

LENNARD J. STIBBLE: COME ON DOWN!

PROG 407
2 MAR 85

24p
EARTH MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY MONDAY

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

LENN'S 43, HE'S A KNEEPAD
SALESMAN, HAPPILY SINGLE...



BRETT
EWINS

...AND THE NEXT
VICTIM OF THE
HUNTERS CLUB!

ONE MONTH OUT:

HELLO,
TOBY. WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

I FINALLY GOT
AN APPOINTMENT
WITH THE
CYBERNETICIST.
GONNA REPLACE
MY OLD AUDIAL
MEMORY SPOOLS.
HOW ABOUT YOU?

I'M GOING DOWN
TO TALK TO KIT FOR
A WHILE IN THE
NAVIGATION
CHAMBER.

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE
REALLY LUCKY.
CYBERNETICIST
NINEGOLD CAN REPLACE
MY MEMORY SPOOLS
ANY TIME HE
LIKES.

LUCKY?

YEAH, WELL,
IT'S GOOD BEING OUT
HERE WITH YOU... BUT I
AIN'T GETTIN' MUCH
EXERCISE DOIN' THIS
SECURITY WORK...

DON'T
COMPLAIN.
ANYTHING
FOR A DULL
LIFE. I'LL
SEE YOU
AROUND.

NAVIGATION AREA
RESTRICTED ACCESS

KIT?

TRITITIK
KITRITITIKIK-
TIRIK?

HEY, KIT?
WHERE...?

COME IN
AND SHUT DOOR,
PLEASE, OR I BLOW
YOUR SKULL TO
PIECES.

CHLIK

The Ballad Of

HALO
JONES

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73e

2: EXERCISING THE DOG







DROPIT!!
DROPIT!!
DROPIT!!

NOW!

NNAAOWW-
RRRRR...



I-II
mera las
Delhova!

BIAM!



RRRRRRRR-
RAAARRR-
RGGH!



AAAAAAA! YAAAAAGH!

BAM!



...HERRAAAAH! JEEEEEE!



I KILL
HER!
I PROMISE
I...



...KILL...



BAM!



NEXT
PROG.

I'LL NEVER FORGET WHATSIZNAME

MEGA CITY 1, MELCHESTER ROVERS 2!

YOU can score with



ROY OF THE ROVERS

The Comic that's Top of the League for Football!

8 FANTASTIC FOOTBALL STORIES!

A super CENTRE SPREAD COLOUR PICTURE, featuring a different soccer star, including his signature . . . every week!

A CALL OF THE WEEK feature, in which you can ring ROY OF THE ROVERS direct and give your views on Roy's publication — or ask a question for ROY'S TALK-IN pages!

A QUIZ, an hilarious JOKE page and, most weeks, a great GOAL page!

£3

goes to the senders of all published JOKES, TALK-IN letters, SIGN PLEASE and GOAL requests, plus CALL OF THE WEEK winners!



ON SALE EVERY SATURDAY!

BAD VIBRATIONS

SUB-SPACE COMMUNICATION ++
PRIORITY 1 URGENT

PROCEED DIRECTLY TO WILSON'S
WORLD.
CONTACT WITH COLONISATION
PARTY LOST THREE WEEKS AGO.

INVESTIGATE AND REPORT BACK.

FOUR DAYS LATER, THE "SOLAR SURFER"
PASSES LOW OVER WILSON'S WORLD...

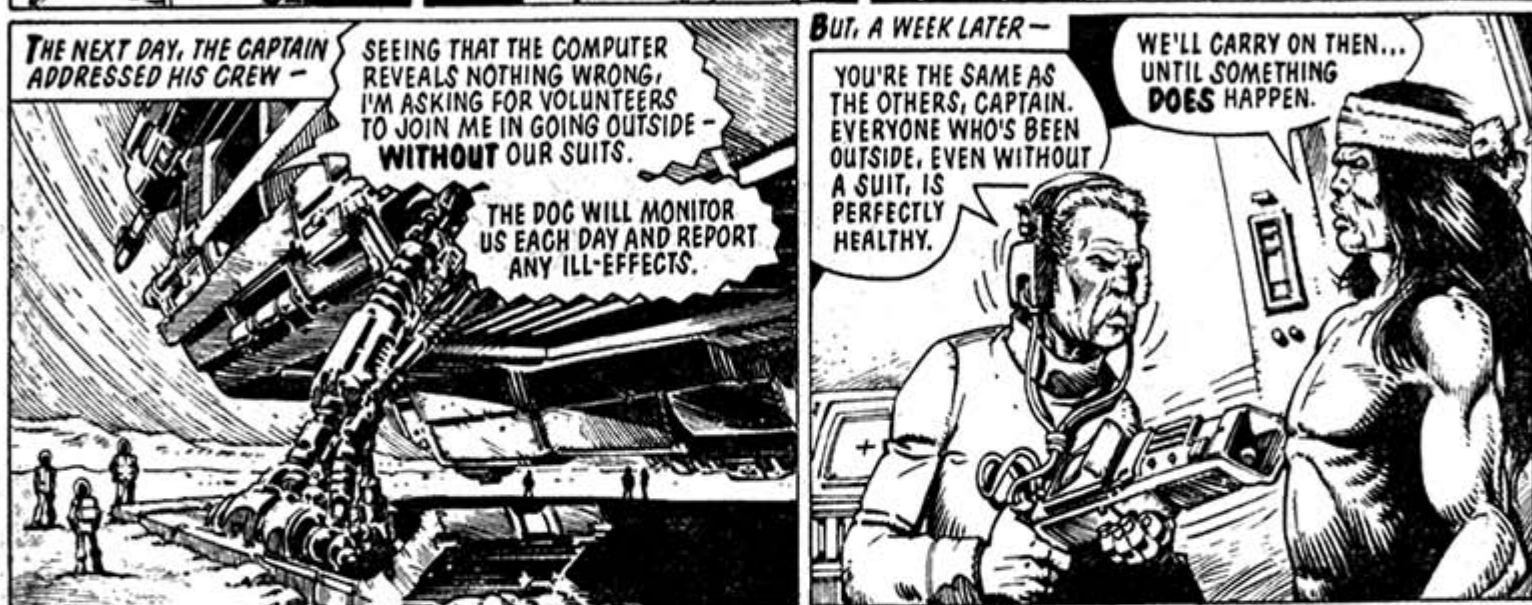


CAPTAIN WHITE CLOUD TO ALL CREW.
IT APPEARS THE SETTLERS OF THIS
PLANET HAVE **CROAKED!**

WE'RE GOING DOWN
TO INVESTIGATE!











YOU CAN'T HAVE BEEN AFFECTED! YOU WERE STILL SUITED UP!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I FOUND OUT WHAT CAUSES PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET TO FIGHT...IT WAS TOO MUCH TO FACE!



WHAAT? TELL ME - OR I'LL KILL YOU!

IT'S TAKING HIM OVER! HE'S CH-CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME...!



THE MADNESS IS CAUSED BY TH-THE WIND...



THE W-WIND... UUUHN!



WHAT HAVE I DONE? GOT TO MAKE SURE THE CREW GET AWAY SAFELY... WITHOUT ME - A KILLER!



THIS IS THE CAPTAIN! L-LEAVE NOW. T-TELL CONTROL THE DANGER IS IN THE WIND... IN THE WIND!



MOMENTS LATER -

FWOOSH!

GALACTIC SURVEY REPORT++
WILSON'S WORLD ++

FURTHER TESTS FROM ORBIT CONFIRM THAT WINDS ON PLANET SURFACE RESONATE AT SAME WAVELENGTH AS HUMAN BRAIN, DISRUPTING MENTAL CONTROL CENTRES AND LEADING TO HOMICIDAL AND SUICIDAL BEHAVIOUR.
CONCLUSION: WILSON'S WORLD LETHAL TO ALL SETTLERS.

RECOMMENDATION:
DESTRUCTION OF PLANET.

THE END.

MICRO MAGIC

Got a home computer, Earthlet? Then get online – and see if you can program zarjaz works of art like these. The Command Module awaits your digital designs!



Programmed by Earthlet Andrew Young, Mitcham.



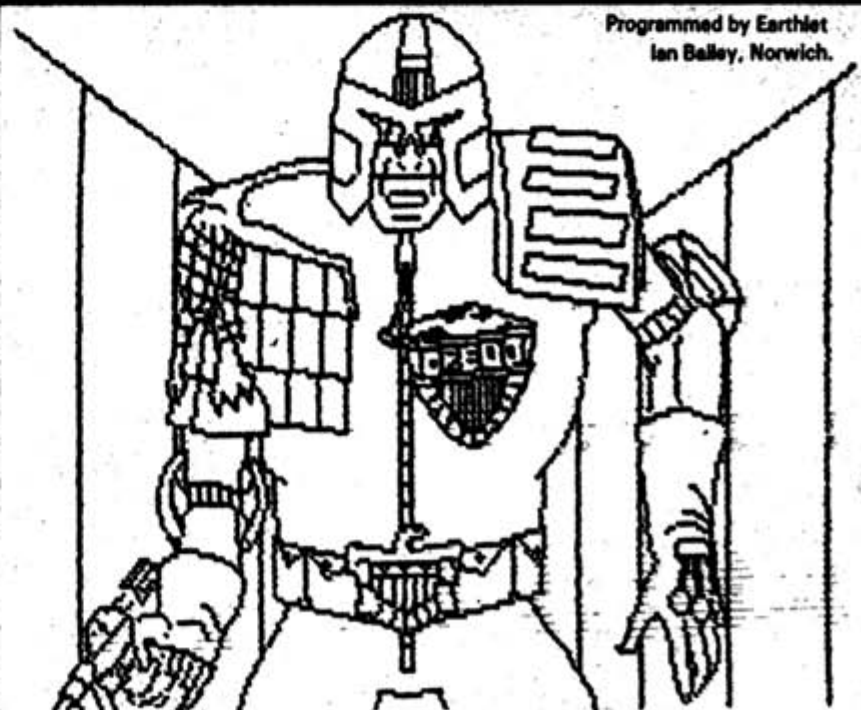
Programmed by Earthlet
Stephen Marriott, Northampton.



Programmed by
Earthlet Cliff Carter, Leamington Spa.



Programmed
by Earthlet
Martin Quinn, Co. Louth.

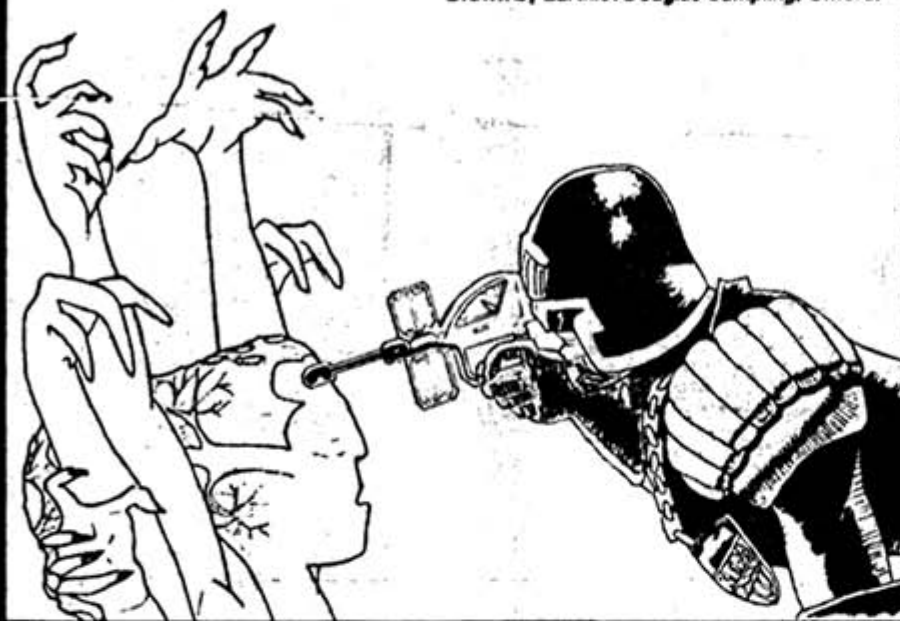


Programmed by Earthlet
Ian Bailey, Norwich.

EACH MICRO FEATURED HERE WINS £5!

...AND PENCIL POWER!

Drawn by Earthlet Douglas Campling, Oxford.



Not got a home computer, Earthlet? No problem – the manual creations on this page prove that you don't need high technology to draw the face of the future. The Mighty Tharg awaits your scrotnig sketches!

Drawn by Earthlet or Earthlets Unknown (full Groatage sent on receipt of full name and address).



Drawn by Earthlet Alan Fosberry, Houghton-Le-Spring.



Drawn by Earthlet Stuart Barrow, Ipswich.



Drawn by Earthlet Noel Morgan, Roscommon.

EACH EARTHLET FEATURED HERE WINS £5!

THE HUNTERS CLUB

PART ONE

THIS IS CITIZEN LENNARD J. STIBBLE. 43. HAPPILY SINGLE, PROPRIETOR OF A SMALL BUT GROWING SECTOR 101 RETAIL FRANCHISE. IN THE WORLD OF FASHION KNEEZPADS, A MAN DESTINED TO SUCCEED...

...EXCEPT THAT TOBY
LENNARD J. STIBBLE
IS GOING TO DIE.

...EXCEPT THAT TODAY
LEONARD J. STIBBLE
IS GOING TO DIE.

BRNNNGGGGG

WHO COULD BE
PHONING AT
THIS HOUR?

CONGRATULATIONS, LENNARD!
YOUR NAME HAS BEEN CHOSEN
AT RANDOM FROM THE
CITIZENS DIRECTORY
TO BE THE LATEST VICTIM
OF THE HUNTERS CLUB
OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
THAT'S RIGHT!
YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE
HUNTED DOWN AND SLAIN!
GOOD LUCK - AND
GOOD RUNNING!

WHAT
THE HELL -

WHO IS

110

THEY'VE
HUNG UP

I- I'M GOING TO BE KILLED?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WHY?
WHO'D WANT TO
KILL ME?

PAIN! IT'S GOT TO BE A JOKE!
THE HUNTERS CLUB OF
MEGA-CITY ONE...
THERE'S NO SUCH
THING!

BLOCK SPUG. I'LL
BE BOUND! SOME
SICKOS TRYING TO
GET THEIR KICKS
OF FRIGHTENING
DECENT, UPWARD
MOBILE BIZ-GITS!

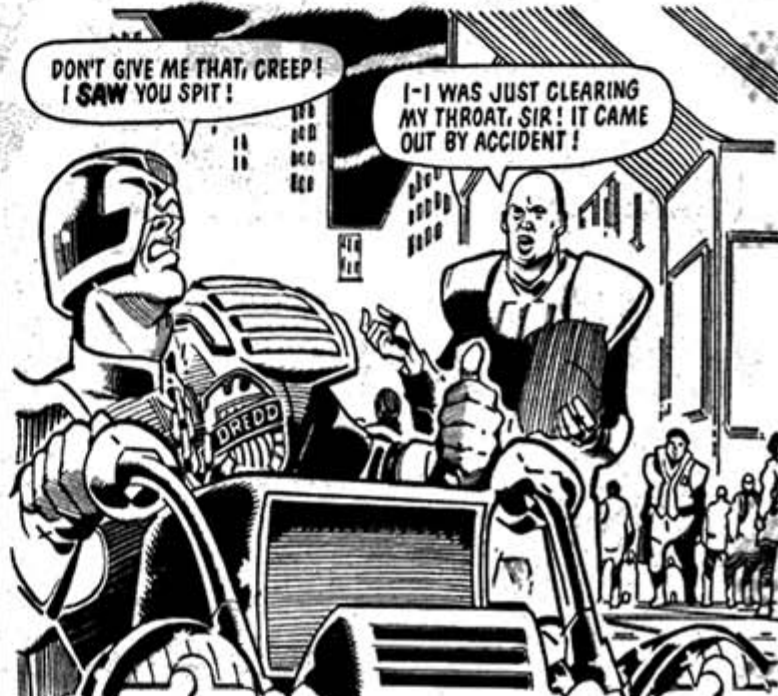
PROBABLY THE
UGHS ON THE
FIFTY-FIFTH
FLOOR.

WELL YOU DON'T SCARE ME! YOU HEAR?
LENNARD J. STIBBLE IS WISE TO YOUR
DIRTY TRICKS!

23 MINUTES LATER, LENNARD J. STIBBLE
ARRIVES AT HIS SHOPETTE...









NEXT PROG:
**JOIN THE
HUNTERS CLUB!**

**BATTLE
ACTION FORCE**

**BLOCKBUSTING
10TH BIRTHDAY
ISSUE NEXT
WEEK!**

**NEW
STORY**



The Baroness



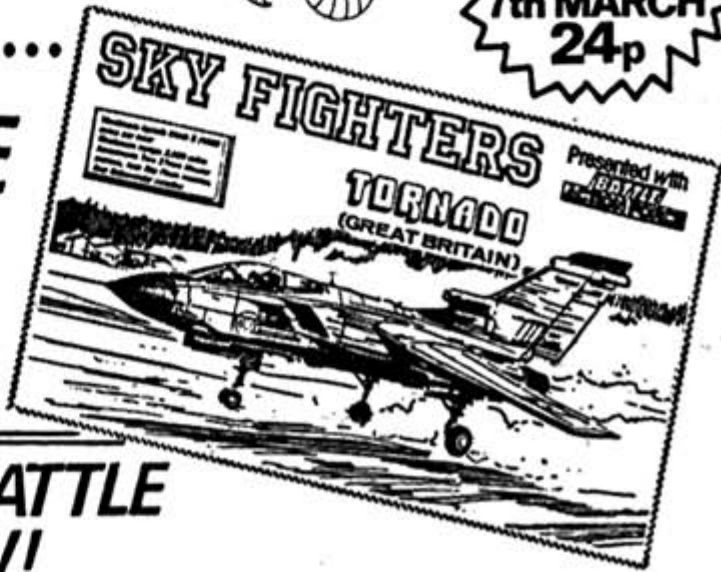
**NEW
STORY**



**ON SALE
THURSDAY
7th MARCH
24p**

**ALSO PART ONE
OF A FANTASTIC
BOOKLET**

**ORDER YOUR COPY OF BATTLE
ACTION FORCE NOW!**





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE WORLD

EXTRA!
EXTRA!

J.B. ROPEY, THE COMPUTER MEGA-GENIUS OF HIS DAY, ENTERS HIS OFFICE AT STARFALL MICROS UNLIMITED...



MORNING, BAGLEY.
LIKE THE TIE!

MORNING, J.B.-
SORRY TO
HEAR ABOUT
YOUR DEATH.

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J. MILLMAN
ART ROBOT
CARAHOUSE
LETTERING ROBOT
"KID" ROBSON
COMPU-73



M-MY DEATH?

SURE THING! HAVEN'T YOU READ
THIS MORNING'S PAPER?



WORLD
J.B. ROPEY WILL
PERISH TODAY
AT 10 A.M. IN A
PILE-UP ON
THE NEW
COVENTRY
BEEWAY

THE ONLY NEWSPAPER
IN THE YEAR 2984,
THE WORLD IS CON-
TROLLED BY A COMPU-
TER. BUT IT DOESN'T
REPORT WHAT HAP-
PENED YESTERDAY...

IT REPORTS WHAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN TODAY!



B-BUT I CAN'T
DIE! THE PAPER
MUST HAVE GOT
IT WRONG!

RIDICULOUS! THE
WORLD IS
INFALLIBLE!

J.B. ROPEY, HOWEVER, ISN'T THE KIND OF MAN
TO TAKE HIS DEATH LYING DOWN - AND SO...



THANKS FOR
COMING, BOYS.
I NEED YOUR
HELP -

I'M GOING TO
FIGHT THAT
DAMN NEWS-
PAPER!

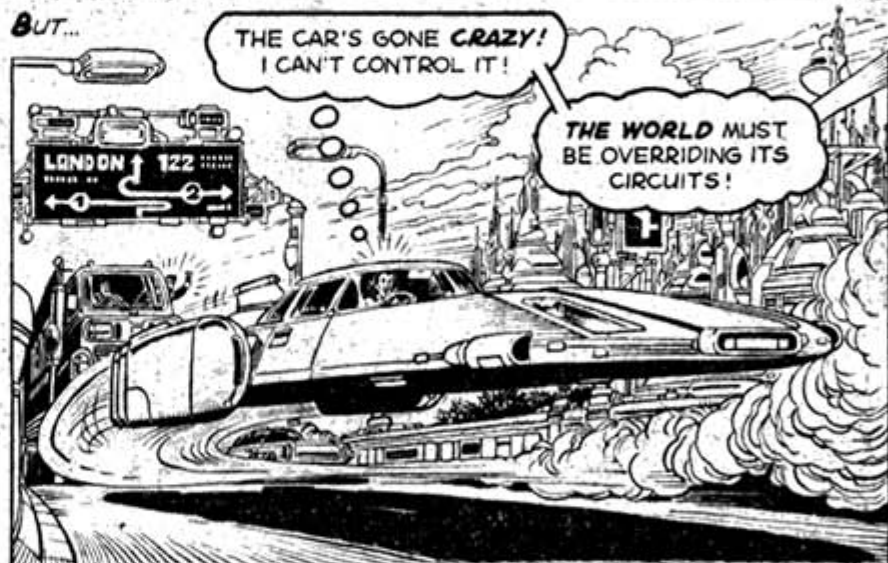
BUT IT'S PRINTED
BY THE MOST
POWERFUL COM-
PUTER EVER
BUILT! IT'S GOT
NEWSARMS
EVERYWHERE!

HE'S RIGHT, J.B. - THE WORLD
CONTROLS THIS WHOLE PLANET!

BUT I CAN DO
ANYTHING
WITH COM-
PUTERS -
INCLUDING
THIS ONE!
AND THE
WORLD
KNOWS
I CAN...



THAT'S WHY
IT WANTS
TO KILL ME!







JUST HOW LUCKY CAN YOU GET? I'M INSIDE ONE OF THE **NEWSARM TUNNELS!**

NOW I CAN FIX THAT DAMN MACHINE!



THIS'LL GO STRAIGHT INTO THE WORLD'S **CENTRAL BRAIN**- AND GIVE IT THE BIGGEST **EXCLUSIVE** THE PAPER'S EVER HAD!



AND SO, THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT STARFALL MICROS UNLIMITED...

J.B. - WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE MORNING PAPER?

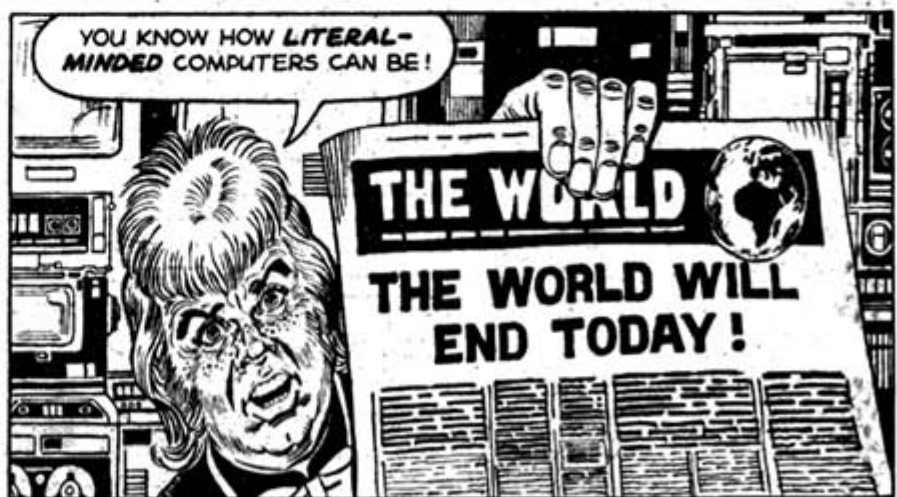
I DON'T NEED TO, BAGLEY... I WROTE THIS MORNING'S **HEADLINE!**



I JUST HACKED INTO THE **CENTRAL BRAIN**. AND GAVE IT THE NEWS-

THE PAPER WILL BE **CLOSING DOWN** TODAY!

ER...MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE CHOSEN YOUR **WORDS** WITH A BIT MORE CARE!



YOU KNOW HOW **LITERAL-MINDED** COMPUTERS CAN BE!

THE WORLD

THE WORLD WILL END TODAY!

!

THE END

BETTER TO DIE IN HELL THAN
LIVE IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

THE HELL TREKKERS

FROM THE LOG
OF TREKMASTER
LUCAS RUDD—

DAY 9
We camped for the night
on a bluff on the edge of
our next great obstacle,
the NEBRASKA RIFT. There
we finally laid to rest
poor ESME DOING...

GOD HAVE
MERCY ON
YOUR SOUL.

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J. MARTIN CANDOR
ART ROBOT
TALIA
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E





We watched her body sink in the lava stream, a grim reminder of the perils we will face tomorrow.



NASTIEST-LOOKING COUNTRY I'VE EVER SEEN. W-WILL WE MAKE IT THROUGH, LUCAS?

WHO KNOWS, AMBER? IT'S TOO LATE TO QUIT NOW. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GIVE IT OUR BEST SHOT...



...AND TAKE WHAT COMES.

LUCAS, ME AND GREG AND SALLY BOB HERE WERE WONDERING IF WE COULD HAVE ESME'S WAGON... I MEAN, LIKE, SHE DOESN'T NEED IT.

MIND IF I ASK WHY?



GUP APPEARED TO SALLY BOB IN A VISION, MAN. HE LAID IT RIGHT ON HER—SAID US THREE GOTTA SPLIT FROM THE COMMUNE.

NO WAY, DERY! ONE TRIBE WILL SURVIVE! THAT'S GUP'S LAW!

TELL THEM THIS JUST AIN'T COOL, LUCAS BABY!



LOOK, I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED IN ANY DIVINE DISPUTES. YOU WANT THE WAGON, TAKE IT. YOU DON'T TORCH IT.



YOU'RE GONNA REGRET THIS, SALLY BOB! GUP'S GONNA PUT THE MEX ON YOU!

FLAKE OFF, STYRENE!



I looked in on Weena Scargille...

HOW IS SHE, KRYSTAL?

THE BOYS ARE WEeping NOW.





DAY 10
We moved out
at dawn, into
the heart of
the volcanic
rift.



Even in our air-cond roadwagons,
the heat was almost unbearable.

WAGONS HALT!



NO GOOD THIS
WAY—LAVA STREAM'S
CUT THE TRAIL, TOO
DEEP TO CROSS.

WE'LL HAVE
TO BACKTRACK,
SEARCH FOR A
NEW ROUTE.



I HOPE THAT
RUDD KNOWS
WHERE WE'RE
GOIN'!

MAYBE HE DO,
AN' MAYBE HE DON'T,
BUT I TELL YOU ONE
THING—I KNOW
WHERE RUDD'S
GOING.

HE **KILLED**
BROTHER TITUS,
AS SURE AS HE
THREW THEM
SPEARS
HIMSELF.



AND FIRST
CHANCE WE
GET, US **NEEDS**
IS GONNA PAY
HIM **BACK—**
IN **BLOOD!**

NEXT
PROG: **CAVALANCHE!**