

# CLASH OF THE TEENY TITANS!

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**24p**  
**EARTH MONEY**

**IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY**



MINUTE 1:

IN THROUGH THE SHIELD DOORS, STUMBLING OVER EACH OTHER, WE ENTER THE CRUSH, ALL SCREAMING TO OURSELVES INSIDE OUR SOUNDPROOFED HELMETS.

AHEAD, VIOLET LIGHTS, CRACKLING, FLASHING: ENEMY BEAM WEAPONS THAT CAN LIQUEFY ROCK. I ADVANCE TOWARDS THEM...

THERE'S NO POINT IN RUNNING AWAY. NOT IN A G-SUIT.

MY VISION CLEARS MOMENTARILY. SOME WAY OFF, I SEE FIGURES. THEY AREN'T MOVING...

EVERYTHING AROUND ME SEEMS TO DISTORT AS THE MONSTER GRAVITY BENDS LIGHT ITSELF, TWISTING AND STRETCHING IT AS IF IT WERE FLEXI-GEL.

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT: ROBOT  
ALAN MOORE  
ART: ROBOT  
IAN GIBSON  
LETTERING: ROBOT  
STARKINS  
COMPU-73

... AND NEITHER ARE THE PENETRATOR BULLETS, HANGING IN THE AIR LIKE A FROZEN METAL SWARM...

... AND NEITHER ARE THE WEIGHTLESS BEADS OF BLOOD...

# The Ballad Of HALO JONES

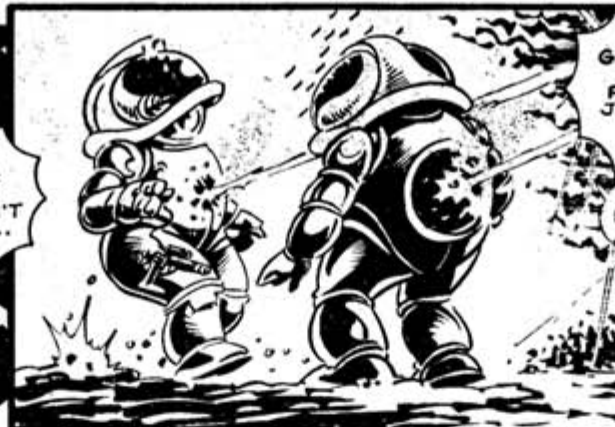
11: Slow Death



MINUTE 2:

JONES! COME ON! DON'T FREEZE UP OR THE THREADLIGHTS WILL GET A FIX ON YOU!

SARGE? TH-THOSE PEOPLE... THEY AREN'T MOVING...



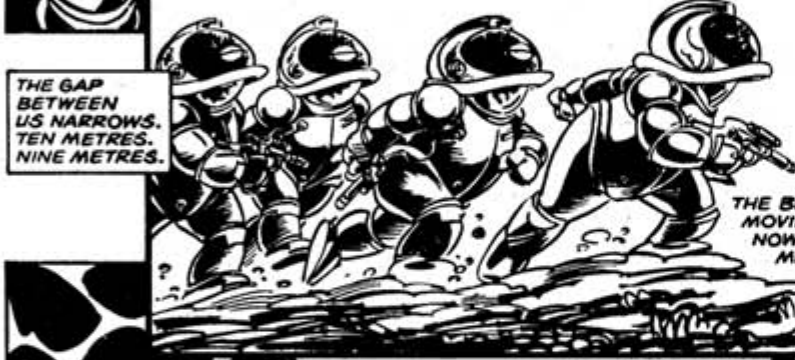
YES THEY ARE. THE GRAVITY IN THIS FLUKE AREA IS JUST MORE INTENSE, SO THEIR TIME SCALE IS DIFFERENT.

AS WE GET NEARER, THEY'LL SEEM TO SPEED UP! NOW MOVE!



IT'S TRUE. WE'RE RUNNING TOWARDS THE STATUE-PEOPLE IN OUR CLUMSY SUITS, AND EVERYTHING'S STARTING TO MOVE...

THE BULLETS INCH FORWARDS. THE SPRAY OF ARTERIAL CRIMSON DESCENDS GRADUALLY - A SLOW, HIDEOUS DEW...



THE GAP BETWEEN US NARROWS. TEN METRES. NINE METRES.

THE BULLETS ARE MOVING FASTER NOW. SEVEN METRES.



SCREAMING LIKE A SLOWED-DOWN AUDIO-TAPE, A WOMAN FALLS BACKWARDS IN STOP-MOTION. FOUR. THREE.



ZERO.

AAAAEEIGH

B DAT!

B DAT!

B DAT!

B DAT!

THE DEAD WOMAN IS SCREAMING. I AM SCREAMING. SERGEANT MYRMIDON IS SCREAMING...

KEEP MOVING! HER SUIT'S PENETRATED. THE SHIELDS WILL FAIL ANY SECOND!

MOOOOOOVE!!



MINUTE 3:

WE MOVE. BEHIND ME, THERE'S A SOUND LIKE SOMETHING BIG, SMACKING ITS LIPS. THE SOLDIER'S G-SUIT HAS IMPOLODED...

...AND SUDDENLY I'M STANDING IN HER.

OH NO.  
OH NO.  
OH NO.

DON'T STOP YOU STUPID RATGASH OR I'LL SHOOT YOU MYSELF!

WE HAVE TO REACH CENTRE-ZONE AND CHECK IF OUR AUTO-ARTILLERY IS STILL INTACT!

I RUN ON INTO THE MADNESS, WITH WOMAN ON MY BOOTS.

I'M DIMLY AWARE OF THE REST OF THE PLATOON, CLANKING ALONG BEHIND THE SERGEANT AND ME.

THE GIANT SMACKS HIS LIPS AGAIN. SOMEONE'S G-SUIT HAS IMPOLODED. I DAREN'T LOOK ROUND TO SEE WHOSE.

AND SUDDENLY WE'RE THERE! WE'RE AT THE ARTILLERY POSITION!

IT'S DEAD. THIS THING SHOULD BE PUMPING OUT TWO THOUSAND PULSES A SECOND.

WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND NOTIFY THE CYBERNETICISTS.



MINUTE 4:

GO BACK. WE HAVE TO GO BACK. THIS WHOLE THING IS SO STUPID AND IT'S MAKING ME SO FRIGHTENED. I TURN AND COLLIDE WITH MONA, WHO'S RIGHT BEHIND ME.

WHAT ARE YOU? AN IMBECILE? GET OUT OF MY WAY! IF WE GET KNOCKED OVER IN THESE SUITS WE'LL NEVER GET UP!

INSIDE HER HELMET, SHE'S CRYING. WHY AM I SHOUTING AT HER?

I JUST WANT TO LIVE IS ALL.

OH, I WANT TO LIVE SO MUCH...

WE'RE RUNNING BACK TOWARDS THE SHIELD DOORS, SPLASHING THROUGH PINK PUDDLES THAT ONCE HAD NAMES, WITHOUT EVEN NOTICING.

SERGEANT MYRMIDON IS BEHIND ME. AHEAD, THE SHIELD DOORS ARE OPENING.

OH NO. THE WEIGHT OF THIS SUIT... THE MOMENTUM... I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH IT! I'LL TRIP OVER BEFORE I REACH THE DOOR!

IT'S NO USE. I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO...

ESCUDO ABIERTO

MAKE

IT.

UUWAAH!







# THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

The  
ARMAGEDDON  
GAME

DEEP IN NO MAN'S SPACE, THE ARMED FORCES OF EARTH AND OF SHILITE COME FACE TO FACE.

THE MIGHTIEST ARMIES EVER ASSEMBLED PREPARE FOR A BATTLE THAT CAN HAVE BUT ONE CONCLUSION...



2000AD

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SCRIPT ROBOT  
PETE MULLIGAN  
ART ROBOT  
SKIZZIKS  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E

THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL KNOWN SPACE!

IN THE EARTH FLAGSHIP, ADMIRAL SLY GIVES THE FATEFUL COMMAND...

BEGIN  
COUNTDOWN...

LET'S BLOW  
THAT SCUM OUTA  
THE SKY!

10.9.8...

WHILE IN THE SHILITE FLAGSHIP...

VICTORY  
IS AT HAND...

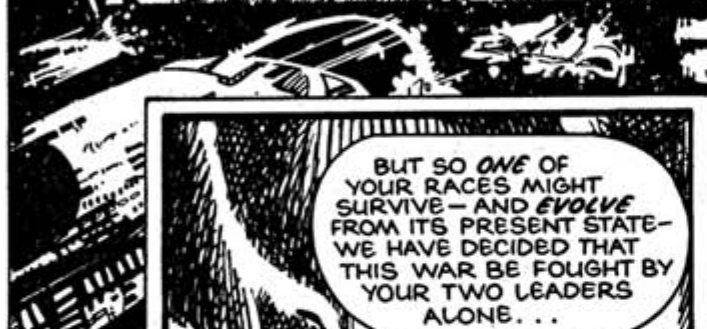
THE HUMAN  
DOGS WILL BE  
CRUSHED!

7.6.5...

BUT SUDDENLY...

THE COMMANDER!

HE'S GONE!



ON EACH PALM, THE LEADERS FIND AN IDENTICAL ARRAY OF METALLIC INSTRUMENTS...



BUT...

UNGGNN!



SHILITE'S USING THE INSTRUMENTS AS MISSILES!

CRUDE... BUT EFFECTIVE...



WHEN SLY TRIES TO RETURN THE COMPLIMENT...



THE SHILITE IS TOO ENGROSSSED IN HIS OWN ACTIVITIES TO NOTICE THE ADMIRAL'S DISCOVERY.

YOU CANNOT WIN, EARTH-DOG!

I'LL POUND YOU INTO SPACE-DUST!

UNTIL...

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW, PIG-FACE?

SSSSSSSSSS!

AAA!!!!!!

INSTANTLY, SCY REAPPEARS IN HIS FLAGSHIP...

YOU'VE WON! YOU'VE SAVED HUMANITY!

HOLY HOLOCAUST! LOOK AT THE SCREEN...

THE HIGHER BEING'S DESTROYING OUR SHIPS!

BUT WE WON! THE SHILITES SHOULD BE DESTROYED!



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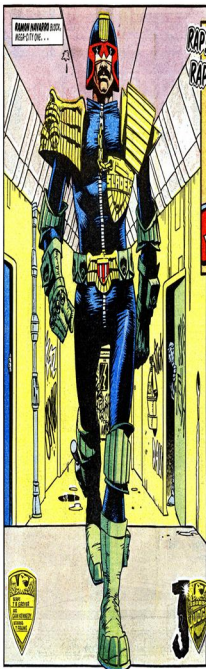
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ONCE ME AN' KNEEPAD AN' DIRTY JOHN HAD DECIDED ON BLACKMAILING SLYDOG SLADEK, WE HAD TO FIGURE THE BEST WAY OF GOING ABOUT IT.

HELLO, JUSTICE CENTRAL...?

I MEAN, YOU DON'T JUST PED UP TO A JUDGE IN THE STREET AN' SAY: HEY, LAWMAN, I GOT A TAPE SLUG OF YOUR BIG LOVE SCENE WITH YOUR SECRET POOPSIE!

WANNA SPEAK TO JUDGE SLADEK.

SLADEK'S UNAVAILABLE. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, CITIZEN?

IT'S JUST BETWEEN ME AN' SLADEK. LISTEN, GIVE HIM A MESSAGE...

TELL HIM TO MEET ME IN ONE HOUR, CORNER OF BONAR AN' SKED. TELL HIM I GOT SOME VERY IMPORTANT INFO.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, CITIZEN?

NO NAMES.


RECKON HE'LL SHOW, SONNY?

HE BETTER, IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM.

OL' KNEEPAD, HE'S CRAZY, MAN. I MEAN, HERE WE ARE WITH A GENUINE **JUDGE** IN OUR POCKETS AN' HE'S STILL KNEEIN' PAY PHONES.

CHINNGG!

GUESS OLD HABITS DIE HARD.



I'VE GOT BAD NEWS, VANCE. MY EX-HUSBAND SELWYN - HE'S FOUND OUT ABOUT US.

HOW?

I DON'T KNOW. HE PHONED ME - SAID HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF EVIDENCE.

BUT WHY? WHAT DOES OUR RELATIONSHIP MATTER TO HIM?

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, VANCE. HE'S A JEALOUS MAN. HE CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF ANYONE ELSE HAVING ME.

GRUD! IF EVEN A WHISPER ABOUT US GETS BACK TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, I'M FINISHED!

WOULD THAT BE SO BAD, VANCE? AT LEAST WE COULD COME OUT IN THE OPEN - BUILD A REAL LIFE TOGETHER, LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOLANDA. I'M **NOT** NORMAL. I'M A JUDGE.

GRUD KNOWS, I LOVE YOU. YOU'VE SHOWN ME A NEW SIDE OF LIFE - ONE I NEVER DREAMED EXISTED.

BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, I CAN'T STOP BEING WHAT I AM. IT'S **PART** OF ME.

SELWYN'S VICIOUS. IF HE'S GOT EVIDENCE, HE'LL USE IT.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL TALK SOME SENSE INTO SELWYN.







HE COULD BOOK ME —  
SHOOT ME, EVEN!

RELAX, DIRT! HE DON'T DARE! 'COS WE'RE  
SITTIN' HERE WITH THE TAPE, RIGHT?

SLYDOG DOES EXACTLY WHAT HE'S TOLD OR IT  
GOES TO THE CHIEF CHEEZ AN' HE'S STREETMEAT.

YEAH...  
I GUESS...



NOW YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU GOTTA  
SAY?

YEAH, YEAH.  
WIRED TO MY  
BRAIN.



GO GET HIM,  
DIRTY!



SO THERE'S ME AN' KNEEPAD, ALREADY  
COUNTIN' THE CREDITS. I MEAN, THIS WAS  
PRIMO SCAMMO, MAN. WE HAD THAT  
JUDGE BY THE MAIN ZIP AN' WE WAS GONNA  
HOLD ON TILL HIS EYES WATERED.



LITTLE DID  
WE KNOW  
DIRTY JOHN  
WOULDN'T  
BE COMIN'  
BACK.

NEXT  
PROG THE PRICE OF LOVE!



IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP HAS TEAMED UP WITH HIS DUPLICATE TO SMUGGLE A CARGO OF HIGHLY-INTOXICATING **BOOZLBUGS** INTO LUCKPUCK, THE CHICKEN WORLD. BUT **SPEEDO GHOST** HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY CAPTAIN LEGHORN AND HIS CUSTOMS CHICKENS, AND THE ACES AND CO HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP...



ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL ON LUCKPUCK, THREE HOURS, SIR!



THREE HOURS TILL THE **CROWNING MOMENT** OF MY CAREER. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON ROOSTER COGBURN'S FACE WHEN I HAUL IN THESE SMUGGLERS!

A TEXTBOOK OPERATION, THEY'LL CALL IT. COGBURN? **HUH!** THEY'LL LAUGH HIM OUT OF THE DEPARTMENT!



YOU HEAR THAT, **FREERANGE**? WE'RE GOING TO BE FAMOUS, LAD— AND YOU PLAYED YOUR PART!

TU-WHIT-TU-WHOOOO!



CAREFUL WITH THEM OUTSIZE OOFERS, DOPPELGANGIN' BUDDY!



OOKYDOO! WE'S HERE!



**KRIK!**

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
GRANT/GROVER  
ART ROBOT  
BELARDINELLI  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOB  
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'POLOGIES, DOPPELGANGIN' BUDDY!



AIN'T THAT RIGHT THANKFUL O' THEM - THEY'S PACKED UP THE EVIDENCE FOR US!



HALT! WHO GOES THERE - FRIEND OR FOE?

IT'S ME, HATCHER, YOU IDIOT!



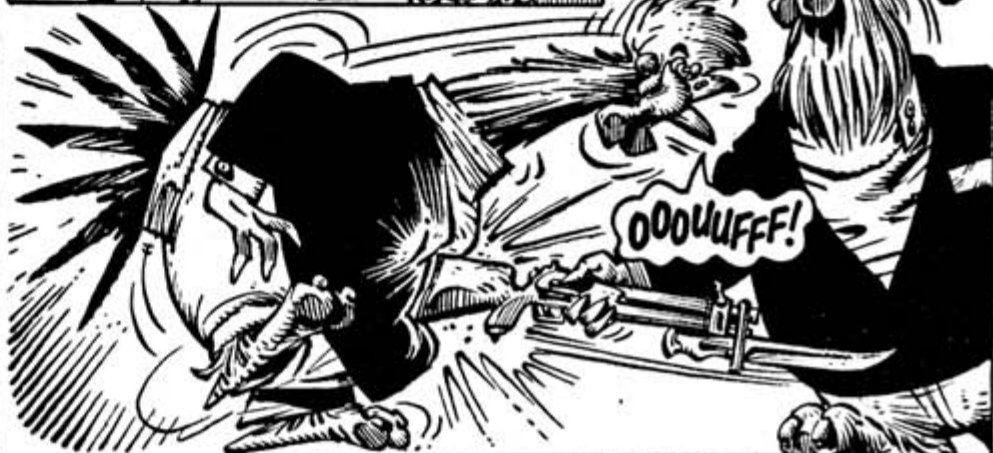
THIS IS A TEMPORARY UCKPUCK CUSTOMS ZONE. ADVANCE AND BE RECOGNISED!

DON'T BE AN ABSOLUTE CLUCK, HATCHER! YOU CAN SEE IT'S ME!



NOW HAND OVER THAT GUN!

SORRY, CAPTAIN LEGHORN, SIR. JUST TRYING TO BE KEEN, SIR!



NOT KEEN ENOUGH, HATCHER!

OOOUFF!





793 AD. STRONTIUM DOG JOHNNY ALPHA HAS BEEN SENT BACK IN TIME TO TRACK DOWN MAX BUBBA AND HIS MUTIE GANG — THE CAUSE OF THE MASSIVE TIME DISTORTIONS WHICH THREATEN TO WIPE OUT ALL HISTORY! NOW, THE FINAL SHOWDOWN —

SLAY THEM!

HOT DOG! THESE BOYS JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO CALL IT A DAY!

# Strontium Dog

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
ALAN GRANT  
ART ROBOT  
C. EZQUERRA  
LETTERING ROBOT  
KID ROBSON  
COMPU-73

# Strontium DOG

**2000AD**  
**Credit Card:**  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
ALAN GRANT  
ART ROBOT  
C. EZQUERRA  
LETTERING ROBOT  
KID ROBSON  
**COMPU-73c**





FEED  
THE  
WOLF!

KRAAAAK!

ABOVE  
YOU,  
MAX!

I  
SEE  
HIM!

AAAAH!

ARRGH!

AAHH!

GAAAH! HE'S  
STRONG...MAX!

HOLD HIM  
STILL, DAMN  
IT, BRUTE!

