



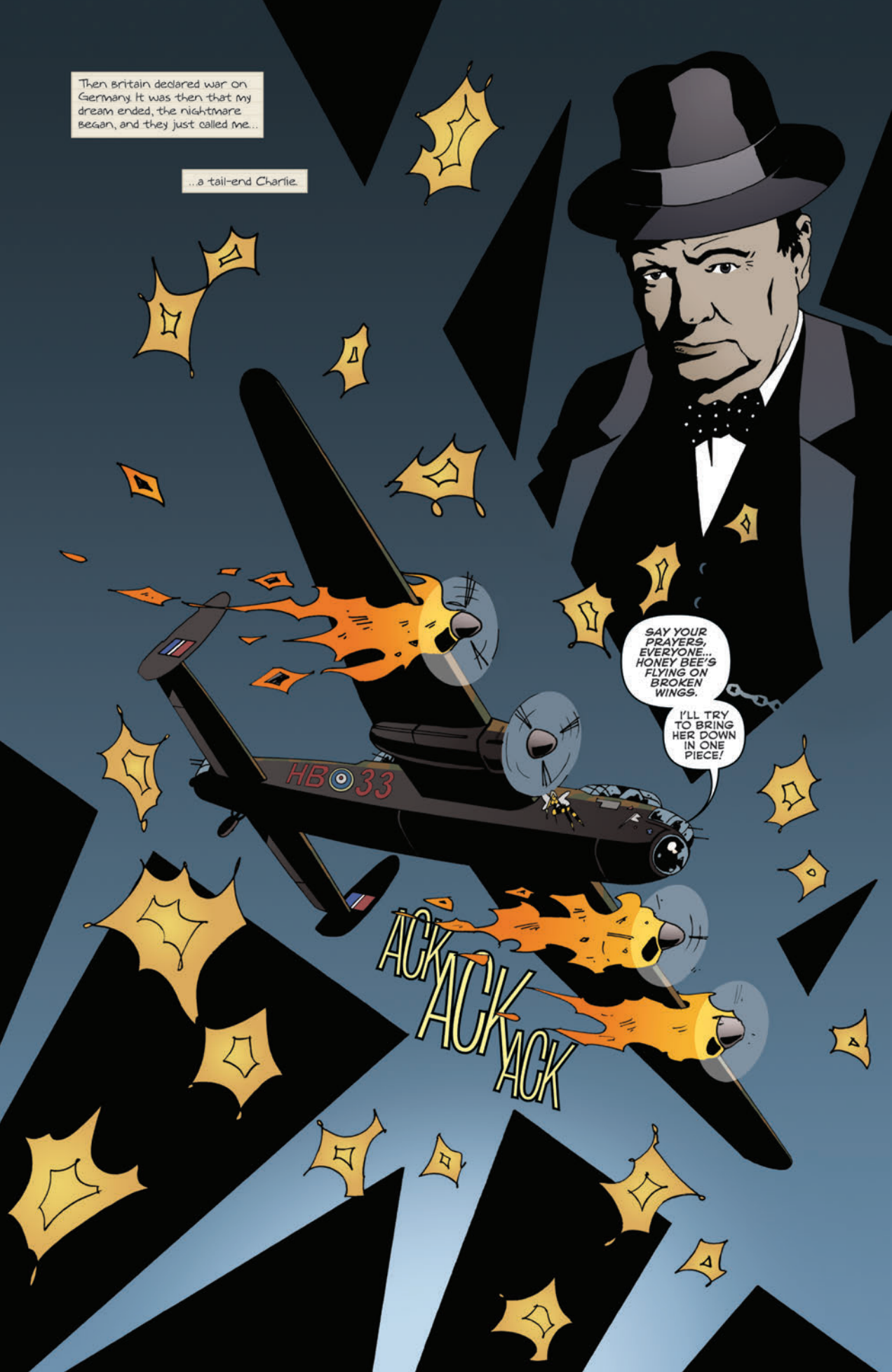
Then Britain declared war on Germany. It was then that my dream ended, the nightmare began, and they just called me...

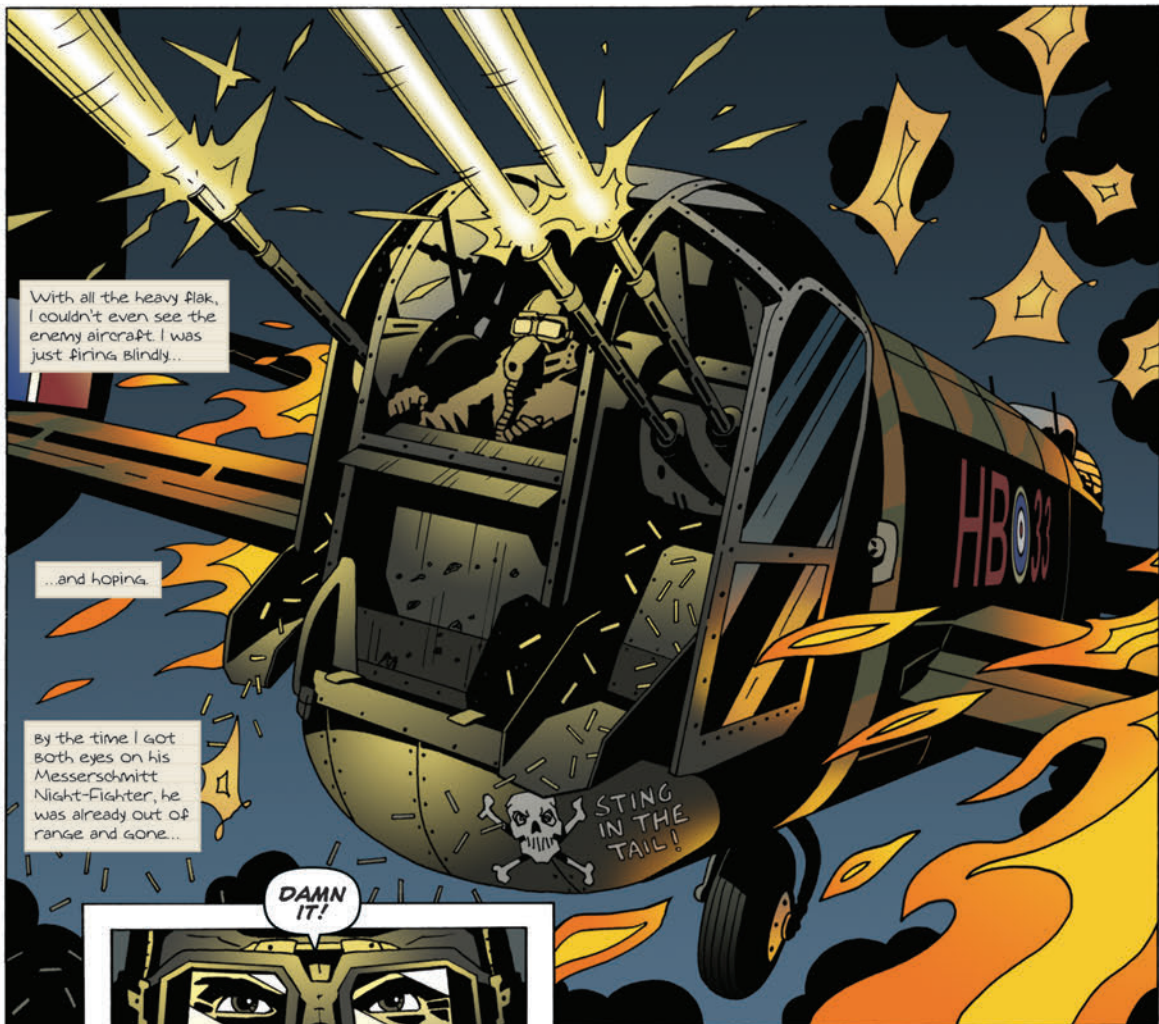
...a tail-end Charlie.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, EVERYONE... HONEY BEE'S FLYING ON BROKEN WINGS.

I'LL TRY TO BRING HER DOWN IN ONE PIECE!

ACK  
ACK  
ACK





With all the heavy flak,  
I couldn't even see the  
enemy aircraft I was  
just firing blindly...

...and hoping.

By the time I got  
both eyes on his  
Messerschmitt  
Night-Fighter, he  
was already out of  
range and gone...

**DAMN  
IT!**



Into the night...

He knew he'd  
done enough.



All that awaited  
us below was...



...Oblivion!

So there I sat,  
the tail-gunner  
in Lancaster  
Bomber #B-33.



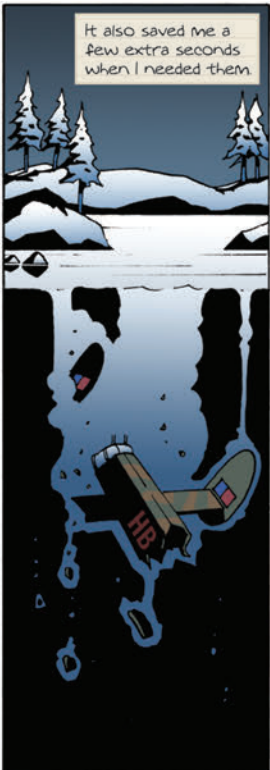
Facing backwards,  
but staring death  
in the face.



Before we took off, I'd removed  
the central section of perspex  
from my tail-gun turret. It gave  
me a better view of the enemy.



It also saved me a  
few extra seconds  
when I needed them.



Dad always said I was "a  
lucky little sod!" Maybe  
he'd been right after all?



I'd just avoided the  
Grim Reaper's fingers.  
The rest of the crew...





If I'd seen the German patrol approaching, I might've wondered if my luck had just run out.



And as for the rifle butt to the back of the head...

...I never saw that coming either!



SO, TELL ME, TOMMY... WHAT DID YOU DO BEFORE THE WAR?

WHAT?

OH... I PLAYED FOOTBALL, UNTIL YOU INVADDED POLAND. AND THE NAME'S EDDIE...

...NOT TOMMY!



DID YOU HEAR THAT, BERTHOLD? RUDIGER? HE SAYS HE'S A SPORTSMAN!

NOT VERY SPORTING, IS IT? DROPPING BOMBS ON OUR INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



THE IMPACTS ARE SIMILAR TO FOOTBALL.

EXPLAIN YOURSELF, RUDIGER!

THE ACTIONS OF THIS ENGLISH SCUM AND HIS FRIENDS TONIGHT MAY HAVE CREATED A THOUSAND SCREAMS FROM THE GROUND.