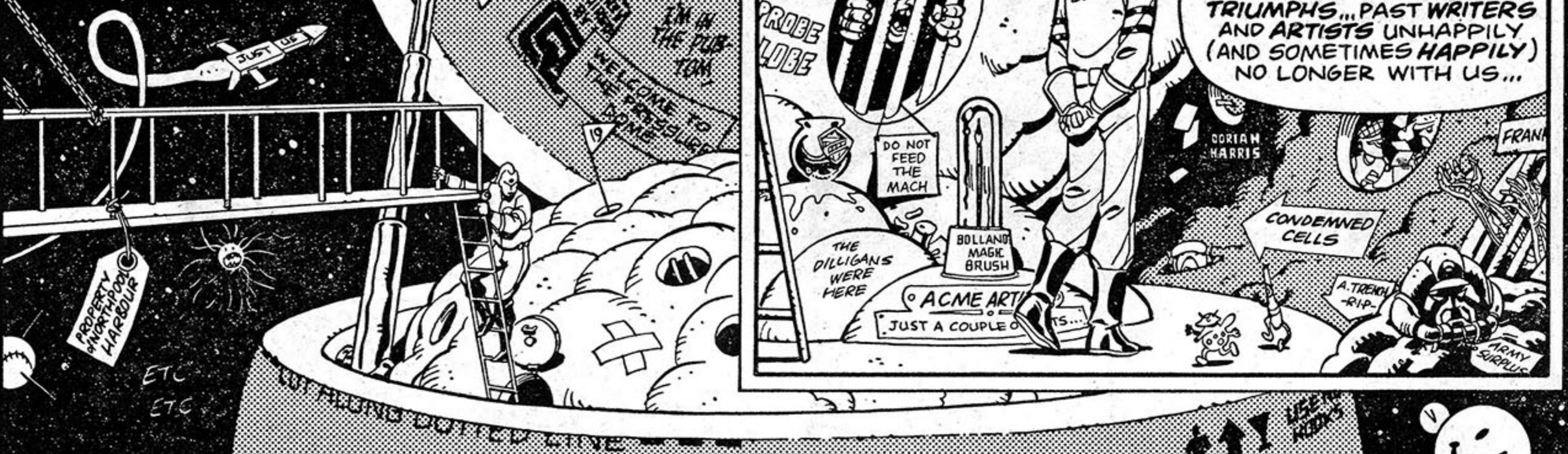


THE GREAT REVISITED

2000 ODD
DISCREDIT CARD
 SCRIPT AND SARCASTIC
PAT MILLS
 ART AND ADDITIONAL AG.
DAVE GIBBONS
 CHEQUE IN THE POST



THARG WANDERS THROUGH HIS BRAIN CELLS--RECALLING 2000 A.D.'S GLORIOUS PAST...

ISSUE 500... A TIME TO WALLOW IN NOSTALGIA... A TIME TO WADE THROUGH THE MEMORIES OF YESTER-YEAR... AND RECALL PAST TRIUMPHS... PAST WRITERS AND ARTISTS UNHAPPILY (AND SOMETIMES HAPPILY) NO LONGER WITH US...



A TIME TO ERASE FROM MY MEMORY THE ODD CLINKER WHICH EVEN A GALACTIC KNOW-ALL LIKE MYSELF IS CAPABLE OF MAKING.

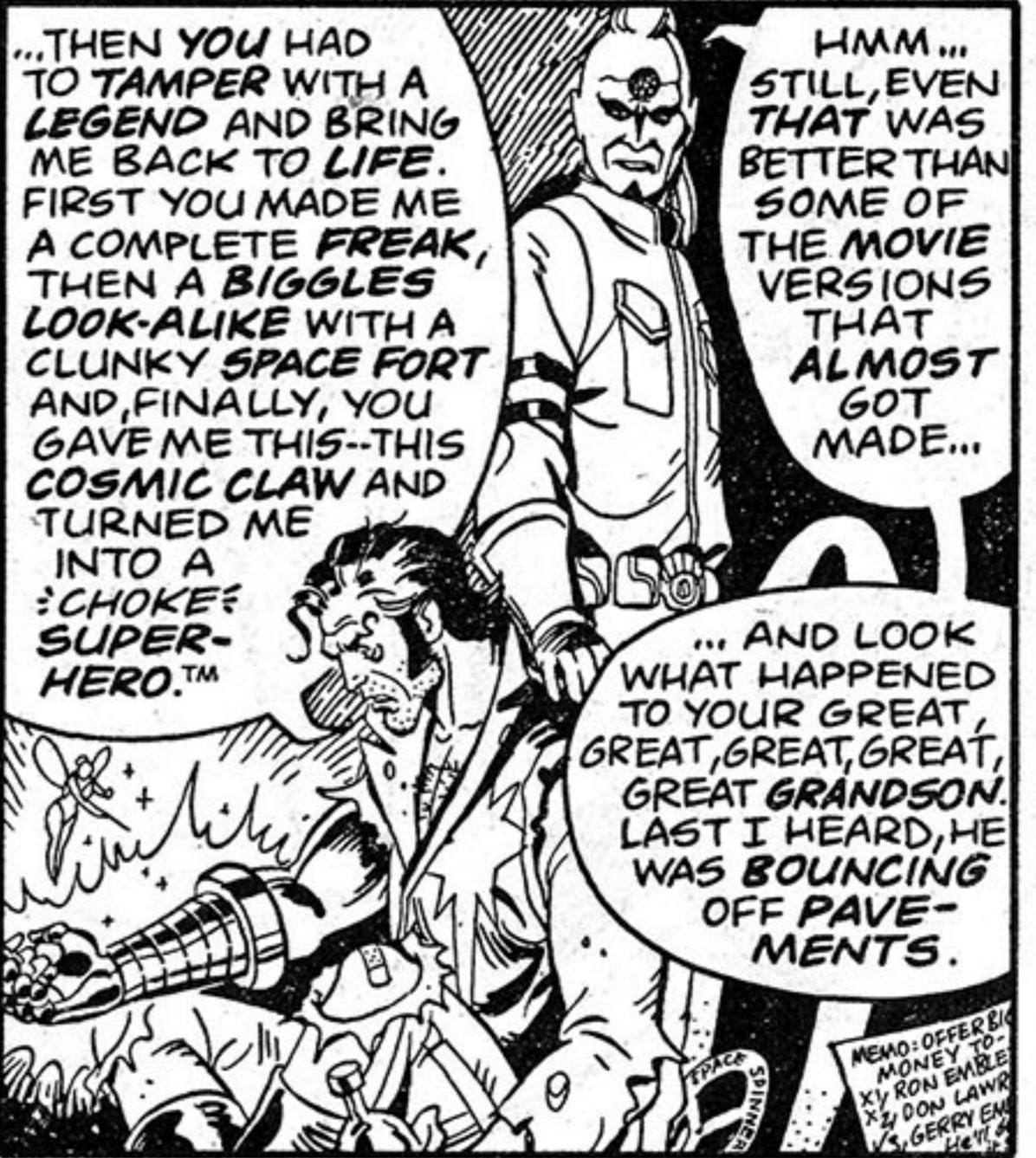
BLOOMIN' ADA! YOU CAN'T WIPE OUT BILL SAV--URK!



AH, DAN DARE MARK III. COME AND JOIN ME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE FOR THE GROUP PHOTO... A BRIEF COME-BACK... BEFORE YOU SINK FOREVER INTO OBLIVION.*

DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT COME-BACKS... I USED TO BE A CLEAN CUT FIFTIES HERO. I EVEN PLAYED IN CHARITY CRICKET MATCHES ONCE...

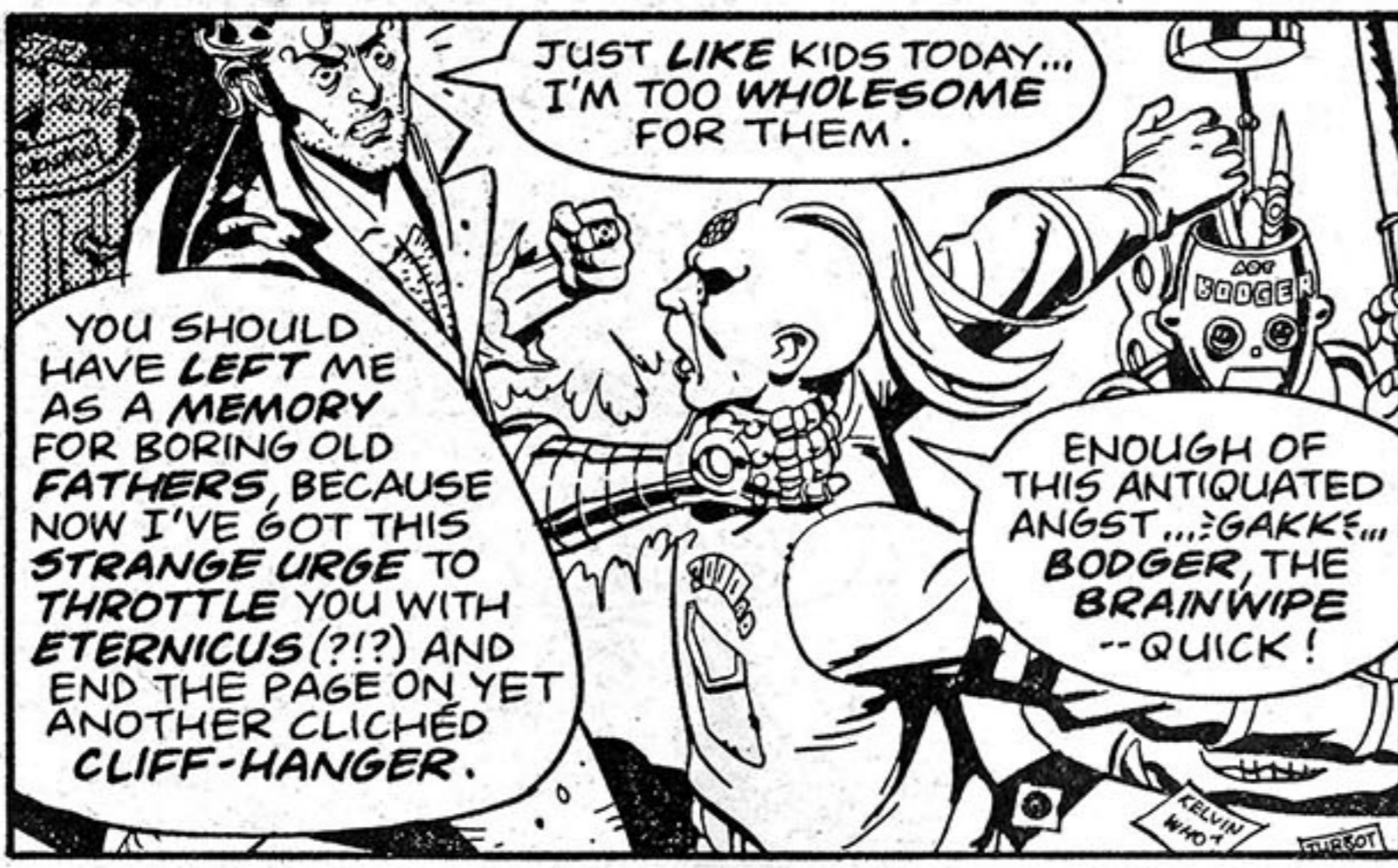
* APART FROM THE REPRINTS WE DON'T TALK ABOUT.



...THEN YOU HAD TO TAMPER WITH A LEGEND AND BRING ME BACK TO LIFE. FIRST YOU MADE ME A COMPLETE FREAK, THEN A BIGGLES LOOK-ALIKE WITH A CLUNKY SPACE FORT AND, FINALLY, YOU GAVE ME THIS--THIS COSMIC CLAW AND TURNED ME INTO A CHOKE SUPER-HERO.

HMM... STILL, EVEN THAT WAS BETTER THAN SOME OF THE MOVIE VERSIONS THAT ALMOST GOT MADE...

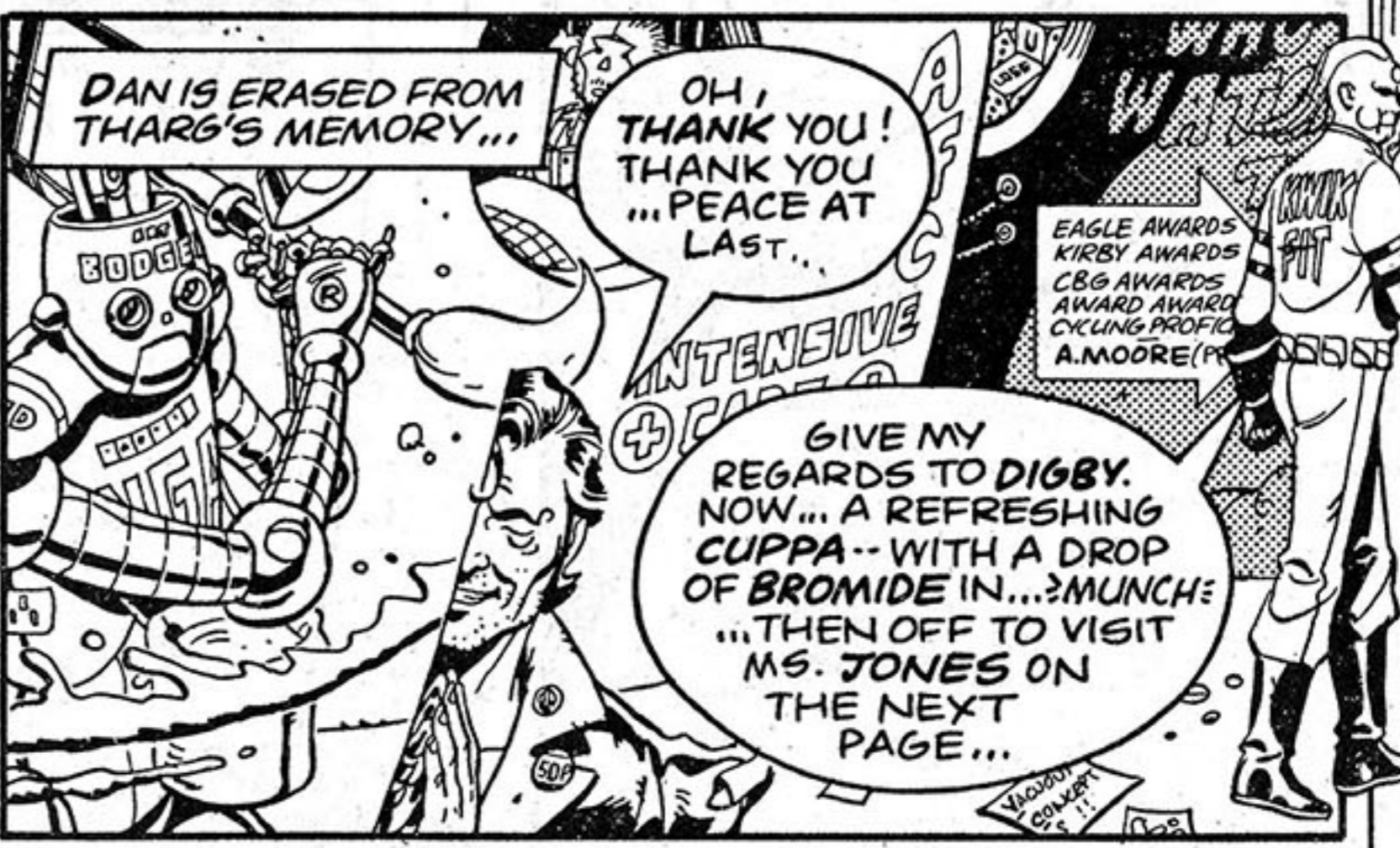
... AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDSON. LAST I HEARD, HE WAS BOUNCING OFF PAVEMENTS.



JUST LIKE KIDS TODAY... I'M TOO WHOLESOME FOR THEM.

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME AS A MEMORY FOR BORING OLD FATHERS, BECAUSE NOW I'VE GOT THIS STRANGE URGE TO THROTTLE YOU WITH ETERNICUS (?!) AND END THE PAGE ON YET ANOTHER CLICHÉD CLIFF-HANGER.

ENOUGH OF THIS ANTIQUATED ANGST... GAKKE... BODGER, THE BRAINWIPE--QUICK!



DAN IS ERASED FROM THARG'S MEMORY...

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU... PEACE AT LAST...

GIVE MY REGARDS TO DIGBY. NOW... A REFRESHING CUPPA-- WITH A DROP OF BROMIDE IN... MUNCH! ... THEN OFF TO VISIT MS. JONES ON THE NEXT PAGE...



MY NAME'S JOE FRIDAY. I'M A SWIPE.

PUT ME IN A COMPUTER GAME, DIDN'T EVEN GIVE HIM A FREEBIE.

HEY, A KNEEL ADAMS EFFECT!

YEAH, AND SPEAKIN' OF BIG 'EDS...

SO I SAID-- "IT'S HIM OR ME..."

HEAR THEY LOST AN EPISODE ONCE AND NO-ONE NOTICED.

THERE'S NO MONEY IN REPRINTS, MR. S.

OO AYE, MR. L.

NOW HE WORKS FOR THE STATES, HE'S GOT JAM ON HIS BREAD.

WHAT'S JAM?

WHAT'S BREAD?

HOP HE DOES ME JUSTICE THIS TIME

ZOOM!
INCOMPREHENSIBLE JARGON
ALAN MOORE.
INCOHERENT DOODLES
IAN GIBSON.
ILLEGIBLE LETTERING
Q.TWERK.

AHH! THERE SHE IS.
NO DOUBT PLANNING THE
NEXT SCROTIGN VOLUME
OF HER EXPLOITS.

YOU LOSE AGAIN, SAM.
WE GET THE HAT AS WELL!

BUT THAT LEAVES ME
NOTHING TO WAGER!

COME ALONG, BODGER!

HOW ABOUT YOUR
ARTIST?

I USED TO BE
IN COMIX!

DID YOU SAY
'SNAP' AGAIN?

IMPURITIES!

HOY!
LOOK WHO'S
HERE!

PROBABLY WANTS US TO CUT
OUT MORE FUTURISTIC SLANG
BECAUSE THE READERS
CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT...

BORAG THLUNGG! NO...
THOUGH INCOMPREHENSIBLE
JARGON IS MOST UN-ZARJAZ
I CALL FOR NEWS OF
BOOK FOUR.

BODGER, HE'S
SMOKING!!

BOOK FOUR?
YOU'RE JESTERING!
NOT TILL YOU LEARN
THE
RIGHT WAY
TO TREAT
A LADY!

AAAGH! NO!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

FACE IT,
THARG..

YOU JUST
CAN'T
LOOK AFTER US
IN THE STYLE
TO WHICH
WE'VE BECOME
ACCLUSTOMED.

I MEAN, YOU'RE NOT CONCERNED WHO
TAKES US OUT... WE COULD END UP
BEING SOLD TO WHITE SLAVERS
OR DIRTY BOOK DEALERS
FOR ALL YOU CARE!

URRRRGH!!

URG!

YUP! WE GET TREATED
LIKE..UH..OBJECTS!
YUP!

WE DO ALL THE WORK,
BUT WHO IS IT WHO ENDS UP
WITH ALL THE LOOT?

HONESTLY!
LIVING OFF THE EARNINGS OF
WOMEN! THERE'S A NAME
FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

YEEK!

I FEEL KINDA
NAKED WITHOUT
MY STOGIE...

QUAEQUAM BLAAG!
DAMES!
JUST WHEN YOU THINK
YOU'VE GOT THEM
FIGURED OUT!

GREXNIX!...
WHATEVER
THAT
MEANS!

CURB YOUR DOG, CITIZEN!
IT'S LEAVING TUNGSTEN
ALL ALONG THE
SIDEWALK!

SCUSE I.
JUST AIMING ARCHIE
AT THE ANTHOLOGY...

GOOD BYE,
CRUEL WORLD!

HIGH SECURITY
CELLS

MIGHTY
ONE FOR
THE ROAD?

QUACK!

I COULD KILL
FOR A SPOONFUL OF
GRIFE WATER!

HMMM.
CUTE WORK,
CREEP!

NOMERTA
WHAT?

IS THAT FOR
BOOK FOUR?

...NUTHIN'
LIKE A GRAWK!

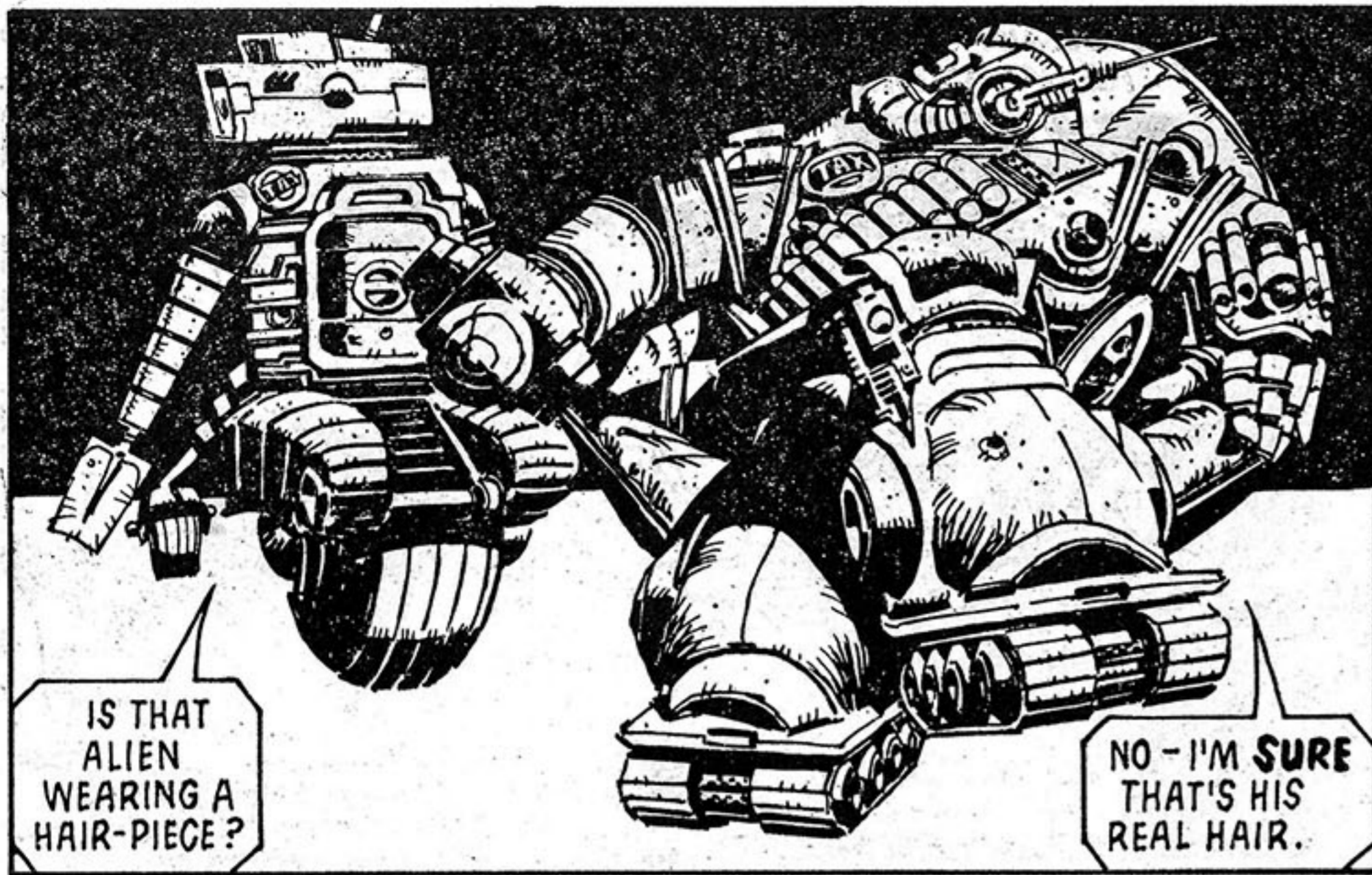
HOME
MAID UMPT...!!

BLEEP!

NO! THIS IS
PAGE THREE!

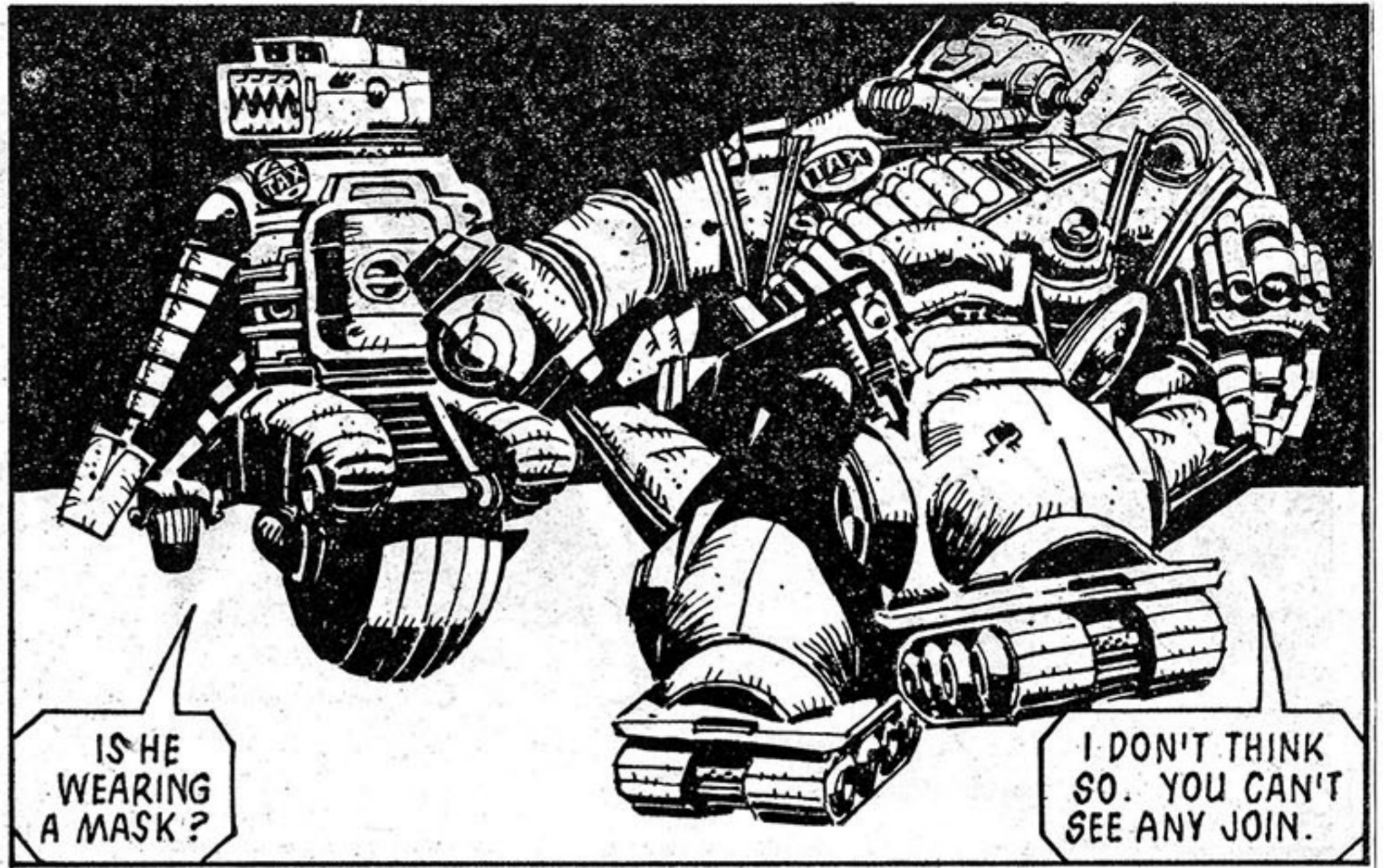
SHHH!

M
BERTON



IS THAT ALIEN WEARING A HAIR-PIECE?

NO - I'M SURE THAT'S HIS REAL HAIR.



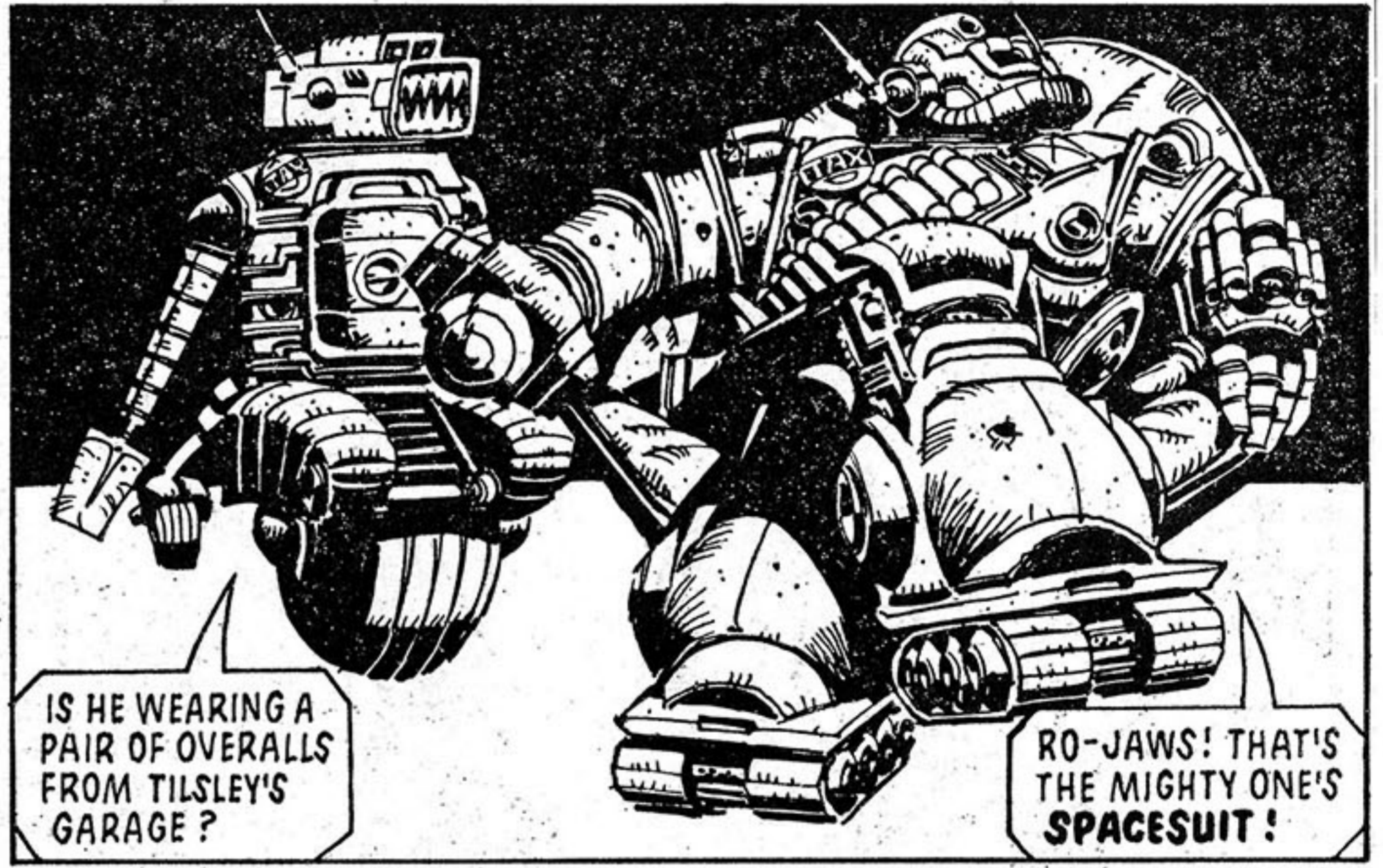
IS HE WEARING A MASK?

I DON'T THINK SO. YOU CAN'T SEE ANY JOIN.



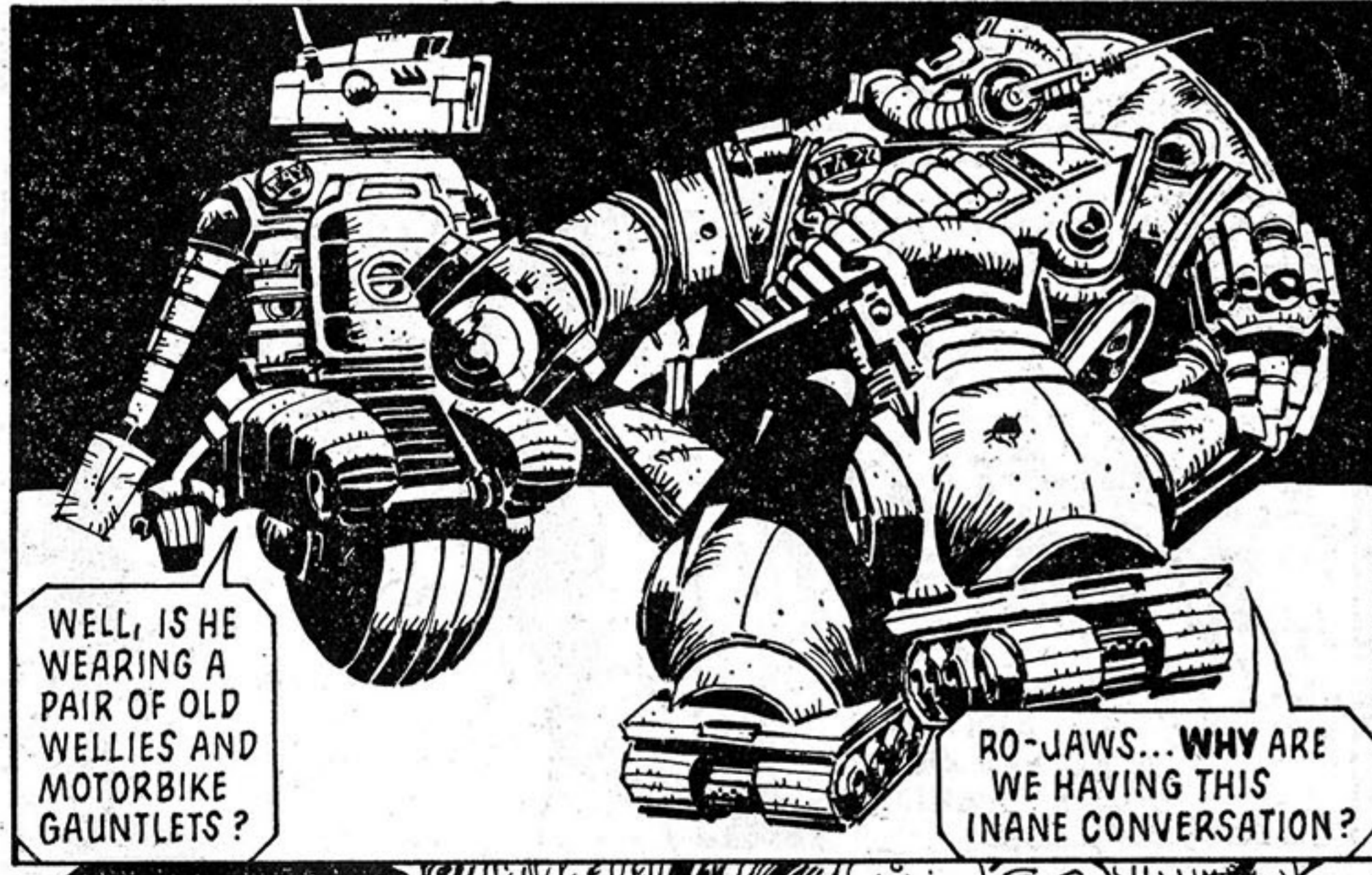
IS THAT A GRANNY'S BROOCH ON HIS FOREHEAD?

NO... IT'S DEFINITELY THE ROSETTE OF SIRIUS - THARG'S SOURCE OF GALACTIC POWER.



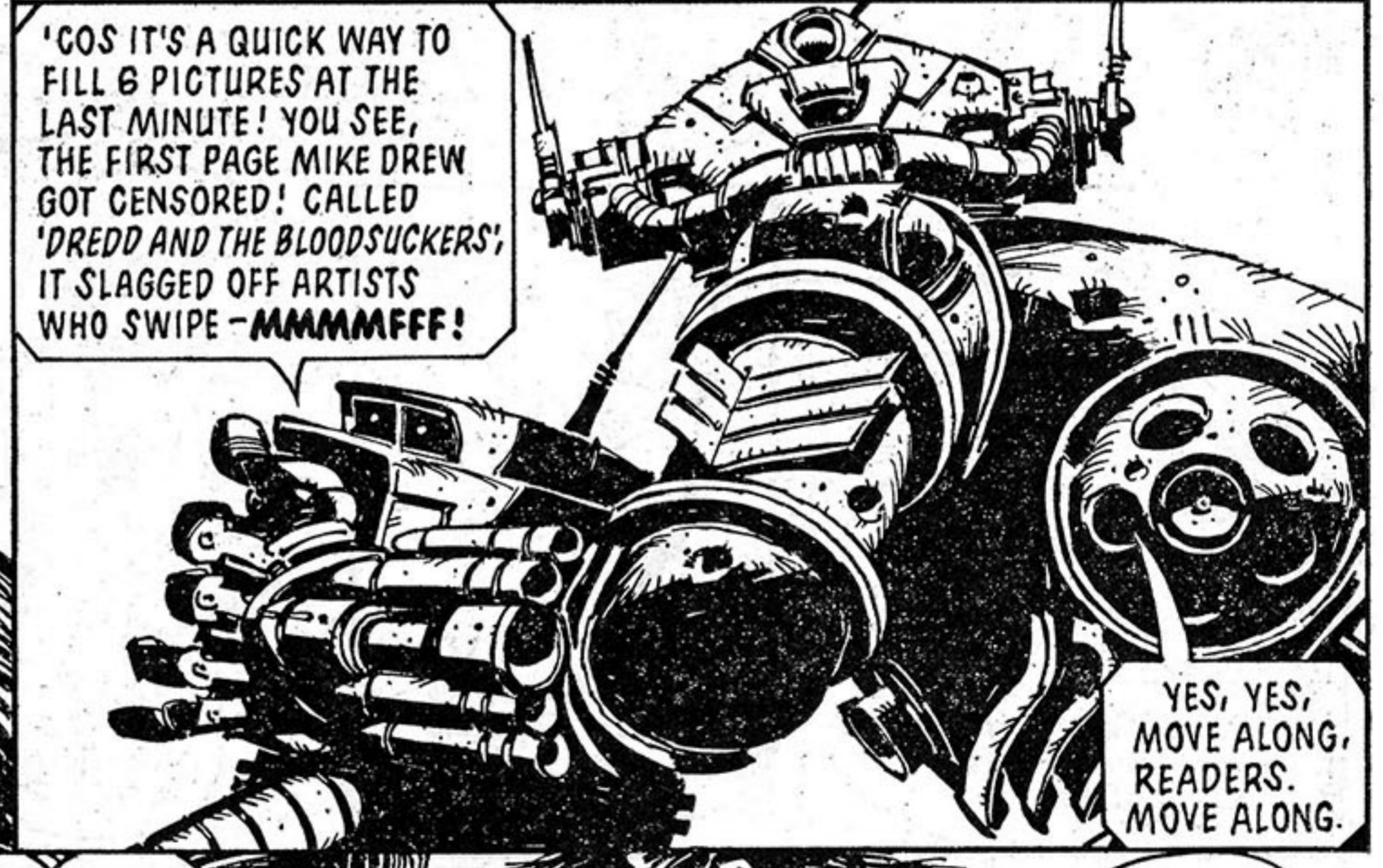
IS HE WEARING A PAIR OF OVERALLS FROM TILSLEY'S GARAGE?

RO-JAWS! THAT'S THE MIGHTY ONE'S SPACESUIT!



WELL, IS HE WEARING A PAIR OF OLD WELLIES AND MOTORBIKE GAUNTLETS?

RO-JAWS... WHY ARE WE HAVING THIS INANE CONVERSATION?



'GOS IT'S A QUICK WAY TO FILL 6 PICTURES AT THE LAST MINUTE! YOU SEE, THE FIRST PAGE MIKE DREW GOT CENSORED! CALLED 'DREDD AND THE BLOODSUCKERS', IT SLAGGED OFF ARTISTS WHO SWIPE -MMMMFFF!

YES, YES, MOVE ALONG, READERS. MOVE ALONG.



MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THARG'S CEREBRAL CORTEX (JUST BY THE 'BINS)...

SNORT

HMMM...

SHOCKING!

DIRTY FINKS!

CHEAP PUNKS!

DREDD: BLOODSUCKERS

MONGROL LIKE THE PICTURES!

THE TRUTH CAN BE A POTENT WEAPON IN THE ARMOURY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

ANYONE WROTE THAT ABOUT ME, I'D GO UP TO FOUR ON 'EM!

LET ME SEE!



HMM, DEAD NORTS...

MUST BE NU EARTH!

LOUSY DESERTERS! THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS!



SNEAKIN' OFF TO WORK FOR THE OPPOSITION LIKE THAT!

TURNIN' YOUR BACK ON 2000 AD—WHERE YOU LEARNED EVERYTHING YOU KNOW!



YOU THINK OUR ARTISTS COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT?

EASY!

NO TROUBLE!



YEAH! YOU THINK OUR WRITERS COULDN'T—?

UH... HOLD ON THERE, ROGUE...

LET'S NOT STRETCH THE POINT, OKAY?



SO THARG DON'T OFFER ROYALTIES—SO WHAT? DO YOU SEE US JUMPIN' ON A PLANE TO NEW YORK TO GET A RIGHTS DEAL?

NO WAY—'CAUSE WE'RE LOYAL! WE DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS US!



THIS IS FOR YOU, MIGHTY ONE!

K L K!

BUT BEFORE ROGUE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, STAB A PASSING NORTY, OR THROW ANY MINI-MINES...



CAPTAIN DOLLAR!



I LIKE YOU, ROGUE... I GOT A CONTRACT HERE WORTH BIG BUCKS—PLUS ALL RIGHTS, 7% ROYALTIES AND FIRST OPTION ON THE COMPACT DISC... WHADDYA SAY?



DISPENSING PEN, ROGUE!



DO I GET TO WEAR A CAPE?



UH... IS THERE... I MEAN, ANY CHANCE OF—?

SORRY, PAL—WACKY EDITORS WE DON'T NEED!



SCOTTISH, EH?

TELL ME, MARLON, HOW DID YOU GET YOUR NICKNAME...?



SPIRIT IN THE SKY, MR. BLAND?

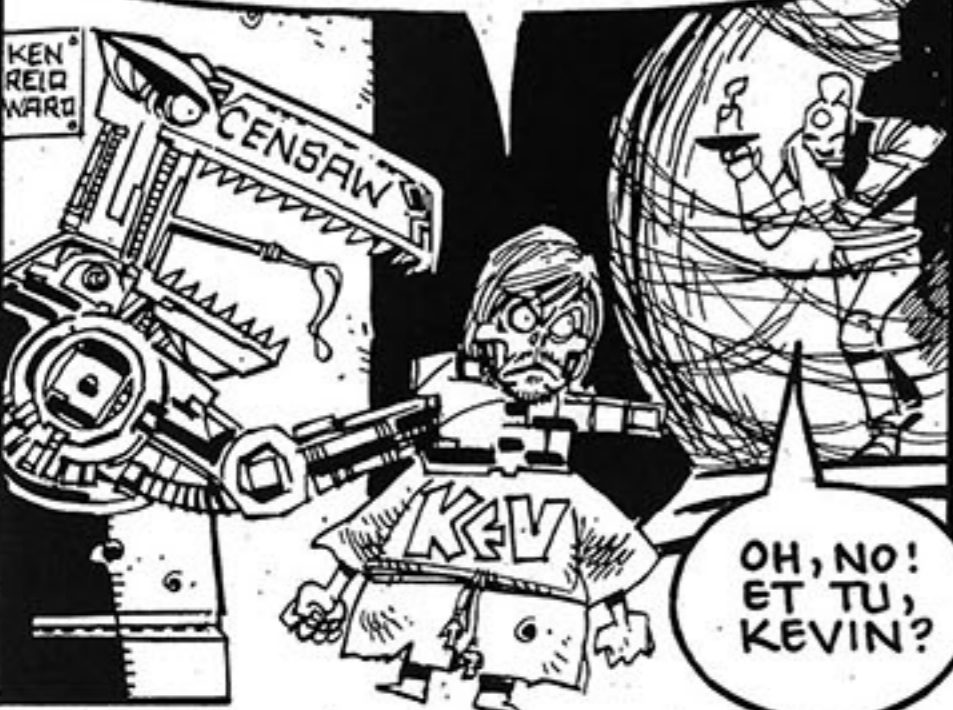


NO, JUST THE VCS...

SCRIPT: McMANUS/GELLER
ART: CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING: TONY JACOB

FINALLY—ON THE DARK SIDE OF THARG'S BRAIN...

AH, THARG! I'VE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU AS WELL! WHAT ABOUT ALL THE PICS IN NEMESIS BOOK ONE WHERE YOU WHITENED OUT THE BLOOD? THE REALLY FOUL SCENES COVERED BY BALLOONS? THE GREAT UNCLE BAAL EPISODE TONED DOWN SO READERS NEVER SAW IT IN ALL ITS STOMACH-CHURNING SPLENDOR?



OH, NO! ET TU, KEVIN?

KEV...KEV... THAT WAS A LONG WHILE AGO... BEFORE YOUR WORK WAS FULLY APPRECIATED... AND RECEIVED THE RECOGNITION IT DESERVED... WINNING THE ULTIMATE ACCOLADE—WORTH A DOZEN EAGLE AWARDS—THE AWARD THE REST OF THEM ENVY YOU FOR... THE DAY YOUR ARTWORK WAS BANNED BY THE AMERICAN COMICS CODE AUTHORITY AS BEING TOTALLY UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN!



H'MMPH! YOU WON'T GET ROUND ME BY FLATTERY.

NOT APPROVED

LOOK, THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE NEMESIS BOOK ONE... MANY OF OUR READERS ARE IN THEIR LATE TEENS NOW... COMIC-BASHING IS NO LONGER THE POPULAR BLOOD-SPORT IT ONCE WAS (I HOPE)... NOW YOU COULD DRAW A SCENE AS NAUSEATING AS YOU LIKE AND I WOULDN'T ALTER A THING.



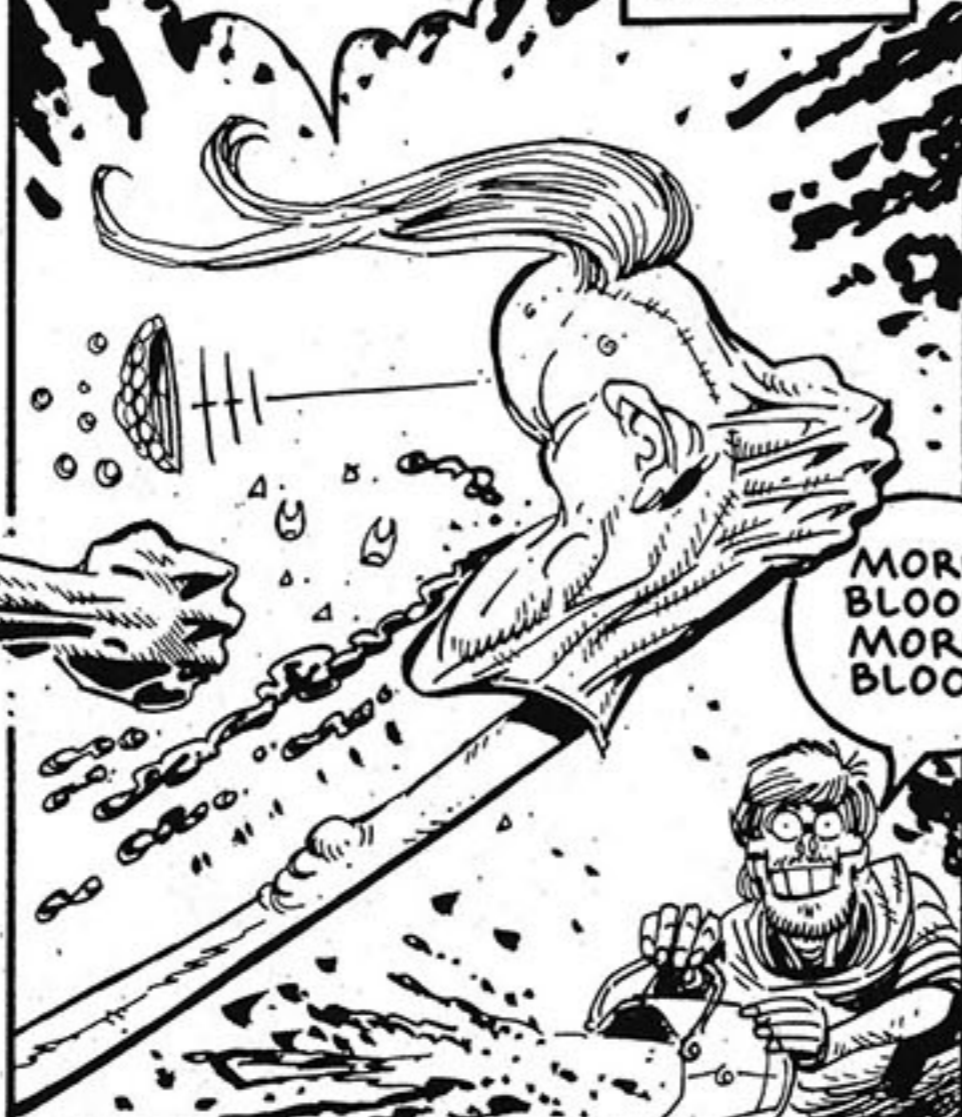
REALLY? WOULD I LIE TO YOU, KEV?

KNOW WHAT I MEAN? CALL ME DOUG

MOAN! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I'VE HATED YOU ALL THESE YEARS, THARG! HOW I'VE... GROAN!... FANTASISED ABOUT THIS MOMENT... OF DOING THE MOST UNSPEAKABLE, UNPRINTABLE THINGS TO YOU, YOU PUFFED-UP, PRETENTIOUS GREEN JERK!

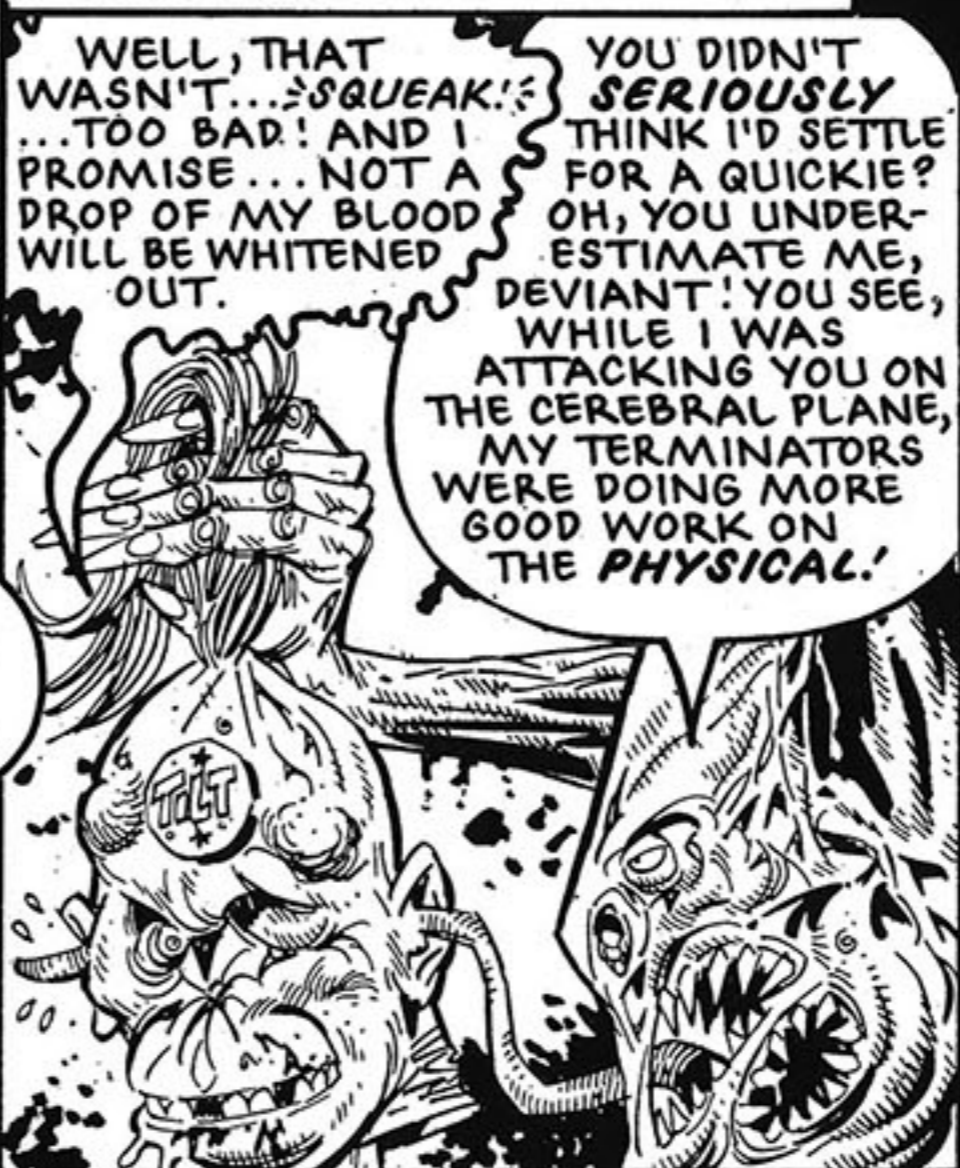


EEEEEEEEEE FALSETTO SCREAM



MORE BLOOD! MORE BLOOD!

AFTER THE UNPRINTABLE HAS TAKEN PLACE...



WELL, THAT WASN'T... SQUEAK!... TOO BAD! AND I PROMISE... NOT A DROP OF MY BLOOD WILL BE WHITENED OUT. YOU DIDN'T SERIOUSLY THINK I'D SETTLE FOR A QUICKIE? OH, YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE ME, DEVIANT! YOU SEE, WHILE I WAS ATTACKING YOU ON THE CEREBRAL PLANE, MY TERMINATORS WERE DOING MORE GOOD WORK ON THE PHYSICAL!



ALL RIGHT, TORQUEMADA! COME ON DOWN!



CREATOR GRIEF PRIMAL SCREAMS ETC.

HI, MARY!

NO! SOMEONE GET A GALLON OF PROCESS WHITE!

DON'T LOOK, MARY! DON'T LOOK!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, HE'S ONLY AN ALIEN... NOT EVEN THE CUDDLY, FURRY VARIETY, AND THE BLOOD'S GREEN—SO WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS?

WE'RE ALL JUST ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY... BORAG THUNGG, READERS!

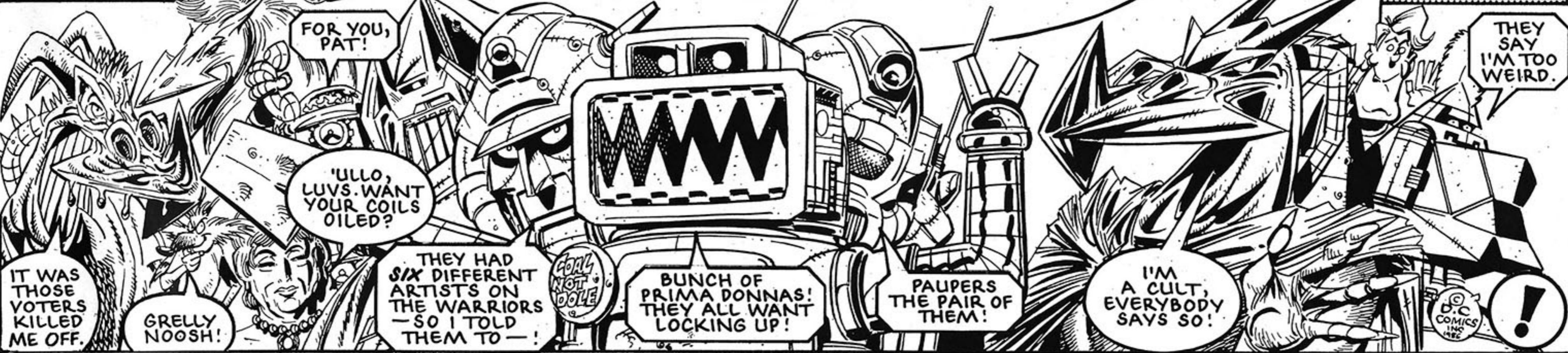
COSY PUNCH-LINE FOR JOLLY READERS

PAT MILLS PHONE CALLS ANGST ETC.

SCRIPT THERAPY: PAT MILLS ART THERAPY: KEV O'NEILL LETTERER: STEVE POTTER

CONTENTED CONTRIBUTOR AT LAST

PROG 500



FOR YOU, PAT!

'ULLO, LUVS. WANT YOUR COILS OILED?

IT WAS THOSE YOTERS KILLED ME OFF.

GRELLY NOOSH!

THEY HAD SIX DIFFERENT ARTISTS ON THE WARRIORS—SO I TOLD THEM TO—!

COIL NOT OILED

BUNCH OF PRIMA DONNAS! THEY ALL WANT LOCKING UP!

PAUPERS THE PAIR OF THEM!

I'M A CULT, EVERYBODY SAYS SO!

THEY SAY I'M TOO WEIRD.

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