

JUDGE DREDD®

VOLUME 5



THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH

SHANE
PETER



J DGE DREDD®

VOLUME 5

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

JUDGE DREDD®

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

ISBN: 9781623026455

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Originally published as JUDGE DREDD issues #17-20.





ART BY **MICHAEL AVON DEMING**

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE



JUDGE
OMAR WHAT'S
HAPPENING BACK
AT THE HALL; I
AM PICKING UP
SOMETHING
HORRIBLE.

PSI-DIVISION
HEADQUARTERS

I'M PICKING
IT UP TOO
JUDGE KARYN



FEAR,
SCREAMING,
PANIC, BLOOD,
PAIN, DEATH.



NO NO
NO NO
NO.



THE DARK
JUDGES...

...THEY'RE
BACK.

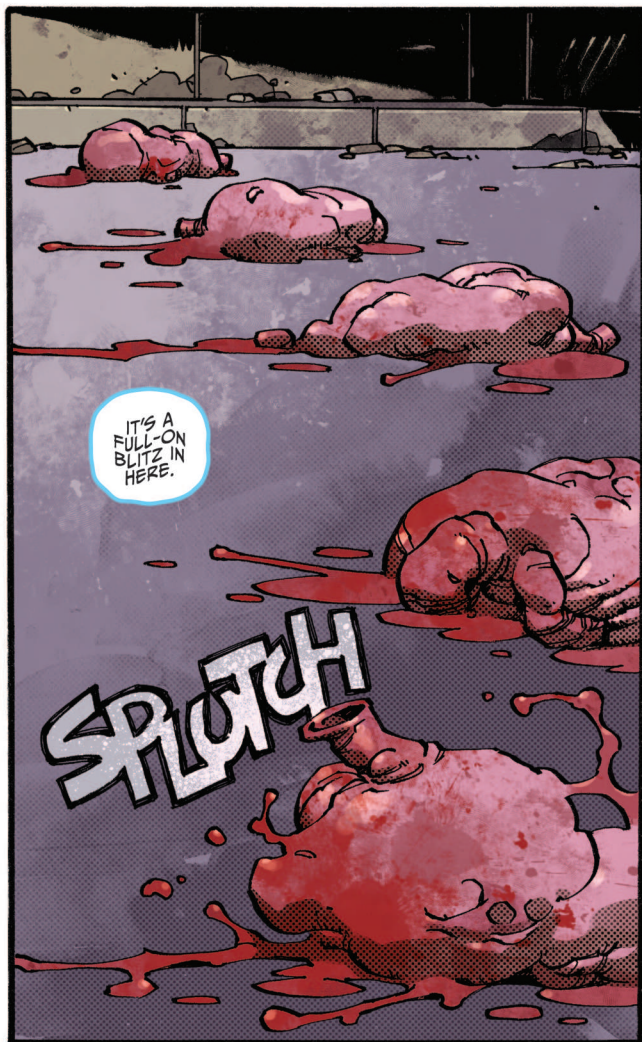


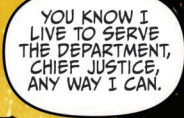
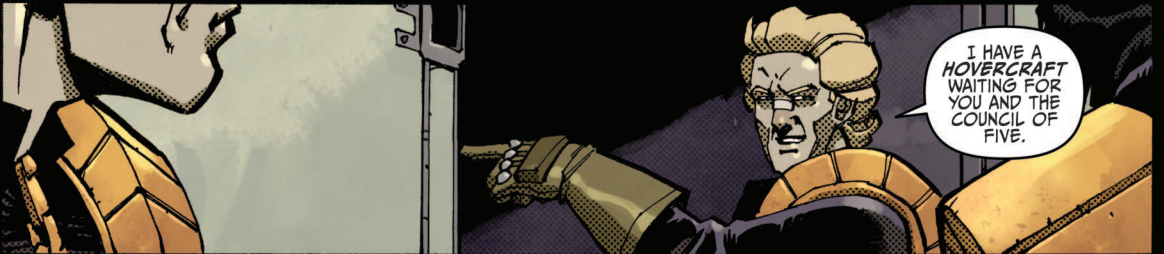
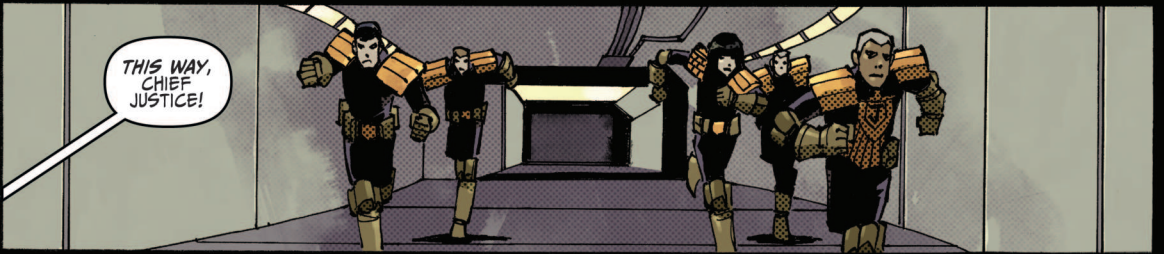
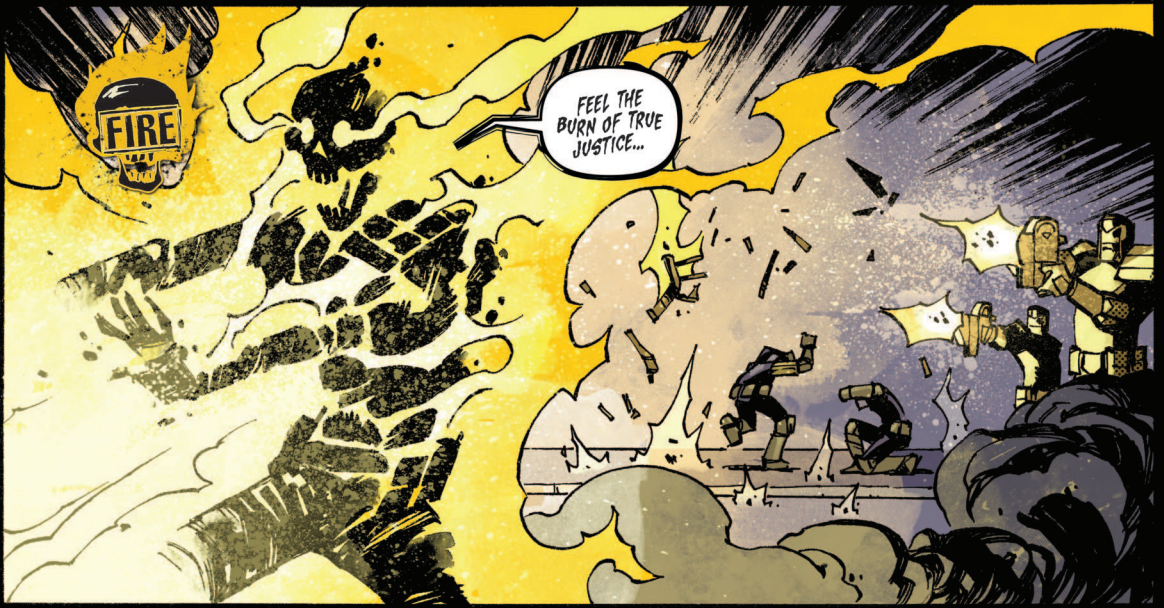


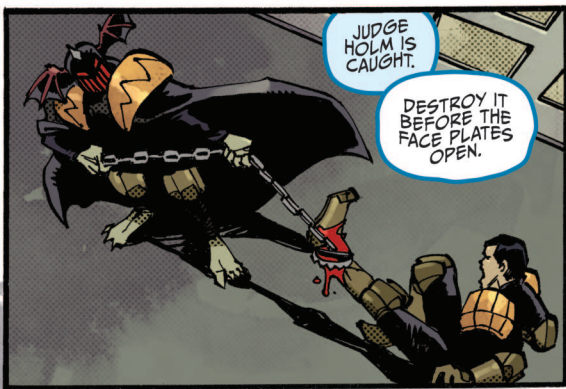
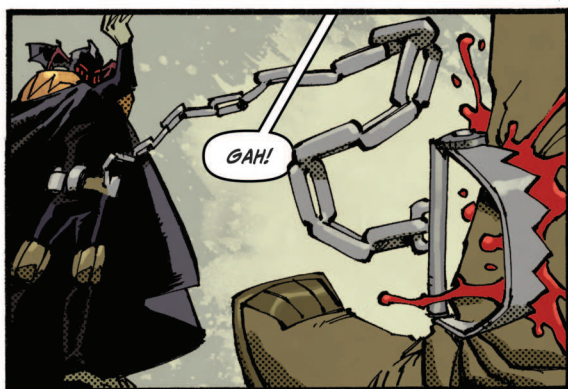
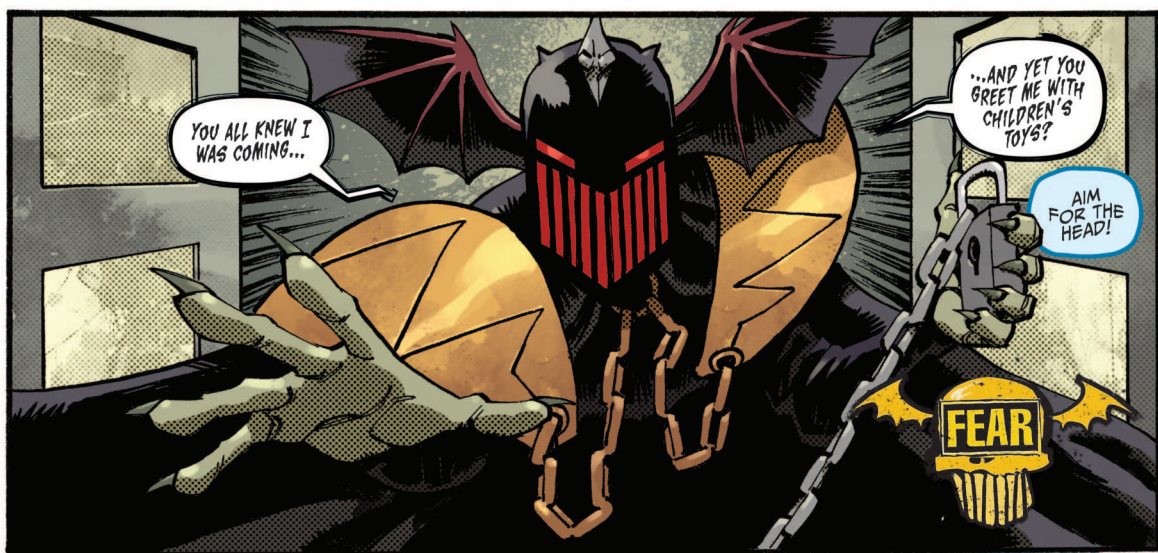
THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH

PART ONE

GRAVEDIGGER: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI.
MORTICIAN: NELSON DANIEL. PREACHER: CHRIS RYALL.
DEAD GUY WALKING BAREFOOT: SIR PAUL MCCARTNEY









I'VE GOT EYES ON JUDGE MORTIS LEVEL SIX.



FALLING BACK, CAN'T TAKE MORTIS SOLO.



GET ME A STATUS REPORT ON THE REST OF THE SECTOR.

OMAR, THINGS ARE DROKED.



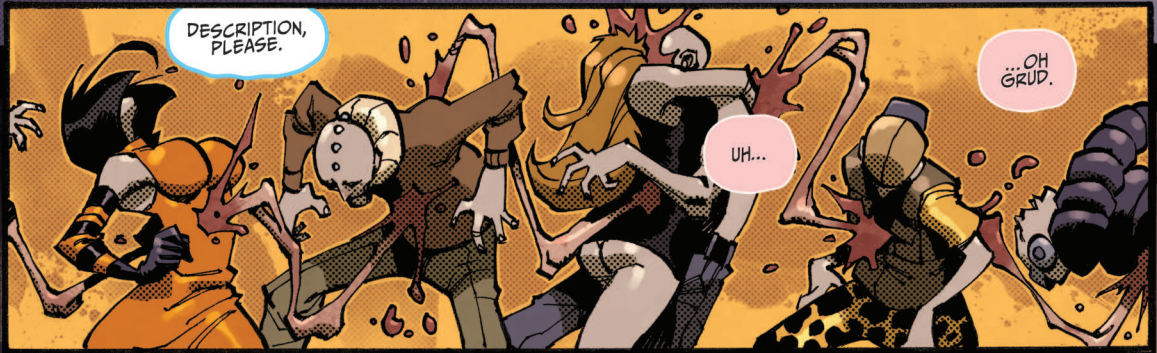
JUDGE KARYN, DON'T FORGET THIS IS BEING PSI-RECORDED BY CONTROL.

APOLOGIES, BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO DESCRIBE IT.

LISTEN TO ME—DO NOT ENGAGE THE DARK JUDGES.

WE NEED INTELLIGENCE FIRST SO WE CAN REGROUP AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO FIGHT THESE THINGS.

OKAY, OKAY.





JUDGE
OMAR, I CAN
TAKE THIS
ONE.

NEGATIVE
JUDGE KARYN,
DO NOT
ENGAGE.

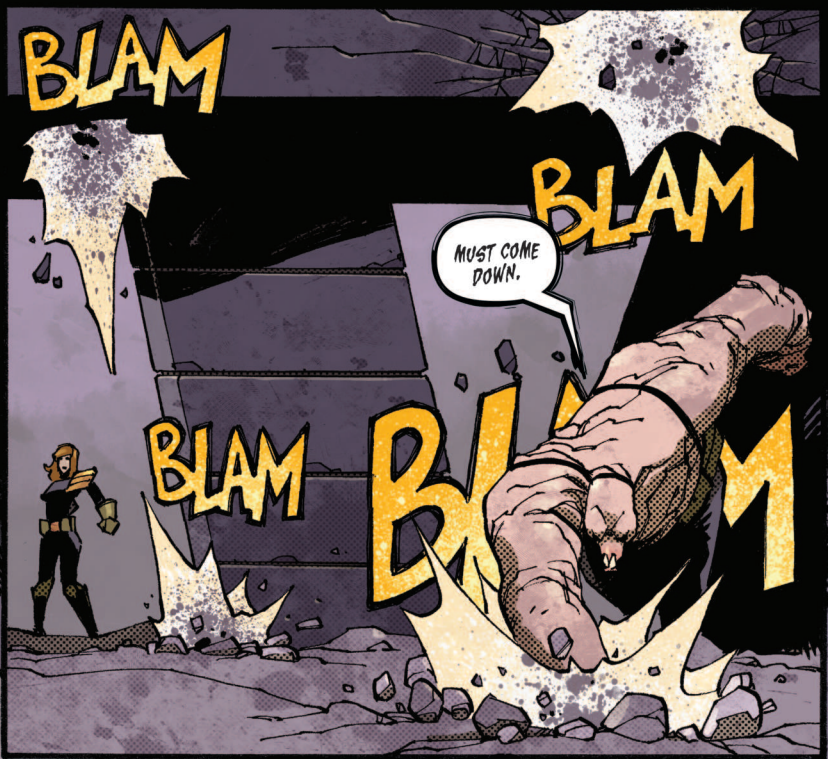
END OF
THE LINE,
SCUMBAG!



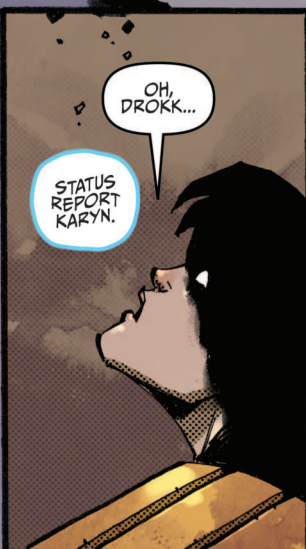
I AM JUDGE
BURROUGHS.

AND THISSSS
SSSTRUCTURE
HASSSN'T BEEN
BUILT TO CODE.

BURROUGHS



MUST COME
DOWN.



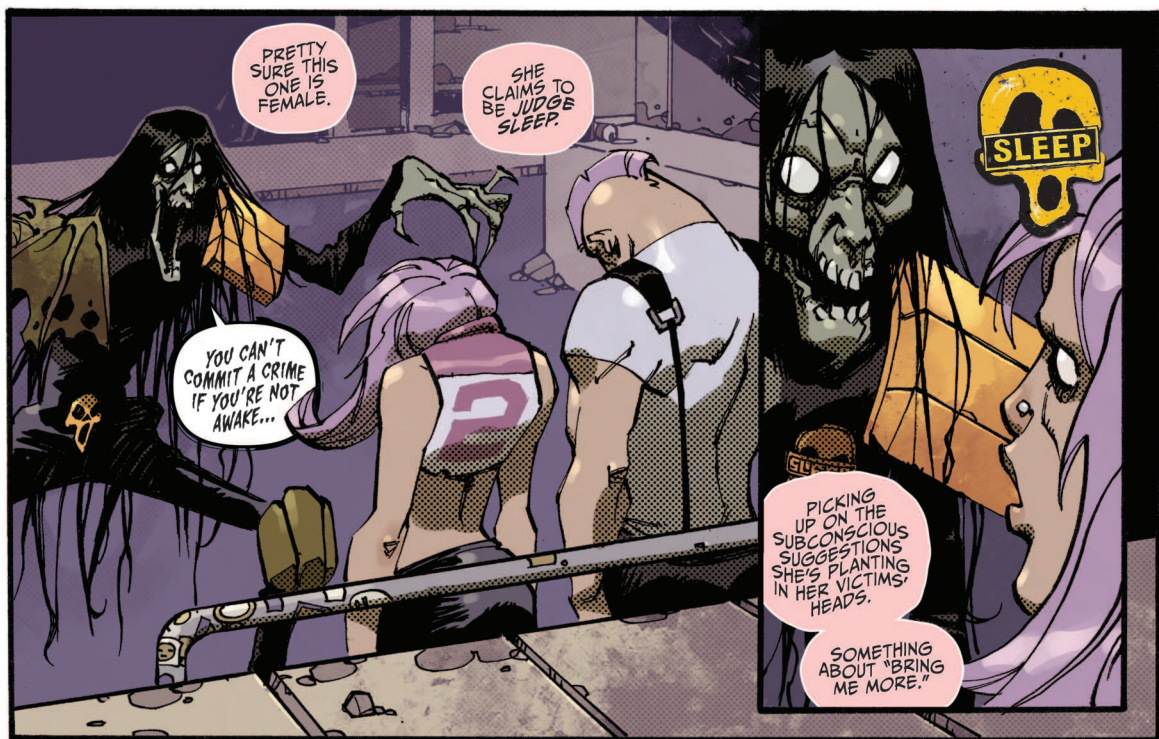
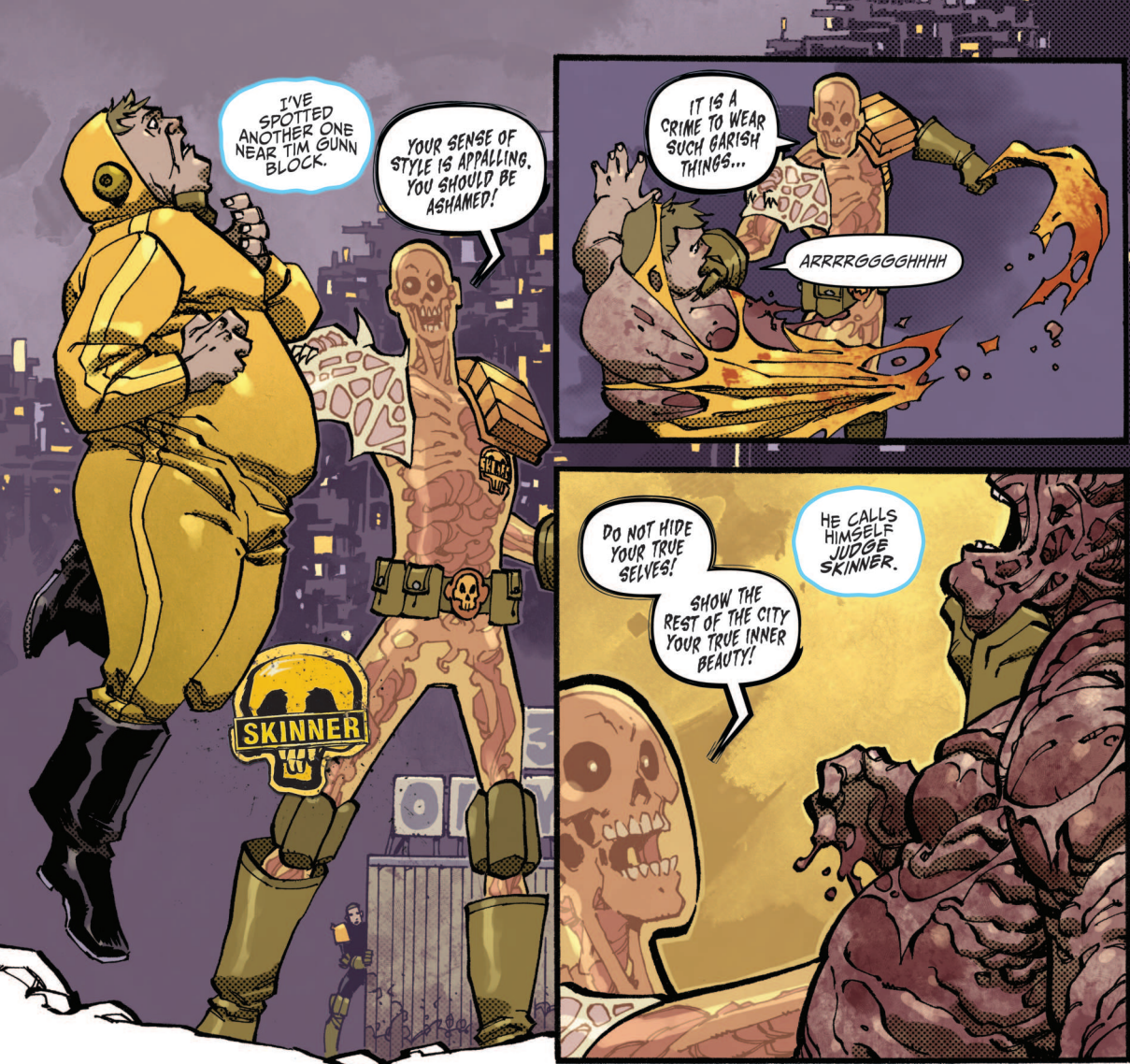
OH,
DROKK...

STATUS
REPORT
KARYN.



STATUS
REPORT,
PLEASE!

OH
GRUD, OH
GRUD, OH
GRUD—







PICKING UP
FRAGMENTS
OF THEIR
THOUGHTS
NOW.

THEY ARE
OVERWHELMED
BY THE DESIRE
TO JOIN IT.



THEY SEEM
TO BELIEVE
THEY HAVE AN
ESSENTIAL
FUNCTION TO
PERFORM.

SOME OF
THEM ARE
JOINTS, SOME OF
THEM ARE GUTS,
SOME OF THEM
ARE BONES.

CAN YOU
MAKE OUT
THE DARK
JUDGE? HAS IT
IDENTIFIED
ITSELF YET?



YES.

IT CALLS
ITSELF...

...JUDGE
METASTASIS





KEEP
AFTER IT,
JUDGE
KARYN.

MEANWHILE,
I'M PICKING
UP REPORTS
OF A CREATURE
CALLING
ITSELF...

...JUDGE
STIGMATA.

STIGMATA



THIS THING
IS ON SOME
KIND OF FALSE
MESSIAH, CHARLES
MANSON, SELF
ABUSE TRIP.

I CAN'T JUDGE ANY OF YOU...
I HAVE NO MALICE AGAINST YOU
AND NO RIBBONS FOR YOU... BUT I
THINK THAT IT'S HIGH TIME THAT YOU
ALL START LOOKING AT YOURSELVES,
AND JUDGING THE LIE THAT
YOU LIVE IN...

DEMANDS
A SELF-
INFLECTED
WOUND AS A
SIGN OF
LOYALTY.



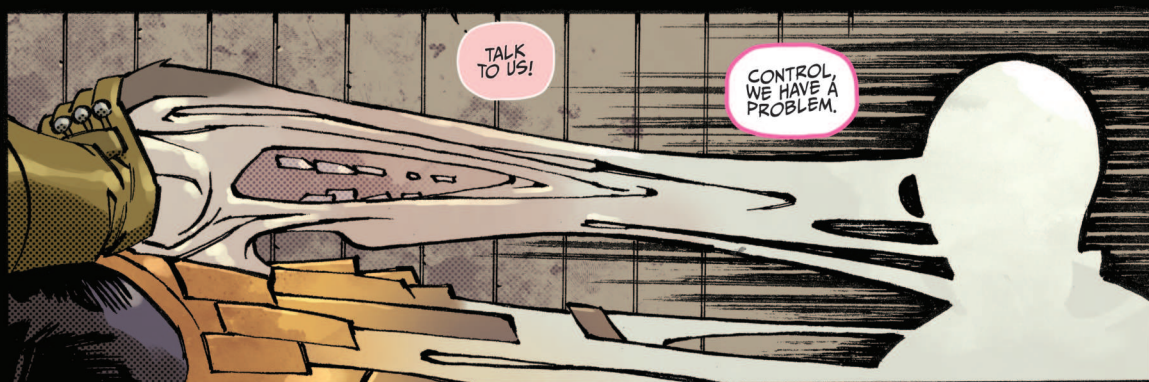
NO SIGN OF
THIS DARK
JUDGE, BUT I'M
PICKING UP
SOME PSYCHIC
RESIDUE.

IT CALLS
ITSELF
JUDGE
SLUDGE.



AND IT'S
PRETTY CLEAR
WHY.

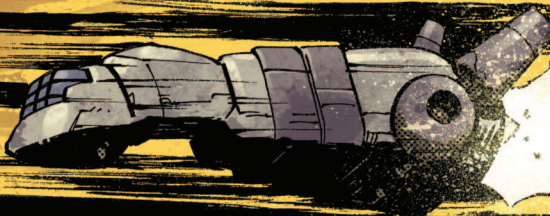
SLUDGE



"THERE'S ONLY ONE VIABLE STRATEGY, CHIEF JUSTICE."

"AND WHAT'S THAT, JUDGE CAL?"

"ABANDON SECTOR ONE."



JUST LIKE THAT? WITHOUT A FIGHT?

BASED ON THE REPORTS WE'RE RECEIVING, SECTOR ONE IS ALL BUT LOST ALREADY.

WE'VE FACED A HANDFUL OF DARK JUDGES BEFORE, BUT NOW THERE APPEARS TO BE A MULTITUDE OF THEM.



WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE, THEN?

STRICT CONTAINMENT.

WE DESTROY SECTOR ONE FROM THE AIR, THEN DECLARE MARTIAL LAW IN ALL SURROUNDING SECTORS.

"DROKK."

"OKAY, CAL, I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS."





GOOD EVENING, CITIZENS OF SECTOR ONE! THIS IS JUDGE CAL SPEAKING ON BEHALF OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

DO NOT FEAR. WE HAVE PLANS TO SAVE YOU IN AN ORDERLY FASHION!



ALL CITIZENS HAVE THIRTY MINUTES TO USE THEIR PERSONAL DEVICES TO APPLY FOR A PRIORITY CLASS, BASED ON YOUR WEALTH INDEX AND IMPORTANCE TO THE VITAL FUNCTIONS OF THE CITY.



GOLD PRIORITY CLASS WILL BE EVACUATED FROM THE SECTOR IMMEDIATELY.



SILVER PRIORITY CLASS WILL BE RESCUED RIGHT AFTER THE GOLD CLASS IS SAFE AND SOUND.



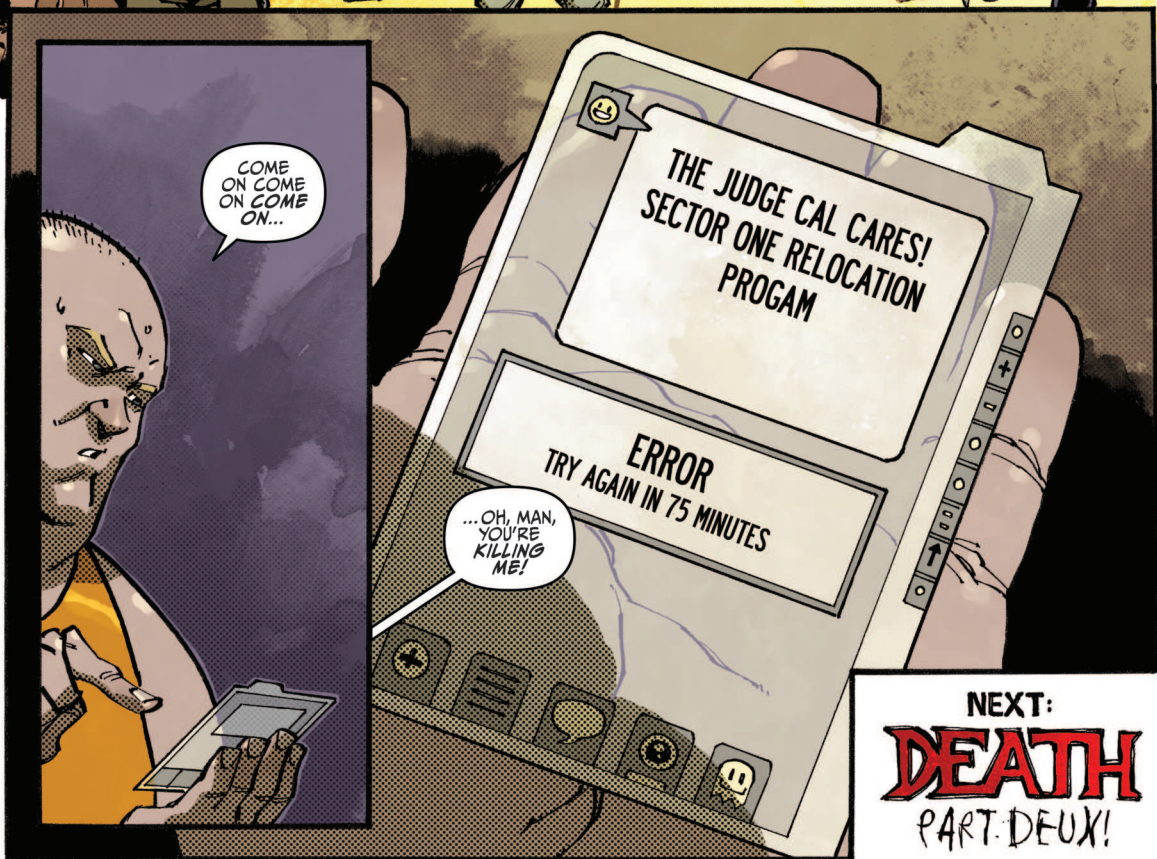
THOSE QUALIFYING AS BRONZE WILL BE—

—TSSSSCH TSSSSSCHHHHHH SSSCHHHH—

WHAT, WHAT DID HE S—

THAT IS ALL. GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD LUCK, CITIZENS!

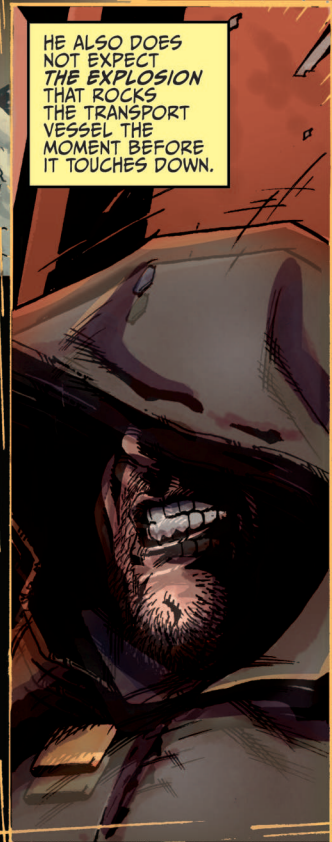
DROKK, MAN!





BACK ON EARTH, SECTOR ONE
IS BEING DESTROYED BY A
SMALL ARMY OF DARK JUDGES.

MEANWHILE, JUDGE DREDD IS
A BILLION KILOMETERS AWAY,
PREPARING FOR LANDING.



HIS DESTINATION:
THE TITAN MOON OF
SATURN, WHERE
HE'LL BEGIN A LIFE
SENTENCE OF **HARD
LABOR** FOR CRIMES
HE DID NOT COMMIT.

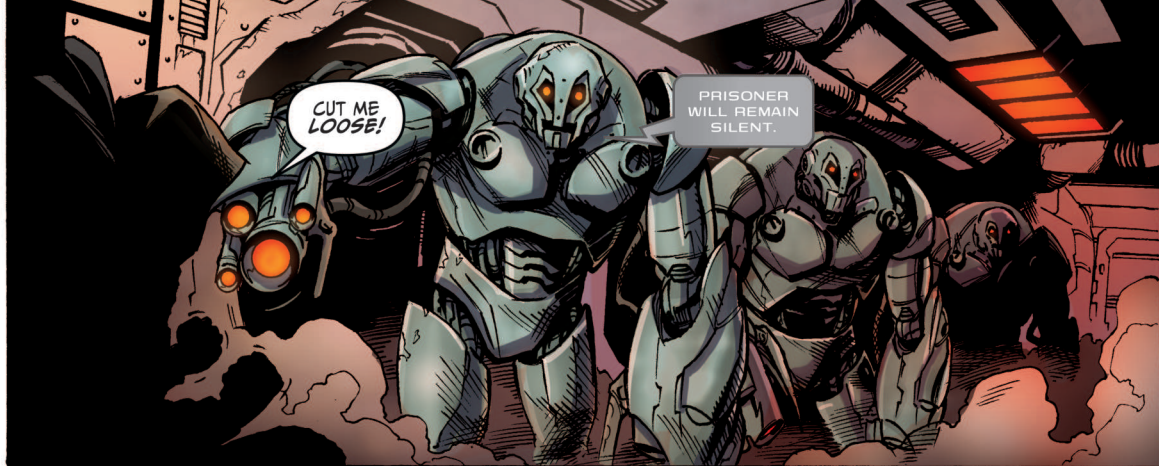


DREDD DOES NOT
EXPECT AN EASY
ROAD AHEAD.

HE ALSO DOES
NOT EXPECT
THE EXPLOSION
THAT ROCKS
THE TRANSPORT
VESSEL THE
MOMENT BEFORE
IT TOUCHES DOWN.

SLAMMER

PRISON LIBRARIAN: DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI.
PRISON ART DETAIL: STEVE SCOTT
PRISON COLOR DETAIL: JOHN-PAUL BOVÉ
WARDEN: CHRIS RYALL



CUT ME
LOOSE!

PRISONER
WILL REMAIN
SILENT.



PRISONER
WILL REMAIN
SEATED UNTIL
WE DETERMINE
THE CAUSE OF
THE EXPLOSIVE
DISTURBANCE.



THREE HUNDRED
AND SEVEN MOON
SECONDS LATER...

PRISONER
WILL REMAIN-

ZZZZT

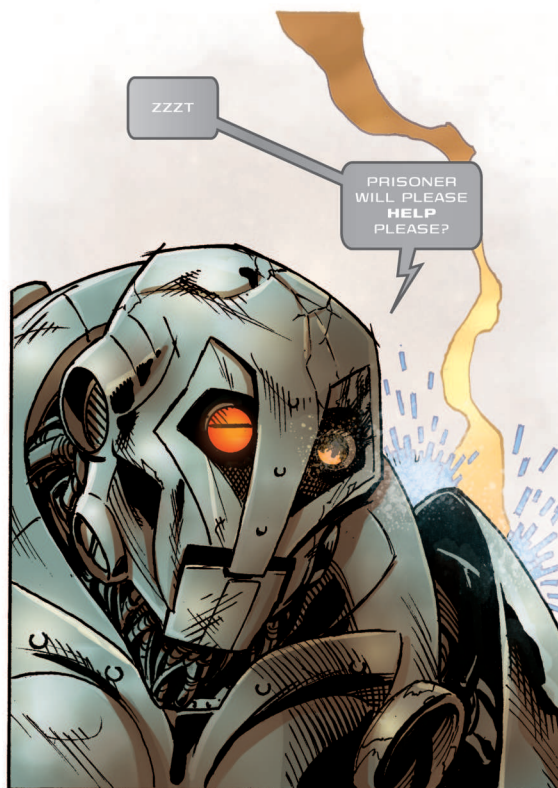
PRISONER
WILL REMAIN-



WHAT'S
GOING ON OUT
THERE? SOUNDS
LIKE A RIOT'S
BROKEN OUT...

DREDD KNOWS THE
ENTIRE PRISON
POPULATION IS MADE
UP OF *DISGRACED
JUDGES*. SEVERAL
OF THEM HE'S
SENTENCED HIMSELF.

WHO COULD BE
LEADING THIS
INSURRECTION?



ZZZZT

PRISONER WILL PLEASE
HELP
PLEASE?

EVEN THOUGH HE WAS RAILROADED BY THE SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD, DREDD IS STILL OBLIGATED TO UPHOLD THE LAW WHEREVER HE GOES.

FINE.

CUT ME LOOSE.

PRISONER WILL HOLD STILL!

YOU'RE GIVING THE PROKING PRISONER THIRD-DEGREE BURNS!

PRISONER IS PERMITTED TO USE A LASER WHIP TO QUELL THE REVOLT.

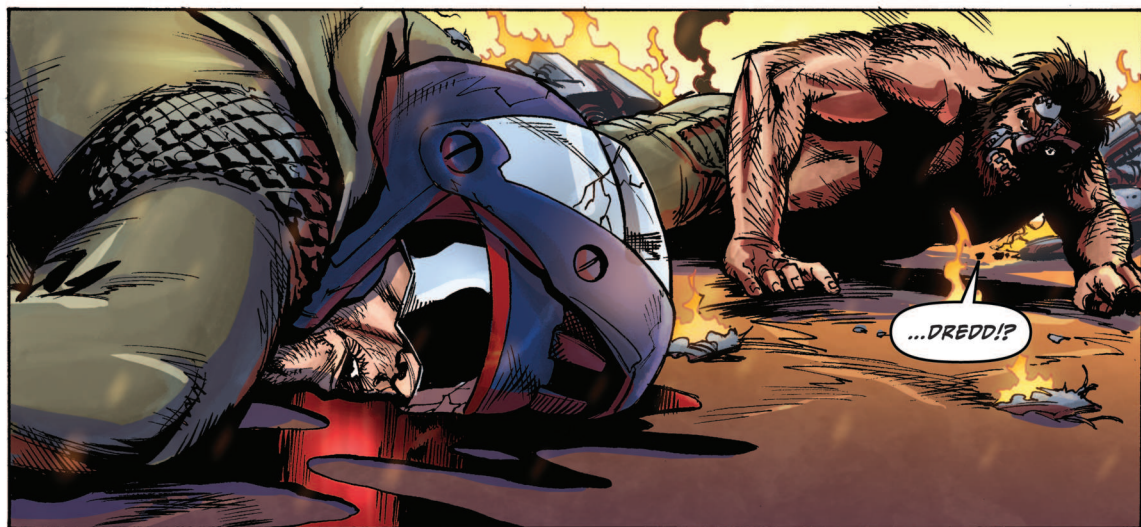
RATHER HAVE MY LAWGIVER.

PRISONER MUST UNDERSTAND THAT LAWGIVERS ARE ILLEGAL ON TITAN.

PRISONER WILL DO HIS BEST.









ART BY **SHANE PIERCE**




ART BY *MICHAEL AVON DEMING*



TITAN, PRISON MOON OF SATURN.

HERE IS MY ONLY
WAY OUT OF THIS
LIVING HELL.



THIS DYING
JUDGE, LYING
AT MY FEET.



HE CAN'T DIE.



IF HE DIES,
I DIE...

...AND I DON'T INTEND
TO DIE ON THIS
DROKING MOON.



PRISONERS
WILL KNEEL AND
ACCEPT THEIR
PUNISHMENT.

ZOK

ZOK

ZOK

ZOK

ZOK



MY PLAN HAS
GONE UP IN
PROVERBIAL
FLAMES.



THIS RIOT WAS
SUPPOSED TO
BE A DIVERSION.



I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
ON THAT SMOLDERING
SHELL OF A TRANSPORT
SHIP, HEADED BACK HOME
TO TAKE MY REVENGE.

PRISONER

WILL

SURR--ZZZT

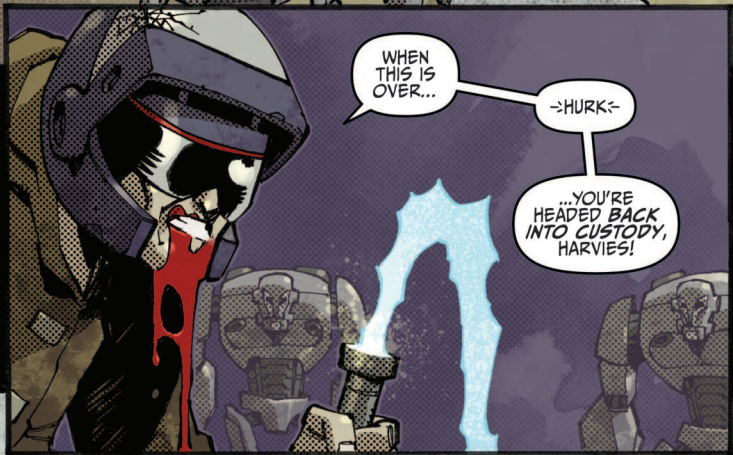
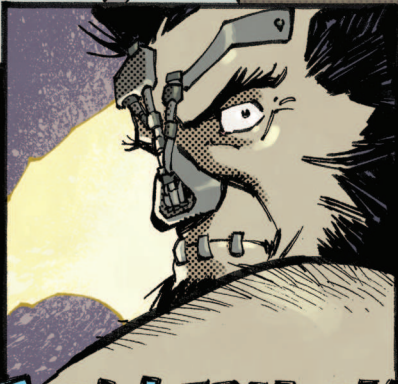


SO, DREDD
HERE IS MY
LAST HOPE.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN SENT
HERE AS AN INVESTIGATOR,
NOT AN INMATE.

HE'S ONE OF
THOSE DOUBLE-
HARD BASTIDS.

HARD TO IMAGINE
HIM TURNING TO THE
CRIMINAL SIDE.



WHEN
THIS IS
OVER...

->HURK<-

...YOU'RE
HEADED BACK
INTO CUSTODY,
HARVIES!

FWWWHEP-KRAK

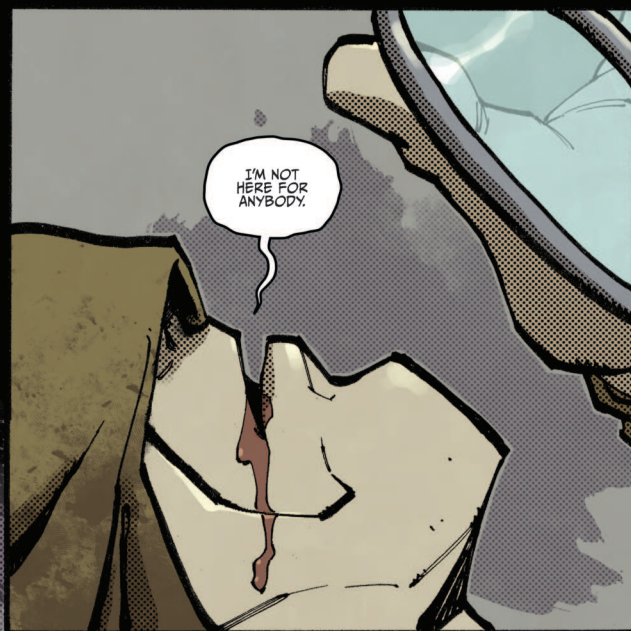
I TOLD
YOU—I'M
NOT JUDGE
HARVIES! MY
NAME IS
PACHODA!

FWWWHEP -KRAK



THE
**AMERICAN
WAY OF DEATH**
PART TWO

DEAD MAN WRITING: SWIERCZYŃSKI.
DEAD MAN DRAWING: DANIEL.
DEAD MAN EDITING: PYALL.
DEAD MAN WALKING: SEAN PENN.





THEY DON'T
GIVE UP, DO
THEY? MUST
BE ANOTHER
WAVE.

THOSE
AREN'T GUARDS.
DROIDS DON'T
KNOCK.



IT'S A
JUDGE—
IN FULL
UNIFORM!

YOU HAD A
PARTNER ON
BOARD, DIDN'T
YOU?



NO, I
DIDN'T.

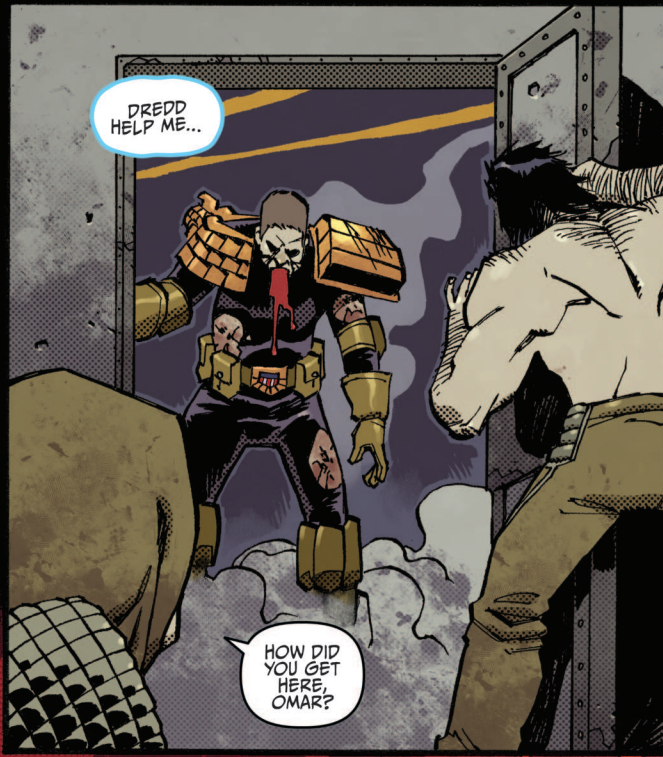
OPEN THE
DOOR.

ARE YOU
OUT OF YOUR
SKULL, DREDD?
WE DON'T KNOW
WHO'S OUT
THERE!

DREDD, IT'S
ME. JUDGE
OMAR.

**OPEN IT!
NOW!**







OMAR,
TELL ME
HOW YOU
GOT HERE.

IS THERE
ANOTHER
TRANSPORT
SHIP ON
TITAN?



NO, NO
SHIP. ONE OF
THE DARK
JUDGES.

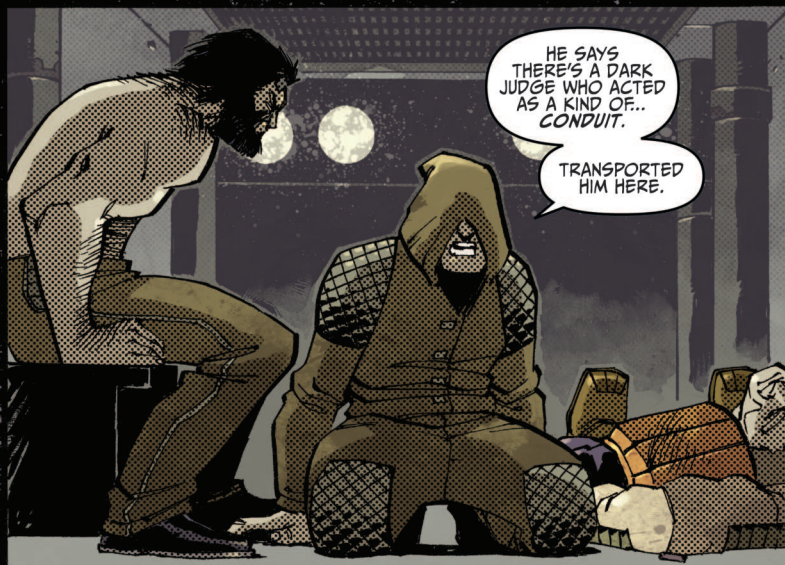
JUDGE
BLANK SHE
BANISHED ME
HERE...

...AND SHE'S
CLOSE, SO
SO SO
CLOSE.



IF
THERE'S NO
SHIP, THEN
HOW DID—

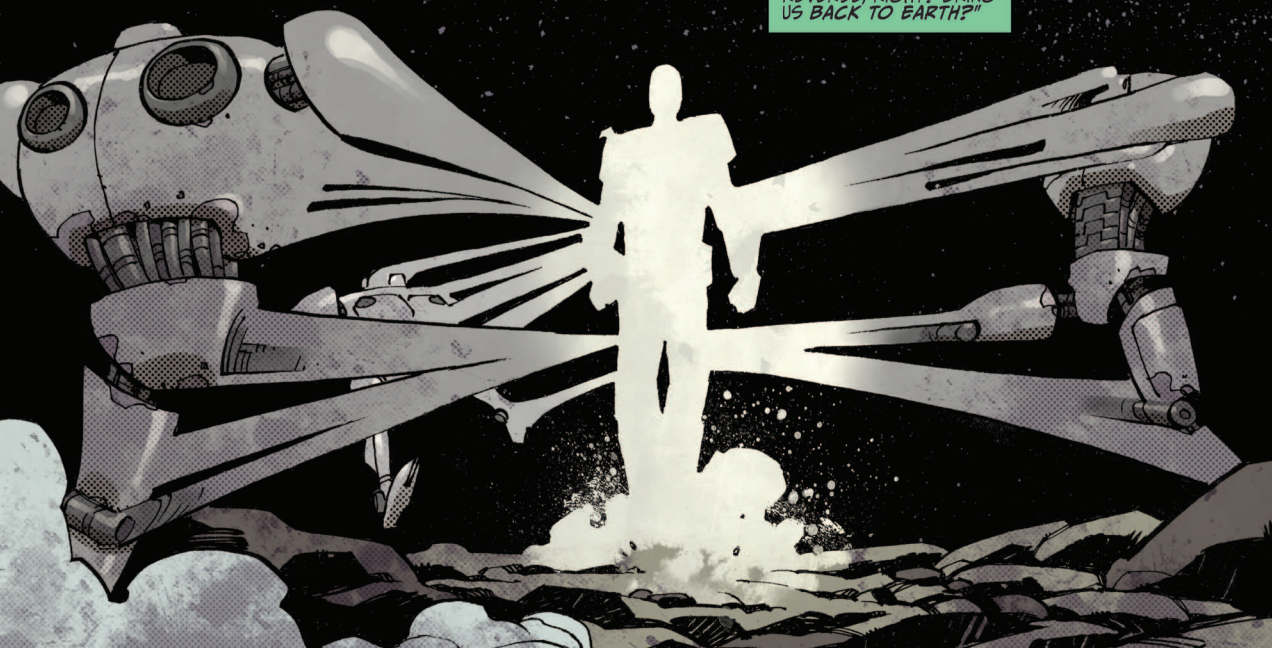
—LOOK, IF
THAT PSI JUDGE
IS TALKING TO YOU
TELEPATHICALLY,
YOU HAVE TO
CLUE ME IN.

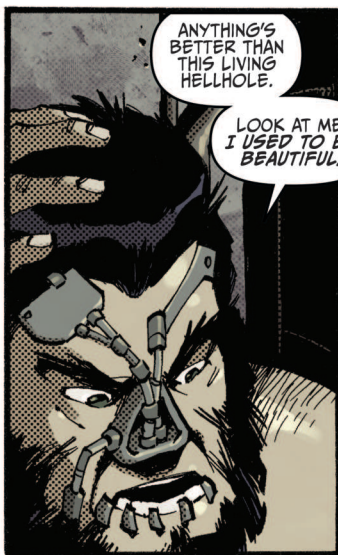


HE SAYS
THERE'S A DARK
JUDGE WHO ACTED
AS A KIND OF...
CONDUIT.

TRANSPORTED
HIM HERE.

"SO... IT COULD WORK IN
REVERSE, RIGHT? BRING
US BACK TO EARTH?"



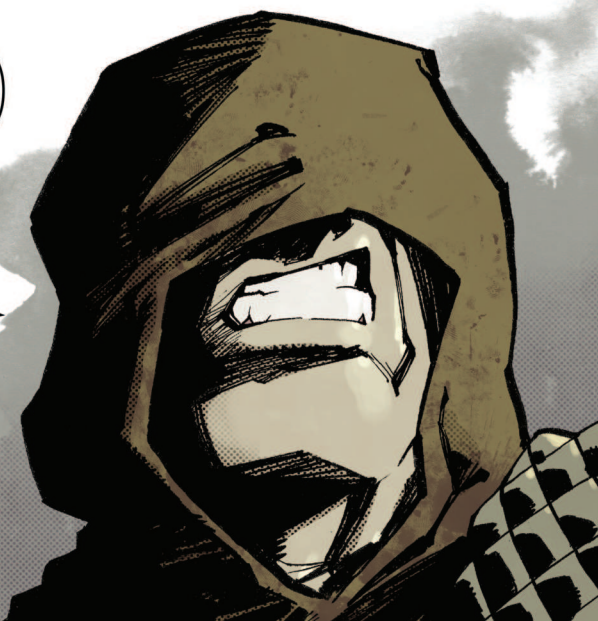


ANYTHING'S
BETTER THAN
THIS LIVING
HELLHOLE.

LOOK AT ME!
I USED TO BE
BEAUTIFUL!

IF THIS DARK
JUDGE IS OUR
ONLY WAY BACK,
THEN WE'LL HAVE
TO RISK IT.

BY THE
TIME JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT SENDS
ANOTHER TRANSPORT
SHIP—AND THAT'S
ASSUMING THEY
CAN—IT WILL BE
TOO LATE.





THIS ISN'T LIKE BEFORE, DREDD. YOU CAN'T BEAT THESE THINGS.

STAY HERE. ANYTHING ELSE IS A SUICIDE MISSION. THE CITY IS LOST.

I NEED TO BORROW YOUR DAYSTICK, JUDGE OMAR.



LET'S GO.

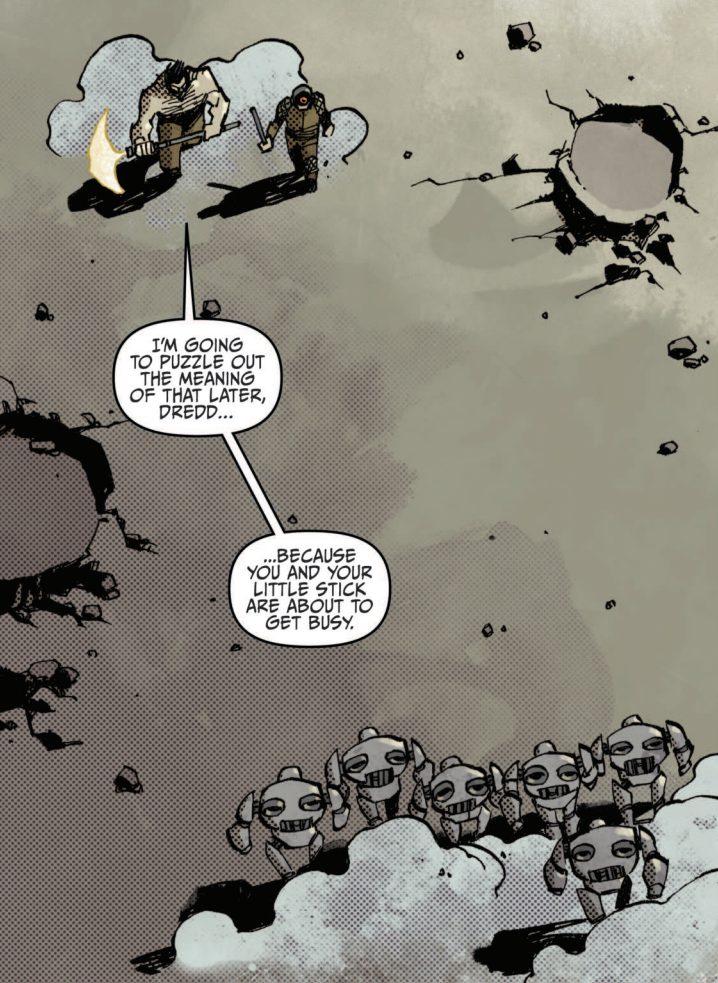
YOU SHOULD TAKE HIS GUN.

IT'S NOT CODED TO ME. I TOUCH HIS LAWGIVER, IT EXPLODES.



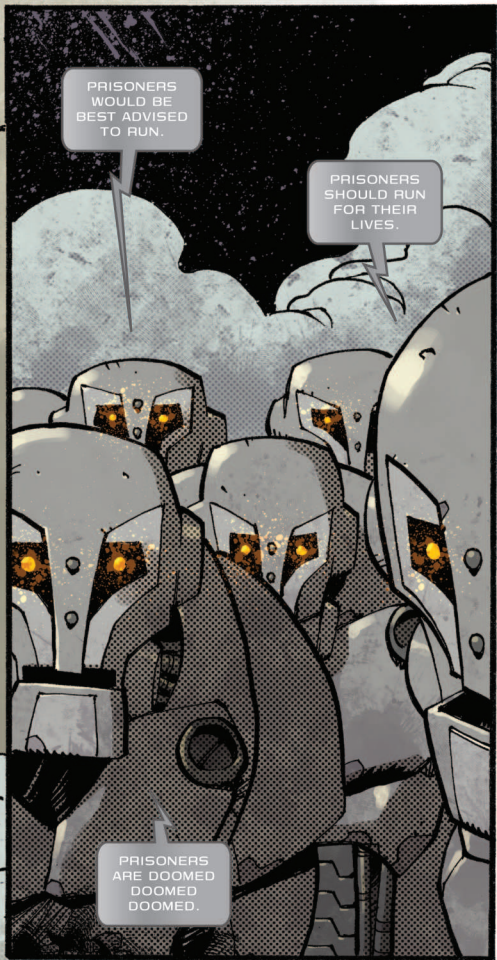
YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS? JUST A FEW HOURS AGO, YOU WERE AT DEATH'S DOOR.

DEATH'S NOT UP HERE WITH US. HE'S BACK ON EARTH, DESTROYING MY CITY.



I'M GOING TO PUZZLE OUT THE MEANING OF THAT LATER, DREDD...

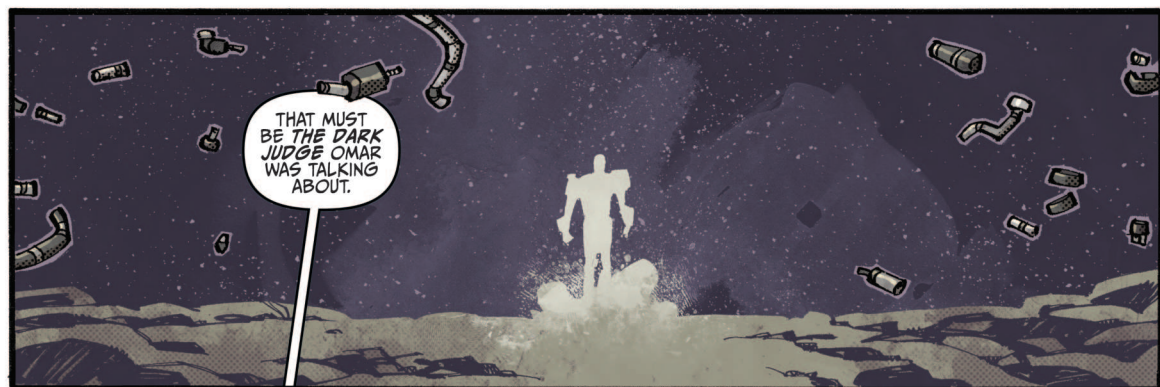
...BECAUSE YOU AND YOUR LITTLE STICK ARE ABOUT TO GET BUSY.



PRISONERS WOULD BE BEST ADVISED TO RUN.

PRISONERS SHOULD RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

PRISONERS ARE DOOMED DOOMED DOOMED.



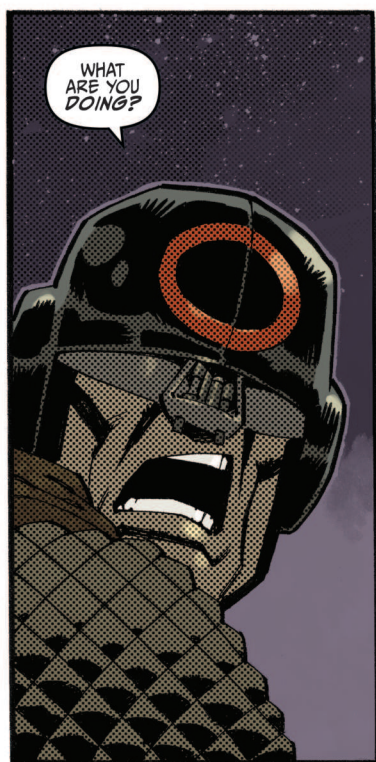
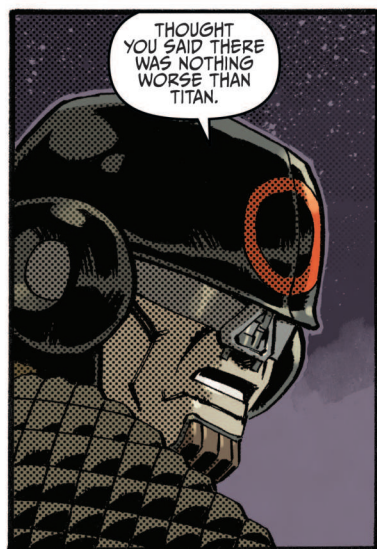
ALL DARK
JUDGES
REQUIRE A
HOST
BODY.

FROM WHAT OMAR
SAID, THIS NEW WAVE
SPRUNG FROM THE
BODIES OF THE
THIRTEEN STREET
JUDGES KILLED BY
TARJAY.

JUDGE
CASSANDRA
ANDERSON
WAS ONE OF
THEM.

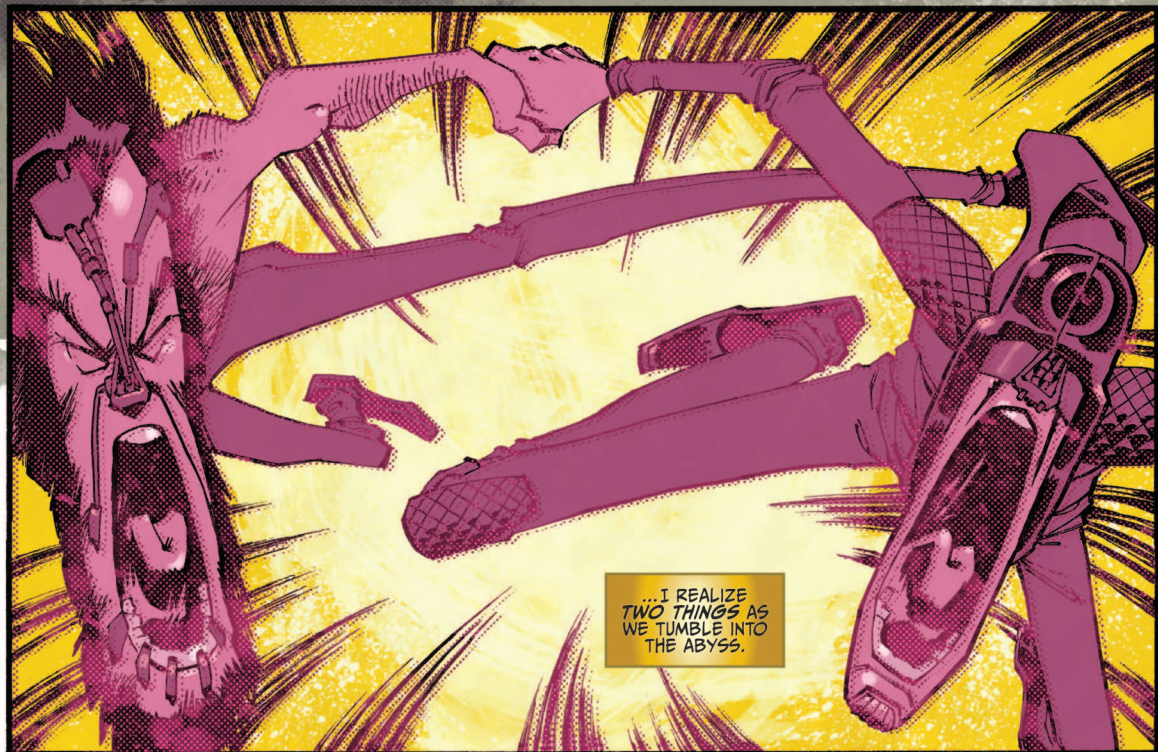
I SCREAM HER NAME IN
MY MIND, HOPING SHE'LL
FIND A WAY TO REPLY.

BUT...
NOTHING.





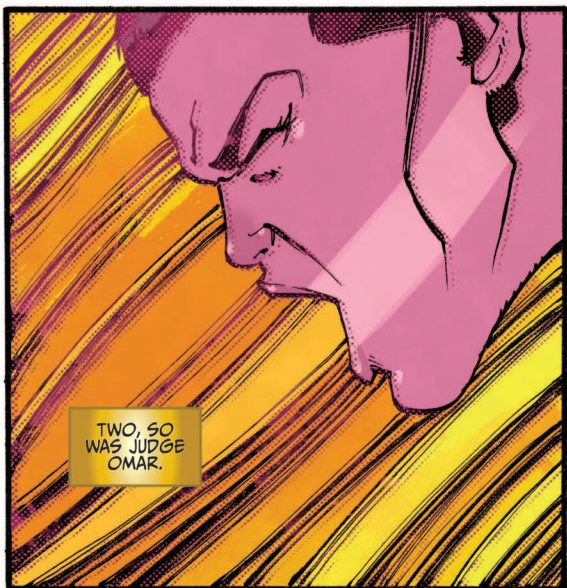
ANDERSON,
PLEASE LET
THIS BE YOU...



...I REALIZE
TWO THINGS AS
WE TUMBLE INTO
THE ABYSS.



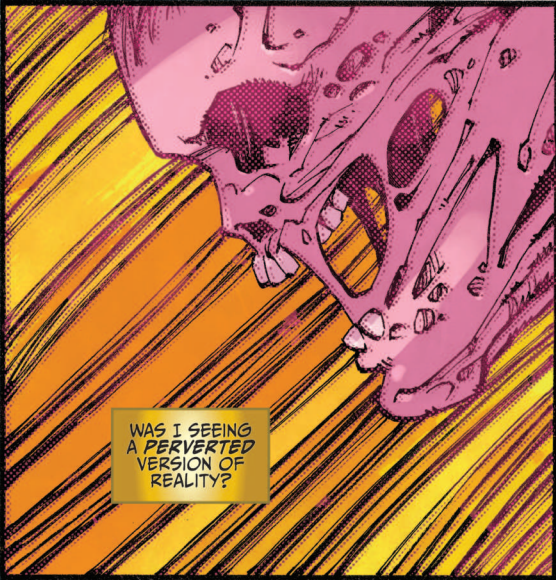
ONE, "HARVIES"
WAS TELLING
THE TRUTH.



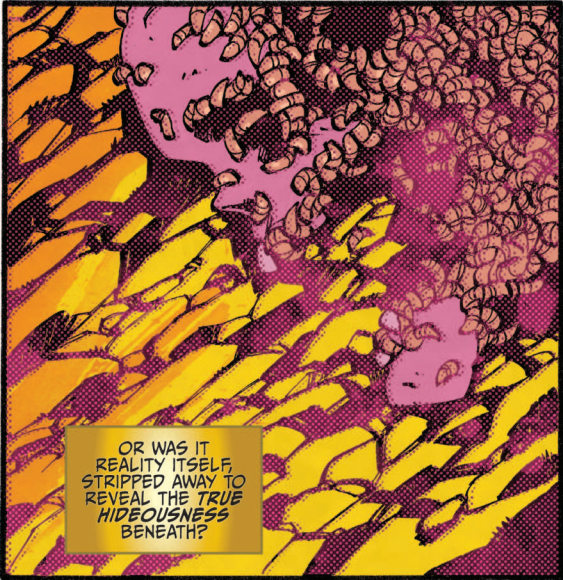
TWO, SO
WAS JUDGE
OMAR.



I COULD TRUST
NONE OF MY
PERCEPTIONS.



WAS I SEEING
A PERVERTED
VERSION OF
REALITY?



OR WAS IT
REALITY ITSELF
STRIPPED AWAY TO
REVEAL THE TRUE
HIDEOUSNESS
BENEATH?



THEN, AFTER
WHAT FELT LIKE
A SINGLE
ENDLESS
MOMENT...



AT FIRST, I
THOUGHT THIS
DARK JUDGE
WAS PLAYING
A TRICK...

...SHOWING
ME ANOTHER
NIGHTMARE
REALITY.



SECTOR ONE, MEGA-CITY ONE.

THIS CAN'T
BE IT.

THIS CAN'T
BE MY CITY.

...

...IS IT TOO
LATE TO GO
BACK TO
TITAN?



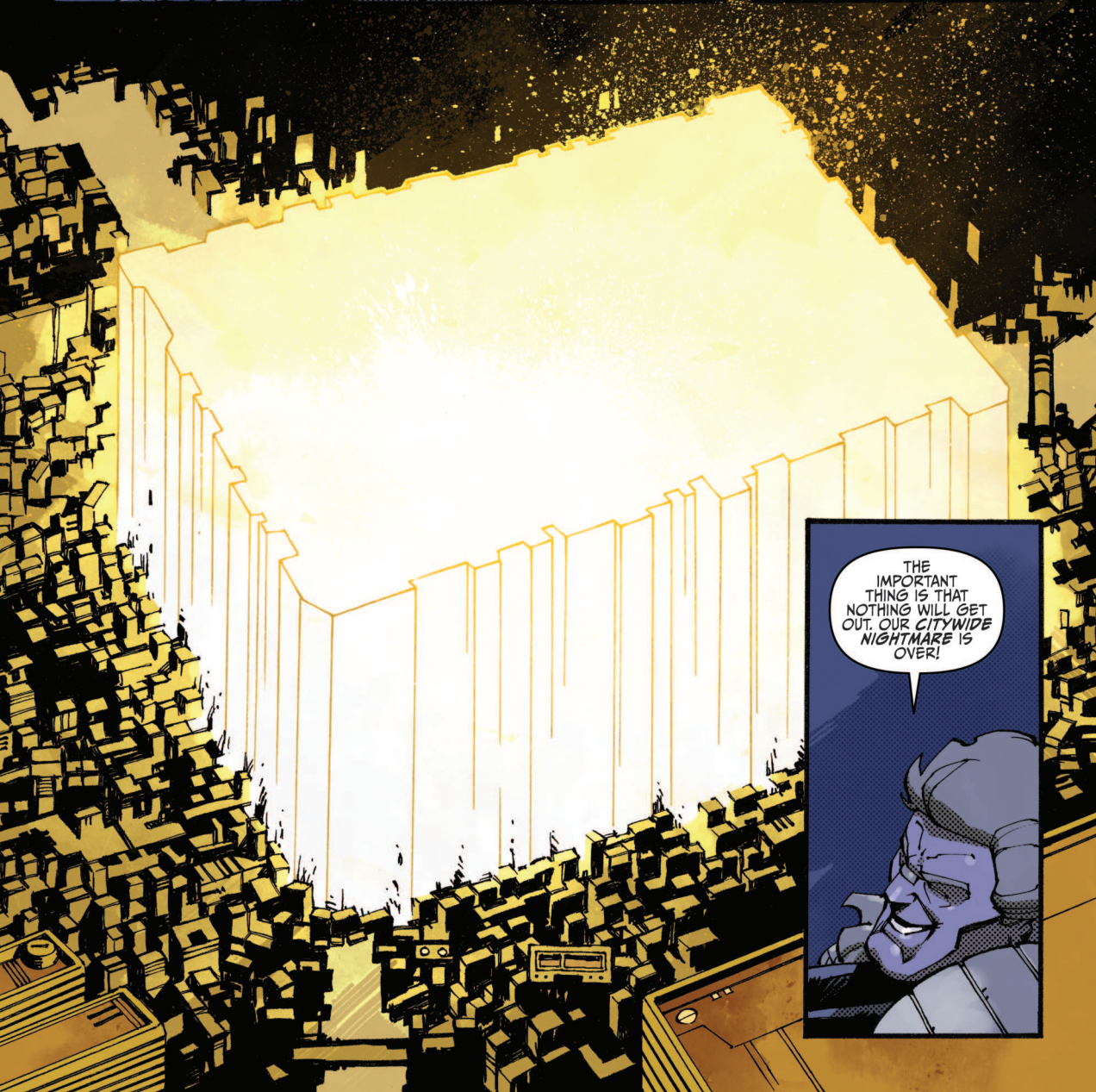
**PROTECTED AIRSPACE
ABOVE SECTOR ONE.**

RAISE THE
CONTAINMENT
SHIELDS!

JUDGE CAL,
RESPECTFULLY,
WE'VE BARELY
BEGUN EVACUATION
OF THE SILVER
TIER...

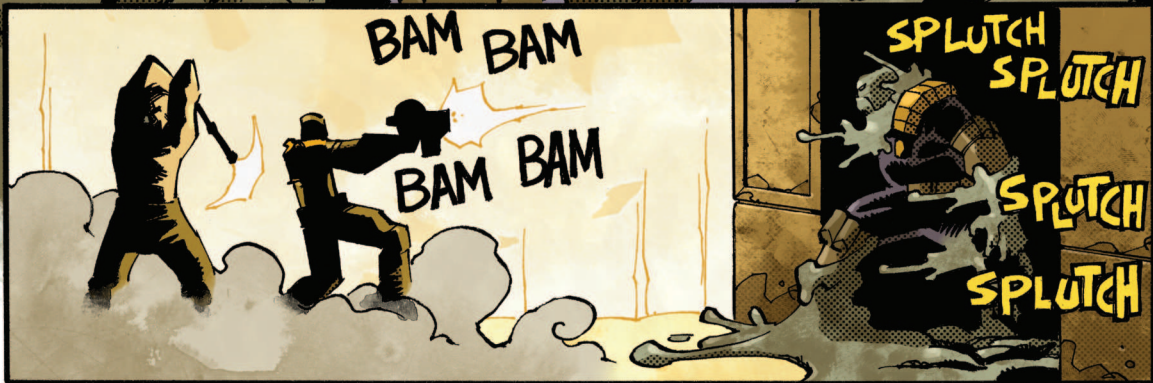
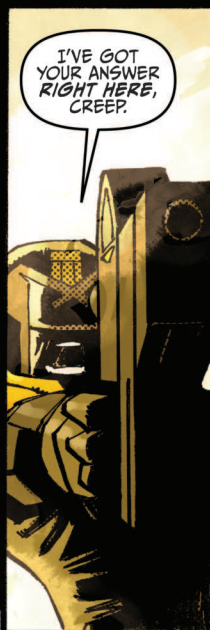
**DO
IT!**

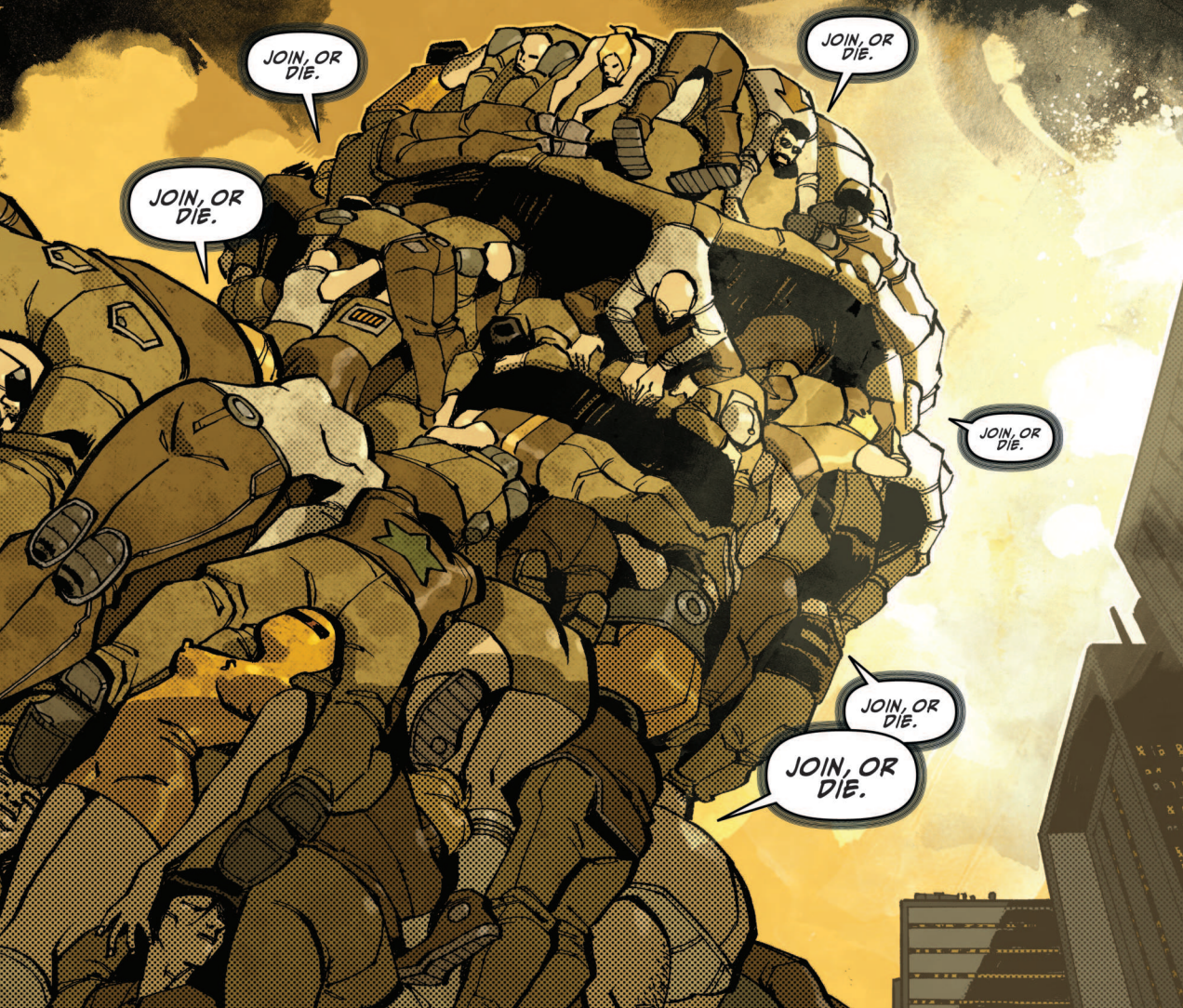
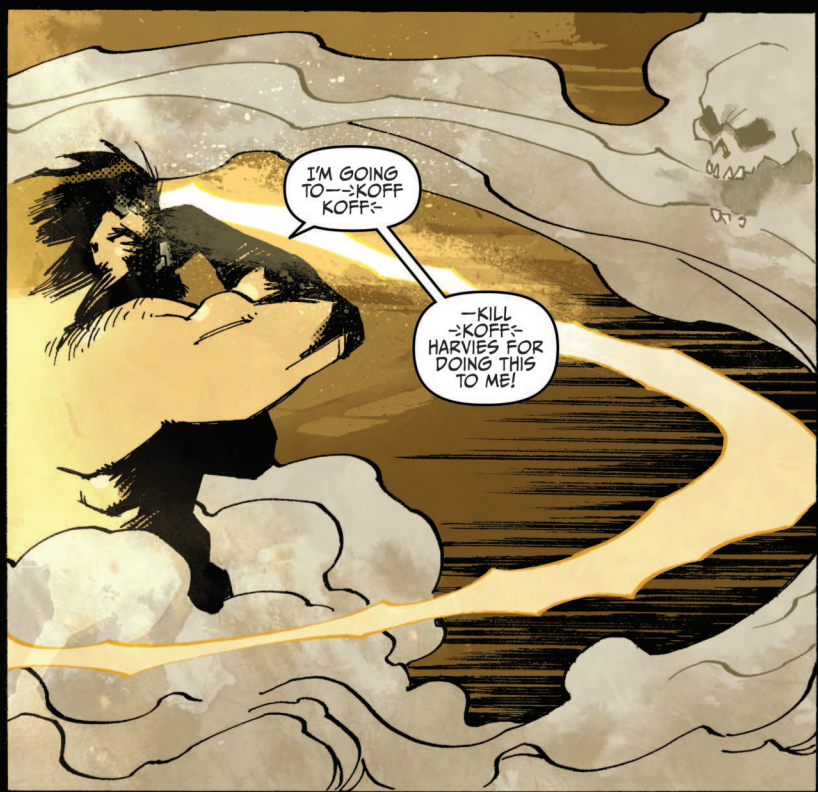
MAY
THE SOULS
LEFT BEHIND
FORGIVE
US.



THE
IMPORTANT
THING IS THAT
NOTHING WILL GET
OUT. OUR CITYWIDE
NIGHTMARE IS
OVER!











ART BY **SHANE PIERCE**



ART BY *MICHAEL AVON DEMING*

MEGA-CITY ONE—
SECTOR ONE—
QUARANTINED ZONE



DROKK
ME, IS
THAT...

PACHODA,
WAIT—



...ME?



I WANT
MY BODY
BACK!

PACHODA,
NO! STAND
DOWN!



CONTROL,
THIS IS
DREDD.

I DON'T KNOW
IF ANYONE'S OUT
THERE—BUT I NEED
SOME INTEL FAST
ON WHAT THESE
THINGS CAN—

—DUHHHHH!

OUT OF
MY WAY,
ZOMBIES!

JOIN US,
MATE

IT IS
YOUR FATE

DON'T
HATE

YOU MUST
RELATE

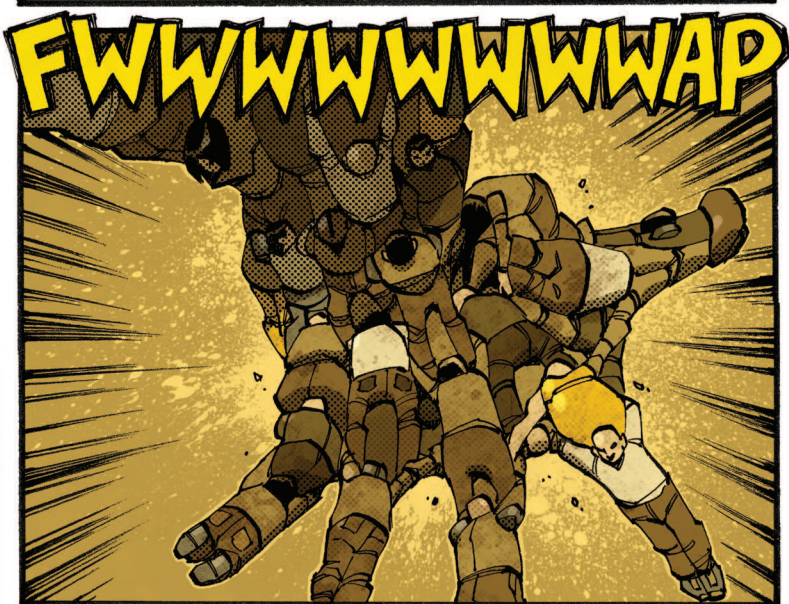
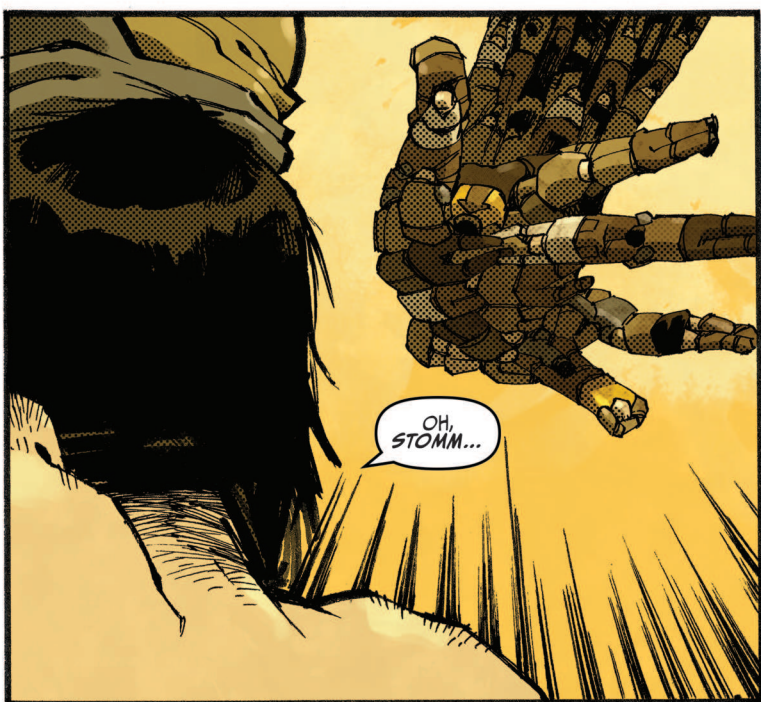
THOSE ARE
INNOCENT
CIVILIANS!

DON'T
MAKE ME
ARREST YOU—
UHN—FOR
MURDER!

WAIT

SUBJECT IS
UNCLEAN

UNCLEAN





CONTROL,
I HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT
THIS THING IS
MADE OF...



BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

...BUT I'M
GOING TO
WASTE IT
EITHER WAY.



TSSSS

TSSSS

TSSSS

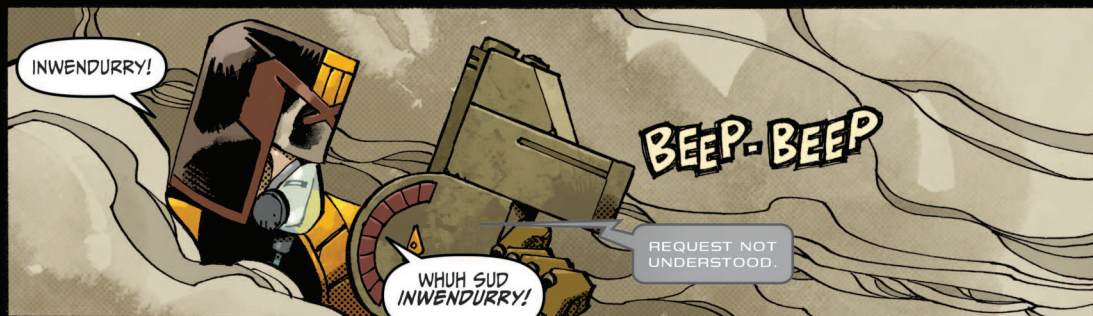
TSSSS

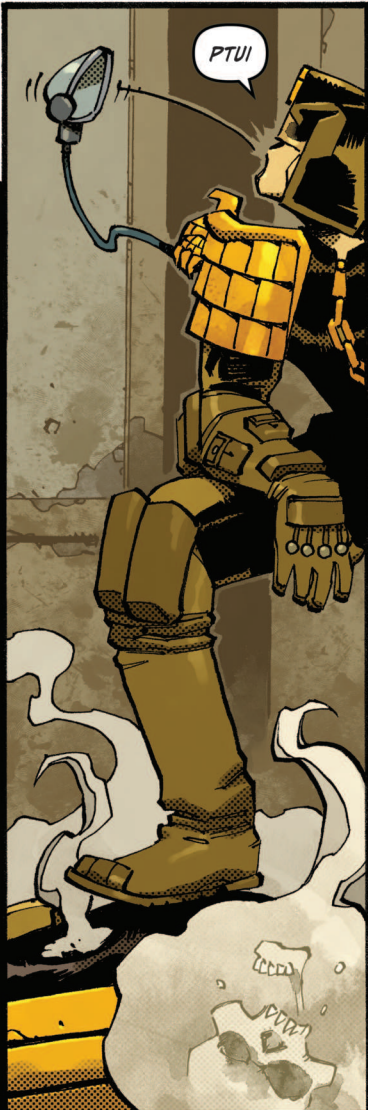
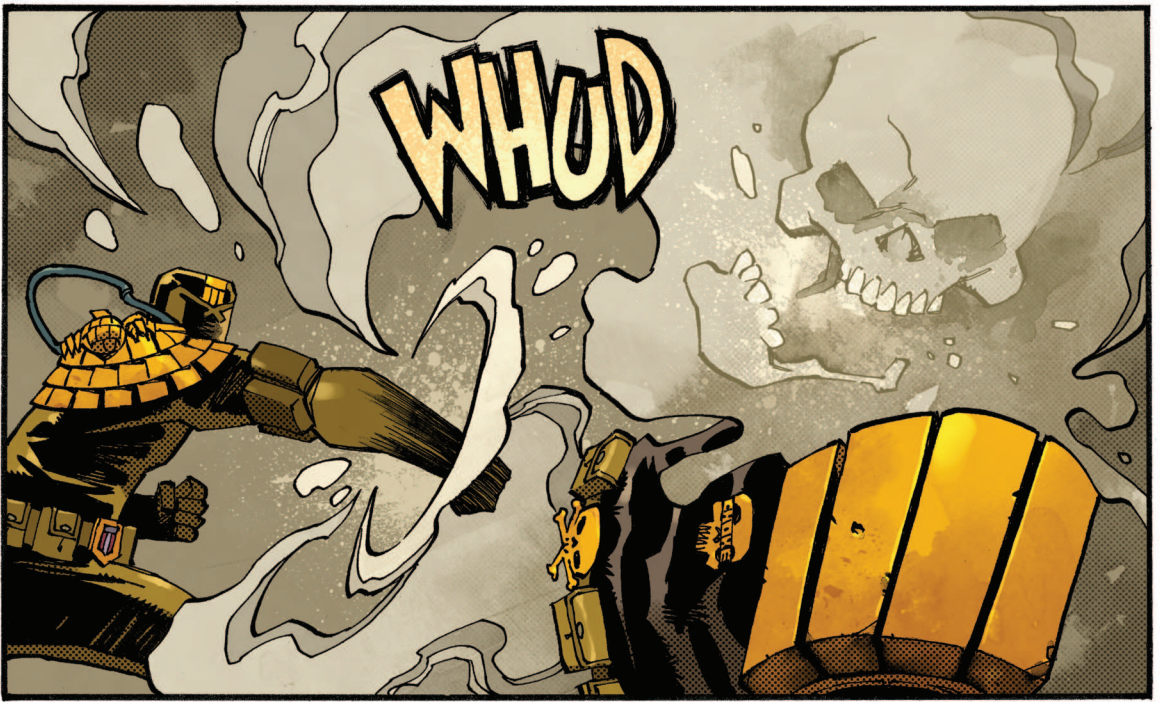
TSSSS

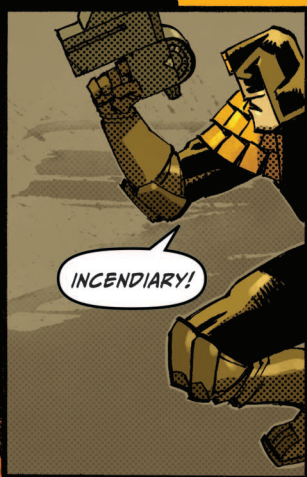


ORDINARY
ROUNDS HAVE
NO EFFECT,
CONTROL.

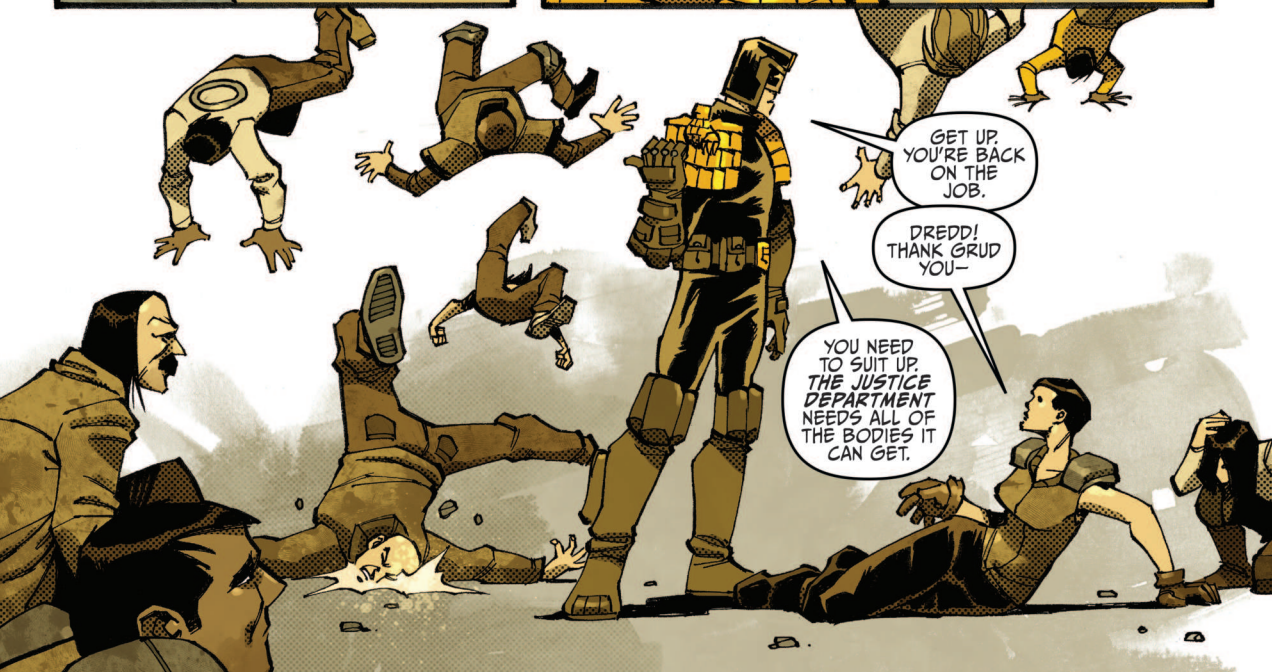
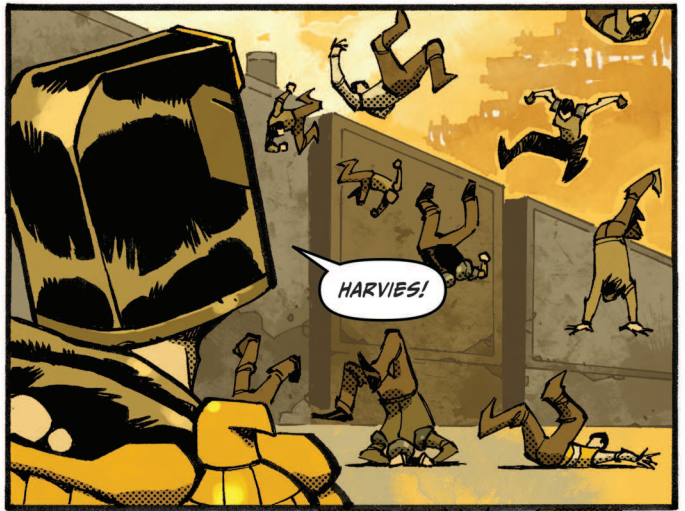














THE
SITUATION IS
DIRE, CHIEF
JUSTICE...

WE'RE
LOSING STREET
JUDGES BY THE
HOUR.



WHERE
ARE YOU
NOW, JUDGE
KARYN?



"THERE'S A GROUP OF
US TRYING TO TAKE
BACK THE GRAND HALL.

"BUT ANYONE WHO
MAKES IT INSIDE...
DOESN'T COME OUT."

"WHO IS LEFT IN
THE PSI-DIVISION?"



JUST ME—
EVERYONE
ELSE IS DEAD.
JUDGE OMAR IS
MISSING IN
ACTION.

THE STRANGE
THING IS, WHEN
I REACH OUT TO
HIM, I PICK UP THE
BRAINWAVES OF
JUDGE DREDD.



I AM
PICKING
UP THEIR
THOUGHTS.

THEY
SUMMONED
BEINGS FROM
OTHER
DIMENSIONS—
MADE THEM
HONORARY
JUDGES.

ALL HAVE
ROLES TO
PLAY.

CROWD
CONTROL,
INFRASTRUCTURE,
POPULATION
CONTROL...

...THEY
WANT THE
ENTIRE
CITY.

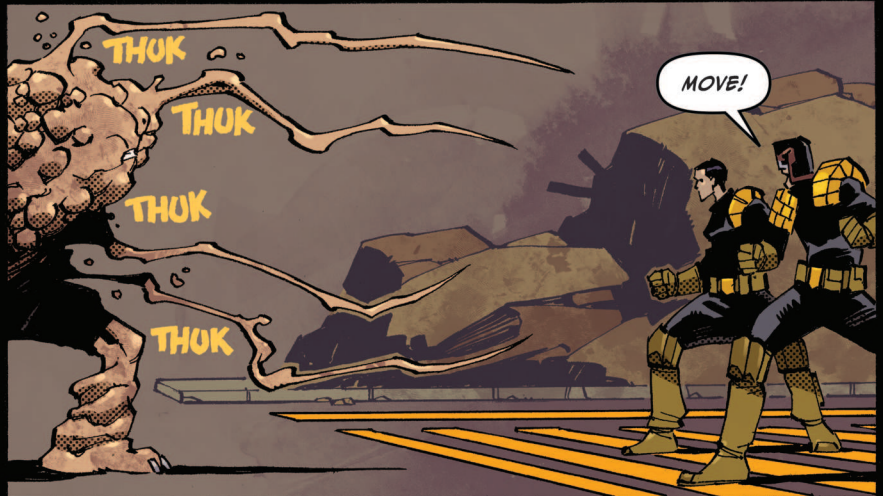
THERE IS
ONE DARK
JUDGE OUT
OF THEIR
CONTROL...

...JUDGE
BLANK.

WE MUSSST
DESSSSSTROY
IT...

...AFTER WE
DEAL WITH
THISSSSSS
ONE!

OH,
DROKK.





THIS IS DISGUSTING! THESE THINGS ARE STILL BLEEDING!

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO BUTTON A SHIRT OVER THESE?

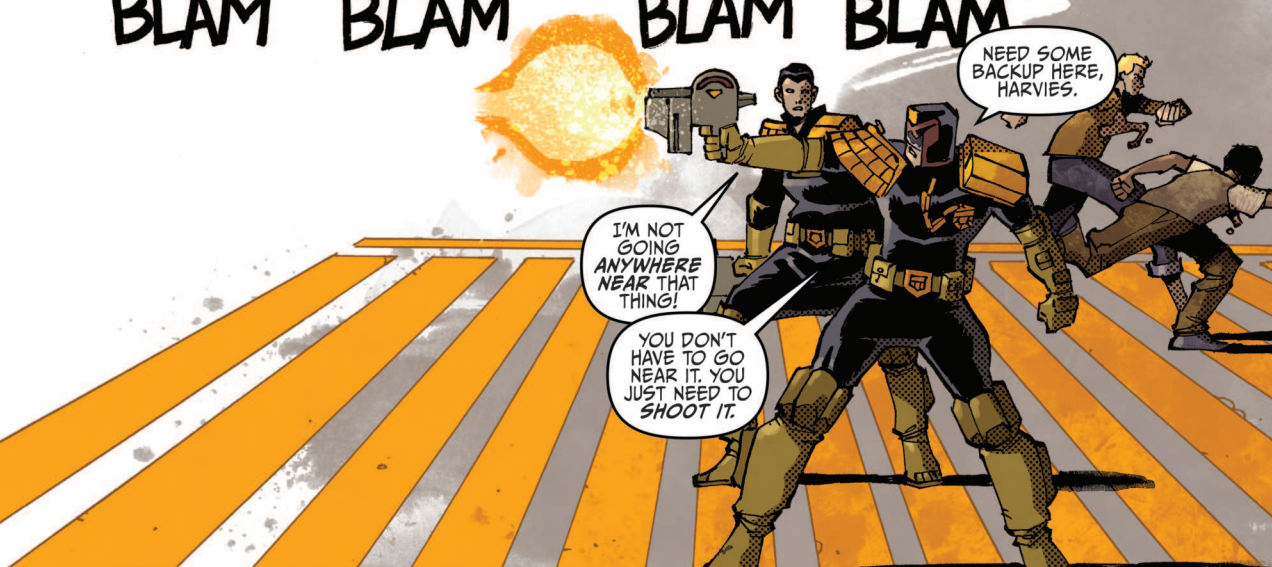


TIE THEM OFF AND REPORT TO A MED-PLEX IMMEDIATELY.

YOU WANT ME TO STROLL AROUND TOWN LOOKING LIKE THIS?!

HIT THE GROUND! NOW!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM



NEED SOME BACKUP HERE, HARVIES.

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE NEAR THAT THING!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO NEAR IT. YOU JUST NEED TO SHOOT IT.



THIS IS NOT HOW I PICTURED MY RETIREMENT.





HNUH

HNUH

HNUH



THERE YOU ARE. MAYBE MY BODY REJOINED YOUR LITTLE PARTY.

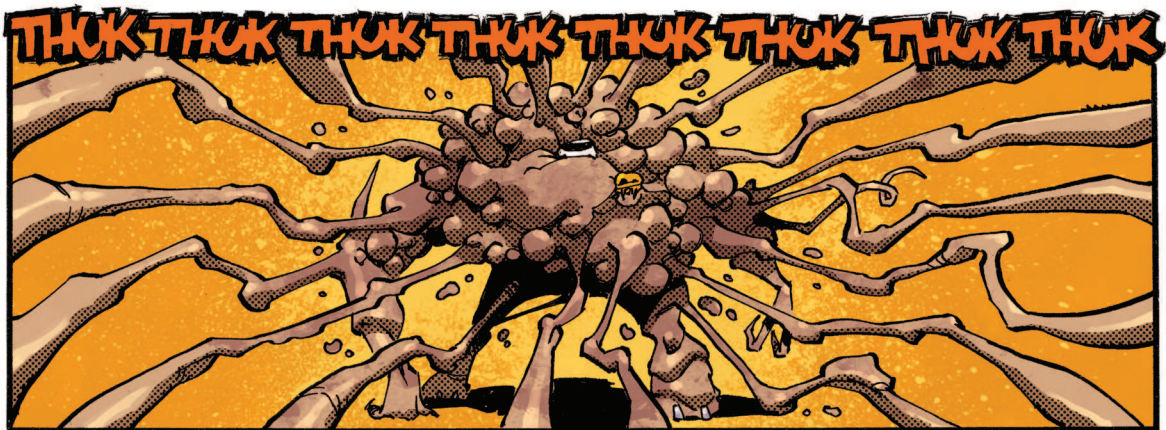


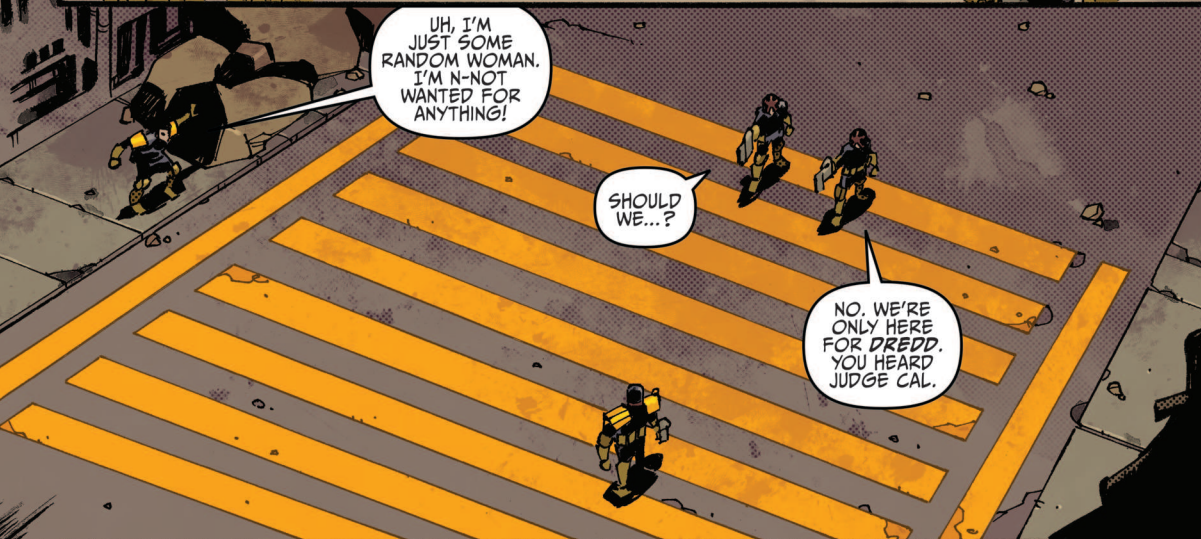
WELL, YOU'RE NOT KEEPING IT.



YOU NEED TO RESSSSSSST TAKE A LOAD OFFFFFFFFF.







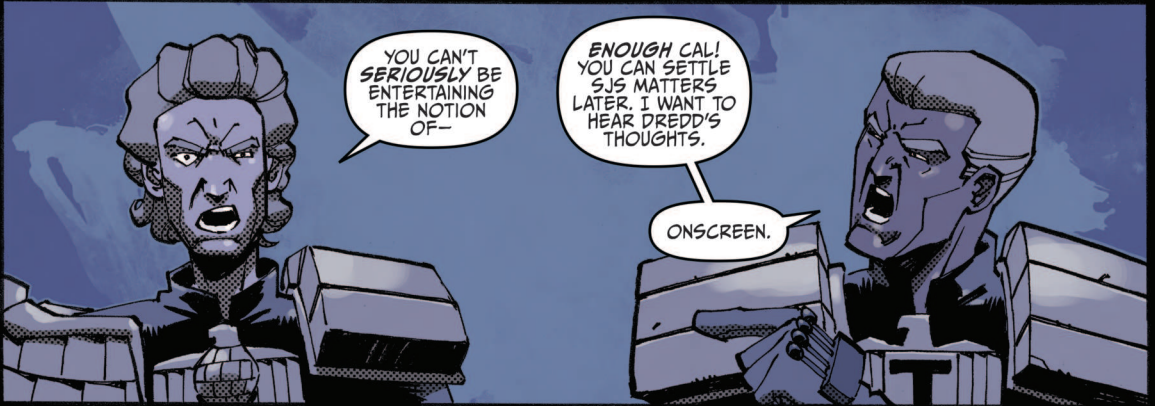


"YOU'VE GOT A
FALLEN SECTOR
TO ANSWER
FOR, DREDD!"



WHERE DID YOU FIND
THE TECHNOLOGY TO
TRANSPORT THESE
MONSTERS TO OUR
DIMENSION?

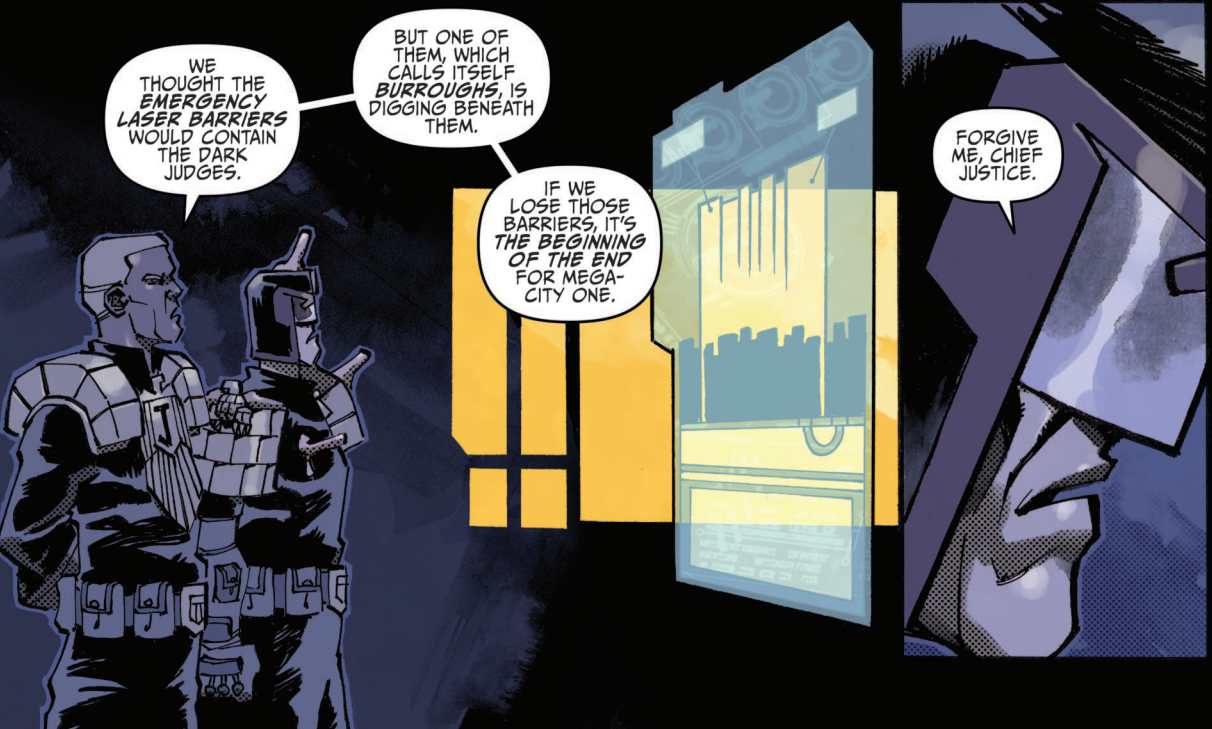
I'D LIKE
TO SEE THE
BOUNDARIES OF
THE CONTAINMENT
FIELD, CHIEF
JUSTICE.



YOU CAN'T
SERIOUSLY BE
ENTERTAINING
THE NOTION
OF—

ENOUGH CAL!
YOU CAN SETTLE
SJS MATTERS
LATER. I WANT TO
HEAR DREDD'S
THOUGHTS.

ONSCREEN.

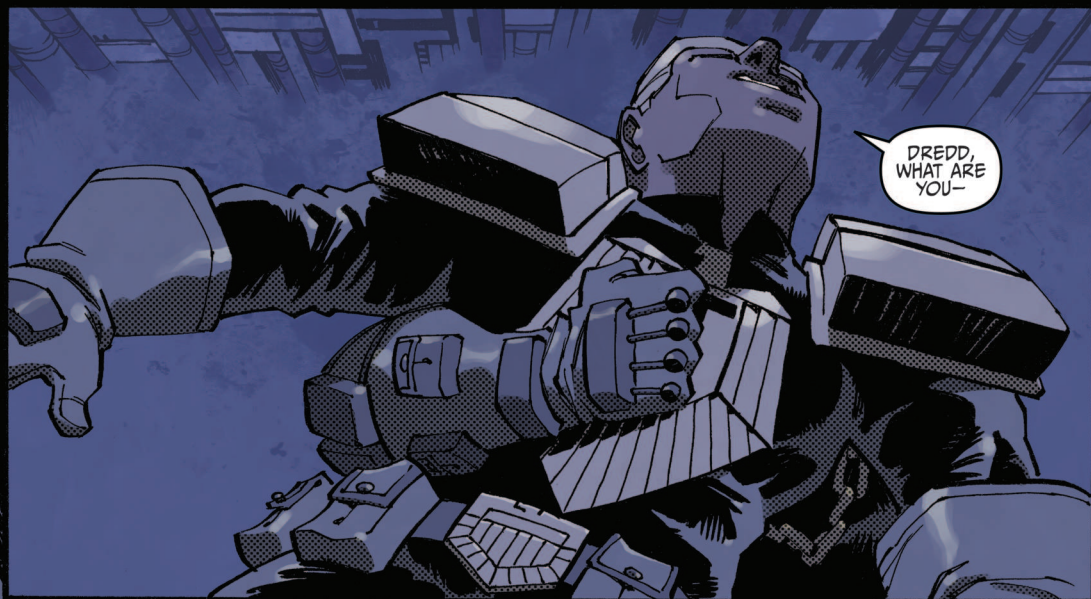
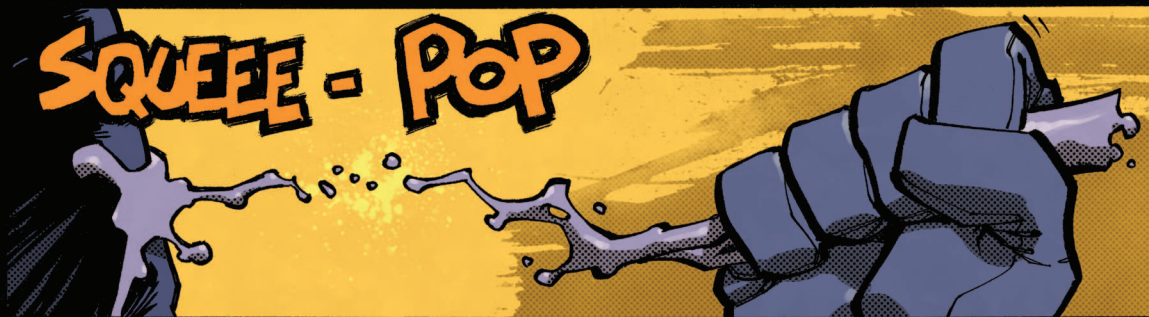


WE
THOUGHT THE
EMERGENCY
LASER BARRIERS
WOULD CONTAIN
THE DARK
JUDGES.

BUT ONE OF
THEM, WHICH
CALLS ITSELF
BURROUGHS,
IS DIGGING BENEATH
THEM.

IF WE
LOSE THOSE
BARRIERS, IT'S
THE BEGINNING
OF THE END
FOR MEGA-
CITY ONE.

FORGIVE
ME, CHIEF
JUSTICE.





ART BY **SHANE PIERCE**



ART BY **MICHAEL AVON DEMING**

THE CURSED EARTH.

DREDD,
I HAVE TO
SAY, YOU'RE
TRYING OUR
PATIENCE.

YOU HAVE TO
EXPERIENCE
THIS WITH YOUR
OWN EYES
AND MINDS.

KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE GOING
TO EXPERIENCE,
DREDD? THE
SENSATION OF
BEING BLASTED
BACK TO TITAN,
POSTHASTE!

THERE'S A BEING
OUT HERE THAT
CAN CONTAIN THE
DARK JUDGES
AND SAVE OUR
CITY.

GRUD,
WHAT IS
THAT?!



THE LAST
GUY WHO
WOULDN'T
LISTEN TO
ME.

THE AMERICAN
WAY OF DEATH

CONCLUSION

WRITER: SWIERCZYNSKI.
ARTIST: DANIEL.
EDITOR: RYALL.



YOU
PROBABLY
HAVE YOUR
CONSPIRATORS,
THE ANGEL
GANG, LAYING
IN WAIT FOR
US!



I HAVE
RETURNED AS
PROMISED.

WHAT IS HE
DOING? HE'S
REQUIRED
TO ANSWER
ME!

DREDD,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF THIS, TOO. ARE WE
GOING TO TRUST A
DIRTY JUDGE WITH
THE SAFETY OF
OUR CI—



—ITTTT?

THRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMM



MEGA-CITY ONE, SECTOR ONE.

KEEP
GOUGING.

I'LL
DIE IF I
DO—

YOU
WON'T.

YOU
WILL JOIN
MEEEEEEE.

NO, I AM
DYING.

LOOK—

—SEE?

THERE'S
MY BODY.

I SUPPOSE
IT WANTS TO
REJOIN ME
IN HELL.

HAVE A
HOT SHOT,
YOU CREEPY
BASTARDS!

OH,
GRUD...

...THAT
IS ME!





"...I SAW
THE TRUTH.

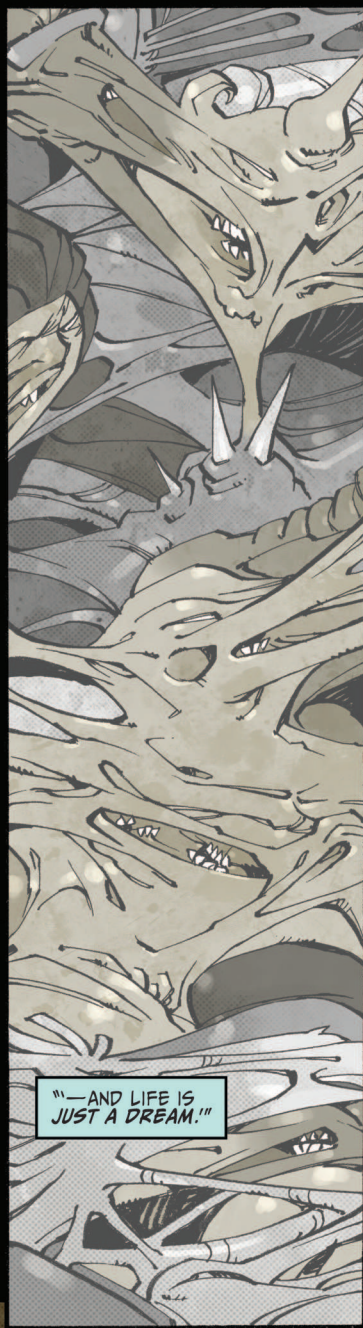
"TWENTIETH-CENTURY
PHILOSOPHER-POET
WILLIAM HICKS HAD
IT RIGHT:

"WE ARE ALL
THE SAME MASS
OF ENERGY—



"—EXPERIENCING
OUR INDIVIDUAL LIVES
SUBJECTIVELY—

"—AND THIS FORCE IS
ETERNAL, WHICH MEANS
THERE IS NO DEATH—



"—AND LIFE IS
JUST A DREAM."



THAT
SAID—
ZARJAZ!

I'M
COMPLETELY
BUFF! CAN WE
TRADE BODIES
BACK?





THIS BEING
WILL PROTECT
SECTOR ONE,
PINNING THE DARK
JUDGES INSIDE.

IT WILL GIVE
US TIME TO
FIGURE OUT HOW TO
SEND THEM BACK
TO THEIR OWN
DIMENSIONS.



YOU
WANT US TO
TRANSPORT AN
ALIEN ENTITY
WITHIN CITY
LIMITS?

ON TOP OF
THE OTHER
NIGHTMARES WE
HAVE RUNNING
AROUND ON THE
LOOSE?



YOU MUST
THINK WE'RE
FOOLS TO EVEN
CONSIDER—

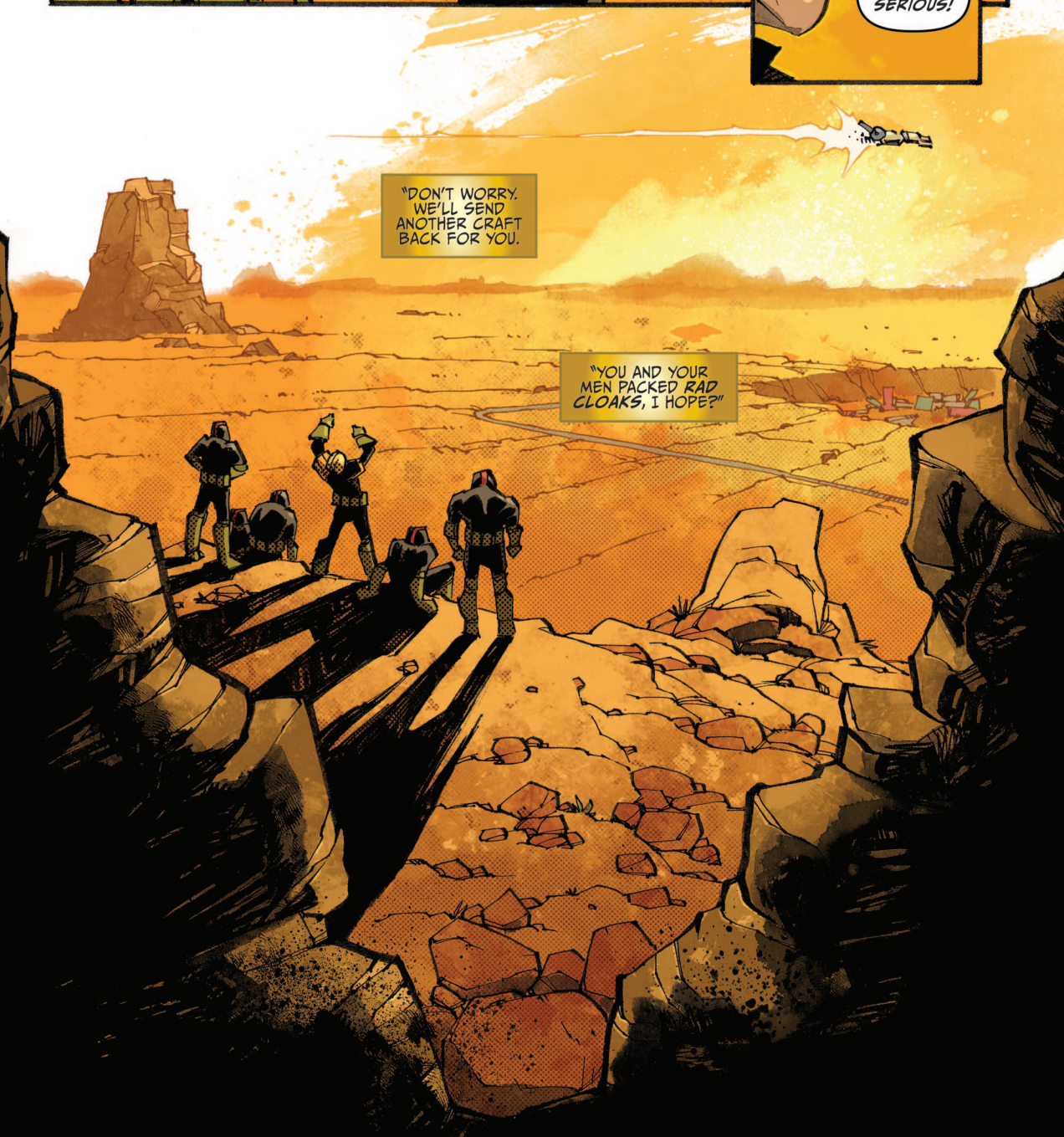
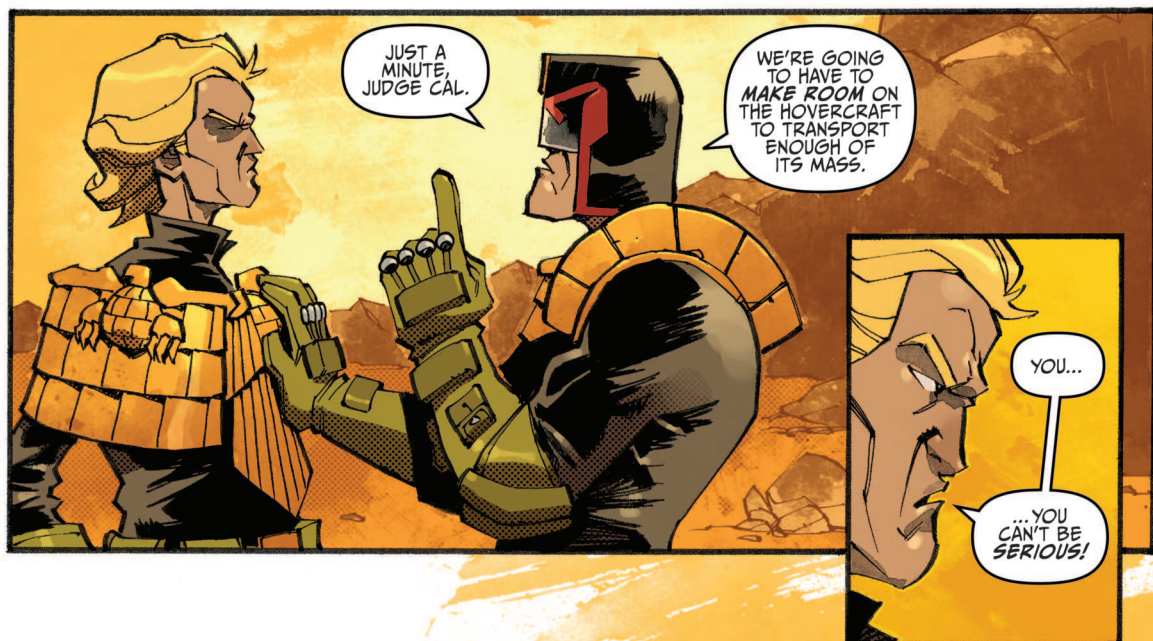
JUDGE
MCGRUDER
WAIT...



ABSURD AND
IMPROBABLE
AS THIS ALL
SOUNDS...

...I THINK IT
IS CLEAR TO
ALL PRESENT
THAT THIS BEING
IS OUR BEST
HOPE.

I LOVE MY
OTHER AND I
WANT TO
SAVE IT.





"WHAT IS THAT THING DOING?"



I MEAN, WHAT ARE *WE*—THE COLLECTIVE SPIRIT OF HUMANITY—DOING?

STOP TALKING LIKE THAT.

THE MONSTERS ARE TRYING TO BUST OUT INTO THE NEXT SECTOR.



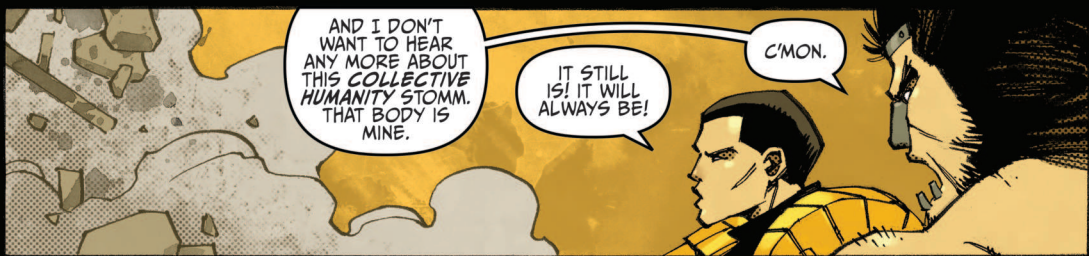
"THE BIG ONE WITH ALL OF THE PEOPLE IS KNOCKING INTO BUILDINGS WITH BRUTE FORCE."



"WHILE THE SQUAT LITTLE SUCKER..."

"...DESTABILIZES EVERYTHING FROM BELOW."

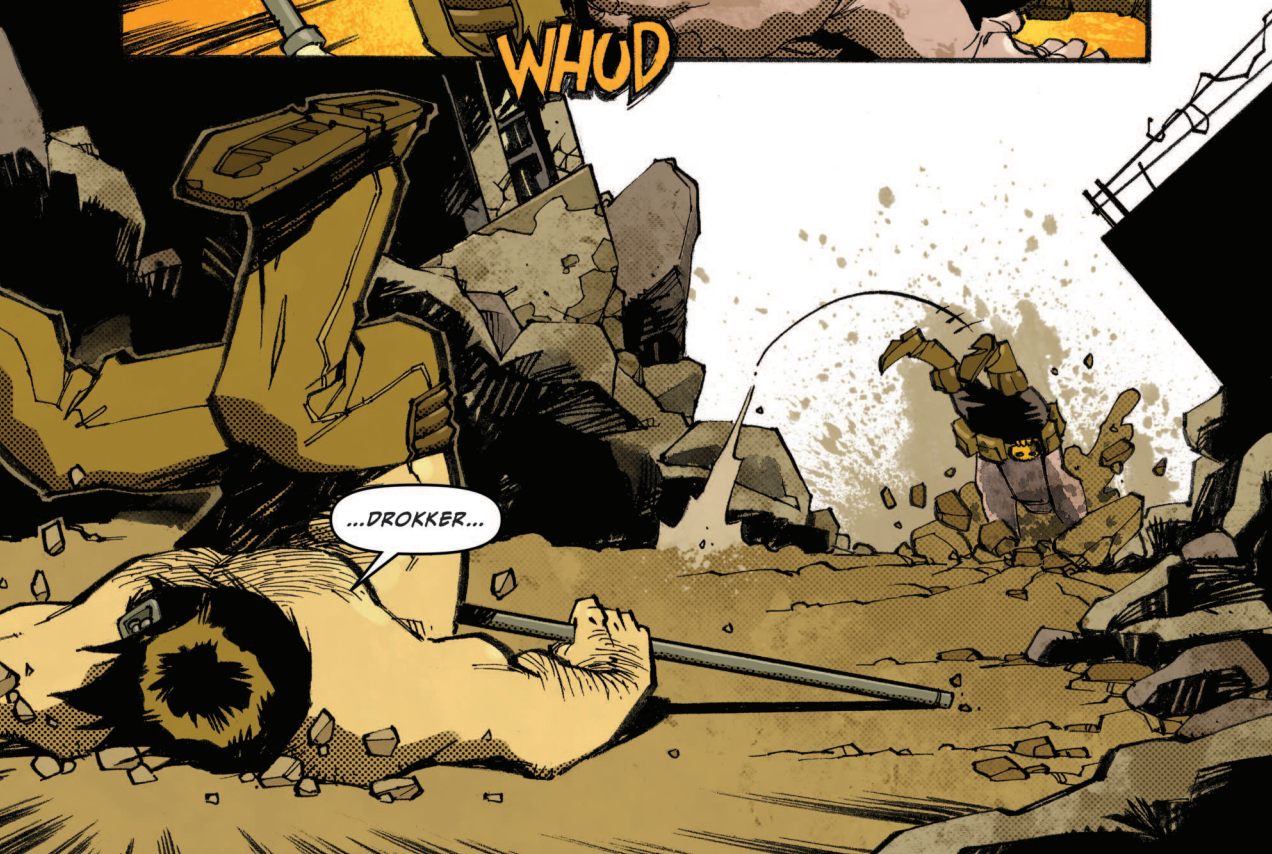
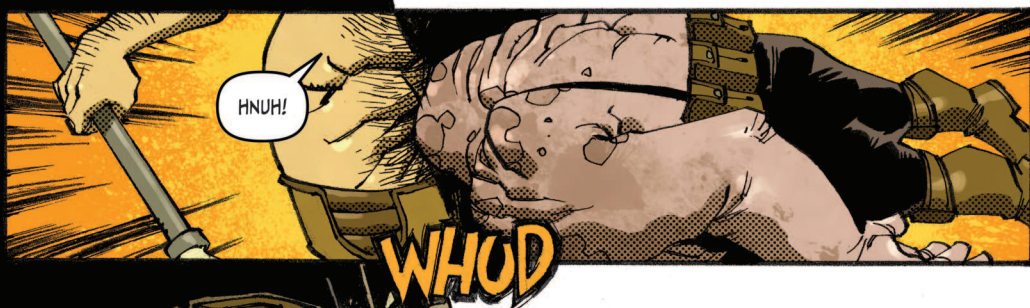
"WE HAVE TO STOP THEM."



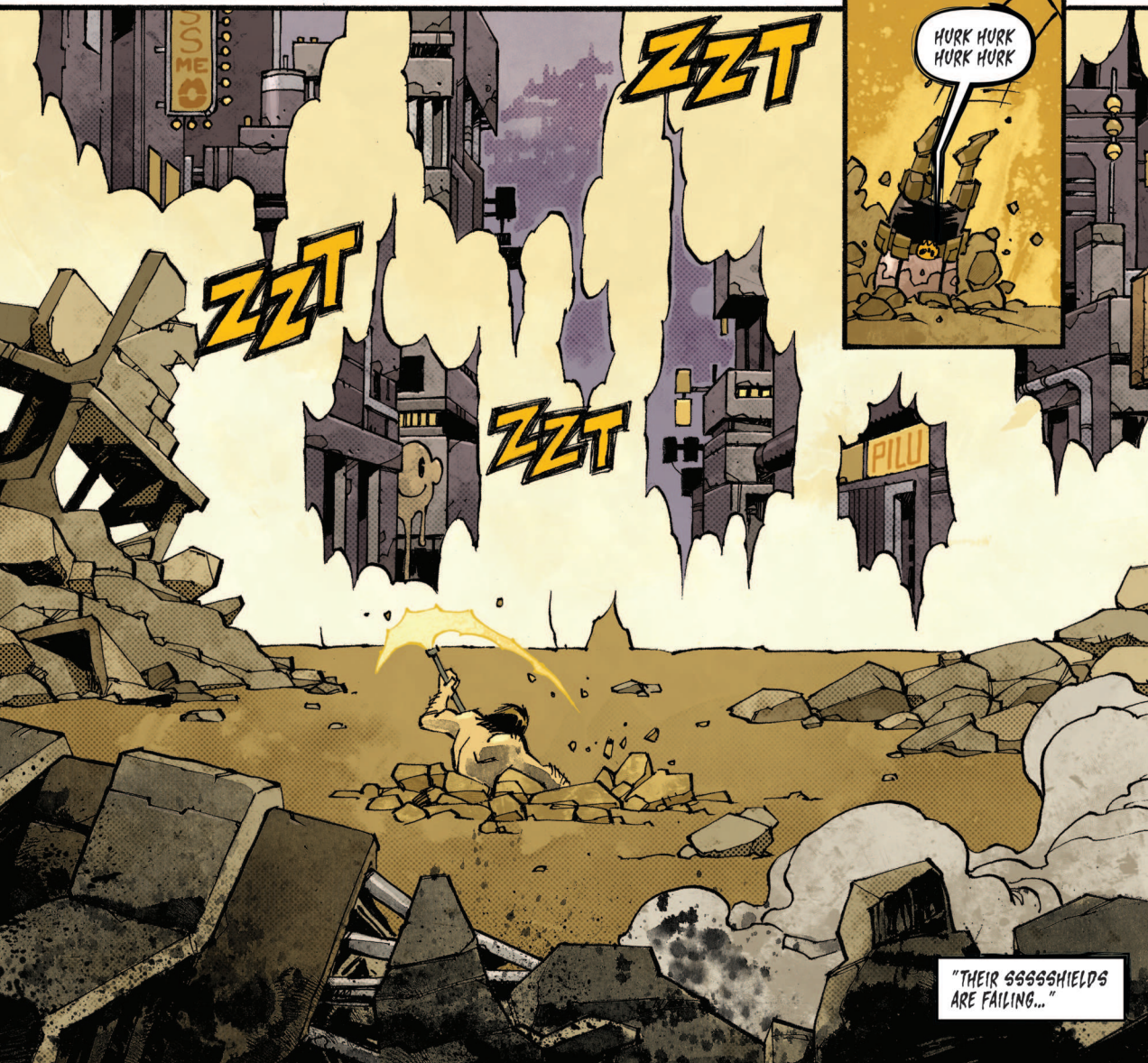
AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT THIS *COLLECTIVE HUMANITY* STOMM. THAT BODY IS MINE.

IT STILL IS! IT WILL ALWAYS BE!

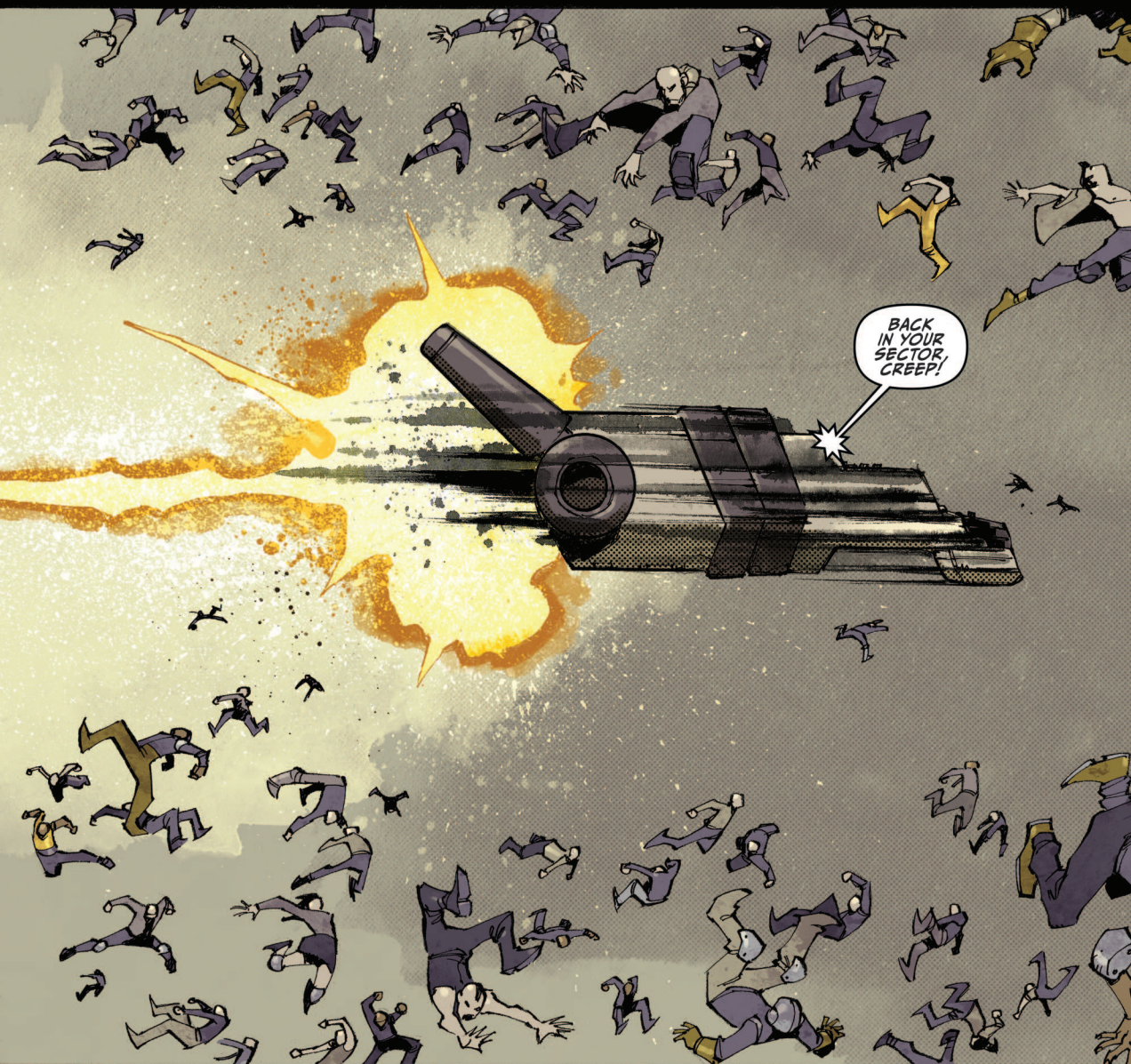
C'MON.







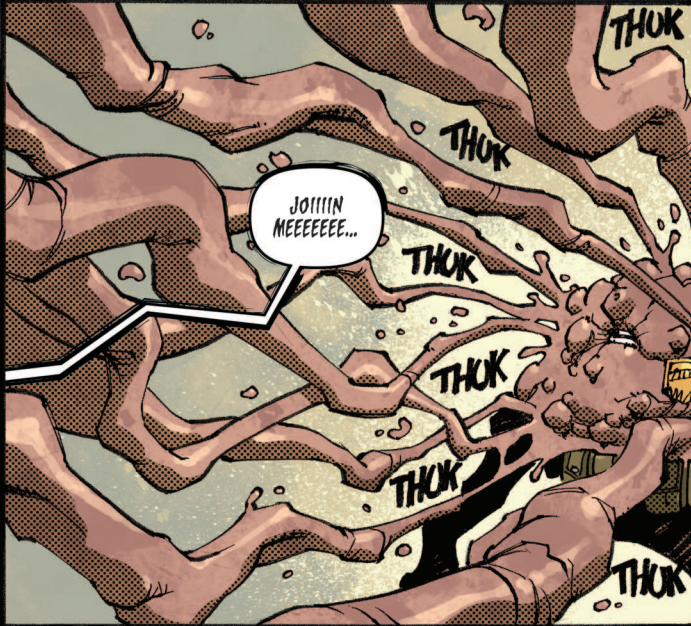






NORMAL
ROUNDS
DON'T WORK
ON THESE
THINGS.

BEST WE CAN
DO IS USE HOT
SHOTS TO PUSH
THEM BACK FROM
THE SECTOR
BOUNDARY.



JOIIIN
MEEEEEE...

THOK

THOK

THOK

THOK

THOK

THOK



CORRECTION.

ORDINARY
SHOTS WILL
WORK ON
THIS ONE'S
TENDRILS.



THOK

THOK

THOK

THOK

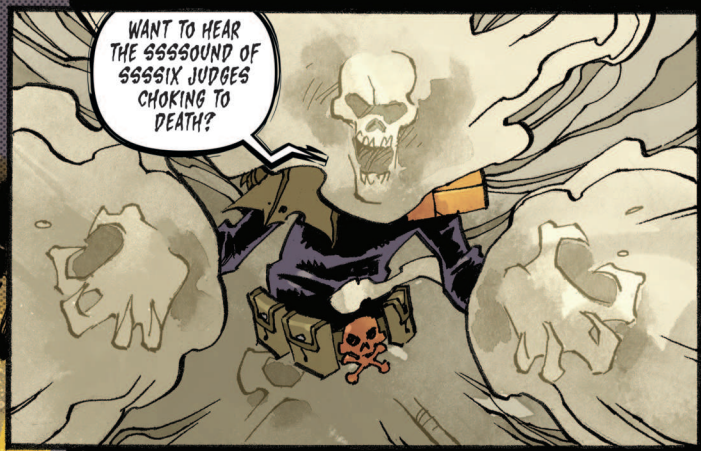
THOK

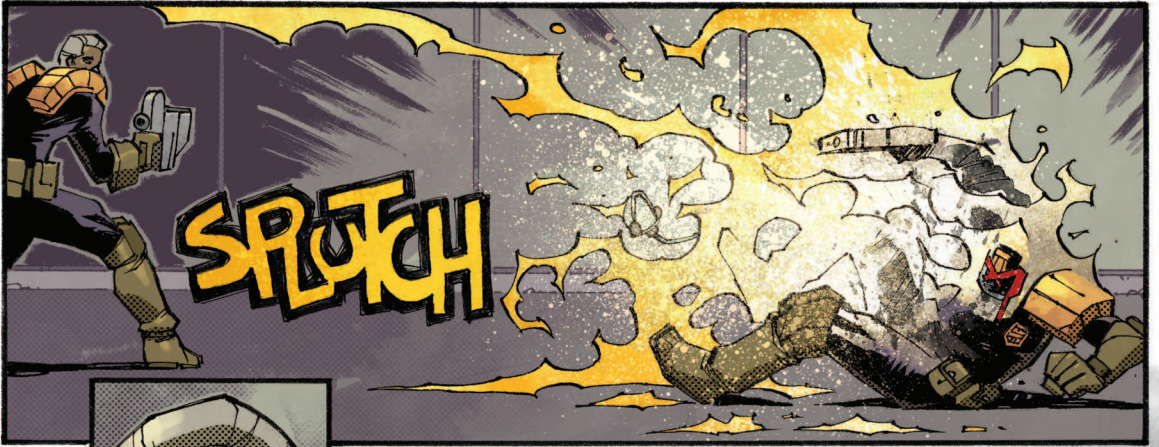
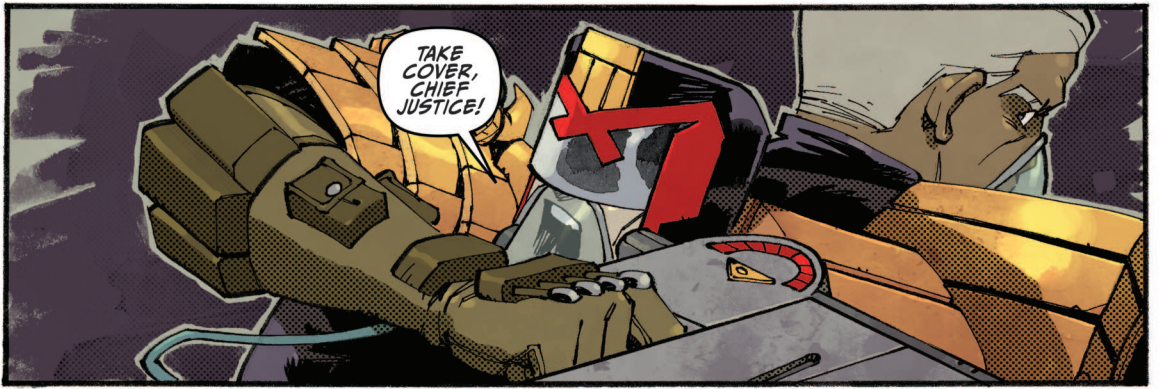


HOT
SHOT.

FWOOOSH

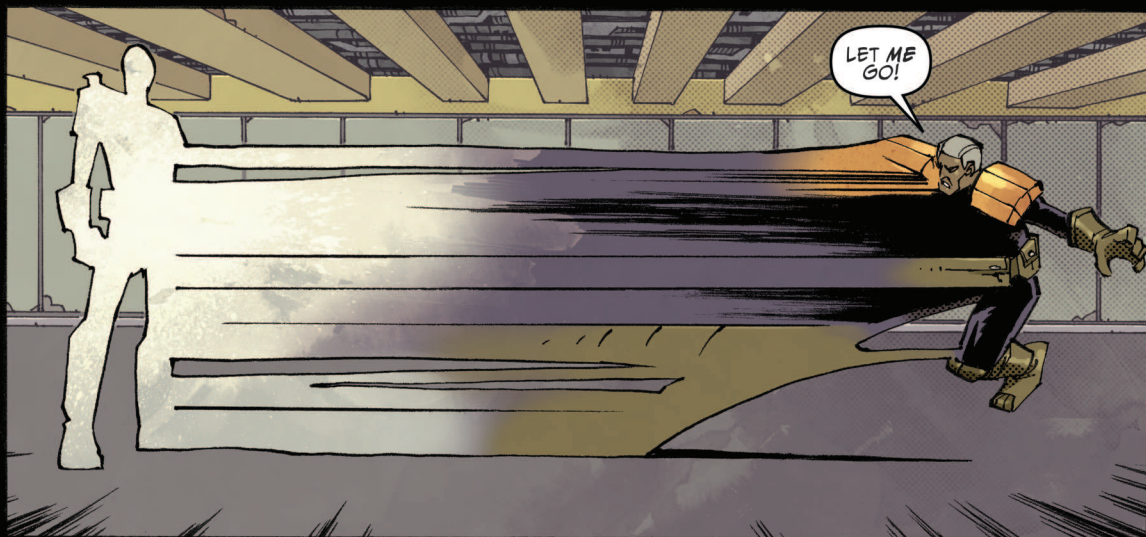
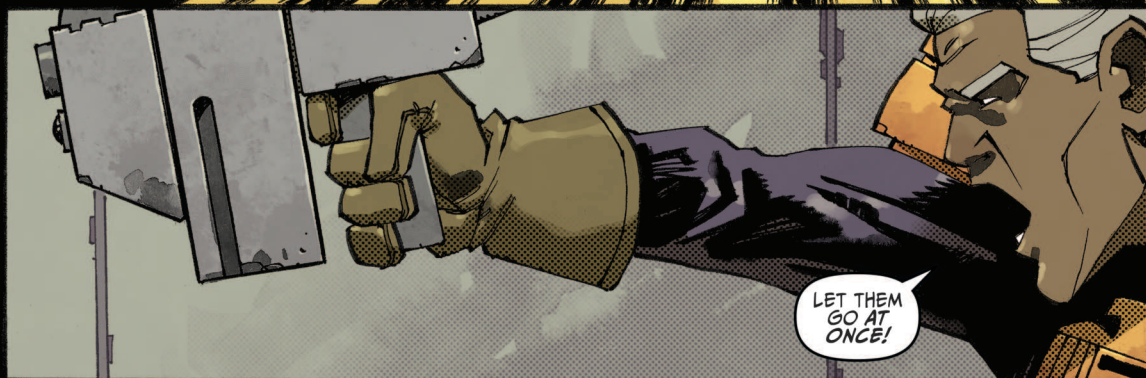






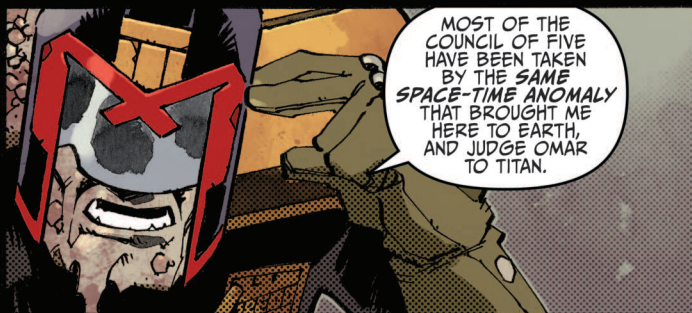
"OUR *BACKUP* NEEDS A LITTLE MORE TIME TO CONTAIN THE SECTOR..."

NOTHING CAN HOLD USSES-

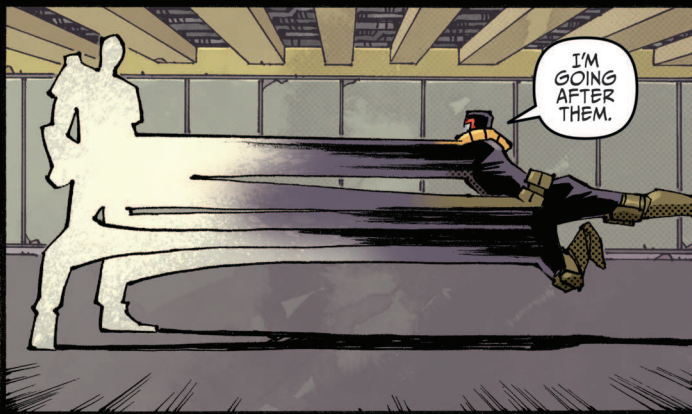




CONTROL,
THIS IS
DREDD...



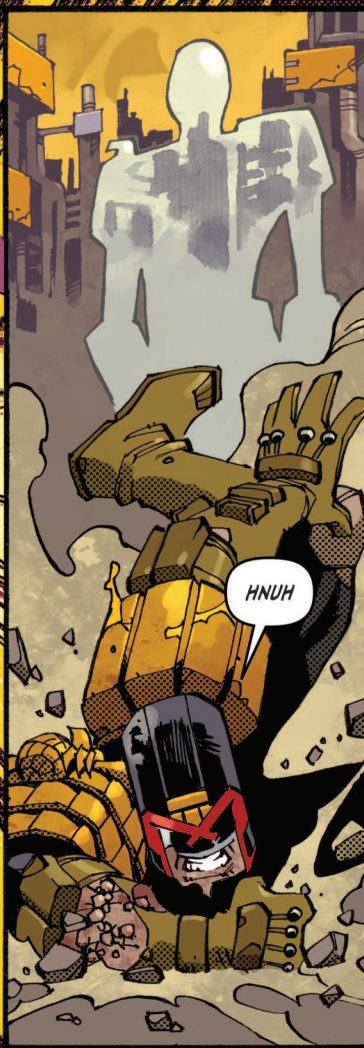
MOST OF THE
COUNCIL OF FIVE
HAVE BEEN TAKEN
BY THE SAME
SPACE-TIME ANOMALY
THAT BROUGHT ME
HERE TO EARTH,
AND JUDGE OMAR
TO TITAN.



I'M
GOING
AFTER
THEM.



I CAN'T
LET THEM
DIE ON
TITAN—



HNUH



DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI:

JUDGE CHOKE, who appears in a hazy smoke form, as if he's a smoldering skeleton. Choke questions the citizen—"Why do you wish to live?"—and the citizen babbles about how much he loves his family and his work, and he has so much to contribute to society. Choke determines he's lying. The smoke spreads. The citizen violently coughs himself to death.

THE NEW
DARK JUDGES



DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI:

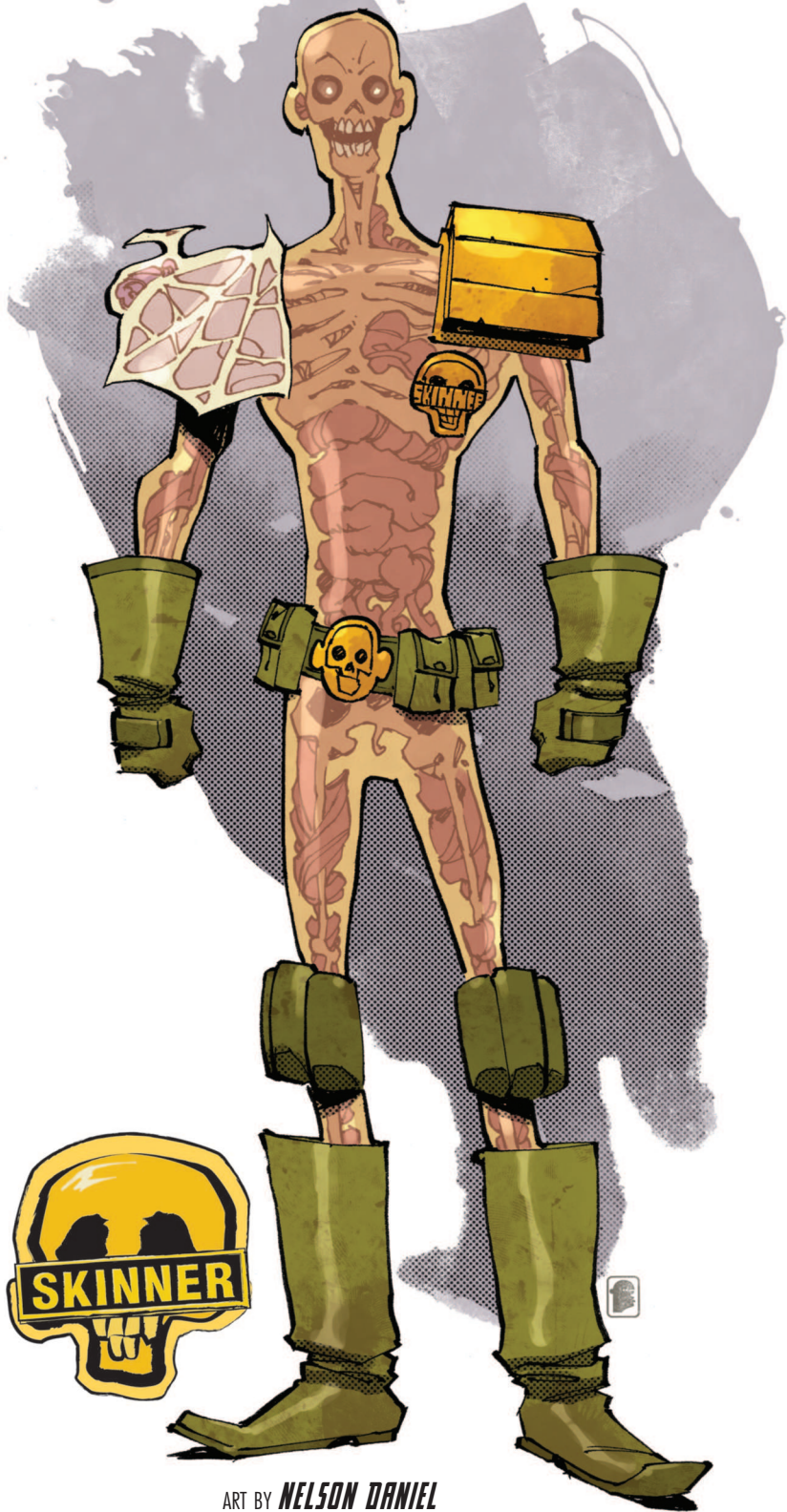
JUDGE BURROUGHS is a mole-like humanoid who says that Mega-City One hasn't been "built to code." He burrows into the earth beneath the foundations of MC-1, causing entire structures to collapse.



ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI:

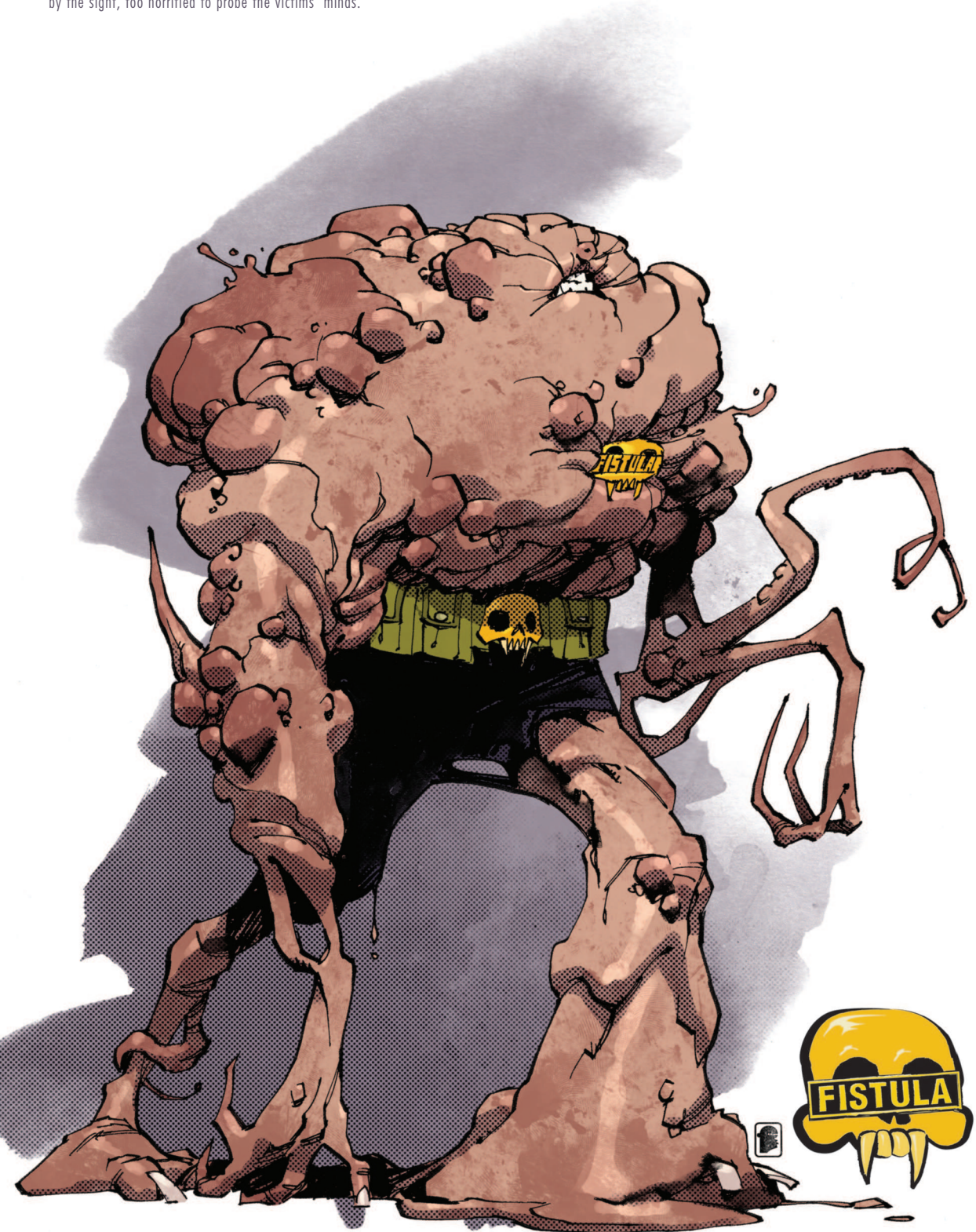
JUDGE SKINNER considers all form of a fashion a crime and removes not only the clothes of citizens but their skins, too, admonishing them to be proud of their internal organs and not hide them from the world. Few, however, live long enough to heed his advice. Skinner looks like one of those “Visible Man” models; we can see the veins and bones and dark fluids beneath his translucent skin.



ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI:

JUDGE FISTULA is busy creating a chain of his catatonic victims. Think a Human Centipede, running throughout the streets of MC-1, making barriers of flesh. Judge Judy Janus is repulsed by the sight, too horrified to probe the victims' minds.



ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI:

Then there's JUDGE SLEEP, who inspires extreme lethargy among all she touches. If you're barely conscious, you can't perpetrate a crime. In this state, however, you're extremely open to suggestion, and Sleep commands her victims to bring her more citizens. She looks like a zombie witch with creepy white eyes.



DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI:

Meanwhile, a huge group of citizens follow JUDGE STIGMATA, who looks like a living martyr, with all manner of self-abuses and punishments visible on her skin. She attracts followers like Charles Manson used to do—and demands a self-inflicted wound as a sign of loyalty. Last seen headed to Sector 2, hoping to gather more followers.



ART BY *NELSON DANIEL*

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI:
JUDGE SLUDGE, it seems, has the ability to turn the world to toxic shit.



ART BY *NELSON DANIEL*



ART BY **NELSON DANIEL**



JUDGE DREDD®



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JUDGE DREDD®



DREDD'S MOST VICIOUS AND UNSTOPPABLE ENEMIES—THE DARK JUDGES—ARE CLAWING THEIR WAY INTO MEGA-CITY ONE, DETERMINED TO TRANSFORM IT INTO A NEW CITY OF THE DEAD. BUT THE ONLY THING MORE HORRIFYING THAN THE DARK JUDGES' ONSLAUGHT ARE THE DRASTIC MEASURES THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS WILLING TO TAKE TO REPEL THEM IN

“THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH” BY **MUANE SWIERCZYNSKI** AND **NELSON DANIEL**.

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