

DEFEAT THE ALIENS! ELECTRONIC GAME OFFER THIS PROG!

PROG 291
20 NOV 82

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

\$1.25 Malaysia
50c Australia
22p UK inc. VAT
75g Mercury
86g Venus
50g Mars
8g Asteroid Belt
99g Saturn
8g Neptune
1g Pluto

18p
EARTH
MONEY

THE
EXECUTIONER

VIGILANTE AT WORK...
THAT'S ALL THIS
CITY NEEDS!

JUSTICE
IS
DONE!

Chesley

THE HIGH ROCK - A 21st CENTURY PRISON SATELLITE, CARRYING 10,000 CONVICTED CRIMINALS IN AN ENDLESS ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH.

10,000 MEN WHOSE LIVES ARE EMPTY SHELLS, THEIR EVERY THOUGHT CENTRED ON THE PLANET BELOW - AND FREEDOM!



2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
ALAN DAVIS
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E

HARRY TWENTY - SENTENCED TO TWENTY YEARS FOR HELPING STARVING CIVILIANS - IS NO DIFFERENT FROM THE REST...

MY IDEAS IS CRAZY - BUT IT MIGHT JUST WORK! WE BUILD OUR OWN SATELLITE - AND BLAST RIGHT BACK DOWN TO EARTH!



HEY, COOL IT, BEN! I AIN'T FINISHED WITH YOUR SKETCH OF THE ROCK - I NEED TO MEMORISE ITS LAYOUT!

SLUGS A-COMIN'! CHIEF THROWER HIMSELF - AN' HE DON'T LIKE NO DRAWIN'S, SEE? SEE?



BEN NINETY IS THE ROCK'S OLDEST INMATE. HE KNOWS EVERY GUARD'S BOOTSTEPS - AND WHEN THE DOOR OPENS, IT'S THE CHIEF-OF-GUARDS ALL RIGHT -

CHIEF THROWER - THIS IS AN HONOUR!

SHUT YOUR FACE, NUMBER, AND GET ON YOUR FEET! YOU'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP WITH WARDEN WORLDWIDE!





THE MODEL FLASHES
AND SPINS, FLASHES
AND SPINS, YOU FEEL
YOUR THOUGHTS
FADING AWAY,
EBBING AND FLOWING
WITH THE TWINKLING
LIGHTS —

IT... IT'S A
HYPNO-DEVICE!
HE'S GOIN' TO
PROBE MY BRAIN!

NOW, TWENTY— YOU'RE GOING TO TELL
ME ABOUT ANY SILLY THOUGHTS YOU
MIGHT HAVE HAD ABOUT ESCAPING.

HOW ABOUT IT, TWENTY?
ANY IDEAS AS TO HOW YOU
COULD GET OFF THE HIGH
ROCK?

COME ON,
TWENTY.
SPILL IT—

C-CAN'T HELP MYSELF—I'M
GONNA TELL HIM! I'VE GOT
TO TELL HIM... GOT TO...

YOU SUMMON EVERY FIBRE OF YOUR FAST-
FADING WILL-POWER— AND LUNGE!

... GOT TO— STOP
MYSELF!

LOOK OUT,
WARDEN!

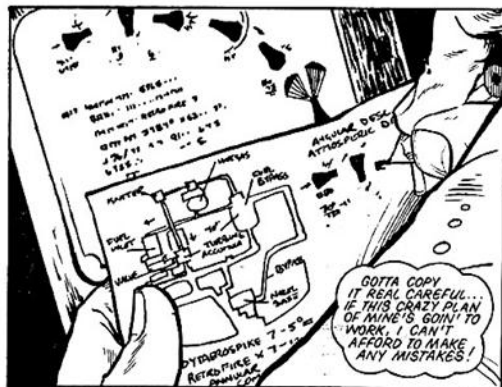
AAAAAGH!

GUESS I HIT
HIM A LITTLE
HARD, WARDEN.
HE'S OUT
COLD.

NO MATTER. SOME
OF THEM REACT THAT
WAY TO MY EX. THEY
SEEMS TO BRING OUT
THE WORST IN THEM.

REMOVE HIM.





ACE TRUCKING CO.

Any space Any time

IN A MID-SPACE REPAIR DOCK, MAINTENANCE ROBOTS ARE HARD AT WORK REPAINTING SPEEDO GHOST—

STOOP COOP SOUP Part 4

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SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT GROVER
ART ROBOT
M. BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

TURNING IT INTO THE NEWEST SHIP IN THE YELLOW LINE FLEET—THE YELLOW UFF!

THE YELLOW UFF

FEEL HATE SAY IT— BUT THIS PLAN ANOTHER LOSER, ACE! NO HEE HEE!

ACE GARP HAS FAILED IN HIS FIRST ATTEMPT TO BREAK GATOR MAGEE OUT OF BIDE-A-WEE SPACE PENITENTIARY. NOW HE RESORTS TO MORE DESPERATE MEASURES—

THIS IS TOO MUCH, ACE! DISGUIISING YOURSELF AS HIS MOTHER WAS BAD ENOUGH— BUT SEIZING GATOR BY VIOLENCE! YOU'LL GET US ALL A LIFE SENTENCE!

AW, CAN THE DISGUIISING, G-B-N! THE JEEPIES'LL NEVER KNOW IT'S US— WE'VE THE YELLOW UFF NOW, AIN'T WE?

DISUMBY—Unhappiness.

GATOR HAD PROMISED ACE 50% OF SEVERAL BILLION STOLEN BYMES IN RETURN FOR HIS FREEDOM. NOW, IN BIDE-A-WEE, GATOR CARRIES OUT HIS END OF THE PLAN—

YOU ASKED TO SEE ME, MAGEE. WELL— WHAT IS IT?

JUST ONE THING, WARDEN—

YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR A LONG TIME!





THE TOWER, WITH ITS TRANSPARENT SOLITARY CONFINEMENT BUBBLE—WHERE VIOLENT CRIMINALS SERVED THEIR PUNISHMENT.

FEW SURVIVED MORE THAN THREE MONTHS BEFORE THEY SUCCEMBED TO THE TERRORS OF ISOLATION SYNDROME—THE MADNESS KNOWN AS **AGGO DABBO!**

COME ON, GARP! COME ON!



ACE MAKES A
TIGHT TURN—



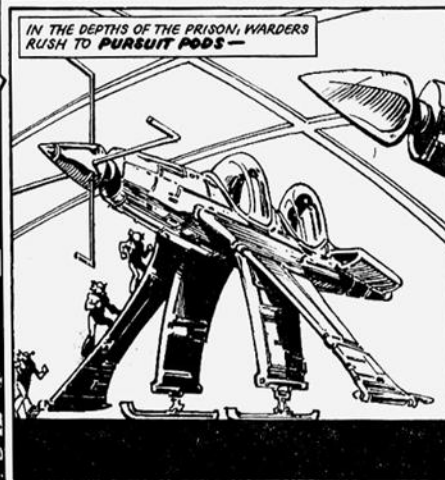
HE'S
UNPLUGGED!
LET'S
GO!!

UNPLUGGED—Loaded.



THEY'VE
SNATCHED
GATOR MAGEE,
SIR!

RED
ALERT!
PURSUIT
PROCEDURE!



IN THE DEPTHS OF THE PRISON, WARDERS
RUSH TO PURSUIT PODS—



AND THE CHASE IS ON!

OPEN
THAT FRONT
CARGO DOOR,
GHOST! LET'S
GRAB THAT
GATOR!



IN "YELLOW UFF'S"
HOLD, GATOR
EMERGES SHAKEN
BUT FREE—

WHAT
A CAPER!
THAT GARP
IS A MAD-
MAN!

HRRUMM!
YOU DON'T
KNOW THE
HALF OF IT!



SOON, IN THE
JOCKBOX—

WELCOME
ABOARD
SPEEDO GHOST,
COOPY
BUDDY!

I WANT
TO THANK YOU
FOR MY
FREEDOM, ACE—



WE AIN'T
TRUCKIN'
SPAM STREET
YET, GATOR!
WE GOT STOP
COOPERS ON
OUR EGGS AN'
CLOSIN'
FAST!

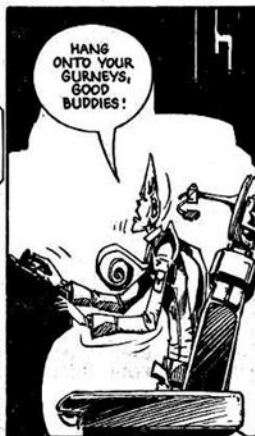


THEY'S
THROWIN'
BOOM!

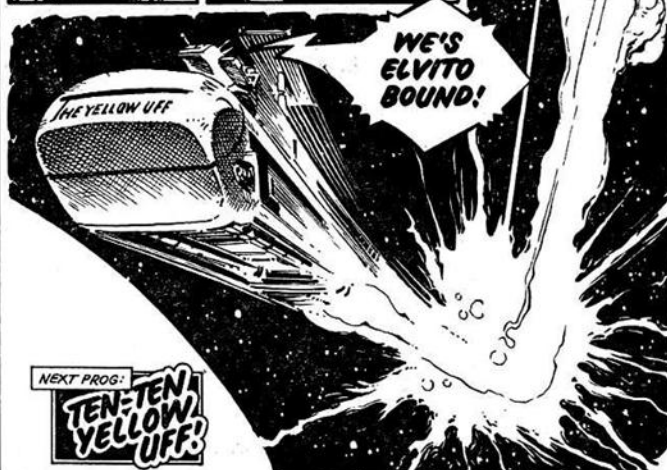


THROW ME A
HOWDYDOODY ON
THE NEAREST
PLANET, GHOST!

NEAREST
PLANETFALL:
ELVITO.
SECTOR VECTORS
BETA-ALPHA
VIP YIP
YIP!



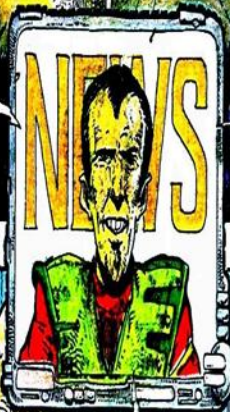
HANG
ONTO YOUR
GURNEYS,
GOOD
BUDDIES!



WE'S
ELVITO
BOUND!

NEXT PROG:

TEN-TEN
YELLOW
UFFS



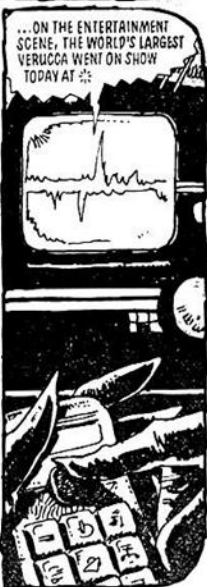
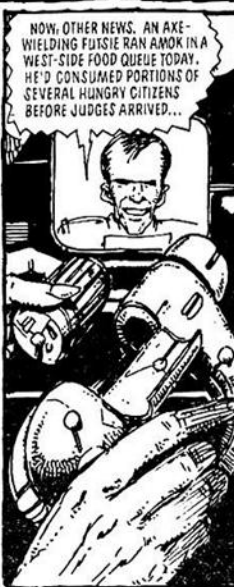
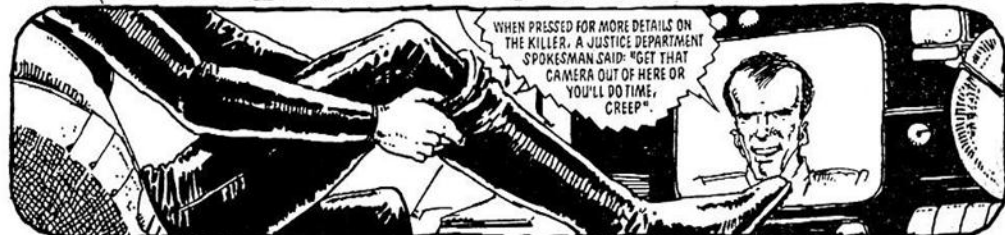
CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND, THE KILLER'S CALLING CARD. ON IT, THE SIMPLE MESSAGE: JUSTICE IS DONE...

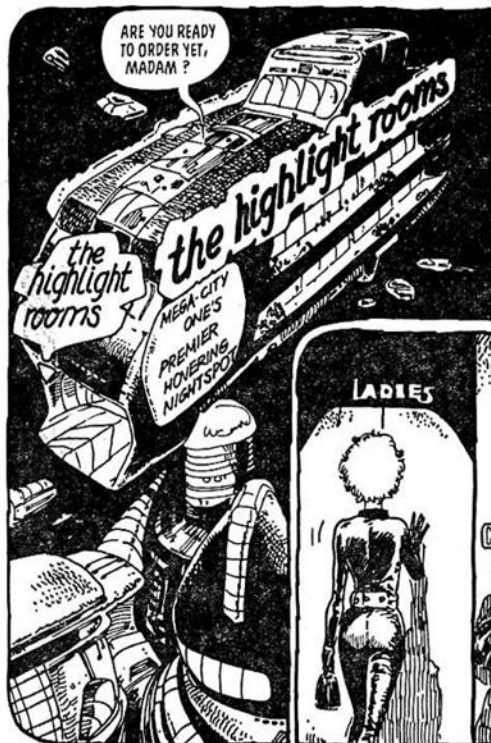
WHOSAT?

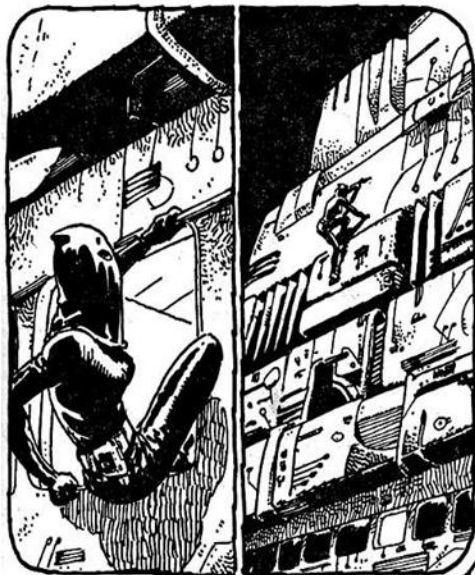
JUSTICE IS DONE

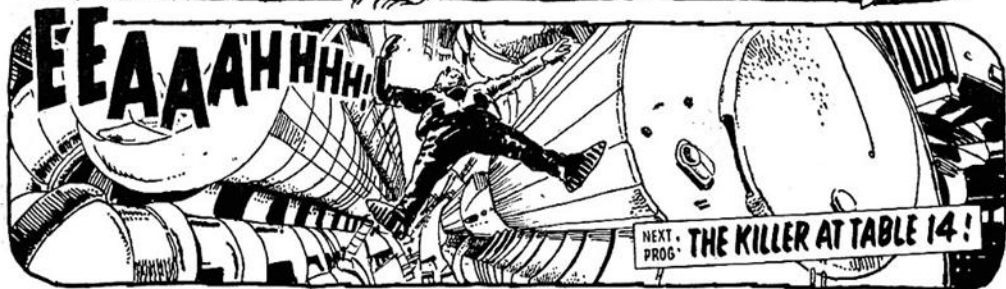
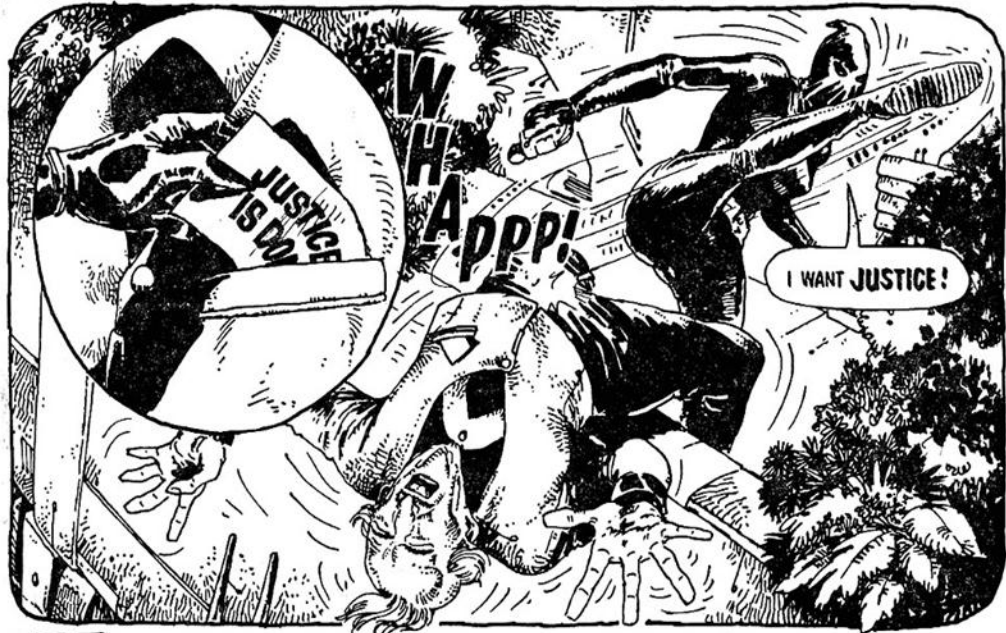
AARRGH!

THE EXECUTIONER PART 1









NEXT PROG. THE KILLER AT TABLE 14!

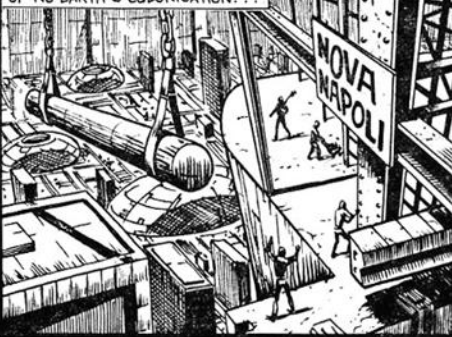
ROGUE TROOPER

FORT NEURO
PART I

FORTRESS
NEUROPA...
A SOUTHERN STRONG-
HOLD RINGED BY A
GIANT, NATURAL
FORMATION KNOWN
AS THE "SHIELD WALL"...



SHAPED LIKE A RAMPART AND COMPOSED OF KNOWN AND BRAND-NEW MINERALS. THE WALL WAS SEEN AS NATURAL PROTECTION AGAINST DANGER DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF NU EARTH'S COLONISATION...



BUT THE DANGER
WAS FROM WITHIN!



WAR BETWEEN THE NORTS AND THE SOUTHERS SOON FOLLOWED, AND THE FIRST STRIKES MADE WERE AGAINST NEUROPA...



SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY

ART ROBOT
BRETT EWINS

LETTERING ROBOT
BILL NUTTALL

BUT, SHELTERED BY THE WALL, THE NEUROPEANS RESISTED BRAVELY.

PTOO! PTOO!
PTOO!

WPOOMF!

THEY BOUGHT TIME FOR THE REST OF SOUTHER-HELD TERRITORY TO MOBILISE, BUT AT A COST...

IT WAS AN ACTION WITNESSED BY A SPY SATELLITE OF MILLI-COM, THE SOUTHER OFF-PLANET COMMAND.

SEND A LAST SIGNAL BEFORE THE NORTS CUT ALL COMMUNICATION WITH NEUROPA— YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, NEUROPA, BUT YOU HAVE GIVEN US **HOPE!**

THE NORTS SETTLED DOWN TO A MARATHON SIEGE AND NOW, YEARS LATER, NEUROPA STILL HOLDS OUT!

HOW I HATE THE SIGHT OF THAT **FREAK WALL**.

HERE'S A NEW SIGHT UNCOVERED... AT OUR **BOOTS!**

A SOUTHER HELMET, BUT UNLIKE ANY I'VE SEEN BEFORE.

PROBABLY MORE OF THAT MAD **HEAD-GEAR** FROM THE FORT-RESS.

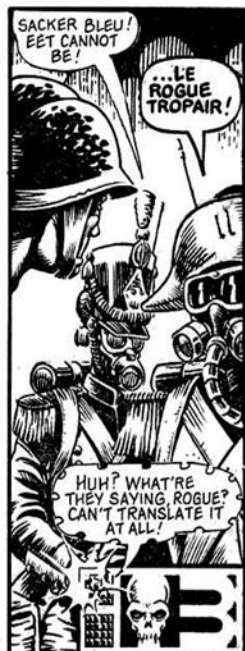
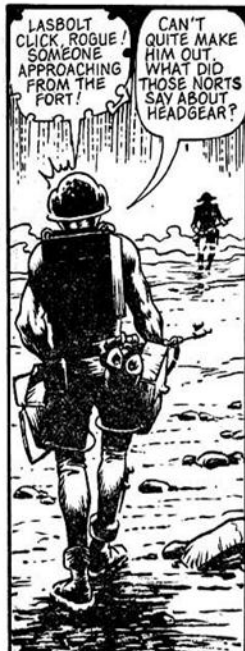
STAK!

ALARM--AL
AAAAAH!

KABOOM!

EXPLOSIONS? WE'VE BEEN CRAWLING THROUGH A **MINE-FIELD!**

OUR INFILTRATION ATTEMPTS BEEN **RUMBLER!** ANOTHER DAY AND WE'D HAVE **MADE IT!**





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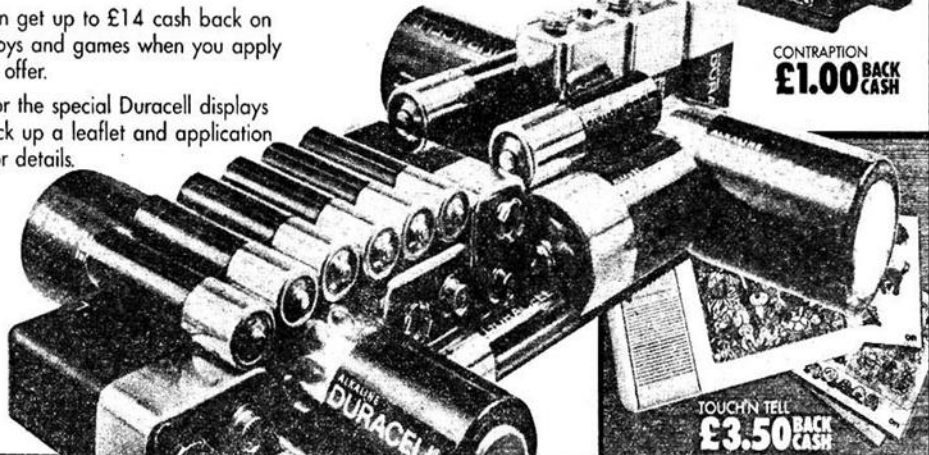
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THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

BAD TIMING

THE YEAR IS 1938. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THE PEOPLE OF EARTH CALL IT...



THE PEOPLE OF THE PLANET KLAKTON CALL IT THE YEAR, IMPTY-FURGWILLION AND PLOOTEN, OR AT LEAST, MOST OF THEM DO...

KLAKTON'S CHIEF SCIENTIST, R-THUR, HAS ANOTHER NAME FOR IT. IN FACT, HE HAS SEVERAL...



ARMAGEDDON!
DOOMSDAY!
APOCALYPSE!
THE BIG BANG!
THE WHOLE
ENCHILLADA!

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE SCIENCE COUNCIL OF KLAKTON HAVE SEVERAL NAMES FOR R-THUR...



DUMMY!

DIMWIT!

PEA-BRAIN!

WALLY!

IN FACT, THE ONLY SYMPATHETIC EAR IS THAT OF HIS WIFE, L-SIE...



WHY, L-SIE? WHY WON'T THEY LISTEN WHEN I TELL THEM THAT KLAKTON IS GOING TO EXPLODE? WHY?

MMM? SORRY DEAR! I WASN'T LISTENING!



AND SO...

THERE HE GOES, L-SIE. WE'LL NEVER SEE OUR LITTLE SON AGAIN. NOW COME-LET US PREPARE FOR OUR OWN IMMINENT DEATH...

SPLOOG?

ONLY SCANT SECONDS REMAIN... ANY MOMENT NOW OUR WORLD WILL BE BLOWN TO PIECES...

ANY MOMENT NOW... JUST YOU WAIT...

...I THINK I MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRONG ABOUT KLAKTON EXPLODING. HEH, HEH!

GOSH, L-SIE, ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!

HMM. THAT'S ODD.

ER... L-SIE, I DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT... ER...

AND SO KLAKTON DIDN'T EXPLODE AFTER ALL AND R-THUR WAS LOCKED UP. BUT WHAT OF LITTLE N-REE...

BLAP!

... HEADING TOWARDS THE PLANET EARTH WITH AN ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL SOMEWHERE AROUND 1939.

IN FACT, LITTLE N-REE'S ESCAPE ROCKET DIDN'T REACH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE UNTIL 1983, WHICH WAS, AS IT TURNED OUT, UNFORTUNATE.

WELL, DUE TO AN UNEXPECTED SPACE-TIME WARP NEAR ANDROMEDA, THINGS DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT...

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
A. MOORE
ART ROBOT
M. WHITE
LETTERING ROBOT
P. BENSBURG

COMPU-73e