

JOHN WAGNER • ALAN GRANT • ERIC BRADBURY

Invasion 1984!

from the pages of
BATTLE



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John Wagner & Alan Grant

ARTIST

Eric Bradbury



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ISBN: 9-781-78108-675-9

Published by Rebellion, Riverside House,

Osney Mead, Oxford, UK. OX2 0ES

www.rebellion.co.uk

Originally serialised in *Battle* from 26th March–31st December 1983. Copyright © 1983 & 2019 Rebellion Publishing Ltd.

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Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press

Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services,
Wellingborough, NN8 3PJ, UK.

First published: May 2019

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed on FSC Accredited Paper.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library.

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Invasion 1984!

JOHN WAGNER • ALAN GRANT • ERIC BRADBURY



IMAGINE IT IS THE 1980'S and you want to create a new story for a comic already famous for some brilliant picture-strips, such as *Charley's War*, *Johnny Red* and *The Sarge*. You want the very best contributors. Top writers and a top artist. You could not improve on writers John Wagner and Alan Grant and brilliant artist Eric Bradbury. That's the winning team of contributors that came together to produce *Invasion 1984*, for **Battle** comic.

Battle had established itself as a popular comic that featured war stories. *Invasion 1984* is in a way a war story as it deals with an alien invasion of Earth. But this story was something different, not being based on historical events. It was a challenge to see how it fitted into an established war comic.

It did fit in and ran in **Battle** from March to December, 1983. It is a powerful story created by John Wagner and Alan Grant, superbly interpreted by artist Eric Bradbury.

Not only did the story fill the pages of **Battle** with high drama, it also produced some memorable covers for the title.

The story itself is very strong. The alien invasion caused mayhem. Many people were killed and the storyline does not hide the gruesome deaths and people's suffering. The strong script is made even more dramatic by the artwork of Eric Bradbury, who does not avoid showing scenes of violence in the most dramatic way.

There are few artists who can capture the reality of a story such as this. It must have been very rewarding for the writers to see their excellent script come to life in such a powerful manner. Now readers in 2019 can see the story for themselves and marvel at the quality of the writing and excellence of the art.

As it says in the script when relating to *Invasion 1984*: "The fantasy of science fiction writers has now become a grim reality!"

Enjoy!

BARRIE TOMLINSON



"The Space Shuttle has been destroyed! We must assume the aliens are hostile!"

Invasion 1984!

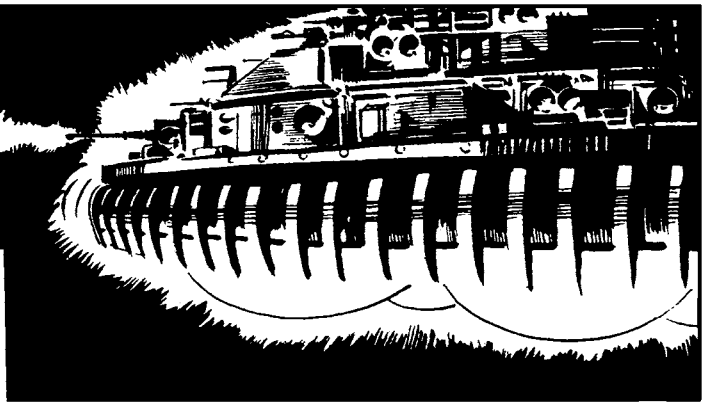
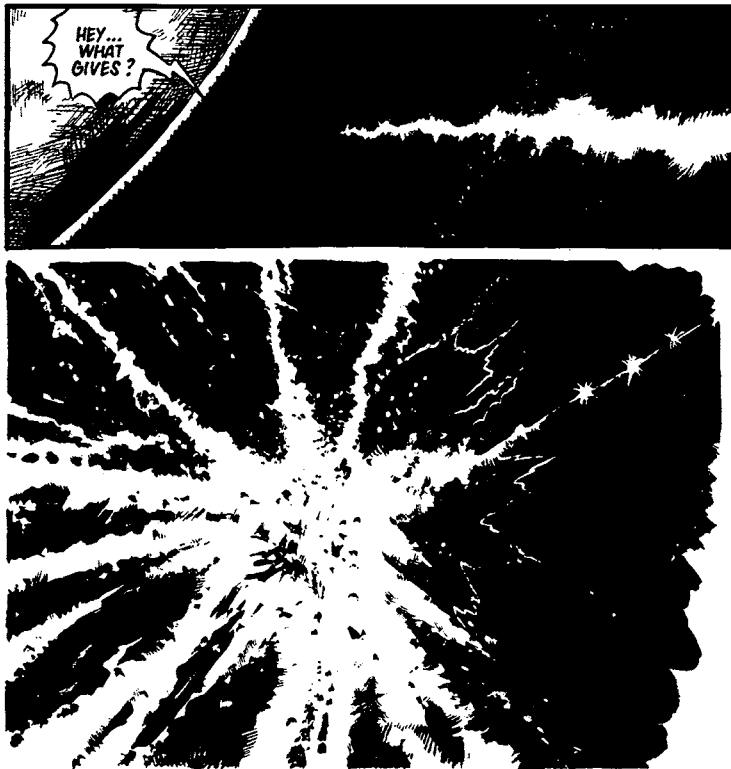
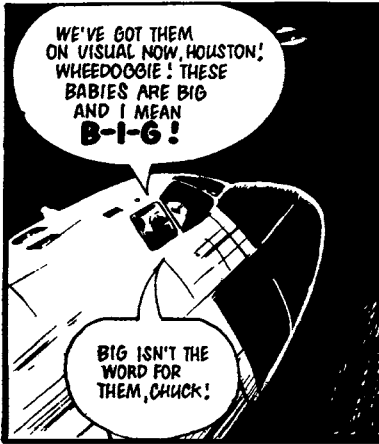
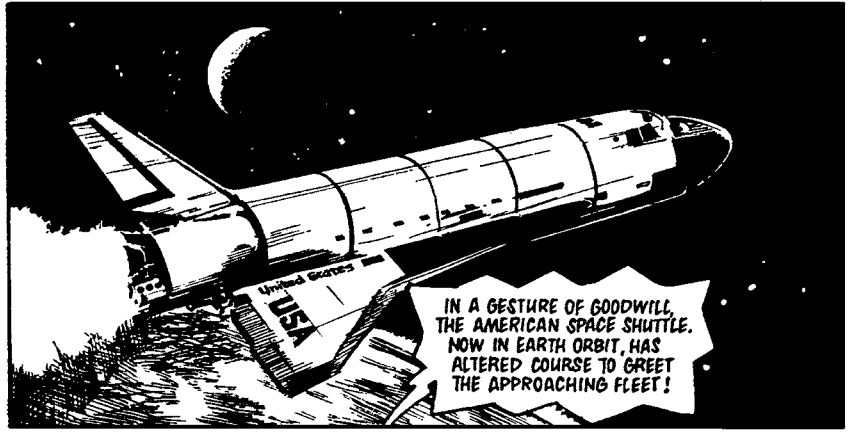
**STARTS
TODAY!**

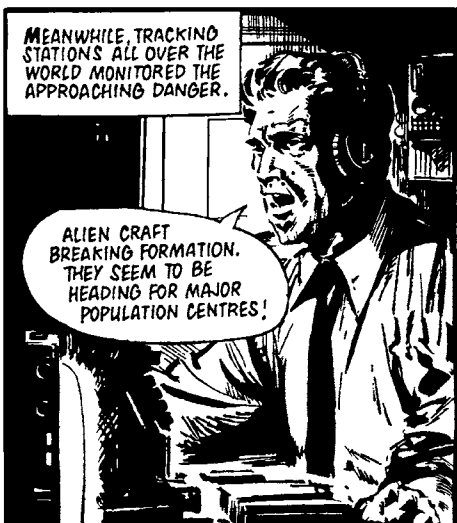
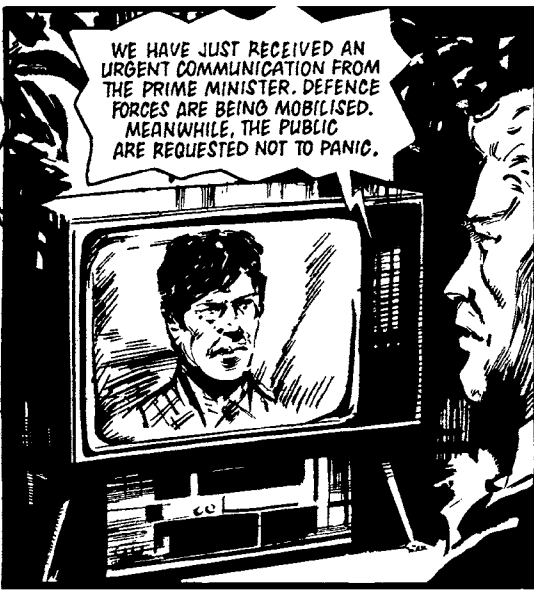
MARCH 21, 1984...

GOOD MORNING,
BRITAIN. HERE IS
THE BREAKFAST
NEWS!

THE UFOs WHICH EARTH
MONITORS HAVE BEEN TRACKING
FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
HAVE NOW ENTERED OUR SOLAR SYSTEM,
ON COURSE FOR THIS PLANET!







Next episode: The alien death-bolts!

"If Phantoms and Harriers can't stop them, what can?"

Invasion 1984!

EARTH WAS STUNNED BY THE ARRIVAL OF A VAST ALIEN ARMADA. ALL OVER THE PLANET, DEFENCE FORCES WERE MOBILISED TO MEET THE THREAT.

IN THE SKIES OVER BRITAIN...

HIT THEM WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

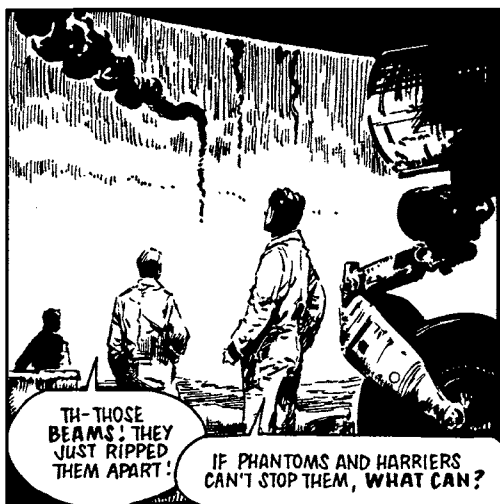
SIDEWINDER MISSILES STREAKED TOWARDS THEIR TARGET.

THOSE FLYING COFFEE GRINDERS HAVE SOME KIND OF DEFENSIVE SHIELD! OUR MISSILES AREN'T GETTING THROUGH!

BLINDING BOLTS SIZZLED FROM THE ALIEN BEHEMOTH.

AAAAAGH!





TH-THOSE BEAMS! THEY JUST RIPPED THEM APART!

IF PHANTOMS AND HARRIERS CAN'T STOP THEM, WHAT CAN?

MEANWHILE, PANIC REIGNED ON THE STREETS OF LONDON, WHERE LANGUAGE ANALYST, EDWARD LOMAX, FLED WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.

...REPORTS ARE COMING IN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD! EVERY MAJOR POPULATION CENTRE IS UNDER ATTACK! THOUSANDS HAVE ALREADY DIED IN TOKYO!

AND WE'VE JUST RECEIVED AN UNCONFIRMED REPORT... WASHINGTON HAS BEEN OBLITERATED!

REPEAT - WASHINGTON HAS BEEN WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE MAP!



OH, ED! IT'S AWFUL! IF THEY CAN DESTROY WHOLE CITIES, WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR ANY OF US?

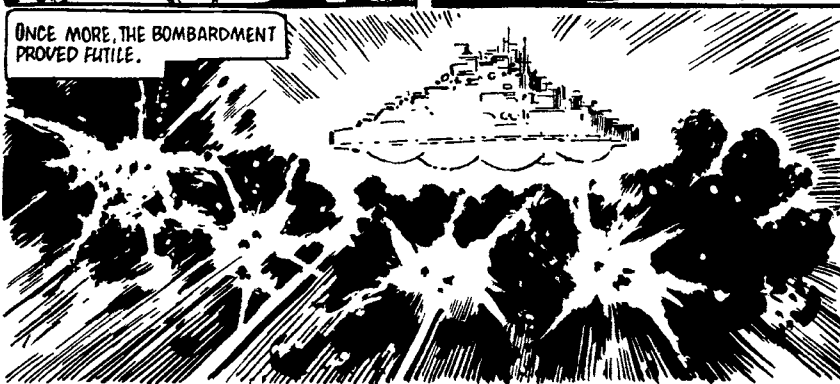
HUSH, MARION! YOU'LL UPSET MIKE!



OPEN FIRE WITH THE RAPIERS!

UP THERE! A FLYING SAUCER!

ONCE MORE, THE BOMBARDMENT PROVED FUTILE.



AND UNERRINGLY, THE ALIEN DEATH-BOLTS SOUGHT OUT THEIR ATTACKERS.

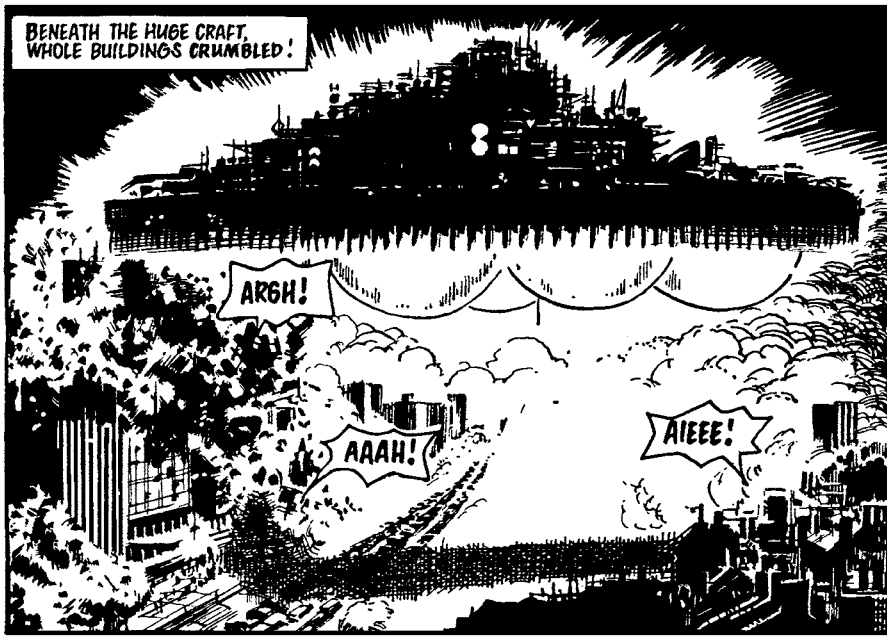
AIEEEEE!

TH-THEY'VE BEEN BURNED TO A CRISP!



IT'S COMING DOWN!

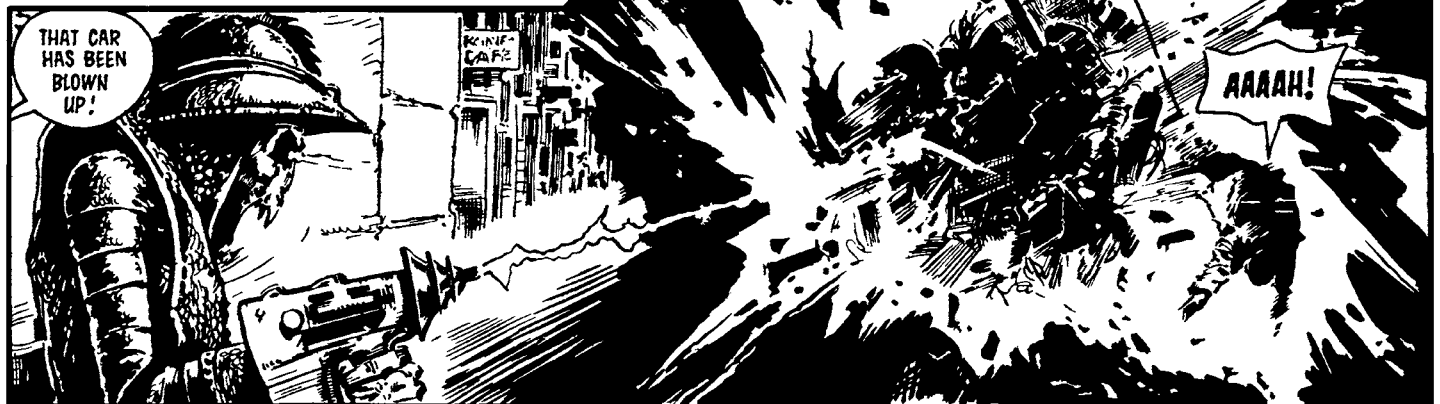
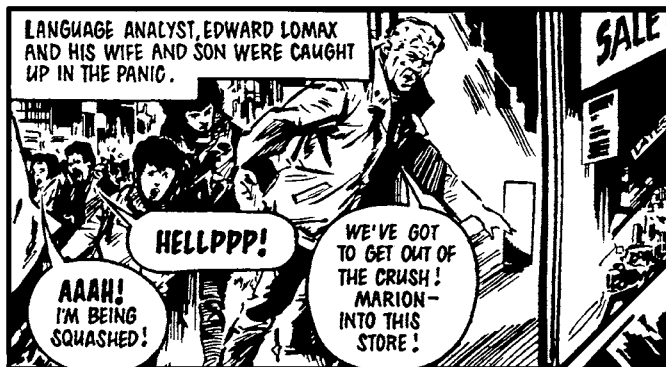
RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

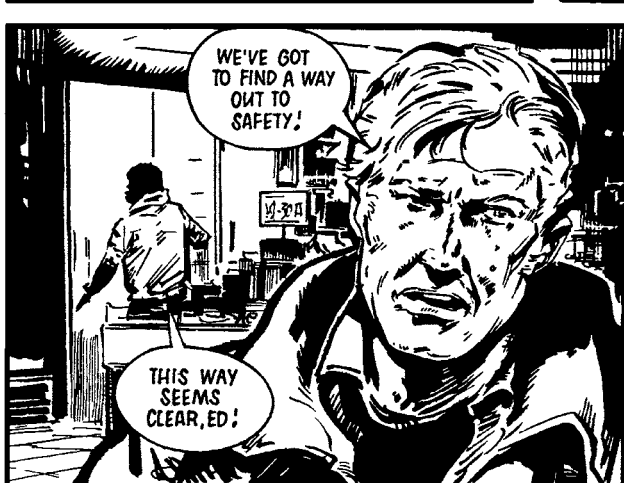
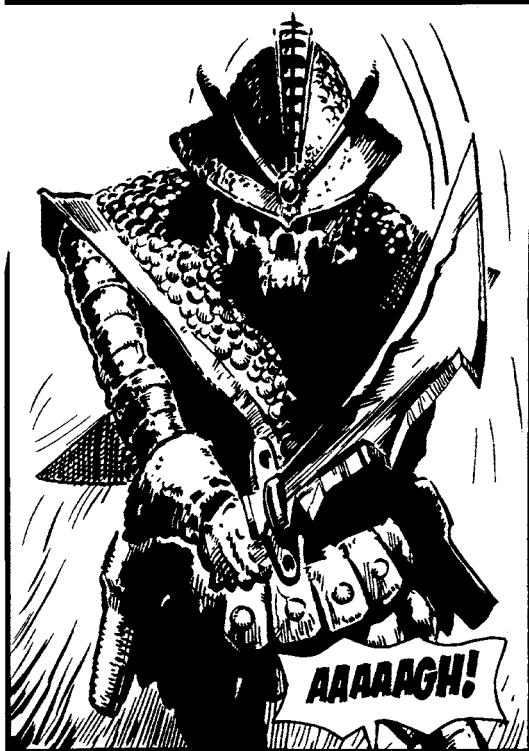
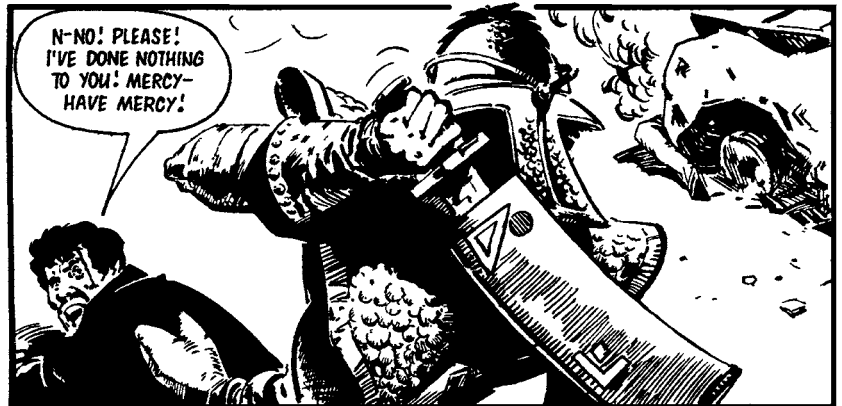


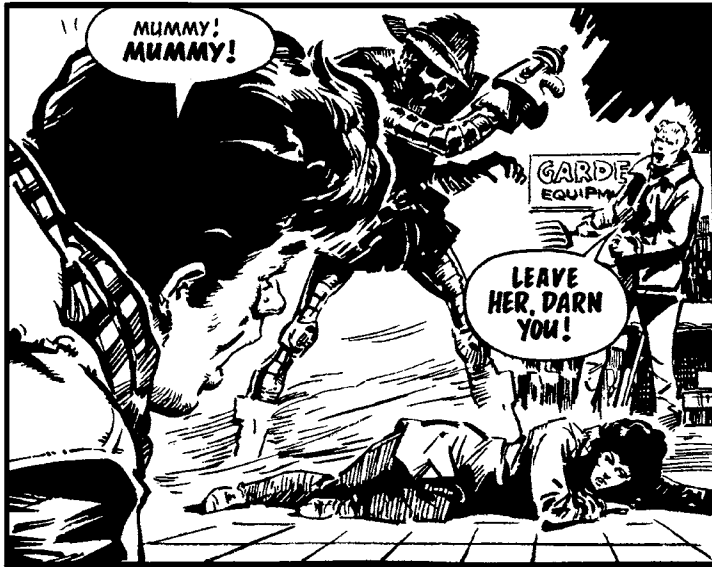
Next issue: Terror on the streets!

A science-fiction nightmare had suddenly become grim reality!

Invasion 1984!



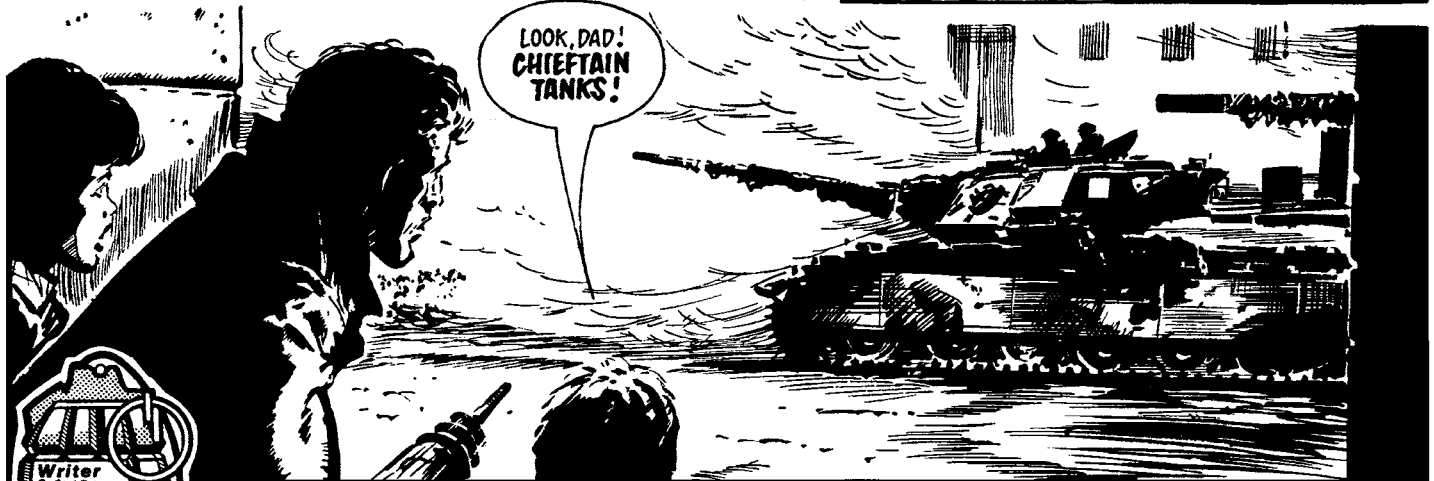


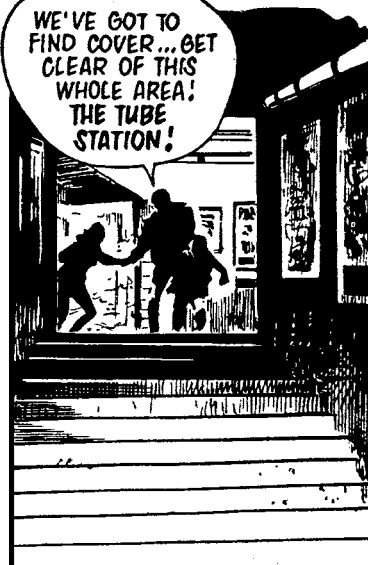
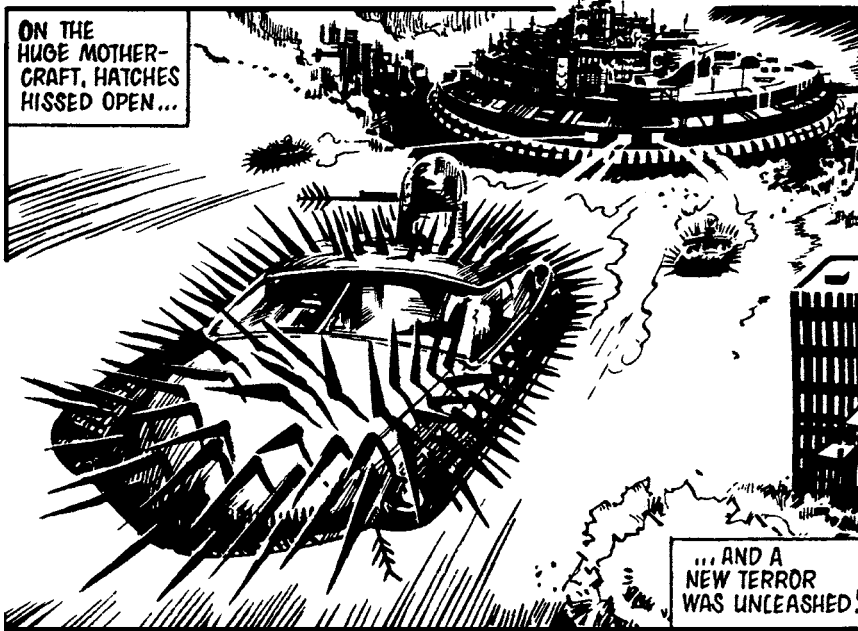
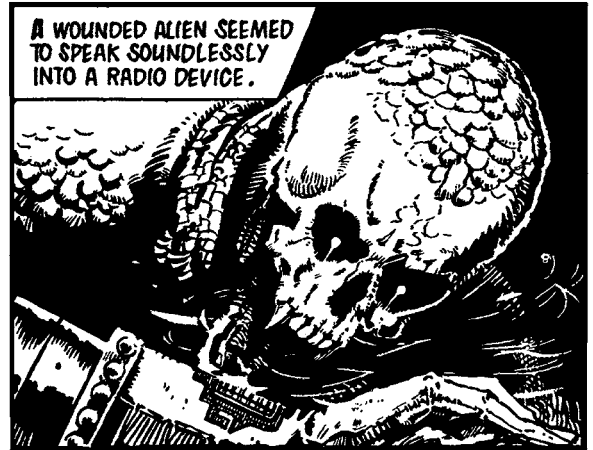


Next issue: A new terror is unleashed!

British Army tanks took on the terrifying aliens!

Invasion 1984!





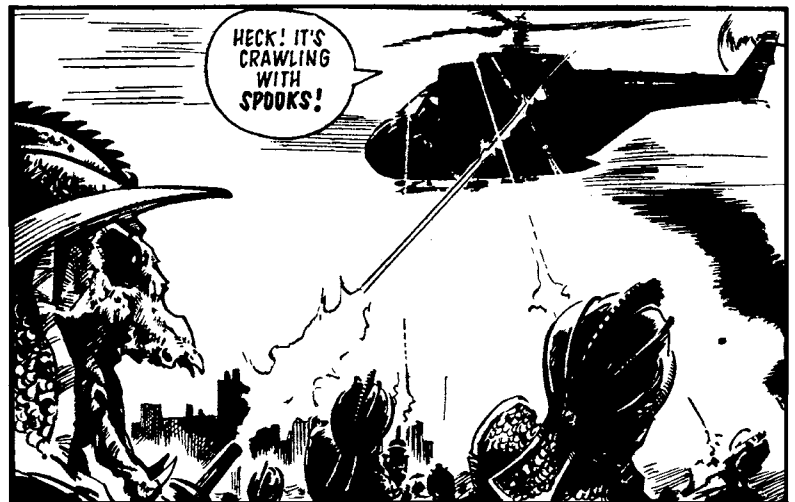
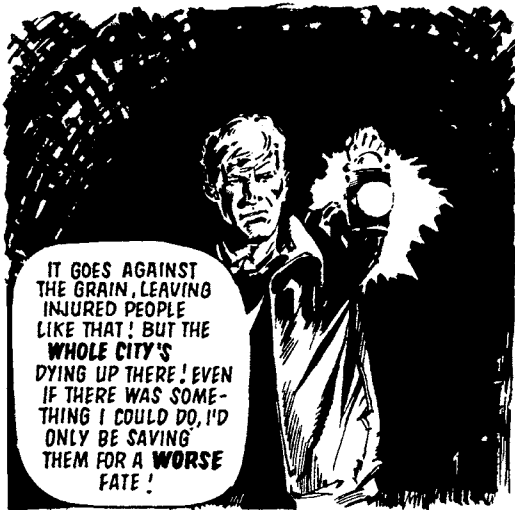


Next issue: Hitting back with Storm Squad!

Storm Squad hit the Spooks without mercy!

Invasion 1984!



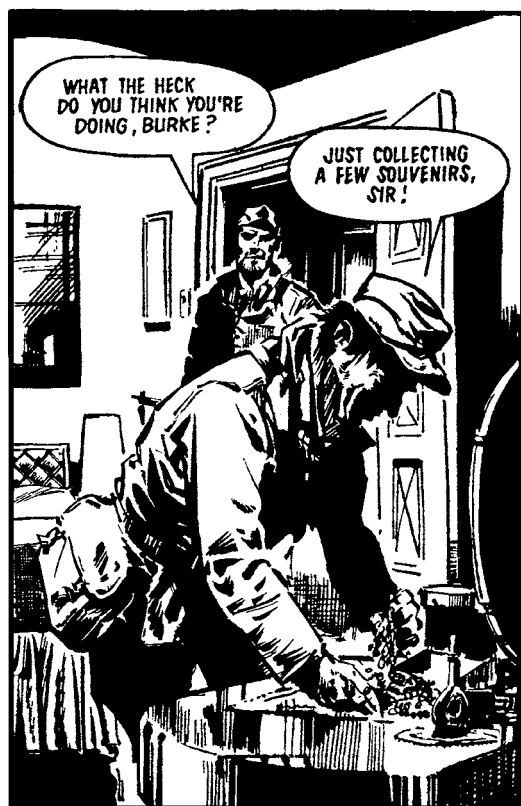


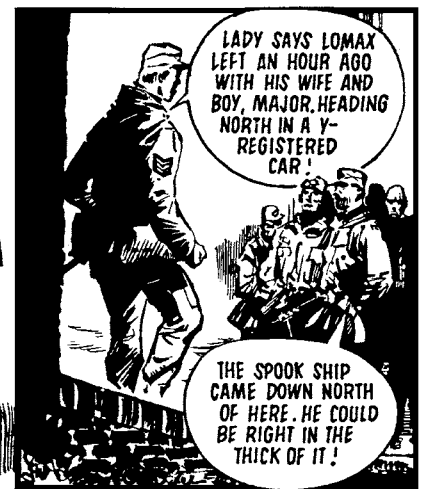


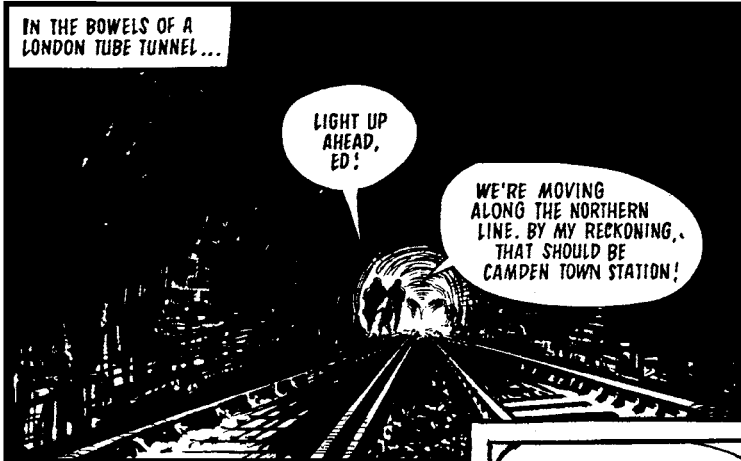
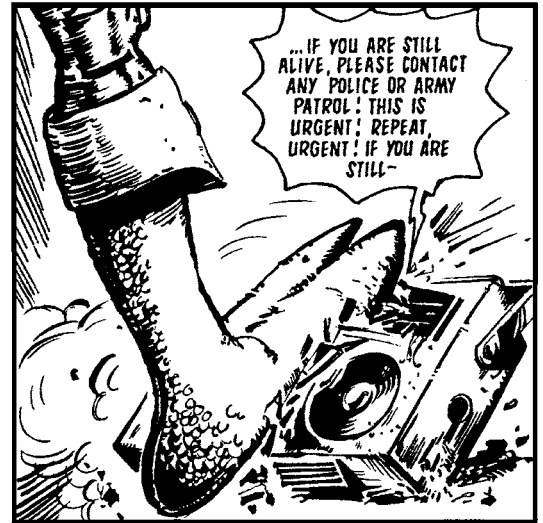
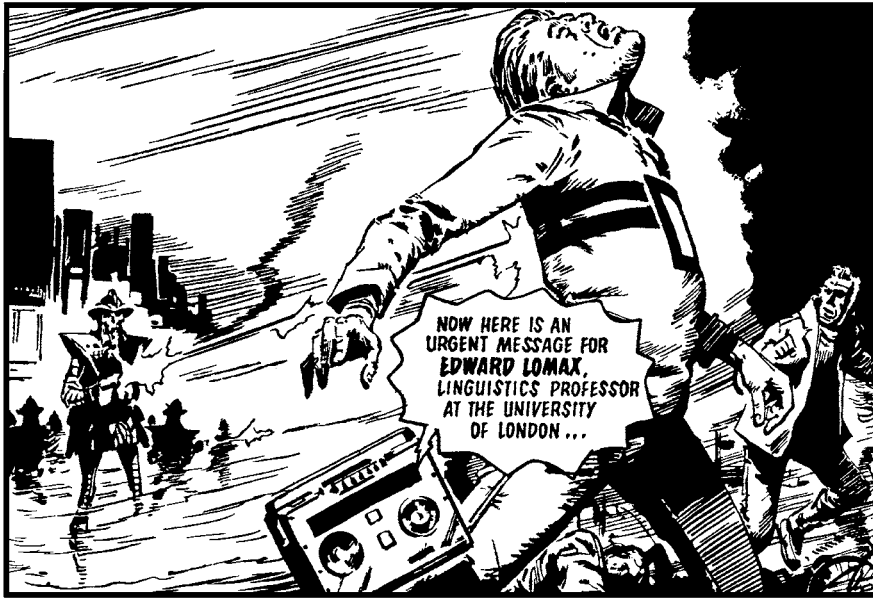
Continue reading this shock-packed story next week – if you dare!

Traffic snarled up as millions fled the cities!

Invasion 1984!





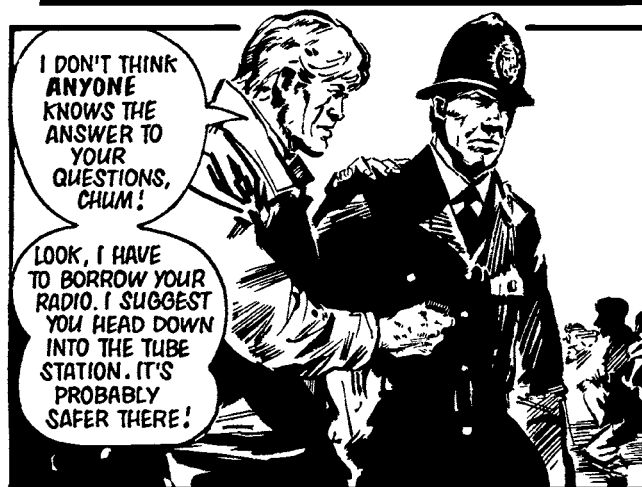


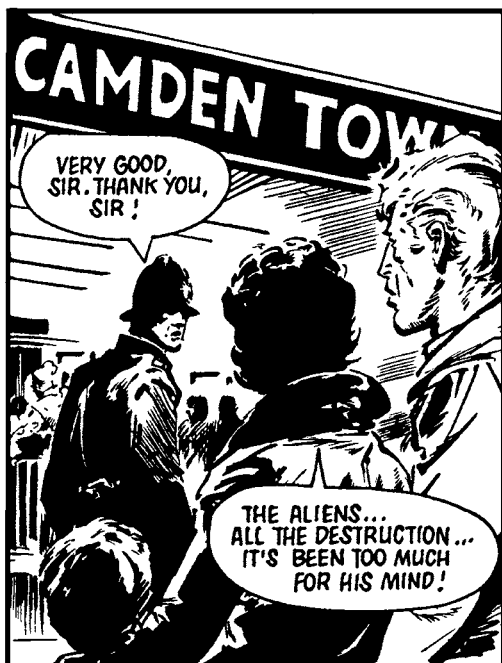
Next issue: The second Great Fire of London!

As the chopper wheeled... "Look out! Flying Porcupine!"

ALIEN HORDES HAD INVADDED EARTH! IN LONDON, LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR ED LOMAX AND HIS FAMILY PUSHED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWDS POURING DOWN INTO CAMDEN TOWN TUBE STATION.

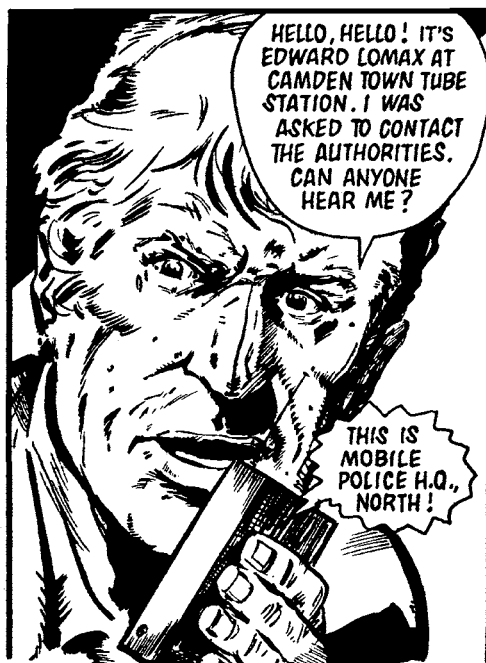
INVASION 1984





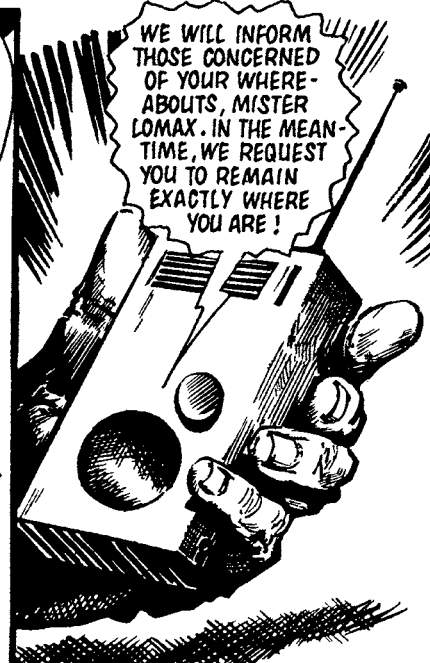
VERY GOOD, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR!

THE ALIENS... ALL THE DESTRUCTION... IT'S BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIS MIND!

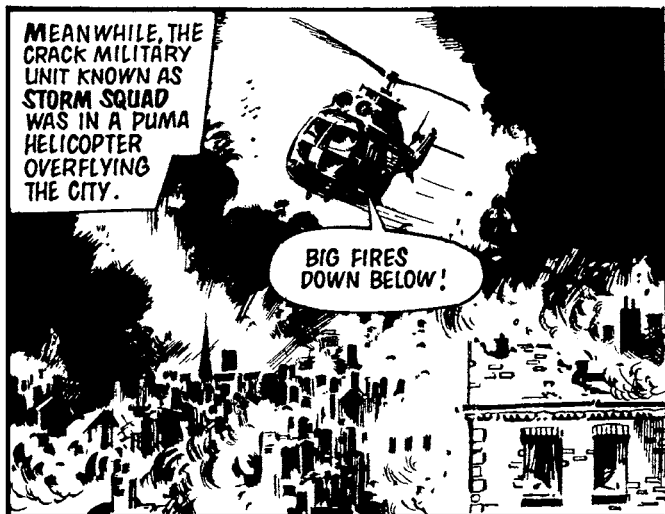


HELLO, HELLO! IT'S EDWARD LOMAX AT CAMDEN TOWN TUBE STATION. I WAS ASKED TO CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES. CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

THIS IS MOBILE POLICE H.Q., NORTH!

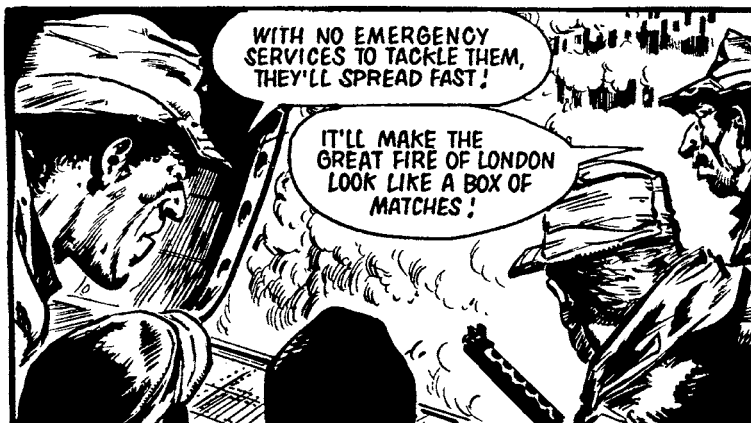


WE WILL INFORM THOSE CONCERNED OF YOUR WHEREABOUTS, MISTER LOMAX. IN THE MEAN-TIME, WE REQUEST YOU TO REMAIN EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE!



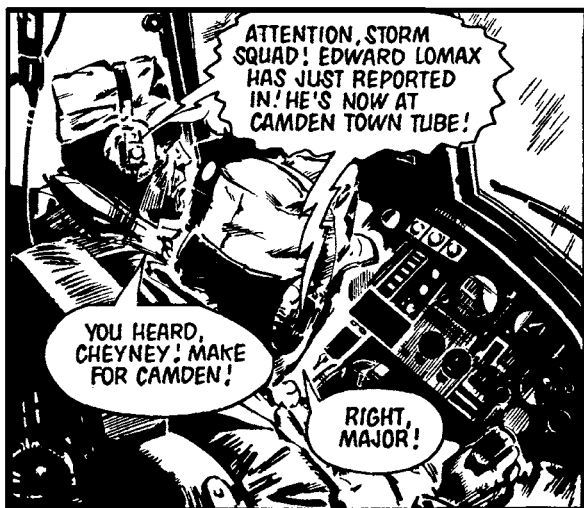
MEANWHILE, THE CRACK MILITARY UNIT KNOWN AS STORM SQUAD WAS IN A PUMA HELICOPTER OVERFLYING THE CITY.

BIG FIRES DOWN BELOW!



WITH NO EMERGENCY SERVICES TO TACKLE THEM, THEY'LL SPREAD FAST!

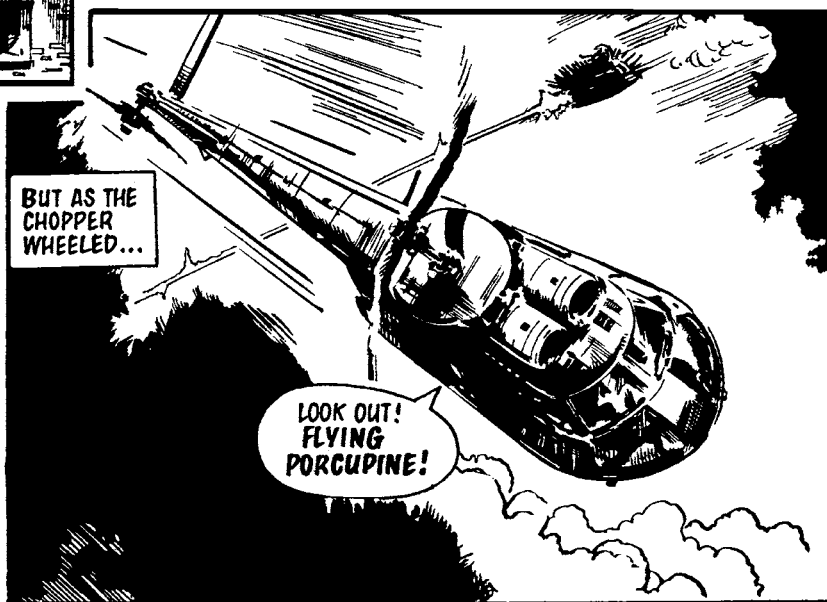
IT'LL MAKE THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON LOOK LIKE A BOX OF MATCHES!



ATTENTION, STORM SQUAD! EDWARD LOMAX HAS JUST REPORTED IN! HE'S NOW AT CAMDEN TOWN TUBE!

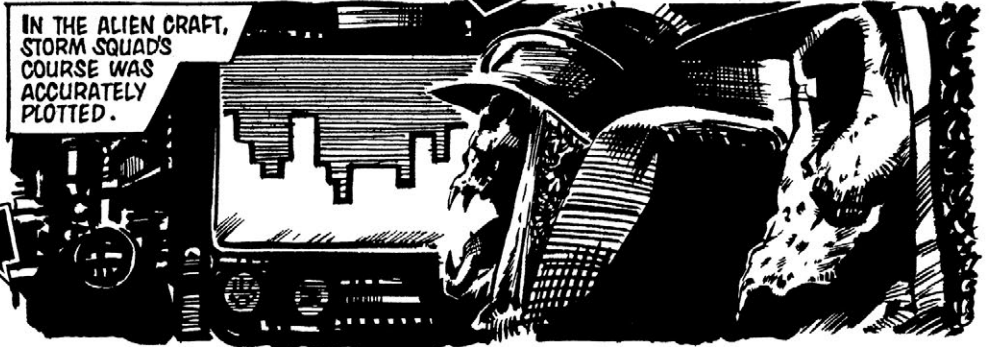
YOU HEARD, CHEYNEY! MAKE FOR CAMDEN!

RIGHT, MAJOR!



BUT AS THE CHOPPER WHEELED...

LOOK OUT! FLYING PORCUPINE!



The destruction of Storm Squad? Don't miss the next episode!

A desperate race...to save the human race!

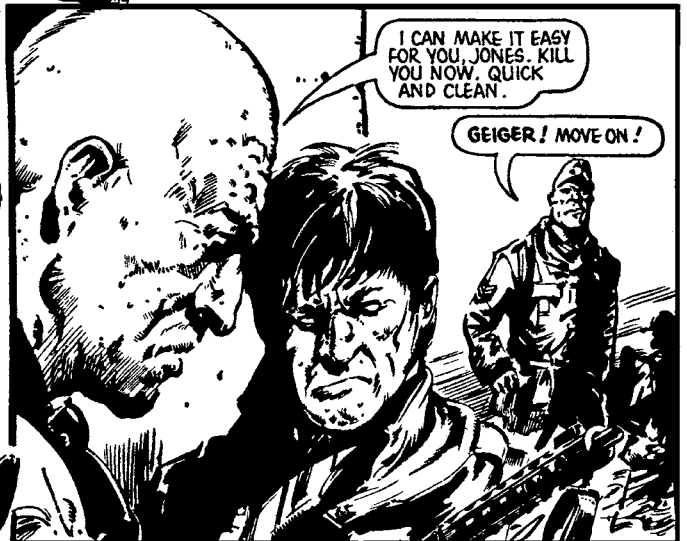
Invasion 1984!

ALIEN HORDES HAD INVADDED THE EARTH! IN LONDON, A HELICOPTER CARRYING THE CRACK MILITARY UNIT STORM SQUAD CAME UNDER ATTACK.





WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, MAJOR MCVICKER LED HIS MEN AWAY.



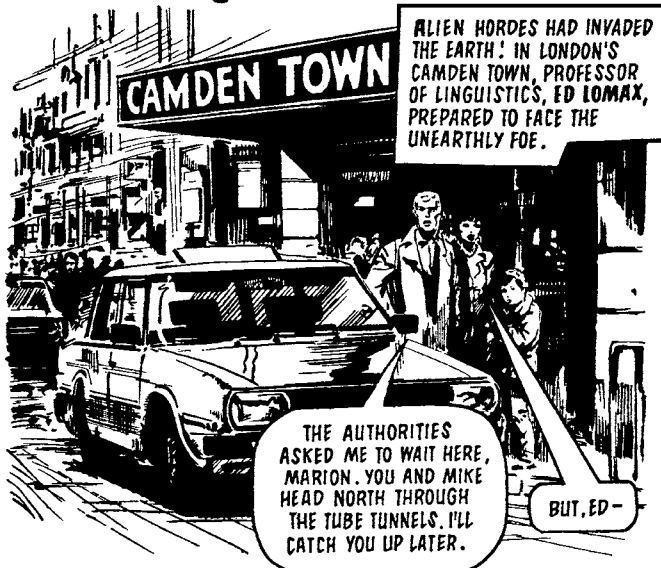
SERGEANT ROY "FIVES" DENT BROUGHT UP THE REAR.



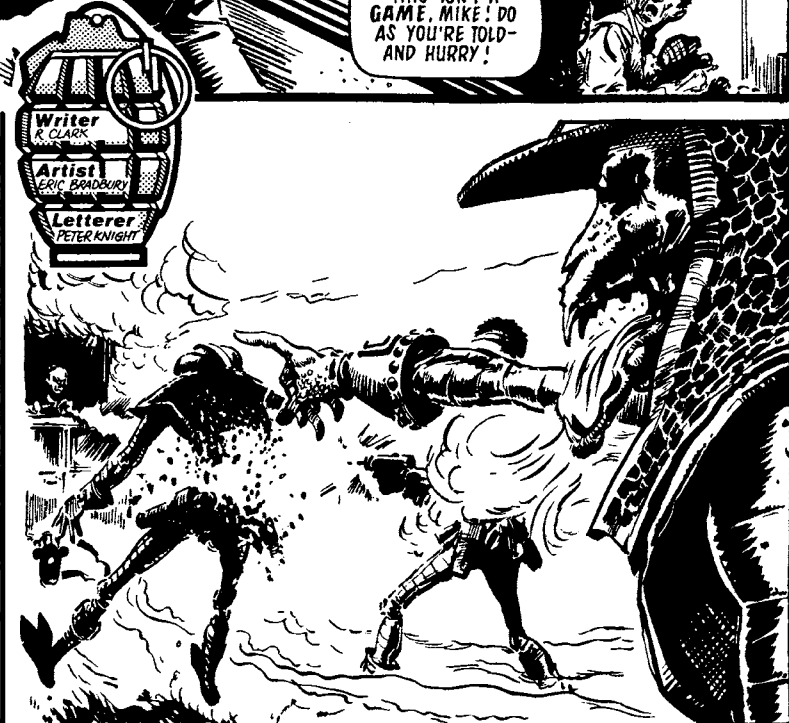


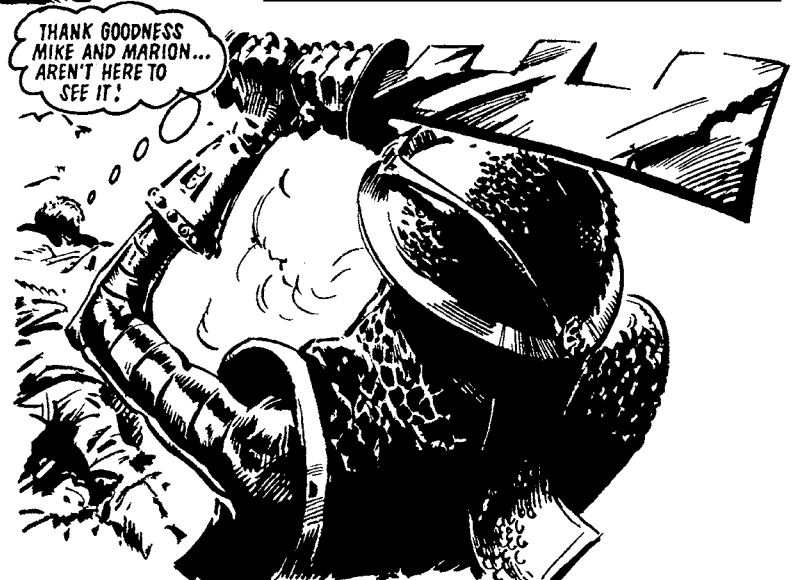
Next episode: The Battle of Camden Town!

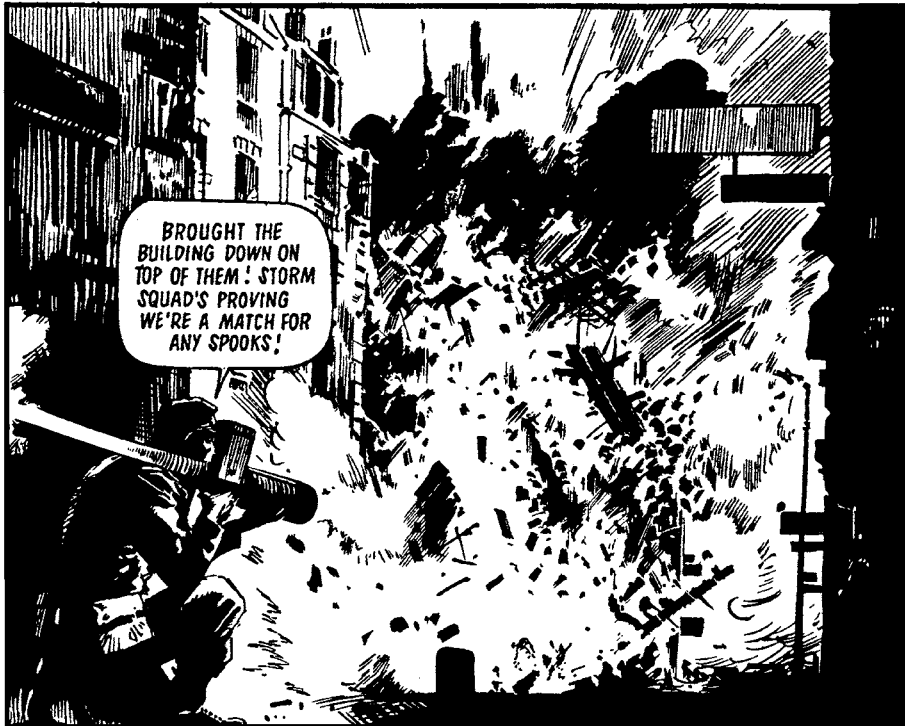
A skeletal figure unsheathed its cruel blade!



INVASION 1984







Next issue: "Going to make me a Spook-tooth necklace!"

Even the sinister aliens stood no chance against Storm Squad!

Invasion 1984!

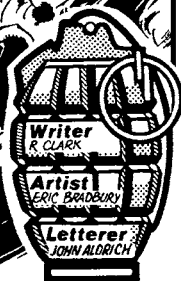
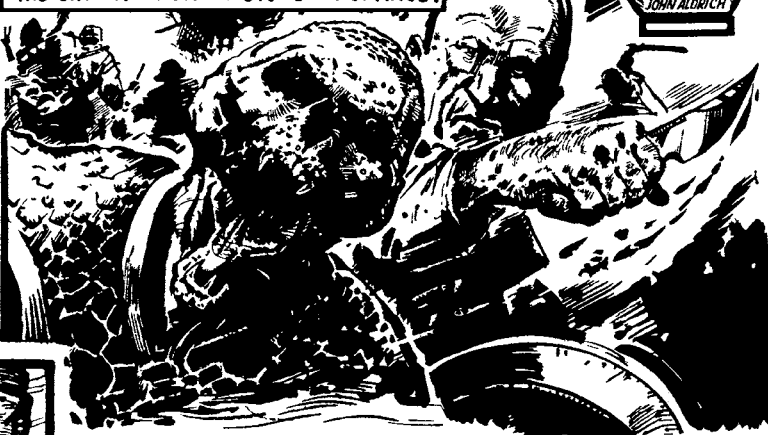
ALIEN HORDES HAD INVADDED THE EARTH! IN LONDON'S CAMDEN TOWN, THE CRACK MILITARY UNIT KNOWN AS **STORM SQUAD** ENGAGED THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL FOE.



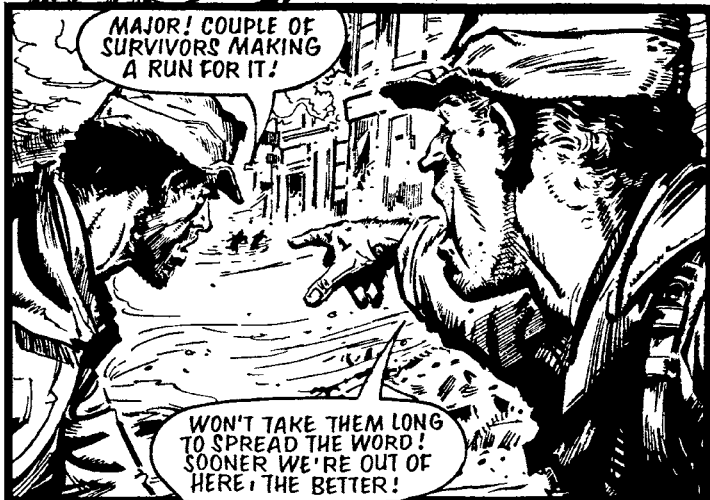
THE MAIN BODY OF ALIENS DIED SOUNDLESSLY BENEATH TONS OF CASCADING RUBBLE.



AGAINST THE SUSTAINED FEROCITY OF THE STORM SQUAD ATTACK, EVEN THE SINISTER ALIENS STOOD NO CHANCE.

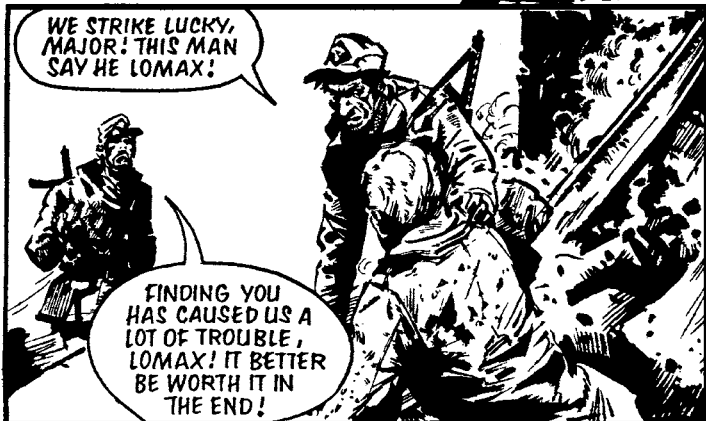


JUST THE PICKINGS LEFT, LADS! TAKE THEM!



MAJOR! COUPLE OF SURVIVORS MAKING A RUN FOR IT!

WON'T TAKE THEM LONG TO SPREAD THE WORD! SOONER WE'RE OUT OF HERE, THE BETTER!



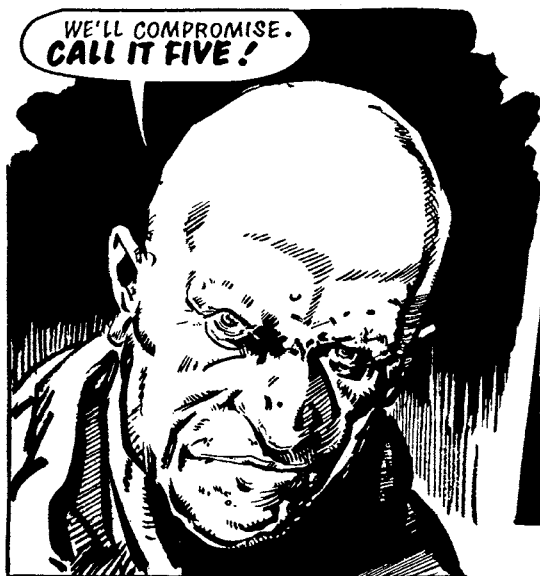
WE STRIKE LUCKY, MAJOR! THIS MAN SAY HE LOMAX!

FINDING YOU HAS CAUSED US A LOT OF TROUBLE, LOMAX! IT BETTER BE WORTH IT IN THE END!



GEIGER WAS AFTER OTHER SOUVENIRS.





WE'LL COMPROMISE.
CALL IT FIVE!



YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING
WHY WE WANT YOU, LOMAX. WELL,
YOU'LL FIND OUT IN DUE COURSE.
MEANTIME, FALL IN WITH THE
OTHERS AND DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.

WAIT! MY WIFE
AND SON - THEY'RE
DOWN IN THE
UNDERGROUND!



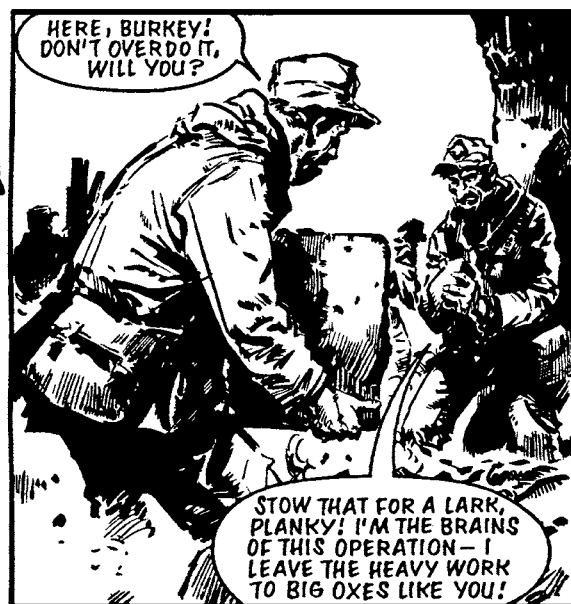
STORM SQUAD
DOESN'T CARRY
PASSENGERS,
LOMAX.

THEN THEY
DON'T CARRY
ME, EITHER!



NORMALLY I'D STICK A
GUN IN YOUR EAR AND SEE
IF THAT CHANGED YOUR
MIND. HOWEVER, IT
APPEARS WE NEED
YOUR CO-OPERATION.

SERGEANT! TELL
THE MEN TO GET THIS
RUBBLE CLEARED!



HERE, BURKEY!
DON'T OVERDO IT,
WILL YOU?

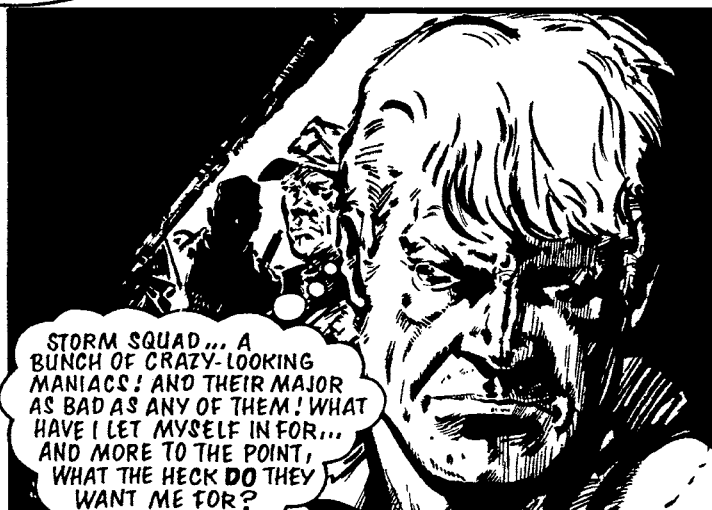
STOW THAT FOR A LARK,
PLANKY! I'M THE BRAINS
OF THIS OPERATION - I
LEAVE THE HEAVY WORK
TO BIG OXES LIKE YOU!



SOON, A PASSAGE WAS CLEARED.

I'VE STRETCHED A POINT HERE FOR
YOU, LOMAX. DON'T COUNT ON IT
EVER HAPPENING AGAIN.

NOW FALL IN
WITH THE
OTHERS!



STORM SQUAD... A
BUNCH OF CRAZY-LOOKING
MANIACS! AND THEIR MAJOR
AS BAD AS ANY OF THEM! WHAT
HAVE I LET MYSELF IN FOR...
AND MORE TO THE POINT,
WHAT THE HECK DO THEY
WANT ME FOR?

Next week: The 1984 war gets tougher!

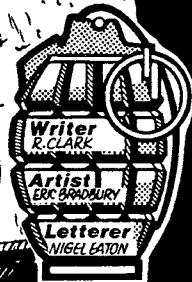
"Thank grief that guy's on our side!"

ALIEN HORDES HAD INVADDED THE EARTH! EVERY MAJOR CITY WAS UNDER SUSTAINED AND MERCILESS ATTACK.

MEANWHILE, BENEATH THE STREETS OF LONDON, THE CRACK MILITARY UNIT KNOWN AS STORM SQUAD HEADED NORTH ALONG UNDERGROUND TUNNELS.

HEY! IT'S THE ARMY!

HOW'S THE WAR GOING, BOYS?



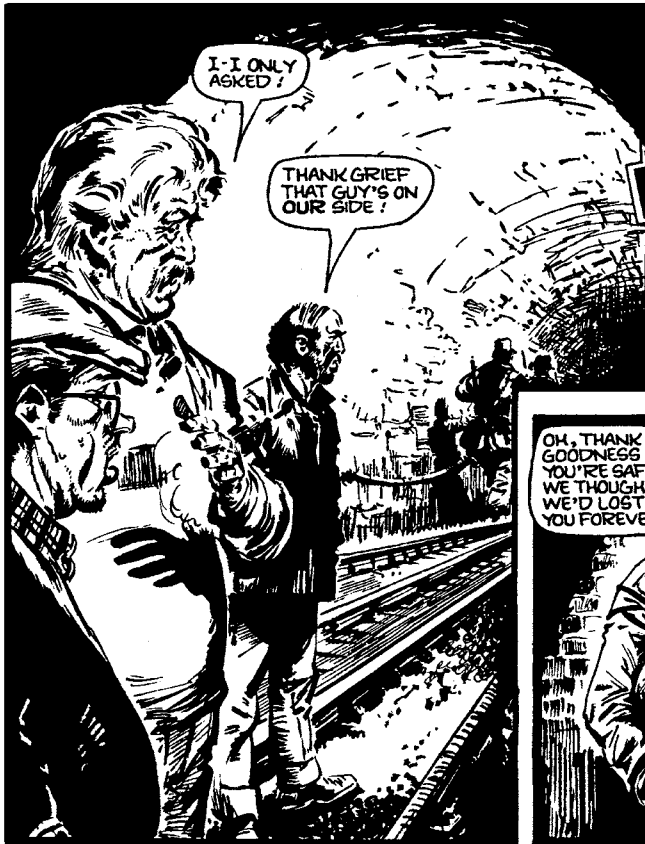
HEY, YOU... MAJOR WHATEVER- YOUR NAME-IS! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I SAID HOW'S THE WAR GOING?

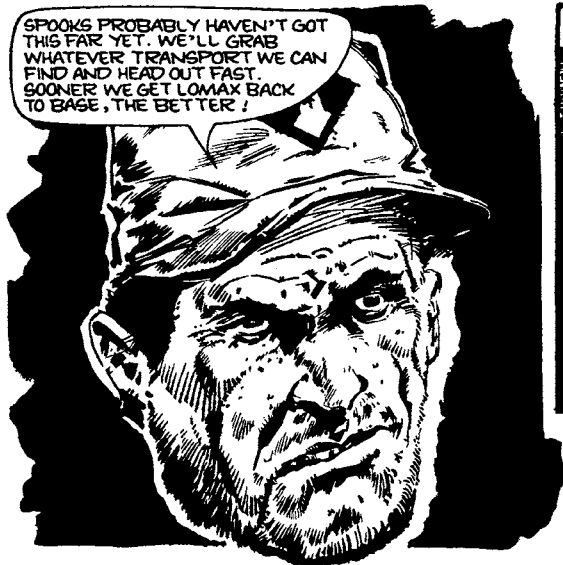
INVASION 1984

HOW'S THE WAR GOING? I'LL TELL YOU HOW THE WAR'S GOING... THE WAR'S GOING BADLY! AND DO YOU KNOW WHY? I'LL TELL YOU WHY...

... BECAUSE PUNKS LIKE YOU SIT COVERING IN TUBE TUNNELS ASKING HOW THE WAR'S GOING INSTEAD OF GRABBING A GUN, GETTING OUT ON THE STREETS AND SHOOTING SPOOKS.

THAT'S HOW THE WAR'S GOING!





Next week: The total destruction of London!

EVERY THURSDAY

EXPLOSIVE SECOND EPISODE OF **ACTION man** **ACTION FORCE** INSIDE!

BATTLE

INVASION 1984. ALIEN HORDES HAD INVADDED EARTH. NOW THEY SWEEP THROUGH LONDON, LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN THEIR WAKE.

20p

11th JUNE 1983

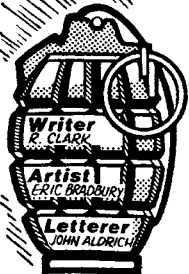


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OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, TROOPS PREPARED TO MAKE A LAST-DITCH STAND.



MEN—THE ALIENS WILL BE ON US IN MINUTES! YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU THAT WE STAND NO CHANCE AGAINST THEIR WEAPONS!

OUR DEFENCE OF PARLIAMENT IS NO MORE THAN A GESTURE... BUT IT IS A GESTURE WHICH **MUST** BE MADE! I AM SURE EVERY ONE OF YOU WILL DO HIS DUTY...

AAAGH!

THEY'RE HERE!

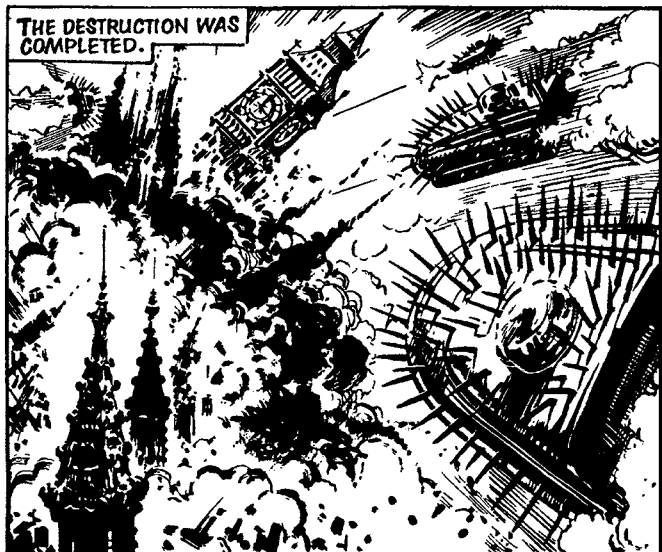
IN THE HOUSE, AN EMERGENCY DEBATE HAD BEEN GOING ON.

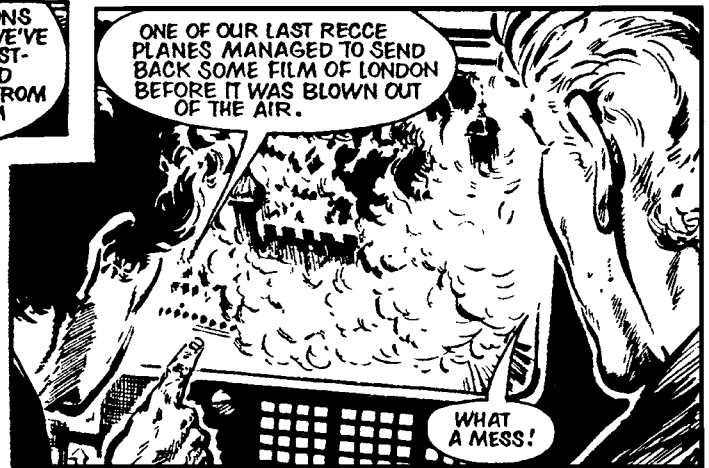
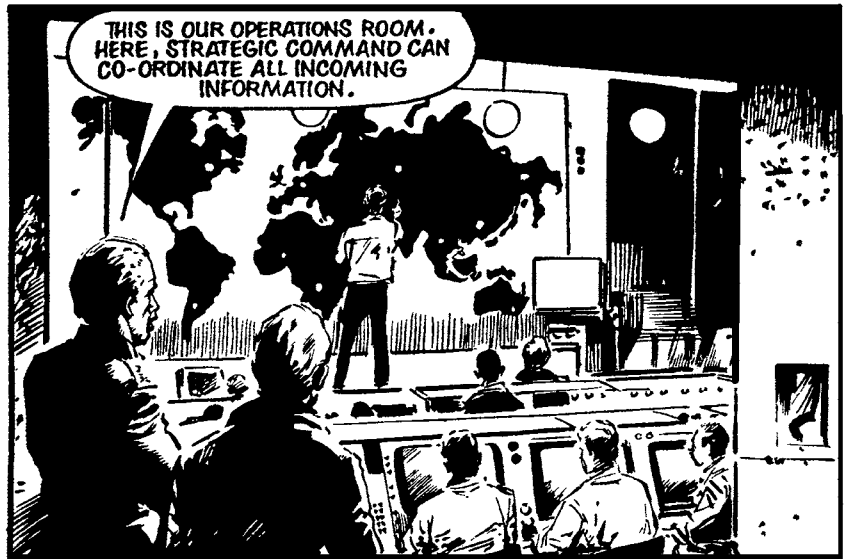
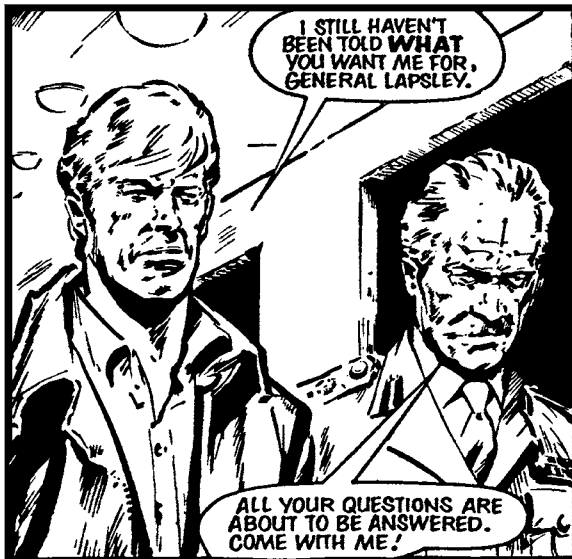
MISTER SPEAKER! I APOLOGISE FOR THIS INTERRUPTION, BUT THE HOUSE SHOULD KNOW—THE TROOPS OUTSIDE ARE NOW UNDER ATTACK!

THANK YOU! WE ARE NOT DEAF, YOU KNOW!

MISTER SPEAKER! I WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE A MOTION—

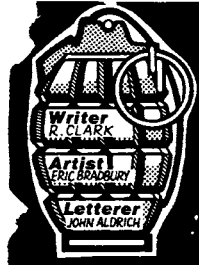
OH, SHUT UP! YOU AND YOUR STUPID MOTIONS!





Discover the Lomax mission in the next shock-packed episode!

A Polaris missile streaked on course...for Glasgow!



1984—AND ALIEN INVADERS WERE SWEEPING ACROSS THE GLOBE LIKE A DEADLY PLAGUE! COUNTRY AFTER COUNTRY FELL BEFORE THEM... UNTIL THE HUMAN RACE FACED ANNIHILATION.

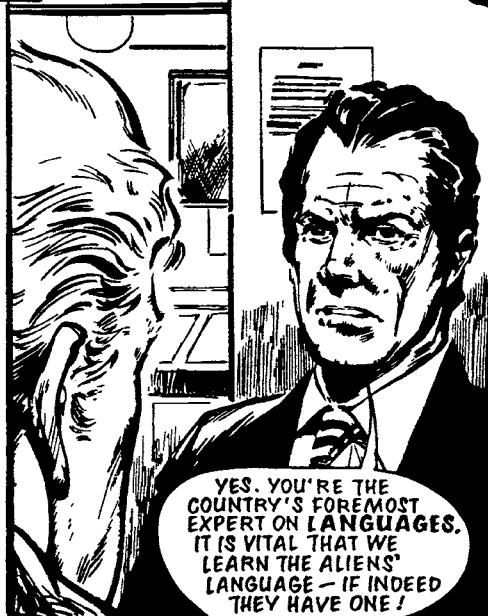
INVASION 1984

IN A SECRET COMMAND BUNKER, PROFESSOR ED LOMAX MET ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF BRITISH STRATEGIC COMMAND.

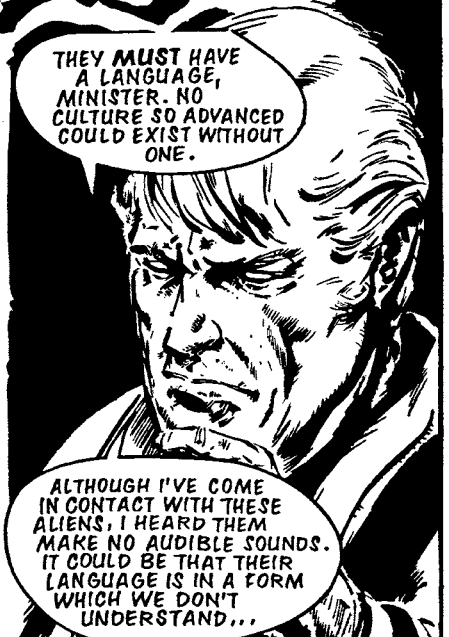


WE MUST FIND OUT WHY THESE ALIENS ARE HERE! WHAT THEY WANT WITH US!

AND THAT'S WHY YOU HAD ME BROUGHT HERE?

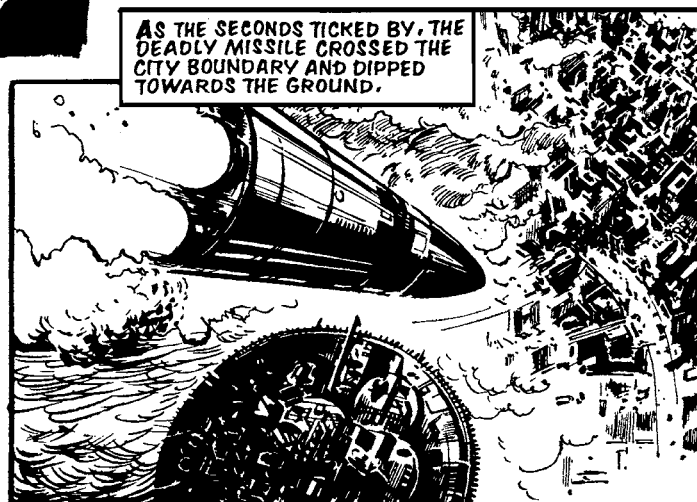
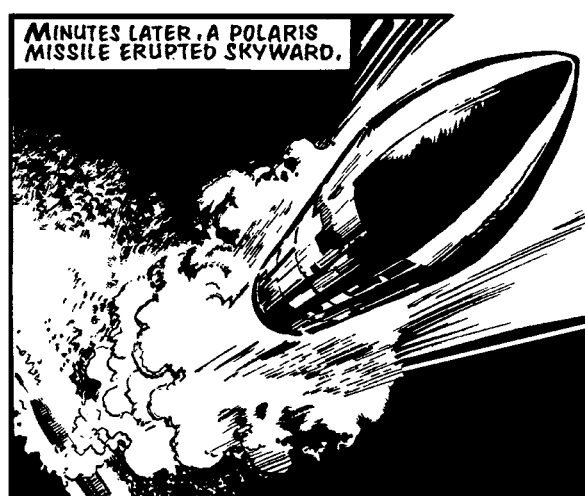
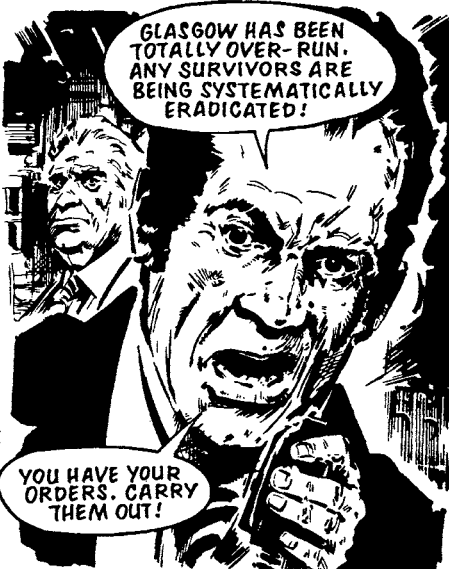
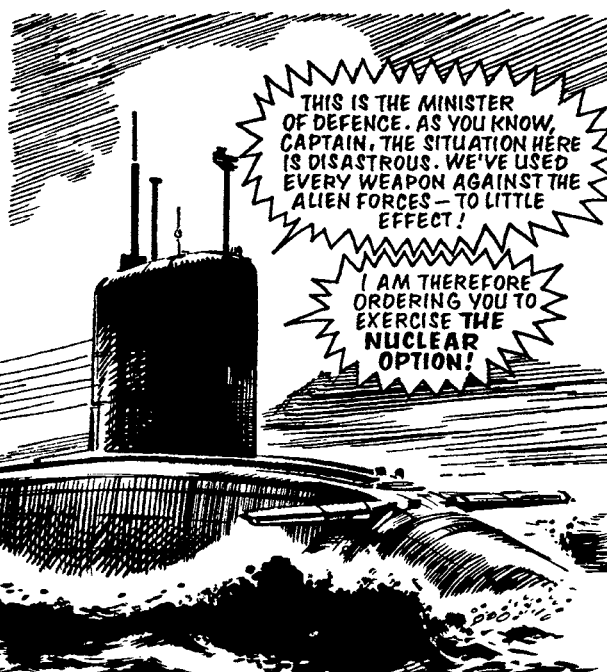


YES. YOU'RE THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST EXPERT ON LANGUAGES. IT IS VITAL THAT WE LEARN THE ALIENS' LANGUAGE — IF INDEED THEY HAVE ONE!



THEY MUST HAVE A LANGUAGE, MINISTER. NO CULTURE SO ADVANCED COULD EXIST WITHOUT ONE.

ALTHOUGH I'VE COME IN CONTACT WITH THESE ALIENS, I HEARD THEM MAKE NO AUDIBLE SOUNDS. IT COULD BE THAT THEIR LANGUAGE IS IN A FORM WHICH WE DON'T UNDERSTAND...

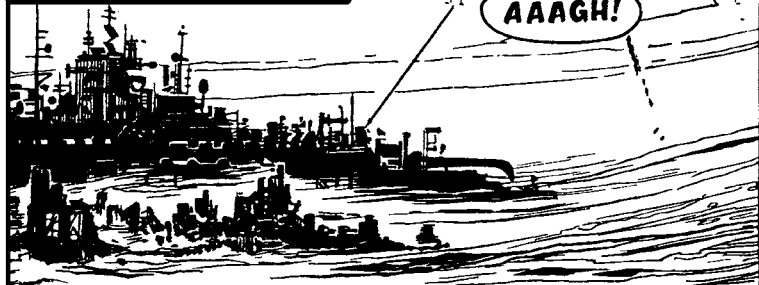




A HUGE AND GROWING NUCLEAR FIREBALL ENVELOPED THE TARGET AREA.



AND GLASGOW VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING JET AIRCRAFT HAD BEEN DETAILED ON A RECCE MISSION.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS! THE ALIEN SHIP IS STILL INTACT! REPEAT-INTACT!

APPROACHING DEVASTATION ZONE.



AAAGH!



THAT'S THAT, THEN - THEIR FORCE BARRIERS CAN WITHSTAND EVEN A NUCLEAR ATTACK!

YOU SEE HOW CRUCIAL IT IS FOR YOU TO CRACK THE ALIEN LANGUAGE, LOMAX?



YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE NOW!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR.

Next week: "I must have live specimens to study!"

"So you want my boys to pick up a Spook, huh?"

Invasion 1984!



1984 - AND ALIEN HORDES HAD INVADED EARTH: IN A SECRET BUNKER BENEATH THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRY-SIDE, LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR ED IOMAX WORKED AT A VITAL TASK.

I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME SANDWICHES, ED!

THANKS, MARION. HOW ARE YOU AND MIKE GETTING ALONG?

OH, ED - IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR US AT ALL?

THE MINISTER SEEMS TO THINK I'M IT! IF I CAN CRACK THE ALIEN LANGUAGE, WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE DOING HERE - MAYBE EVEN FIND A WAY OF HITTING BACK AT THEM!

OH, FINE. THE SERGEANT-MAJOR GAVE MIKE SOME ODD JOBS TO DO IN THE STORE-ROOMS TO HELP KEEP HIS MIND OFF THINGS. NOT THAT HE NEEDS THEM - HE'S THRILLED WITH THE WHOLE BUSINESS!

HE'S TOO YOUNG TO GRASP WHAT A DESPERATE SITUATION WE'RE IN!

TO BEGIN WITH, I THOUGHT PERHAPS THEY COMMUNICATED TELEPATHICALLY - BUT NOW I'M NOT SO SURE!

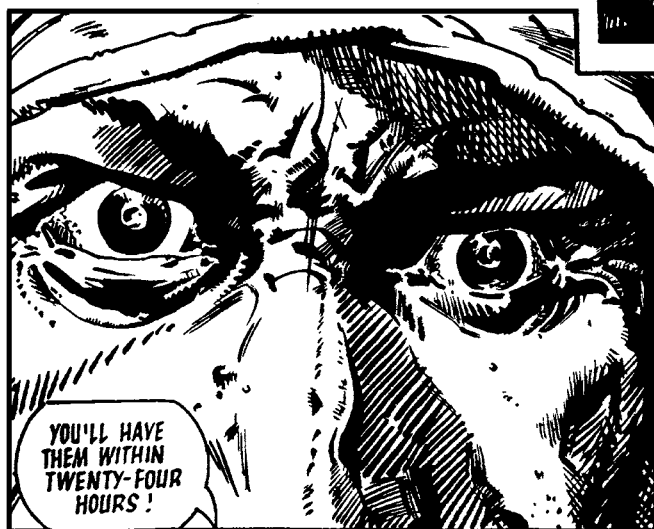
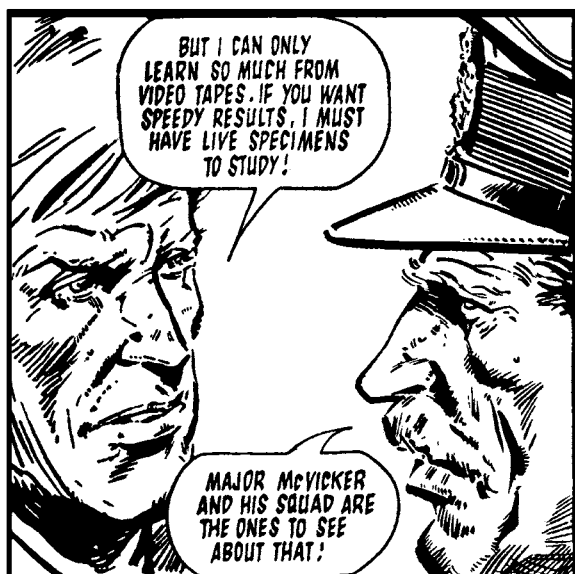
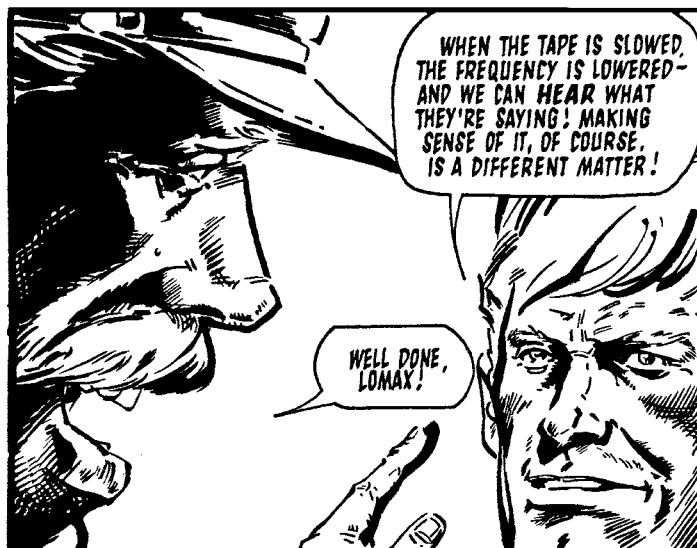
I'VE BEEN STUDYING THESE VIDEO TAPES. LOOK -

THEIR MOUTHS MOVE AS IF IN SPEECH - AND YET NO SOUND IS EMITTED. I WONDER... LET'S JUST TRY SLOWING THE AUDIO TAPE DOWN...

AS THE TAPE SLOWED, AN EERIE WHINE COULD BE HEARD.

WEEE-OO-KWEEE!

LISTEN! BY GRIEF - THAT'S IT!



HE'S EX-SAS. THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST FIGHTING UNIT IN THE WORLD - BUT EVEN THEY FOUND MCVICKER TOO HOT TO HANDLE! IT WAS A QUESTION OF DRUMMING HIM OUT OF THE SERVICE - OR EMPLOYING HIS PECULIAR TALENTS ELSEWHERE!



AT THE TIME I WAS SETTING UP AN EXPERIMENTAL UNIT - A STRIKE FORCE COMPOSED OF THE ROUGHEST ELEMENTS IN THE ARMY! MEN WHO COULDN'T - OR WOULDN'T - FIT IN WITH ANY OTHER UNIT!



STORM SQUAD!

THAT'S RIGHT. THE UNIT WOULD BE SMALL - FAST - AND EFFECTIVE! THEY'D BE USED ON SUDDEN HIT AND RUN RAIDS - SHOCK ATTACKS! MCVICKER WAS THE RIGHT MAN TO LEAD IT!

LIKE THE DIRTY DOZEN, EH?

PROFESSOR LOMAX - STORM SQUAD MAKE THE DIRTY DOZEN SEEM LIKE A BUNCH OF KINDERGARTEN KIDS!



ALL RIGHT, YOU SCUM! ON YOUR FEET! READY TO MOVE IN FIVE MINUTES!

WHERE WE HEADING, MAJOR?



WE'RE GOING TO CATCH US SOME SPOOKS!



YEEHAAA!

Next issue: The roaming thugs who attack refugees!

Famine followed in the footsteps of the alien attack!

EARTH HAD BEEN INVADDED BY ALIEN HORDES, KILLING AND DESTROYING WHEREVER THEY PASSED! NOW, IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER UNDER THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE ...

ALL CLEAR UP TOP, MAJOR. YOU CAN GO NOW!

INVASION 1984

UP ABOVE, A SECTION OF WOODLAND SLID SMOOTHLY UPWARD ON HYDRAULIC PROPS.

AND STORM SQUAD MOVED OUT!

LET'S GO!

AT THEIR HEAD, MAJOR "MAD MAC" McVICKER... TOO ROUGH FOR THE SAS TO HANDLE!

WE FOLLOW THIS TRAIL TILL WE HIT THE ROAD. KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT AND YOUR HEADS DOWN!

GEIGER! FRONT AND FORWARD!

SCOUT AHEAD. IF YOU SEE ANYTHING YOU DON'T LIKE, REPORT BACK BEFORE YOU KILL IT! GOT THAT? BEFORE!

IF YOU SAY SO... SIR!

BEHIND McVICKER, THE MOST VICIOUS UNIT IN THE BRITISH ARMY. TROUBLEMAKERS - CRIMINALS - MISFITS... MEN WHO COULDN'T OR WOULDN'T - FIT IN WITH THE REGULAR ARMY!

YOU HEARD THE MAJOR, BURKE - SHUT IT!

Writer
G. CLARK
Artist
ERIC BRADBURY
Letterer
PETER KNIGHT

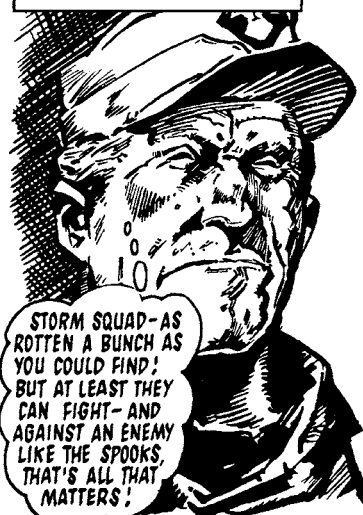
BRINGING UP THE REAR, EX-PARA SERGEANT ROY 'FIVES' DENT. BUSTED TWICE FOR STRIKING OFFICERS. BOTH TIMES HE HAD CLAWED HIS WAY BACK.

BLIMEY, SARGE - I WAS ONLY BREATHING, WASN'T I?

WELL, DO IT QUIET, BURKE - OR NOT AT ALL!



DENT HAD HELPED FORGE STORM SQUAD INTO A CRACK FIGHTING UNIT - AND HE STILL DIDN'T TRUST THEM!



STORM SQUAD - AS ROTTEN A BUNCH AS YOU COULD FIND! BUT AT LEAST THEY CAN FIGHT - AND AGAINST AN ENEMY LIKE THE SPOOKS, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

AHEAD, GEIGER WAS WAITING.

CAMPFIRES ALL ALONG THE ROAD. CHECKED THEM WITH NIGHT GOGGLES. REFUGEES.



THEY HAD FLED THE CITIES AND TOWNS BEFORE THE ALIEN ATTACK.



NOW THEY WERE LIVING ROUGH, EATING OUT THE LAST OF THEIR PROVISIONS, WONDERING WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN THEY WERE GONE.

HERE, MUM, HAVE THIS.



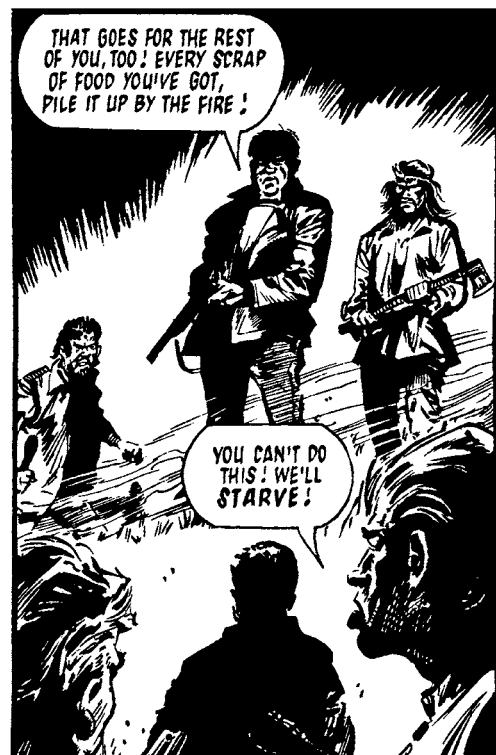
NO - NO! GIVE IT TO THE CHILDREN. I CAN DO WITHOUT.

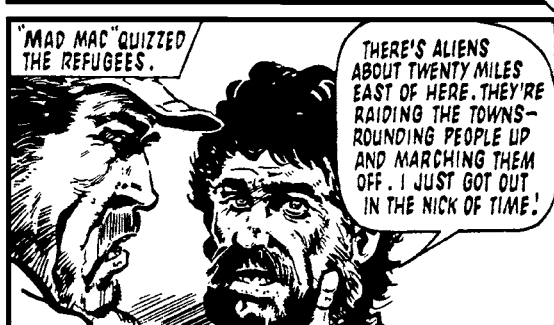
HERE, GRAN - IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, WE'LL TAKE IT!



THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU, TOO! EVERY SCRAP OF FOOD YOU'VE GOT, PILE IT UP BY THE FIRE!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! WE'LL STARVE!





Next episode: Storm Squad in furious action against the cruel invaders!

The aliens were murderous...but they didn't know about the Hogan brothers!

Invasion 1984!





YOU ALIEN
SWINE! I'LL -
AAAAH!



THE ALIEN'S BLOODED SCIMITAR JERKED
IN AN UNMISTAKABLE GESTURE.

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
WE'RE
MOVING!



MURDERING
SCUM!

THEY'RE
KILLING ALL
THE OLD
FOLK!

JUST GIVE
THE WORD,
MAJOR!
WE'RE
READY!



YOU'VE
GOT IT!
HIT THEM,
STORM
SQUAD!



WH-WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

SOMEBODY'S
SHOOTING AT
THEM! GET
DOWN!



COLDLY, CLINICALLY,
STORM SQUAD
PICKED OFF THEIR
VICTIMS.



THAT ONE'S
USING A WOMAN
AS A SHIELD! THEY
MUST KNOW WE
WON'T RISK SHOOTING
OUR OWN!

YEAH, SARGE -
BUT THEY DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
THE HOGAN
BROTHERS!



Sergeant Dent's got to fire straight! Don't miss the next terror-packed episode!

EVERY THURSDAY

FREE INSIDE- **ACTION FORCE** MINI COMIC!

BATTLE

16th JULY 1983

20p

INVASION 1984. SUDDENLY, EARTH HAD BEEN INVADIED BY RUTHLESS ALIEN HORDES! NOW, IN A SMALL VILLAGE, STORM SQUAD WERE HITTING BACK.

WE'VE GOT SPOOKS IN THE BELFRY!

NOT ANY MORE!

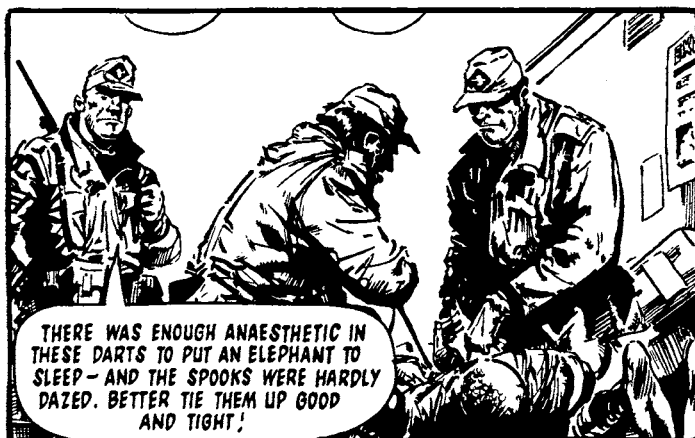
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Next week: A cross-country trek into danger!

The Spooks marched their prisoners into the tents of captivity!

1984 — AND EARTH HAD BEEN INVADED BY RUTHLESS ALIEN HORDES! NOW, IN THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE, MAJOR MCVICKER'S DEADLY STORM SQUAD OBSERVED THE ALIEN ACTIVITIES.



INVASION 1984

THEY MUST HAVE ROUNDED UP HALF THE COUNTRYSIDE! BUT WHERE ARE THEY TAKING THEM — WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH THEM?

ARE YOU SEEING WHAT I AM SEEING, CORPORAL?

I AM THAT, STAN — AND I DON'T LIKE IT ONE LITTLE BIT!

MAJOR! UP HERE!

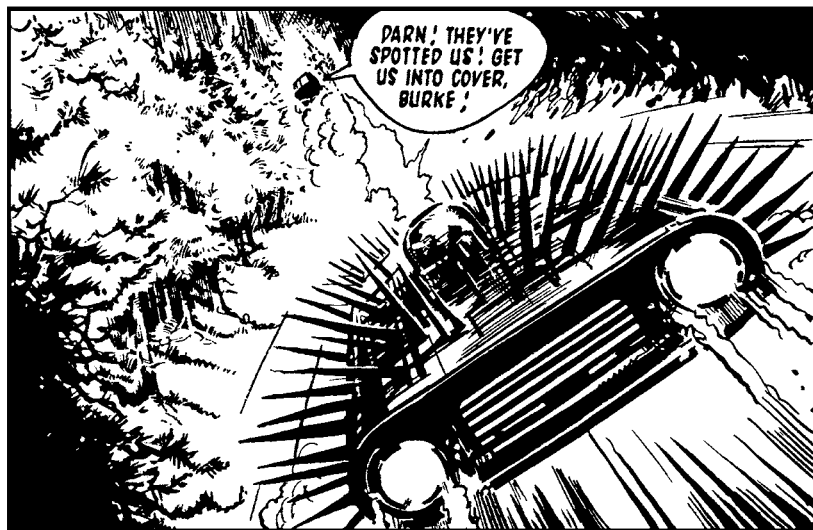
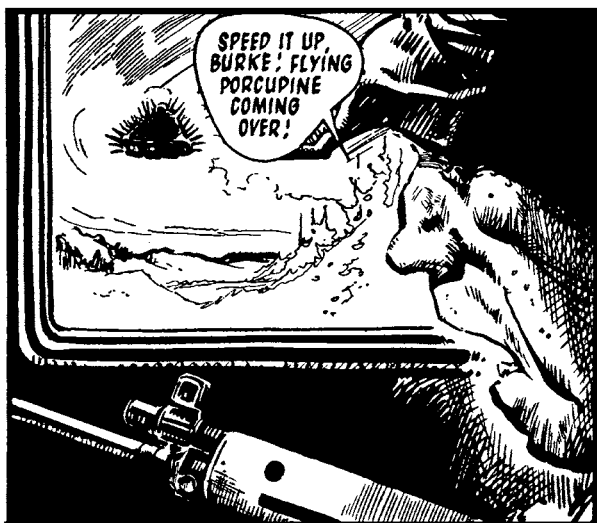
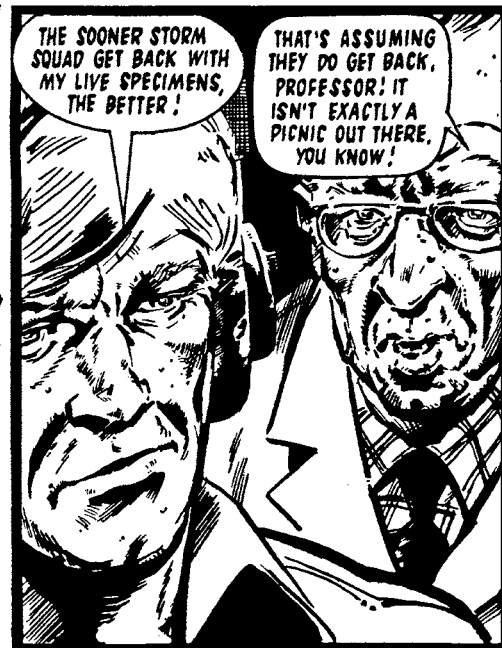
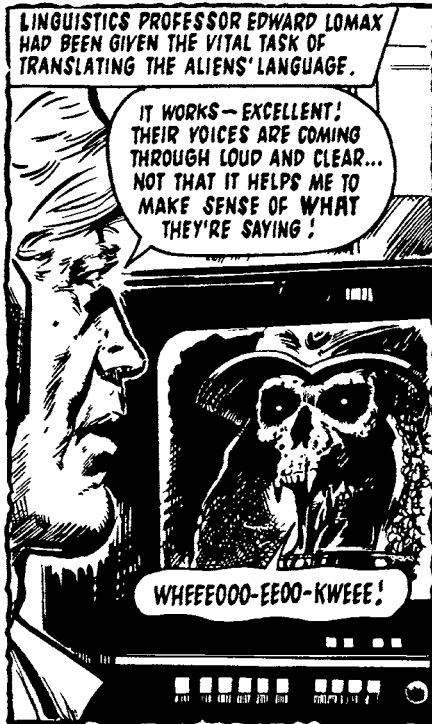
BELOW, COVERING THE ENTIRE VALLEY FLOOR, STOOD A MASSIVE, SINISTER ALIEN TENT-LIKE STRUCTURE.

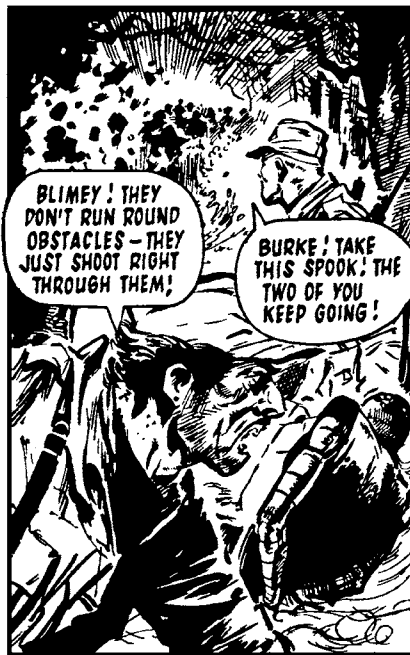
WELL, AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW WHERE THEY'RE TAKING THE PRISONERS!

HMM ... INTERESTING. THOUSANDS GOING IN — NOT ONE COMING OUT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER THAT HOUSED BRITISH STRATEGIC COMMAND ...

HERE YOU ARE, PROFESSOR LOMAX. ONE TRANSLATION MACHINE, EXACTLY AS YOU ORDERED!





Don't miss the next terrifying episode...only in BATTLE!

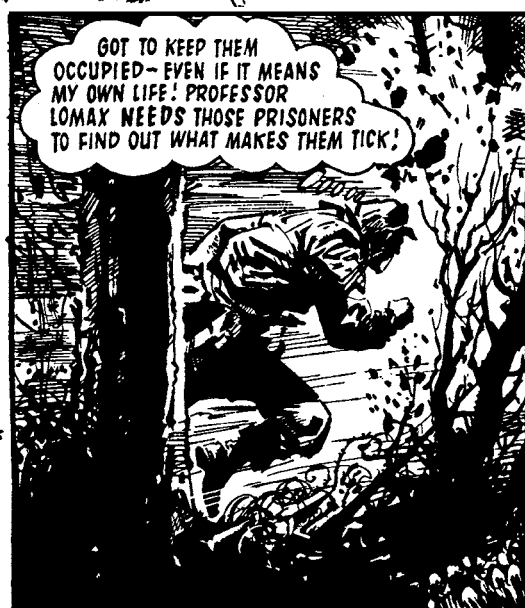
The Spooks were doing something nasty to their human prisoners!

Invasion 1984!

1984. EARTH HAD BEEN INVADED BY ALIENS. NOW, IN THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE, HUMAN PRISONERS WERE BEING MARCHED INTO A MASSIVE ALIEN STRUCTURE.





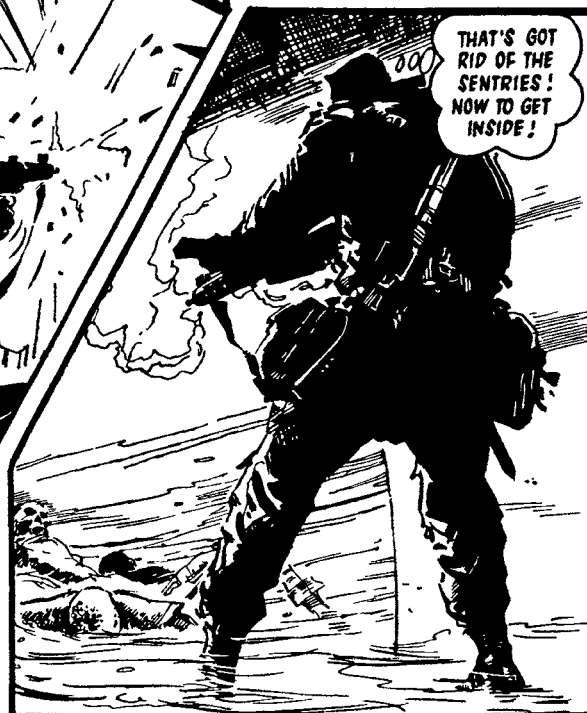
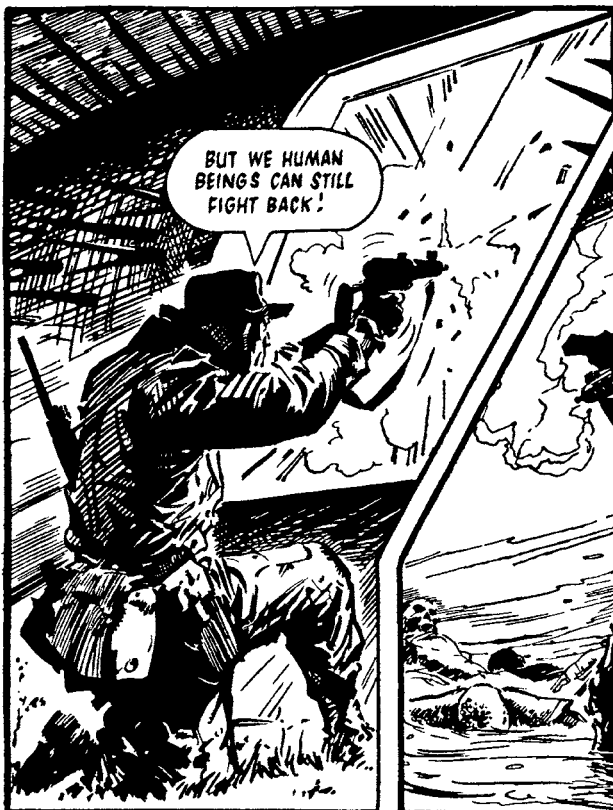
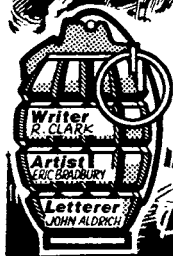


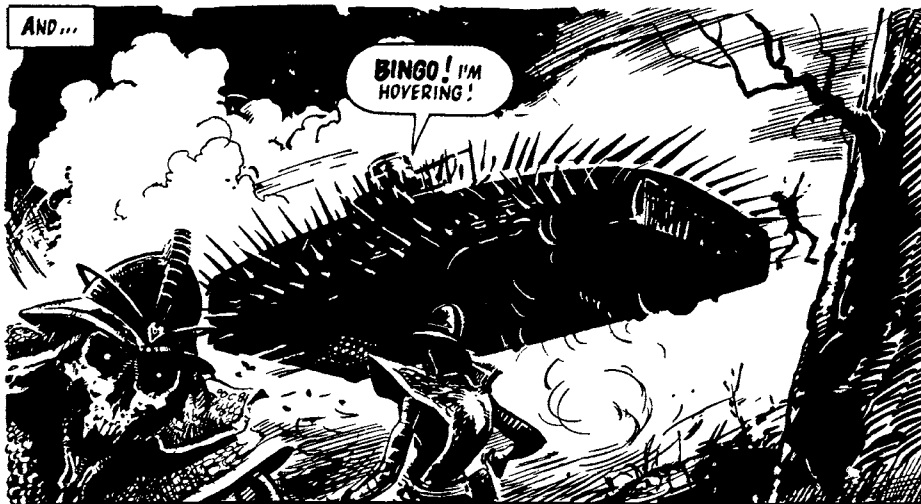
Sergeant Dent taught himself to fly a Spook hover-tank!

1984— AND EARTH HAD BEEN INVADIED BY RUTHLESS ALIENS. IN A BEDFORDSHIRE WOOD, STORM SQUAD'S SERGEANT ROY "FIVES" DENT HAD STUMBLED ACROSS AN ALIEN SPACE-MACHINE.

THAT SPOOK HOVER-TANK IS MY ONLY CHANCE TO STAY ALIVE!

INVASION 1984





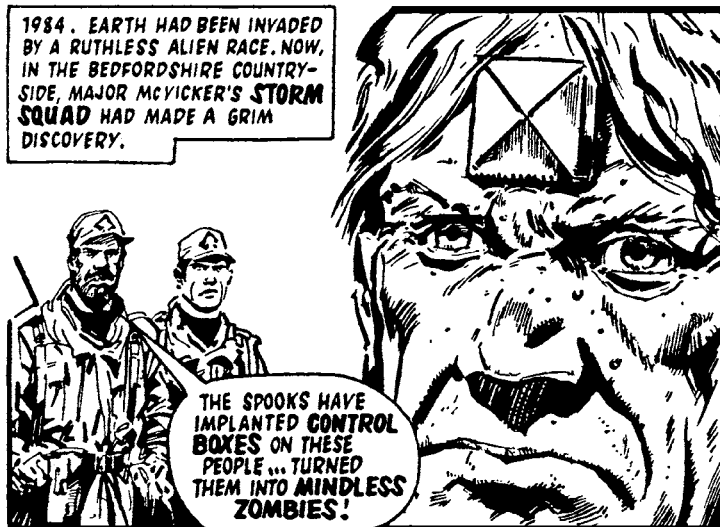


Next issue: "Looks like the Spooks are building themselves an army of slaves!"

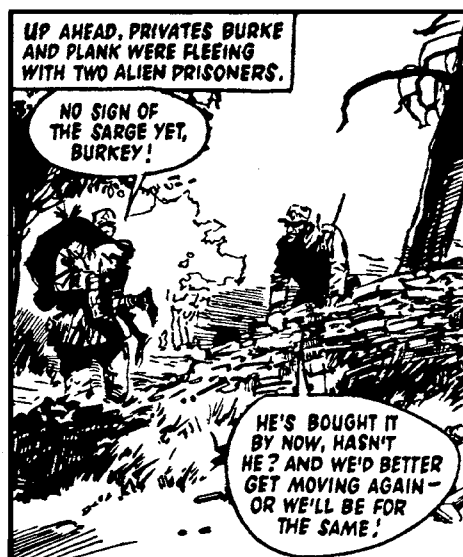
"We're too late! Here comes one of those Flying Porcupines!"

Invasion 1984!

1984. EARTH HAD BEEN INVADED BY A RUTHLESS ALIEN RACE. NOW, IN THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRY-SIDE, MAJOR MCYICKER'S STORM SQUAD HAD MADE A GRIM DISCOVERY.







Next week: An attempt to talk with the Spooks!

A bizarre experiment, as Lomax tried to talk with the Aliens!

1984 - THE YEAR ALIENS INVADED EARTH! IN A TOP-SECRET BUNKER BENEATH THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE, LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR ED LOMAX WAS WORKING TO LEARN THE ALIENS' LANGUAGE.

QWEEEEE-
JUUY-
OOAAEE!

I'VE MANAGED TO IDENTIFY CERTAIN SOUNDS - CERTAIN COMMANDS. BUT I CAN'T MAKE ANY REAL PROGRESS UNTIL I GET A LIVE SPOOK TO WORK WITH!

PITY YOUR FREQUENCY MODULATOR ONLY MAKES THEIR VOICES AUDIBLE, PROFESSOR. WE COULD DO WITH A MACHINE THAT ACTUALLY TRANSLATES THE LANGUAGE!

THAT'S FOR THE FUTURE, I'M AFRAID, BOB!

PROFESSOR LOMAX, SERGEANT DENT AND TWO MEN HAVE RETURNED! THEY'RE COMING DOWN IN THE MAIN LIFT NOW!

INVASION 1984

THEY'VE BROUGHT THE ALIENS I NEED! EXCELLENT!

AND ONE OF THEIR HOVER-TANKS, TOO!

ARE YOU GOING TO LET AN NCO SPEAK TO YOU LIKE THAT, SIR?



STERLING WORK, SERGEANT. WHERE ARE MAJOR MCVICKER AND THE REST OF STORM SQUAD?

WHO KNOWS, GENERAL? THEY'LL TURN UP WHEN THEY'RE READY!

THE LAST OFFICER WHO TRIED TO STRAIGHTEN OUT SERGEANT DENT IS STILL IN HOSPITAL. HENCE THE NICKNAME - 'FIVES' DENT!



THAT'S WHY HE'S IN
STORM SQUAD. THAT'S
PUNISHMENT ENOUGH
FOR ANY MAN!

NOW GET THAT HOVER-
TANK DOWN TO
ARMOURY FOR
EXAMINATION!



AFRAID THEY'RE
A BIT THE WORSE FOR
WEAR, LOMAX. THEY
DIDN'T COME WILLING!

YOU GOT THEM—
THAT'S THE MAIN
THING!

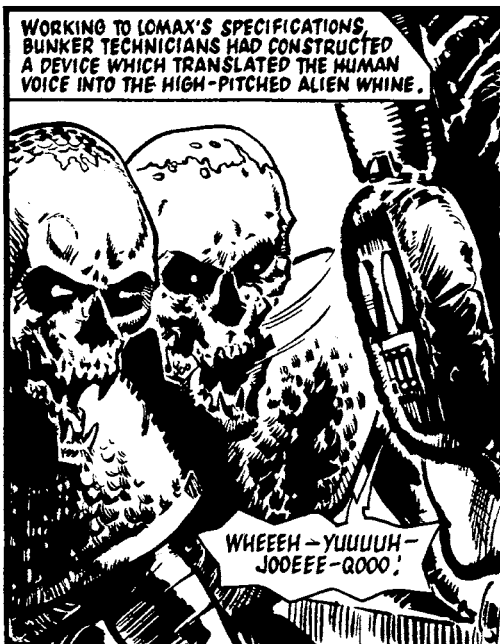


GRADUALLY, THE ALIENS RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS.

THEY'VE TESTED THE STRAPS
AND FOUND THEY CAN'T BREAK
THEM. NOW THEY'RE TALKING
TO EACH OTHER!



LET'S SEE HOW
THEY REACT WHEN I
START TALKING
TO THEM!



WORKING TO LOMAX'S SPECIFICATIONS,
BUNKER TECHNICIANS HAD CONSTRUCTED
A DEVICE WHICH TRANSLATED THE HUMAN
VOICE INTO THE HIGH-PITCHED ALIEN WHINE.

WHEEEH—YUUUUH—
JOEEEE—QOOO!



I THINK I TOLD
THEM GREETINGS.
I WILL NOT HARM
YOU!

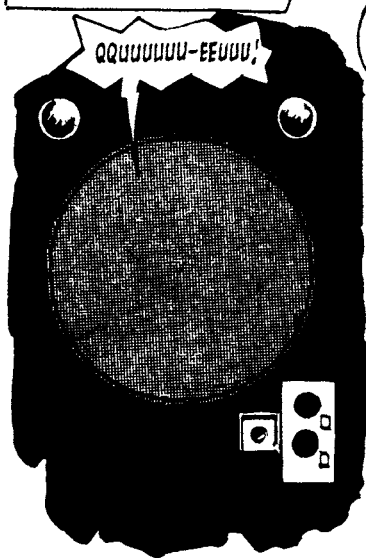
THOUGH FOR ALL
I KNOW, I MIGHT HAVE
SAID—OVER THERE! SHOOT!
BACK TO THE SHIP!



NOT MUCH REACTION.
LET'S TRY THEM WITH SOME
SIMPLE OBJECTS!

HEAD,
HEAD!

THE SOUND THAT CAME THROUGH THE MODULATOR WAS AN UNRECOGNISABLE SCREECH.

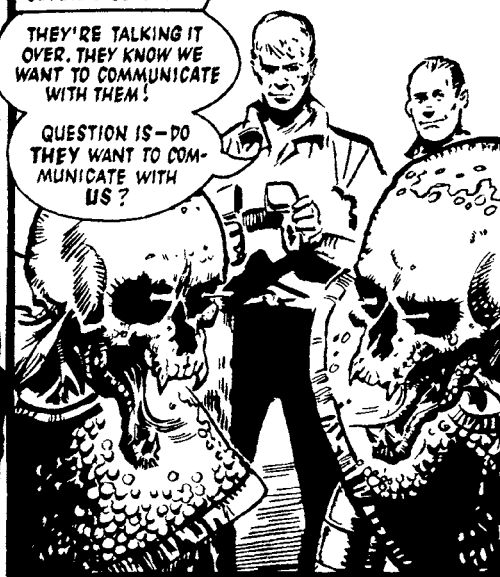


QQUUUUUU-EEUU!

LOMAX SPOKE THE NAMES OF SEVERAL OBJECTS.

THEY'RE TALKING IT OVER. THEY KNOW WE WANT TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!

QUESTION IS—DO THEY WANT TO COMMUNICATE WITH US?



THREE HOURS LATER, MAJOR McVICKER AND STORM SQUAD ARRIVED.

GLAD YOU MADE IT, MAJOR. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

THAT'LL WAIT. HOW'S LOMAX GETTING ON WITH HIS SPOOKS?



NOT WELL. THE ALIENS KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO, ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY'VE OBVIOUSLY DECIDED NOT TO COOPERATE!



I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE, LOMAX!

TROUBLE? I HAVEN'T GOT A WORD OUT OF THEM FOR HOURS!



TRIED TORTURE YET?

I—I... WELL, I...

FORGET IT. WOULDN'T WORK ON THESE BOYS, BUT I RECKON I'VE GOT SOMETHING MIGHT LOOSEN THEIR TONGUES FOR YOU...



CHEYNEY! BRING IN THE ZOMBIE!



Next week: "Reckon you'll get your cooperation now!"

"Every major city on the map has been destroyed!"

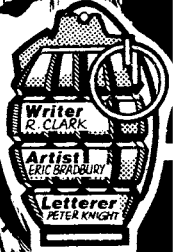
Invasion 1984!

1984. EARTH HAD BEEN INVADED BY RUTHLESS ALIEN HORDES. IN A TOP-SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER, LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR ED LOMAX WAS TRYING TO LEARN THE ALIEN LANGUAGE—BUT HIS CAPTIVE ALIENS REFUSED TO COOPERATE!

THEY KNOW WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO, MAJOR, BUT THEY WON'T PLAY ALONG. THEY'VE CLAMMED UP COMPLETELY!



RECKON I'VE GOT SOMETHING MIGHT LOOSEN THEIR TONGUES, LOMAX. CHEYNEY—BRING IN THE ZOMBIE!

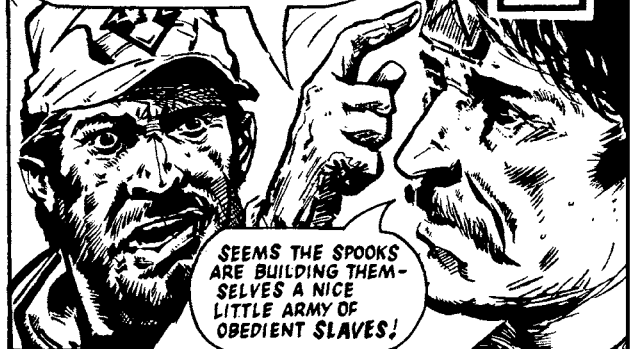


MARCH HIM ROUND, CHEYNEY. GIVE THEM A GOOD DEMO!

MY GRIEF! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?



SOME KIND OF DEVICE IMPLANTED IN HIS BRAIN. THERE'S THOUSANDS MORE LIKE HIM OUT THERE!



SEEMS THE SPOOKS ARE BUILDING THEMSELVES A NICE LITTLE ARMY OF OBEDIENT SLAVES!

SEE? YOU CAN MAKE HIM DO MOST ANYTHING JUST BY PRESSING THESE BUTTONS!

SWEET MERCY! IT'S INHUMAN!



IT'S SICK ALL RIGHT. STILL, AS A MILITARY MAN, I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THE SPOOKS—IT'S ONE SUREFIRE WAY OF DEALING WITH TROUBLE—SOME CIVILIANS!



NOW—WHAT I'M SUGGESTING IS, WE REMOVE THIS DEVICE AND STICK IT IN ONE OF THE ALIENS.



WON'T BE MUCH TROUBLE. WE JUST DRILL IT INTO HIS HEAD...

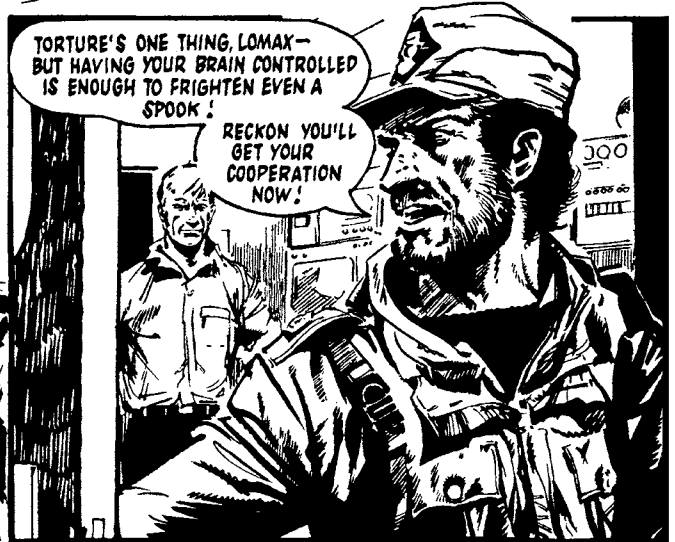


... RIGHT ABOUT HERE!



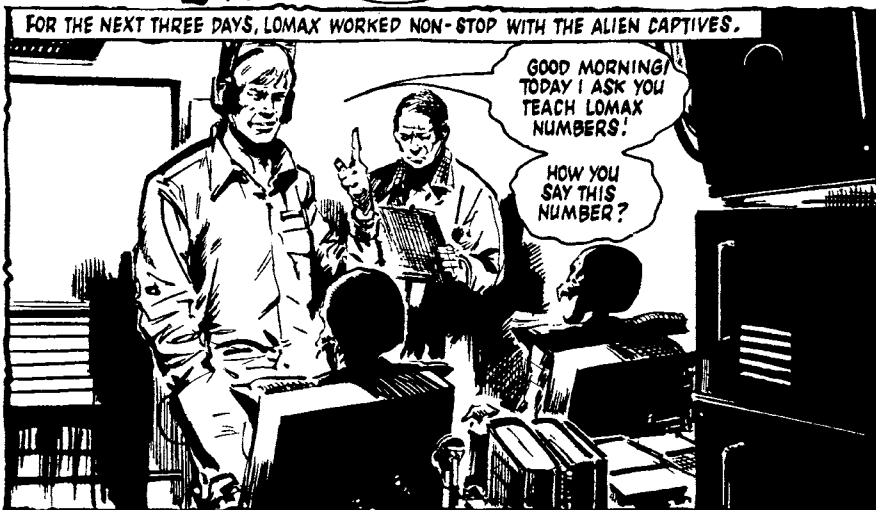
EEEEQQ-KWEEQQ-OOO!

THEY'RE TALKING AGAIN!



TORTURE'S ONE THING, LOMAX— BUT HAVING YOUR BRAIN CONTROLLED IS ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN EVEN A SPOOK!

RECKON YOU'LL GET YOUR COOPERATION NOW!



FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS, LOMAX WORKED NON-STOP WITH THE ALIEN CAPTIVES.

GOOD MORNING! TODAY I ASK YOU TEACH LOMAX NUMBERS!

HOW YOU SAY THIS NUMBER?



HUUUU!

THAT'S A DEEP GUTTURAL WITH A SHARP RISE ON THE FINAL PHENOME!

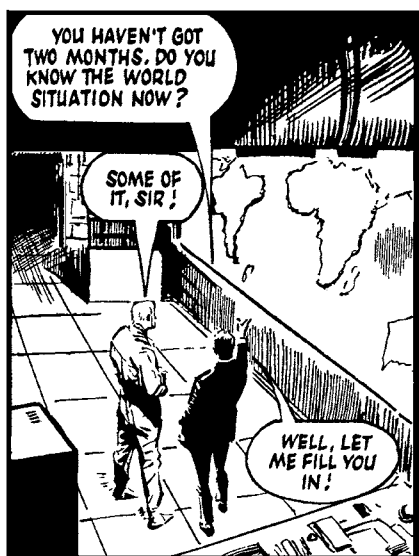


SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, PROFESSOR. THE DEFENCE MINISTER WOULD LIKE A WORD!



WHAT PROGRESS, LOMAX?

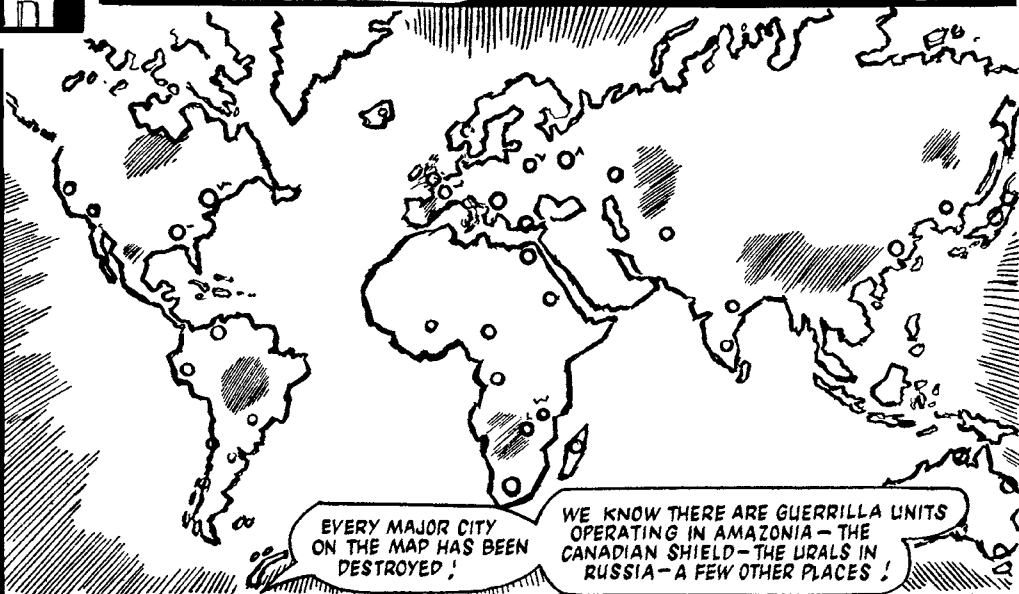
BETTER THAN I'D HOPED. GIVE ME A COUPLE OF MONTHS AND I'LL CRACK THE LANGUAGE COMPLETELY!



YOU HAVEN'T GOT TWO MONTHS. DO YOU KNOW THE WORLD SITUATION NOW?

SOME OF IT, SIR!

WELL, LET ME FILL YOU IN!



EVERY MAJOR CITY ON THE MAP HAS BEEN DESTROYED!

WE KNOW THERE ARE GUERRILLA UNITS OPERATING IN AMAZONIA - THE CANADIAN SHIELD - THE URALS IN RUSSIA - A FEW OTHER PLACES!



SEVERAL NUCLEAR SUBMARINES ARE STILL AT LARGE - AND BUNKERS SUCH AS THIS ONE. BUT OTHERWISE, RESISTANCE IS PITIFULLY SMALL... AND DWINDLING!



IN THIS COUNTRY, NO TOWN LARGER THAN THIRTY THOUSAND SURVIVES, PLYMOUTH - COLCHESTER - CARLISLE - THE LIST IS ENDLESS. LAID WASTE, ALL OF THEM!



OUR PLANET NO LONGER BELONGS TO US, LOMAX! THE HUMAN RACE IS DOOMED, UNLESS WE ACT - AND FAST! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE WEEK, LOMAX - NOT A MINUTE MORE!

Will 1984 be the Earth's last year? Don't miss the next episode!

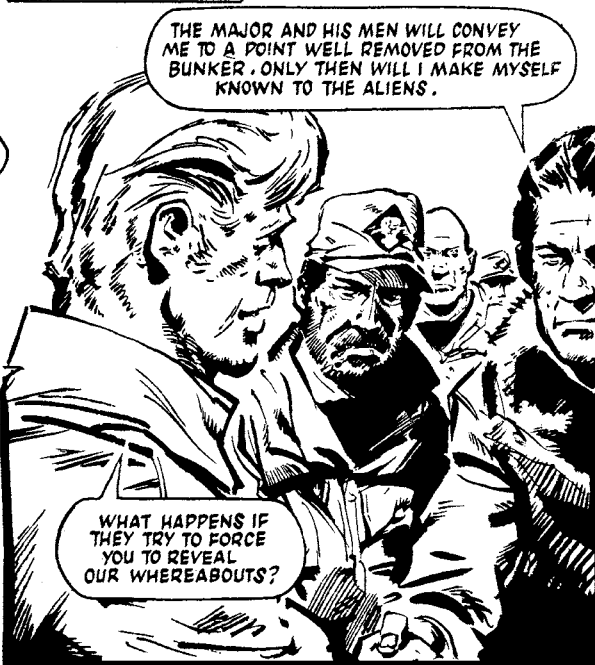
It was decided to communicate with the Alien leadership!

INVASION 1984





BY THE BUNKER'S CONCEALED EXIT, STORM SQUAD WAS ALREADY WAITING.





Next week: A fierce clash between Storm Squad and the Spooks!

"Gaah! The scumbag's biting me!"

Invasion 1984!

1984 - AND EARTH HAD BEEN CONQUERED BY A RUTHLESS ALIEN RACE! NOW, IN THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE, STORM SQUAD PREPARED TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY.





IN AMONG THEM, STORM SQUAD!



ONE ALIEN DIED WITH A SOUNDLESS SCREAM AS MAJOR MCVICKER USED HIS KNIFE.



NOT SO FAST, SPOOKY!



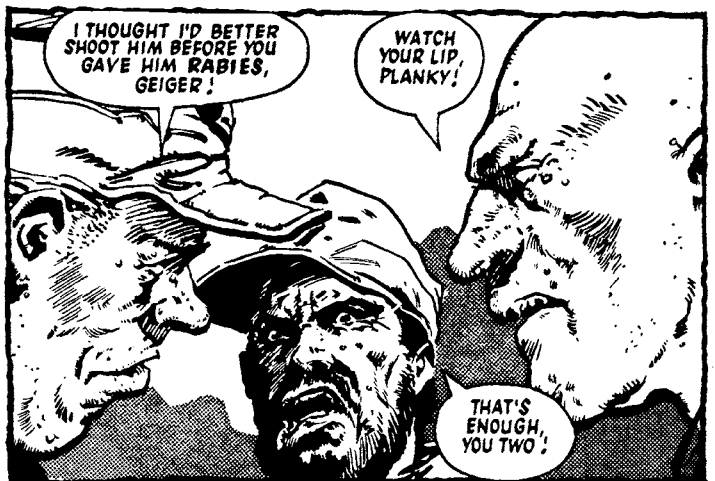
GAAH! THE SCUMBAG'S BITING ME!



WE'LL SEE WHO BITES WHO!

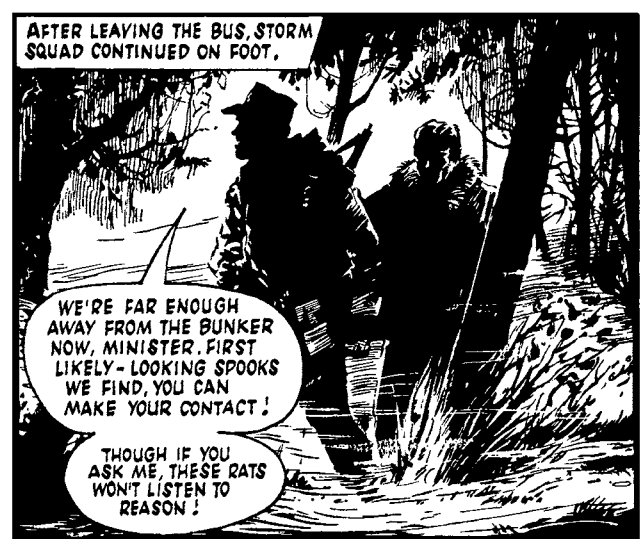


I THOUGHT I'D BETTER SHOOT HIM BEFORE YOU GAVE HIM RABIES, GEIGER!



WATCH YOUR LIP, PLANKY!

THAT'S ENOUGH, YOU TWO!



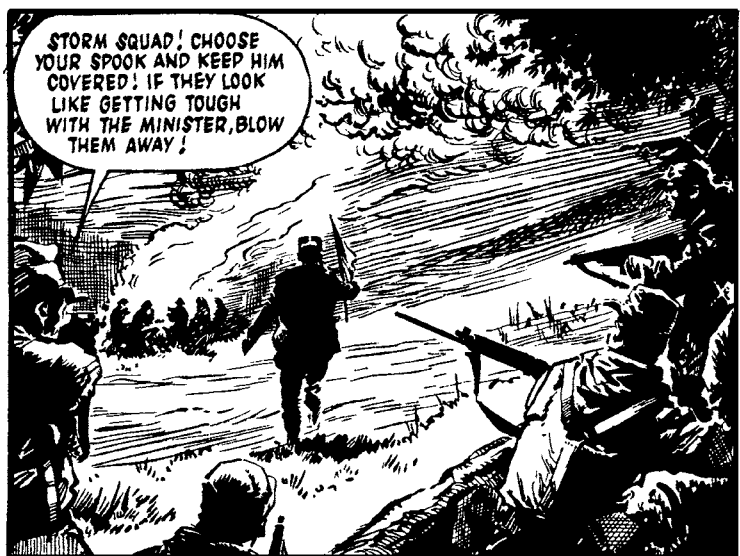
Join the BATTLE 'Brigade'... order a regular copy at your paper shop!

London was nothing but ruins!

1984 — AND EARTH HAD BEEN CONQUERED BY A RUTHLESS ALIEN RACE! NOW, IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO END THE PLANET-WIDE SLAUGHTER, BRITAIN'S MINISTER OF DEFENCE PREPARED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE ALIENS.



THERE THEY ARE
MINISTER! IT'S UP
TO YOU NOW!



STORM SQUAD! CHOOSE
YOUR SPOOK AND KEEP HIM
COVERED! IF THEY LOOK
LIKE GETTING TOUGH
WITH THE MINISTER, BLOW
THEM AWAY!

THE MINISTER WAS EQUIPPED WITH A SPECIAL SPEECH FREQUENCY MODULATOR. HALTINGLY, HE SPOKE THE RUDIMENTARY PHRASES TAUGHT HIM BY LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR ED LOMAX.

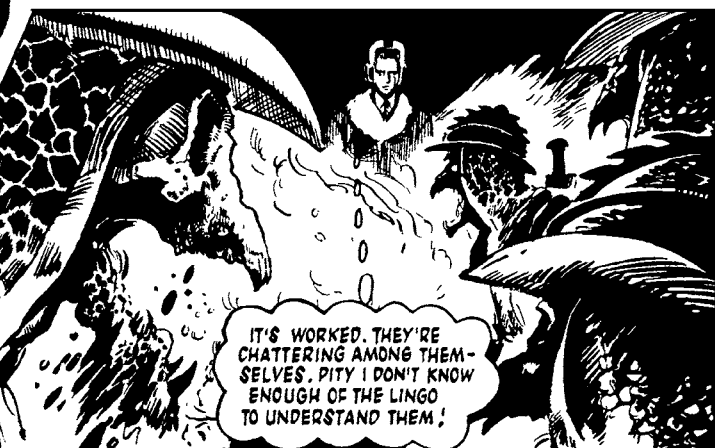


DO NOT
SHOOT. I
COME IN
PEACE.

INVASION 1984



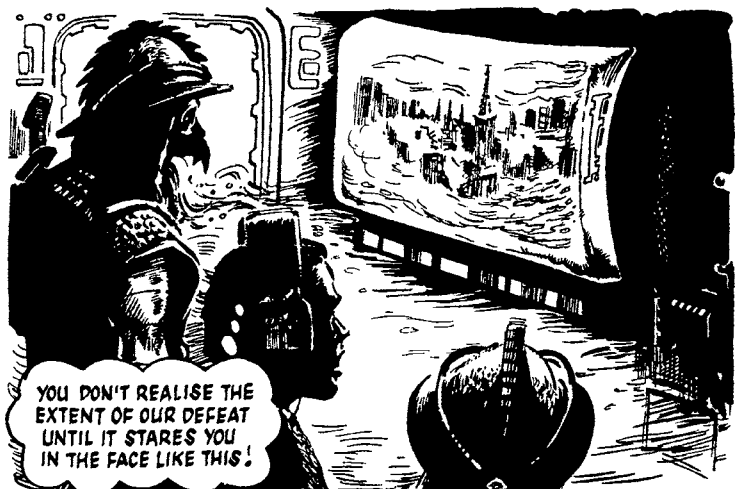
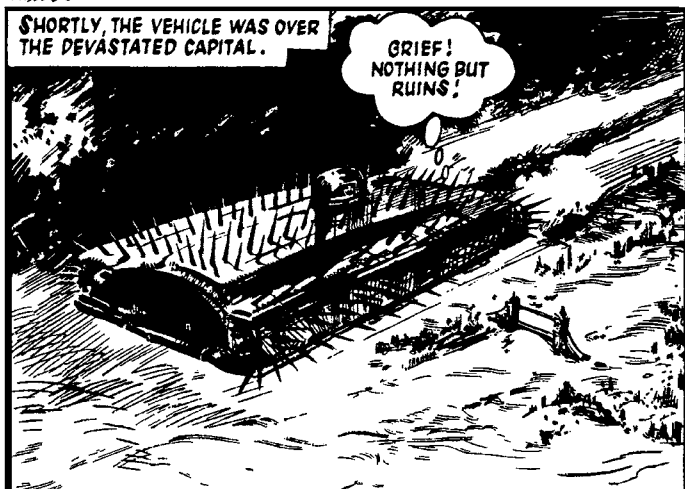
THEY'VE SEEN
ME! THEY'RE
GOING FOR
THEIR GUNS!



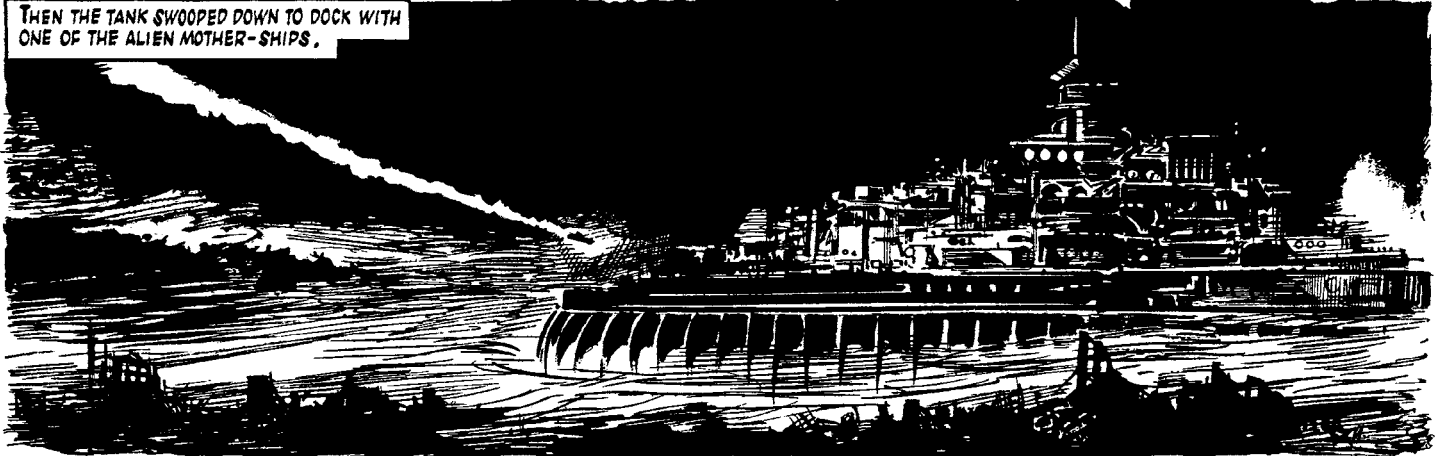
IT'S WORKED. THEY'RE
CHATTERING AMONG THEM-
SELVES. PITY I DON'T KNOW
ENOUGH OF THE LINGO
TO UNDERSTAND THEM!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AN ALIEN HOVER-TANK CAME IN TO LAND.



THEN THE TANK SWOOPED DOWN TO DOCK WITH ONE OF THE ALIEN MOTHER-SHIPS.



MEANWHILE, IN THE SECRET BEDFORDSHIRE BUNKER, THE LAST REMNANTS OF THE BRITISH RESISTANCE LISTENED TO THE MINISTER'S CONCEALED TRANSMITTER.

I'M BEING MARCHED ALONG A CORRIDOR ON THE MOTHER-SHIP NOW. I THINK THEY'RE TAKING ME TO SOMEONE IN AUTHORITY...



WITH TREMBLING LIPS, THE MINISTER VOICED THE SPEECH LOMAX HAD PREPARED FOR HIM.



WE ARE PEACEFUL PEOPLE. WE DO YOU NO HARM. WHY DO YOU COME TO DESTROY US?

PLEASE - WE BEG YOU - LEAVE US! LEAVE OUR PLANET!



HE'S... LAUGHING AT ME! THE ALIEN'S LAUGHING AT ME!



PROFESSOR LOMAX LISTENED ANXIOUSLY TO THE RADIO.

W-WHAT'S GOING ON THERE? WHAT'S THE ALIEN INTENDING TO DO?

YOU ARE AN ADVANCED SPECIES. SURELY YOU MUST RESPECT THE RIGHT OF ALL INTELLIGENT RACES TO LIVE IN PEACE?



OH, NO! HE - HE'S RAISING HIS SWORD!

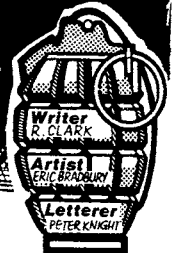
Next issue: "Earth belongs to the Aliens now!"

Human Beings had become an inferior race!

Invasion 1984!

1984—AND EARTH HAD BEEN OVER-RUN BY A RUTHLESS ALIEN RACE! THE BRITISH MINISTER OF DEFENCE HAD TRIED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE ALIENS... AND NOW HE PAID THE PRICE!

NO—NO!



IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER, THE LAST REMNANTS OF BRITISH RESISTANCE LISTENED IN HORROR.

THE MINISTER! THEY'VE... CUT OFF HIS HEAD!

ABOARD THE ALIEN MOTHER-SHIP...

THEY'VE FOUND THE MINISTER'S TRANSMITTER! THEY KNOW WE'RE LISTENING!

THE ALIEN LEADER'S HIGH PITCHED VOICE SHRIEKED.



WHAT DID HE SAY, LOMAX?

HARD TO UNDERSTAND IN PLACES, BUT I RECKON I PICKED UP ENOUGH FOR A ROUGH TRANSLATION...

LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR ED LOMAX HAD LEARNED THE BASICS OF THE ALIENS' HIGH-FREQUENCY LANGUAGE.

HUMAN BEINGS ARE AN INFERIOR RACE! OUR LIVES COUNT FOR NOTHING!

EARTH BELONGS TO THE ALIENS NOW!



SO MUCH FOR REASONABLE NEGOTIATION!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, GENERAL LAPSLEY?



THE FATES ALONE KNOW!

AN HOUR LATER, STORM SQUAD RETURNED.

SO THE SPOOKS EXECUTED THE MINISTER, EH? FIGURED THEY MIGHT. DARN FOOL! HE SHOULD'VE KNOWN... TO THEM WE'RE NO MORE THAN INSECTS TO BE SWATTED!



CHEYNEY! GET GEIGER TO THE SICK BAY!

WHAT'S UP WITH HIM, MAJOR?

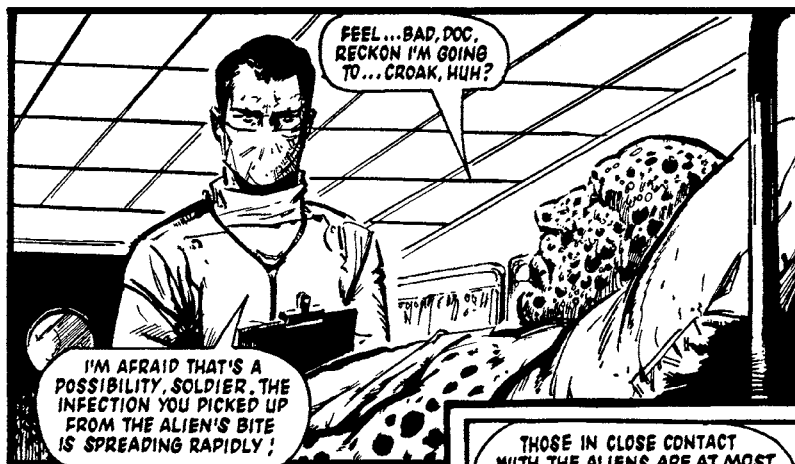


GOT BIT BY A SPOOK... TOOK SICK. BETTER STICK HIM IN ISOLATION TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!

AS THE HOURS PASSED, GEIGER'S CONDITION DETERIORATED.



HIS WHOLE BODY'S BROKEN OUT IN BLOOD BLISTERS...AND HIS TEMPERATURE'S GOING UP AND DOWN LIKE A YO-YO! WE'VE TRIED TO ISOLATE THE CAUSE—NO LUCK YET!

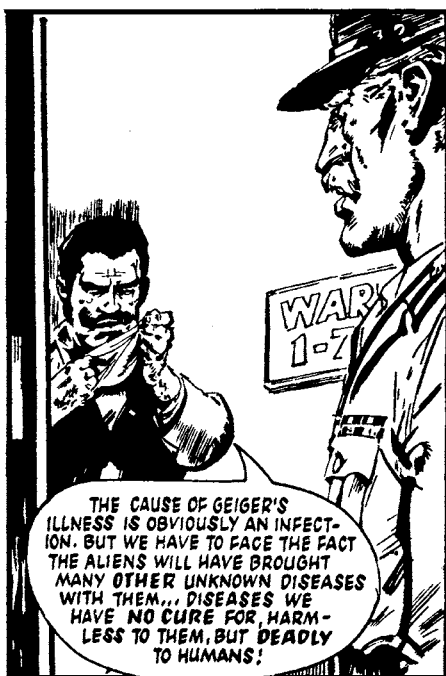


FEEL...BAD, DOC,
RECKON I'M GOING
TO...CROAK, HUH?

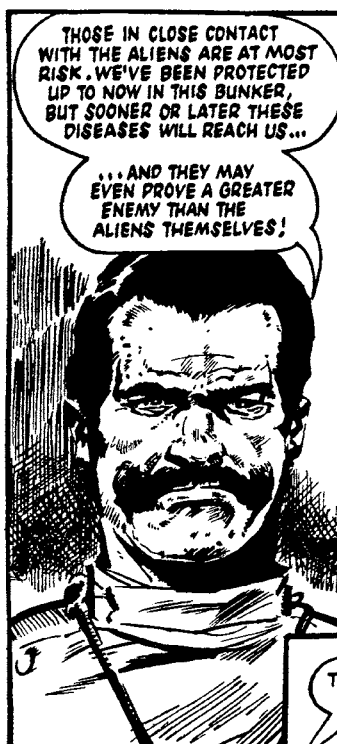
I'M AFRAID THAT'S A
POSSIBILITY, SOLDIER. THE
INFECTION YOU PICKED UP
FROM THE ALIEN'S BITE
IS SPREADING RAPIDLY!



LEAST I GOT ONE
CONSOLATION, DOC...
I BIT THAT STINKING
SPOOK RIGHT BACK!

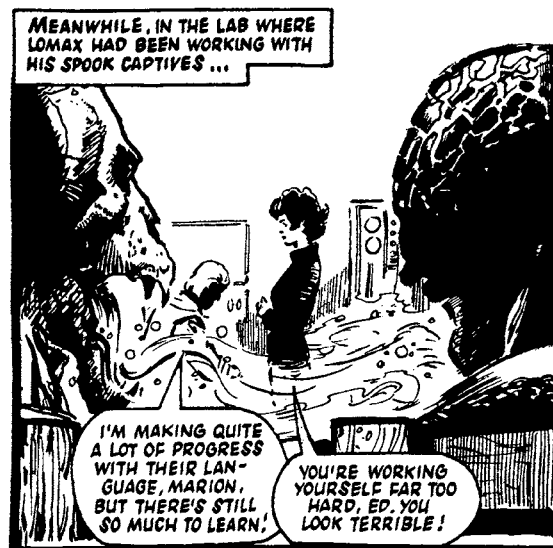


THE CAUSE OF GEIGER'S
ILLNESS IS OBVIOUSLY AN INFECTION.
BUT WE HAVE TO FACE THE FACT
THE ALIENS WILL HAVE BROUGHT
MANY OTHER UNKNOWN DISEASES
WITH THEM... DISEASES WE
HAVE NO CURE FOR, HARM-
LESS TO THEM, BUT DEADLY
TO HUMANS!



THOSE IN CLOSE CONTACT
WITH THE ALIENS ARE AT MOST
RISK. WE'VE BEEN PROTECTED
UP TO NOW IN THIS BUNKER,
BUT SOONER OR LATER THESE
DISEASES WILL REACH US...

...AND THEY MAY
EVEN PROVE A GREATER
ENEMY THAN THE
ALIENS THEMSELVES!



MEANWHILE, IN THE LAB WHERE
LOMAX HAD BEEN WORKING WITH
HIS SPOOK CAPTIVES ...

I'M MAKING QUITE
A LOT OF PROGRESS
WITH THEIR LAN-
GUAGE, MARION.
BUT THERE'S STILL
SO MUCH TO LEARN!

YOU'RE WORKING
YOURSELF FAR TOO
HARD, ED. YOU
LOOK TERRIBLE!



I MUST ADMIT,
I HAVE BEEN
FEELING KIND
OF OFF-COLOUR ...

ED! YOUR
HAND!



THERE'S SOMETHING...
GROWING ON IT!

Next episode: "We could all end up like that!"

The horrifying Alien disease had claimed its first victim!

1984 — AND EARTH HAD BEEN INVADIED BY A MERCILESS ALIEN RACE! BUT NOW, IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER, THE LAST OF THE BRITISH RESISTANCE FACED A NEW ENEMY.

INVASION 1984

GEIGER'S THE FIRST TO FALL VICTIM TO ALIEN DISEASE! WHO KNOWS HOW MANY MORE THERE'LL BE?

AND IN THE LABORATORY OF LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR ED LOMAX...

ED! THERE'S SOMETHING GROWING ON YOUR HAND!

YOU'RE BEING A BIT OVER-DRAMATIC, MARION!

AH, LOMAX, HOW'S THE WORK PROGRESSING?

BETTER THAN I'D DARED HOPE, GENERAL. OUR "FRIENDS" HERE HAVE BEEN TELLING ME A BIT ABOUT THEMSELVES...



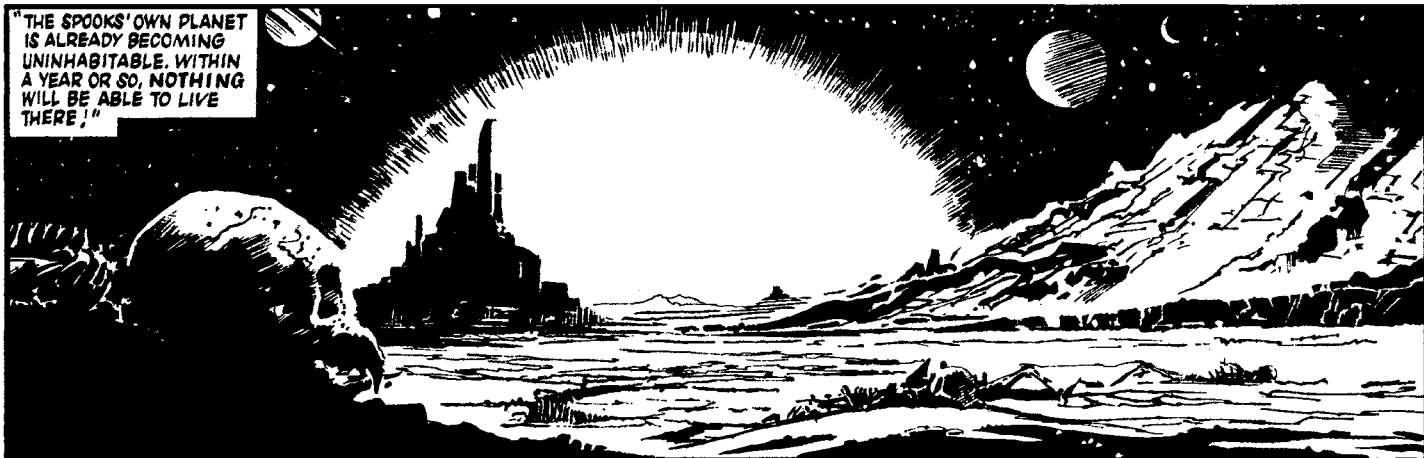
I MUST HAVE SCRAPPED IT ON SOMETHING AND IT'S GONE SEPTIC, THAT'S ALL!

I'LL HAVE DOC PIERCE LOOK AT IT LATER.

THEY COME FROM A DISTANT PLANET... AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE, SOMEWHERE IN THE CONSTELLATION OF CYGNUS!

IT SEEMS THEIR SUN IS EXPANDING RAPIDLY... ABOUT TO EXPLODE IN A SUPER-NOVA AND BURN ITSELF OUT!

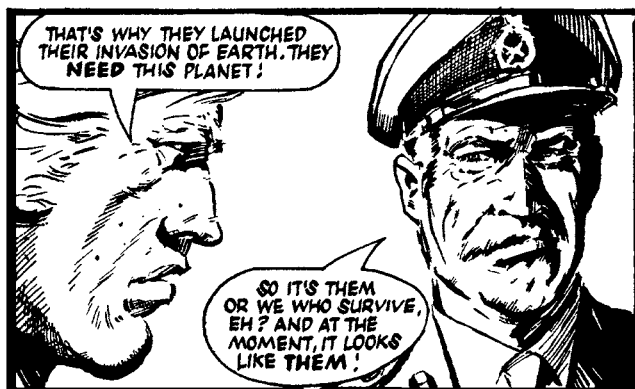
"THE SPOOKS' OWN PLANET IS ALREADY BECOMING UNINHABITABLE. WITHIN A YEAR OR SO, NOTHING WILL BE ABLE TO LIVE THERE!"



SO FAR, WE'VE MET ONLY THE INVASION FORCE. BUT THERE'S A VAST EXODUS ALREADY UNDER WAY. BY THE TIME THE ALIEN CROPS ARE READY TO HARVEST, THE COLONISTS WILL BE HERE!



THAT'S WHY THEY LAUNCHED THEIR INVASION OF EARTH. THEY NEED THIS PLANET!



SO IT'S THEM OR WE WHO SURVIVE, EH? AND AT THE MOMENT, IT LOOKS LIKE THEM!

LATER, AT THE BUNKER MEDICAL ROOM...



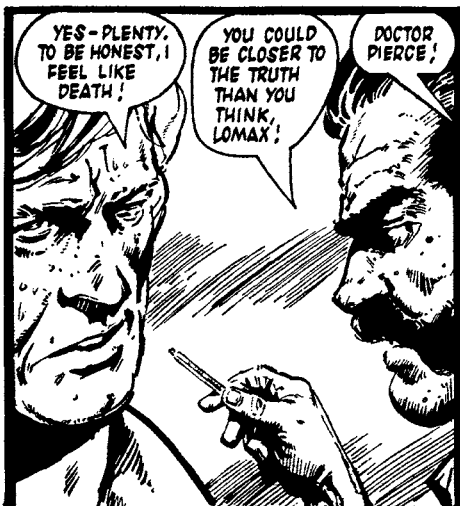
I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A SCRAPE, DOC, BUT IT'S SPREAD HALFWAY UP MY ARM!

HMM - ANY OTHER SYMPTOMS... HEADACHE? SICKNESS?

YES - PLENTY. TO BE HONEST, I FEEL LIKE DEATH!

YOU COULD BE CLOSER TO THE TRUTH THAN YOU THINK, LOMAX!

DOCTOR PIERCE!



THAT SOLDIER, GEIGER - HE JUST DIED!

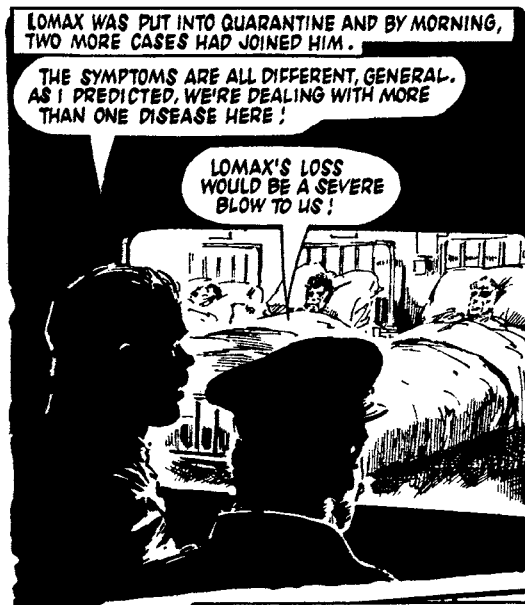
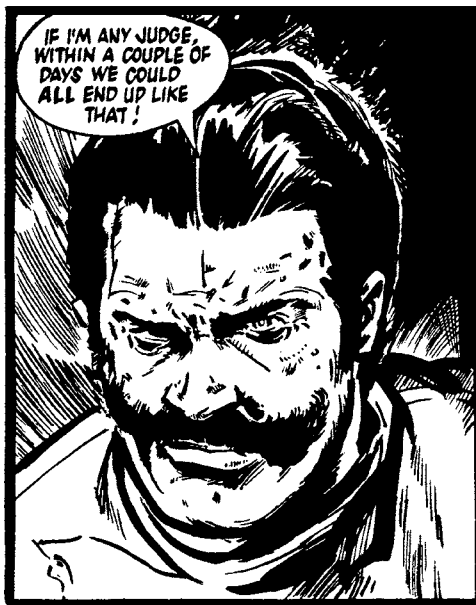
ARRANGE TO HAVE THE BODY INCINERATED. SEAL OFF THE WHOLE WARD - DOUBLE STERILISATION!



WAS THAT... GEIGER?

QUITE A SIGHT, ISN'T HE? ALIEN DISEASE, PROFESSOR LOMAX - AND HE'S ONLY THE FIRST!

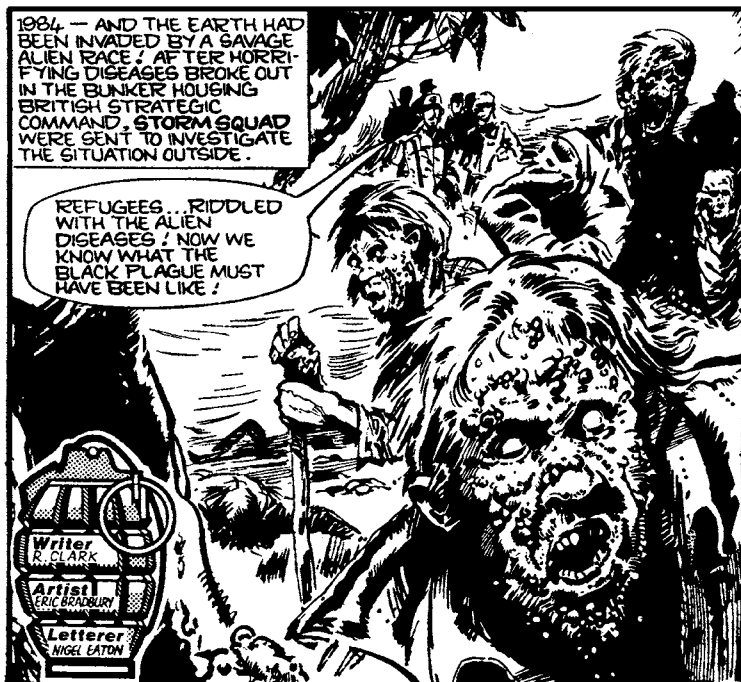


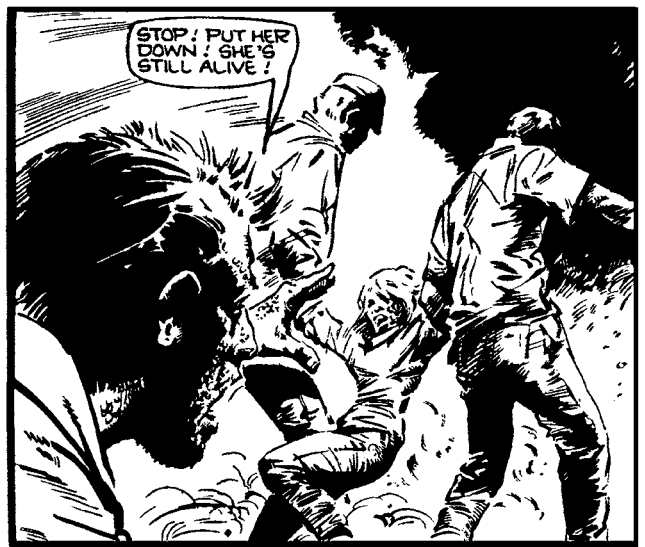


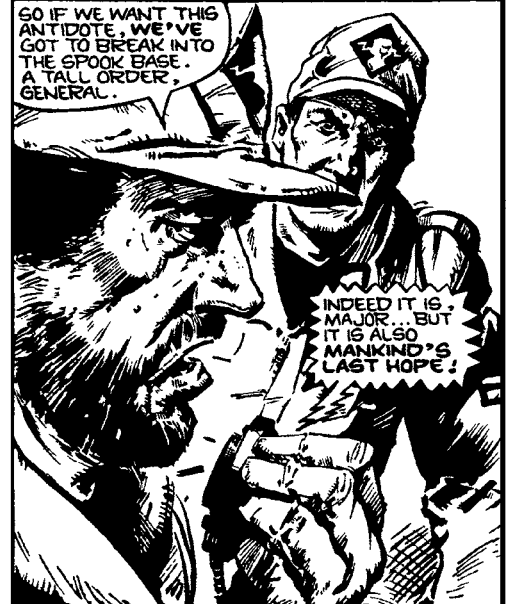
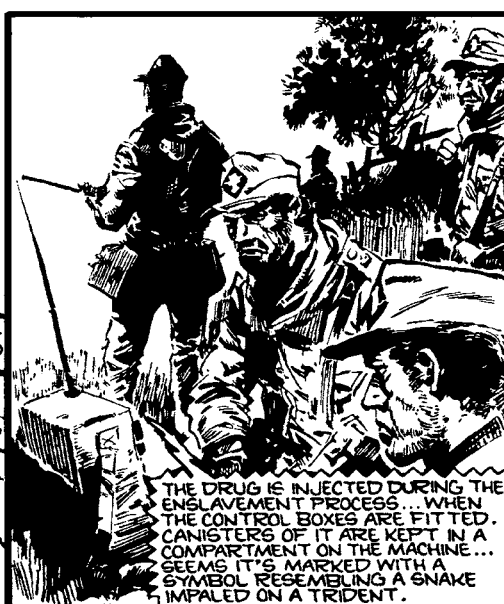
Next episode: "The whole countryside's riddled with dead and dying!"

The aliens were burning dead human plague victims!

Invasion 1984!







Next week: Release from the 'living death'!

Death was a merciful release for the slaves of the aliens!

1984 - AND EARTH HAD BEEN INVADIED BY A SAVAGE ALIEN RACE. ALIEN DISEASES WERE DECIMATING THE REMAINDER OF BRITAIN'S POPULATION. NOW, STORM SQUAD HAD BEEN DETAILED TO BREAK INTO THE ALIEN INVADERS' BASE... AND STEAL THE ANTIDOTE!

INVASION 1984

TAKE OUT
THOSE
SPOOKS!

LIGHT-FINGERED JOHN BURKE
NEVER TRAVELLED WITHOUT
THE TOOLS OF HIS TRADE.

HERE WE ARE,
SIR. WHAT DO
YOU WANT ME
TO DO WITH IT?

SAW OFF THREE
OF THOSE ZOMBIE
CONTROL BOXES!

A SMALL
SLAVE WORK
PARTY...
THEY'LL
DO.

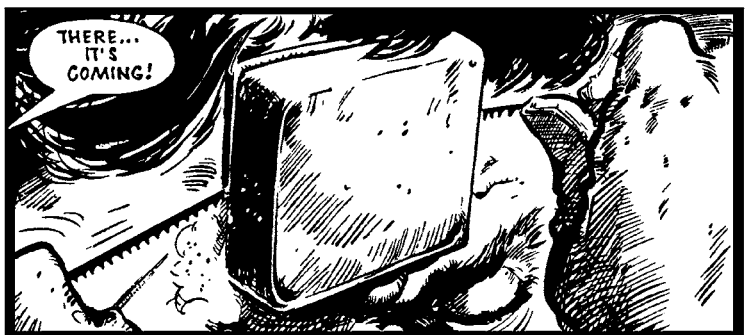
BURKE! BREAK
OUT YOUR
HACKSAW
BLADE!

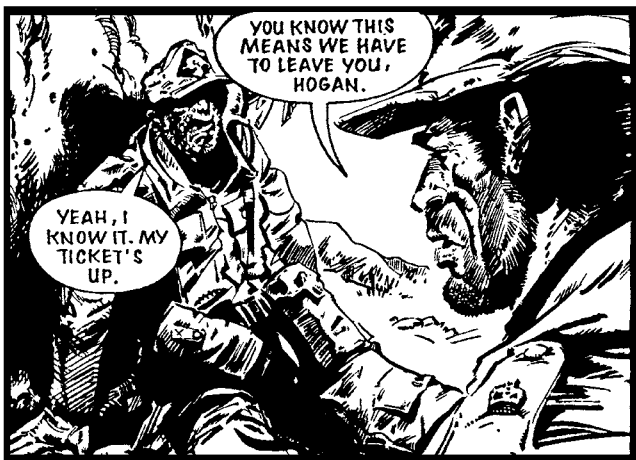
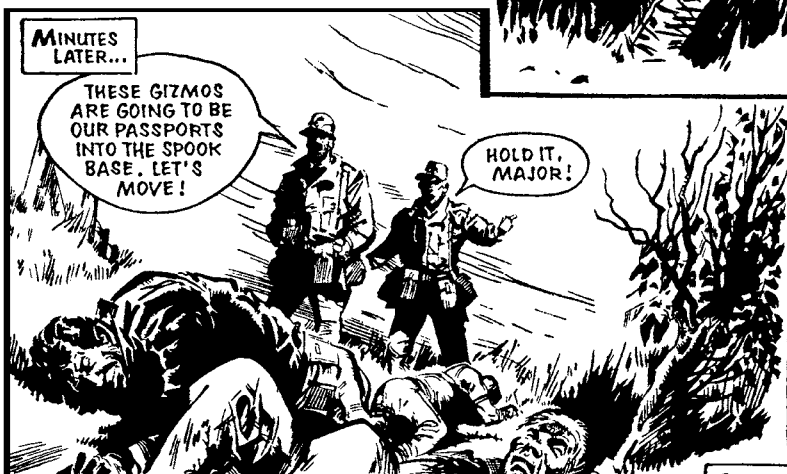
THE ALIENS HAD IMPLANTED CONTROL
DEVICES INTO THEIR HUMAN CAPTIVES'
BRAINS... CREATING AN ARMY OF
MINDLESS SLAVES!

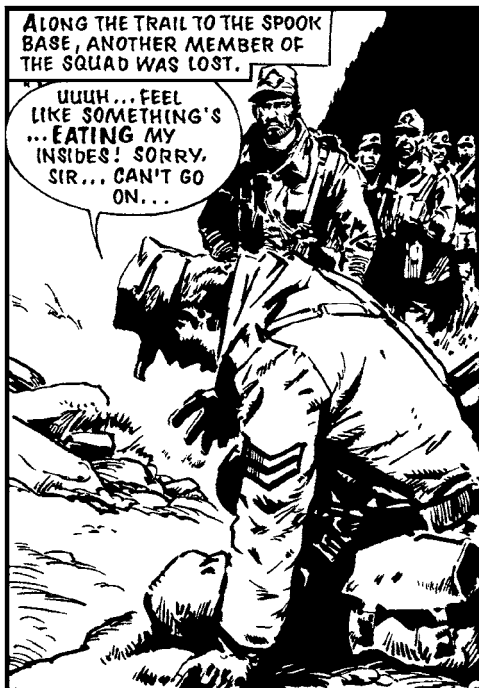
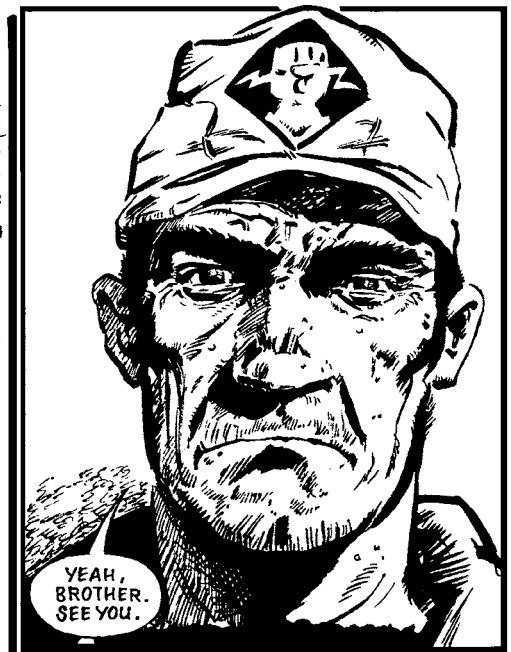
GIVES ME THE WILLIES
THE WAY THEY'RE JUST
STANDING STARING INTO
SPACE LIKE THAT!

THEY'RE
NOT HUMAN
ANY MORE,
BURKE!

THERE...
IT'S
COMING!





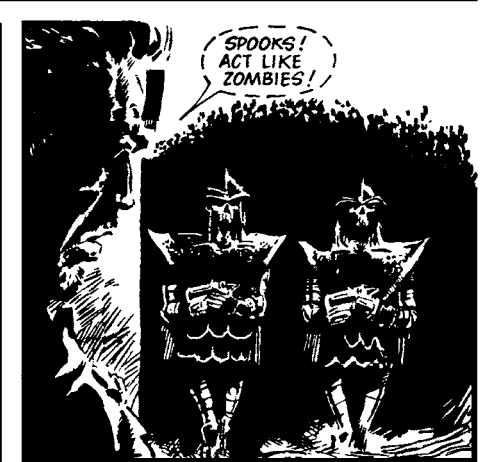
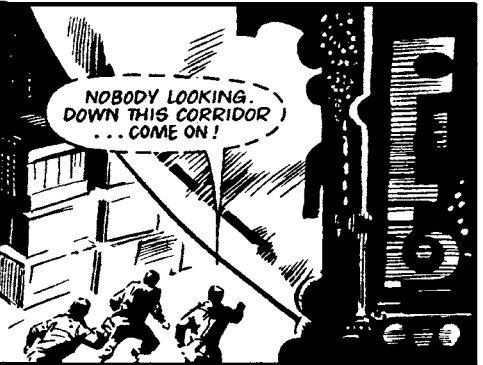


Will the daring plan succeed? Don't miss next week's episode!

The Storm Squad trio willingly joined the "living dead"!

Invasion 1984!

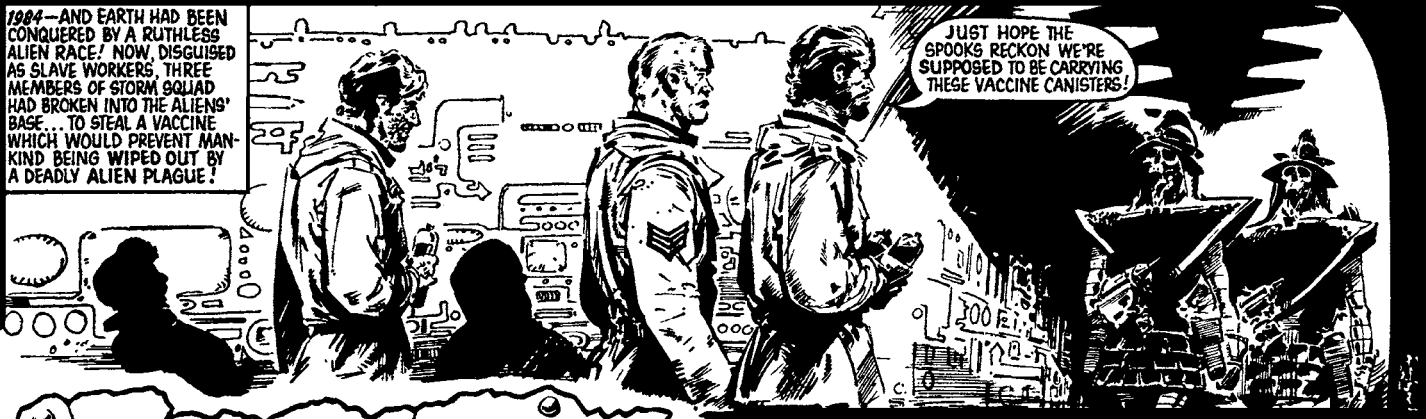






Next issue: "I'm finished...but I'll go out fighting!"

The Storm Squad soldier decided to die fighting the Spooks!

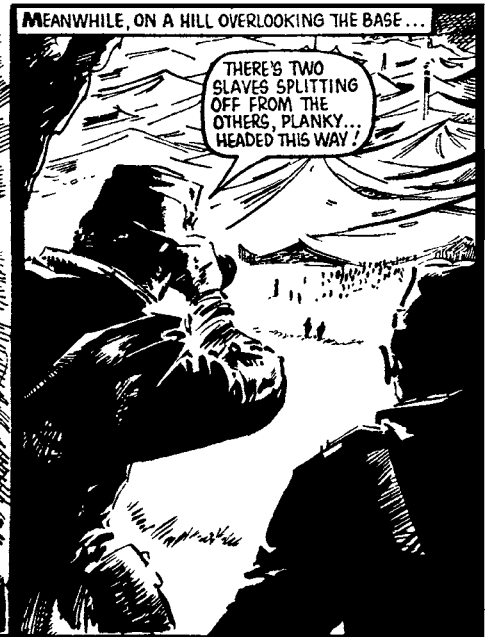


INVASION 1984

BUT AS THE SPOOKS PASSED...







Next week: The deadly chemical weapon called ZX-17!

Major McVicker had a plan that might just beat the Spooks!

Invasion 1984!

THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF STORM SQUAD HAD STOLEN A VACCINE WHICH WOULD COUNTERACT THE EFFECTS OF THE ALIEN DISEASES WIPING OUT THE HUMAN RACE. NOW, AT A TOP-SECRET UNDERGROUND BASE IN THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE...



A CAMOUFLAGED DOOR SLID OPEN.



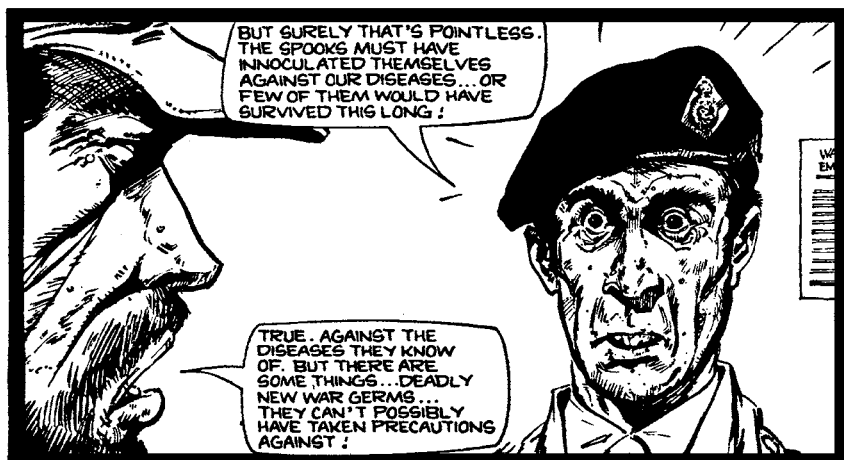
THE BUNKER MED-BAY WAS PACKED WITH DISEASE VICTIMS. ALREADY, THE INCINERATORS HAD CONSUMED MORE THAN TWENTY BODIES.





THE MEETING TOOK PLACE AT 6 PM NEXT DAY.

YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU HOW BADLY THIS WAR HAS GONE. MANKIND... OR WHAT LITTLE'S LEFT OF IT... IS ALMOST FINISHED. IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE, WE MUST BE PREPARED TO TAKE ANY COURSE OF ACTION... NO MATTER HOW DESPERATE!





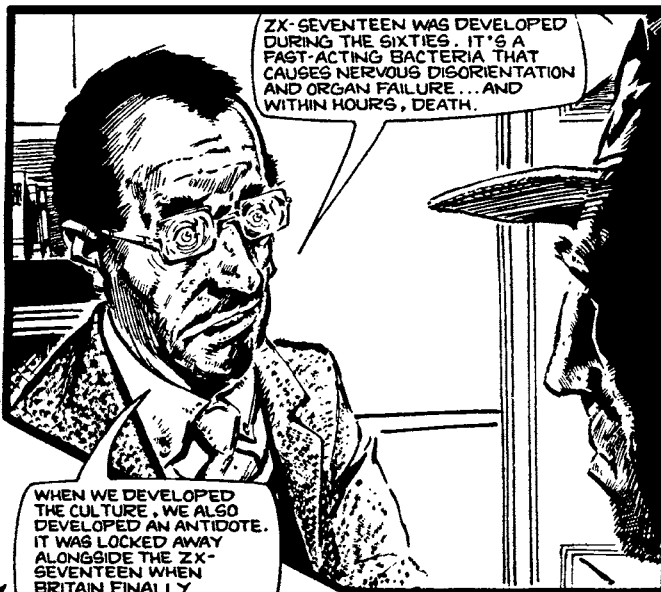
I'M TALKING ABOUT GEDDON DOWN... THE GOVERNMENT BACTERIAL WARFARE RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT. THERE, CULTURES TOO DEADLY EVER TO BE RELEASED, HAVE BEEN HIDDEN FOR YEARS.

I AM PROPOSING THAT WE RELEASE ONE OF THESE!



BUT, McVICKER... THAT WILL RESULT IN THE DEATH OF EVERYONE... SPOOKS AND HUMANS!

NOT NECESSARILY. DOCTOR BENNET THERE WAS ONCE AT TACHED TO GEDDON DOWN. DOC... TELL THEM ABOUT CULTURE ZX-SEVENTEEN.



ZX-SEVENTEEN WAS DEVELOPED DURING THE SIXTIES. IT'S A FAST-ACTING BACTERIA THAT CAUSES NERVOUS DISORIENTATION AND ORGAN FAILURE... AND WITHIN HOURS, DEATH.

BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE POOR BLIGHTERS WE WON'T BE ABLE TO INNOCULATE AGAINST THIS ZX-STUFF? GOOD GRIEF, McVICKER... THEY'LL ALL DIE!

MOST OF THEM ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW, CAPTAIN.



YOU HAVE A STRAIGHT CHOICE. WE DO NOTHING... AND MANKIND PERISHES. OR WE TRY MY PLAN AND MAYBE... JUST MAYBE... ENOUGH OF US WILL SURVIVE TO START OVER AGAIN!



A VOTE WAS TAKEN.

UNANIMOUS: WE RELEASE THE ZX-SEVENTEEN!

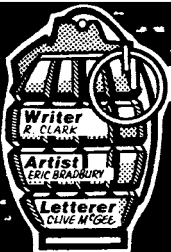


GET YOURSELF BETTER QUICK, LOMAX! YOU'RE COMING ALONG WITH ME ON THIS MISSION!

Next issue: "If we fail, the Human Race will die..."

It would be Mankind's last battle!

A SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER THAT HOUSED THE LAST REMNANTS OF BRITISH RESISTANCE. IN THE MACHINE BAY, EIGHT DETERMINED MEN WERE ASSEMBLED.



INVASION 1984

OUR MISSION IS SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN... TO BREAK INTO THE WARFARE RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT AT GEDDON DOWN AND FIND THE BACTERIA ZX-SEVENTEEN!

IT IS A DESPERATE MISSION, BUT ONE THAT MUST BE UNDERTAKEN. ZX-SEVENTEEN IS OUR ONLY HOPE OF DEFEATING THE ALIEN INVADERS!

YOU SAID 'OUR' MISSION, GENERAL LAPSLEY. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE COMING?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MCVICKER?

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, MAJOR! THIS IS MANKIND'S LAST BATTLE... IT'S MY DUTY TO BE IN ON IT!

FAIR ENOUGH, GENERAL. BUT WE'D BETTER GET ONE THING STRAIGHT - OUT THERE, I'M IN CHARGE!

MAJOR MCVICKER AND THE THREE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF HIS STORM SQUAD...

THINGS ARE LIKELY TO GET PRETTY HAIRY OUT THERE. YOU'RE KIND OF LONG IN THE TOOTH FOR A TOE-TO-TOE WITH THE SPOOKS!

AGREED, MAJOR.

ALSO ON THE MISSION, BACTERIOLOGIST MARTIN BENNET AND LINGUISTICS EXPERT ED LOMAX...

YOU'RE PROPOSING WE FLY TO GEDDON DOWN IN THAT ALIEN CONTRAPTION?

YES, LOMAX. IT'S PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE.



THIS IS SQUADRON-LEADER FRAME. HE'S BEEN STUDYING THE ALIEN CRAFT SINCE IT WAS CAPTURED. HE'LL BE OUR PILOT.

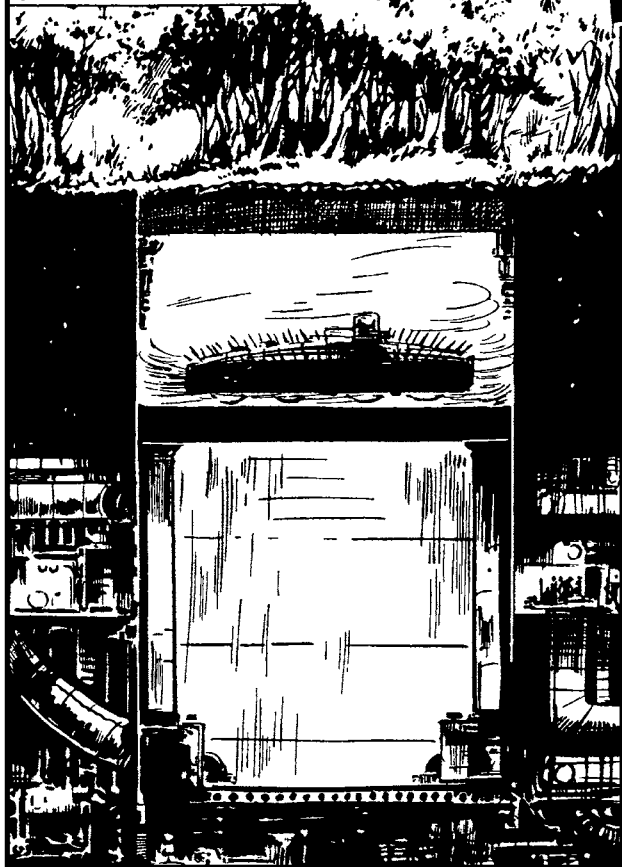
CALL ME 'TOMMO', CHAPS!



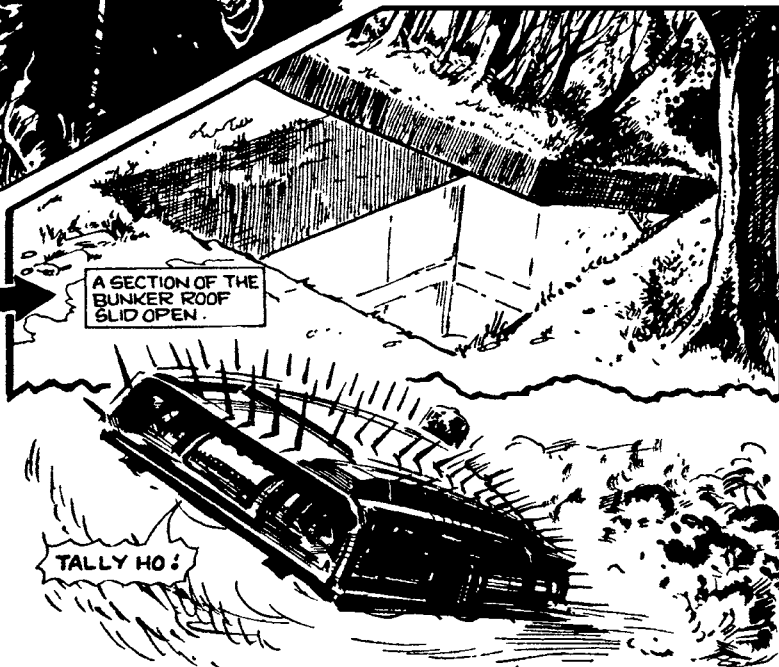
WE LEAVE AT DAWN. I'D LIKE TO REMIND YOU ALL OF WHAT'S AT STAKE — IF WE FAIL, THE HUMAN RACE WILL DIE... AND THE ALIENS WILL INHERIT THE EARTH!



JUST BEFORE DAWN, THE BUNKER'S MAIN HYDRAULIC LIFT ROSE TOWARDS THE SURFACE.



A SECTION OF THE BUNKER ROOF SLID OPEN.



SET COURSE FOR GEDDON DOWN. FLY STRAIGHT AND LOW. DON'T INVITE ANY UNWELCOME ATTENTION.

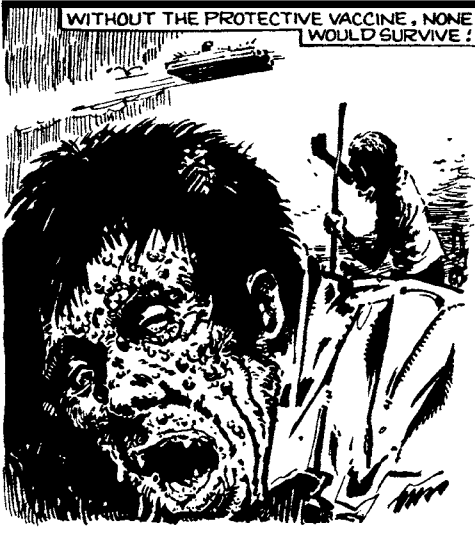
ROGER, MAJOR!



AS DAWN BROKE, THE ALIEN CRAFT SKIMMED SOUTHWARD. BELOW THEM, THE ALL-TOO-ABUNDANT SIGNS OF THE ALIEN PLAGUES WHICH WERE RAVISHING THE PLANET.



WITHOUT THE PROTECTIVE VACCINE, NONE WOULD SURVIVE!



LOOK BELOW THERE - A PARTY OF SLAVE WORKERS CLEARING UP THE CORPSES!



NONE OF THEM ARE ILL; THEY'VE ALL BEEN VACCINATED!



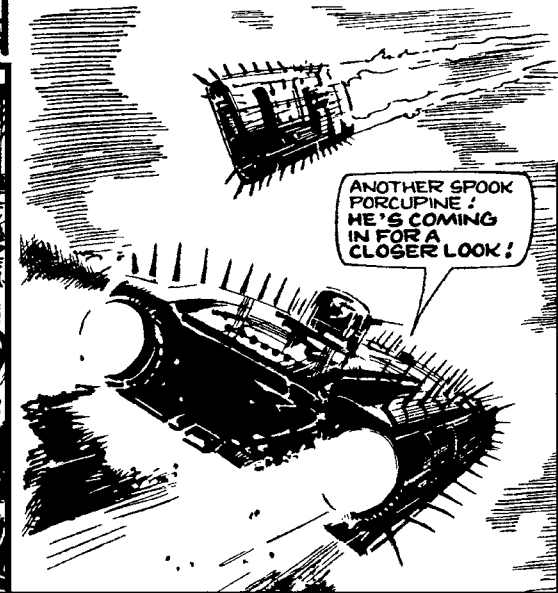
YES, MARTIN - BUT WHAT A PRICE TO PAY! THEY'RE NO MORE THAN MINDLESS ZOMBIES! THEY'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD!



MAJOR! WE APPEAR TO HAVE COMPANY!



ANOTHER SPOOK PORCUPINE! HE'S COMING IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK!



Next episode: "They want us to identify ourselves!"

Was there any hope left for Mankind?

Invasion 1984!

IN A CAPTURED ALIEN HOVER-TANK, EIGHT MEN HAD SET OUT ON A DESPERATE MISSION. THEIR AIM... TO OBTAIN THE DEADLY BACTERIA ZX-17, MANKIND'S LAST WEAPON AGAINST THE SAVAGE ALIEN RACE WHICH HAD INVADIED EARTH!

IT APPEARS WE HAVE COMPANY, MAJOR! ANOTHER SPOOK PORCUPINE... AND HE'S COMING IN TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

THEY'RE TRYING TO RAISE US ON THE RADIO, MAJOR MCVICKER! THEY WANT US TO IDENTIFY OURSELVES!

SPIN THEM A YARN! TELL THEM WE'RE ON A SECRET MISSION... UNABLE TO DISCLOSE DETAILS!

LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, THE ALIEN CRAFT APPROACHED GEDDON DOWN, THE LONG-DISUSED BACTERIAL WARFARE RESEARCH STATION.

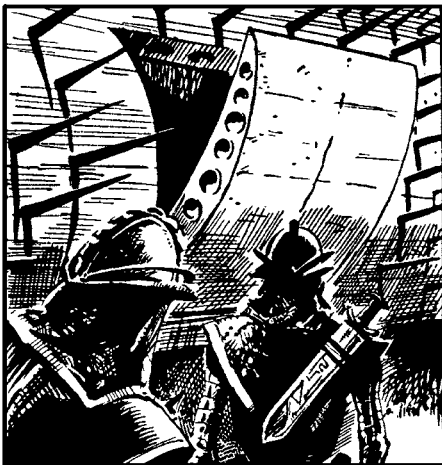
PROFESSOR ED LOMAX WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD SPEAK THE ALIENS' ULTRA-SONIC LANGUAGE.

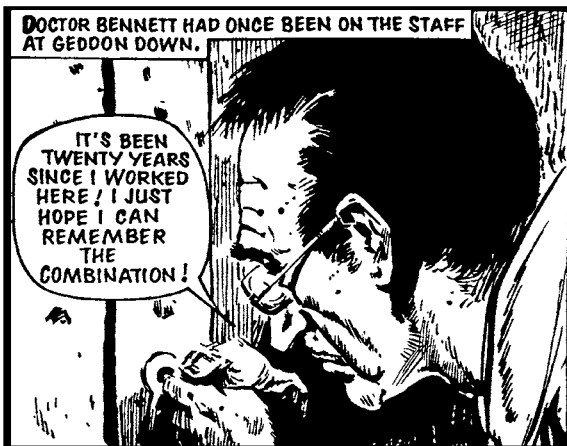
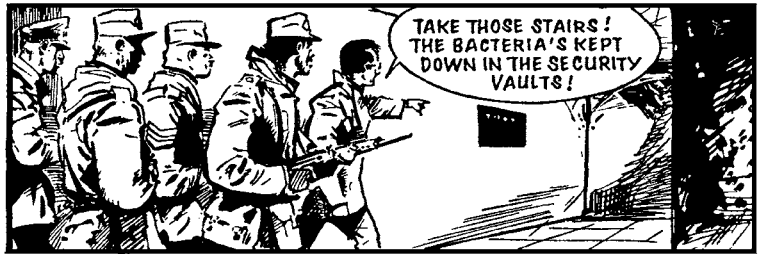
IT'S WORKED! THEY'RE VEERING OFF!

LAND US IN THE MAIN QUAD!

WILCO, MAJOR!

Writer
A. CLARK
Artist
BOB BRADSHAW
Letterer
JOHN ALDRICH





Can the vault be opened? See the next great issue!

EVERY THURSDAY

26th NOVEMBER 1983

BATTLE ACTION FORCE

20p

INSIDE:
THE
BLACK
MAJOR
DATAFILE

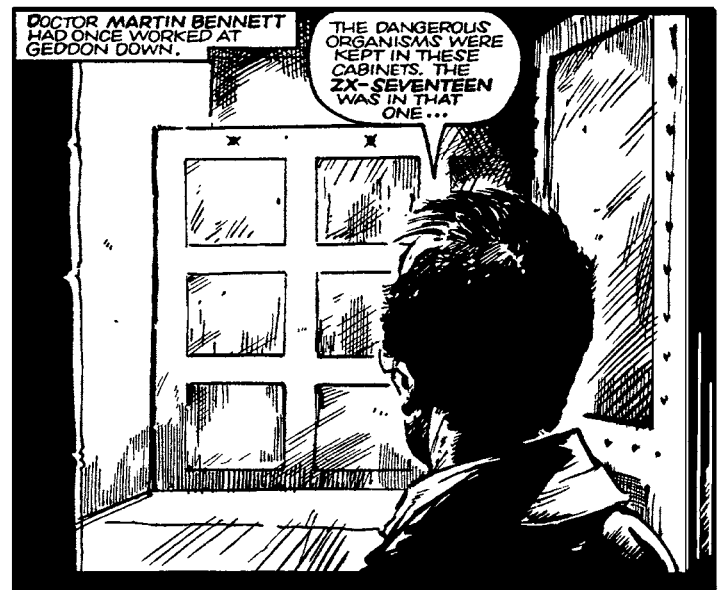
INVASION 1984 IN A LAST-DITCH EFFORT TO DEFEAT EARTH'S ALIEN CONQUERORS, THE BRITISH RESISTANCE HAD BROKEN INTO GEDDON DOWN BACTERIAL WARFARE RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, BUT THERE...

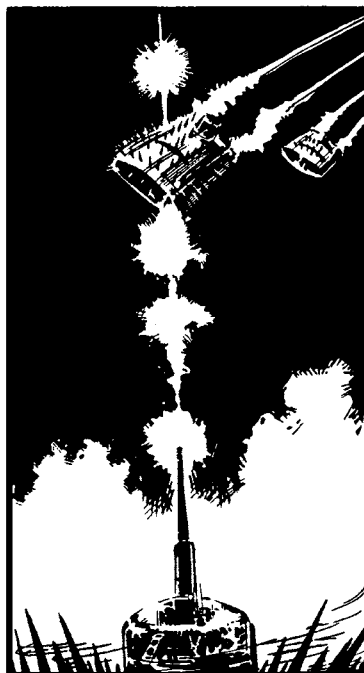
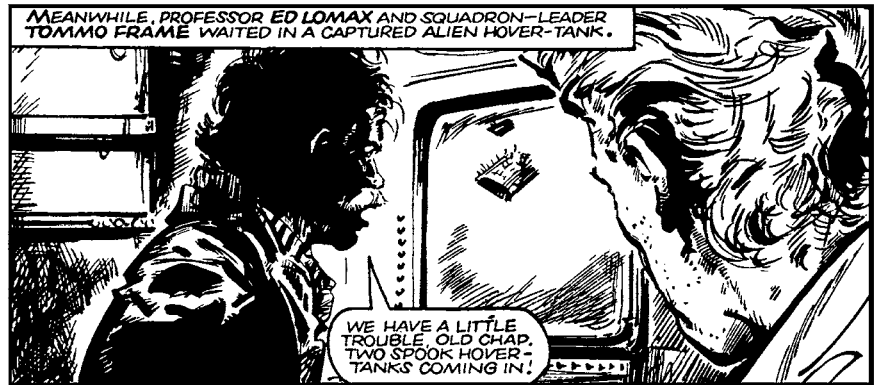
MORE SPOOKS—
AAAAGH!

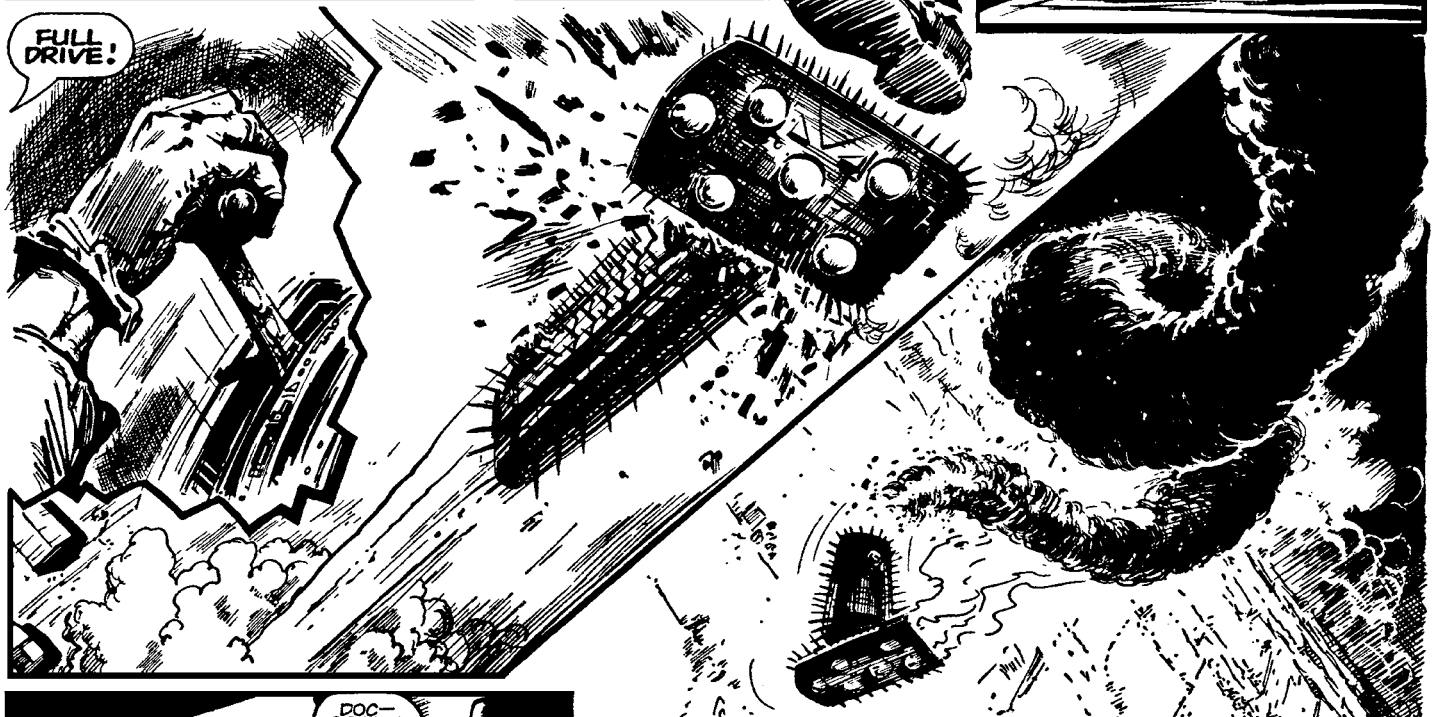


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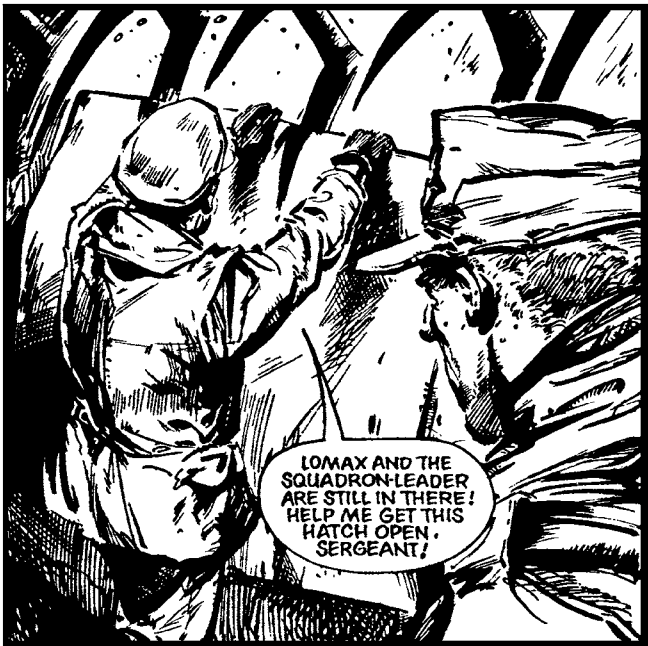
Next episode: "There can hardly be a human left alive!"

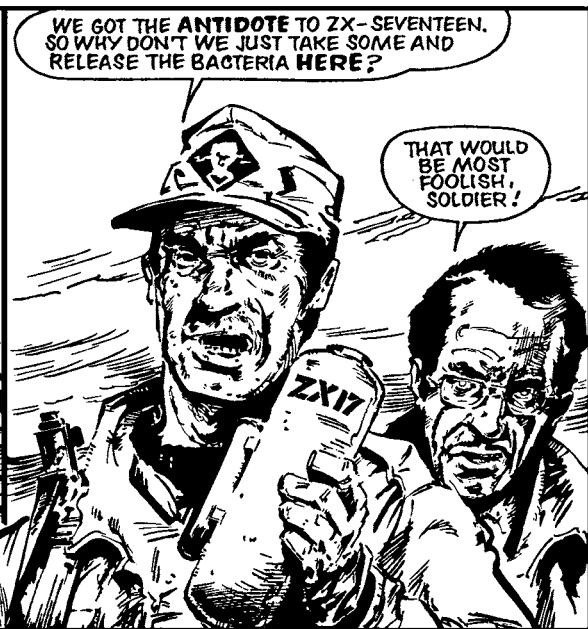
Another victim of the Alien plague!

IN AN ATTEMPT TO DEFEAT THE EARTH'S ALIEN CONQUERORS, BRITISH RESISTANCE HAD RETRIEVED THE DEADLY BACTERIA ZX-17 FROM GEDDON DOWN. WHEN AN ALIEN HOVERTANK ATTACKED, THEY USED THEIR OWN STOLEN CRAFT TO BRING IT DOWN. NOW...



INVASION
1984







HELP ME!
PLEASE...
HELP...

DON'T SHOOT,
SIR! IT'S A MAN!



ANOTHER VICTIM
OF THAT ALIEN
PLAGUE!

APART FROM US AND
THOSE IN THE BUNKER,
THERE CAN HARDLY BE
A HUMAN LEFT ALIVE!

WE'LL GET OUR OWN
BACK, DOCTOR. WITH YOUR
ZX- SEVENTEEN, WE CAN
MAKE THE ALIENS PAY
FOR EVERY LIFE
THEY'VE TAKEN!

ALL RESISTANCE MEMBERS HAD
BEEN INNOCULATED WITH THE
ALIENS' OWN VACCINE.



AN ENGINE
STARTING...?



ALL ABOARD
THE SKYLARK!



MIGHT BE A BIT
CONSPICUOUS, MAJOR-
BUT IT'S A HUNDRED
MILES BACK TO THE
BUNKER!

WE HAVE TO
RISK IT, SERGEANT
DENT.

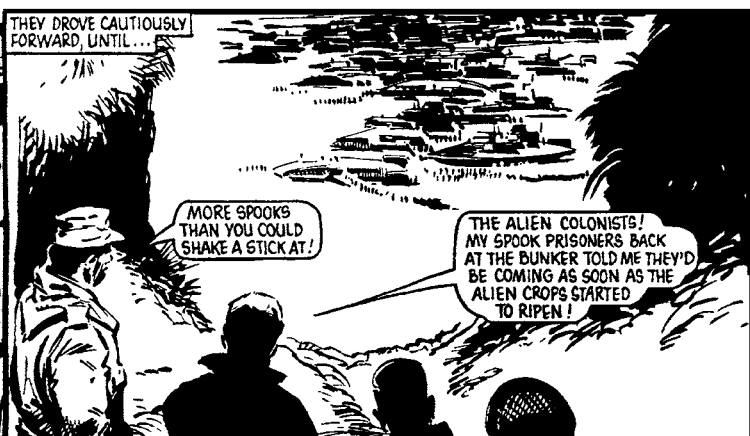
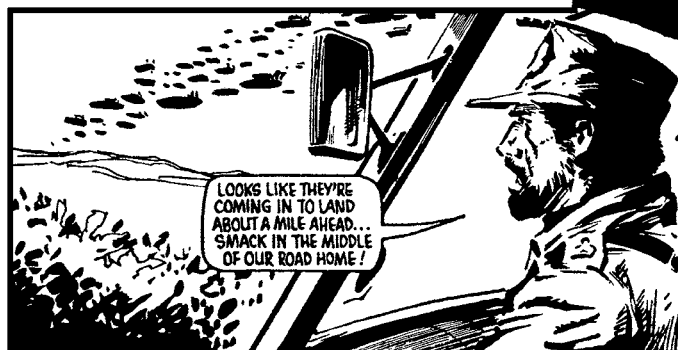


WE'LL TAKE IT AS FAR
AS THE SPOOKS ALLOW
US! AFTER THAT, WE
PLAY IT BY EAR!

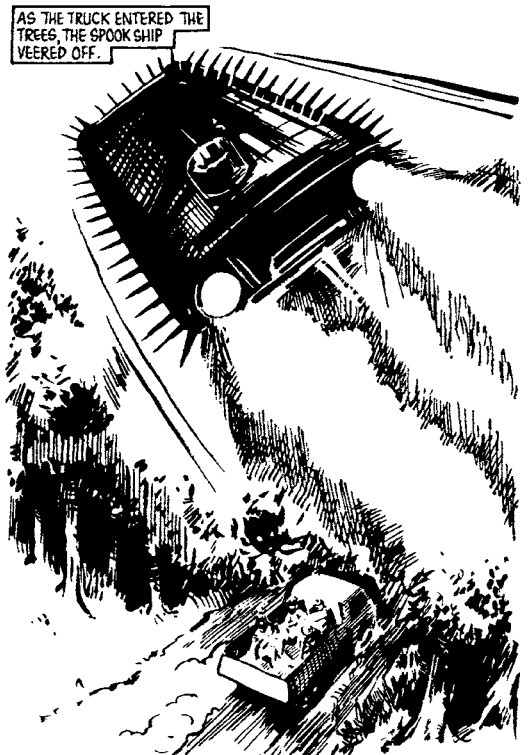
Next week: The way to escape cut off by an armada of Aliens!

At the mercy of a Flying Porcupine!

Invasion 1984!







One man's lone battle against Alien hordes!

IN A LAST-DITCH ATTEMPT TO DEFEAT EARTH'S ALIEN CONQUERORS, REMNANTS OF BRITISH RESISTANCE HAD RETRIEVED THE DEADLY BACTERIA ZX-17. NOW, ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BUNKER, THEY WERE SPOTTED BY A SPOOK SHIP.

WE NEED SOMEONE TO LEAD THEM ON A CHASE...GIVE THE OTHERS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE! I'M THE OLDEST... THE MOST EXPENDABLE!

HERE I AM, YOU DEVILS! TAKE ME IF YOU CAN!

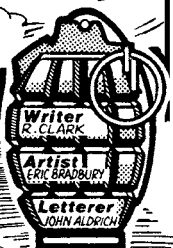
INVASION 1984

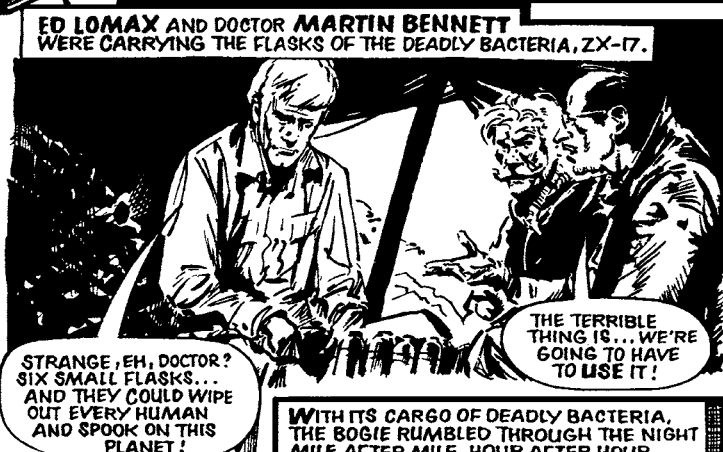
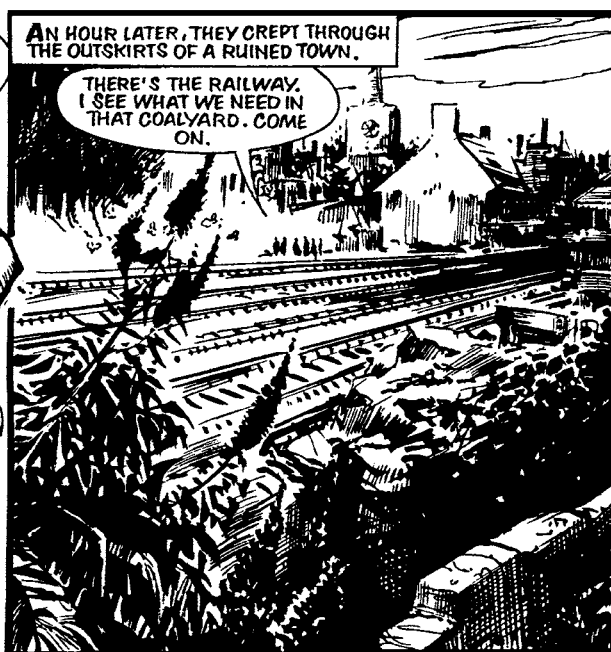
HA! SHOOTING WIDE, SPOOK!

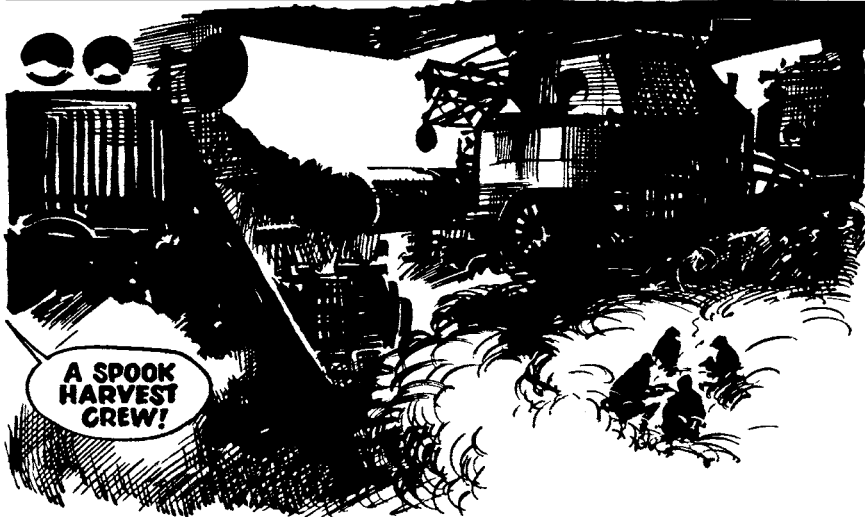
SPOOKS ARE VEERING OFF, MAJOR! MUST RECKON THEY GOT US ALL IN THE TRUCK!

THAT WAS THE IDEA!

GENERAL LAPSLEY SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO SAVE US! A SOLDIER TO THE END!







Are you brave enough to read the next terrifying episode?

The Alien's mammoth machines thundered at Storm Squad!

Invasion 1984!

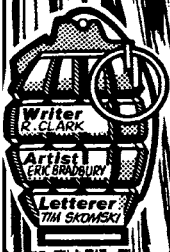
IN A LAST-DITCH ATTEMPT TO DEFEAT THE ALIENS WHO HAD CONQUERED EARTH, REMNANTS OF BRITISH RESISTANCE HAD RETRIEVED THE DEADLY BACTERIA ZX-17. NOW, ALMOST IN REACH OF THEIR BUNKER, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A SPOOK HARVEST CREW.

ABANDON THE BOGIE!
INTO THE FIELDS!



THESE ALIEN PLANTS
OUGHT TO GIVE US COVER!

HEAD NORTH!
STAY IN SIGHT
OF EACH OTHER!



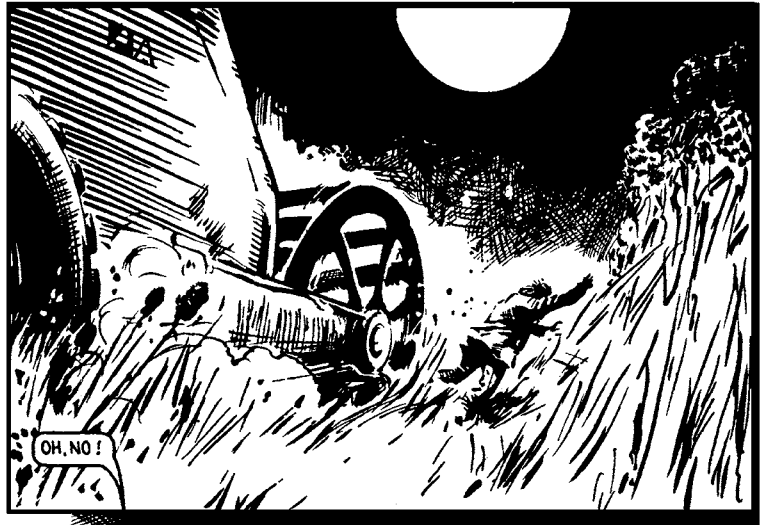
MAJOR McVICKER!
LISTEN... AN
ENGINE STARTING!

THE GIANT MACHINES
THUNDERED FORWARD,
CLEARING A WIDE
SWATHE.



THE SPOOKS ARE
BRINGING IN THEIR
HARVESTERS!







Next issue: Earth becomes a death-trap!

The final showdown against the Spook invaders!

1984. AND EARTH HAD BEEN CONQUERED BY A SAVAGE ALIEN RACE. HUMANITY WAS NEAR EXTERMINATION.



NOW, IN A BUNKER BENEATH THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE, THE LAST REMNANTS OF BRITISH RESISTANCE PREPARED TO UNLEASH A TERRIBLE WEAPON.



WE HAVE ALL BEEN INNOCULATED AGAINST THE ZX-SEVENTEEN BACTERIA! WE MUST NOW DECIDE... DARE WE RELEASE IT?

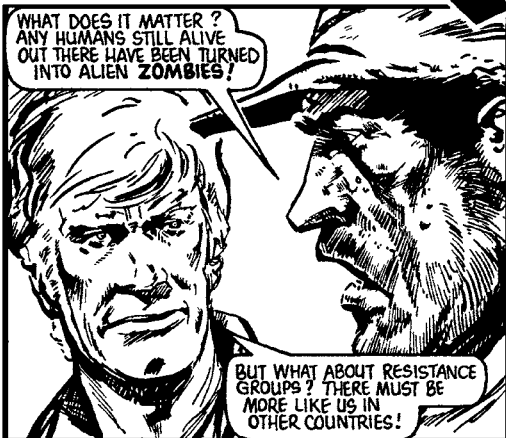
IF WE DO, IT WILL CAUSE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALIENS, BUT IT WILL ALSO DESTROY EVERY HUMAN WHO HAS NOT BEEN INNOCULATED!

THE BEST WE CAN DO IS PUT OUT A RADIO BROADCAST, WARNING LISTENERS... IF THERE ARE ANY... TO STAY IN THEIR BUNKERS UNTIL THE BACTERIA ITSELF DIES OUT!

VERY WELL! THERE ARE NO FURTHER OBJECTIONS?

THEN WE ARE AGREED! WE RELEASE THE ZX-SEVENTEEN!

WHAT DOES IT MATTER? ANY HUMANS STILL ALIVE OUT THERE HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO ALIEN ZOMBIES!



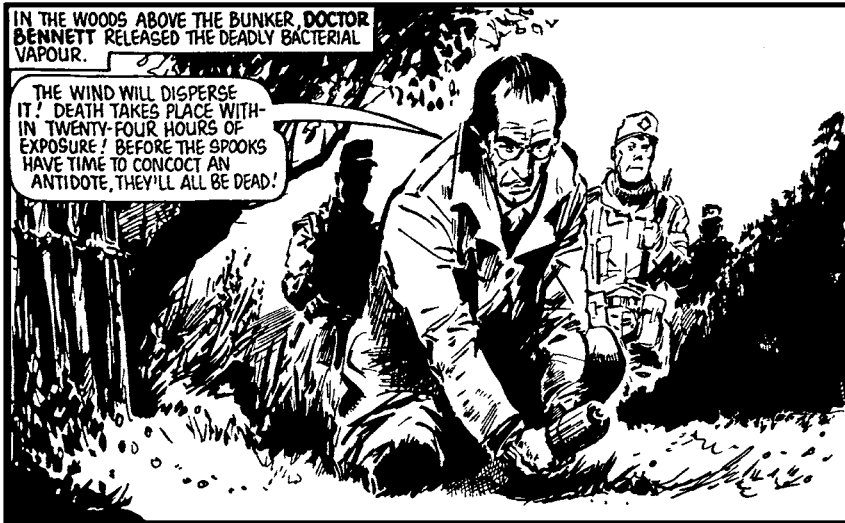
BUT WHAT ABOUT RESISTANCE GROUPS? THERE MUST BE MORE LIKE US IN OTHER COUNTRIES!

THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET THE ZX-SEVENTEEN ANTIDOTE TO THEM... AND WE CAN'T AFFORD TO DELAY ANY LONGER!

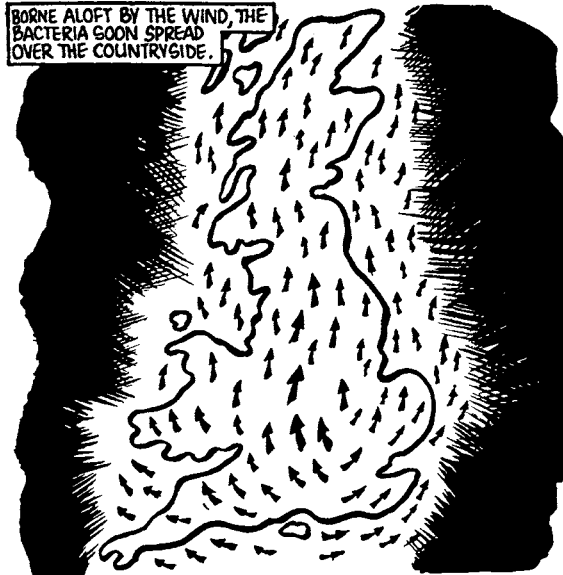


IN THE WOODS ABOVE THE BUNKER, DOCTOR BENNETT RELEASED THE DEADLY BACTERIAL VAPOUR.

THE WIND WILL DISPERSE IT! DEATH TAKES PLACE WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF EXPOSURE! BEFORE THE SPOOKS HAVE TIME TO CONCOCT AN ANTIDOTE, THEY'LL ALL BE DEAD!



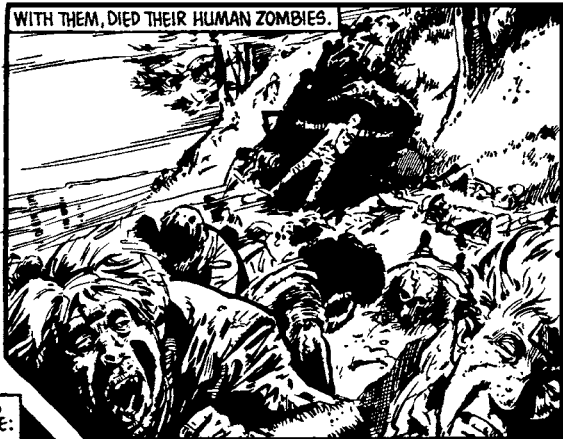
BORNE ALOFT BY THE WIND, THE BACTERIA GOON SPREAD OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE.



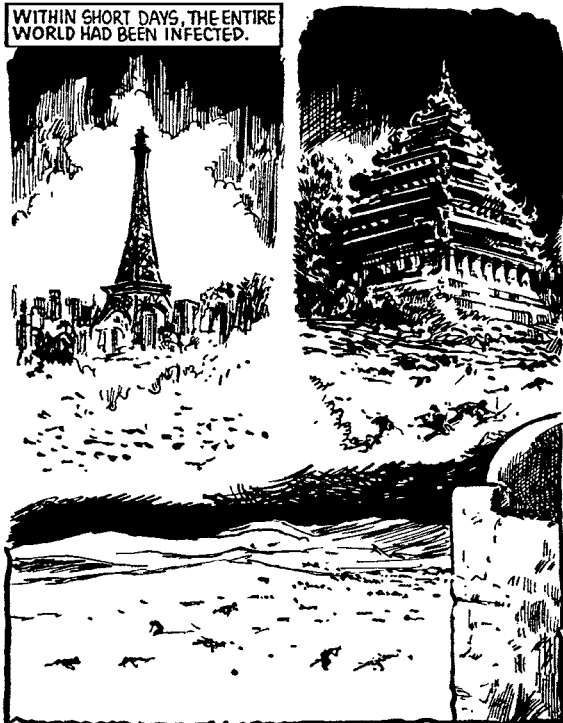
BY THE NEXT DAY THE SPOOK INVADERS WERE DYING IN THEIR MILLIONS.



WITH THEM, DIED THEIR HUMAN ZOMBIES.



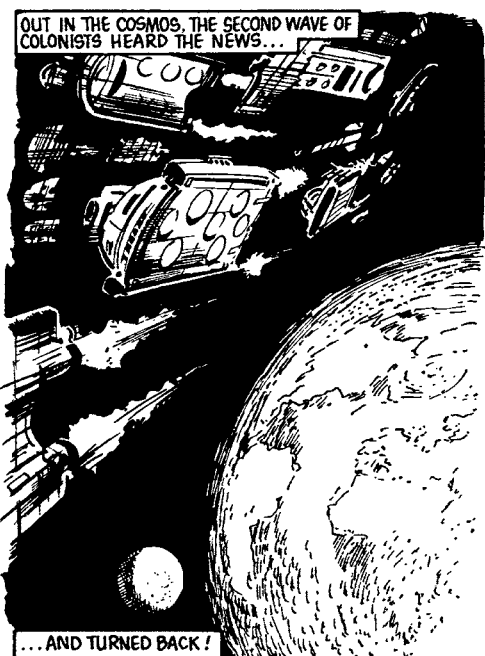
WITHIN SHORT DAYS, THE ENTIRE WORLD HAD BEEN INFECTED.



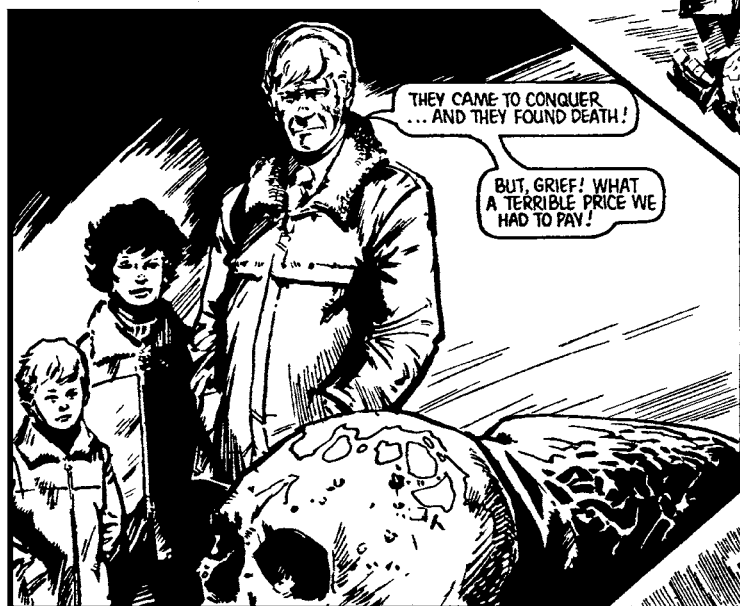
IN THEIR BASES, THE DYING ALIENS BROADCAST A DESPERATE MESSAGE: EARTH WAS A DEATH-TRAP!



OUT IN THE COSMOS, THE SECOND WAVE OF COLONISTS HEARD THE NEWS...



... AND TURNED BACK!





JOHN WAGNER

One of the most influential names in the British comics industry, **John Wagner** started his professional career in the 1960s, working for DC Thompson in Dundee. Sub-editing various titles including *Romeo*, Wagner went freelance in the early seventies, forming a writing partnership with Pat Mills. Soon after, Wagner made the move down south, joining IPC's staff, where he initially edited girls' titles, *Sandie* and *Princess Tina*, before helping to develop *Battle Picture Weekly*. Appointed as editor to the ailing boys' comic *Valiant*, Wagner had an instant impact, co-creating and writing the hard-hitting cop strip *One-Eyed Jack*. He is best known as the co-creator of both *Judge Dredd* and *Strontium Dog* for **2000 AD** and *A History of Violence*, which was adapted into a movie by David Cronenberg.

ALAN GRANT

With over 300 **2000 AD** stories to his name – not to mention over 250 **Daily Star** *Judge Dredd* strips – Alan Grant's prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. Other notable work includes runs on *Lobo* and *The Demon* for DC Comics and adaptations of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. In 2016 he teamed up with John Wagner once again, co-creating *Rok of the Reds* for BHP Comics.

ERIC BRADBURY

The great **Eric Bradbury** began his comic career at *Knockout*, working on such humour strips as *Blossom* and *Our Ernie*. He moved onto the adventure western *Lucky Logan*, sharing art chores with Mike Western (Bradbury would go on to ink Western's pencils on *The Leopard from Lime Street*). High profile work on *Mytek the Mighty* (*Valiant* & *Vulcan*), *the House of Dolmann* (*Valiant*), *Von Hoffman's Invasion* (*Jet!*), *Death Squad* (*Battle*), *Hook Jaw* (*Action*) and *Doomlord* (*The Eagle*) followed.

Bradbury has been described as an 'unsung hero' of **2000 AD**, having contributed to many popular strips in the long-running sci-fi comic. His credits in the 'Galaxy's Greatest comic' include *Rogue Trooper*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Invasion* and *The Mean Arena*.



IN THE 80'S NOT ALL E.T.'S WERE FRIENDLY!

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



TREASURY
OF BRITISH
COMICS

REBELLION

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1984. Skeletal-looking alien warriors have invaded the Earth, bringing many large cities like London to the brink of total destruction!

Taken by surprise, mankind must now dig deep to survive! In Britain, the tough-as-boots military outfit known as 'Storm Squad' mount the fightback against the 'Spooks' while professor Ed Lomax looks into a way of permanently ridding the planet of this unearthly foe for good!