

Battlerock Mini Comic – One Horn and the Elephant Merchant

by Will Strode, 2008

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Panel 1

A merchant train led by Homme, a slimy claw-like man riding an Arabian elephant, trundles through the barren wasteland. It's made up of an old jeep pulled by a busted up ox and four shifty looking mercs on foot. They walk alongside the rickety wooden trailer tethered to the elephant's hind quarters.

SFX: BRAAAWWWWWWW

Panel 2

Dust rolls out behind the old jeep's tires as the caravan passes into a hellacious canyon.

Panel 3

Homme slaps lazily at the elephant with a small crop. An old nazi helmet sits tilted atop his head.

SFX: whap whap

NARRATOR: Ah, this merchant is known to me.

Panel 4

A pair of eyes peers over a rocky outcropping. A fur rimmed helmet droops over the otherwise black face.

Panel 5

The men look around them, the canyon's looming walls are a known death trap. The elephant snorts his disapproval.

NARRATOR: He is a man of glut and greed...

SFX: SNRT

Panel 6

One Horn stands to full height and looms over the rocky outcropping. He is a monster of a man with a hard ugly face and tattered clothes, topped off by

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his signature fur-rimmed helmet, a single horn jutting from its side. The train disappears into the canyon.

NARRATOR: *And I intend to have my piece of him.*

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Panel 1

Night finds One Horn alone and marching. The moon looms red over him.

Panel 2

In the distance we see a light and smoke, large shadows cast against the rock wall they've used as camp.

NARRATOR: The scent of their fire lingers for miles. The merchant Homme is **bold** in his excesses, the great beasts and green rumblewagon would make an epic prize for every pirate across the Falak Sand Seas.

Panel 3

One Horn hunkers down...

Panel 4

And leaps into a sprint.

ONE HORN: >HUFF<

NARRATOR: The fire in my lungs feeds my rage...

Panel 5

Close on his gritted teeth.

NARRATOR: And my rage will make this beggar **wish** he had drawn but a simple cutthroat.

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Panel 1

Homme sits in an open tent next to the fire, surrounded by a menagerie of strange animal heads. At his feet rests a pile of goods and a young village girl, beaten and tattered. He pulls big drags from an ornate hookah.

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NARRATOR: I know now this man is a coward and my will has crushed him already.

Panel 3

The elephant slams one of the men against the hard rock wall and gores him.

NARRATOR: The beast is the first of us to kill...I feel he has **earned** it.

Panel 4

Vertical panel - One Horn leaps from the elephant, brandishing the rough square sword from his back. The blood moon washes him in red as he flies.

Panel 5

One Horn lands on one of the men's backs and smashes him into the ground.

NARRATOR: The merchant Homme is known to delight in the taking of his enemies' limbs.

Panel 6

One Horn snatches the man's wrist and hacks his arm off in one fell swoop.

LESS-ARM MAN: AACHH

Panel 7

He tosses the arm away and locks eyes on Homme, desperately digging for a weapon in the pile of treasure.

NARRATOR: It is my duty to make him feel at home.

Page 6

Panel 1

One Horn stomps toward Homme.

Panel 2

Homme remains crouched and slyly slides out a hefty dagger from the pile as One Horn approaches.

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Panel 5

One Horn lunges after the merchant and claws at his throat like a rabid dog. The girl watches, horrified.

NARRATOR: It would not have done her well to spare her this moment.

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Panel 1

Up-shot, sun in the background - The Less-Arm Man swelters under the sun. A leather bit pokes out from the sides of his mouth. His missing arm is crudely bandaged and dirty. Leather harnesses wrap around his shoulders.

Panel 2

One Horn swipes at the Less-Arm Man's back with the small crop. The harnesses connect Less-Arm to the elephant's trailer, loaded with the former merchant's loot. A small sack rests over One Horn's shoulder, but the girl is long gone.

Panel 3

One Horn drives the man down the road and into a small village. A few villagers are already snooping in their direction, but with obvious fear.

Panel 4

The trailer reaches the first set of houses and One Horn smashes the Less-Arm Man's knee with the cudgel.

LESS-ARM MAN: Yeeaaach!

ONE HORN: BRING ME THE LEADER OF YOUR VILLAGE.

Panel 5

A Wiseman with one leg hobbles out on a crutch. One Horn stands his ground.

WISEMAN: I am who you wish to see.

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Panel 5

Over the shoulder - One Horn turns to face the Wiseman and finds the men of the village eyeing him greedily.

NARRATOR: But man does not think of his people
when the fog of greed grips his mind.

Page 10

Panel 1

One Horn stands apart from the men, draws his sword.

ONE HORN: Do not mistake me. I am not your
protector.

Panel 2

The men spread a little, a few pitchforks and tire irons appear in the back of the crowd.

ONE HORN: You will give me the axe I seek...

Panel 3

One Horn screams ferociously.

ONE HORN: OR I WILL TAKE IT FROM THE HANDS OF
YOUR SLAUGHTERED CHILDREN!!

Panel 4

War breaks loose. One Horn smashes into them and gouges a villager in the face with his helmet. His sword finds the belly of a drunken slob.

Panel 5

Overhead - Wild swings of the sword send blood spraying all over.

iPanel 6

One Horn reaches the hobbling Wiseman and snatches him by the hair. His sword careens back...

WISEMAN: OH! NO!!!

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