

HE REACTS TO THE VIPE ONSLAUGHT WITH HIS OWN — AUTOMATIC NOW AFTER SO MANY YEARS.

SCRIPT
JOHN
WAGNER
ART
CARLOS
EZQUERRA
LETTERS
ANNIE
PARKHOUSE

HIS HAND A BLUR.
SELECT TARGET, FIRE!
SELECT TARGET, FIRE!

AIM
UNERRING.

OH MY
GRUD — !

TWENTY TO ONE AND
HE'S GOT THEM
OUTNUMBERED.

MEDS
NEEDED HERE,
MENDIS!

INCOMING, JUDGES
STRAUSS AND
PECHEY ENTERING
BLOCK, SOUTH
GANTRY, WHERE DO
YOU WANT THEM?

ROUND UP
STRAYS, BASE LEVEL,
AND ACTIVATE ONE OF THE
ELS — I'LL BE HEADING
UPBLOCK.

JUDGE
DREDD
BLOCK JUDGE
PART NINE

CTK MOVING UP IN NUMBERS, BEENY! APPROACHING LEVEL 200 -

I HEAR THEM!

WE UPTOWN BABY!

GONNA FRY US SOME RICH GEEKS!



WE HAVE RESULTS ON ANALYSIS OF WOZINSKI'S APARTMENT. POSITIVE FOR THE NEUROTOXIN. WE'VE GOT OUR POISONER.

THANKS, MENDIS - GOOD TO KNOW.



SHEEEE -!

GAS!



GRRRAAAAAGHHH!

Stickleback

THE THRU'PENNY OPERA PART NINE

SCRIPT
IAN
EDGINTON
ART
D'ISRAELI
LETTERS
ELLIE
DE VILLE



IT'S BEEN
A WHILE SINCE
WE LOCKED HORNS
WITH A FIRE-
DRAKE!

STILL,
IT'S RATHER LIKE
RIDING A BICYCLE OR
SUMMONING AN ELDER
SPIRIT — ONE NEVER
TRULY FORGETS!



AHHH!



OR
PERHAPS YOUR
MEMORY'S NOT
WHAT IT WAS,
DARLING?

AGE BEFORE
BEAUTY!

PEARLS
BEFORE SWINE!



DON'T
FORGET TO
PUT ON A
SHOW!



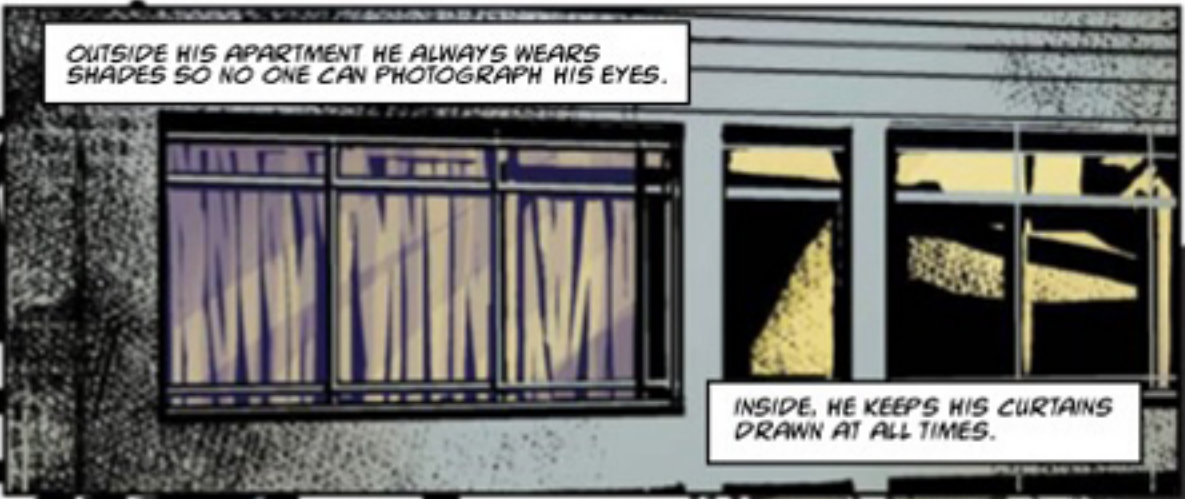
! ... AFTER ALL, WE'RE PLAYING
TO THE CHEAP SEATS!

SCRIPT
PAT MILLS
ART
JOHN HIGGINS
COLOURS
SALLY HURST
LETTERS
ELLIE DE VILLE



FAMILY MAN HAS CAUSED SO MANY FIRES, PILE-UPS AND EXPLOSIONS, HE'S OBSESSED WITH SECURITY.

ESPECIALLY NOW HE'S BEEN WARNED I'M COMING FOR HIM.



OUTSIDE HIS APARTMENT HE ALWAYS WEARS SHADES SO NO ONE CAN PHOTOGRAPH HIS EYES.

INSIDE, HE KEEPS HIS CURTAINS DRAWN AT ALL TIMES.



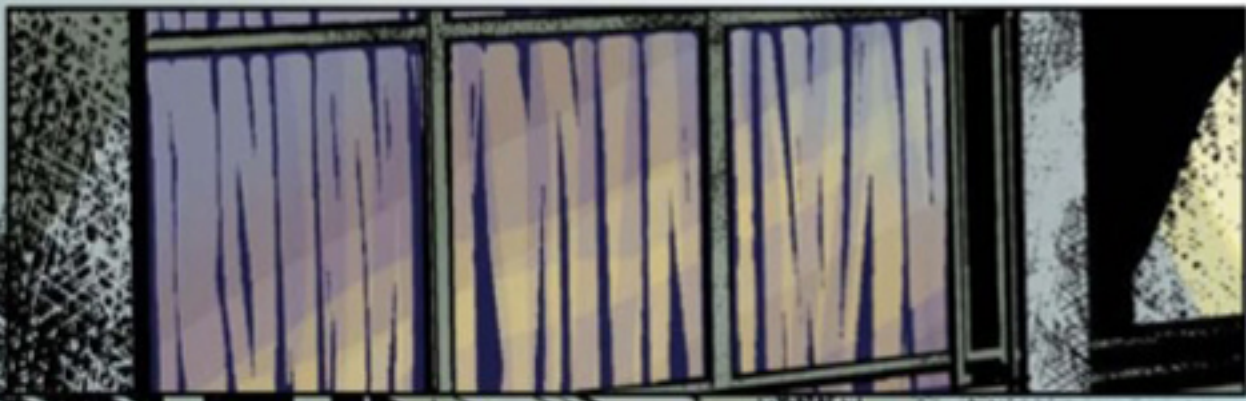
I'VE PHONED THE POLICE TO SAY THERE'S A SERIOUS ASSAULT OUTSIDE HIS BLOCK OF FLATS.



GREYSUIT
PRINCE OF DARKNESS PART EIGHT



PERFECT.



HE'S GONE TO THE GYM NOW.

HE VARIES THE TIME HE LEAVES AND HIS ROUTE, BUT HE'S ALWAYS AWAY FOR TWO HOURS.



TIME FOR ME TO DO THE NECESSARY TO HIS APARTMENT.



SCRIPT
ROB
WILLIAMS
ART
MICHAEL
DOWLING
LETTERS
ANNIE
PARKHOUSE

THE GRIEVOUS JOURNEY OF
**ICHABOD
AZRAEL**
(AND THE DEAD LEFT IN HIS WAKE)
ONE LAST BULLET PART EIGHT



And it rained impossible animals at the death of all things...



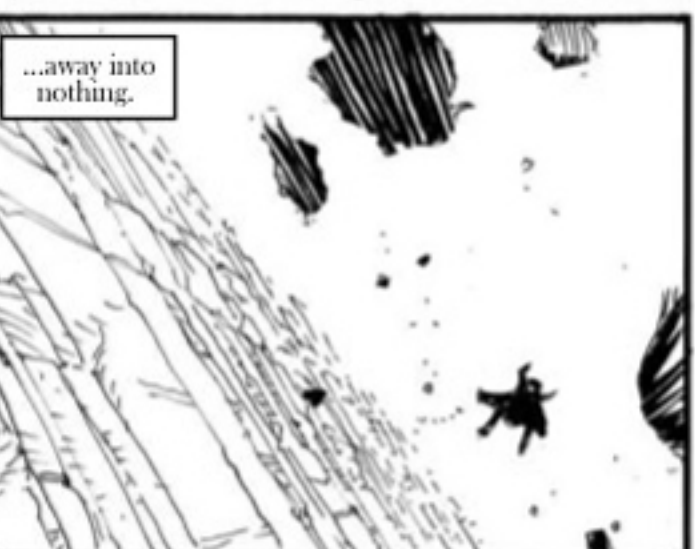
Giants fell snorting and wild with all the weight of sin and wanting. The gravity of a mortal life...



...as we claw and scramble for purchase. Briefly we believe we can sustain...



...and then we plummet, panicked and powerless...



...away into nothing.

KINGDOM

AUX DRIFT PART NINE

THIS HOW GENE THE HACKMAN WENT UP AGAINST THE ALPHA THEM, FOR THE SAKE OF THE KINGDOM...

SHIT, GENE!
WE CAN'T
KILL *THAT*!
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF IT!

SCRIPT
DAN ABNETT
ART
RICHARD ELSON
COLOURS
ABIGAIL RYDER
LETTERS
SIMON BOWLAND

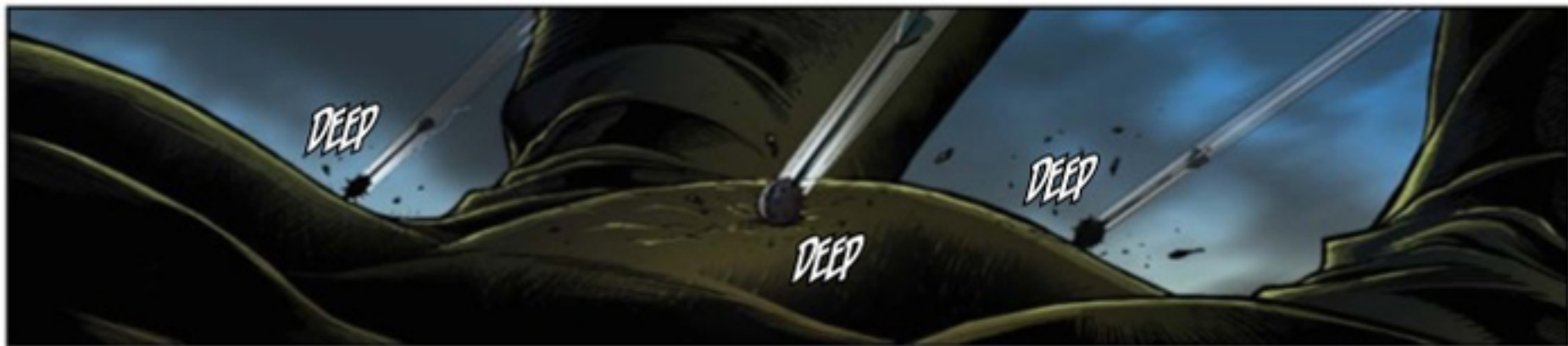
**BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA**

SWOOP
US IN CLOSE,
MEELER!

OUR
FUNERAL,
I GUESS.

SNOOP AND
CLARA BOW CAME
IN TIGHT BEHIND.

STEADY!
STEADY!



CLARA'S MINE SHAFTS BLEW A CHUNK OUTTA THE KING THEM...



...BUT NOT ENOUGH TO KILL IT.

JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE IT RAGE, AND TO MAKE THE THEM-SWARM AROUND IT GO Madder'n MAD.

GENE THE HACKMAN, HIM HE HAD MADE A MINE SHAFT OF HIS OWN.

HE'D TAKEN EXPLOSIVES FROM THE DRIFT, AND MADE THE TIP OUT OF ONE OF HIS FAMOUS BLADES.

CLOSER!
CLOSER!

O-FRIGGIN'-KAY!