

JUDGE DREDD

VOLUME 6



SHANE
PIERCE
2014

BLACKLIGHT DISTRICT



JUDGE DREDD®

VOLUME 5

W. L. GIBSON

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

JUDGE DREDD®

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BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT

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ART BY *SHANE PIERCE*



YES, DREDD—
THIS IS ANDERSON.

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT
TARJAY. HE KILLED ME.



THE MOMENT THE BULLET
MADE IMPACT, I TURNED
MY FOCUS INWARD.

CONCENTRATING MY PSYCHIC
ENERGY ON THE UNDAMAGED
PORTIONS OF MY BRAIN.



IF I HELD ON
LONG ENOUGH,
KEEPING MY
BRAIN ALIVE WITH
PSYCHIC MICRO-
SHOCKS...

...MAYBE A MED-
UNIT COULD REVIVE
ME IN TIME.



BUT WE WERE NOT IN A
PLACE WHERE A MED-UNIT
COULD POSSIBLY FIND ME.

MY HEART STOPPED.

THE FLOW OF BLOOD
TO MY BRAIN CEASED.




I STUBBORNLY
HELD ON ANYWAY.

REFUSING
TO LET GO.



DREDD... IT WAS
LIKE HOLDING MY
BREATH FOREVER.






THEN I WOKE UP.

IMMOBILE.

YET STILL ABLE TO
FEEL EVERYTHING.



SOMETHING COLD AND TACKY
RUSHED THROUGH MY VEINS.



MY CONSCIOUSNESS STILL CLUNG
TO MY BRAIN, AS IF I WERE A
SQUATTER IN MY OWN BODY...

...WHICH WAS FOLLOWING ANOTHER,
ALIEN SET OF COMMANDS.



IT WAS LIKE BEING
RESURRECTED.

AND WAKING
UP IN HELL.





AND HE HAD BROUGHT BACK
HIS PARTNERS IN MAYHEM.

FIRE.

FEAR.

MORTIS.

WE'VE BATTLED
THESE CREATURES
BEFORE, DREDD.

I THINK YOU AND I
HATE THEM MORE
THAN ANYONE.

THEY *CANNOT* BE
ALLOWED TO STALK THE
STREETS OF OUR CITY!



SO I RETREATED INTO
THE RELATIVE SAFETY
OF MY OWN MIND.



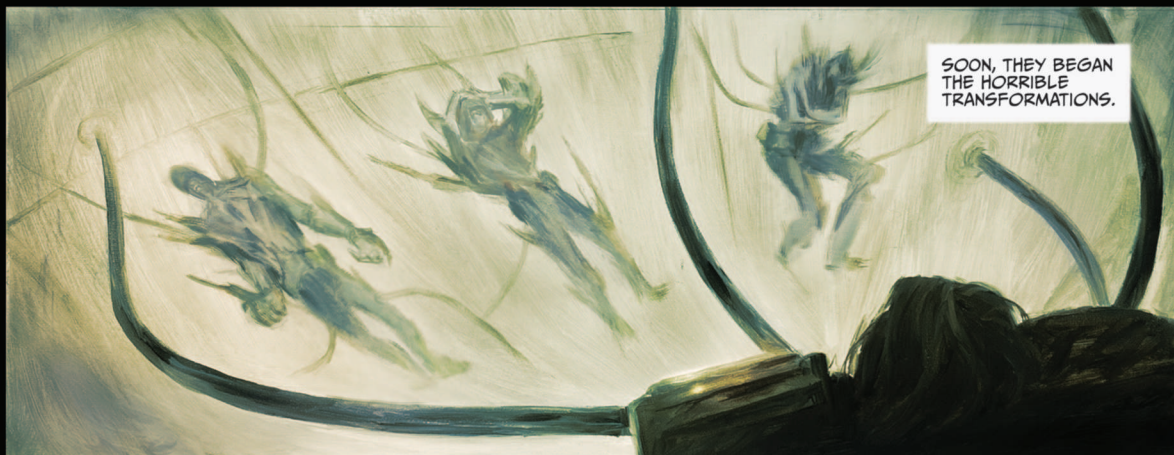
TRIED TO SEND A
PSYCHIC WARNING TO THE
REST OF PSI-DIVISION.



IT DIDN'T WORK.



BACK IN THE MORGUE, THE FOUR DARK JUDGES BUSIED THEMSELVES WITH THE BODIES OF THE REMAINING FALLEN JUDGES.



SOON, THEY BEGAN THE HORRIBLE TRANSFORMATIONS.



I DID, TOO.



DREDD, I COULD
FEEL EVERYTHING.


BUT I COULD STOP
NONE OF IT.



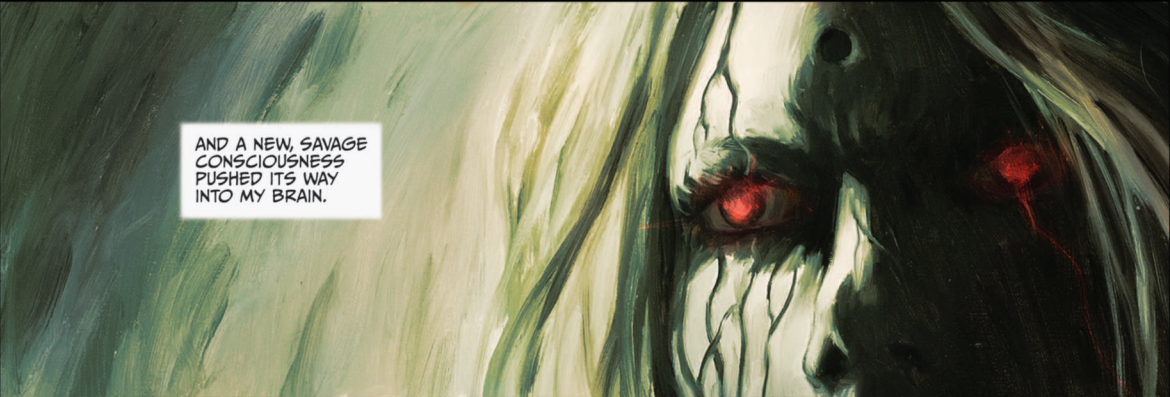
THE BONES IN
MY HANDS WERE
PUSHED ASIDE...




...TO MAKE WAY
FOR NEW ONES.



ALONG WITH MY
INTERNAL ORGANS.



AND A NEW, SAVAGE
CONSCIOUSNESS
PUSHED ITS WAY
INTO MY BRAIN.



I NEEDED A
PLACE TO HIDE.

A SAFE PLACE.



SO I THOUGHT ABOUT MY
PARENTS' OLD CON-APT, BACK
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

I RECALLED EVERY SENSORY
DETAIL I COULD... DOWN TO
THE SMELL OF *DUST* BURNING
IN THE BIO-FUEL DUCTS.



BUT THE ALIEN
PRESENCE FOLLOWED
ME THERE *ANYWAY*.



IT WAS INVISIBLE.

IT WAS RELENTLESS.

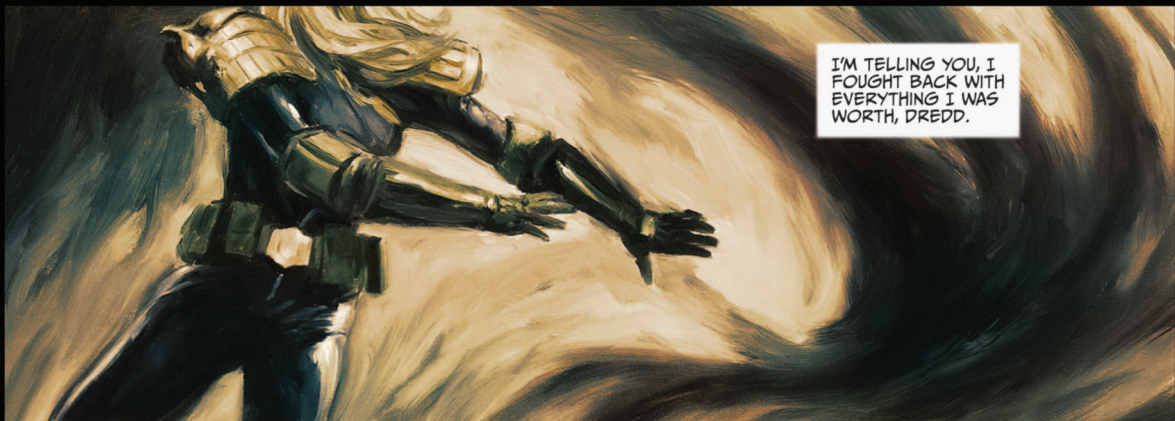


IT WANTED TO
DESTROY ME.


A close-up, painterly illustration of a woman with long, light-colored hair. Her face is partially in shadow, and she has a somber expression. A hand with long, pale fingers is positioned near her mouth, as if she is about to speak or has just finished speaking. The background is dark and textured.

BUT FIRST, IT
WANTED TO
DRINK ME.

I COULD FEEL COLD,
HARD SUCKERS ATTACHING
THEMSELVES TO MY
IMAGINARY FLESH.

A figure in a dark, segmented suit with a cape is shown falling or being pulled into a large, swirling, golden-brown vortex. The figure's arms are outstretched, and their body is angled towards the center of the vortex. The background is a mix of dark and light tones, suggesting a turbulent environment.

I'M TELLING YOU, I
FOUGHT BACK WITH
EVERYTHING I WAS
WORTH, DREDD.

A figure in a dark, segmented suit with a cape is running down a long, brightly lit hallway. The figure is seen from behind, moving away from the viewer. The hallway has a high ceiling and a tiled floor. A small, dark object is visible on the floor in the distance.

I REFUSED TO
LET IT WIN.

A figure in a dark, segmented suit with a cape is running down a long, brightly lit hallway. The figure is seen from behind, moving away from the viewer. The hallway has a high ceiling and a tiled floor. A small, dark object is visible on the floor in the distance.

NGUH!








THE REALLY CURIOUS
THING, DREDD?

THIS STAR VAMPIRE WASN'T A
BEING FROM DEADWORLD—THE
DARK JUDGES' HOME DIMENSION.



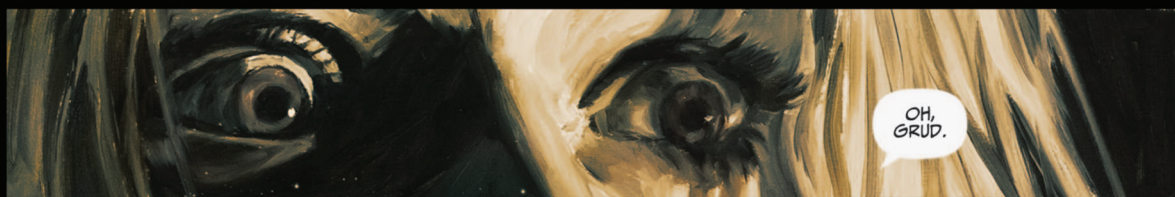
IT WAS AS IF JUDGE DEATH
WAS DEPUTIZING BEINGS
FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS.

WHY?

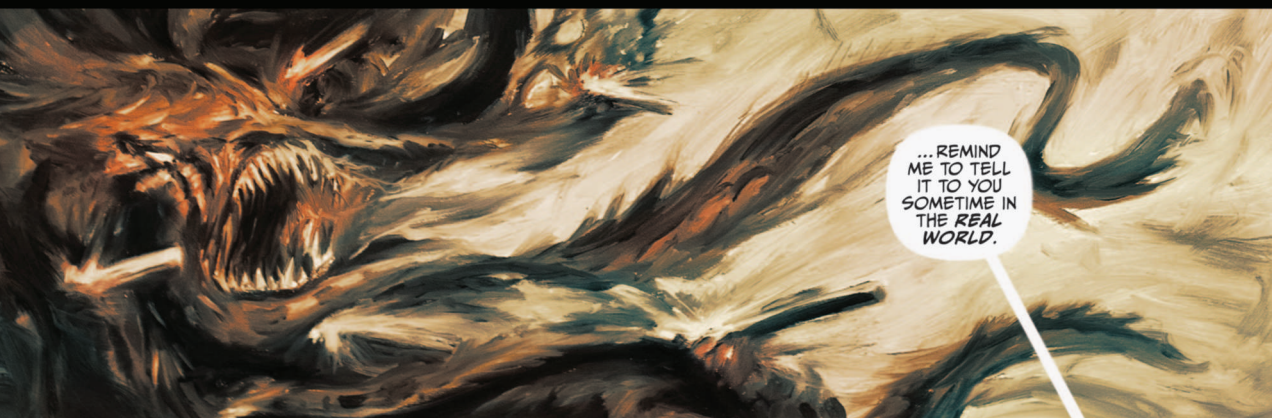
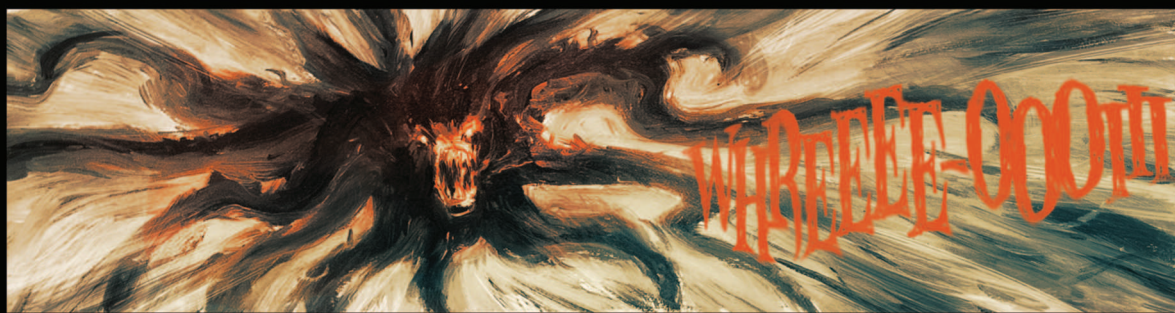


AT THE MOMENT, ALL I KNEW WAS
THAT THIS DISGUSTING, SHAMBLING
CREATURE WANTED TO FIGHT ITS
WAY INTO OUR WORLD.

AND MY MIND WAS
THE PORTAL.















UNFORTUNATELY, THE WORMHOLE
CREATED BY THE CREATURE WAS
STILL OPEN FOR BUSINESS.




OH, DROKK
DROKK
DROKK...



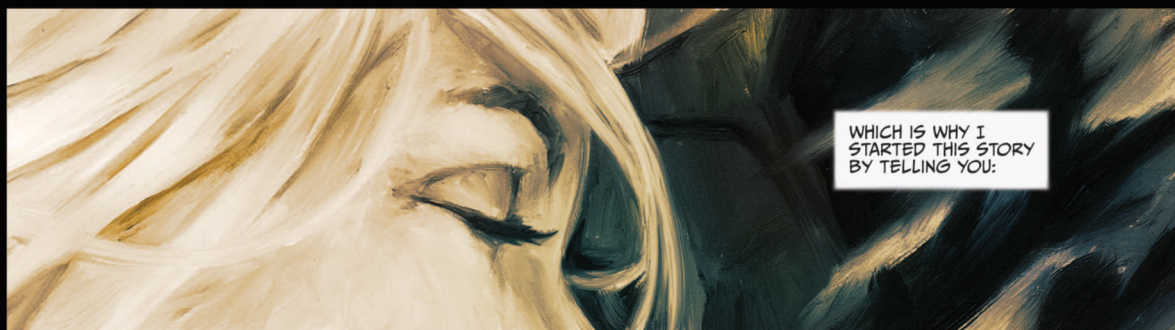
MY MIND VERSUS
A SPACE VAMPIRE
WAS ONE THING.



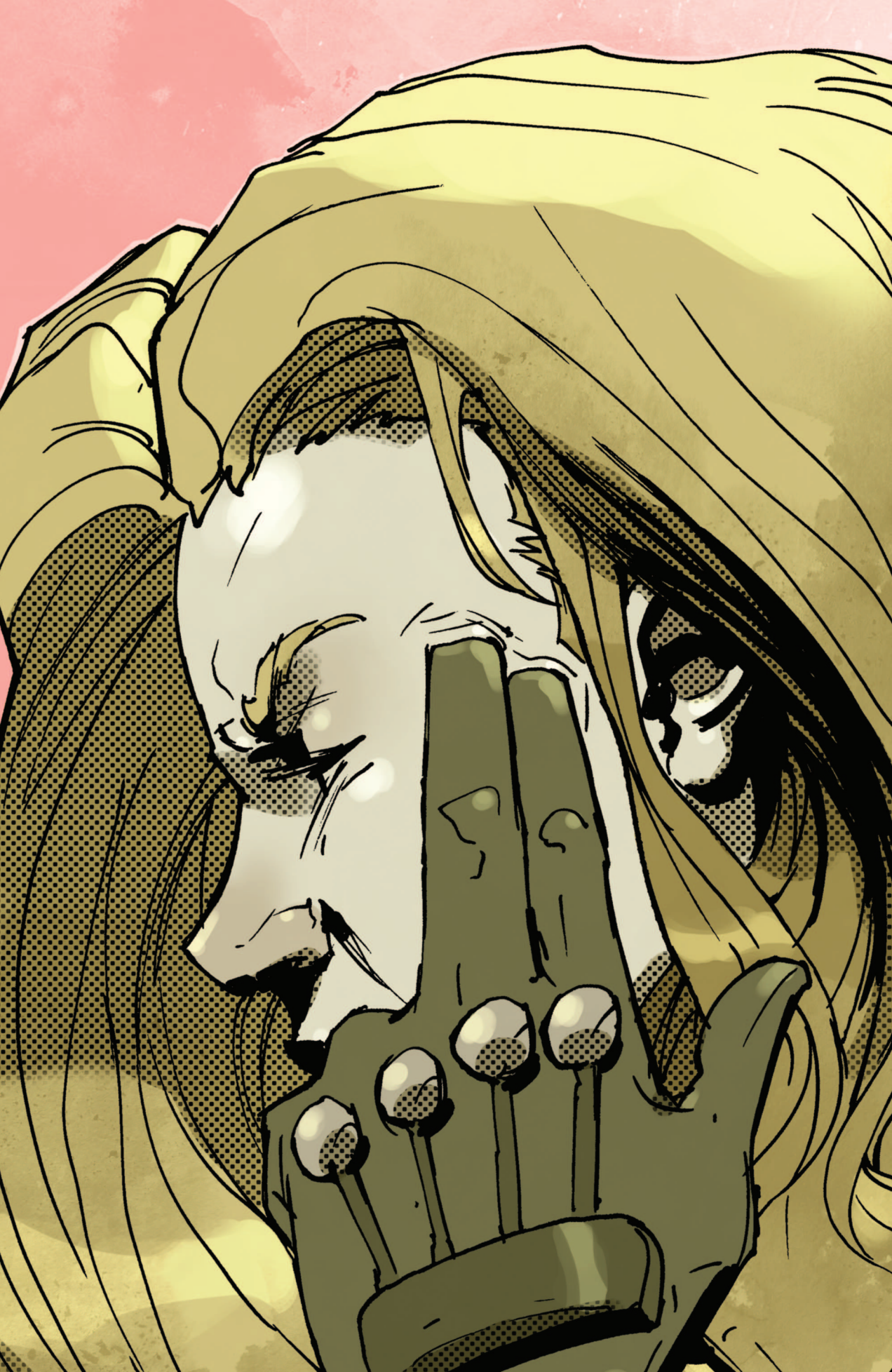
BUT MY MIND VERSUS AN
INTERGALACTIC GATEWAY?
NOT A FAIR FIGHT AT ALL.



I NEEDED
ANOTHER
WAY OUT.









ART BY *NELSON DANIEL*

JUST OUTSIDE SECTOR ONE,
MEGA-CITY ONE

"AS YOU CAN SEE,
THE SECTOR HAS
BEEN COMPLETELY
CONTAINED."

MY SPECIAL
SCIENCES
SERVICE HAS SEEN
TO IT THAT THE
THREAT OF THE
SO-CALLED DARK
JUDGES HAS BEEN
CONTAINED.

"BUT I WANT TO
STRESS SOMETHING
VERY IMPORTANT."

THIS CITY
IS MADE UP
OF 304 OTHER
PROUD, VIBRANT
SECTORS.

AND I WILL
CONTINUE TO
FOCUS ON
KEEPING THESE
SECTORS SAFE
AND SECURE.

UNFORTUNATELY,
INSIDE THE SECTOR,
RENEGADE FORMER
JUDGE JOSEPH
DREDD...

"...HAS LED
THE REST OF
THE COUNCIL
OF FIVE...

"...TO
CERTAIN
DEATH."

BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT (PART 1)

WRITER: SWIERCZYNSKI • ARTIST: SCOTT • COLORIST: DANIEL • EDITOR: RYALL





...YOUR
RIGHT,
DREDD, YOUR
RIGHT!



YOU'RE
GOING TO
HAVE TO MOVE
FASTER IF YOU
WANT ME TO
HELP KEEP YOU
ALIVE.

STOMM,
ANDERSON!



YOU'RE
NOT GIVING
ME ANYTHING
USEFUL.

WHUD



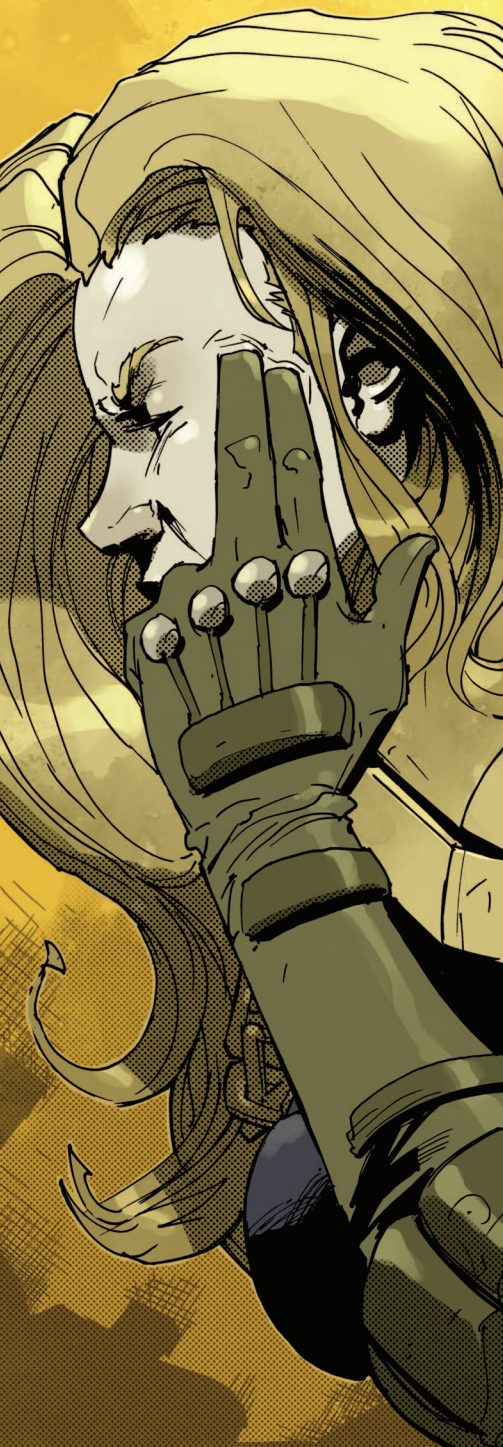
WELL, YOUR
SENSES ARE
DAMPENING
MY PSYCHIC
ABILITY!



FIRE, FEAR,
AND MORTIS
ARE GOING TO
SURROUND YOU,
AND THEN THEY'RE
GOING TO—



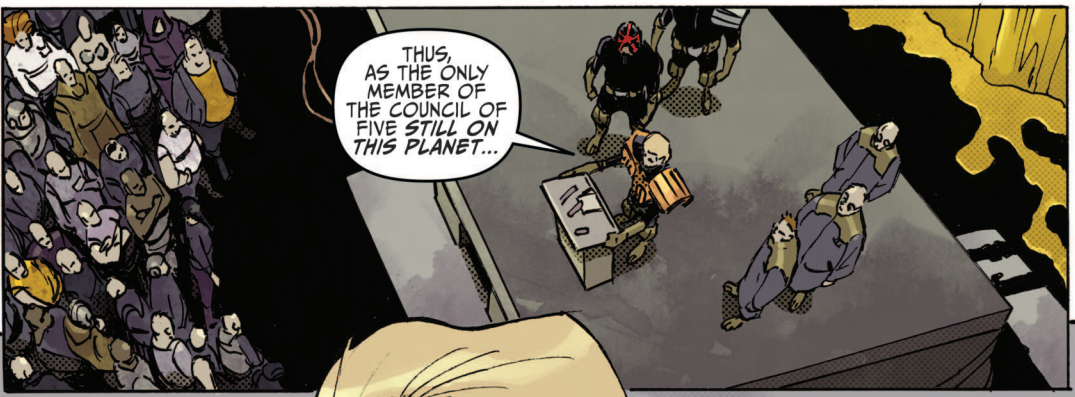
SSSSSS
THIS IS WHERE
YOU'VE BEEN
HIDING...



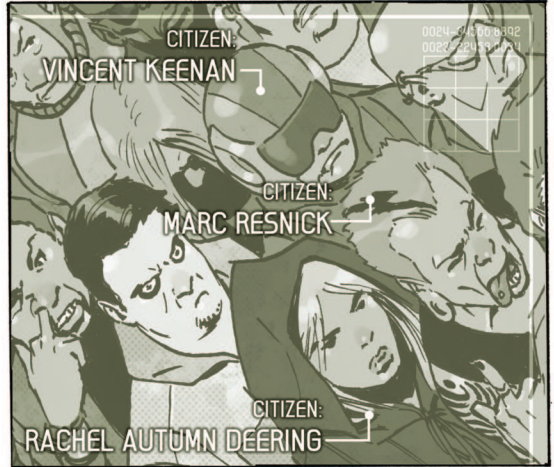
HOW DID
YOU GET IN
HERE? YOU
CAN'T BE IN
HERE!

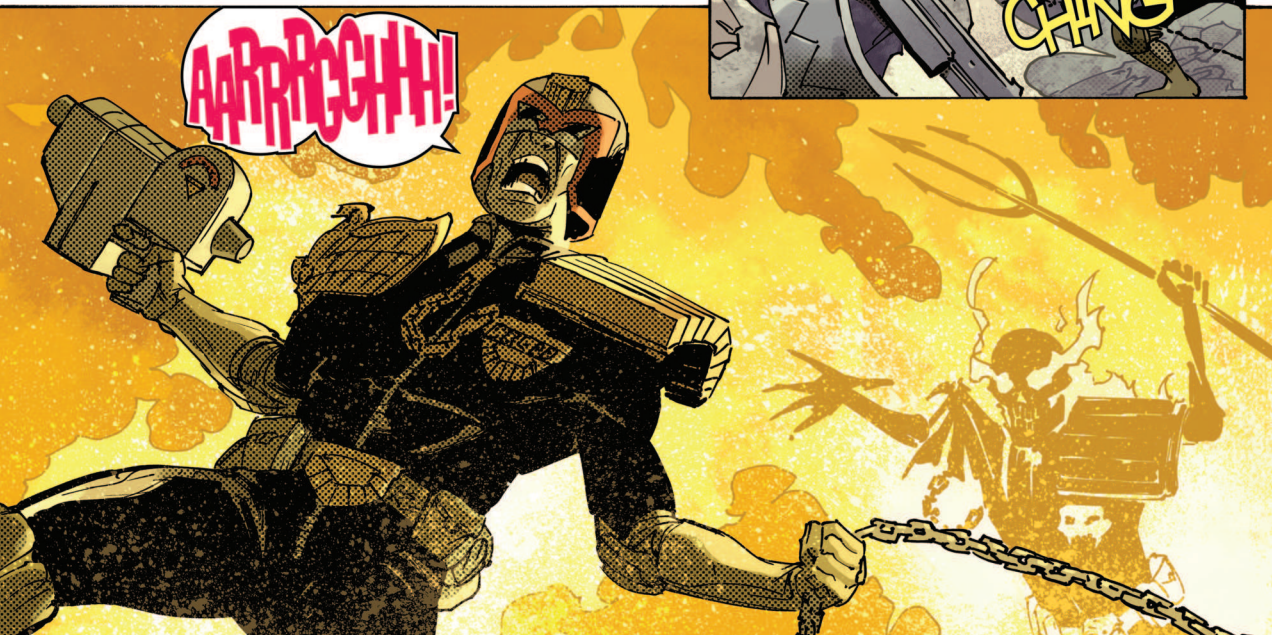
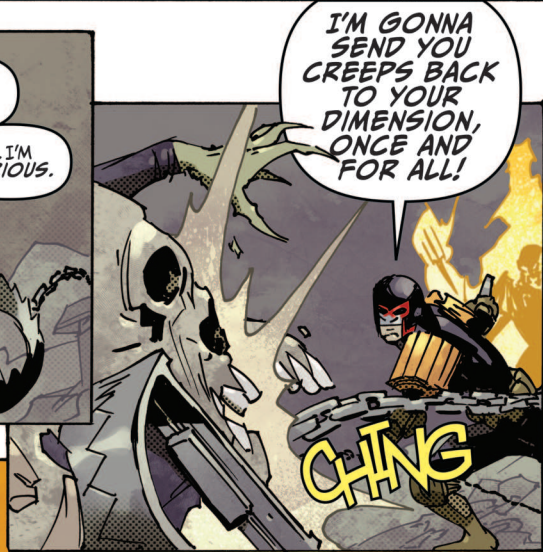
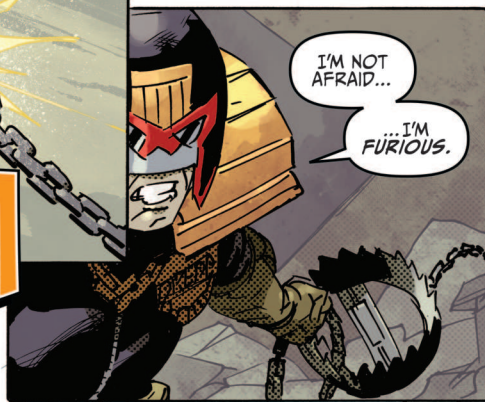
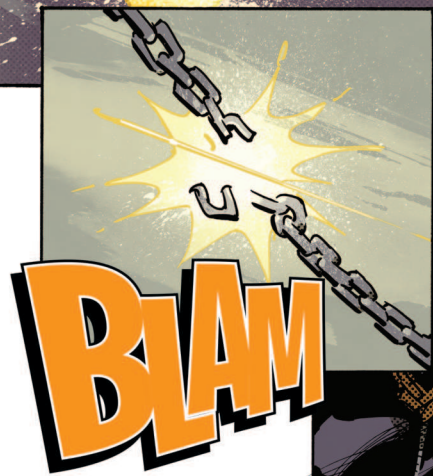
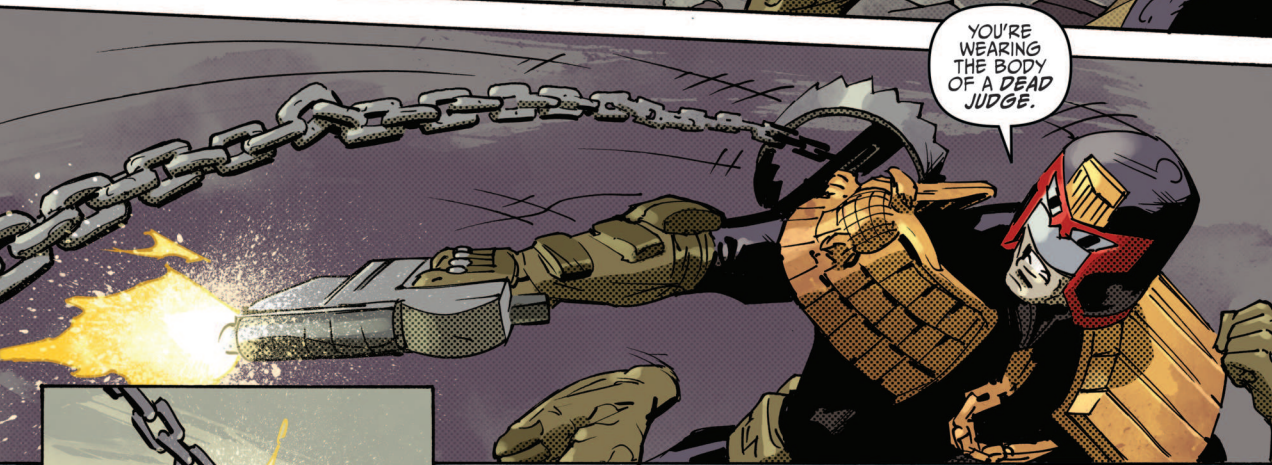


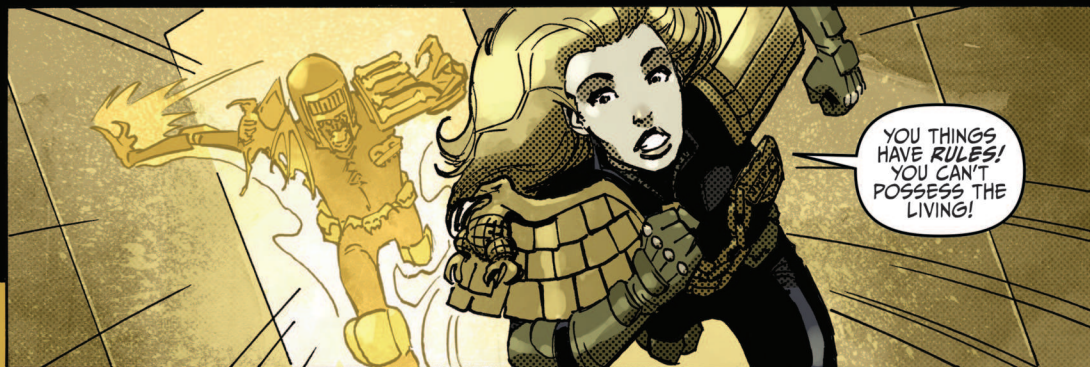
YOU LEFT
THE DOORSSS
OPEN, JUDGE
ANDERSSON...



...IT IS WITH GREAT HUMILITY THAT I ACCEPT THE TITLE OF ACTING **CHIEF JUSTICE.**



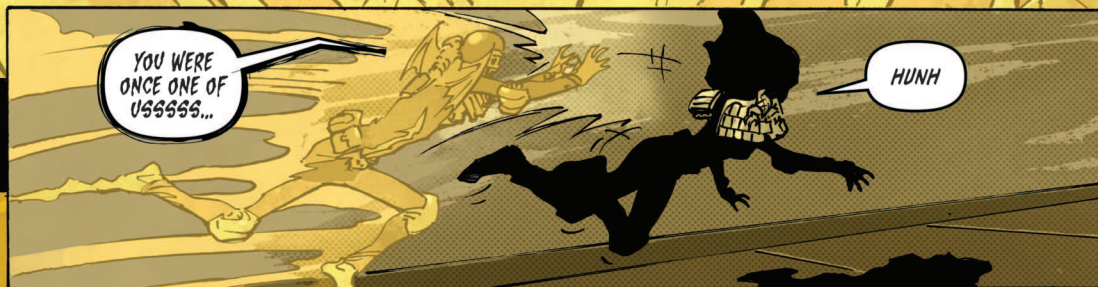




YOU THINGS
HAVE RULES!
YOU CAN'T
POSSESS THE
LIVING!

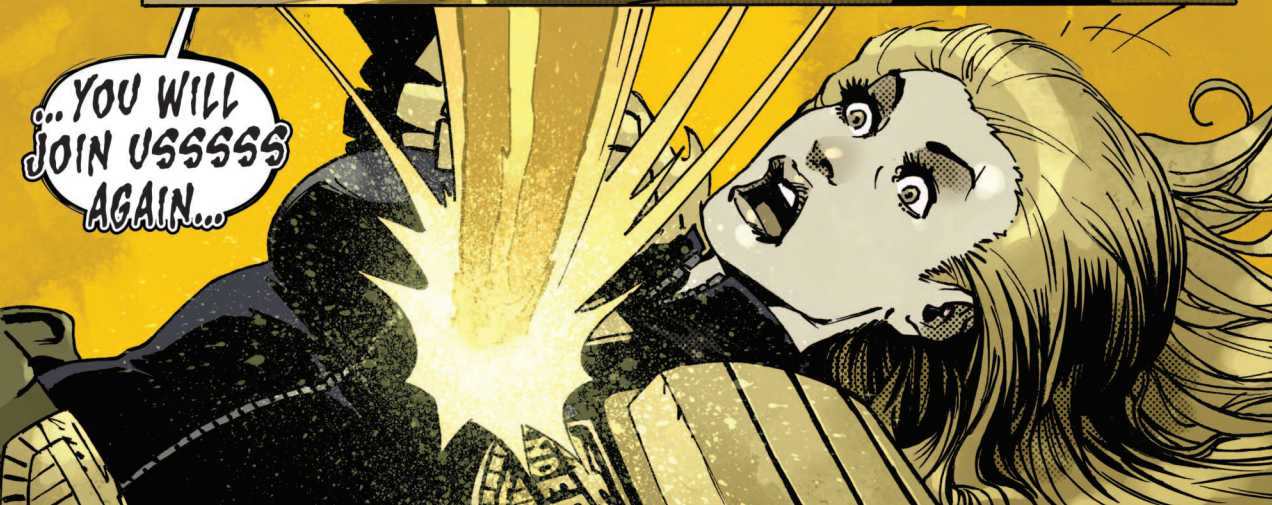


YOU THINK
YOU CAN
HIIIIIDE FROM
USSSSS?

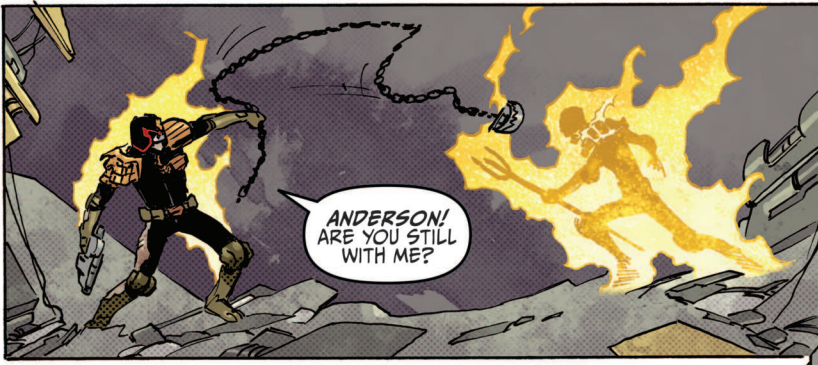


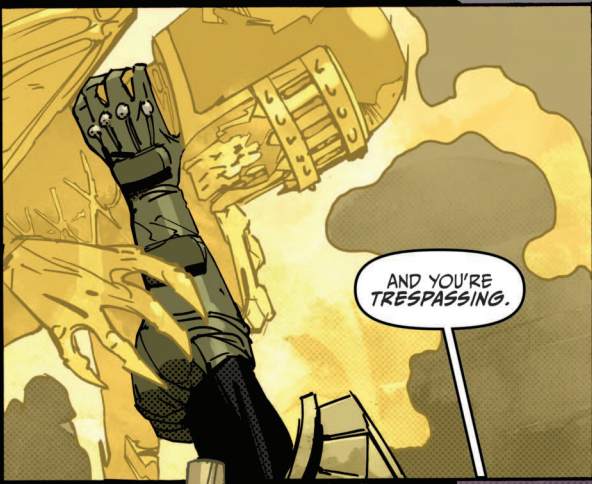
YOU WERE
ONCE ONE OF
USSSSS...

HUNH



...YOU WILL
JOIN USSSSS
AGAIN...





AND YOU'RE
TRESPASSING.

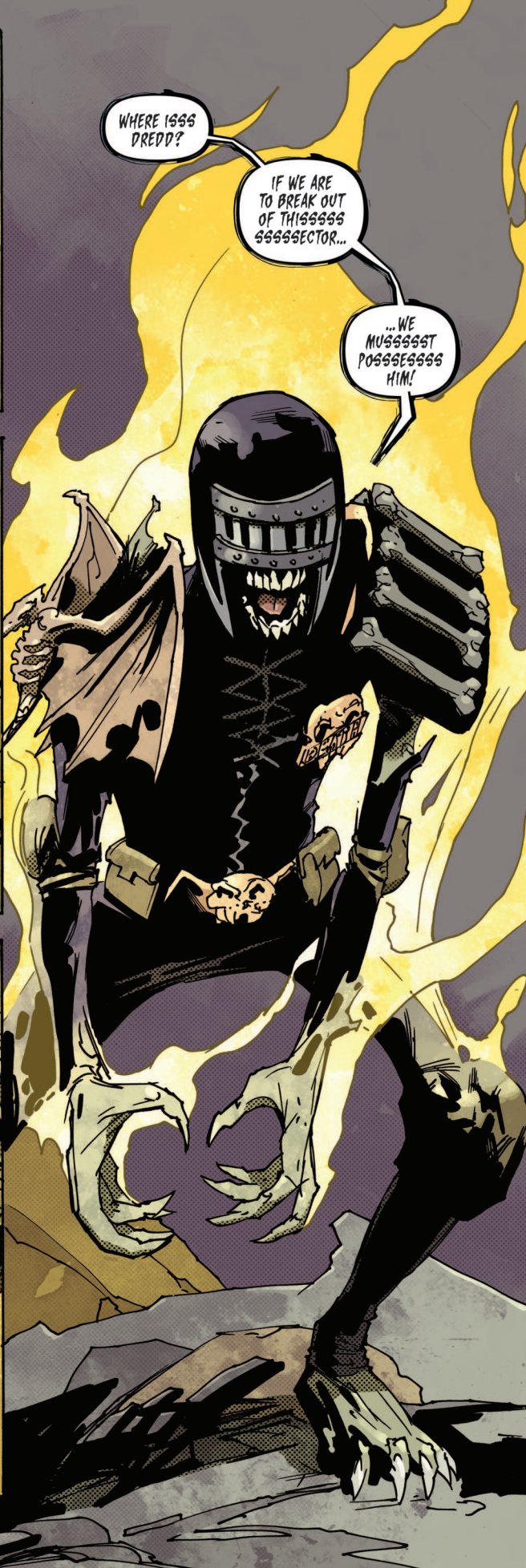


I CAN
CRUSSSSHHH
YOUR HEART...

FUNNY, BECAUSE
I DON'T
FEEL A
THING.



MAYBE
THAT'S
BECAUSE I'M
ALREADY
DEAD.



WHERE ISSS
DREDD?

IF WE ARE
TO BREAK OUT
OF THISSSS
SSSSSECTOR...

...WE
MUSSSSST
POSSSESSSS
HIM!

AND IN MY FIRST ACT AS... UM, ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE...

...I'VE COME UP WITH MEASURES THAT WILL PREVENT ANY FUTURE D.J.O.S- DARK JUDGE OUTBREAKS.

I CALL IT... THE A.E.O.U.* PROTOCOL!

SIMPLY PUT- A STATE-OF-THE-ART SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM THAT MONITORS YOUR EVERY MOVE!

*ALL EYES ON U™

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, OF COURSE.

WHEN ANY SIGNS OF ABERRANT, DEVIANT, OR OTHERWISE *INTOWARD* BEHAVIOR IS DETECTED...

0034-131373345
0024-434558894
0022-124454568
0027-375843345
0034-131373345
0024-434558894
0022-124454568
0023-313843345
0034-131373345
0027-434558894
0022-124454568
0029-313843345
0024-434558894
0022-124454568
0029-313843345
0034-131373345
0027-434558894
0022-124454568
0034-131373345
0034-131373345

CITIZEN:
MARC RESNICK
Behavior:
Extreme Cynicism // Poor Attitude

"...THE NEAREST JUDGES ARE ALERTED WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO *SUBDU*E AND *OBSERVE* UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."

"WE MUST BE ESPECIALLY VIGILANT
AGAINST *COMMONLY-ACCEPTED*
SIGNS OF D.J.O.S..."

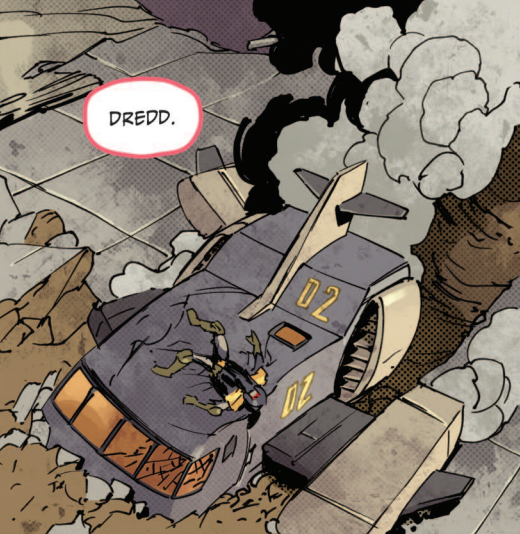
Alert:
SKIN RASH

Alert:
INTERDENTAL
AND/OR POSSIBLE
LATERAL LISPING

Alert:
GRUMPINESS

...TO
PREVENT
ANY FUTURE
OUTBREAKS
OF—

ACTING
CHIEF JUSTICE,
FORGIVE ME—
BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU
REALLY NEED
TO SEE.



DREDD.



DREDD, I
KNOW YOU
ARE ALIVE.
ANSWER
ME!

WHY
ARE YOU
STARING AT
THE SKY?



ANDERSON...



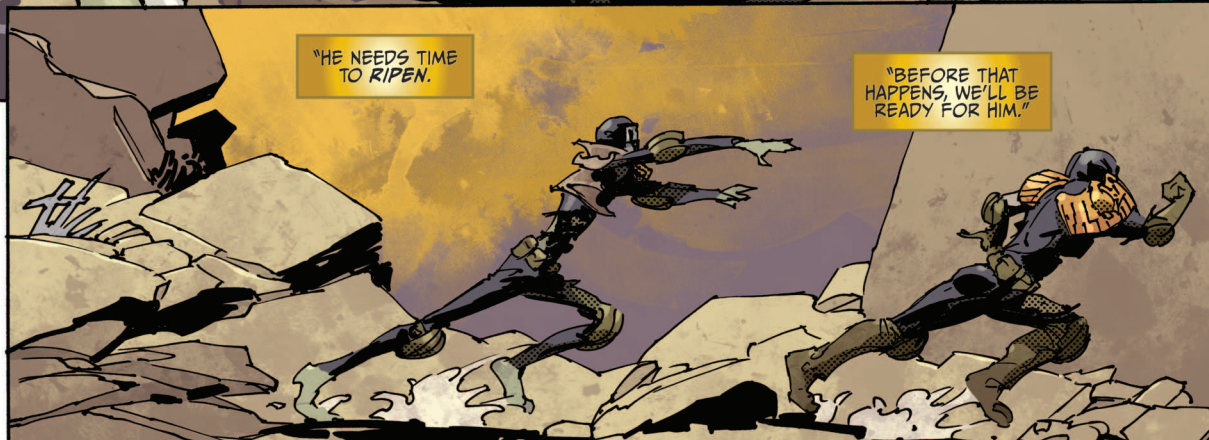
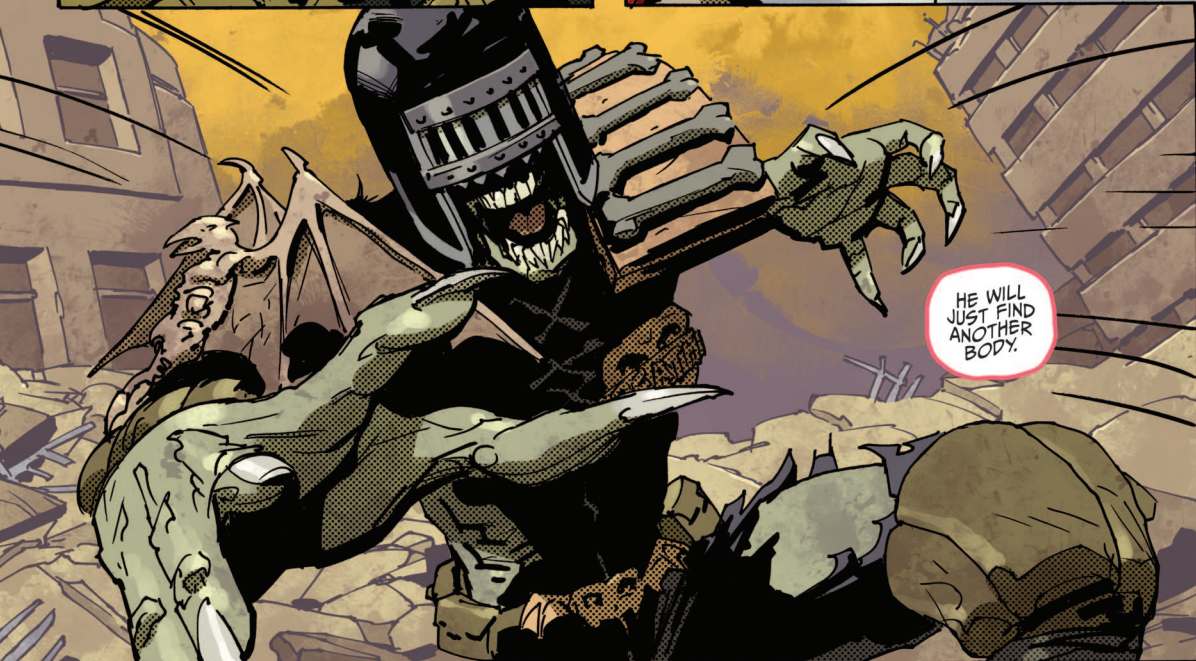
...WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?

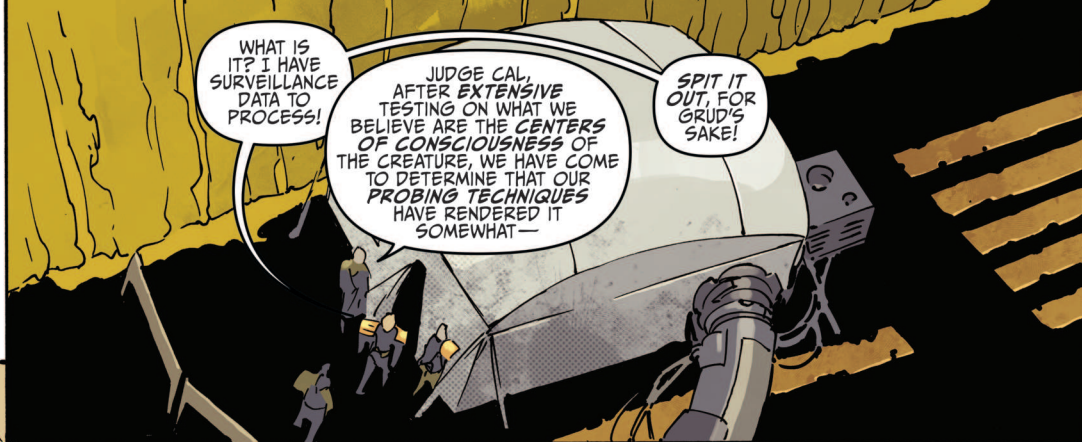
YOU
DON'T
WANT TO
KNOW.



THERE'S
ONLY ONE
WAY TO STOP
THESE
THINGS.







WHAT IS IT? I HAVE SURVEILLANCE DATA TO PROCESS!

JUDGE CAL, AFTER EXTENSIVE TESTING ON WHAT WE BELIEVE ARE THE CENTERS OF CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE CREATURE, WE HAVE COME TO DETERMINE THAT OUR PROBING TECHNIQUES HAVE RENDERED IT SOMEWHAT—

SPIT IT OUT, FOR GRUD'S SAKE!



...BRAIN-DEAD.



DOES THIS...

... DOES THIS MEAN THE DARK JUDGES WILL NO LONGER BE CONTAINED?!

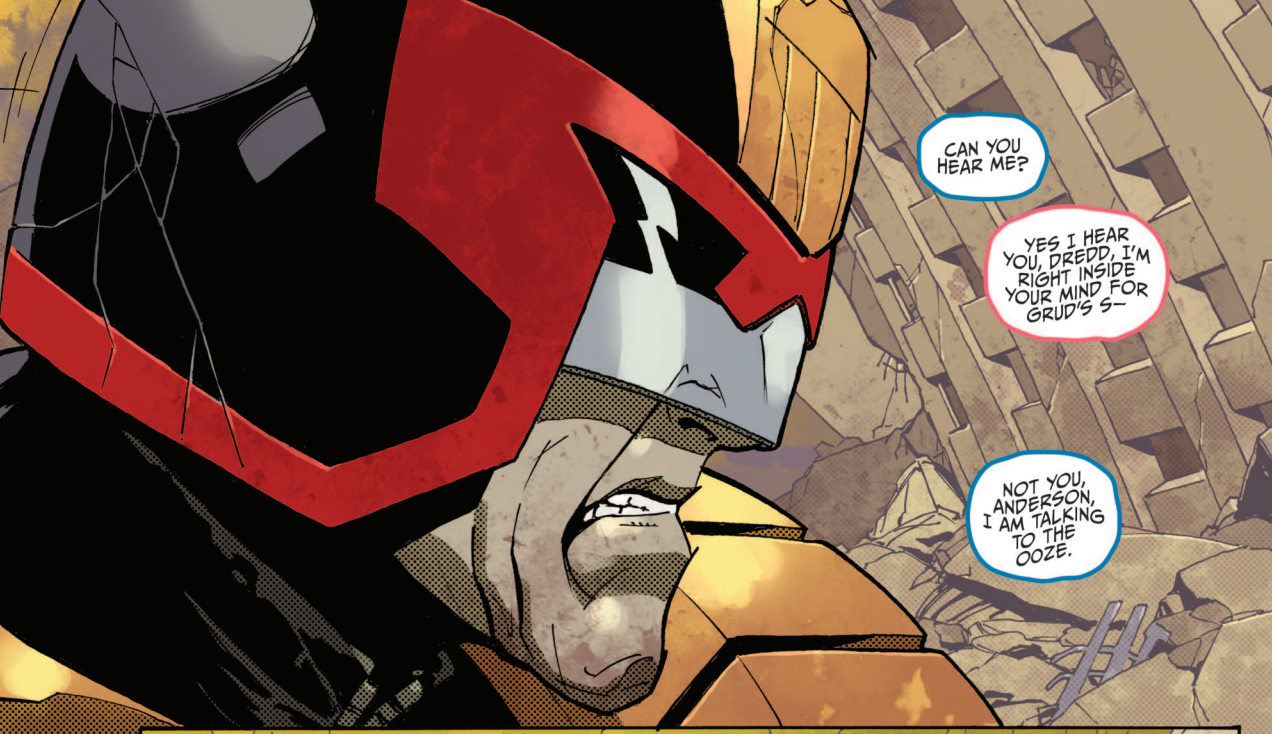


NO NO NO! THE CREATURE CONTINUES TO DISSOLVE EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES.

DROKK!



"BUT GOOD LUCK TALKING TO IT."



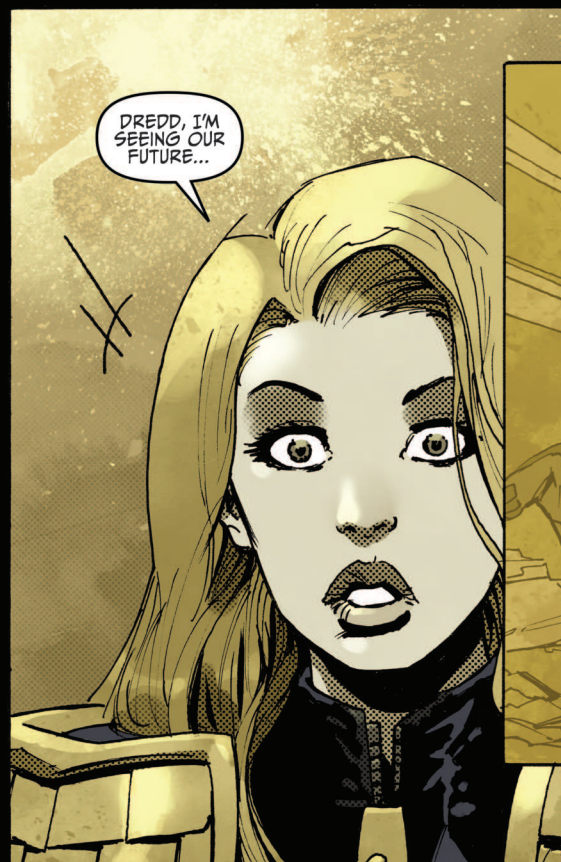
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

YES I HEAR
YOU, DREDD, I'M
RIGHT INSIDE
YOUR MIND FOR
GRUD'S S-

NOT YOU,
ANDERSON,
I AM TALKING
TO THE
OOZE.



WELL YOUR
SLIME-FRIEND
ISN'T TALKING
BACK.



DREDD, I'M
SEEING OUR
FUTURE...



"... YOU SERIOUSLY NEED
TO STOP RUNNING."

"DREDD,
PLEASE
STOP!"

YOU'LL JUST
HAVE TO TRUST
ME ON THIS,
ANDERSON.

JUDGE
ANNNDERSSON...

...DO YOU
REALISSSSSSE
YOU'VE OPENED A DOOR
THAT CANNOT BE
CLOSSSSSED?

PRISON MOON OF TITAN.

THE POISONOUS SURFACE.

~KOFF KOFF~
SOMEONE'S
APPROACHING
~KOFF KOFF~

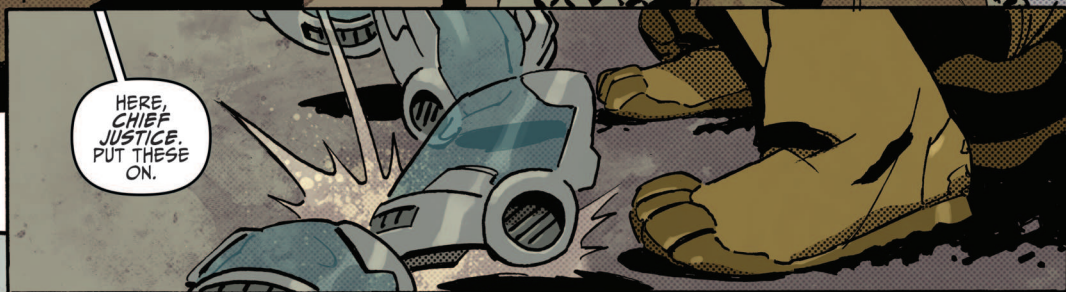
JUDGE
OMAR... <KOFF
KOFF>... IS THAT...
<KOFF>... YOU?

WELL,
LOOKIE AT
WHAT FATE HAS
DROPPED AT
OUR FEET.



JUDGE
LOWRIDGE!

COUNCIL!
THE VERY
SMUG BASTIDS
WHO BANISHED
US TO HELL.



HERE,
CHIEF
JUSTICE.
PUT THESE
ON.



EVEN IF
Y'ALL ARE A
HALLUCINATION, I
DON'T WANT YOU
CROAKIN' UNTIL
WE'VE HAD
SOME FUN.





ART BY *KELSEY SHANNON*

THE BORDER OF SECTOR ONE.

DREDD,
NO.

THIS IS A
MISTAKE.

INSIDE
DREDD'S
MIND.

YOU'RE
GOING TO
KILL US!

SSSSNEAKY, JUDGE
ANDERSSON.

IDW PRESENTS:

JUDGE DREDD

BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT

Pt. 2

WRITER-SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST-DANIEL
EDITOR-RYALL



DREDD...?

DREDD, WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T FEEL YOU ANYMORE...

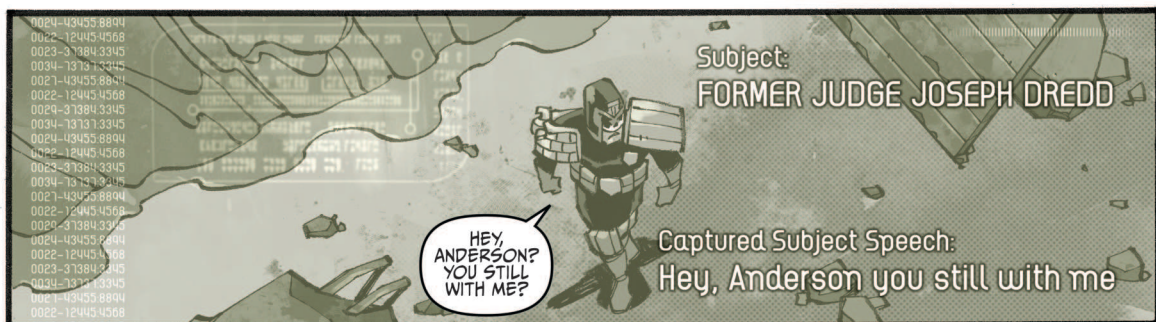
ONE MONTH LATER.

BORDER OF SECTOR TWO.



GRUD, I MUST HAVE
BLACKED
OUT FOR A
SECOND...

...DID
JUDGE DEATH
FOLLOW US
INTO THE
WALL?



Subject:
FORMER JUDGE JOSEPH DREDD

HEY,
ANDERSON?
YOU STILL
WITH ME?

Captured Subject Speech:
Hey, Anderson you still with me



Status:
Fugitive



CAN'T
BELIEVE THIS.
WE'VE JUST
GOT ANOTHER
DROKING
FUGITIVE
ALERT!

WHAT
IS THIS, THE
THIRTY-THIRD
THIS MORNING
ALONE?

WE'RE
GONNA RUN
OUT OF ISO-
CUBES.

THIS ONE
ISN'T GOING
INSIDE AN
ISO-CUBE,
SALERNO...

"...WE'RE BEING SENT TO APPREHEND JUDGE DREDD!"

ANDERSON!
TALK TO ME!

OH.

NOW YOU WANT TO TALK, HUH, DREDD?

WHERE WAS THIS SPARKLING CONVERSATION 30 DAYS AGO?

DAY 2

OKAY, CLEARLY YOU'RE NOT DEAD AND DISSOLVED, BECAUSE I STILL EXIST INSIDE THIS MENTAL CONSTRUCT...

DAY 10.

I DON'T GET IT. WHY NOTHING BUT GREEN?

IS THIS WHAT THE AFTERLIFE IS LIKE WHEN YOU'RE DISSOLVED BY A SENTIENT PRIMORDIAL OOZE?

HAS MY CONSCIOUSNESS MERGED WITH THE OOZE?

DAY 23.

I'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE. GOTTA GET OUT. I WON'T EXIST UNLESS I GET OUT...

DAY 30.

"BEST I CAN ESTIMATE, WE WERE IN THAT OOZE FOR CLOSE TO A MONTH."



A MONTH?

THAT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE,
ANDERSON. UNLESS
IT'S NO LONGER
SENTIENT...

WHATEVER
YOU DO,
PLEASE
DON'T
TOUCH IT!



I CAN'T GO
THROUGH
THAT AGAIN.

IT MUST HAVE
RECOGNIZED MY
DNA FROM OUR
PREVIOUS ENCOUNTER
BECAUSE IT HEALED
ME. OTHERWISE WE
WOULD HAVE
BEEN—

DROKED.



WE NEED
REINFORCEMENTS,
ANDERSON.

THEN WE FIND
A WAY BACK INTO
SECTOR ONE AND
TAKE OUT THE DARK
JUDGES FOR
GOOD.

DREDD,
HEADS
UP.

0022-124454068
0023-313843345
0034-131313345
0021-434058894



JOSEPH
DREDD—
*SURRENDER
IMMEDIATELY!*

**BAM BAM
BAM BAM**

DROKK!
ALMOST
FORGOT I'M
STILL A
FUGITIVE...

STOMM!

HOLD
STEADY—

WE JUST
GOT TO KEEP
HIM PINNED
DOWN UNTIL
THE SJS
ARRIVES!

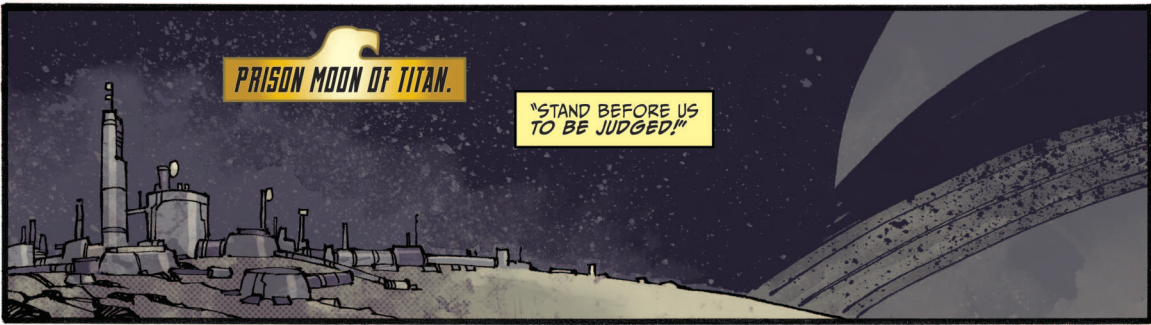
HEAD FOR
THE LOWER
LEVELS.

WHAT'S
GOING ON IN
SECTOR TWO,
ANDERSON?

I'M NO
PSI-JUDGE, BUT
I'VE GOT THIS
SUDDEN CREEPY
FEELING...

LEVEL





PRISON MOON OF TITAN.

"STAND BEFORE US
TO BE JUDGED!"



LET IT BE
KNOWN, CHIEF
JUSTICE GRIFFIN,
THAT YOU HAVE BEEN
ACCUSED OF THE
FOLLOWING
CRIMES...

BREATHING
TOO MANY
TIMES PER
MINUTE!

REFUSING
TO EAT
RECYCLED
FOOD!

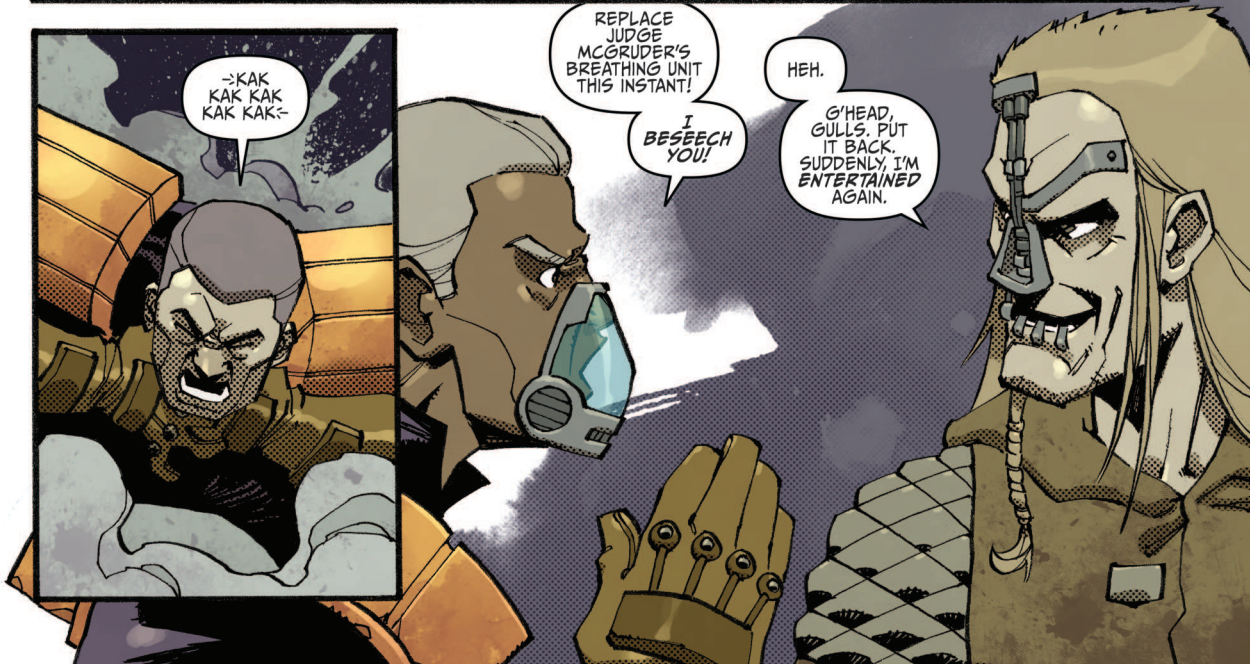
AND IN
SHORT, BEING
A STUBBORN,
UNCOOPERATIVE
DROKKHEAD!

WHAT SAY
YE, JUDGES?
WHAT IS YOUR
VERDICT?

GUILTY!

WHY, I
CONCUR,
THIS MAN
IS—

WHOA
WHOA WHOA,
HOLD ON
NOW!





CAN'T YOU
FEEL THAT,
ANDERSON?

THAT
SENSATION
OF A MILLION
EYES ON US?

I'M NOT
PICKING UP
ANY SIGNS OF
LIFE OTHER
THAN THOSE
TWO STREET
JUDGES.



WHICH HAS
ME WORRIED.
WHERE ARE ALL
THE CITIZENS IN
THIS SECTOR?

FROM WHAT
I'M SEEING, THE
CITY LOOKS
ABANDONED.



AREN'T YOU
SUPPOSED
TO BE THE
PSYCHIC?



I'M TELLING
YOU—WE'RE
NOT ALONE.

Fugitive:
JOSEPH DREDD LOCATED
Requesting more SKY-EYES



0024-13455.8894
0022-12445.4568
0023-13384.3345
0034-13737.3345
0027-13455.8894
0022-12445.4568
0024-13384.3345
0034-13737.3345
0024-13455.8894
0022-12445.4568
0023-13384.3345
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0023-13384.3345
0034-13737.3345
0027-13455.8894
0022-12445.4568
0024-13384.3345
0024-13455.8894
0022-12445.4568



...TOO
TINY TO
SHOOT...

...BUT I
NEED THESE
THINGS OFF
ME!





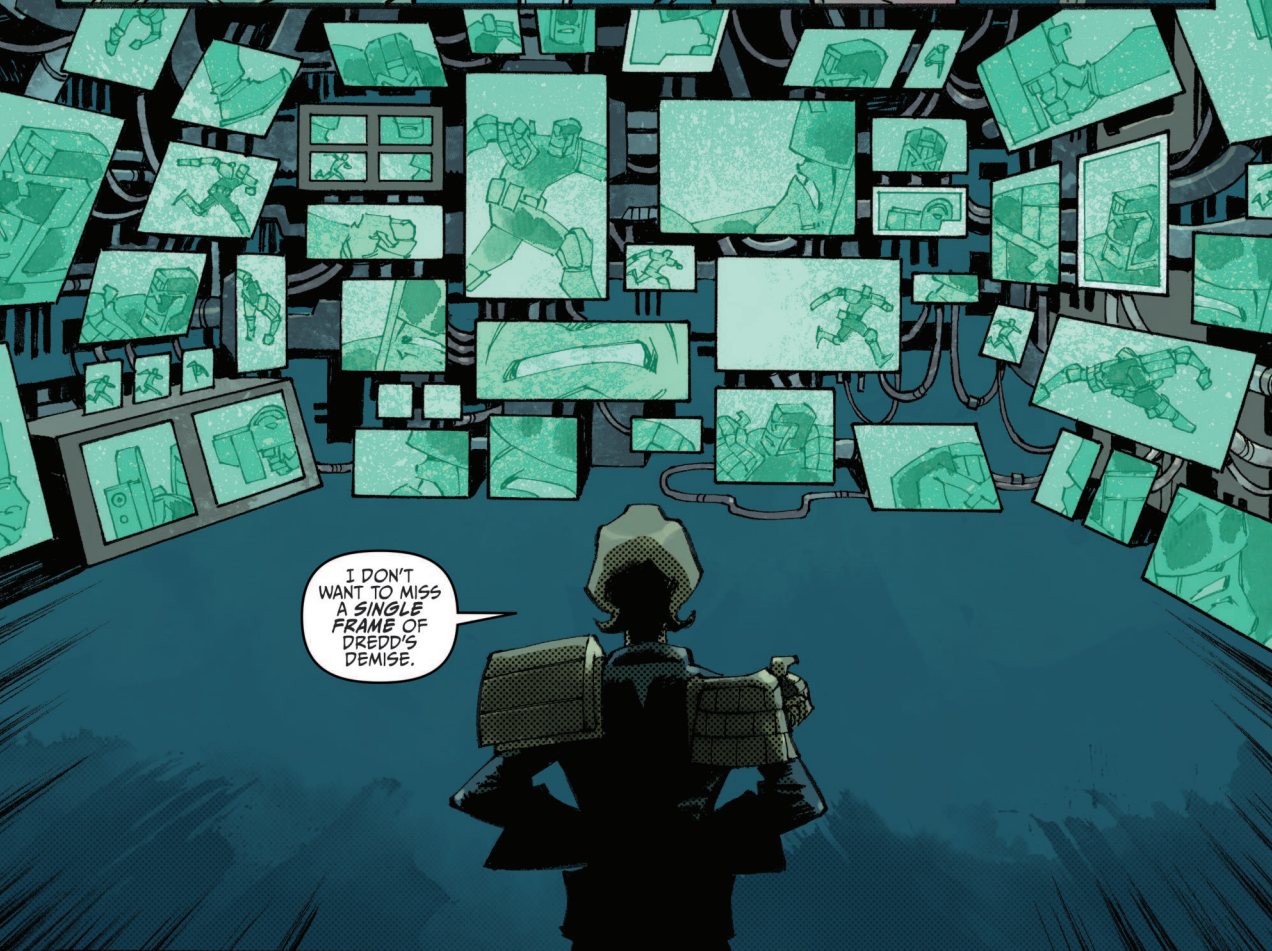
THE
SKY-EYES HAVE
ATTACHED TO
THE FUGITIVE.

THIS IS GREAT!
WE'RE PICKING UP
EVERY POSSIBLE
READING, FROM
HEARTBEAT TO
EMOTIONAL STATE
TO AURA TO—

HEY! WANT
TO KNOW THE
LAST THING
DREDD ATE?

OUT.

ALL OF
YOU.



I DON'T
WANT TO MISS
A SINGLE
FRAME OF
DREDD'S
DEMISE.



ACTING
CHIEF
JUSTICE...
UH...

STILL NEED
TO KNOW YOUR
THOUGHTS ON
THE, UH, **DEADEYE**
PROBLEM IN
SECTORS 2, 3, 4...
OH, AND NOW IT
LOOKS LIKE 5
THROUGH 8...



MY
DEAR
MAN...

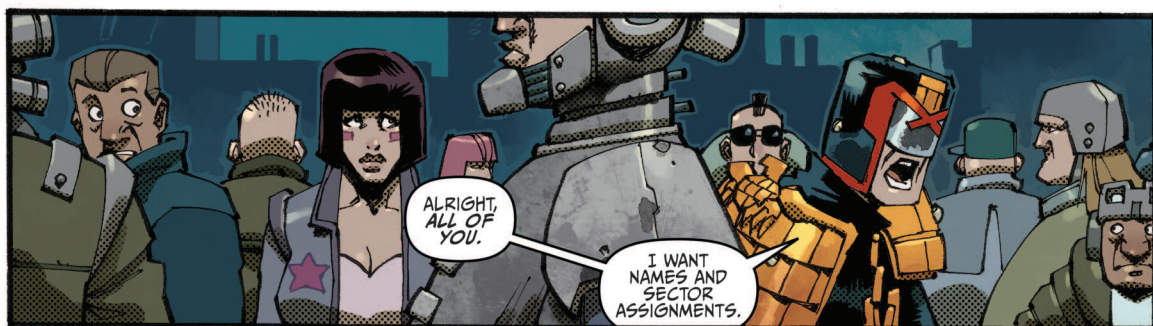
...DON'T
BOTHER ME
WITH RUMORS AND
URBAN LEGENDS
OF ALLEGED
SOCIAL SHOCK
SYNDROMES.



"IF OUR ATTENTION IS PARALYZING THE SINISTER HEARTS OF THE CRIMINAL CLASS, THEN I'D SAY THE SKY-EYE PROGRAM IS WORKING, WOULDN'T YOU?"

ANDERSON...

...ARE YOU SEEING THIS?



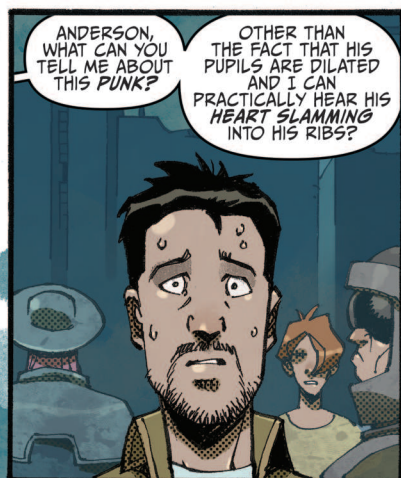
ALRIGHT, ALL OF YOU.

I WANT NAMES AND SECTOR ASSIGNMENTS.



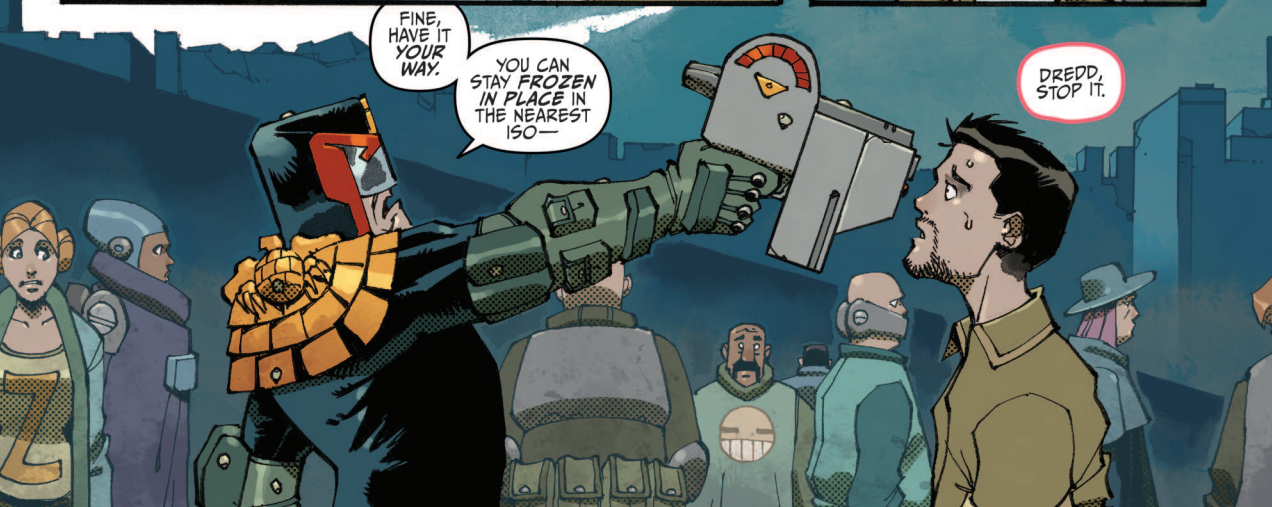
AT EASE. I'M NOT HERE TO JUDGE YOU.

YET.



ANDERSON, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS PUNK?

OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT HIS PUPILS ARE DILATED AND I CAN PRACTICALLY HEAR HIS HEART SLAMMING INTO HIS RIBS?



FINE, HAVE IT YOUR WAY.

YOU CAN STAY FROZEN IN PLACE IN THE NEAREST ISO—

DREDD. STOP IT.



I'M PICKING UP **DOZENS** OF MURMURS IN THAT PLAZA.

IT'S TOUGH SEPARATING ONE VOICE FROM THE OTHERS...



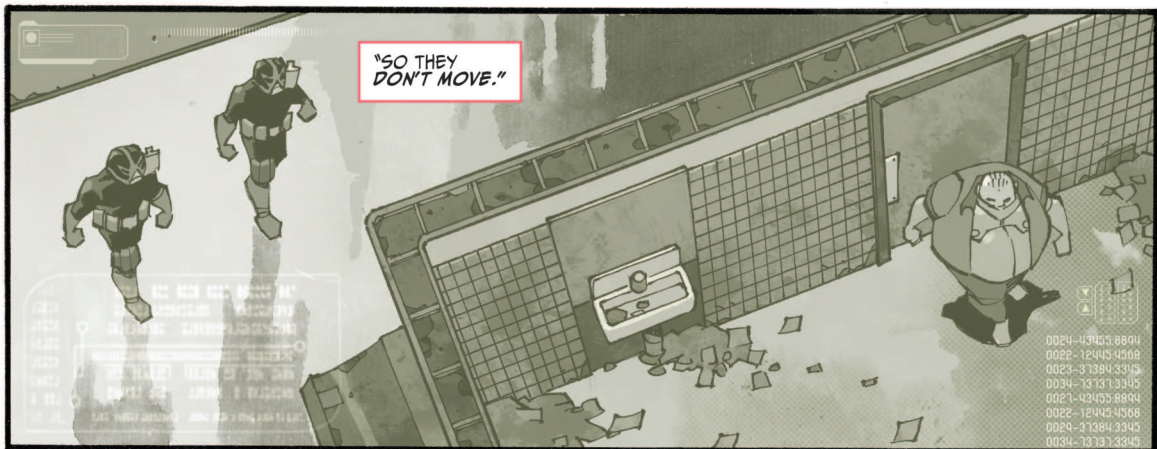
"...BUT IT SEEMS LIKE ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE CAL—"

"ACTING WHAT?!"

"DON'T INTERRUPT! CAL HAS ALL OF THE NEARBY SECTORS UNDER SOME KIND OF **EXTREME SURVEILLANCE**..."



"...AND THESE CITIZENS ARE LITERALLY PARALYZED BY THE THOUGHT OF BEING WATCHED CONSTANTLY."

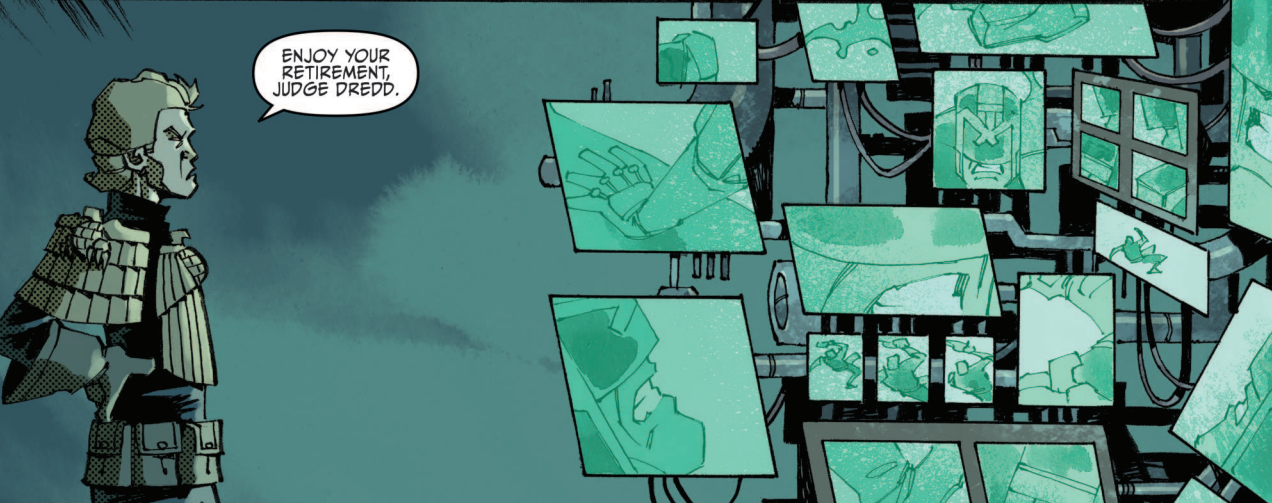


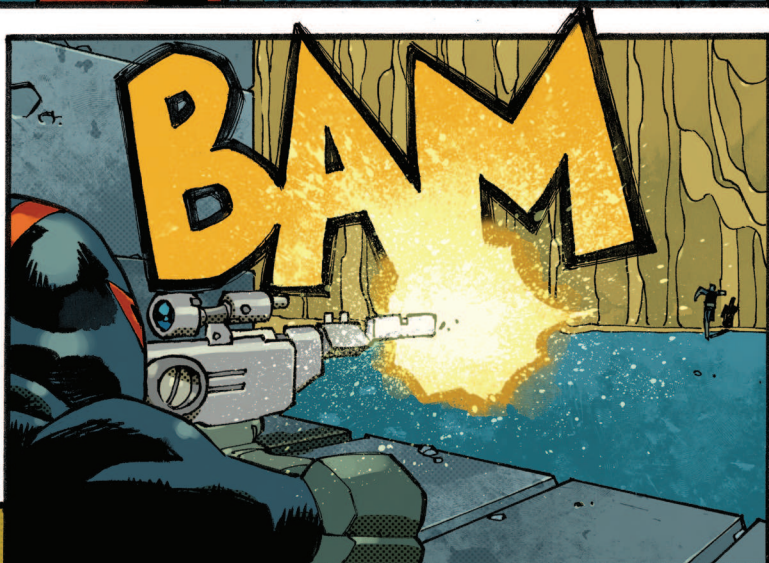
"SO THEY DON'T MOVE."

0024-43455 8804
0022-12445 4508
0023-37384 3345
0034-13131 3345
0021-43455 8804
0022-12445 4508
0024-37384 3345
0034-32131 3345

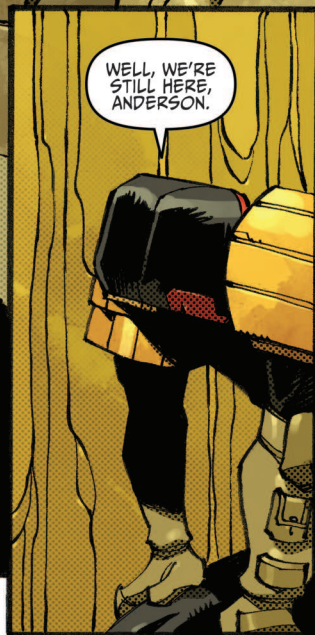






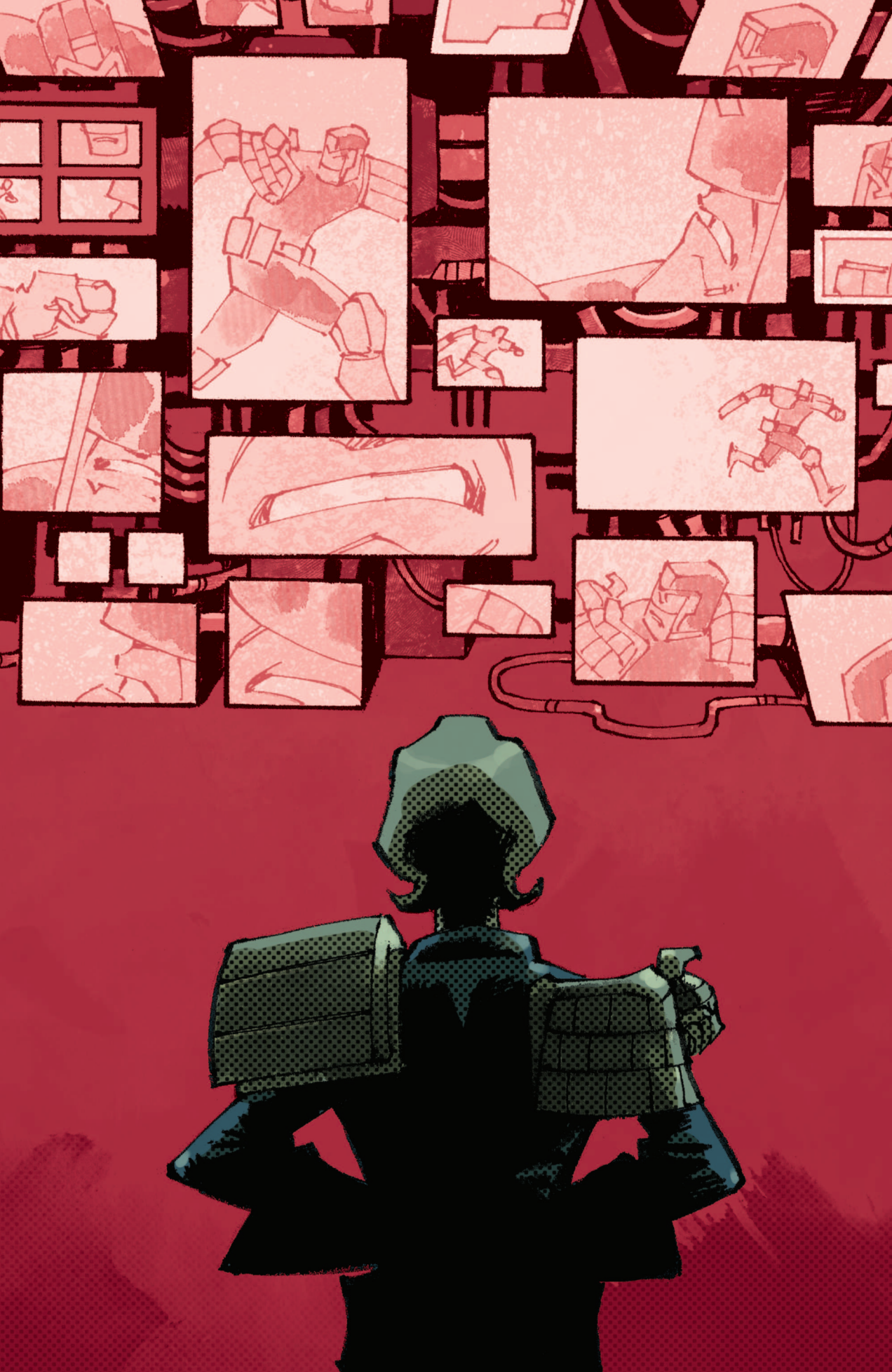


ONE MONTH LATER.











ART BY *DAVID STOUPAKIS*

THE PRISON MOON OF TITAN.









DREDD. SO GOOD TO HEAR YOU AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

MAYBE THIS IS A FIGHT WE CAN'T WIN.

MAYBE WE JUST LET THIS WORLD SLIP AWAY AND TRY ANOTHER ONE.

SNAP THE DROKK OUT OF IT, ANDERSON, AND —



—DO YOUR JOB!

I DON'T WANT TO GO INSIDE THEIR HEADS AGAIN.

THEY MIGHT WORM THEIR WAY IN HERE AND NEVER LEAVE.




BESIDES I'M DEAD, AND DEAD PEOPLE DON'T HAVE JOBS ANY MORE. IT'S ONE OF THE PERKS.

HNUH

DO IT OR WE HEAD BACK INTO THE OOZE!

FINE.



THEY KNOW
YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN
PASS THROUGH
THE BARRIER
ALIVE.

THEY WANT
TO CAPTURE
AND CLONE YOU,
THEN MAKE *FLESH*
SUITS OUT OF
YOUR CLONES.

THAT WAY,
THEY'LL BE
ABLE TO PASS
INTO THE OTHER
SECTORS AND
TAKE OVER
MEGA-CITY
ONE.

GRUD.

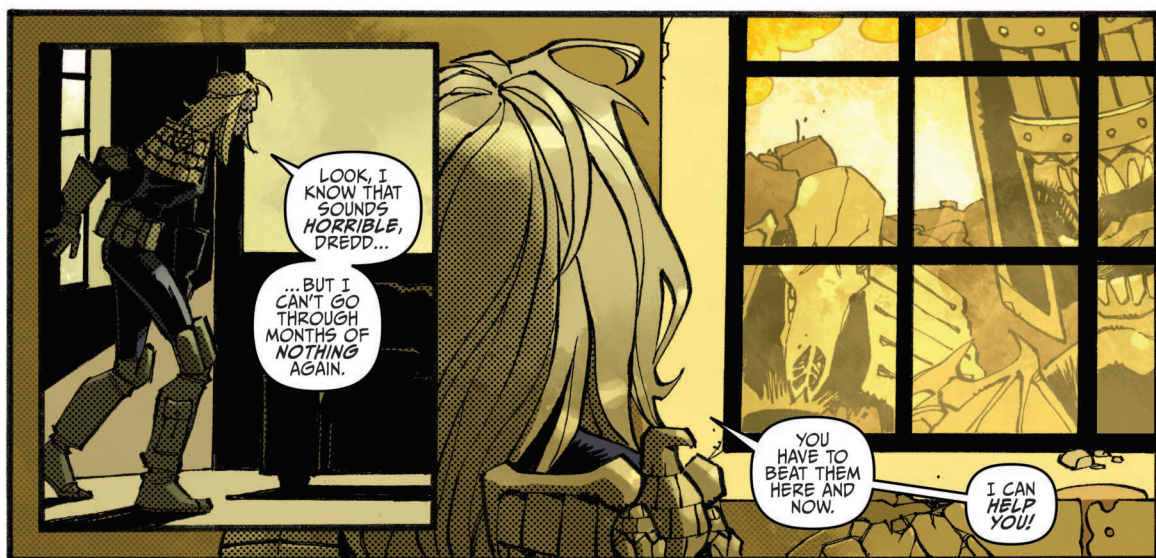
HEY, YOU
ASKED.

**JUDGE
DREDD**

**BLACK
LIGHT
DISTRICT**

CONCLUSION

Writer: Swierczynski.
Artist: Dániel.
Editor: Ryall.

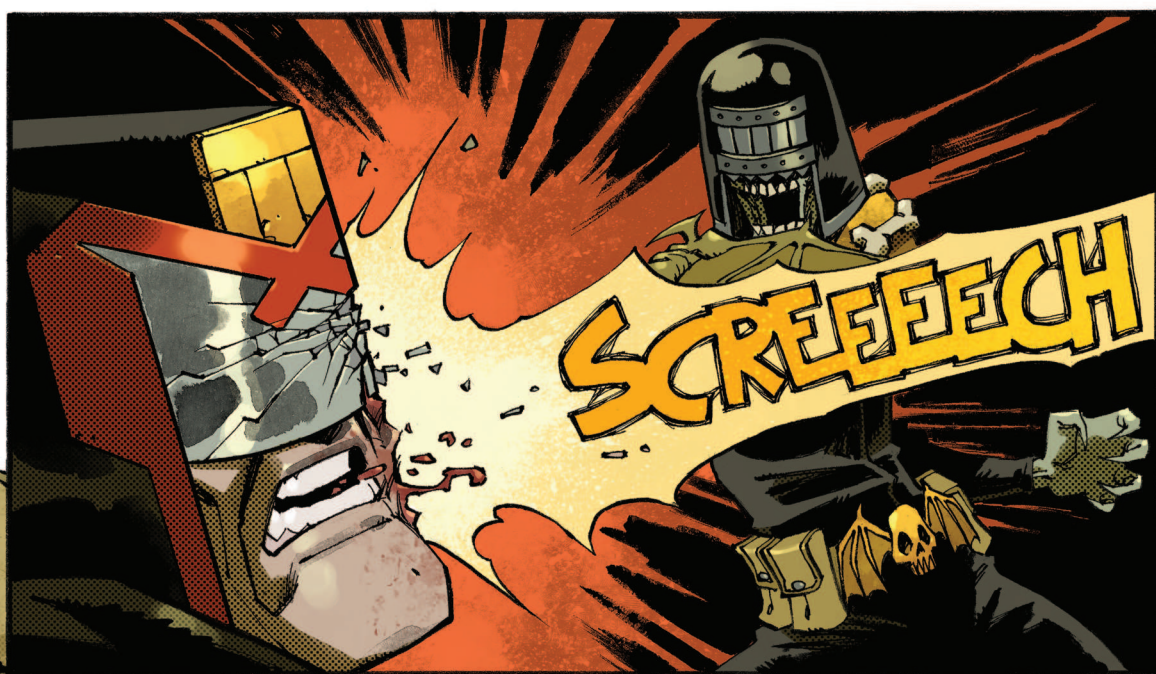


LOOK, I KNOW THAT SOUNDS HORRIBLE, DREDD...

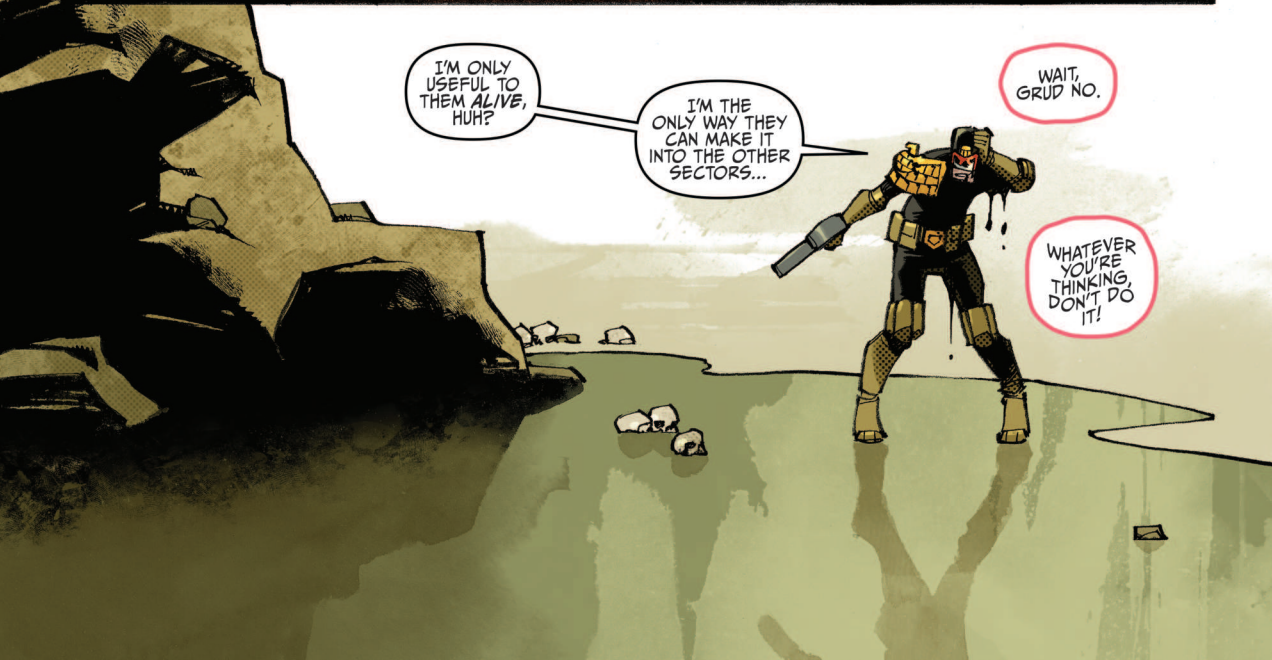
...BUT I CAN'T GO THROUGH MONTHS OF NOTHING AGAIN.

YOU HAVE TO BEAT THEM HERE AND NOW.

I CAN HELP YOU!



SCREEEECH



I'M ONLY USEFUL TO THEM ALIVE, HUH?

I'M THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN MAKE IT INTO THE OTHER SECTORS...

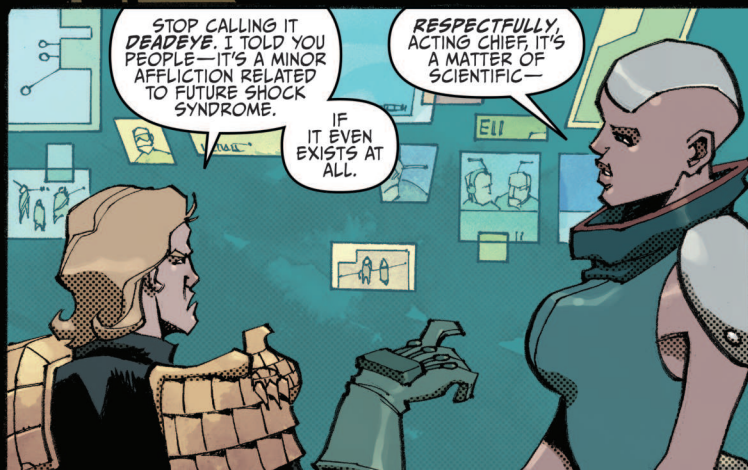
WAIT, GRUD NO.

WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING, DON'T DO IT!

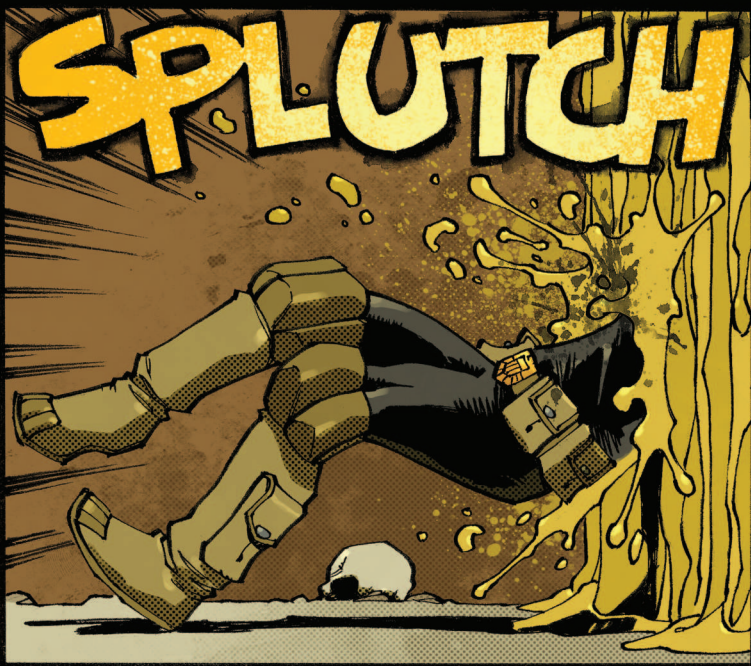
TEMPORARY HALL OF JUSTICE-SECTOR TWO.

"ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE CAL, I WOULD VERY MUCH LOVE A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME.

"IT'S IMPORTANT. IT'S ABOUT THE SURVIVAL OF THE CITY!"







"WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU, DREDD."



[GASP]



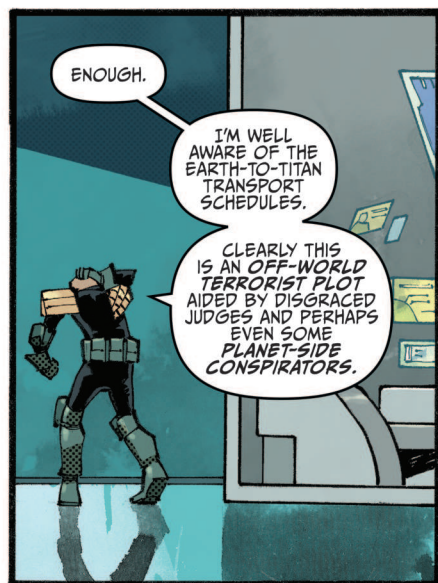
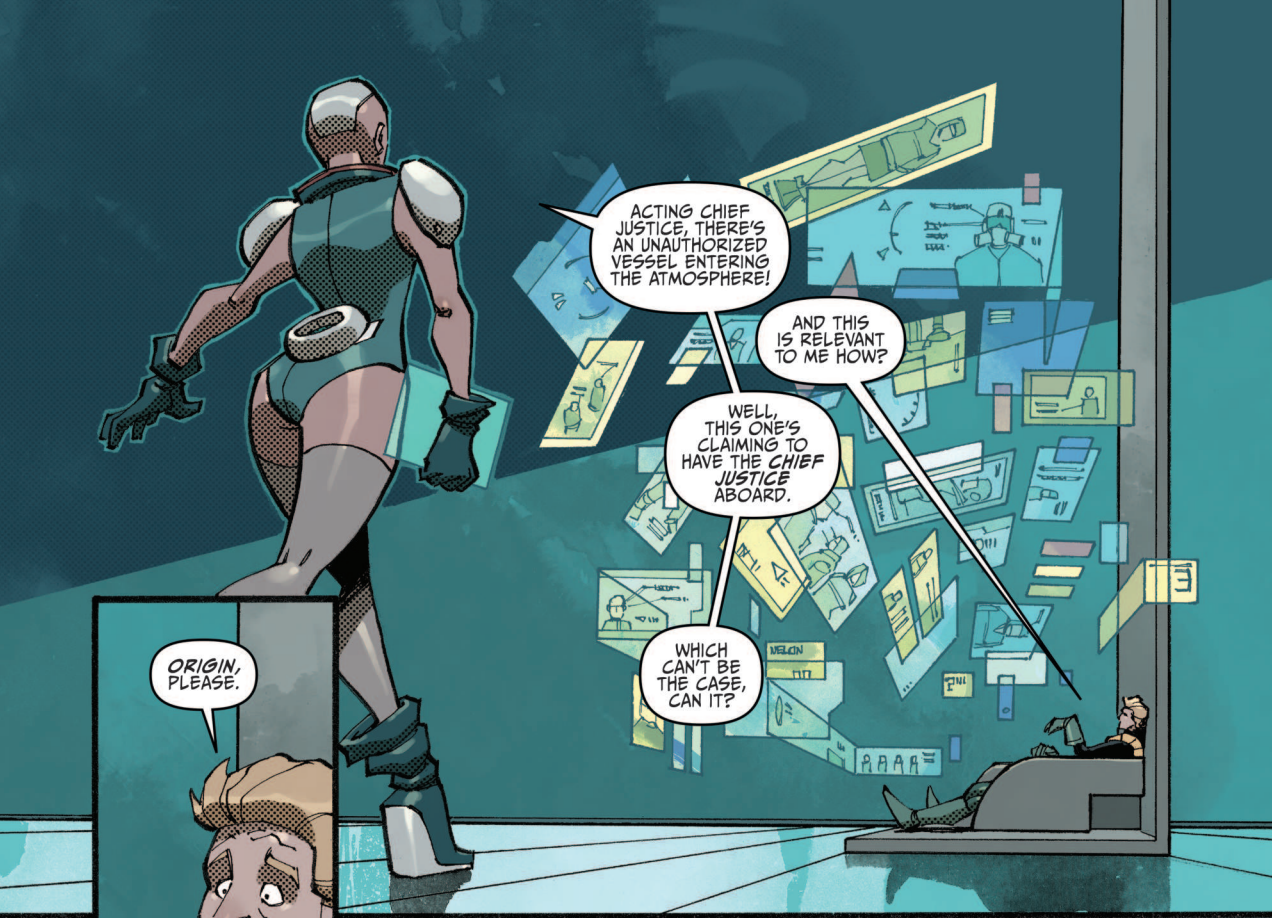


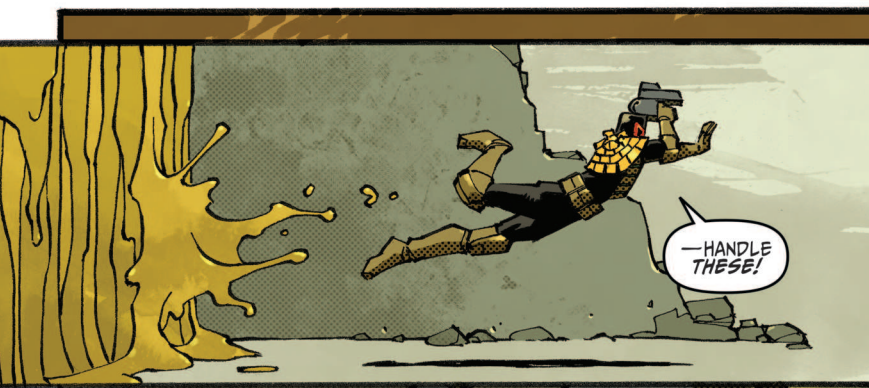
ONE MONTH LATER.

"WE'RE PRACTICALLY IN EARTH'S BACKYARD..."

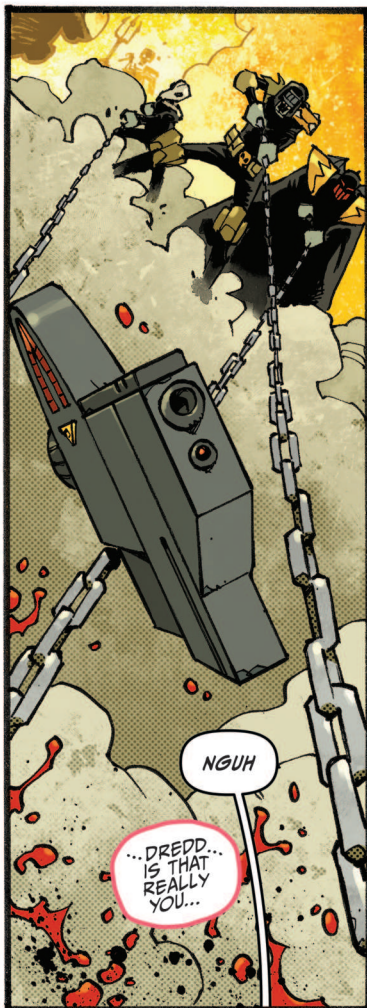
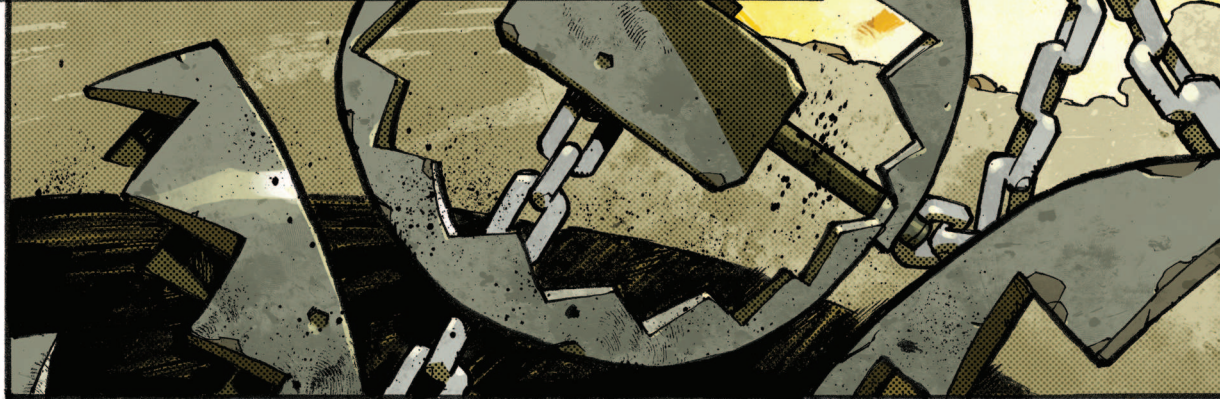
"...BUT STILL NO RESPONSE FROM MEGA-CITY ONE, CHIEF JUSTICE!"





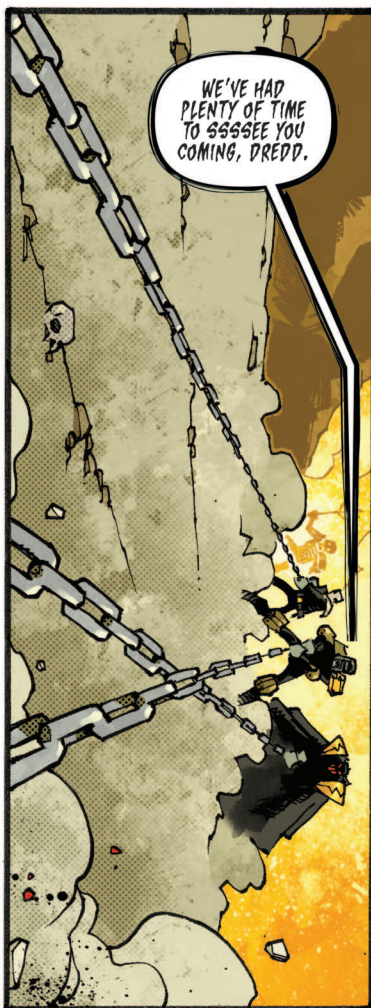


—HANDLE THESE!



NGUH

...DREDD... IS THAT REALLY YOU...

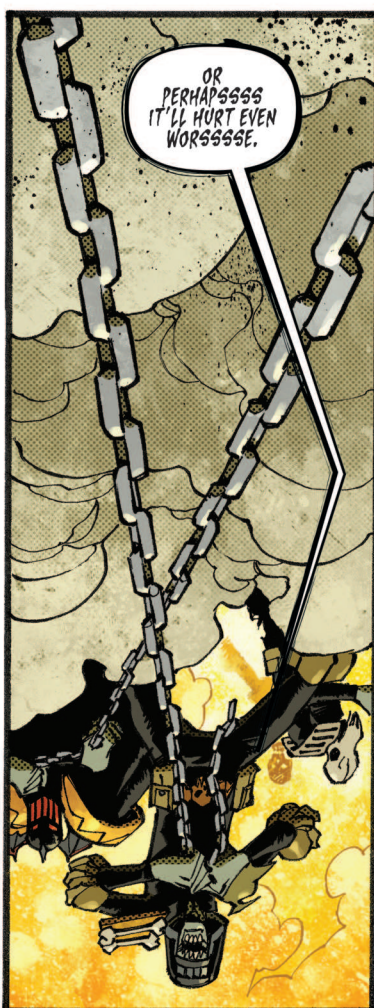
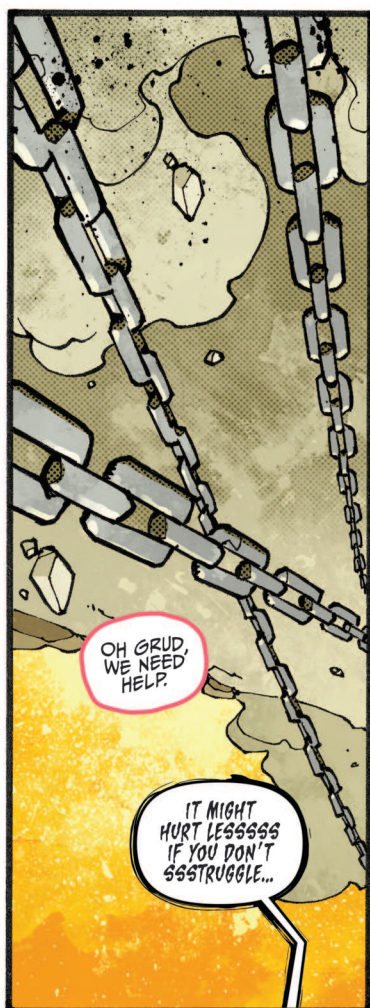
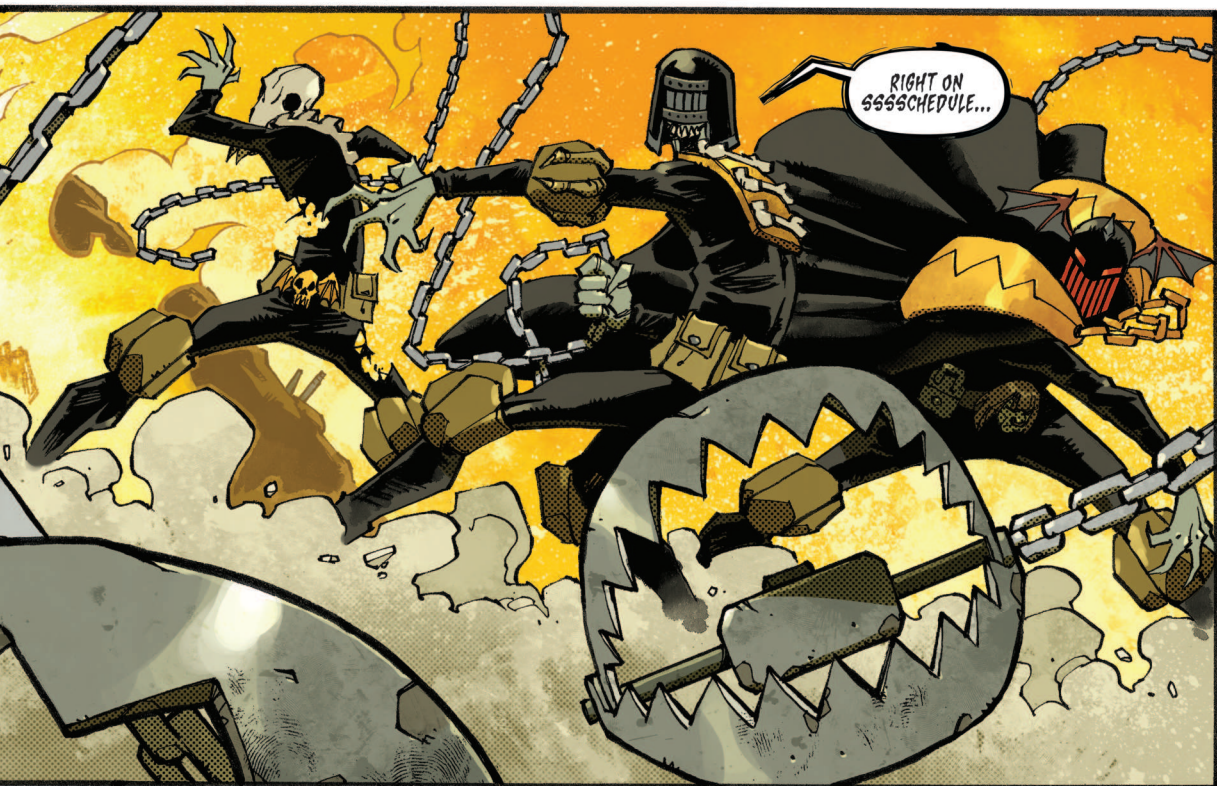


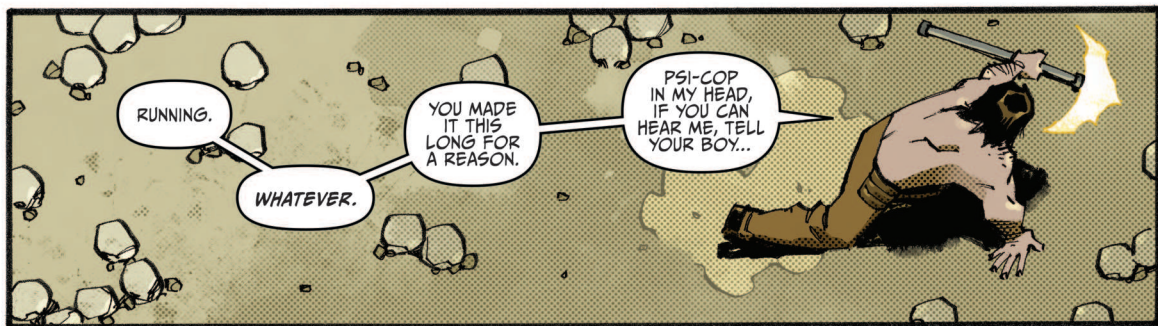
WE'VE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO SSSSSSEE YOU COMING, DREDD.



WHAT IS GOING ON? I CAN'T SEE.

THE CLONING MACHINE SSSSSS WAITING FOR YOU. DEATH SSSSSS NOT AN OPTION NOW.

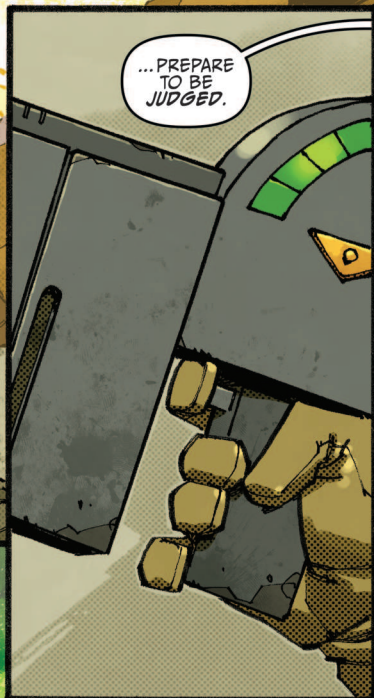






DARK
JUDGES...

WHOOOOOSH



... PREPARE
TO BE
JUDGED.

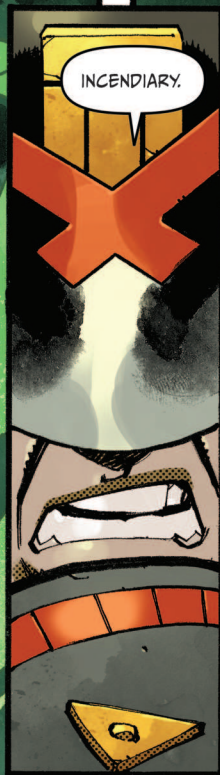


STEP
OUT OF
THOSE HOST
BODIES WITH
YOUR HANDS
UP!

KAHN-PELL
KAHN-PELL
KAHN-PELL
KAHN-PELL

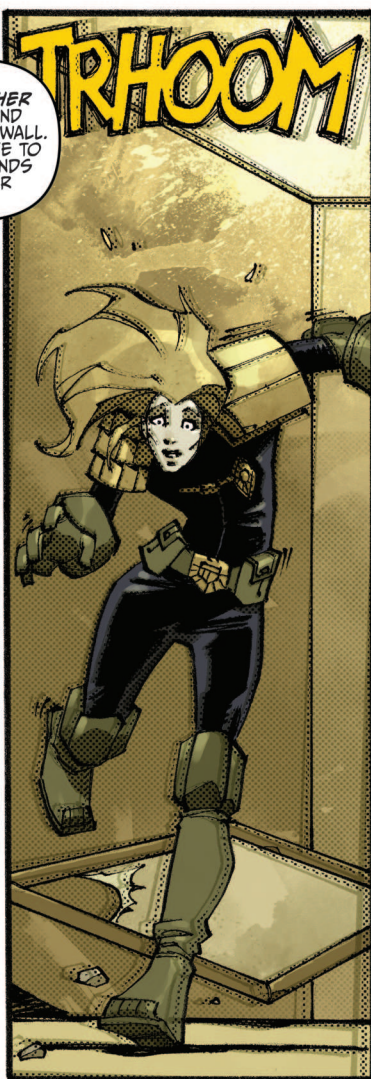
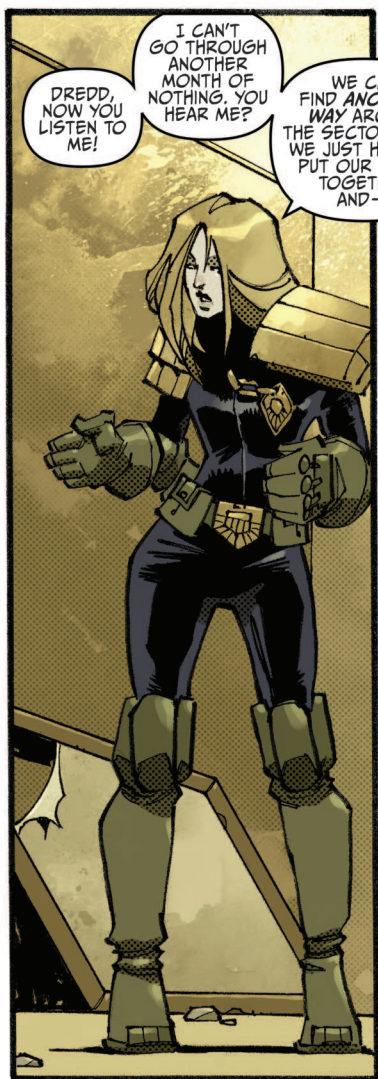
Riiiiiiip

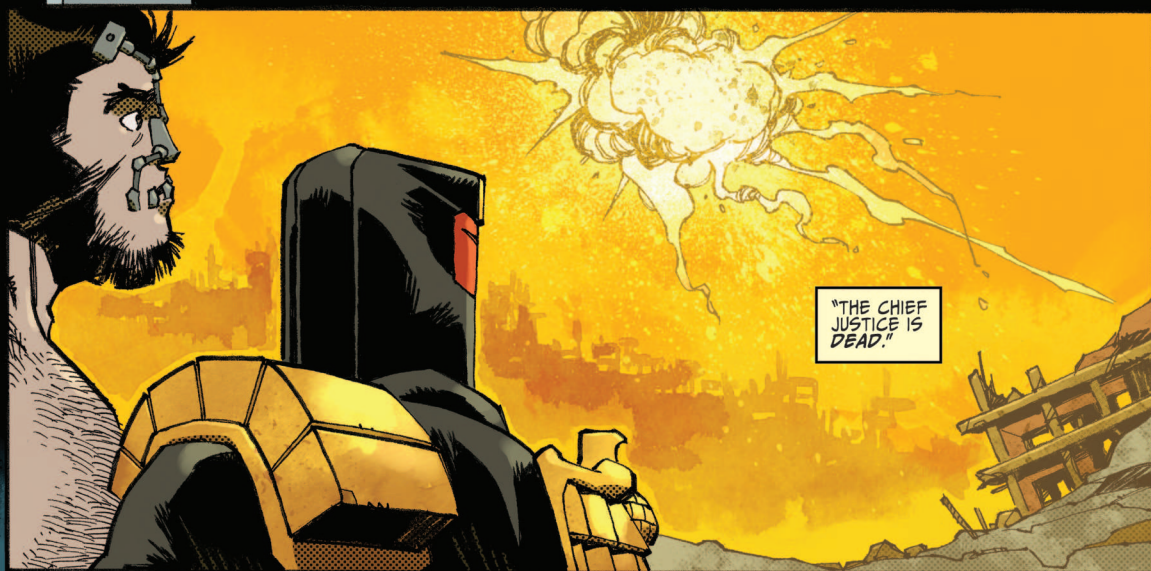
Fwboosh



RESPECTFULLY
DISAGREE.





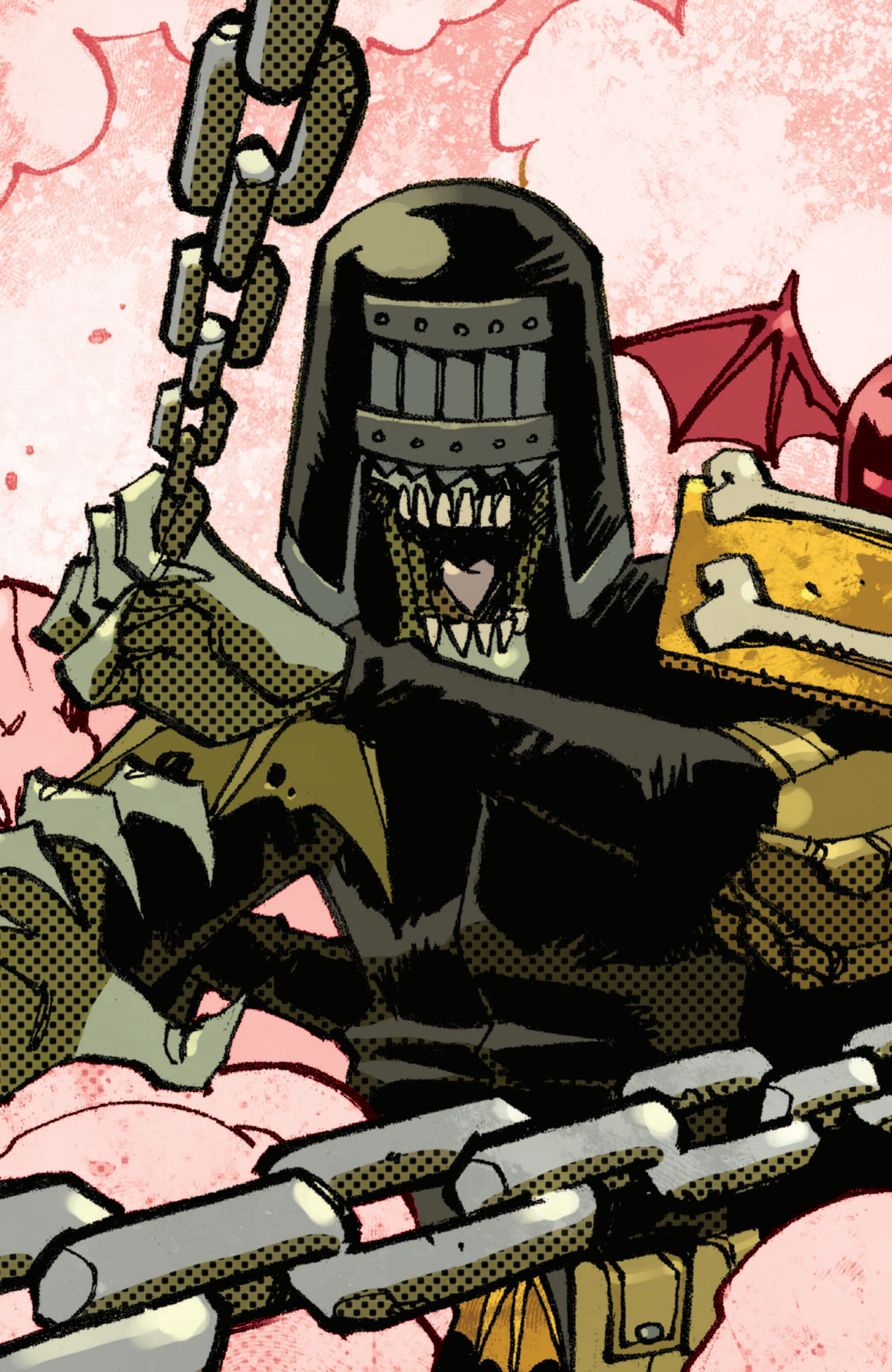


"THE CHIEF JUSTICE IS DEAD."



LONG
LIVE THE
CHIEF
JUSTICE.

NEXT:
Mega-City
Manhunt





DREDD

AMERICA IS AN IRRADIATED WASTELAND. WITHIN IT LIES A CITY. OUTSIDE THE BOUNDARY WALLS, A DESERT. A CURSED EARTH. INSIDE THE WALLS, A CURSED CITY, STRETCHING FROM BOSTON TO WASHINGTON D.C. AN UNBROKEN CONCRETE LANDSCAPE. 800 MILLION PEOPLE LIVING IN THE RUIN OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE MEGA STRUCTURES OF THE NEW ONE. MEGA BLOCKS. MEGA HIGHWAYS. MEGA CITY ONE. CONVULSING. CHOKING. BREAKING UNDER ITS OWN WEIGHT. CITIZENS IN FEAR OF THE STREET. THE GUN. THE GANG. ONLY ONE THING FIGHTING FOR ORDER IN THE CHAOS:

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HALL OF JUSTICE. JURIES. EXECUTIONERS. JUDGES.

JMB
2014

ART BY *JAMES BIGGIE*



ART BY *KELSEY SHANNON*



VEREGGE '14

ART BY *JEFFREY VEREGGE*



ART BY *JOHN CHARLES*

ISSUE #23
PAGE ONE

1/ We open with the battle-scarred body of DREDD plunging into the wall of green ooze (a beat after we left him in #22). Let's see it from a POV inside the ooze, with Dredd leaping toward us like he's smashing through a window, arms covering his face.

1 LOC CAP
The border of Sector One

2 ANDERSON
(psi burst)
dredd, NO

3 ANDERSON
(psi burst)
this is a mistake

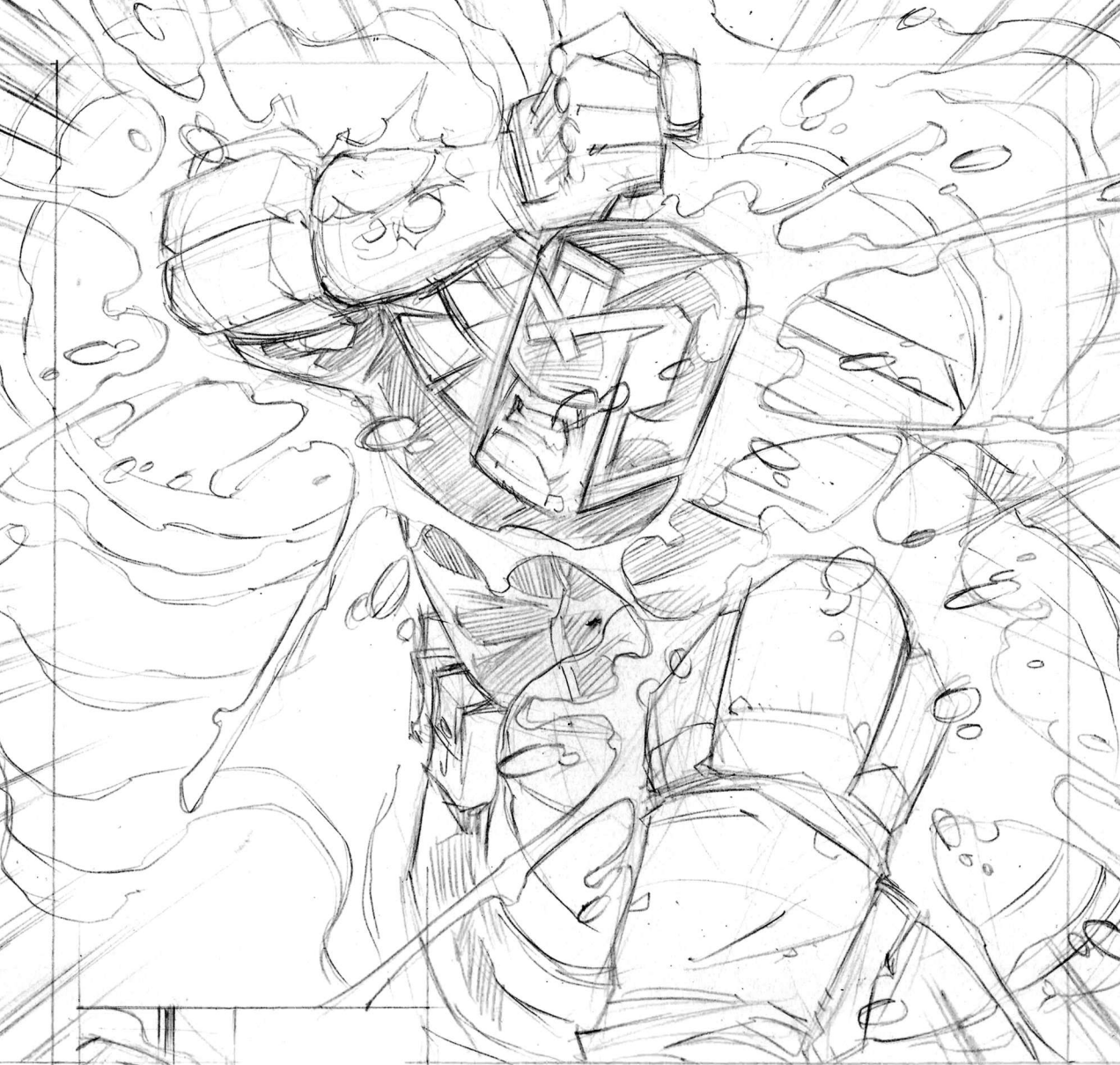
2/ Cut to ANDERSON, inside her mind apartment, screaming as she faces the spectral image of JUDGE DEATH, who is ducking his head in through the windows (as if taking a peek inside her personal space).

4 LOC CAP
Inside Dredd's mind

5 ANDERSON
You're going to kill us!

3/ Out in the real world, Judge Death skids to stop just outside the wall of ooze. Gravel kicks up on his boot heels. Inside the ooze, we see the blurry image of Dredd's body and ripples of displacement.

6 DEATH
Ssssneaky, Judge Anderssson.



ISSUE #23
PAGE TWO

1 / Dredd's body begins to slowly travel through the ooze. Let's start him on one side of the panel and over the next three panels, inch him towards to the other side of the panel. What we want to get across here is that Dredd's not just swimming through it; his body is traveling at an excruciatingly slow rate. He's also not in control; it's like he's in a coma, his limbs akimbo.

1 TITLE
IDW Presents

2/ Dredd's body is now one quarter of the way through the ooze.

2 TITLE
JUDGE DREDD

3/ Now halfway through.

3 TITLE
Black Light District, Pt. 2

4/ Now on the other side of the panel.

4 CREDITS
Writer: Swierczynski. Artist: Daniel. Editor: Ryall.

5/ Small horizontal panel at the bottom from a POV Anderson as she looks outside her Mind Apartment windows and sees nothing but green.

5 ANDERSON
Dredd...?

6 ANDERSON
Dredd, where are you? I can't feel you anymore...

IDW PRESENTS

JUDGE DREDD

BLACK LIGHT
DISTRICT

P.2

WRITER-SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST-DANIEL
EDITOR-RYALL



ISSUE #23
PAGE THREE

1/ Black panel, with the time cap in stark white.

1 TIME CAP

One month later

2/ Dredd emerges from the other side of the ooze. His body and uniform are completely restored.

2 LOC CAP

Border of Sector Two

3 DREDD

Grud, I must have blacked out for a second...

4 DREDD

Did Judge Death follow us into the wall?

3/ From a bird's eye SURVEILLANCE DRONE POV, looking down at Dredd. It should be digitized and look something like this:
<http://ak7.picdn.net/shutterstock/videos/4180106/preview/stock-footage-military-surveillance-screen.jpg>

5 DREDD

Hey, Anderson? You still with me?

6 DRONE DISPLAY

Subject: Former Judge Joseph Dredd

7 DRONE DISPLAY

Captured Subject Speech: Hey, Anderson you still with me

4/ From another SURVEILLANCE DRONE POV, at eye level, which gives us a tighter shot of Dredd's face.

8 DRONE DISPLAY

Status: Fugitive

5/ Cut to a pair of tired-looking street judges -- WINSLOW and SALERNO.

9 JUDGE WINSLOW

Can't believe this. We've just got another drokking fugitive alert!

10 JUDGE SALERNO

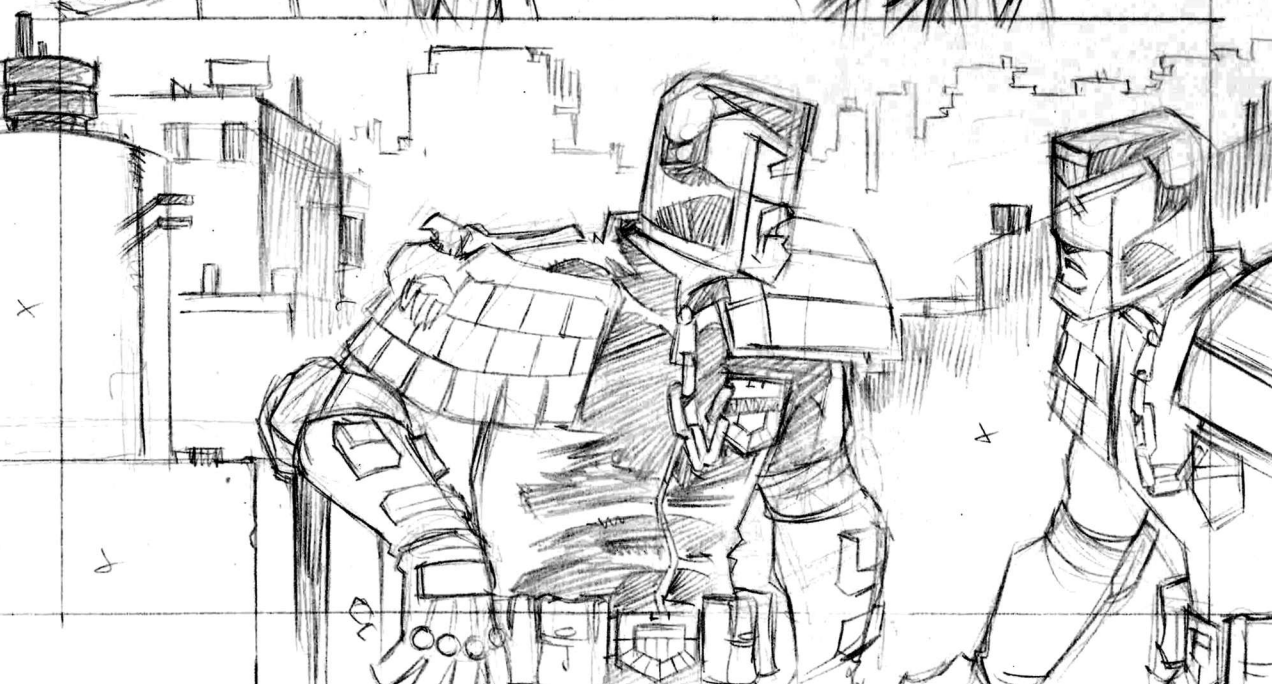
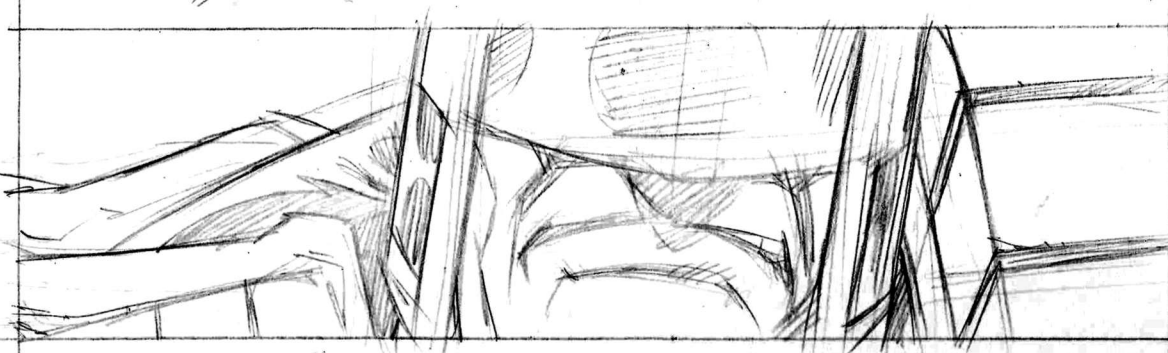
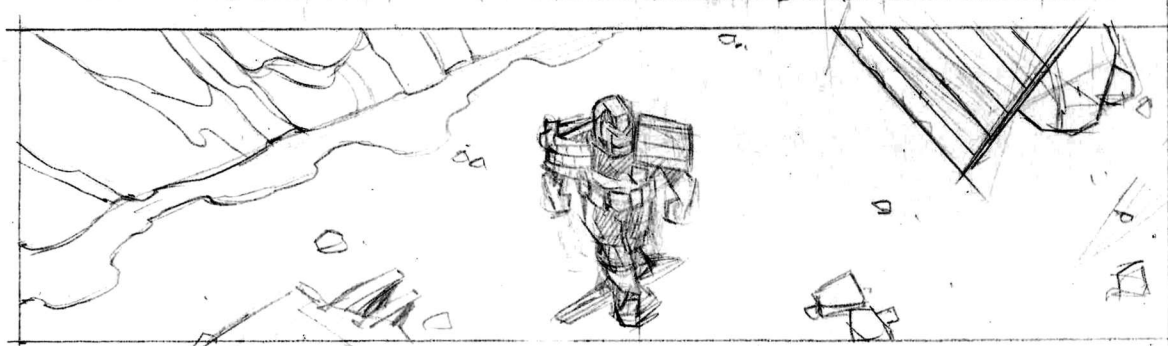
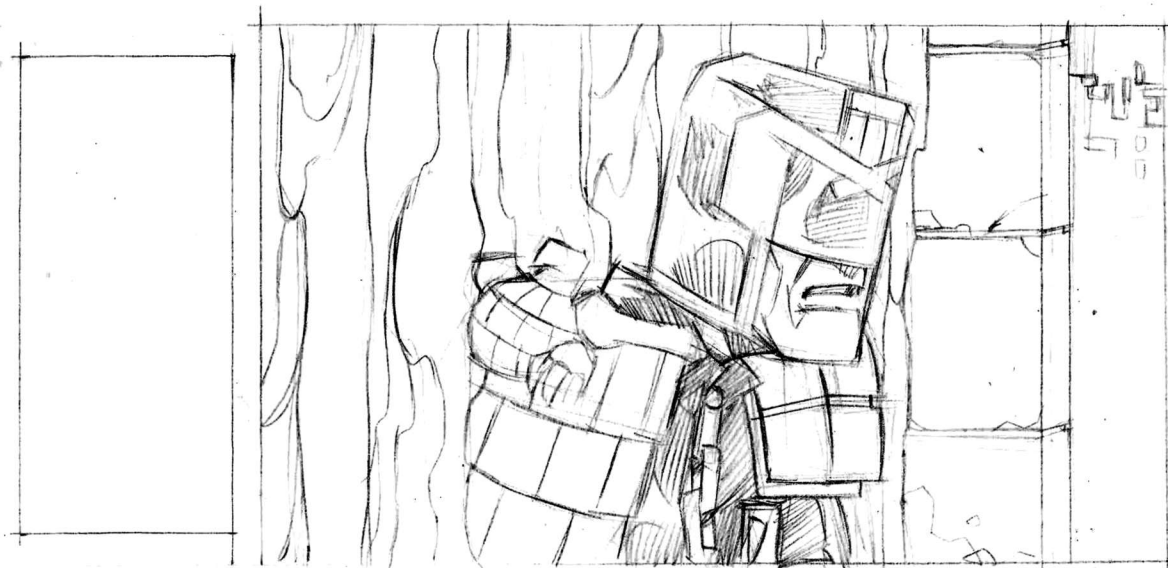
What is this, the thirty-third this morning alone?

11 JUDGE SALERNO

We're gonna run out of iso-cubes.

12 JUDGE WINSLOW

This one isn't going inside an iso-cube, Salerno...



1/ Cut back to Dredd, looking supremely annoyed.

1 CAP (SALERNO)

"...We're being sent to apprehend Judge Dredd!"

2 DREDD

Anderson! Talk to me!

2/ Inside the Mind Apartment, tight on Anderson's exhausted face.

Looks like she's been up for a month straight. Faraway look in her eyes.

3 ANDERSON

Oh.

4 ANDERSON

Now you want to talk, huh, Dredd?

5 ANDERSON

Where was this sparkling conversation 30 days ago?

3/ Flashback: Anderson inside her Mind Apartment, feeling the walls, as if to make sure they're "real."

6 TIME CAP

Day 2

7 ANDERSON

Okay, clearly you're not dead and dissolved, because I still exist inside this mental construct...

4/ Flashback: over Anderson's shoulder as she looks out of her windows and sees nothing but the ooze.

8 TIME CAP

Day 10

9 ANDERSON

I don't get it. Why nothing but green?

10 ANDERSON

Is this what the afterlife is like when you're dissolved by a sentient primordial ooze?

11 ANDERSON

Has my consciousness merged with the ooze?

5/ Flashback: Anderson claws at a wall, pulling chunks of plaster away.

12 TIME CAP

Day 23

13 ANDERSON

I've gotta get out of here. Gotta get out. I won't exist unless I get out...

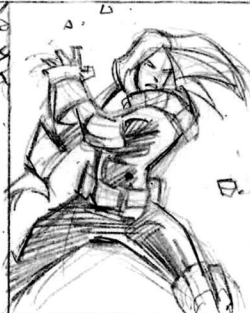
6/ Flashback: a vast universe of empty space. Deep in the background, we see a faint star flickering. To one side, there's a tear in the fabric of space, and Anderson leans out of it, pondering the void, far-away look on her face.

14 TIME CAP

Day 30

15 CAP (ANDERSON)

"Best I can estimate, we were in that ooze for close to a month."



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JUDGE DREDD: MEGA-CITY TWO
ISBN: 978-1-63140-080-3



JUDGE DREDD:
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ISBN: 978-1-61377-488-5



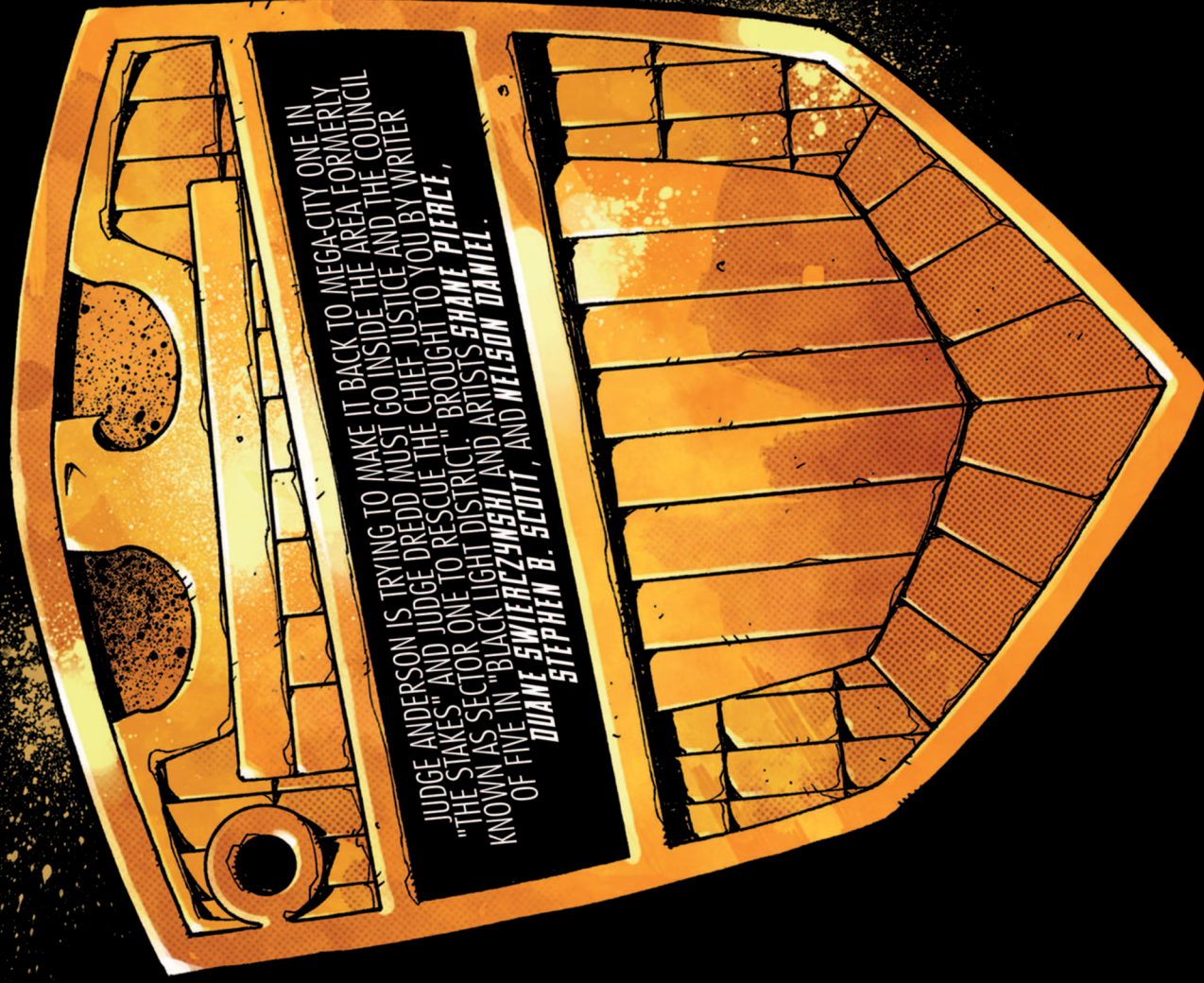
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IDW

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