

PROG 219
4 JULY 81

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15p
**EARTH
MONEY**

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

DREDD'S
STUMM-GASSED
THE MOPAD! ALL
BIKES MOVE IN!

TRAFFIC DUTY
-MEGA-CITY
ONE STYLE!

THE YEAR IS 2167. IN NEW BRITAIN, THE MUTANT UPRISING HAS BEEN CRUSHED AND EVERY MUTIE IN THE LAND SENTENCED TO DEATH. LED BY ACTING GENERAL JOHNNY ALPHA, FIVE MUTANT ARMY LEADERS ESCAPE FROM JAIL IN A HI-JACKED SHUTTLE, WITH KREELER SPOOKER PLANES ON THEIR TAIL.

PORTRAIT OF A MUTANT PART 17

Strontium DOG

SPOOKERS
CLOSING IN!
MOVE IT,
TORSO!

THE TORSO FROM NEWCASTLE MOVES IT—

LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE GOING,
BOYO! THAT
BUILDING—

THE ULTRA-FAST
SPOOKERS CANNOT
SWERVE IN TIME—

BRAW DRIVIN'
TORSO LADDIE!
YE'RE NAE
NEEP-HEID!

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THE MUTANTS' LUCK
DOESN'T LAST—

WE'RE HIT!
PANCAKE,
TORO!

W-DANG!

SALISBURY
SHELTERS

THE SPOOKERS
ARE DOUBLING
BACK!

BUT...

THE OLD
SALISBURY BLAST-
SHELTERS! WE CAN
LOSE THEM IN THERE!
FOLLOW ME!

MY
LEGS! I'M
BREWING
UP!

GENERAL OLACTON FUZZ GOES OUT
IN A BLAZE OF GLORY—

MUTIES
FOREVER!

BA-BOOM!

THE NUCLEAR SHELTERS RUN LIKE A MAZE BENEATH THE TOWN. IT WILL TAKE A THOUSAND KREELERS TO BLOCK OFF EVERY EXIT—

STUDS!
YE'VE
BEEN HIT,
LADDIE!

I...TOOK
A SPLINTER FROM
THE SHUTTLE
RIGHT IN THE GUT!
I WON'T MAKE IT...
YOU BOYS—
GO ON...

GENERAL McNULTY BIDS FAREWELL—

DINNAE FASH,
STUDS' LADDIE—US
YINS'LL SUP PARITCH
WI' THE DE'IL THE'GITHER
VIN DAY! TILL THEN—
LANG MAY YER
BREEKS REEK!

IN THE OFFICE OF MUTATIONS MINISTER
NELSON BUNKER KREELMAN—

THEY WENT TO GROUND
IN THE OLD BLAST SHELTERS,
MINISTER! BY NOW THEY
COULD BE ANYWHERE!

FIND THEM,
DAMN YOU! NOT A
MAN GOES OFF-DUTY
TILL THESE SCUM ARE
BACK ON DEATH ROW!

YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE
GUARDING THEM!
HOW DID THEY
ESCAPE?

TH... THANKS,
MIDDENFACE.
SAME TO YOU,
PAL.

TH-THE
ONE CALLED
ALPHA, SIR—
HE HAD A
GUN!

HIS
VISITOR
MUSTA
SLIPPED IT
TO HIM—

VISITOR?
WHAT
VISITOR?

W-WE
THOUGHT YOU
KNEW ABOUT
IT, SIR. IT WAS
YOUR
DAUGHTER!

THAT NIGHT, THE KREELMAN MANSION ECHOES WITH THE ROAR OF ANGRY ACCUSATIONS—

I'VE SWORN THE GUARDS TO SILENCE— BUT IF YOUR PART IN THE MUTANTS' ESCAPE EVER COMES OUT, I'LL BE RUINED! YOU'VE BETRAYED ME, GIRL!

BUT, FATHER— JOHNNY ALPHA ISN'T JUST A MUTANT... HE'S JOHN KREELMAN— YOUR SON!

SILENCE! I WON'T HEAR THAT NAME! I HAVE NO SON!

AND NOW I'M GOING TO PUNISH YOU!

IN THE DEVASTATED MUTANT GHETTO, TRENCHTOWN, KREELER PATROLS ARE OUT IN FORCE—

WE'VE FOUND ONE, SARGE! HE'S SHOT UP BAD!

GENERAL STUDD BOYCE IS GIVEN NO CHANCE TO UTTER BRAVE LAST WORDS—

DESTROY THE WHOLE STREET FOR HARBOURING A WANTED MUTIE!

KEEP SEARCHING! THE OTHERS COULD BE NEARBY!

SHELTER EXIT

BITTAMM!

BUT THE MUTANT
GENERALS ARE FAR
FROM TRENCHTOWN—

YOU SURE
YOU'RE LEADING
US TO THE RIGHT
PLACE, ALPHA
BOYO?

IT'S OUR
EMERGENCY
MEETING POINT.
IF ANY OF MY
DIVISION SURVIVED,
THIS IS WHERE
THEY'LL BE.

GROTESQUE
SHAPES FILTER
FROM THE
SHADOWS—

JOHNNY! IT'S
YOU! THEN GENERAL
ARMZ...?

DEAD— LIKE TOO
MANY OTHER GOOD
MUTANTS!

WE'VE TAKEN
A HAMMERING, BOYS—
AND THERE'S WORSE TO COME.
THIS MORNING PARLIAMENT
PASSED A BILL AUTHORIZING
THE EXTERMINATION OF EVERY
MUTIE IN THE LAND!

THE WAY I SEE
IT, WE HAVE
TWO CHOICES. WE
CAN FIGHT THESE
DEATH-CAMPS... OR
WE CAN LIE DOWN
AND DIE LIKE THE
DOGS THE NORMS
THINK WE ARE!

ME, I'M
FIGHTING!

WE'RE
WITH YOU,
JOHNNY! WE
CAN ONLY
DIE ONCE!

WE'LL
SHOW 'EM
THE MUTIE
ARMY'S STILL
GOT KICK!

MIDDENFACE MCNULTY PUTS
IT AS ONLY HE CAN—

WE'LL GI'E
THAE SCUNNERIN'
KREELERS LALDY
AN' NAE
MISTAKE!

Next
Prog.
**MUTIE ON THE
BOUNTY!**

THE MEAN ARENA

LONDON, 2025. HUNTING DOWN THE PLAYERS AND OFFICIALS WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE DEATH OF HIS YOUNGER BROTHER IN A STREET FOOTBALL MATCH, MATT TALLON—THE 'SHADOW OF THE SLAYERS'—HAS ALREADY HOUNDED JAWS JENSEN TO HIS FATE IN THE ARENA. AND REVENGE IS STILL THE NAME OF THE GAME...

WOOLWORT



THE BROTHERS, SISTERS AND COUSINS OF THE DECEASED JAWS... OTHERWISE KNOWN AS 'THE MALEVOLENT SEVEN'...

HOLD IT, JARL! WE STILL HAVEN'T DECIDED HOW WE'RE GONNA SETTLE WITH THAT HIGH-AND-MIGHTY GUTTER-RUNNER!*

WHERE ELSE BUT THE ARENA, MAX? SAME PLACE POOR OLE JAWS GOT HIS.



* INSULTING NICK-NAME FOR A STREET FOOTBALLER.





NOW WE KNOW
WHAT THE BEST-
DRESSED STREET
FOOTBALLER
WEARS! WHAT'S
THE TIME, HAZELL?

MAKE IT...
ELEVEN-FIFTY,
JARL! SHOULD
HIT THE SLAYERS'
TRAINING GROUND
RIGHT ON TIME...

INSIDE THE SPORTS STORE,
THE INJURED PROPRIETOR
IS DRIVEN BY A FINAL
SPARK OF LOYALTY FOR THE
MAN WHO HAS BROUGHT
AN UNEXPECTED 'BOOM'
TO HIS TRADE...

JENSEN!
MUST BE...
AFTER... TALLON!
GOT TO...
WARN HIM...!

AT THE SLAYERS TRAINING
COMPLEX, A MOMENT LATER,
WHERE MATT TALLON IS
TRAINING ALONE...

PERFECT
TACKLE
REGISTERED-
ZZZT!

MATT...MR
TALLON! YOU'VE
GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE! THEY'RE
COMING FOR
YOU..!

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TALLON LISTENS CALMLY
TO THE SECURITY GUARDS
TERRIFIED GASPS...

THE JENSENS,
EH? BUT I GUESS
I KNEW THEY'D
COME... SOONER
OR LATER!

WHAT YOU
GOING TO DO,
MR TALLON?
I MEAN, IT'S
SEVEN AGAINST
ONE!

SO I'LL NEED
SOME HELP, RALPH!
NOW, LISTEN... I
WANT YOU AND
THE OTHER SECURITY
MEN TO--!

NO WAY,
MR TALLON!

IT... IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T
WANT TO HELP YOU, BUT I... I'VE
GOT A FAMILY TO THINK
OF! THEY'D STARVE IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED TO ME! YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS, MR TALLON!

YEAH,
RALPH!

WHAT ABOUT
YOU, J.T.?

SORRY, TALLON!
I NEVER GET INVOLVED
IN OTHER PEOPLE'S
PROBLEMS... ESPECIALLY
A PROBLEM LIKE
THE JENSENS!



YOU MUST BE DESPERATE, MATT... ASKING A CREEP LIKE VENNOR TO HELP YOU! AND ALL THE OTHER PLAYERS HAVE CHECKED OUT! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

YOU'RE STILL HERE, LOCAL ANNIE!

THE SMILE OF THE SLAYERS' MEDIC REFLECTS HER CYNICAL OUTLOOK ON LIFE...

MATT, THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS I'D DO FOR YOU, BUT THIS ISN'T ONE OF THEM! MAYBE THE JENSENS ARE THE PRICE YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR STARTING THIS MANHUNT OF YOURS!



HAVE A GOOD GAME!

ANNIE--!



THE CLICK OF THE ARENA COMPUTER-CLOCK SEEMS TO HIGHLIGHT THE SUDDEN, SUN-BLEACHED SILENCE...

REMINDS ME OF THAT OLD MOVIE THEY STILL SHOW ON 'COWBOY CLASSICS'! THE ONE ABOUT THE SHERIFF WHO HAS TO FACE THE GANG OF AVENGING GUNMEN, AND EVERYONE RUNS OUT ON HIM...



NOW... WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT FILM...?



... HIGH NOON?

WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE, TALLON!

BWAHAHA!

NEXT PROG: ANARCHY IN THE M.A.!

JUDGE DREDD

THE MEGA-RACKETS

CRIME FILE: 8 THE NUMBERS RACKET

NUMBERS - THE SECRET INSTRUCTION CODES USED TO PROGRAMME ALL COMPUTERS - ARE AN INVALUABLE COMMODITY IN THE MEGA-CITY UNDERWORLD. ONCE A COMPANY'S COMPUTER NUMBERS ARE KNOWN, RACKETEERS CAN USE THEM TO BLEED THE COMPANY DRY, WITH LITTLE FEAR OF DETECTION.

IN A CRASH-START MOVIE
LAUNCHED FROM MEGA-CITY DIRT
CONTAINING UNPROMISING
POSSIBILITIES OF UNEXPECTED
FUTURITY -



JUDGE DREDD!



MY BRAGG BARK A
GANDY-BOY...

STOLMAN GAZ!
THIS INTRIGUE
WILL BE!



THE CHAINING HOURS
EVERY TWO HOURS
COUNTS IN THE MEGA-

GARY -
BREATHING...

FEEL GOOD!
BANG! BANG!



DISINTEGRATED IN HIGH
ACTS PLAINS -

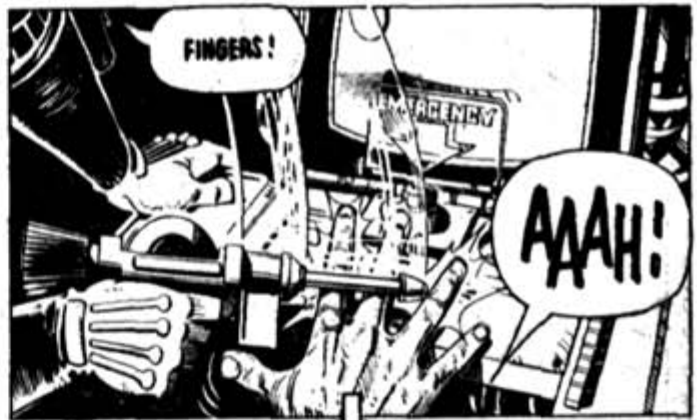
BACK TO AUTO!
KEEP BATTERING
DOWN!



MOVE OVER, DREDD!
I'M DRIVING!



IT'S A BOMB! (GROAN)
GOT TO GET TO THE EMER-
GENT BUTTON - WHEE OUT
THE EVIDENCE!



THE MOPAD HOUSED A NUMBERS RACKET COMPUTER CENTRE. THE STUNNED GAS HAD CLEARED BY THE TIME JUDGE-PROFESSOR BURROUGHS ARRIVED -

THERE'S STILL NOT ENOUGH TO LINK THIS SET-UP TO THE NUMBERS BOSS, LUMPY LEPKE. I'VE GOT TO DRAW HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN.

THE COMPUTER'S CERTAIN TO HAVE BUILT-IN RECOGNITION CODES. IT WILL ERASE IF I TAMPER TOO MUCH.

LUCKY THE SUN ROOF WASN'T RIGGED TO CAUSE THE SAME THING TO HAPPEN IF SMASHED.



USING STOLEN CODE NUMBERS, LEPKE'S COMPUTER WAS ILLEGALLY TAPPED INTO COMPANY COMPUTERS IN THE CITY'S CENTRAL SECTORS, ORDERING BILLIONS OF CREDITS' WORTH OF MERCHANDISE - COMPLETELY FREE OF CHARGE!



ANOTHER LOAD FOR GLOBAL WAREHOUSES. THEY'RE SURE ORDERING BIG THESE DAYS.

MORE FAKE COMPUTER ACCOUNTS ENSURED NOTHING COULD LINK LEPKE TO HIS OUTLETS. AT THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF AN INVESTIGATION, HE COULD TAKE HIS PROFITS AND RUN.



BUT NOW, AS GLOBAL WAREHOUSES WERE SNOWED-UNDER BY LEPKE'S SPEEDED-UP COMPUTER, THE RACKET BOSS WAS ABOUT TO TAKE DREDD'S BAIT —

THIS IS THE QUEEG STREET WAREHOUSE MANAGER! I'M FLOODED WITH STUFF DOWN HERE! THREE WEEKS' DELIVERIES JUST TODAY!

AND IT'S STILL COMING IN!



THE WORD MOVED UP THE CHAIN OF COMMAND TO LUMPY LEPKE —

GET THOSE LUNATICS IN THE MOPAD ON THE VID-PHONE! I WANNA KNOW WHAT THE HECK THEY'RE PLAYIN' AT!



AND — THE BOSS IS REAL MAD, CHUCK!

LET HIM BE — WE DON'T NEED HIM! ME AN' THE BOYS ARE RUNNIN' THIS NUMBERS PITCH OURSELVES FROM NOW ON!



THE BOSS AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS, CHUCK!

TELL THE BOSS TO TAKE A JUMP!



LUMPY LEPKE WAS AN OLD-STYLE GANGSTER. HE REACTED PREDICTABLY —

THOSE TWO-TIMIN', DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RATS! I'M GONNA TEACH 'EM A LESSON, PERSONAL!

GET THE BOYS TOGETHER!



EVEN IN THE AGE OF THE ELECTRONIC RACKETEER, THERE WAS STILL A NEED FOR THE HEAVY SQUAD —

MOVE IT!







THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

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BORAG
THINGS, EARTHLETS.
IT HAS COME TO MY
NOTICE THAT SOME OF MY
OLDER READERS ARE
EXPERIENCING DIFFICULTY
IN FINDING SUITABLE
EMPLOYMENT. THUS I,
THARG THE CAREER-
CONSCIOUS, HAVE
DECIDED TO BRING NEWS
OF JUST ONE OF THE
MANY EXCITING JOBS
WHICH WAIT AMONGST
THE STARS. I CALL
THIS...

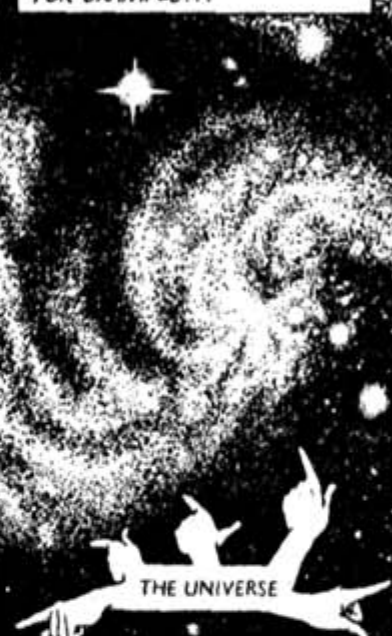
THEY SWEEP THE SPACEWAYS



A TRIBUTE TO THE TRANS-GALACTIC DISPOSAL CORPS



THE UNIVERSE IS A BIG PLACE.
MUCH BIGGER THAN, SAY,
WESTON SUPER-MARE
FOR EXAMPLE...



WESTON SUPER-MARE

MAG 10"

NATURALLY, IT TAKES A LOT OF PEOPLE TO RUIN A
UNIVERSE SMOOTHLY, RANGING FROM THE LOFTY
HEIGHTS OF SENIOR MANAGEMENT...

SOME DAY,
SON, ALL THIS
WILL BE
YOURS.



...DOWN THROUGH THE
HECTIC PACE OF THE
ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT...

VRIL GALAXY?
YOU'RE OVER-
BUDGET ON THOSE
'A'-TYPE SUNS -
SEND 'EM BACK
AND ORDER SOME
'B'-TYPE SUNS
INSTEAD.

WHAT?
OH YEAH?
WELL THEN,
SAME TO YOU,
FELLER!



UNTIL FINALLY WE REACH THOSE UNSUNG HEROES WHO MAINTAIN THE HYGIENE OF THE HEAVENS: THE BRAVE MEN OF THE **TRANS GALACTIC GARBAGE DISPOSAL CORPS!**

MUTTER MUTTER
CUSS MUTTER...

MUTTER... CUSS
GROAN... MUMBLE...

QUARGOL-SEVEN, A RIGELIAN, HAS WORKED FOR THE CORPS SINCE HE LEFT SCHOOL. IT'S A BIG JOB, AND IT NEEDS SOMEONE BIG TO TACKLE IT...

POCATA POCATA POCATA POCATA

...SOMEONE VERY BIG!

DRAT MOAN... MUMBLE
CUSS MUTTER...

LIKE ALL RIGELIANS, QUARGOL-SEVEN HAS AN ALMOST INDEFINITE LIFESPAN.

THIS IS JUST AS WELL, AS QUARGOL'S WORKING 'DAY' IS OVER EIGHT MILLION YEARS LONG...

TODAY, QUARGOL-SEVEN MUST CLEAN UP THE WESTERN SPIRAL ARM OF THE GALAXY BEFORE CLOCKING OFF. THIS INCLUDES REPLACING ANY SUNS WHICH HAVE BURNED OUT...

FILLING IN ANY DANGEROUS BLACK HOLES WHICH MAY HAVE COME INTO BEING SINCE HIS LAST SHIFT...

MUMBLE GRUNT
CUSS MUTTER...

O O O!!
ANOTHER
BATCH OF
O O O!!
DUDS!

SH200P



...AND MOST IMPORTANTLY OF ALL, CHECKING THE PLANETARY SYSTEMS FOR FRESH SIGNS OF THAT MOST VIRULENT OF GALACTIC PESTS—CIVILIZATION!



ANA!

AS QUARGOL-SEVEN HAS LEARNED TO HIS COST, ONE MUST TAKE GREAT CARE WHEN WIPING OUT A PATCH OF CIVILIZATION...

ONLY GOTTER MISS ONE TINY PATCH AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW THE LITTLE BLIGHTERS ARE ALL OVER THE GALAXY AGAIN.



MMPH. THAT'S GOT 'EM.

FINALLY, IT'S TIME FOR A MAGMA-BREAK. PUT YOUR PSEUDOPODS UP, QUARGOL-SEVEN... YOU'VE EARNED IT!



GALAXY-SPANNING EMPIRES WILL RISE AND FALL BEFORE QUARGOL-SEVEN FINISHES HIS TIFFIN, BUT EVENTUALLY...



MMPH. S'POSE I'D BETTER START SWEEPING UP. THE ASTEROID BELTS ARE GETTING THICK AGAIN.

YES, IT'S A LONG AND THANK-LESS TASK FRESHENING UP THE FIRMAMENT. BUT COME DAY'S END, QUARGOL-SEVEN CAN PROUDLY SURVEY HIS WORK AND SAY...



DROK THIS FOR A GAME OF IMPERIAL STORM-TROOPERS. I'M KNOCKING OFF.

AND AT LAST, BACK
AT T.G.G.D.C. CENTRAL...

CRUIKEY, GUARGOL
NINETEEN! YOU'VE
FINISHED EARLY! I THOUGHT
YOU WERE MUCKING OUT
THE ANDROMEDA
GALAXY TODAY.

I HAVE.
AND THANKS
TO 'BIG BANG'
I'M FINISHED
WITH TIME TO
SPARE.

'BIG
BANG'
WHAT'S
THAT?

... WILL
TRANSFORM ITS
ATOMIC STRUCTURE
INTO THAT OF A
GALAXY WIDE
HYPER-NOVA.

WELL,
STONE
ME.

AND BINGO!
'BIG BANG'
DESTROYS 99.999%
OF ALL KNOWN
CIVILIZATIONS.
HERE... TRY IT
FOR YOURSELF.

WHY,
GUARGOL-
NINETEEN,
HOW CAN I EVER
THANK YOU? THIS
IS THE SLUZZGRIEP'S
PJAMAS AND
NO MISTAKE!

IT'S THE NEW
MIRACLE CLEANING
FLUID. JUST WATCH...
ONE THIMBLE-FULL
POURED INTO A
TYBE 'B' SUN...

DON'T
THANK ME. THANK
'BIG BANG'!!

SO IF ANY
OF YOU EARTHLETS
SEE YOURSELVES AS
POTENTIAL
INTERSTELLAR ROAD-
SWEEPERS, SIMPLY
FILL OUT THE FORM
BELOW AND SEND
IT TO...

THE MANAGER,
TRANS-GALACTIC GARBAGE DISPOSAL CORPS,
PLANET SMATTERBUNG,
NEAR URSA MAJOR.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
I AM ANIMAL ☐ VEGETABLE ☐ MINERAL ☐ OTHER ☒
I AM OVER 870,000 MILES IN HEIGHT _____ ☐
I HAVE A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION _____ ☐
I HAVE AN INDEFINITE LIFESPAN _____ ☐
I AM NOT ALLERGIC TO WHITE DWARF MATTER _____ ☐

MELTDOWN MAN

BLASTED BY A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION INTO EARTH'S TERRIFYING FUTURE, EX-S.A.S. SERGEANT NICK STONE, IS A CAPTIVE OF LEESHAR, NOW, DEEP BENEATH SNOW CITY, IN THE EUGENIC BIOFORM RESEARCH CENTRE...

NO MORE!
PLEASE STOP...
EEEEIIIIH!

THAT... THAT **THING** IS SCARING LIANA TO DEATH AND THERE'S **NOTHING** I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

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SCRIPT ROBOT
A HEBDEN
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
T FRAME

COMPU-73E

A FEW MILES AWAY AND A LITTLE TIME BEFORE, IN THE SNOW CITY MUNICIPAL JAIL...

YOU'RE DREAMIN', T-BONE. THERE'S NO WAY TO BREAK OUTTA HERE.

BEFORE I KNEW STONE, I WOULD'VE AGREED. BUT HE'D FIND A WAY, USING HIS BRAINS... I'LL SEE IF THE RHINO IS INTERESTED IN MY SCHEME.

LISTEN, PAL. WHAT IF...

SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME.

THEN YOU...

KEEP TALKIN'. I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE IT!

AND IT'LL ALL BE POLE-AXE'S FAULT!

THAT CLINCHES IT! COUNT ON ME, FRIEND!



HURRY! THAT TROUBLEMAKING BEAR'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!

I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR POLE-AXE...
BUT NOT QUITE!



BUT...

UUURGH...
WHAT
HAPPENED?

JUST COME A LITTLE
CLOSER, PAL... JUST
A LITTLE FURTHER...



NOW IT'S MY
TURN! GIMME
THOSE KEYS!

YEEAAAARGH!



AND-

THE
BEAR'S
FREE!

THAT'S RIGHT,
GORP!



AN' I MEAN TO STAY THAT WAY!

EEEEOWW!



MEANWHILE...

THOSE YUJEEES SAY STONE WAS CAPTURED
ON THE LAKE AND TAKEN INTO THE
RESEARCH CENTRE.

THE MOST IMPENETRABLE
PLACE IN THE WORLD. HOW DO WE GET IN?

EASY! I WAS PART OF A **CONSTRUCTION CREW**
FITTING IN NEW VENTILATION SHAFTS IN
THE MOUNTAIN. I KNOW WHERE THE
MAIN OUTLET IS, AND WHERE
IT LEADS!

SOON... HERE, BEHIND THIS SECTION OF
ROCK FACE. THE SHAFT GOES DOWN
AT THAT ANGLE. SO IT'S A GINCH TO SLIDE
DOWN IT.

I'LL GO FIRST. DON'T WORRY, IT'S A GENTLE
LANDING WHERE THE SHAFT
STRAIGHTENS OUT FURTHER
DOWN.

BUT...

WHA...?
THAT VERTICAL
SHAFT WASN'T
THERE
BEFORE!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID
IT WAS **SAFE**?

IT WAS!

YE
EA
R
G
H!

MY
SUPER-YUJEE,
FELLED BY
THOSE GORPS!

THEY'VE SAVED LIANA
FROM THAT CREATURE.
GOT TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THE
SITUATION **BEFORE**
ANYONE RECOVERS!

NEXT PROG: **PRODUCTION LINE TERROR!**