ROWLF HAS COL Lapsed FROM EXHAUSTION AFTER CHASING THE KIDNAPER OF HIS BELOVED MISTRESS MARYARA. HE LIES UNCONSCIOUS FOR SEVERAL HOURS.

THE DEMON KING IS MANY MILES AHEAD NOW, PERHAPS DEFILING YARA AT THIS VERY MOMENT. THE DOG CREATURE, RAN UNTIL HE HAD STOPPED, HE LIES ALONE IN A PRAIRIE WILDERNESS, UNEXPLORED BY THE PEOPLE OF CANIS.

A HUGE THREATENING, BUT SILENT, SATELLITE GLOWS OVER THE SCENE, WHILE A CHORUS OF CRICKETS COMPLAIN TO THE INTRUDER.

BEHIND HIM THE CASTLE OF CANISLAND HAS BEEN DESTROYED, LEVELED BY THE DEMONS FANTASTIC WEAPONS. THERE THE HORDE HAS LINGERED LONG ENOUGH TO LOOT THEIR VICTIMS, UNSPEAKABLE ACTS OF LEWD HORROR WERE COMMITTED UPON THE DEAD.

PLAGUED BY INCOMPREHENSIBLE NIGHTMARES, ROWLF WHINES FITFULLY.

SLOWLY HE SENSED HIS SURROUNDINGS, HIS MIND THROBBED PAINFULLY WITH THE SURGE OF UNACUSTOMED THOUGHTS.

A FAINT DISTANT RUMBLING CAME TO HIM, FELT RATHER THAN HEARD THROUGH THE GROUND.
...and that they would pass near

Rowlf could see that the demons' vehicles...

After a few moments the light disappeared... Rumble Rumble

The leader signaled the column closed up and stopped.

Rowlf studied the driver and the vehicle's operations... He had a plan.
AS THE DEMON PLATOON DRIFTED INTO A LOOSE FORMATION, THE MAINTENANCE CREW RESTARTED THEIR VEHICLE. ROWLF SCURRIES TO THE COVER OF THE NEXT TANK IN LINE.
ALTHOUGH ASTOUNDED BY THE DEMONS VIOLENCE, ROWLF WAS IMMEDIATELY INTERESTED IN THEIR HAND WEAPONS.

AFTER PROCEEDING WITH THE INSPECTION, THE SERGEANT IN CHARGE DROPPED THE DEAD TANKER'S WEAPON IN THE LAST TANK.

THE MECHANICS CONTINUED THEIR REPAIRS AS THE REST OF THE PLATOON WENT TO BED.

AFTER A WHILE THE MAINTENANCE CREW RETIRED...

...LEAVING A SOLITARY GUARD AWAKE.
As the vehicle stopped, the 12 remaining tankers began firing.

The middle tank in line came to life, inching its way from in between the burning hulks.

Rowlf’s tank was still...

The demon tank roared into view...

...and was hit by Rowlf;

It continued to move;

...then stopped...

Vi kai vi kai vi, prehi la dextran flaynow.
AFTER A WHILE THE SKY BECAME LIGHTER. THE RAYS OF DAWN FOUND A LONE TANK RUMBLING, RATTLING, AND SQUEEZEING TOWARD ITS BASE. IT'S TIRE PANNERS QUIVERED AND BOUNCED AT THE MERCY OF THE LURCHING VEHICLE. THE MISSION HAD BECOME MORE DIFFICULT THAN EXPECTED... THE TROOPS DESERVED A REST. IT WOULD BE EVENING BEFORE THE TANK REACHED THE BASE'S OUTER GUARD POST. NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY BUT WIGGLE AND JIGGLE IN TIME WITH THE TRACKS RUMBLE.

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT TUMBLING A DEFENSELESS CASTLE IS HARD WORK... EVEN IF YOU DO HAVE MODERN EFFICIENT WEAPONS. THEN WHEN YOU STOP FOR A NIGHT'S REST, SOME MALCONTENT STIRS UP SO MUCH TROUBLE THAT YOU DON'T GET A BIT OF SLEEP! BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'RE BACK IN A TANK, ROARING ACROSS COUNTRY AT TOP SPEED. IT'S ENOUGH TO CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT REENLISTING.
SINCE THE CHIEF WAS THROWING HIS USUAL COMING HOME PARTY THIS EVENING, ONLY TWO GUN CREWS WERE ON DUTY AT THE LANDSIDE GUARD POST. ONE CREW WAS ON GUARD, THE OTHERS WERE ASLEEP IN THE BARRACKS.
ROWLF RUSHED ON, RUTHLESSLY PUSHED BY HIS DOG LOVE AND LOYALITY TO YARA, THE KIDNAPPED PRINCESS HAD BEEN RAPED BY THE DEMON KING, GORQUM, IN THE FOREST OF CANISLAND. NOW SHE WAS THE UNWILLING GUEST OF HONOR AT THE KING'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN PARTY. THE BRAVE GIRL HAD NO HOPE OF RESCUE FROM THE HIDEOUS HORDE, BUT WAITED FOR THE CHANCE TO KILL HER CAPTOR... THEN HERSelf.

AN INHUMAN SCREECH ACCOMPANIED BY THE TORTURE OF ELECTRONIC SOUND MACHINES, FOUNDS THE EARS OF THE ASSEMBLED DEMONS.
HAUGH! PHILIP
BLUMP
Firing at the King's tank, Rowlf inadvertently set off the stored oil supply.
SORTRUM, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! MAKE A SPELL TO PROTECT US IN CASE THOSE DEMONS RETURN!

YOU LOW-LIFE COWARD!

I WOULD RAISE A GROUP OF MEN TO HUNT DOWN THE MONSTERS, BUT I MUST REMAIN HERE... IN CASE MARYARA RETURNS!

OH GOD! THEY'RE BACK!

IT'S... IT'S COMING TO MY HOUSE!

A SPELL!... SORTRUM MAKE A SPELL TO SAVE US!

IT'S THE GIRL... AND THE DOG!
Yara! You're naked!... What happened?

The Demon King took them! There was nothing I could do!

Look! The dog creature!

His transformation set those devils upon us! He must be destroyed, and quickly!

See! He's mad! I'll do him with my knife!

FRAAP

The spell!! I'll fix 'em!

Yog soguth! Newa-lat-n... Mobius rolflf carls... Sinex transmoral... Dogus dumb...

Sum hum nu homo dog... Morflul le chang um... er...

Much later

No... Newa... er... It's rolflf dumb morbuls et xanti hul... CRAP!

The end...