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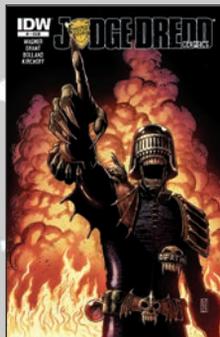
JUDGE DEATH

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ART **BRIAN BOLLAND**
LETTERS **TOM FRAME**

JUDGE DEATH LIVES PART 1

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JUDGE DREDD



IN MEGA-CITY ONE, GIANT METROPOLIS OF THE 22ND CENTURY, A CRIMINAL WAS ESCAPING FROM THE LAW...

DUMB JUDGES! HA! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH TINY THE TAP!



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JOHN HOWARD
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ULP! ME AN' MY BIG MOUTH! I-I SURRENDER, JUDGE!



SATAN'S BREATH -- Y-YOUR FACE! YOU-YOU'RE NO ORDINARY JUDGE! YOU-



M-MY DOK!



H-HIS HAND...



...G-G-GOING RIGHT INTO ME!





JUDGE DEATH PART 1



WHEN THE BODY WAS FOUND, TOP LAWMAN JUDGE DREDD WAS CALLED IN —

IT'S TINY THE TAP! WE WERE CHASING HIM WHEN WE LOST HIM IN THIS MAZE.

WHEN WE FOUND HIM HE WAS DEAD. THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM — BUT LOOK AT HIS FACE!



LIKE HE DIED OF... **TERROR!**



NO SIGN OF ANY ATTACKER, BUT WE FOUND **THIS** UNDER TINY'S NAILS. COULD BE SKIN TISSUE. PONGS A BIT!

THERE'S A STRANGE SMELL OF **DECAY** ALL AROUND HERE. OKAY, RUN THAT DOWN TO THE LAB. I'LL GET A SEARCH SQUAD OUT.



SOON, AT THE LAB —

SKIN, ALL RIGHT. MIGHT BE HUMAN — HARD TO TELL JUST YET. IT'S IN AN ADVANCED STATE OF **DECOMPOSITION...**



I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT DAYS, OR EVEN YEARS. THIS SKIN HAS BEEN DEAD FOR **CENTURIES**.

IMPOSSIBLE. IF THE SKIN ISN'T TINY'S, IT'S GOT TO BE HIS ATTACKER'S.



THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS — WE'VE GOT A MIGHTY STRANGE KILLER WALKING THIS CITY!

WE HEARD THE SOUND ECHOING THROUGH THE CONCRETE CAVERNS OF THE CITY. IT DREW HIM LIKE A MAGNET...

THE ONE SOUND WHICH COULD STIR FEELING IN THAT COLD, DEAD HEART. THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER... OF LIFE...



THAT HATED SOUND!



MORE SCROTNIG SOUNDS COMIN' ROUND FROM THE GUY WITH THE 'LECTRIO EYES! RIGHT NOW PLUG INTO THE NUMBER ONE BLAST — WHO PUT THE BOOP ?!!



WHO PUT THE BOOP ON MY BEST BROWN BOOTS? WHO PUT THE GLOP ON MY ZIGGA ZIGGA ZING ZANG?

HEY-EY! THE SOUND ABOUNDS!





OH MY SOUL!



MY NAME ISS DEATH. I HAVE COME TO JUDGE YOU.

P-PLEASE! I-I'M JUST A HARMLESS B-BUTTON JOCK... UHHH!

MY GRUD! WHAT-WHAT IS IT?

DO NOT BE AFRAID. DYING ISS GOOD. DYING ISS EASY...

I JUST STICK MY HAND IN AND...



SSQUEEZZE!



CONTROL TO DREDD! SOUNDS OF DISTRESS HEARD COMING FROM THE RABBIT HUTCH. COULD BE YOUR MAN!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



SOON -

HELP!

DOORS ARE LOCKED! BREAK THEM OPEN!



INSIDE -

DOK! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

THERE'S THAT STENCH OF DECAY!





THERE HE IS ;
DRESSED LIKE A
JUDGE - OR A
MOCKERY OF
ONE !

HAVE YOU COME TO
WITNESS JUDGMENT ?



WE'VE COME TO SLAM
YOUR BUTT IN POKEY,
MISTER !

ROSS -
STAY BACK !



HIS HAND - SLICED
RIGHT THROUGH
ROSS'S NECK !



RAPID FIRE !
BLOW HIS
BONES AWAY !



HE'S GETTING UP !

NOTHING COULD GET
UP AFTER THAT ! WHO
IS THIS GREEP ?



YOU CANNOT
KILL WHAT
DOES NOT LIVE !
I HAVE COME TO
BRING LAW TO
THIS CITY !
MY LAW -

THE
LAW OF
DEATH !

NEXT - THE GUILTY . . . AND THE DAMNED !

