PROG 458
22 FEB 86
2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD
$1.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
88p Mercury
210p Venus
85p Mars
10p Asteroid Belt
110p Saturn
2p Pluto
425p Neptune
24p
EARTH MONEY
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
DON'T BUG ME, CREEP!
The Secret DIARY OF ADRIAN COCKROACH
aged 13½ months

...AND THEN I WAKE UP, AND IT WAS ALL A TERRIBLE DREAM.
TOY! YOU'RE ALIVE!
I DREAMED YOU WERE DEAD! WE WERE AMBUSHED, AND YOU WERE HURT, AND WHEN I GOT YOU BACK TO BASE YOU WERE ALREADY DEAD!
BASE? WHAT BASE? WE'RE ABOARD THE CLARA PANDY, ON CHARLEMAGNE.
THE CLARA PANDY? BUT... I WAS OLDER. WE WERE IN THE ARMY... IT WAS ALL SO REAL...
HUH! SAME OLD JONES. ALWAYS DAYDREAMIN' ABOUT SOMETHIN'.
R-RODICE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE AGREED TO MEET ON CHARLEMAGNE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
I AM SO HAPPY. RODICE IS HERE! SHE MADE IT! WE ALL DANCE AROUND IN A CIRCLE...

...AND THEN I WAKE UP.
AND TOY IS DEAD.
AND I CRY MY GUTS OUT.
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT STARKINGS
COMPU-73
7: Leavetaking
The Ballad Of
HALO JONES

AFTER THE TEARS STOP I KEEP ON MAKING BIG, UGLY, WOUNDED NOISES IN MY CHEST.
I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.
I REMEMBER SCREAMING AND SCRATCHING AND BITING UNTIL THEY TRANQUILIZED ME AND PUT ME INTO A RESTRAINING VEST.
I WAS SHOUTING "I WANT OUT! I WANT OUT!" ... OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
AFTER THE TRANQUILIZERS TOOK HOLD I WAS MORE REASONABLE, BUT I STILL WANTED OUT OF THE ARMY. I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.
WHILE I WAS SIGNING MY RELEASE PAPERS, GENERAL CANNIBAL CAME IN.
HE ASKED ME TO STAY IN THE ARMY, AND PUT ONE MASSIVE HAND UPON MY SHOULDER.
I SHOOK MY HEAD AND COULDN'T SAY ANYTHING. EVENTUALLY HE LEFT ME ALONE.
I TOLD THE WOMAN BEHIND THE RELEASE DESK THAT I WAS THROUGH...
THROUGH? GIRLY, YOU'RE NOT THROUGH! YOU'RE JUST ON LEAVE. IT MIGHT BE SIX DAYS OR SIX WEEKS OR SIX MONTHS, BUT IT'S LEAVE...
... AND THAT'S ALL IT IS.
I WAS STILL WONDERING WHAT SHE MEANT EIGHT HOURS LATER WHEN THE TRANQUILIZERS WORE OFF, AND I FOUND MYSELF ON A STREETCORNER OF THE PLANET HISPUS.
WITHOUT A HOME.
WITHOUT A JOB.

EVEN AFTER BUYING MYSELF OUT OF THE SERVICES, I STILL HAD ENOUGH BACK PAY TO RENT MYSELF A ROOM WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.
NEXT!
DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT + ACCOMODATION
WAIT AT THE LINE
EXIT
THE JOB PART WASN'T SO EASY...

LET'S SEE... JONES, HALO, 28 YEARS, LEFT LAST EMPLOYMENT OF OWN FREE WILL...
IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD, I'M AFRAID. DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL SKILLS THAT YOU'VE ACQUIRED?

WELL, I CAN LOCATE THE MARKOV POINT IN AN ENEMY'S HARD LIGHT SCREEN AND PUNCH AN ELECTROPIC DOWN THROUGH IT INTO HER LIVING BRAIN.
ALSO, I CAN BLIND PEOPLE WITH MY THUMBS.

HMMM.
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE ARMY?

THERE ISN'T ANY WORK HERE, AND THE HOLO-UNITS ONLY SHOW TERRAN PROPAGANDA FILMS.
THERE'S BARELY ANY REASON TO GET OUT OF BED, BUT I DO ANYWAY.

AFTER BREAKFAST, I CHOP OFF ALL MY HAIR WITH A BLUNT KNIFE. I JUST FEEL LIKE DOING SOMETHING UGLY AND PAINFUL AND STUPID.
I WONDER IF THEY SELL CATSBLOOD ON HISPUS?

I GO OUT AND BUY A GUN, SECOND-HAND. I TELL MYSELF IT'S FOR SELF-DEFENCE, BUT THAT'S NOT TRUE.
IT'S BECAUSE I'M BORED.
IN THE ARMY I LEARNED HOW TO TAKE GUNS APART, CLEAN THEM AND REASSEMBLE THEM. THAT'S WHAT I DO WHEN I GET BACK TO MY ROOM.
SEVEN OR EIGHT TIMES.
IT PASSES THE AFTERNOON.
WHEN I GET BORED WITH THAT, I TAKE THE GUN AND GO SIT BY THE WINDOW.
THERE'S AN OLD WOMAN IN THE STREET BELOW. I SIGHT THE CROSS-HAIRS UPON HER... JUST IN FUN.
SHE TURNS A CORNER OUT OF SIGHT... BUT HERE COMES A LITTLE KID.
I FOLLOW HER ALONG THE STREET, IN MY SIGHTS. IT WOULD BE SO EASY. IF I JUST TOUCHED THE TRIGGER. JUST ACCIDENTALLY...
I COULD BLOW
HER LITTLE HEAD
RIGHT OFF.
UUUUUUGH! NO!
NO!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M GOING CRAZY, AND I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...

... BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I CAN GO.
OKAY, WHO'S NEXT FOR ENLISTMENT? LET'S HAVE YOUR NAME AND PAPERS, PLEASE.
IT'S A WOMAN'S LIFE IN THE MODERN ARMY!
WHAT? C'MON, SPIT IT OUT. I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY...
JONES.
HALO JONES.
OH.
SO LEAVE'S OVER, HUH?
YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL SO BAD, GIRLY...
AFTER ALL, YOU'RE NOT ALONE. OVER 90% OF PEOPLE WHO LEAVE THE SERVICES PREMATURELY RE-ENLIST. WHERE ELSE HAVE THEY GOT TO GO?
NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO RUN ALONG AND COLLECT YOUR UNIFORM?
OF COURSE.
WHERE ELSE HAVE I GOT TO GO?
RELEASE PAPERS
NEXT: PROG:
HEAVY DUTY

Slaine
SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: GLENN FABRY
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER
IN THE GREAT STONE SARCOPHAGUS, THE DARK GOD STIRRED...
HIS REGENERATION HAD BEEN SLOW—AND PAINFUL—FOR HE WAS A NINE-DIMENSIONAL STAR-BEING...
THE FOUR DIMENSIONS KNOWN TO MAN... THE FOUR WITHIN THE EARTH... AND THE POWER-GATE TO THE STARS.
LIQUID FOOD FROM HIS FEED VAT FLOWED THROUGH THE TENTACLES HE'D RECENTLY GROWN...
AND HE BEGAN STRAINING AND BITING TO BREAK OUT OF THE MEMBRANE SAC...
...THAT HAD COCOONED HIM FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS.

AT LAST HE WAS FREE... AND ONE EYE GLARED OUT...
...AT THE WORLD WHERE HE'D BEEN IMPRISONED FOR HIS SICKENING CRIMES.
THE FIRST WORLD TO FEEL HIS RAGE...
IN THE ANTECHAMBER OUTSIDE, NEST HAD TRANSLATED THE NUMBERS ON THE GROUND...
THESE ONES ADD UP TO 666.
WELL?
IN SACRED GEOMETRY, THAT'S THE SOLAR NUMBER...
...THE MAGIC SQUARE OF THE SUN.
6 32 3 34 35 1
7 11 27 28 8 30
24 14 16 15 23 19
13 20 22 21 17 18
25 29 10 9 26 12
36 5 33 4 2 31

AND THE SUN COULD FILL THE DARK CRYSTAL WITH LIGHT...
THAT'S IT! THAT'S GOT TO BE THE COMBINATION!
WARILY, SLAINE TROD ON THE NUMBERS...
YOU KNOW, IF HE'S RIGHT, THE LITTLE RAT'S GOING TO BE UN-BEARABLE!
AS HE STOOD ON THE LAST ONE... A STONE SLAB SLID BACK, AND A BEAM OF CONCENTRATED SUNLIGHT PIERCED THE ROOM...
...STRIKING THE DARK CRYSTAL.
THE STONE WHEEL'S TURNING!
THE GREAT DOOR SWUNG OPEN...
OH, UKKO, AREN'T YOU CLEVER!
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT. COME ON.

LET'S GET THE LID OFF.

NO!

WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IT'S EMPTY!

HE'S OUT!

MAY THE EARTH GODDESS PROTECT ME!
DON'T LOOK AT ITS FACE! EVEN WITH YOUR PROTECTIVE OGHAMS, THE SIGHT OF SUCH A BEING CAN STILL UNHINGE THE MIND!

DESPITE HIS RECENT HIBERNATION, THE CREATURE COULD MOVE HORRIBLY FAST...
KILLING MOGROOTH AND DRAINING HIS AURA...

...DROPPING HIM INTO ITS STOMACH POUCH.

THEN IT TURNED ON SLAINE...
Next: THE DARKEST HOUR!

TALES OF TERROR PART 12

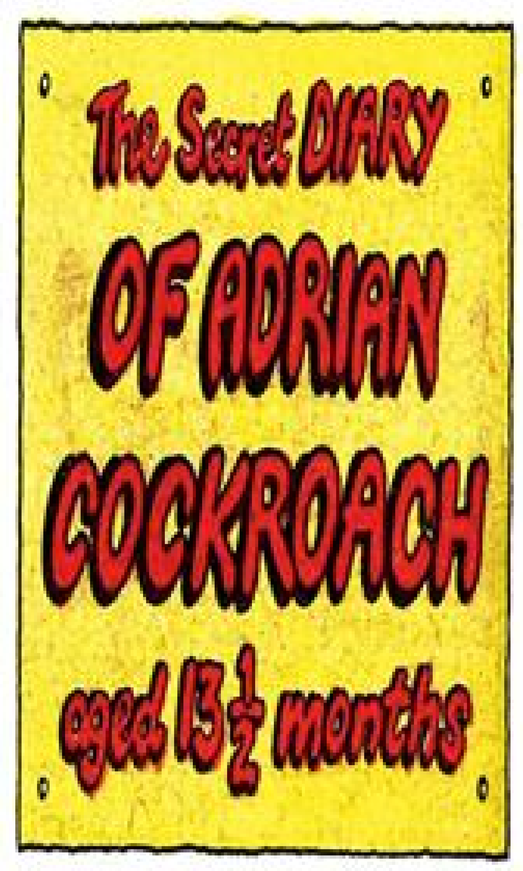
THE GOD-WARRIOR OF JUPITER

"Woke up late today. I suppose it was staying so long at Pandrop's party. Pandrop had found a really good mass on the floor and we'd been eating it till the small hours.

"Anyway, by the time I peered out of my crevice I'd got my appetite well and truly back.

"The gang were already up and about. I joined them for breakfast.

"I'm 13½, which is quite old for a roach, so I'm big enough to make sure I always get the tastiest bits."


The Secret DIARY
OF ADRIAN
COCKROACH
aged 13½ months

I ASSURE YOU, JUDGE DREDD, OUR KITCHEN IS CLEAN!
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!
CRASH!

WHAT'S THIS - CLEAN-O-SPRAY?
ER, Y-YES!

IT'S GREASE, CREEP!

WHAT KIND OF SOUP YOU MAKING, PAL - DANDRUFF?
GET A HAT ON!
DREDD

JUDGE DREDD

YOU – NOSEPICK! WAIT BY THE DOOR!
DREDD

"I felt the vibration of approaching humans. Humans are our enemies. They don't understand us roaches."

SPLAT!

YOU OUGHT TO GO INTO THE ROACH BREEDING BUSINESS!
I'M CLOSING DOWN THIS EATERIE, PENDING HEALTH INSPECTION AND FUMIGATION.

AS FOR YOU, CREEP, YOU'RE DOING TIME.
THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, NOSEPICK. MOVE!

"After all that excitement it was some time before I could summon up the courage to venture out. I'm not very brave by nature. More kind of sly.

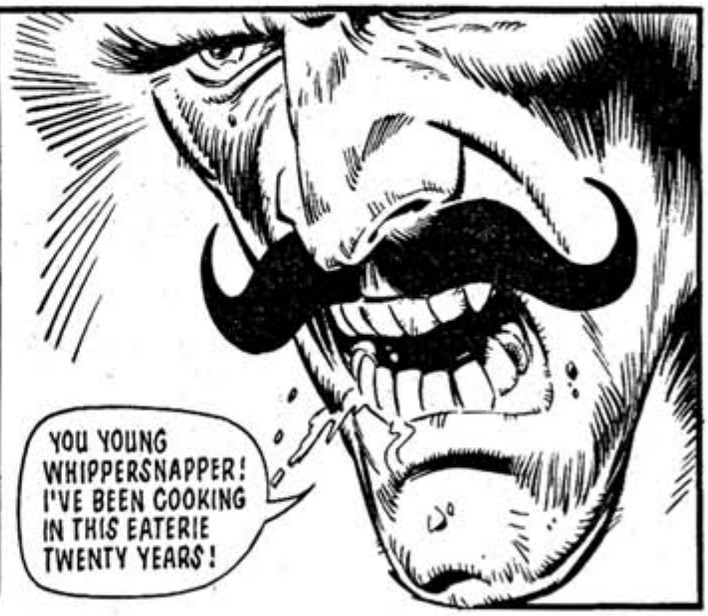
"I was still first to Renaldo and Sandra, though.

"There's not much room for sentiment in the roach world."
SLURP!
SLURP!

YOU'VE DONE IT NOW, COOKIE! MY POP'S GOING TO THE CUBES AND IT'S YOUR FAULT!
MY FAULT?
WE TOLD YOU AND TOLD YOU! GET THIS KITCHEN CLEANED UP! GET RID OF THE ROACHES!

AN' I TOLD YOU TO GET A ROBOT! I'M NOT A PERISHING SKIVVY! I'M AN EATERIE CHEF! AN ARTISTE!

"My girlfriend Pandrop scuttled along and I let her share Sandra."
WELL GO BE AN ARTISTE SOMEWHERE ELSE! YOU'RE FIRED!
"Pandrop's got lovely legs – all six of them. She's the light of my life."


YOU YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER! I'VE BEEN COOKING IN THIS EATERIE TWENTY YEARS!

I'LL GIVE YOU FIRED!
NO-!

GREMOLA – YOU KILLED 'IM, COOKIE!
I-I GOTTA CALL THE JUDGES!

OKAY, CREEP, I'M TAKING YOU IN.
NO! KEEP BACK! I'M NOT LETTIN' YOU LOCK ME AWAY!
I'M AN EATERIE CHEF!
DREDD
WHAKK!
CRUNKKK!
YOU SHOULD'VE STUCK TO COOKIN', DOUGHBALL!
USE OTHER DOOR
FUMIGATION.
IN THERE. WAIT FOR THE MEAT SQUAD.
FORMICA
WE'RE FINISHED HERE.
OKAY, LET 'EM HAVE IT.
"I scented the gas before the others and scuttled for my cranny...

"I'm always alert for danger. I guess that's why I've stayed alive so long.
"Deep down in the woodwork is my secret, gasproof bunker. There I stayed all day long.
"When I eventually crept out, it was to a scene of utter devastation. I was the only survivor.
"And woe! Even Pandrop – my dear sweet Pandrop – lay legs up and lifeless.
"Oh, well. Like I said, there's no room for sentiment in the roach world. Pandrop and I dined together for the last time.
"And so to bed...
"...wonder what tomorrow will bring?"
THE END.

ACE TRUCKING Co
The Doppelgarp
SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP HAS MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVED THE NIGHTLIGHTFLIGHT, AND BEEN HURLED INTO A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, WHERE HE HAS BEEN RESCUED BY HIS DUPLICATE, OR DOPPELGANGER. NOW, THEY ARE ENGAGED IN SMUGGLING ILLEGAL BOOZLBUGS TO UCKPUCK, THE CHICKEN WORLD —
COME QUICK, ACE! SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE!
FEEK'S OUR LUGSIDE EXPERT ON UGHS, BUGS AN' ALL THANGS UFFY, DOPPELGARPIN' BUDDY!
DOESN'T I KNOWS IT!
FEEK DEN
KEEP OUT!!
NO ADMIT
GO WAY!
NO HEE HEE!
HOOTIN' HECK, BONY BUDDY! YOU'S LETTIN' THE BUGS FLY FREE?
HAVE TO, ACE. THEY REACH IMPORTANT STAGE IN DEVELOPMENT. VERY HEE HEE STAGE!
YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS FANTASTIC SIGHT...
MATING DANCE OF BOOZLBUG!
MALES LINE UP READY ABOVE FEMALES. THEN, AT GIVEN SIGNAL, THEY SPREAD WINGS AND LAUNCH SELVES IN AIR!
FLUTTAFLUTTA
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT / GROVER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73

EACH MALE FLUTTER IN FRONT OF SELECTED MATE— PERFORM SPECTACULAR ARRAY OF SWOOP AND DIVE... AN AERIAL BALLET THAT MAKE FEMALE FEEL MUCH HEE HEE!
UNABLE TO CONTROL PASSION ANY LONGER, COUPLE COME TOGETHER IN CLOSE EMBRACE—
JE T'AIME!
OH NORMAN! YOU'RE SO... MACHO!
NOW, BOTH RISE— AND REAL DANCE BEGIN!
EXCUSE PLEASE!
WHIP!

SURE CAN SHOOFLE THEM OOFERS!
THEY'S COOKIN' AN' NO MISTOOK!
HATE TO BREAK UP THE PARTY, ACE— BUT WE GOT CHICKEN SNOOPERS HEADING THIS WAY!
OOKYDOO, DIGITAL BUDDY! LEAVE 'EM TO US!
GRAB YOUR PARTNER BY ANTENNAE! NOT WORRY IF SHE NOT GOT ANY!
OH, HOW WE DANCE, ON THE NIGHT WE WERE WED! HEE HEE HEE!
ALSO ABOARD, CAPTAIN LEGHORN AND HIS UNIT OF CRACK CUSTOMS CHICKENS, IN THE GUISE OF PERFORMING POULTRY TROUPE THE DAVE CLUCK FIVE—
WE'LL CHECK EVERY ROOM!
ON THE BLIP FOR SOMETHING IN PARTIC, CACKLIN' BUDDIES?
OR IS YOU JUST EXERCISIN' YER FUNNELS?
WHAT? OH! CAPTAIN GARPS!
THE BOYS IN THE, ER... BAND HAVE NEVER BEEN ABOARD SUCH A SUPER SHIP BEFORE! WE COULDN'T RESIST TAKING A PEEK AROUND. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOYS?
FAB!
SWINGIN'!
GROOVY!
GEAR!

'FRAID THE POWERHOUSE AN' EN-VEERONS IS OFF-LIMITS, PECKIN' BUDDIES— EVEN TO FAMOUS STARS! RECKON YOU'D BE BETTER POLISHIN' UP YOUR ACT FOR THE BIG FOO FEST TONIGHT!
YES, OF COURSE, CAPTAIN GARP. QUITE RIGHT!

DAVE CLUCK FIVE, MY EGGS! THEY'S OFFICIAL PAINS FOR SURE!
WE'LL FIND OUT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER TONIGHT!

TO TEST THEIR STORY, ACE HAD INSISTED THE CHICKENS PROVIDE THE CABARET FOR THE EVENING'S FEAST—
SHEESH! WHAT'S THIS— THE DANCE O' THE SUGARPLUM CHICKENS?
GBH DEAD
THEY AIN'T A PATCH ON THEM BEEZLBUGS!

LOOK OUT, CAPTA—ER, DAVE!
YAH!

AAAH!
YAWKK!
CRASH!
SMASH!
AWWK!

BOO! RUBBISH! COMPLETE NO HEE HEE! GET OFF!
THEY AIN'T FALLING FOR IT, CAPTAIN. TELL A JOKE OR SOMETHING!

UH... AT THIS POINT IN THE ACT, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE MY COMEDY ROUTINE.
I SAY! I SAY! I SAY! WHO WAS THAT CHICKEN I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT? THAT WAS NO CHICKEN – THAT WAS A DUCK!
DUCK, GEDDIT? HA HA! DUCK!

GOOD IDEE, JOOB– DUCK!

SPLAAAAT!
BONK!
SPLUUDGE!

BAH! NUTS TO THIS! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
WE'RE NOT PERFORMING CHICKENS– WE'RE UCKPUCK CUSTOMS OFFICERS–
UP
AND WE'RE PLACING YOU AND THIS SHIP UNDER ARREST!
NEXT PROG: THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE BOOZLED!

Strontium Dog
793 AD. SENT BACK IN TIME TO TRACK DOWN MAX BUBBA'S MUTIE GANG, JOHNNY ALPHA AND HIS VIKINGS ARE TRAPPED IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING. NOW—
GOT TO CUT THIS SHORT! TIME GRENADE!
2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
KID ROBSON
COMPU-73©
FUNG! HE'S A-VANISHED!
SORCERY! IT'S SORCERY!

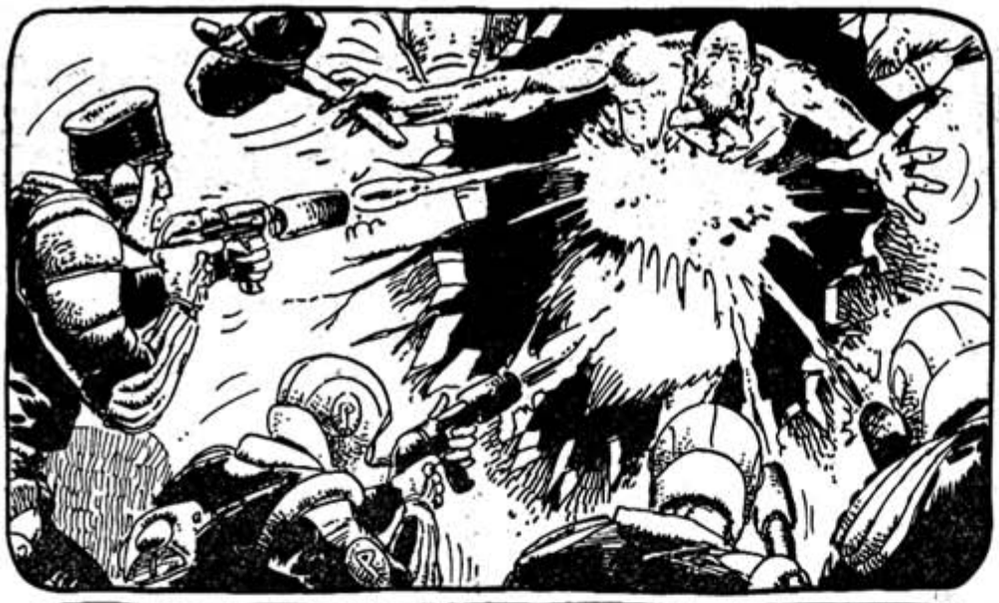
THE GRENADE'S COORDINATES ARE SET TO RETURN ITS TARGET TO CANTERBURY KEEP IN 2170 —
HRRRR ?

HRRRR ?
PRISONER ARRIVIN' IN THE TIME CELL ! ALPHA'S CAUGHT ONE OF THE BUBBA GANG !
COME ON !

I DOESN'T KNOW HOW I GOT 'ERE — BUT I SURE AS SNOT AIN'T A-STAYIN' !

KERRRRR-
AAAAASHHH!

AGHH !
BLOW IT AWAY !



I GOT NO IDEA WHAT IT IS — BUT IT SURE AIN'T ONE OF BUBBA'S BOYS!
WHAT THE HELL IS ALPHA PLAYIN' AT?

YEAH — SORCERY! NOW...YOU LAY ONE MORE FINGER ON MY CREW — AN' HER ROYAL HIGHNESS HERE GOES NEXT!

YOU HEARD WHAT THE LITTLE 'UN SAID! KEEP BACK! THAT'S ME PRIDE AN' JOY — THE LIGHT O' ME LIFE — HE'S A-GOT THERE!

MAGNUS AND BJORN BROADSHIELD — BOTH DEAD!
OKAY. LET'S BACK OFF NICE AND SLOW.

WHERE BE YE A-TAKIN' HER, LITTLE 'UNS ?
SHE STAYS WITH US TILL WE HIT DAYLIGHT !
NO ! I CAN'T !

CAN'T WHAT ?
I CAN'T BE A-GOIN' OUT IN THE SUN WITHOUT ME TANNIN' LOTION ! PLAYS 'AVOC WITH A GIRL'S COMPLEXION, IT DO !

GET A MOVE ON !

UP THROUGH THE MAZE OF TUNNELS TOWARDS THE SURFACE —

KNOWING THAT THE TROLL HORDE WAS NEVER FAR BEHIND !

AHEAD — DAYLIGHT !

OKAY, DOLL — THIS IS WHERE YOU LEAVE US...

"MUTIES WILL INHERIT THE EARTH!"

GET YOUR FREE GIFT BOOMERANG IN EAGLE THIS WEEK!

THE NEW MASTERS
BRETT EWINS
(1955-)
DREDD
BRETT EWINS