

No. 104 Squadron (KX) Bomber Command - "Hornets Sting"  
Mission 15 - Aircraft Factory, Meulan-Les-Meureaux, France, 12/13 December 1943  
Formation - last 1/3.  
Moon Phase - Full.

Crew:

FLTLT "Harry" Houdini - Pilot - Aussie  
FLTLT "Radar" Magellan - Navigator - Aussie  
PLTOFF "Dead-eye" Horner - Bomb Aimer - Aussie  
FSGT "Kaiser" Mueller - Flight Engineer - Aussie  
FSGT "Charlie" Lightfoot - Tail Gunner (ME-110 F4, JU-88 C-6, DO-217 N-2) - Aussie  
FSGT "1155" Alker - Wireless Operator/Gunner (DO-217 J-1, ME-110 G-4) - POM  
SGT "Cal" Sniper - Mid-Upper Gunner (JU-88 C-6) - Aussie

The crew of Hornet's Sting were not suitably impressed by the weather that Poseidon had decided to provide for the night of the raid.

"Typical British weather this. Guaranteed to test a man's resilience and fortitude" FSGT Alker remarks. His eyes twinkle as he looks around the rest of the crew.

"You mean Poseidon has decided it's time for your yearly Shower" FSGT Lightfoot snipes back.

"Yeah very impressive" he continues to grumble as the crew clamber on board Hornets Sting taxis out and soon the 4 Rolls Royce Merlin are at full power shattering the night as 1280hp power is applied. Take off proves a non-event and soon the crew is attending to mundane operational tasks.

Flying high over the Channel FSGT Alker voice breaks the intercom silence. "Harry, bandit at 12 O'clock low" The familiar sound of twin machine guns are heard but thankfully no damage is taken. "I think that pilot is either lucky or very good - definitely not a novice" After has short period of silence the quad rear guns shatter the night "I think I clipped the silly bugger...damn he has broken off contact" Lighty interjects.

As the French Coast is crossed the whole of the night sky is brightly lit up and the interior of the plane along with it. A DO-217 J1 is ready to pounce before Harry takes emergency action..."Hang on lads, Corkscrewing right".

Hornet's Sting frame creaks under the strain of a tight right turn as the engines roar in protest as the plane quickly descends, losing both the search lights and night-fighter. Harry kisses his Kangaroo paw before leveling out and placing it back on the instrument panel. "That was too close for comfort, stay alert."

FLTLT Magellan informs the crew that the Aircraft factory is approaching.

“No shit Sherlock, what gave it away, the fact the horizon is lit up like a Christmas tree”  
Lighty Quips.

“Alright everyone, settle down. Guide us in Dead-eye” Harry says as the Flak seeks us out.  
“Righto Harry”. Dead-eye replies” Steady...Steady”

Suddenly without warning bullets strike Hornet’s Sting starting at the nose and working their way down the Front Section, Bomb Bay, Rear Centre Section and finally the Tail.

“Christ! Anyone got eyes on the dirty Hun. Ned Kelly has nothing on this guy” Kaiser screams. “Hang on everyone I’ll take a quick recce to ascertain damage”

Radar continues unflustered. “Left..Left..Steady. Bombs gone” Although mostly obscured explosions can be seen as the factory takes hits.

“Turning for home” Harry sounds relieved.

The Flak and Night fighters again try to seek out Hornet’s Sting without much success.

Kaiser reports superficial structural damage. “The tail wheel should be up for a gong when we get back, or as the Yanks like to say it just earned the Purple Heart!”

Again explosions by the Flak bracket the aircraft this time causing superficial damage.  
“Cheeky blighters” 1155 interjects.

The rest of the mission proves uneventful and Harry manages to land Hornet’s Sting, minus a tail wheel.

“Who’s up for a few Beers” Cal shouts as he tries to clear the dumbness from his ears, as the crew walk away from their aircraft.

“Sure”, says Harry glad to have survived another mission. “But first we need to attend the de-brief”

Mission Results:

No crew members injured.

Bombs were - ON TARGET

Bomb Accuracy - 30%.

"Hornets Sting" will be ready for the next mission.

Name: Greg Lightfoot