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IAN EDGINTON I. N. J. CULBARD

# BRASS SUN

From the Eisner-nominated  
anthology 2000 AD



# BRASS SUN

1



Script  
IAN EDGINTON

Art  
I.N.J. CULBARD

Letters  
ELLIE DE VILLE

Editor  
MATT SMITH

R E B E L L I O N

Creative Director and CEO  
Jason Kingsley  
Chief Technical Officer  
Chris Kingsley

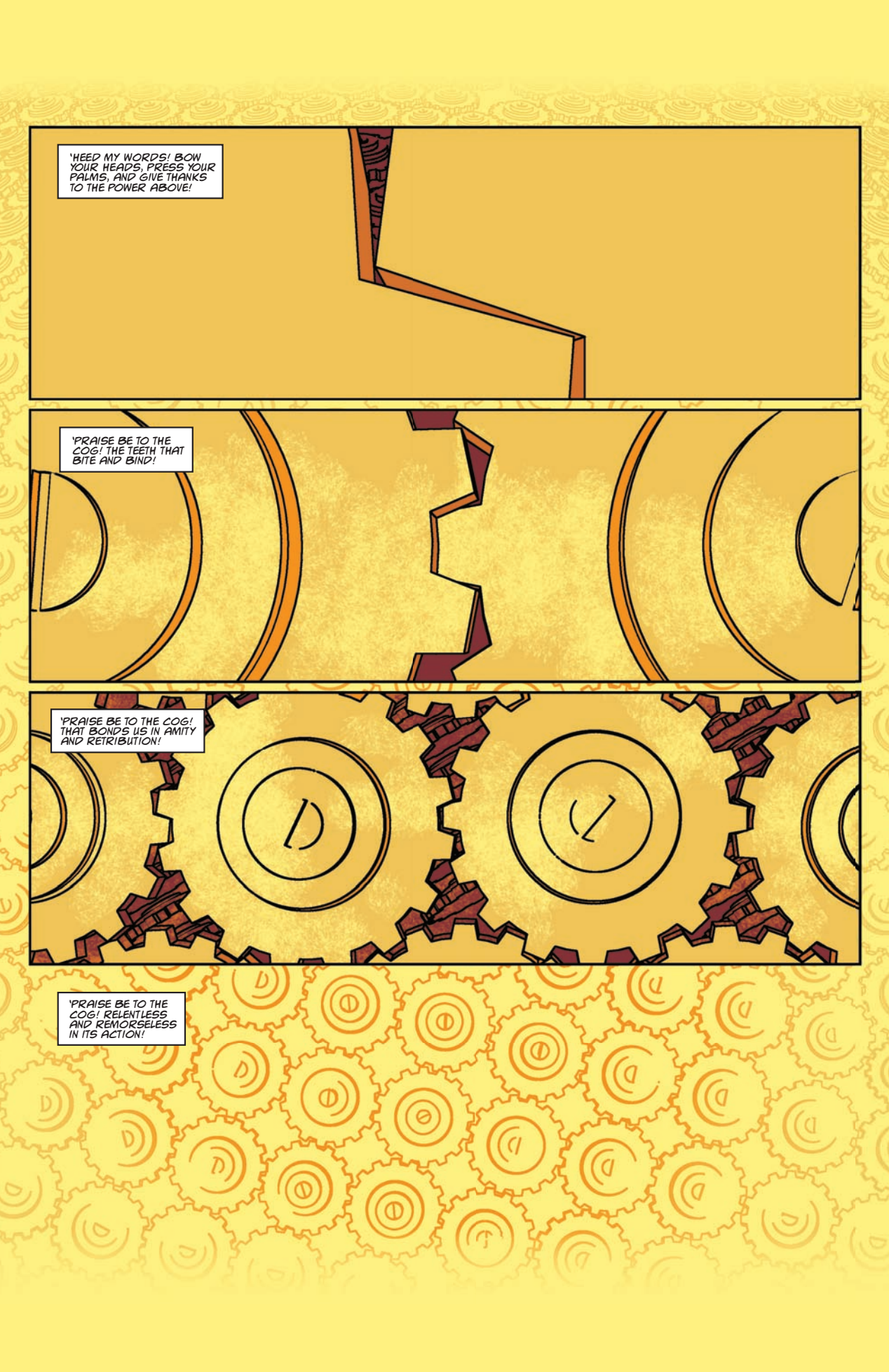
Publishing Manager  
Ben Smith  
2000 AD Editor in Chief  
Matt Smith

Graphic Novels Editor  
Keith Richardson  
Graphic Design  
Simon Parr & Sam Gretton

Reprographics  
Kathryn Symes  
PR & Marketing  
Michael Molcher

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'HEED MY WORDS! BOW  
YOUR HEADS, PRESS YOUR  
PALMS, AND GIVE THANKS  
TO THE POWER ABOVE!

'PRAISE BE TO THE  
COG! THE TEETH THAT  
BITE AND BIND!

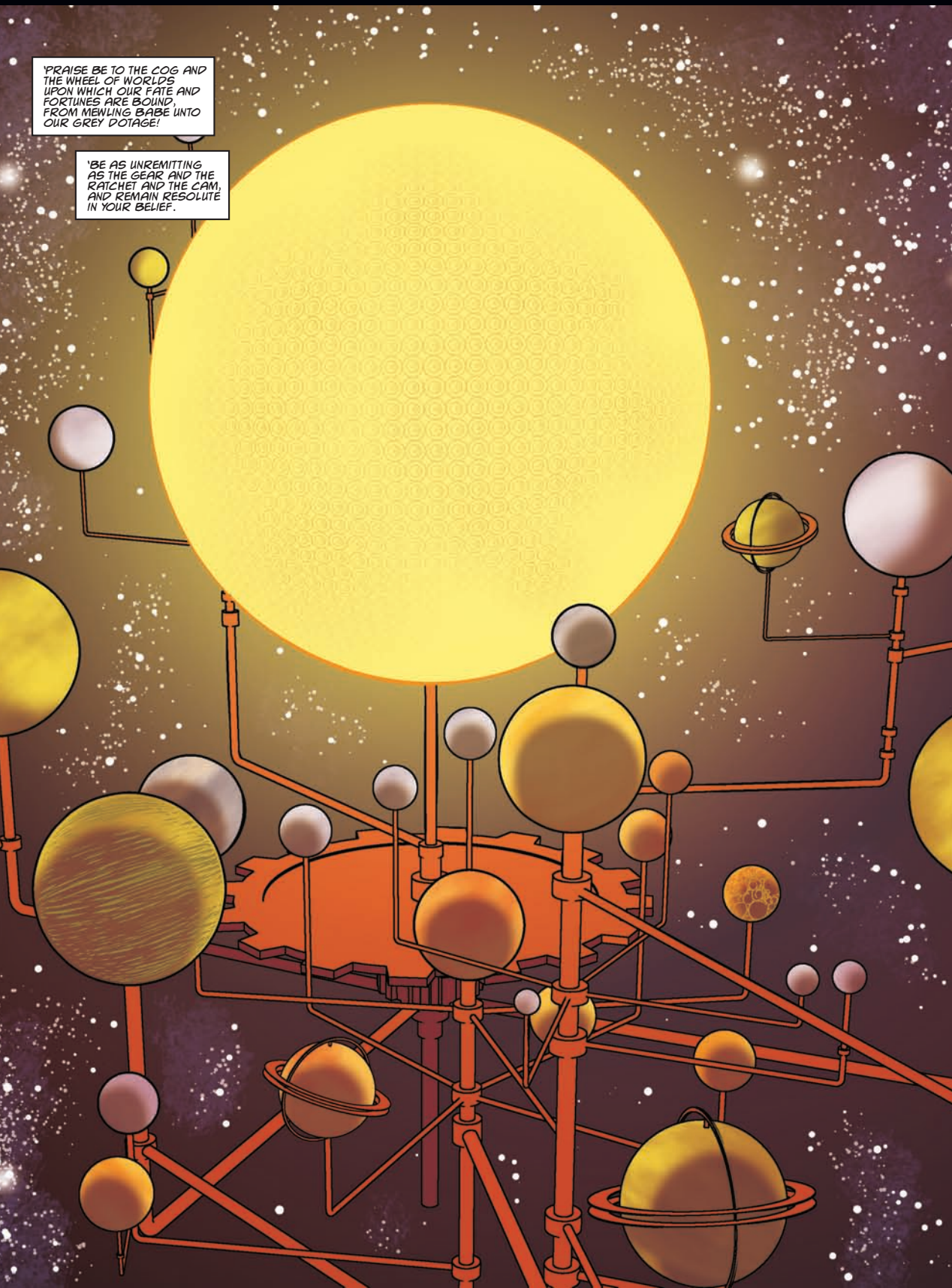
'PRAISE BE TO THE  
COG!  
THAT BOND'S US IN AMITY  
AND RETRIBUTION!

'PRAISE BE TO THE  
COG! RELENTLESS  
AND REMORSELESS  
IN ITS ACTION!



'PRAISE BE TO THE COG AND  
THE WHEEL OF WORLDS  
UPON WHICH OUR FATE AND  
FORTUNES ARE BOUND,  
FROM MEWLING BABE UNTO  
OUR GREY DOTAGE!

'BE AS UNREMITTING  
AS THE GEAR AND THE  
RATCHET AND THE CAM,  
AND REMAIN RESOLUTE  
IN YOUR BELIEF.







'HEED NOT THE DISSENTER!  
BE NOT LURED FROM THE  
WINDING WAY BY THEIR  
WILD ABSTRACTIONS!

'STAY CONSTANT!'

'STAY STEADFAST!'





'T WOULD SEEM THAT WE'RE DISCOVERING MORE OF THESE HERETICS WITH EVERY PASSING DAY.'



THEY'RE AS INSIDIOUS AND INVASIVE AS IRONWEED. NO SOONER DO WE SEAR ONE SHOOT THAN ANOTHER SPROUTS FORTH.



YOUR POINT BEING, SPEAKER EUSABIUS? ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT WE ARE LOSING THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE PEOPLE?



NO, NOT AT ALL! FORGIVE ME, MY LORD ARCHIMANDRITE. MY CONCERN WAS OF A MORE... PRACTICAL NOTE.

THE TINDER AND OIL USED TO FIRE THE STAKES IS BY NO MEANS PLENTIFUL NOR CHEAP. WOULD IT NOT BE MORE PRUDENT TO COMMIT THESE BLASPHEMIES TO THE GALLOWES AND THE GIBBET?

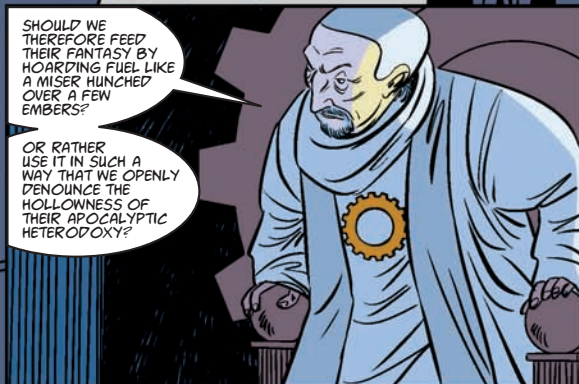


NO, AND PRECISELY FOR THAT SELF-SAME REASON.

THESE WAYWARD WRETCHES BELIEVE THAT THE POWER OF THE COG IS DIMINISHING, THAT IT FALTERS AND STUTTERS IN ITS ACTION.

THEY SAY THAT THE ICE IS UPON US BECAUSE THE WHEEL OF WORLDS IS SLOWING.





SHOULD WE THEREFORE FEED THEIR FANTASY BY HOARDING FUEL LIKE A MISER HUNCHED OVER A FEW EMBERS?

OR RATHER USE IT IN SUCH A WAY THAT WE OPENLY DENOUNCE THE HOLLOWNESS OF THEIR APOCALYPTIC HETERODOXY?

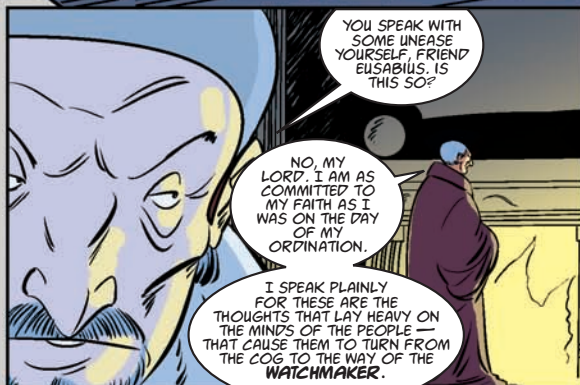


BUT, MY LORD, IT... IT IS TRUE THAT FOR DECADES PAST THE SUMMERS HAVE GROWN SHORTER AND WINTERS LONGER.

HARVESTS FAIL. LIVESTOCK PERISH IN THE FIELD. VILLAGES EMPTY. WHY, THERE ARE COUNTRIES WHERE THE LAND IS NO LONGER HABITABLE AND GREAT WALLS OF ICE ENCRUACH UPON WHAT WAS ONCE FERTILE PASTURE.



IS IT LITTLE WONDER THAT THE HEATHEN PREACHINGS OF THESE NULLIFIDIAN VERMIN FINDS PURCHASE IN TROUBLED MINDS?



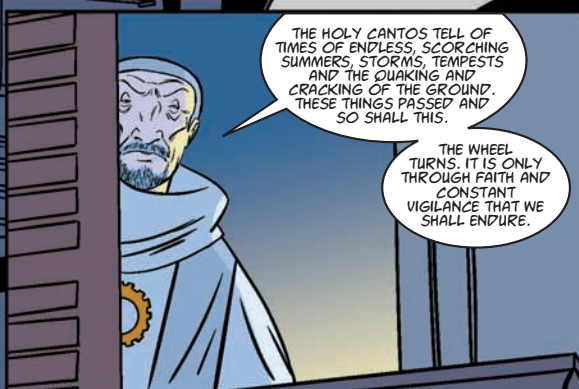
YOU SPEAK WITH SOME UNEASE YOURSELF, FRIEND EUSABIUS. IS THIS SO?

NO, MY LORD. I AM AS COMMITTED TO MY FAITH AS I WAS ON THE DAY OF MY ORDINATION.

I SPEAK PLAINLY FOR THESE ARE THE THOUGHTS THAT LAY HEAVY ON THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE — THAT CAUSE THEM TO TURN FROM THE COG TO THE WAY OF THE WATCHMAKER.



SPEAK NOT THAT NAME IN THESE HALLS! THE COG IS, WAS AND ALWAYS SHALL BE! THE COG WAS NOT CREATED BY A CHARLATAN PROPHET! THE COG IS CREATION!



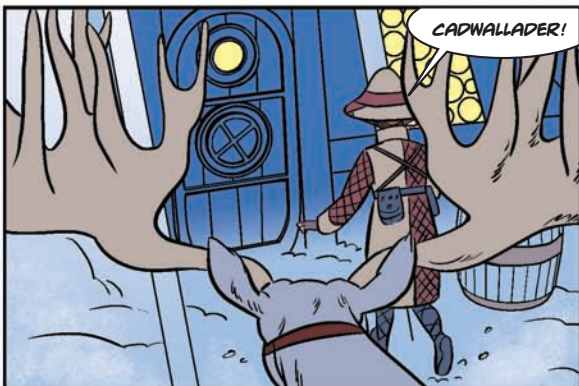
THE HOLY CANTOS TELL OF TIMES OF ENDLESS, SCORCHING SUMMERS, STORMS, TEMPESTS AND THE QUAKING AND CRACKING OF THE GROUND. THESE THINGS PASSE? AND SO SHALL THIS.

THE WHEEL TURNS. IT IS ONLY THROUGH FAITH AND CONSTANT VIGILANCE THAT WE SHALL ENDURE.

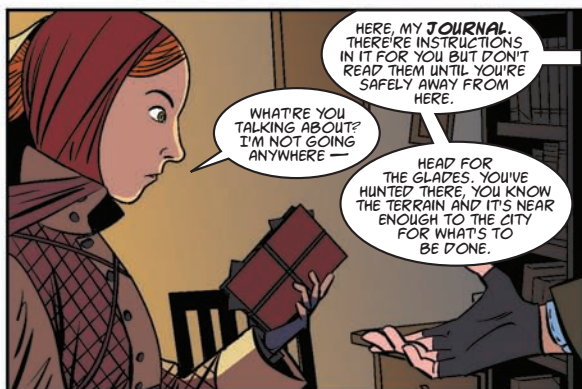
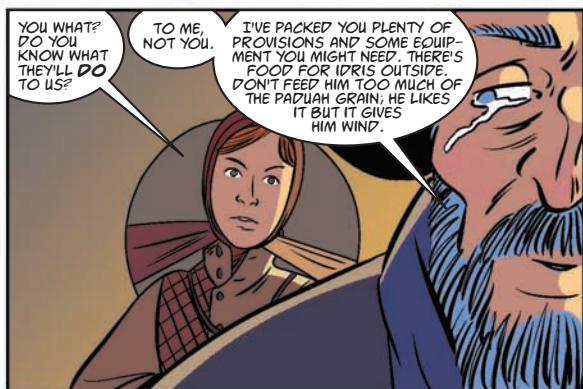


AND AS FOR THESE RECALCITRANT RECIDIVISTS, AS ANY GOOD GARDENER KNOWS, YOU MUST DO MORE THAN SIMPLY EXCISE THE SHOOT...





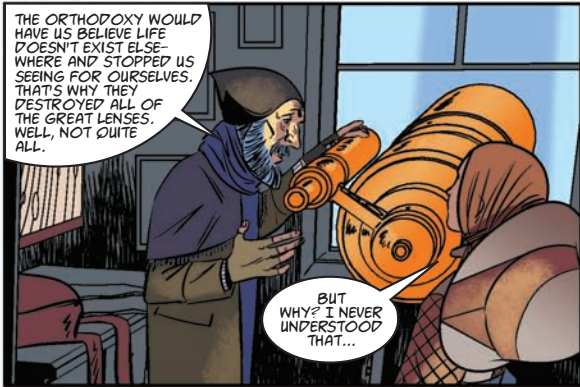








BACK OF BEYOND AND AFTERTHOUGHT HAVE ALREADY GONE. I WATCHED THEM DIE, SAW THE LIGHTS OF THEIR CITIES WINK OUT AS THE ICE CONSUMED THEM.



THE ORTHODOXY WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE LIFE DOESN'T EXIST ELSEWHERE AND STOPPED US SEEING FOR OURSELVES. THAT'S WHY THEY DESTROYED ALL OF THE GREAT LENSES. WELL, NOT QUITE ALL.

BUT WHY? I NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT...



BECAUSE THEY ARE AFRAID...

... AFRAID OF WHAT MEN WITH POWER FEAR THE MOST, OF LOSING IT.



THAT'S WHY MOTHER AND FATHER DIED... FOR SPEAKING OUT?

YES.



TAKE THIS. KEEP IT SAFE ABOVE ALL THINGS. IT'S ALL IN MY NOTES. YOU'LL KNOW WHEN TO USE IT.



COME WITH ME! WE'LL GO TOGETHER!

I CAN'T. I HAVE MY PART TO PLAY, AS YOU HAVE YOURS.



I LOVE YOU, WREN. ALWAYS.

I LOVE YOU TOO.



'NOW, GO, BE STRONG AND LIVE!'



I PRAY, DAUGHTER, THAT YOU CAN FORGIVE ME. NOT FOR MY TRANSGRESSION AGAINST YOU BOTH, FOR I DON'T WISH NOR DESERVE SUCH EXPIATION.

FORGIVE ME FOR SETTING YOUR CHILD ON SO TREACHEROUS A PATH. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.



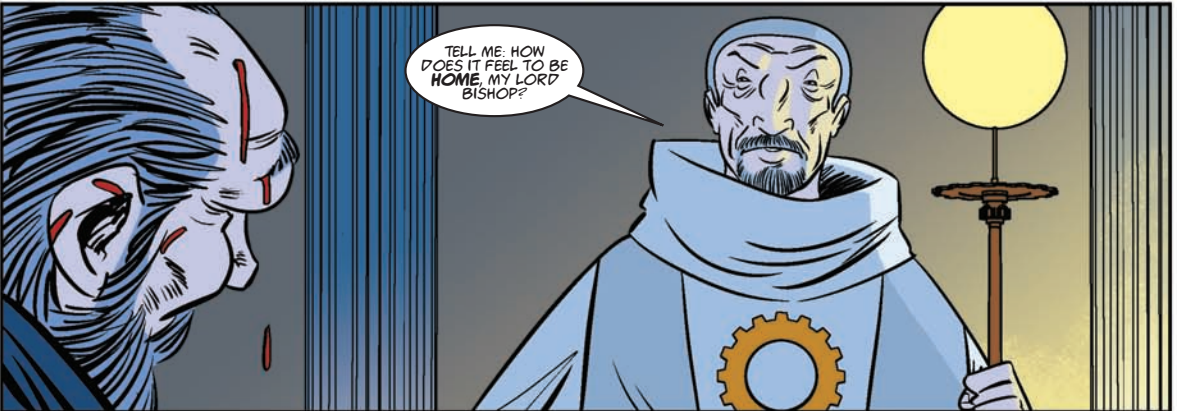
IF I CAN GIVE MY LIFE SO THAT SHE MAY LIVE, THEN IT IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY.



COME IN, LADS! I'D OFFER YOU A DRINK BUT I FEAR IT'S SOMETHING OF AN ACQUIRED TASTE!



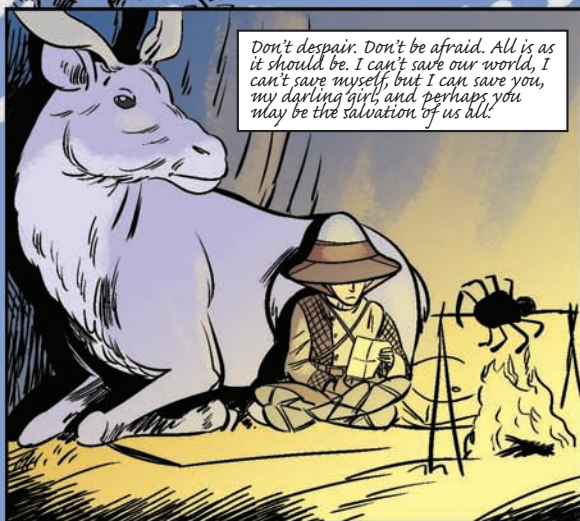
UHHN!







Wren, if you are reading this then I am a prisoner of the Orthodoxy and awaiting execution.



Don't despair. Don't be afraid. All is as it should be. I can't save our world, I can't save myself, but I can save you, my darling girl, and perhaps you may be the salvation of us all!



In this journal I've laid down all I know regarding the nature of the Wheel of Worlds, the legend of the Blind Watchmaker, the War of the Key and much more besides.



This knowledge is vital, to be sure, but it is nothing without the QUAYCARD. Keep it safe above all things!



I've detailed how to use it. As to when, watch the causeway - the Bridge of Sighs - you'll know.





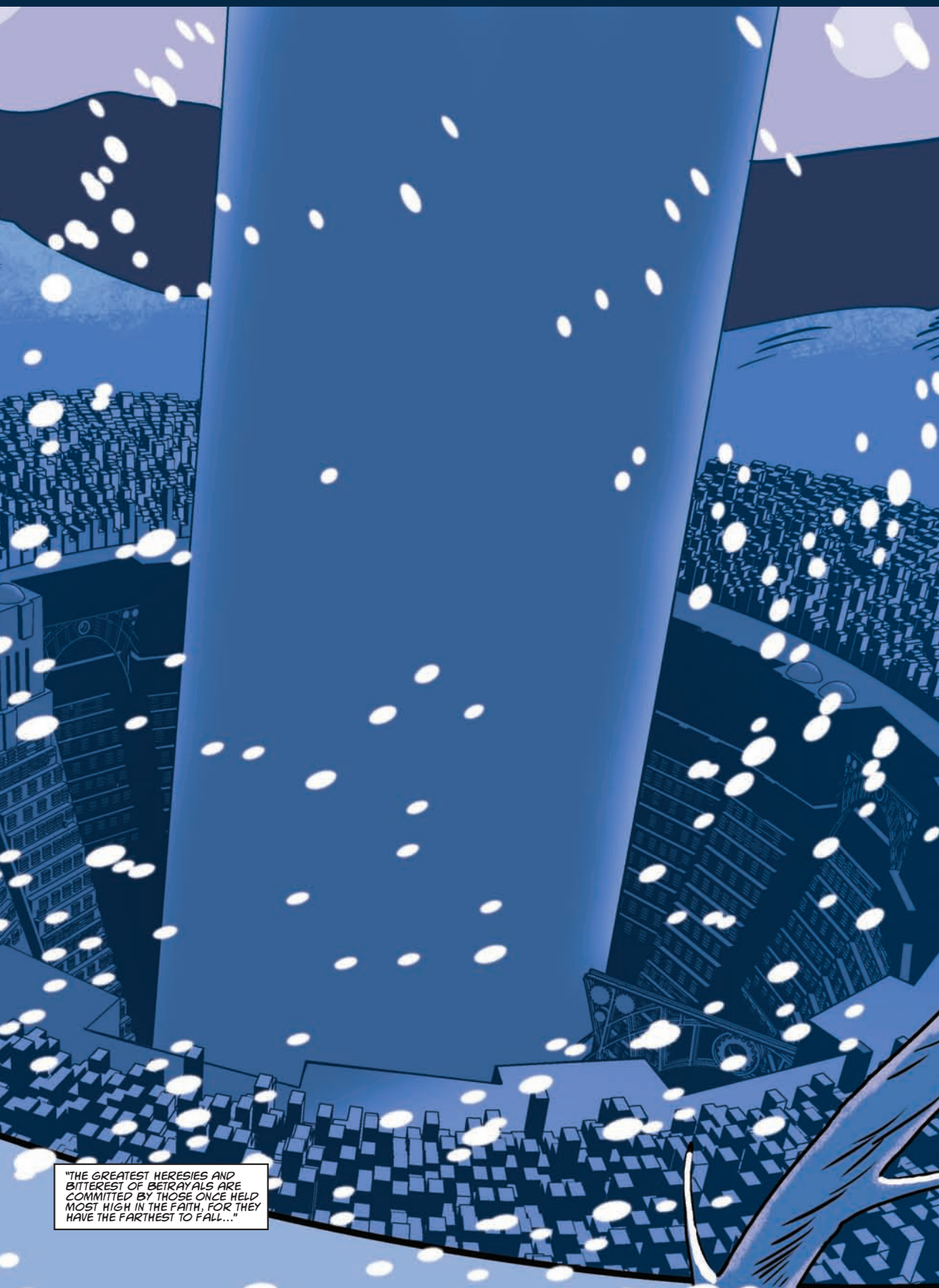
*If fate is kind, we'll see each other for one last time.*



*Be bold. Be brave. I love you with all my heart. Never forget that. C.*







"THE GREATEST HERESIES AND BITTEREST OF BETRAYALS ARE COMMITTED BY THOSE ONCE HELD MOST HIGH IN THE FAITH, FOR THEY HAVE THE FARTHEST TO FALL..."



... AND YOU  
FELL FARTEST OF  
ALL, MY LORD  
BISHOP.

I GAVE  
UP THE CLOTH  
AND ITS LIES A  
LONG TIME  
AGO.

SET ME  
AFLAME IF YOU  
MUST. JUST GIVE  
ME RELEASE FROM  
YOUR PIOUS  
PRATTLE!



HOW DID  
THIS COME  
TO BE?

YOU WERE A  
**PARAGON!** YOU  
GAVE UP YOUR OWN  
DAUGHTER AND HER  
HUSBAND TO THE  
FIRES OF HOLY  
JUSTICE.

NOW  
LOOK AT YOU!  
A WRETCHED, GREY  
RAG OF A MAN  
BROUGHT LOW BY  
THE SAME BLASPHEMY  
THAT CONDEMNED  
YOUR CHILD!



**NO, BY THE TRUTH!**  
IF I'D ONLY HAD THE  
WIT TO SEE IT FOR  
WHAT IT WAS, SHE  
MIGHT BE WITH  
ME STILL.

ONLY  
TO TAKE HER  
PLACE NEXT  
TO YOU UPON  
THE PYRE, OLD  
FRIEND.



SABIN, FOR  
PITY'S SAKE! HOW  
LONG CAN YOU  
CLING TO THIS  
**DELUSION?**

I WAS  
LIKE YOU — I  
DID AS THE COG  
COMMAND — BUT  
THE ICE **STILL** CAME  
OUR PEOPLE FREEZE  
AND STARVE BY  
THE MILLION.

PRAYERS  
AND PERSECUTION  
CANNOT HOLD THE  
INEVITABLE AT BAY.  
THERE **MUST** BE  
ANOTHER WAY!



**FAITH!**  
FAITH IS THE  
ONLY WAY!

YOU  
FORGET, I'VE READ  
THE SCROLLS IN THE DEEP  
ARCHIVE. OUR FOREBEARS  
CHARTED THE SLOWING OF  
THE SUN **CENTURIES**  
AGO.

THEN WAS  
THE TIME TO HAVE  
DONE SOMETHING. BUT THE  
ORTHODOXY IGNORED THE  
EVIDENCE, DESTROYED ALL  
THE LENSES, SO NO ONE  
ELSE COULD DISCOVER  
THE TRUTH FOR  
THEMSELVES.



**BLASPHEMY!**









THERE'S QUITE A CROWD. PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE SOLD TICKETS?



NOT SO MERCENARY, SPEAKER EUSABIUS. THE FIRE FUELS THE FAITH. ESPECIALLY WHEN WE HAVE SO AUSPICIOUS A VILLAIN TO FEED THE FLAMES.

HOW IS IT HE'S EVADED SUCH A FATE UNTIL NOW? SURELY RENOUNCING THE CLOTH WOULD HAVE BEEN SUSPICIOUS IN ITSELF?



FOR ANY OTHER, YES, BUT CADWALLADER... THE BISHOP WAS A NEAR LEGEND WHEN HE CHOSE TO STEP DOWN TO RAISE HIS INFANT GRAND-DAUGHTER.

THERE WAS MUCH LAMENTATION — HE WAS DESTINED TO BE THE NEXT ARCHIMANDRITE — BUT I CONVINCED THE QUORUM HE'D RIGHTLY EARNED SUCH A DISPENSATION.



LITTLE DID WE REALISE HE WAS HAVING DOUBTS OR THAT HE'D STOLEN HOLY RELICS AND REPLACED THEM WITH COPIES.

HE **PLANNED** FOR THIS... BUT THE QUESTION IS, TO WHAT END?

HE HAS BEEN PLAYING A LONG GAME. EVEN THIS, HIS DEATH IS SOMEHOW BY HIS OWN DESIGN.



YES?

ALL IS READY, MY LORD.

YOUR MEN ARE WATCHING THE CROWD FOR THE GIRL?



YES, SIR. BUT WITH RESPECT, HOW CAN YOU BE SURE SHE'S HERE?

BURN THE HERETIC...









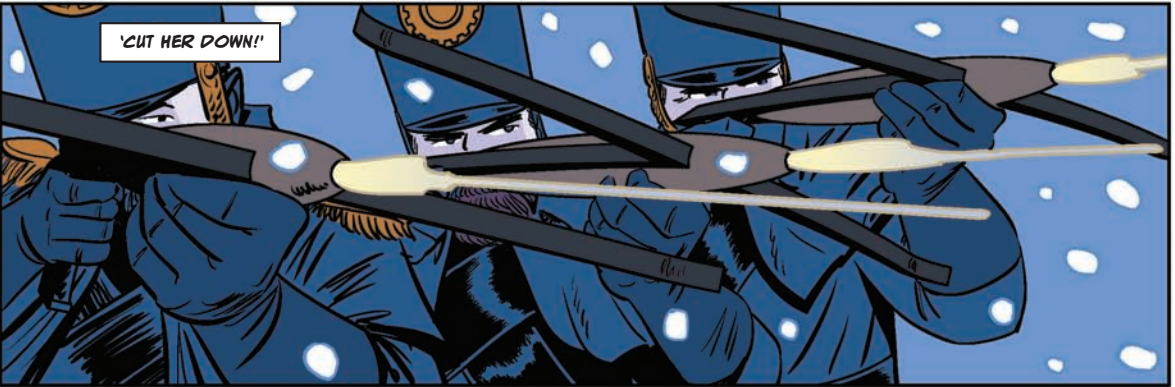




RHUUN,  
SHHRL...  
RU...

HHH...  
UHH...







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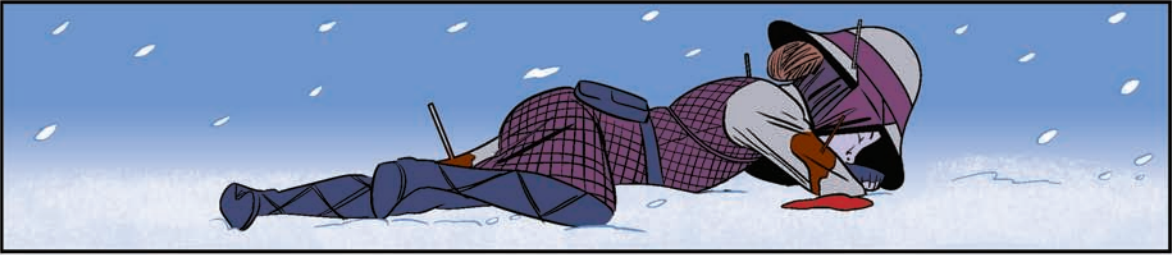


THE ONLY WAY IS THE LAW



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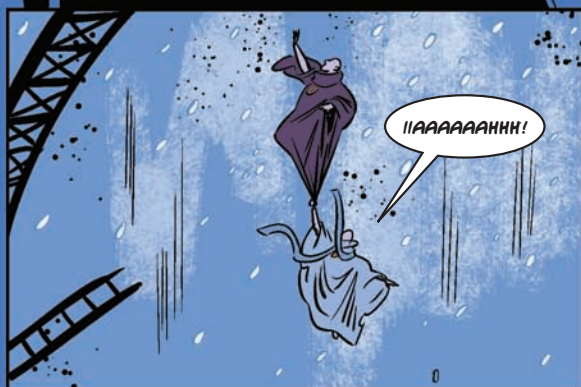




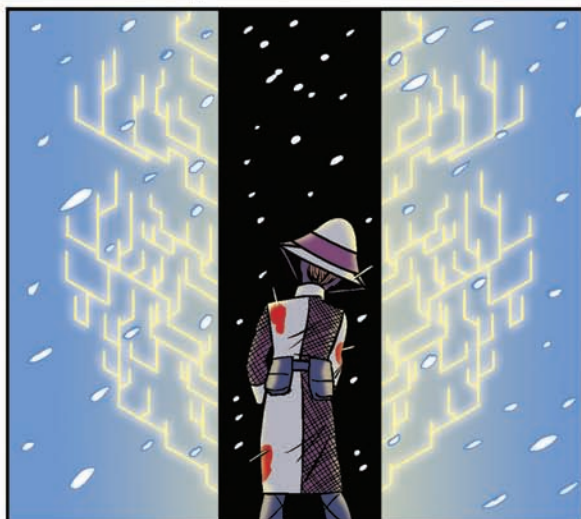
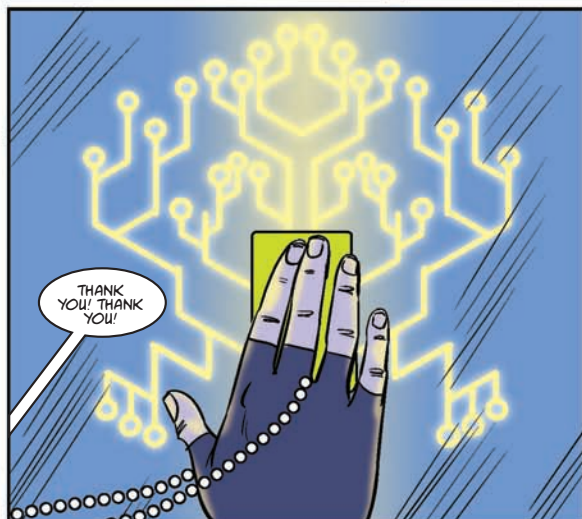


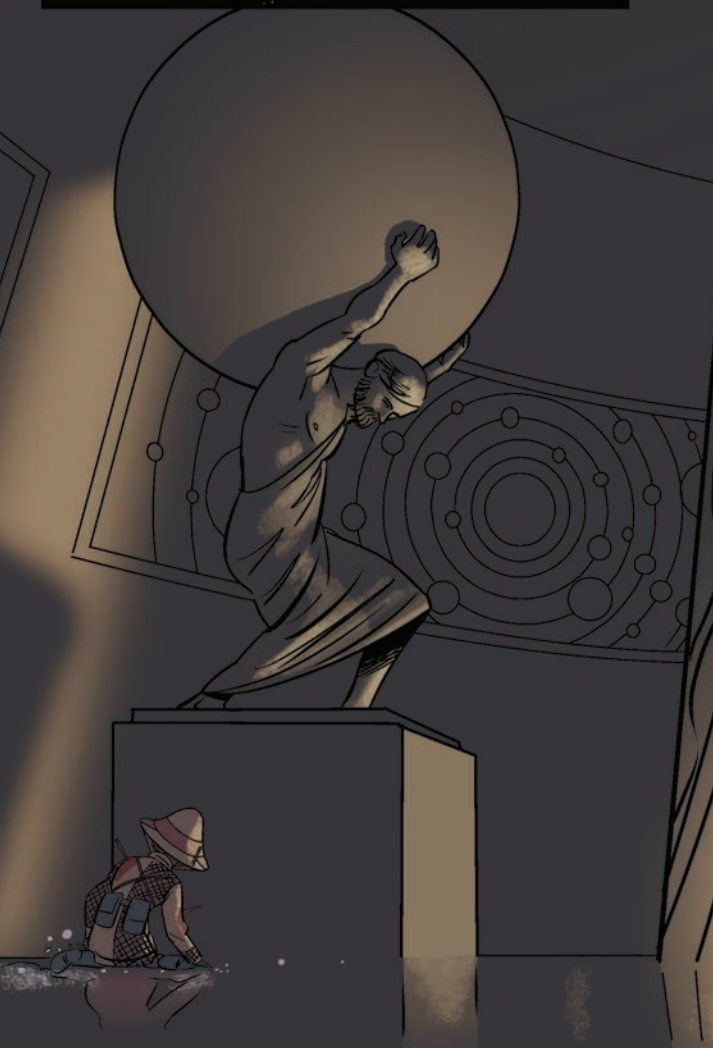














# THE LAW IN ORDER



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PLEASE, IT'S OKAY!  
I'M NOT GOING TO  
HURT YOU. I'VE BEEN  
WATCHING OVER  
YOU WHILE YOU  
RECOVERED.

RECOVERED?

I  
REMEMBER...  
BEING SHOT,  
BUT...

WE FOUND YOU IN THE ATRIUM,  
YOU'D LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.  
THERE WAS DEEP TISSUE TRAUMA  
BUT NO ORGAN DAMAGE. EVEN  
SO, IT WAS TOUCH AND GO  
FOR A WHILE.

YOU'VE BEEN  
COMATOSE  
FOR OVER A  
MONTH.

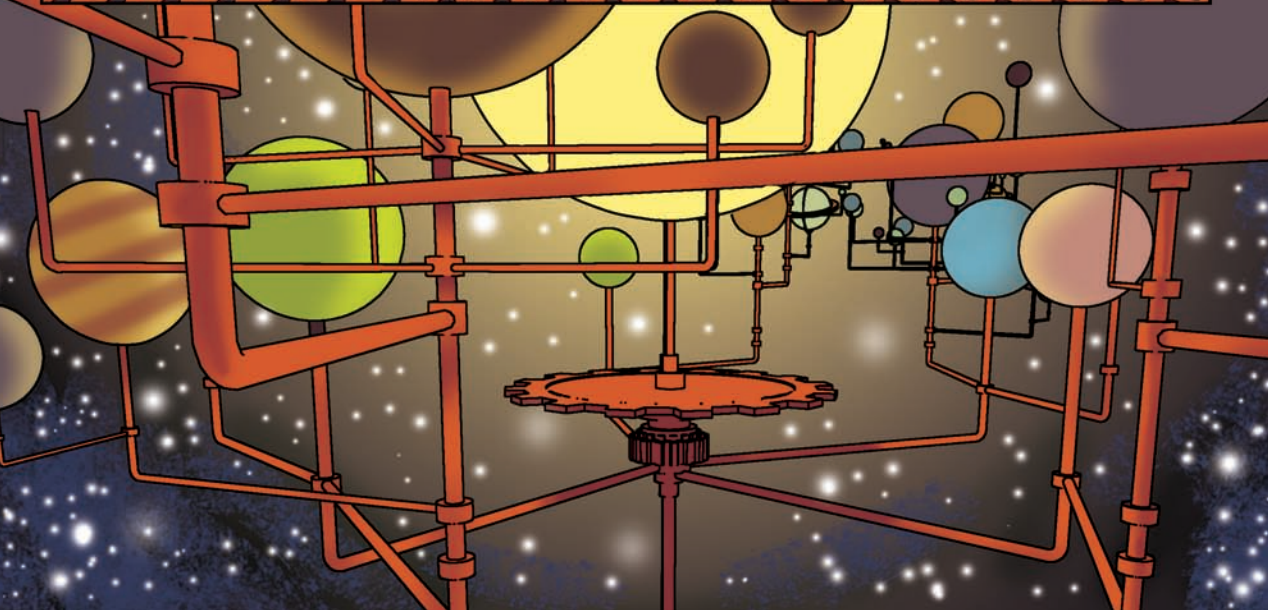
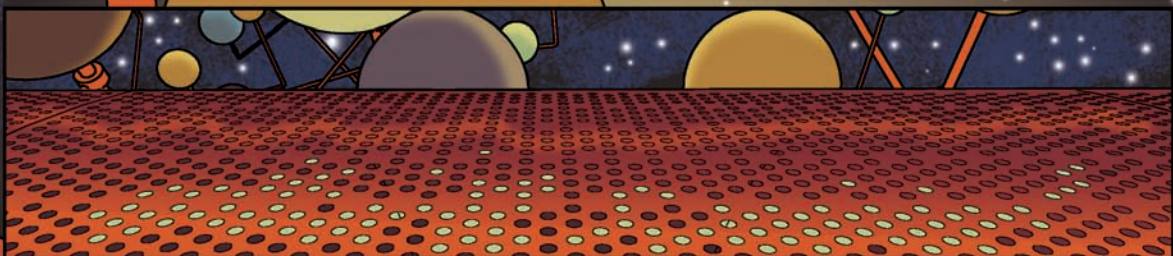
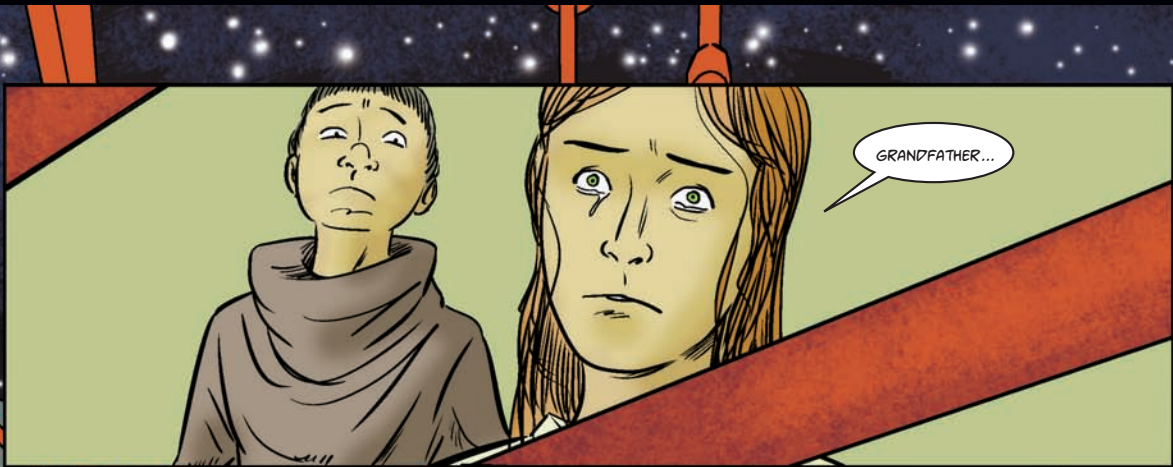
A MONTH!  
WAIT, WAIT! WHO  
ARE YOU? WHERE  
AM I?

I'M **CONDUCTOR  
SEVENTEEN**, ALTHOUGH  
I'M STUDYING ORDERS  
TO BECOME AN  
**ENGINEERMAN**. AND THIS,  
WELL... YOU'RE RIDING  
**'THE RAILS'**.

SEE FOR  
YOURSELF.

OH MY...











"WHERE IS IT?"

THIS  
BELONGS  
TO YOU, MISS  
WREN. I URGE  
YOU TO KEEP  
IT SAFE.

I HOPE YOU  
WILL FORGIVE  
ME BUT I TOOK  
THE LIBERTY  
OF READING IT  
WHILST YOU  
WERE SLEEPING.

I DO NOT MAKE LIGHT  
WHEN I SAY THAT YOUR  
GRANDFATHER'S  
THEORIES AND ANALYSES  
ARE WORKS OF GENIUS,  
ESPECIALLY GIVEN THE  
PREJUDICES AND  
PRIVATIONS HE FOUND  
HIMSELF IN. I WISH HE'D  
BEEN ABLE TO COME  
WITH YOU.

SO DO I, SIR.

YOUR GRAND-  
FATHER WAS INDEED  
AN ENLIGHTENED  
SOUL, BUT I NOTED  
THAT FOR WANT OF  
RESOURCES HIS  
STUDIES RAN A TAD  
THIN IN SOME  
PLACES.

WITH YOUR  
PERMISSION,  
PERHAPS I  
MIGHT BE  
PERMITTED TO  
FILL IN THE  
GAPS?



ISSUE 2 ON SALE JUNE 25<sup>TH</sup>

# BRASS SUN







# JUMP ONBOARD 2000 AD

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