

ROHMER, THE UNDEAD MAN, HAS ESCAPED WITH CARTJACKER FERD GREGGO HOSTAGE AND THE ECSTASIAN, A MYSTERIOUS LIFEFORM CAPABLE OF INDUCING SENSATIONS OF INTENSE ECSTASY —

TOSH SUTCLIFF, AKA STINKY, MANAGER OF THE NO-GRAV DOME, DID JUVE TIME WITH FERD GREGGO. PRETTY OBVIOUS GREGGO AND BENEDICT HAVE BEEN HOLDING UP HERE.

BAD MOVE ON STINKY'S PART.

LOOKS LIKE HE DIED HAPPY. NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. NOTICE THOSE MARKS ON HIS FACE — LOOK LIKE SUCKER MARKS.

STORY IS ECSTASIANS REDUCE THEIR PREY TO A STATE OF HELPLESS EUPHORIA BEFORE DRAINING THEIR LIFEFORCE.

SOUNDS PRETTY FANTASTICAL, BUT SOMETHING DID THIS TO HIM.

HE QUESTIONS HIS OWN DECISION NOT TO HAVE THE HOVERJET FORCED DOWN, BUT FERD GREGGO HAD TECHNICALLY BEEN A HOSTAGE, AND ROHMER HAD SHOWN NO HESITATION IN KILLING HIS PARTNER IN CRIME, BENEDICT.

ALL THE SAME, HE HAD NO INTENTION OF ALLOWING ROHMER TO ESCAPE JUSTICE —

SATELLITES TRACKED THE HOVERJET TO AN ABANDONED CONURB HERE IN THE OHIO DRIFTS. THE AREA SUSTAINED HEAVY FALLOUT IN THE ATOM WAR. IT'S STILL MARKED AS A HOTSPOT.

RADCLOAKS ON AT ALL TIMES, DOUBLE UP ON THE RAD PILLS. OBEY THE WARNINGS ON YOUR METERS.

I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH ABOUT ROHMER. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE'S HUMAN. I DO KNOW I BLASTED HIM APART WITH HI-EX AND HE WALKED OUT OF THE MORGUE IN ONE PIECE.

MONEY DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER TO HIM. FOR REASONS UNKNOWN HE'S BEEN DETERMINED TO GET POSSESSION OF THE ECSTASIAN AND HE'S LEFT A TRAIL OF BODIES ACROSS THE CITY IN THE PROCESS. HE IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS.

OUR TASK IS TO SECURE THE SAFETY OF THE HOSTAGE IF POSSIBLE AND DETAIN ROHMER.

YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO SHOOT TO KILL, BUT BE WARNED — WE HAVE ALREADY TRIED THAT AND FAILED.

# JUDGE DREDD

THE ECSTASY PART 10

SCRIPT  
JOHN WAGNER  
ART  
PAUL MARSHALL  
COLOURS  
CHRIS BLYTHE  
LETTERS  
ANNIE PARKHOUSE



HELP!  
HELP ME!  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO HELP  
ME!

DON'T  
SHOOT! IT'S THE  
HOSTAGE!

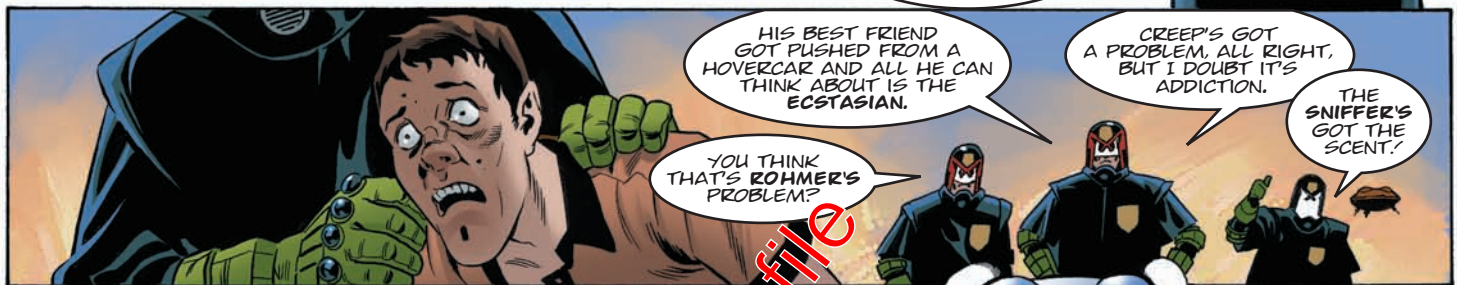


HE TOOK  
IT! YOU'VE GOT  
TO HELP ME GET IT  
BACK! I CAN'T LIVE  
WITHOUT IT!

WHERE  
DID HE GO,  
GREEGO?

I DON'T  
KNOW! SOB! HE  
CLUBBED ME! HE TOOK  
IT AND RAN AWAY, THE  
DIRTY RAT! I WANT  
HIM PROSECUTED!  
IT'S MINE, NOT  
HIS! MINE!

LOOKS  
LIKE SOME  
RADIATION POISONING  
THERE. TAKE HIM TO  
THE SHIP.



HIS BEST FRIEND  
GOT PUSHED FROM A  
HOVERCAR AND ALL HE  
CAN THINK ABOUT IS THE  
ECSTASIAN.

CREEP'S GOT  
A PROBLEM, ALL RIGHT,  
BUT I DOUBT IT'S  
ADDICTION.

THE  
SNIFFER'S  
GOT THE  
SCENT?

YOU THINK  
THAT'S ROHMER'S  
PROBLEM?



DREDD - KLEE,  
THINK I GOT SOME  
BACKGROUN ON  
OUR WALKING  
DEAD MAN.

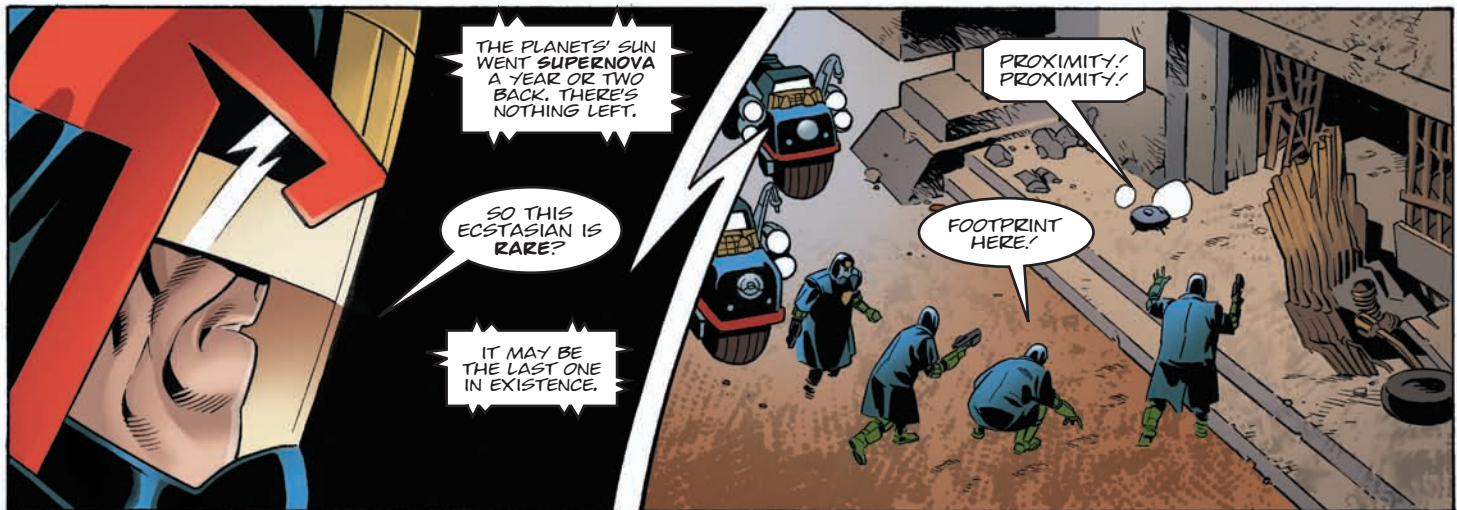


NERIS STATION IS ON NGNU,  
IN THE NEBULOIDS, OUR MAN  
ARRIVED IN-CITY TWELVE  
DAYS AFTER ELLIOT GORE,  
SAME PORT OF DEPARTURE,  
NERIS, TRAVELLING UNDER  
THE NAME OF THADDIUS  
ROHMER BURTON.

BURTON... WAIT A  
MINUTE - THAT WOULDN'T  
BE BURTON THE  
EXPLORER?

THE  
SAME.

BUT HE  
DESCRIBED THE  
ECSTASIAN'S HOMEWORLD  
- IT'S HIS ACCOUNT WE'RE  
GOING ON. IF HE WANTED  
ONE SO BADLY, WHY  
NOT GO THERE?



THE PLANETS' SUN  
WENT SUPERNOVA  
A YEAR OR TWO  
BACK. THERE'S  
NOTHING LEFT.

SO THIS  
ECSTASIAN IS  
RARE?

IT MAY BE  
THE LAST ONE  
IN EXISTENCE.

PROXIMITY!  
PROXIMITY!

FOOTPRINT  
HERE!



HE DOESN'T  
HEAR THEIR  
APPROACH —



DOESN'T HEAR THE  
MUFFLED CLUMP  
OF BOOTS ON THE  
DUST-CARPETED  
STAIRS, OR THEIR  
WHISPERED  
CONSULTATION ON  
THE LANDING —



HE HAD THOUGHT HIMSELF SAFE, HIDDEN AWAY  
WELL ENOUGH TO SERVE HIS PURPOSE. FOR ONCE  
HE HAS MISCALCULATED, RECKONED WITHOUT  
THE DETERMINATION OF DREDD...



AND NOW... HE NO LONGER  
CARES. FREED FROM HIS  
PAIN, SUFFUSED WITH AN  
INDESCRIBABLE ECSTASY...



FREEZE!



RESIST!  
GOT TO —  
RESIST...







# FORBIDDEN PLANET

TO CELEBRATE  
OUR **2000<sup>TH</sup>**  
SIGNING, WE'VE  
TEAMED UP WITH  
2000AD, THE BEST  
IN BRITISH COMICS,  
TO BRING YOU...

THRILL-  
POWER  
OVERLOAD



WITH...

DAN ABNETT

DAVID BISHOP

RUFUS DAYGLO

SIMON DAVIS

AL EWING

BRETT EWINS

HENRY FLINT

FRAZER IRVING

TONY LEE

ROBBIE

MORRISON

MATT SMITH

SIMON

SPURRIER

**SATURDAY 21<sup>ST</sup> MARCH, 1 - 2:30 pm**



179 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, WC2

TEL: 020 7420 3666

**WWW.FORBIDDENPLANET.COM**

ACOMA SYSTEM,  
SOUTHER-HELD SPACE--  
THE CITADEL:

# the 86ers

## UNDER PRESSURE

### PART 2



OFFICER-IN-CHARGE  
COMMANDER HARRIGAN:

GODDAMMIT  
TO HELL, FIRST  
TIME I GET DECENT  
SHUT-EYE IN DAYS  
AND EVERYTHING  
GOES TO SHIT!



YOU! GET ME  
COFFEE. WHATEVER  
YOU CAN FIND, I DON'T  
CARE IF IT'S THE TAR  
FROM THE BOTTOM  
OF THE JUG.

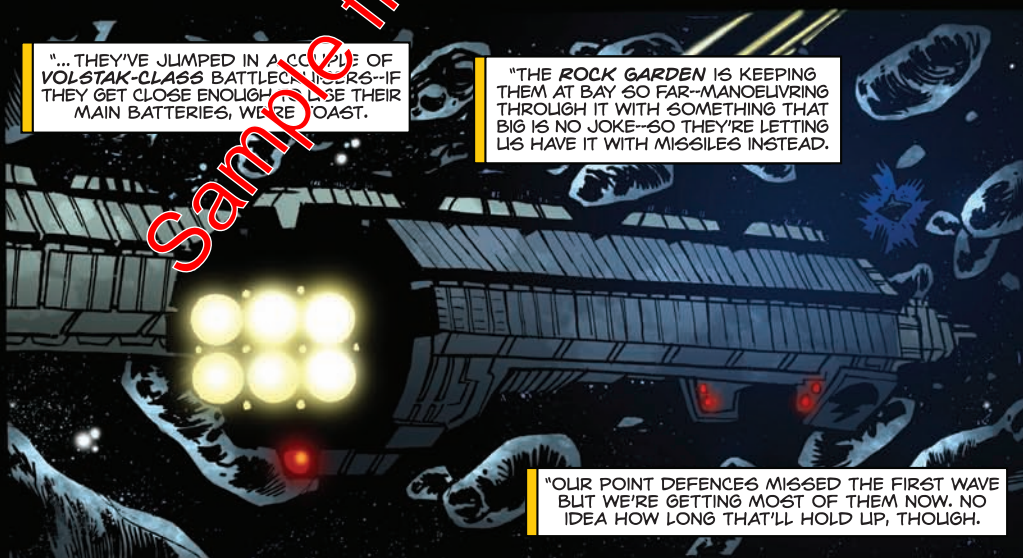
WES,  
WHAT'S THE  
STATUS?

PRETTY  
BAD.

NORTY GOT  
IN-SYSTEM AND HIT US  
HARD BEFORE WE EVEN  
NOTICED HIM--ARKANSAS  
HAS GONE, WE'RE TAKING  
MULTIPLE MISSILE  
HITS...

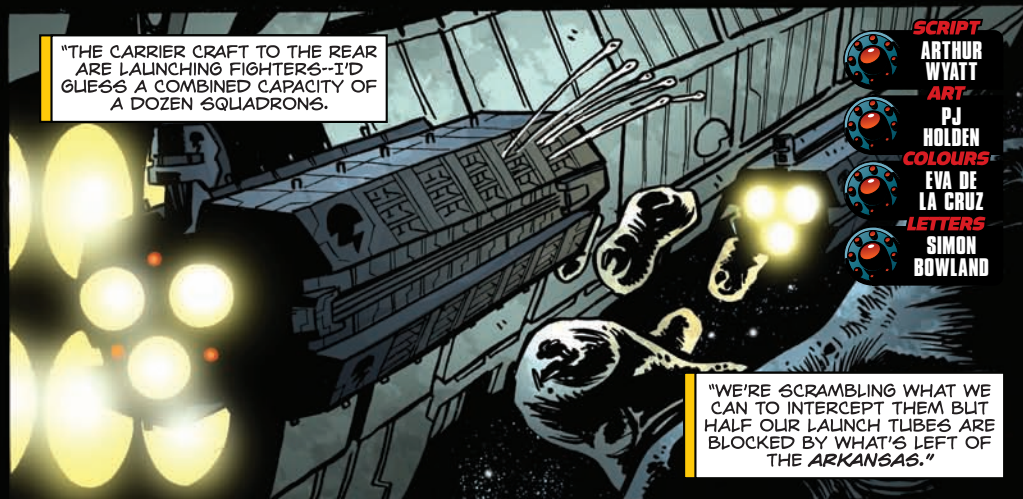
"...THEY'VE JUMPED IN A COUPLE OF  
VOLSTAK-CLASS BATTLECRUISERS--IF  
THEY GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO USE THEIR  
MAIN BATTERIES, WE'RE TOAST.

"THE ROCK GARDEN IS KEEPING  
THEM AT BAY SO FAR--MANOEUVRING  
THROUGH IT WITH SOMETHING THAT  
BIG IS NO JOKE--SO THEY'RE LETTING  
US HAVE IT WITH MISSILES INSTEAD.



"OUR POINT DEFENCES MISSED THE FIRST WAVE  
BUT WE'RE GETTING MOST OF THEM NOW. NO  
IDEA HOW LONG THAT'LL HOLD UP, THOUGH.

"THE CARRIER CRAFT TO THE REAR  
ARE LAUNCHING FIGHTERS--I'D  
GUESS A COMBINED CAPACITY OF  
A DOZEN SQUADRONS.



SCRIPT  
ARTHUR  
WYATT  
ART  
PJ  
HOLDEN  
COLOURS  
EVA DE  
LA CRUZ  
LETTERS  
SIMON  
BOWLAND

"WE'RE SCRAMBLING WHAT WE  
CAN TO INTERCEPT THEM BUT  
HALF OUR LAUNCH TUBES ARE  
BLOCKED BY WHAT'S LEFT OF  
THE ARKANSAS."