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MASK

MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND



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BROWN
-16-

EASTON • SAMU • ESCUIN

MASK

MOBILE ARMORED STRIKE KOMMAND



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"THAT IMAGE... OF BRUNO'S BURNING FLESH IS SEARED INTO MY BRAIN FOREVER."

"NO PUN INTENDED, MR. TRAKKER?"

"OH, RIGHT. "SEARED." YOU'RE A FUNNY GUY, DR. BENDER."



"I FAILED THEM ALL. NOT JUST MY M.A.S.K. TEAMMATES, BUT VANESSA, SLY..."

"...AND BRUNO."



MATT... PLEASE!!!

BA-TWOOOM

"SO, MR. TRAKKER, I'VE ONLY ONE QUESTION FOR YOU."

"WHAT IS IT?"





HAVE YOU EVER APOLOGIZED?



NOT IN A WAY THEY'D TAKE SERIOUSLY.



HMM. MANHEIM CHOSE YOU ALL FOR A SPECIFIC PURPOSE. TO FORGE A TEAM OF PERSONALITIES WITH ORGANIC SYNERGY.

WHICH MEANT THAT WE ALL HAD THE SAME UNDERLYING DESIRE... TO FIND A PLACE WHERE WE BELONGED.

INDEED.



THAT'S A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT, THE DESIRE TO FIT IN, TO BE A PART OF SOMETHING, TO FEEL LIKE PEOPLE WANT TO EMBRACE YOU WITH EMPATHY AND WARMTH.

ARMIES AND EMPIRES FORM AROUND THAT PRINCIPLE. EVEN OUR CYBERTRONIAN OVERLOADS DISPLAY THAT EMOTIONAL NEED.



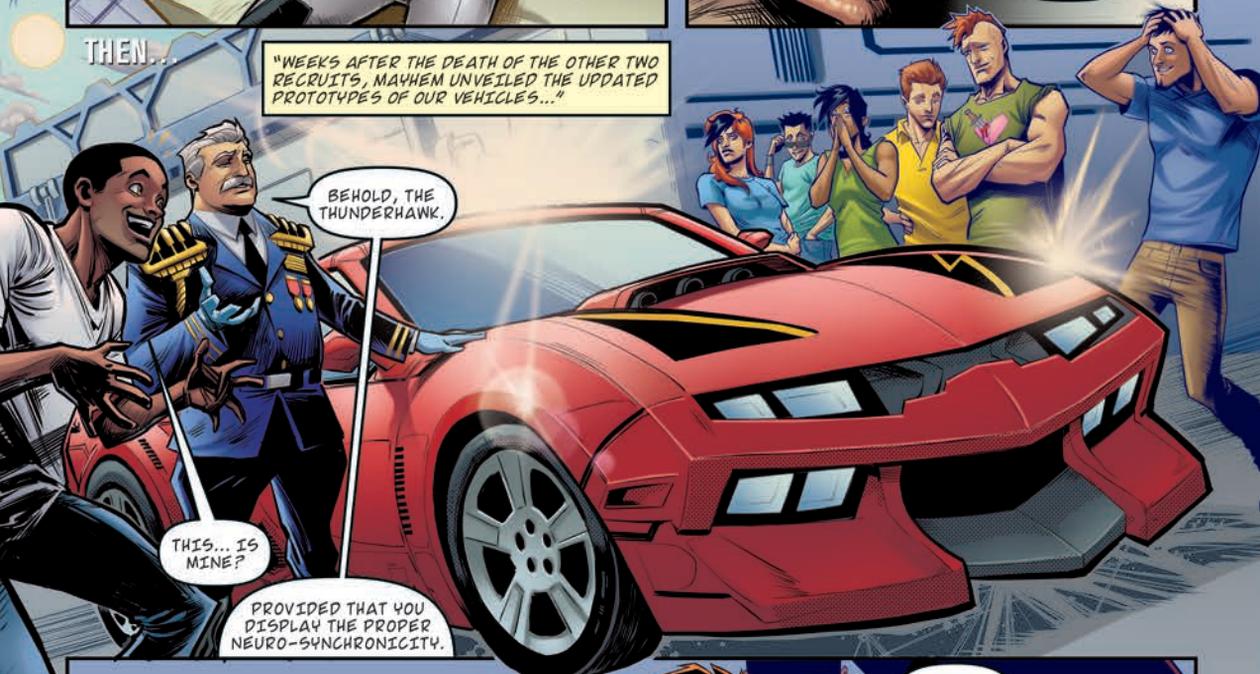
GETTING BACK TO YOUR QUESTION, I'M NOT CERTAIN AN APOLOGY WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH, GIVEN THE SITUATION.



ELABORATE ON HOW YOU ALL ENDED UP IN SUCH A TRAGIC PREDICAMENT.

THEN...

"WEEKS AFTER THE DEATH OF THE OTHER TWO RECRUITS, MAYHEM UNVEILED THE UPDATED PROTOTYPES OF OUR VEHICLES..."



BEHOLD, THE THUNDERHAWK.

THIS... IS MINE?

PROVIDED THAT YOU DISPLAY THE PROPER NEURO-SYNCHRONICITY.



I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T START THE CAR YET.

OH YEAH?

YOU'D HAVE BLOWN US SKY HIGH. THAT JUNCTION IS FAULTY. I DON'T KNOW HIGHFALUTIN' TECH, BUT I DO KNOW HOW TO DEMOLISH STUFF.

THERE'S TOO MUCH ENERGY FLOWING THROUGH THERE. WE NEED A REGULATOR AND A STABILIZER.



I USED TO DO CONTRACTIN' FOR FREELANCE DEMOLITION. WHENEVER I'D GET HIRED TO "MOP UP LOOSE ENDS" WE'D RIG A CAR TO OVERLOAD UPON STARTUP.

IT'D RESEMBLE A MANUFACTURING FLAW.

DID SOMEONE RIG THE THUNDERHAWK?



NO CLUE. WITH THIS STUFF, I'D THINK IT WAS HUMAN ERROR. WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL US OR—

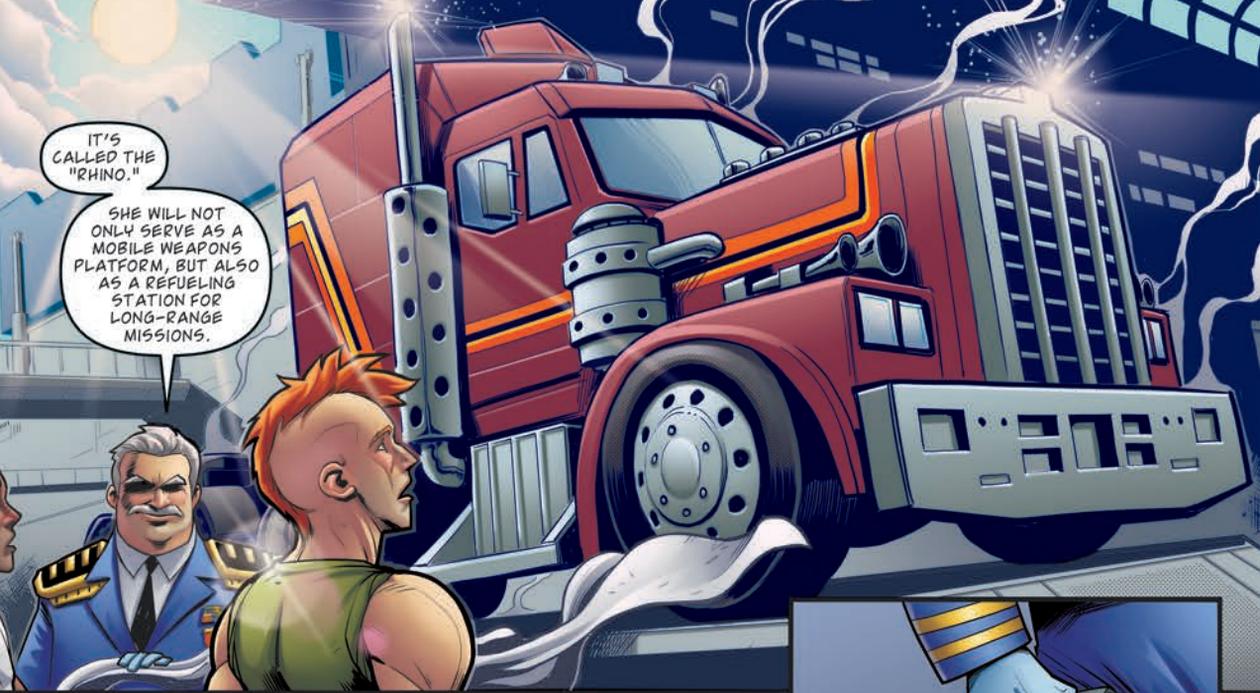
→AHEM←

FALL IN LINE, RECRUITS. TIME FOR MR. SHEPPARD TO RECEIVE HIS BONUS.



WITHOUT FURTHER ADDO...





IT'S CALLED THE "RHINO."

SHE WILL NOT ONLY SERVE AS A MOBILE WEAPONS PLATFORM, BUT ALSO AS A REFUELING STATION FOR LONG-RANGE MISSIONS.



CLICK



A MASTERWORK OF DEFENSIVE PRECISION.

VA-ROOOOOOOOM



SHE IS NOT TO BE MOVED OR TRIFLED WITH. THE PRIMARY NEUROLOGICAL PATHWAY SYSTEM IS NOT AT ONE-HUNDRED PERCENT.

IMPROPERLY SYNCHED PILOTS WILL CAUSE IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO THE MACHINE. HUMANS CAN BE REPLACED, BUT THIS TECHNOLOGY IS ONE-IN-A-TRILLION.