

SUPERHERO MANDROID



THE LAST PORTAL

THE WORLD WAS RUNNING OUT OF IDEAS.

Giant eraser shavings blew through Mandroid's City.



People and buildings became sketches before the white void took them.



Superhero Mandroid had fought portals for so long that one thought still tempted him.



Maybe this was the last portal. Maybe one final victory could make the world safe.



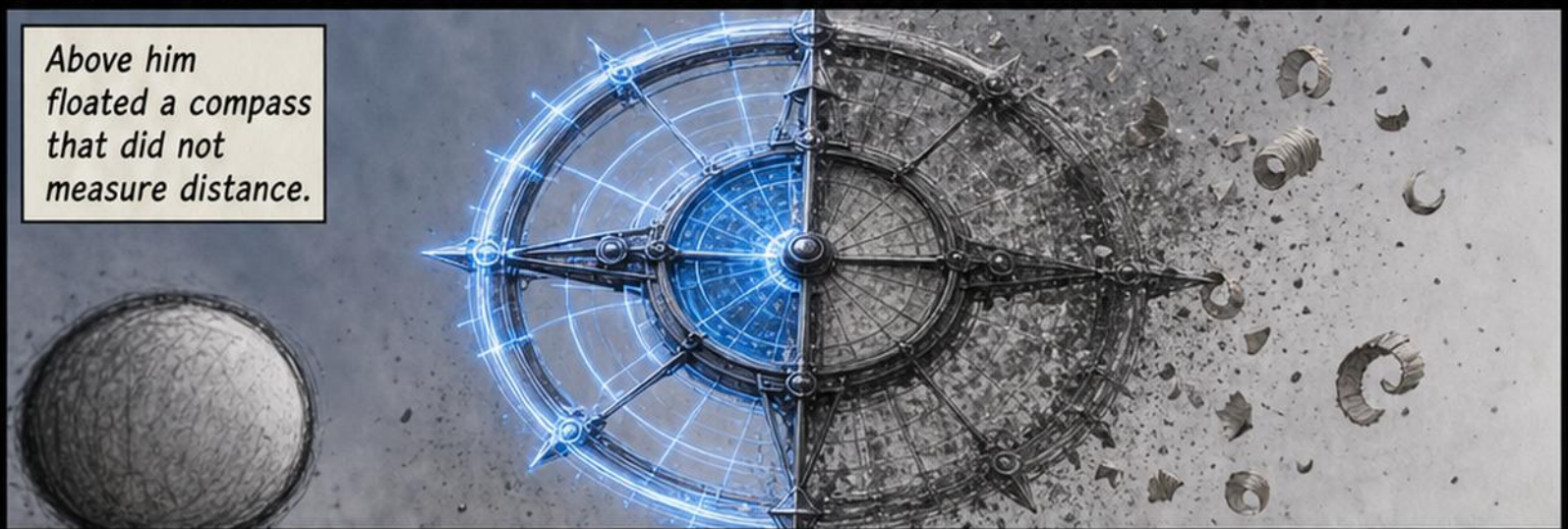
At the center
of the damage,
there was no portal.



There was
a man drawn
in pencil.



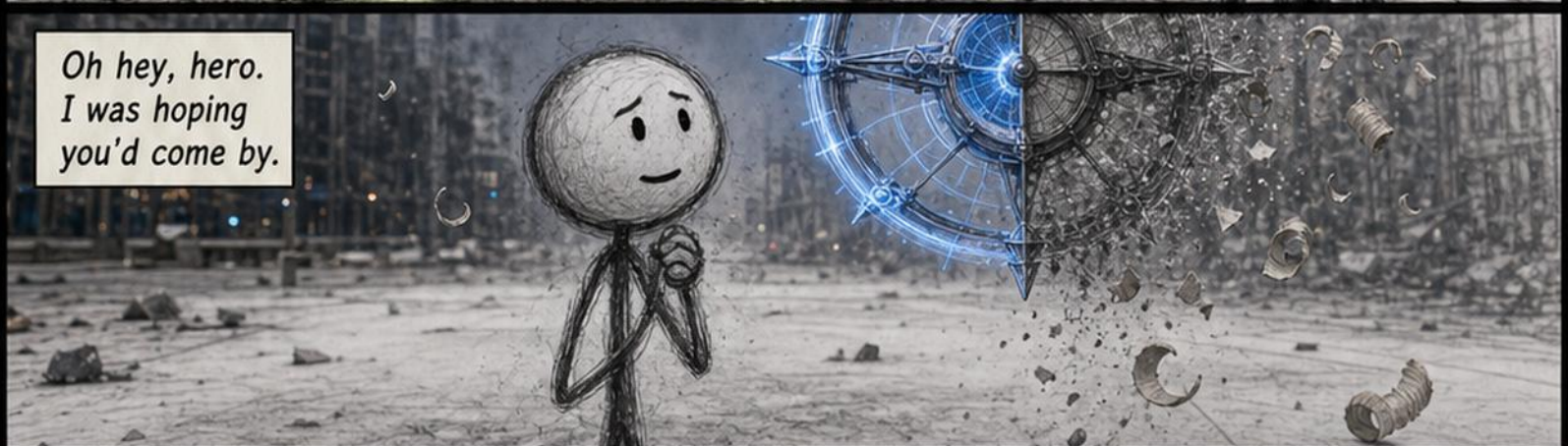
Above him
floated a compass
that did not
measure distance.



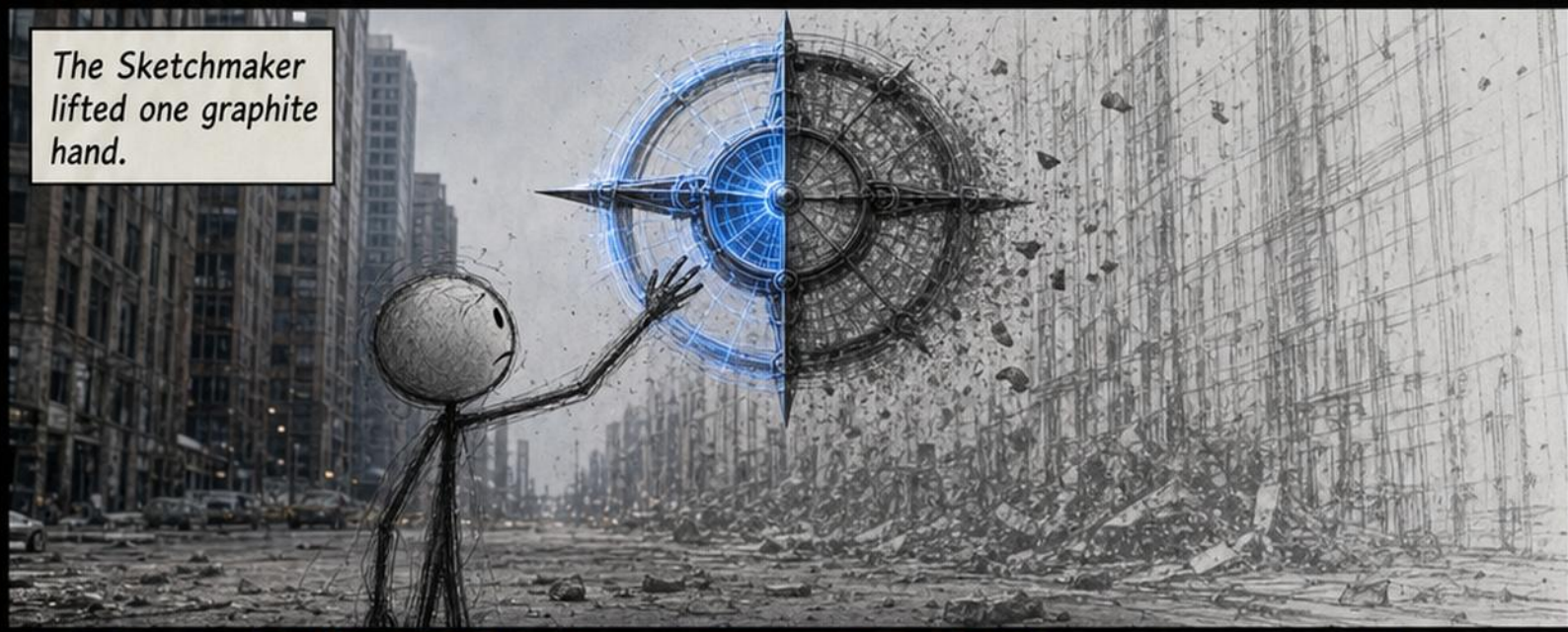
It measured
whether imagination
would build
or erase.



Oh hey, hero.
I was hoping
you'd come by.



*The Sketchmaker
lifted one graphite
hand.*



*The compass
clicked into
Draw Mode.*



*A woman blinked
into life one careful
line at a time.*



*Then the dial slipped,
and Erase Mode
reached for her.*



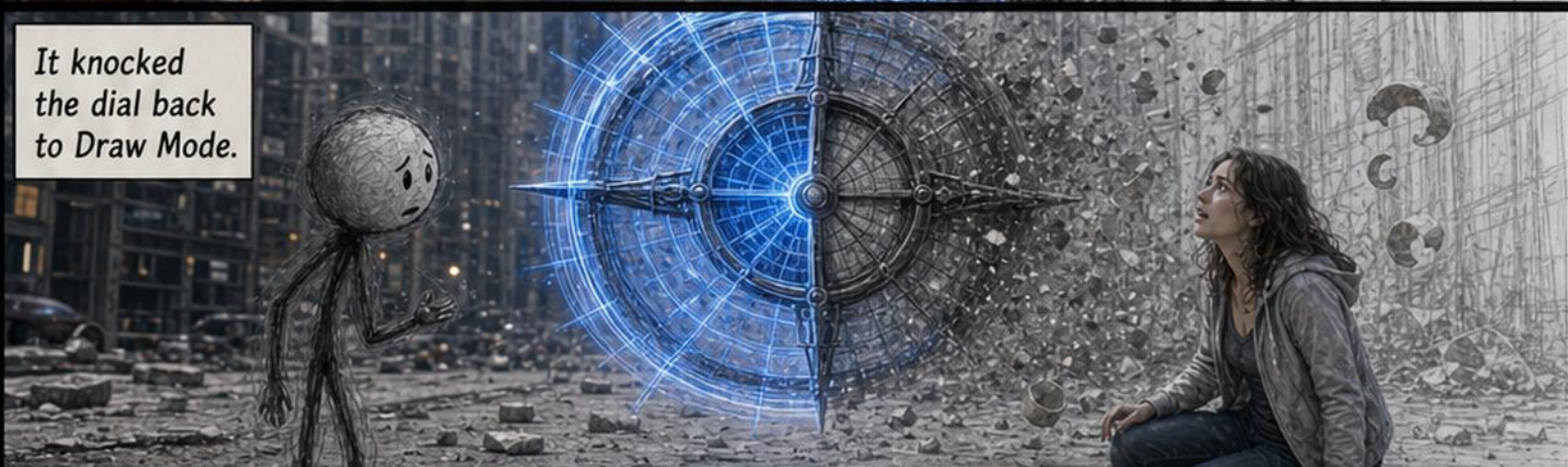
Mandroid fired
a rocket fist
before the woman
could fade.



The punch did
not break the
compass.



It knocked
the dial back
to Draw Mode.



No portals today.
I can't make them
when I'm not
inspired.



You made
the portals?



I'm glad the portals could end, but I cannot let you erase my world.



The compass tried to erase him instead.



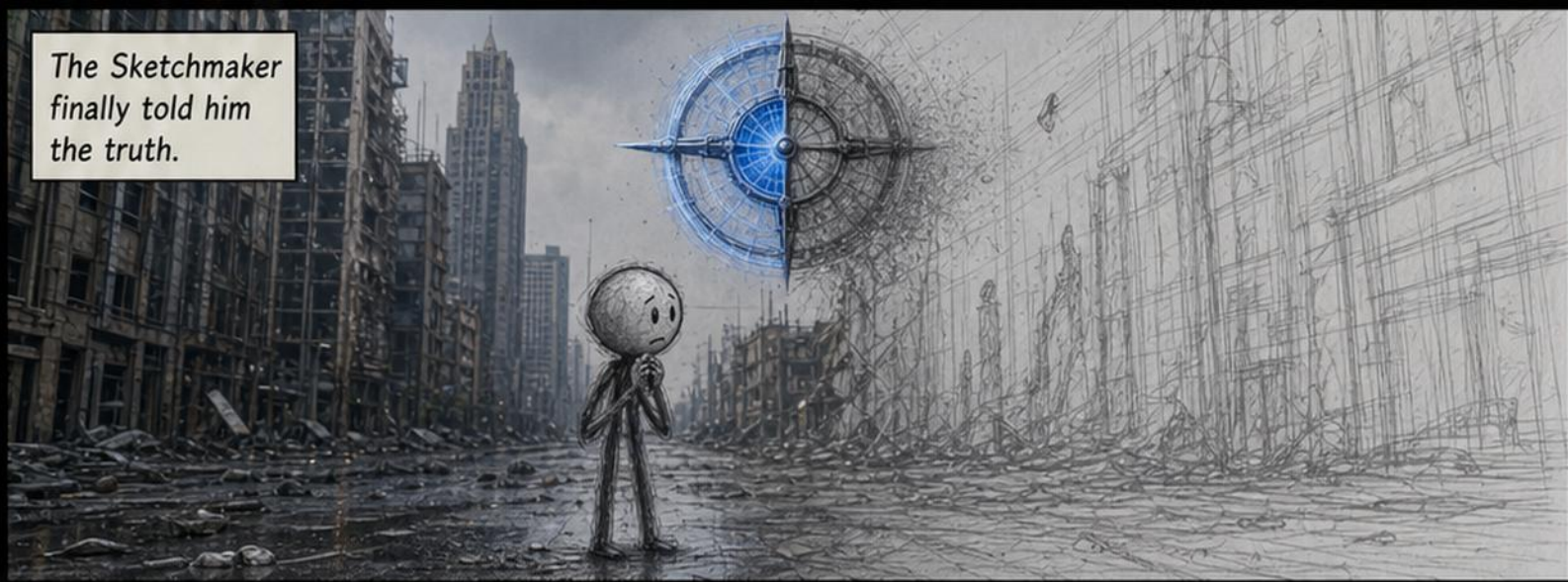
Mandroid's rocket fist vanished before it could return.



I'm trying to remember how to keep drawing it.



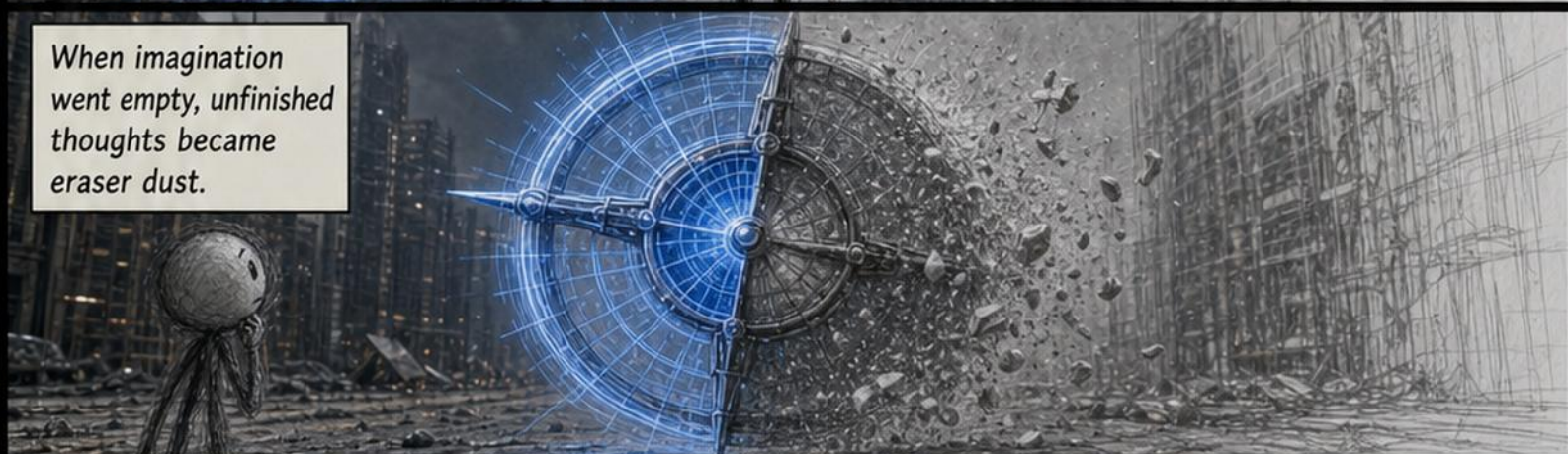
The Sketchmaker finally told him the truth.



The portals, the city, and Mandroid himself lived inside a story.



When imagination went empty, unfinished thoughts became eraser dust.



Mandroid found a half-erased library nearby.



Together, hero and maker read until the hand that drew the world stopped shaking.



The eraser shavings stopped falling.



People returned as sketches, then color, then living flesh.



The Sketchmaker drew windows, streets, homes, clouds, memories, and hope.



Then a new portal opened above the city.



This time, Mandroid wished the portals would never end.

