

JAW TO JAW WITH THE LAW!

PROG 384
22 SEP 84

IN ORBIT
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22p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD** IN

'GATOR!



JOHNNY ALPHA'S FATHER—
THE NOTORIOUS NELSON
BUNKER KREELMAN—HAS
SEIZED CONTROL OF THE
SEARCH/DESTROY AGENCY
IN THE GUISE OF NEW DIRECTOR
"NORMAN KING".
NOW, IN TORTURE CELL 13,
WHERE JOHNNY HAS BEEN
HELD CAPTIVE...

I'S EATEN
THROUGH
THE LOCKS,
MR
JOHNNY!

NICE WORK,
LITTLE FELLA.
YOU STAY HERE.
THINGS ARE
GOING TO BE
ROUGH OUT
THERE.

KREELMAN'S
GOT WULF AND THE
OTHERS TRAPPED IN
THE BRIEFING HALL.
THEY'RE FINISHED—
UNLESS I CAN GET
TO KREELMAN
FIRST!

Strontium Dog

OUTLAW!

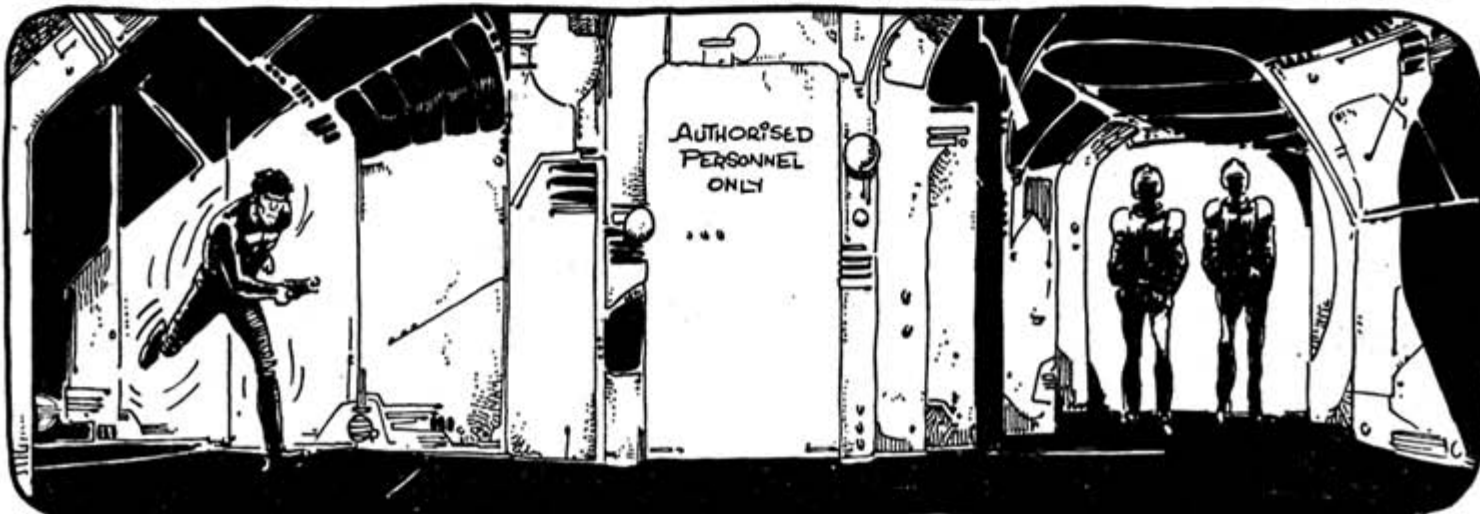
PART 22

JAILER!
COME
QUICK!

HUH?
THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE
ALPHA...

UUUUNNGGGH!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
ORIOLE ETQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER
COMPU-73E





DON'T TOUCH YOUR GUNS. YOU KNOW ME. I CAN DROP ALL OF YOU BEFORE YOU CLEAR HOLSTER - AND I'M JUST ABOUT MAD ENOUGH TO DO IT!



YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM ME - NOT ALPHA! KILL HIM!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU SLUGS?

KILL HIM!

I MADE A MISTAKE ON STAVROS. I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE.

THIS TIME, THERE'S NOT GOIN' TO BE ANY MISTAKE!





I BEAT YOU ONCE—
AND I ALMOST BEAT YOU
AGAIN! ONE MAN AGAINST
A THOUSAND OF YOU—CLEAR
PROOF OF THE SUPERIORITY
OF THE NORMAL RACES
OVER MUTANTS!

IT'S OBVIOUS
YOU'RE GOING TO
KILL ME, BUT LET ME
JUST ADD ONE OR
TWO FINAL
HOME TRUTHS!

FIRSTLY...



WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH,
KREELMAN!

DIE, YOU
BILEBAG!

BAKKA-BAKKA-BAKKA!

BAD!

BAM!

BLAM!

SPTAM!

FOR LONG SECONDS,
THE STRONTIUM DOGS
POUR OUT THEIR HATRED
ON THE EVIL GENIUS WHO
BROUGHT SUCH MISERY TO
THE LIVES OF ALL MUTANTS.

NELSON BUNKER KREEL-
MAN'S LIFE ENDS LONG
BEFORE THE FIRING CEASES.



YOU SAW
THAT—THEY
GUNNED
HIM DOWN
IN COLD
BLOOD!

BETTER THAN
KREELMAN
DESERVED. HEADS
ARE GONNA ROLL IN
HIGH PLACES WHEN
THEY FIND OUT HE
WAS IN CHARGE
HERE!



IN THE BRIEFING HALL,
THE UNCONSCIOUS
STRONTIUM DOGS
ARE REVIVED...

JOHNNY...?
VOT
HAPPEN?

THE WAR'S
OVER, BIG FELLA.
WE WON.



ONE LAST
BATTLE TO FIGHT,
THOUGH—
THE STIX
BROTHERS.

NEXT
PROG:
devil dogs!

COMING SOON TO A COMPUTER NEAR YOU...

Strontium Dog

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IN YOUR NEWSAGENTS NOW



PROLOGUE:

OKAY... THAT'S
FORM **KAPPA-19** AND
FORM **DELTA-30** LOGGED
IN TRIPLICATE, WHICH
JUST LEAVES THE
PHI-26!

SEE? I
TOLD YOU
THIS WOULDN'T
TAKE LONG.

NOW, IF
YOU'RE GOING
MANHATTANSIDE
LOOKING FOR
EMPLOYMENT,
WE'LL HAVE TO
TEMPORARILY
RECLAIM YOUR
MAMCARDS.
WITHOUT **CREDIT,**
YOU'LL HAVE TO
COME BACK.

LOOK
ON IT AS A
PRECAUTION.

LEAVE
YOUR
MUNICIPAL
ID AND
ENTRANCE
CARDS
HERE

BEYOND
THIS
POINT!

RIGHT...
THE STANDARD
WARNINGS:

ONE: IF
YOU SUSTAIN
PHYSICAL OR
PSYCHOLOGICAL
DAMAGE DURING
YOUR STAY,
MANHATTAN
MUNICIPAL WILL
NOT ACCEPT
RESPONSIBILITY.

TWO: MANHATTAN
IS AN APARTHEID ZONE.
AVOID PROXIMAN
DISTRICTS.

THREE:
MANHATTAN
RESIDENT PROTECTION
GROUPS HAVE A LOW
OPINION OF HOOPSIDERS.
THEY'VE SHOT THIRTY-
NINE IN THE LAST
THREE MONTHS.

AVOID
WEALTHY
AREAS AND
TRY NOT TO
LOOK LIKE
CRIMINALS.

FOUR: YOU MAY
NOT ENTER THE
MUNICIPALITIES OF
CONNECTICUT, NEW
JERSEY OR NEW YORK.
IF YOU ATTEMPT TO
DO SO, WE'LL
SHOOT YOU.

OKAY...
THAT'S IT
FOR THE
WARNINGS,
LADIES.

QUARANTINE

HOOPER - DON'T LET
THE SUN SET ON YOU
HERE!

INCIDENTALLY,
TODAY'S **JOB-CAST**
SAYS EMPLOYMENT CHANCES
ARE PRETTY SLENDER.
JUST THOUGHT I'D
TELL YOU...

ENJOY
YOUR VISIT NOW,
Y'HEAR?

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ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E







HMMPH.
THOUGHT I
RECOGNISED
THE SCENT.

TRIED
TO CALL YOU
A BLOCK
BACK.

GUESS
YOU DIDN'T
HEAR ME.



T-TOBY?
BUT...

WHERE DID YOU
COME FROM, MOTOR-
MUTT? WE HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU SINCE...

WELL,
Y'KNOW...
SINCE
BRINNA.



I SMELLED
THE BLOOD.

THE PEOPLE
WHO DID IT
HAD LEFT A
SPoor. I HAD
TO PICK IT UP
RIGHT AWAY.
COULDN'T STOP
TO TALK.

THE
PEOPLE
WHO DID
IT—HAVE
YOU, UH...?



YEAH.

ALL FOUR
OF 'EM.

I DON'T
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT.

Right.



BRINNA LOGGED A
LEGACY PROGRAMME
LAST YEAR. IN THE
EVENT OF HER DEATH,
YOU GET TO KEEP ME.

REALLY??
LUCKY US!

SHUT UP,
RODICE. IT'S
GOOD TO SEE YOU,
TOBY—AND I'M
SORRY ABOUT
BRINNA.



ME TOO,
GIRLY. MORE THAN
YOU KNOW.

NOW I'VE
TRACKED YOU
OUT HERE,
WHAT ARE YOU
LOOKING FOR?

SAME
THING
EVERYBODY
ELSE IS
LOOKING FOR,
STUPID...



MEGA MEAN METAL

MANOWAR



SIGN OF THE
HAMMER

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**AN ANCIENT HOWLING
SEWER BENEATH THE
STREETS OF MEGA-CITY
ONE'S OLD TOWN -**

THAT JUDGE WAS
GETTIN' MIGHTY CUDGE!
YOU SURE HE WOULDN'T BE
ABLE TO TRACK US
DOWN HERE?

IN THIS GUNK?
NO CHANCE!

SHLOOP!
SHLOOP!

HEY—YOU HEAR THAT?

WHAT'S

A KIND OF...
GROWLING...

**DREAD TO CONTROL: SUSPECTS
MORG LEPPY AND BRIAN DE VITO
HAVE ENTERED THE SEWER SYSTEM.
AM IN PURSUIT.**

1994

THERE IT
IS AGAIN!

IT'S JUST
RATS, MORG!

STOP WORKING -
YOU'RE MAKING ME

SEE?
RATS!



DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

MORG!

**AAA
A
G
G
G
H
H!**









HOLY CREMOLA!



DREDD! FOR PITY'S SAKE!

AAAH!
HHH!



**HIGH
EXPLOSIVE!**



HRRA!

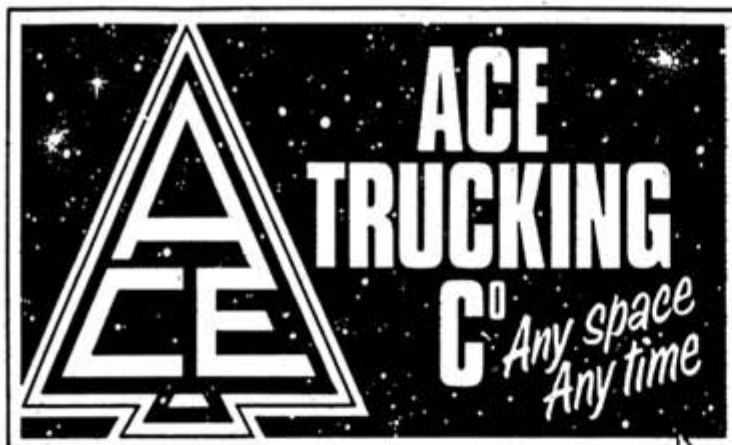


STOMM!



MY GUN!

**NEXT PROG: DREDD
BITES BACK!**



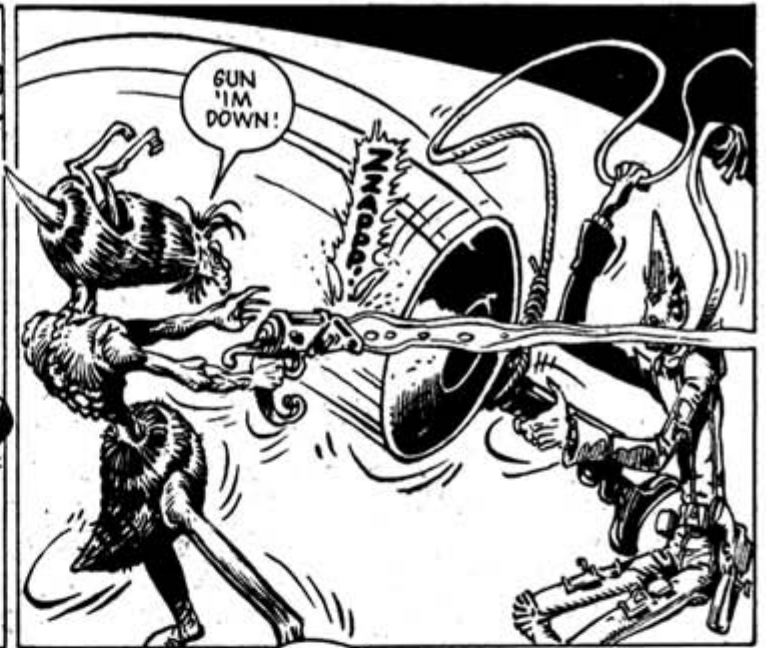
SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP AND HIS CREW HAVE TRICKED THEIR WAY INTO PORTO BUCKO, THE SECRET PIRATE BASE, TO RESCUE THE PRINCESS GADARINA. BUT THEY ARE CAUGHT IN HER CELL BY THE PIRATE LEADER BUG BLY!



ON THE DANGLE: 7



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ART ROBOT
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LETTERING ROBOT
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COMPU-73









AN' WHERE
BE YOU GOIN',
GARPY?

SHEESH—
EVIL!



AN' WHAT
MIGHT YOU BE
DOIN' WITH THIS
HERE PRIME SLAB
O' PORK?

UH... THERE'S
A REAL TUCKER
EXPLANATION, EVIL
BUDDY. JUST, UH...
GIMME A SEC-SEC
TILL I THUNKS
IT UP!



HARRR! SAME
OL' GARPY! A GREAT
'UN FER THE JOKIN'!
IT'S CLEAR TO ME
WHAT'S A-HAPPENIN'
HERE, LADS!

IT IS?



WHILE WE'VE BEEN
A-FIGHTIN', MY TRUSTY
NUMBER TWO HAS BEEN
SEENIN' TO THE
VITTALS!

THE VITTALS?

THIS HERE
PORKER, OF
COURSE!



LIGHT THE FIRE!
BREAK OUT THE SPIT!
PUT ON THE TATTERS
AN' GREENS! WE'LL
SUP WELL FER OUR
DAY'S SLAUGHTER,
ME HEARTIES!



OH MERTHY!
HELP ME, CAPTAIN
GARPY!

THEY'RE
GOING TO
CONTHUME
ME!

SHEESH!

NEXT
PROG.

WHAT
ABOUT
THE APPLE
& THA UHE?

NU EARTH, AT THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY... A PLANET
RAVAGED BY THE NEVER-ENDING CONFLICT
BETWEEN NORT AND SOUTHER, RAGING BENEATH
THE POISONOUS CHEM-CLOUDS OF FUTURE WAR—

TELL THEM
THE GENETIC INFANTRY-
MAN WILL BE DEAD
WITHIN THE HOUR!

RADIO!
INFORM KOMMAND
WE HAVE THE TARGET
CORNERED ON
HILL 19...

ROGUE TROOPER

M for MURDER!

ONE HUNDRED CLICKS TO
THE EAST, THE MESSAGE
IS INTERCEPTED...

PATROL AZ/4 TO KOMMAND.
ROGUE TROOPER LOCATED ON
HILL 19. PREPARING TO
ELIMINATE.

WELL, WELL...
SO I'VE FOUND HIM
AT LAST—THANKS
TO THE NORTS!

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ART ROBOT
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THE MAN I'VE SEARCHED
ALL NU EARTH FOR—AND HE'S
LESS THAN AN HOUR AWAY!

ON THE CREST
OF HILL 19—

NORDLAND!

NORDLAND!

HERE THEY
COME AGAIN,
GUYS!



WE'RE NOT
READY TO LEAVE
YET, NORTY!

AAAGHH!

YIEEE!

PTINGGG!

VIP

BADOO



ROGUE—
BEHIND
YOU!

ULLIGH!
M-MASK!



THEY'RE FALLING
BACK, ROGUE. WON'T
BE FOR LONG, I BET!

SAY YOUR
PRAYERS,
NORTY—
YOU'RE A
DEAD MAN.

YOU... YOU
ARE DEAD MAN.
YOU ARE...
FINISHED.

WE
HAVE A NEW...
WEAPON. KILL
YOU!

SPECIALLY—
KILL YOU...
WON'T EVEN
KNOW WHEN
IT—

HE'S
DEAD, ROGUE.
A NEW NORT
WEAPON, HUH?
THAT'S NOT
THE FIRST
TIME WE
HEARD
ABOUT
IT.

IT MIGHT
BE THE
LAST.



MAYBE... THE NORTS
ARE GETTING READY FOR
A FINAL ASSAULT.

I'LL GO OUT
FIRING, WHATEVER
HAPPENS.

YEAH - WE'LL
GIVE 'EM HELL,
ROGUE!

C'MON THEN,
NORTY! I'LL TAKE
YOU ALL WITH
ME!

BUT
IF THIS IS
THE END,
THE
TRAITOR'S
BEATEN US
- HE'S
WON!

ATTACK! BLOW
THE HILL AND THE G.I.
TO PIECES!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

THWIPP THWIPP THWIPP

GENETIK
DOG!

MAGAZINE'S
FINISHED!
THIS IS IT -

AAAHH!

AYIEE!

WHAT THE -?
SHELLING!



SOUTHER
ATOMCRAFT!
HE'S GOT
THEM COLD!

BOW
BOW
BOW

BAD
BAD
BAD



I DON'T KNOW
WHO'S FLYIN' THAT
THING...

KLIK!



BUT HE SURE
AS HELL SAVED MY
HIDE!

BOW!
BOW!
BOW!



WITH THE NORT ATTACK WIPED OUT,
THE ATOMCRAFT LANDS ON TOP OF
THE HILL—

HERE HE COMES...
WE OWE YOU OUR
LIVES, FRIEND!



NATURALLY,
ROGUE
TROOPER...



I DIDN'T
WANT THOSE
LOUSY NORTS
TO DO THE JOB
FOR ME!

ROGUE! IT'S
MAJOR MAGNAM—
THE G.I. WHO SWORE
HE'D KILL YOU!



Next Prog: ROGUE TROOPER—ON TRIAL!

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ROUGH JUSTICE,
CREEPS?**



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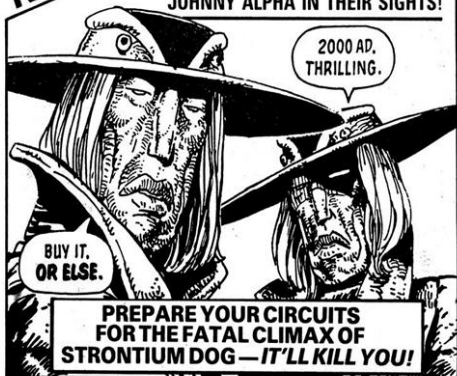
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NEXT PROG:

**THEIR NAME IS STIX.
THEY HAVE MURDER IN MIND — AND
JOHNNY ALPHA IN THEIR SIGHTS!**



**BUY IT.
OR ELSE.**

**PREPARE YOUR CIRCUITS
FOR THE FATAL CLIMAX OF
STRONTIUM DOG — IT'LL KILL YOU!**

HOOP LIFE

Dataday, day-to-day, I'm *Swifty Frisko*, love me or leave me! If you're one of the jobless of New York State Municipality, then *the Hoop* is for you! Tethered conveniently just off the Manhattan Peninsula, it provides a floating haven for its many residents — *Increased Leisure Citizens* who dwell in the picturesque Blister-Homes blossoming from the numerous Lilo-Pads adjoining the Hoop.

As a miracle of quantum-tolerance engineering, *the Hoop* stands alone. Gasp in awe as, twice a day, *the Hoop* seals itself off and separates its flexible sections in order to prevent the periodic wave-motion from collapsing the entire structure, and washing millions of good and valuable citizens into the Atlantic ocean. Remember: *Only In America!*

Our friends from *Proxima Centauri* know *the Hoop* as a truly cosmopolitan society, ready to embrace the Proximan immigrant with open arms — if Proximan *had* any arms to embrace with, that is! Nonetheless, these lovable lizards of limited limb, accustomed to the hellish silicone wastes of Proxima, have found a home from home on *the Hoop*. And let's not forget their more prosperous cousins from *Alpha Centauri*. The Alpha merchant down on his luck is welcome in our "Family Circle".

Over 70% of the Hoop's population is female, and even though the Hoop's hyper-efficient police force — volunteers known as "Rumblejacks" — are usually on hand to cope with emergencies, we prefer to encourage a tough breed of independent women with a flare for self-protection. Of course, if you're independently wealthy, why not try a Ripper? These leisty, pseudo-canines, capable of disemboweling cars, come in five beefy persona-types. On the Hoop, we call it "Armed Friendship".

The Hoop: Manhattan Island's *Land of Leisure*, where the wageless pass their time in happy serenity.
The Hoop: It runs rings round the Poverty Reduction schemes of *other* Municipalities! I'm Swifty Frisko, that was a "Know Your Neighbourhood" information pack.