

# Jackboot & Ironheel



Max Millgate

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Englishman Eddie Neale's promising career as a footballer was cruelly cut short with the outbreak of World War II. Eddie was no longer expected to shoot goals as a centre-forward for West Ham United F.C. Now he was expected to shoot Nazis as a tail-gunner for R.A.F Bomber Command!

With his plane shot down over Germany, Eddie was lucky to escape with his life, but his luck didn't hold when a Nazi Patrol found him and took him to "Lungotz Luftzig," a P.O.W camp within the walls of a medieval castle, on the shores of a frozen lake. Once there Eddie met sinister 'SS' officer Kommandant Von-Kleist, who locked him up in a cell, one with a view of an ancient bell-tower.

It's not long before unexplained incidents occurred within the castle as fear spread and the death count began!

As winter draws in it's become clear that something supernatural has been... unleashed!



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I WANT YOU TO TELL ME THIS INCREDIBLE STORY AGAIN, HEINRICH... FROM THE BEGINNING... BECAUSE...

...I CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE WHAT I'M HEARING!

I SWEAR TO YOU, HERR KOMMANDANT... THAT'S EXACTLY HOW IT HAPPENED.

HE SAID HE WAS **MUGGENTHALER**, ERNST AND I FIRED ENOUGH ROUNDS INTO HIM TO WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE PANZER DIVISION, AND THEN... SOMETHING... CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND...

...TOOK ERNST'S HEAD CLEAN OFF!



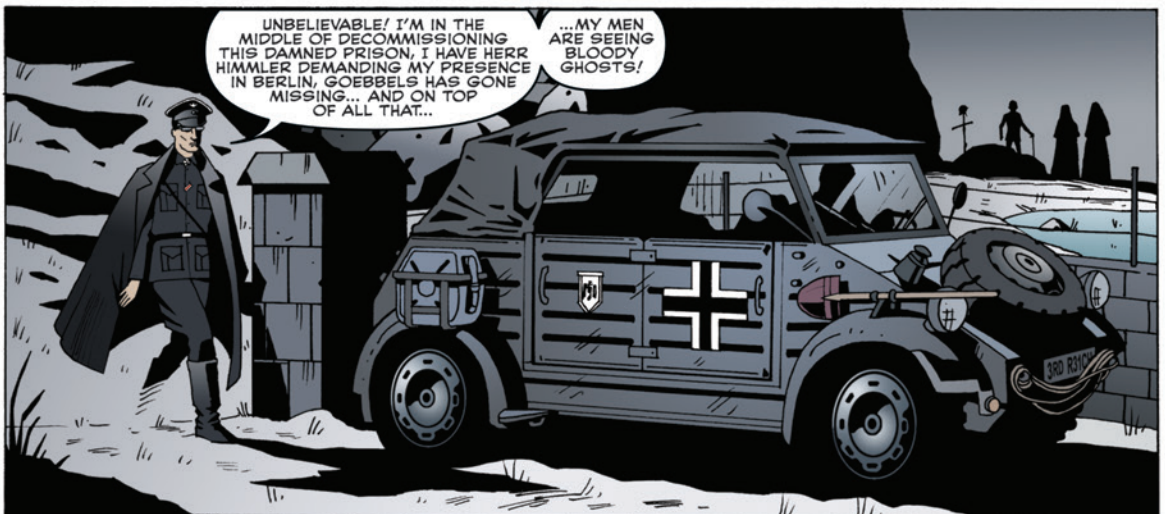
WELL, WHATEVER HAPPENED UP THERE... ERNST WON'T BE NEEDING THIS AGAIN.

THAT MUCH IS CLEAR.



AND DON'T GO SPREADING THIS TALE AROUND, HEINRICH. I DON'T WANT ANY MORE OF THE MEN SPOOKED.

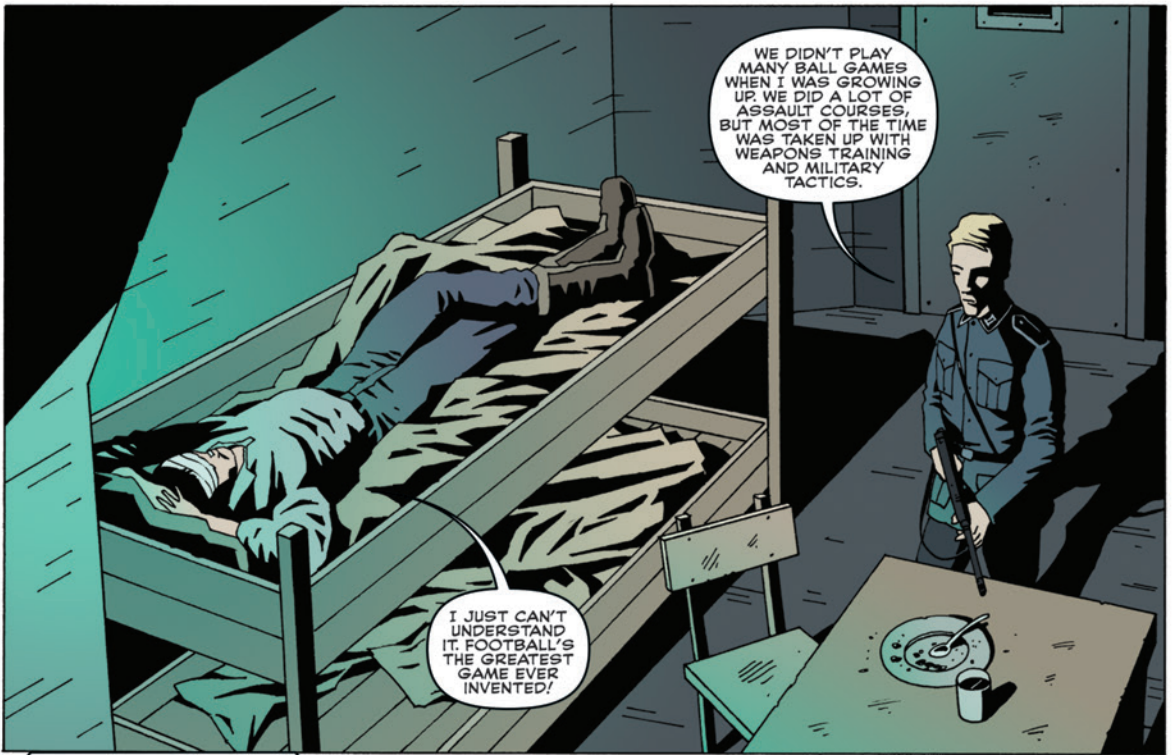
YES... HERR KOMMANDANT!



UNBELIEVABLE! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF DECOMMISSIONING THIS DAMNED PRISON, I HAVE HERR HIMMLER DEMANDING MY PRESENCE IN BERLIN, GOEBBELS HAS GONE MISSING... AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT...

...MY MEN ARE SEEING BLOODY GHOSTS!





WE DIDN'T PLAY MANY BALL GAMES WHEN I WAS GROWING UP. WE DID A LOT OF ASSAULT COURSES, BUT MOST OF THE TIME WAS TAKEN UP WITH WEAPONS TRAINING AND MILITARY TACTICS.

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. FOOTBALL'S THE GREATEST GAME EVER INVENTED!



Y'KNOW, GUNTER... IF POLITICIANS COULD SORT OUT THEIR DIFFERENCES ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD, THIS STUPID WAR WOULD NEVER EVEN HAVE STARTED. JUST ELEVEN MEN PLAYING AGAINST ELEVEN... FAIR AND SQUARE!

YOU AND ME COULD'VE BEEN PALS.

INSTEAD OF BEING ENEMIES.



YES. WE ARE ENEMIES. APPARENTLY.

HOWEVER, I'D THINK BETTER OF YOU, GUNTER IF YOU COULD GET ME OUT OF THIS CELL FOR JUST TEN MINUTES. SO I CAN AT LEAST STRETCH MY LEGS.

FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN LOCKED IN HERE FOREVER!



THE NEXT DAY...

WHAT A PILE OF JUNK!  
WHAT'S THE KOMMANDANT  
WANT THIS  
ROOM FOR  
ANYWAY?

I THINK  
HE WANTS  
IT FOR AN  
AMMO  
STORE.

LET'S  
JUST CLEAR  
THIS STUFF  
AND GET OUT.

HEY! I'LL  
HANG ONTO  
THESE. MIGHT  
COME IN  
HANDY...

...IF THE  
ALLIES STORM  
THE CASTLE AND  
WE RUN OUT  
OF BULLETS!

LOOK! THE  
SMUG GRIN OF  
EISENHOWER,  
PERHAPS?

YA! HA!  
HA!

AND THIS  
IS WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN...  
WHEN I MEET  
HIM!

NO!  
DON'T!  
GIVE ME  
THAT.

WHAT? YOU'D DENY  
ME THE CHANCE OF  
KILLING THE SUPREME  
COMMANDER OF THE  
ALLIED FORCES?

GIVE HIM  
BACK, GUNTER.  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT WITH  
HIM?

IT MAY BE DEFACED  
AND CAKED IN MUD, BUT  
I THINK THERE MAY BE  
A DECENT FOOTBALL  
UNDER HERE. I'LL  
KEEP IT.

AS YOU WISH,  
KID. JUST PUT IT  
DOWN AND HELP  
ME SHIFT THIS  
DAMN CRATE!



HERR KOMMANDANT, SIR!

¿SIGHÉ WHAT IS IT NOW, GUNTER?



REQUEST PERMISSION TO BRING THE PRISONER INTO THE COURTYARD, SIR?

FOR SOME EXERCISE?

Y'KNOW, GUNTER... THIS JUST CONFIRMS WHAT KIND OF BIZARRE WEEK I'M HAVING.



WHAT WITH EVERYTHING ELSE THAT'S BEEN GOING ON AROUND HERE LATELY, I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT OUR ENGLISH GUEST.

YOU CAN TELL HIM FROM ME... HE'S MORE THAN WELCOME TO TAKE A LEISURELY STROLL ACROSS THE COURTYARD, AND IF HE DOES, HE'LL BE ACCOMPANIED...

...BY ONE OF MY FIRING SQUADS!

ERR... YES... HERR KOMMANDANT, SIR!



DISMISSED, GUNTER!





AH, THERE YOU ARE. NOW LISTEN, GUNTER, I KNOW PRISONER RATIONS HERE HAVE BECOME SHAMEFUL.

THIS STALE BREAD HAS A LITTLE MOLD, BUT I DON'T THINK OUR CAPTIVE IS SO DESPERATE YET THAT HE NEEDS TO CHEW ON OLD LEATHER!

VERY AMUSING, SISTER, BUT IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN, IT SEEMS OUR ENGLANDER WAS A FOOTBALLER BEFORE THE WAR... AND A PRETTY GOOD ONE, BY ALL ACCOUNTS.



YOU CAN JUST LEAVE THAT BY THE DOOR. I HAVE TO ADDRESS MY PRISONER!



I BROUGHT YOU SOME BREAD AND WATER, TO HELP YOU GET YOUR STRENGTH BACK.

THANK YOU!

I'VE BROUGHT TWO THINGS, THE FIRST OF WHICH IS UNFORTUNATELY... SOME BAD NEWS.

THE KOMMANDANT'S NOT ALLOWING YOU OUTSIDE.



HOWEVER, I DID BRING SOMETHING ELSE THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE!



NOW... WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU FIND THIS?

WELL, LET'S JUST SAY... A YOUTHFUL GERMAN MUST ALSO BE...

...A RESOURCEFUL GERMAN!