



2000 AD

Tharg's NERVE CENTRE

The MIGHTY ONE Speaks!

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS!

I am The Mighty Tharg, all-powerful alien editor – I have crossed the cosmos to bring you this, the Galaxy's Greatest Comic!

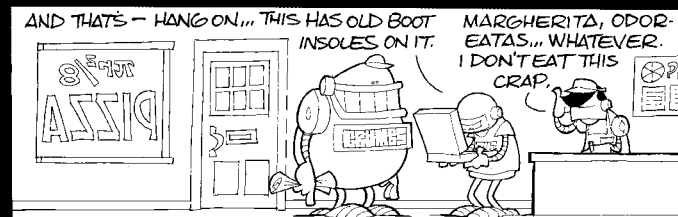
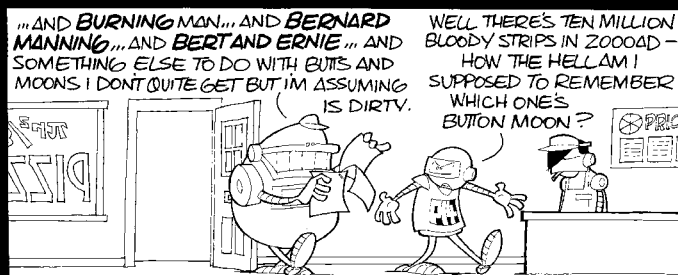
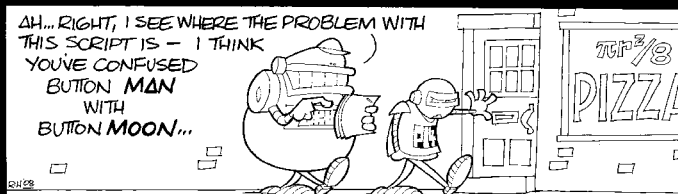
You know, Terrans, hard as it may be to believe, but there are still some corners of your planet that have yet to experience the sheer Thrill-rush you get from this pulse-pounding publication. Even though I dispatch delivery shuttles to various outlets in the solar system – and getting the progs through the early-morning Mercury traffic is no picnic – and there is sentient vegetation on Saturn that can correct you on **Indigo Prime** continuity, some of the landmasses on this measly little mudball are remarkably resistant to the lure of my Mighty Organ. One such armour-plated market is, of course, the United States of America, which, despite my attempts to penetrate it with various formats, collections and incentives – pumping hot, raw Thrill-power into an audience which must surely by now be fatigued by the annual super-crossover-event-type shenanigans – has yet to embrace **2000 AD** to a degree that I, Tharg The World-Conqueror am fully satisfied with.

Short of stringing an entire nation's intestines across the seven nebulae, I must continue in my mission to correct these nonscrots by spreading the zarjaz word. I will therefore be teleporting a selection of droids to the San Diego ComiCon in July as part of this operation, who will be giving out specially created samplers. I'm certain that once the US has tasted my Thrills, we will be shattering the jaded circuits of Uncle Sam!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

Tharg

DROID LIFE *By Cat Sullivan*



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Damage Report: While PVE-01 and R1F4 decide which celebrities will mark it over the next six months in an inter-Nerve Centre dead pool, Kat-SCAN meanwhile has revealed herself to be a hunter of Ewoks, skinning her victims so she can drape herself in their distinctive hides...



1638 COVER ART
by CLINT LANGLEY

In This PROG

JUDGE DREDD ★ IT CAME FROM BEA ARTHUR BLOCK

Mega-City One, 2131 AD. This vast urban nightmare is situated along the eastern coast of post-apocalyptic North America, with the irradiated wasteland known as the Cursed Earth to the west and the polluted Black Atlantic to the east. Home to 400 million citizens, crammed into gigantic citi-blocks, overcrowding is rife, unemployment endemic and boredom universal. Tensions run a constant knife-edge, and crime is rampant. Only the Judges can prevent total anarchy. Empowered to dispense instant justice, these future lawmen are judge, jury and executioner. Toughest of them all is **JUDGE DREDD** – he is the Law! Big Meg citizen Leon Lutz is a bald-o and proud of it, regularly representing Bea Arthur block in the slaphead sector championships. But upon returning from a holiday on Felder's World, Leon's started growing hair...

Judge Dredd created by John Wagner & Carlos Ezquerro

ZOMBO ★ PART SEVEN

Flight 303 en route to Epsilon-6 orbital station was travelling through Sector-Governance space with thirty-three passengers on board when it suffered massive system failure and crash-landed on the planet Chronos. Already over half of the survivors have been killed by this untamed Deathworld, and the rest must be protected by Zombo...

Zombo created by Al Ewing & Henry Flint

CRADLEGRAVE ★ PART SIX

The Ravenglade Estate, somewhere in Lancashire, 2009. Shane Holt has been released from Thorn Hill Young Offender Institution following an eight-month stretch for arson, and has returned home. But despite his attempts to stay out of trouble, a drunken joyride has led to tragic consequences, and he's made a horrific discovery at Ted and Man's...

Cradlegrave created by John Smith & Edmund Bagwell

SLÁINE ★ THE GONG BEATER

Tír Nan Og – the Land of the Young, deep in Celtic myth and legend. Barbarian warrior **SLÁINE** united the tribes of the Earth Goddess and became the first High King of Ireland. Fighting for the Goddess in other eras, he returned to his own time to save his people from the Fomorians sea demons. Now, Ukko has converted a Cyth tower into apartments...

Sláine created by Pat Mills & Angela Kincaid

SAVAGE ★ 1984

In 1999, Britain was invaded by the Volgans. When London lorry driver **BILL SAVAGE** learned his family had been killed by a Volgan shell, he began a one-man war against the aggressors. Escaping to Canada, with help from the CIA he returned to the UK under the guise of his dead brother to fight the occupiers. Now, London has been e-bombed...

Bill Savage created by Pat Mills & Jesus Blasco

A TYPICALLY TRANQUIL SCENE IN MEGA-CITY ONE? PERHAPS, BUT LOOK CLOSER...

LEON!
HEY, LEON LUTTZ!

WAKE UP, MEGA-CITY!
ALIEN NIGHTMARE IN HUMAN FORM - COLD, CRUEL, CALCULATING - WALKS AMONG YOU!

H-HEY, FELLOWS,
DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE...

YOU COMING TO THE MEETING LATER, LEON? GOT A GUEST SPEAKER COMING OVER FROM DUNC GOODHEW - 'BODY HAIR: YOU'VE SHAVED YOUR HEAD, NOW WHAT ABOUT THE REST?'

SOUNDS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE A GOOD ONE!

SURE, I'LL BE THERE, BUT, LISTEN, I GOTTA GO. GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO -

JUDGE DREDD

IT CAME FROM BEA
ARTHUR BLOCK **PART 2**

SO WHAT'S WITH THE DOME COVER? YOU GOIN' ALL UNDERCOVER SLAPHEAD ON US?

THE HAT? NAH, JUST WORKING ON... UHH... SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR THE SECTOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

DON'T KNOW WHO MIGHT BE WATCHING - GOTTA KEEP MY SECRETS HIDDEN FROM THE COMPETITION!

HEAR YA, STAY BALD, LEON! THE WHOLE BLOCK'S ROOTIN' FOR YA!

SUSPECT-FEAR, HOSTLEON. THEY ASK-WANT TOO MUCH INFORMATION-QUESTIONS!

THEY'RE MY FRIENDS. WE AIN'T GONNA BRAIN-FRY 'EM. OKAY?

SCRIPT
GORDON RENNIE
ART
P.J. HOLDEN
COLOURS
EVA DE LA CRUZ
LETTERS
ANNIE PARKHOUSE



'JUST GO BACK TO SLEEP. HOST LEON'S GOT SOME BORING HUMAN HOST STUFF TO DO...'

AH, LEON. HERE FOR A PRE-COMPETITION PATE CHECK? FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, THE WHOLE BLOCK'S COUNTING ON YOU!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT, DOC...



SEE, I KINDA GOT THIS PROBLEM...

DANGER-RISK, HOSTLEON! TOO EARLY FOR EXPOSURE-EMERGENCE!



DANGER-RISK! MUST CONQUER-SURVIVE!

NO!

Sample file



DREDD - IT'S VEESEY AT MED-LAB 44. YOU GOT MINUTE?

HOLD ON.



CONTROL - ONE FOR PICK-UP, PETEY MOLYNEUX IVORY TOWERS, SUSPICIOUS EXCESS HAPPINESS - RECOMMEND TESTING FOR NARCO-USE, AND POSSIBLE PSYCH-EVALUATION.

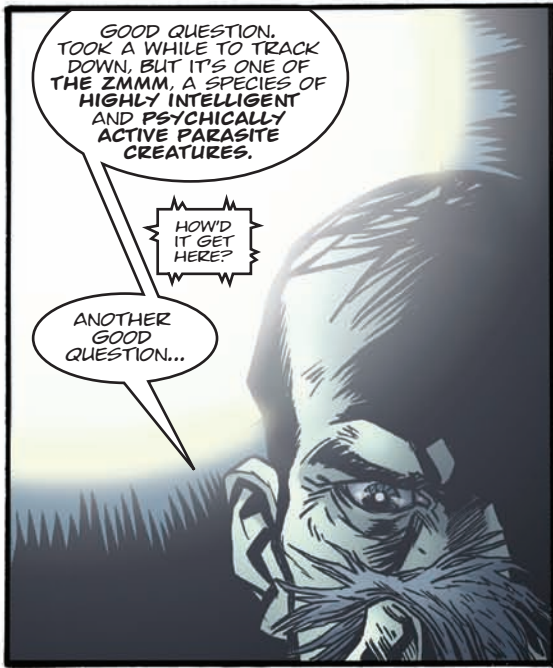
GO AHEAD, VEESEY.

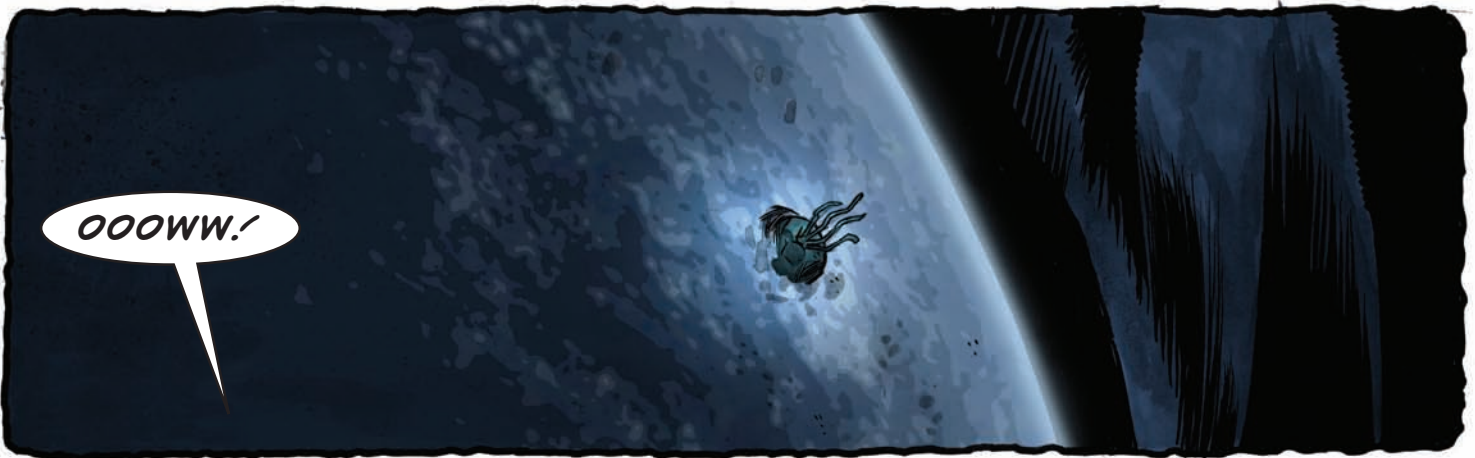


I'VE GOT YOUR ALIEN SPECIMEN HERE, DREDD - OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

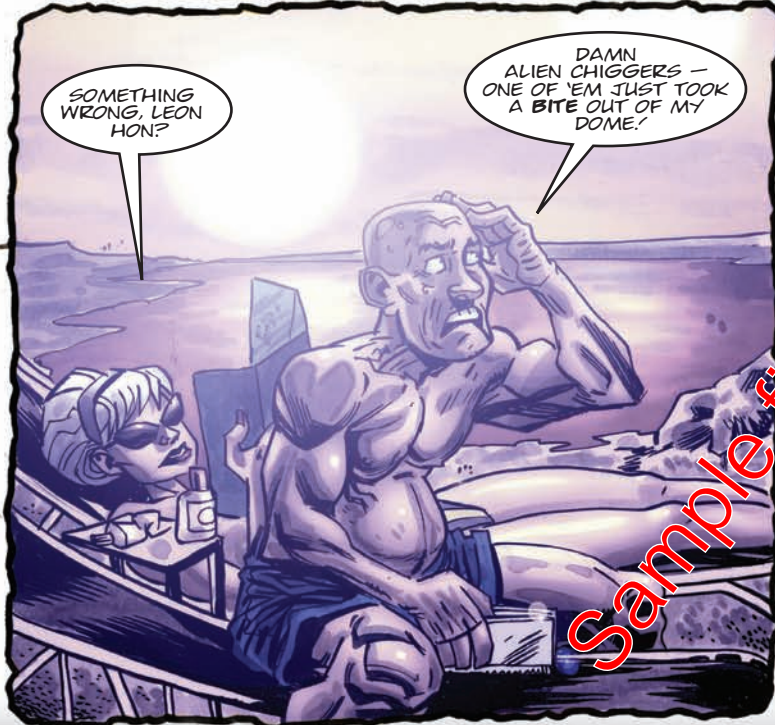
WHAT'D YOU DO? RUN IT OVER WITH YOUR LAWMASTER?

ONLY AFTER HI-EX AND BIKE CANNONS DIDN'T FULLY KILL IT, SO WHAT IS IT?





OOOWW!



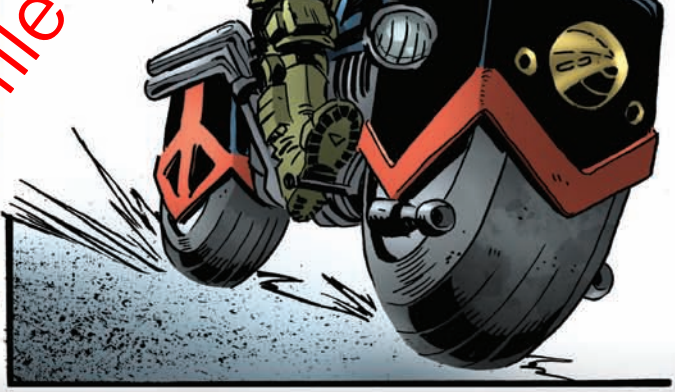
SOMETHING WRONG, LEON HON?

DAMN ALIEN CHIGGERS - ONE OF 'EM JUST TOOK A BITE OUT OF MY DOME!

I'VE CHECKED - THEY'RE NATIVE TO THE SENECA QUADRANT.

OTHER THAN THAT, THE MOST RECENT FLIGHT IN FROM THERE WAS -

YOUR INFECTED PERP WAS A SPACEY ON A FACTORY RIG WORKING OUT THERE. WE'VE ALREADY GOT THE REST OF THE CREW IN QUARANTINE.



THE FELDER'S WORLD HOLIDAY SHUTTLE THAT CAME IN AT GIL GERRARD YESTERDAY.

GRUD, I WAS WORKING CUSTOMS AND IMMIGRATION DUTY THEN!

FEEDING THE PASSENGER AND CREW LIST THROUGH TO YOU. LET ME KNOW IF -



LUTZ, LEON. BEA ARTHUR BLOCK, HAD A FEELING ABOUT HIM - BALD-O ACTIVIST CREEP WITH AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM.

I'M ONLY HALF A SECTOR FROM BEA ARTHUR. ASSIGN LOCAL SECTOR UNITS TO THE OTHER NAMES - I'M ON LUTZ.

- Wince, C
- Chaffin
- Mudslip
- Glocke
- Obtain
- Greening
- Ellipse
- Serening
- Liberality
- Lutz, Leon
- Viewers
- Duchess
- Afforested
- Dissuades
- Squadron
- Hydraulicking
- Buyers
- Bigharted
- Sabbath
- Ragamuffin
- Knitwear
- Cytology



DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, DREDD. INCUBATION PERIOD IS ONLY A FEW DAYS, AND THESE THINGS MATURE FAST...

"YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN WHAT JUST ONE OF THEM CAN DO. IMAGINE HOW MUCH WORSE IT COULD GET IF THEY FIND THE RIGHT KIND OF BREEDING GROUND TO SPREAD FROM."



JUST IN TIME, L. YOU COMIN' IN?



AHHH... MAYBE NOT, GUYS. THE DOC, HE SAID I GOTTA TAKE IT EASY FOR A FEW DAYS, Y'KNOW, REST UP BEFORE THE -



OBEY-SERVE, HOSTLEON! MINGLE-INFECT WITH OTHER SUITABLE HOST-VICTIMS!



SURE, WHY NOT?

THAT'S IT! CAN'T HAVE A MEET WITHOUT OUR CHAMP, RIGHT?

HEY, YOU HEAR THE RUMOUR THAT THEM DIRTY SHATNER BLOCKERS ARE PLANNING ON BRINGING IN A RINGER FROM SOME RAD-SICKNESS CLINIC?





