



2000 AD

C L A S S I C

A ZARJAZ
SELECTION
OF *2000 AD*
GREATS!



ZENITH
ROGUE TROOPER
ROBO-HUNTER
NIKOLAI DANTE
HALO JONES

Originally serialised in *2000 AD* Progs 76-77, 228-229, 376-377, 535-536, 1035-1036. Copyright © 1978, 1981, 1984, 1987, 1997, 2015 Rebellion A/S. All Rights Reserved. Rogue Trooper, Zenith, Robo-Hunter, Nikolai Dante, Halo Jones and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of Rebellion A/S. 2000 AD is a registered trademark. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional.

Published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0ES, UK
www.rebellion.co.uk

2000 AD CLASSIC

2015 Edition

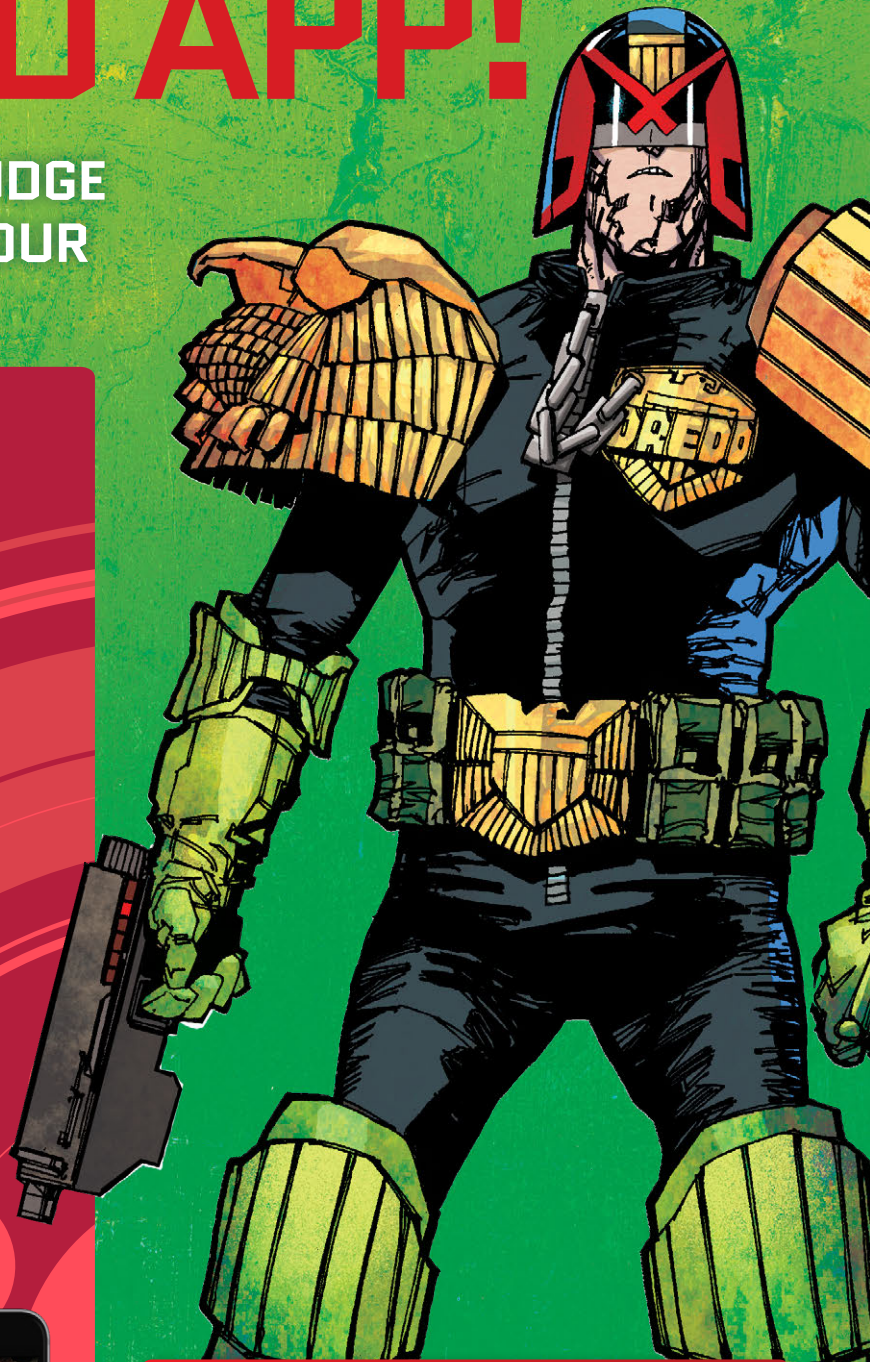


DOWNLOAD THE 2000 AD APP!

READ 2000 AD & THE JUDGE
DREDD MEGAZINE ON YOUR
MOBILE OR TABLET!

**FREE COMICS!
SUBSCRIBE!
DRM-FREE!**

Read classic graphic novels
and our new comics and
more on any device with a
single log-in!



DOWNLOAD NOW FOR APPLE
SCAN HERE

WWW.2000ADONLINE.COM/APPLE

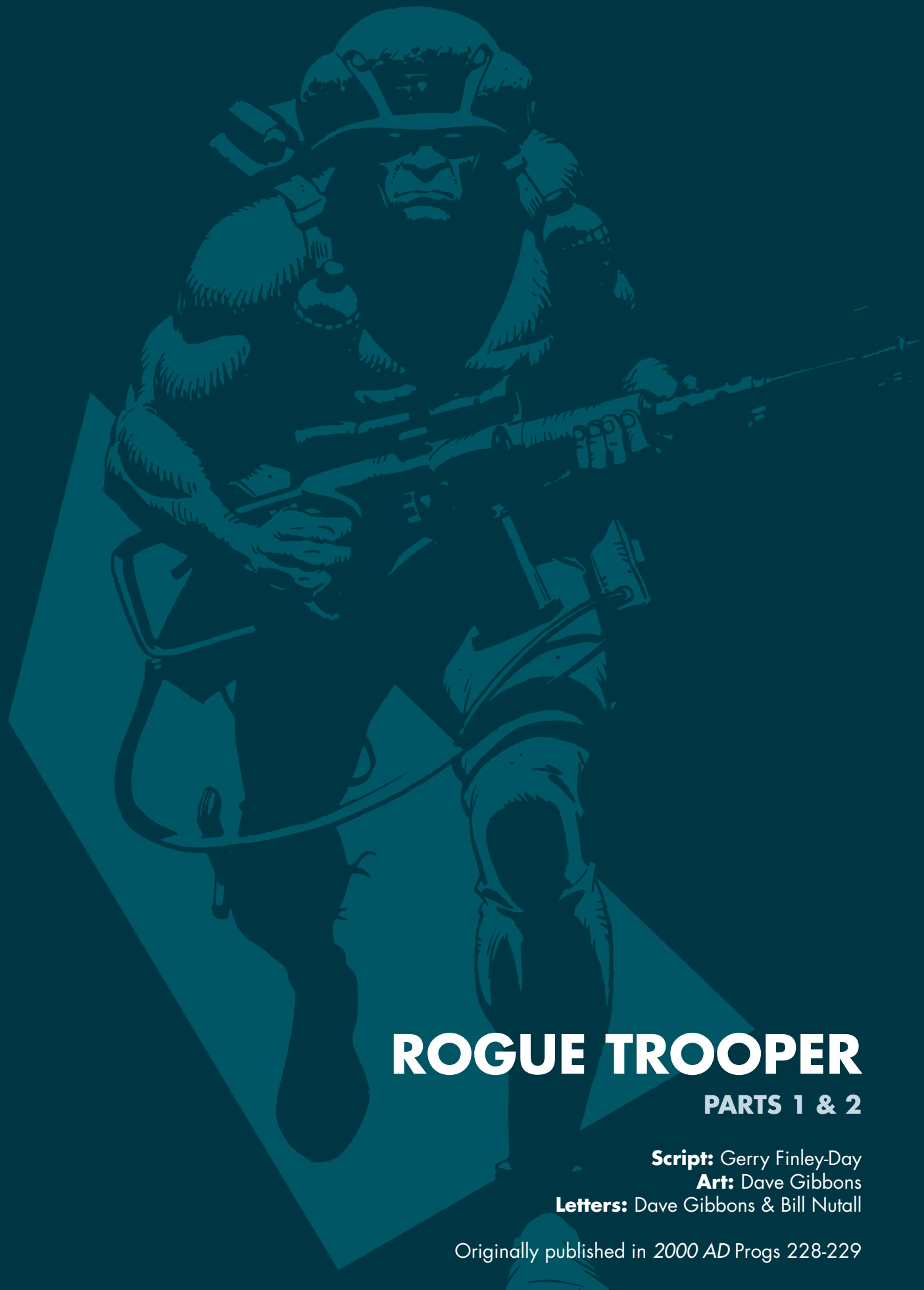


DOWNLOAD NOW FOR ANDROID
SCAN HERE

WWW.2000ADONLINE.COM/ANDROID



2000ADONLINE.COM



ROGUE TROOPER

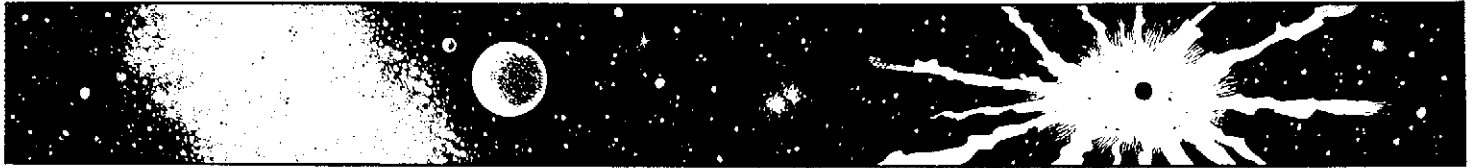
PARTS 1 & 2

Script: Gerry Finley-Day

Art: Dave Gibbons

Letters: Dave Gibbons & Bill Nuttall

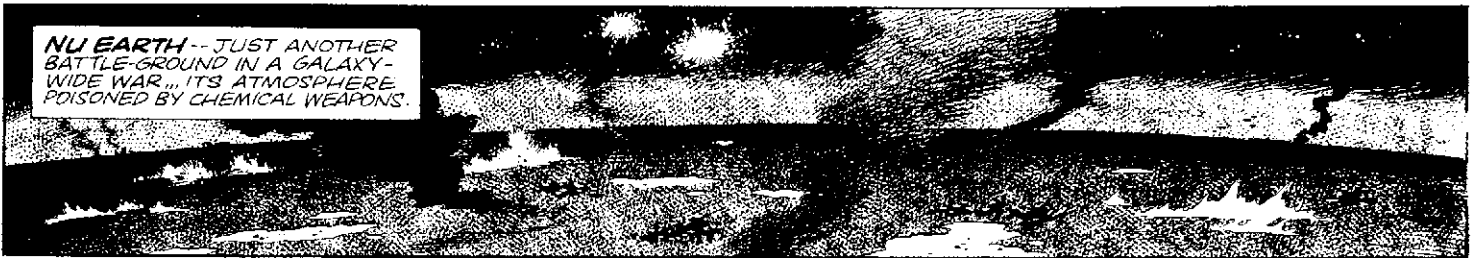
Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 228-229



THE PLANET
NU EARTH.



NU EARTH--JUST ANOTHER
BATTLE-GROUND IN A GALAXY-
WIDE WAR...ITS ATMOSPHERE
POISONED BY CHEMICAL WEAPONS.



NU EARTH--A HELLISH SETTING FOR
NUMBERLESS TALES OF HEROISM AND
DESPAIR. **THIS** IS THE STORY OF A
FIGHTING LEGEND, THE G.I. KNOWN AS...



ROGUE TROOPER

REMEMBER
YOUR **TRAINING**,
MEN--KEEP YOUR SUIT-
PATCHES HANDY AND USE
THE CHEM-CLOUDS
FOR COVER WHEN-
EVER YOU CAN.

NOW, LET'S
RIP THOSE
NORT KILLERS!
FORWARD!

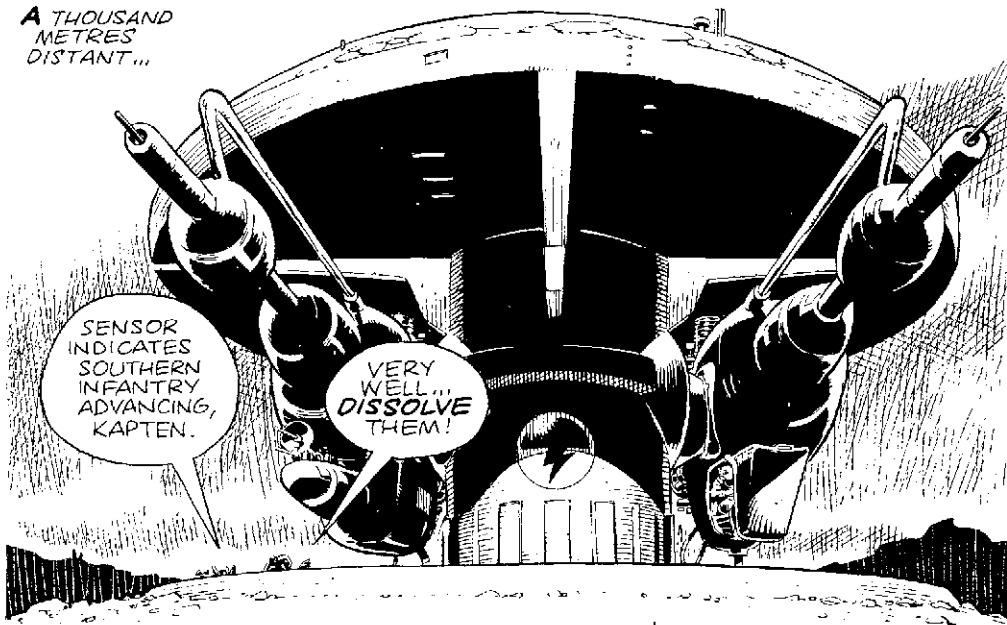


2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
DAVE GIBBONS
LETTERING ROBOT
DAVE GIBBONS

COMPU-73e

A THOUSAND
METRES
DISTANT...



SENSOR
INDICATES
SOUTHERN
INFANTRY
ADVANCING,
KAPTEN.

VERY
WELL...
**DISSOLVE
THEM!**



SWEET
MERCY, **NO!**
THEY'VE GOT
A **HELLSTREAK**
UP THERE!

C-CAPTAIN
...WE SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
WARNED!



FALL BACK!
SIGNALLER, GET
ME **MILLI-COM** ON
THE **SPACE-LINK**.
NOW!

MILLI-COM, THIS
IS NU EARTH, SECTOR
SEVENTEEN-DELTA
... CAPTAIN WHITE
SPEAKING.

YOUR DAMN
BRIEFING
FORGOT TO
MENTION A
HELLSTREAK
IN THIS
SECTOR--

**I NEED
ASSISTANCE
URGENTLY!**

BUT OTHER
EARS ARE
LISTENING...

HEAR THAT,
ROGUE? SOME
SOUTHERS HAVE
GOT THEMSELVES
INTO A **MELT-UP**
JUST NEAR
US.

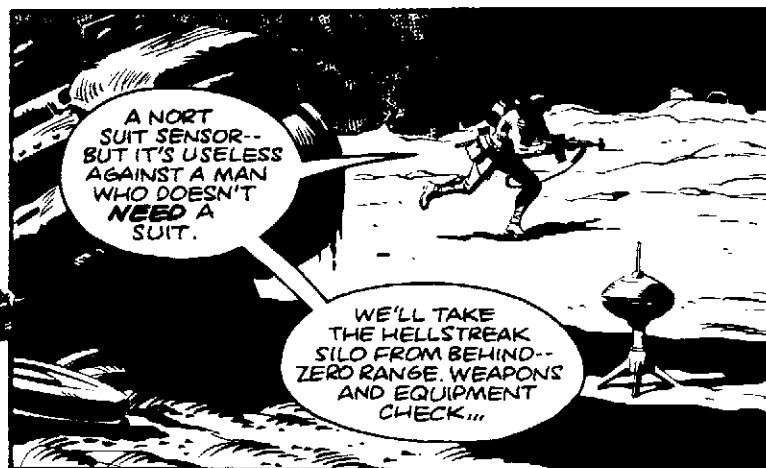
DON'T
LISTEN TO HIM,
ROGUE. WE'VE GOT
OUR **OWN BUSINESS**.
REMEMBER?

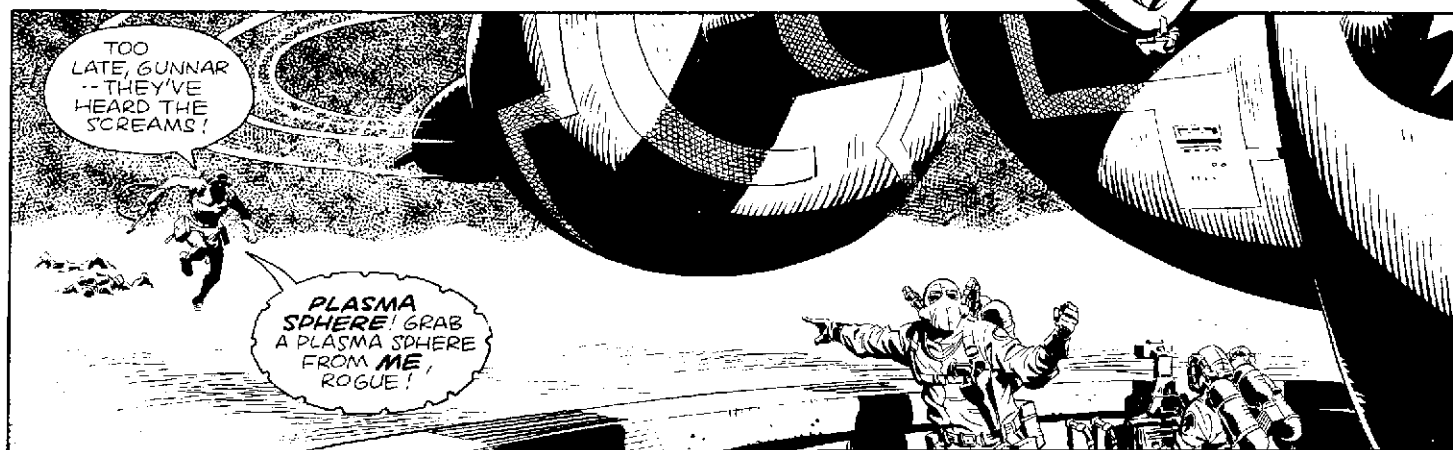
YEAH,
LEAVE 'EM,
ROGUE!

REQUEST
DENIED. CONTINUE
THE ATTACK...

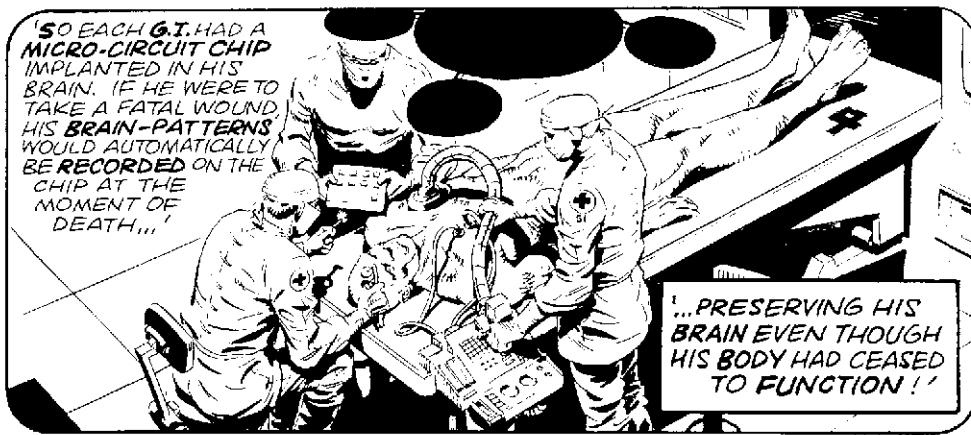
...AND
REMEMBER--
**THE SCHEME'S
THE THING!**

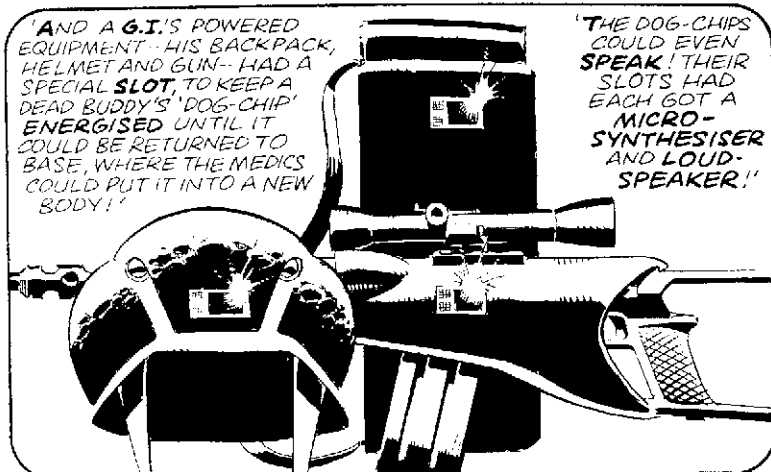












NU EARTH. ONCE THE PROUD MONUMENT OF ITS DISCOVERERS TO THEIR HOME PLANET, IT IS NOW A WORLD STAINED BY BITTER FUTURE WAR.

A WORLD WHERE EVERY CITY IS THE SCENE OF A DEADLOCKED BATTLE BETWEEN SOUTHERN AND NORT FORCES. CITIES LIKE **NU PAREE**, FAMOUS FOR ITS MIGHTY MITTERAND TOWER.

AND ITS TWENTY-YEAR STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL!

KEEP THOSE NORTS BACK, BOYS. THIS STREET'S OURS!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY

ART ROBOT
DAVE GIBBONS

LETTERING ROBOT
BILL NUTTALL

COMPU-73

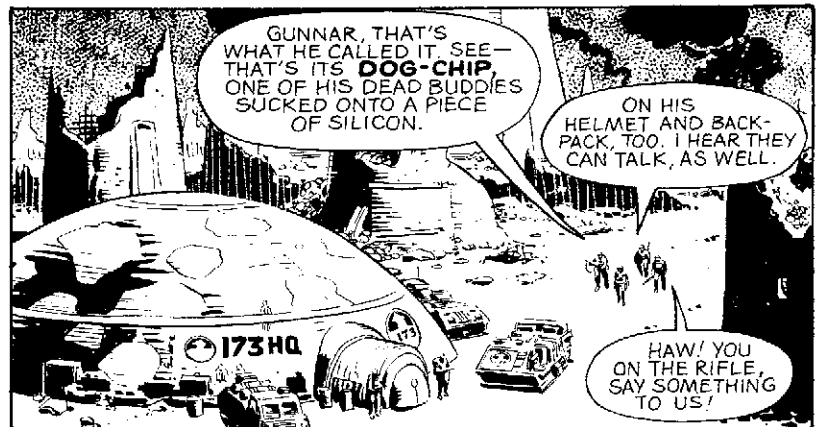
NEARBY, A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS...

NU PAREE. MAYBE THIS IS WHERE WE FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE QUARTZ MASSACRE.

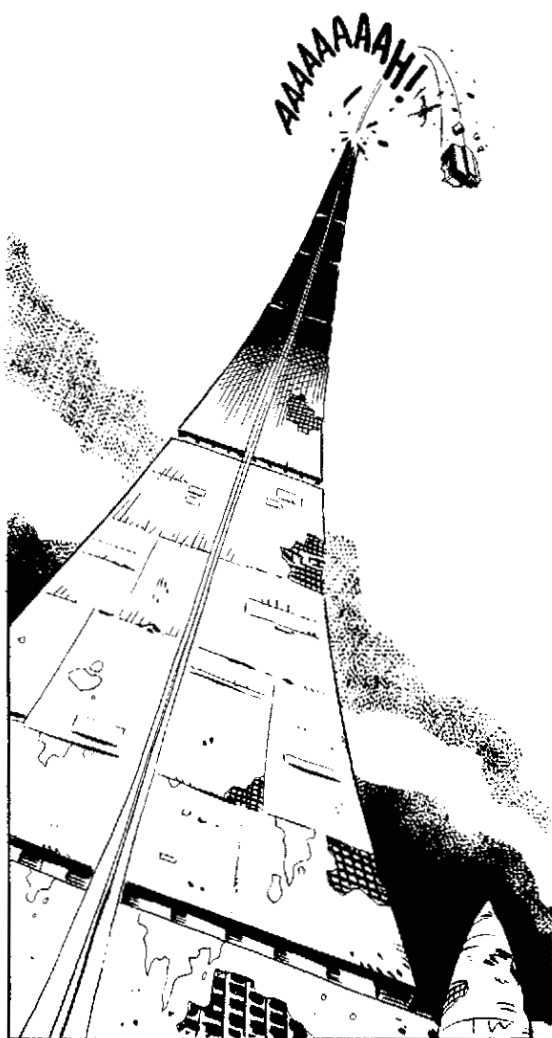
ROGUE TROOPER

ONE GOING PAST... ALONE!









NIGHTFALL ...

NEXT PROG: CRYSTAL NIGHTMARE!



ZENITH

PHASE I

PARTS 1 & 2

Script: Grant Morrison
Art: Steve Yeowell
Letters: Mark King

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 535-536

ZENITH

PROLOGUE: GROUND ZERO

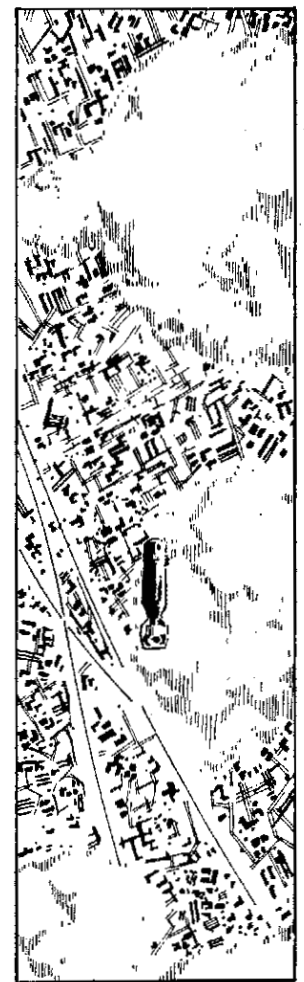
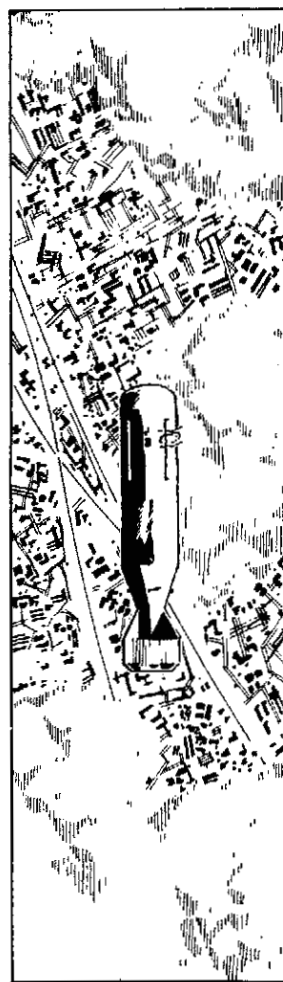
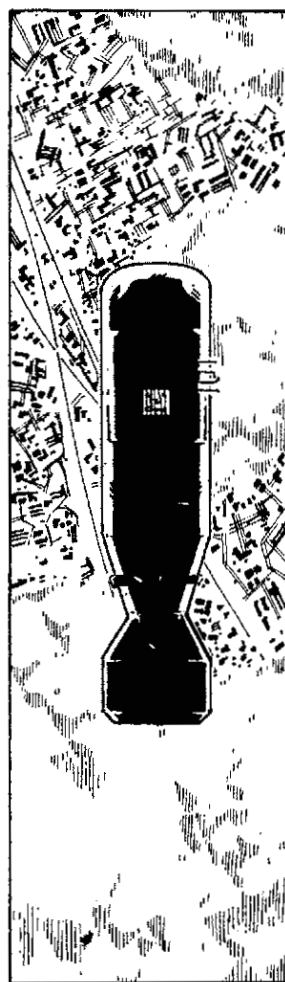
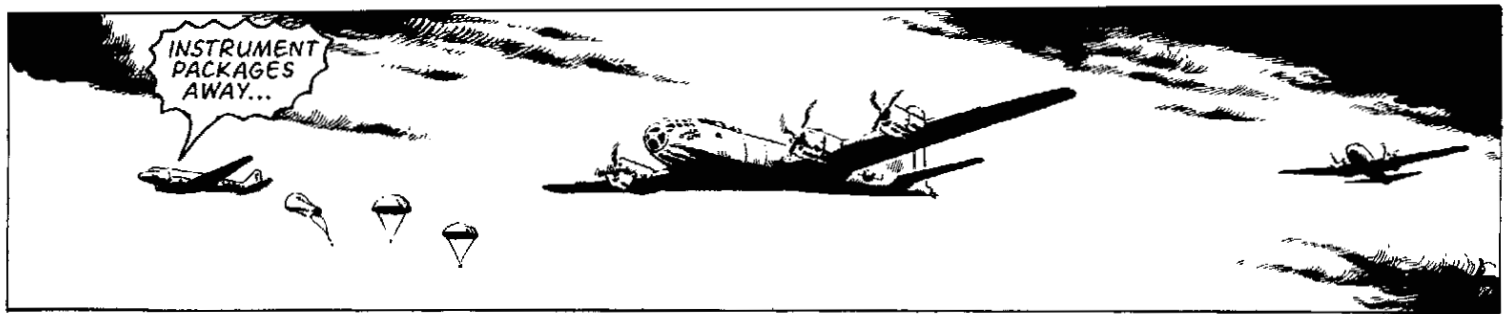
AND IT'S ONE IN THE EYE FOR ADOLF AS ALLIED FORCES ADVANCE ACROSS EUROPE TOWARDS A BELEAGUED BERLIN!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E



BERLIN: DECEMBER 21, 1944.









BERLIN: JUNE 23, 1987.

BERLIN MUST SEEM
VERY HOT TO YOU,
HERR DOCTOR, AFTER
ANTARCTICA.

OH, NOT REALLY,
FRÄULEIN HAAS...

I REMEMBER
WHEN IT
WAS MUCH
HOTTER!

HA HA!

THIS
WAY...

...UH!..

THAT
SMELL!..
IS IT ?..

YES. THAT'S
THE WAY OUR
MASTERS SMELL
WHEN THEY
MANIFEST
THEMSELVES
ON THIS PLANE.

NOT
EXACTLY
CHANEL N°5,
I ADMIT.

ONE OF THEM
VISITED ME
HERE RECENTLY.

IT TOOK ME SIX DAYS
TO RECOVER FROM
ITS PRESENCE.

MM. YES.

I HOPE WE'RE
DOING THE
RIGHT THING,
FRÄULEIN...

WE HAVE WAITED
YEARS FOR THIS
HOUR, DRIESCH!
THIS IS NO TIME
FOR DOUBT.

NOW,
JUST DO
WHAT YOU
CAME
HERE TO
DO...

...AND WAKE
HIM UP!

LONDON: APRIL 30, 1987. 7.17 A.M.

...AND YOU'RE WATCHING "GOOD MORNING BRITAIN" ON TV AM.

IN THE STUDIO WITH ME IS MARTIN HOWE, WHOSE BOOK "FLYING HIGH" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED...

IN THIS BOOK, MARTIN CASTS A CRITICAL EYE OVER CLOUD 9, THE GROUP OF BRITISH SUPERHUMANS WHO WERE AS MUCH A PART OF THE SWINGING '60'S AS THE BEATLES OR TWIGGY...

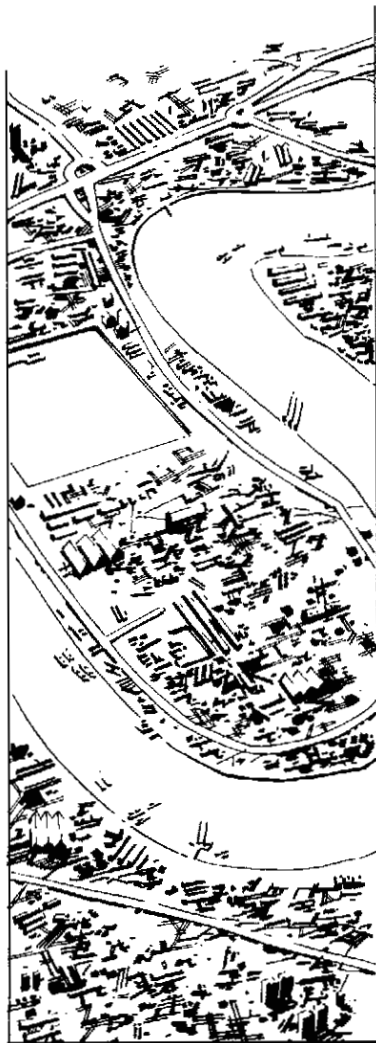
JOINING MARTIN, WE HAVE ZENITH, THE WORLD'S ONLY ACTIVE SUPERHUMAN, WHOSE SINGLE "HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT" IS CURRENTLY UP THERE AT NUMBER THREE IN THE NATIONAL POP CHARTS...

...AND RUBY FOX, WHO AS VOLTAGE WAS A FORMER MODEL AND MEMBER OF CLOUD 9.

RUBY, YOU LIVED THROUGH THOSE EXCITING TIMES AND KNEW PEOPLE LIKE SPOOK, MANDALA, LUX AND DR BEAT...

HAVING READ THE BOOK, DO YOU FEEL THAT MARTIN HAS COME DOWN TOO HARSHLY ON ALL OF YOU?

WELL, YES, QUITE FRANKLY I DO.



FIRSTLY, I THINK HIS
WHOLE APPROACH
IS WRONG.

REMEMBER,
WE WERE VERY
YOUNG, THE VICTIMS
OF AN EXPERIMENTAL
DRUG WHICH HAD GIVEN
US EXTRAORDINARY
ABILITIES. NONE OF
US REALLY KNEW
QUITE HOW WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO
BEHAVE.

REALLY, IT
SHOULDN'T HAVE
COME AS ANY
SURPRISE THAT
WE WERE ON A
COLLISION
COURSE...

...WITH
DISASTER...

MAGGIE
NAMES
THE DAY

S JUNE 11

ELECTION
FEVER!

THE
un

ZENITH
1: DROPPING IN

SHRRRRRR!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT MORRISON
ART ROBOT
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERING ROBOT
MARK KING
COMPU-73E



GOOD MORNING, ROBERT.

WHY DON'T YOU JOIN ME?



I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE ABOUT DRINKING AND FLYING, HAVEN'T I? IT'S A MIRACLE YOU MADE IT HOME AT ALL.

WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN?

...PARTY...

...A' THE LIMELIGHT...



NOT WITH THAT BRAINLESS PAGE THREE LASSIE AGAIN?

"DEBBIE'S HOBBIES INCLUDE GIGGLING AND TRYING TO REMEMBER WHAT COMES AFTER 'A' IN THE ALPHABET."



HONESTLY, ROBERT, I'M NOT A WELL MAN, AS YOU KNOW, AND YOU'RE NOT MAKING THINGS ANY EASIER FOR ME.



ZENITH, HOW ABOUT YOU...?

WHY AM I OVER THERE?

HOW CAN I BE OVER THERE AND HERE AT THE SAME TIME?



IT'S YOUR VIDEO FROM YESTERDAY.

...OH... YEAH...

...I FEEL SICK...

9.48 A.M.

...WELL, YES, IT'S A NICE WEE IDEA, RICHARD, BUT I'LL HAVE TO SOUND OUT THE BOY HIMSELF AND RIGHT NOW HE'S IN THE SHOWER...

NO, I TELL A LIE. HANG ON.



THE GLASGOW MEGASTORE ON MAY THE TWENTY-NINTH. BIG PROMOTION FOR YOUR ALBUM. CAN YOU MAKE IT?

I'LL CHECK THIS MONTH'S BIOGRAM.

NAH, I WON'T BE ABLE TO FLY ON THE TWENTY-NINTH. IT FALLS RIGHT ON THE LOWEST POINT OF MY NEGATIVE PHASE.

BIOGRAM

MAY

PHYSICAL SENSITIVITY

INTELLIGENCE

HELLO, RICHARD? SORRY, BUT YOU KNOW HOW THE BOY'S POWERS ARE TIED UP WITH HIS BIORHYTHM CYCLE...

THAT'S RIGHT...SO THE TWENTY-NINTH'S OUT, I'M AFRAID...

ZENITH, HOW ABOUT YOU...?

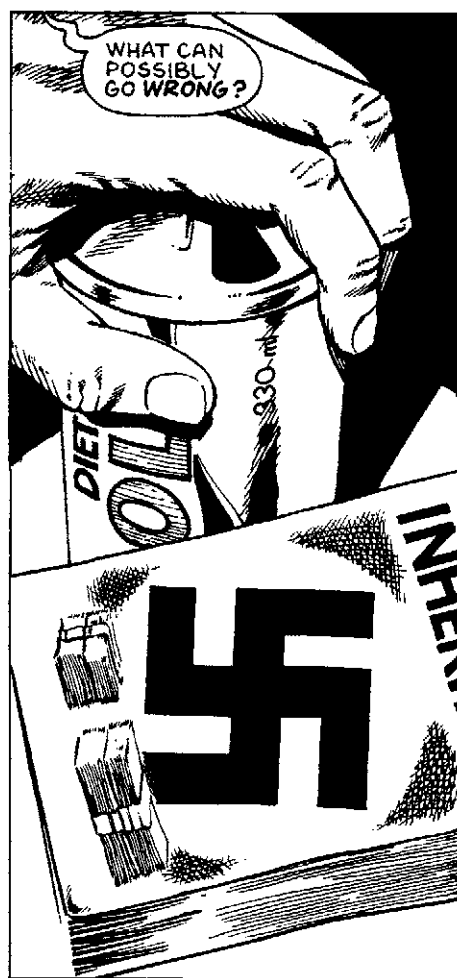
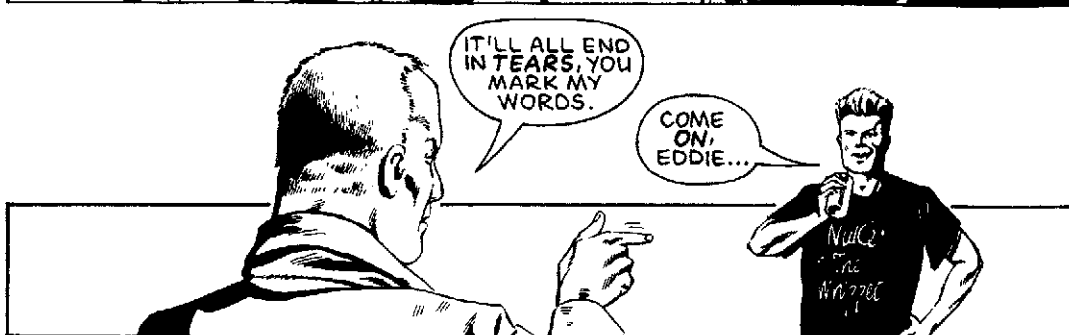
ALRIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL THEN...

DO YOU THINK MARTIN'S BOOK IS FAIR ON DR BEAT AND WHITE HEAT, YOUR PARENTS?

UH...I DUNNO. I GOT BORED ON THE CONTENTS PAGE.

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO TALK ABOUT MY RECORD?





ROBO-HUNTER VERDUS

PARTS 1 & 2

Script: John Wagner

Art: Ian Gibson & José Luis Ferrer

Letters: Pete Knight & Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 76-77



ROBO HUNTER



"I CAME INTO THE APARTMENT
BLASTING. I'VE BEEN AT THIS
GAME FOR FORTY YEARS AND
THERE'S ONE THING I'VE
LEARNED- NEVER GIVE A
ROBOT AN EVEN BREAK-"

THE NAME'S SLADE,
SAM SLADE!
THAT'S S-L-A-Y-E-D
TO YOU!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
T.B. GROVER
ART ROBOT
FERRER/GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73e



"HA HA, JUST MY LITTLE JOKE.
BUT THESE ROBOTS WEREN'T
LAUGHING."

"WHEN THEY GET SLADE,
THEY STAY SLADE - THAT'S
MY MOTTO."



"THE BIG ROBOT WITH THE TWO-
TON MITTS WASN'T LAUGHING
EITHER--"

**DESTROY!
DESTROY!**

UHUUH! SHOULD'A...
SEEN HIM COMIN'...
YOU'RE GETTIN' - OLD -
SAM -



BUT NOT SO OLD I'M
FIXIN' TO CROAK
JUST YET. A QUICK
ELBOW TO THE
CIRCUIT HATCH -

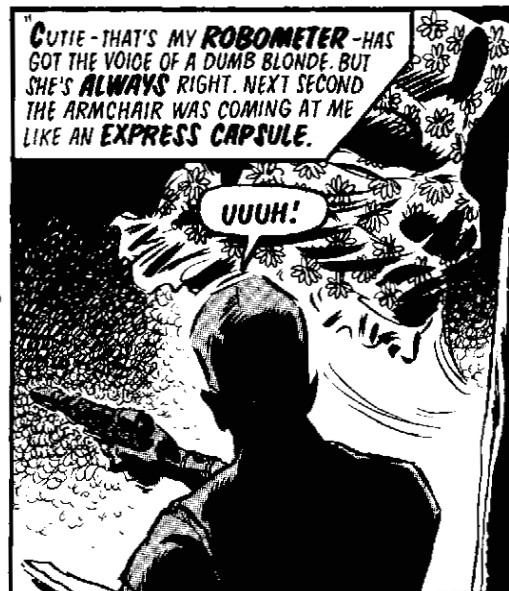


THAT JANGLED HIS CIRCUITS LONG ENOUGH
FOR ME TO SEND HIM TO THAT **GREAT SCRAP
HEAP** IN THE SKY!"



NO SIGN OF THE **ESCAPED ROBOT** WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR. I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS **HIDING** OUT HERE, CUTIE!

AFFIRMATIVE, SAM.
ELECTRO-ACTIVITY READINGS INDICATE **CLOSE PROXIMITY** OF A FUNCTIONING ROBOT. IMPULSE LEVELS CHECK WITH ROBOT FK-2B.



"CUTIE-THAT'S MY **ROBOMETER**-HAS GOT THE VOICE OF A DUMB BLONDE. BUT SHE'S **ALWAYS** RIGHT. NEXT SECOND THE ARMCHAIR WAS COMING AT ME LIKE AN **EXPRESS CAPSULE**."

UUUH!



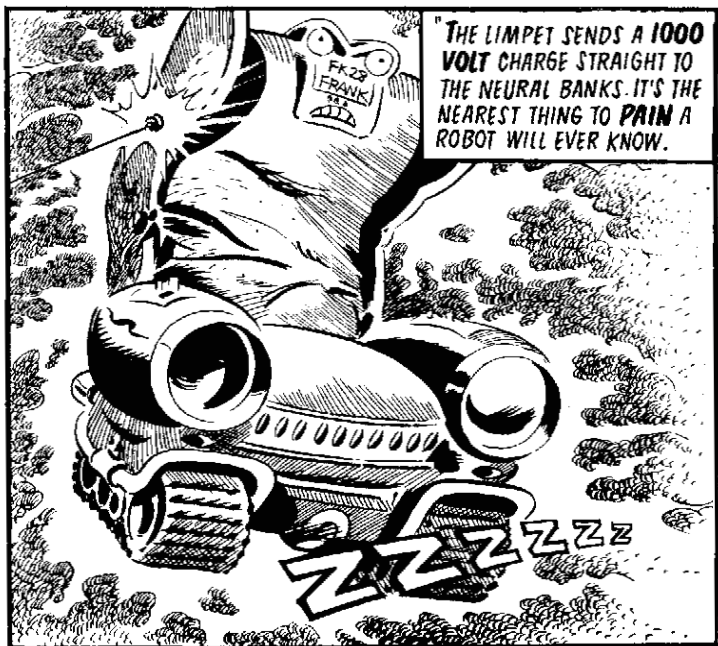
STAND ASIDE, ROBOSHUNTER!

AAAGH! A ROBOT CHAIR!



THESE FURNITURE-SHAPED ROBOTS MAY SAVE SPACE IN THE HOME, BUT THEY SURE MAKE LIFE HELL FOR A ROBOSHUNTER -

GOTTA STOP IT. A **LIMPET**-



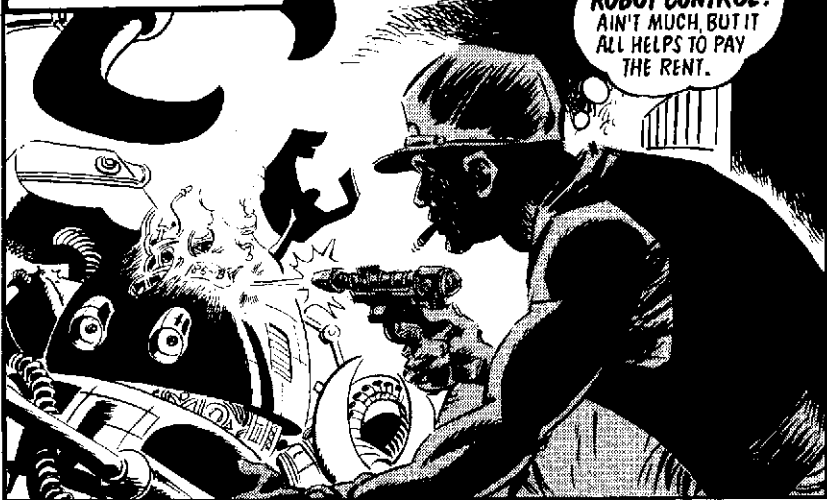
"THE LIMPET SENDS A **1000 VOLT** CHARGE STRAIGHT TO THE NEURAL BANKS. IT'S THE NEAREST THING TO **PAIN** A ROBOT WILL EVER KNOW."



NO... NO MORE
...MASTER.
FRANK WILL...
OBEY!

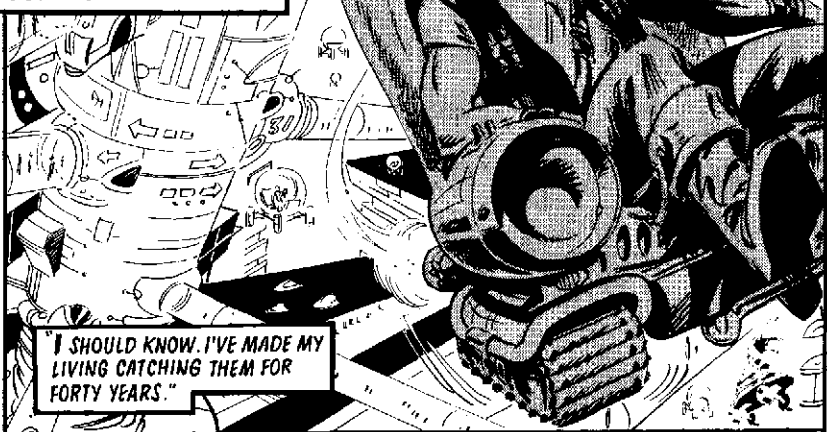
YOU BETTER BELIEVE
IT, FRANK. AND JUST
TO MAKE SURE I'M
GONNA DO A LITTLE
WORK ON YOUR
CIRCUITS.

"I REPAIRED FRANK'S OBEDIENCE BANKS, THEN
ADJUSTED MY BLASTER TO A BLOW-TORCH
FLAME. THE GOVERNMENT PAYS A **BOUNTY**
ON EVERY ESCAPED ROBOT--"



JUST CUT OFF THE
SERIAL NUMBERS AN'
HAND 'EM IN AT
ROBOT CONTROL.
AIN'T MUCH, BUT IT
ALL HELPS TO PAY
THE RENT.

"I RODE FRANK ACROSS
CITY TO MY OFFICE. BY
RIGHTS NO ROBOT
SHOULD GO WRONG. THEY
WERE PROGRAMMED **NEVER**
TO GO WRONG. BUT THEY
ALWAYS DID."

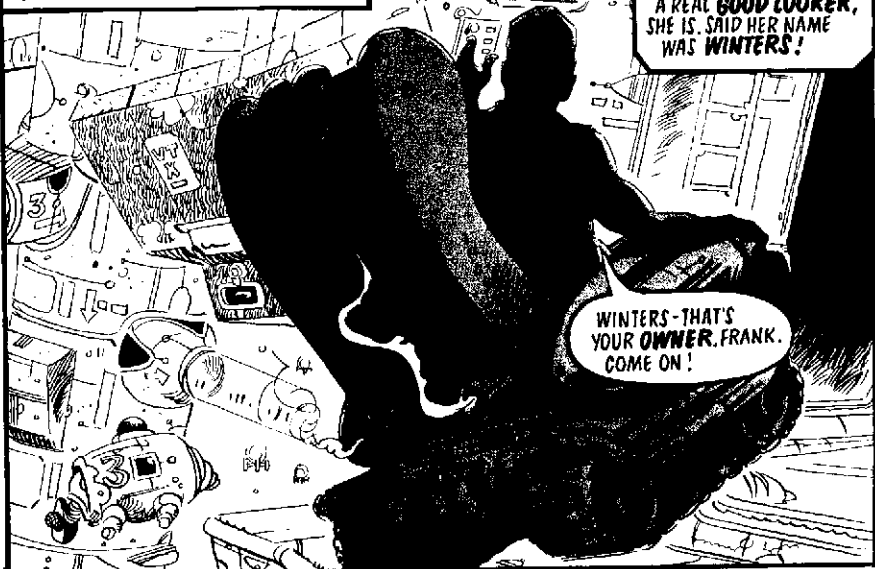


"I SHOULD KNOW. I'VE MADE MY
LIVING CATCHING THEM FOR
FORTY YEARS."

"FORTY YEARS... A LONG TIME. SOONER
OR LATER ONE OF THOSE METAL MONSTERS
IS GOING TO CRUNCH ME UP. THAT'S HOW
IT ALWAYS ENDS FOR A ROBOHUNTER."



"WHEN I GOT TO MY OFFICE, **CARLTON**,
THE B.S.C. (BUILDING SURVEILLANCE
COMPUTER) HAD A MESSAGE--"

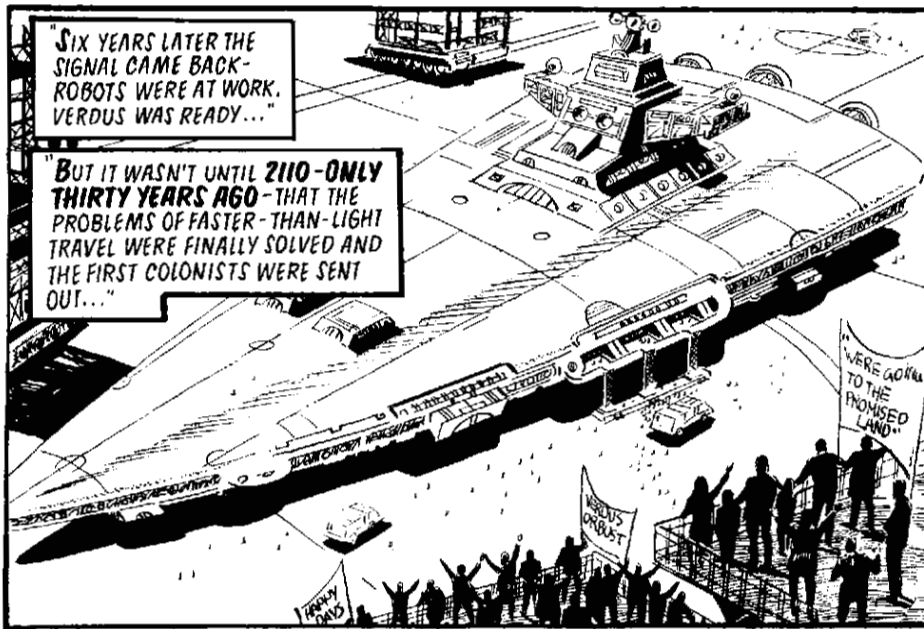


HEY, SLADE! THERE'S
SOME **DAME** WAITING
FOR YOU IN YOUR OFFICE.
A REAL **GOOD LOOKER**,
SHE IS. SAID HER NAME
WAS **WINTERS!**

WINTERS--THAT'S
YOUR **OWNER**, FRANK.
COME ON!







"SIX YEARS LATER THE SIGNAL CAME BACK- ROBOTS WERE AT WORK. VERDUS WAS READY..."

"BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL Z110-ONLY THIRTY YEARS AGO- THAT THE PROBLEMS OF FASTER-THAN-LIGHT TRAVEL WERE FINALLY SOLVED AND THE FIRST COLONISTS WERE SENT OUT..."



WE KNOW THE COLONISTS ARRIVED ON VERDUS, MR SLADE. BUT THAT IS ALL. THEY WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.

FURTHER PARTIES WERE SENT OUT, INCLUDING CRACK SPACE TROOPS. ALL SIGNALLIED THEIR ARRIVAL ON VERDUS- AND THEN NOTHING. THEY JUST DISAPPEARED WITHOUT TRACE!

A SWELL LITTLE MYSTERY, BUT WHERE DO I COME IN?



WE BELIEVE THE ROBOTS HAVE GONE WRONG AND TAKEN OVER. IT IS A PROBLEM THAT REQUIRES THE BEST ROBOT MAN IN THE BUSINESS. THAT MAN IS YOU, SLADE.

YOU'RE CRAZY! IF ROBOTS HAVE TAKEN OVER, THE PLANET'S A DEATH TRAP! NO, ROGERS, FIND SOME OTHER SUCKER!



YOU'RE THE ONLY SUCKER WE'VE GOT. SLADE- AND TIME IS RUNNING OUT. YOU'LL GO. YOU'LL GO BECAUSE WE TELL YOU TO!

WE ARE POWERFUL ORGANISATION. MR SLADE. WE GIVE YOU CHOICE. STRONG POSSIBILITY OF DEATH ON VERDUS... OR CERTAINTY OF BULLET IN HEAD IF YOU REFUSE.



"SOME CHOICE! IF ROBOTS HAD TAKEN OVER VERDUS I'D HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF COMING OUT ALIVE- WHICH IS ONLY SLIGHTLY BETTER ODDS THAN A BULLET IN THE HEAD..."

OKAY, YOU RATS- YOU GOT YOURSELF A SUCKER!

NOW GET OUTA HERE AND LEAVE ME ALONE. I GOT A FEW THINGS TO DO BEFORE I GO!



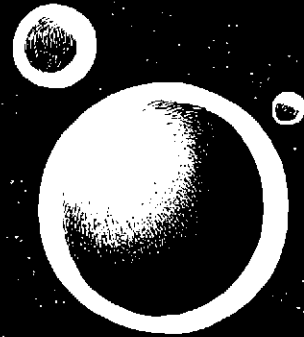
"ROGERS AND CHAN LEFT, AND I OPENED THE WINDOW TO LET OUT THE STINK -"

CHEER UP SAM. YOU AND ME, WE'LL HANDLE THOSE ROBOTS!

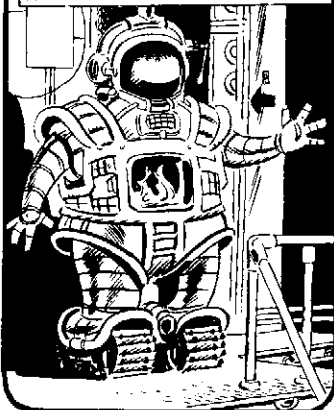
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, CUTIE. ME - I'M WRITING MY WILL.

NEXT PROG: THE ONE-WAY TRIP!

DATELINE: 2084. VERDUS, THE PARADISE PLANET, DISCOVERED IN THE DISTANT CRAB NEBULA. A LUSH HAVEN FOR LIFE, IT'S THE LAST HOPE FOR EARTH'S OVERCROWDED BILLIONS.



DATELINE: 2085. ROBOT SJI SENT TO VERDUS. ITS MISSION: TO BUILD OTHER ROBOTS—AND TOGETHER TO FASHION A WORLD FIT TO RECEIVE HUMANS.



DATELINE: 2110. FIRST COLONISTS SIGNAL ARRIVAL ON VERDUS. THEY ARE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN. FURTHER PARTIES ALSO DISAPPEAR WITHOUT TRACE.



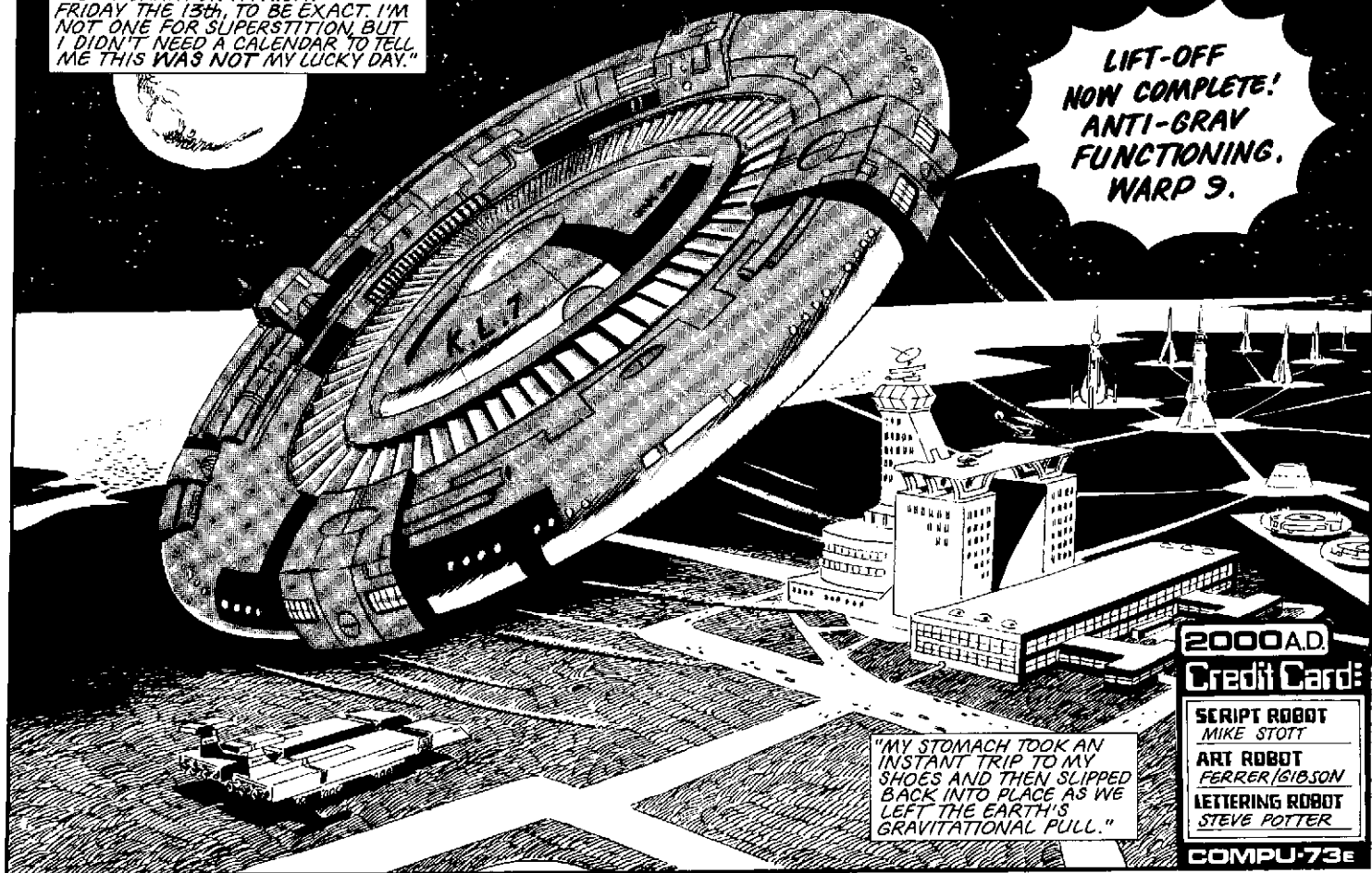
DATELINE: 2140. SITUATION DESPERATE. EARTH AUTHORITIES SUSPECT ROBOT MALFUNCTION. THEY TURN FOR HELP TO ONE MAN—CRACK ROBOT DETECTIVE, SAM SLADE.



ROBO-HUNTER

"I LEFT EARTH ON A FRIDAY—FRIDAY THE 13th, TO BE EXACT. I'M NOT ONE FOR SUPERSTITION, BUT I DIDN'T NEED A CALENDAR TO TELL ME THIS WAS NOT MY LUCKY DAY."

**LIFT-OFF
NOW COMPLETE!
ANTI-GRAV
FUNCTIONING.
WARP 9.**



"MY STOMACH TOOK AN INSTANT TRIP TO MY SHOES AND THEN SLIPPED BACK INTO PLACE AS WE LEFT THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL."

**2000AD
Credit Card:**

SCRIPT ROBOT
MIKE STOTT
ART ROBOT
FERRER/GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73e



"THE NAME'S SLADE, SAM SLADE. OCCUPATION—
SUCKER."

ONE DAY I'M A ROBO-
HUNTER WORKING MEGACITY.
JUST QUIETLY DOIN' MY JOB AND
LOOKIN' FORWARD TO COLLECTING
MY RETIREMENT PAPERS—

—THE NEXT, I'M ON A
ELECTRON DRIVE SHIP HEADING
FOR SOME GODFORSOKEN BALL OF
MUD THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS
AWAY— WITH A BUNCH OF MANIAC
ROBOTS WAITIN' FOR ME AT THE
OTHER END. *SOME FUN!*



"I'D NEVER HAVE TAKEN THE JOB
IF THOSE CREEPS FROM THE SPACE
COMMISSION HADN'T THREATENED
TO BRING FORWARD MY
RETIREMENT— WITH A BULLET
IN THE HEAD..."

IF ROBOTS HAVE TAKEN OVER,
THAT PLANET IS A *DEATH TRAP*.
I MAY BE GETTIN' ON, BUT I'M STILL
TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

YOU'RE *COMPLAINING*, SLADE?
WHAT ABOUT ME? COMMANDER JIM
KIDD, THE BEST *SNUTTING* PILOT IN THE
WHOLE *SNUTTING* 8th FLOTILLA!



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT
"*SNUTTING*" MEANT, BUT
I GUESSED IT WASN'T
NICE. COMMANDER KIDD
WAS THE KIND OF GUY
YOU WOULDN'T DREAM
OF TAKING HOME TO
MOTHER..."

JUST 'COS I SASSSED SOME *SNUTTING*
JAP ADMIRAL ON THAT LAST PLUTO RUN
THEY SEND ME ON THIS *SNUTTING*
SUICIDE MISSION!

AW, WELL, WHAT
THE *SNUT!* BETTER
STRAP IN SLADE.
ELECTRON DRIVE'LL
BE SWITCHING ON IN
TWO MINUTES.



"IT SEEMED THE ONLY ONE HAPPY WITH THIS
JOY RIDE WAS CUTIE, MY ROBOMETER—"

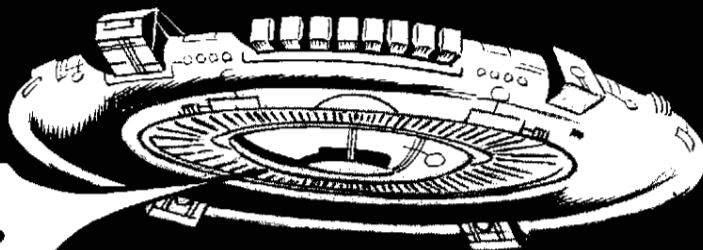
GEE, SAM, THIS IS EXCITING.
I'VE NEVER TRAVELLED FASTER
THAN LIGHT BEFORE. YOU THINK
WE'LL HIT A *METEOR SHOWER?*
A *COMET* MAYBE?

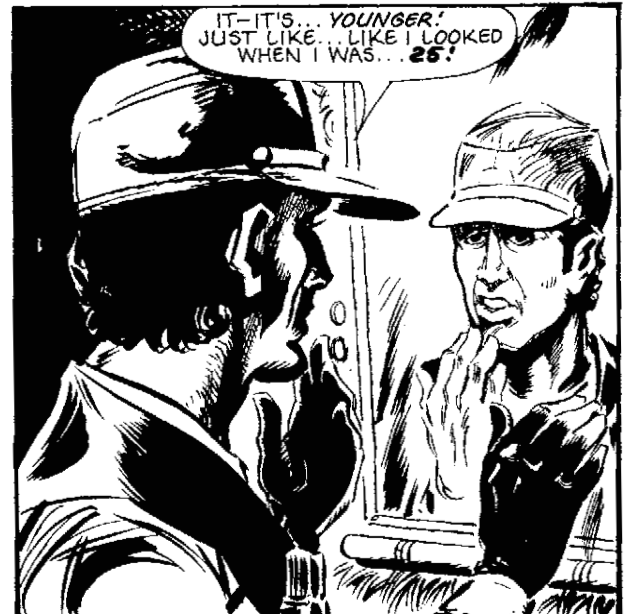
OH,
SNUT
UP.



"THE ELECTRON DRIVE CAME ON
WITH A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE. THEN
THINGS STARTED TO GO *HAYWIRE*—"

THE *SHIELDS*—
THEY—THEY'RE NOT
OPERATING! GOTTA... STOP
... THE *ELECTRON*
DRIVE!









YOU JUST TRY IT, YOU BIG APE, AN' YOU'LL GET MY BOOTY-WOOTY IN YOUR SNUTTING MOUTHY-WOUTHY! I'M STILL CAPTAIN OF THIS SNUTTING SHIP AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

YOU CAN TALK! BUT YOU WERE CRYING LIKE A BABY—



YOU'D BE CRYING TOO IF THIS HAD HAPPENED TO YOU! THOSE SNUTTING RATS! IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS MESS I'LL PAY THEM BACK IN SPADES! NOW GET ME OUTA THESE RAGS, SLADE.



WHAT'S THAT SMELL? POO—YOU DIRTY DEVIL! YOU'VE DONE NAUGHTIES!

WELL, I CAN'T HELP IT—I'M JUST A SNUTTING BABY, SLADE! SO WHY DON'T YOU STOP TURNING UP YOUR NOSE AND GET ME CHANGED?



NOT ON YOUR LIFE, KIDD. I SIGNED ON THIS PLEASURE TRIP AS A ROBO-HUNTER—NOT A NANNY.

THINK AGAIN, BUSTER. TIME DISTORTION DURING FASTER-THAN-LIGHT TRAVEL MAKES HOURS SEEM LIKE MINUTES. THIS SHIP IS GOING TO ENTER VERDUS ORBIT IN TWO HOURS.

YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ME TO PILOT YOU IN! AND I DON'T GO IN UNLESS I GO IN CLEAN!



"I FOUND WHAT I NEEDED IN STORES. I'M NOT THE MOTHERING TYPE, BUT IT DOESN'T PAY TO ARGUE WITH YOUR PILOT, EVEN IF HE IS ONLY PINT-SIZED..."

DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU, KIDD—YOU WERE A REAL UGLY BABY.

A LITTLE MORE POWDER THERE, SLADE. WOULDN'T WANT ME GETTING NAPPY RASH, WOULD YOU?

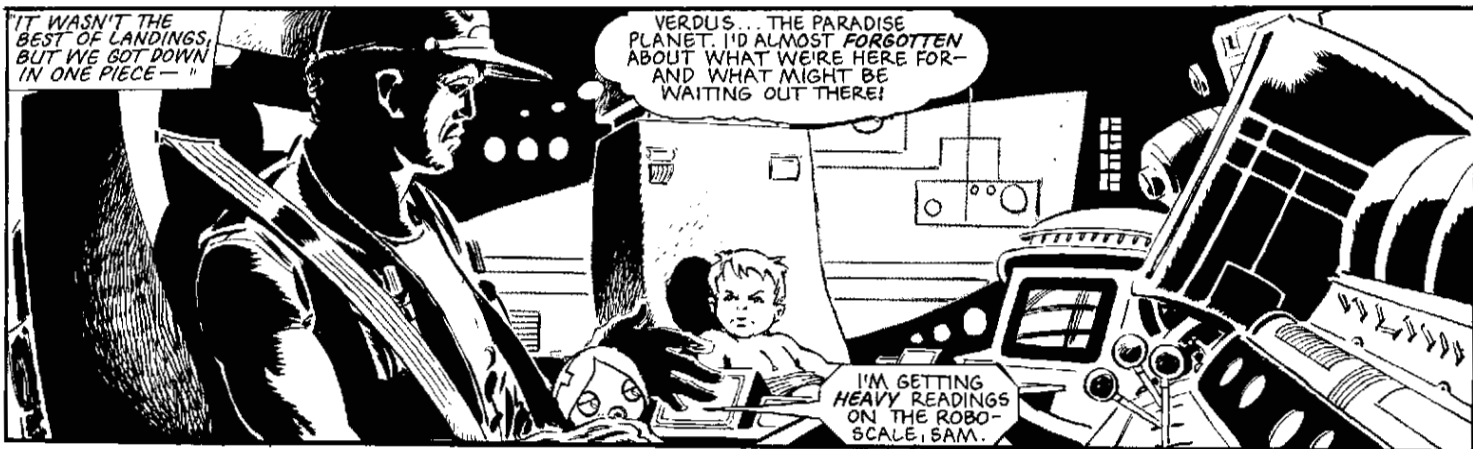
"THE TWO HOURS PASSED QUICKLY. THE SHIP GRADUALLY DECREASED SPEED AS IT APPROACHED THE VERDUS SURFACE—"

LANDING AREA BEARING 090. TWO SECOND BURST ON YOUR PORT RETROS, SLADE. ATTABOY!



"IT WASN'T THE BEST OF LANDINGS, BUT WE GOT DOWN IN ONE PIECE—"

VERDUS... THE PARADISE PLANET. I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR— AND WHAT MIGHT BE WAITING OUT THERE!



I'M GETTING HEAVY READINGS ON THE ROBOSCALE, SAM.

"THERE WAS ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. I PRESSED A BUTTON AND THE EXIT PANEL SLID OPEN. I SHOULD HAVE KEPT IT CLOSED—"

WELL, THEY'VE GOT A SNUTTING RECEPTION COMMITTEE, ALL RIGHT—



YEAH, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY!



NEXT PROB:
THE WELCOME



NIKOLAI DANTE

PARTS 1 & 2

Script: Robbie Morrison

Art: Simon Fraser

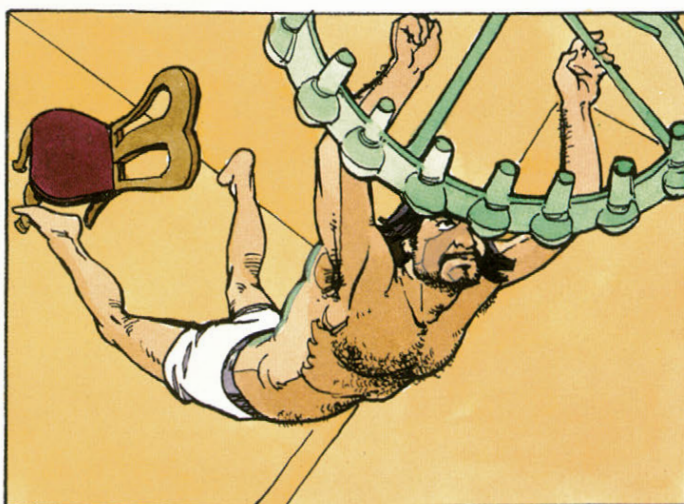
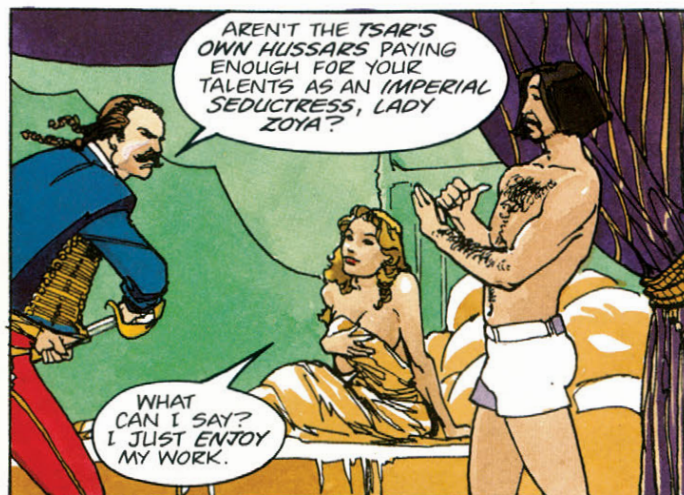
Colours: Simon Fraser & Alison Kirkpatrick

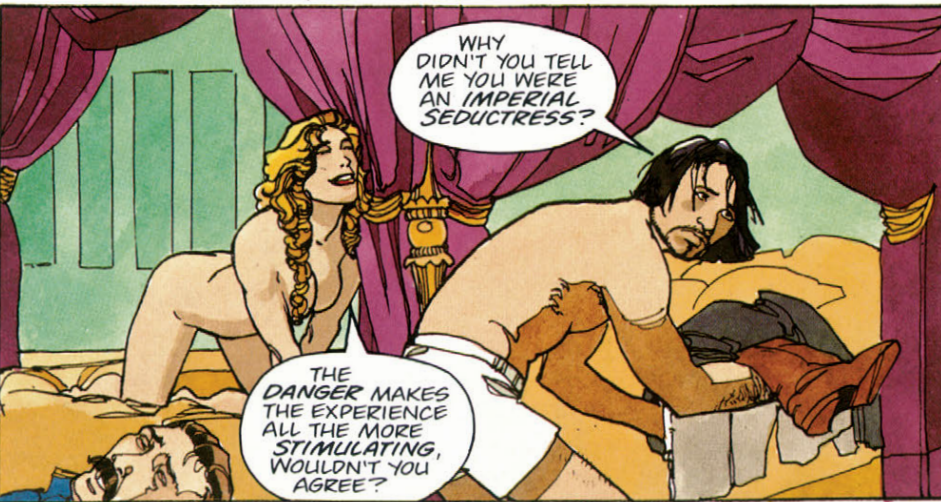
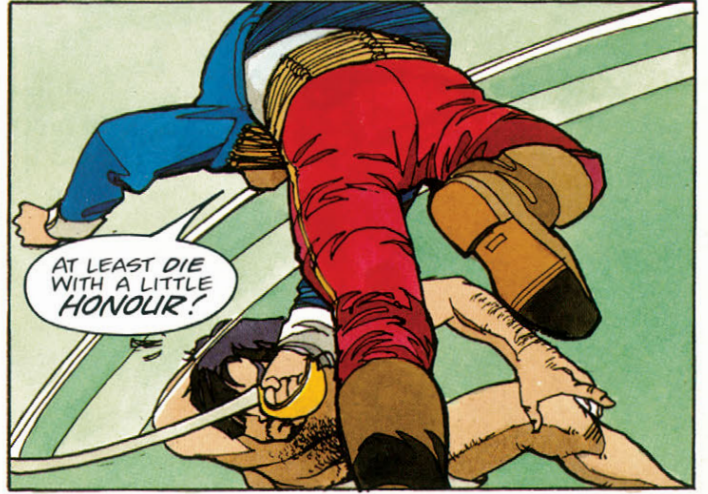
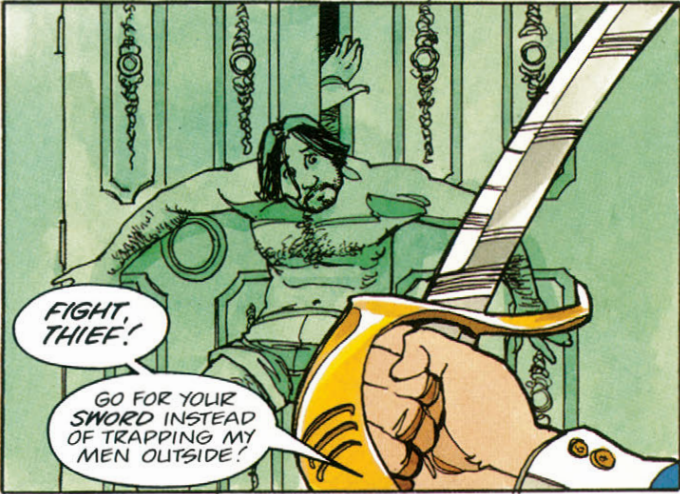
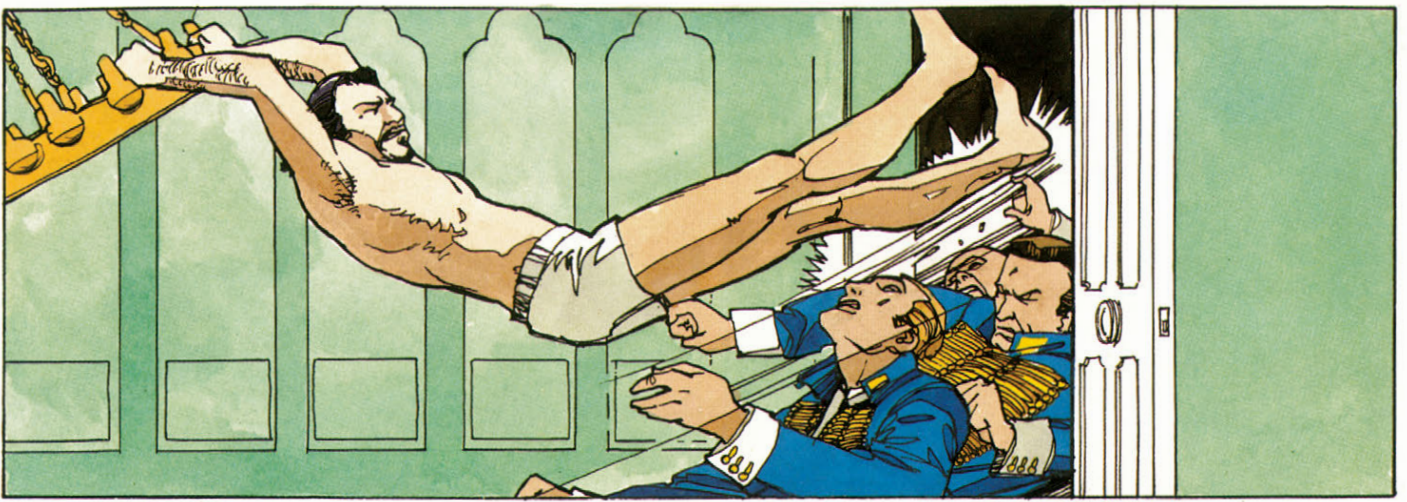
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

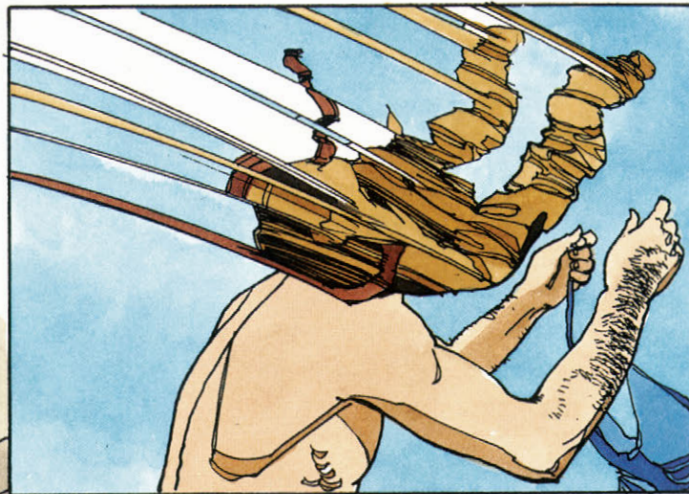
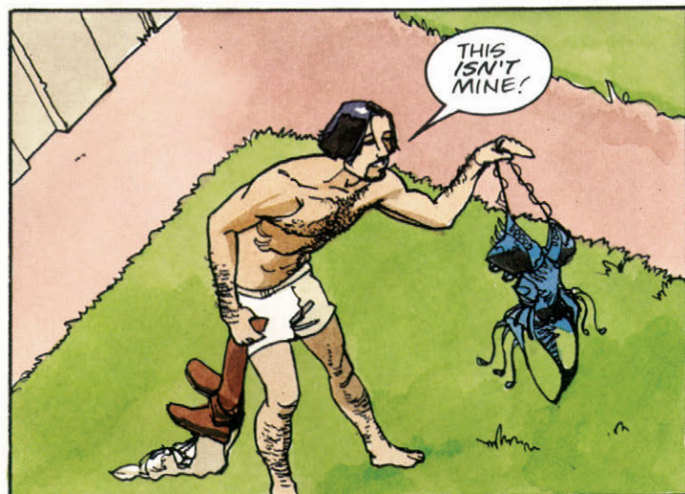
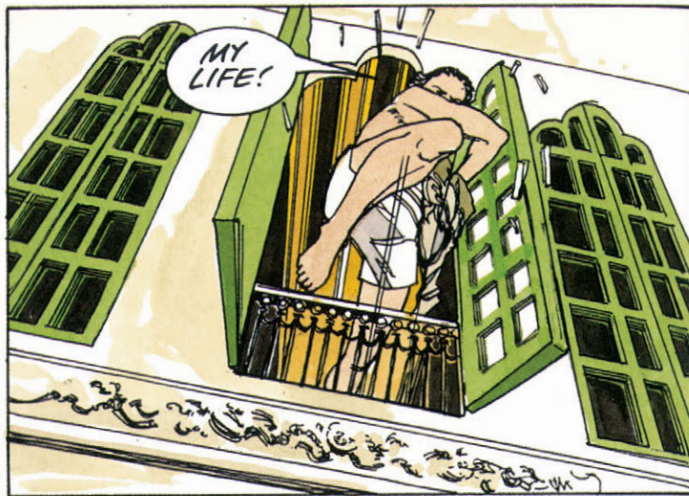
Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1035-1036

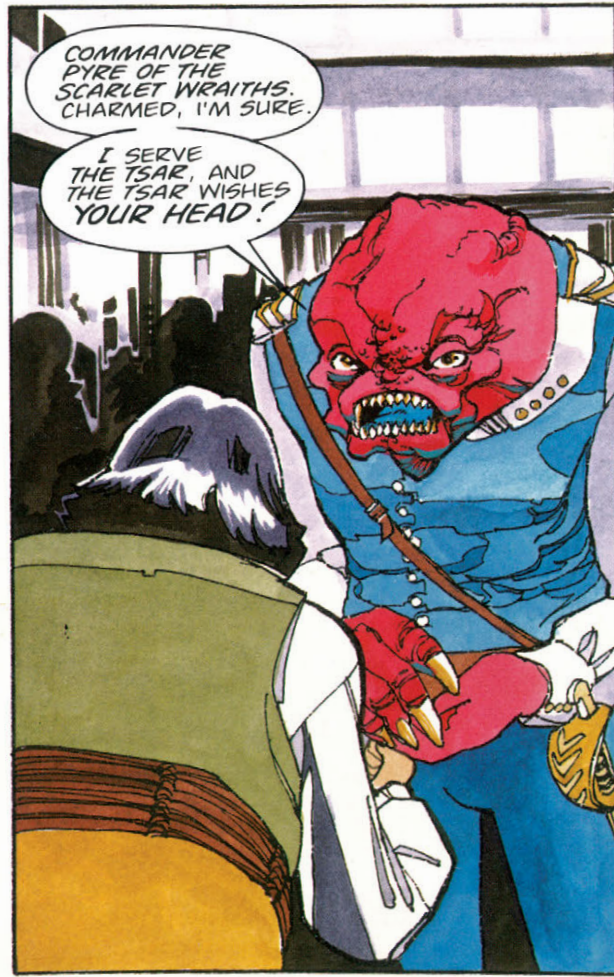


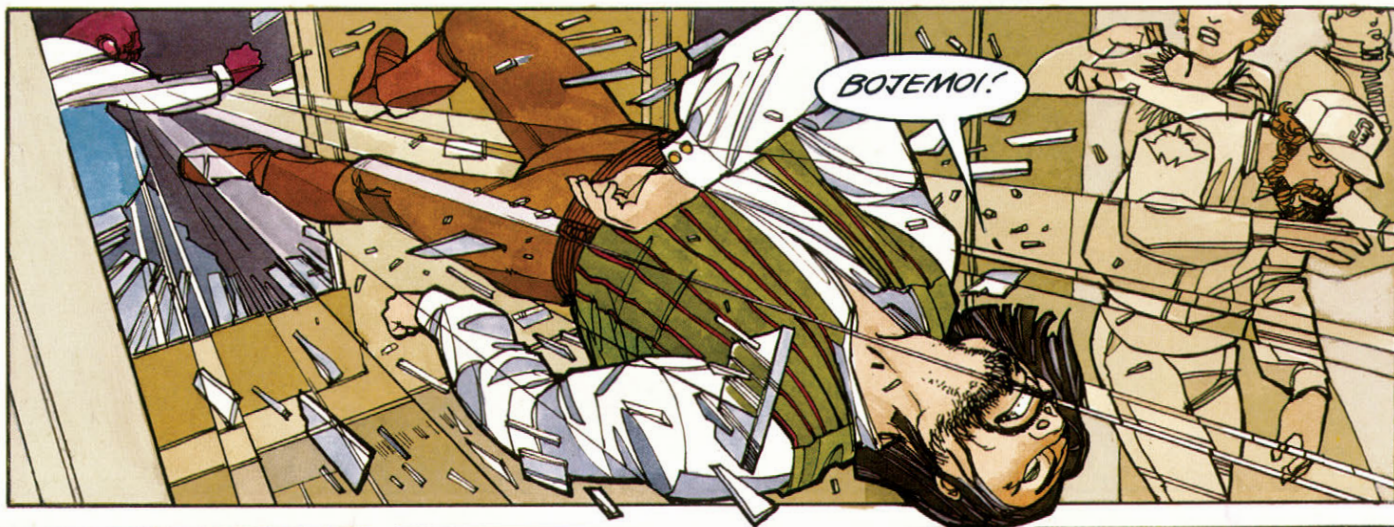










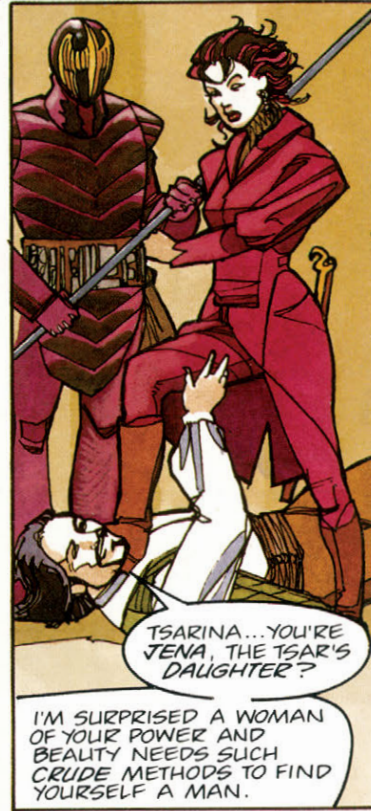


THIS LOWBORN SWINE—THIS IS THE THIEF WHO DEFEATED CAPTAIN ARBATOV AND A SQUAD OF HUSSARS?



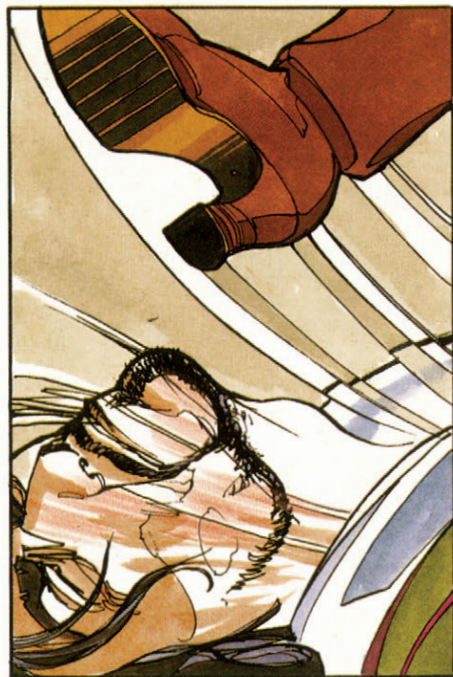
HARD TO BELIEVE, ISN'T IT?

DO YOU WISH ME TO BEAT HIM FURTHER, TSARINA?



TSARINA...YOU'RE JENA, THE TSAR'S DAUGHTER?

I'M SURPRISED A WOMAN OF YOUR POWER AND BEAUTY NEEDS SUCH CRUDE METHODS TO FIND YOURSELF A MAN.



I CONDUCT MY OWN BEATINGS, COMMANDER PYRE.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE,
ST. PETERSBURG.



TAKE YOUR
TIME WITH HIM,
MONGOLIAN...

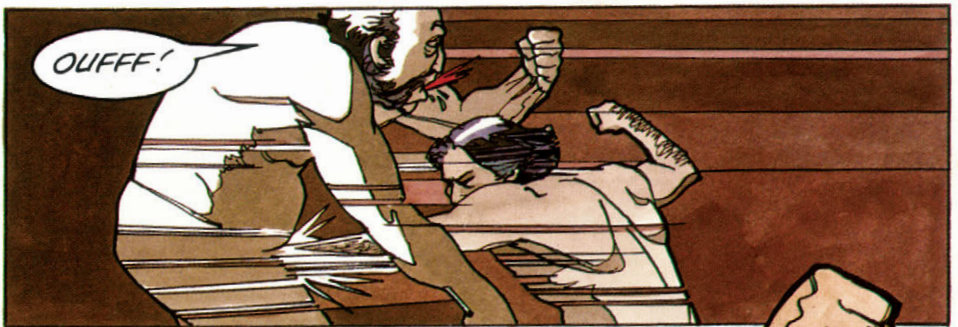
A LITTLE
BLOODSPORT
ALWAYS LIVENS
UP DUNGEON
LIFE.



YOU'LL NOT BE
SO PRETTY, BOY,
WHEN I DANCE
ON YOUR FACE...



I'M NOT
A DANCING
MAN!



OUFFF!

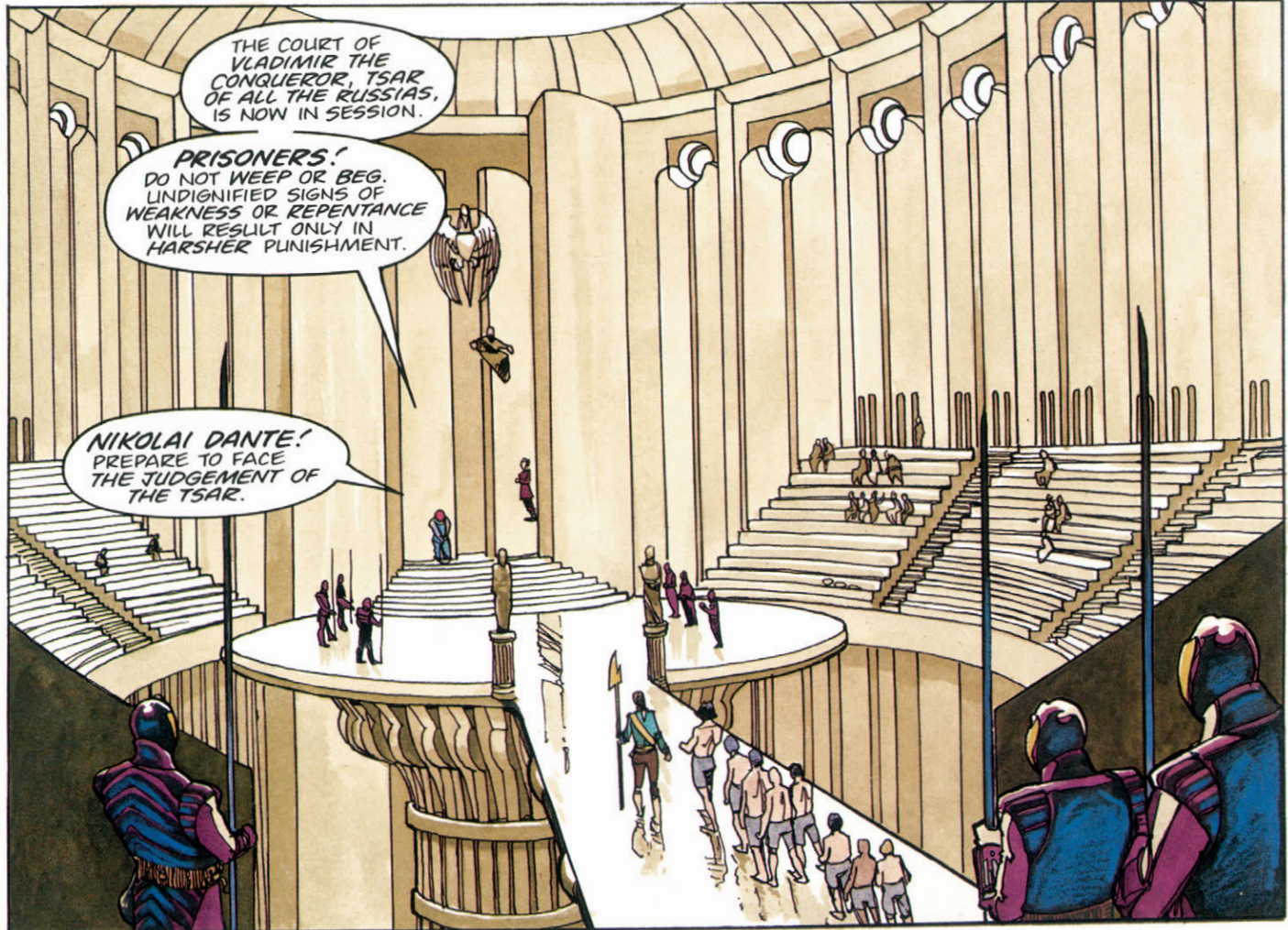
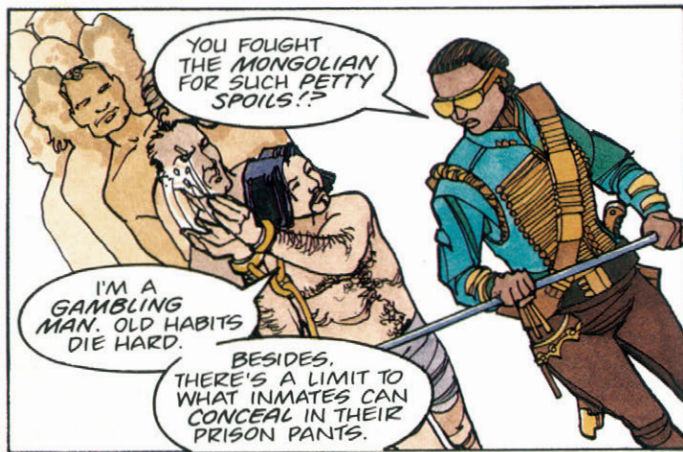


GNNGF!



PRISONER
NIKOLAI DANTE.
YOUR TIME
HAS COME.

ONE SECOND,
PLEASE. I JUST
HAVE TO COLLECT
MY WINNINGS.





YOU MAY BEGIN, TSAR VLADIMIR.

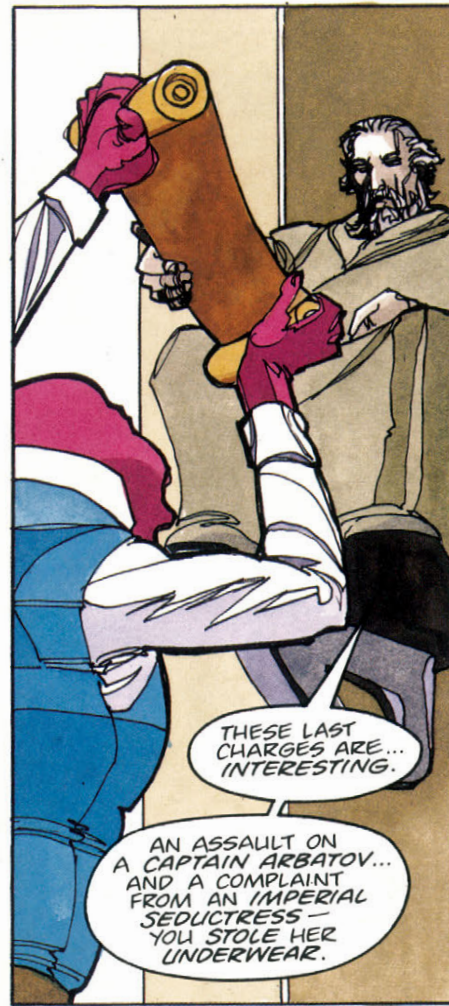
I'M READY TO CONDUCT MY DEFENCE.

YOU HAVE NO DEFENCE, BOY.



NIKOLAI DANTE, SINCE ENTERING ST. PETERSBURG RELIABLE WITNESSES HAVE CONFIRMED YOUR GUILT IN THE FOLLOWING CRIMES—

BANDITRY, FRAUD, DECEIT, UNAUTHORISED DUELLING AND SEDUCTION FOR THE PURPOSES OF FINANCIAL GAIN.



THESE LAST CHARGES ARE... INTERESTING.

AN ASSAULT ON A CAPTAIN ARBATOV... AND A COMPLAINT FROM AN IMPERIAL SEDUCTRESS— YOU STOLE HER UNDERWEAR.



THEY WERE A GIFT, IN APPRECIATION OF SERVICES RENDERED.

I DON'T RESORT TO THIEVERY FOR ITEMS OF SUCH INTIMATE APPAREL— THEY'RE HURLED AT ME WITH GREAT ABANDON.



THESE CRIMES WERE ALL COMMITTED AGAINST RANKING MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL NOBILITY?

THERE'S NO FUN OR PROFIT IN THIEVING FROM THOSE WHO CAN'T AFFORD IT...



THAT'S THE WAY OF THE EMPIRE, YOUNG DANTE.

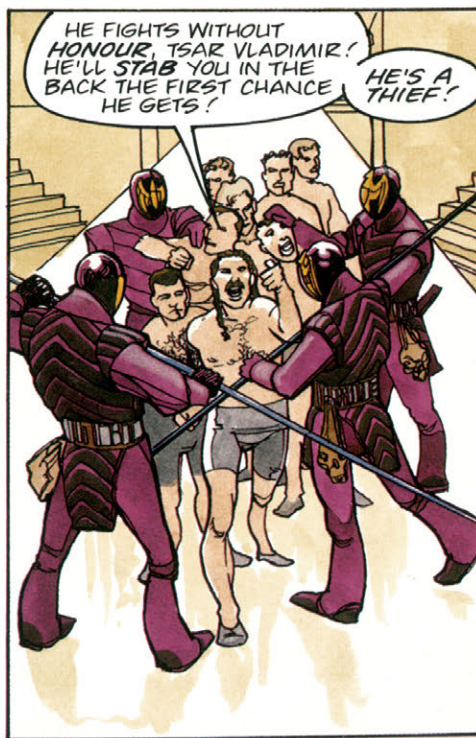
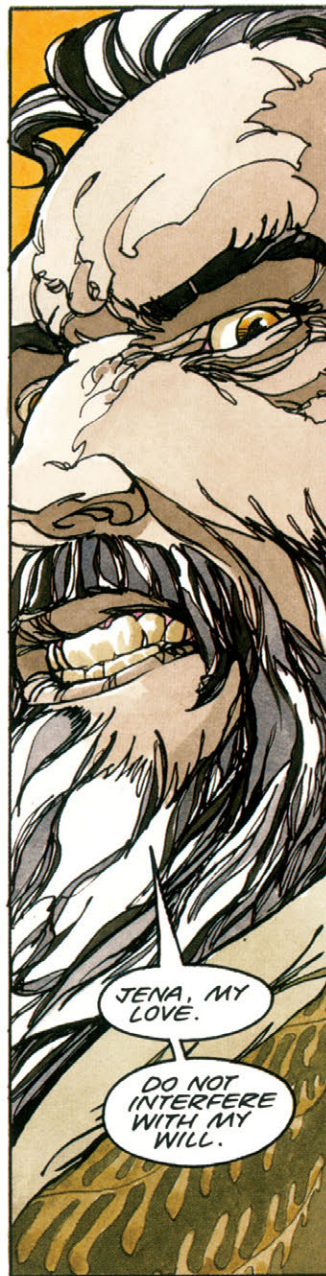
IF YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THAT, YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE AS PART OF IT.

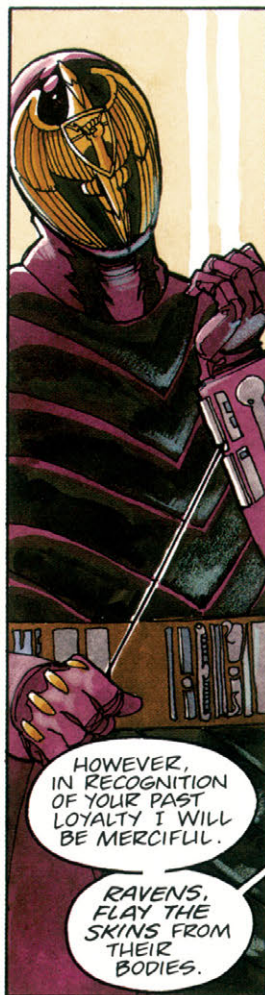


AND THAT IS THE PENALTY FOR OFFENCES AS GRAVE AS YOURS...

EXECUTION.

I'LL HAPPILY SUPERVISE, FATHER.





THE BALLAD OF HALO JONES

BOOK ONE

PARTS 1 & 2


Script: Alan Moore

Art: Ian Gibson

Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 376-377





BATDAY,
DAY-TO-DAY,
MAKING A
PACT WITH THE
FACTS... I'M
SWIFTY
FRISKO,
HI!

ALGAE
BARON **LUX**
ROTH CHOP:
WILL HE, WON'T
HE? IS INTER-
VENTION HIS
INTENTION? OVER
TO **JAZZ FIRPO**
AT **CHOP TOWERS**
IN **PSEUDO-**
PORTUGAL...

"**LUX**
ROTH CHOP,
WILL YOU MAKE
A BID TO
SAVE THE **E.S.S.**
CLARA PANDY
FROM THE
DISSEMBLER
YARDS?"

"PROBABLY
NOT."

HMM...
SOUNDS
LIKE '**WAIT**
AND **SEE**'
FROM **C.R.C.**!
I'M
SWIFTY
FRISKO,
HERE'S
TODAY'S
TRAFFAX...

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73e

HALO



EXPECT
OZJAMS
AROUND
EAST-AM
FOR THE
NEXT HOUR,
CLOUDNIKS,
AS THE **E.S.S.**
CLARA
PANDY IS
FLOATED
IN TO THE
MANHATTAN
PLATFORM.

THE
SHIP, LAST
OF THE
FAMOUS
KRUPP
CORONA
'S'-SERIES,
IS DUE FOR
DISSEMBLY
IN A
MONTH'S
TIME.

AND FINALLY,
A **BUREAU OF**
IDENTITIES
ANNOUNCEMENT FOR
THE **PROXIMAN**
COMMUNITY...

AFTER HIS
PROMOTION TO **PROCURATOR**
FISCAL, **MR. BANDAGED ICE**
THAT **STAMPEDES INEXPENSIVELY**
THROUGH A **SCRIBBLED**
MORNING HAS ADDED ANOTHER
THREE WORDS TO
HIS NAME...

HE WILL NOW BE
ADDRESSED AS '**PROCURATOR**
BANDAGED ICE THAT
STAMPEDES INEXPENSIVELY
THROUGH A **SCRIBBLED**
MORNING WAVING
NECESSARY ANKLES.'

Huh!

CRAZY
NAME FOR
A CRAZY
REPTILE!
THIS IS SWIF-
-KTIK!

The Ballad Of JONES





LOT OF PEOPLE JUST TO WATCH A PIECE OF FLYING SCRAP.

IT'S **NOT** SCRAP! THE CLARA PANDY'S BEEN **EVERYWHERE...** RIGHT OUT PAST THE MEGALLANIC CLOUD, EVEN!

SEE, RODICE? **HALO** KNOWS.



HALO, DID I TELL YOU THAT I MET THE **REAL** CLARA PANDY ONCE? SHE WAS EIGHTY-FIVE AND I WAS NINETEEN. SHE WAS AN ASTONISHING WOMAN. SHE...

'SCUSE ME, MA. **DRUMMERS** UP AHEAD.

BUNCH OF LOUSY, MINDLESS **GLOMBIES**. NOD, NOD, NOD ALL THE TIME...

YEAH. AND THEY ALL DO IT IN **UNISON...** BRRR.



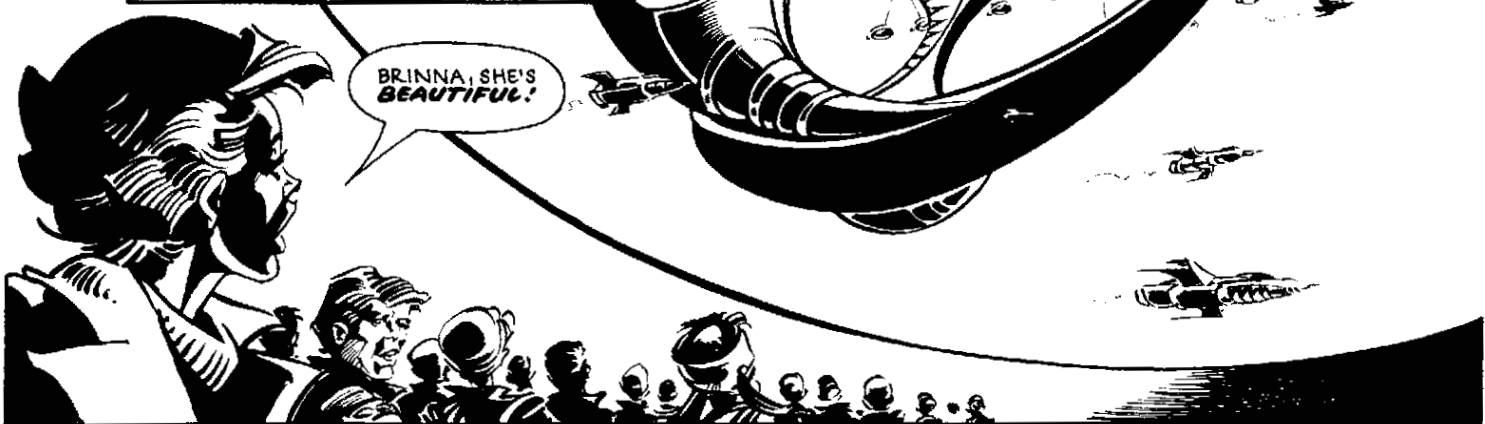
YOU REMEMBER **SQUIB?**

HER **BROTHER** HAD AN **IMPLANT** LAST WEEK. NOW **HE'S** A **DRUMMER**, TOO.

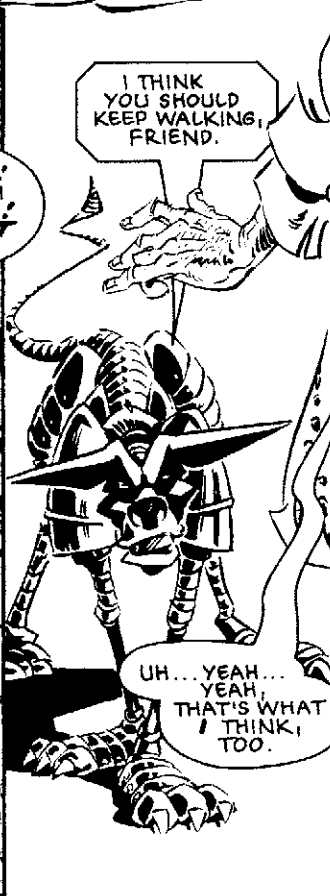
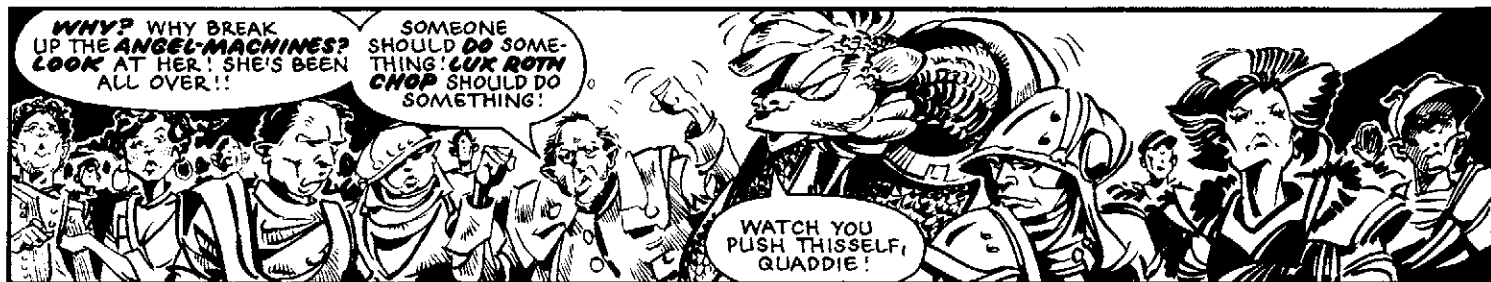
LOOK! THERE IT IS!



OH, BRINNA...



BRINNA, SHE'S **BEAUTIFUL!**





ONE DAY, I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE ...

YEAH— YOU
AND EVERYBODY
ELSE, **AND** THEIR
UNCLE'S PARA-
PARAKEET!

I
MEAN
IT,
RODICE!

DRROOO DRROOO DRROOO DRROOO DRROOO

JUST IN TIME.
THERE GO THE
JACKMAGONS.

YOU
OKAY,
HALO?

NO.
I'M
SYCK
OF THIS
PLACE.
EVERYTIME
SOMETHING **NICE**
HAPPENS, A **FIGHT**
STARTS.

FORGET IT,
GIRLY. EVEN IF
YOU **DO** GET OUT
IT'S NO GOOD...

...CAUSE
NO MATTER HOW
FAR YOU **GET**, THEY'LL
FETCH YOU BACK HERE
AND **BUST** YOU TO
PIECES.

JUST
ASK **CLARA**
PANDY...



NEXT
PROG.

A
LITTLE
NIGHT
MUSIC

BANG BANG
BANG BANG BANG!
I AM A MISSING PLANET BOY!
BANG BANG BANG!
EVERYTHING TASTES OF
PLATINUM!

2. A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC.

The Ballad Of HALO JONES

ISN'T THIS
MAMMOTH?

HOW DID
YOU LIKE LUDY'S
DOTA SOLO?

IT WAS JUST
ELEVATING!

HOY: BOX:
FLEX THE
ANIMADERMS
THIS WAY!

RODICE!

...ALTHOUGH
BOX IS KIND OF
SLAPPY, ISN'T
HE?

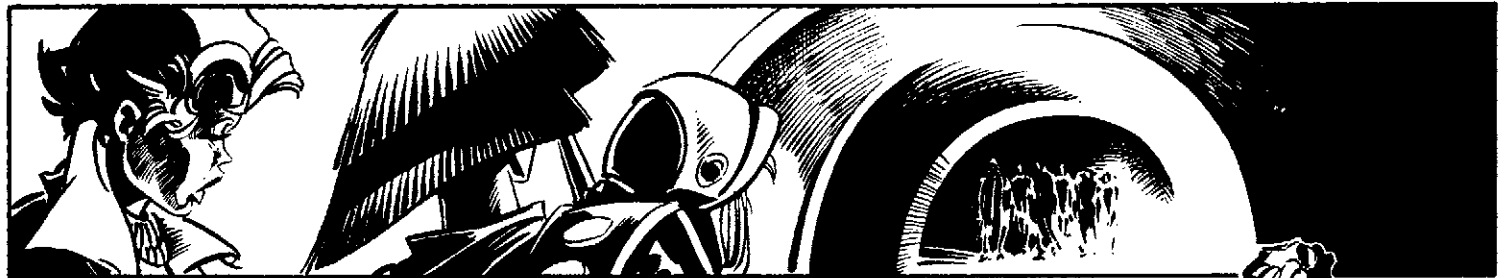
EXQUISITE.

C'MOFF... "MISSING
PLANET" IS THE LAST
NUMBER. LET'S GO
REARSCENE...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E









GRAPHIC NOVELS AVAILABLE
IN DIGITAL OR PRINT FROM
SHOP.2000ADONLINE.COM



LISTEN TO THE 2000 AD THRILL-CAST
THE OFFICIAL PODCAST OF THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC!



**EVERY FORTNIGHT!
SPECIAL GUESTS!
COMPETITIONS!
IN-DEPTH INTERVIEWS!
PERFECT COMMUTE
LISTENING!**

SUBSCRIBE NOW ON
ITUNES OR DOWNLOAD
ON PODOMATIC

**SCAN
HERE**



WWW.2000ADONLINE.COM/THRILLCAST