

BATTLETM

OF BRITAIN SPECIAL



BY GARTH ENNIS
ALEX DE CAMPI
KEITH BURNS
ALAN GRANT
GLENN FABRY
STAZ JOHNSON
ALAN HEBDEN
DAN ABNETT
AND MANY MORE!

TREASURY
COMICS

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Rebellion

100 PAGES OF COMBAT ACTION!

WELCOME TO THE MUCH ANTICIPATED RETURN OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST WAR COMIC!

BATTLE OF BRITAIN SPECIAL

BETWEEN JULY AND OCTOBER OF 1940, THE LUFTWAFFE MOUNTED AN INTENSE BOMBING CAMPAIGN AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN AS GERMANY PREPARED FOR A LARGE-SCALE INVASION. Thanks to the dedication, bravery and skill of the Royal Air Force and the men and women of Fighter Command, the Luftwaffe were unable to gain superiority of the skies and Hitler was dealt his first major blow. The earliest military campaign fought entirely by air forces had been won by Britain.

This special celebrates that critical period in history and is dedicated to those people who fought and died so that future generations could enjoy a life free from tyranny.



RATPACK - THE TOUGH WAY OUT

Forced to carry out the deadliest missions in WWII, the Rat Pack are Britain's toughest convict commando unit!

LOFTY AND THE EAGLE

British pilot Lofty Banks goes on a mission during the Battle of Britain to rescue an agent in occupied France.



FACE OF THE ENEMY

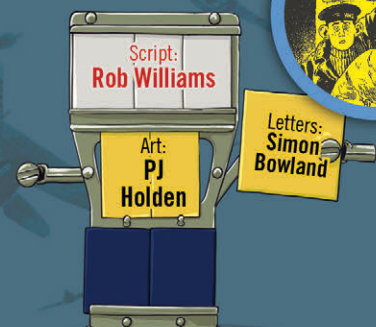
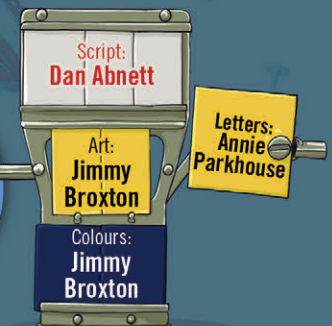
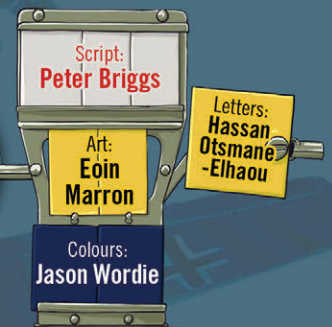
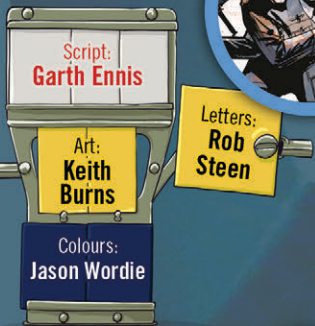
Eighty years have passed since the Battle of Britain. One man recounts a haunting childhood memory from that tumultuous time.

WAR CHILD

Produced in conjunction with the charity War Child UK, this tale casts a spotlight over the stark reality of children who are being utilised in areas of conflict.

DESTROYER

HMS Campbeltown was far from being the pride of the British naval fleet. Outdated and vastly inferior to the German U-boat, many sailors thought that the ship was jinxed. But on 28th March 1942 she and her crew would strike an important blow against the enemy.



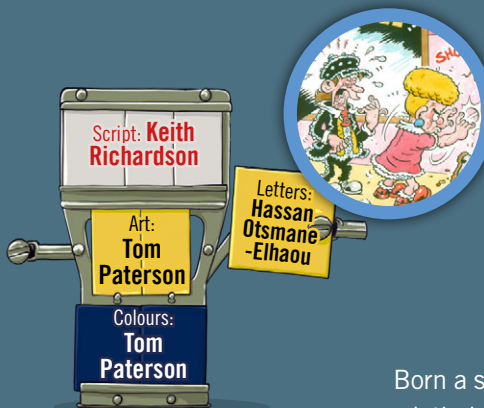


SNIPER ELITE - THE VULTURE

1942, Russia. Lieutenant Roza Petrovna protects a group of children from the advancing German Army in amongst the ruins of Stalingrad.

BRAVO, BLACK LION!

1968, Vietnam. If Virgil Hunter thought that the war couldn't get any worse, he was wrong. As part of the 28th infantry (also known as the Black Lions), they face a perilous journey, escorting eight tankers full of av fuel up the treacherous Thunder Road...

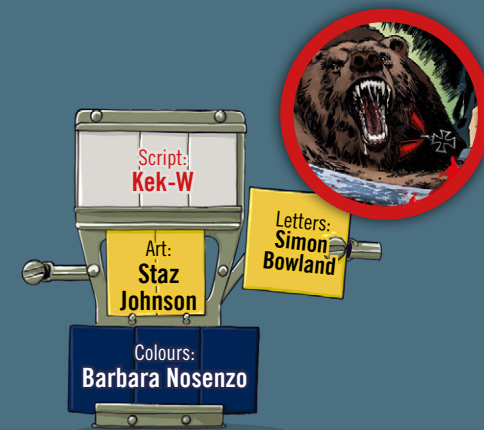
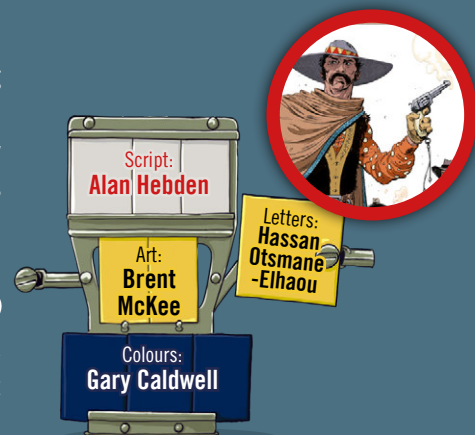


THE YOUNG COCKNEY COMMANDOS

In July 1940, the Luftwaffe started taking diabolical liberties over the skies of London Town. Well, Honch and the gang from Wash Away Lane ain't gonna stand for it! Watch out Nasties - you're about to get a proper kick up the khyber!

EL MESTIZO

Born a slave, Mestizo escaped to Mexico where he became a lethal gun-fighter. Now back in America during the height of the civil war, he works for one person only...himself!



GUSTAV OF THE BEARMACHT

1944, The Eastern Front. Sergeant Holstein and his battle-hardened unit of men (and one beast) face off against a brutal SS Major.

ALSO FEATURING:

DOUBLE HERO

Art: Ian Kennedy

VULTURES!

Script: B. Burrell

Art: Carlos Ezquerro

Letters: N. Eaton

SCOURGE OF THE SKIES

Script: Karl Stock

Colours: Jon Charles

Art: Patrick Goddard

Letters: Oz

TREASURY OF BRITISH COMICS

Treasury of British Comics Presents...
The Battle of Britain Special 2020

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Web exclusive cover: Keith Burns

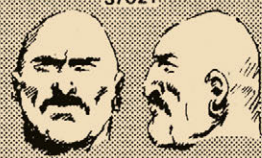
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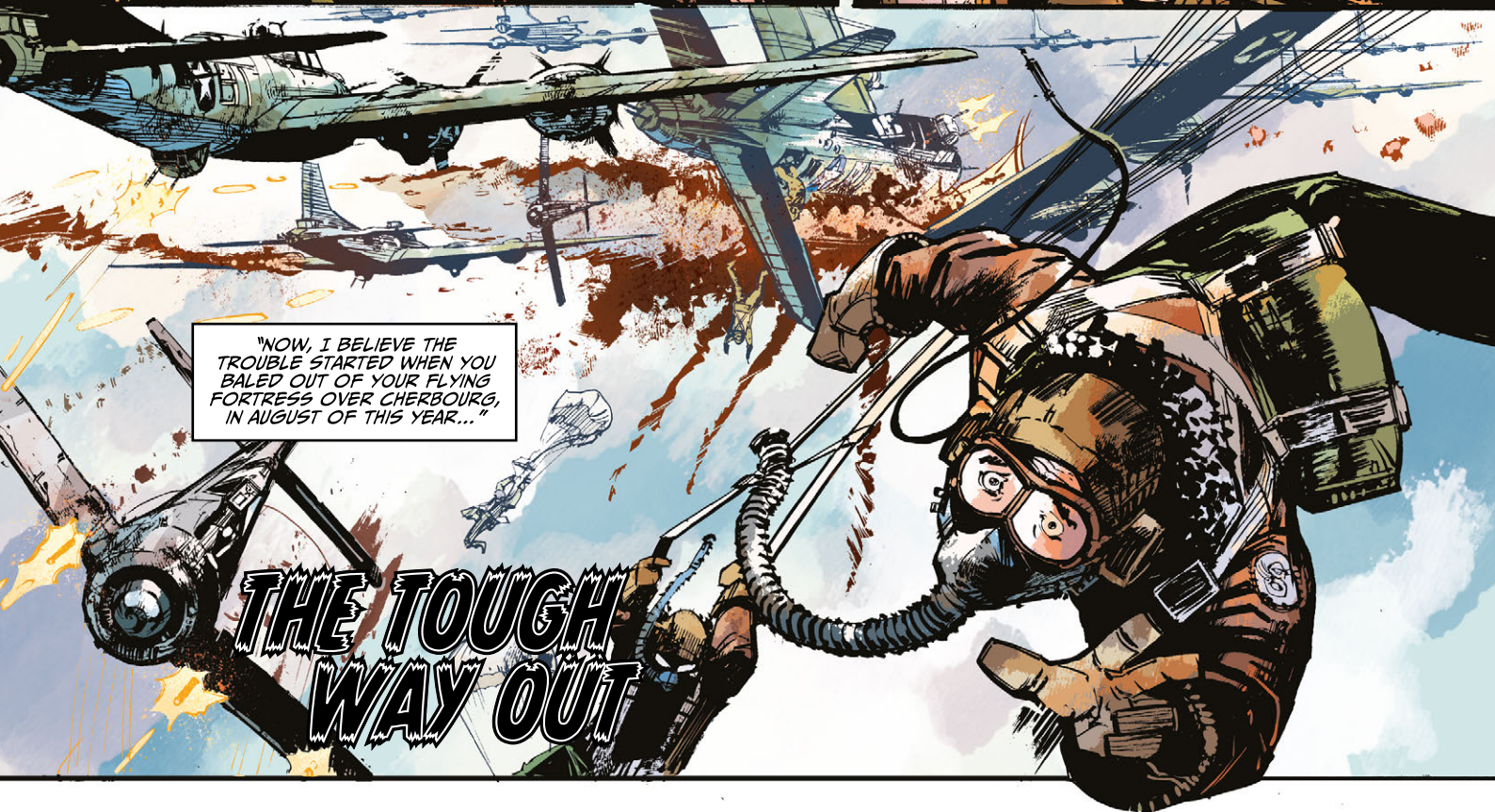
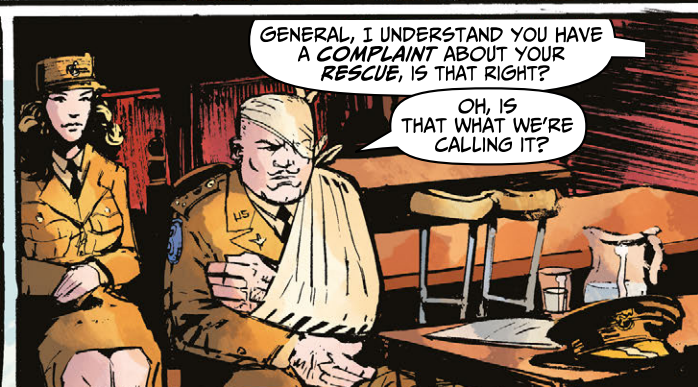
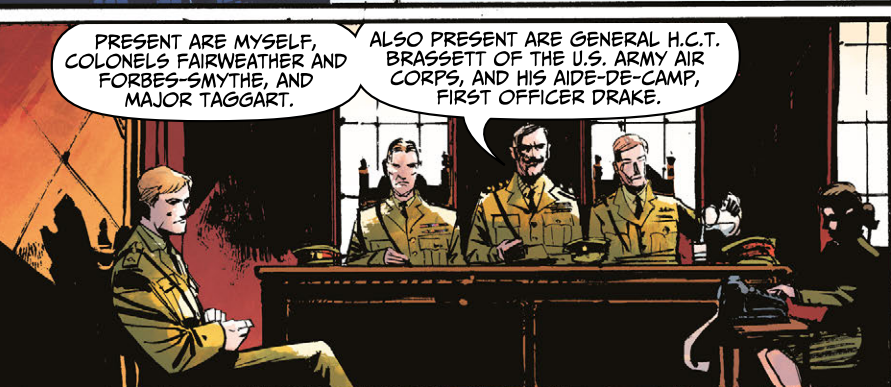
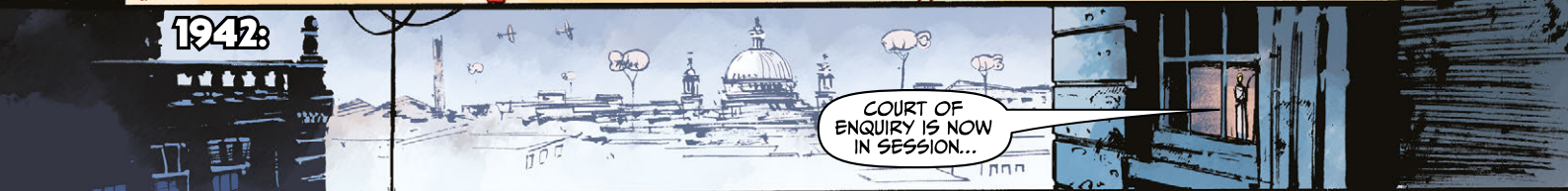
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SPECKY HECTOR, the COMICS COLLECTOR!



 37021 MAJOR TAGGART. Special Services Commando. Leader and founder of RAT PACK. No mission too dangerous for this man.	 37194 KABUL HASAN. Cyprus Rifles. Known as "the Turk". Court martialled for attacking officers in fit of rage. 10 years. DANGEROUS	 36616 RONALD WEASEL. Kent Infantry. Expert Safebreaker. Court martialled robbery Army Paymaster's Office. 8 years.	 34024 IAN "SCARFACE" ROGAN. Highland Infantry. Brilliant athlete. Court martialled for desertion. 15 years. DANGEROUS	 MATTHEW DANCER. Commandos. Deadly with a knife. Born marksman. Court martialled for looting. 7 years. DANGEROUS
--	---	---	---	---

RAT PACK



MIGHT I BRIEFLY ASK WHY SUCH A HIGH-RANKING OFFICER WAS ON A COMBAT MISSION IN THE FIRST PLACE?

COMBAT EXPERIENCE, OBVIOUSLY...!

YES, BUT AREN'T YOU ASSIGNED TO STRATEGIC PLANNING?

THAT'S WHAT MY LOT WERE TOLD.

GENERAL BRASSETT PRIVY TO OPERATIONAL PLANNING FOR EIGHTH AIR FORCE. CAPTURED AND TAKEN TO THE SCHLOSS FUCHS NEAR THE SWISS BORDER, AFTER INITIAL INTERROGATION.

GO IN-- RETRIEVE GENERAL BEFORE LUFTWAFFE TWIG WHO THEY'VE GOT AND HAND HIM OVER TO GESTAPO-- GET OUT AGAIN.

SO OFF WE WENT.

Garth Ennis SCRIPT
Keith Burns ART
Jason Wordie COLOURS
Rob Steen LETTERS

BY MY LOT I TAKE IT YOU MEAN THE CRIMINAL SCUM YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE RECRUITED DIRECTLY FROM MILITARY PRISON...

WELL, GENERAL.

"YOU SAY TOMAYTO."

HAUPTMANN, THIS IS ALL HIGHLY IRREGULAR...

WHY IS THE PRISONER BEING TRANSFERRED AT ALL? THE SCHLOSS FUCHS IS THE MOST SECURE CONTAINMENT FACILITY FOR SENIOR ALLIED AIRCREW IN THE REICH--WHERE ELSE WOULD GENERAL BRASSETT BE SENT?

I'VE NO IDEA, HERR OBERST. THOSE ARE SIMPLY THE ORDERS I WAS GIVEN.

IT'S NOT THAT I MIND HANDING HIM OVER TO YOU, IT'S JUST THAT...HOLD ON.

THIS TRANSFER ORDER IS STAMPED NOVEMBER. BUT THIS IS STILL ONLY OCTOBER.

WHAT'S...?

WELL, THEY WERE RUN UP IN A BIT OF A HURRY.

WHAT?

TURK. DANCER.





COURAGE, GENERAL! REMEMBER YOU ARE A LEADER OF MEN!

OH GOD-
OH GOD-
OH GOD-

OH GOD-
OH GOD-
OH GOD-

NOT SO TIGHT, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE--!

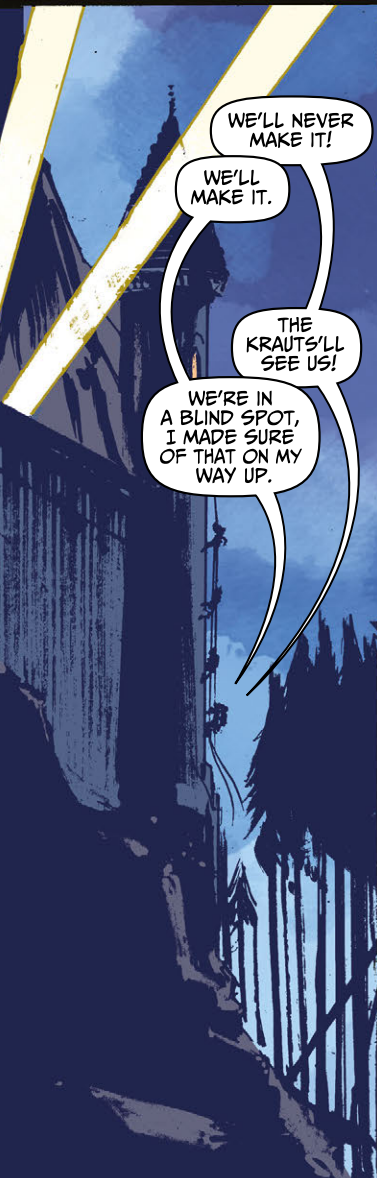


...WHY DO WE HAVE TO STICK OUR NECKS OUT, JUST BECAUSE SOME COLONIAL HALFWIT DECIDED TO GO ON A SIGHTSEEING FLIGHT?

THEY ANY CLOSER?

ABOUT HALFWAY UP THE STAIRS, FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS. I MEAN IT'S THE BLOODY LIMIT...!

WHO GOES NEXT?



WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

WE'LL MAKE IT.

THE KRAUTS'LL SEE US!

WE'RE IN A BLIND SPOT, I MADE SURE OF THAT ON MY WAY UP.



THEY'LL HEAR US, BUT, IF YOU DON'T SHUT YOUR--AW, NOT ROUND MY NECK--!

ANY SECOND...



NOW.

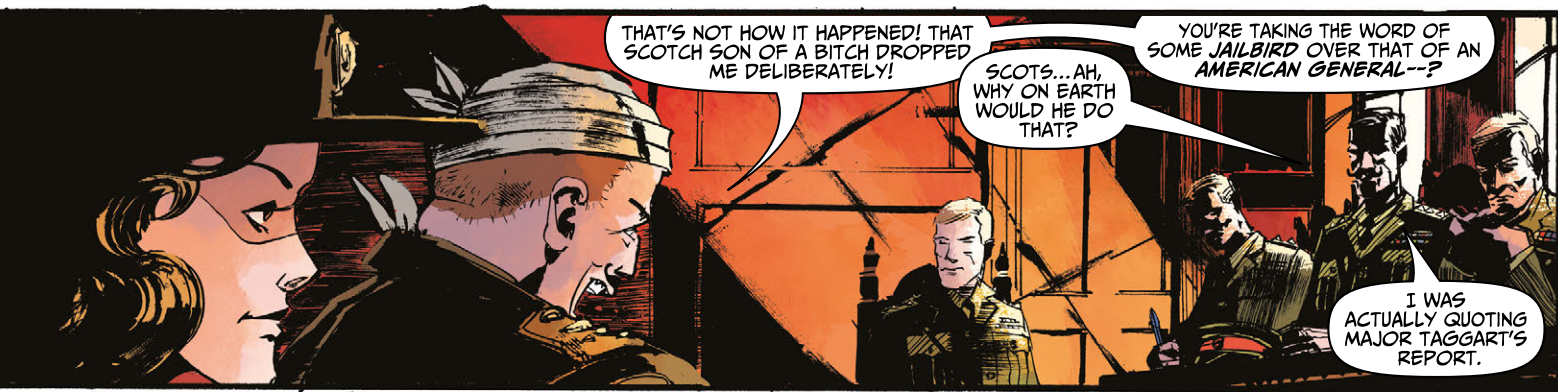
GOD!



I DON'T WANNA DIE!

YOU BLOODY--

ROGAN!



THAT'S NOT HOW IT HAPPENED! THAT SCOTCH SON OF A BITCH DROPPED ME DELIBERATELY!

SCOTS... AH, WHY ON EARTH WOULD HE DO THAT?

YOU'RE TAKING THE WORD OF SOME JAILBIRD OVER THAT OF AN AMERICAN GENERAL--?

I WAS ACTUALLY QUOTING MAJOR TAGGART'S REPORT.



AND HE'S AN ABSOLUTELY FIRST CLASS CHAP... OLD HAROVIAN, EX-GRENADIER GUARDS...

WHATEVER THE HELL THAT-- WAIT A MINUTE, IS SOMEBODY LAUGHING?



I DON'T THINK SO.

YOU DIDN'T HEAR THAT? IN THE NEXT ROOM, OR--I SWEAR I CAN HEAR--

SORRY, OLD BOY, YOU MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT.

SHALL WE CONTINUE?



OH... MY... GOD...!

STILL ALIVE, I SEE.

NOT FOR WANT OF TRYING! THE USELESS BASTARD NEARLY STRANGLER ME!



AAAAH! AAAH! AAAH! AAAH!

HE'D BE A LOT QUIETER WITH HIS THROAT SLIT, THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING...

WOULD SORT OF DEFEAT THE POINT.



ALL READY FOR US, WEASEL?

OH YES, MISTER TAGGART! I'VE TAPPED INTO THE JERRY PHONE LINES A TREAT, SIR!



ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG... PATROL SIX HAS SIGHTED THE ENGLANDER RAIDERS-- HEADED SOUTH ON THE FOREST ROAD...

I SAY AGAIN, ENEMY RAIDERS HEADED SOUTH, OVER...

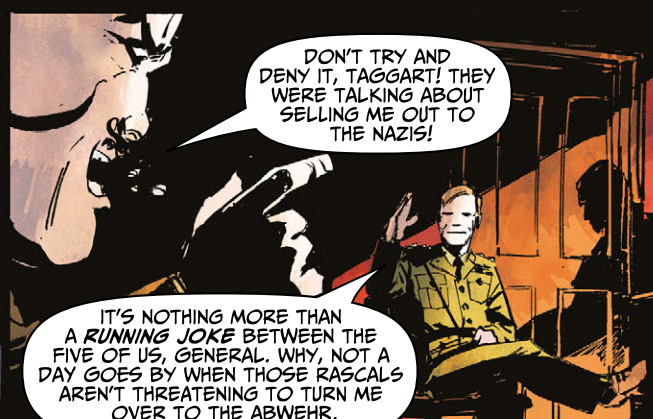


...I'M TELLING
YOU, THERE'S A FORTUNE
IN THIS FOR US IF WE PLAY
OUR CARDS RIGHT...



WE BLOW
TAGGART'S HEAD OFF,
SELL THIS YANKEE OAF TO THE
HUNS, AND SPEND THE REST OF
THE WAR ON A BEACH IN
BUENOS AIRES...

AYE, AND GET
A BULLET IN THE
BACK OF THE HEAD
FROM M.I.6 SOME
SUNNY DAY. HOLD
HIM TIGHTER, WILL
YOU, TURK?



DON'T TRY AND
DENY IT, TAGGART! THEY
WERE TALKING ABOUT
SELLING ME OUT TO
THE NAZIS!

IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN
A *RUNNING JOKE* BETWEEN THE
FIVE OF US, GENERAL. WHY, NOT A
DAY GOES BY WHEN THOSE RASCALS
AREN'T THREATENING TO TURN ME
OVER TO THE ABWEHR.

THEN HOW COME YOUR PSYCHOPATH OF A
KNIFEMAN KNOWS THE REICHSMARK TO ARGENTINE
PESO EXCHANGE RATE--?

HHH.

THAT DANCER.



UNTERHAUSEN AIRFIELD
AHEAD, MISTER TAGGART. ARE
WE GOING TO TRY AND
BLUFF OUR WAY IN?

WORD'LL
HAVE SPREAD BY
NOW, WEASEL.
WE'RE EXACTLY
WHAT EVERYONE'LL
BE LOOKING
FOR--

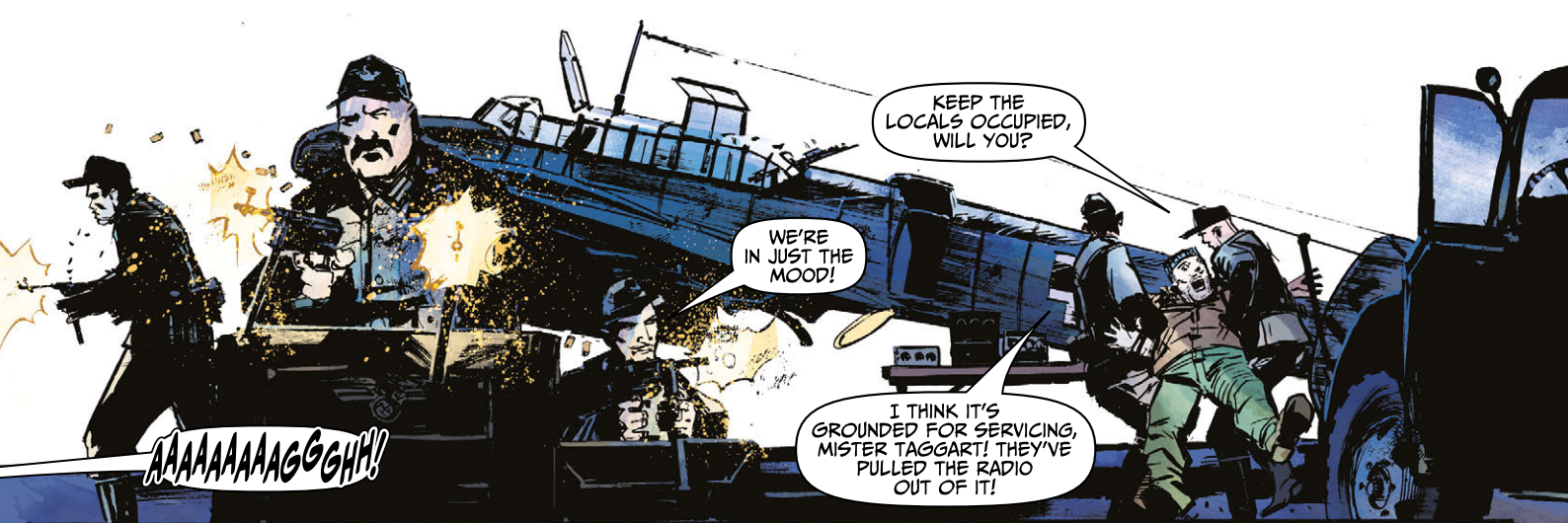


SO WE'LL
TAKE THE DIRECT
APPROACH!

TEUFEL!



THAT NIGHT
FIGHTER OUGHT TO SUIT US!
EVERYBODY OUT!



KEEP THE
LOCALS OCCUPIED,
WILL YOU?

WE'RE
IN JUST THE
MOOD!

I THINK IT'S
GROUNDED FOR SERVICING,
MISTER TAGGART! THEY'VE
PULLED THE RADIO
OUT OF IT!

AAAAAAAAGGGHH!



SAFEST PLACE
FOR THE GENERAL. PLENTY
OF ARMOUR PLATING.

JESUS CHRIST
ALMIGHTY, MY
LEG!

PRESUMABLY.



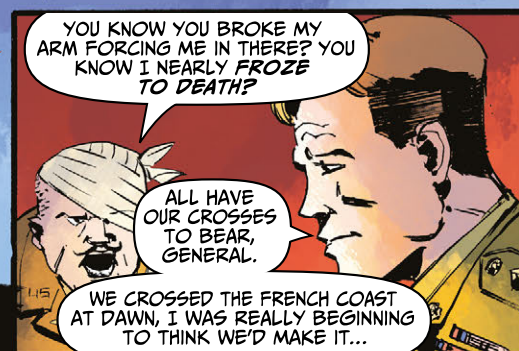
ALL ABOARD
THE SKYLARK--

GOING TO BE A BLOODY
TIGHT SQUEEZE!

DON'T GO
WITHOUT ME!
WAIT FOR ME!
WAIT!



THREE HUNDRED
MILES ON THE DECK
AT NIGHT, WHAT COULD
POSSIBLY GO
WRONG...



YOU KNOW YOU BROKE MY
ARM FORCING ME IN THERE? YOU
KNOW I NEARLY FROZE
TO DEATH?

ALL HAVE
OUR CROSSES
TO BEAR,
GENERAL.

WE CROSSED THE FRENCH COAST
AT DAWN, I WAS REALLY BEGINNING
TO THINK WE'D MAKE IT...

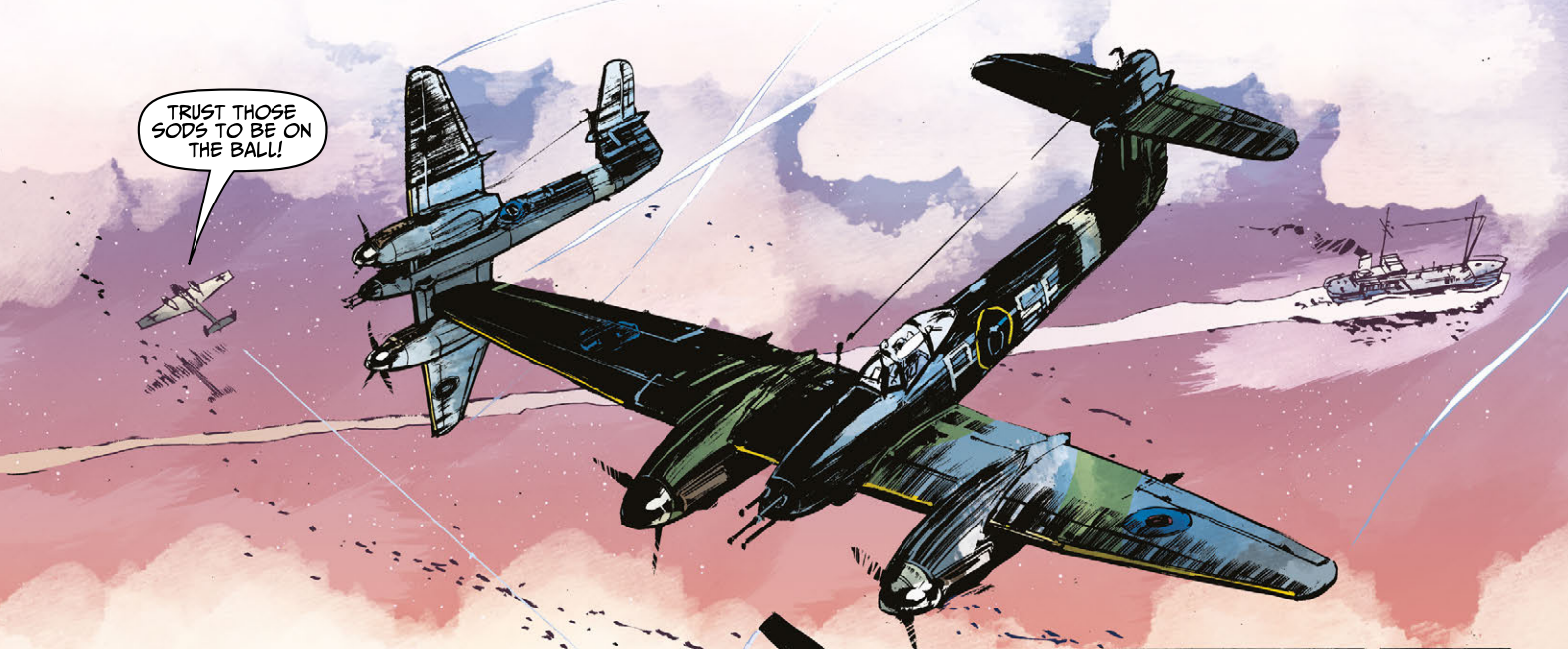


HOW LONG TO GO, FOR GOD'S SAKE?
TURK'S FARTS ARE LIKE BLOODY
MUSTARD GAS!

HE WHO
SMELT IT DEALT IT,
ROGAN!

NOT FAR
NOW, JUST KEEP
YOUR EYES PEELED
FOR--

BOLLOCKS...!



TRUST THOSE
SODS TO BE ON
THE BALL!



DANCER, YOU ARE
NOT TO OPEN FIRE ON
R.A.F. AIRCRAFT!

IF WE HAD A
RADIO WE COULD
WARN THEM OFF--
BUT WE DON'T, DO
WE? ALL WE'VE
GOT IS THAT
AMERICAN
IMBECILE!

JUST TELL ME
WHEN TO BREAK,
WILL YOU?



NOW!

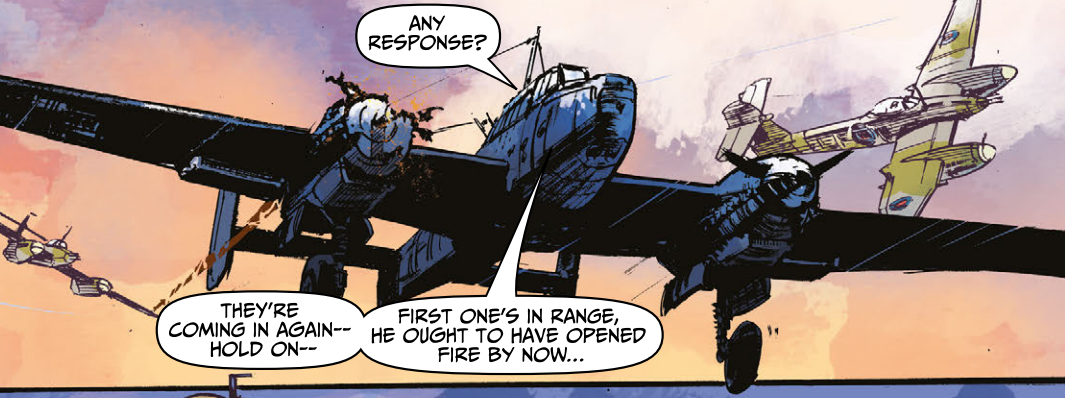
AAAH,
DAMMIT!



STILL WANT
ME TO HOLD MY
FIRE?

ONLY YOU
COULD BE SMUG
AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
HANG ON, I'M
GOING TO TRY
SOMETHING!

OH GOD!
OH NO!
OH JESUS!



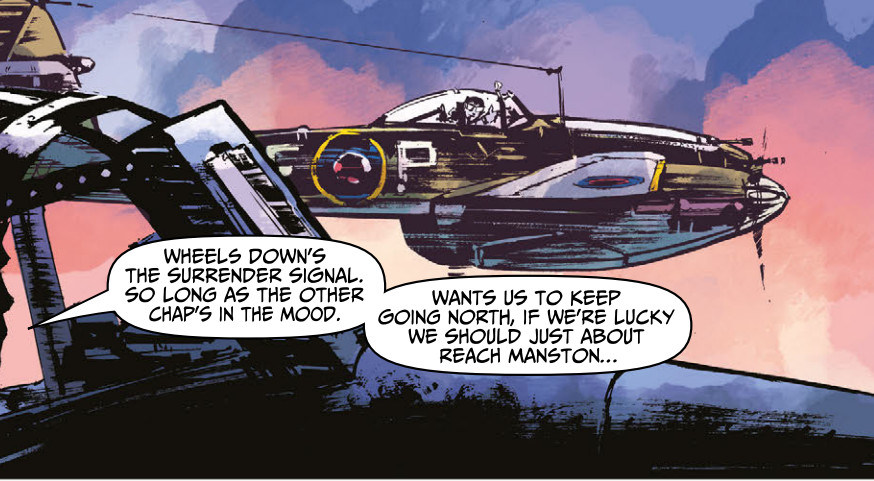
ANY
RESPONSE?

THEY'RE
COMING IN AGAIN--
HOLD ON--

FIRST ONE'S IN RANGE,
HE OUGHT TO HAVE OPENED
FIRE BY NOW...

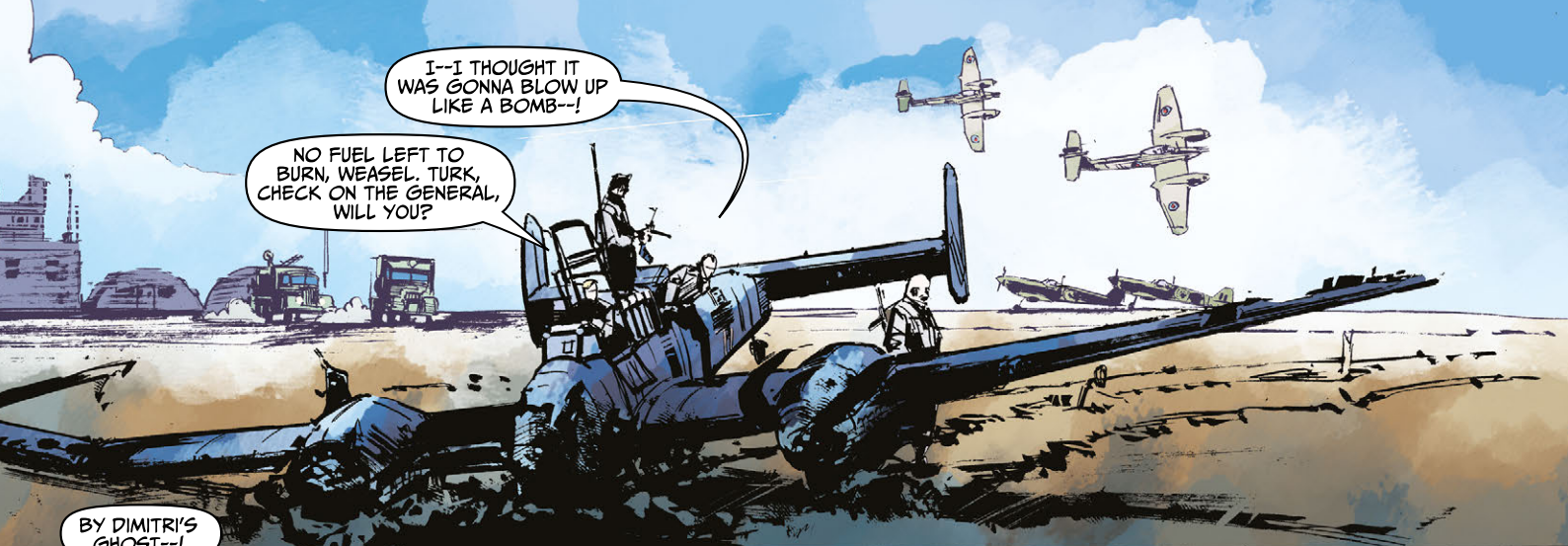


LOOKS
LIKE HE'S GOT
THE IDEA.



WHEELS DOWN'S
THE SURRENDER SIGNAL.
SO LONG AS THE OTHER
CHAP'S IN THE MOOD.

WANTS US TO KEEP
GOING NORTH, IF WE'RE LUCKY
WE SHOULD JUST ABOUT
REACH MANSTON...



NO FUEL LEFT TO BURN, WEASEL. TURK, CHECK ON THE GENERAL, WILL YOU?

I--I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA BLOW UP LIKE A BOMB--!



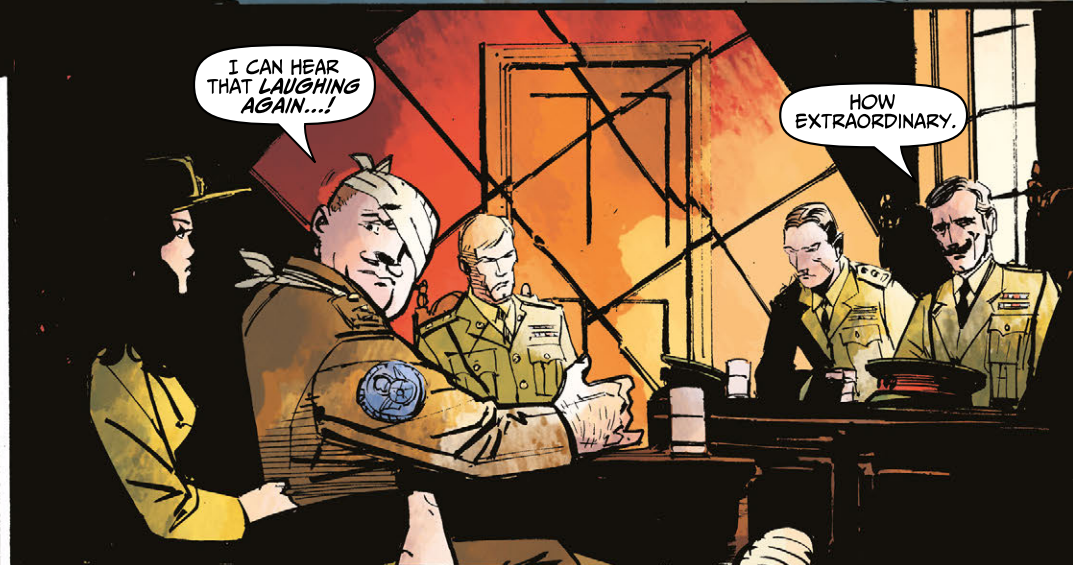
BY DIMITRI'S GHOST--!

GAH!

I AM DEFINITELY NOT TOUCHING THAT...!

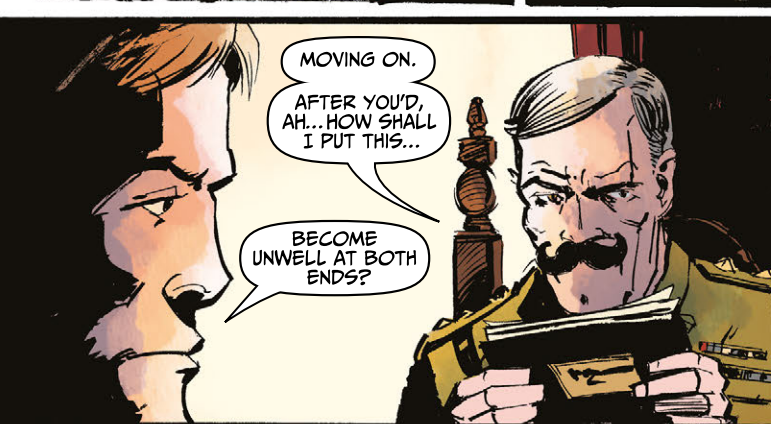
YES, LEAVE HIM FOR THE RAFF BODS.

TIME WE WERE OFF.



I CAN HEAR THAT LAUGHING AGAIN...!

HOW EXTRAORDINARY.



MOVING ON.

AFTER YOU'D, AH... HOW SHALL I PUT THIS...

BECOME UNWELL AT BOTH ENDS?

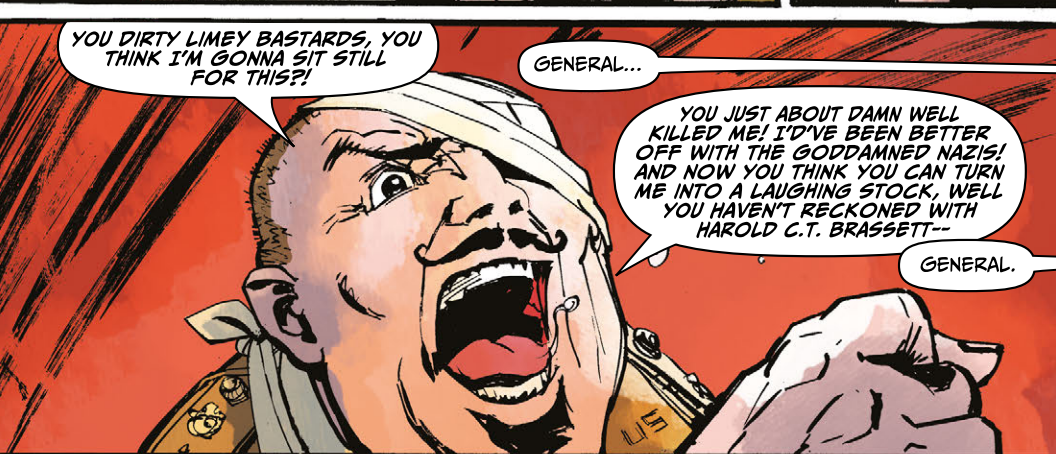


WHAT?

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

YOU WERE TREATED AT THE BASE HOSPITAL BEFORE BEING HANDED OVER TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE. SOMEWHAT THE WORSE FOR WEAR, BUT INTACT.

DOES THAT MORE OR LESS SUM IT UP?



YOU DIRTY LIMEY BASTARDS, YOU THINK I'M GONNA SIT STILL FOR THIS?!

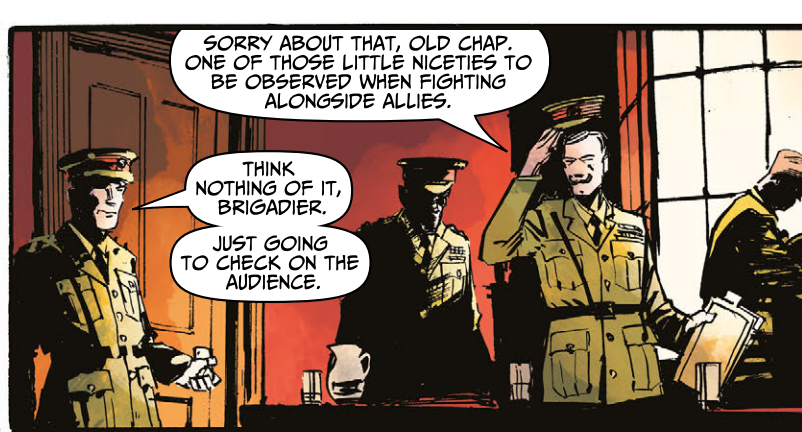
GENERAL...

YOU JUST ABOUT DAMN WELL KILLED ME! I'D'VE BEEN BETTER OFF WITH THE GODDAMNED NAZIS! AND NOW YOU THINK YOU CAN TURN ME INTO A LAUGHING STOCK, WELL YOU HAVEN'T RECKONED WITH HAROLD C.T. BRASSETT--

GENERAL.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT OUR ONLY OPTION WAS RESCUE?



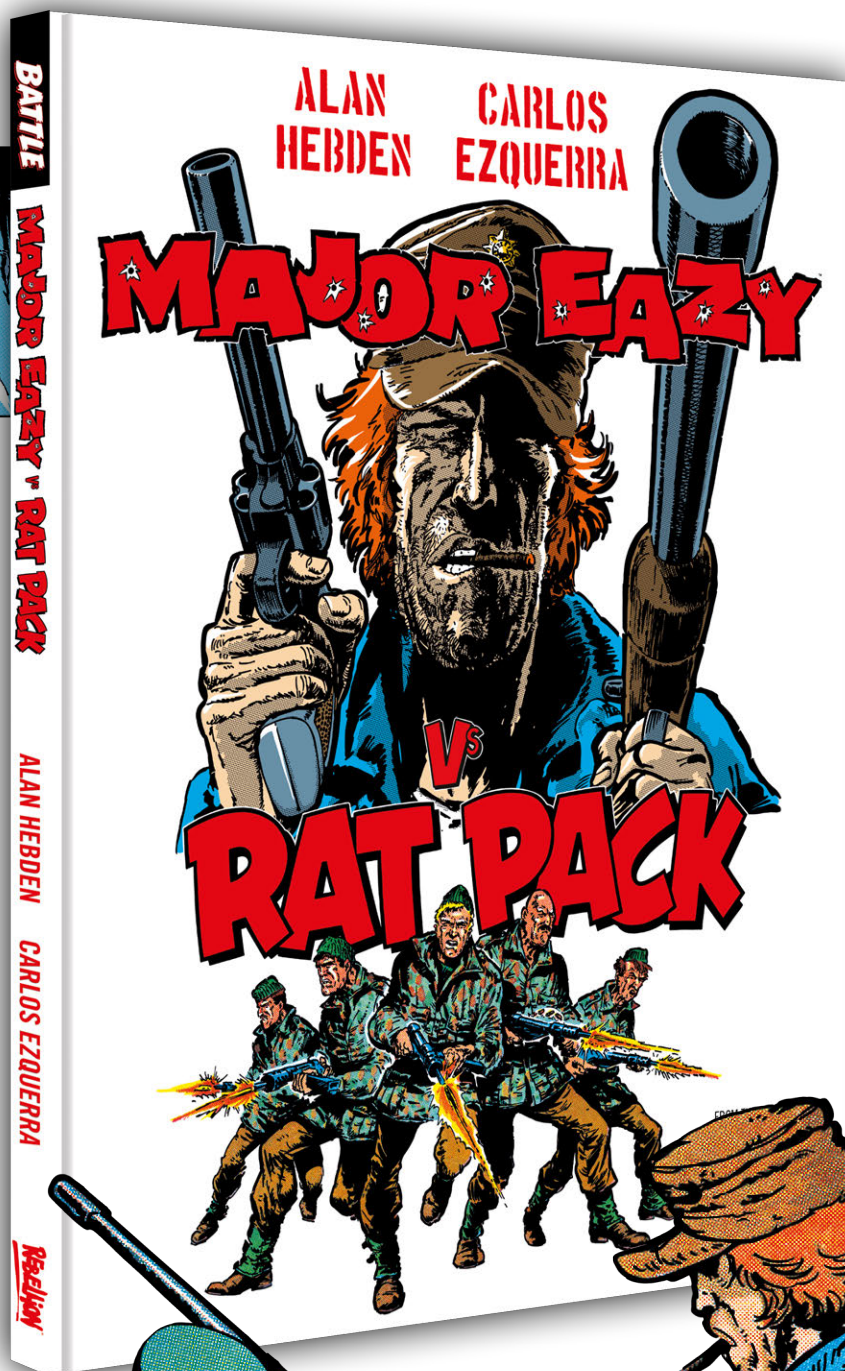


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REBELLION

Before the One Man Luftwaffe.
Before the Eagle had his Day.

Summer, 1940, Europe lies beaten while Britain
stands alone. On the French coast, 1300 Wehrmacht
troop barges mass to strike across the Channel.

As dogfights rage in the skies over England,
Adolf Hitler gathers his advisors in Berlin...
to trigger a September 3rd Invasion!

"WE WILL
FIGHT THEM
ON THE
BEACHES?"

"GOOD!"

"WITH 'OPERATION
SEA LION' IN MOTION,
WE WILL FINALLY SEE
HOW COMPETENTLY
BRITISH TOMMIES
CAN 'FIGHT'!"

Lofty and the Eagle

ADOLF HITLER'S STUDY,
THE REICH CHANCELLERY.

Erich Raeder,
Admiral of the
Kriegsmarine
Navy.

Hermann Göring,
Luftwaffe Reichsmarschall.

YOUR
SUBMARINE
FLEET, RAEDER,
HAS STARVED THEIR
PUNY ISLAND TO NEAR
SURRENDER! THIS
IS THE MOMENT
TO ACT!

DIRECTIVE
SIXTEEN,
GENTLEMEN--
THE ANNEXING OF
BRITAIN RESTS NOW
ON BOTH YOUR
SHOULDERS!

Adolf Hitler.
Leader of the
Nazi Third Reich.

DISTRIBUTION
OF THE INVASION
MANUALS BEGINS
AT ONCE!

Madman.

WITH OUR
LUFTWAFFE'S
DOMINANCE OF
THEIR SKIES,
NOTHING...

...NOBODY...

...CAN STOP
A REICH
PANZER WALL
OBLITERATING
WHITEHALL!

Bexleyheath, Kent. Day 17 of the
bitter aerial meat-grinder known as:

THE BATTLE
OF BRITAIN.

THREE
PEELING OFF
THE PACK,
SKIP!

DON'T
JUST SIT
THERE, RENNIE!
MARMALIZE
THE BALLY
CLOTS!

KEMPSTER:
ONE-OH-NINE,
SNUG ON YOUR
JACKSIE...NEVER
MIND, GRANT--
I'VE GOT
HIM--!

And amidst the chaos,
one man seems to thrive--

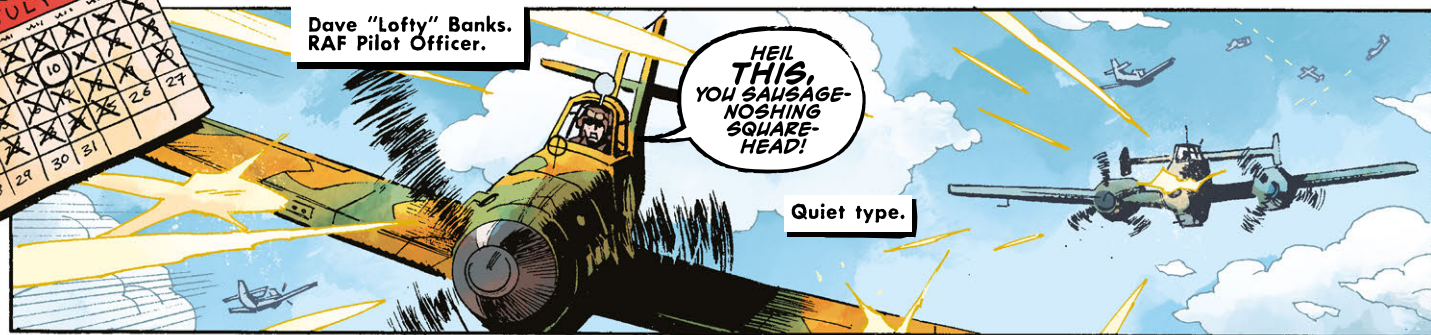
Script: Peter Briggs Art: Eoin Marron
Colours: Jason Wordie Letters: Hassan Otsmane-Elhaou



Dave "Lofty" Banks.
RAF Pilot Officer.

HEIL
THIS,
YOU SAUSAGE-
NOSHING
SQUARE-
HEAD!

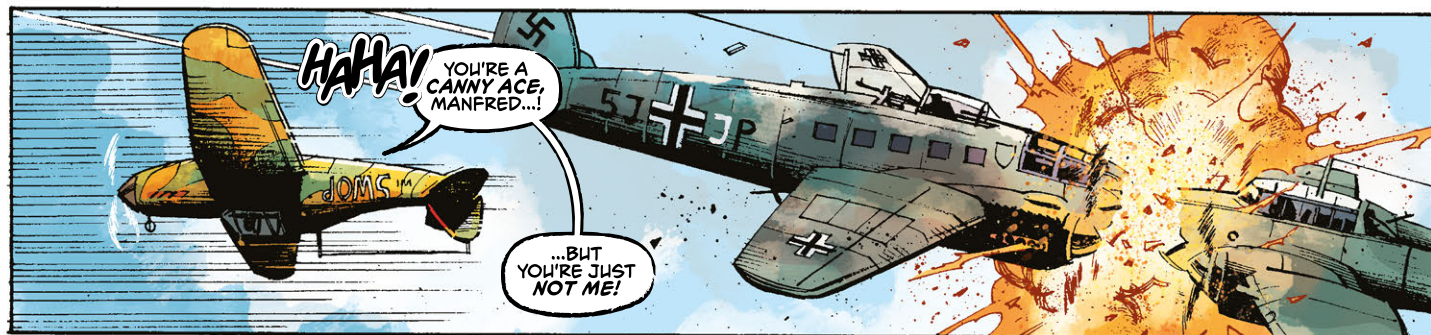
Quiet type.



HAHA!

YOU'RE A
CANNY ACE,
MANFRED...!

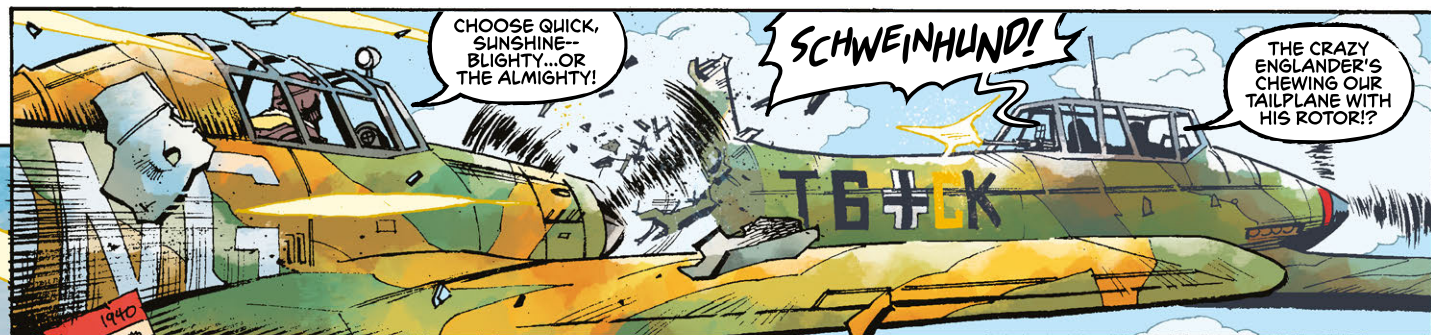
...BUT
YOU'RE JUST
NOT ME!



CHOOSE QUICK,
SUNSHINE--
BLIGHTY...OR
THE ALMIGHTY!

SCHWEINHUND!

THE CRAZY
ENGLANDER'S
CHEWING OUR
TAILPLANE WITH
HIS ROTOR?!



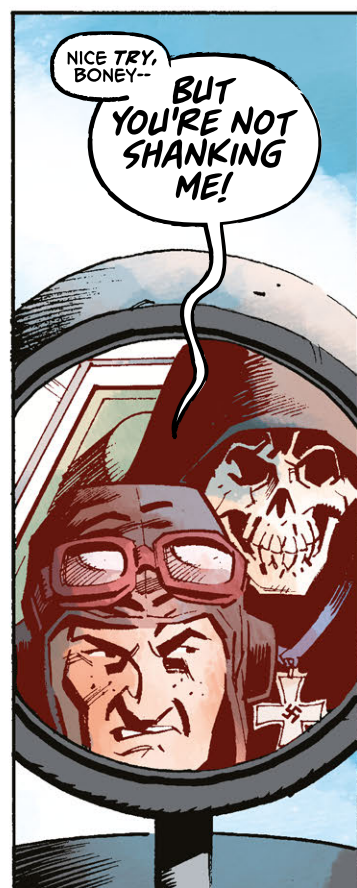
"FAIR PLAY",
OTTO?!
SERIOUSLY!?

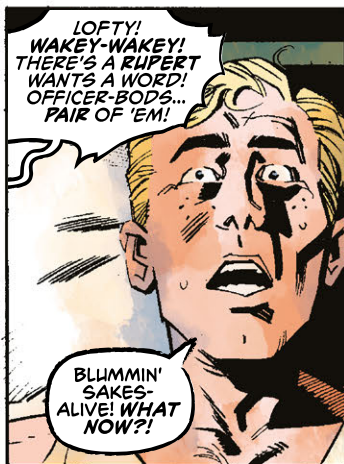
SUFFERING
ICARUS! RUDDY
CHUMPS ARE
TENACIOUS--!



NICE TRY,
BONEY--

**BUT
YOU'RE NOT
SHANKING
ME!**

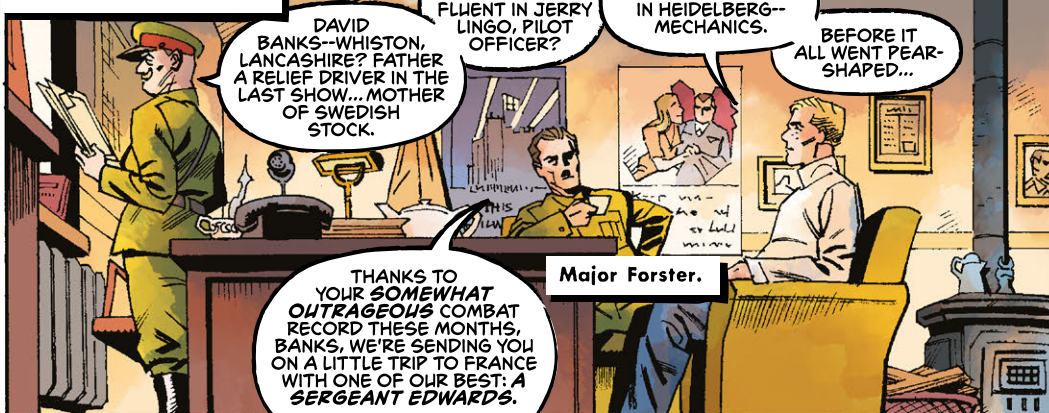




LOFTY!
WAKEY-WAKEY!
THERE'S A RUPERT
WANTS A WORD!
OFFICER-BODS...
PAIR OF EM!

BLUMMIN'
SAKES-
ALIVE! WHAT
NOW?!

Colonel Rupert Beaumont
Smith of the S.O.E.



DAVID
BANKS--WHISTON.
LANCASHIRE? FATHER
A RELIEF DRIVER IN THE
LAST SHOW...MOTHER
OF SWEDISH
STOCK.

SAYS
HERE YOU'RE
FLUENT IN JERRY
LINGO, PILOT
OFFICER?

YES, SIR.
EXCHANGE STUDENT
IN HEIDELBERG--
MECHANICS.

BEFORE IT
ALL WENT PEAR-
SHAPE...

Major Forster.

THANKS TO
YOUR SOMEWHAT
OUTRAGEOUS COMBAT
RECORD THESE MONTHS,
BANKS, WE'RE SENDING YOU
ON A LITTLE TRIP TO FRANCE
WITH ONE OF OUR BEST: A
SERGEANT EDWARDS.



"LAST NIGHT, OUR TOP AGENT
ON THE CONTINENT, CODENAMED
"REDSTART", AMBUSHED A
HIGH-RANKING SS OFFICER
EN-ROUTE TO THEIR AIRBASE,
JUST OUTSIDE LIMOGES.

"HE APPARENTLY RECOVERED
A **COURIER POUCH** FROM THE
WRECKAGE, WITH SOME FAIRLY
STARTLING CONTENTS."

NAZI
PUNCTUALITY--
EH, LANCER?!

Special Agent
Mike Nelson.
Codename:
REDSTART.

Lance-Corporal
Leslie Briggs.
Codename:
WOOLYBACK.

SWEET AS
CLOCKWORK,
CHIEF...!



"REDSTART MANAGED A
CRYPTIC MESSAGE TO OUR
CODE SECTION, THEN MADE
HELL-FOR-LEATHER TO THE
NAZI AIRBASE..."

"IT DID NOT
GO WELL..."

HALTEN
SIE!

NYAAAAHH!

BRIGGSY!



DURCHSUCHE
DAS BÜRO!

GHARDS--
HAVE TO THINK
FAST--

"OUR MOLE IN GERMAN HIGH
COMMAND TELLS US REDSTART WAS
CAPTURED FOR INTERROGATION.
BY ONE OF THEIR TOP MEN..."



SOMETHING **BIG** IS COMING,
BANKS. IT'S **VITAL** WE
RESCUE REDSTART TO
FIND OUT **WHAT**.

YOU'LL TAKE
A CAPTURED SPOTTER.
KEEP THE ENGINE WARM,
LET **EDWARDS** HANDLE
CLOAK AND DAGGER.

"Q" WILL OUTFIT YOU WITH
HIS USUAL FRIPPERIES. GET
YOUR HEAD DOWN, SHOVEL
SOME GRITS. YOU BOTH
GO AT DUSK!



ARADO ONE-NINETY-EIGHT--
BAGS OF RANGE. BUT I'M
STILL NOT KEEN FLYING ANY
KITE WITH A SWASTIKA!
"NEEDS MUST",
I S'POSE...

BLIMEY--YOU
BANKS?! IN THAT
GET-UP, YOU COULD
FOOL GOEBBELS'
MUM AS A
KRAUT!



MATT EDWARDS--MATES
CALL ME "SPUD". I'LL GIVE
YOU THE INTEL, EN-ROUTE.
YOU'LL BE SAFE AS
HOUSES WITH ME!

MINE
CALL ME
"LOFTY".

FUNNY--I WAS
ABOUT TO SAY
THE EXACT SAME
TO YOU. AFTER SEEING
THIS GOONY BIRD,
I'M NOT SO SURE!



TAKE YOUR
LICKS, NELSON--
WHEREVER
YOU ARE.

THE FATE
OF THE WAR
MAY HINGE
ON IT...



LIMOGES.

STUBBORN AND
FOOLHARDY!

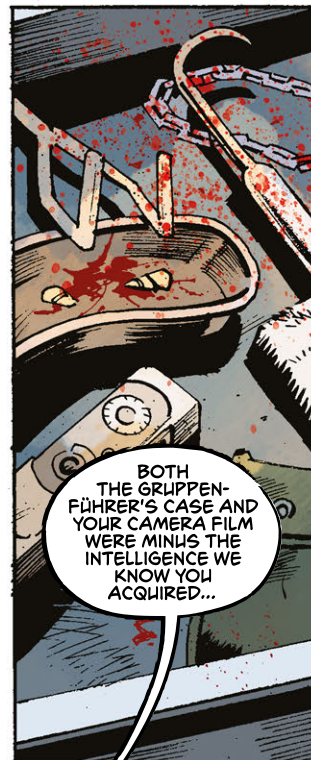
WHY
PERSIST, HERR
'MYSTERY'?



Standartenfuhrer
Helmut Kleiber.
Hitler's top
interrogator.

MY MA
ALWAYS SAID I
WAS A RIGHT LITTLE
PERSISTER...

MOST
DROLL. I'VE
A GUARDHOUSE
HERE OF SELF-STYLED
RESISTANCE "HARD
MEN" I HAVE BROKEN IN
THIS VERY ROOM
THESE MONTHS.
YOU ARE NO MORE
RESILIENT THAN
THEY.



BOTH
THE GRUPPEN-
FÜHRER'S CASE AND
YOUR CAMERA FILM
WERE MINUS THE
INTELLIGENCE WE
KNOW YOU
ACQUIRED...



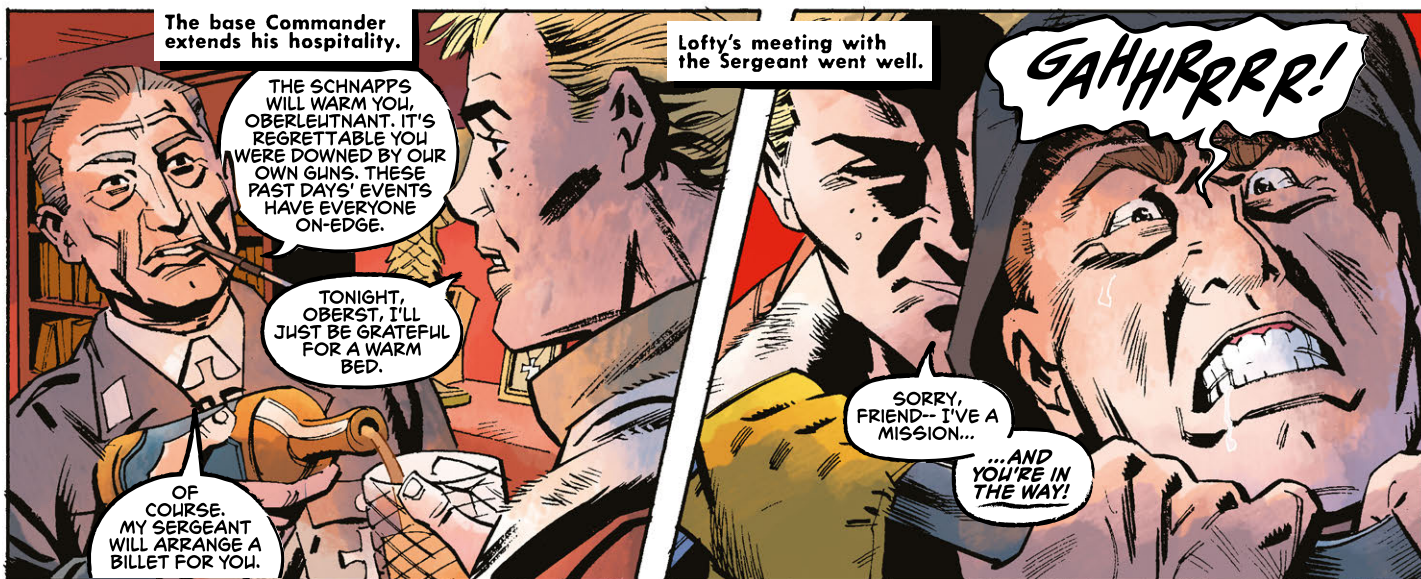
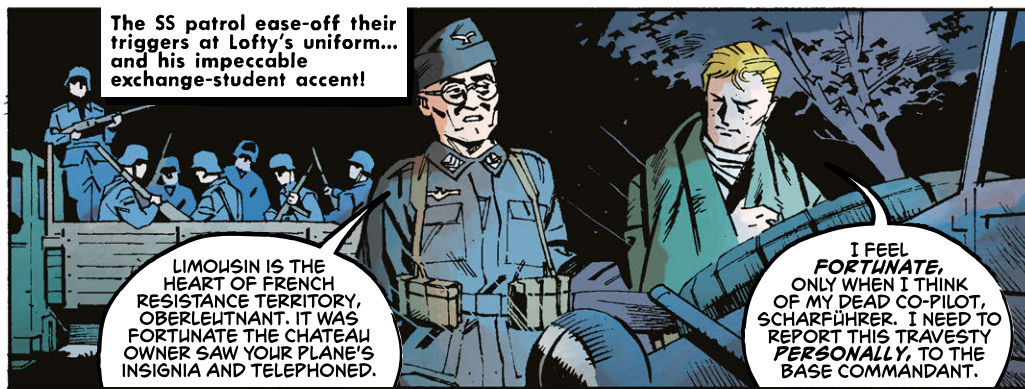
HAPPILY, THE EXPERIMENTAL
SERUM I HAVE EN-ROUTE
WILL LOOSEN A STUBBORN
TONGUE... JUST AS
PAINFULLY AS MANUAL
PERSUASION.

I'LL
BE DEAD
BEFORE YOU
GET ME TO
SQUEAL,
KLEIBER!

BUT NOT
WHILE I'VE A
TRICK OR TWO UP
MY SLEEVE, PAL. OR
MORE ACCURATELY...
SEWN INTO MY
TROUSER
WAISTBAND!

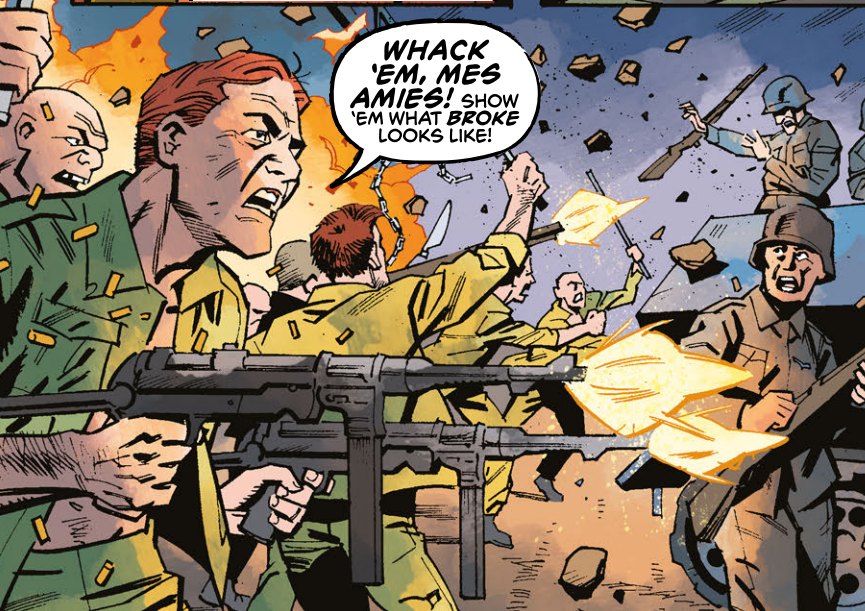


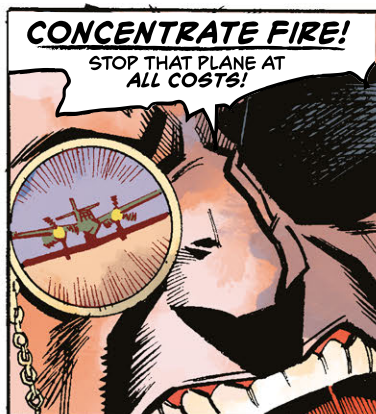
Lofty ditches the Arado in the lake and scrambles ashore.





Nelson hurries unnoticed to the Oberst's office--to retrieve what he'd secreted nights ago...





CONCENTRATE FIRE!

STOP THAT PLANE AT
ALL COSTS!



GOT
IT!

THOUGHT
YOU'D STOPPED
TO ADMIRE THE
VIEW! HANG
TIGHT!



HERE WE
RUDDY
GO!



THAT
DIDN'T FEEL
PRETTY!

NEIN!
NEIN!!!



BOYS ARE BUSY
BACK THERE. YOU
GOT ENOUGH PLANE
LEFT TO GET US
HOME?!

MOAN,
MOAN! STILL
GOT YOUR
FILLINGS,
HAVEN'T
YOU?



"IT'S CHALLENGES MAKE
LIFE INTERESTING!"

ARGHHH...
MY LEGS...
CRUSHED!

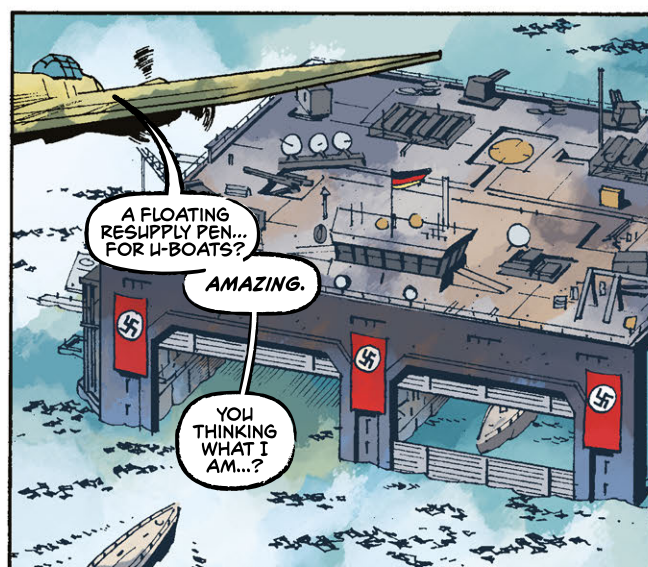


GOD'S
TROUSERS!
SWARMS OF THE
BEGGARS!



THAT'S
TORN IT. FUEL
TANK FOR-SURE
TOOK A HIT BACK
THERE. RESERVE
JUST WENT
DRY.

WE'LL
HAVE TO
DITCH IN... HOLY
SMOKES...
WHAT IS
THAT?!



A FLOATING
RESUPPLY PEN...
FOR U-BOATS?

AMAZING.

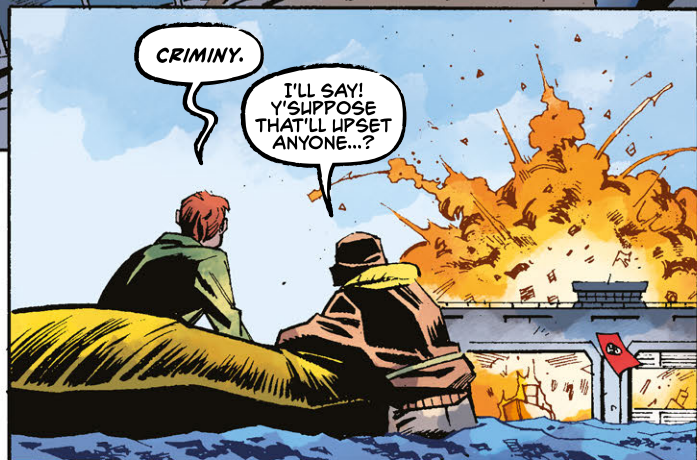
YOU
THINKING
WHAT I
AM...?



JUMP.



ÜBER
BORD!!!



CRIMINY.

I'LL SAY!
Y'SUPPOSE
THAT'LL UPSET
ANYONE...?

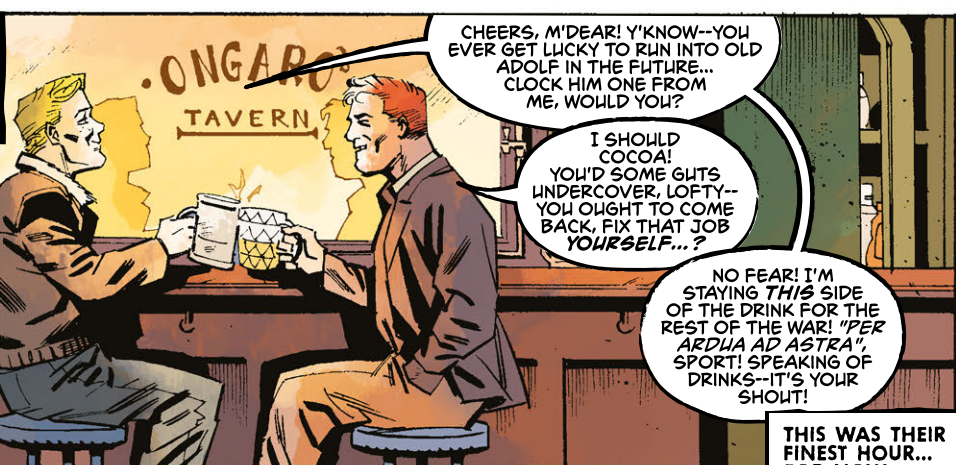


BERLIN. As the fresh failures of the
Luftwaffe and Kriegsmarine force
Hitler to reverse his Invasion...

...permanently.



A pub, in Soho.
One Supermarine Sea
Otter rescue, and the
Führer's "Sea Lion"
manual delivered
to the S.O.E.

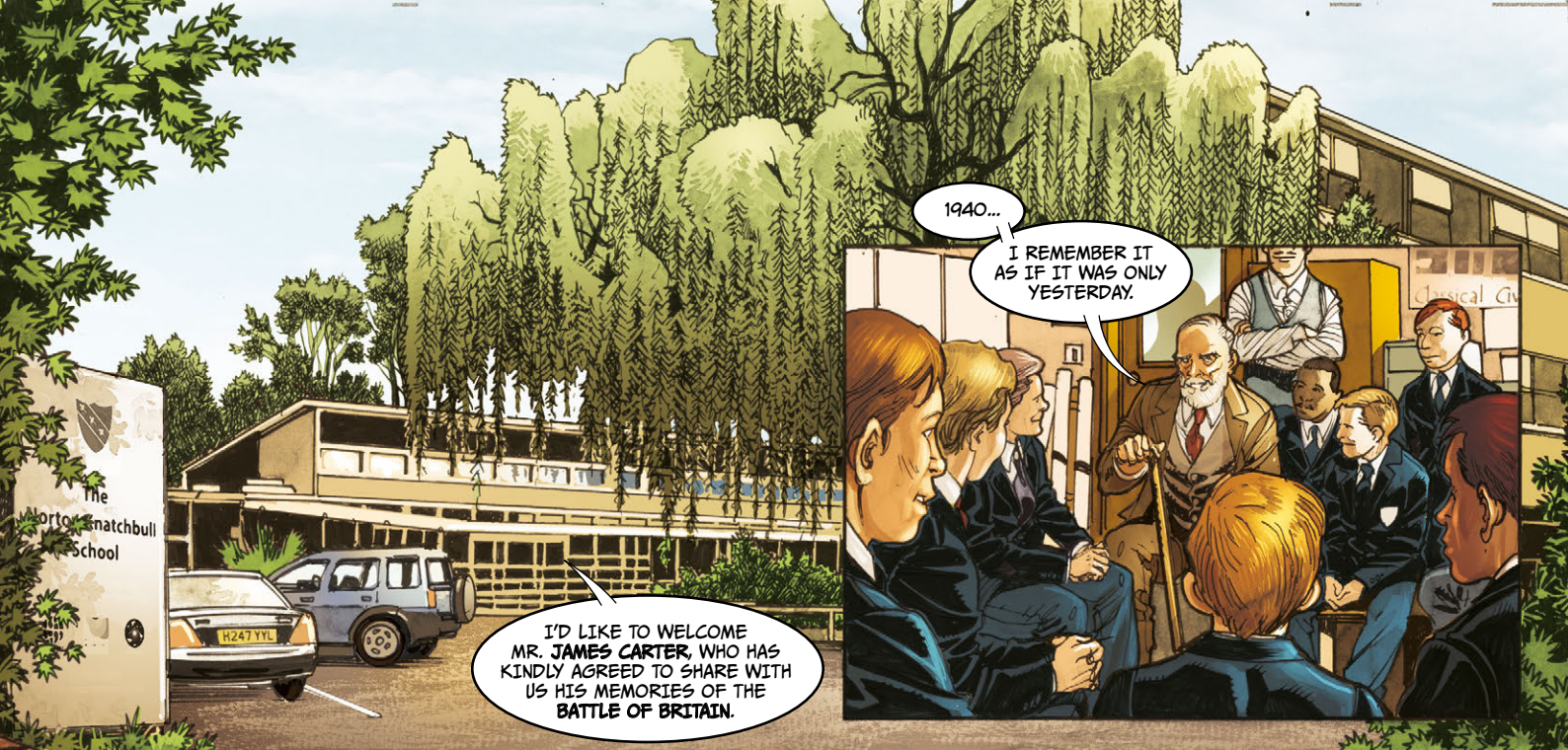


CHEERS, M'DEAR! Y'KNOW--YOU
EVER GET LUCKY TO RUN INTO OLD
ADOLF IN THE FUTURE...
CLOCK HIM ONE FROM
ME, WOULD YOU?

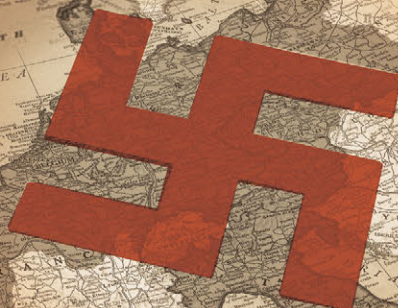
I SHOULD
COCOA!
YOU'D SOME GUTS
UNDERCOVER, LOFTY--
YOU OUGHT TO COME
BACK, FIX THAT JOB
YOURSELF...?

NO FEAR! I'M
STAYING THIS SIDE
OF THE DRINK FOR THE
REST OF THE WAR! "PER
ARDUA AD ASTRA",
SPORT! SPEAKING OF
DRINKS--IT'S YOUR
SHOW!

THIS WAS THEIR
FINEST HOUR...
FOR NOW.



HITLER'S NAZIS HAD **CONQUERED** MOST OF EUROPE - AND NOW THEY WERE DETERMINED TO COMPLETE THEIR TASK BY DESTROYING **BRITAIN**.



THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

Script: Alan Grant Art: Davide Fabbri
Colours: Domenico Neziti Letters: Oz

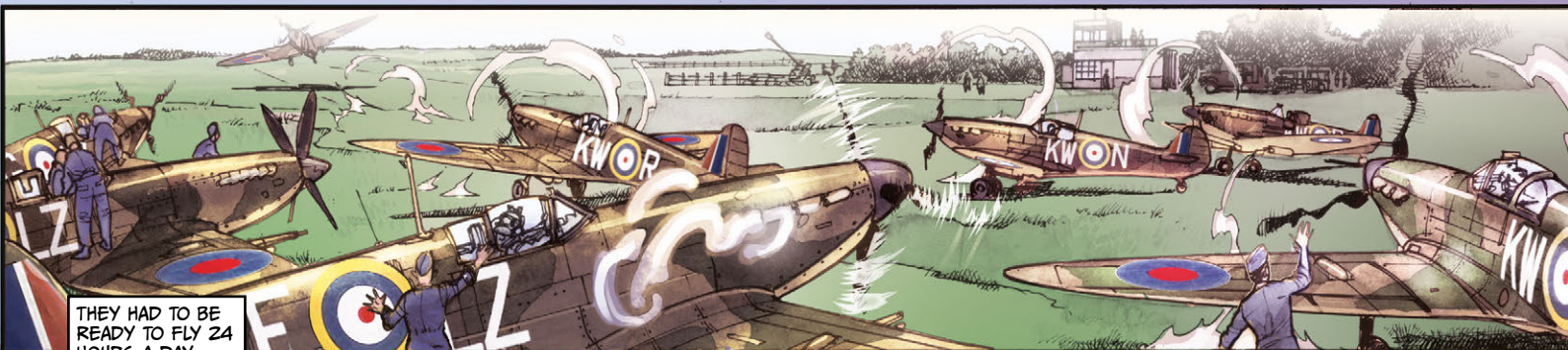
FOR THE PAST COUPLE OF MONTHS, GERMAN **BOMBERS** HAD BEEN ARRIVING IN THEIR HUNDREDS.

THEIR TARGETS WERE PLACES LIKE LONDON AND BRISTOL, AND THEY WERE ACCOMPANIED BY FIGHTER PLANES FOR PROTECTION.

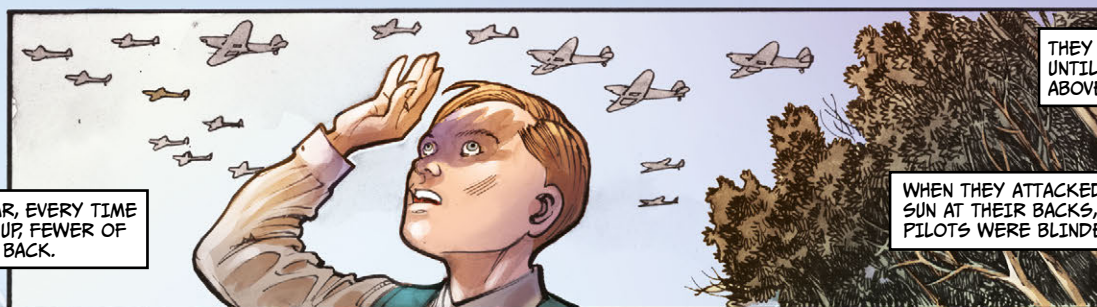




THE BRITISH AIRFORCE HAD SET UP A NUMBER OF ROUGH AND READY AIRBASES FOR OUR DEFENCE. THEIR SPITFIRES HAD PILOTS FROM MANY COUNTRIES - POLAND, AUSTRALIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, AND OTHERS.



THEY HAD TO BE READY TO FLY 24 HOURS A DAY--



AND I SWEAR, EVERY TIME THEY WENT UP, FEWER OF THEM CAME BACK.

THEY CLIMBED HIGH, UNTIL THEY WERE ABOVE THE BOMBERS--

WHEN THEY ATTACKED, THEY HAD THE SUN AT THEIR BACKS, SO THE GERMAN PILOTS WERE BLINDED--



OUR BOYS WERE VASTLY OUTNUMBERED, BUT THEY NEVER GAVE UP--



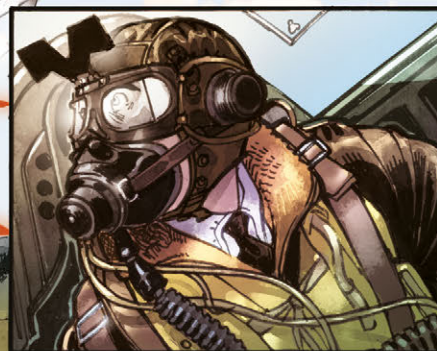
DID YOU EVER SEE A DOGFIGHT, SIR?

IT WAS A RARE DAY THAT I DIDN'T SEE ONE, LAD.

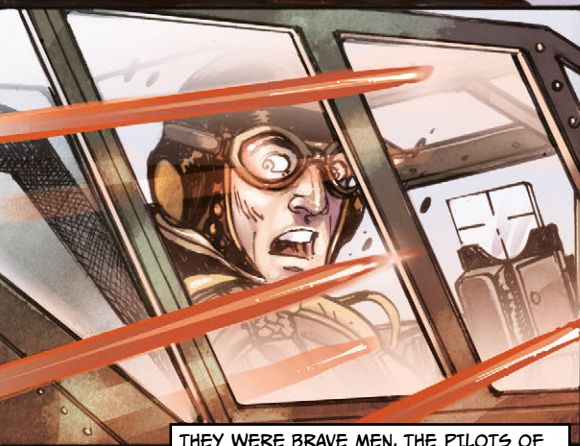
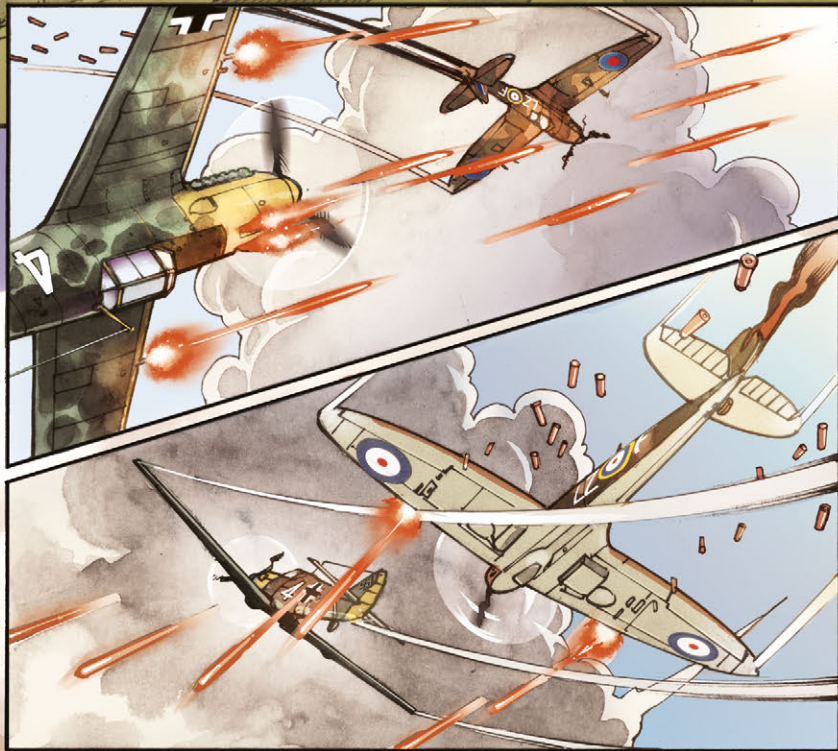
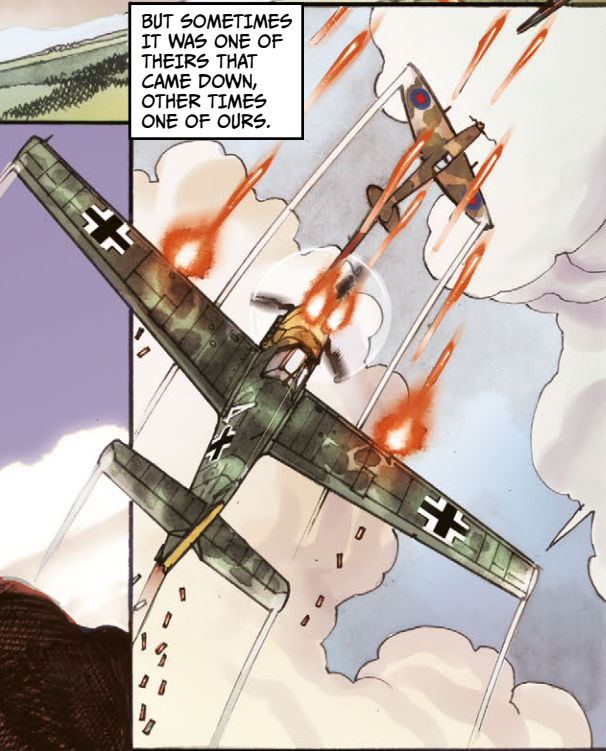
WHO HAD THE BETTER
PLANES, SIR? US OR
THEM?



FOR MY MONEY, IT
WAS THE SPITFIRE.

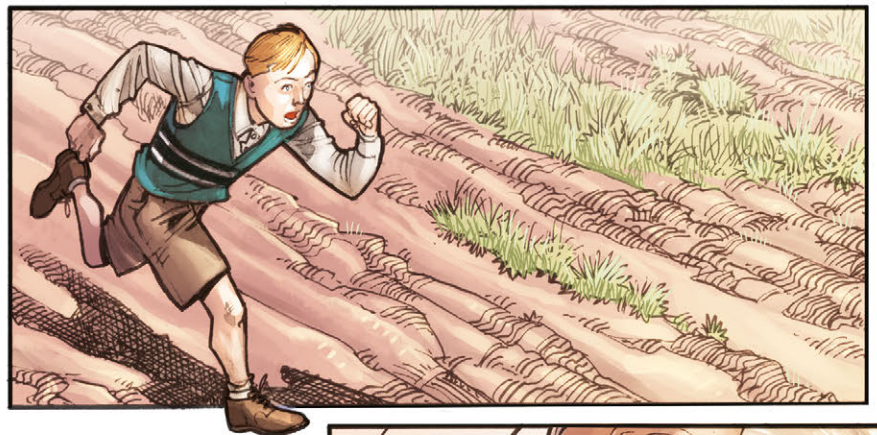


BUT SOMETIMES
IT WAS ONE OF
THEIRS THAT
CAME DOWN,
OTHER TIMES
ONE OF OURS.



THEY WERE BRAVE MEN, THE PILOTS OF
THOSE PLANES. THE SLIGHTEST MISTAKE
COULD COST THEM THEIR LIVES!

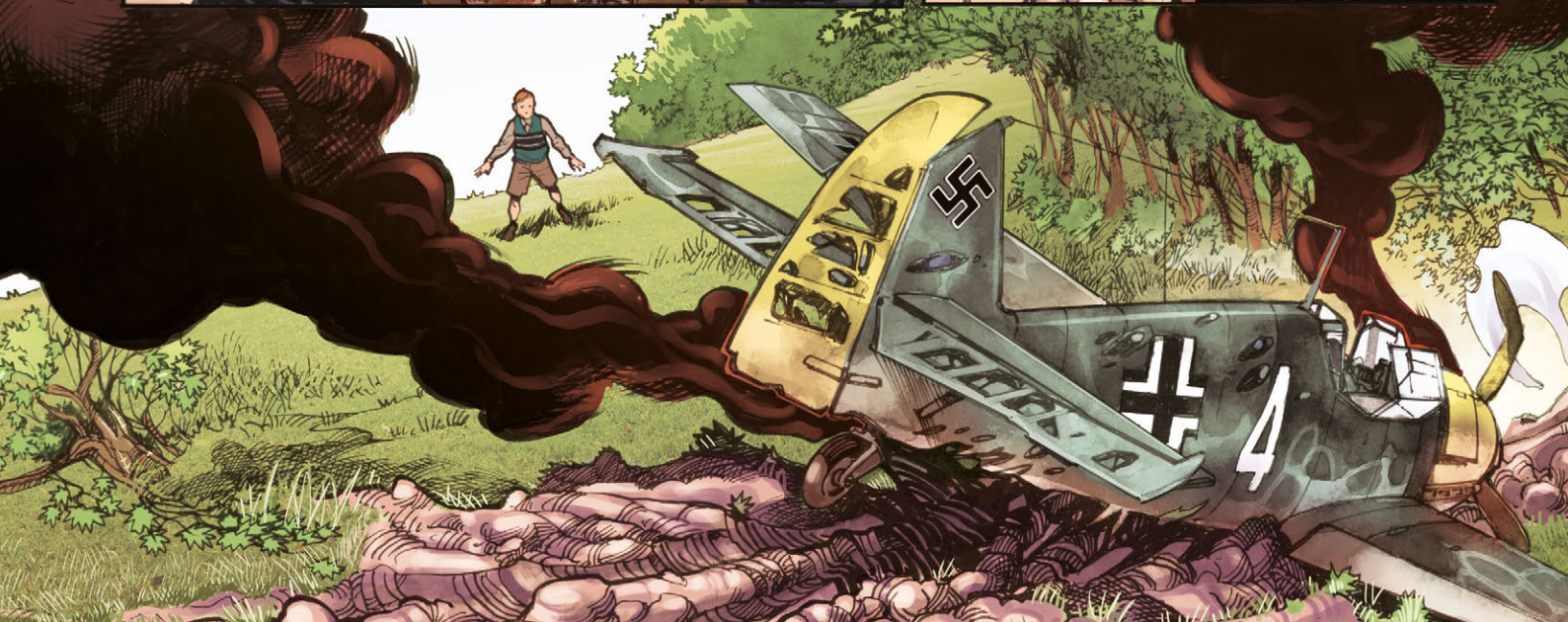
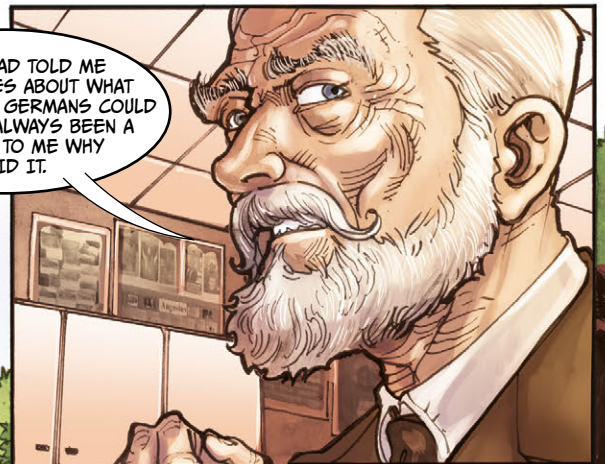


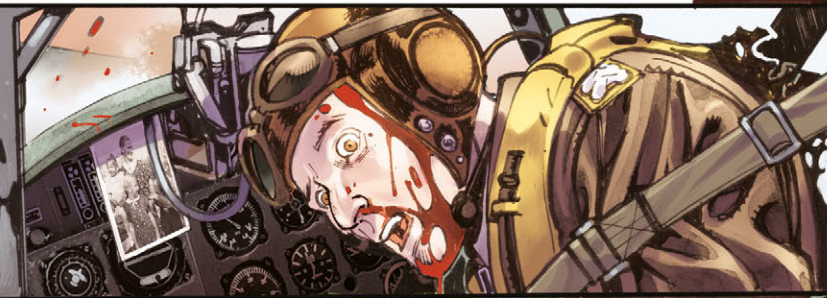


WHY DID YOU RUN
TOWARDS THE DOWNED
PLANE, SIR?

YOU KNOW, LAD,
THAT'S A QUESTION
I'VE NEVER BEEN
ABLE TO ANSWER.

MY DAD HAD TOLD ME
MANY STORIES ABOUT WHAT
MONSTERS THE GERMANS COULD
BE, SO IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A
MYSTERY TO ME WHY
I DID IT.



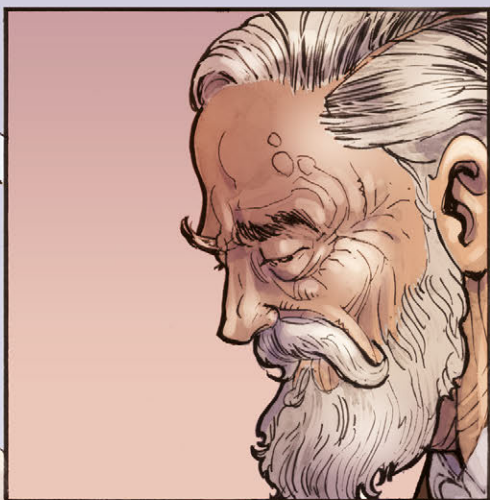


IS THAT THE FIRST TIME YOU SAW A DEAD BODY, SIR?

YES. YES, IT WAS.

AND WHAT WAS IT LIKE, SIR?





THE END



SWORDS HONOUR THE BATTLE HEROES

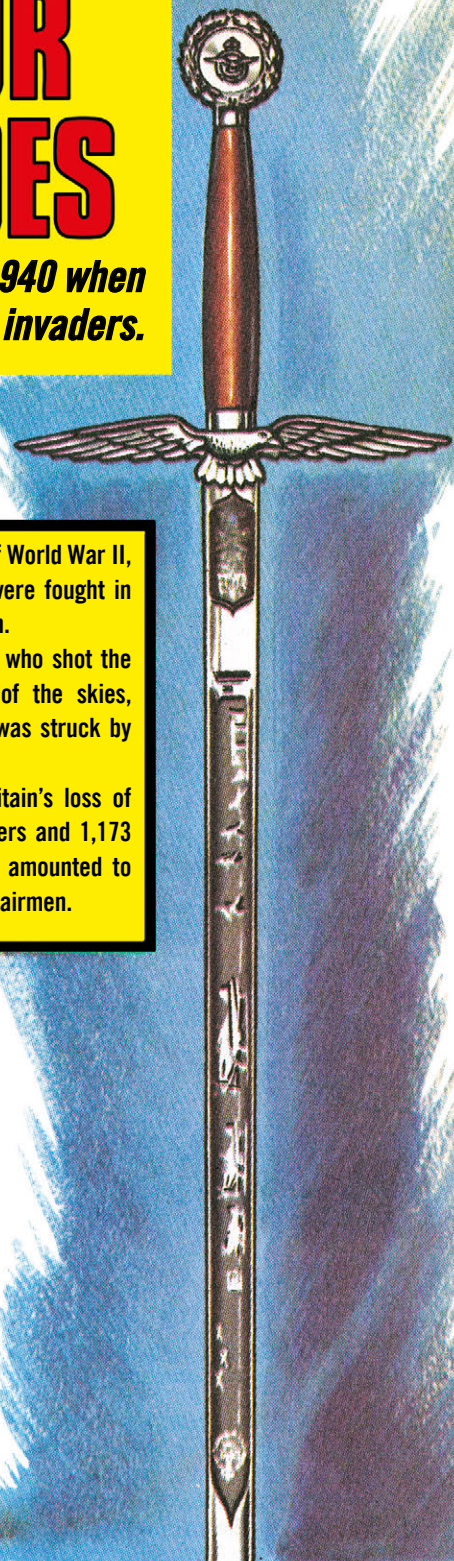
Britain's skies were dark with battling planes in 1940 when the RAF were winning honours against the deadly invaders.



Of all the air battles of World War II, some of the deadliest were fought in the 1940 Battle of Britain.

In honour of the RAF, who shot the invading Germans out of the skies, the sword on the right was struck by Wilkinson Swords Ltd.

It commemorated Britain's loss of 510 pilots and air gunners and 1,173 aircraft. German losses amounted to 1,733 aircraft and 3,368 airmen.

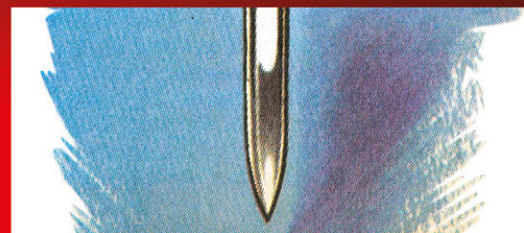


Three pilots rush out to their Hawker Hurricane fighters. A battle is about to begin.

This is the scene shown on the sword presented to the RAF.

At the heels of the last pilot runs a pet dog.

The sword has a double-edged blade. The top of the sword's handle shows a laurel wreath with the symbol of the RAF in the centre. It honoured the unbeatable guardians of the skies.



WARchild

CENTRAL
AFRICAN
REPUBLIC,
KOMDE
REGION.



LAST YEAR.

HERE IS WHAT
THEY WILL TELL
YOU: THERE ARE
MANY WAYS IN,
AND THERE ARE
MANY WAYS OUT.

ALL
RIGHT, WE
MOVE IN
FIVE.

TWO HOURS
UP THE ROAD, THEN
PATROL SWEEP ON
FOOT, EDGE OF THE
FOREST.

BOG
STANDARD
RECON,
OBSERVE
REGS.



HERE IS WHAT THEY DON'T TELL YOU: ONCE YOU ARE IN,
IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO SEE ANY OF THE WAYS OUT.

YOU DONE
THE FOREST
BEFORE?

NO.

YOU
NEW?



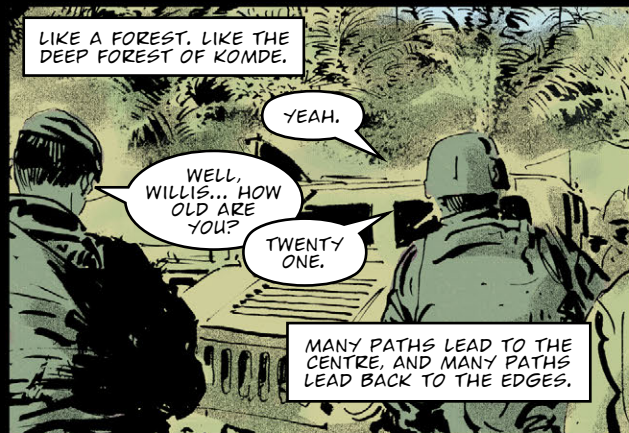
LIKE A FOREST. LIKE THE
DEEP FOREST OF KOMDE.

YEAH.

WELL,
WILLIS... HOW
OLD ARE
YOU?

TWENTY
ONE.

MANY PATHS LEAD TO THE
CENTRE, AND MANY PATHS
LEAD BACK TO THE EDGES.



BUT IN THE CENTRE, IT IS DARK,
AND IT IS HARD TO KNOW EXACTLY
HOW YOU CAME TO BE LOST.

JUST A
KID THEN.

NOT
ACTUALLY.

"NOT
ACTUALLY"?
HNN. OKAY.



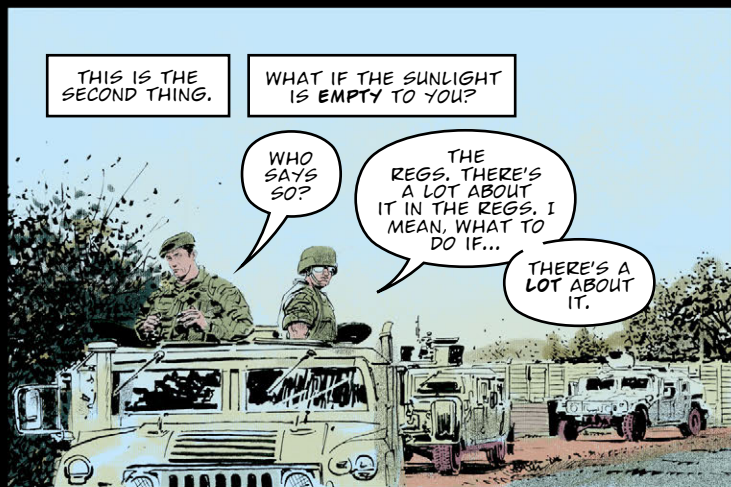
I'M NOT
A KID.

THERE
ARE KIDS
HERE, THOUGH,
RIGHT?

AND IT IS HARDER
STILL TO FIND
A WAY BACK TO
THE SUNLIGHT.

THIS IS THE
FIRST THING.





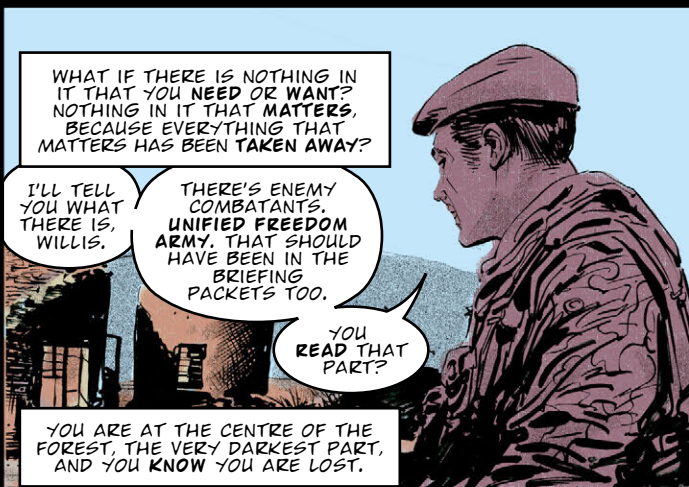
THIS IS THE SECOND THING.

WHAT IF THE SUNLIGHT IS EMPTY TO YOU?

WHO SAYS SO?

THE REGS. THERE'S A LOT ABOUT IT IN THE REGS. I MEAN, WHAT TO DO IF...

THERE'S A LOT ABOUT IT.



WHAT IF THERE IS NOTHING IN IT THAT YOU NEED OR WANT? NOTHING IN IT THAT MATTERS, BECAUSE EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THERE IS, WILLIS.

THERE'S ENEMY COMBATANTS. **UNIFIED FREEDOM ARMY**. THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE BRIEFING PACKETS TOO.

YOU READ THAT PART?

YOU ARE AT THE CENTRE OF THE FOREST, THE VERY DARKEST PART, AND YOU KNOW YOU ARE LOST.



YEAH. ALL OF IT--

AND YOU KNOW THERE IS A PATH, SOMEWHERE, THAT WILL LEAD YOU BACK OUT.

BUT WHY LOOK FOR IT? WHY LOOK FOR THAT PATH, IF ALL IT LEADS YOU TO IS EMPTY SUNLIGHT?



THERE IS NOTHING WAITING FOR YOU IN THE OPEN, WHERE THE SUN SHINES, BECAUSE IT IS ALL GONE.

WELL, GOOD. TODAY IS RECON. WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR ANY KIND OF HOT CONTACT AT ALL.

THE MISSION'S WORKING TO KEEP THE PEACE, NOT SCREW WITH IT, OKAY?

EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS, EVERYTHING YOU EVER NEEDED AND WANTED, IS NOT THERE ANYMORE. IT'S NO MORE OUT THERE THAN IT IS IN HERE, WHERE YOU ARE.

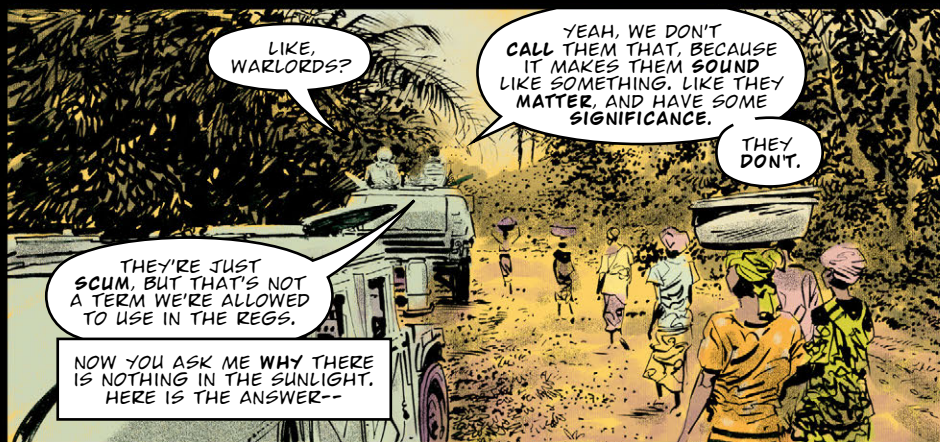
SO DON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR THE PATH. IT'S A WASTE OF TIME. JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE.



WHEN YOU KNOW YOU ARE LOST, AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE.

THE UNITED FREEDOM ARMY IS A HOSTILE GROUP. THEY'RE MOVING INTO THE KOMDE FOREST ZONE, SO WE WANT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THAT.

THE UFA OPERATES UNDER ITS OWN LOCAL LEADERSHIP --



LIKE, WARLORDS?

YEAH, WE DON'T CALL THEM THAT, BECAUSE IT MAKES THEM SOUND LIKE SOMETHING. LIKE THEY MATTER. AND HAVE SOME SIGNIFICANCE.

THEY DON'T.

THEY'RE JUST SCUM, BUT THAT'S NOT A TERM WE'RE ALLOWED TO USE IN THE REGS.

NOW YOU ASK ME WHY THERE IS NOTHING IN THE SUNLIGHT. HERE IS THE ANSWER--



BUT THERE ARE KIDS, RIGHT? I READ --

WAR IS A THING. IT SLIPS THROUGH THE FOREST LIKE AN ANIMAL. IT GOES WHERE IT WANTS. IT HUNTS.



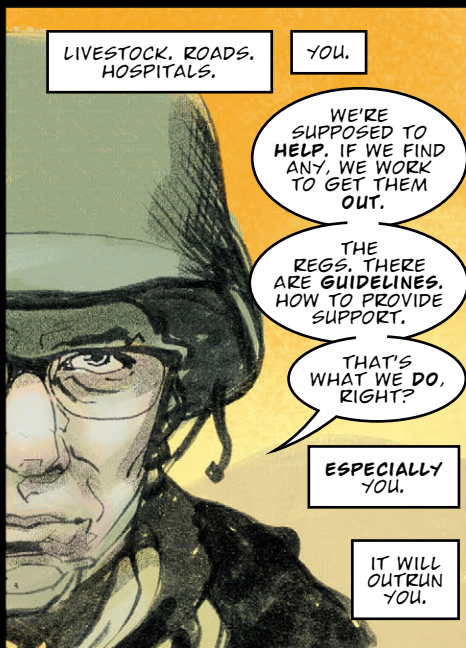
ITS PREY IS ALL THINGS. HOMES. TOWNS. SCHOOLS.

FAMILIES.

YES, THERE ARE. SOME VERY YOUNG, MOSTLY TEENS. THEY HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY'RE DOING --

BUT WE DO, RIGHT?

FIELDS WHERE THERE ARE CROPS. WELLS.



LIVESTOCK. ROADS.
HOSPITALS.

YOU.

WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO
HELP. IF WE FIND
ANY, WE WORK
TO GET THEM
OUT.

THE
REGS. THERE
ARE GUIDELINES.
HOW TO PROVIDE
SUPPORT.

THAT'S
WHAT WE DO,
RIGHT?

ESPECIALLY
YOU.

IT WILL
OUTRUN
YOU.

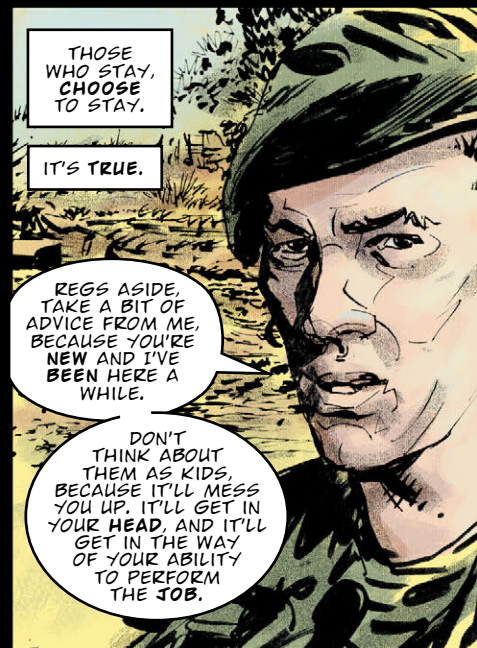


HOW TALL ARE YOU? I ASK
BECAUSE IT MATTERS.

YES,
THAT'S WHAT
WE DO. IF IT
HAPPENS.

IF WE
CAN.

THIS IS THE
THIRD THING.



THOSE
WHO STAY,
CHOOSE
TO STAY.

IT'S TRUE.

REGS ASIDE,
TAKE A BIT OF
ADVICE FROM ME,
BECAUSE YOU'RE
NEW AND I'VE
BEEN HERE A
WHILE.

DON'T
THINK ABOUT
THEM AS KIDS,
BECAUSE IT'LL MESS
YOU UP. IT'LL GET IN
YOUR HEAD, AND IT'LL
GET IN THE WAY OF
YOUR ABILITY
TO PERFORM
THE JOB.



BUT THEY'RE
KIDS. HOW SHOULD I
THINK ABOUT THEM,
THEN?

UFA. IF
THEY'VE GOT A
GUN, THEY'RE
UFA.

THEY CHOOSE.
NOT BECAUSE
THEY ARE
CHILDREN, OR
BECAUSE THEY
ARE STUPID.

CHILDREN KNOW
THEIR OWN
PROBLEMS.



VERY FEW OF THOSE WHO JOIN
ARE ABDUCTED. VERY FEW.

BUT THEY'VE BEEN
FORCED. MAYBE NOT
KIDNAPPED, BUT FORCED,
IN OTHER WAYS --

I HEARD SOME
OF THE YOUNGEST ONES
ARE INVOLVED BEFORE
THEY EVEN REALISE
THEY'RE HELPING AN
ARMED GROUP. THEY
DIDN'T CHOOSE --

MAYBE.

MOST JOIN BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO
FOOD. NO HOME. NO SCHOOL. NO FAMILY.



REALLY?
DIDN'T
THEY?

YOU'VE GOT
A SEVENTEEN YEAR
OLD, BIG AS A
GROWN-UP, WITH AN
AK. HE'S POINTING
IT AT YOU.

IS HE
JUST A
KID?

THEIR
SUNLIGHT
IS EMPTY.

THAT'S A HARD
THING TO THINK.
HARD TO IMAGINE.



YOU WANT
TO BE A BIT
SMART ABOUT
THIS,
WILLIS.

A BIT
SAVVY.

SAME AS A
KID ON A
SINK ESTATE.
GANGS. HE'S GOT
A SHOOTER FROM
GOD KNOWS
WHERE...

IS HE
A KID?

HARDER
TO DO.



YOU THINK OF THAT. SAY YOU'VE
WALKED FOR FORTY OR FIFTY DAYS.
FROM NOTHING, WITH NOTHING.

YOU WANT
TO BLAME
THE PARENTS?
SCHOOL?
WHATEVER.

THEY'RE NOT
KIDS. THEY KNOW
WHAT THEY'RE
DOING.

SOME
WATER,
NOT MUCH.
NO FOOD.



IN THAT SITUATION, THE VERY SIMPLE
THINGS BECOME THE MOST IMPORTANT.

RIGHT.

AND IF YOU JOIN, THOSE
SIMPLE THINGS ARE
THERE FOR YOU. FOOD.
WATER. A ROOF. OTHER
PEOPLE. PERHAPS SOME
CONTROL, PERHAPS SOME
STATUS. SOME DIGNITY.

ANY OF THOSE
THINGS. ALL OF
THOSE THINGS.



AND MORE THAN ANY OF THOSE THINGS, SOMETHING, SOMETHING, AS OPPOSED TO NOTHING.

I'M JUST SAYING.

UH HUH.

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING, OR DO YOU WANT NOTHING?

THAT'S NOT A HARD CHOICE.



THERE IS SOMETHING HERE FOR EVERY ONE. EVERYONE.

FORM UP!



MOVE OUT.

GIRLS AND BOYS. GIRLS CAN BE NURSES AND THEY CAN BE COOKS, BUT THERE ARE OTHER THINGS TOO. THE PRETTY ONES MAKE GOOD BUSH WIVES.

WHAT CAN YOU DO? THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS. CAN YOU DO FAVOURS FOR US? CAN YOU WORK? CAN YOU FETCH WATER?

CAN YOU FORAGE FOR FOOD? CAN YOU GATHER FIREWOOD?



CAN YOU CHOP THAT WOOD WITH AN AXE?

IF YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO DO THAT, CAN YOU CARRY BAGS AND BUNDLES WHEN WE TRAVEL?

CAN YOU CARRY GUNS?

CAN YOU HIDE? CAN YOU STEAL? CAN YOU LOOT? CAN YOU HELP US SURVIVE BY FINDING THINGS WE NEED?

CAN YOU SPY? CAN YOU PRETEND TO BE MAD TO GET INFORMATION?

CAN YOU PRETEND TO BE A CHILD SO YOU CAN GET CLOSE AND FIND THINGS OUT?

CAN YOU WEAR THIS UNIFORM THAT COMES TO YOU SECOND OR THIRD HAND?

IS IT TOO BIG? ROLL UP THE SLEEVES, TURN UP THE LEGS.

CAN YOU BELONG? DO YOU WANT THAT?

CAN YOU BELONG TO US? WE'LL GIVE YOU FOOD. YOU HAVE NOTHING, AND YOU'VE WALKED A LONG WAY.

HOW TALL ARE YOU?

YOU HAVE NOTHING. NOT EVEN A VOICE.

YOU SAY SOMETHING?



NO.

OKAY.

BUT YOU CAN
TALK TO ME.



WE CAN BE YOUR FAMILY. NOT A
REAL FAMILY, BUT SOMETHING THAT
IS BETTER THAN YOUR NOTHING.

WE CAN BE YOUR
ROOF. YOUR BOWL OF
FOOD. YOUR SCHOOL.

WE CAN TRAIN YOU.
YOU CAN LEARN.



IF YOU LEARN WELL,
YOU CAN GRADUATE.
HOW TALL ARE YOU?

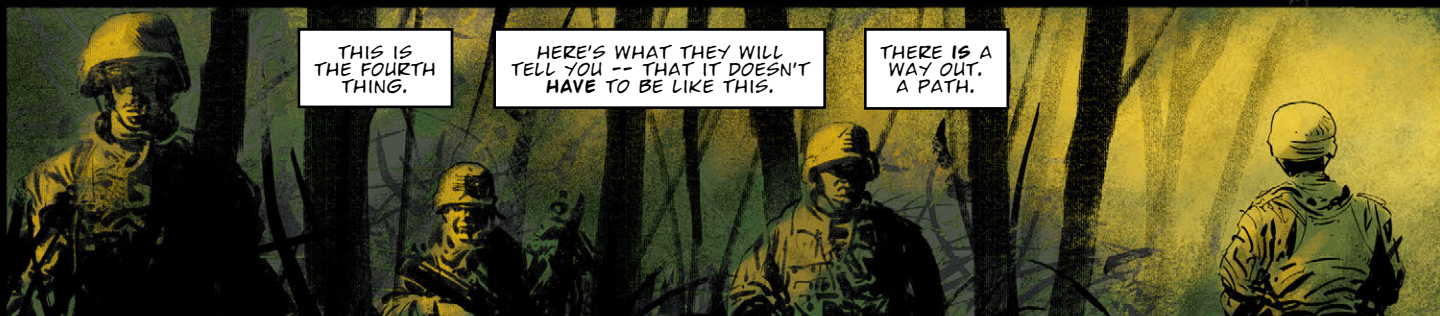
NO ONE IS COMING
FOR YOU. NO ONE EVEN
KNOWS YOU'RE HERE.

BETTER A CUP
OF GREEN MAIZE
THAN NOTHING.



BETTER WORK
THAN NOTHING.

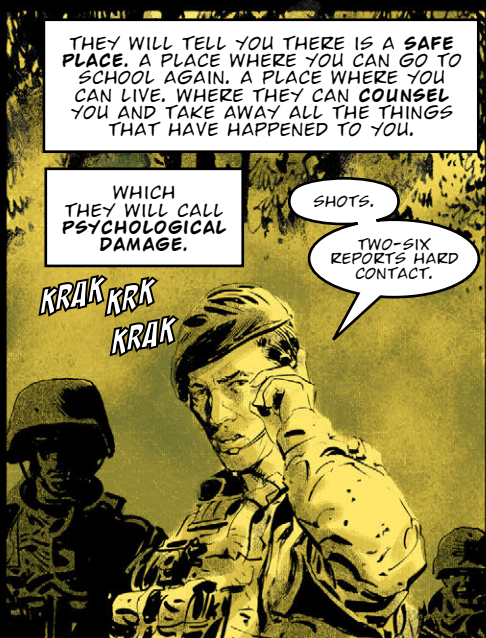
BETTER SOMETHING
THAN NOTHING.



THIS IS
THE FOURTH
THING.

HERE'S WHAT THEY WILL
TELL YOU -- THAT IT DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS.

THERE IS A
WAY OUT.
A PATH.



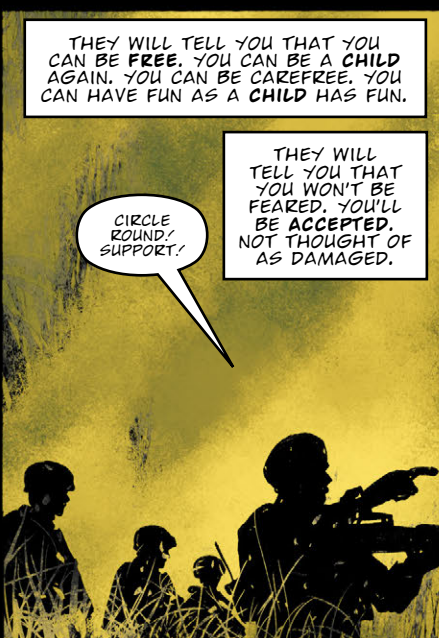
THEY WILL TELL YOU THERE IS A **SAFE**
PLACE. A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GO TO
SCHOOL AGAIN. A PLACE WHERE YOU
CAN LIVE. WHERE THEY CAN **COUNSEL**
YOU AND TAKE AWAY ALL THE THINGS
THAT HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU.

WHICH
THEY WILL CALL
PSYCHOLOGICAL
DAMAGE.

SHOTS.

TWO-SIX
REPORTS HARD
CONTACT.

KRAK KRAK
KRAK



THEY WILL TELL YOU THAT YOU
CAN BE **FREE**. YOU CAN BE A **CHILD**
AGAIN. YOU CAN BE CAREFREE, YOU
CAN HAVE FUN AS A **CHILD** HAS FUN.

CIRCLE
ROUND!
SUPPORT!

THEY WILL
TELL YOU THAT
YOU WON'T BE
FEARED. YOU'LL
BE **ACCEPTED**.
NOT THOUGHT OF
AS **DAMAGED**.



NOT THOUGHT
OF AS A **KILLER**.

THIS
IS CRAP. THIS
IS THE **BAD**
BIT.

STICK TO
ME. WILLIS?

HOW CAN THEY SAY THAT? IT
DOESN'T SOUND LIKELY TO ME. IT
SOUNDS LIKE AN **EMPTY PROMISE**.



EMPTY AS
SUNLIGHT.

WILLIS?



THIS IS REAL. THIS
IS REAL WORK AND
REAL FOOD. REAL
THINGS TO LEARN.

YOU CAN GRADUATE FROM
THIS SCHOOL. IT'S EASY.
HOW TALL ARE YOU?



THIS IS A
GUN. AK-47.

A GUN IS TWO
THINGS, WHICH IS ONE
MORE THAN YOU.

IT'S A KILLER.
BUT IT ALSO
KEEPS YOU ALIVE.



FEAR IT.
TRUST IT.

ARE YOU TALL ENOUGH? IF
YOU ARE LONGER THAN THE
GUN, FROM YOUR HEAD TO
YOUR TOES, YOU GRADUATE.

WHICH OF YOU
IS **BIGGER**, YOU
OR THE GUN?

YATES?
SHIT.

A GUN IS ALWAYS
SOMETHING. ALWAYS.

PEOPLE RESPECT
THE GUN. YOU WANT
PEOPLE TO RESPECT
YOU, DON'T YOU?

YOU WANT TO
BE SOMETHING
AGAIN.

SOMETHING IS
BETTER THAN
NOTHING.



STATUS. CONTROL.
RESPECT. THE
GUN GIVES YOU
THOSE THINGS.

WILL YOU STAND IN ITS
SHADOW, OR ARE YOU
TALL ENOUGH TO MAKE
IT STAND IN **YOURS**?

IF YOU'RE TALL
ENOUGH, YOU
GET THE GUN.

IF YOU GET THE
GUN, YOU HAVE
SOMETHING.

LET'S LOOK
AT YOU.

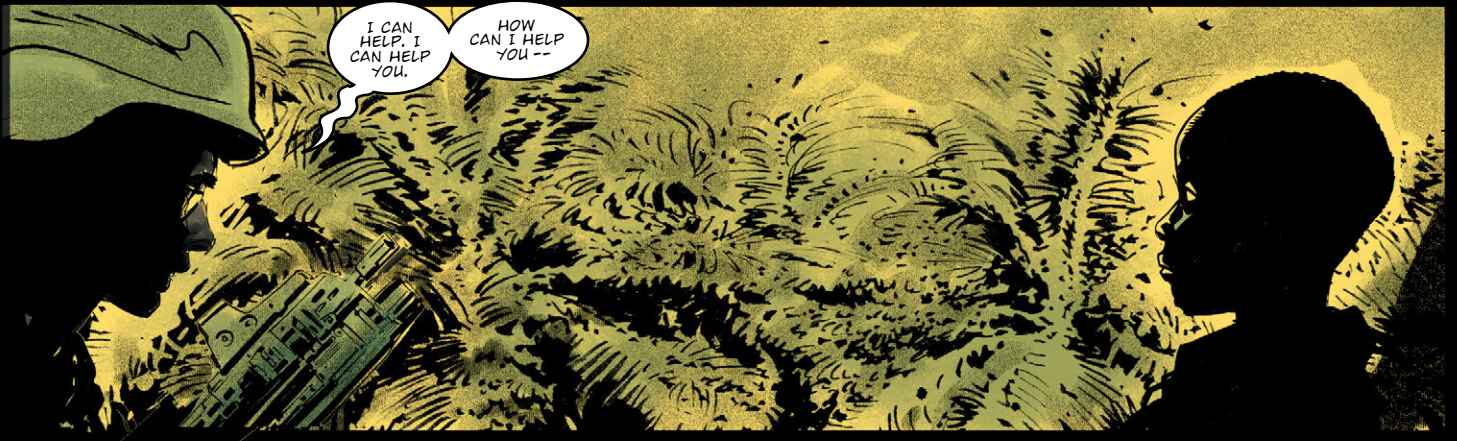


DON'T--

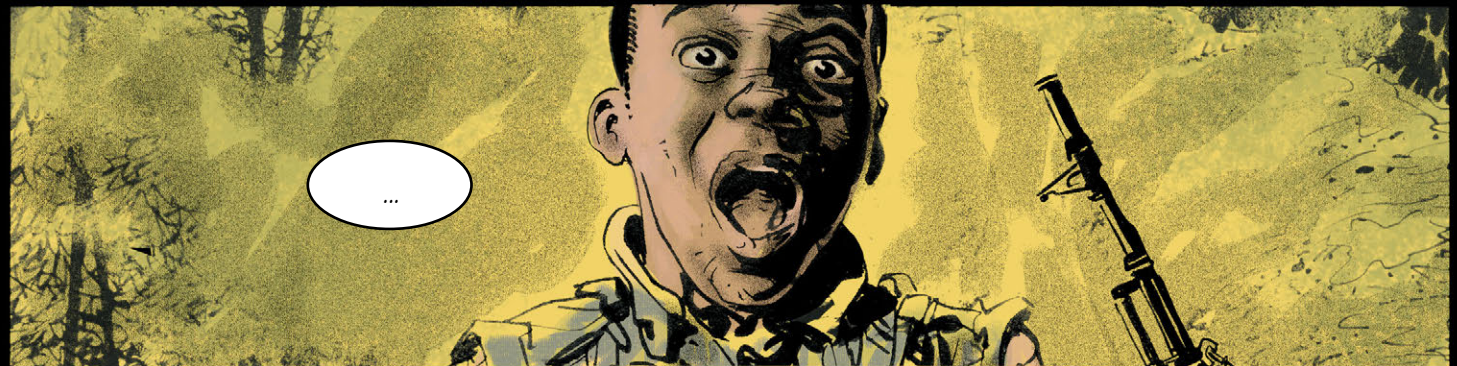


I CAN
HELP. I
CAN HELP
YOU.

HOW
CAN I HELP
YOU--



...





WILLIS!
CRAP.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



BACK
UP.
NOW.

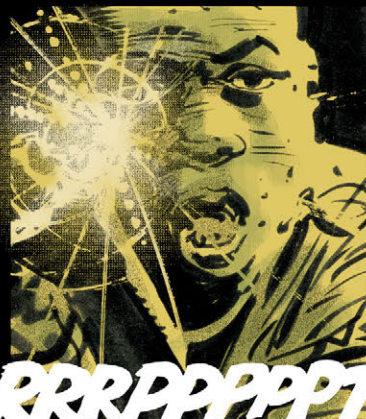
BUT--



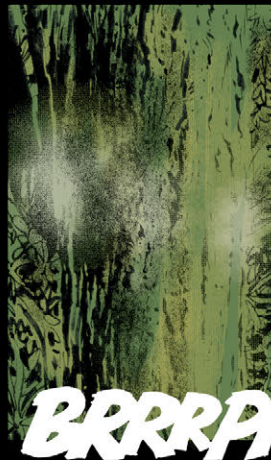
OH SH--



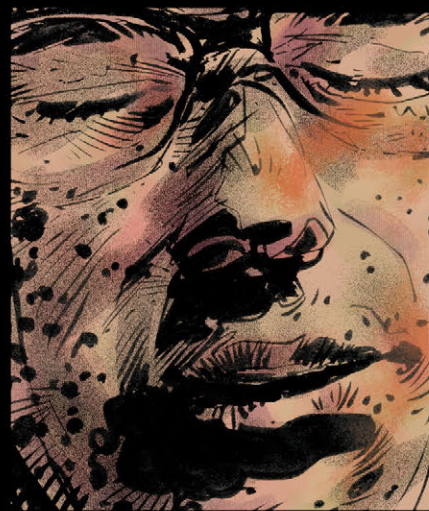
BRRRPPPPPTTT!



BRRRPPPPPTTT!



BRRRPPPPPTTT!



HERE IS THE
LAST THING.

YOU CAN ALWAYS
COME BACK. ALWAYS.

IF YOU RUN OFF. IF YOU GET
SCARED. IF YOU HAVE DOUBTS,
WELL, THAT HAPPENS.

BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS COME
BACK. THERE'LL BE FOOD HERE.
A ROOF FOR YOU. A PLACE.

LET'S
LOOK AT
YOU.

WELL,
THIS IS
SOMETHING.

WHAT'S
THE MATTER?
SPEAK UP.

...

DID THEY
SAY ANYTHING
TO YOU? DO
THEY TELL YOU
THINGS? IF THEY
DID, IT WAS
NOTHING.

TRUST ME. I'LL
TELL YOU THE
TRUTH. AS MANY
TIMES AS YOU NEED
TO HEAR IT, AND
JUST AS IT WAS
EXPLAINED TO ME
WHEN I WAS
YOUR AGE.

YOU
REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD
YOU? OKAY, I'LL
TELL YOU IT
AGAIN.

THIS
IS THE FIRST
THING...

FOR YOU IT'S FICTION FOR THEM IT'S REALITY

FREDERIQUE'S STORY

"I used to go to school. I was happy. The militia attacked when I was at school. I was told to go home..."

“ My family was hiding so I hid with them. **They kicked down the door and forced their way into the house.** My brother resisted so they grabbed him and dragged him outside the house.

They made him sit down and executed him. My mother cried out and attacked the soldier who shot my brother. So **they tied her up and killed her too.**

The moment my mother died is when things went wrong. I had to take things into my own hands. **I joined an armed group** for protection and to avenge the death of my mother and brother.

Only when the French army came to disarm us, that's when I put my gun down. They told me, 'You're too young for this.' They brought us to the IDP (internally displaced people) camp. Life is very different here.

When I see other kids playing football, I have to join them. I love football.

I am happy to come to the War Child centre here. I can forget my troubles for a while.

One day I would like to have a family and a house.”



War Child reunites children with their families and helps them integrate back into school and the wider community. We provide safe spaces for children affected by war to play, learn and thrive.

To find out more about War Child's life-saving work visit
www.warchild.org.uk

WAR OVER BRITAIN!



**EIGHTY YEARS AGO,
VICTORY IN THE
BATTLE OF BRITAIN
MARKED THE END OF
HITLER'S INVASION
PLANS!**

WITH THE FALL OF FRANCE at the end of June, 1940, Britain stood alone against the might of the seemingly all-conquering German war machine. Nazi leader Adolf Hitler and his advisers immediately began making plans for a full scale invasion of Britain, codenamed Sea Lion.

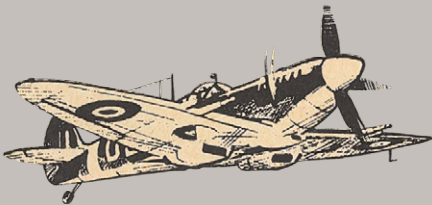
From an early stage it was obvious that such an invasion could only take place if the Germans had total control of the skies. The destruction of the Royal Air Force, therefore, was vital. This task was given to the German Air Force, the Luftwaffe, and its commander, Hermann Goering.

Goering, a First World War fighter ace, believed the RAF could be eliminated in a matter of weeks. He was to be proved totally wrong.

During June and July, Luftwaffe attacks started in earnest, initially on shipping in the Channel and coastal ports. These early assaults showed the value of radar, a British invention, which was able to give early warning of the approaching German bombers. This enabled the RAF's fighter force to be scrambled in time to intercept the enemy aircraft.

At that time, the bulk of the RAF defence squadrons consisted of just two types, the immortal Spitfire and its less glamorous partner, the Hurricane. Both were armed with eight Browning machine-guns. Officially, the faster Spitfire was meant to do combat with the Luftwaffe fighters while the Hurricane was assigned to tackle the bombers. In practice, however, RAF pilots tended to engage the first German aircraft they encountered, whether it was a fighter or bomber.

Matched against the Spitfire and Hurricane, of which the RAF had a combined total of around eight hundred, were some two thousand Luftwaffe machines. Around half were fighters: the single engined Messerschmitt 109 and its twin engined cousin, the Messerschmitt 110. The remainder were bombers: the Heinkel 111, Junkers 88, Dornier 17 and the Junkers 87 'Stuka' which had struck terror into Germany's enemies throughout Europe.



BY AUGUST, THE BOMBERS, with heavy fighter escort, had concentrated their raids on the all-important RAF airfields in the South East of England. The fifteenth of that month proved to be a decisive day. The full strength of the Luftwaffe was thrown against the RAF in an attempt to

smash it once and for all. Although a number of airfields were temporarily put out of action, many others received only minor damage or were missed completely. Early warning by radar, plus the devastating combination of the Spitfire and Hurricane, proved to be the Luftwaffe's downfall.

No less than seventy-five of their aircraft were shot down for the loss of only thirty-four RAF fighters. Worse still, two of the German front line combat machines proved to be death traps. The Messerschmitt 110 was found to be too slow and unmanoeuvrable to match the rival Spitfires and Hurricanes. It suffered appalling losses and was eventually restricted to operations where it had covering fighter escort of its own. Likewise, the once feared Junkers 87 'Stuka' was a sitting target for the RAF fighters when in its bombing dive. Thirty-nine were lost during the first two weeks of August and seventeen more on August 18th. The surviving 'Stukas' were withdrawn from the battle, their reputation in tatters.



THE LUFTWAFFE'S REMAINING BOMBERS also revealed their faults. Lack of speed and a poor defensive armament meant they were easy prey for any Spitfires or Hurricanes which broke through their protective fighter cover.

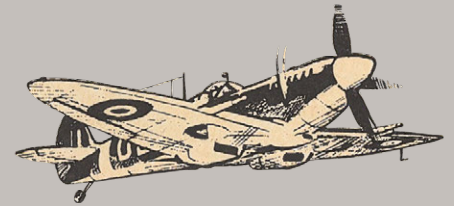
The Heinkel 111 and Dornier 17 were not improved from the days when they fought in the Spanish Civil War in the mid-thirties. Even the newer so called 'wonder bomber', the Junkers 88, was severely vulnerable to fighter opposition. Of all the German aircraft, only the Messerschmitt 109 Bf was capable of holding its own against the RAF fighters. Superior to the Hurricane, there was little to choose between it and the Spitfire. Often combats were decided on the strength and skill of the pilots.

Gradually, however, the Luftwaffe's advantage of superior numbers began to wear down the RAF, despite the bravery of its pilots. Near constant bombing attacks on the home airfields of the Spitfires and Hurricanes took their toll. Valuable fighters were being lost in increasing numbers both in the air and on the ground. Factories working at maximum production quickly delivered new machines to replace them, but there was a more serious problem. As more and more pilots failed to return from missions against the enemy, new pilots were simply not arriving quick enough.

Slowly, but surely, the Luftwaffe were winning the Battle of Britain. The vital airfields of the RAF began to be hit with increasing accuracy. Spitfire and Hurricane Squadrons returning from battle found their bases burning and their runways holed by bombs.

The 7th of September marked the RAF's lowest point. Many of the airfields were in ruins, the surviving pilots a mixture of exhausted veterans and raw recruits from the training schools. Had Hitler and Goering known it, they were only weeks, or perhaps days, from victory. An order from Hitler for a final series of heavy raids could well have resulted in the RAF being pushed over the edge, but instead he gave another order, an order which was to prove a disastrous mistake.

Angered by an attack by British bombers on the German capital Berlin, Hitler told Goering to switch the Luftwaffe assault to London. He demanded that the British city be destroyed in reprisal for the bombs dropped on Berlin. It was the break the RAF had been looking for. After weeks of constant combat, airfields and pilots had time to recover.



WITH THE LUFTWAFFE RAIDS concentrated on one target, London, the Spitfires and Hurricanes could strike at them in massed squadrons. On September 15th a huge German bomber attack on London was intercepted by some three hundred RAF fighters. They smashed through the defending Messerschmitt 109s and tore into the formations of bombers.

The Heinkel 111, dubbed 'The Spade' by its crews, bore the brunt of the attack and was shot down in large numbers. The morale of the German bomber crews began to break and warning cries of "Achtung! Spitfeur!" filled the radio waves. Two days later, Hitler abandoned Operation Sea Lion, the invasion of Britain, for good.

Further bomber attacks, which became known as the Blitz, continued on London and other British cities for several more years, but never again did the Luftwaffe look like beating the RAF. The Battle of Britain had been won.

During the height of the combat, from August 8th to September 15th, eight hundred RAF and over thirteen hundred Luftwaffe aircraft were lost. In the words of Prime Minister Winston Churchill "Never has so much been owed by so many to so few".

BATTLE MASTER PLAN

HIGH-FLYING HUNTER



SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE ^{Mk 7}

THE SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE fighter quickly became a symbol of British defiance in the tense, early days of World War II as it created havoc among the German raiders.

On a visit to one of his fighter groups, Luftwaffe chief Hermann Goering asked the commander what planes he would require to achieve final victory. The cynical answer came back '... A squadron of Spitfires...!'

Forty major variants of the Spitfire were built and the legendary fighter saw action in every sector between 1939 and 1945.

The Mk 7 version illustrated here had a modified fuselage, more powerful engine and could attain a speed of over 400 mph. in level flight. Designed as a high-level interceptor, the Mk 7 had a special engine air intake and the pilot's cabin was, of course, pressurised. Extra lift was achieved by extending the normal length of the wings by the addition of long, pointed tips.

These improvements mostly became standard in later variants of the Spitfire and its seagoing version, the Seafire.

In all over 22,000 Supermarine fighters were built.

ROGUES' GALLERY

JUNKERS 88

German all-purpose aircraft.

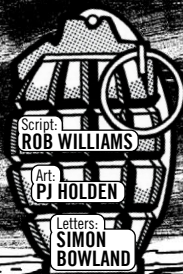
15,000 Junkers 88s were built between 1939 and 1945. This versatile machine served as bomber, heavy fighter, photo-reconnaissance, torpedo-bomber, dive bomber, dual-control trainer, tank destroyer, ground attack plane and night-fighter.

It is the radar-equipped night-fighter version illustrated here, swooping in on an unsuspecting RAF Lancaster.



IN 1942 THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP TIRPITZ WAS THE MOST TERRIFYING MACHINE OF WAR ON THE PLANET.

SHE WAS ARMED WITH A MAIN BATTERY OF EIGHT FIFTEEN INCH GUNS AND COULD HURTLE ALONG AT THIRTY KNOTS. SHE WAS THE HEAVIEST BATTLESHIP EVER BUILT BY A EUROPEAN NAVY.



NOVEMBER, 1940.

IF SHE WAS ABLE TO OPERATE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC AND DESTROY ALLIED CONVOYS GERMANY COULD SIMPLY STARVE THE BRITISH PEOPLE OUT OF THE WAR.

GOOD JOB BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES THOUGH, EH?

IS THAT IT?



THAT'S HMS CAMPBELTOWN? HOW OLD IS SHE?

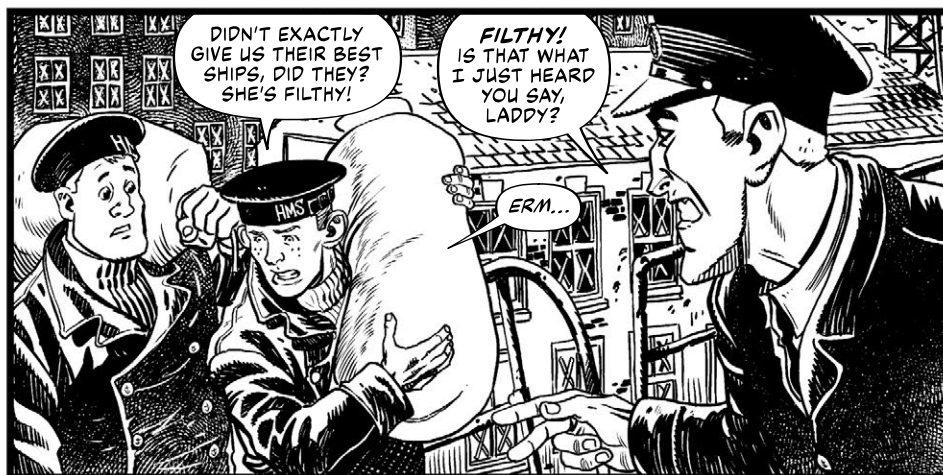
EXPECTING HMS HOOD OR SOMETHIN' WERE YOU, BUTT?



CAMPBELTOWN WAS LAUNCHED IN 1919 AS USS BUCHANAN. SHE'S ONE OF THEM "FIRST WORLD WAR" YANK DESTROYERS THEY OFFLOADED ON US.

DIDN'T EXACTLY GIVE US THEIR BEST SHIPS, DID THEY? SHE'S FILTHY!

FILTHY! IS THAT WHAT I JUST HEARD YOU SAY, LADDY?



ERM...

WHAT IS YOUR NAME, SAILOR?

ORDINARY SEAMAN JOE OWEN, SIR. REPORTING FOR...



NO! NOT ANY MORE! FILTHY OWEN! THAT'S WHAT YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS ON THIS SHIP. UNDERSTAND ME?

YES... SIR.

DESTROYER



I'M CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ROYLE AND YOU, FILTHY OWEN, SHALL START LIFE ON HMS CAMPBELTOWN BY SCRUBBING THE DECK.

JEFF LEWIS, ORDINARY SEAMAN REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR.

PHIL CLARKSON, ORD...

YOU TWO CAN HELP FILTHY HERE CLEAN HIS MAJESTY'S MOST VALUABLE WEAPON!



THIS SHIP HAS TO SAVE YOUR LIVES OUT AT SEA, GENTLEMEN! TREAT HER WELL AND YOU MIGHT JUST STAY LUCKY!

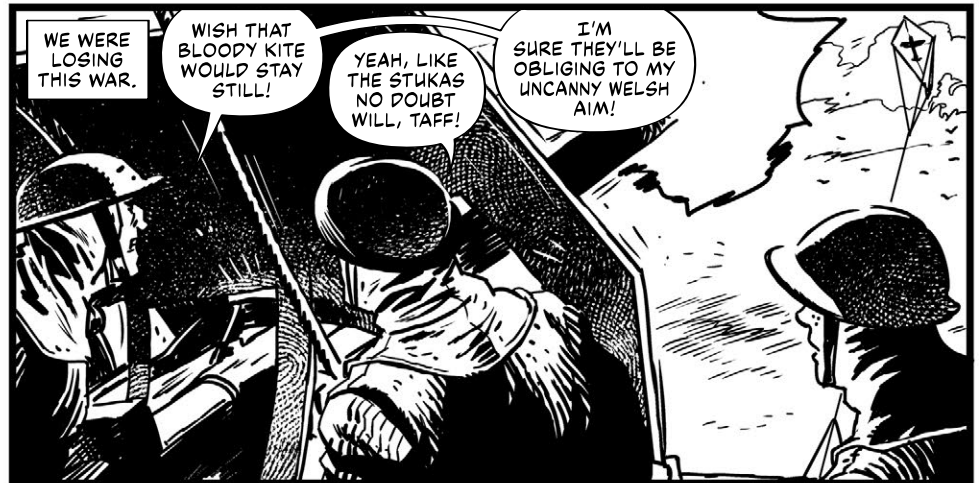
HIS MAJESTY'S MOST VALUABLE WEAPON? BRITAIN REALLY IS IN TROUBLE THEN.



I'D ONLY MET PHIL CLARKSON AND "TAFF" LEWIS ON THE TRAIN UP BUT WE GOT ON WELL. GOOD LADS, BOTH UP FOR A LAUGH.

BOTH WANTING TO DO THEIR BIT TO STOP HITLER'S ADVANCE. BOTH HAD ENOUGH OF THE BOMBS DROPPING.

BECAUSE PHIL WAS RIGHT AND WE ALL KNEW IT. BRITAIN WAS IN TROUBLE.

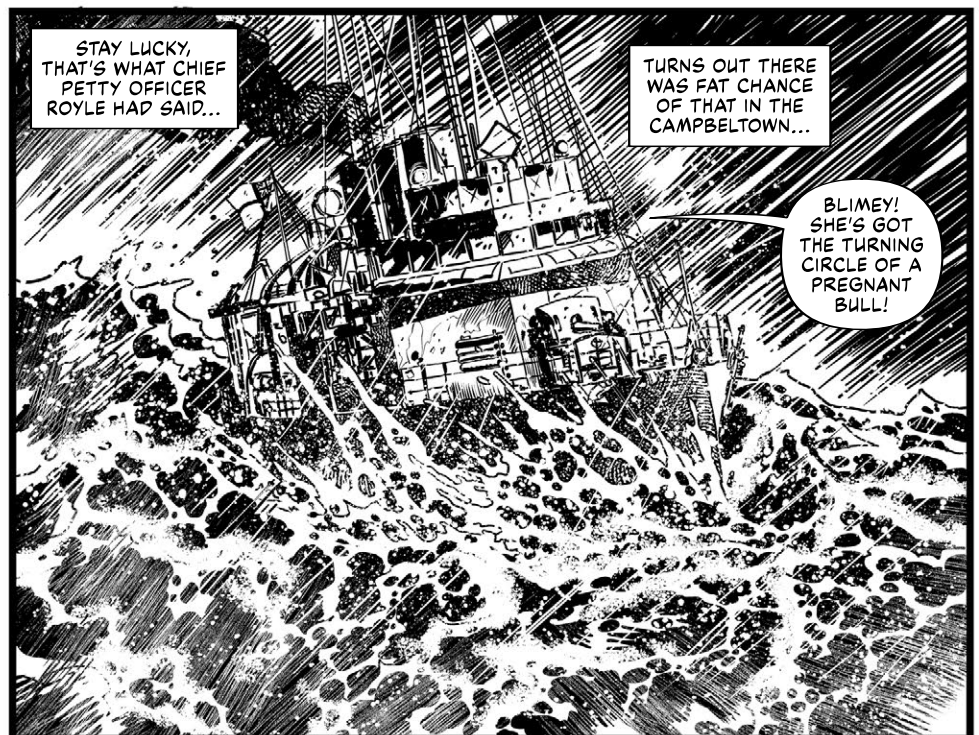


WE WERE LOSING THIS WAR.

WISH THAT BLOODY KITE WOULD STAY STILL!

YEAH, LIKE THE STUKAS NO DOUBT WILL, TAFF!

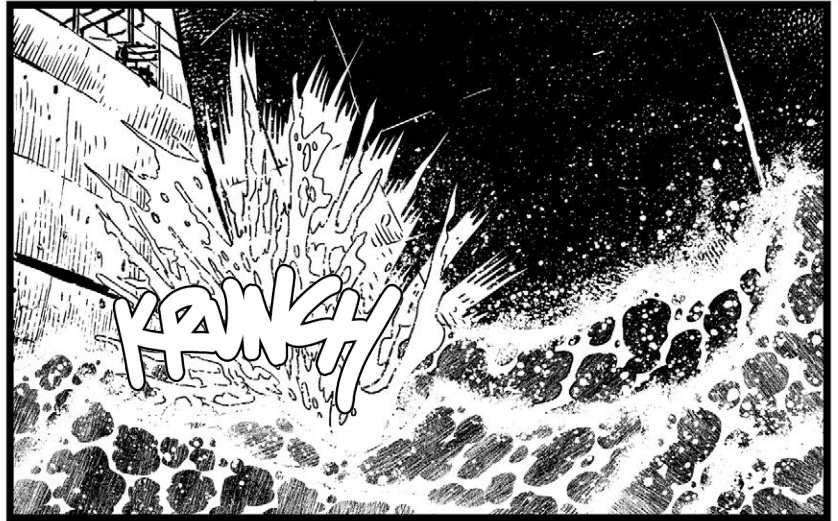
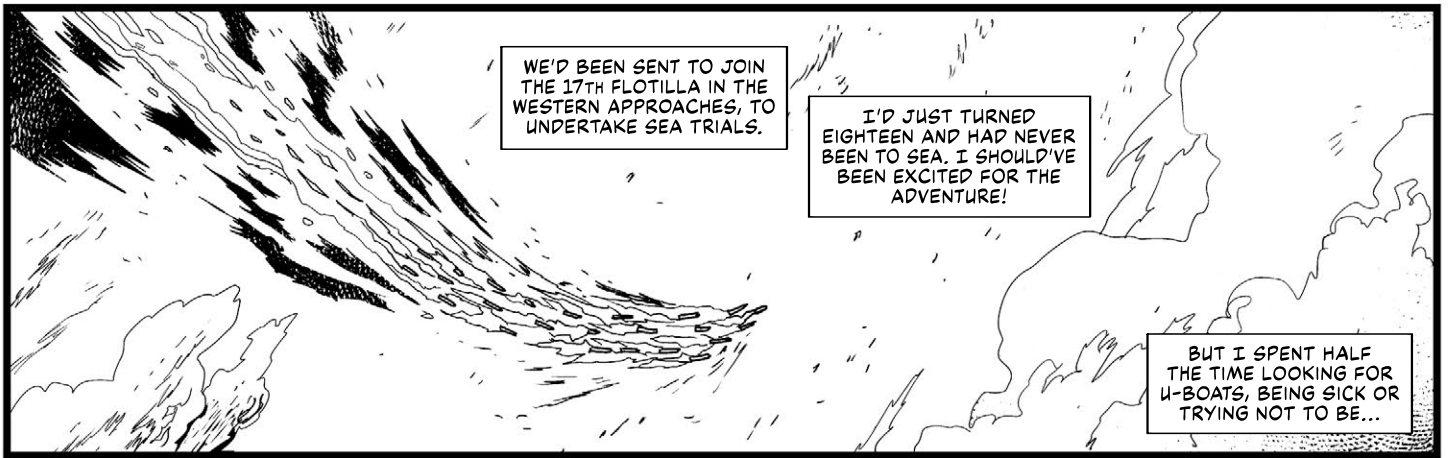
I'M SURE THEY'LL BE OBLIGING TO MY UNCANNY WELSH AIM!

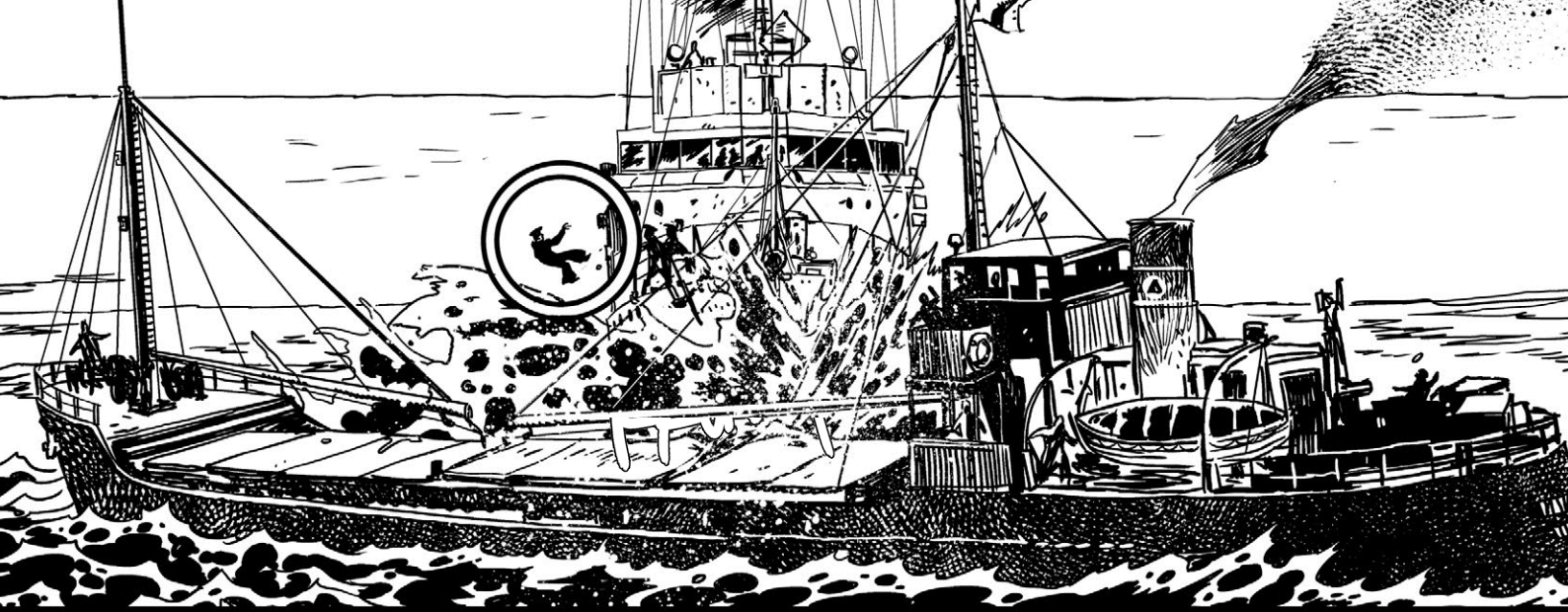


STAY LUCKY, THAT'S WHAT CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ROYLE HAD SAID...

TURNS OUT THERE WAS FAT CHANCE OF THAT IN THE CAMPBELTOWN...

BLIMEY! SHE'S GOT THE TURNING CIRCLE OF A PREGNANT BULL!

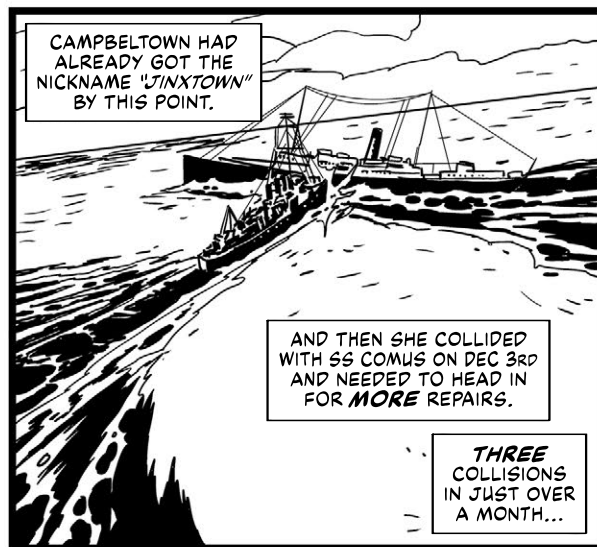




I WASN'T HURT IN THE FALL, BUT WATCHING THE FIDDOWN SINK AND MEN CLAMBERING OUT OF HER, DESPERATE, TRYING TO SAVE THEIR LIVES.

I'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

I'D SEE A LOT MORE OF IT THOUGH.



CAMPBELTOWN HAD ALREADY GOT THE NICKNAME "JINXTOWN" BY THIS POINT.

AND THEN SHE COLLIDED WITH SS COMUS ON DEC 3RD AND NEEDED TO HEAD IN FOR **MORE** REPAIRS.

THREE COLLISIONS IN JUST OVER A MONTH...

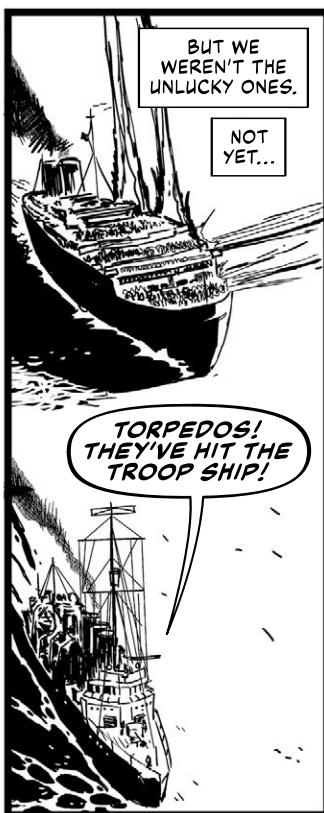


WATCH OUT, BOYS! IT'S THE JINXTOWN LOT!

WORD SPREAD.

YES, YES! HILARIOUS!

THEIR TABLE WILL HIT OURS AND OUR PINTS WILL BE SPILLED, I WARN YE!



BUT WE WEREN'T THE UNLUCKY ONES.

NOT YET...

TORPEDOS! THEY'VE HIT THE TROOP SHIP!



THOSE THAT MADE IT INTO THE WATER BEFORE SHE SANK WERE BURNED BY THE FUEL SHE WAS SPILLING...

AAAGH!

I COULD HEAR
THEIR SCREAMS
CLEAR AS DAY.
WE ALL COULD.

WE'D BE SENT OUT
TO PROTECT THE
CONVOYS BUT THERE
WAS ONLY SO MUCH
WE COULD DO.

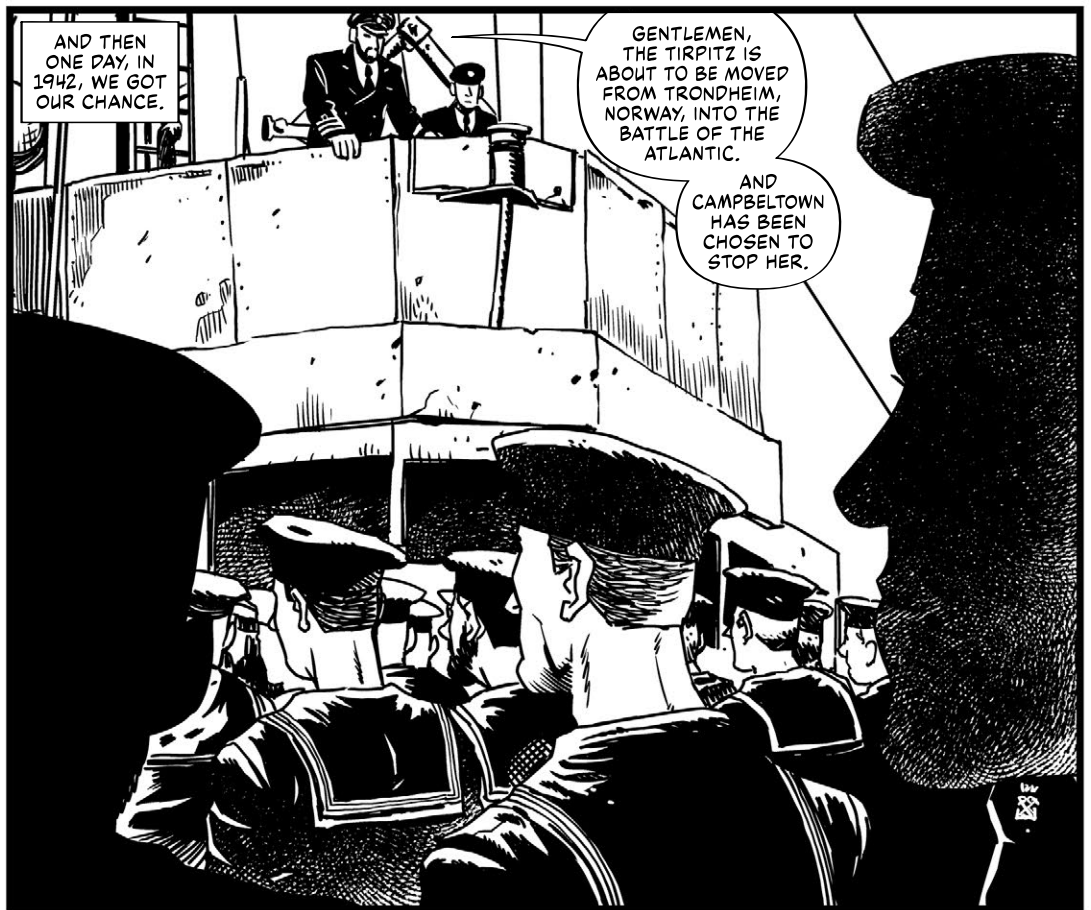
ALWAYS ON THE DEFENSIVE.
ALWAYS TERRIFIED IT WAS
GOING TO BE OUR TURN
ANY SECOND. NEVER ABLE
TO ATTACK THE JERRIES.



AND THEN
ONE DAY, IN
1942, WE GOT
OUR CHANCE.

GENTLEMEN,
THE TIRPITZ IS
ABOUT TO BE MOVED
FROM TRONDHEIM,
NORWAY, INTO THE
BATTLE OF THE
ATLANTIC.

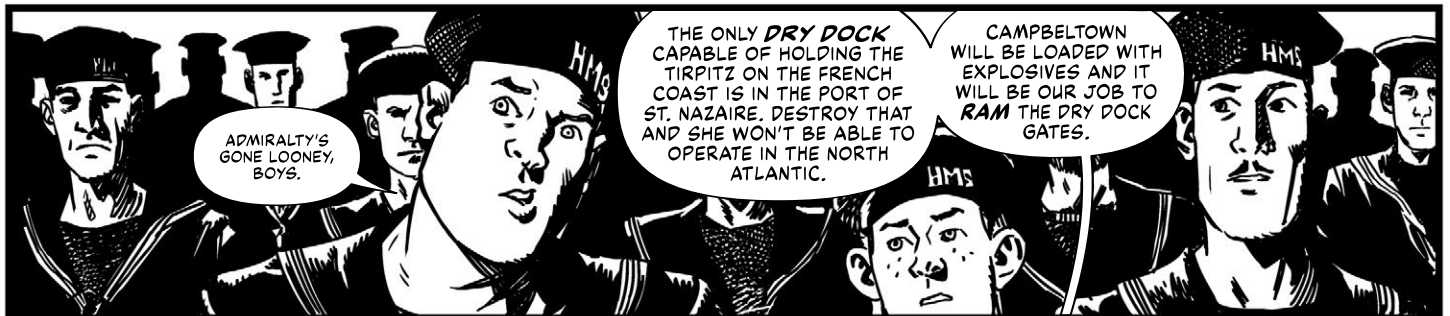
AND
CAMPBELTOWN
HAS BEEN
CHOSEN TO
STOP HER.



ADMIRALTY'S
GONE LOONEY,
BOYS.

THE ONLY **DRY DOCK**
CAPABLE OF HOLDING THE
TIRPITZ ON THE FRENCH
COAST IS IN THE PORT OF
ST. NAZAIRE. DESTROY THAT
AND SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO
OPERATE IN THE NORTH
ATLANTIC.

CAMPBELTOWN
WILL BE LOADED WITH
EXPLOSIVES AND IT
WILL BE OUR JOB TO
RAM THE DRY DOCK
GATES.



SO, ON MARCH 26TH,
AT 2PM, CAMPBELTOWN
SAILED FROM FALMOUTH
WITH A SMALL FLEET OF
WOODEN BOATS, FILLED
WITH COMMANDOS.

OPERATION CHARIOT. AN
IMPOSSIBLE MISSION FOR
A VERY OLD, EXTREMELY
EXPENDABLE SHIP.



HOW MUCH
EXPLOSIVES ARE
CURRENTLY IN THE
BELLY OF OUR SHIP,
JOE? BENEATH
OUR VALUABLE
BACKSIDES.

THE
COMMANDO SAID
THE EQUIVALENT OF
24 DEPTH CHARGES,
OR SOMETHIN'. ON
FUSES. ENOUGH TO...

BLOW US
ALL HOME TO MAM
IN BITS. HMMM...THAT
FLAG'S BRINGING ON MY
TOILETS, BOYS. I'M NOT
'AVING IT, I TELL YEW.



THE PLAN WAS, SNEAK UP THE ESTUARY AT NIGHT LOOKING LIKE A DAMAGED GERMAN TORPEDO BOAT.

JERRY KNEW HOW VALUABLE THAT DRY DOCK WAS. THERE WERE EIGHTY ARTILLERY GUNS DEFENDING ST. NAZAIRE. 14 U-BOAT PENS. 5000 TROOPS.

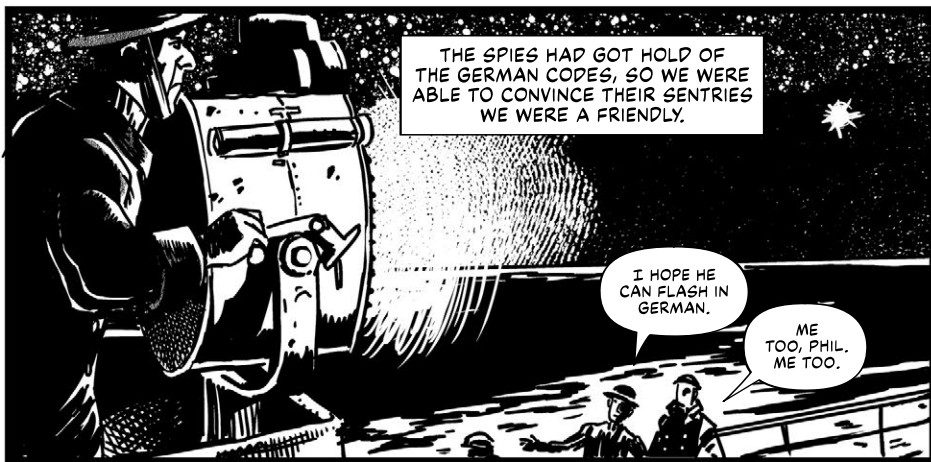
AND WE WERE GOING STRAIGHT IN THE FRONT DOOR.



THE SPIES HAD GOT HOLD OF THE GERMAN CODES, SO WE WERE ABLE TO CONVINCE THEIR SENTRIES WE WERE A FRIENDLY.

I HOPE HE CAN FLASH IN GERMAN.

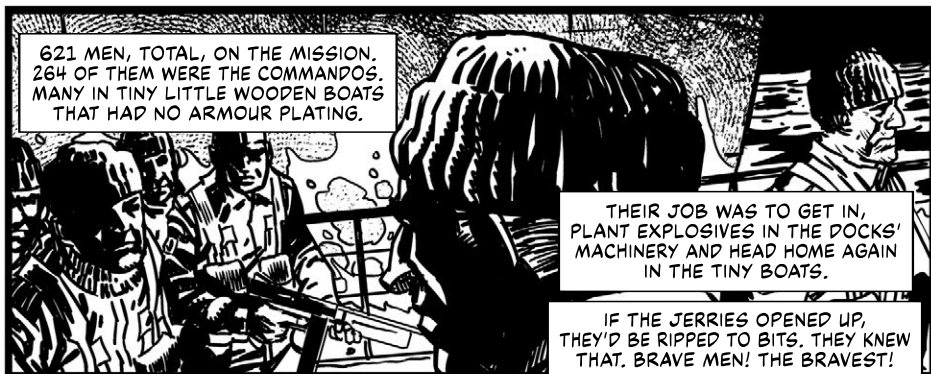
ME TOO, PHIL. ME TOO.



621 MEN, TOTAL, ON THE MISSION. 264 OF THEM WERE THE COMMANDOS. MANY IN TINY LITTLE WOODEN BOATS THAT HAD NO ARMOUR PLATING.

THEIR JOB WAS TO GET IN, PLANT EXPLOSIVES IN THE DOCKS' MACHINERY AND HEAD HOME AGAIN IN THE TINY BOATS.

IF THE JERRIES OPENED UP, THEY'D BE RIPPED TO BITS. THEY KNEW THAT. BRAVE MEN! THE BRAVEST!



WE ALL COULDN'T BELIEVE WE GOT SO FAR IN WITHOUT THEM NOTICING...

AND THEN, 2000 YARDS FROM THE DOCK GATES...

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

...THEY NOTICED.



GET YER 'EAD DOWN, TAFF! YOU'LL GET IT BLOWN OFF!

GOT TO GET THE PROPER FLAG UP! ROYAL NAVY'S COMING FOR YOU, HUNS! YOU HEAR ME?



THE BRIDGE! THEY'VE HIT THE BRIDGE!

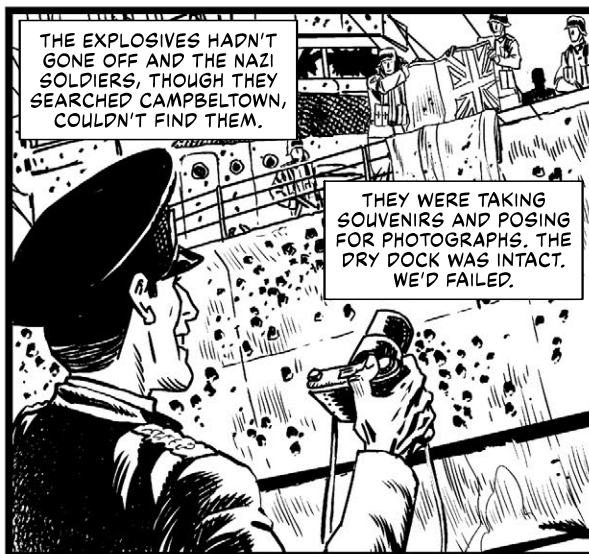






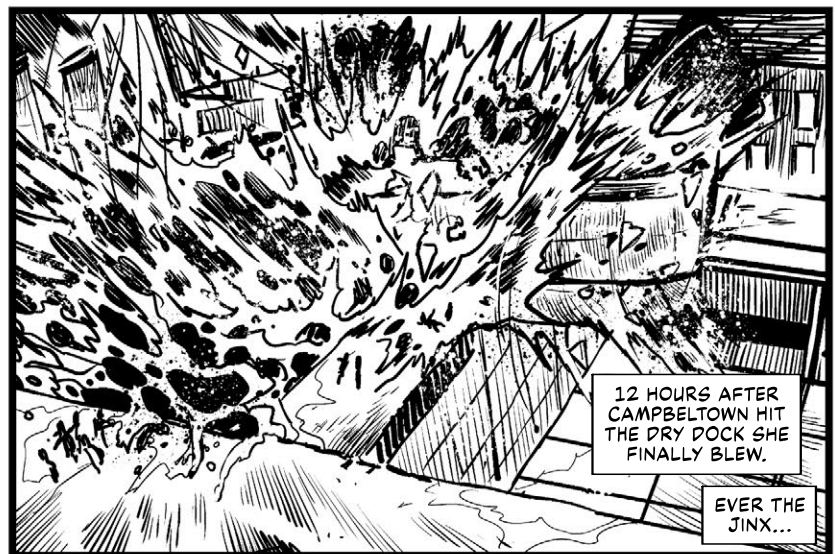
ONLY 227 MEN OF THE 621 MEN WHO WENT ON THE OPERATION CHARIOT RAID RETURNED HOME.

DURING THE NIGHT'S FIGHTING, THE COMMANDOS DESTROYED MANY OF THEIR TARGETS, BUT 168 WERE KILLED, 204 TAKEN PRISONER.



THE EXPLOSIVES HADN'T GONE OFF AND THE NAZI SOLDIERS, THOUGH THEY SEARCHED CAMPBELTOWN, COULDN'T FIND THEM.

THEY WERE TAKING SOUVENIRS AND POSING FOR PHOTOGRAPHS. THE DRY DOCK WAS INTACT. WE'D FAILED.

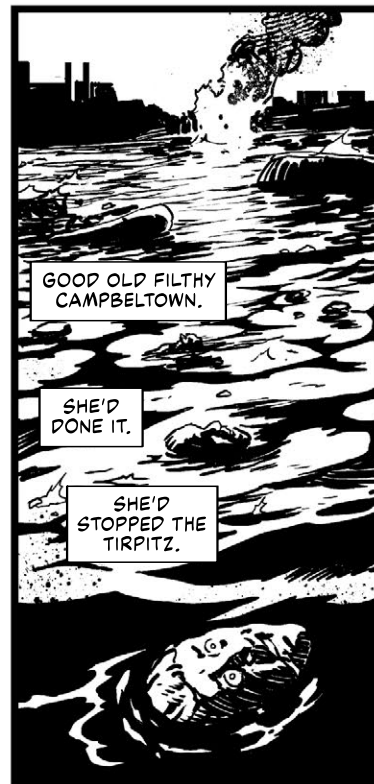


12 HOURS AFTER CAMPBELTOWN HIT THE DRY DOCK SHE FINALLY BLEW.

EVER THE JINX...



250 GERMAN SOLDIERS DIED IN THE BLAST. BUT THAT WAS NEVER THE POINT...



GOOD OLD FILTHY CAMPBELTOWN.

SHE'D DONE IT.

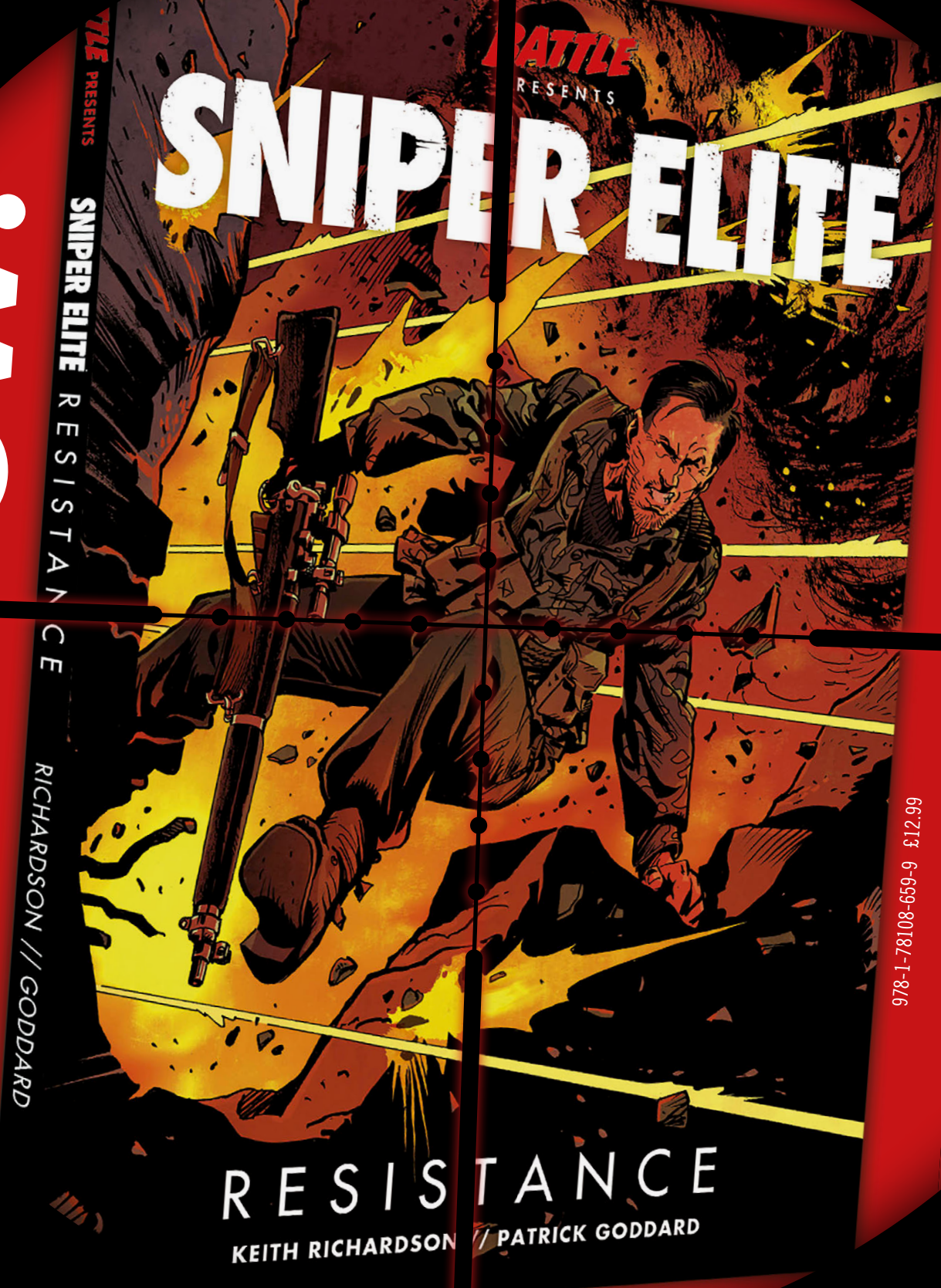
SHE'D STOPPED THE TIRPITZ.



WE'D STOPPED THE TIRPITZ.

DEDICATED TO THE BRAVERY AND MEMORY OF THE MEN WHO DIED DURING THE ST. NAZAIRE RAID, MARCH 28TH, 1942.

OUT NOW!



BLAZING WAR ACTION ON THE
STREETS OF OCCUPIED FRANCE!

TREASURY
OF BRITISH
COMICS

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REBELLION

STALINGRAD,
SEPTEMBER
1942.

SNIPER ELITE

THE VULTURE

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, BABUSHKA TOLD
STORIES OF THE **BLACK VULTURE**
WHICH LIVES IN THE COLD WEST...

AN EVIL-LOOKING BEAST, DARK AND
DEAD-EYED--ALMOST THE SIZE
OF ME, AS A SMALL CHILD.

ITS TALONS AND BEAK COULD RIP AND
TEAR EVEN A PERSON TO SHREDS.
BUT IT **NEVER** ATTACKED.

INSTEAD, IT **WAITED** MEEKLY FOR DEATH TO
VISIT OTHER CREATURES. AND THEN IT ATE ITS
FILL, AND **LIVED** TO SEE ANOTHER DAY.

YET SOMETIMES, OTHER BEASTS
WOULD **CONTEST** THE BLACK
VULTURE'S PREY.

ONCE, BABUSHKA WITNESSED A BLACK
VULTURE AND A STEPPE EAGLE **BATTLE**
IN MID-AIR OVER CARRION.

THERE WAS **NO**
CONTEST.

THE BOLD **EAGLE**,
FOR EXAMPLE.

THE VULTURE **FOUGHT**
FEROCIOUSLY. THE EAGLE
RETRACTED, **BLOODY**
AND BEATEN.

THE VULTURE ATE ITS
FILL, AND LIVED FOR
ANOTHER DAY.

Karl Stock SCRIPT

Simon Coleby ART

Len O'Grady COLOURS

Jim Campbell LETTERS

RED ARMY ASSAULTS FROM ACROSS THE VOLGA SUBSIDE COME MORNING, AND THE HOUNDS HOWL AGAIN. THE OLD CIRCUS TRAINER WAS TEACHING THEM TO BLOW UP TANKS WITH EXPLOSIVES.



WHEN THE NAZIS TOOK THIS PART OF THE CITY, HE RAN OR WAS KILLED. NOW HIS ABANDONED DOGS HUNGER IN THEIR KENNELS, SCREAMING FOR STALINGRAD ITSELF.

DOWN IN THIS CELLAR WE RARELY HEAR THEM, THANK GOD. ONLY THE NERVOUS LAUGHTER OF OUR CHILDREN--THE ORPHANS OF STALINGRAD.



WOOF WOOF

AS THE NAZIS TOOK OVER THE CITY AROUND US, WE HAVE HIDDEN DOWN HERE--HENS PROTECTING YOUNGSTERS.

WOOF WOOF



UNTIL NIGHT, WHEN I PUT WHAT I LEARNED WITH THE 25TH RIFLE DIVISION AT SEVASTOPOL TO USE.

GO CAREFULLY, YURI--STAY TO THE SHADOWS AND COME BACK QUICKLY.

OKSANA'S MEDICINE IS ALMOST DONE--I'VE SENT YURI TO DR. KOLESOV'S FIELD HOSPITAL.

AND WILL HE ASK ABOUT EVACUATING THE CHILDREN ACROSS THE RIVER?

STALIN'S 'NO RETREAT' ORDER APPLIES TO ALL IN THE CITY, VALERIYA--THEY WOULD STILL BE TRAPPED.

WE MUSTN'T QUESTION OUR GREAT COMRADE, ROZA PETROVNA--EVEN A WAR HERO SUCH AS YOU, 'BLACK VULTURE'...

IF YOU SAY SO, EVA, RUNNING IS IMPOSSIBLE, ANYWAY--THE LUFTWAFFE HAVE DESTROYED THE STREETS, AND WHAT'S LEFT IS FLOODED WITH WEHRMACHT.

GOD, DON'T THOSE DOGS EVER SHUT UP?

BAM

YURI!

WOOF WOOF



YURI! OH GOD,
HOLD ON BOY--I'M
COMING...

NO--!



EVA!

DOWN--



SNIPERS--
THE BOY WAS
BAIT. DAMN!

S-SNIPERS...?

TWO, FROM THE RIFLE
REPORTS. TAKING HIGH
POSITIONS, SETTING UP
A CROSSFIRE. WE'RE
PINNED.



H-HELP ME...
PLEASE--!



WE CAN'T LEAVE A CHILD
TO **DIE**, ROZA. I'LL BREAK
COVER--YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO.

DON'T ARGUE.
JUST...ADD TO THE
BLACK VULTURE'S **TWO
HUNDRED AND FIFTY-
SEVEN DEAD NAZIS**
FOR ME. OKAY?



AHHHKKK!



sptak



WHERE ARE
YOU, LITTLE
BIRDS...?



AH, I SEE YOU--TELLING
YOURSELF YOU'RE A BOLD,
BRAVE EAGLE.

BUT I...



AM...



THE...



VULTURE.



SPRAKK



DAMN!
HIDDEN.

SPteng



BUT THE VULTURE
HAS MORE THAN ONE
SOURCE OF FOOD.



SHTUNK



SHH-TRAKKKK





IT'S **SUNDOWN** WHEN WE
MAKE THE FIELD HOSPITAL
HIDDEN IN THE RUINS.



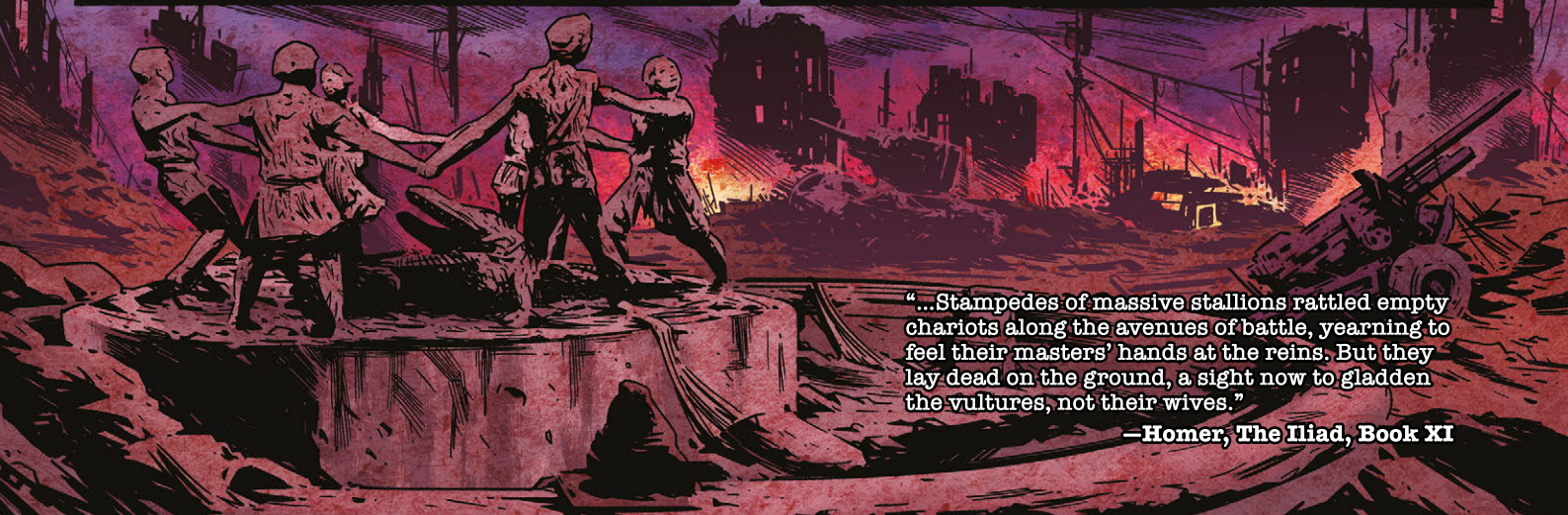
THE DOCTOR GIVES ME
MEDICINE AND AGREES
TO TAKE THE BOY. WHAT
HIS **CHANCES** OF
FLIGHT OR SURVIVAL
ARE, I DO NOT ASK.



THE COLD OF APPROACHING
WINTER IS ALREADY IN THE
NIGHT AIR. I HAVE A **JOB**
TO DO.



WE MAY ALL BE **DOOMED** TO THE
FIRE. BUT UNTIL THEN, I SHALL
CLAW EVERY EAGLE WITHIN
REACH FROM THE SKY.



"...Stampedes of massive stallions rattled empty
chariots along the avenues of battle, yearning to
feel their masters' hands at the reins. But they
lay dead on the ground, a sight now to gladden
the vultures, not their wives."

—Homer, *The Iliad*, Book XI



JUNKERS 87 STUKA

German dive-bomber.

The Stuka (short for Sturzkampfflugzeug, falling-flying apparatus) could carry a bomb load varying from 1,000 lbs to 4,000 lbs according to the model. One bomb was carried under the fuselage and others under the wings.

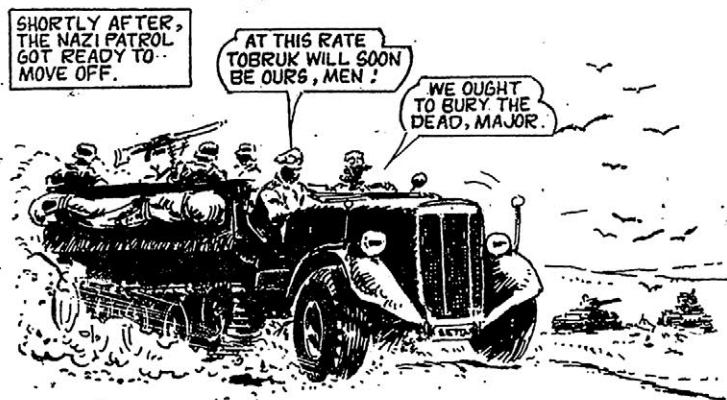
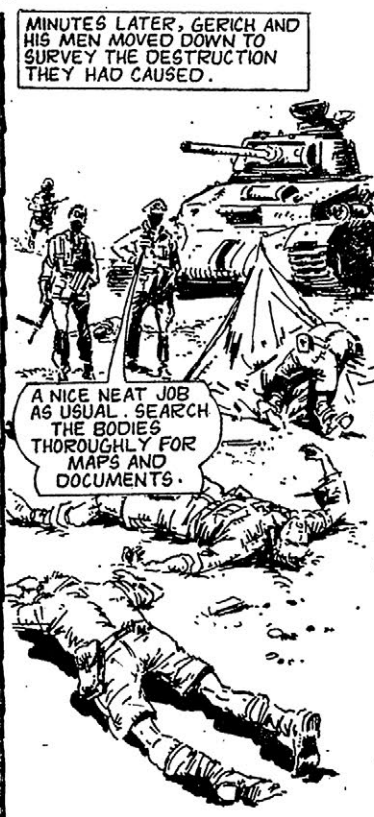
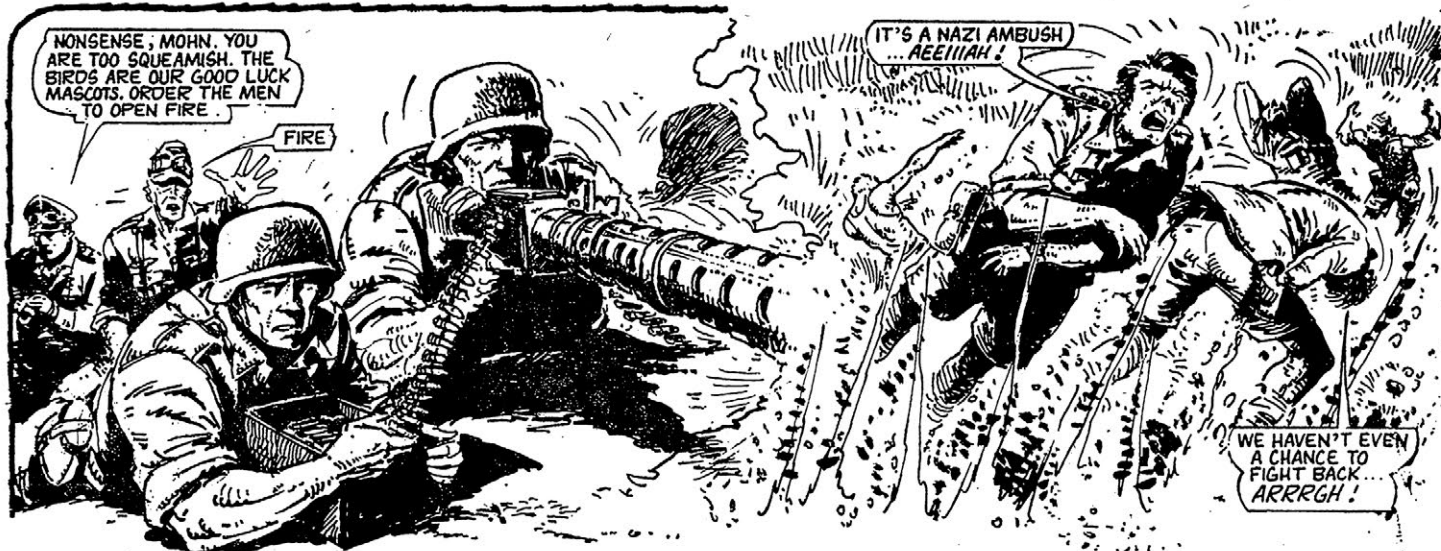
With engine screaming and special siren howling, the Stuka was a terrifying weapon, proving highly successful in Spain, Poland and Russia. But during the Battle of Britain, when it came up against the RAF's Spitfires and Hurricanes (one of the latter seen here in action), its losses were so heavy that it was withdrawn from front line service.

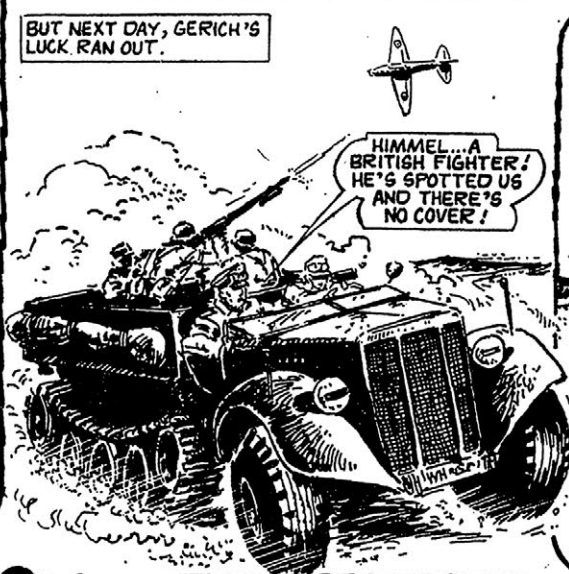
IN THE WESTERN DESERT, THERE ARE FEATHERED VULTURES AND ... THE HUMAN KIND!



VULTURES!



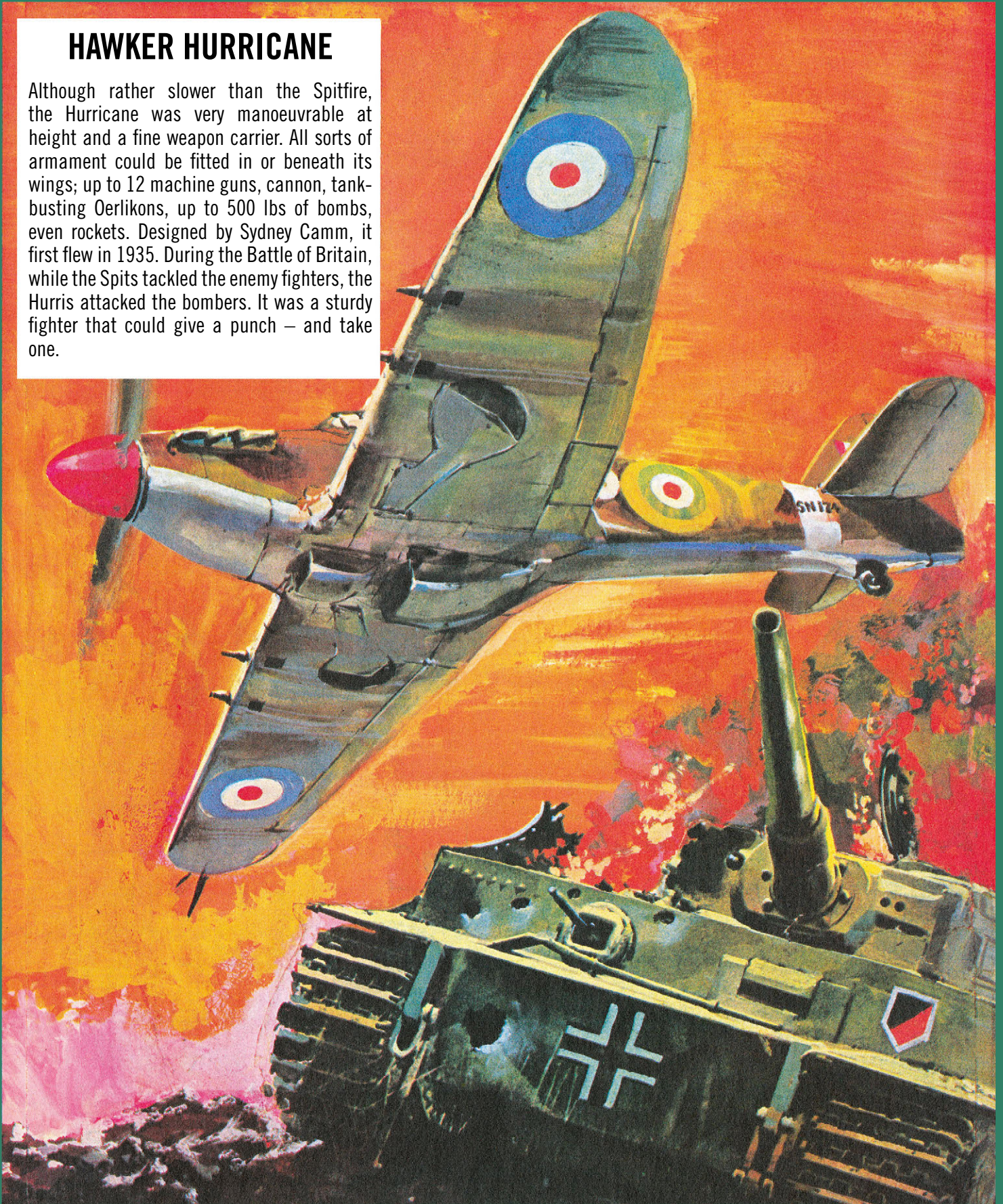




The TERRIBLE

HAWKER HURRICANE

Although rather slower than the Spitfire, the Hurricane was very manoeuvrable at height and a fine weapon carrier. All sorts of armament could be fitted in or beneath its wings; up to 12 machine guns, cannon, tank-busting Oerlikons, up to 500 lbs of bombs, even rockets. Designed by Sydney Camm, it first flew in 1935. During the Battle of Britain, while the Spits tackled the enemy fighters, the Hurris attacked the bombers. It was a sturdy fighter that could give a punch – and take one.



TWINS

Glinting high in the sun and down on the lumbering Luftwaffe bombers swooped the Hurricanes and Spitfires of the Royal Air Force.

SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE

The only Allied fighter to be in production all through the war, the prototype flew in 1936 and Mark 24 zoomed off the drawing boards in 1945. R. J. Mitchell was the original designer of this legendary plane which served as a low-level and high-level fighter, as a fighter bomber, on photo-reconnaissance and even as a floatplane. Over 20,000 Spitfires were built and they were flown by most of the world's air forces. Britain's great aces marked up their scores in Spitfires.



BRAVO, BLACK LION!



I HIT VIETNAM IN OCTOBER 1967,
PART OF THE 28TH INFANTRY:
THE BLACK LIONS.

IT WAS MOSTLY
WHITE GUYS.

WE'D BEEN RUNNING SEARCH
AND DESTROY MISSIONS IN
THE IRON TRIANGLE FOR SIX
MONTHS.

CHOPPER IN, SET UP AN NDP,
FUCK CHARLIE'S SHIT UP FOR
TWO WEEKS, CHOPPER OUT.

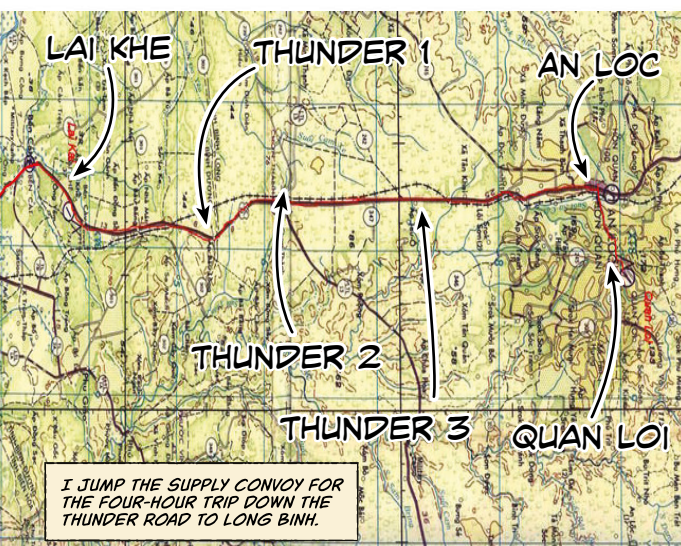
MY SQUAD WAS LUCKY,
UNTIL IT WASN'T.

LOST HALF OF 'EM TO A BOOBY
TRAP SIX FEET AWAY FROM ME.



WHEN WE GET BACK
TO QUAN LOI I FIND
OUT THERE'S AN
ADMIN SNAFU.

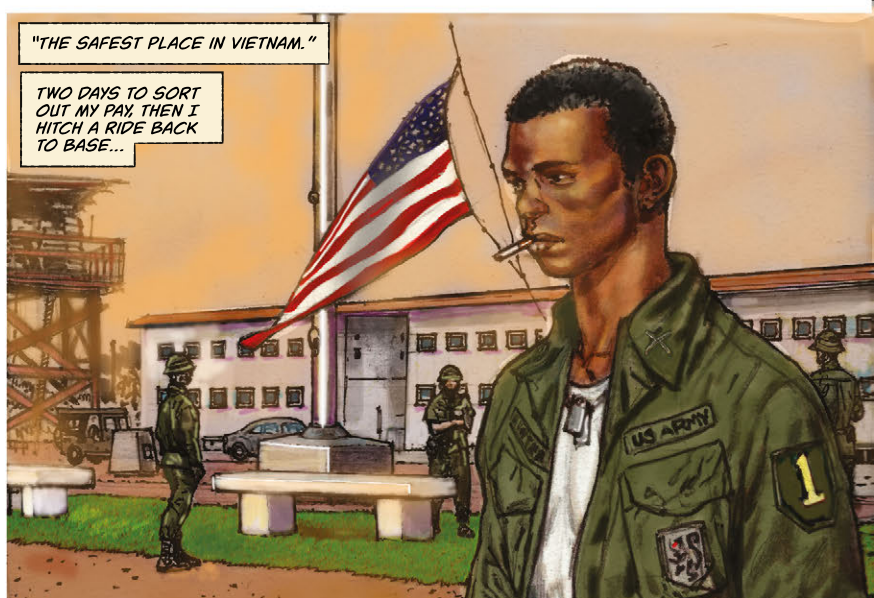
ARMY'S NOT
EVEN PAYING
ME TO WATCH
MY FRIENDS
DIE.



I JUMP THE SUPPLY CONVOY FOR
THE FOUR-HOUR TRIP DOWN THE
THUNDER ROAD TO LONG BINH.

"THE SAFEST PLACE IN VIETNAM."

TWO DAYS TO SORT
OUT MY PAY, THEN I
HITCH A RIDE BACK
TO BASE...





...IN SHAKY'S TRUCK.

VIRGIL!

SHAKY WAS A CUSTOM-CAR FREAK OUTTA LONG BEACH WHO STARTED OFF IN MY SQUAD.

HE GOT PROFILED AFTER SOME WILLY PETE BURNED ALL THE WAY THROUGH HIS THIGH.

OUR LOSS WAS TRANSPORT'S GAIN.



SEE, HEADING DOWN THE THUNDER ROAD EMPTY IS A CAKEWALK.

GOING BACK UP IT, WITH EIGHT TANKERS FULL OF AVFUEL AND FIVE MUNITIONS TRUCKS?

WHOLE DIFFERENT RIDE.

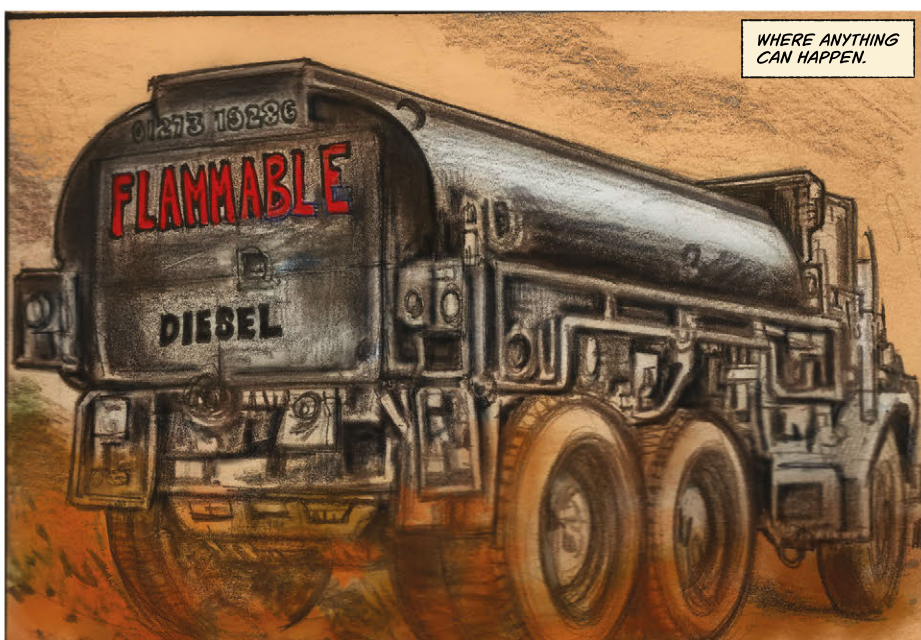


BUT THEN YOU GET PAST LAI KHE.

IT'S ALL GOOD FOR THE FIRST HOUR.

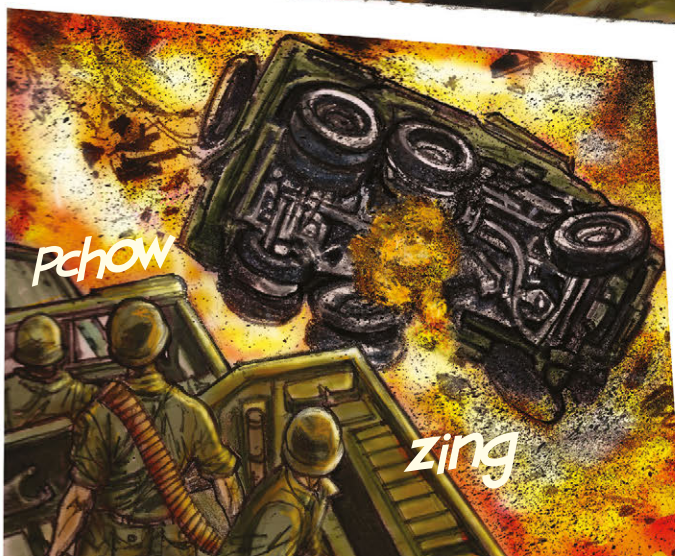
ONE OF THOSE TIMES THIS PLACE IS SO BEAUTIFUL YOU ALMOST FORGET IT'S TRYING TO KILL YOU.

WHERE THE PAVEMENT STOPS.



WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.





THE FRONT OF THE
CONVOY F—KED
OFF AT 40MPH AND
LEFT US TO DIE.

SOP, NOT THAT IT
MADE ME FEEL
ANY BETTER.



WE DIDN'T
KNOW WHERE
THE ENEMY
WAS.

Pchow

Pzing

HELP!

BUT HE SURE
KNEW WHERE
WE WERE.



WE GOTTA GET
THOSE DRIVERS
WHERE WE CAN
PROTECT 'EM!

DAK DAK DAK

NOT IT!

YEAH,
I KNOW.

spang

tok

*BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA*



HELP ME!
PLEASE!

the DAMNATION

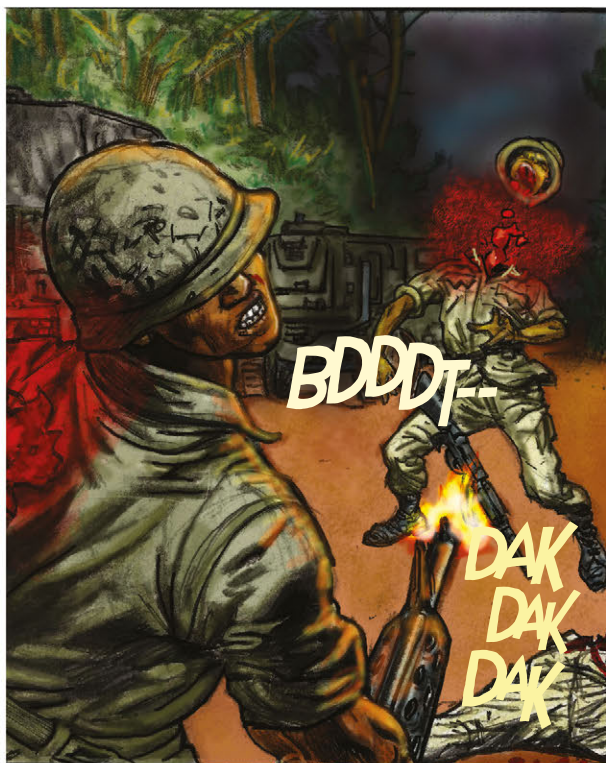
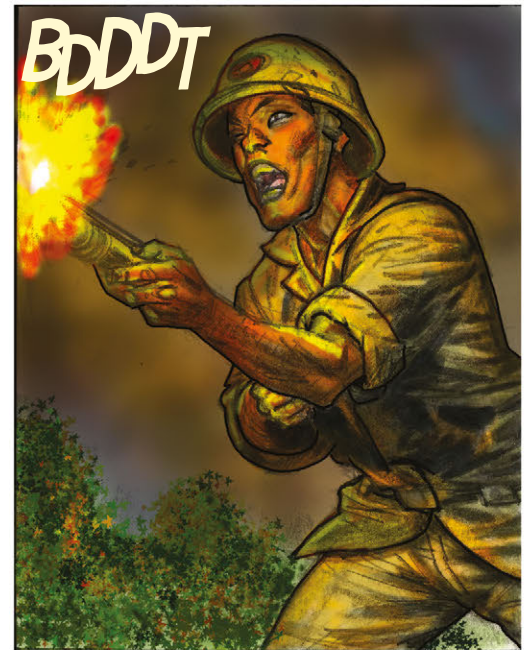
*VRRM
VRRM*



ON BAD NIGHTS I CAN STILL
HEAR SHAKY'S SCREAM WHEN
THAT PHOSPHOROUS HIT HIM.







I SHOULD
BE DEAD.



BUT I'M STILL
MOVING.



I DON'T KNOW
HOW LONG WE
HUNKERED DOWN
THERE, FIRING AT
GHOSTS IN THE
SMOKE.



FIFTEEN MINUTES.

AN HOUR.

OUR ENTIRE LIVES.

**BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA**



UNTIL WE HEARD THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL SOUND IN THE
WORLD.



CHARLIE DIDN'T STICK AROUND
ONCE THE COBRAS CAME OUT
TO PLAY.



WE SURVIVED.



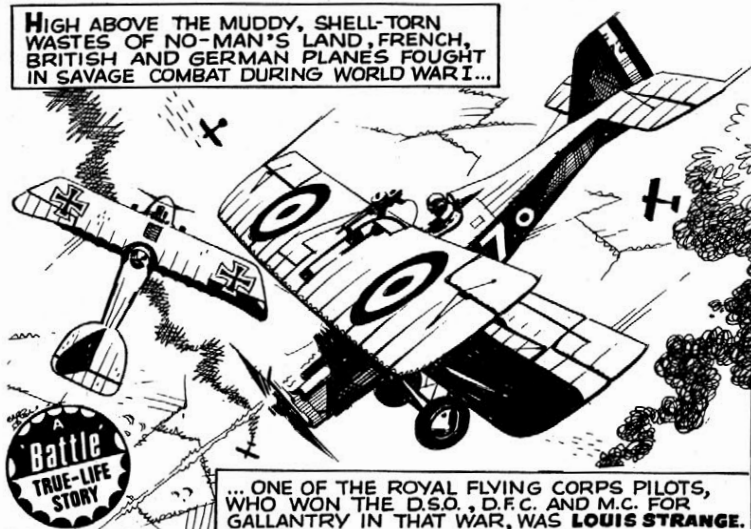
WE WERE SHORTHANDED SO
I GOT A WHOLE DAY OFF.



F██K
YOU!

YEAH, YOU
TRIED.

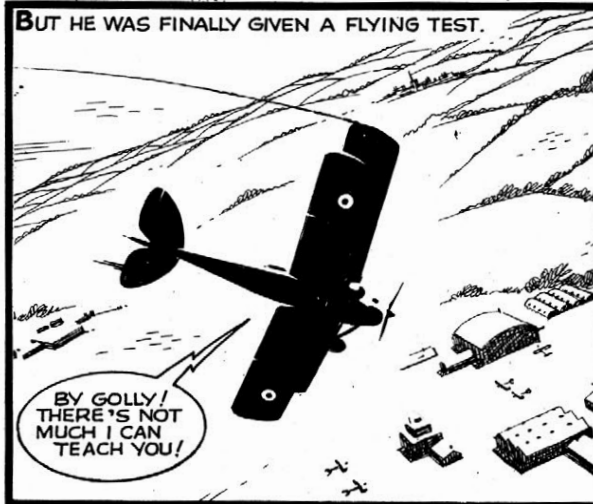
HIGH ABOVE THE MUDDY, SHELL-TORN WASTES OF NO-MAN'S LAND, FRENCH, BRITISH AND GERMAN PLANES FOUGHT IN SAVAGE COMBAT DURING WORLD WAR I...



A
Battle
TRUE-LIFE
STORY

... ONE OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS PILOTS, WHO WON THE D.S.O., D.F.C. AND M.C. FOR GALLANTRY IN THAT WAR, WAS **LOUIS STRANGE**.

BUT HE WAS FINALLY GIVEN A FLYING TEST.



STRANGE WAS COMMISSIONED AS A PILOT OFFICER. BUT THEN IT WAS 1940 AND THE GERMANS HAD BEGUN TO BREAK THROUGH IN FRANCE.



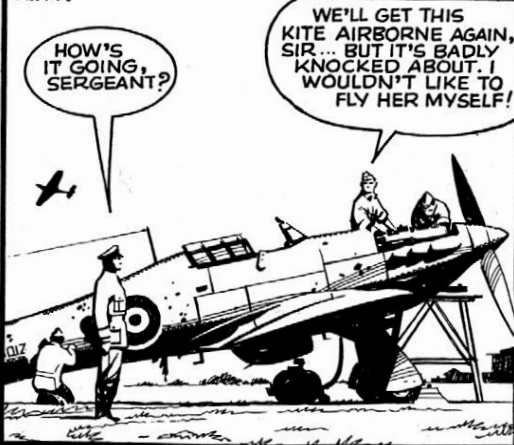
Art: Ian Kennedy

OVER TWENTY YEARS LATER, WHEN HITLER'S HORDES STARTED MARCHING ACROSS EUROPE IN 1939, LOUIS STRANGE VOLUNTEERED TO FLY AGAIN.

AGE FORTY-NINE? I'M SORRY, THERE'S NOT A HOPE OF FLYING... ONLY GROUND DUTIES!

NO, THANKS. IT'S FLYING OR NOTHING!

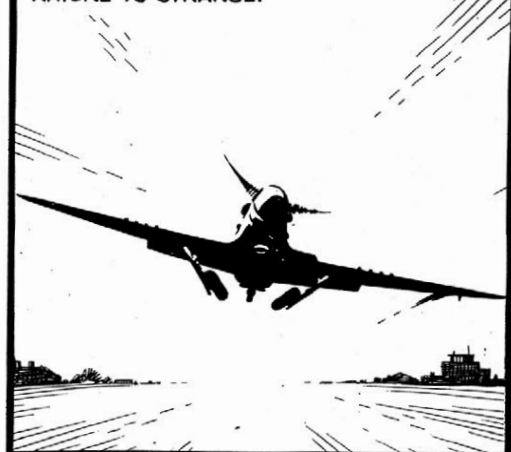
LOUIS STRANGE WAS SENT TO FRANCE TO HELP REPAIR A FEW VITAL PLANES LEFT TO THE R.A.F.



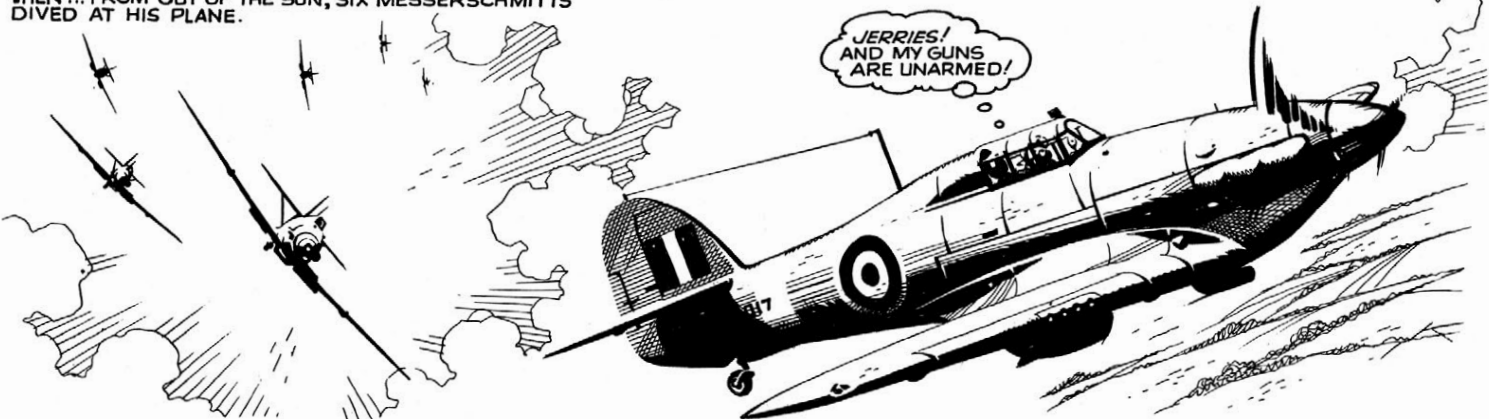
THEY WORKED DAY AND NIGHT ON THE BATTERED PLANES. THEN, ONE MORNING, A SIGNAL CAME.



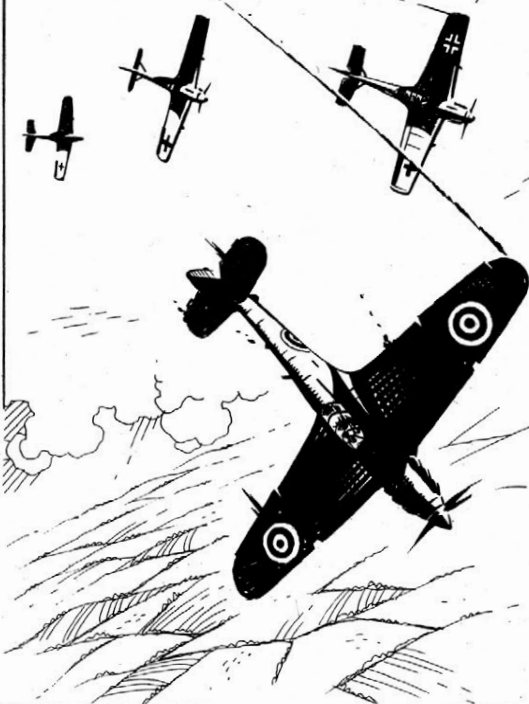
HE HAD NEVER FLOWN A HURRICANE BEFORE... BUT FLYING WAS SECOND NATURE TO STRANGE.



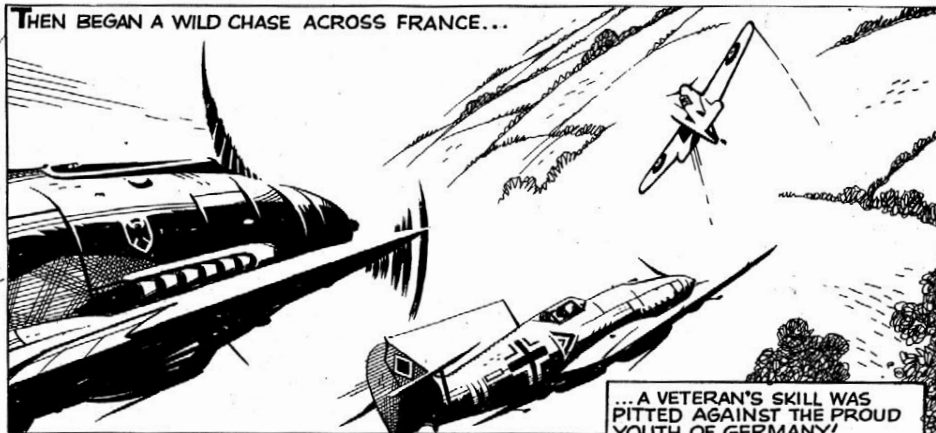
THEN... FROM OUT OF THE SUN, SIX MESSERSCHMITTS DIVED AT HIS PLANE.



AS THE BULLETS RIPPED INTO THE HURRICANE, STRANGE ZOOMED DOWN TOWARDS THE GROUND.



THEN BEGAN A WILD CHASE ACROSS FRANCE...



...A VETERAN'S SKILL WAS PITTED AGAINST THE PROUD YOUTH OF GERMANY!

AT TREE-TOP HEIGHT, STRANGE WEAVER ACROSS FIELDS AND VILLAGES.



PILOT AND PLANE WERE NOW WORKING AS ONE... BY SKILFUL EVASIVE ACTION, STRANGE BEGAN TO LOSE HIS PURSUERS.



THE COAST AT DUNKIRK FLASHED BELOW AND HERE THE NAVY CAME TO STRANGE'S AID.



STRANGE FINALLY REACHED ENGLAND AND LANDED AT THE NEAREST AIRFIELD.



PHEW! THAT LOOKS A REAL BEAT-UP JOB!

NEVER MIND... HE'S GOT HERE! AND THAT'S ANOTHER KITE THAT'LL FLY AGAIN TO CLOBBER THE JERRIES!

LOUIS STRANGE HAD COMPLETED HIS JOURNEY... WITH COURAGE AND SKILL.



REPORTING FROM FRANCE, SIR! AND THIS PLANE'S MINE... FROM NOW, ON!

AND SO THE FIFTY-YEAR-OLD PILOT OFFICER LIVED TO FLY AND FIGHT AGAIN... AND FOR HIS BRAVERY HE RECEIVED A BAR TO HIS D.F.C. ... THE MEDAL HE HAD WON OVER TWENTY YEARS PREVIOUSLY!

BEFORE THE ATOM BOMB, THERE WAS THE **BOMBER**. IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT, VIRTUALLY UNSTOPPABLE, AND FULLY EQUIPPED TO RAIN FIRE UPON HOMES AND CITIES.

"THE BOMBER WILL ALWAYS GET THROUGH," **STANLEY BALDWIN** TOLD THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN 1932, EVOKING THIS FEAR OF WAR FROM THE AIR.

AND WHEN THE **BATTLE OF BRITAIN** ARRIVED, SO DID THE BOMBERS - WITH A MISSION TO PULVERISE BRITAIN'S DEFENSIVE CAPABILITIES.

AMONG THEM, THE **DORNIER DO 17**, SCOURGE OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, BUT ALREADY BEING SUPERCEDED FOR RANGE AND PAYLOAD.

THE **HEINKEL HE 111**, DESIGNED UNDER COVER OF BEING A PASSENGER LINER, BUT STURDY ENOUGH TO SOAK UP HUNDREDS OF RAF BULLETS.

AND THE **JUNKERS JU 88**, MOST MODERN AND DEADLY OF THE 'SCHNELLBOMBERS', OR FAST BOMBERS.

BUT BRITAIN HAD DEVELOPED A DEFENCE AGAINST THE BOMBER - THE **DOWDING SYSTEM**, WHICH BEGAN WITH THE EARLY WARNING CHAIN HOME RADAR SYSTEM...

The Scourge Of the Skies

Karl Stock

SCRIPT

Patrick Goddard

ART

Jon Charles

COLORS

Oz

LETTERS

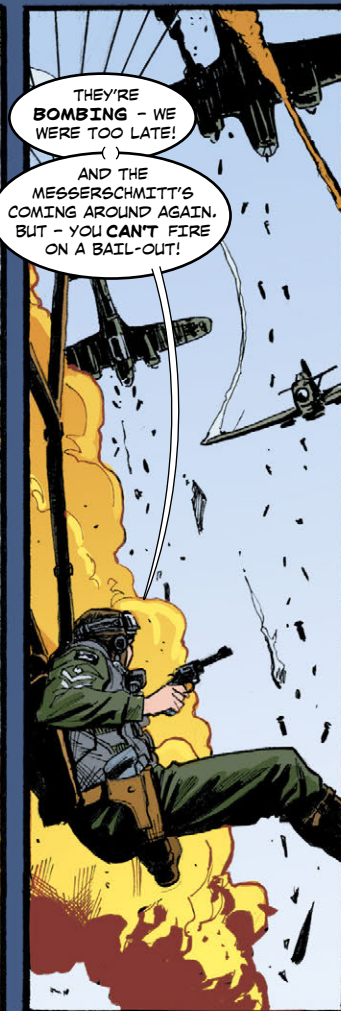
...AND CULMINATED IN DEFENSIVE AERIAL ATTACK, MOST FAMOUSLY BY THE SPITFIRE AND THE HAWKER HURRICANE.

YET THE LUMBERING BOMBERS WERE NOT THE ONLY AIRCRAFT RANGED AGAINST THE RAF BY THE LUFTWAFFE.

THE FEARSOMELY SWIFT AND WELL-ARMED **MESSERSCHMITT BF 109** MADE FOR AN EFFECTIVE BOMBER ESCORT FIGHTER.



AHH!
BAIL OUT



THEY'RE
BOMBING - WE
WERE TOO LATE!

AND THE
MESSERSCHMITT'S
COMING AROUND AGAIN.
BUT - YOU CAN'T FIRE
ON A BAIL-OUT!



HE IS!
OH GOD!

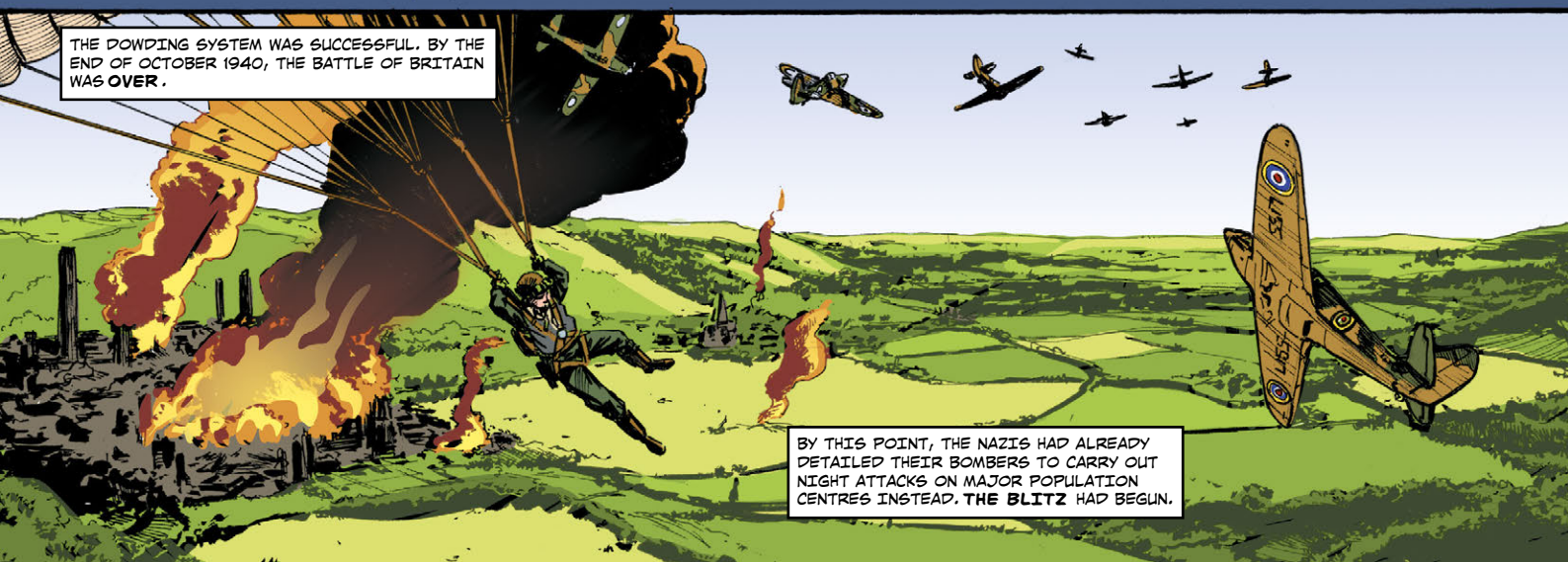
AHHH!

HE...
SAVED
ME.

MANY RAF AND LUFTWAFFE FIGHTER PILOTS REGARDED SHOOTING PARACHUTING ENEMY AIRCREW AS CONTRARY TO THEIR CODE OF HONOUR.



THE CALIBRE OF EVEN THE DEADLIEST FIGHTING MACHINE IS DETERMINED BY THE PERSON WHO CONTROLS IT.



THE DOWDING SYSTEM WAS SUCCESSFUL. BY THE END OF OCTOBER 1940, THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN WAS OVER.

BY THIS POINT, THE NAZIS HAD ALREADY DETAILED THEIR BOMBERS TO CARRY OUT NIGHT ATTACKS ON MAJOR POPULATION CENTRES INSTEAD. THE BLITZ HAD BEGUN.

the YOUNG COCKNEY COMMANDOS

MICKY STINK

HONCH

BABS

LARGE LEN

DAGENHAM DAVEY

THE EAST END, SEPTEMBER 1940.

AWIGHT ME OLE' MUCKKAS! LOOK WOT I GOT FOR ME BIRFDAY-- A NEW FOOT-BALL!

WATCH OUT SAAN! YOU'LL HIT ME CLEAN STRIPES!

WOT'S DIS FINKY?!

HUMMPH, NUMMPH DIPPYH.

WOT'S UP WIF STINKY? YOU BIN 'ALF INCHING 'OT SPICES DOWN THE DOCKS AGAIN?

'AVE... 'AVE... A... BUTCHER'S... UP... THERE!

DRONE!

BOTANY BAY!

THE NASTIES! 'OLD ME DAVEY!

LAWKS! GEDDOWN!

PHWEEEEE!

DIVE!

BOOOOM!

R SMITHEREEN

ME WHISTLE... ME DINKYS... RUINED!

ME BIRFDAY PRESSIE!

SPUTTER!

PHUT!

'ERE...

...WOT'S DAT PLANE DOIN' HONCH?

PLUMMET!

IT'S COMIN' DOWN OVER BY MRS. MITCHELL'S 'PIE AN' MASH SHOP.

LET'S GET OVA THERE AN' GIVE THOSE NASTIES A PROPA STRIPIN'!

IT'S THE NASTIES, AN' THEY'VE CAUGHT MRS. MITCHELL!

SCHNELL, BEWEGEN!

JELLIED EELS
THEY'RE LUNNERY!
OR JELLY

SLOO!

zoom!

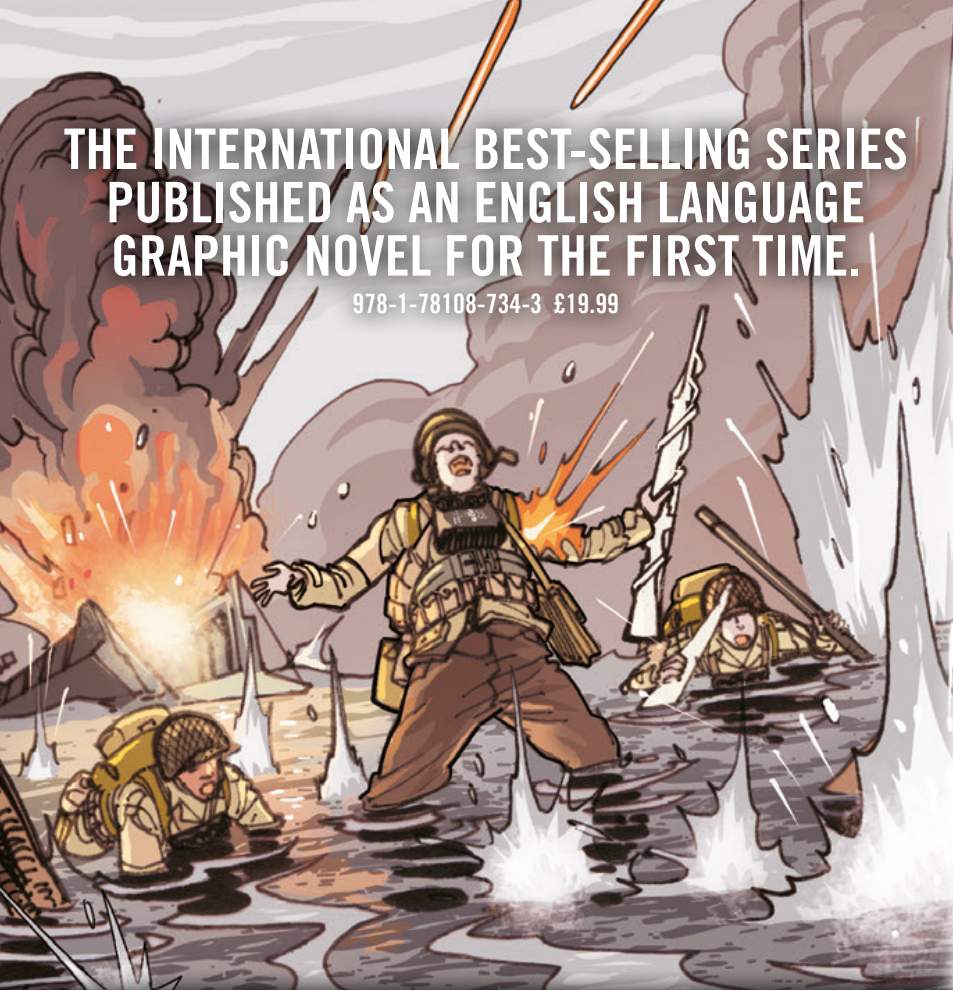
FLAP!

CHIRUP! SQUAWK!

TRUDGE!

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E.T.'S WERE FRIENDLY!

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IF YOU SPOOKS
ARE THINKING OF
PLEADING FOR
MERCY,
FORGET IT!
I'VE GOT NONE!



DEFIANTS DEFIED!

You can't win them all. The Bolton Paul Defiant looked good on paper and in the air, but through no fault of its crews it was no match for the Luftwaffe's crack fighters. Fortunately, the British had Spitfires and Hurricanes as well or the Battle of Britain might have been lost!

The Defiant had no forward firing armaments, having instead a massive power-operated turret behind the pilot, mounting four .303 in. belt-fed Browning machine guns. The gunner had to rely on his pilot to place the plane in a perfect position for attacking the enemy.

It was fine in theory. The gunner could swing his guns the full 360 degrees and not worry about flying, whereas other fighter pilots had to point their planes at the enemy. The snag was that once the Germans realised they were not dealing with the usual enemy, they attacked Defiants from beneath the tail.

Not that the Defiants failed completely. At first the Luftwaffe made mistakes against them, losing at least 14 planes over Dunkirk to them in May 1940 because – some claim – the Defiants were mistaken for Hurricanes! But by July, before the Battle of Britain reached its height, they were taken out of the fight.

Another snag was that the heavy turret weighed down the plane, creating 'drag', no help against deadly Messerschmitts. But the Defiants finally found their niche, being used as night fighters. Make no mistake – the Defiants were good planes. They were wrong, however, for the job in hand and so they paid the penalty.





1863. During the American Civil War, a column of exhausted slaves was driven deeper into Confederate territory to prevent them being freed by the advancing Union army.

CAN'T... CAN'T GO ON... UURGH!

ON YER FEET, BOY!

EL MESTIZO

Alan Hebden SCRIPT

Brent McKee ART

Gary Caldwell COLOURS

Hassan Otsmane-Elaoui LETTERS



IF IT'S A BEATIN' YA WANT, AH'M HAPPY TO OBLIGE!

MERCY... NOO!



HUH?

But...



PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE, MEATFACE!

EL... EL MESTIZO!

GET 'IM!



AAARH!

TOO SLOW, AMIGO!

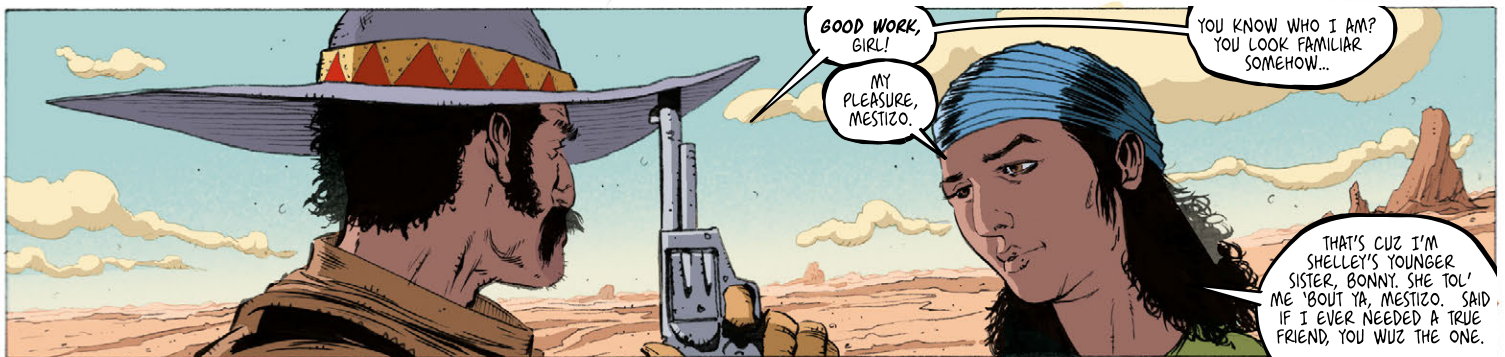
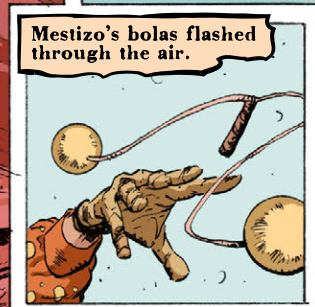
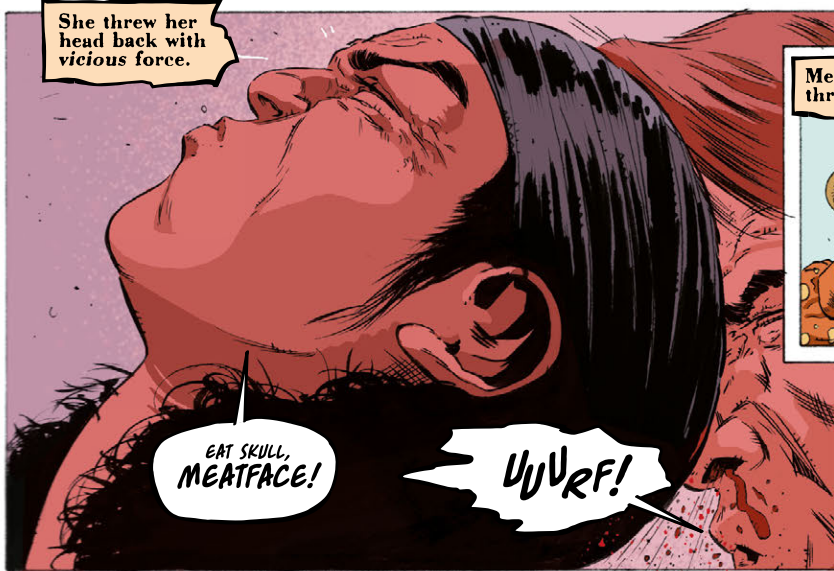
COME HERE, GIRL!

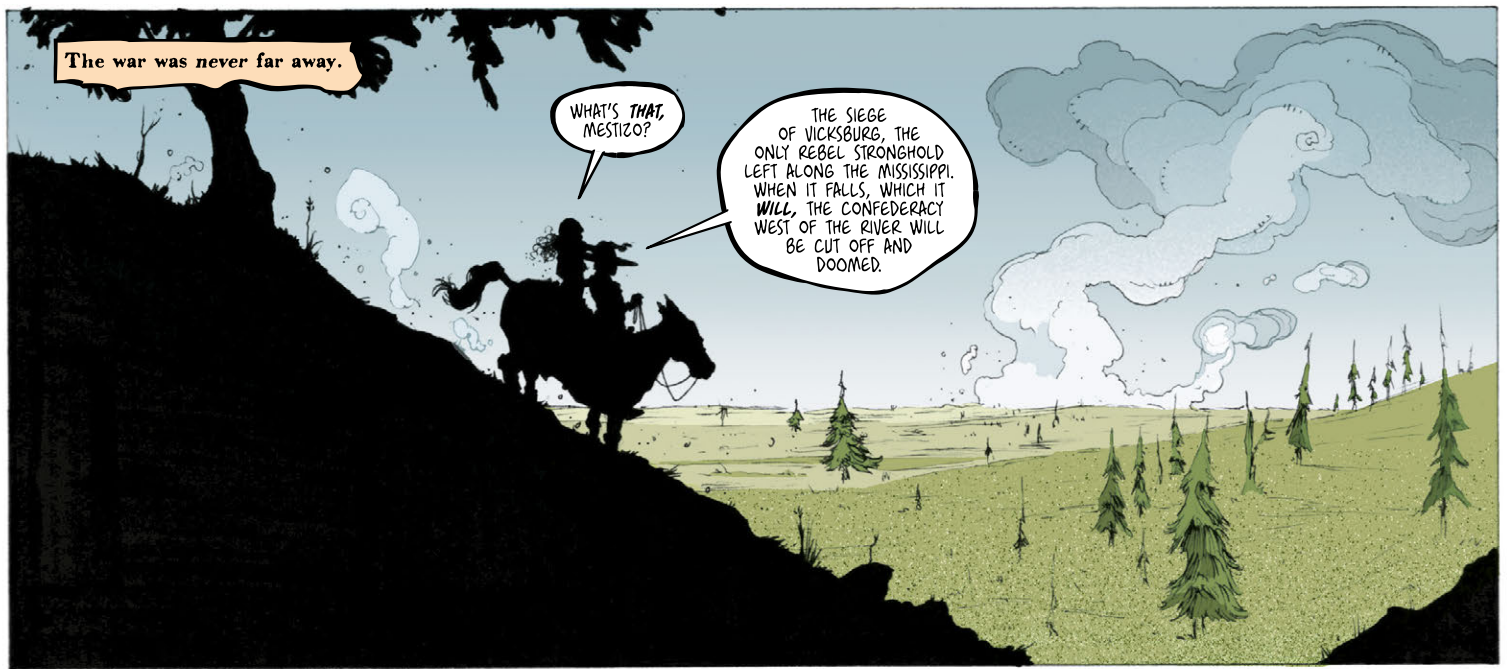
EEIH!



DROPPED THE GUN, MESTIZO, OR I'LL BLOW HER BRAINS OUT!

DIABLO, I CAN'T SHOOT HIM WITHOUT HITTING HER. COME ON, GIRL... GIVE ME A HELPING HAND HERE.

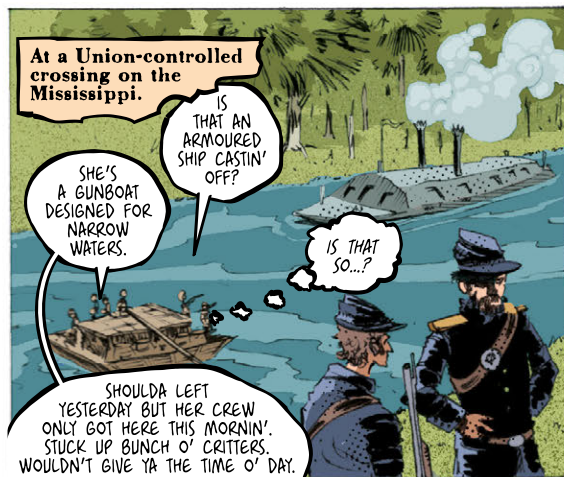




The war was never far away.

WHAT'S THAT, MESTIZO?

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, THE ONLY REBEL STRONGHOLD LEFT ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI. WHEN IT FALLS, WHICH IT WILL, THE CONFEDERACY WEST OF THE RIVER WILL BE CUT OFF AND DOOMED.



At a Union-controlled crossing on the Mississippi.

IS THAT AN ARMoured SHIP CASTIN' OFF?

SHE'S A GUNBOAT DESIGNED FOR NARROW WATERS.

IS THAT SO...?

SHOULDA LEFT YESTERDAY BUT HER CREW ONLY GOT HERE THIS MORNIN'. STUCK UP BUNCH O' CRITTERS. WOULDN'T GIVE YA THE TIME O' DAY.



Across the river, Mestizo visited an army commissariat.

A HORSE AND A HENRY RIFLE? AIN'T THAT UNION ARMY PROPERTY YA WALKIN' OUT WITH, MESTIZO?

THE UNION ARMY OWES ME A FEW FAVOURS AND YOU NEED THESE MORE THAN THEY DO. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO.



A mile along the river lay Union Army HQ.

IS THAT GENERAL GRANT?

THAT'S HIM.

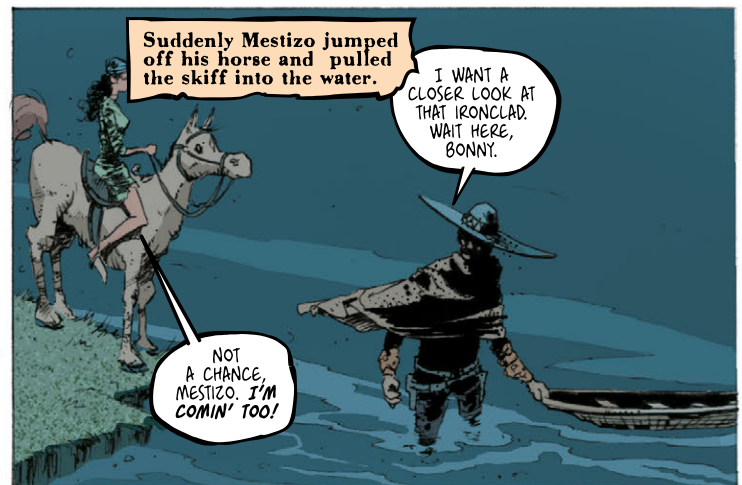
IT'S WHY I SAID VICKSBURG WAS BOUND TO FALL. HE'S PROBABLY THE FINEST GENERAL IN EITHER ARMY, UNION OR CONFEDERATE.



As darkness fell.

IT'S THAT IRONCLAD WE SAW EARLIER.

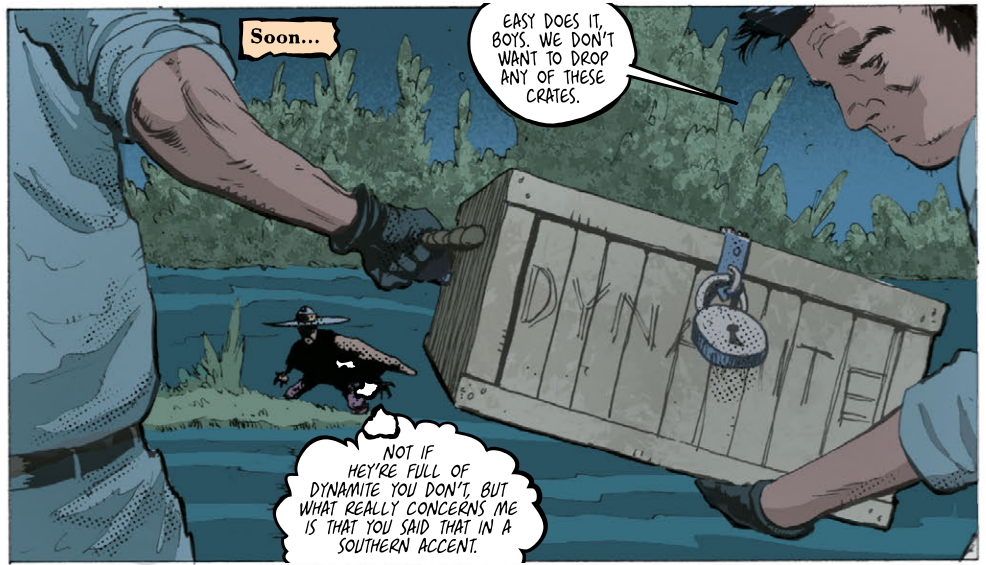
SHE'S RIGHT, BUT WHAT'S IT DOING ON THAT SIDE OF THE RIVER? HMM, THAT BOAT'S GOING BEGGING.



Suddenly Mestizo jumped off his horse and pulled the skiff into the water.

I WANT A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT IRONCLAD. WAIT HERE, BONNY.

NOT A CHANCE, MESTIZO. I'M COMIN' TOO!





HELM'S SET
AND TIED IN
POSITION,
CAP'N.

THE
FUSES ARE
LIT. IT'S TIME TO
ABANDON SHIP AND
LET HER STRIKE A
BODY BLOW FOR
THE SOUTH. I'LL
TELL THE MAN
ON DECK.

HE CAN'T
HEAR YOU,
AMIGO...



...SO DON'T
WASTE YOUR
BREATH!

URFF--!

WHAT
THE--?!



NO-ONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT
SHOOTING GUNS IN ENCLOSED
SPACES IS REAL BAD FOR
YOUR HEALTH!

AAAAARGH!



Suddenly the
boat's target was
all too obvious.

DIABLO!
IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT
FOR THE SHORE BY GRANT'S
HQ WITH ENOUGH EXPLOSIVE
TO WIPE OUT THE WHOLE
PLACE AND EVERYONE
THERE!



But...

THIRD
MAN ON
BRIDGE...

YUURGH!

BIT
GOIN'! I'LL
DEAL WITH THIS
HAFF-BREED!

The man's strength was
irresistibly remorseless.



HE'S
UNBELIEVABLY
STRONG. I...
I'VE HAD
IT.

DON' WORRY,
BOY...I'M GONNA
SNAP YO' NECK
BEFORE YA CAN
DROWN!



Then...



YUURGH!

THAT'S WHAT
I CALL GOOD
SHOOTING!



... END.



WELCOME TO MOSCOW, GENTLEMEN. I AM COMMISSAR LICHEV, CHIEF INTERROGATOR FOR THE NKVD. I AM ALSO KNOWN AS THE TIGER OF SIBERIA, AND I SHALL BE ASKING YOU SOME QUESTIONS. IF YOUR ANSWERS FAIL TO SATISFY ME, I SHALL REDUCE YOU TO A GROUP OF GIBBERING IDIOTS WHO WILL BEG TO DIE!

BATTLE
DEATH SQUAD

ALAN HEBDEN • ERIC BRADBURY • CARLOS EZQUERRA

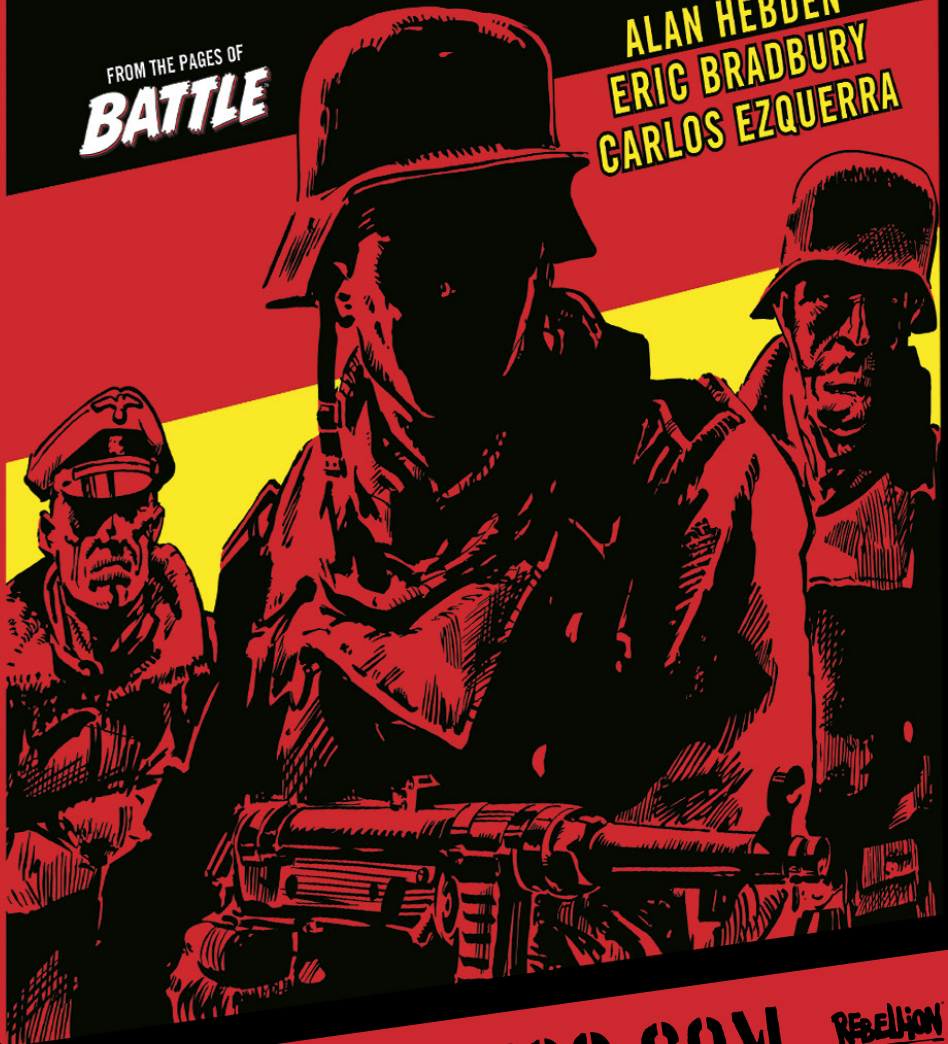
Rebellion

"THIS IS BATTLE AT ITS BEST." GARTH ENNIS

DEATH SQUAD

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BATTLE

ALAN HEBDEN
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ARTIST:
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LETTERER:
J. POTTER



DA, COMRADE... YOU CERTAINLY NEED HELP!

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEGGED SO LOUDLY! HE SHOWED ME THE GOLD FILLINGS IN HIS TEETH! HOLD HIS MOUTH OPEN! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DIG OUT!

HELP TO DIE!
HO, HO,
HO!

SOMEONE'LL GET THAT GOLD BEFORE THEY PUT THE POOR DEVIL UNDERGROUND...



... BUT IT SURE ISN'T GOING TO BE YOU, IVAN!

UUUUURRGH!

OVER THERE!
KILL HIM!



SO YOU WAIT FOR DEATH, NAZI?

ARE YOU KIDDING? I JUST WANTED TO INTRODUCE A MATE OF MINE! HIS NAME'S GUNNAR NORLING, BUT WE CALL HIM ...

THE- THE AXEMAN!



SO THAT'S THE NICKNAME YOU RUSSIANS ARE GIVING ME NOW! BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME SWEDE!

AAARRGH!

YOU WON'T INTERRUPT AGAIN!



GLID DAG, GUS! YOU HEAR WHAT STUPID RUSSIANS CALL ME? THE AXEMAN... HA!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GETTING A REPUTATION, SWEDE! WE'LL GET SOME BUSINESS CARDS PRINTED FOR YOU! MAKE SURE IVAN GETS YOUR NAME RIGHT IN FUTURE!

DEAD RIGHT, GUS! A MAN SHOULD KNOW THE NAME OF THE PERSON WHO CLEAVES HIS SKULL IN TWO!



Gustav of the BearMacht

Script: Kek-W
Art: Staz Johnson

Colours: Barbara Nosenzo
Letters: Simon Bowland



"THEY'RE A CLEAN, HEALTHY
AND **WHOLESOME** BUNCH OF
LADS. BLONDE, BLUE-EYED..."



"WHEN THEY'RE
NOT DEFENDING THE
FATHERLAND FROM
FILTHY BOLSHIEVKS,
THEY LIKE TO, ER,
KEEP FIT."

"FRESH AIR AND
EXERCISE--
THAT SORT OF
THING, SIR."



I SEE. AND THE
RUMOURS THAT THEY
HAVE AN ANIMAL
MASCOT?

ALL **TRUE**, SIR.
IT'S A STORY THAT
WOULD WARM THE
COLDEST OF
HEARTS...



"THEY ENCOUNTERED A
GROUP OF DIRTY, MARAUDING
COSSACKS THAT HAD BEEN
TORMENTING A BROWN BEAR."



"THEY
RESCUED ITS
CUB--MADE
IT ONE OF
THEIR OWN."



"NOW THEY **TAUNT** THE
REDS WITH THEIR OWN
NATIONAL **SYMBOL.**"



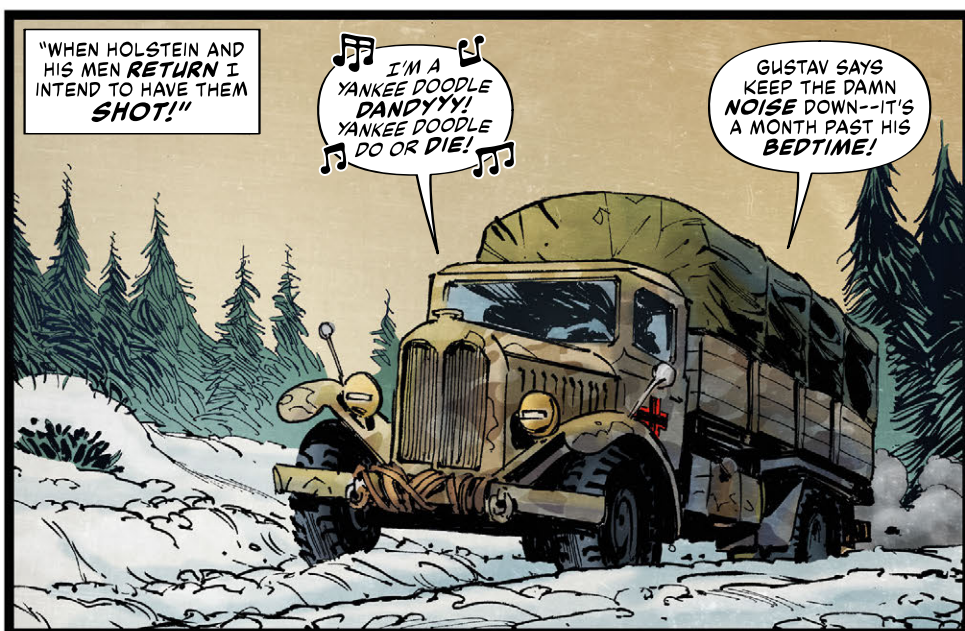
A *CHARMING* TALE--
ONE THAT AN *ANIMAL*
LOVER LIKE YOURSELF
WILL NO DOUBT
APPRECIATE.

THE WOLF IS
A SYMBOL OF ARYAN
SUPREMACY--NOT
A CHILD'S BEDTIME
TOY!

ONLY A FOOL--
OR A *TRAITOR*--
WOULD GIVE HIS
IRON CROSS TO
AN ANIMAL!



YOUR MEN
ARE A *DISGRACE*,
CAPTAIN BRECHT!
MUSTER A *FIRING*
SQUAD--



"WHEN HOLSTEIN AND
HIS MEN *RETURN* I
INTEND TO HAVE THEM
SHOT!"

♪ I'M A
YANKEE DOODLE
DANDY!!
YANKEE DOODLE
DO OR DIE! ♪

GUSTAV SAYS
KEEP THE DAMN
NOISE DOWN--IT'S
A MONTH PAST HIS
BEDTIME!



GUSTAV'S RIGHT!
AN *AIR-RAID*
SIREN CAN HOLD A
TUNE BETTER THAN
YOU, SPATZ.

YOU MUGS
WOULDN'T KNOW
TALENT IF YOU WOKE UP
AND FOUND *MARLENE*
DIETRICH SERVICING
YOUR *MP40*.

ROTGUTSKI,
ANYONE? ONLY
THE *BEST* FOR MY
COLD, STARVING
PALS.



~PFLAUGH~
THIS STUFF'LL
MAKE YOU
BLIND!

LET'S *HOP*!
THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE
TO LOOK AT *YOUR*
UGLY KISSER, EH,
KONIG?



SCHEISSE, NAZIS! IF THEY SUSPECT MY MA WAS--

EASY, SPATZ. WE'VE ALL GOT OUR **SECRETS**. LET'S SEE HOW THIS PLAYS OUT.



ARREST THESE MEN!

YOU-- SERGEANT **HOLSTEIN!** SHOW YOUR **FACE!**

WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?



NOTHING.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? ME AND MY BOYS NOT **PRETTY** ENOUGH FOR YOUR PRUSSIAN **BEAUTY PARADE?**



PLEASE, HIS INJURIES WERE INCURRED WHILE SERVING THE **FATHER-LAND!**

FROSTBITE, A BURNING **PANZER...** I, UH, FORGET WHICH.

MALCONTENTS, MONGRELS AND RACKETEERS!

SEARCH THEIR TRUCK FOR **CONTRA-BAND!**



WAIT. SOMEONE'S... IN HERE.

GUSTAV IS TIRED AND **GRUMPY--!**

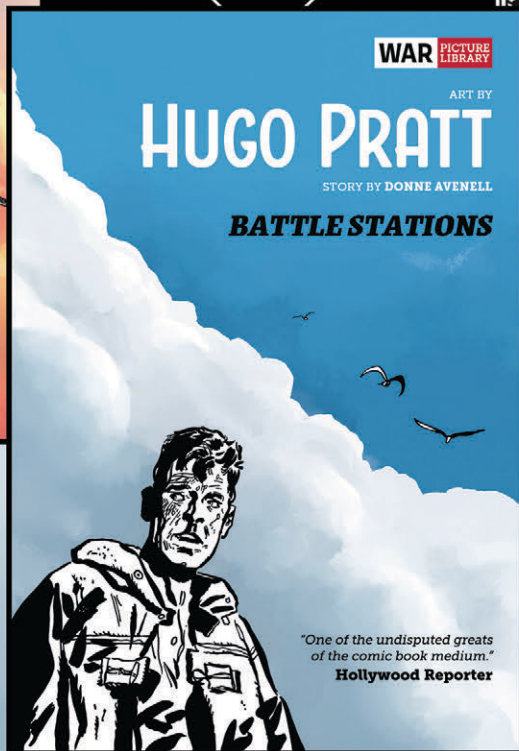




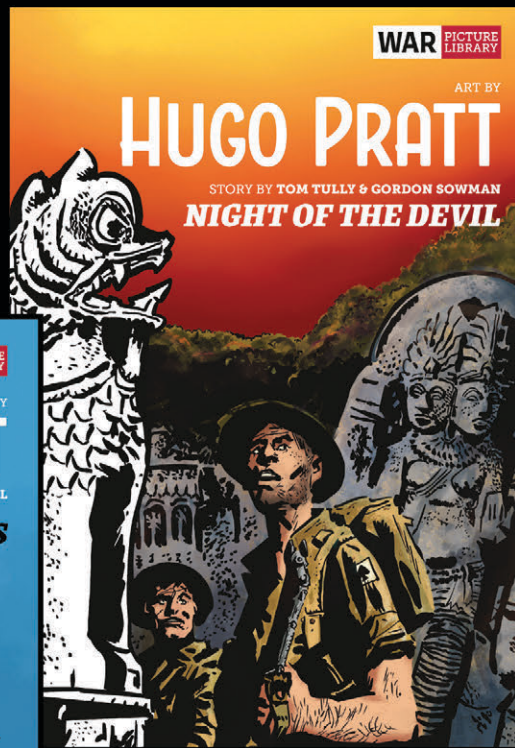




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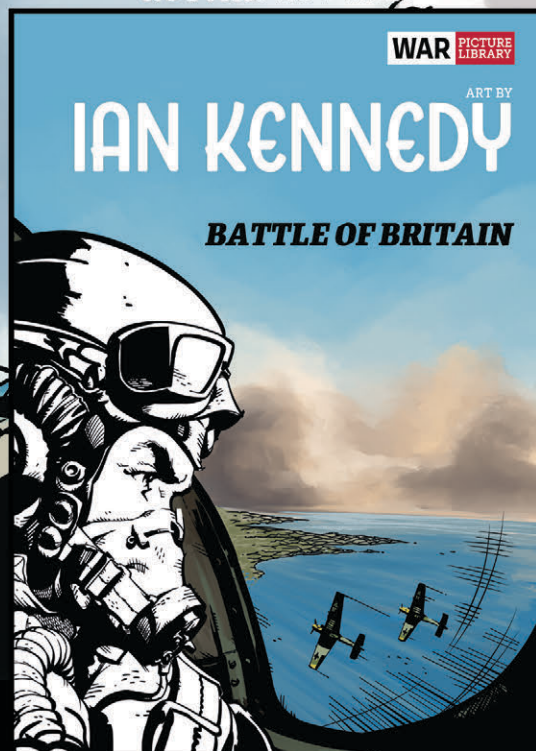
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