

COMPLETE 63-PAGE ACTION STORY

No. 4809

Commando

FOR ACTION AND ADVENTURE



THE DANGER ZONE



TANK KILLERS

Panzerschreck — Germany

Having captured several US-made Bazookas, the German military wanted their engineers to copy the design to give them the same anti-tank capability. The engineers, however, made a bigger weapon with a larger warhead and greater hitting power. The fin-stabilised rocket was much feared by tank crews. Like the Bazooka, it was nicknamed the "Stove pipe."



Range	150metres
Calibre	88mm
Weight	11kg
Length	164cm
Projectile	3.3kg High-Explosive shaped charge

THE DANGER ZONE

CHARACTER BUILDING
THEY CALLED IT, BUT THIS
CROSS-COUNTRY NAVIGATION
TEST WAS PUSHING BRITISH
ARMY SECOND-LIEUTENANT
GREGOR MACBETH TO HIS
LIMITS. AHEAD OF ALL THE
OTHER TRAINEES, HE TRIED
TO MAKE SURE HE WAS ON
THE RIGHT COURSE.

CAN'T BE FAR TO
GO NOW BUT THIS
RAIN ISN'T HELPING.
I'LL CHECK MY MAP
ONCE I'M THROUGH
THIS BIT.

STORY
GEORGE
LOW
ART
JOHN
RIDGWAY
COVER
JOHN
RIDGWAY

THE YOUNGEST OF FOUR BROTHERS, ALL IN UNIFORM, HE HAD BEEN FORCED TO FEND FOR HIMSELF FROM AN EARLY AGE. HE CONSIDERED HIMSELF FIT AND TOUGH.



ONE LAST PUSH
AND THE CAMP
WON'T BE FAR
AHEAD.

THAT COMFORTING THOUGHT WAS FOLLOWED BY A GROWING AWARENESS...



THERE'S
SOMEBODY JUST
BEHIND ME,
BLAST HIM!

SURE ENOUGH, THE SQUELCH AND SPLASH OF HEAVY BRITISH ARMY BOOTS HERALDED A RIVAL IN FULL STRIDE.



THE LAST PERSON GREGOR EXPECTED TO SEE WAS PUNY, BESPECTACLED SECOND-LIEUTENANT ADAM WILEY, GENERALLY CONSIDERED BY ALL TO BE THE RUNT OF THE RECRUITS.



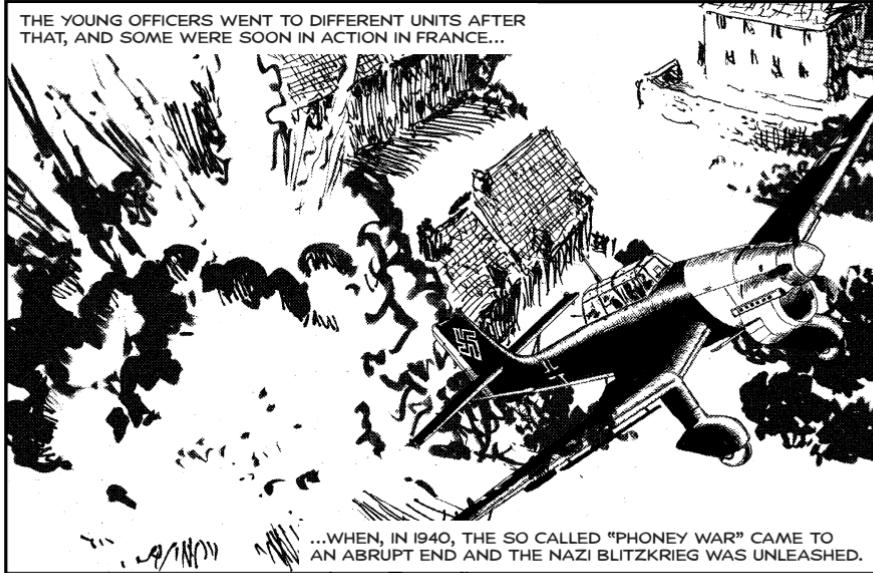
SPINDLY LEGS RISING AND FALLING, BREATHING CALM AND CONTROLLED, THE QUIET AND STUDIOS, ADAM WAS ABOUT AS UNMILITARY AS ANYBODY COULD IMAGINE.



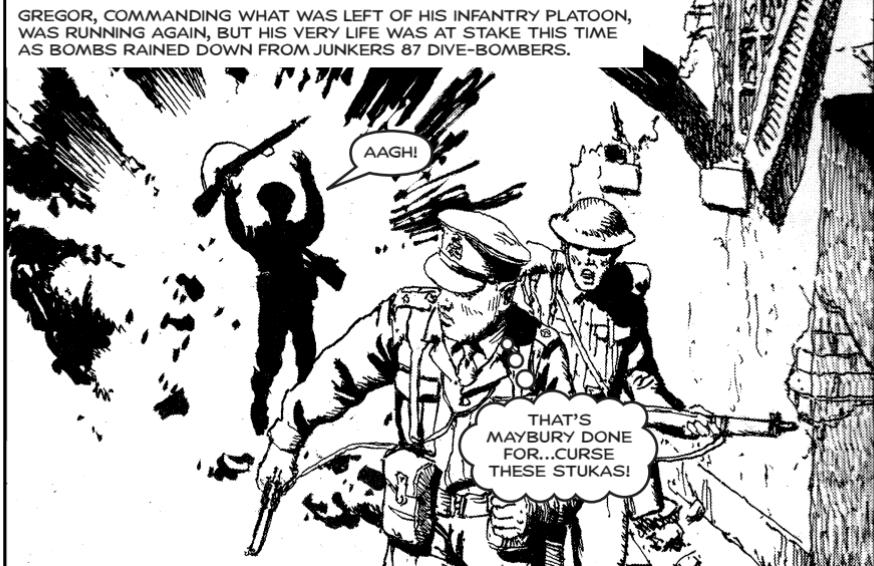
ALWAYS A GREAT BELIEVER IN FAIR PLAY, GREGOR WAS THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE THE UNEXPECTED WINNER.



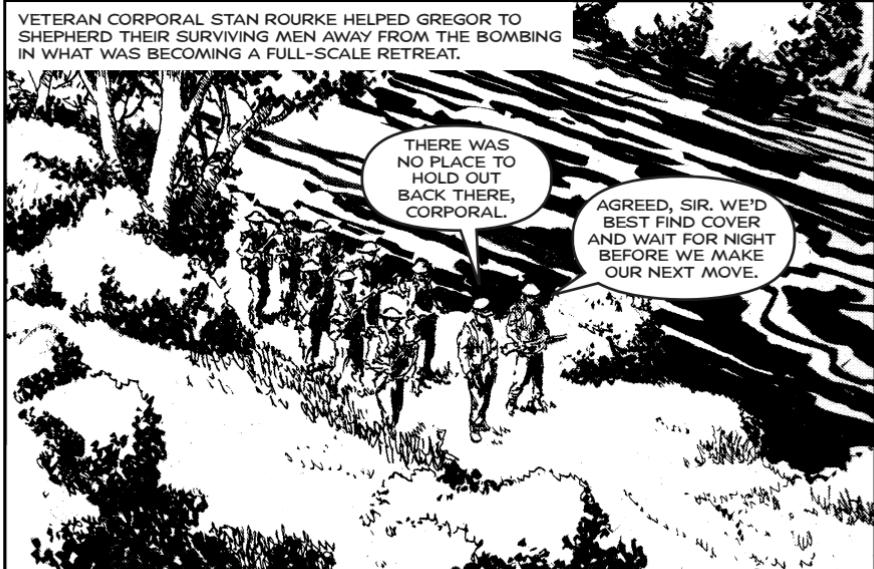
THE YOUNG OFFICERS WENT TO DIFFERENT UNITS AFTER THAT, AND SOME WERE SOON IN ACTION IN FRANCE...

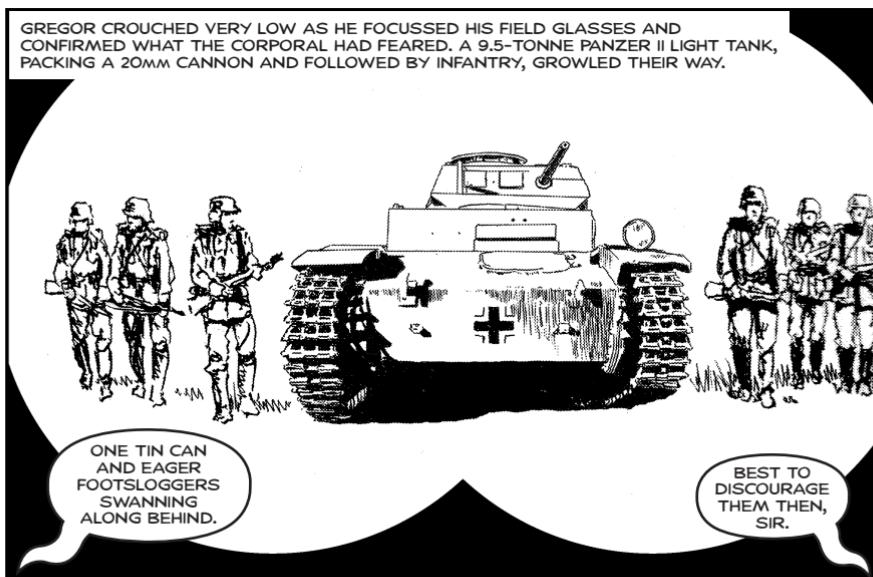


GREGOR, COMMANDING WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIS INFANTRY PLATOON, WAS RUNNING AGAIN, BUT HIS VERY LIFE WAS AT STAKE THIS TIME AS BOMBS RAINED DOWN FROM JUNKERS 87 DIVE-BOMBERS.



VETERAN CORPORAL STAN ROURKE HELPED GREGOR TO SHEPHERD THEIR SURVIVING MEN AWAY FROM THE BOMBING IN WHAT WAS BECOMING A FULL-SCALE RETREAT.





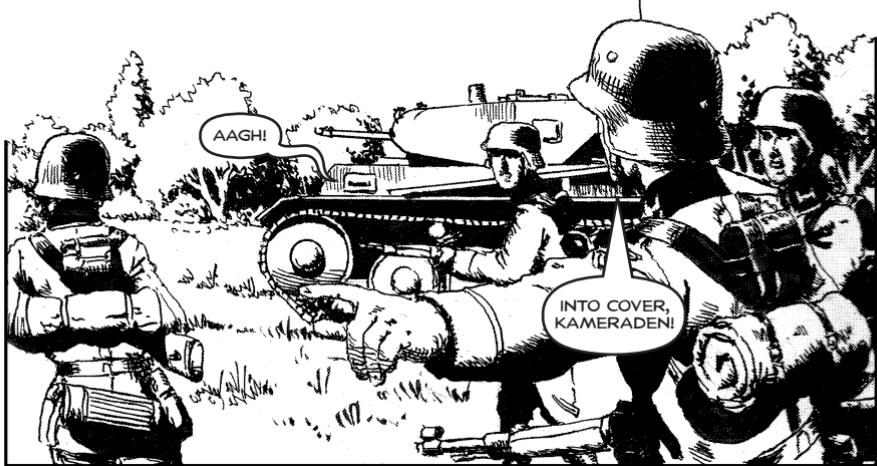
ALL THEY HAD FOR THAT WAS A BOYS ANTI-TANK RIFLE WHICH SO FAR HAD PROVED TO BE PRETTY INEFFECTIVE. STAN TOOK CHARGE OF THE 35LB WEAPON, GREGOR ACTING AS HIS LOADER.



FINALLY STAN FIRED OFF A .55" BULLET WHICH COULD REPUTEDLY PENETRATE JUST OVER 20MM OF ARMOUR AT 100 YARDS.



PUNCHING THROUGH THE 35MM FRONT ARMOUR WAS NOT POSSIBLE, BUT STAN MANAGED TO THREAD THE ROUND THROUGH THE DRIVER'S PARTLY OPEN VISION SLIT.



OUT OF CONTROL. THE DRIVER JAMMED OVER HIS CONTROLS, THE PANZER SHUDDERED ON UNTIL IT SLAMMED INTO ONE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.



UNFORTUNATELY YET ANOTHER JUNKERS 87 WAS ON THE PROWL. TWO MORE BRITISH FOOTSLOGGERS FELL TO ITS GUNS AS THE SQUAD RETREATED.



THE SADDENED SURVIVORS PRESSED ON, THEIR BODIES ACHING, THEIR MINDS NUMBED, UNTIL THEY HEARD VOICES COMING FROM A SCHOOL ON THE EDGE OF A TOWN.



THE BUILDING AHEAD WAS STILL IN BRITISH HANDS. IT HAD BEEN A FORWARD H.Q. BUT NOW THE ONLY MEN LEFT WERE DESTROYING DOCUMENTS BEFORE THEY TOO WITHDREW.



THE
SECOND-LIEUTENANT
IS IN THERE
SOMEWHERE, SIR.
HE'LL BE ABLE
TO TELL YOU
MORE.

RIGHT,
CORPORAL,
I'LL HAVE A
WORD.

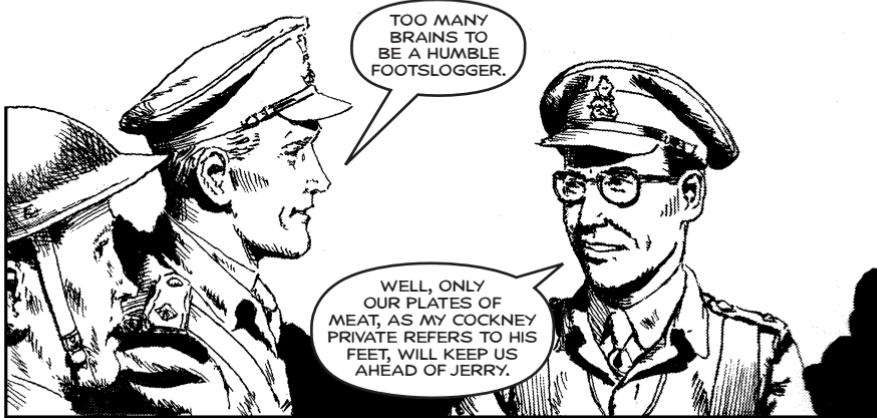
GREGOR AND STAN WENT ON AHEAD TO WHERE FILES WERE BEING FED INTO A STOVE TO STOP THE ENEMY SEIZING THEM. IN CHARGE WAS ADAM WILEY.



GOOD GRIEF,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU SINCE WE
TRAINED
TOGETHER!

AH, MACBETH
ISN'T IT? ONE OF THE
ELECT IF I REMEMBER
THE SOURCE OF
YOUR NAME
CORRECTLY.

THE SCHOLARLY ADAM HAD ALWAYS ACTED LIKE THIS.
GREGOR WASN'T SURPRISED THAT HE HAD BEEN
WORKING AS AN AIDE TO AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.



IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE. ONE 250KG BOMB FROM THE
EVIL PRESENCE OF A DAWN PATROL STUKA HIT THE BUILDING.



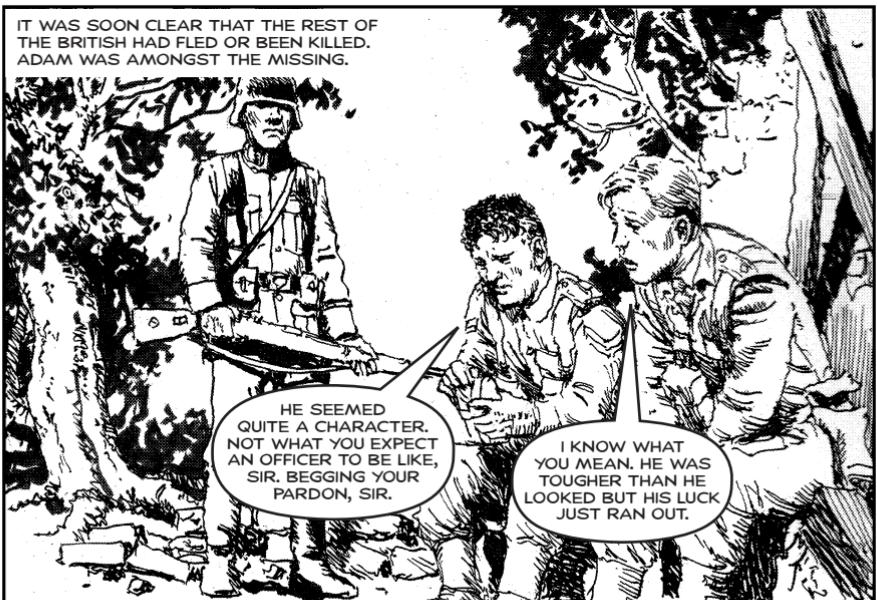
THE JUNKERS, ITS JOB DONE, CLIMBED AWAY, LEAVING
THE WAITING WEHRMACHT TROOPS TO MOVE IN.



STAN AND GREGOR HAD SURVIVED, BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF ADAM WHEN ENEMY TROOPS SEARCHED THE WRECKAGE.



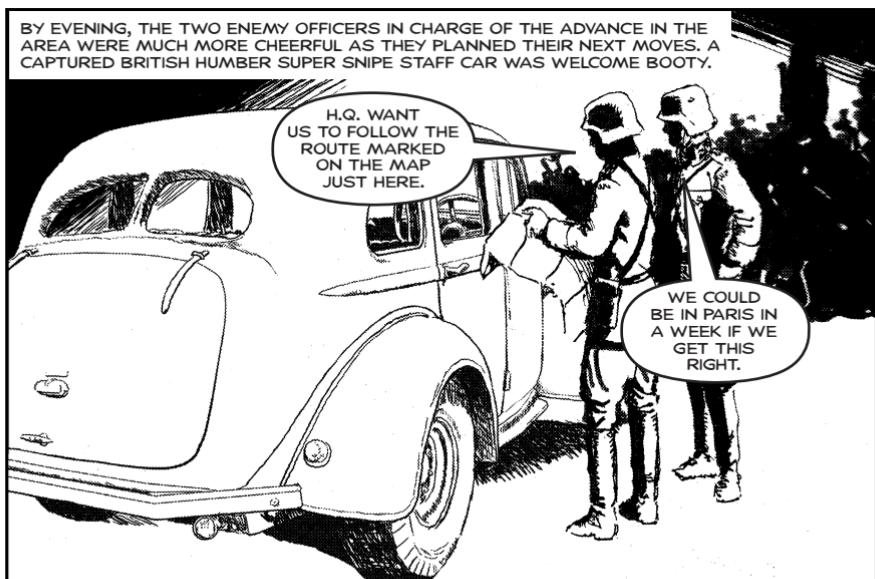
IT WAS SOON CLEAR THAT THE REST OF THE BRITISH HAD FLED OR BEEN KILLED. ADAM WAS AMONGST THE MISSING.



NOT QUITE. A DISPLACED DOOR LINTEL HAD HELD BACK MUCH OF THE TUMBLING RUBBLE AND ADAM CAME TO HIS SENSES UNDER PILES OF DEBRIS.



BY EVENING, THE TWO ENEMY OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE ADVANCE IN THE AREA WERE MUCH MORE CHEERFUL AS THEY PLANNED THEIR NEXT MOVES. A CAPTURED BRITISH HUMBER SUPER SNIPE STAFF CAR WAS WELCOME BOOTY.



THE TRIUMPHANT FOOT SOLDIERS OF THEIR UNIT HAD BEEN ENJOYING THEIR FIRST HOT MEAL IN DAYS WHEN THE GOULASH CANNON, THEIR TRUSTY FIELD KITCHEN, EXPLODED.



STARTLED BY THE EXPLOSION,
THE TWO SENIOR OFFICERS
RACED TO INVESTIGATE.



THE MOMENT THE GERMANS HAD GONE,
ADAM, HAVING SQUIRMED HIS WAY TO
FREEDOM, SPED FOR THE STAFF CAR.



THE EXPLOSION AND RESULTING CONFUSION DISTRACTED THE BORED GERMAN GUARDING STAN AND GREGOR WHO TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.



WHAT THEY HADN'T EXPECTED WAS A CAR AND DRIVER TO TURN UP, COURTESY OF THE GRINNING ADAM, THE SIX-CYLINDER, FOUR-LITRE ENGINE RARING TO GO.

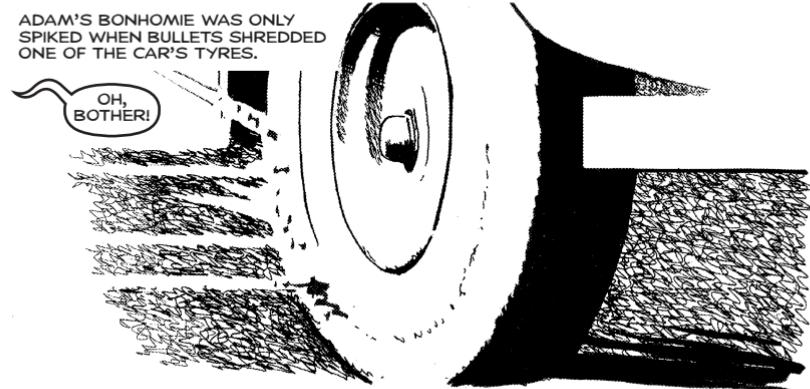


FURIOUS ENEMY OFFICERS AND MEN FIRED AFTER THE DEPARTING VEHICLE, BUT THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE RUNAWAYS. THEIR VEHICLE HAD ALREADY REACHED ABOUT SIXTY AND WAS QUITE CAPABLE OF ANOTHER TWENTY.



THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER WAS THAT A GRENADE — STOLEN BY ADAM FROM A SNOOZING GERMAN PRIVATE — HAD BEEN PITCHED INTO THE FIELD KITCHEN BOILER.



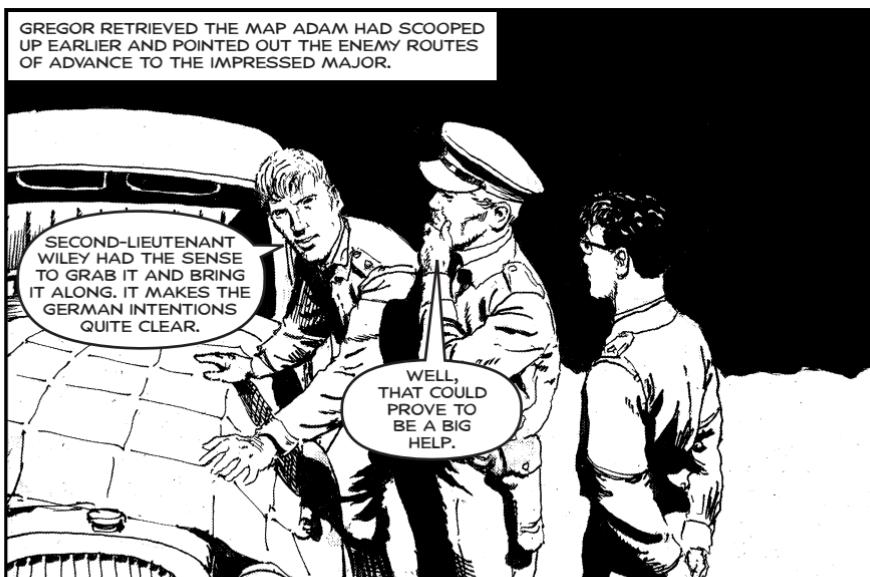


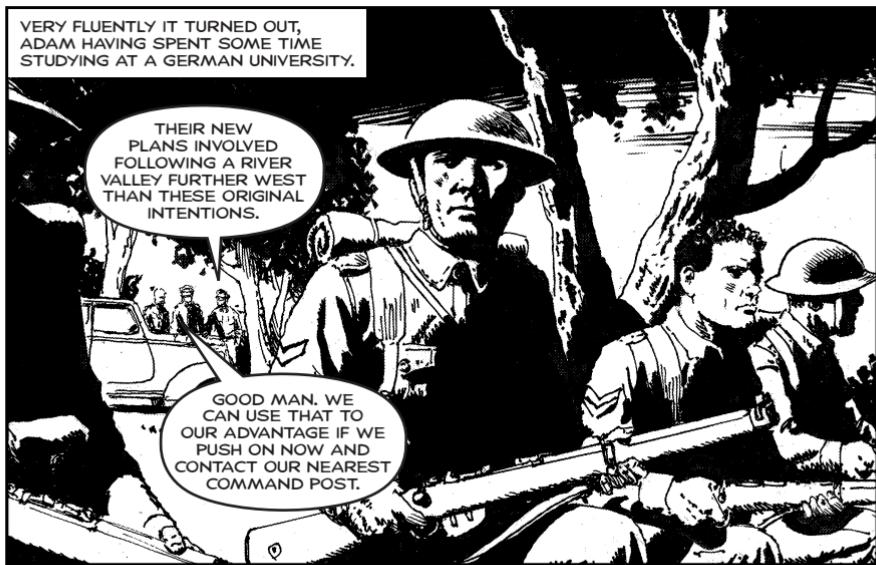
THE CAR SKIDDED TO A WOBBLY HALT AND THE THREE OCCUPANTS LEAPED OUT TO FIND WHAT COVER THEY COULD.



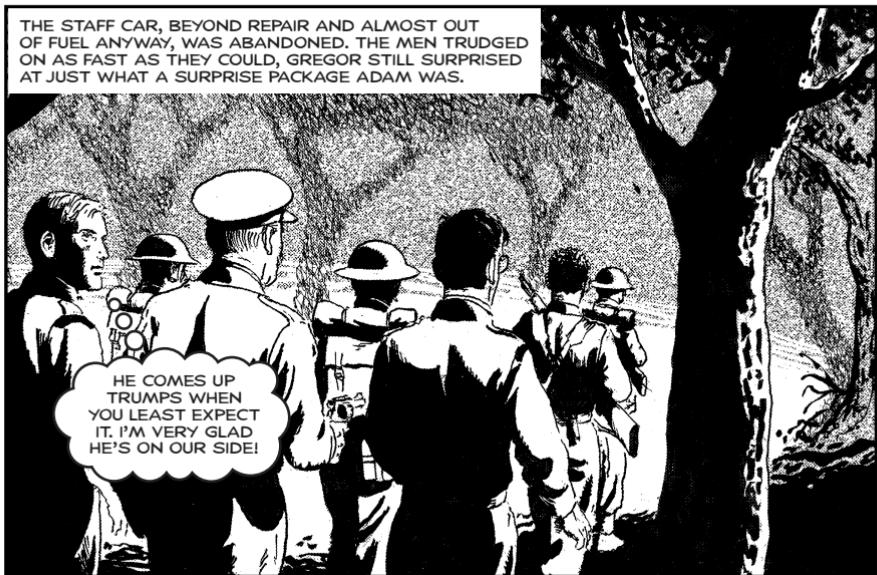
THEIR ASSAILANTS, HOWEVER, ALSO BELONGED TO THE BRITISH ARMY. MAJOR RUPERT WATT, AN ASTUTE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, HAD HEARD THEIR TARGETS SPEAK.



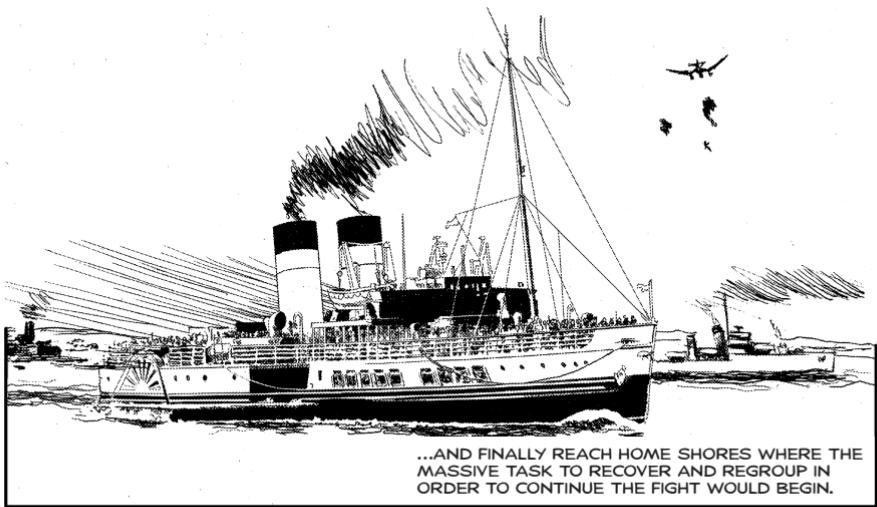




THE STAFF CAR, BEYOND REPAIR AND ALMOST OUT OF FUEL ANYWAY, WAS ABANDONED. THE MEN TRUDGED ON AS FAST AS THEY COULD, GREGOR STILL SURPRISED AT JUST WHAT A SURPRISE PACKAGE ADAM WAS.



MANY LIVES WERE SAVED THANKS TO THE GEN PROVIDED BY ADAM. HE AND HIS FELLOW TRAVELLERS WERE AMONG THE LUCKY ONES TO SECURE PASSAGE AWAY FROM THE BEACHES OF DUNKIRK...



MAJOR WATT AND ADAM SAID THEIR FAREWELLS. GREGOR AND STAN SPENT SOME TIME FILLING IN REPORTS AND COOLING THEIR HEELS...

...UNTIL THEY GOT THE CHANCE TO VOLUNTEER FOR TRAINING WITH A NEW RAIDING FORCE — THE COMMANDOS — WHICH WOULD SOON BE HITTING THE ENEMY HARD.

AFTER MONTHS OF ARDUOUS TRAINING, GREGOR, PROMOTED TO FULL LIEUTENANT, LANDED BY NIGHT ON THE FRENCH COAST WITH HIS SQUAD, MAYHEM IN MIND.

KEEP IT QUIET NOW, LADS, AND STAY ALERT.

FEELS GOOD GETTING SOME OF OUR OWN BACK ON THE JERRIES.





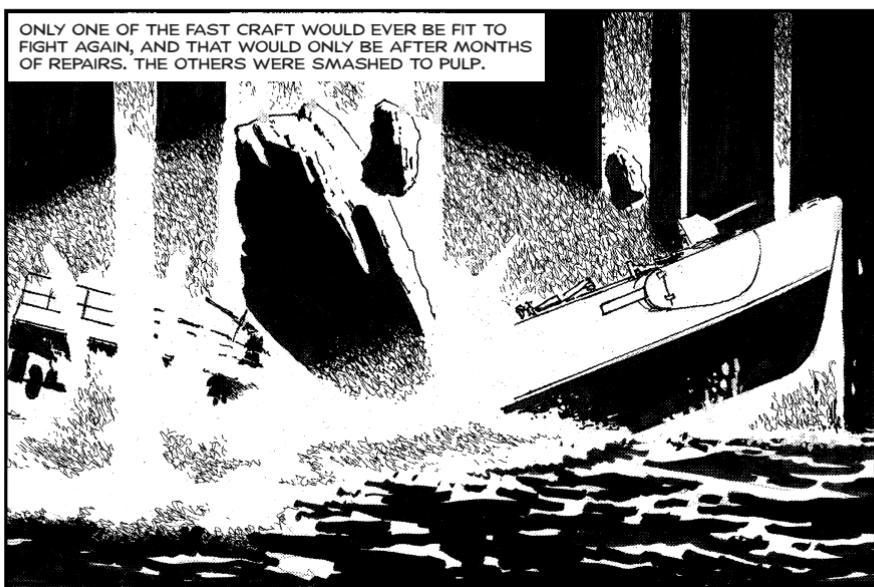
THE BRITISH VESSEL IDLED AWAY FROM THE COAST UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO
BRING THE ENGINES TO THEIR TWENTY-KNOT FULL THROTTLE, THE SOUND
BOUNCING BACK INTO A SMALL HARBOUR WHICH SERVED AS AN E-BOAT BASE.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE CHARGES PLACED BY GREGOR AND HIS RAIDERS
ON THE REAR OF THE ROCKY WALL WHICH PROVIDED SHELTER FOR THIS
ANCHORAGE ERUPTED, UNLEASHING AN AVALANCHE OF DESTRUCTION.



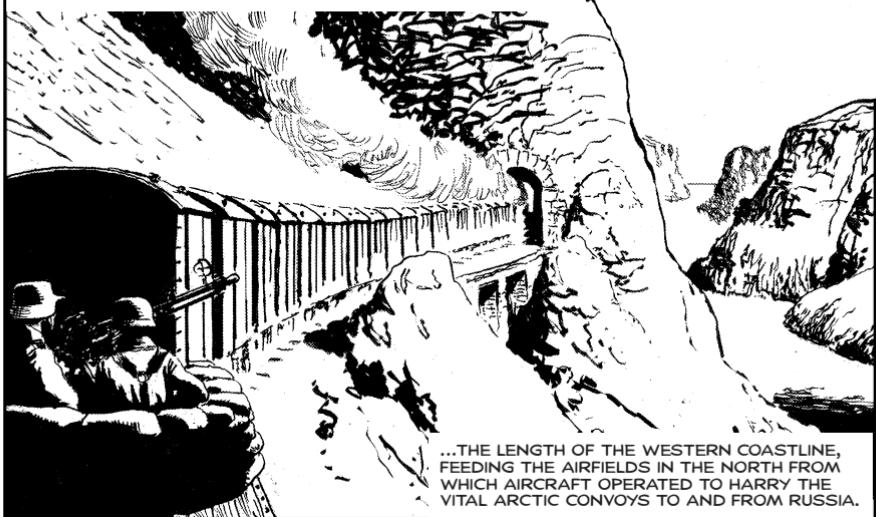
ONLY ONE OF THE FAST CRAFT WOULD EVER BE FIT TO FIGHT AGAIN, AND THAT WOULD ONLY BE AFTER MONTHS OF REPAIRS. THE OTHERS WERE SMASHED TO PULP.



FOR ALL THE COMMANDOS, BUT GREGOR AND STAN IN PARTICULAR, IT WAS THE FIRST STRIKE BACK TO MAKE UP FOR THE DEFEAT IN FRANCE IN 1940.

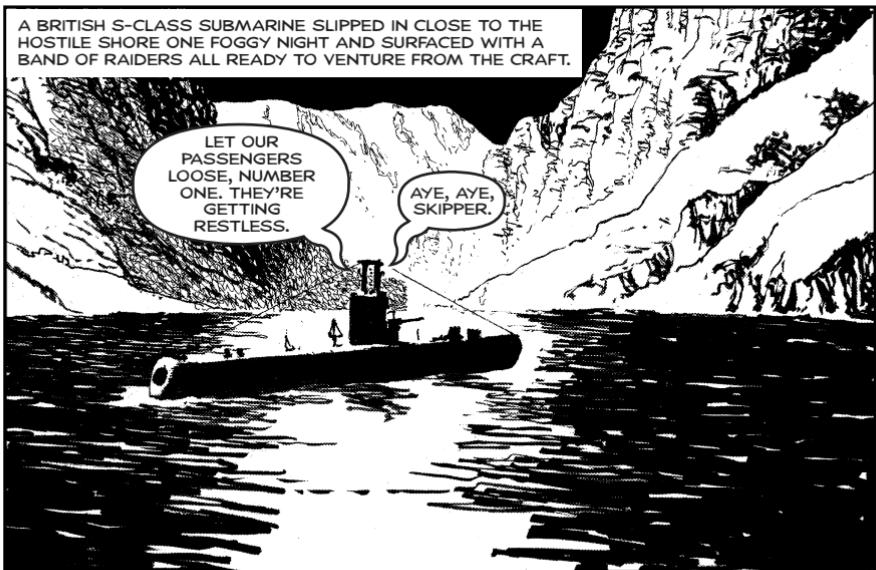


NAZI-OCCUPIED NORWAY WAS THEIR NEXT PORT OF CALL.
HERE THE ENEMY HAD UTILISED AND IMPROVED THE EXISTING
RAILWAY NETWORK TO SPEED TROOPS AND AMMUNITION...



...THE LENGTH OF THE WESTERN COASTLINE,
FEEDING THE AIRFIELDS IN THE NORTH FROM
WHICH AIRCRAFT OPERATED TO HARRY THE
VITAL ARCTIC CONVOYS TO AND FROM RUSSIA.

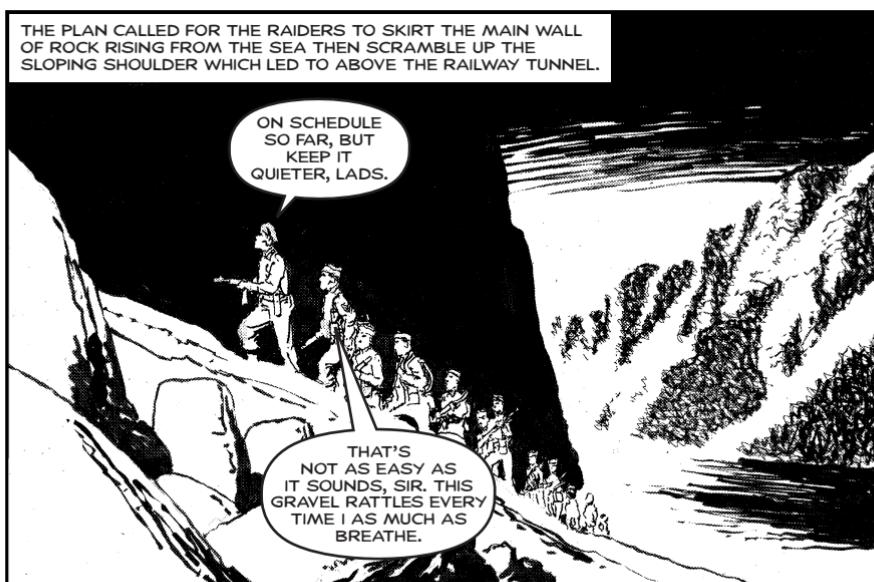
A BRITISH S-CLASS SUBMARINE SLIPPED IN CLOSE TO THE
HOSTILE SHORE ONE FOGGY NIGHT AND SURFACED WITH A
BAND OF RAIDERS ALL READY TO VENTURE FROM THE CRAFT.

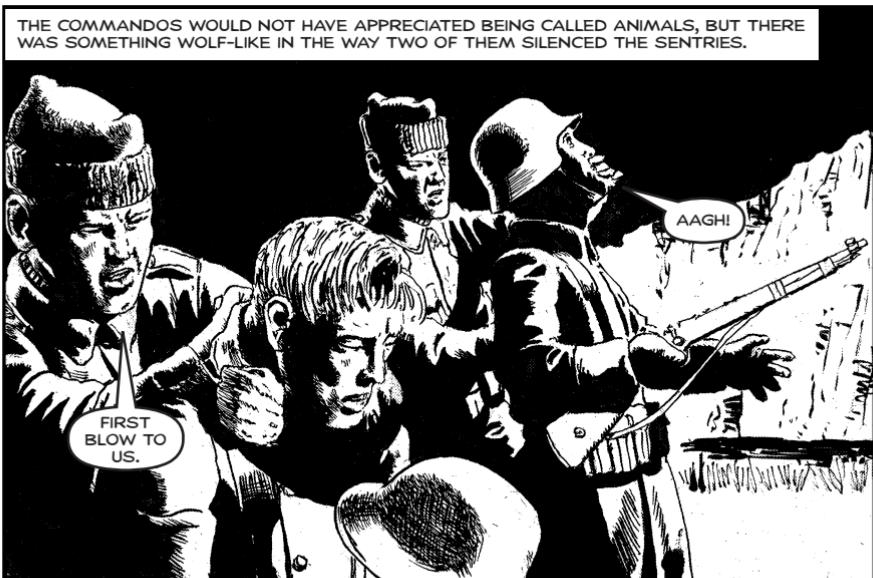


THE SMALL TEAM LED BY GREGOR WITH STAN BACKING HIM UP HAD A RIGOROUS TEST TO FACE THAT NIGHT, BUT THEY WERE AS READY AS THEY COULD POSSIBLY BE.



THE PLAN CALLED FOR THE RAIDERS TO SKIRT THE MAIN WALL OF ROCK RISING FROM THE SEA THEN SCRAMBLE UP THE SLOPING SHOULDER WHICH LED TO ABOVE THE RAILWAY TUNNEL.



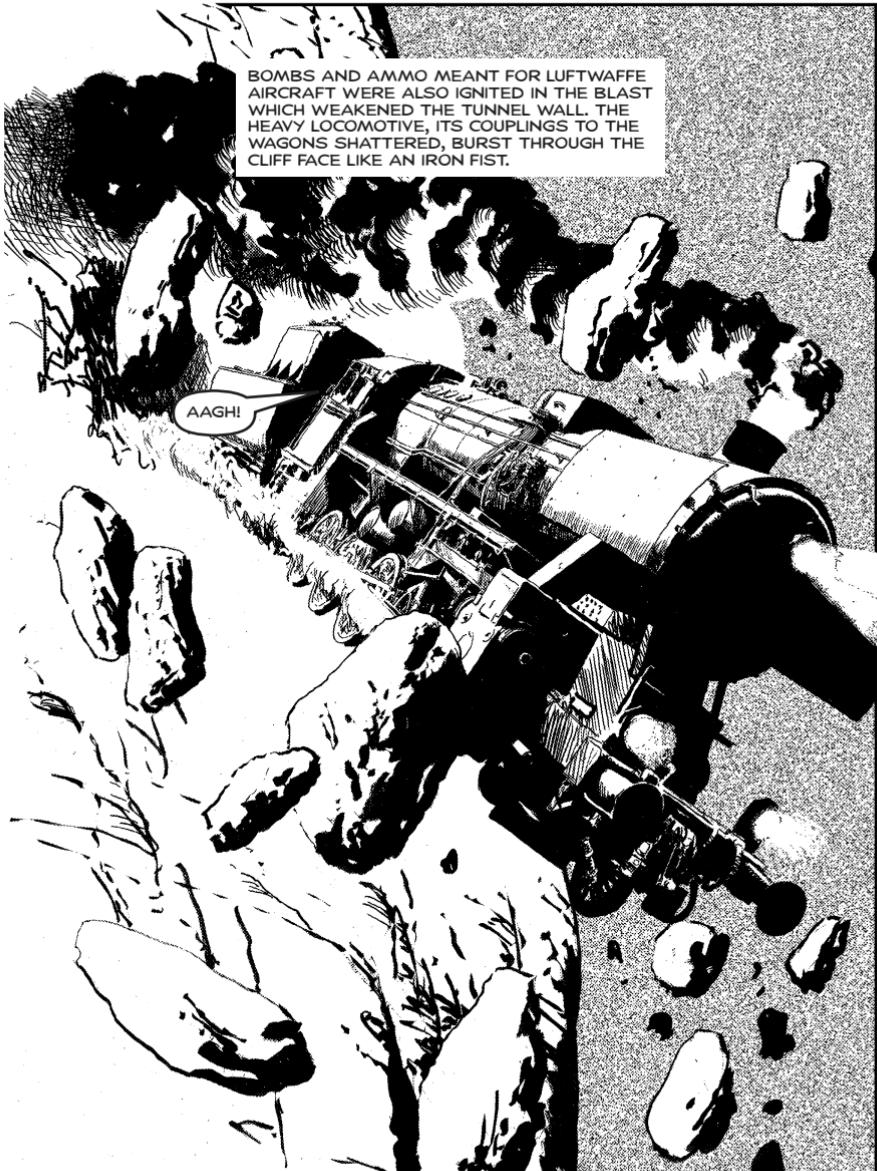


FIND
MORE
FREE
MAGAZINES

FREEMAGS.CC



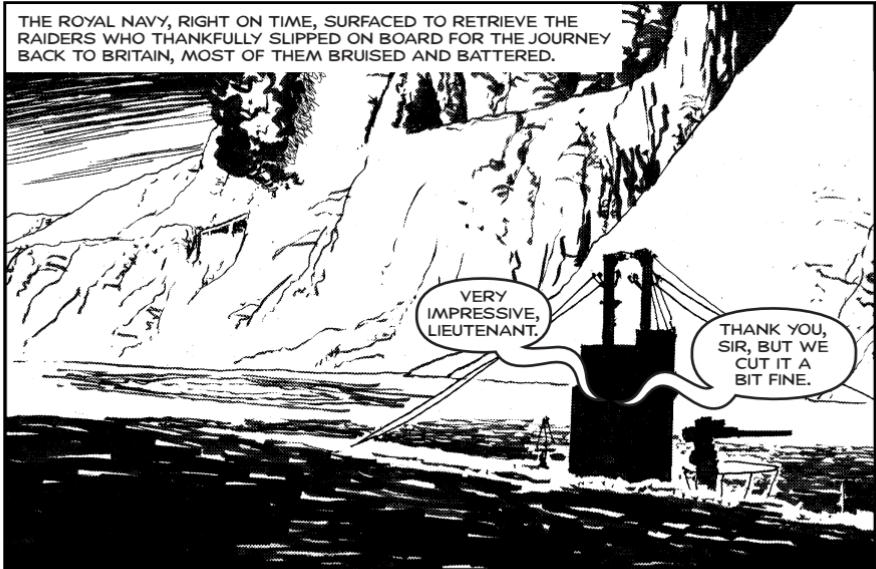




NEITHER GREGOR NOR ANY OF HIS MEN HAD QUITE EXPECTED THIS TO HAPPEN. THE BOILER IN THE TUMBLING MASS OF METAL BLEW AND DEBRIS RAINED DOWN ON THE RETREATING RAIDERS.



THE ROYAL NAVY, RIGHT ON TIME, SURFACED TO RETRIEVE THE RAIDERS WHO THANKFULLY SLIPPED ON BOARD FOR THE JOURNEY BACK TO BRITAIN, MOST OF THEM BRUISED AND BATTERED.



BOTH STAN AND GREGOR HAD BEEN KNOCKED ABOUT A BIT, STAN WITH A DISLOCATED SHOULDER AND GREGOR WITH A STRAINED KNEE. THEY WERE PUT ON TRAINING DUTIES WHILE THEY RECUPERATED...

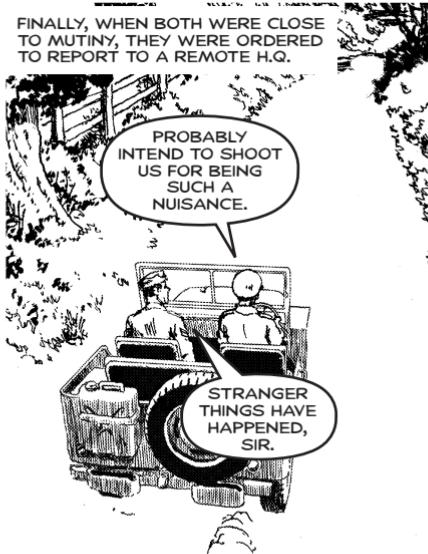


...AND WERE NOT BEST PLEASED TO MISS OUT ON THE NORMANDY BEACH LANDINGS, THE FIRST STEP TO TAKE THE WAR ON TO THE FRENCH MAINLAND.

THE TWO COMRADES CHIPPED AWAY AT THEIR SUPERIORS FOR A RETURN TO DUTY, THEIR FRUSTRATION GROWING.

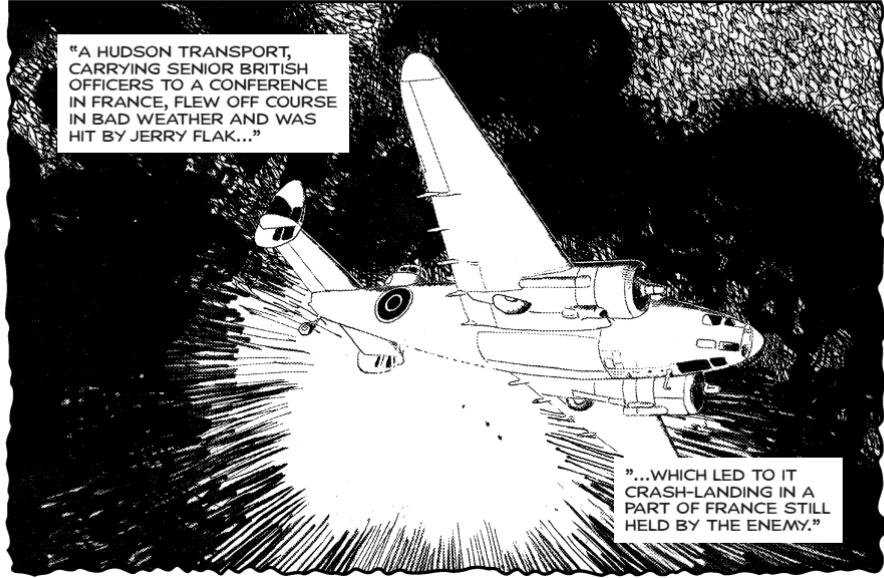


FINALLY, WHEN BOTH WERE CLOSE TO MUTINY, THEY WERE ORDERED TO REPORT TO A REMOTE H.Q.

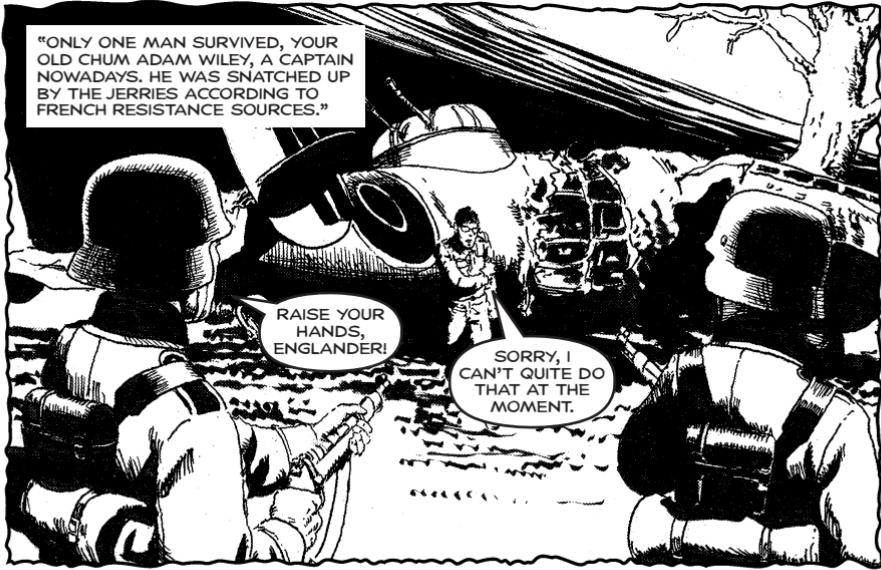




"A HUDSON TRANSPORT, CARRYING SENIOR BRITISH OFFICERS TO A CONFERENCE IN FRANCE, FLEW OFF COURSE IN BAD WEATHER AND WAS HIT BY JERRY FLAK..."



"...WHICH LED TO IT CRASH-LANDING IN A PART OF FRANCE STILL HELD BY THE ENEMY."

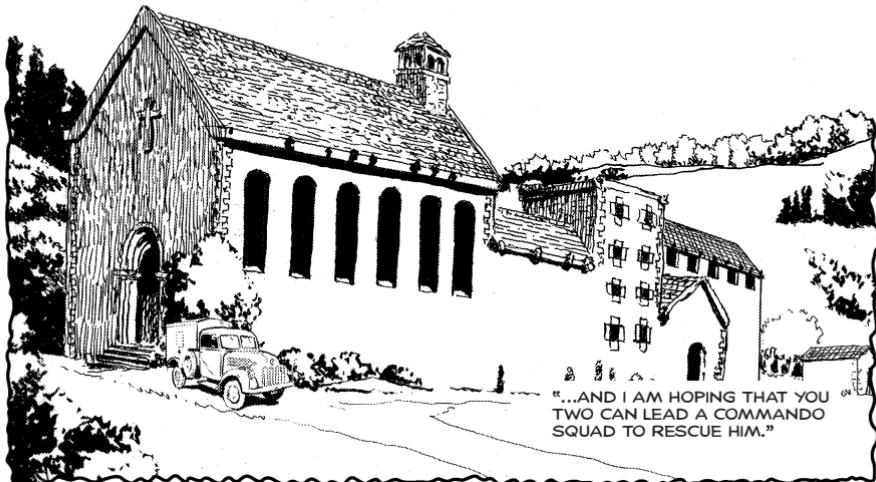


"ONLY ONE MAN SURVIVED, YOUR OLD CHUM ADAM WILEY, A CAPTAIN NOWADAYS. HE WAS SNATCHED UP BY THE JERRIES ACCORDING TO FRENCH RESISTANCE SOURCES."

RAISE YOUR HANDS, ENGLANDER!

SORRY, I CAN'T QUITE DO THAT AT THE MOMENT.

"HE IS BEING HELD AT THIS MOMENT IN A DISUSED MONASTERY THAT THE ENEMY HAVE TURNED INTO A MILITARY HOSPITAL..."



RIGHT AWAY, BOTH VISITORS REALISED THAT THERE WAS MORE TO THIS THAN MET THE EYE. GREGOR PUT INTO WORDS WHAT STAN WAS THINKING.



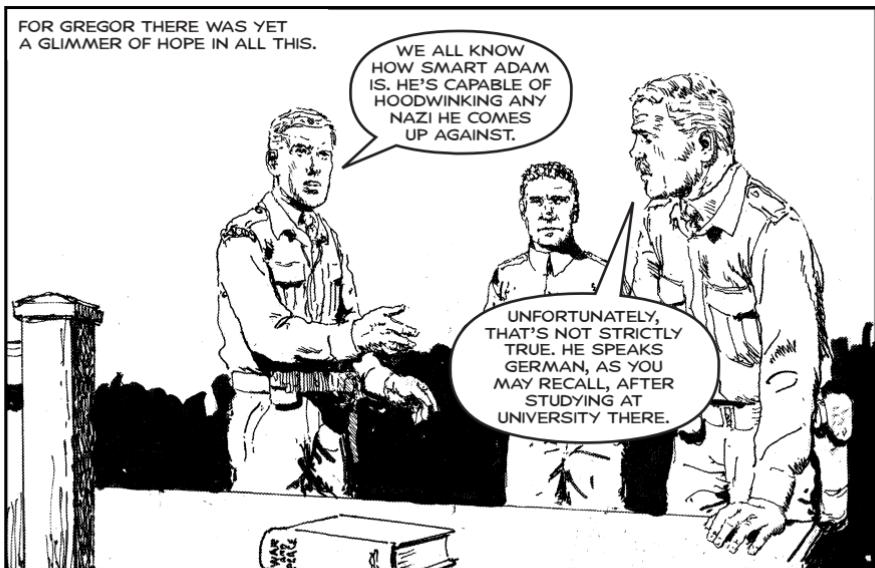
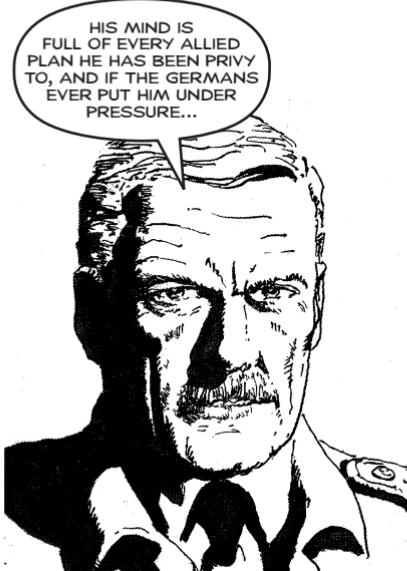
GREGOR AND STAN NODDED THEIR AGREEMENT AND THE COLONEL CONTINUED.

WE ALL KNOW THAT ADAM IS A LITTLE ...ECCENTRIC, SHALL WE SAY? AS I WORKED WITH HIM I BEGAN TO REALISE SOMETHING ELSE...HE HAS AN AMAZING RECALL OF EVERYTHING HE COMES ACROSS. IN SHORT, A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY.



GREGOR SAW THE TRUTH OF THAT AT ONCE. NAVIGATING THAT TRAINING RUN WITHOUT LOOKING AT THE MAP AND BEING ABLE TO DRIVE BY ONLY OBSERVING HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE WERE ONLY A COUPLE OF INSTANCES.



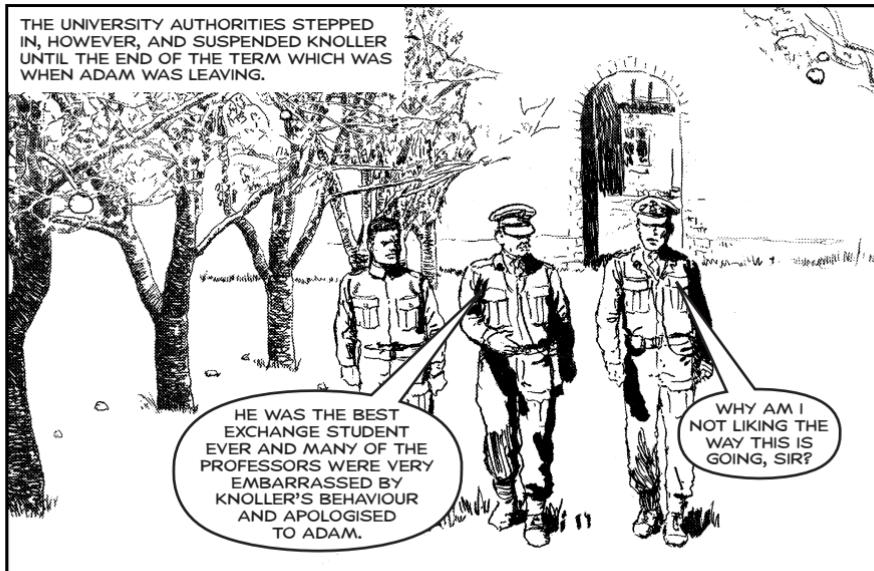
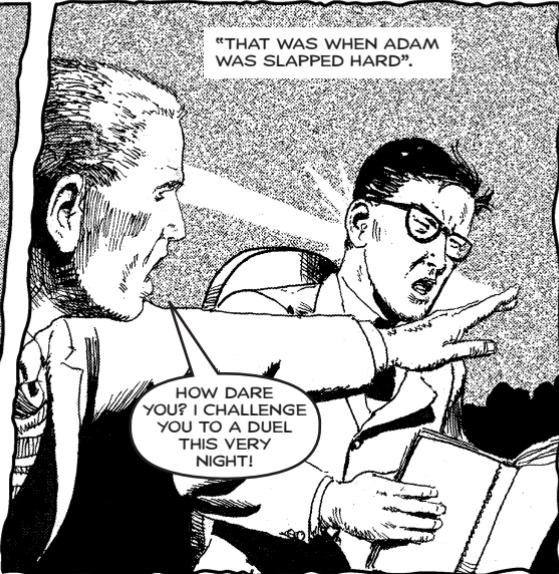


"IT WAS A HOTBED FOR ASPIRING YOUNG NAZIS AND ONE OF THEM WAS MORE ACTIVE THAN MOST IN RIDICULING ANYBODY AND EVERYTHING WHICH WAS NOT TRULY GERMAN IS HIS EYES."



"ONE LOUT, HANS KROLLER, HAD ALWAYS SNEERED AND NIGGLED AT ADAM. ONE NIGHT HE TOOK IT FURTHER."





GREGOR'S INSTINCTS WERE PROVED RIGHT. KNOLLER HAD GONE ON TO JOIN THE S.D., THE NAZI INTELLIGENCE WING OF THE S.S., AND RISEN TO THE RANK OF COLONEL. HE WAS NOW IN CHARGE OF THE REGION THE MONASTERY WAS IN.



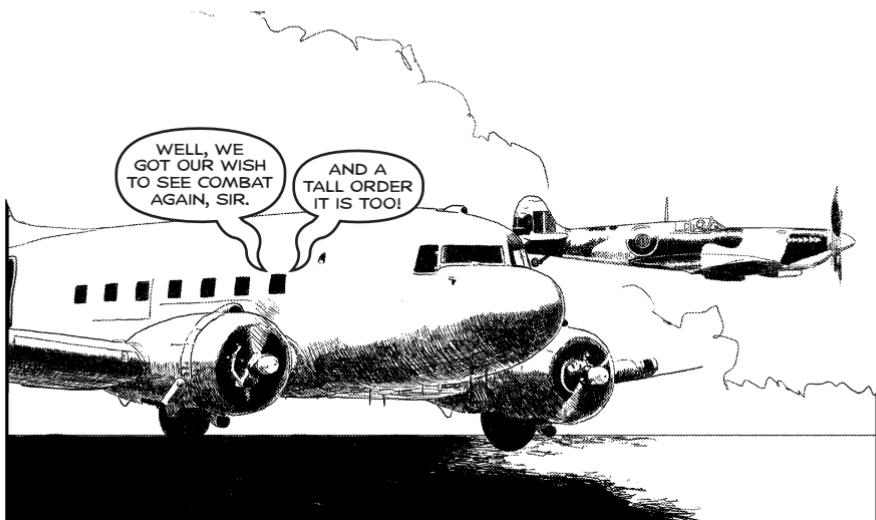
LUCKILY THE NAZI THUG HAD BEEN CALLED TO BERLIN FOR A CONFERENCE.



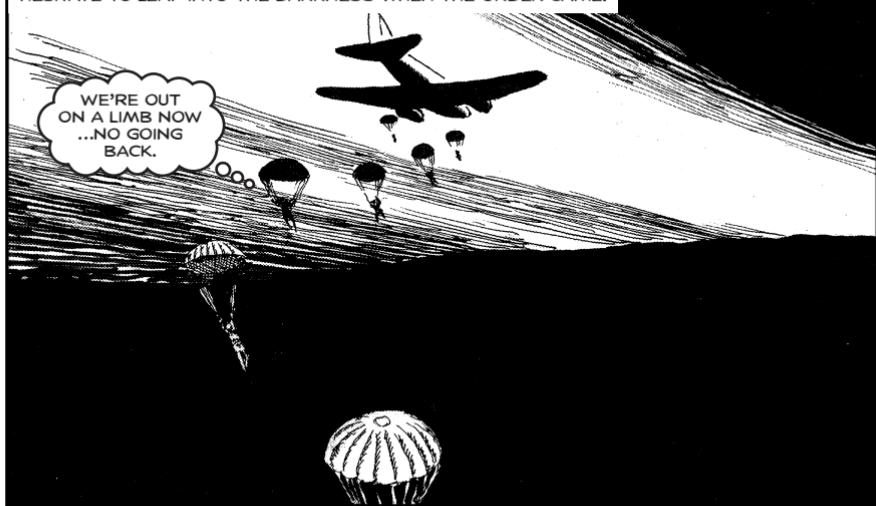
SPEED WAS CLEARLY ESSENTIAL, ARRANGEMENTS ALREADY UNDERWAY.



WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AN R.A.F. DOUGLAS DAKOTA WITH A SPITFIRE ESCORT LIFTED OFF FROM AN AIRFIELD IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND SET COURSE OVER THE NORTH SEA FOR FRANCE.



THE LONG, NOISY FLIGHT GAVE THE INTRUDERS TOO MUCH TIME TO THINK OF THE DANGER WHICH LAY AHEAD, BUT THEY DID NOT HESITATE TO LEAP INTO THE DARKNESS WHEN THE ORDER CAME.



THEY LANDED CLOSE TO WHERE A SIGNAL LIGHT HAD FLASHED THE AGREED CODE, BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF ANY RESISTANCE MEN ON THE GROUND.



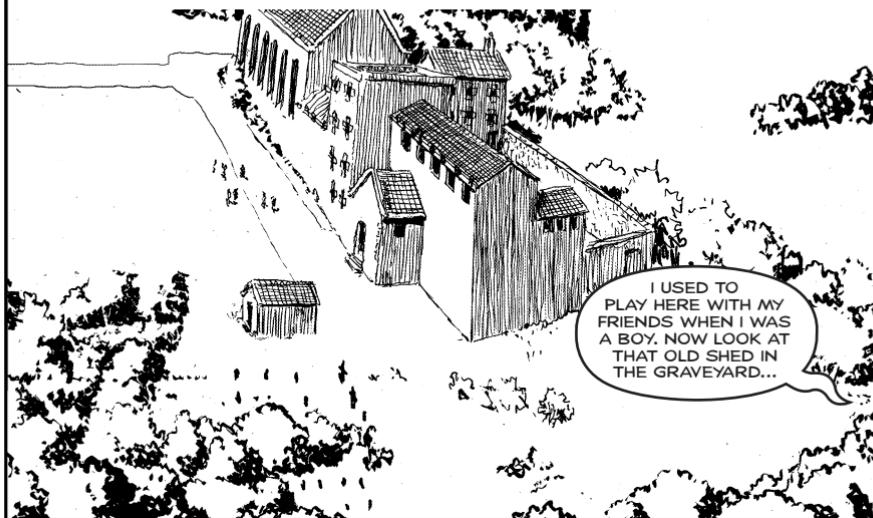
THEIR CONTACT, CODE-NAMED EIFFEL BUT NOT AT ALL TOWERING IN STATURE, APPEARED FROM THE SHADOWS WITH A FEMALE COMPANION, ONE OF MANY WHO RISKED THEIR LIVES IN THE FIGHT TO FREE FRANCE.



EIFFEL, A FARMER, WAS FORCED TO SUPPLY FRESH VEGETABLES TO THE MONASTERY. HE HAD GLEANED A LOT OF INFO ON HIS LAST VISIT, DISCOVERING ADAM WAS BEING KEPT APART IN WHAT HAD BEEN A MONK'S CELL.



SOON THEIR FRENCH GUIDES HAD BROUGHT THEM IN VIEW OF THE MONASTERY. AN ANCIENT CEMETERY LAY AT ONE END, A RAMSHACKLE HUT HELD TOGETHER MORE BY LUCK THAN MORTAR ALSO VISIBLE.



THE STRUCTURE HAD BEEN A CHARNEL HOUSE IN PAST DAYS — A PLACE WHERE BONES WERE STACKED WHEN MORE SPACE WAS NEEDED FOR FRESH BURIALS.



THAT WAS TRUE, AND IT HAD BEEN TOO RISKY TO CHECK OUT THE TUNNEL BEFORE THE OPERATION.



I THINK IT
WAS A DRAIN OF
SORTS AND WELL BUILT.
IT SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT
AND I AM SURE THE
BOCHES DON'T KNOW
ABOUT IT.

THAT'S THE
MAIN THING AND
WE HAVEN'T ANY
OTHER OPTIONS
TO TRY.

THE OTHERS STOOD GUARD THAT NIGHT WHILE ONLY GREGOR AND STAN SNEAKED INTO THE CHARNEL HOUSE. THEY FOUND THE SLAB WHICH ALLOWED ACCESS TO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, BUT THEY WERE NOT ALONE.



I THOUGHT
OUR FRENCH CHUM
SAID NO BONES
WERE LEFT
IN HERE?

IT'S JUST
THE ONE SKULL.
MAYBE HE WAS THE
ABBOT. COULD BE
A LUCKY OMEN.

STAN DID NOT LOOK CONVINCED BUT THE PAIR PRESSED ON, SLIPPING INTO THE GRIMY PASSAGE, GLAD OF THE LIGHT FROM THE TORCHES CLIPPED TO THEIR UNIFORMS.



IN PLACES THE TUNNEL'S SIDES HAD CRUMBED OVER THE YEARS AND GREGOR HAD TO CLEAR THE WAY.

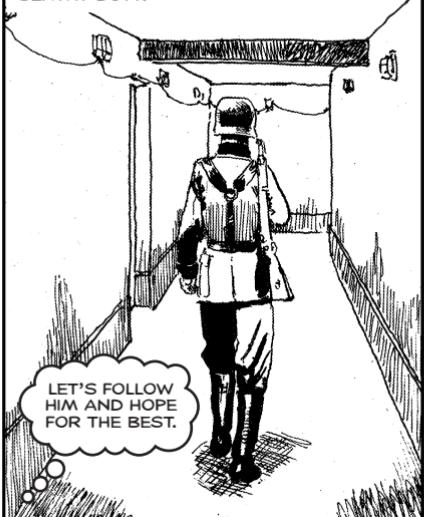


FINALLY THEY SENSED THEY WERE UNDER THE MAIN BUILDING...





SCOUTING AROUND, THEY SPOTTED A GERMAN THEY GUessed WAS ON SENTRY DUTY.



MAYBE THAT ANCIENT SKULL DID BRING THEM LUCK BECAUSE THEIR TARGET LED THEM TO ANOTHER GERMAN POSTED AT THE DOOR TO A ROOM.



THAT WAS ENOUGH OF A CLUE FOR BOTH COMMANDOS TO PILE IN HARD, GREGOR WITH SLIGHTLY MORE STYLE THAN STAN.



MAKING SOME NOISE HAD BEEN UNAVOIDABLE BUT NO GERMANS CAME RUNNING. WHILE STAN BOUND UP THE GUARDS, GREGOR SLIPPED INTO THE ROOM, RELIEVED TO SEE ADAM MOTIONLESS IN A BED.



THE SHAKE WASN'T NEEDED. ADAM WAS AWAKE IN AN INSTANT, OBVIOUSLY SHAMMING THAT HE HAD BEEN DOZING.



APART FROM A MESSY BUT SUPERFICIAL HEAD WOUND, ADAM WAS RIGHT AS RAIN. HE CONFESSED WITH SOME PRIDE THAT HE HAD BEEN MALINGERING.



ADAM GRINNED AS HE SAW STAN AGAIN WHEN THEY MADE TO LEAVE.





MEANWHILE, ON THE APPROACH ROAD TO THE MONASTERY, EIFFEL AND HIS SIDE-KICK WERE LYING IN COVER WHEN AN S.D.-MANNED BMW R75 MOTORBIKE COMBINATION AND A HEAVY TYPE I70VK STAFF CAR PASSED.



IT WAS INDEED THE DREADED STANDARTENFUHRER KNOLLER AND HIS AIDE, AN S.D. MAJOR. THE COLD-BLOODED COLONEL WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO NEXT FEW HOURS.



KEEN TO TORMENT THE "ENGLANDER" WHO HAD SHAMED HIM AT UNIVERSITY, KNOLLER SWEPT IN LIKE THE OBNOXIOUS BULLY HE WAS. ANTICIPATION TURNED TO RAGE, THOUGH.



KOLLER'S AIDE RUSHED IN AT THE SHOUT, ONLY TO FEAR FOR LIFE AND LIMB AS HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER SMASHED HIM INTO THE WALL.



KNOLLER'S YELLED ORDERS AND THE SOUND OF POUNDING FEET IN THE MONASTERY CORRIDORS ECHOED ALONG TO THE END OF THE TUNNEL IN THE CHARNEL HOUSE.



THIS WAS ONE SET OF RABID DOGS OF WAR WOULD NOT BE JOINING THE HUNT FOR THE MAN THEIR C.O. SOUGHT.



MAYHEM ALL AROUND HIM, KNOLLER RUSHED OUTSIDE AND CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF FIGURES LEAVING THE RAMSHACKLE BUILDING IN THE GRAVEYARD. HE BELLOWED AT HIS MOTORBIKE ESCORT.



THAT WAS A DIFFICULT ORDER TO CARRY THROUGH, BUT THE MG34 GUNNER IN THE SIDECAR TRIED HIS BEST, AIMING LOW TO AVOID ANY HEAD OR BODY HITS.



GREGOR AND STAN, THOUGH, WERE FIRING TO KILL. THE B.M.W.'S FRONT TYRE WAS RIDDLED. THE COMBO AND ITS CREW WERE DOOMED.



THE CRASH FURTHER ANGERED THE S.D. COLONEL WHO URGED THE ASSEMBLING WEHRMACHT TROOPS FORWARD.



REALISING THAT NOBODY WAS JUMPING TO HIS BIDDING, KNOLLER CALLED FOR HIS STAFF CAR.



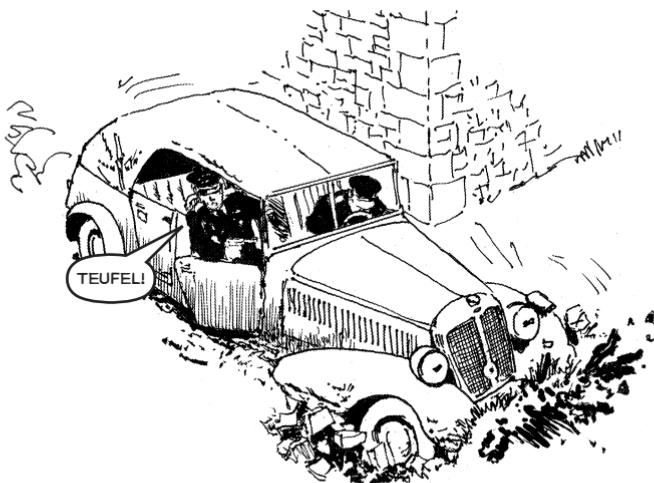
BRANDISHING AND FIRING HIS LUGER LIKE A FIEND, THE NAZI GAVE IN FULLY TO THE GROWING FURY THAT FORCED HIM ON.



ADAM, CROUCHING IN COVER,
ALMOST TOOK A HIT.



THE STAFF CAR SPED TOWARDS THE FUGITIVE, OVER THE TOP OF THE DRAINAGE CHANNEL THEY HAD USED IN THEIR THEIR ESCAPE. IT GAVE WAY UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE TYPE 170VK'S WHEELS OPENING A MASSIVE HOLE IN THE GROUND.



FOR KNOLLER, DANGER LURKED ABOVE AS WELL AS BELOW. AN ANCIENT GARGOYLE, SHAKEN FREE BY SHOCK WAVES RUMBLING UP THE WALL AFTER THE CRASH, BEGAN TO TOPPLE.

THE LIFE OF A HUMAN DEVIL WAS ABOUT TO BE TERMINATED BY THE HEAVY STONE IMAGE OF ANOTHER KIND OF DEVIL.

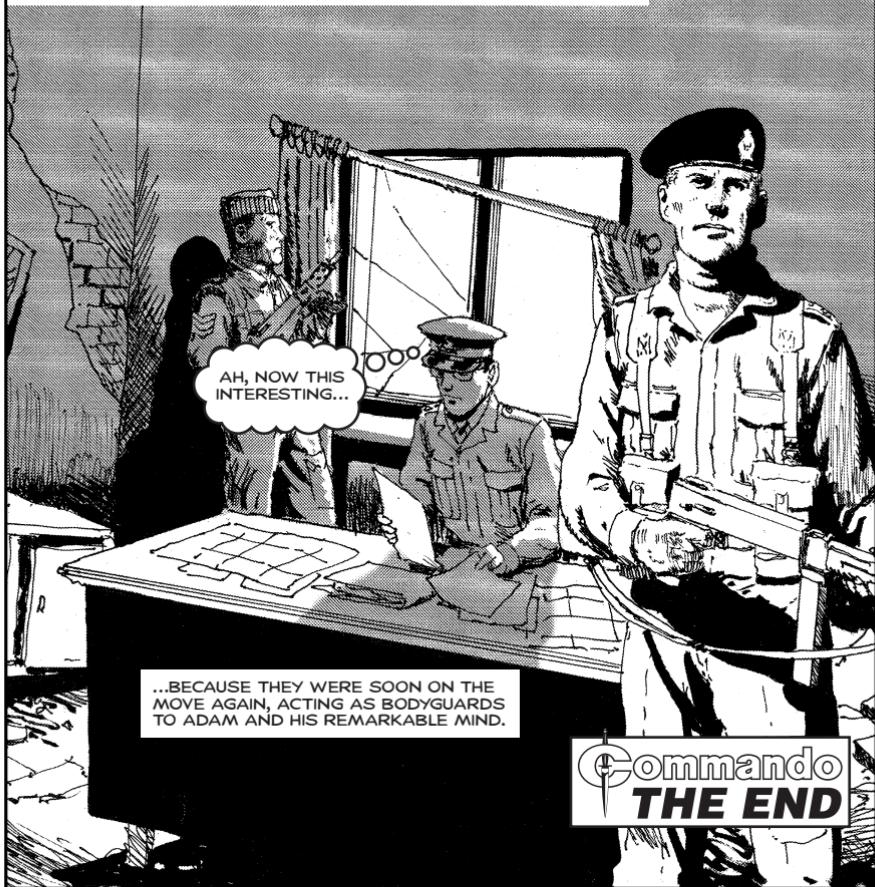
MEIN GOT...
NEIN..NEIN...



ADAM AND HIS TWO RESCUERS HAD SEEN IT ALL. THEY DID GAZE IN AMAZEMENT FOR A FEW SECONDS BEFORE HEADING TOWARDS THE OTHER COMMANDOS WHO WERE PROVIDING COVERING FIRE.



AFTER THANKING THE FRENCH FREEDOM FIGHTERS, THE COMMANDO SQUAD FERRIED ADAM BACK TO THE GRATEFUL COLONEL WATT. DESPITE BEING SOUNDLY CONGRATULATED ON THEIR SUCCESS NEITHER GREGOR NOR STAN GOT MUCH TIME TO REST...



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Then, one fateful night, Adam landed himself in danger the like of which even Gregor had second thoughts about diving into. But it was his job to get his friend out of...

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