

PROG 328  
6 AUG 83

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

# 2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

11.00  
10.00  
9.00  
8.00  
7.00  
6.00  
5.00  
4.00  
3.00  
2.00  
1.00  
0.00

Advertisement  
Australia  
New Zealand  
UK, France, Italy, Spain  
Germany  
Netherlands  
Belgium  
Portugal and Spain  
Greece and Turkey  
Ireland  
Sweden

20p  
EARTH  
MONEY



I AM  
THE **LAAAAH!**



# THE SLAYING OF SLADE

PART 17

\*SAMUEL C. SLADE  
Robo-Hunter



Born: 2080  
Died: 2147  
Age: 32



BUENOS DIAS, READERS, YOUR OL' AMIGO **CARLOS BANCHIZ ROBO-STOGIE** HERE! ACTING ON THE REINSTRUCTIONS OF THE WORL'-FAMOUS ROBO-HUNTER, SENOR **JAM C. SLADE**, I HAD ENFELTRATED THE SECRET BASE OF THE EVIL GENIUS, **DELLER!**

UNFORTUNATELY, I HAD RON KENTO A LITTLE **TROUBLE**—

WHAT THE HELL IS **THIS?**



DON'T YOU KNOW, SENOR? WHERE 'AVE YOU BEEN SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME?



I—I AM **MUSTAPHA STOGIE**... THE FABULOUS, JEWELLED CIGAR OF KEENG TUTANKHAMUN.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? KING TUT WAS JUST A **KID**—HE NEVER SMOKED IN HIS LIFE!

NEVER SMOKE? **PAN?** HE SMOKE LIKE THE CHIMNEY! 'OW YOU THEENK HE **DIE?**

I TELL HEEEM TIME AND TIME AGAIN—THEENK OF THE **LONGS**, KEENG ALL BLACK AND TARRY...

BUT WOULD HE LISTEN TO HEEES FAITHFUL ROBO-STOGIE? **NO!** AND THE REST, SHEEES **NEESTORY!**

CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG—BUT I WAS ALWAYS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS DIDN'T **HAVE** ROBOTS!



2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
GRANT/GROVER  
ART ROBOT  
IAN GIBSON  
LETTERING ROBOT  
STEVE POTTER  
COMPU-73e

NOT 'AVE ROBOTS?  
**PAN!** YOU DOHB GREENGO!  
THEY 'AVE 'ONDREDS AND  
THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS!

'OW YOU THEENK THEY  
BUILD THE  
**PYRAMEDS?**  
'OW YOU THEENK  
THEY DEEG THE  
HILE? 'OW YOU  
THEENK THEY  
MAKE THE  
**PLAGUES?**

YES, READERS — YOUR AMIGO WAS  
EEN THE TIGHT SPOT. BOT MY  
LIGHTNEENG BRAIN, SHE COME  
OP WEETH THE SOLUTION—

THE  
GRAPPLEENG  
HOOK— SHE  
WAS FOR  
**THEES!**

AH,  
YES THE  
GRAPPLEENG  
HOOK AND  
THE RADIO.  
THEES I CAN  
EXPLAIN. JOS!  
GEEV ME UNO  
MOMENTO...

**YAAAAGH!**

**STAB!**

AN' NOW THE CLEENCHER—  
I RON LIKE STEENK!

STOP THAT  
STOGIE!

AND I  
SUPPOSE THEY  
ALL CAME  
EQUIPPED WITH  
RADIOS AND  
GRAPPLING  
HOOKS?

THE DEADLY DROP WOULD 'AVE **KEELED**  
ANY **ORDINARY** STOGIE. BUT I— I AM  
THE STOGIE OF THE GREAT SAM SLADE!  
I KNOW THE TREEK OR TWO!

SOCH  
GRACE!

SOCH  
EASE!

SOCH  
MAJESTY!

**BLEEP**

**BLEEP**

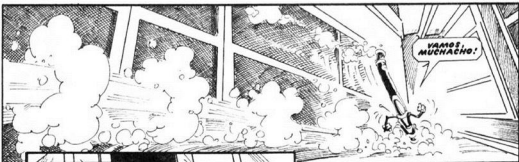
**WHIRR**

THEES  
I DON'T  
LIKE  
EVEN  
**WORSE!**

AY-VI-YI!  
THEES I  
**DON'T** LIKE!

BY NOW, MY LIGHTNEE'S BRAIN, SHE  
WORKS THE OVERTIME! WEEN ONE  
MIGHTY LEAP, I PLOD THE BARREL—





VAMOS, MUCHACHO!

AFTER SUCH A GREAT TRIUMPH, THE LESSER STOGIE WASTE THE TIME WEETH MOCH CELEBRATION—FIESTA TIME! BUT NOT YOUR AMIGO. NO, NO—I AM THENKEENG ALL THE TIME—

I HIDE HERE LIE OP TEEL THE CRY AND HUG DIES DOWN!

I TRIED THE RADIO ONCE MORE—

MY COURSE OF ACTION, SHE EES SEEMPLE. I FIND OUT WHERE I AM, AND FIND SOME WAY TO REPORT EET TO SENOR SLADE!

COME EEN, SENOR SLADE!

PAH'EES NO GOOD! MY SEENAL, SHE DON'T GET THROUGH!

I WAITED THE COPPLE OF HOURS, THEN I SPONGS SMOOTHLY EENTO ACTION—

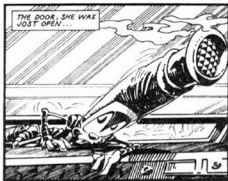
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NEXT PROG!  
**NO SMOKE  
WITHOUT  
STOGIE!**

# THARG'S TIME TWISTERS

THE ABSOLUTELY AND UTTERLY  
AUTHENTIC STORY BEHIND  
"THE HITLER DIARIES"



2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT: ROBERT  
T.G. CRIBBING  
ART: ROBERT  
PAGE: WHITE  
LETTERING: ROBERT  
PETER KNIGHT  
COMPU-73

IT MAY POSSIBLY NOT  
HAVE ESCAPED YOUR NOTICE  
RECENTLY THAT HITLER'S  
DIARIES HAVE BEEN  
DISCOVERED!

OF COURSE, SOME  
PEOPLE SAID AT ONCE  
THEY WERE FORGES—  
ALMOST CERTAINLY  
THE WORK OF  
MASTER-FORGERS!

OTHERS WERE EQUALLY  
CERTAIN THAT THEY WERE  
ABSOLUTELY GENUINE—  
THE AUTHENTIC DIARIES  
OF ADOLF HITLER HIM-  
SELF!

THE REAL TRUTH,  
HOWEVER...  
...IS FAR MORE  
INTERESTING!



I REMEMBER THE  
DAY THE CHIEF SENT FOR  
ME AS THOUGH IT WAS  
ONLY LAST MONTH!

IN FACT, IT WAS  
ONLY LAST MONTH, IN  
REAL TIME, THAT IS,  
SINCE THEN, THE  
CENTURIES HAVE  
JUST FLOWN BY!



"AT THE TIME I WAS A WRETCHEDLY UNDERPAID  
HEAD-RESEARCHER WORKING FOR MIDWINT,  
COORDINATING A GOVERNMENT FUNDING  
PROGRAMME INTO HISTORICAL SECURITY IN  
20TH CENTURY RECORDS."

YES, SIR,  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
ALONG...

"OF COURSE, WORKING FOR A  
CLANDESTINE WHITEHALL  
INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT,  
SECRECY IS PARAMOUNT..."









GOD HARRY HE'S  
SAKE DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT YOUR  
CLOTHES. YOU  
DRESS LIKE A  
TRAMP!

IT'S NOT  
SURPRISING  
WHEN YOU ONLY  
PAY ME 30 GULD  
A WEEK.  
CHIEF!



BUT YOU LOOK  
OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE  
BEEN IN THE FÜHRER-  
BUNKER YOURSELF!  
HA-HA!

ACH, GOTT IN  
HIMMEL! EIN GUT  
CHERMAN I WAG:  
NEVER DID I MEET  
MIT ZEM DIRTY  
NAZI EKUM!



"SO, ON MAY 16TH, 1963—SUITABLY KITTED OUT AS A  
STANDARTEN-FÜHRER, SS (OR COLONEL!)—I WAS RUSHED  
DOWN TO CHELTENHAM TO SEE PROFESSOR KRUPPENKAISER."

ACH, HERR  
KRUPPENKING—BUT  
HEV'NT V'E MET  
GUYHERE?

NEVRO SEEN  
YOU BEFORE IN  
MY LIFE, PRO!



NEIN, MATTER.  
WERE ISE DER  
TEMPORAL  
TRANSPORTATION  
MODULE!

NOW—ARE  
YOU SITTING  
KOMFORTABLY?

ZEM I'LL  
BEKIN...



"IN AN INSTANT, I TUMBLER BACK 55  
YEARS—TO THE BESIEGED CITY OF  
BERLIN IN APRIL, 1945, RINGED BY  
RUSSIAN FIRE AND STEEL!"

NOW TO FIND THE  
FÜHRER-BUNKER!  
IT'S SOUND HERE  
SOMEWHERE...



"BUT SUPPOSENLY, IT LOOKED LIKE  
MY MISSION WAS OVER BEFORE  
IT HAD BEGUN!"

HALTE,  
SCHWEINEMUND!  
WSE DA? M

ER...ICH  
BIEN, UM...  
UM...M

THARG TRANSLATION SERVICE:  
"STOP, PIG-DOG: WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"  
"MER...I AM, UM...UM..."



HOWEVER, BY AN ASTONISHING STROKE  
OF LUCK, I KNEW HIM."

HALT A TIK!  
YOU'RE G.P.A.  
BRICKNELL, MY  
ASSISTANT  
AT HIL/HIT!

BUT WHY ARE  
YOU DRESSED AS AN  
UNTERSCHWARZ-  
FÜHRER, SS?  
THAT'S ONLY A  
CRUMMY CORPORAL!

THEY WAITED A WEEK, BUT YOU DIDN'T  
COME BACK—SO THEY SENT ME TO LOOK FOR  
YOU, TIMING MY ARRIVAL TO A SECOND  
OR SO AFTER YOU'D HAVE GOT HERE!





THAT'S FUNNY,  
SO AM I. EXCEPT  
I'M FROM  
2062!

OH? I'M FROM 2156—  
RESEARCHING UNIFORM  
STYLES OF THE THIRD  
REICH!

YOU DON'T SAY? I'M FROM  
2008—JUST RECORDING A  
FEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE  
LAST DAYS OF HITLER ON MY  
THUMBNAIL MICROPHONE!

"IT TURNED OUT THEY WERE ALL HISTORIANS  
FROM THE FUTURE, DISGUISED AS NAZI TOP BRASS."

"THEY HAD SOMETHING  
ELSE IN COMMON, TOO..."

PODDY SAID, NOW?  
MY GOVERNMENT BARRELY  
GIVE ME ENOUGH MONEY  
TO FEED A CAT!

HAN! THINK  
YOURSELF LUCKY!  
I CAN'T EVEN  
AFFORD TO EAT  
A CAT!

BUT THIS CREATES ALL  
SORTS OF PARADOXES; IT—  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

AM WELL—THAT'S THE FASCINATING  
THING ABOUT TIME TRAVEL: I MIGHT BE ON AN  
ALTERNATE TIME-LINE—A QUOTE SEPARATE  
PUB; OR THIS MIGHT BE THE REAL 1945—in  
WHICH CASE, HISTORY AS WE KNOW IT NEVER  
HAPPENED.

D'YOU  
UNDERSTAND?



TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MEIN FREUND—I MEAN  
MY FRIEND—I'M ACTUALLY NOT HITLER AT ALL, BUT  
A HISTORIAN FROM THE 22ND CENTURY DOING A  
THESIS ON THE CLAUSTROPHOBIA FACTOR IN  
BUNKER HASTAGE...

"BUT WHERE WERE ALL THE REAL NAZI HIGH-UPS?"



WHO KNOWS?  
I THOUGHT HE  
WAS HITLER!

I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
BORMANN!

NO, NO!—I  
THOUGHT I  
WAS  
BORMANN!

MEIN GOTT!  
THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED  
TIME TRAVEL OUGHT TO BE  
SHOT—UNCONDITIONALLY!

BUT HE DID BETTER  
CALLED KLUPTENWASSER.  
HASN'T IT? FROM YOUR  
CENTURY I BELIEVE...





IT WAS THEN THAT I HAD  
THE MOST DRILLIANT IDEA  
OF MY CAREER!

I SENT BOICHELL BACK TO THE  
CHIEF TO SAY THAT THE TIME MACHINE  
WAS FAULTY, HAD SCATTERED MY  
MOLECULES ACROSS THE CENTURIES,  
AND NEEDED A LOT MORE WORK ON  
IT BEFORE IT COULD BE SAFELY USED  
AGAIN...



I THEN NIPPED SECRETLY BACK TO HIDE MYSELF AND  
BLACKMAILED PODDERS KRUPPENHAUSEN—WHO YOU WILL  
RECALL, HAD DECEIVED THE SECURITY SERVICES ABOUT  
HIS PAST—INTO MORTGAGING FOR ME...

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER A  
HYSTERICAL FIRE  
DESTROYED THE CHELTENHAM  
COMPLEX, AND THE HEART-  
BROKEN OLD CHAP  
RETIRED...



MY PLAN WAS SIMPLE—  
MASS FORGERY ON A  
"VAST SCALE":  
WORKS OF ART, BOOKS,  
PORCELAIN AND FAMOUS  
JEWELLERY—ALL SOLD TO  
"UNSUSPECTING"  
COLLECTORS IN THE  
FUTURE!

ODDLY ENOUGH,  
I STARTED WITH THE  
HITLER DIARIES—  
BUT UNFORTUNATELY  
I GOT THE TYPE OF  
PAPER WRONG...



STILL, WE ALL  
MADE MISTAKES!

BUT BUSINESS IS  
"GROWING" NOW: I'VE  
ESTABLISHED CONNECTIONS  
WITH EVERY DECADE OVER THE  
NEXT 1000 YEARS! POVERTY-  
STOCKEN HISTORIANS  
MOONLIGHT AS SALES-  
MEN FOR ME, AND DO  
WELL!



WE'RE STARTING  
TO DO A NICE LITTLE LINE  
IN FORGED MASTERPIECES  
NOW—WITH A LITTLE HELP  
FROM THE ORIGINAL  
ARTISTS...

OH, EXCUSE ME—  
THE PHONE!

BRRRRING!



NO, NO, NO! THE MOUT-  
LESA ALLA MURONIA!

NOW LISTEN: A  
MASTERPIECE FROM  
1800 DON'T MEAN  
BYOND IN 1994—BUT  
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT  
I'LL DO, SQUIRE...

The  
End



THE UNDERCITY! ON A CRIMZLING WALKWAY SPANNING A RAD-PIT THE WEREWOLF PACK HAVE BEEN LURED BY THE CRY OF THEIR LEADER.

THERE THEY GATHER IN CONFUSION. THEIR LEADER - THE WHITE WEREWOLF - IS DEAD... AND THE GHOSTLY CRY COMES FROM A JUDGE'S LAMMASTER -



CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 7

FROM ITS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT A GRISLY CLAW CREEPS TOWARDS A RADIO DEONATOR -



JUDGE DREDD'S LAST ACT AS A HUMAN BEING!



THE WEREPACK PLUNGES TO ITS DOOM IN THE DARDEN RADIATION HEAT OF THE RAD-PIT BELOW!



JUDGE DREDD - OR WHAT WAS ONCE JUDGE DREDD - UTTERS A PIERCING HOWL OF TRIUMPH!



SCRIPT  
T. P. GROVER  
AND  
STEVE DILLON  
LETTERING  
T. FRAME







WE GOT HIM!  
BUT WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH HIM? CAN'T STEAL FROM A WOLFIE - AN' I SURE AS SLIME AIN'T GONNA EAT HIM!



AT LEAST WE CAN STICK HIM! HAV' US SOME FUN!

JAB!



A COLD, CRISP VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE STALE AIR -

ROBBING SCUM!

UH-OH!

THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!

A WEREWOLF, HUH? NO WAY I'M GONNA PULL YOU OUT, PAL.

SWITCHING TO HIGH EXPLOSIVE.



BUT AS THE AGING JUDGE'S  
FINGER TIGHTENS...

DROKK! IT'S IN A  
JUDGE'S UNIFORM...  
AND THAT BADGE -  
**DREDD!**



CAN THAT THING BE  
JOE DREDD?

AND IF SO,  
WHAT DO I  
DO WITH HIM?



IF IT IS DREDD, 'LEAST HE  
DESERVES IS A HERO'S DEATH.  
BETTER TAKE HIM BACK UP TO  
THE CITY - LET THEM  
DECIDE



STUMM GAS!



**FWOMP!**



**NAARRRR**

THE CHOKING VAPOR  
TAKES INSTANT EFFECT -



DREDD OR NOT, CAN'T  
RISK YOU WAKING UP  
AND TAKING A CHUNK  
OUTA ME.





PRAGER MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERCITY. IT HAS BEEN HIS TERRITORY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS. THE INHABITANTS KNOW HIM WELL, AND GIVE HIM GROUND.



AT THE CITY GATE -

CLANG!  
CLANG!



WHO GOES THERE?

JUDGE PRAGER,  
TOOK THE LONG WALK  
FOUR YEARS BACK.  
GOT SOMETHIN'  
FOR YOU.



A JUDGE ALL RIGHT.  
WHAT YOU GOT FOR  
US, PRAGER?

THIS.



PROKK! DREDD! SO  
THE WEREWOLVES  
GOT HIM!

I'D BETTER  
GET HIM TO  
MED-BAY,  
QUICK.



MISSTASK DONE, PRAGER RETURNS  
TO THE GLOOM BELOW -

HEY, PRAGER -  
HOW'S THINGS  
DOWN THERE  
ANYWAY?



GRIM.





LATER, IN A HALL OF  
JUSTICE MED-BAY -  
HE'S COMING  
ROUND !



KORKORAN...  
YOU'RE...NORMAL  
AGAIN!  
SO ARE YOU,  
DREDD.



YOU'RE RIGHT!  
BUT HOW - ?



WELL, YOU GOT MY THANKS ANYWAY, CASSIDY.

I DON'T MIND ADMITTING, FOR A  
WHILE DOWN THERE, THINGS GOT  
PRETTY HAIRY!



HIS NAME IS CORNELIUS  
CARDEN, AND THERE  
ARE BLUE LIGHTS IN HIS  
HEAD. VERY NOISY.

HE KNOWS WHAT  
THEY'RE DOING.



THEY'RE  
TAKING IT  
ALL AWAY  
ALL OF IT



FIRST, THEY TOOK HIS MOTHER. THEN THEY TOOK HIS  
JOB. THEN THEY TOOK HIS SUPPLEMENTARY BENEFIT.



AFTER THAT, THEY JUST TOOK THE MICKLE.

THEY HADN'T  
LEFT HIM VERY  
MUCH AT ALL.

YOU'RE NOT  
HAVING HIM!  
YOU'RE NOT...  
HAVING...  
HIM!

I'VE  
GOT...MY...



PRIDE!



OH, LORD.

KKWAMM!

2000AD  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
ALAN MOORE  
ART ROBOT  
JIM BAIRIE  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOBS

COMPU-73e









THE SOLDIER CODENAMED **ROGUE TROOPER** WAS THE ONLY GENETIC INFANTRYMAN WHO GOT OUT ALIVE FROM THE GRAVEYARD OF THE G.I.s... THE QUARTZ MASSACRE...

# ROGUE TROOPER

EYE OF THE TRAITOR—Part 2



2000AD  
Credit Card!

SCRIPT ROBOT  
GERRY FINLEY-DAY  
ART ROBOT  
CAM KENNEDY  
LETTERING ROBOT  
BILL NUTTALL

COMPU-73

"A SOLITARY SOLDIER WHO BECAME A SYMBOL TO THE SOUTHERN FORCES FIGHTING ALONE, BUT ALWAYS SEEKING..."



GO GET  
'EM, ROGUE!



SEEKING  
ME — THE  
TRAITOR  
WHO SOLD  
OUT THE  
G.I.s.!

"I THOUGHT I WAS **SAFE** ON THE MILITARY SATELLITE, BUZZARD-5. BUT HE TRACKED ME THERE AND DESTROYED IT. . .

"AN **ESCAPE POD** GOT ME BACK TO NU EARTH AND I JOINED THE NORTS AS AN INTERROGATOR IN A P.O.W. CAMP. BUT HE CAUGHT UP WITH ME ONCE MORE. . .

"I FLED WITH MY LIFE AND FORMED THE MARAUDERS, A RENEGADE BAND OF DESERTERS. BUT **AGAIN** THE TROOPER FOUND ME. . .

"ANOTHER BASE DESTROYED, ANOTHER ESCAPE. THIS TIME IN A MAN-CARRYING MISSILE. . .





...WHICH LANDED HERE, MY **FINAL** HIDING-PLACE! NOW I'M REDUCED TO NOTHING, ME, WHO WAS ONCE A TOP SOUTHER GENERAL!

AND ALL BECAUSE OF DER ROGUE TROOPER?

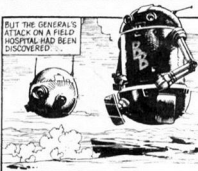


THE TRAITOR HAD BEEN TELLING HIS STORY TO A ROBOT ANALYST...

YOU SAID YOU COULD HELP ME. SO WHAT DO I DO? MUST I **ALWAYS** BE HUNTED BY HIM?



SOON I WILL HAVE DER ANSWER. IT WAS **WISE** OF YOU TO SPARE ME WHEN YOU DESTROYED THE OTHER HOSPITAL ROBOTS!

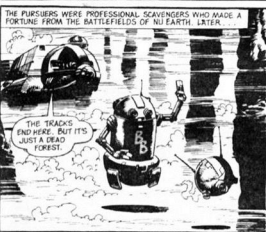


BUT THE GENERAL'S ATTACK ON A FIELD HOSPITAL HAD BEEN DISCOVERED...



SENSORS SHOW THE CULPRIT HEADED THIS WAY.

THE HOSPITAL WAS ON **OUR** PATCH! AN **EXAMPLE** WILL HAVE TO BE MADE OR OUR COMPETITORS WILL THINK WE'VE GONE **SOFT**!



THE PURSUERS WERE PROFESSIONAL SCAVENGERS WHO MADE A FORTUNE FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS OF NU EARTH. LATER...

THE TRACKS END HERE, BUT IT'S JUST A DEAD FOREST.



LOOK, MISTER BRASS! THE ROBOT ORDERLIES FROM THE HOSPITAL... WHAT A **WASTE**!

INDEED, MISTER BLAND. SO WHERE IS THE HUMAN?

I HAVE IT, MEIN GENERAL!  
DER **SOLUTION** TO  
YOUR PROBLEM!

YOU BROUGHT  
THEM HERE! YOU  
DECEIVED ME!

THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
OUTSIDE!

NO, I PROMISE YOU.  
YOU ARE BECOMING  
IRRATIONAL AGAIN!

**LIAR!**

NEIN—  
BZZT!

DON'T MOVE,  
SNOOPERS!

GRIEF!  
THAT TREE...!

**THUMP!**  
**THUMP!**

MEIN GENERAL. BZZT..  
BEFORE I EXPLODE, YOU..  
BZZT.. MUST KNOW DER..  
BZZT.. SOLUTION TO DER..  
BZZT.. ROGUE TROOPER.

A DISGUISED  
MISSILE. BUT YOU WON'T  
LIVE TO TELL THE TALE!

YOU MUST BECOME DER HUNTER...  
BZZT.. SEEK HIM OUT AND..  
BZZT.. KILL HIM BEFORE HE..  
BZZT... KILLS YOU!



**NEXT PROG: TRAINING PROGRAMME!**