

GARTH ENNIS
DAVE GIBBONS
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
PATRICK GODDARD
GUY ADAMS
LEE CARTER
DARREN DOUGLAS



**ROGUE
TROOPER**

**ONE SHOT
SPECIAL EDITION**

ROGUE TROOPER PRIMER





Cover art
Leonardo Manco

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Rogue Trooper published by Rebellion, Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford OX2 0ES.

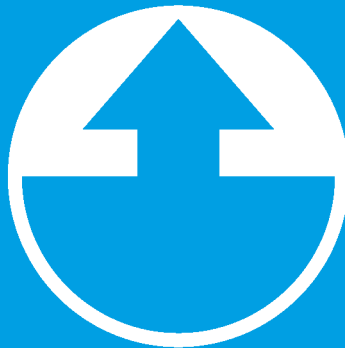
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ROGUE TROOPER



SCRIPT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY

ART
DAVE GIBBONS

LETTERS
DAVE GIBBONS

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 2000 AD PROG 228



THE PLANET
NU EARTH.



NU EARTH-- JUST ANOTHER
BATTLE-GROUND IN A GALAXY-
WIDE WAR... ITS ATMOSPHERE
POISONED BY CHEMICAL WEAPONS.

NU EARTH -- A HELLISH SETTING FOR
NUMBERLESS TALES OF HEROISM AND
DESPAIR... THIS IS THE STORY OF A
FIGHTING LEGEND, THE G.I. KNOWN AS...



ROGUE TROOPER

REMEMBER
YOUR TRAINING,
MEN-- KEEP YOUR SUIT-
PATCHES HANDY AND USE
THE CHEM-CLOUDS
FOR COVER WHEN-
EVER YOU CAN.

NOW, LET'S
RIP THOSE
NORT KILLERS!
FORWARD!



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
DAVE GIBBONS
LETTERING ROBOT
DAVE GIBBONS
COMPU-73e

A THOUSAND METRES DISTANT...



SENSOR INDICATES SOUTHERN INFANTRY ADVANCING, KAPTEN.

VERY WELL... DISSOLVE THEM!



SWEET MERCY, NO! THEY'VE GOT A HELLSTREAK UP THERE!

G-CAPTAIN... WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED!



FALL BACK! SIGNALLER, GET ME MILLI-COM ON THE SPACE-LINK. NOW!



MILLI-COM, THIS IS NU EARTH, SECTOR SEVENTEEN-DELTA... CAPTAIN WHITE SPEAKING.

YOUR DAMN BRIEFING FORGOT TO MENTION A HELLSTREAK IN THIS SECTOR--

I NEED ASSISTANCE URGENTLY!

REQUEST DENIED. CONTINUE THE ATTACK...

...AND REMEMBER-- THE SCHEME'S THE THING!

BUT OTHER EARS ARE LISTENING...

HEAR THAT, ROGUE? SOME SOUTHERS HAVE GOT THEMSELVES INTO A MELT-UP JUST NEAR US.

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, ROGUE. WE'VE GOT OUR OWN BUSINESS, REMEMBER?

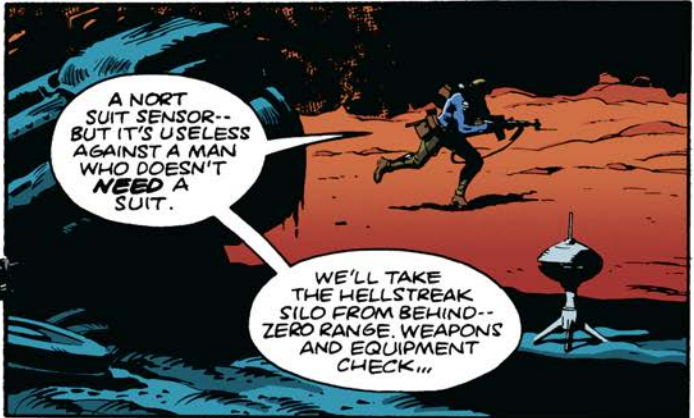
YEAH, LEAVE 'EM, ROGUE!





NO! THAT HELLSTREAK CREW COULD BE OF USE TO US...

WE'RE GOING IN!



A NORT SUIT SENSOR-- BUT IT'S USELESS AGAINST A MAN WHO DOESN'T NEED A SUIT.

WE'LL TAKE THE HELLSTREAK SILO FROM BEHIND-- ZERO RANGE. WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT CHECK...



GUNNAR?

RIFLE'S READY, ROGUE.



HELM?

SAME UP HERE, ROGUE.



BAGMAN?

CHECK, ROGUE. LET'S RIP 'EM!



WHAT THE--? LOOKS LIKE A G.I. OUT THERE... HE'S GOING TO ATTACK THE HELLSTREAK!

G.I., CAPTAIN?



GENETIC INFANTRYMAN-- ONE OF AN ELITE SQUAD **BIOLOGICALLY ENGINEERED** TO OPERATE UNHINDERED ON NU EARTH.

A GENE TROOPER? SOMEONE WHO CAN **BREATHE** THIS POISON? BUT MY TRAINING SERGEANT SAID THEY WERE ALL WIPED OUT IN THE **QUARTZ MASSACRE!**



THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN THIS WAR THAT EVEN YOUR TRAINING SERGEANT DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT SON-- AND WE'VE JUST SEEN ONE OF THEM!

W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



THEY SAY THERE WAS A **SURVIVOR** OF THE QUARTZ MASSACRE, WHO NEVER REPORTED BACK. SEEMS HE'S CUT HIMSELF OFF FROM MILLI-COM, BECOME A **LONER**, FIGHTING HIS OWN BATTLE...

HE'S GONE ROGUE!



DAMN! NORT REARGUARD!

SOUTHERN TROOPER -- BUT HE WEARS NO SUIT! HE SHOULD BE **DEAD!**

THEN KILL HIM!



AAEEEGH!



UULGGH!

ATTABOY, ROGUE, LET ME GUN SOME MORE!



TOO LATE, GUNNAR -- THEY'VE HEARD THE SCREAMS!

PLASMA SPHERE! GRAB A PLASMA SPHERE FROM **ME**, ROGUE!



NO TIME, BAGMAN--
GOT TO DO THIS MYSELF
... GET INSIDE THE
SILO!

FIRE!



DIE!

NAIN,
FOOL! DON'T
SHOOT IN HERE
--USE YOUR
VIBRO-
DAGS!



ROGUE!
WHERE
ARE YOU,
DAMMIT?

JUST
ONE
CHANCE!



MY
MASK--!



ROGUE SNATCHED
UP HIS
FALLEN
GUN
AND...

BEHIND
YOU, ROGUE
-- THE
KAPTEN!



AS THE SCREAMS SUBSIDE...

PITY-- WE WANTED ONE ALIVE.

YEAH-- HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN.

THOSE SOUTHERS ARE MOVING UP, ROGUE.



THAT G.I. SURE MADE A MESS OF THEM.

BUT I HEARD MORE THAN ONE VOICE, SARGE. WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

THOSE WERE HIS 'DOG-CHIPS' TALKING -- HIS DEAD BUDDIES!



D-DEAD BUDDIES?

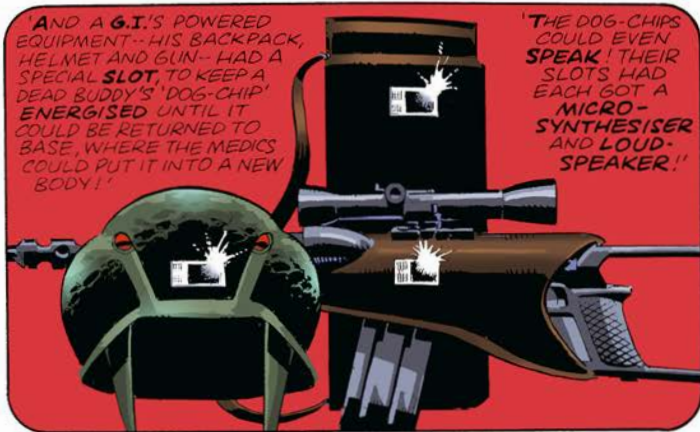
THAT'S RIGHT, KID. WHEN THE G.I.'S WERE BIO-ENGINEERED, MILLI-COM CAME UP WITH A WAY OF PROTECTING THEM -- EVEN AFTER A FATAL WOUND!

THEY COULD BUILD A NEW BODY ANYTIME, BUT A BRAIN WITH THE TRAINING OF A G.I. WAS TOO VALUABLE TO LOSE.



'SO EACH G.I. HAD A MICRO-CIRCUIT CHIP IMPLANTED IN HIS BRAIN. IF HE WERE TO TAKE A FATAL WOUND HIS BRAIN-PATTERNS WOULD AUTOMATICALLY BE RECORDED ON THE CHIP AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH...'

'...PRESERVING HIS BRAIN EVEN THOUGH HIS BODY HAD CEASED TO FUNCTION!'



'AND A G.I.'S POWERED EQUIPMENT-- HIS BACKPACK, HELMET AND GUN-- HAD A SPECIAL SLOT, TO KEEP A DEAD BUDDY'S 'DOG-CHIP' ENERGISED UNTIL IT COULD BE RETURNED TO BASE, WHERE THE MEDICS COULD PUT IT INTO A NEW BODY!'

'THE DOG-CHIPS COULD EVEN SPEAK! THEIR SLOTS HAD EACH GOT A MICRO-SYNTHESISER AND LOUD-SPEAKER!'



WOW! WISH I'D BEEN A G.I., SARGE!

NO YOU DON'T KID, A G.I. MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO DIE, BUT WHO WANTS TO FIGHT IN THIS HELL-- FOREVER?

NOW, C'MON-- THE SOONER WE GET THIS PLASTISEEL BUBBLE UP, THE SOONER WE CAN GET THESE SUITS OFF!



THANKS FOR YOUR HELP... ER, TROOPER.

BUT YOU KNOW MILLI-COM'S LOOKING FOR YOU-- I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A REPORT!

GO AHEAD -- BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO FINISH BEFORE I REPORT BACK. I'M STAYING ROGUE TILL THE JOB'S DONE!



THAT'S RIGHT-- WE'RE NOT GOING BACK YET.

WE NEED INFORMATION.

WE NEED TO KNOW.



SO LONG, CAPTAIN -- HAVE A GOOD SEAL-UP.

BUT FAILURE TO REPORT BACK IS DESERTION, CAPTAIN-- AND THAT MEANS THE FIRING SQUAD! HE MUST HAVE A REAL GOOD REASON FOR GOING ROGUE...

... OR PERHAPS HE'S JUST CRAZY!

NOT CRAZY, SON... BUT HE'S SURE MAD ABOUT SOMETHING!



WHATEVER IT IS, I WISH YOU LUCK!!!
ROGUE TROOPER!

NEXT PROG:
TOWER OF DEATH!

ROGUE TROOPER

DREGS OF WAR



SCRIPT
GUY ADMAS

ART
DARREN DOUGLAS

LETTERS
SIMON BOWLAND

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 2000 AD SCI-FI SUMMER SPECIAL 2014

NO ONE WANTS TO DIE.



THOUGH SOMETIMES, IN WAR, THE ALTERNATIVE IS AS HARD TO BEAR.



IN DEATH THERE SHOULD AT LEAST BE PEACE.



BUT FOR SOME OF US...





...DEATH IS NOT THE END.



INCENDIARY ROUND!

TARGET LOCKED!
TAKE THE SHOT!





UHHH...



HE'S BEYOND HELP, ROGUE. LEAVE HIM.

YOU'RE ALL HEART, GUNNAR.



THE G.I... ALWAYS WONDERED IF I'D...

YOU S-SHOULD GET MOVING. THIS SECTOR ISN'T SAFE.

WHERE IS?

NO...BUT HERE... WE'VE H-HEARD REPORTS...THERE ARE...*THINGS*...



HE'S GONE.

"REPORTS"...?

DON'T GET DISTRACTED. WE ALREADY HAVE OUR MISSION.



I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE WALKING INTO.

HELL. LIKE ALWAYS.



200
300
400
500
600

DIST: 43.27 RESOURCE MATTER: MULTIPLE LOCATIONS

DX--01

ORDER: DISPENSE FLESHWORMS FOR HARVEST

B-FU-237

MOU--0

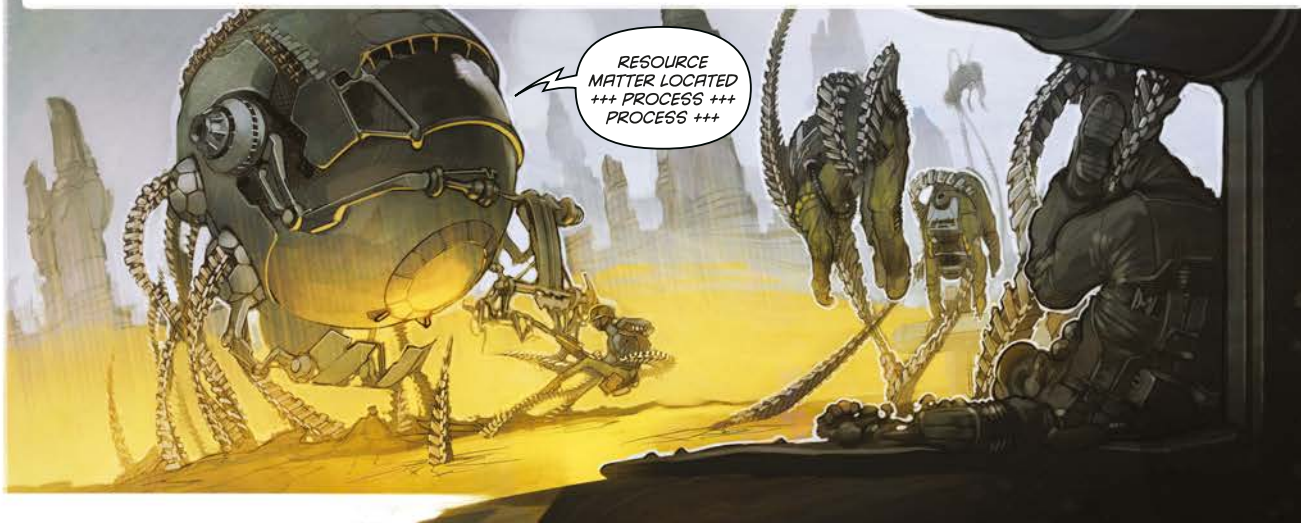


HARVESTING THE DEAD. NEVER SITS RIGHT.

SUPPLIES ARE AT AN ALL-TIME LOW. I'LL TAKE ANYTHING WE CAN FIND.



BUT WHAT ARE THEY? I NEED A TARGET!



RESOURCE MATTER LOCATED +++ PROCESS +++ PROCESS +++





THEY'RE
DEAD MEN
WALKING!

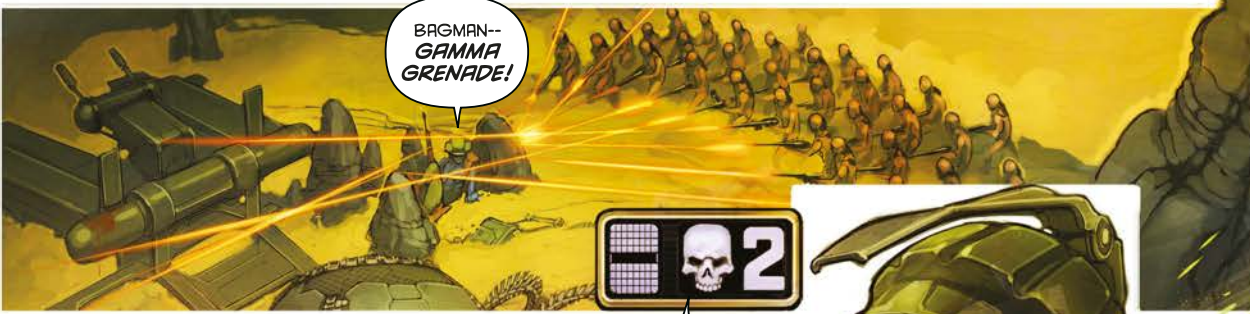


ROGUE MATTER
+++ DISPOSE +++
DRONES ENGAGE
AND DISPOSE +++

YOU HEARD
HIM, ROGUE--
DISPOSAL
IS WHAT WE
DO BEST!

IT'S NO
GOOD,
THEY'RE STILL
COMING!





BAGMAN--
GAMMA
GRENADE!



YEAH! I'D LIKE TO
SEE THEM KEEP WALKING
ONCE THEIR LEGS ARE
NOTHING BUT DUST!



+++ PROCESS COMPLETE
+++ PROCESS COMPLETE
+++ REINFORCEMENT
DRONES ENGAGE +++

+++ ERADICATE
ROGUE
MATTER +++



ANOTHER
GRENADE!

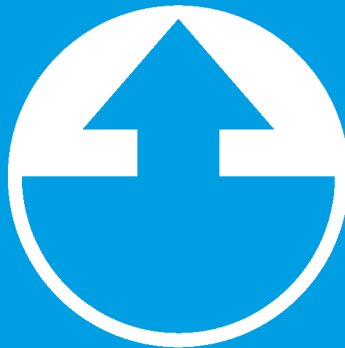
WE'RE OUT!
I TOLD YOU
MY SUPPLIES
WERE LOW!





ROGUE TROOPER

THE FEAST



SCRIPT
GUY ADMAS

ART
LEE CARTER

LETTERS
SIMON BOWLAND

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 2000 AD SCI-FI WINTER SPECIAL 2014



SO...YOU THINK HE DIED PEACEFULLY?



WOUNDS LOOK SELF-INFLICTED. GAS ATTACK?

IF IT WAS IT'S DISSIPATED. AIR'S THE USUAL LETHAL SOUP BUT I'M NOT PICKING UP ANYTHING NEW.



DEAD AND PROUD.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ROGUE? IF WE STOPPED TO DEAL WITH EVERY CORPSE WE FOUND WE'D NEVER GET ANYWHERE--

JUST LYING HIM STRAIGHT. A COUPLE OF SECONDS FOR SOME DIGNITY.



ROGUE? YOU OK?

I DON'T KNOW... EXHAUSTED...

HIT ME IN A WAVE... CAN'T...



ROGUE!



FALLING. LOOSE. GONE. WORLD LIKE SHATTERED GLASS, EDGES SHARP AND GLINTING, WANTING TO CUT OUT HIS EYES WITH ITS BRIGHT REALITIES BEFORE IT VANISHES FOREVER.

DARKNESS SUCKS HIM, COLD AND WET AS A CORPSE IN THE RAIN. HE CAN FEEL IT AROUND HIM AND INSIDE HIM, WORKING ITS WAY UNDER HIS SKIN WHERE IT BUBBLES AND SPREADS. IT LAPS AT HIS ORGANS WITH FAT, SLICK TONGUES, RISES UP HIS THROAT AND WINDPIPE, TURNING EACH BREATH INTO A GLUTINOUS CHOKE.

HE'S CONTAMINATED. CONSUMED. TASTED. CHEWED. HIS BONES EFFERVESCING, HIS MUSCLES PULLED PAPER-THIN, TORTURED MEMBRANES THAT HUM AND VIBRATE LIKE DRUM SKINS, THE SCREAM HIS SWAMPED THROAT CAN NO LONGER OFFER.

SOON THERE IS NO UP OR DOWN, NO INSIDE OR OUT. THERE IS ONLY NUMB, OPPRESSIVE DARKNESS. ABSENCE. CHILL. DEATH.



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

FINALLY, THERE IS SOLID GROUND TO FALL ON TO, THE DARKNESS SLOWLY LEAVING HIS BODY. HE FEELS EMPTY WITHOUT IT, HOLLOWED OUT AND RUINED.



RUNNING SCAN.

HE CAN HEAR SOUNDS, CHATTERING. SOMETHING HEAVY DRAGGING ITSELF ACROSS A DIRT FLOOR. VOICES TALKING ABOUT HIM.



HE WONDERS IF THEY'RE DREAMS, OR MAYBE GHOSTS.



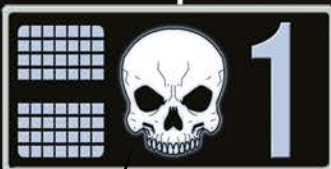
HIS HANDS... HE TOUCHED THE DEAD MAN. CONTACT POISON.

GOT TO PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER. THINK LIKE A SOLDIER. THE PARALYSING SENSATION THAT'S HOLDING HIM BACK IS THE BEST WEAPON AN ENEMY CAN HAVE: FEAR. IT'S NOT A SENSATION HE'S EXPERIENCED OFTEN ENOUGH TO IMMEDIATELY RECOGNISE.



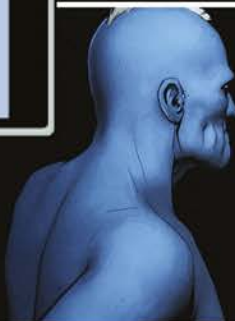
I KNEW HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT WELL ALONE! I TOLD HIM!

HE CAN FEEL THINGS IN THE DARKNESS AROUND HIM, THE AIR SHIFTING IN THE WAKE OF GIANTS UNSEEN.



YOU'RE NOT HELPING, GUNNAR.

THE VOICES CONTINUE, RATTLING AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. THEN ANOTHER, LOUDER, MORE REAL--



COME.



THAT'S IT, BRING YOUR FRIENDS. THE IDEALIST DESERTER AND HIS FRIENDLY, BUZZING GHOSTS.

Health status indicator showing a skull icon and the number 3.

HIS LIFE-SIGNS ARE DROPPING LIKE A STONE.



Health status indicator showing a skull icon and the number 2.

SO DO SOMETHING!



THEIR GRAVEYARD CHATTER KEEPS YOU COMPANY ON THE BATTLEFIELD, DOESN'T IT? THE THREE FRIENDS YOU DIDN'T *QUITE* LOSE.

Health status indicator showing a skull icon and the number 3.

I'M *TRYING*...



THE RATTLE OF THEIR EMPTY BONES MAKES IT FEEL LIKE YOU'RE NOT ALONE AS YOU WADE THROUGH MY GARDEN OF BARBED WIRE AND ROT.

Health status indicator showing a skull icon and the number 1.

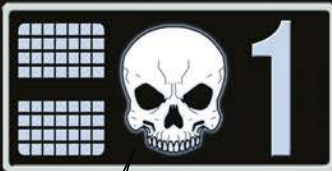
HE'S... HE'S *DYING*, ISN'T HE?



THIS WAY. THAT'S RIGHT. COME AND SEE ME. LET'S TALK FACE TO FACE.

Health status indicator showing a skull icon and the number 2.

HE *CAN'T* DIE! IF HE CLOCKS OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO *US*?



TRUST YOU TO THINK ABOUT YOURSELF FIRST...



WELCOME! PULL UP A CHAIR. I'LL GET TO YOU IN A MINUTE.



LIKE YOU WEREN'T THINKING IT/ WITHOUT ROGUE WE'RE JUST RUST WAITING TO HAPPEN.



IS...IS THAT YOU, KAPTEN? SHELL-FIRE, BRIGHT LIGHT, CAN'T SEE...IT'LL CLEAR IN A MINUTE. KAPTEN?



SHUT UP, YOU TWO, I'M TRYING TO THINK...



DO IGNORE THE LARDER, TROOPER. IT GETS CHATTY WHILE IT WAITS FOR MY ATTENTION.



CAN YOU BOOST HIS AUTO-IMMUNE SYSTEM?



NEARLY DONE. SOON BE YOUR TURN.



INJECTING NOW...



DON'T BE SILLY, YOU CAN'T KILL ME. THOSE FINGERS AREN'T EVEN LOADED.



THIS IS ALL ME. EVERY PIT, EVERY TRENCH, EVERY BLOSSOMING CORPSE FLOWER, RIBCAGES CULTIVATING WEEDS, PLANTING LEAFY KISSES ON WET, EXPOSED BONE.

Grid 2 Skull 2

HE'S BURNING UP! MUSCLES CRAMPING--



I AM THE LASER FIRE THAT SCALDS, THE BULLET IN YOUR BACK, THE KNIFE IN YOUR RIBS, THE GAS THAT BURNS IN YOUR THROAT.

I'M THE GOD OF WAR, THE VIRUS THAT THRIVES, AND MY HUNGER NEVER, EVER ENDS.

Grid 3 Skull 3

I GAVE HIM MORE THAN THE RECOMMENDED DOSE. A LOT MORE...



A NEW DELICACY! WHAT WILL YOU TASTE LIKE, I WONDER? DELICIOUS, I'M SURE. I ALWAYS DID LIKE MY STEAK BLUE.

Grid 1 Skull 1

YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM!



ALL ABOARD! ROOM FOR ONE MORE ON TOP!

Grid 3 Skull 3

OR SAVED HIM. ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...



YUMMY!

Grid 2 Skull 2

CAN'T YOU STOP HIM SCREAMING? HE'S FRYING MY SENSORS...





HNNN!



ROGUE!
I KNEW
YOU'D PULL
THROUGH.

OF
COURSE
YOU DID.

SHUT
UP, BOTH OF
YOU. GIVE HIM
A MINUTE.



YUMMY.



YUMMY?

NOTHING.
HALLUCINATION.
FORGET IT.



LET'S GO.

THE END

ROGUE TROOPER

THE DEATH OF A DEMON



SCRIPT
GUY ADMAS

ART
DARREN DOUGLAS


LETTERS
SIMON BOWLAND

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 2000 AD SCI-FI SUMMER SPECIAL 2015



SENTRY PATROL... DON'T YOU JUST HATE IT?

NOT WHEN I HAVE SUCH CHEERFUL COMPANY.



WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, MARCHING THE PERIMETER FOR TWO HOURS. MAKES YOU SICK. YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE FOR?

IT'S NOT COMPLICATED. WE'RE KEEPING 'EM PEELED FOR NORTS.



ANY NORT AMBUSH WORTH THEIR STRIPES IS WATCHING US ALREADY. WE'RE THE **EARLY WARNING SYSTEM**, THAT'S ALL.

SARGE JUST HOPES WE SCREAM LOUD ENOUGH WHEN WE'RE SHOT TO ALERT THE REST OF THE CAMP.

WAIT, WHAT'S THAT...?



I WOULDN'T TOUCH IT IF I WERE YOU. WHATEVER IT IS, PROBABLY BLOW YOUR HANDS OFF.



IT'S A CAMERA.

WATCH ME

HE...HE CAME OUT OF THE FOG. THEY WARN YOU ABOUT HIM, THOSE THAT HAVE SEEN HIM AND LIVED. THOSE FEW.

HIS EYES... BLANK, NO IRISES, NO PUPILS...JUST WHITE...EMPTY...LIKE THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE. NO SOUL.

HIS SKIN...RAIN SLIDES OFF IT, AS IF IT'S WAXY. SO ALIEN. INHUMAN. MONSTROUS.

HE'S... HE'S...

SC. 1. INT. BARRACKS

-PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0042

THE ROGUE TROOPER DEATH OF A DEMON

-PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0022

THE GENETIC INFANTRYMAN--A PRODUCT OF TWISTED, IMMORAL EXPERIMENTS. A MONSTER. A HEARTLESS ABOMINATION THAT PROVES THE DARK SOUL OF THE ENEMY OUR NOBLE TROOPS FACE.

SC.3 EXT. NU EARTH

-PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0032



A HEARTLESS
ABOMINATION THAT
DIES TODAY...

BEFORE THE WAR, MY
REPUTATION AS A HUNTER
WAS UNRIVALLED, MY KILLS
BEYOND COUNT. THIS BEATS
THEM ALL. THIS IS THE DAY
THAT I BAG THE MOST
LETHAL ANIMAL I HAVE EVER
HAD IN MY SIGHTS.

COMMANDANT SHLITZ - SNIPER AND WAR HERO

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0065



THE HUNT IS ABOUT
POWER. IT'S ABOUT PROVING YOU
HAVE CONTROL OVER SOMETHING'S
EXISTENCE, PROVING IT'S UP TO YOU
IF IT LIVES OR DIES. THE DOMINANT
URGE IS TO STRIKE, TO KILL. BUT IT'S
A GAME. A TEASE. THE PLEASURE IS
IN THE **TENSION**--LETTING THE PREY
WALK FREE, LETTING IT GET TO THE
VERY POINT OF SAFETY.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0033



AND THEN
SNATCHING
THAT SAFETY
AWAY.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0021



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-PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0032



NO. YOUR KILLING IS DONE.

-PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDD 0065



YOU'VE HAUNTED THESE BATTLEFIELDS FOR TOO LONG, STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIERS. GOOD MEN. MEN YOU TORTURED, SLAUGHTERED, DEBASED...


YOU DON'T DESERVE A QUICK DEATH. YOU SHOULD SUFFER, JUST AS THEY SUFFERED. BUT WE'RE BETTER THAN YOU.

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WE'RE NOT MONSTERS.


-PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDD 0092



IT'S DONE!
YOU KILLED HIM! THE
DEMON INFANTRYMEN
IS GONE!

YES.
YES, HE'S
GONE.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0065



IT LEAVES YOU FEELING
EMPTY, THE KILL. BUT IT'S A
GREAT THING WE ACHIEVED TODAY
AND I'M PROUD. I'M PROUD THAT
OUR MEN CAN ONCE MORE MARCH
THESE DAMNED, BARREN WASTES
SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE
ABOMINATION HAS GONE. THEY
CAN FIGHT ON WITH HONOUR, WITH
THE BRAVERY THEY HOLD IN
THEIR HEARTS.

I CANNOT BRING
BACK THEIR COMRADES
BUT I COULD AT LEAST
AVENGE THEM. THIS IS
THE TURNING POINT...

COMMANDANT SHLITZ - THE MAN WHO KILLED THE DEMON

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0052



...FROM THIS DAY
FORWARD, OUR
FORCES CAN FIGHT
WITH RENEWED--

OH...

KEEP FILMING
OR I'LL PUT
A BULLET IN
YOUR BACK.

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0342



KEEP MOVING, ALL OF YOU...

THAT INCLUDES YOU, HANDSOME. MOVE!

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0042



OF ALL THE WEAPONS OF WAR, A CAMERA'S THE BEST, THE MOST POWERFUL.

BOMBS? GAS? THEY'VE GOT NOTHING ON PROPAGANDA. ON IDEAS.

WHO...?

TURN AROUND.

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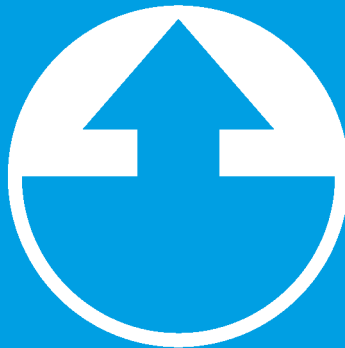
TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!

- PENDING STATE APPROVAL - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION - RTDC 0032



THE END

**ROGUE
TROOPER
BLIGHTY VALLEY**



SCRIPT
GARTH ENNIS


ART
PATRICK GOODARD

LETTERS
ROB STEEN


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 2000 AD PROG 2326



NU EARTH, THE PARADISE
PLANET TURNED WAR WORLD.




THE STRATEGIC LYNCHPIN
OF A GALAXY-WIDE
CONFLICT, IT DOMINATES
THE APPROACHES TO A
VAST BLACK HOLE--
THROUGH WHICH BOTH
SIDES WARP MEN AND
MUNITIONS FROM THE
HOME SYSTEM.



YEARS OF CHEMICAL,
BACTERIAL AND NUCLEAR
COMBAT HAVE MADE NU
EARTH A POISONED RUIN,
TESTAMENT TO MANKIND'S
LOVE AFFAIR WITH WAR.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS DEADLY. UNSURVIVABLE
WITHOUT CHEM-SUIT PROTECTION--OR,
PERHAPS, MORE DRASTIC METHODS.



THESE ARE THE STORIES OF
THE LAST OF THE GENETICALLY
ENGINEERED INFANTRY, THE
G.I. KNOWN AS...



THAT THING GIVES ME THE CREEPS...



THE HOLE?

IT'S JUST A BIG... KIND OF SPACE HIGHWAY, BAGMAN...

IT'S HOW WE GOT HERE.

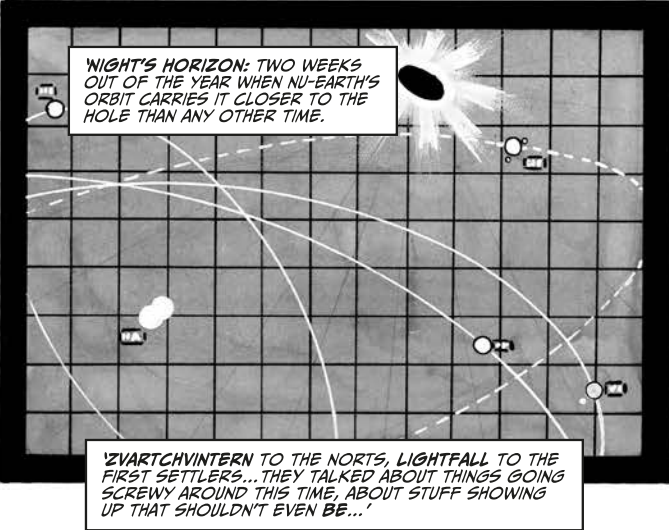


ON BIOCHIPS IN HIS EQUIPMENT, THE G.I. CARRIES THE RECORDED PERSONALITIES OF FALLEN COMRADES:

HOW EVERYONE GOT HERE.

LAST EXIT TO HELL...

YEAH, BUT WHEN IT'S THIS CLOSE--?



NIGHT'S HORIZON: TWO WEEKS OUT OF THE YEAR WHEN NU-EARTH'S ORBIT CARRIES IT CLOSER TO THE HOLE THAN ANY OTHER TIME.

'ZVARTCHVINTERN TO THE NORTS, LIGHTFALL TO THE FIRST SETTLERS...THEY TALKED ABOUT THINGS GOING SCREWY AROUND THIS TIME, ABOUT STUFF SHOWING UP THAT SHOULDN'T EVEN BE...'



OH, WHAT, LIKE WEREWOLVES OR VAMPIRES OR WHATEVER?

HAW! BEWARE THE MOON, WEREBAG!

HEY, SYNTH OUT, BUTCHER BOY--!



I'M NOT THE ONE WHO'S DAMAGED GOODS, KOOK!

GUNNAR, I SWEAR, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL--

NOT THIS AGAIN.

I MAKE IT TWENTY KLIKS TO GO.



HUH. I DIDN'T REALISE WE WERE THIS FAR SOUTH.

TOO BUSY SCANNING FOR THE LIVING DEAD?

YOU WANT TO TELL THEM WHY, ROGUE?

THE TRAITOR.



'YOU SAW HOW HE HANDLED HIMSELF LAST SUMMER*. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GENERAL--BUT NO WAY WAS HE EVER SOME DESK JOCKEY.

'WHICH MEANS...'

*THARGNOTE: SEE EYE OF THE TRAITOR, PROGS 327-332.



SPECIAL FORCES?

YEAH, LIKE A LOT OF OUR INSTRUCTORS...

THERE'S A SOUTHER EXTREME ENVIRONMENT TRAINING FACILITY NOT FAR FROM HERE. S.F.'s LIKE A CLUB: EVERYONE KNOWS EVERYONE.

IF HE PASSED SELECTION, SOME OLD TIMER MIGHT REMEMBER HIM--MIGHT EVEN KNOW THE PLACES HE LIKES TO HIDE.



HE LOOKS DIFFERENT NOW, DON'T FORGET...

HE CAN ONLY BE ONE OF FOUR FACES.

TRUE.

NICE GOING, ROGUE.



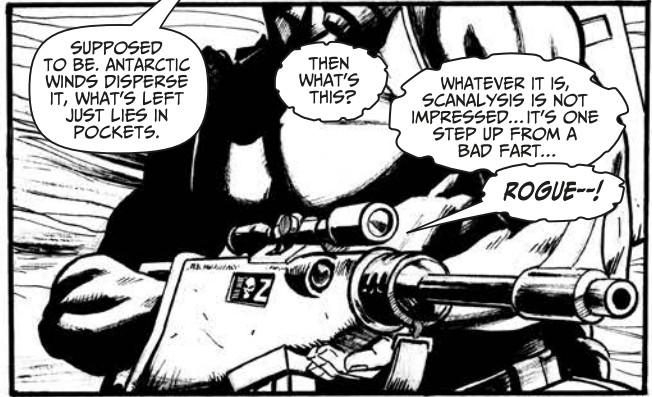
HELM'S IDEA.

NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE, KIDS.

UH...



I THOUGHT THE SOUTHPOLE ZONE WAS FREE OF CHEM?



SUPPOSED TO BE. ANTARCTIC WINDS DISPERSE IT, WHAT'S LEFT JUST LIES IN POCKETS.

THEN WHAT'S THIS?

WHATEVER IT IS, SCANALYSIS IS NOT IMPRESSED... IT'S ONE STEP UP FROM A BAD FART...

ROGUE--!



WHERE THE HELL DID HE--?

MORE!



WAKE THE HELL UP, GUNNAR!

I WAS! THE SON OF A BITCH WAS JUST THERE!

ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG! NACH VORNE!



NAAAH--!

TEUFEL! DAS SCHWEIN IST BLAU!

MNNH!

IS THAT NORT?

SOUNDS LIKE NORT...



JUST THERE? DID HE PORT IN, OR--?

YOU TELL ME! FRESH MAG, ROGUE!



WHERE'S THE SNOW? THE ICE?

TAKE A LOOK UP, BOYS--

TOTE DIESES STUCK SCHEISSE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE GODDAMNED MOON--

NNGH!

AAAH! WAS ZUR HOLLE--?



SAME AGAIN! HE WASN'T THERE AND THEN HE WAS!

NOW HE'S NOT! GUNNAR, SOUND OFF!



NO TARGET! NO TARGET!

DAMN IT--!



THIS MAKES NO SENSE! THIS IS--

ANY SECOND NOW IT WON'T MATTER! WHAT A LOUSY WAY TO GO!

LOOK TO YOUR FRONT! LOOK TO YOUR FRONT!

WH--?

FIVE ROUNDS RAPID! FIRE!



NOW, AH...
HAVE I BEEN
OVER-IMBIBING
AGAIN...

...OR IS THIS
CHAP ACTUALLY
BLUE?



TO BE CONTINUED IN ROGUE TROOPER BIGHTLY VALLEY!

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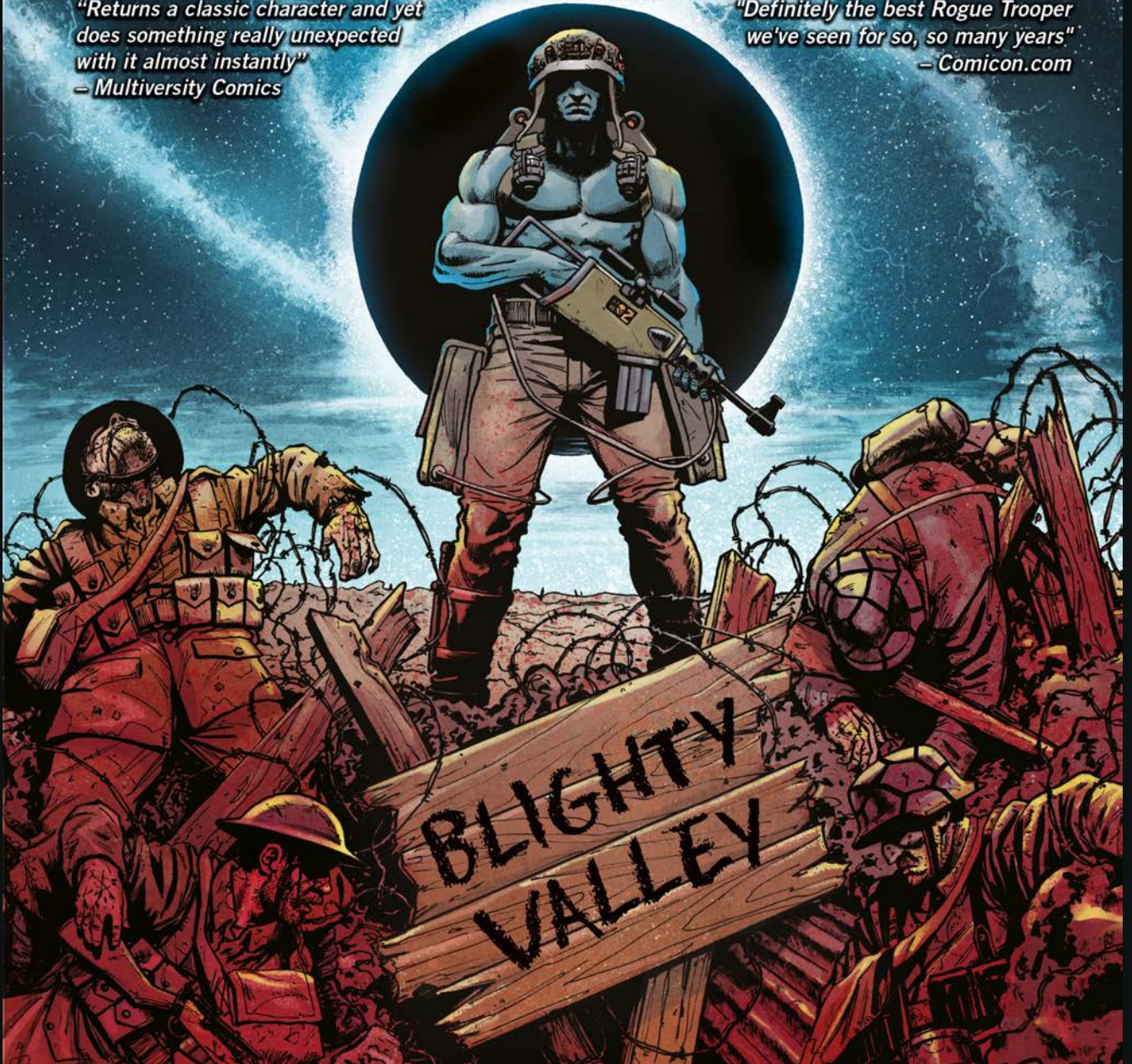
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