

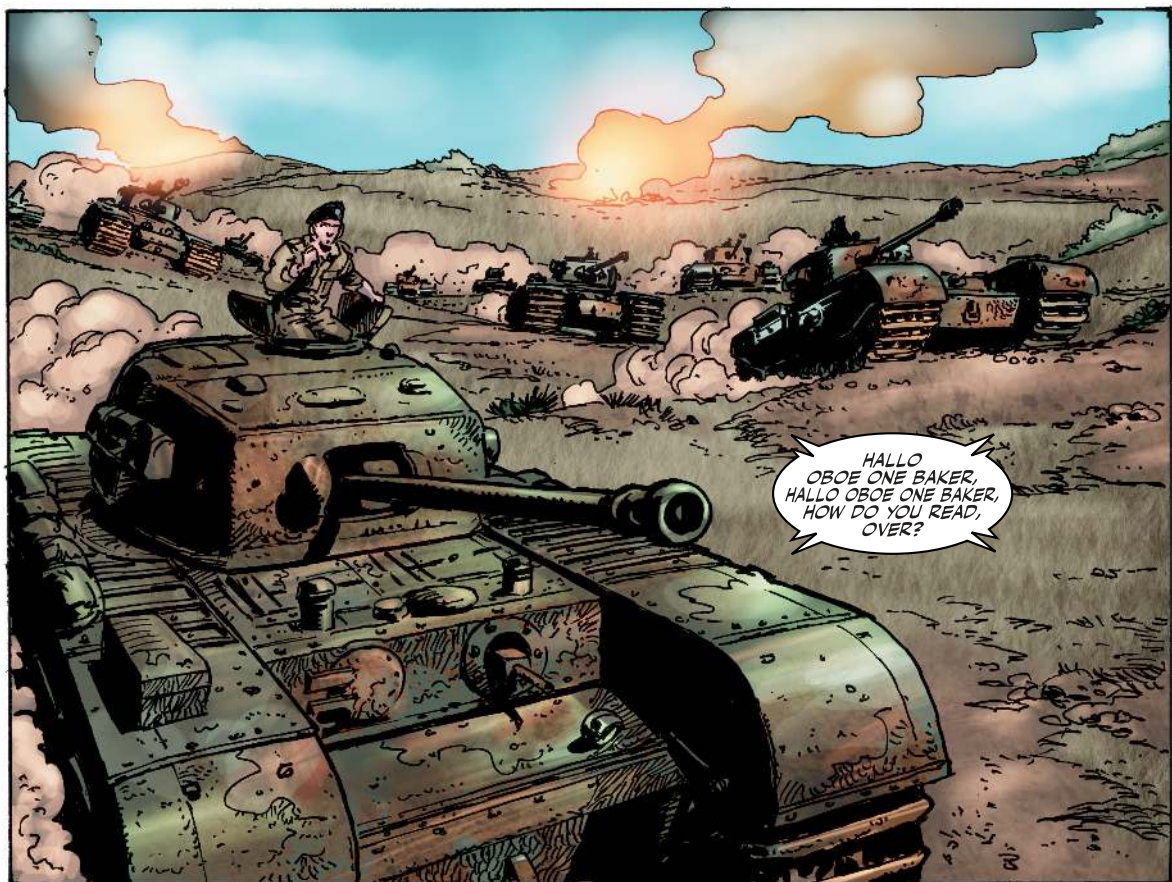
# BATTLEFIELDS™

## THE TANKIES



JC  
Laura

**DYNAMITE**



HALLO  
OBOE ONE BAKER,  
HALLO OBOE ONE BAKER,  
HOW DO YOU READ,  
OVER?



AH, HALLO  
OBOE ONE ABLE,  
ONE BAKER HERE--  
READING YOU  
STRENGTH SIX,  
OVER...

OBOE ONE ABLE,  
POUR ON THE COALS A  
BIT, WILL YOU, ARCHIE? I  
WANT TO CATCH UP WITH THE  
INFANTRY BODS WITHIN THE  
HOUR--YOUR TROOP'S  
SPREAD OUT TOO FAR  
TO THE LEFT, OVER.



OBOE  
ONE BAKER,  
WILCO--



ROBBO, WHAT WAS THAT?!

PROBABLY BLOODY JERRY ARTILLERY! SIR, ARE YOU GONNA CLOSE THE HATCH OR WHAT?!



HALLO OBOE ABLE, BAKER, CHARLIE, KEEP CLOSED UP AND KEEP MOVING. WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF THIS NONSENSE, OVER.



WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTIN' ABOUT BACK THERE?

THE LIEUTENANT WON'T FUCKIN' COME INSIDE!



SIR, IF WE GET A SPLINTER IN HERE, WE'RE--

BOLLOCKS TO THIS! KEN, GIVE US A HAND, WE'RE GONNA PULL HIM IN!



NAAAAH!  
FUCK!

NO!!



GET HIM  
OUT OF HERE!  
ROBBO, GRAB  
HIS LEGS AND  
PUSH!

I DON'T  
EVEN WANNA  
FUCKIN' TOUCH  
HIM!



HE'S FLOPPING  
AROUND ALL  
OVER THE PLACE!  
STOP THE TANK,  
BING! STOP!

BRACE  
YERSELF,  
HOOKY--

RIGHT--



GAAAHH!



JESUS!

FUCK THIS  
FOR A BLEEDIN'  
GAME OF  
SOLDIERS...!



WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE, PETER?

THAT'S...YOUNG ARCHIE WINGATE'S TANK, COLONEL. TOM BELLAMY'S JUST BEEN ON TO SAY HE BOUGHT IT.



ROTTEN LUCK.

YES, IT IS RATHER. TOM'S PUT ONE OF HIS SERGEANTS IN CHARGE OF BAKER TROOP, THEY'RE CARRYING ON AS WE SPEAK.



ALL THE SAME, THAT'S A PERFECTLY GOOD CHURCHILL SITTING IDLE...

CREW'S STOPPED ANSWERING, SIR. WE'VE ALREADY SENT SOMEONE, OUGHT TO BE DOWN THERE SHORTLY.

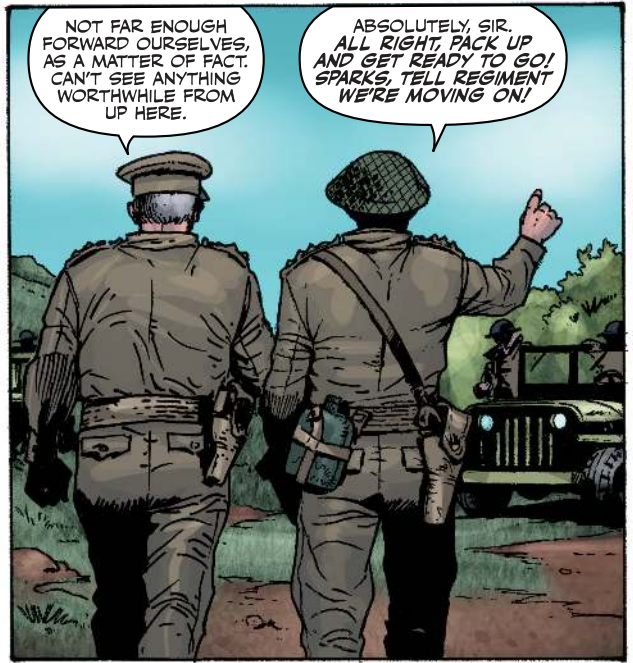
AND THE HUSSARS HAVE BEEN ON AS WELL; THEY SAY THEY'RE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS TOWARD THE NORTHSHIRES, MAY EVEN BEAT OUR CHAPS TO THE PUNCH.



NO GREAT SURPRISE, I SUPPOSE, A SHERMAN'S TWICE AS FAST AS A CHURCHILL...

I DON'T CARE WHO REACHES THEM FIRST, SO LONG AS SOMEBODY DOES. INTOLERABLE TO HAVE THE INFANTRY LEFT ON THEIR OWN LIKE THAT.

THEY MISSED THE RENDEZVOUS AND GOT TOO FAR AHEAD OF US, TOO FAST. WE'VE ALL GOT TO GET BETTER AT WORKING TOGETHER, PETER...



NOT FAR ENOUGH FORWARD OURSELVES, AS A MATTER OF FACT. CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WORTHWHILE FROM UP HERE.

ABSOLUTELY, SIR. ALL RIGHT, PACK UP AND GET READY TO GO! SPARKS, TELL REGIMENT WE'RE MOVING ON!



BIT OF A SOD, SIR. JUST MADE YOU A CUPPA TEA.

OH, THAT IS RATHER A BUGGER, HARDY.

CAN'T BE HELPED, I'M AFRAID. WAR SETS A HARSH FACE--



AND THE DEVIL TAKES THE HINDMOST, AS THEY SAY.