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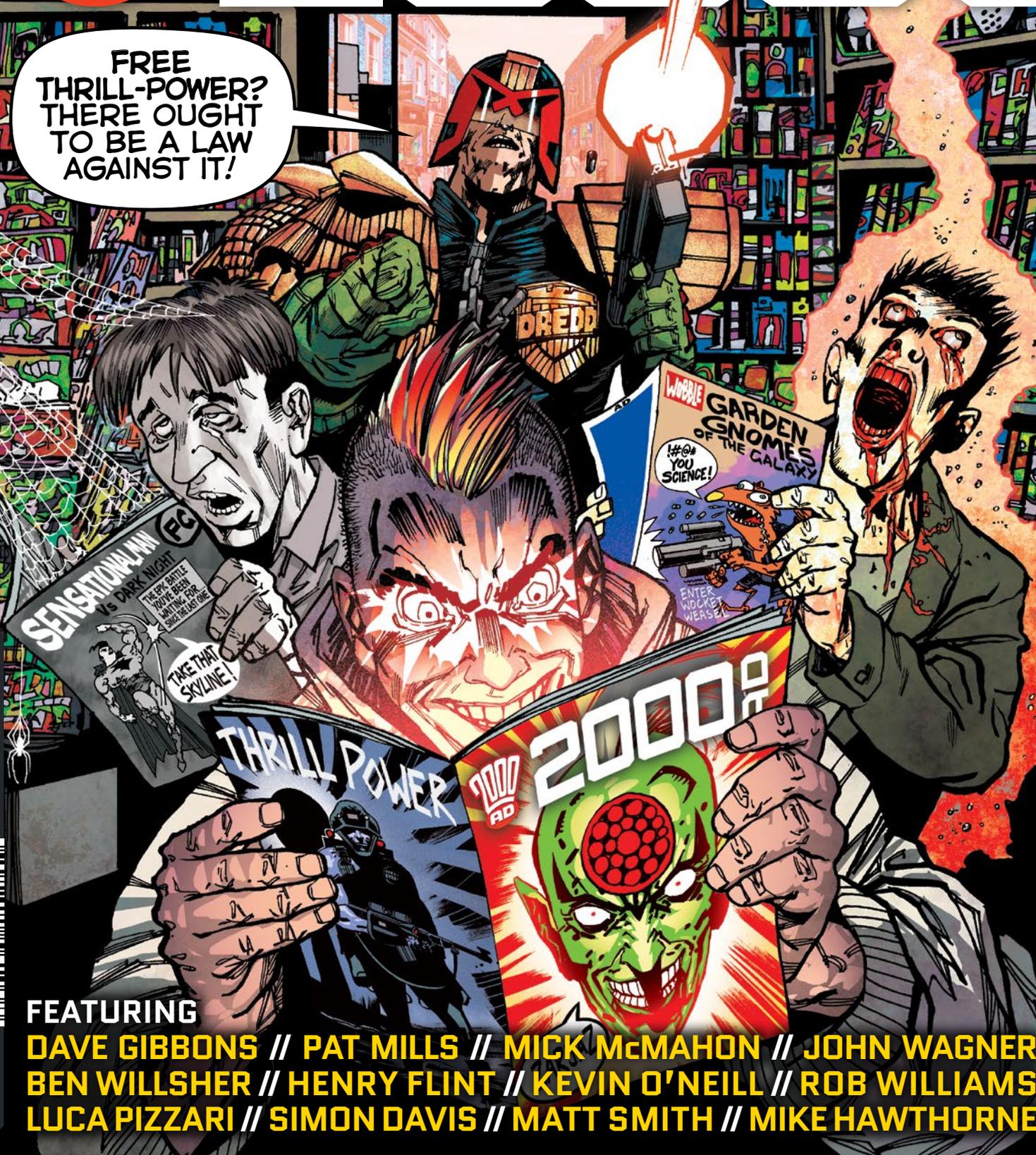
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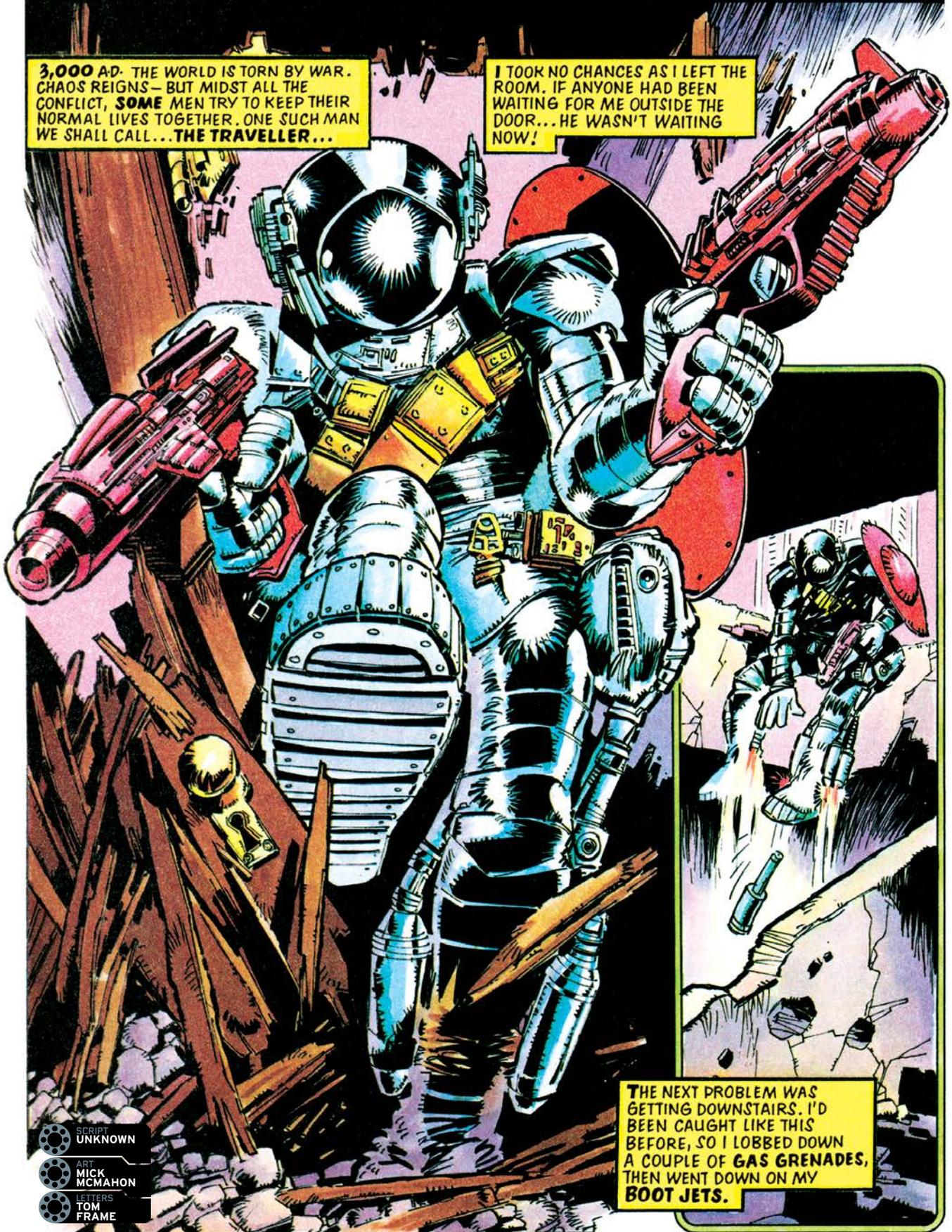
FEATURING

DAVE GIBBONS // PAT MILLS // MICK McMAHON // JOHN WAGNER
BEN WILLISHER // HENRY FLINT // KEVIN O'NEILL // ROB WILLIAMS
LUCA PIZZARI // SIMON DAVIS // MATT SMITH // MIKE HAWTHORNE

3000 AD *the traveller*

3,000 AD. THE WORLD IS TORN BY WAR. CHAOS REIGNS— BUT MIDST ALL THE CONFLICT, **SOME** MEN TRY TO KEEP THEIR NORMAL LIVES TOGETHER. ONE SUCH MAN WE SHALL CALL...**THE TRAVELLER...**

I TOOK NO CHANCES AS I LEFT THE ROOM. IF ANYONE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ME OUTSIDE THE DOOR... HE WASN'T WAITING NOW!



THE NEXT PROBLEM WAS GETTING DOWNSTAIRS. I'D BEEN CAUGHT LIKE THIS BEFORE, SO I LOBBED DOWN A COUPLE OF GAS GRENADES, THEN WENT DOWN ON MY **BOOT JETS.**

SCRIPT
UNKNOWN

ART
MICK
MCMAHON

LETTERS
TOM
FRAME

2092. EXPEDITION SHIP 'THE ATTLA' REACHES THE FRINGES OF A SOLAR SYSTEM WHERE NO HUMAN BEING HAS EVEN BEEN.

OR SO IT SEEMED.

FRONTIERSMAN 7484 - THIS IS ATTLA CONTROL. HULL LOCKS ARE DISENGAGED.

SCRIPT
BARRY KRISHNA
ART
BEN WILLISHER
LETTERS
PYE



DEATH ROCK

YOU ARE FREE TO MAKE YOUR DESCENT.

SWEET.



THE NAME'S AJAX BLOODTHIRSTY - THAT'S RIGHT, BLOODTHIRSTY.

BY NAME, BY NATURE. BY DEED POLL.

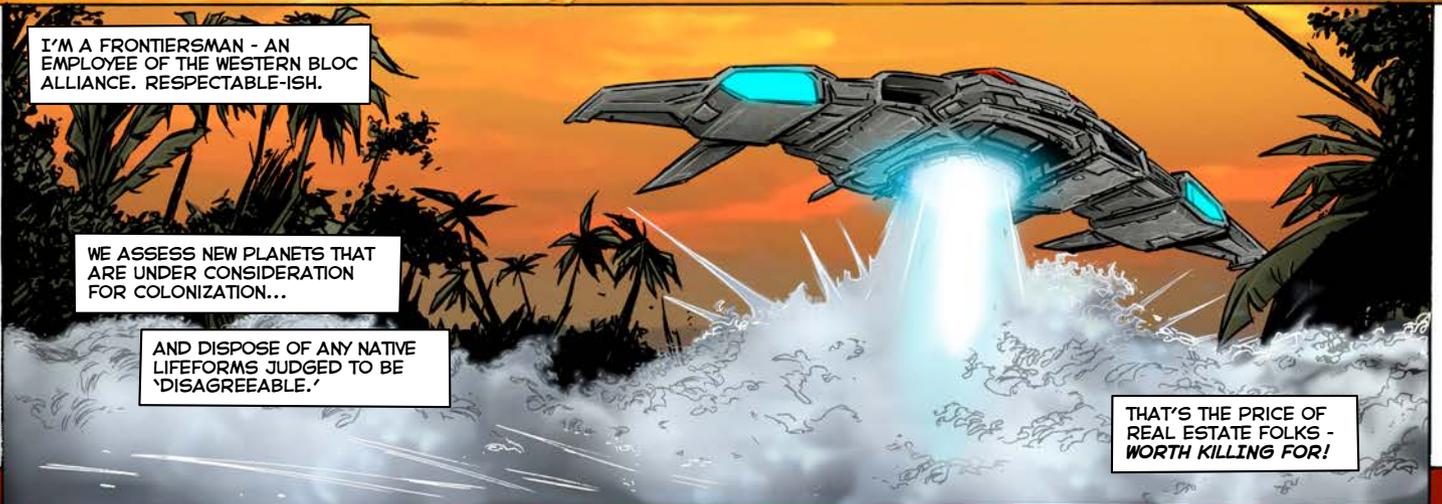


I'M A FRONTIERSMAN - AN EMPLOYEE OF THE WESTERN BLOC ALLIANCE. RESPECTABLE-ISH.

WE ASSESS NEW PLANETS THAT ARE UNDER CONSIDERATION FOR COLONIZATION...

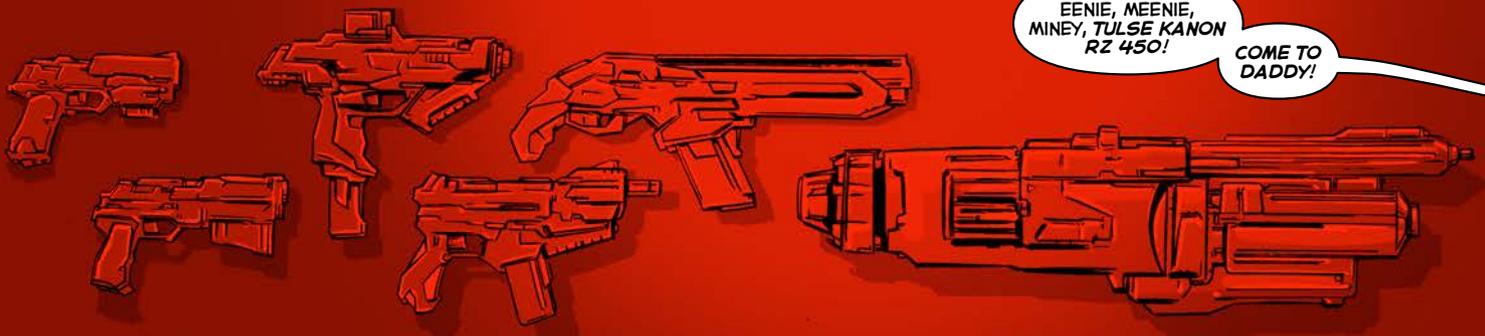
AND DISPOSE OF ANY NATIVE LIFEFORMS JUDGED TO BE 'DISAGREEABLE.'

THAT'S THE PRICE OF REAL ESTATE FOLKS - WORTH KILLING FOR!



EENIE, MEENIE, MINEY, TULSE KANON RZ 450!

COME TO DADDY!



TELEPHESIS'S

THE TOMB OF TORQUEMADA

DEEP INSIDE TERMIGHT, IN THE VALLEY OF THE GRAND MASTERS, A HUGE SEPULCHRE IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION...

BUILT BY ALIEN SLAVE LABOUR AND USING ONLY THE FINEST MATERIALS, IT WILL BE THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF TERMIGHT'S RULER... TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA...

I DO NOT EXPECT TO LEAVE THIS MORTAL REALM FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER HUNDRED YEARS... AFTER I HAVE DEFEATED THE ARCH-DEVIANT NEMESIS... AND RESTORED MY GALACTIC EMPIRE TO ITS PAST GLORY...

HOWEVER...



YOU DID PROMISE, BROTHER MURPHY, THAT MY TOMB WOULD BE FINISHED "FRIDAY WEEK AT THE LATEST."

IT'S BECAUSE I'VE HAD TROUBLE GETTING HUMAN CRAFTSMEN FOR THE "HOLY OF HOLIES" GRAND MASTER. BUT I'VE FOUND THEM NOW AND IT WILL DEFINITELY BE FINISHED BY THE END OF THE MONTH.

HARD HATE AREA

"H'MM... AND THESE CRACKS?"

"OH, THAT'S NOTHING — YOU HAVE TO EXPECT A BIT OF MOVEMENT IN A BUILDING THIS SIZE."

"WHAT ABOUT THE MOULD?"

"WE CALL THAT "THE PATINA OF AGE"... VERY EXPENSIVE, IS THAT. ALL HAND-DONE TO MAKE IT LOOK ANCIENT."

NO DOUBT YOU HAVE AN EQUALLY PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE FOR THE FALLING MASONRY?

OH, YES... THAT'S A GOOD SIGN... IT SHOWS THE TOMB IS SETTLING WELL.

NOW LET ME SHOW YOU THE "HOLY OF HOLIES" WHERE YOU'LL BE BURIED...

...IN THIS SARCOPHAGUS... SURROUNDED BY YOUR FAVOURITE POSSESSIONS: CHIRA'S RING... THE CHAIN-SAW WITH WHICH YOU KILLED THOTH... LADY CANDIDA'S STRAIGHT-JACKET... AND SO ON...

I'VE ALREADY PUT BRUNHILDA AND VALKIRA INSIDE... TO ACCOMPANY YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY INTO THE NEXT WORLD...

WHO..?

YOUR FIRST TWO WIVES WHO DIED IN THOSE — ER — ACCIDENTS IN THE TUBE...

OH, RIGHT...

CREDIT SCROLL
©ADUSCRIPT
Brother Mills
ARTWORK
Brother O'Neil
ILLUSTRATION
Sister Parkhouse



YO YO YO, I'M DA BOY CALLED DR SIN.

SUPERNATURAL HORROR, THASS MY THING!

YOU KNOW THE LADIES LOVE MY OLD-SCHOOL GROOVE.

SAVED DA WORLD SO MANY TIMES, GOT NUTTIN' TO PROVE.

SCRIPT
ROB WILLIAMS
ART
LUCA PIZZARI
LETTERS
PYE



BUT LET ME PAINT YOU A PICTURE, THERE'S A NEW DANGER COMIN'.

THE BLOOD RAPTURE! I RAP ATCHA...

... A TERRIFYING THREAT TO DA WHOLE HUMAN RACE.

HENCE THIS PSYCHIC MESSAGE COMING DIRECTLY TO YOUR... ERM... FACE.



OH GOD...

WHAT A REALLY HORRIBLE DREAM.

SIN TAX. LOVE.



WE'RE AT RADIO ONE. LOADS OF SCREAMING GIRLS OUTSIDE. NO DOUBT RABID DUE TO YOUR MORALITY-DESTROYING RAP WAYS.

I FELL ASLEEP, LISA. HANGOVER DREAMS. THINK I THREW UP IN MY MOUTH.

CHARMER. IF YOU WILL BE OUT CLUBBING TIL 4AM THE NIGHT BEFORE PRESS. COME ON! TIME TO MEET YOUR MORONIC PUBLIC.

DOCTOR SIN
DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK



SIN TAAAAAAX!

HANGOVERRRR. LISA, BABE. I CAN'T DO THIS INTERVIEW.

JUST SMILE AND REPEAT "I AM AN ARTIST" OVER AND OVER. THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE ECCENTRIC. OR MEDICATED. EITHER'S GOOD FOR PRESS...

ALRIGHT, LADIES? YEAH, I SMILE AND ACT COOL. SMILE AND ACT COOL. SMILE AND ACT...



HEED MY WORDS NOW, SIN TAX!

OH GOD...

YOU... ARE AN ARTIST!

Dan Dare

VETERAN SPACE FIGHTER DAN DARE LEADS A LEGION OF TOUGH SPACE SOLDIERS INTO THE MYSTERIOUS REGION KNOWN AS THE LOST WORLDS. ABOARD THEIR SPACE FORTRESS THEY SURGE ONWARDS THROUGH UNCHARTED SPACE...

PICKING UP SOMETHING REAL WEIRD ON THE SCANNERS! DARE!

IT'S LIKE A HUGE CURTAIN IN SPACE...

2000 A.D.
THRILL 4

APPROXIMATELY TWO POINT FIVE LIGHT YEARS IN DIAMETER... COMPOSITION--ANYTHING FROM SMALL PLANET-OIDS TO COSMIC DUST! HEY, LOOK... NEAR THE CENTRE!

MINUTES LATER...

A HUGE SATELLITE... BUT WHAT'S ITS PURPOSE?

THE SENSORS SHOW IT'S MANNED, DARE--LET'S CLOSE ON IT!

NO, WE'D LOOK TOO WARLIKE IN OUR FORTRESS SHIP... WE'LL TAKE TWO EAGLES OUT TO MAKE CONTACT! I WANT A DOZEN VOLUNTEERS... FAST!

IN THE FORWARD HOLD OF THE FORTRESS SHIP...

YOU GO TOO, DAN DARE? IS RISKY!

I DON'T LEAD FROM BEHIND, BEAR--I TAKE THE SAME RISKS AS MY MEN! YOU AND HITMAN STAY HERE IN JOINT COMMAND!

EAGLES READY TO GO, DARE!

TURN ON ALL THE EAGLE'S LIGHTS, PILOT. WE WANT THEM TO SEE US COMING!

RIGHT, THIS WAY THEY WON'T THINK WE'RE TRYIN' TO SNEAK UP ON THEM! LOOK--HATCHES OPENING!

ART: GIBBONS

... SO THE SHAMANS WERE SENT FOR TO TRY TO HEAL CETHERN. HE WAS IN A BAD WAY, WITH HIS GUTS HANGING DOWN TO THE GROUND.

Slaine

The BRUTANIA CHRONICLES
BOOK ONE A SIMPLE KILLING PART ONE

Script
PAT MILLS
Art
SIMON DAVIS
Letters
ELLIE DE VILLE



THE FIRST SHAMAN EXAMINES HIM, 'HMM... YOU WON'T LAST LONG.'

'THEN NEITHER WILL YOU,' SAYS CETHERN, AND PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE SO HARD HIS BRAINS COME OUT HIS EARS.



IN THE SAME WAY HE KILLS FIFTEEN SHAMANS. SO THEY SAY TO HIM, 'IT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA TO KILL THE SHAMANS.'

HE REPLIES, 'IT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA FOR THEM TO TELL ME BAD NEWS.'



THEN FINGIN, THE KING'S PERSONAL HEALER, STUDIES CETHERN'S WOUNDS FROM A DISTANCE. 'WHAT'S THE OUTLOOK FOR ME?' CETHERN ASKS.

'I SHAN'T LIE TO YOU,' SAYS FINGIN. 'I'M AFRAID YOUR LIFE IS COMING TO AN END.'



'SO IS YOURS,' SAYS CETHERN, AND PUNCHES HIM ACROSS THE ROOM.

EVERYONE TELLS HIM, 'YOU'D BE BETTER OFF BATTERING YOUR ENEMIES AND NOT YOUR SHAMANS.'