

FROM HERE TO PATERNITY

THE GODS MEET THEIR MAKERS AS *THE TEN-SECONDS* RETURN THIS PROG!



2000 AD



THARG'S NERVE CENTRE



BORAG THUNGS, EARTHLETS!

Call me Tharg, all-powerful alien editor of this illustrious anthology. Immerse yourselves in Thrills!

Another week, another circuit-shattering issue of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, powered by the cosmic energy at the heart of the universe that I, the Beteleguese brainiac, have succeeded in infusing into the stories you'll find within, created by my ever-busy script and art droids. We reach the finale this prog to the current Cadet Anderson series, but the fallout from this tale will inform the adult Cass's next adventure, *Dead End*, coming to the *Megazine* towards the end of the year!

Meanwhile, starting this week is the third series of post-apocalyptic god-killing *The Ten-Seconds* by Rob Williams and Edmund Bagwell. If you missed the previous instalments, they've been collected up into a zarjaz graphic novel available from shop.2000adonline.com, but to get you briefly up to speed: resistance fighters Malloy, Harris and Kane have followed co-ordinates given to them by untrustworthy god The Scientist and found a spaceship in a Kansas field. Malloy was told that activating the craft will bring entities to Earth that will stop the gods forever – entities that the gods were themselves running from. Now, the three men plus a transformed Jen – adapted into a being of immense power – are about to meet the Fathers... Enjoy!

SPLUNDIG VUR THING!

Tharg



1839 COVER ART

by LEE GARRETT

IN THIS PROG

JUDGE DREDD // WASTELANDS

Mega-City One, 2135 AD. Home to 50 million citizens, this urban nightmare is situated along the east coast of post-apocalyptic North America. Crime is rampant, and only the Judges can stop total anarchy. Empowered to dispense instant justice, they are judge, jury and executioner. Toughest of all is **JUDGE DREDD** – he is the Law! Now, Dredd's tracking a surfer gang...

Judge Dredd created by John Wagner & Carlos Ezquerro



DEFOE // THE DAMNED

1669. It is three years since London was devastated by the Great Fire, the inferno caused by a comet passing over the capital. But from the ashes rose the undead, hungry for the flesh of the living. Protecting the populace is Titus **DEFOE**, who leads an elite squad of zombie hunters. Now the undead hordes have been released from their pens and are besieging the Tower of London...

Defoe created by Pat Mills & Leigh Gallagher



CADET ANDERSON // ONE IN TEN

Mega-City One, 2096. When the psychically powerful three-year-old Cassandra **ANDERSON** killed her abusive father, she was taken into the custody of Justice Department, who blocked the memories of her traumatic childhood. Anderson was inducted into Psi-Division as a cadet, and uses her telepathic abilities to help combat crime. Now, she is investigating an organ-selling operation....

Psi-Judge Anderson created by John Wagner & Brian Bolland



SINISTER DEXTER // IN PLAIN SHITE

Downside city lies sprawled across the heart of future Europe. Here, life is cheap and if you want someone whacked, you can't buy better hitmen than gun-sharks Finnigan **SINISTER** and Ramone **DEXTER**. Now, Finny, Ray and Tracy Weld have been relocated to Generica in a Witness Protection Programme, but Sinister has discovered that ganglord Holy Moses Tannenbaum is here too...

Sinister Dexter created by Dan Abnett & David Mitchell



THE TEN-SECONDS // GODSEND

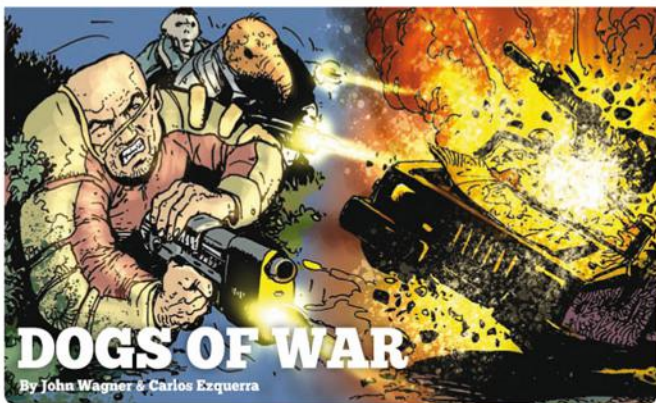
Earth, the near future. When alien beings arrived with superheroic powers, they were greeted as gods – but the creatures demanded humans serve them, and so the war began. A UK resistance group called **THE TEN-SECONDS** captured a god called The Scientist, who gave them the co-ordinates to a spaceship buried in a Kansas field, which held a secret that would stop the gods...

The Ten-Secrets created by Rob Williams & Mark Harrison



THRILLS OF THE FUTURE

STRONTIUM DOG



DOGS OF WAR

By John Wagner & Carlos Ezquerro

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JUDGE DREDD

WASTELANDS

PART THREE

IMAGE TAKEN BY SALIM SALT, BUYER'S AGENT, BEFORE THE ATTACK.



PINTO, ARROLD LUIS, 32, AKA GIMP, FORMERLY HERB ALPERT PROTECTS, SECTOR 221.

DECEASED.



DREDD — TINDALL, YOU ASKED FOR INFORMATION ON LUIS PINTO. I PUT HIM AWAY FOR A THREE-STRETCH A FEW YEARS BACK, VI CHARGE.

I WAS ATTACHED TO SECTOR HOUSE 39 THEN. PINTO USED TO HANG WITH A GANG OF SURF FREAKS THERE. PLASTERN PARK AREA — USED THE NAME SCUM OF THE EARTH.

ANY PARTICULARS ON OTHER MEMBERS?

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
DAVE TAYLOR
LETTERING
ANN PARKHOUSE

CHECK OUT RODNEY DEGU, CHIEF BAD BOY, THOUGH FOR SOME REASON WE NEVER MANAGED TO PIN MUCH ON HIM.

PETRIS GASH, AKA GEEZER, NUTJOB, IN AND OUT OF THE CUBES LIKE A KAT IN A HOLE.

THERE WAS ANOTHER ONE CALLED SHANNIS OR... SYMONS, THAT WAS IT. WARNE SYMONS, AKA DIGH. HE WAS NO DIGH. I CAN TELL YOU, THERE THE MEMORY FADES.

THAT'S USEFUL, TINDALL. I OWE YOU.



LARRY - ONAN
STARBUX. HEARD
ABOUT YOUR TROUBLE
AT VALENTINO
TODAY.

WHADDYA MEAN,
NOTHIN' YOUR SELLING
AGENT DEAD - ONE ON LIFE
SUPPORT? MY OWN GUYS
JUST BACK FROM
HOSPITAL.

FACE IT, LARRY, YOU
MADE A BUM INVESTMENT. THE
BLOCK AINT GONNA SELL, WHO'S
GONNA BUY WITH IT STUCK OUT
THERE IN THE WASTELANDS
LOOKIN' LIKE A PRIME
TARGET?



BUT I'M A
NICE GUY, AN' I LIKE
YA, LARRY, SO I'LL TELL
YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO -
SEVEN BIL. THAT'S AN
OFFER, LARRY.

LISTEN, I
KNOW YA PICKED IT UP
FOR FIVE TWO. REFURBISHMENT
COST ONE BIL FIVE AND THAT
STILL LEAVES YOU WITH THREE
HUNDRED MIL IN YOUR
POCKET. THREE HUNDRED MIL
AN' YOU WALK AWAY
CLEAN.

SURE, SURE,
WELL, YOU THINK
ABOUT IT, LARRY. JUST
ASK YOURSELF, HOW MUCH
MORE CRAPPOLA GOTTA HIT
THE FAN BEFORE SEVEN
STARTS TO LOOK REAL
ATTRACTIVE?

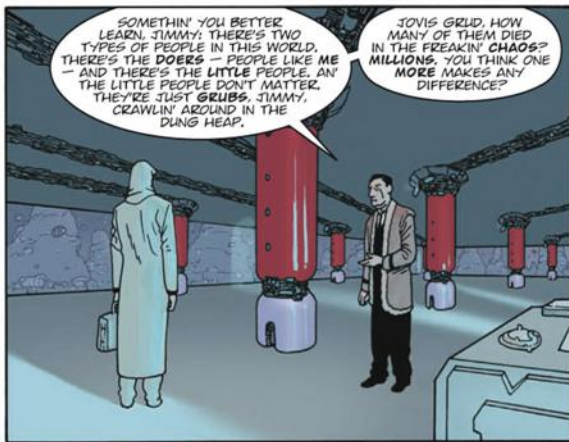


YOU SAID
THERE WAS GOING
TO BE TROUBLE
AT VALENTINO,
POP.

MUST BE
PSYCHIC. HUH,
JIMMY?

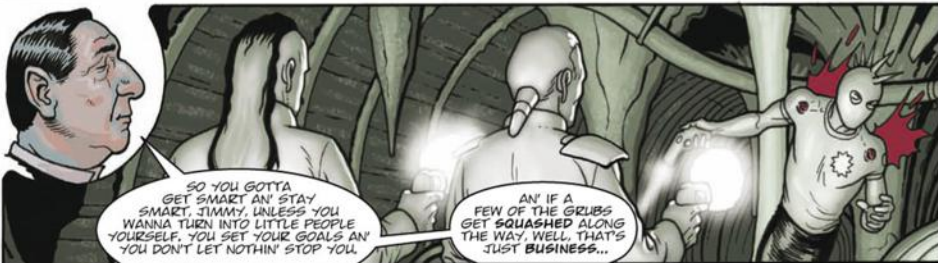
HOLD
THE MESSAGES,
JANICE.

YES, MR.
STARBUX.



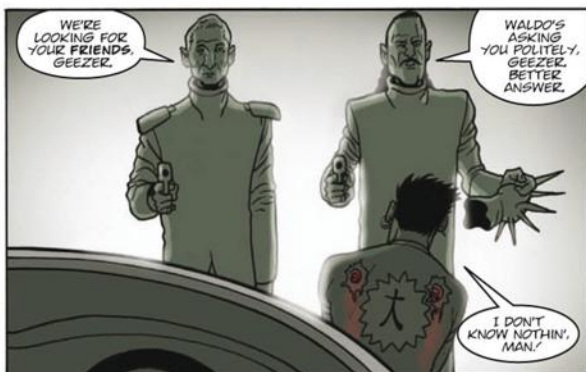
SOMETHIN' YOU BETTER
LEARN, JIMMY: THERE'S TWO
TYPES OF PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD.
THERE'S THE DOERS - PEOPLE LIKE ME
- AND THERE'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE. AN'
THE LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T MATTER.
THEY'RE JUST GRUBS, JIMMY,
CRAWLIN' AROUND IN THE
DUNG HEAP.

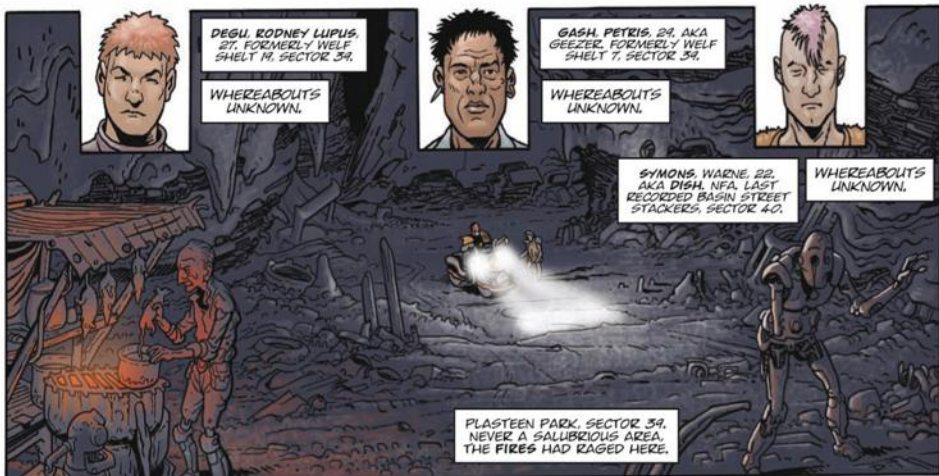
JOVIS GRUD, HOW
MANY OF THEM DIED
IN THE FREAKIN' CHAOS?
MILLIONS. YOU THINK ONE
MORE MAKES ANY
DIFFERENCE?

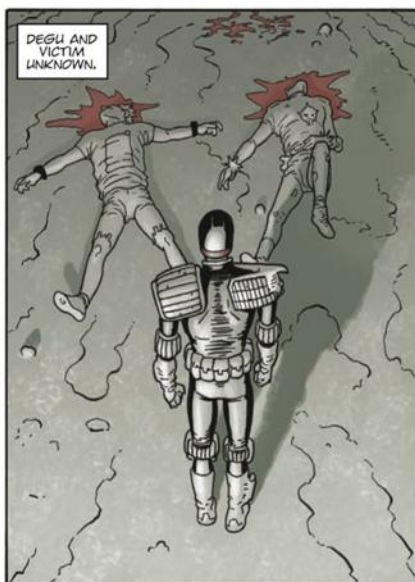


SO YOU GOTTA
GET SMART AN' STAY
SMART, JIMMY, UNLESS YOU
WANNA TURN INTO LITTLE PEOPLE
YOURSELF. YOU SET YOUR GOALS AN'
YOU DON'T LET NOTHIN' STOP YOU.

AN' IF A
FEW OF THE GRUBS
GET SQUASHED ALONG
THE WAY, WELL, THAT'S
JUST BUSINESS...







DEGU AND
VICTIM
UNKNOWN.



CLEAN KILLS BOTH,
SINGLE SHOTS TO THE
HEAD. NO AMATEUR JOB.

NEARBY A
THIRD VICTIM.



GEEZER.

MUTILATED.
THROAT SLIT.

TORTURED.

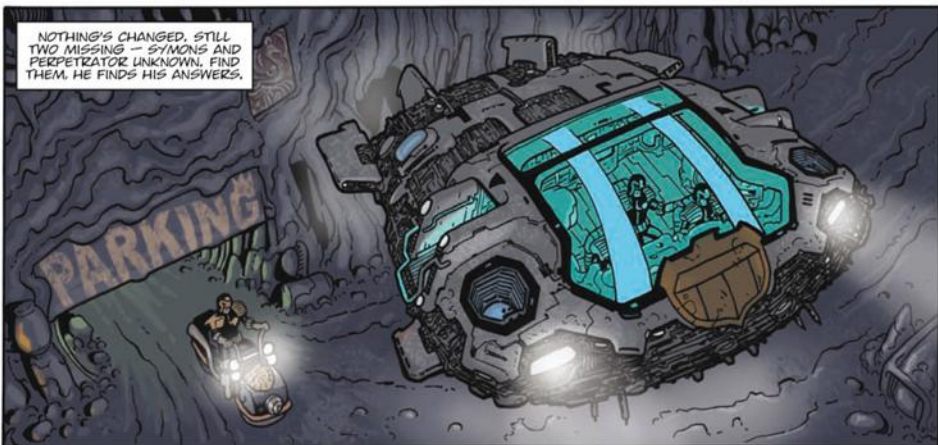
SURF GANG PULLS A RAID
ON VALENTINO, WAY OFF
HOME TURF. CLAIM IT'S
THEIR TERRITORY BUT HE
DOESN'T BUY THAT.

A FEW HOURS LATER
GANG STARTS ENDING
UP DEAD. WHY?

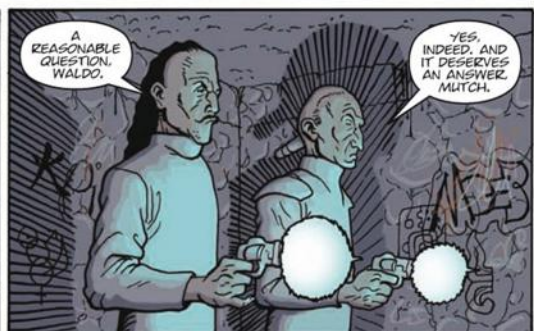


COINCIDENCE?

SOMEBODY DOESN'T
WANT THEM TALKING?



NOTHING'S CHANGED. STILL
TWO MISSING - SYMONS AND
PERPETRATOR UNKNOWN. FIND
THEM. HE FINDS HIS ANSWERS.



Defoe

The Damned
PART FOUR



SCRIPT
Pat Mills
ART
Leigh Gallagher
LETTERS
Ellie De Ville



I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE POSSESSED LIKE THE SPIRITER, EVEN BY BENIGN SPIRITS.



BLOODY HELL! WHERE IS THE SPIRITER?

WHERE WOULD YOU EXPECT HIM TO BE?



DOWN THERE, GLARING UP AT US.

AND WHY AREN'T THE REEKS CLIMBING THE WALLS?



SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT! I CAN SENSE IT!



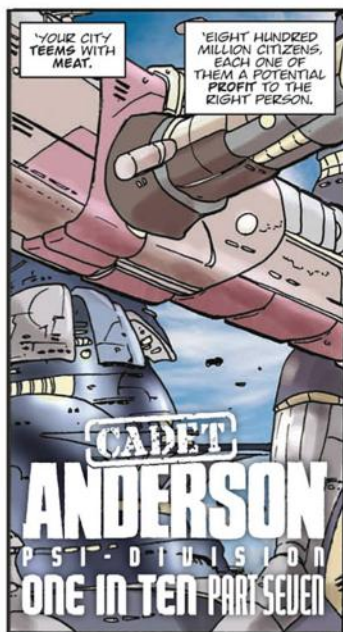
LET'S CHECK BELOW!











"YOUR CITY
TEEMS WITH
MEAT."

"EIGHT HUNDRED
MILLION CITIZENS,
EACH ONE OF
THEM A POTENTIAL
PROFIT TO THE
RIGHT PERSON."



"OF COURSE, YOUR RESBY DOES
ITS BEST — BUT ONLY AFTER
DEATH. MY OPERATION MAKES
NO SO SUCH DISTINCTION."

"THERE IS TOO MUCH
MEAT... AND MOST OF IT
SERVES NO PRACTICAL
PURPOSE. IT IS WASTED."



"I SIMPLY SET OUT
TO RECYCLE IT — TO
EXTRACT MAXIMUM
VALUE FOR IT."



"AND IF,
IN THE PROCESS,
I MADE A FEW
CREDS... THAT'S
LIFE."

"A FEW
BILLION, MORE
LIKE."

"BIG-HEARTED,
AREN'T YOU? YOU
MUTILATE CHILDREN AND
SERVE HUMAN FLESH IN
YOUR EATERIES — AND YOU
CALL IT RECYCLING!"

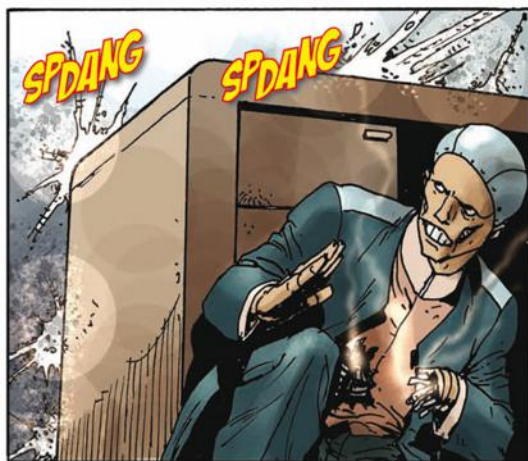
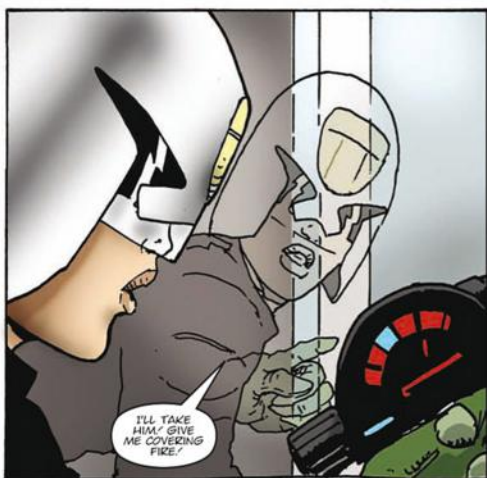


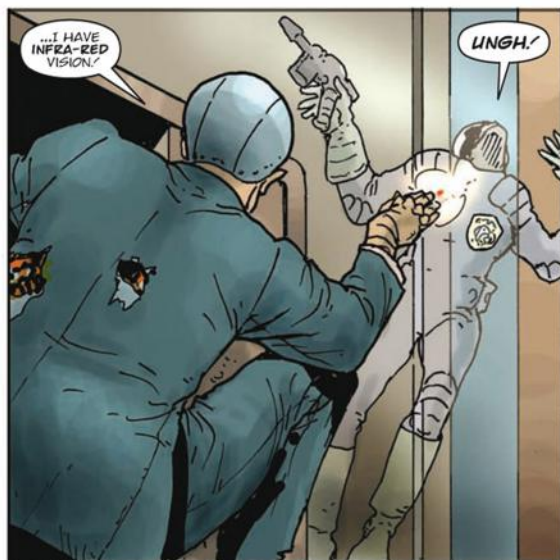
"AS ONE OF
YOUR GREAT MINDS
ONCE SAID — 'LIFE IS AN
ISLAND OF PAIN
FLOATING IN A SEA OF
INDIFFERENCE.'"

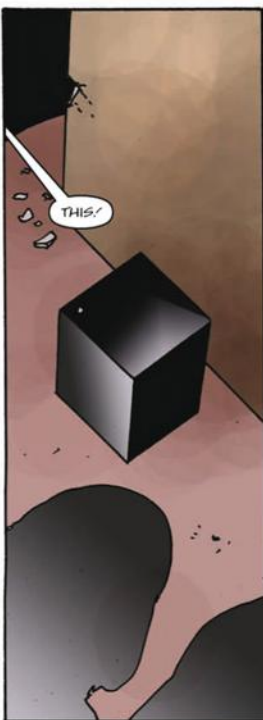
"SAVE THE
PHILOSOPHY FOR
YOUR ISO-CUBE
DREAP."

"ON YOUR
FEET!"

WRITTEN BY
ALAN GRANT
DREW
CARLOS CERRERA
EDITED BY
ANNE PARKHOUSE









TO BE CONTINUED IN ANDERSON, PSI-DIVISION: DEAD END > COMING SOON TO THE JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE!



SINISTER DEXTER

WITLESS PROTECTION

IN PLAIN SHITE **PART FOUR** SCRIPT DAN ABNETT ART JOHN BURNS LETTERS ELLIE DE VILLE





'KARL ORPH, DATA
BROKER, INFO-NARK.'

'USES A PLACE ABOVE
A KEBAB SHOP ON
BELOUSS.'

OH
JESUS! OH
JESUS!



GOIN' SOMEWHERE
IN A HURRY,
KARL?

WHO ARE
YOU?

I ASKED THE
QUESTION.



I... I WAS
SCOPING THE NET.
BOOGLE STREET VIEW
SHOWED ME THAT
UNCLE WHITE VANYA
WAS PARKED RIGHT
OUTSIDE.

UNCLE... ?

THE RUSSIAN
PSYCHO!

AH, WHITE
VAN. THINK I
KNOW WHO
YE MEAN.



HE'S
INSANE! HE'S
A MONSTER!
LOEB'S SENT
HIM TO KILL
ME!

RELAX, KARL.
VANYA'S NOT HERE TA
WHACK YE. HE'S JEST
HERE KEEPIN' AN EYE
ON BUSINESS.

REALLY?



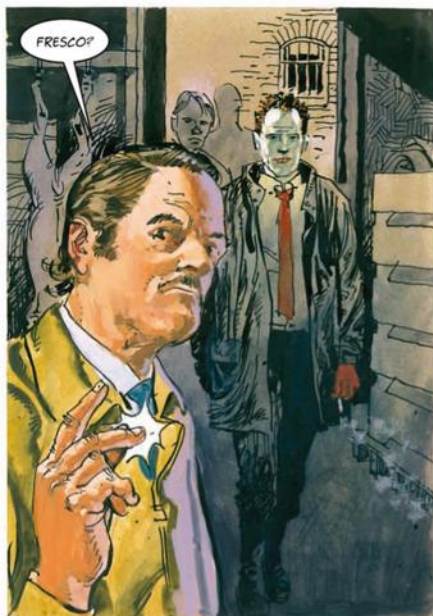
YEAH,
I'M THE
ONE SENT TA
KILL YE.



YE KNOW WHAT,
THOUGH?

THAT RUSSKIE-
LOOKIN' SCHIZPUCK'S
REPUTATION PRECEDES
HIM, AND IT DON'T GIVE
ME A GOOD FEELIN'
AT ALL.





NEXT PROG **PAYING THE RIPER!**

THERE *WAS* A TIME BEFORE
THE GODS CAME. I KNOW
THAT. I JUST CAN'T
REMEMBER MUCH OF IT.



SCRIPT
BOB
WILLIAMS
EDIT
EDMUND
BAGWELL
LETTERS
SIMON
BOWLAND

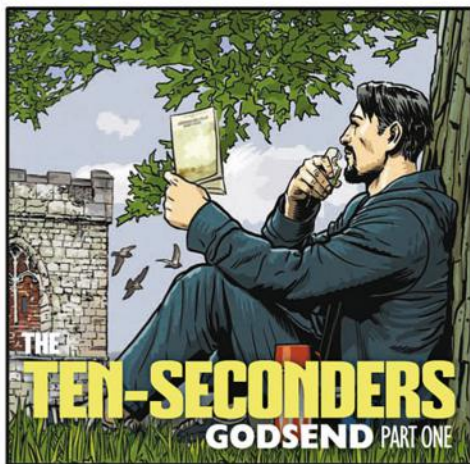
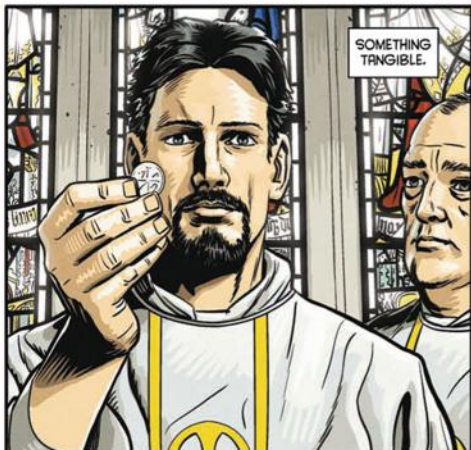
THAT'S...I REALISE THAT'S
ODD. BUT THAT PLACE IS
GONE NOW. *FOREVER.*



I KNOW THERE WAS
SOMETHING BACK
THEN, THOUGH.



SOMETHING
TANGIBLE.



MY NAME IS **PAUL
MALLOY** AND I WAS
BORN THE DAY THE
GODS CAME.

THE
TEN-SECONDS
GODSEND PART ONE



THE JOY IT BROUGHT TO SO MANY. THE *HOPE*...

THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION OF FEELING THAT AT LAST WE'D SOMEHOW BEEN...*DELIVERED*.





AND THEN THERE WAS THE NEWSFLASH ONE NIGHT.

AND **HERO** ANNOUNCED THAT THEY HAD DECIDED THAT THE PEOPLE OF EARTH, **ALL** THE NATIONS, SHOULD FOLLOW THEM NOW AS THEY WERE SUPERIOR.

THEY WERE, AFTER ALL, **GODS**.



AND THEN, WHEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BROKE RANK AND URGED EVERYONE TO FIGHT THEM, **HERO** PULLED HIS TONGUE OUT.



THE WAR BEGAN...



AT FIRST IT SEEMED SO FAR AWAY, SOMETHING THAT WAS HAPPENING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

BUT THE TELEPHONES AND TELEVISIONS DIED. THE INTERNET JUST STOPPED ONE DAY. CARS STALLED AND DIDN'T RESTART. ELECTRICITY WAS GONE.

A MASSIVE ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE, WE KNOW NOW.



PEOPLE PANICKED. YOU COULD SEE THE CHANGE OCCURRING IN SOME.

THEN THEY STARTED NUKING MAJOR CITIES.



AND THE **FOLLOWERS**, THE PEOPLE WHO HAD TURNED TO THE GODS' SIDE, THEIR NUMBERS GREW AND GREW.

THE UK RESISTANCE CALLED ITSELF **THE TEN-SECONDS** BECAUSE, IF YOU **DID** MEET A GOD, THAT WAS THE AVERAGE TIME YOU HAD LEFT TO **LIVE**.



BUT IT COULD EASILY HAVE DESCRIBED HOW LONG IT ACTUALLY TOOK US ALL TO TURN ON EACH OTHER.

GIVE YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR POWER AND THE SCARED AND THE WEAK WILL TAKE IT...

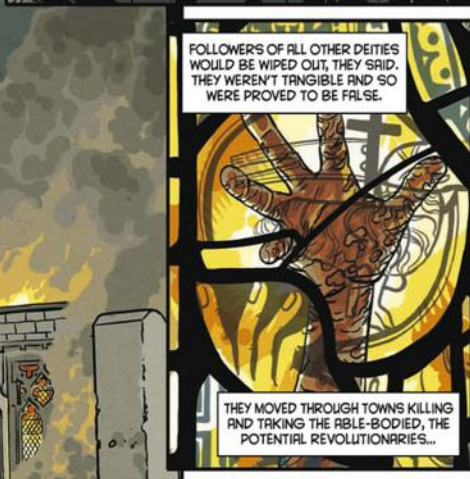


...NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS THEM.

NO!
PLEASE!



IT IS SIMPLY...IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP YOUR *FAITH* IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES.



FOLLOWERS OF ALL OTHER DEITIES WOULD BE WIPED OUT, THEY SAID. THEY WEREN'T TANGIBLE AND SO WERE PROVED TO BE FALSE.

THEY MOVED THROUGH TOWNS KILLING AND TAKING THE ABLE-BODIED, THE POTENTIAL REVOLUTIONARIES...



THEY SAID I COULD WATCH BEFORE THEY SHOT ME. I HEARD THEM LAUGHING.

THESE WERENT SOLDIERS OR GODS. THEY WERE *ORDINARY MEN*...

HUMAN BEINGS.



SUH... SUH...
SAVE THEM!

I...I'VE GOT TO...I'VE GOT TO...



SAVE...

...THEM.



SOMEONE PULLED ME
CLEAR LATER. I NEVER
FOUND OUT WHO.

THE FOLLOWERS HAD LEFT.
THEY THOUGHT I'D DIED.

SOMETIMES I THINK
THEY WERE RIGHT.



KANSAS, THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA.

NOW.



THE SCIENTIST:

DO YOU REMEMBER
WHEN YOU CAPTURED ME
IN LONDON, MALLOY?
THAT SEEMS SO
LONG AGO.

I TOLD YOU
THAT, IF YOU BROUGHT
ME TO AMERICA, I'D
SHOW YOU HOW TO
RID THIS WORLD OF
THE GODS.




YOU AND YOUR
LITTLE BAND OF
OH-SO-BRAVE
RESISTANCE
FIGHTERS...



NEVER LET IT
BE SAID THAT I
AM NOT A GOD
OF MY WORD...

WHAT DID I DO
IN THAT SHIP? IF I
ACTIVATE THE CORE
THEY'LL COME, YOU
SAID--WHO WILL
COME?

LOOK
TO THE HEAVENS,
MALLOY.



*YOUR PEOPLE WORSHIPPED US AS DEITIES WHEN WE FIRST ARRIVED—BUT *NAUGHTY, PETULANT TEENAGERS* WAS ALL WE EVER WERE, REALLY.

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD USE THE ANALOGY THAT WE STOLE THE FAMILY CAR AND WENT OFF INTO TOWN TO RAISE A LITTLE HELL.



AND NOW, THANKS TO YOU, MALLOY, OUR *PARENTS* HAVE ARRIVED TO GET US.

I BET THEY'RE REALLY ANGRY...

INPUT



PROSTRATE YOURSELVES BEFORE THE MIGHTY ONE AND UTTER YOUR FOUL OPINIONS!



Write to: **2000 AD, REBELLION, RIVERSIDE HOUSE, OSNEY MEAD, OXFORD OX2 0ES**

Email (including your postal address): **INPUT@2000ADONLINE.COM**

Letter of the Week wins a **2000 AD Graphic Novel** and every letter printed wins a zarjaz **2000 AD Heroclix** figure!



I GOT 3RILLS!

Dear Tharg,

The recent run of *3rillers* has been superb, and it would be great to see more of either *Survival Geeks*, *The Ghostship Mathematica* or *Gunheadz*. If forced to pick between them I would have to go for *Gunheadz*, where art droid Boo Cook stole the show. His loving recreation of classic **2000 AD**, 1970s war comics and legendary comic-book artist Jack Kirby was a joy to behold. Absolutely fabulous stuff all round.

I look forward to your next *3riller* but I hope it's not the last we have seen of the recent zarjaz strips!

Eamonn Clarke, Cambs

Another *3riller* will be appearing within these scroting pages before the year is out, Terran, drawn by a veteran scribble-bot. Keep watching the progs!

Not really part of my job remit, Earthlet, but I'll pass your concern on.

THE UNBEARABLE ABSENCE OF PROGGAGE

Dear Tharg,

Help ma boob! My Thrill-merchant has gone bankrupt, leaving me in a Complete Loss of Thrill-power Accident situation. What should I do?

While you're thinking about that, any chance you could air-lift in the back progs I've missed? And a flask of tea? And some Hob-Nobs, while you're on your feet?

Thanks for that, you're a star.

Steve Frame, Caithness

Fear not, Terran, back progs can be easily obtained from shop.2000ADonline.com or by calling 01621-877-250, where my droids are primed and ready to ship Thrill-powered relief bundles to Squaxx deprived of this illustrious organ. While you're there, why not consider taking a subscription – have your issues delivered directly to your door and you'll never have to worry about going progress again!

LETTER of the WEEK

HIS FATHER'S SON

Dear Tharg,

I have enjoyed your Thrill-filled mag for decades, but have never been a parent to push my interests such as the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic* onto my son (well, maybe a few hints now and again) – but the cover of Prog 1830 intrigued him and after vetting *Gunheadz* for him, he was glued to it with some enthusiasm.

It was a great feeling, him being just as excited as me waiting for the next prog. I loved the story too – the nostalgic art and little details made it all the more interesting. We also spotted a Finn figurine from *Adventure Time*, which in my son's eyes has made **2000 AD** a very cool item. Sadly the story is over now and he hasn't asked about when the next prog is out. But a big thank you to the Eglington and Cook droids for a damn fine job.

Also, *The Forsaken* is brilliant so far – the Carroll droid is one my favourite *Dredd* writers – and *Zombo* looks as though the creative team has had as much fun as us readers are having!

Carl Jones, Wiltshire

Always heartwarming to hear of young proto-Squaxx enjoying this pulse-pounding publication. Look out for the Eglington and Cook creative combo on *Meg 338's Dredd* story *Downside*, available from a Thrill-merchant near you or to download via Apple Newsstand or shop.2000ADonline.com on 17 July!

CELTIC CELEBRATION

Hey Tharg!

Since it's the great *Sláine*'s thirtieth birthday this year, are we going to see him again in the pages of **2000 AD**?

Bernard Duggan, USA

Indeed you are, Earthlet. The woad warrior returns for a special six-part story *The Book of Scars* in Prog 1844, scripted by Pat Mills, and featuring art from Clint Langley, Mick McMahon, Glenn Fabry and Simon Bisley!

INSANE IN THE ZOMBRAIN

Yo Tharg,

A quick missive – *Zombo*. Utterly stark, staring bonkers. And brilliant. I don't know what drugs the Ewing, Flint and Bowland droids were on, but please don't re-prescribe them. **2000 AD** is so much more entertaining with that lot not getting treatment.

Mark Sexton, Australia

Whatever lunacy appears in the strip, Terran, it seems it's affecting the readers too...

CULTURAL SPEW

Dearest Tharg,

Zombo appears to be created by Al Ewing eating great wads of popular culture and then sticking his fingers down his throat. I can't approve of this behaviour, but found myself shamefully drawn to the results. Not least for the term 'angry jetpack'. Please make sure he's brushing his teeth properly.

Neil Edmond, London

SK8TER BOI

Dear Tharg,

My men's Roller Derby team are the Quads of War from Milton Keynes, and – as a long-term *Dredd* fan – my Derby name is Nudge Dredd. Check out my customised helmet!

Lee Smith, via email

Zarjaz, Earthlet! But where, may I ask, are the modified Zoosh Boots?

