

PROG 365
21 APR 84

\$1.45 Malaysia
80c Australia
50c New Zealand
85c Mercury
210c Venus
66c Mars
10c Asteroid Belt
110c Saturn
150c Neptune
2c Pluto

22p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



I, THARG,
BRING YOU
**THRILL-
POWER!**

THE MATA - A WILD ICE-AGE
DRAGON - HAD KILLED A
LOCAL VILLAGER AND HIS
YOUNG WIFE. SLÁINE AND I
DIDN'T KNOW THIS AT THE
TIME - WE WERE BUSY
TRYING TO STEAL THE
KNUCKER AND HIS DRAGON-
HOARD. THE DRAGON'S
OWNER, NEST OF THE
SPECKLED FACE, HAD AGREED
TO HELP - BUT THEN THE
KNUCKER WOKE UP!

Sláine

AT THE SAME
MOMENT, I
PICKED THE
LOCK OF THE
MANACLE
AROUND ITS
FOOT.

DONE IT!

THEN CLIMB ABOARD!

WHAT ABOUT NEST?

WHAT ABOUT HER?

SHE WAS GOING
TO SHOW US HOW
TO FLY THE
KNUCKER!

TOO LATE FOR
THAT, DWARF!

SCRIPT:
PAT HILL
ART:
AL DELARONELLI
LETTERING:
TOM FRANK



EARLIER, KICVA AND HER FAMILY HAD RETURNED FROM BURYING GWAWL...

BEAR UP, MOTHER. LIFE MUST GO ON.

LET US SEE THAT LA IS ALL RIGHT.

KICVA AND ART WENT OVER TO SEE GWAWL'S WIDOW...



NO! NOT AGAIN!

ART! WHAT IS IT?

OH, LA...MY POOR CHILD... YOUR BED WAS BITTER TONIGHT.



GRIEF-STRICKEN AS SHE WAS, A HARD LIFE HAD MADE KICVA TOUGH AND PRACTICAL...

ART... KEEP THE CHILDREN OUT - I DON'T WANT THEM TO SEE. NAF... COVER THE REMAINS. LURC... CALL A MEETING OF THE VILLAGERS!

WE'RE GOING TO DEAL WITH THIS WORM, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



KICVA TOLD THEM
HER PLAN. . .

WE'LL CAPTURE THE
DRAGON'S OWNER,
NEST! TIE HER TO THE
OLD FEEDING-POST...
THEN, WHEN THE WORM
ATTACKS HER,
KILL IT!

LURE THE CREATURE
BACK? IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS!

IT WON'T WORK,
MOTHER.

NAF THE FERRY
HAD ALWAYS BEEN
FOND OF NEST. . .

LIKE IT DID TO LA.
HARDEN YOUR HEART,
NAF - THE GOWER
MUST BE RID OF THIS
MONSTER.

IT'S INHUMAN! THAT...
THING... WILL TEAR
HER LIMB FROM
LIMB!



THE FEARFUL
VILLAGERS
MUTTERED
UNEASILY, BUT
KICVA ROUNDED
ON THEM. . .

YOU QUESTION MY ORDERS?
I AM KICVA! I AM FISH-WIFIE!
WITHOUT ME, THE FISH WON'T
BITE! WITHOUT ME, YOUR NETS
ARE EMPTY!

DOES ANY OF YOU...
DOES ANY OF MY
SONS... DARE
CHALLENGE THE
WORD OF KICVA?



NO, KICVA.

NO, KICVA.

OF COURSE NOT, MOTHER.
YOU'LL ALWAYS GET
THE BATH-WATER
FIRST IN OUR
HOUSE.







THE MATA WAS USUALLY OFFERED MAIDENS...
FOR, WITH NO FAMILY DEPENDANT ON THEM,
AND UNABLE TO DO HEAVY WORK, MAIDENS
WERE EXPENDABLE...

WAIT TILL HE
STARTS TO FEED
BEFORE YOU
OPEN FIRE!



...NOT THAT THE MATA CARED. HE'D EAT
ANYTHING THEY LEFT OUT FOR HIM.

NEST WANTED TO SCREAM,
BUT SHE MADE AN EFFORT
TO CONTROL HER
BREATHING.



SHE KNEW THE MATA SAW
HER AS A COMPLEX
HEAT-SHAPE OF BLUE,
RED AND GOLD.



A SCREAM WOULD RELEASE A GOLD CLOUD THAT WOULD
SEND THE DRAGON INTO HIS FEEDING FRENZY.

THE MATA WAS PUZZLED WHEN
NEST DIDN'T MAKE PREY-COLOUR.
HE WAS USED TO GIRLS
SCREAMING AND MEN CURSING
WHEN THEY SAW HIM.



IT WOULDN'T STOP
HIM EATING HER,
BUT IT DELAYED HIM.
HE SNIFFED HER
CURIOUSLY...

IT'S NUZZLING UP
TO HER! SHE'S IN
LEAGUE WITH THE
BEAST!



KILL THEM
BOTH NOW!





HIGH ABOVE THE VILLAGE, SLÁINE HAD FINALLY MASTERED THE KNUCKER. THE DRAGON RECOGNISED IN SLÁINE A KINDRED, EQUALLY SAVAGE, SPIRIT...



BOTH INEXPERIENCED, THEY'D LEARNED HOW TO FLY TOGETHER. FROM THIS HAD GROWN A BOND BETWEEN DRAGON AND DRAGONMASTER!

AS WE FLEW OVER CROOKED LAKE, WE TOOK IN THE SCENE OF HORROR...

THOSE CRAZY VILLAGERS! THEY'RE USING NEST AS LIVE BAIT!

FORWARD, KNUCKER!

NEXT
PAGE

WHEN DRAGONS FALL!

NEW!

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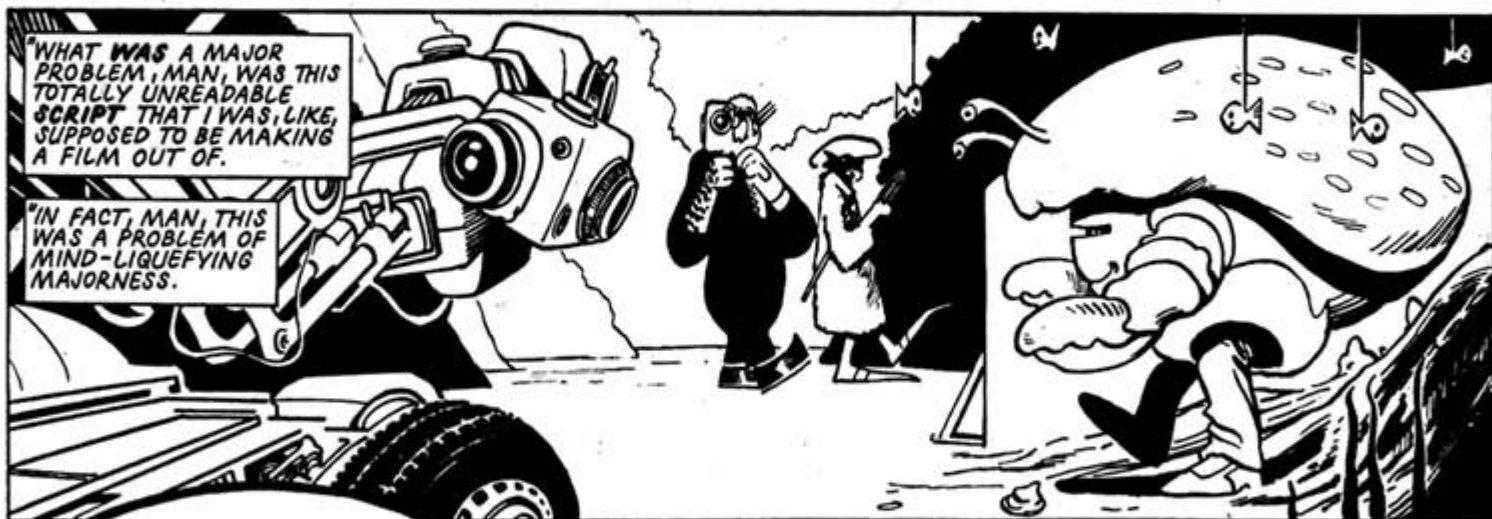
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GO TO HOLLYWOOD

PART 2











AS MARLON'S MANAGER, I FEEL HONOUR BOUND TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU'VE PROBABLY ALREADY GUESSED...

MR. DOBBS, MARLON IS **TOTALLY UNABLE TO READ OR WRITE**. SINCE NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS ANYWAY, THIS FACT HAS REMAINED A **SECRET**.



THIS **CHEQUE** IS TO ENSURE THAT IT **REMAINS** A SECRET.

HEY, MAN, MUM'S THE WORD!



GLAD TO HEAR IT. Y'KNOW, IF IT WASN'T FOR MARLON'S CHARISMA HE'D STILL BE SERVING HYPER-PIZZAS IN THE STUDIO CANTEEN.

THIS PICTURE WILL DO HIM GOOD. WHERE DID YOU SAY IT WAS **SET** EXACTLY?



UH, WELL, MAN, DOES THIS WORD LOOK LIKE '**SANDWICH**' OR '**SUBMARINE**' TO YOU?

'SUBMARINE'.

RIGHT! SO, LIKE, IT'S SET ON A SUBMARINE, AND NOT ON A SANDWICH AS YOU MAY HAVE PREVIOUSLY IMAGINED, MAN.



I SEE. AND HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE FILM?

"HOW **COULD** I ADEQUATELY DESCRIBE THIS FILM, MAN? IT HAD AN **UNREADABLE SCRIPT**, AND AN **INCOHERENT LEADING MAN** WHO WAS ALSO, LIKE, **TOTALLY ILLITERATE!**"



"I DECIDED TO BE BRIEF AND HONEST..."

IT'S A DISASTER MOVIE, MAN.

NEXT PROG: **THE TOWERING ORANGES!**

MEGA-CITY NIGHT: JUDGES CONVERGE
ON AN AREA OF OLD TOWN --



SCAPED 750P
REUBEN MENK
LAST SEEN OLD TOWN -
VICINITY DWIGHT
AND KIZMO!

HE CAN'T BE THERE!
SPREAD OUT!
BLANKET
SEARCH!



I GOTTA
GET
OFF THE
STREETS!



IS-EE P?
YOUR SIGN SAYS "WACANCY".
IT DOES INDEED.
YOUNG MAN.
DO COME IN!



AND WHAT DO
YOU DO FOR A
LIVING,
MAN...?

WARRIOR...
LARRY WARRIOR.
I'M... ON WELFARE -
LIKE MOSTA THE
CRUMBST IN THIS
CITY!

OH, SPLENDID!
WE ALWAYS INDENT
ON OUR LOGGERS
BEING ON WELFARE,
DON'T WE, GEE?



WE DO INDEED,
MAJESTY; THEN
THEY NEVER
HAVE TO LEAVE
THE HOUSE -
AND NOBODY
AT ALL WORRIES
IF THEY'RE
NEVER SEEN
AGAIN!

AND IT'S
EVER SO
EASY FOR
US TO
GASH THEIR
WELFARE
CHEQUES!

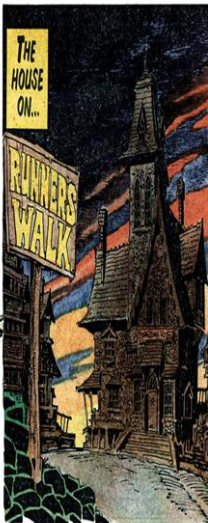
LOOK,
I'M IN A
HURRY -
DO I GET
THE ROOM
OR DON'T
I?



OF COURSE,
YOUNG MAN.



WE ALWAYS HAVE A VACANCY
FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF
GENTLEMAN!



THE
HOUSE
ON...

RUNNERS
WALK



WHAT'S THE GAME?
WHAT ARE YOU
OLD BATS UP TO?

TSK! TSSK!
LANGUAGE,
MR MARROW!



DON'T YOU WORRY! WE'RE
ONLY GOING TO MAKE A TINY
LITTLE HOLE IN YOUR SKULL
AND SCREW IN THIS
CONTROL MODULE.

WHAAAT?
YOU'RE CRAZY!

ALL OUR LODGERS
SAY THAT AT FIRST.
BUT THEY CHANGE
THEIR MINDS ONCE
THE CONTROL
MODULE IS IMPLANTED.



THEN, THEY DO
WHATEVER WE
TELL THEM!

ZZEEEE

HELLPPP!



TRINGG!

OH, FIDDLESTICKS!
THERE'S THE
DOORBELL!



JUST YOU WAIT
RIGHT HERE,
MR MARROW.

AND FEEL FREE TO SCREAM
ALL YOU LIKE. THE CELLAR
IS QUITE, QUITE
SOUNDPROOF!



YE-ES?

WE'RE
CONDUCTING
HOUSE-TO-HOUSE
ENQUIRIES,
CITIZENS.

A SHORT WHILE AGO
THIS MAN ESCAPED FROM
A CATCH-WAGON EN ROUTE
TO THE ISO-CUBES. HE'S A
DANGEROUS CRIMINAL.
HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?



REUBEN HENK



WHY, NO.
WE HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM -
HAVE WE,
MAUDE?

NO
INDEED,
EFFIE.

VERY WELL.
KEEP YOUR
DOOR LOCKED.
IF YOU SEE
OR HEAR
ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS,
CALL US
IMMEDIATELY.



ANY
LUCK,
DREDD?

NOT SO FAR. GIVE
THE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE
ANOTHER HOUR. IF
WE HAVEN'T FOUND
HIM BY THEN, WE
CAN ASSUME HE'S
GOT CLEAR.





DAWN - AND A BODY IS FISHED FROM AN OLD TOWN CHEM-PIT...

HENK, ALL RIGHT. SKULL SMASHED - AND STRANGLED TO BOOT! LOOKS LIKE HE FOUND SOMEONE MORE DANGEROUS THAN HE WAS!

ANY CLUES?

JUST ONE. WE FOUND SEVERAL HAIRS ON HIS CLOTHING - TREATED RAT HAIR.

TREATED?

WHAT THEY CALL "MOCK CONEY". JUST A FANCY NAME FOR RAT PELTS. THEY MAKE CHEAPSKATE LOW-FASHION FURS OUT OF THEM.

HMM...THE OLD CRONES UP AT RUNNER'S WALK - THEY WERE WEARING FURS.



BACK AT THE BOARDING HOUSE -

I'M MAKING FURTHER ENQUIRIES INTO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF REUBEN HENK. LAST NIGHT YOU DENIED SEEING HIM - STILL STICK TO THAT STORY?

YES, OF COURSE. H-HE DIDN'T COME HERE, DID HE, EFFIE?



THIS TIME, DREDD USES HIS LIE DETECTOR -

YOU'RE LYING, CITIZEN.

OH... NOW YOU MENTION IT, HE DID COME HERE.

YES... THAT'S RIGHT. HE CAME HERE, AND THEN... AND THEN HE WENT AWAY AGAIN!



YEAH? IN A BOX?

DEARIE ME! I THINK THE GAME MIGHT BE UP, EFFIE! YOU'D BETTER COME IN, MR JUDGE...







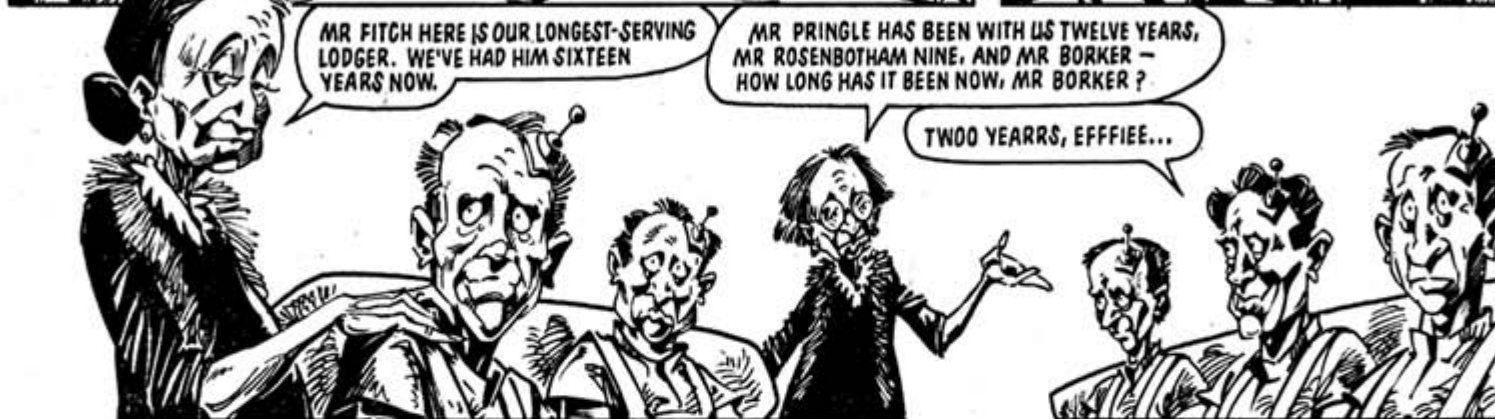
GENTLEMEN... JUDGE DREDD.

JUDGE DREDDDD?
YOU WANT USS KILL
HIM TOOOO?

I'M AFRAID IT'S...
TOO LATE FOR THAT,
MR FITCH.



DROKK-ZOMBIES!
CONTROLLED BY A
MECHANISM IMPLANTED
IN THE BRAIN!
HOW
LONG HAS THIS BEEN
GOING ON?



MR FITCH HERE IS OUR LONGEST-SERVING
LODGER. WE'VE HAD HIM SIXTEEN
YEARS NOW.

MR PRINGLE HAS BEEN WITH US TWELVE YEARS,
MR ROSENBOOTHAM NINE, AND MR BORKER -
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN NOW, MR BORKER?

TWO YEARRS, EFFFIEE...



ORR IS IT
SEVVENNN?



ONE MORE
QUESTION -
WHY?

IT'S THE PERFECT ARRANGEMENT, OF COURSE.
WE SEE TO ALL THEIR NEEDS - MAKE SURE
THEY'RE COMFY - AND IN RETURN, THEY
GIVE US THEIR **WELFARE CHEQUES**.

AND THEY'RE SUCH
WONDERFUL LODGERS.
NEVER GIVE US A BIT OF
TROUBLE!



AND IF YOU HADN'T KILLED HENK,
THIS LITTLE RACKET COULD HAVE
GONE ON FOR YEARS.

I KNOW.
BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHOICE,
YOU SEE, HE HAD
TO GO.

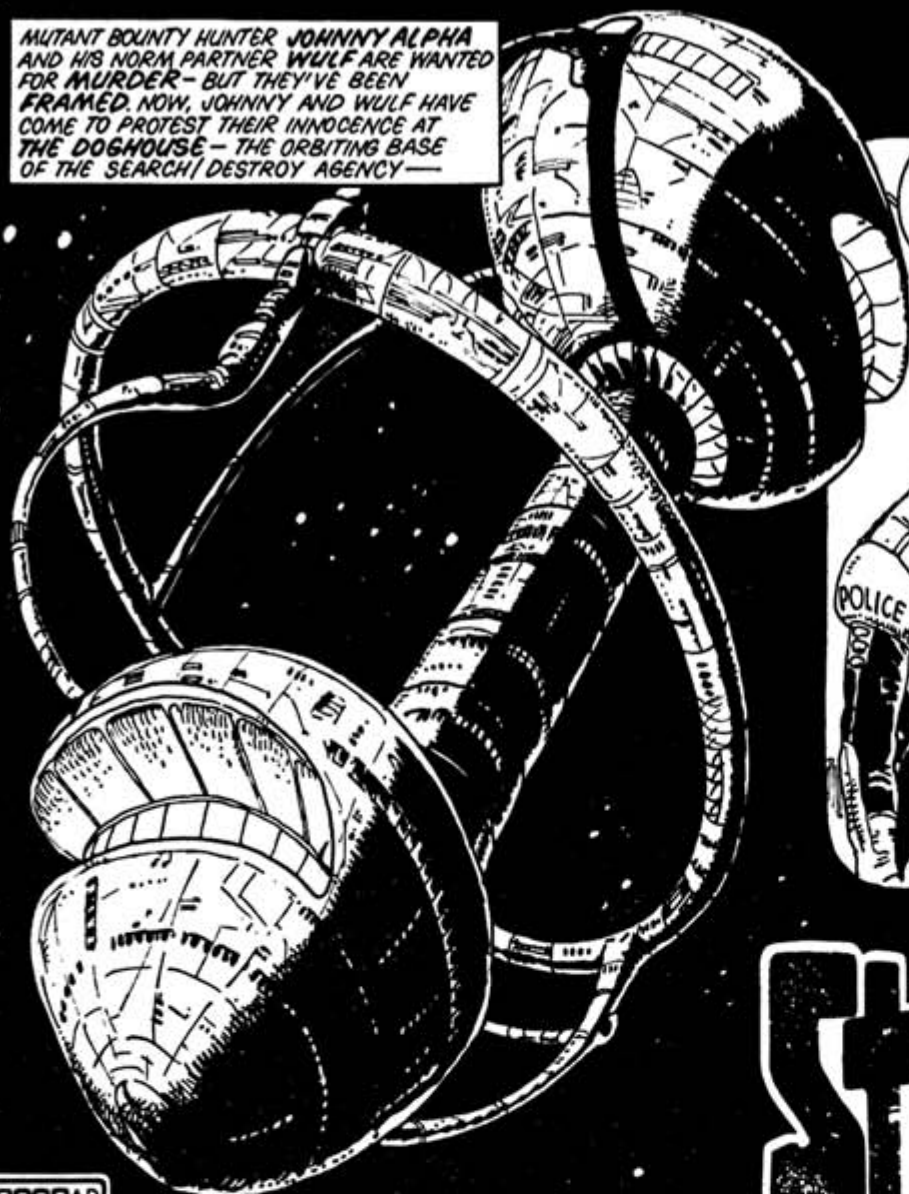


HE JUST WASN'T OUR KIND
OF GENTLEMAN AT ALL!

THE END.

NEXT PROG. **MONKEY BUSINESS!**

MUTANT BOUNTY HUNTER JOHNNY ALPHA AND HIS NORM PARTNER WULF ARE WANTED FOR MURDER—BUT THEY'VE BEEN FRAMED. NOW, JOHNNY AND WULF HAVE COME TO PROTEST THEIR INNOCENCE AT THE DOGHOUSE—THE ORBITING BASE OF THE SEARCH/DESTROY AGENCY—



HARVEY'S DEAD!

THE LAST TWO IN HERE WERE ALPHA AND STERNHAMMER!

THEY BEAT HARVEY UP AND SHOT HIM IN COLD BLOOD!



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ALAN GRANT
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CARLOS EQUEZ
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e

OUTLAW!
PART 3

Strontium DOG

ATTENTION! THE DIRECTOR HAS BEEN MURDERED! THE KILLERS—JOHNNY ALPHA AND WULF STERNHAMMER—ARE STILL ON BASE. TERMINATE ON SIGHT!

REPEAT: TERMINATE!

HARVEY? THEY KILLED HARVEY?

YEEHAAAA! THE NORMO RAT'S SNUFFED IT!

ROT YOUR STINKIN' BONES, HARVEY!

TERMINATE ALPHA? WE OUGHTA GIVE 'IM A MEDAL!





THE REWARD
ON THESE TWO IS
NOW 100,000 CREDITS-
EACH! REPEAT: 100,000
CREDITS-EACH!

TWO HUNDRED
THOU? WHAT ARE
WE WAITIN' FOR!

I DONNO... IT
AIN'T MUCH FOR
TACKLIN' THEM
TWO. THEY'RE
STONE KILLERS!

YEAH-BUT
THERE'S THIRTY
OF US!



LET'S
GET 'EM,
FLOYD!



FIRST JOHNNY KILLS
FIVE INNOCENT PEOPLE
AT JOCK'S LANDING-
AND NOW HARVEY.
SOMETHING'S WRONG.
MIDDENFACE!

AYE, WE FOUGHT ASIDE JOHNNY
IN THE MUTIE WAR*. WE KEN HE'S
A BONNY SOJER-BUT HE'S NO' A
HEIDCASE! THIS WHOLE SHEBOGLE
REEKS LIKE AN AULD HADDIE!

*THARGNOTE - SEE
'PORTRAIT OF A
MUTANT' IN PROGS
202-221.

EVANS THE FIST, MIDDENFACE
MCNULTY AND THE TORSO FROM
NEWCASTLE - THREE VETERANS
OF THE UPRISING AGAINST NELSON
BUNKER KREELMAN'S ANTI-
MUTANT FORCES -



TORSO! GO ROUND
UP YOUNG FUZZ. LOOKS
LIKE THERE'S WORK FOR
THE OLD GUARD!



MEANWHILE -

HARVEY
DEAD? BUT
VE LEFT HIM
ALIVE.
JOHNNY!

LOOKS LIKE
WHOEVER FRAMED
US FOR THE JOCK'S
LANDING KILLINGS
WANTS TO MAKE
DOUBLE SURE!

CONTINUED ON 2nd PAGE FOLLOWING.

DRIVE A 15 TON TRUCK THROUGH THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

VOLVO
GLOBETROTTER



NEW! KENWORTH K-100
AUSTRALIA



PETERBILT 359



REVELL MODELS ARE SO
TRUE-TO-LIFE YOU CAN ALMOST
HEAR THE GROWL OF THE ENGINES



Revell





DON'T COUNT
DER CUCUMBERS,
BILLYGOAT!



SHOULDA
STAYED
ASLEEP
DOBBS!

UUNGHH!



ATTENTION! ALPHA
AND STERNHAMMER LAST
SEEN ON THE MAINTENANCE
STAIRS - POSSIBLY MAKING
FOR THE DOCKING BAY!
LOCATE AND TERMINATE!

DAMN!
SCRUB THE
DOCKING
BAY.

IN HERE,
WULF!



WE'LL DOUBLE BACK-
TRY FOR THE EMERGENCY
ESCAPE PODS ON LEVEL
K. IT'LL BE A COUPLE OF
MINUTES BEFORE THEY
REALISE WHAT WE'VE
DONE -

BLASTER
TO MELT!



BELOW, AN EMPTY
BUNK ROOM -

GOOD JOB
THEY'RE ALL
OUT LOOKING
FOR US!





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE SUBTERRANEANS!



"LONG, LONG AGO, IN A FARAWAY AGE, THE FATAL ROCKETS FLEW AND FELL..."

"...FOR THE FIRST, AND THE LAST TIME."



"THE SKY TURNED DEEP CRIMSON, THEN TURNED DEEPEST BLACK..."

"...IN THE SHADOW OF THE MUSHROOMS THAT THE EARTH SPEWED UP."



"BUILDINGS CRUMBLING, CITIES WERE DEVASTATED - NOT A SINGLE TRACE OF OUR ANCIENT CIVILISATION WAS LEFT STANDING."

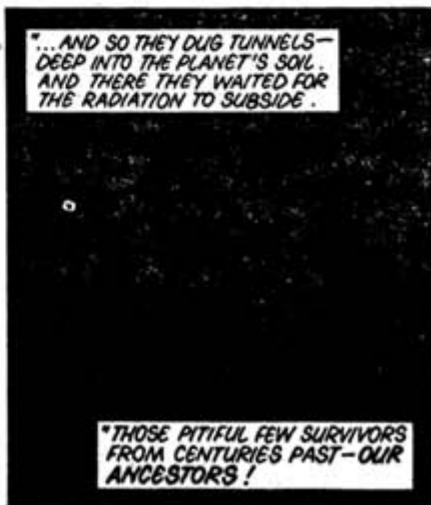
"ALL - ALL - WAS CRUSHED IN THE WAKE OF OUR GLOBAL WAR."



"THE PLANET EARTH BECAME A BARREN WILDERNESS, SHIMMERING WITH DEADLY RADIOACTIVE POISON."

"THOSE FEW WHO ESCAPED THE HOLOCAUST KNEW THEY COULD NOT SURVIVE ON THE SURFACE..."

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"...AND SO THEY DUG TUNNELS - DEEP INTO THE PLANET'S SOIL. AND THERE THEY WAITED FOR THE RADIATION TO SUBSIDE."

"THOSE PITIFUL FEW SURVIVORS FROM CENTURIES PAST - OUR ANCESTORS!"

"WE ARE THE SUBTERRANEANS, THE DESCENDANTS OF ONE SUCH GROUP. FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS WE HAVE LIVED BELOW THE GROUND - BUT NO MATTER...



"...THE DISTANT MEMORY OF LIFE ON THE SURFACE STILL LINGERS IN OUR HEARTS, AND DRIVES US ON.

"NOW WE ARE READY TO FORSAKE THE DARKNESS...



"...READY TO BREATHE PURE AIR ONCE MORE.

"THE FIRST RAYS OF LIGHT BLIND US - BUT THEN WE SMELL THE AIR ABOVE US...



"...AND ITS SWEETNESS AND FRESHNESS ENCOURAGE US ALL TO PRESS ONWARDS - UPWARDS.

"UNTIL, AT LAST - FREEDOM IS OURS!

"FREEDOM FROM THE DARK, STALE TUNNELS OF THE NETHERWORLD WHICH HAS BEEN OUR PRISON FOR SO LONG.



NO! I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOT THIS... IT CAN'T BE!



DAMNED MOLES! THESE ARE MY PRIZE ROSES! GET OUTTA HERE -

I'LL MURDER THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!

THE END