

COMPLETE 63-PAGE ACTION STORY

No.4769

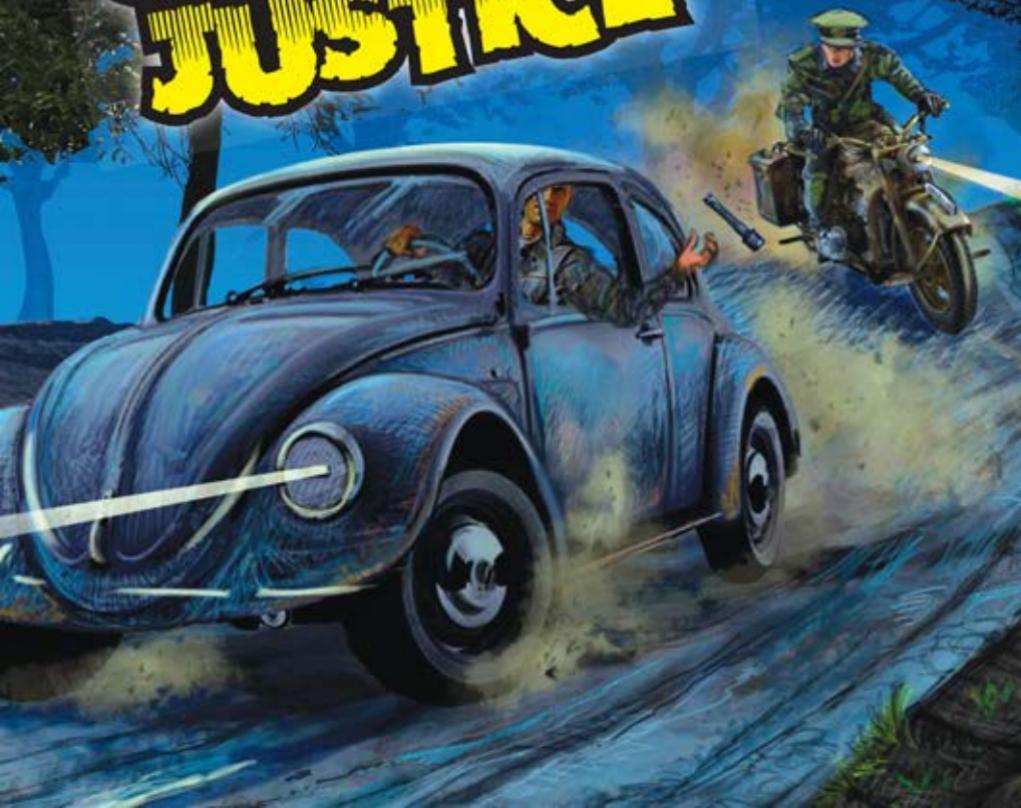
£2

Commando

FOR ACTION AND ADVENTURE



OUT FOR JUSTICE



WAR BIKES

MATCHLESS G3L BRITAIN 1939-1946

Following the evacuation from Dunkirk in 1940, British Forces desperately needed motorcycles to replace the ones they had left in France. A new Triumph was selected but the factory was bombed so Matchless stepped in — and made 80,000 G3/Ls. This relatively lightweight 350cc model was fitted with then-new oil-damped telescopic front forks making it far superior off road — which is where most military vehicles end up. A favourite of despatch riders (and MPs) it continued in production long after the war's end.

Engine	Vertical single-cylinder, overhead valve, 4-stroke
Capacity	347cc
Power output	16.6bhp
Transmission	4 forward gears, chain final drive
Weight	148kg (328lb)
Top speed	70mph



Gordon C. Longfellow

CUT FOR J U S T I C E

THE WAR WAS COMING TO A CLOSE, THE NAZI CAUSE IN TATTERS, AS ALLIED FORCES TOOK THE FIGHT ON TO GERMAN SOIL IN 1945. ADOLF HITLER'S DREAM OF A THOUSAND-YEAR-REICH WAS FADING FAST.



SOME GERMAN SERVICEMEN HELD ON MORE FIRMLY THAN OTHERS,
SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY BELIEVED THAT THEIR OWN OFFICERS WOULD
SHOOT THEM IF THEY BUDGED AN INCH THEY HAD NOT BEEN ORDERED TO.



FELDJAGERKORPS — MILITARY POLICE — HAUPTMANN HORST EINWALL COMMANDED
WHAT WAS LEFT OF A STRAFBATTALION — A MOTLEY ASSORTMENT OF SOLDIERS
WHO HAD DISOBeyed ORDERS AND BEEN DRAFTED INTO THIS PUNISHMENT UNIT.



FELDWEBEL ROLF BREMER WAS THE ONLY OTHER M.P. SURVIVOR WITH ANY RANK TO SPEAK OF. HE WAS TOO BUSY SAVING ONE OF THE UNIT TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO WHAT EINWALL HAD BEEN BAWLING.



ROLF DARED NOT GO EASY ON THE MEN, BUT HE TREATED THEM A LOT MORE FAIRLY THAN HIS CAPTAIN EVER DID. THEY RESPONDED WELL TO THAT.



THE AMERICAN FORCES RANGED AGAINST THEM WERE SUPERIOR IN NUMBERS AND FIRE-POWER. A SHERMAN TANK, ITS FIVE-MAN CREW ON THE ALERT, ADDED ITS THIRTY-TON-PLUS WEIGHT TO THE FIGHT.



BUT THE 75MM SHELLS FIRED FROM THE SPEEDING SHERMAN, WHICH WAS CAPABLE OF MORE THAN 20MPH, WAS A POTENT ARGUMENT FOR SURRENDER.



ALL THIS WAS WARNING ENOUGH FOR ROLF WHO ACTED FAST AND ORDERED A TWO-MAN ANTI-TANK TEAM TO FOLLOW HIM WITH THEIR PANZERFAUST.



THE AMERICAN TANK WAS SOON PROBING
THE EDGES OF THE NEARBY TOWN.

ROLF LET LOOSE A TATTOO
OF BULLETS ON THE TURRET.



THAT BURST OF FIRE CERTAINLY DID RILE THE AMERICANS. ROLF HAD TO HUNKER DOWN LOW AS .30 AND .50 BROWNING MACHINE GUN BULLETS SPED HIS WAY.

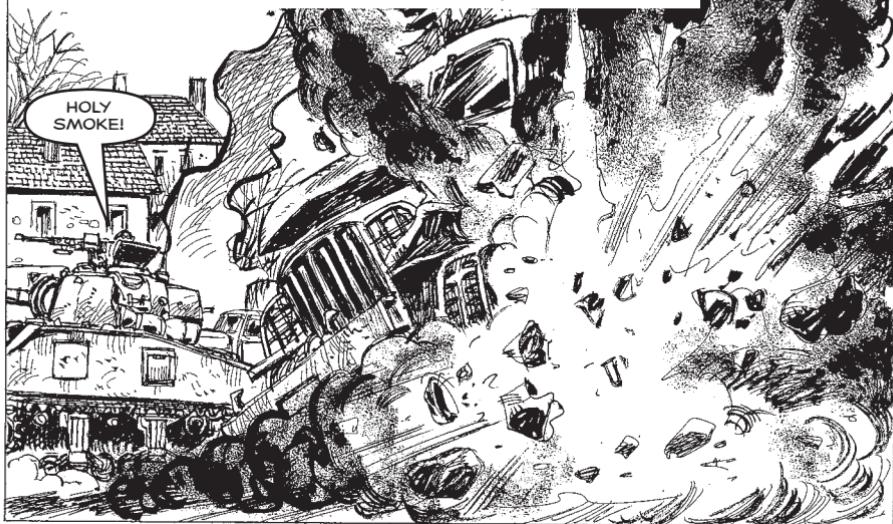
KEEP A WEATHER EYE OPEN... THERE SURELY WILL BE MORE KRAUTS ABOUT!



TWO MORE, IN FACT, AND THEY HAD BEEN PLACED IN A PRIME SPOT BY ROLF BEFORE HE HAD MOVED ON TO FIRE THOSE SHOTS TO DISTRACT THE AMERICANS.



HOWEVER, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO FIRE, A STRAY BULLET CAUSED THE SOLDIER'S AIM TO GO WIDE AND THE PANZERFAUST PROJECTILE BLEW UP A NEARBY TRUCK INSTEAD OF THE INTENDED TARGET, THE ENEMY TANK.



NOW, THE ANTI-TANK TEAM, WHO HAD BEEN TUTORED FOR WEEKS BY ROLF, HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO WITHDRAW UNDER COVERING FIRE.



THE TRUCK HAD BEEN FULL OF FUEL DRUMS WHICH HAD EXPLODED, SHOWERING THE SHERMAN WITH BURNING PETROL. THE CREW OF THE DAMAGED SHERMAN TUMBLED CLEAR OF THEIR STRANDED TANK FROM WHICH SMOKE WAS RISING. THIS HABIT OF BREWING UP TOO EASILY WAS WELL KNOWN.



EINWALL HAD BEEN GIVEN ORDERS TO WITHDRAW. HE AND ROLF HAD NEVER REALLY SEEN EYE TO EYE, AND THERE WAS ALWAYS AN UNEASY AIR BETWEEN THEM.





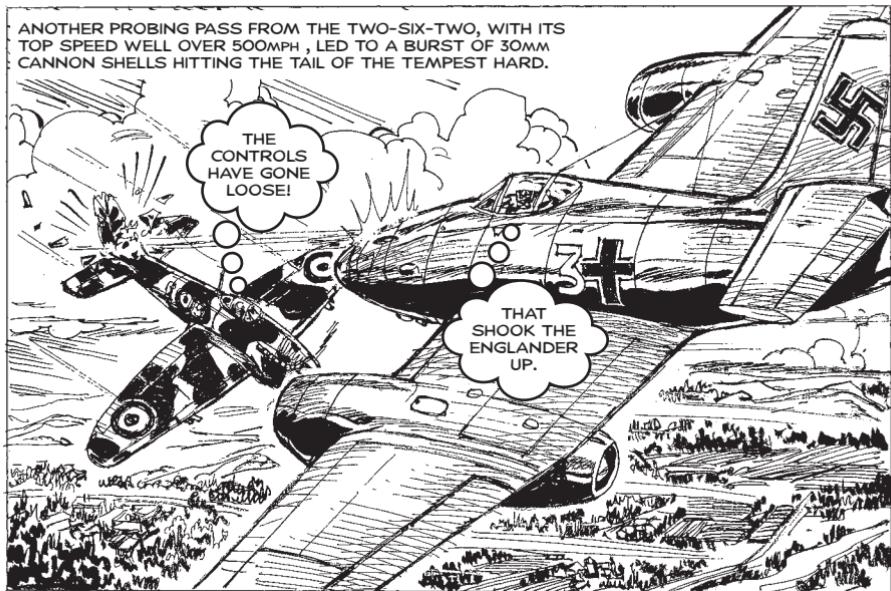
MORE EVIDENCE OF THE FUTILITY OF IT ALL LAY AHEAD WHERE DISORIENTATED CIVILIANS SEARCHED THROUGH THE DEBRIS OF A RECENTLY BOMBED VILLAGE. THAT SET EINWALL OFF AGAIN.



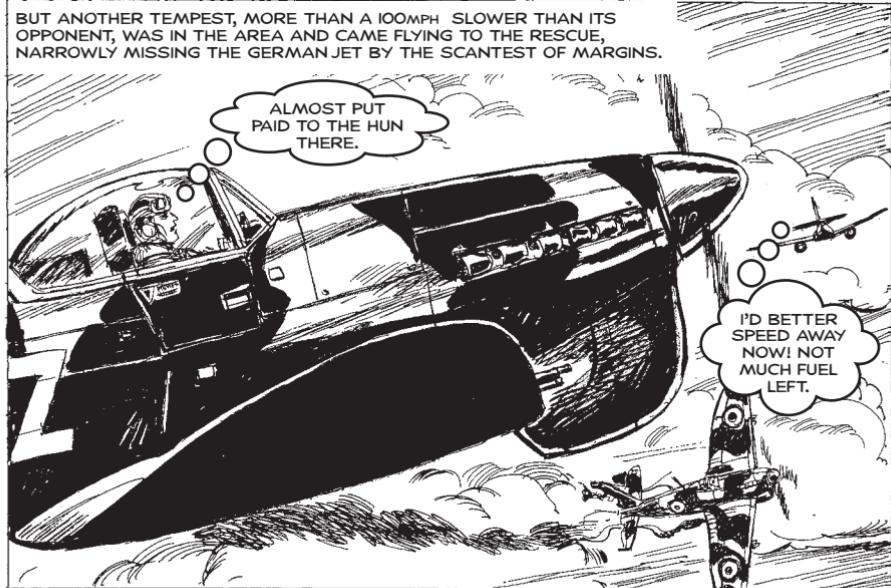
NOT ALL ALLIED PILOTS WERE HAVING IT THEIR OWN WAY. ONE FLYING A HAWKER TEMPEST HAD BEEN CAUGHT UNAWARES BY AN ME262 FIGHTER THRUST THROUGH THE SKY BY ITS TWO JUNKERS JUMO TURBOJET ENGINES.



ANOTHER PROBING PASS FROM THE TWO-SIX-TWO, WITH ITS TOP SPEED WELL OVER 500MPH, LED TO A BURST OF 30MM CANNON SHELLS HITTING THE TAIL OF THE TEMPEST HARD.



BUT ANOTHER TEMPEST, MORE THAN A 100MPH SLOWER THAN ITS OPPONENT, WAS IN THE AREA AND CAME FLYING TO THE RESCUE, NARROWLY MISSING THE GERMAN JET BY THE SCANTEST OF MARGINS.

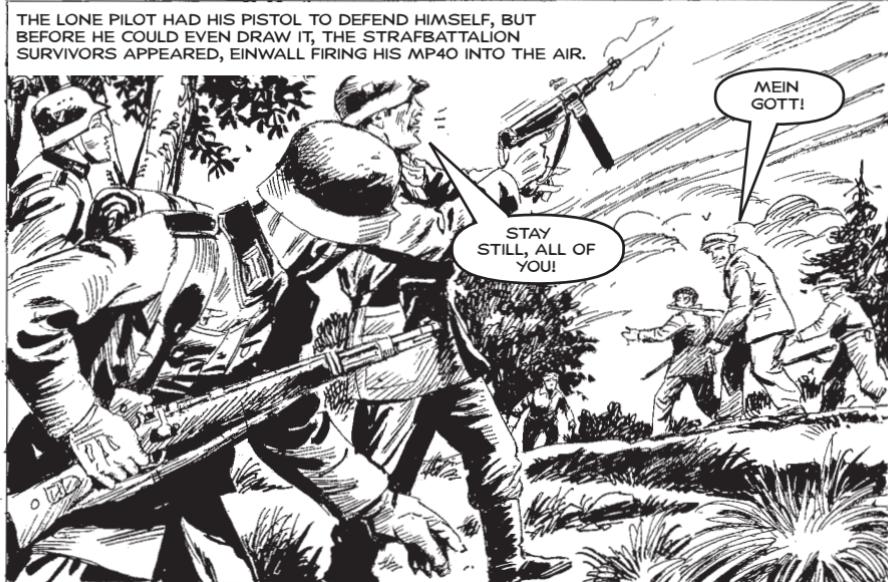




HE CAME TO EARTH CLOSE TO THE RECENTLY BOMBED VILLAGE. SOME MEN FROM THERE, THE HORROR OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S ASSAULT FRESH IN THEIR MINDS, SPOTTED HIM AND CLOSED IN MENACINGLY.



THE LONE PILOT HAD HIS PISTOL TO DEFEND HIMSELF, BUT BEFORE HE COULD EVEN DRAW IT, THE STRAFBATTALION SURVIVORS APPEARED, EINWALL FIRING HIS MP40 INTO THE AIR.



THE SPOKESMAN FOR THE LOCALS WAS FURIOUS THAT THEIR PLAN TO TAKE REVENGE HAD BEEN HALTED BY A FELLOW GERMAN, A FELDJÄGERKORPS OFFICER AT THAT.





ROLF HAD ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT HIS OFFICER WAS UNSTABLE,
BUT NOW HE WAS SURE THAT HE WAS ACTUALLY INSANE.

WITH MANY MORE
NAZIS LIKE HIM, WHAT
CHANCE DO ANY OF US
HAVE OF SURVIVAL?

THAT'S
US DONE,
FELDWEBEL.

AS THE THREE STRAGGLERS HURRIED TO CATCH UP WITH THE REST OF THEIR UNIT,
ROLF FELT UNEASE GRIP HIM AS AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR SOUND THROBBED IN HIS EARS.

INCOMING
ARTILLERY...GET TO
COVER!

ROLF WAS CAUGHT IN A MASSIVE BLAST JUST SECONDS LATER.

LUCKILY THE AMERICAN FORCES FOLLOWING UP SHOWED A LOT MORE COMPASSION THAN EINWALL HAD.



ROLF CAME TO IN AN AMERICAN AID POST, UNAWARE IF ANY OF HIS MEN OR EINWALL HAD SURVIVED. HE BROODED DEEPLY ABOUT THE EXECUTION OF THE R.A.F. PILOT, FEARING FOR THE DAYS AHEAD.



BRITISH MILITARY POLICE WERE PLAYING THEIR PART IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE LINE. SERGEANT LEN BROWN WAS DIRECTING AMERICAN TRUCKS PACKED WITH SUPPLIES VITAL TO VICTORY TO WHERE THEY WERE NEEDED.



THIS WAS THE SORT OF WORK LEN AND LIEUTENANT GRANT SIM HAD BEEN DOING FROM WHEN THEY HAD LANDED ON THE BEACHES OF NORMANDY IN EARLY JUNE, 1944.



IT HAD BEEN A QUIET DAY SO FAR, BUT THE GERMAN GUNNERS DECIDED NOW WAS THE TIME TO BEGIN THEIR DAILY PLASTERING OF LIKELY SUPPLY ROUTES.



THE SHELLING CEASED BUT THE TWO REDCAPS WERE STILL WARY, UNLIKE THE AMERICAN ARMY OCCUPANTS OF A JEEP WHICH SPED PAST THEM ON THE WAY FORWARD.



URGENT ORDERS OR SHEER FOOLHARDINESS HAD PRESSED THE VEHICLE ON. A PRICE WAS PAID WHEN MORE ENEMY 88MM SHELLS FELL.



THE GRIM-FACED WITNESSES RISKED LIFE AND LIMB TO STORM FORWARD AND RESCUE A BADLY-INJURED MAJOR, HIS DRIVER BEYOND ALL HELP.



THANKS TO GRANT AND LEN, THE WOUNDED OFFICER WOULD LIVE. THE TWO M.P.S HAD SEEN MORE THAN THEIR SHARE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN THE ADVANCE ACROSS EUROPE.



THE GRIM STRUGGLE GROUND ON, LIVES LOST WITH EVERY BLOODY MINUTE OF THE CONFLICT UNTIL BERLIN FELL TO SOVIET FORCES...



GRANT AND LEN HAD DECIDED TO STAY ON IN THE ARMY ANYWAY, AND NOW THEIR MAIN TASK WAS HELPING TO KEEP THE PEACE IN THE RUINS OF A ONCE PROUD TOWN.



IT WAS HARD ON THE GERMAN CIVILIANS, TOO — YOUNG AND OLD SEARCHED THE RUINS FOR ANYTHING OF VALUE TO BARTER FOR FOOD. IT WAS A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING.



THE LAD'S FALL WAS ABRUPTLY HALTED BY NAILS IN A BEAM SKEWERING ONE SLEEVE OF HIS RAGGED JACKET. ANY RELIEF WAS SOON FORGOTTEN AS HE MADE OUT THE MENACING SHAPE OF AN UNEXPLODED BRITISH BOMB NESTLING IN THE CELLAR BELOW.



ONE OF THE YOUNGSTERS FROZE IN FEAR, BUT THE OTHER BOY WENT HARING FOR HELP JUST AS THE REDCAPS' JEEP PASSED.



GRANT AND LEN SOON KNEW THE FULL STORY AND WENT TO THE AID OF THE TRAPPED YOUNGSTER WHO STILL HUNG PRECARIOUSLY SUSPENDED BY A FEW STRANDS OF MATERIAL.



THE WORN FABRIC BEGAN TO GIVE JUST THEN AS THE RAGGED NAILS TORE AT IT. GRANT HAD TO MOVE FAST TO GRAB FOR THE FALLING YOUNGSTER AS BEST AS HE COULD.



THE LIEUTENANT MANAGED TO GRIP THE LAD BY THE SHOULDERS AND HAUL HIM BACK FROM THE ABYSS.



THE TWO M.P.S BUNDLED THE BOY OUT OF THE BUILDING AND TO SAFETY AS FAST AS THEY COULD.



THAT HAD INDEED HAPPENED AND THE MOVEMENT WAS ENOUGH TO DETONATE THE 250-POUNDER, ALTHOUGH THE BLAST WAS MOSTLY CONTAINED WITHIN THE CAVERN ALREADY CUT INTO THE RUBBLE.



THE BOYS WERE GIVEN SOME ARMY RATIONS PLUS WARNING WORDS FROM THEIR RESCUERS TO BE MORE CAREFUL IN FUTURE, ALL OF THEM UNAWARE THAT...



THE RELIEVED LADS WAVED THANKFULLY AS THEIR SAVIOURS CONTINUED ON THEIR ROUND OF DUTY.



AS PART OF A CAMPAIGN TO IMPROVE ALLIED-GERMAN RELATIONS, AN AMERICAN ARMY NEWSPAPER RAN THE STORY OF BRITISH M.P.S RESCUING THE BOYS. THAT WAS PICKED UP BY A GERMAN NEWS SHEET JUST BACK IN PRINT.



ROLF BREMER, LATE OF THE FELDJAGERKORPS AND RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS, HAD BEEN RELEASED BY THE ALLIES TO ATTEMPT TO REBUILD HIS LIFE. THAT WAS NOT PROVING EASY.



HE HITCHED HIS WAY TO THE TOWN IN QUESTION AND CONTACTED THE BRITISH H.Q. THERE.



WORD WAS PASSED TO LEN WHO SOUGHT OUT GRANT.



THE NERVOUS ROLF WAS ESCORTED IN BY LEN WHO HAD BEEN TOLD BY HIS LIEUTENANT TO HANG ABOUT.



...AND IT ALSO RILED HIM.



ROLF HAD ALWAYS SPOKEN SOME ENGLISH, BUT IT HAD IMPROVED A LOT WHILE HE HAD BEEN IN HOSPITAL. HE CHOSE HIS NEXT WORDS CAREFULLY.

YOUR BROTHER PARACHUTED CLEAR OF HIS AIRCRAFT AND WAS CAPTURED ALIVE BEFORE SOME GERMAN CIVILIANS COULD LYNCH HIM.

LOOK,
WILL YOU GET TO
THE POINT?

THE SAD FACED GERMAN DREW A DEEP BREATH BEFORE CONTINUING.

JA, BUT IT ISN'T EASY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR BROTHER WAS EXECUTED BY MY HAUPTMANN, A FANATIC WHO SHOT HIM IN COLD BLOOD!

BACK THEN, AS HE HAD SUPERVISED THE BURYING OF THE BODY,
ROLF HAD SLIPPED THE PILOT'S PAYBOOK INTO HIS POCKET.

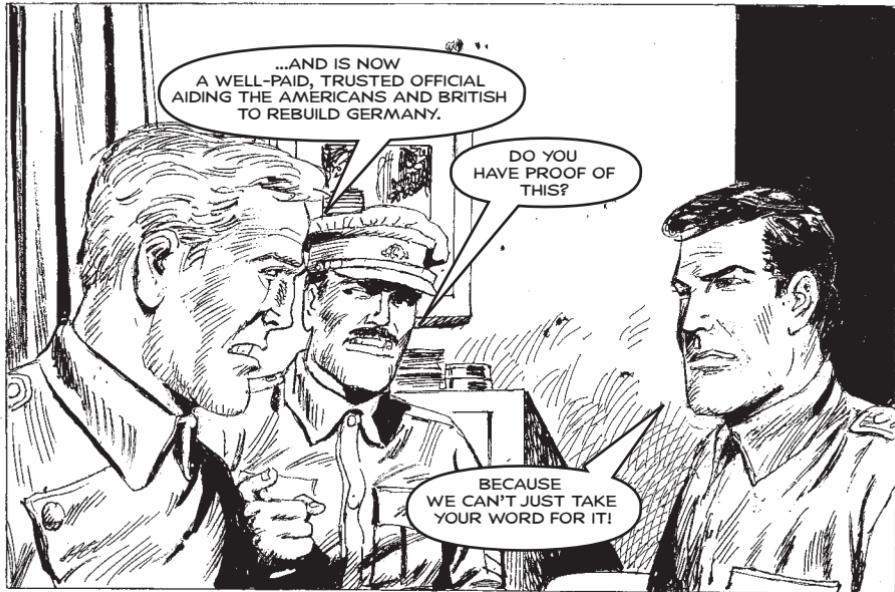


IT WAS AS IF ALL THE AIR HAD BEEN DRAWN FROM
THE ROOM AND NO SOUND FROM THE OUTSIDE
WORLD SEEPED IN. LEN FINALLY BROKE THE SILENCE.



FIND
MORE
FREE
MAGAZINES

FREEMAGS.CC



A SECOND NEWSPAPER CUTTING SHOWING THE EX-FELDJAGERKORPS OFFICER AND SOME AMERICAN LIAISON MAJOR SHAKING HANDS WAS PRODUCED BY ROLF.



THAT MANY IMPORTANT NAZIS WERE NOW WORKING FOR THE ALLIES IN SENIOR POSITIONS WAS A DISTURBING BUT WELL-KNOWN FACT. ANGER BIT AT GRANT BUT HE ALSO KNEW THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION.

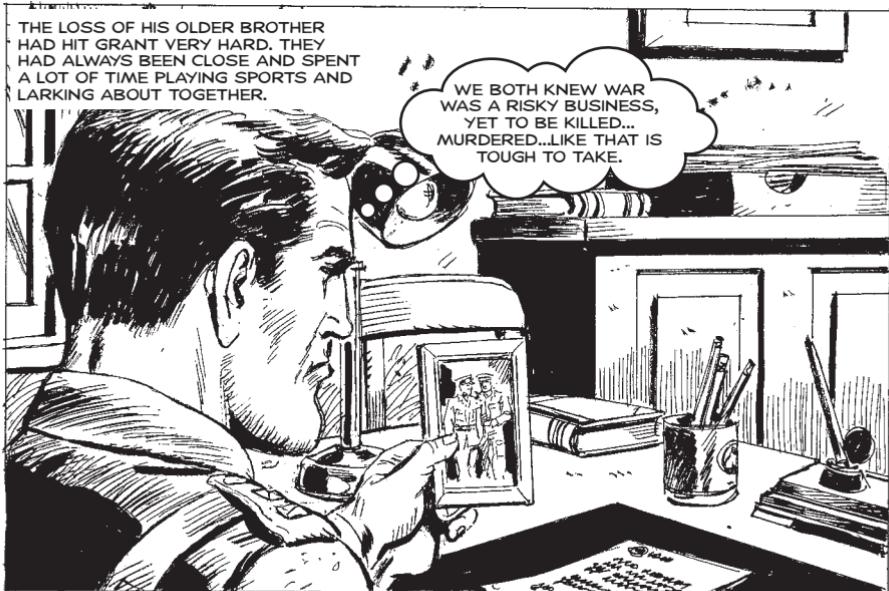


ROLF ALSO KNEW THIS TO BE TRUE, BUT HE HAD NEVER BEEN PARTY TO EINWALL'S EXTREME ACTIONS. NEITHER HAD THE STRAFBATTALION TROOPS WHO HAD ALL BEEN CONDEMNED FOR VARIOUS CRIMES BY MILITARY COURTS.





THE LOSS OF HIS OLDER BROTHER HAD HIT GRANT VERY HARD. THEY HAD ALWAYS BEEN CLOSE AND SPENT A LOT OF TIME PLAYING SPORTS AND LARKING ABOUT TOGETHER.



LEN KNEW HOW BADLY MIKE'S DEATH HAD TROUBLED GRANT, AND HE DIDN'T LIKE SEEING IT ALL BROUGHT BACK TO THE SURFACE AGAIN.

I KNOW
YOU MEAN WELL,
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?
AFTER ALL, WE CAN'T
JUST SHOOT THE RAT.

NO,
BUT WE CAN TRAP
HIM. AND I KNOW HOW
TO DO IT...IF YOU CAN
GET YOUR OFFICER TO
LISTEN.

THERE THE MATTER RESTED, BUT SOME NIGHTS LATER, AN AMERICAN STUDEBAKER US6 TRUCK PULLED UP OUTSIDE A BULLET-POCKED WAREHOUSE STANDING CLOSE TO A BOMB-BLASTED RAILWAY MARSHALLING YARDS.

MOVE,
YOU LAYABOUTS! WE
NEED TO TURN THIS
AROUND FAST.

WE
WANT TO GET OUR
FEET UP TOO, SARGE,
SO NO WORRIES
THERE.

THE WAREHOUSE DOOR WAS JIMMIED OPENED. THE TRUCK'S PASSENGERS SWARMED INSIDE AND RETURNED WITH CRATE AFTER CRATE OF FOOD AND DRINK WHICH WAS PILED INTO THEIR VEHICLE.



SERGEANT LOU BARCONI SUPERVISED THE OPERATION, HIS COLD EYES MISSING NOTHING. A MAFIA HIT MAN BACK IN THE STATES, HE HAD BEEN DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY RATHER THAN GO TO JAIL AND WAS NOW RUNNING HIS OWN CRIMINAL EMPIRE. THE AMERICAN TROOPS WERE DISGUISED IN STOLEN BRITISH UNIFORMS IN CASE THEY WERE SPOTTED. BARCONI HOPED THIS WOULD CAUSE CONFUSION AND HELP TO CONCEAL THEIR REAL IDENTITIES.



BARCONI'S MEN ALSO CAME FROM HOODLUM BACKGROUNDS. WITH THEIR CARGO SECURED, THEY HEADED OFF INTO THE DARKNESS AGAIN.



AFTER A SENSIBLE INTERVAL, A JEEP MOTORED QUIETLY FROM THE SHADOWS. GRANT HAD DECIDED AFTER MUCH THOUGHT TO PURSUE ROLF'S LEAD AND LEN WAS NOW FOLLOWING THE AMERICAN ARMY VEHICLE.



WITH VERY FEW VEHICLES ON THE GO ANYWAY, THEY COULD FOLLOW THEIR TARGET BY SOUND ALONE.

STILL
WELL WITHIN
EARSHOT, SIR.

HOLD
YOUR POSITION
THEN.

A DROP IN SPEED
AND CHANGE OF
GEAR MARKED
THE TRUCK'S
TURN ON TO A
NARROWER ROAD.

KILL
THE LIGHTS AND
FOLLOW THEM
SLOWLY.

THE JEEP'S OCCUPANTS, TREES LINING
THEIR ROUTE, ADVANCED CAUTIOUSLY.

THEY'RE
STILL AHEAD...I
CAN HEAR THE
ENGINE.

BUT ALREADY THE TRUCK WAS SLOWING TO A HALT IN FRONT OF A TRADITIONAL SHOOTING LODGE TUCKED AWAY IN THIS SECRETIVE SPOT.



THIS GRAND HIDEAWAY, LENT BY THE UNWITTING AMERICAN FORCES TO THE HELPFUL EINWALL, WAS THE KILLER'S CENTRE OF OPERATIONS. FROM HERE HE RAN A PROSPEROUS BLACK-MARKET SCAM.



THIS WAS OBVIOUSLY A REGULAR OCCURRENCE, PROOF THAT THE UNSCRUPULOUS NAZI WAS DOUBLE-CROSSING THE ALLIES WHILE PUBLICLY SUPPORTING THEM.



THE THREE INVESTIGATORS HAD HIDDEN THEIR JEEP AND SLIPPED FORWARD ON FOOT TO OBSERVE. NOW THEY HAD THE EVIDENCE NEEDED TO HAVE EINWALL ARRESTED AND HOPEFULLY FACE JUSTICE FOR SLAYING GRANT'S BROTHER.



ROLF FELT HE HAD AT LAST BEGUN TO PUT MATTERS RIGHT AS HE AND THE OTHERS HEADED TOWARDS THEIR HIDDEN JEEP.



A BRUTAL BLAST OF BULLETS INTERRUPTED ROLF'S THOUGHTS IN THE NEXT SECOND AS HE AND THE TWO REDCAPS CAME UNDER SUSTAINED FIRE.



WHAT EVEN BARCONI DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT EINWALL RAN A PRIVATE ARMY MADE UP OF DISGRUNTLED SOLDIERS WHO HAD NEVER ACCEPTED DEFEAT. S.S. SERGEANT HEINRICH GRIMM WAS IN CHARGE OF THESE DREGS.



THE M.P.S WERE ARMED, OF COURSE. BOTH HAD THEIR .38 ENFIELD PISTOLS AS WELL AS THEIR STENS. LEN OFFERED HIS SIDE-ARM TO ROLF BUT A WALther P38 SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL WAS ALREADY IN THE GERMAN'S HAND.



MORE BULLETS WERE WINGING THEIR WAY FROM THE HUNTERS BY NOW WHILE GRANT WAS TRYING TO WORK OUT A STRATEGY.

CUT AND RUN AND THEY'LL WIPE US OUT, SO WE NEED TO FIND BETTER COVER.

PROBABLY EASIER SAID THAN DONE, SIR.



THE SHOOTING HAD ALARMED BARCONI AND HIS CROOKED COMRADES. EINWALL, EQUALLY SURPRISED, WAS TRYING TO KEEP EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.



EINWALL'S PRETENCE WAS SWEPT ASIDE, THOUGH, WHEN ONE OF THE NAZI HIRED GUNS REPORTED IN, ADDING TO THE AMERICAN SERGEANT'S DISQUIET.



BARCONI HAD DECIDED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH.



BUT THEN THE NAZI'S VOICE DROPPED SO THAT ONLY THE AMERICAN N.C.O. COULD HEAR HIM.



SO THE BLACK-MARKETEERS AND THEIR NAZI CONTACT JOINED FORCES TO HUNT DOWN THOSE WHO MIGHT JUST BE ABLE TO UPSET THEIR CROOKED ENTERPRISE.



THE TRAPPED TRIO HAD GONE TO GROUND IN COVER OF A LARGE, OLD AND CRUMBLING WELL WHICH HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS BEFORE WAR HAD BROUGHT DECAY TO THIS GRAND ESTATE.



BUT LEN'S QUICK REFLEXES SNUFFED OUT ONE DANGER.



THE STICK GRENADE MEANT FOR ROLF AND THE M.P. CLAIMED ENEMY VICTIMS.



EINWALL HAD MADE CONTACT WITH GRIMM BY NOW AND HAD TREACHEROUS ORDERS FOR HIM AND ALL THOSE OF HIS PRIVATE ARMY WHO HAD HOMED IN ON THE FIGHTING.



STILL CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS, UNAWARE THAT THEIR LEADER NOW SAW THEM AS A LIABILITY, THE NAZI CONTINGENT ADVANCED WITH DUE CAUTION, BUT SOON DISCOVERED THAT THEY WERE NOT UP AGAINST AMATEURS.



THE TRAPPED TRIO KNEW THAT ONLY BY HOLDING OUT COULD THEY SURVIVE. CAPTURE WAS NOT AN OPTION.



EVEN THE IRON-HEARTED GRIMM WAS NOT SO KEEN ON THE ODDS WHEN ANOTHER OF HIS SQUAD WAS TAKEN OUT, BUT HE STILL PLAYED THE HERO.



SEEING THE GERMANS FALTER AND REALISING THAT THE TRAPPED MEN WERE GOING NOWHERE, BARCONI AND THE G.I. CLOSEST TO HIM SEIZED THEIR CHANCE TO TAKE OUT MERCENARIES EINWALL NO LONGER HAD ANY NEED FOR.



GRIMM SUSPECTED TREACHERY EVEN AS THE TORRENT OF LEAD LACERATED THE DIE-HARDS AROUND HIM.



DESPERATELY TAKING TO HIS HEELS, THE NAZI DISCOVERED THE TRUTH IN THE SAYING HE HAD TAUNTED SO MANY OF HIS VICTIMS WITH THAT YOU CAN NEVER OUT-RUN A BULLET.



GRANT HAD SEEN ENOUGH TO PIECE THE FACTS TOGETHER.



FOR BARCONI, THERE WERE ONLY THEIR OPPONENTS BY THE OLD WELL TO DEAL WITH NOW.



BUT GRIMM, HIS LIFE BLOOD Oozing away, was not ready to give in while he still breathed.



THE CROOKED YANK HAD DODGED ACTION DURING THE WAR. THAT INEXPERIENCE SHOWED NOW WHEN DEALING WITH A VETERAN LIKE GRIMM WHO USED HIS FINAL SECONDS TO STOP BARCONI.



MORE GERMANS HAD BEEN SKULKING IN THE WOODS AND THEY AND THE AMERICANS WENT HEAD TO HEAD WITHOUT THE NAZIS REALLY KNOWING WHAT HAD BROUGHT THIS ABOUT.

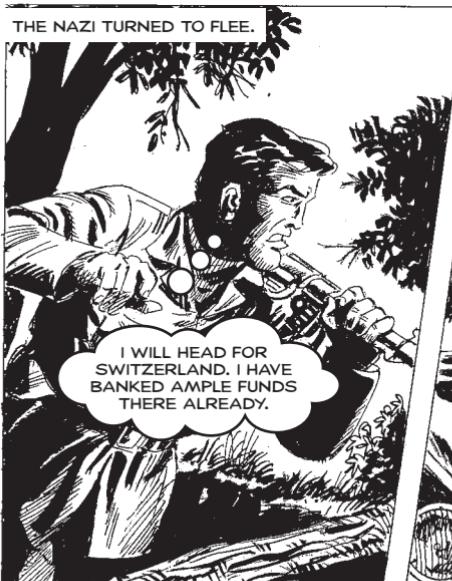


EINWALL'S SCHEME TO SUIT HIS OWN NEEDS HAD GONE BADLY WRONG. THE FULL SCALE ENCOUNTER WAS BOUND TO HAVE ATTRACTED UNWANTED ATTENTION BY NOW, AND THE NAZI KNEW IT WAS TIME TO CUT AND RUN.



I CANNOT BE LINKED TO ANY OF THIS OR MY PAST WILL COME OUT AND IT WILL ALL BE OVER.

THE NAZI TURNED TO FLEE.



I WILL HEAD FOR SWITZERLAND. I HAVE BANKED AMPLE FUNDS THERE ALREADY.



BACK AT THE LODGE, HE LEAPTED INTO A CAR STORED IN THE GARAGE.

I HAVE MANY OLD FRIENDS WHO WILL HELP ME ON MY WAY.

THE THREESOME RESPONSIBLE FOR STARTING OFF THIS MAYHEM HAD DODGED AWAY FROM THE FEW STILL FIGHTING. THEY SPOTTED EINWALL.



BULLETS SCREAMED AFTER THE FLEEING VILLAIN, WHO WAS TAKEN ABACK TO HAVE RECOGNISED ROLF, BUT ALL MISSED.



OTHER LOOTED WEHRMACHT VEHICLES WERE STORED IN THE GARAGE, HOWEVER.
GRANT LEAPT ASTRIDE A ZUNDAPP KS750 MOTOR-BIKE TO SET OFF IN PURSUIT.



EVEN ABOVE THE SOUND OF THE CAR'S ENGINE, THE RUNAWAY WAS SOON AWARE OF A THROATY ROAR HE RECOGNISED.



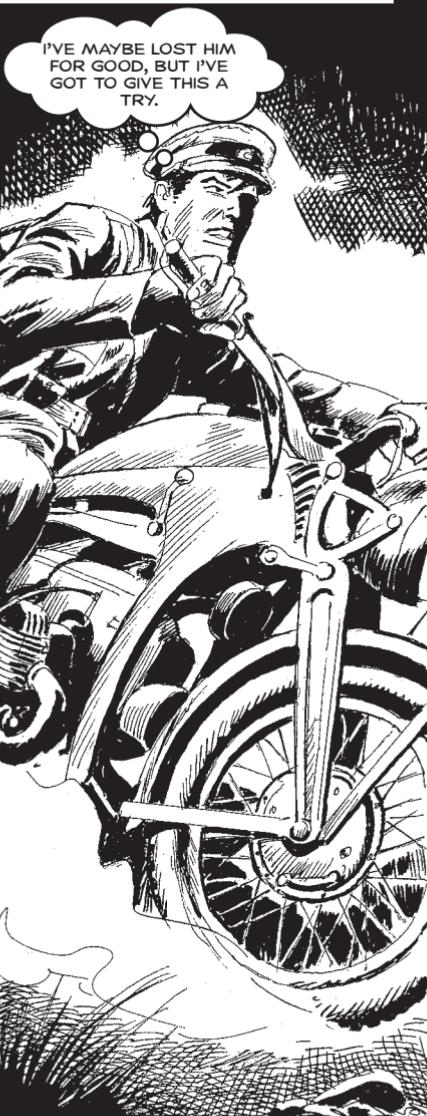
AND THAT SOMEBODY ALREADY HAD HIS PREY IN VIEW AS HE CONTROLLED THE RUGGED, POWERFUL ZUNDAPP, A SKILL HE HAD LEARNED FROM HIS OLDER BROTHER MIKE WHO HAD BEEN A KEEN MOTOR-CYCLIST.



THE DANGER WAS SPOTTED ALMOST TOO LATE. GRANT BARELY MANAGED TO SKID TO A HALT JUST SHORT OF THE GRENADE'S KILLING RANGE.



HE TOOK A CHANCE THEN, GOING OFF ROAD ON A GAME TRACK WHICH HE HOPED MIGHT PROVE TO BE A SHORT CUT.



IT WAS TOUGH GOING WITH EVERY OUNCE OF ACCUMULATED SKILL CALLED FOR.



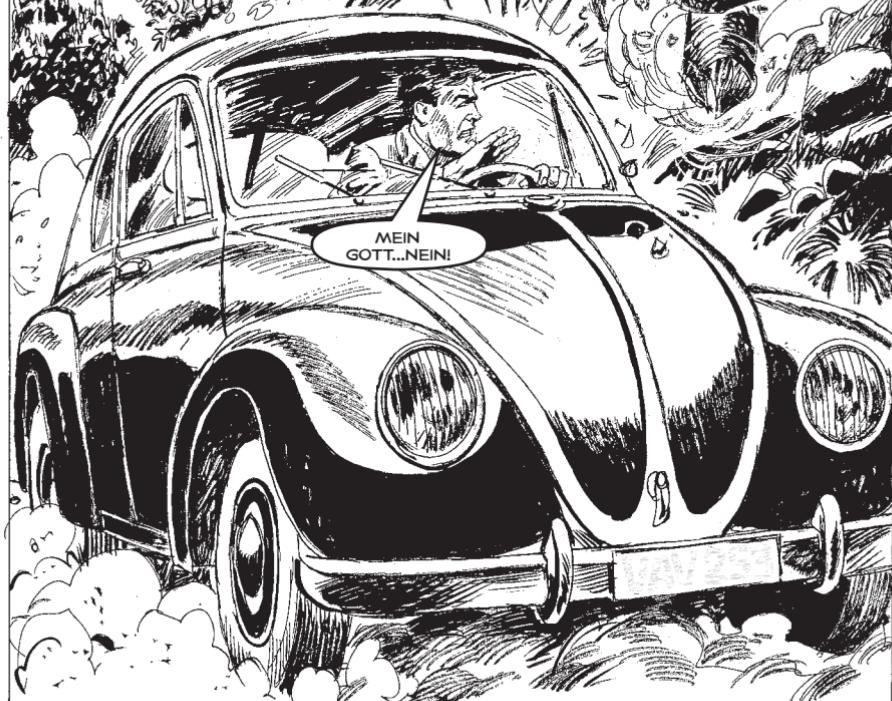
THE NAZI COULD HEAR THE BEAT OF THE BIKE ENGINE AGAIN, BUT SOUND WAS DISTORTED BY THE TREES.



BUT THEN SILENCE CLOAKED THE FOREST WHEN THE ZUNDAPP ENGINE DIED AWAY. EINWALL SLOWLY BEGAN TO RELAX.



BUT THE RUMBLE OF DESTINY, COMING FROM A SHUDDERING MASS OF HARVESTED TREE TRUNKS, THUNDERED FROM THE SLOPE ABOVE LIKE A WOODEN WAVE OF DESTRUCTION.

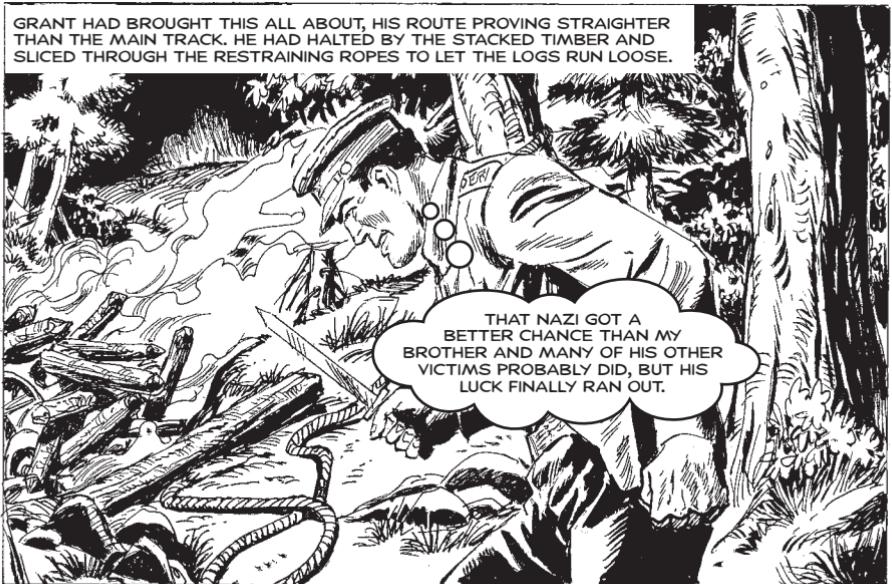


THE COMBINED WEIGHT OF THE RUNAWAY LOGS WAS ENOUGH TO TOPPLE THE CAR AND END THE NAZI'S BID FOR FREEDOM.



GRANT HAD BROUGHT THIS ALL ABOUT, HIS ROUTE PROVING STRAIGHTER THAN THE MAIN TRACK. HE HAD HALTED BY THE STACKED TIMBER AND SLICED THROUGH THE RESTRAINING ROPES TO LET THE LOGS RUN LOOSE.

THAT NAZI GOT A BETTER CHANCE THAN MY BROTHER AND MANY OF HIS OTHER VICTIMS PROBABLY DID, BUT HIS LUCK FINALLY RAN OUT.



BUT AS GRANT ZIG-ZAGGED DOWNWARDS,
ALERT, STEN IN HAND, HE WAS STILL
TAKEN SURPRISE WHEN EINWALL, HIS MP40
LOST IN THE CRASH, CRAWLED INTO VIEW
AND OPENED FIRE WITH HIS LUGER.



BUT ANY THOUGHTS OF A TRIUMPHAL SHOOT-OUT AND ESCAPE
EVAPORATED WITH THE ARRIVAL OF LEN DRIVING THE JEEP AND ROLF
PEPPERING THE GROUND AROUND EINWALL WITH WALTHER ROUNDS.



THE CORNERED NAZI LOST ALL HIS DIGNITY AS THE THREE AVENGING MEN SURROUNDED HIM.

RECOGNISE ME? THE LIEUTENANT IS WELL AWARE WHO YOU ARE TOO...THE MAN WHO EXECUTED HIS PILOT BROTHER!

THE ONLY QUESTION IS, WHO IS GOING TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY. NO SHORTAGE OF VOLUNTEERS.

TIME SEEMED TO STAND STILL FOR THE COWERING WAR CRIMINAL WHO SAW NO PITY IN THE EYES OF HIS ACCUSERS. GRANT FINALLY BROKE THE HEAVY SILENCE.

KILLING YOU LIKE A DOG MAKES US AS BAD AS YOU. NO, THE WORLD NEEDS TO SEE YOU AND YOUR LIKE ON TRIAL, ALL YOUR CRIMES EXPOSED.

ONCE ALL THE DETAILS HAD BEEN IRONED OUT, THE NAZI AND THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE SKIRMISH WERE SLAMMED INTO CUSTODY. ROLF THEN LED THE TWO M.P.S TO WHERE GRANT'S BROTHER HAD BEEN BURIED, A LOCATION HE HAD MARKED ON HIS MAP AT THE TIME.



LEN KNEW HOW MUCH THIS MEANT TO GRANT AND THE DEBT THEY OWEDED TO ROLF WHOSE ACTIONS WOULD SOON LEAD TO HIM HELPING THE ALLIES ROOT OUT OTHER WAR CRIMINALS.



ONLY A DEATH SENTENCE AWAITED
EINWALL AND MANY LIKE HIM WHO
HAD IGNORED THE RULES OF WAR...



...IN THEIR LUST FOR VICTORY FOR A
REICH WHICH HAD TUMBLED LIKE SO
MANY OTHER CRUEL DICTATORSHIPS.

Commando
THE END

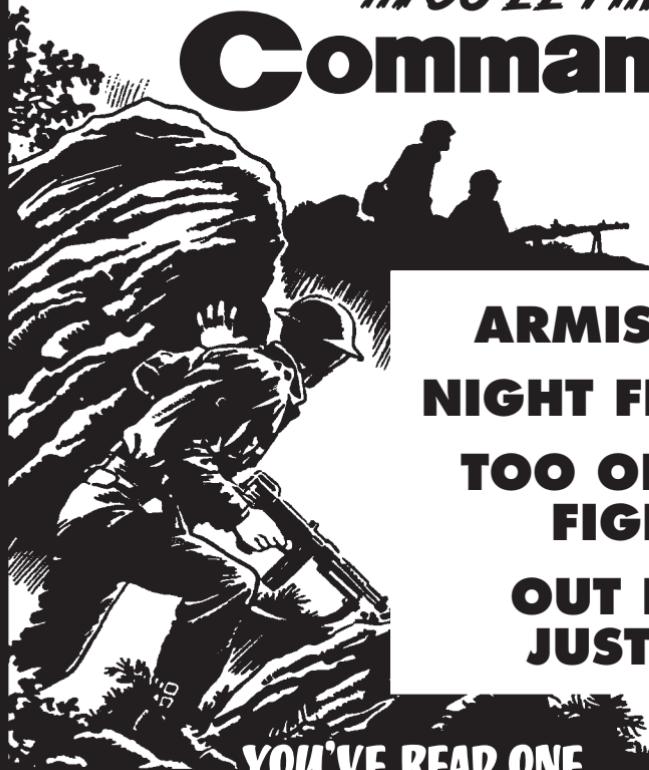
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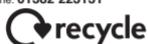
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