

IN A FRIENDLY LITTLE TOWN NAMED SPRINGFIELD.

...THIS COULD BE THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA OF COOPERATION! THE ROSEATE DAWN OF ENHANCED PROFITABILITY! THE—

COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE MORE OBVIOUS, COBRA COMMANDER? IT IS APPARENT TO ALL THAT "DAWN" IS A CODE WORD, BUT WHAT CAN IT TRIGGER?

NONE OF YOUR COHORTS ARE WITHIN HELPFUL DISTANCE EXCEPT FOR DR. MINDBENDER, AND I DOUBT HE'S ABOUT TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK AGAINST OUR BICUSPIDS.

LET US DISPENSE WITH YOUR CHARADE. NOBODY IS GOING TO RESCUE YOU, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL ACQUIESCE TO OUR LITTLE MERGER, SO WE CAN ALL PROCEED TO MAKE BUNDLES OF FILTHY LUCRE.

BUT THERE'S THE RUB, DESTRO! A MERGER IMPLIES ASPECTS OF CONTROL I CANNOT ABIDE! I CAN AGREE TO YOUR BEING A SILENT PARTNER, BUT I MUST RETAIN COMPLETE CONTROL!

NOT AN OPTION, COBRA COMMANDER. MIGHT I REMIND YOU THAT YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO BE MAKING DEMANDS HERE?









...I'LL  
SAVE YOU!



SO THIS  
IS DAWN.

SHE'S FAST  
AND LIMBER,  
BUT IS SHE  
AWARE  
THAT MY MASK IS  
KNIFE-PROOF?

THAT'S WHY  
HER BLADE IS POISED  
AT YOUR ACHILLES  
EYE-OPENINGS.



ANY ONE OF US  
IS FAST ENOUGH TO  
DROP HER BEFORE SHE  
CAN TWITCH THAT  
KNIFE HAND—



DON'T  
EVEN THINK  
ABOUT IT.







