

# Jackboot & Ironheel



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ISBN: 978-1-63140-836-6

20 19 18 17 1 2 3 4

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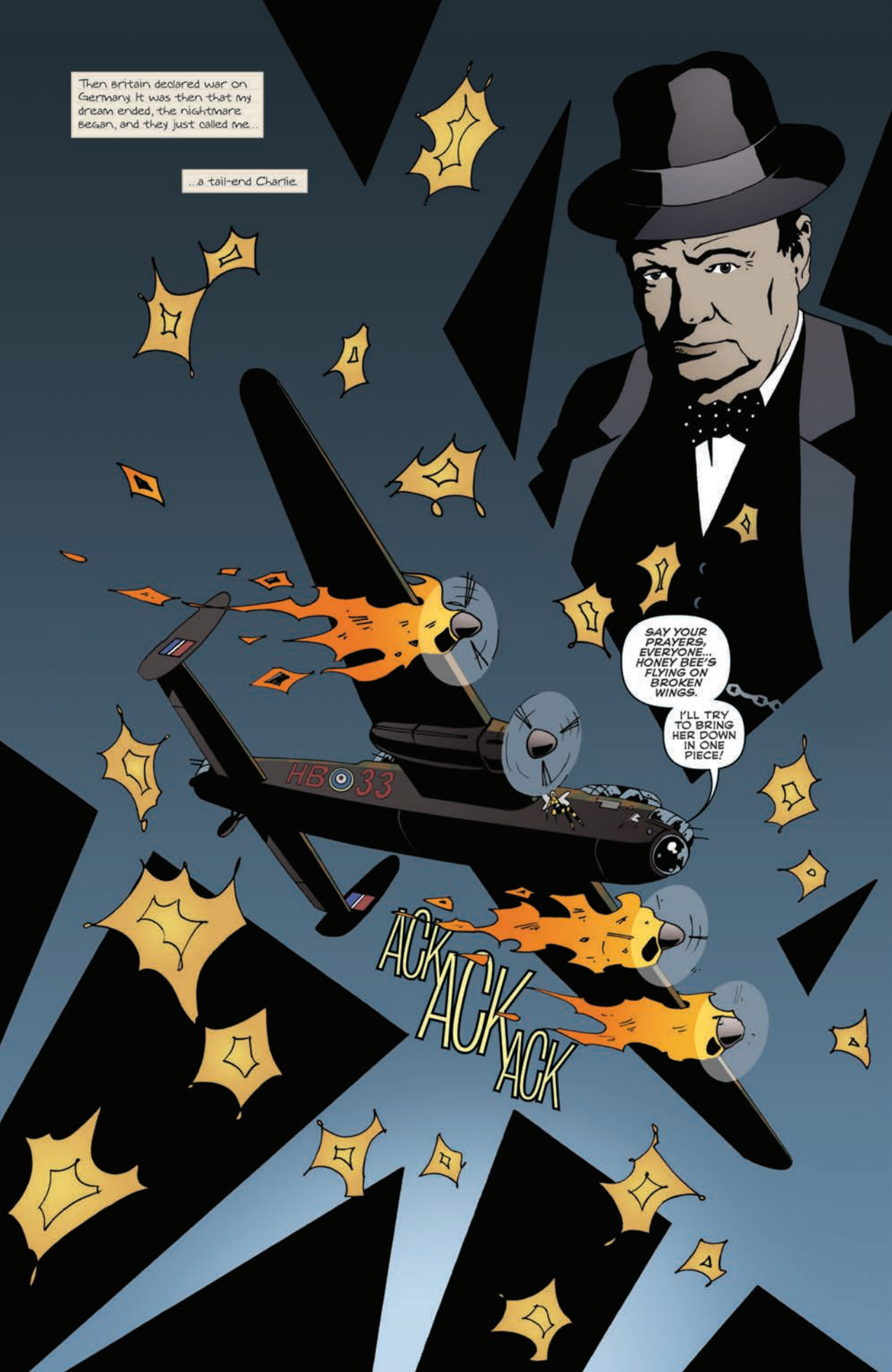
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Originally published as JACKBOOT & IRONHEEL issues #1-4.



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

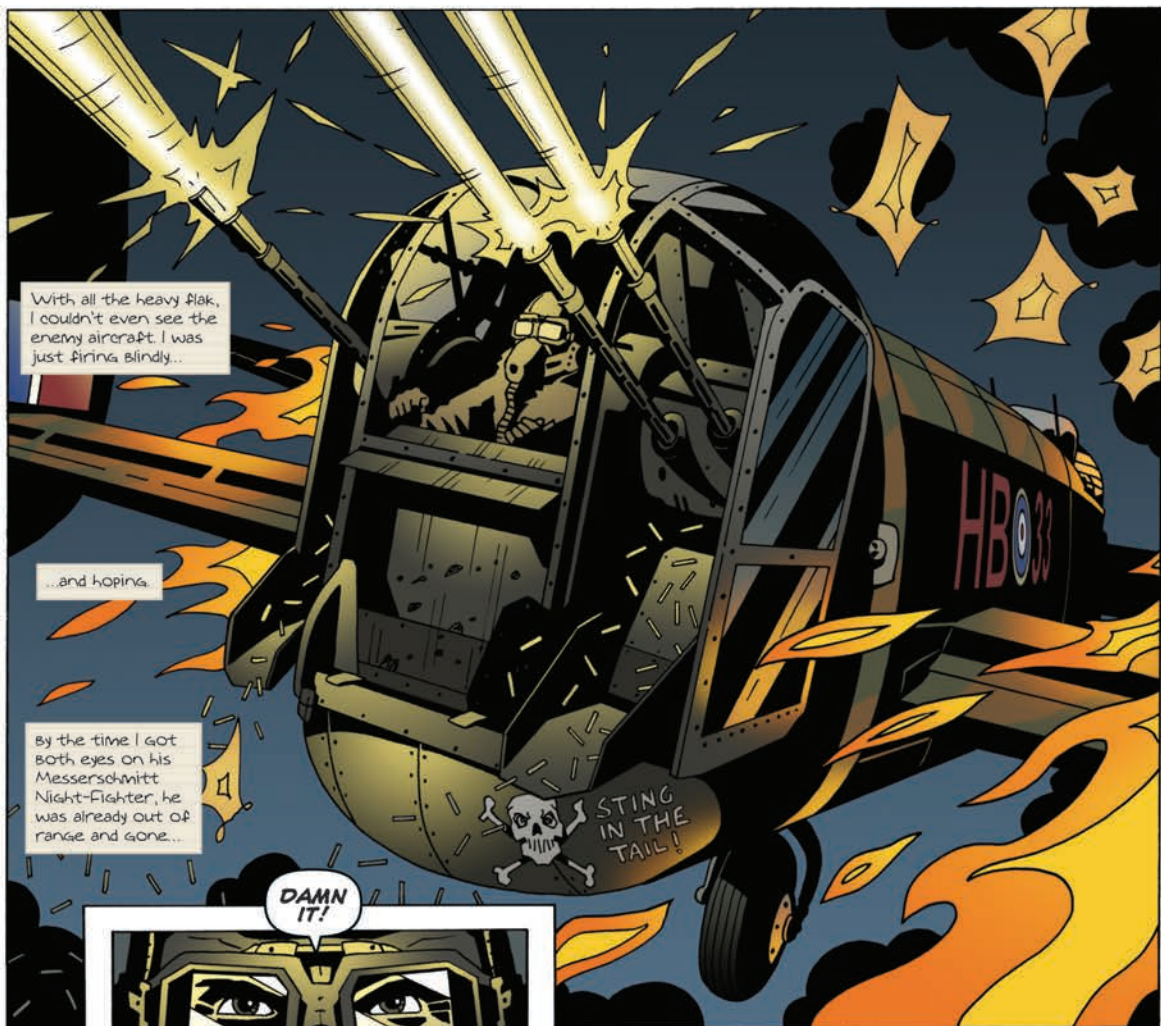
...a tail-end Charlie.



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.



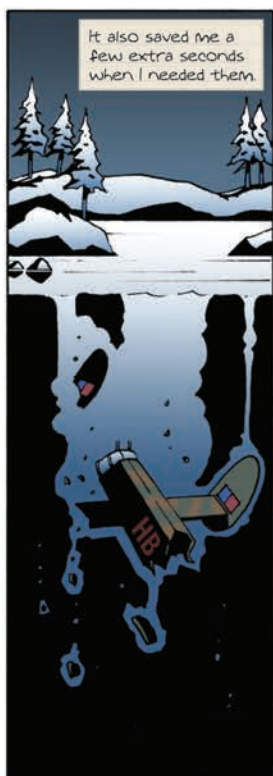
Facing backwards,  
but staring death  
in the face.



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...



...they  
weren't  
so lucky.

