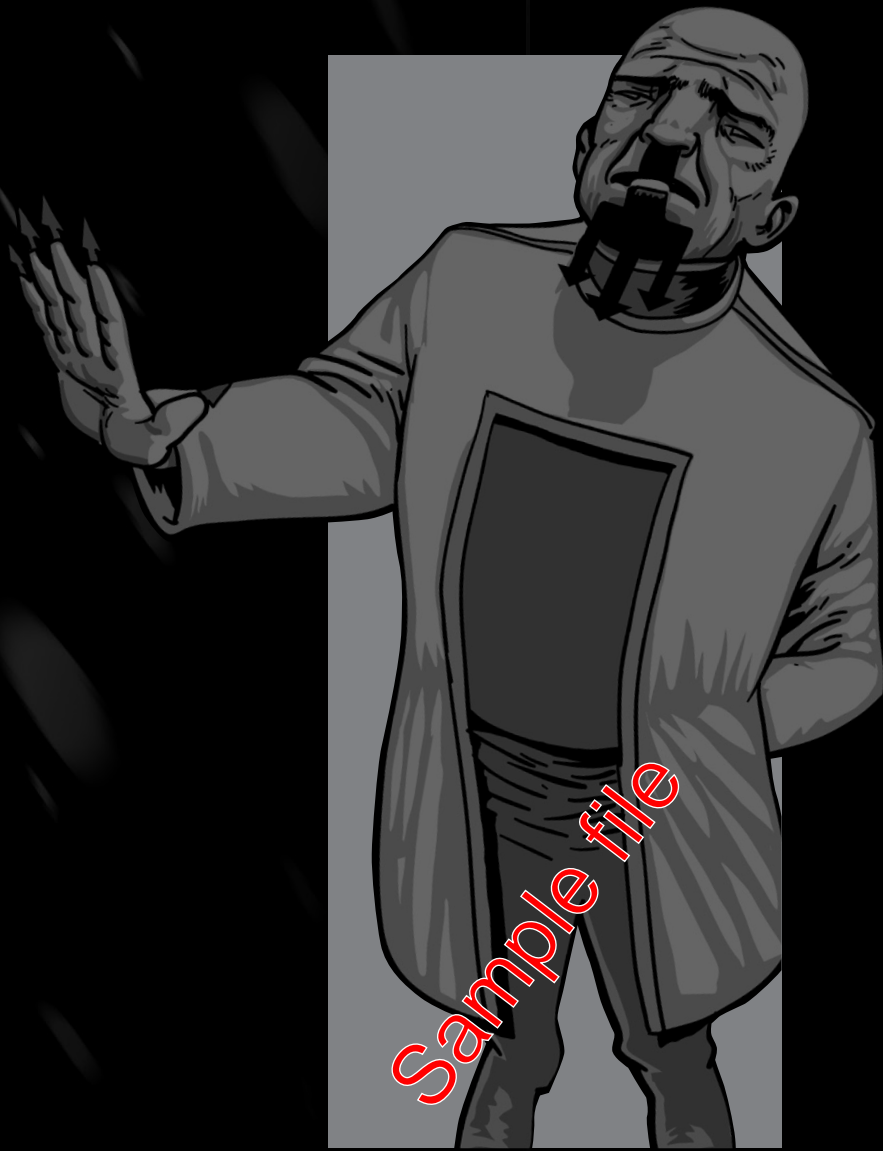




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# XTNCT

XTNCT CREATED BY PAUL CORNELL AND D'ISRAELI

# XTNCT

**PAUL CORNELL**

Writer

**D'ISRAELI**

Artist

**REBELLION**

Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Graphic Design: Simon Parr & Luke Preece

Marketing and PR: Keith Richardson

Repro Assistant: Kathryn Symes

Graphic Novels Editor: Jonathan Oliver

Designer: Luke Preece

Original Commissioning Editor: Alan Barnes

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# INTRODUCTION

I began to write *XTNCT* while I was living in East Berlin. We were there because of my wife's academic career: she's writing a thesis in defence of the work of the German theologian Friedrich Schleiermacher. While she studied and visited the university, I got to explore the city. The words 'East Berlin' still conjure up bleak austerity, the images suggested by, for example, the trilogy of albums David Bowie made alongside the Wall. But our experience matched the actual experience of Bowie, that the city was humane and friendly. That feeling I think can be found under the surface sheen of those albums. They reject rock and roll, and instead are gentle and kind.

Similarly, *XTNCT* might have been a very hot blooded revenge fable, we pitiful humans all dying in the jaws of the dinosaurs we've created, with the audience being invited to enjoy that Jacobean 'horrid laughter' at the satirical aptness of it all. Kind of *Flesh: The Next Chapter*, 'this time they wipe us out'. Because we're terrible and we deserve it. That's how the scientist is feeling in episode two. He thinks he should be in a Pat Mills story.

But I conjured up that ultimate in thrillpower sadism in order to defeat and debunk it. What if you start off on that road, and then take away the horrid laughs that make it palatable, and leave everyone staring at how terrible the reality would be? Our heroes after all, are dedicated to genocide.

So a chill sets in. Rather like the cold that goes deep into Rex's reptile brain. I hope the blood runs cold. The dinosaurs get reformed. The anti-globalisation protestors are the bad guys. The conditions is the coolness necessary to think long enough to be kind. I still think we did a splendidly awkward job. I'm pleased at giving each character an episode of their own, and at the last Jewish woman living on the Isle of Wight. I think we made strides towards acceptance for cloned dinosaur lesbians. And thanks to Raptor's missing vowels I got to swear more than any other writer in the *Meg's* history.

This all began when Alan Barnes and I, as little writers, pitched a story to then-*Megazine* editor David Bishop. *Dinosaur Commandos* would have been about... okay, you're there. But, as David carefully pointed out, several times, it had nothing to do with the world of Judge Dredd.

When Alan became editor of the *Megazine*, and sent out a brief searching for new strips, not necessarily in Dredd's universe now, I playfully sent him *Dinosaur Commandos* again, just wanting to see him complete the cycle by rejecting that which he'd once embraced. 'I know thee not, old man', is what he should have said. But to my surprise he took it on, and suggested revisions to make it more interesting. Which it needed. I mean, how many talking dinosaur strips does a comic need?

It was the arrival of D'Israeli on the project that really made me think we could do anything. Because Matt Brooker can draw anything. 'I want a stained glass moment of divine revelation, the arrival of the Dinosaur Messiah, with medieval curly tags for speech balloons, and the following hallucinatory images...' Oh, and I want a flaming dinosaur fart joke. But Matt's greatest skill is that of expression. His characters can swing from cute to terrifying to afraid in a moment, and he can give non humans, like Raptor, the body language to carry the story. And he likes lemurs with flame throwers. For some reason.

I think I poured a lot of anger into *XTNCT*. I'm not now quite at that same peak of theistic rage, although certain voices within western culture continue to treat believers like a species who are dawdling too long on their way to logical extinction. Because, you know, it was us that flew those airplanes.

In support of theists everywhere, therefore, of whatever stripe, there is now at least this fairly funky collected killer dinosaur comic. Which will, of course, be enough to stand against the forces of ignorance. I hope you like it. My Gd blss ll s slss cnts s w fc th nd f th wrld gn.

**Paul Cornell**

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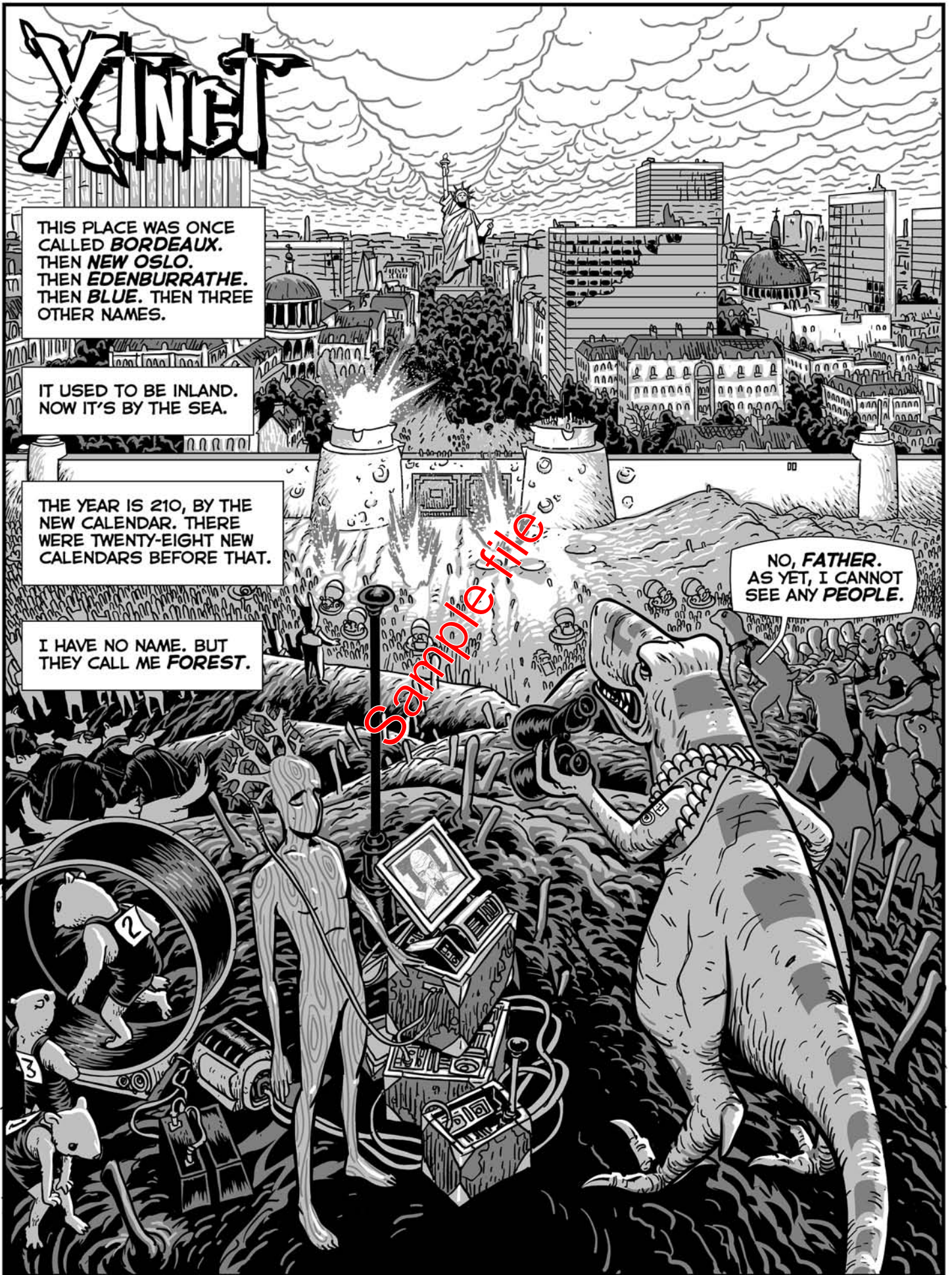
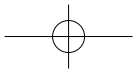


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# XTNCT

Script: Paul Cornell  
Art: D'Israeli  
Letters: Digital Derci

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# XTINCT

THIS PLACE WAS ONCE CALLED *BORDEAUX*. THEN *NEW OSLO*. THEN *EDENBURRATHE*. THEN *BLUE*. THEN THREE OTHER NAMES.

IT USED TO BE INLAND. NOW IT'S BY THE SEA.

THE YEAR IS 210, BY THE NEW CALENDAR. THERE WERE TWENTY-EIGHT NEW CALENDARS BEFORE THAT.

I HAVE NO NAME. BUT THEY CALL ME *FOREST*.

NO, FATHER. AS YET, I CANNOT SEE ANY PEOPLE.

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