

48 PAGES OF BRAIN-  
SCRUBBING ACTION!

FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

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# 2000 AD

YOU CROSSED THE  
LINE WHEN YOU TURNED  
THAT PERP INTO  
**MUNCE JOE...**

...FROM NOW ON,  
**JUDGE  
DREDD**  
IS NO MORE!



**GOT YOUR  
ATTENTION, PUNK?**

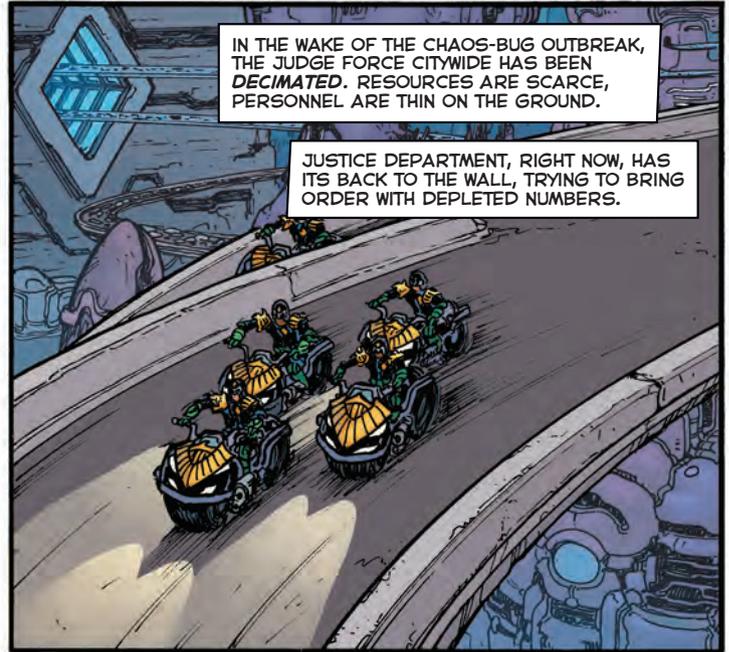
TO FIND OUT HOW THIS  
**DOESN'T RELATE**  
TO THE STORY INSIDE,  
TURN THE PAGE AND  
**PREPARE TO BE  
THRILLED!**

**FEATURING**  
JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT  
PAT MILLS ★ MATT SMITH  
GORDON RENNIE ★ HENRY FLINT  
LEAH MOORE ★ JOHN REPPION  
CHRIS BURNHAM ★ TIERNEN TREVALLION  
JAN DUURSEMA ★ RON SMITH  
**AND MORE!**

# JUDGE DREDD THE BADGE

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2136 AD.  
NINE OH SIX PM.

THE OFFICERS OF 'C'  
ROTATION, OPERATING OUT  
OF SECTOR HOUSE 202,  
BEGIN THE **GRAVEYARD  
SHIFT**. THE CRAZY HOURS.



IN THE WAKE OF THE CHAOS-BUG OUTBREAK,  
THE JUDGE FORCE CITYWIDE HAS BEEN  
**DECIMATED**. RESOURCES ARE SCARCE,  
PERSONNEL ARE THIN ON THE GROUND.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, RIGHT NOW, HAS  
ITS BACK TO THE WALL, TRYING TO BRING  
ORDER WITH DEPLETED NUMBERS.



CADETS ARE BEING FAST-TRACKED TO SWELL THE RANKS, THROWN  
IN AT THE DEEP END. SINK OR SWIM, IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET  
LAW-ENFORCEMENT BODIES ON THE GROUND, VITAL EXPERIENCE  
GAINED STRAIGHT FROM THE ANARCHIC STREETS THEMSELVES.

FOR ANY JUDGE, THE GRAVEYARD  
SHIFT IS A TEST OF METTLE...



...FOR **STIB HARTNELL**,  
IT COULD BE HIS FINAL  
NIGHT ON EARTH.

SCRIPT  
MATT SMITH  
ROB  
CHRIS BURNHAM  
COLLOURS  
NATHAN FAIRBAIRN  
LETTERS  
PYE PARR

SCRIPT  
PAT MILLS  
ART  
RAFAEL GARRES  
LETTERS  
ELLIE DE VILLE

# Slaine

Lord of the Beasts

SO ENDS ANOTHER SAGA...

I'M OFF DOWN "THE TALKING STICK". IT'S TAVERN QUIZ NIGHT AND I'M THE QUIZ MASTER!

AND I'VE SOME TRICKY QUESTIONS FOR THE REGULARS... HUR, HUR! NAME THE PAGAN SEVEN DEADLY SINS...

**THE PAGAN SEVEN DEADLY SINS**

1. HUMOURLESSNESS.
2. INTELLECTUALISM.
3. POLITICS.
4. BORINGNESS.
5. PROFITEERING.
6. ABSTINENCE.
7. INTOLERANCE.

OH, UKKO— BEFORE YOU GO...

YES?

I WAS RE-READING "THE HORNED GOD", YOUR ACCOUNT OF SLÁINE'S SEVEN-YEAR REIGN AS HIGH KING OF IRELAND...

"SLÁINE RULED IRELAND WISELY AND FAIRLY. THERE WERE NO MORE WARS, FOR HIS TRIBES OF THE EARTH GODDESS WERE PEACEFUL AND CONTENT AND NOTHING VERY INTERESTING HAPPENED."

WELL?

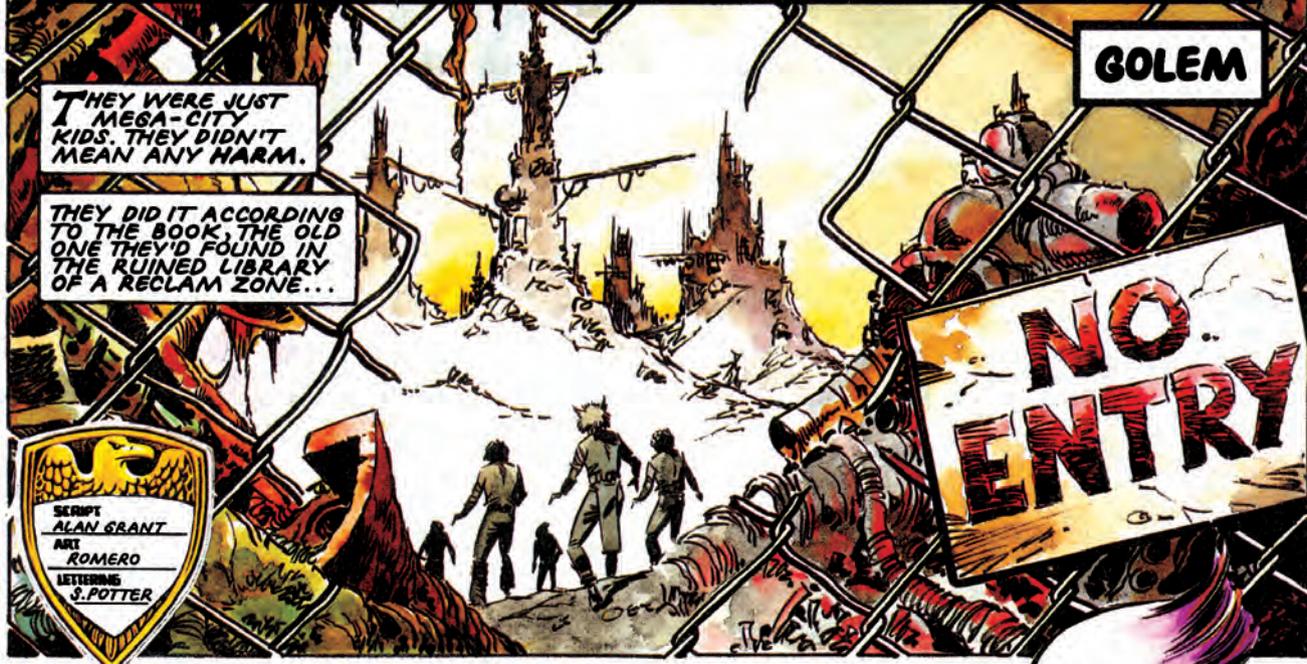
WELL, IT'S A LITTLE... BRIEF

AND I'VE REALISED THERE WERE SEVERAL IMPORTANT STORIES FROM THOSE "LOST YEARS" THAT NEED TO BE TOLD, LIKE "LORD OF THE BEASTS".

WHEN SLÁINE WAS STUCK IN A WARP SPASM? NO—I CAN'T FACE IT! THAT WAS TOO WEIRD!

THEN IT IS I WHO WILL TELL IT. FOR IT IS I WHO CAN. I, NEST THE DRUIDESS.

# ANDERSON PSI DIVISION



THEY WERE JUST  
MEGA-CITY  
KIDS. THEY DIDN'T  
MEAN ANY HARM.

THEY DID IT ACCORDING  
TO THE BOOK, THE OLD  
ONE THEY'D FOUND IN  
THE RUINED LIBRARY  
OF A RECLAM ZONE...

GOLEM

NO  
ENTRY



'... FIRST, TAKE  
YE ENTRAILS OF YE  
DEAD CHICKEN...'

WHAT'S A  
CHICKEN?

SPELLS TO  
CONQUER YE  
GOLEM



SEARCH  
ME, WENNY...  
GUESS YE  
DEAD RAT 'LL  
HAVE TA  
DO!



'ADD YE  
HANDFUL OF DUST,  
SCOOPED FROM SHADOWED  
EARTH...'

'...THIRTEEN  
SPYDERS,  
CRUSHED...'

'...YE  
MEASURE OF GREEN  
SLIME...'

"'...NOW MOULD YE THAT PASTE INTO  
SHAPE OF YE DOLL AND SET IT IN YE  
LIGHT OF YE FULL MOON...'"



SOMEWHERE IN CUMBRIA:

NUMBER SIX!  
GET THE DOOR  
LOCKED ON  
NUMBER SIX!



OH GOD--!  
TOO LATE!



SKASSH



LONDON, SIX HOURS LATER:

NAUGHTY  
NAUGHTY  
NAUGHTY.

SCRIPT  
GORDON  
RENNIE  
ART  
TIERNEN  
TREVALLION  
LETTERS  
SIMON  
BOWLAND

THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING MEDI-SUST MEALS. YOUR SELECTION IS NOW READY.

PLEASE TAKE CARE, YOUR FOOD WILL NOT REACH OPTIMUM SAFE EATING TEMPERATURE FOR NINETY-EIGHT SECONDS.

CADUCEUS IV

ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS! CHILLBOX BACK-UP POWER WILL BE OFFLINE SOON.

ACH, DON'T SAY IT. A MILLION CREDS OF QUALITY PHARMA, AND IT'LL BE GLOOP BEFORE WE GET ANYWHERE TO SELL IT.

MILLION? PAH! MEDI-CRUISER FULL OF TRIAGE CRAWLERS, TELESURGERY SYSTEMS, OUTBREAK CONTROL SUITES? BILLIONS ON THE BLACK MARKET!

BLEH! IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THIS MEDI-CRUD! DISGUSTING!

VADDDOON

BLASTERS TO STUN, SCAMPI. CREEPS MEAN CREDS, REMEMBER?

MEDI-CORP DOESN'T WANT A HIGH BODY COUNT.

WAIT, DURHAM RED SAYS DON'T KILL THE PIRATES? ARE YOU FEELING OKAY, RED?

SCRIPT  
LEAN MOORE  
JOHN REPPION  
ART  
JAN DUURSEMA  
COLOURS  
DYLAN TEAGUE  
LETTERS  
ELLIE DE VILLE



Durham  
**RED**  
RUNNING OUT OF PATIENTS