

1944



MOUSE,
STOP
SULKING.



WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK I'M
SULKING--?

YOUR
FLYING IS
VERY SULKY
TODAY.



HHHH.

WOULD YOU TELL
ME HOW WE'RE GOING TO
CONVINCE ANYONE WE'RE
FLYING DEFENSE PATROLS
OVER OUR BASE, WHEN
WE'RE SOMETHING LIKE A
HUNDRED MILES BEHIND
THE GERMAN LINES?

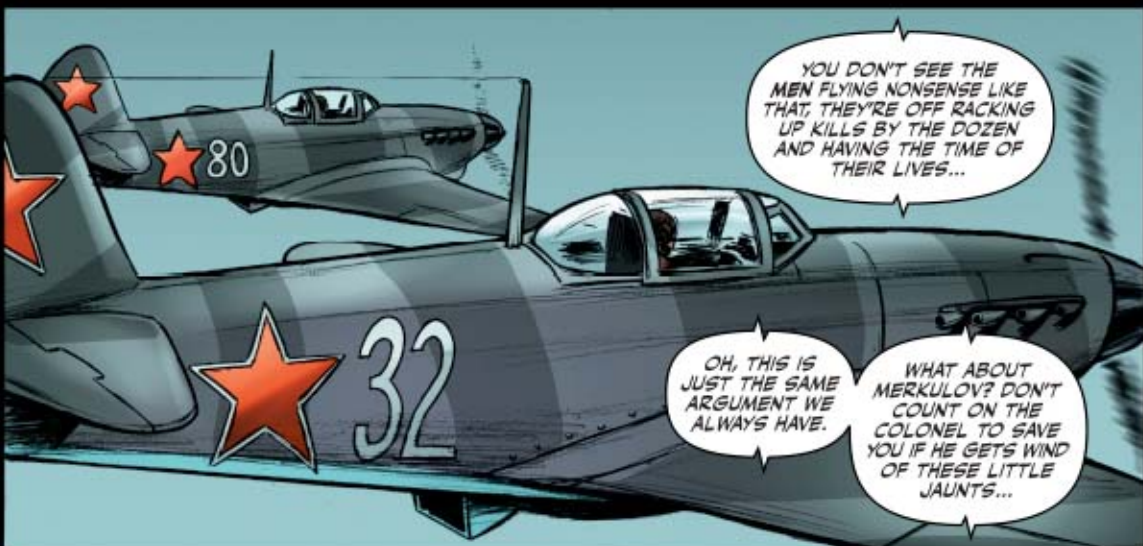
YOU
SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET ME TALK YOU
INTO IT...



YOU DIDN'T
TALK ME INTO
ANYTHING! YOU
PULLED RANK! I'LL
BE IN JUST AS
MUCH TROUBLE
AS YOU IF--

NO ONE
EVER GOT IN
TROUBLE FOR
KILLING EXTRA
FASCISTS.

WE KEEP
OUR MOUTHS SHUT
WHEN WE GET HOME,
THE COLONEL TURNS
A BLIND EYE, ONLY
THE ENEMY SUFFERS.
AND BESIDES, BASE
DEFENSE IS BLOODY
DEMEANING.



YOU DON'T SEE THE
MEN FLYING NONSENSE LIKE
THAT, THEY'RE OFF RACKING
UP KILLS BY THE DOZEN
AND HAVING THE TIME OF
THEIR LIVES...

OH, THIS IS
JUST THE SAME
ARGUMENT WE
ALWAYS HAVE.

WHAT ABOUT
MERKULOV? DON'T
COUNT ON THE
COLONEL TO SAVE
YOU IF HE GETS WIND
OF THESE LITTLE
JAUNTS...



OH, GOD,
WHY DID YOU
HAVE TO BRING
HIM UP?

THE LAST TIME
I SAW HIM HE WAS
BEING DRIVEN AWAY
TO THE FUNNY FARM.
I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM
TO SHOW UP AS OUR
POLITICAL OFFICER
AGAIN.

HE'S N.K.V.D,
ANNA. AND YOU
WITNESSED HIS
MOMENT OF
GLORY, DON'T
FORGET.

PEOPLE LIKE
HIM ALWAYS SHOW
UP, YOU'RE NEVER
REALLY FREE OF
THEM...

TEN
O'CLOCK
LOW.



STILL
RETREATING. LET'S
SPEED THEM ON
THEIR WAY.



COVER
ME.



SHIT!



ARE
YOU HIT--?

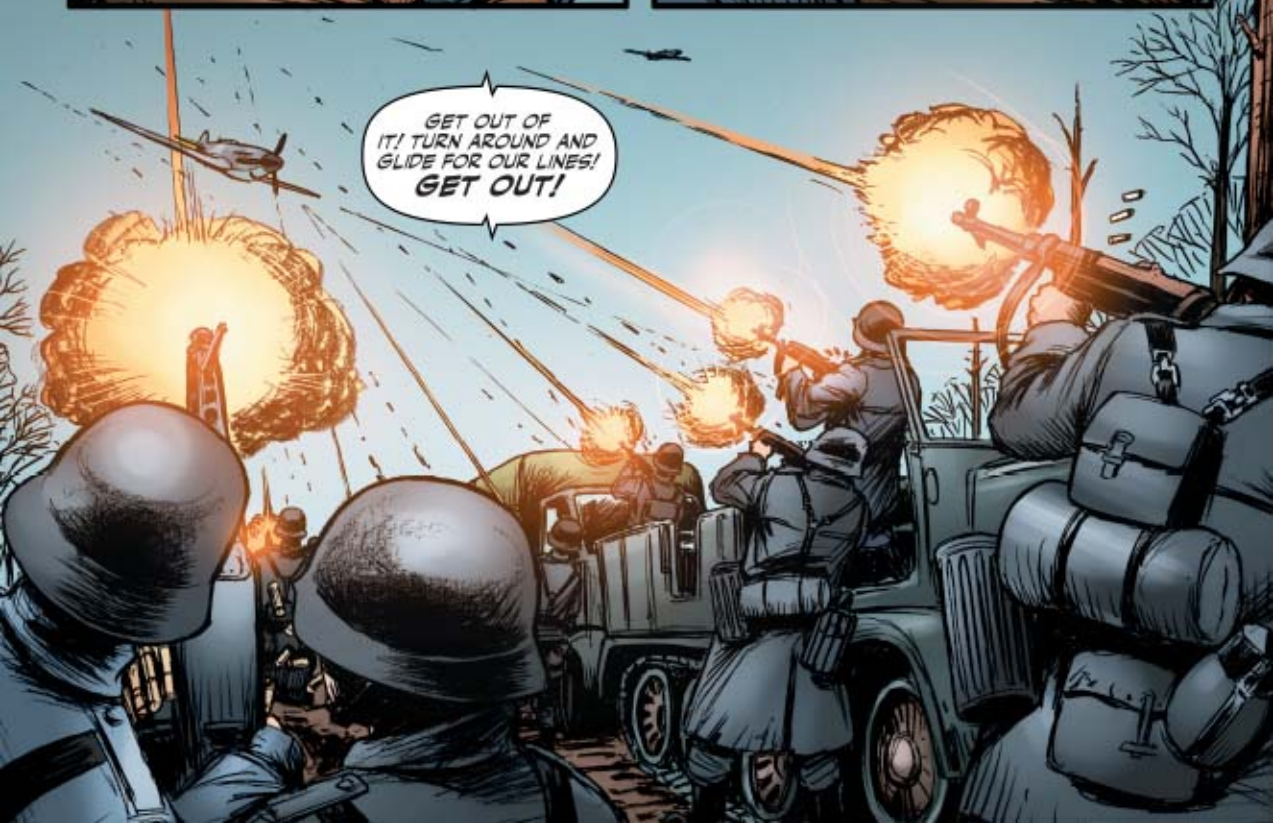
THEY'RE NOT
EVEN SHOOTING
YET, SHE JUST DIED
ON ME!

TANKS FEEDING,
YES...OIL PRESSURE...
WHAT THE HELL IS...?



YOU SHOULD'VE
STAYED A MECHANIC,
MOUSE, YOU'D NEVER
HAVE LET THIS
HAPPEN--

ANNA,
WATCH
OUT!



GET OUT OF
IT! TURN AROUND AND
GLIDE FOR OUR LINES!
GET OUT!





ARE YOU
FRIGHTENED
OF MICE?

UH

MICE, DO
THEY SCARE
YOU?

NUH

YOU KEEP
SHOUTING
MOUSE.

MOUSE,
MOUSE. YOU
DO IT ALL
THE TIME.

MUHZ
UHZ...

LET
ME HELP
YOU.





I'M
CHRIS COHEN.
CAN YOU TELL
ME YOUR
NAME?



HRRM

ARE
YOU IN
PAIN?

WHY--
HCCH

WHY SHOULD
I TELL YOU
MY NAME?



SORT OF
THE DONE
THING.

YOU'RE IN A
GERMAN PRISONER
OF WAR CAMP ABOUT
TWENTY MILES EAST
OF BERLIN. I THINK IT'S
BEEN ABOUT A WEEK
SINCE YOUR CRASH, OR
WHATEVER IT WAS
HAPPENED TO YOU.

THE JERRIES DUMPED
YOU IN THE RUSSIAN COMPOUND. THEY
DON'T TREAT YOUR PEOPLE VERY WELL
HERE, THEY WERE GOING TO DENY
YOU PROPER TREATMENT.



BUT WHEN THE
OTHER OFFICERS HEARD
A WOMAN PILOT HAD
BEEN BROUGHT IN, THEY
THREATENED TO RIOT IF YOU
WEREN'T LOOKED AFTER.
OBSOLETELY THE COMMANDANT
DIDN'T FANCY EXPLAINING
SOMETHING LIKE THAT
TO HIS BOSS.

AND HERE
YOU ARE.



WHY
SHOULD
I TRUST
YOU...?

I'VE GOT
THAT KIND
OF FACE.

I'M THE DOCTOR
HERE--WELL, I WAS A
MEDICAL STUDENT, SO I'M
THE CLOSEST THING TO
IT. I'VE SPENT THE LAST
FEW DAYS PUTTING YOU
BACK TOGETHER.





BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, I'M A ROYAL AIR FORCE OFFICER ENTITLED TO BE TREATED AS A PRISONER OF WAR. SO YOU CAN SEE THEIR DILEMMA.

YOU'RE ENGLISH?

THEY HAVE JEWS IN ENGLAND.



UM... YOUR RUSSIAN IS GOOD...

PLENTY OF TIME TO PRACTICE. MY MOSQUITO WAS SHOT DOWN TWO YEARS AGO.

PILOT?

NAVIGATOR.



I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.

IF YOU TREATED MY WOUNDS... YOU MUST HAVE UNDRESSED ME.

IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE I'M WEARING VERY MUCH NOW.



YES, I'M SORRY. THERE WAS NO ALTERNATIVE.

PARTS OF YOUR UNIFORM WERE STUCK TO YOUR WOUNDS, THEY WERE STARTING TO TURN SEPTIC. I HAD TO CUT YOUR CLOTHES OFF.

I REALLY AM MOST TERRIBLY--

SHH.



CAPTAIN ANNA BORISNOVA KHARKOVA.



