

THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC PRESENTS
ZOMBO ★ ICHABOD AZRAËL ★ RO-BUSTERS ★ FUTURE SHOCKS



2000 AD

Exclusive!
BRAND NEW
**JUDGE
DREDD**
STORY

FEATURING
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AL EWING
STEVE DILLON
HENRY FLINT
DOM REARDON
CHRIS WESTON

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His name is Ichabod
and he was a killer. That
much cannot be denied.

Later on, of course, he
would be known as Ichabod
Azrael. An unusual moniker.

The GRIEVOUS JOURNEY of
**ICHABOD
AZRAEL**
(and the DEAD left in his WAKE)

PART ONE



Some say that was his birth
name. Others say that history
passed that mantle upon him on
account of his actions and the
legend that grew thereof.

These things should not
concern you, however.

All that matters at this juncture
is that his name was Ichabod...

... and he was a killer.

—SCRIPT—
Rob Williams
—ART—
Dom Reardon
—LETTERS—
Ellie De Ville

BANG

I wish I could tell you that Ichabod's father
was taken to drink or discipline by belt and
fist. That life immediately treated the boy
as it would a loathed enemy.

But, the way I heard it, his upbringing
was a hard but normal one for the age.

I guess some people are just born mean.

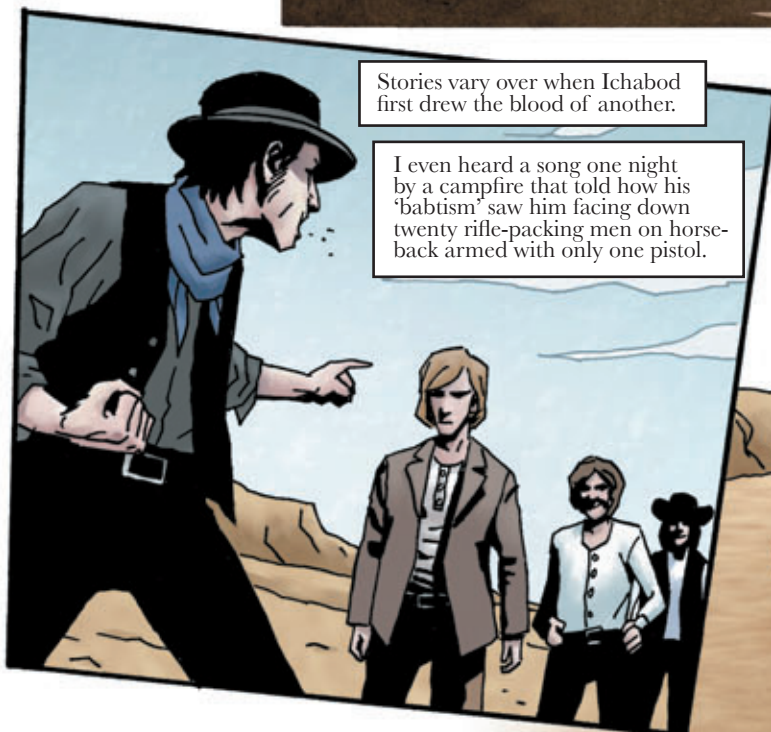


Stories vary over when Ichabod
first drew the blood of another.

I even heard a song one night
by a campfire that told how his
'baptism' saw him facing down
twenty rifle-packing men on horse-
back armed with only one pistol.

The next dawn Ichabod
owned twenty new horses...

... or so the song went.





He ran with a notorious group of bushwhackers in the virgin days of the War Between the States.

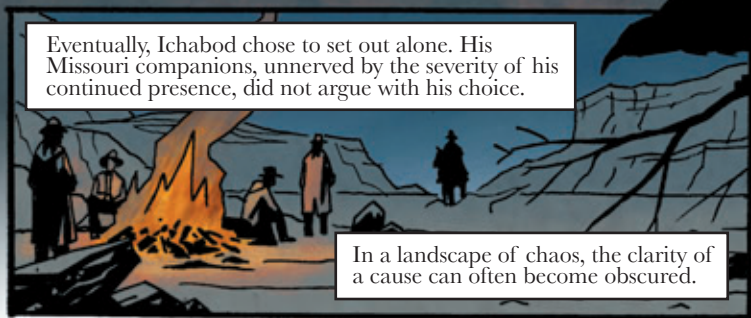
A great deal of mayhem and mishap occurred at their hands. Many pro-Union men visited kingdom.

Many brave men of the South did similar.



They were days of heavy darkness. Loss was a kinsman to all.

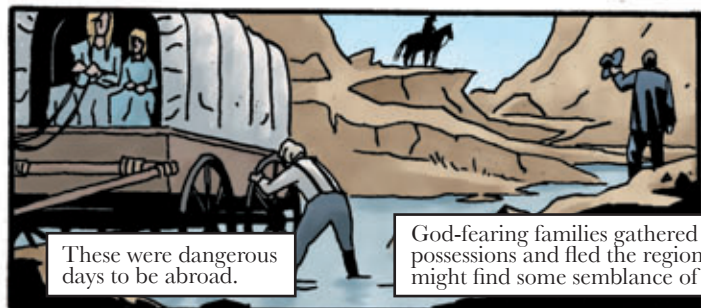
Eventually, Ichabod chose to set out alone. His Missouri companions, unnerved by the severity of his continued presence, did not argue with his choice.



In a landscape of chaos, the clarity of a cause can often become obscured.

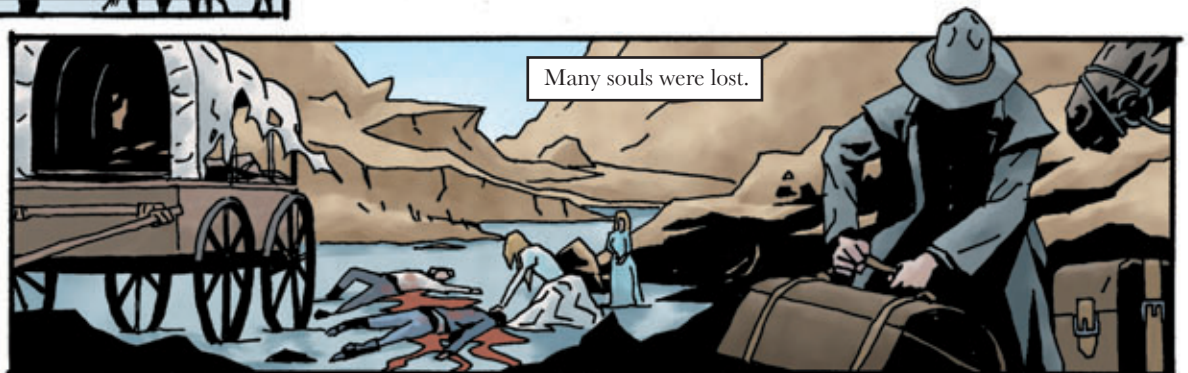


Some just seized the opportunity to kill with impunity.



These were dangerous days to be abroad.

God-fearing families gathered their possessions and fled the region so they might find some semblance of safety.



Many souls were lost.

Ichabod's notoriety grew. And that is not a good thing for an outlaw.

Eventually, the city of Corinth held one funeral too many at his hands, the loss of an idealistic new lawman being the final capacious wound.



And so Bloody Bill Sterling and his boys were hired.

Killed more men than marriage, so Bloody Bill's legend went.

His was an unerring aim, almost supernatural in nature and available for hire to any cause, regardless of its moral merit.



A reckoning was coming for Ichabod.



Yet the ghost of luck rode with him a while longer, for it was then that he disappeared. No word was heard of him for a full four months.

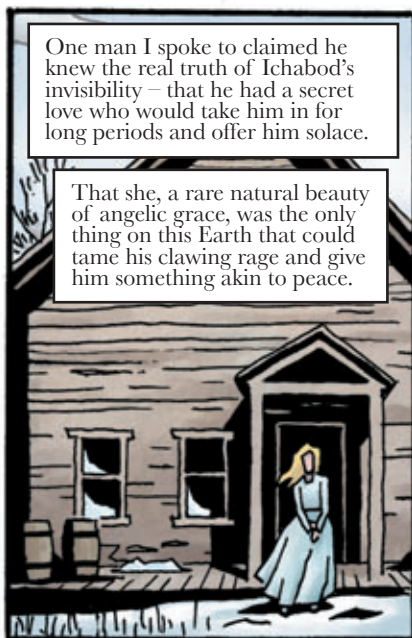
Some posited that he was killed. Finally defeated in a knife fight by a monstrous strong Injun, I heard.



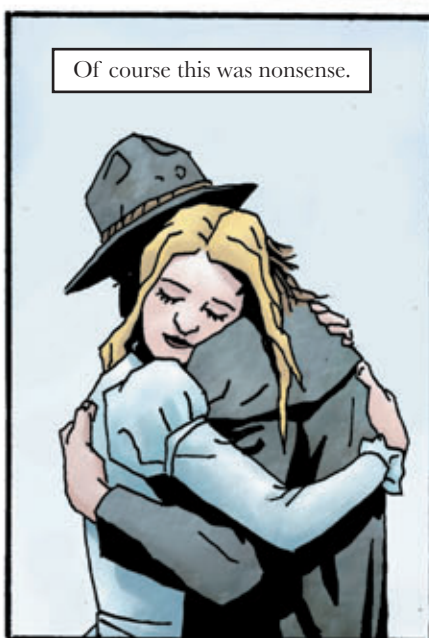
Others said that the devil himself took him in that winter to finalise the minutiae of a previously agreed legal contract.

One man I spoke to claimed he knew the real truth of Ichabod's invisibility – that he had a secret love who would take him in for long periods and offer him solace.

That she, a rare natural beauty of angelic grace, was the only thing on this Earth that could tame his clawing rage and give him something akin to peace.



Of course this was nonsense.



MEANWHILE, ON EARTH:

ZOMBIE

THE DAY THE ZOMBO DIED

PART ONE

SCRIPT
AL EWING
ART
HENRY FLINT
LETTERS
SIMON BOWLAND



PSST!

YOU WITH THE EYES!

HUH?



THE VALUABLE EYES! PRETTY BLUE EYES, WORTH EVER SO MUCH!

CAN YOU SEE ME WITH YOUR PRETTY BLUE EYES, YOUR PRETTY BLUE EYES, YOUR PRETTY BLUE EYES...

OH GOD, NO, PLEASE--

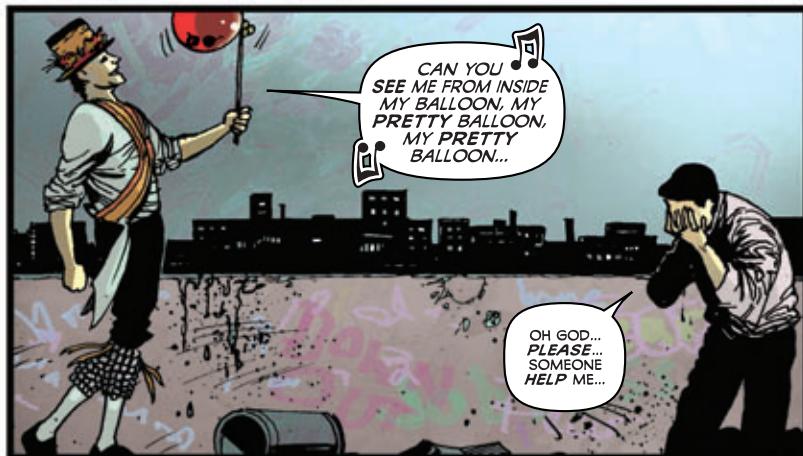


ONE BLUE EYE!

AAAHH!



TWO BLUE EYES!



CAN YOU SEE ME FROM INSIDE MY BALLOON, MY PRETTY BALLOON, MY PRETTY BALLOON...

OH GOD... PLEASE... SOMEONE HELP ME...

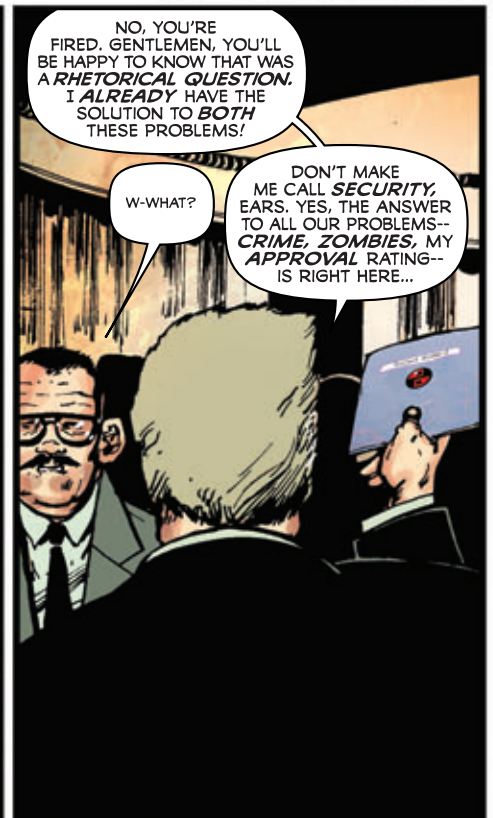


NO HELP FOR YOU, YOUR TONGUE NEXT, FOR SANDWICHES.

AND THEN...

SWEETMEATS.

HOLD STILL, HOLD STILL, FOR MY PRETTY BALLOON...





OH, LOOK
WHAT'S IN MY
PRETTY
BALLOON!

GUUCCHH...



SO MANY
TREASURES, WORTH
EVER SO MUCH! AND
SO MANY MORE TO
COME!

WHEN MY
SHINY SCISSORS GO
SNIPPETY-SNIP, AND
OFF COME YOUR
EARS, AND OUT COME
YOUR LIGHTS...



SNIPPETY-
SNIPPETY-
SNIP--

YOU.

PUNK.



WHAT'S
THAT? WHO'S
THERE?

ME?

I AM
THE NIGHT,
PERPETRATOR.
I'M HOT, DIRTY
VENGEANCE.



I'M THE
BEST THERE
IS AT WHAT I
AM. AND WHAT
I AM...

JESUS
CHRIST--



IS...

...HUNGRY.

NO --NO--
NEEAARRRGH!

Item

THE DISASTER
SQUAD OF
DESTRUCTION

TermsNet Monthly
NO CREDIT

INVOICE V.A.T.reg.no:

Ro-busters®

Invoice Date (Tax Point) Date Ordered Invoice No CLIENT

THE **BALD MAN** DOESN'T KNOW **HOW** LONG HE HAS BEEN
STANDING ALONE IN THIS STREET, OPPOSITE THE
RO-BUSTERS' BUILDING, JUST **STARING**...



HE DOESN'T KNOW **HOW MANY YEARS** HE
HAS **WAITED** FOR THIS NIGHT...
HE ONLY KNOWS THAT IT HAS BEEN
TOO MANY...



HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS BEEN
HOUNDED, IMPRISONED, TREATED
LIKE AN **ANIMAL**! HE KNOWS THAT
HE ISN'T GOING TO TAKE IT ANY MORE...



NO...WAIT! I'VE SEEN
YOUR FACE ON THE TV
NEWS. YOU'RE THAT
ESCAPED **PARA-WHOTSIT**!
YOU'RE...



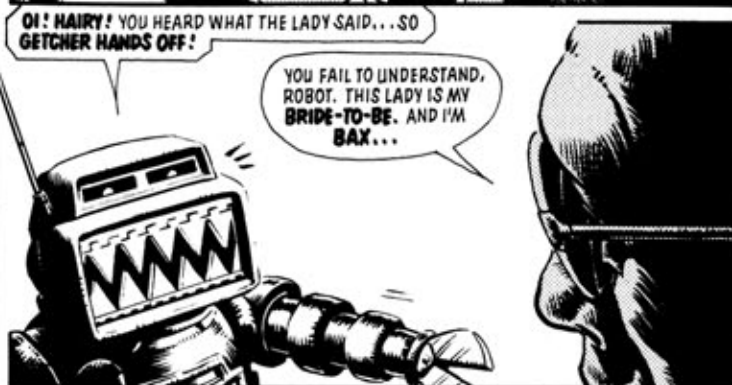
ABOVE ALL, HE KNOWS THAT TONIGHT
HE WILL HAVE HIS **REVENGE**!

BAX THE BURNER!



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73e





FUTURE SHOCKS

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE GREEN PEDESTRIAN PALM?

SCRIPT+ART
CHRIS WESTON
LETTERS
ELLIE DE VILLE

EMERGENCY! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR...

THE GREEN PEDESTRIAN PALM

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, YOU DUMBOS?



WHEN YOU GET TO THE KERB, ALWAYS STOP, STOP, STOP...!

AW, PISS OFF, YOU PERV!



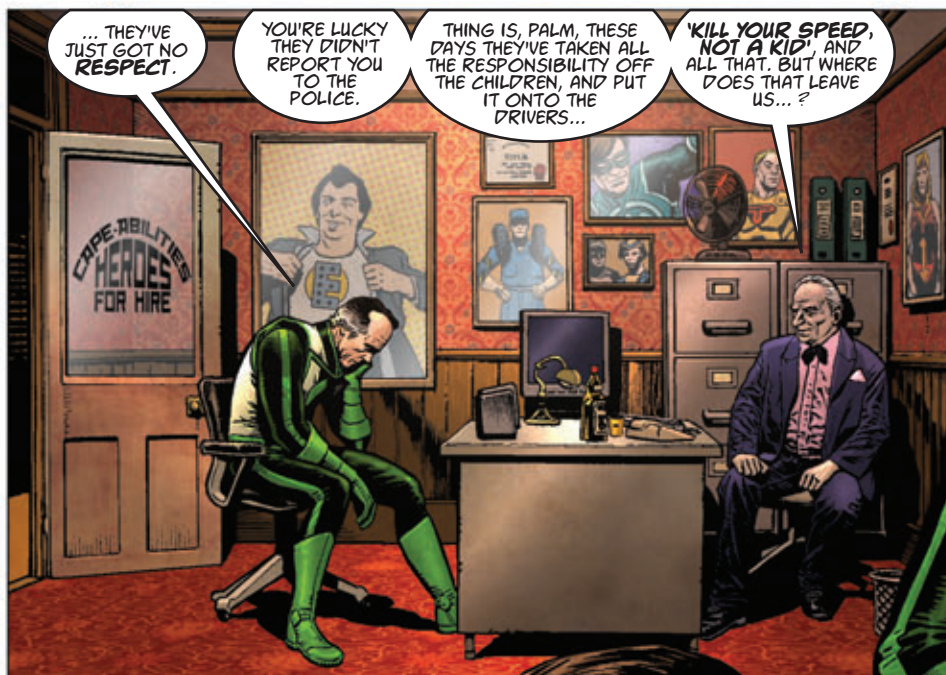
YEAH, SOD OFF, WEIRDO!

UH... REMEMBER THE WORDS OF THE GREEN PEDESTRIAN PALM...



... BECAUSE I WON'T BE THERE TO KEEP YOU FROM HARM...

'KIDS TODAY...'





WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS THAT?

WHEN YOU GET TO THE KERB...

... ALWAYS STOP, STOP, STOP!

WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE, PALM.



THEY MIGHT STILL BE DANGEROUS... AND WE DO THIS FOR A LIVING.

SHOULDN'T YOU BE GIVING A SCHOOL TALK OR SOMETHING, GREEN PALM?

OPTIMUM! HAWKBLADE!

IT'S OKAY GUYS, I WANT TO HELP!

NO OFFENCE, PALM, BUT I'M NOT SURE IF YOU'RE QUALIFIED FOR THIS!

YEAH, LEAVE IT TO THE EXPERTS, 'SELL-OUT'.



THEY SNUBBED ME, FRANK! LIKE I WAS SOME RANK AMATEUR!

OKAY, CALM DOWN.

WE JUST NEED TO ADAPT OUR STRATEGY A LITTLE, THAT'S ALL. WE NEED TO THINK BIGGER.