

CAPTURED ALIVE BY THE FIERCE PIGMY SOLDIERS OF BELZAR, APRIL WING IS CHOSEN TO BE THE HUMAN SACRIFICE IN THE HORRIBLE...

Death Rite of the Dwarfs



BRETT CROCKETT

AT AN EARTHIAN COMMAND POST ON MARS, CAPTAIN BRETT CROCKETT OF THE SPACE BUSTERS AND LIEUTENANT APRIL WING ARE HAVING A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION...

YOU'RE BEING VERY VERY STUPID AND MASCLINE, BRETT! MY PLACE IS UP AT THE FOX-HOLES! THE WOUNDED MEN NEED ME!

YOU'LL STAY AT YOUR FIELD STATION, APRIL, AND WAIT FOR THE STRETCHER BEARERS TO BRING THE WOUNDED BACK TO YOU-- AND **THAT'S AN ORDER, LIEUTENANT!**

YOU BETTER GET UP ON THE LINE, CAPTAIN! **THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH!**

RIGHT AWAY, SERGEANT BOLO!







EXALTED ONES! MAY WE DWARFS OF BELZAR HAVE THE EARTH WOMAN FOR OUR DEATH RITE?

DEATH RITE? WHAT DEATH RITE, PISMY?



THE CEREMONY IN WHICH WE MAKE A LIVING SACRIFICE TO OUR GOD, WARDU. WE WOULD TAKE THIS EARTHLING FOR THAT RITE, TEAR HER LIVING HEART FROM HER BODY, AND THUS GAIN STRENGTH AND FEROCITY!



GRANT THEM THEIR REQUEST, MAJESTY! THESE DREADFUL RITES BOLSTER THEIR MORALE!

VERY WELL. DO WITH HER WHAT YOU WILL! SENESTRAL AND I SHALL BE PLEASED TO ATTEND YOUR-- AH-- CEREMONY!



THEY COULD HAVE TAKEN APRIL ANYWHERE BEHIND THEIR LINES! HOW CAN I EVER FIND HER?



STAND FORTH, YOU!

SEARCH HIM, KENO!



CAUTIOUSLY, BRETT ADVANCES UNTIL HE'S CLOSE ENOUGH TO AIM PERFECTLY, THEN...



