



MAJOR DEE UNIVERSE



MAY
2022
#3

★ THE ★ ALLIED FIGHTERS



FORGING STEEL IN A HURRICANE

Part I

Who'll respond? Is the aged HQ even salvageable? What about Axis Force?

Introducing:
VALOR
Aethyta
MANCHURIAN
MURATA



Major DeeJ Universe and Major DeeJ Comics proudly present:

★ 'THE' ★ ALLIED FIGHTERS

<https://www.majordeejuniverse.com>

The Allied Fighters were once a band of skilled and/or super-powered individuals selected from allied nations fighting the Axis forces of Nazi Germany, fascist Italy, and Imperial Japan during World War II. Throughout the war, this brave fighting team fought hundreds of battles. Some of the fights were against a Nazi super-team called AXIS FORCE led by the nefarious BARON BERLIN. In time, the allies won the war, Axis Force 'disappeared' and the Allied Fighters disbanded becoming legends known for their heroic exploits and stories.

Recently, Major Invader was informed that his World War II nemesis, BARON BERLIN, was alive and unaged, along with his Nazi super-team known as AXIS FORCE. Since his arrival in the 21st century, the Baron's terrorism has forced the United States to act by activating the "Alpha Foxtrot" protocols, allowing the formation of a new Allied Fighters under the leadership of Major Invader once again!

FORGING STEEL IN A HURRICANE Pt 1: *Major Invader, in reforming the new Allied Fighters, has travelled to Canada to recruit an old friend, codenamed "Doc Alleviation". Reluctantly, the Doc agreed to join the Major. Before this, the Major also sent out letters to others he'd helped at one time or another, telling, not asking, them to drop everything and come to Boston to aid him in the inevitable war against Baron Berlin and his forces. Today, the Major and Doc Alleviation are going to their old, dilapidated, locked-down Allied Fighters HQ in Boston. Wanting to keep things 'close to the chest', the Major wants to assess the base without anyone, including GUARD, knowing he's doing. The big question is, after he and the Doc assess the base, can they REALLY salvage it and make it a new home for the Allied Fighters or has time taken its toll?*



Baron Berlin



Doc Alleviation



Major Invader



Mr. Hamilton/'Q'



Stuka

- INTRODUCING -



Aethyta



Feldlazarett



Frau Krieger



Freccia



Manchurian Murata



Reich Knight II



Terraquardian



Valor



Waldfrau

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CHAPTER 1: 'Base' Instincts



In the Boston sewer system...

Major...you always seem to know all the great places to take me.

sew 'er (/ˈsoʊər/)

noun

1. an underground conduit for carrying off drainage water and waste matter.
2. A person that sews.
3. (archaic) location for secret entrances to hero and villain bases.

Doc Alleviation

Major Invader

Quit complaining! Every other access to the base is either locked-up, boarded-up or has surveillance on it.

This is the only way into the 'ole base without tipping everyone off. I don't want the world to know...yet...that we're back in our digs.

Hey, point the flashlight over here.

Before we go wadin' through the waters, I'll have to short the sewer's **GUARD**-monitored sensor systems out. Those sensors are always shorting out in this muck. **GUARD** hates coming down here to replace 'em.

In fact, the last time the sensors shorted out, it took **GUARD** a month to get a tech team down here to fix it. I'm not expecting them to be any faster today.

ZZZAP!

There we go. One 'major' sewer sensor short circuit courtesy of the Major!!

Alright. Leave the flashlights. Turn off any electronics, including your phone. From here, we go in dark...just to be on the safe side.

Umm...aside from this putrid stench and the billions of germs wanting to kill us...

...how do we intend to find our way to said 'secret entrance' without nav-tracking before we get eaten by a sewer gator or our skin dissolves from the crap in this water...or I get botulism?

You're young and virile. Plus, you have a healing power and the suit you're wearing has a special anti-toxin coating, so...

SHOVE

SPLOOSH!!!

...you'll be **JUST** fine!

**YOU JUST SHOVED ME INTO THIS...
...THIS...CRAP!!!!
Literal CRAP!**
Seriously, what is **WRONG** with you?!?



I left a perfect practice in Canada...ok...I was 'let go' there, but I could have easily started a new practice in another town so long as I dodge that psycho wanting to now kill me! Wait...

...what the HELL did I just step in?!? AWWWW GROSS!!!

I swear my skin is already starting to itch!



This is disgusting! I swear I'm getting about 20 diseases just stewing in this!

Argh. Okay. Okay. Major, I'm already in this... muck...thanks to you.

What about you, Major? I don't think it's a good idea for a man of your age to be swimming in this liquid pestilence. Maybe I can go find...



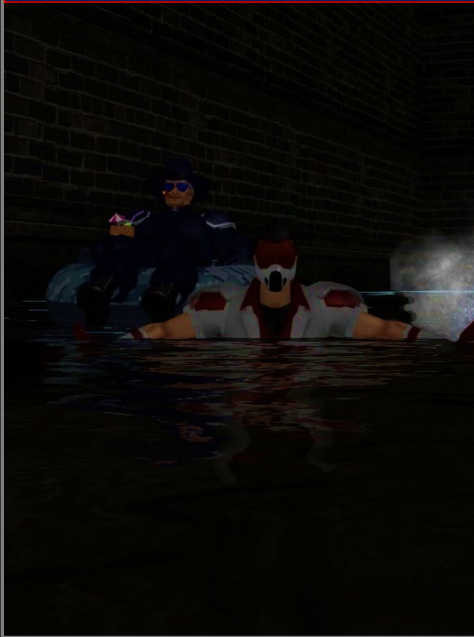
FWOOOOOSH-H-THUMPP!

SLURP!

SERIOUSLY?!?



The unique duo continued down the maze of sewer paths, winding to and fro below the streets and buildings of Boston.



Both kept quiet during their venture down the sewer lines, occasionally having to get out of the filthy waters to cross over barriers and/or platforms. Suffice to say the Major continued to utilize his 'Transportable Utility Inflatable Buoyancy Equipment'... acronymed as 'T.U.I.B.E.'.



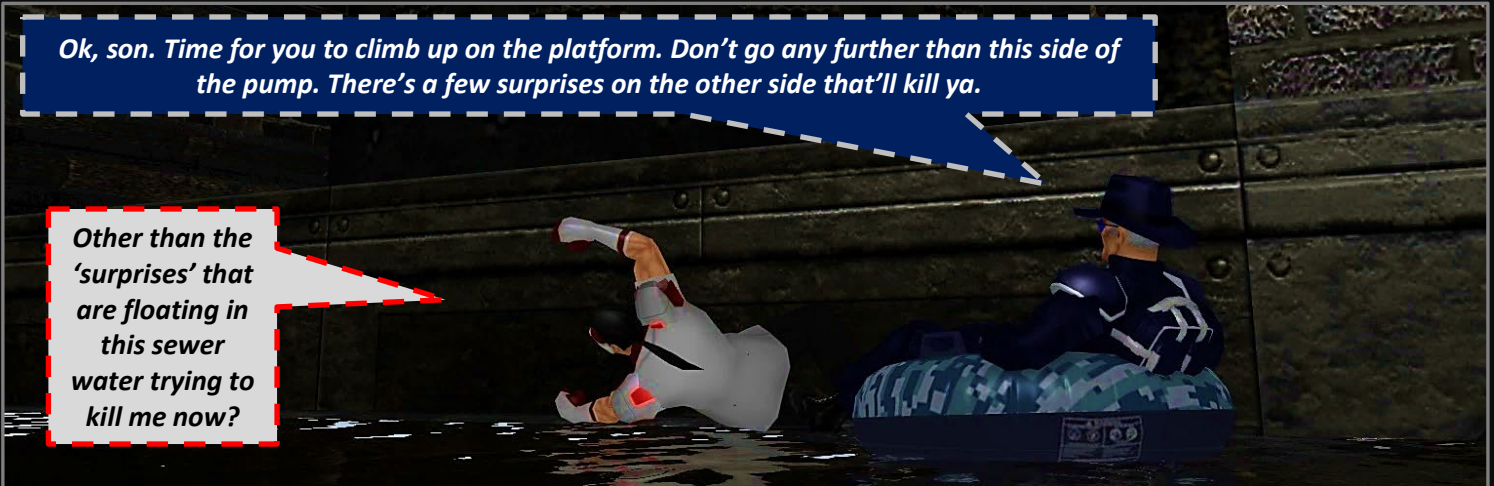
After about 10 minutes of Major Invader's self-navigated instructions for crisscrossing the city's maze of sewer lines, they finally came across an old 1970s emergency pump platform.

It was here that Major Invader whispered to Doc Alleviation that they'd finally reached 'BD5', otherwise called 'Back Door #5'.

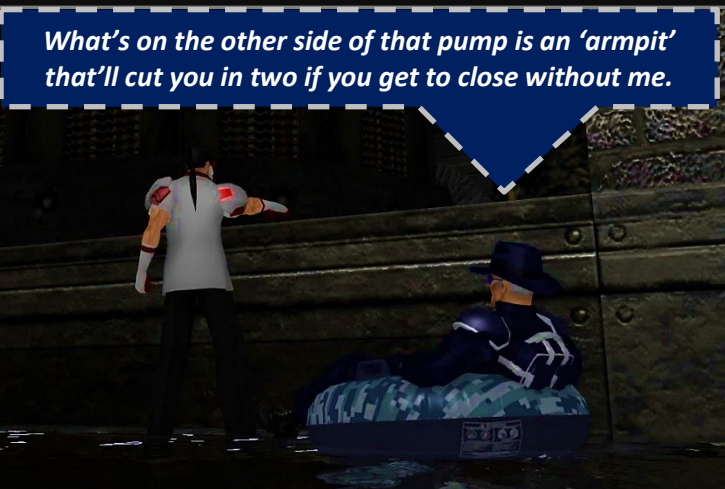


Ok, son. Time for you to climb up on the platform. Don't go any further than this side of the pump. There's a few surprises on the other side that'll kill ya.

Other than the 'surprises' that are floating in this sewer water trying to kill me now?

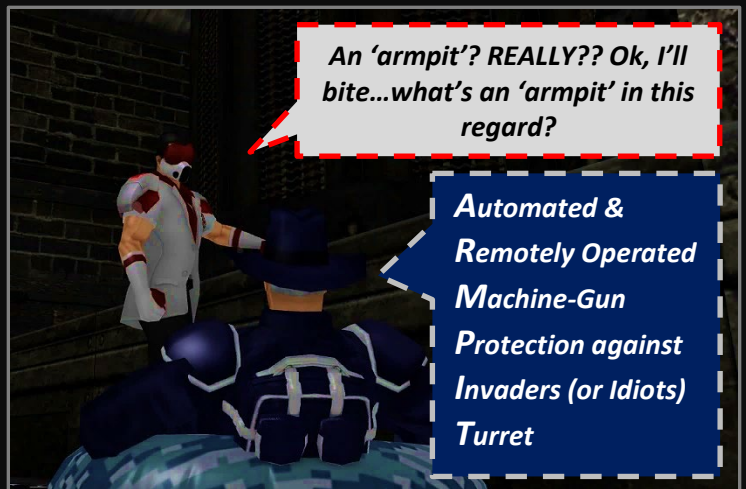


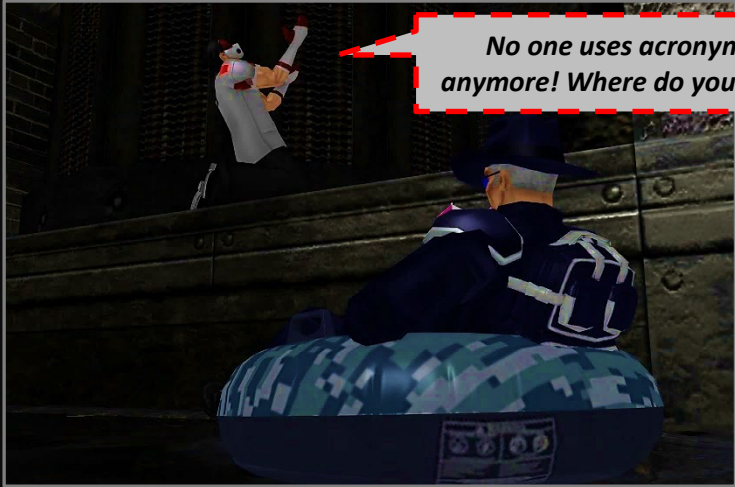
What's on the other side of that pump is an 'armpit' that'll cut you in two if you get too close without me.



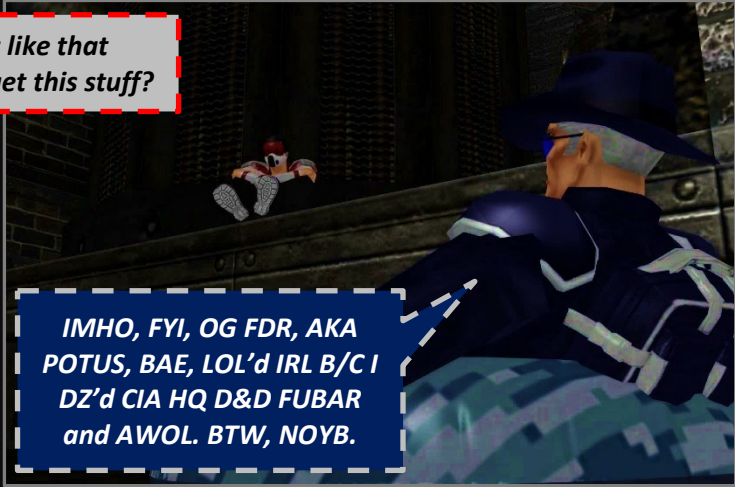
An 'armpit'? REALLY?? Ok, I'll bite...what's an 'armpit' in this regard?

Automated & Remotely Operated Machine-Gun Protection against Invaders (or Idiots) Turret






No one uses acronyms like that anymore! Where do you get this stuff?



IMHO, FYI, OG FDR, AKA POTUS, BAE, LOL'd IRL B/C I DZ'd CIA HQ D&D FUBAR and AWOL. BTW, NOYB.




OMG.



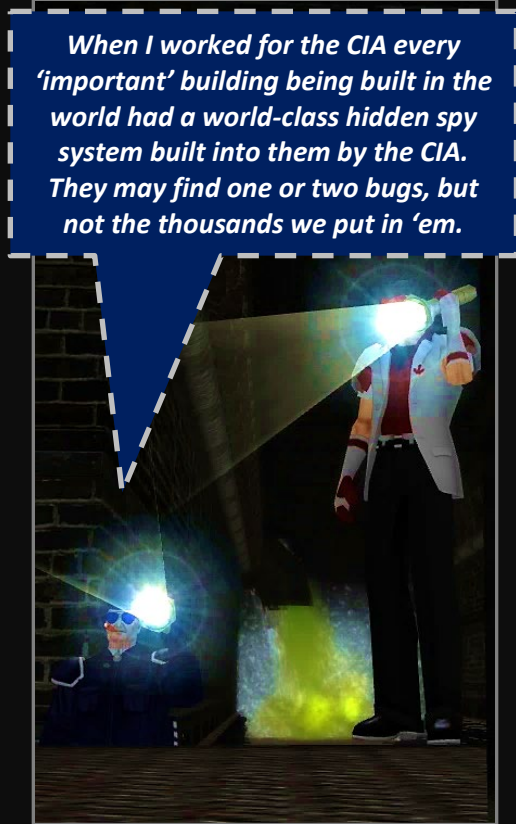
Flashlight's are under the loose panel to the right in the pump.

SLURP!

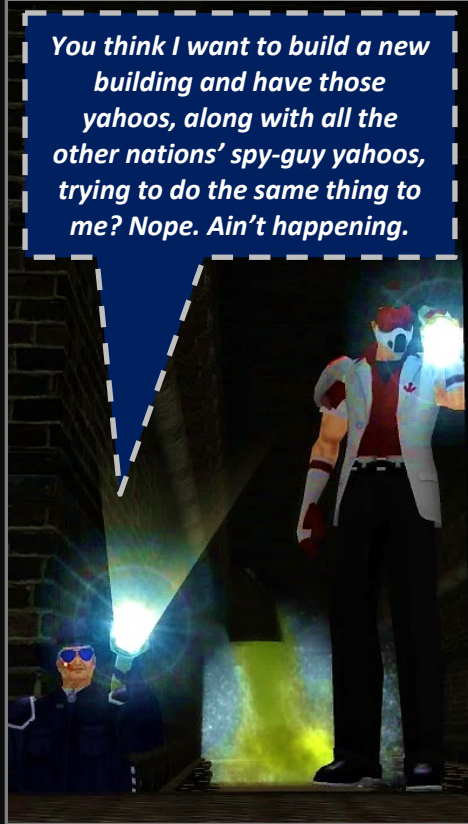
AFAIK.



So why are we going back to this old, crusty base anyway? You said you're 100 times richer than Elon Musk. Just go buy or build a new place!



When I worked for the CIA every 'important' building being built in the world had a world-class hidden spy system built into them by the CIA. They may find one or two bugs, but not the thousands we put in 'em.



You think I want to build a new building and have those yahoos, along with all the other nations' spy-guy yahoos, trying to do the same thing to me? Nope. Ain't happening.

So how do you know some other spies didn't bug this place? You said GUARD has this place locked down. GUARD has their own spy group...X-GUARD, right?



Who do you think helped create and train X-GUARD? Oh. Yah. Me. Anyways, I know what to look for. Another reason for a quick look-see of the base to see if we find anything hinkey.



Look, I'm here to check out the medical facility. Don't expect me to grab a broom or a bug-detector and start sweeping the HQ. This time, I'm sticking to what I know. Medicine. Period.



So, are you going to do something with the 'armpits'? I'm tired, hungry and I'm caked in pestilence. I REALLY want to get this over with.



Yeah, yeah. Let me sync my pad with my armpits... and...

**T
H
U
M
M
M
M
.
.
.
SHUNK!**

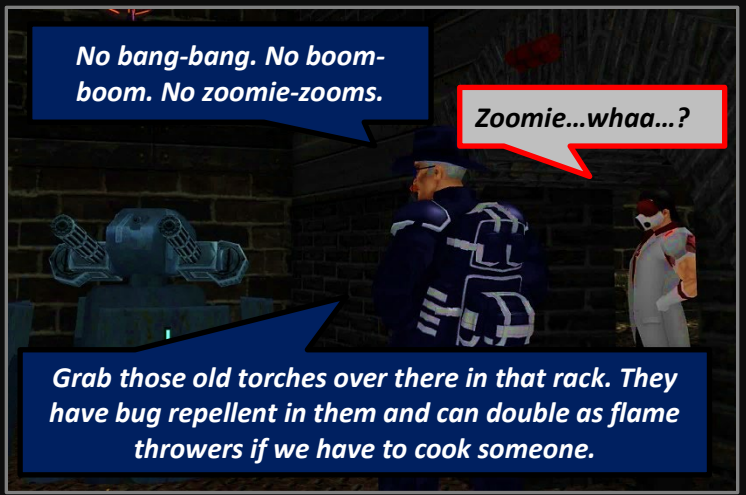
TA. DA. There we go. A.R.M.P.I.T.s deactivated, high explosives proximity switches disengaged, auto-kill audio/visual protocols shutdown.

Cool. Wait...high explosives...?





Yep.



No bang-bang. No boom-boom. No zoomie-zooms.

Zoomie...whaa...?

Grab those old torches over there in that rack. They have bug repellent in them and can double as flame throwers if we have to cook someone.

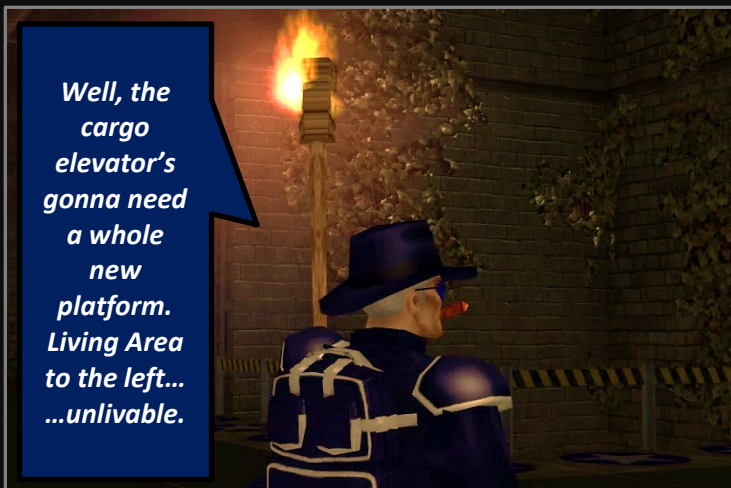


Sub-Basement

Is the floor moving or is that just a LOT of bugs?

You know this IS a 'sewer entrance', right?

Oh...kay. This place is in...REALLY...REALLY... bad shape, Major.



Well, the cargo elevator's gonna need a whole new platform. Living Area to the left... ...unlivable.



Bathrooms are down. Literally. Grossly.

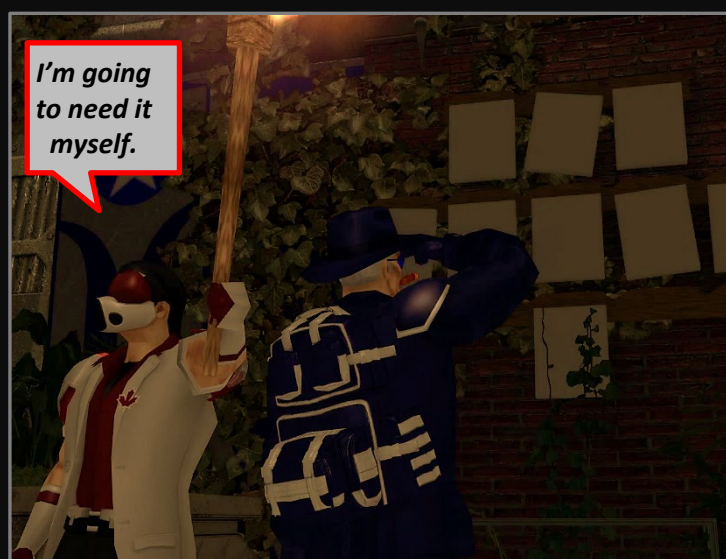
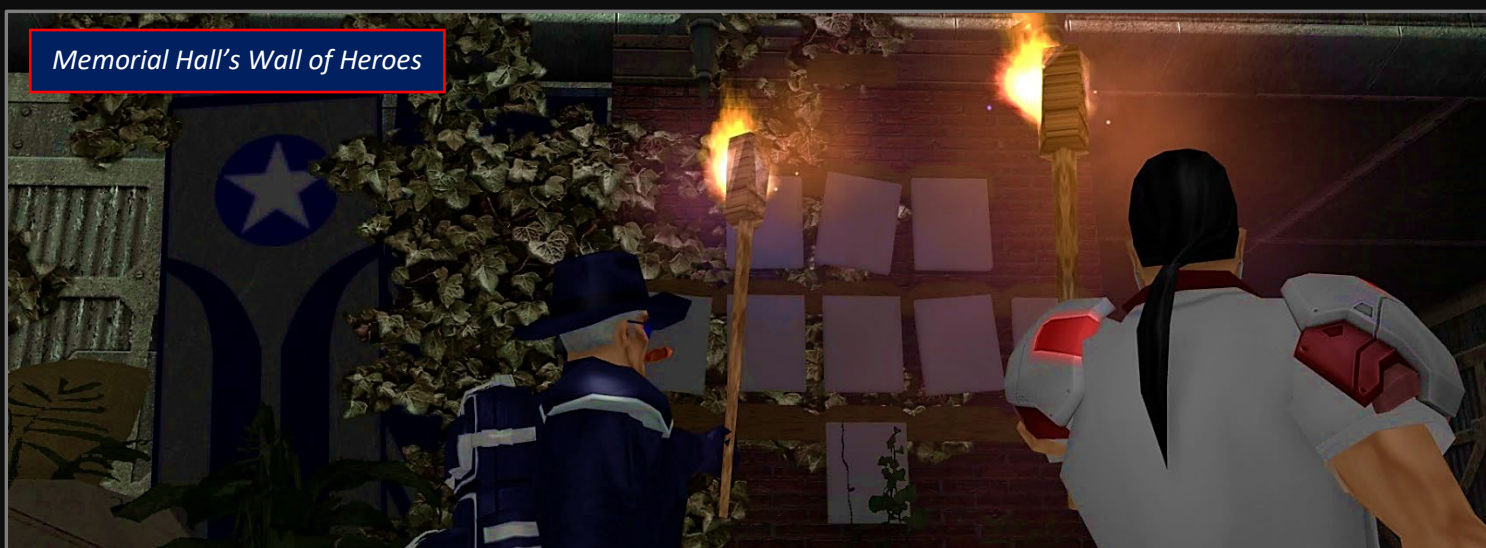
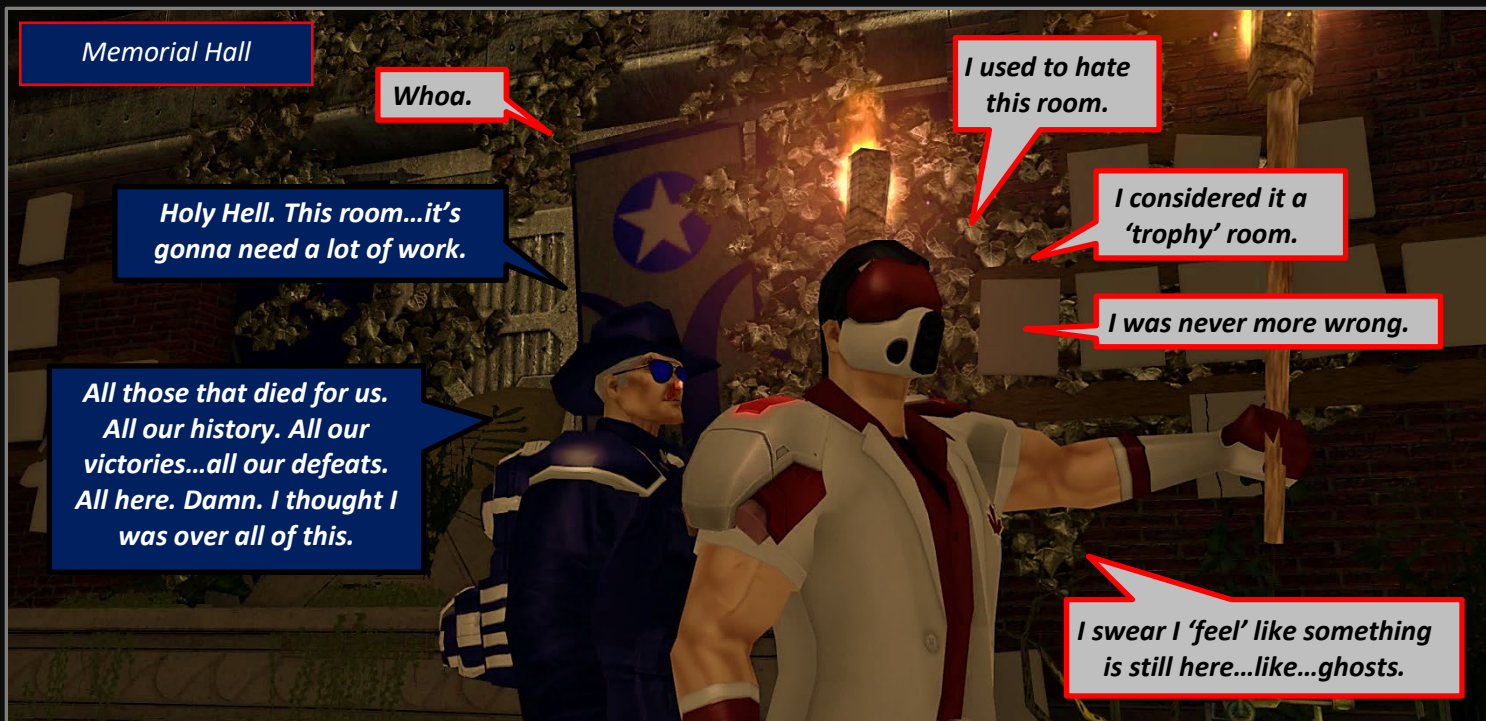


This 'sub'-basement is 'sub'-par. This is going to need a pandemic-level cleanup and washdown.

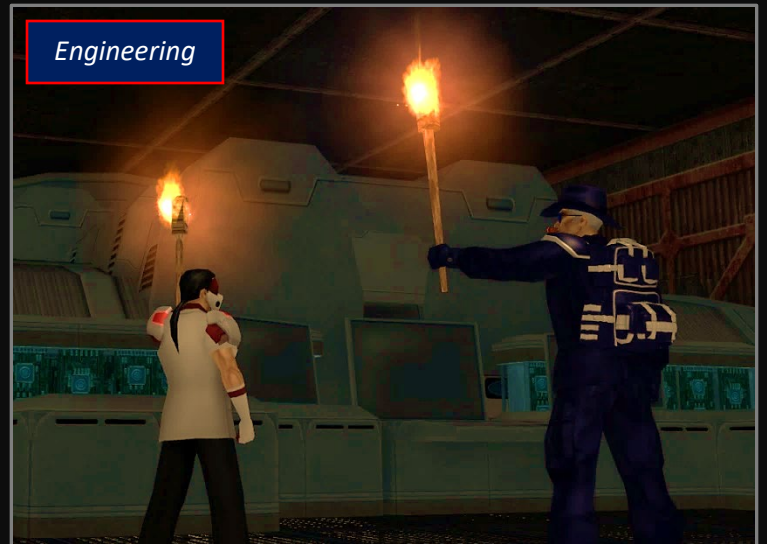
Might be better to nuke it from orbit...just to be sure.

Don't tempt me.

Ok, this space will be getting a Grade A overhaul. No way I'm letting anyone live down here. Not even you. Even if we clean this up.



After a minute-long salute, Major Invader eventually and slowly dropped his salute and began to realize the impact of his decisions and actions once again. Although he wanted to do nothing more than spend time honoring those lost, he knew he and Doc Alleviation had to perform a quick assessment of the rest of the base. Sadly, a 'depowered' and dark base.





"The Quad"

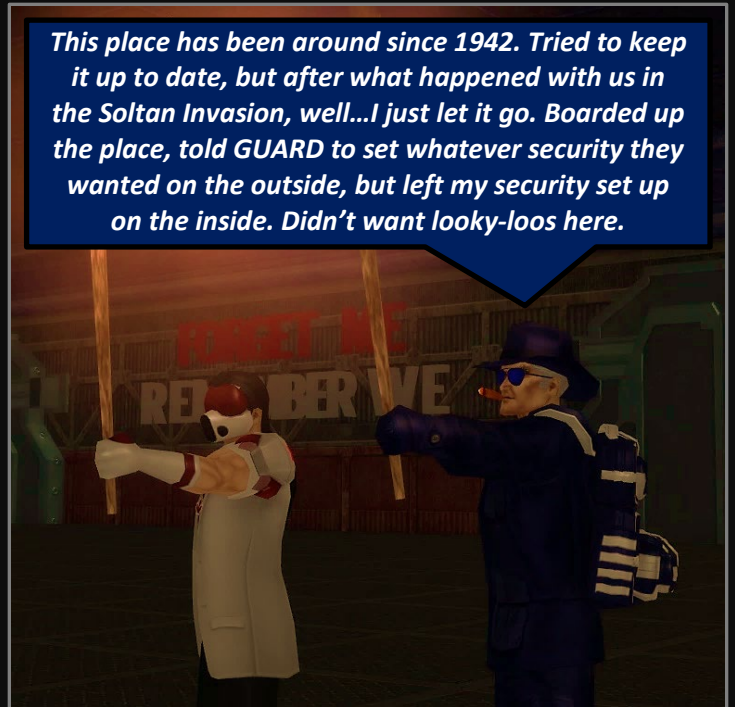
You alright, Major? You've gotten a bit quiet in the last few rooms.



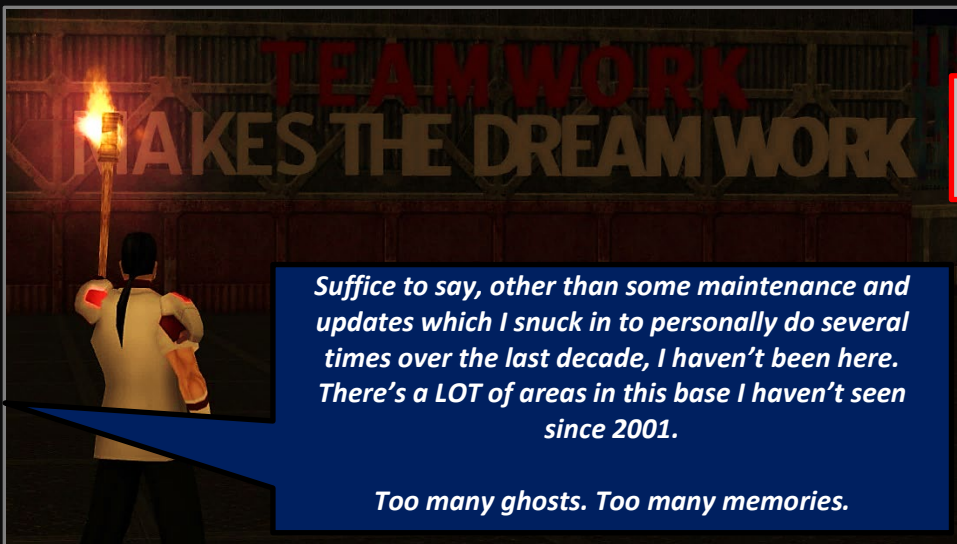
Yeah, Andrew. I'm good. Just...coming to terms with what we're about to do...and the sacrifices this is going to exact on all of us.



It's something, you know. I easily remember what we did here, but it feels like it happened a lifetime ago.

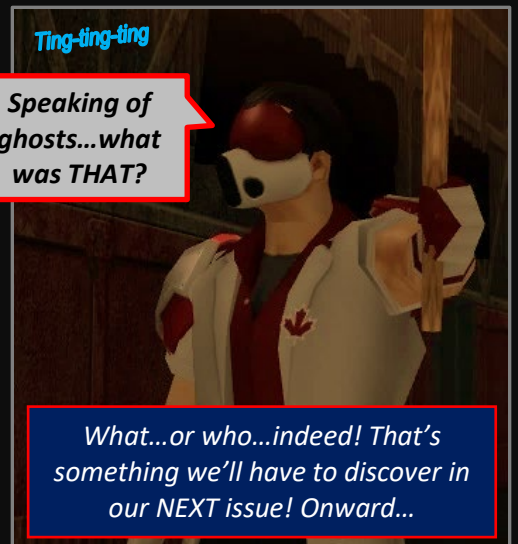


This place has been around since 1942. Tried to keep it up to date, but after what happened with us in the Soltan Invasion, well...I just let it go. Boarded up the place, told GUARD to set whatever security they wanted on the outside, but left my security set up on the inside. Didn't want looky-loos here.



Suffice to say, other than some maintenance and updates which I snuck in to personally do several times over the last decade, I haven't been here. There's a LOT of areas in this base I haven't seen since 2001.

Too many ghosts. Too many memories.



Ting-ting-ting

Speaking of ghosts...what was THAT?

What...or who...indeed! That's something we'll have to discover in our NEXT issue! Onward...

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CHAPTER 2: I Say Aethyta, You Say Psycho

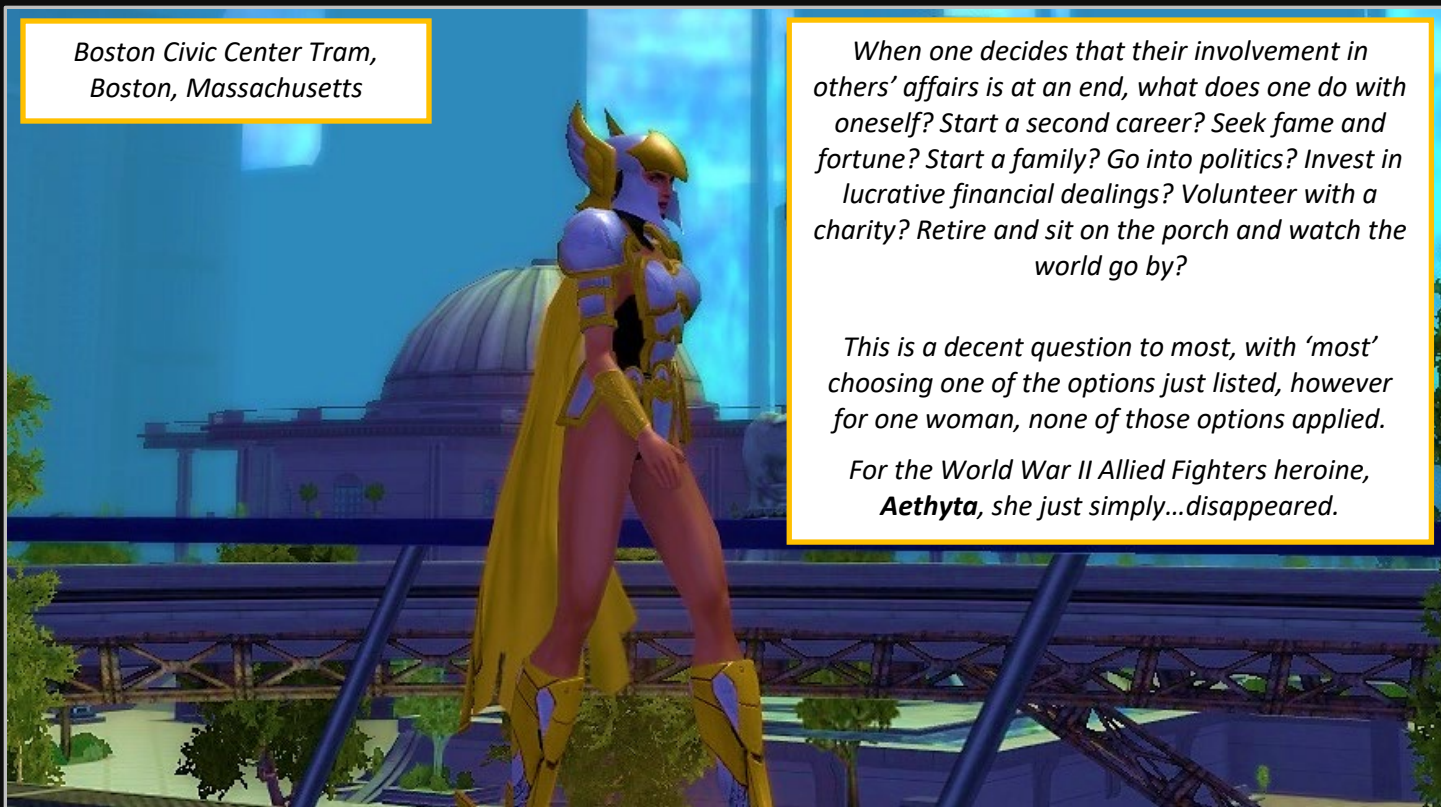


*Boston Civic Center Tram,
Boston, Massachusetts*

When one decides that their involvement in others' affairs is at an end, what does one do with oneself? Start a second career? Seek fame and fortune? Start a family? Go into politics? Invest in lucrative financial dealings? Volunteer with a charity? Retire and sit on the porch and watch the world go by?

This is a decent question to most, with 'most' choosing one of the options just listed, however for one woman, none of those options applied.

*For the World War II Allied Fighters heroine, **Aethyta**, she just simply...disappeared.*



You see, immediately after V-J Day in 1945, the Allied Fighter decided to disband. Aethyta did NOT like that.

She believed that the team should do more. Instead, they disappointed her. The next day, she was gone, never to be seen again.



For decades, stories were written about her. People reported 'sightings' of her, but none panned out. All evidence pointed to her simply 'disappearing' off the face of the planet. Statues were made. Even a memorial was made for her in Greece. Still, no Aethyta.



Today, Aethyta, for the first time since 1945 has been sighted. Surveillance systems on the tram platform took nearly five minutes to go through a facial recognition database to even find a rough image to compare her to.



Suffice to say, the authorities were notified, but so far, none believe it's her. Not even the Boston Police drones.

Floating machination of metal! Harken the approach of Aethyta, hero goddess of Greece and to the world! DO SO NOW!



UNIT 2341: WORKING.
MESSAGE FORWARDED TO
BOSTON PPD. PLEASE
STAND BY.

This world has been blessed
by the gods with my return!
Be quick about this,
machination of man!

UNIT 2341: PROCESSING.

UNIT 2341: QUERY
INTERCEPTED BY MR.
VERNE.

ACTION: NOTIFICATION-
AETHYTA, PLEASE
PROCEED TO BOSTON
CIVIC CENTER CITY HALL
HERO REGISTRATION.
INSTRUCTIONS AWAIT
YOU THERE WITH MR.
VERNE. GOOD DAY.



Very well, automaton. I shall go to this scribe, 'Verne' to which you speak of. Clear the way for my arrival!



**SUPER GROUP
REGISTRATION**

Boston Civic Center City Hall.

**HARKEN ALL WHO ARE PRESENT, FOR THE
GODDESS ATHEYTA HAS ARRIVED!**

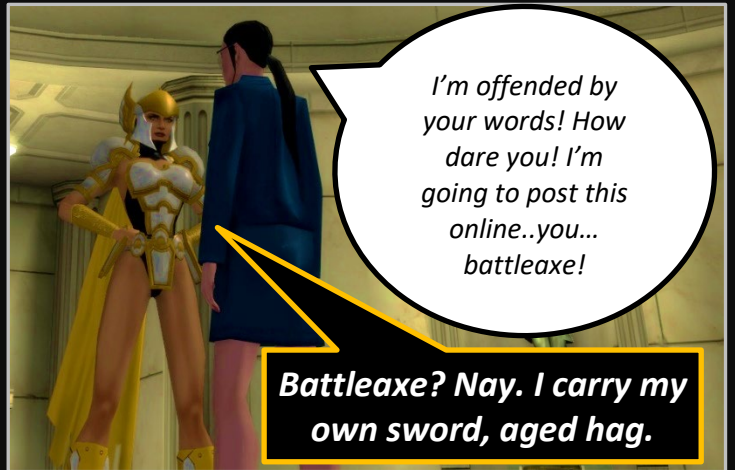


Well, isn't that special!

*I have come to talk
with Scribe Verne!
You shall direct me to
him now, spinster!*



I'm offended by
your words! How
dare you! I'm
going to post this
online..you...
battleaxe!



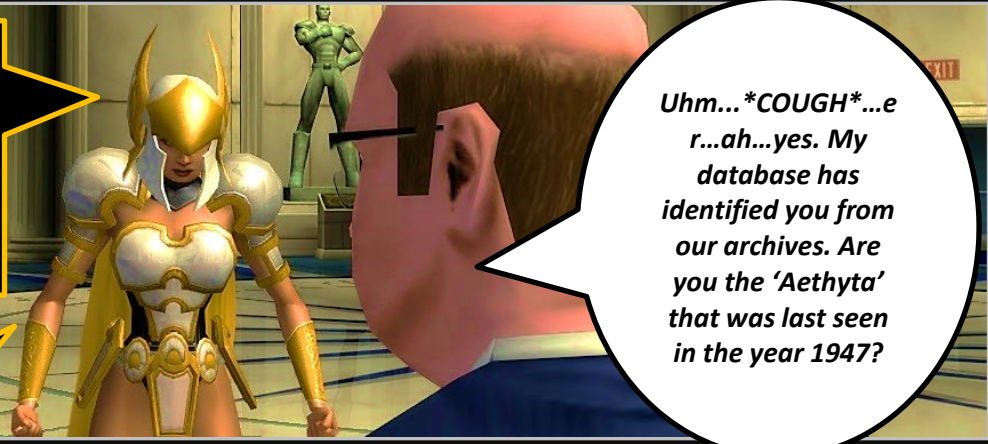
**Battleaxe? Nay. I carry my
own sword, aged hag.**

**YOU!! Are you the
omnipotent Master here,
Scribe Verne?**



Well, I
never..!

Uhm...yes, I
guess. I am
the Registr...



I, Aethyta, have returned to this mortal coil to provide this planet with my sword and service once again! A dark specter looms across this land and Aethyta is here to save your simple and fragile lives once again!

You may bow if you so choose.

Uhm...*COUGH*...e
r...ah...yes. My
database has
identified you from
our archives. Are
you the 'Aethyta'
that was last seen
in the year 1947?

No. It was the 16th day of the
month of August in your year
of 1945 Anno Domini.

Who is this erroneous
'data...base' so that I might
smite him for his ignorance?

That...ah...won't be
necessary. It was a test
to see if you are who
you say you are. I take it
you are part of Major
Invader's new Allied
Fighters recruitment?

'Major' Invader? If you speak of the heroic
'Captain' Invader and his Allied Fighters,
then yes...I am, and have always been, an
'Allied Fighter'. Your President Roosevelt
decreed it in writing!


I must say, I expected Captain Invader to be
dead by now. What an exceptional boon it
will be to fight side-by-side with the only
mortal I consider worthy of my blade and
godly skills!

Well, that is a unique insight.
Let's see. The computer
achieves have you as...OH
MY. You WERE and STILL ARE
an official registered
superhero as per President
Theodore Roosevelt in
1942...indefinitely!

Of course! I am immortal ergo
and thus...indefinite.


I seem to have misplaced
my older metal Allied
Fighters identity token. I
shall require a new one,
Scribe Verne. NOW.

Oh, yes of
course. I shall
print you out
a new
registration
identification
card for you.
Now.




Your new registration card will grant you access to all government, military, and state official facilities. According to Major Invader, once operational, you will have access to teleport to the base when you depress the 'portal' icon on the ID card.

As part of our registration, we do require some additional information and DNA from you. Would you be so kind as to fill out these forms and provide us with a DNA sample, please?



Know this, Scribe Verne, I would sooner solo a dozen enraged Minotaur than give you but one iota of my personage! What say you to that?

Well...er...ahm...Ms. Aethyta...first: a DNA sample can be something as simple as a hair sample or a swab of spit, not just blood.



Secondly, certain things, such as the paperwork this office generates, is more resilient than these...Minotaur you speak of. Simply put: these 'Minotaur' might be difficult to defeat but bureaucracy is undying.



WELL MET, SCRIBE VERNE!

You indeed have the goiter of a Minotaur yourself!

I shall give you but one hair strand. All the rest, 'Major' Invader will provide for you in due time. Is that sufficient?

Under these...unique... circumstances, I believe I shall soldier on with what I have here, ma'am. Here is your new ID Card.

Scribe Verne, it is with great joy that I can say my first mortal encounter upon my return to this plane of existence has been both trite and endearing to me.

I go forth now to fight on your behalf to rid the world of its evils once and for all! May your path be without discourse!

**HAIL TO YOU,
SCRIBE VERNE!!**

**MAY ZEUS
PROTECT YOU
FORTHWITH!!**



Why do I ALWAYS get the nutcases??



As Aethyta leaves the Civic Center City Hall administration rotunda, she revels in knowing that 'Major' Invader yet lives. She finds herself almost smiling in looking forward to talking with him once again.



Her smile, however, turns dour when she quickly concludes that when the two of them finally do get the chance to meet again, she'll have nothing about herself to talk about.

You see, Aethyta, while leaving the city hall rotunda, *just* realized that she can't remember ANYTHING that's happened to her since **16 August 1945.**

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CHAPTER 3: The Manchurian Murata Candidate



Today, somewhere in China.



In 1937, Kim Zhaolin, the teenage son of a Manchurian Army leader, was captured, along with his family and sent to the worst place in the world - Unit 731.

There, he and his family were subject to gruesome, horrid experiments by the Japanese scientists meant to kill them.

Kim, however, survived, and in doing so gained super-powers. He used those powers to break-out his remaining family and other test subjects all nicknamed 'Muratas' (logs, by translation).



He got separated from his surviving mother and sister but was later found by a pilot from the First American Volunteer Group (AVG) - the "Flying Tigers". The pilot took Kim in and after discovering Kim had powers, sent him to the United States. There, Kim was introduced to a Captain John Brown (AKA "Captain Invader").



Kim wanted more than anything to use his powers to get even with the Japanese Empire for what they'd done to him and his family. As such, he joined Captain Invader's "Allied Fighters" super-team and throughout World War II, fought bravely and honorably with his teammates.

At war's end, Kim demanded justice against those from Unit 731. The US government, however, instead buried the truth about it. Kim left the U.S. and went back to China.

The rest of the world never heard from Kim again... except China.



China's new communist government instead took Kim as THEIR own enslaved guinea pig.



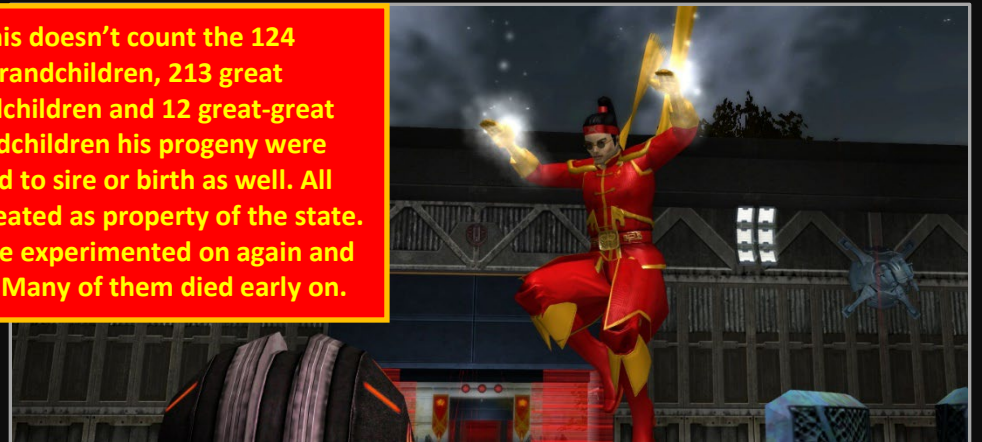
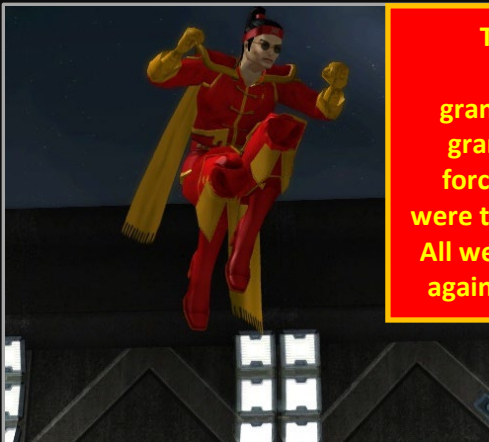
For the next 70+ years, China not only experimented on him, but tried to duplicate him, mostly unsuccessfully.



They forcibly extracted his DNA to be used to sire over 84 children, all of which he was never allowed to see or meet.



This doesn't count the 124 grandchildren, 213 great grandchildren and 12 great-great grandchildren his progeny were forced to sire or birth as well. All were treated as property of the state. All were experimented on again and again. Many of them died early on.



Kim was forced to comply, undergoing years of brainwashing and conditioning, all under the threat of the state maliciously killing all in his family line if he didn't submit to communist China's rules for him.

Kim complied.



In time, the Chinese military allowed him on special missions, allowing Kim to utilize his powers and skills towards secretive Chinese operations against the West.

Kim complied.



Eventually, China created its own super-powered government-controlled hero group called the "Champions of China". Kim was ordered to join.

Kim complied.



After several dozen missions with the 'Champions of China' and his 'acceptable' behavior. Kim had become quite a legend in his secretive and covert Chinese world.



All because Kim complied.

clap - clap
clap - clap
clap - clap



<Well done, Citizen M. You've completed exercise #215 on a level 20 difficulty in the fastest time yet. You are indeed a marvel to watch in action.>*



*Translated from Chinese -Laowai DeeJ



*Xièxiè nǐ, zūnjīng de rén.***

<It appears, after all these decades, you have finally earned the trust of the Premiere. He says you are a 'hero' of China. He believes you are ready for a mission of epic importance to China and its people.>

***"Thank you, revered one" - translated from Chinese -Laowai Deej*



<As such, you have a vital mission to perform. It is a mission that will require you to interject yourself into an American superhero team.>

<There, you will work with and spy on them and report back all your experiences leaving nothing out. You will be our mole and if need be...our weapon...should we choose to use you as such.>

<Will you comply and accept this mission?>



<Of course, Master Zhang. The 'Manchurian Murata' is ready to serve once again.



...

<You KNOW I despise that name.>

<You are currently code-named 'Citizen M'. Say it.>

<Of course, Master Zhang.
'Citizen M' is ready to serve.



<Tell me...why do you always do this to yourself? You work hard to create your own beautiful tapestry embroidered with the finest threads made of legend, honor, duty and sacrifice...



<...and then, with but one pull of a thread, you undo your own tapestry.>

<WHY?>



<To quote an ancient Chinese proverb, Master Zhang:>

<"Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without one".>



FWOOOSH!



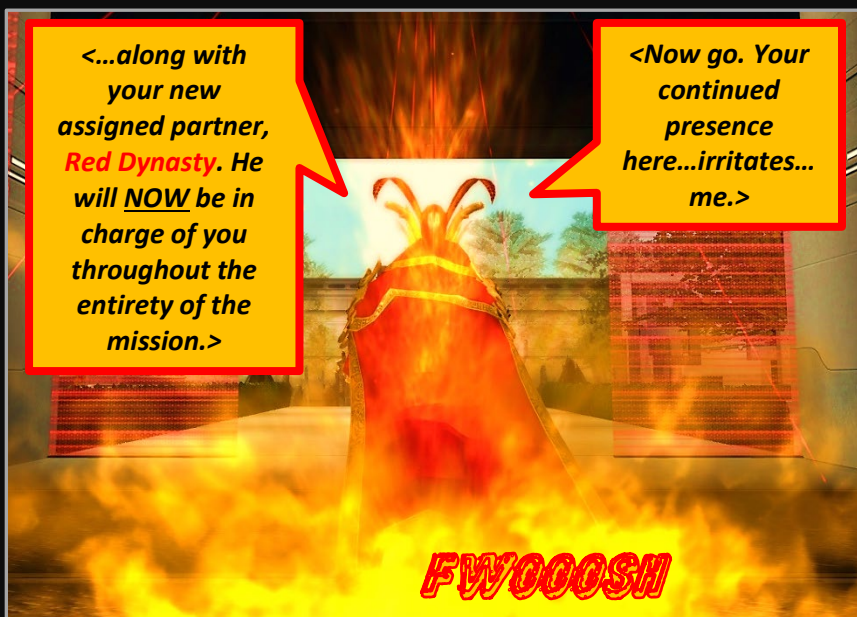
<Clean yourself up and report to the secure mission briefing room at zero-six hundred hours, Citizen M. >

<The Chinese Ambassador for the United States is expecting you in Washington D.C. tomorrow...>



<...along with your new assigned partner, **Red Dynasty**. He will **NOW** be in charge of you throughout the entirety of the mission.>

<Now go. Your continued presence here...irritates... me.>



DAMN.





CHAPTER 4: Just Valor



Samuel T. Vincent. U.S. Army Ranger. The 'Hero of Boston' during the 2000 Soltan Invasion. Congressional Medal of Honor recipient. G.U.A.R.D. Officer, Terraguard Division Leader. Terraguardsians super-group co-leader. **HERO.**

That is **Samuel T Vincent** AKA the superhero '**Valor**'.

Valor being the one in the white, black and gold costume.

The guy in the brown costume is Valor's current co-leader with the **Terraguardsians** super-group who is simply called "**Terraguardian**".

Today, these two are about to clear out an old factory in Mexico that has been taken over by a band of Arachnoknights.

Feel sorry for the Arachnoknights.

Is it OK if we talk while we stomp on these Arachno-bugs?

Sure, 'Valor'. So long as we don't start giving up secret identities or classified GUARD info, then sure!

Right. Well, I got this letter from...

Ooops. Looks like we're off to an early start! Seems like the spiders want to get their butts handed to them quicker than the others. Shall we oblige them?

Of course! First come, first served.

Anyway, what were you saying before we were so rudely interrupted?

I got a letter from Major Invader the other day and...

*WAIT. "The" Major Invader?? Old. Crusty. Kill you rather than look at you? Retired guy? *OWW!**



Yep, the same guy. You OK?



Yep, I'm good. Caught me off-guard with that 'Major Invader' thing. Anyway, go on! What's he want?



Well, in a nutshell, he wants me to train-up and lead his new team of Allied Fighters.



That's incredible! YOU! Training and leading a NEW band of Allied Fighters! WOW! Oh, and maneuver #10 in 3...2...1...and...

WREEEEE...

BOOM!

So why does Major Invader want you to do this now? He isn't dying again, is he?

FooooM!!

If I read the letter right, I think Baron Berlin is back from World War II, along with some of his Axis Force muppets.

What? As in time travel? Cryogenic sleep pods? Clones?? God, please not clones...

If I read the letter right, I think Baron Berlin is back from World War II. An old friend in Army Intel told me that some of Baron Berlin's World War II Axis Force lieutenants were also seen alive...and young. I don't think the Major's dying, but I DO however think he knows he's going to need help on this one.

WHOA! That was close! Looks like they found the key to the weapons locker. They got the ray-guns out now.

Want me to call in back-up??

Brrr-ZAPPPP!!!

Nah. We got this. Easy-peasy.

FRUUUM!!

...Ungh...

FRUUUM!!

AARGH!!!

FRUUUM!!

THUMP!

Hmm. These spiders are getting bigger by the mission.

Well, they ARE feeding them better these days...

OK, so back to Old Man
Invader...what's that
going to mean for us?
The team? GUARD?

Well, that's what I
wanted to talk about.
I have this idea...

The last time
you had an idea,
you married
Cheryl.

Then if I say so myself, it **MUST**
be an **EXCELLENT** idea! I'm still
madly in love with that woman,
you know!



Yea. Yea.
OK, so
what's this
'idea'?



Personally, I'd want to split my time between the
Terraguardians and training and leading the new
Allied Fighters team, but with Cheryl in the picture...

...I'm thinking I may need to back out a bit or I'll
lose Cheryl. I'm **NOT** losing Cheryl. Ergo, thusly and
therefore, how about I become a 'reserve' member
of the Terraguardians and full time with the Major?



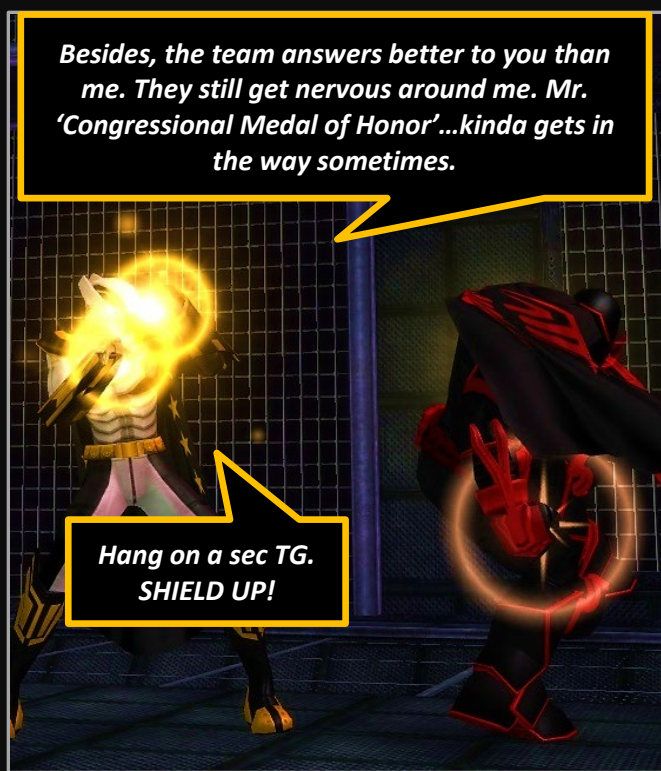


That's still going to take time away from Cheryl...and... well...the team. I don't know, bro. I can't...

...do this?!? Of course, you can! You don't need me to co-lead with you; you're ready to lead as a solo act! You've come so far, so quickly! Truth to say...you don't need me anymore. You GOT this!

Die, GUARD scum!

Gonna run you over, hero!



Besides, the team answers better to you than me. They still get nervous around me. Mr. 'Congressional Medal of Honor'...kinda gets in the way sometimes.

Hang on a sec TG. SHIELD UP!

W
H
A
M
!



SHIELD OFF! So, anyway, as I was saying...You GOT this, TG.



Die in ArachnoHell, zealot!

Brrr-ZAPPPP!!!

Oh. You.



Maneuver #22.

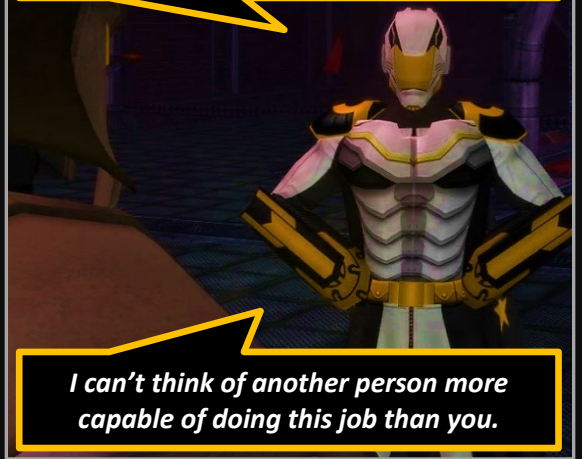
Aughh!! My legs!! Mommy...

Frooosh!!

Seriously, Valor. You're not just saying 'you got this' to me so that so you can go hang with the new cool kids on the block?



In all my years, of all the troops I've been blessed to work with, you were born to lead, TG. Hands down. 100%.



I can't think of another person more capable of doing this job than you.

So, what do you say, leader of the Terraguardsians? Sound like a plan?



I'll agree to all this, but only with one condition, my friend.

And what's that?



Let's finish this mission. Together. One last time.

One last time?



One last time.

Sir, it would be my honor.

Just promise me you're not going to get all 'Hamilton' on me, ok?

No promises, bro.

And upon hearing that, the remaining Arachnoknights run away to escape the factory...quite unsuccessfully.

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CHAPTER 5: The Path to Reichsland



*Opel Manufacturing & Tychy Powertrain Plant, Tychy, Poland. Sunday. On the one day each week that the plant is closed, a small rotating shift of workers keep watch on the plant. Little did they know they were to be invaded by Nazis that day. Modern-era Nazis. Nazis gathered up by the recently revived World War II Nazi scourge, **Baron Berlin** and his super-powered **Axis Force** troops. Their primary goal today: 'appropriate' needed equipment, munitions, plans and weapons.*



Their secondary goal: To put days of intensive troop training into a practical application. The troops still have 'rough edges', but thanks to their training regimen, they've come a long way in a short time. The secondary goal has been used in the last three raids, each of which honed the troops skills more each time. Thusfar, the troops have performed quite well.



*The third goal: To spread angst throughout all of Europe of **Baron Berlin**, **Axis Force** and the "**Reichsland Army**". Each previous raid was done without anyone stopping them or knowing they'd be there. The Baron's forces slipped in and out like a burglar in the night, yet always leaving behind destruction, mutilated bodies, Reichsland manifestos...and **FEAR**.*



<Attention! Reichsland Army! In the past few weeks, your training and skills have been honed to perform amazing feats in the name of the Fifth Reich! Today's actions are but one more test of your abilities and discipline. Prior to our departure, let us ensure we have performed to our ultimate capabilities! **Axis Force, MISSION REPORT!**



And with that a chill goes through the spine of those present. These are the infamous original legends of Baron Berlin's **Axis Force**...or at least, what is left of them. With the exception of **Reich Knight** (who is actually a 21st century man newly possessed by the mystical Teutonic weaponry's spirit), they have all survived decades of cryonic stasis.



None have a greater chill down their spine than the captured workers of the Sunday shift at the facility. Some of the older workers know what **Baron Berlin** is, while most of the younger workers can't fathom why they're being treated this way. Those that complained were beaten. The 'some' mentioned earlier know they won't live to see Monday.



<Operations Report. In less than two hours, we have completed a tactical stealth incursion into our target facility with the primary objectives consisting of the following:>



<One – Cut off all forms of communications and exits from the facility.

Two – Acquire from a mission list the equipment and materials desired.>

<Three – Have Axis Force lieutenants execute their individual assignments and depart within a two-hour window.>



<Baron, we have executed all three operational objectives with 10 minutes to spare. We stand ready for departure, Herr Baron!>



<Stuka! What is the status of our discussed science and technology mission?>

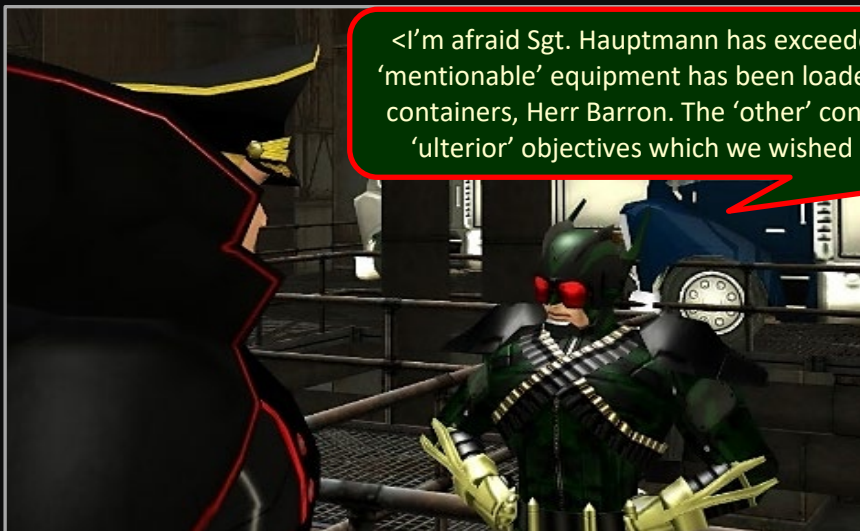
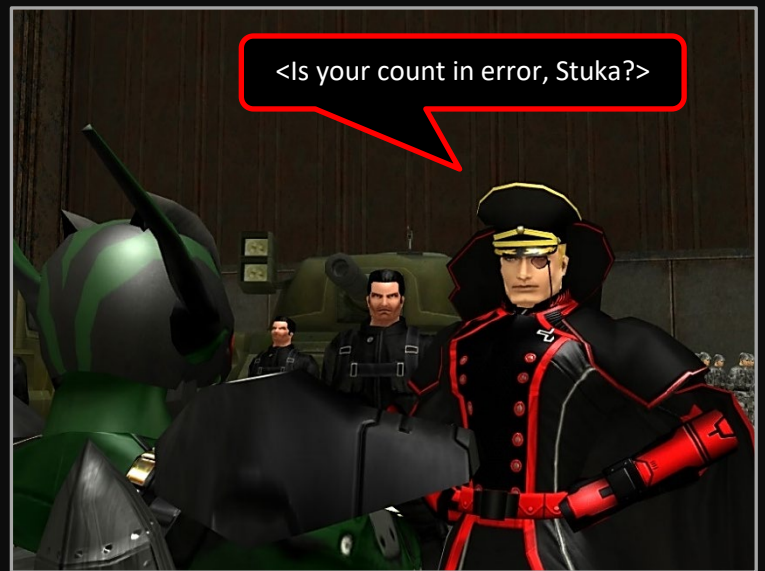


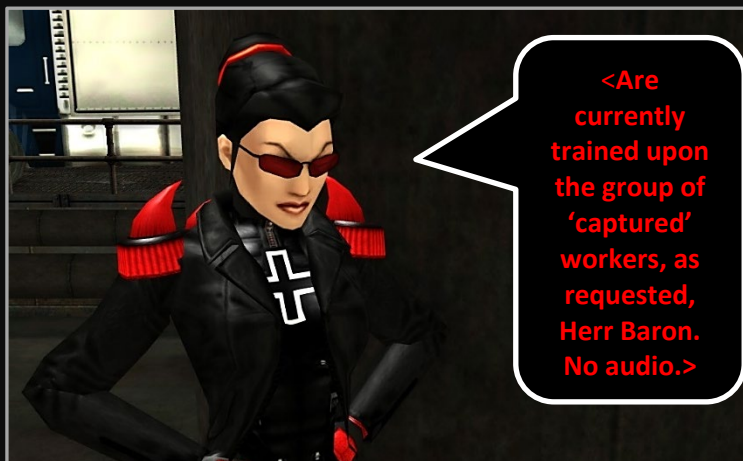
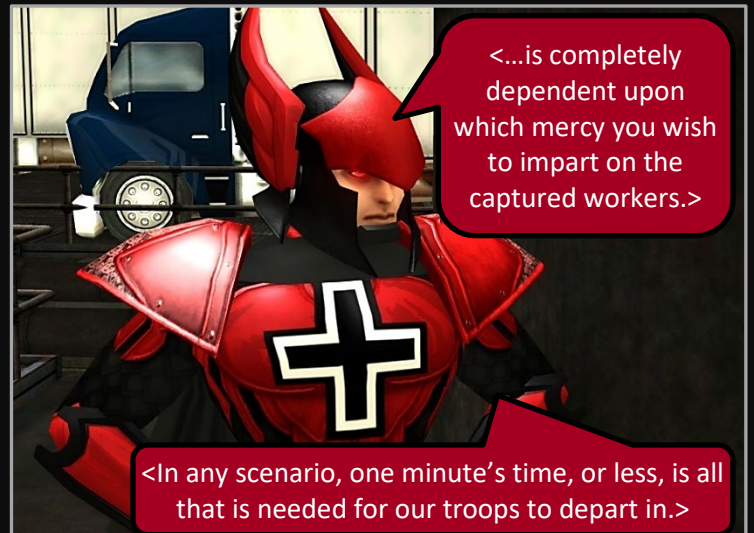
<As per our discussed objectives, all mentionable equipment has been placed in 38 containers, ready for transport.>



<Herr Stuka! With all due respect, the number of containers is 52, sir!>

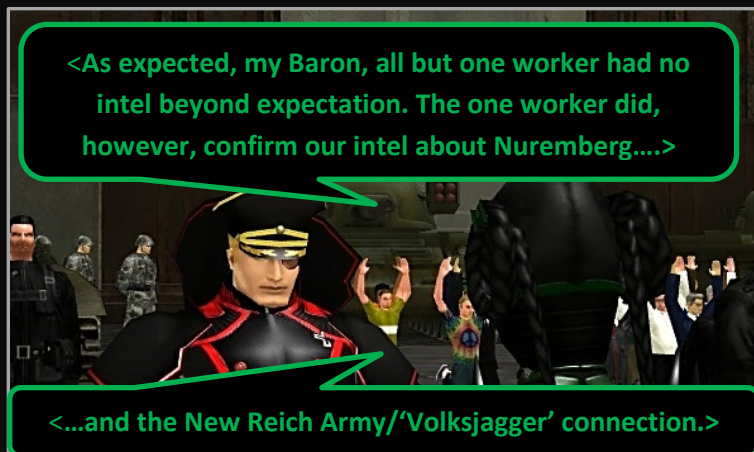








<Waldfrau!
How did you
fare in our
information
gathering?>



<As expected, my Baron, all but one worker had no
intel beyond expectation. The one worker did,
however, confirm our intel about Nuremberg....>

<...and the New Reich Army/'Volksjagger' connection.>



< The mentioned worker also begged to join our forces.>

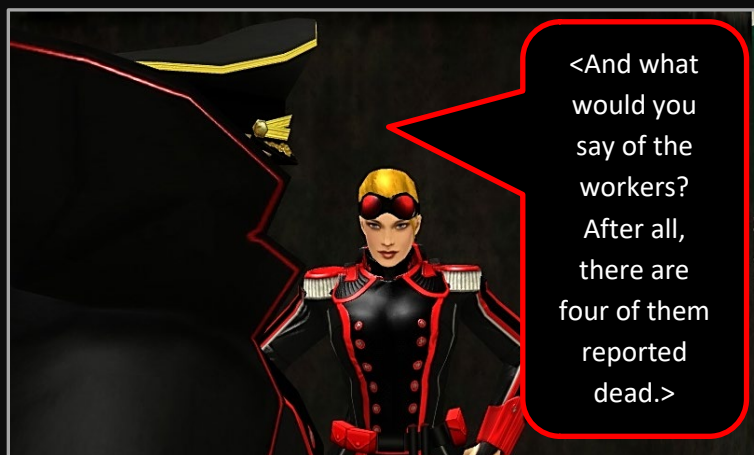
<Keep him. He may
prove useful.>

< Very well,
my Baron.>



<My lovely
Feldlazarett!
Do you have a
medical report
for your
Baron?>

<Of course,
my Baron! Our
troops report
no injuries or
casualties.>



<And what
would you
say of the
workers?
After all,
there are
four of them
reported
dead.>

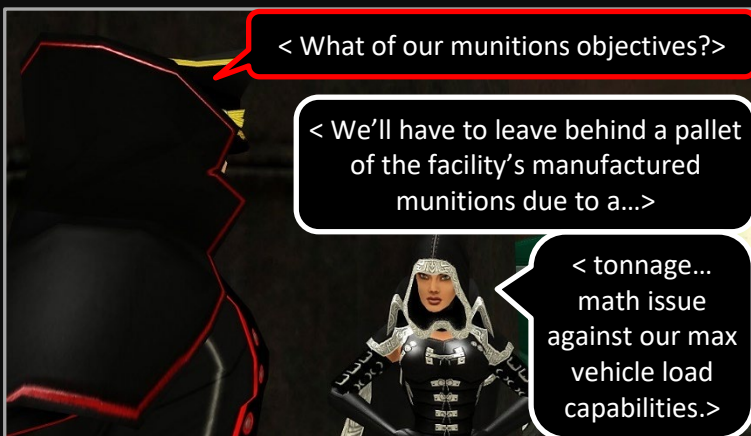


<The workers' health is irrelevant.
Your mercy dictates their status.>

<Perfectly stated, my dear!>



<Freccia. My Italian mistress of the arrow.>



< What of our munitions objectives?>

< We'll have to leave behind a pallet of the facility's manufactured munitions due to a...>

< tonnage... math issue against our max vehicle load capabilities.>



< And 'who' is responsible for the math and transport error?>

< Sergeant Hauptman was the loadmaster for this mission, Herr Baron.>



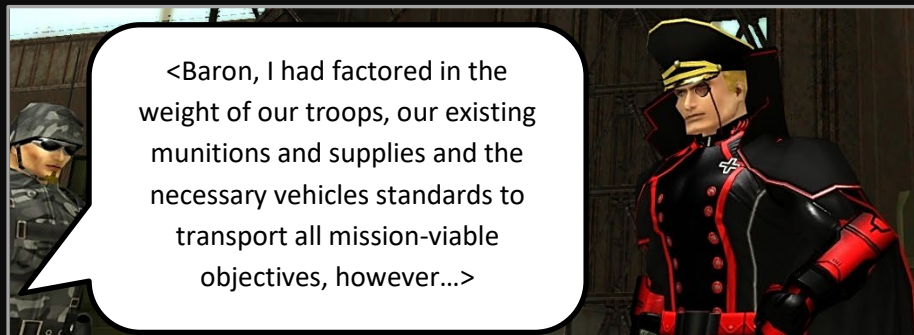
< Sergeant Hauptman?>



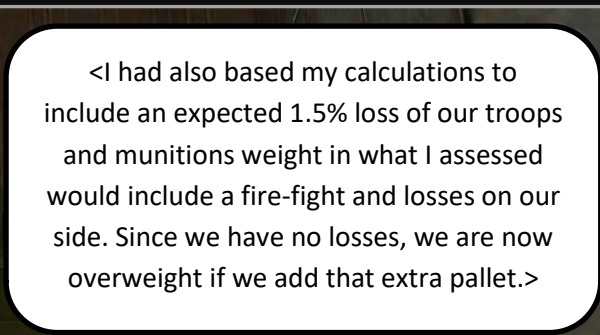
<Yes, My Baron!>



< Explain yourself.>



<Baron, I had factored in the weight of our troops, our existing munitions and supplies and the necessary vehicles standards to transport all mission-viable objectives, however...>



<I had also based my calculations to include an expected 1.5% loss of our troops and munitions weight in what I assessed would include a fire-fight and losses on our side. Since we have no losses, we are now overweight if we add that extra pallet.>

< I see. How much does the extra pallet weigh, Sergeant?>

<About 130 kilos, Herr Baron!
300 pounds in standard!>

< And what is YOUR
weight, Sergeant?>

< Ah...ehm...92 kilos without gear.
130 with, gear...Herr Baron.>

< Ah! Then that solves our math
problem then, does it not, Herr
Hauptmann?>

< Umh...my Baron...!...>

BLAM!



< And you. You worked for Sergeant Hauptmann?>

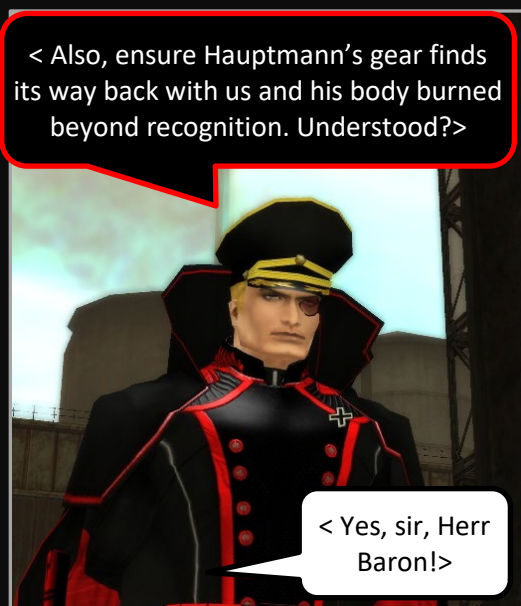


< Yes, my Baron!
Corporal Stolz at your command, sir!>



< Of course,
Herr Baron!>

< NEVER factor in Reichsland 'losses' in any
future calculations.>

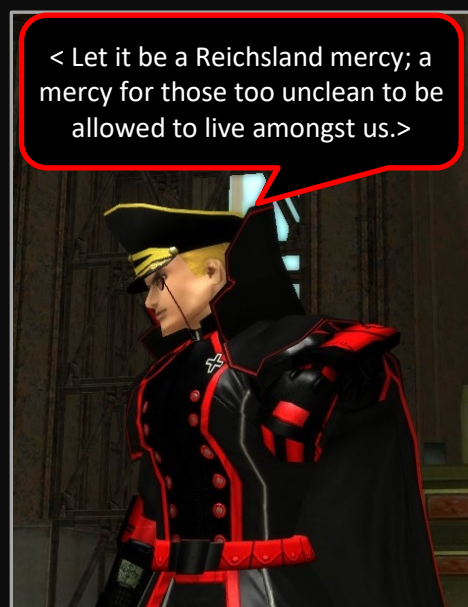


< Also, ensure Hauptmann's gear finds
its way back with us and his body burned
beyond recognition. Understood?>

< Yes, sir, Herr
Baron!>



<before we depart, Herr Baron,
what mercy do you wish upon our
captured 'workers'?>



< Let it be a Reichsland mercy; a
mercy for those too unclean to be
allowed to live amongst us.>

It is time to depart! Reichsland Army! You know your departure assignments...and what to do with these 'workers'. Implement tactical map beta and rendezvous at site three. Execute!>

<You heard the Baron! Move! Execute Map Beta and Reichsland mercy protocols now! Go!>

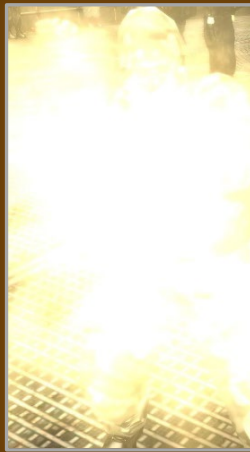


"When an opponent declares, 'I will not come over to your side,' I calmly say..."



"Your child belongs to us already...What are YOU? YOU will pass on."





"Your descendants, however, now stand in the new camp."



"In a short time, they will know nothing else but this new community." – Adolph Hitler, May Day celebration, 1933

As Baron Berlin, Axis Force and the Reichsland Army depart the facility unimpeded, the silence of the facility is disturbed by the timed detonation of thermite explosives, leveling most all the facility's production equipment. The platform with the murdered workers was left undamaged save for a note left by Baron Berlin for Germany: ***"The Fifth Reich begins NOW."***



FIGHTIN' WORDS



By Don "Major DeeJ" Finger – <mailto:majordeejuniverse@majordeejuniverse.com>

WELCOME BACK! It's been a while, eh?

I am sorry to have left you, you readers and fans, in such a lurch for these last six years, but as we all know, life's priorities most definitely take precedence.

Six years ago, I was deep into this series and the MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE ORIGINS series when things got 'busy'. Work, family, life, health, home - you name it - all required more of my attention. As such, I did what I needed to do. Today, however, I have a couple extra hours in my day to get back to doing what I love to do...telling YOU stories of this incredible Major DeeJ Universe and its plethora of dynamic characters and exciting challenges including the ALLIED FIGHTERS!

So...where do we go from here? Well, the only place to go...onward, forward and upward!

Over the next year, we'll be 'gathering the gang' for the Allied Fighters...as well as gathering the gang for Axis Force (which you just witnessed this issue!). You see, the Allied Fighters and Axis Force are on two paths – the same, yet not the same. One group is forming to stop the Baron and his growing fascist power; the other is forming to stop the people's 'undeserved' freedom and power. The Allied Fighters are forming as a sense of duty to Major Invader and the world; Axis Force is forming as a sense of need to 'put the world' in order with Baron Berlin leading the world as its new 'Kaiser'.

Once the teams are formed, I can guarantee that the roller coaster of encounters and battles, not only between the Allied Fighter and Axis Force, will be epic! There are other heroes, villains and 'gangs' that might have something to say about each team's revival. A certain ex-Soviet Union supergroup in the MDU may not be too excited to see either team forming once again. Who knows what the Soviets might do...or whom they might side with if at all? The Allied Fighters team members may stir up their own controversies in the modern era...with Major Invader's 'old school' leadership, he will surely clash with modern politics, social movements & media, "Karens", protestors and current 'woke' policies, all of which are guaranteed to test the Major's (and the team's) core principles and being.

As seen in this issue, even China has a stake in the Allied Fighters, bringing in the Manchurian Murata AKA 'Citizen M'...but for what reason? To simply spy on them? To have a weapon hidden in the Major's ranks? Maybe China just wants to gather intel to use to combat the Allied Fighters at some time in the future...or maybe against Baron Berlin and his Reichsland forces instead...? Hmmm.

I'm glad to have you back with us! We've got a hell of a series going on and I don't want you to miss a single issue! Keep checking back with us for our exciting ongoing stories!

Speaking of next issue...see below! Thank you for making the MDU part of your reading list! The BEST is yet to come! See you soon!

- "Major DeeJ", creator of the Major DeeJ Universe

NEXT ISSUE:

WOW! Looks like the team-forming is happening! What's next for Mister Hamilton AKA "Q"? Who will Aethyta offend now? Experience the introduction of another two new characters for the Allied Fighters! While the Major attempts to get his base operational, the Baron's forces move into their new digs...and those digs are a castle! Also, what happened to the Demers twins? *Cya soon!*