

I tell you they are British officers. They could even name all the fielding positions on a cricket field. Slips, gully, mid-on, mid-off, long-stop, stumper and so on. No German would know that. You're making a big mistake.

No mistake. They are to be executed.

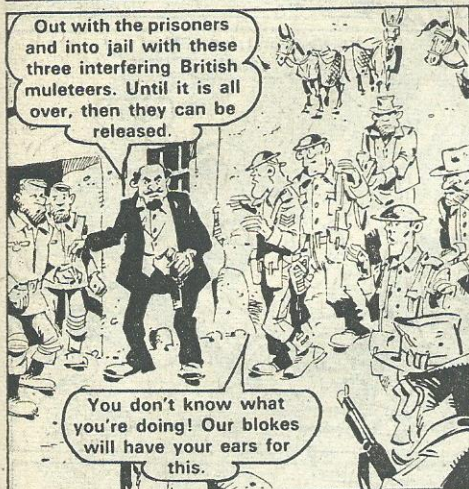


Don't come that lark with me, Mister. You are going to release those men because I say so. Savvee?

You think so? Then look behind you.

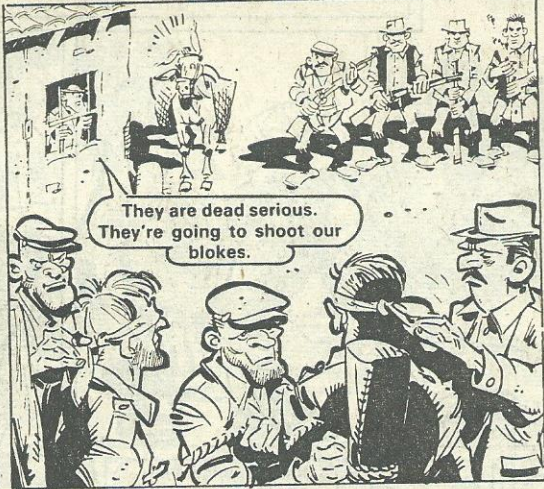


This is the firing squad, come to carry out their duty. And you will not interfere.



Out with the prisoners and into jail with these three interfering British muleteers. Until it is all over, then they can be released.

You don't know what you're doing! Our blokes will have your ears for this.



They are dead serious. They're going to shoot our blokes.



Then Mulligan called to his favourite mule.

Dynamite... Dynamite, my old pal. Come up here a bit closer.



Good boy, good boy! Now don't go away for Pete's sake.



Now, stand back and hold your breath...



The firing squad were taking aim when the rocket arrived among them.

AAAAAARGH!

AIEEEEE!