

COMPLETE 63-PAGE ACTION STORY

No. 5312

Commando

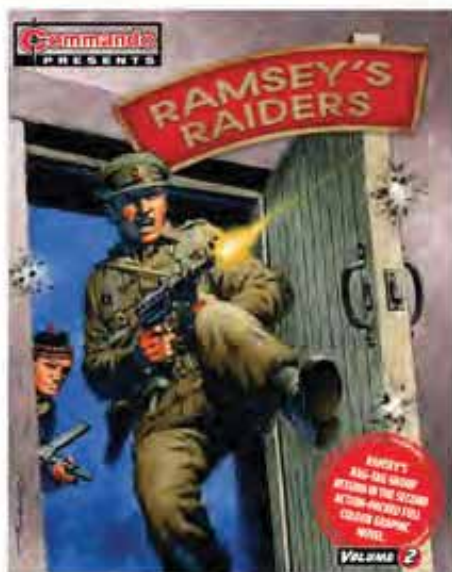
THE GOLD COLLECTION



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HERITAGE COMICS

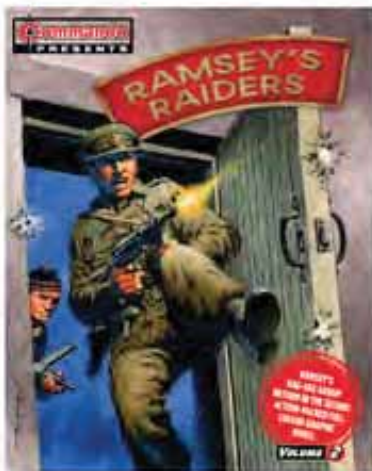
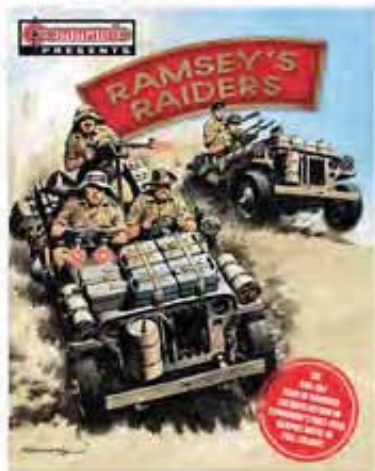


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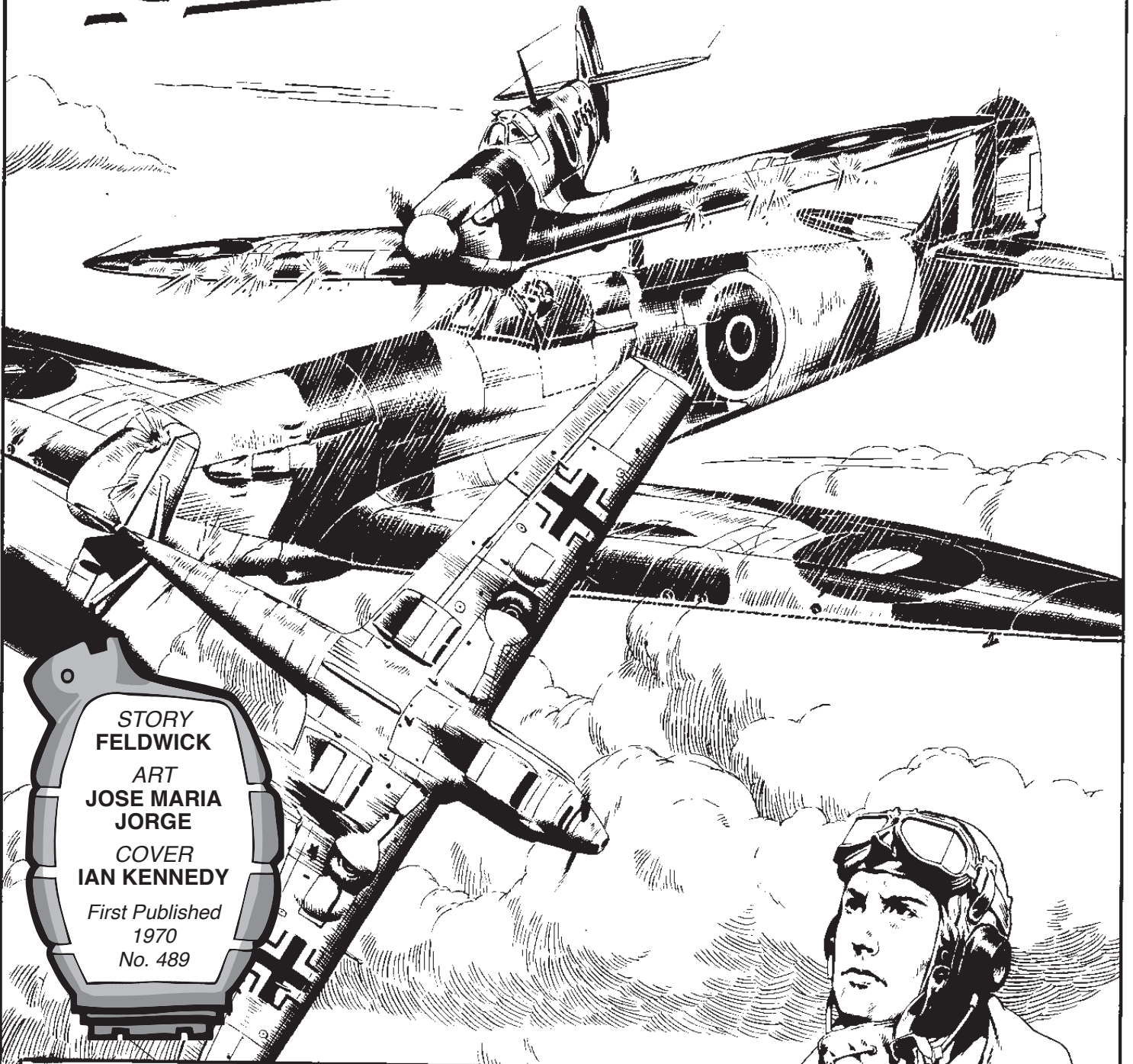
HOW TO ORDER

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ACES WILD



STORY
FELDWICK

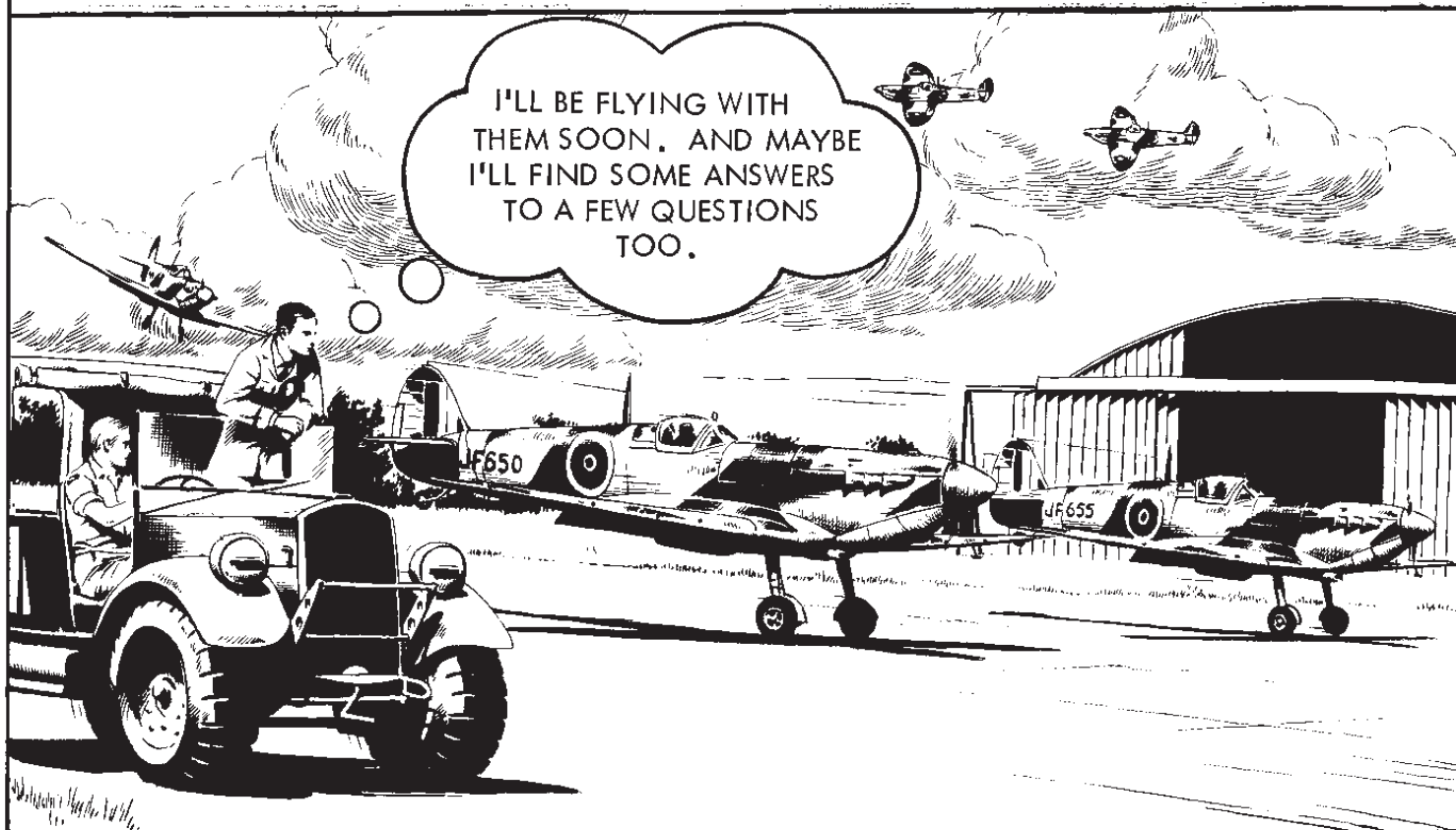
ART
JOSE MARIA
JORGE

COVER
IAN KENNEDY

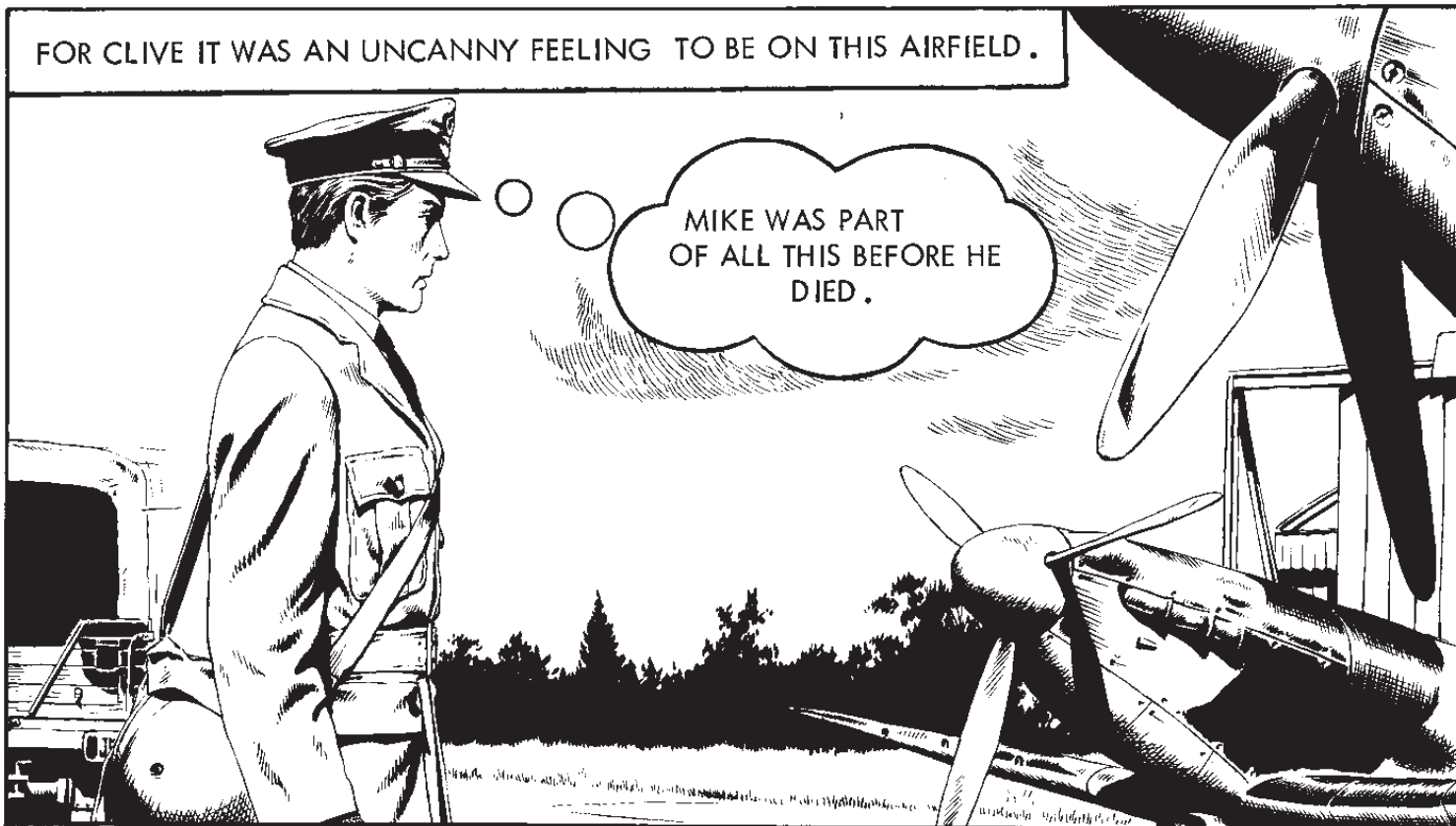
First Published
1970
No. 489

THERE HAD BEEN SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS ABOUT THE DEATH OF SPITFIRE PILOT MIKE SHAW. NOW HIS YOUNG BROTHER CLIVE WAS JOINING THE SAME SQUADRON, DETERMINED TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH. BUT THERE WERE A FEW SHOCKS IN STORE FOR CLIVE...

ABOVE THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND IN 1940, A FEW SPITFIRES AND HURRICANES FLUNG THEMSELVES AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE LUFTWAFFE. CLIVE, FRESH FROM TRAINING AND WITH THE RANK OF PILOT OFFICER, WAS CERTAINLY KEEN TO SEE SOME ACTION.



FOR CLIVE IT WAS AN UNCANNY FEELING TO BE ON THIS AIRFIELD.



CLIVE HAD HERO-WORSHIPPED MIKE. IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT MIKE HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN BY A LONE Me109 OVER FRANCE, BUT HIS PLANE HAD BEEN SEEN TO CRASH BY THE PILOT OF THE ACCOMPANYING SPITFIRE AND THE NAZIS HAD RECOVERED A BODY FROM THE WRECK.

ONCE IN HIS ROOM, CLIVE UNPACKED HIS LUGGAGE IN WHICH THERE WAS A BUNDLE OF LETTERS FROM MIKE — LETTERS THAT MADE CLIVE THINK THERE MIGHT BE MORE TO MIKE'S DEATH THAN MET THE EYE.



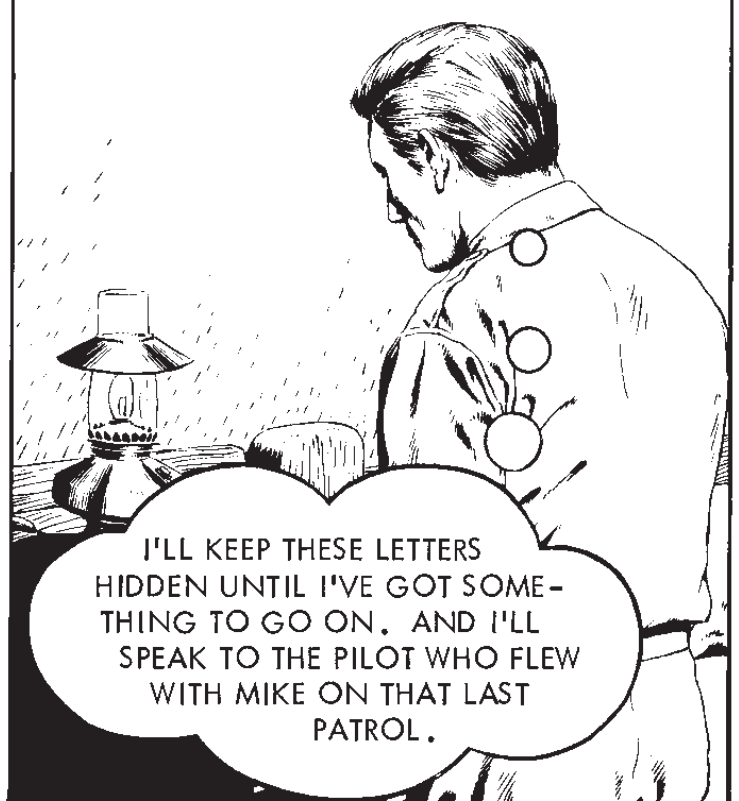
MIKE COULD DO ALMOST ANYTHING WITH A PLANE. HE'D HAD BATTLE EXPERIENCE IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR. HOW COULD HE HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN BY A LONE MESSERSCHMITT WHEN THERE WAS ANOTHER SPITFIRE WITH HIM ON THAT PATROL?

MIKE HAD MORE THAN HINTED THAT SQUADRON LEADER PETER WILLIAMS WAS JEALOUS OF HIM AND WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM POSTED.



THE OTHER MEN ADMIRERD HIM AND KNEW HE'D MAKE A MARVELLOUS C.O. I CAN QUITE BELIEVE THE SQUADRON LEADER WAS JEALOUS OF MIKE.

BUT CLIVE WAS FAIR-MINDED. HE'D NEVER CONDEMN ANYONE ON A FEW LETTERS ALONE.

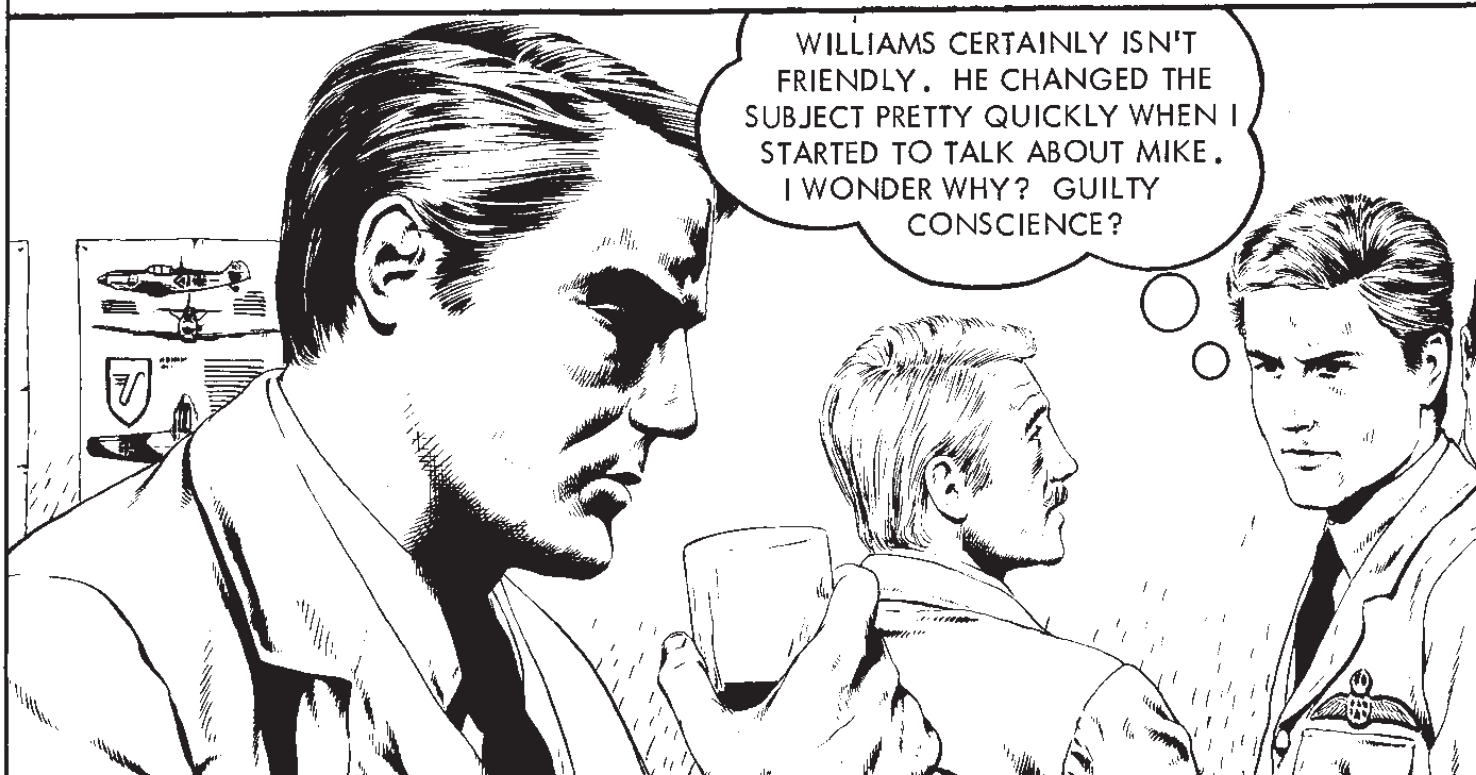


I'LL KEEP THESE LETTERS HIDDEN UNTIL I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO GO ON. AND I'LL SPEAK TO THE PILOT WHO FLEW WITH MIKE ON THAT LAST PATROL.

CLIVE SOON HAD A CHANCE TO MEET THE REST OF THE SQUADRON AND HE DISCOVERED THAT MIKE HAD NOT EXAGGERATED HIS POPULARITY.



CLIVE WAS OVERWHELMED BY THE PILOTS' PRAISE OF MIKE. EVERYONE SAID HOW MUCH THEY LIKED HIM, AND HOW WELL HE FLEW — EVERYONE EXCEPT SQUADRON LEADER PETER WILLIAMS.



RESERVED AND QUIET, PETER WILLIAMS KEPT ON THE EDGE OF THE NOISY GROUP. HE DID NOT KNOW THAT HIS ACTIONS CAUSED CLIVE'S SUSPICIONS TO GROW.

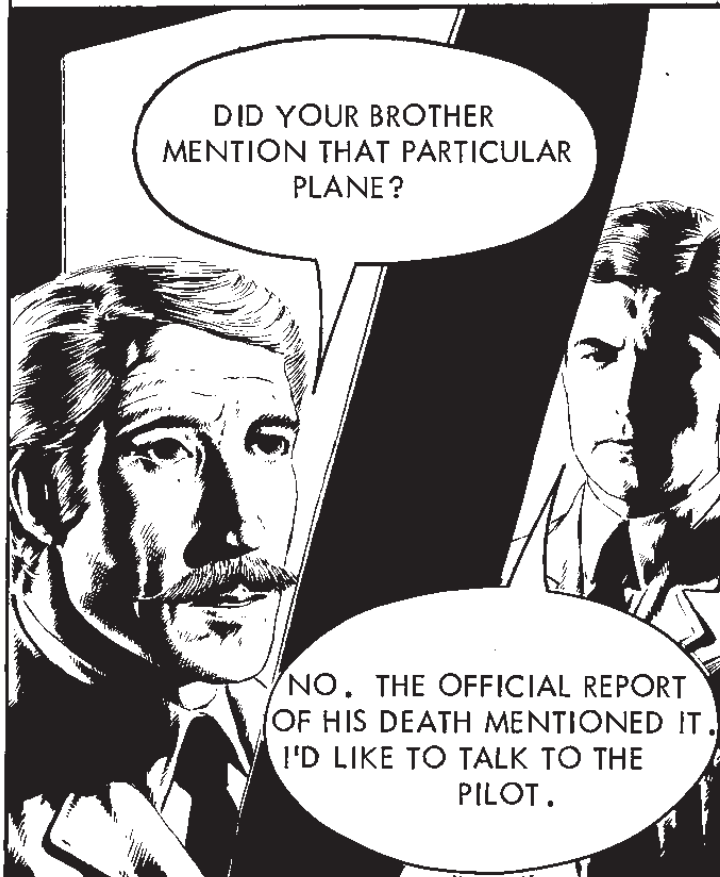
LATER PILOT OFFICER NICKY THOMPSON TOOK CLIVE ROUND THE AIRFIELD . AND CLIVE WAS ABLE TO ASK HIS FIRST QUESTION .



I CAN'T SEE JF-SIX-FIVE-TWO ANYWHERE . WHO FLIES IT ANYWAY ?

IMMEDIATELY CLIVE SENSED NICKY WAS UNEASY AT THE MENTION OF THE AIRCRAFT THAT FLEW WITH MIKE ON HIS LAST MISSION .

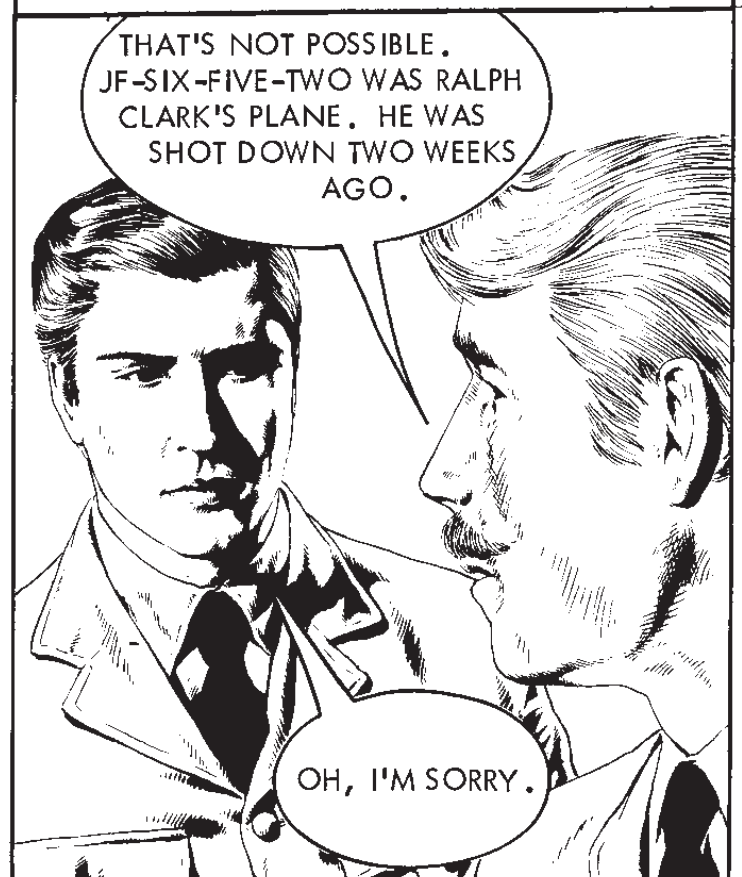
AND NICKY TRIED TO BRUSH THE QUESTION ASIDE .



DID YOUR BROTHER MENTION THAT PARTICULAR PLANE ?

NO . THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF HIS DEATH MENTIONED IT . I'D LIKE TO TALK TO THE PILOT .

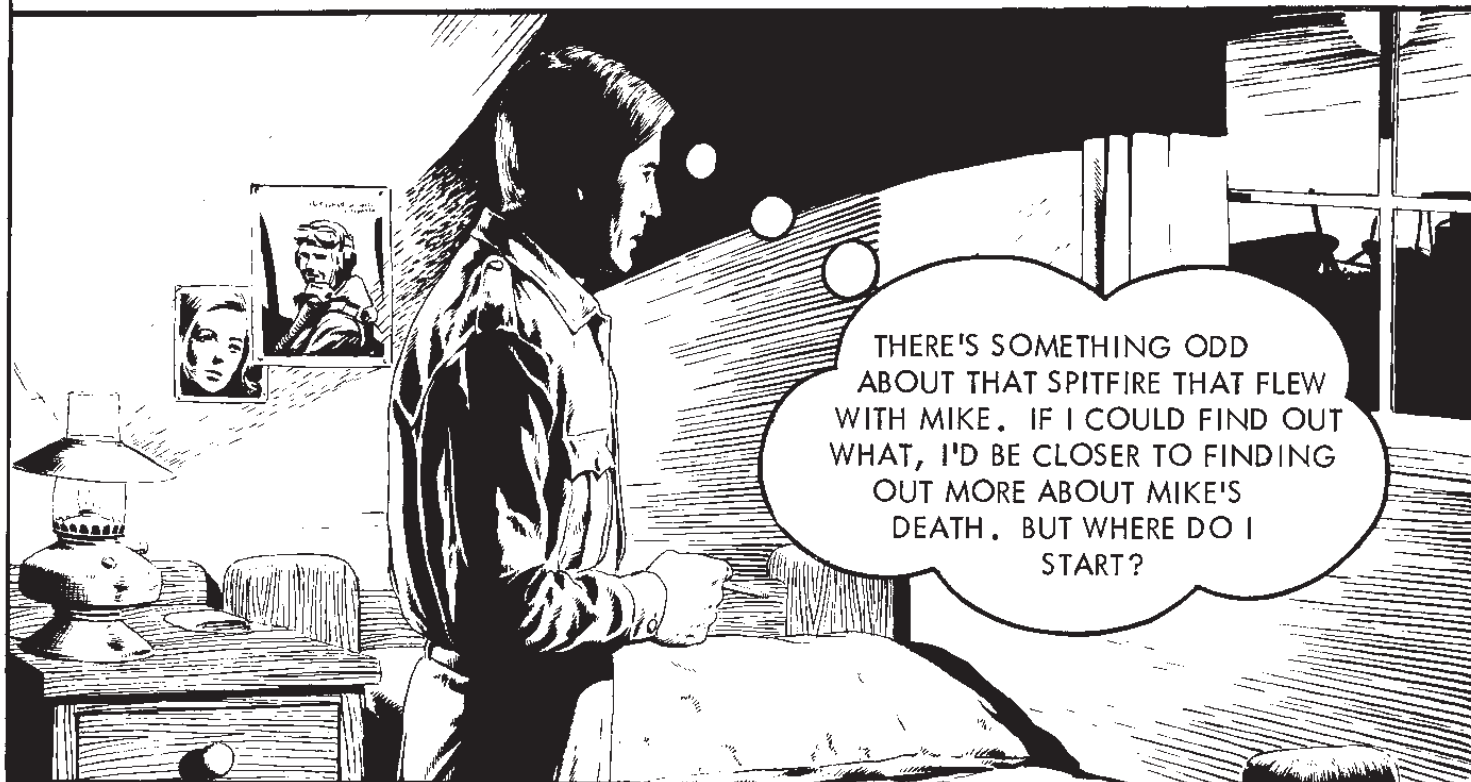
FOR SOME REASON CLIVE SENSED THAT NICKY WAS RELIEVED AT HIS ANSWER .



THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE . JF-SIX-FIVE-TWO WAS RALPH CLARK'S PLANE . HE WAS SHOT DOWN TWO WEEKS AGO .

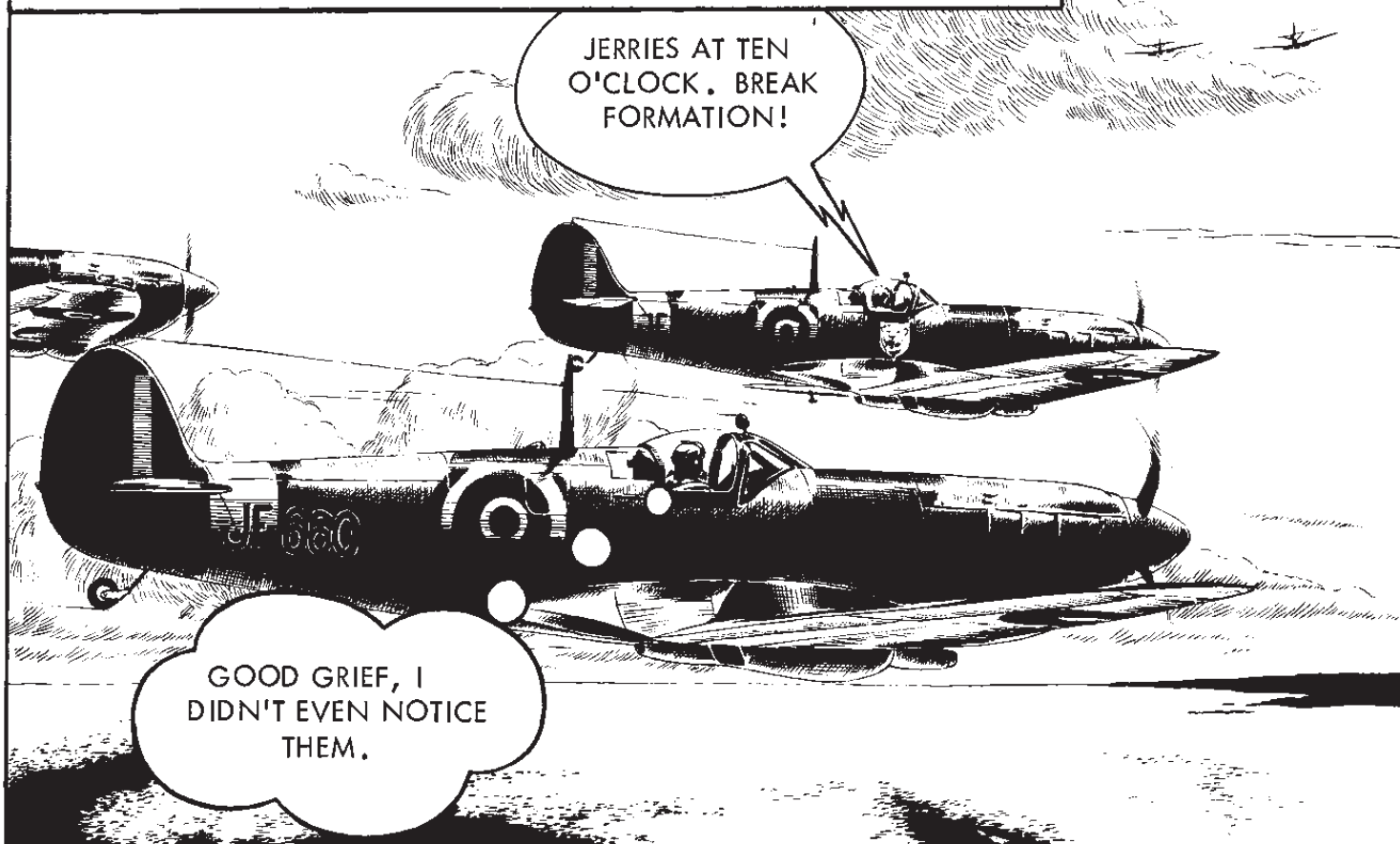
OH , I'M SORRY .

CLIVE KNEW THAT NICKY MUST BE SPEAKING THE TRUTH FOR HE COULD EASILY CHECK. BUT HE ALSO FELT CERTAIN NICKY WAS KEEPING SOMETHING FROM HIM. THAT NIGHT —



IT SEEMED AN IMPOSSIBLE PROBLEM. BUT CLIVE DIDN'T GIVE UP EASILY. HE FELT SURE THE FUTURE WOULD PROVIDE HIM SOME CLUES.

IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS HE FLEW ON SEVERAL UNEVENTFUL PATROLS. AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON —



SUDDENLY THE SKY BECAME A BATTLEFIELD .



CLIVE THREW HIS SPITFIRE INTO A WILD DIVE.



INTENT ON HIS CHOSEN VICTIM, CLIVE HURTTLED DOWN. HE DID NOT EVEN NOTICE THE SPITFIRE THAT HAD BANKED WILDLY TO AVOID HIM.



CLIVE CONTINUED HIS RECKLESS DIVE.

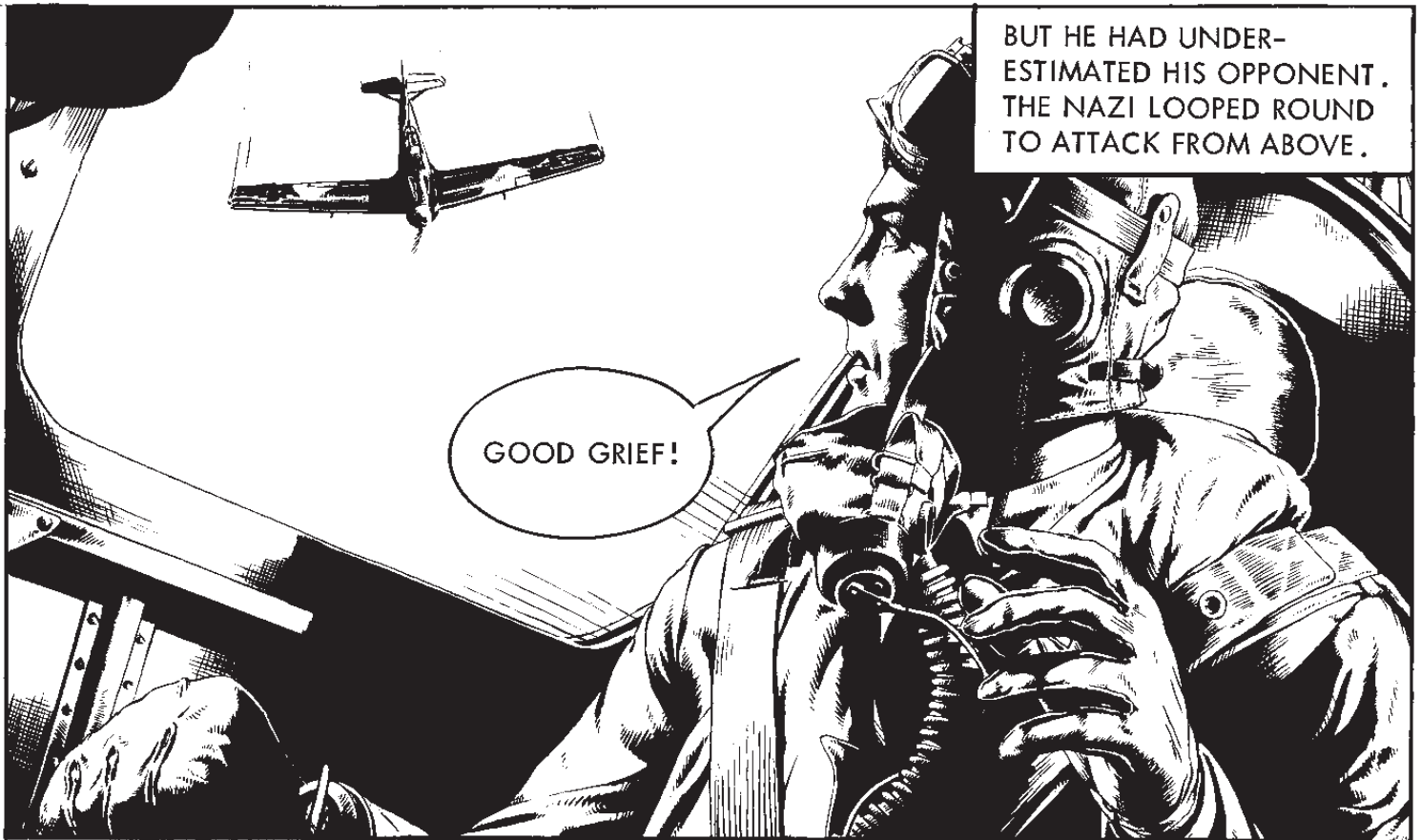


BUT IF THE MESSERSCHMITT BELOW CLIVE HADN'T SEEN HIM, ONE ABOVE HIM HAD.

THAT STUPID ENGLANDER
IS ASKING FOR TROUBLE, AND
I SHALL OBLIGE.

CONCENTRATING ON HIS OWN QUARRY, CLIVE DIDN'T SEE THE TAILING Me109.

IT'S TOO EASY!
I CAN'T MISS!



BUT HE HAD UNDER-ESTIMATED HIS OPPONENT. THE NAZI LOOPED ROUND TO ATTACK FROM ABOVE.

GOOD GRIEF!

THE GERMAN WAS AN EXPERIENCED PILOT, AND HIS REACTIONS WERE RAZOR SHARP. HE HAD DELIBERATELY LET CLIVE THINK HE HAD AN EASY KILL.

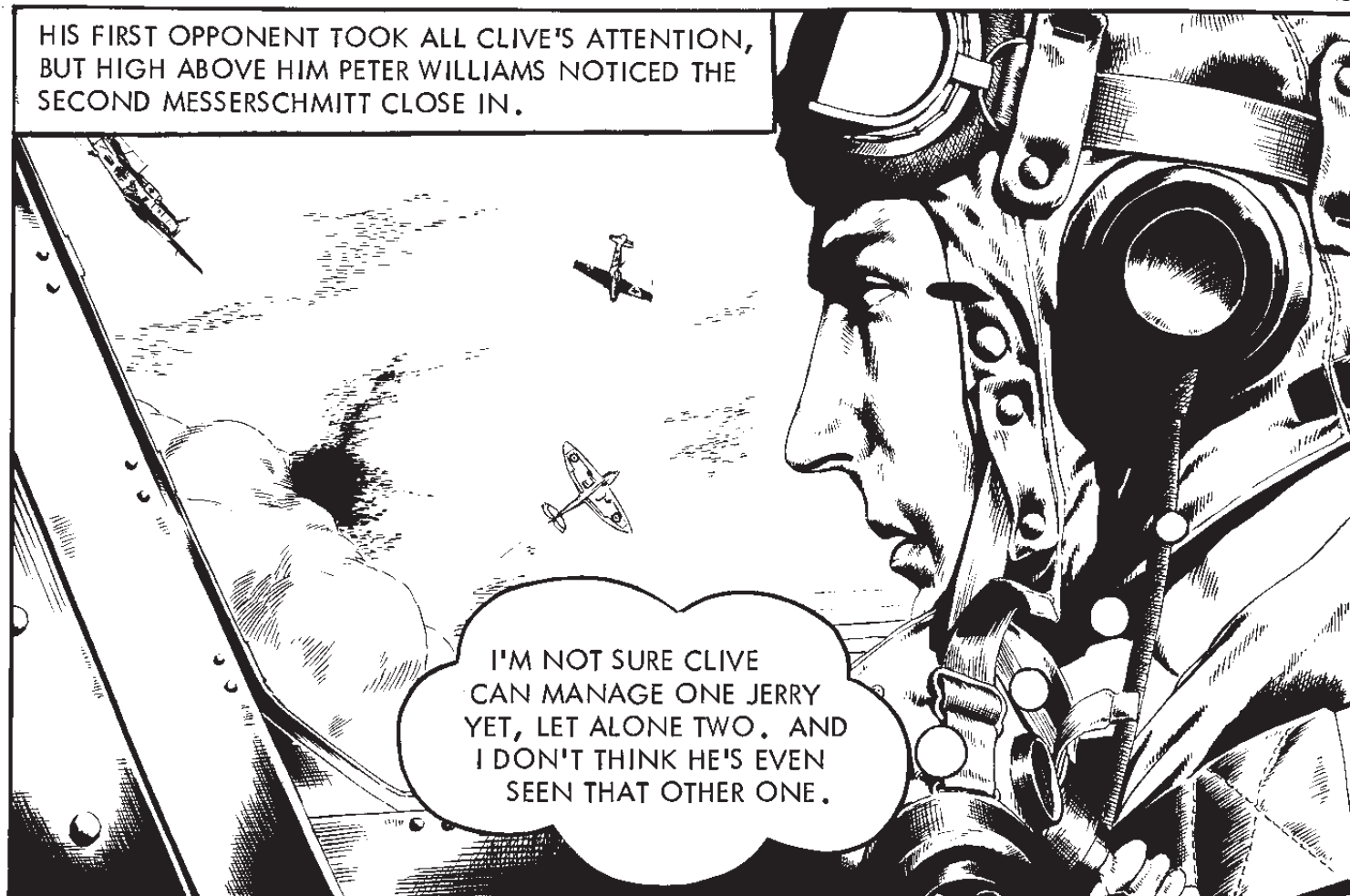
AND A MOMENT LATER CLIVE'S PLANE SHUDDERED AS ENEMY BULLETS RAKED ITS WING.



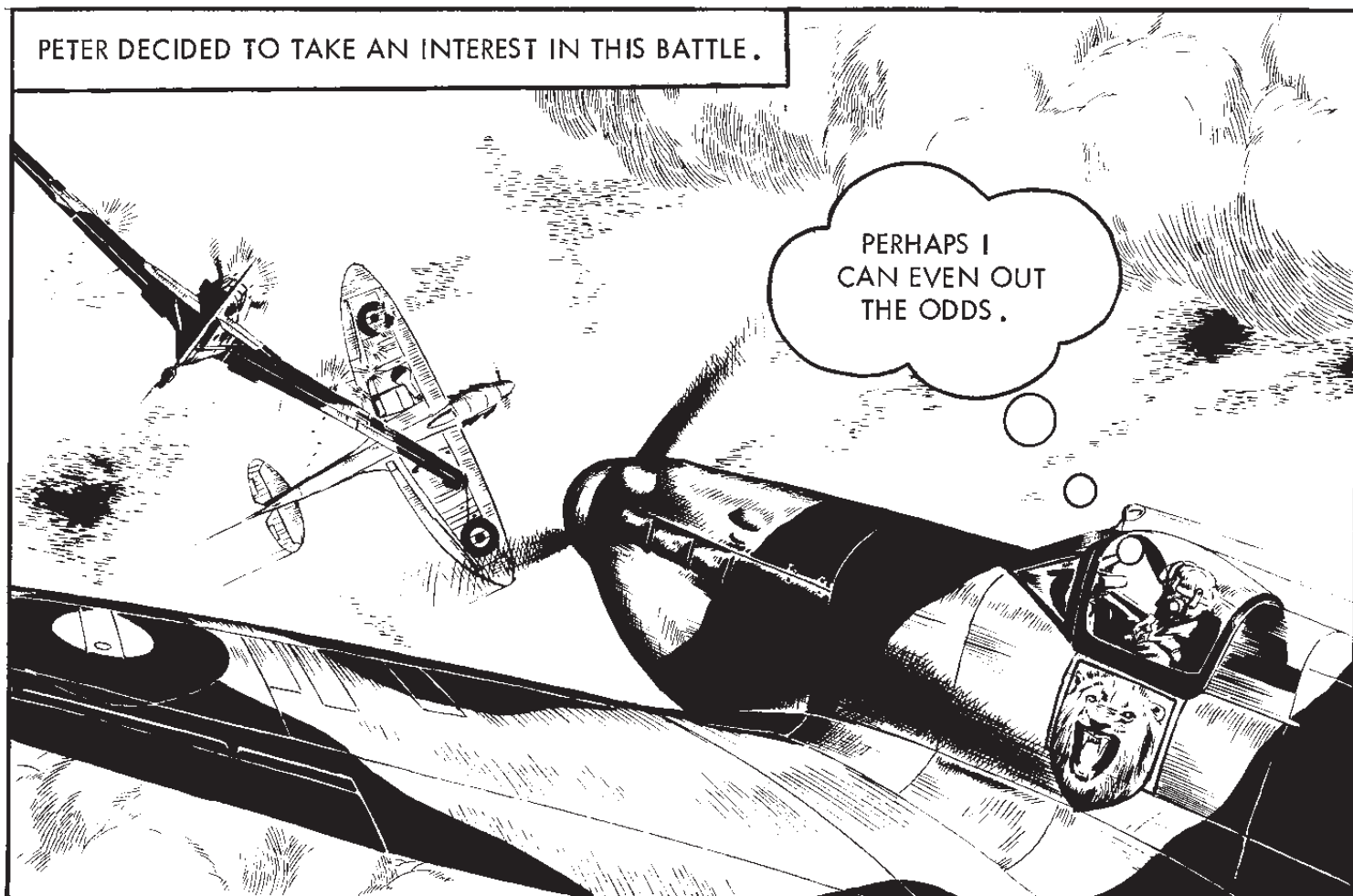
HOW DID HE GET BEHIND ME?

CLIVE WAS LEARNING THE ART OF DOG-FIGHTING THE HARD WAY.

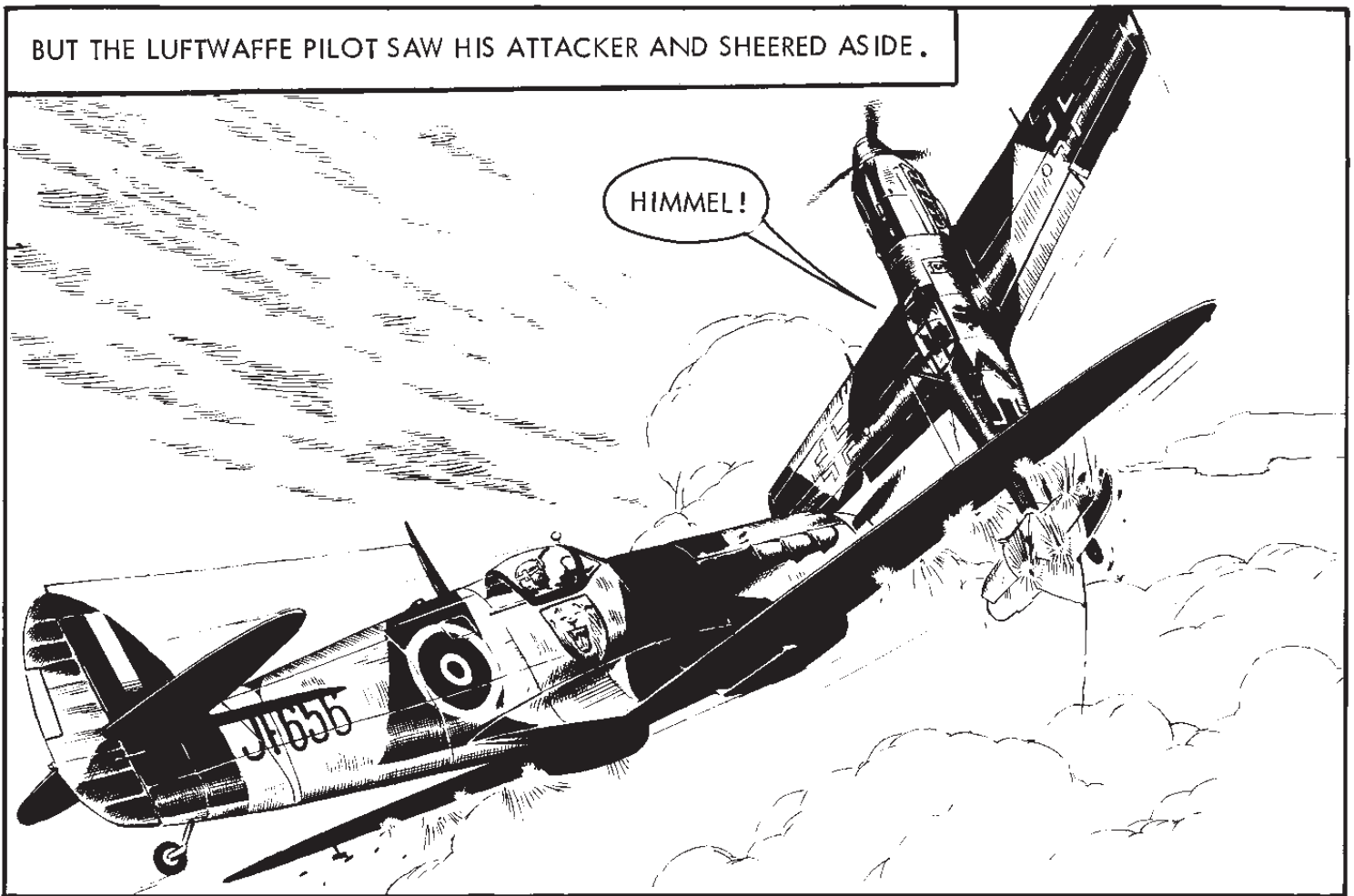
HIS FIRST OPPONENT TOOK ALL CLIVE'S ATTENTION, BUT HIGH ABOVE HIM PETER WILLIAMS NOTICED THE SECOND MESSERSCHMITT CLOSE IN.



PETER DECIDED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN THIS BATTLE.



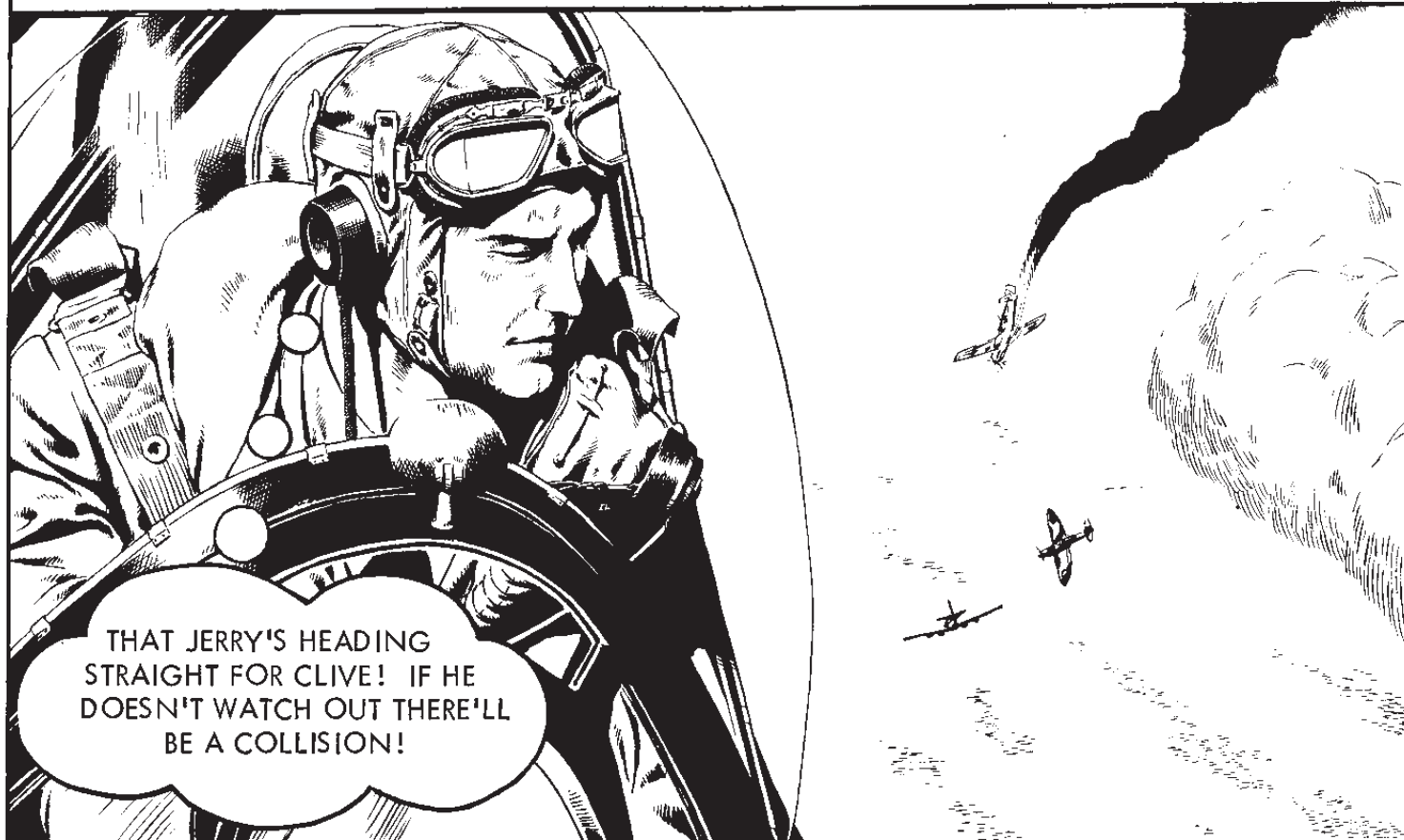
BUT THE LUFTWAFFE PILOT SAW HIS ATTACKER AND SHEERED ASIDE.



THE GERMAN SOON REALISED THAT HE HAD MET HIS MATCH. HE WENT INTO A VERTICAL CLIMB, BUT PETER WASN'T EASILY SHAKEN OFF.



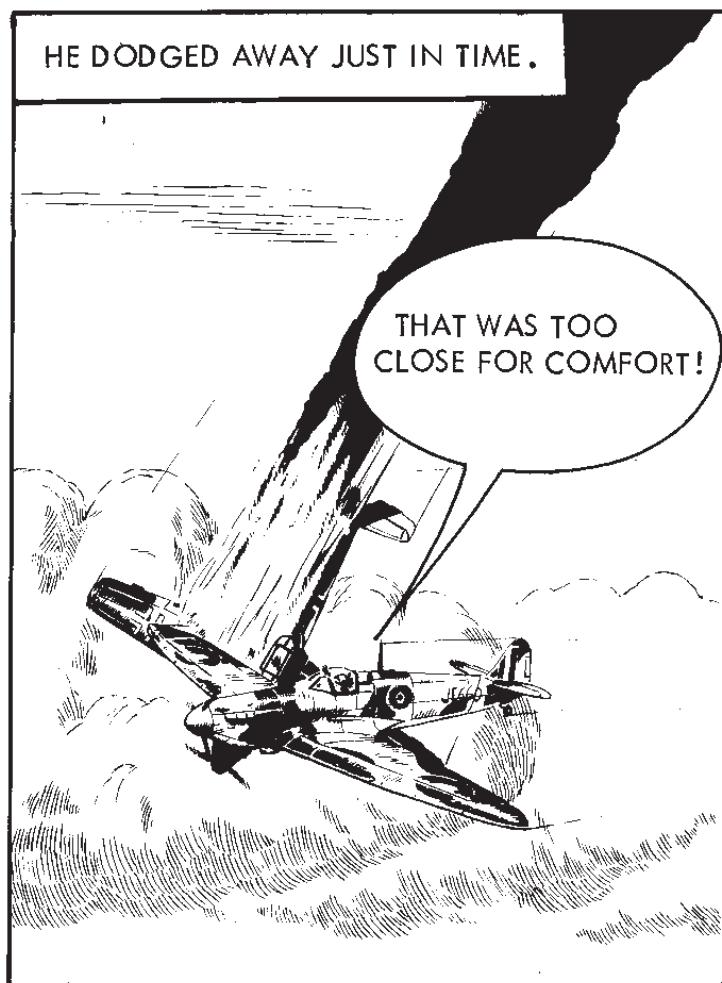
BUT AS PETER LOOKED DOWN HE REALISED THAT THE BURNING MESSERSCHMITT WAS STILL CAPABLE OF CAUSING TROUBLE.



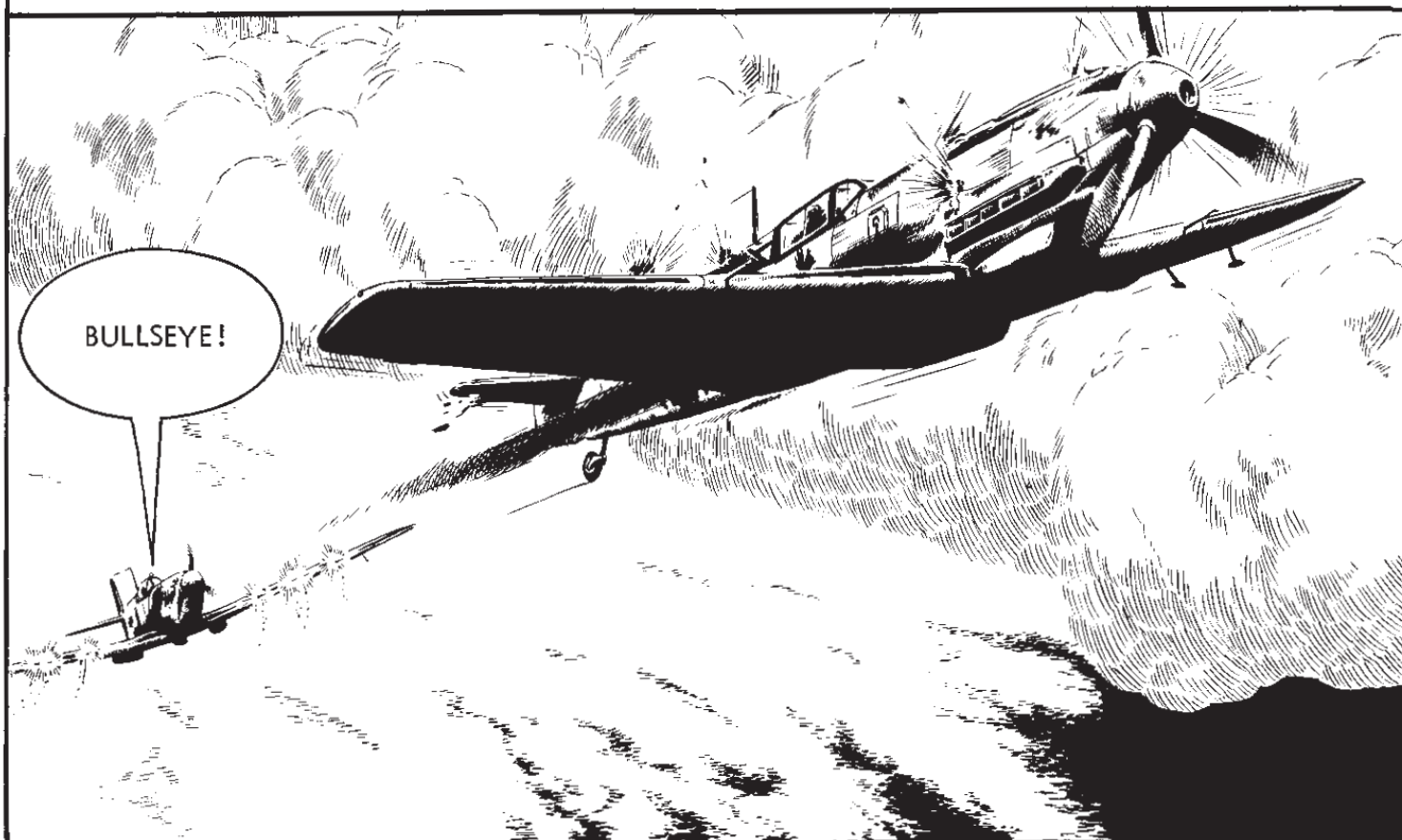
CLIVE WAS STILL BATTLING DESPERATELY. HE DID NOT NOTICE THE NEW DANGER UNTIL PETER'S VOICE SOUNDED URGENTLY.



HE DODGED AWAY JUST IN TIME.



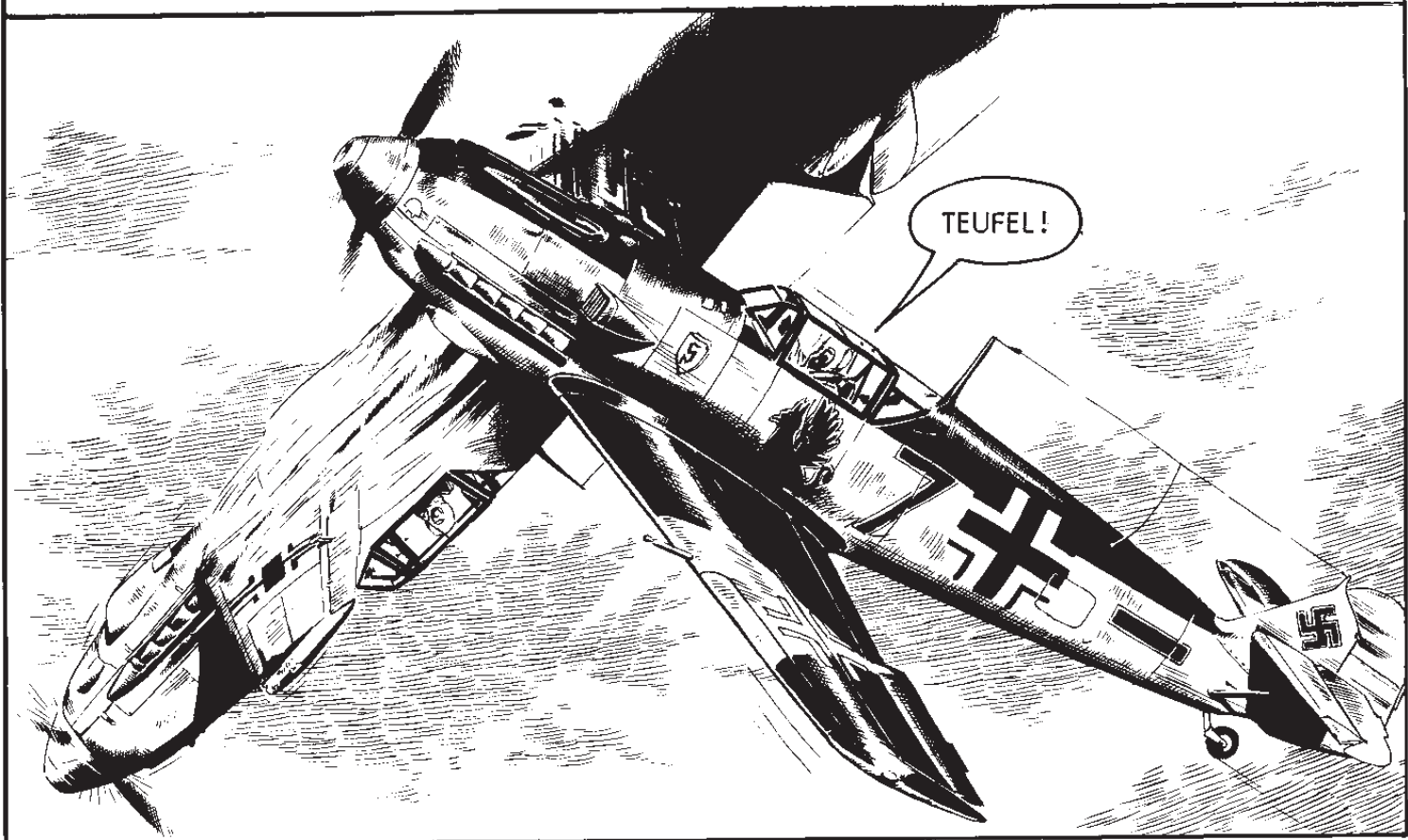
SUDDENLY THE MESSERSCHMITT'S SCREAMING ENGINE CUT OUT. THE ENEMY FIGHTER ROLLED SILENTLY AND HELPLESSLY — STRAIGHT INTO PETER'S LINE OF FIRE.



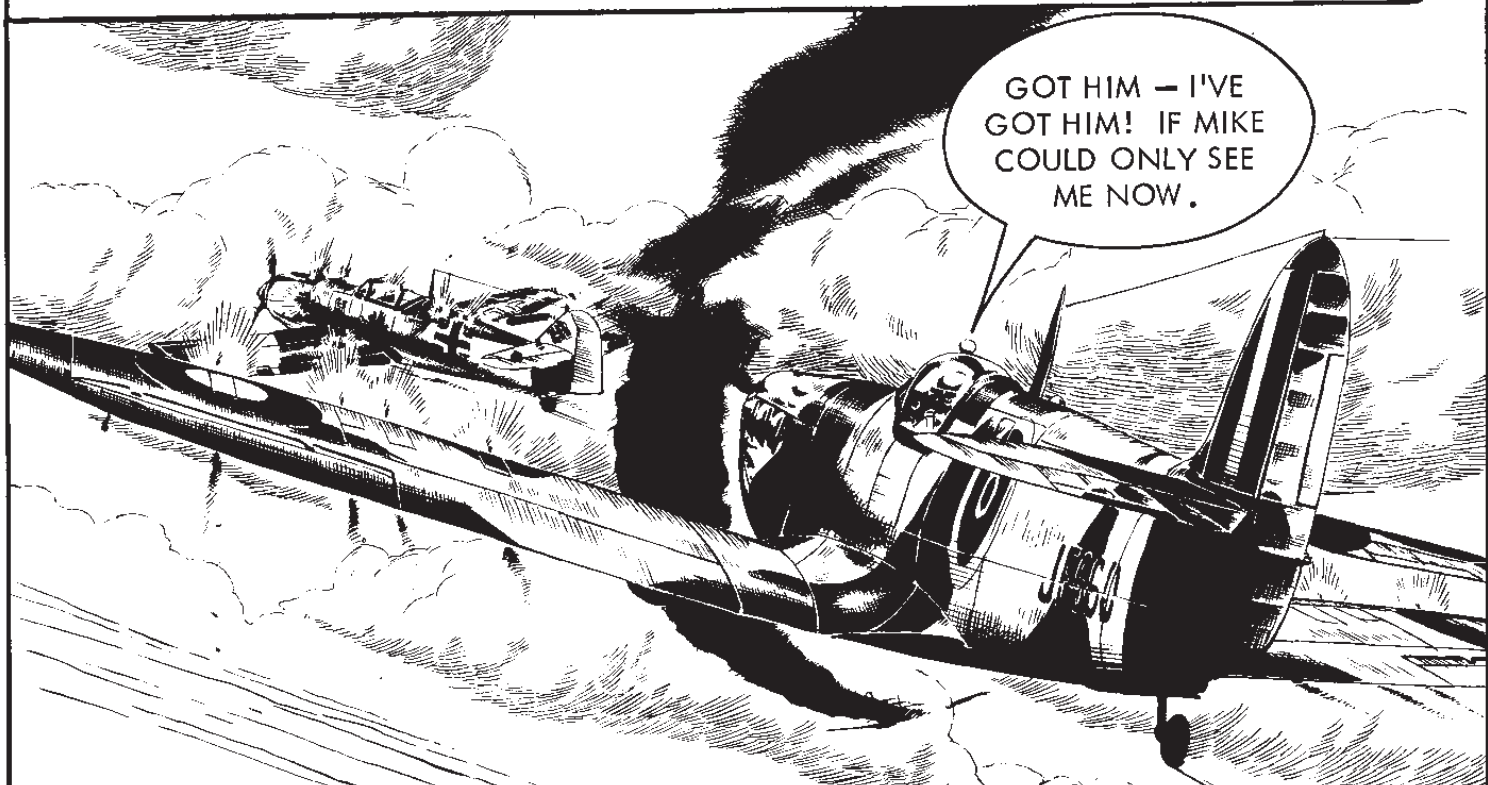
THE STRICKEN MESSERSCHMITT PLUMMETED DOWN, GUSHING BLACK SMOKE.



BUT THE MESSERSCHMITT WAS SPIRALLING WILDLY, AND CLIVE'S OPPONENT WAS NOT SO LUCKY AS THE BLAZING WRECK CLIPPED HIS WING.

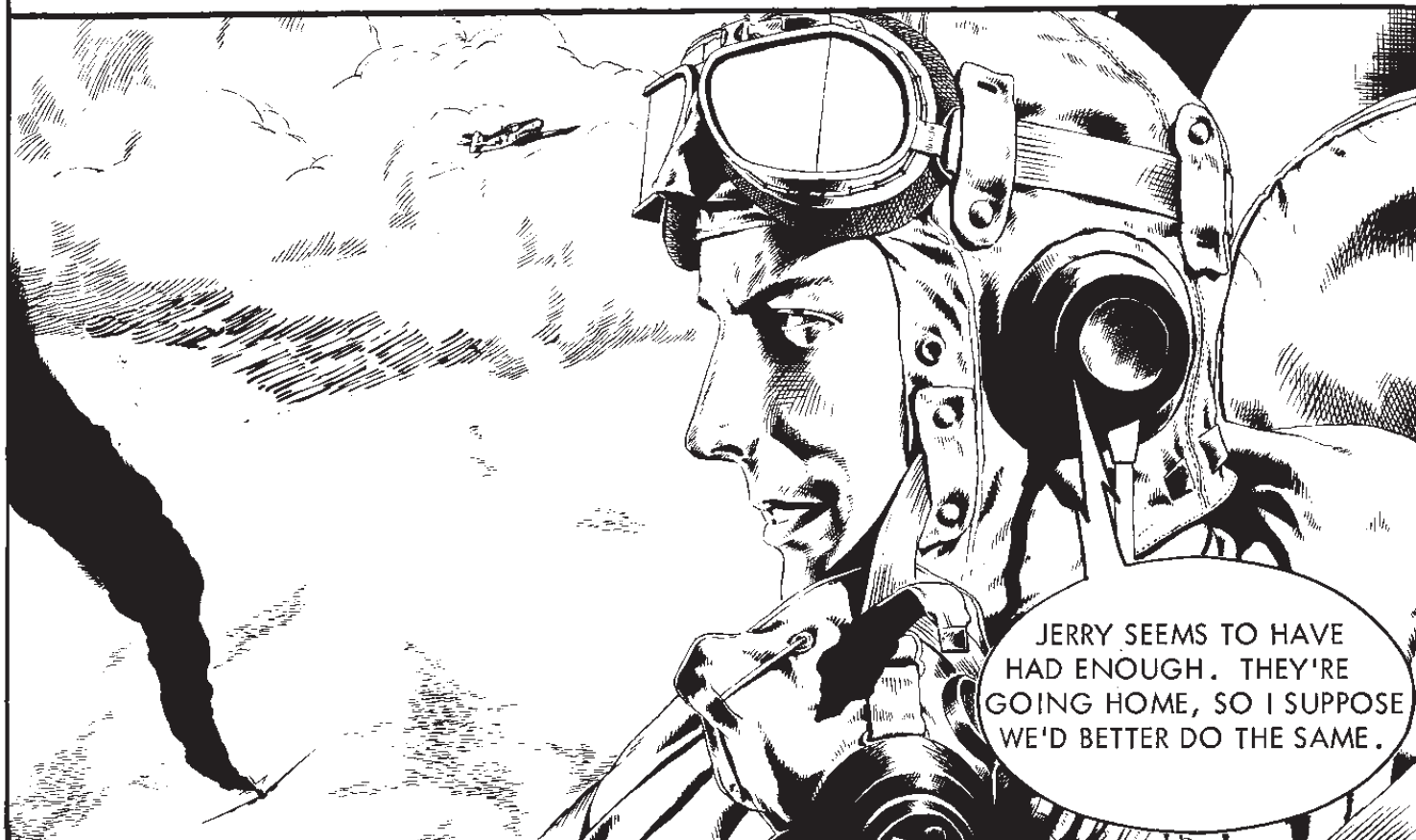


BLINDED BY THE SMOKE THE LUFTWAFFE PILOT BANKED WILDLY, AND GAVE CLIVE JUST THE OPENING HE WANTED.



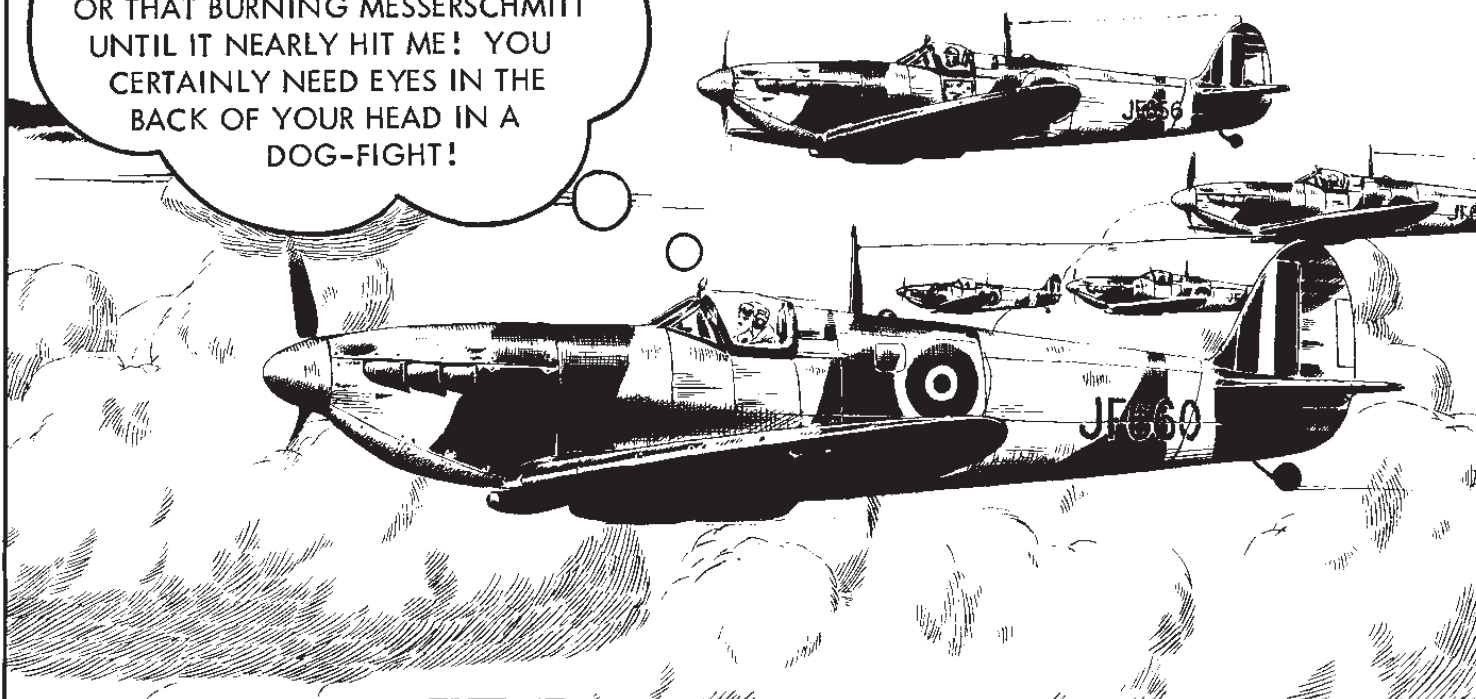
THE Me109 BURST INTO FLAMES ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

AS HE WATCHED HIS FIRST KILL FLAMING DOWN, CLIVE SUDDENLY REALISED THAT THERE WERE NO MORE GERMAN PLANES NEAR HIM. THEN PETER'S VOICE SOUNDED IN HIS EARS.



CLIVE REJOINED THE SQUADRON AND THEY FLEW BACK TOWARDS THE ENGLISH COAST.

I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THOSE JERRIES PULLING OUT... OR THAT BURNING MESSERSCHMITT UNTIL IT NEARLY HIT ME! YOU CERTAINLY NEED EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD IN A DOG-FIGHT!



THE SQUADRON HAD SUFFERED NO CASUALTIES. IT HAD BEEN A SUCCESSFUL PATROL.

CLIVE WAS NATURALLY PROUD OF HIS FIRST KILL, BUT HE SOON FOUND THAT PETER DID NOT SHARE HIS ENTHUSIASM.



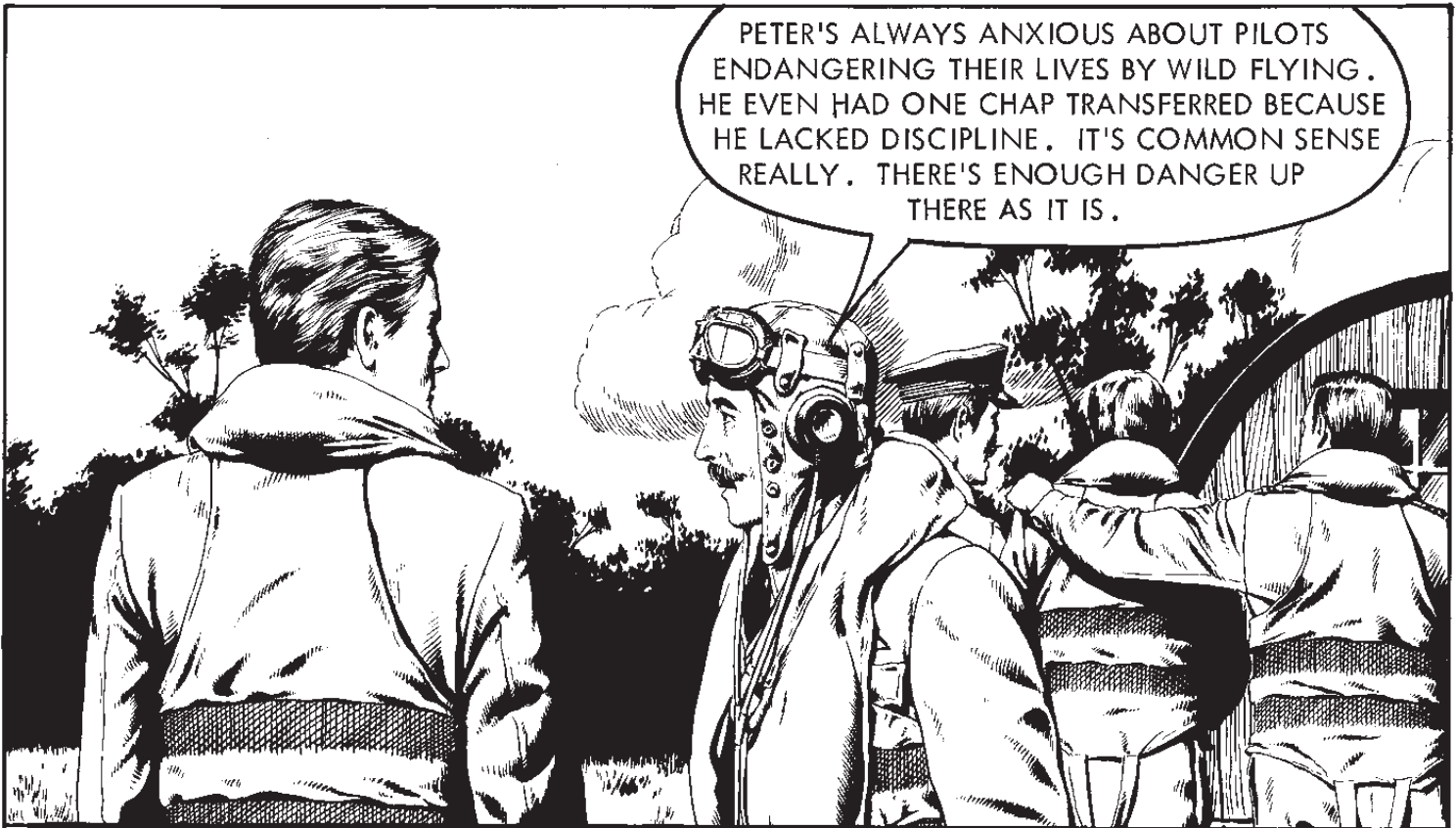
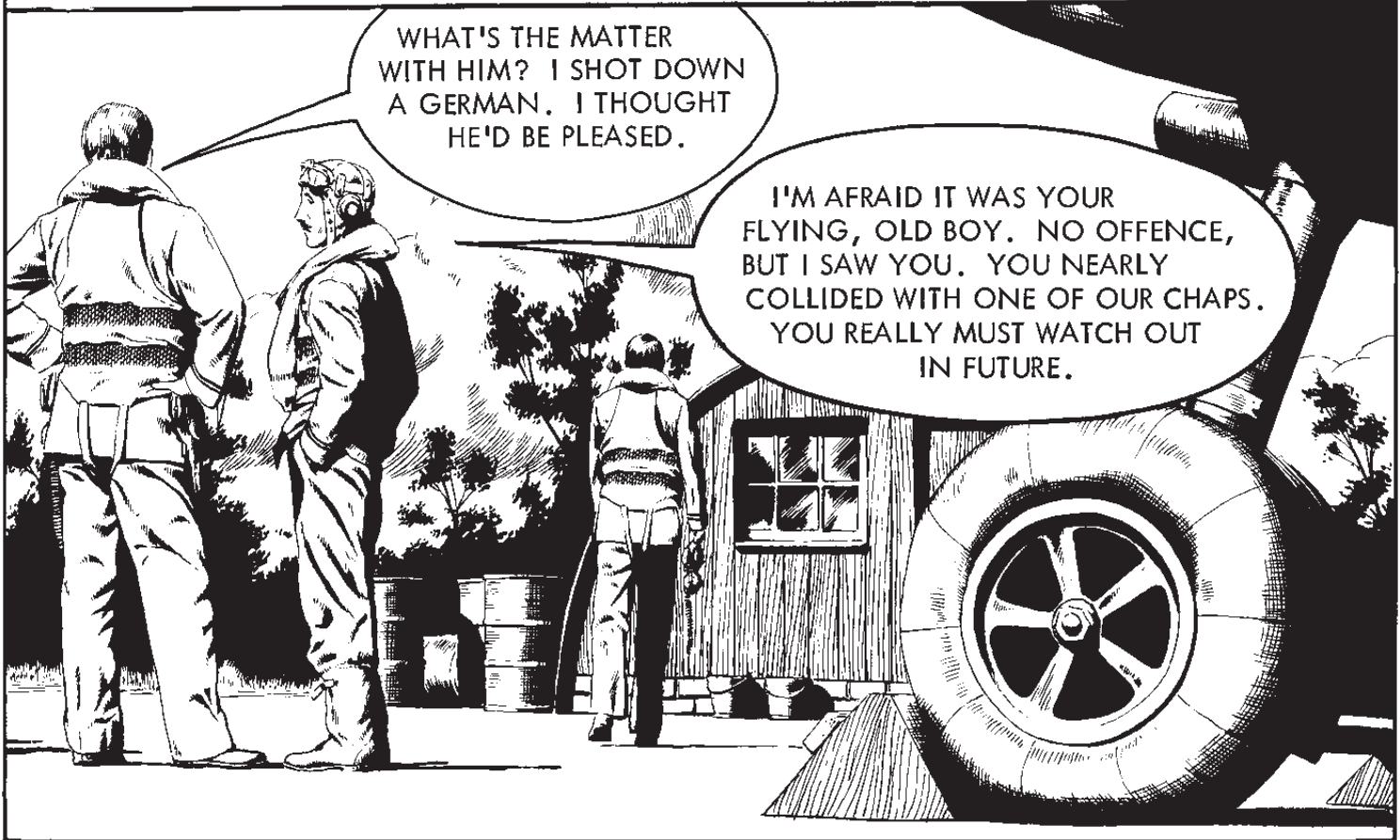
IT WAS QUITE THE WRONG THING TO SAY.

I SAW YOU NEARLY RAM A SPITFIRE! AND DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT BURNING MESSERSCHMITT BEFORE I WARNED YOU? A GOOD FIGHTER PILOT HAS TO WATCH THE WHOLE SKY, NOT JUST HIS OWN OPPONENT!



CHARACTERISTICALLY PETER DID NOT ADD THAT HE HAD SHOT DOWN THE MESSERSCHMITT HIMSELF AND PROBABLY SAVED CLIVE'S LIFE.

CLIVE WAS BEWILDERED. HE TURNED TO HIS FRIEND, NICKY, AS PETER WALKED AWAY.



CLIVE REALISED HE HAD MADE MISTAKES, BUT HE FELT THAT HIS KILL WAS AT LEAST WORTH A WORD OF PRAISE FROM HIS C.O. THE OTHER PILOTS CONGRATULATED HIM, BUT PETER NEVER MENTIONED THE INCIDENT AGAIN.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING CLIVE WAS STILL THINKING ABOUT PETER'S REACTIONS WHEN HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERED SOMETHING HIS C.O. HAD SUGGESTED TO HIM...

GOOD HEAVENS, I ALMOST FORGOT. I SAID I'D GIVE PETER SOME PERSONAL LETTERS TO FORWARD TO MY FAMILY IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME. I'D BETTER TAKE THEM TO HIM NOW.



CLIVE HAD ALREADY WRITTEN THE LETTERS. HE COLLECTED THEM FROM HIS ROOM AND WENT TO PETER'S OFFICE.

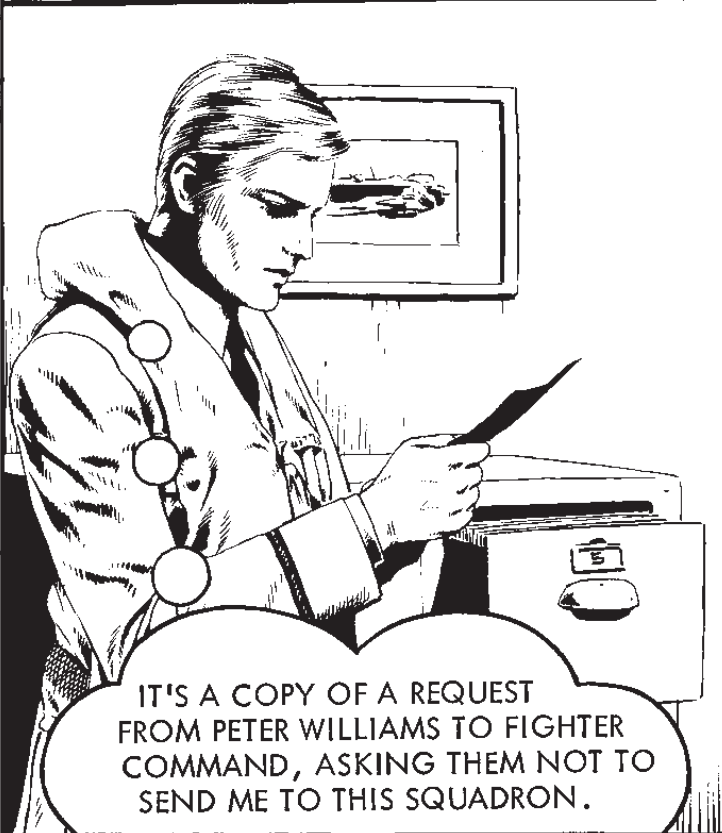
NO ONE ANSWERED HIS KNOCK, SO HE PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR AND WENT IN.

I WONDER WHERE PETER IS? THERE'S A DRAWER WITH 'S' ON IT. I'LL PUT THEM IN THERE AND TELL PETER LATER ON.



HE LOOKED THROUGH THE FILES, HOPING TO FIND ONE WITH HIS NAME ON IT. HE WASN'T PRYING. HE MERELY WANTED TO LEAVE HIS LETTERS IN A SAFE PLACE.

THEN HE FOUND A LOOSE SHEET OF PAPER WITH HIS NAME ON IT AND HIS CURIOSITY PROVED TOO STRONG TO RESIST.



CLIVE DID NOT NOTICE THE DOOR OPEN UNTIL PETER SPOKE.

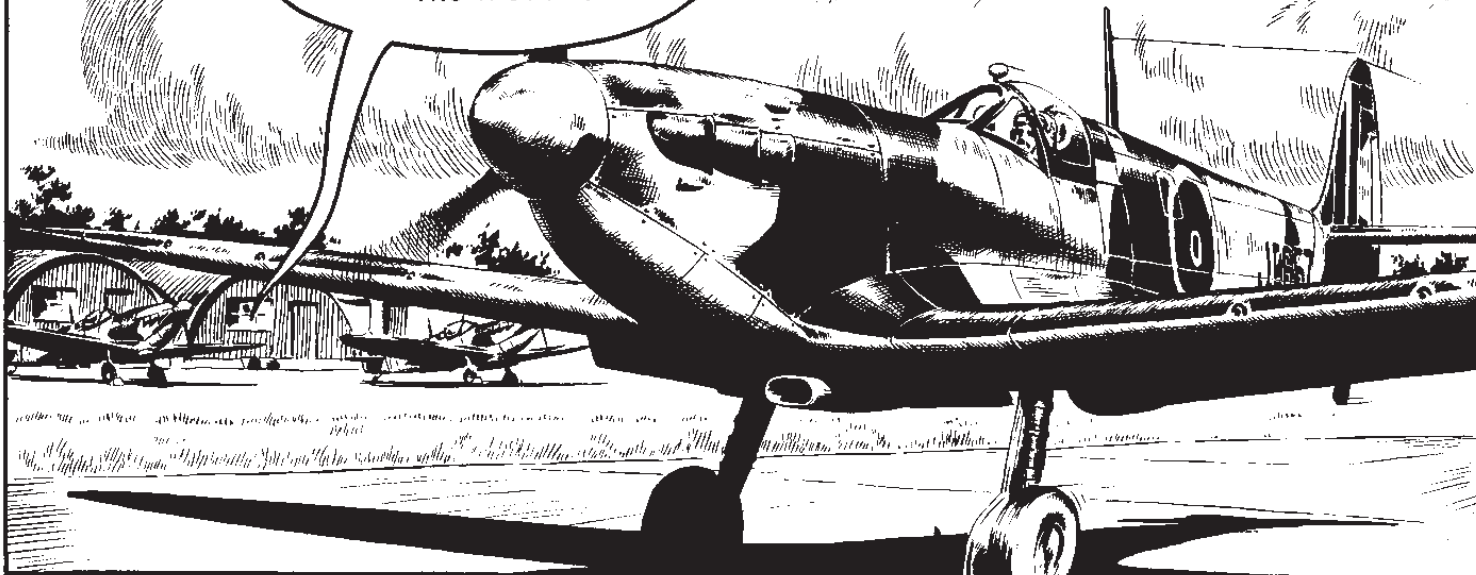


CLIVE QUICKLY EXPLAINED ABOUT HIS LETTERS, BUT HE STILL KEPT HOLD OF THE DUPLICATE REQUEST SHEET.



BUT THAT ANSWER WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR CLIVE. HE FORGOT HE WAS TALKING TO A SUPERIOR OFFICER AS MEMORIES OF MIKE'S LETTERS CAME FLOODING BACK.

DON'T YOU MEAN IT WAS BECAUSE I'M MIKE'S BROTHER? THIS WAS HIS FIRST SQUADRON TOO BUT HE SOON SHOWED HIS WORTH.



BUT BEFORE PETER COULD ANSWER THEY HEARD THE ALARM BELL AND A SHOUT OF "SCRAMBLE" FROM OUTSIDE. THE NEXT MOMENT BOTH WERE RACING FOR THEIR PLANES.

WITHIN MINUTES THE SQUADRON WAS AIRBORNE. CLIVE GLANCED ACROSS AT PETER'S PLANE.

THINGS ARE FITTING INTO PLACE NOW. HE DOESN'T WANT ME HERE AND HE'S GOING TO USE THE EXCUSE OF MY BAD FLYING TO GET ME TRANSFERRED. WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. FROM NOW ON I'LL FLY BY THE BOOK.



CLIVE STUCK TO THIS DECISION. HE LEARNED A GREAT DEAL IN THE DOG-FIGHTS THAT FOLLOWED. THEN ONE DAY HE CLAIMED HIS SECOND KILL.



BACK AT THE SQUADRON AIRFIELD HE HAD HIS VICTORY PAINTED UP.



AS USUAL THE OTHER MEN QUICKLY AGREED WITH CLIVE.

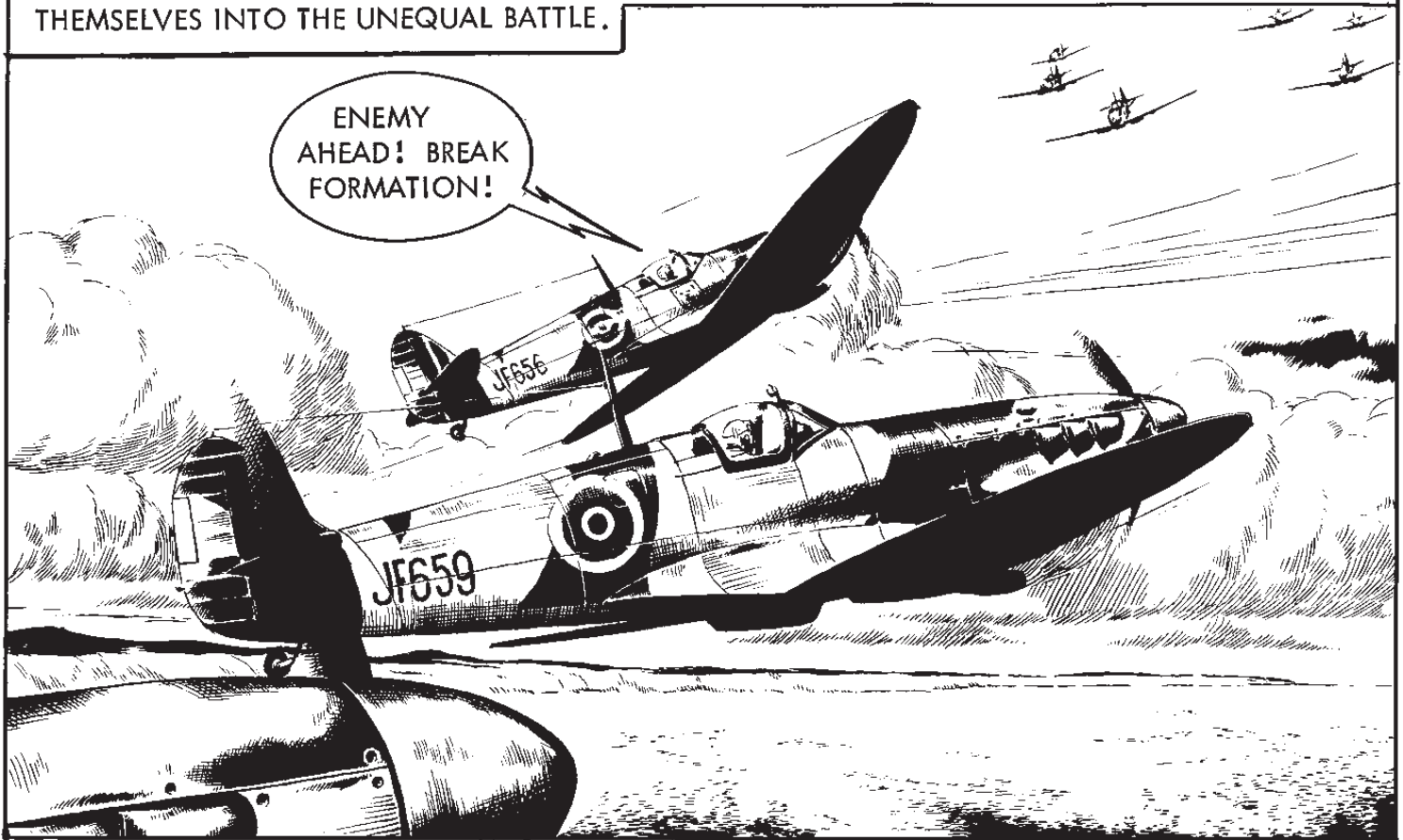


CLIVE STARED AFTER THE MEN.

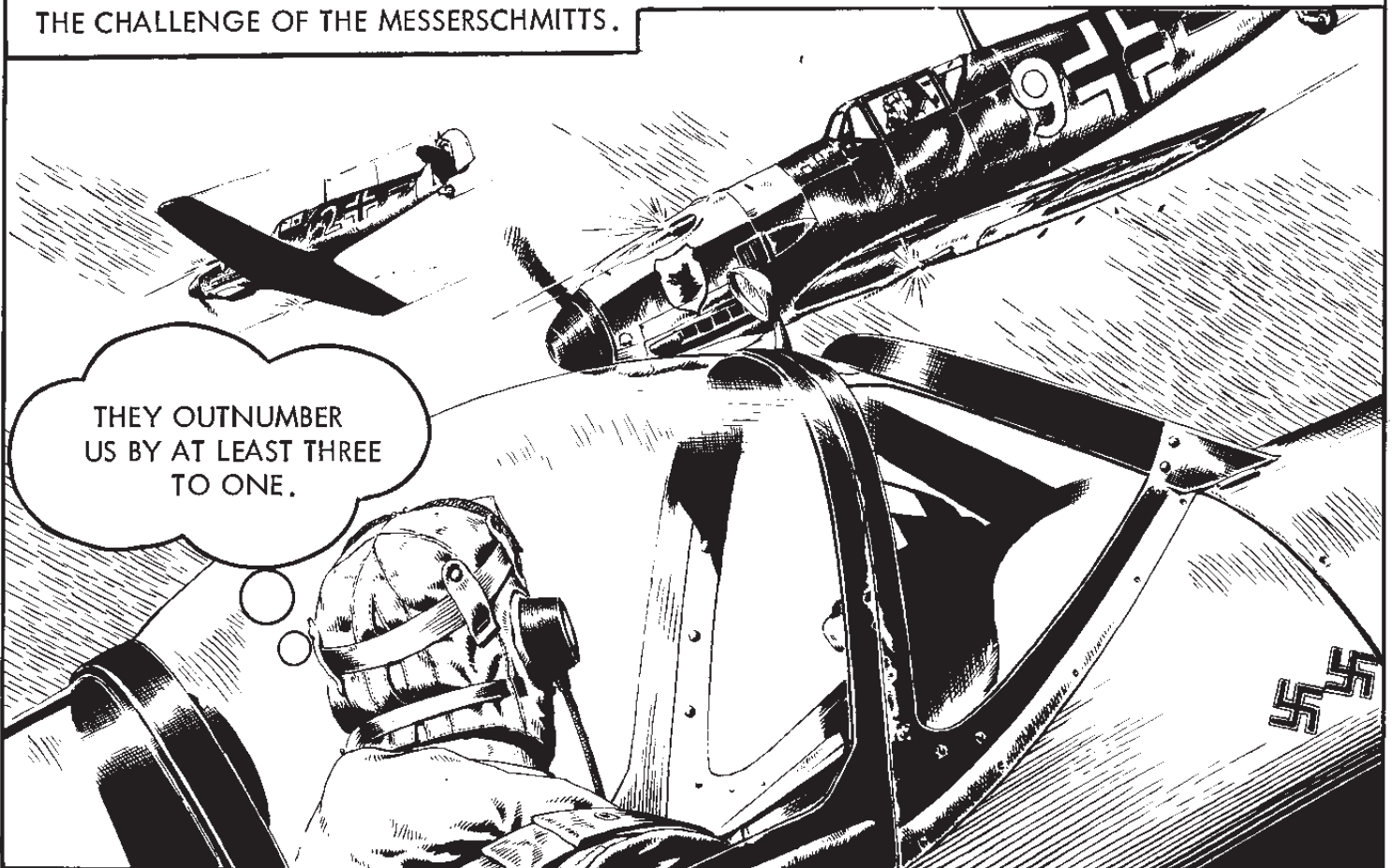


BUT ALTHOUGH CLIVE COULD NOT FORESEE IT, HIS VERY DECISION TO FLY BY THE BOOK WAS GOING TO LEAD TO SOME STARTLING DISCOVERIES.

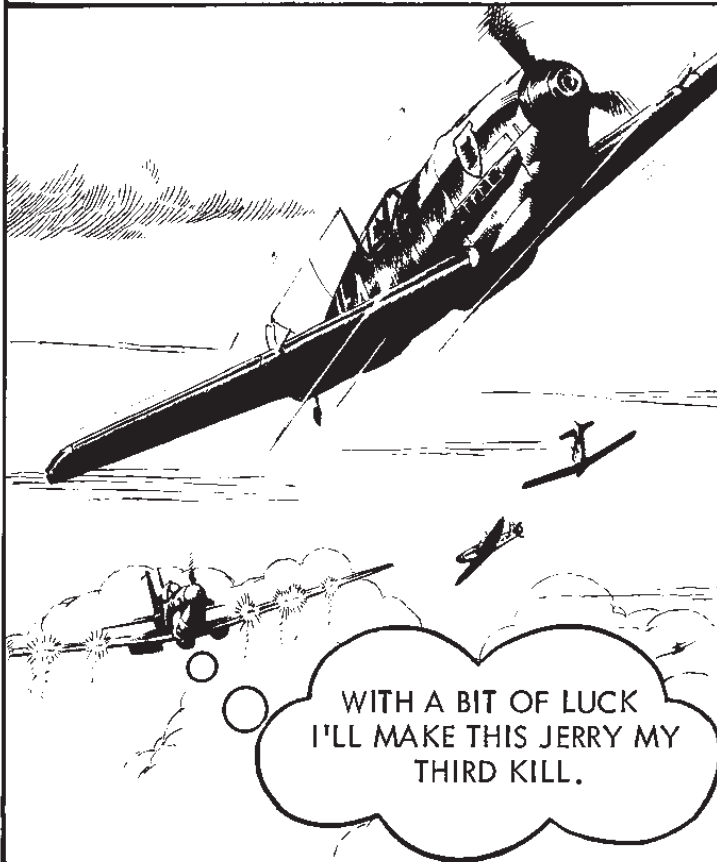
IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS THE LUFTWAFFE REDOUBLED ITS EFFORTS, DETERMINED TO CRUSH THE R.A.F. ONCE AND FOR ALL. AND DAY BY DAY THE R.A.F. FIGHTER SQUADRONS FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE UNEQUAL BATTLE.



THE SQUADRON HAD ALREADY FLOWN ON A LONG ROUTINE PATROL. NEVERTHELESS THEY MET THE CHALLENGE OF THE MESSERSCHMITTS.



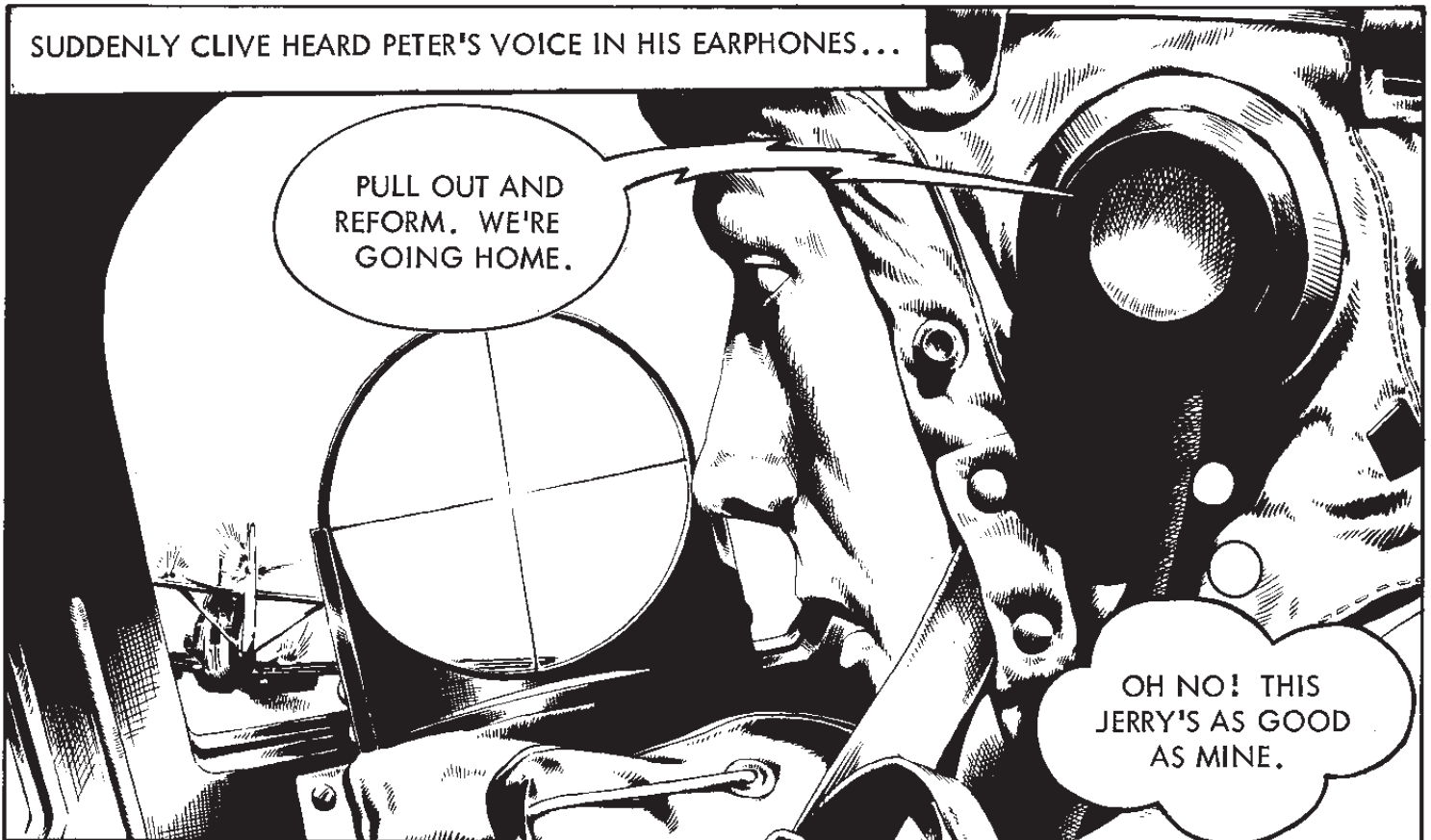
WITH SOME CLEVER MANOEUVERING, CLIVE GOT ON AN Me109's TAIL.



THE MESSERSCHMITT STUNTED WILDLY, BUT CLIVE SOON REALISED HE WAS A MATCH FOR HIS OPPONENT.

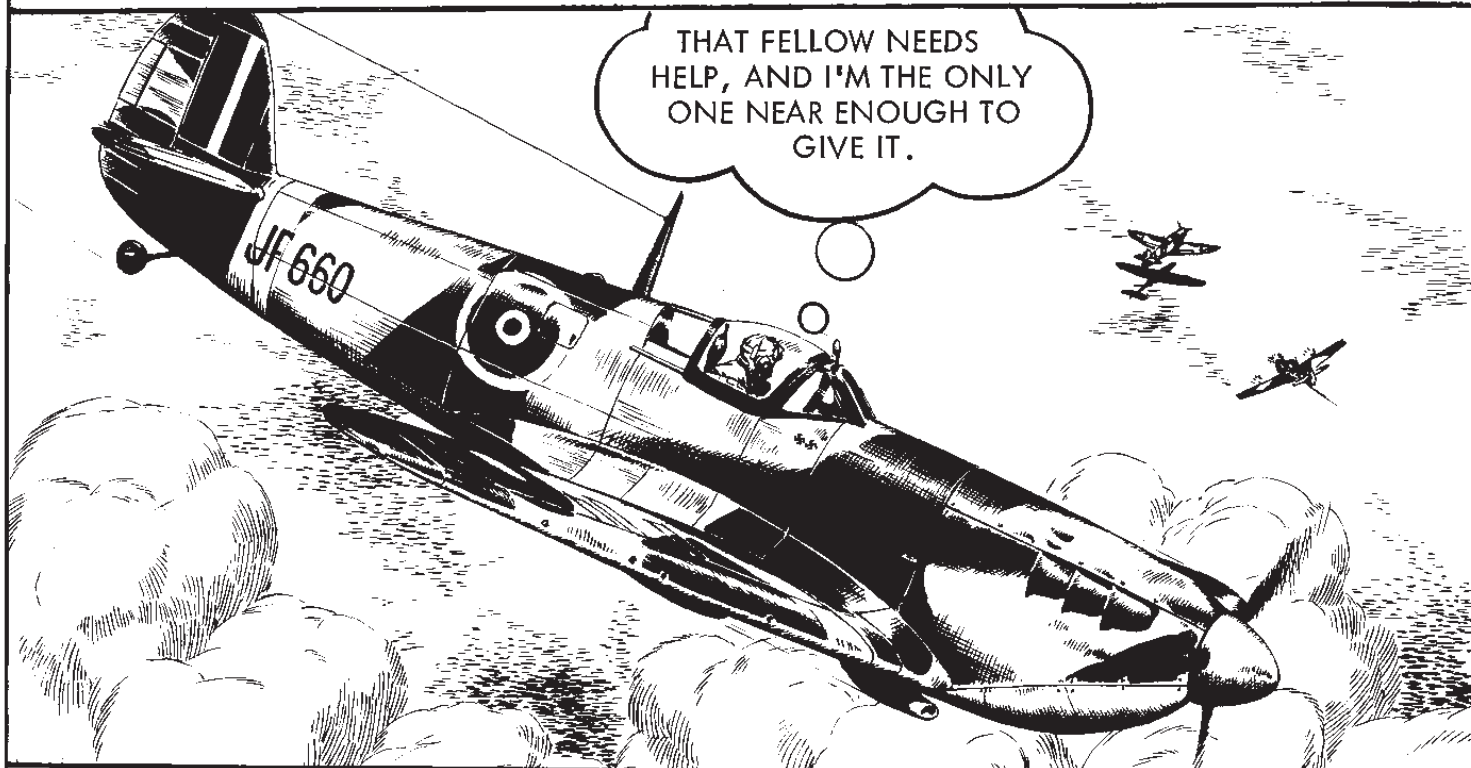


SUDDENLY CLIVE HEARD PETER'S VOICE IN HIS EARPHONES...



BUT CLIVE WAS FLYING BY THE BOOK. OBEDIENTLY HE BANKED AWAY TO REJOIN THE SQUADRON. THE AMAZED MESSERSCHMITT PILOT CLIMBED THANKFULLY TOWARDS THE SUN.

ONE BY ONE THE SPITFIRES TRIED TO REFORM, BUT AS CLIVE GAINED HEIGHT HE HAPPENED TO GLANCE DOWN.

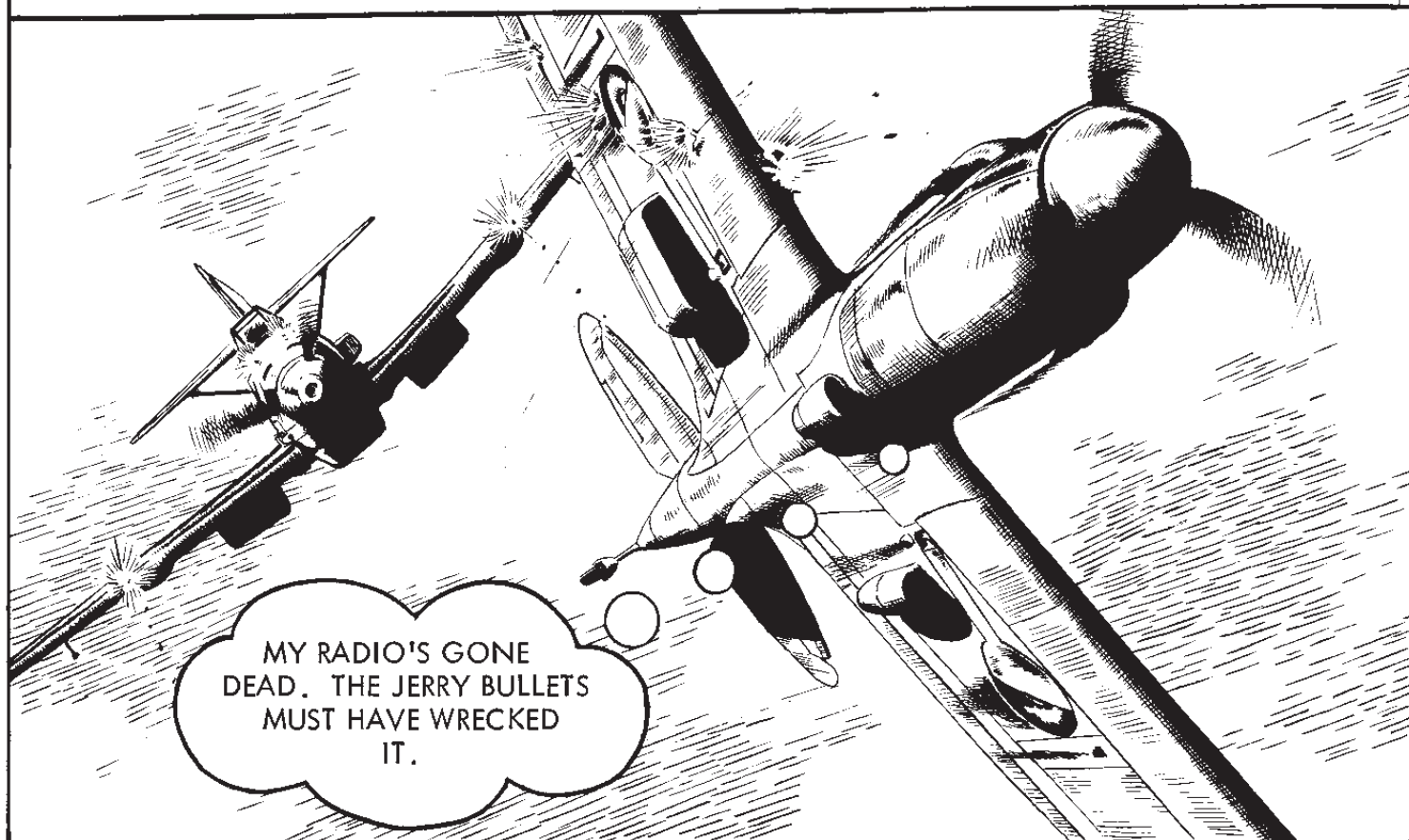


BUT PETER HAD GIVEN ORDERS TO PULL OUT. CLIVE HESITATED, STILL LOOKING DOWN. AND IN A DOG-FIGHT A MOMENT'S LOSS OF CONCENTRATION COULD PROVE FATAL.

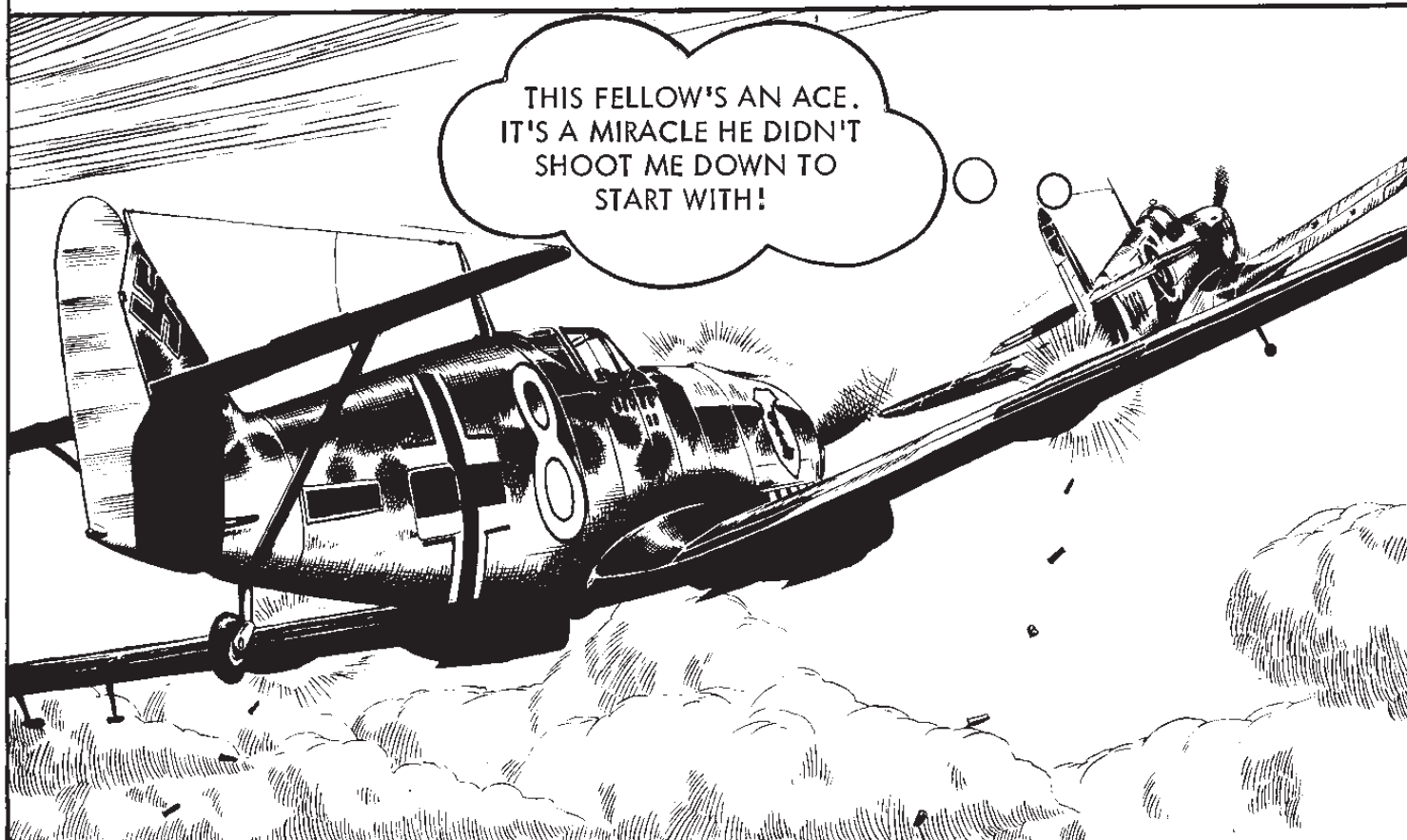
IT NEARLY PROVED FATAL FOR CLIVE AS A PROWLING NAZI POUNCED.



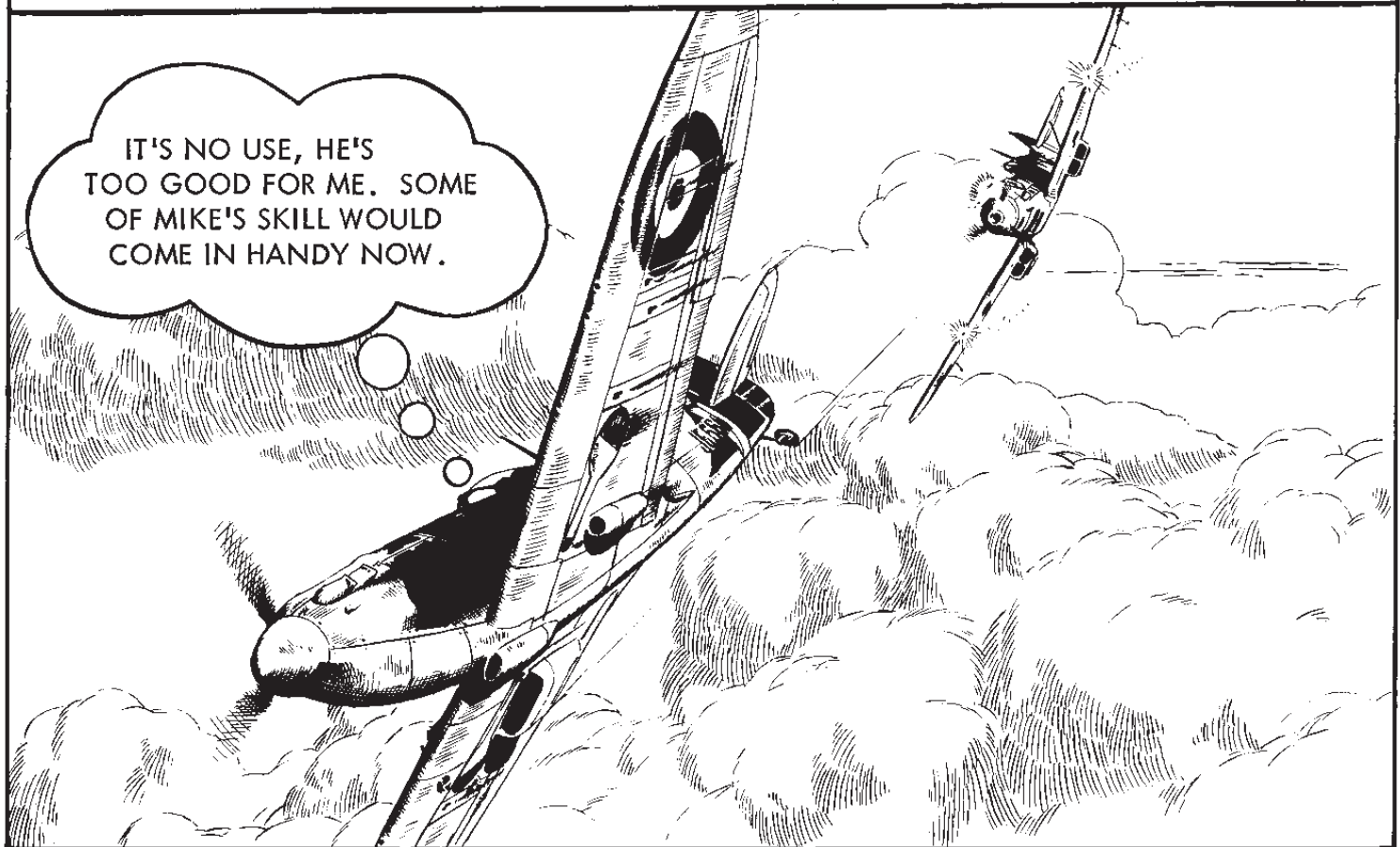
INSTINCTIVELY HE FLUNG HIS PLANE INTO A TIGHT TURN. ANOTHER LINE OF BULLETS RAKED HIS WING.



THE WIND WHISTLED THROUGH THE SHATTERED COCKPIT CANOPY AS THE MESSERSCHMITT CLUNG TO CLIVE'S TAIL.



BUT THE LUFTWAFFE PILOT OBVIOUSLY HAD EVERY INTENTION OF MAKING GOOD HIS MISTAKE.



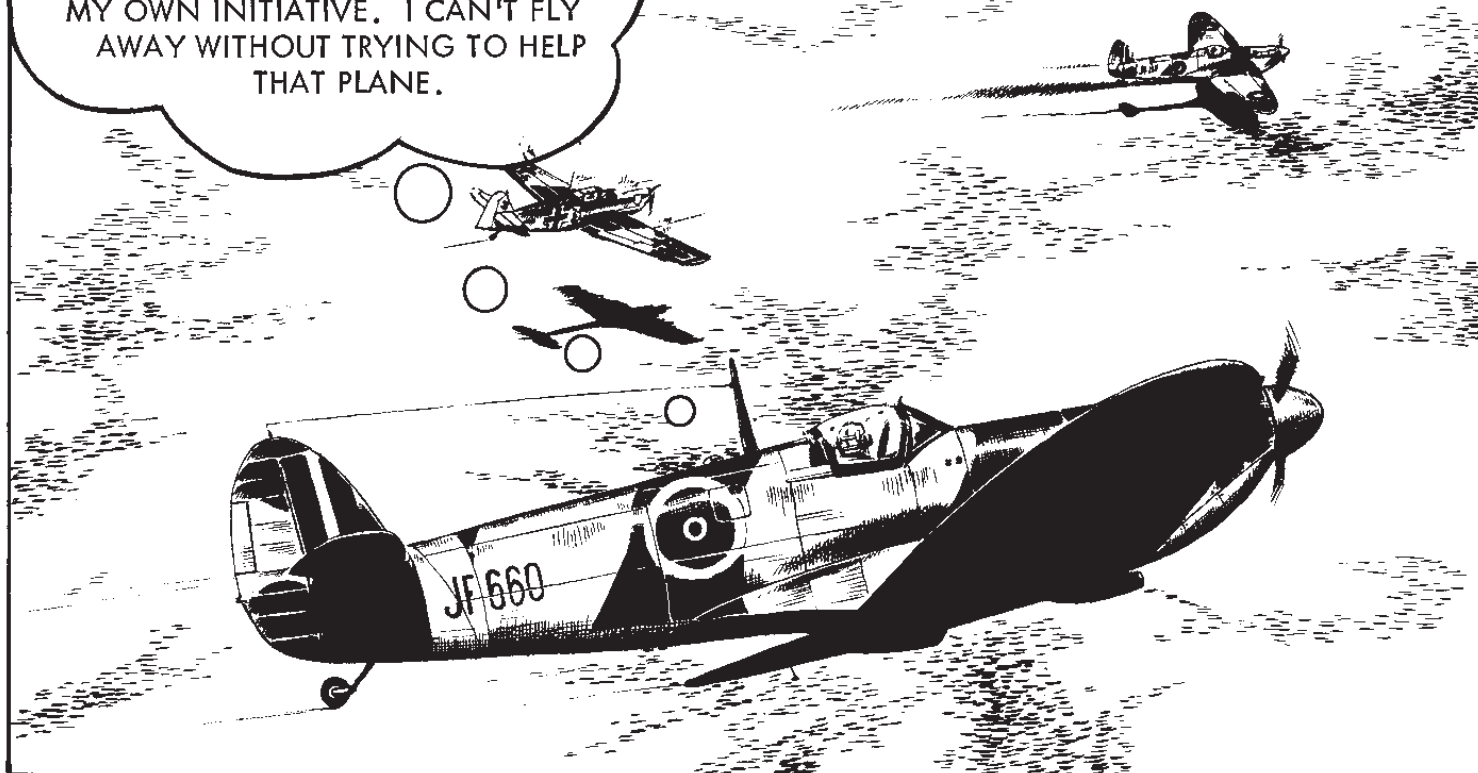
SUDDENLY A SHADOW PASSED OVER CLIVE'S SPITFIRE. GLANCING UP CLIVE RECOGNISED THE REGISTRATION NUMBER.



NICKY WAS A NATURAL PILOT WITH PLENTY OF BATTLE EXPERIENCE. HE WAS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE GERMAN.

KNOWING THAT NICKY HAD THINGS UNDER CONTROL, CLIVE LOOKED DOWNWARDS. THE SPITFIRE BELOW HIM WAS IN EVEN MORE TROUBLE NOW.

I'M OUT OF CONTACT WITH THE SQUADRON NOW, SO I'LL ACT ON MY OWN INITIATIVE. I CAN'T FLY AWAY WITHOUT TRYING TO HELP THAT PLANE.

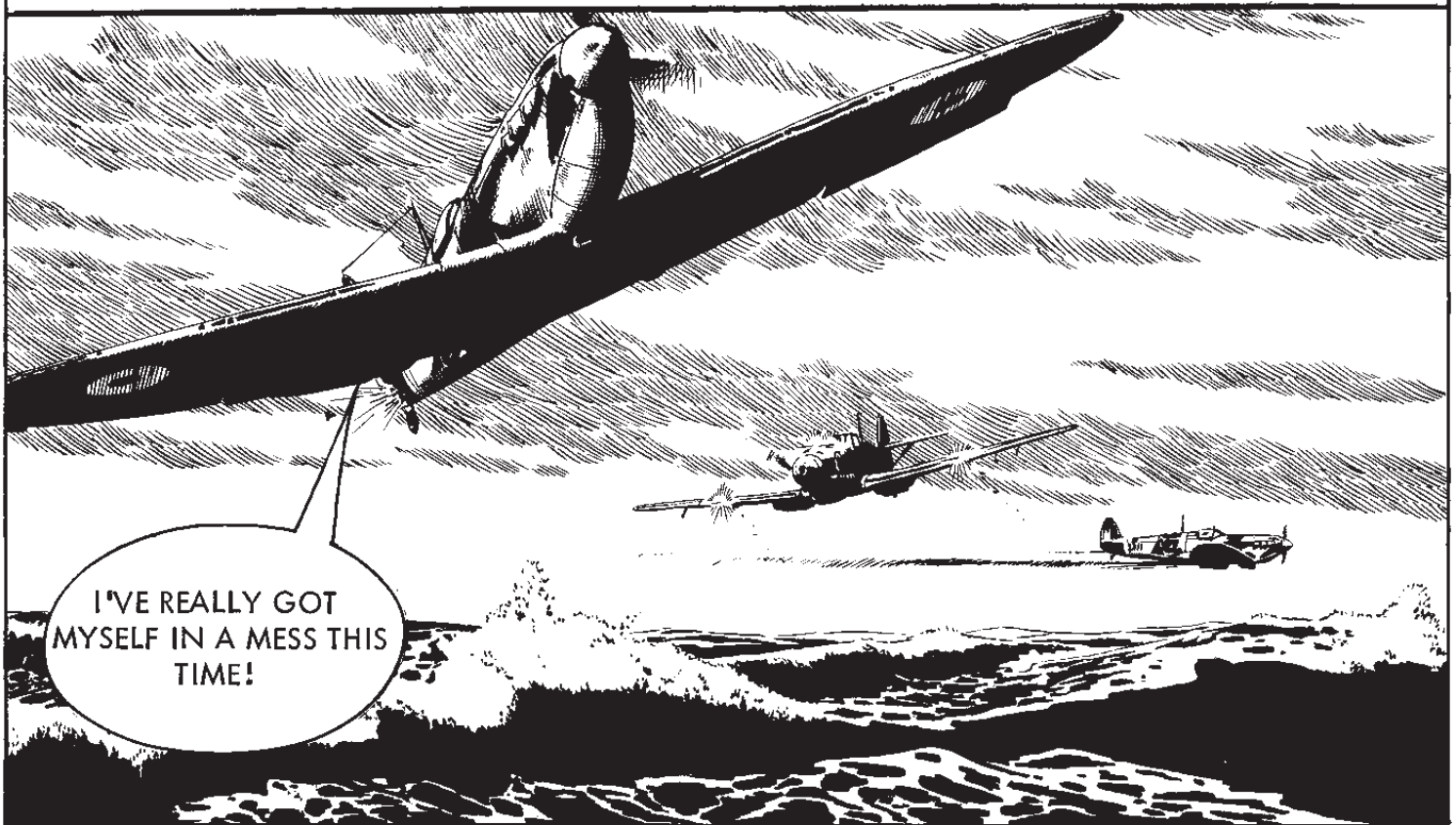


BUT AS SOON AS HE LEVELLED OUT HE RECEIVED A NASTY SHOCK.

MY CONTROLS AREN'T RESPONDING PROPERLY. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!



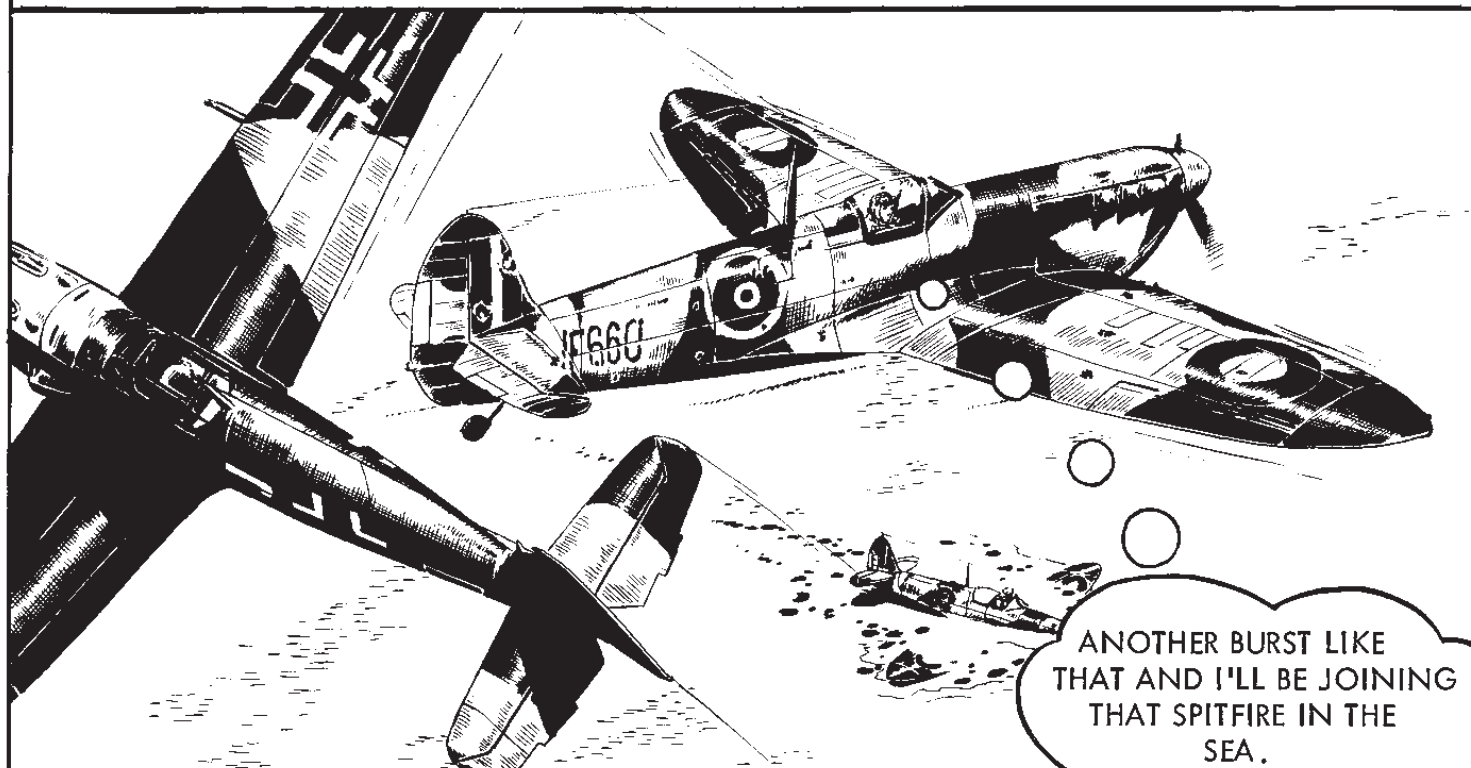
TOO LATE HE REALISED THAT HIS SPITFIRE HAD SUFFERED MORE THAN JUST A DAMAGED RADIO. THE MESSERSCHMITT, SENSING AN EASY VICTIM, WAS ON HIS TAIL SECONDS AFTER THE OTHER SPITFIRE DITCHED.



CLIVE WAS NO LONGER FLYING IN PARTNERSHIP WITH HIS PLANE. IT WAS A BATTLE TO KEEP THE SPITFIRE AIRBORNE AT ALL.

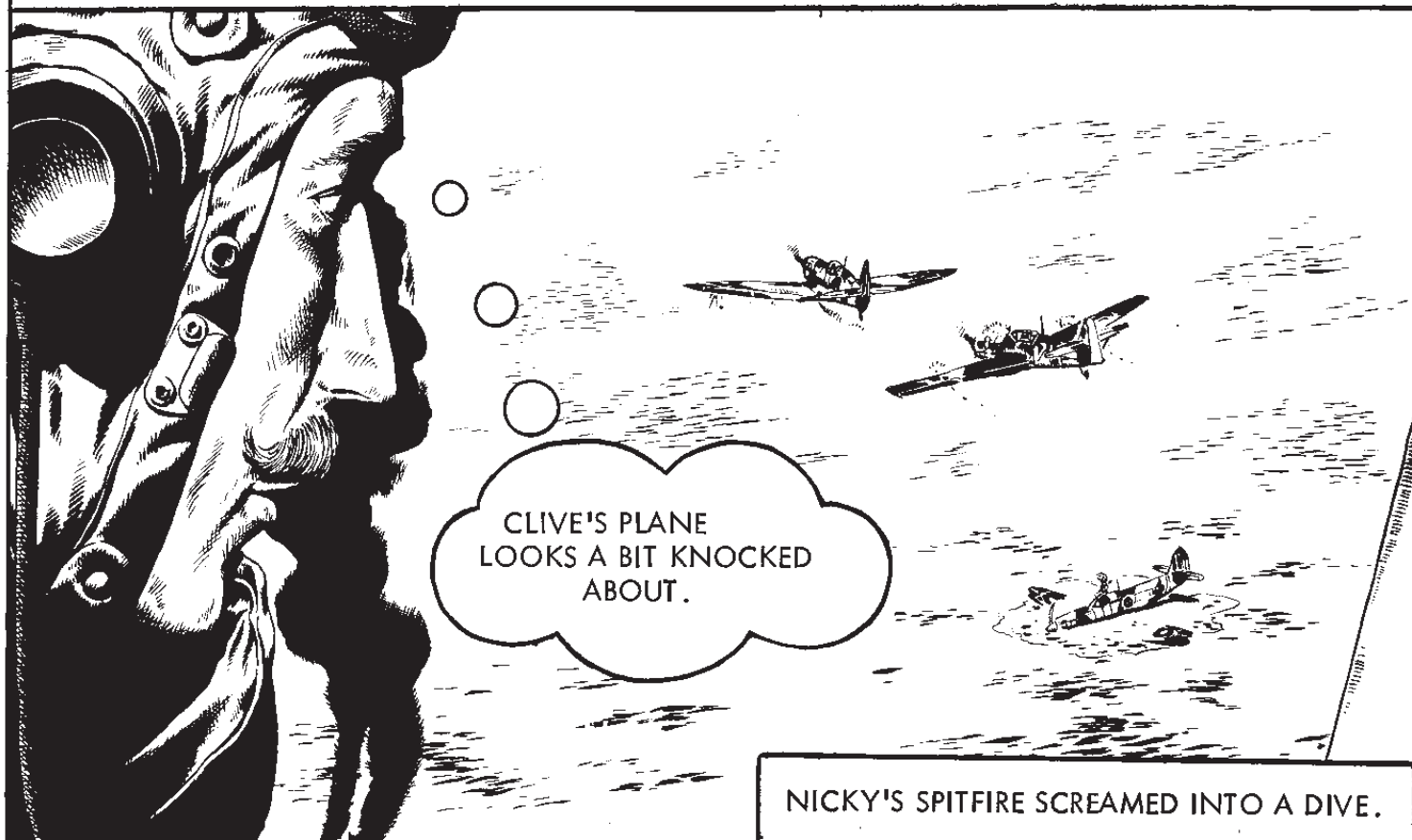


CLIVE KNEW THAT HOPING FOR THE BEST WAS NOT THE WAY TO WIN DOG-FIGHTS BUT HE KEPT ON FIGHTING AGAINST THE ODDS.



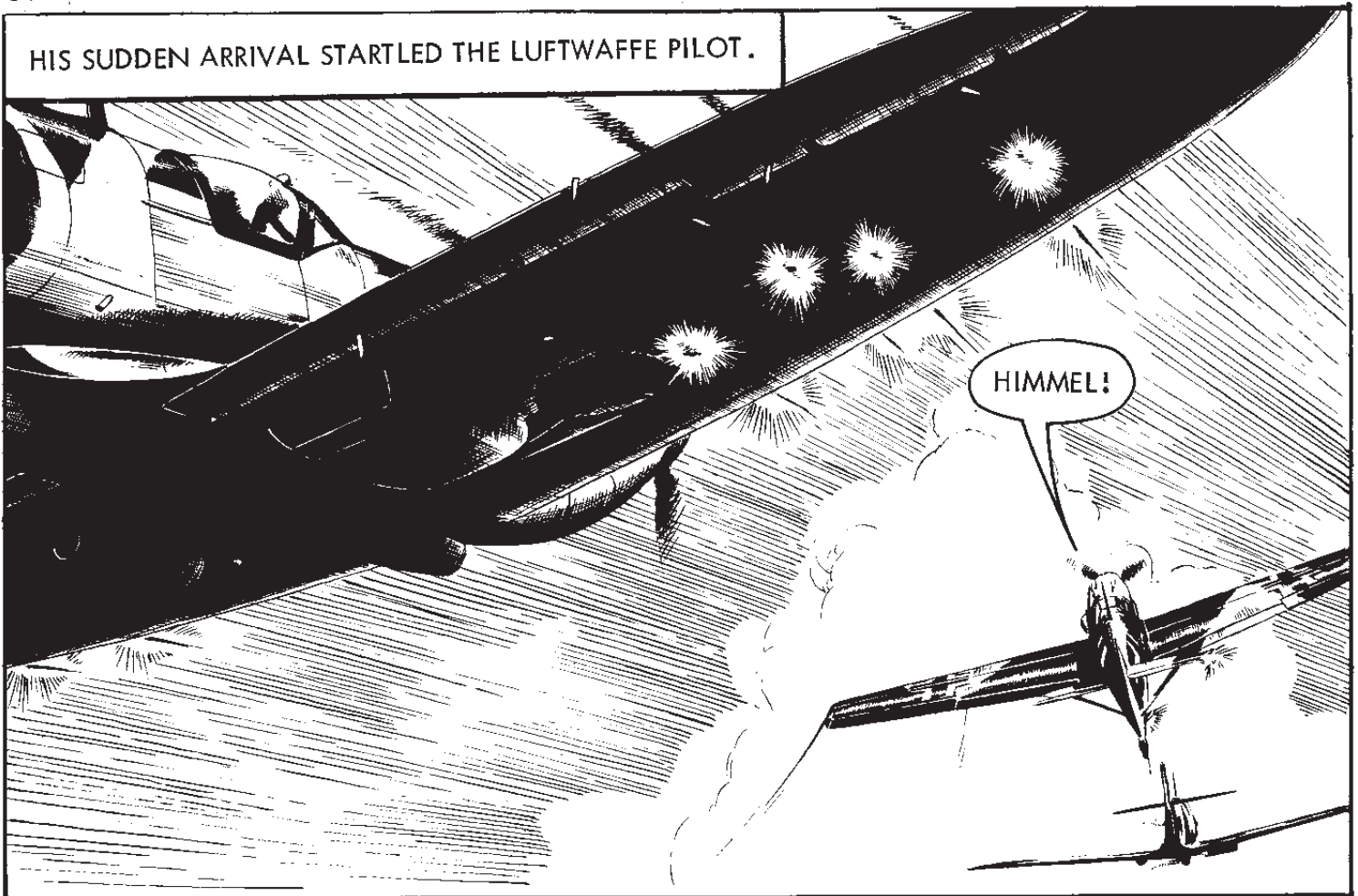
BUT HE KNEW THAT WITH THE PERSISTENT NAZI ON HIS TAIL, HIS OWN LANDING MIGHT NOT BE SO SUCCESSFUL.

BUT CLIVE HAD FORGOTTEN NICKY. NICKY'S OWN DUEL HAD COME TO A SUDDEN, LETHAL END AND HE WAS ABLE TO TURN HIS ATTENTION TO HIS FRIEND AGAIN.

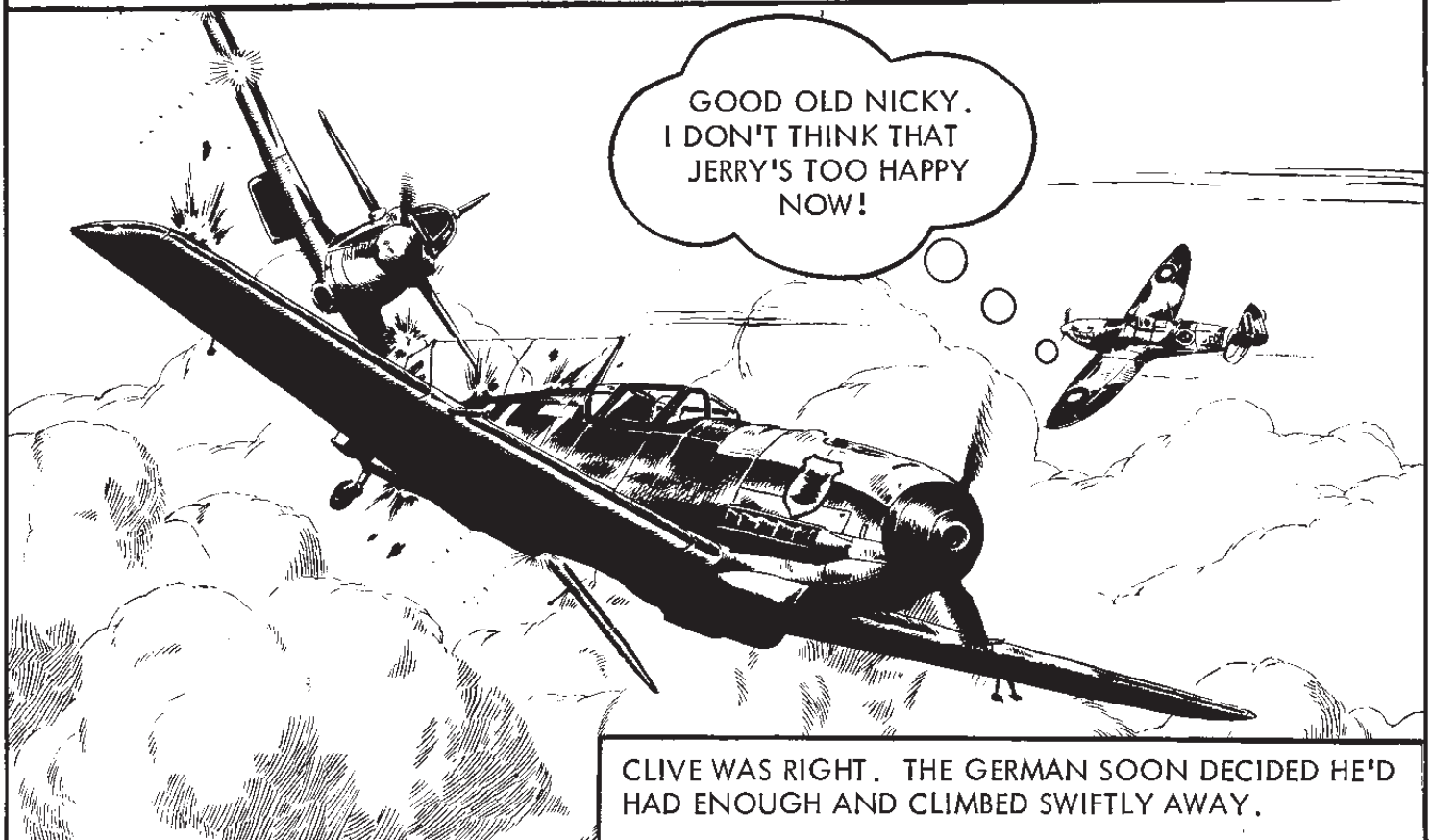


NICKY'S SPITFIRE SCREAMED INTO A DIVE.

HIS SUDDEN ARRIVAL STARTLED THE LUFTWAFFE PILOT.

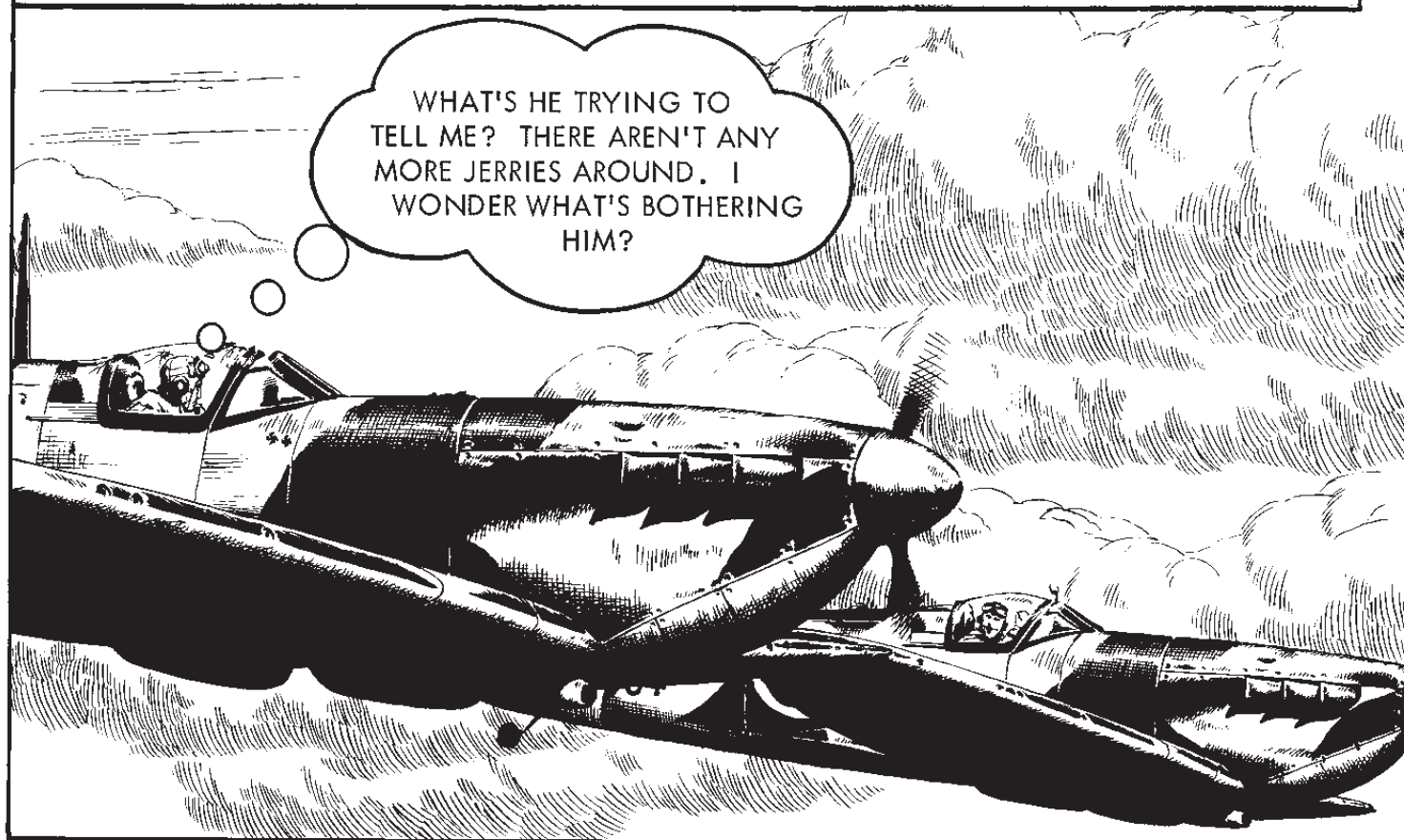


CLIVE HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF AS HE WRESTLED WITH HIS SLUGGISH PLANE WHILE NICKY CHASED THE NAZI.



CLIVE WAS RIGHT. THE GERMAN SOON DECIDED HE'D HAD ENOUGH AND CLIMBED SWIFTLY AWAY.

CLIVE GUESSED NICKY WOULD RADIO THE POSITION OF THE DITCHED SPITFIRE TO THE AIR-SEA RESCUE PATROL. BUT THEN HE SAW NICKY MAKING DESPERATE HAND SIGNALS TO HIM.



CLIVE CONCENTRATED ON KEEPING HIS DAMAGED SPITFIRE FLYING LEVEL. BUT AS THE ENGLISH COAST CAME NEARER, HIS ENGINE BEGAN TO COUGH AND PROTEST. IT WAS THEN HE REALISED WHAT NICKY HAD BEEN TRYING TO TELL HIM.

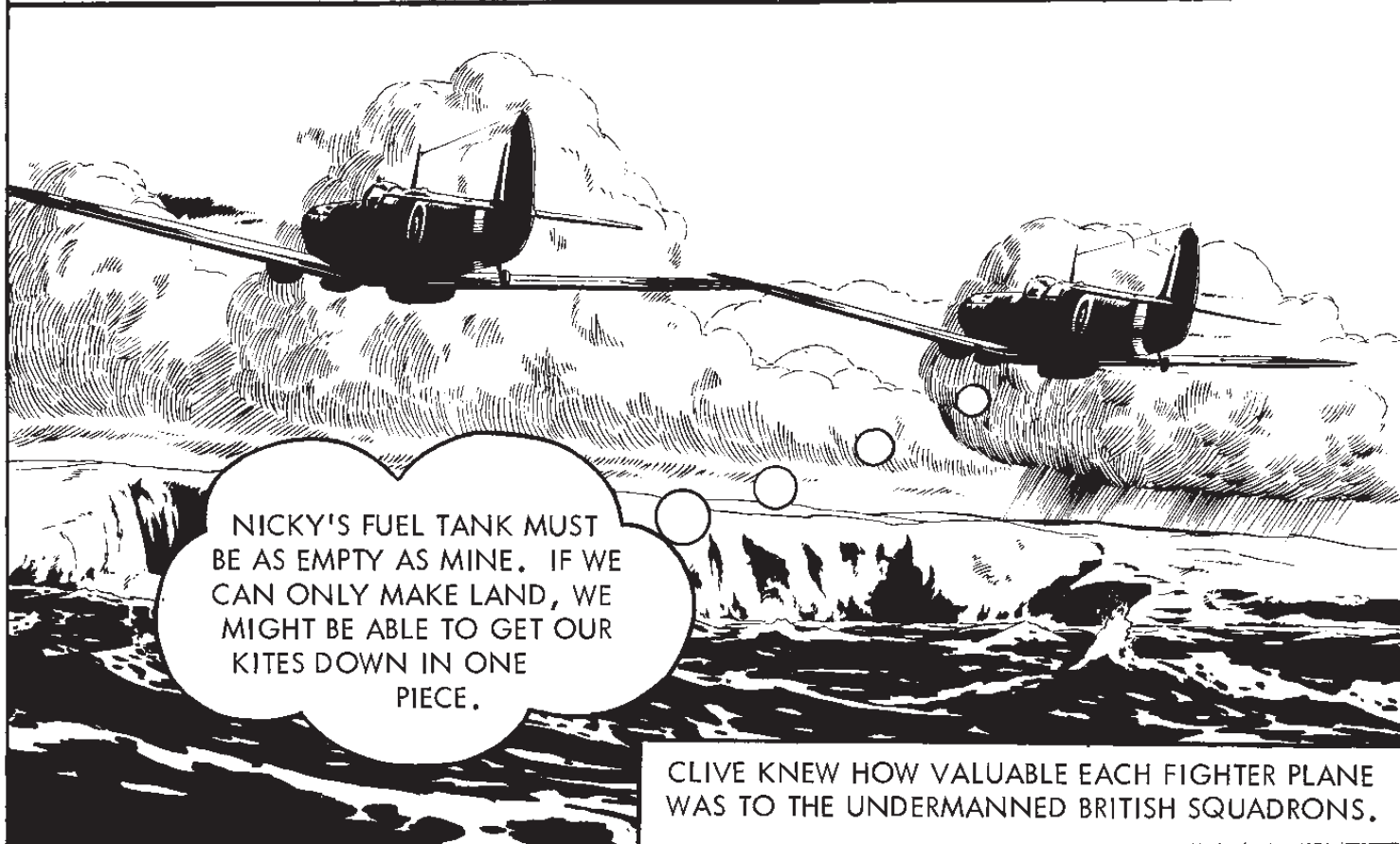


NOW HE REALISED THAT PETER HAD KNOWN THE SQUADRON'S FUEL POSITION. THAT'S WHY HE HAD ORDERED THEM TO PULL OUT.

I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED MY FUEL GAUGE BEFORE, BUT THE DOG-FIGHT MADE ME FORGET EVERYTHING ELSE. I MAY HAVE TWO KILLS MARKED UP, BUT I'M STILL A BEGINNER.



THE TWO SPITFIRES FLEW LOW OVER THE SEA, THEIR ENGINES GRINDING ANGRILY.



NICKY'S FUEL TANK MUST BE AS EMPTY AS MINE. IF WE CAN ONLY MAKE LAND, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET OUR KITES DOWN IN ONE PIECE.

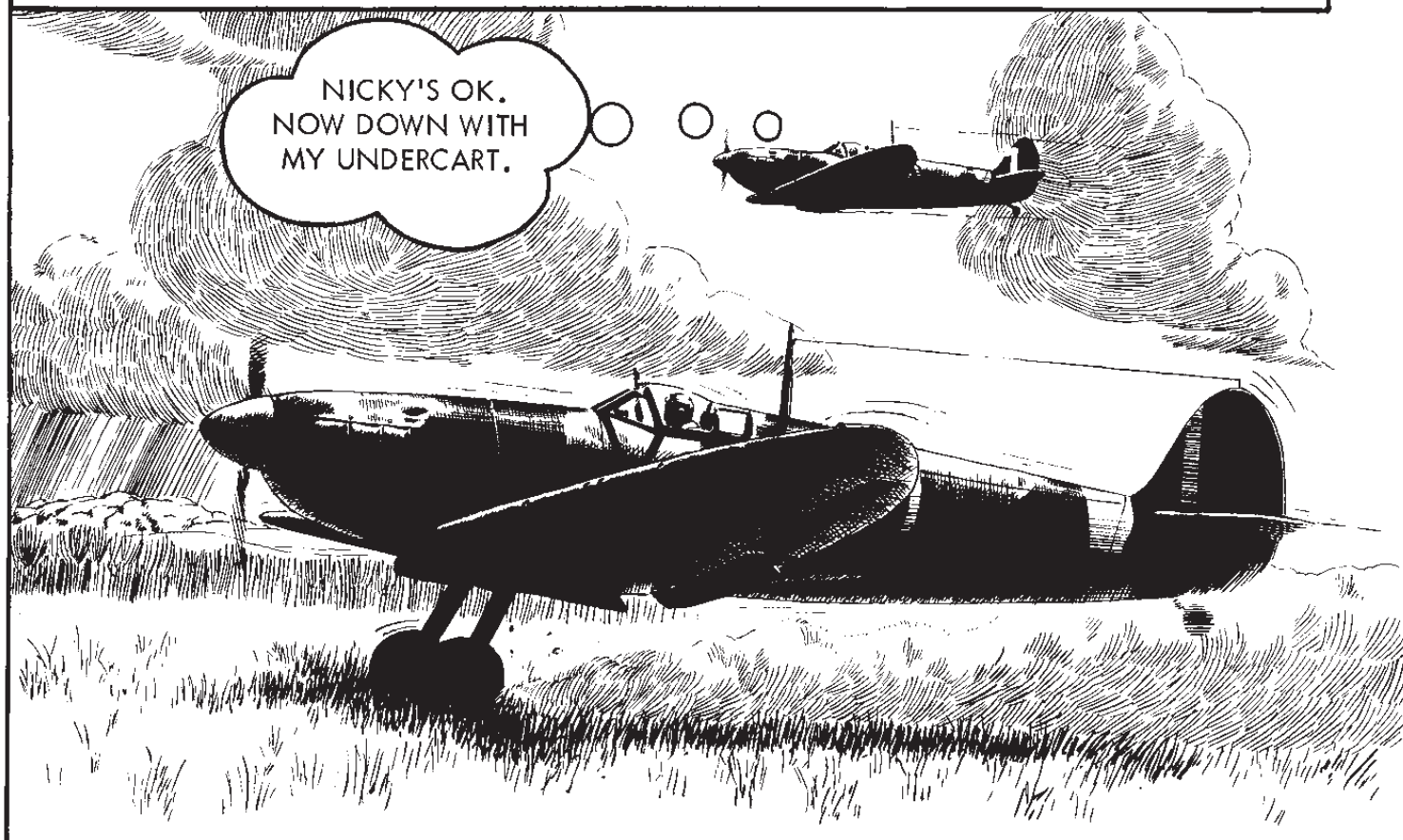
CLIVE KNEW HOW VALUABLE EACH FIGHTER PLANE WAS TO THE UNDERMANNED BRITISH SQUADRONS.

ON THEIR LAST DROP OF FUEL THEY MANAGED TO REACH THE CLIFFS.

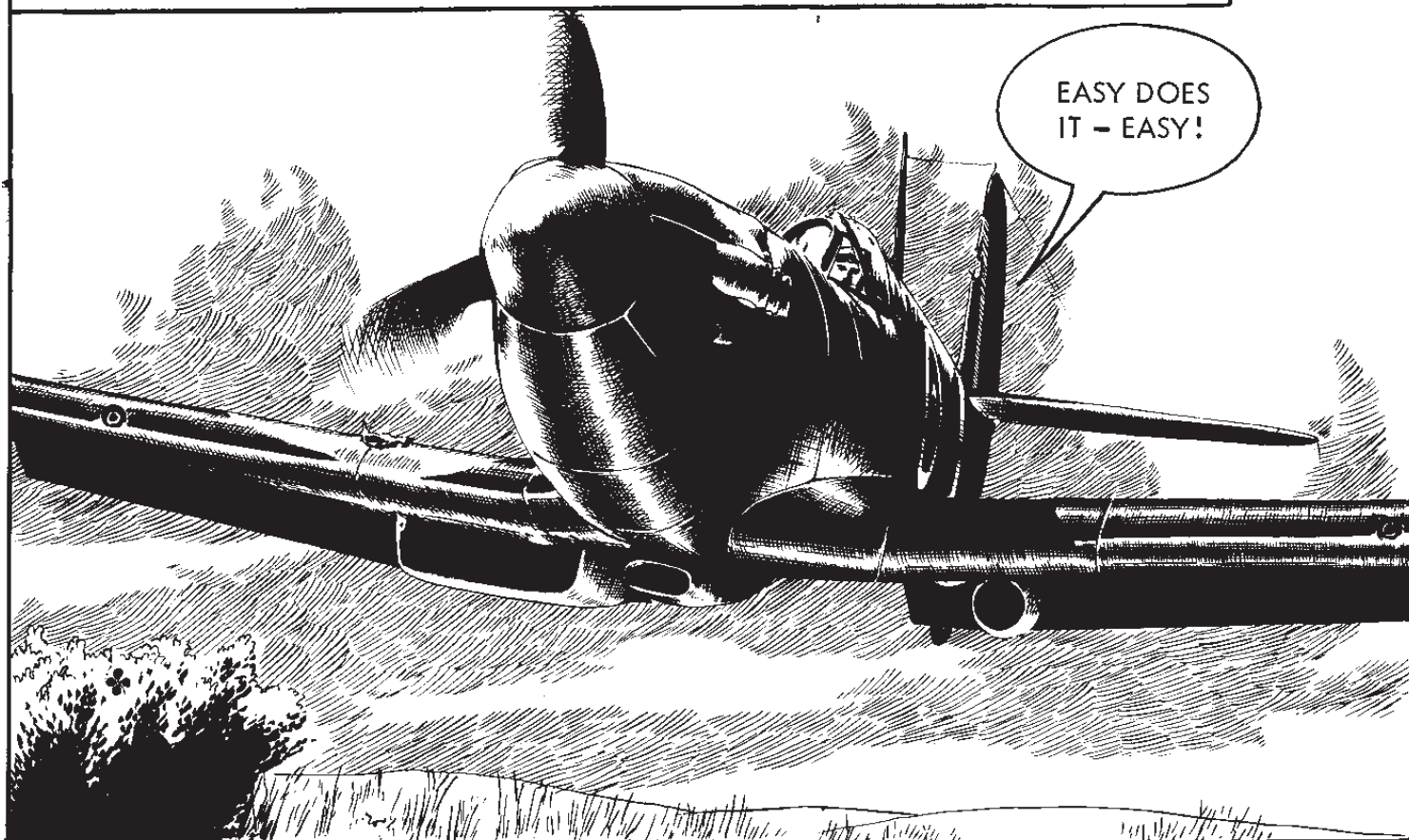


NICKY'S GOING TO MAKE IT. HOPE I CAN.

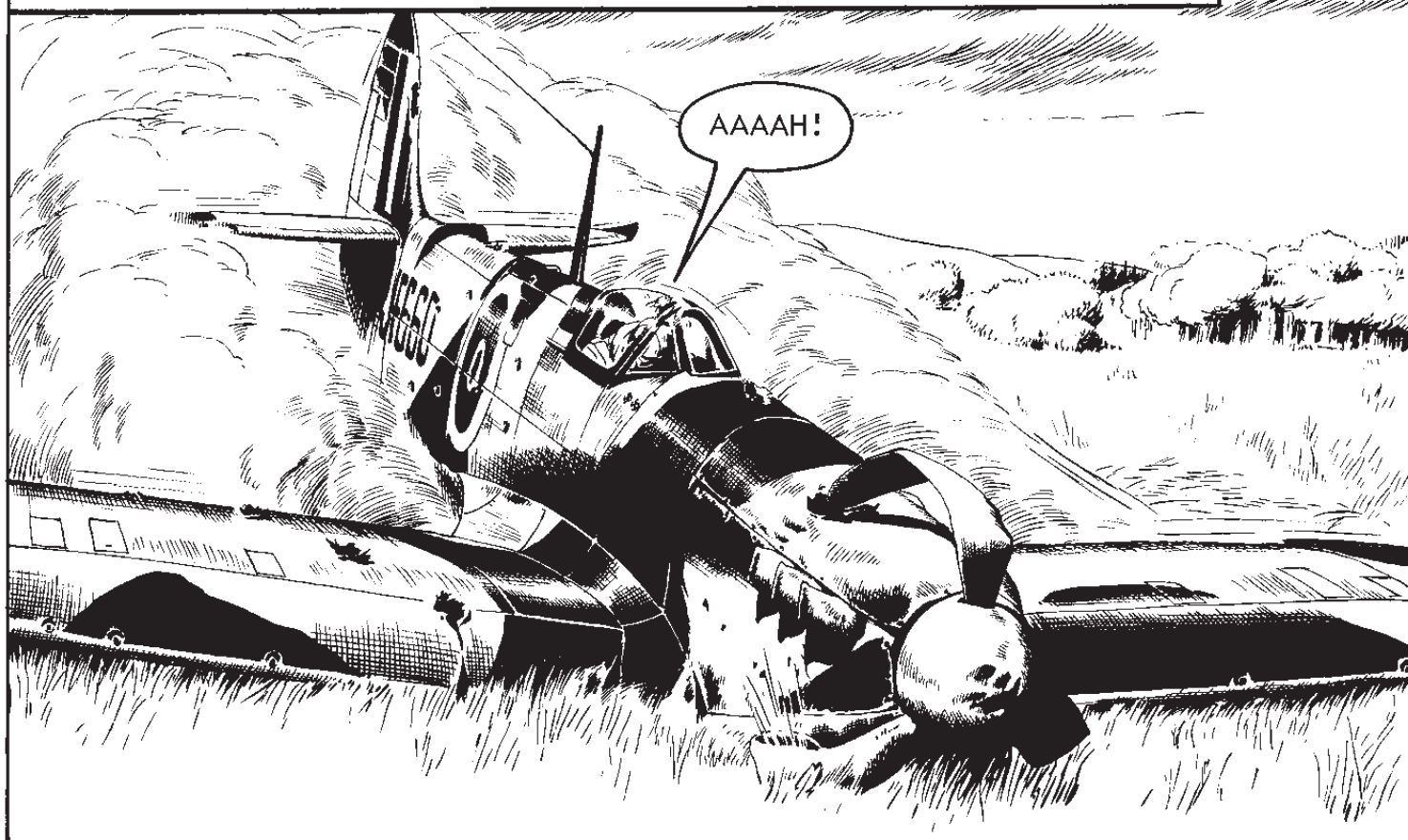
BUT NICKY'S SPITFIRE WAS IN GOOD ORDER AND RESPONDING WELL. CLIVE'S WAS NOW BEHAVING MORE ERRATICALLY THAN EVER.



CLIVE SAW THE GROUND RUSHING UP TO MEET HIM. HE WRONGLY THOUGHT HIS UNDERCARRIAGE WAS DOWN AND HE TRIED TO LEVEL OUT.



HE MIGHT HAVE MADE IT IF HIS UNDERCARRIAGE HAD NOT JAMMED. HIS FIGHTER PLOUGHED INTO THE GROUND.

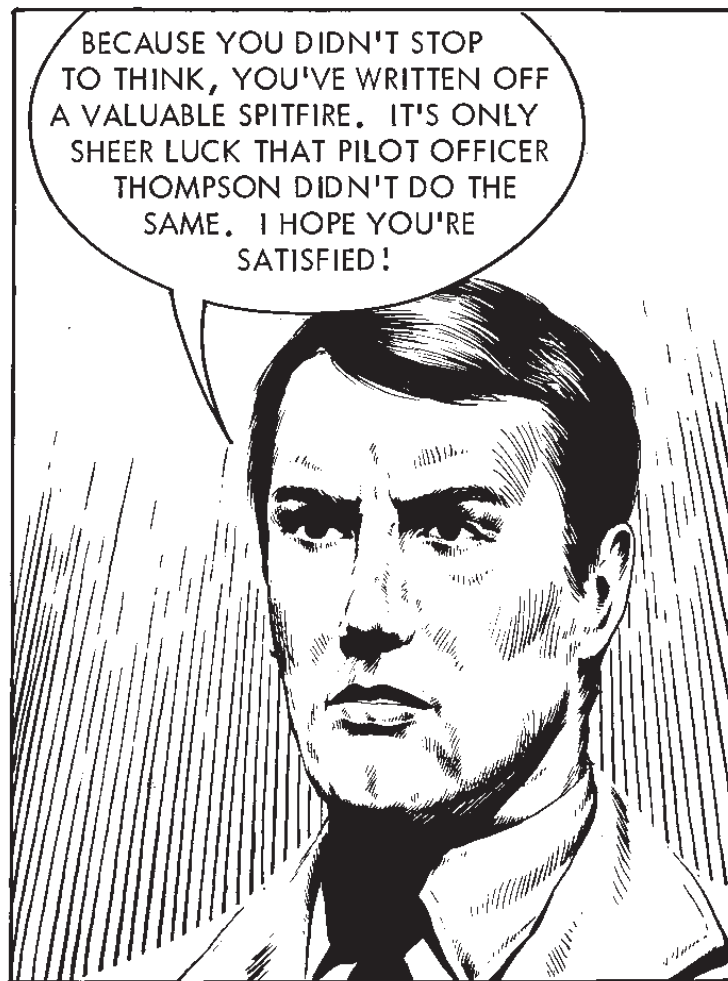
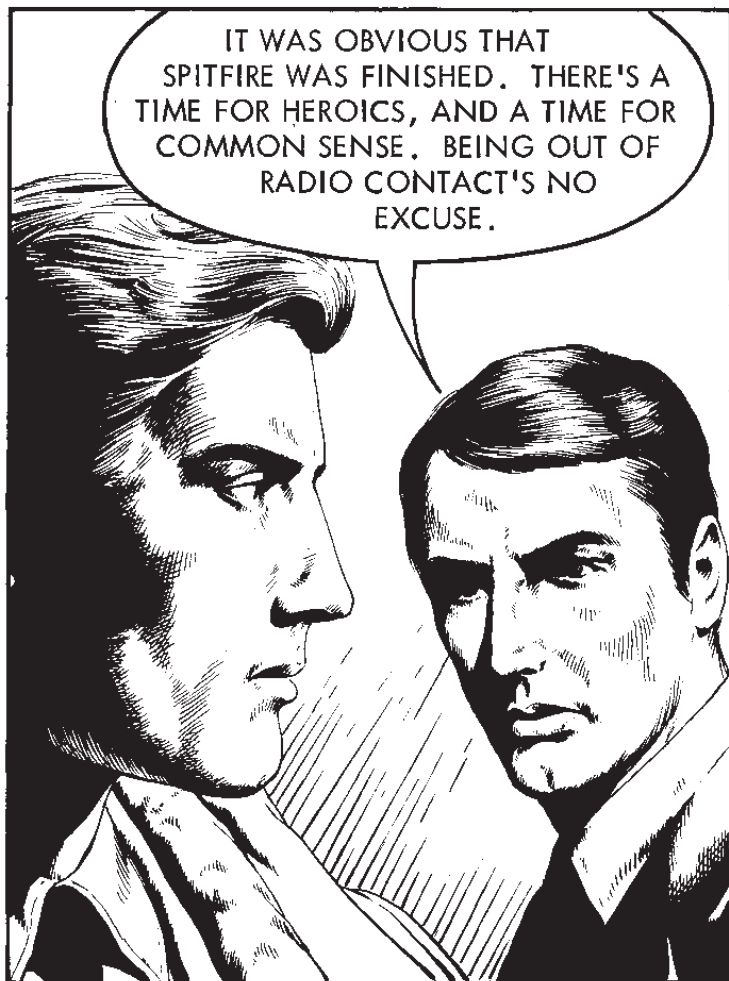


MIRACULOUSLY UNHURT, CLIVE PUSHED BACK THE COCKPIT CANOPY AND STRUGGLED OUT. HE HAD HARDLY GONE A FEW STEPS BEFORE THE SPITFIRE EXPLODED.

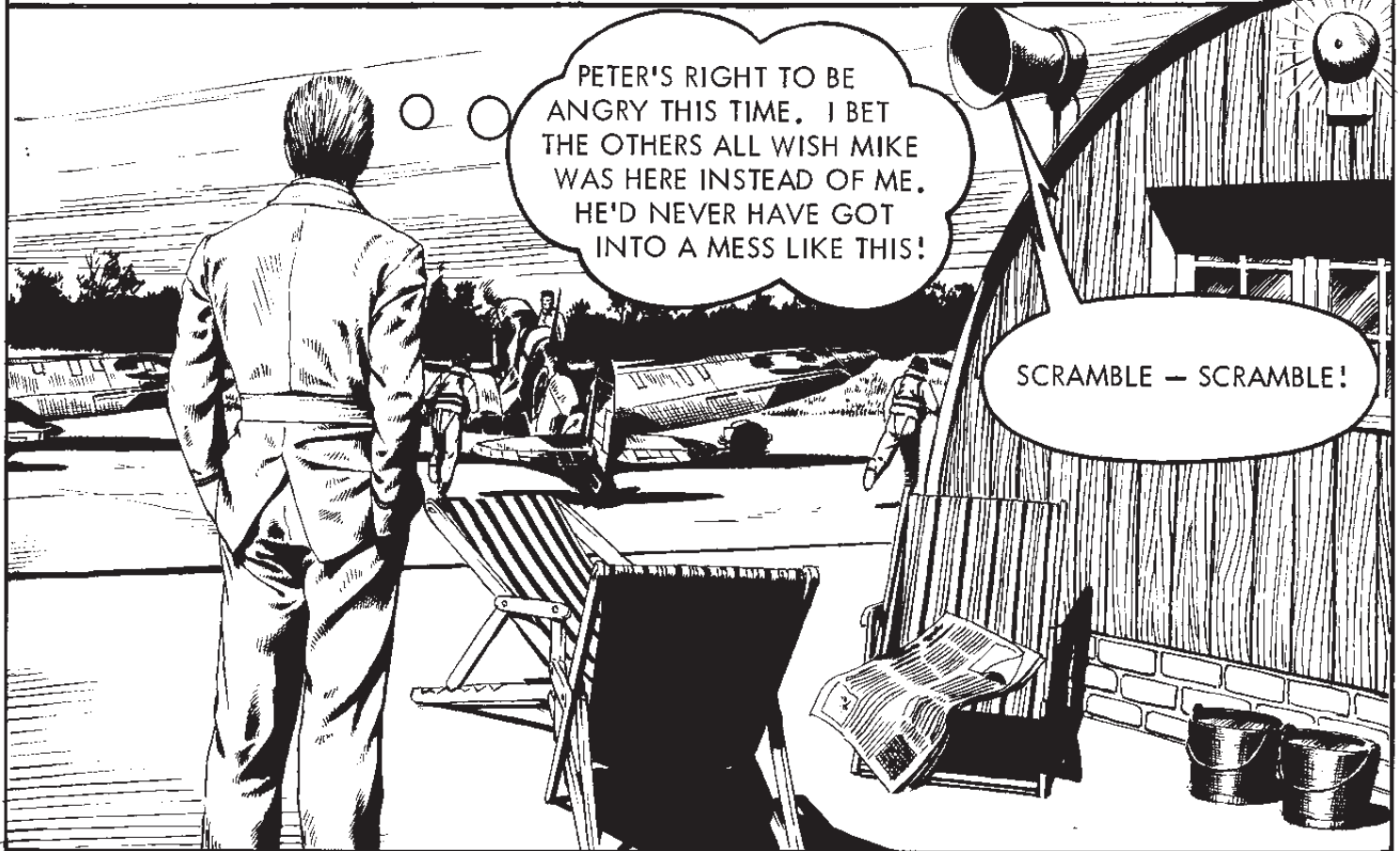


HE SOON CONTACTED NICKY WHO WAS ALSO UNHURT. THEY FOUND A TELEPHONE AND BEFORE LONG A LORRY ARRIVED TO PICK THEM UP AND RETURN THEM BACK TO THE AIRFIELD.

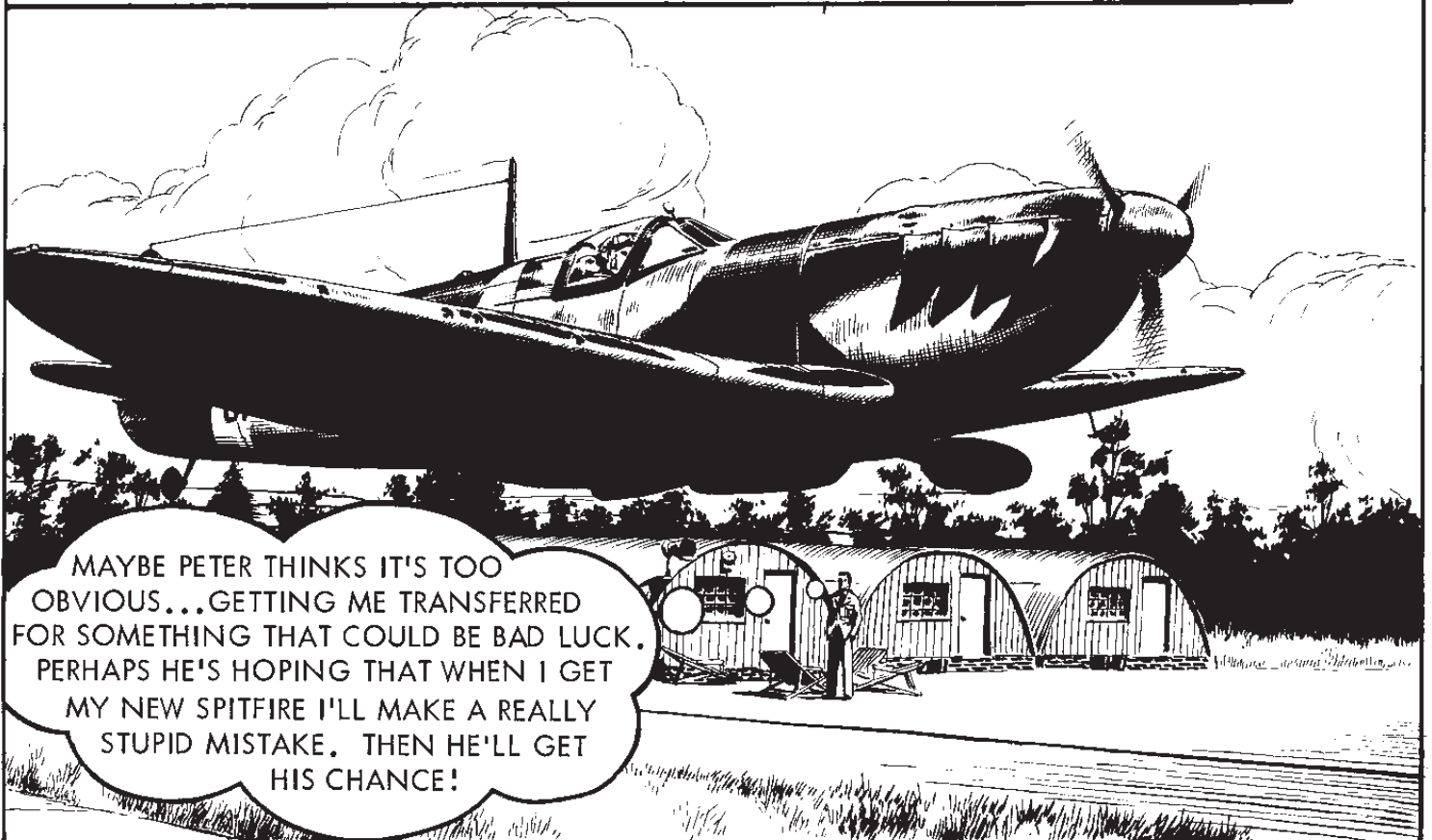
BACK AT THE BASE THEY FOUND THAT PETER WILLIAMS KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THE AIR. AND HE WASN'T TOO PLEASED ABOUT IT.



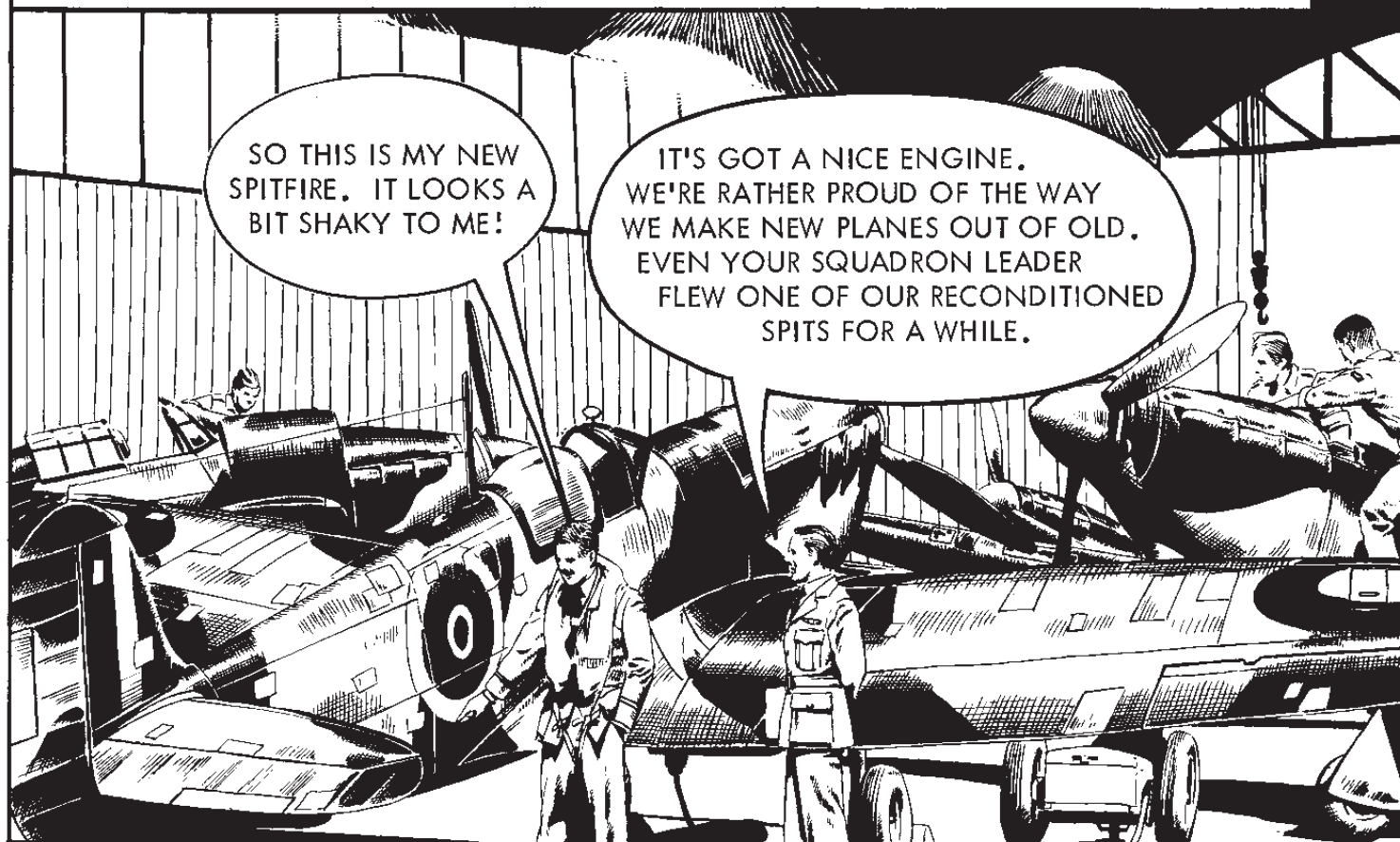
CLIVE WAS TEMPORARILY GROUNDED UNTIL A NEW PLANE COULD BE FOUND FOR HIM.



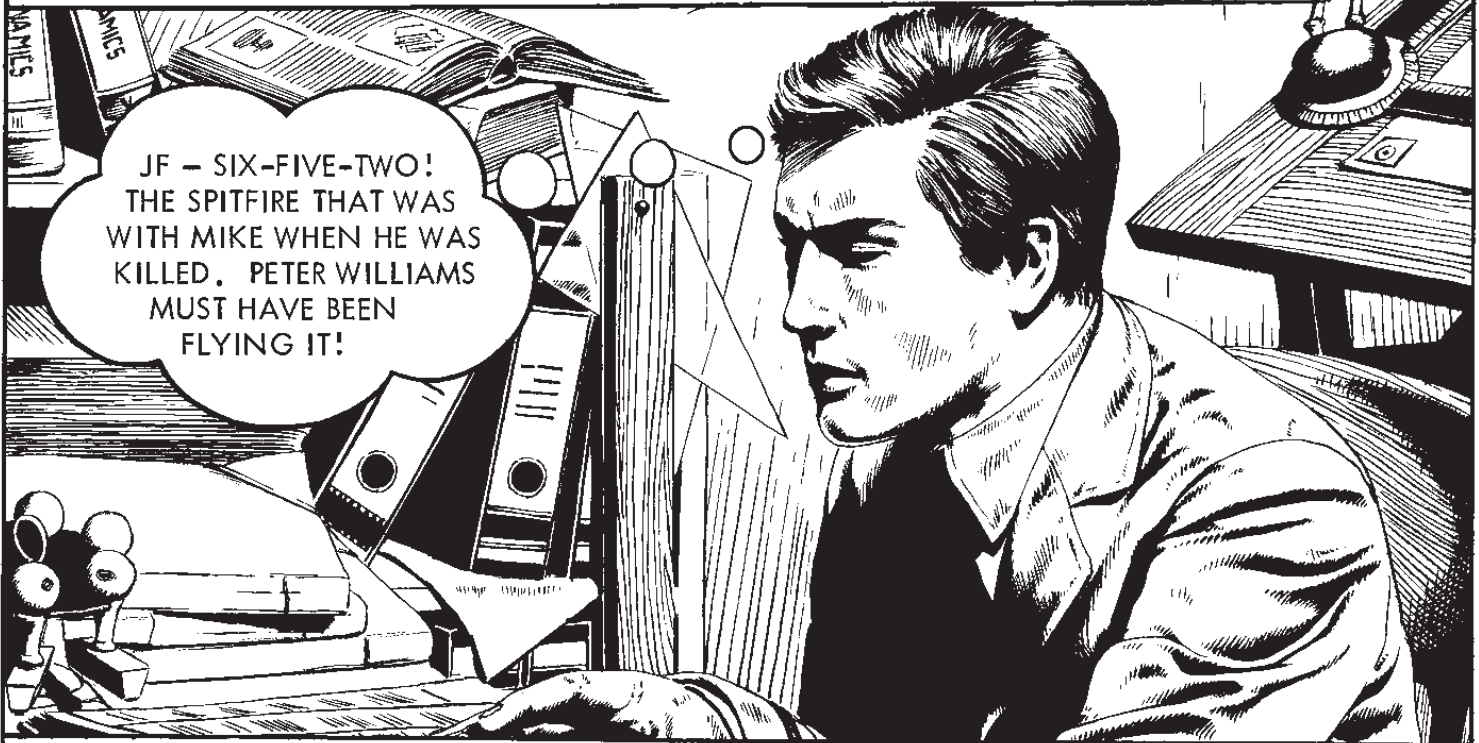
ONE THING SURPRISED CLIVE — PETER DID NOT TRY TO USE THE INCIDENT TO GET HIM TRANSFERRED. BUT CLIVE STILL SUSPECTED PETER'S MOTIVES.



THE FOLLOWING WEEK CLIVE WAS DRIVEN TO A NEARBY AIRFIELD WHERE BATTLE-SCARRED FIGHTERS WERE REFITTED.

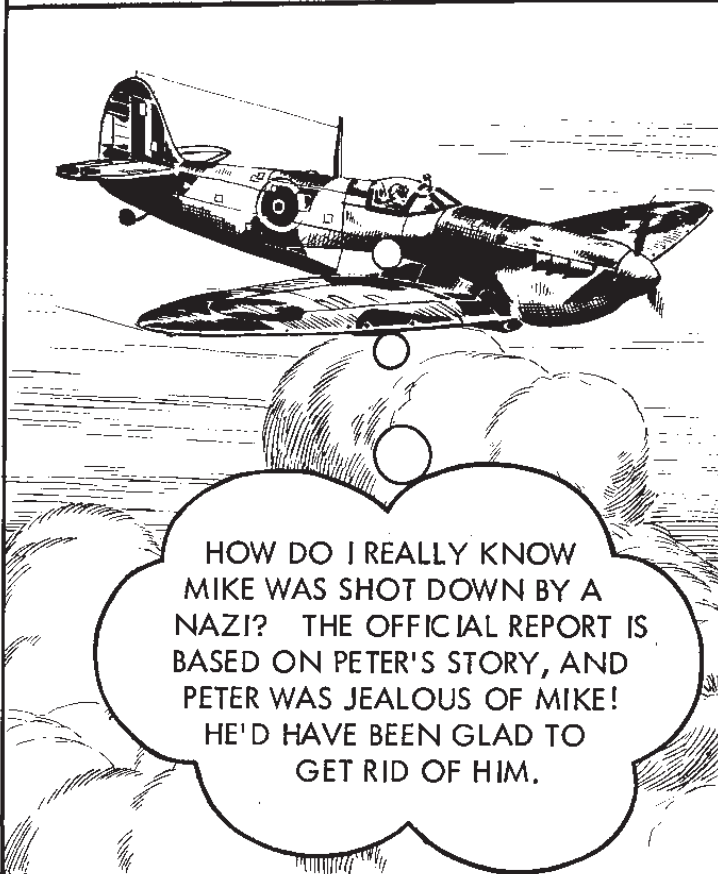


OUT OF CASUAL INTEREST CLIVE DID LOOK UP THE RECORDS. AND HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT HE SAW.

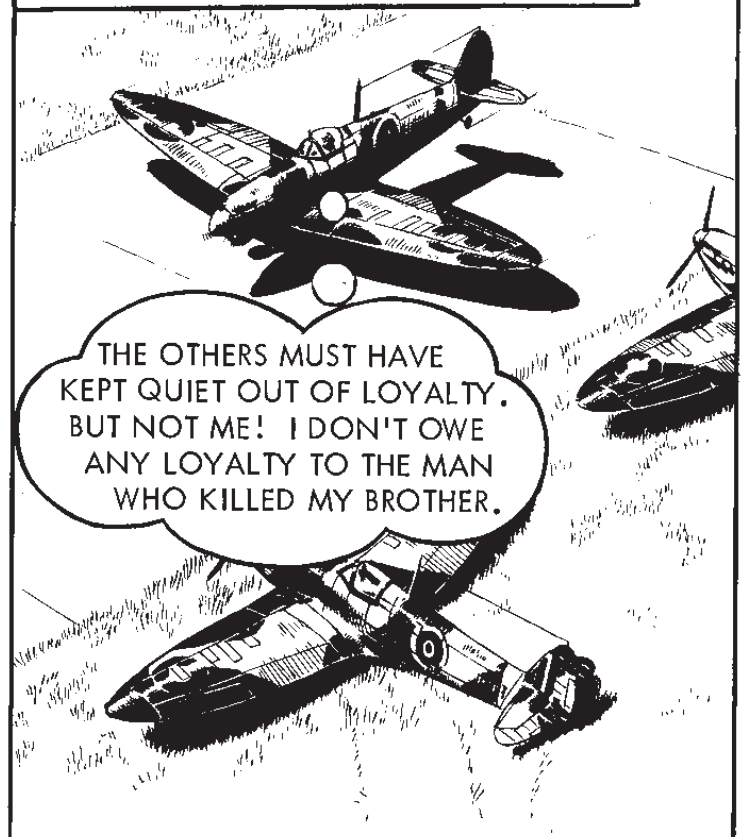


CLIVE QUESTIONED THE TECHNICAL OFFICER AND LEARNED THAT PETER HAD BEEN GIVEN A NEW SPITFIRE AFTER THE DATE OF MIKE'S DEATH. JF-652 HAD ONLY BEEN GIVEN THEN TO ANOTHER PILOT, A MAN WHO HAD ALSO LATER BEEN SHOT DOWN.

CLIVE FLEW BACK TO HIS BASE, HIS MIND A TURMOIL.



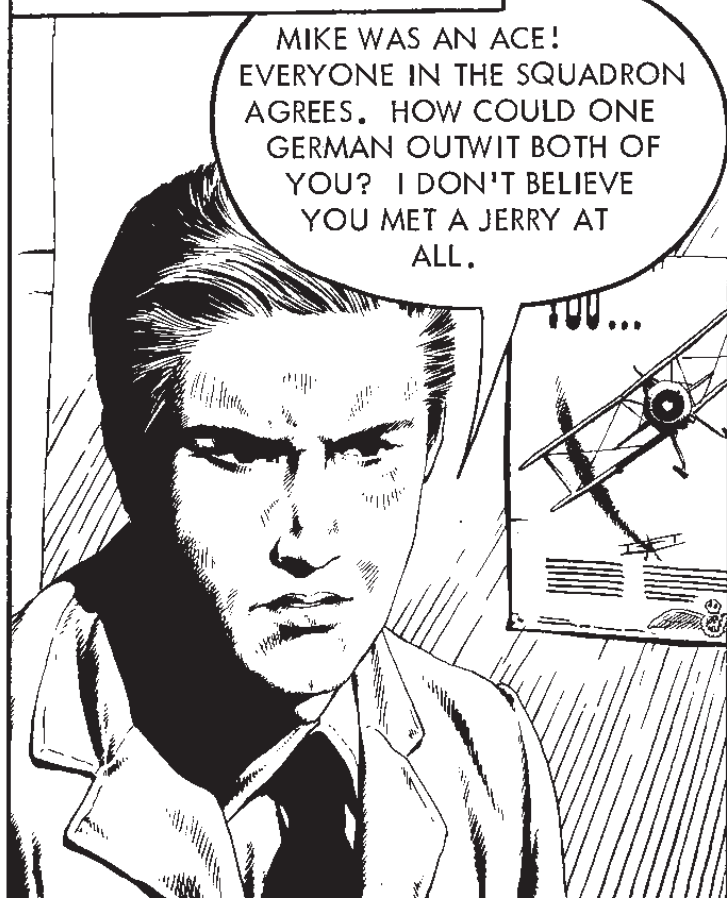
CLIVE REALISED THAT THE REST OF THE SQUADRON MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT PETER WAS WITH MIKE WHEN HE DIED.



CLIVE FOUND PETER IN HIS OFFICE AND, WITH BARELY SUPPRESSED ANGER, TOLD HIM WHAT HE HAD DISCOVERED.



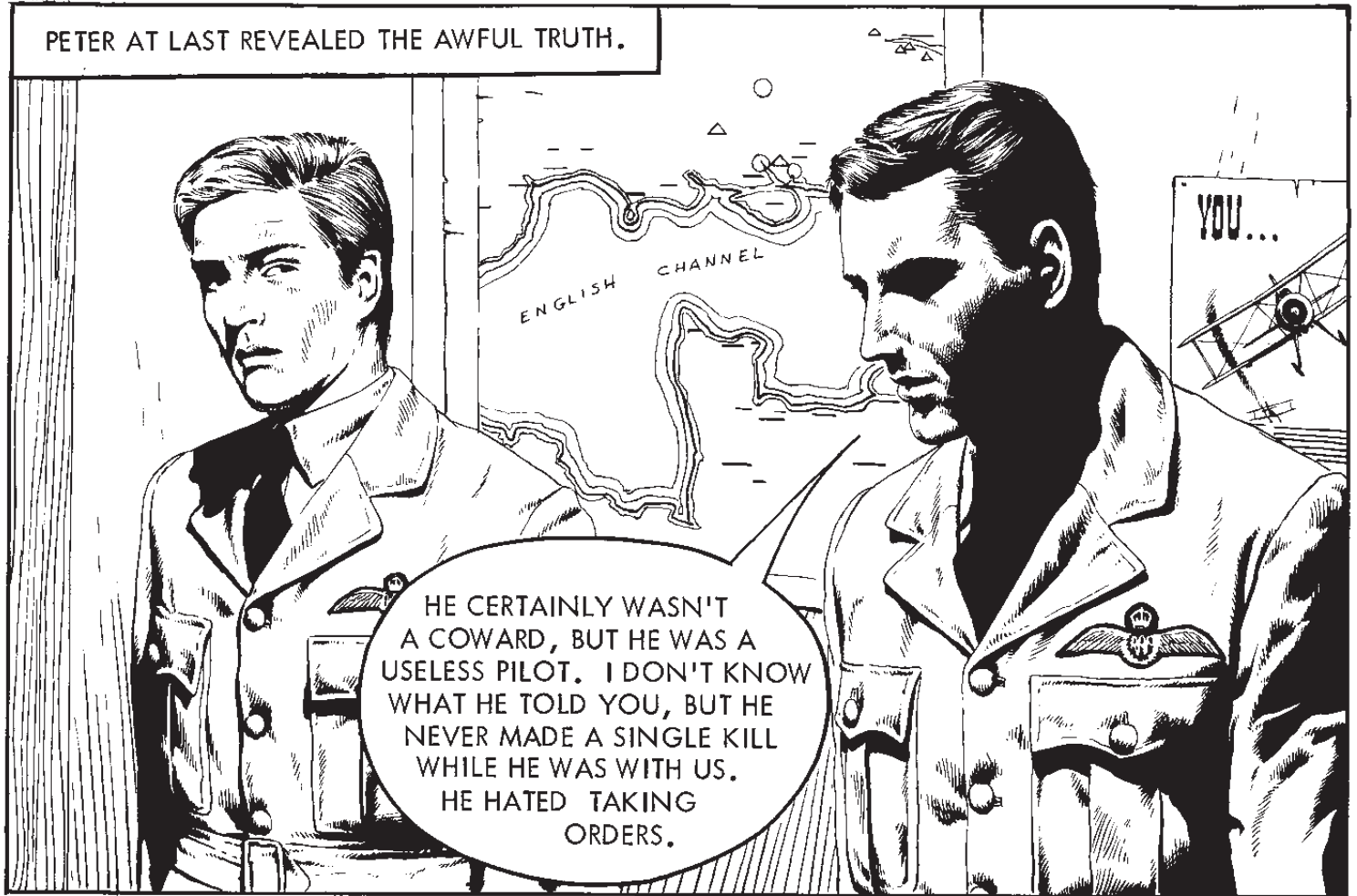
CLIVE CONTINUED ANGRILY.



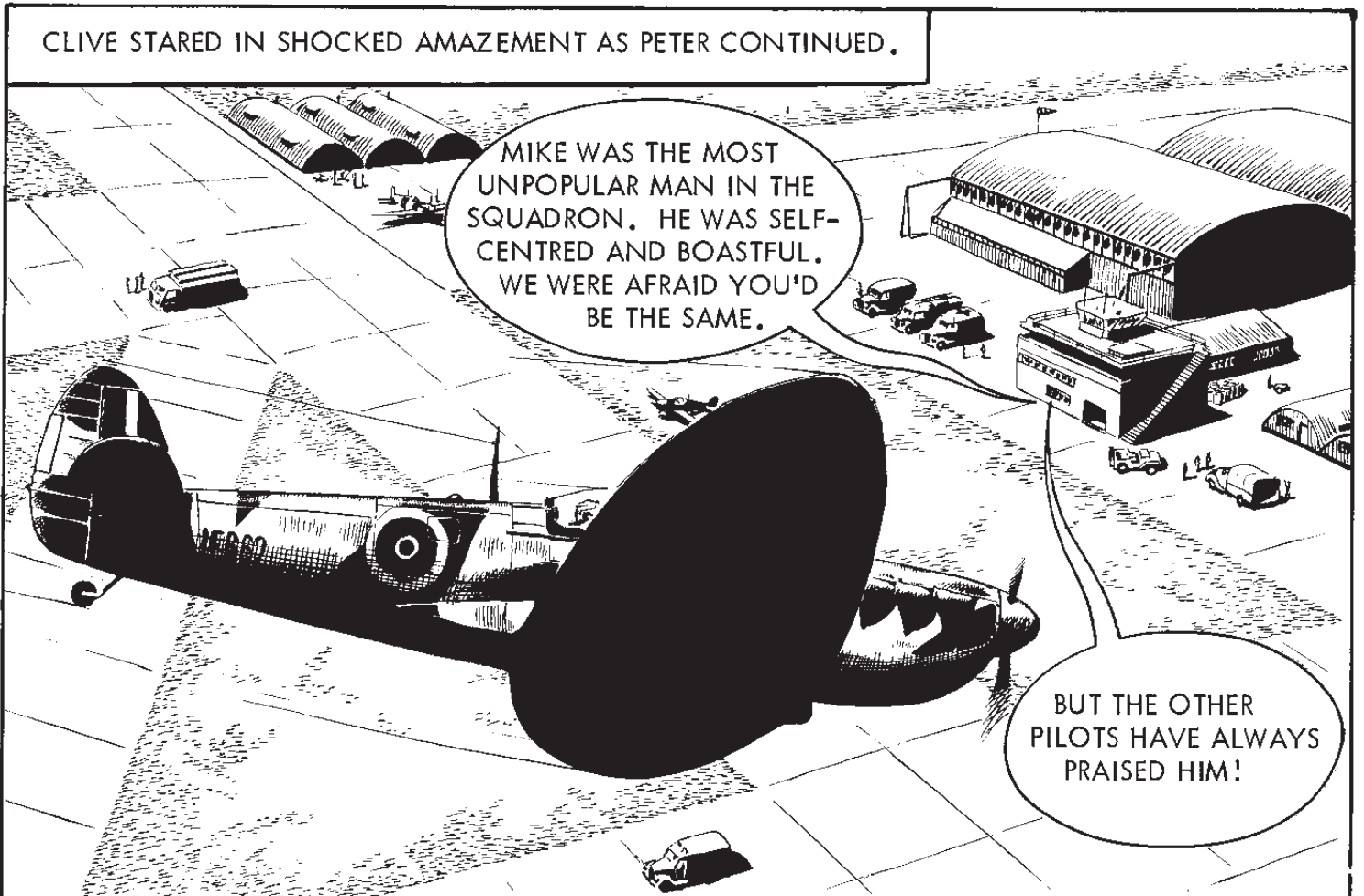
CLIVE WAS NOT GOING TO LET THE MATTER DROP. SO THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING FOR THE SQUADRON LEADER TO DO...

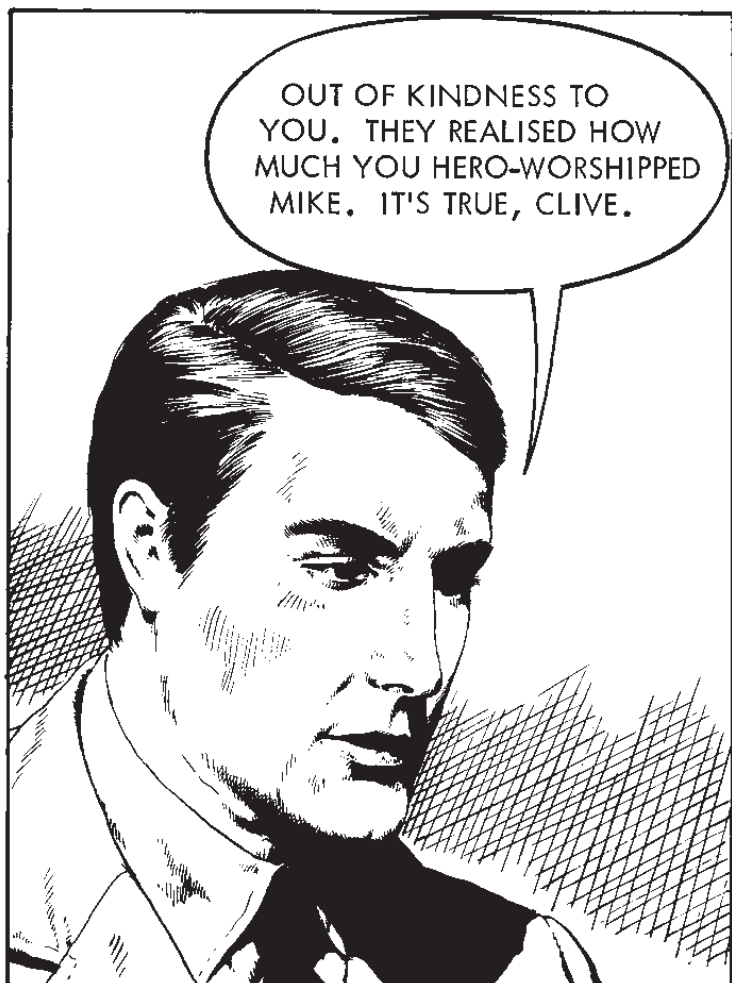


PETER AT LAST REVEALED THE AWFUL TRUTH.



CLIVE STARED IN SHOCKED AMAZEMENT AS PETER CONTINUED.





BUT CLIVE REFUSED TO BELIEVE PETER, EVEN WHEN THE OTHER MEN RATHER RELUCTANTLY BACKED PETER UP.



CONVINCED THAT THE SQUADRON WERE SIDING WITH PETER, CLIVE BECAME MORE AND MORE WITHDRAWN. HE ONLY SEEMED TO LIVE TO FIGHT.



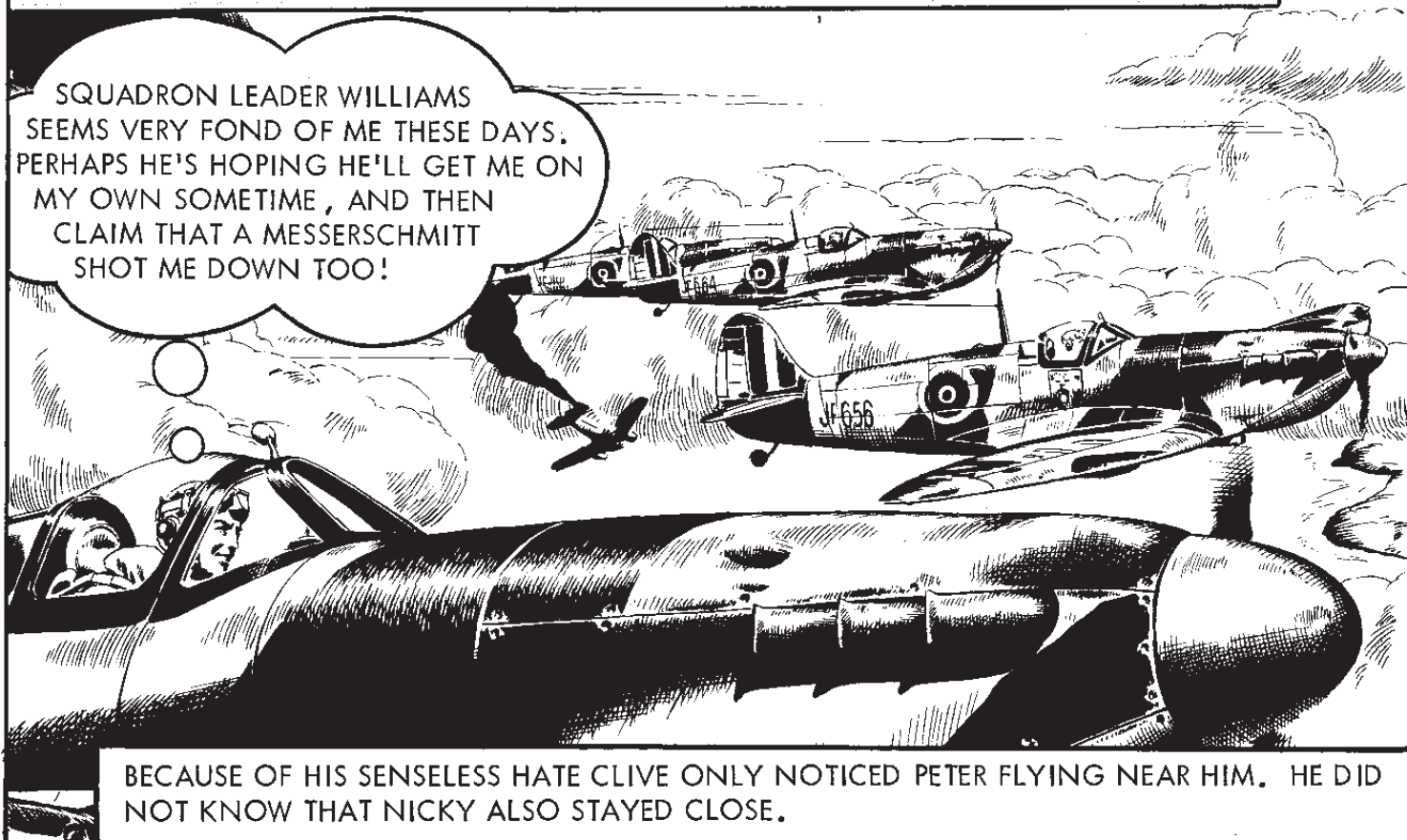
PETER HAD ALSO NOTICED CLIVE'S BEHAVIOUR. HE SPOKE ABOUT IT TO NICKY.



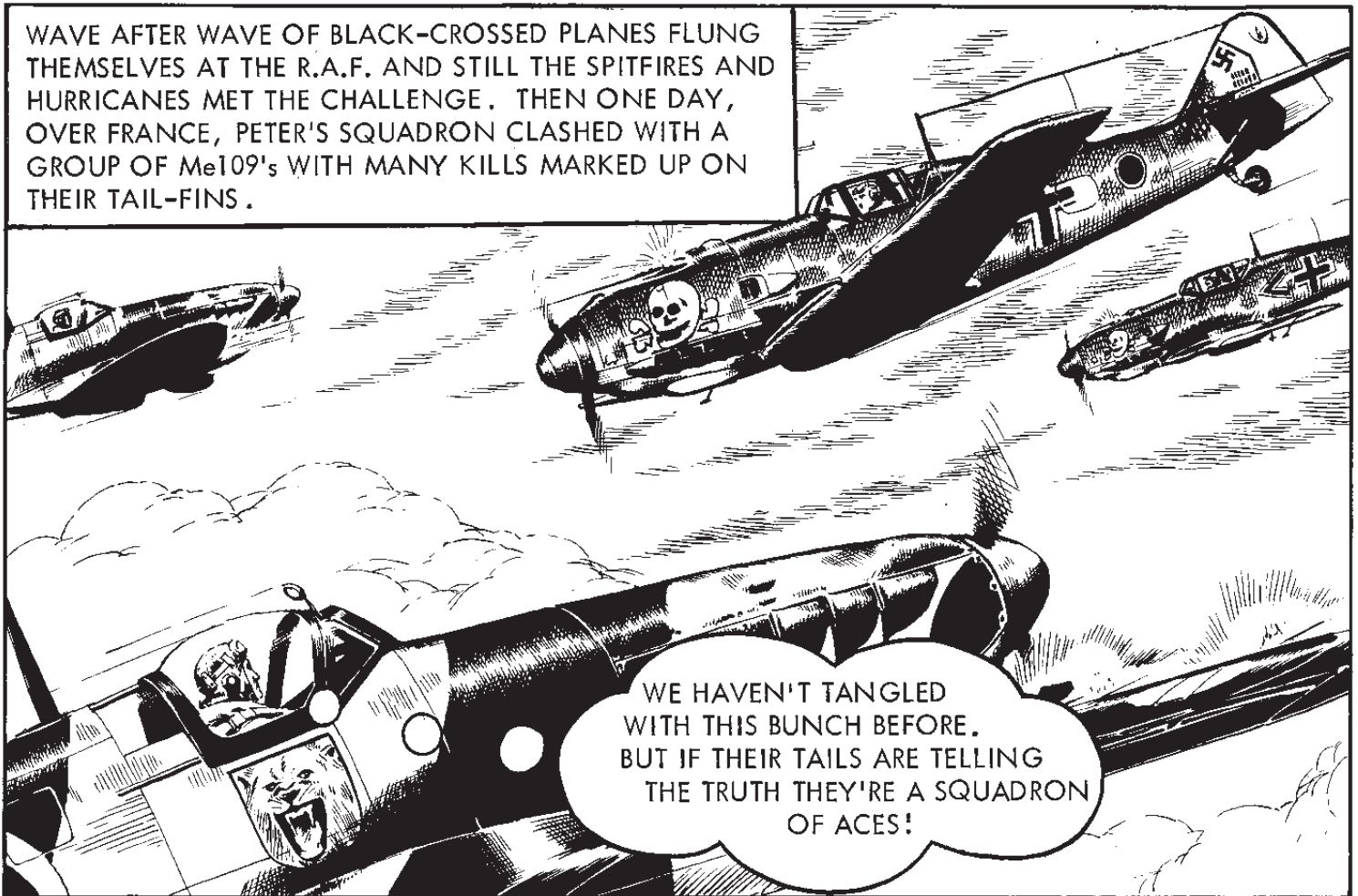
PETER HAD SEEN IT HAPPEN BEFORE. PILOTS WHO LIVED ONLY FOR THE NEXT DOG-FIGHT. PETER ALSO KNEW HOW THIS COULD END...



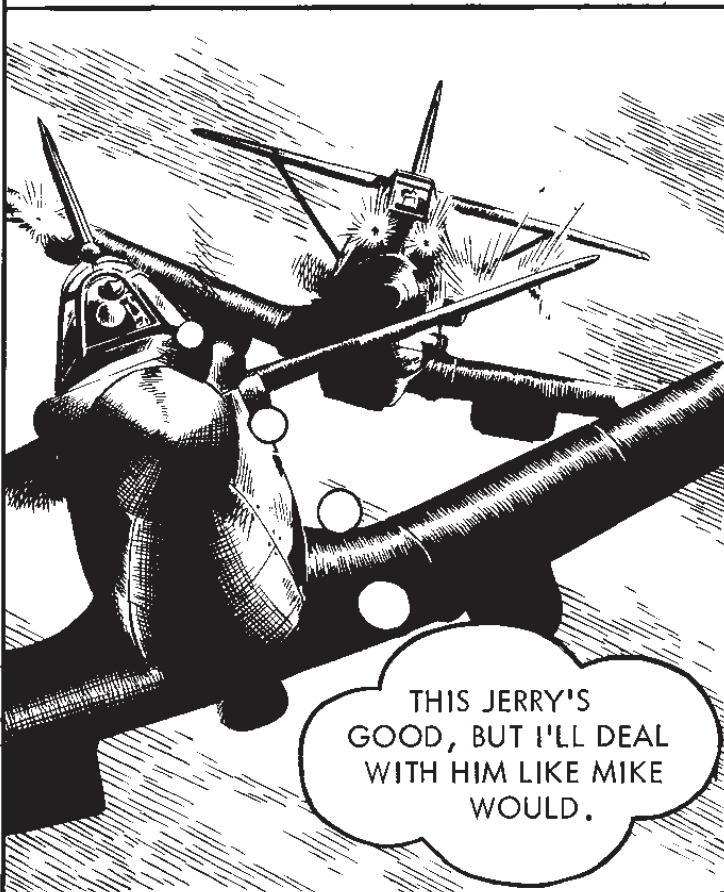
DURING THE MANY DOG-FIGHTS AND PATROLS THAT FOLLOWED, CLIVE REALISED THAT PETER WAS STICKING CLOSE TO HIM, AND HE FOUND HIS OWN EXPLANATION.



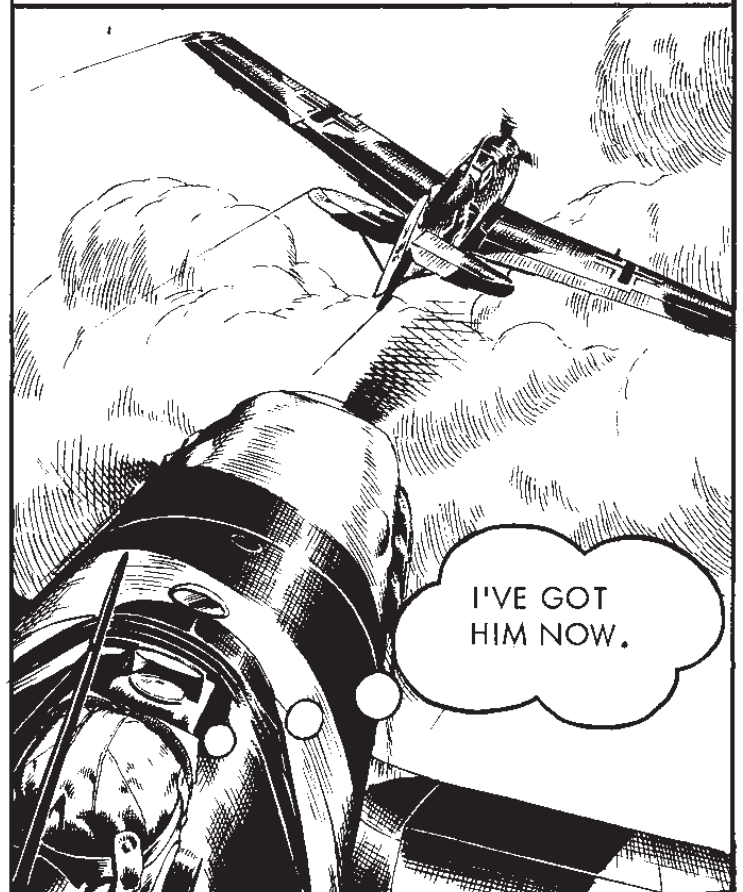
WAVE AFTER WAVE OF BLACK-CROSSED PLANES FLUNG THEMSELVES AT THE R.A.F. AND STILL THE SPITFIRES AND HURRICANES MET THE CHALLENGE. THEN ONE DAY, OVER FRANCE, PETER'S SQUADRON CLASHED WITH A GROUP OF Me109's WITH MANY KILLS MARKED UP ON THEIR TAIL-FINS.



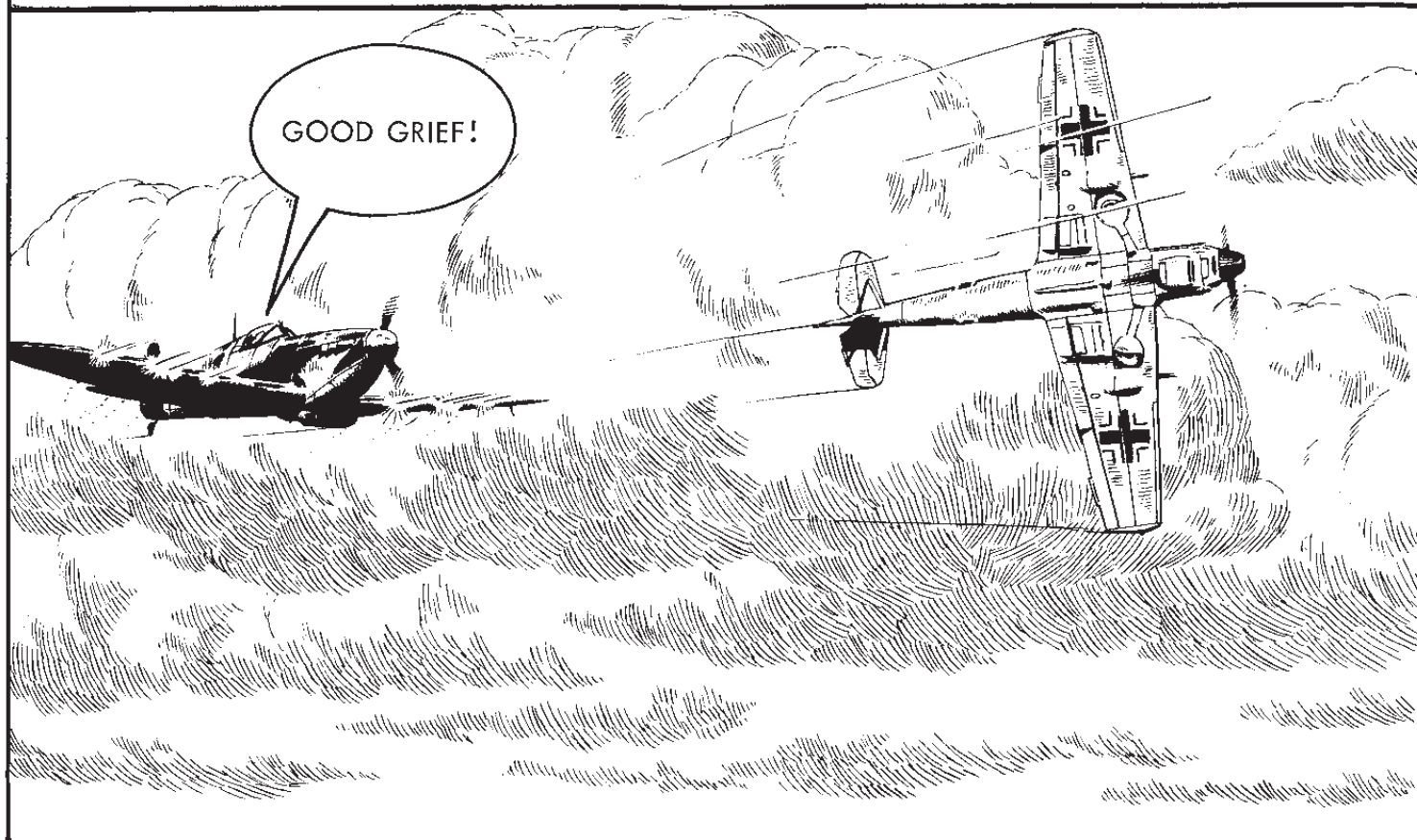
CLIVE SOON DISCOVERED THEY WERE.



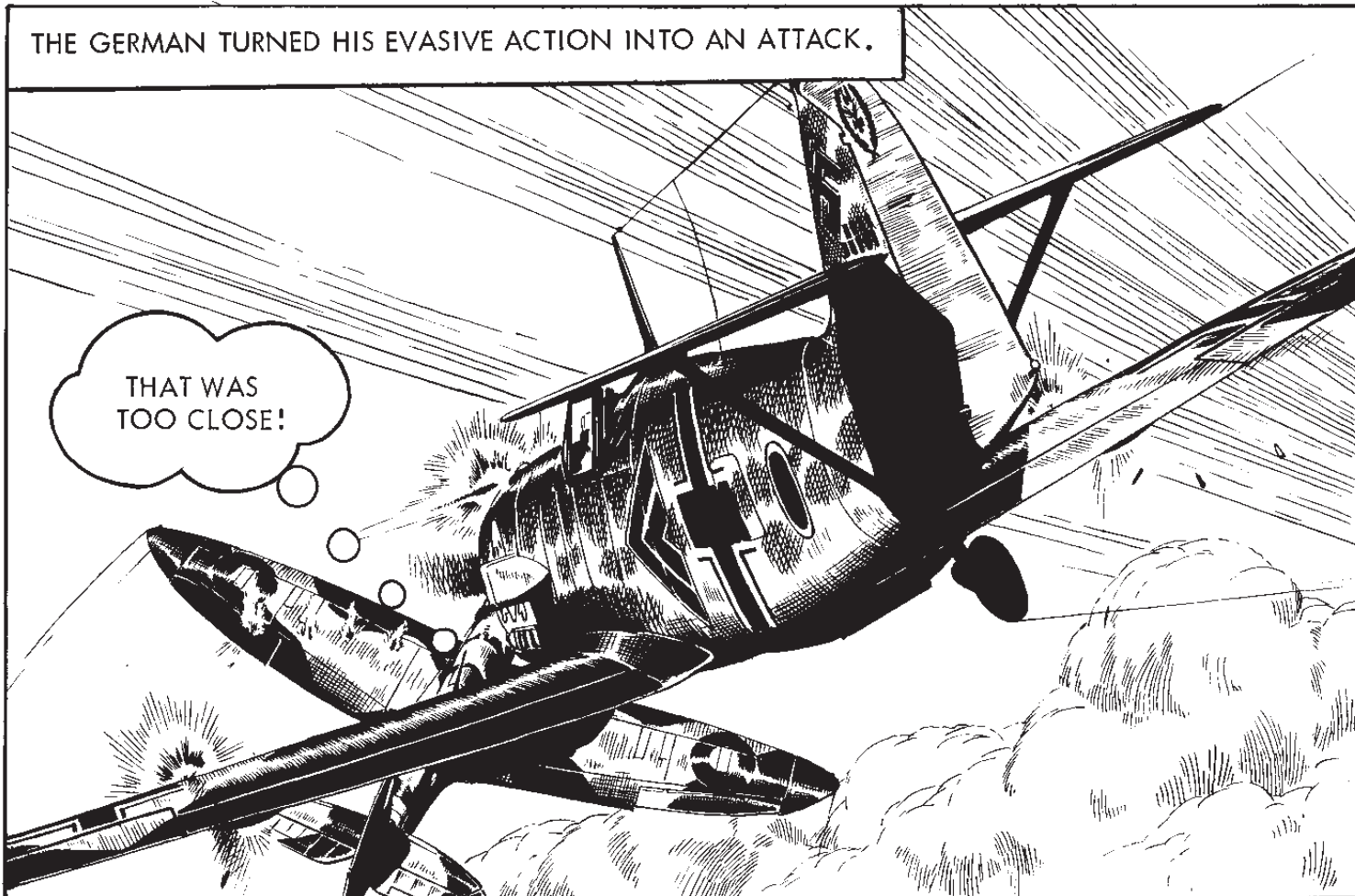
THE TWO PLANES WHEELED IN A DEADLY DUEL.



BUT WHENEVER CLIVE THOUGHT HE WAS THE VICTOR, HE SOON FOUND HE WAS MISTAKEN. THE MESSERSCHMITT TURNED AWAY AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOMENT.

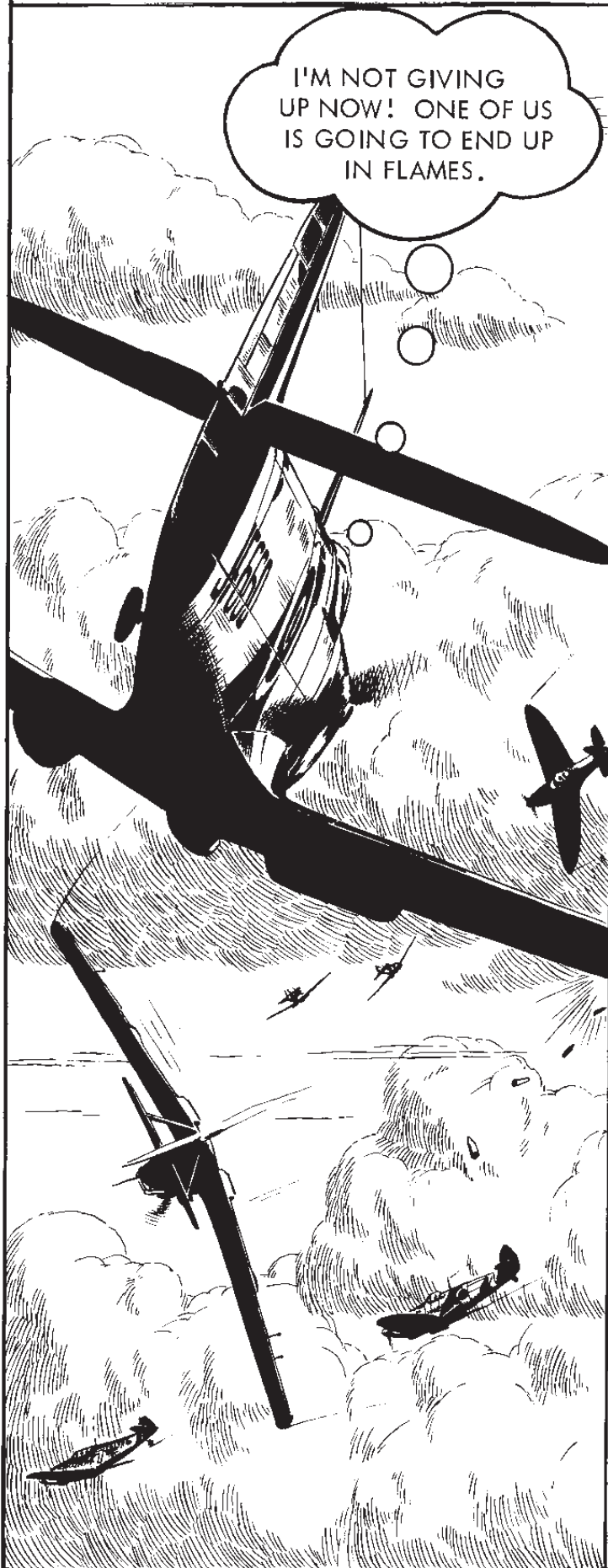


THE GERMAN TURNED HIS EVASIVE ACTION INTO AN ATTACK.



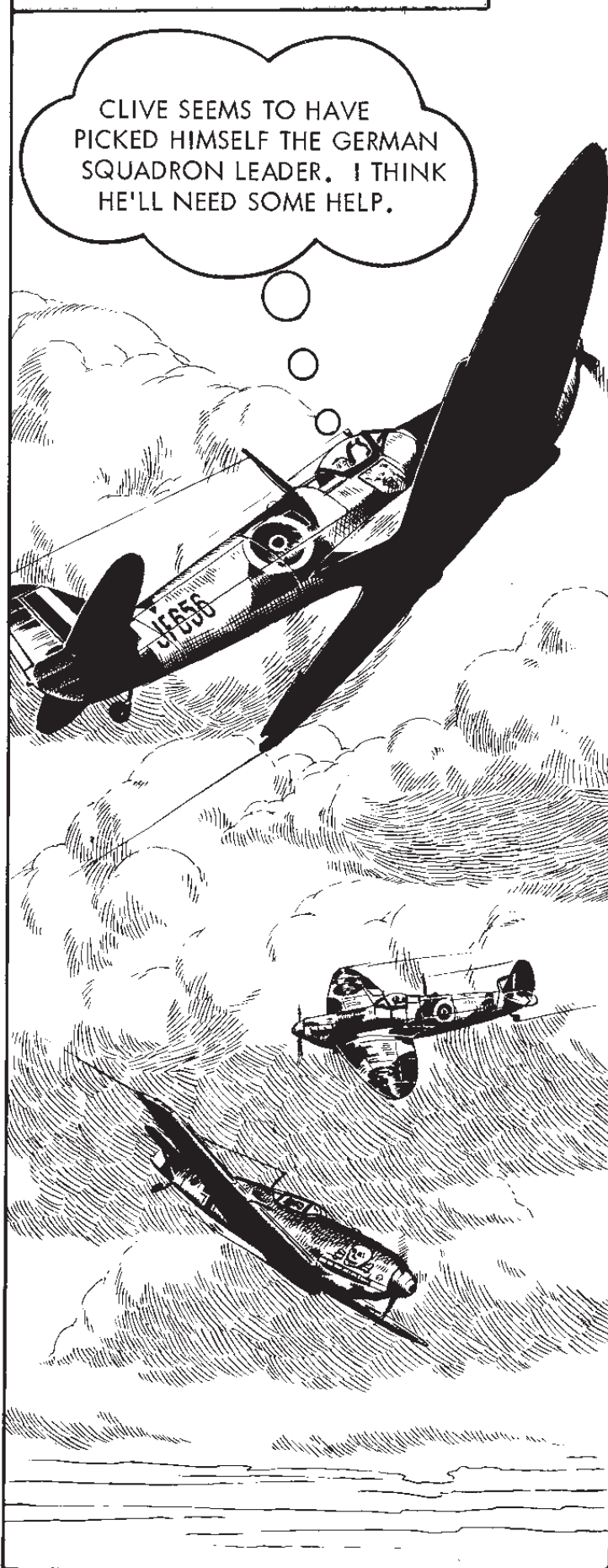
CLIVE REALISED THE GERMAN WAS TOO GOOD FOR HIM. BUT INSTEAD OF TRYING TO BREAK AWAY, HE CIRCLED CLOSER.

I'M NOT GIVING UP NOW! ONE OF US IS GOING TO END UP IN FLAMES.

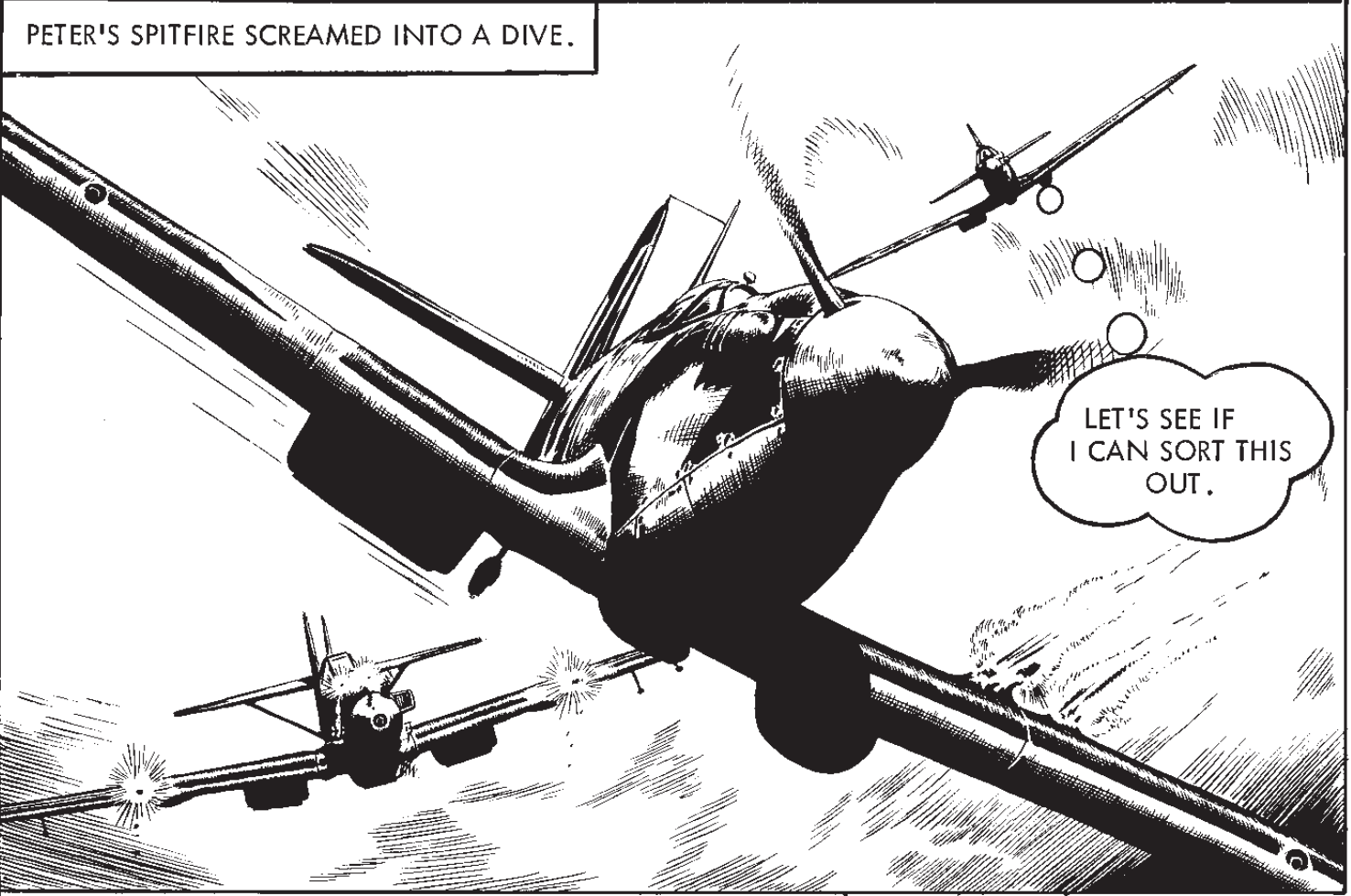


BUT CLIVE'S DUEL HAD NOT GONE UNNOTICED. SOME WAY ABOVE, PETER WAS WATCHING.

CLIVE SEEMS TO HAVE PICKED HIMSELF THE GERMAN SQUADRON LEADER. I THINK HE'LL NEED SOME HELP.



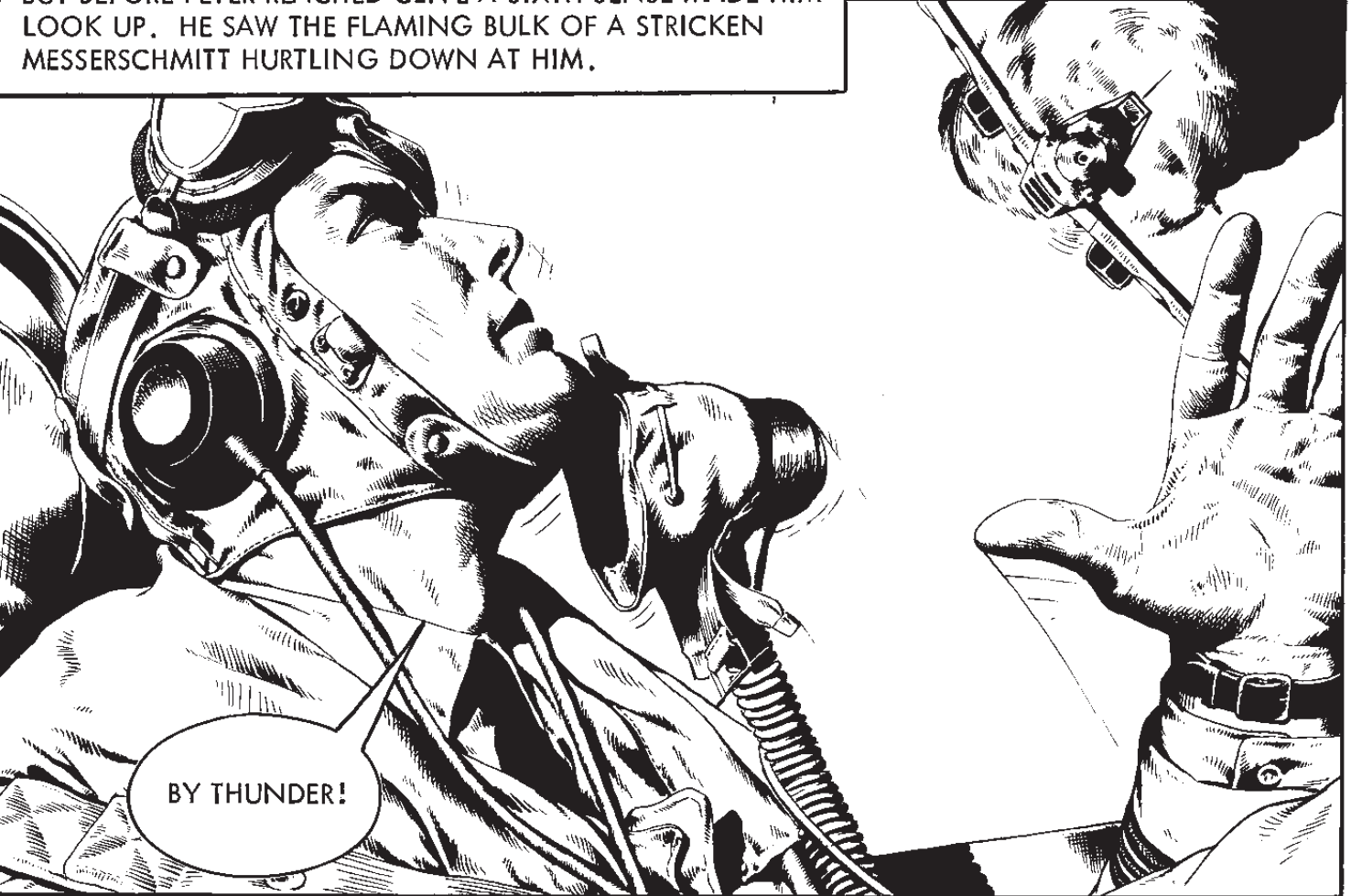
PETER'S SPITFIRE SCREAMED INTO A DIVE.



LET'S SEE IF
I CAN SORT THIS
OUT.

A black and white comic panel showing a Spitfire in a steep dive towards a Messerschmitt. The Spitfire is in the foreground, angled downwards, with its wings spread. The Messerschmitt is in the background, also angled downwards. There are motion lines around the planes to indicate speed. A speech bubble from the Spitfire says, "LET'S SEE IF I CAN SORT THIS OUT."

BUT BEFORE PETER REACHED CLIVE A SIXTH SENSE MADE HIM
LOOK UP. HE SAW THE FLAMING BULK OF A STRICKEN
MESSERSCHMITT HURLING DOWN AT HIM.



BY THUNDER!

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of Peter's face. He is wearing a flight helmet and goggles, looking upwards with a shocked expression. His hand is visible on the right side of the frame, with fingers spread. A speech bubble from Peter says, "BY THUNDER!"

HE HAD LESS THAN A SECOND TO FLING
HIS SPITFIRE TO SAFETY.

MADE IT —
JUST!

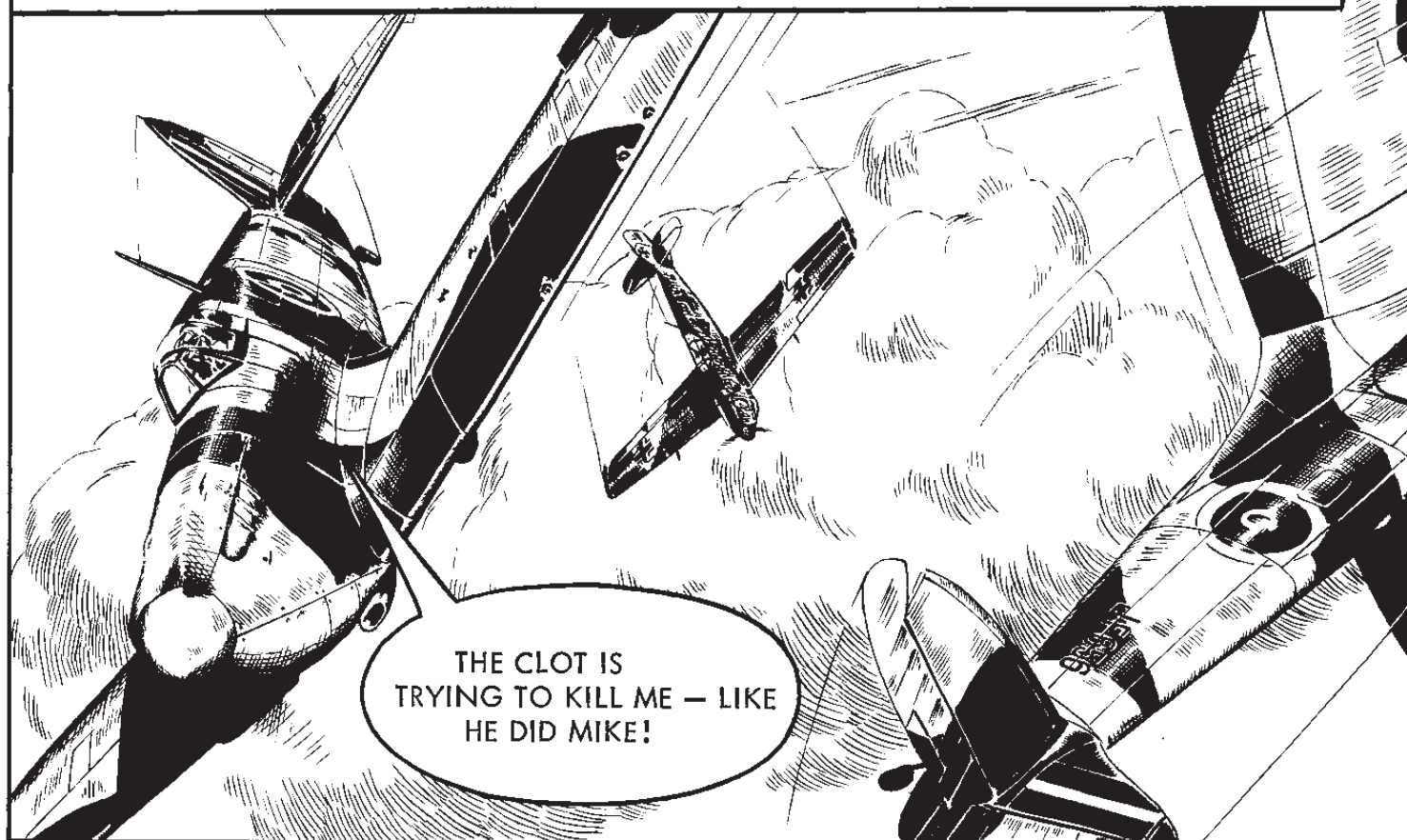
PETER WAS BLINDED BY THE BLACK SMOKE.

WHERE'S CLIVE
GOT TO?

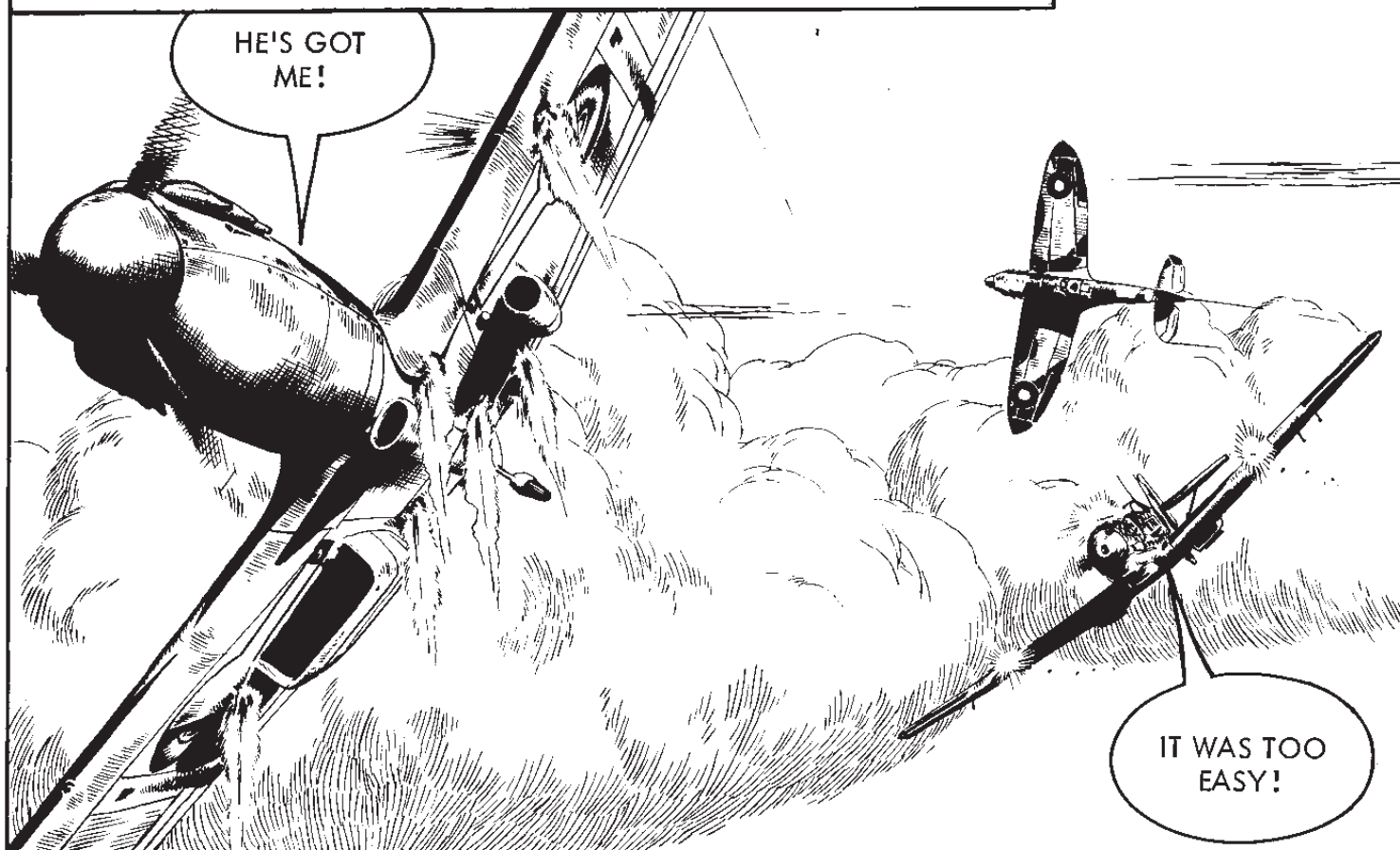
AS HE FLEW FREE OF THE SMOKE HIS QUESTION WAS ANSWERED. CLIVE'S AIRCRAFT WAS
FLYING TOWARDS HIS.

OH NO!

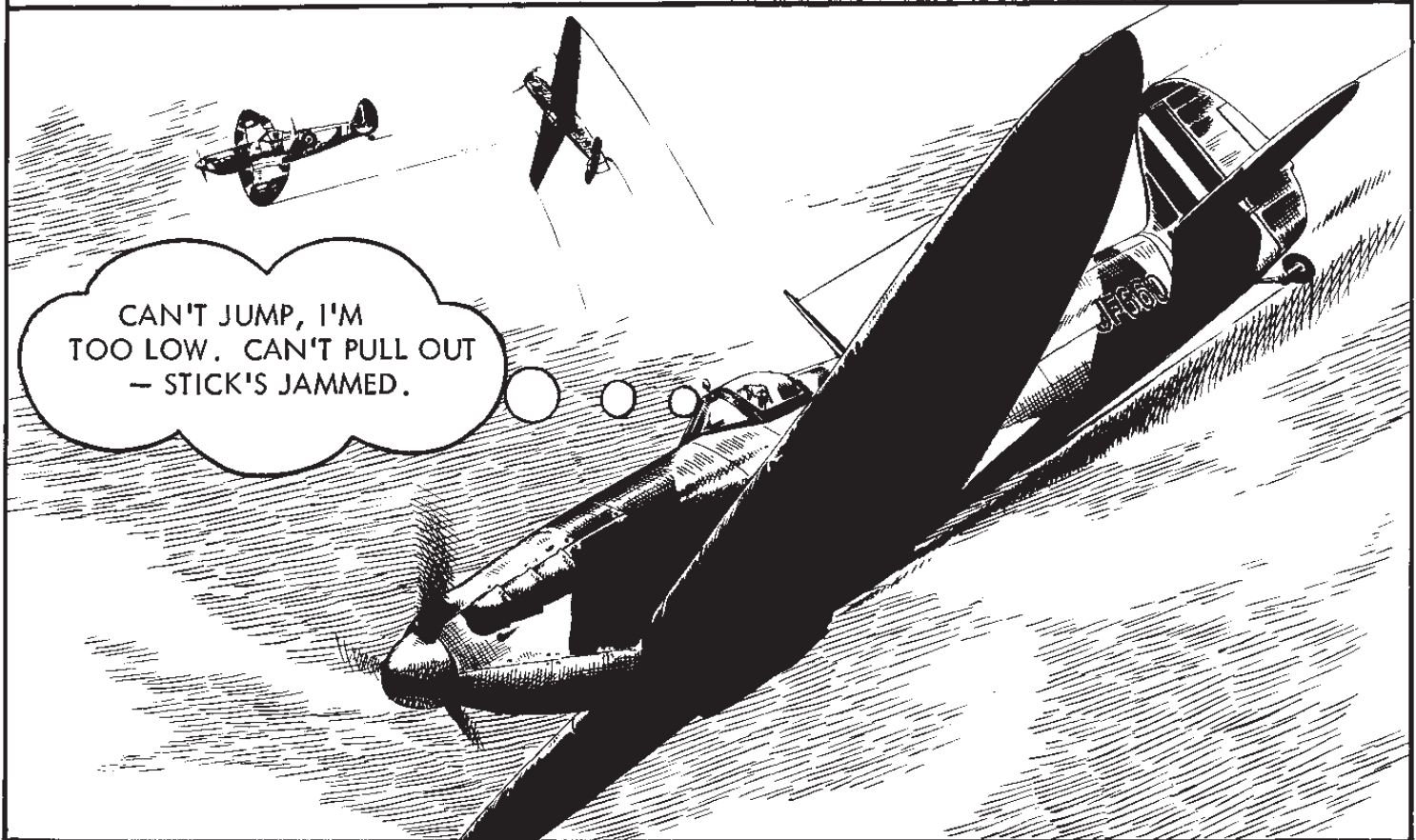
THE TWO R.A.F. PILOTS WERE SAVED BY THEIR RAZOR-SHARP REACTIONS. CLIVE FLUNG HIS SPITFIRE OUT OF PETER'S WAY.



THE GERMAN ACE WAS NOT GOING TO MISS SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

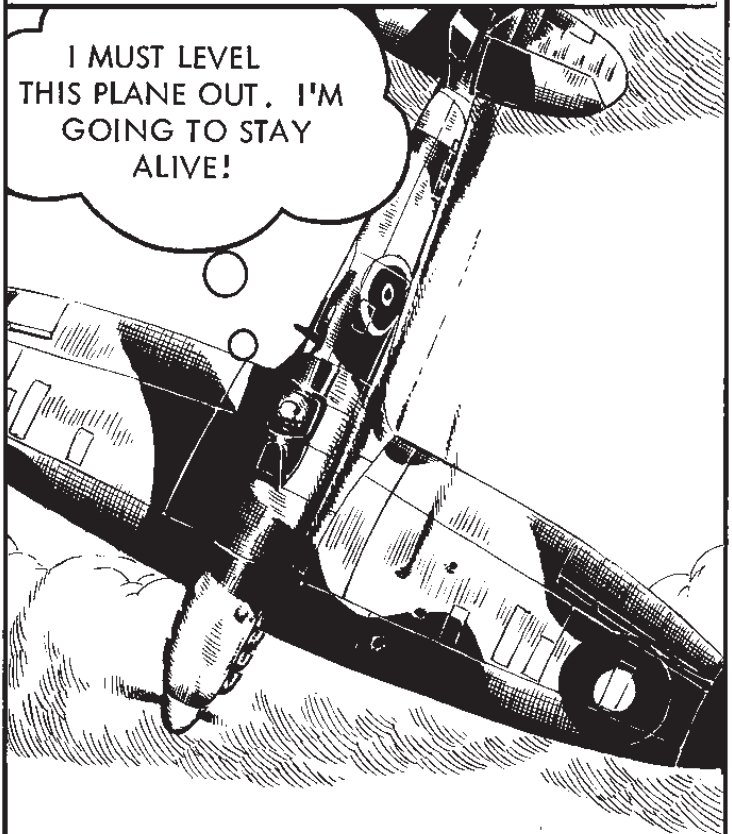


AFTER HE HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS NEAR MISS, PETER CLASHED WITH THE NAZI. BUT HE WAS TOO LATE TO HELP CLIVE.

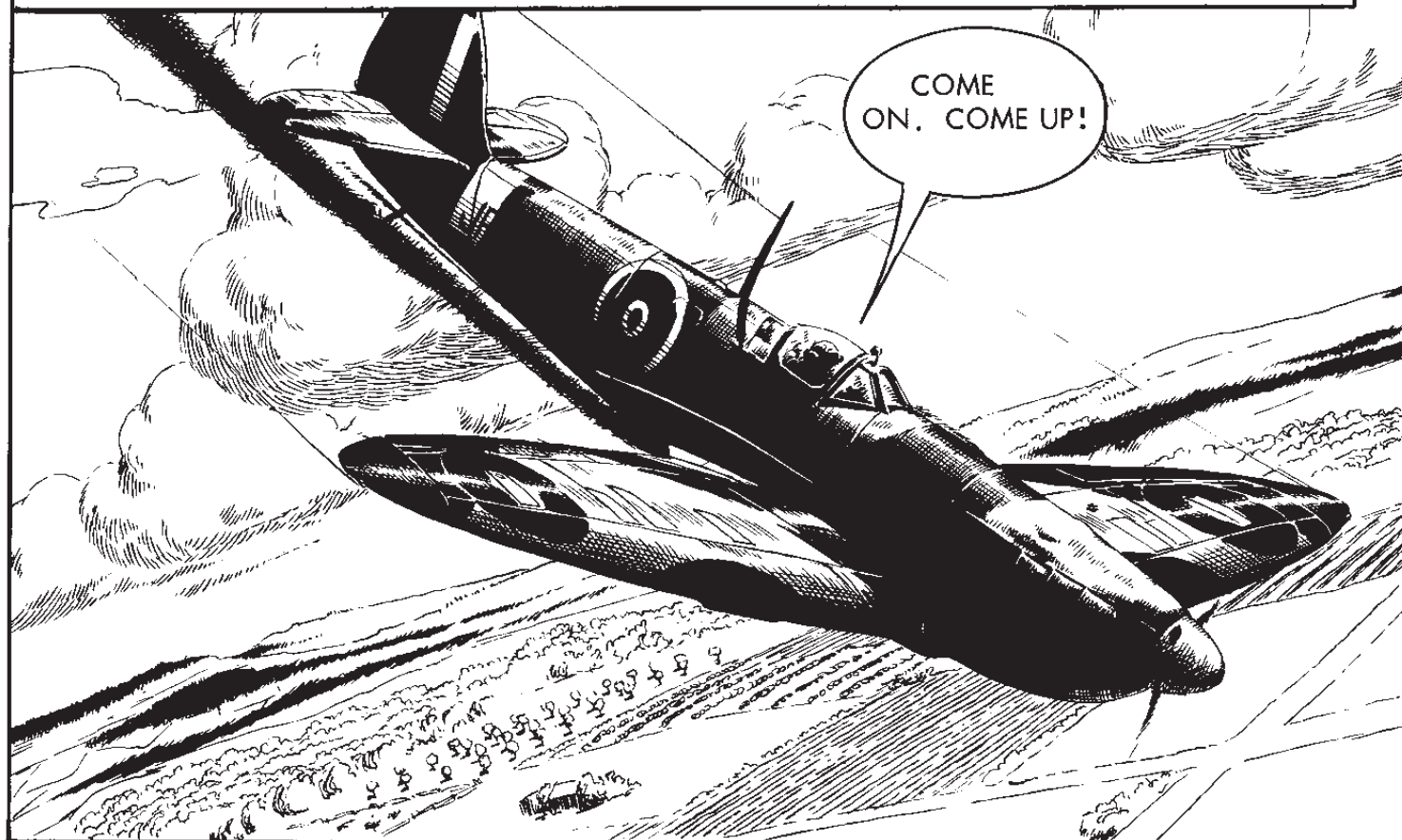


AS HE STRUGGLED WITH HIS STRICKEN PLANE, CHOKING IN THE SMOKE, ONLY HALF CONSCIOUS, CLIVE CURSED.

NEARLY UNCONSCIOUS, HIS MIND RACING WITH WILD THOUGHTS, HE FELT A SUDDEN FURY SWEEP OVER HIM.



HIS SPITFIRE HURTTLED DOWN WITH AN EERIE SCREAM. BUT STILL CLIVE WAS DETERMINED TO STAY CONSCIOUS, HIS FURY GIVING HIM ALMOST SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH.

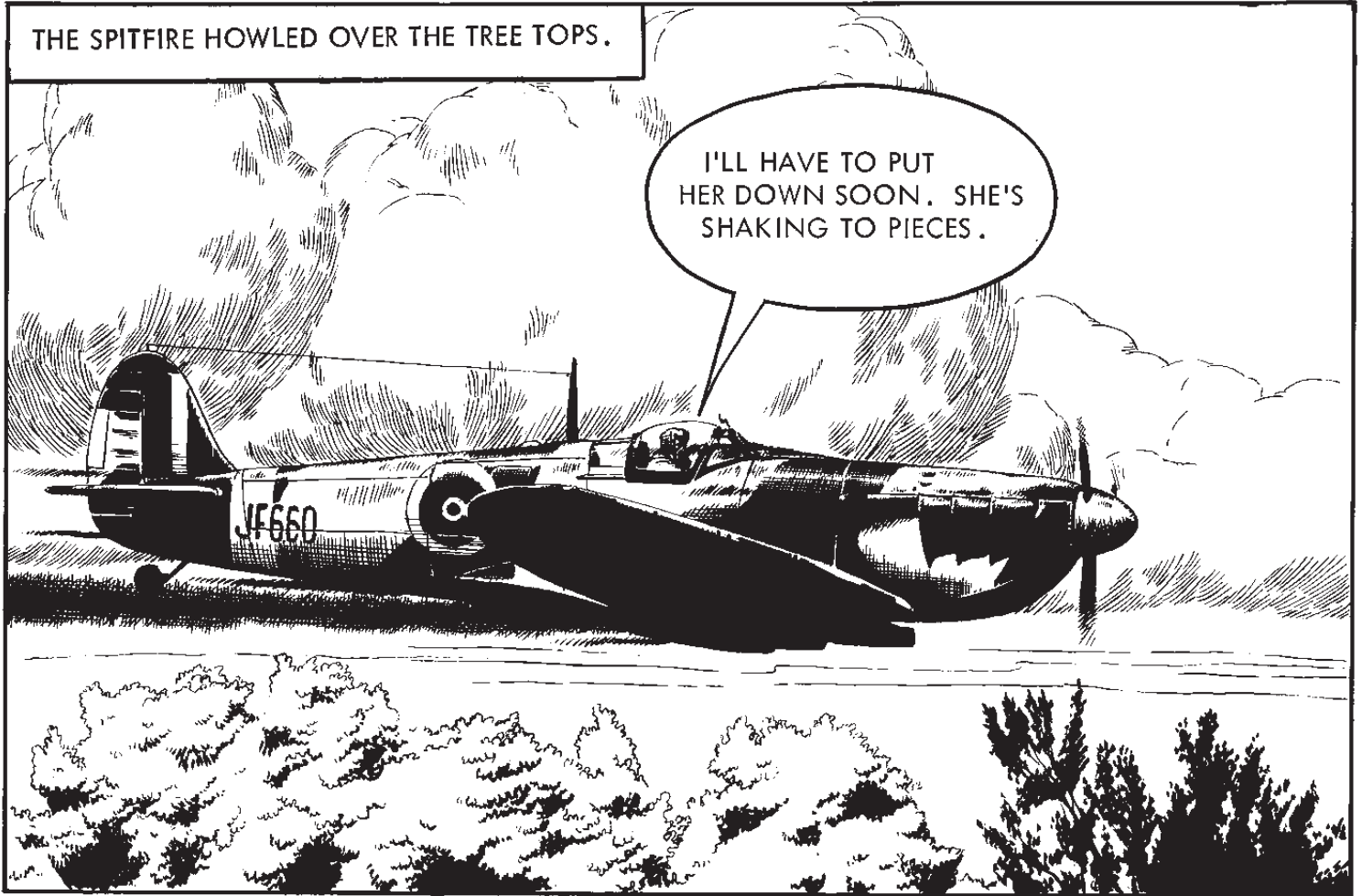


CLIVE MANAGED TO STAY CONSCIOUS, FIGHTING ALL THE TIME. AND THEN, AT THE LAST MINUTE —



THE SPITFIRE HOWLED OVER THE TREE TOPS.

I'LL HAVE TO PUT
HER DOWN SOON. SHE'S
SHAKING TO PIECES.



TREES RUSHED AWAY BENEATH HIM, THEN GAVE WAY TO OPEN COUNTRY.

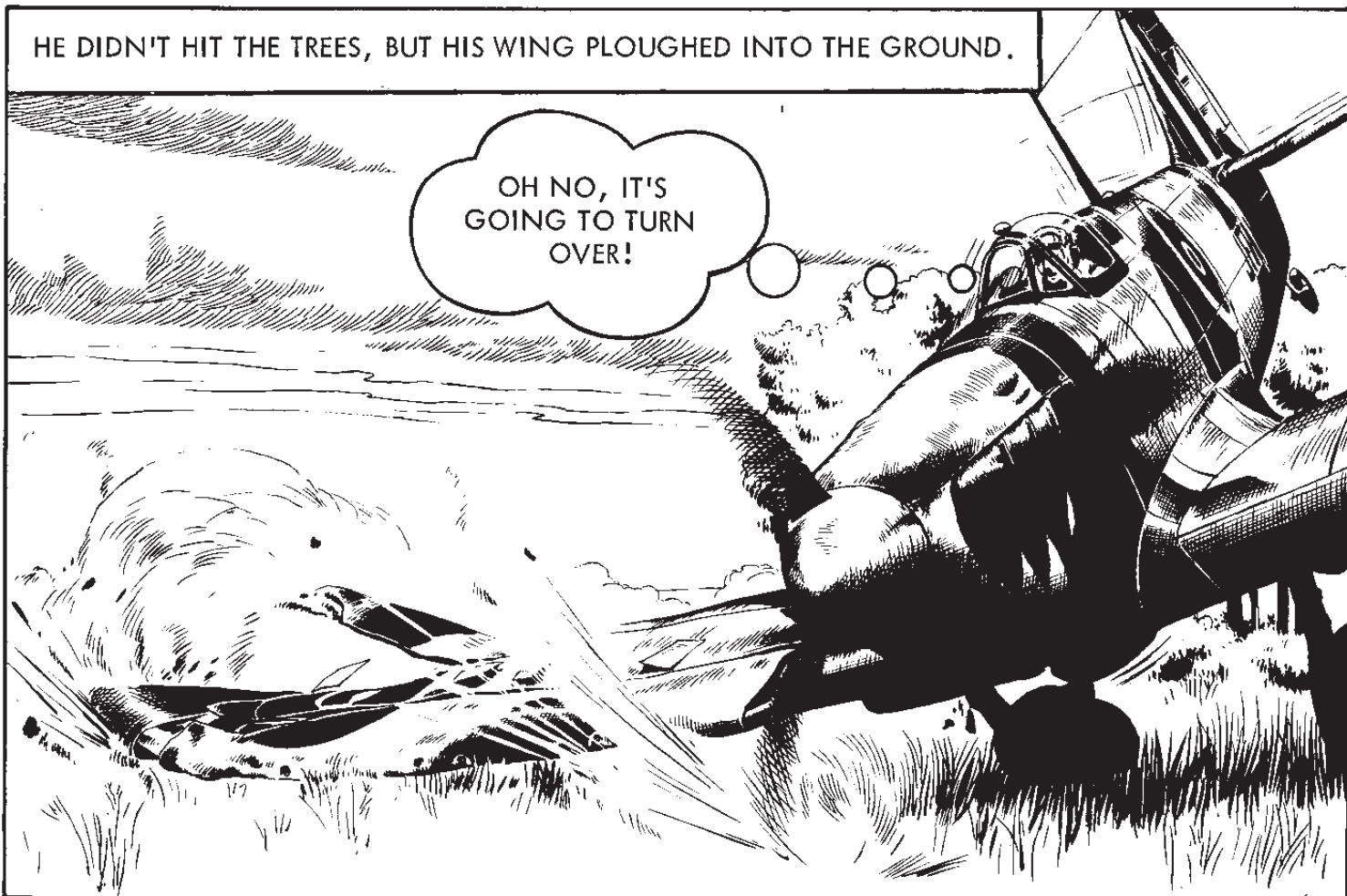
FIELDS! I'VE
GOT TO GET DOWN
THERE.



STILL FURIOUSLY ANGRY AT THE WAY HE THOUGHT PETER HAD TRIED TO KILL HIM, CLIVE FOUGHT TO STAY CONSCIOUS AS HE LANDED.



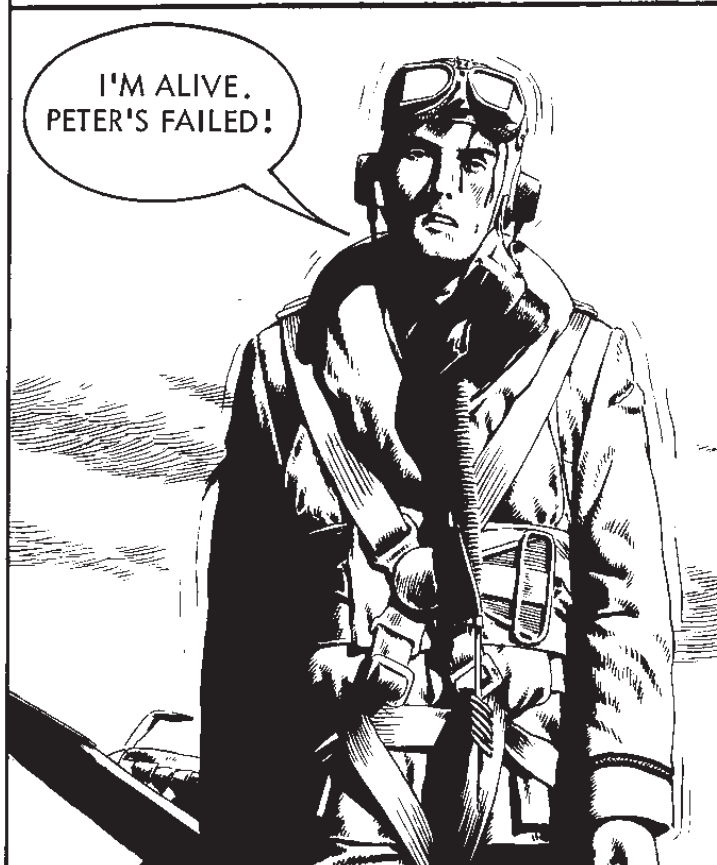
HE DIDN'T HIT THE TREES, BUT HIS WING PLOUGHED INTO THE GROUND.



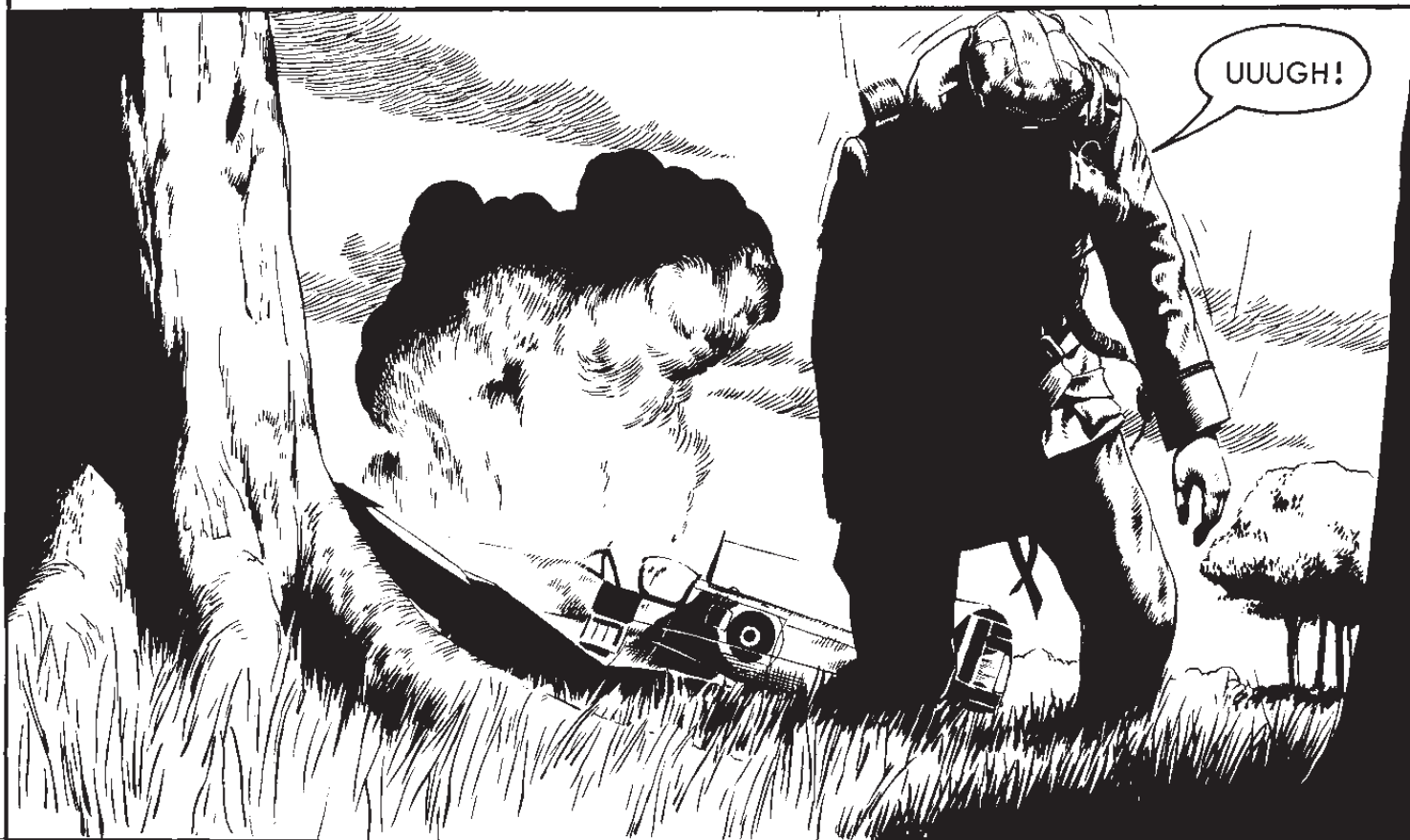
BUT THE SPITFIRE SLEWED SUDDENLY TO A SHATTERING HALT, FLINGING CLIVE AGAINST THE INSTRUMENT PANEL.



ONLY WILLPOWER ENABLED HIM TO STAGGER FROM THE WRECK.



AS HE REACHED THE TREES HIS SPITFIRE EXPLODED INTO FLAMES. BUT HE DID NOT EVEN NOTICE THE BLAZE. EXHAUSTION CLAIMED HIM, AND HE PITCHED FORWARD.



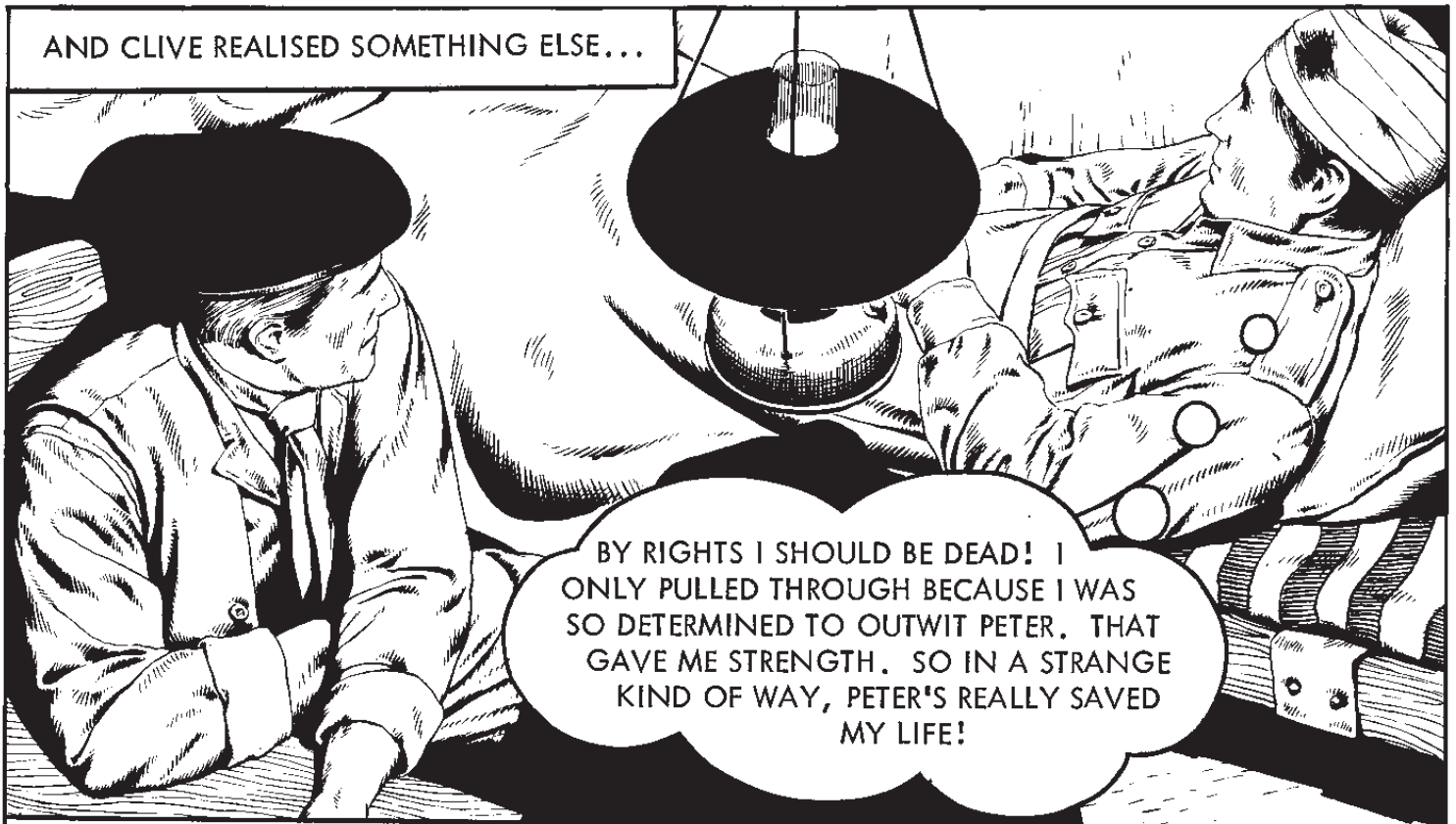
WHEN CLIVE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS HE WAS IN A SHUTTERED ROOM. A MAN SAT NEXT TO HIM.



CLIVE BEGAN TO FEEL THE EFFECTS OF HIS DESPERATE BATTLE FOR LIFE. HIS HANDS HAD BEEN BURNED, AND NOW HE REALISED QUITE CLEARLY WHAT HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

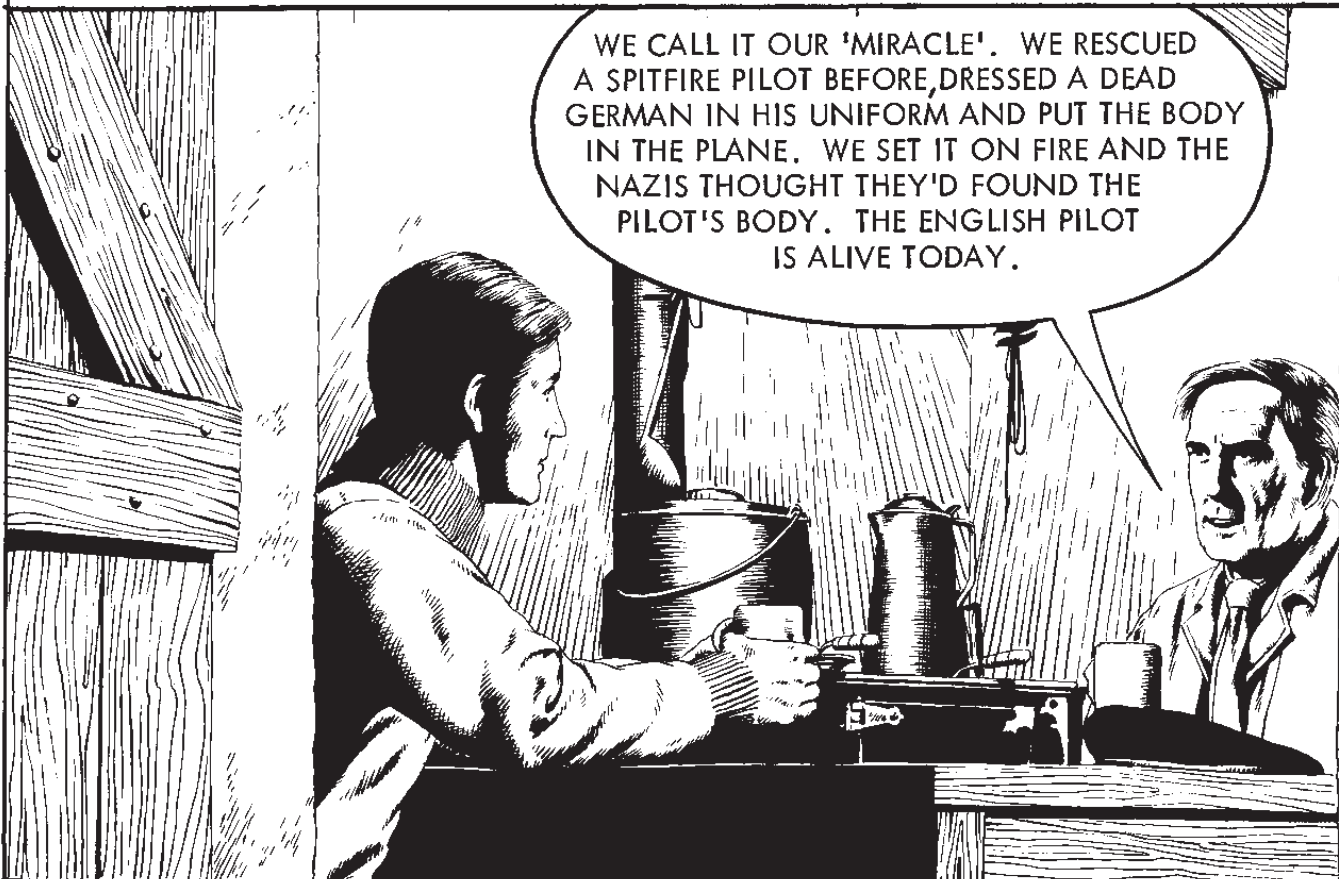


AND CLIVE REALISED SOMETHING ELSE...

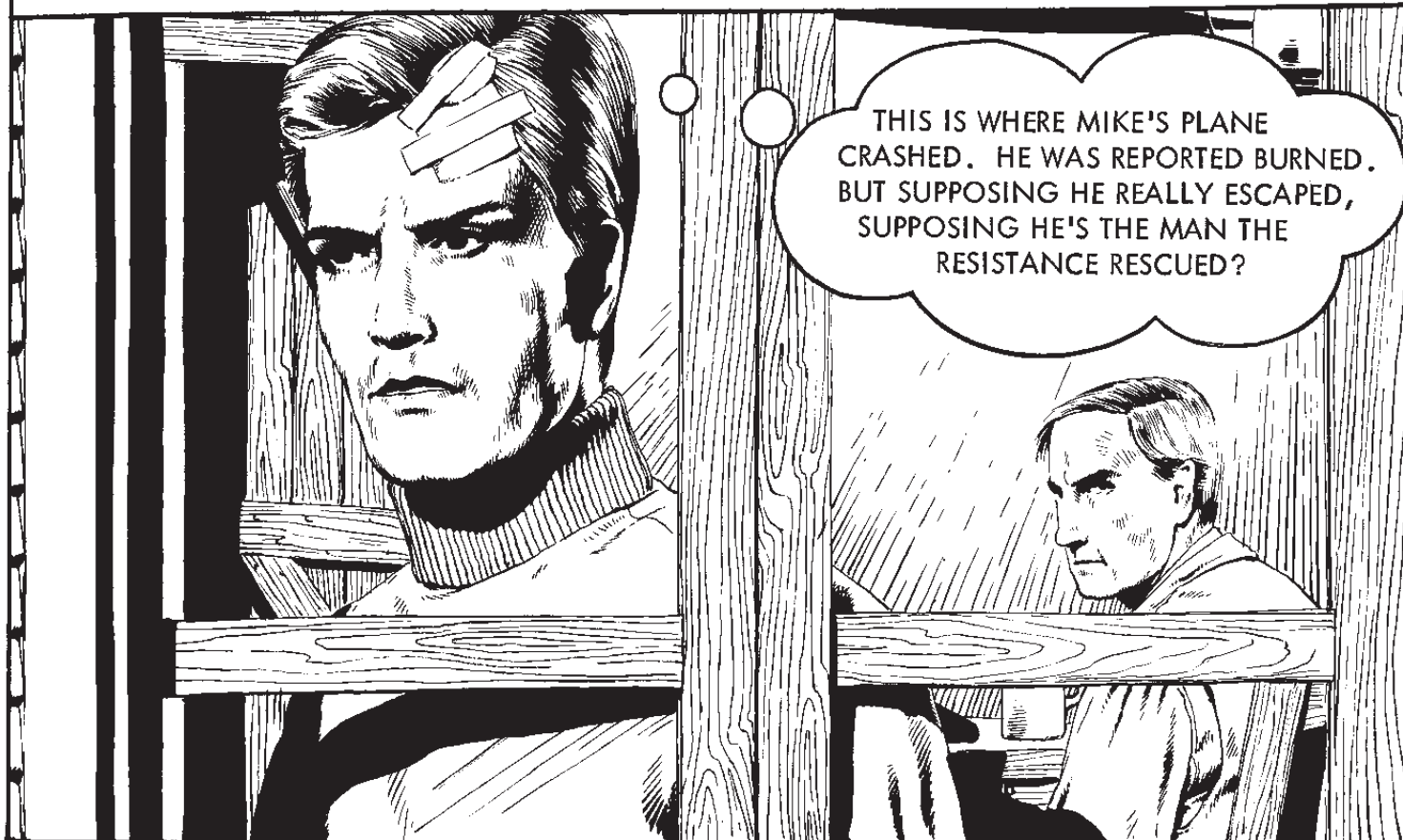


THE GERMANS WERE STILL SEARCHING FOR CLIVE SO HE LAY HIDDEN FOR A WEEK. THE LONG HOURS ALONE IN THE ROOM GAVE HIM PLENTY OF TIME FOR THOUGHT. AND HE FOUND MUCH OF HIS PREVIOUS ANGER AND BITTERNESS DISAPPEARING.

THE FRENCHMAN, A POOR FARMER CALLED MARCEL, TOLD HIM THAT UNFORTUNATELY THE RESISTANCE COULD NOT WORK A SECOND 'MIRACLE' FOR HIM.



A WILD IDEA OCCURRED TO CLIVE. HE ASKED HIS COMPANION EXACTLY WHERE IN FRANCE THEY WERE. AND THEN HE KNEW THAT HIS IDEA COULD BE TRUE.



CLIVE TRIED TO QUESTION THE FRENCHMAN FURTHER, BUT HE MET WITH A BLANK WALL.



BUT THE FRENCHMAN WOULD ONLY SHAKE HIS HEAD. AND NOTHING CLIVE COULD SAY MADE ANY DIFFERENCE.

WHEN HE HEARD A MONTH LATER THAT HIS ESCAPE ROUTE HAD BEEN ARRANGED, CLIVE MADE ONE LAST ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE MYSTERIOUS ENGLISHMAN.



GIVE THIS NOTE TO YOUR ENGLISH FRIEND. IF HE REFUSES TO SEE ME AFTER READING IT I'LL NEVER MENTION THE SUBJECT AGAIN.

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO HARM IN THAT.

IN THE NOTE CLIVE HAD PROVED HIS IDENTITY BY WRITING ABOUT THINGS ONLY HE COULD KNOW ABOUT HIS BROTHER.

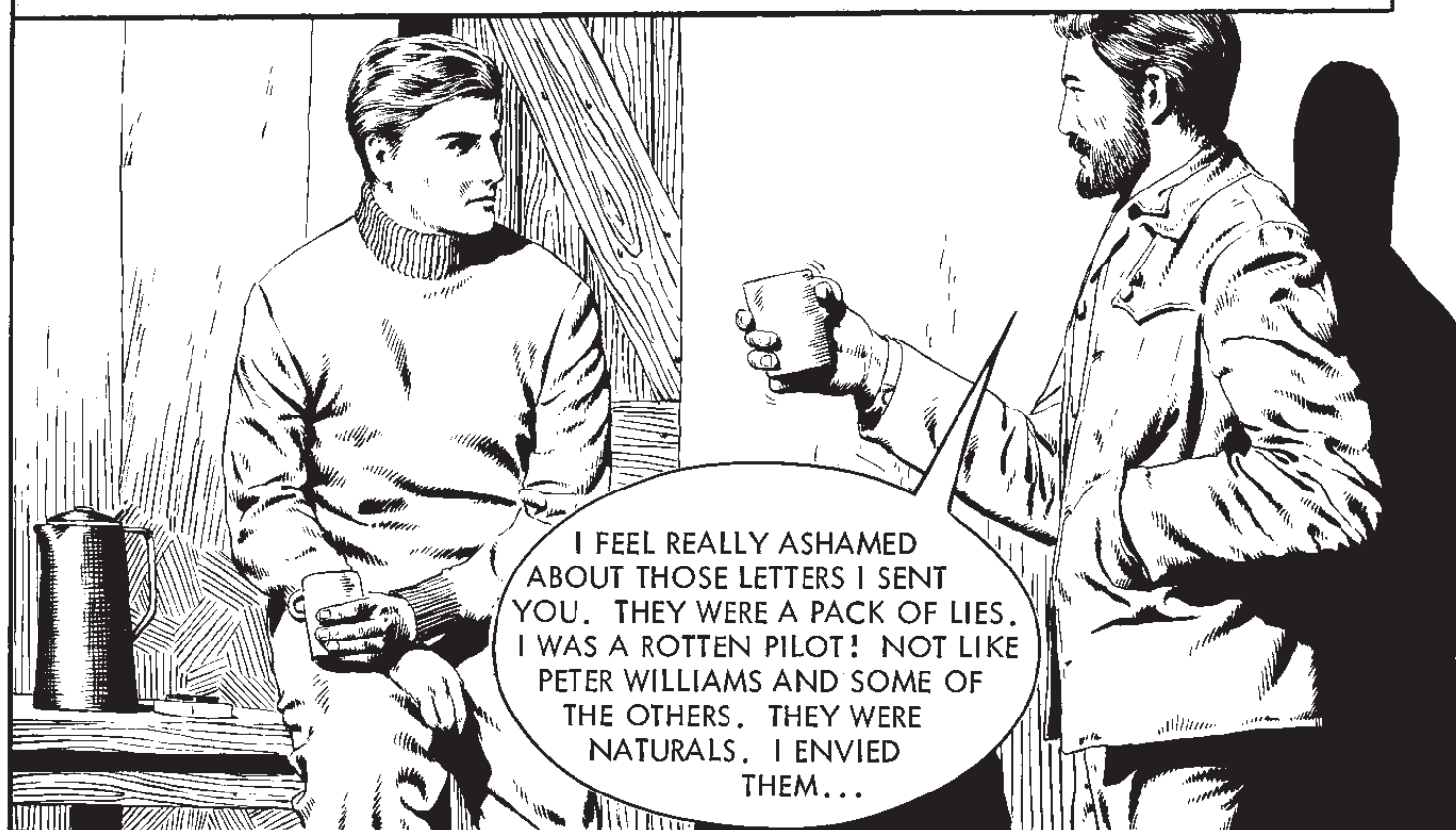
THE NOTE WAS SUCCESSFUL. THAT EVENING A MAN CAME TO THE FARM. AND, DESPITE HIS BEARD, CLIVE RECOGNISED HIS BROTHER.



MIKE!

I COULDN'T REALLY LET YOU GO BACK TO ENGLAND WITHOUT SAYING HELLO!

THE FRENCHMAN LEFT QUIETLY AND THE TWO BROTHERS HAD A HUNDRED THINGS TO TALK ABOUT, BUT SOON THE CONVERSATION TURNED TO MIKE'S SERVICE WITH PETER. AND THERE WAS SOMETHING MIKE WANTED TO GET OFF HIS CHEST.



CLIVE REALISED THAT EVERYTHING PETER HAD TOLD HIM ABOUT MIKE WAS TRUE. BUT MIKE HAD CHANGED.



I'VE LEARNED A LOT SINCE I'VE BEEN IN FRANCE. I'M AN UNDER-COVER FIGHTER, LIKE I WAS IN SPAIN. THIS IS WHERE I WANT TO STAY!

MIKE ADDED THAT LONDON HAD NOW GIVEN HIM PERMISSION TO FIGHT ON IN FRANCE. THEY WERE EVEN SENDING ANOTHER TRAINED AGENT OUT TO HELP HIM. CLIVE WAS TO GO BACK TO ENGLAND ON THE SUBMARINE THAT BROUGHT THE AGENT OUT.

LATER THAT NIGHT CLIVE AND MIKE SAID GOOD-BYE ON A DESERTED STRETCH OF BEACH.

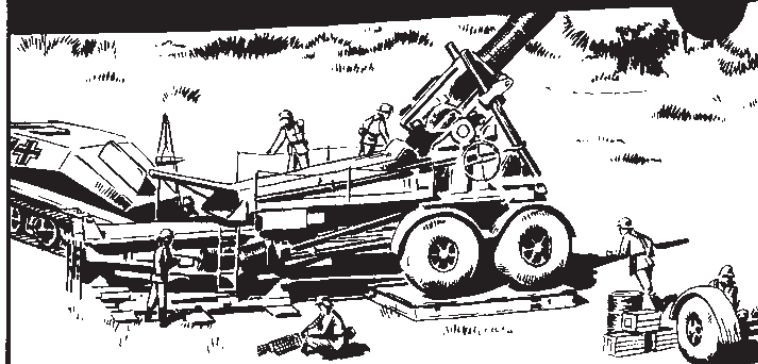
I DIDN'T GIVE THE SQUADRON MUCH CAUSE TO LIKE ME OR BE PROUD OF ME, BUT PERHAPS I'LL BE ABLE TO APOLOGISE TO THEM AFTER THE WAR.



I'VE GOT A FEW APOLOGIES OF MY OWN TO MAKE — ESPECIALLY TO PETER.

BACK AT HIS BASE CLIVE WAS WELCOMED WARMLY. HE TOLD ALL TO PETER AND NEVER PUT A FOOT OUT OF LINE AGAIN. THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN THEY LENT SUPPORT TO THE ALLIED ARMIES INVADING NAZI EUROPE.

THE WAR'S NEARLY OVER. SOON I'LL SEE MIKE AGAIN...



Commando
THE END

**TANK WIFE
ACES WILD
IRON RESISTANCE
A MAN NEEDS LUCK**



**THE FOUR
LATEST
ALL-ACTION
COMMANDO
WAR STORIES
ARE OUT NOW!**



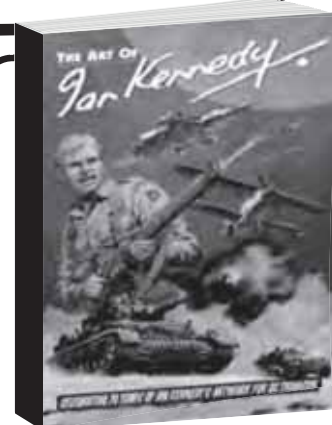
NAH THEN, SQUADDIES. IT'S ALL GO HERE IN MY MESS HALL. I'VE GOT ALL THE LATEST GEN JUST FOR YOU LOT, PLUS A SNEAK PEEK AT ONE OF HQ'S FINEST PRODUCTS. MIND, IF YOU WANT TO LET US KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS ON ANYTHING COMMANDO, THEN GET IN TOUCH WITH ME OR THE BOFFINS AT COMMANDO HQ. CONTACT DETAILS ARE BELOW, SO GET SCRIBBLING.

COMMANDO NEWS!

Right then, listen up. We've got some cracking Commando stories lined up at the end of the month for you so keep your eyes skinned come the nineteenth!

While here at Commando you know our main gig is the Second World War, proper boys' adventure territory, it's sort of what we're known for — but there's some proper good stories to be told about the first lot. The "Great" one, I heard them calling it. Sure it wasn't so great at the time.

But don't you worry, sunshine, we've got accounts aplenty coming up in Commando. You'll be feasting your eyes on stories from British tankies, Canadian infantry, and even a conchie...



Ever heard of a man by the name of Ian Kennedy? I bet you have. Top British artist, he's even done some proper cracking depictions of yours truly. Well turns out he's been producing some fine art for DC Thomson for over seventy years, and, to celebrate, they went and put together a tasty art book with some of his best work. Pretty sure I've got a page dedicated to me in there too...

And one last thing, don't forget there's another four shiny new Commandos out in two weeks' time. Get your copies then. Tarra. By direct order of the Quartermaster.

www.commandocomics.com

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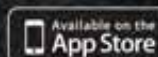
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