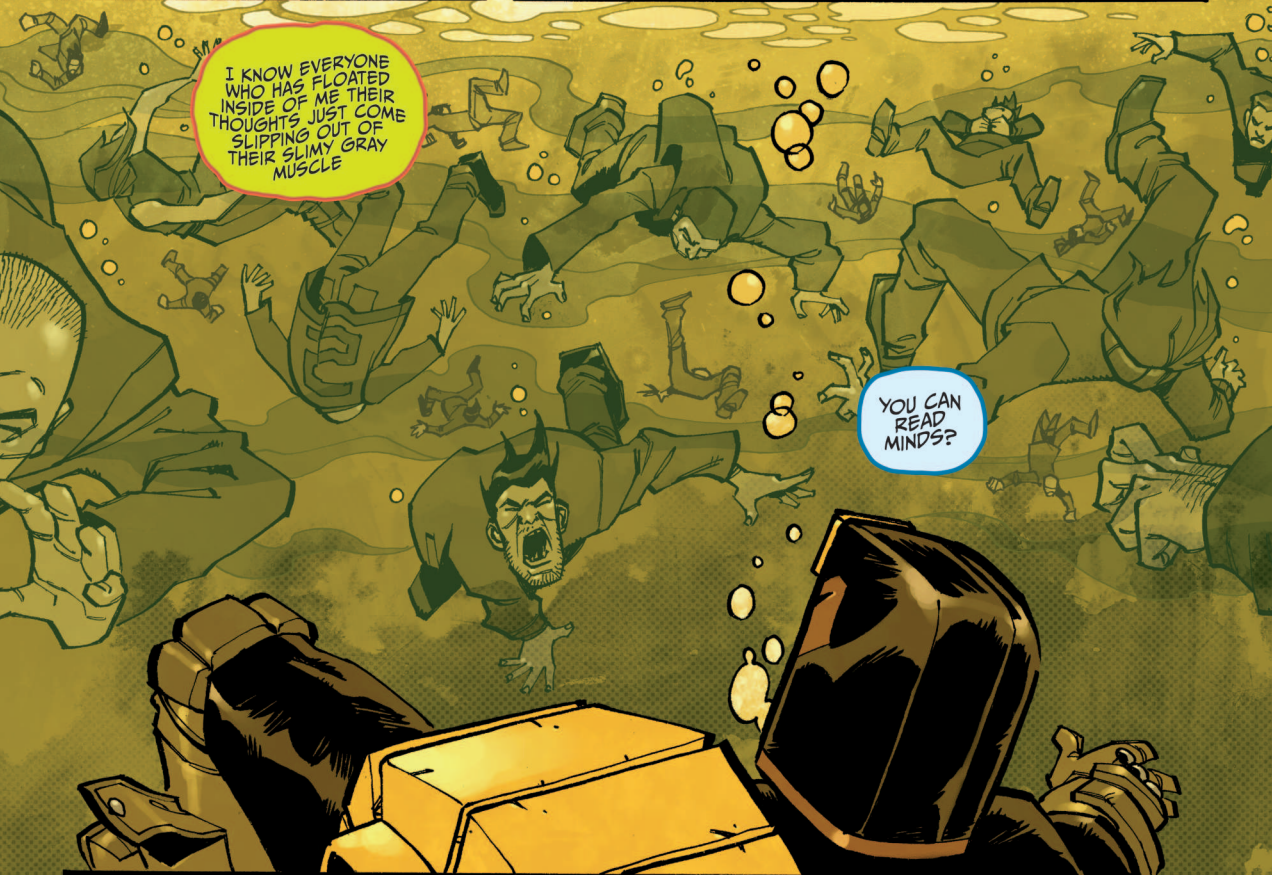
THAT'S IT,
SUGAR... RESIST,
GET ALL THAT
BLOOD FLOWING,
GIVE MAH BUTTER A
CHANCE TO WORK
ITS MAGIC. YOU'LL
TASTE BETTER
THAN SEX.

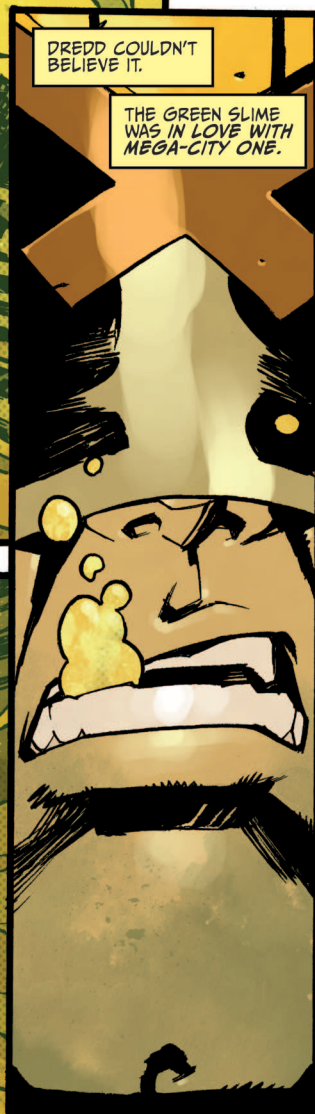
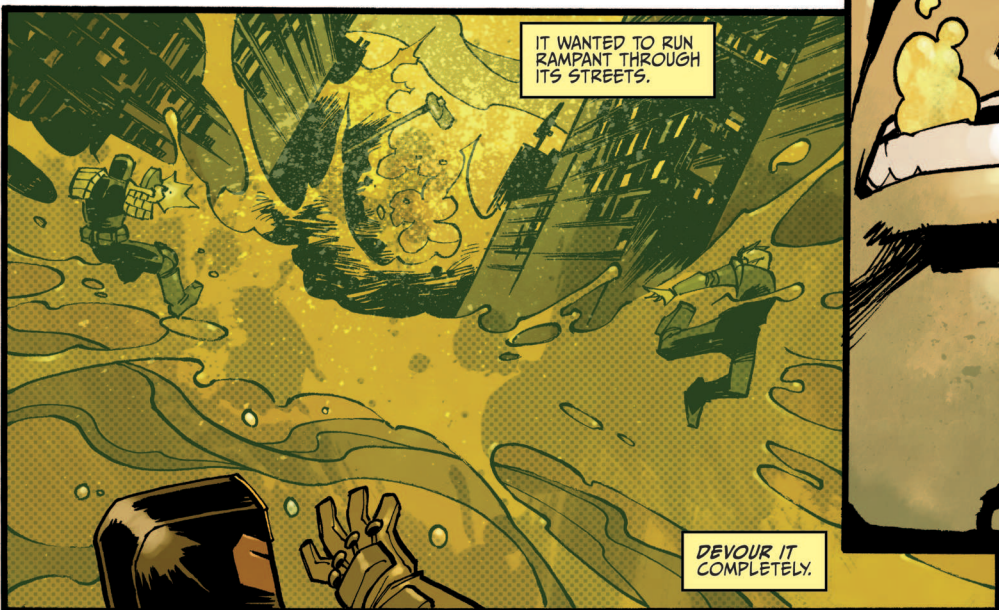






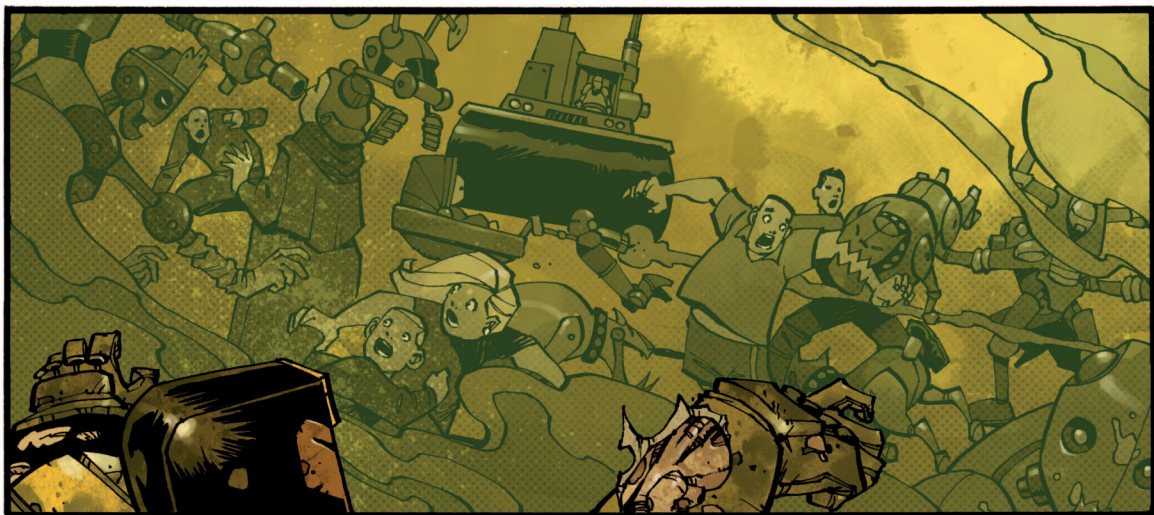
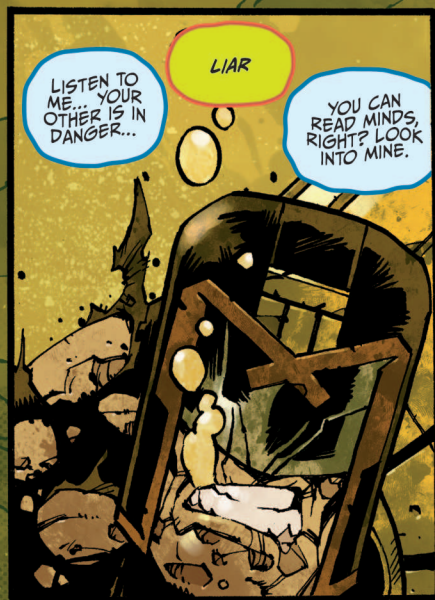






INTO THE CURSED EARTH! WHY BUTTER IS BAD FOR YOU 10

OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH, A SENTIENT PRIMORDIAL OOZE HAS THREATENED TO DISSOLVE DREDD COMPLETELY. THERE'S ONLY ONE CARD LEFT TO PLAY...



YOU CAN GO

BUT YOU MUST PROMISE TO INTRODUCE ME TO MY OTHER

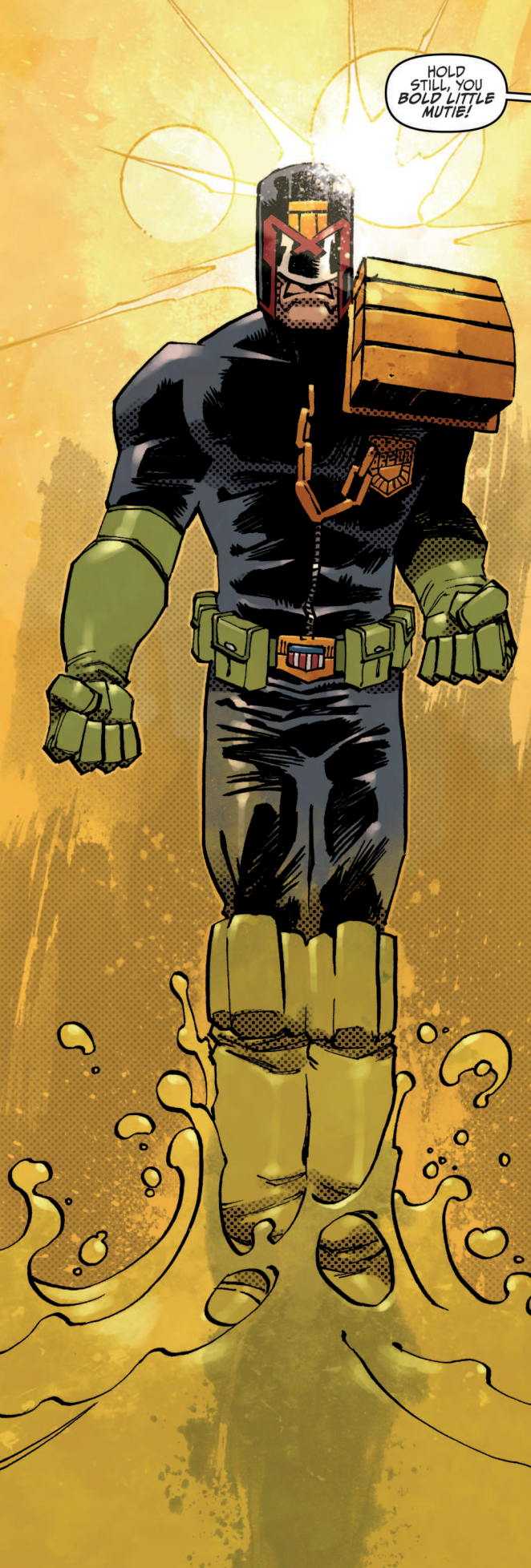


DREDD KNOWS THAT A LOVESICK OOZE UNLEASHING ITS PASSIONS UPON MEGA-CITY ONE IS A POTENTIAL NIGHTMARE.

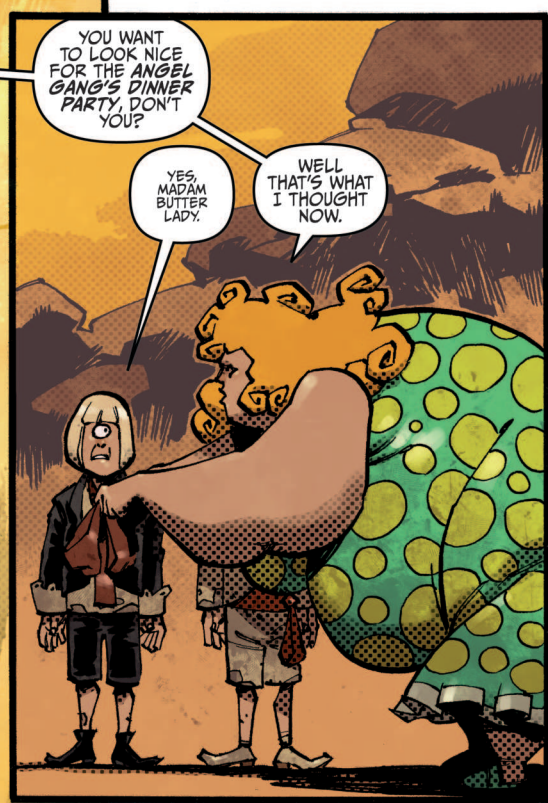
BUT THERE REALLY IS NO CHOICE.







HOLD STILL, YOU BOLD LITTLE MUTIE!



YOU WANT TO LOOK NICE FOR THE ANGEL GANG'S DINNER PARTY, DON'T YOU?

YES, MADAM BUTTER LADY.

WELL THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT NOW.



WE'VE GOT SOME RULES TO KEEP IN MIND WITH THE ANGEL BOYS.

ONE, NEVER, EVER LOOK THEM DIRECTLY IN THE AHHH!



TWO, IF ANY OF THEM BOYS IS FIXIN' TO EAT YOU... LET 'EM!

YOU'RE THERE TO *SERVE*, AND THAT MEANS *SERVE* IN ALL ASPECTS OF THE WORD!



THIRD, THE BIKER ANGEL FELLA MIGHT WANT TO STRIP OFF YER UNIFORMS, AND IF HE DOES—



KRAK

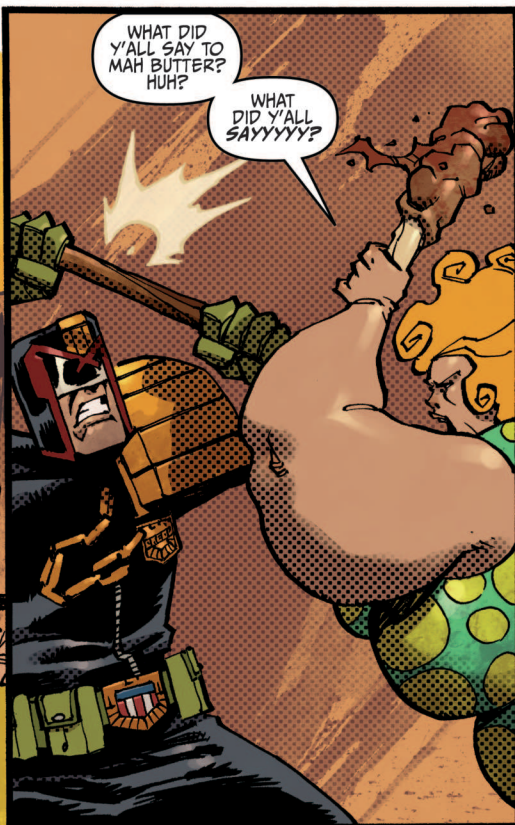
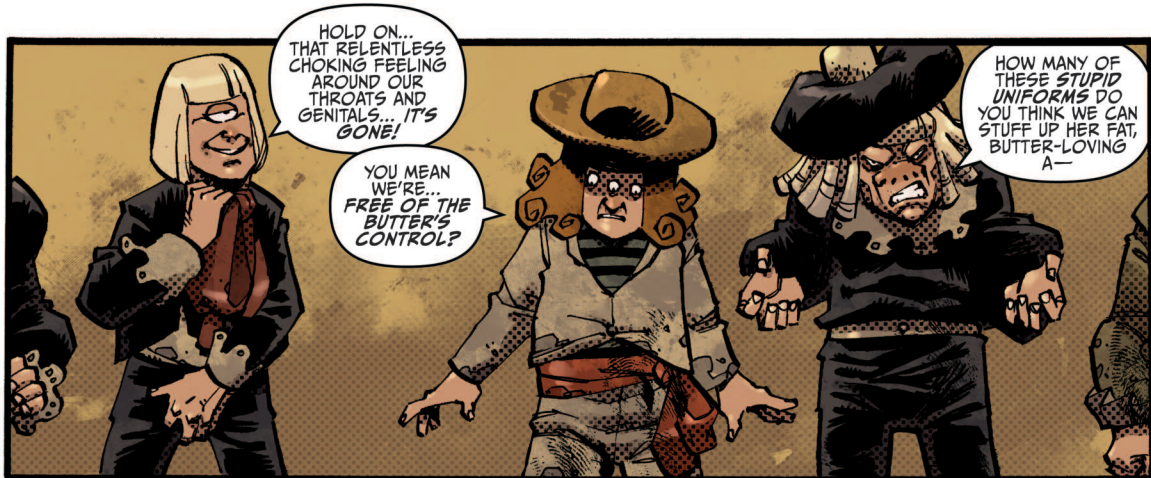


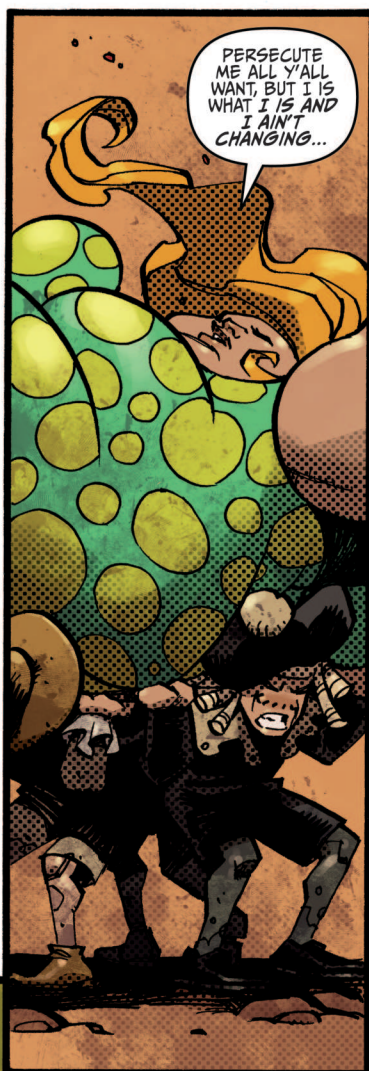
WHUT...

YOU BOLD MAY-UN!



QUICK, LITTLE ONES! PUSH HIM BACK INTO THE BUTTER! HE'S NOT DONE YET, OH NO, NOT BY A LONG SIGHT!





INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
FEEDING FRENZY

11

CAN'T SEE
NOTHIN'... NOT
A DANG
THING...

SNIF SNIF

WAITASEC...

...I KIN SMELL
SICKLY-SWEET
BURNING
MAN-MEAT...

...BUT I KIN
ALSO SMELL
CORDITE AND
BLOOD AND
'SPLOSIONS...





ANGEL GANG!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR FORCIBLE DETENTION, TORTURE, ORGAN HARVESTING, CANNIBALISM, AND JUDGE ASSAULT.

PREPARE TO BE SENTENCED!



OH NO. OUR MAIN COURSE AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY FROM US AFTER ALL THIS WORK.



JUNIOR AND LINK, MOUNT DREDD ON THE SPIT, GABBER TO PUCKER!

ALREADY AHEAD OF YOU ON THAT ONE, PA.



MEAN MACHINE, GET THE ROASTIN' FIRE GOIN'!

I'M FIXIN' IT NOW, PAW!



AND LAST CHEF, YOU SHOULD START—

WAIT. WHERE'S THE CHEF?





I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. I'M A CHEF, WITH ALL KINDS OF SHARP CUTTING TOOLS AT MY DISPOSAL.

I SHOULD STAY AND FIGHT ALONGSIDE THE ANGEL GANG, RIGHT?



WELL... THIS IS WHERE YOU'D BE *WRONG*. I HAVE A FEELING THIS PARTICULAR SHOW IS ABOUT TO GET CANCELLED, COURTESY OF THE MEGA-CITY ONE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

AND I WANT TO MAKE SURE I'M *RENEWED* FOR ANOTHER SEASON...



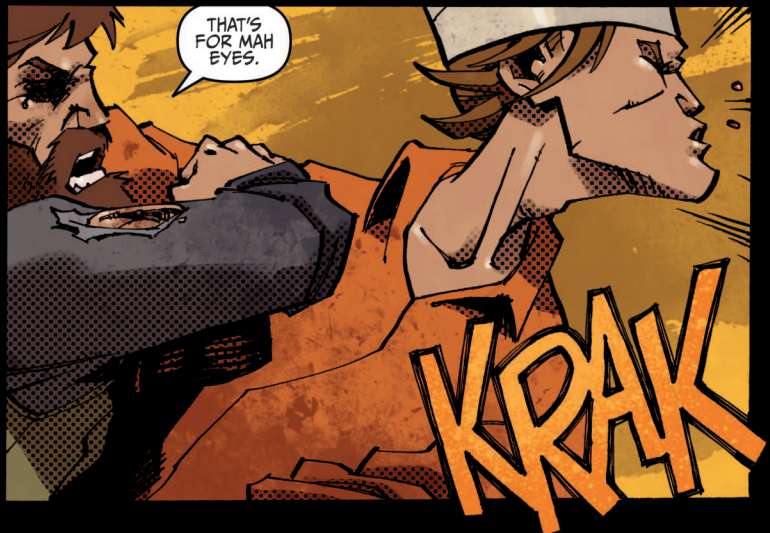
SNIF-SNIF

NOT SO FAST, PEEPER-EATER.

IN ONE NOSTRIL I SMELL DUST KICKING UP.



IN THE OTHER... RAW FEAR, SOME WEE TINKLE ON CLOTH.

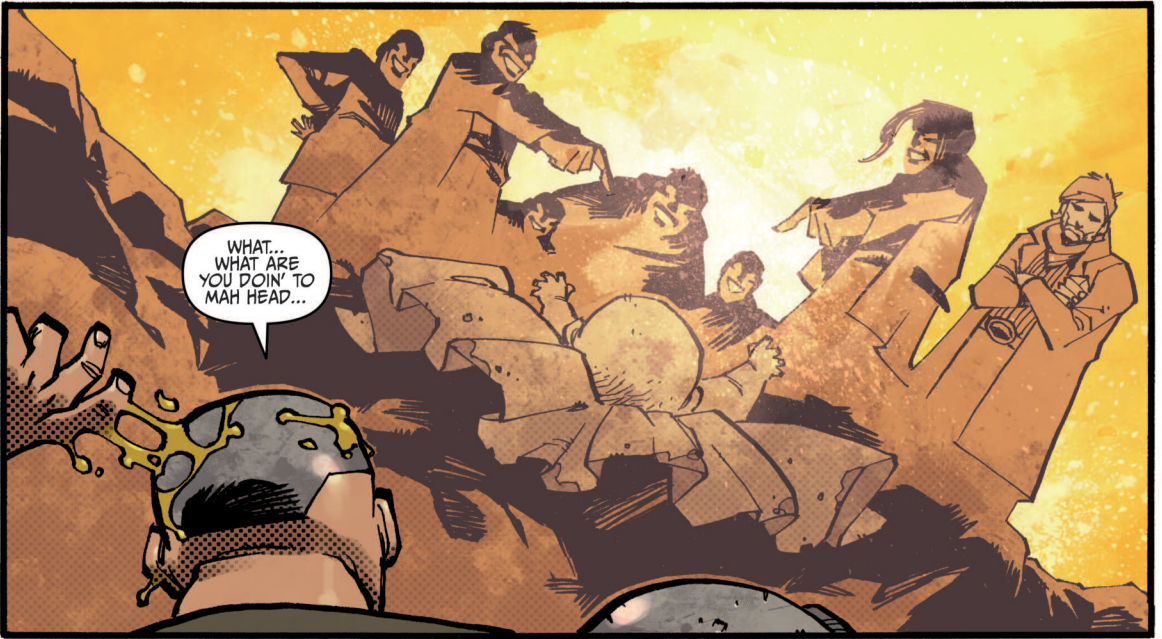
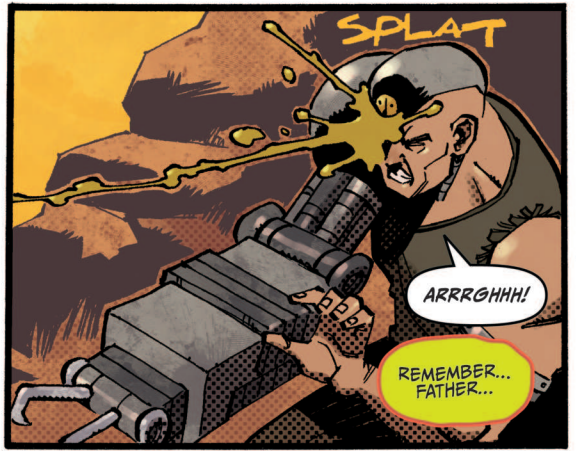
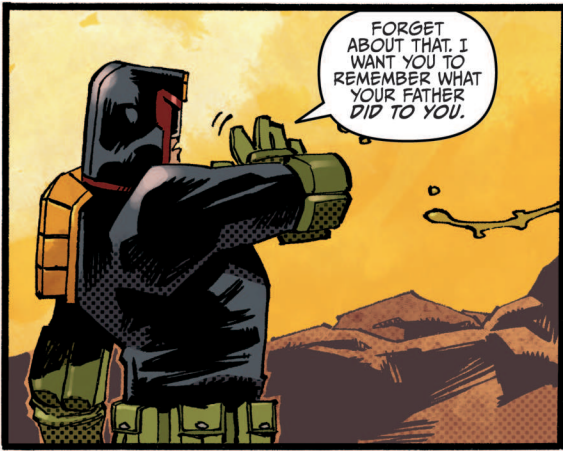


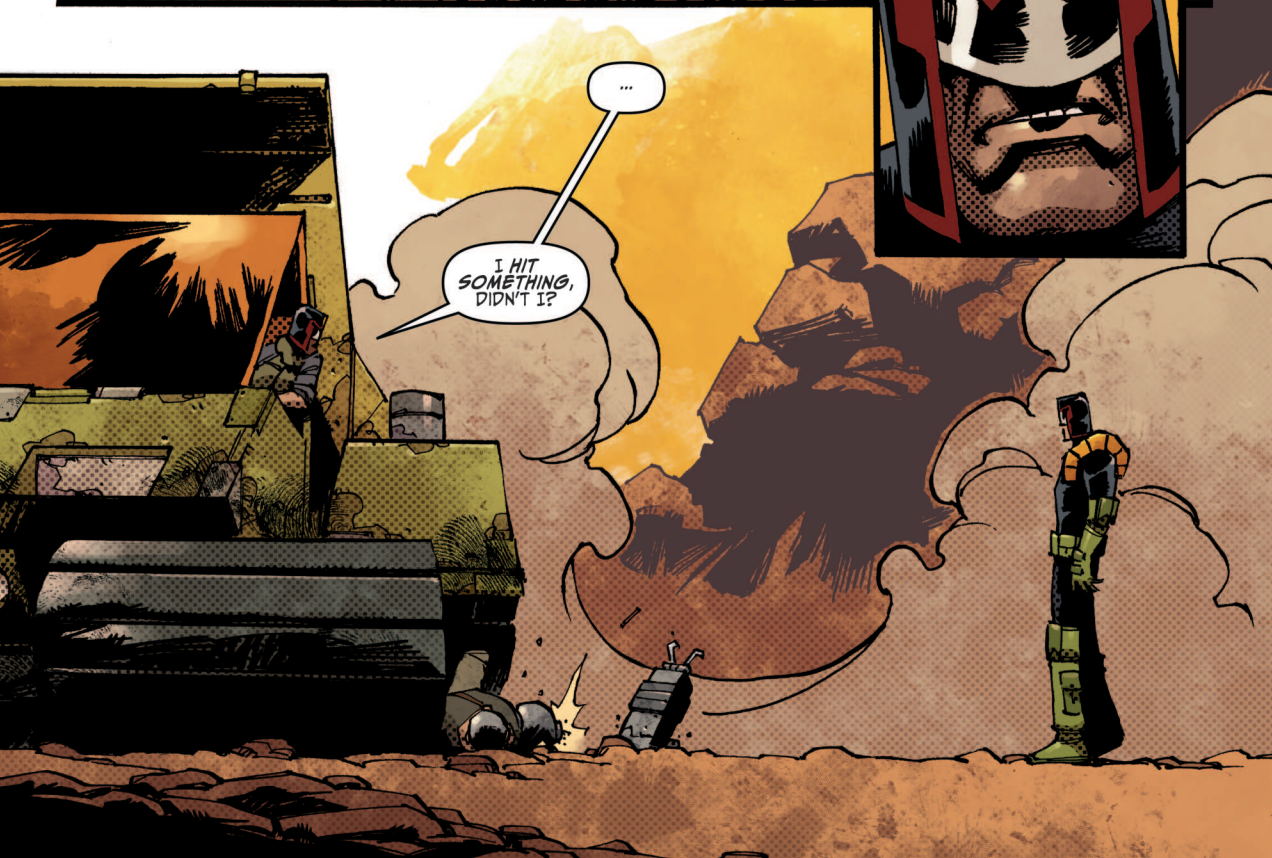
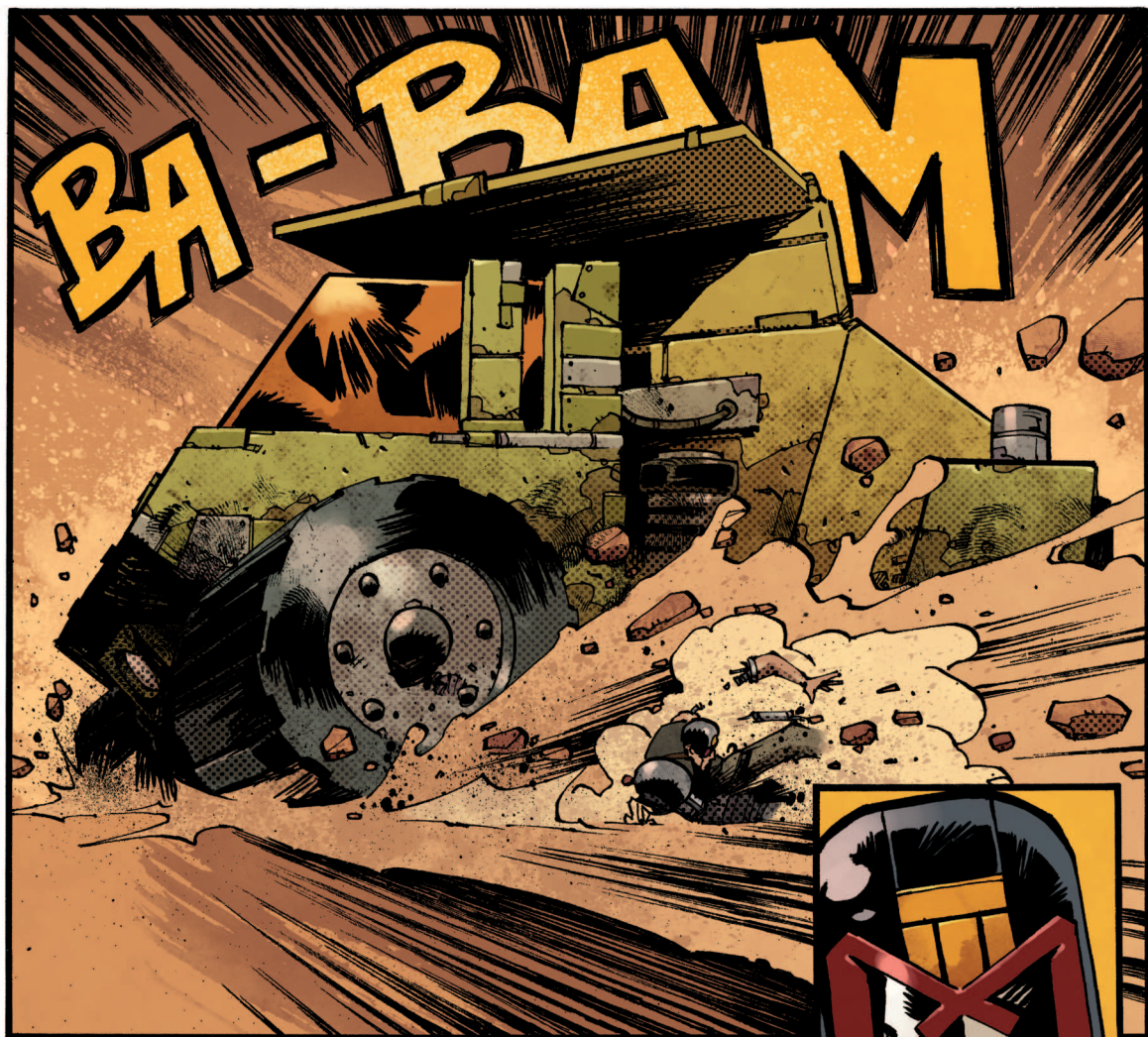
THAT'S FOR MAH EYES.

KRAK





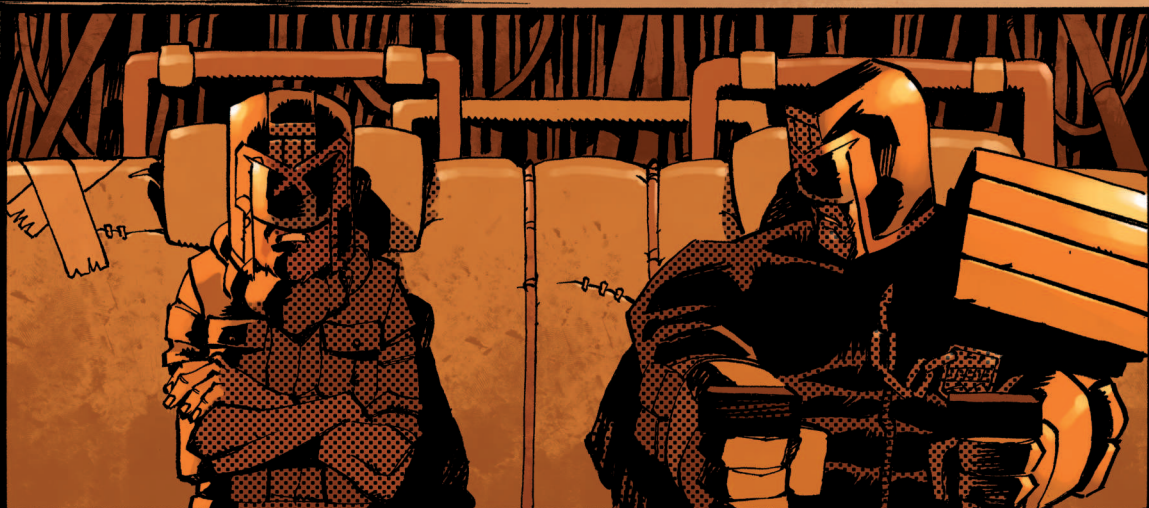




INTO THE CURSED EARTH!
FINAL CHAPTER...
DREDD PICKS UP THE CHECK



YOU WANT
ME TO TAKE
THIS OFF?



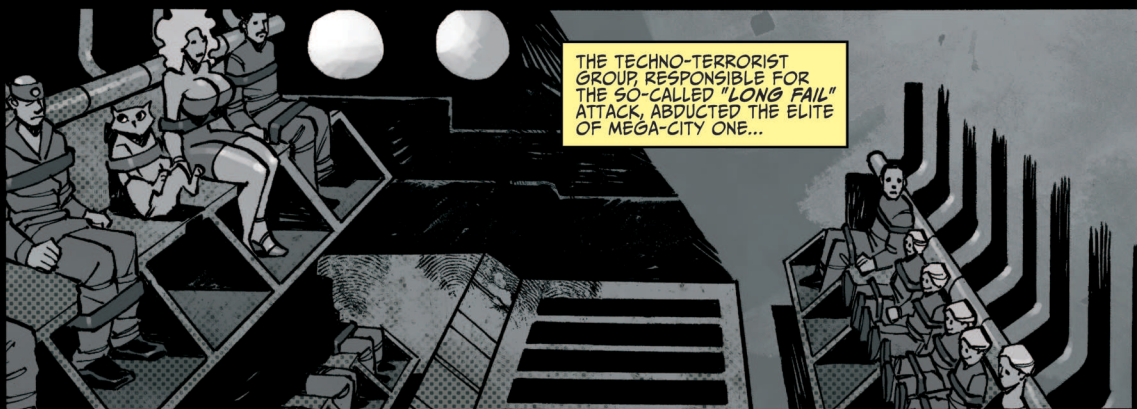
NO.

I'D RATHER
NOT HAVE TO
LOOK AT YOUR
EMPTY EYE
SOCKETS.

YER ALL
HEART,
JUDGE.

BUT DREDD CAN HARDLY
HEAR HIS MUTIE COMPANION.
HIS MIND IS ELSEWHERE.

NAMELY, ON THE
CIRCUIT COURT.

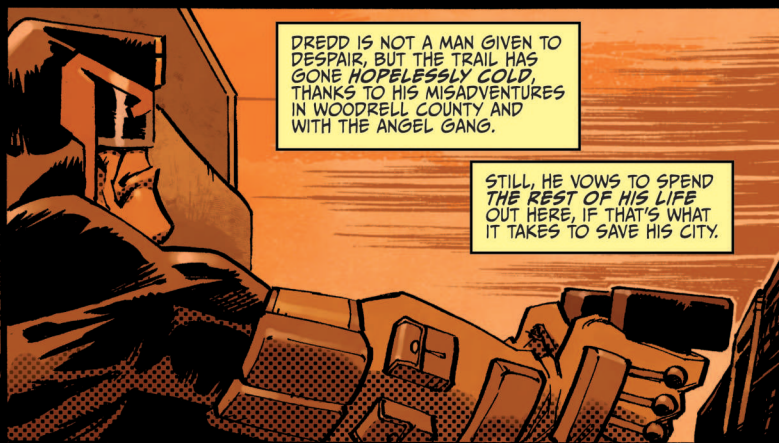


THE TECHNO-TERRORIST GROUP, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SO-CALLED "LONG FAIL" ATTACK, ABDUCTED THE ELITE OF MEGA-CITY ONE...



...AND CARRIED THEM INTO THE CURSED EARTH TO ESTABLISH A NEW CITY SOMEWHERE IN THE WASTELANDS.

LEAVING MC-1 TO TUMBLE INTO CHAOS.



DREDD IS NOT A MAN GIVEN TO DESPAIR, BUT THE TRAIL HAS GONE **HOPELESSLY COLD**, THANKS TO HIS MISADVENTURES IN WOODRELL COUNTY AND WITH THE ANGEL GANG.

STILL, HE VOWS TO SPEND **THE REST OF HIS LIFE** OUT HERE, IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO SAVE HIS CITY.



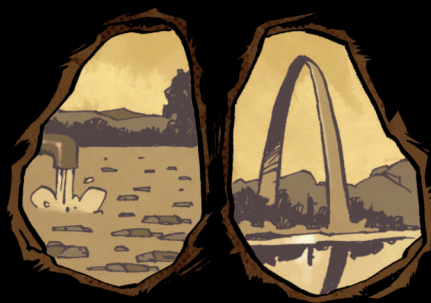
**SAFE
SAFE**

HEY, DREDD. CRACK A WINDOW.



WHY?

I'M SMELLING SOMETHIN' WEIRD.



ON THE EDGE OF THE RUINS, DREDD HAS HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE UNHOLY STRUCTURE THAT IS...

MEGA-CITY ONE.

CIRCUIT COURT REMIX.

CLONES OF THE ELITE
SLAVE AWAY UNDER THE
UNFORGIVING SUN.

C'MON,
KIKI FIVE!
DUH!

YEAH, KIKI
FIVE! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

SHUT
UP, KIKI
TWO!

KIKIS ONE
AND TWO,
LIKE, STOP
IT!

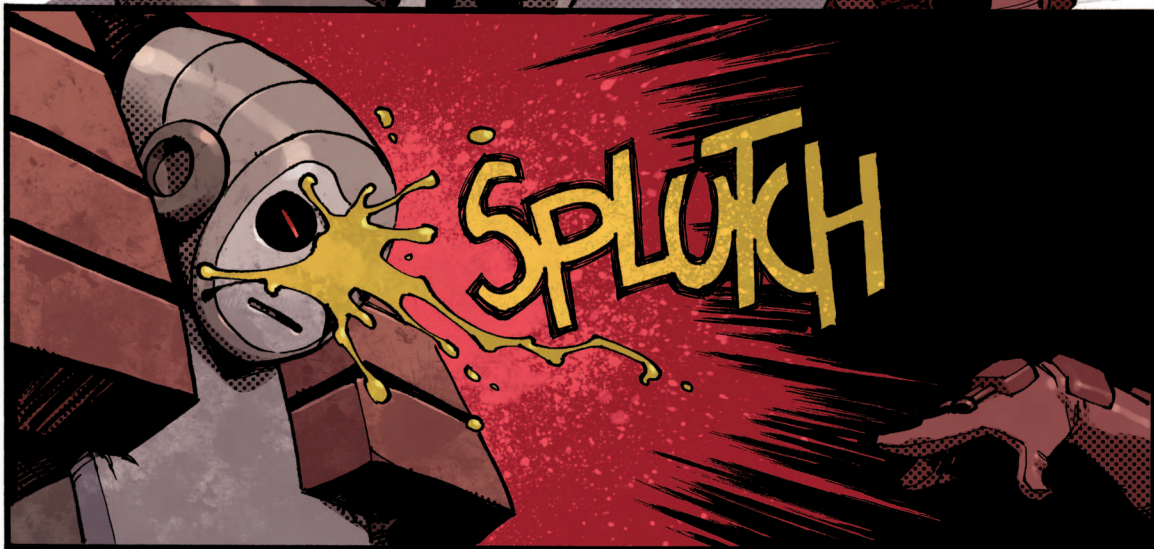
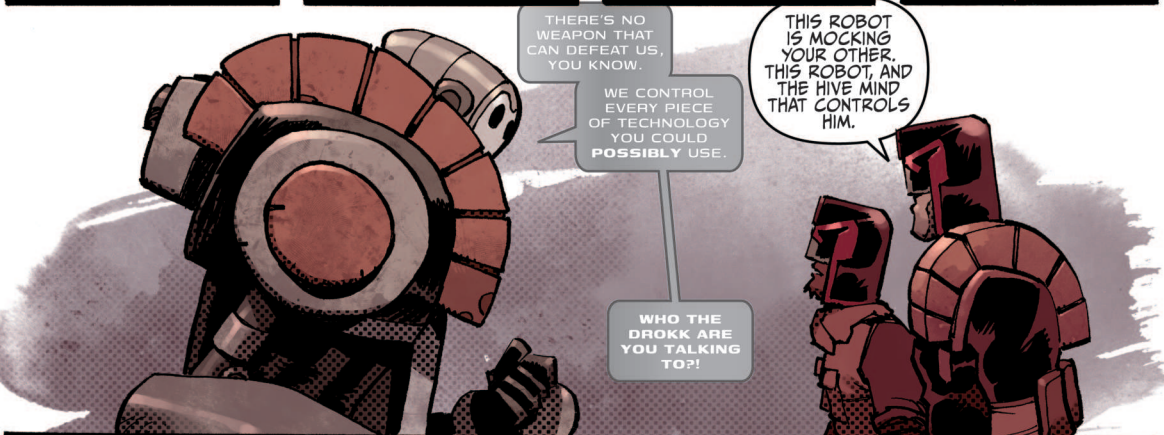
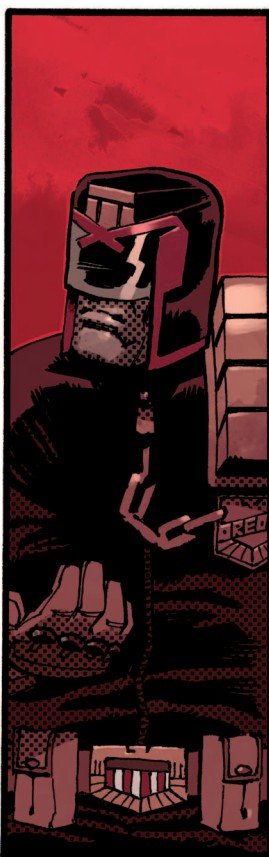
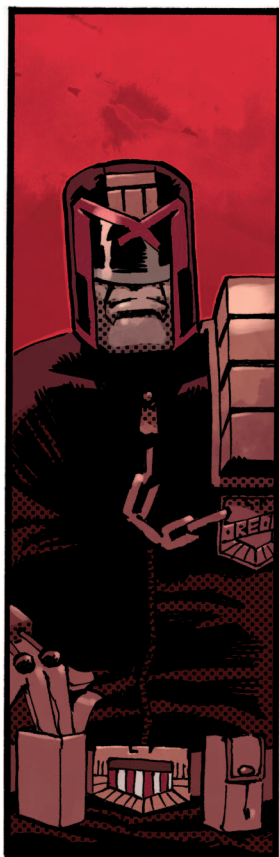
JOSEPH
DREDD! IS
THAT YOU
AFTER ALL
THIS TIME?

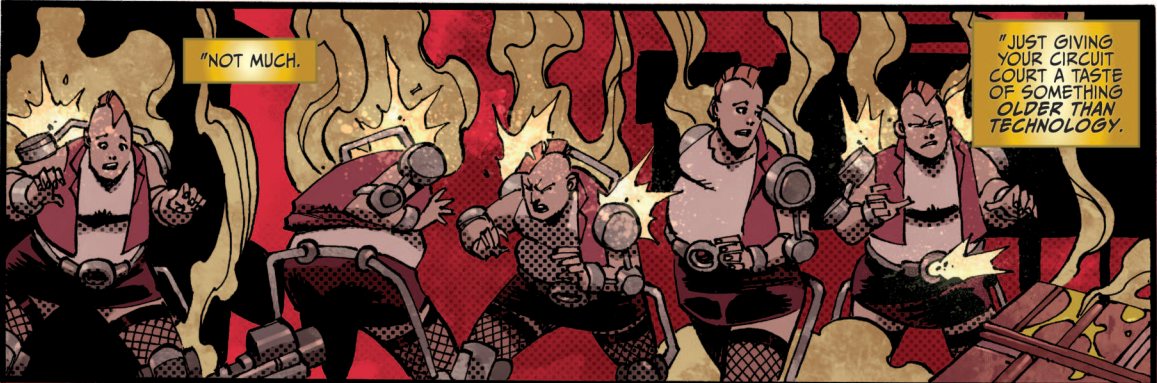
DREDD!
DREDD!
DREDD!
DREDD!

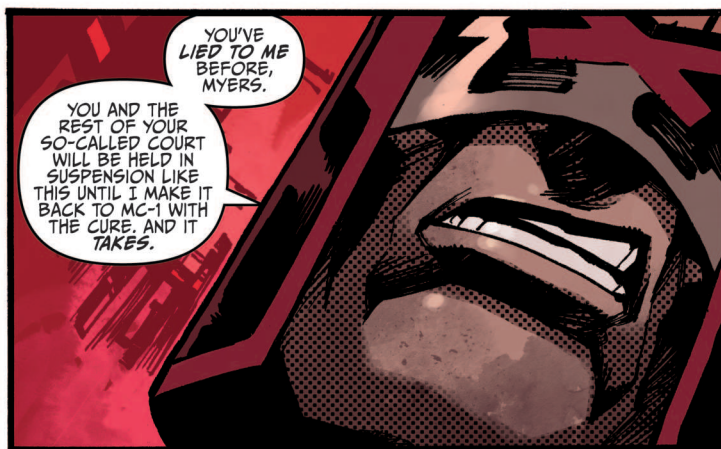
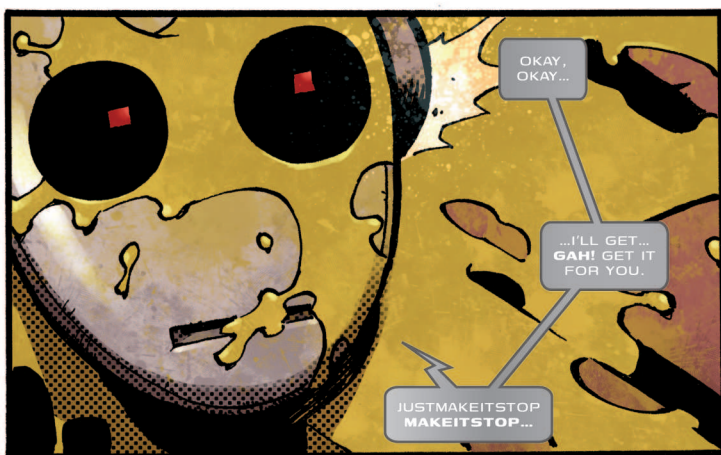
HAH! IT
IS YOU!

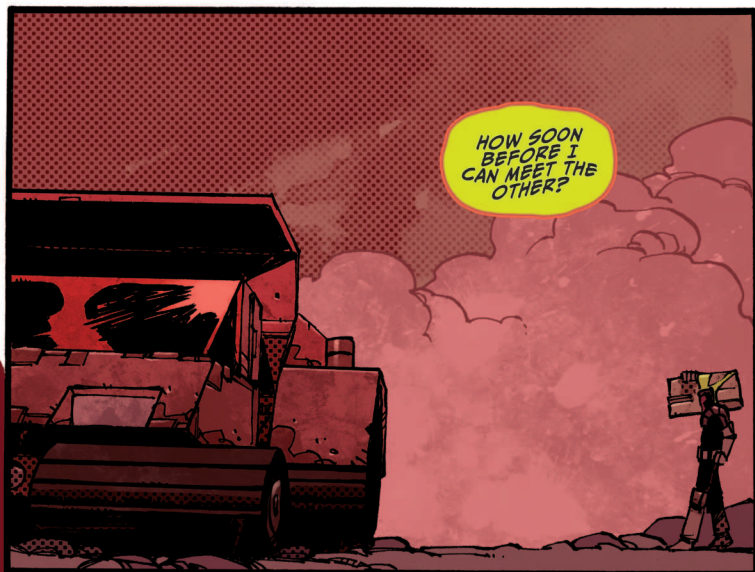
YOU'RE
TOO LATE
TO STOP
US, JOE.

BUT YOU AND
YOUR CREEPY
FRIEND ARE JUST
IN TIME TO BE
THE FIRST INMATES
IN OUR NEW
ISO-CUBES!

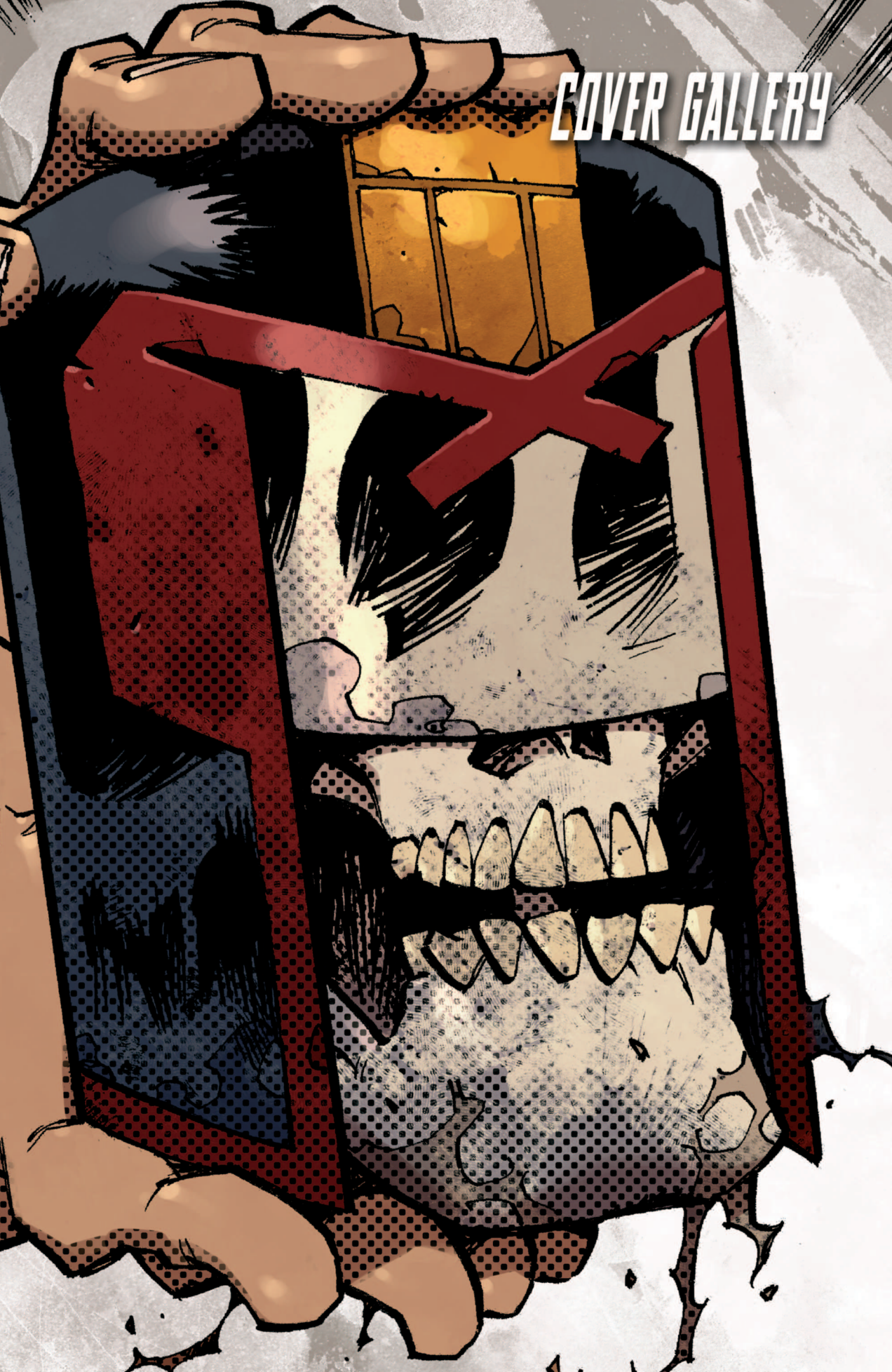








COVER GALLERY





ART BY *NELSON DANIEL*





ART BY *NELSON DANIEL*





ART BY *JIM CALAFIORE*



DREDD IS WATCHING YOU

JMB
2013

PAID FOR BY THE MEGA-CITY ONE HOMELAND SECURITY AND XENOPHOBE ACT

ART BY *JAMES BIGGIE*



ART BY **IRAN GIBSON** ★ COLORS BY **TOM B. LONG**

★ *An* **IDW**[®] *Cartoon* ★

JUDGE DREDD[™]



Produced by
SWIERCZYNSKI
DANIEL

IN **TECHNICOLOR**

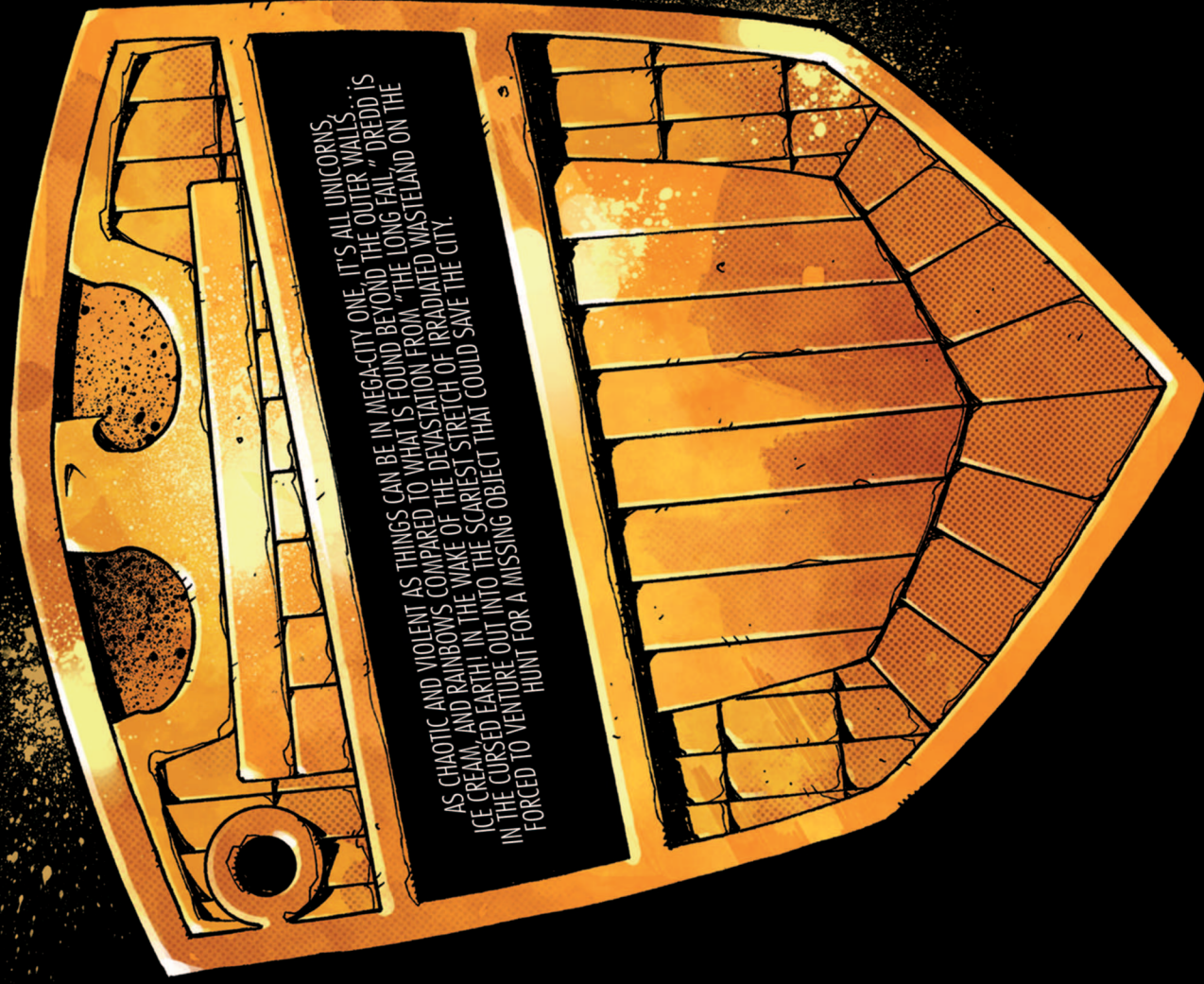
ART BY **PHIL POSTMA**



ART BY **ANDREW CURRIE** ★ COLORS BY **STEPHEN DOWNER**



JUDGE DREDD[®]



AS CHAOTIC AND VIOLENT AS THINGS CAN BE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, IT'S ALL UNICORNS, ICE CREAM, AND RAINBOWS COMPARED TO WHAT IS FOUND BEYOND THE OUTER WALLS... IS IN THE CURSED EARTH! IN THE WAKE OF THE DEVASTATION FROM "THE LONG FALL," DREDD IS FORCED TO VENTURE OUT INTO THE SCARIEST STRETCH OF IRRADIATED WASTELAND ON THE HUNT FOR A MISSING OBJECT THAT COULD SAVE THE CITY.

IDW[®]