

JUDGE DREDD[®]

YEAR ONE





JUDGE DREDD

YEAR ONE

THE LONG

JUDGE DREDD *CREATED BY*

JOHN WAGNER *AND*

CARLOS EZQUERRA

COVER BY **GREG STAPLES**

COLLECTION EDITS BY **JUSTIN EISINGER** *AND* **ALONZO SIMON**

COLLECTION DESIGN BY **GILBERTO LAZARDO**

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HARD ROAD

WRITTEN BY **MATT SMITH**

ART BY **SIMON COLEBY**

COLORS BY **LEONARD O'GRADY**

LETTERS BY

***CHRIS MOWRY, SHAWN LEE,
AND GILBERTO LAZCANO***

SERIES ASSISTANT EDITOR

CHRIS SCHRAFF

SERIES EDITOR

CHRIS RYALL



MARCH 10, 2080 A.D.
12:14 PM.

ERNIE WISE BLOCK
JUNIOR HIGH.

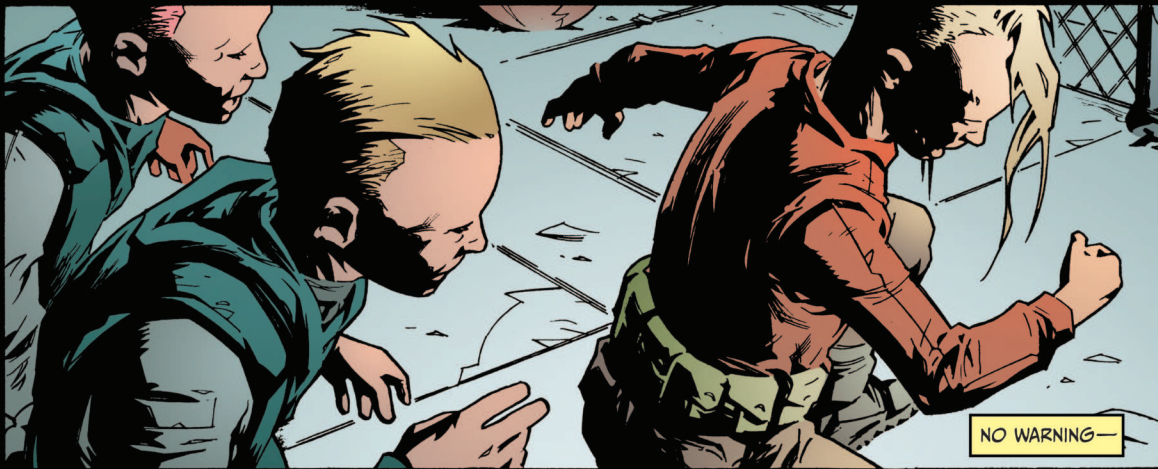


CHAPTER 1


THE FIRST RECORDED
INCIDENT WAS REPORTED BY
THE EDU-BOT ON RECESS
DUTY, WHO STATED THAT THE
SUBJECT HAD DISPLAYED
NO PREVIOUS SYMPTOMS.



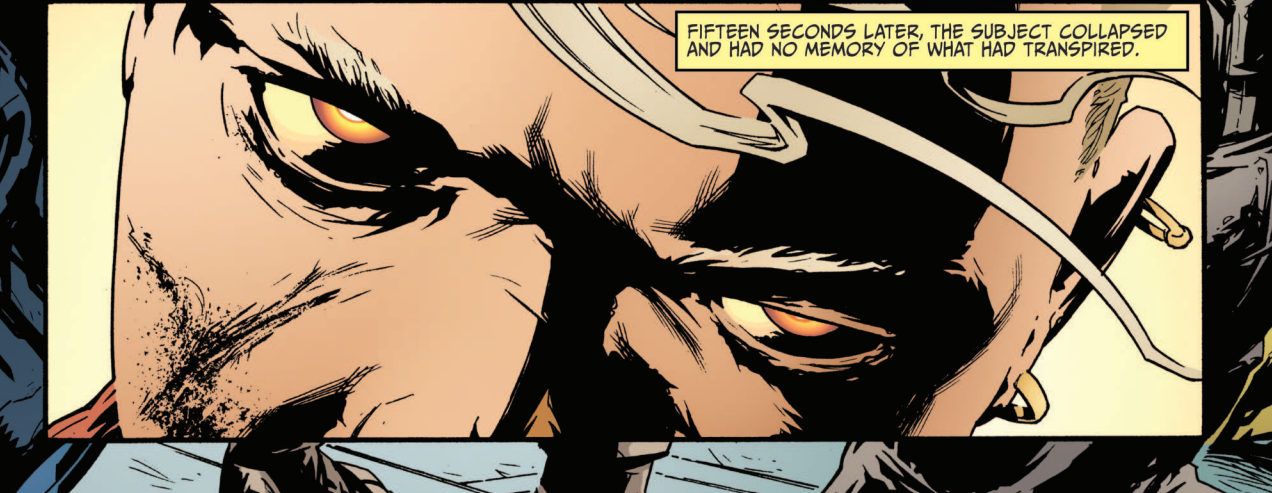
IT CAME, IT SAID,
OUT OF THE BLUE.



NO WARNING—

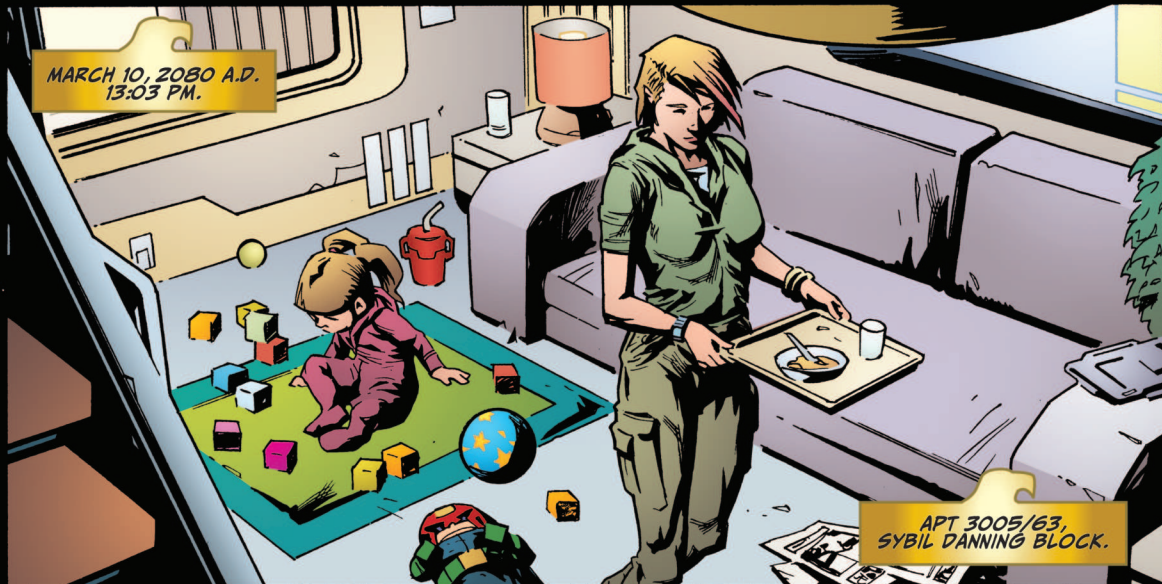


—NO SIGN.



FIFTEEN SECONDS LATER, THE SUBJECT COLLAPSED AND HAD NO MEMORY OF WHAT HAD TRANSPIRED.

MARCH 10, 2080 A.D.
13:03 PM.



APT 3005/63,
SYBIL DANNING BLOCK.

A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CONTROL OPERATIVE
RECEIVED A PANICKY CALL FROM A MRS. GERALDINE
DICKERSON REGARDING HER DAUGHTER, WILOMINA.

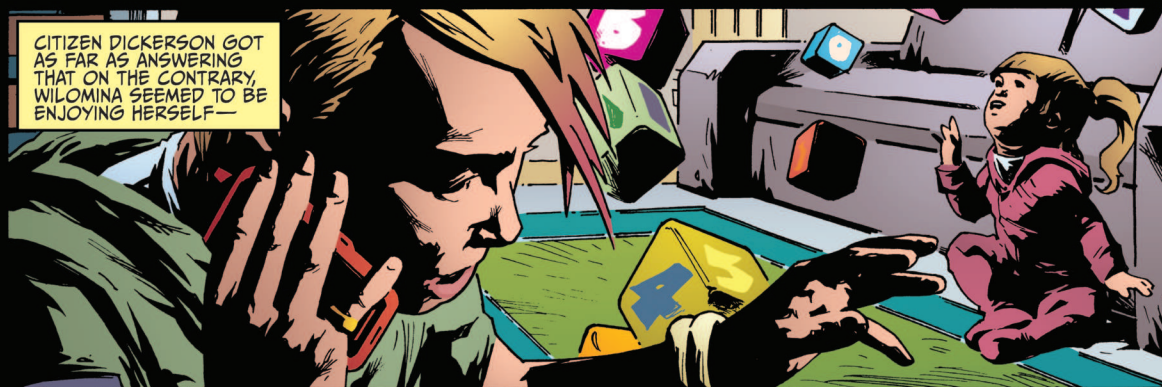


SHE STATED THAT THE ONE-YEAR-OLD
GIRL'S TOYS WERE FLYING OF THEIR
OWN ACCORD, AND WAS CONCERNED
FOR HER SAFETY. THE MOTHER—A
NINTH-YEAR ADVENTIST OF GRUD THE
REDEEMER—SPOKE OF POSSESSION
AND MALIGNANT SPIRITS.

THE OPERATIVE—WHO LATER
ADMITTED THAT HE WAS ON THE
VERGE OF DISMISSING HER AS
A CRANK—QUERIED WHETHER
THE CHILD APPEARED
DISTRESSED IN ANY WAY.



CITIZEN DICKERSON GOT
AS FAR AS ANSWERING
THAT ON THE CONTRARY,
WILOMINA SEEMED TO BE
ENJOYING HERSELF—

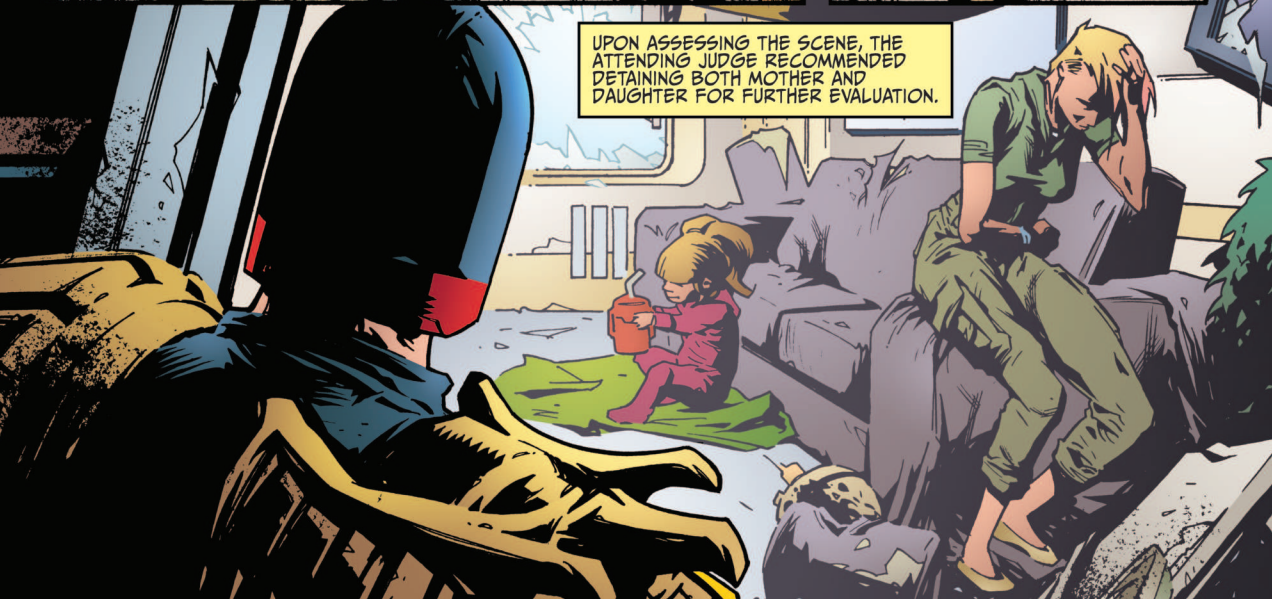




—WHEN THE LINE
WENT DEAD.



STANDARD PROCEDURE IS TO
INVESTIGATE ANY SUSPICIOUS
OR INTERRUPTED CALLS, AND
SO A UNIT WAS DISPATCHED.



UPON ASSESSING THE SCENE, THE
ATTENDING JUDGE RECOMMENDED
DETAINING BOTH MOTHER AND
DAUGHTER FOR FURTHER EVALUATION.

MARCH 10, 2080 AD.
13:27 PM.

JIMMY STEWART
BLOCK CROSSWALK.

THE **RODENTS** WERE IN THEIR USUAL SPOT, CASTING AN EYE OUT FOR AN EASY MARK. THE CANDYMAN WAS DEMANDING PAYMENT, AND THEY REQUIRED FUNDS.

ZIV SINGLED OUT A LIKELY-LOOKING DINK AND TOLD THE OTHERS TO FOLLOW HIS LEAD.



HE GOT THE VIC TO HAND OVER HIS CREDITS EASY ENOUGH—SAP HAD NEARLY FIVE LARGE ON HIM.

THEN—

—THINGS GOT WEIRD.



IT WAS LIKE ZIV HAD PUT A
HEX ON HIM, OR SOMETHING.
HYPNOTISED HIM.



DESPITE REPEATED ENQUIRIES
AS TO HOW HE DID IT, ZIV COULD
ONLY SHRUG HIS SHOULDERS.
HE HAD NO ANSWERS.



BUT, HE TOLD THEM...



...IT SURE OPENED
UP A WHOLE WORLD
OF POSSIBILITIES.

MARCH 14, 2080 AD.
16:23 PM.

LARRY HAGMAN
EXPRESSWAY.

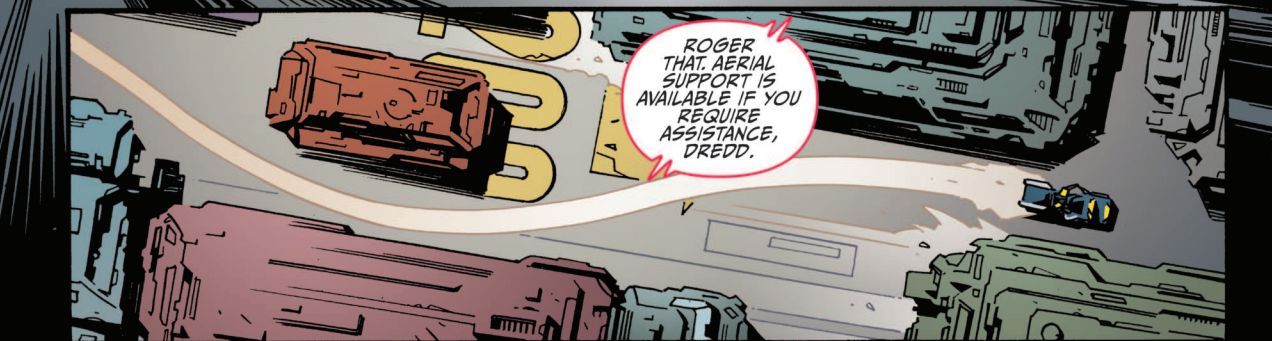
ITEM! ALL
UNITS BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR A RED
SEVENTY-NINE MODEL
FLIWER, LAST SEEN
HEADING WEST ON
HAGMAN.

VEHICLE WAS USED IN
A MEGA-MART ROBBERY
ON EIGHTH AND BATTERSBY
TWO-MAN TEAM, PERPS ARE
REPORTED ARMED AND
DANGEROUS.

DREDD
RESPONDING,
CONTROL. I
HAVE THEM ON
VISUAL.

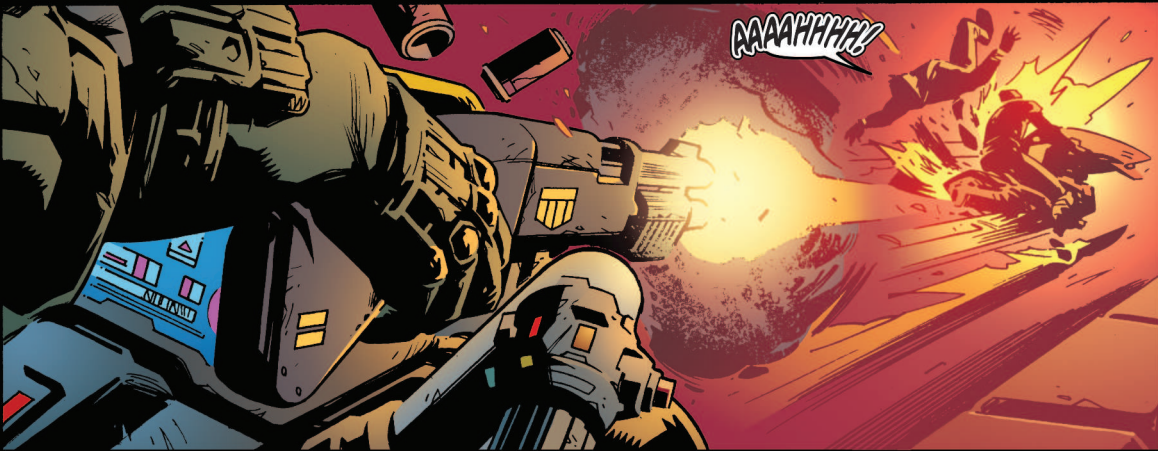
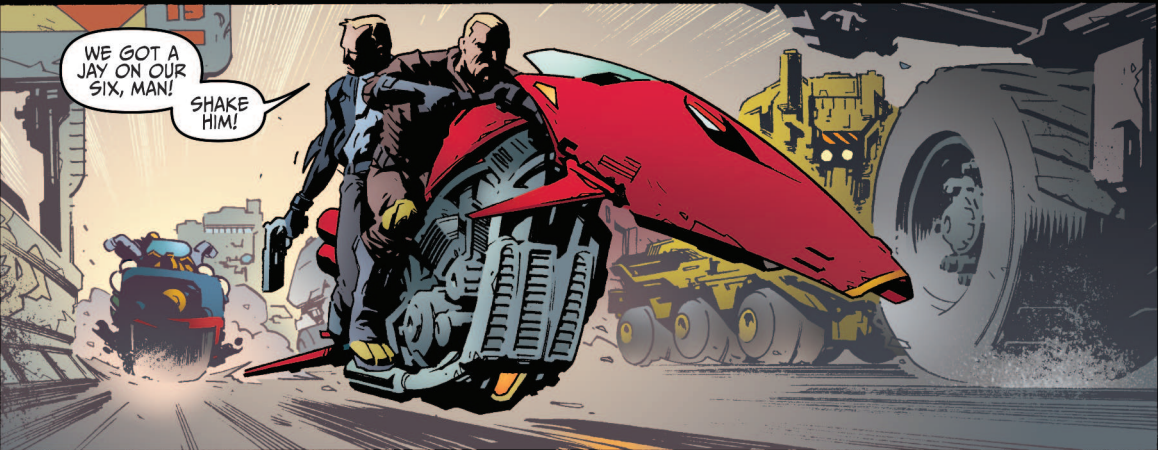


ROGER
THAT. AERIAL
SUPPORT IS
AVAILABLE IF YOU
REQUIRE
ASSISTANCE,
DREDD.



NO
NEED.
THEY'RE
MINE.











B-BACK
OFF, JUDGE,
OR I'LL POP
THIS BOZO!

DAD! NO,
DON'T HURT
HIM—!



DROP THE
GUN, PUNK,
BEFORE I
DROP YOU.

THAT'S
YOUR FINAL
WARNING.



YOU... YOU
STRAIGHT OUT OF
CADET SCHOOL,
KID? I DON'T THINK
YOU GOT THE STONES
YET TO PULL THAT
TRIGGER.

WALK AWAY
NOW, SON, BEFORE
I PAINT YOUR NICE
NEW UNIFORM WITH
HIS BRAINS.



NO!
LEAVE HIM
ALONE!



YOU CAN STAND
DOWN TOO, JUVIE.
YOU DON'T WANT ME
GETTIN' NERVOUS AND
PUTTIN' A BULLET IN
YOUR OLD MAN—





MARCH 14, 18:48 PM.

PSI-DIVISION.

YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE, DREDD?



NO, NEVER HAD ANY REASON TO. I KNOW THE HISTORY, OF COURSE—ONE OF SOLOMON'S LAST ACTS BEFORE HE RESIGNED WAS TO AUTHORISE THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN EXPERIMENTAL WING.

IT MUST'VE SEEMED A LITTLE... OUT THERE TWENTY YEARS AGO. STILL DOES, I SUPPOSE.

NOT SO EXPERIMENTAL NOW—WE'RE A FULLY FLEDGED DIVISION. REGULAR ANNUAL INTAKE OF CADETS WITH THE NECESSARY APTITUDE, ESTABLISHED RANKS OF TELEPATHS, PRECOGS, EMPATHS... IT'S SHOWING RESULTS.



CRIMES PREDICTED BEFORE THEY OCCUR, INFORMATION GLEANED FROM THE MINDS OF THE GUILTY, PERPS TRACKED ACROSS THE CITY VIA REMOTE VIEWING—WITH AN **EIGHTY-PER-CENT ARREST RATE**, IT'S PROVED A VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE DEPARTMENT'S ARSENAL.



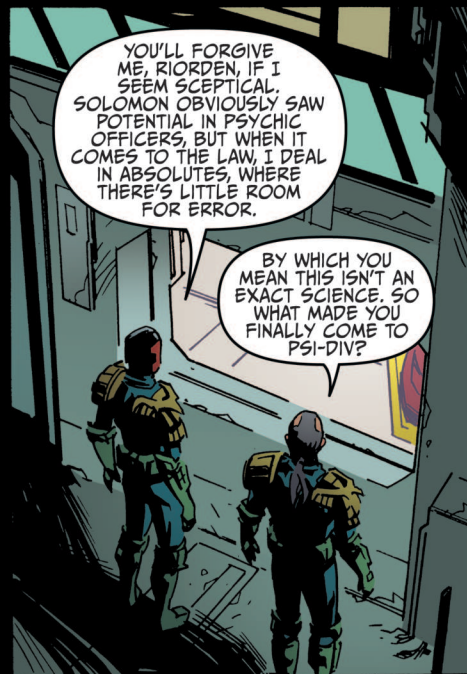
CAN'T SAY IT'S MY FIELD OF EXPERTISE.

YOU LOBBIED HARD FOR IT, I UNDERSTAND.

THAT'S RIGHT, ME AND A HANDFUL OF OTHERS. BACK IN THE DAY, FUNDING WAS BEING POURED INTO TECH PROJECTS, MOSTLY WEAPONS AND SURVEILLANCE R&D, BUT WE FIGURED THERE WAS SO MUCH HUMAN POTENTIAL GOING UNEXPLORED.



TURNS OUT WE WERE RIGHT.

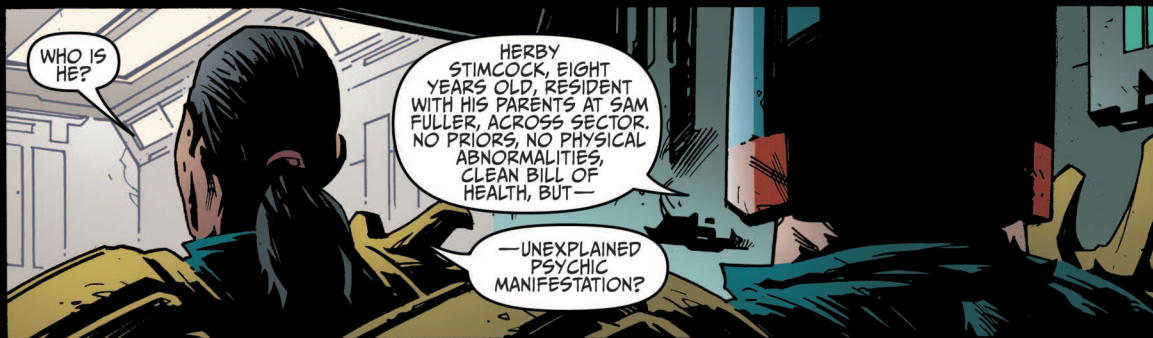


YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, RIORDEN, IF I SEEM SCEPTICAL. SOLOMON OBVIOUSLY SAW POTENTIAL IN PSYCHIC OFFICERS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE LAW, I DEAL IN ABSOLUTES, WHERE THERE'S LITTLE ROOM FOR ERROR.

BY WHICH YOU MEAN THIS ISN'T AN EXACT SCIENCE. SO WHAT MADE YOU FINALLY COME TO PSI-DIV?



BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DEALING WITH HERE.





HEY, HERBY. DON'T BE AFRAID, SON. I'M RIORDEN. JUDGE DREDD HERE FILLED ME IN ON WHAT HAPPENED.

SO YOU CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING MORE ABOUT THE INCIDENT?

N-NO, NOTHING. I WAS REAL **ANGRY**, I KNOW THAT MUCH, BUT CAN'T THINK WHY. REST IS LIKE... **STATIC**.



STATIC, HUH? LIKE WHEN YOU WAKE UP FROM A BAD DREAM AND THE DETAILS ARE ALL FUZZY?

YEAH, A BIT.

OK, RELAX. I'M GOING TO READ YOUR MIND, HERBY, SO JUST KEEP STILL. IT WON'T HURT. I WANT TO SEE IF I CAN GET PAST THAT **STATIC**.



HE WATCHED WITH A CERTAIN DEGREE OF INTEREST, THE PROCEDURE ALIEN TO HIM. DREDD HAD NEVER BEEN PRESENT AT A SCAN LIKE THIS BEFORE.

THOUGHTS PLUCKED FROM HEADS... THE CONCEPT WASN'T FAR OFF RUNE-CASTING, HE MUSED, OR DIVINATION.

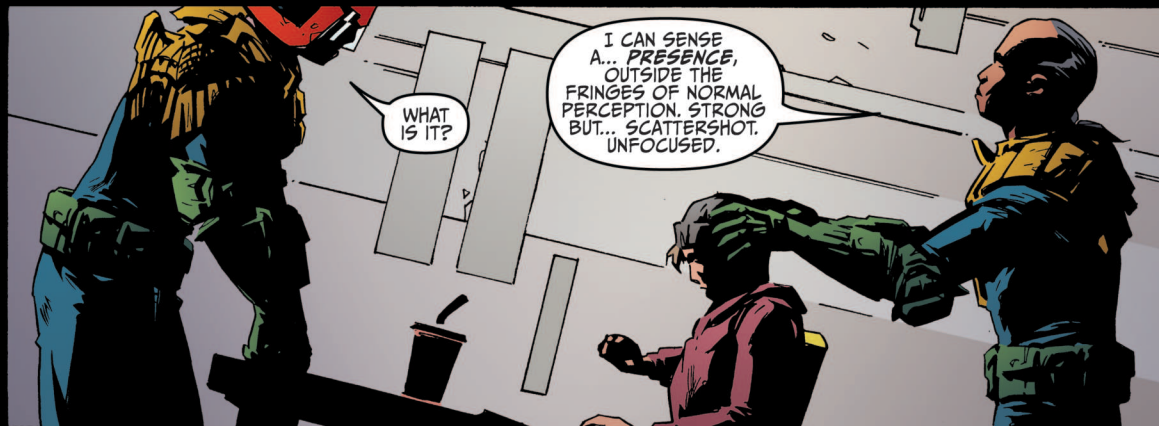


HE HAD TO ADMIT HE FELT UNCOMFORTABLE TAKING AN INVESTIGATION DOWN THIS ROAD—HE WAS, WITHOUT DOUBT, ABOUT AS PSYCHIC AS **ROCKCRETE**. IF HE COULDN'T LIVE OR BREATHE IT, THEN IT WOULDN'T ENTER HIS RADAR.

BUT UNUSUAL CASES REQUIRED UNUSUAL METHODS, EVEN HE COULD SEE THAT.



SOMETHING... SOMETHING HERE...

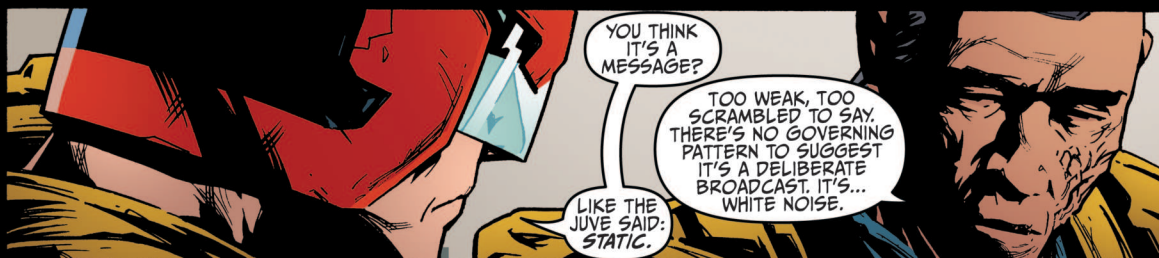


WHAT IS IT?

I CAN SENSE A... **PRESENCE**, OUTSIDE THE FRINGES OF NORMAL PERCEPTION. STRONG BUT... SCATTERSHOT. UNFOCUSED.



IT'S ALMOST LIKE A BEACON, OR A RELAY. BUT ONLY PARTS OF IT ARE COMING THROUGH. IT'S TOO UNCLEAR TO DETERMINE THE CONTENTS...



YOU THINK IT'S A MESSAGE?

TOO WEAK, TOO SCRAMBLED TO SAY. THERE'S NO GOVERNING PATTERN TO SUGGEST IT'S A DELIBERATE BROADCAST. IT'S... WHITE NOISE.

LIKE THE JUVIE SAID: **STATIC**.



REST EASY, HERBY. WE'RE FINISHED NOW.

SO WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT HERE? A KIND OF... BACKGROUND RADIATION?

POSSIBLY. I MEAN, THERE'S ALL MANNER OF STUFF WASHING THROUGH THE ETHERIAL PLANES. BUT WHAT'S INTERESTING ABOUT THIS IS IT **TRIGGERED** AN OTHERWISE UNDETECTABLE PSYCHIC ABILITY.



ROOTING THROUGH HIS BRAINWAVES, I COULD SEE NONE OF THE USUAL PSIGNIFIERS. HE'D BE **ZERO-RATED**, NORMALLY. BUT EXPOSURE TO WHATEVER THIS IS CHANGED THAT AND FOUND AN OUTLET AS **EXTREME TELEKINESIS**.



BUT MORE IMPORTANT, I CAN CONFIRM THIS **ISN'T** AN ISOLATED CASE.

THERE HAVE BEEN MORE SHOWING EXACTLY THE SAME SYMPTOMS.

MARCH 15,
8:22 AM.

LANDDALE PARK
PEDWAY.

MORE, RIORDEN HAD SAID. MANY
MORE. TWENTY-THREE AT THE LAST
COUNT, OVER THE LAST FIVE DAYS,
AND ALL WITHIN THIS SECTOR.

TWENTY-THREE JUVES, FROM THE AGES OF
ONE TO EIGHTEEN, ALL MANIFESTING PSYCHIC
POWERS FOR THE BRIEFEST OF PERIODS.

SOME WERE SPONTANEOUS OUTBURSTS, LIKE
THE GIRL IN CHANNING WHO BEGAN SPEAKING
WITH HER DEAD GRANDFATHER'S VOICE; OTHER
DISPLAYS, LIKE HERBY'S, APPEARED DIRECTED,
TARGETED. HALF A DOZEN WERE DEAD AS A
RESULT, THREE IN A PYRO INCIDENT.

FEW HAD ANY RECOLLECTION OF
WHAT THEY'D DONE; NONE HAD EVER
EXHIBITED ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

KEEP IT IN YOUR
PANTS, CREEP.
MOVE ALONG
BEFORE I BOOK
YOU ON A LEWD
RAP.

FEEEEP!

RIORDEN HAD THEM ALL UNDER OBSERVATION AT
PSI-DIV, BUT TESTS WERE INCONCLUSIVE, AND
THERE WERE NO UNIFYING FACTORS OTHER
THAN THE SUBJECTS' YOUTH AND THE PRESENCE
OF THAT 'WHITE NOISE,' AS HE'D CALLED IT.

YOU!

QUITE A
HAUL, AND IT'S
NOT EVEN NINE
O'CLOCK.

I'M AN
EARLY
RISER.

CONVENIENT.
YOU CAN BE IN
A CUBE BY
MIDDAY.

TWO
YEARS.

DREDD HAD BEEN ON THE STREETS
CLOSE TO A YEAR. THE ACADEMY HAD
PREPARED HIM AS BEST IT COULD,
BUT IT WAS HERE WHERE HE'D LEARN
WHAT THE CITY WOULD THROW AT HIM,
IN ALL ITS STRANGE VARIETIES.

SOME CRIMES NEVER
CHANGED; OTHERS, HE
GUESSED, HE'D HAVE
TO... ADAPT TO.



ALL
UNITS—ITEM!
REPORTS OF
DISTURBANCE AT
FIFTY-FIRST &
STATE MEGA-LOAN
ON HESTON,
SECTOR 6.

THIS IS DREDD—I'M
THREE STREETS AWAY!
I'LL TAKE IT!

GOT A DIP
REQUIRING
PICK-UP,
HOLDING POST
IN LANSDALE
PARK.

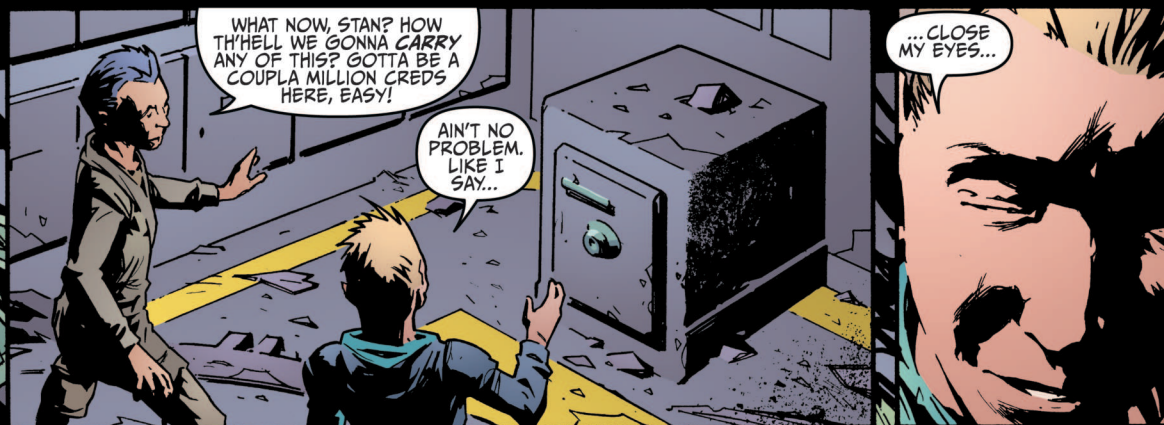
WILCO,
CATCH WAGON
IS ON ITS
WAY.



HOO-WEEEEE!
DID YOU SEE THAT
THING BLOW?

HOW THE
DROKK ARE
YOU DOING
IT, MAN?

I JUST
CLOSE MY EYES
AND—BOOM!
S'LIKE ANYTHING I
THINK, IT JUST
HAPPENS!



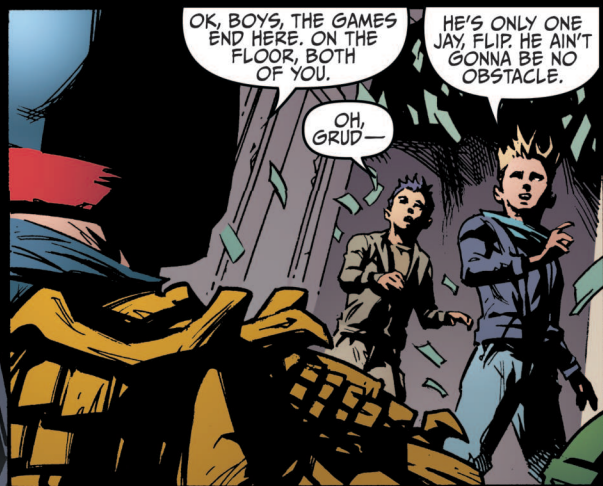
WHAT NOW, STAN? HOW
TH'HELL WE GONNA CARRY
ANY OF THIS? GOTTA BE A
COUPLA MILLION CRED\$
HERE, EASY!

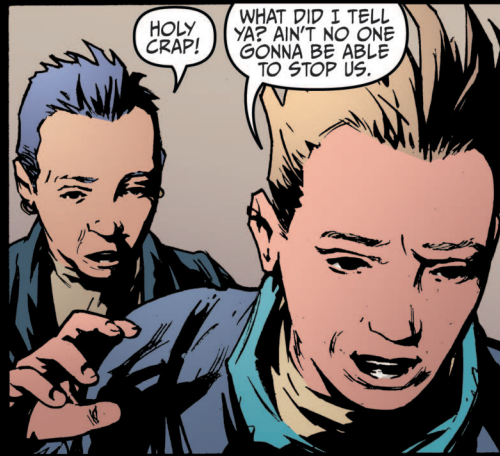
AIN'T NO
PROBLEM.
LIKE I
SAY...

...CLOSE
MY EYES...



...AN' WISHES
COME TRUE.







DREDD?
IT'S RIORDEN
AT PSI-DIV.
YOU BUSY?

YOU
COULD SAY
THAT.

IT'S THE JUVES
WE'VE GOT HERE UNDER
OBSERVATION. THERE'S
BEEN ANOTHER SPIKE IN
PSYCHIC ACTIVITY IN
THE PAST FEW
MINUTES.

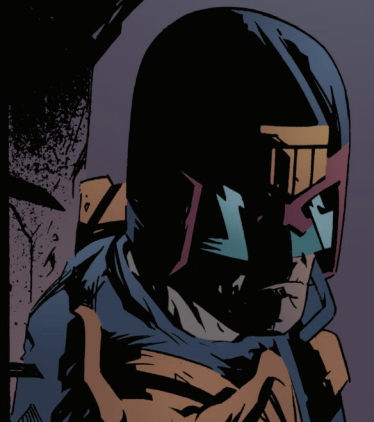
NO
KIDDING.

THEY
ALL STARTED
MANIFESTING FOR A
SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT
OF TIME SO I RAN
A FEW DEEP
PROBES.

THAT STATIC
AGAIN, BUT IT
WAS STRONGER,
LIKE THE SIGNAL
WAS GETTING
CLEARER.

AND?

DREDD, I
THINK THE JUVES
ARE UNCONCIOUSLY
TUNING INTO IT, CATCHING
THESE BURSTS AS IT HITS
THE RIGHT WAVELENGTH.
BUT IF IT'S GETTING MORE
POWERFUL, AND THEY'RE
SHOWING THESE PSYCHIC
ABILITIES FOR LONGER
AND MORE SUSTAINED
PERIODS...



...I BELIEVE
SOMETHING
MAY BE TRYING
TO BREAK
THROUGH.

MARCH 16,
2080 AD.
7:16 AM.

OFFICE OF CHIEF JUDGE
CLARENCE GOODMAN,
GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

YOU CAN'T PICK
AND CHOOSE YOUR
CASES, DREDD.

CHAPTER 2

HALL
OF
JUSTICE

YOU KNOW
FARGO WOULD'VE
TOLD YOU
THE SAME.

I APPRECIATE THAT,
SIR. I SIMPLY FELT THAT
A... *PSI-JUDGE* WOULD BE
BETTER PLACED TO HANDLE
AN INVESTIGATION OF
THIS NATURE.

IT'S NOT AN
AREA WITH WHICH I
HAVE EITHER THE
EXPERTISE OR
EXPERIENCE—

YOU CAUGHT THE CALL
FOR THE BANK JOB, YOU
FOLLOW THE CASE
THROUGH.

DREDD, YOU HAVE TO
REALISE THAT YOU WON'T
HAVE BEEN TRAINED FOR
EVERYTHING YOU'LL FACE OUT
THERE. THE CITY GROWS, AND
WITH IT, ITS *CHALLENGES*.
NEW CRIMES, NEW FRONTIERS.
SOLOMON WAS AWARE OF
THAT, WHICH IS WHY HE
SET UP THE *PSYCHIC*
DIVISION IN THE
FIRST PLACE.

RIORDEN'S
YOUR LIAISON
ON THIS,
RIGHT?

YES, SIR.

HE'S A GOOD
MAN, KNOWS THE
TERRITORY. WHAT
WAS HIS TAKE ON
YESTERDAY'S
ROBBERY ATTEMPT
AT THE
MEGA-LOAN?

THAT THIS IS
JUST THE
BEGINNING.



TWENTY-THREE
HOURS EARLIER:

RICOCHET—!

FIFTY-FIRST & STATE MEGA-LOAN



NO.



NO, THAT AIN'T GONNA WORK.
YOU DON'T MAKE THE RULES.
NO MORE, JUDGE. YOU AIN'T
GOT THE POWER.

YOU THINK
YOU CAN
STOP ME?



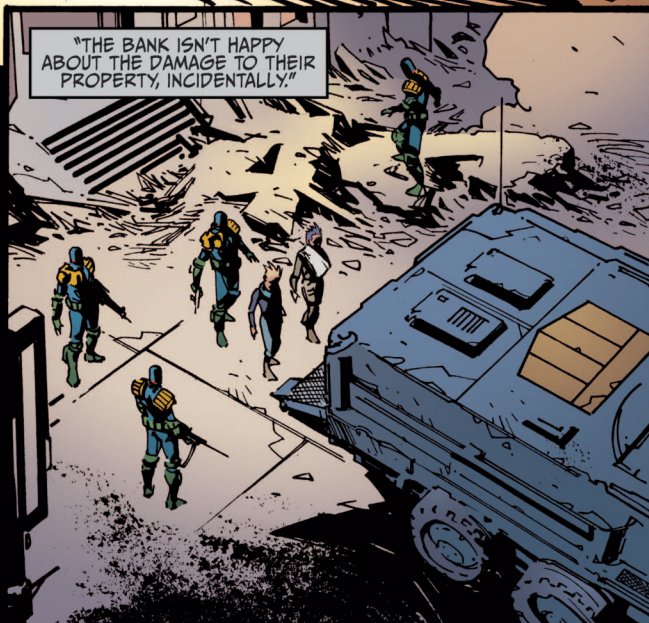
S-STAN?
OH STOMM,
I'M BLEEDIN',
MAN...

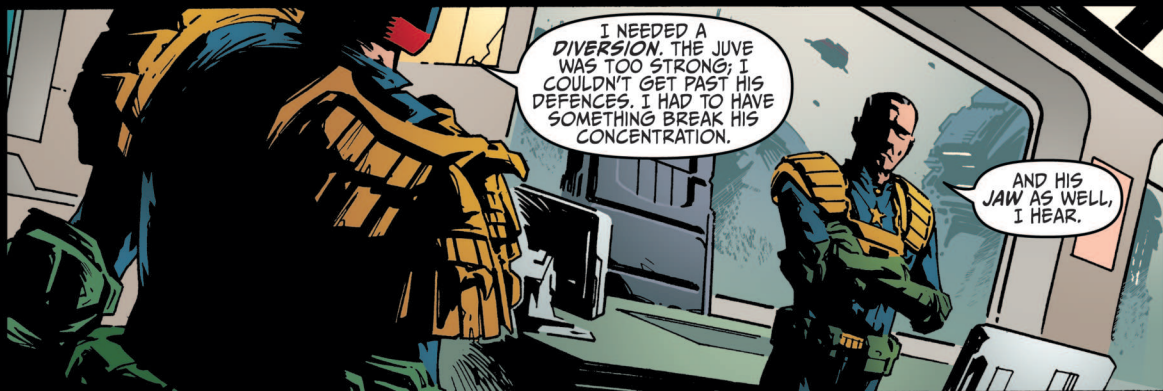
STAY COOL,
FLIP. I'LL GET US
OUTTA HERE. JAYS
AIN'T NEVER DEALT
WITH ANYTHING LIKE
ME BEFORE.

THASS RIGHT,
AIN'T IT, JUDGEY?
YOU TAKEN YOUR
BEST SHOT.



I HAVEN'T
EVEN STARTED,
PUNK.





I NEEDED A *DIVERSION*. THE JUVE WAS TOO STRONG; I COULDN'T GET PAST HIS DEFENCES. I HAD TO HAVE SOMETHING BREAK HIS CONCENTRATION.

AND HIS JAW AS WELL, I HEAR.

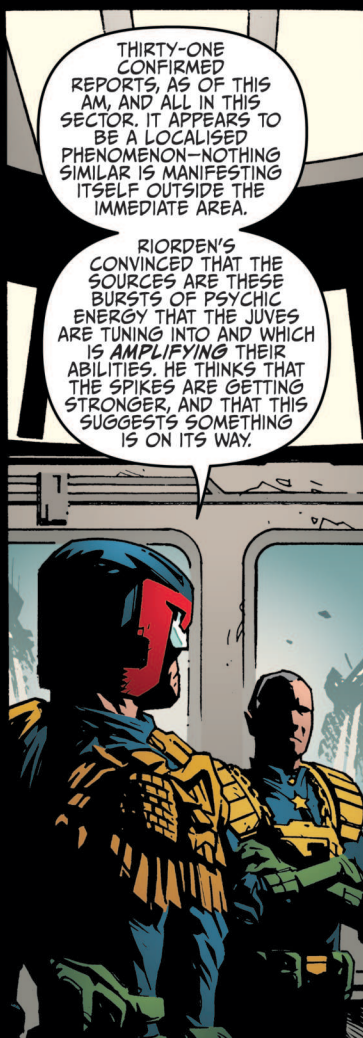


GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I THOUGHT IT BEST IF THE PERP WAS INCAPACITATED.



I'M NOT QUERING YOUR PROCEDURE, DREDD. YOU ACQUITTED YOURSELF WELL IN AN... UNORTHODOX SITUATION. THAT'S WHY I BELIEVE YOU SHOULD CONTINUE TO WORK WITH RIORDEN ON THIS.

HOW MANY PSI-ACTIVE JUVENILES ARE THERE IN TOTAL NOW?



THIRTY-ONE CONFIRMED REPORTS, AS OF THIS AM, AND ALL IN THIS SECTOR. IT APPEARS TO BE A LOCALISED PHENOMENON—NOTHING SIMILAR IS MANIFESTING ITSELF OUTSIDE THE IMMEDIATE AREA.

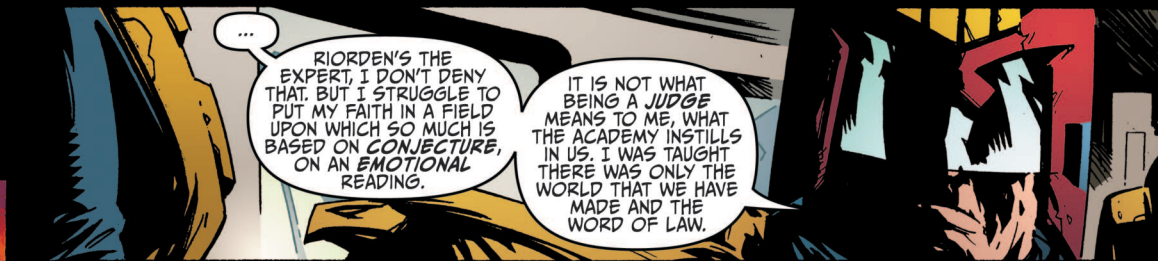
RIORDEN'S CONVINCED THAT THE SOURCES ARE THESE BURSTS OF PSYCHIC ENERGY THAT THE JUVES ARE TUNING INTO AND WHICH IS *AMPLIFYING* THEIR ABILITIES. HE THINKS THAT THE SPIKES ARE GETTING STRONGER, AND THAT THIS SUGGESTS SOMETHING IS ON ITS WAY.



"SOMETHING?"

IN HIS WORDS: AN ENTITY, CROSSING THE DIMENSIONAL DIVIDE.

WHY DO I GET THE FEELING YOU'RE NOT SOLD ON THE THEORY?



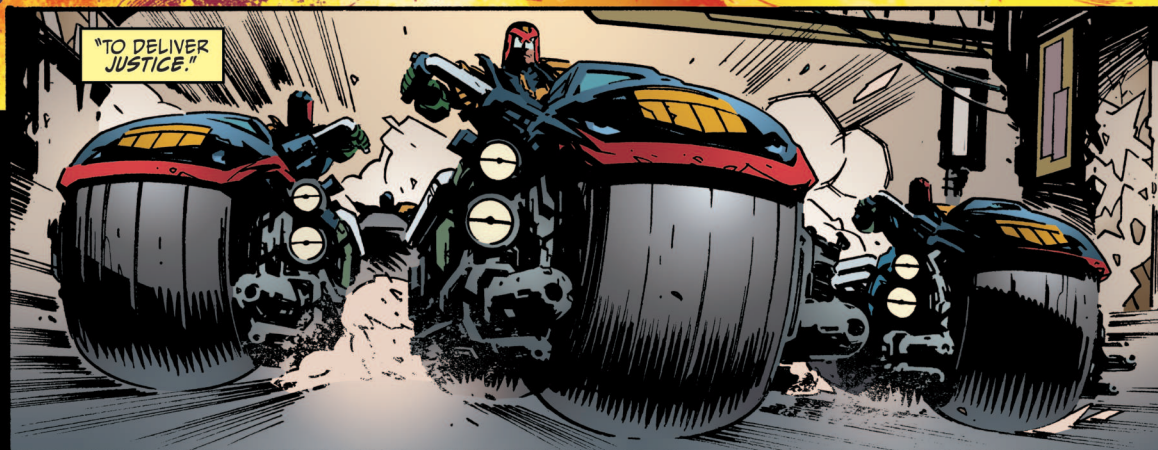
RIORDEN'S THE EXPERT, I DON'T DENY THAT, BUT I STRUGGLE TO PUT MY FAITH IN A FIELD UPON WHICH SO MUCH IS BASED ON **CONJECTURE**, ON AN **EMOTIONAL** READING.

IT IS NOT WHAT BEING A **JUDGE** MEANS TO ME, WHAT THE **ACADEMY** INSTILLS IN US. I WAS TAUGHT THERE WAS ONLY THE WORLD THAT WE HAVE MADE AND THE WORD OF LAW.

"A LAW TO BRING A WORLD BLACKENED BY **NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST** BACK FROM THE BRINK.

"TO ENFORCE ORDER AND CONTROL IN THE AFTERMATH.

"TO DELIVER JUSTICE."



YOUR POINT BEING?

WALK WITH ME, DREDD. I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

MY POINT, SIR, IS THAT THE LAW SHOULD REMAIN OBJECTIVE AND RESOLUTE, UNCLOUDED BY DOUBT OR EMOTION—AND A JUDGE IS A PURE INSTRUMENT OF THAT, AN EXTENSION OF THE TEMPLATE LAID DOWN BY FARGO HIMSELF.



FINE WORDS, TEXTBOOK, EVEN.

SO YOU'RE A **SCEPTIC**. YOU BELIEVE ONLY IN THE BADGE AND THE GUN, THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE. YOU HAVE **ANOTHER** EXPLANATION FOR THE INCIDENTS?



NOT AN EXPLANATION AS SUCH, NO. BUT THE ATOMIC WAR WAS ONLY TEN YEARS AGO. WE CONTINUE TO LIVE IN AN ENVIRONMENT SCARRED BY ITS FALLOUT. HALF THE PLANET IS DECIMATED, MUTANTS EXIST BEYOND THE CITY WALLS.

WHO'S TO SAY THERE ISN'T A RADIOACTIVE ROOT CAUSE TO THE JUVES' SYMPTOMS? A CHEMICAL IMBALANCE IN THEIR BRAIN FUNCTIONS? MAYBE EVEN A VIRAL INFECTION, PASSED FROM SUBJECT TO SUBJECT?



HAVE THE MEDS FOUND ANY EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT THAT?



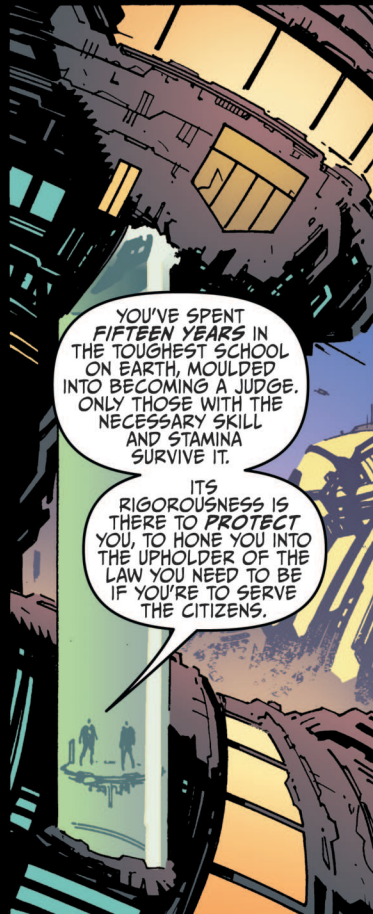
NO.



DREDD, YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN OF EXCEPTIONAL GENESTOCK—THE LITERAL EMBODIMENT OF OUR FOUNDER. YOU HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO RANK AMONGST OUR GREATEST. BUT YOU LACK EXPERIENCE.

YOU ATTAINED YOUR FULL EAGLE ONLY LAST YEAR. I FEEL PERHAPS YOU WEAR THE UNIFORM BUT ARE STILL BLINKERED BY YOUR TUTOR.

SIR?



YOU'VE SPENT FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE TOUGHEST SCHOOL ON EARTH, MOULDED INTO BECOMING A JUDGE. ONLY THOSE WITH THE NECESSARY SKILL AND STAMINA SURVIVE IT.

ITS RIGOROUSNESS IS THERE TO PROTECT YOU, TO HONE YOU INTO THE UPHOLDER OF THE LAW YOU NEED TO BE IF YOU'RE TO SERVE THE CITIZENS.



BUT IT'S ONLY ONCE YOU STEP ONTO THE SLAB THAT IT'S PUT INTO PRACTICE.

AND THERE'S A WORLD OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY WALLS FAR LARGER THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY ANTICIPATE.



WITH
RESPECT, SIR,
I'VE DONE MY
STREET TIME.
I'M NO
ROOKIE.

I'M NOT JUST
TALKING ABOUT THE CITY,
THOUGH THAT'LL CONTINUE
TO THROW UP ITS FAIR SHARE
OF SURPRISES. I MEAN THERE
ARE SPHERES *BEYOND* IT, OF
WHICH WE HAVE LIMITED
KNOWLEDGE...



...BUT
BELIEVE ME, AT
SOME POINT, THEY
WILL CAUSE US
TROUBLE.



WHAT'S
THIS?

TEK 15, A
MONITORING STATION.
ITS EXISTENCE, NEEDLESS
TO SAY, IS STRICTLY
CLASSIFIED.

HOW LONG
HAS IT BEEN
OPERATING?

SINCE BOOTH
WAS DEPOSED. IT
GREW OUT OF RADAR
TECHNOLOGY
DEVELOPED DURING THE
WAR—FROM WATCHING
THE SKIES TO SCANNING
THE AIRWAYS.




WHAT ARE THEY
MONITORING?


THOSE
SPHERES I
MENTIONED.



THE
WORLDS
OUTSIDE OUR
OWN.



"TEK-DIV HAS BEEN AWARE OF **PARALLEL REALITIES** FOR DECADES, OF COURSE. IT'S ONLY NOW THAT WE HAVE THE MEANS TO INVESTIGATE THEM FURTHER.



"ADMITTEDLY, IT'S A CRAP SHOOT. THERE ARE SO MANY, OPERATING AT DIFFERENT... **FREQUENCIES**, IF YOU WILL, THAT THE LAB BOYS TELL ME IT'S LIKE TRYING TO ZERO IN ON A SINGLE TRI-D CHANNEL AMONGST MILLIONS.



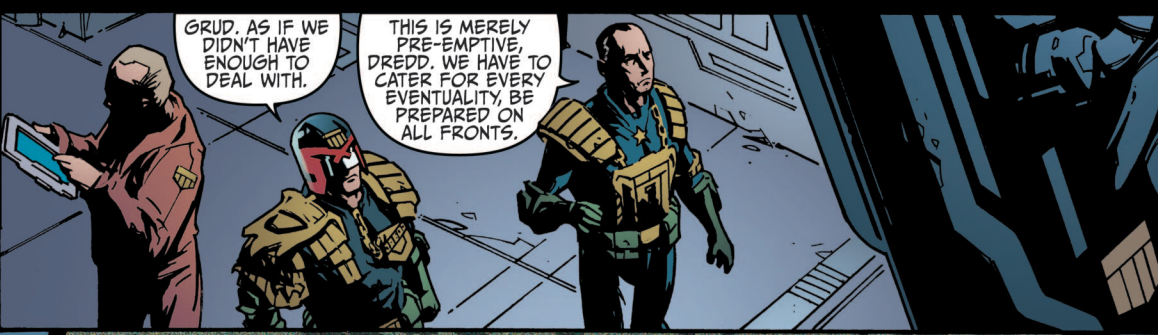
"BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD TO IGNORE THEM. BEST WE HAVE SOME IDEA OF WHAT'S OUT THERE BEFORE IT COMES LOOKING FOR US."



IS THAT LIKELY?

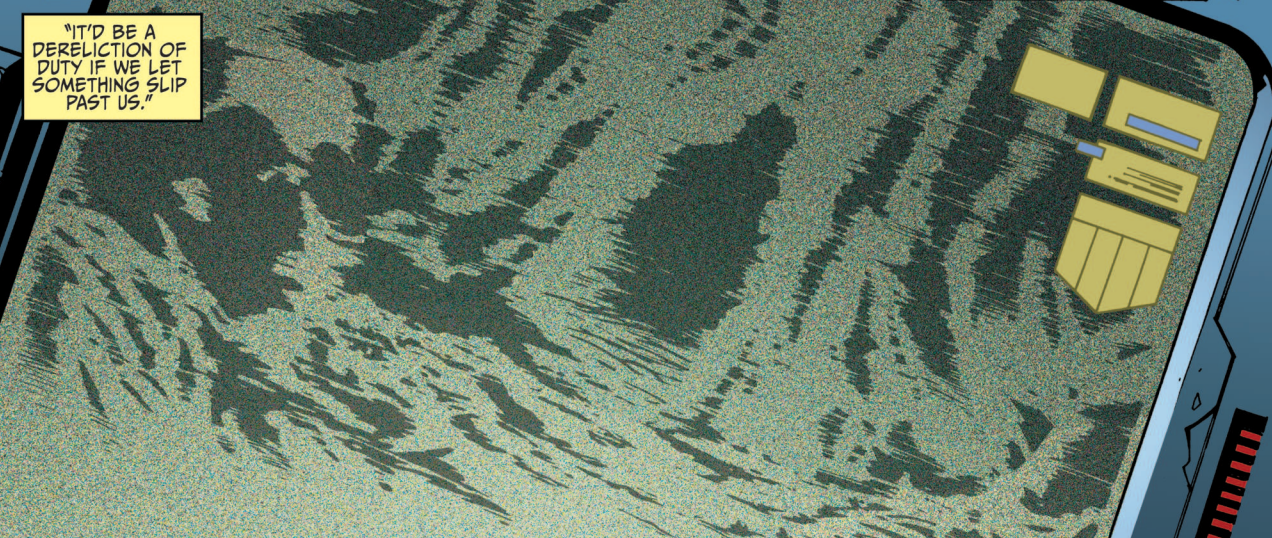
IT'S A POSSIBILITY. THE PROBLEM WITH RUNNING SWEEPS LIKE THIS—EITHER ACROSS THE RADIOWAVES OR TELEPATHICALLY—IS THAT IT INCREASES THE LIKLIHOOD OF **ATTRACTING ATTENTION**.

IT ALL STEMS FROM THE WAR. THE MEGATONNES OF ENERGY RELEASED... IT'S LIKE A **BEACON** FOR CERTAIN ELEMENTS, SHINES A SPOTLIGHT ON US WHEN WE WOULD'VE GONE OTHERWISE UNNOTICED.



GRUD. AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH.

THIS IS MERELY PRE-EMPTIVE, DREDD. WE HAVE TO CATER FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY, BE PREPARED ON ALL FRONTS.



"IT'D BE A DERELICTION OF DUTY IF WE LET SOMETHING SLIP PAST US."



"A GOOD JUDGE ALWAYS HAS AN EYE ON WHERE THE NEXT ATTACK IS COMING FROM." HE REMEMBERED SOLOMON'S TEXT FROM HIS CADET DAYS.

CLEARLY, THE FORMER CHIEF JUDGE HAD HIS OWN TEACHINGS AT THE FOREFRONT OF HIS MIND WHEN HE ORDERED THE ESTABLISHMENT OF PSI-DIV. THE PROTECTION OF THE CITY WAS PARAMOUNT, AND DISASTER COULD COME FROM ANY DIRECTION.


GOODMAN HAD BEEN RIGHT. THERE WAS MORE TO BEING A JUDGE THAN WHAT THEY REPRESENTED ON THE STREET. SWIFT, MERCILESS JUSTICE... IT WAS WIDER THAN THAT.




GUARDIANS. RISK ASSESSORS. STRATEGISTS. THE MEG HAD TO PREVAIL, BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY — IT WAS DOWN TO THEM TO MAKE THE JUDGEMENT CALLS THAT ENSURED ORDER WAS MAINTAINED.



IT WAS FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.



THE CITIZENS DIDN'T SEE IT LIKE THAT, OF COURSE. THEY WERE ONLY AWARE OF CURTAILED LIBERTIES, QUASHED RIGHTS. YOU WERE NEVER SHORT OF YOUR WHINERS AND MILITANTS.



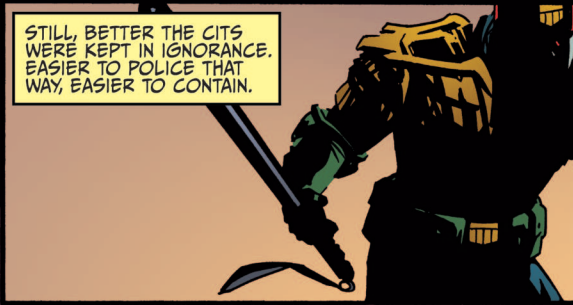
THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO REALISE THAT STABILITY CAME AT A PRICE.



FREEDOM DIDN'T APPLY ANYMORE. THAT NOTION BELONGED TO A WORLD PRE-BOOTH, PRE-NUCLEAR DEVASTATION, WHEN THEY WEREN'T LIVING IN THE ASHES OF MANKIND'S FOLLY.



IT HAD BEEN A LONG HARD ROAD, THIS PAST DECADE, AND THEY HADN'T TRAVELLED IT LIGHTLY.




STILL, BETTER THE CITS WERE KEPT IN IGNORANCE. EASIER TO POLICE THAT WAY, EASIER TO CONTAIN.



ON YOUR FEET, CREEP.

D-DROKK YOU, PIG! DROKKIN' FASCIST—



KEEP TALKING, MEATHEAD, AND EACH WORD WILL EARN YOU AN EXTRA YEAR.

I'M NOT HEARING ANYTHING NEW, BELIEVE ME. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU PUNKS ALWAYS THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING—

—SPECIAL?





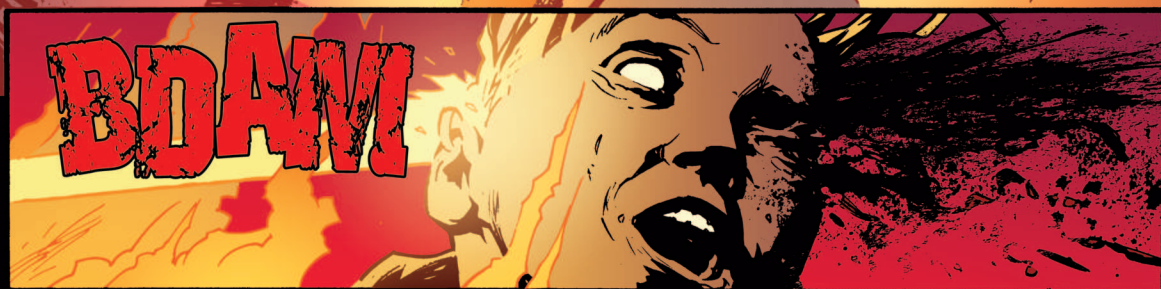
DROKK!

AW, MAN!
THIS IS
INTENSE—!

—LOOK
AT ME!



LOOK
AT ME!



BOOM!



SECURE THE OTHERS
BEFORE THE REST
OF THEM START
MANIFESTING!

WE'VE GOT
ANOTHER
PSI-SPIKE!



CONTROL, WE NEED
RIOT FOAM STAT,
CAROL CLEVELAND
PLAZA!

MASS GANG
CONFRONTATION
INVOLVING MULTIPLE
PYRO INCIDENTS—WE
HAVE CASUALTIES,
TWO HELMETS
DOWN!

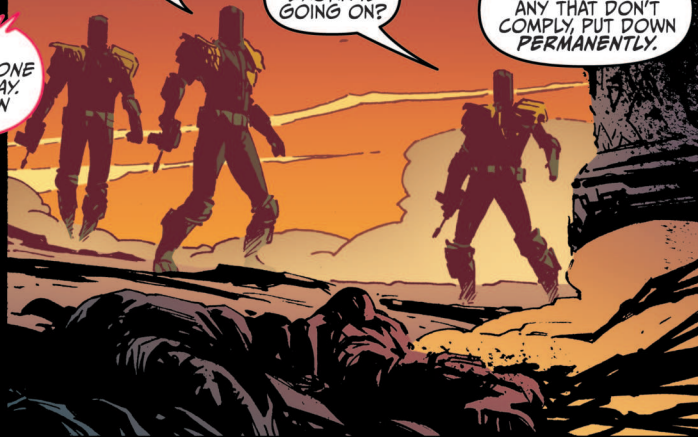
WILCO.
NEAREST
H-WAGON IS ONE
SECTOR AWAY.
WITH YOU IN
TWO.

CALLED IN
SUPPORT BUT WE
NEED TO STAMP DOWN
ON THIS BEFORE IT
SPREADS.

CREEPS ARE PICKING UP PSI-ACTIVITY
FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE,
IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHAT
THEY'LL BE CAPABLE OF.

WHAT THE
DROKK IS
GOING ON?

THEY GET
ONE WARNING—
ANY THAT DON'T
COMPLY, PUT DOWN
PERMANENTLY.

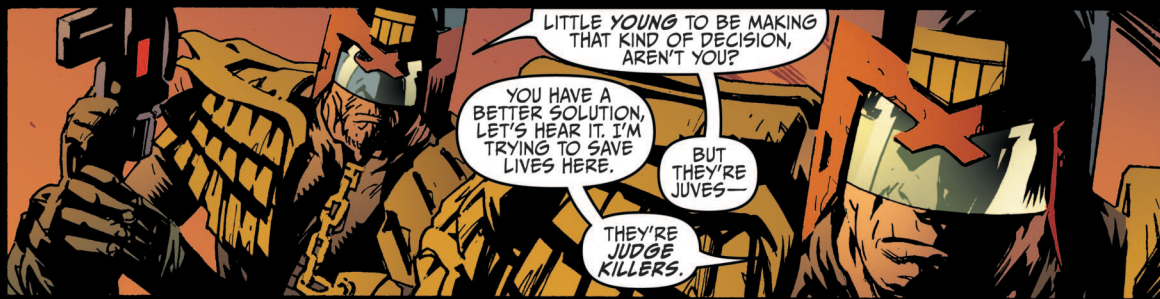


LITTLE YOUNG TO BE MAKING
THAT KIND OF DECISION,
AREN'T YOU?

YOU HAVE A
BETTER SOLUTION,
LET'S HEAR IT. I'M
TRYING TO SAVE
LIVES HERE.

BUT THEY'RE
JUVES—

THEY'RE
JUDGE
KILLERS.



YOU
MEATHEADS ARE
UNDER ARREST!
SUBMIT QUIETLY OR
WE WILL BE FORCED
TO SHOOT!



HERE WE
ARE, PIG.
COME AND
GET US.

W-WAIT,
MUNK, THEY'RE
SERIOUS—



SO
AM I.







DREDD!

I'M OK.
UNIFORM
TOOK THE
BRUNT
OF IT.

DUCK AND
COVER, GROUND
UNITS—RIOT
FOAM BEING
DEPLOYED!

FINALLY.



A USEFUL TOOL IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S CROWD-CONTROL ARSENAL, THE RIOT FOAM HARDENS WITHIN SECONDS, TRAPPING THOSE WITHIN AND RENDERING THEM IMMOBILE—



—FOR BACK-UP OFFICERS
TO REMOVE AND PROCESS.

ALWAYS
IN THE THICK
OF IT, EH,
DREDD?

STOW THE
WISECRACKS AND
GET ME OUT
OF HERE.



RIORDEN—DREDD.
JUST HAD ANOTHER
PSI-OUTBREAK. YOU
CATCH IT?

BIGGEST
MEASUREMENT YET.
IN FACT, IT SUSTAINED
ITSELF LONG ENOUGH
FOR ME TO DISCERN
AN EPICENTRE, THE
PROBABLE BRIDGEPOINT
WHERE THE SOURCE
IS BREAKING
THROUGH.



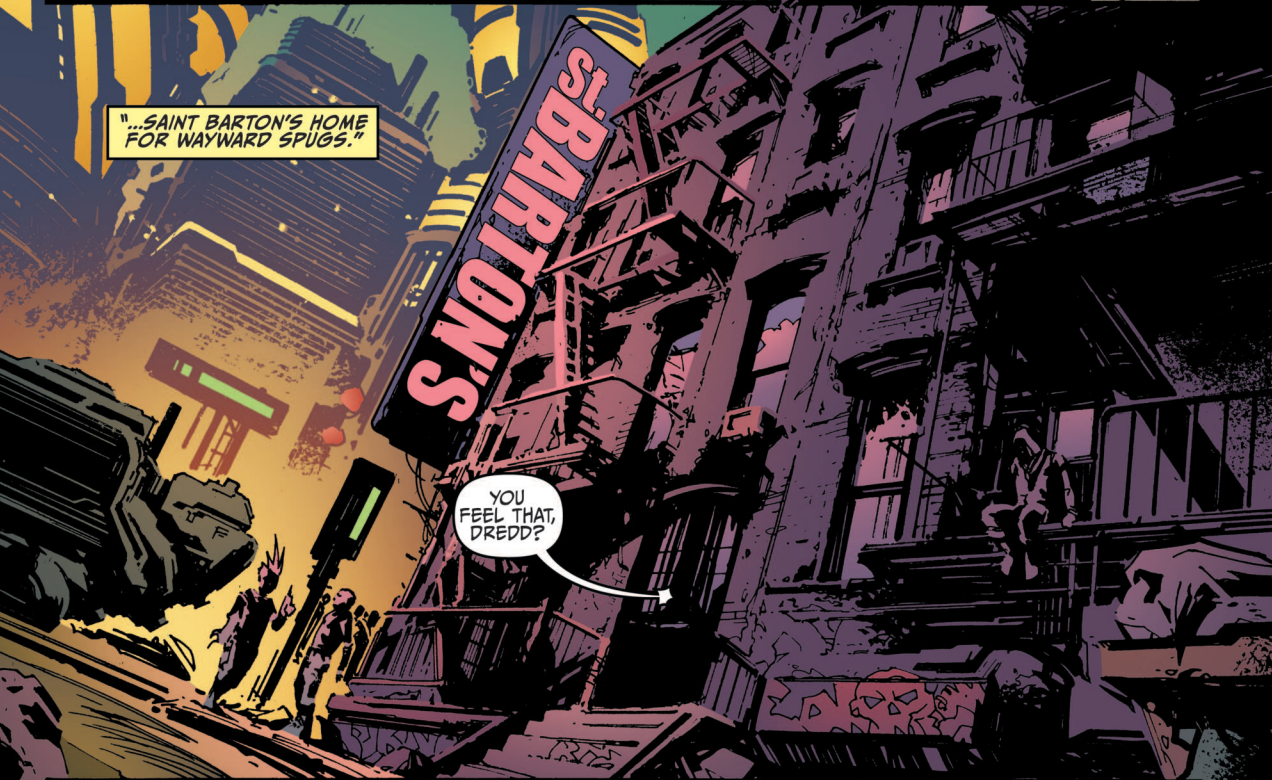
IT WAS A
STROKE OF
GOOD FORTUNE
THAT THE SPIKE
WAS POWERFUL
ENOUGH FOR ME
TO TRACE ITS
ORIGIN.

YEAH,
WE'RE ALL
FEELING REAL
FORTUNATE AT
THIS END,
TOO.

SO WHERE'S
THIS EPICENTRE?
I'LL MEET YOU
THERE.

NOT
UNSURPRISINGLY,
A FACILITY WITH
THE HIGHEST
CONCENTRATION
OF JUVES IN THE
SECTOR...

"...SAINT BARTON'S HOME
FOR WAYWARD SPUGS."

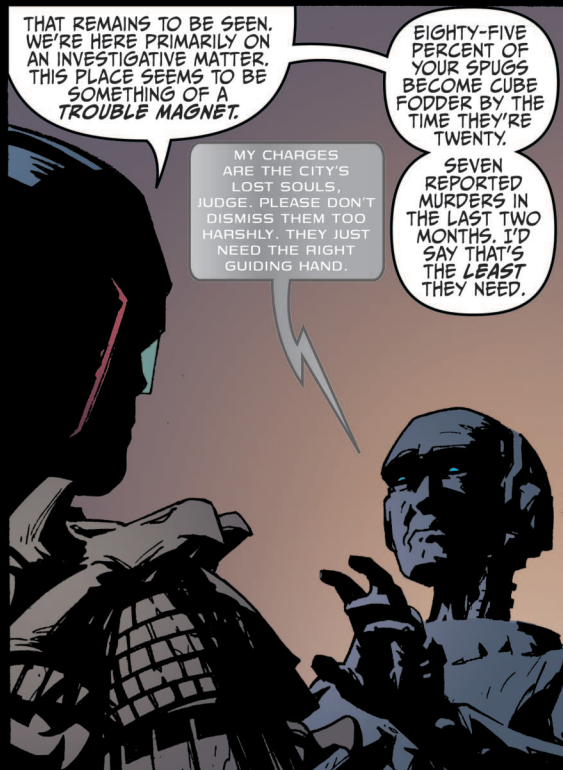


YOU
FEEL THAT,
DREDD?



I CAN
SENSE A
PRESENCE
HERE...

I'M
GETTING
VIBES OF ONE
KIND OR
ANOTHER,
SURE.

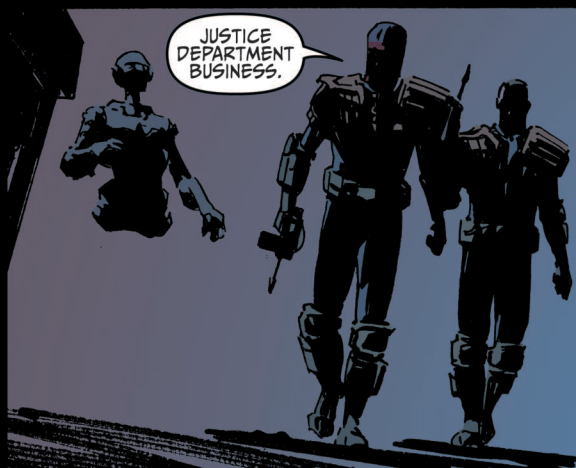




DREDD—

—I'M
SENSING A
BUILD-UP OF
PSYCHIC ACTIVITY.
WE NEED TO FIND
THE HEART OF
IT, QUICKLY.

W-WHAT
IS THIS
ABOUT?



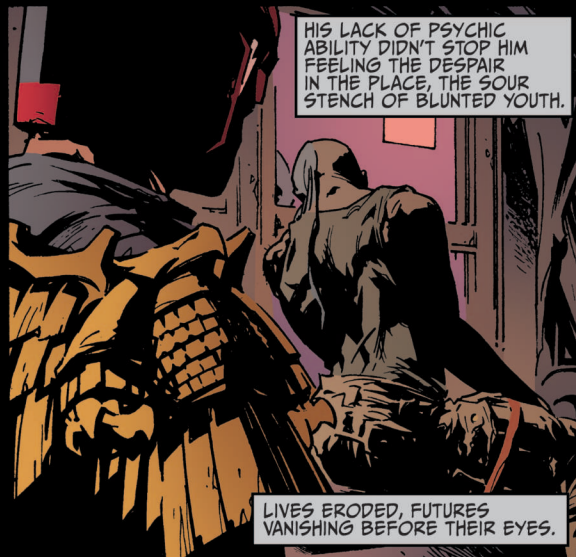
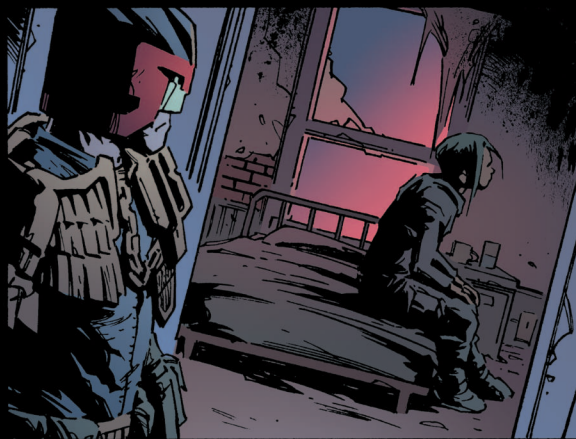
JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT
BUSINESS.



WE'D COVER
MORE GROUND IF
WE SPLIT UP. STAY IN
RADIO CONTACT.

YOU'LL
KNOW IT IF
YOU SEE
IT.

WHAT AM
I LOOKING
FOR?



HIS LACK OF PSYCHIC
ABILITY DIDN'T STOP HIM
FEELING THE DESPAIR
IN THE PLACE, THE SOUR
STENCH OF BLUNTED YOUTH.

LIVES ERODED, FUTURES
VANISHING BEFORE THEIR EYES.





SAME AGE, SIMILAR BUILD... YET HE AND THE JUVIE COULDN'T BE MORE DIFFERENT, INHABITING SEPARATE WORLDS. HIS JUDGE TRAINING HAD TAKEN HIM DOWN ANOTHER ROAD, LEAVING FAR BEHIND SUCH PEER RECOGNITION.

IT REMINDED HIM OF HIS FRACTIOUS RELATIONSHIP WITH *RICO*—IDENTICAL DNA, BROTHERS BONDED THROUGH THEIR PRECIOUS BLOODLINE, BUT THEY WERE SET ON INCREASINGLY DIVERGENT PATHS...

DREDD?
I'VE GOT
SOMETHING.

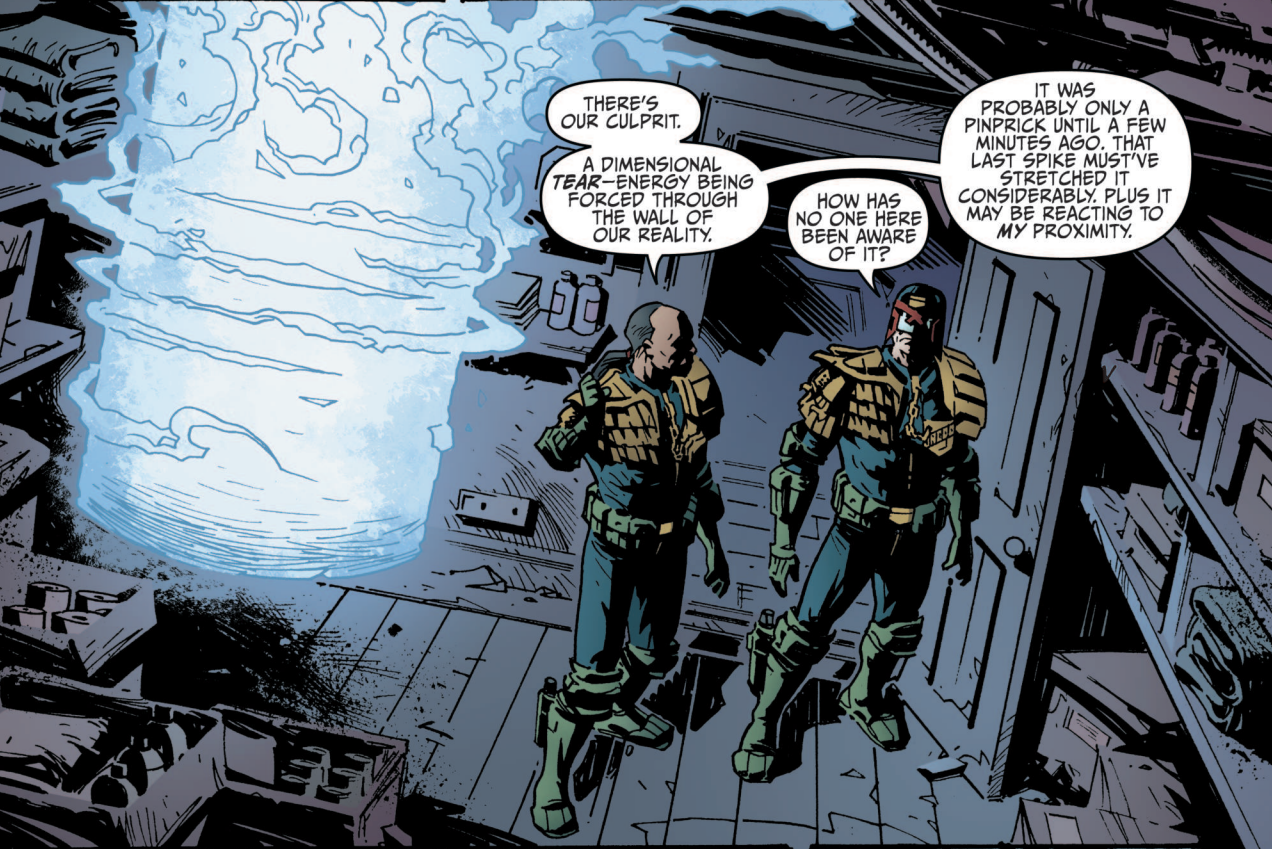
FIRST
FLOOR—NOW!





RIORDEN?

ROOM AT
THE FAR
END. YOU'LL
SEE THE
LIGHT.



THERE'S
OUR CULPRIT.

A DIMENSIONAL
TEAR—ENERGY BEING
FORCED THROUGH
THE WALL OF
OUR REALITY.

HOW HAS
NO ONE HERE
BEEN AWARE
OF IT?

IT WAS
PROBABLY ONLY A
PINPRICK UNTIL A FEW
MINUTES AGO. THAT
LAST SPIKE MUST'VE
STRETCHED IT
CONSIDERABLY. PLUS IT
MAY BE REACTING TO
MY PROXIMITY.



YOU?

IT'S FEEDING
OFF THE PSYCHIC
ENERGY OF THE JUVES
THAT ARE PICKING UP ITS
BROADCAST, ENABLING
IT TO GROW. IT'S A
TWO-WAY PROCESS,
GIVING AND
TAKING.

I CAN FEEL
IT PLUCKING AT MY
MIND, CONSCIOUS
OF MY POWER. IS
IT NOT TRYING TO
GET INTO YOUR
HEAD?



I GOT
NOTHING, 'CEPT AN
AGGRAVATING SENSE
OF REDUNDANCY.
WHAT DO WE DO?
HOW DO WE
CLOSE IT?



THAT'S THE PROBLEM. SOMETHING'S PUSHING THROUGH, DRAWING ENERGY TO CROSS OVER. WE NEED TO DISABLE THAT BEFORE WE CAN SEAL—



DROKK—!

WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?

MASSIVE ENERGY RELEASE!
THE TEAR JUST RIPPED EVEN WIDER!



SOMETHING
WANTS IN,
RIGHT?

RIGHT. BUT
THE POWER...
I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING OF THIS
MAGNITUDE. WE
DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE'RE DEALING
WITH...



THE CITY HAD TO
BE PROTECTED
AT ALL COSTS...



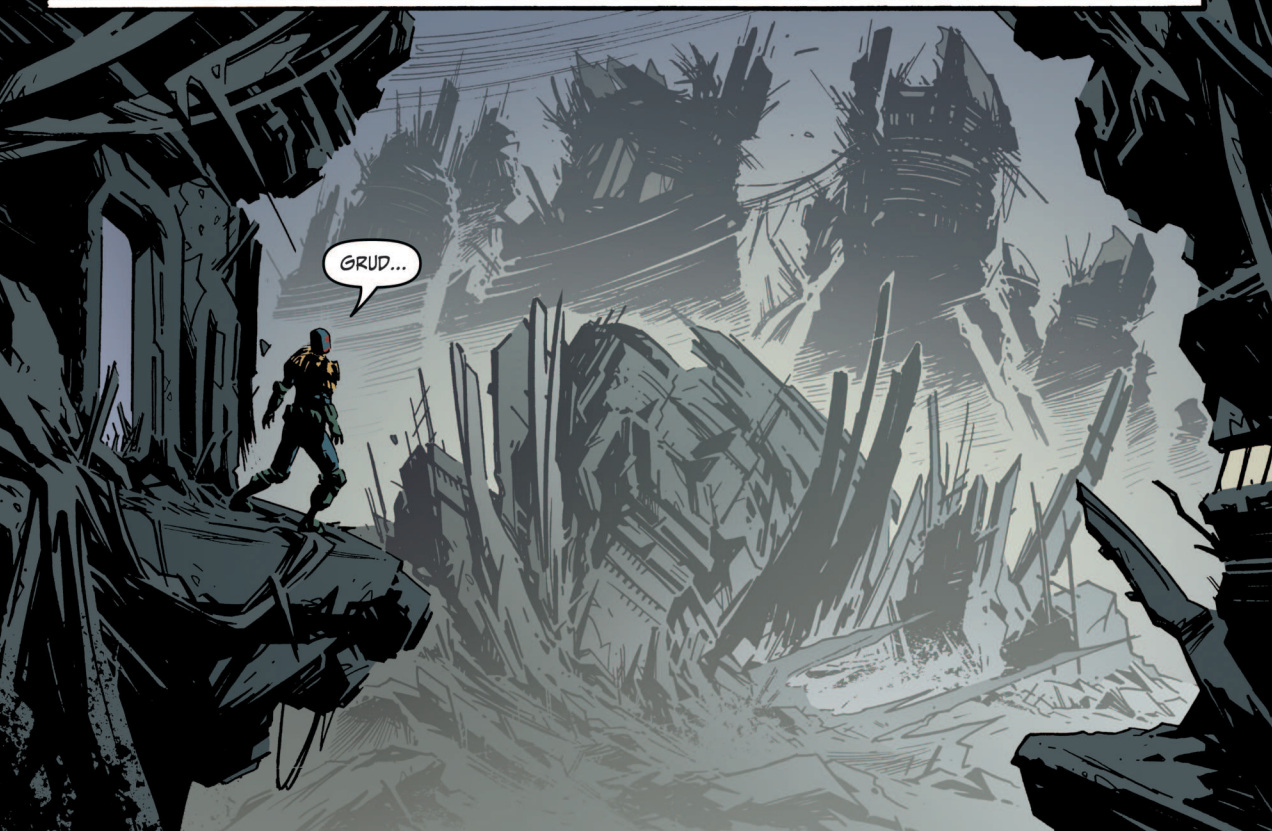
LET'S FIND
OUT.

RIORDEN, STAY
HERE. WORK ON
CLOSING THE
FISSURE.

DREDD,
WAIT—



...FOR THREATS COULD
COME FROM ANY DIRECTION.



GRUD...



DREDD?

ARE YOU THERE?

CHAPTER 3

DREDD,
ANSWER
ME—



I'M
HERE.

WHERE ARE
YOU COMING
TO ME FROM,
RIORDEN?



I'M STILL AT
SAINT BARTON'S. I
THREW A... I SUPPOSE
YOU'D CALL IT A
PSYCHIC LIFELINE
AFTER YOU WENT
THROUGH. MADE SURE
WE STAYED IN
CONTACT.

AS LONG AS I
CAN TRACE YOUR
PSIGNATURE, WE
CAN COMMUNICATE.

WHAT...
WHAT ARE
YOU SEEING,
DREDD?

WHAT AM I
SEEING?



IT'S
HOME.

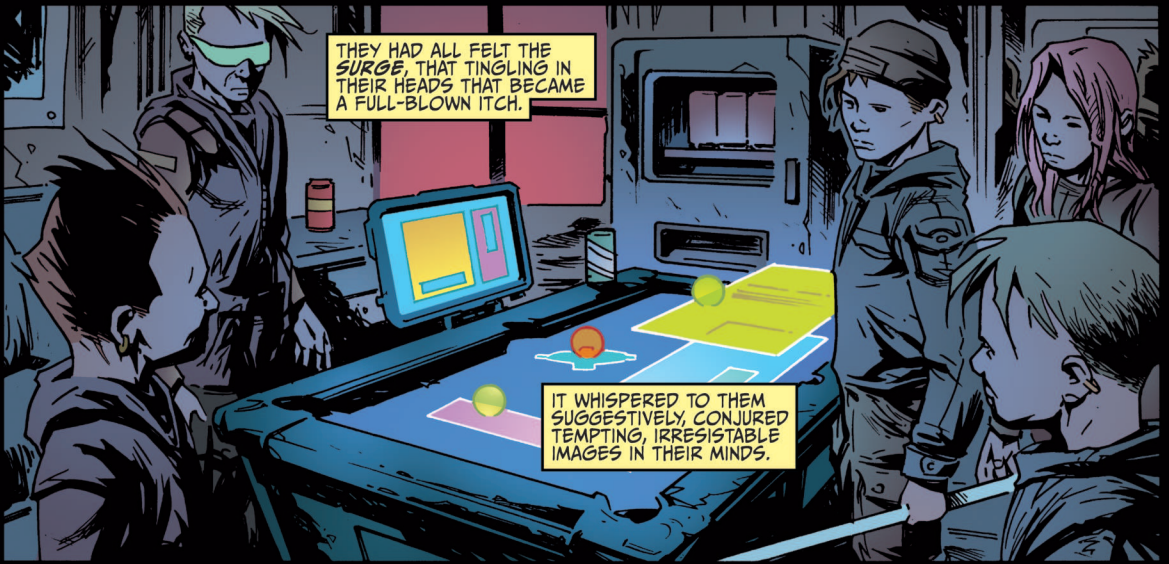
IT'S OUR
CITY.



BUT IT'S
HAD BETTER
DAYS.

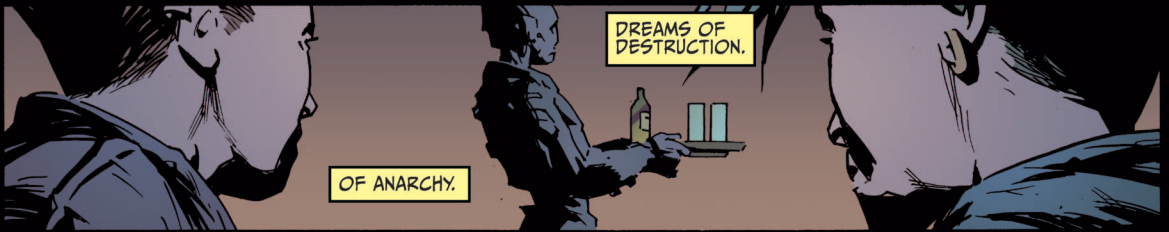






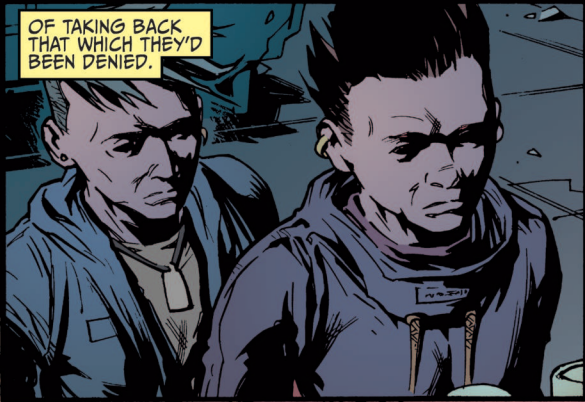
THEY HAD ALL FELT THE SURGE, THAT TINGLING IN THEIR HEADS THAT BECAME A FULL-BLOWN ITCH.

IT WHISPERED TO THEM SUGGESTIVELY, CONJURED TEMPTING, IRRESISTIBLE IMAGES IN THEIR MINDS.



DREAMS OF DESTRUCTION.

OF ANARCHY.



OF TAKING BACK THAT WHICH THEY'D BEEN DENIED.



CHAPMAN? BARTLEY?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



CRASH

...AND SMASHING THE SYSTEM IN THE PROCESS.



DREDD, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING HERE. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BREAK CONTACT AND CALL IN BACK-UP.

I'LL BE IN TOUCH AGAIN AS SOON AS I CAN.



CONTROL, IT'S RIORDEN AT SAINT BARTON'S IN SECTOR 6. WE'VE GOT WIDESPREAD UNREST AMONGST THE JUVES. NEED SEVERAL UNITS AND CATCH-WAGONS HERE RIGHT NOW.

THAT'S A R.O.J. ASSISTANCE IS ON ITS WAY.

CALL IN PSI-DIV TOO—AS MANY AS CAN BE SPARED.



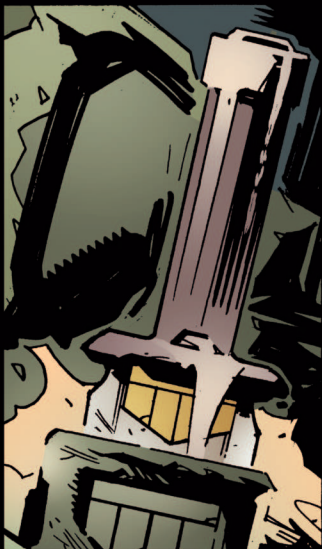
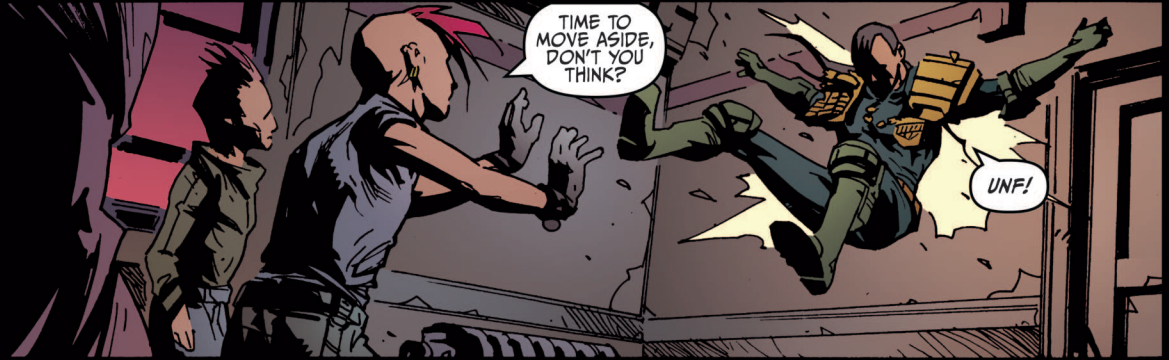
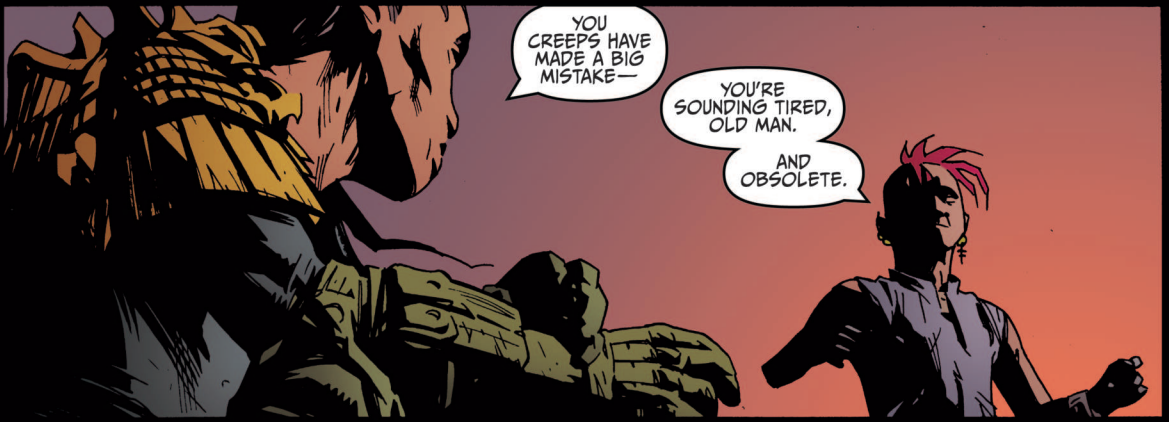
YOU SPUGS STEP AWAY FROM THE FIRE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



TAKE A HIKE, DROKKWAD.



UHHN!





IT SPREADS.

THE ANGER AND DISAFFECTION UNTAPPED, RESENTMENT SEETHING BELOW THIS OPPORTUNITY TO GRAB WHAT THEY CAN, TO MAKE USE OF THIS CHANCE NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN OFFERED IT.



THEY'VE BECOME REFUSE TO BE SWEEPED UP AND PROCESSED, THROWN AWAY, FORGOTTEN.

MANY ARE ORPHANS, OR HOMELESS, OR WARDS OF THE CITY—FAMILIES DEAD, OR ABANDONED BY THEIR PARENTS.

WELL, THEY WOULD STAMP THEIR MARK NOW, RISE UP AND BE NOTICED.



THE SIREN-SONG IN THEIR HEADS HAD SHOWN THEM WHAT COULD BE ACHIEVED, THE POTENTIAL AT THEIR FINGERTIPS...

...AND NOTHING WOULD STOP THEM.

THE SILENCE PASSES DOWN ON HIM, OPPRESSIVE. HE'S NEVER EXPERIENCED QUITE SUCH ISOLATION BEFORE, EVEN IN TRAINING RUNS IN THE CURSED EARTH. THE INTIMIDATING EXPANSE THERE HAD NOTHING ON THIS BROKEN MIRROR IMAGE OF HIS CITY.

HE WONDERES, NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, WHERE THE HELL HE'S ENDED UP.

THE CEASELESS CLAMOUR, THE COLOUR, THE CROWDS OF MEGA-CITY ONE ARE ALL DISCONCERTINGLY ABSENT. IT'S A VERSION DEVOID OF LIFE.

POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS RUN THROUGH HIS MIND. PLAGUE? MASS EVACUATION? IT OCCURS TO HIM THAT HE KNOWS NOTHING OF THE TIMELINE—THIS COULD BE THOUSANDS OF YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, AND THE METROPOLIS LONG SINCE DESERTED.

A BUBBLE OF ANXIETY IS STAMPED DOWN HARD. PROCEDURE REASSERTS ITSELF, PUSHES ASIDE CHILDISH CONCERNS. HE HAS A DUTY TO UPHOLD AS A JUDGE, NO MATTER HOW UNUSUAL THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

EVIDENCE GATHERING SHOULD BE HIS FIRST PORT OF CALL.

DESPITE THE MART HAVING BEEN PLUNDERED, HE FINDS A COPY OF THE **ADVERTIZER** AMIDST THE DETRITUS DATED MARCH 10, 2079.

EXACTLY A YEAR PRIOR TO THE DAY THAT THE MANIFESTATIONS WERE FIRST REPORTED.

WHAT'S MORE TROUBLING, THOUGH, IS THE HEADLINE—

Mc'Advertiser
LATE EDITION
YOUTH IN REVOLT!
LAW BREAKS DOWN AS ANARCHY SPREADS.

READING BETWEEN THE LINES OF THE JOURNALIST'S TERRIFIED INVESTIVE, IT HAD BEEN DISORDER ON A MASSIVE SCALE—JUSTICE DEPARTMENT OVERWHELMED BY AN ENEMY THAT, BY ALL ACCOUNTS, WAS FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN HAD BEEN ANTICIPATED.



AND IT WAS AN ENEMY WITHIN.



DREDD HAD BEEN RIGHT—THERE'D BEEN NO WAR WITH A FOREIGN STATE, NOR A VIRAL OUTBREAK. THIS HAD BEEN A SOCIETY TEARING ITSELF APART, AN OUTRIGHT TAKEOVER THAT THE JUDGES HAD FAILED TO STOP.

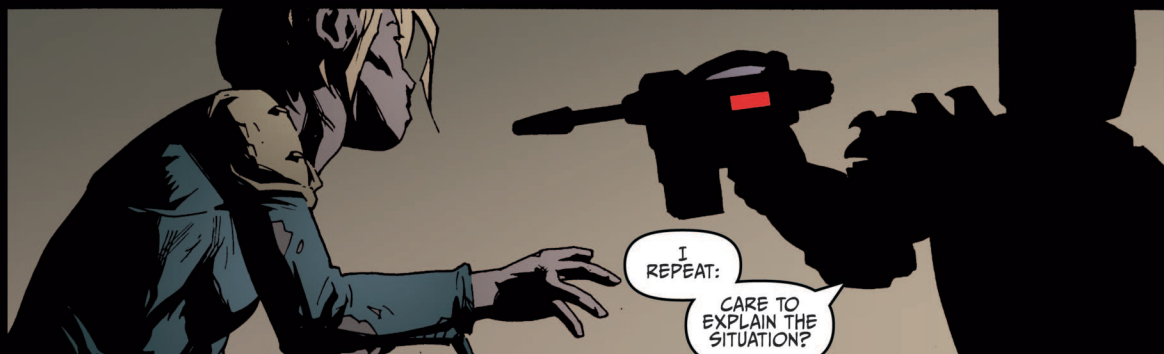


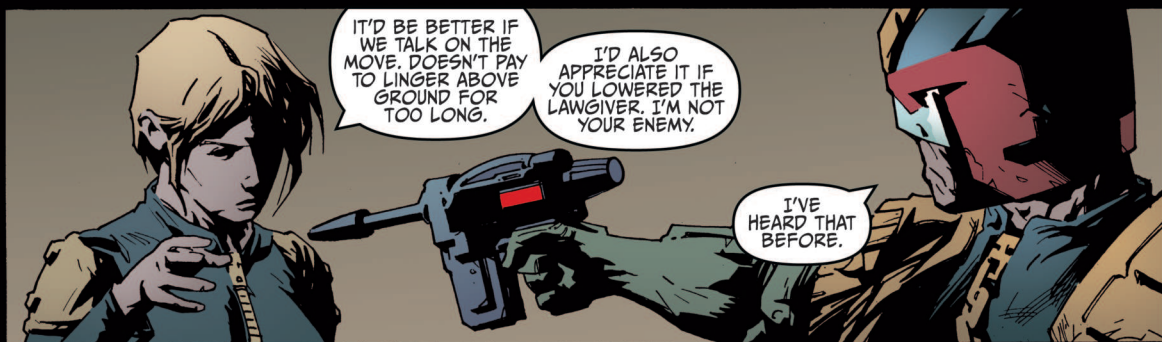
LOOTING. RAMPANT VANDALISM. FLAGRANT LAWLESSNESS. HE FELT HIS FURY BUILD AS HE PICTURED THE CHAOS THE CITY HAD DESCENDED INTO...



...AND THE REALISATION THAT HIS MEGA-CITY ONE WAS NEXT IN LINE.



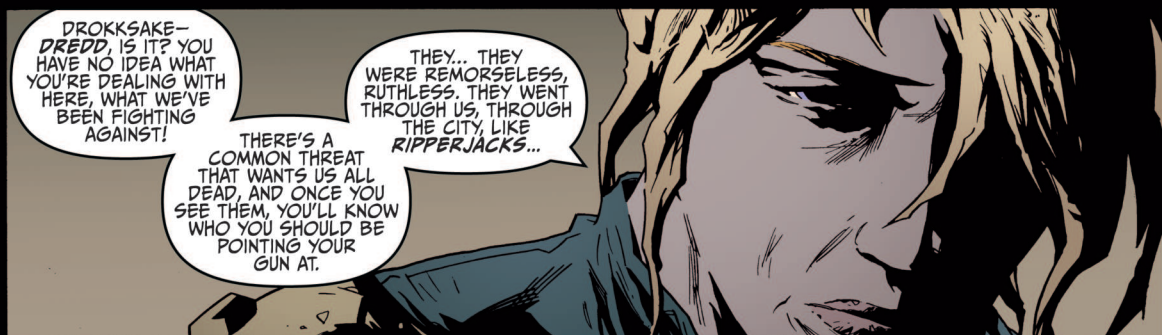




IT'D BE BETTER IF WE TALK ON THE MOVE. DOESN'T PAY TO LINGER ABOVE GROUND FOR TOO LONG.

I'D ALSO APPRECIATE IT IF YOU LOWERED THE LAWGIVER. I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY.

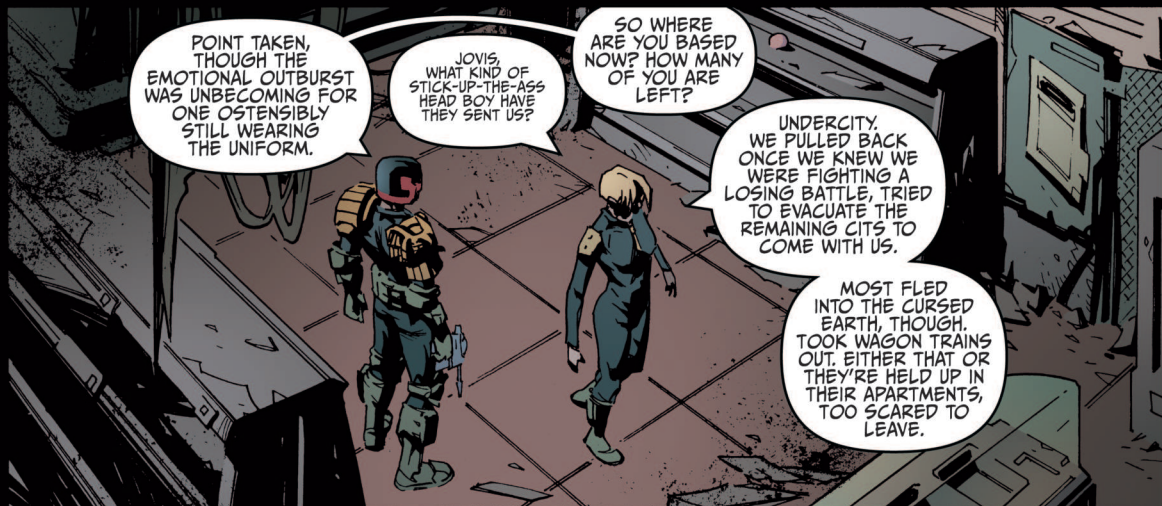
I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE.



DROKKSACE-DREDD, IS IT? YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH HERE, WHAT WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING AGAINST!

THERE'S A COMMON THREAT THAT WANTS US ALL DEAD, AND ONCE YOU SEE THEM, YOU'LL KNOW WHO YOU SHOULD BE POINTING YOUR GUN AT.

THEY... THEY WERE REMORSELESS, RUTHLESS. THEY WENT THROUGH US, THROUGH THE CITY, LIKE *RIPPERJACKS*...



POINT TAKEN, THOUGH THE EMOTIONAL OUTBURST WAS UNBECOMING FOR ONE OSTENSIBLY STILL WEARING THE UNIFORM.

JOVIS, WHAT KIND OF STICK-UP-THE-ASS HEAD BOY HAVE THEY SENT US?

SO WHERE ARE YOU BASED NOW? HOW MANY OF YOU ARE LEFT?

UNDERCITY. WE PULLED BACK ONCE WE KNEW WE WERE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE, TRIED TO EVACUATE THE REMAINING CITS TO COME WITH US.

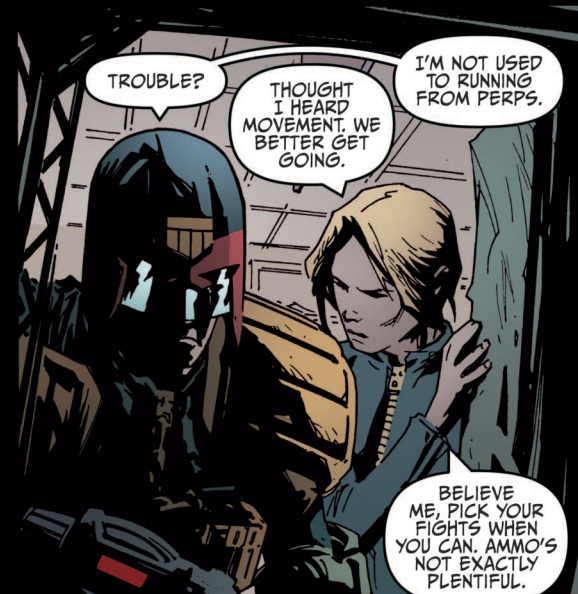
MOST FLED INTO THE CURSED EARTH, THOUGH. TOOK WAGON TRAINS OUT. EITHER THAT OR THEY'RE HELD UP IN THEIR APARTMENTS, TOO SCARED TO LEAVE.



HERE. ONE OF OUR ACCESS POINTS WE USE FOR SUPPLY RUNS.

UNDERCITY?

DESPERATE TIMES. WE FIGURED WE COULD CONSOLIDATE THERE, REGROUP. COURSE, THE TROGS ARE A PERSISTENT PROBLEM—

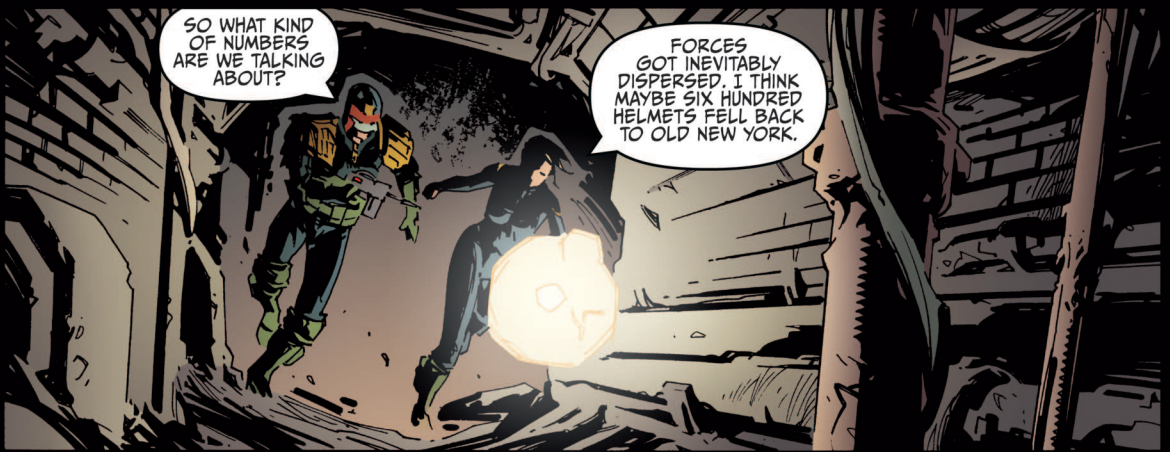


TROUBLE?

THOUGHT I HEARD MOVEMENT. WE BETTER GET GOING.

I'M NOT USED TO RUNNING FROM PERPS.

BELIEVE ME, PICK YOUR FIGHTS WHEN YOU CAN. AMMO'S NOT EXACTLY PLENTIFUL.



SO WHAT KIND OF NUMBERS ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?

FORCES GOT INEVITABLY DISPERSED. I THINK MAYBE SIX HUNDRED HELMETS FELL BACK TO OLD NEW YORK.



SIX HUNDRED? ACROSS THE ENTIRE CITY? STOMM, WHAT KIND OF AUTHORITY'S LEFT?

WE LOST THE CHIEF JUDGE AND THE COUNCIL WHEN THE GRAND HALL GOT TORN IN TWO. DON'T ASK. THE CREEPS HAVE GOT PSYCHIC POWERS ON A MONUMENTAL SCALE.

THE ACADEMY... WENT WITH IT. DROKIN' SCUM DIDN'T DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN YOUNG AND OLD, NOT WHEN THEY WORE A BADGE.

REST IS A SCATTERING OF THE DEPARTMENT DIVISIONS.



HE HADN'T CONSIDERED IT BEFORE, BUT 2079... HE AND RICO WOULD'VE BEEN CLOSE TO GRADUATING, AND NOW IT SOUNDS AS IF NEITHER OF THEM HAD SURVIVED IN THIS RUINED PARALLEL.

IT FELT LIKE HE WAS WALKING OVER HIS OWN GRAVE.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, HOPPER? DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S MANIPULATING THE JUVES?



IT WASN'T UNTIL MONTHS AFTER THE FIRST OUTBREAKS THAT PSI-DIV COULD FOCUS ON THE CAUSE, AND EVEN THEN SECURING AN IDENTITY BURNED A LOT OF TELEPATHS OUT. BUT WE FINALLY DISCOVERED ITS NAME.

IT CALLS ITSELF THE FOUR MOTHERS.



—ADVISES AGAINST THE USE OF RIOT FOAM. POSSIBLE THREAT OF SPREADING CONFLAGRATION WITH TOO MANY HOSTILES ON THE GROUND DISPLAYING PYROMANIACAL ABILITIES—

JUDGES OUT!

—SONIC WEAPONRY PROVING INEFFECTIVE. REDIRECTING H-WAGONS WITH WATER CANNON. ETA THREE MINUTES—



—STREET UNITS HOLD THE LINE. ANTICIPATING ANOTHER ATTACK IMMINENTLY—

DROKK YOU, FASCISTS!

JUDGES! D'YOU REALISE THE FUTILITY OF THIS? YOU'RE JUST DELAYING THE INEVITABLE!

OURS IS A TIDE THAT CANNOT BE STEMMED! A FORCE THAT CANNOT BE REPELLED!

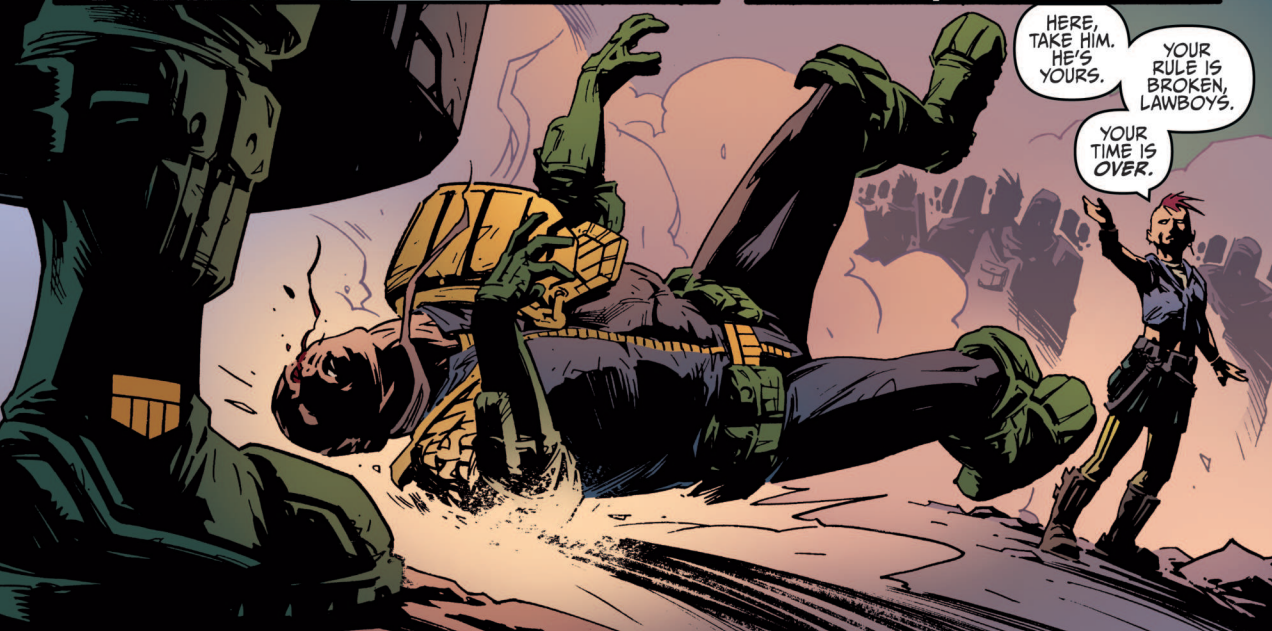


THE FUTURE IS BEARING DOWN ON YOU AND YOU CANNOT STAND IN ITS WAY.

I ADVISE YOU TO STEP ASIDE OR EMBRACE DESTRUCTION. THIS IS ONLY JUST THE BEGINNING, AND SOON THE CITY WILL BELONG TO US.



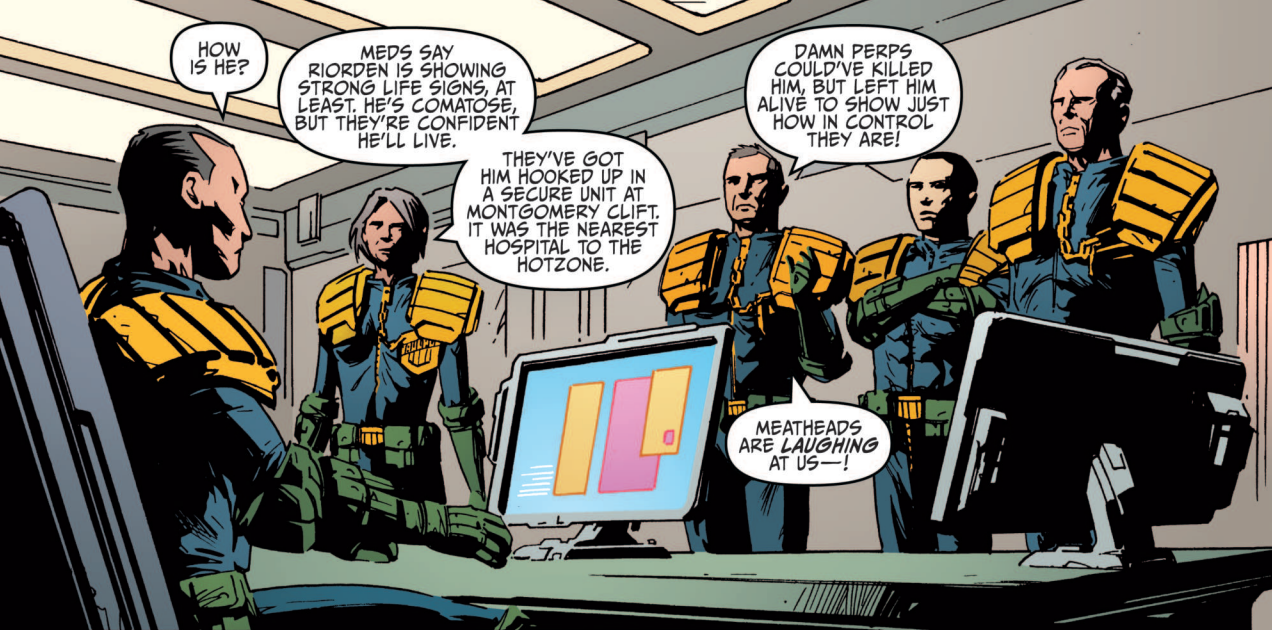
C'MON, GUYS, HOW BLIND ARE YOU GOING TO BE?



HERE, TAKE HIM. HE'S YOURS.

YOUR RULE IS BROKEN, LAWBOYS.

YOUR TIME IS OVER.



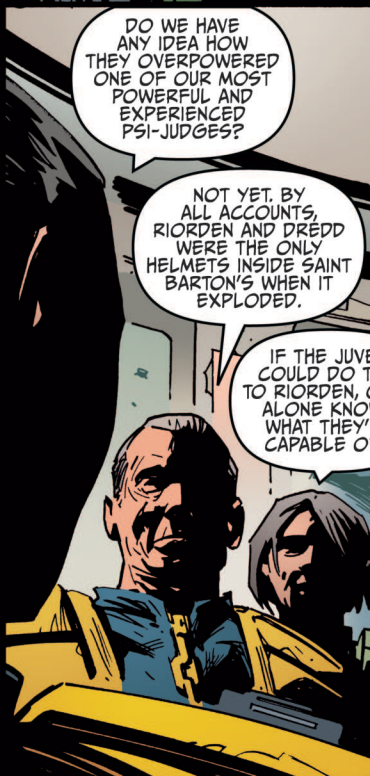
HOW IS HE?

MEDS SAY RIORDEN IS SHOWING STRONG LIFE SIGNS, AT LEAST. HE'S COMATOSE, BUT THEY'RE CONFIDENT HE'LL LIVE.

THEY'VE GOT HIM HOOKED UP IN A SECURE UNIT AT MONTGOMERY CLIFT. IT WAS THE NEAREST HOSPITAL TO THE HOTZONE.

DAMN PERPS COULD'VE KILLED HIM, BUT LEFT HIM ALIVE TO SHOW JUST HOW IN CONTROL THEY ARE!

MEATHEADS ARE LAUGHING AT US—!



DO WE HAVE ANY IDEA HOW THEY OVERPOWERED ONE OF OUR MOST POWERFUL AND EXPERIENCED PSI-JUDGES?

NOT YET. BY ALL ACCOUNTS, RIORDEN AND DREDD WERE THE ONLY HELMETS INSIDE SAINT BARTON'S WHEN IT EXPLODED.

IF THE JUVES COULD DO THIS TO RIORDEN, GRUD ALONE KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF..



WE'RE *SEEING* WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF! HALF A DOZEN OF MY MEN ARE DEAD! H-WAGONS CAN'T GET CLOSE—THEY'RE SENDING THE FLIGHT SYSTEMS HAYWIRE!

THESE JUVES ARE A SERIOUS RISK TO THE CITY IF IT SPREADS BEYOND THE SECTOR. WE NEED TO DISCUSS CONTAINMENT, POSSIBLY EXECUTIVE SANCTION—

ENOUGH, RUSSELL. NO SCORCHED EARTH, NOT YET. REMEMBER WE'RE ESSENTIALLY TALKING ABOUT CHILDREN HERE.

WHAT ABOUT DREDD? ANY NEWS FROM HIM?



NOTHING. LAST REPORT WAS FROM RIORDEN, REQUESTING ASSISTANCE. WE HAVE TO ASSUME DREDD'S EITHER DEAD OR TRAPPED INSIDE WITHOUT ACCESS TO A COM.



DAMN IT...

... WHAT'RE THE REALISTIC CHANCES OF SUCCESSFULLY STORMING SAINT BART'S? IT'S CLEARLY THE EPICENTRE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.



WORD ON THE GROUND, CHIEF JUDGE, IS THAT, AT THE MOMENT, IT'S NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE. THE JUVES ARE TOO CONCENTRATED, TOO STRONG. ANY ALL-OUT ASSAULT RISKS A MASSIVE LOSS OF LIFE ON BOTH SIDES—OURS, MAINLY.

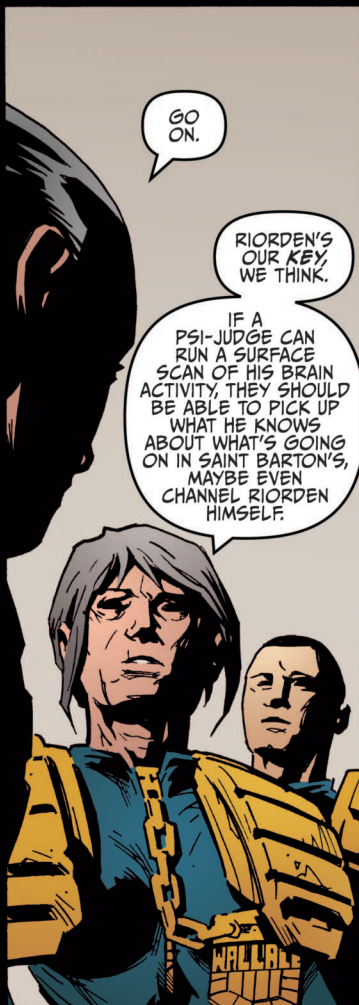
WE GET TOO HEAVY WITH THIS, WE RISK SYMPATHETIC FACTIONS FROM OUTSIDE THE SECTOR JOINING THE FIGHT. LIKE YOU SAY, THE CREEPS' AGES IS A SENSITIVE ISSUE.



SO WHAT ARE OUR OPTIONS? THEY'RE JUVENILES, YES, BUT I'M NOT PREPARED TO STAND BACK AND ALLOW FLAGRANT LAWLESSNESS.

PSI-DIV HAS BEEN TRYING TO PENETRATE THE KIDS' PSYCHIC ENERGIES, BUT IT'S LIKE A WALL OF WHITE NOISE, NOTHING THEY CAN FIX ON. HOWEVER...

...THERE'S THE POSSIBILITY WE CAN GO IN THROUGH RIORDEN'S UNCONSCIOUS STATE.



GO ON.

RIORDEN'S OUR KEY, WE THINK.

IF A PSI-JUDGE CAN RUN A SURFACE SCAN OF HIS BRAIN ACTIVITY, THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK UP WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN SAINT BARTON'S, MAYBE EVEN CHANNEL RIORDEN HIMSELF.



WOULD HE BE MENTALLY WELL ENOUGH? THE MAN'S BEEN THROUGH SEVERE TRAUMA—

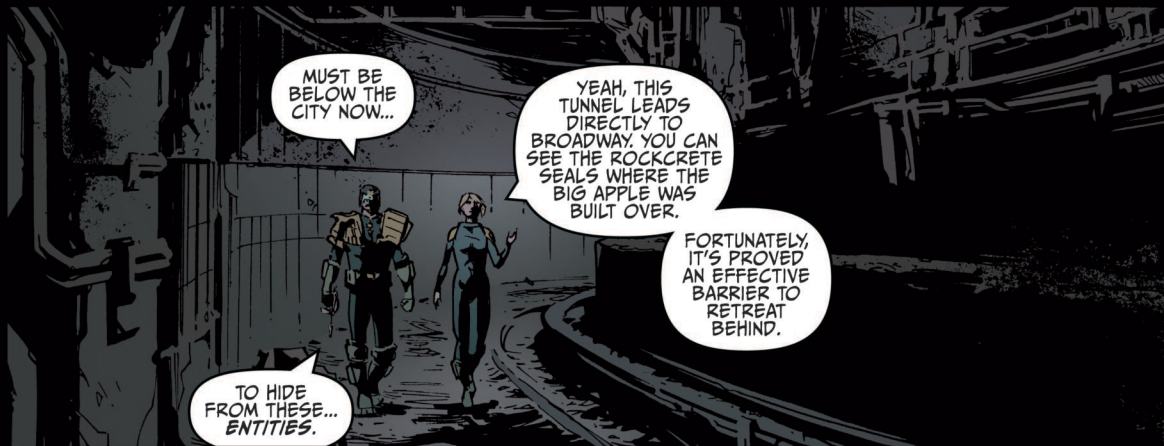
WE BELIEVE SO. AN OPERATIVE IS ALREADY AT HIS BEDSIDE, AND SHE'S REPORTING PICKING UP TRACE FRAGMENTS. IF SHE GOES DEEPER, WE COULD WELL GET A CLEARER SENSE OF WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH.

THERE MAY BE SOME RISK TO HIS HEALTH, I CAN'T DENY THAT, BUT AT THIS STAGE, THAT'S AN ACCEPTABLE CHANCE WE HAVE TO TAKE.



I AGREE. WE'RE EXHAUSTING ALL OTHER ALTERNATIVES.

DO IT.

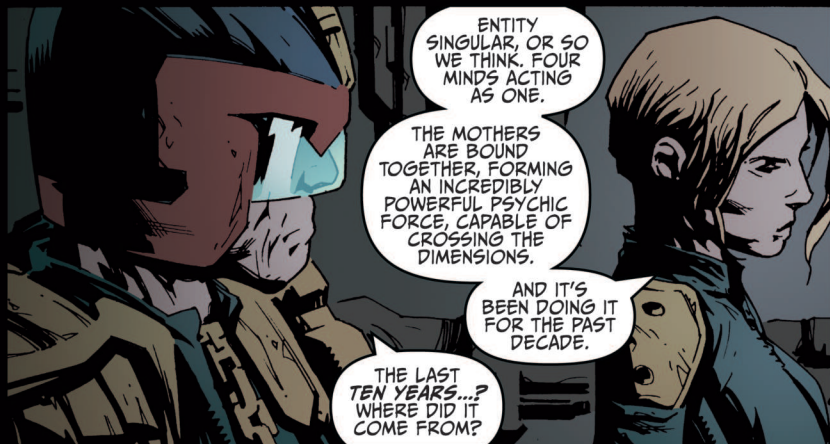


MUST BE
BELOW THE
CITY NOW...

YEAH, THIS
TUNNEL LEADS
DIRECTLY TO
BROADWAY. YOU CAN
SEE THE ROCKCRETE
SEALS WHERE THE
BIG APPLE WAS
BUILT OVER.

FORTUNATELY,
IT'S PROVED
AN EFFECTIVE
BARRIER TO
RETREAT
BEHIND.

TO HIDE
FROM THESE...
ENTITIES.



ENTITY
SINGULAR, OR SO
WE THINK. FOUR
MINDS ACTING
AS ONE.

THE MOTHERS
ARE BOUND
TOGETHER, FORMING
AN INCREDIBLY
POWERFUL PSYCHIC
FORCE, CAPABLE OF
CROSSING THE
DIMENSIONS.

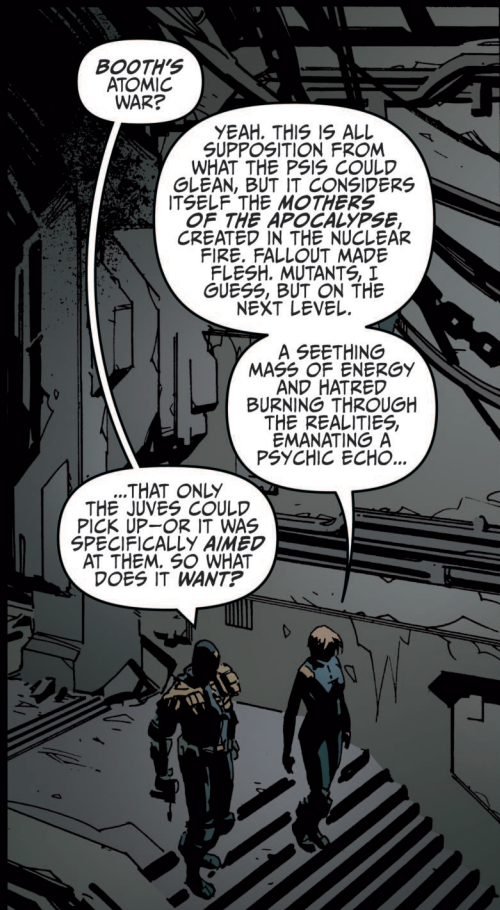
AND IT'S
BEEN DOING IT
FOR THE PAST
DECADE.

THE LAST
TEN YEARS...?
WHERE DID IT
COME FROM?



THE
WAR, OF
COURSE.

IT WAS
BORN FROM
THE WAR.



BOOTH'S
ATOMIC
WAR?

YEAH. THIS IS ALL
SUPPOSITION FROM
WHAT THE PSIS COULD
GLEAN, BUT IT CONSIDERS
ITSELF THE MOTHERS
OF THE APOCALYPSE,
CREATED IN THE NUCLEAR
FIRE. FALLOUT MADE
FLESH. MUTANTS, I
GUESS, BUT ON THE
NEXT LEVEL.

A SEETHING
MASS OF ENERGY
AND HATRED
BURNING THROUGH
THE REALITIES,
EMANATING A
PSYCHIC ECHO...

...THAT ONLY
THE JUVES COULD
PICK UP-OR IT WAS
SPECIFICALLY AIMED
AT THEM. SO WHAT
DOES IT WANT?



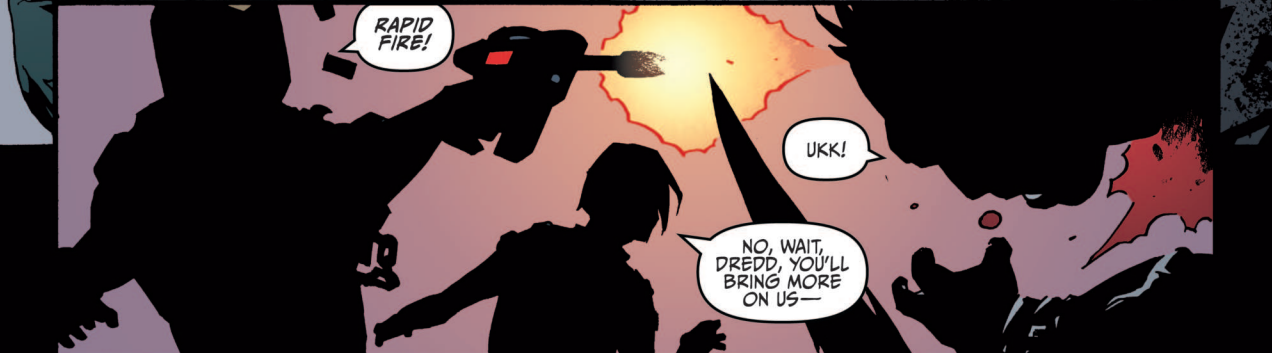
REVENGE?
TOPPLING THOSE
THAT INSTIGATED THE
WAR IN THE FIRST
PLACE? ENSURING A
WORLD FIT ONLY FOR
CHILDREN? GRUD
KNOWS.

I CAN
SCARCELY
IMAGINE HOW
MANY OTHER
CITIES MUST
HAVE FALLEN-



FOODDEE!

DROKK—!



RAPID FIRE!

UKK!

NO, WAIT, DREDD, YOU'LL BRING MORE ON US—



—STOMM, THEY WOULD'VE HEARD THAT...

...THE TROGS KNOW WE'VE BEEN FORCED DOWN HERE, KNOW WE'RE SHORT ON WEAPONS. THEY'RE GETTING BOLDER, AREN'T SCARED OF US ANYMORE.

YOU WOULD'VE PREFERRED I USED HARSH LANGUAGE?



I PREFER IT QUIET.

LET'S MOVE.





WE GOT A PROBLEM.

FIGURE THE SHIP'S SAILED ON THE QUIET APPROACH.

STAND BACK.



HI-EX!

VAPPOOOOM



NOOO-!

AAAAHHHHH!



KINDA KEEN ON THE TRIGGER, AREN'T YOU?

IT'LL KEEP THEM OCCUPIED.

TIME'S PRESSING. WHERE ARE WE HEADING?

NEAREST BASE OF OPERATIONS IS A COMMANDEERED OLD BOOKSTORE, FARTHER UP HERE.



MY PRIORITY IS TO FIND THE LOCATION OF THESE... MUTANTS RESPONSIBLE AND PUT THEM OUT OF ACTION. THINK YOU CAN POINT ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION?

YOU RECKON YOU CAN TAKE THEM ON SINGLE-HANDED? DREDD, THEY'RE CAPABLE OF TEARING DROKKIN' WORLDS IN TWO!

I'LL ADMIT, I'M BANKING ON HELP FROM AFAR ON THAT ONE.



"JUST WAITING ON HIM TO GET BACK IN TOUCH..."

WELL?

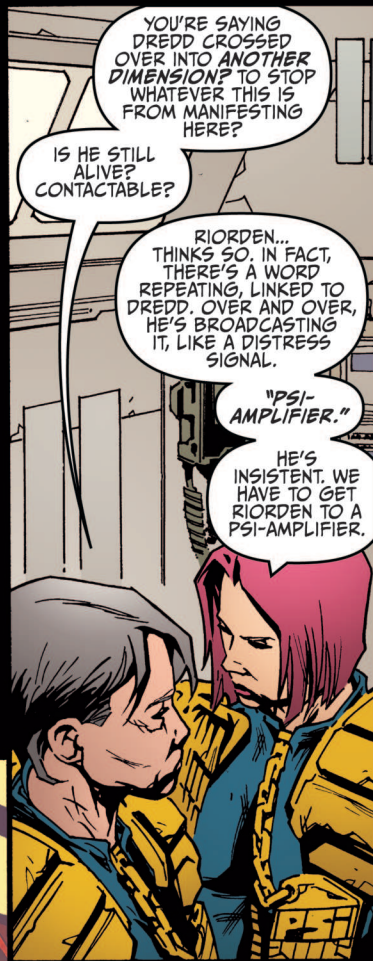
I'M GOING DEEPER... THERE'S A NAME ON A BUILDING, THE JUVIE HOUSE, SAINT BARTON'S.

IT'S THE LOCUS OF THE PSI-OUTBREAKS. CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S CAUSING IT?



HE AND DREDD... THEY'RE INSIDE, FACING A VOID, AN ABSENCE. A TEAR IN THE DIMENSIONAL WALL. SOMETHING WANTS IN... A MALIGN INTELLIGENCE...

IT... IT HAS TO BE TACKLED AT ITS SOURCE. DREDD'S PASSING THROUGH, DISAPPEARING INTO THE DARKNESS...



YOU'RE SAYING DREDD CROSSED OVER INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION? TO STOP WHATEVER THIS IS FROM MANIFESTING HERE?

IS HE STILL ALIVE? CONTACTABLE?

RIORDEN... THINKS SO. IN FACT, THERE'S A WORD REPEATING, LINKED TO DREDD. OVER AND OVER, HE'S BROADCASTING IT, LIKE A DISTRESS SIGNAL.

"PSI-AMPLIFIER."

HE'S INSISTENT. WE HAVE TO GET RIORDEN TO A PSI-AMPLIFIER.



"OUR SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON IT."



HM.

WHAT'S UP?

JUST THINKING... WHY DIDN'T THE JUVES FOLLOW YOU DOWN HERE? IT CAN'T BE THE TROGS KEEPING THEM OUT, THEY'D BE NO OPPOSITION.

IF THE PURPOSE OF THE MOTHERS' TAKEOVER WAS EXTERMINATION, SURELY THEY WOULD'VE HAD YOU ALL HUNTED DOWN.



I DUNNO, THEY... THEY SEEMED HAPPY TO RULE TOPSIDE. ONCE WE PULLED BACK, THE CITY WAS THEIRS. THEY JUST WANTED US GONE.

YEAH. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SOUNDS LIKE TO ME, HOPPER? A RAIDING PARTY. TEXTBOOK CRIMINAL BEHAVIOUR: GO IN, DRIVE THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER OUT, TAKE WHAT YOU WANT.

WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS, WHOEVER'S PULLING THE JUVES' STRINGS...

THIS ISN'T REVENGE FOR SINS OF THE PAST. THIS ISN'T PAYBACK.



"...THEY'RE COMMITTING THE MOST AUDACIOUS ROBBERIES OF ALL TIME."

MEGA-CITY ONE,
2070 AD.

THE WORLD
CHANGES FOREVER.



RIDE,
RICO!

THE SKED'S
CHOKED, JOE!
WE'RE NOT GONNA
BE ABLE TO GET
THROUGH—!

WE **HAVE**
TO! THERE'S
NO TURNING
BACK!

PRESIDENT ROBERT L. BOOTH
INSTIGATES THE **ATOMIC WAR**,
SEALING THE FATE OF MILLIONS.
THE BOMBS DROP, THE MUSHROOM
CLOUDS ROIL, AND A NUCLEAR
FIRESTORM ENGULFS THE PLANET.

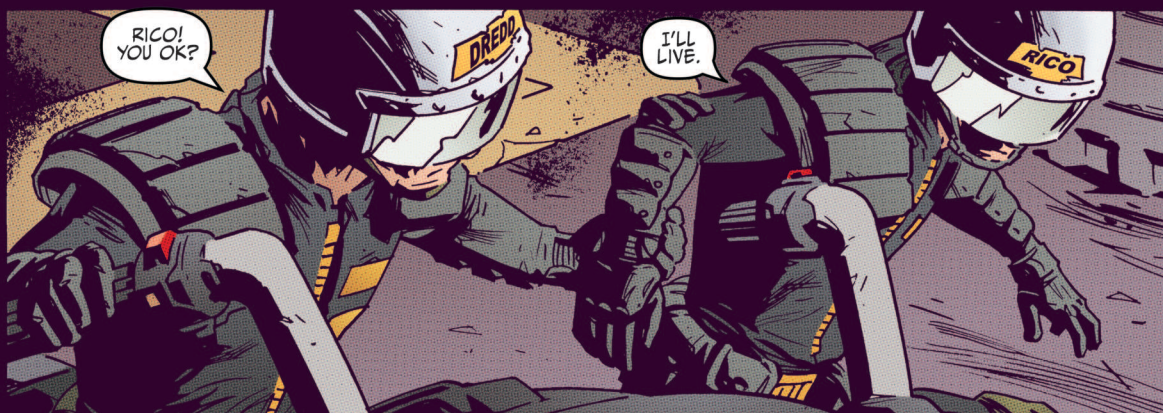
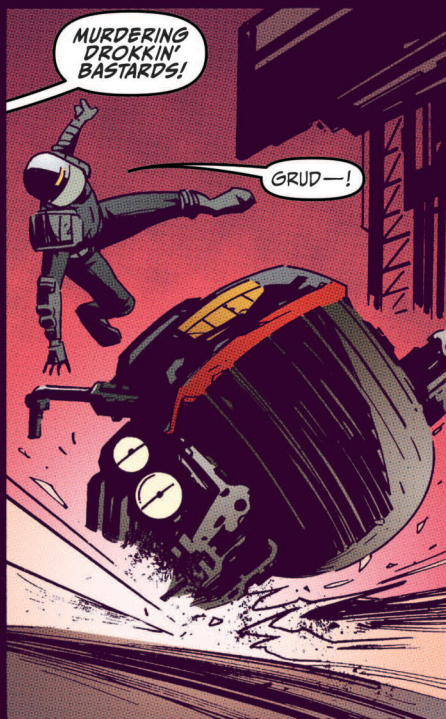
IT'S GONNA BE LIKE THIS
ALL THE WAY TO THE GRAND
HALL! CITS ARE JAMMING
EVERY ROUTE, TRYING TO
ESCAPE! THERE'LL BE
CARNAGE!

WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO
STOP! OUR
ORDERS TAKE
PRIORITY!

WE HIT ANY
OBSTACLES—

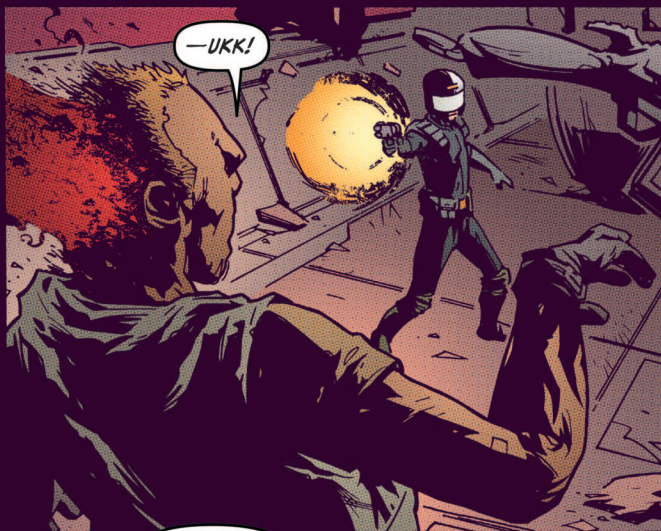
—WE
GO OVER
THEM!

**TURBO
BOOST!**





LEAST I CAN DO
IS TAKE A FEW OF
YOU JUDGE-SCUM
WITH ME—



—UKK!



THAT
WON'T BE
THE LAST
OF THE
CRAZIES.

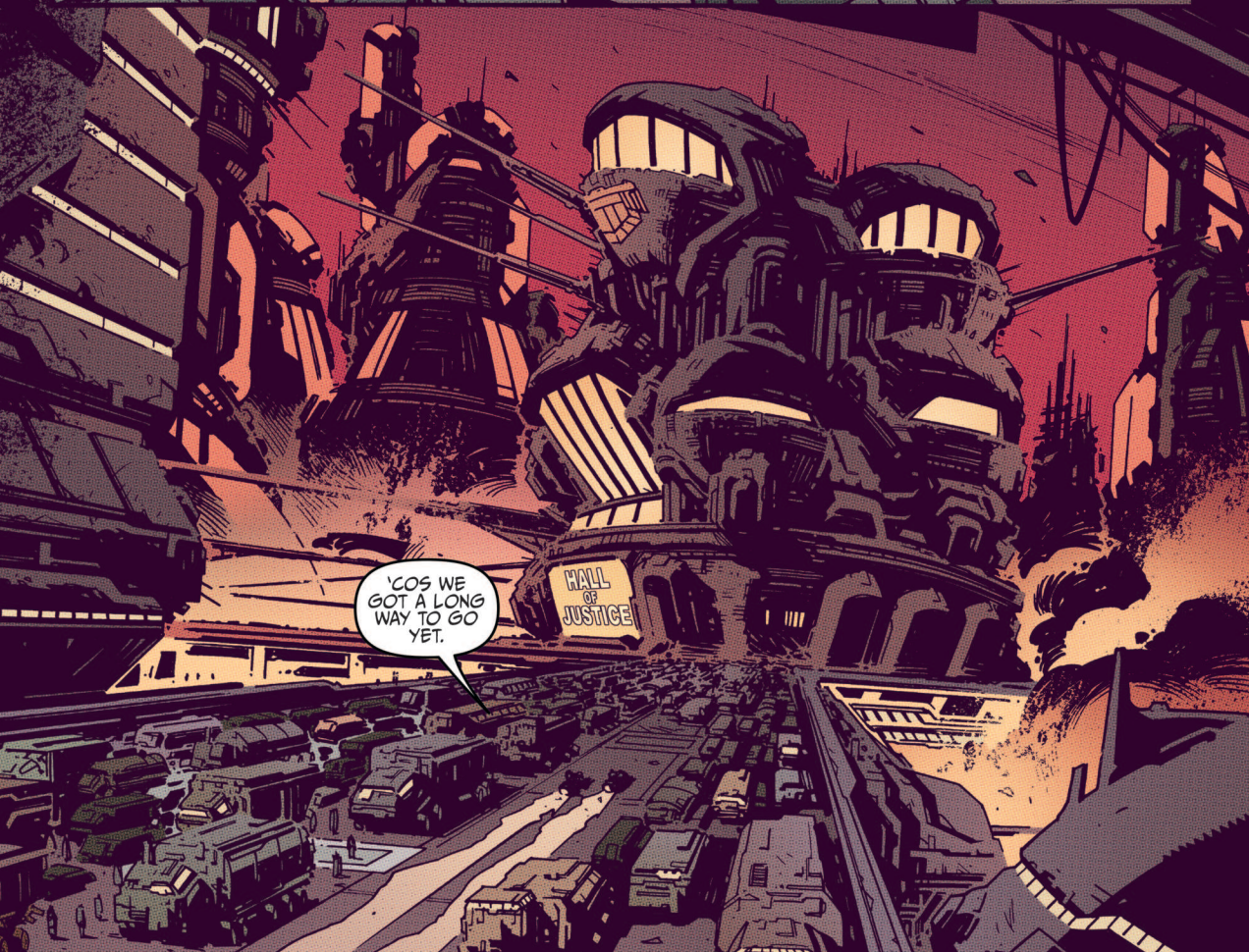
I KNOW.

LIKE YOU
SAID, JOE: NO
TURNING BACK. IF
WE'RE TO SURVIVE
THIS, WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO WEAKEN.



I KNOW.

YOUR
BIKE STILL
RIDEABLE?



'COS WE
GOT A LONG
WAY TO GO
YET.

MEGA-CITY ONE,
2080 AD.

—LOST
FOUR-ECHO-NINER,
REPEAT FOUR-ECHO-NINER
IS DOWN! AERIAL UNITS ARE
INSTRUCTED TO WITHDRAW
BEYOND THE COMBAT
ZONE! HOSTILES ARE
INTERFERING WITH FLIGHT
SYSTEMS!

—STREET
FORCES ARE
PULLING BACK ALONG
CHAMBERLAIN! FIRES
ARE SPREADING SOUTH
AND EAST OF MERCY
PARK! DROID CREWS
DEPLOYED—

—REPORTS
THAT THE 17.19
ZOOM TRAIN OUT OF
LYNCH STATION IS NOT
RESPONDING. REPEAT,
WE HAVE LOST
CONTACT—

—JUVES MASSING
ON 45TH AND GALBRAITH,
ON THE SECTOR 7 BORDER.
PSI-DIV IS PICKING UP
INCREASED PSYCHIC ACTIVITY,
WARNS THE UNREST WILL
SPILL BEYOND
CONTAINMENT—

—GRUDDAMMIT,
HOLD THE LINE,
HOLD THE
LINE!

THE METROPOLIS STANDS
ON THE BRINK ONCE MORE.

WALLACE.
TALK TO ME.

WE'RE EN ROUTE,
CHIEF JUDGE. ETA
AT PSI-DIV TWO
MINUTES. WE GOT
DIVERTED.

WHOLE
SECTOR'S
FALLING APART.
WE'LL BE LUCKY
TO GET THERE IN
ONE PIECE.

HOW'S THE
PATIENT?

HANGING ON.
I'LL BE HONEST
WITH YOU, SIR;
THIS IS GOING
TO BE TOUGH
AND GO.

"RIGHT NOW A MIRACLE COULD BE OUR BEST CHANCE."

YOU'RE SAYING THIS IS... WHAT, SOME KIND OF CON?

THIS? LOOK AT US!

I CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN WHAT THIS IS, HOPPER. BUT THE WAY I SEE IT, THE M.O.—WHILE ON A WHOLE OTHER SCALE—ISN'T THAT DIFFERENT FROM ANY REGULAR HIJACK.

BUT OUR PSIS... WHAT THEY PICKED UP...

TAKE THE OBJECTIVE BY FORCE, USE IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE, PICK IT CLEAN. IN THIS CASE, THE TARGETS HAVE BEEN ENTIRE CITIES, AND THE CREEPS HAVE GOT JUVES TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK.

I'M NOT SUGGESTING THE PERPS AREN'T POWERFUL. CLEARLY THEY ARE. BUT I'M NOT BUYING THIS VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF THE APOCALYPSE ACT.

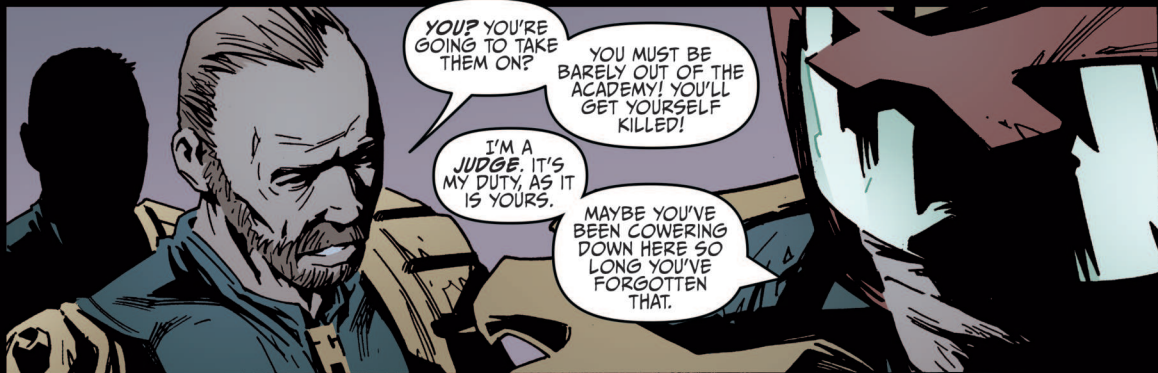
IT'S A SMOKESCREEN; A HALLOWEEN MASK TO HIDE BEHIND WHILE THEY SACK THE CITY.

THIS IS BULLSTOMM! WHAT THE DROKK DO YOU KNOW? YOU DIDN'T SEE THE MEATHEADS TEAR THE BLOCKS DOWN, DECIMATE OUR FORCES! GOOD JUDGES DIED AT THEIR HANDS! AND FOR WHAT? SO THEY COULD ROB THE PLACE?

WHY ARE WE LISTENING TO THIS KID, ANYWAY? SOME WET-BEHIND-THE-EARS ROOKIE LECTURING US LIKE WE NEED—

WHETHER YOU AGREE WITH ME OR NOT IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE. WHAT'S VITAL NOW IS THAT I STOP THIS HAPPENING TO MY MEGA-CITY.

WHATEVER THE INTENTIONS OF THE CREEPS PULLING THE STRINGS, I CAN'T ALLOW IT TO FALL.



YOU? YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THEM ON?

YOU MUST BE BARELY OUT OF THE ACADEMY! YOU'LL GET YOURSELF KILLED!

I'M A JUDGE. IT'S MY DUTY, AS IT IS YOURS.

MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN COWERING DOWN HERE SO LONG YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT.

DROKK YOU—

ENOUGH. SQUABBLING GETS US NOWHERE.

DREDD'S RIGHT. WHATEVER THIS THING IS, WE HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO DO WHAT'S NECESSARY TO DESTROY IT. WE MAY HAVE LOST OUR CITY, BUT OTHERS SHOULD NOT SUFFER THE SAME FATE.

BUT WE'VE TRIED... IT'S TOO POWERFUL. WE CAN'T EVEN TRACK A LOCATION.

WE HAVEN'T ENTIRELY BEEN SITTING ON OUR HANDS. THING'S *SHIELDING* ITSELF—WILLIS HERE'S A TELEPATH AND SHE CAN'T PINPOINT IT.

IS THIS TRUE?

WE CAN'T SEEM TO GET CLOSE. IT'S LIKE A DEFENCE MEASURE, A CLOAK.

PERHAPS THERE WAS MORE TO THE ENTITY'S PSYCHIC CAPABILITIES THAN MANIPULATING CHILDREN—IT WAS POSSIBLE IT COULD CLOUD MINDS TOO, HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT. IT MIGHT EXPLAIN THE JUDGES' LACK OF INITIATIVE IN TACKLING IT.

WAS HE ALSO SUSCEPTIBLE? OR DID IT REQUIRE FURTHER EXPOSURE TO ITS PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE? THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

THE JUVES—WHERE ARE THEY?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I SAW NEITHER HIDE NOR HAIR OF THEM TOPSIDE. THEY WEREN'T RUNNING RAMPANT IN THIS CITY THEY'VE CLAIMED FOR THEMSELVES. NO SIGN OF THEM RULING THE STREETS. IT WAS DESERTED.

I FIGURE THEY'RE CONCENTRATED SOMEWHERE, DRAWN TO A SPECIFIC SPOT. MAYBE NOW THAT THEY'VE REACHED THE END OF THEIR USEFULNESS, THEY'VE BEEN PULLED BACK.

NO... NO, THEY'RE OUT THERE. THERE'S ALWAYS A RISK OF DISCOVERY ON OUR SUPPLY RUNS. WE'VE LOST MORE THAN ONE OF OUR NUMBER TO THESE CREEPS WHERE THEY'VE SURPRISED US.

WE'RE JUST SO LACKING IN RESOURCES, WE CAN'T MATCH THEM...

LET'S CAN THE DEFEATIST TALK, HOPPER. IT'S WHAT THEY WANT—TO HAVE YOU BELIEVING YOU'RE WEAK, THAT YOU'VE ALREADY LOST. IT KEEPS YOU OUT OF THEIR WAY.

IF THEY'VE STILL GOT ONE EYE FIXED ON YOUR MOVEMENTS—ENSURING YOU DON'T EMERGE FROM HIDING—THEN SO MUCH THE BETTER. MEANS WE CAN USE THAT TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

WE COAX THEM OUT, LET THEM LEAD US BACK TO THEIR BASE. FOR WHEREVER THEY'RE CONGREGATING, I'LL BE DAMN SURE THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE SOURCE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

AND YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP IT?

GRAB AS MUCH AMMO AS YOU'VE GOT. THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH RETREAT, ENOUGH SURRENDER.

IT'S TIME THE LAW WAS REASSERTED.

"WAIT, SHOULDN'T WE GATHER TOGETHER WHAT WE CAN OF THE REST OF THE JUDGE FORCE? THEY'RE SCATTERED ACROSS THE UNDERCITY. WE'D BE ABLE TO POOL—"

"THE MORE BODIES ABOVE GROUND, THE MORE WE ALERT THE PERPS. WE DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW WE'RE COMING."

"FINALLY LEARNING THE ART OF STEALTH, HUH, DREDD?"

"IT SEEMS AN APPROACH WORTH ATTEMPTING."

GOT SOMETHING.

TWO OF THEM INBOUND. I CAN SENSE AN INCREASE IN PSI-ACTIVITY GETTING CLOSER.

I'LL TRY TO PROJECT ENOUGH PSI-FLACK SO THEY CAN'T PICK UP OUR PRESENCE.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY THIS?

THEY DON'T BITE, WE GIVE THEM A HELPING HAND.

WELL, WELL. WHAT WE GOT HERE?

YOU JAY-BOYS KINDA OFF YOUR PATCH, AIN'T YA?

OH GRUD...

THOUGHT YOU'D REALISED
BY NOW THIS AIN'T YOUR
CITY ANYMORE. LAST TIME
I LOOKED, WE'D RUN
YOUR ASSES OUT OF
TOWN.

MAYBE THE
MESSAGE DIDN'T
GET THROUGH. ALL
YOU PIGS HAD TO DO
WAS STAY THE PROKK
OUTTA OUR WAY, BUT NO...
YOU COME SNEAKIN'
AROUND, STILL BELIEVIN'
YOU GOT A CHANCE O'
CLAWIN' YOUR WAY
BACK IN.

TAKES SOME GUTS,
I GUESS. YOU GOTTA
KNOW YOU AIN'T GOT A
HOPE IN HELL OF TAKING US
OUT—NOT AFTER WHAT YOU
SAW US DO TO YOUR BUDDIES.
BUT I FIGURE YOU MUST BE
GETTIN' KINDA DESPERATE,
STARVIN' IN WHATEVER
STOMMHOLE YOU
SCAMPERED TO.

DESPERATE
ENOUGH TO TAKE
YOUR LIVES IN YOUR
HANDS, AWARE OF
WHAT WE'D DO TO
YOU IF YOU SHOWED
YOUR FACES...

T-TRADNOR,
PERHAPS WE
CAN CUT A DEAL
HERE—

SHUT UP!

DEAL? WHAT
D'YOU THINK
YOU'VE GOT LEFT
YOU CAN BARTER
WITH, LAWMAN?
WE'VE BLED EVERY
SECTOR DRY.

LOOK, I... I'M
NOT GOING TO MESS
WITH YOU, I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE CAPABLE OF.
Y-YOU LET US LIVE, AND
WE'LL SHARE WITH YOU
WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO
SMUGGLE OUT OF
THE CITY—

WALKER,
ENOUGH!

YOU'RE SAYING
NOTHING! BETTER
THAT THESE CREEPS
NEVER FIND IT, NEVER
GET THEIR HANDS ON IT!
WE SWORE WE'D
PROTECT IT—

OH SHUSH. YOU
THINK WE COULDN'T
JUST PULL THE INFO
FROM YOUR MINDS 'TIL
YOUR BRAINS LEAKED
OUT YOUR EARS?

WOULDN'T
WORK, MEATHEAD.
EACH OF US HAS
ONLY GOT A PART OF
THE LOCATION. THAT'S
WHY WE'RE HERE,
TRYING TO SOURCE
THE OTHERS.

HE'S RIGHT.
SOMEONE'S
PSI-BLOCKED HIM,
I'M PICKIN' UP ONLY
FRAGMENTS IN HIS
MEMORY.

THAT
VALUABLE, HUH?
WHAT IS IT, SOME
KINDA WEAPON?
BULLION STASH,
MAYBE?

THE MOTHERS
WOULD WANNA KNOW
ABOUT IT, IF JAYS ARE
PREPARED TA DIE FOR IT. I
SAY WE BRING 'EM IN, GIVE
'EM TO HER, SEE IF SHE
CAN LAY HER VOODOO
ON 'EM, FISH OUT THE
DETAILS.



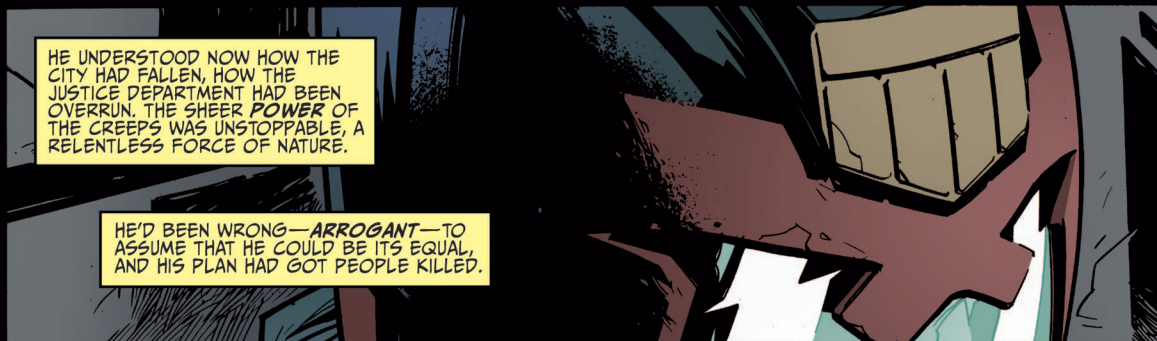


HAVEN'T WE BEEN THROUGH THIS? HOW LONG'S IT GONNA TAKE BEFORE REALITY SINKS IN?

MAYBE THEY NEED IT REPEATING ONE MORE TIME FOR THE HARD O'THINKIN'.



YOU HAVE NO HOPE.



HE UNDERSTOOD NOW HOW THE CITY HAD FALLEN, HOW THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAD BEEN OVERRUN. THE SHEER **POWER** OF THE CREEPS WAS UNSTOPPABLE, A RELENTLESS FORCE OF NATURE.

HE'D BEEN WRONG—**ARROGANT**—TO ASSUME THAT HE COULD BE ITS EQUAL, AND HIS PLAN HAD GOT PEOPLE KILLED.



RESISTANCE...

RESISTANCE... SEEMED FUTILE.

OW. BET THAT'S STARTIN' TO SMART, HUH?



I'M CONSTRICTING YOUR ARTERIES. BREATH'S GETTING SHORT, I BET; STARS DANCIN' BEFORE YOUR EYES.

MAYBE I'LL STRIP THE VEINS RIGHT OUTTA YOUR BODY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK... YOU'RE A PUNK... WHO'S LEARNT A MAGIC TRICK.

DROP THE ACT... AN' WE'LL SEE HOW YOU STAND UP THEN.



YEAH, THAT
AIN'T GONNA
HAPPEN. NOT
WHILE I—



EARL—!



SORRY I'M
LATE, DREDD.



RIORDEN?

I WAS
BEGINNING TO
WONDER WHERE
YOU'D GONE.

YEAH, WELL.
THINGS GOT...
COMPLICATED.



UH, CARE TO FILL ME IN?

PSI-JUDGE, PSYCHICALLY LINKING FROM MY MEGA-CITY. YOU HEARING HIM TOO?

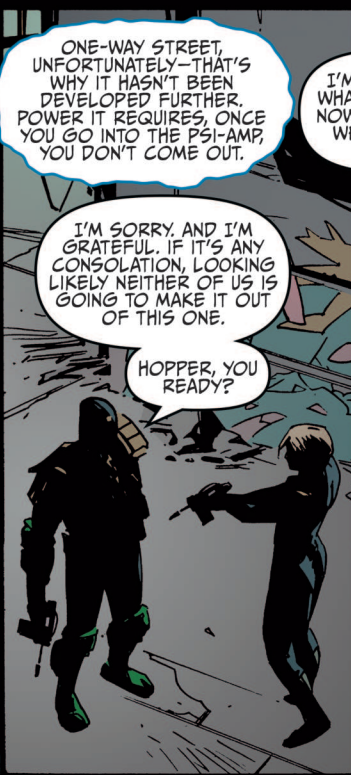
HOW'D YOU PULL OFF THE REMOTE TERMINATIONS, RIORDEN? IN FACT, HOW'D YOU FIND US?

HAD TO BOOST MY PSI-POWER. I'M CURRENTLY IN A COMA, SO I'M CHANNELLING UNCONSCIOUS ENERGY. I TOLD THEM TO PUT ME IN A PSI-AMPLIFIER, IT'S MAGNIFYING MY TALENTS ONE HUNDRED-FOLD.

PSI-AMPLIFIER?



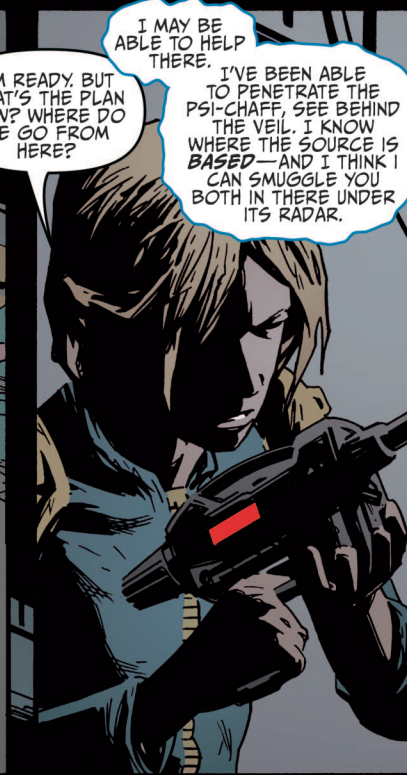
EXPERIMENTAL KIT, NOT PAST THE PROTOTYPE STAGE. ONCE PLUGGED IN, IT DRAWS ON MY MENTAL RESERVES, EXPANDING MY CAPABILITIES—MEANING I COULD FOLLOW YOUR PSIGNATURE, AND ALSO SLIDE INSIDE THE PERPS' BRAINS UNNOTICED AND EXERT A LITTLE PRESSURE.



ONE-WAY STREET, UNFORTUNATELY—THAT'S WHY IT HASN'T BEEN DEVELOPED FURTHER. POWER IT REQUIRES, ONCE YOU GO INTO THE PSI-AMP, YOU DON'T COME OUT.

I'M SORRY, AND I'M GRATEFUL. IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, LOOKING LIKELY NEITHER OF US IS GOING TO MAKE IT OUT OF THIS ONE.

HOPPER, YOU READY?

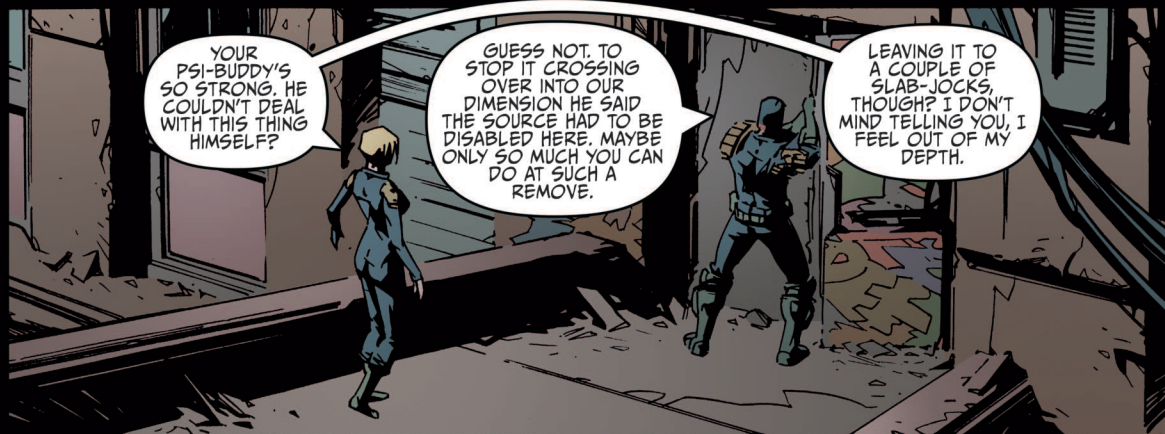


I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP THERE.

I'VE BEEN ABLE TO PENETRATE THE PSI-CHAFF, SEE BEHIND THE VEIL. I KNOW WHERE THE SOURCE IS BASED—AND I THINK I CAN SMUGGLE YOU BOTH IN THERE UNDER ITS RADAR.



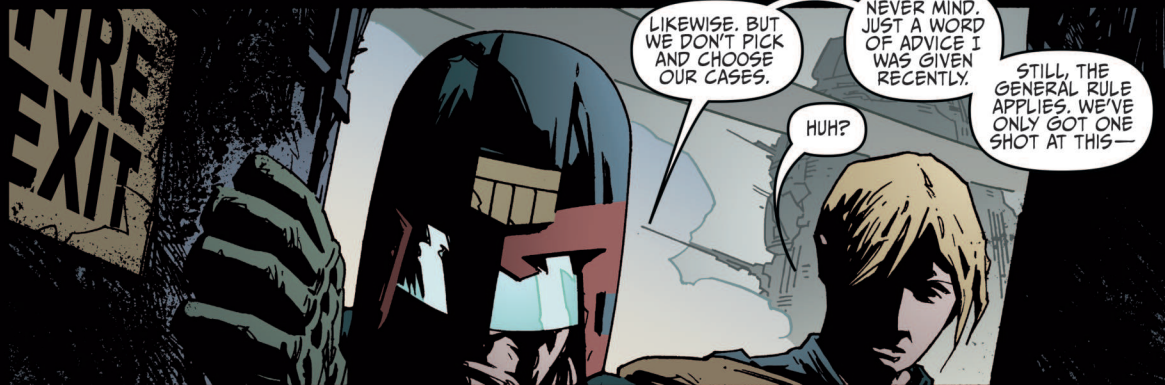
THE OLD EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. THAT'S WHERE IT'S EMANATING FROM. THAT'S WHERE YOU NEED TO GO.



YOUR PSI-BUDDY'S SO STRONG, HE COULDN'T DEAL WITH THIS THING HIMSELF?

GUESS NOT. TO STOP IT CROSSING OVER INTO OUR DIMENSION HE SAID THE SOURCE HAD TO BE DISABLED HERE. MAYBE ONLY SO MUCH YOU CAN DO AT SUCH A REMOVE.

LEAVING IT TO A COUPLE OF SLAB-JOCKS, THOUGH? I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, I FEEL OUT OF MY DEPTH.



LIKewise, BUT WE DON'T PICK AND CHOOSE OUR CASES.

NEVER MIND. JUST A WORD OF ADVICE I WAS GIVEN RECENTLY.

STILL, THE GENERAL RULE APPLIES. WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE SHOT AT THIS—

HUH?



"—AND TO SAVE A CITY IT'S A JUDGE'S DUTY TO DO NOTHING LESS THAN DIE TRYING."

DON'T MOVE, CREEP.

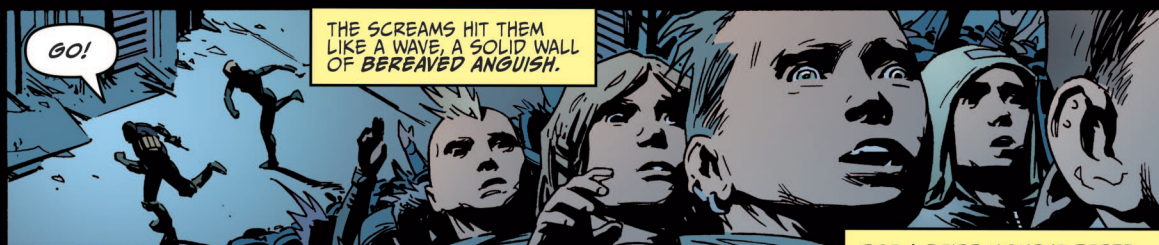
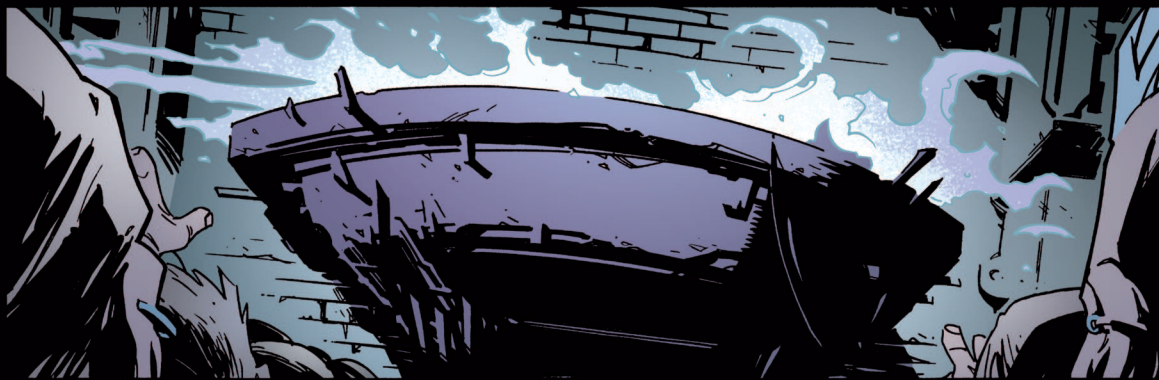


YOU KNOW I COULD MAKE YOU EAT THAT WITHOUT EVEN BLINKING.

I DON'T DOUBT IT. BUT IF I'M HONEST, I WASN'T PLANNING ON SHOOTING YOU—







—AND SUDDENLY
REALITY IS REVEALED.



HELL—!

—KILL
'EM!

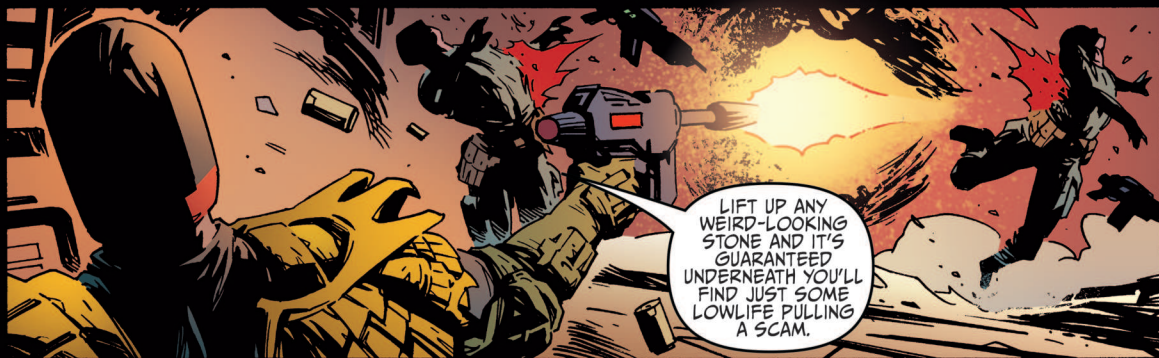


FOUND
OUR CREEPS,
THEN?

I'D SAY
SO.



LIFT UP ANY
WEIRD-LOOKING
STONE AND IT'S
GUARANTEED
UNDERNEATH YOU'LL
FIND JUST SOME
LOWLIFE PULLING
A SCAM.





PUNKS
WITH THE
CRATE—DON'T
MOVE.

HOPPER,
SECURE
THEM.



YOU
EGGHEADS IN
CHARGE?

N-NO! NO,
WE'RE JUST
THE HIRED
HELP!

WE CAN'T
SAY! H-HE'LL
HAVE US
KILLED!

WHO DO YOU
WORK
FOR? WHO'S
BEHIND
THIS?



RIGHT NOW,
YOUR CHANCES
OF SURVIVAL ARE
INCREASINGLY SLIM,
SO WHY NOT TAKE
THE RISK?

A-ASHBERRY!
HE'S CALLED
ASHBERRY! HE RUNS
THE SIX SECTORS! THIS
WAS HIS PLAN, HE
FUNDED THE WHOLE
PROJECT!

SIX SECTORS?
WHERE'S HE
BASED? WHERE ARE
YOU TRANSPORTING
THIS STUFF TO?

AND THE
ELDSTER?



MEGA-CITY
ONE, 2102.
IT'S A
TIME JOB.



MUTANT PSI
ASHBERRY CAPTURED,
I DON'T KNOW WHERE
FROM. HE CAN BREAK
DOWN DIMENSIONAL WALLS,
WARP PERCEPTIONS,
PROJECT HALLUCINATIONS,
UNLOCK LATENT PSYCHIC
ABILITY, THE BOSS'S
SECRET WEAPON,
BASICALLY.

WITH THE
AUGMENTED
TECH WE'VE
DEVELOPED, WE'VE
BEEN USING HIM TO
JACK CITIES ACROSS
THE SPECTRUM,
TRANSPORTING THE
LOOTED GOODS
BACK.



THAT'S ALL
I NEEDED TO
KNOW.

JOVUS—!

DREDD?

CLEAR
THREAT TO THE
SECURITY OF THE
CITY, HOPPER.
COULDN'T RISK
LETTING HIM
LIVE.

I'M NOT
QUESTIONING
YOUR JUDGEMENT.
BUT TAKE A
LOOK—

—THE
KIDS HAVE
WOKEN UP.

Y-YOU CUT
THE PSI-SIGNAL!
FEEDBACK LOOP
IS GOING TO BE
FRYING HALF
THEIR BRAINS!

GUESS
YOU'VE GOT
SOME EXPLAINING
TO DO, THEN,
HAVEN'T YOU?

DREDD!

RIORDEN?

I'M
DETECTING THE
PSI-INCURSION
WANING.

YEAH, I
JUST SHUT
OFF THE
SOURCE.

WHAT
ARE MY
OPTIONS?

THAT MEANS THE
BREACHES ARE GOING
TO BE CLOSING. YOU'RE
GOING TO BE TRAPPED
OVER THERE IF WE DON'T
MOVE FAST.

OK.

LAB
CREEPS—PUSH A
CURRENT THROUGH THE
DEAD FREAK, SEE IF
YOU CAN'T JUMP-START
HIS BATTERY
BRIEFLY.

WH-WHAT—?

YOU
HEARD
THE MAN.
DO IT.

TELEPORTERS
ARE STILL SET
FOR ASHBERY'S
LOCATION. YOU
COULD FOLLOW
THE TRAIL BACK
TO HIM.

TOO LATE.
THE HARDWARE
WAS NIXED IN THE
FIREFIGHT ON THE
WAY IN. HE'LL JUST
HAVE TO BE ONE
FOR THE FUTURE.

OFFICE OF
CHIEF JUDGE GOODMAN,
GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

MARCH 17, 2080 AD.

NO SHORTAGE OF UNHAPPY KIDS GENERALLY. ONCE THE PSI-ENERGY WAS SHUT DOWN, THE FIGHT WENT OUT OF THEM. WE'VE BEEN HERDING THEM INTO CUBES THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

IT'S GIVEN US THE OPPORTUNITY TO TIGHTEN SEVERAL PUBLIC-ORDER LAWS, CRACK DOWN ON JUVE GATHERINGS. ANYONE BELOW THE AGE OF TWENTY'S BEEN UNDER CURFEW ACROSS SECTOR.

AND
ASHBERRY?

NAME'S UNKNOWN TO US AT THE MOMENT. MAYBE THAT'LL CHANGE IN THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. WE'LL KEEP AN OPEN FILE ON HIM.

HELL OF A HEIST MODEL—RIPPING OFF REALITIES YOU CAN'T BE TRACED IN, EXPLOITING THE JUVES' RAW PSI-POTENTIAL, HIDING BEHIND THE SHADOW OF THE ATOMIC WAR, MOVING STOLEN GOODS USING TIME TECH...

...YOU SEE WHAT I MEANT ABOUT WHAT TO EXPECT OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY.

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT RIORDEN.

"YOU'RE PREPARED TO ADMIT PSI-DIV HAS ITS BENEFITS, THEN? YOU CAN SEE NOW HOW WE NEED THEM AT THE FOREFRONT OF CRIMES LIKE THIS.

"RIORDEN KNEW THE RISKS, KNEW THE PSI-AMP WOULD DRAW ON HIS **LIFEFORCE**. HE SACRIFICED EVERYTHING FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CITY."

AS YOU NEARLY DID, DREDD. YOUR BRAVERY IS TO BE COMMEMDED, BUT YOUR ACTIONS WERE RECKLESS. THERE COULD'VE BEEN ANYTHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DIVIDE WHEN YOU STEPPED THROUGH. YOU COULD'VE BEEN LOST FOREVER.

WE'VE TOO MUCH INVESTED IN YOU, SON. YOU'RE YOUNG, IMPETUOUS, PERHAPS. YOU'VE A LOVE FOR THE LAW. BUT YOU'RE NOT **BULLETPROOF**.

REMEMBER THAT.

SIR.

THE END.





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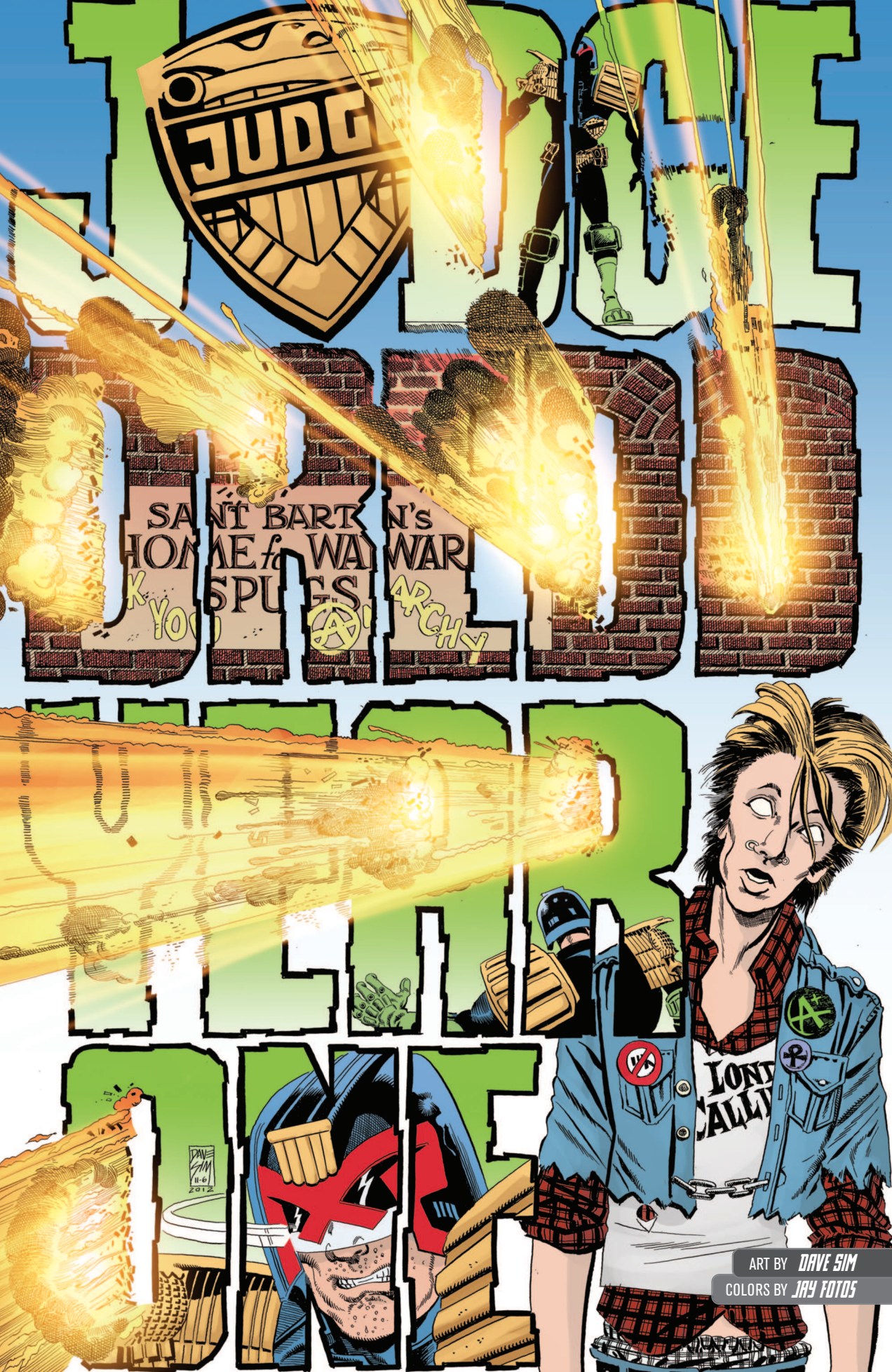


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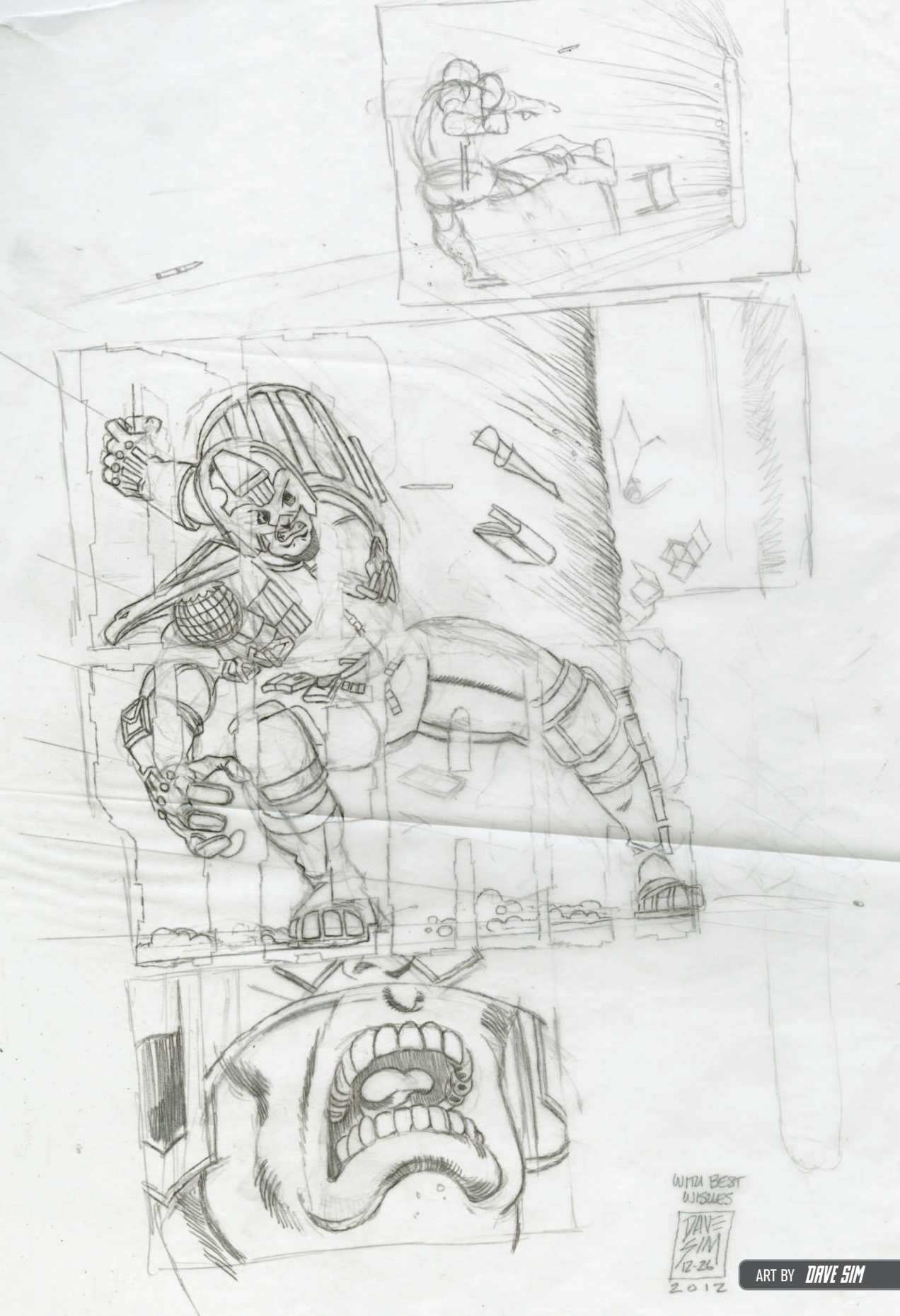
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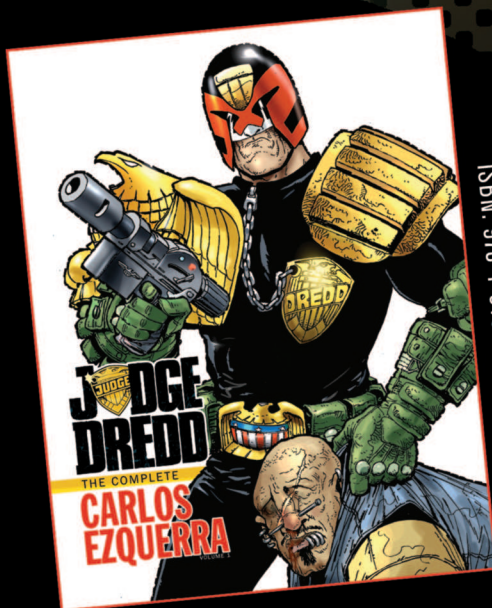
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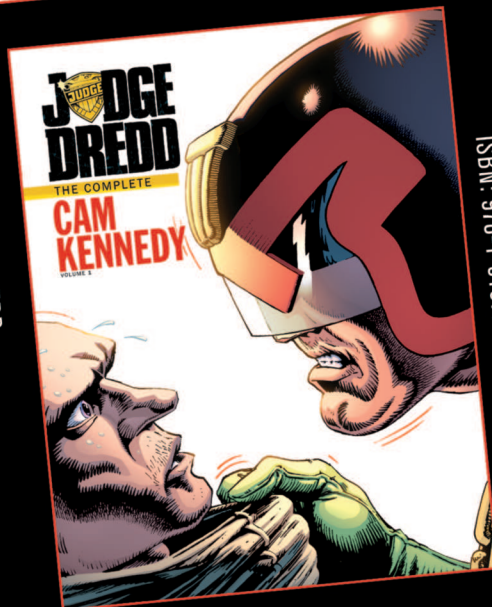
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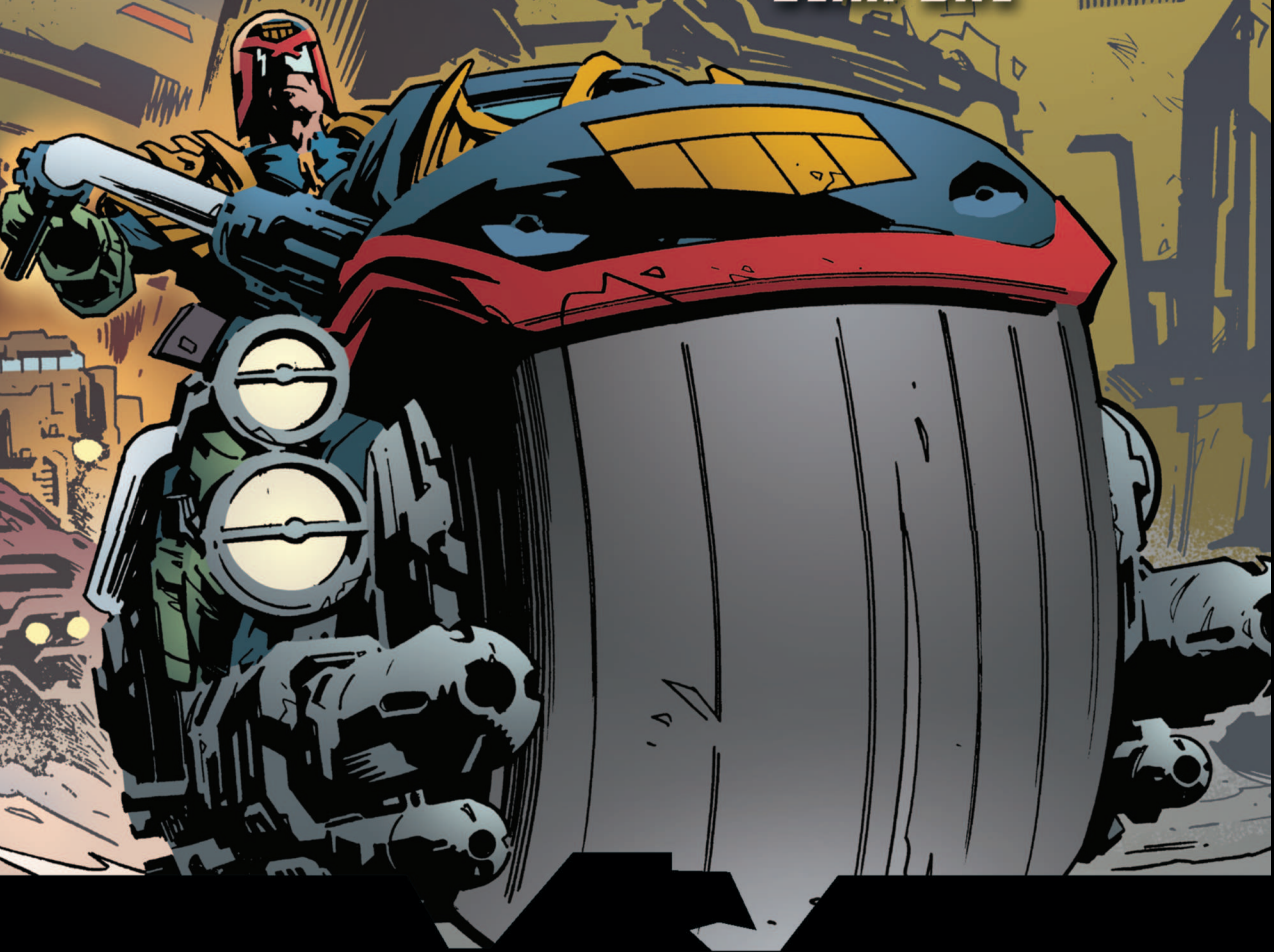
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JUDGE DREDD[®]

YEAR ONE



*IN AN ALL-NEW ADVENTURE FROM JOE DREDD'S EARLY DAYS AS A MEGA CITY-ONE JUDGE, WRITER
MATT SMITH AND ARTIST SIMON COLEBY PRESENT "THE LONG HARD ROAD."*

*JUVES ARE DISPLAYING ABNORMAL PSYCHIC ABILITIES, AND DREDD IS FORCED TO LOOK TO THE
PSI-DIVISION FOR SOME ANSWERS BEFORE AN ALL-OUT RIOT OVERTAKES THE CITY.*

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