



BATTLE

PRESENTS

SNIPER ELITE

RESISTANCE

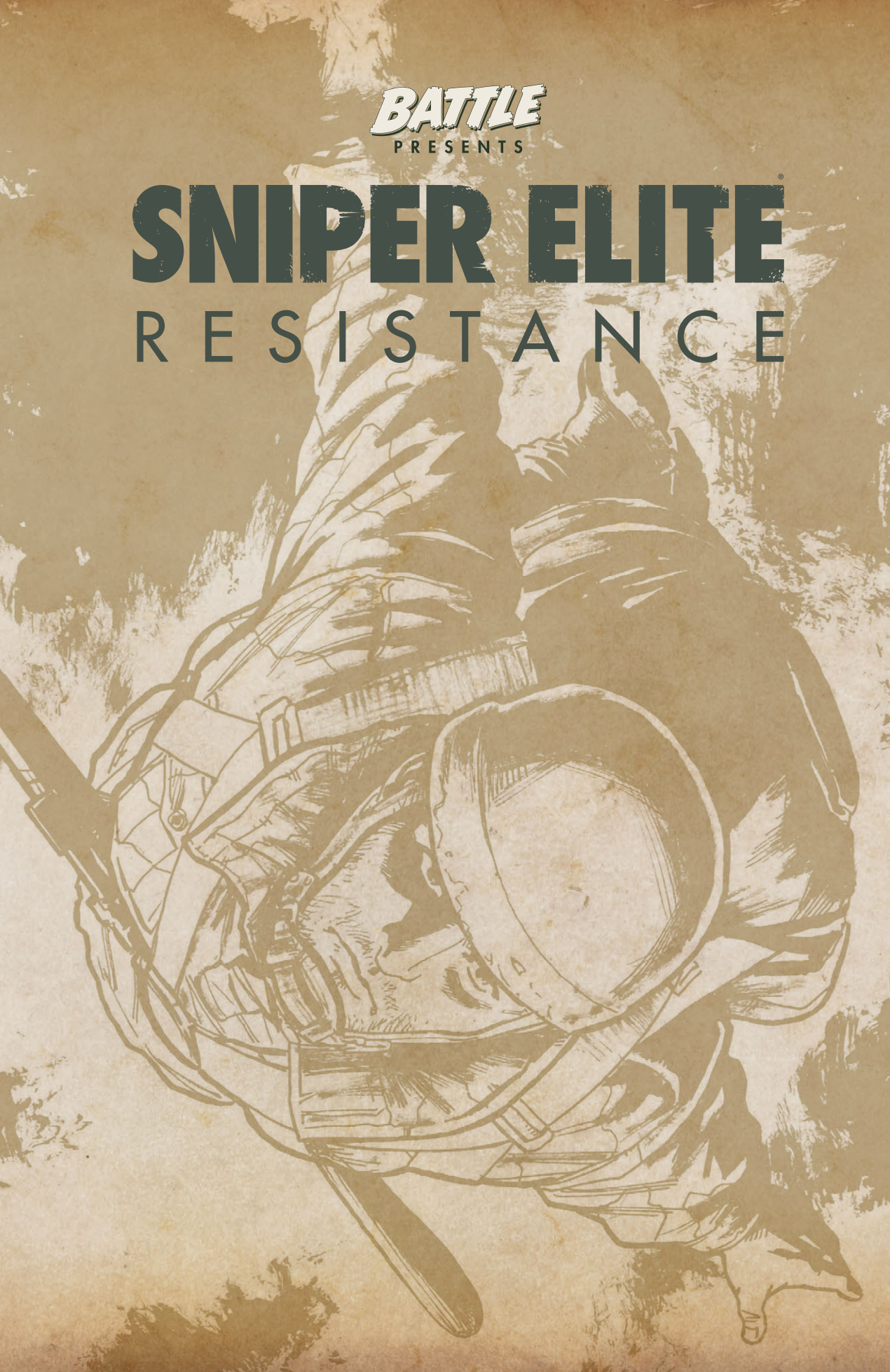
KEITH RICHARDSON // PATRICK GODDARD



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PRESENTS

SNIPER ELITE

RESISTANCE



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Artist

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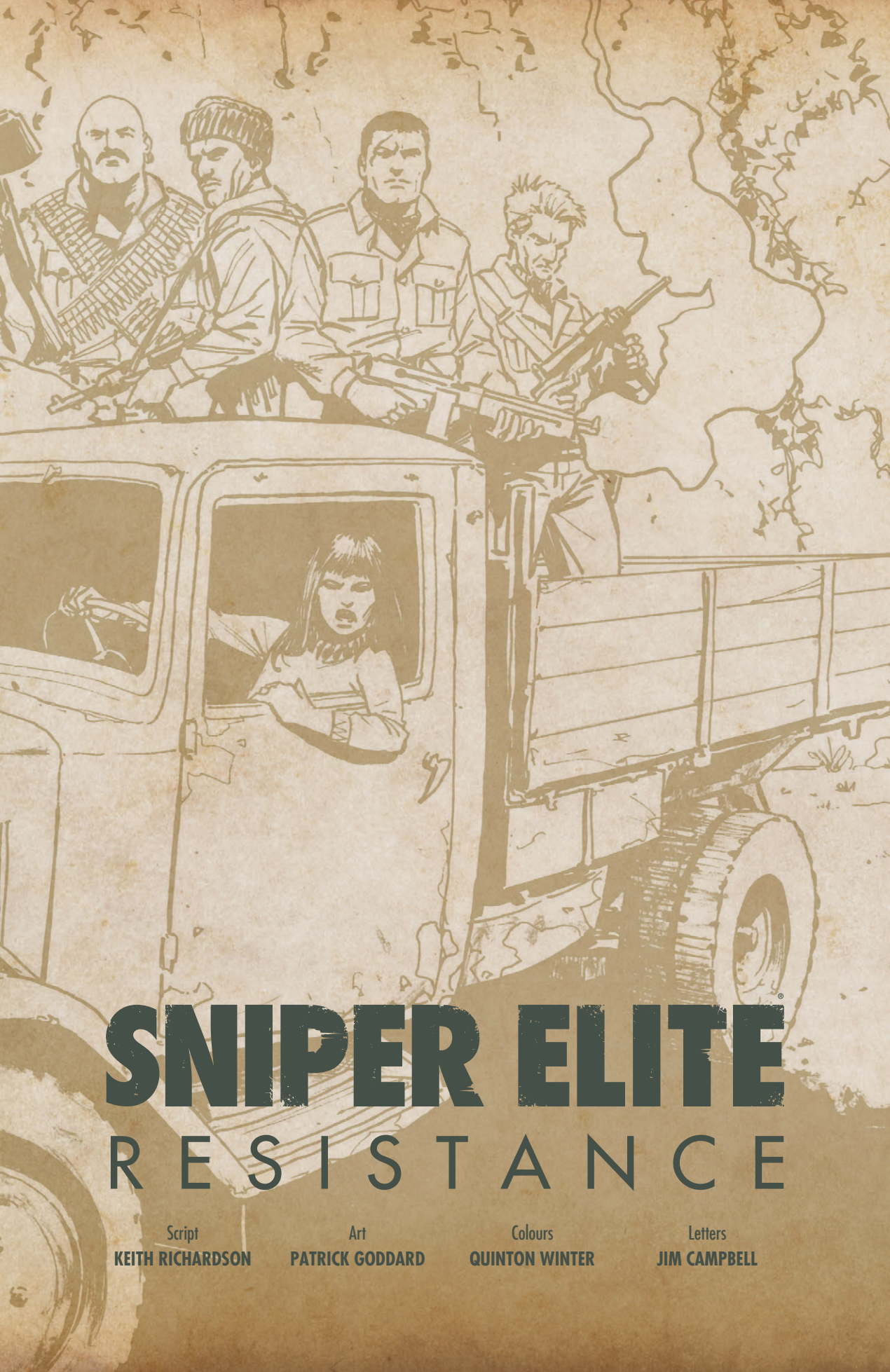
Printed on FSC Accredited Paper

Keith Richardson

*For my ladies,
Magda Sreba and Lilliana Richardson.*

*Dedicated to the memory of
John Victor Richardson.*





SNIPER ELITE

R E S I S T A N C E

Script
KEITH RICHARDSON

Art
PATRICK GODDARD

Colours
QUINTON WINTER

Letters
JIM CAMPBELL

Somewhere above
occupied France,
June 1941--





GOTT IN
HIMMEL!

GAAHH!

Hammersmith, London.
Two days earlier--



♪ YOU DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU'RE
LOOKIN' AT, NOW
HAVE A LOOK
AT ME.

♪ I'M A BIT
OF A NOB I AM,
BELONG TO
ROYALTEE.

♪ I'LL
TELL YOU
HOW IT CAME
ABOUT.

♪ I MARRIED
WIDOW BURCH, AND I
WAS KING OF ENGLAND
WHEN I TODDLED OUT
OF CHURCH...



♪ I'M HENERY
THE EIGHTH, I AM...
HENERY THE EIGHTH
I AM, I AM...



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY, OLD
FRIEND.

HERE'S HOPING THE
BASTARDS HAVEN'T PUT
YOU IN THE GROUND
YET...

MONSIEUR
FAIRBURN?



YES?

HELLO, I AM
MADAME...*MRS* MARIE
GAUNT--MAJOR NEWMAN'S
SECRETARY. HE WANTS TO
SEE YOU AT *S.C.E. HQ*
RIGHT AWAY.



WOULD
YOU CARE TO
JOIN ME FOR
A DRINK
FIRST?

NOT REALLY. MY LATE
HUSBAND SPENT FAR TOO
MUCH TIME IN PLACES LIKE
THIS. I DON'T CARE MUCH
FOR THEM.



OKAY, PERSONALLY, I FIND
THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF
THE GREAT BRITISH PUB A
WELCOME DISTRACTION TO
THIS HELLISH NIGHTMARE
WE FIND OURSELVES
IN.

NOW IS NOT
THE TIME FOR
DISTRACTIONS,
MONSIEUR.



YOUR HUSBAND--WAS HE BRITISH?

YES... A PROUD LONDONER. HE WAS KILLED IN DUNKIRK LAST YEAR.

MY CONDOLENCES. IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD.

SSSHHHHUUURRRRE ME BESSST MATE, YOU--

FOR GAWD'S SAKE, STOP STRUGGLING!



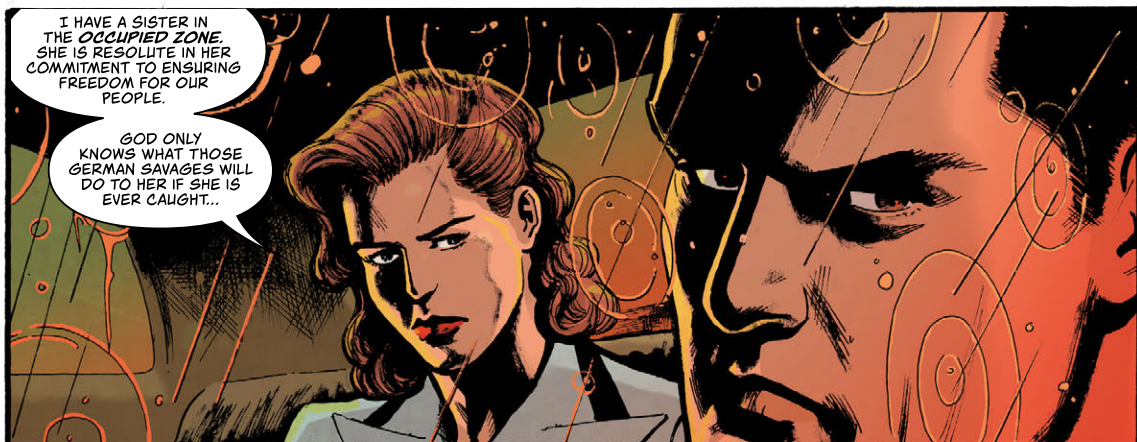
NOT AS HARD AS LOSING MY COUNTRY.



I HOPE I DIDN'T GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT I DIDN'T LOVE MY HUSBAND, MR FAIRBURNE. IT'S JUST... WELL, HE'S GONE, BUT FRANCE MAY STILL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE.

I AGREE.

YOU STILL HAVE FAMILY THERE?



I HAVE A SISTER IN THE OCCUPIED ZONE. SHE IS RESOLUTE IN HER COMMITMENT TO ENSURING FREEDOM FOR OUR PEOPLE.

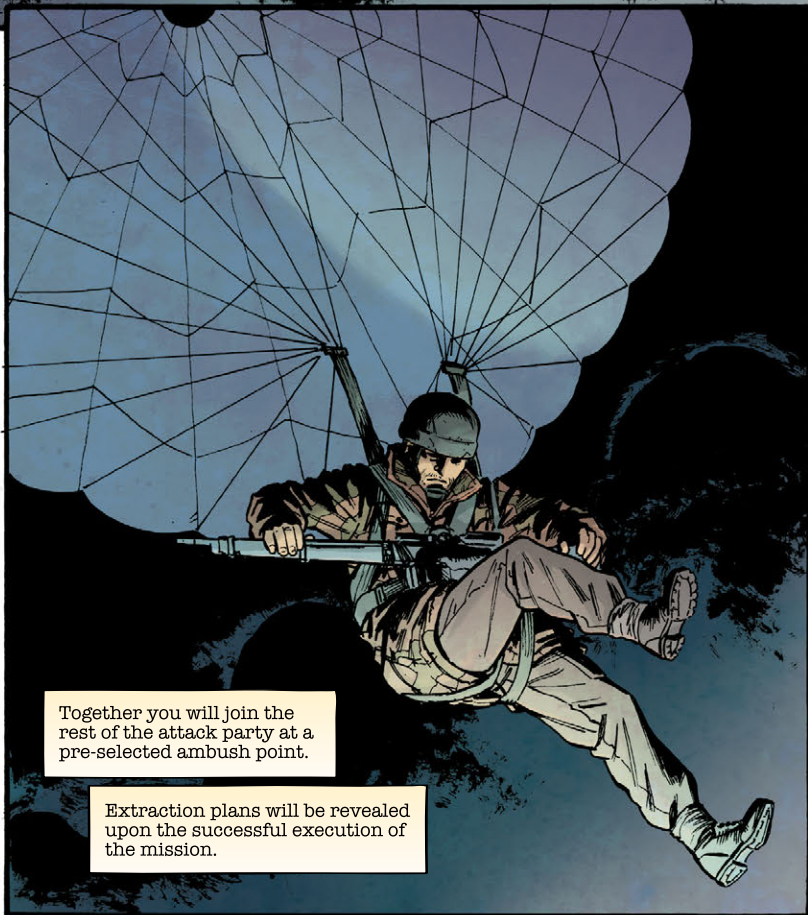
GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT THOSE GERMAN SAVAGES WILL DO TO HER IF SHE IS EVER CAUGHT...

THE MISSION:

To cross into occupied Angoulême and aid resistance fighters in the capture of a new German **anti-aircraft** weapon being shipped by rail to Paris.



A dropzone has been established twenty miles west of Angoulême city centre. Operatives 'Elyse' and 'D'anton' will be waiting there.



They will guide you to a rendezvous with 'Babette' -- the S.O.E. agent in charge of this mission.

Together you will join the rest of the attack party at a pre-selected ambush point.

Extraction plans will be revealed upon the successful execution of the mission.



<HAVE YOU BEEN TO PARIS LATELY? I HEARD THAT IT IS LOVELY IN THE SUMMER.>

<THIS IS TRUE, BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY DOG OWNERS IN PARIS SO I STAY AWAY.>



I HOPE THAT YOU ARE READY FOR A LONG WALK, MONSIEUR.

AS READY AS I'LL EVER BE.

YOU MUST BE D'ANTON.



OUI, AND THAT IS ELYSE.

NICE TO MEET YOU.

TALK LATER, PLEASE. I DON'T TRUST THE FARMER WHO OWNS THIS FIELD.



YOU DON'T TRUST ANYBODY, MON AMOUR YOU'VE BEEN THAT WAY LONG BEFORE THE GERMANS INVADED.





PROBLEM?

LOOKS LIKE
THE GERMANS
ARE BLOCKING
THE ROAD
AHEAD.

YOU THINK
THEY SAW THE
PARACHUTE?



WHO KNOWS? THIS WILL MEAN
THAT WE WILL HAVE TO TAKE A
DETOUR TO THE WEST THEN CUT
THROUGH SOME FARMLAND
TO GET US BACK ON
TRACK.

DO YOU
KNOW THE
FARMER?

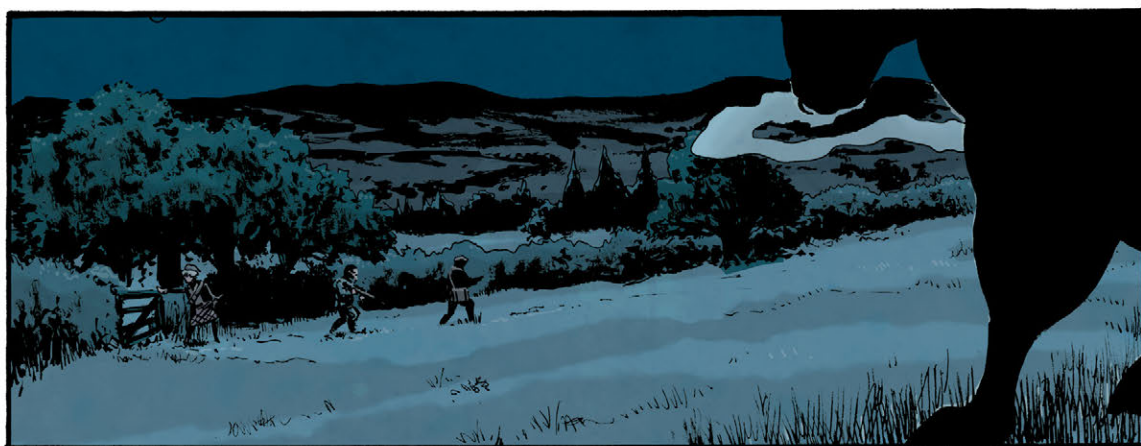
**FREDERIC
LEFEBURE.** HE HATES
THE GERMANS AND CLAIMS
THAT HE FOUGHT THEM
AT THE BATTLE OF
VERDUN.

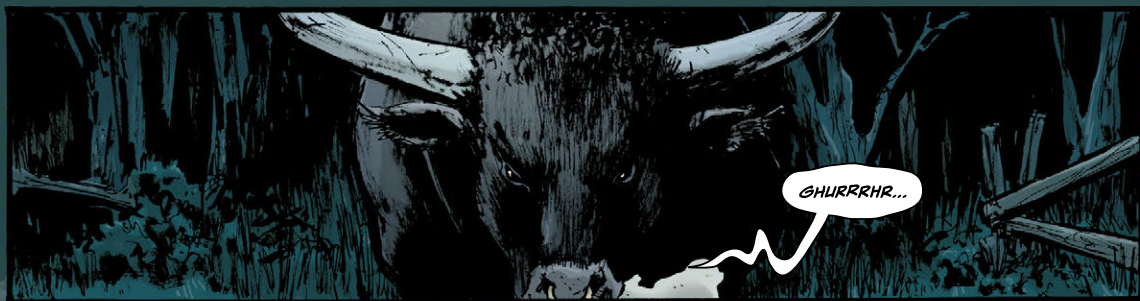
OF
COURSE, THESE
STORIES ARE OFTEN
TOLD AFTER SEVERAL
BOTTLES OF WINE.

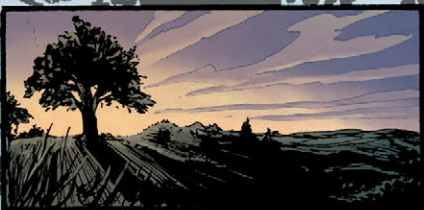


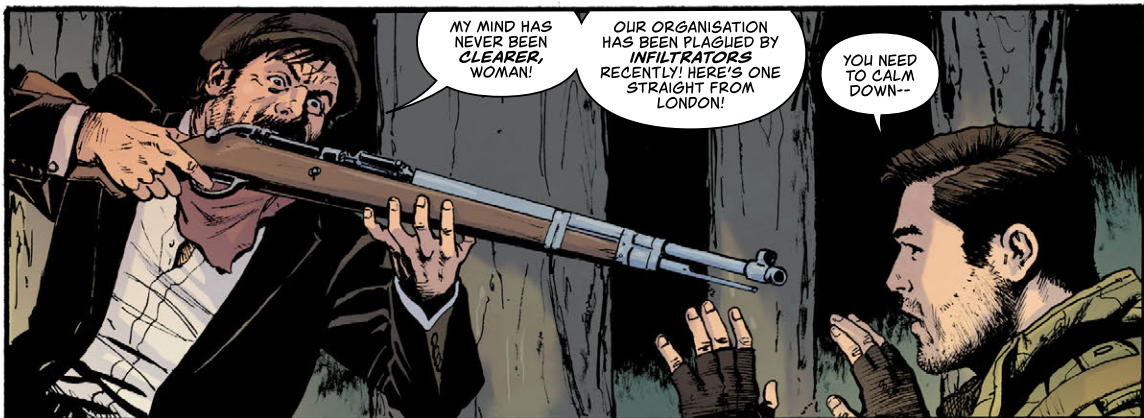
HIS
SON, I'M NOT
SURE OF HE'S THE
ONE WHO MAINLY
RUNS THE FARM
NOW.

SO WE
STEER CLEAR OF
THE FARMHOUSE,
THEN.



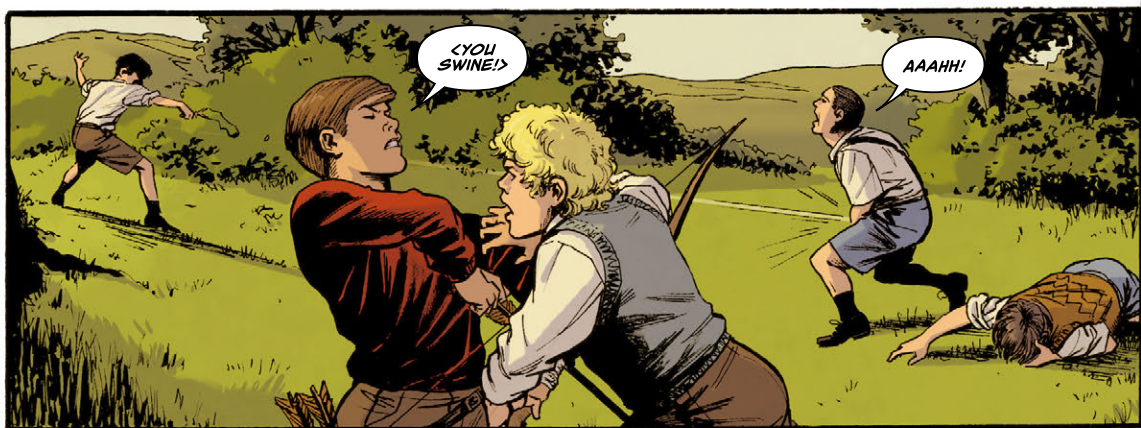








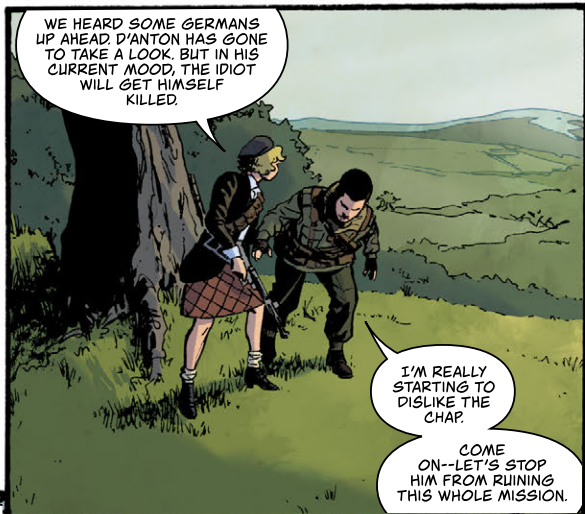






HEY,
ARE YOU
OKAY?

UHHN...
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?



WE HEARD SOME GERMANS
UP AHEAD. D'ANTON HAS GONE
TO TAKE A LOOK. BUT IN HIS
CURRENT MOOD, THE IDIOT
WILL GET HIMSELF
KILLED.

I'M REALLY
STARTING TO
DISLIKE THE
CHAP.

COME
ON--LET'S STOP
HIM FROM RUINING
THIS WHOLE MISSION.



<AND JUST
WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GOING?>

<RELAX,
STEINER. WHEN
NATURE CALLS,
A MAN'S FIRST
DUTY IS TO
HIMSELF!>

<STOP YOUR
NOISE. I WILL
BE BACK IN A
MINUTE.>



AH,
DAS IST
GUT...



HUH?



UGGKKK!



TOBIAS..?

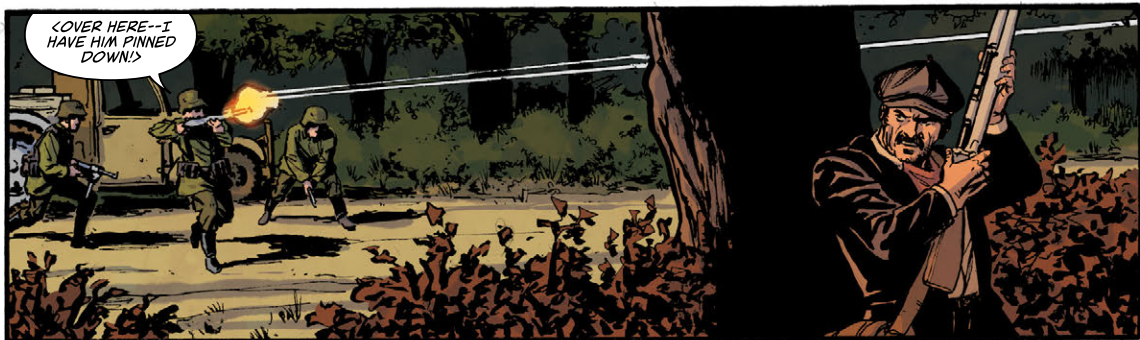


<THERE--!>



I SEE
THREE OF
THEM.

YOU HEAD STRAIGHT
THROUGH THE BUSHES,
SEE IF THERE ARE ANY
MORE. STAY OUT
OF SIGHT.





«FOR THE
LAST TIME--LOSE
THE WEAPON OR
I WILL TURN YOU
TO DUST!»



I DON'T TALK
GERMAN, YOU
IMBECILE!



SO GET
DOWN HERE RIGHT
NOW BEFORE I
SEND YOU TO
HELL.



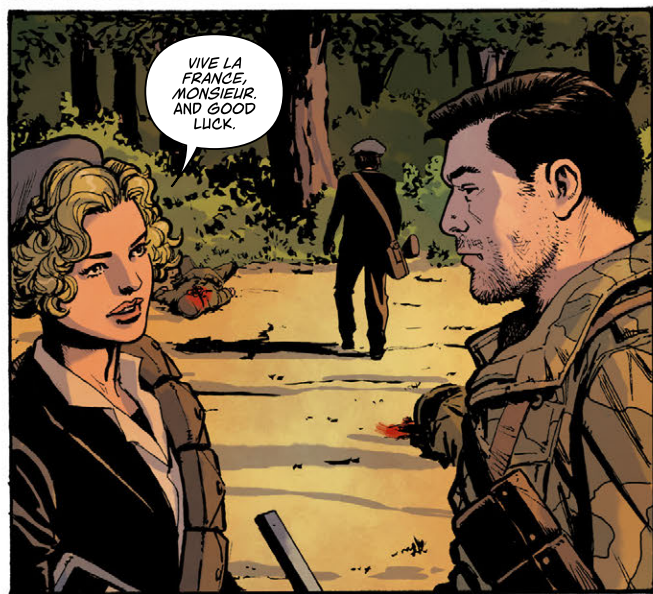
CALL OF YOU
SURRENDER RIGHT
NOW, OR YOU WILL DIE
WHERE YOU STAND!»



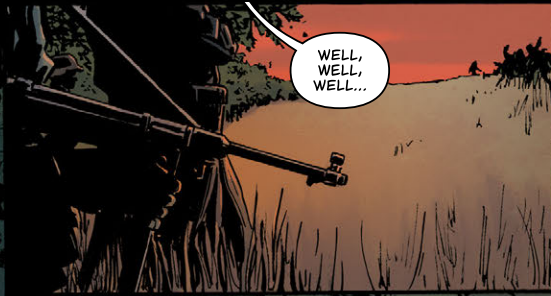
GAAH!

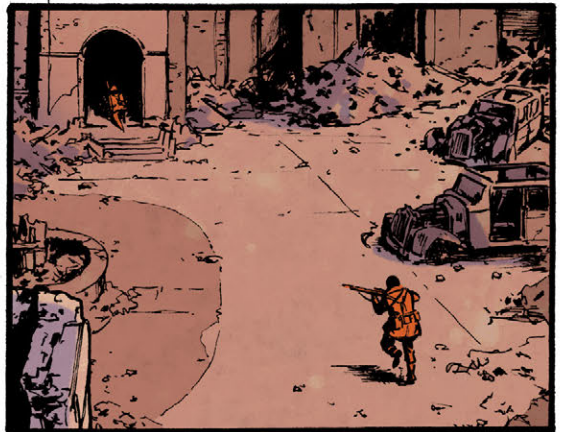
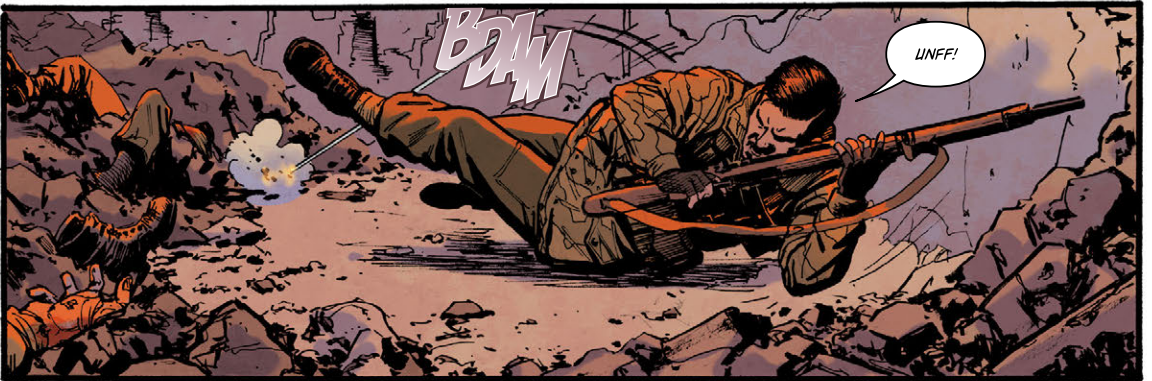


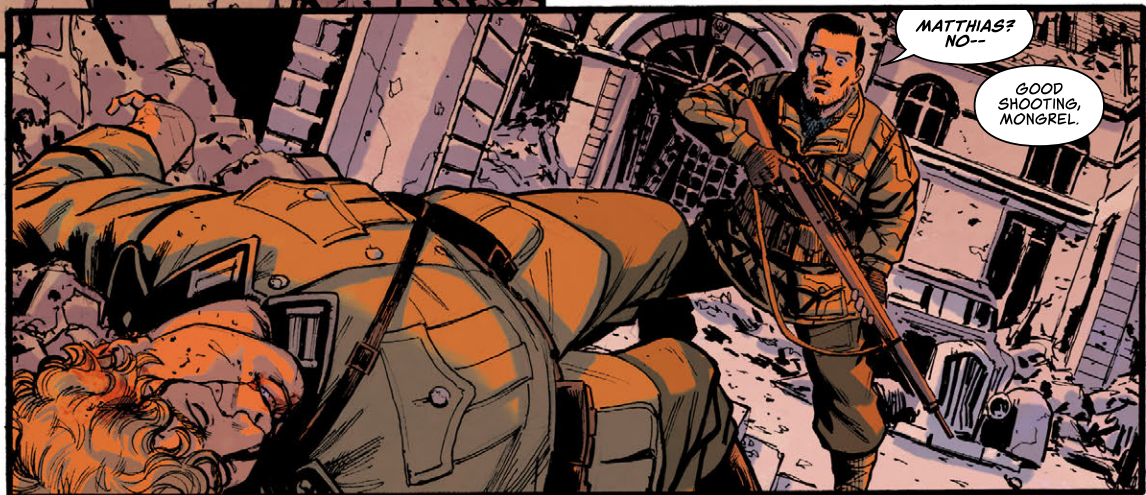
HAVE
YOU BEEN TO
PARIS LATELY? I
HEARD THAT IT IS
LOVELY IN THE
WINTER.







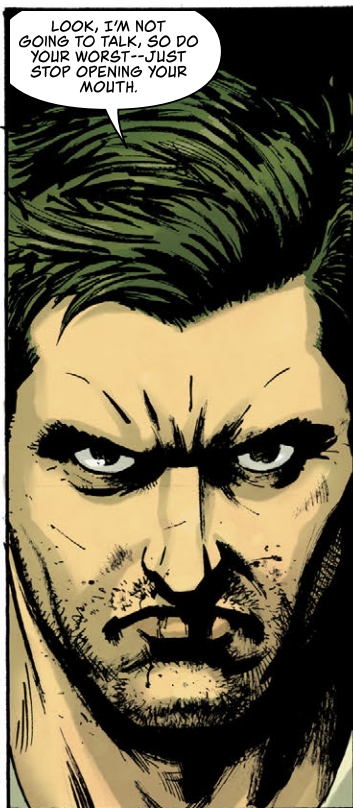






WELCOME
HOME, HERR
SCHÄFER!







JA.



YOU KNOW, BY THE AGE OF TEN I REALISED THAT I WAS ONLY TRULY HAPPY WHEN INFLICTING PAIN AND MISERY UPON OTHERS.

OH, THE EXHILARATION OF INSTILLING FEAR IN PEOPLE...IT REALLY IS QUITE INTOXICATING.

YOU RUINED THAT FOR SOME TIME.



YOU'RE INSANE.

I HAD **POWER!** I HAD **RESPECT!** I WAS FEARED BY ALL OF MY PEERS...

...AND THEN YOU CAME ALONG WITH YOUR FANCY SLING-SHOT SKILLS AND THE WORLD CRUMBLLED AROUND ME.



BUT THROUGH THAT HUMILIATION I WAS REBORN WITH A **NEW FOCUS.**

THANKS TO YOU.



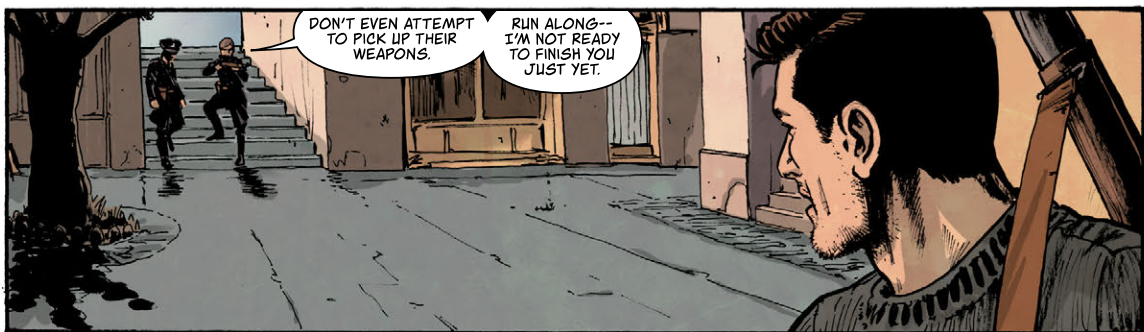
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

AT APPROXIMATELY SEVEN FORTY-FIVE PM, YOU WILL BE SET FREE WITH YOUR RIFLE AND ONE SOLITARY ROUND. THEN AT EIGHT O'CLOCK I SHALL COME FIND YOU.

TONIGHT WE WILL FINALLY ESTABLISH WHICH OF US IS THE **BETTER WARRIOR.**







DON'T EVEN ATTEMPT TO PICK UP THEIR WEAPONS.

RUN ALONG-- I'M NOT READY TO FINISH YOU JUST YET.



<IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE LIKE THIS!>

<THIS MAN IS FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN WE GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR.>

<OR MAYBE THESE TWO MEN HAVE BEEN FOUND UNWORTHY TO WEAR THE UNIFORM.>

<YOUR CONSTANT MOANING IS BEGINNING TO SPOIL MY ENJOYMENT OF THE HUNT.>



<THE HUNT? I BELIEVE THAT THIS WHOLE... SPECTACLE HAS MADE YOU-->



<CONTINUE WITH THIS LINE OF DISSENT, FRIEDRICH, AND I PROMISE YOU-->

EXCUSE MOI, MESSIEURS...



AU REVOIR.





THERE YOU HAVE IT. I AM OFFERING YOU THE CHANCE TO KILL ME...IF YOU ARE GOOD ENOUGH.

ONE ROUND. ONE CHANCE. OUT THERE, TONIGHT.

WHILE YOU HAVE HOW MANY ROUNDS AND GOD KNOWS HOW MANY MEN OUT THERE WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE?

THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST ME--HARDLY A FAIR WAY TO ASSESS WHO HAS THE BETTER SHOT.



HA! IT'S THE BEST YOU'RE GOING TO GET. I NEED SOME REASSURANCES. YOU ENGLANDERS ARE FAR TOO SLIPPERY TO TRUST.

SAYS THE NAZI.

YOU SAY THAT LIKE IT SHOULD OFFEND ME.



TELL ME, YOU BASTARD! TELL ME WHAT THEY ARE PLANNING TO DO WITH MY SISTER!

<HEY, YOU CAN'T BE HERE!>



I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, AND EVEN IF I DID--I DON'T CONVERSE WITH TRAITORS!



YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK ABOUT TRAITORS, 'SCHÄFER'!



MY...
NAME...IS...
FAIRBURNE!

WHY
ARE S.O.E.
CALLING ME
A DOUBLE
AGENT?

COMPOSE
YOURSELF, WOMAN!
ALFONSE IS GETTING
UPSET.

WUFF
WUFF!



WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM? YOU ARE
A DOUBLE AGENT,
MY DEAR!

YES,
BUT HOW DID
THEY FIND
OUT?

AS INCOMPETENT
AS S.O.E. ARE, IT WAS
INEVITABLE. WE HAVE BEEN
FAR TOO SUCCESSFUL IN
ROOTING OUT THEIR
FIELD AGENTS.



I CONTACTED
THEM AS PLANNED...
REPORTED HIS
CAPTURE...

MAJOR
NEWMAN HIMSELF
HOLDS ME ACCOUNTABLE
FOR FAIRBURNE'S WELFARE...
THAT MARIE WILL SUFFER
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS
TO HIM.

YOU'RE
MARIE GAUNT'S
SISTER...?



THEN YOUR
SISTER DIES...
OR MAYBE SHE
WON'T.

ISN'T THAT
RIGHT,
HOTSHOT?

<TAKE HER
OUT OF
HERE.>

WAIT! YOU SAID THAT
SHE WOULD REMAIN
SAFE FROM ALL
OF THIS!

PLEASE,
ALTHAUS!
PLEASE!



LET'S
UNTIE YOU--
GET YOUR HANDS
RESTED BEFORE
THIS EVENING'S
FESTIVITIES.

LEAVE HIM
ALONE, ALFONSE--
YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME TO CHEW
ON HIS BONES
LATER.



I'LL LEAVE YOU TO
MEDITATE HERE FOR A
FEW HOURS. THE NEXT
TIME WE MEET WILL BE
THE LAST...FOR
ONE OF US.



HUH.
NOW WHAT
DO WE HAVE
HERE..?



LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY
HAS DECIDED
TO SWITCH
SIDES ...



YOU'RE STILL ALIVE...
CONGRATULATIONS!

<THIS
IS THE ONE
THE GESTAPO ARE
SO SCARED OF? HE
LOOKS LIKE A
TYPICAL ENGLISH
FIB.>

<SAY--
WASN'T HE
SUPPOSED TO
BE WEARING
SOMETHING
ELSE?>



<WHO
CARES?>

HEY, COME
ON--TRY TO
TAKE MY GUN,
ENGLANDER. I
DARE YOU.



<JUST
AS I THOUGHT--
ANOTHER BRITISH
COWARD>

<RIGHT,
DIETZ?>



DIETZ!



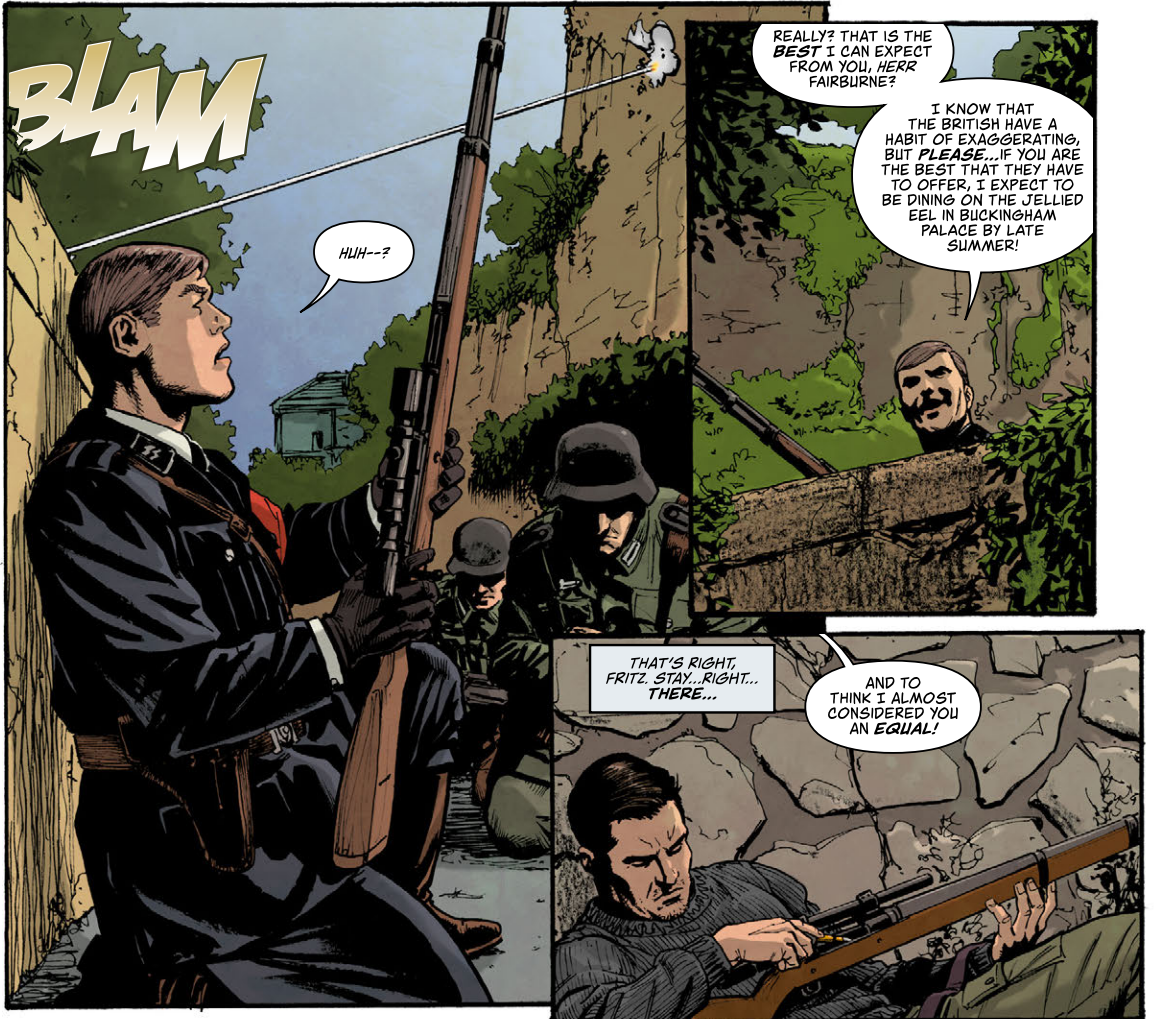
GMMFFF!



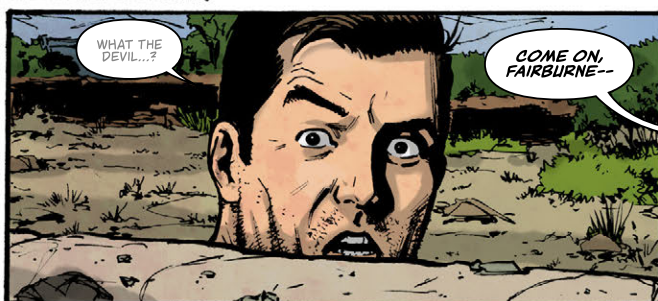






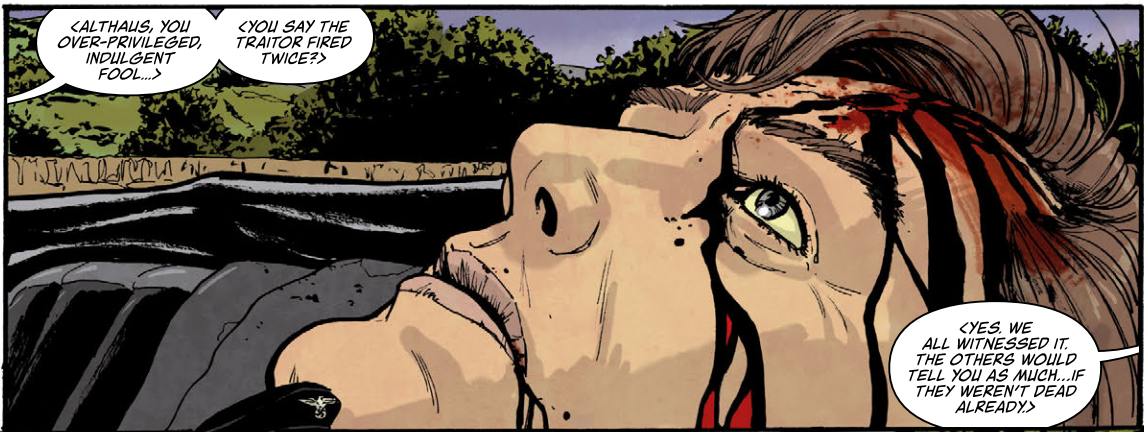








THESE
RATS ARE
EAGER TO
GET OUT OF
HERE RIGHT
NOW!



<ALTHAUS, YOU OVER-PRIVILEGED, INDULGENT FOOL...>

<YOU SAY THE TRAITOR FIRED TWICE?>

<YES, WE ALL WITNESSED IT. THE OTHERS WOULD TELL YOU AS MUCH...IF THEY WEREN'T DEAD ALREADY.>



<WE NEED TO AVOID ANY FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT TONIGHT. GET ON THE RADIO-- ENSURE ALL ROADS OUT OF HERE ARE SUFFICIENTLY POLICED.>

<NOBODY ENTERS, OR LEAVES ANGOULEME UNTIL WE CATCH THESE WRETCHED ENGLANDERS, UNDERSTOOD?>

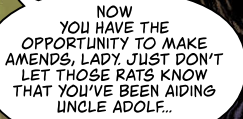
<YES, SIR>

GRRRRRR!
GRRRRRR!



<YOU REALLY HAVE NO IDEA HOW ANNOYING YOU TRULY ARE, DO YOU?>







HOW CAN YOU BETRAY ME LIKE THIS, ALTHAUS? I HAVE PUT MY LIFE ON THE LINE FOR YOU. I HAVE--

HUSH. PLEASE.

YOU HAVE SUCH WONDERFUL EYES. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THIS BEFORE?

SO MESMERISING... SO EXPRESSIVE.

THEY BETRAY YOU, MY DEAR.

YOU FEAR ME, DON'T YOU?

ALTHAUS...

AND WITH GOOD REASON.



GO HOME, WOMAN. I WILL BE IN TOUCH WHEN I NEED YOU AGAIN.



<WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?>

<THOSE DIRTY TOMMY PRISONERS! WE WERE GIVING THEM SOME FOOD WHEN THE BIG ONE JUMPED ON IBSEN AND BIT HIS EAR OFF.>

<IT TOOK EIGHT OF US TO SUBDUDE HIM.>

GRRRRRR! GRRRRRR!

<TOMORROW YOU WILL HAVE YOUR REVENGE-- THOSE MEN WILL BE SHOT AT DAWN. BUT FOR NOW-- GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP.>

<YOU ARE UPSETTING MY DOG.>



<YOU ARE NOT
AUTHORISED
TO BE IN
HERE.>

<TELL THAT TO HERR
ALTHAUS. I NEED TO
SPEAK WITH HIM
URGENTLY.>



<DOES IT LOOK
LIKE HE IS HERE,
LIEBLING?>

<THE LITTLE RICH BOY IS OUT
CHASING A TRAITOR AROUND
THE TOWN. EVERYONE IS OUT
WATCHING, BUT YOU ARE MORE
THAN WELCOME TO KEEP
US COMPANY.>

<HA! YOU
KILL ME,
WENZEL.>

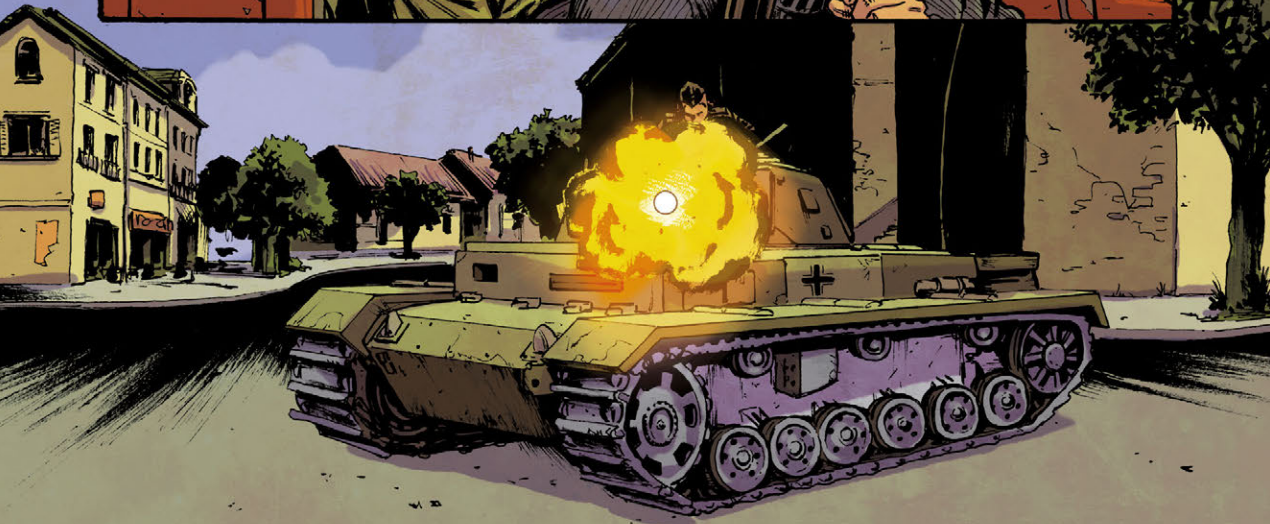


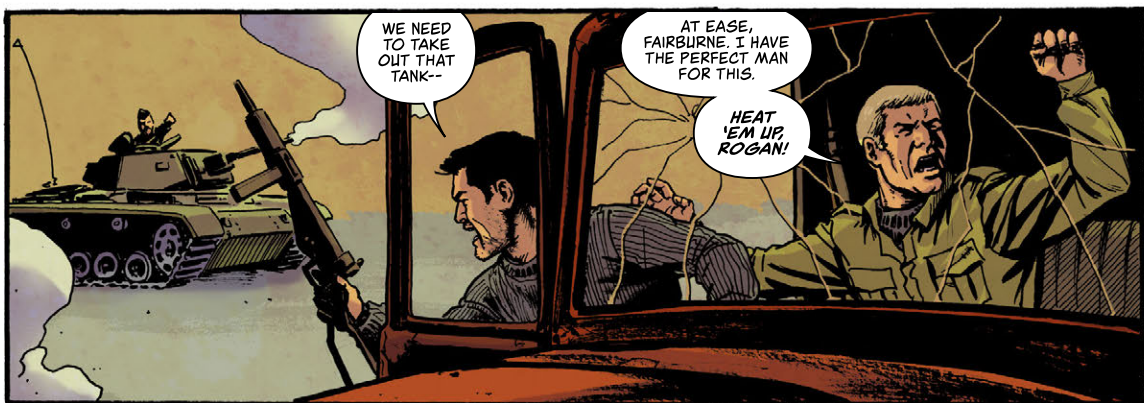
<WELL,
FRÄULEIN--
ARE YOU UP
FOR SOME
FUN?>

<YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND--I
HAVE TO GIVE THIS
TO HIM RIGHT
NOW.>

<YOU CAN
GIVE IT TO
ME, PUSSY
CAT.>







<THAT POSH
GESTAPO OAF HAS
DISCREDITED ALL OF
GERMANY, AND NOW WE
HAVE THESE ENGLANDERS
DRIVING AROUND TOWN
MAKING US LOOK
FOOLISH!>

<I GUESS
THAT HERR ALTHAUS
MUST NOT HAVE
SEEN THE MOST
DANGEROUS
GAME.>

<'MOST'
WHAT?>



WHAT
WAS
THAT?

MY
'FRIENDS'.



«JERARD?
JERARD, ARE
YOU THERE?»



«YOU MADE
IT IMPRESSIVE. IT
SOUNDED LIKE MOST
OF THE GERMAN ARMY
WERE PURSUING
YOU.»

«WE HAVE
DRIVEN ALL OVER
THE TOWN. ANYBODY ELSE
WOULD HAVE BEEN CAPTURED
OR KILLED, BUT THESE MEN
FIGHT WITH A SAVAGERY
I NEVER THOUGHT
POSSIBLE.»



«OR MAYBE THIS IS SOME
ELABORATE PLAN CONCOCTED
BETWEEN YOU AND THE
NAZIS TO CRUSH THE
RESISTANCE.»

«SOREL SAW
YOU SNEAKING IN
TO TALK WITH THE
GESTAPO THIS
AFTERNOON.»



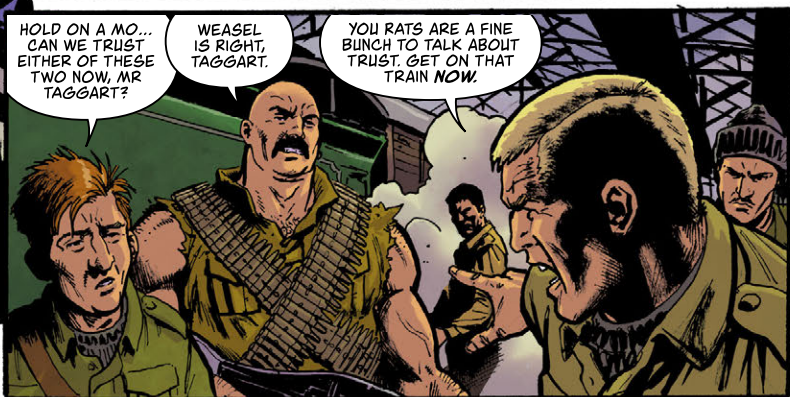
DID YOU MEN KNOW THAT
YOUR NEW FRIEND WAS A
COLLABORATOR?

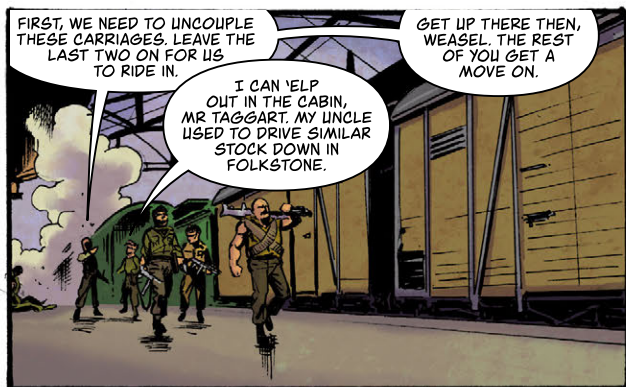
YOUR
FATHER WOULD
BE DISGUSTED,
BABETTE.

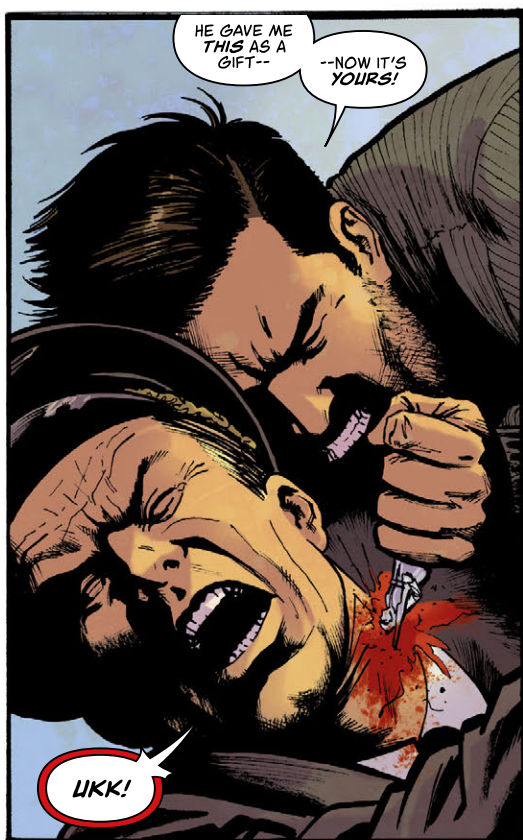
IT WASN'T
QUITE LIKE THAT,
JERARD...

YOU'VE
WALKED US
STRAIGHT INTO
ANOTHER TRAP,
TAGGART!

BUTTON IT,
DANCER!









SO...
WHAT'S THE
PLAN?

DO YOU
REMEMBER
WHERE ALTHAUS
ORIGINALLY
PICKED YOU
UP?

YES.

THE
RESISTANCE
WILL MEET US THERE
AND TAKE YOU TO A
SAFE HOUSE IN THE
NORTH-WEST.



THAT
RENDEZVOUS
POINT IS A FEW
MILES AWAY, AND
WITH THE GERMANS
ON TO US...IT'S
GOING TO BE
TIGHT.

WELL,
WHAT DID YOU
EXPECT, MONSIEUR?
I HAD TO ARRANGE
ALL OF THIS AT THE
LAST MINUTE.

YES--
AFTER A LITTLE
MOTIVATION.



...OKAY. YOU HAD YOUR REASONS,
MANY OF WHICH I CAN'T QUITE
UNDERSTAND. LET'S JUST...
LET'S CONCENTRATE ON
MAKING IT OUT ONE
PIECE.

I'M GOING
TOPSIDE. HELP KEEP
THE GERMANS AT
BAY.

YOU DO
THAT.



TELL THE OTHERS--
WHEN I SOUND THE
WHISTLE, THEY HAVE
TO JUMP FROM
THE TRAIN.

JUMP?

OWI.

YOU
GOTTA BE
BLEEDIN'
'AVIN' ME
ON!



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING BACK THERE, TURK? GET UP HERE AND START KILLIN' SOME GERMANS!

HEY, LOOK AT WHAT TURK HAS FOUND, TAGGART...



MAYBE SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES TURK AFTER ALL!

I'LL PUT THAT TO THE TEST IF YOU DON'T START INVOLVING YOURSELF IN THIS WAR, SOLDIER!



MAJOR, WE ALL NEED TO JUMP OFF THE TRAIN WHEN THE WHISTLE SOUNDS, OK?

RIGHT.

I MUST HAVE LOST MY MIND SAVING TAGGART AND THE REST OF THESE PEASANTS!

AYE.

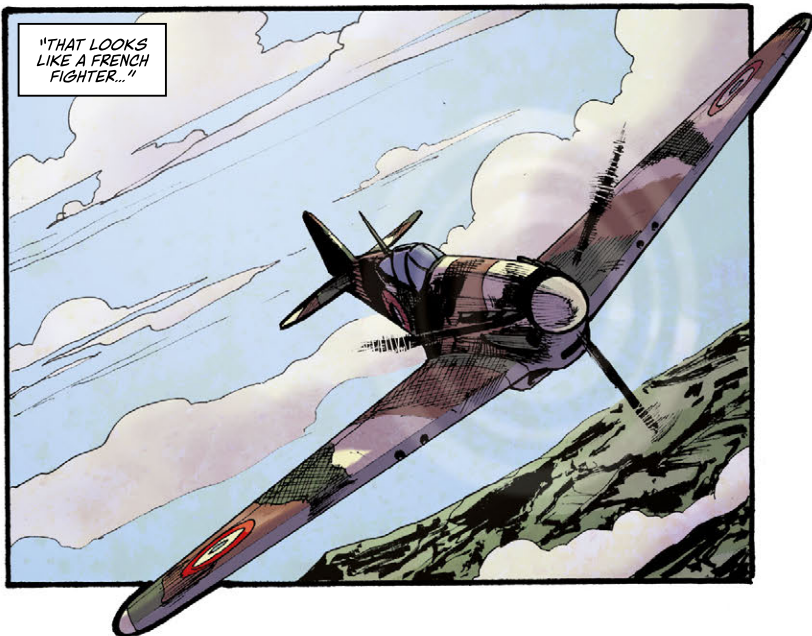
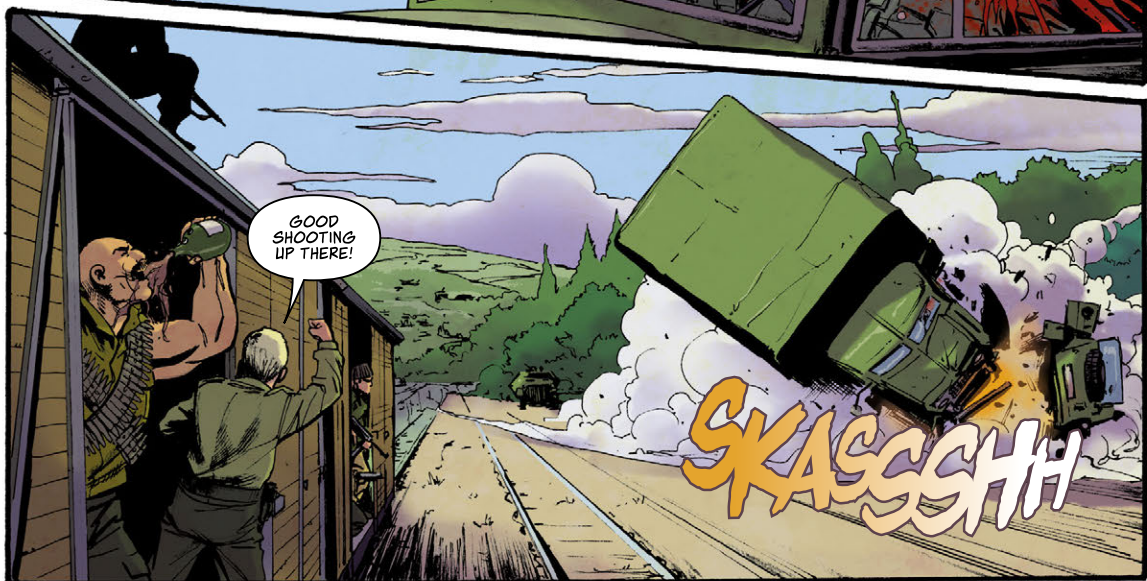
HA HA HA HA HA!



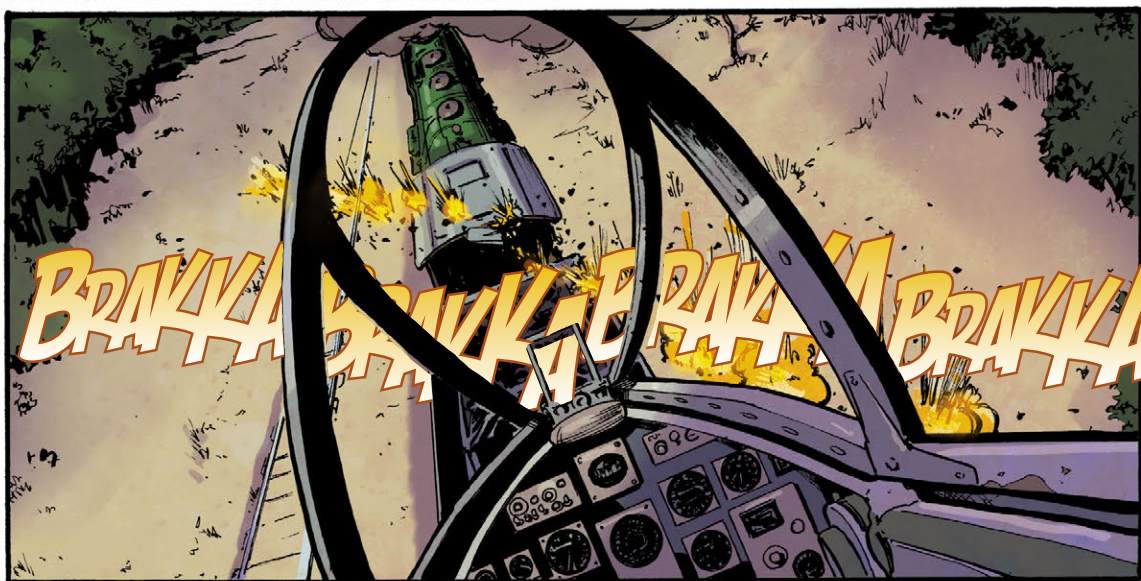
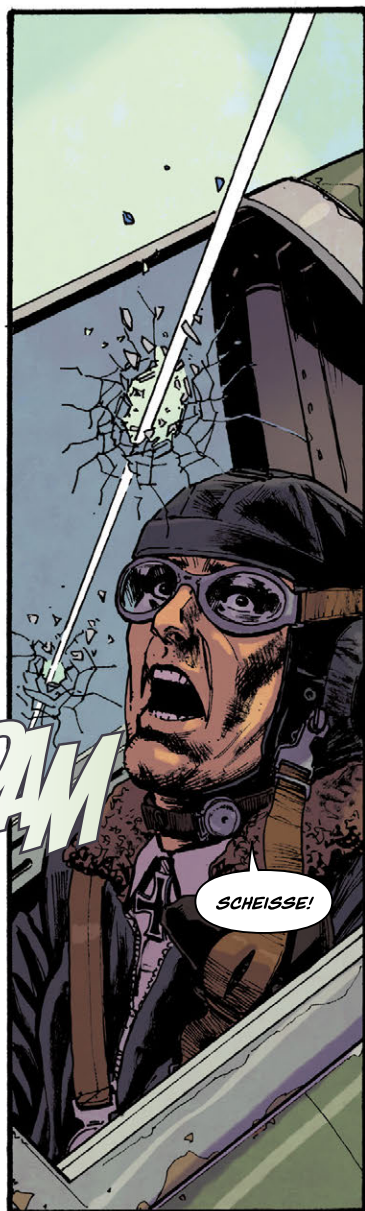
HEY YOU TWO-- WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS, WE'RE JUMPING FROM THE TRAIN.

HONESTLY? GEORGE FORMBY AND JEAN GABIN COULD HAVE EXECUTED A BETTER ESCAPE PLAN THAN THIS!

JEANIE WHO?









AAAAHH--!

ON ME
MUVVER!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

RIGHT,
MISS?



MISS?

LHHNNN...



'ERE, LET ME
'AVE A LOOK,
LUV...

OH...THAT'S A NASTY
ONE. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE
A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET AND
LET OLD WEASEL TAKE
OVER HERE.

NO...NO...
TIME, RENDEZVOUS...
JUST AHEAD...



HE'S
TURNING
FOR ANOTHER
ATTACK RUN
AND WE'RE
ALL OUT.

I HAVE A
COUPLE OF
ROUNDS LEFT,
MAJOR.

THAT DEVIL
HAS DESTROYED
MOST OF THE
COGNAC!



IT...IS...
TIME...

I'LL WAIT UP,
HELP YA JUMP
OFFA THIS
THING.

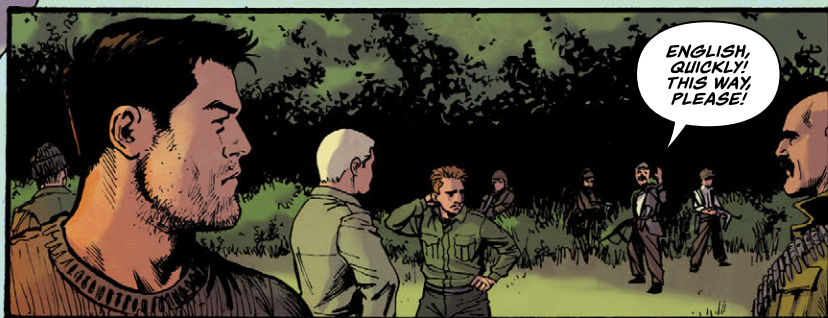
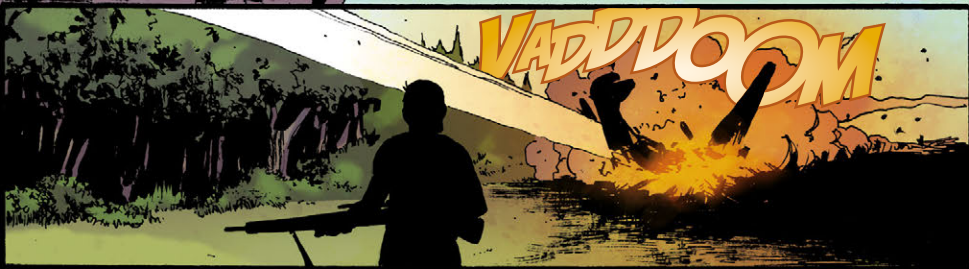
MY MISSION ENDS HERE,
MONSIEUR...JUST...JUST TELL
FAIRBURNE...MY SISTER...SHE
IS INNOCENT OF ANY...
ANY...WRONG-
DOING...











The life that I have is all that
I have
And the life that I have is yours.
The love that I have of the life
that I have
is yours and yours and yours.
A sleep I shall have
A rest I shall have,
Yet death will be but a pause,
For the peace of my years in the
long green grass
Will be yours and yours and yours.

--Leo Marks, 'The Life That I Have',
a code poem issued to French S.O.E.
agent Violette Szabo in 1944

-ENDS-





GALLERY



Cover by Patrick Goddard



Cover by **Edouard Groult**



Cover by Ian Kennedy



Cover by Patrick Goddard



Cover by Colin Wilson



Cover by Carlos Ezquerro



Cover by Patrick Goddard

PATRICK GODDARD
SKETCHES

A.



NAZIS IN DEEP
SHADOW ACROSS
BOTTOM.

B



GERMAN
TROOPS
BEING SHOT

C.



PLANE

K.

MARIE

D



ROW OF
SNIPER CIRCLES

ELYSE

SABOTTE

TANK.

GERMAN
TROOPS

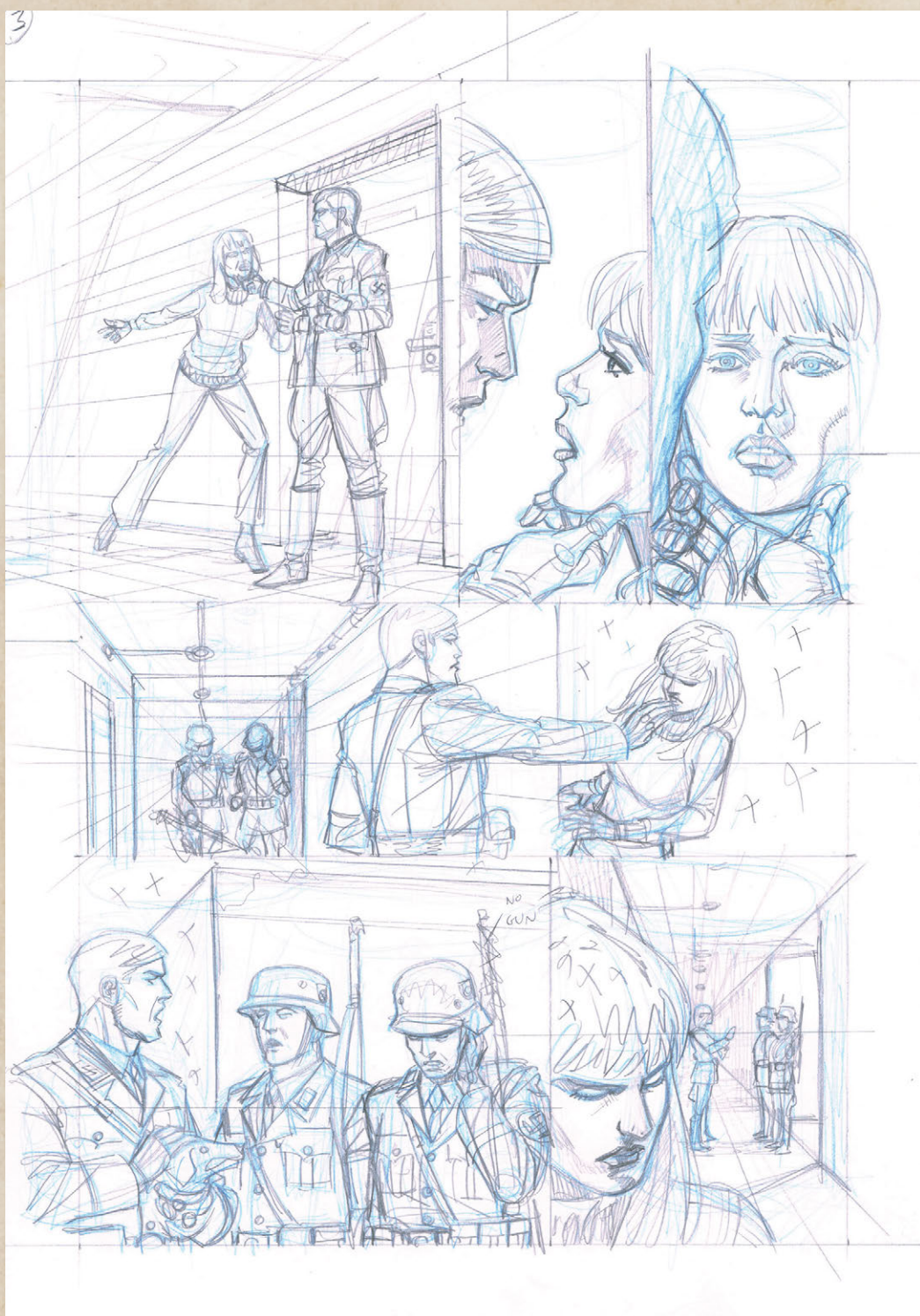
DANTON

SNIPER ELITE COVER #1.

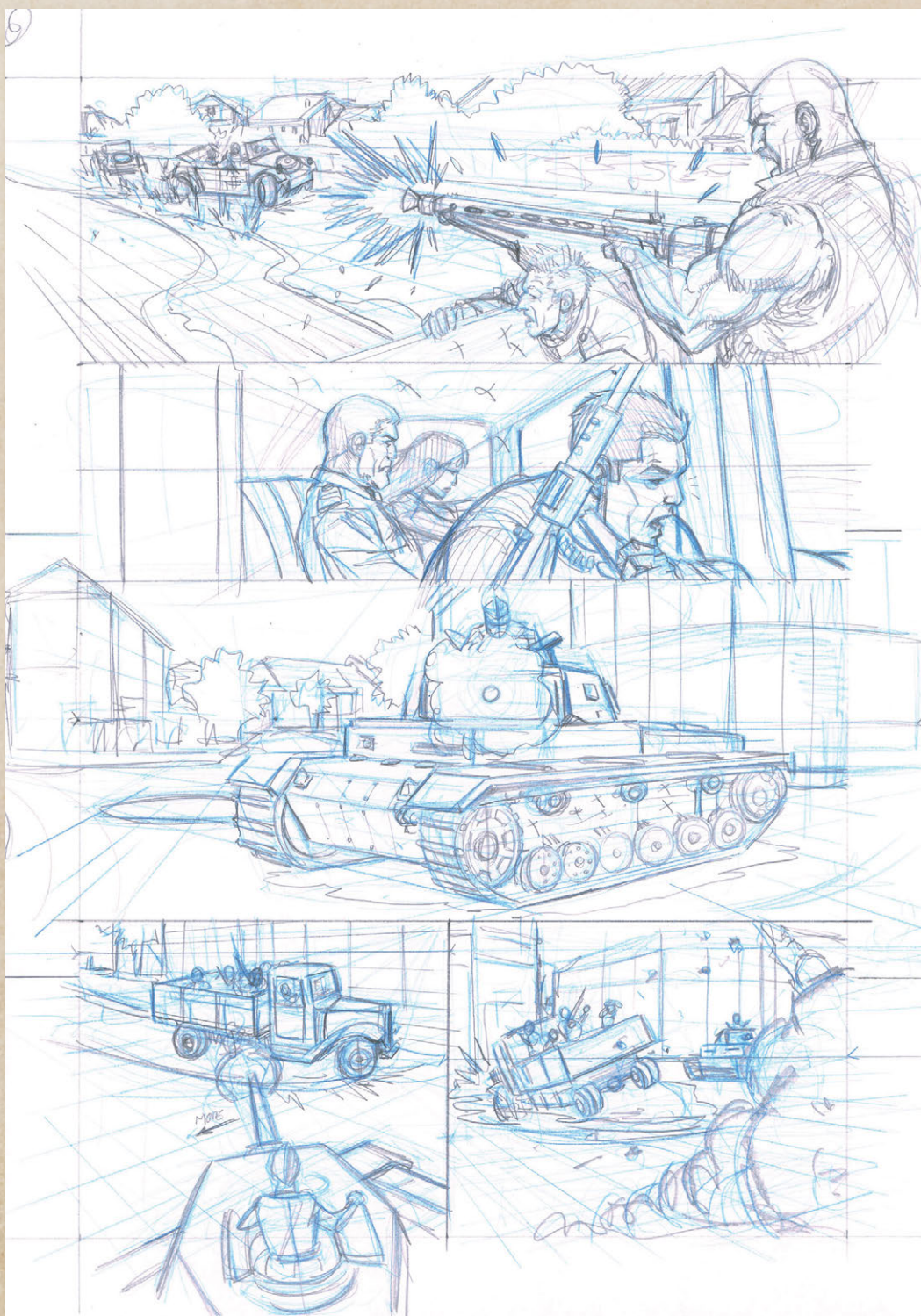
EP3
1



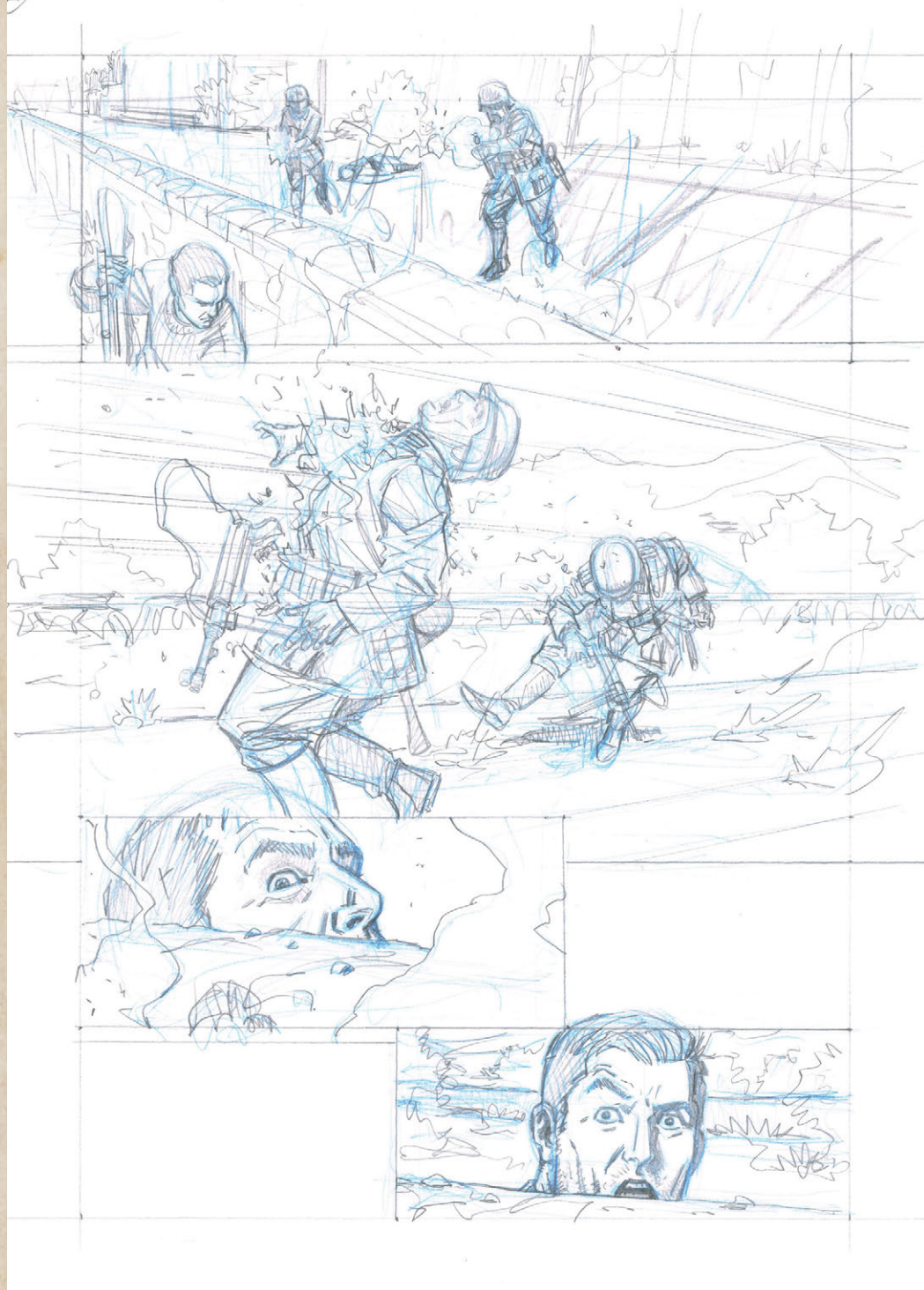
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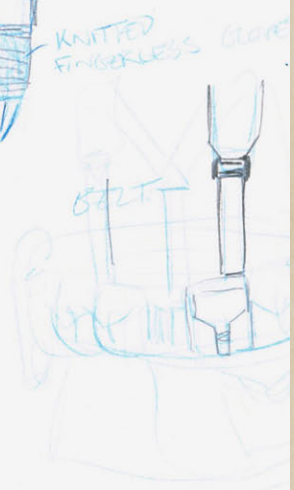


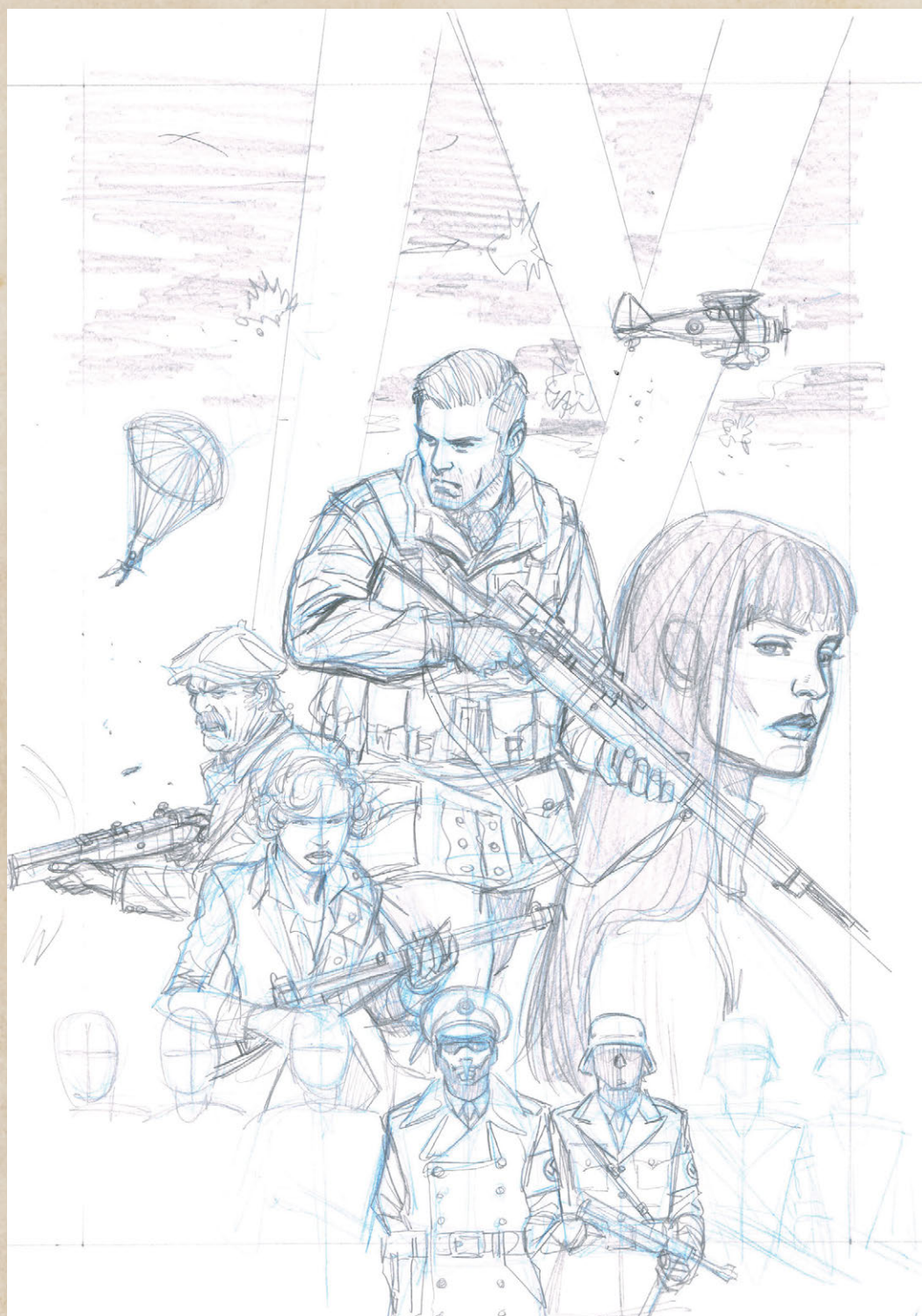
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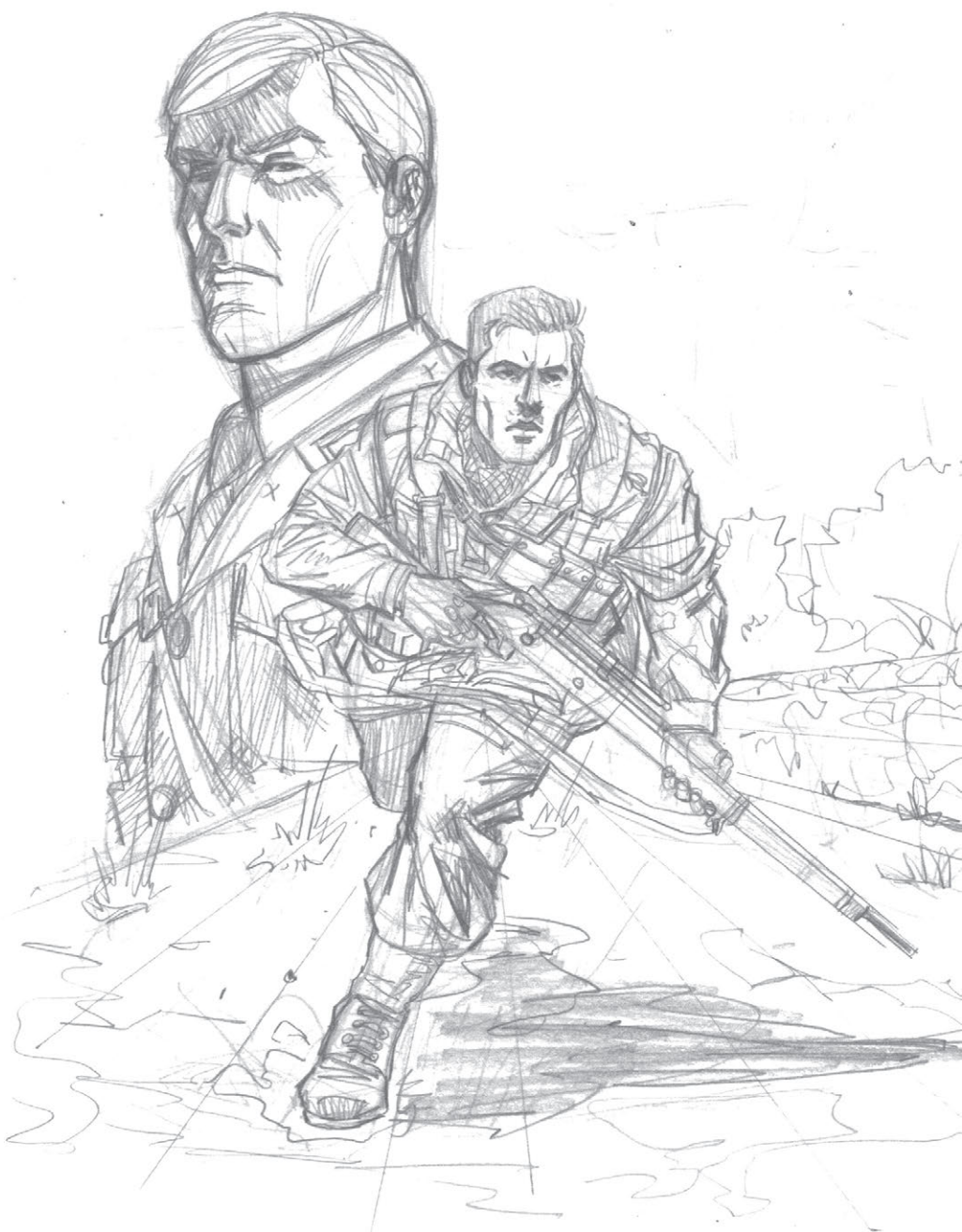


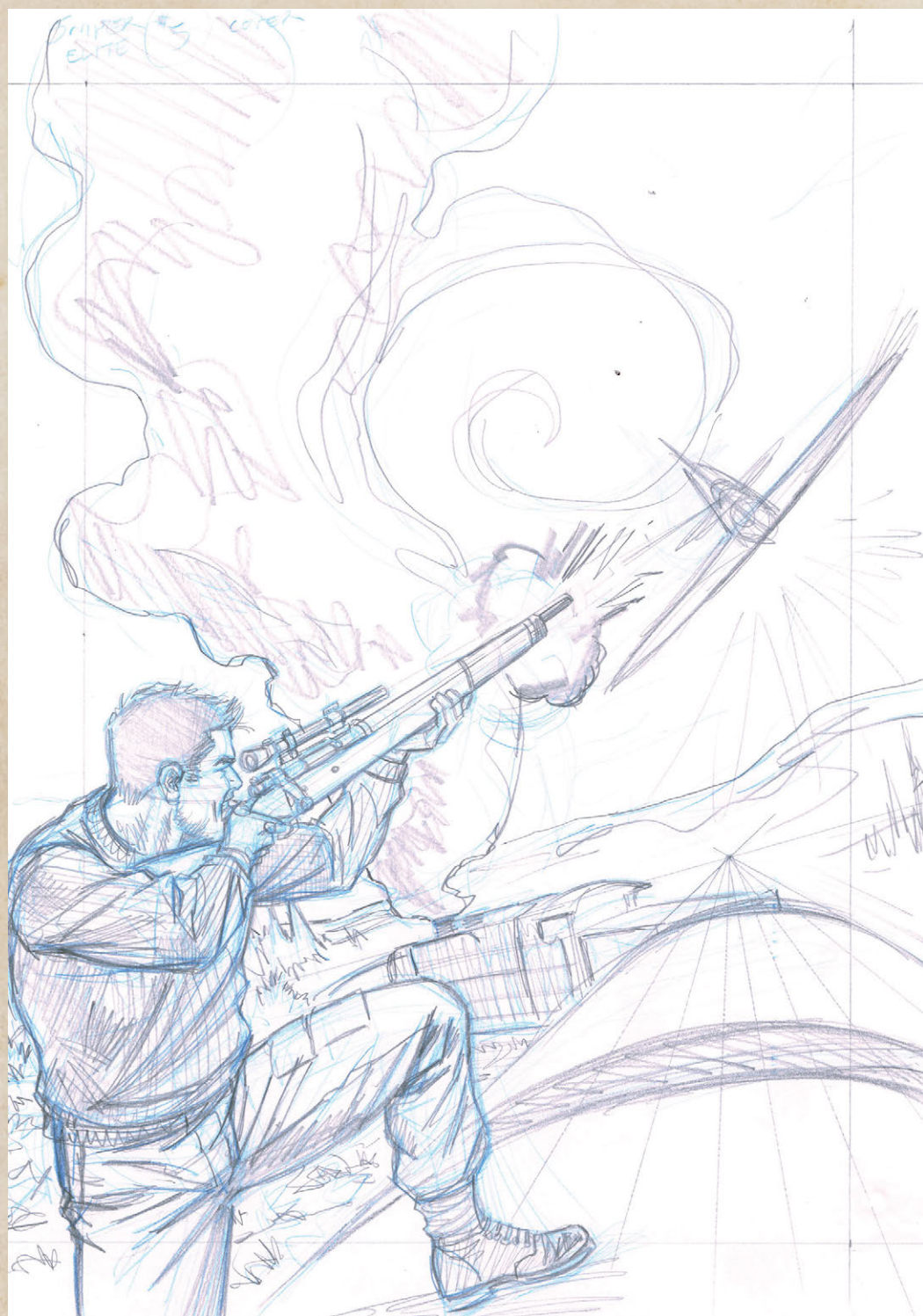
21











"Really polished. Really good looking"

EUROGAMER

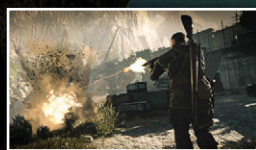
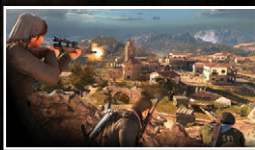
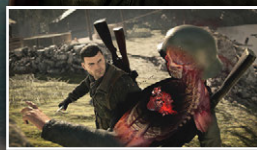
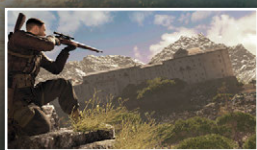
"I immediately wanted to jump back in and try again. That's a very, very good sign."

IGN

"Bigger and deadlier than ever before"

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HEBDEN**

**CARLOS
EZQUERRA**

HE WAS BORN A SLAVE
IN ALABAMA...HE BECAME
A BANDIT IN MEXICO...

HE RETURNED TO BECOME
THE SCOURGE OF THE
AMERICAN CIVIL WAR!



FROM THE PAGES OF
BATTLE



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