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BATTLE MASTER

CAVEMAN
WIZARDS VS ROBOT
DRAGONS

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACOPO MORUZZI

JEN AND MEL



WARNING

This gameshow features TWO TEAMS battling
against each other in a WILDLY DANGEROUS
arena of MAYHEM and CHAOS.

There can only be one winner.

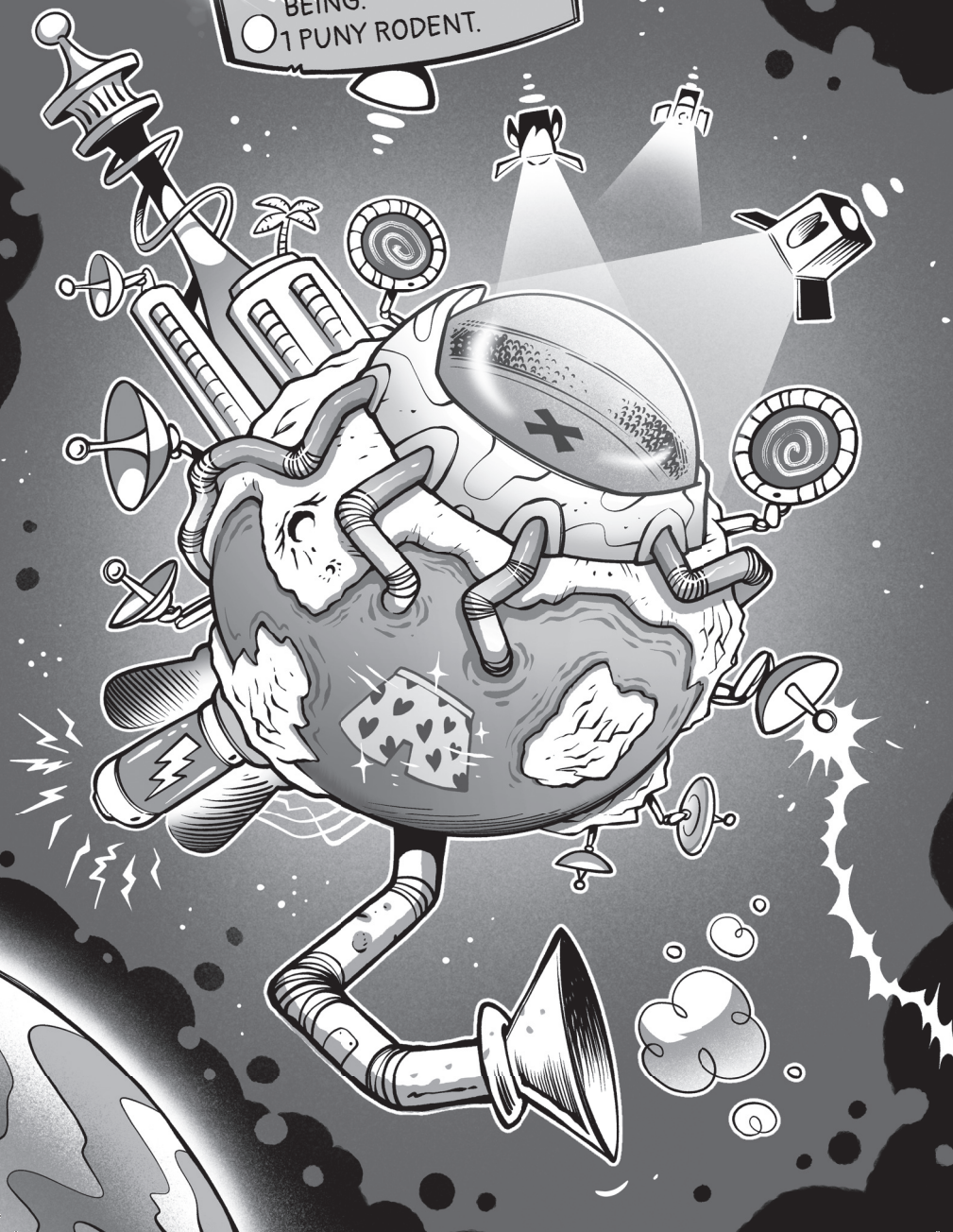
Who will it be?

Chugging along somewhere in the
deepest, darkest, most diabolical corner
of the universe . . .

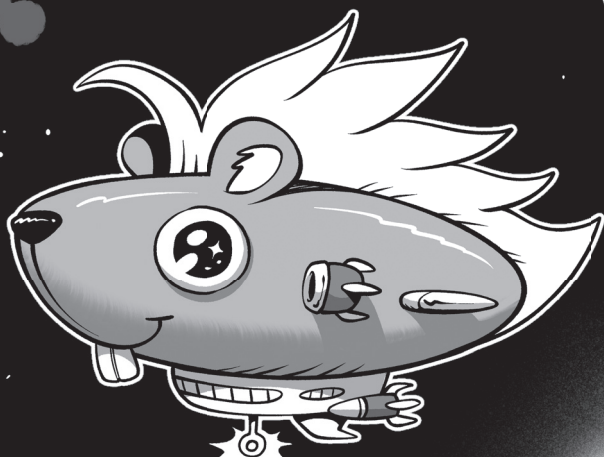


POPULATION:

- ☐ 1 INTERDIMENSIONAL BEING.
- ☐ 1 PUNY RODENT.



BATTLE PLANET!







GREETINGS, PATHETIC HUMANS!

Are you excited? Are you sitting on the edge of your seat? Are you clenching your butt-bags in anticipation?

Well . . . ARE YOU?

You should be!

Because it's time for another ELECTRIFYING
SHOWDOWN between two unsuspecting teams in
my interdimensional gameshow,

BATTLE MASTER!

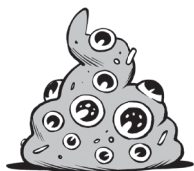
As if you didn't already know, I've been hosting this show for one hundred and twenty-five years - longer than any other **BATTLE MASTER** presenter in history! And today marks the grand launch of our 800th SERIES!

APPLAUD LOUDER!
SHAKE THOSE POM-POMS!
WAGGLE YOUR BUTT-BAGS!

BATTLE MASTER is the only competition in the universe where two teams are snatched from their everyday lives and forced to race across a treacherous battle arena filled with fiendish puzzles and lethal traps.

I would read you the rules, but:

- 1) I can't be bothered, and
- 2) I fed them to my pet Jeff decades ago (his droppings haven't been the same since!).





In any case, I'm sure even your puny brains know how this works.

The first team to plant their flag on the BIG RED CROSS at the centre of the battle arena wins!

And the losers get a one-way ticket to my Vault of Epic Failures, a miserable underwater prison where they'll wait in endless woe until they can join another battle . . .



BUT THAT'S NOT THE BEST PART,
MY ADORING FANS!

The whole thing is controlled by ME!

The B-dawg, the BM, the all-great and talented
(and RIDICULOUSLY good-looking) Battle Master
who has more power in his little finger than you
can possibly imagine!

I know. I'm VERY impressive.

And if you weren't squealing with excitement
already, whilst controlling this epic series launch
of **BATTLE MASTER**, I will also be baking the
universe's largest exploding celebration cake.
That's right.

The tallest, messiest, will-make-your-control-
tower-smell-of-heavenly-honey-and-flaming-
firecrackers CAKE!

Interdimensional beings like me can do that. It's
called multi-tasking.



I SAID MULTI-TASKING, JEFF!

Ah, Jeff, my fluffy arch-nemesis. My little pet. That's him, staring at me creepily through the bars of his cage. I would have vaporized him centuries ago, but frankly, he's not worth the effort.

Me, not worth the effort?! I am Lord Jeffrey Gloriana III, ruler of the Floofy Dimension, and you are an evil tyrant who bamboozled me with a disco ball to trap me in this cage ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



You, Battle Master, are not worthy of me! You have no friends. You spend all your time in this control tower. And you could really do with a breath mint.

WHAT?! HOW RUDE!

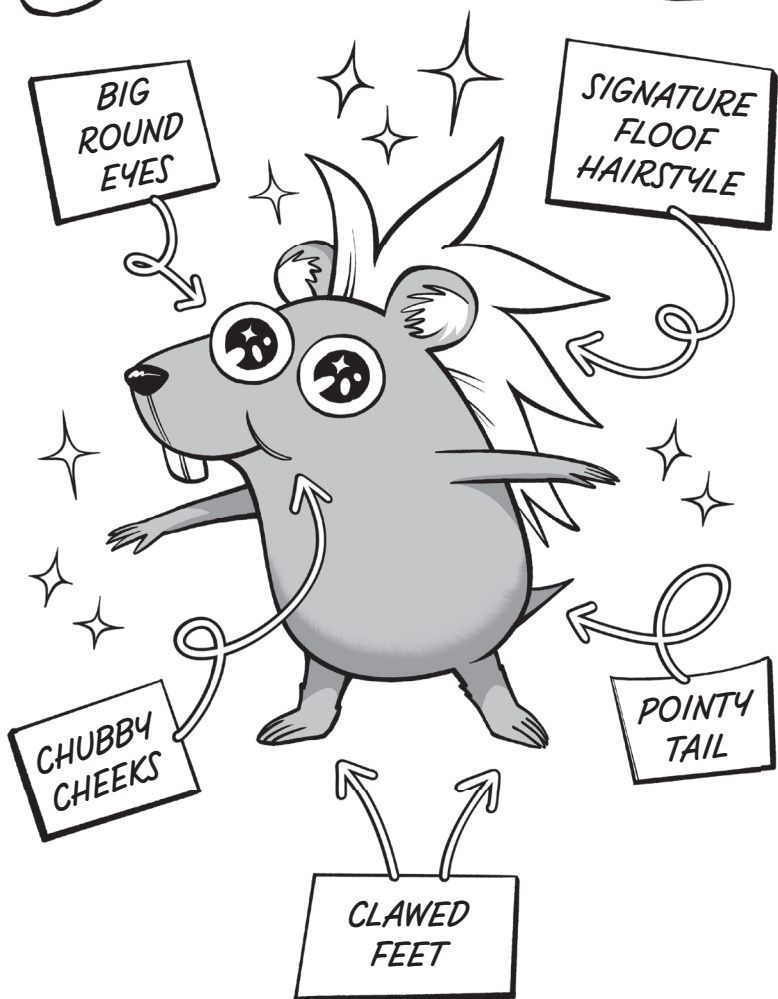
Hold tight while I finger-fart into Jeff's cage to show my displeasure.

Did you know interdimensional beings like me can fart out of our fingers? You humans can only do it out of your bottoms, which, I think we can all agree, is terribly unhygienic.

Jeff, you stupid furry-faced rodent! My breath does NOT smell. And I have one friend - you! YOU are my friend!

I am not your friend. And I am NOT a rodent, I am A FLOOF!

Flooficus Chubbicus



This is a valid point, Jeff is indeed of the Floof species. But honestly, his attitude stinks, and he's heading in the right direction for another finger-fart.

Whilst I absolutely do NOT need any new friends, Jeff is beginning to get on my nerves, so I think it's time to find the perfect hobby alongside my Battle Master duties! Let the exploding cake-making begin!



No need to be scared, dear followers. What's the worst that could happen?

***BEEP BEEP
BEEEEEEEEEP!***

Argh! The oven is smoking. Jeff, stop nibbling on your hamster food and get the fire extinguisher!

Oops! Whilst Jeff deals with that minor blaze, let's meet the two teams competing in today's contest. Get ready for what is sure to be a truly tantalizingly torturous episode of . . . **BATTLE MASTER!**

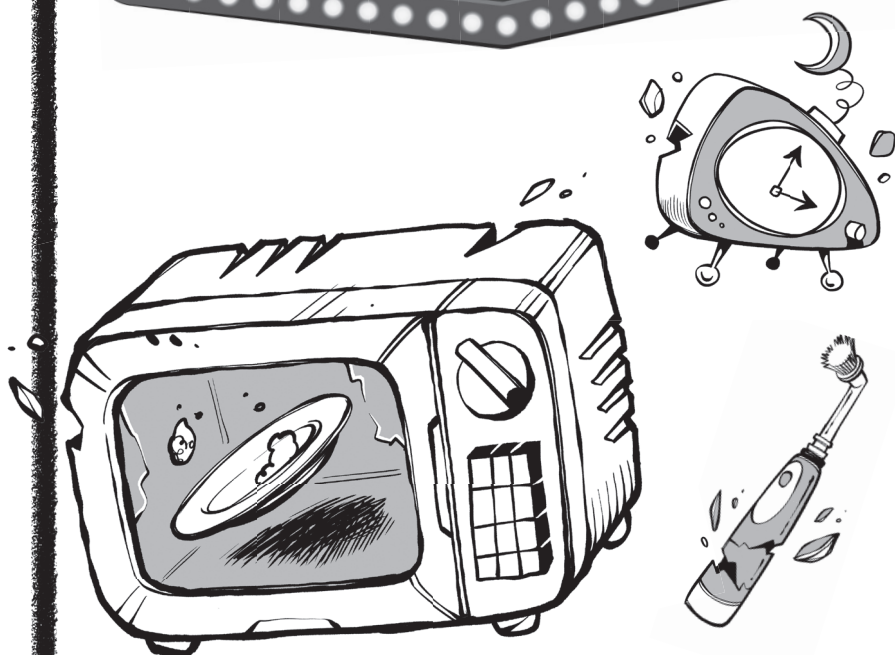
Which lucky so-and-sos will be beamed into my Battle Arena today?

What PERILOUS challenges will they face? Will their bodies be mauled by slime sharks? Will their breath be squished out of them by giant warty troll feet? I hope so!

And, meanwhile, will I bake the universe's largest exploding celebration cake?

Let's find out!

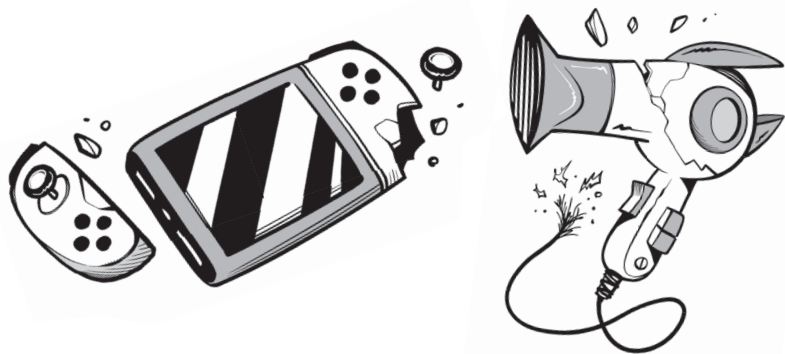
WE INTERRUPT THIS EPISODE
OF **BATTLE MASTER** TO BRING
YOU A COMMERCIAL MESSAGE FROM
OUR SPONSORS . . .



THE FUNKYARD is an interstellar junkyard that's part dumpsite for unwanted electronics and part neon rave. Find alarm clocks between party frocks! Leaf-blowers amongst partygoers! Microwaves amid . . .

WHY DOES NOTHING RHYME WITH MICROWAVES?!

Whatever electrical item you're looking for, we've got it all at **THE FUNKYARD**, the Battle Master's favourite place to find an electrical bargain and unwind after a Big Battle Day.



Ts&Cs: No discounts. No returns. Most electrical items will be faulty. Please check your planet's energy source for compatibility before purchasing. The Battle Master reserves the right to vaporize anyone who asks for an autograph while at **THE FUNKYARD**. Please rave responsibly



2

Unless you've been living under a rock, you'll know that this impressive machine is my **RANDOM TEAM SELECTOR.**



It chooses from over one trillion possible teams, including goblins, aliens, maths teachers, Roman gladiators and sweet old grannies!

That's right.

ANYONE can be plucked from their ordinary lives in any dimension and beamed directly to Battle Planet!



Not EVEN your nosy neighbour, Mr Frederickson, with his ugly orange car and sinister collection of garden gnomes.



CAN YOU JUST GET ON
WITH IT?!

Well, excuse me, Jeff, for being a good host! It's called BUILDING TENSION. And stop staring at me like that! Your singed eyebrows are making me nauseous.

While Jeff applies some cream to his frazzled whiskers and I work out how to stop my cake from exploding before it gets eaten, let's spin the Random Team Selector. All I have to do is pull these levers and . . .

CLICKETY, CLICKETY,
CLICKETY . . .

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK . . .

DING,
DING,
DING!



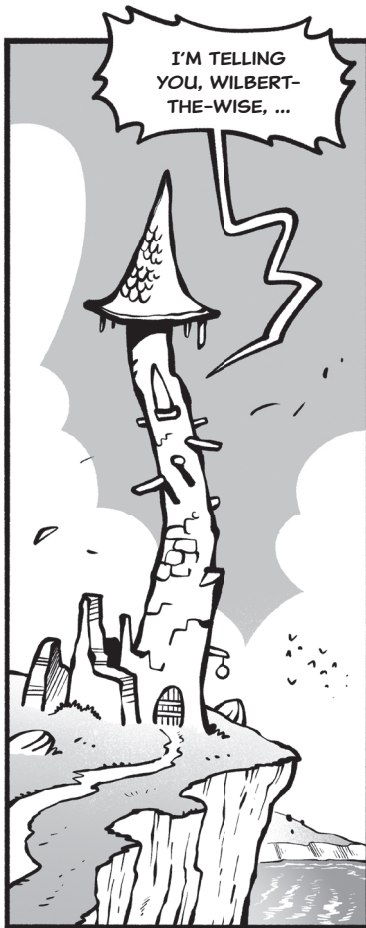
Well, look at that! It's landed on . . .

WIZARDS VS DRAGONS!

Ooh, this is going to be a GOOD ONE! My super-fancy tracking system will show us where our two teams are RIGHT NOW! Let's take a peek, shall we?



**THE
WIZARDS'
TOWER**

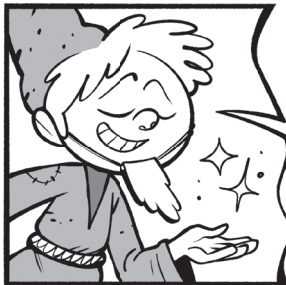


I'M TELLING
YOU, WILBERT-
THE-WISE, ...

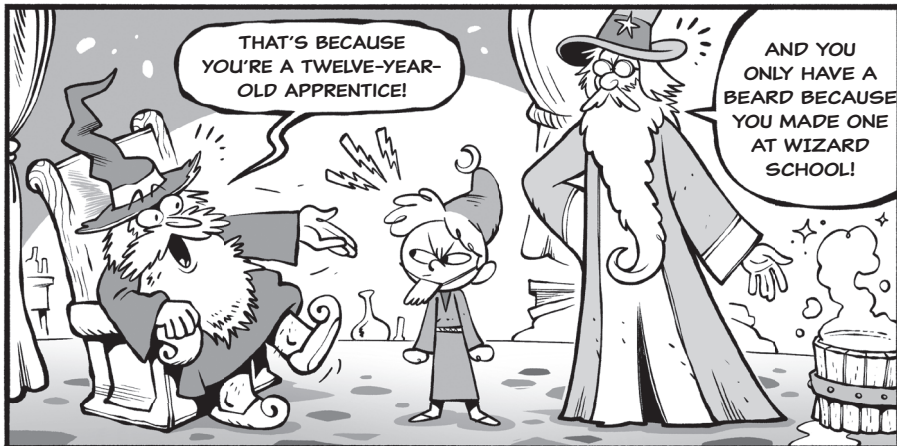


... MY BEARD
IS LONGER,
WHICH
MAKES ME
THE MOST
POWERFUL
WIZARD.

YOUR BEARD IS TOO
WILD AND MESSY!
YOU'RE GAIRY-
THE-HAIRY FOR
GOODNESS SAKE!



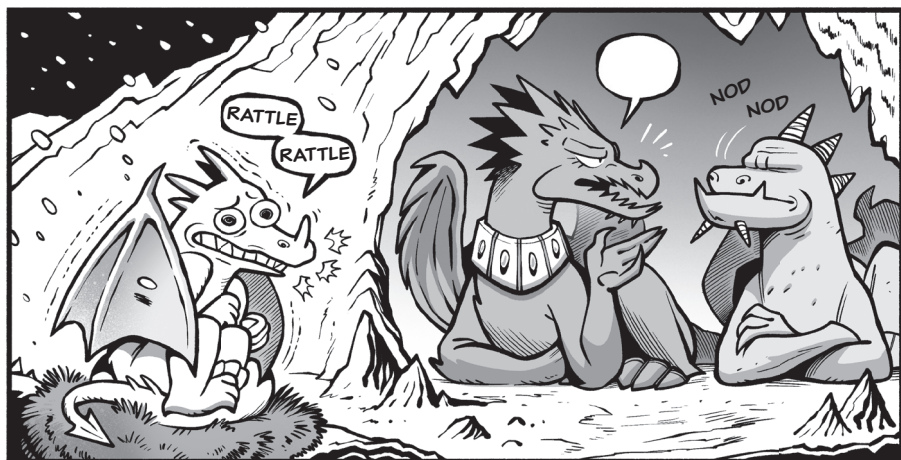
MY BEARD IS
AS NEW AND
SHINY AS A
BABY'S BACKSIDE



THAT'S BECAUSE
YOU'RE A TWELVE-YEAR-
OLD APPRENTICE!

AND YOU
ONLY HAVE A
BEARD BECAUSE
YOU MADE ONE
AT WIZARD
SCHOOL!

**THE
DRAGONS'
CAVE**



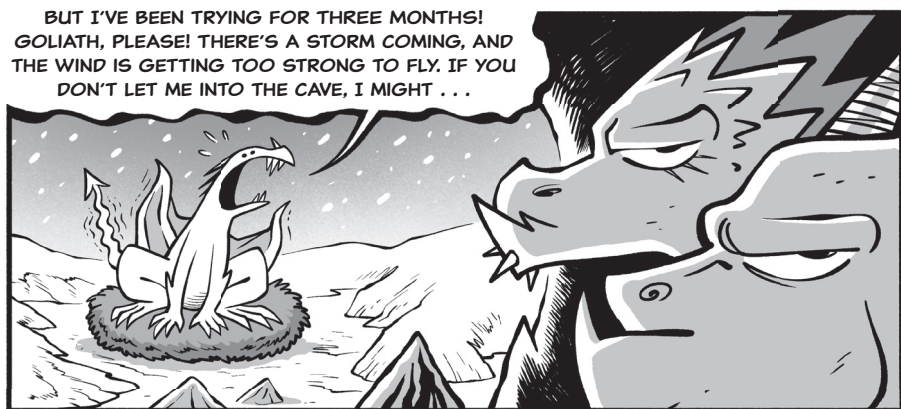
PLEEEASE CAN I COME IN,
COLOSSUS? MY WINGS ACHE,
AND MY BELLY HURTS, AND I'M
STARTING TO SHIVER!



FOR THE LAST
TIME, TITCH, YOU
CAN COME IN ONCE
YOU'VE LEARNT
HOW TO BREATHE
FIRE.

YEAH, TITCH.
THAT MEANS
FLAMES,
NOT JUST
HOT AIR.

BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING FOR THREE MONTHS!
GOLIATH, PLEASE! THERE'S A STORM COMING, AND
THE WIND IS GETTING TOO STRONG TO FLY. IF YOU
DON'T LET ME INTO THE CAVE, I MIGHT ...



Ooh, a cave! I LOVE caves! I once stayed in a cavern with Baaasheepa, the Queen of Angry Goats. She was a collector of wooden spoons and the leader of a fierce pack of goat warriors. Of course, she was MADLY in love with me, but—

Jeff, are you sniffing?



The poor little dragon! Why are they so cruel?

Viewer, behold Jeff's bottom lip wobbling like it does when he watches a hamster rom-com.

You can't throw Titch into the battle arena with his big brother and sister! They'll crush him. They'll abandon him. They'll—

Give us the best entertainment we've had in weeks? I know! IT'S PERFECT!

And with that, it's time to snap my fingers, teleport each team to a holding pod at opposite entrances of the Battle Arena and give them their battle 'gifts'.

Grab your bingo balls, Jeff! It's time to add the CHAOS!

