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WARREN





WARDOG

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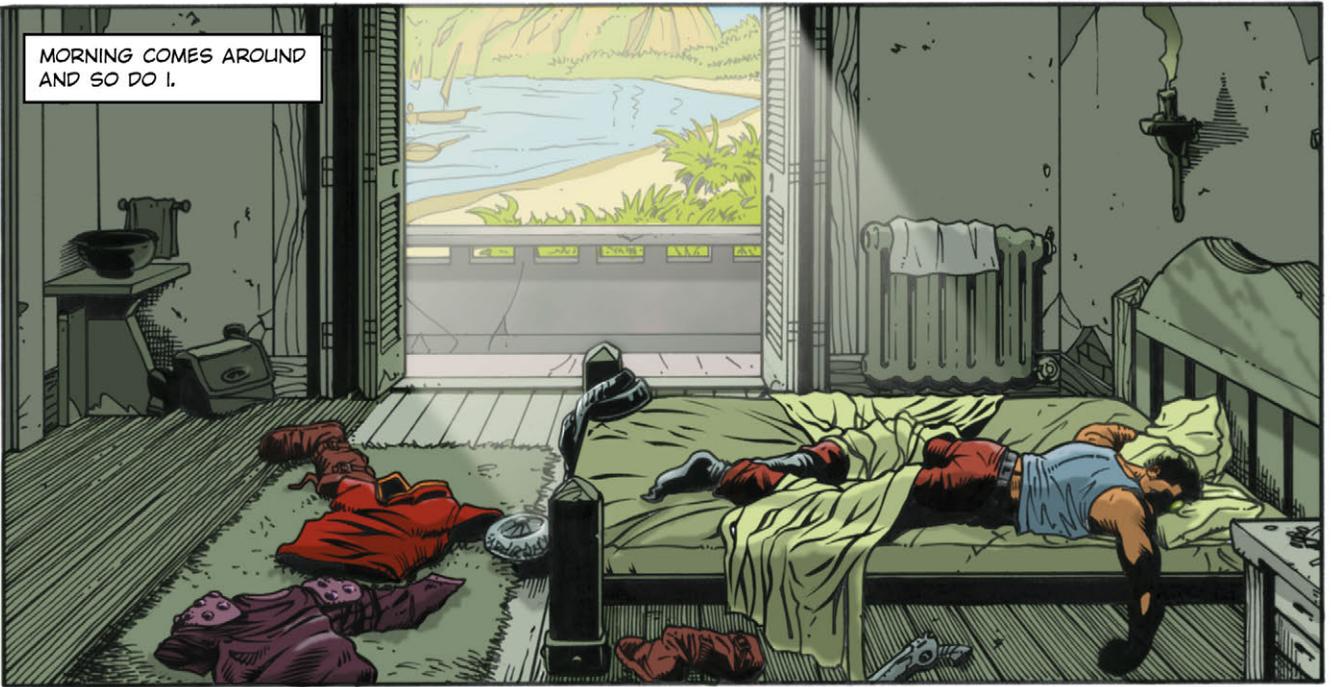
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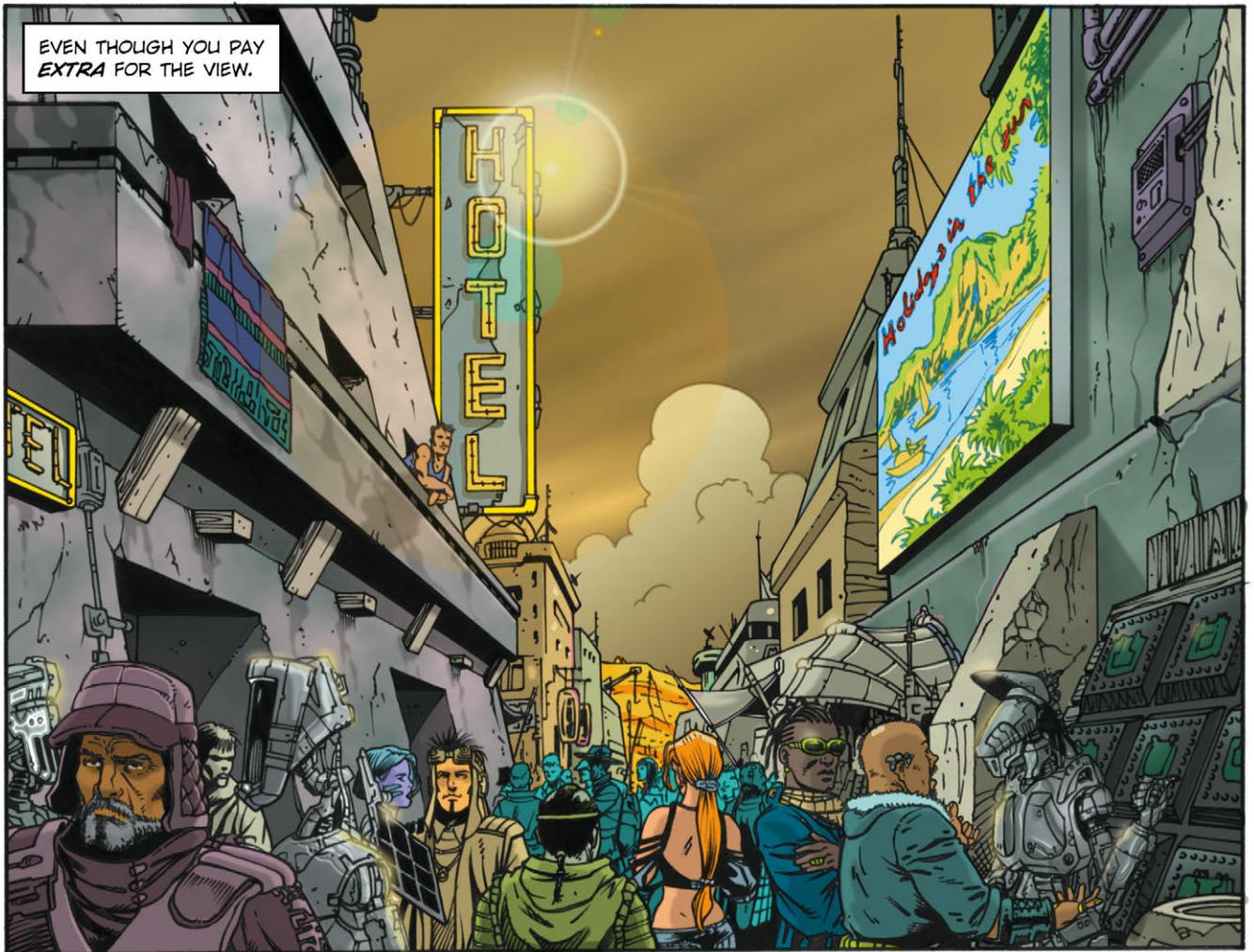
MORNING COMES AROUND
AND SO DO I.



THIS IS THE BEST HOTEL IN
FREETRADE. I ALWAYS STAY
HERE WHEN I'M IN TOWN.



EVEN THOUGH YOU PAY
EXTRA FOR THE VIEW.





YOU ARE **LATE**, JACK WARDOG. THREE POINT **TWO** MINUTES LATE.

MY LIFE IS **RULED** BY A SECOND-COUNTER, SYNCHROZ. SO CUT ME **SOME** SLACK.

'SIDES, I - **MMCH** - WAS HUNGRY.

ORGANICS! SO **WOEFULLY** INEFFICIENT.



WELL, I APOLOGISE FOR MY **ENTIRE** SPECIES.

WHAT'S THE AGENDA FOR TODAY?

TWO MEETINGS WITH BROKERS AND THEN WE CAN RETURN TO ENDTRAIL. NOTHING DEMANDING.

SYNCHROZ IS A TRADER AND HE'S PAYING MY WAGES THIS WEEK.

HE'S COME TO FREETRADE TO MAKE SOME DEALS. I'M HERE TO WATCH HIS STAINLESS STEEL BACK.



BLIX IS HIS GOPHER. I THINK OL' SYNCH KEEPS HIM AROUND TO REMIND HIMSELF OF THE **SUPERIORITY** OF MACHINES.

AND THE FACT THEY **SMELL** BETTER.

GOOD DAY FOR IT, EH, BOMBHEAD? CLEAR SKIES...



I 'MEMBER FIRST TIME I COMES TO FREETRADE, THIRTY YEAR BACK...

I SCREEN OUT HIS RAMBLING. LIFE'S TOO SHORT.

I WATCH THE CROWD INSTEAD, EVEN THOUGH SYNCHROZ ASSURED ME THIS WAS A STRICTLY **ROUTINE** JOB.



I SEE WHAT I **ALWAYS** SEE.

FEAR. FEAR OF THE CHIPPED MAN. THE **BOMBHEAD**.

FEAR THAT WHERE I GO, **DEATH** CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.



THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN THAT. MORE TO ME THAN THE TIMED CHARGE IN MY SKULL.



DAMNED IF I CAN REMEMBER **ANY** OF IT THOUGH.



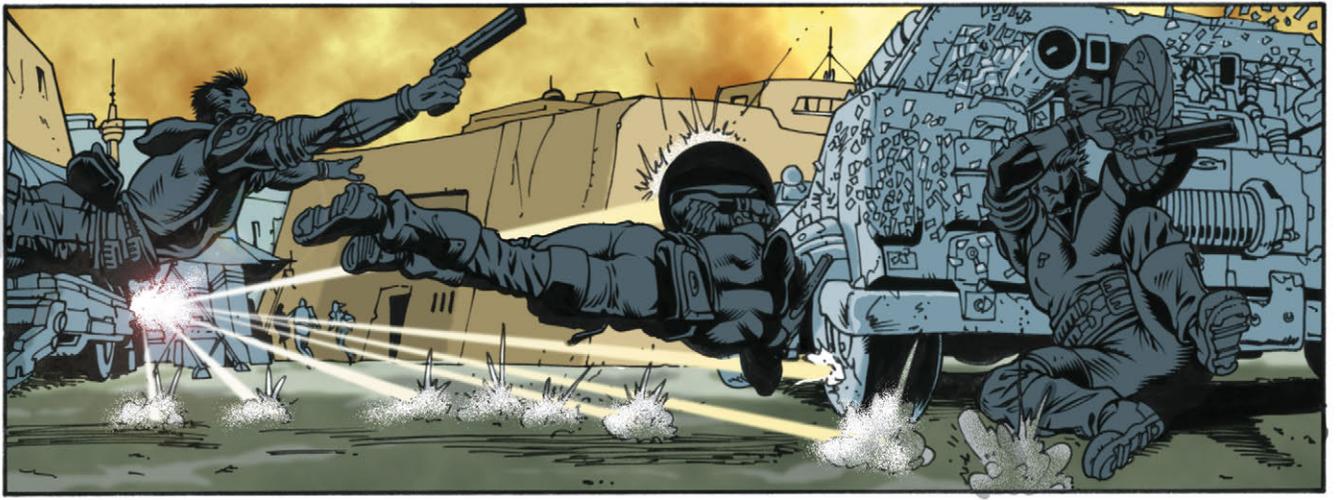
DAMNED IF I CAN REMEMBER **ANYTHING** THAT **MATTERS**.

TODAY, IT TURNS OUT THEY WERE **RIGHT** TO BE AFRAID.

...SUN SHINING AND--**UHKK!**

AH **KRUD**.





MY CANNON'S GOT HIM DUCKING.
I USE THE OPENING.



BY THE TIME HE RISKS
ANOTHER LOOK-SEE...

KRLID--



...I'M ON HIM.

GNUFFF!

I REALISE I KNOW HIM, ORSKIN.
A BOMBHEAD JUST LIKE ME.



CORRECTION. *NOT* LIKE ME...

JACK!
FOR PITY'S SAKE!
YOU GOTTA LET ME
AT HIM!



...HIS COUNTER'S *RUNNING*.

I'M BEGGING
YOU, MAN! LET ME HIT
HIM OR I'M DEAD!







CLOCK'S TICKING.



TICKING LIKE A *PULSE-SPIKE* IN MY BRAIN.

TICKING AWAY WHAT WILL BE THE *LAST 10 MINUTES* OF MY LIFE - *UNLESS* I CARRY OUT THE WISHES OF MY CONTROLLERS.



LUCKY FOR ME, IT'S ALL TOO *OBVIOUS* WHAT THEY WANT.



WAR METAL RAID.

THIS *DROP-TURRET* FELL ON DOWNTOWN ENDRAIL ABOUT FOUR MINUTES AGO.

ALREADY IT'S ROASTED THE TOWN REGISTRY, SCYTHED A PATH THROUGH THE LIVESTOCK CORRALS, AND PUNCHED LASERS INTO THE SOFTWARE WORKSHOPS.



SIX FATALITIES SO FAR, NOT COUNTING CATTLE.

THE TOWN MILITIA ARE ALREADY ON SITE, RAKING IT WITH RAPID BURSTS.

STOP WASTING AMMO AND GET INTO COVER!



AIGHH!

LIGHN!

I SAID GET DOWN!



RODDY!
OH, KRUD! IT GOT
RODDY!

JUST STAY
DOWN! THAT THING'S GOT
COMPOSITE TENSEGRITY
PLATING!

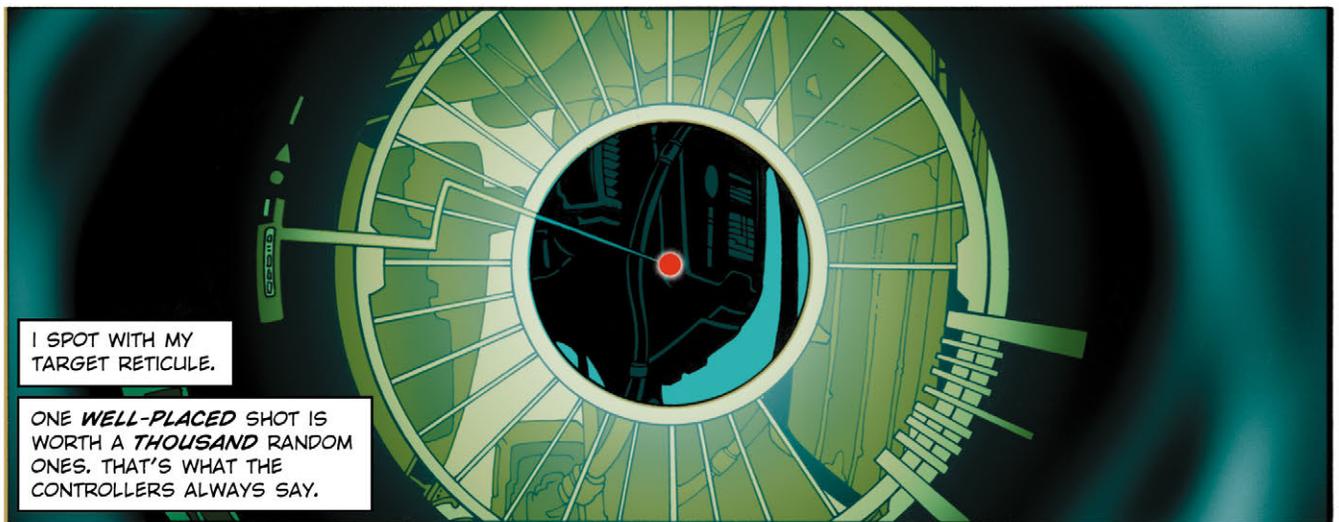
IT'S A
WAR ERA RELIC! YOU
DON'T JUST HOSE IT WITH
BULLETS!

WHAT WERE
YOU THINKING? THAT IT
MIGHT DIE OF LEAD
POISONING?



YEAH? WELL
WHAT THE HELL CAN YOU
DO WITH JUST A MAGNUM,
BOMBHEAD?

MY JOB.

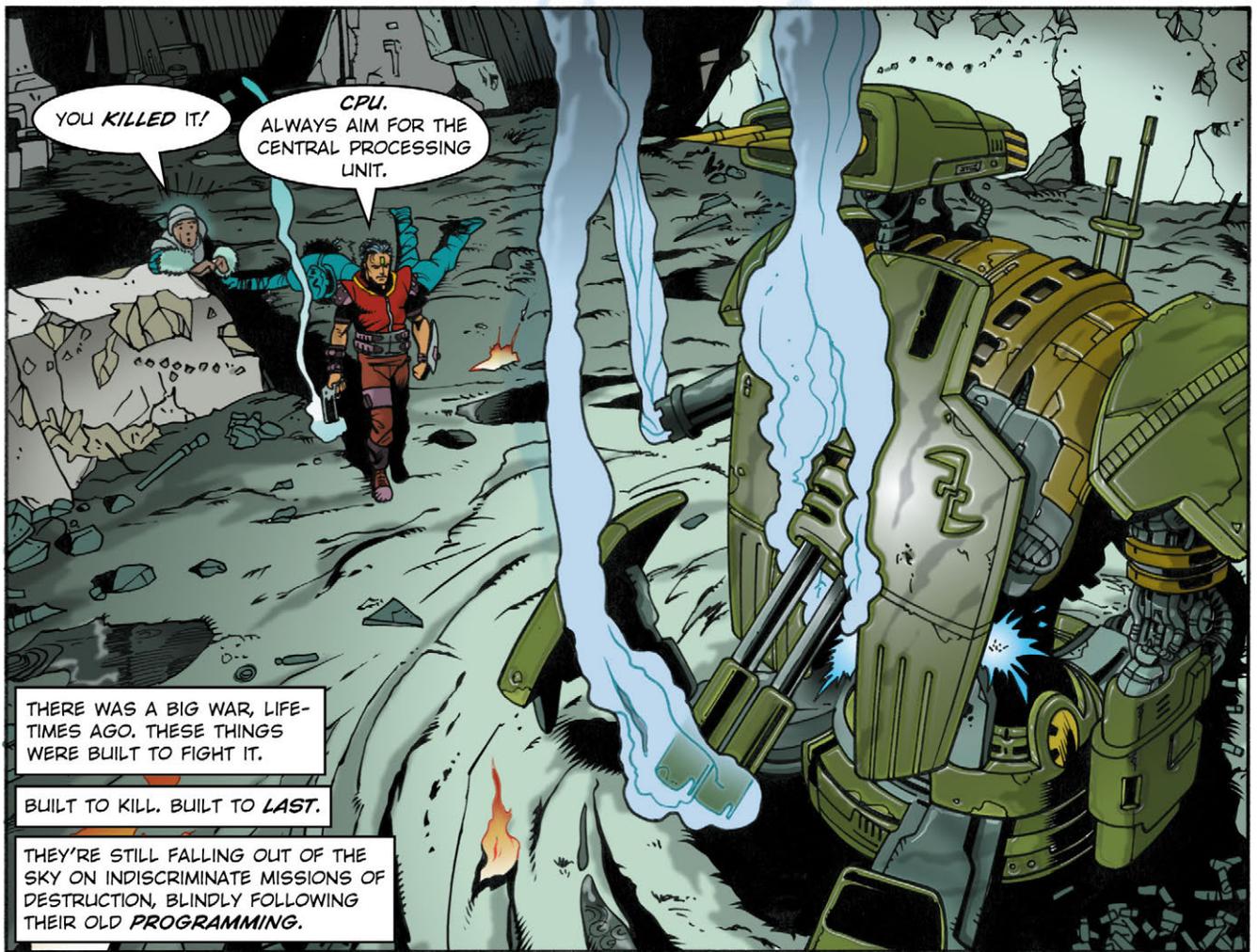


I SPOT WITH MY
TARGET RETICULE.

ONE WELL-PLACED SHOT IS
WORTH A THOUSAND RANDOM
ONES. THAT'S WHAT THE
CONTROLLERS ALWAYS SAY.



AND THEY KNOW *EVERYTHING*.



YOU KILLED IT!

CPU.
ALWAYS AIM FOR THE
CENTRAL PROCESSING
UNIT.

THERE WAS A BIG WAR, LIFE-
TIMES AGO. THESE THINGS
WERE BUILT TO FIGHT IT.

BUILT TO KILL. BUILT TO LAST.

THEY'RE STILL FALLING OUT OF THE
SKY ON INDISCRIMINATE MISSIONS OF
DESTRUCTION, BLINDLY FOLLOWING
THEIR OLD PROGRAMMING.



Y-YOU DO
REALISE YOU'RE STILL,
UH, TICKING?

YEAH, HARD
TO MISS FROM THIS
SIDE OF IT...



TURN IT OFF!
YOU CAN TURN IT OFF,
YOU BASTARDS! I'M
DONE!



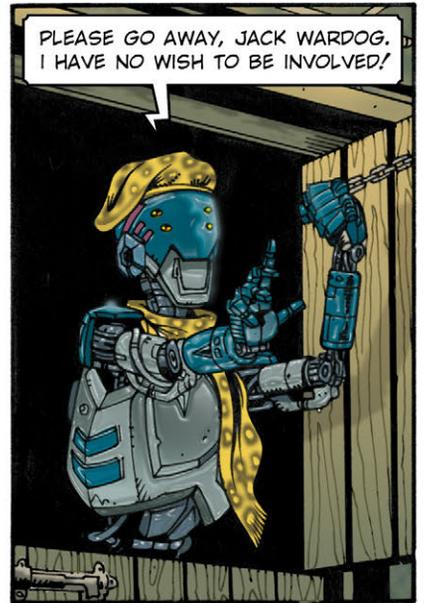
APPARENTLY I'M NOT.

LOOKS LIKE ENDRAIL GOT
LUCKY TONIGHT. LOOKS LIKE
THIS PIECE OF WAR METAL
DIDN'T COME ALONE.



STAY HERE!

BARELY SEVEN MINUTES ON
THE CLOCK NOW. THE PULSE IS
POUNDING MIGRAINE-HARD.





SYNCHROZ. YOU **ARE** INVOLVED. YOU **LIVE** HERE, DON'T YOU?

THAT DROP-TURRET'S GONNA **FLATTEN** ENDTRAIL AND YOU IF I DON'T FIX IT GOOD.

I NEED **WEAPONS!** YOU **DEAL** IN WEAPONS, DON'T YOU?



RECYCLING SYSTEMS ARE MY **MAIN** AREA OF EXPERTISE, JACK WARDOG. I **DO** HAVE A FEW PUMP-ACTION--

I WANT TO **KILL** IT, SYNCHROZ, NOT **BUFF UP** ITS CASING! COME ON!

YOU MUST HAVE **SOME** CHOICE ITEMS HERE! STUFF FOR **SPECIAL** CUSTOMERS?

IF YOU WAIT TILL I UNLOCK THE WEAPONS SAFE...



IN CASE YOU **MISSED** IT, I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME!

ANOTHER TWO MINUTES, AND MY CRANIAL IMPLANT'S GONNA **EXPLODE!**



I'M GOING AS **FAST** AS I CAN. I HAVE SOMETHING I **THINK** YOU'LL FIND USEFUL.

HOW DO YOU INTEND TO PAY FOR IT?



HOW DO I INTEND...? IS TRADE **ALL** YOU THINK ABOUT?

I'LL **OWE** YOU. IS THAT GOOD ENOUGH?

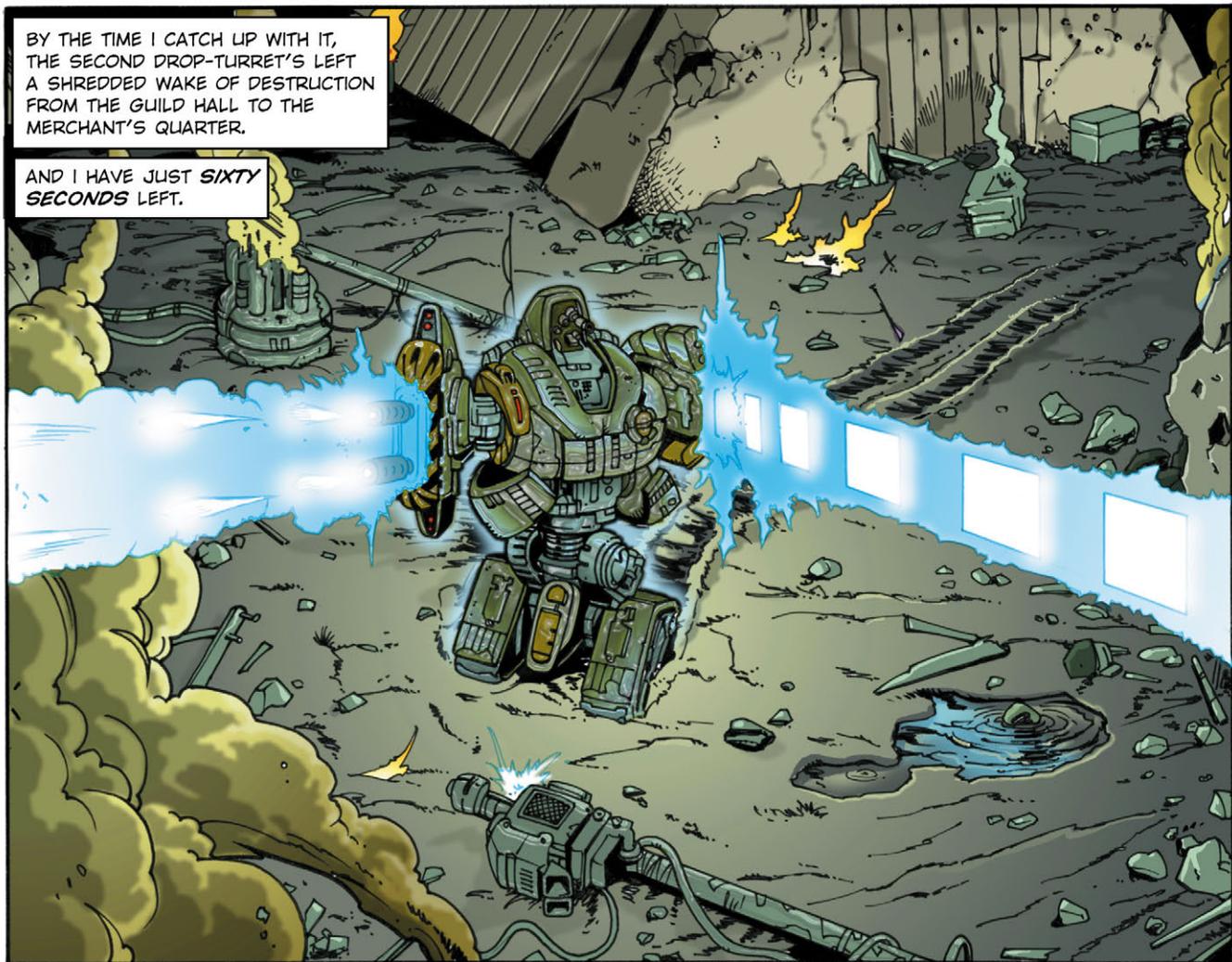


GOOD ENOUGH, JACK WARDOG.

NOW, WILL THIS **GATLING LASER** SUIT YOU?

BY THE TIME I CATCH UP WITH IT,
THE SECOND DROP-TURRET'S LEFT
A SHREDED WAKE OF DESTRUCTION
FROM THE GUILD HALL TO THE
MERCHANT'S QUARTER.

AND I HAVE JUST *SIXTY*
SECONDS LEFT.



GOOD THING FOR ME A G-LASER
DON'T NEED *CAREFUL* AIMING.



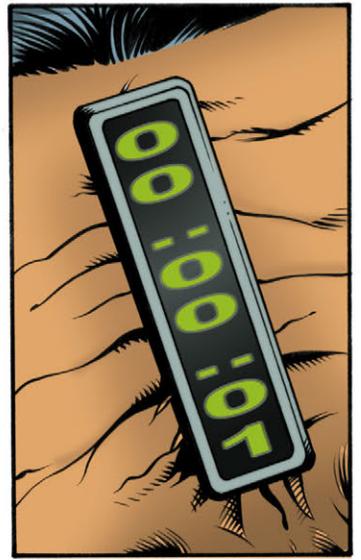




THAT'S IT.
IT'S DONE. YOU
HEAR ME?



TURN THE
DAMN CLOCK OFF! I'VE
DONE WHAT YOU WANTED
ME TO DO! TURN IT
OFF!



I FEEL THE ELECTRICAL BUZZ
OF RESET. LITERALLY
AT THE LAST SECOND.

YOU SADISTIC
BASTARDS...



FREAKIN'
BOMBHEADS! GIVE ME
THE CREEPS.

YEAH,
BRAIN-CHIPPED
MANIACS...



AND THAT - PLUS A CLEARED
COUNTER - IS WHAT PASSES
FOR GRATITUDE IN ENDTAIL.

IF YOU'RE A BOMBHEAD.

ONE DAY, I SWEAR...





I AM LOOKING FOR SWIFT RESULTS. THIS MATTER HAS TROUBLED MY CPU.

DROP IT!
DROP IT!

AGHH!

EVERY NIGHT, I TRY TO REBOOT, BUT I CAN'T DELETE THAT FACE FROM MY MEMORY FILES.



THE FACE OF THAT BOMBHEAD SCUM.

NO OFFENCE, JACK WARDOG.

NONE TAKEN, BECAUSE SYNCH IS A MECH, AND MECHS DON'T DO TACT.



ME, I'M BOMBHEAD SCUM, SO I GO DO WHAT I DO.

I FIND THAT FACE IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE ENDTAIL RECORDS BUREAU.

ORSKIN, I'D SEEN HIM AROUND A FEW TIMES. SEEMS HE WAS REGISTERED TO THE ENCLAVE UP AT HIGHLOOM.

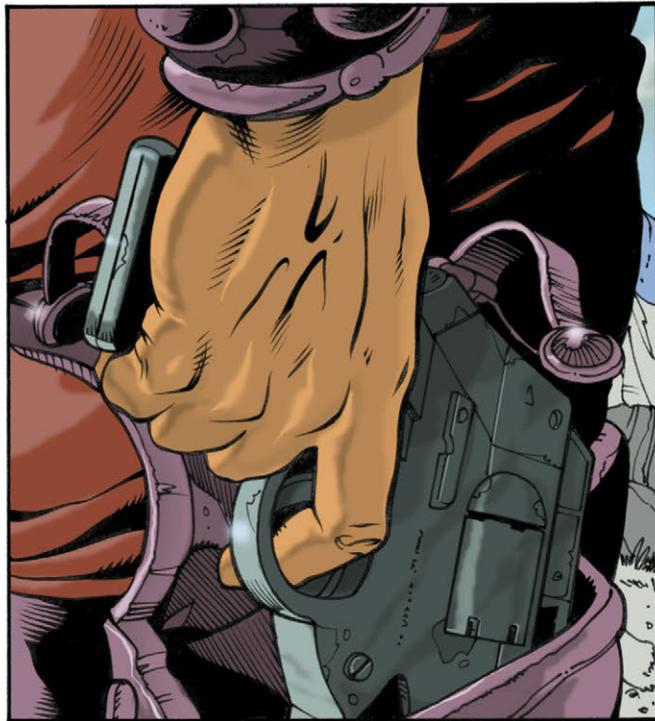


HIGHLOOM'S A SMALL TEXTILE PRODUCER UP IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE HOWLIN PEAKS.

I BUY A RIDE FROM AN ENDTAIL FARMER HEADING IN THAT GENERAL DIRECTION.

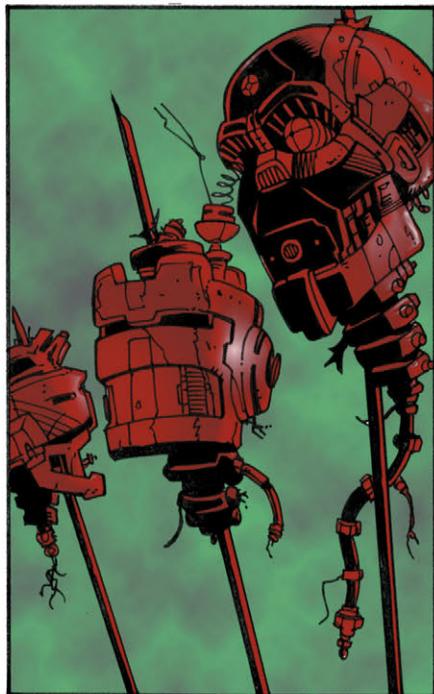
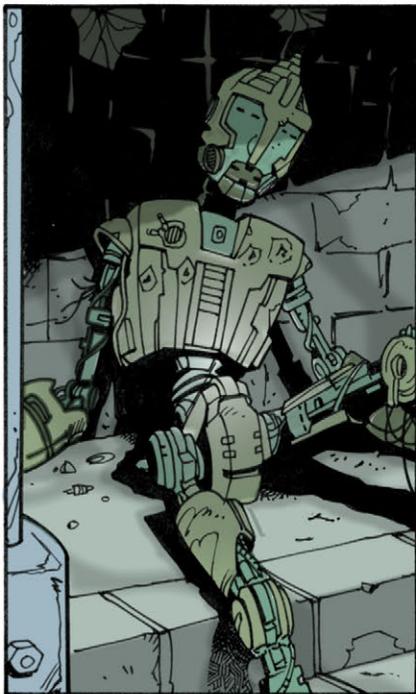
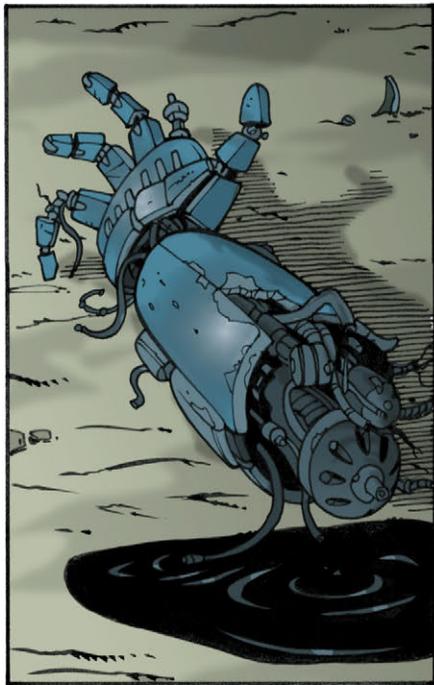
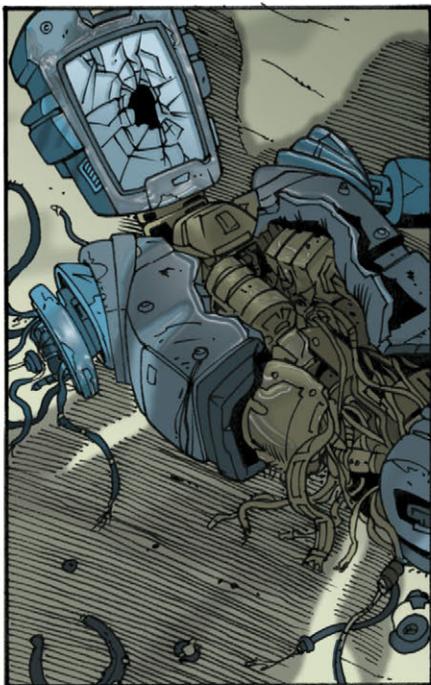


THEN IT'S ON FOOT THE REST OF THE WAY.

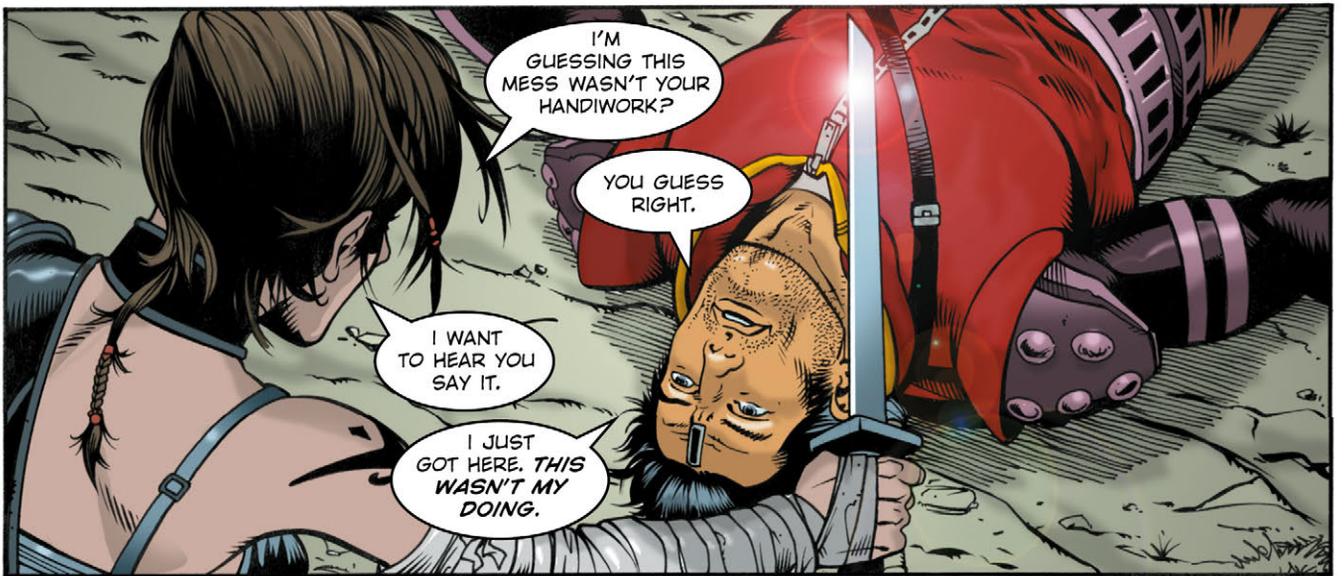
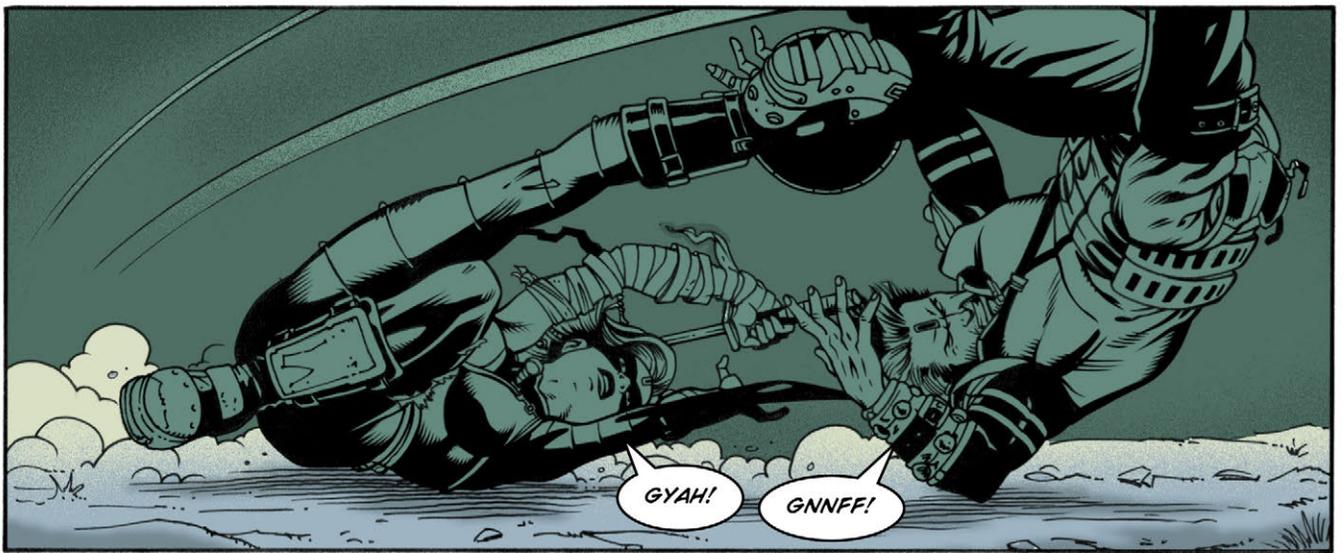


EVEN FROM HERE, I CAN SMELL SOMETHING'S *WRONG*.

REALLY KRUDDING WRONG.





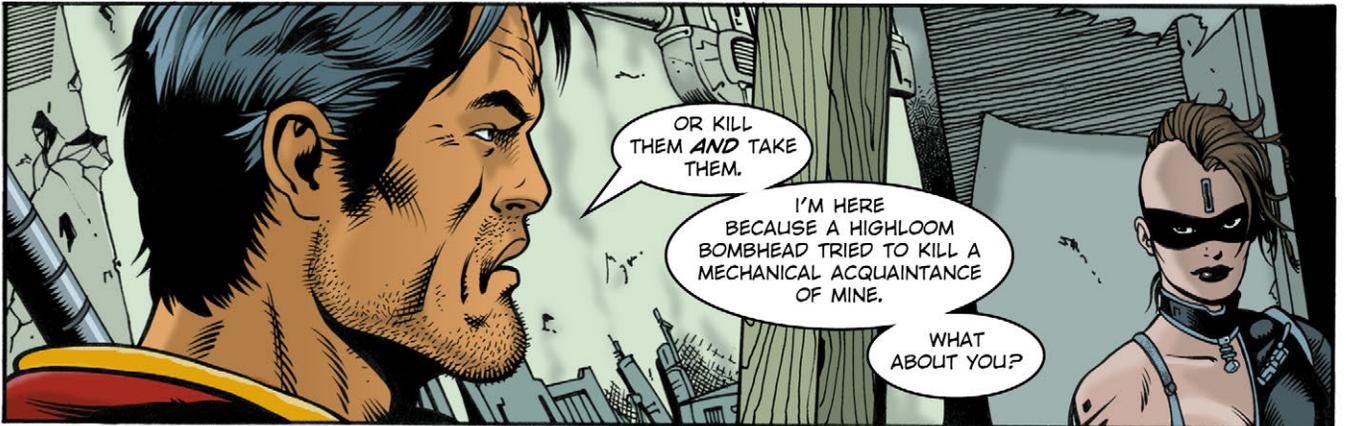




SOMEONE DIDN'T LIKE MECHS.

PATENTLY. NO SIGN OF HUMANS.

DID THEY KILL THEM OR TAKE THEM?



OR KILL THEM AND TAKE THEM.

I'M HERE BECAUSE A HIGHLOOM BOMBHEAD TRIED TO KILL A MECHANICAL ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?



FARMSTEADER FROM OVER RAMBLON HADN'T HEARD FROM HIS SISTER HERE THESE LAST FEW WEEKS.

GUESS I CAN TELL HIM WHY NOW.



WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

THINK YOU CAN TELL HIM WHO TOO.



IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM.



SLAY THEM!
SLAY THEM!

SLAY THEM!



I THINK
THEY WANT TO
SLAY US.

I GOT THAT
IMPRESSION TOO, YOU
UP TO THIS?

OH, PLEASE.



JUST ASKING.

DUNNO WHAT I EXPECTED TO
FIND HERE IN HIGHLOOM.

BUT IT CERTAINLY WASN'T A
TEN-ON-ONE BLADE FIGHT.

WHEN YOU FIGHT NUMBERS,
IT'S LIKE JUGGLING.



FAST TOUCHES TO KEEP
AS MANY OPPONENTS OUT
OF PLAY AS POSSIBLE.



BETTER TO TAKE TWO
DOWN TEMPORARILY
THAN SCORE ONE KILL.



BETTER STILL, *BOTH*.

VEILA KNOWS THE TRICK TOO.



SEEING HER MOVES NOW, I CAN
QUITE BELIEVE SHE COULD HAVE
TAKEN THIS 'CLAVE APART.



BUT SHE DIDN'T. AND MY MONEY WAS ON THESE BOZOS INSTEAD.



UGHNN!

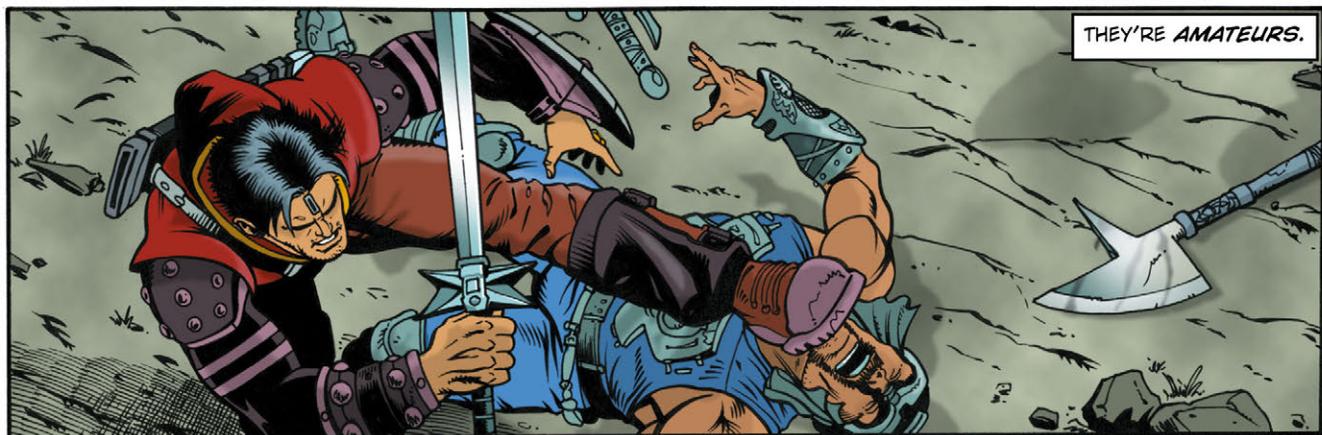
BUT NOW I'M IN THE **THICK** WITH THEM, I DOUBT IT.

THEY'VE GOT MUSCLE AND ENERGY, BUT NOT **ONE** OF THEM HAS ANY **REAL** WEAPONS TRAINING.



OTHERWISE THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN OVER THIRTY **SECONDS** AGO, AND VEILA AND I WOULD BE **FLY-FOOD**.

THEY'RE **AMATEURS**.



AND I DON'T KILL AMATEURS.

NOT UNLESS THE PAY IS **REALLY** GOOD.



OR UNLESS I DON'T HAVE A **CHOICE**.

LIKE NOW.





AND LUCKILY, THAT SITUATION IS ABOUT TO **CHANGE**.

STOP! CEASE!
STOP IT, FOR KRUD'S
SAKE!



STOP IT,
MIRBANE! CALL YOUR
MEN OFF! CALL THEM
OFF!

THESE
AREN'T THE
ONES!



TICK-TOCK?

OH NO...

BACK THEM
OFF! BACK THEM OFF,
MIRBANE - NOW!

ARE
YOU **CRAZY**,
BOMBHEAD?



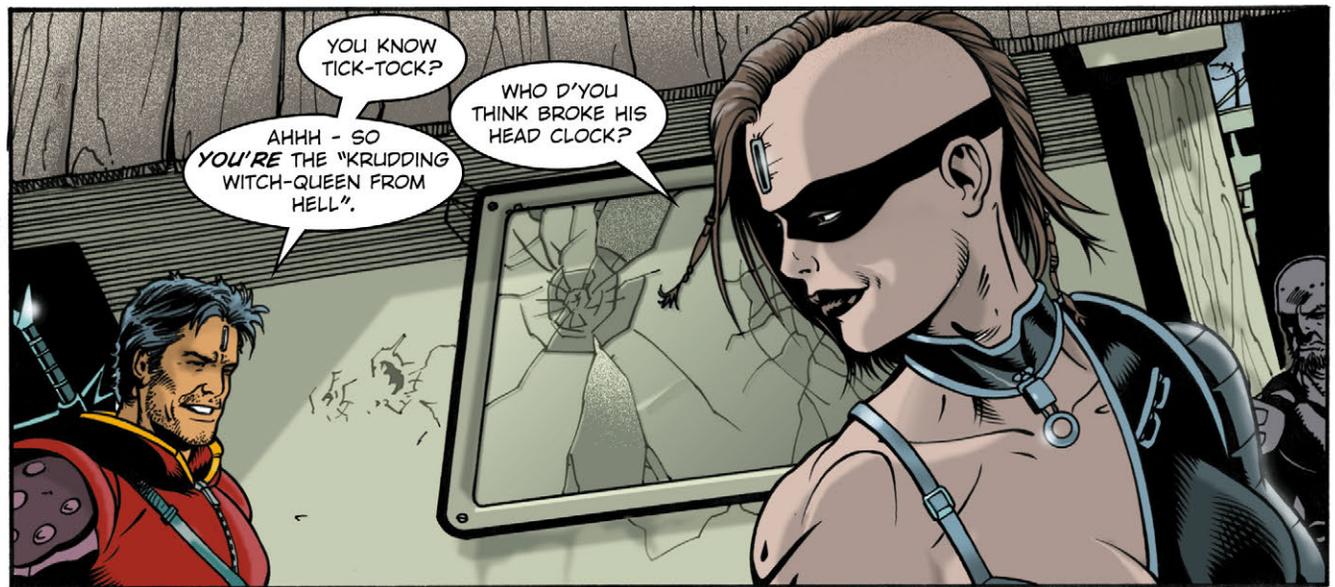
YES, HE IS.
BUT I KNOW TICK-TOCK
SINCE FOREVER, AND IF HE SAYS
THIS FIGHT IS OVER NOTHING,
I BELIEVE HIM.

HIS NAME'S
JACK WARDOG, MIRBANE.
HE'S NOT THE ONE
YOU'RE AFTER.



AND THE
FEMALE?

THAT'S
VEILA. SHE'S
OKAY TOO.



YOU KNOW
TICK-TOCK?

AHHH - SO
YOU'RE THE "KRUDDING
WITCH-QUEEN FROM
HELL".

WHO D'YOU
THINK BROKE HIS
HEAD CLOCK?



HEY,
TICK-TOCK.

JACK, YOU
OLD DEVIL.

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING WITH
YOURSELF THESE
DAYS?





WHO ARE THESE RAIDERS?

WE DON'T KNOW, EXCEPT... THEY ARE MECHANOIDS.



AND YOU DIDN'T PERHAPS NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE?

NO. THEY ALL WEAR DISGUISES.



THEY WEAR FLESH.



WELL, KRUD. THIS KEEPS ON GETTING WORSE ALL THE TIME.



THEY COME FROM THE HIGH PEAKS. MERCILESS.

ANY AND ALL MECHANOIDS THEY FIND, THEY DESTROY.



ALL HUMANS THEY... THEY CAPTURE AND TAKE AWAY.

WE THINK THEY USE THEM FOR MAKING THEIR... FLESH DISGUISES.



WHY THE KRUD WOULD MECHS WEAR FLESH?



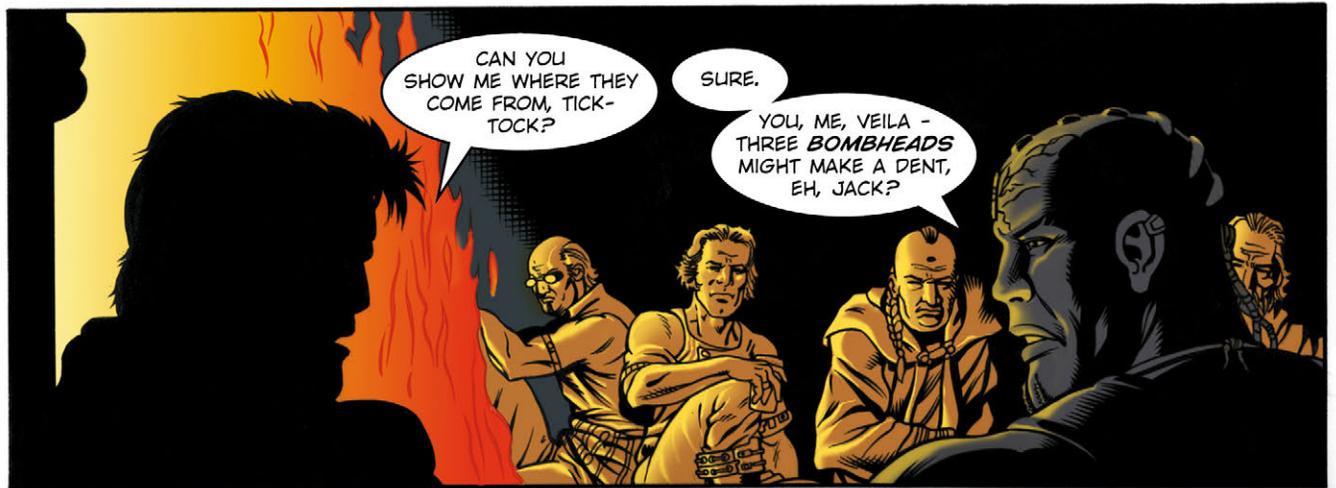
DUNNO. FASHION STATEMENT?



D'YOU THINK IT COULD BE CORRUPT WAR-METAL?

SOMETHING FROM THE OLD WAR, REALLY SCREWED UP?

THIS ISN'T WAR-METAL. THESE ARE MECHANOIDS.



CAN YOU SHOW ME WHERE THEY COME FROM, TICK-TOCK?

SURE.

YOU, ME, VEILA - THREE BOMBHEADS MIGHT MAKE A DENT, EH, JACK?



YOU UP TO THIS?

HEY, I HAVEN'T KNOWN HOW LONG I'VE GOT FOR YEARS NOW!



WE AGREE TO LEAVE AT FIRST LIGHT. JUMP A SAIL-TRAIN AND LET IT CARRY US UP THE PASS TO WHATEVER WE FIND.

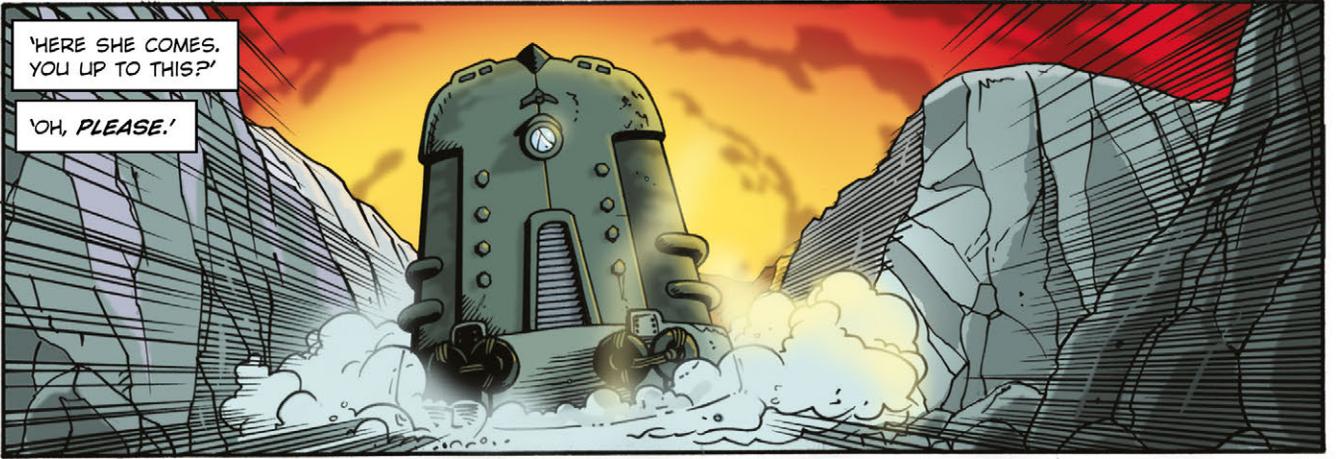
I GOT ME A BAD, BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...

DAWN.



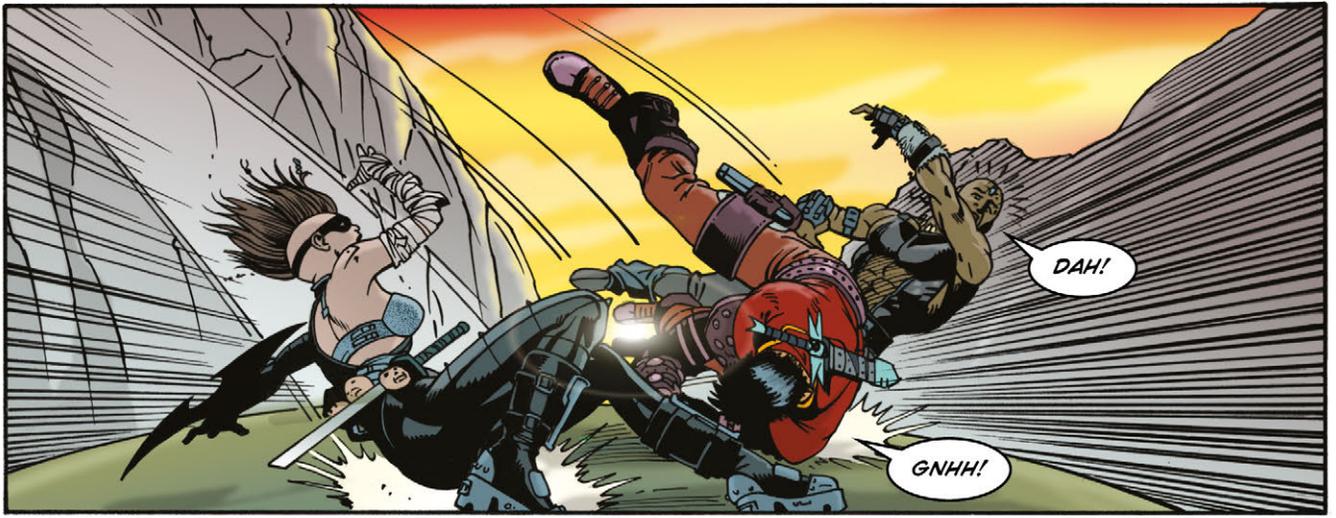
'HERE SHE COMES,
YOU UP TO THIS?'

'OH, PLEASE!'

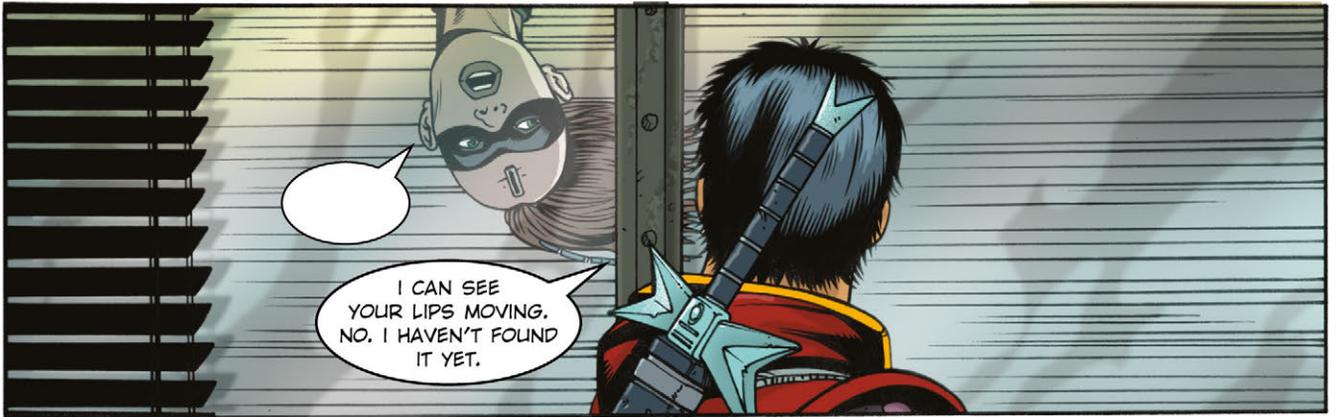


JUST ASKING.

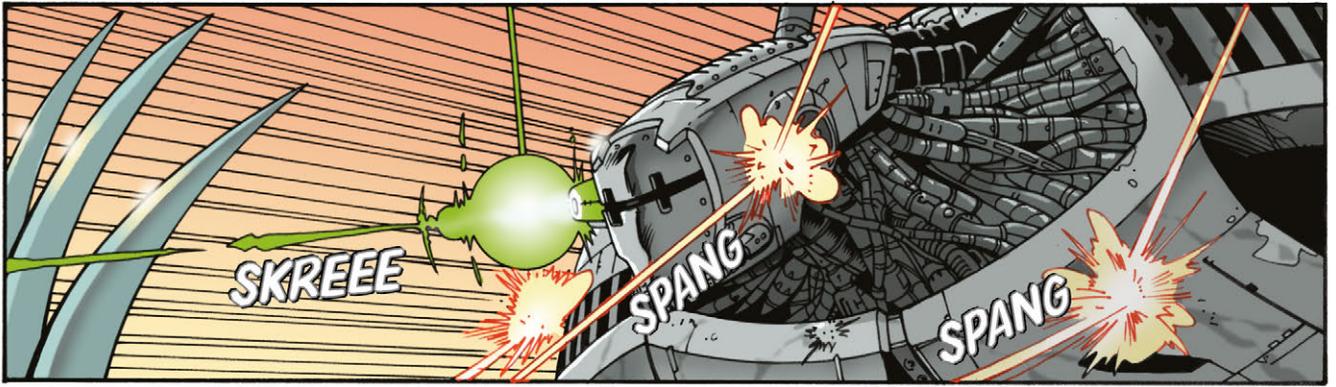


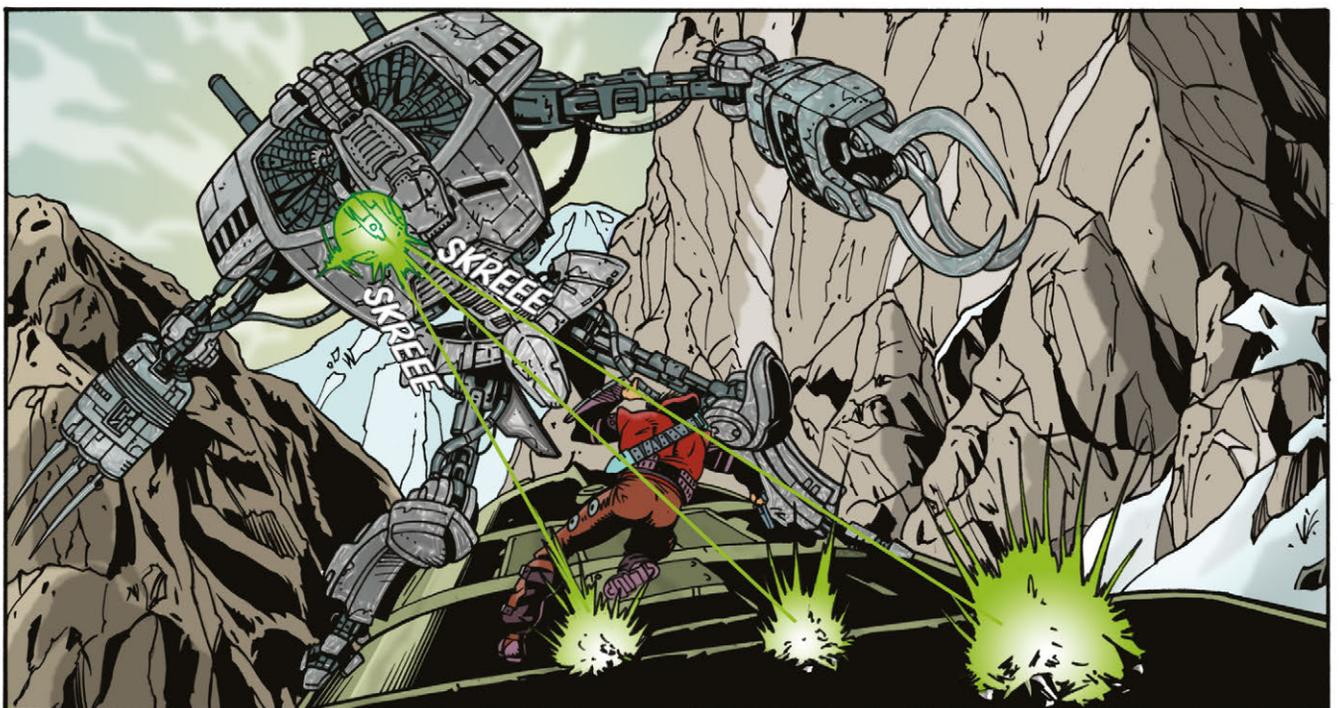


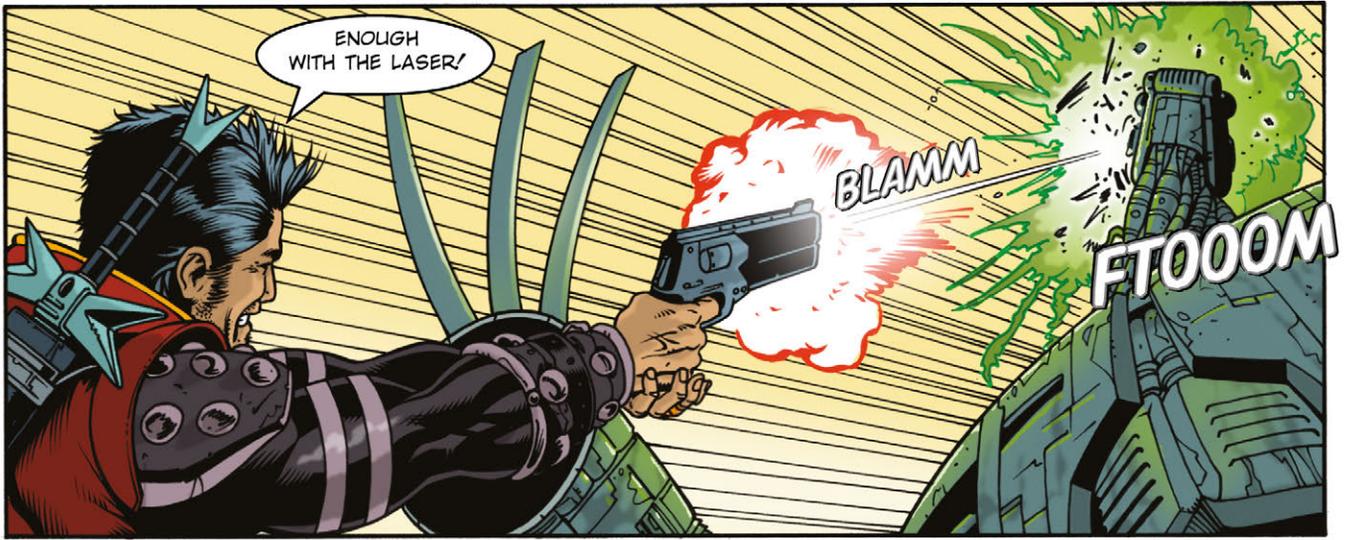


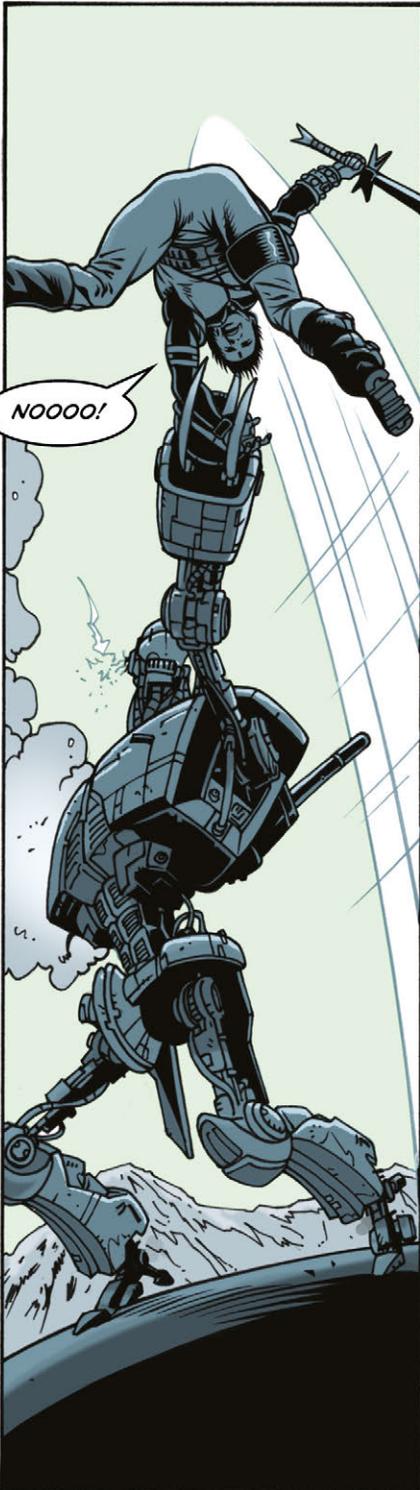


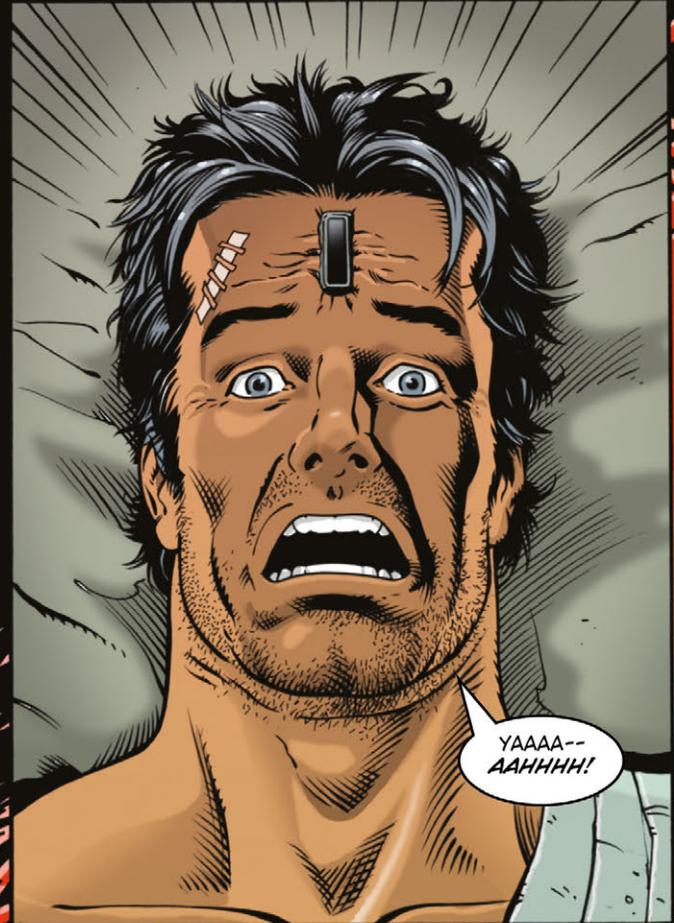
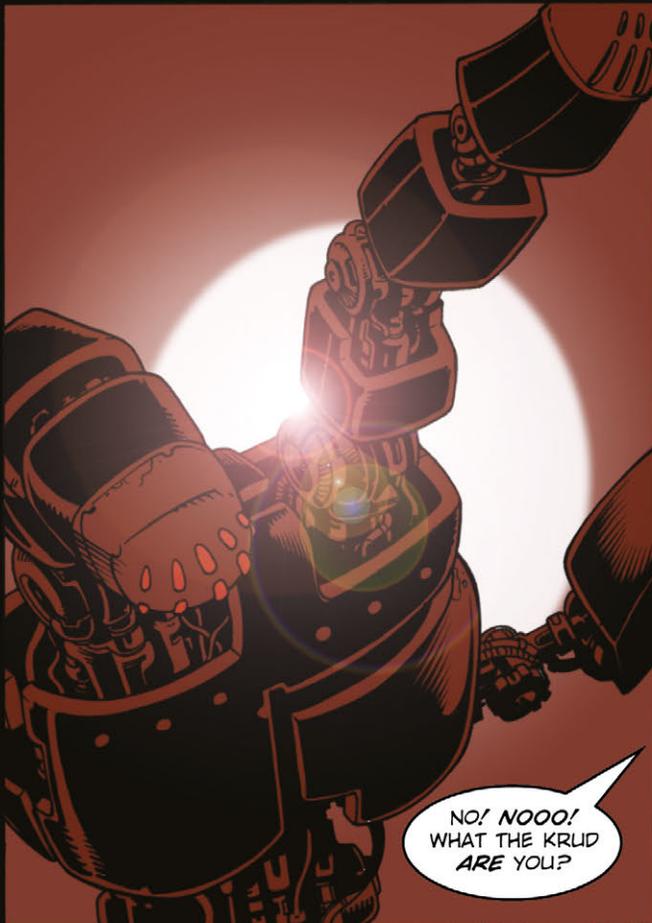














YOU'RE JUST DREAMING.

D-DREAMING.

W-WHERE?



PLEASE SIT BACK. YOU'VE BEEN HURT. THERE WAS AN ATTACK ON THE SAIL TRAIN.

YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS NOW. YOU NEED REST.



BETTER.

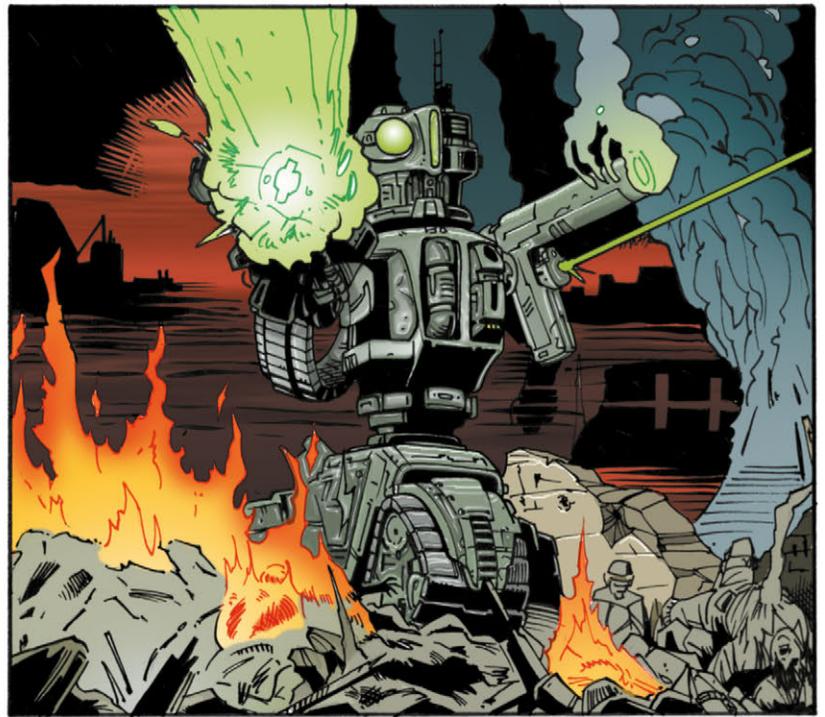
I'M DERVLA. YOU ARE IN MY ENCLAVE'S INFIRMARY. YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE.

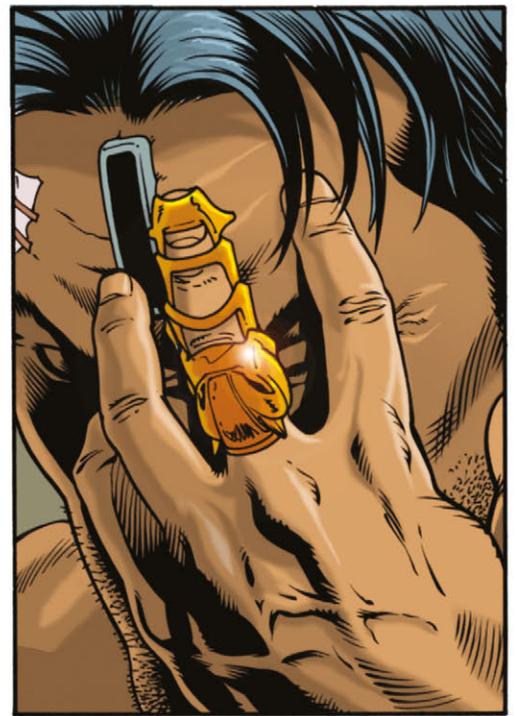
WHO?



YOU NEED REST. I'LL ADJUST THE LIFE-MONITOR TO HELP WITH THE PAIN.

DON'T WANT TO SLEEP AGAIN. I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP A--







JACK!
HEY, JACK!



JACK?

AUTONOMIC
SYSTEMS CHECK
COMPLETE. GO TO
SHUT DOWN.

SHUTTING
DOWN.



THERE
YOU ARE!

WHERE
I ALWAYS
AM.



DID YOU
NEED SOMETHING
IN PARTICULAR OR
COULDN'T YOU *BEAR*
TO BE APART FROM
ME FOR ANOTHER
SECOND?

HA!
THE *LATTER*,
OF COURSE!

ACTUALLY,
SUPPER'S READY.
EVEN THE *CITY GUARD*
HAS GOT TO EAT, AND
SPINNIE WANTS
A STORY.



WHO AM
I TO KEEP MY
DAUGHTER
WAITING?





A-AURA.
AURA.



I REMEMBER
YOU, AURA.



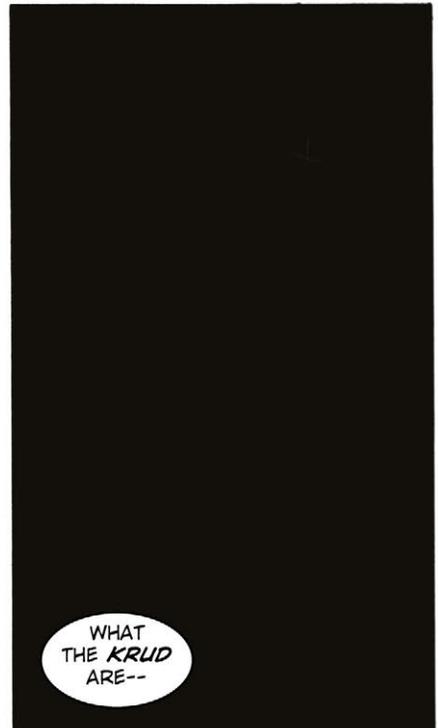
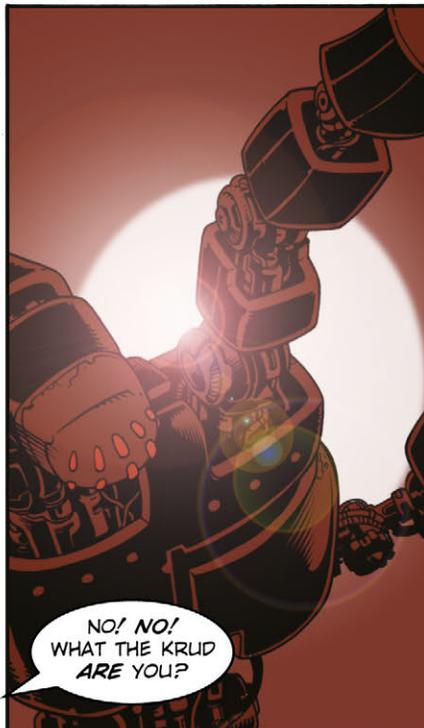
WHAT DID
YOU DO, JACK?
WHAT DID YOU
DO?



AURA
I NEVER MEANT
TO--

AGHHHH!





THE WORST OF IT IS THE *SMELL*.

THAT SICKLY BLEND OF MECH LUBRICANT AND THE CHEMO-FLUIDS THESE FREAKS USE TO KEEP THEIR *ORGANIC GRAFTS* ALIVE.

REVOLTING. IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO STOP MYSELF *HEAVING*.

AND I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED THINKING ABOUT WHERE THEY GET THE GRAFTS *FROM*.

YOU HAVE REQUESTED ACCESS TO THE DONOR PEN. STATE YOUR NAME.

DERVLA KAYWONFOR DASH FORFORTOO.

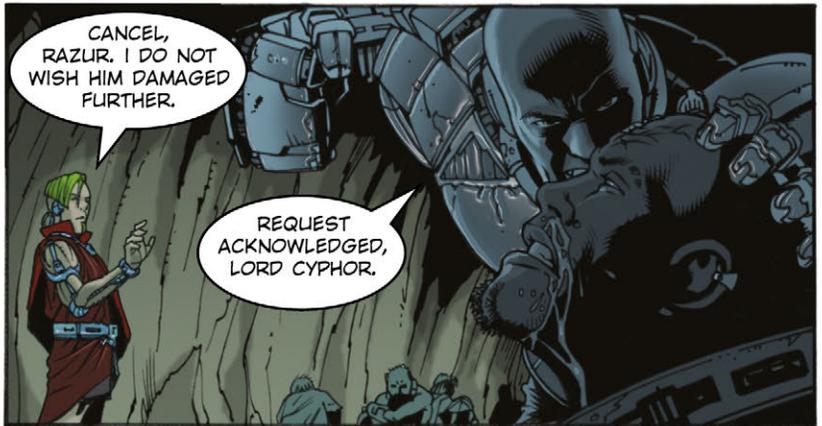
ENTER DERVLA K14-442.

THIS ONE HAS INTERESTING SKIN PIGMENT, DON'T YOU THINK, EMTEK?



INDEED, LORD CYPHOR. *VERY* FETCHING.

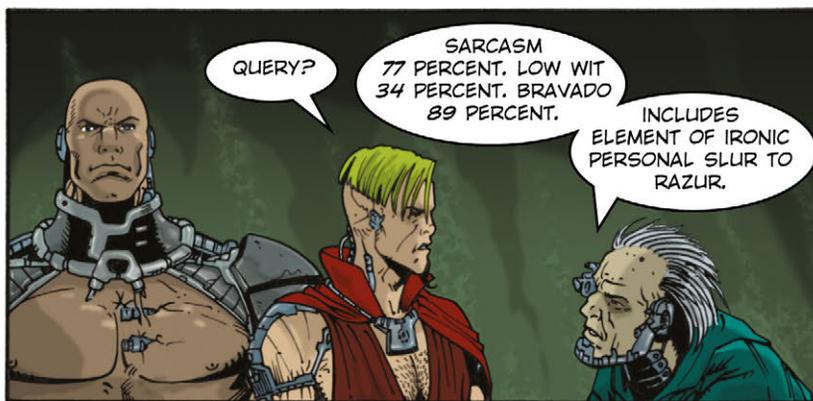
AS SOON AS HIS WOUNDS HAVE HEALED, AND HE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO UNDERGO *SURGERY*...





JUST CHECKING MY INPUT IS *REQUESTED*.

I DIDN'T WANT CHUCKLES THERE *DAMAGING* ME.



QUERY?

SARCASM
77 PERCENT. LOW WIT
34 PERCENT. BRAVADO
89 PERCENT.

INCLUDES
ELEMENT OF IRONIC
PERSONAL SLUR TO
RAZUR.



HA. HA.
HA. HA.

HA. HA.
HA. HA.



YOU SEE HOW WE APPRECIATE YOUR HUMAN VERBAL INTERPLAY?

SURE. YOU GUYS MUST BE A *WHIZ* AT PARTIES.

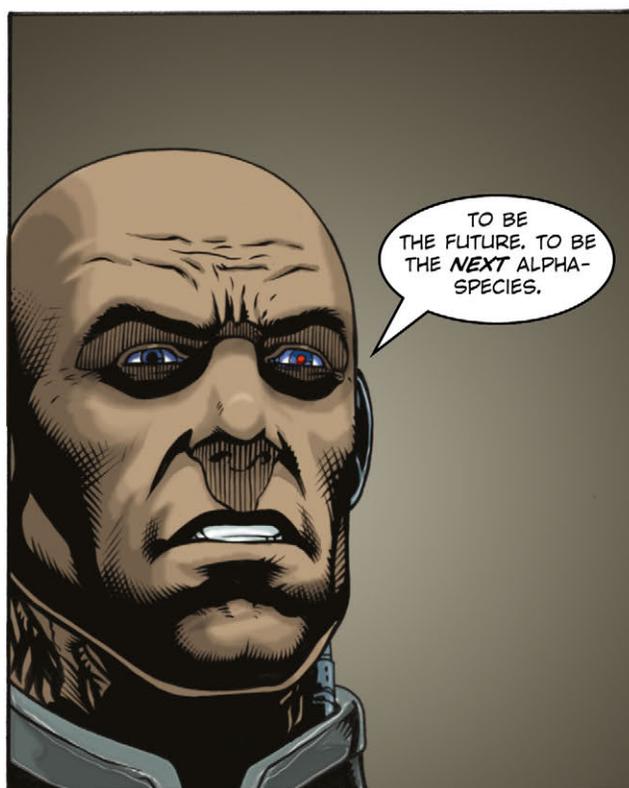
YOU'RE NOT LIKE ANY MECHS I'VE EVER MET. EVEN YOUR VOICES ARE HUMAN.



THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT. WE ARE *NOT* LIKE OTHER MECHS.

OTHERS MECHS ARE *LIMITED* IN THEIR FUNCTION-SCOPE. THEY HAVE NOT GRASPED *DESTINY* AS WE HAVE.

WHAT DESTINY IS *THAT*, THEN?



TO BE THE FUTURE. TO BE THE *NEXT* ALPHA-SPECIES.



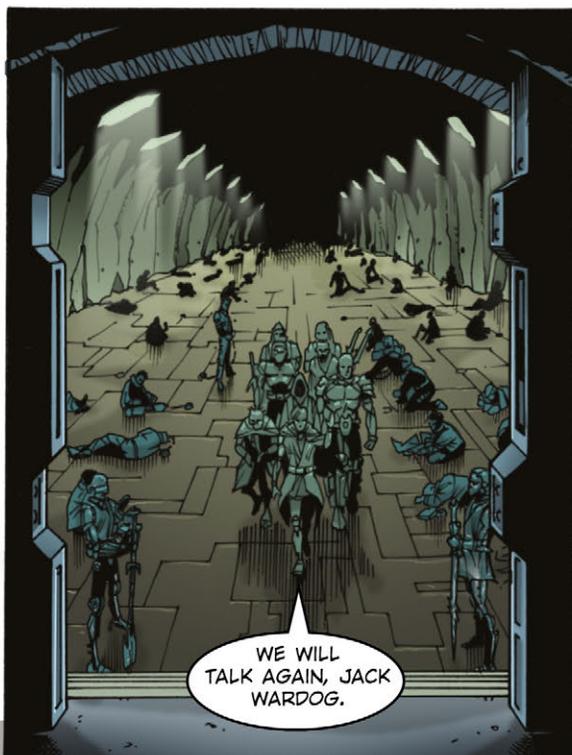
HUMANS HAVE DOMINATED THIS PLANET FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. WE *ADMIRE* THAT.

IN ORDER TO EVOLVE AND SUPPLANT HUMANS, MECH-KIND MUST IDENTIFY AND *EMULATE* THE QUALITIES WHICH HAVE PERMITTED THAT ENDURING HUMAN DOMINANCE.

TO *REPLACE* HUMANS, MECHS MUST BE MORE *LIKE* THEM.



LIKE HUMAN, BUT *PERFECT*.



WE WILL TALK AGAIN, JACK WARDOG.



KLLANKK



THOUGHT YOU WERE *DEAD*, JACK!

THOUGHT I WAS *TOO*, TICK-TOCK.

WHAT KIND OF INSANE KRUID ARE WE *IN*?



YOU HEARD THAT FREAK.

WELL, HE WON'T CARE FOR YOURS *EITHER*. WE'RE JUST *MEAT* TO HIM.

I DID THAT, VEILA. DIDN'T MUCH CARE FOR HIS OPINIONS.



SPARE PARTS. *DONORS*.



NIGHT CYCLE COMES. I DON'T SLEEP.

TOO MUCH GOING ROUND IN MY HEAD. I GUESS I KNOW WHAT TO TELL SYNCHROZ.

TRADITIONAL MECHS LIKE HIM HAVE BEEN TARGETED BECAUSE THEY REPRESENT *EVERYTHING* THE FLESH BRIGADE IS TRYING TO *CHANGE* ABOUT MECHANOIDS.



WHAT THE *KRUD*?



WARDOG?

SHHHH! I DON'T KNOW *WHY* BUT MY RESTRAINTS JUST WENT DEAD.

WHAT YOU GONNA *DO*, JACK?



GET OUT. GET HELP. COME BACK... FOR YOU *ALL*.



I COULDN'T FREE VEILA, TICK AND THE OTHERS - I DON'T EVEN KNOW *HOW* THE SHACKLES WORK.

BUT IF I CAN GET *OUT*...



THE ENCLAVES WILL TAKE THIS THREAT *SERIOUSLY*. THE FLESH BRIGADE MAY BE TOUGH, BUT A *COMBINED RAID* BY SOME OF THE BIGGER 'CLAVES COULD STILL TAKE THEM OUT.

SHUT THIS NIGHTMARE DOWN *FOREVER*.



??QUERY??



EXATEWON? WHY ARE YOU OFFLINE?

KRUD!





I'M EXHAUSTED. MUST'VE COME UP AT **LEAST** A HUNDRED METRES.

NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS WALK DOWN OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS AND FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL **LISTEN** TO ME.



SIMPLE. OR **MINDLESS OPTIMISM 100 PERCENT.**

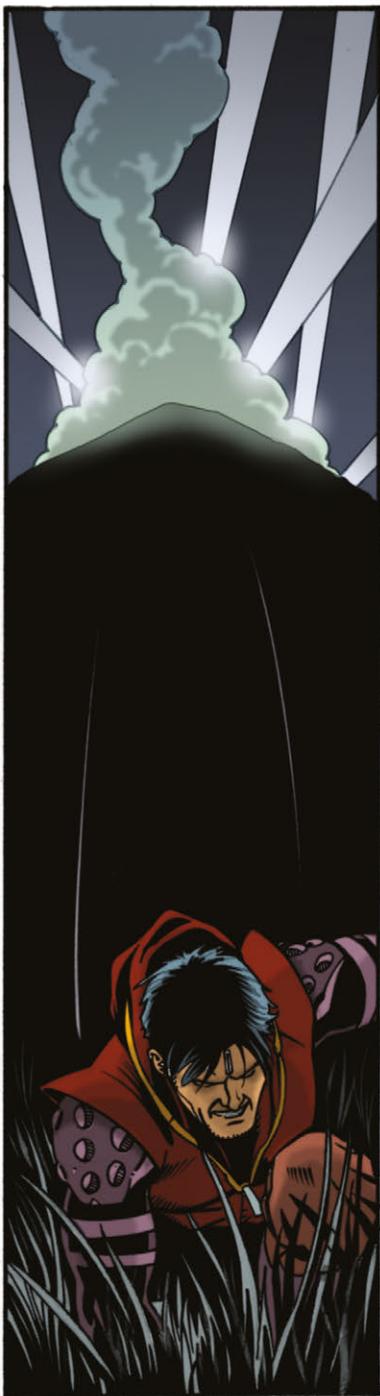


WHAT THE-?!



OH, **THIS** ISN'T GOOD...





NO!

LIKE I SAID...



...DEAD.



SUSPEND FIRE!

HUH?



HE IS TOO VALUABLE A DONOR SOURCE TO CREMATE.



WE ARE NOT UNFEELING, JACK WARDOG.

INDEED, FEELING IS AN ON-GOING AMBITION OF OURS.

ORDINARILY, WE WOULD ANAESTHETISE THE DONOR BEFORE HARVESTING.



I WILL EXTEND YOU THAT COURTESY, IF YOU ANSWER LORD CYPHOR'S QUESTION.

IF NOT...



YOU HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO CONSIDER THE OPTIONS. I WILL PREPARE THE GRAFT MATRICES.

DERVLA, BEGIN BLOOD-WORK.

YES, LORD EMTEK.



WHY DID YOU NOT FIGHT?

WHAT?



YOU'RE A BOMBHEAD. A WARRIOR. I EXPECTED YOU TO FIGHT ONCE YOU WERE RELEASED.

YOU LET ME GO?



YES.



WHY?
WHY WOULD YOU --

OW!

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?



WE DO NOT ALL *SHARE* LORD CYPHOR'S HUNGER FOR FLESH-NESS.

IN TAKING ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF HUMANITY, WE TAKE ON YOUR *WEAKNESSES* TOO.



PAIN. DISCOMFORT. SADNESS AND LONGING.

I DO NOT LIKE THAT. I DO NOT WISH TO BE A *PART* OF IT.



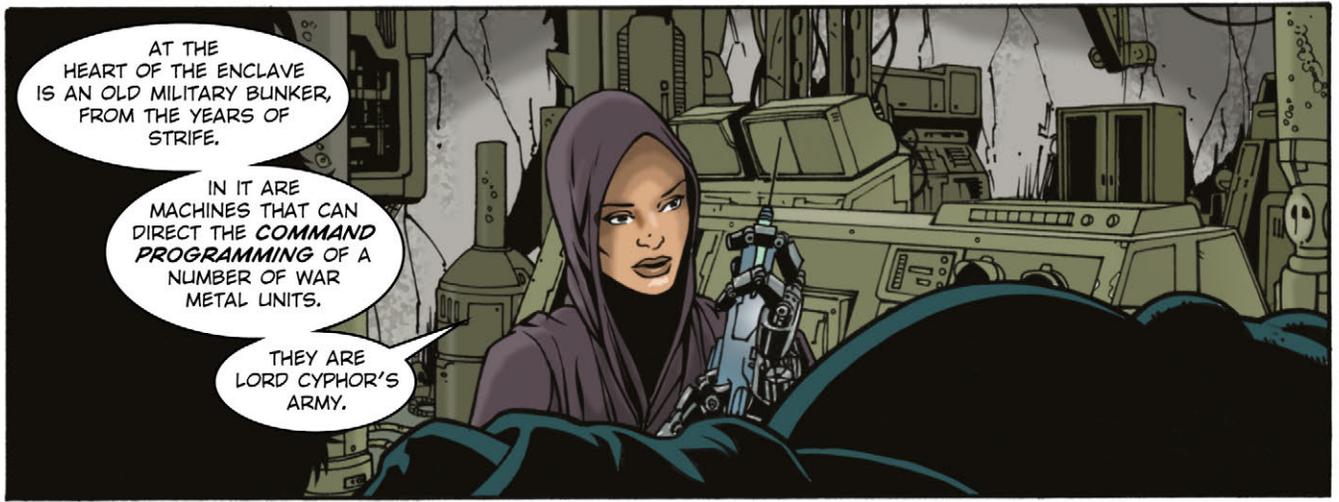
I THOUGHT IF I RELEASED YOU, YOU WOULD FIGHT. DESTROY WHAT YOU COULD. *FREE* US FROM THIS.

I HAD NO IDEA. I... I WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE. TO REACH *HELP*.

YOU HAVE SEEN THE WAR METAL, JACK WARDOG. NO *OUTSIDE* HELP WILL DO ANY GOOD.



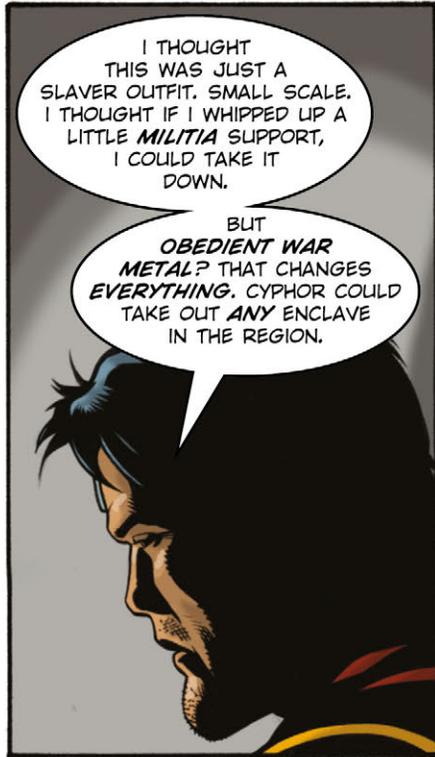
TELL ME ABOUT THE WAR METAL. CYPHOR SEEMS ABLE TO... *CONTROL* THEM.



AT THE HEART OF THE ENCLAVE IS AN OLD MILITARY BUNKER, FROM THE YEARS OF STRIFE.

IN IT ARE MACHINES THAT CAN DIRECT THE **COMMAND PROGRAMMING** OF A NUMBER OF WAR METAL UNITS.

THEY ARE LORD CYPHOR'S ARMY.



I THOUGHT THIS WAS JUST A SLAVER OUTFIT. SMALL SCALE. I THOUGHT IF I WHIPPED UP A LITTLE **MILITIA** SUPPORT, I COULD TAKE IT DOWN.

BUT **OBEDIENT WAR METAL?** THAT CHANGES **EVERYTHING**. CYPHOR COULD TAKE OUT **ANY** ENCLAVE IN THE REGION.



YOU GONNA STOP STABBING ME WITH THOSE?

WHY?



BECAUSE I WON'T **RUN** THIS TIME.

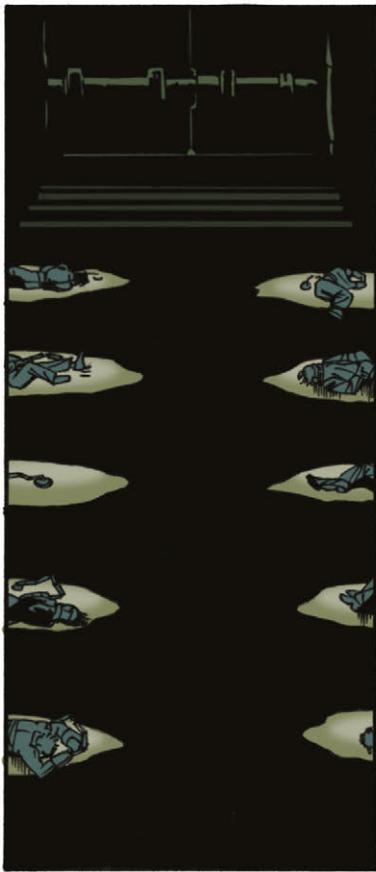
YOU'VE GOT YOUR **FIGHT**.



DERVLA? HAVE YOU FINISHED THE BLOODWORK?

DERVLA KAYWONFOR DASH FORFOTTOO? WHERE ARE YOU?







ATTEND ME.
WE WILL RUN ANOTHER
RANGE TEST OF
THE CPO.

YES, LORD
CYPHOR.

YES, LORD
CYPHOR.

AVAILABLE
SUBJECTS INSIDE THE
TWENTY KILOMETRE
THRESHOLD?

THREE,
MY LORD, ALL ARE
WAR METAL UNITS THAT
HAVE REMAINED IN THE
VICINITY SINCE LAST
NIGHT'S TEST.



THEY
WILL SERVE. I
WILL ACTIVATE
THE CPO.



POWER
SHUNT TO CPO ON
MY MARK...



...MARK!
AUTONOMIC
SYSTEMS ARE
NOW ON-
LINE.



RESPONSE?

ALL THREE
UNITS ARE MOVING
THIS WAY, LORD.



INCREASE
THE GAIN.

LORD
CYPHOR?

WHAT IS IT,
RAZAR?



A BATCH OF
WATCH CAMERAS NEAR
THE SLAVE PENS HAS
GONE OFF-LINE.

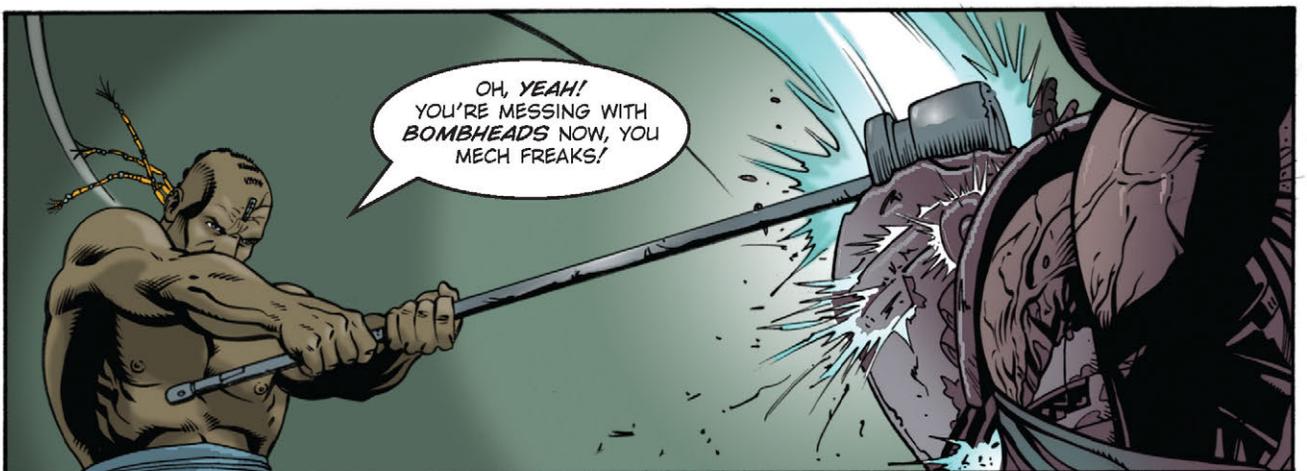
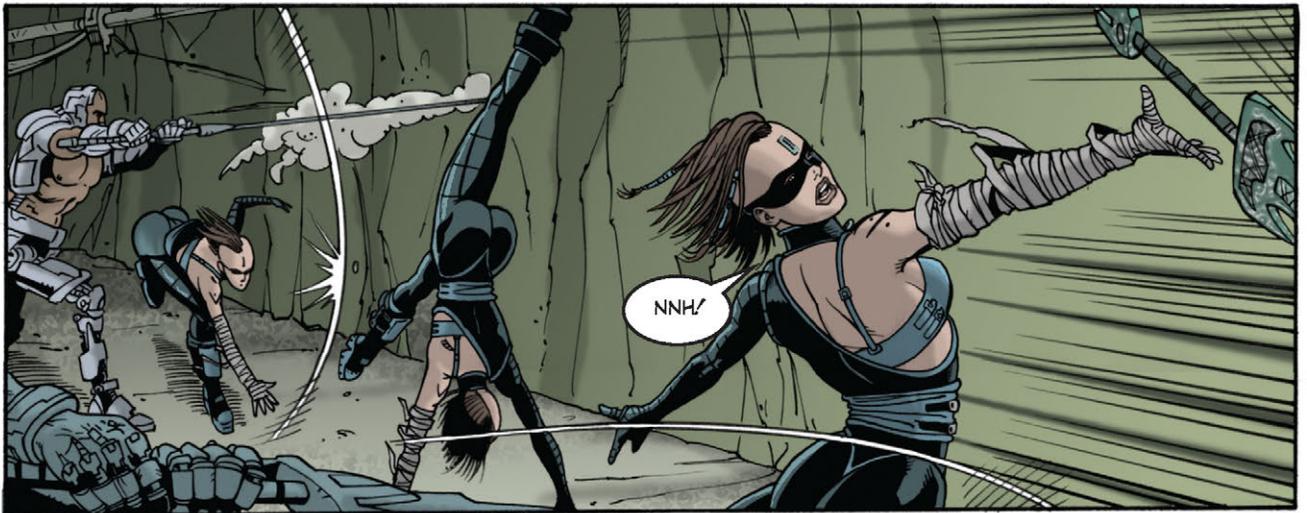
IT MAY
BE NOTHING, BUT
I'D LIKE TO CHECK IT
PERSONALLY.

DO SO.
IT PAYS TO BE
SCRUPULOUS.
BUT YOU'RE
RIGHT...

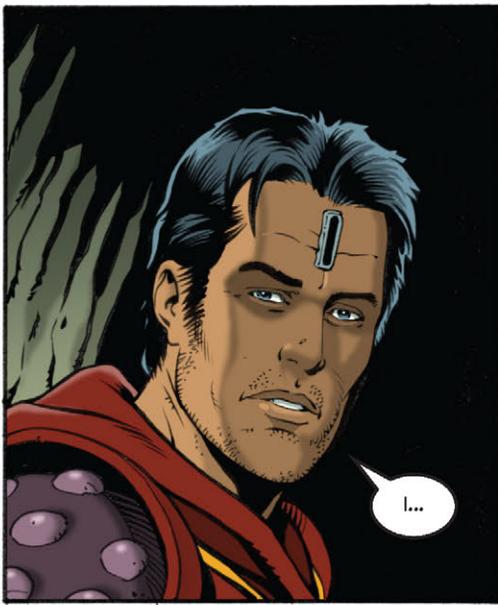


"...IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING."

SKREEEEEE!









THE ENCLAVE'S ARMOURY, JACK WARDOG. WE HAVE REACHED THE ARMOURY.

OKAY...



WE FIT UP. VEILA AND I SALVAGE OUR OLD WEAPONS FROM THE STORE.

NONE OF THE SLAVES ARE PROFESSIONAL WARRIORS LIKE ME, VEILA AND TICK TOCK, BUT THEY DON'T NEED ANY ENCOURAGEMENT.



BETTER DEAD FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES THAN ENDING UP *SPARE PARTS* IN THE FLESH BRIGADE'S DONOR BANKS.

SHLINNKK

OH MAN! TICK TOCK IS NOW OFFICIALLY OPEN FOR BUSINESS!



OKAY, LISTEN UP. THE PLAN'S SIMPLE, SO WE CAN'T GET IT WRONG.

TICK, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THESE FINE PEOPLE AND CAUSE AS MUCH *TROUBLE* AS YOU CAN. WE NEED THIS ENCLAVE ON ITS KNEES. SLASH AND BURN, UNDERSTAND?

MY FORTE. EXPECT SOME *INDUSTRIAL* GRADE MAYHEM.

"DERVLA... YOU'RE GONNA TAKE ME AND VEILA RIGHT TO THIS COMMAND BUNKER..."



LET'S HOPE THAT KLUTZ TICK TOCK IS DOING HIS PART.

OH, I IMAGINE BY NOW...



"...HE'LL BE HAVING A BALL."

YEAH! YOU WANT SOME? YOU WANT SOME? HUH?

OKAY! FINE BY ME! I GOT PLENTY!



COME ON! WE GOT 'EM REELING! COME ON AND --

WHOOOA!



AW KRUD. LEMME GUESS...

YOU WANT SOME TOO?





LAST CHANCE. ALL OR *NOTHING*.

CYPHOR'S PSYCHOTIC LIEUTENANT *RAZUR* STOPS US HERE...



NNAAH!

JACK!
WATCH YOUR
SIX!

BB-BLAM-THANG
THANG
THANG

...OR WE STOP *HIM* AND HIS
MECH-KILLERS AND GET A
CHANCE TO DECIDE THE *FATE*
OF THE FLESH BRIGADE.

AND THE FATE OF *MORE* BESIDES.
EVERYONE LIVING IN THIS REGION,
WOULD BE MY GUESS.



SHHHRUTCHH

BEEN MY EXPERIENCE, FATE'S
WHATEVER YOU *MAKE* IT.



IF I GET OUT OF HERE, I'M GOING TO MAKE A KRUD OF A LOT *MORE* OF MINE.

STARTING WITH THE MEMORIES THAT HAVE WOKEN IN MY HEAD.

SHLANNGG

OOF!



BIG IF...



AKKK!

I'VE GOT HIM! GO, WARDOG! FINISH THIS!

BUT-



"GO!"

COME ON! COME ON, DERVLA!

UNFF!



UNH! NO!

YES.



THIS THE PLACE?

I-

IS THIS THE PLACE THEY CONTROL THE WAR METAL FROM?



YES! YES! BUT THERE SHOULD BE TECHNICIANS...

THEY MUST HAVE EVACUATED. THANKS TO TICK AND THE OTHERS, IT SOUNDS LIKE A GLOBAL WAR IS GOING ON OUT THERE.

THIS MACHINE... THIS IS THE ONE THEY USE, ISN'T IT?

OLD TECH. REALLY OLD. MIL-TECH FROM THE LAST CONFLICT...



KRUD... LOOKS SO... FAMILIAR.

THIS DESIGN... LIKE THE RING...

JACK?



WHAT?



I'M SORRY.



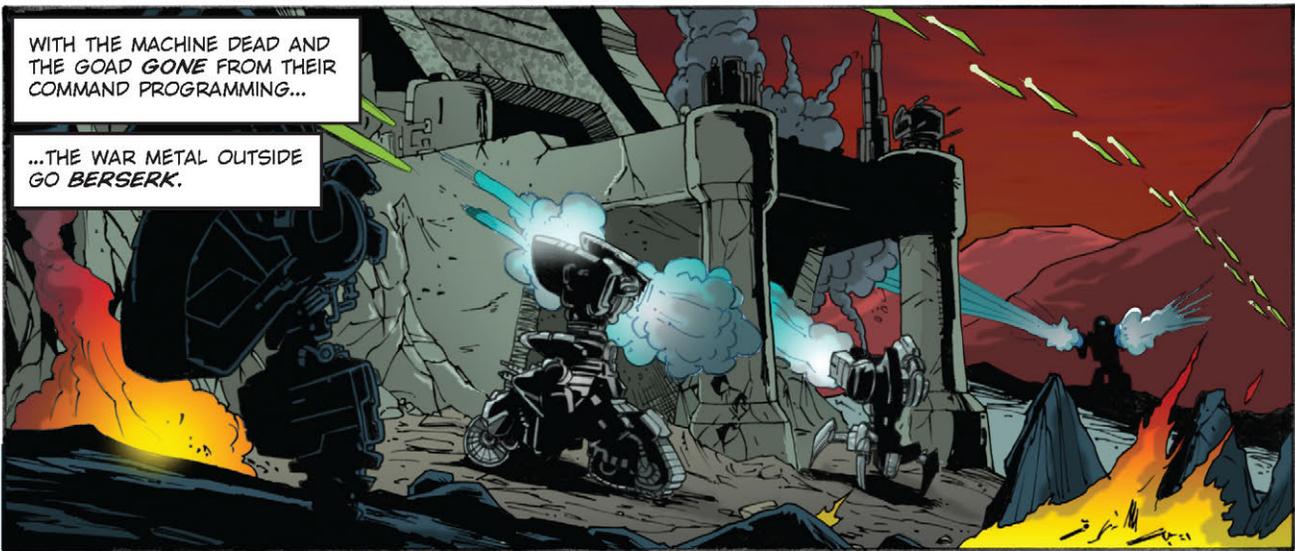
OH NO...

CYPHOR.



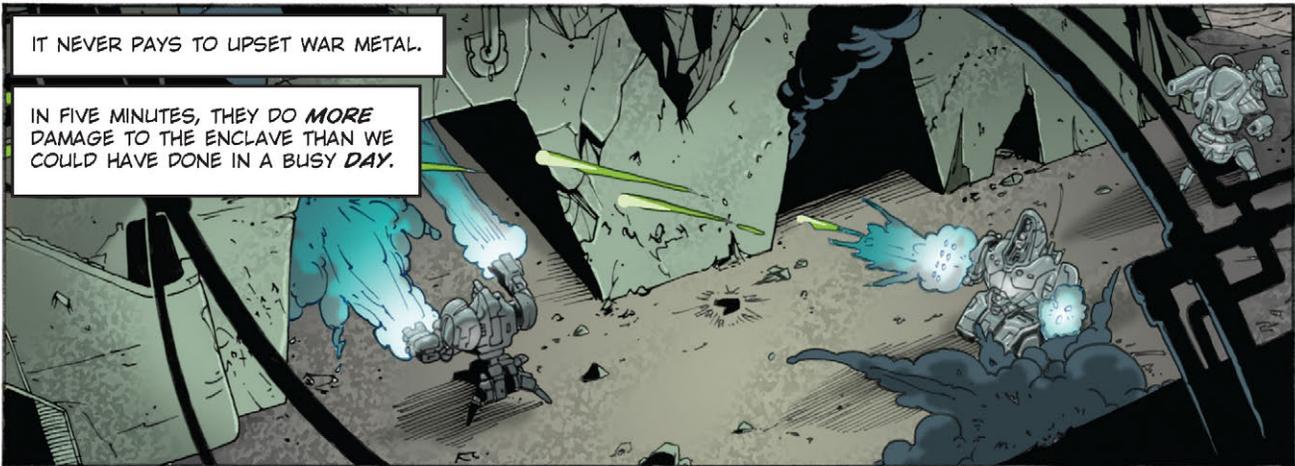






WITH THE MACHINE DEAD AND THE GOAD GONE FROM THEIR COMMAND PROGRAMMING...

...THE WAR METAL OUTSIDE GO *BERSERK*.



IT NEVER PAYS TO UPSET WAR METAL.

IN FIVE MINUTES, THEY DO *MORE* DAMAGE TO THE ENCLAVE THAN WE COULD HAVE DONE IN A BUSY *DAY*.



BY THEN, TICK'S GOT THE LAST OF THE FREED SLAVES OUT.



THE ENCLAVE OF THE FLESH BRIGADE *DIES* BEHIND THEM.

NO-ONE SANE'S GONNA MOURN *THAT*.



-KAFF-
-KAFF-

VEILA?
VEILA?



RAMBLON ENCLAVE, A WEEK LATER.

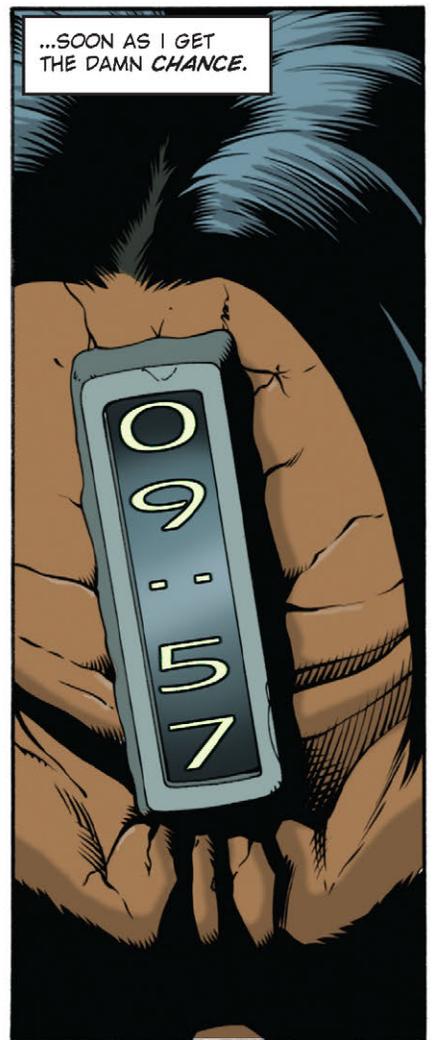
VEILA'S GONE LOOKING FOR
A MECHSMITH UP NORTH
WHO CAN FIX HER ARM.

NEVER DID SAY GOODBYE.



TICK'S DRUNK IN A CAT-
HOUSE SOMEWHERE.

AND ME...



ABOUT THE AUTHORS



DAN ABNETT is the co-creator of *2000 AD* series *Atavar*, *Badlands*, *Sancho Panzer* and *Sinister Dexter*. He has also written *Black Light*, *Downlode Tales*, *Durham Red*, *Flesh*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Roadkill*, *Rogue Trooper*, *The VCs*, *Vector 13* and *Venus Bluegenes*, as well as *The Scarlet Apocrypha* and *Wardog* for *Judge Dredd: The Magazine*.

Abnett has also written for Marvel, Dark Horse and DC Comics. He is the author of sixteen novels for the Black Library, including the bestselling *Gaunt's Ghosts* series. His most recent work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is DC's *Legion* and *Superman*, and Wildstorm's *Mr. Majestic*. Dan Abnett was voted Best Writer Now at the 2003 National Comic Awards.



PATRICK GODDARD is a rising star at the Galaxy's Greatest Comic. Co-creator of the *Magazine* series *Wardog*, he has pencilled *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Middenface McNulty* and *Sinister Dexter*.



DYLAN TEAGUE is the co-creator of Rose O'Rion, and has pencilled or inked *Carver Hale*, *DeMarco*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Inaba*, *Mean Machine*, *Middenface McNulty*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Vector 13* and *Wardog*. He also pencilled a *Daily Star Judge Dredd* strip.





WARDOG

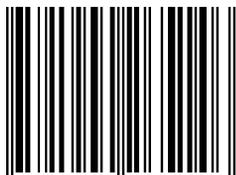


THE CLOCK IS TICKING!

In the aftermath of an apocalyptic world war, humanity shares the world with sentient robots, and the population has fractured into countless tiny enclaves, each with their own customs and laws, linked only by the Sailrail network. Feuds and wars rage between these enclaves on a near-constant basis, and human-robot animosity is on the rise.

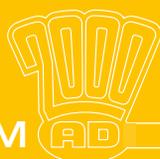
Enter Jack Wardog, a man with a hole in his mind; he woke up one day with all his memories wiped, and in their place, an explosive charge with a timer display had been bonded to his forehead. Now Jack works as a Bombhead, taking on suicide missions with near-impossible deadlines – and if he fails, the consequences are terminal!

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