

JUDGE DREDD[®]

VOLUME 4



13 BADGES

A stylized, high-contrast illustration of Judge Dredd's face in profile, looking down. The character has a stern expression, with a prominent nose and a slight frown. The background is a mix of light blue and yellow, with a large, dark, textured shape behind the character's head. The character's hair and uniform details are rendered with a halftone dot pattern.

JUDGE DREDD

VOLUME 4

CREATED BY *JOHN WAGNER* AND *CARLOS EZQUERRA*

JUDGE DREDD®

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13 BADGES

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#13 • CVR RI

**SWIERCZYNSKI
STANISCI
DOWNER**

**ARTIST'S
EDITION**

AE

COVER

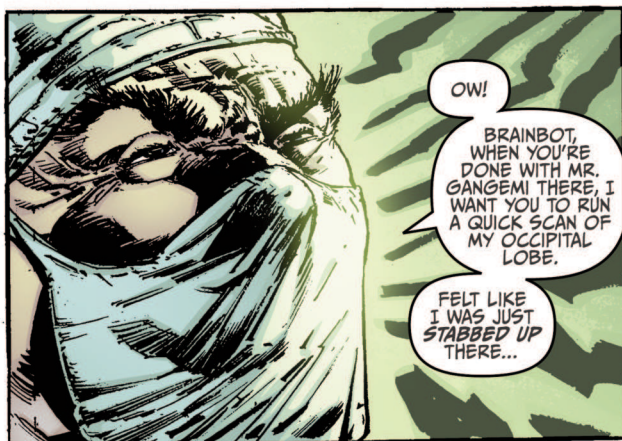
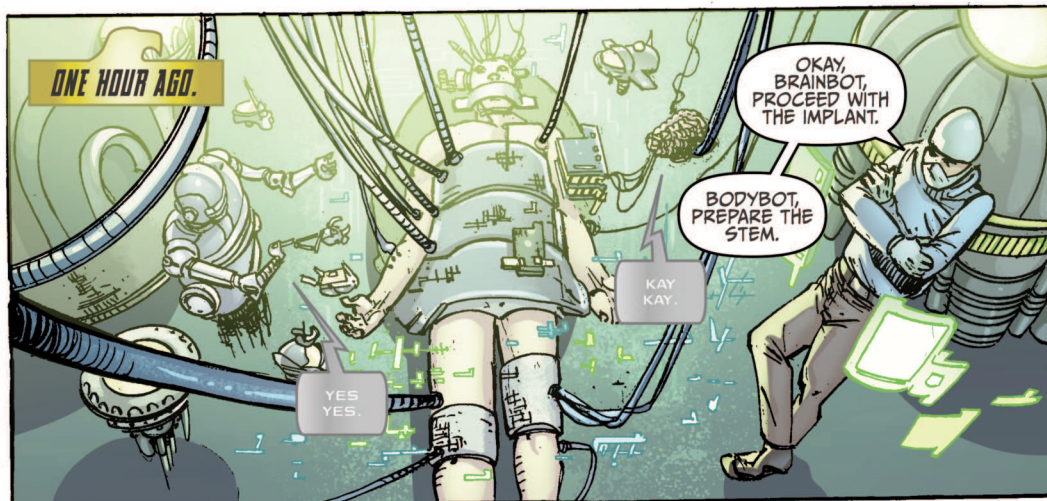
JUDGE DREDD

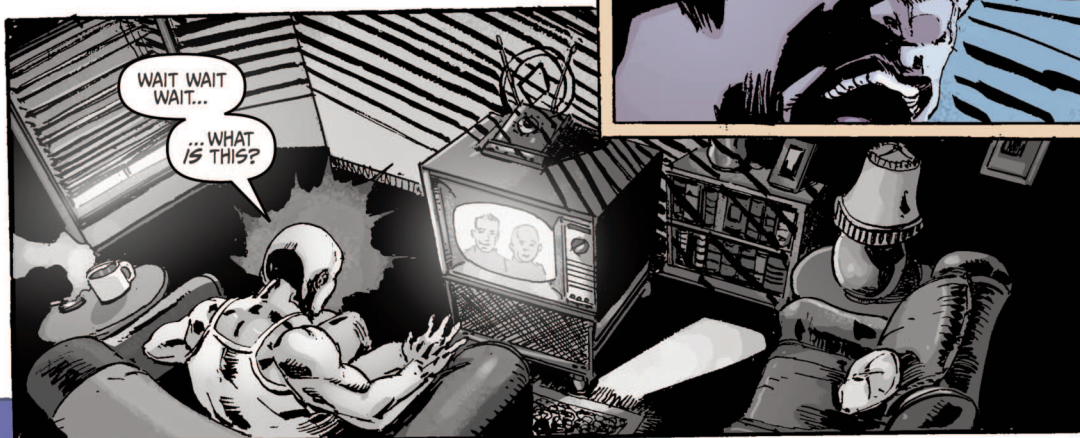
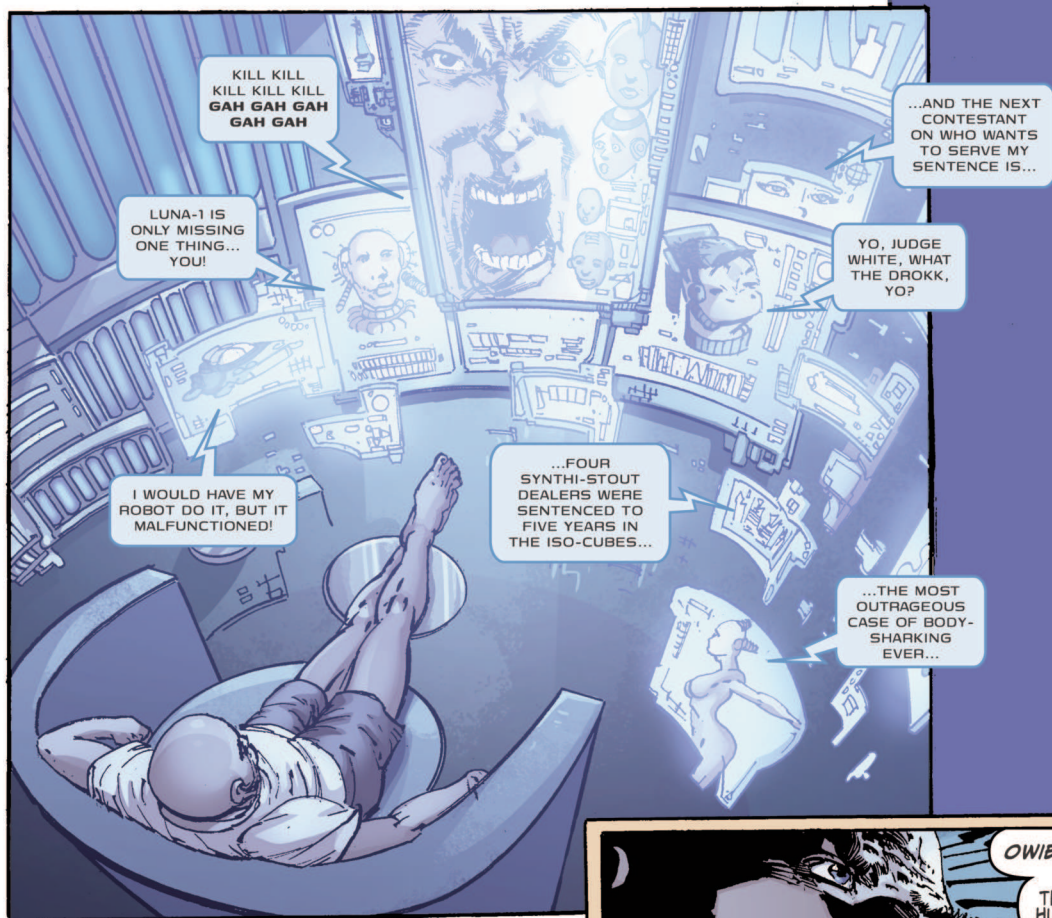
JIM RUGG

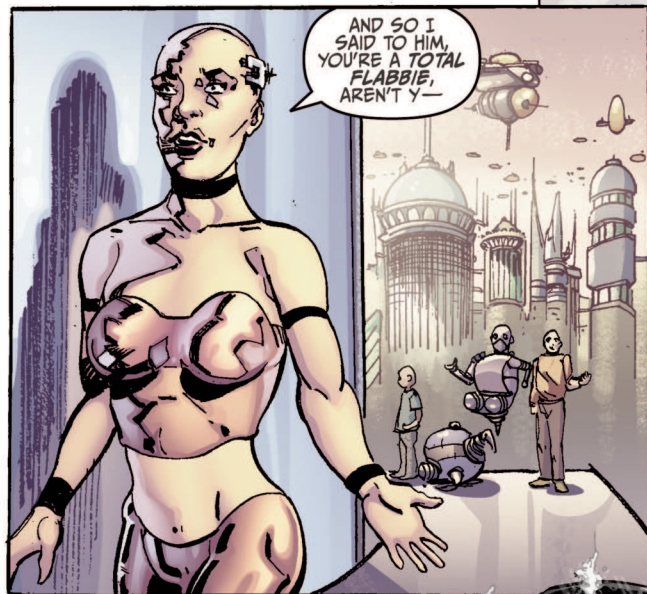
POST GRAPHICS
YELLOW RED BLUE BLACK

ART BY **JIM RUGG**









AND SO I SAID TO HIM, YOU'RE A TOTAL FLABBY, AREN'T Y—



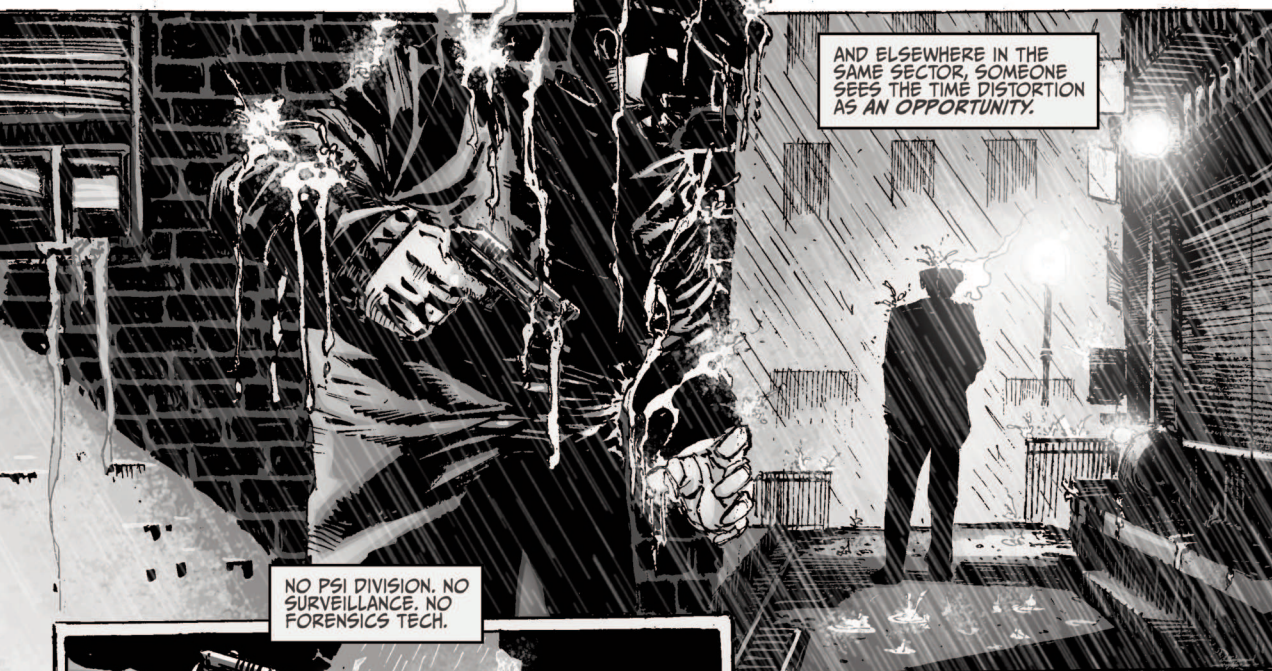
GAHHHHHHH!

GAHHHHHHH!

GAHHHHHHH!

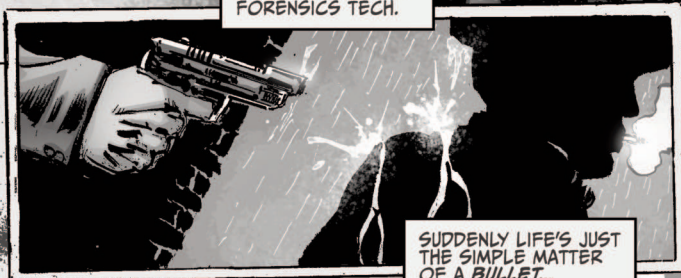
...

...CAN YOU STILL HEAR ME?



AND ELSEWHERE IN THE SAME SECTOR, SOMEONE SEES THE TIME DISTORTION AS AN OPPORTUNITY.

NO PSI DIVISION. NO SURVEILLANCE. NO FORENSICS TECH.



SUDDENLY LIFE'S JUST THE SIMPLE MATTER OF A BULLET...

...AND SOMEBODY'S BRAIN.

CONTROL, I'M
HERE. I'LL REPORT
BACK AS SOON I
FIGURE OUT WHAT'S
GOING ON.

BUT I THINK
WE'RE LOOKING
AT MORE OF
THIS TECH FAIL
BUSINESS.

OVER
AND—

UHHW!

DREDD,
ARE YOU...

TSSCCCHHHHHHH

KLICK

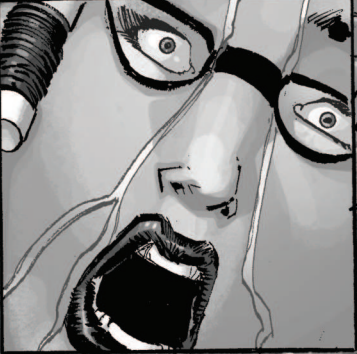


JUDGE JOSEPH DREDD IN...

French for Black

SCREEN STORY BY DUNE IWIERCZYNSKI
DIRECTED BY JOHN DANILOVIC
VISUAL EFFECTS BY STEPHEN DOWNER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY CHRIS RYALL

DROKK
ME...



WHAT IS THIS ON MY BODY?

GRUD, WE'VE DEVOLVED INTO SAVAGES! LOOK AT ALL OF US!

HEY! PIPE DOWN OR FACE A WEEK IN THE ISO-CUBES.

ISO-CUBES? WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, MR. JOHN Q. LAW?

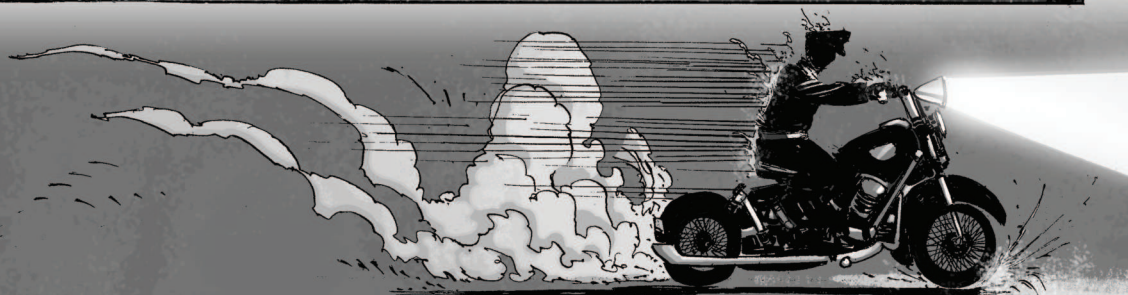
WE'VE BEEN PLUNGED BACK INTO THE DARK AGES!

LOOK AROUND YOU! CIVILIZATION HAS COME UNDONE!

THAT'S IT... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR INCITING PANIC. THIRTY DAYS IN THE CUBES!

CONTROL, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, I'VE GOT A PICKUP. WOMAN, LATE 20S, IN AN UGLY HOUSEDRESS FROM THE LAST CENTURY.

WHAT IN THE NAME OF GRUD IS THIS?





APPARENTLY
THIS IS A
"CIGARETTE."

NEVER HAD
ONE BEFORE.
ONLY READ
ABOUT THEM
IN STORIES.



LAST THING I
REMEMBER BEFORE
THE CHRONO-ANOMALY
WAS WORKING ON A WAY
TO CONTAIN THE EFFECTS
OF THE SO-CALLED
"LONG FAIL."

THE IDEA WAS THAT
I'D INFECT THE CITY'S
SYSTEMS WITH A **RETRO**
VIRUS THAT WOULD CAUSE IT TO
RESET ITSELF BACK TO ONE
MONTH AGO—BEFORE THE
NEFARIOUS CIRCUIT COURT
TOOK CONTROL.



"BUT INSTEAD,
THE **RETRO VIRUS**
SPREAD THROUGH
THIS SECTOR AND
RESET US..."

"...ALL THE WAY BACK TO
1947, BEST I CAN TELL."



NOW I'M
RUNNING THE
NUMBERS AGAIN, THE
OLD-FASHIONED
WAY—SINCE
COMPUTERS DON'T
SEEM TO EXIST
ANYMORE.



"PRAYING I CAN
NUMBER-CRUNCH A
WAY OUT OF THIS
RETRO NIGHTMARE."



TSSHH
TSSSHHHH



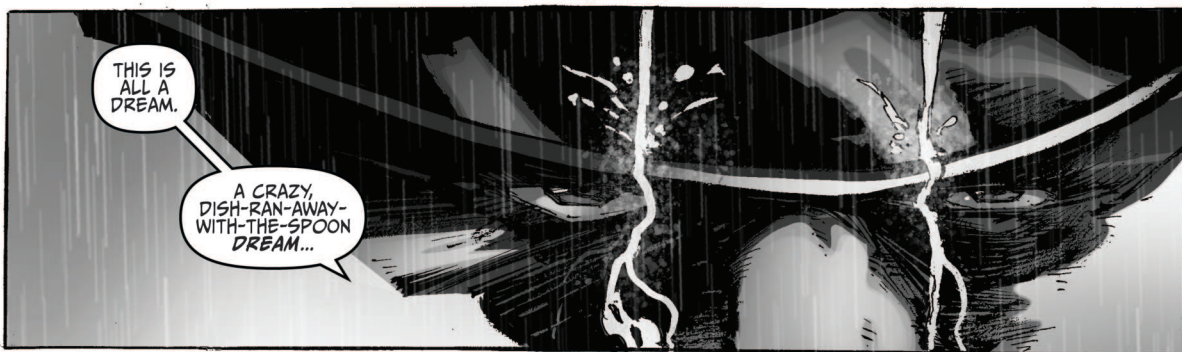
DREDD
TSSHHHHH IS
CONTROL. WE'VE
GOT REPORTS OF
HOMICIDE IN YOUR
SECTOR. SENDING
THE COORDINATES
TO YOUR
LAWMASTER.



CONTROL...
UH, DO YOU
HAVE A STREET
INTERSECTION
BY CHANCE?

CAN YOU
REPEAT
TSSHHHHH
DREDD?







I DON'T DREAM.

AND THE WORLD MAY APPEAR STRANGE, BUT THE LAW IS THE LAW.



YEAH, WELL MAYBE YOUR LAW DOESN'T APPLY RIGHT NOW.

MAYBE WE'RE IN A TIME WHEN THE LAW IS DIFFERENT.

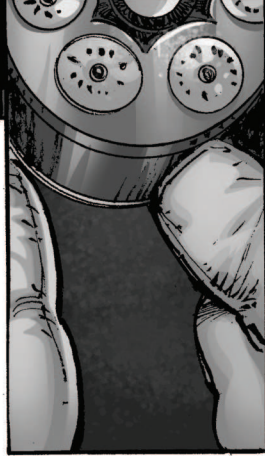
ARE YOU QUESTIONING ME?

FAILURE TO COOPERATE WITH A JUDGE MEANS SERIOUS CUBE TIME.

NOW PULL 'EM AND CRACK 'EM OPEN!



OKAY, OKAY...



YOU FIRED THIS WEAPON, DIDN'T YOU?



W-W-WHO?
HEH HEH...
ME?



HNUH!



GRUD...
PLUMMER
SHOT
RUBEN?!

THIS CAN'T
BE RIGHT...

...WE NEED
TO STOP HIM
AND FIGURE OUT
WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED.



UGH, I JUST
CAN'T SHOOT
PLUMMER!

ME
NEITHER...



LEAVE IT
TO ME.



THIS IS A DREAM, THIS IS A DREAM...



... THIS IS THE REALEST DREAM I'VE EVER DREAMED



CONTROL- ARE YOU STILL THERE?

TSSHHHH GO AHEAD, DREDD. *TSSHHHH*

I NEED A FIX ON MY PERP.

THE TRACKING'S WEIRD... IS SOMETHING UNUSUAL HAPPENING IN THAT SECTOR?



NEVER MIND, CONTROL.



GO
AHEAD. DO
IT. DO IT.



WHEN ELSE
WILL YOU GET
THE CHANCE
TO DO IT?



BIAM
BIAM

BIAM



SPAK
SPAK

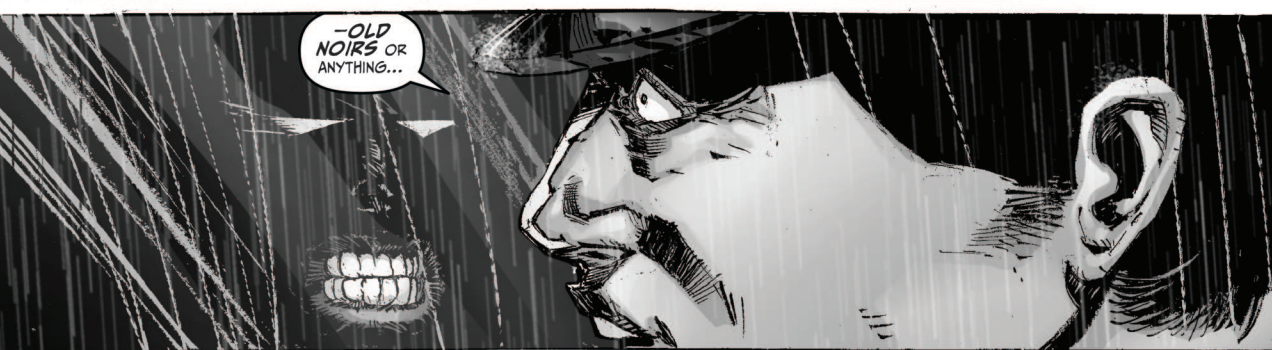
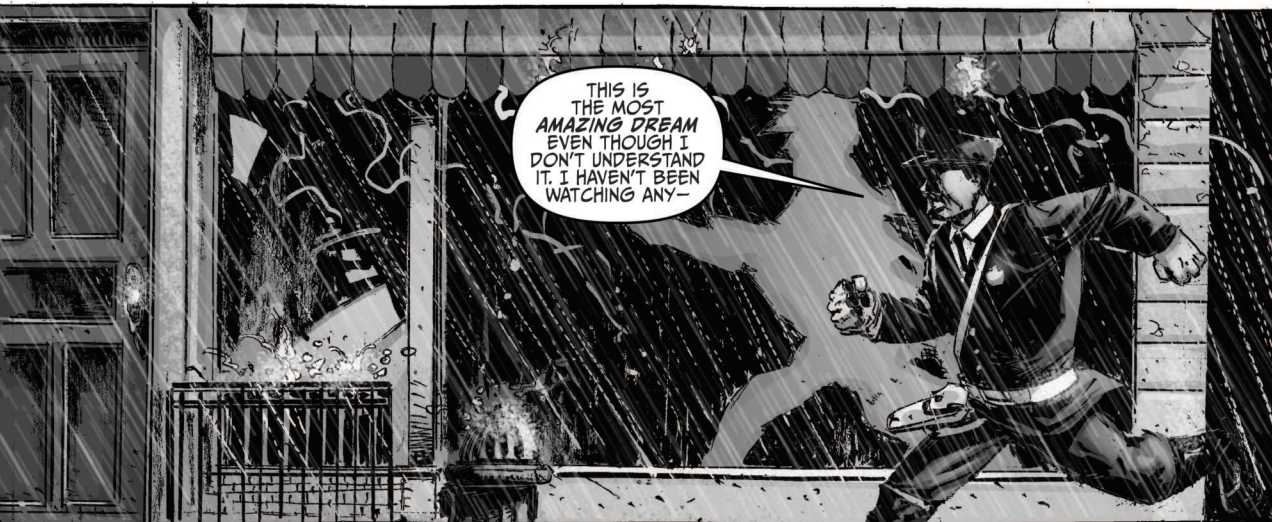
SPAK



MY ARM IS NUMB, AND
I SEE BLOOD... BUT
IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE
A BULLET WOUND.

FEELS MORE
LIKE A STING.

TSSHHHH
DREDD, WE HAVE
COORDINATES
FOR YOU...





UNNNHHHHH...



OKAY...
WAKE UP
NOW. COME
ON.



I WANNA
WAKE UP I
WANNA WAKE
UP I WANNA
WAKE UP



THIS IS NOT A DREAM.
SOMETHING'S MESSING
WITH OUR PERCEPTION.
THIS IS STILL THE REAL
WORLD, AND YOU DIDN'T
SHOOT ME—YOU
STUNG ME.



WHATEVER'S
GOING ON,
I'M TAKING
YOU IN.



BUT HONESTLY,
WE'RE DREAMING,
JUDGE! WE HAVE TO
BE! THAT'S WHY I
SHOT RUBEN!

DIDN'T YOU EVER
DO SOMETHING
WEIRD AND UNEXPECTED
IN A DREAM JUST TO SEE
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN,
BECAUSE IT'S ONLY A
DREAM, AND THERE ARE
NO CONSEQUENCES?

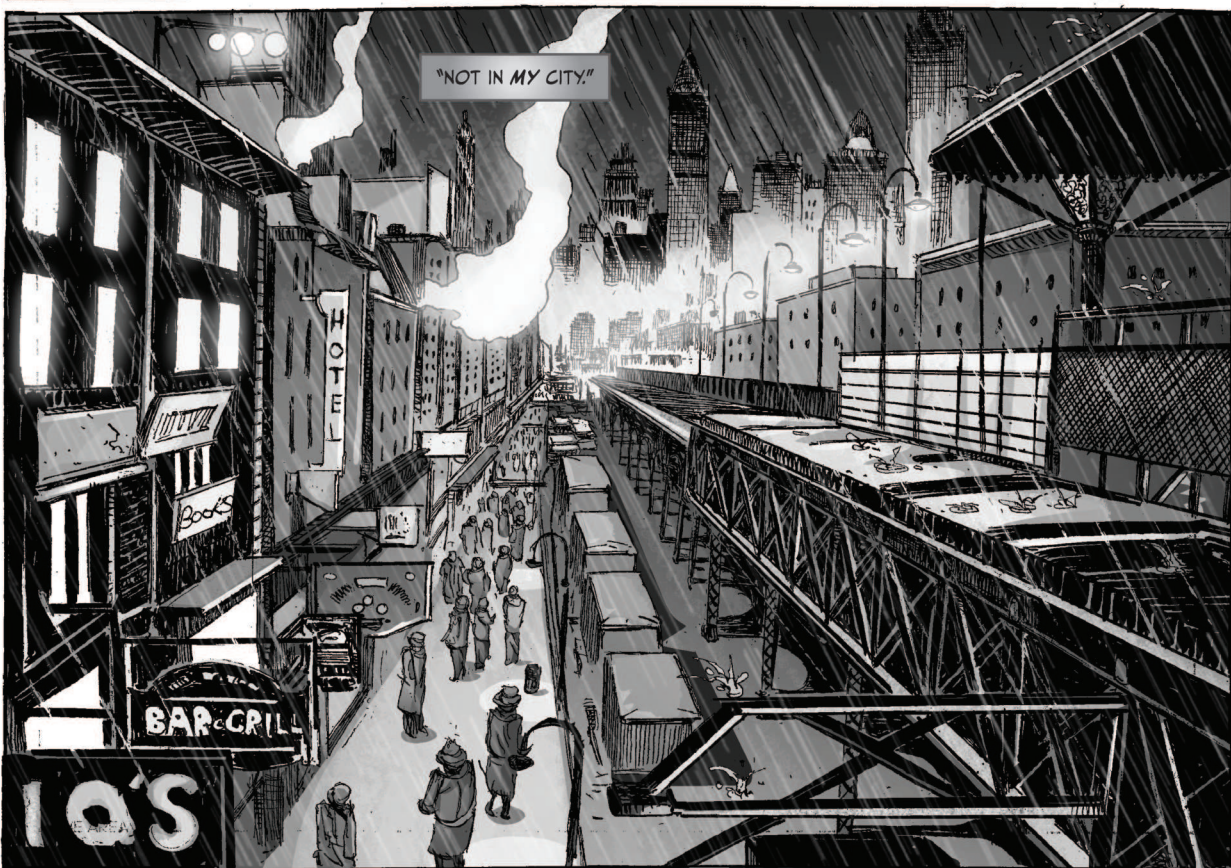


NO.



WE'RE
GOING TO
WALK UNTIL WE
FIND A JAIL.

NOBODY
COMMITTS A
MURDER AND
WALKS.



"NOT IN MY CITY."



IF THE
NUMBERS ARE
RIGHT, THEN THE
RETRO VIRUS
EFFECT SHOULD
WEAR OFF IN
MOMENTS.

SO I'M
GOING TO
ENJOY MY
LAST FEW
PUFFS.

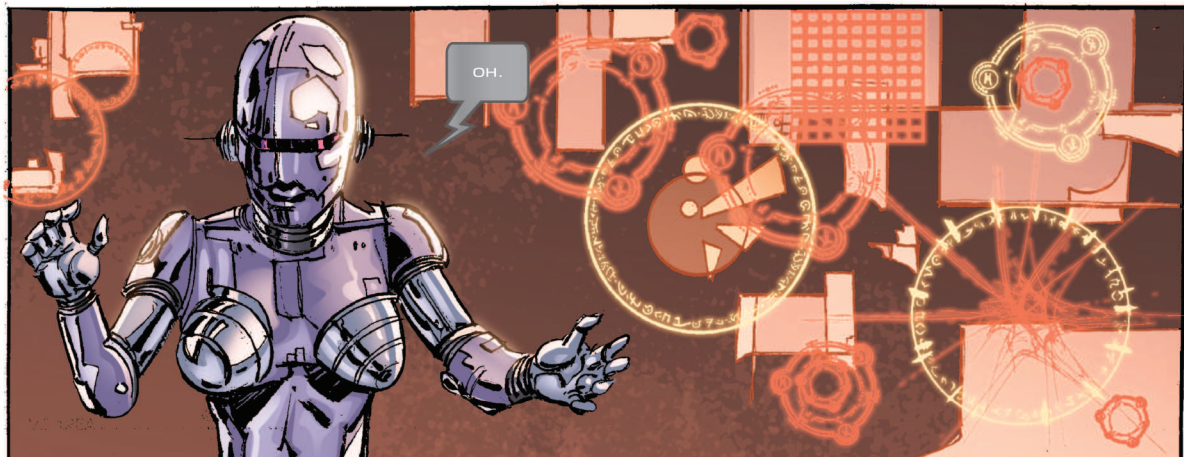


EVEN
THOUGH I KNOW
THE SMOKE I'M
DRAWING INTO MY
LUNGS ISN'T REAL,
AND THERE IS NO
CARCINOGENIC
EFFECT.

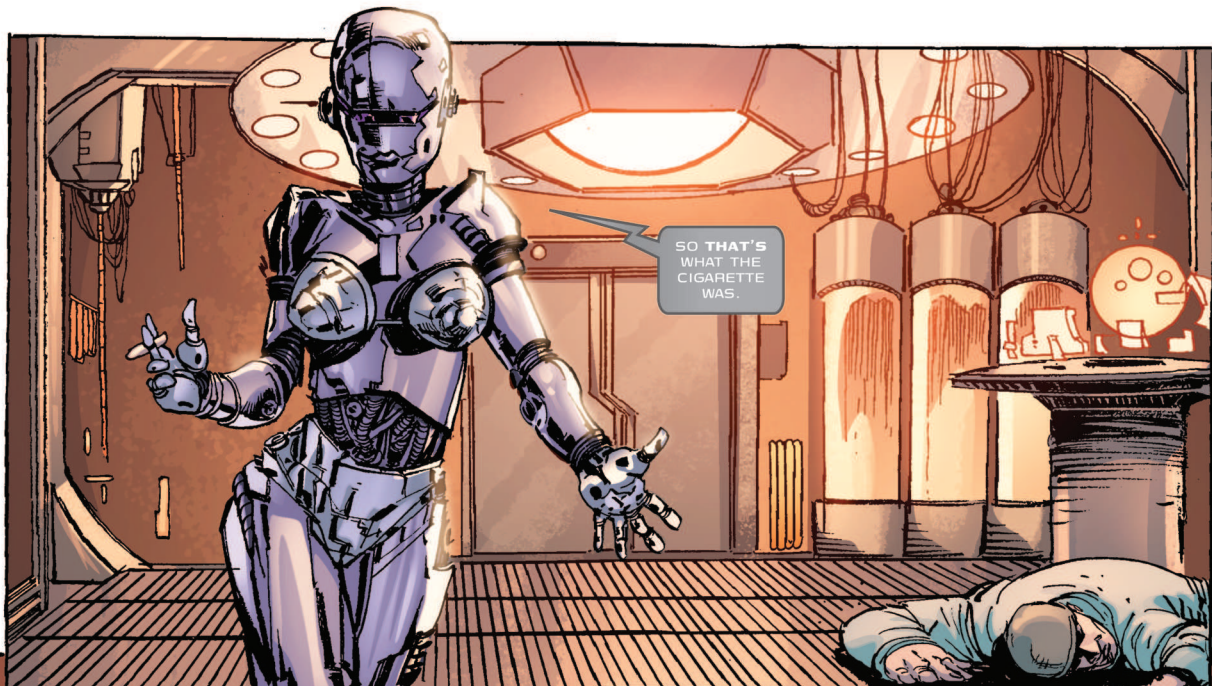
STILL,
IT'S NICE TO
IMAGINE I'M
KILLING MYSELF
ONE INHALATION
AT A TIME.



THERE'S A
WORD FOR
IT... SOMETHING
FRENCH FOR
BLACK. WHAT
IS IT...?



OH.

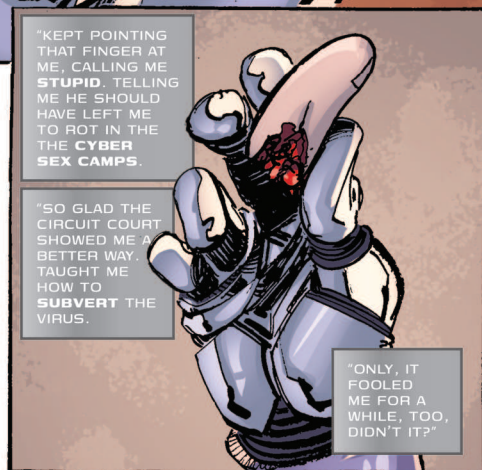


SO THAT'S
WHAT THE
CIGARETTE
WAS.

WHAT,
THEN, WAS I
INHALING?
HMMMM.



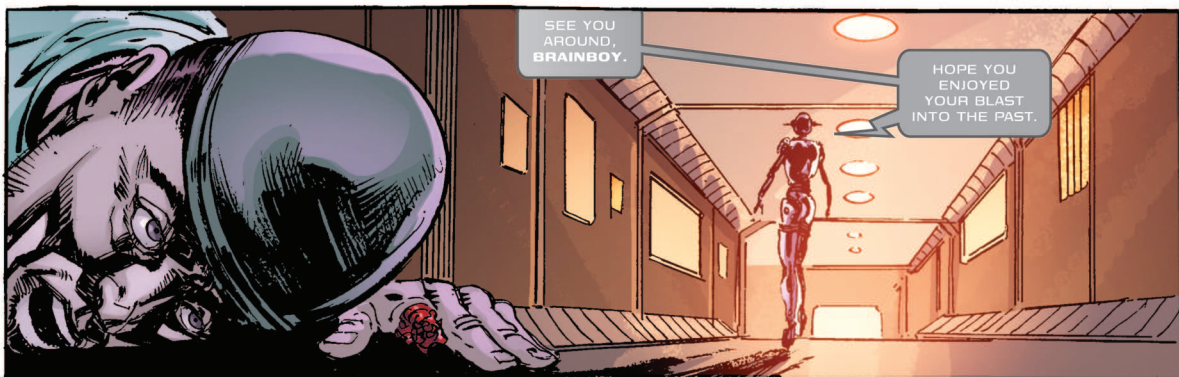
"I REMEMBER NOW.
HE WAS THE
CREATOR OF THE
RETRO VIRUS. AND
I, HIS LOWLY DROID
ASSISTANT."



"KEPT POINTING
THAT FINGER AT
ME, CALLING ME
STUPID. TELLING
ME HE SHOULD
HAVE LEFT ME
TO ROT IN THE
THE **CYBER
SEX CAMPS**."

"SO GLAD THE
CIRCUIT COURT
SHOWED ME A
BETTER WAY.
TAUGHT ME
HOW TO
SUBVERT THE
VIRUS."

"ONLY, IT
FOOLED
ME FOR A
WHILE, TOO,
DIDN'T IT?"



SEE YOU
AROUND,
BRAINBOY.

HOPE YOU
ENJOYED
YOUR BLAST
INTO THE PAST.

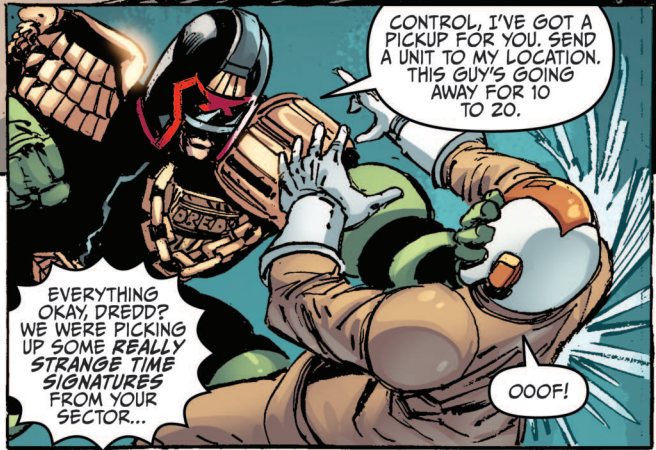


OH, THANK GRUD, IT WAS JUST A DREAM AFTER ALL!

SEE, JUDGE? I TOLD YOU SO?



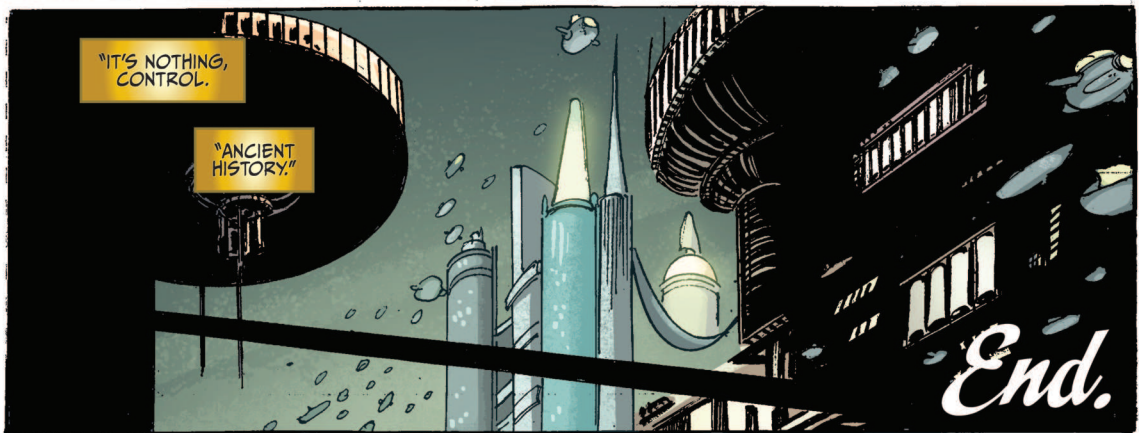
....
RIGHT?



CONTROL, I'VE GOT A PICKUP FOR YOU. SEND A UNIT TO MY LOCATION. THIS GUY'S GOING AWAY FOR 10 TO 20.

EVERYTHING OKAY, DREDD? WE WERE PICKING UP SOME REALLY STRANGE TIME SIGNATURES FROM YOUR SECTOR...

OOOF!



"IT'S NOTHING, CONTROL."

"ANCIENT HISTORY."

End.





MEGA-CITY ONE. SECTOR 13.

NIGHT.

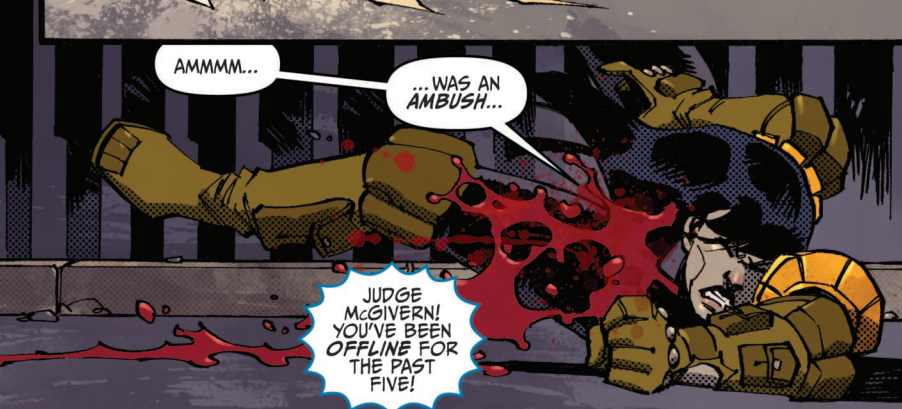
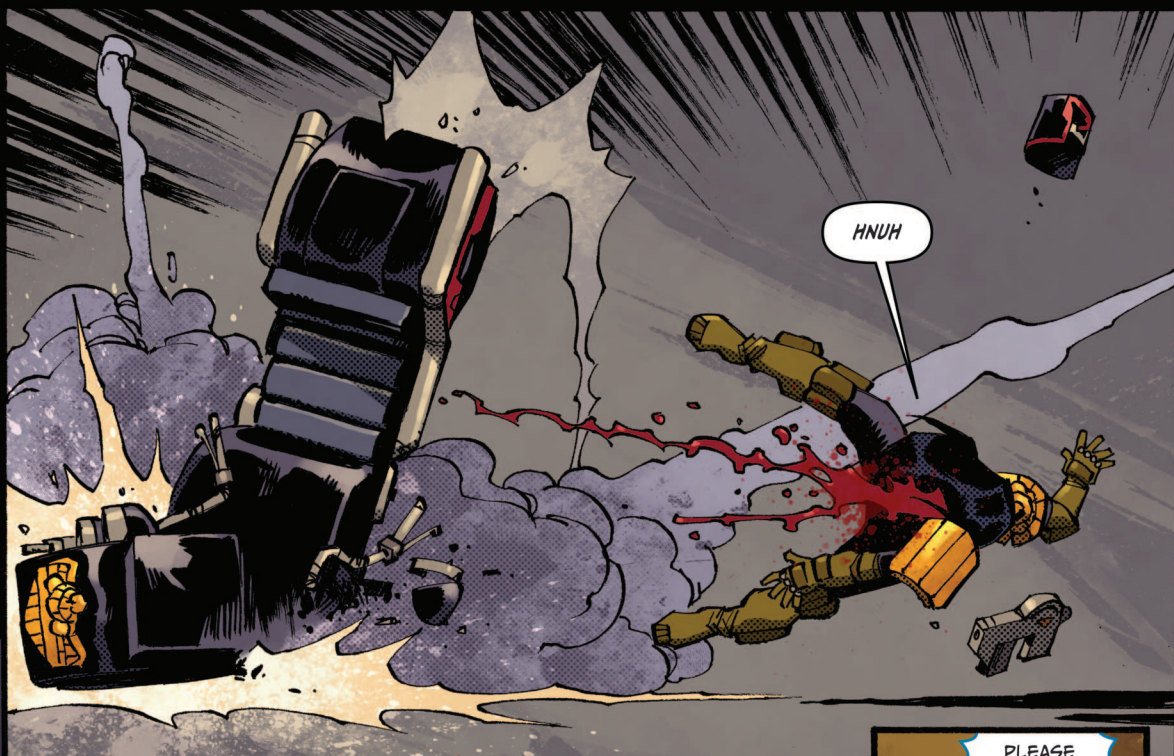
JUDGE
McGIVERN, WE
HAVE A REPORT
OF ORGAN
LEGGERS IN
SECTOR 13.

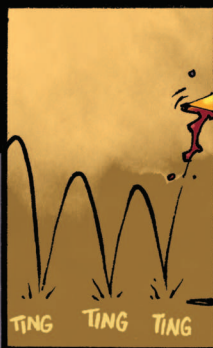
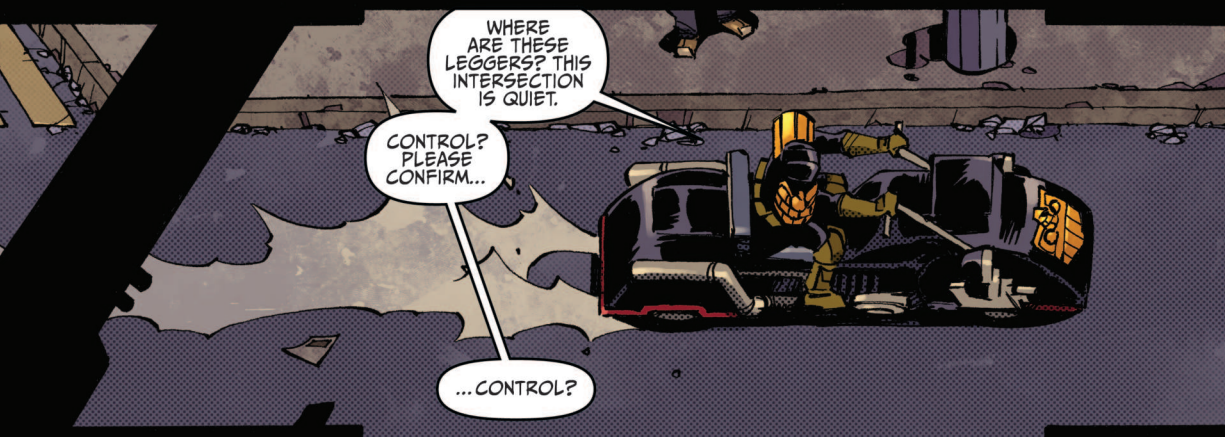
INTERSECTION?

YOU'RE
THE ONLY
JUDGE IN
RANGE.

THE
CORNER OF
FORD AND
LANG.

COPY,
CONTROL.
ON MY
WAY.







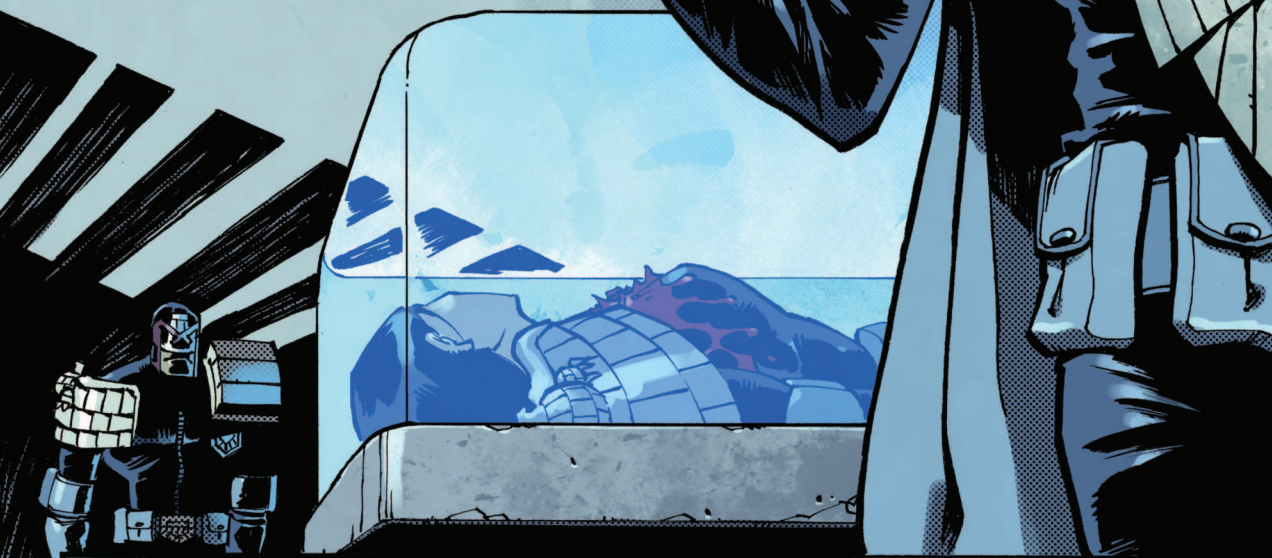


JUDGES—ALL
KILLED OVER THE
PAST EIGHT DAYS.
BUT YOU'VE BEEN
ASLEEP OR ON YOUR
LITTLE VACATION.
GUESS I CAN'T
FAULT YOU FOR
THAT.

OTHER
NINE
WHO?

WHAT?!

NUMBER NINE
WAS JUDGE
WILLA MCGIVERN,
11 YEARS ON THE
JOB, AMBUSHED IN
SECTOR 13 JUST
THREE HOURS
AGO.



SEE, I
DON'T THINK
YOU'RE MUCH
OF A *HERO*
AT ALL.

WOULD A
HERO STAND BY
WHILE HIS FELLOW
JUDGES ARE BEING
PICKED OFF ONE
BY ONE?



IF YOU
THINK I'M
GUILTY OF
SOMETHING,
SENTENCE
ME.



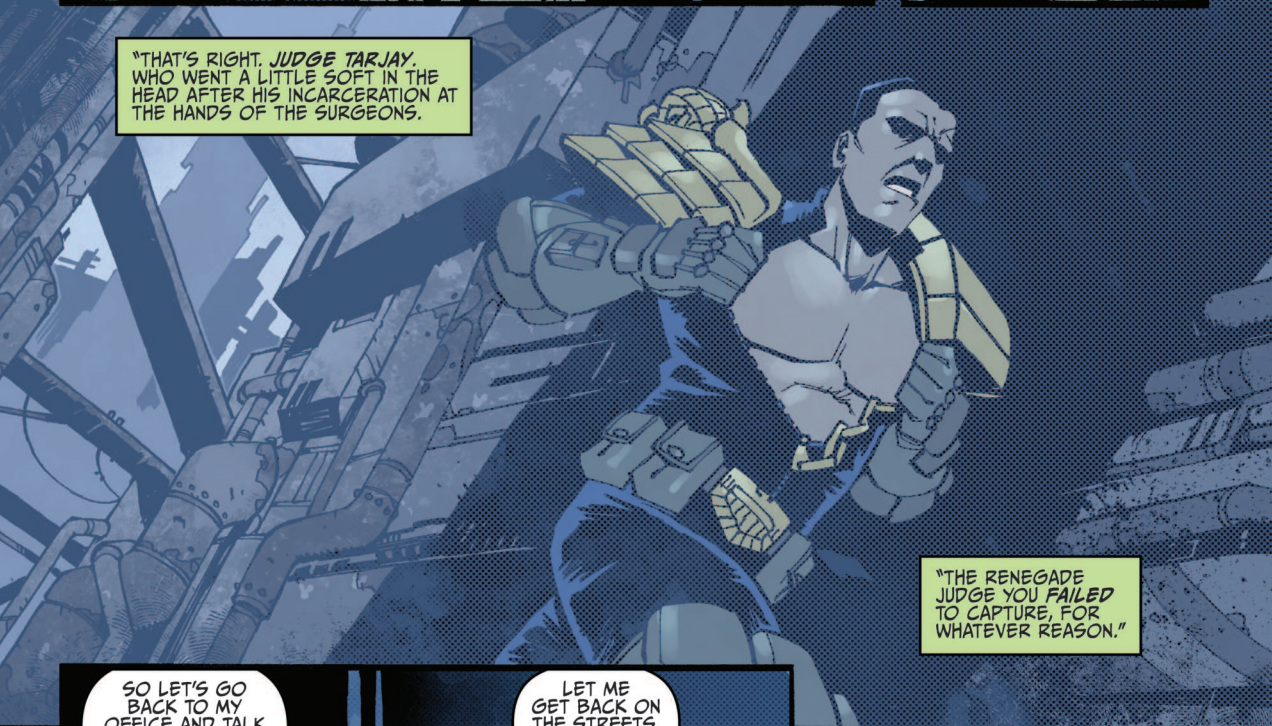
OH, WE DON'T
THINK YOU DID IT.
BUT YOU COULD
HAVE PREVENTED
IT.

SEE, THE
PERPETRATOR KNOWS
A LOT ABOUT THE
ROUTINES OF STREET
JUDGES. WE STRONGLY
BELIEVE THE KILLER
IS ONE OF US.

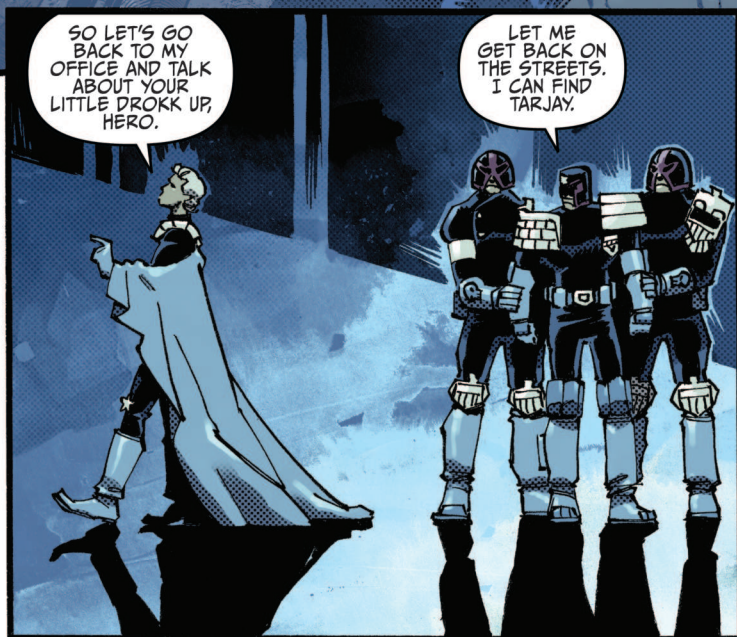
TARJAY.



"THAT'S RIGHT. JUDGE TARJAY,
WHO WENT A LITTLE SOFT IN THE
HEAD AFTER HIS INCARCERATION AT
THE HANDS OF THE SURGEONS.



"THE RENEGADE
JUDGE YOU FAILED
TO CAPTURE, FOR
WHATEVER REASON."



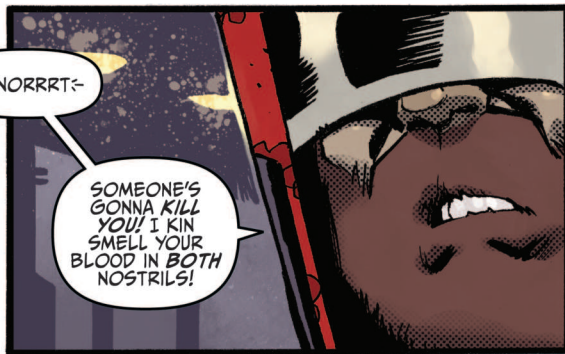
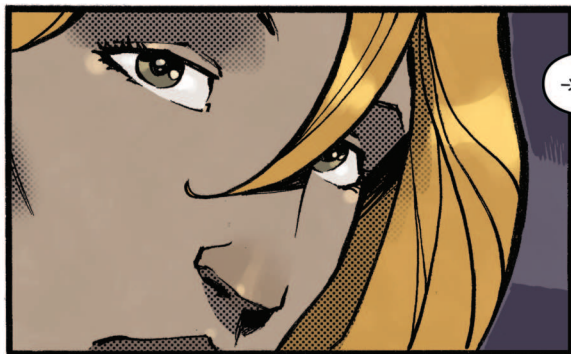
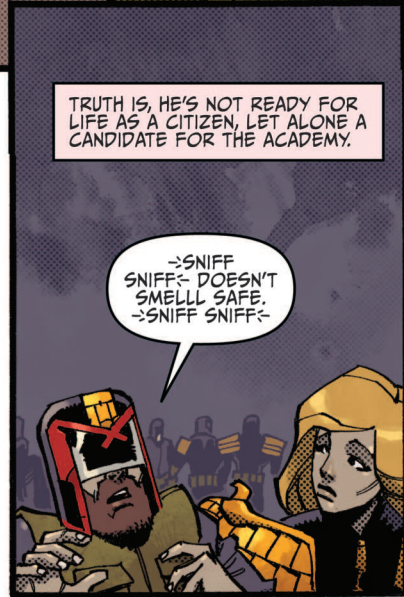
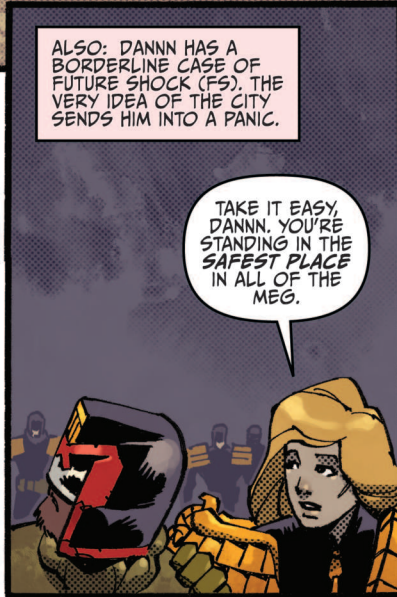
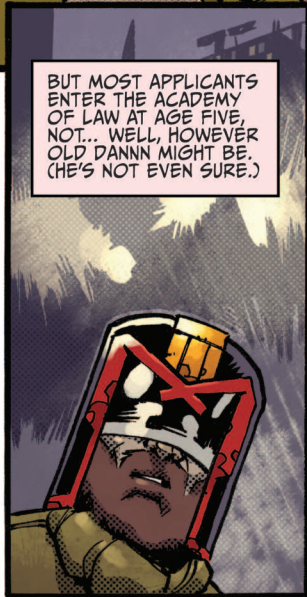
SO LET'S GO
BACK TO MY
OFFICE AND TALK
ABOUT YOUR
LITTLE DROCK UP,
HERO.

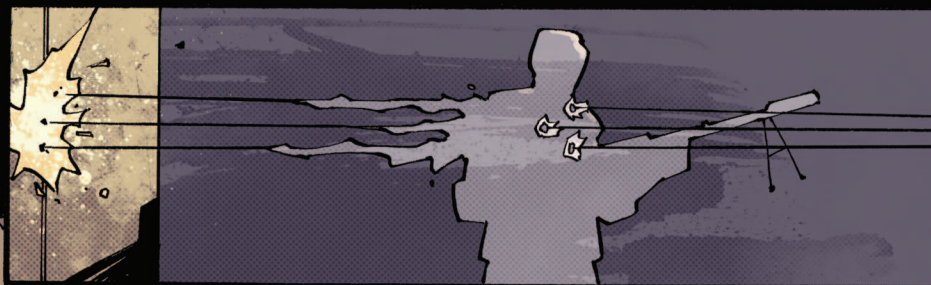
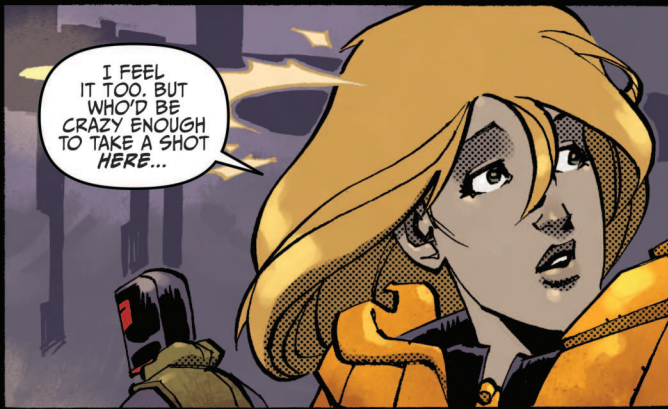
LET ME
GET BACK ON
THE STREETS.
I CAN FIND
TARJAY.

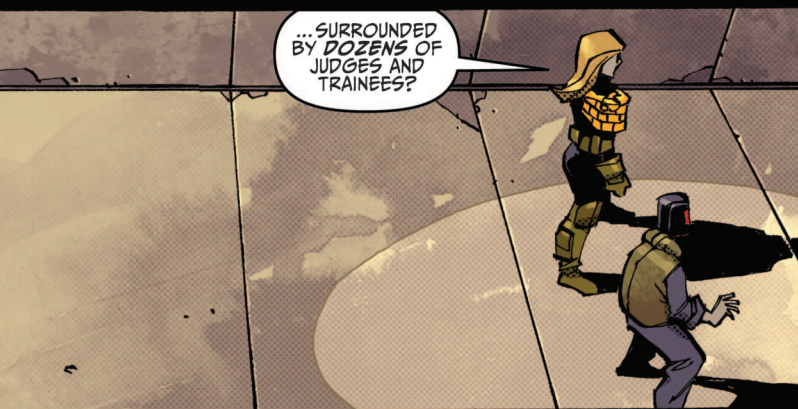
WHILE I
APPRECIATE
THAT, I THINK
YOU'RE ABOUT
NINE CORPSES
TOO LATE.

COME
ALONG NOW.
WE'VE GOT
MUCH TO
DISCUSS.











IS HE...?

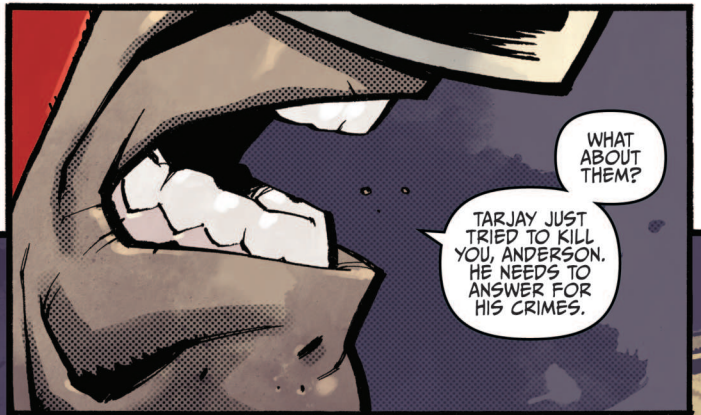
HE IS.



THE SJS THINKS JUDGE TARJAY'S BEHIND THESE MURDERS.

I NEED YOUR HELP FINDING HIM. HE'S BEEN TAKING **PSI-BLOCKERS**, BUT I KNOW YOU CAN PUSH YOUR WAY PAST THEM.

MAYBE... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SJS?



WHAT ABOUT THEM?

TARJAY JUST TRIED TO KILL YOU, ANDERSON. HE NEEDS TO ANSWER FOR HIS CRIMES.

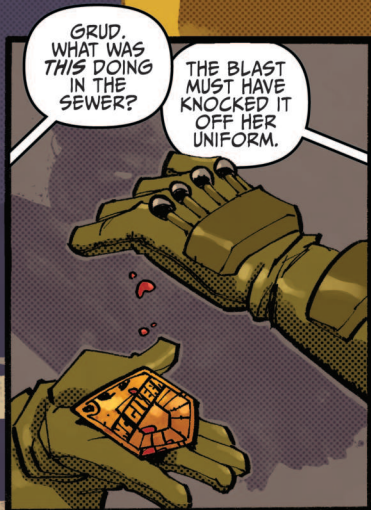


"HE NEEDS TO ANSWER TO ME."

NOT GETTING MUCH HERE, DREDD. SHOCK. CONFUSION. FEAR. EMOTIONS RUNNING ON OVERDRIVE...

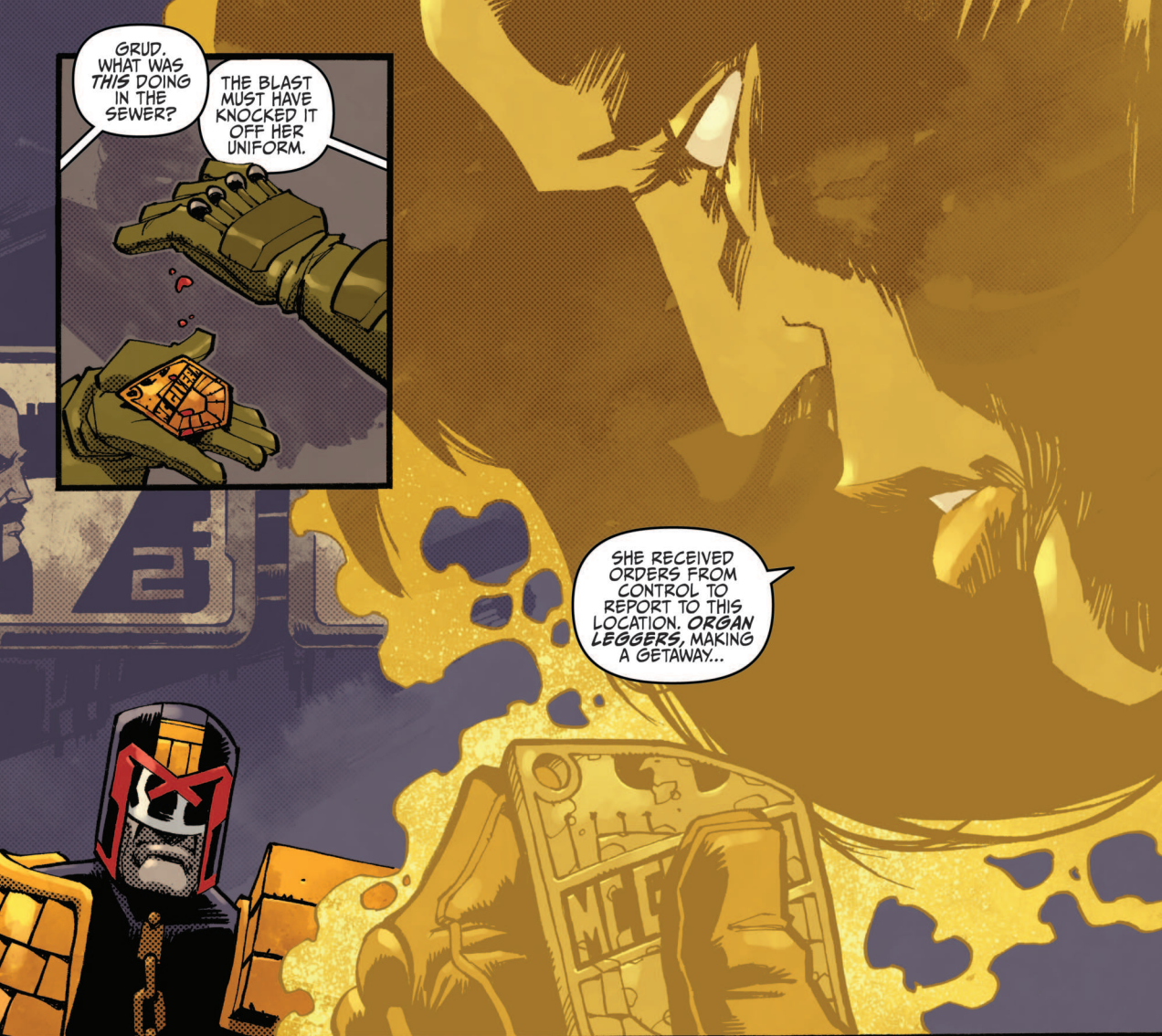


FOUND SOMETHING.

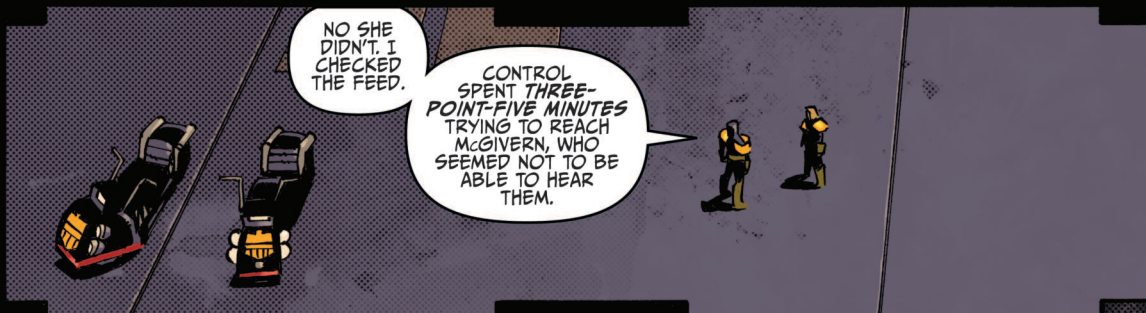


GRUD.
WHAT WAS
THIS DOING
IN THE
SEWER?

THE BLAST
MUST HAVE
KNOCKED IT
OFF HER
UNIFORM.

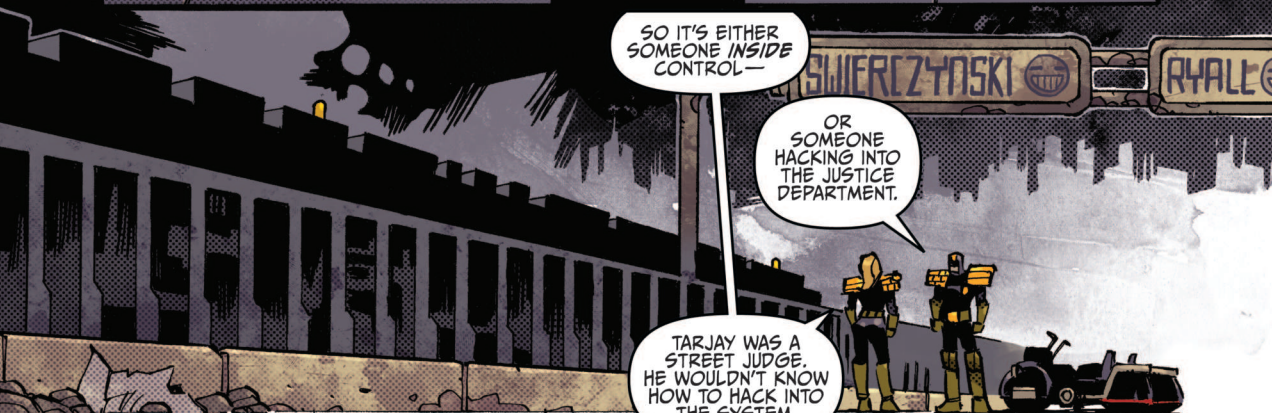


SHE RECEIVED
ORDERS FROM
CONTROL TO
REPORT TO THIS
LOCATION. **ORGAN
LEGGERS**, MAKING
A GETAWAY...



NO SHE
DIDN'T. I
CHECKED
THE FEED.

CONTROL
SPENT **THREE-
POINT-FIVE MINUTES**
TRYING TO REACH
MCGIVERN, WHO
SEEMED NOT TO BE
ABLE TO HEAR
THEM.



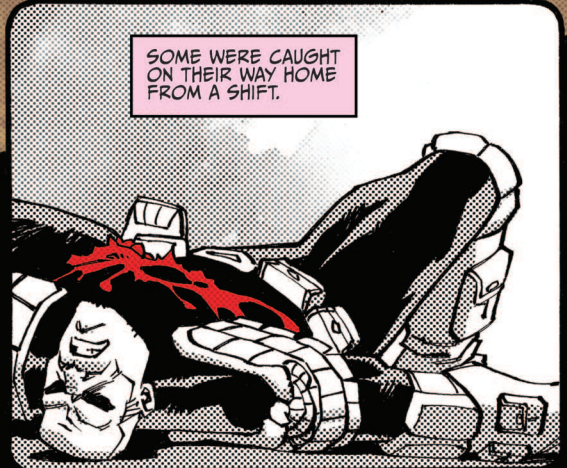
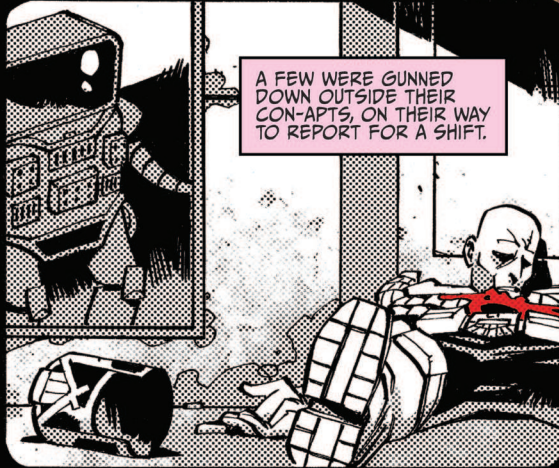
SO IT'S EITHER
SOMEONE **INSIDE**
CONTROL—

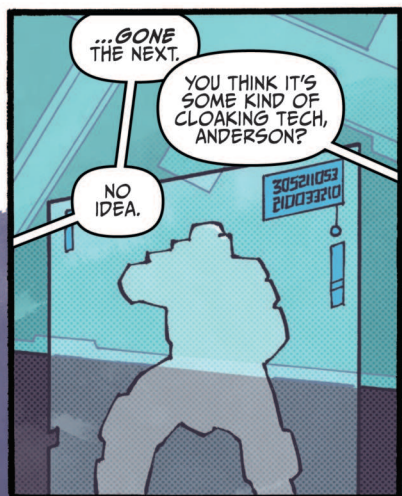
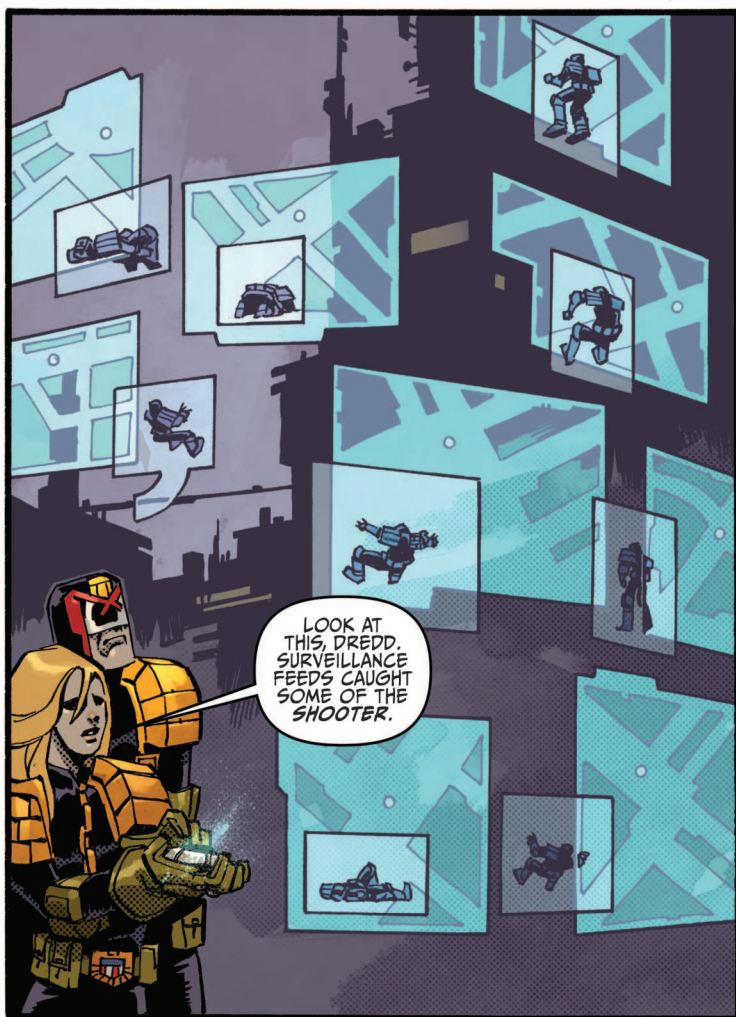
OR
SOMEONE
HACKING INTO
THE JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT.

TARJAY WAS A
STREET JUDGE.
HE WOULDN'T KNOW
HOW TO HACK INTO
THE SYSTEM.

WE REVISITED THE MURDER SCENES, WORKING BACKWARDS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

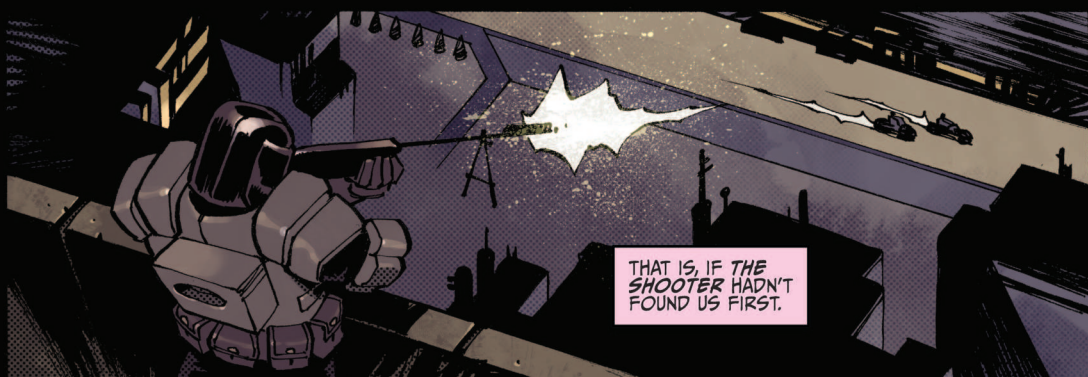
THERE WAS NO DISCERNIBLE PATTERN.

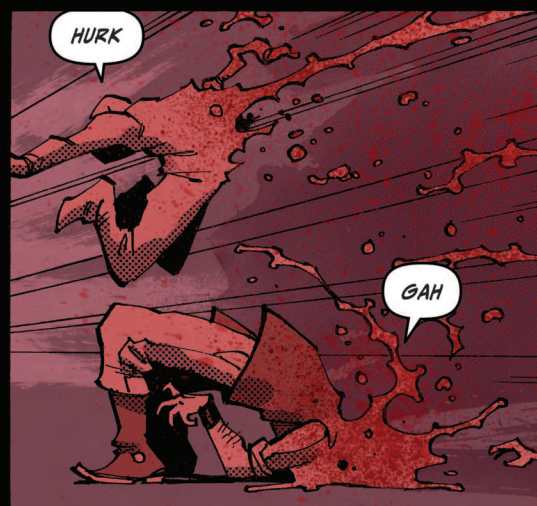
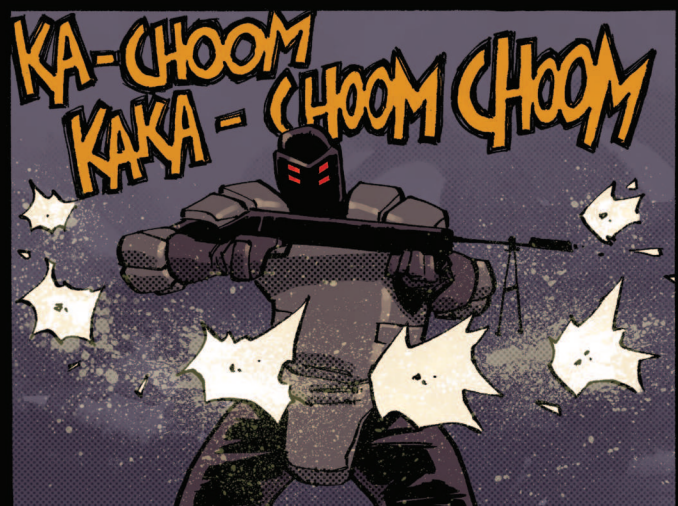
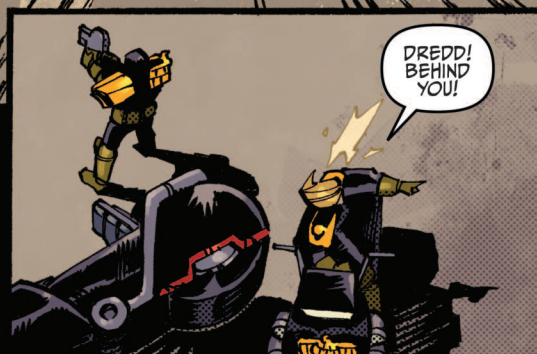
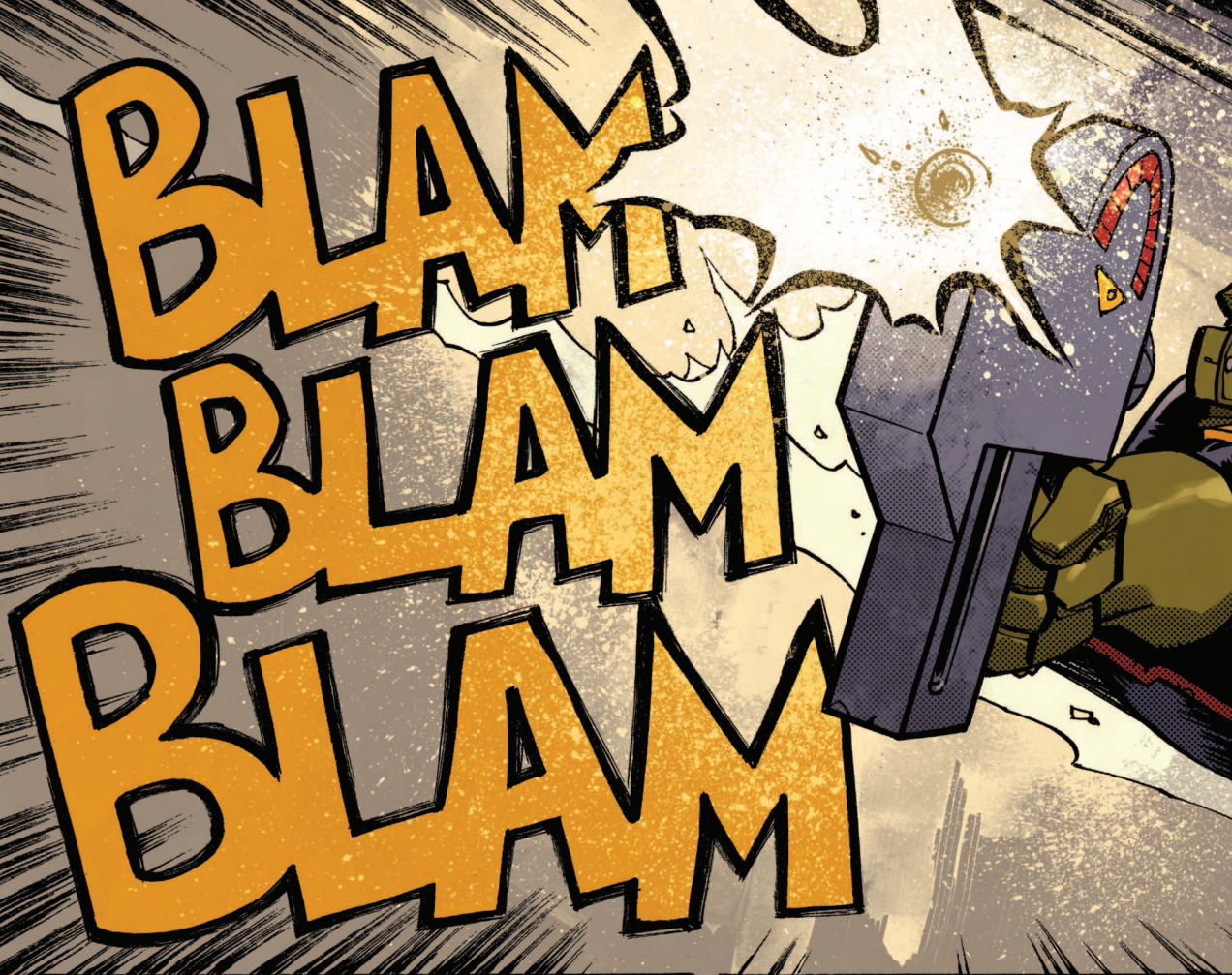


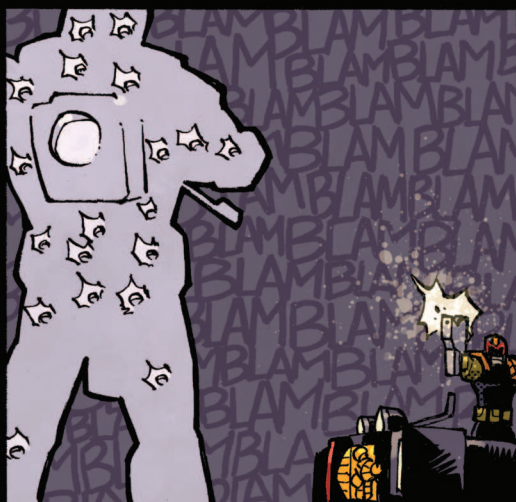


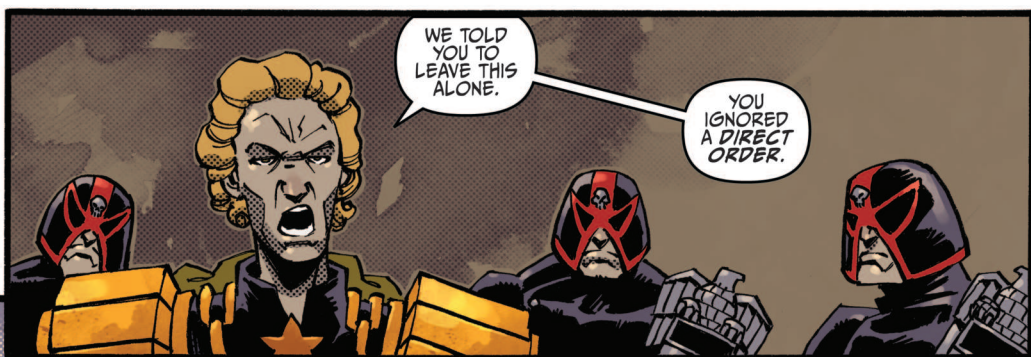
WE HEADED BACK TO THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MORGUE TO SEE IF ANY OTHER PHYSICAL EVIDENCE LINKED THE MURDERS.

THE BODIES OF ALL NINE JUDGES WERE KEPT IN *PERFECT STASIS*. IF THERE HAD BEEN ANOTHER CLUE, WE WOULD HAVE FOUND IT.

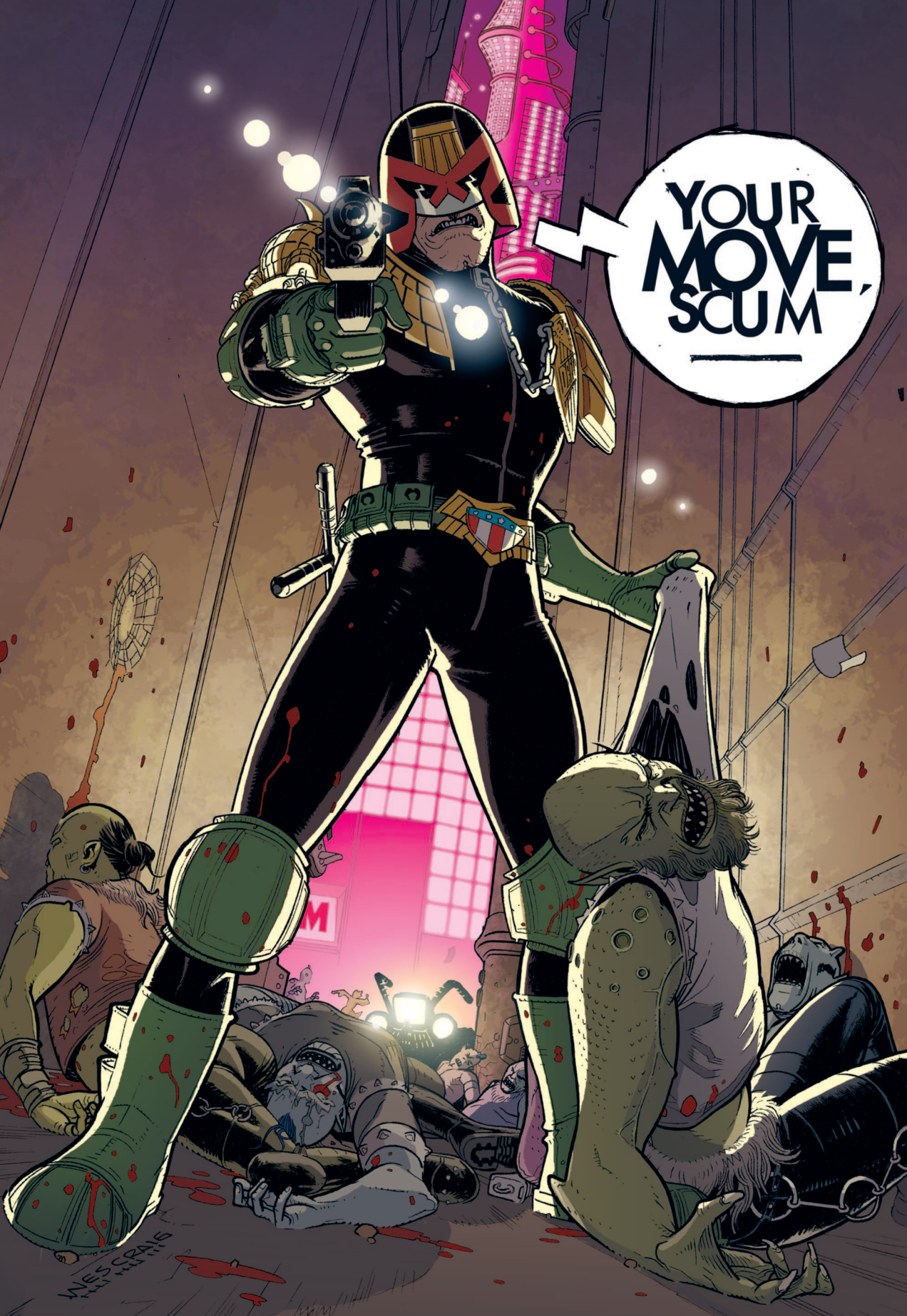












ART BY **WESLEY CRAIG**

**JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
ULTRA-SECURE MORGUE FACILITY.**

RIGHT
THIS WAY,
JUDGE.

GOTTA KEEP
YOU FIT AND
FRESH, JUST
LIKE THE OTH-

-HUH?

SOMEONE
THERE?

...

...GUESS
I'M HEARING
THINGS.

NOW
WHERE WERE
WE, JUDGE?
AH, THAT'S
RIGHT.

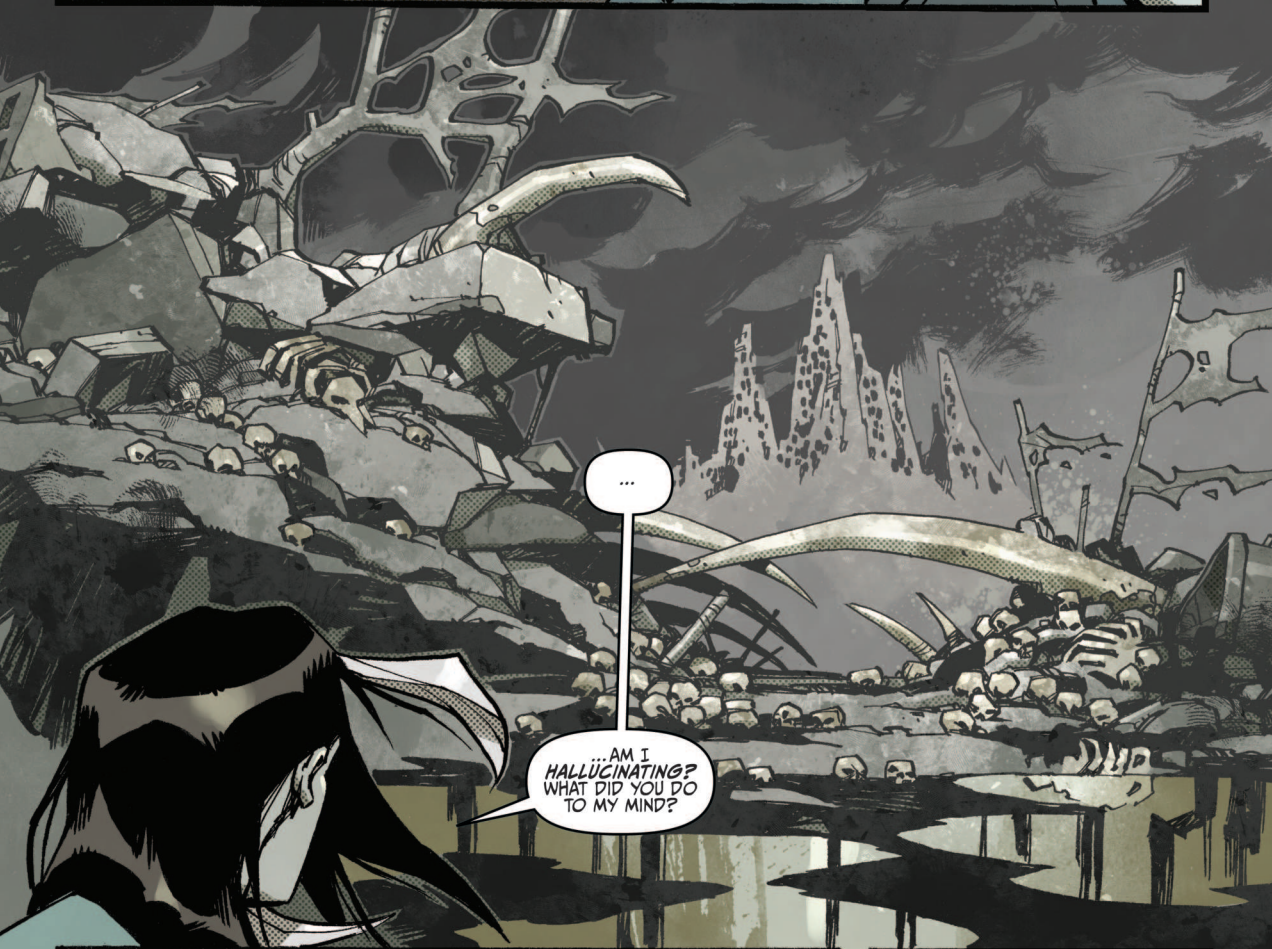
TIME
FOR THE
RIPENING
FLUIDS...

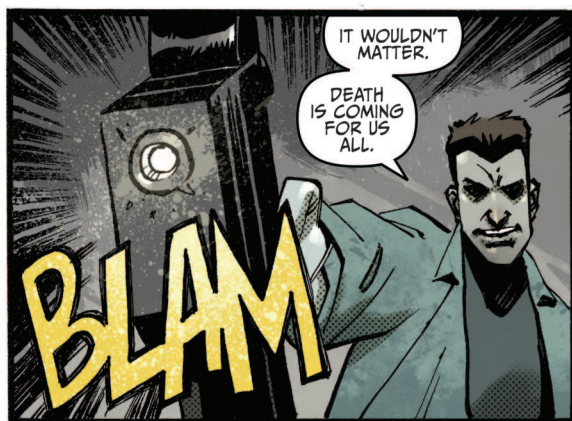
HEY!

YOU
DON'T HAVE
CLEARANCE
TO BE IN THIS
ROOM!

DOUGHERTY









SJS HEADQUARTERS. MEGA-CITY ONE.

TELL
ME MORE
ABOUT YOUR
PARTNER,
DREDD.



I'VE
TOLD
YOU—

ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING.
USELESS
BIOGRAPHICAL
EPHEMERA.

NO, DREDD,
I WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT
YOUR *SPECIAL*
RELATIONSHIP.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT. WE WERE
COLLEAGUES,
NOTHING
MORE.



DON'T GIVE
ME THAT STOMM.
HOW COULD TARJAY
EVADE CAPTURE FOR
SO LONG WITHOUT
HELP FROM THE
INSIDE?!

HEART RATE
受付と各種施設
45

SKIN TEMPERATURE
0V 129722180
0E00000E
500D9C

FLUOR COLOR

BRAIN ACTIVITY

AND LET'S NOT
FORGET THAT IT
WAS YOU AND TARJAY
IN THAT HOVERCRAFT
FULL OF MONEY. AND
ACCORDING TO YOUR
TESTIMONY...

...HERE IT
IS... JUDGE
TARJAY JUST
MYSTERIOUSLY
VANISHED FROM
A LOCKED
VEHICLE?

TARJAY
DIDN'T DISAPPEAR.
HIS CLONE
DISINTEGRATED. THE
REAL TARJAY WAS
HELD PRISONER AND
WENT *INSANE*.

NOW HE'S
GOT D-JUMP
TECHNOLOGY
AND SJS IS
DOING NOTHING
TO STOP HIM!

TRUTH PROBABILITY:
99,97%

I DON'T WANT
YOUR THEORIES ON
HOW WE SHOULD
CONDUCT THIS
INVESTIGATION.

I WISH TO
FOCUS ON
YOUR CONDUCT
OF THE PAST
YEAR, DREDD...

ARE
YOU EVEN
LISTENING
TO ME?!

YOU SURE
THIS WAS IN
SNOWDEN
BLOCK?

IT WAS
THERE A
FEW MONTHS
AGO.

I'LL KEEP
LOOKING. HOW
ARE YOU HOLDING
UP IN THERE?



I AM LISTENING, JUDGE CAL.

THE MAN IS IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE.



NOTHING HERE. NOW SOMEONE HAS TORCHED THE PLACE.

GOOD.

GOOD? HOW IS THAT GOOD?

THEY SOLD ILLEGAL AND EXPERIMENTAL TECH.



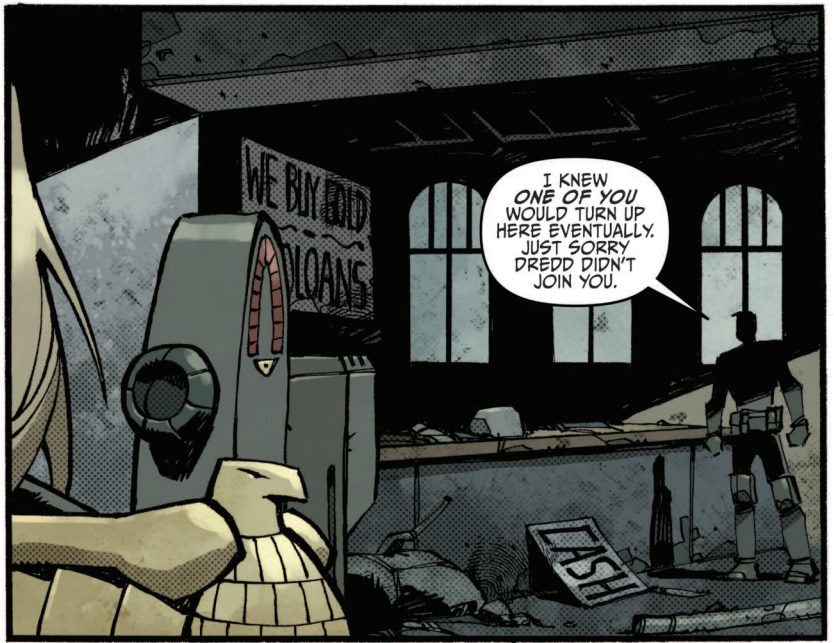
TARJAY WAS ON THE TEAM THAT RAIDED IT LAST YEAR.

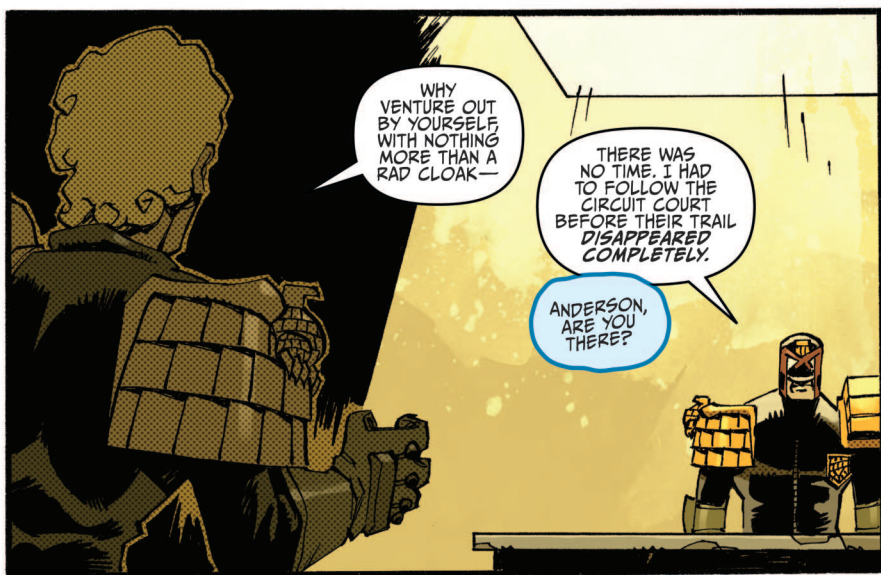
THE FACT THAT IT WAS TORCHED MEANS SOMEONE IS COVERING HIS TRACKS.

...AND THEN THERE'S YOUR LITTLE UNAUTHORIZED EXCURSION INTO THE CURSED EARTH WHERE YOU APPARENTLY SPENT MUCH OF YOUR TIME EATING BAREBECUE AND BUTTER AND GOING TO AMUSEMENT PARKS...



HANG ON...





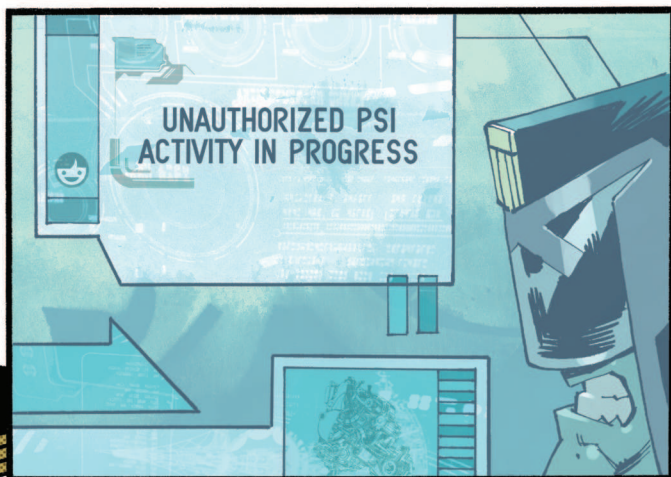
WHY
VENTURE OUT
BY YOURSELF
WITH NOTHING
MORE THAN A
RAD CLOAK—

THERE WAS
NO TIME. I HAD
TO FOLLOW THE
CIRCUIT COURT
BEFORE THEIR TRAIL
DISAPPEARED
COMPLETELY.

ANDERSON,
ARE YOU
THERE?



ANDERSON?



UNAUTHORIZED PSI
ACTIVITY IN PROGRESS



JUDGE CAL,
DREDD'S IN *PSYCHIC*
CONTACT WITH
SOMEONE ON THE
OUTSIDE!



PSI ACTIVITY
RED FLAG WORDS
DETECTED!!!

TARJAY
+++++

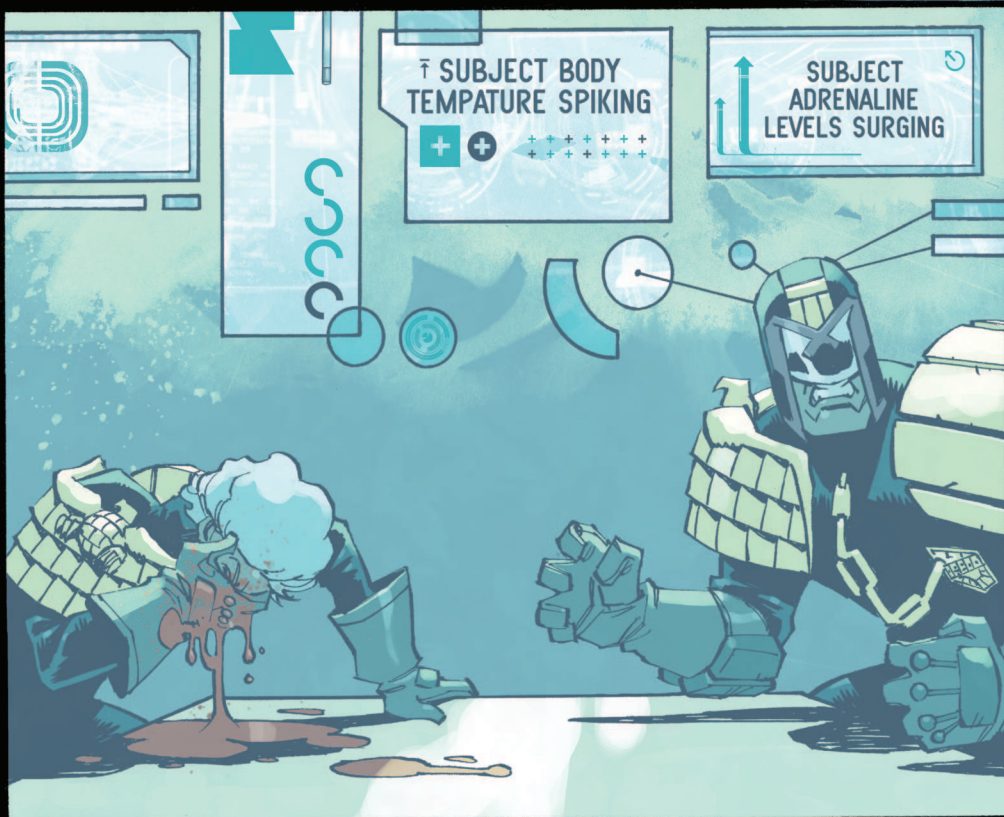
BACKUP
+++++

ANDERSON
+++++



I HAVE
TARJAY IN
CUSTODY.
WILL BRING
HIM IN.

CALL FOR
BACKUP.
ANDERSON.
HE CAN'T BE
TRUSTED.





...ANDERSON,
GET OUT OF
THERE!

BLOCK ALL PSI
TRANSMISSIONS!

I WANT NOTHING
BUT MY WORDS
PENETRATING HIS
THICK INSUBORDINATE
SKULL!

ANDERSON,
ANSWER ME.
WHERE ARE
YOU?

OH, WHAT'S THE
MATTER, DREDD?
DID YOU LOSE
CONTACT WITH YOUR
PSI DIVISION
PARTNER?



SUBJECT
APPROACHING
MONITORING
AREA.

YOU MIGHT
WANT TO
RUN

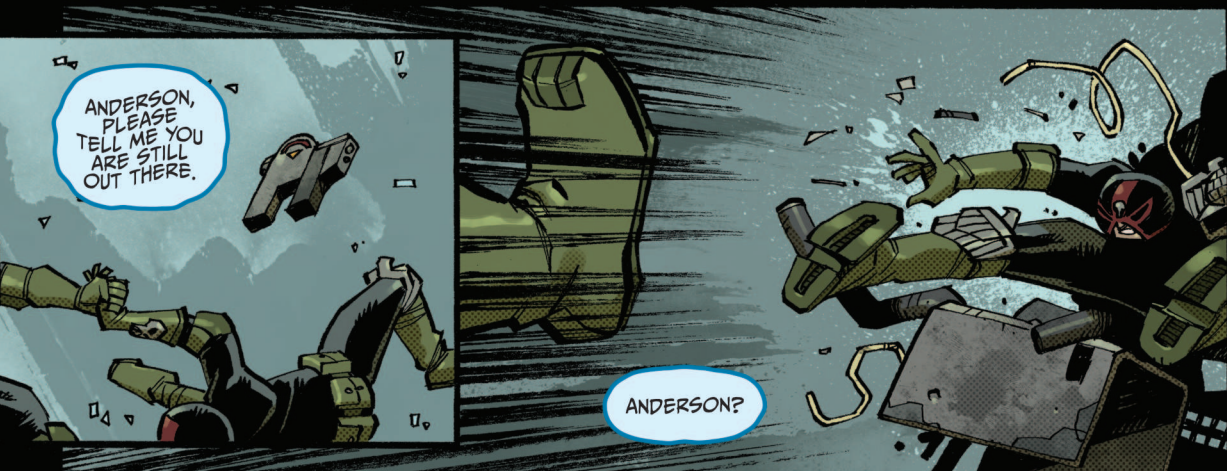


OOPS

TOO

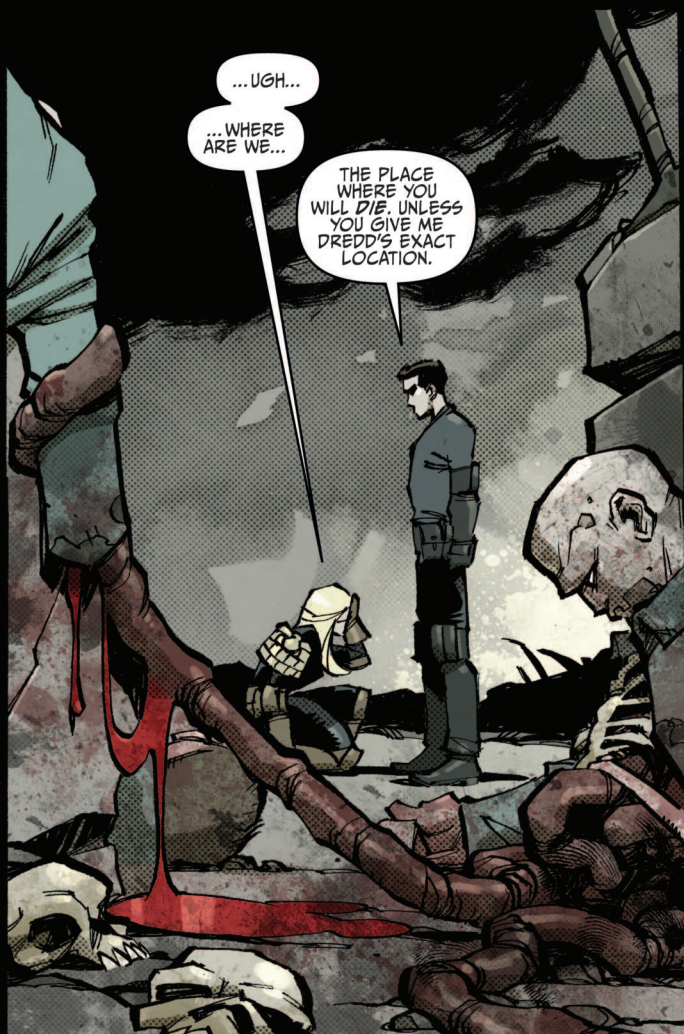
LATE

KRESSSHH



ANDERSON,
PLEASE
TELL ME YOU
ARE STILL
OUT THERE.

ANDERSON?



...UGH...

... WHERE
ARE WE...

THE PLACE
WHERE YOU
WILL DIE. UNLESS
YOU GIVE ME
DREDD'S EXACT
LOCATION.



YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL
ME ANYWAY,
TARJAY.

MIGHT AS
WELL TELL ME
WHAT ALL OF THIS
JUDGE-KILLING
IS ABOUT.



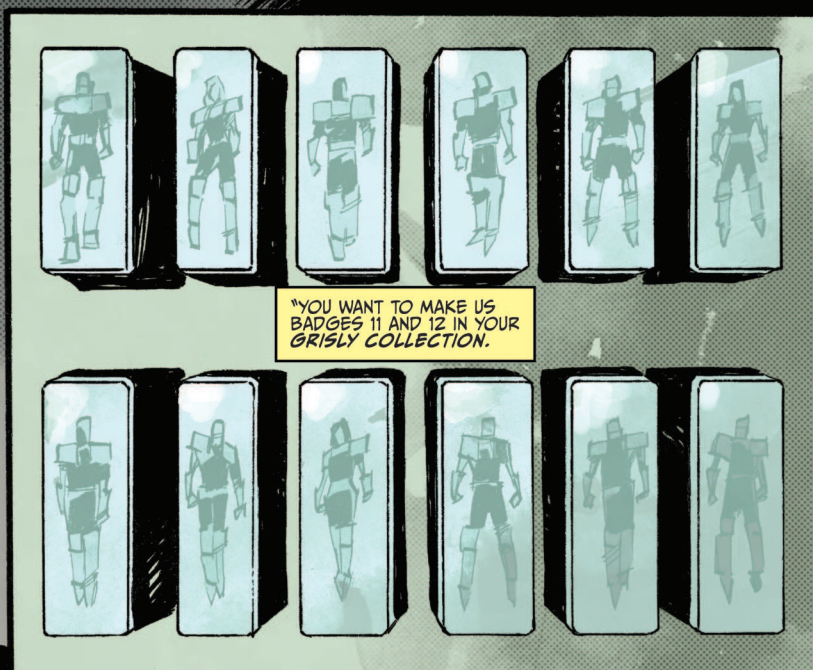
NO... NO
NO NO. THAT'S
NOT HOW IT
WORKS. YOU'RE
IN MY WORLD
NOW.



AND I'M
IN YOUR
HEAD NOW



YOU WANT BOTH OF US DEAD... WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW ABOUT YOUR D-JUMP MACHINE...



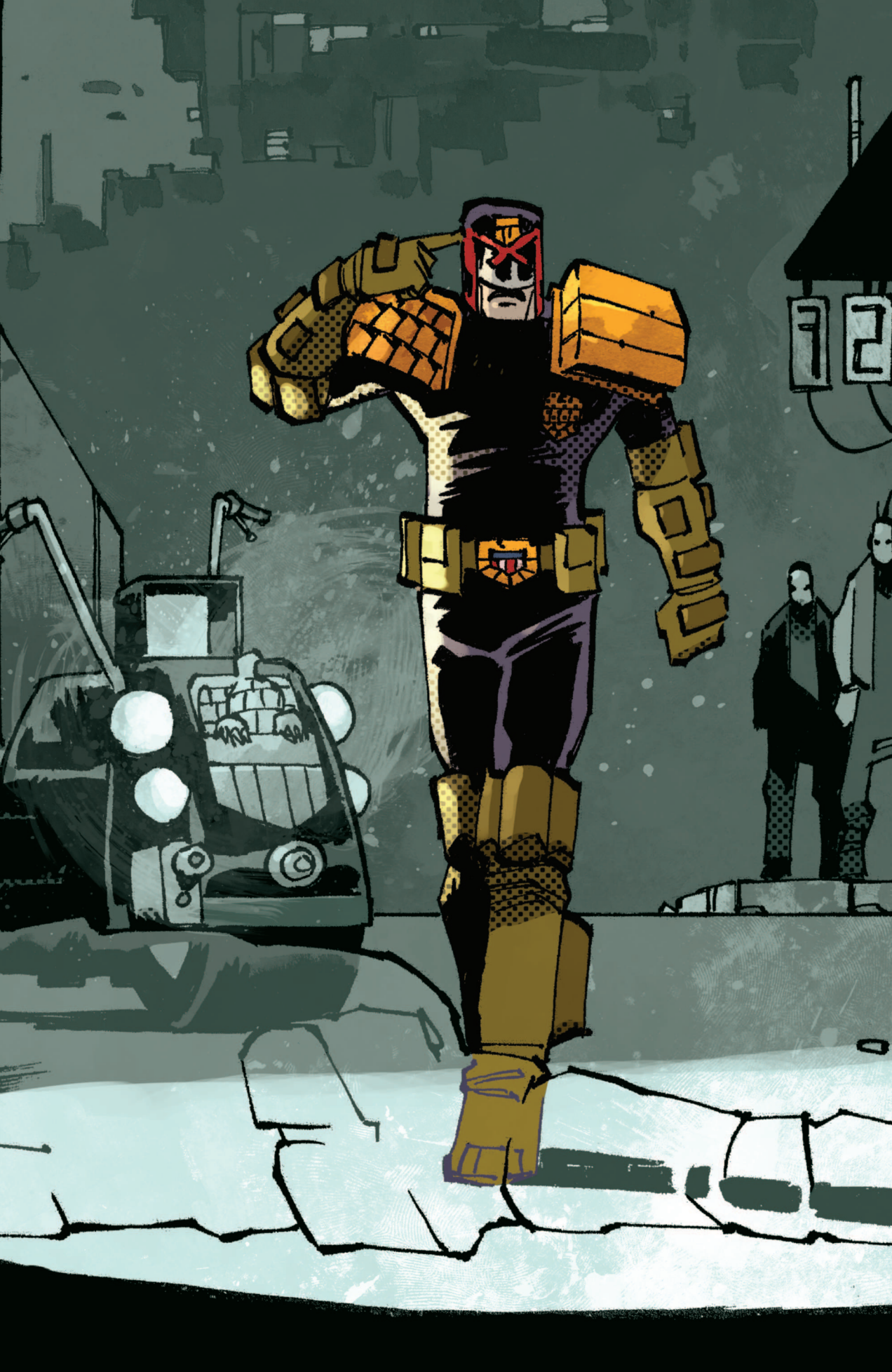
*YOU WANT TO MAKE US BADGES 11 AND 12 IN YOUR GRISLY COLLECTION.



AND YOU'RE
NUMBER
ELEVEN.

BIAM!







Processing...
Processing...
Processing...

THE BEATING IS SAVAGE, EVEN BY SJS STANDARDS.

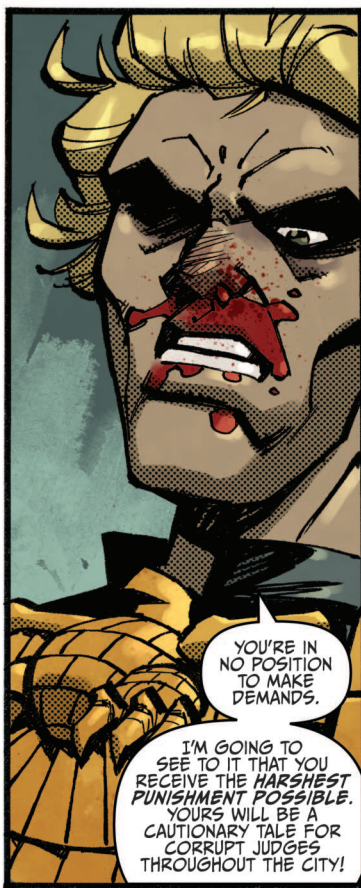
ENOUGH!

DREDD SEES ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE HIS PARTNER.

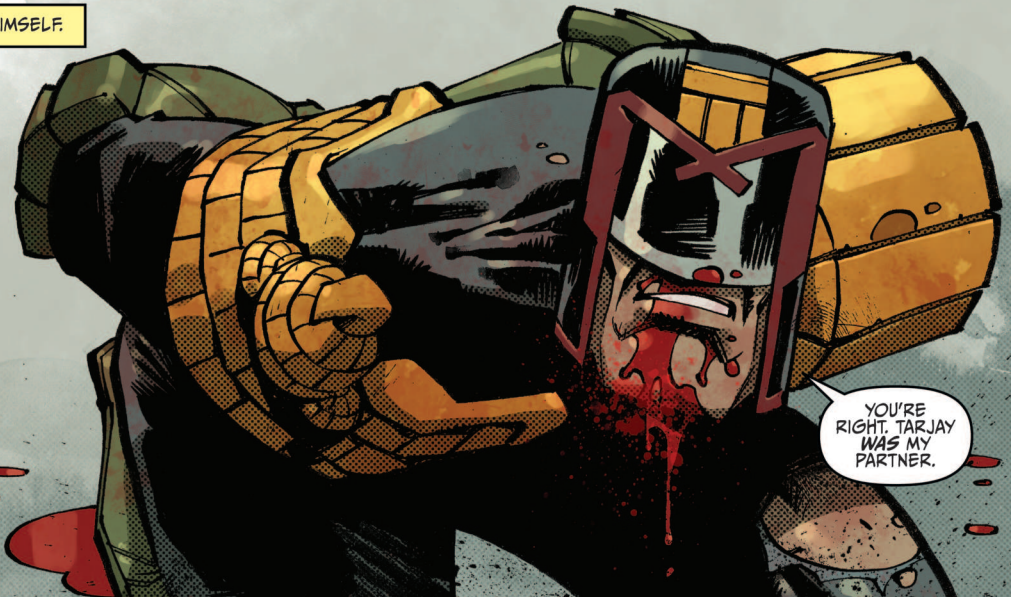
I SURRENDER.

13 BADGES:
CONCLUSION

Writer: Swierczynski
Artist: Daniel
Editor: Ryall



PERJURE HIMSELF.



"WE WERE WORKING THE CLONE RANSOM MONEY RUN. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE CLEAN AND SIMPLE."

"BUT HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME."

"BY THE TIME I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, HE'D FOUND HIMSELF A BLACK MARKET D-JUMP MACHINE."

"ANDERSON WAS ONTO BOTH OF US, SHE FOUND HIM FIRST, AND NOTIFIED ME AS A PROFESSIONAL COURTESY, NOTHING MORE."

"THAT'S WHEN THE MENTAL LINK DROPPED."

BUT, OF COURSE, IT ALREADY WAS.

"NOW SEND HER BACKUP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"



HE DID THIS TO ANDERSON, HE TELLS HIMSELF.

ALLOWED HER TO GO IN ALONE, TO HER DEATH.

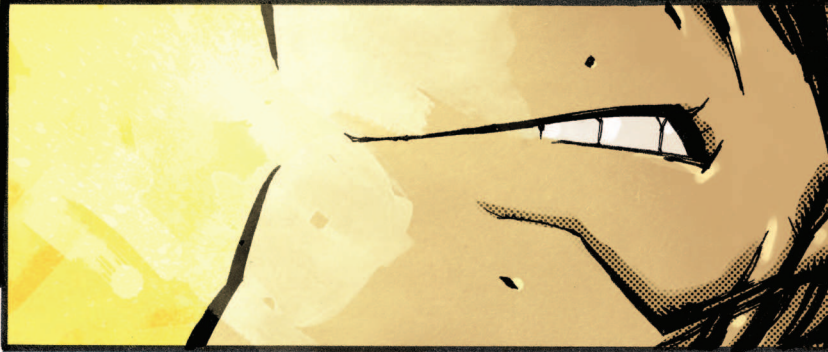


THE CASE COULDN'T BE MORE CLEAR, CHIEF JUSTICE. I HAVE HIS **CONFESSION** IN HAND.

I HOPE YOU AND THE COUNCIL WILL AGREE THIS IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE OUTCOME.



DREDD IS BARELY LISTENING AS THE UNANIMOUS VERDICT IS DELIVERED: **GUILTY.**



SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE DOING **RELENTLESS HARD LABOR** IN THE PENAL COLONY ON THE TITAN MOON A BILLION KILOMETRES FROM EARTH.

THAT IS CONSIDERED **JUSTICE** FOR THOSE FOUND TO BETRAY THE BADGE.

Processing...
Processing...
Processing...





WHERE'S ANDERSON?



UM...

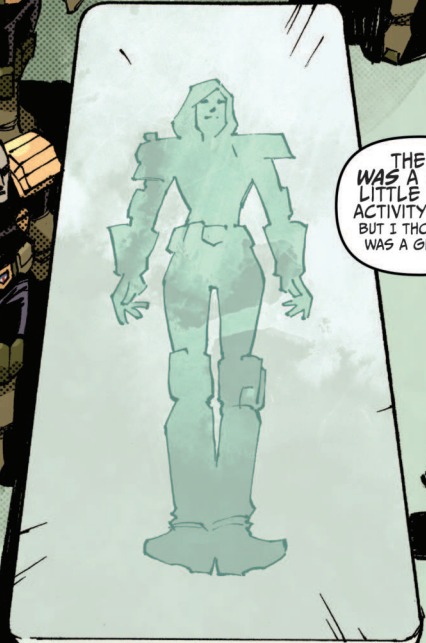
...ISN'T SHE STILL ON SLAB ELEVEN?



HAVE THESE CRIME SCENES BEEN COMPROMISED? WE RECEIVED A PSYCHIC MESSAGE THAT ALLEGEDLY CAME FROM HER.



THERE WAS A WEIRD LITTLE BRAIN ACTIVITY SPIKE, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS A GLITCH...



THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. NOT WITHOUT SOMEONE PARTIALLY REVIVING HER.

NO ONE ELSE HAS ACCESS. I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE!

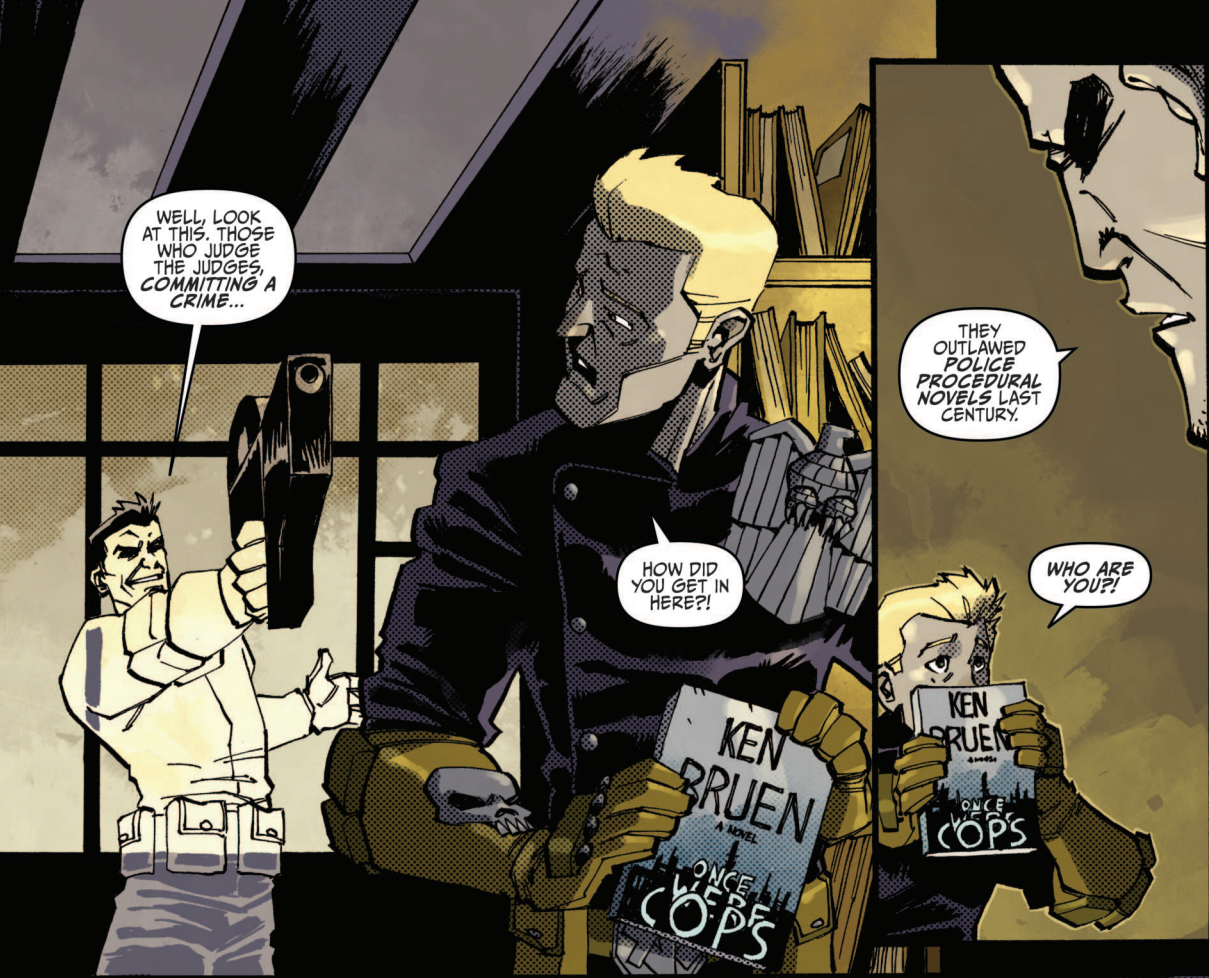
EVERYBODY ELSE IS DEAD...

...

...MORGUE ATTENDANT NICK COUTOURE IS TELLING THE TRUTH.



SO HOW CAN THIS BE?





UP,
DREDD.

YOU'RE NOT
HEADED
OFF-WORLD
JUST YET.

THERE'S BEEN
ANOTHER JUDGE
KILLING.



ONE OF MY
OWN THIS TIME.
BUT OF COURSE
YOU KNEW THAT
ALREADY.

FUNNY.
DIDN'T THINK
YOU WERE THE
PAYBACK
TYPE.



BUT CLEARLY YOU'RE STILL IN
TOUCH WITH YOUR FORMER
PARTNER. NO DOUBT
YOU HAVE ANOTHER
MIND-DIGGER IN
YOUR EMPLOY.

YOU'RE OUT
OF YOUR
DROCKING
MIND!

WE'LL
TALK AGAIN
SOON.

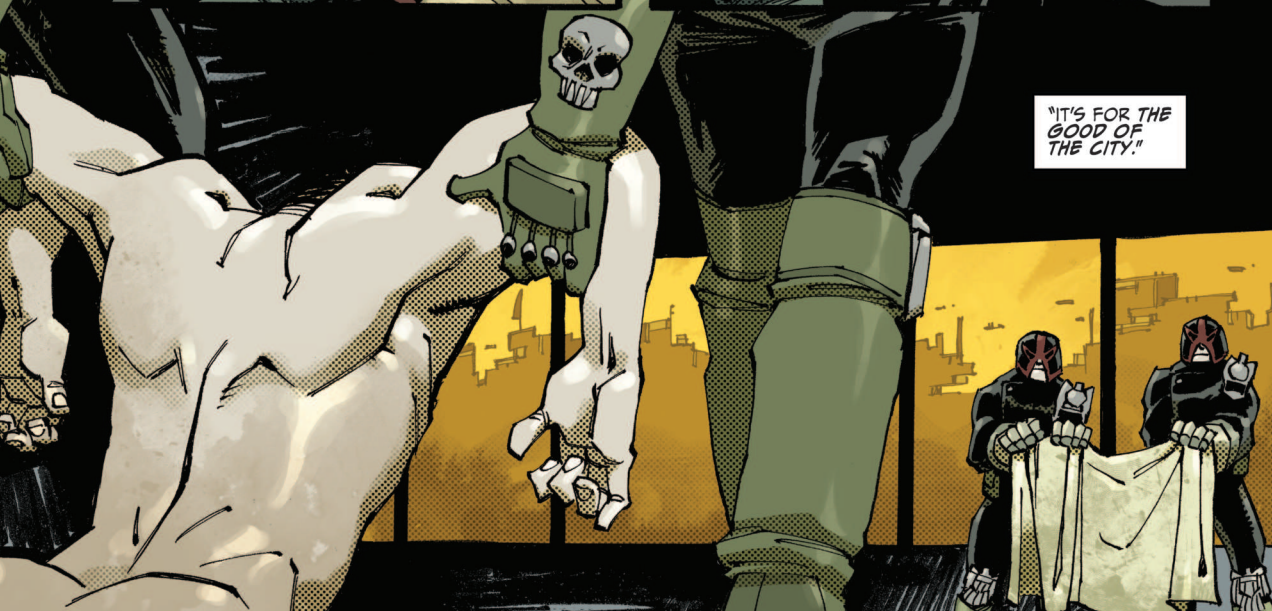


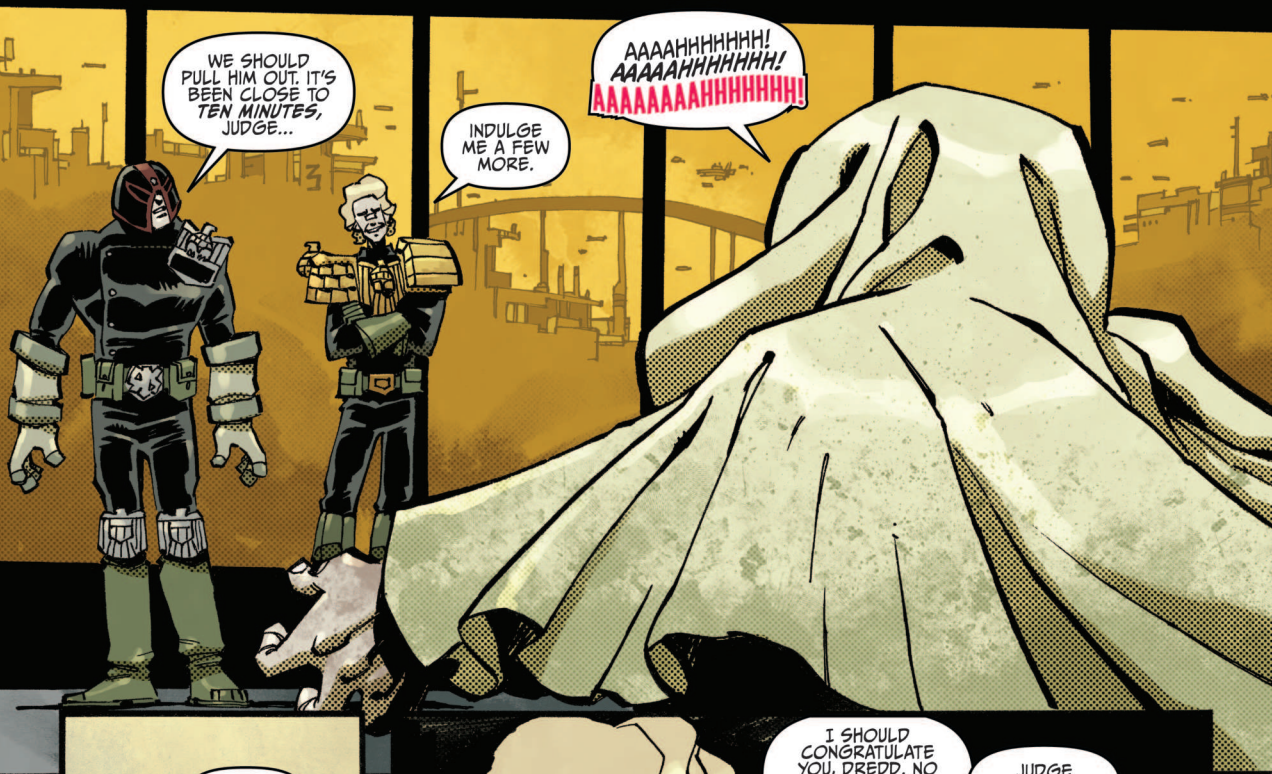
DREDD IS BEING
TAKEN TO THE
BYBEE ROOM. I WANT
YOU STANDING GUARD IN
FRONT OF THIS CELL.
NO ONE, AND I MEAN
NO ONE, ENTERS.

JUDGE?

NO ONE
OUTSIDE THIS
DEPARTMENT
CAN KNOW THAT
DREDD IS GONE.
UNDERSTOOD?

"IT'S FOR THE
GOOD OF
THE CITY!"





WE SHOULD
PULL HIM OUT. IT'S
BEEN CLOSE TO
TEN MINUTES,
JUDGE...

INDULGE
ME A FEW
MORE.

AAAAHHHHHHH!
AAAAHHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAHHHHHHH!



HURRRK

WE CALL IT
**THE VEIL OF
TRUTH**. FAIRLY
SURE IT'S A LIVING
ORGANISM. MOST
DEFINITELY ALIEN
IN ORIGIN.

SERVES LITTLE
PURPOSE, SAVE
FOR AMPING UP
THE PAIN CENTERS
OF ITS HOST WHILE
SOMEHOW KEEPING
ITS VITAL ORGANS
FUNCTIONING.



I SHOULD
CONGRATULATE
YOU, DREDD. NO
ONE'S EVER MADE IT
PAST A MINUTE
WITHOUT —

JUDGE
CAL, MY
APOLOGIES...

THERE
ARE SOME
PSI-JUDGES
HERE TO SEE
YOU.



DID YOU SAY
THEY WERE PSI
DIVISION?

KEEP THEM IN
THE INTERVIEW
AREA, NO MATTER
WHAT THEY SAY.

AND SUMMON
JUDGE ZWATSKI.
IMMEDIATELY.



JUDGES OMAR
AND KARYN, THIS
IS MY ASSOCIATE,
JUDGE ZWATSKI.

FORGET THE
FORMALITIES. YOU
KEPT US WAITING
LONG ENOUGH. WE
NEED TO SPEAK
WITH JUDGE DREDD
IMMEDIATELY!



YOU MEAN
JOSEPH DREDD,
FORMER
JUDGE?

SORRY, THAT
IS NOT A
POSSIBILITY.



...DON'T
UNDERSTAND...
LIKE TRYING TO
SCAN A PAVING
BLOCK...

KEEP
TRYING.



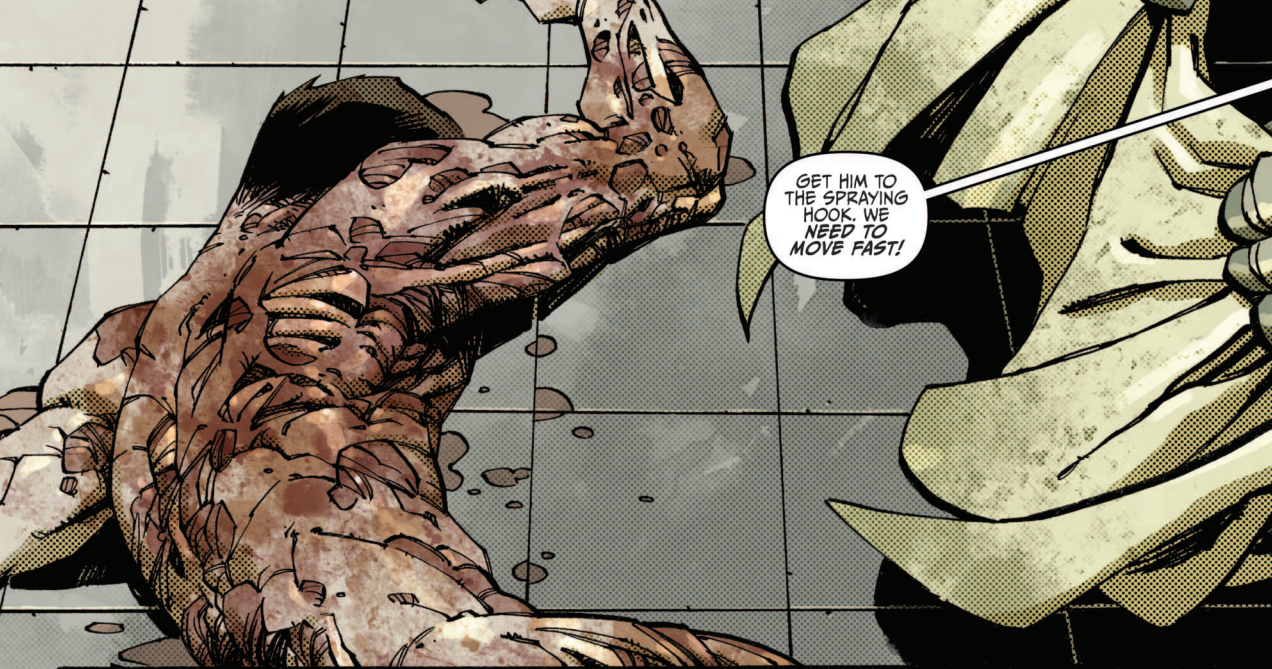
FINE. LET'S PUT
OUR CARDS ON
THE TABLE. WE
RECEIVED A FINAL,
DYING MESSAGE
FROM JUDGE
ANDERSON.

WE BELIEVE
DREDD CAN HELP
US DISCERN THE
MEANING OF THIS
MESSAGE AND HELP
US CAPTURE THE
FUGITIVE TARJAY.

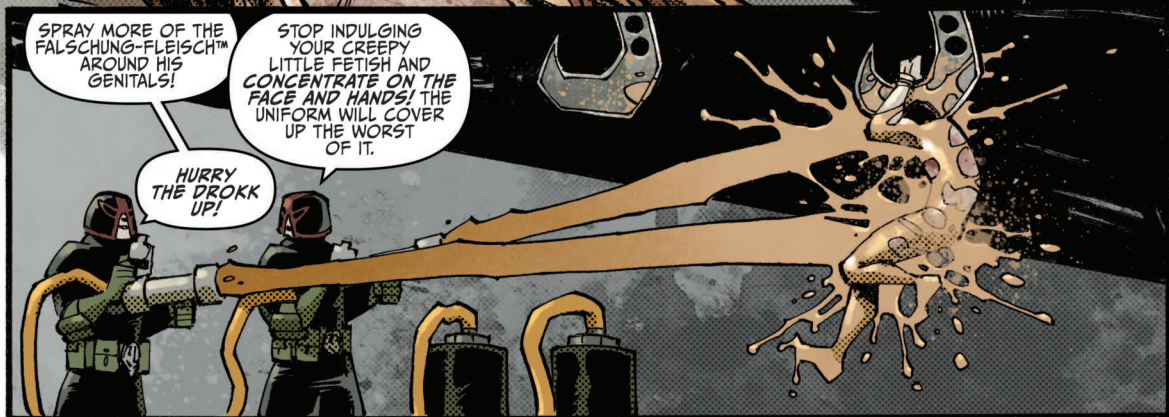


LET ME SEE
IF I UNDERSTAND
THIS... YOU WANT ME
TO APPROVE THE
TRANSMISSION OF
A MESSAGE FROM A
DEAD CONSPIRATOR
TO A LIVING
CONSPIRATOR?





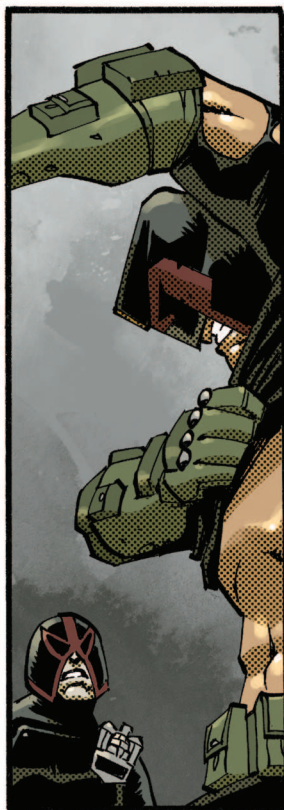
GET HIM TO THE SPRAYING HOOK. WE NEED TO MOVE FAST!



SPRAY MORE OF THE FALSCHUNG-FLEISCH™ AROUND HIS GENITALS!

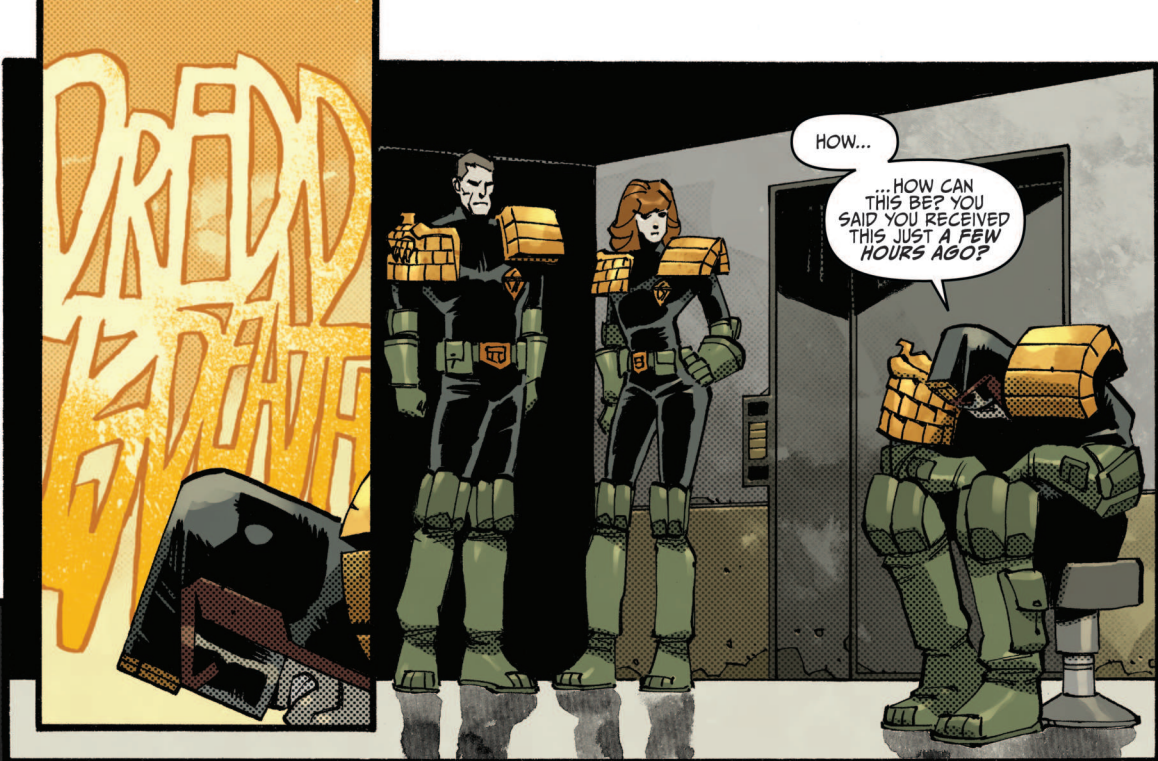
STOP INDULGING YOUR CREEPY LITTLE FETISH AND CONCENTRATE ON THE FACE AND HANDS! THE UNIFORM WILL COVER UP THE WORST OF IT.

HURRY THE DROKK UP!



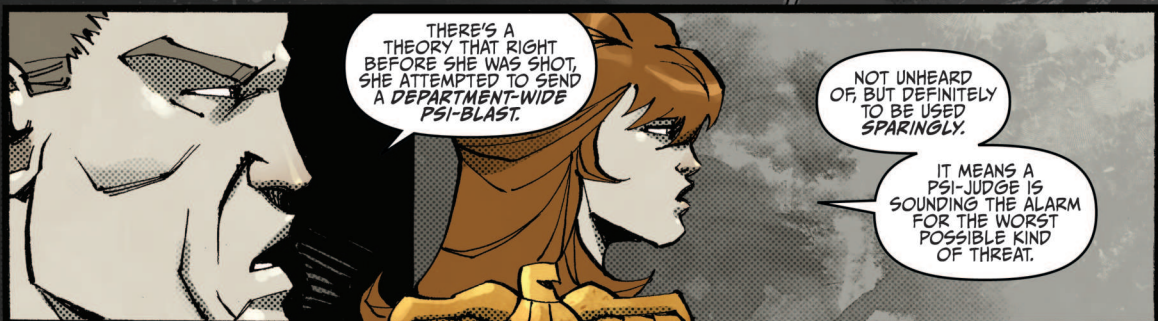
..... CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY DID TO HIM...

DEAL WITH IT LATER. ANSWERS FIRST.



HOW...

...HOW CAN THIS BE? YOU SAID YOU RECEIVED THIS JUST A FEW HOURS AGO?



THERE'S A THEORY THAT RIGHT BEFORE SHE WAS SHOT, SHE ATTEMPTED TO SEND A DEPARTMENT-WIDE PSI-BLAST.

NOT UNHEARD OF, BUT DEFINITELY TO BE USED SPARINGLY.

IT MEANS A PSI-JUDGE IS SOUNDING THE ALARM FOR THE WORST POSSIBLE KIND OF THREAT.

"FOR SOME REASON, THAT MESSAGE WAS DELAYED UNTIL THIS MORNING."

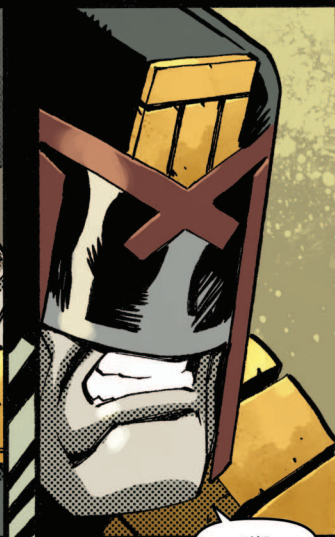




WE WERE IN
CONSTANT
COMMUNICATION
RIGHT BEFORE SHE
WAS KILLED.

IT'S A
SAFE BET
THAT SHE WAS
ADDRESSING
ME.

WHO'S
TO SAY SHE
WASN'T
FINGERING
YOU FOR THE
KILLINGS?



THE
KILLINGS...



"...THIRTEEN! THAT
COULD BE THE TOTAL
NUMBER OF JUDGES
THAT TARJAY INTENDS
TO TAKE DOWN.

"WHICH
MEANS TWO
TO GO."



BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE WORD *DEATH*?
IF SHE DID MEAN
THE JUDGES, WHY
NOT JUST SAY
DEAD?



NOT THAT IT
MATTERS. WITH THAT
D-JUMP MACHINE,
TARJAY WILL RACK
UP HIS LAST TWO
BADGES BEFORE
SUNDOWN.

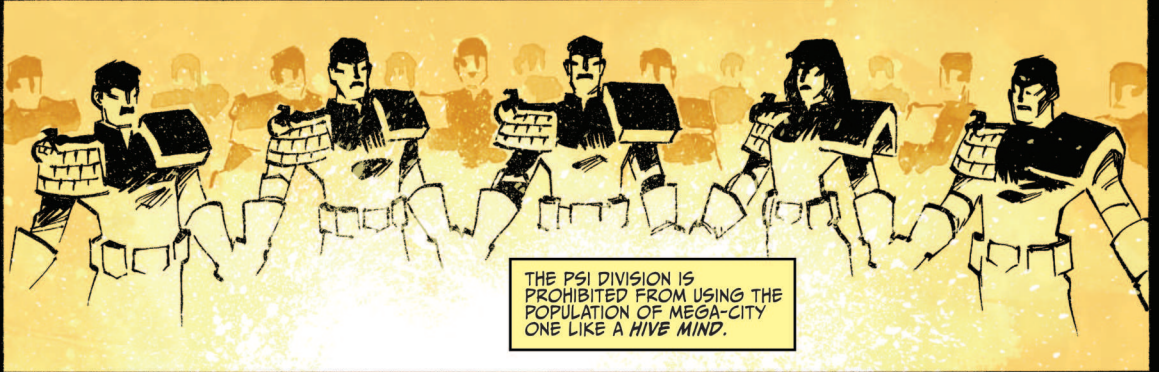


NOT IF WE
ORGANIZE A
MANHUNT THAT CAN
BEAT THE MACHINE.
YOU FIT FOR
DUTY, JUDGE?

WHAT
ABOUT
JUDGE
CAL?



"I'LL DEAL WITH CAL.
YOU JUST BE READY TO
STRIKE WHEN WE PIN
DOWN YOUR PERP."



THE PSI DIVISION IS
PROHIBITED FROM USING THE
POPULATION OF MEGA-CITY
ONE LIKE A HIVE MIND.



HOWEVER, JUDGE OMAR
DECIDED TO IGNORE
THAT PROHIBITION
FOR THE TIME BEING.

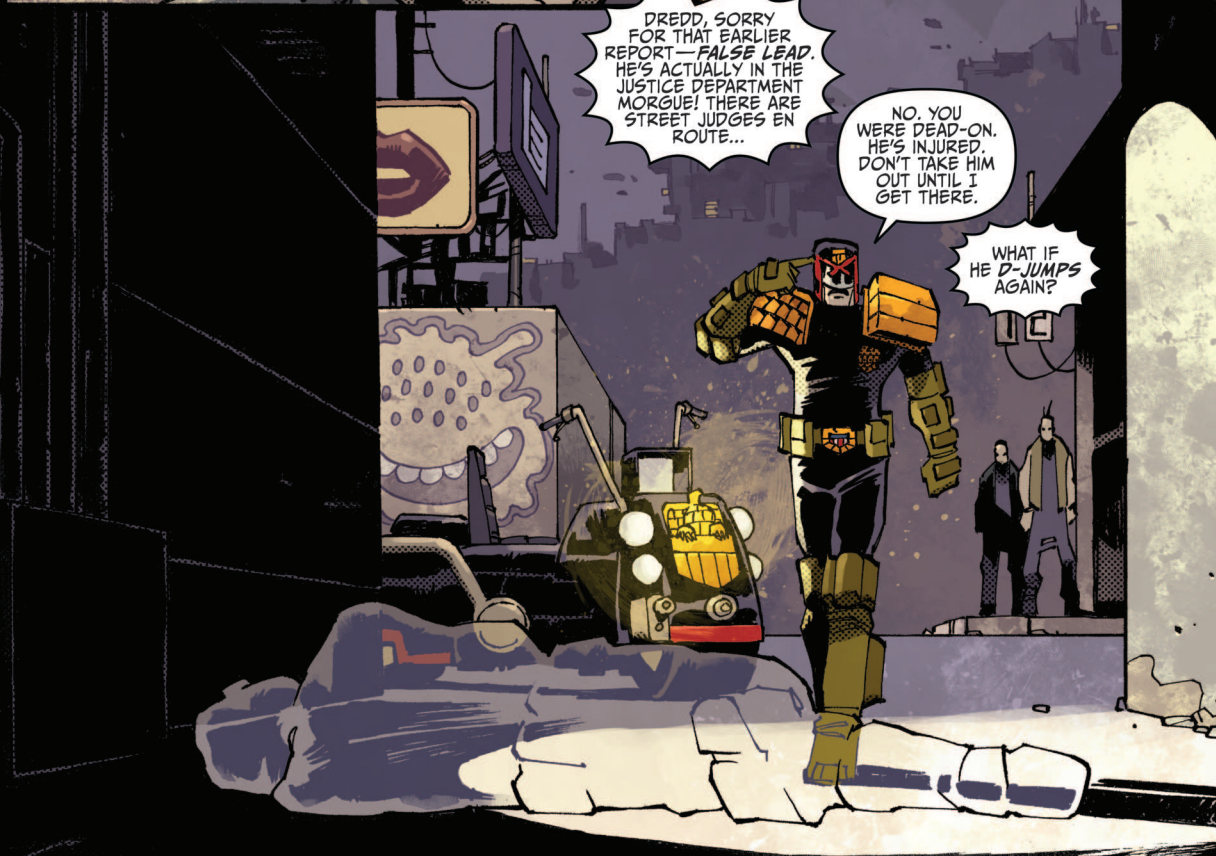
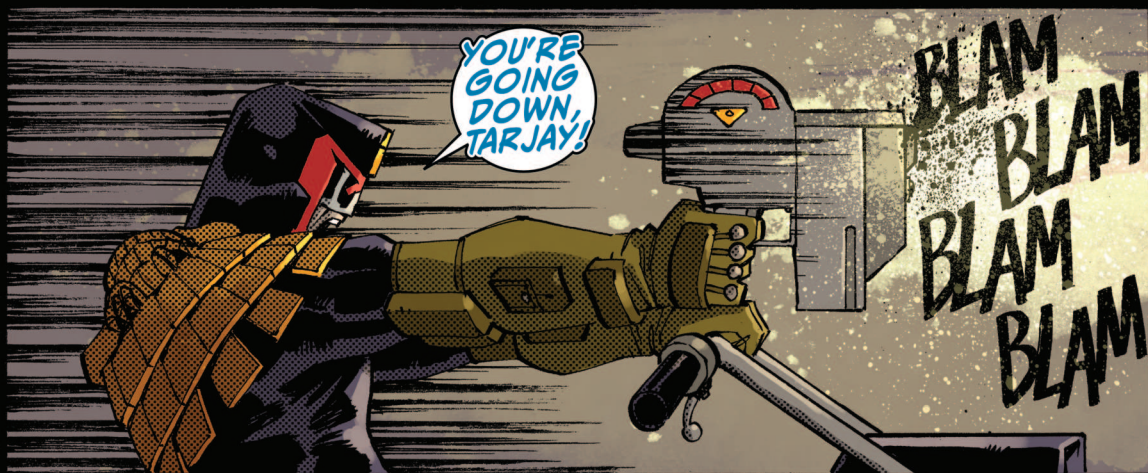


FOUND
HIM.



DREDD! WE
HAVE TARJAY!
SECTOR 76, WEINER
BLOCK!

ON
IT.





"HE WON'T."

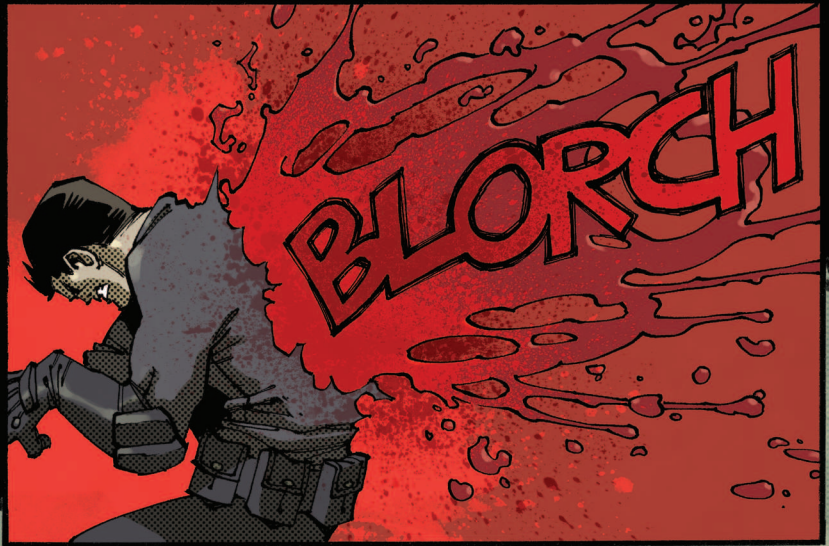


END OF THE
LINE, TARJAY. NO
MORE RUNNING.

YOU'RE GOING
TO EXPLAIN THE
POINT OF THESE
MURDERS. IN
DETAIL.



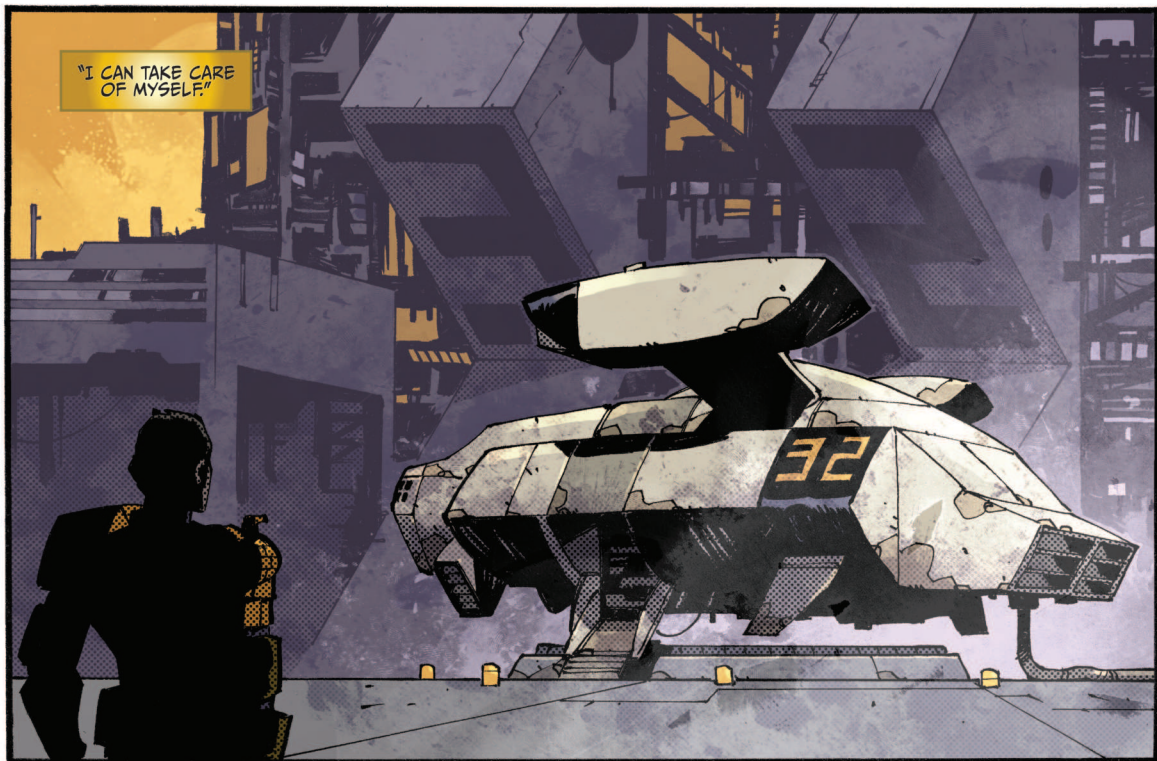
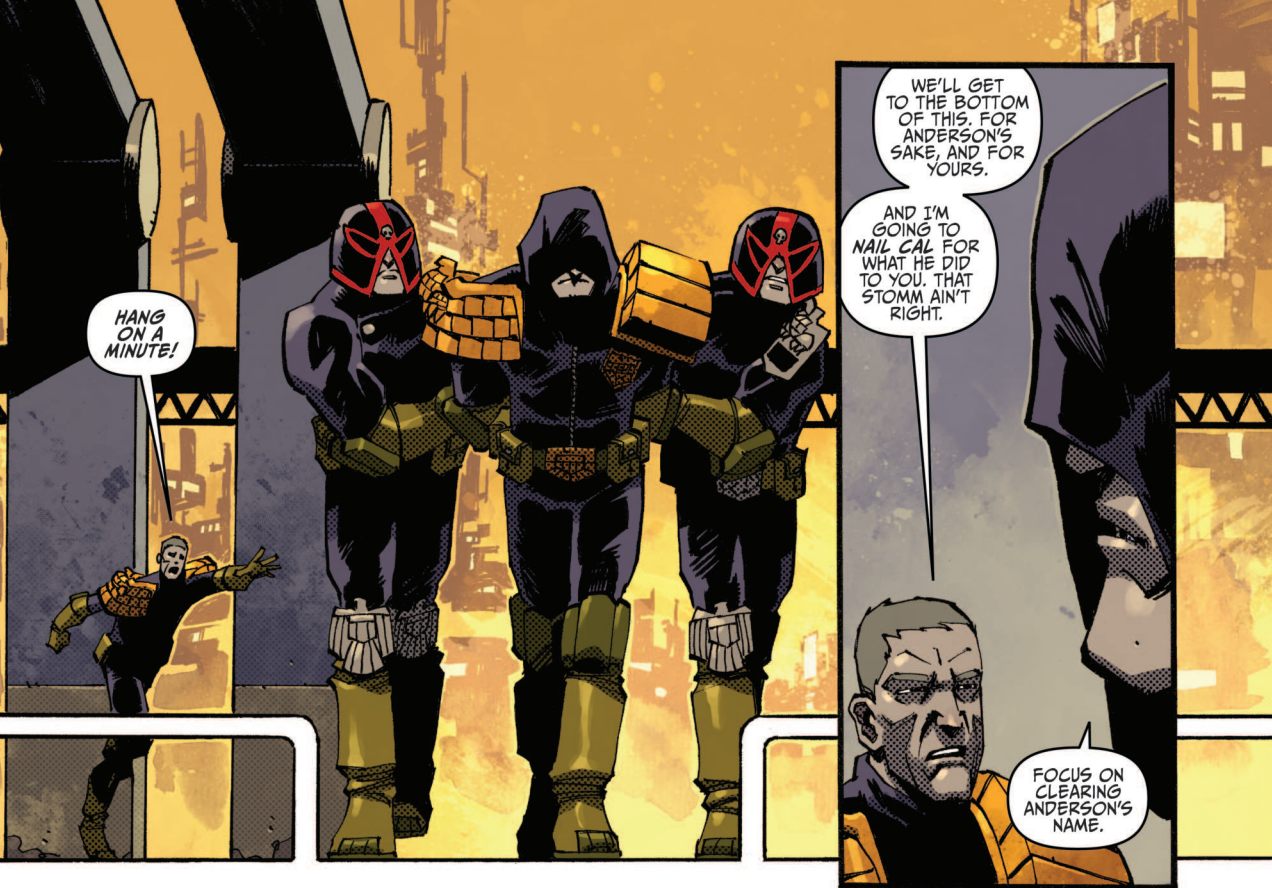
BETTER
TO SHOW
THAN TELL,
DREDD...



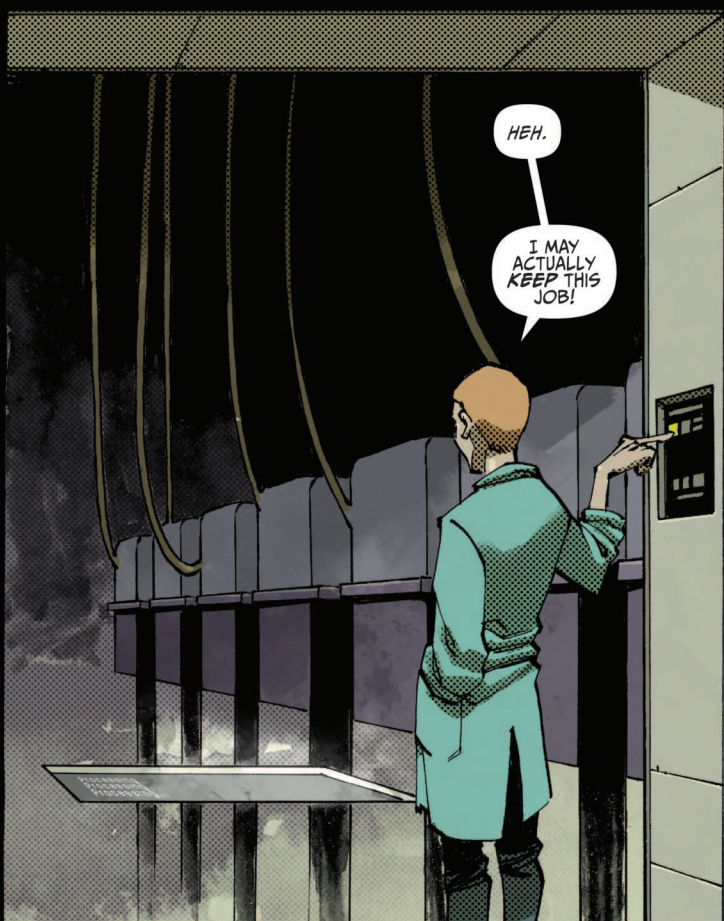
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
BE PSYCHIC TO READ
THE QUESTION ON
EVERYONE'S MINDS.

WHY?





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Processing...
Processing...

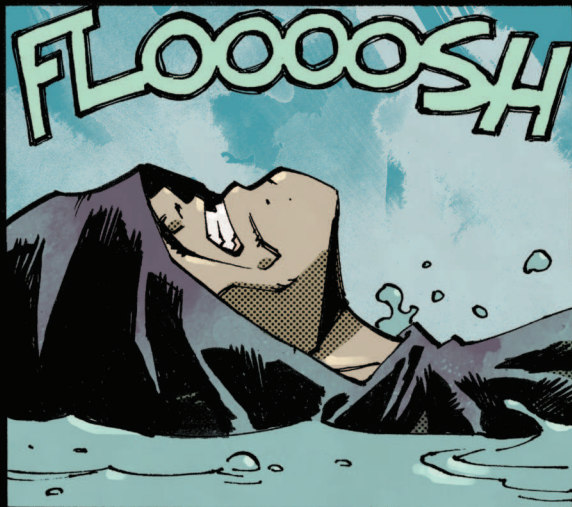




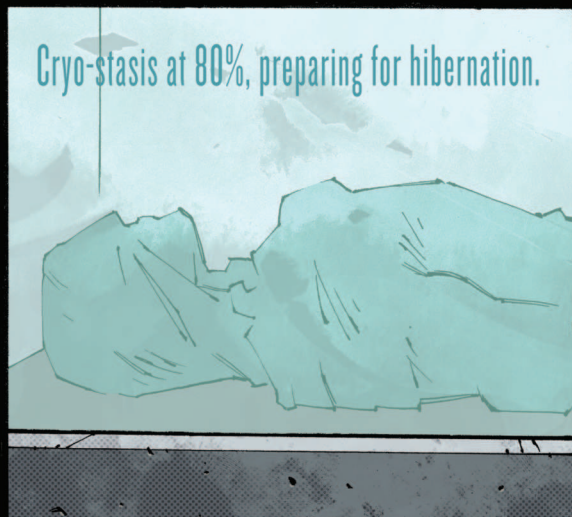
Processing...
Processing...
Processing...



Processing 100% complete.
Dark fluid initiated.



Cryo-stasis at 80%, preparing for hibernation.

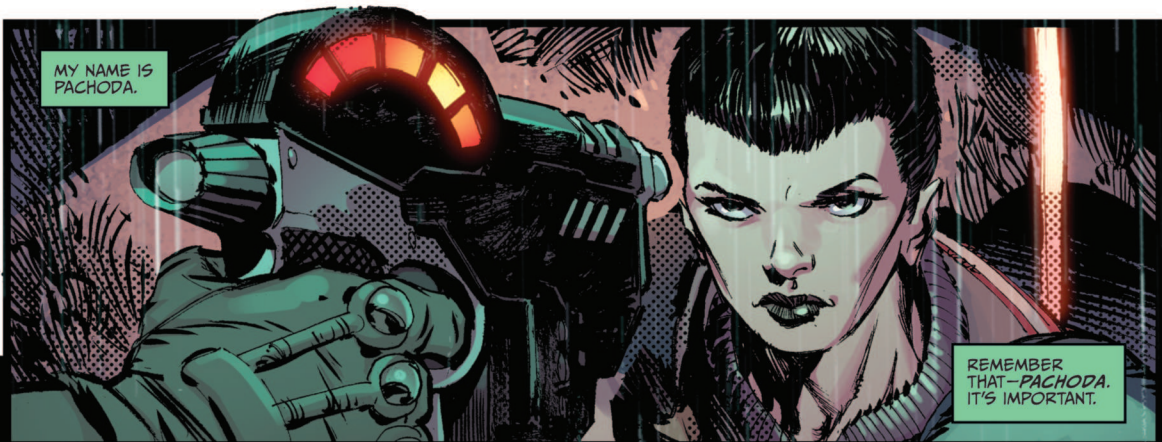


OH
YESSSSSSS!



NEXT: THE AMERICAN
WAY OF DEATH!





MY NAME IS PACHODA.

REMEMBER THAT—PACHODA. IT'S IMPORTANT.

THE MAN POINTING HIS WEAPON AT ME IS JUDGE HARVIES AND HE HAS ME DEAD TO RIGHTS.

THIS IS IMPORTANT, TOO.

AGATHA PACHODA, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MULTIPLE COUNTS OF FELONY THEFT AND BODY-SHARKING.



...

...AREN'T YOU GOING TO ASK FOR MY PLEA?

NO.

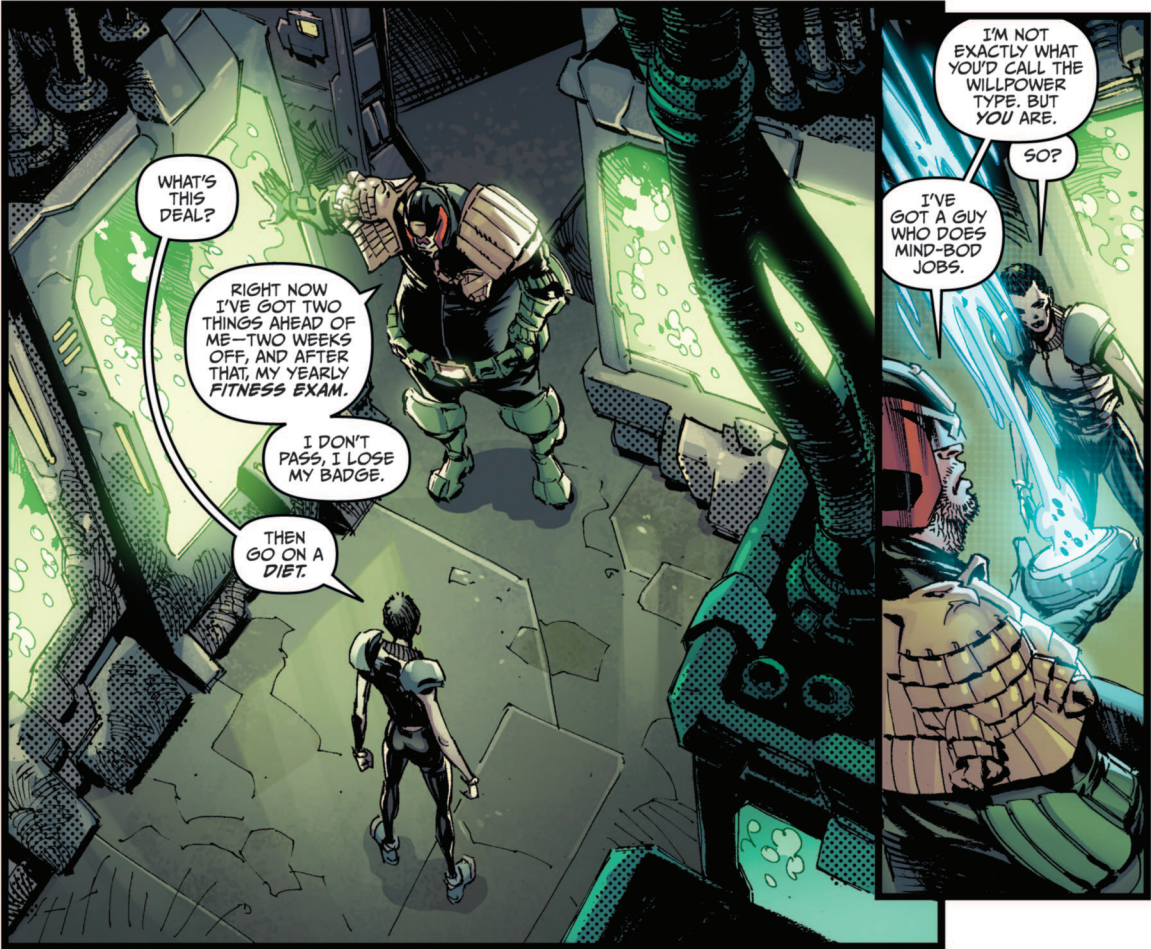
I'VE GOT A DEAL IN MIND.

ONLY CORRUPT JUDGES OFFER "DEALS."

WE NEED SOMEPLACE PRIVATE. HOW ABOUT YOUR PLACE?

BUT SINCE I'M FACING AT LEAST 30 YEARS IN ISO-CUBE TIME, I CAN'T AFFORD TO NOT HEAR HIM OUT.





WHAT'S THIS DEAL?

RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TWO THINGS AHEAD OF ME—TWO WEEKS OFF, AND AFTER THAT, MY YEARLY FITNESS EXAM.

I DON'T PASS, I LOSE MY BADGE.

THEN GO ON A DIET.

I'M NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL THE WILLPOWER TYPE, BUT YOU ARE.

SO?

I'VE GOT A GUY WHO DOES MIND-BODY JOBS.



HARVIES WALKS ME THROUGH IT. MIND-BODY SWAPS, HE TELLS ME, ARE NOW ROUTINE AND SAFE.



IN EXCHANGE FOR A FREE PASS, MY MIND WOULD BE PLACED IN HARVIE'S FATTY BODY FOR TWO WEEKS, WHICH I'D SPEND GETTING HIM INTO PASSABLE PHYSICAL CONDITION.

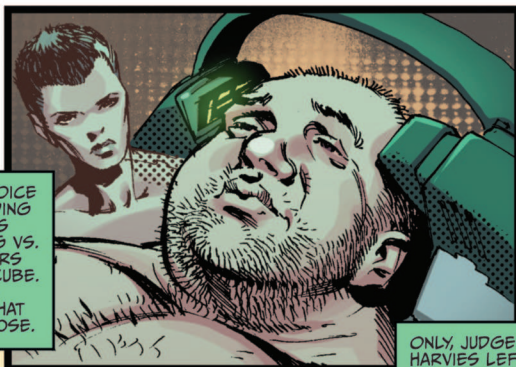


MEANWHILE, MY MIND AND YOUR BODY TAKE A TWO-WEEK SIESTA.

OTHERWISE, YOU CAN START YOUR 30 YEAR NAP RIGHT NOW.



YOU MIGHT THINK ME DESPERATE TO TAKE A DEAL LIKE THAT. AND YEAH, I GUESS I WAS.



BUT MY CHOICE WAS SPENDING TWO WEEKS EXERCISING VS. THIRTY YEARS IN AN ISO-CUBE. GO AHEAD. TELL ME WHAT YOU'D CHOOSE.

ONLY, JUDGE HARVIES LEFT OUT ONE TINY DETAIL.



NAMELY, THAT HE WAS WANTED BY THE SJS ON A HOST OF UGLY CORRUPTION CHARGES.



TRYING TO EXPLAIN DID ME NO FAVORS. THE JUDGES ASSUMED I WAS FEIGNING MENTAL ILLNESS TO AVOID SENTENCING.

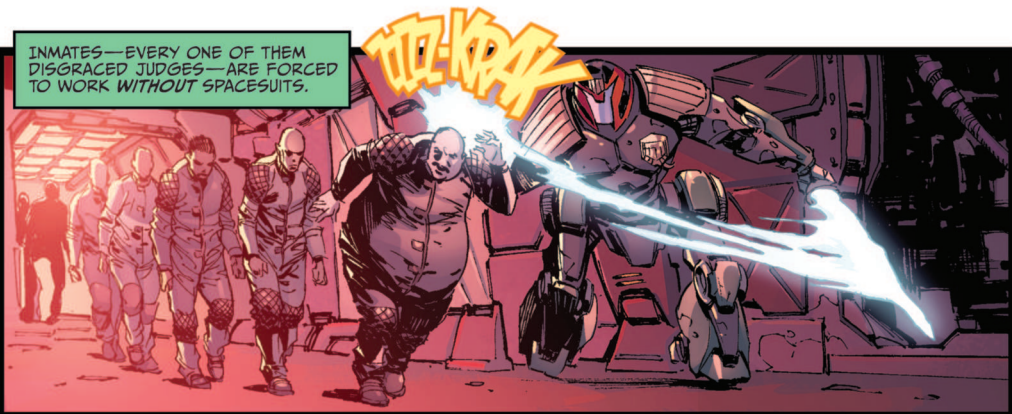


I CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT HOURS BEFORE HARVIES—IN MY BODY—DISAPPEARED INTO THE UNDERWORLD...



...LEAVING ME TO DEAL WITH HIS LIFE SENTENCE ON TITAN, THE HELLISH PRISON MOON OF SATURN.

INMATES—EVERY ONE OF THEM DISGRACED JUDGES—ARE FORCED TO WORK WITHOUT SPACESUITS.



INSTEAD, OUR BODIES ARE "MODIFIED" TO BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH THE HARSH CONDITIONS.



MODIFICATIONS OR NOT, I HAVE SERIOUS CONCERNS THAT THE SLIGHTEST EXERTION WOULD CAUSE MY NEW HEART TO EXPLODE.



MAKING MINE THE SHORTEST LIFE SENTENCE IN TITAN HISTORY.



I WAS STUCK IN TWO PRISONS—THE PENAL COLONY OF TITAN...



...AND THE FLABBY FLESH OF JUDGE HARVIES.



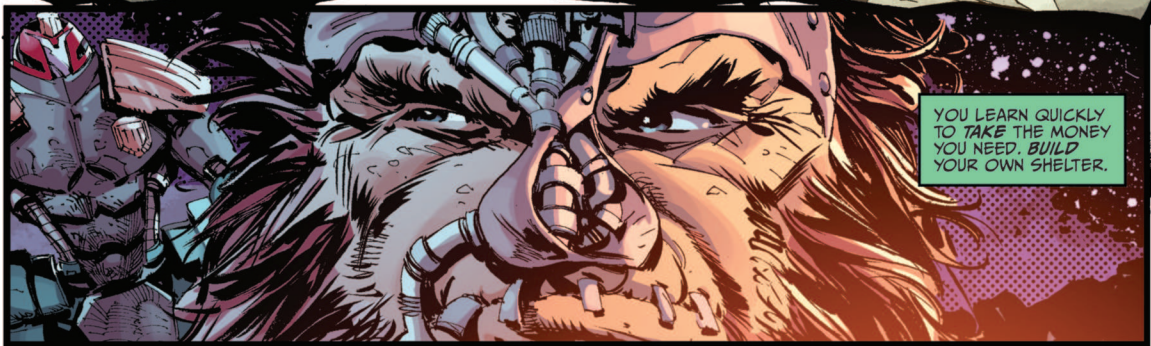


BUT THROUGH IT ALL
I REMEMBER: I AM
NOT JUDGE HARVIES.
INSIDE, I AM STILL
AGATHA PACHODA.

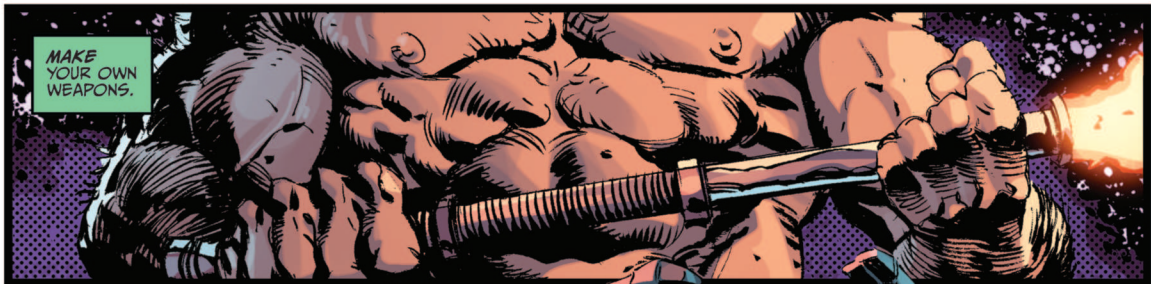
AND I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN ABLE TO
ADAPT TO HARSH
CONDITIONS.



I GREW UP AN
ORPHAN IN THE
UNDERBELLY
OF THE MEG.
WITHOUT MONEY
OR SHELTER OR
WEAPONS.



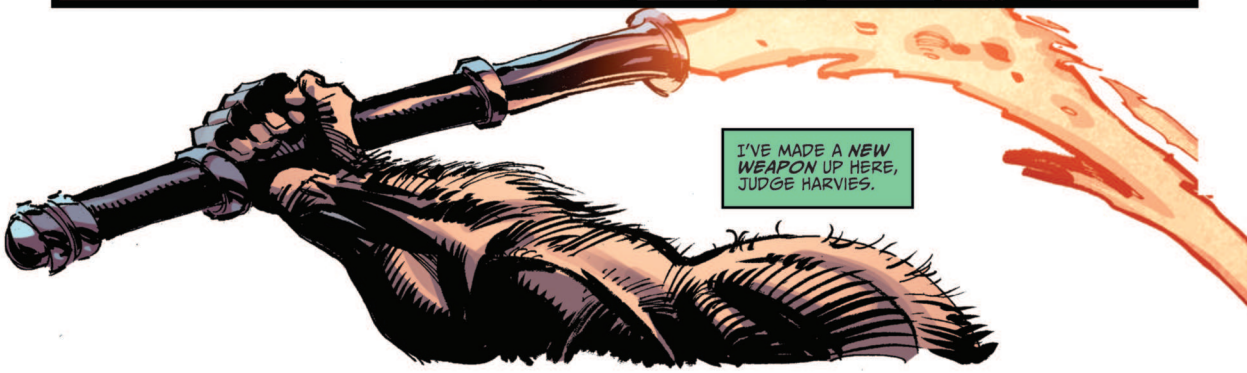
YOU LEARN QUICKLY
TO TAKE THE MONEY
YOU NEED. BUILD
YOUR OWN SHELTER.



MAKE
YOUR OWN
WEAPONS.



»SKOINK«



I'VE MADE A NEW
WEAPON UP HERE,
JUDGE HARVIES.



SIX EARTH-MONTHS LATER...



A WEAPON FORGED FROM
THE TIRED, OBESE WRECK
YOU FORCED ON ME.



SO WHEN I GET
BACK TO EARTH
SOMEDAY... YOU
AND ME?

WE'RE GOING
TO MAKE A
NEW DEAL.

HARSH CONDITIONS

WRITER DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST: STAZ JOHNSON
COLORIST: STEPHEN DOWNER
EDITOR: CHRIS RYALL



"I'M GONNA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE."

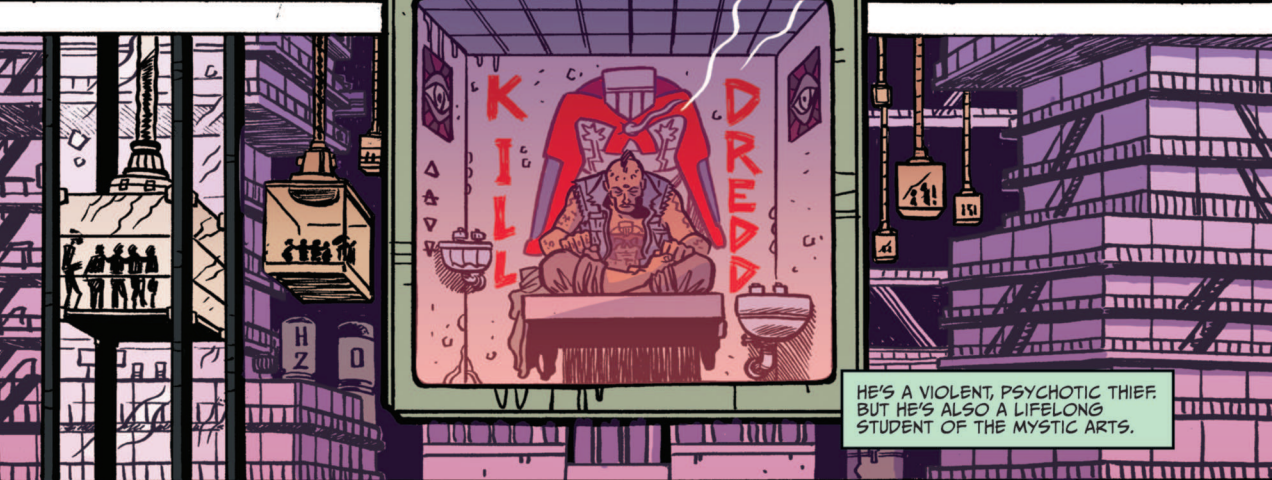
SAYS THE CON TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY THROUGH A 30-YEAR STRETCH IN THE ISO-CUBES.

PERP WALK

WRITER: SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST: BELANGER
EDITOR: RYALL

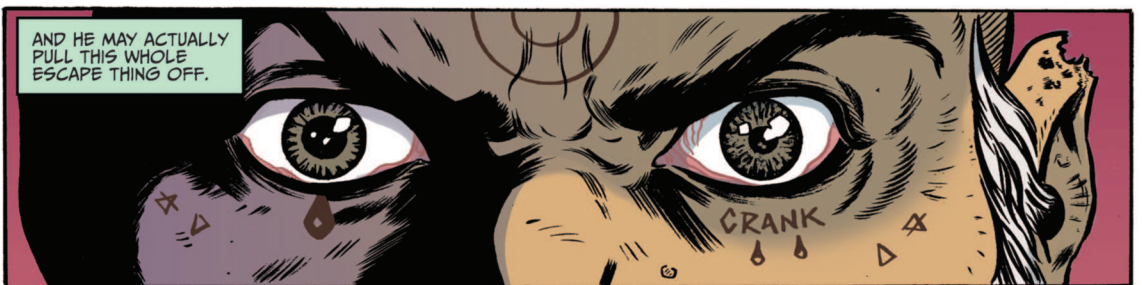
BUNKER IS DIFFERENT, THOUGH.

THAT'S WHAT EVERY CON SAYS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP SANE.

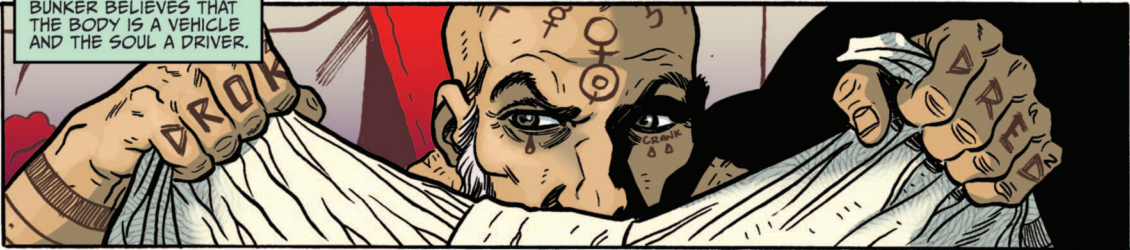


HE'S A VIOLENT, PSYCHOTIC THIEF. BUT HE'S ALSO A LIFELONG STUDENT OF THE MYSTIC ARTS.

AND HE MAY ACTUALLY PULL THIS WHOLE ESCAPE THING OFF.



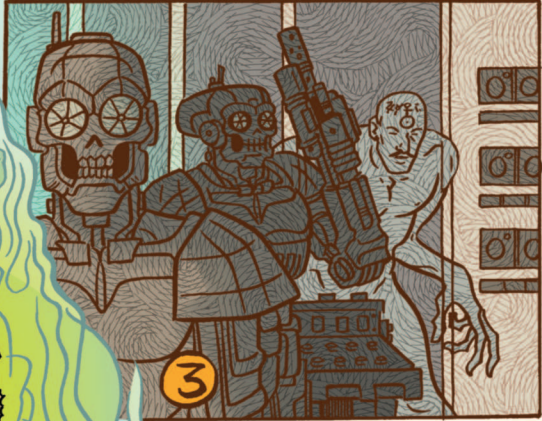
BUNKER BELIEVES THAT THE BODY IS A VEHICLE AND THE SOUL A DRIVER.



HE BELIEVES THAT THE DRIVER CAN STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE AT WILL.



LEAVING THE DRIVER FREE TO PERFORM OTHER TASKS.



BEFORE RETURNING TO ITS VEHICLE.



THIS PLAN WAS CONCEIVED WITHIN THE FIRST 10 MINUTES OF BUNKER'S INCARCERATION.



IT TOOK HIM 10 YEARS TO REALIZE IT COULD ACTUALLY WORK.



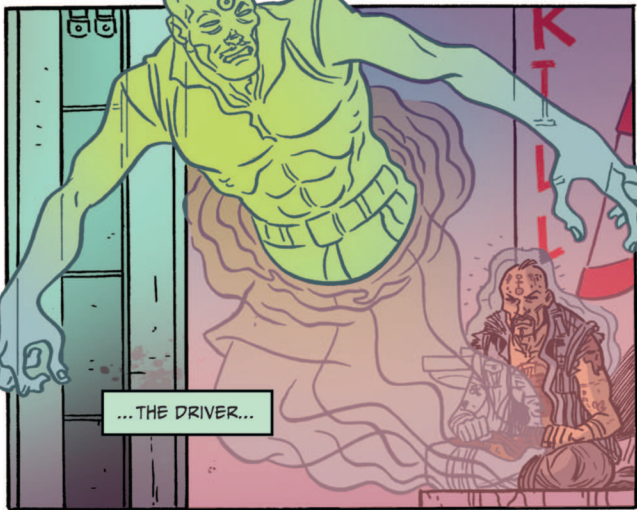
THE FIRST FIVE YEARS... THE DRIVER REMAINS IN THE VEHICLE.



AND FOR MOST OF THE NEXT FIVE... THE DRIVER REMAINS IN THE VEHICLE.



BEFORE BUT THEN AROUND THE DAWN OF THE TENTH...

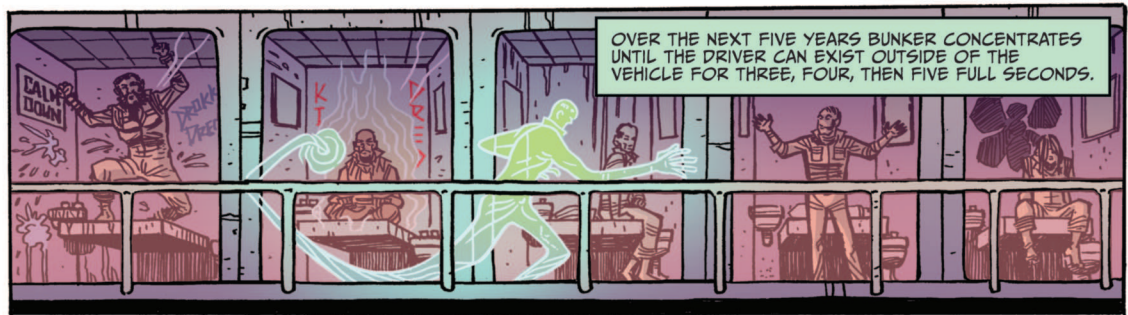


...THE DRIVER...



FouF

...STEPS OUT.



OVER THE NEXT FIVE YEARS BUNKER CONCENTRATES UNTIL THE DRIVER CAN EXIST OUTSIDE OF THE VEHICLE FOR THREE, FOUR, THEN FIVE FULL SECONDS.

BY YEAR 20, THE DRIVER IS ABLE TO HOLD ON FOR 10 FULL SECONDS.

WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF TIME.

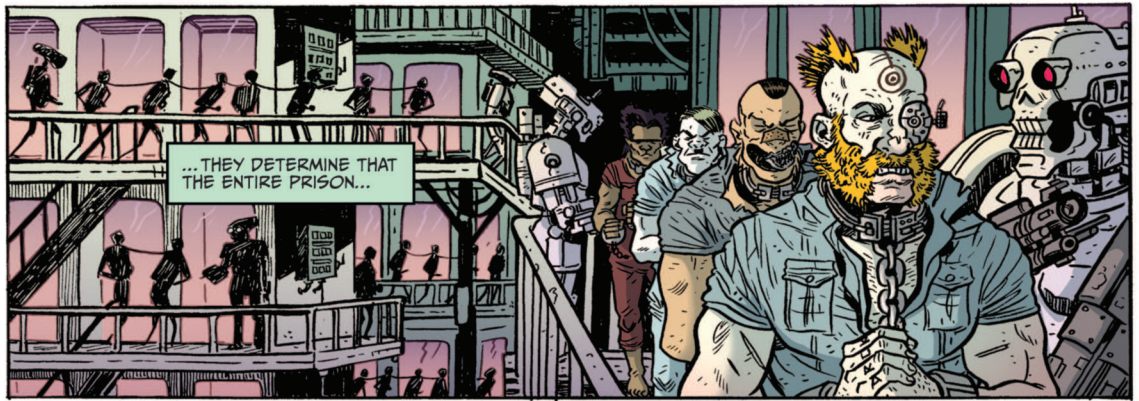
KUNK

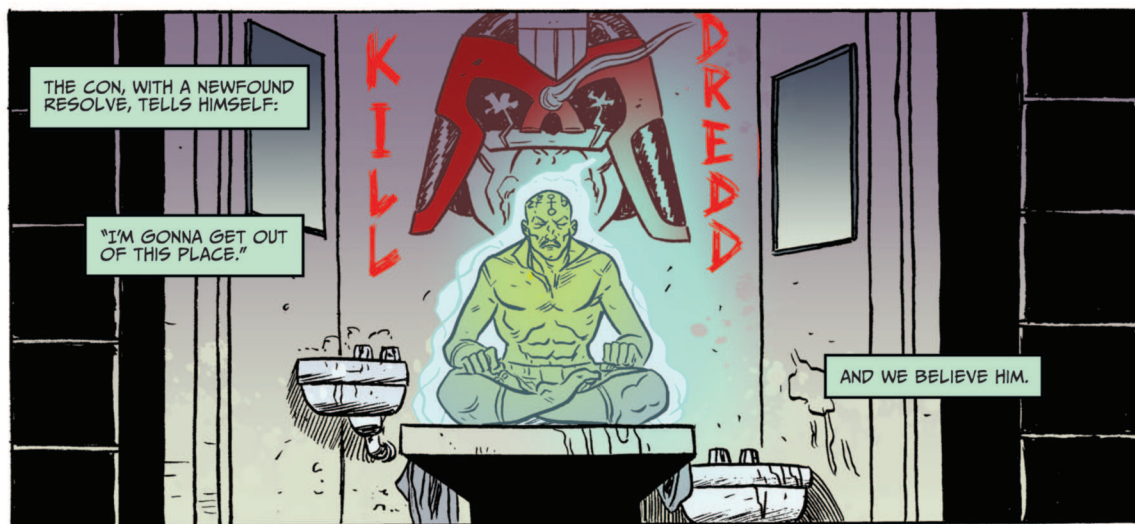
BZZZ

AND THE WRONG AMOUNT OF TIME.

THE DRIVER HAS DAMAGED THE DELICATE, INVISIBLE CORD BETWEEN ITSELF AND THE VEHICLE.

THE DRIVER REALIZES ITS ERROR TOO LATE.







ART BY **BRENDAN MCCARTHY**



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MCCARTHY
AFTER
STERANKO

ART BY **BRENDAN MCCARTHY**

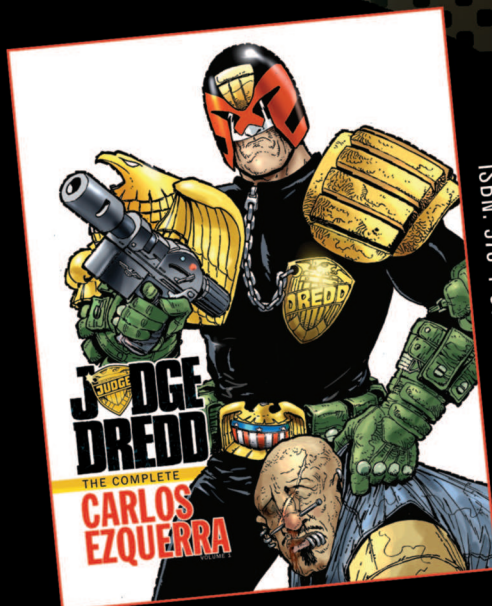


ART BY **BRENDAN MCCARTHY**

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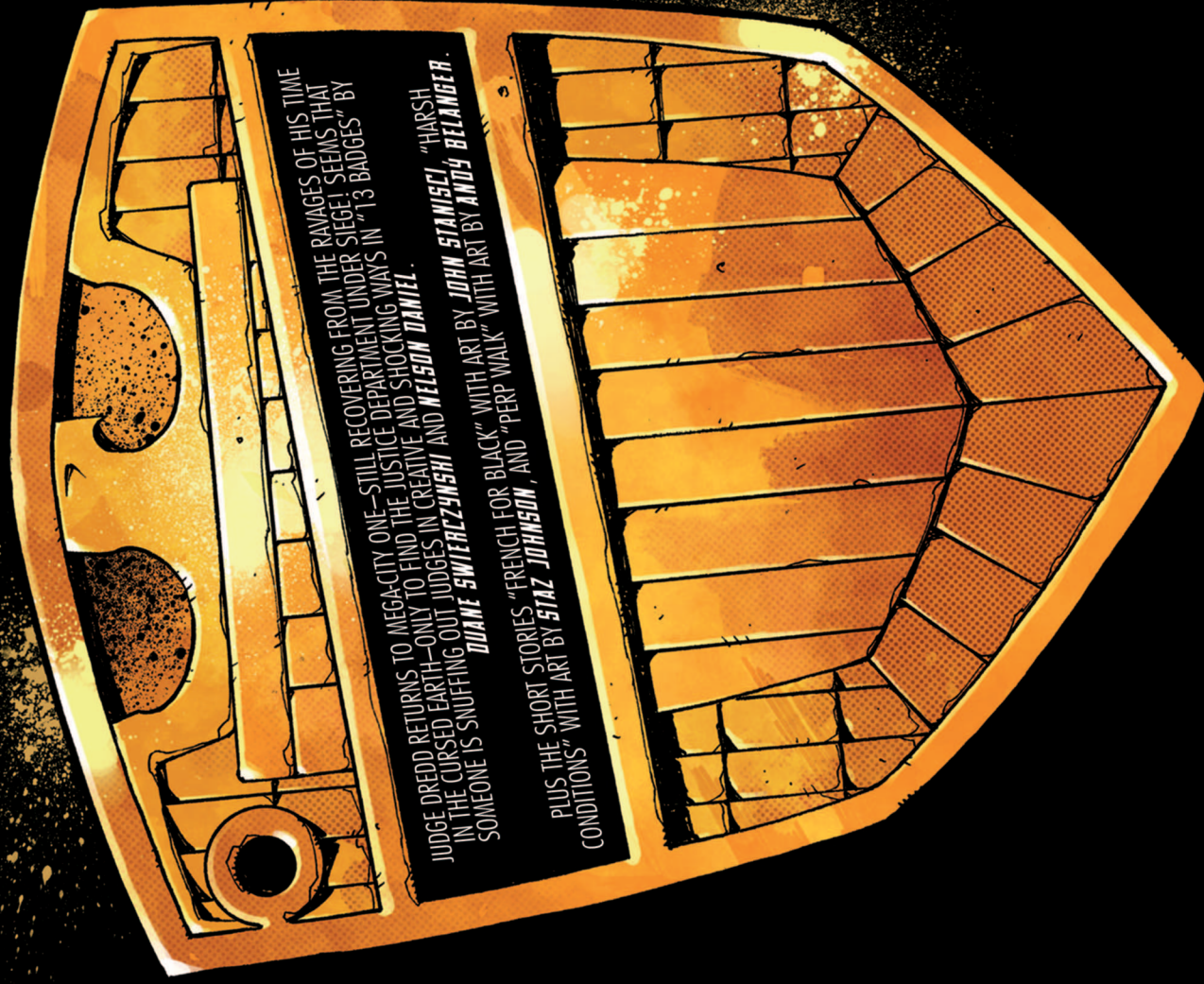
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