

SUPERHERO MANDROID

**A SMILE
IS REAL**



**A HERO IN A FICTIONAL
WORLD STILL SAVES SOMEONE.**

Superhero Mandroid
was built for the moment
a purple portal opened.



A giant robot stepped
into the city, and he
answered with the rocket
fists Dr. Dawes had
given him.



He loved the sound of
people cheering when
the danger fell.



He used to dream that
one day the portals would
stop forever.



A giant scorpion came next, all black armor and violet venom.



Mandroid saved the family beneath its claws before the stinger found them.



Once, this victory would have felt like one step closer to peace.



Now he knew that a world with no portals might vanish like a sketch rubbed from a page.



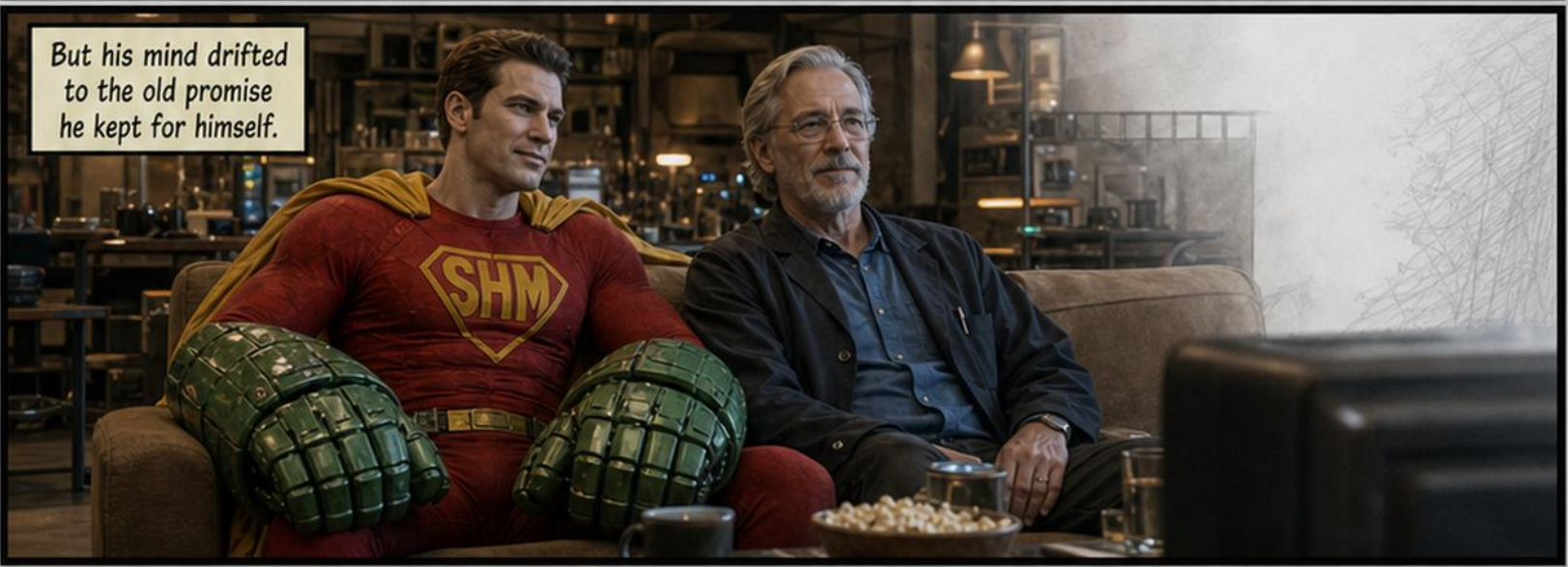
A drilling machine tore up through the avenue like the planet was something to mine.



Mandroid stopped it because innocent people needed the street beneath their feet.



But his mind drifted to the old promise he kept for himself.



When the last portal closed, he and Dr. Daves would sit on the couch and watch television all day.



That future had once comforted him. Now it felt like a room drawn on paper.



Dr. Dawes was human. One day, even his brilliant hands would be gone.



Civilization would change into shapes Mandroid could not imagine.



His artificial hair might gray. His synthetic skin might wrinkle. His rocket fists might rust.



And still, somewhere, a portal would open.



The next portal
smelled of salt, rot,
and another world.



Grotesque fish men
poured into the
floodlit street.



Mandroid did not
know whether the
fight was written
for him or by him.



He only knew the
people behind him
were afraid.



His holo shield
rose.



His rocket
fists answered.



When the portal closed, the street did not feel less real.



The rescued child clung to her mother with a smile that no eraser could make meaningless.



Mandroid understood then that he was not only saving his world.



Someone was looking down at him, looking for escape, excitement, and joy.



A smile was real even if it was drawn.



He no longer
asked for a final
portal.



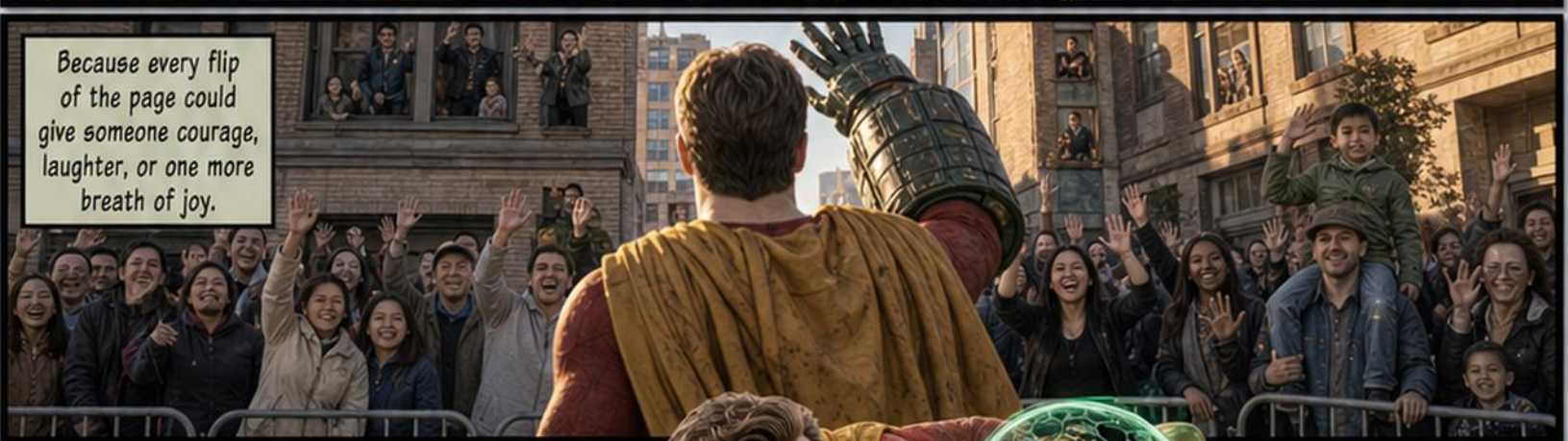
He would fight
after every easy
dream was gone.



He would fight
after time changed
his city, his body,
and every quiet plan
he had made.



Because every flip
of the page could
give someone courage,
laughter, or one more
breath of joy.



That is what it
means to be a real
hero in a fictional
world.

