

**ALL
NEW**

Recap Chronicle

**LATE
NIGHT
EDITION**

INVADERS! MARTIANS ATTACK!!



A MARTIAN spacecraft has landed in London, and JOSEPH CHAPMAN, the present-day UNION JACK, along with his super-companions THE MIGHTY DESTROYER and SPITFIRE aim to stop the alien invasion. They'll have to confront the past to face the future, as LORD JAMES FALWORTH, both the

UNION JACK of days past and Spitfire LADY JACQUELINE FALSWORTH CRICHTON's father, recounts the Martian invasion of 1917.

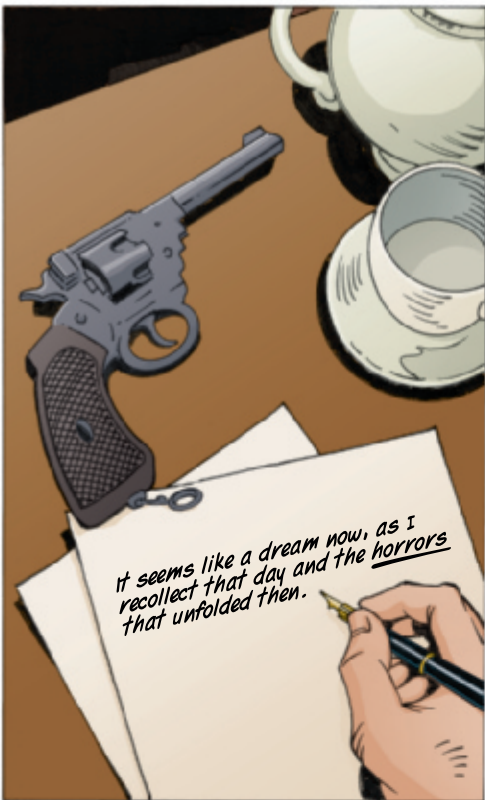
Meanwhile, in a present day mental hospital, a mysterious red-haired man rambles on about Martians...

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it seems like a dream now, as I recollect that day and the horrors that unfolded then.



Or like the ravings of a madman...



...His mind a reel with visions nonsensical and untoward.

But no, this was true.



This happened.



They came out of the mist at 6:07 on a bruised and brooding Thursday morning.



October, 1917.

LUM'ME, BUT THAT'S A BIG'UN.

YES, NED, OF THAT I ADAMANTLY CONCUR.

ÇA NE SERA PAS UNE VICTOIRE FACILE. NON, LOIN DE LÀ.

NOT SURE WHAT ANY OF YOU JUST SAID, BUT THIS DON'T SEEM THE TIME FOR CHIT-CHAT ANYWAY.

SIR STEEL.

UNION JACK.

THE CRIMSON CAVALIER.

IRON FIST.

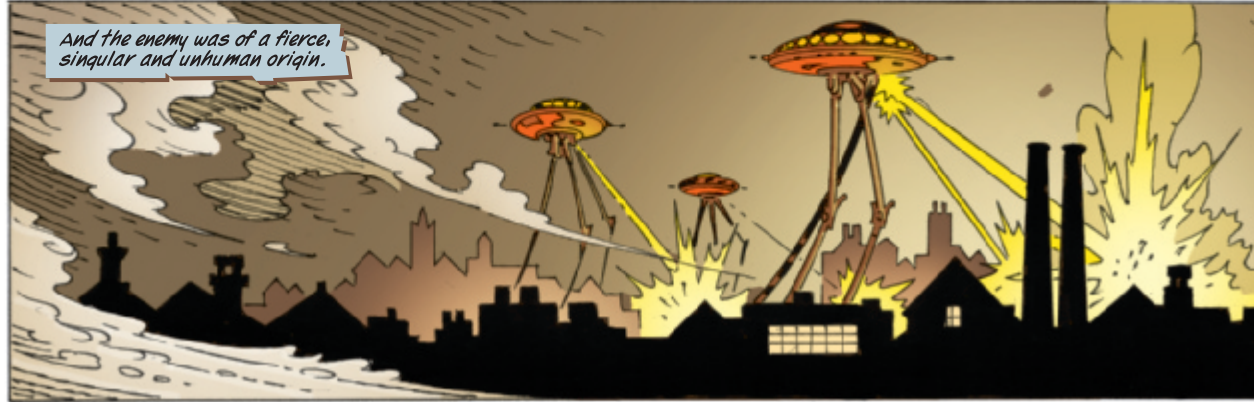
Except this wasn't the filthy Hun who my team and I--Union Jack--were seeing make their advance...

...Nor were these the wastelands of Mons or Flanders...

...This was London.



And the enemy was of a fierce, singular and unhuman origin.





ironic, I suppose, to face this invasion on English soil...



...When but a few hours prior we'd been at my club planning an invasion of our own.



Another sortie into enemy territory.



yes, earlier, my night--and that of my group, Freedom's Five--had been one of old brandy, cigars and the sedate, ordered service at my gentleman's club.

On our menu--beef wellington and battle strategy.

A woman--Boche scientist named Ursula Frankenstein--was apparently creating monstrous corpse soldiers using some kind of mad science.

Her castle was our target.

SO, I'M THINKIN' WE'LL DO THE SAME THING AS THAT TIME IN PRUSSIA...



Ned Chapel, sir steel.

...DYA' REMEMBER?

How Ned Chapel, manor blacksmith on the Armatage Estate, was gifted the enchanted armor of Sir Steel, England's fabled white knight, is a tale unto itself.



...I'LL COME A T'EM HARD FROM STRAIGHT ON--THE MEN ON THE BATTLEMENTS--GET THEIR EYES ON ME N' DRAW THEIR FIRE.

THEN, YOU 'UNS TAKE'S EM BY SURPRISE ON THE FLANK.

Not that it matters. The important thing is, not a braver fellow is there.

A man I'm proud to call friend.



I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING, NED.

EXCEPT INSTEAD OF A FLACK ATTACK--



UHHUM.



WILL THAT BE ALL, LORD FALSWORTH?

THANK YOU, WALTER. THE '96 WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE POTTED GROUSE TONIGHT WAS SUPERB, BY THE WAY.

AYE, RIGHT NICE, MATE. CHEERS.



AS I WAS SAYING...I THINK OUR SURPRISE SHOULD COME FROM THE AIR-- PARACHUTES, LIKE THE OBSERVATION CORPS BALLOONISTS USE... WE CAN JUMP FROM KARL'S SPAD.

I referred, of course, to Karl Kaufman, the Phantom Eagle--the aviator of the group who was absent overseeing maintenance on his plane at that time.



SURPRISE ATTACK. MY KIND OF MELODY. NICE.

NOT CRAZY ABOUT FALLING OUT OF THE SKY, BUT I'LL TAKE IT OVER THE TRENCHES.

Orson Randall, Iron Fist, on the other hand...



...He was an asset to the cause, I admit that--

--A more than adequate replacement for Clarence Armatage--sir steel's "silver squire"--while the young man recovered from his recent injuries with the ministrations of Dr. Pilate...



...But Randall's crude and irreverent manner chafed at the way I liked to plan and act.



I'M NO FAN OF PLAYING THE BIRD MYSELF, ORSON, BUT...ERR...HOW WOULD ONE SAY IT?...

Jean-Luc Batroc, the Crimson Cavalier.