

IMPRISONED IN 1980, KILLER **PAUL KLESA** HAS BEEN RELEASED ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS LATER, TOTALLY **UNAGED**. DREDD IS LOOKING INTO ANCIENT RECORDS TO LEARN MORE ABOUT HIM...

ANY **PREVIOUS** KILLINGS IN TIMES SQUARE?

SEVENTY-THREE CANDLES WERE PLACED ON THEM.

THE MURDERER WAS NEVER CAUGHT.

IN 1680, THREE 'BAWDS' - **CHERUBIN DIBALL**, **LOVEWELL NEWHAM** AND **CHASTISEMENT BROWN** - WERE MURDERED IN LONGACRE SQUARE, ITS ORIGINAL NAME.

SCRIPT

PAT MILLS

ART

VINCE LOCKE

COLOURS

CHRIS BLYTHE

LETTERS

ANNIE PARKHOUSE

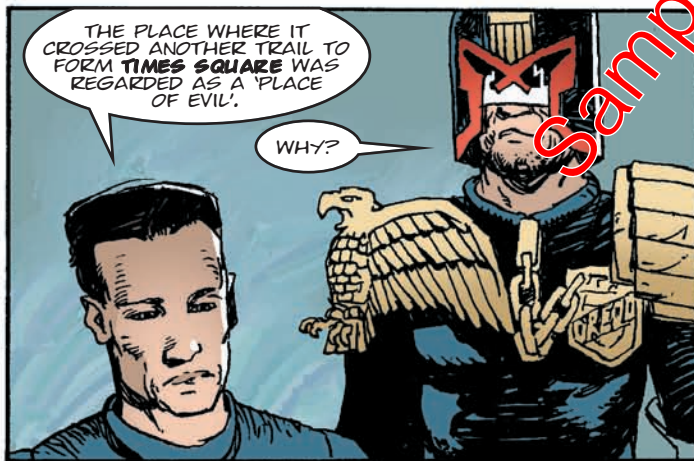
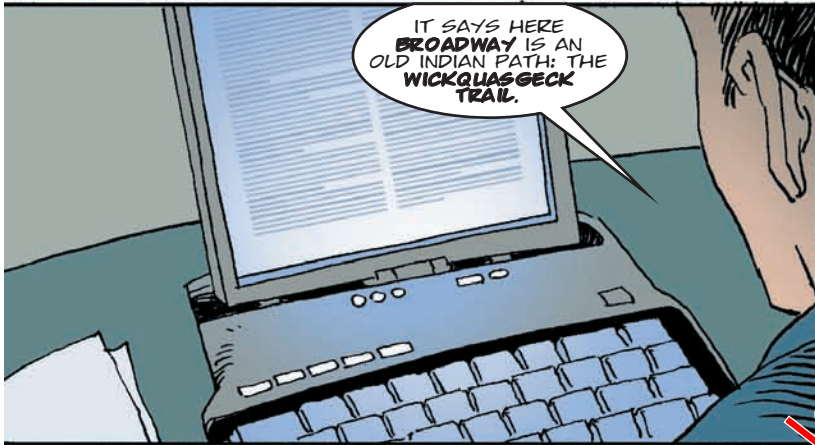
THAT'S AS FAR BACK AS THE RECORDS GO.

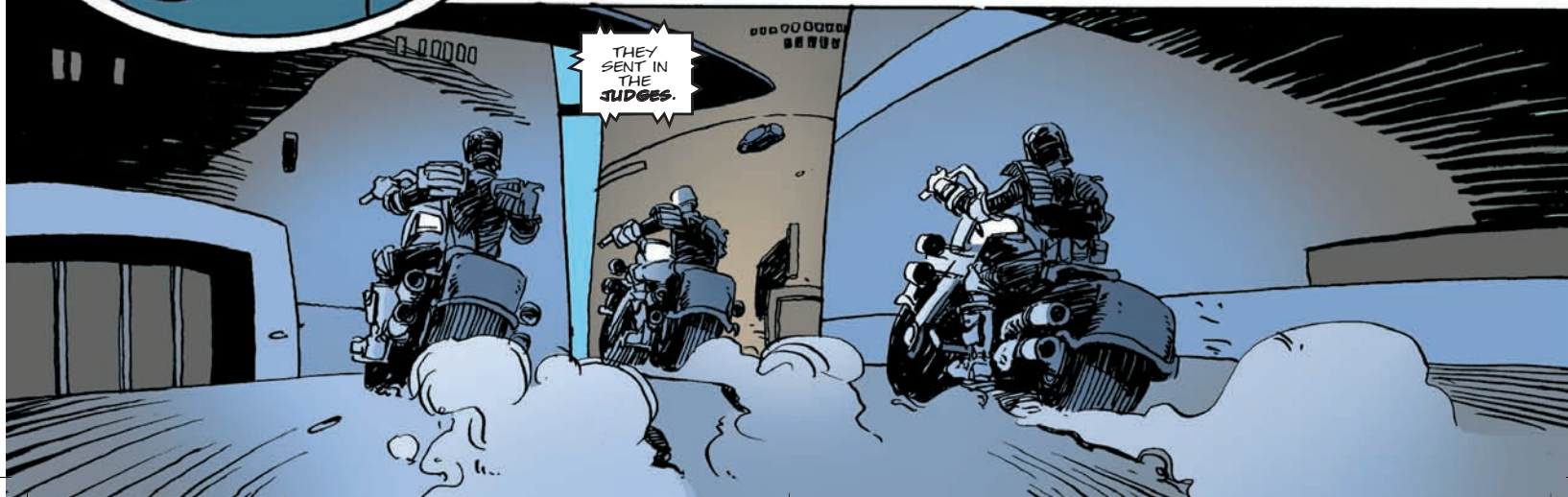
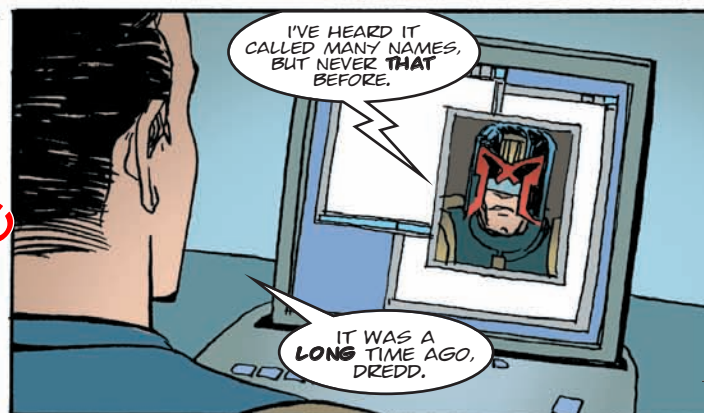
SO THE MURDERS TAKE PLACE EVERY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS...

...WHICH SUGGESTS KLESA HAS AN **EXTENDED LIFESPAN** WHEREBY **ONE** OF HIS YEARS IS THE EQUIVALENT TO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY OF OURS.

AND IT'S HIS **BIRTHDAY** TOMORROW.

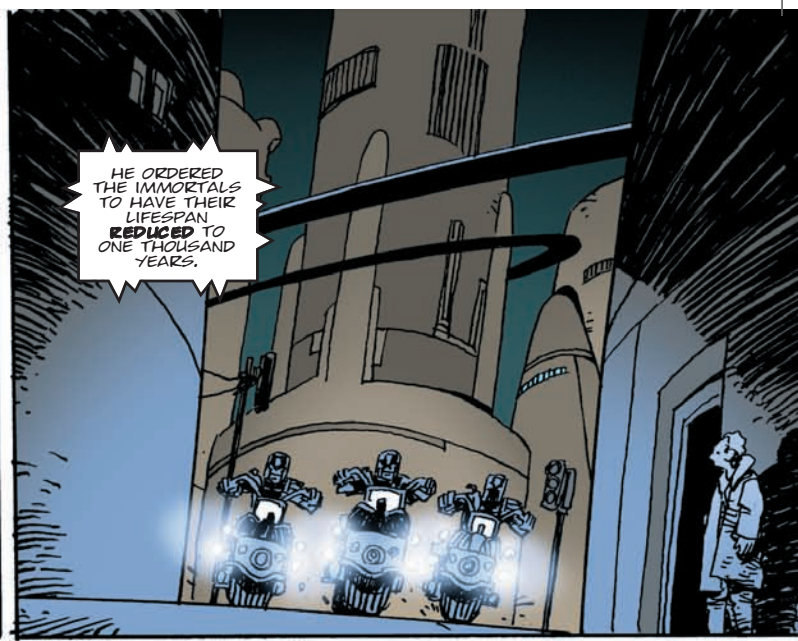
JUDGE DREDD
BIRTHDAY BOY PART 2







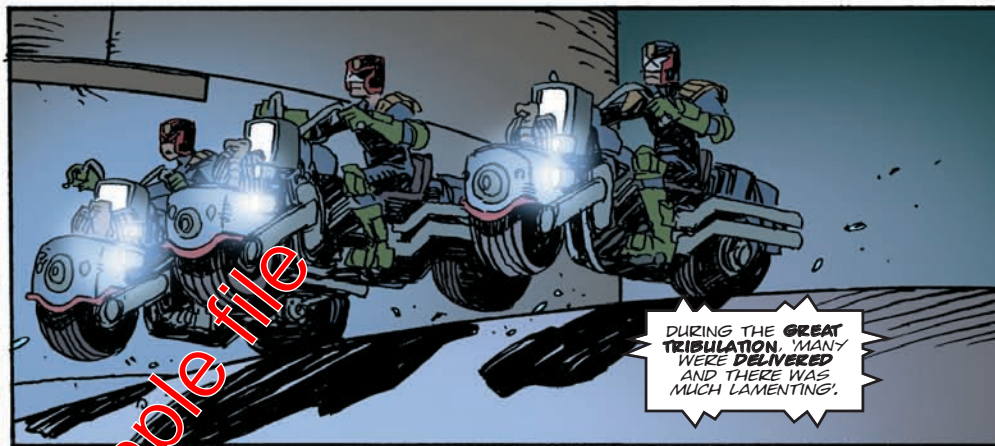
THEIR LEADER, **SUDGE ZALA**, WAS RENOWNED FOR HIS SEVERITY.



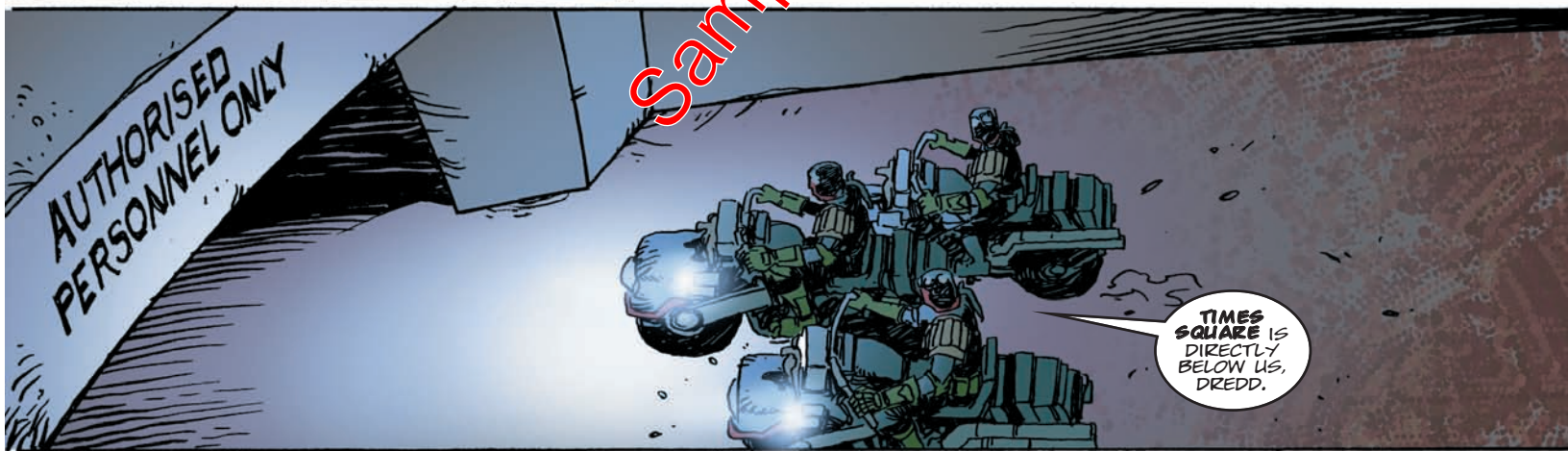
HE ORDERED THE IMMORTALS TO HAVE THEIR LIFESPAN **REDUCED** TO ONE THOUSAND YEARS.



THOSE WHO REFUSED, HE DELIVERED UNTO THEM THE WRATH OF THE LORDS.



DURING THE **GREAT TRIBULATION**, MANY WERE **DELIVERED** AND THERE WAS MUCH LAMENTING.



TIMES SQUARE IS DIRECTLY BELOW US, DREDD.



SO KLESA ESCAPED, HUH?



RECKON HE'S OVERDUE FOR **DELIVERANCE**.



PIMP FOR SLABWALKERS WHO WAIT OUTSIDE THE CUBES LOOKING FOR BUSINESS.



NEXT PROG > FIRE IN THE RUINS!



HOLLAND! WE **CAN'T** DIVERT IT! AND IF WE SHOOT IT — IT'LL TAKE US **ALL** OUT!

THE BOMB'S GOING TO TAKE OUT THE **ENTIRE** CAMP!



IT WAS WORTH A TRY, CHAPMAN. AT LEAST WE'LL TAKE OUT **THE BASTARD** WHEN WE GO UP.

DON'T BE SO **NEGATIVE**. WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET. I HAVE A PLAN.

SCRIPT

TONY LEE

ART

JON DAVIS-HUNT

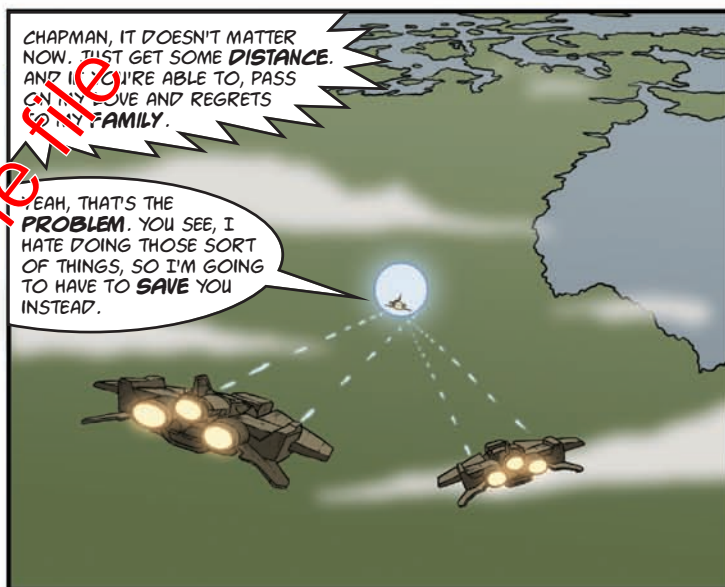
LETTERS

ELLIE DE VILLE



I'M SORRY THAT I TREATED YOU SO **BADLY**, HOLLAND. YOU'RE A GOOD OFFICER AND A DAMNED GOOD MAN TO HAVE BESIDE YOU IN A FIGHT.

AND FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I'M SORRY ABOUT **KEESTER**. I KNOW THAT YOU BOTH HAD SOME KIND OF A BOND. BUT I **HAD** TO KILL HIM.



CHAPMAN, IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW. JUST GET SOME **DISTANCE**. AND IF YOU'RE ABLE TO, PASS ON MY LOVE AND REGRETS TO MY **FAMILY**.

YEAH, THAT'S THE **PROBLEM**. YOU SEE, I HATE DOING THOSE SORT OF THINGS, SO I'M GOING TO HAVE TO **SAVE** YOU INSTEAD.



CHAPMAN TO **LIONHEART**. FARROW, IT'S NOT WORKING. THE REPULSORS ARE TOO WEAK TO **AFFECT** IT. AND I'VE GOT NO WEAPONS —

— SO I'M GOING TO **RAM** IT, SET IT OFF BEFORE IT HITS THE PLANET. AND, YES, I KNOW IT'S **SUICIDE**, BUT IT'S ME OR AN ENTIRE **PLANET**. GET TO A SAFE DISTANCE.

PULL BACK! GET SOME SPACE BETWEEN US AND CHAPMAN!

RECALL ALL FIGHTERS! CLEAR THAT **BLAST** AREA!

STALAG
PART FIFTEEN

666

