

JOHN WAGNER ■ ALAN GRANT ■ BRIAN BOLLAND

# JUDGE DREDD

## DREDD VS. DEATH







## JUDGE DREDD: DREDD VS. DEATH

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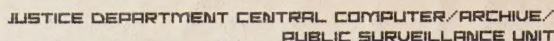
# JUDGE DREDD

## DREDD VS DEATH



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# **JUDGE DEATH**

**Script: John Wagner**

**Art: Brian Bolland**

**Letters: Tom Frame**

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Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 149-151

# **JUDGE DREDD**





# JUDGE DREDD

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, GIANT METROPOLIS OF THE 22ND CENTURY, A CRIMINAL WAS ESCAPING FROM THE LAW...

DUMB JUDGES! HA! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH TINY THE TAP!



2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN HOWARD

ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND

LETTERING ROBOT  
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E



ULP! ME AN' MY BIG MOUTH!  
I-I SURRENDER, JUDGE!



SATAN'S BREATH — Y-YOUR FACE!  
YOU-YOU'RE NO ORDINARY JUDGE! YOU—



M-MY DOK!



H-HIS HAND...



...G-G-GOING RIGHT INTO ME!







IT'S TINY THE TAP! WE WERE CHASING HIM WHEN WE LOST HIM IN THIS MAZE.

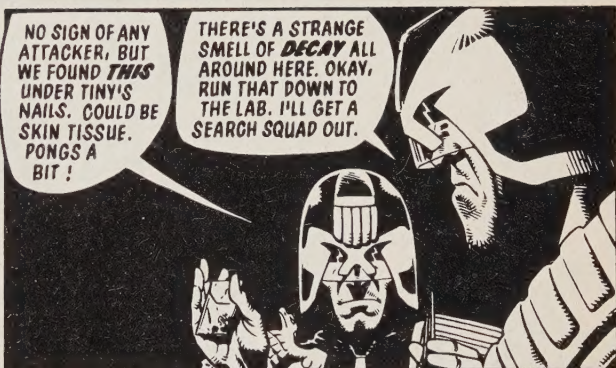
WHEN WE FOUND HIM  
HE WAS DEAD. THERE'S  
NOT A MARK ON HIM -  
BUT LOOK AT  
*HIS FACE!*



LIKE HE  
DIED OF...  
**TERROR!**

NO SIGN OF ANY  
ATTACKER, BUT  
WE FOUND *THIS*  
UNDER TINY'S  
NAILS. COULD BE  
SKIN TISSUE.  
PONGS A  
BIT!

THERE'S A STRANGE  
SMELL OF **DECAY** ALL  
AROUND HERE. OKAY,  
RUN THAT DOWN TO  
THE LAB. I'LL GET A  
SEARCH SQUAD OUT.



**SOON, AT  
THE LAB—**



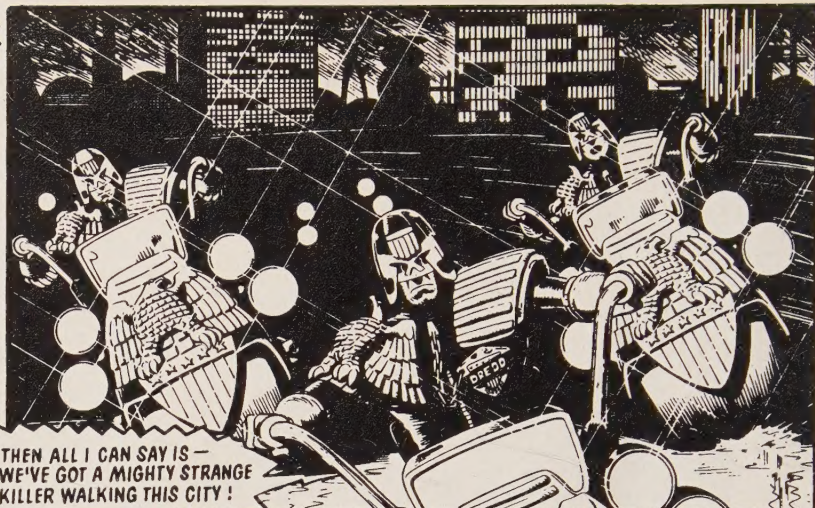
SKIN, ALL RIGHT.  
MIGHT BE HUMAN—  
HARD TO TELL JUST  
YET. IT'S IN AN  
ADVANCED  
STATE OF  
DECOMPOSITION...



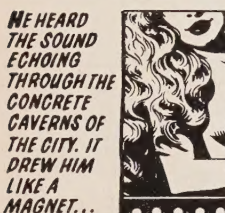


I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT DAYS, OR EVEN YEARS. THIS SKIN HAS BEEN DEAD FOR **CENTURIES**.

IMPOSSIBLE. IF THE SKIN ISN'T TINY'S, IT'S GOT TO BE HIS ATTACKER'S.



THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS — WE'VE GOT A MIGHTY STRANGE KILLER WALKING THIS CITY!



WE HEARD THE SOUND ECHOING THROUGH THE CONCRETE CAVERNS OF THE CITY. IT DREW HIM LIKE A MAGNET...

THE ONE SOUND WHICH COULD STIR FEELING IN THAT COLD, DEAD HEART. THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER... OF LIFE...

THAT HATED SOUND!



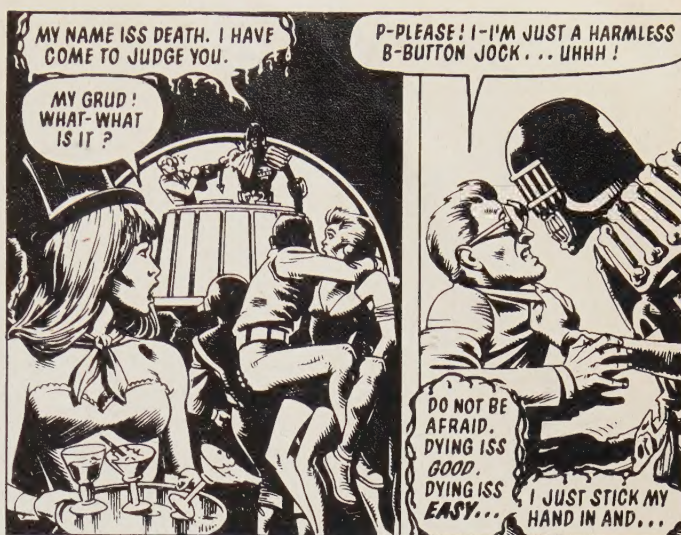
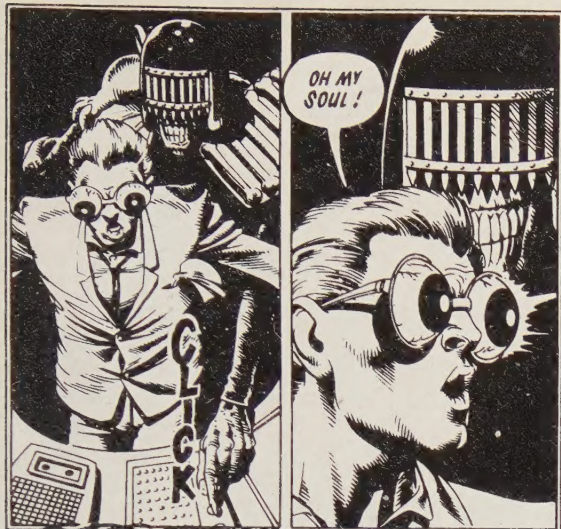
MORE SCROTNIG SOUNDS COMIN' ROUND FROM THE GUY WITH THE 'LECTRIC EYES! RIGHT NOW PLUG INTO THE NUMBER ONE BLAST — WHO PUT THE BOOP ?!!



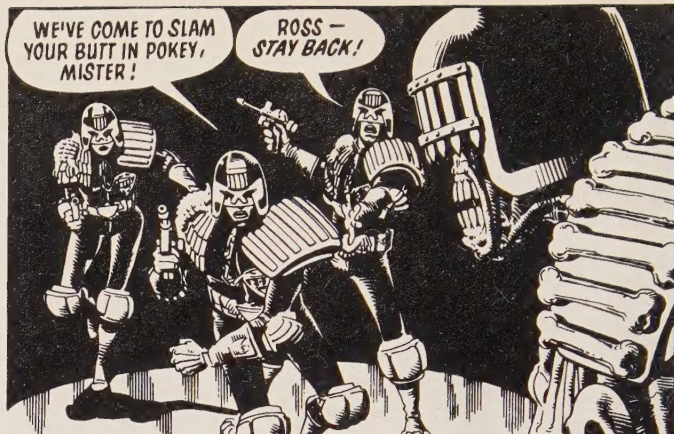
& WHO PUT THE BOOP ON MY BEST BROWN BOOTS ? ♪ WHO PUT THE GLOP ON MY ZIGGA ZIGGA ZING ZANG ?

HEY-EY! THE SOUND ABOUNDS!









**NEXT PROG: THE GUILTY... AND THE DAMNED!**



# JUDGE DREDD

A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING CREATURE STALKS THE FUTURE CITY...  
**JUDGE DEATH!**



WE'RE BLOWIN' CHUNKS OFF HIM —  
BUT HE KEEPS COMING!

YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOES NOT LIVE!  
I HAVE COME TO JUDGE THIS  
CITY! TO BRING YOU LAW...

...THE LAW  
OF DEATH!

2000AD  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN HOWARD  
ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e

HIS FINGERS — PIERCING  
RUNCIMAN'S NECK LIKE  
IT WAS CUSTARD!



JUDGE DREDD WAS IN CHARGE OF  
THE MEGA-CITY LAWMEN —



BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM!  
SWITCH TO INCENDARY,  
RAPID FIRE!



HE'S GONE  
UP LIKE A  
HUMAN  
TORCH!

NOT  
HUMAN!





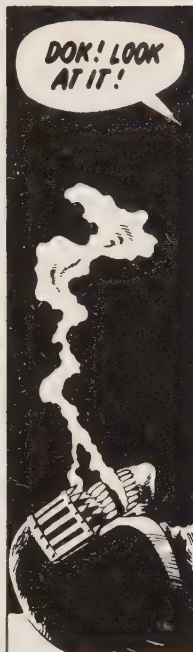
WHATEVER *ELSE* IT IS,  
THAT THING'S *NOT*  
HUMAN!

AS THE  
FLAMES  
DIED...

JUST A CHARRED HUSK!  
HE'S NOT COMING BACK  
TO LIFE AFTER *THAT*!

THERE'S SMOKE  
RISING FROM ITS  
HEAD!

AND THERE'S THAT  
FOUL STENCH AGAIN!



DOK! LOOK  
AT IT!



IT'S GETTING  
THICKER!



LAWBREAKERS!  
YOU HAVE  
DELAYED ME,  
THAT ISS ALL.  
THISS CCITY  
ISS EVIL, BUT I  
WILL CLEANSSE  
IT!



ALL WILL BE  
JUDGED!

AND THEN IT WAS GONE... LEAVING ONLY THE SHATTERED RUIN OF  
THE NIGHTCLUB AND THE BODIES OF *THE JUDGED*...

IT JUST  
BLEW AWAY!  
MY GRUD,  
DREDD, WHAT  
KIND OF  
MONSTER  
IS THIS?



I WISH  
I KNEW,  
MCKAY.

THERE'S TOO MUCH WE DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT *JUDGE DEATH*.  
WE'D BETTER START FINDING  
OUT, AND QUICK. IT DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE HE'S TAKING  
ANY PRISONERS!



THE REMAINS WERE TAKEN TO THE MORGUE. THERE, DREDD CALLED IN PSI-DIVISION - JUDGES SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THEIR **ABNORMAL PSYCHIC POWER...**

THAT'S JUDGE ANDERSON, OUR BEST OPERATOR. IF ANYONE CAN CONTACT THIS CREATURE, SHE CAN.



I'D BETTER FILL YOU IN, ANDERSON...

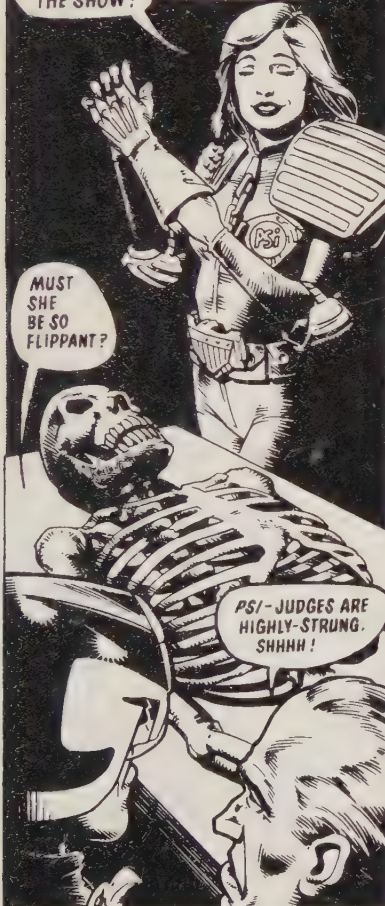
SAVE YOUR BREATH. I'VE ALREADY READ YOU. CAN'T HIDE YOUR GUILTY SECRETS FROM A TELEPATH, YOU KNOW!



I HAVE NO GUILTY SECRETS.



SO THIS IS OUR MYSTERY JUDGE, EH? YOU WANT ME TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM SO YOU CAN ZAP HIM WITH A FEW VERBALS... OKAY, ON WITH THE SHOW!



MUST SHE BE SO FLIPPANT?

PSI-JUDGES ARE HIGHLY-STRUNG. SHHHH!

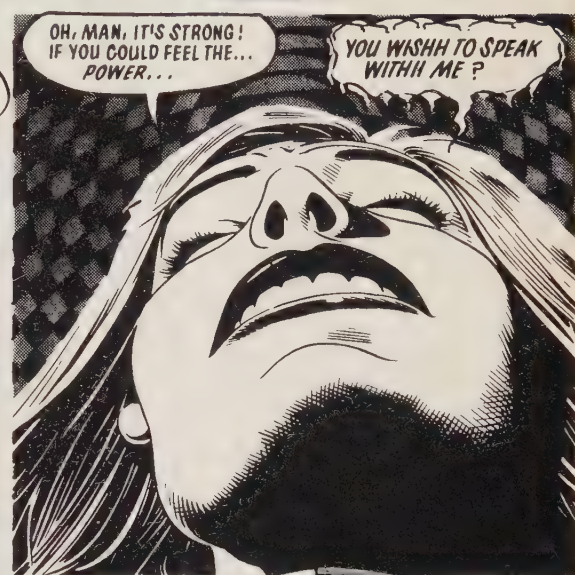
THE CHARRED SKELETON HELPED ANDERSON LINK WITH THE CREATURE -

IT'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE... I CAN FEEL IT! GOT TO REACH OUT -



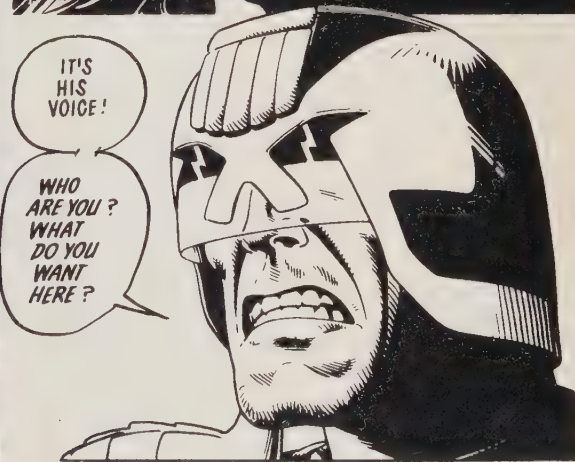
OH, MAN, IT'S STRONG! IF YOU COULD FEEL THE... POWER...

YOU WISHH TO SPEAK WITHH ME?

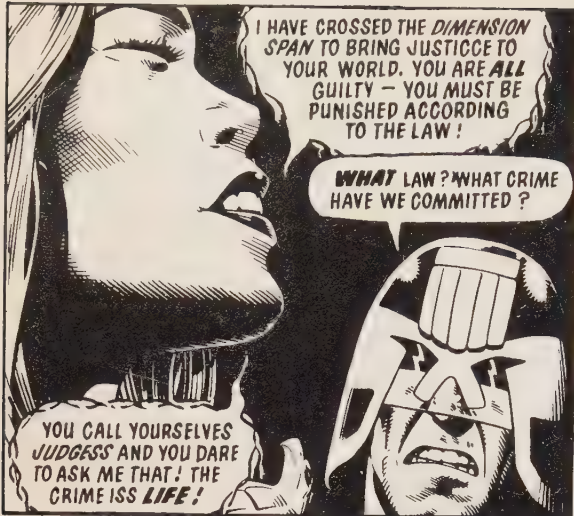


IT'S HIS VOICE!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?



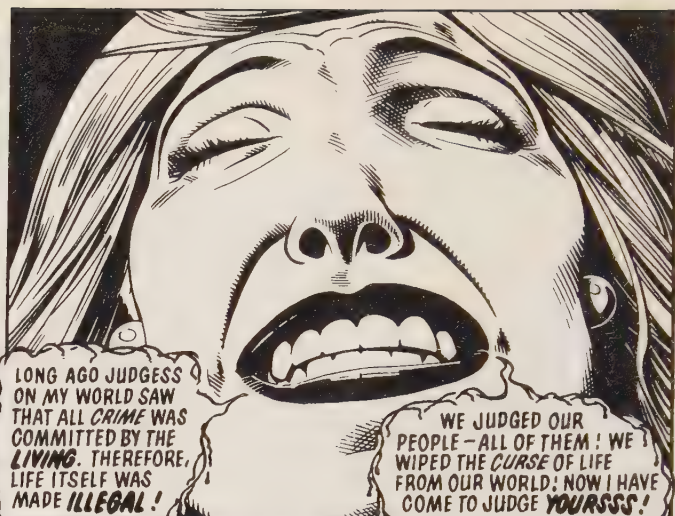




I HAVE CROSSED THE *DIMENSION SPAN* TO BRING JUSTICE TO YOUR WORLD. YOU ARE **ALL** GUILTY — YOU MUST BE PUNISHED ACCORDING TO THE LAW!

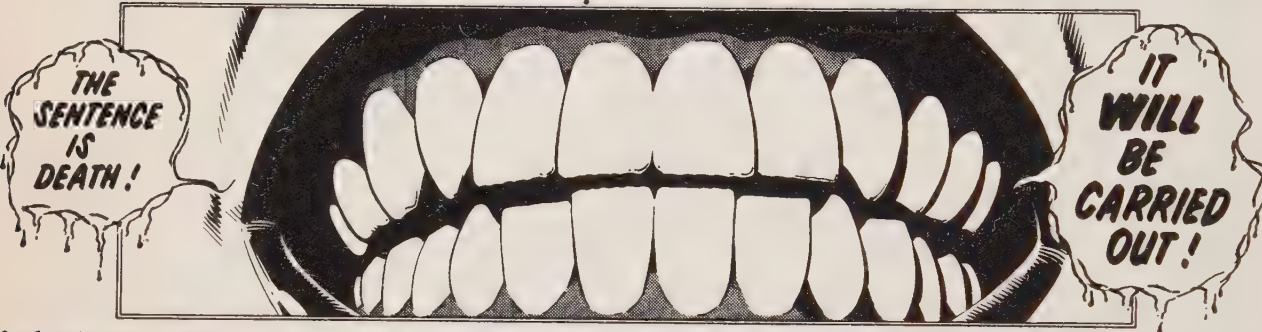
WHAT LAW? WHAT CRIME HAVE WE COMMITTED?

YOU CALL YOURSELVES *JUDGES* AND YOU DARE TO ASK ME THAT! THE CRIME IS **LIFE!**



LONG AGO *JUDGES* ON MY WORLD SAW THAT ALL **CRIME** WAS COMMITTED BY THE **LIVING**. THEREFORE, LIFE ITSELF WAS MADE **ILLEGAL!**

WE JUDGED OUR PEOPLE — ALL OF THEM! WE WIPED THE *CURSE* OF LIFE FROM OUR WORLD! NOW I HAVE COME TO JUDGE **YOURSSS!**



THE **SENTENCE** IS **DEATH!**

IT **WILL** BE **CARRIED OUT!**

JUDGE DEATH BROKE CONTACT —



A CREATURE FROM A WARPED WORLD WHERE LIFE IS A CRIME!

LOSING HIS BODY CRIPPLED HIM. HE NEEDS SOMETHING... OR SOMEONE... BUT I COULDN'T BREAK DOWN HIS BARRIERS TO FIND OUT WHAT.



SO ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT — AND HOPE WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM. OKAY, ANDERSON, GET SOME REST. I MIGHT NEED YOU AGAIN.

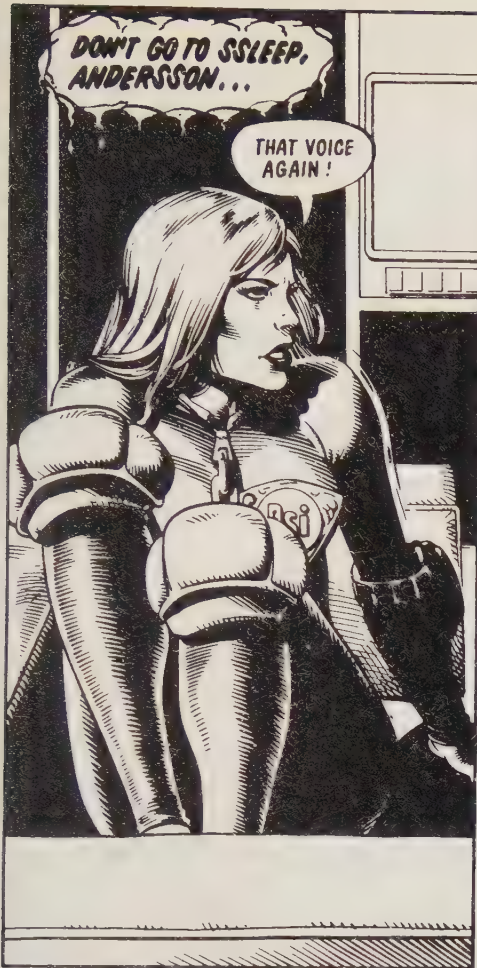
TRY NOT TO MAKE IT A NIGHT CALL NEXT TIME. SEE YOU LATER, ADJUDICATOR.



A HEAVY *PSI*-SESSION LEAVES AN OPERATOR DRAINED. BUT THERE WOULD BE NO SLEEP FOR ANDERSON THAT NIGHT.

I'M BEAT. THAT CREEP'S MIND POWER WAS STRICTLY **OVERLOAD**. HE MUST BE WORKING ON **DIRECT CURRENT**.





NEXT PROG : **THE MONSTER WITHIN!**



**JUDGE DEATH** - A TERRIFYING CREATURE FROM A WORLD WHERE LIFE IS A CRIME - HAS COME TO JUDGE MEGA-CITY ONE.

DEATH'S BODY HAS BEEN BURNT TO ASH, BUT HIS SPIRIT FORM HAS ENTERED THE MIND OF JUDGE ANDERSON, A PSI-DIVISION TELEPATH -

# JUDGE DREDD

YOU CANNOT RESIST ME, ANDERSSON! WE WILL BE PARTNERS IN DEATH!

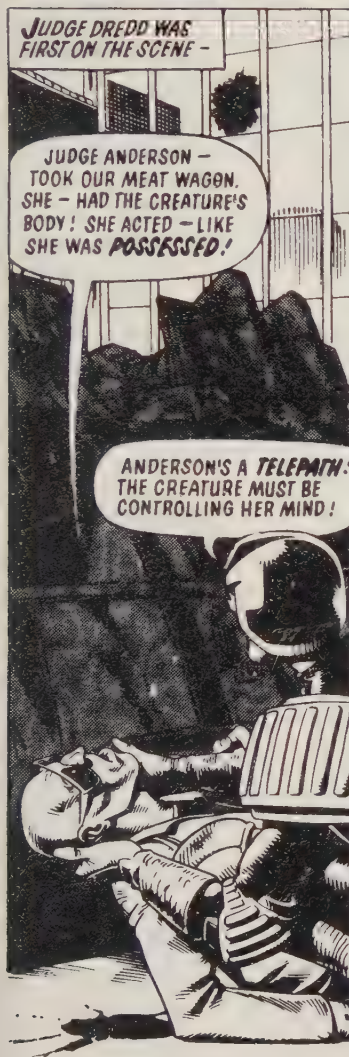
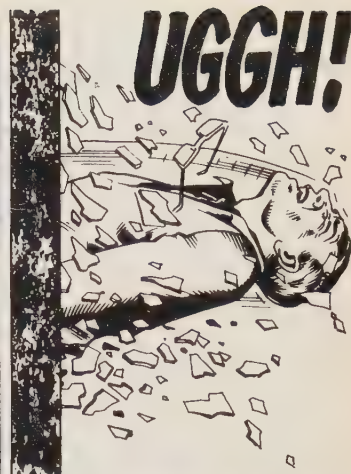
NOW, IN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S MORGUE -

ANDERSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE CREATURE'S BODY?

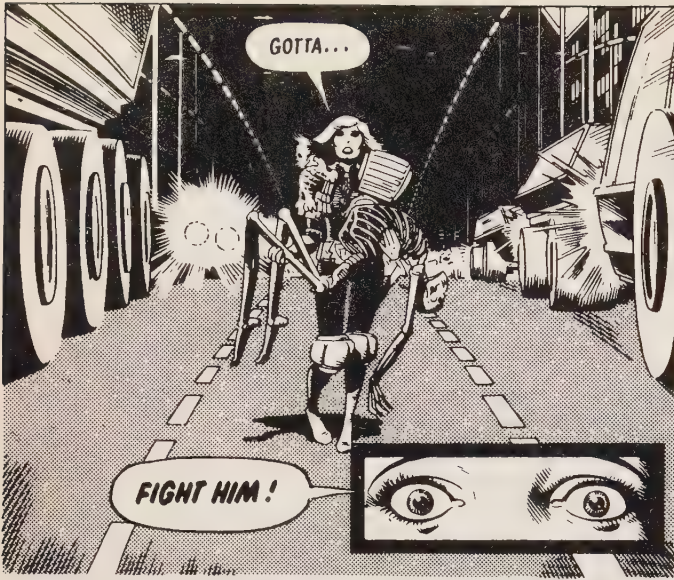
KEEP - AWAY FROM ME! I CAN'T - HELP - MYSELF!

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ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TOM FRAME  
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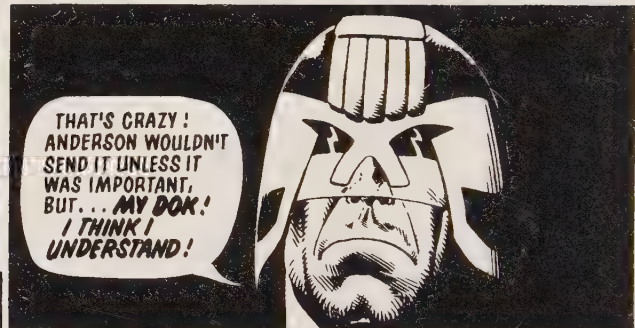
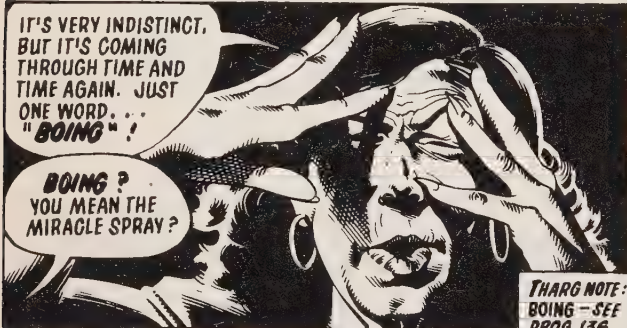
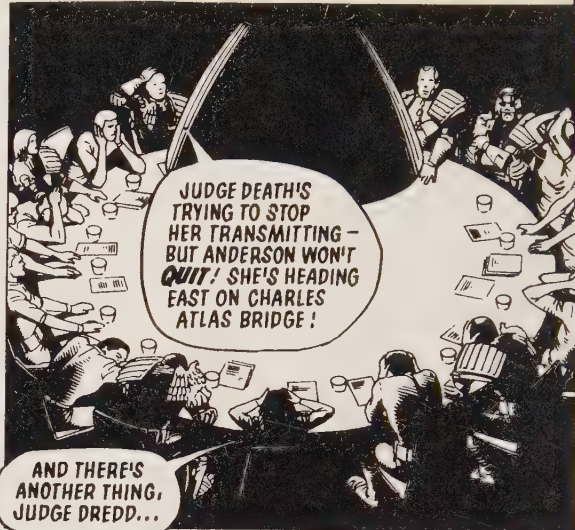




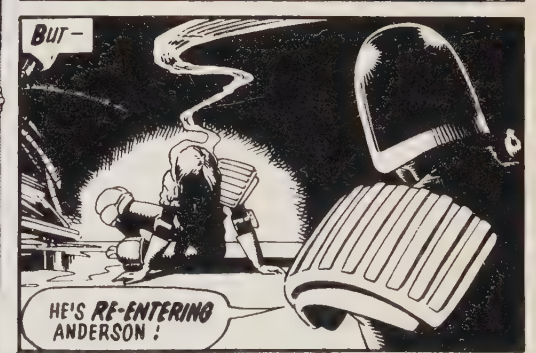
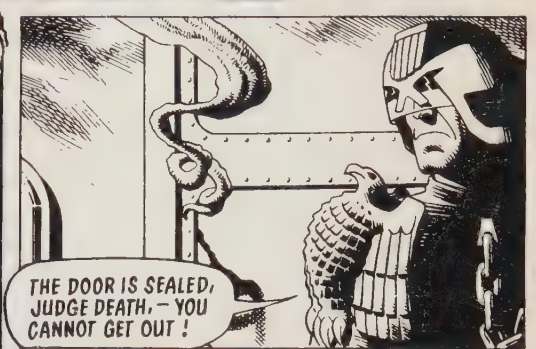
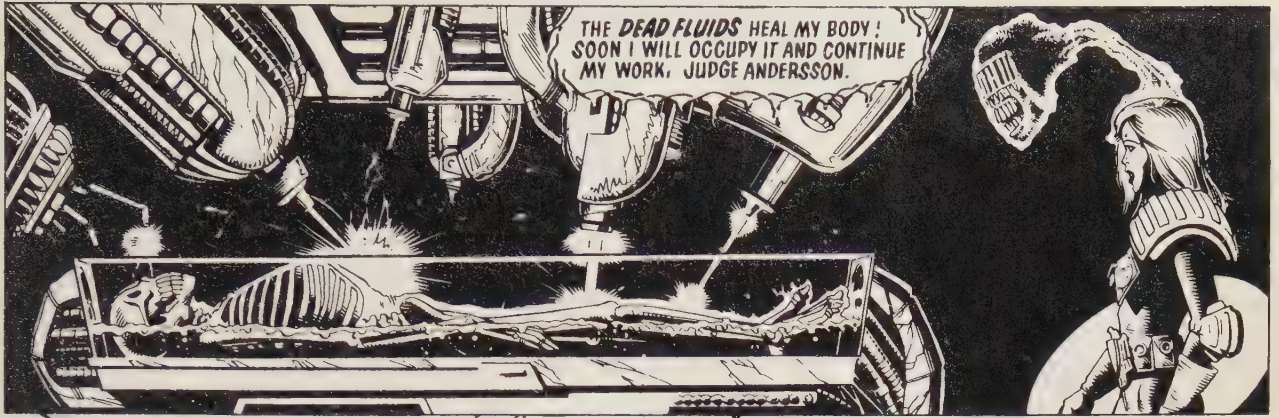




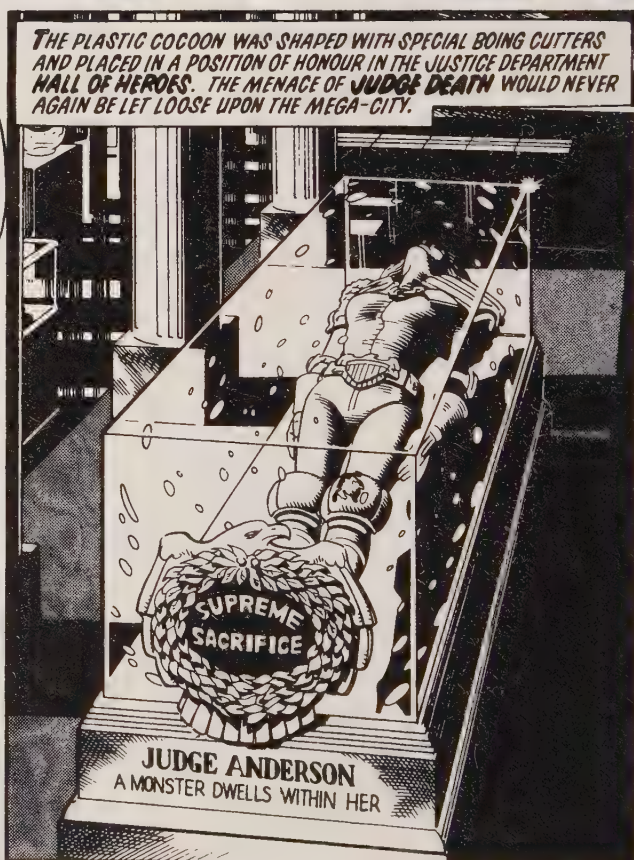
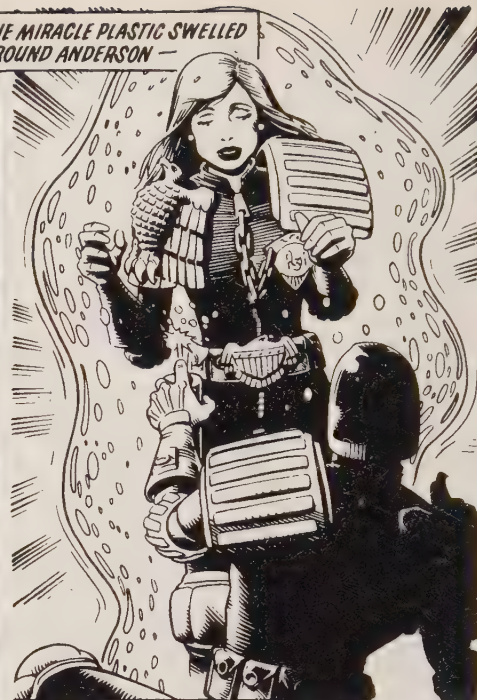
AT THE HALL OF JUSTICE, OTHER PSI-DIVISION TELEPATHS WERE LISTENING FOR MESSAGES FROM ANDERSON. . .













# **JUDGE DEATH LIVES!**

**Script: John Wagner, Alan Grant**

**Art: Brian Bolland**

**Letters: Tom Frame**

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**Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 224-228**

# **JUDGE DREDD**



IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE -

...AND HERE WE HAVE **JUDGE ANDERSON** OF **PSI-DIVISION**. WITHIN HER DWELLS THE SPIRIT OF **JUDGE DEATH** - A HIDEOUS CREATURE FROM A DIMENSION WHERE **LIFE IS A CRIME!**

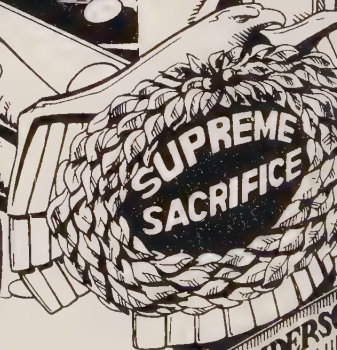
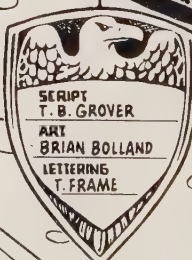
ANDERSON WAS ENCASED IN A SOLID BLOCK OF **BOING**, THE MIRACLE PLASTIC, TO TRAP THE MONSTER INSIDE HER.

IS SHE **DEAD**?

# JUDGE DREDD

# JUDGE DEATH LIVES

PART 1

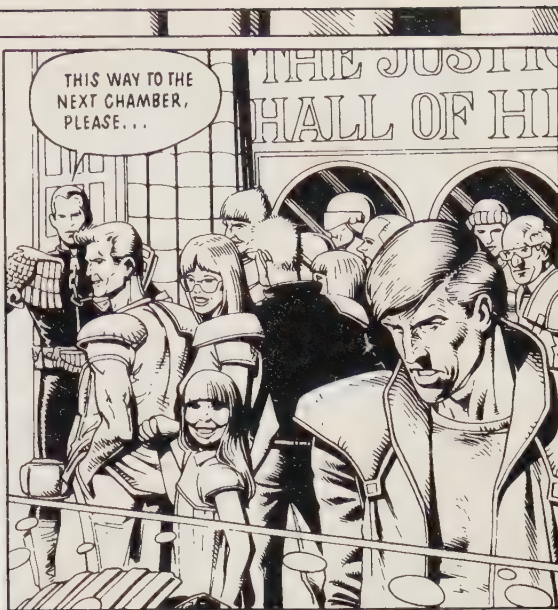


JUDGE ANDERSON  
MONSTER DWELLS WITHIN



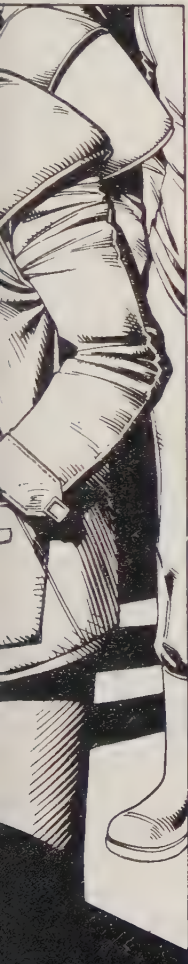


NO-ONE KNOWS - AND NO-ONE WILL **EVER** KNOW.  
WE CAN **NEVER** RELEASE HER - NEVER RISK  
**JUDGE DEATH** STALKING THE CITY AGAIN !



THIS WAY TO THE  
NEXT CHAMBER,  
PLEASE...

THE JUSTICE  
HALL OF HONOR



OVER HERE WE HAVE THE UNIFORM  
OF JUDGE HURST, THE INVENTOR OF  
THE FLESH DISINTEGRATOR. HE  
WILL BE REMEMBERED.

FEY

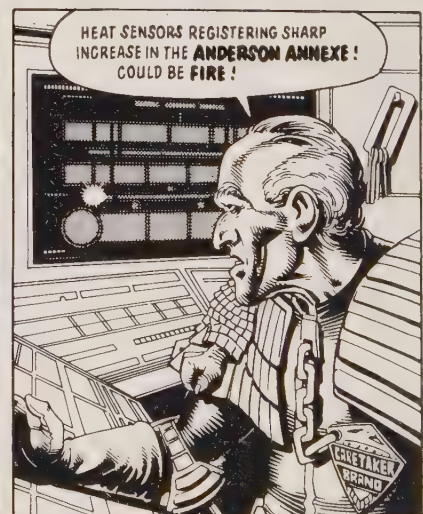
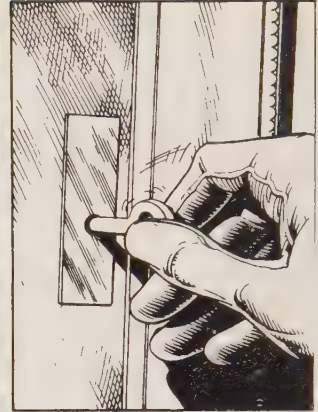
THE PREDICTED  
DISASTER



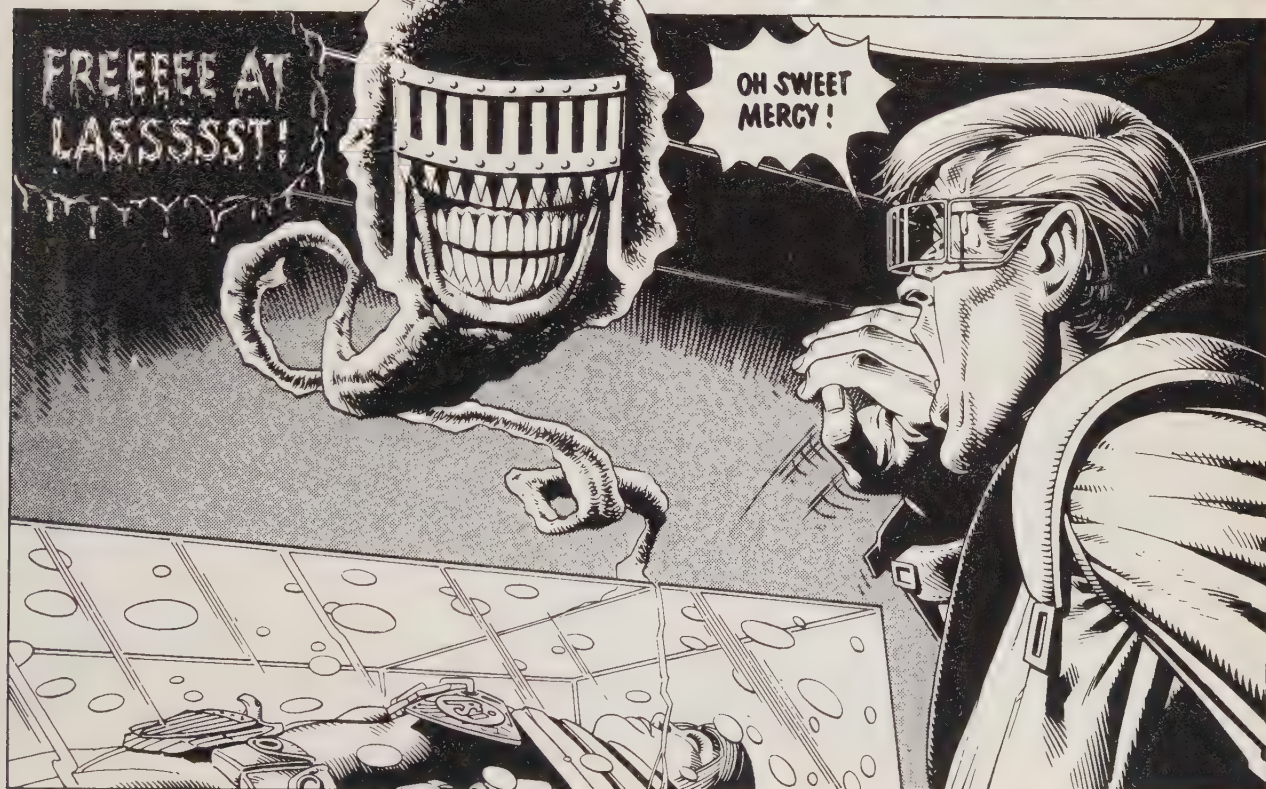
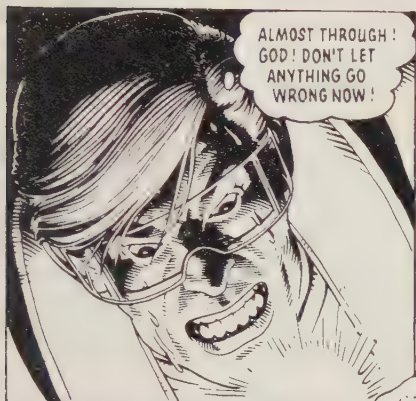
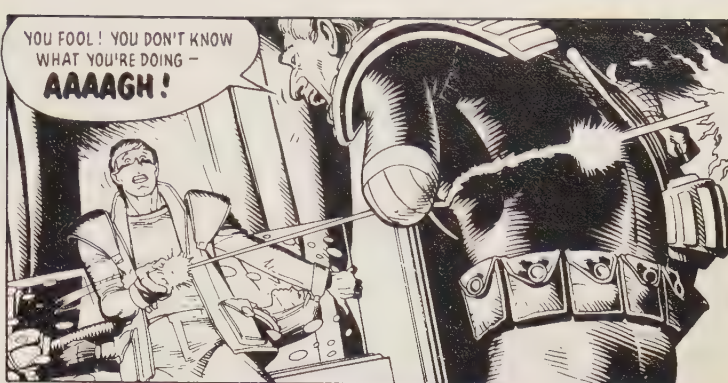
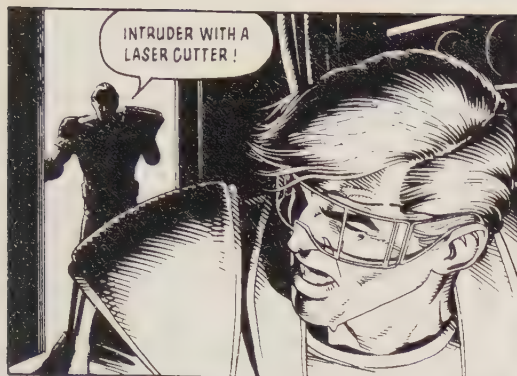
THAT'S THE  
LAST TOUR TODAY.  
LOCK HER UP,  
BRAND.

HALL OF HEROES

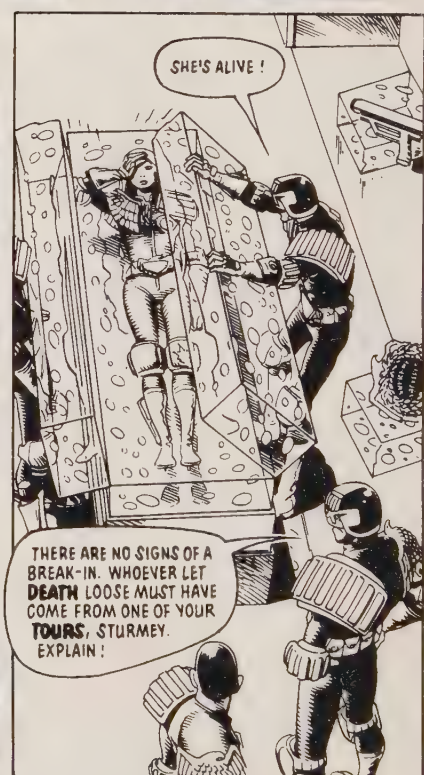




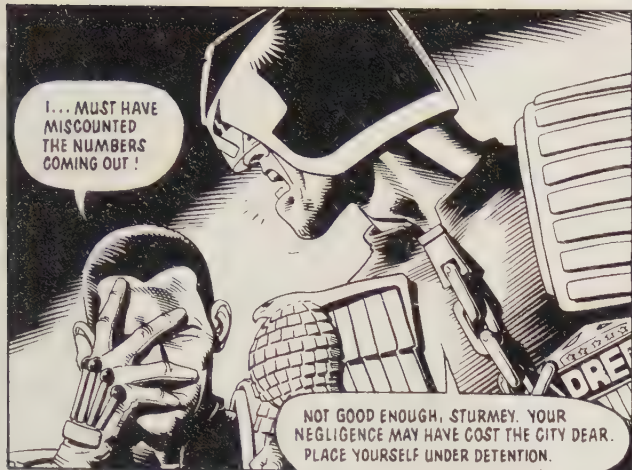




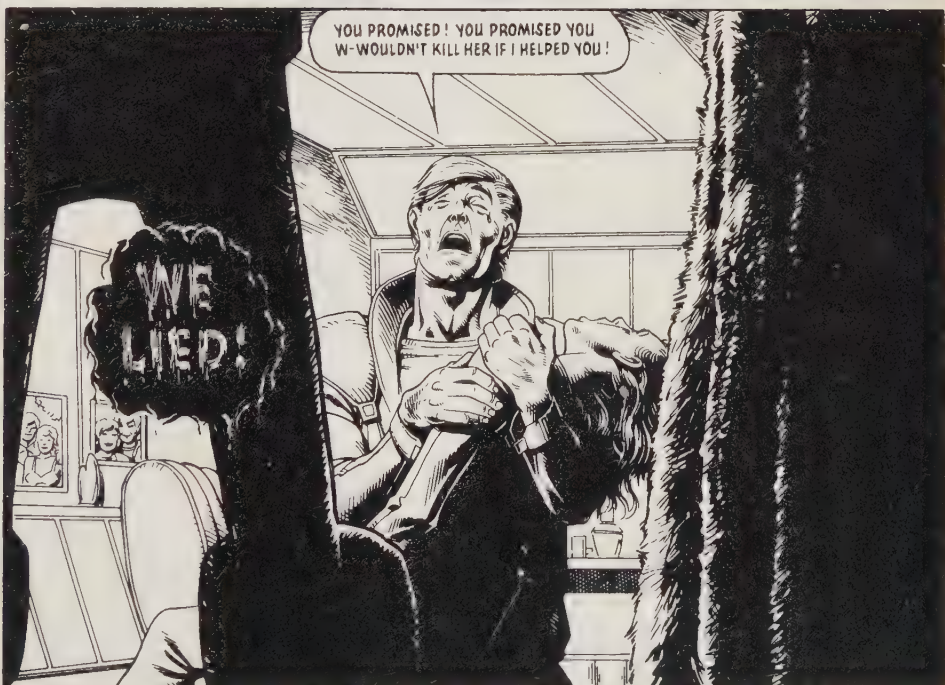
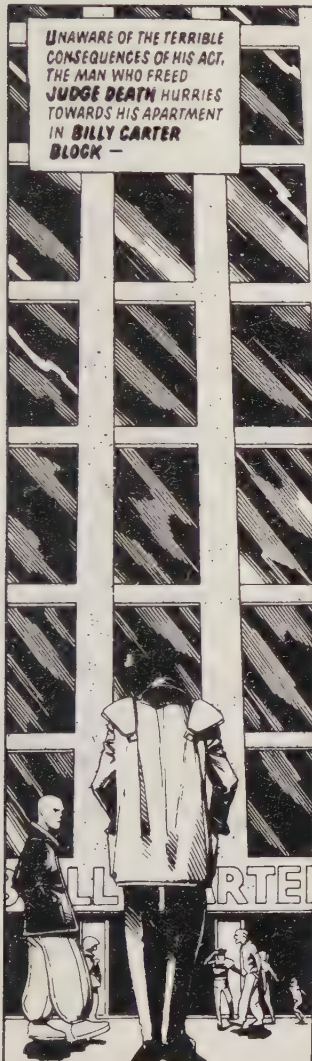








FOUR THOUSAND TOURISTS VISIT THE HALL OF HEROES EACH DAY—













# JUDGE DREDD

## JUDGE DEATH LIVES

PART II

**JUDGE DEATH**, THE MONSTER WHO ONCE STALKED THE MEGA-CITY STREETS, IS AT LARGE AGAIN - FREED BY THREE OTHER CREATURES FROM HIS DARK DIMENSION.

NOW, IN A CITYBLOCK APARTMENT -

J-JANINE! YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D LET HER LIVE IF I HELPED YOU!

SSHE HAS BEEN JUDGED!  
THE SSSENTENCE WAS DEATH!



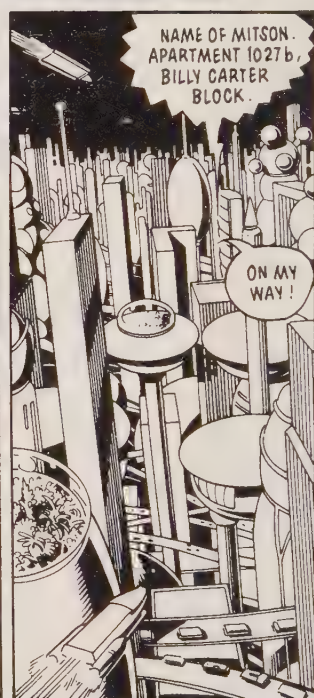
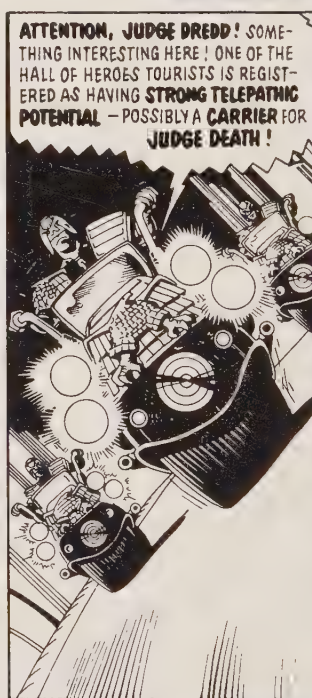




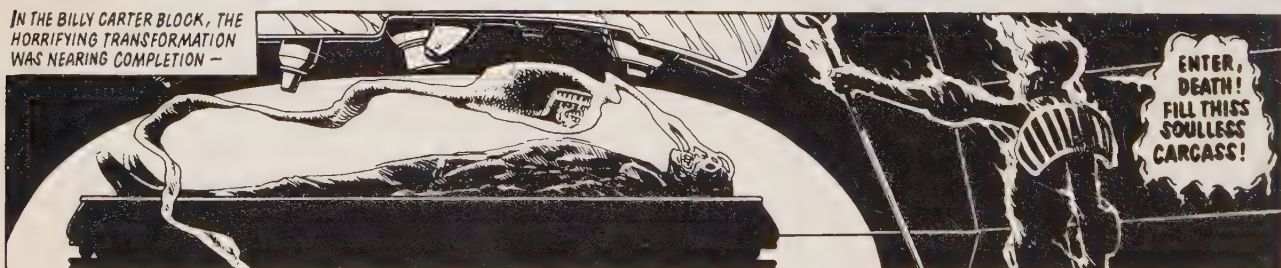




OUTSIDE THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE -



IN THE BILLY CARTER BLOCK, THE HORRIFYING TRANSFORMATION WAS NEARING COMPLETION -







DEAD EYES FLICKER OPEN -

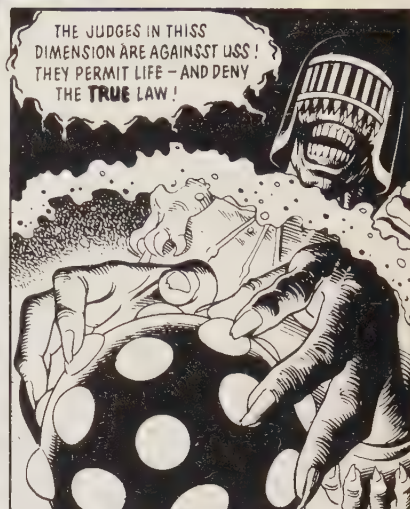
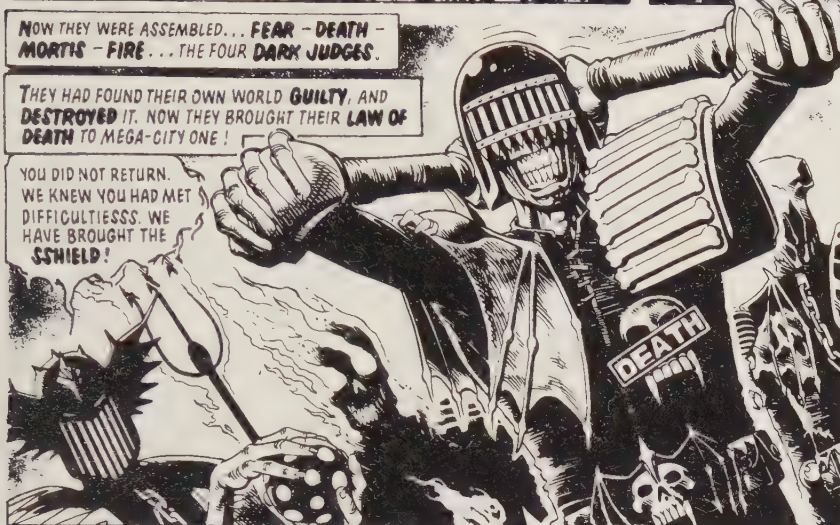


DEATH LIVES!  
BRING HIS GARB OF OFFICE!

NOW THEY WERE ASSEMBLED... FEAR - DEATH -  
MORTIS - FIRE... THE FOUR DARK JUDGES.

THEY HAD FOUND THEIR OWN WORLD GUILTY, AND  
DESTROYED IT. NOW THEY BROUGHT THEIR LAW OF  
DEATH TO MEGA-CITY ONE!

YOU DID NOT RETURN.  
WE KNEW YOU HAD MET  
DIFFICULTIES. WE  
HAVE BROUGHT THE  
SSHIELD!

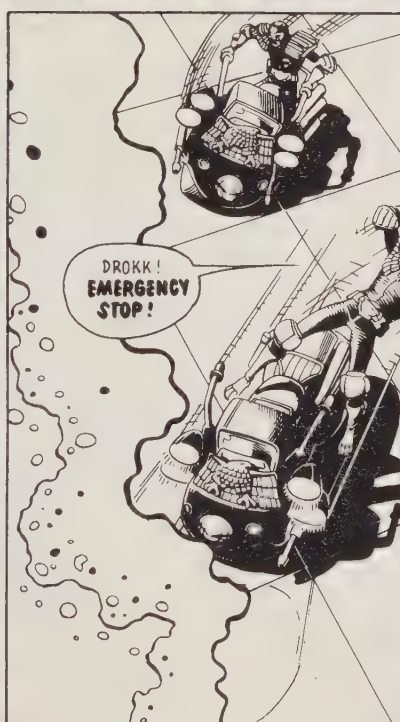


THE JUDGES IN THIS  
DIMENSION ARE AGAINST US!  
THEY PERMIT LIFE - AND DENY  
THE TRUE LAW!



LET THE SSHIELD'S  
POWER FLOW -  
IT IS OUR DUTY  
TO JUDGE THEIR  
PEOPLE FOR  
THEM!

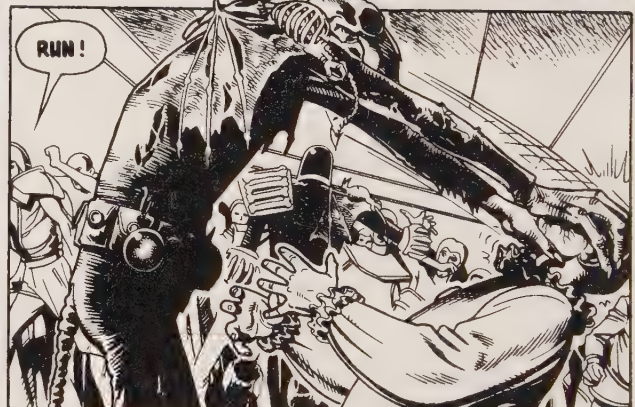
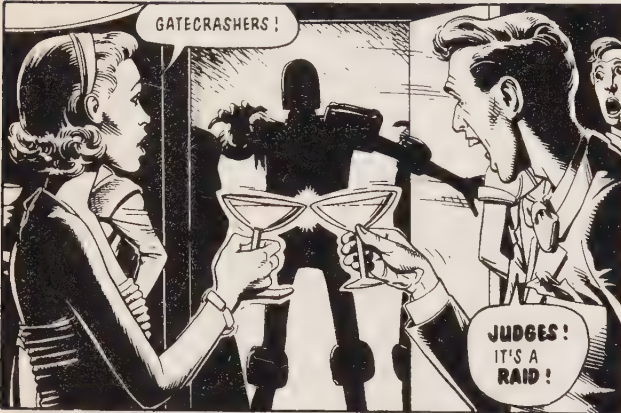
AAAH!



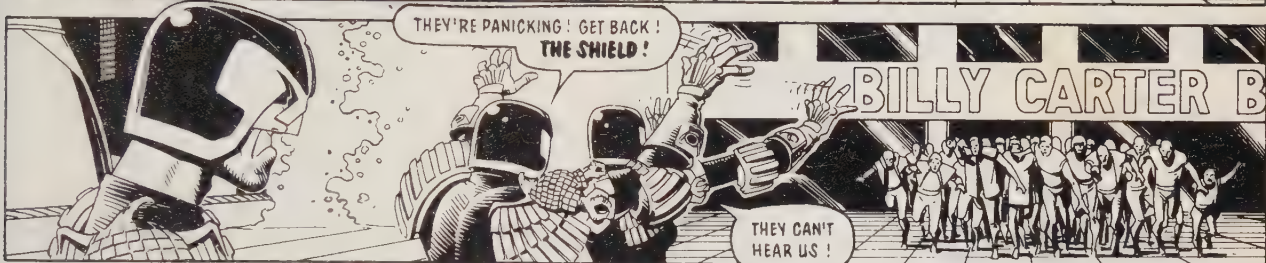
DROKK!  
EMERGENCY  
STOP!



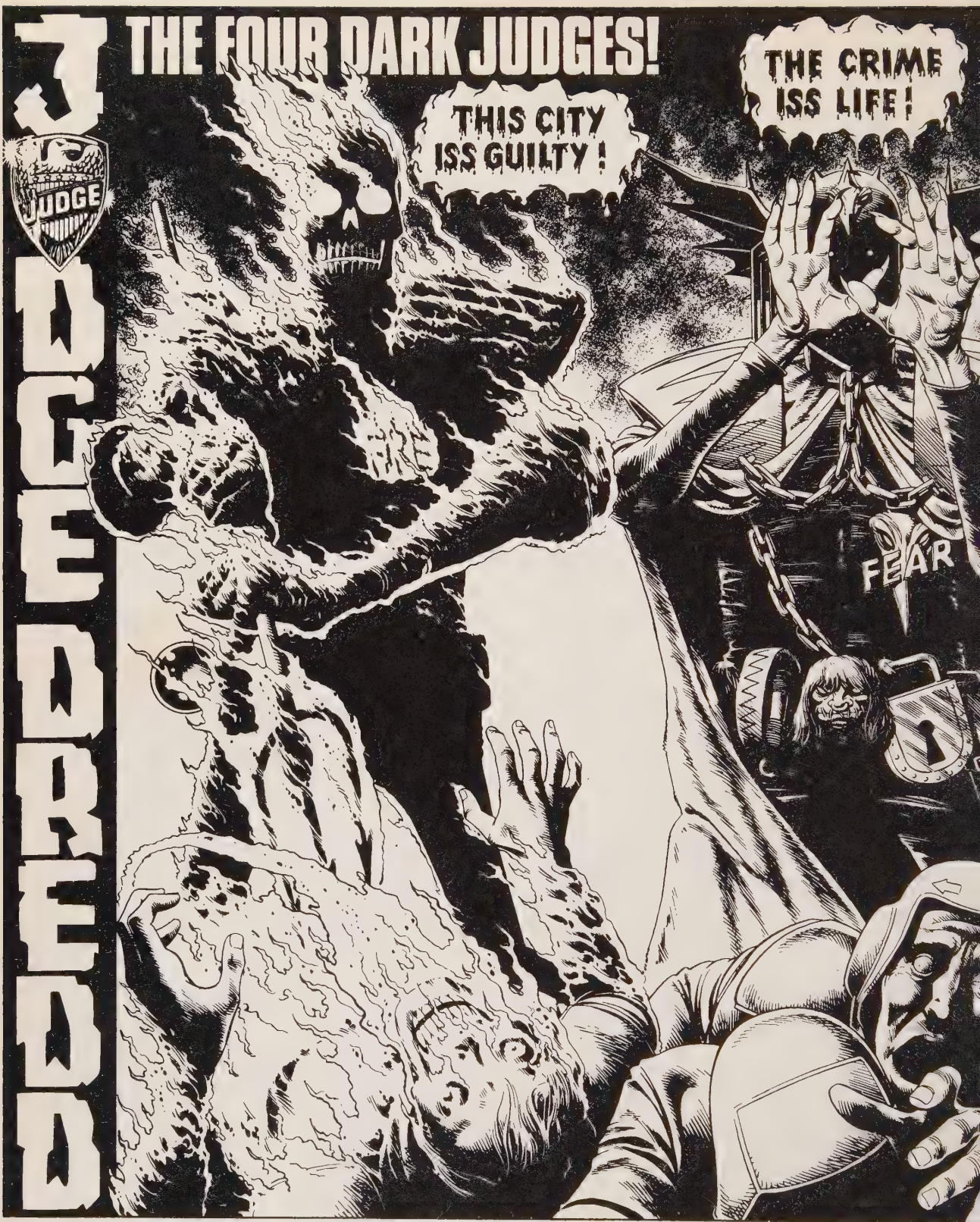














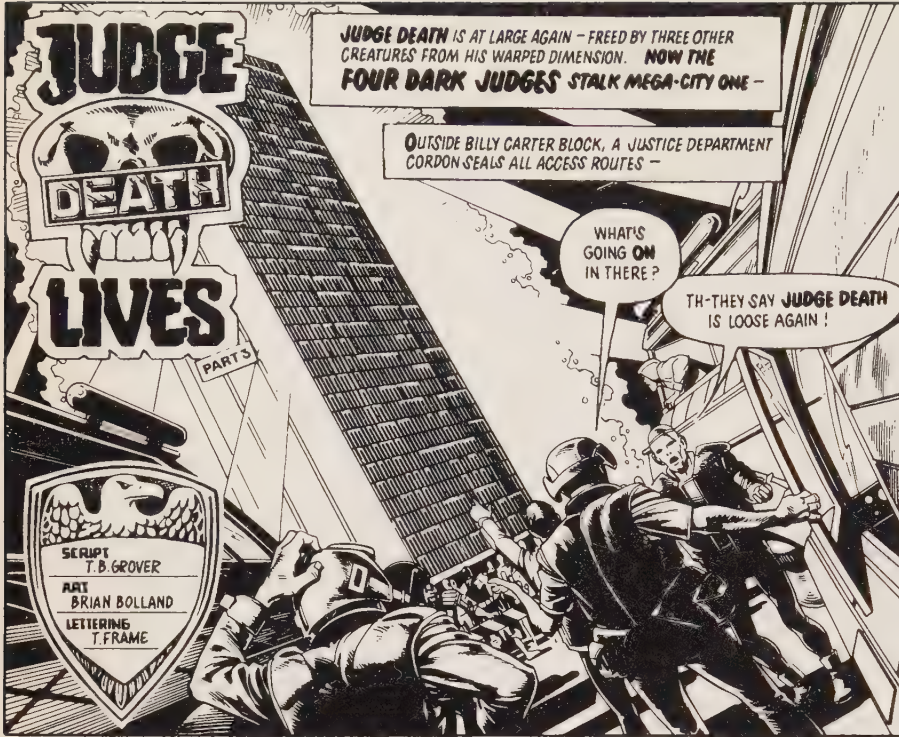
THE SENTENCE IS...

DEATH!

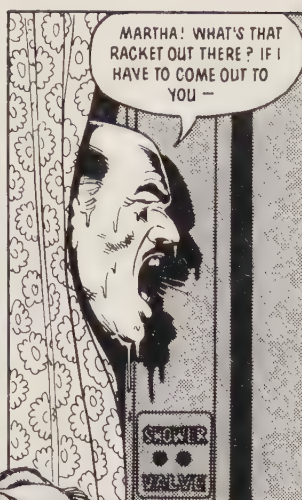


A 2000 AD POSTERGRAPH

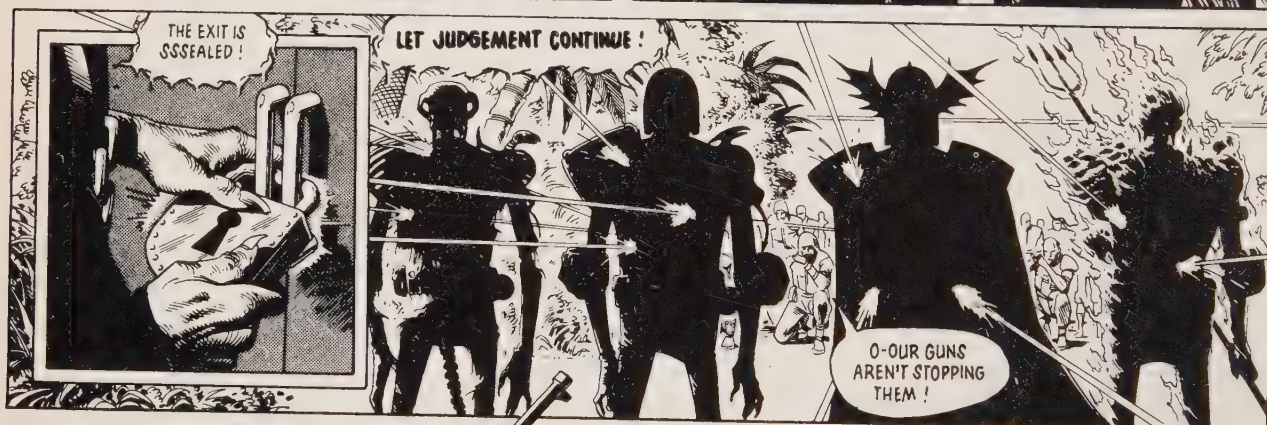














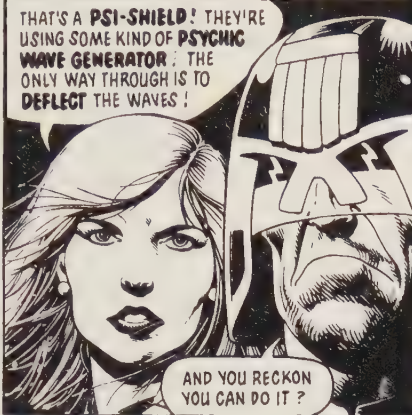


THE MANHOLE'S NO GOOD, DREDD! THEIR SHIELD GOES RIGHT UNDER THE WHOLE BLOCK!

I CAN GET YOU THROUGH IT, DREDD!

ANDERSON OF **PSI-DIVISION** - JUDGES SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THEIR ABNORMAL PSYCHIC POWER -

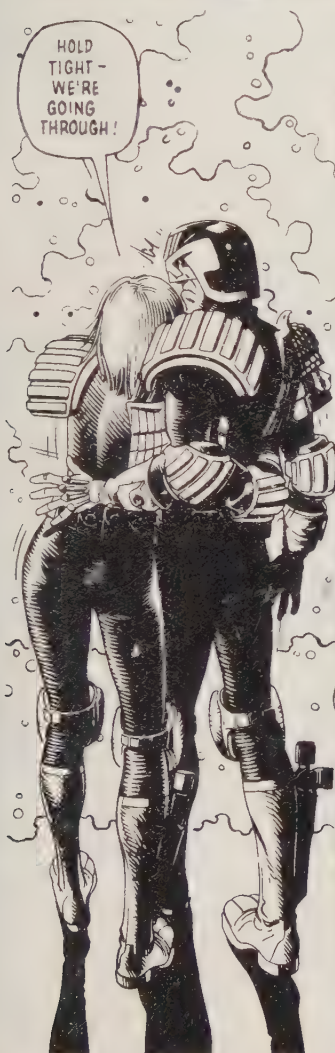
THAT'S A **PSI-SHIELD**! THEY'RE USING SOME KIND OF **PSYCHIC WAVE GENERATOR**; THE ONLY WAY THROUGH IS TO DEFLECT THE WAVES!



AND YOU RECKON YOU CAN DO IT?

FOR MANY MONTHS THE **SPIRIT OF JUDGE DEATH** HAS DWELT **WITHIN ANDERSON** -

YOU DON'T HAVE A RAT LIKE **DEATH** CAMPING OUT IN YOUR BRAIN WITHOUT PICKING UP A FEW TRICKS! I **KNOW** I CAN DO IT! **COME ON!**



HOLD TIGHT - WE'RE GOING THROUGH!

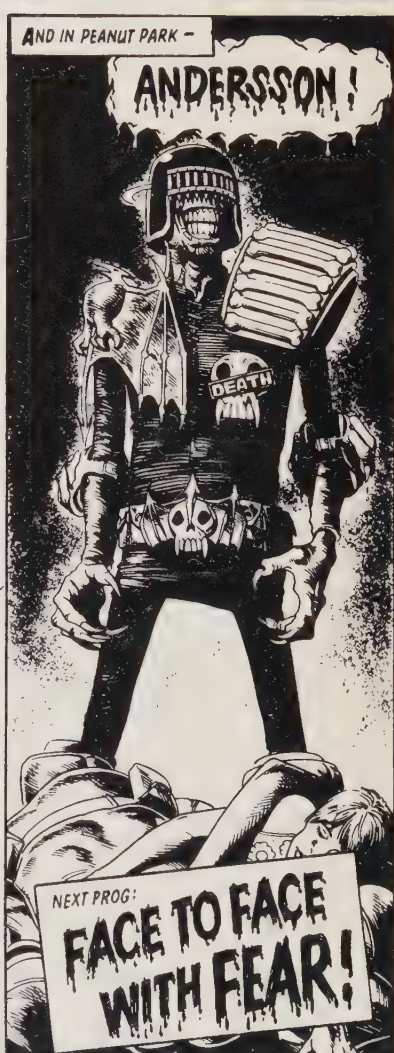
THEN EVERY OUNCE OF ANDERSON'S MENTAL POWER IS FOCUSED AGAINST THE **PSI-SHIELD** -



GOT TO... FORCE... IT... OPEN!



WE'RE THROUGH! GOOD WORK, ANDERSON!



AND IN PEANUT PARK -

**ANDERSSON!**

NEXT PROG:  
**FACE TO FACE WITH FEAR!**



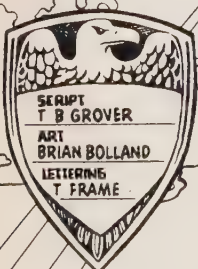
# JUDGE DREDD

**JUDGE  
DEATH  
LIVES**

THE FOUR DARK JUDGES — **DEATH**, **FEAR**, **FIRE** AND **MORTIS** — HAVE ARRIVED FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION TO **PUNISH MEGA-CITY ONE** FOR THE **CRIME OF LIFE** —

NOW, OUTSIDE **BILLY CARTER BLOCK**, **ANDERSON** OF PSI-DIVISION USES HER MENTAL POWERS TO PENETRATE THE DARK JUDGES' DEFENCES —

WE'RE  
THROUGH THE  
PSI-SHIELD!





IN PEANUT PARK, THE DARK JUDGES PAUSE SUDDENLY IN THEIR GHASTLY TASK -

ANDERSSON HAS PENETRATED  
OUR SSHIELD!

AND ANOTHER  
JUDGE...

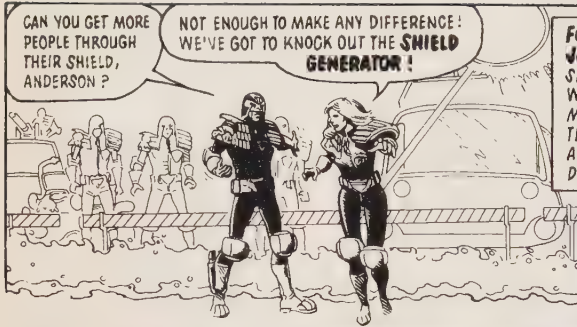
I GO TO GUARD  
THE SSHIELD!

I GO TO DEAL  
WITH THE  
INTRUDERSSS!

I STAY TO CONTINUE  
JUDGEMENT!

DEATH  
UNIT

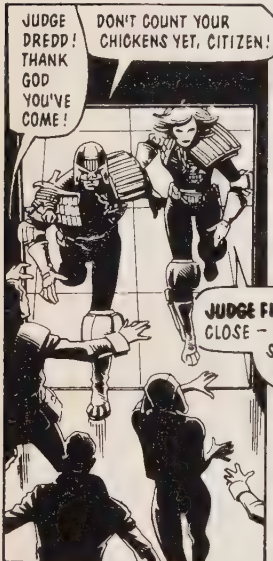




FOR MANY MONTHS JUDGE DEATH'S SPIRIT HAD DWELT WITHIN ANDERSON'S MIND. NOW HER TELEPATHIC POWERS ARE ATTUNED TO THE DARK JUDGES -



MITSON'S PLACE! IT FIGURES!

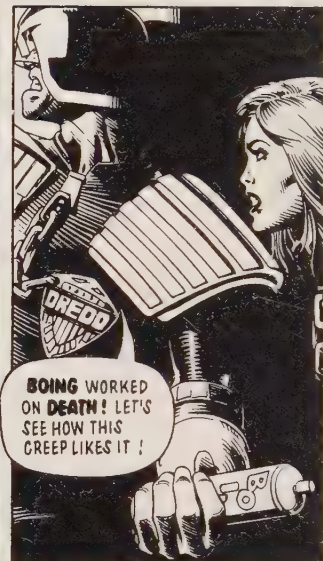


DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS YET, CITIZEN!

JUDGE FIRE IS CLOSE - I CAN SENSE HIM!



BACK!



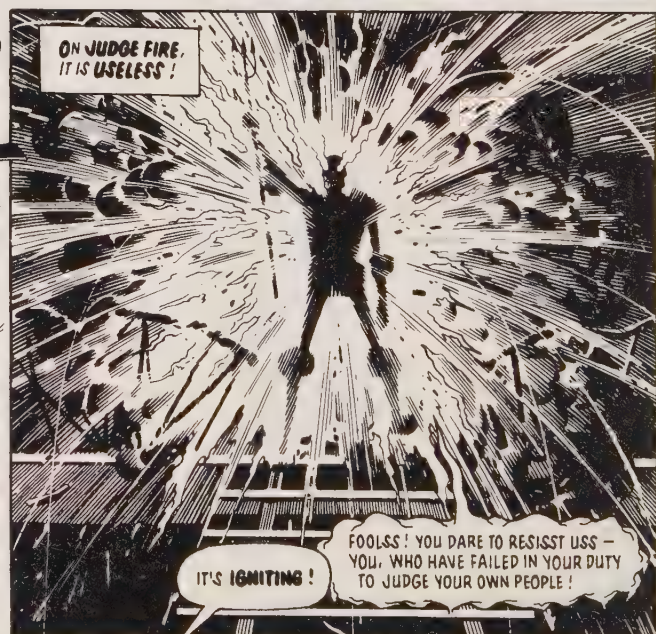
BEING WORKED ON DEATH! LET'S SEE HOW THIS CREEP LIKES IT!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, DREDD!



BOING@, THE MIRACLE PLASTIC, HAD ONCE TRAPPED JUDGE DEATH -

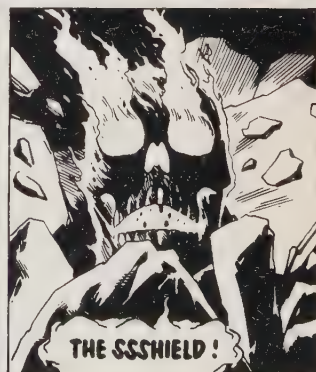
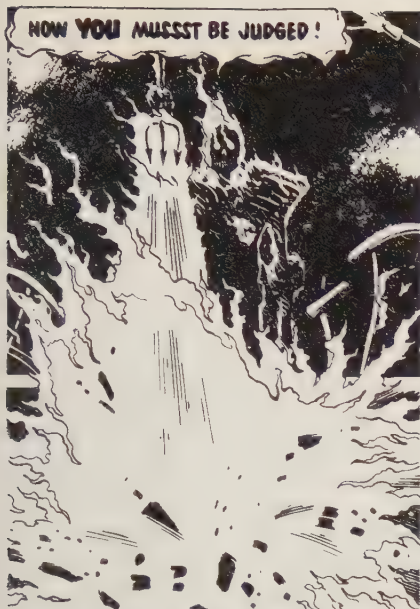


ON JUDGE FIRE, IT IS USELESS!

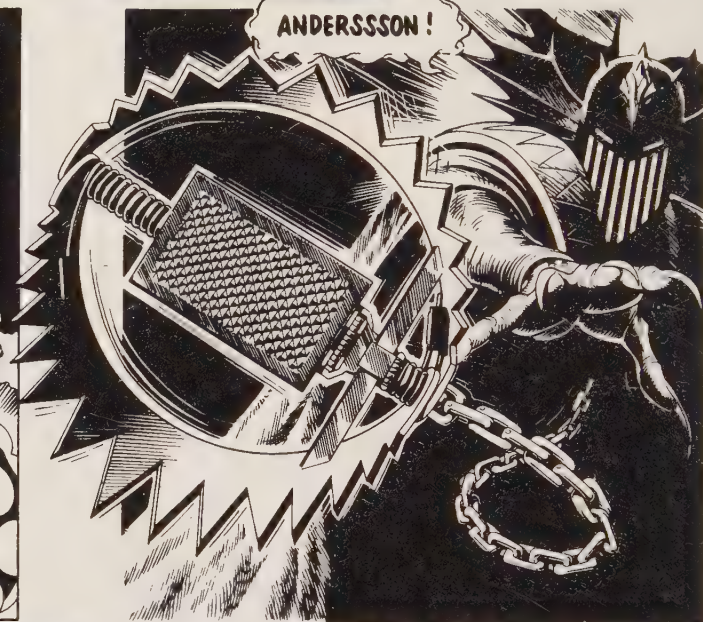
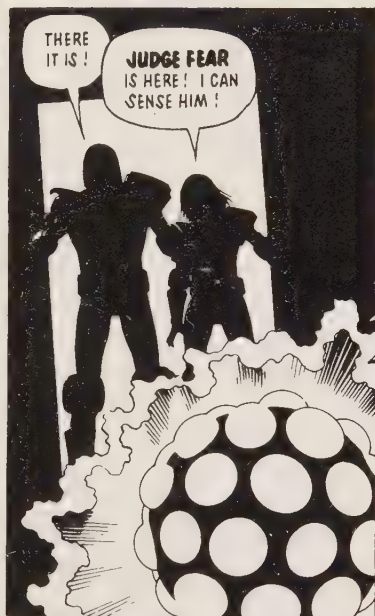
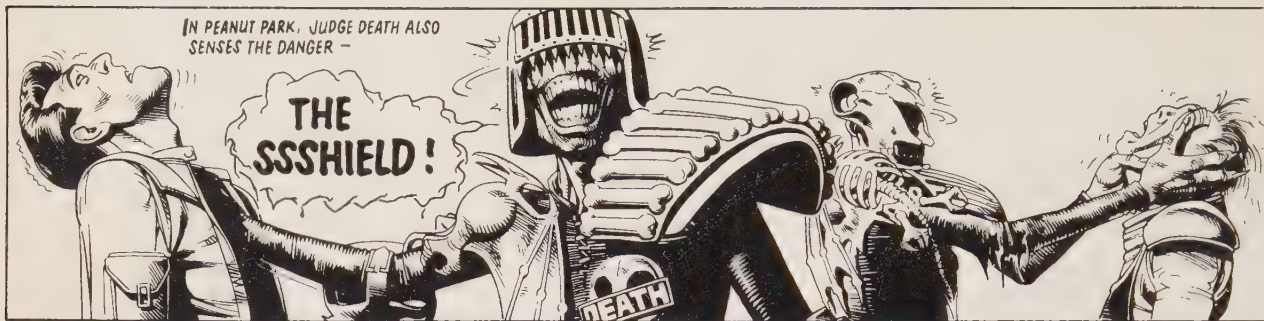
IT'S IGNITING!

FOOLSS! YOU DARE TO RESIST USS - YOU, WHO HAVE FAILED IN YOUR DUTY TO JUDGE YOUR OWN PEOPLE!











BUT DREDD IS A JUDGE -  
AND JUDGES ARE NOT  
ORDINARY MEN !

GAZE INTO THE  
FIST OF DREDD !

INCENDIARIES,  
DREDD !  
THEY'LL WORK  
ON THIS  
BEAUTY !

FOOLSSS !  
YOU CANNOT  
KILL WHAT  
DOESN'T  
LIVE !

HIS SPIRIT FORM'S  
ESCAPING !

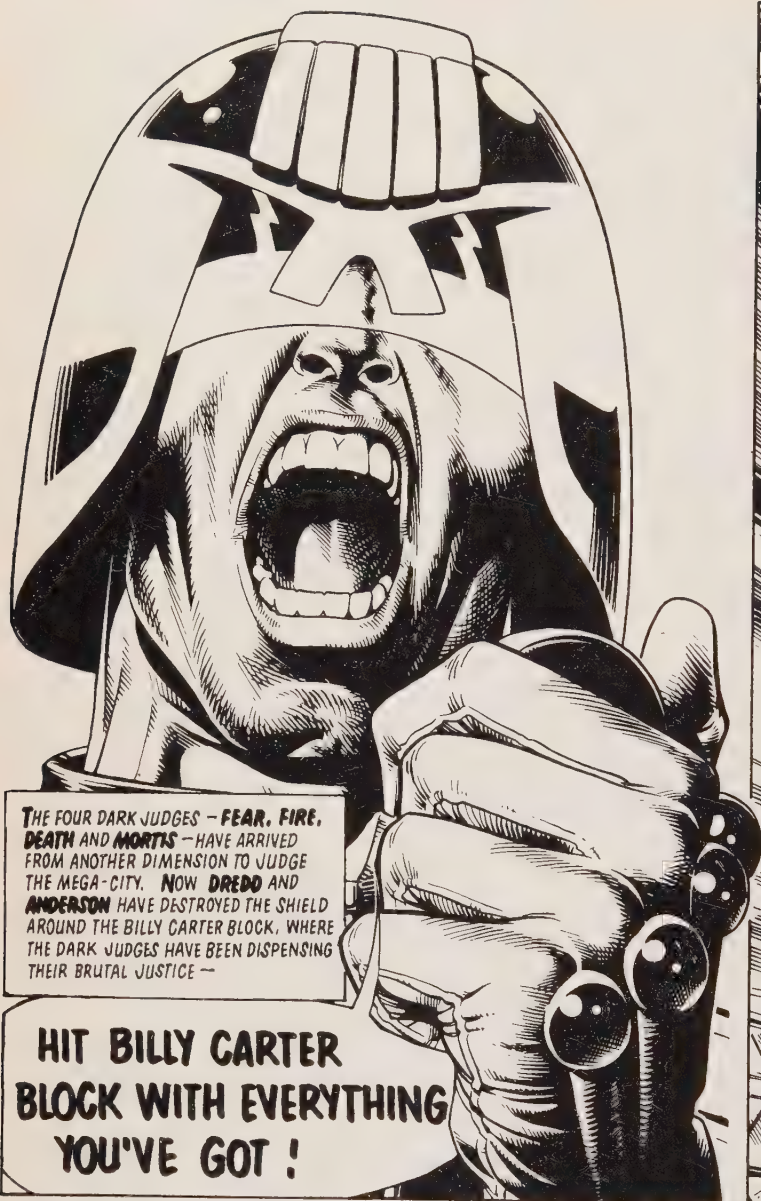
FORGET IT ! THE SHIELD'S  
ALL THAT MATTERS !

THIS IS DREDD !  
SHIELD IS DOWN !  
HIT THE BILLY CARTER  
BLOCK WITH EVERY-  
THING YOU'VE GOT !

NEXT  
PROG :

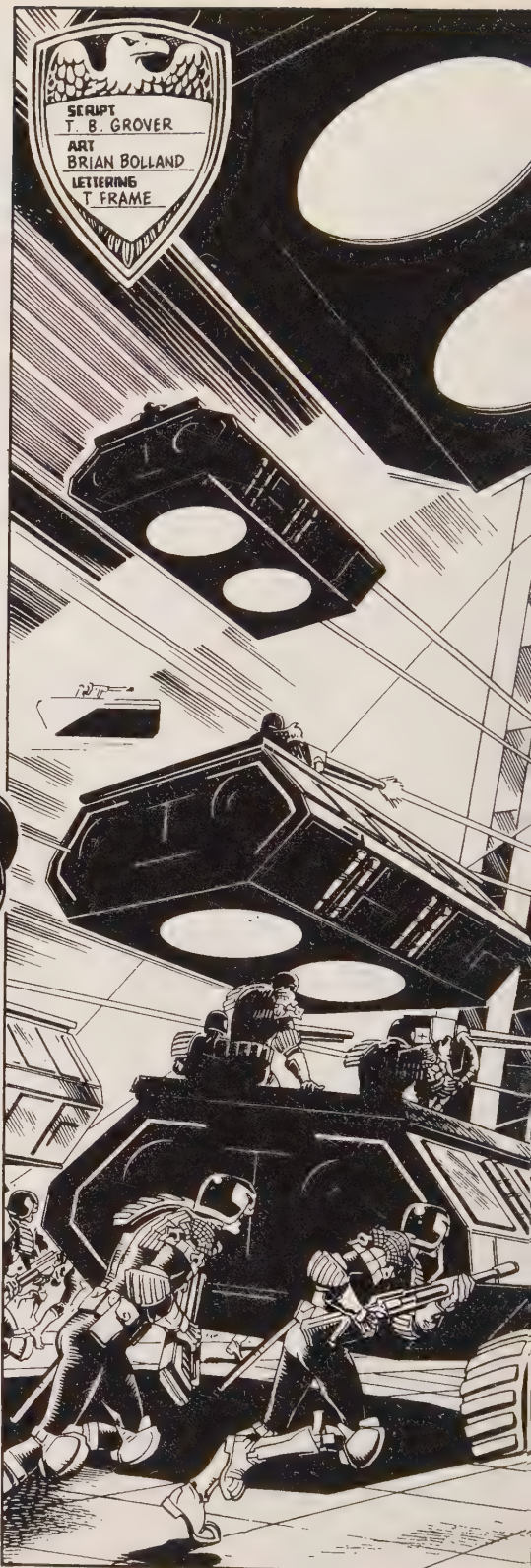
DEATH'S DARK DOMINION !





**JUDGE  
DREDD**

**JUDGE  
DEATH  
LIVES  
CONCLUSION**





JUSTICE DEPARTMENT H-WAGONS OPEN FIRE —

**ASSAULT  
SQUADS  
MOVE IN!**



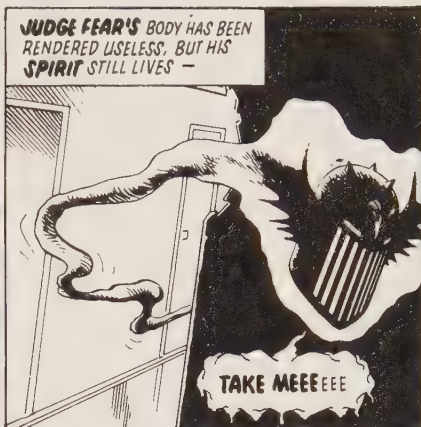
THERE THEY ARE !  
DON'T LET 'EM NEAR YOU !  
THEY'RE **LETHAL** !







THEIR WEAPONSS ARE  
TOO POWERFUL ! WE  
MUSST FLEE !



**JUDGE FEAR'S** BODY HAS BEEN  
RENDERED USELESS, BUT HIS  
**SPIRIT** STILL LIVES -

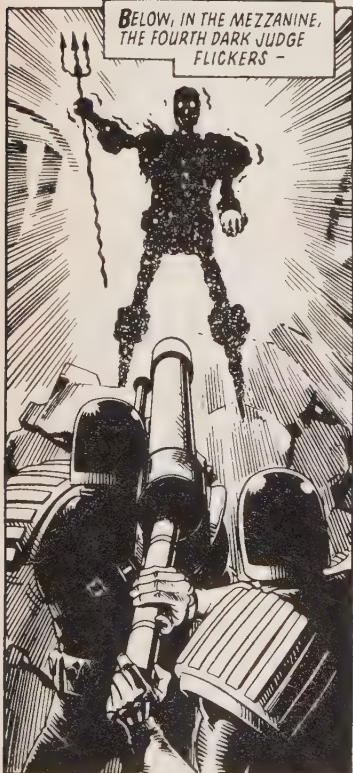
TAKE MEEEEEE



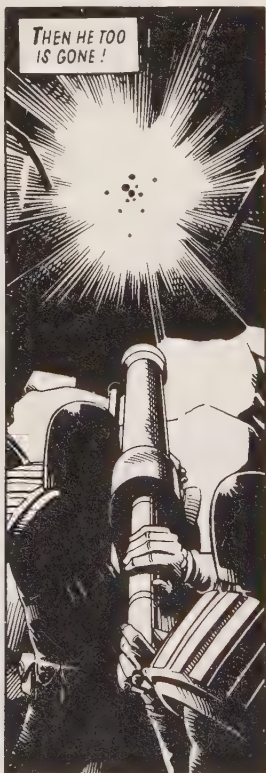
WE ARE  
UNITED !



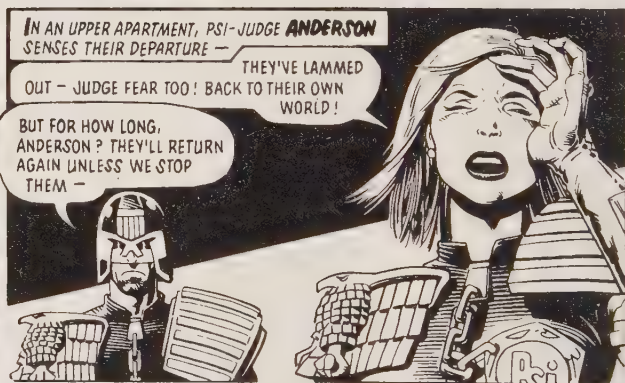
LET USS GO !



**BELOW, IN THE MEZZANINE,**  
THE FOURTH DARK JUDGE  
FLICKERS -



THEN HE TOO  
IS GONE !



**IN AN UPPER APARTMENT, PSI-JUDGE ANDERSON**  
SENSES THEIR DEPARTURE -

THEY'VE LAMMED  
OUT - JUDGE FEAR TOO ! BACK TO THEIR OWN  
WORLD !

BUT FOR HOW LONG,  
ANDERSON ? THEY'LL RETURN  
AGAIN UNLESS WE STOP  
THEM -



UNLESS WE FOLLOW  
THEM TO THEIR  
DIMENSION... AND  
**DESTROY**  
**THEM !**



ON JUDGE FEAR'S EMPTY SHELL, THEY FIND A STRANGE GLOBE -  
THIS IS THEIR DIMENSION JUMP! RECKON IT'LL TAKE US BOTH!

I HATE TO BE A PARTY POOPER, DREDD, BUT THESE CREEPS AREN'T EXACTLY GOING TO BE PUSHOVERS ON THEIR OWN GROUND!

WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER! READY...?

TOO LATE TO PUT IN FOR THAT SICK LEAVE, I SUPPOSE?

# DEADWORLD!

LONG AGO ITS JUDGES REALISED ALL CRIME WAS COMMITTED BY THE LIVING. THEREFORE, LIFE ITSELF WAS DECLARED ILLEGAL.

THEY JUDGED THEIR PEOPLE WITHOUT MERCY. THEY WIPED THE CURSE OF LIFE FROM THEIR WORLD. NOW ONLY THE FOUR DARK JUDGES REMAINED - AND THE TORMENTED SOULS OF THE JUDGED!

DROKK! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! I'D SWEAR I CAN HEAR VOICES!

TRY TO LOCATE DEATH AND THE OTHERS.

THEY KILLED US! EVERYONE! HELP US!

MAN OH MAN! VOICES ALL RIGHT! PEOPLE CRYING - SCREAMING IN AGONY!

WE DIDN'T DESERVE TO DIE!

YOU HAVE THE POWER, ANDERSON! YOU CAN HELP US!

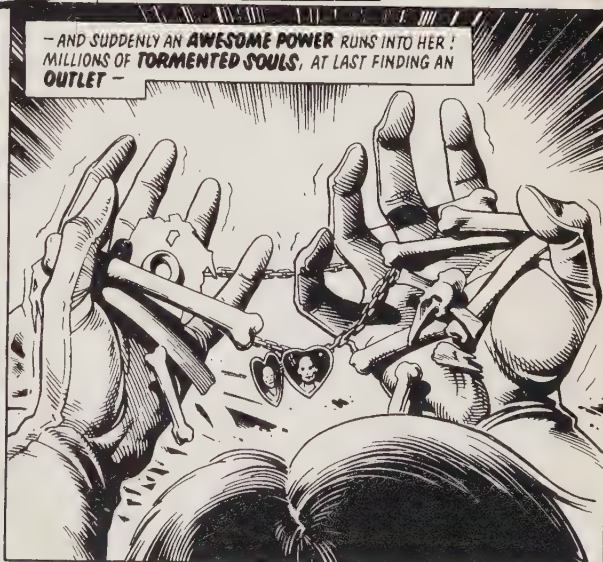
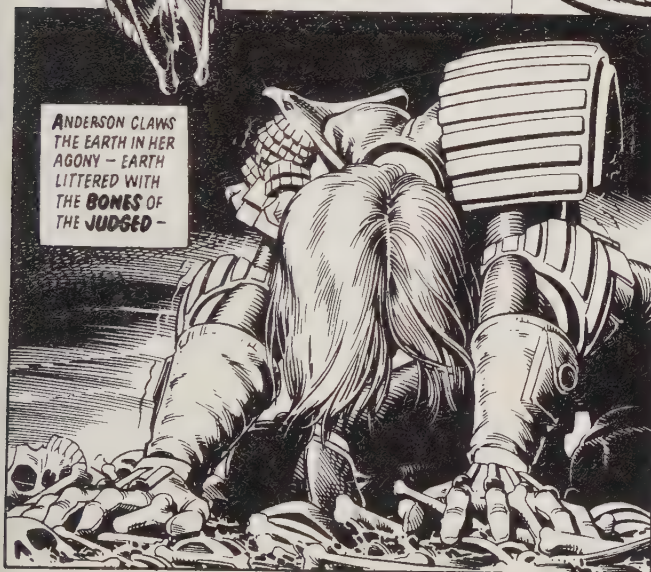
REVENGE! REVENGE!

OUT OF MY HEAD! IT'S TOO MUCH - TOO MUCH!

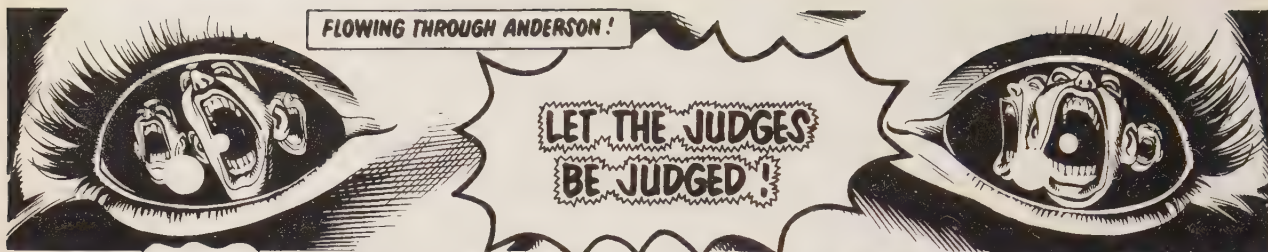




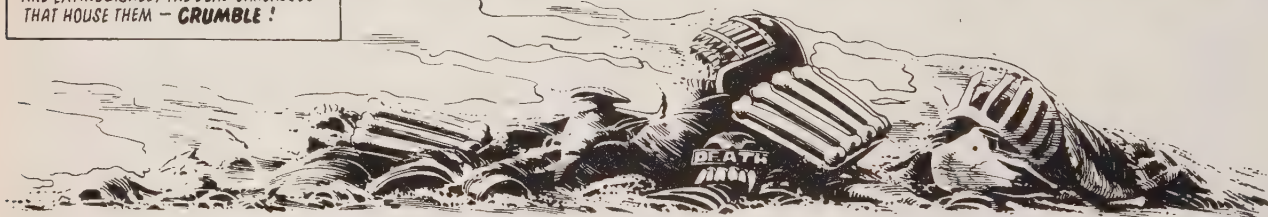








AS THE SPIRITS OF THE FOUR DARK JUDGES ARE EXTINGUISHED, THE DEAD CARCASSES THAT HOUSE THEM — CRUMBLE !





# THE FIRST LUNAR OLYMPICS

Script: John Wagner

Art: Brian Bolland

Letters: Tony Jacob

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Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 50

# JUDGE DREDD



# CRATER

## The First LUNAR OLYMPICS







**2000 A.D.**  
**Credit Card:**

**SCRIPT ROBOT**  
JOHN WAGNER  
**ART ROBOT**  
BRIAN BOLLAND  
**LETTERING ROBOT**  
TONY JACOB

**COMPU-73E**

NEXT MORNING JUDGE DREDD, IN CHARGE OF SECURITY FOR THE GAMES, VISITS THE ATHLETES' INSPECTION AREA BENEATH THE STADIUM...



**I PROTEST! THIS IS A LUNA-1 TRICK TO DISCREDIT THE SOV-CITIES TEAM!**

**COSMOVICH AND KOLB, THE SOV-CITIES JUDGES IN CHARGE OF THEIR TEAM. MAKING TROUBLE, AS USUAL.**

THE SPECTRO-SCAN SHOWS STEROIDS, ILLEGAL DRUGS, IN THE ATHLETE'S BODY...

THE RED AREAS SHOW STEROIDS, ILLEGAL BODY-BUILDING DRUGS. THE BLUE AND GREEN ONES ARE STANIMINE, FOR STAMINA.



**THAT GUY'S A WALKING DRUG STORE!**

**THE SOVS ARE TOUCHY, AND WE DON'T WANT AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT. TRY HIM ON A BIO-SCAN.**





THE BIO-SCAN SHOWS ALL NON-ORGANIC MATTER...

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE. THE COMPETITOR IS DISQUALIFIED.

HOLY HADES! EVERY BIT OF HIM THAT'S NOT DRUGGED IS BIONIC! NO ATHLETE MAY CONTAIN MORE THAN 20 PER CENT NON-HUMAN-TISSUE!



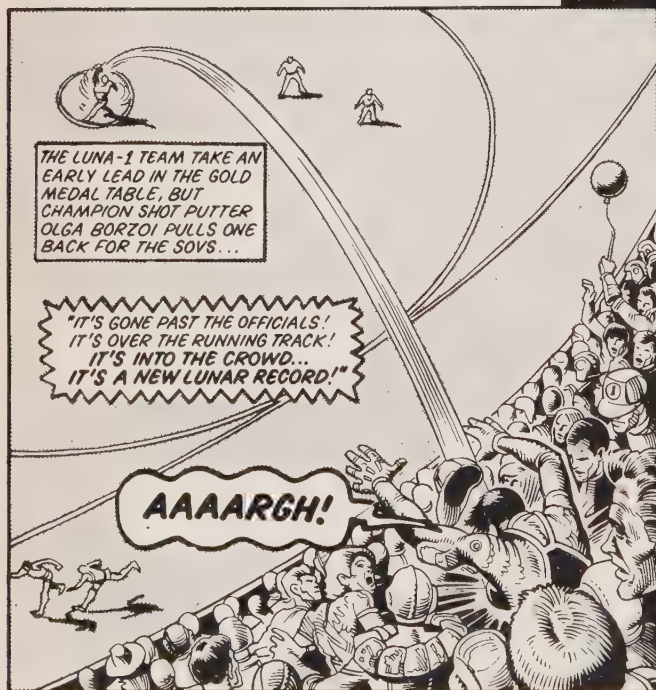
I DON'T LIKE FOREIGN JUDGES ON MY PATCH, ESPECIALLY PAID THUGS LIKE THOSE SOV-CITIES BOYS. THEY'LL TAKE SOME WATCHING.

THE LABOUR CAMP FOR YOU, FOOL!



LATER THAT DAY THE GAMES BEGIN. BECAUSE OF THE MOON'S LOW GRAVITY, EARTH RECORDS FALL LIKE NINE PINS.

A 40 METRE POLE VAULT! MUCH HIGHER AND WE'LL BE RUNNING OUT OF LADDER!



THE LUNA-1 TEAM TAKE AN EARLY LEAD IN THE GOLD MEDAL TABLE, BUT CHAMPION SHOT PUTTER OLGA BORZOI PULLS ONE BACK FOR THE SOVS...

"IT'S GONE PAST THE OFFICIALS! IT'S OVER THE RUNNING TRACK! IT'S INTO THE CROWD... IT'S A NEW LUNAR RECORD!"

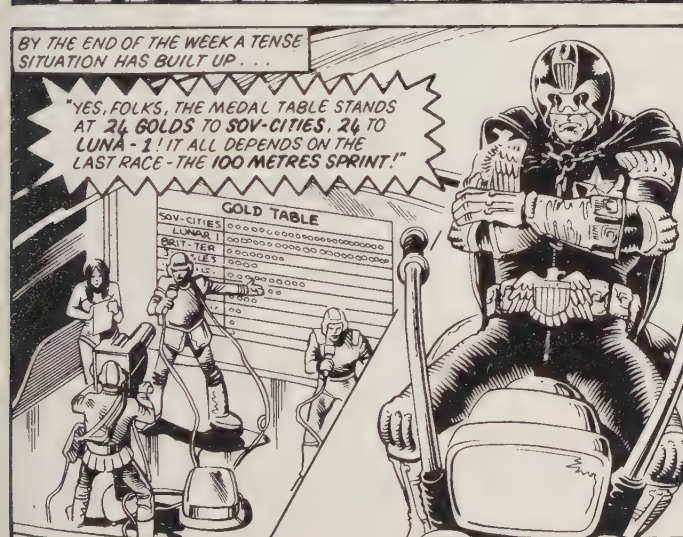
AAAARGH!

LATER IN THE WEEK THE NEW "MOON" SPORTS "ATTRACT HUGE CROWDS..."

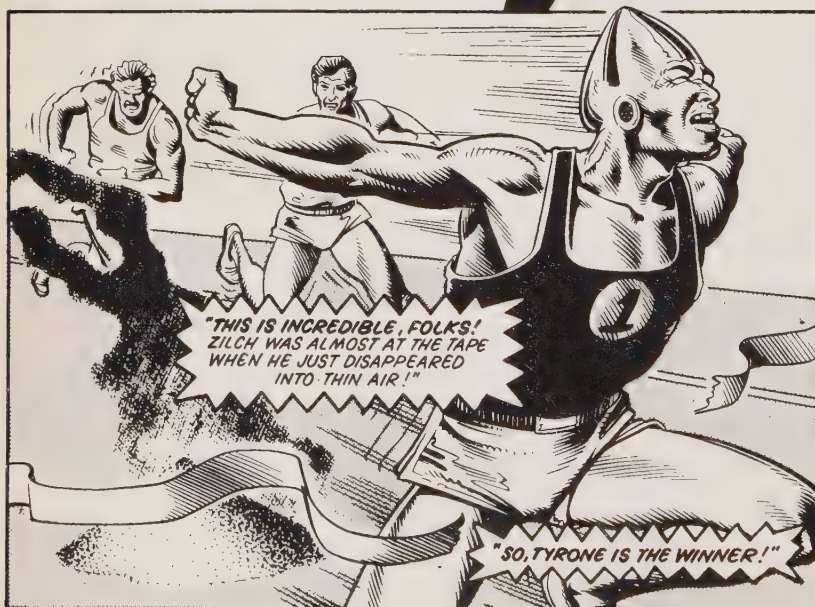
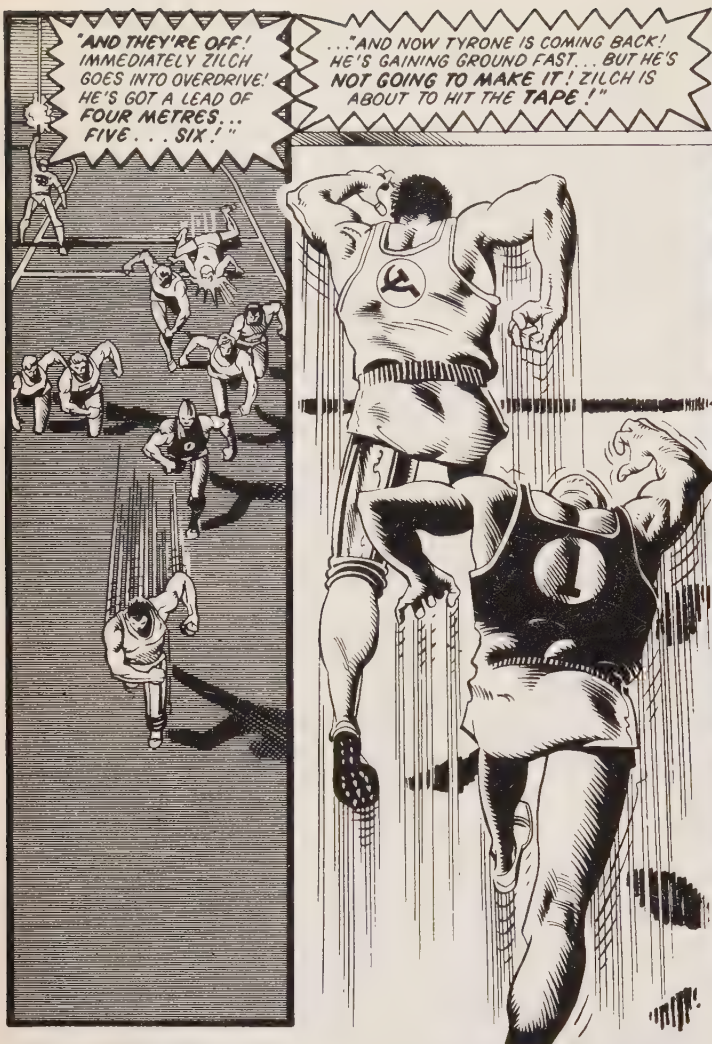


"NOW PICKING UP SPEED ON THE DUSTBOARD RUN IT'S JUSTIN BONNARD FOR BRIT-TERRITORIES! BY THE TIME HE LEAVES THE RAMP HE'LL BE DOING OVER 200 MPH!"











DREDD REACHES THE EAST STAND IN SECONDS...

NOISE UP AHEAD. THE SOV-CITIES JUDGES!  
THEY'VE GOT THE KILLER!



**EXIT**  
I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH!

DROP THAT GUN, SOV! YOU HAVE NO POWER TO ACT IN LUNA - 1. WE HAVE NO DEATH PENALTY HERE!

THEN YOUR LAW IS WEAK, DREDD. WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT IS DONE...



GOTTA TAKE THAT GUN!



NIET! AAARGH!

UUUH!

JUDGE KOLB IS DEAD! KILLED BY YOUR BULLET, DREDD!



IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, A RICOCHET. I REGRET HIS DEATH, BUT YOU WERE BREAKING THE LAW OF LUNA - 1.

FIRST OUR STAR SPRINTER IS DISINTEGRATED - THEN YOU MURDER JUDGE KOLB! THE SOV-CITIES WILL NOT STAND FOR THESE ACTS OF OPEN AGGRESSION.



WE ARE AT WAR!

NEXT PROG:  
WAR GAMES!







# WAR GAMES

Script: John Wagner

Art: Brian Bolland

Letters: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 51

# JUDGE DREDD





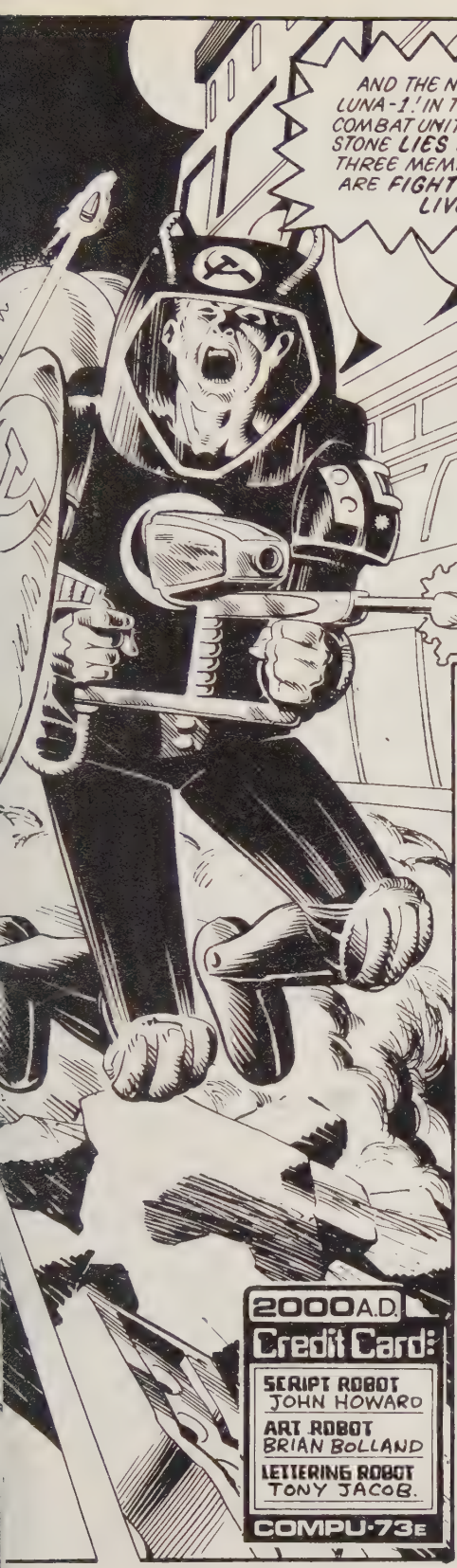
# FORWARD

SOV-CITIES' SOLDIERS ARE CHARGING DOWN LUNA-CITY MAIN STREET! BULLETS ARE JUST BOUNCING OFF THEIR ANTI-BLAST SUITS. NOTHING SEEMS TO STOP THEM!

NO, FOLKS, DO NOT ADJUST YOUR BRAINS! THIS IS FOR REAL!

THIS IS WAR

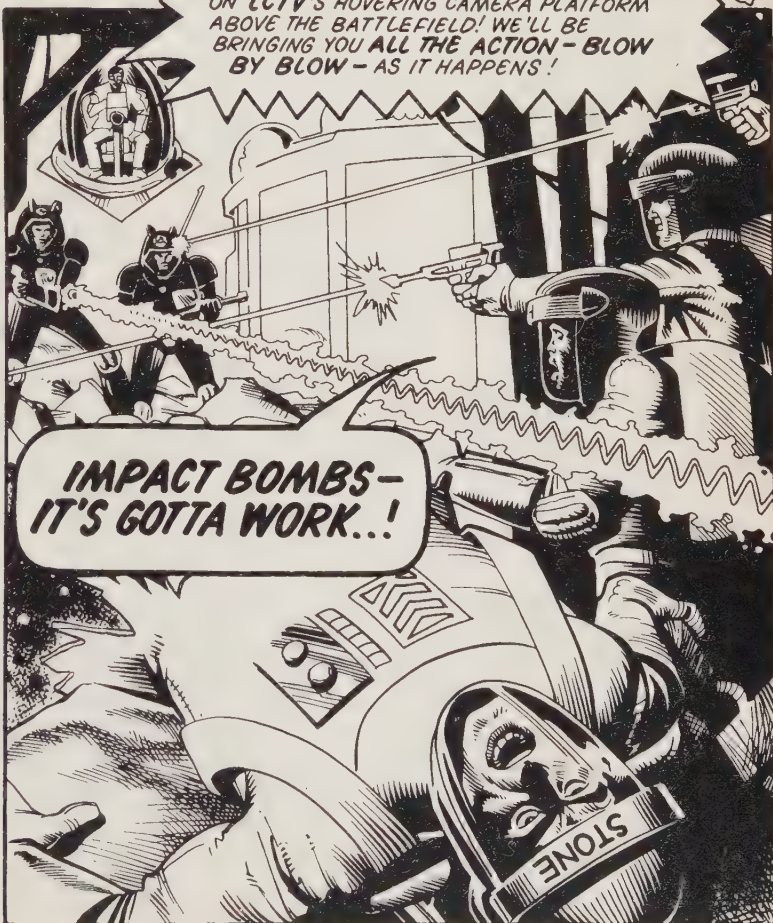




AND THE NEWS IS **BAD** FOR LUNA-1! IN THE STREET BELOW COMBAT UNIT LEADER SGT. SAM STONE LIES DEAD! THE OTHER THREE MEMBERS OF THE UNIT ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES...



YES, FOLKS, SOV-CITIES HAVE DECLARED WAR ON LUNA-1! THIS IS KENNY ARMSTRONG ON LCTV'S HOVERING CAMERA PLATFORM ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD! WE'LL BE BRINGING YOU **ALL THE ACTION - BLOW BY BLOW** - AS IT HAPPENS!



2000AD  
Credit Card:

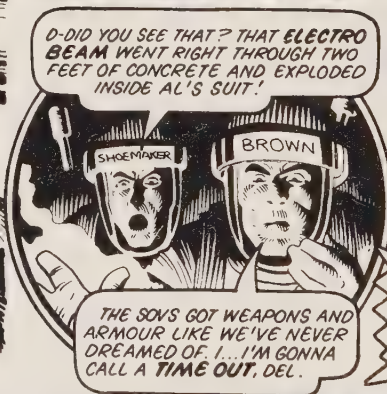
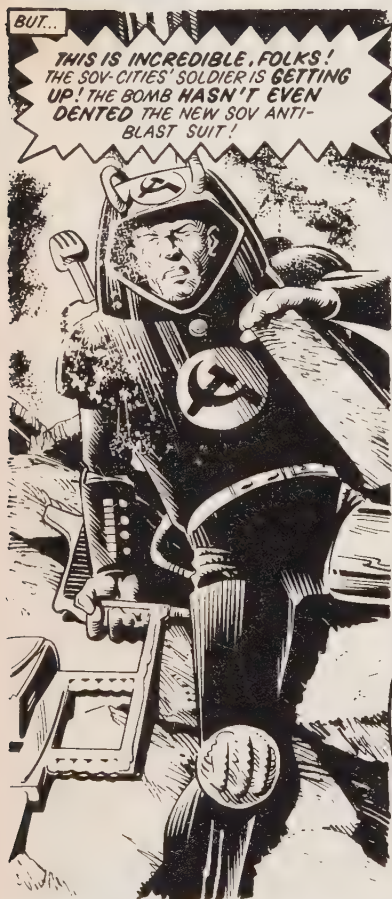
SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN HOWARD

ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND

LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOB.

COMPU-73E

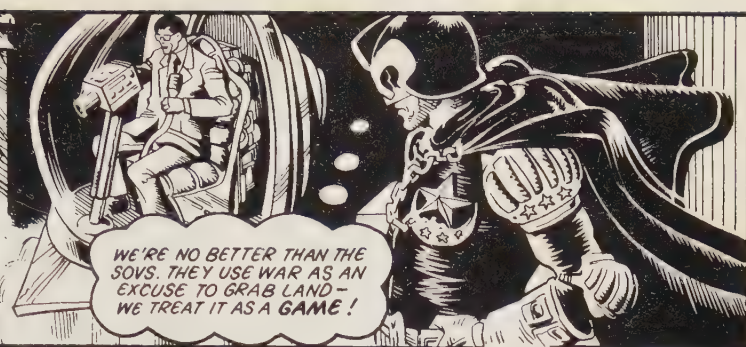






JUDGE DREDD WAS LUNA-1 OBSERVER AT THE WAR...

YES, FOLKS, GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN MILLIONS DIED ON THE BATTLEFIELD! THIS IS GOOD WAR-CLEAN WAR! SO SIT BACK IN YOUR SEATS AND ENJOY THE ACTION!



WE'RE NO BETTER THAN THE SOVS. THEY USE WAR AS AN EXCUSE TO GRAB LAND— WE TREAT IT AS A GAME!

JUDGE DREDD—LOOK! A HYPO-DART IN OUR RESERVE'S NECK! HE'S OUT FOR THE COUNT.

I BET THOSE STINKIN' SOVS DID IT. IT AIN'T ENOUGH THAT THEY GOT BETTER WEAPONS THAN US...



TELL YOUR MEN TO SURRENDER, DREDD. CONCEDE YOUR APOLLO TERRITORY TO US AND SOV-CITIES WILL BE SATISFIED.



YOUR TYPE ARE NEVER SATISFIED, COSMOVICH. IF WE DON'T PUT YOU DOWN NOW, YOU'LL TRY THE SAME TRICK AGAIN.

TAKE OFF WALLY'S GEAR, IKE. YOU JUST GOT YOURSELF ANOTHER RESERVE.



THE COMBAT UNITS ARE COMING OUT TO RESUME FIGHTING! WITH LUNA-1 RESERVE... HEY... THAT'S NOT THE RESERVE... IT'S JUDGE DREDD!

UNDER THE RULES OF THE WAR EACH MAN MUST RETURN TO THE POSITION OCCUPIED BEFORE TIME OUT WAS CALLED. DREDD JOINED THE TWO SOLDIERS IN THE BATTERED BUILDING.

PHEEEEP!



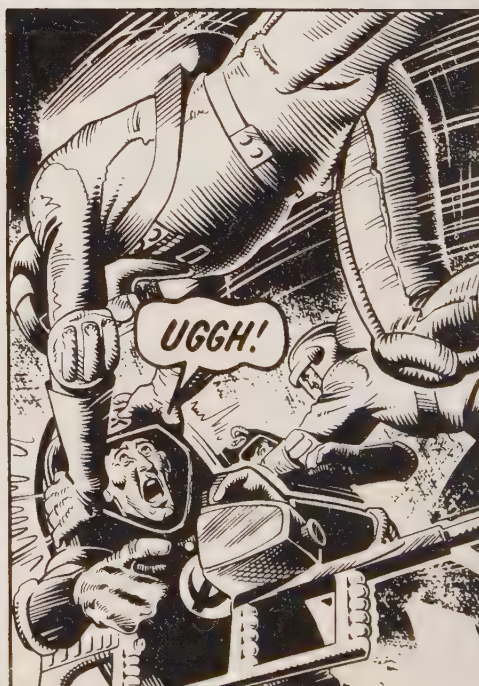
THERE'S THE WHISTLE! GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, BOYS!



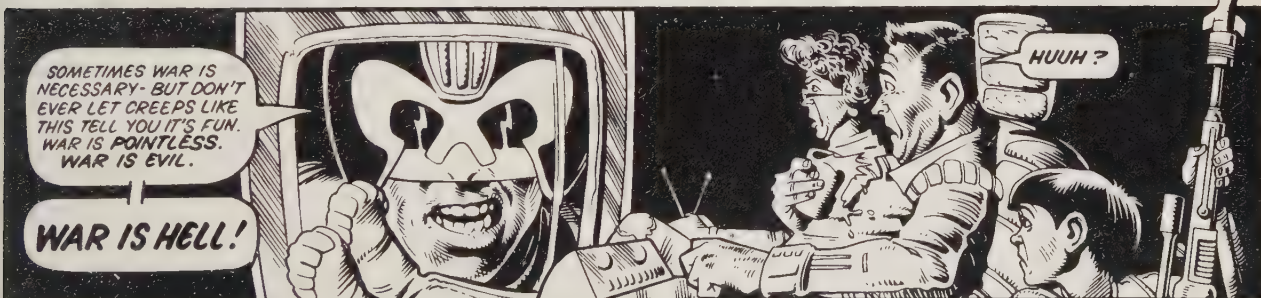
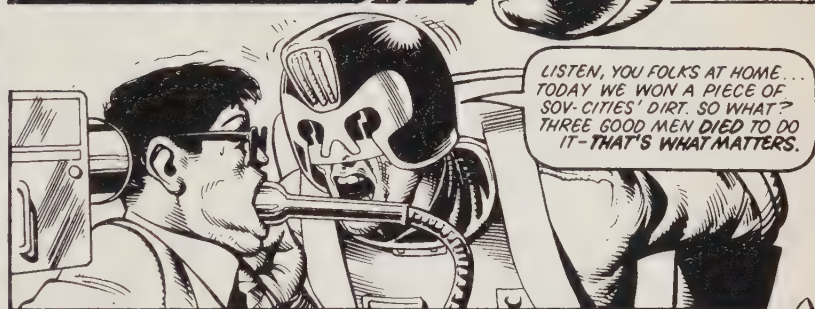
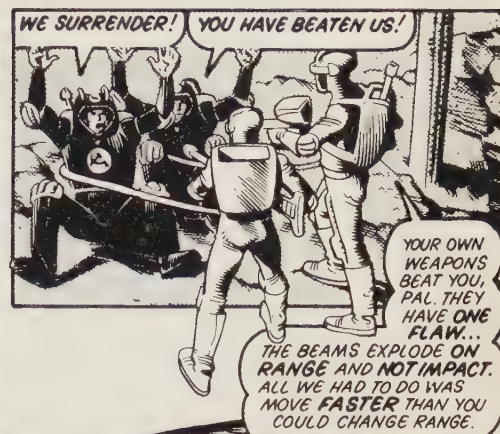
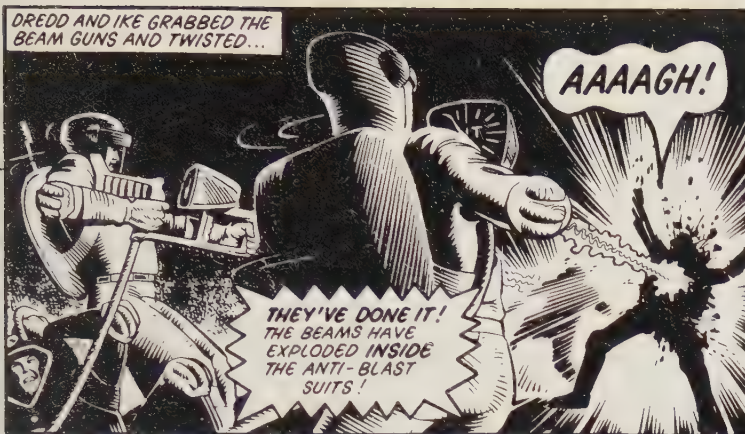
WASTE BULLETS, FOOLS! NOTHING CAN PENETRATE OUR BLAST-SUITS!

I HAVE THEM ON INFRA-RED. RANGE 35. FIRING!









KEEP CALM + + + THRILL FACTOR OVERLOAD + + + KEEP CALM







# THE OXYGEN BOARD

Script: John Wagner

Art: Brian Bolland

Letters: Tom Frame

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Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 57

# JUDGE DREDD



# 2000 A.D.

THE YEAR 2100. EACH DAY HUGE  
ASTRO-TANKERS ARRIVE AT DOCKING  
BAYS ABOVE THE DOMES THAT COVER  
LUNA-1. THEIR CARGO -

**OXYGEN.**

VALVES LOCKED  
TIGHT, BIG BROTHER.  
STARTING TRANSFER  
PUMPS.

ROGER, FOURTEEN.  
WE'RE READY FOR  
YOU.

2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

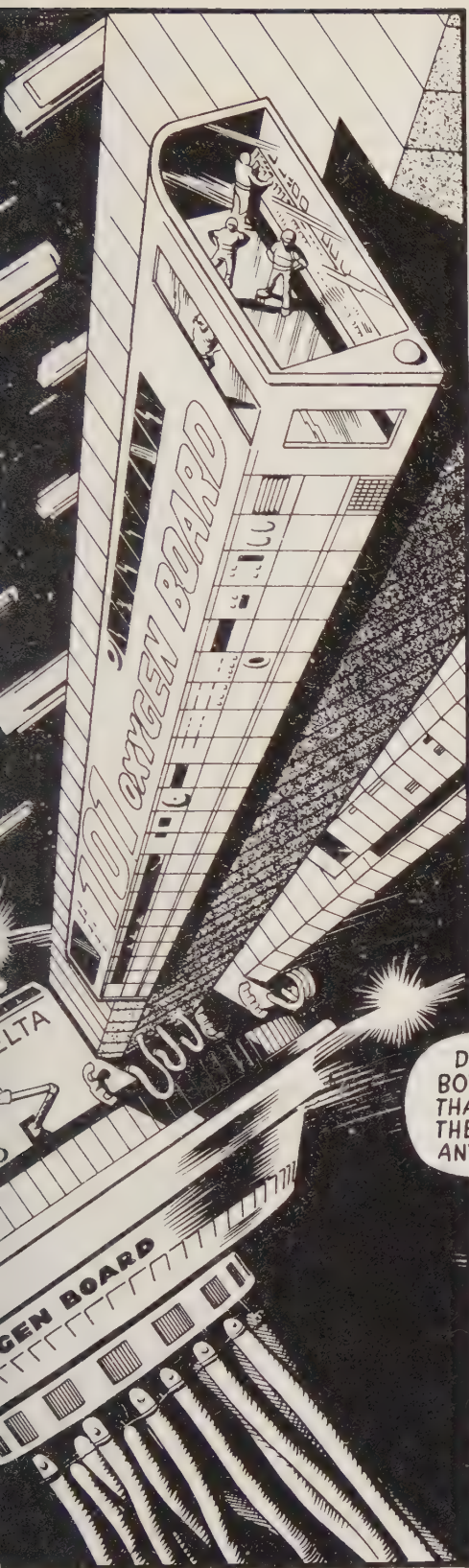
SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN HOWARD

ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND

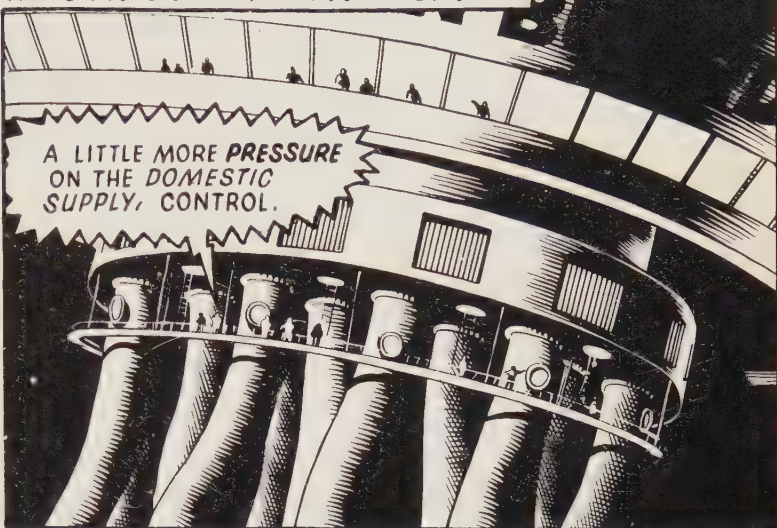
LETTERING ROBOT  
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e





**BENEATH THE DOME, SKILLED TECHNICIANS MIX THE OXYGEN WITH OTHER GASES BEFORE SENDING IT ON TO FEED THE HOMES AND STREETS OF THE MOON COLONY BELOW...**



**A LITTLE MORE PRESSURE ON THE DOMESTIC SUPPLY, CONTROL.**

**IT WAS AT THESE MIXING TERMINALS THAT THE RAIDERS STRUCK...**

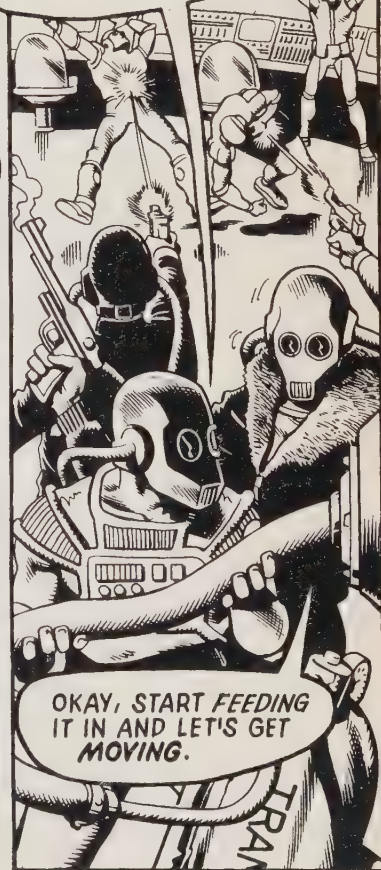


**MASKED GUNMEN! RUN!**

**DRIVE 'EM BACK, BOYS! ONCE WE GET THAT CYLINDER ATTACHED THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE.**

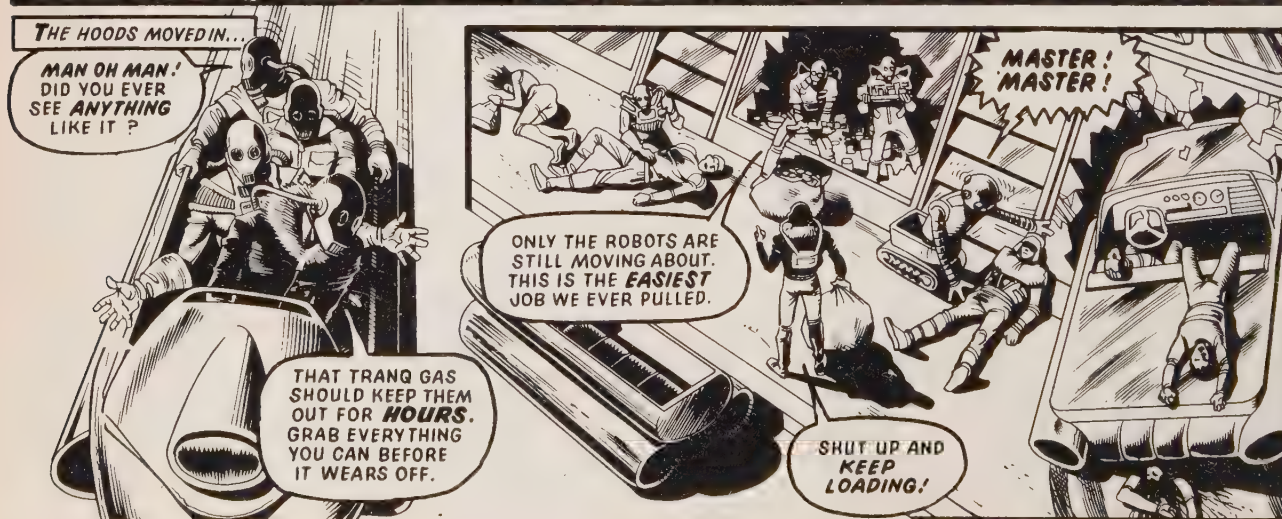
**SOON...**

**TRANQ GAS HOOKED INTO THE OUTLET VALVE, BOSS.**

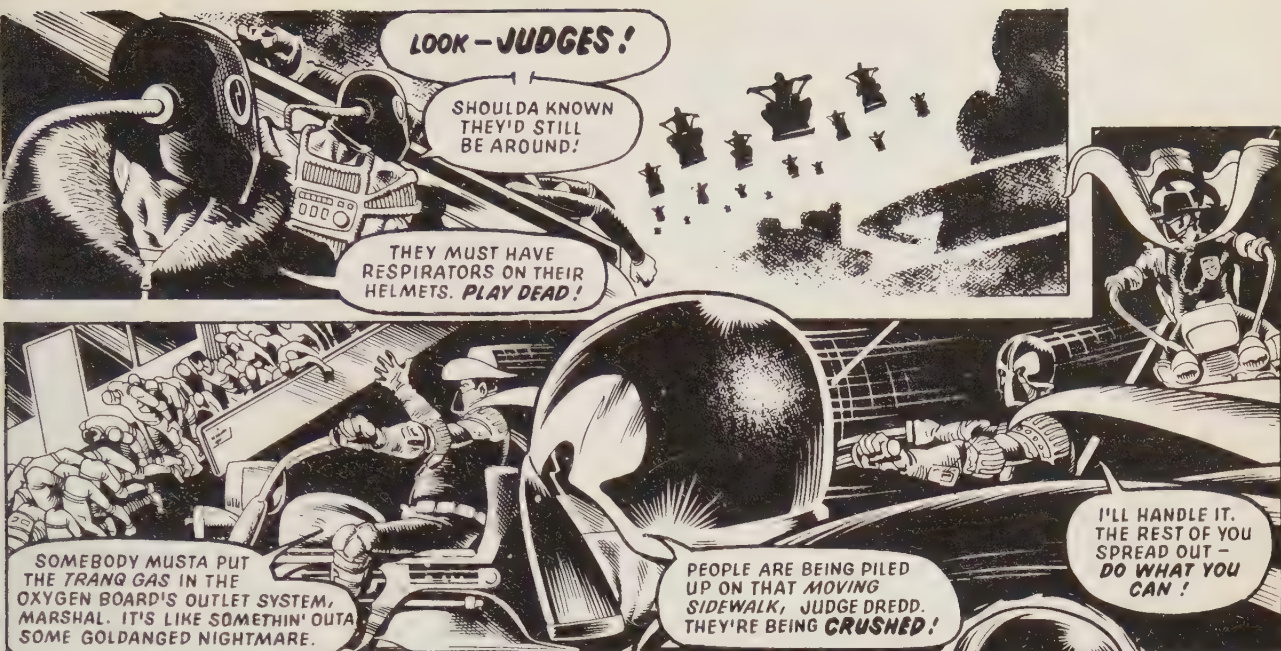


**OKAY, START FEEDING IT IN AND LET'S GET MOVING.**

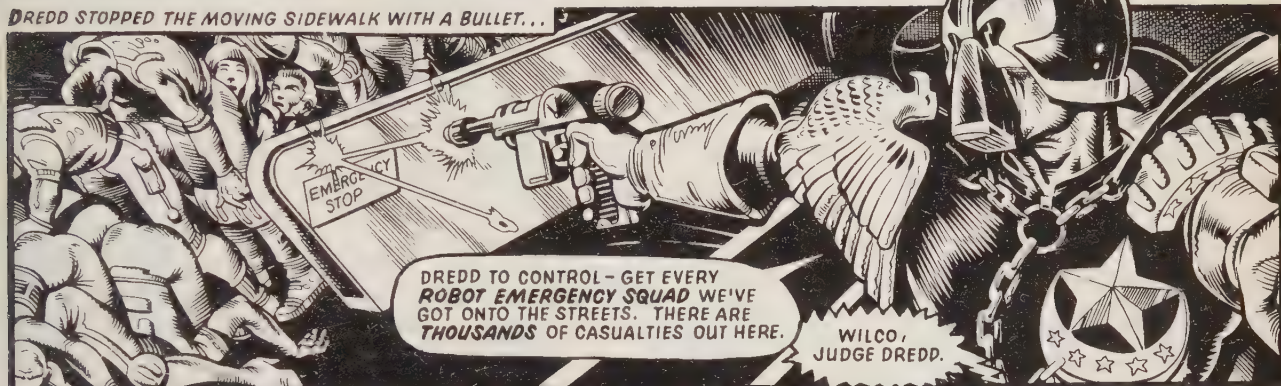








DREDD STOPPED THE MOVING SIDEWALK WITH A BULLET...







MONORAIL -  
GOING TOO FAST  
ROUND THAT  
BEND!

IT'S  
COMING  
OFF!

WARDEN



THE TROUBLE IS, THE  
PEOPLE HAVE STOPPED -  
BUT THE MACHINES  
ARE STILL GOING.  
WE'VE GOT TO  
WAKE THEM UP!

JUDGE  
DREDD -  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?

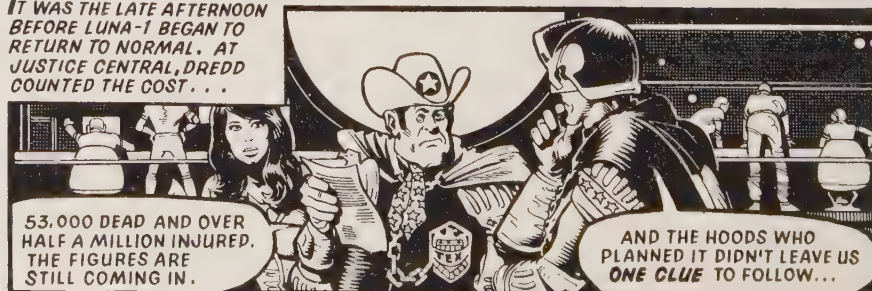
YES...YES,  
I'M OKAY. BUT  
THE PEOPLE  
IN THAT  
BUILDING  
AREN'T.



GET ONTO CONTROL  
AND FIND OUT THE  
ANTIDOTE TO THAT  
TRANQ GAS. THEN  
GET IT UP TO THE  
OXYGEN STATIONS,  
QUICK!

IT WAS THE LATE AFTERNOON  
BEFORE LUNA-1 BEGAN TO  
RETURN TO NORMAL. AT  
JUSTICE CENTRAL, DREDD  
COUNTED THE COST...

53,000 DEAD AND OVER  
HALF A MILLION INJURED.  
THE FIGURES ARE  
STILL COMING IN.



AND THE HOODS WHO  
PLANNED IT DIDN'T LEAVE US  
ONE CLUE TO FOLLOW...



THE BIGGEST DISASTER  
IN THE MOON'S HISTORY—  
AND THE MEN WHO DID  
IT ARE GOING TO GET  
AWAY

**SCOT  
FREE!**

AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER  
PART OF THE CITY...

**Wahoo! WE'RE RICH!**

LOCK THAT DOOR, LUNK. WE  
DON'T WANT ANYONE BURSTING  
IN ON US WHEN WE'RE COUNTING  
THE LOOT.

IT'S THE BIGGEST  
KILLING THAT'S EVER  
BEEN MADE, BOYS. AND  
THE BEAUTY OF IT IS,  
NO ONE CAN EVER  
TOUCH US FOR IT!

**BLEEP**

THE VIEW PHONE!  
QUICK! **COVER  
THE LOOT!**

GOOD AFTERNOON,  
MR SMITH. I'M YOUR  
PAYMENT CONTROL ROBOT  
AT THE **OXYGEN BOARD**.  
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO  
REACH YOU ALL DAY.

I'VE, UH, BEEN  
OUT ON A... A  
JOB.

IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION  
THAT YOUR **OXYGEN BILL** IS  
NOW TWO MONTHS OVERDUE.

SO I'M AFRAID I'M GOING  
TO HAVE TO **TERMINATE**  
YOUR SUPPLY, MR SMITH.

**T-TERMINATE!** YOU MEAN—  
**CUT ME OFF!** B-BUT YOU CAN'T...

I CAN AND I WILL,  
MR SMITH. THE  
AIR IN YOUR  
ROOMS IS NOW  
BEING EXTRACTED  
THROUGH THE  
OXYMETER.

**OXYGEN BOARD**

sssssss

HE—HE'S **SUCKING**  
**OUR AIR OUT!**



I HOPE THIS WILL SERVE AS A LESSON TO YOU, MR SMITH. YOUR OXYGEN CAN BE **RESTORED** BY PAYMENT OF ALL MONEY OWED AT ANY **OXYGEN BOARD SHOWROOM.**

GOOD AFTERNOON.



GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE. **LUNK—THE KEY. WHERE'D YOU PUT THE KEY?**

UH... DUNNO, BOSS. I-I GUESS I MUSTA **D-DROPPED IT ON THE LOOT...**



**IN THE LOOT... HELL! WE-WE'LL NEVER FIND IT!**



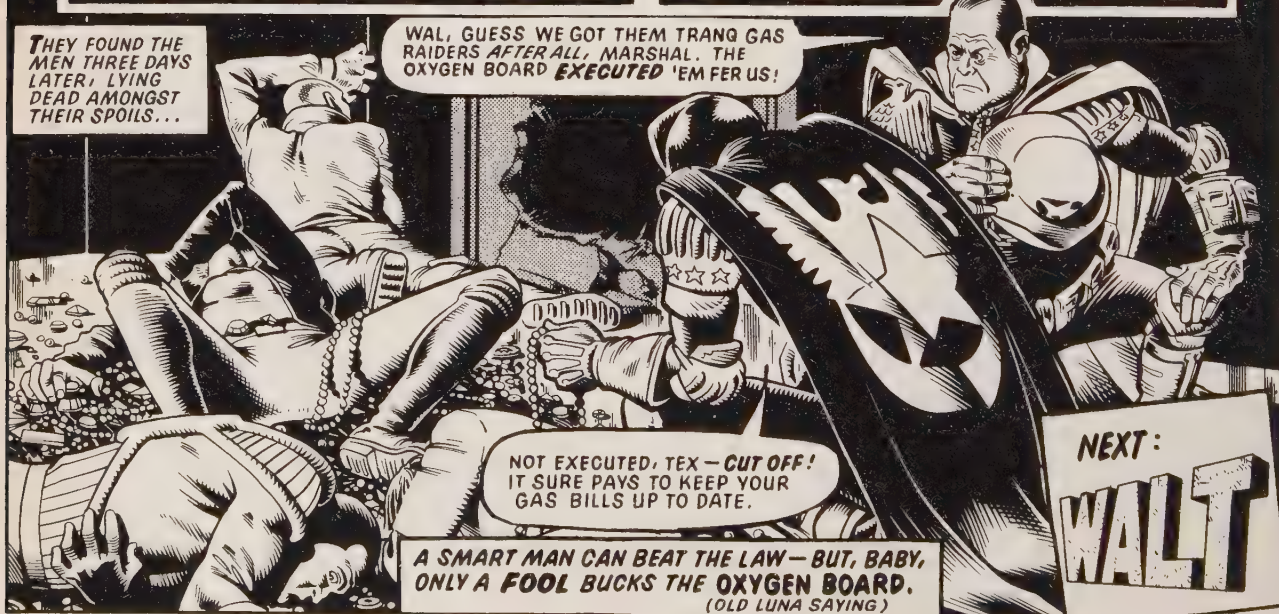
C... CAN'T... BREATHE...

**GODDAM OXYGEN BOARD!**



**THEY FOUND THE MEN THREE DAYS LATER, LYING DEAD AMONGST THEIR SPOILS...**

WAL, GUESS WE GOT THEM TRANG GAS RAIDERS **AFTER ALL, MARSHAL. THE OXYGEN BOARD EXECUTED 'EM FER US!**



NOT EXECUTED, TEX — **CUT OFF!** IT SURE PAYS TO KEEP YOUR GAS BILLS UP TO DATE.

**A SMART MAN CAN BEAT THE LAW — BUT, BABY, ONLY A FOOL BUCKS THE OXYGEN BOARD.**  
(OLD LUNA SAYING)

**NEXT:**

**WALT**



# THE FACE-CHANGE CRIMES

Script: John Wagner

Art: Brian Bolland

Letters: Tom Frame

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Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 52

# JUDGE DREDD



# DEADLY

ON THE FIRST LUNAR BANK IN  
DOWNTOWN LUNA-CITY ONE OF THE  
STRANGEST BANK ROBBERIES IN  
HISTORY WAS TAKING PLACE...





EVERYONE  
AGAINST THE  
WALL!

# THIS IS A RAID! FIRST LUNAR BANK.



2000 A.D.  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN HOWARD  
ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73E

HEAVY BARS SLID  
DOWN TO BLOCK  
THE EXIT —

EXIT

GOT IT — BUT TOO LATE!  
THE ENTRANCE IS  
BLOCKED!

WE'RE **TRAPPED** HERE.  
THAT'S ANOTHER FINE MESS  
YOU'VE GOT US INTO.

NEVER FEAR, OLIVER.  
AS LONG AS WE'VE  
GOT OUR **BOX OF  
TRICKS** HERE THOSE  
OLD KEYSTONE COPS CAN  
NEVER TOUCH US!



BY THE TIME JUDGE DREDD, MARSHAL OF LUNA-1, HAD ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, A CORDON HAD BEEN SET UP ROUND THE BANK...

# FIRST LUNAR BANK

THEY'RE HOLDING HOSTAGES IN THE BANK. THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH THE SECURITY COMPUTER GOT OF THEM BEFORE THEY PUT IT OUT OF ACTION.

YOU MEN IN THERE! GIVE YOURSELVES UP!



HMMM... SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THESE CREEPS. BUT I CAN'T PUT NAMES TO THE FACES...

NO WAY! WE FIGHT IT OUT TO THE END. BUT WE'RE NOT HEARTLESS - WE'RE SENDING THE HOSTAGES OUT FOR SAFETY!

ONE BY ONE THE HOSTAGES STAGGERED OUT TO WAITING AMBULANCES...

THAT'S THE LAST... GET THAT MACHINE WORKING QUICK. SET IT FOR NUMBER TWO DISGUISE!

ONLY THREE MORE TO COME, DREDD!

THE MACHINE WAS SWITCHED ON - AND A REMARKABLE CHANGE TOOK PLACE.

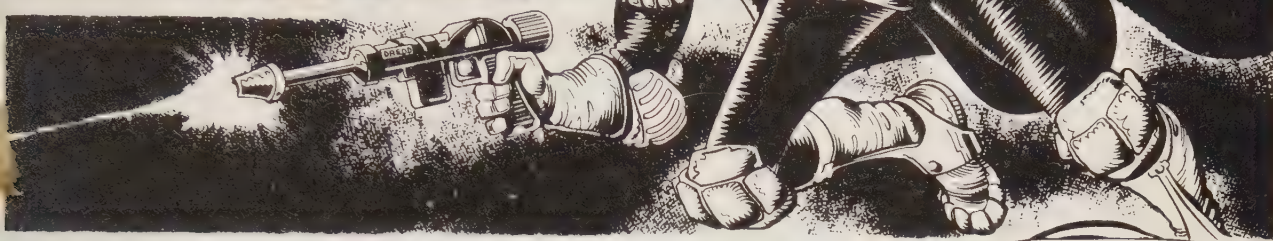


SECONDS LATER, OUTSIDE -

THAT'S THE LAST THREE. OKAY, MEN, HIT 'EM WITH THOSE SMOKE BOMBS.









FACE-CHANGING MACHINES WORKED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF MATTER REORGANISATION. NEXT DAY DREDD VISITED THE ONLY COMPANY ON LUNA-1 THAT SOLD THEM...

DREDD PORED OVER THE SALES BOOK UNTIL...



TOOLEY—AL TOOLEY. I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! HE AND HIS BROTHERS, BRAD AND LAPSLEY, ARE THE BIGGEST CON-MEN IN THE BUSINESS. THE TROUBLE IS...

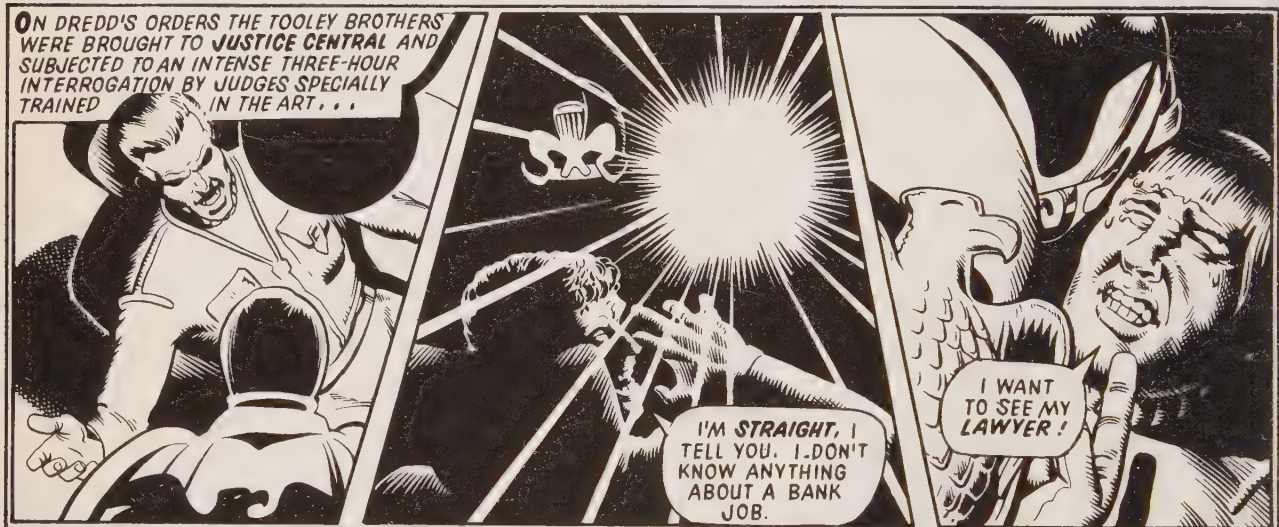
...PROVING THEY ROBBED THE BANK!

ION	X	3C	3C	SUBOTNIK
HALAS	X	2F	2F	MYOTO BERNON
CROFT	X	35	35	RONDO WATTON
ASSIDER	X	2F	2F	ALBERT TOOLEY
ZEL	X	2C	2C	RICH BURTON
SKINN	X	2C	2C	98 RICH LAKE
BILCO	X	4G	4G	100 RAC MARR
ZAPPA	X	3C	3C	101 SYD
TON	X	21	21	102 KUB
ESILVER	X	2/x	2/x	103 JIP
OTHAM	X	1	1	
HERD	X	6	6	
ELL	X	6	6	
WRO	X	6	6	

YESSIR, MARSHAL. WE CAN HAVE YOUR FACE CHANGED BY EXPERTS HERE IN OUR SALON. OR PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER OUR DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT? A NEW FACE FOR EVERY DAY!

I DON'T WANT MY FACE CHANGED, FOOL! I WANT THE NAMES OF ANYONE WHO'S BOUGHT ONE OF THESE WRETCHED MACHINES FROM YOU.

ON DREDD'S ORDERS THE TOOLEY BROTHERS WERE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE CENTRAL AND SUBJECTED TO AN INTENSE THREE-HOUR INTERROGATION BY JUDGES SPECIALLY TRAINED IN THE ART...



I'M STRAIGHT, I TELL YOU. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A BANK JOB.

I WANT TO SEE MY LAWYER!



IT'S NO GOOD, MARSHAL. THEY WON'T TALK TILL THEY'VE SEEN THEIR LAWYER, MANNY BLOOM.

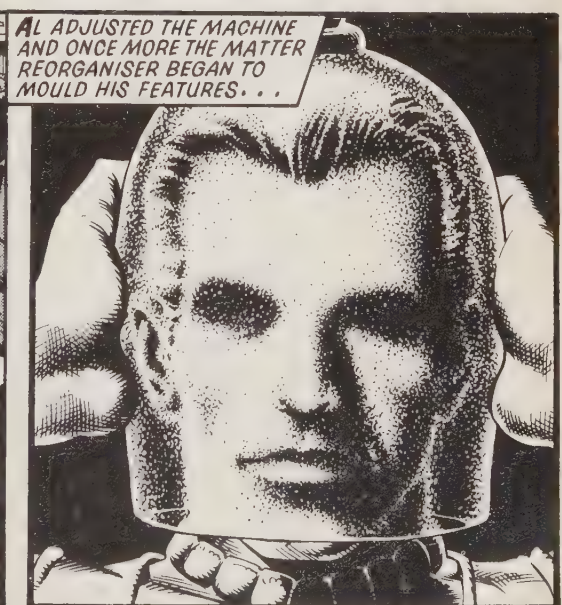
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, HERE HE COMES NOW. THE CROOKEDEST LAWYER ON LUNA-1...



WHAT THE HECK IS THIS, DREDD? YOU CAN'T HOLD MY CLIENTS WITHOUT ANY EVIDENCE AGAINST THEM. I DEMAND YOU RELEASE THEM OR I'LL—

OKAY, MANNY, CALM DOWN. YOU CAN HAVE 'EM. THEY'RE MAKING A NASTY SMELL IN THE JUSTICE BUILDING.









HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, MANNY? THE IDENTIKIT MUG!

IT'LL SAVE THE LAW THE BOTHER OF MAKIN' ONE UP. ONLY BY THAT TIME WE'LL HAVE DONE ANOTHER "ABOUT FACE"! HA, HA!

THIS CONVERSATION HAS BEEN RECORDED. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

THANKS, BOYS. YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU BOYS MADE ONE MISTAKE—YOU FORGOT **WE'VE** GOT A **FACE-CHANGING MACHINE** OF OUR OWN AT JUSTICE CENTRAL!

UGGH!

**DREDD!**

THE **FACE** IS MANNY'S — BUT THE **FIST** IS DREDD'S.

**AAAGH!**

NOW YOU CREEPS ARE GONNA GET **ONE LAST FACE CHANGE**. THERE'S A LOOK A CON GETS WHEN HE'S DONE FORTY YEARS ON A DOME REPAIR GANG. **KINDA SAD... KINDA EMPTY...**

**...IT AIN'T PRETTY!**

KEEP CALM + + + THRILL FACTOR OVERLOAD + + +



# THE FOG

Script: John Wagner

Art: Brian Bolland

Letters: Tom Frame

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Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 127

# JUDGE DREDD



**FOG** HAD COME TO  
**MEGA-CITY ONE**,  
22ND CENTURY AMERICA'S  
VAST METROPOLIS OF  
OVER 800 MILLION  
PEOPLE. LIKE A  
SUFFOCATING BLANKET  
IT HUNG OVER WEATHER  
DISTRICT 6... BRINGING  
NEW DANGERS TO  
THE STREETS...

2000 A.D.

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN HOWARD  
ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e

STAY IN YOUR HOMES... DO NOT GO OUT  
UNLESS IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY...  
WE ARE TRYING TO CORRECT THE  
FAULT IN YOUR WEATHER....

# JUDGE DREDD

BUT NOT EVERYONE  
OBEYED THE WARNINGS  
OF THE JUDGES.  
THE MEN WHO KEPT  
LAW AND ORDER  
IN THE CITY.

'BYE, GIRLS.

DOK, WHAT *WEATHER*? IT  
REMINDS ME OF THE PEA-SOUPERS  
THEY USED TO HAVE IN OLD LONDON.

CAN'T WAIT TO  
GET HOME.  
THERE'VE BEEN SOME  
STRANGE  
DISAPPEARANCES  
SINCE THE FOG  
STARTED.





THIS IS WHERE I TURN  
OFF. 'BYE, DOREEN...  
WATCH OUT FOR THE  
WEE GREEN MEN!

YOU'VE GOT A  
FUNNY SENSE  
OF HUMOUR,  
CAROL! 'BYE!

BUT AS DOREEN  
WALKED ON...

HEE! HEE!  
HEE! HEE!  
HEE! HEE!

HEE! HEE!  
HEE! HEE!

... SOMEONE COMING...  
WHO-WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'VE COME FOR THE  
PIE-FILLING,  
ME DEAR!

HEE,  
HEE,  
HEE!

THOUGHT I HEARD A  
CRY FOR HELP -  
OH, NO! DOREEN!

A MASSIVE EQUIPMENT FAILURE ABOVE DISTRICT 6  
HAD CAUSED FREAK CONDITIONS. FOR OVER A  
WEEK WEATHER CONTROL HAD BEEN STRUGGLING  
TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE...

... WHILE ON THE STREETS BELOW, HIDDEN  
BY THE FOG, CRIME RAN WILD!

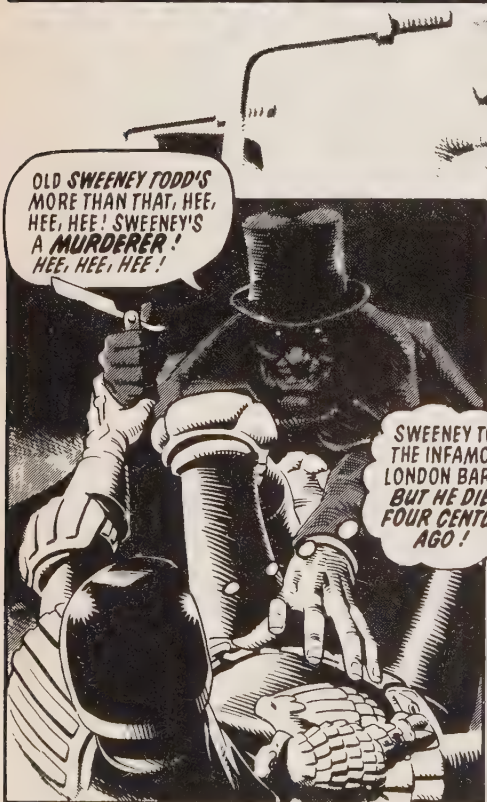
N-NO... NO!  
SOMEONE HELP  
MEEEEEE!

JUDGE DREDD, MEGA-CITY'S TOP JUDGE, WAS QUICKLY ON  
THE SCENE OF THE LATEST OUTRAGE -

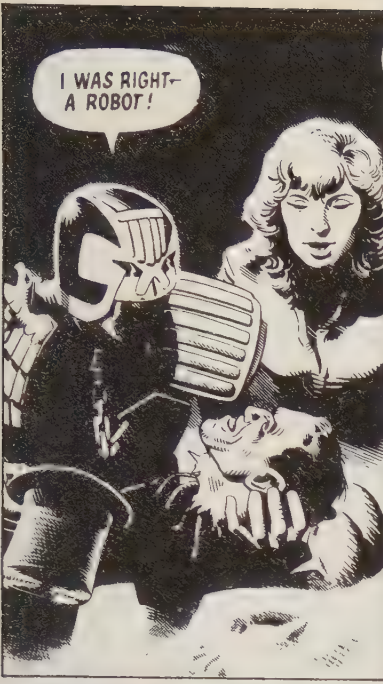
AND THEN - THEN HE PICKED HER UP AND -  
AND RAN OFF! HE - HE WORE A-A BIG TOP  
HAT AND A BLACK  
CLOAK!

THAT COULD DESCRIBE TEN THOUSAND MEN  
IN THIS CITY! THINK HARDER, CITIZEN. WE'VE  
GOT TO CATCH THIS MANIAC BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!

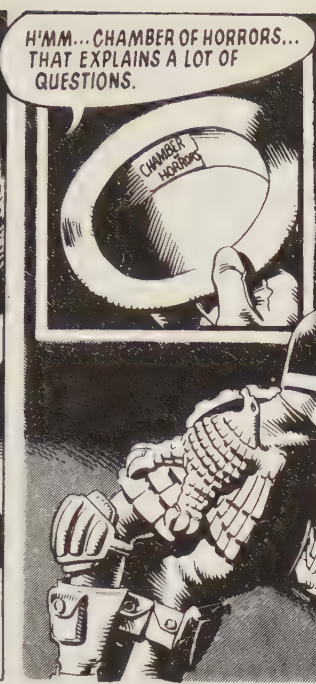








I WAS RIGHT—  
A ROBOT!



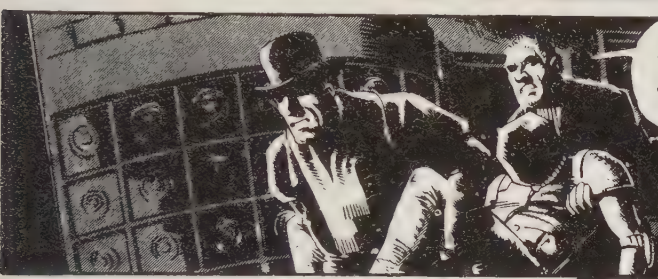
H'MM... CHAMBER OF HORRORS...  
THAT EXPLAINS A LOT OF  
QUESTIONS.



AFTER SUMMONING MEDICAL AID FOR THE SHOCKED DOREEN,  
DREDD MADE FOR THE MEGA-CITY CHAMBER OF HORRORS  
WHICH LAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOG DISTRICT. THERE,  
ROBOTS HAD LONG AGO REPLACED LIFELESS WAXWORK  
MODELS —

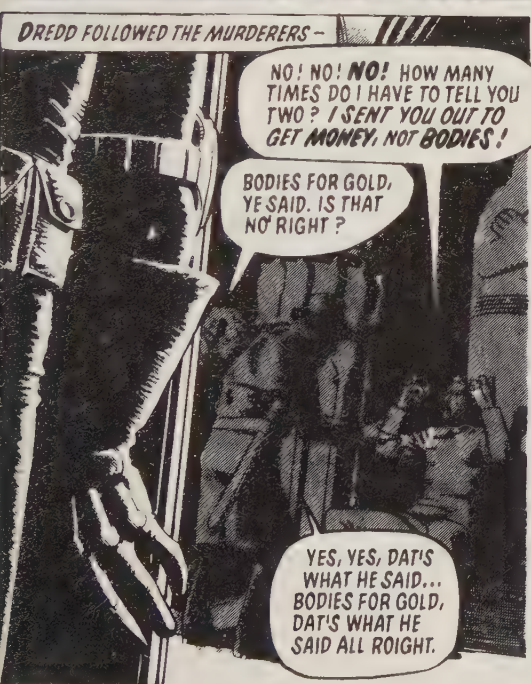
THESE ROBOTS COULD BE BEHIND  
A LOT OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAVE  
BEEN HAPPENING SINCE THE FOG...

FOOTSTEPS!  
SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



BODIES FOR GOLD,  
THAT'S WHIT HE  
SAID! BODIES  
FOR GOLD!

BURKE AND  
HARE, THE  
BODYSNATCHERS!

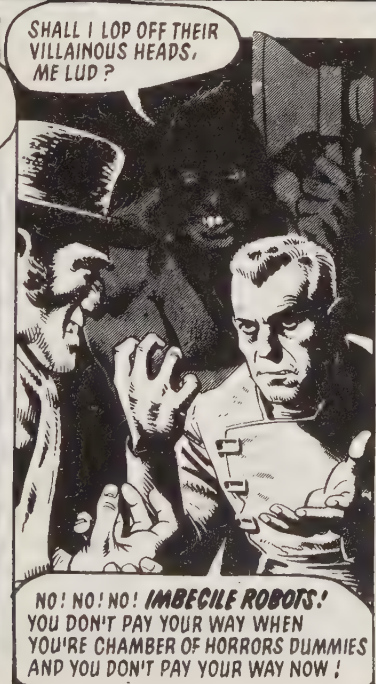


DREDD FOLLOWED THE MURDERERS —

NO! NO! **NO!** HOW MANY  
TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU  
TWO? I SENT YOU OUT TO  
GET **MONEY**, NOT **BODIES**!

BODIES FOR GOLD,  
YE SAID. IS THAT  
NO' RIGHT?

YES, YES, DAT'S  
WHAT HE SAID...  
BODIES FOR GOLD,  
DAT'S WHAT HE  
SAID ALL ROIGHT.



SHALL I LOP OFF THEIR  
VILLAINOUS HEADS,  
ME LUD?

NO! NO! NO! **IMBECILE ROBOTS!**  
YOU DON'T PAY YOUR WAY WHEN  
YOU'RE CHAMBER OF HORRORS DUMMIES  
AND YOU DON'T PAY YOUR WAY NOW!



CRIME NEVER  
PAYS, CITIZEN!  
**YOU'RE  
UNDER  
ARREST!**

J-JUDGE DREDD!  
**GET HIM!**









DONNGG

THE BELLS! THE BELLS!



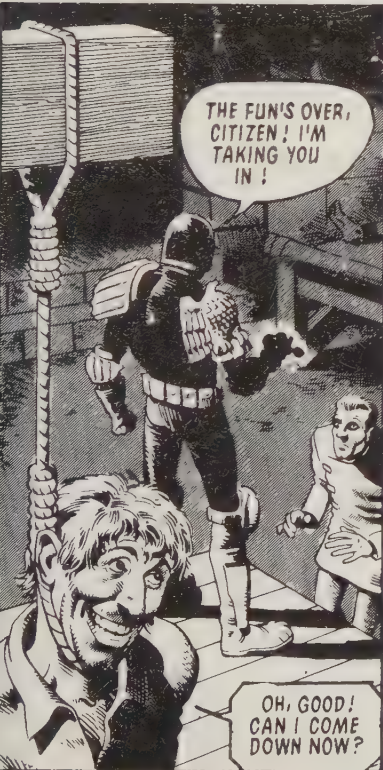
THEY'RE RINGING FOR YOU, PAL!



DREDD GRASPED THE ROPE AND SWUNG —

UGGH!

I'LL TAKE THAT FIREARM, CITIZEN!



THE FUN'S OVER, CITIZEN! I'M TAKING YOU IN!

OH, GOOD! CAN I COME DOWN NOW?

OTHER JUDGES WERE SOON ON THE SCENE —



I-I NEVER MEANT THEM TO KILL... THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS WAS LOSING MONEY, SO...SO WHEN THE FOG CAME, I CHANGED THEIR PROGRAMMES AND SENT THEM ONTO THE STREETS TO STEAL...

...BUT THEY COULDN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT! THEY COULDN'T OVERCOME THEIR BASIC PROGRAMMING...



LOOKS LIKE THE FOG IS CLEARING AT LAST...

FOR YOU THE FOG IS ONLY STARTING, CITIZEN!

NEXT PROG: THE FOREVER CRIMES



# THE FOREVER CRIMES

Script: John Wagner

Art: Brian Bolland

Letters: Tom Frame

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Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 120

# JUDGE DREDD



IN THE YEAR 2101 THERE WILL STILL BE DISEASES THAT SCIENCE CANNOT CURE. BUT FOR SOME - THE VERY RICH - THERE WILL BE A WAY TO DEFEAT DEATH... A WAY TO SPIN THE LAST FEW HOURS OF LIFE INTO CENTURIES...

**2000AD**  
**Credit Card:**

SCRIPT ROBOT  
JOHN HOWARD  
ART ROBOT  
BRIAN BOLLAND  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TOM FRAME

COMPU-73e

STOPPING THE **SUSPENDED**  
**ANIMATION** PROCESS,  
DR GOLD.

BRING HER UP TO  
**MINIMUM LIFE**  
**TEMPERATURE.**  
NURSE.

# JUDGE DREDD

## THE FOREVER CRIMES



MRS DREYFUS HAS ONLY TWO HOURS OF TOTAL LIFE TIME. I CAN'T LET YOU USE UP MORE THAN THREE MINUTES, JUDGE DREDD.

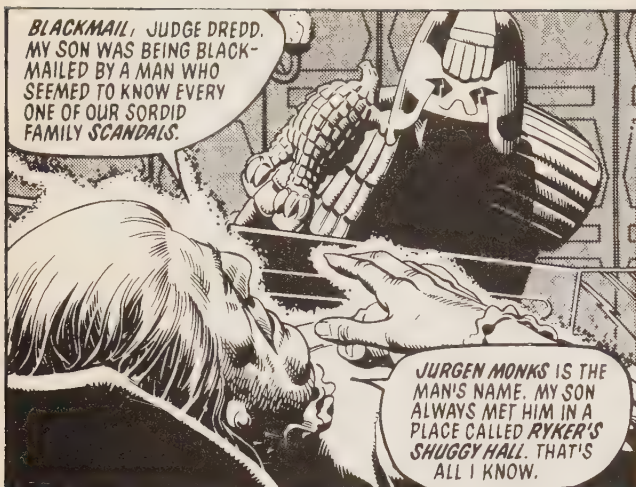
A GLIMMER OF LIFE FLICKERED IN THE WOMAN'S EYES. . .



JUDGE DREDD... THEN IT IS OVER. MY SON HAS... KILLED HIMSELF.

YOU EXPECTED IT ? THEN PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME **WHY** HE TOOK HIS LIFE.





BLACKMAIL. JUDGE DREDD. MY SON WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY A MAN WHO SEEMED TO KNOW EVERY ONE OF OUR SORDID FAMILY SCANDALS.

JURGEN MONKS IS THE MAN'S NAME. MY SON ALWAYS MET HIM IN A PLACE CALLED RYKER'S SHUGGY HALL. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.



THANK YOU, MRS DREYFUS. I'LL LET YOU GET BACK INTO SUS-AN' NOW.

NO... NOW MY SON IS DEAD, THERE—THERE IS NO POINT. PLEASE ASK DR GOLD TO HAVE ME WHEELED TO THE... DEPARTURE LOUNGE.

AFTER LEAVING THE FOREVER TOWERS HOME FOR THE SEMI-DEAD, JUDGE DREDD CALLED AT RYKER'S SHUGGY HALL ON 2005TH STREET. . .



I'M TOLD A MAN CALLED JURGEN MONKS HANGS OUT HERE.

MONKS... MONKS...? NAH, NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

LET ME REMIND YOU, RYKER—LYING TO A JUDGE IS AN OFFENCE.



YOU THERE !

JUDGE DREDD! HECK—

HEY, WHERE YA GOIN', MONKSIE ?



STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW !

TOILETS



DREDD FOLLOWED MONKS INTO THE WASHROOM - AND FOUND -

YOU FOOL !  
THAT'S NO  
LAUNDRY  
CHUTE - IT'S  
GARBAGE  
DISPOSAL !

WHAT THE -  
**AAAAGH!**  
THE GRINDERS  
HAVE GOT MY  
LEGS! PULLING  
THEM -

GOT TO ESCAPE DOWN  
THIS LAUNDRY CHUTE -  
**HECK!** IT'S TOO TIGHT!  
I'M STUCK!

WELL, AT  
LEAST HE'S  
LEFT ME HIS  
ADDRESS.

AFTER ARRESTING THE SHUGGY  
HALL OWNER, DREDD AND A  
FORENSIC TEAM CALLED AT  
MONKS' APARTMENT -

**WOW!** LOOK AT THESE FILES ! MONKS  
MUST HAVE BEEN BLACKMAILING  
HALF OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S  
TOP CITIZENS !

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS  
SURE GONNA LOVE THESE  
FILES. GUESS THAT WRAPS  
THIS ONE UP, JUDGE DREDD.

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... WHERE WOULD  
A SMALL-TIME CRUMB LIKE MONKS GET ACCESS  
TO **THIS** KIND OF INFORMATION ? THERE'S GOT TO  
BE SOMEONE BEHIND HIM - SOMEONE  
**MASTERMINDING** THE WHOLE OPERATION.



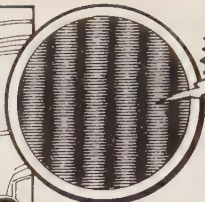
OUTSIDE, DREDD CONTACTED "MACK", HIS BASE COMPUTER...

THIS ONE BOTHERS ME, MACK. WHERE WOULD ANYONE GET SO MUCH INFORMATION ON TOP CITIZENS? RUN THE NAMES ON THE FILES THROUGH YOUR CIRCUITS AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN COME UP WITH...



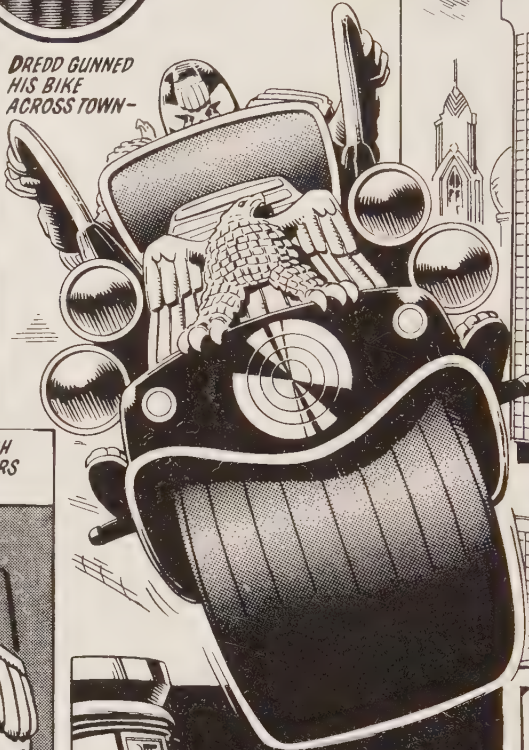
DREDD GUNNED HIS BIKE ACROSS TOWN-

THERE'S ONE THING, JUDGE DREDD... ALL THE NAMES ON THE FILES HAVE A RELATIVE WHO IS AN INMATE AT THE FOREVER TOWERS HOME FOR THE SEMI-DEAD.



FOREVER TOWERS  
JUST RESTING

FOREVER TOWERS - OF COURSE, IT ALL FITS! ONLY THE RICH CAN AFFORD DR GOLD'S FEES - AND THE RICH HAVE SECRETS THAT GOLD CAN USE TO MAKE ANOTHER FORTUNE!

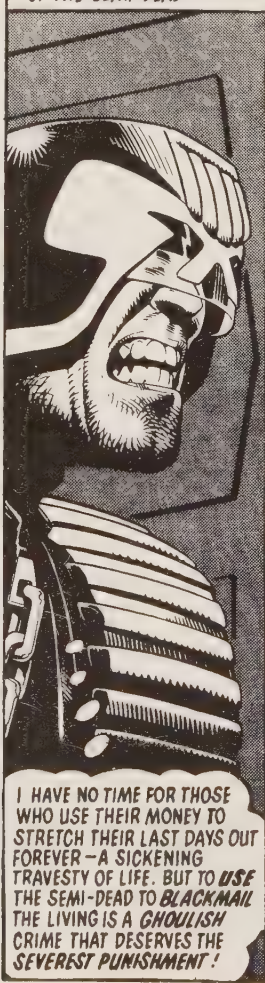


WHERE'S DR GOLD?

IN THE OPERATING THEATRE, BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE -

THERE'S NO PLACE A JUDGE CAN'T GO.

DREDD RACED THROUGH THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS OF THE SEMI-DEAD -



I HAVE NO TIME FOR THOSE WHO USE THEIR MONEY TO STRETCH THEIR LAST DAYS OUT FOREVER - A SICKENING TRAVESTY OF LIFE. BUT TO USE THE SEMI-DEAD TO BLACKMAIL THE LIVING IS A GHOULISH CRIME THAT DESERVES THE SEVEREST PUNISHMENT!

AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM...

WHERE... WHERE AM I?

BETTER REDUCE THE TEMPERATURE. IF HE GETS TOO WARM, HE MIGHT REMEMBER OUR LITTLE CHAT!

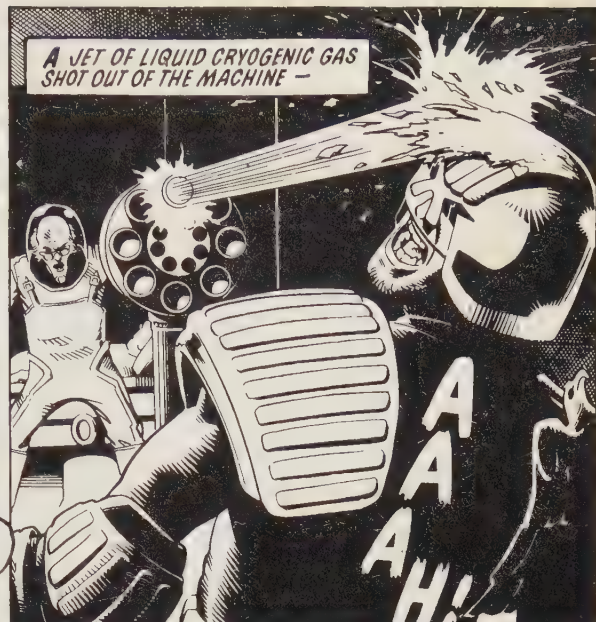


NOW, MR ARMITAGE, I'M AFRAID OUR THREATS AREN'T WORKING ON YOUR DAUGHTER. WE NEED MORE INFORMATION ON HER.

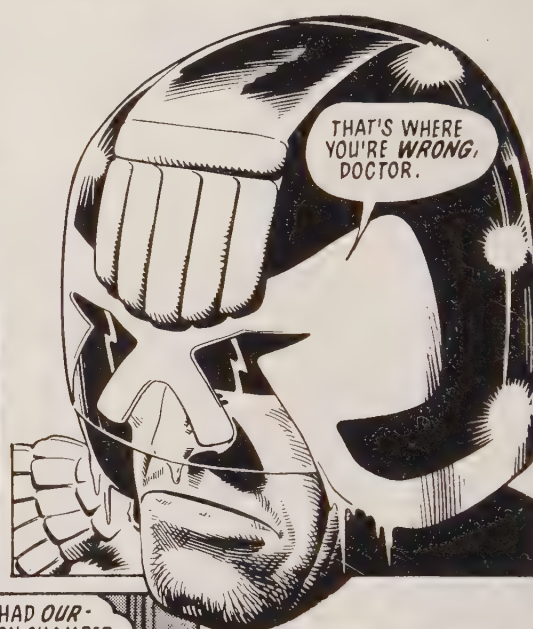
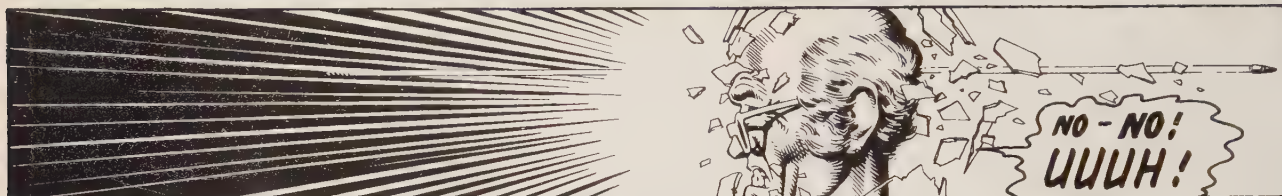
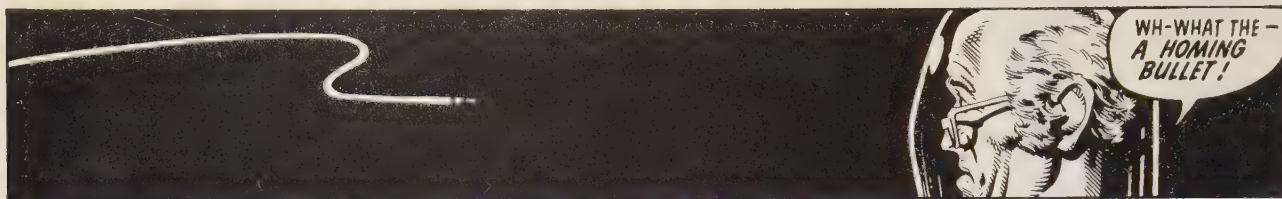
MARY HAS SECOND BANK ACCOUNT... UNDER FALSE NAME... BEEN CHEATING CITY TAX... FOR YEARS...



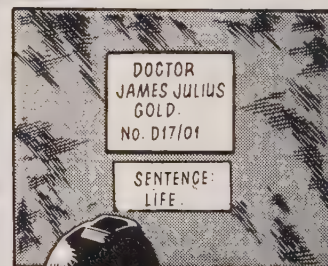








IN THE CELLARS BENEATH  
THE JUSTICE BUILDING  
THERE WAS A  
DEPARTMENT KNOWN  
AS THE VAULTS.  
HERE A VERY SPECIAL  
CATEGORY OF  
PRISONER  
WAS KEPT...





# **PUNKS RULE!**

**Script: John Wagner**

**Art: Brian Bolland**

**Letters: Tom Frame**

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Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 110

# **JUDGE DREDD**



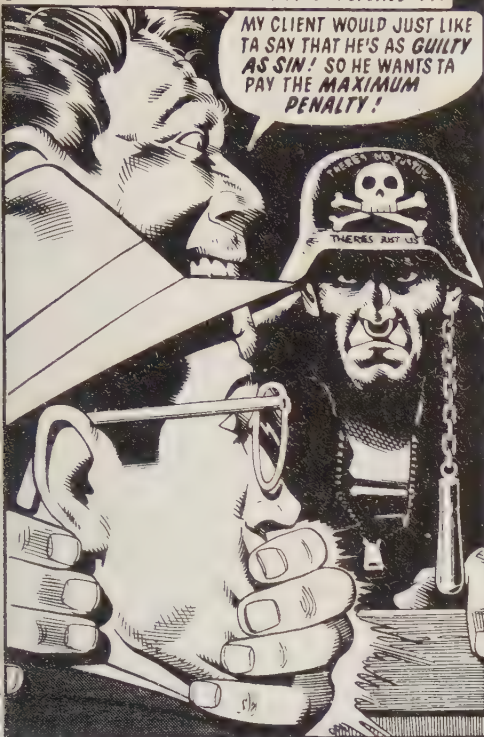
FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE TYRANT CAL, MEGA-CITY ONE SLOWLY BEGAN TO RETURN TO NORMAL. BUT THERE WERE SOME PLACES IN THE CITY WHERE LAW AND ORDER HAD BROKEN DOWN TOO FAR... PLACES WHERE EVEN JUDGES WERE NOT SAFE TO VENTURE!

# JUDGE DREDD





JIM NAUSEA PLEADED THE CASE FOR THE "DEFENCE",...



I FIND THE DEFENDANT **GUILTY** AS CHARGED - AN' SENTENCE HIM TA GIVE EVERYTHING HE OWNS TA **ME!**



IN THE **REAL HALL OF JUSTICE**, THE SITUATION WAS WORRYING NEW CHIEF JUDGE GRIFFIN -

THE WAR AGAINST CAL ALLOWED THE **STREET GANGS** TO COME BACK IN FORCE. IT'S WORST HERE, IN SOUTHSIDE SECTOR 41. THE **COSMIC PUNKS** HAVE SET THEMSELVES UP AS **JUDGES** AND DECLARED A **NO-GO AREA**.





THAT NIGHT,  
BEHIND THE  
COSMIC PUNKS'  
BARRICADE...

WORD IS THE JUDGES  
MIGHT HIT US TONIGHT.  
GESTAPO BOB SAYS TA  
KEEP YER BLASTER-  
FINGERS OILED.

NATCH, FILE-TOOTH.

HEY, I HEAR AN  
ENGINE...

IT'S ONLY A  
GARBAGE  
TRUCK.

SO, WHO'S  
THAT CRUMBO  
IN THE  
CAB?

IT'S JUDGE DREDD!  
BUT - WHERE'S THE  
OTHERS?

CITY GARBAGE.

THERE *ARE* NO OTHERS.  
*ONE* JUDGE IS ENOUGH  
FOR PUNKS LIKE YOU!

**YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST!**

GET HIM -  
**AAGHH!**

I WASN'T  
TALKING FOR THE  
GOOD OF MY  
HEALTH, PAL!

**AAAH!**

HOW WOULD YOU  
LIKE A *THIRD EYE*  
TO GO WITH THOSE  
FILED TEETH? THEY  
SAY IT HELPS YOU  
TO SEE THE  
FUTURE!

I-I AIN'T GONNA  
*HAVE* NO FUTURE  
WITH A THIRD EYE!  
**I SURRENDER!**



DREDD HANDCUFFED THE CAPTIVES AMONG THE GARBAGE —

LAWBREAKERS **NEED** A DEMONSTRATION OF OUR POWER — AND PERHAPS SO DO THE JUDGES THEMSELVES. MORALE HAS BEEN LOW SINCE CAL — OTHERWISE **TRASH** LIKE THESE PUNKS WOULD NEVER GET OUT OF HAND!

FOLLOW ME AT TEN PAGES, TRUCK.

AFFIRMATIVE, SIR.

DO YOU HEAR ME, PUNKS? THIS IS **JUDGE DREDD** AND I'VE COME TO COLLECT THE **GARBAGE!**

HE'S COME ALONE! HE'S GOTTA BE CRAZY —

TWO ON THE ROOF — STEEL-TIPPED HIGH-PENETRATION!

AAAAH!

MAN FIRING FROM CORNER WINDOW —

UGGH

HOTSHOT!

DREDD'S LAWGIVER FIRED SIX KINDS OF BULLET. THE HOTSHOT HAD A HEAT-SEEKING HOMING HEAD!

AIIE!



ONLY DREDD'S SUPERB TRAINING AND YEARS OF EXPERIENCE SAVED HIM THAT NIGHT IN THE STRONGHOLD OF THE COSMIC PUNKS. BUT AS THE GARBAGE TRUCK FILLED, RESISTANCE DWINDLED AWAY -

I'VE COME FOR YOU, GESTAPO BOB! I WANT YOU WITH THE REST OF THE GARBAGE!

HE'S TOO GOOD FOR US, GESTAPO. YOU SAW HOW NOBODY COULD TOUCH HIM! WE GOTTA GIVE IN!

NOBODY QUILTS - NOT AS LONG AS I'M CHIEF JUDGE OF THE COSMIC PUNKS!



I DIDN'T THINK I'D WAIT FOR A REPLY. IT WAS KIND OF PREDICTABLE!



DON'T GET UP, GESTAPO BOB! I WANT A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU!

I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN CALLING YOURSELF CHIEF JUDGE, BOB. I DON'T LIKE THAT, BOB. IT MAKES ME KIND OF ANGRY - ESPECIALLY COMING FROM A CHEAP PUNK LIKE YOU, BOB. WHAT ARE YOU, BOB?

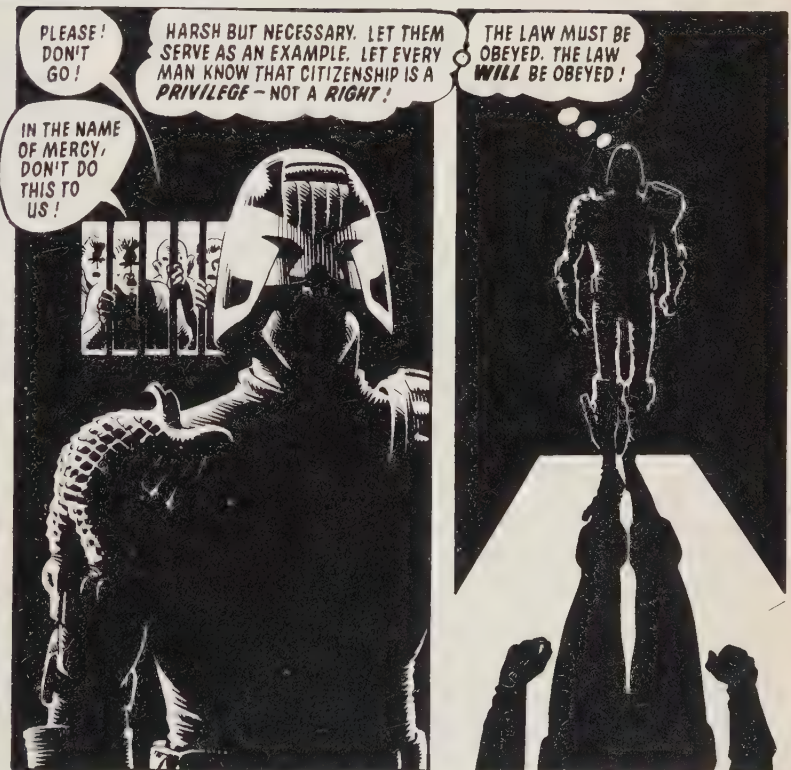
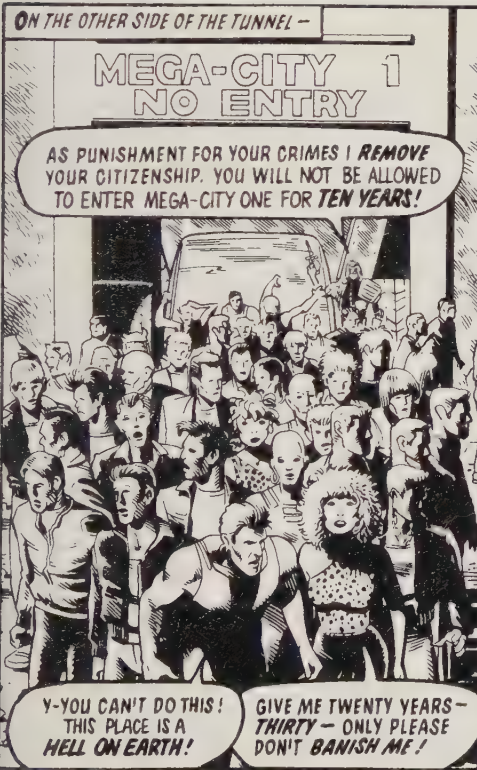
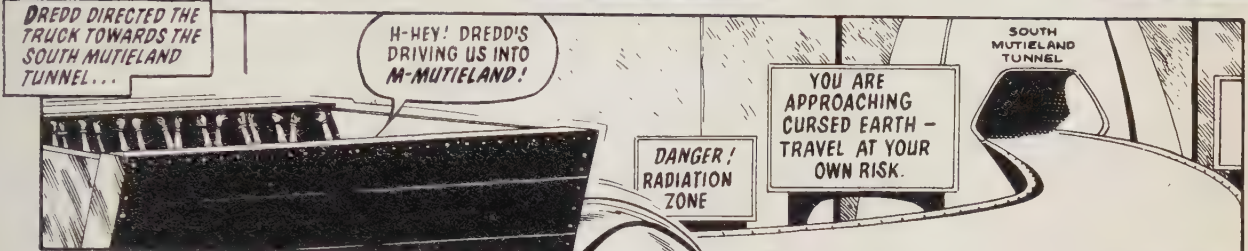
I... I'M A CH-CHEAP PUNK...



I'M SORRY, BOB - I'M GETTING A LITTLE DEAF. COULD WE HAVE THAT AGAIN - A LITTLE LOUDER THIS TIME?











THIS WEEK:  
PART 3 OF SUPER  
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JUDGE DREDD TO JUSTICE H.O.... RIOTERS IN SPACEPORT  
HAVE IGNORED MY WARNINGS... STAND BY FOR CASUALTIES!

EVERY  
DAY IS JUDGMENT DAY  
IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

STOP PRESS!  
Rats terrorise  
London!  
See inside!





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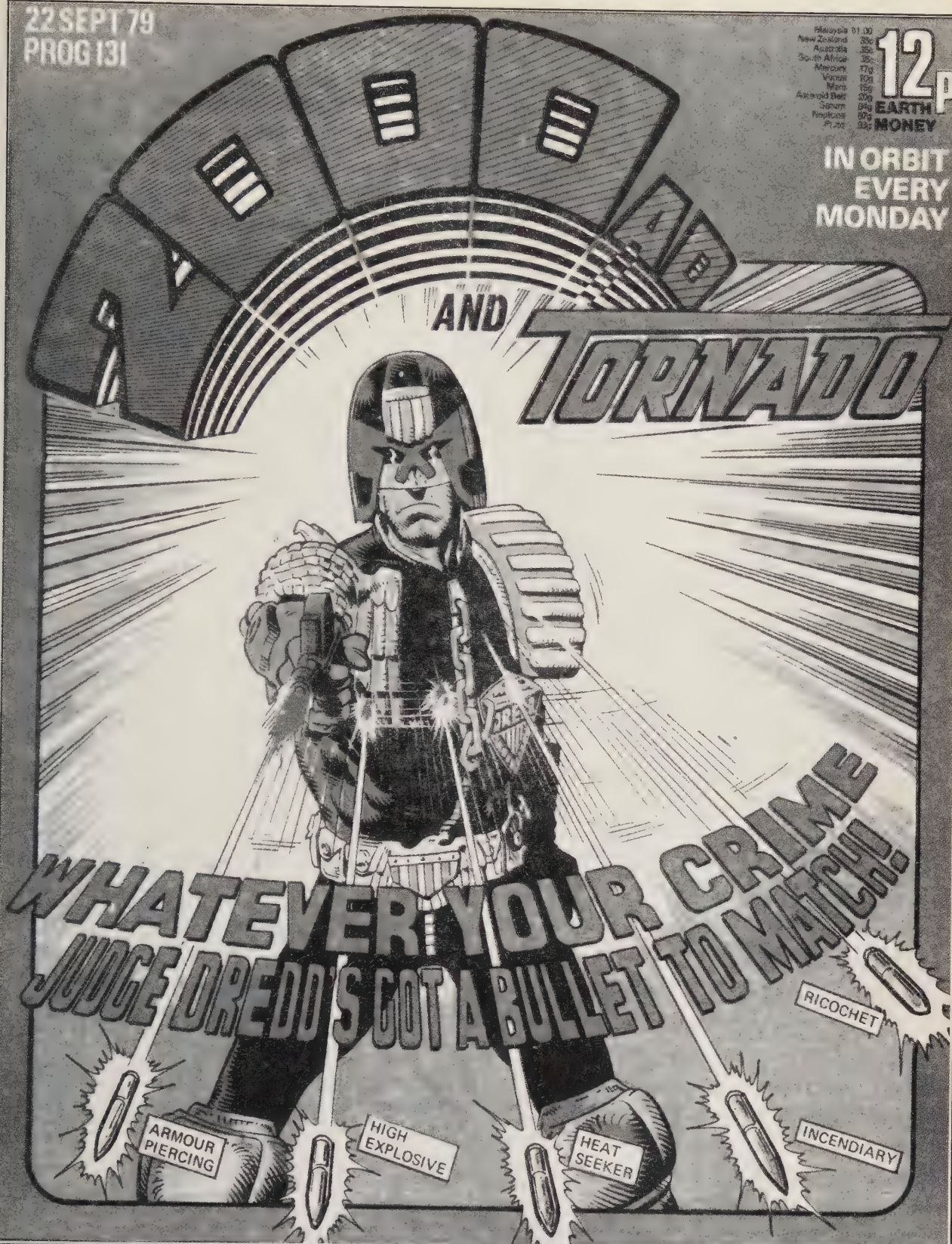
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**EARTH MONEY**



**NEW YEAR  
IS  
CANCELLED!**



**BY ORDER  
JUDGE DREDD**





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**15p**  
**EARTH MONEY**

**IN ORBIT**  
**EVERY**  
**MONDAY**

# 2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

**FREEZE!**







JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CENTRAL COMPUTER/ARCHIVE

GALLERY

PROG 224  
8 AUG 81

# 2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

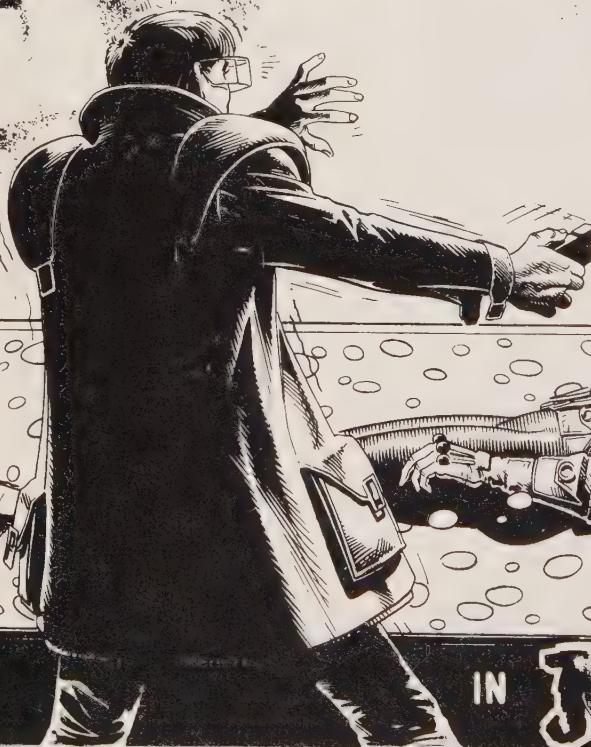
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16p

EARTH  
MONEY

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

# JUDGE DEATH LIVES!



IN **JUDGE DREDD**

2000 AD Prog 224: Cover Art by Brian Bolland





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PROG 225  
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16p  
EARTH  
MONEY

# 2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD



**DARK  
JUSTICE**

IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

2000 AD Prog 225: Cover Art by **Brian Bolland**





**John Wagner** is, to many fans, the very heart of *2000 AD*. Involved from the earliest days of the "Galaxy's Greatest Comic," he co-created *Judge Dredd*, as well as *Strontium Dog*, *Robo-Hunter* and a host of other *2000 AD* mainstays, including the critically acclaimed *Button Man*.

Incredibly prolific throughout his career, and writing under a diversity of pen names — often in concert with Alan Grant, with whom he devised and developed *2000 AD*'s sister comic, *Judge Dredd: The Megazine* — Wagner has worked extensively beyond the Thargian universe, originating and editing a number of British periodicals as well as writing many American standards, including *Batman*, *The Punisher*, *Lobo* and *Star Wars* bounty hunter *Boba Fett*. A film adaptation of his Paradox Press graphic novel *A History of Violence* is scheduled to be released in 2005 from New Line Cinema.

The only writer to even come close to John Wagner's astonishing *2000 AD* record is, perhaps unsurprisingly, his long-term writing partner **Alan Grant**. With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name — not to mention over 250 *Judge Dredd* strips for a national newspaper — Grant's prolific creative record speaks for itself. He is also the co-creator of *Ace Trucking Co.*, *Armageddon*, *Bad City Blue*, *Durham Red*, *Mazeworld* and *Middenface McNulty*, and has written *Batman/Judge Dredd*, *Blackhawk*, *The Helltrekkers*, *Robo-Hunter* and *Strontium Dog*, amongst many others.

Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title, and has also written *The Chronicles of Genghis Grimgoat*, *JLA: Riddle of the Beast*, *L.E.G.I.O.N.*, *Lobo*, *Tank Girl* and *The Terminator*.

Perhaps the most popular *2000 AD* artist of all time, **Brian Bolland** perfected his clean-line style and meticulous attention to detail on such strips as *Dan Dare*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd* and *Walter the Wobot* — all of which look as fresh today as they did when first published. Co-creator of both *Judge Anderson* and *The Kleggs*, Bolland's highly detailed style unfortunately precluded him from doing many sequential strips — although he did find the time to illustrate both *Camelot 3000* and *Batman: The Killing Joke* for DC Comics.

Instead, Bolland moved to working almost exclusively on covers, and his designs and art have illustrated some of the finest comics of modern times, including *Animal Man*, *The Invisibles*, and of course *2000 AD*!





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# DEATH COMES TO MEGA-CITY ONE!

MEET JUDGE DREDD'S ULTIMATE NEMESIS: his name is Judge Death, and Dredd can't kill him — because he's already dead! When Death comes to Mega-City One, it will take all of Dredd's ingenuity, not to mention the help of Psi-Judge Cassandra Anderson, to stop him!

Featuring ultra-rare sequential work by legendary artist Brian Bolland (*Batman: the Killing Joke*), this classic collection is written by Alan Grant (*Batman*) and Judge Dredd co-creator John Wagner (*A History of Violence*) and includes the early *Dredd* stories "The First Lunar Olympics," "War Games," "The Oxygen Board," "The Face-Change Crimes," "The Fog," "The Forever Crimes" and "Punks Rule!"

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