

THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC!



2000 &



MEGA-CITY
FIVE-0!

A FREE DIGITAL COMIC STARRING JUDGE DREDD AND THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE!

JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT ★ AL EWING

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JOCK ★ CHRIS WESTON

BILL WARD ★ BRIAN BOLLAND

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TEN YEARS ON

Script: John Wagner, Alan Grant

Art: Garry Leach

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 520



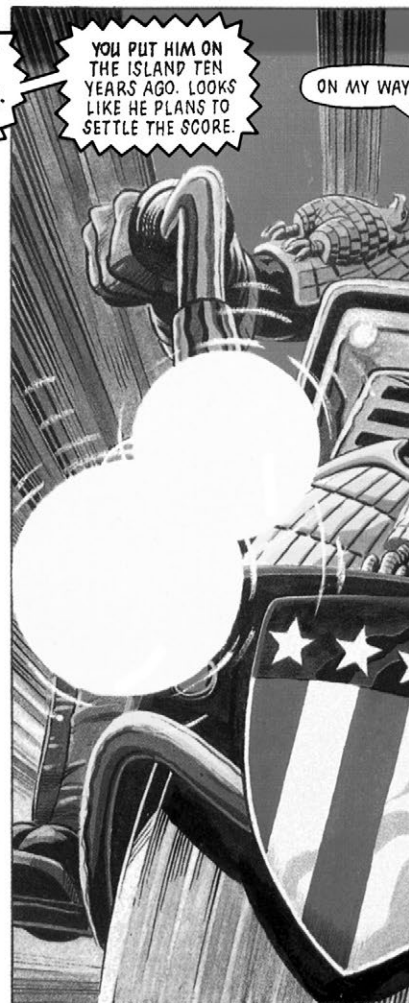
CONTROL TO DREDD!
THERE'S BEEN A
MASS **BREAKOUT**
AT **DEVIL'S**
ISLAND.

ONE OF THE
PRISONERS WAS
RANDOLPH WHITELY—
AKA **WHITEY**.

HE'S NOW HOLED UP AT
THE MUNCE-CO PLANT.
HE'S TAKEN **HOSTAGES**.
HE'S THREATENING TO
KILL THEM UNLESS
YOU SHOW.

YOU PUT HIM ON
THE ISLAND TEN
YEARS AGO. LOOKS
LIKE HE PLANS TO
SETTLE THE SCORE.

ON MY WAY



WAGNER/GRANT.
SCRIPT: **WAGNER/GRANT.**
ART: **LEACH.**
LETTERING: **FRAME.**

WAGNER/GRANT.
DREDD

10

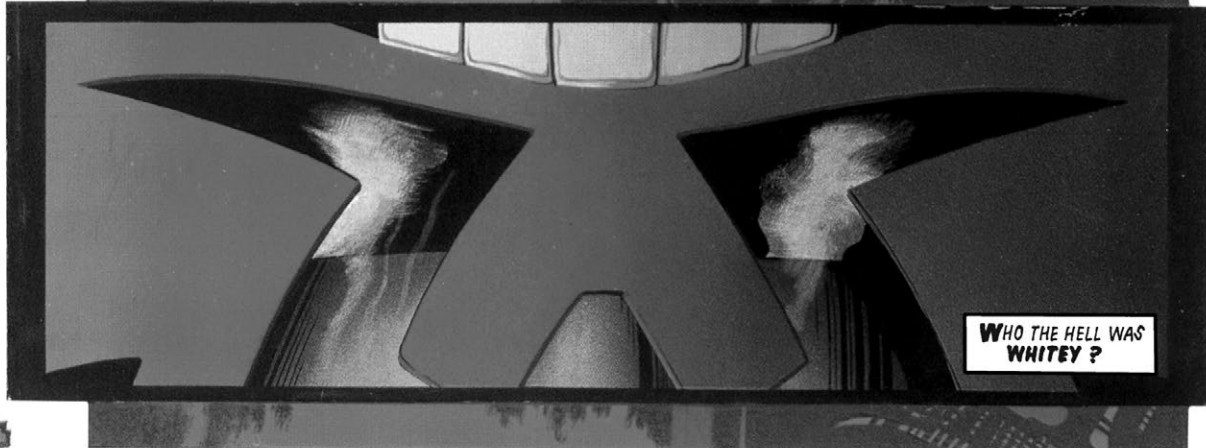


TEN YEARS... HE COULD HARDLY REMEMBER HIM. THERE'D BEEN A LOT OF PERPS UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE THEN.

THERE'D BEEN A WAR - 400 MILLION DEAD. THERE'D BEEN PLAGUES - DISASTERS - FIRES AND FLOODS.

THE CITY HAD TREMBLED AT THE VISITATIONS OF JUDGE DEATH AND NOSFERATU, OF CAPTAIN SKANK AND ORLOK THE ASSASSIN.

YEARS ON.



WHO THE HELL WAS WHITEY?



WHERE IS HE?
I'M GETTIN'
SICK OF WAITIN'!
DO I GOTTA
START **WASTIN'**
THESE PEOPLE?



TEN YEARS...TEN YEARS ON **DEVIL'S ISLAND**...
THE NOISE, THE DIRT, THE FUMES...TRAPPED IN
HELL WITH FREEDOM ONLY A SUICIDE RUN AWAY.



HE REMEMBERED DREDD ALL
RIGHT. THROUGH THOSE TEN
LONG YEARS IT WAS THE
ONE THING THAT HAD KEPT
HIM GOING - HIS HATRED
FOR THE MAN WHO HAD
PUT HIM THERE.



TAKE IT EASY,
WHITEY! HE'S
COMING!

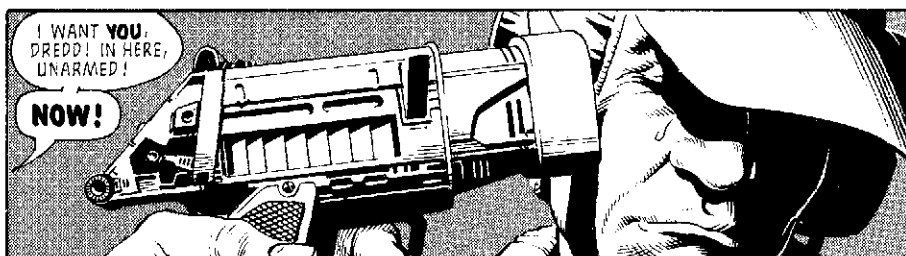
MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE
HIM COME **FASTER!**

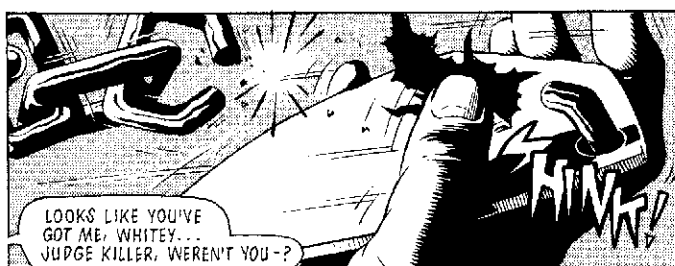
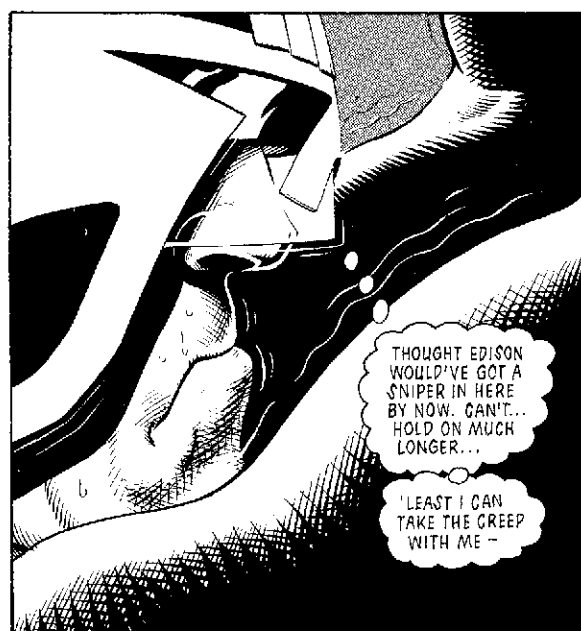
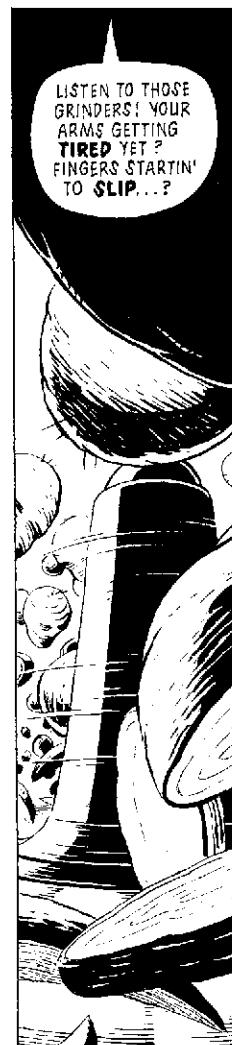
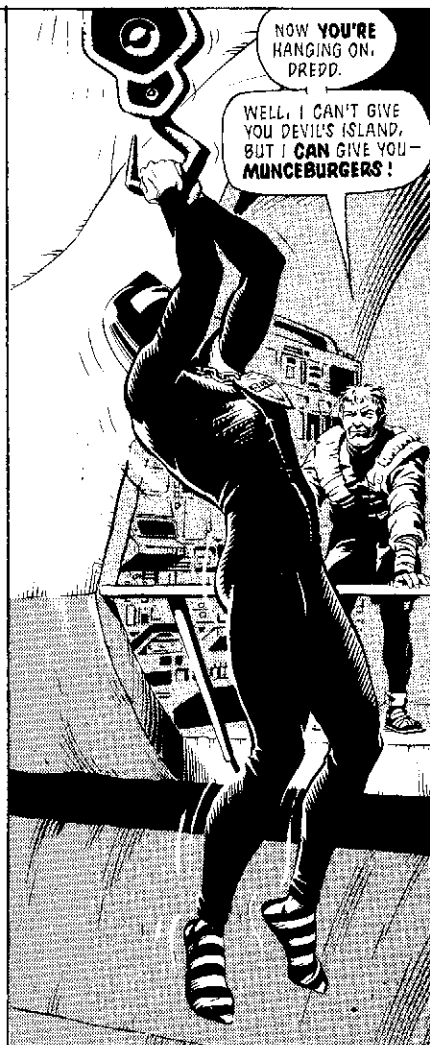


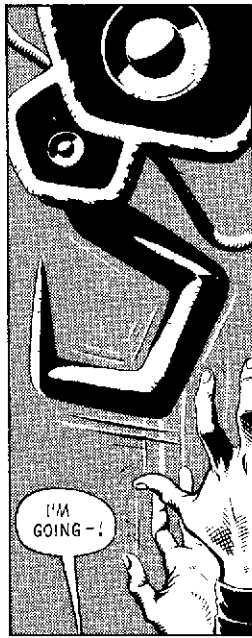
THERE! **NOW** DO YOU
BELIEVE ME?

YOU GOT FIVE
MINUTES BEFORE THE
REST OF THESE
SUCKERS START
JOININ' HIM!









I'M
GOING -!



DREDD -!

I'M ALL RIGHT.
GRINDERS JAMMED
ON THE CREEP.

TEN YEARS NEVER
TAUGHT HIM VERY MUCH.
GUESS HE'S LEARNED
HIS LESSON NOW...



CRIME
DOESN'T PAY.

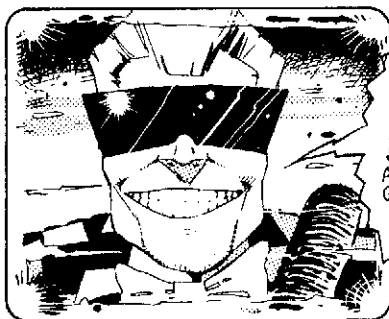
THE END



10,000,000 IS A DANGEROUS AGE, CYNTHIA

Script: Alan Grant
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Tom Frame

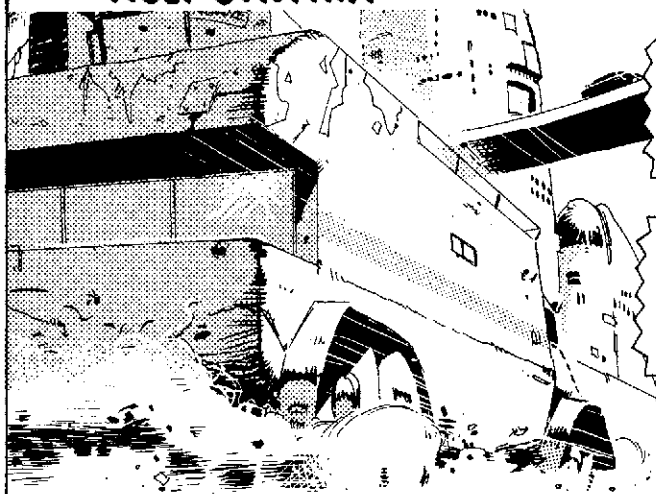
Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 628



GOOD MORNING, MEGA-CITY, AND WELCOME TO "STAR FOR A DAY" — THE PROGRAMME WHERE SPECIAL PEOPLE — AND SPECIAL THINGS — GET THE PUBLICITY AND TREATMENT THEY DESERVE!

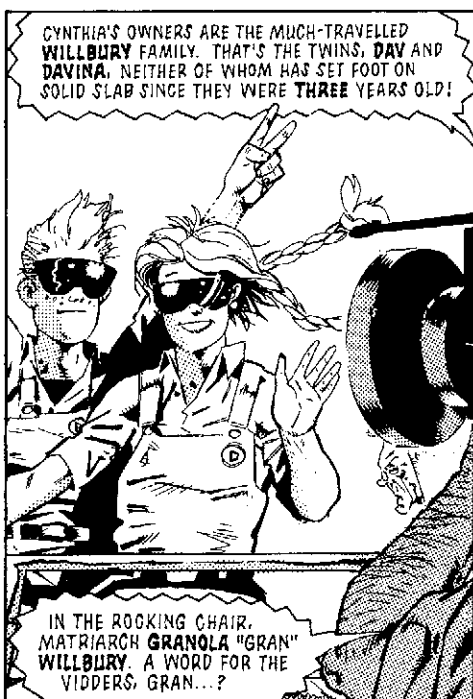
JUDGE DREDD

10.000.000 IS A DANGEROUS AGE, CYNTHIA



THE STAR OF THIS MORNING'S SHOW IS CYNTHIA, A MOPAD WHOSE OWNERS PROUDLY CLAIM THAT SHE HASN'T STOPPED ONCE IN MORE THAN A DECADE ON THE ROAD!

FIGURE THAT, VIDDERS — 100 KILOMETRES AN HOUR, DAY IN, DAY OUT, FOR NEARLY TWELVE YEARS. YEP, YOU GOT IT — THAT'S PUSHIN' TEN MILLION KAYS!



CYNTHIA'S OWNERS ARE THE MUCH-TRAVELLED WILLBURY FAMILY. THAT'S THE TWINS, DAV AND DAVINA, NEITHER OF WHOM HAS SET FOOT ON SOLID SLAB SINCE THEY WERE THREE YEARS OLD!

IN THE ROCKING CHAIR, MATRIARCH GRANOLA "GRAN" WILLBURY. A WORD FOR THE VIDDERS, GRAN...?



EH?

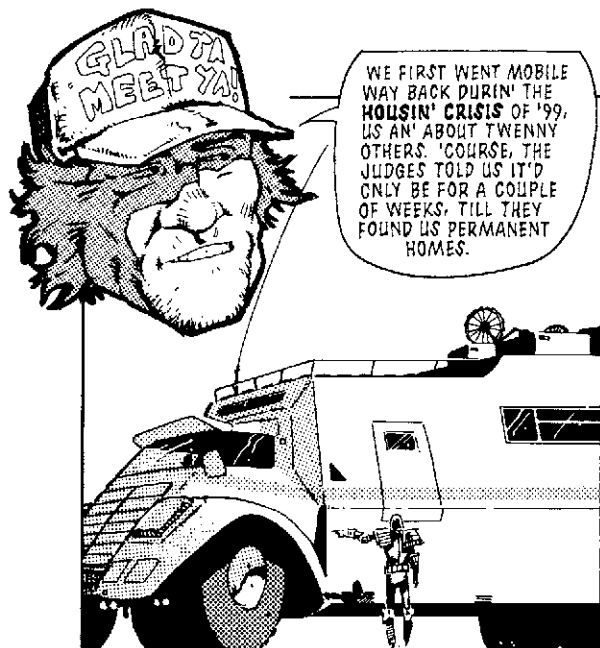


THANK YOU, GRAN!

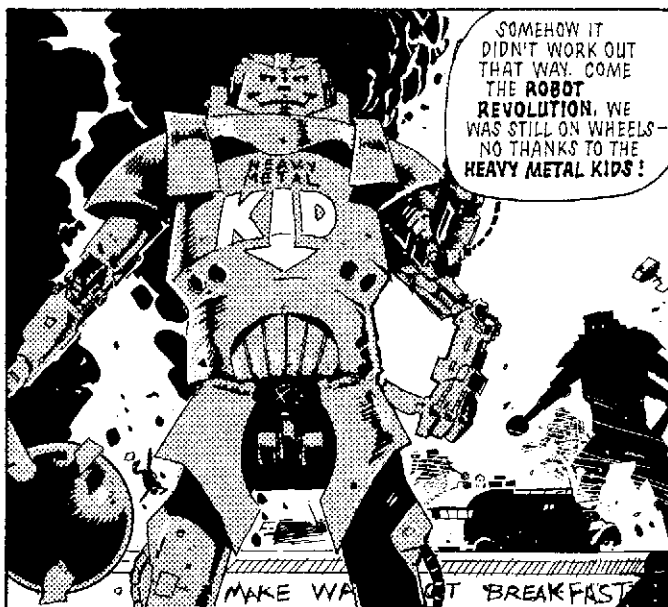
AT THE WHEEL, MR JEDDA WILLBURY. IN YOUR OWN WORDS, SIR — TELL US CYNTHIA'S STORY!

WELL, LESSEE NOW...





WE FIRST WENT MOBILE WAY BACK DURIN' THE HOUSIN' CRISIS OF '99, US AN' ABOUT TWENNY OTHERS. 'COURSE, THE JUDGES TOLD US IT'D ONLY BE FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, TILL THEY FOUND US PERMANENT HOMES.



SOMEHOW IT DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY. COME THE ROBOT REVOLUTION, WE WAS STILL ON WHEELS—NO THANKS TO THE HEAVY METAL KIDS!

WE WERE JUST COMIN' UP TO THE TOP OF THE LIST FOR TRANSFER TO A CITY-BLOCK, WHEN BLOCK MANIA BROKE OUT. FORTUNATELY, WE HAD OUR OWN BOTTLED WATER, SO WE WASN'T AFFECTED...



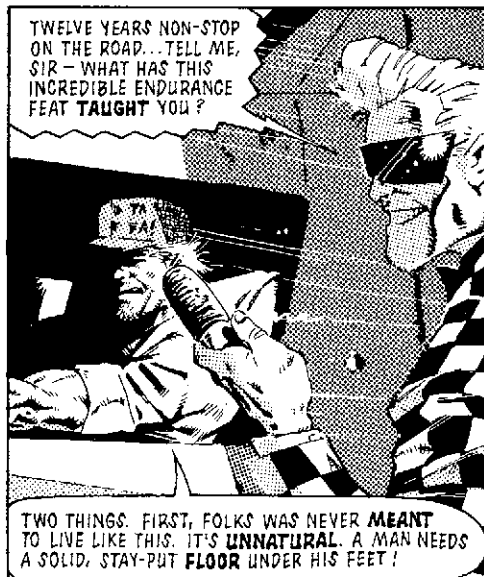
BUT IT SURE DIDN'T DO THE HOUSIN' STOCK MUCH GOOD!



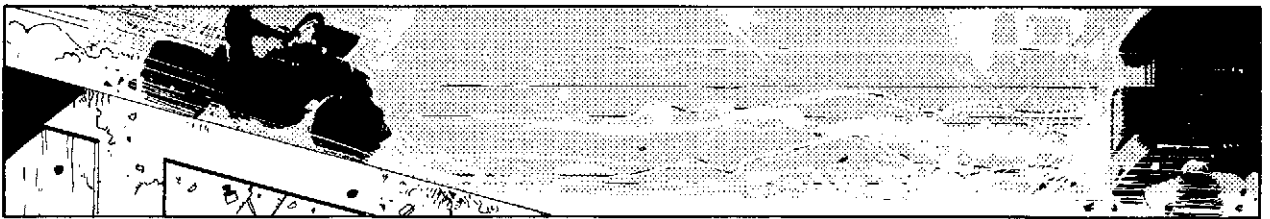
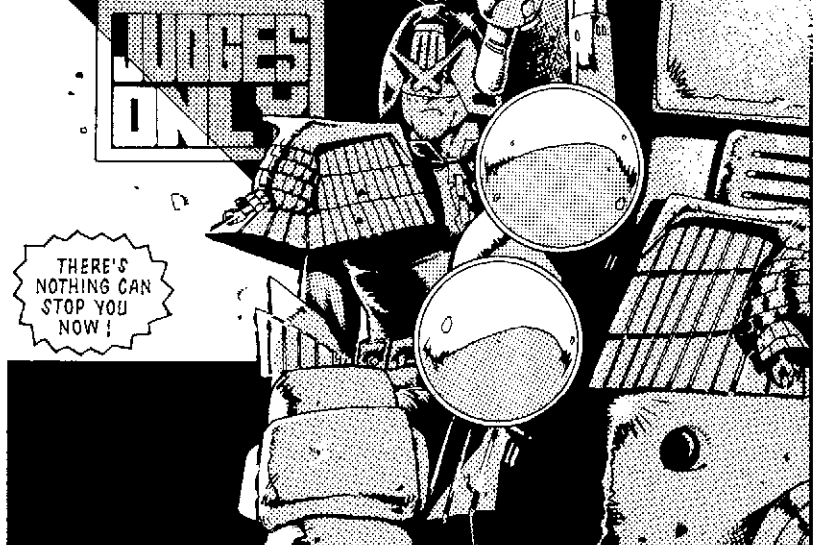
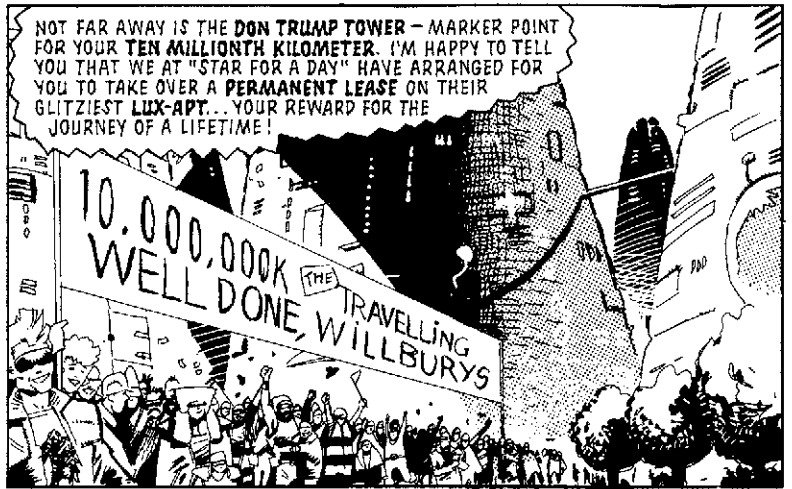
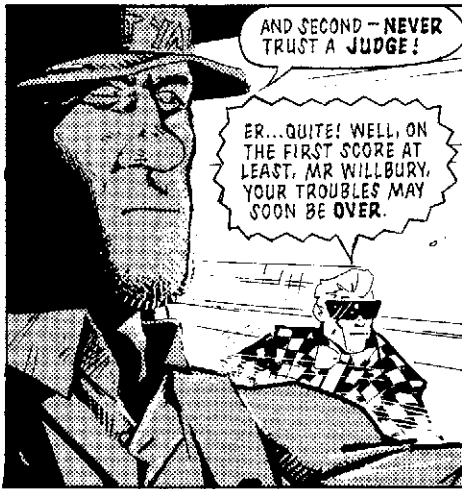
THEN, OF COURSE, THE SOVS INVADED. WE FOUND SAFETY DRIVIN' ROUND A SHIELDED WEST SECTOR LOOP—BUT WHEN THE JUDGES DROVE 'EM OUT AGAIN, OUR CHANCE OF GETTIN' A HOUSE WAS ZERO. THERE WEREN'T HARDLY NONE LEFT!

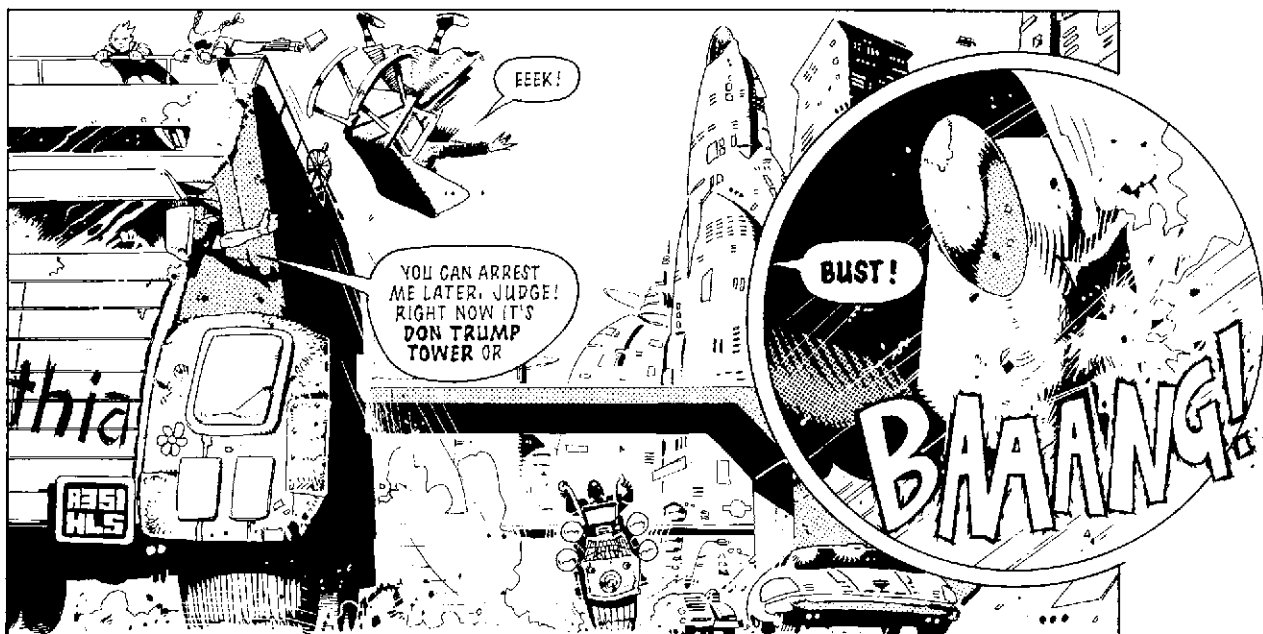
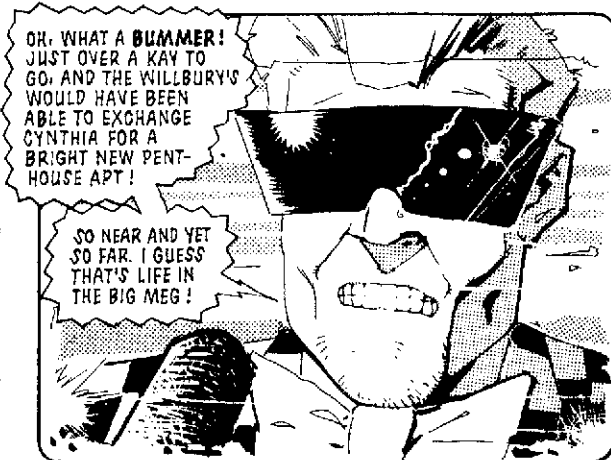
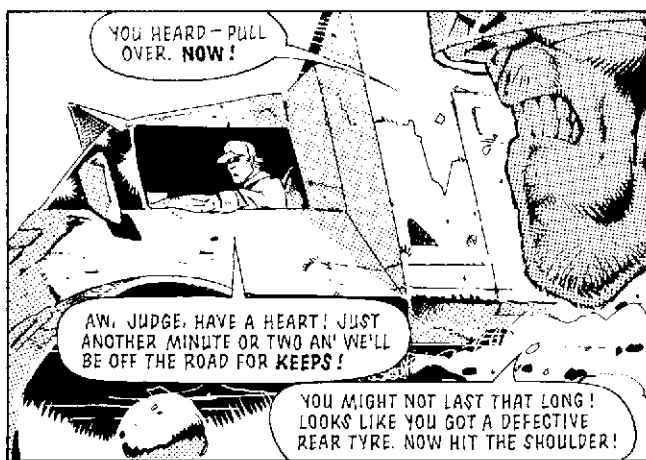


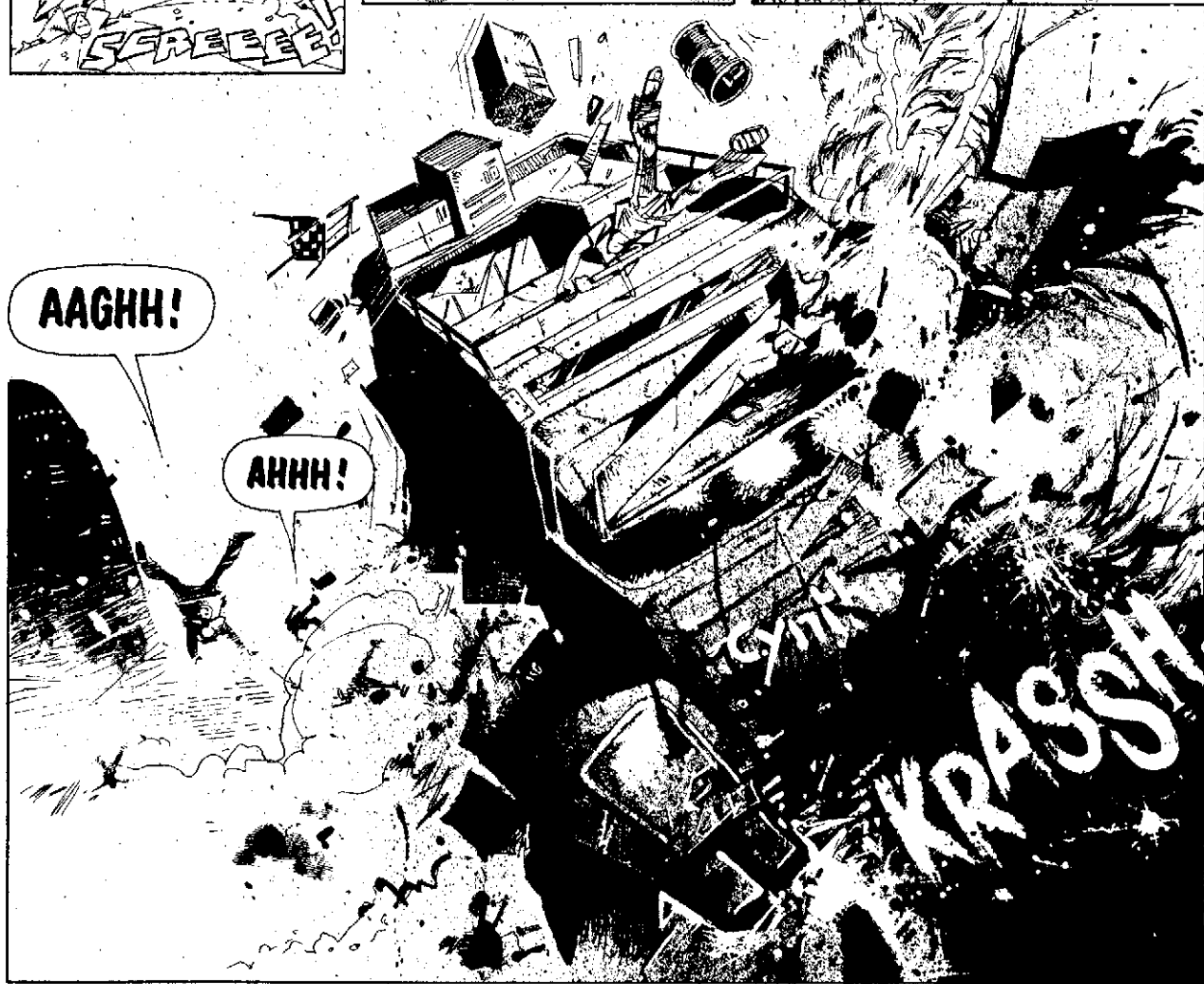
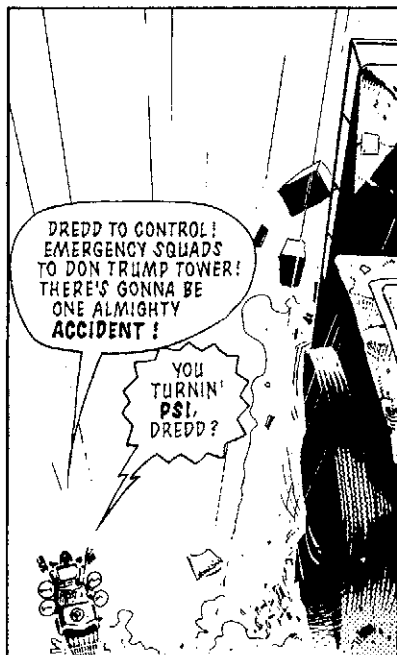
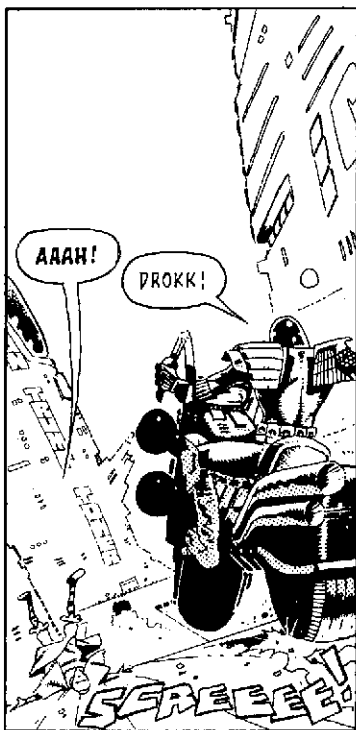
TWELVE YEARS NON-STOP ON THE ROAD... TELL ME, SIR—WHAT HAS THIS INCREDIBLE ENDURANCE FEAT TAUGHT YOU?

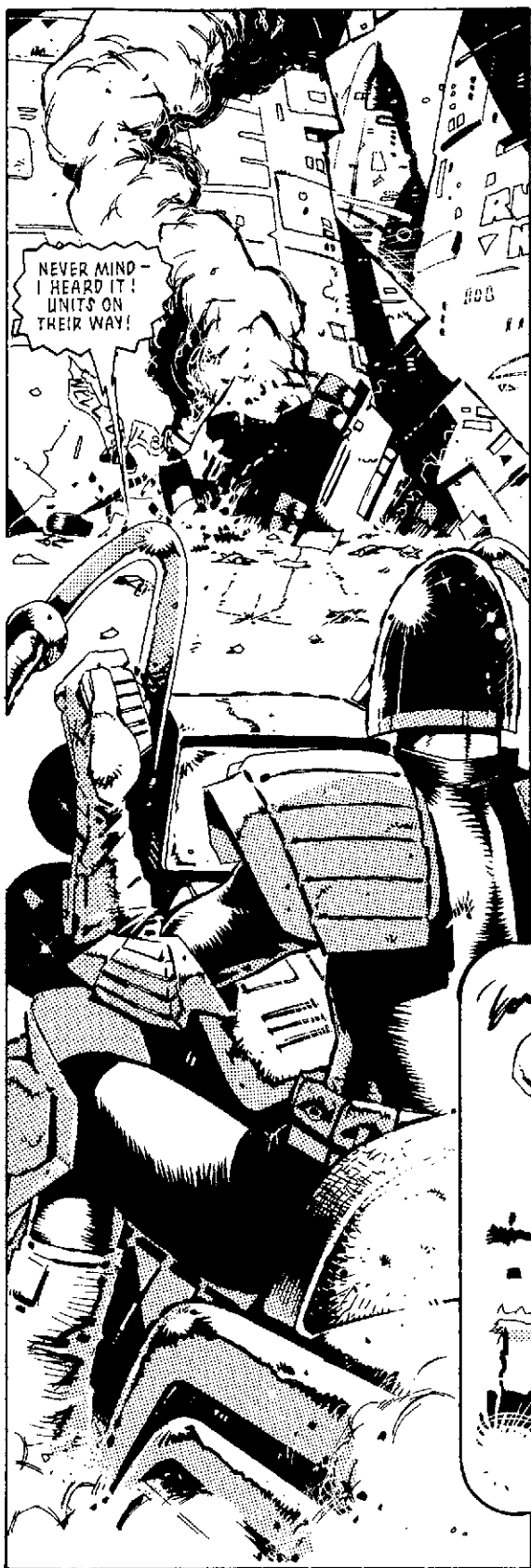


TWO THINGS. FIRST, FOLKS WAS NEVER MEANT TO LIVE LIKE THIS. IT'S UNNATURAL. A MAN NEEDS A SOLID, STAY-PUT FLOOR UNDER HIS FEET!









NEVER MIND -
I HEARD IT!
UNITS ON
THEIR WAY!

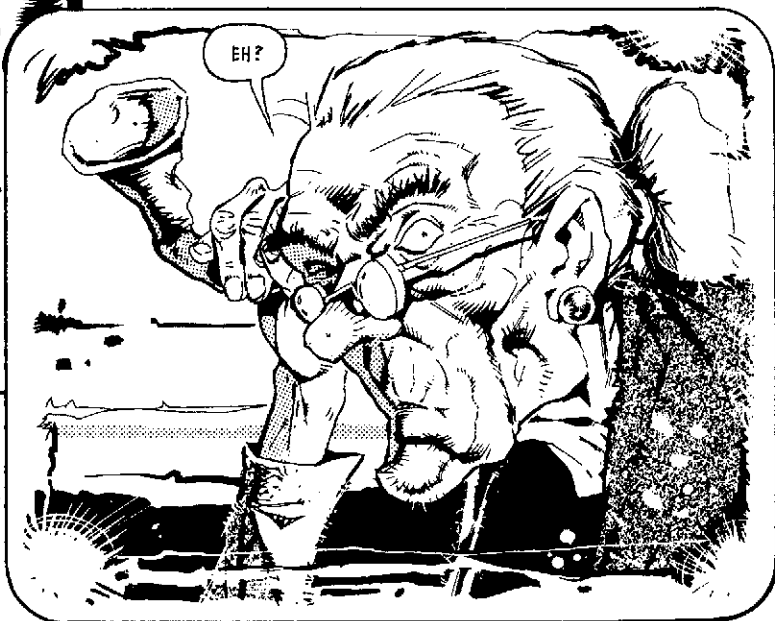
AND THERE YOU HAVE
IT, VIDDERS - PROOF, IF
PROOF WERE NEEDED,
THAT EVEN **STARS** CAN
KNOW THE TERRIBLE
TOUGH OF TRAGEDY!

BUT EVEN IN
THE MIDST OF
CATASTROPHE,
TRUE GRIT AND
THE INDOMITABLE
HUMAN SPIRIT
SHINES
THROUGH...



GRANOLA WILLBURY - YOU HAVE JUST
SEEN YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY **PERISH**
AND YOUR HOME **DESTROYED**. YET
YOU, A FRAIL OLD LADY, HAVE
COME THROUGH UNSCATHED.

I HAVE NO
HESITATION,
ON BEHALF OF
OUR VIEWERS, IN
NOMINATING YOU
OUR NEW "STAR
FOR A DAY"!



EH?

THE END



THE MEGA-RACKETS: THE NUMBERS RACKET

Script: John Wagner, Alan Grant
Art: Colin Wilson
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 218, 219

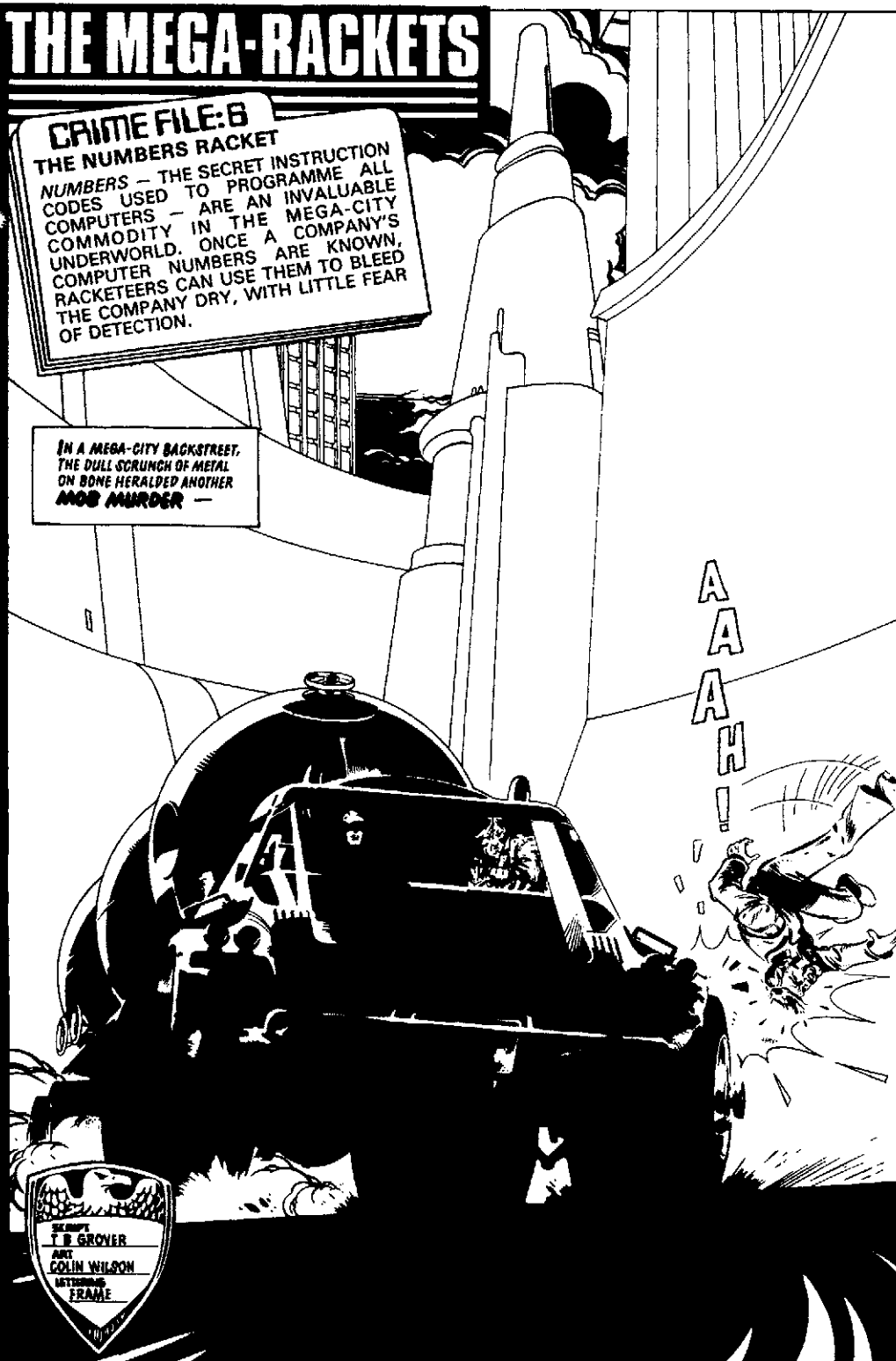
JUDGE DGE DREDD

THE MEGA-RACKETS

CRIME FILE: 8 THE NUMBERS RACKET

NUMBERS — THE SECRET INSTRUCTION ALL CODES USED TO PROGRAMME ALL COMPUTERS — ARE AN INVALUABLE COMMODITY IN THE MEGA-CITY UNDERWORLD. ONCE A COMPANY'S COMPUTER NUMBERS ARE KNOWN, RACKETEERS CAN USE THEM TO BLEED THE COMPANY DRY, WITH LITTLE FEAR OF DETECTION.

IN A MEGA-CITY BACKSTREET,
THE DULL SCRUNCH OF METAL
ON BONE HERALDED ANOTHER
MOB MURDER —





STILL CRAWLIN'! LET'S
SEE HOW GOOD HE MOVES
AFTER A BATH!

NO, PLEASE!
WHY - ?



DON'T ASK ME WHY,
BOY. I'M JUST PAID
TO DO A JOB -

AAAAAH!



SUDDENLY -

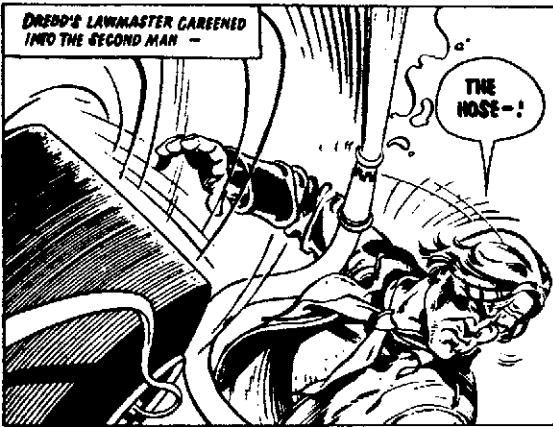
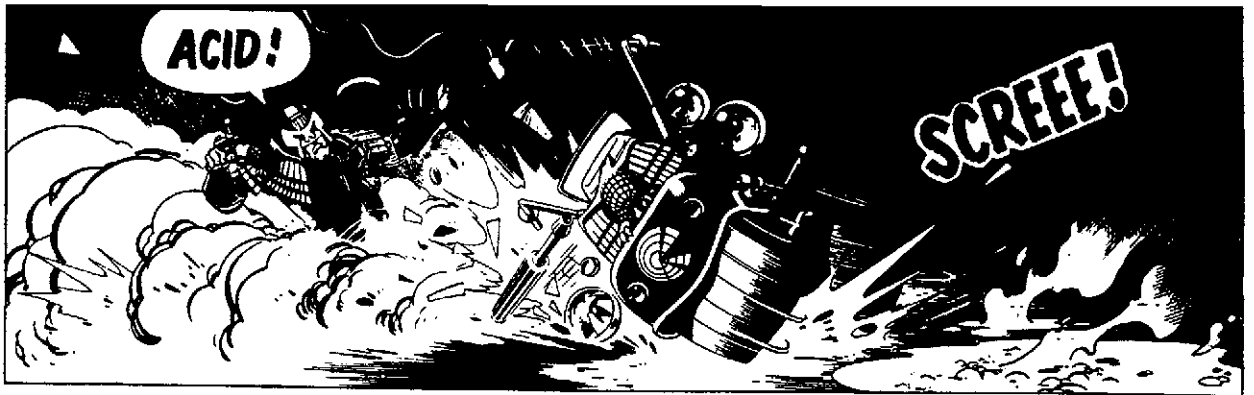
AM' THE JOB SAYS
DISSOLVE YOU!

A JUDGE!
BLITZ HIM!



UURGH!

THE CHARGE
IS MURDER.
CREEPS!



A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT FORENSIC SQUAD ARRIVED —

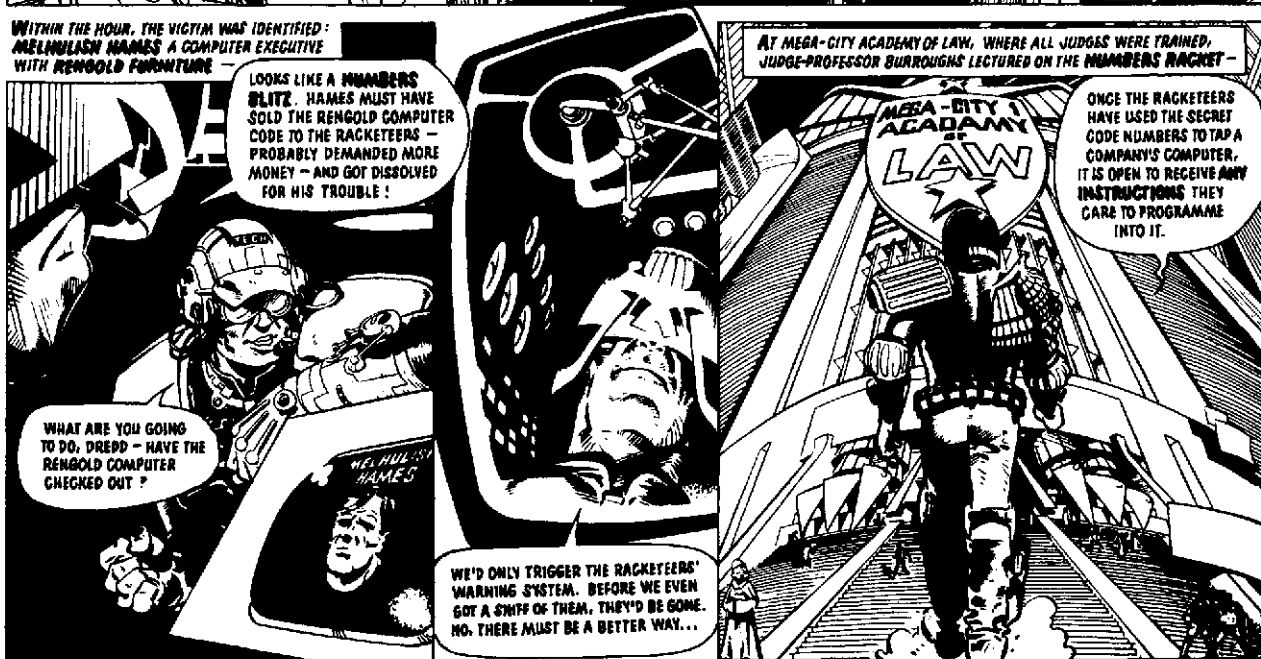




FOR DREDD, IT WAS A STROKE OF LUCK.
COBHAM PLASTEEN HAD BEEN IN USE
LESS THAN A YEAR. FEWER THAN 18,000
CITIZENS HAD SO FAR BEEN FITTED WITH
THE COBHAM KIDNEY -



WITHIN THE HOUR, THE VICTIM WAS IDENTIFIED:
MELMULASH NAMES, A COMPUTER EXECUTIVE
WITH RENOLD FURNITURE -

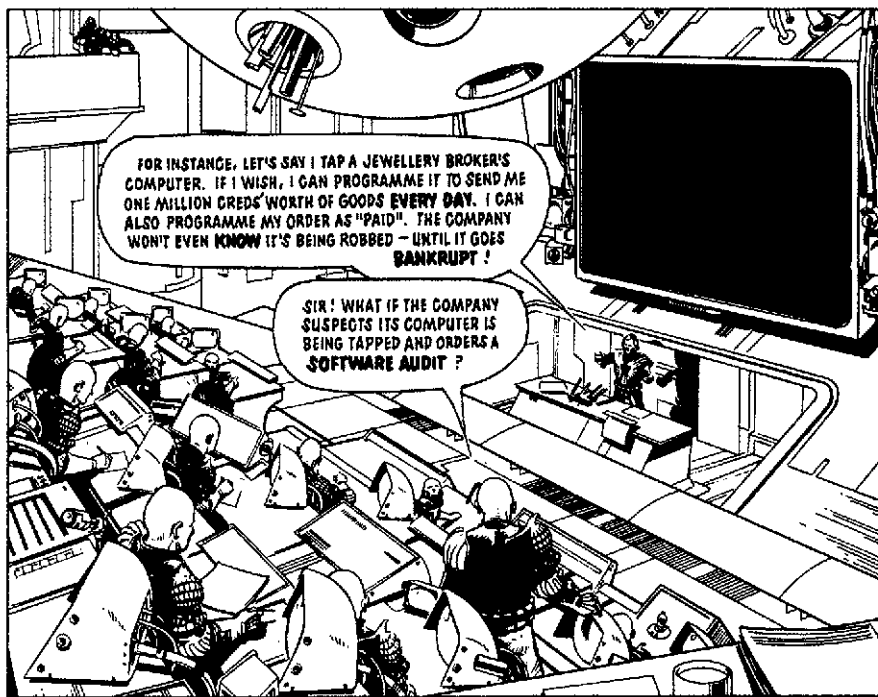


THE COMPANY COMPUTER CAN SUPPLY PERSONAL DATA ON STAFF FOR THE PURPOSES OF **BLACKMAIL**. PRIVATE COMPANY PLANS CAN BE STOLEN AND SOLD TO COMPETITORS. . . BUT THE NUMBERS BOSSSES' FAVOURITE CRIME BY FAR IS **LARCENY**.



FOR INSTANCE, LET'S SAY I TAP A JEWELLERY BROKER'S COMPUTER. IF I WISH, I CAN PROGRAMME IT TO SEND ME ONE MILLION CRED'S WORTH OF GOODS **EVERY DAY**. I CAN ALSO PROGRAMME MY ORDER AS "PAID". THE COMPANY WON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S BEING ROBBED - UNTIL IT GOES **BANKRUPT** !

SIR ! WHAT IF THE COMPANY SUSPECTS ITS COMPUTER IS BEING TAPPED AND ORDERS A **SOFTWARE AUDIT** ?



I HAVE THAT COVERED. AS SOON AS ANYONE STARTS TO PROBE MY MONEY ACCOUNT, THE COMPUTER IS INSTRUCTED TO WARN MY OWN COMPUTER, GIVING ME TIME TO ERASE ALL EVIDENCE AND CLEAR OUT !



AFTER THE LECTURE, DREDD EXPLAINED HIS PROBLEM -

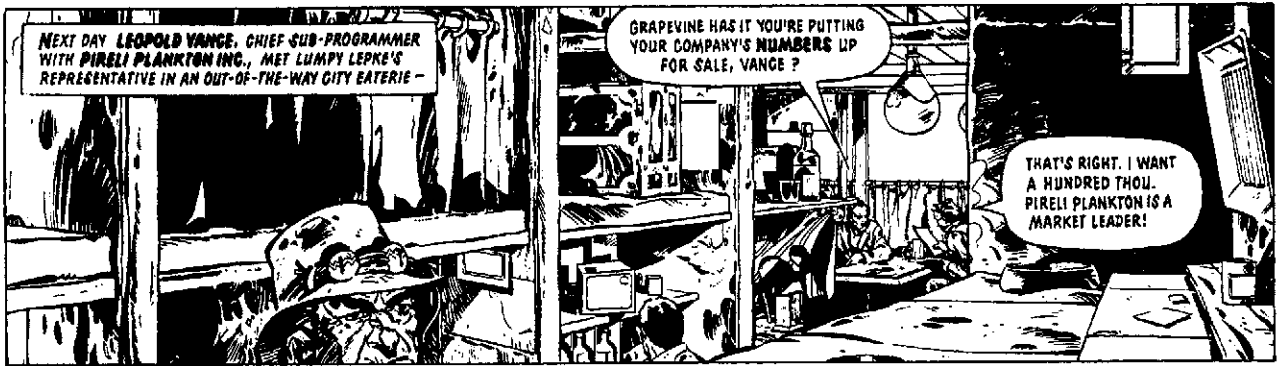
LIMPY LEPKE CONTROLS THE NUMBERS RACKET IN RENGOLD'S SECTOR. HE'S BEHIND THE HAMBRE-KILLING - TROUBLE IS, PROVING IT.



IF YOU WANT TO GET AT LEPKE, YOU'LL HAVE TO HIT HIM CLOSER TO HOME - HIS OWN COMPUTER SYSTEM.

THAT'S WHAT I RECKONED. I'M GOING TO SET UP A **NUMBERS BUY**. I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP.





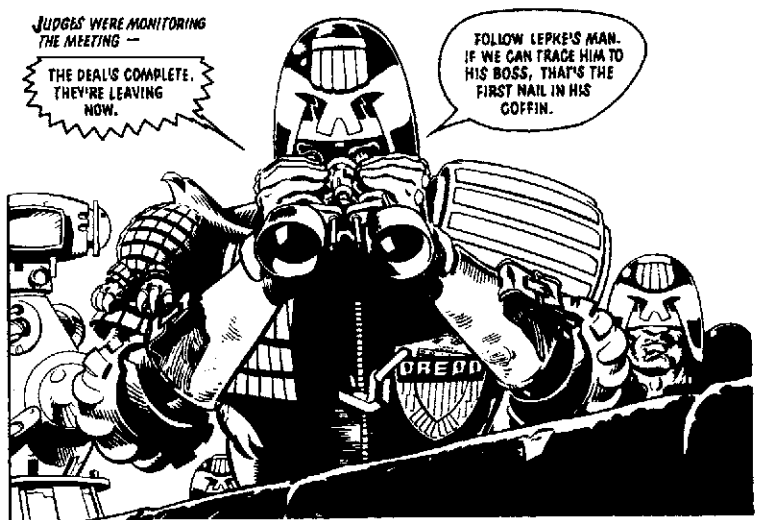
NEXT DAY LEOPOLD VANCE, CHIEF SUB-PROGRAMMER WITH PIRELI PLANKTON INC., MET LUMPY LEPKE'S REPRESENTATIVE IN AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY CITY EATERIE -

GRAPEVINE HAS IT YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR COMPANY'S NUMBERS UP FOR SALE, VANCE?

THAT'S RIGHT. I WANT A HUNDRED THOU. PIRELI PLANKTON IS A MARKET LEADER!



OKAY, HERE'S YOUR MONEY. BUT REMEMBER - YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEP AS WE ARE. START BABBLIN' AND YOU'LL END UP DEAD!



JUDGES WERE MONITORING THE MEETING -

THE DEAL'S COMPLETE. THEY'RE LEAVING NOW.

FOLLOW LEPKE'S MAN. IF WE CAN TRACE HIM TO HIS BOSS, THAT'S THE FIRST NAIL IN HIS COFFIN.



H-HOW DID I DO, JUDGE?

HE BOUGHT IT, CITIZEN. GO BACK TO YOUR JOB. ACT NORMALLY. LEAVE THE REST TO US.

JUDGE-PROFESSOR BURROUGHS MONITORED THE PIRELI PLANKTON COMPUTER. THE TAP CAME THROUGH NEXT DAY -

IT'S THEM ALL RIGHT! INSTRUCTIONS FOR A THRICE-WEEKLY DELIVERY TO THE GLOBAL WAREHOUSE CHAIN - ALL "PAID", OF COURSE!



THEY'RE USING A RADIOPHONE TO MAKE THE TAP. SIGNAL'S COMING FROM A MOBILE SOURCE - MOVING NORTH ALONG 88TH-WAY!

BACK-UP SQUAD MOVE IN! WE'RE TAKING THAT MOBILE!

NEXT PROG. LUMPY'S NUMBER COMES UP!

JUDGE DREDD THE MEGA-RACKETS



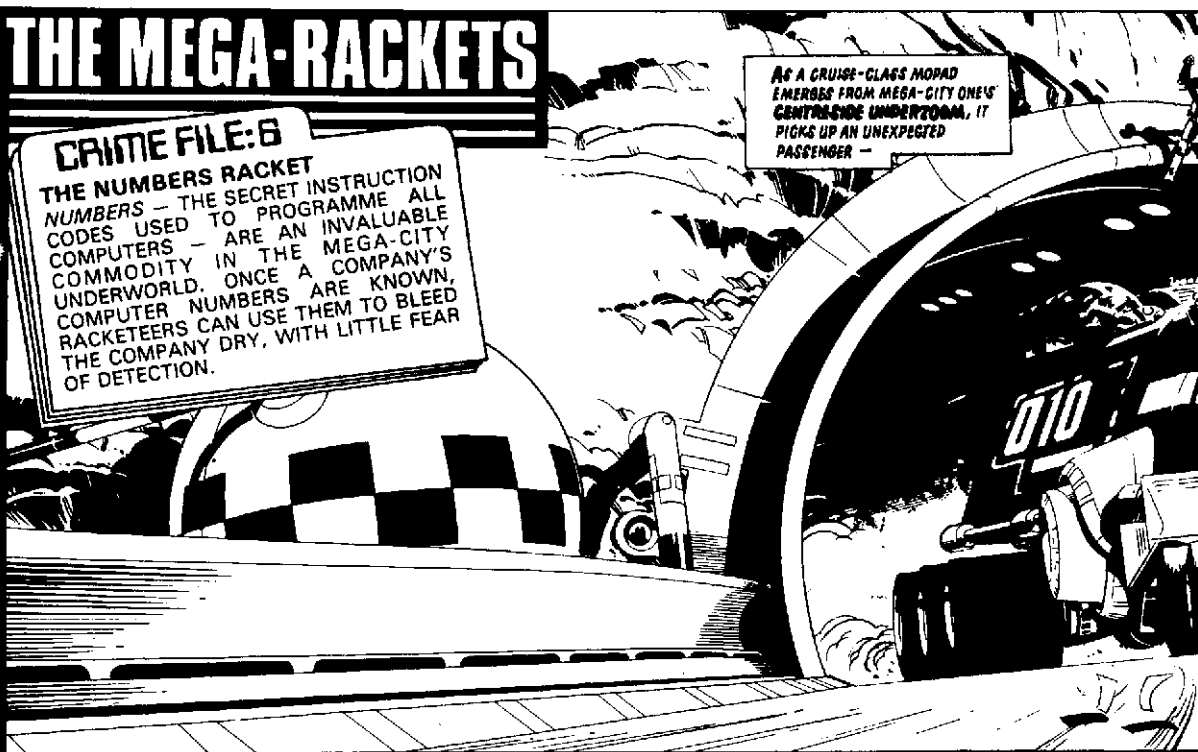
JUDGE
DREDD

CRIME FILE: 6

THE NUMBERS RACKET

NUMBERS — THE SECRET INSTRUCTION CODES USED TO PROGRAMME ALL COMPUTERS — ARE AN INVALUABLE COMMODITY IN THE MEGA-CITY UNDERWORLD. ONCE A COMPANY'S COMPUTER NUMBERS ARE KNOWN, RACKETEERS CAN USE THEM TO BLEED THE COMPANY DRY, WITH LITTLE FEAR OF DETECTION.

AS A CRUISE-CLASS MOPAD EMERGES FROM MEGA-CITY ONE'S CENTRE-SIDE UNDERTOWN, IT PICKS UP AN UNEXPECTED PASSENGER —



HE BREAKS OPEN A GANISTER OF...

STUMM GAS!
THIS INTAKE
WILL DO!



THE CHOKING VAPOURS SWEEP INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE MOPAD —

CAN'T —
BREATHE...!

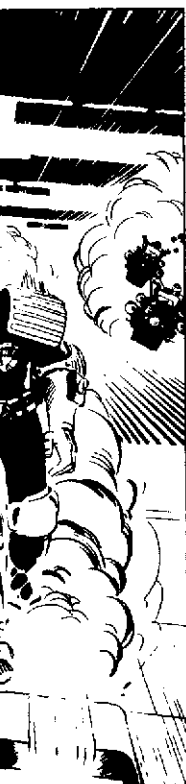
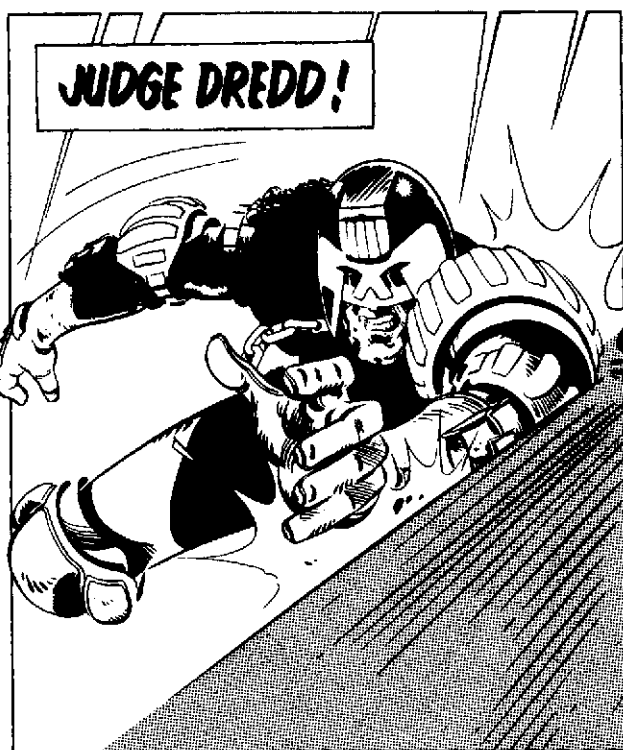
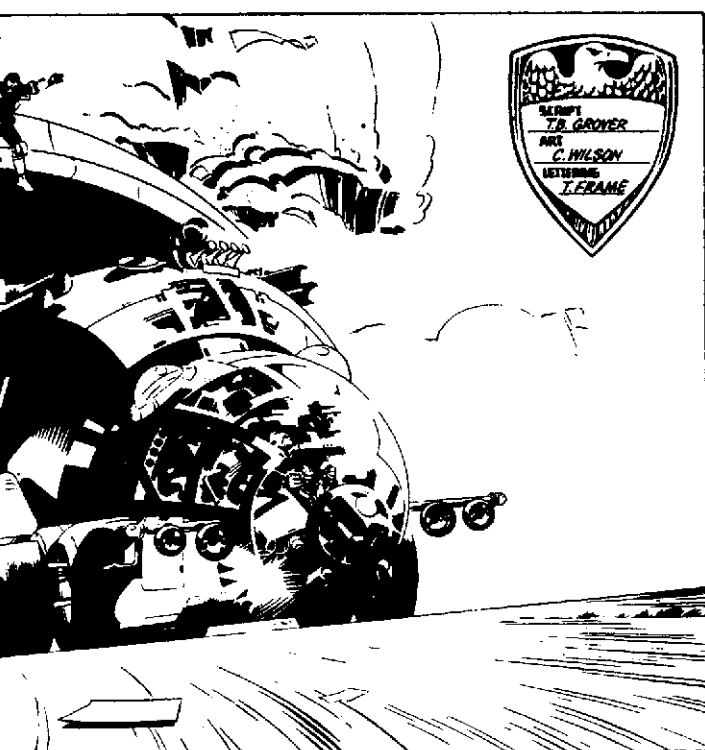
FEEL SICK!
KAF KAF



JUDGES MOVED IN FROM BOTH FLANKS —

BIKES TO AUTO!
RESPIRATORS
DOWN!

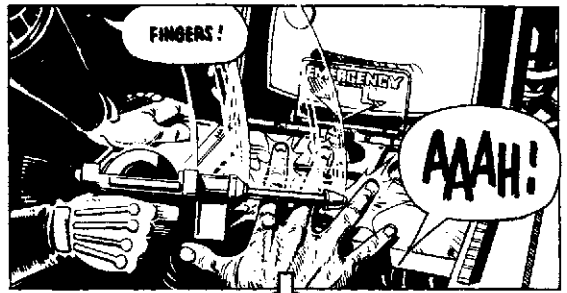






HOLD IT!

THROUGH THE
SUN ROOF —



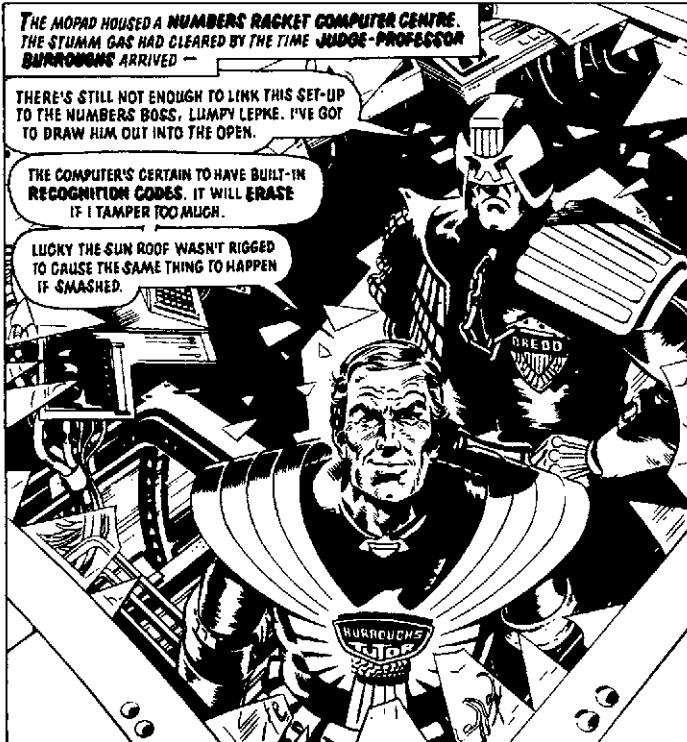
FINGERS!

AAAHH!



DID YOU GET THEM BEFORE
THEY ERASED THE
COMPUTER TAPES?

ALL INTACT. CUFF THESE PERPS
AND KEEP THEM UNDER WRAPS!



THE MOPAD HOUSED A NUMBERS RACKET COMPUTER CENTRE. THE STUHM GAS HAD CLEARED BY THE TIME JUDGE-PROFESSOR BURROUGHS ARRIVED —

THERE'S STILL NOT ENOUGH TO LINK THIS SET-UP TO THE NUMBERS BOSS, LUMPY LEPKE. I'VE GOT TO DRAW HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN.

THE COMPUTER'S CERTAIN TO HAVE BUILT-IN RECOGNITION CODES. IT WILL ERASE IF I TAMPER TOO MUCH.

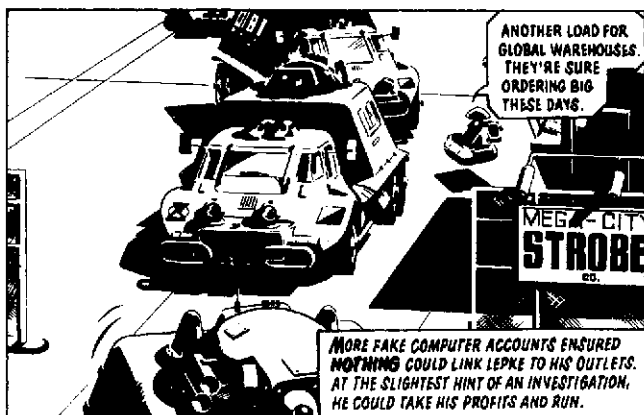
LUCKY THE SUN ROOF WASN'T RIGGED TO CAUSE THE SAME THING TO HAPPEN IF SMASHED.

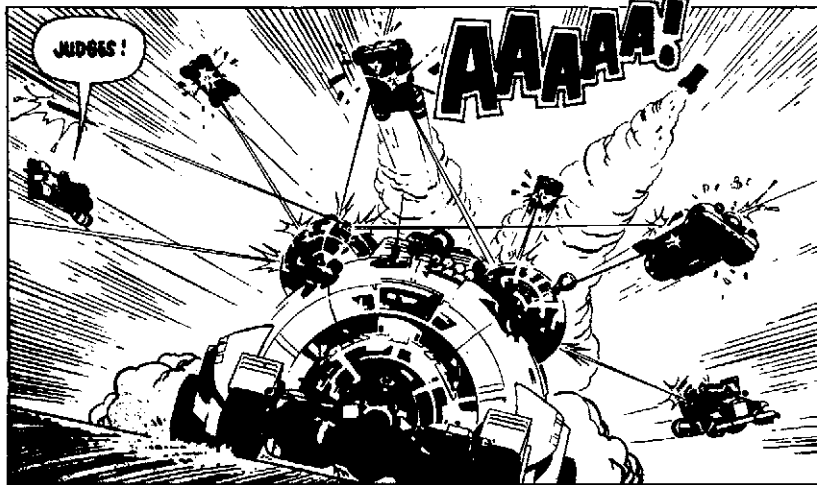
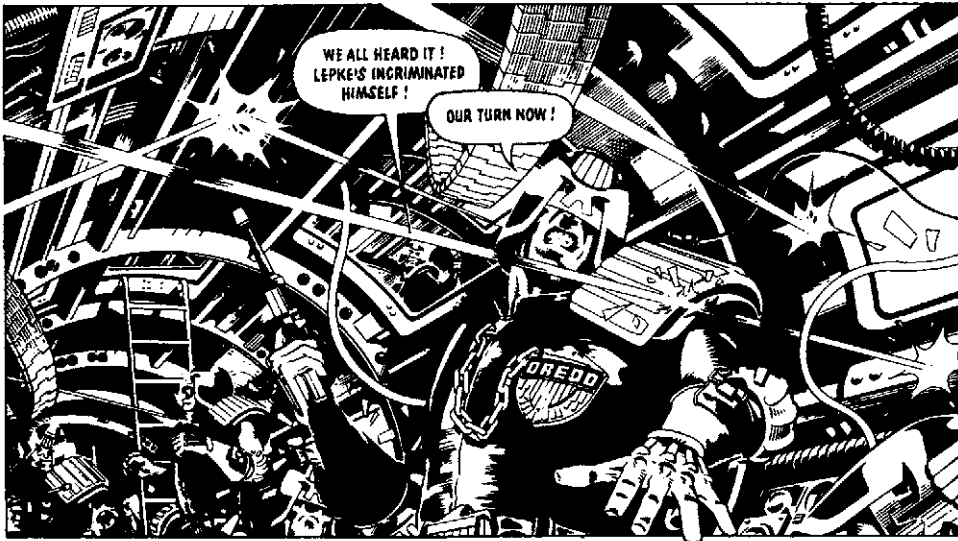
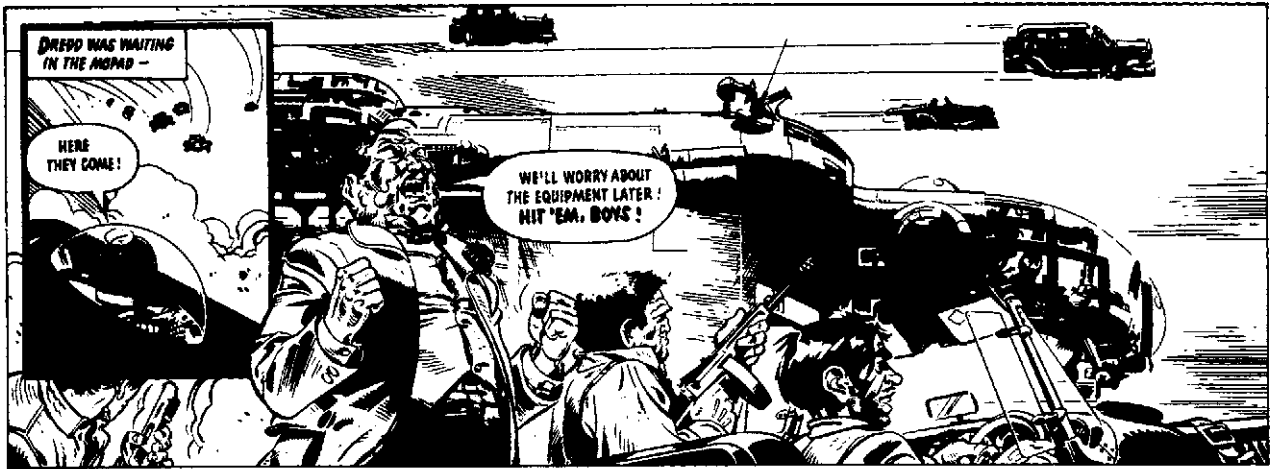


LISTEN, BURROUGHS,
ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS
SPEED THE PROGRAMME UP —
SAY BY A FACTOR OF
TWENTY.

OH YES, THAT'S QUITE
SIMPLE: IT WILL JUST TAKE
A FEW MINUTES.

USING STOLEN CODE NUMBERS, LEPKE'S COMPUTER WAS ILLEGALLY TAPPED INTO COMPANY COMPUTERS IN THE CITY'S CENTRAL SECTORS, ORDERING BILLIONS OF CREDITS* WORTH OF MERCHANDISE — COMPLETELY FREE OF CHARGE!





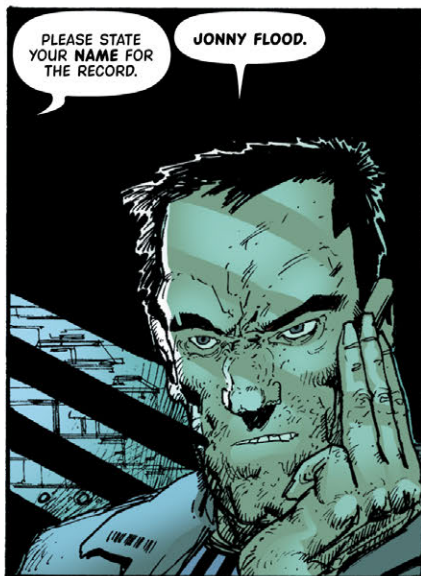




FLOOD'S THIRTEEN

Script: John Wagner
Art: Henry Flint
Colours: Chris Blythe
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in Judge Dredd Magazine 237



PLEASE STATE
YOUR NAME FOR
THE RECORD.

JONNY FLOOD.



MR FLOOD, THE PURPOSE OF
THIS HEARING IS TO DETERMINE
WHETHER IF RELEASED YOU ARE
LIKELY TO OFFEND AGAIN.

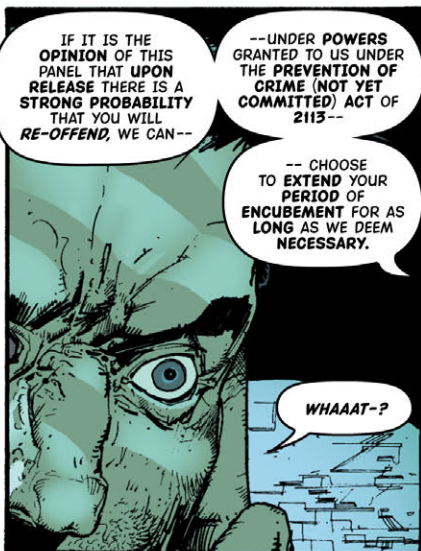
MAYBE I WILL
AND MAYBE I
WON'T. WHAT'S
IT TO YOU?



YOU WOULD DO
WELL TO MIND
YOUR TONE WHEN
ADDRESSING US,
MR FLOOD.

WHY SHOULD I? I
SERVED MY SENTENCE.
THERE'S NOTHING YOU
CAN DO TO ME.

ON THE
CONTRARY.



IF IT IS THE
OPINION OF THIS
PANEL THAT UPON
RELEASE THERE IS A
STRONG PROBABILITY
THAT YOU WILL
RE-OFFEND, WE CAN--

--UNDER POWERS
GRANTED TO US UNDER
THE PREVENTION OF
CRIME (NOT YET
COMMITTED) ACT OF
2113--

-- CHOOSE
TO EXTEND YOUR
PERIOD OF
ENCUBEMENT FOR AS
LONG AS WE DEEM
NECESSARY.

WHAAAT--?

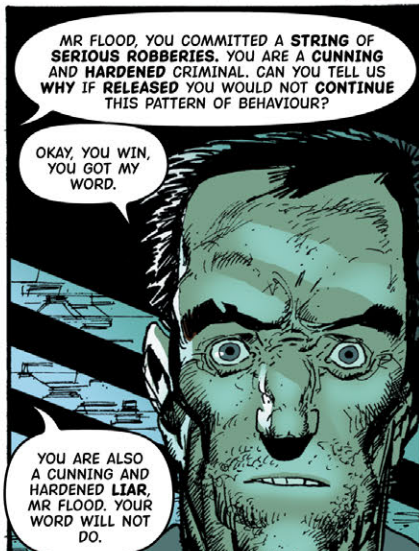


THIS IS A JOKE.
RIGHT? YOU'RE
KIDDIN' ME.

THIS PANEL DOES
NOT KID, MR FLOOD.

BU-BUT IT'S NOT FAIR!
IT'S ALL WRONG!

IT IS THE
LAW.



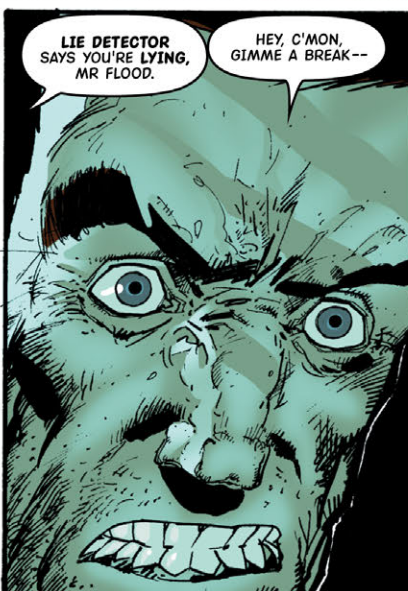
MR FLOOD, YOU COMMITTED A STRING OF
SERIOUS ROBBERIES. YOU ARE A CUNNING
AND HARDENED CRIMINAL. CAN YOU TELL US
WHY IF RELEASED YOU WOULD NOT CONTINUE
THIS PATTERN OF BEHAVIOUR?

OKAY, YOU WIN,
YOU GOT MY
WORD.

YOU ARE ALSO
A CUNNING AND
HARDENED LIAR,
MR FLOOD. YOUR
WORD WILL NOT
DO.



LOOK, I HAD EIGHTEEN YEARS IN THE CUBES--
YOU THINK I WANT TO COME BACK? NO WAY! I'M
A CHANGED MAN! CRIME DOESN'T PAY, I KNOW
THAT NOW. WHEN I GET OUT I'M GOING STRAIGHT
AS A BOLT. THAT'S A PROMISE!



LIE DETECTOR
SAYS YOU'RE LYING,
MR FLOOD.

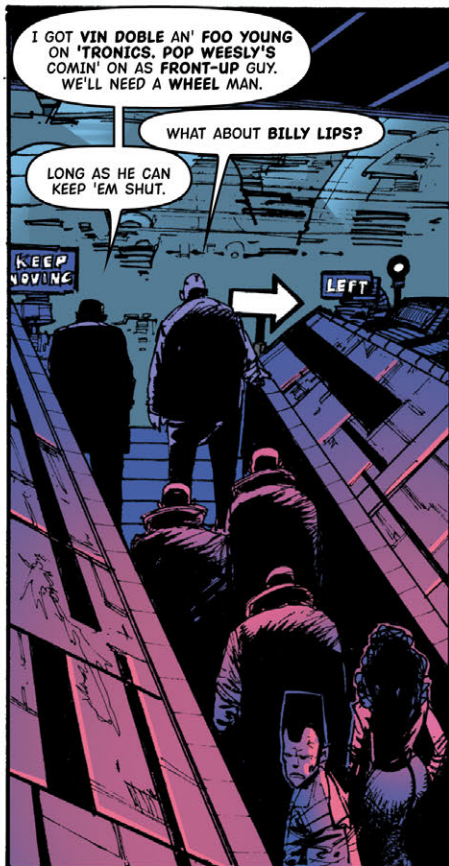
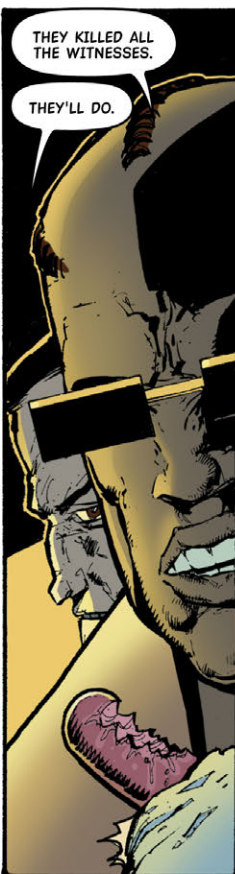
HEY, C'MON,
GIMME A BREAK--



TAKE HIM
BACK TO HIS
CUBE.

NO! YOU
SCUMBAGS, YOU
CAN'T DO THIS!





SO WHAT'S
THE PLAN, JONNY?
WHAT'RE WE GOING
TO HIT?

I SAID THE BIG ONE,
AND THEY DON'T COME NO
BIGGER! WE'RE GOIN' FOR
THE JACKPOT -- WE'RE
GONNA TAKE THE
MIRAGE!

24-HOUR

PLAZA





THEY SET UP BASE IN A DISUSED WAREHOUSE --

ONCE A YEAR THE MEGA-CITY ONE TREASURE SHIP THE **MIRAGE** TOURS THE COLONIES PICKING UP TAXES AND TRIBUTES.

IT COMES IN ALL FORMS --- **DRUGS, CHEMICALS, SPICES, FUEL ROCKS FROM LUTUS, PRICELESS NODE-STONES FROM THE CRYSTAL WORLDS.** THERE'S **BUILLION** AND CASH IN 30 DIFFERENT ALIEN DENOMINATIONS.

THERE'S ENOUGH ON THE **MIRAGE** TO MAKE US ALL RICH A THOUSAND TIMES OVER!

IT LANDS HERE, AT **GRAND CENTRAL SPACEPORT.** THEY CLOSE OFF A WHOLE SECTION -- NOBODY GETS IN EXCEPT **AUTHORISED** PERSONNEL.

WE TAPPED INTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT STRATEGIC PLANNING FILES. THEY'LL HAVE THREE ON DUTY, PLUS **30 HELMETS** ON THE GROUND.

THREE TYPE 4 **HOVERFIGHTERS** WILL BE KEEPING WATCH OVERHEAD, WITH MORE ON CALL.

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THIS YEAR'S OPERATION IS **DREDD.**

AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO **HEIST** IT? YOU'RE SCARING ME HERE, MAN.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A **SERIOUS** OPERATOR, MR FLOOD. I'VE NO BIG URGE TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

YOU WON'T BE, BECAUSE SHORTLY AFTER THE **MIRAGE** TOUCHES DOWN A **TRANSPORT** ARRIVES WITH **TEN GOOD** MEN AND TRUE --

WHAT-- A JURY?

ACCOUNTANTS.

JUDGE ACCOUNTANTS, TO BE EXACT. THEY GO ABOARD AND TAKE FULL CHARGE OF THE SHIP.

THEY REMAIN THERE UNDISTURBED UNTIL THEY HAVE CARRIED OUT A COMPLETE **INVENTORY** AND **INSPECTION** OF THE CARGO. THAT CAN TAKE UP TO **FOUR DAYS.**

SO WE TAKE 'EM **OUT** AN' GO IN AS **THEM!** GOTCHA!





THE TEAM WILL BE LED BY **MILLET**, CHIEF AUDITOR AT THE GRAND HALL. **POP**, THAT'S YOUR JOB. WE GOT **FACE-CHANGE** FACILITIES HERE. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TALK US IN THERE. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?

YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER! I'VE BEEN CRUNCHING NUMBERS SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN!

JUDGE MILLET

LIPS, YOU'LL BE WAITING WHEN **MILLET**'S PARTY LEAVES THE **GRAND HALL**. YOU'LL TRAIL THEM AND KEEP US INFORMED OF PROGRESS. WE'LL SET UP AN **AMBUSH** ALONG THE ROUTE.

THIS ALL SOUNDS REALLY SWELL, FLOODY, BUT ONCE WE GET ABOARD, WHAT DO WE DO THEN?

I MEAN, HOW EXACTLY ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET THE STUFF **OUT**? UNDER OUR SHIRTS?

GOOD POINT, **LIPS**.

WE JUST TAKE OFF, MAN! THE SHIP'S OURS!

FLY IT OUT WITH HALF OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ON OUR TAILS? GET REAL, NEWT.

MIGHT AS WELL CALL 'EM UP NOW AND GET OUR **CUBES** RESERVED.

GENTLEMEN--

THE TELEPORTER.

THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE THE EXPERIMENTAL **FASTFORM** UNIT THEY HAVE OVER AT **EDISON**.

THEY **HAD** OVER AT **EDISON**. WE PAID THEM A VISIT THREE NIGHTS AGO WITH A **HOVERLOADER**.

WE ALSO HAVE A SMALLER, PORTABLE **SISTER** UNIT. WE TAKE THAT ABOARD DISGUISED AS TESTING EQUIPMENT.

THE REST IS EASY-- WE JUST '**PORT** IT OUT!

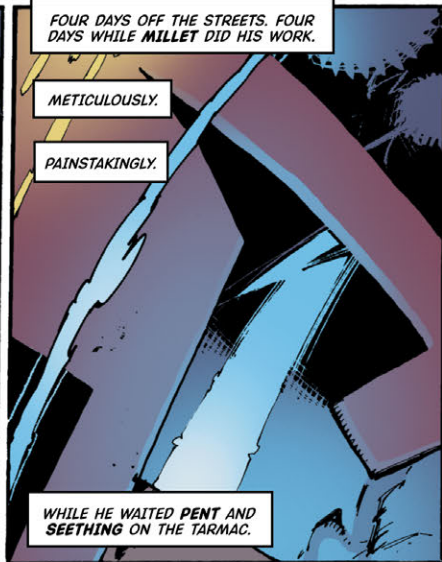


IT WAS A **JOB** HE DIDN'T WANT.



BAD ENOUGH HAVING TO ORGANISE 24-HOUR SECURITY-- BOOKING AERIAL UNITS-- DEALING WITH THE SIMPS AT GRAND CENTRAL SPACEPORT. BUT FOUR DAYS--

THAT'S HOW LONG THE LAST ONE HAD TAKEN.



FOUR DAYS OFF THE STREETS. FOUR DAYS WHILE MILLET DID HIS WORK.

METICULOUSLY.

PAINSTAKINGLY.

WHILE HE WAITED PENT AND SEETHING ON THE TARMAC.



MILLET -- DREDD, I'LL NEED YOUR ROSTER FOR NEXT SATURDAY.

CERTAINLY! JUST MAKING IT UP NOW!

AND LISTEN, MILLET -- ANY CHANCE WE CAN SPEED IT UP A LITTLE THIS YEAR?



SPEED IT UP -- MY LIFE! DEAR ME, NO! CAN'T HURRY NUMBERS, YOU KNOW! WEIGHTS AND MEASURES TAKE THEIR OWN GOOD TIME! GOT TO BE THOROUGH, DREDD! I'M NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH!

THERE'S THOROUGH AND THERE'S JUST PLAIN SLOW, MILLET. LOOK, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU 48 HOURS MAX--



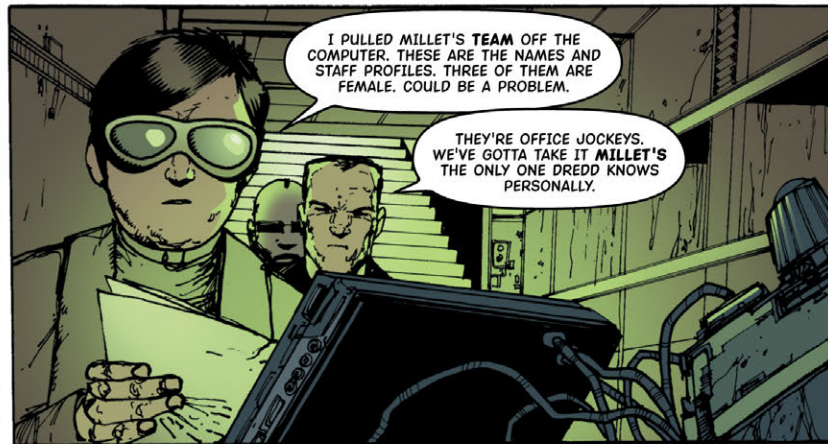
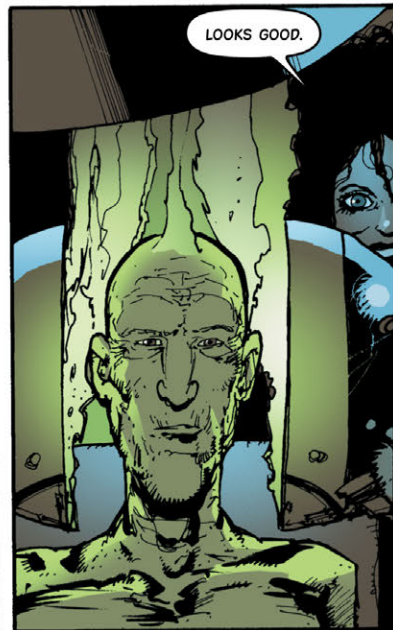
IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO SET ME TIME LIMITS! DEAR ME, NO! IT WILL TAKE AS LONG AS IT TAKES! AND IF THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE IT UP WITH THE CHIEF JUDGE!

LOOK, MILLET, MAYBE I CAME ON A BIT HEAVY THERE. ALL I'M SAYING IS --



YOU WILL HAVE MY ROSTER IN THE MORNING. THIS CONVERSATION IS TERMINATED. OH YES.

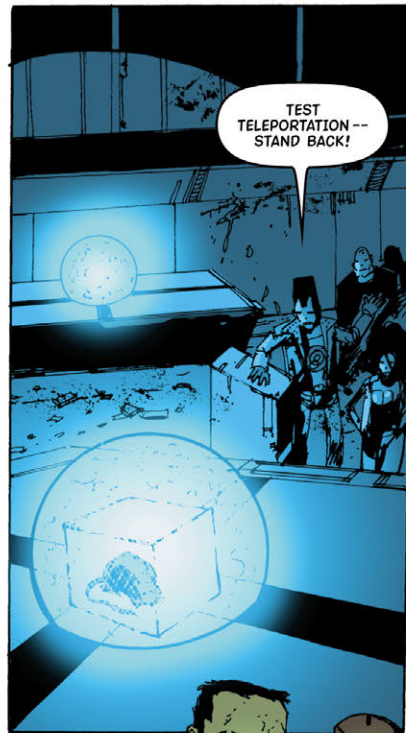
klik





YOU LEAVE THE TRANSPORT AND WALK STRAIGHT TO THE MIRAGE. YOU DO NOT LOOK RIGHT OR LEFT. YOU DO NOT REMOVE YOUR HELMETS. DO YOU KNOW WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE **ACCOUNTANTS!** THE EYES OF REAL JUDGES ARE ON YOU -- **HARDENED STREET JUDGES.** THEY FILL YOU WITH A SENSE OF **INADEQUACY.** YOUR HELMET IS YOUR PROTECTION!



TEST TELEPORTATION -- STAND BACK!



ping



POOR LITTLE RAT.

JUST A MATTER OF CALIBRATION.

NOTHING WE CAN'T PUT RIGHT.



THE AUDIT PARTY'S ROUTE WILL TAKE THEM THROUGH THE **KARLOV TUNNEL.** THERE'S A DISUSED BRANCH HERE TO LUGOSI -- THAT'S WHERE WE'LL BE WAITING.



'THE DAY BEFORE **MIRAGE** ARRIVES, **HOCUS**, YOU AND **MO** WILL ENTER THE TUNNEL, POSING AS **MAINTENANCE WORKERS.**'



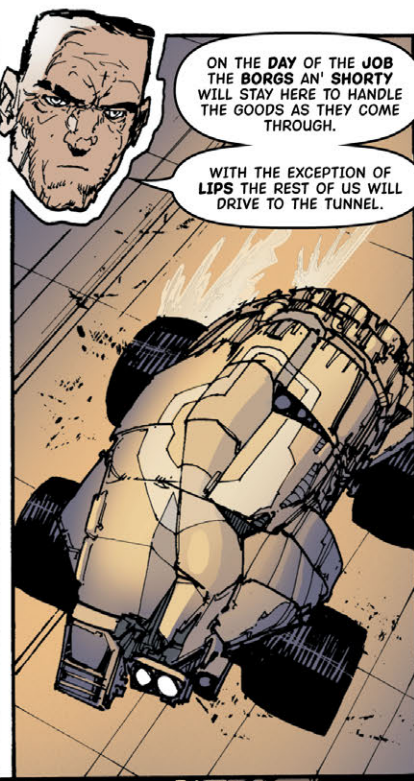
'THERE'S ONE CAMERA COVERING THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRANCH. YOU'LL ATTACH A REMOTE-CONTROLLED **DISRUPTOR** TO IT.'



WE GOT ANY MAINTENANCE WORK SCHEDULED ON CAM 19?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF.

WORKS OUGHT TO TELL US WHEN THEY'RE GOING TO START MESSING AROUND.



ON THE DAY OF THE JOB THE **BORGS** AN' **SHORTY** WILL STAY HERE TO HANDLE THE GOODS AS THEY COME THROUGH.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF **LIPS** THE REST OF US WILL DRIVE TO THE TUNNEL.



HIT IT!

blip



CAM 19'S ON THE FRITZ--!



KEEP IT MOVING!



BACK AGAIN.

THOUGHT WORKS SORTED THAT OUT.

'THE *MIRAGE* ARRIVES AT 15.30--'

SHE'S TOUCHING
DOWN!

GET YOUR PEOPLE
MOVING, MILLET. DON'T
WANT TO BE HERE A
SECOND LONGER THAN
I HAVE TO.

THE MARKS ARE
LEAVING NOW!



EAST ON
ZATOPEC--
RIGHT INTO
4447.



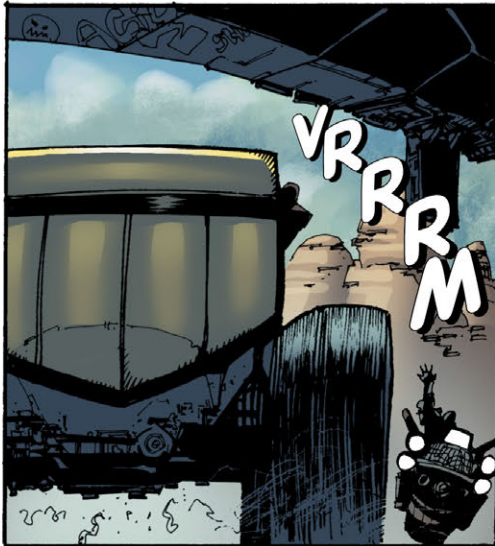
THEY'RE STOPPING--
SOME KIND OF HOLD-UP.
TRAFFIC'S BACKED UP
FROM THE BOULEVARD--

HELL, THEY'RE TURNING
LEFT INTO CRIPP! THAT'S
OFF-ROUTE!

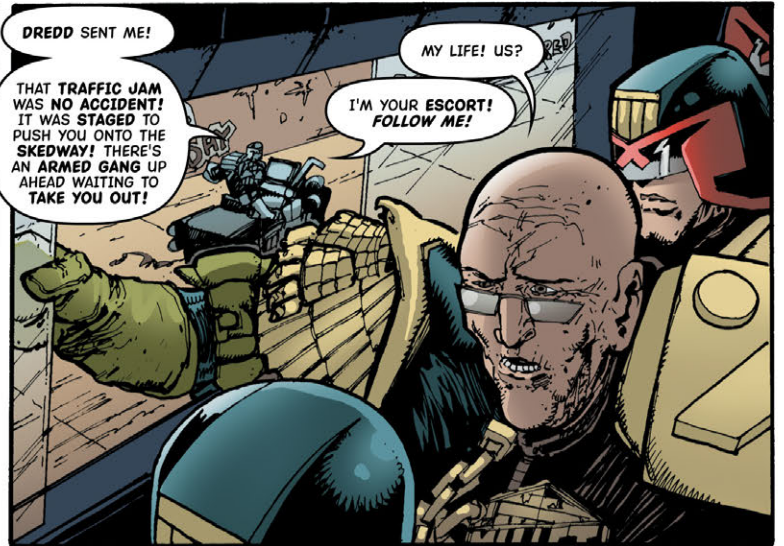
HEADING FOR THE
SKEDWAY! THE LONG
WAY ROUND!

LIPS, IT'S NO GOOD!
YOU'VE GOTTA GET THEM
BACK ON ROUTE!

DO MY
BEST!



VRRRMM



DREDD SENT ME!

MY LIFE! US?

I'M YOUR ESCORT!
FOLLOW ME!

THAT TRAFFIC JAM
WAS NO ACCIDENT!
IT WAS STAGED TO
PUSH YOU ONTO THE
SKEDWAY! THERE'S
AN ARMED GANG UP
AHEAD WAITING TO
TAKE YOU OUT!



GOT 'EM IN TOW!
WHERE TO?

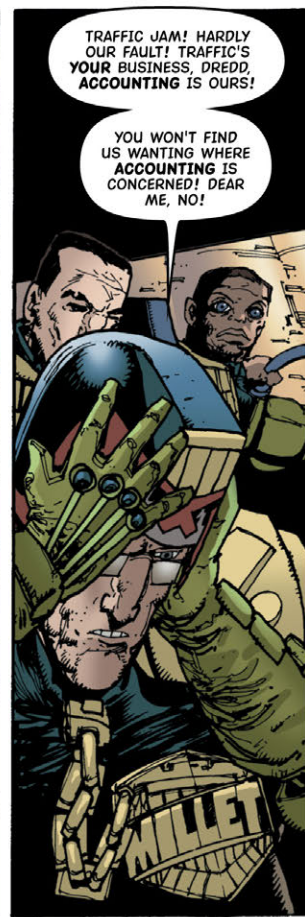
TAKE THE NEXT RIGHT. STAY
ON IT FOR HALF A KAY TO
CHANDLER. WHEN YOU PASS
THE ISLAND CUT THROUGH
THE U-SKED AND YOU'RE
BACK ON ROUTE.

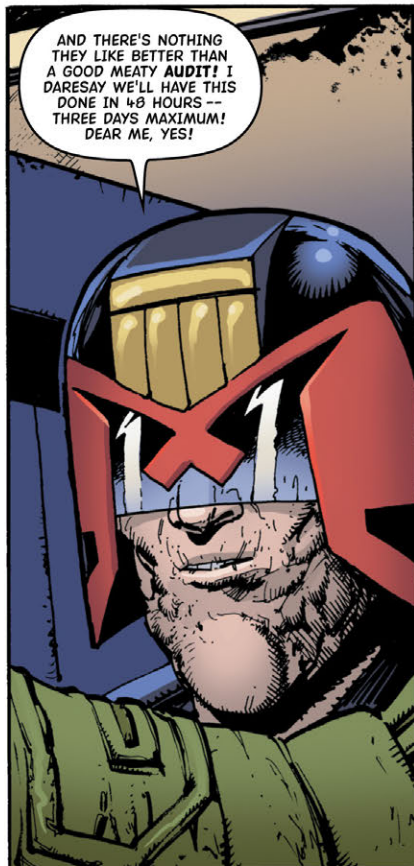
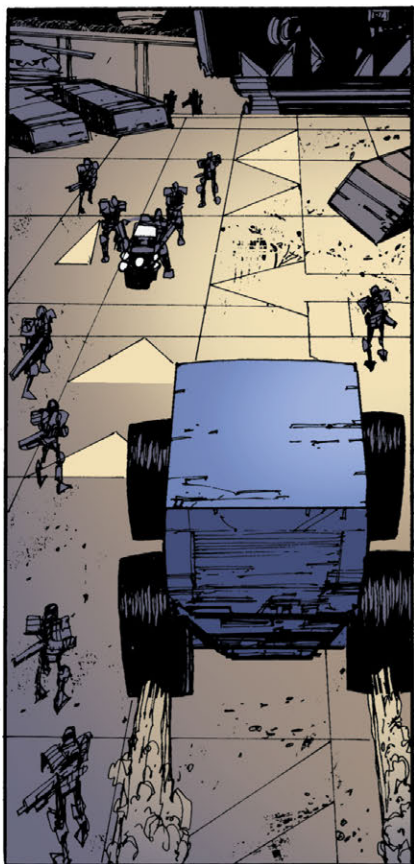
WILL DO!



LIPS BROUGHT THEM INTO
THE TUNNEL TWELVE MINUTES
BEHIND SCHEDULE--

THERE IT
GOES AGAIN.







VADOOM

THEY'RE
ATTACKING!
RETURN FIRE!

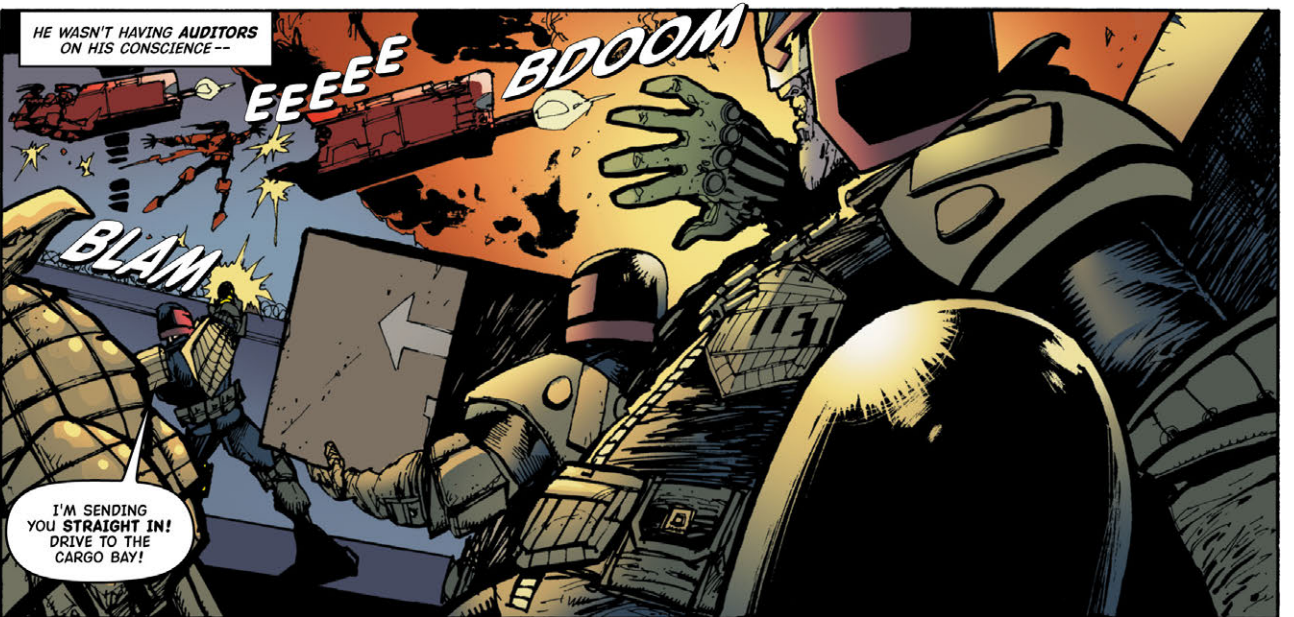
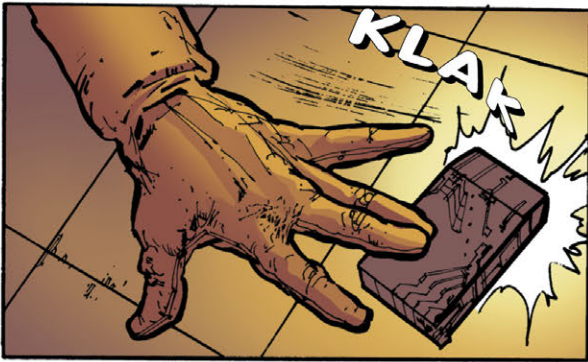
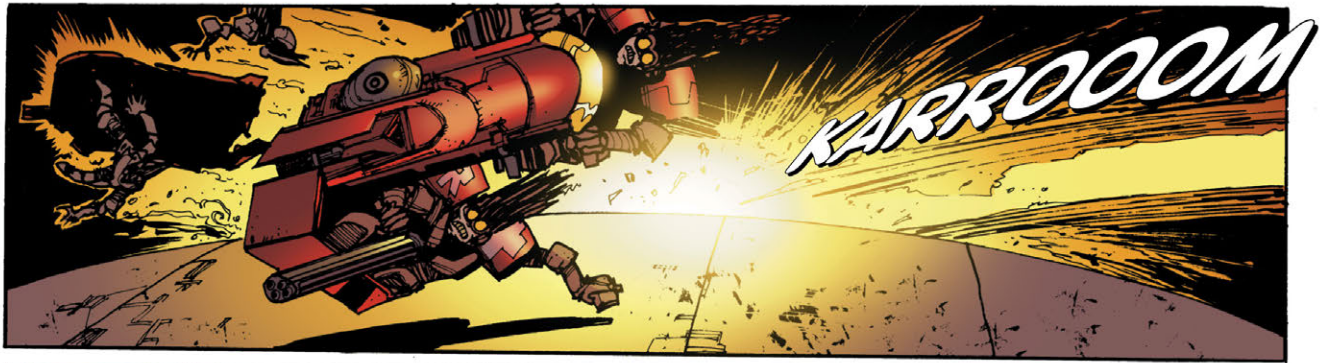
FIGHT HARD!
FIGHT DIRTY!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



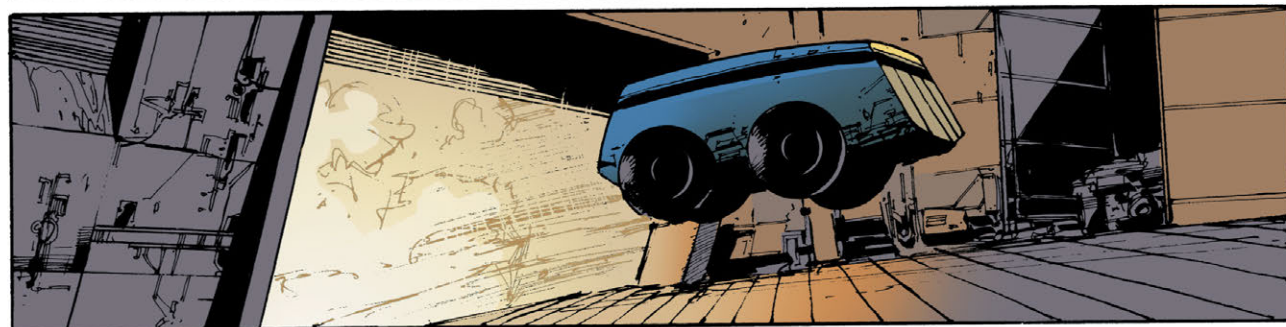
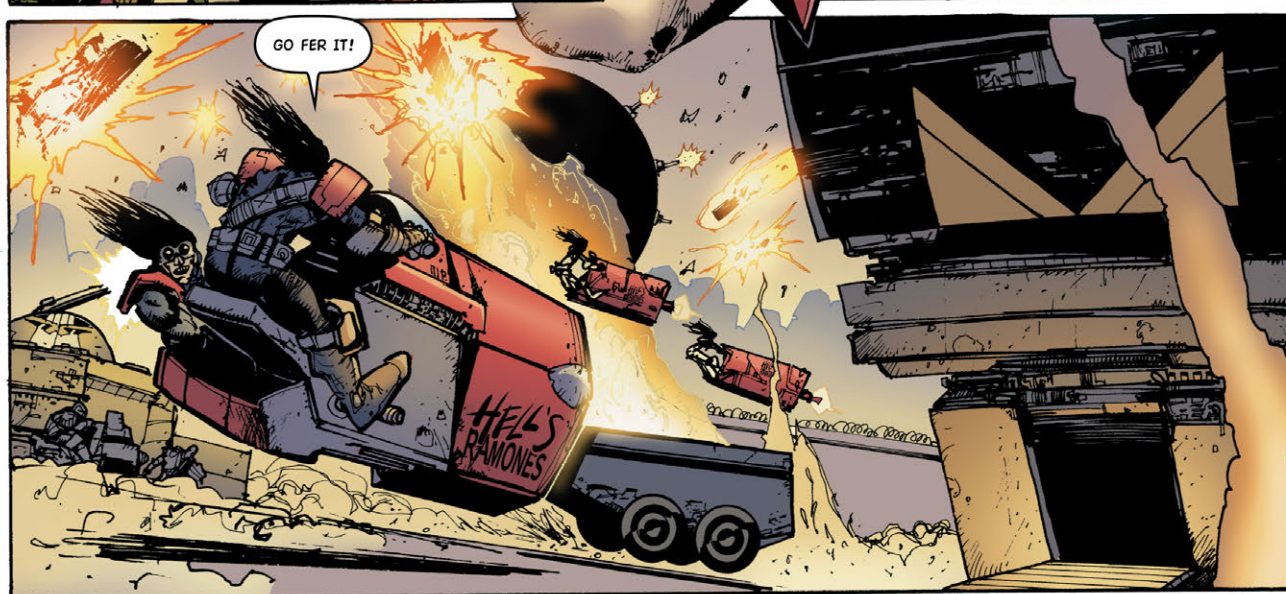


HE WASN'T HAVING AUDITORS
ON HIS CONSCIENCE--

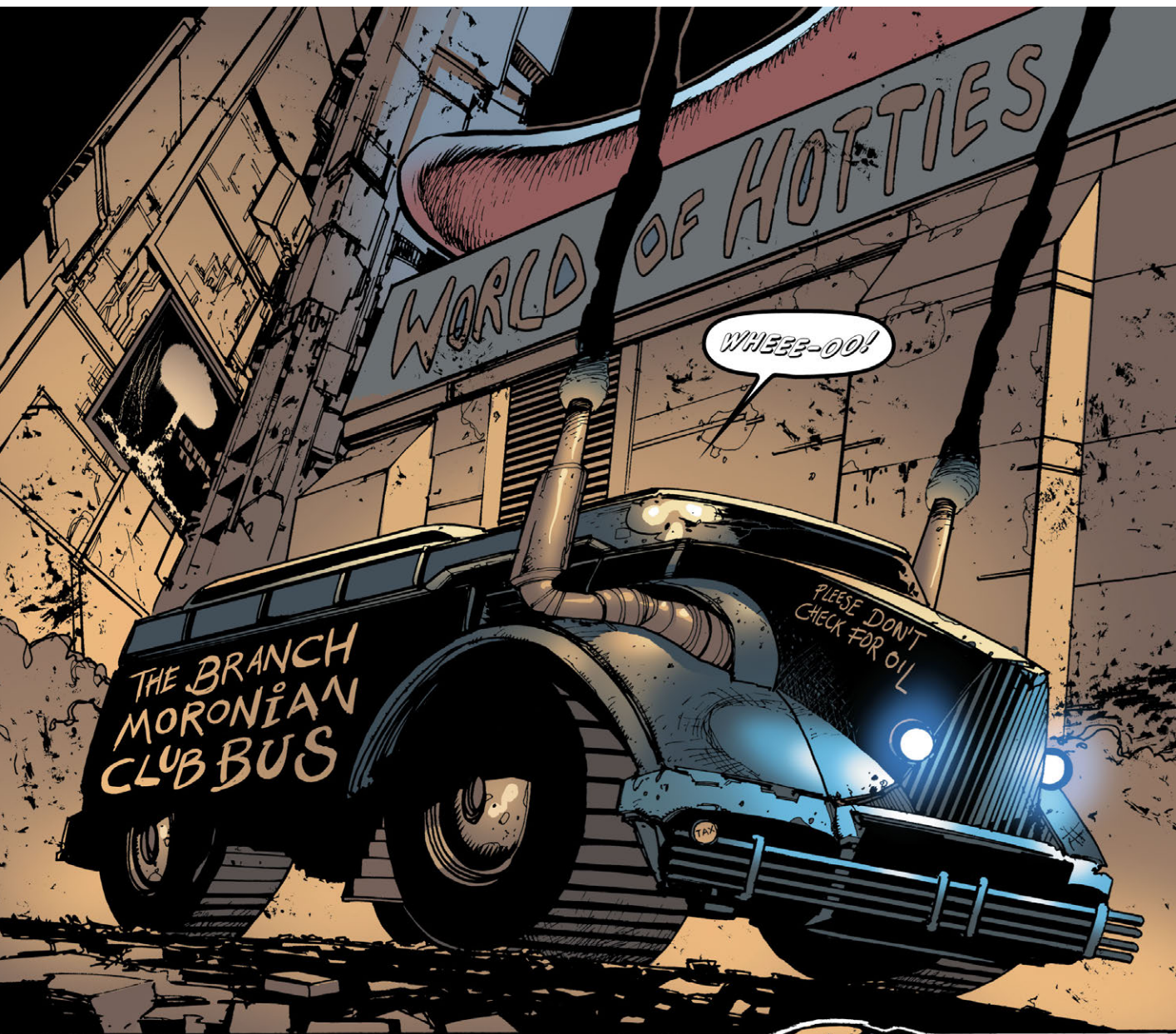
EEEEEE BDOOM

BLAM

I'M SENDING
YOU STRAIGHT IN!
DRIVE TO THE
CARGO BAY!









SURE IT'S OPEN! THAT'S JUST A TRICK TO PUT US OFF! THEY FIGGER KEEP THE LIGHTS OUT AN' HIDE ALLA CUSTOMERS THEY'LL BE SAFE!

BUT THEY'RE WRONG! NOBODY'S SAFE FROM BRANCH MROONIAN!

MORONIAN.



WE'RE BRANCH MORONIAN.

THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

NO, YOU SAID MROONIAN.

SO I GOT IT WRONG. I'M A MORON, AIN'T WE?

CAN WE GO HOME NOW?

NO WE CAN'T GO HOME! WE AIN'T EVEN GOT HERE YET!



JEEZY CHEEZ, HAVE YA FORGOT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

YEAH.

HAVE YA FORGOT HOW I FOUND YA ON MY DOORSTEP, JUST A LITTLE PUPPY ALL SHIVERIN' AN' COLD?

AWWWW.



ZOOOPS! WRONG STORY! THIS IS IT--

HAVE YA FORGOT HOW THE JUDGES TRIED TA BAN US AN' STAMP OUR RELIGIOUS OUT? HOW I FOUND YA AN' BRUNG YA BACK TA THE WAYS OF PROGRESSIVE LOBOTOMY?

IGNORANCE IS BLISS, BROTHERS!

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! WE'RE HERE TO STAGE AN OFFICIAL HOTTIE HOUSE SIEGE TO WIN THE RELINQUISH OF OUR BROTHERS WHO HAVE SUFFERED AFOREMENTION--

THE SECTOR 34 TWELVE -- THE MORONS WITHOUT A NAME -- AN' THE SECTOR 29 EIGHT! OR THAT MIGHT BE THE SECTOR 26 NINE!

AN' WE'RE MORONS ELEVEN!



THERE'S ONLY TEN OF US.

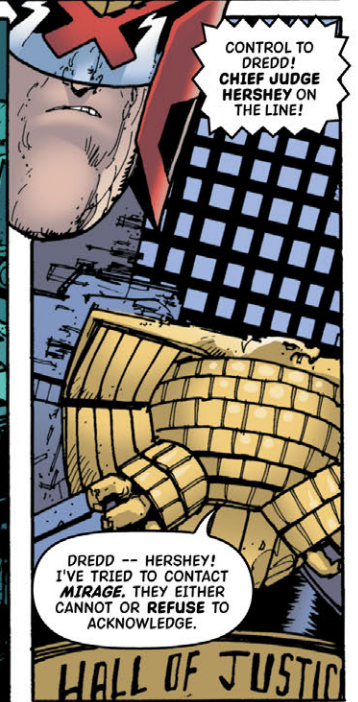
ONE... FOUR... SEVENTEEN... THREE...

YEAH, HE'S RIGHT.

NITPICK, WHY DONCHA?



SOMETHIN' TELLS ME YOU BEEN MISSIN' OUT ON YOUR LOBOTOMIES, BROTHER BO!





HOLY MERK-!



FLOODY! LIPS ONNA
FLIGHT DECK! DREDD
AND A WHOLE BUNCH
JAYS JUST CLIMBED
UP PAST ME!



BURN IT!



GOT 'EM ON CAM! THEY'RE
BURNING THE HATCH! THEY'RE
CUTTING THEIR WAY IN!

DAMN! POP TAKE VIN
AN' FOO! GET UP THERE!
DELAY THEM AS LONG AS
YOU CAN!

WILL DO!



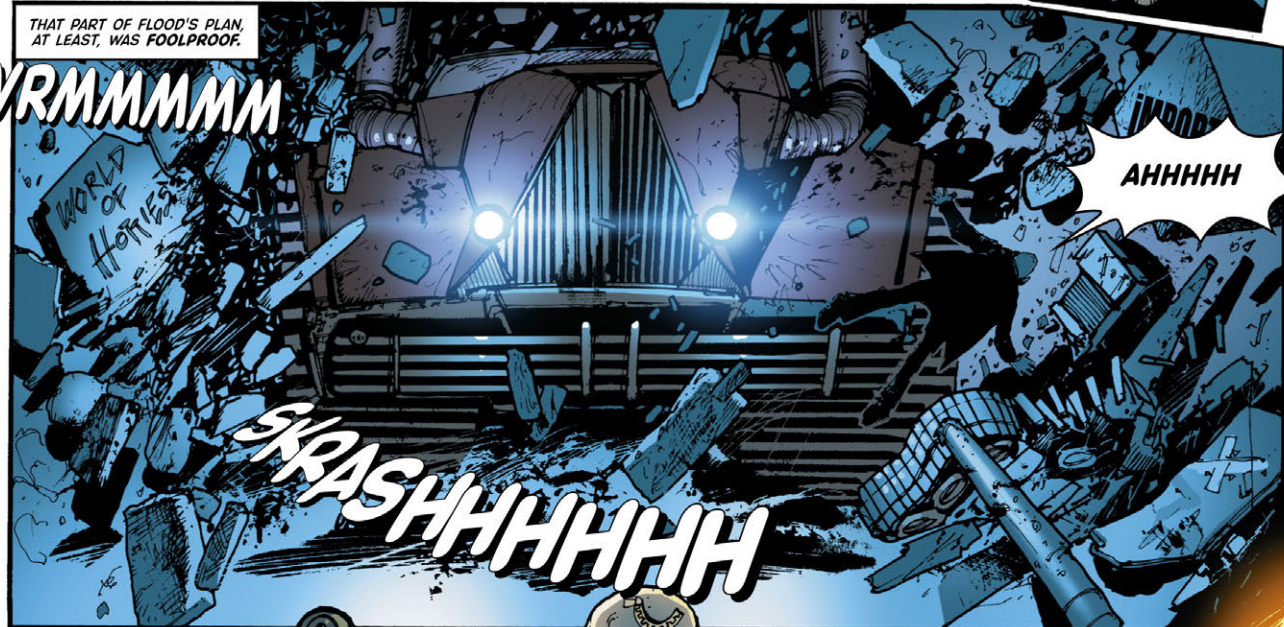
HURRY IT UP! SEND THROUGH
AS MUCH AS YOU CAN! WE GONNA
HAVE TO MAKE A FAST EXIT!

THEY ALWAYS HAD THAT. IF THINGS GOT TOO STICKY
THEY COULD JUST STEP ON THE PLATFORM AND
'PORT OUT. THEY ALREADY HAD ENOUGH TO KEEP
THEM ALL FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.



THAT PART OF FLOOD'S PLAN,
AT LEAST, WAS FOOLPROOF.

VRMMMMMM

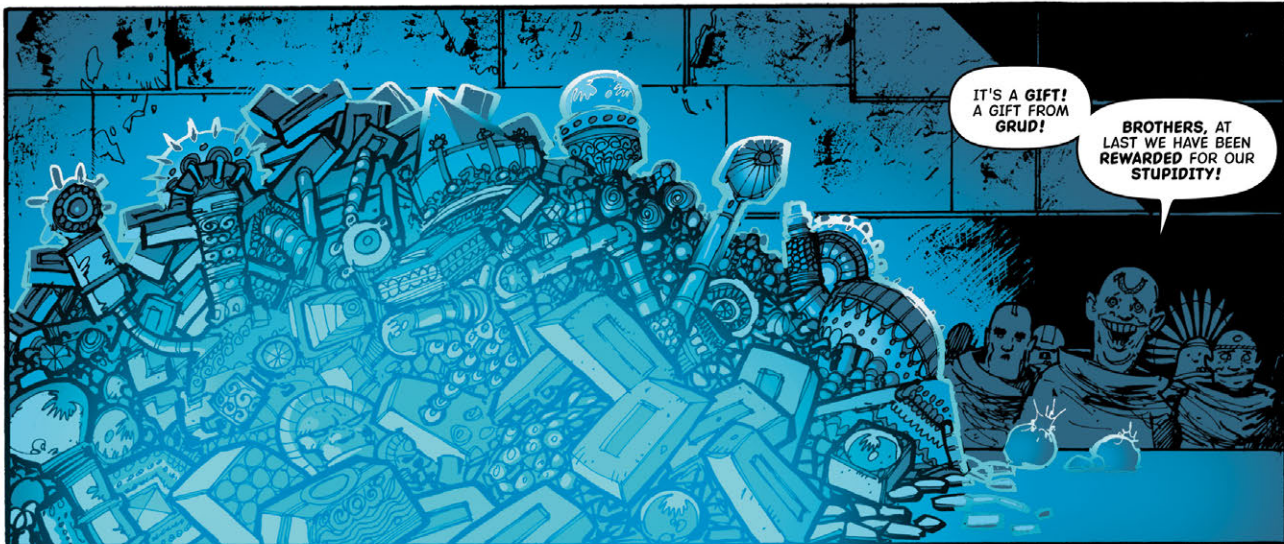


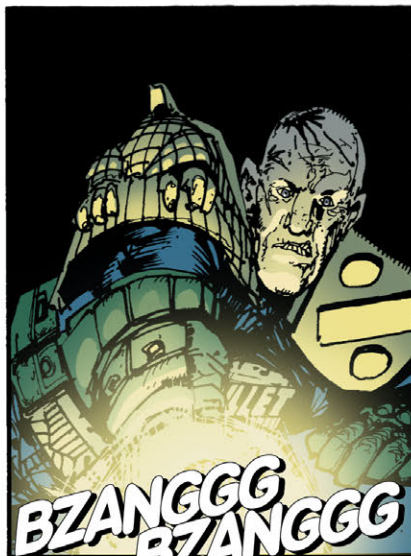
AHHHHH

SKRASHHHHHH



THIS IS AN OFFICIAL
BRANCH MORONIAN HOTTIE
HOUSE SIEGE! DON'T
NOBODY MOVE AND ANYBODY
GETS HURT!







RICOCHET!



spang

spang



MILLET!

THAT'S NOT MILLET.
THAT'S ONE THING YOU
CAN BE SURE OF. MILLET
HASN'T GOT THIS MUCH
IMAGINATION.



WHAT IS IT
ANYWAY?

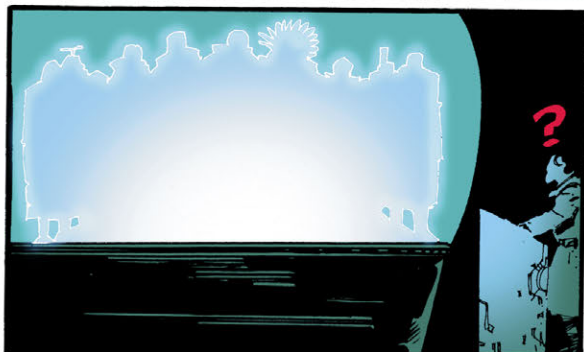
IT'S GOLD AN'
FRANKINFURTERS AN'
INCENTS, AIN'T IT?
THE KINDA STUFF
GRUD SENDS.

I THOUGHT
WE WAS
SUPPOSE TO
BE SIEGIN'
A HOTTIE
HOUSE.

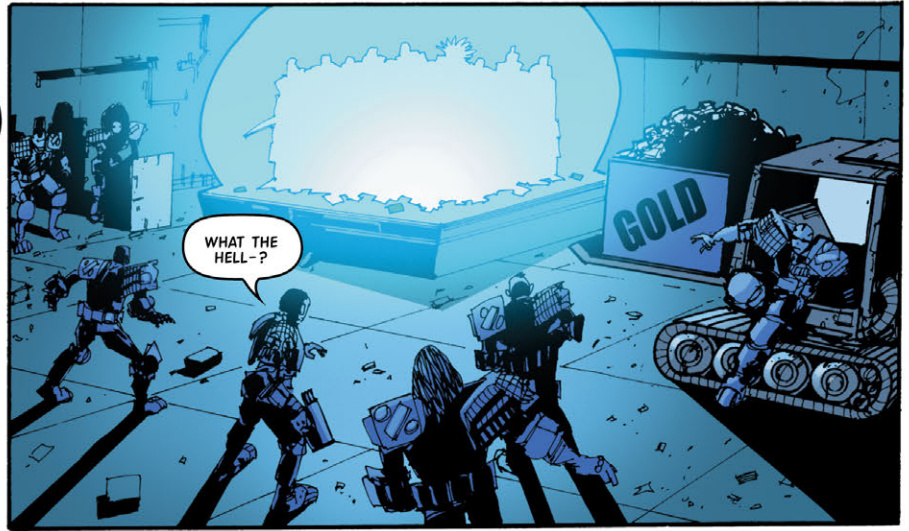
THIS IS A SIGN FROM
ABOVE, BROTHER BO.
LIKE A BURNING BRUSH.
YA CAN'T IGNORE IT. YA
JUST GOTTA EXULT.



LOOK AT THESE PRETTY
LIGHTS! THERE'S ALL
SORTS OF BUTTONS TOO!
YOU CAN PRESS 'EM!



?





THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST! LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS OR YOU WILL BE SHOT DOWN WITHOUT MERCY!



THIS IS BROTHER CHUCK AN' THIS IS A OFFICIAL BRANCH MROONIAN HOTTIE HOUSE SIEGE! UNTIL AND UNLESS YOU AGREE TO OUR DEMANDS WE WILL START EXECUCUTING THE HOSTAGES!



MORONS?



THEY AIN'T TAKING ME BACK! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



LET'S DO IT!



RETURN FIRE!



ALL SET!

TEN SECONDS!



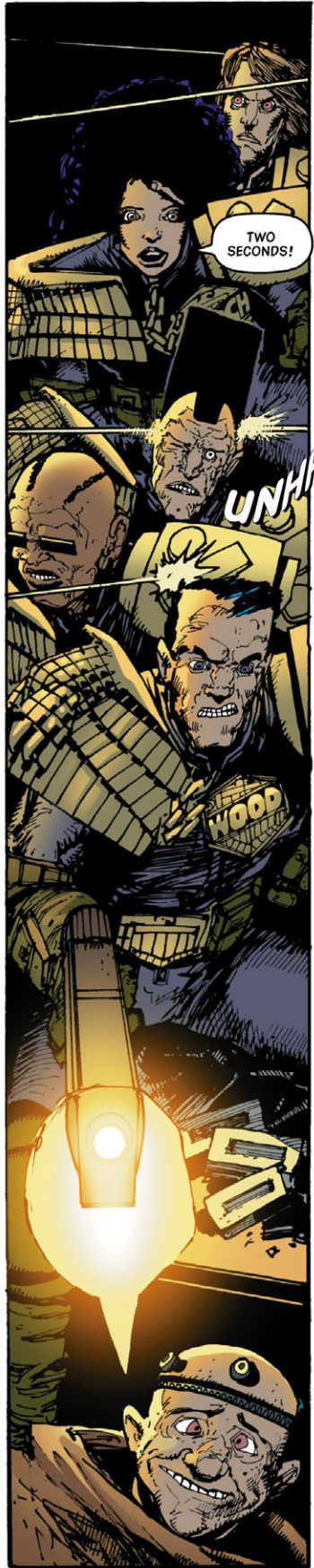
DISABLE THAT TELEPORTER!



FREE THE SECTOR 34 TWE-AHHHHHHH

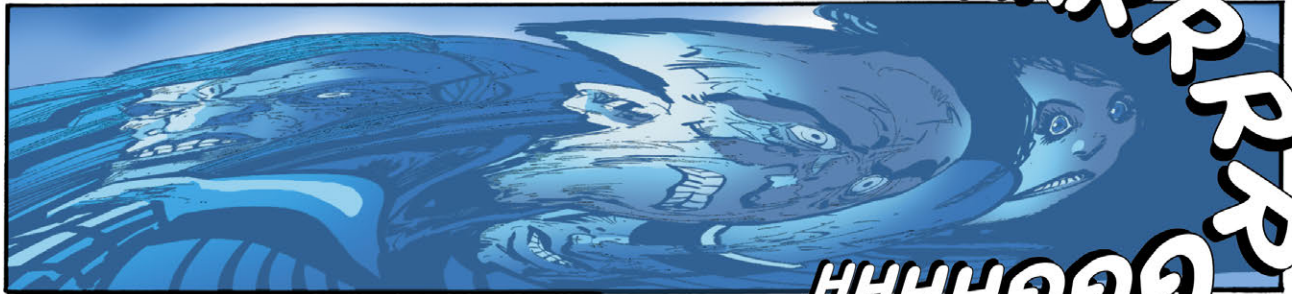
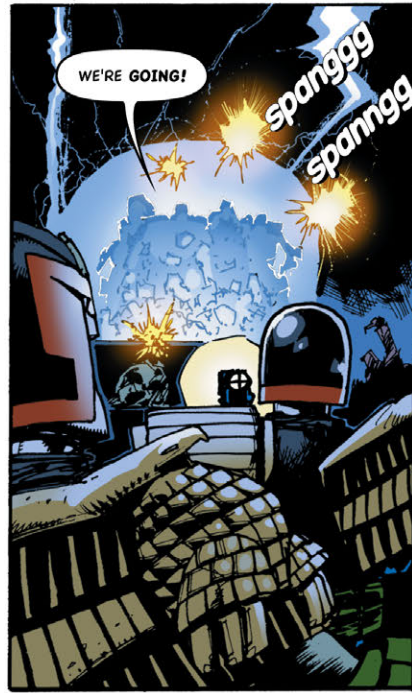
FUMP!

CAN WE GO HOME NOW?



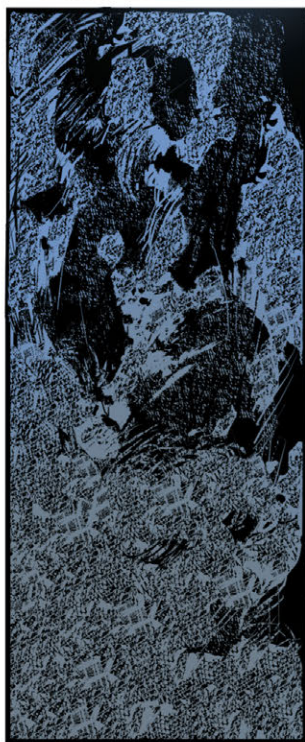
TWO SECONDS!

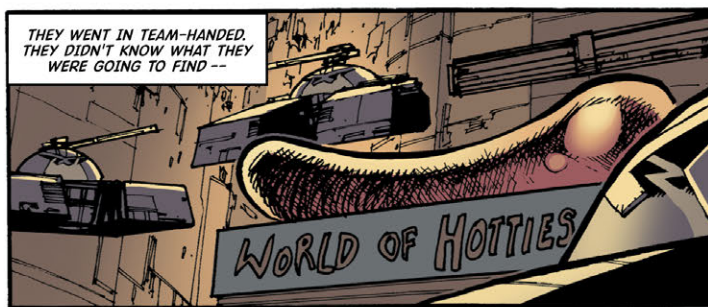
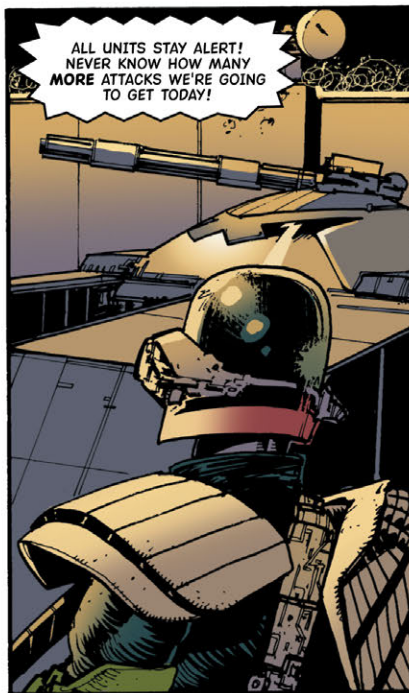
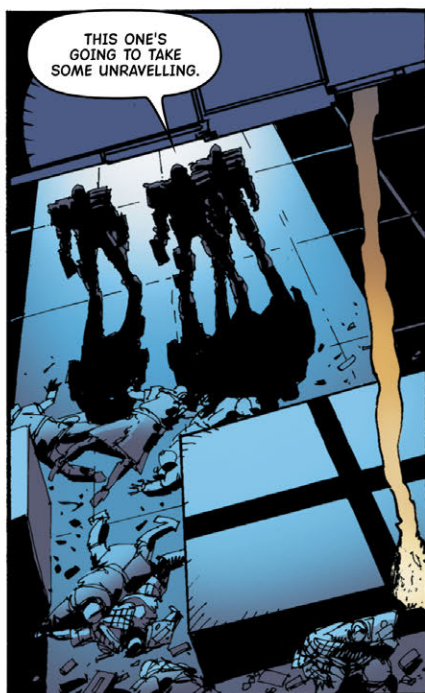
UNHH





ISSS THIS THE
ADDD FOR JONNNYYY







AN' I WAS JUST ST-
STANDIN' THERE WHEN
THEY APPEARED ALL
MIXED UP LIKE CRAZY AN'
THEY WAS SCREAMIN' AN'
THEN THEY BLEWED UP.



AN' THEN IT WAS
LIKE THAT, Y'KNOW,
THAT WHITE STUFF?

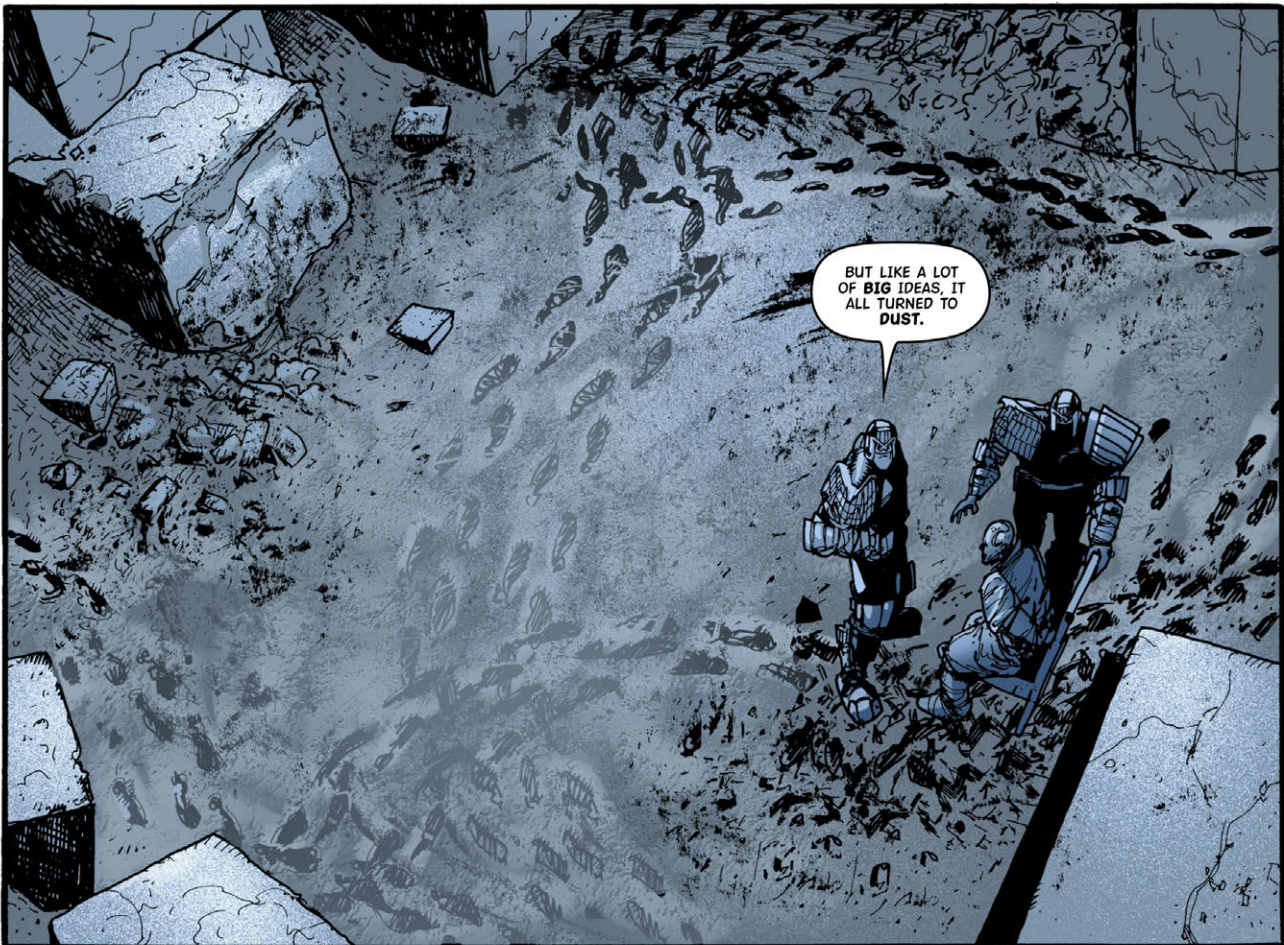
SNOW?

IT WAS REAL
PRETTY.



WE'RE HAVING THE
PARTICLES **DNA** TESTED.
WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF
MATCHES ALREADY. WE'RE
PRETTY SURE IT'S THEM.

FLOOD'S
THIRTEEN. THEY
NEARLY PULLED IT
OFF, TOO.



BUT LIKE A LOT
OF **BIG IDEAS**, IT
ALL TURNED TO
DUST.



TEN YEARS

Script: John Wagner
Art: Jock
Letters: David Bishop

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 3.70

TEN YEARS OLD TODAY, THIS
MUTANT CHILD OF MINE.

MAKE A BIG
WISH AND BLOW,
JIMMO.

THE WONDER IS I'VE MANAGED
TO KEEP HIM HIDDEN FROM THE
AUTHORITIES FOR SO LONG.

BOOM
BAMMM

YAAAAAAY!

OF COURSE HE'S NEVER BEEN OUT
OF THE APARTMENT, NEVER HAD A
FRIEND, OR SEEN ANYONE BUT ME
AND JERRY. COULDN'T BE HELPED.

IT'S BEEN TOUGH ON HIM, BUT I COULDN'T
LEAVE THE MEG. MY CAREER WAS HERE -
THAT *HAD* TO BE THE MAIN CONSIDERATION,
FOR BOTH OF US. BUT MAYBE NOW...

SORRY
TO BOTHER YOU,
MA'AM.

WHAT IS IT,
JERRY?

JUDGE DREDD
IS IN THE UPTUBE,
MA'AM.

JUDGE DREDD

TEN YEARS

WH-WHAT DOES
HE WANT?

HE WOULD NOT DISCUSS
HIS BUSINESS WITH ME, MA'AM,
BUT HE WAS MOST INSISTENT -
NOT TO SAY UNPLEASANT.

IS JUDGE DREDD
BAD, MOMMY?

YES, *VERY* BAD.

NOW YOU
MUST STAY HERE QUIETLY
TILL I COME BACK, OKAY? I'M
GOING TO SWITCH OFF YOUR
DOG. NOT A SOUND, THIS IS
VERY IMPORTANT.

ALL RIGHT,
MOMMY.

TEN STINKIN' YEARS I'VE BEEN AWAY!

TEN YEARS SUCKIN' RADS ON A
CURSED EARTH *WORKFARM* -
FOR A CRIME I *DIDN'T* COMMIT!

BUT NOW I'M COMING BACK...
AND SOMEBODY'S GOING TO
CATCH THE HEAT!

GRRRRRR

PRISONER
QUENTIN, SANTINO.
ON RELEASE FROM
WORKFARM 12.

QUENTIN SERVED *TEN* FOR
DISMEMBERMENT - BIT A CITIZEN'S ARM OFF.
GOT A PLACE IN WALL STREET STACKER, ORDER
FOR MANDATORY MEDICAL SUPERVISION.

QUITE A TROUBLE-MAKER,
AREN'T YOU, QUENTIN? HOPE
YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR
LESSON THIS TIME.

I DIDN'T DO
NOTHING!

THAT ARM JUST POPPED
OFF ALL BY ITSELF, HUH?

CREEP'S STILL
IN DENIAL.

HOV STOP DOWN THE
STREET. 9176 HOVERBUS'LL
GET YOU TO YOUR STACKER.
GO STRAIGHT THERE, REPORT
TO THE DESK JOCK.

AND MAKE SURE YOU
ATTEND THAT HOSPITAL
APPOINTMENT.

MAYBE I WILL AND
MAYBE I WON'T!

WHY DO WE LET
THEM BACK IN?

HE'S TROUBLE.

I'M A **HARD** ASS. I GOT A REP FOR IT.

ON A SCALE OF **TEN** I AIM FOR HIGH ELEVENS.

JUDGE DREDD, MA'AM.

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO KEEP IT. IT LETS THE CREEPS KNOW WHERE THEY STAND - CUTS DOWN ON THE ARGUMENT.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, JUDGE?

YOU CAN STOP TAKING US FOR FOOLS.

WHERE'S THE **JUVE**?

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND -- **MY** CHILD? TH-THERE'S NO CHILD.

PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT CONDUCTED A RANDOM **AUDIT** ON YOU, CITIZEN.

IT TURNED UP REGULAR **PURCHASES** OVER A TEN-YEAR PERIOD - CLOTHES, TOYS, EDUCATIONAL MATERIALS - SUITABLE FOR A GROWING CHLD, PROBABLY MALE.

TH-THAT WAS FOR MY NEPHEW--

YOUR NEPHEW **DIED** OF BLUE LURGY LAST YEAR - THE PURCHASES HAVE CONTINUED.

WE GOT MORE, BELIEVE ME, TAKE COMESTIBLES - LAST WEEK'S SHOPPING LIST -- UGLUGS, PASTA SCABS, POODLE DOODLES.

YOU DEVELOPED A **TASTE** FOR POODLE DOODLES, BARTLETT?

GOOD ACTRESS LIMMA BARTLETT MAY BE, BUT I LET HER KNOW I'M NOT BUYING ANY PERFORMANCES...

I'LL PULL THIS APARTMENT APART IF I HAVE TO. HOW **UNPLEASANT** DO YOU WANT TO MAKE THIS?

BAM
BAM
BAM

THIS IS MY SON, JIMMO.

IT *HAD* TO BE MUTATION. IT'S THE OBVIOUS REASON FOR KEEPING THE BOY HIDDEN ALL THESE YEARS.

WHAT... WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

WE'LL TAKE HIM IN, RUN A *DNA* TEST.

THE TEST SHOWS ABNORMAL GENETICS - AND I'D SAY THAT'S PRETTY CERTAIN - HE'LL BE *EXPULSED* FROM THE CITY.

THERE ARE FACILITIES IN THE CURSED EARTH - CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS WHERE HE CAN BE LOOKED AFTER.

FOR *PITY'S* SAKE, HE'S ONLY *TEN* YEARS OLD!

I DON'T NEED CHARITY! I'VE PLENTY OF MONEY! AND I'LL BE GOING WITH HIM! WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE THEY DON'T TREAT *HUMAN BEINGS* WITH SUCH BARBARITY! THIS IS A *SICK* SOCIETY!

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT EASY, BARTLETT.

YOU'VE *CONCEALED* HIS EXISTENCE FOR TEN YEARS - THAT IN ITSELF IS A *CRIME*. IT'S MY DUTY TO *SENTENCE* YOU TO *TWO YEARS* ENCUBEMENT.

WHAT?!

PUT SOME THINGS TOGETHER FOR THE BOY, YOU'RE BOTH COMING WITH ME.

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! IT'S THE 22ND CENTURY, NOT THE DARK AGES - YOU'RE STILL CONDUCTING *WITCH* TRIALS!

MOMMEEE!!

ABUSE ISN'T GOING TO HELP YOU, BARTLETT.

I GUESS WE CAN SPARE YOU THE CLIFFS.

THAT'S INCREDIBLY GOOD OF YOU, SIR. TRULY A PRINCE AMONG MEN.

NOW PERSONALLY, I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH MUTANTS.

AS LONG AS THEY BEHAVE AND ARE PROPERLY STERILISED, I'M PREPARED TO LIVE AND LET LIVE.

PERSONALLY.

BUT A JUDGE DOESN'T GET THAT CHOICE. THE LAW'S THE LAW. LIKE IT OR NOT, MY JOB IS TO SEE IT'S CARRIED OUT.

BARTLETT, LIMMA. TWO YEARS.

CHECK.

STOP AT THE SECTOR HOUSE. I'LL TAKE THE BOY IN MYSELF, MAKE SURE THINGS GET DONE RIGHT.

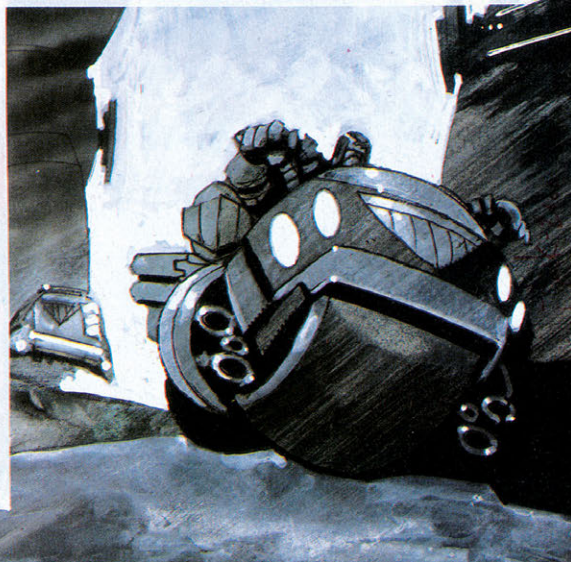
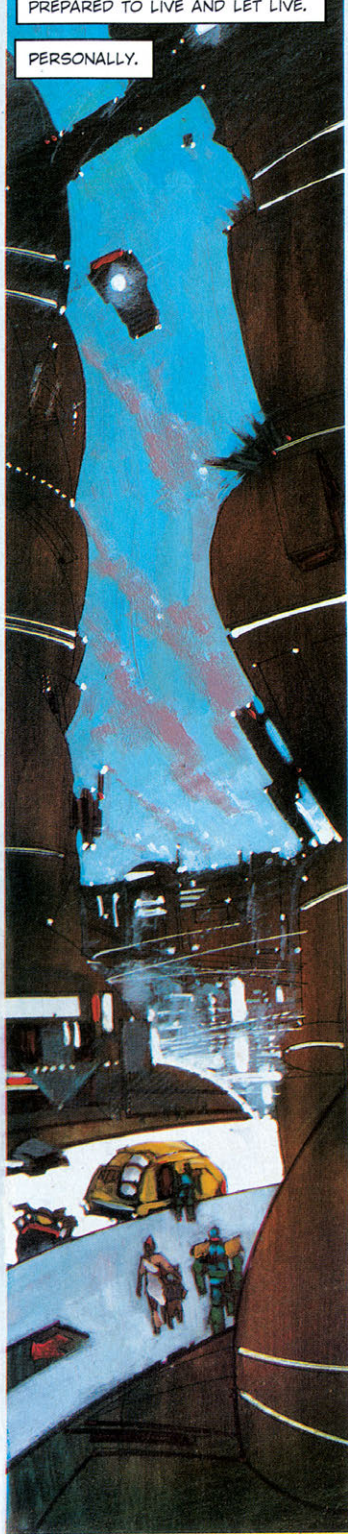
I GET THE IMPRESSION YOU DON'T REALISE WHAT A LUCKY *BREAK* YOU'VE HAD, BARTLETT.

I COULD'VE GIVEN YOU *TEN* YEARS - ONE FOR EVERY YEAR YOU'VE HIDDEN THE BOY.

THINK ABOUT IT.

YOU WONDER WHY YOU EVER DO ANYTHING TO HELP THEM. NEVER GET A BIT OF APPRECIATION.

YEAH.



I DON'T GO TO NO STACKER.
GOTTA GET TANKED.

BEEN SUCKIN' RAD TEN YEARS
AND I GOTTA GET TANKED.

HEY, THAT'S
MY DRINK!

I'M THINKIN' ABOUT THEM YEARS AN' I'M
STARTIN' TA GET GOOD AN' STEAMED!

YOU BETTER DAMN
WELL BUY ME ANOTHER
ONE, BUDDY - ULP!

GIVIN' ME **ORDERS**, ARE YA?
I HAD **ENOUGH ORDERS**! I HAD TEN
YEARS OF STINKIN' ORDERS!

H-HEY, NOW
L-LISTEN...!

COUNT TO TEN, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS
SAY. YA FEEL THE URGE TO **HURT**
SOMEBODY, COUNT TO TEN -

- THAT GIVES YA **PLENTY** OF TIME
TO THINK ABOUT WHAT YA'RE
GONNA **DO** TO THE SUCKER!

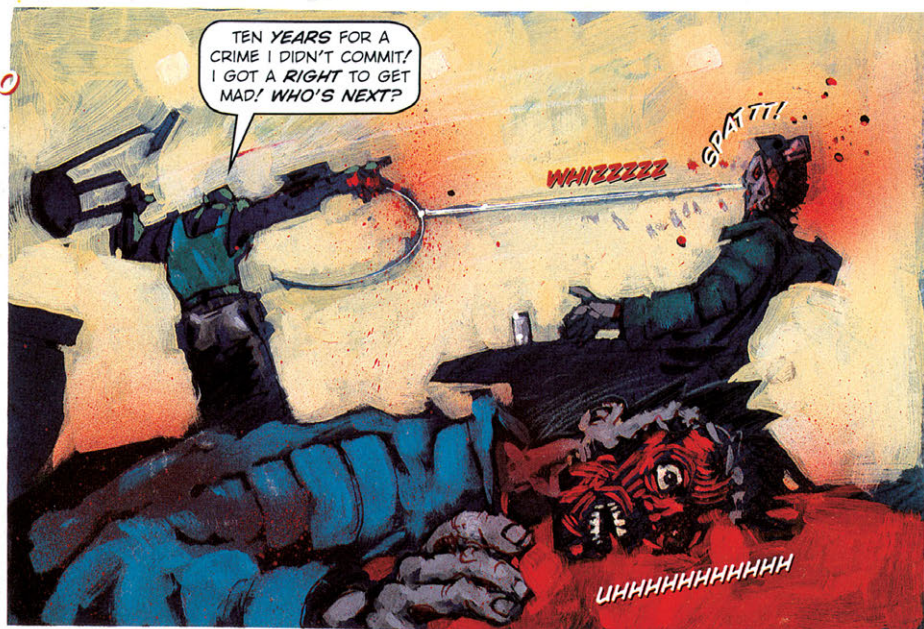
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, THIS
IS THE **GECKO LOUNGE**.

RRIP
EEEEUUUUUUAAHHHH

MY GRUD, HE'S
BITING THAT OTHER
FELLOW'S FACE OFF!

THERE'S GOING
TO BE **MURDER**!

SEND
A **JUDGE**
NOW!





GUY'S GOIN' CRAZY IN THERE!

SOMEBODY HELP ME!



AAHHHH!

GECKO LOUNGE AGAIN. SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT YOU GIVE ME AN *ESTIMATE* OF HOW LONG THAT JUDGE WILL BE?



DROP THAT CITIZEN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



NO WAY! I AIN'T DOIN' ANOTHER TEN YEARS ON NO WORKFARM!



I'LL AGREE WITH YOU THERE, CREEP -

BIAM
BIAM
BIAM



YOU'RE DOING A LOT *MORE* THAN TEN YEARS FOR *THIS*!

THWUMP!



I'M AN INNOCENT MAN!

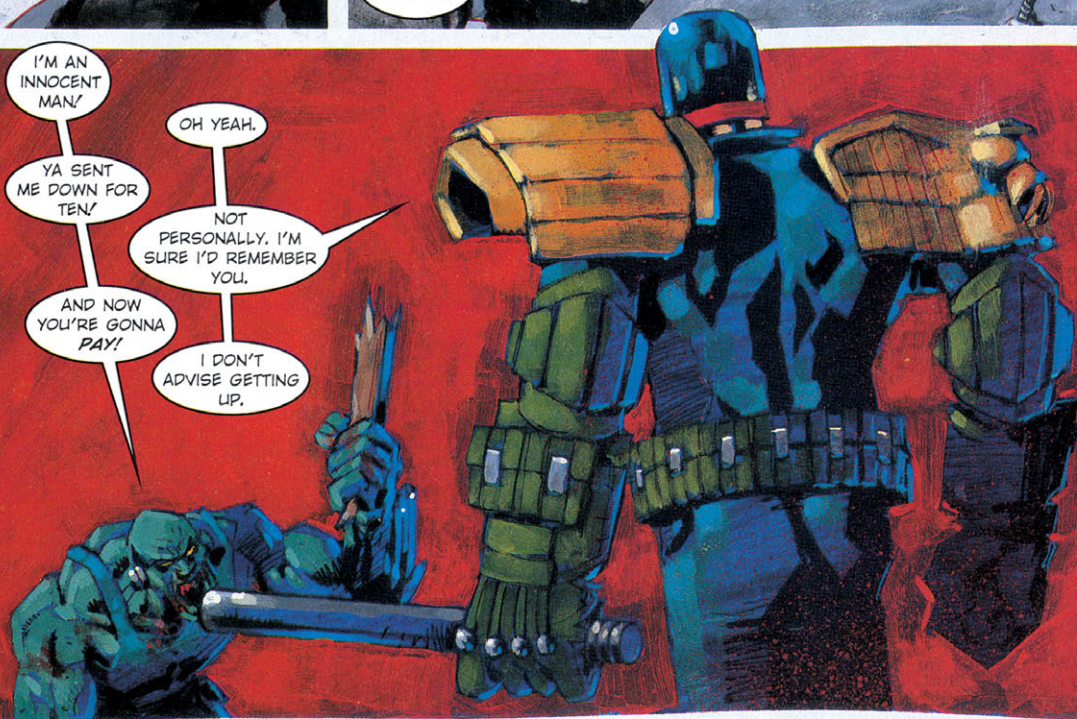
OH YEAH.

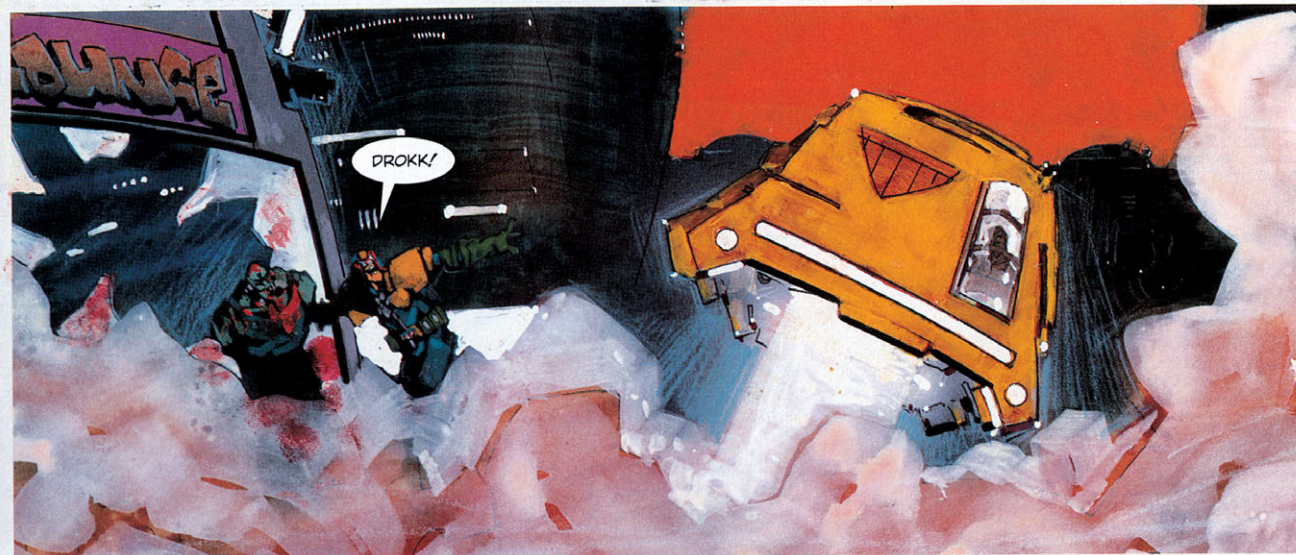
YA SENT ME DOWN FOR TEN!

NOT PERSONALLY. I'M SURE I'D REMEMBER YOU.

AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA PAY!

I DON'T ADVISE GETTING UP.







THIS CITY HAS GOT ITS VALUES
SO TWISTED UP WHO'D WANT
TO LIVE IN IT ANYWAY?

HOLD TIGHT,
JIMMO, WE'RE GETTING
OUT OF HERE!

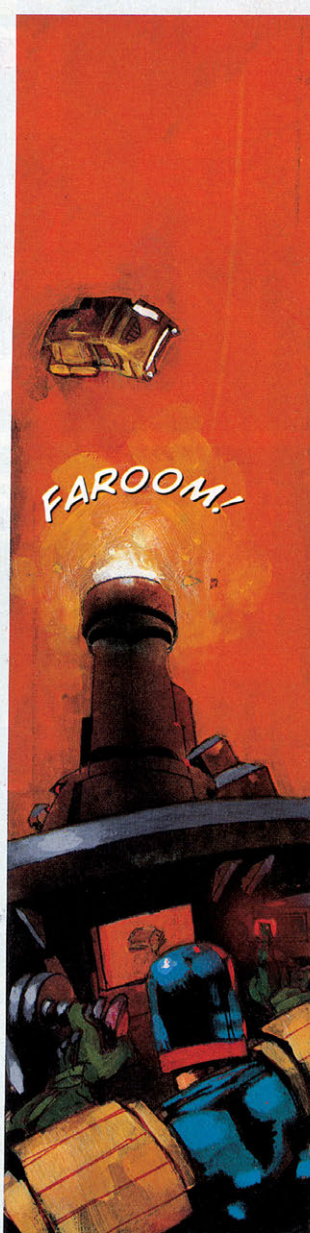


SHE'S HEADING
FOR THE WALL!



BARTLETT, THIS IS
JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE ADDING
ABSCONDING AND **VEHICLE
THEFT** TO YOUR LIST
OF CRIMES!

RETURN IMMEDIATELY!
IF YOU ATTEMPT TO LEAVE
THE CITY YOU WILL BE **SHOT
DOWN!** THIS IS YOUR
FINAL WARNING!



FAROOM!



MOMMEEEE!

I'M SORRY,
JIMMO, I'M SORRY! WE
SHOULD HAVE LEFT A
LONG TIME AGO!

BOOM

BOOM



WALL BATTERY! WE'VE GOT ABOUT AS **NEAR** AS WE CAN GET, DREDD - THEY'RE NOT TURNING BACK! DO YOU WANT THEM BROUGHT DOWN?

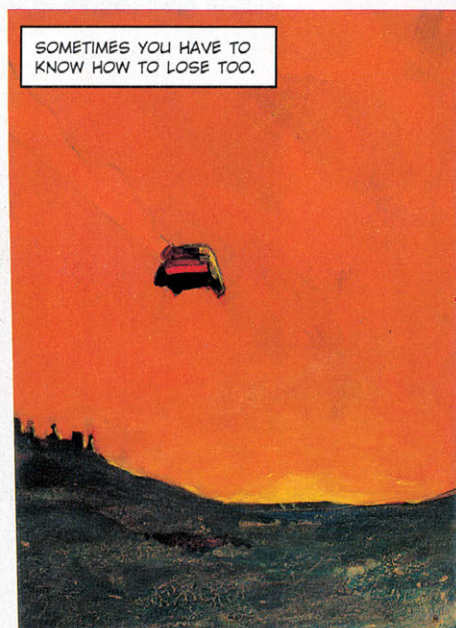
NEGATIVE!

YOU'RE **NOT** LETTING HER GET AWAY?



HARD ASS I MAY BE, BUT I DRAW THE **LINE** AT TAKING THE **INNOCENT** ALONG WITH THE **GUILTY** --

MUTANT OR NOT, THE **BOY** HAS NEVER BROKEN ANY **LAW**.



SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO LOSE TOO.



WE'VE MADE IT, JIMMO! WE MADE IT!



WE WON'T FORGET. THE CHANCE MAY COME. IF IT TAKES ANOTHER TEN YEARS, UMMMA BARTLETT MAY STILL PAY FOR HER CRIMES.

UNTIL THEN, LOOK ON THE PLUS SIDE - AT LEAST WE SAVE ON **CUBE FEES**.

WEST WALL EAST

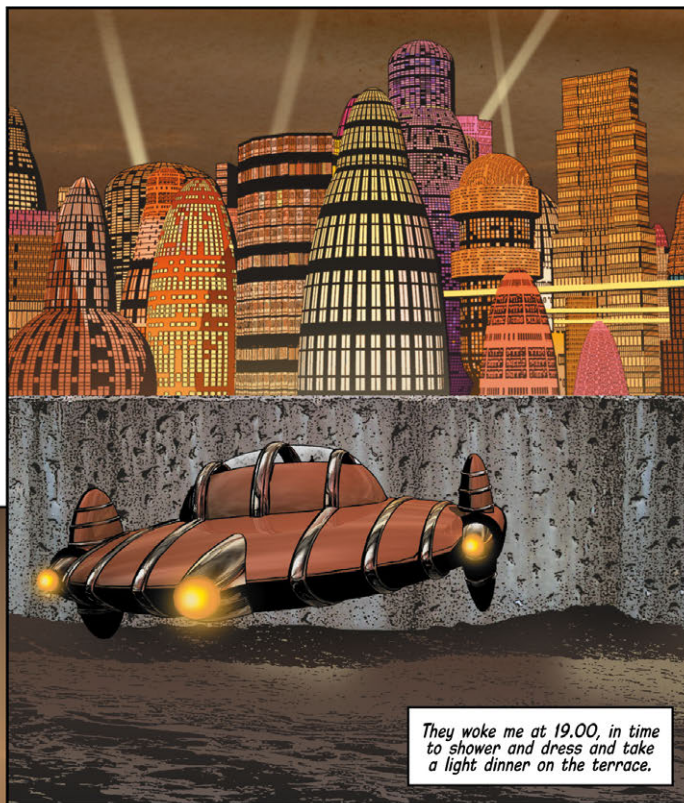
DREDD



SIX

Script: John Wagner
Art: Chris Weston
Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazines* 221, 222



They woke me at 19.00, in time to shower and dress and take a light dinner on the terrace.

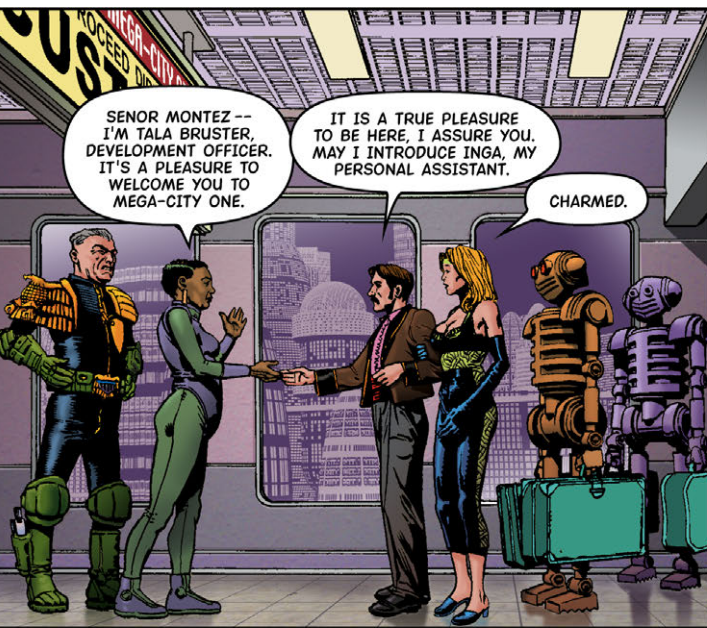


MORE COFFEE, DON PEDRO?



It was dark when we came in over the Atlantic Wall. The city lay spread out before me, lit up like a Christmas tree.

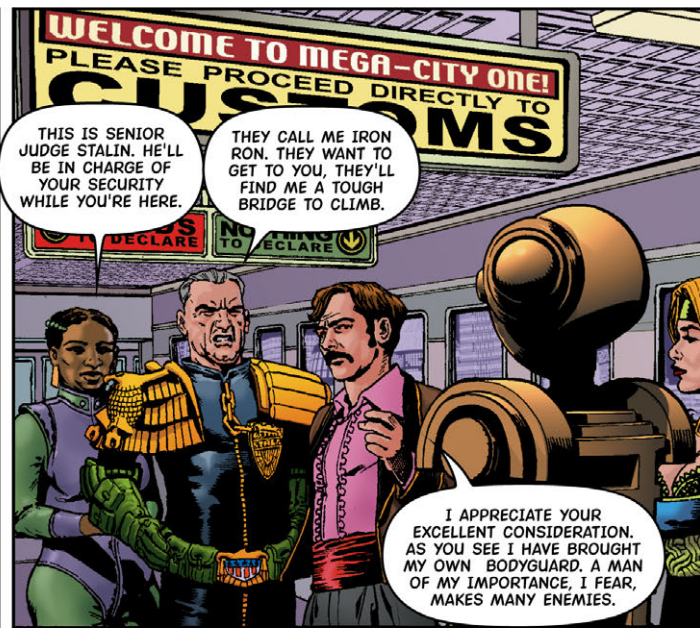
I drank it in like a man with a bad thirst. I'd forgotten how exciting it was.



SENIOR MONTEZ -- I'M TALA BRUSTER, DEVELOPMENT OFFICER. IT'S A PLEASURE TO WELCOME YOU TO MEGA-CITY ONE.

IT IS A TRUE PLEASURE TO BE HERE, I ASSURE YOU. MAY I INTRODUCE INGA, MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

CHARMED.



THIS IS SENIOR JUDGE STALIN. HE'LL BE IN CHARGE OF YOUR SECURITY WHILE YOU'RE HERE.

THEY CALL ME IRON RON. THEY WANT TO GET TO YOU, THEY'LL FIND ME A TOUGH BRIDGE TO CLIMB.

I APPRECIATE YOUR EXCELLENT CONSIDERATION. AS YOU SEE I HAVE BROUGHT MY OWN BODYGUARD. A MAN OF MY IMPORTANCE, I FEAR, MAKES MANY ENEMIES.

They smoothed my way through immigration, as I expected. No fingerprint, no iris scan. A man with so much money to invest need never suffer the indignities inflicted on the common masses.

WE CAN START LOOKING OVER THE POSSIBLE SITES FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. NOW YOU MUST BE TIRED. THERE'S A HOVERLIMO WAITING TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR HOTEL.

YOU ARE MOST GRACIOUS.



HOLD IT!



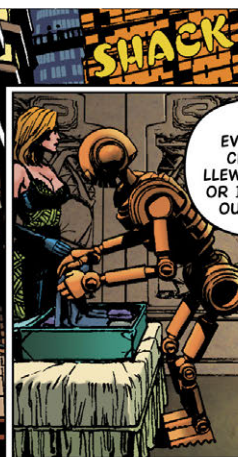
ALL CLEAR! LET'S MOVE IT! MUSH!



Already I could see Stalin might be a bit of an irritation.



The hotel was one of my own, controlled through my Montezuma conglomerate. Inga had reserved the entire top floor. Having spent some time in a psycho cube, I do hate to be cramped.



I'VE CHECKED EVERYTHING OUT -- CLEAR AS A BELL! LLEWELLYN-JONES HERE OR I WILL BE ON DUTY OUTSIDE ALL NIGHT.

ALL RIGHT, LLEWELLYN-JONES, DISMISS. WE'LL ALTERNATE FOUR-HOUR SHIFTS.

YES, SIR.



DO YOU REQUIRE MY SERVICES TONIGHT, DON PEDRO?

NO, DEAR THING--

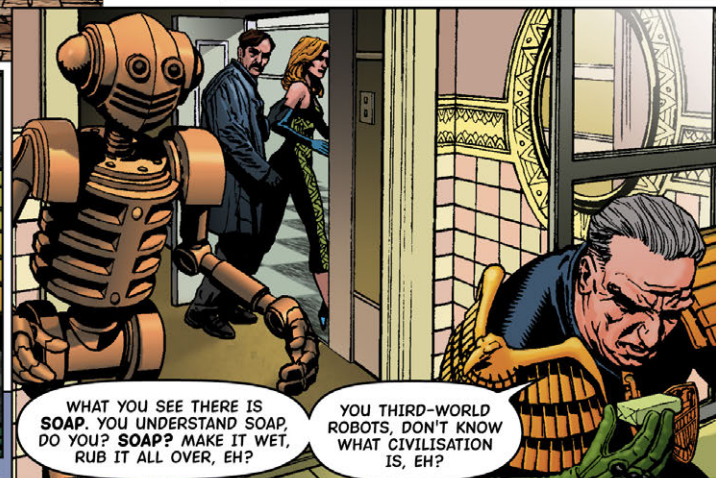
-- AT LEAST, NOT IN THAT WAY.

Tonight I had other business. I was itching to get started, tingling with anticipation. I'd waited a long, long time for this.



I HAVE SPOTTED A SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE IN THE WET SHOWER.

HAVE YOU, BY GRUD! LET ME JUST TAKE A SNIFF!



WHAT YOU SEE THERE IS SOAP. YOU UNDERSTAND SOAP, DO YOU? SOAP? MAKE IT WET, RUB IT ALL OVER, EH?

YOU THIRD-WORLD ROBOTS, DON'T KNOW WHAT CIVILISATION IS, EH?



We took the hotel's courtesy bus and drove toward the high thirties, stopping every so often to make purchases.

THIS IS IT.



Unless things had changed bigtime, Pudge Rodriguez was still a low-class warren with no security. Couldn't blame the city. Why bother putting in cameras if the resident's kept stealing them?

bing bong

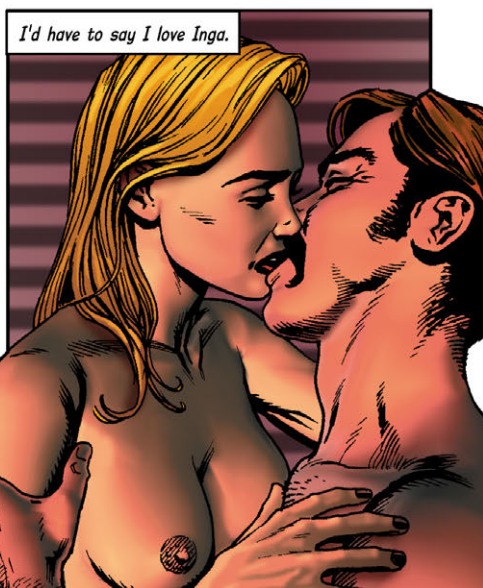
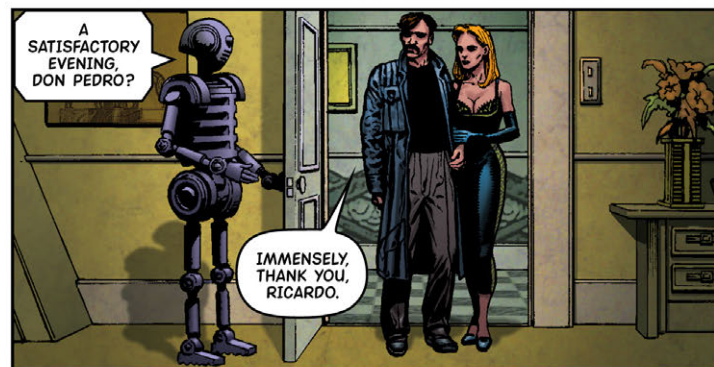


[illegible]

**MOCK CHOC FAIRY, FULL OF FACE,
TAKE ME TO YOUR FAVOURITE PLACE,
MAGIC ME TO MOCK CHOC HILL,
THERE WE BOTH MAY EAT OUR FILL!**

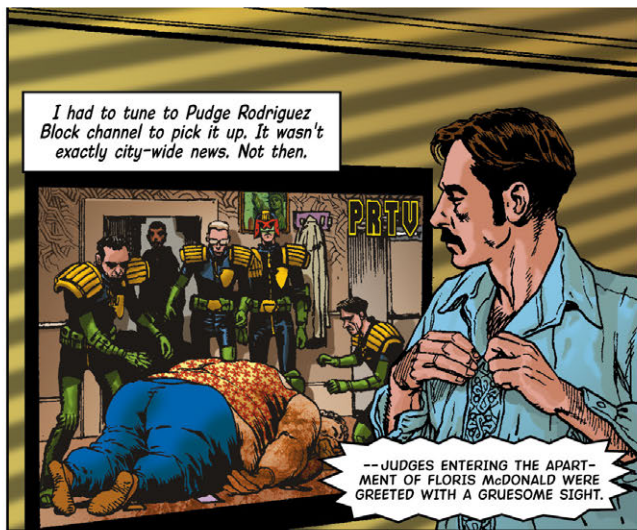
But by that stage I don't think she was taking anything in.

A comic book panel depicting a chaotic scene. In the foreground, a woman with wild, curly blonde hair and wide, yellow eyes is screaming with her mouth open. She is holding a purple bag with a zipper. In the background, a man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a blue jacket, is covering his face with his hands, appearing to be in shock or pain. The scene is set against a plain, light-colored background.



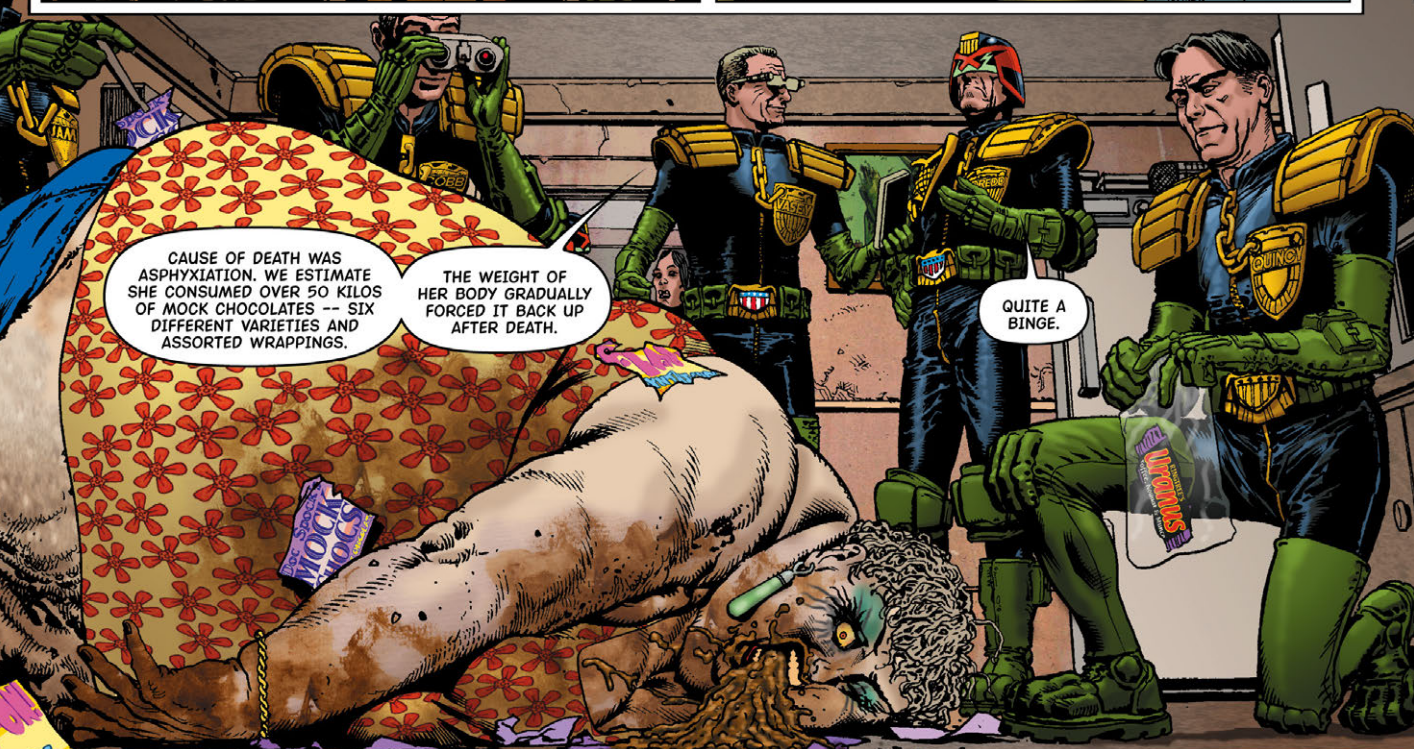


They found Floris early next morning. It was the mock choc dripping down through the warped floor plates into the apartment below that gave the game away.



I had to tune to Pudge Rodriguez Block channel to pick it up. It wasn't exactly city-wide news. Not then.

--JUDGES ENTERING THE APARTMENT OF FLORIS McDONALD WERE GREETED WITH A GRUESOME SIGHT.



CAUSE OF DEATH WAS ASPHYXIATION. WE ESTIMATE SHE CONSUMED OVER 50 KILOS OF MOCK CHOCOLATES -- SIX DIFFERENT VARIETIES AND ASSORTED WRAPPINGS.

THE WEIGHT OF HER BODY GRADUALLY FORCED IT BACK UP AFTER DEATH.

QUITE A BINGE.



TESTS SHOW A HIGH CONCENTRATION OF **STUFIDIN 40** IN HER BLOODSTREAM. THAT'S AN ILLEGAL APPETITE STIMULANT USED IN THE PROFESSIONAL EATING GAME.

McDONALD WAS INVOLVED IN SOME MINOR EATING EVENTS, BUT NOTHING RECENT... SUPPOSE SHE COULD HAVE KEPT SOME AROUND.

IF IT'S HERE, WE'LL FIND IT.



NEIGHBOURS NOTICED NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. THEY KEEP THEMSELVES TO THEMSELVES IN PUDGE RODRIGUEZ. IT'S THAT KIND OF BLOCK.

SHE HAD A HISTORY OF DEPRESSION...

LOOKS LIKE SHE PLANNED IT ALL, ONE BIG BLOW-OUT.

SUICIDE BY MOCK CHOC. IT'S DIFFERENT.

That day we toured. Apart from a pretext for being here, I was genuinely considering erecting a number of my Montezuma Multiplexes in the city. With the excellent inducements on offer on 'radfield' sites, it was frankly just good business...

AS WELL AS A FREE LEASE ON THE LAND, WE CAN GRANT YOU TAX-FREE STATUS FOR THIRTY YEARS TO COMPENSATE FOR THE DECONTAMINATION WORK.



And I must admit, it gave me enormous satisfaction being wined and dined by the city that had once held me in contempt.

I'LL CHECK OUT THE RESTROOM!

WITH MEN LIKE YOU, STALIN, THIS CITY WILL NEVER BE CAUGHT SHORT.

DAMN RIGHT!

IT MUST BE SO EXCITING, SENOR MONTEZ, LIVING IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

IT HAS MANY ATTRACTIONS, YES. ONE DAY PERHAPS YOU WILL DO ME THE HONOUR OF VISITING ME THERE.

OH, I'D LOVE TO.

In the evening Inga and I imagined off to murder Deek Stubbs.

I'd done my research. I knew all Deek's habits, from his workouts at the gym to his penchant for picking up women in the bar near his offices.

SHYSTER'S BAR
LICENSED TO SELL ALCO-PRODUCTS

POD PARK

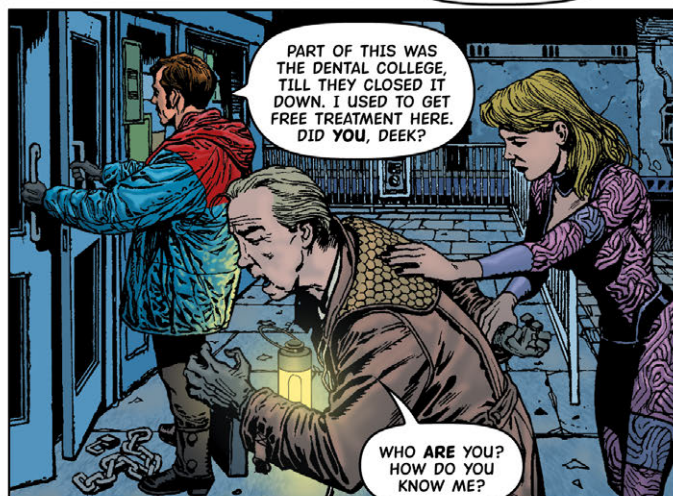
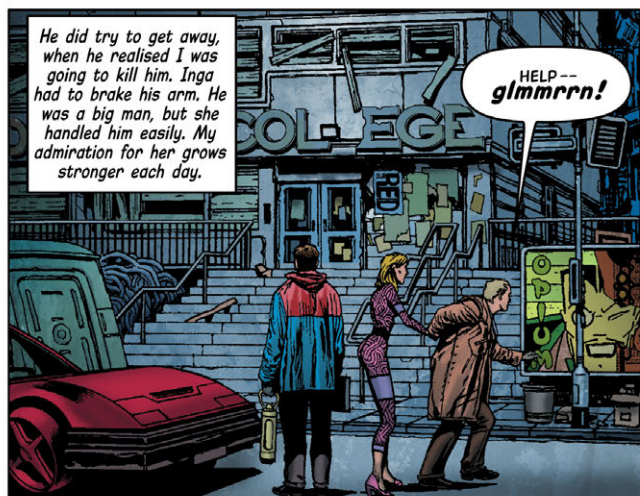
He'd done well for himself, had Deek, in a paltry kind of way. A lawyer, with a specialty in accident claims.

Somehow I'd always figured he'd be a dentist.

IS THIS YOUR CAR?

BROOGLEHOFFER 4-18 -- GOES LIKE A DREAM.

GET IN, DEEK.





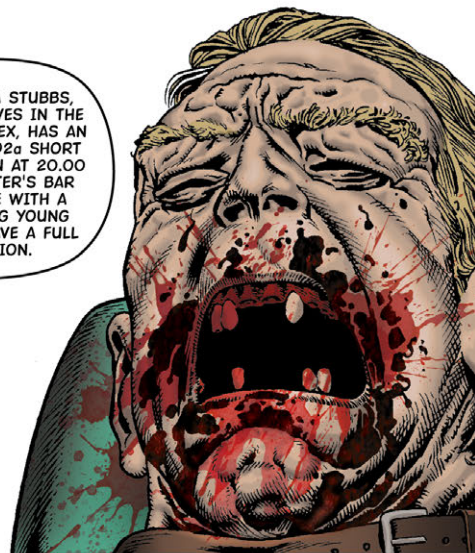


SHE'S GOT DECORATIONS ATTACHED--



-- LIKE A CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

DEREKK BILLIM STUBBS, 30, LAWYER. LIVES IN THE DARROW COMPLEX, HAS AN OFFICE AT 212192a SHORT SKED. LAST SEEN AT 20.00 LEAVING SHYSTER'S BAR ON COCHRANE WITH A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN. WE HAVE A FULL DESCRIPTION.



HE HAS A BROKEN ARM, BROKEN JAW, SEVERAL CONTUSIONS AND ABRASIONS. ALL EXCEPT SIX OF HIS TEETH HAVE BEEN CRUDELY EXTRACTED.

THEY'RE STILL TRYING TO DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

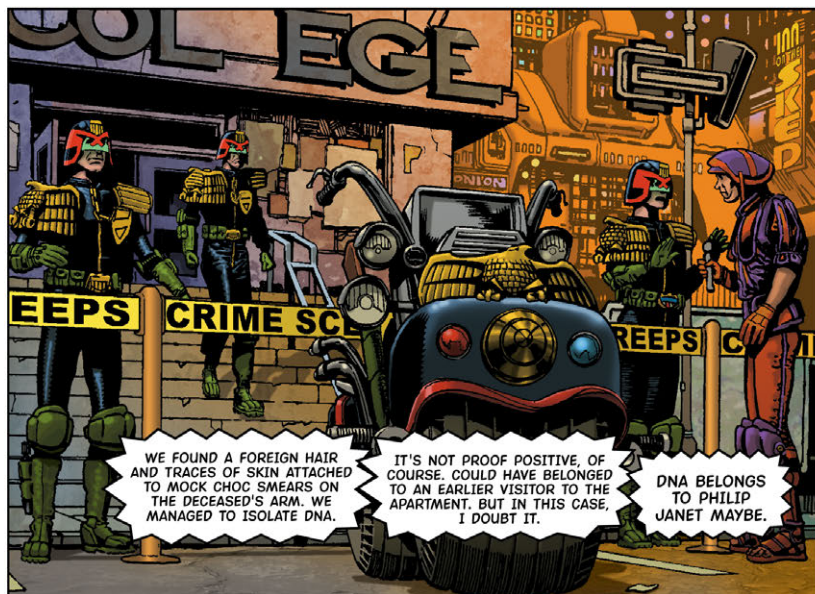
TORTURED AND THEN MURDERED. WHY HERE, WHY LIKE THIS...?



LOOK INTO HIS BACKGROUND-- INTERVIEW FRIENDS, FAMILY, NEIGHBOURS, CLIENTS. A LAWYER CAN MAKE A LOT OF ENEMIES.

KEEP ME INFORMED.

DREDD, THIS IS VASEY AT THE LABS. I'M DOING THE FORENSICS ON THAT McDONALD CASE.



WE FOUND A FOREIGN HAIR AND TRACES OF SKIN ATTACHED TO MOCK CHOC SMEARS ON THE DECEASED'S ARM. WE MANAGED TO ISOLATE DNA.

IT'S NOT PROOF POSITIVE, OF COURSE. COULD HAVE BELONGED TO AN EARLIER VISITOR TO THE APARTMENT. BUT IN THIS CASE, I DOUBT IT.

DNA BELONGS TO PHILIP JANET MAYBE.



PJ MAYBE!

I KNOW HE'S DEAD, BUT-- I'VE TESTED IT THREE TIMES, SAME ANSWER.



PJ MAYBE -- CHILD CRIMINAL, GENIUS, MASS MURDERER, HE'D KILLED HIS WAY TO A FORTUNE AND FLED -- UNTIL DREDD HAD TRACKED HIM DOWN IN CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA, AND BROUGHT HIS HEART BACK FOR THE BLACK MUSEUM.

HE HAD ALWAYS HAD HIS DOUBTS. IT HAD IN THE END BEEN TOO EASY. HAD MAYBE ONCE AGAIN FOOLED THEM ALL?



GOT SOMETHING ELSE. COMPUTER'S THROWN UP A VERY INTERESTING PATTERN. THREE RECENT FATALITIES, ALL AGED 30, ALL DIED IN BIZARRE CIRCUMSTANCES, ALL WERE FORMER RESIDENTS OF BERGER BLOCK --



-- FLORIS McDONALD, MIASMA FUNG, DEREKK BILLIM STUBBS.

I KNOW STUBBS AND McDONALD -- WHAT HAPPENED TO FUNG?

FOUND HER IMPALED AT THE TOP OF THE SPANGLER BUILDING LAST NIGHT, SIX CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS ATTACHED TO HER.



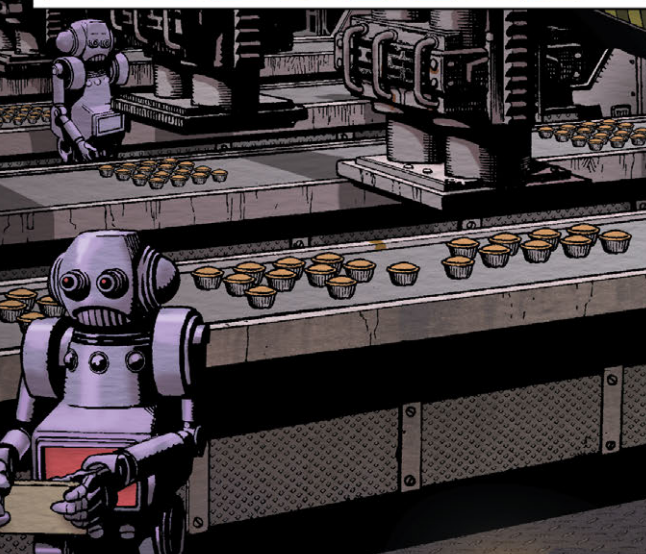
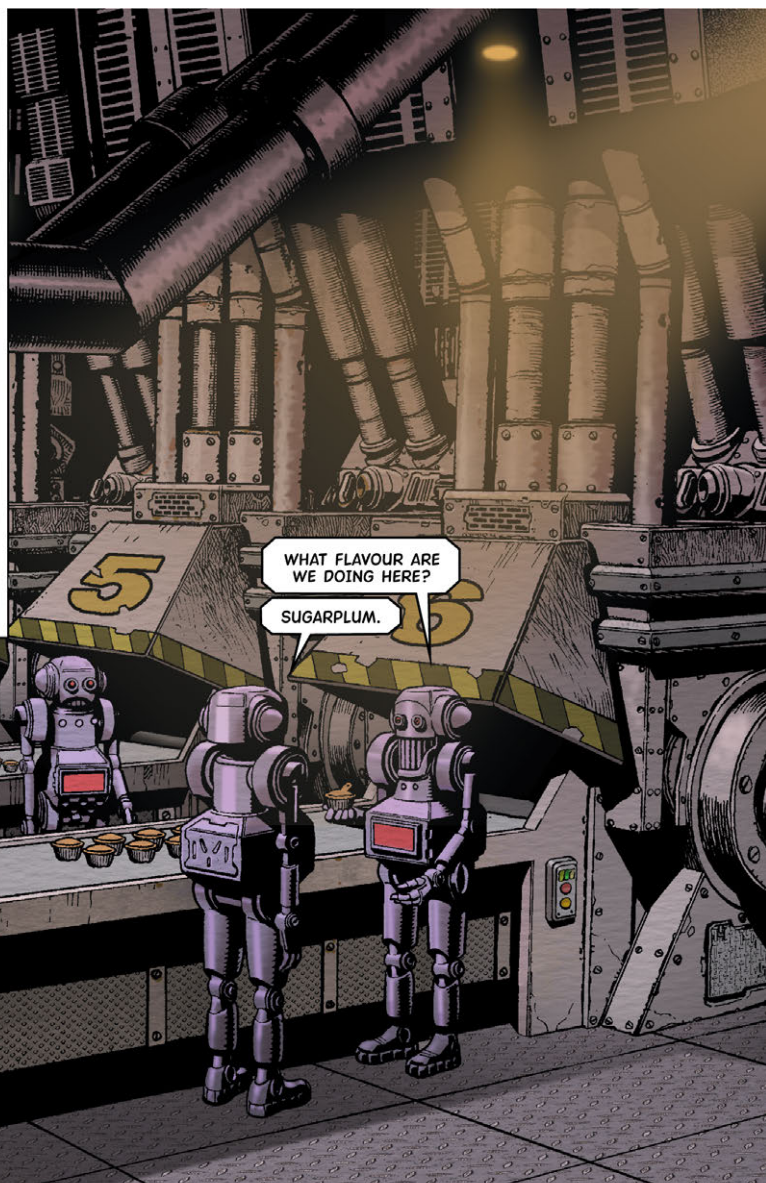
SIX...SIX...

SIX BRANDS OF MOCK CHOC...SIX TEETH... SIX DECORATIONS.



HE'S SENDING US A MESSAGE!

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT, BUT IT'S GOT HIS MARK ALL OVER IT! HE'S DARING US TO TRY TO STOP HIM!

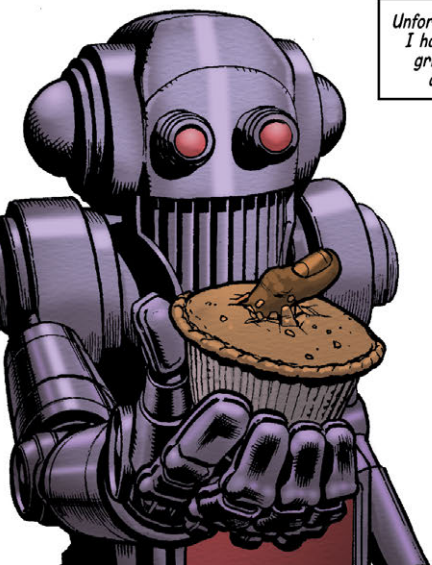


THAT LOOK LIKE SUGARPLUM?

Aurora Devine lived in Cus D'Amato with her husband Gary and her three lovely children. Anyone but a psychopathic killer would have hesitated before dropping her live into the processor at Mrs Shubert's Pies.

Unfortunately for Aurora, I am such an animal. I have no compunction. The picture of three grief-stricken brats, of innocent lives torn apart, wrings no tears from my eyes.

DEVINE DID CHARITY WORK AT THE 'HELP THE INDOLENT' SHOP AT 1111 SEEVERS. SHE LEFT THERE AT 01:08 THIS AYEM. HUSBAND GARY CALLED HER IN MISSING AT 03:09.





I care for one person in this world and one alone -- myself. (Except perhaps Inga, and she's a robot so she doesn't count.)

SECURITY CAMS SHOW TWO PERPS IN CHEM SUITS ENTERING THE PREMISES AT 02:26 WITH DEVINE UNDER RESTRAINT, ESCORTED BY THE GATEMAN, ONE HICKOR BOBBINGS -- NOW IN CUSTODY.

SHE'S STRUGGLING. SHE'S TERRIFIED.

NO WAY OF IDENTIFYING THEM IN THOSE ALL-OVERS.

No, what brought tears to my eyes was the years of torment I had had to endure -- that they had inflicted on me.



They had to die, if only to give me closure, an end to these horrors that plagued me, that nightly woke me quivering with anger and mortification.

THEY PROCEEDED TO PRODUCTION LINE SIX WHERE THEY FORCED HER INTO THE PROCESSOR.

COLD-BLOODED MURDER!



MY GRUD--

THOSE GRINDERS CHOP PRETTY FINE. IT GETS MIXED WITH THE REST OF THE INGREDIENTS -- IN THIS CASE, SUGARPLUM -- COOKED AND INJECTED INTO PIE SHELLS. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR AN ALERT FOREDROID MRS DEVINE COULD HAVE BEEN ON SALE IN OUTLETS ALL OVER THE CITY.

MRS DEVINE FITS THE PROFILE OF YOUR OTHER THREE 'PJ MAYBE' VICTIMS -- AGE 29, GREW UP IN BERGER BLOCK, MURDERED IN BIZARRE CIRCUMSTANCES, THE NUMBER SIX.

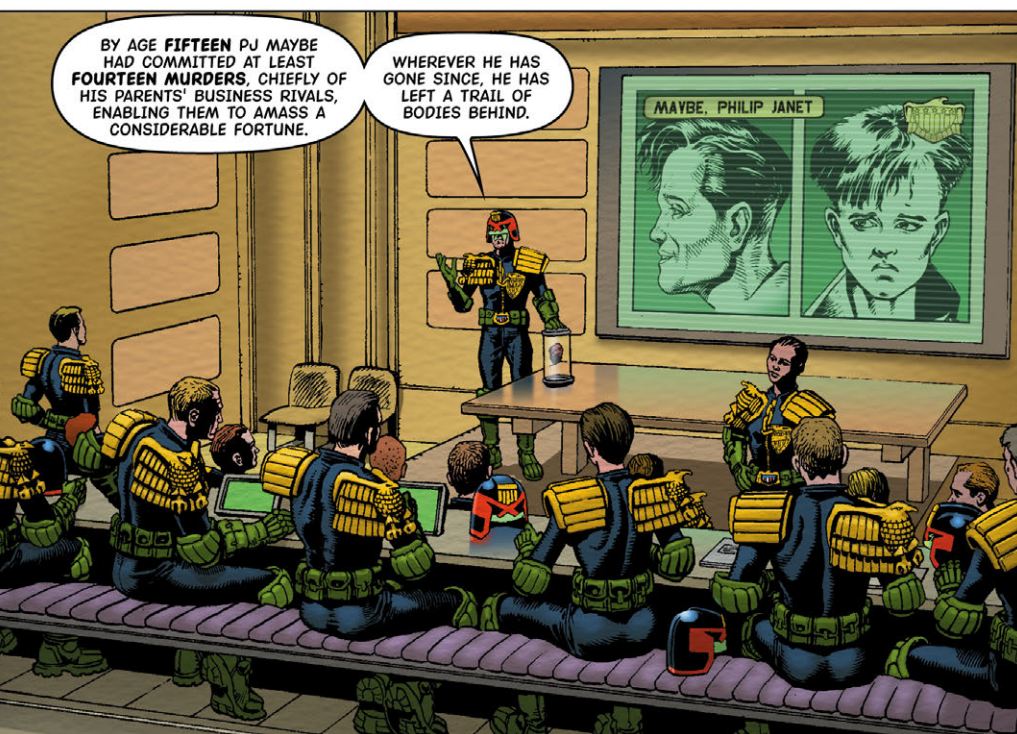
PRODUCTION LINE SIX -- YES, IT FITS.

YOU'VE QUESTIONED THE GATEMAN?



HE DENIES ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE EVENT. EVEN WHEN WE SHOW HIM THE SECURITY LOG HE REFUSES TO BELIEVE IT. FUNNY THING IS, LIE DETECTOR BACKS HIS STORY.

SLD 89 -- THE HYPNOGENIC DRUG. RENDERS THE VICTIM TOTALLY OPEN TO SUGGESTION. MAYBE'S USED IT BEFORE.



BY AGE FIFTEEN PJ MAYBE HAD COMMITTED AT LEAST FOURTEEN MURDERS, CHIEFLY OF HIS PARENTS' BUSINESS RIVALS, ENABLING THEM TO AMASS A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE.

WHEREVER HE HAS GONE SINCE, HE HAS LEFT A TRAIL OF BODIES BEHIND.

MAYBE, PHILIP JANET

HE IS CUNNING, HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND TOTALLY RUTHLESS. HE CHANGES HIS FACE AS OFTEN AS SOME MEN CHANGE THEIR SOCKS.

AFTER TWICE ESCAPING CUSTODY WE BELIEVED WE HAD FINALLY TRACKED HIM DOWN TO CUIDAD BARRANQUILLA. I PERSONALLY WENT THERE AND BROUGHT BACK HIS HEART.





WE KNOW THAT IS MAYBE'S HEART -- DNA TESTS CONFIRM IT. YOU'RE SAYING HE WOULD DELIBERATELY GIVE IT UP TO MAKE US BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD?

FROM HIM. IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME. I ALWAYS HAD MY DOUBTS.

SO WHY BLOW HIS COVER NOW?

BOREDOM... ARROGANCE... SOME DEEP GRIEVANCE, PERHAPS. I DON'T KNOW. BUT I AM **CONVINCED** IT'S HIM. IT'S GOT HIS MARK ALL OVER IT.

FOUR VICTIMS, ALL THE SAME APPROXIMATE AGE, ALL SPENT PART OR ALL OF THEIR JUVENILITY IN BERGER BLOCK.

THAT SUGGESTS SOME OBVIOUS CONNECTION WITH MAYBE -- BLOCK SCHOOL, JUVIE CLUB, CHURCH. INTERVIEW RELATIVES OF THE VICTIMS, FRIENDS, ACQUAINTANCES.

WE HAVE THE SCHOOL ROSTERS FOR MAYBE'S YEARS IN BERGER -- INCLUDING THE VICTIMS, 241 PUPILS MAY HAVE COME INTO DIRECT AND REGULAR CONTACT WITH HIM. IT'S PROBABLE SOME OF THEIR LIVES ARE ALSO IN DANGER.

TRACK THEM DOWN, SPEAK TO THEM. FIND THE COMMON LINK.



MAYBE IS ARROGANT. HIS SUCCESS UP TO NOW HAS GIVEN HIM A SENSE OF INVULNERABILITY. HE BELIEVES HE'S TOO SMART FOR US. HE'S TAUNTING US, DARING US TO STOP HIM.

THE CLUE IS SIX. WHAT DOES IT MEAN? THE AGE? THE ADDRESS? THE NUMBER OF VICTIMS? FIND OUT.

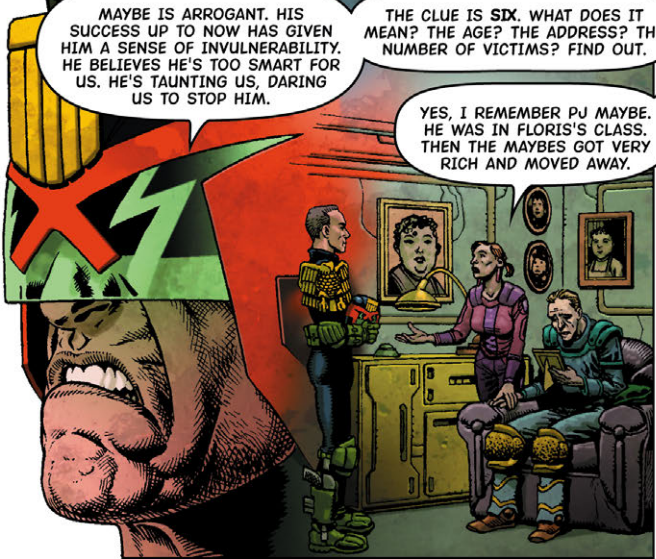
YES, I REMEMBER PJ MAYBE. HE WAS IN FLORIS'S CLASS. THEN THE MAYBES GOT VERY RICH AND MOVED AWAY.

THE NEXT THING I HEARD HE'D BEEN ARRESTED FOR SERIAL MURDER.

DID MAYBE HAVE ANY REASON TO HATE YOUR DAUGHTER? TO BEAR A GRUDGE?

NOT THAT I CAN THINK OF. NO MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE.

HE WASN'T POPULAR, YOU KNOW. THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING A LITTLE... STRANGE ABOUT PJ.



HE WAS IN YOUR YEAR.

NEVER TOOK MUCH NOTICE OF HIM, TA BE HONEST. HE WAS A WIMP, Y'KNOW -- ZIP ALL MUSCLE TONE.



THE NUMBER SIX MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

YEAH, LOOK AT THAT FER A SIXPACK! GO ON, PUNCH ME! BET YA CAN'T HURT ME!

The morning after Aurora I agreed deals on three sites for my Montezuma Multiplexes, with an option on another four. It would mean an investment of over 27 billion, but these days I have that to spare.

I'VE CHECKED OUT THE SHIP FOR BOMBS -- CLEAR AS A WHISTLE!

That night they held a reception in my honour. It meant postponing my next murder, but it was not to be missed. Judge Dredd was there.

SEÑOR MONTEZ, LET ME INTRODUCE ONE OF OUR MOST EMINENT JUDGES.

I CAN ONLY SPARE A FEW MINUTES, MONTEZ.

YOU ARE TOO KIND, SIR. I KNOW YOU ARE A VERY BUSY MAN.

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, MONTEZ. PU MAYBE'S BACK IN TOWN -- Y'KNOW, THE JUVEY KILLER.

HOW INTERESTING. I HAVE NO ACQUAINTANCE OF THIS PERSON. PLEASE TELL ME MORE.

BELIEVE ME, THAT'S ONE YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

It gave me a real buzz to meet face to face, and I admit, a certain thrill of apprehension.

JUDGE STALIN HAS BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT THIS UP MAYBE. IT IS YOUR CASE, I BELIEVE. HE SOUNDS VERY DANGEROUS.

HE'S THAT, ALL RIGHT.

CUIDAD BARRANQUILLA -- YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS. I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T BUMPED INTO HIM, MONTEZ.

I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT, JUDGE -- BY THE SOUND OF HIM, I WOULDN'T BE ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE.

After that, the killing of Larson Sidowski was something of a letdown.

brrring

HELLO, LARSON.

WHAZZIS-?

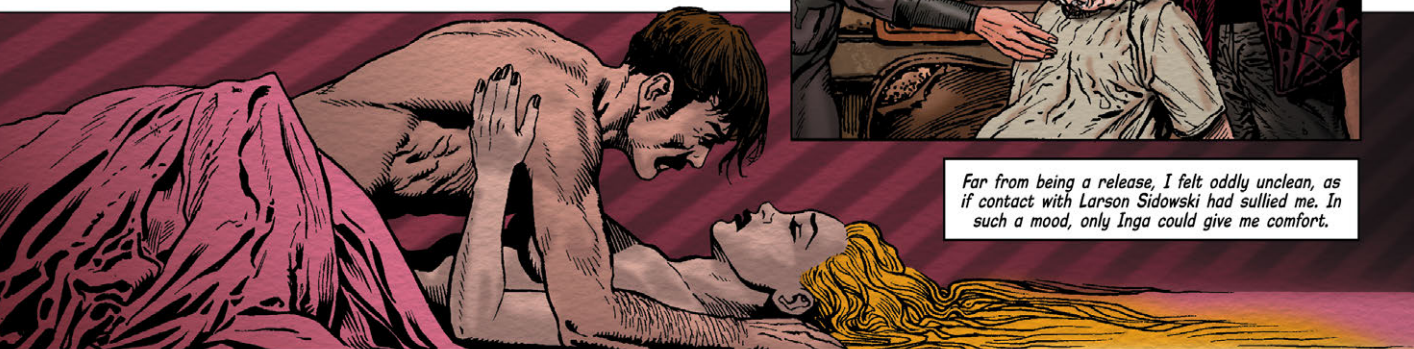


I D-DON'T UNNERSTAND!

OH, YOU WILL.



He remembered me, in the end. But all the joy had gone out of it.

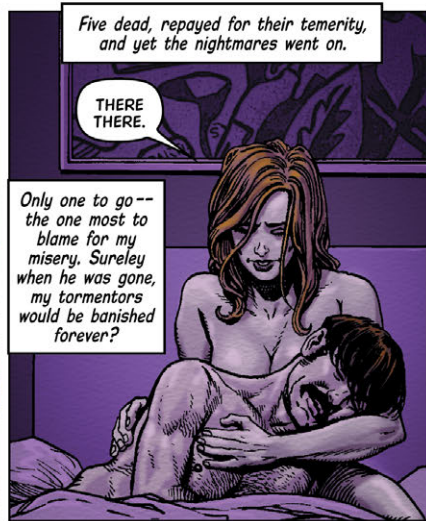


Far from being a release, I felt oddly unclean, as if contact with Larson Sidowski had sullied me. In such a mood, only Inga could give me comfort.



That night I slept badly, assailed again by the twisted faces of my tormentors.

NOOOOOO



Five dead, repayed for their temerity, and yet the nightmares went on.

THERE THERE.

Only one to go-- the one most to blame for my misery. Sureley when he was gone, my tormentors would be banished forever?



I HEARD A SCREAM! EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT HERE?

BETTER CHECK FOR INTRUDERS!



IT WAS ONLY ME-- A BAD DREAM.

PLEASE, LEAVE US.



LARSON SIDOWSKI, 30, LIVES IN A SHORT-LIFE AT QUIMBY. FOUND HIM TIED UP WITH SOME WEIRD KIND OF COLLAR ROUND HIS NECK. MED SAYS CAUSE OF DEATH WAS DROWNING.

THERE WERE SIX RUBBER DUCKS SITTING ON HIS LAP.

I was scheduled to leave at 12:00 hours. My business here was done. Or nearly so.



IT TICKS ALL THE BOXES FOR A MAYBE KILLING, EXCEPT ONE -- ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS, SIDOWSKI NEVER LIVED IN BERGER BLOCK.

THAT COULD BE SIGNIFICANT.



CAN'T REMEMBER NO PJ MAYBE. LARSON NEVER MENTIONED HIM ANYWAYS.

I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT, MR SIDOWSKI, BUT CAN YOU THINK OF ANY REASON WHY YOUR SON MIGHT HAVE COME INTO CONTACT WITH CHILDREN FROM BERGER BLOCK?

SURE.



BACK WHEN ME AND HIS MOTHER WASN'T LIKE GETTIN' ON, Y'KNOW. WE SENT HIM OVER THERE FOR A FEW WEEKS, TO STAY WITH HIS AUNT. JUST TILL THINGS SETTLED DOWN LIKE, Y'KNOW.

HIS AUNT?

WIFE'S SISTER, GLORIUS. MARRIED GEORGE FUNG. LIVED IN 871. HAD A KID SAME AGE, MIASMA.

HELL, THINK I STILL GOT A VID FROM OVER THERE.



SCHOOL PLAY. SOME KID PULLED OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE AND THEY LET LARSON TAKE HIS PLACE.

THAT'S HIM THERE, THE WATER SPRITE. MIASMA'S THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY. DUNNO ANY OF THE OTHERS.

DREDD, I THINK WE'VE GOT IT!



GLORIUS FUNG, NOW LIVING WITH HER EIGHTH HUSBAND IN WALT DISNEY, REMEMBERED BETTER --

MIASMA AND LARSON YOU KNOW. THE MOCK CHOC FAIRY, NOW THAT'S FLORIS McDONALD...

THEN DEEKY STUBBS -- HE'S THE TOOTH FAIRY, AND AURORA... I CAN'T REMEMBER HER LAST NAME, SHE WAS THE SUGARPLUM FAIRY--



AND THE SIXTH -- THAT'S PJ MAYBE?

OH, NO. PJ WASN'T IN IT. THERE WAS SOME... TROUBLE BEFOREHAND AND HE PULLED OUT, THAT'S WHY LARSON GOT A PART.

THE OTHER BOY-- THE FIREFLY -- IS ROBERT BOXX. HIS PARENTS LIVED ON 44.



WHY DIDN'T YOU MENTION ALL THIS BEFORE?

IT WAS SO LONG AGO, I JUST FORGOT.



--AND ALL TOOK PART IN THE SCHOOL FAIRY PLAY, AGE 6.

WE'VE TRACED BOXX TO APARTMENT 9910, PAVAROTTI. SENDING UNITS THERE NOW.

PLAINCLOTHES UNITS! NOTHING TO GIVE AWAY OUR PRESENCE! THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE MAYBE WILL WALK RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!



ASSUMING BOXX IS STILL ALIVE...



GOOD MORNING, SIR, I WONDER IF YOU CAN SPARE A MOMENT TO TALK ABOUT GRUD?

GET LOST.



WHERE IS HE--?

WH-WHO--?



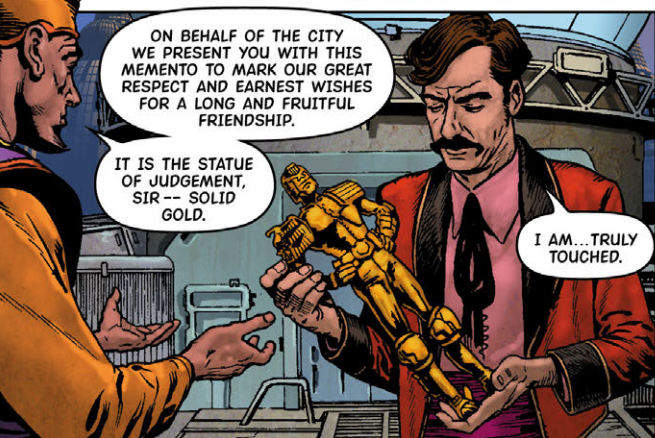
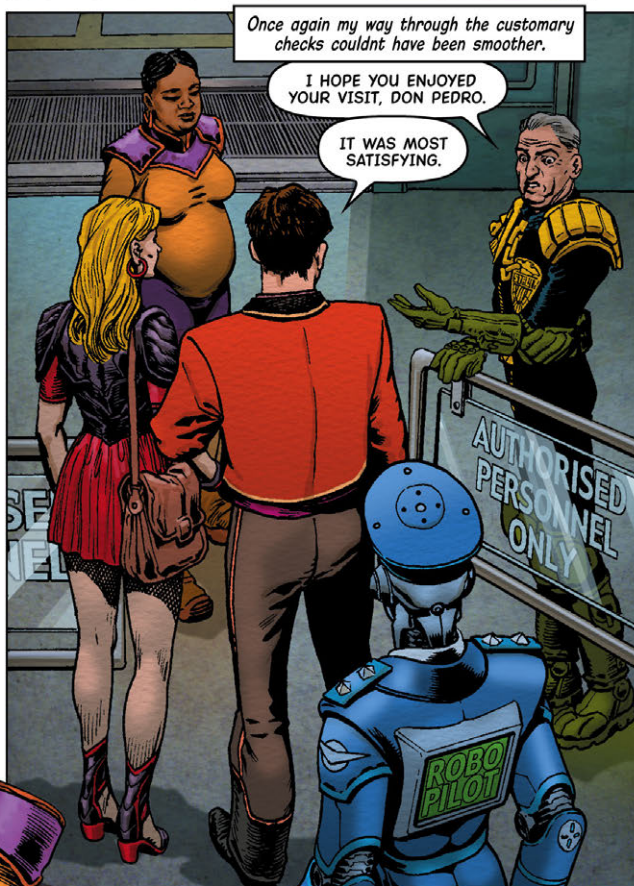
ALL CLEAR.

CITIZEN ROBERT BOXX, FORMERLY OF BERGER BLOCK?

Y-YES --



JUDGES. WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOU MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF MASS MURDERER PJ MAYBE.





YOU SHOULD SEE IT SOON,
OVER TO THE WEST.

YOU HAD NO TROUBLE
GIVING IT TO HIM?

NO, DON PEDRO. THEY DO NOT EXPECT
A FELLOW PILOT TO SLIP A POWERFUL
HYPNOGENIC IN THEIR SYNTHI-CAF. AFTER
THAT, HE WAS VERY OPEN TO SUGGESTION.

*Cracked I may be, stupid Im not. Unsatisfactory though it was not
to carry out the final killing in person, by now, I felt, they would
be wise to my intensions. No doubt there would be judges crawling
all over the block.*

*The more the merrier. It was only right
and fitting. After all, I could hardly
return to Mega-City One without leaving
a proper calling card, could I?*

DON'T PULL YOUR HAIR OUT THERE,
CONTROL, JUST TAKING A LITTLE
SHORTCUT THROUGH PAVAROTTI.

NEGATIVE!
NEGATIVE!
ABORT!

CONTROL, WE HAVE A HOVERTANKER
FLYING LOW TOWARD PAVAROTTI! WHAT
THE HELL'S HE DOING? WARN HIM OFF!

KA-KROOOM!

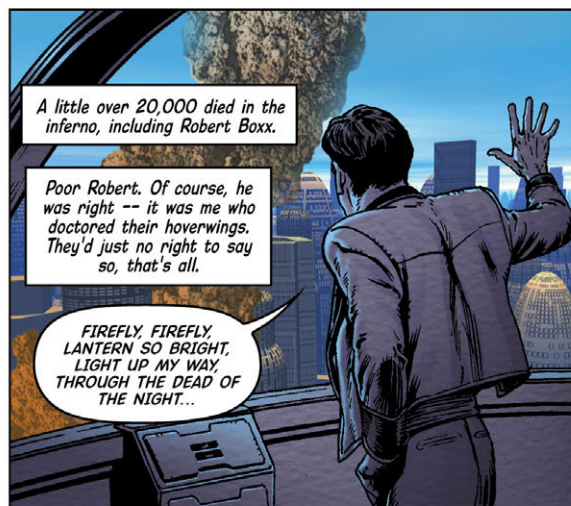
DROKK!

AAAAAAH



NBODY
COULD SURVIVE
THAT!

I SHOULD'VE
SEEN IT -- I
SHOULD HAVE SEEN
IT COMING!



A little over 20,000 died in the
inferno, including Robert Boxx.

Poor Robert. Of course, he
was right -- it was me who
doctored their hoverwings.
They'd just no right to say
so, that's all.

FIREFLY, FIREFLY,
LANTERN SO BRIGHT,
LIGHT UP MY WAY,
THROUGH THE DEAD OF
THE NIGHT...

I would like to say that those rotten
treatment of me was what made me go
bad and turned me into a psychopath,
but clearly I was pretty bad already.

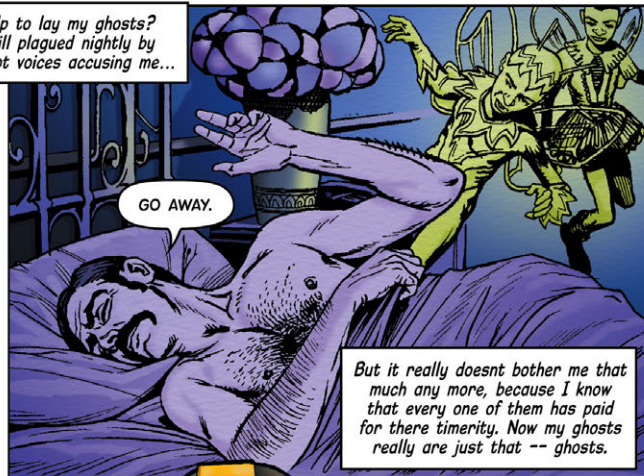
Did it work? Did the executions help to lay my ghosts?
Half and half, I'm afraid, for I'm still plagued nightly by
visions of their stupid faces, their idiot voices accusing me...



BAD!

WE HATE
YOU, PJ!

SNEAKY AND
HORRIBLE!



GO AWAY.

But it really doesnt bother me that
much any more, because I know
that every one of them has paid
for there timidity. Now my ghosts
really are just that -- ghosts.



WHEREVER YOU ARE,
WHEREVER YOU HIDE, I'LL
FIND YOU, PJ MAYBE!



TWENTY YEARS TO MIDNIGHT

Script: Al Ewing
Art: Henry Flint
Colours: Chris Blythe
Letters: Annie Parkhouse

Originally published in *Judge Dredd Magazine* 302

THE MIDNITE CLUB'S
JUMPING TONIGHT.

TEENS NIGHT
— ALL MUSIC
FROM THE 2100S.
TEENAGERS
GET IN FREE.

JIMMIE ZEEN LIKES
THE IRONY. PLUS, IT
MEANS LESS DULTS.

JIMMIE HATES THE
DULTS. ALL THE LOST
BOYS HATE THE DULTS.

THEY'RE OUT IN
FORCE TONIGHT.

THEY CONTROL THE
FLOOR, DANCING IN
FORMATION — THE
BLOCK ROUTINE.

NOT A STEP OUT OF PLACE.
NOBODY SAYS A WORD.
DISCIPLINE IS TOTAL.

ON A NORMAL NIGHT,
THERE'D BE SMILES,
WISECRACKS, MAYBE A
LITTLE FREESTYLING...

NOT TONIGHT.

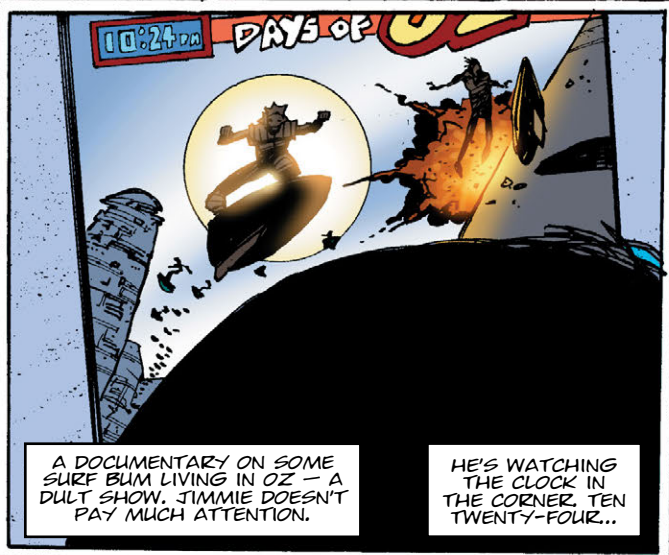
TONIGHT,
THE DANCE
IS A VIGIL.

TONIGHT, THE
LOST BOYS
BURY THEIR
KING.



THE ROUTINE IS PERFECT — JIMMIE DOESN'T HAVE TO LOOK TO KNOW THAT. HE'S DRILLED THEM WELL. HE'S A GOOD LEADER.

INSTEAD, HE KEEPS HIS EYES ON THE VIDSCREEN ABOVE THE BAR...



A DOCUMENTARY ON SOME SURF BUM LIVING IN OZ — A DULT SHOW. JIMMIE DOESN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION.

HE'S WATCHING THE CLOCK IN THE CORNER, TEN TWENTY-FOUR...

I TOLD YOU, MRS GUNDERSON — WE'RE NOT AT THE BALLET, WE'RE IN SOME HOWWIBLE JUVE CLUB SURWOUNDED BY WUFFIANS AND WAPSCALLIONS! WALTER PWEDICT A WIOT!

DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, DEAR?

WE'RE NOT AT THE BALLET, MRS GUNDERSON!

NOT LONG NOW.

SAME AGAIN, LADY?

OH, IS IT THE INTERVAL ALREADY?

THE NUTCRACKER? NO, NO — THIS IS SWAN LAKE.

SO THAT'S ONE SMALL SHERRY... AND AN OIL FOR YOU, BUDDY?

A TWIPLE PLEASE.

OIL ★★★★★

TRY



HOW ABOUT YOU, PALLY? 'NOTHER SOYMILK-PLUS?

SURE.

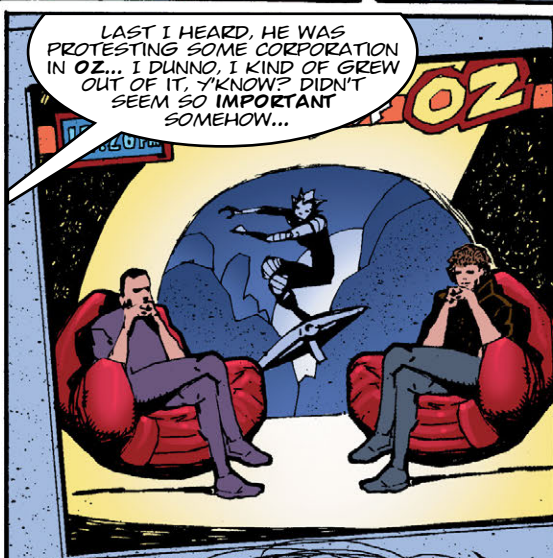
HEY, WHO'S THIS DUMBO?



WHO, CHOPPER? MY HERO WHEN I WAS A KID - KING SCRAWLER, KING SURFER, WHOLE DAMN CITY KNEW HIS NAME.

HE GOT SHOT UP SO BAD IN SUPERSURF ELEVEN. EVERYONE THOUGHT HE CROAKED. I REMEMBER MY GANG DID A MEMORIAL SURF THROUGH A FUNERAL HOME.

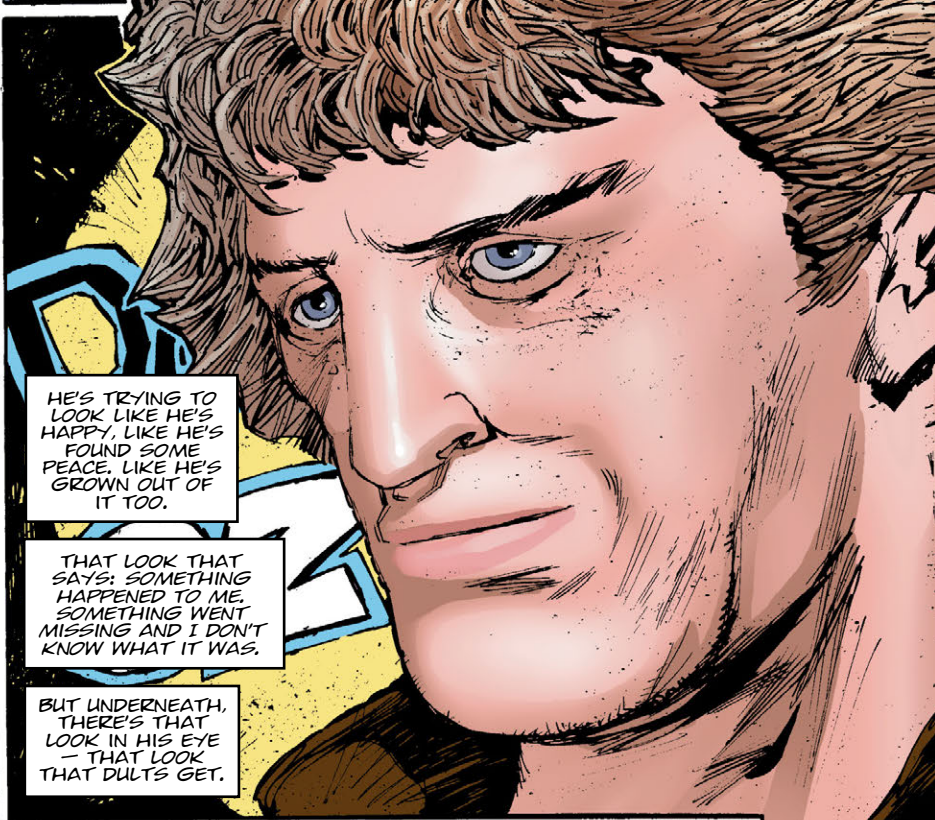
WE ALL GOT TWO YEARS. TURNED OUT HE WASN'T EVEN DEAD.



LAST I HEARD, HE WAS PROTESTING SOME CORPORATION IN OZ... I DUNNO, I KIND OF GREW OUT OF IT, Y'KNOW? DIDN'T SEEM SO IMPORTANT SOMEHOW...

NOTHING EVER SEEMS IMPORTANT TO A DULT. IT'S ONE REASON THE LOST BOYS HATE THEM.

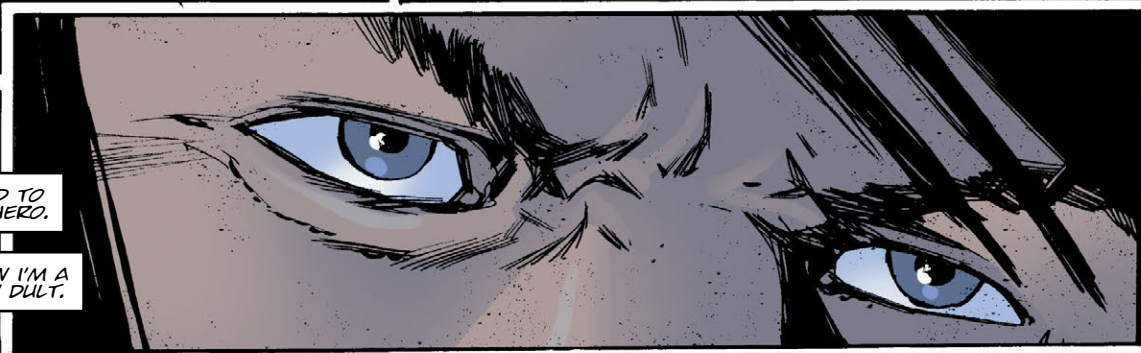
JIMMIE TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT THE HERO. HE'S SITTING IN SOME STUDIO IN OZ, SMILING AT FOOTAGE OF WHEN HE MATTERED.



HE'S TRYING TO LOOK LIKE HE'S HAPPY, LIKE HE'S FOUND SOME PEACE. LIKE HE'S GROWN OUT OF IT TOO.

THAT LOOK THAT SAYS: SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME, SOMETHING WENT MISSING AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.

BUT UNDERNEATH, THERE'S THAT LOOK IN HIS EYE - THAT LOOK THAT DULTS GET.



I USED TO BE A HERO.

AND NOW I'M A STINKIN' DULT.

NO - >KOFF!< -
NOT MY JIMMIE...
HE'S A GOOD
BOY -

WE BOTH
KNOW THAT
HASN'T BEEN
THE CASE
FOR SOME
TIME, MRS
ZEEN.

DO YOU
KNOW ANYONE BY
THE NAME OF DEKE
DUNBAR?

I-I
DON'T THINK SO
->KOFF!< -

HE'S A
PROFESSOR OF
ECONOMICS AT JIM
BARRIE BLOCK COLLEGE.
HE'S ALSO EXPRESSED
SYMPATHIES WITH
THE TERROR
GROUP TOTAL
WAR -

FOUND
SOMETHING.

THE BOMB
AND THE BALLOT
BY GERHARDT
CRANE - LOOKS
LIKE DUNBAR'S
COPY.

I ACTUALLY
STUDIED THIS
FOR MY BANNED
LITERATURE COURSE.
THERE'S A GREAT
CHAPTER WHERE HE
RATIONALISES
BLOWING UP A
NUNNERY...

AN
AUTHOR FOR OUR
TIMES.

THE BOMB
AND THE
BALLOT
BY GERHARDT
CRANE

LOOKS
LIKE JIMMIE
MADE SOME
NOTES ON THE
TEXT...

POSSIBLES:
DAVID ESSEX,
DAN DURYEA,
BARRY TOOK,
DOT COTTON,
GLENN BECK

WHAT DO YOU
THINK? A LIST OF
CONTACTS?

THOSE
ARE BLOCK
NAMES. COULD BE
BOMB TARGETS - CALL
CONTROL AND GET
THEM CHECKED
OUT.

MRS
ZEEN, WE
NEED TO KNOW
WHERE JIMMIE
IS RIGHT
NOW.

HE - >KOFF!< -
HE WENT TO THE
MIDNITE CLUB WITH THE
OTHER JUVES - THAT
GANG OF HIS!

SAID IT
WAS - >KOFF!< -
SOME KINDA SPECIAL
OCCASION...

ONE HOUR TO GO.
THEN IT'S ALL OVER.

THE FIRST THING JIMMIE REMEMBERS IS FIGHTING OFF A RAT IN A DP CAMP, 'CAUSE THE DULTS HAD SCREWED EVERYTHING UP. HE WAS THREE.

HE DOESN'T REMEMBER HIS DAD - HE GOT SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD BY A ROBOT JUDGE. THE DULTS SCREWED UP AGAIN.



THAT'S WHAT THE DULTS DO. THEY SCREW UP.

HIS MA HAS TO BREATHE THROUGH A MASK BECAUSE THE MEAT VIRUS ROTTED HALF HER LUNGS OUT. THE DULTS SCREWED UP.

YEAH, SHE'S A DULT HERSELF, BUT SHE'S STILL HIS MA. WELFARE KEEP STOPPING HER CHEQUES - 'REDEFINING THE DISABILITY THRESHOLD', THEY CALL IT.



THE DULTS DON'T EVEN TAKE CARE OF THEIR OWN.

THE LOST BOYS HATE THE DULTS. THAT'S WHAT BEING A LOST BOY IS.

THEY'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH THE SAME. THEY ALL GREW UP IN A HORROR STORY. THEY KNOW WHO WROTE IT FOR THEM.

DULTS.



JIMMIE WALKS AMONG THEM, DOING THE BLOCK HANDSHAKE. ONE LAST LITTLE RITUAL. ONE LAST BIT OF LEADERSHIP.

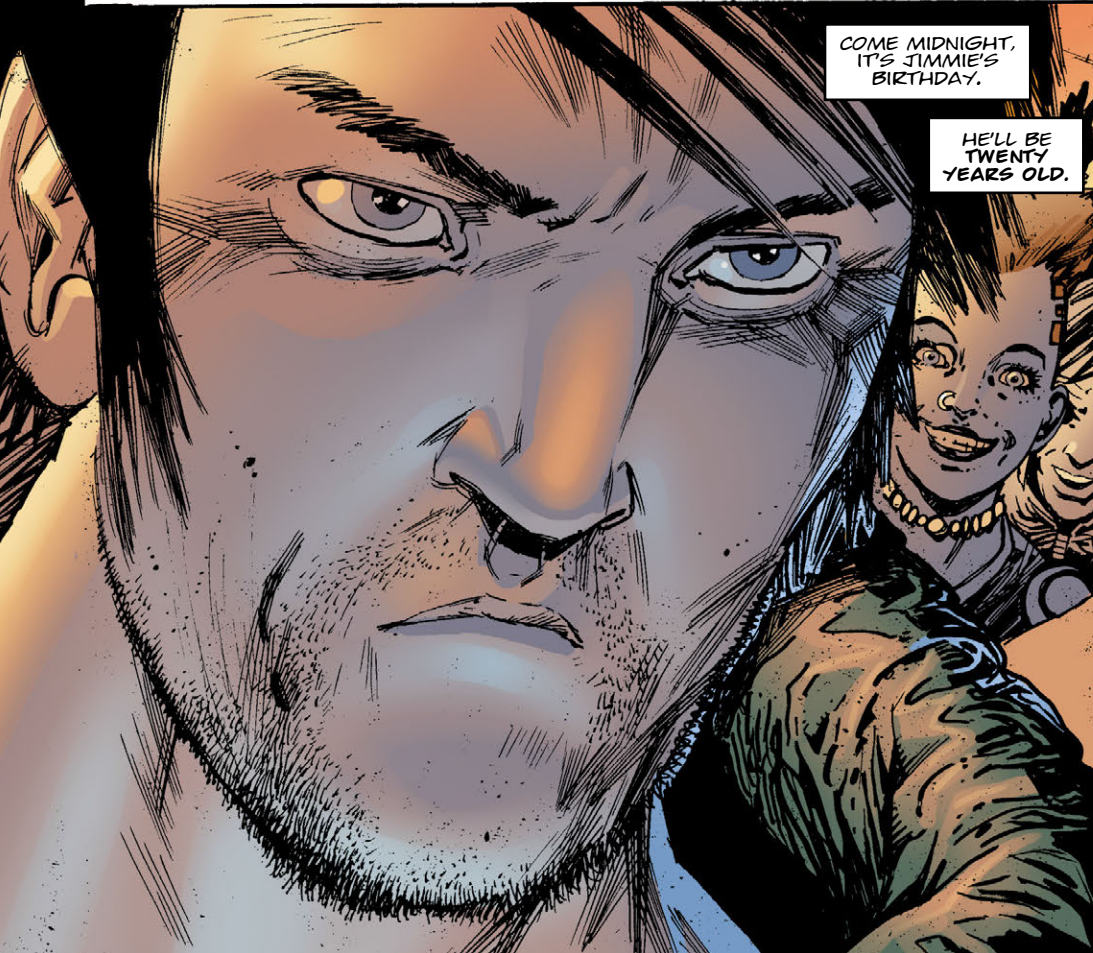
AT MIDNIGHT, HE WON'T BE THEIR LEADER ANYMORE.



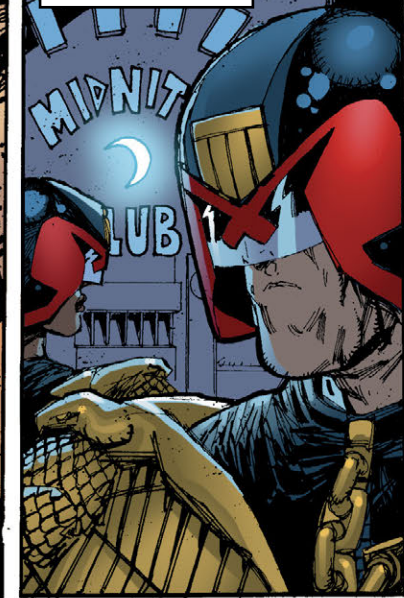
HE'LL BE DEAD TO THEM - WORSE. IF THEY SEE HIM AFTER MIDNIGHT, THEY'LL TAKE A BLADE TO HIM.

COME MIDNIGHT, IT'S JIMMIE'S BIRTHDAY.

HE'LL BE TWENTY YEARS OLD.



COME MIDNIGHT, JIMMIE BECOMES A DULT.

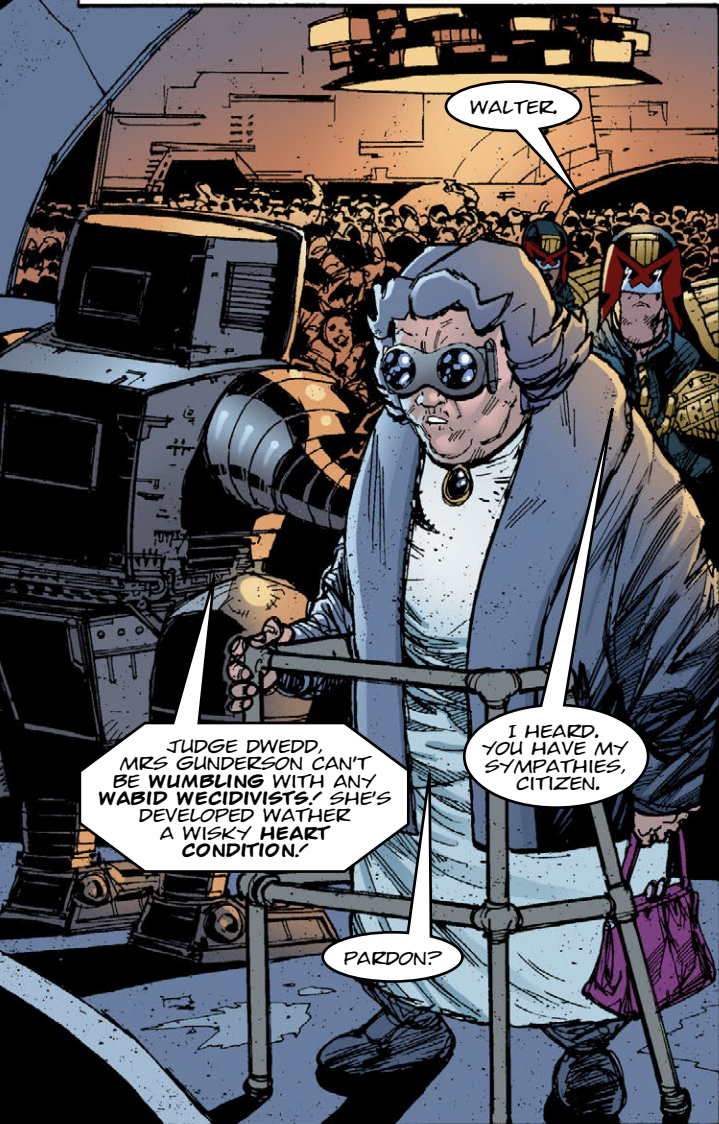




HEAVY GANG PRESENCE. WE SHOULD TRY TO KEEP THIS LOW-KEY -

YOO HOO! JUDGE DWEDD!

HOLD THAT THOUGHT.



WALTER.

JUDGE DWEDD, MRS GUNDERSON CAN'T BE WUMBLING WITH ANY WABID WECIDIVISTS. SHE'S DEVELOPED WATHER A WISKY HEART CONDITION.

I HEARD. YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHIES, CITIZEN.

PARDON?



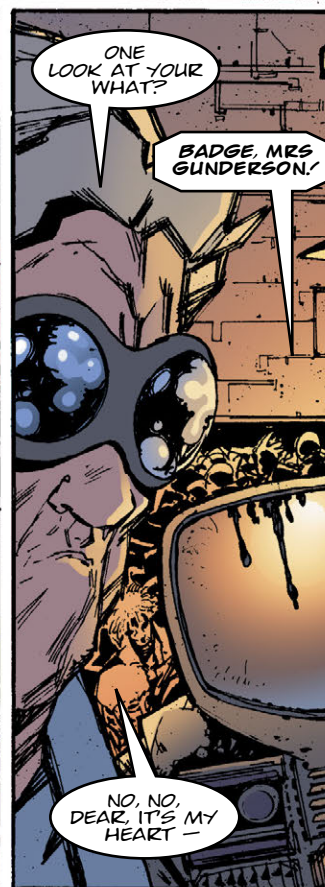
I SAID I'M SORRY TO HEAR A BOUT YOUR ANGINA, MRS GUNDERSON.

OH NO, JUDGE, IT'S MY HEART THAT'S THE TROUBLE.



WE'RE HERE TO MAKE AN ARREST, WALTER - COULD LEAD TO TROUBLE. MY ADVICE IS TO GET MRS GUNDERSON OFF THE PREMISES.

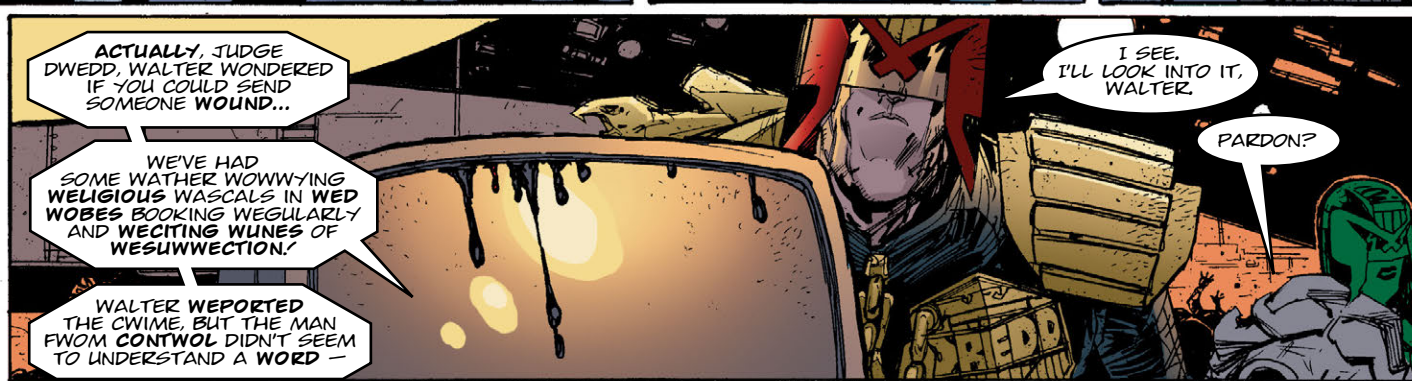
PAH! I'D LIKE TO MEET THE WOTTER WHO COULD WUFFHOUSE WITH THE GWEAT JUDGE DWEDD! ONE LOOK AT YOUR BADGE AND THEY'LL BE WUNNING LIKE WABBITS!



ONE LOOK AT YOUR WHAT?

BADGE, MRS GUNDERSON!

NO, NO, DEAR, IT'S MY HEART -



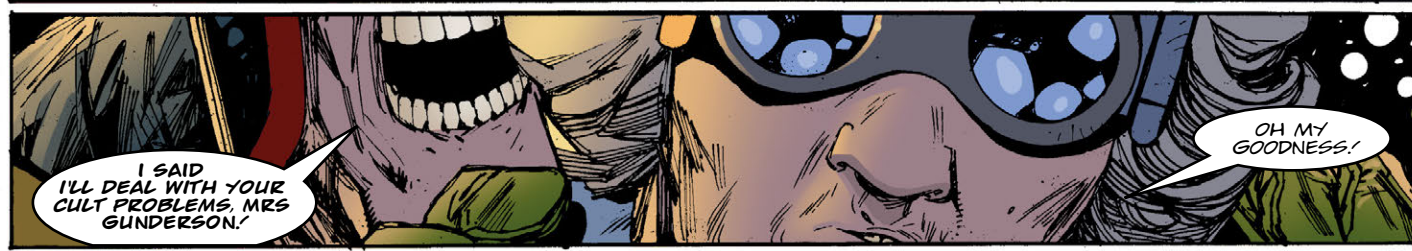
ACTUALLY, JUDGE DWEDD, WALTER WONDERED IF YOU COULD SEND SOMEONE WOUND...

WE'VE HAD SOME WATHER WOWWYING RELIGIOUS WASCALS IN WED WOBES BOOKING WEGULARLY AND WECITING WUNES OF WESUNWECTION.

WALTER WEPORATED THE CWIME, BUT THE MAN FWOM CONTWOL DIDN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND A WORD -

I SEE, I'LL LOOK INTO IT, WALTER.

PARDON?



I SAID I'LL DEAL WITH YOUR CULT PROBLEMS, MRS GUNDERSON.

OH MY GOODNESS!



REALLY,
IT'S MY
HEART.

EVERYONE ELSE IN
HERE IS A JIM **BARRIE**
LOST BOY. **HARDCORE**
AGEISTS — **TECHNICALLY**,
I'M A **JUVE** TOO, SO
THEY DON'T USUALLY
GIVE ME MUCH
TROUBLE.

STILL,
THEY'RE NOT
USUALLY ALL
TOGETHER LIKE
THIS. **BACK-UPS**
ON THE WAY —
WE COULD HANG
BACK UNTIL IT
GETS HERE.



IF TOTAL
WAR IS PLANNING
SOMETHING, WE
MIGHT NOT HAVE
TIME.

YOU'VE
GOT EXPERIENCE
WITH THESE **CLOWNS** —
YOU TAKE THE
LEAD.

GOOD
COP, BAD
COP?



SURE.

I'LL
TAKE **BAD**
COP.



THERE'S AN
INTAKE OF
BREATH. THE
DANCING
STOPS.

BEEN-Y'S A FAMILIAR
FACE ON THEIR TURF —
SHE'S WON THEIR
RESPECT. BUT TO
BRING A **DULT** ONTO
THIS SACRED GROUND...

AND NOT JUST ANY **DULT** —
THE **ARCH-DULT**, THE
OLD MAN HIMSELF...



THE CHALLENGE
CANNOT GO UNMET.

JIMUEL
ZEEN?

LOUSY
CHINFACE —



DON'T
EVEN THINK
IT.



WHOKK



I-I DON'T HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WITH NO TOTAL WAR! I HATE ALL THAT POLITICAL CRAPOLA!

WHAT ABOUT THE BOOK, ZEEN? 'THE BOMB AND THE BALLOT' - WE FOUND IT AT YOUR APARTMENT.

I BORROWED IT OFF THE PROF! I FIGURED IT'D BE ABOUT EXPLOSIONS AND STUFF - THAT'S ALL! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME!

SO YOU ADMIT YOU'VE BEEN MEETING DUNBAR?

N-NO -

THE PROF FROM THE COLLEGE? HE'S A STINKIN' DULT! SHAME! SHAME!

SHUT IT, CREEP!

I'D ADVISE AGAINST LYING TO ME, JIMMIE. WE'VE BEEN MONITORING DUNBAR ON PSU FOR YEARS - HE'S WHAT WE CALL HIGH RISK.

WE'VE GOT YOU AND HIM MEETING IN SECRET FOUR TIMES IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS. TELL THE TRUTH AND WE CAN GO EASY ON YOU.

THIS FOR REAL, JIMMIE?

YEAH, J - YOU A TERRORIST NOW?

TOTAL WAR NUKED MY SISTER. YA LOUSY FINK -

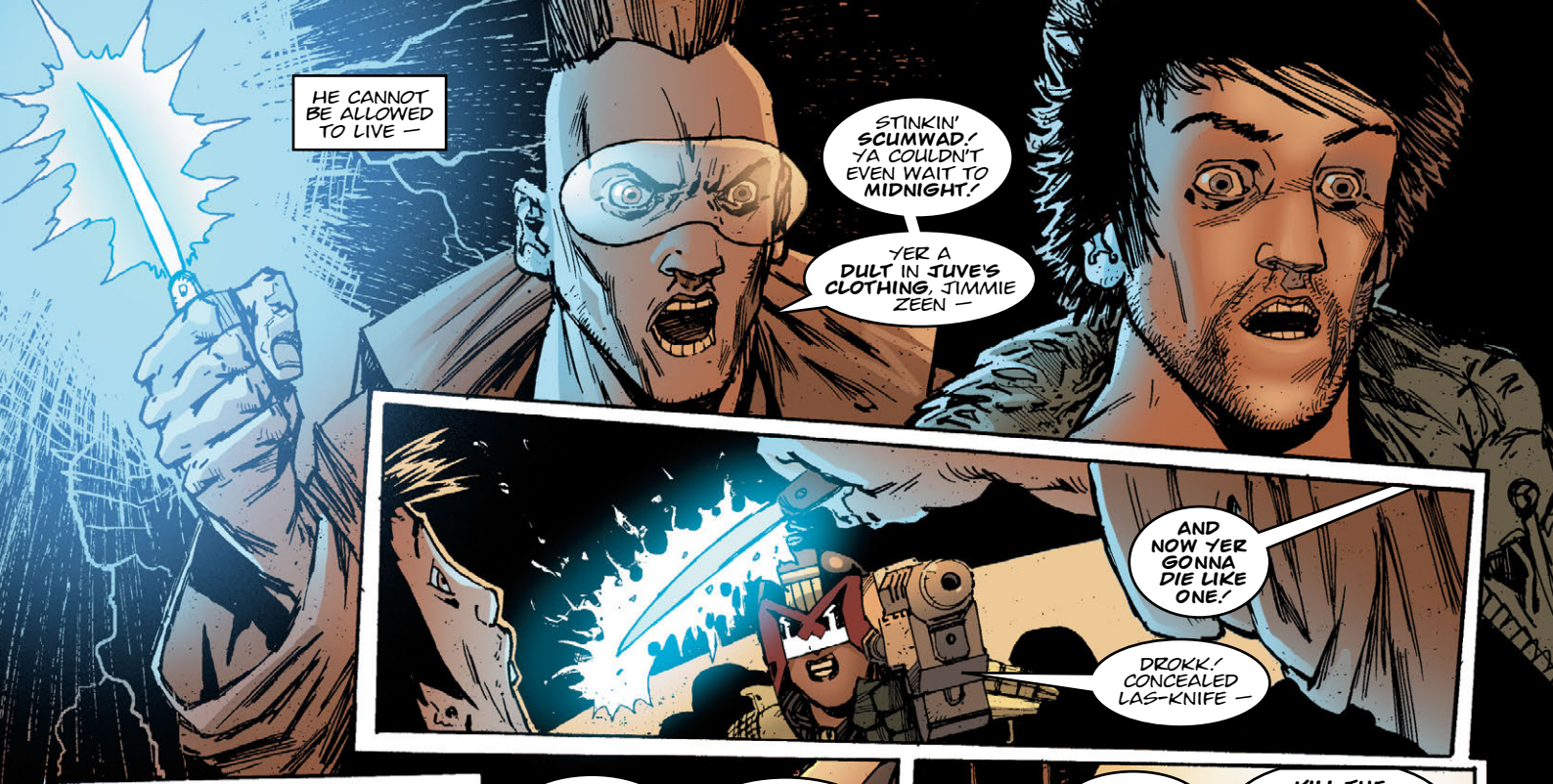
N-NO - I MEAN, IT AIN'T LIKE THAT! THE PROF WAS - HE WAS -

HE WAS HELPIN' ME WIT' MY MORTGAGE!

YOU GUYS WERE GONNA TURN ON ME - I COULDN'T STAY IN THIS BLOCK! I-I HADDA START A NEW LIFE SOMEWHERE!

I DON'T KNOW NONE O' THAT ECONOMICS JAZZ - I NEEDED HELP! YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND -

THE PLEAS FALL ON DEAF EARS. JIMMIE HAS UTTERED THE M-WORD - THE FORBIDDEN WORD OF ULTIMATE DULT-NESS.



HE CANNOT
BE ALLOWED
TO LIVE —

STINKIN'
SCUMWAD!
YA COULDN'T
EVEN WAIT TO
MIDNIGHT!

YER A
DULT IN JIVE'S
CLOTHING, JIMMIE
ZEEN —

AND
NOW YER
GONNA
DIE LIKE
ONE!

DROKK!
CONCEALED
LAS-KNIFE —



DROP
IT, PAL!



MORE
WHERE THAT
CAME
FROM —

THE
WHOLE CLUB'S
GOING
CRAZY!

KEEP
THEM OFF
ZEEN! WE'RE NOT
DONE WITH
HIM!



EASIER
SAID THAN
DONE —

KILL THE
DULT! SLASH HIS
THROAT! CHOP
HIS FACE!

NO —
PLEASE —



DROKK!

NNEEEAAAARRRGHH!



RUNNING OUT OF AMMO — DIDN'T FIGURE THEY'D TAKE IT THIS BADLY —

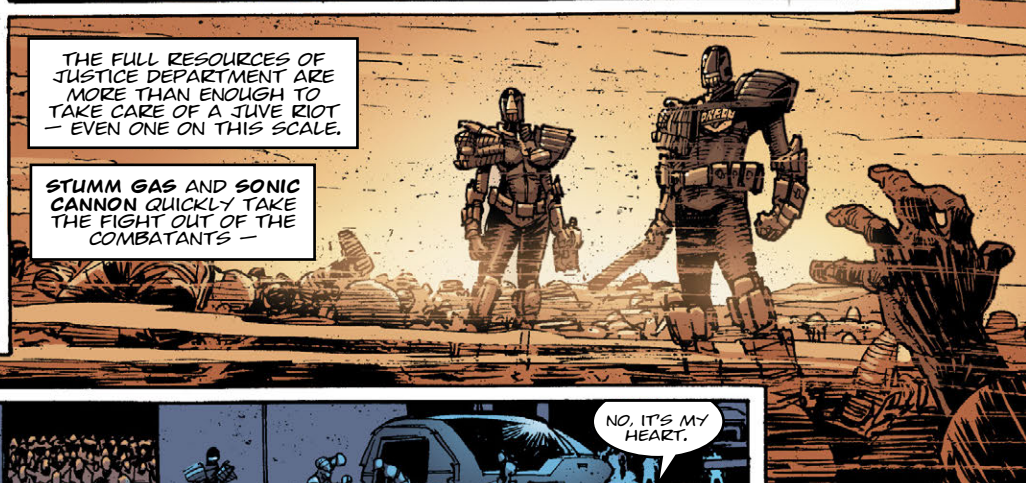
CONTROL — WE'VE GOT A SITUATION! WHERE'S THAT BACK-UP?



ETA FIFTEEN SECONDS, DREDD.

TELL THEM TO INITIATE CROWD CONTROL PROCEDURES IMMEDIATELY ON ARRIVAL!

THE MIDNITE CLUB IS UNDER ARREST!



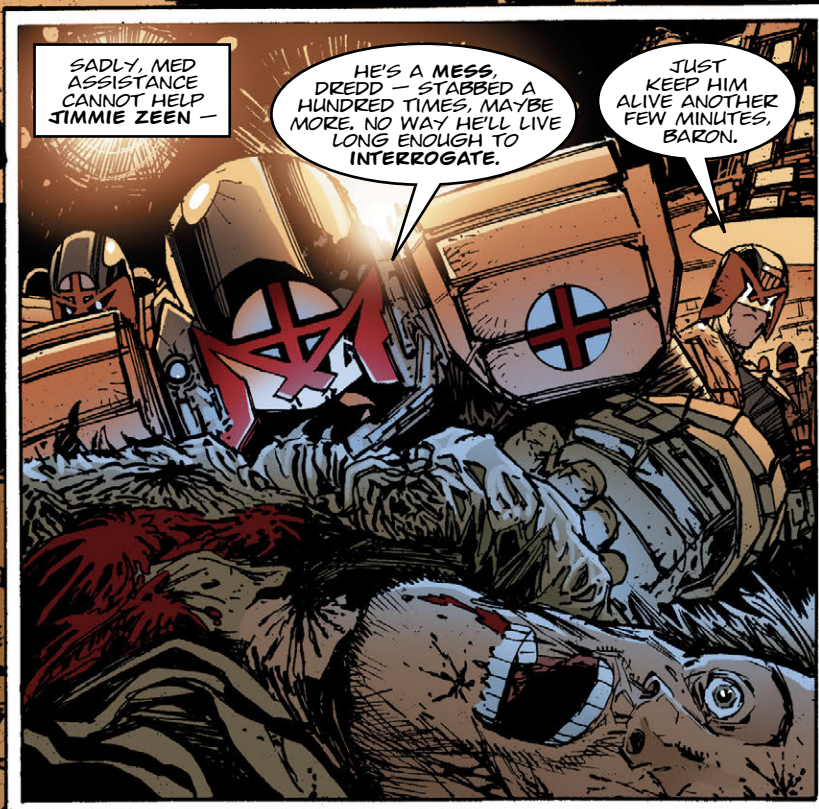
THE FULL RESOURCES OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF A JUVE RIOT — EVEN ONE ON THIS SCALE.

STUMM GAS AND SONIC CANNON QUICKLY TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF THE COMBATANTS —



— WHILE MED-, MEAT- AND PAT-WAGONS WAIT OUTSIDE TO SORT THROUGH THE PERPS.

NO, IT'S MY HEART.



SADLY, MED ASSISTANCE CANNOT HELP JIMMIE ZEEN —

HE'S A MESS, DREDD — STABBED A HUNDRED TIMES, MAYBE MORE. NO WAY HE'LL LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO INTERROGATE.

JUST KEEP HIM ALIVE ANOTHER FEW MINUTES, BARON.



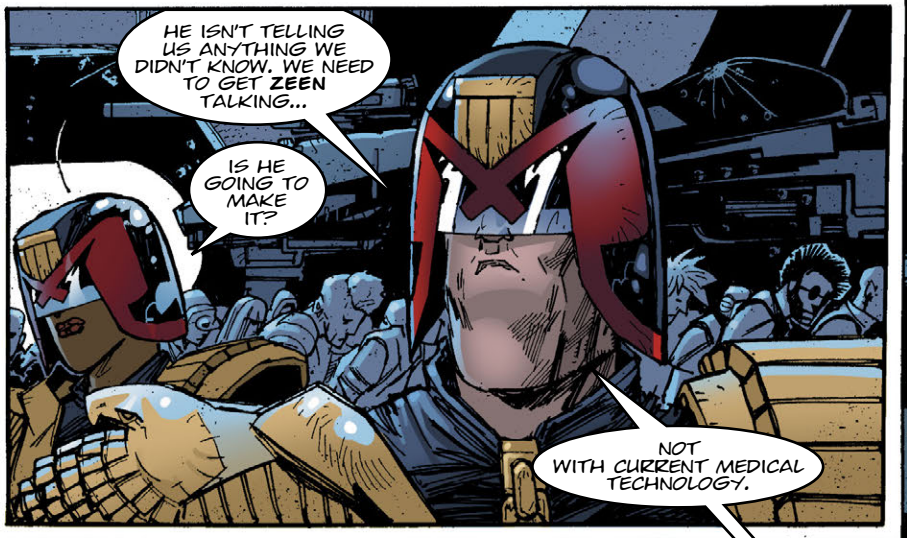
I'M CALLING IN THE SPECIALISTS.



WHAT A MESS... AT LEAST WE KNOW TOTAL WAR WEREN'T INVOLVED.

MAYBE. THAT MORTGAGE EXPLANATION IS A LITTLE TOO CONVENIENT - WOULDN'T HURT TO MAKE SURE.

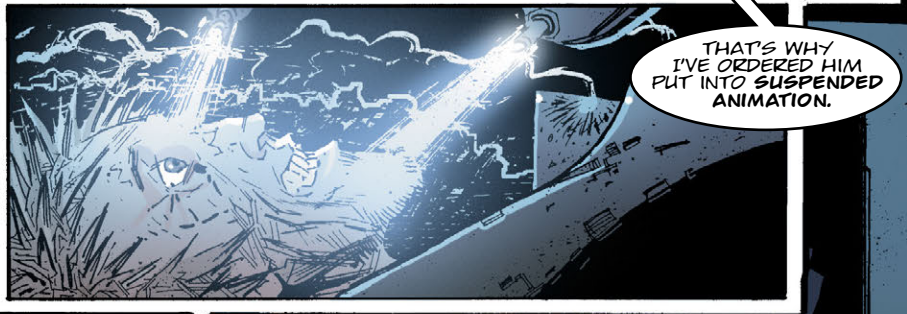
WE'VE GOT DUNBAR, RIGHT? DISTRIBUTION OF BANNED LITERATURE -



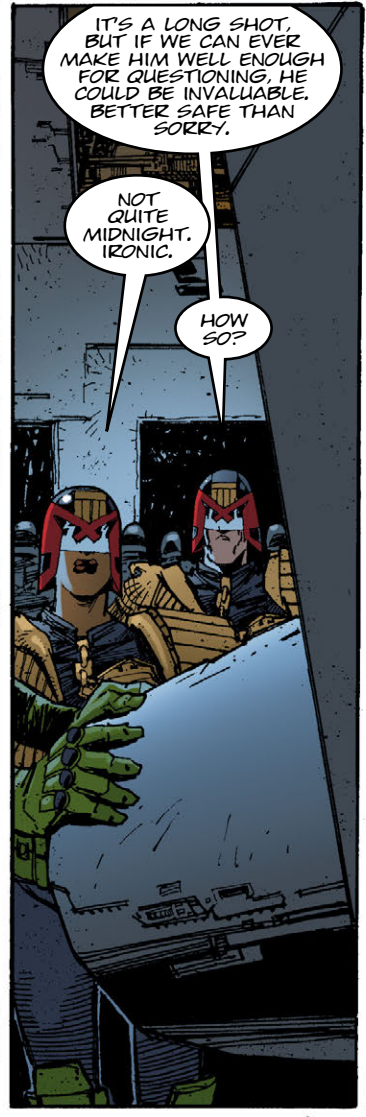
HE ISN'T TELLING US ANYTHING WE DIDN'T KNOW. WE NEED TO GET ZEEN TALKING...

IS HE GOING TO MAKE IT?

NOT WITH CURRENT MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY.



THAT'S WHY I'VE ORDERED HIM PUT INTO SUSPENDED ANIMATION.



IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IF WE CAN EVER MAKE HIM WELL ENOUGH FOR QUESTIONING, HE COULD BE INVALUABLE. BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY.

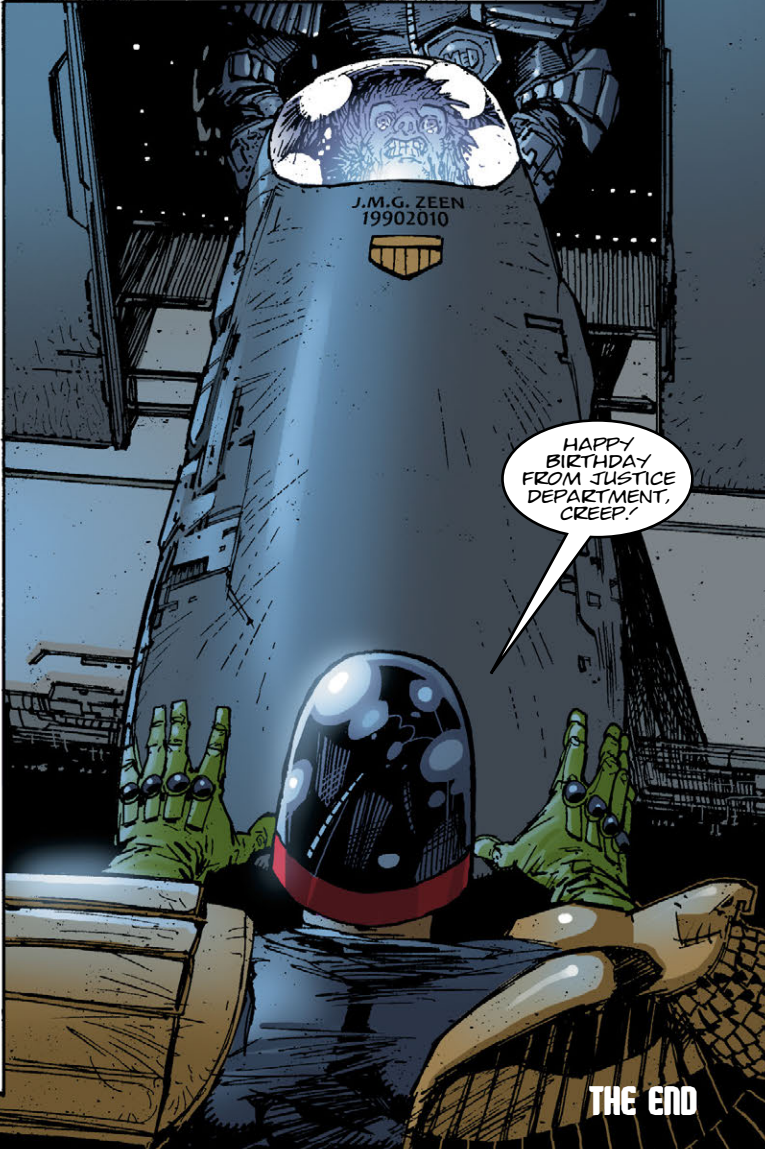
NOT QUITE MIDNIGHT, IRONIC.

HOW SO?



ZEEN HATED DULTS - AND YOU JUST MADE SURE HE'LL STAY A JIVE FOREVER, OR FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY.

THERE IS THAT.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, CREEP!

THE END



MEGA-CITY 5000

Script: John Wagner
Art: Bill Ward, Brian Bolland
Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 40, 41

I AM THE LAW AND YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT!

IN MEGA-CITY 1,
SPRAWLING
METROPOLIS OF
THE FUTURE...

CROSSING THE
STREET...

JUDGE DREDD

2000A
Credit C
SCRIPT ROBOT
JOHN WAGNER
ART ROBOT
BILL WARD
LETTERS ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E

OUTTA MY WAY,
OLD MAN!

COULD BE THE MOST
DANGEROUS...

ACT OF YOUR LIFE...

AAARGH!

... AND SO BEGINS...
THE MEGA CITY
5000 RACE...

COVERING THE WHOLE EAST COAST OF THE USA, THE RACE WAS LIMITED TO 5000 RIDERS, AND THE WINNER WOULD BECOME TOP MAN AMONG THE VICIOUS BIKE GANGS THAT TOOK PART.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE RULE IN THE MEGA-CITY 5000 - THAT THERE ARE NO RULES!

THE BIKE HOOLIGANS ARE CUTTING A TRAIL OF DEATH ACROSS THE CITY! WHERE ARE THE JUDGES WHEN WE NEED THEM MOST?

THE "MUTIES" ARE GONNA WIN DIS RACE, ZOOT. YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

HELP!

AAAIE!

IN THE LEAD WAS ZOOT SMILEY, THE "SPACERS" GANG LEADER, AND JUST BEHIND WAS SPIKES "HARVEY" ROTTEN, LEADER OF THE "MUTIES".

UP AHEAD THE JUDGES WERE WAITING BEHIND A STEEL BARRIER, STRETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD.

HALT! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

JUDGES! ROAD BLOCKS EVERYWHERE! WE GOTTA DETOUR-

BUT NUTTIN' AIN'T GONNA STOP DA MEGA CITY 5000! Lissen, SPACER, I SAY WE CALL A TRUCE TILL WE DEALT WIT' DA LAW.

AGREED, MUTIE.

BEHIND ONE OF THE BARRICADES WAS JUDGE DREDD.

SOME OF US WILL DIE TODAY... BUT IT IS OUR DUTY AS JUDGES TO RID MEGA-CITY OF THESE MURDERING MANIACS!

LET'S GO, JUDGES!

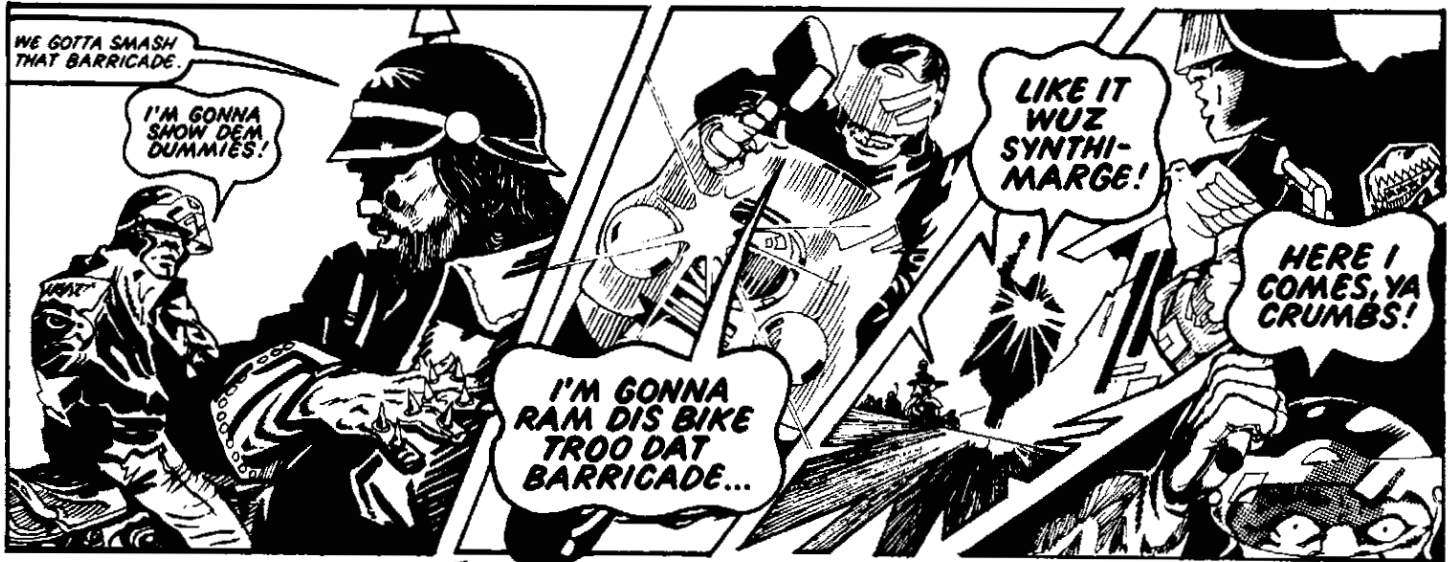
THOUGH HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED, THE JUDGES HAD BEEN TRAINED FROM YOUTH IN THE ART OF CLOSE COMBAT.

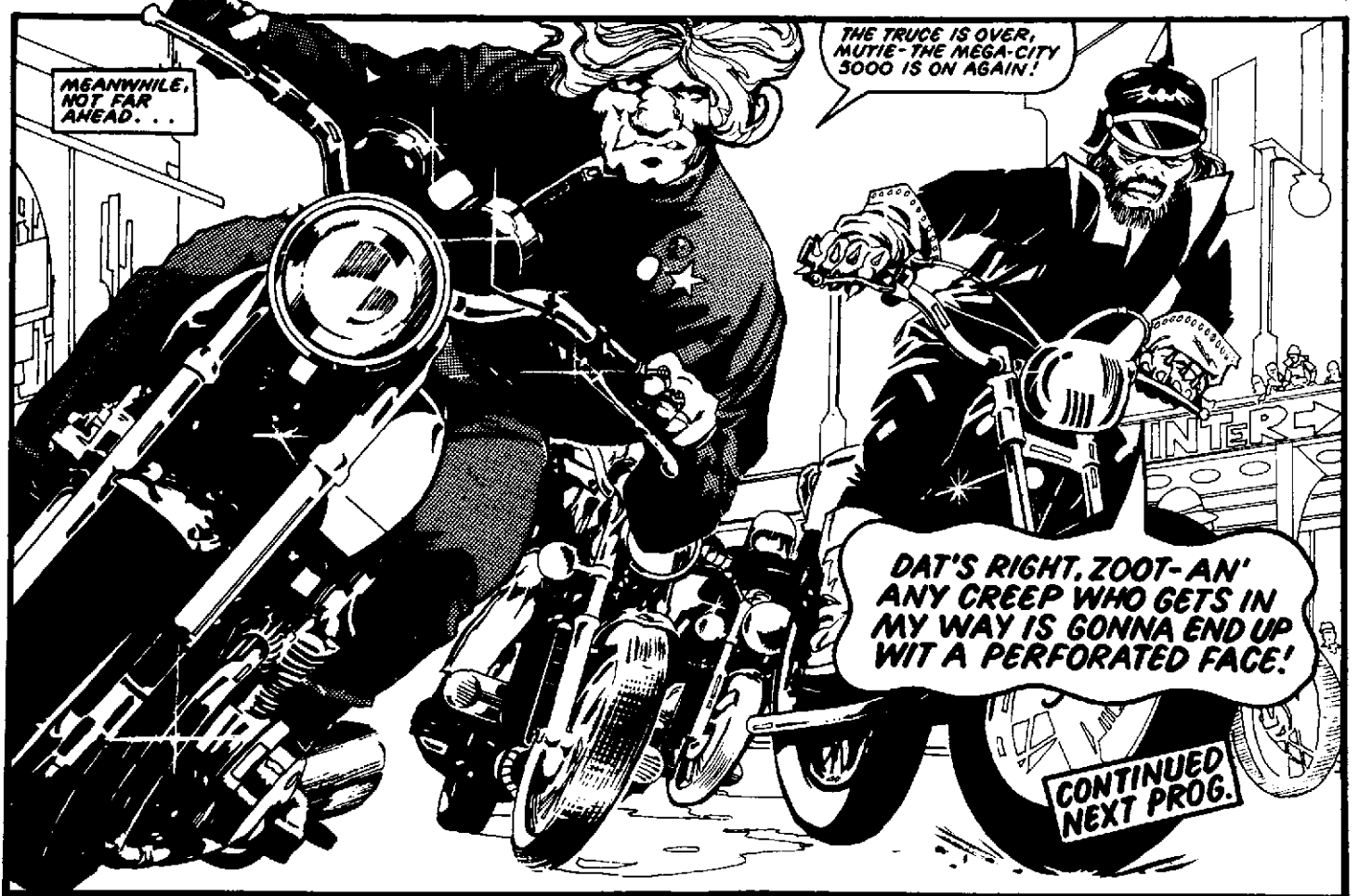
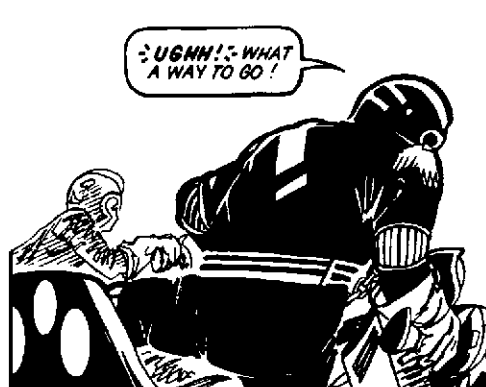
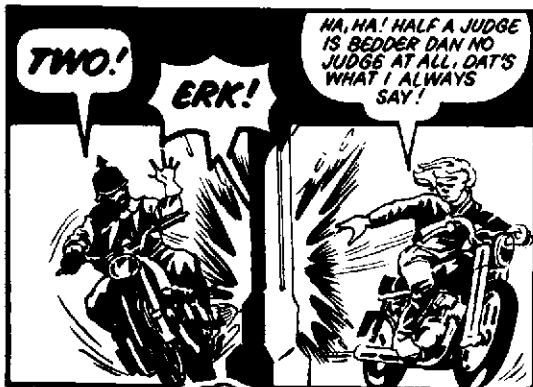
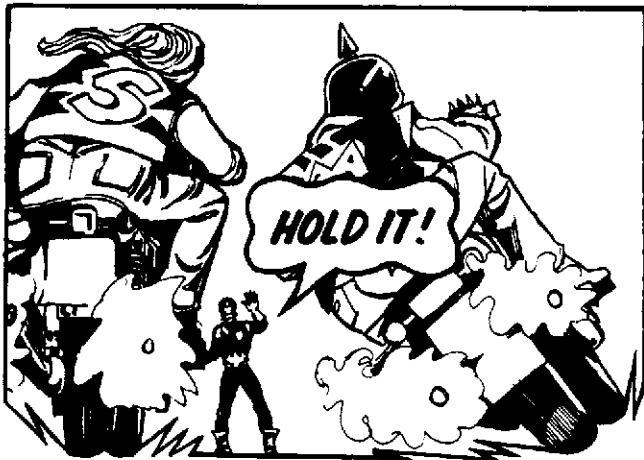
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW A DENTIST, CREEP?

SOON THE JUDGES BEGAN TO GAIN THE UPPER HAND...

MOST OF MY BOYS ARE DOWN. THE FUZZERS OUTNUMBER US TWO TO ONE NOW.

DUH... IT AIN'T FAIR! DA JUDGES SHOULDN'T OUGHTA SPOIL DA RACE JUS' 'COS WE SPLATTED A COUPLA THOUSAND PEOPLE!





CONTINUED
NEXT PROG.

2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT

JOHN HOWARD

ART ROBOT

BRIAN BOLLAND

LETTERING ROBOT

TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E

THE MEGA-CITY 5000!

EVERY YEAR COUNTLESS CITIZENS ARE INJURED BY VICIOUS MOTORBIKE GANGS WHO TAKE PART IN THIS ILLEGAL RACE ACROSS THE CITY. NOW ONLY FOUR RIDERS ARE LEFT IN THE RACE!

ZOOT SMILEY, LEADER OF THE SPACERS GANG, AND HIS NO. 2 MAN, FLASH...

RIGHT ON. IT'S GONNA BE A SPACER WHO WINS THIS YEAR'S MEGA-CITY 5000!

THE MUTIES ARE GAINING ON US, -LET'S GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, SHALL WE?

AN' NOW YA DOITY SPACERS IS GONNA GET DA WOIKS!

LOOK LIKES BRUDDER BONES IS OUTA DA RUNNIN'...

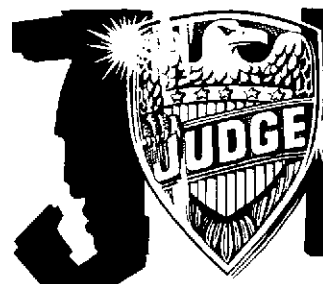
THE BIG TRANSIT SWERVED IN FRONT OF "SPIKES" HARVEY ROTTEN, LEADER OF THE MUTIES, AND HIS SIDE-KICK BONES.

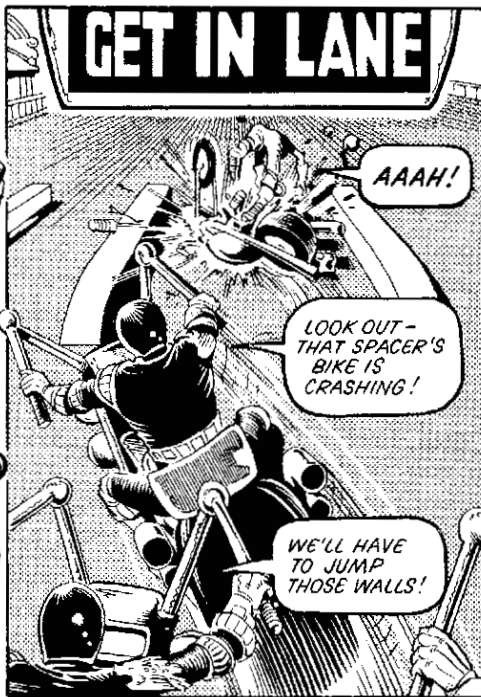
THE SPACERS AND THE MUTIES WERE COMPETING IN THIS DEADLY RACE

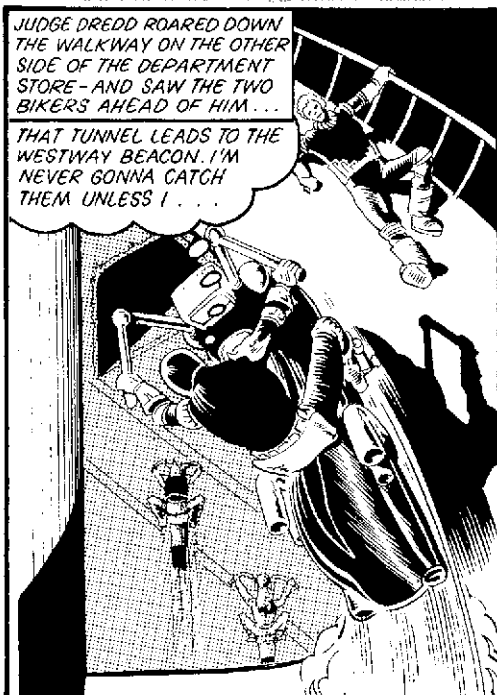
WE'VE GOTTA MAKE SURE NOBODY WINS THE MEGA-CITY 5000, OTHERWISE THIS DESTRUCTION WILL CONTINUE NEXT YEAR!

MEANWHILE, JUDGE DREDD AND TWO OTHER CITY LAWMAN RIDE IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE SPEEDING THUGS...

YEAH, NO-ONE CAN CHALLENGE THE LAW - AND WIN!

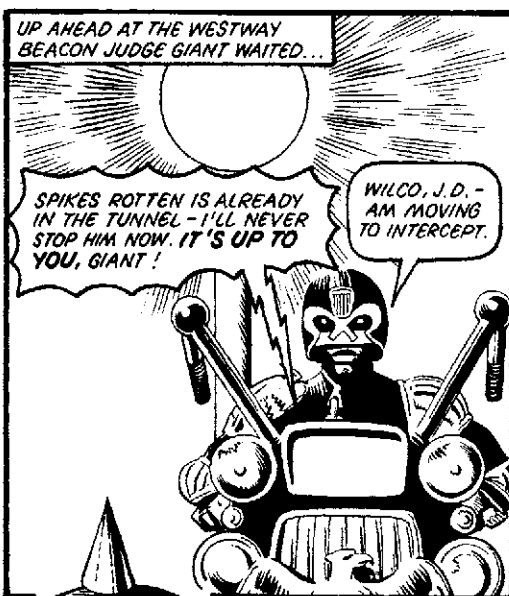








THAT'S RIGHT, PUNK-
AN' I'M PUTTING
YOU IN REVERSE!



UP AHEAD AT THE WESTWAY
BEACON JUDGE GIANT WAITED...

SPIKES ROTTEN IS ALREADY
IN THE TUNNEL - I'LL NEVER
STOP HIM NOW. IT'S UP TO
YOU, GIANT!

WILCO, J.D. -
AM MOVING
TO INTERCEPT.

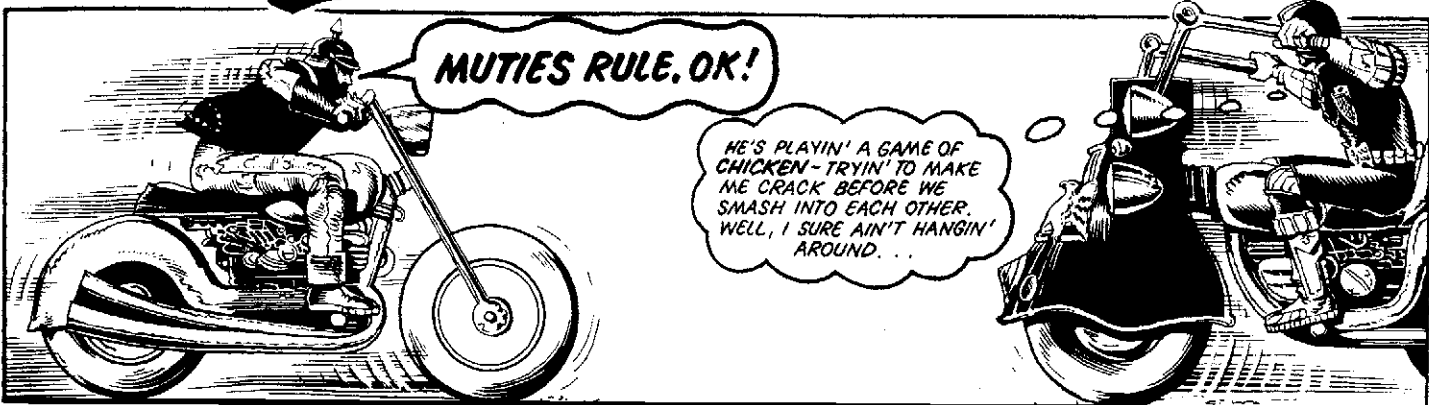


HOLD IT, BABY!
YOU AIN'T GETTIN'
PAST ME.

IZZATSO, LAWMAN?
WELL, DERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY YA GONNA STOP
SPIKES ROTTEN REACHIN'
DAT LINE...

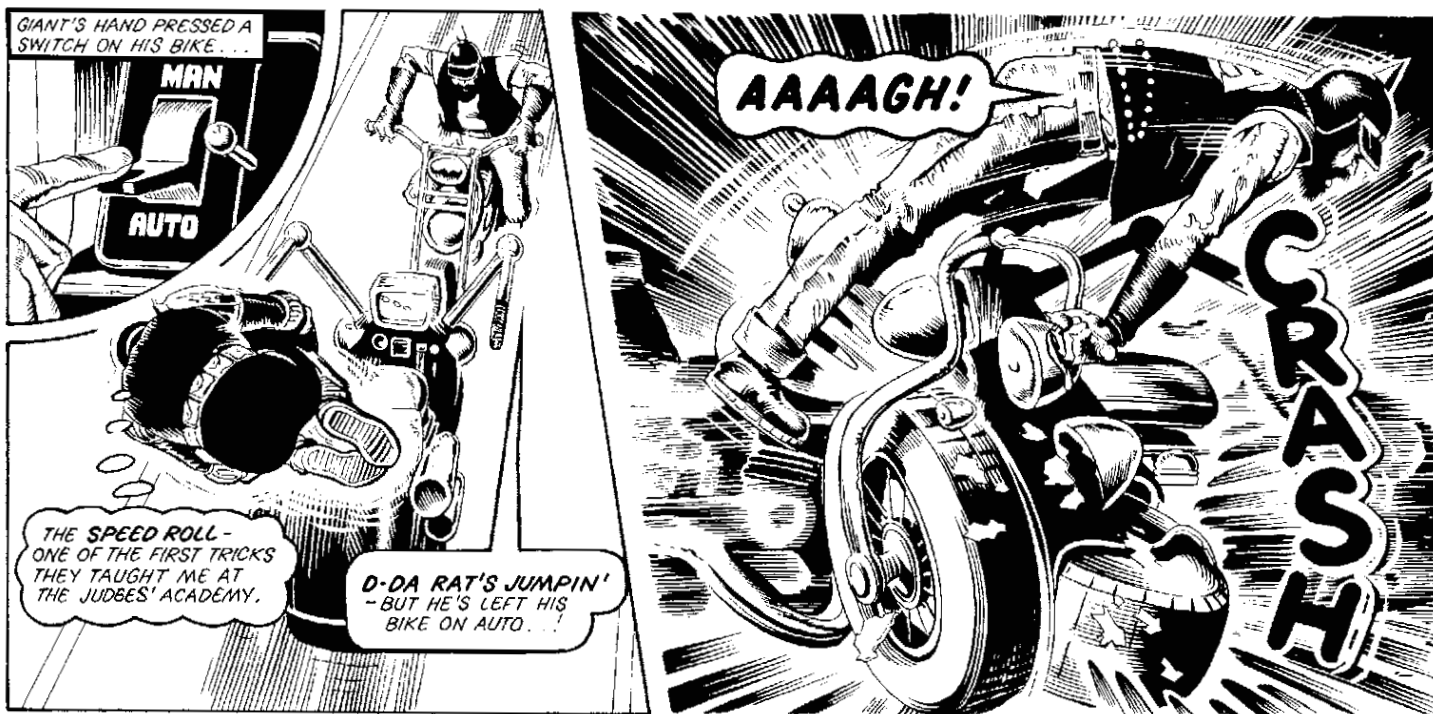


YA GONNA HAFTA
RAM DAT HEAPA
JUNK YA RIDIN'
RIGHT INTA ME!



MUTIES RULE. OK!

HE'S PLAYIN' A GAME OF
CHICKEN - TRYIN' TO MAKE
ME CRACK BEFORE WE
SMASH INTO EACH OTHER.
WELL, I SURE AIN'T HANGIN'
AROUND...





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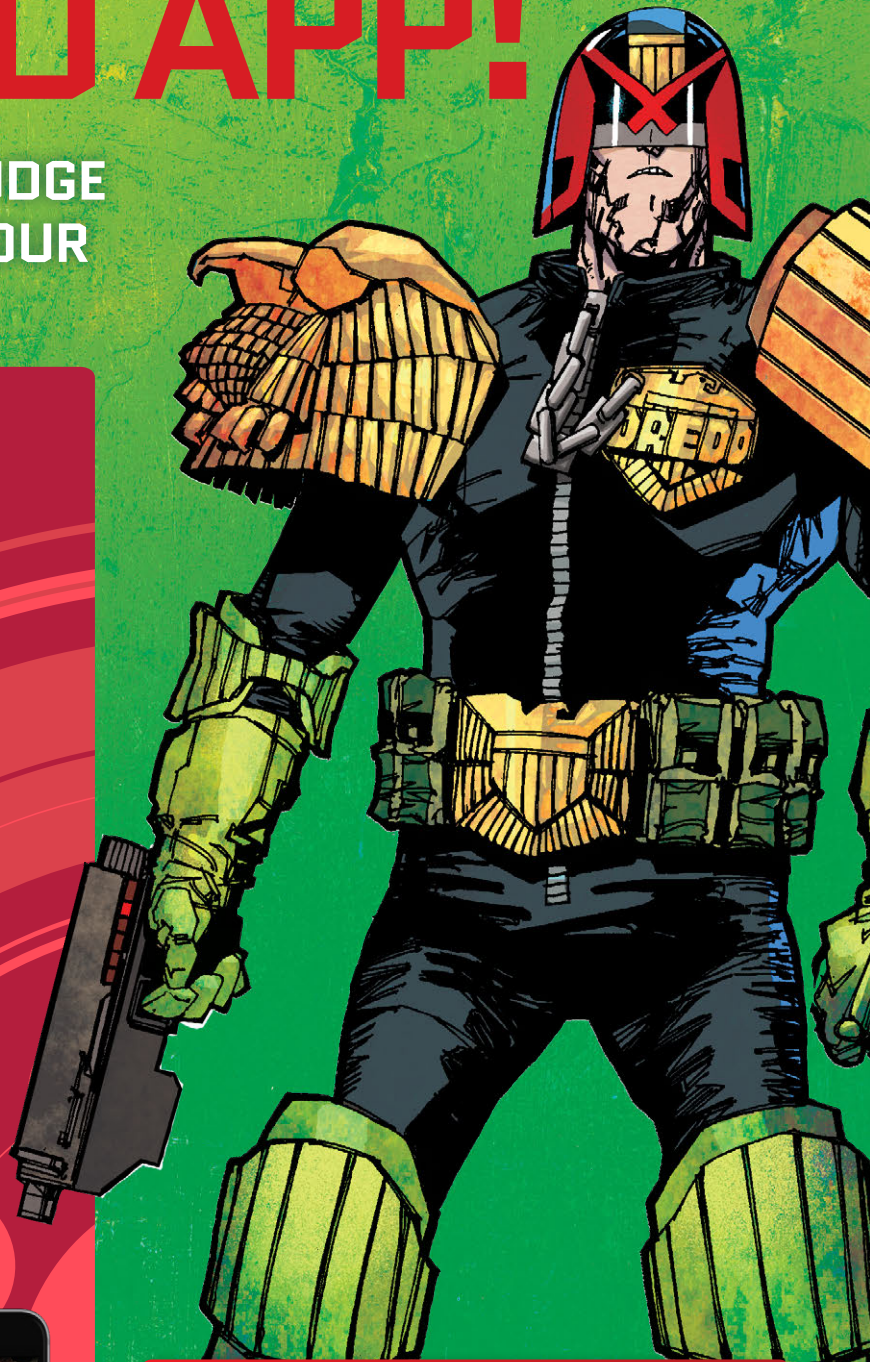
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