MILLIONS ON THEWING.

They're on the move again, South Africa's age old enemies from the mir... Locusts. Squadron after Squadron takes to the sky... and these machines find their own fuel. Merciless raiders, relentless killers, that wither fresh green fields into useless stubble. Once again they muster their forces for a gigantic flight of aggression. Here and there they're attacked by anti-locusts squads... but the hunger fliers are a tough crowd... and they're in mass formation. Their mercianting devastating attack costs millions. Farmers, if you want any crops, its time to start the big offensive. They're as thick as rain of Lewis Gun Bullets, But you've got to beat them.

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