
Episode 454 – The once and future rebuild

It was a nice apartment, well-lit, spacious and well furnished. A pair of nice, plush leather couches set the scene, arranged in a neat L-shape, with a small coffee table between them. What dominated the room, however, was the massive flat-screen against one wall, so big as to loom over all else around it. By comparison, the broad windows with views out over a strangely futuristic metropolis and the other doorways leading away to gods alone knew where seemed like afterthoughts. Outside was a thunderstorm, lighting flashing as thunder rolled, while thick walls of rain were visible.

“Okay, what about the last one we did?” Rick asked as he entered, shaking off an umbrella.

“Adventures of Jack?” Dan considered as he followed him in. “Let’s see, unlikeable characters, horrible story and a huge dose of creepy right at the end.

“But?”

Dan sighed. “It was complete, and it wasn’t a crossover. And, frankly, I’ll take both of those.”

“Speaking of,” Tsuneo considered as he entered, shrugging off a rain-soaked coat, “I was considering something regarding that fic.”

“Which was?” Rebecca asked as she entered behind him.

“In many ways, Jack reminded me of Kale Cassel from My Way and its various reboots,” he explained.

“I can see it,” she nodded. "Both of them are in an environment where they get to live out their favourite franchises through vicarious power fantasies. Both have limitless arsenals that basically allows them to pull out whatever superpower they need at the time and ensure that they are never challenged.”

“On top of that, both of them have a small circle of shallow, poorly-defined friends who exist for no reason other than to prop them up,” Rick noted. “And both have a prop girlfriend who mostly serves to validate everything they do.”

“And both are considered to be big names in their fields,” Dan offered. “Kale for being the biggest name in Baltimore area Gundam fights and Jack because he as the otherwise unheard-of ability to repair things.”

“Both have parents that basically indulge their every whim and bend over backwards to accommodate their hobbies,” Tsuneo added. “And both of them have younger brothers who don’t have any actual lives of their own otherwise.”

“Both of them win all their fights in boring, one-sided squash matches,” Rebecca spoke up, “Furthermore, they both have completely ineffectual rivals who are no actual threat to them whatsoever. Although it has to be said that Lynx does a lot more for the fic and actually contributes to the story.”

“Most importantly, both of them are very much in love with one thing,” Rick nodded. “Jack with Halo guns and Kale with Zabanya. Probably worryingly such.”

“And finally, both of them are whiny little snots,” Dan concluded. “Despite both of them living comfortable, upper middle-class lives surrounded by people who unconditionally support them at every turn.”

“Which actually brings me to my next point,” Tsuneo countered. “Jack’s whininess largely amounts to internal self-loathing at his supposed loneliness and how awful said life is. And much of that gets channelled into going full Nice Guy on Amira. Conversely, he seems to get along rather well with his friends and does a lot to support them.”

“Right,” Rebecca nodded. “On the other side, Kale is utterly miserable and seems to hate his chosen hobby despite being at the peak of it. And, more to the point, he seems to be determined to ensure that everyone around him is as miserable as possible while quashing any joy they might have had for the sport.”

“So in short,” Dan considered, “Jack is awful towards his fantasy girlfriend and good to everyone else, but Kale is awful to everyone around him, including his fantasy girlfriend. Hell, he treats being at the pinnacle of said sport as being some sort of grudging obligation more than anything else.”

“Hm,” Rick considered. “Hard call.”

“And let’s not forget that Jack can have normal conversations with normal people and has goals and plans for his life beyond just playing video games,” Tsuneo spoke up, “While if you talk to Kale it will sooner or later come around to his deeply disturbing love for Zabanya.”

“I suppose the low bar is to consider that as long as you were not his fantasy girlfriend and you never tried to interact with him online, Jack would be tolerable,” Rebecca mused. “While Kale would be pretty much instantly punchable.”

“I guess Jack is... less worse?” Dan suggested.

“That does seem to be the case,” Tsuneo sighed, “Which is a pretty damning statement in and of itself.”

There was an awkward pause. “But we can we also agree that the best thing about Jack was Akira from Programming?” Rick asked.

“No question there,” Tsuneo nodded.

“Hey guess what, boobies,” Voice 2.0 interjected into the conversation. “I’m back.”

“Oh, it’s you,” Rebecca sighed. “Great.”

“You know it,” the Voice beamed. “I thought I’d drop by and make your lives a little more miserable for a while. Because I care, of course.”

“I feel so rewarded,” Rick noted.

“So Rebecca,” Tsuneo considered. “Every time you look into the Voice’s business, this happens to us, where she comes back to throw something terrible back at us in reply.”

“This wasn’t me,” Rebecca put her hands up. “I wasn’t even looking into it this time.”

“You weren’t?” Tsuneo seemed genuinely surprised.

“No, for once Rebecca is being honest,” the Voice admitted. “This one is not on her.”

“Then what happened?” Tsuneo asked.

“Um, that might have been on me,” Dan sheepishly admitted. “I, uh, tracked down one of the Voice’s cast.”

“Why?”

“Um, really I just wanted to know some more,” Dan continued. “And you know, that Rex guy seemed pretty chill”

“Well thanks a heap,” Tsuneo sighed.

“Did you at least get any useful information out of him?” Rebecca asked.

“I found out a lot about ham rolls,” Dan nodded. “Guy has a ham roll blog. They’re sort of an artform, really.”

“So no,” Rebecca sighed.

“Well now we’re stuck with this, I guess,” Rick shrugged. “How bad could it be?”

“I’ll point out that the last time this happened we got Mad Dog Squad,” Tsuneo noted.

“Okay, fair point.” He glanced up at the ceiling. “So Voice, what the hell are you throwing at us today?”

“So here’s the thing, kiddies,” the Voice explained. “I’ve been looking at the dross you have been wading through of late and thought I’d follow the trend. So now you’re getting a stupid crossover.”

“Thanks Voice,” Dan sighed. “You’re determined to take away everything we love, aren’t you?”

“You know it,” she beamed back. “It’s what I do.”

“So before you lose yourself in your self-congratulation,” Tsuneo continued, “What is the hurt?”

“I thought I’d ride the eighties nostalgia tidal wave as far as I could,” the Voice explained. “So you get a GI Joe/Bubblegum Crisis crossover. You’re welcome.”

“Okay Voice, I’ll give you this,” Rebecca managed. “That might just be one of, if not the, stupidest crossover ideas we’ve had yet. And we had a Need for Speed Crossover.”

“So what iteration of the GI Joe franchise is it?” Rick asked.

“One that could have existed when the fic was written in the late nineties,” the Voice replied. “Beyond that, I don’t know or care. But have fun figuring it out anyway.”

“So either Sunbow Cartoon or Marvel comic,” Rick considered. “Unless you’re one of those people who consider DiC Joe to be its own continuity.”

“Not going to ask what incarnation of Bubblegum Crisis it is?” Dan added.

Rick shrugged. “Generally it’s safe to assume it’s original. Nobody ever wrote BGC2040 fic.”

“The first BGC fic we did was a 2040 one,” Tsuneo noted.

“My point.”

“Anyways, this is a one and done deal,” the Voice offered. “Just this one part and it’s technically complete. See, I can be nice.”

“For generous values of nice, I suppose,” Rebecca noted.

“Of course.”

“I suppose I should be thankful for that much,” Rebecca finished as she took her place on the couch.

“At least it will be short,” Rick offered as he and the others joined her.

“I’ll be sure to count my blessings,” she nodded as the big screen turned on, converting the world over to script format.

> Snakes in MegaTokyo

> By Starscream

Rick: His plan is to ineffectually backstab other fanfic authors

> On a quiet moon less night in Megatokyo, a silence that was broken by the wail of a police siren.

Tsuneo: The city was entirely silent otherwise

> An THP patrol car pulled over an American made black Lexus. The pursuing Police woman climbed
> of her car, walking over to the Lexus. "You were 20 miles over the speed limit. License please."

Dan: The next morning, Frances McDormand found her, Prince and three other people by the roadside.

> A man wearing a blue helmet and a chrome faceplate was revealed as he rolled down the window.

Rebecca: Congratulations, you’ve pulled over Florida Man.

> My license... of course." He said with a reptilian hiss. "Here's my license!" The man produced a gun

Rick: That probably is a valid driver’s licence in Montana

> and fatally shot the patrolwomen. Driving off, he left the patrolwomen slowly bleeding to death.

Rebecca: If the author’s plan was to establish that their villain is very stupid then they did a great job of it.

> Pulling into a parking structure, the blue uniformed man climbed out of his Lexus,

Tsuneo: Lexus, the choice of international terrorists everywhere.

> the man walked over to a camouflaged man at the elevator.

Dan: Strange dress code for their bellhops here.

> "You're late Commander." The camouflaged man
> pointed out. "Merely a minor traffic delay, Firefly."

Tsuneo: By the way, is there any reason why you were driving there rather than arriving by stealth helicopter or mole machine or whatever else?
Rick: Maybe he went out for snacks.

> Entering the elevator, the Commander pressed a button for the penthouse.

Rebecca: The entire next chapter will be Firefly and Cobra Commander riding in an elevator.

> "Is everything in order?" The Commander asked as he and Firefly walked out of the elevator.

Dan: [Firefly] No; I’m a demolitions expert and you’ve got me working as a bellboy.

> "Yes Commander, most of the personnel and equipment will be arriving by ship. And then
> transported by convoy to the staging area."

Rick: [Cobra Commander] The heck am I doing here then? Call me when you’re set up.

> Firefly reported while reaching a door guarded by two
> Crimson Guards holding rifles with bayonets attached. Automatically the guards lowered their
> weapons and saluted the Commander.

Rebecca: I see they're keeping this all very low-key and discrete

> After walking in the Commander inspected the penthouse; the living area was used as briefing
> area/office with a desk in front of some bay windows with a view of the city. As ordered a private
> room was set aside for dining.

Tsuneo: Maybe it was the dining room
Rick: You might be on to something there

> "Excellent, I'm assured that all necessary precautions have been taken?" The Commander hissed

> "The Techno Vipers have finished installing the security system throughout the building."

Rick: Here was me thinking their job was to lay down some sick beats.

> Firefly
> said, then added. "However, the Tele-Vipers will have the computers online and the
> Communications system ready in 5 hours.

Rick: [Cobra Commander] Again, you want to set this up before you get the big kahuna involved?

> Several generators needed to be installed due to the considerable power we use."

Tsuneo: Say, since you're as gigantic, multinational supertech criminal empire, shouldn't you already have a safehouse or forward staging area already?
Rebecca: Maybe we'll be treated to an extended unfunny sequence where people can't sleep because of the snoring

> "Very well, I'm giving those Tele-Vipers 5 hours. But my patience is not without limits. Firefly, once
> communications is online contact Destro, the Baroness, Major Bludd."

Dan: Major Bludd? From that name, I'm guessing he's a good guy.

> Firefly nodded and replied. "Yes Commander." As Firefly began to walk out, Cobra Commander
> called for Firefly. "Oh, Firefly, send two Vipers to find the best Chinese restaurant in town."

Rick: A couple of guys in vests with biker helmets and goggles show up to your restaurant, you're just going to assume they're with Menulog or something.

> Firefly had a confused look under his gray skimask. "Why a Chinese restaurant?"

> Cobra Commander looked at Firefly then out the window before replying. "Because I feel like
> having take out tonight."

Rebecca: Was that meant to be funny?
Tsuneo: God I hope not.

> Firefly walked out to the door to carry out his orders,

Tsuneo: [Firefly] Seriously, when do I get to blow something up?

> leaving Cobra Commander to himself. Sitting down at his desk, he glanced at the evening paper.

Rick: It was the last newspaper left in the world. And yet, it still carries Marmaduke

>The headline read, "Genom Exec found dead."

> Looking at the article caught Cobra Commander's interest, continuing to read.

Dan: [Cobra Commander] What a disaster. That guy owes me five bucks.

> "Genom Executive Brian J. Mason found dead on the rooftop of the Genom Tower.

Dan: His guided meditation class had gone horribly wrong

> Seems he died in hand-to-hand combat with the group calling themselves the 'Knight Sabers.'

Tsuneo: This wasn't written by a real journalist, was it?

> Resting his elbow on the arm of his chair and his hand against his faceplate.

Rick: [Cobra Commander] Ugh. Sometimes I forget I'm wearing this thing.

> Then turned the chair
> to allow him to look out the window. Staring out the window he had to chuckle. "So these 'Knight
> Sabers' have one similar aim to mine.

Rebecca: Their aims are to take over the world and sell action figures

> Soon the world will belong to Cobra!"

Dan: [Crimson Guard] Do you want us to join in the maniacal laughter, sir?
Rick: [Cobra Commander] No, I'm good.

> Halfway around the world in the United States. At the Headquarters of the elite special operations
> force co-named: GI Joe.

Tsuneo: Current location: A hole in the ground.
Dan: I mean, yes...

> "You wanted to see me Duke?" asked Scarlett, the Joes Intel and Martial Arts Expert.

Rick: Her specialties are counter-intelligence, martial arts, archery and girl.

> The Joes field commander nodded as Scarlett walked into the room. "Yes, I have a mission from
> General Hawk for you and Cover Girl." Duke said, handing Scarlett a manila envelope.

Rebecca: I want you to find out why we're still using paper reports in the future.

> "Recent intelligence reports suggest that Cobra in holed in Megatokyo, Japan.

Dan: Given the regular killer robot rampages, they'd fit right in

> I want you and Cover Girl

Tsuneo: Why is Scarlett doing makeup endorsements?
Rick: No, that's another one of the Joes. Her codename is Cover Girl
Tsuneo: Because she's a master of disguise?
Rick: No, but she does drive a tank
Tsuneo: Makes sense to me

> to go to MegaTokyo to confirm those intell reports and see what those Snakes are up to."

Dan: So intel is Scarlett's bag, I get why she's going. But why Cover Girl?

> Duke
> explained. "This just a routine recon and intell gathering mission. Just get the information and get

> out."

Rick: Many explosions later...

> Scarlett placed the orders on the desk. "When do we leave?" Scarlett asked. Duke replied. "As
> soon as you inform Cover Girl. You are authorized the use of a Skystriker."

Rebecca: You're going to discretely arrive in a customised F-14 Tomcat. Seems reasonable to me

> After trading salutes with Duke, Scarlett left to find Cover Girl. Not very long after her meeting with
> Duke, Scarlett found Cover Girl in the motorpool;

Tsuneo: One needless transition later.

> Under the hood, trying to replace a fuel line on a VAMP jeep.

Rick: Yes, but was it mint-in-box?

> "This worthless hunk of shit. When are those idiots on the Hill going to give us funding
> to get the proper parts?" Cover Girl complained.

Rebecca: [Cover Girl] They can build an orbital death ray in the top of the Chrysler building but they can't spring for a new distributor cap.

> "This damn fuel line is for a fucking Ford Explorer.
> Those Goddamn morons! 'Cut cost' they say, sons of bitches!" Cover Girl muttered as Scarlett stood
> behind her.

Tsuneo: [Scarlett] You know what, I'll come back later.

> "Excuse me Cover Girl..." Before Scarlett said anything else, Cover Girl banged her
> head on the hood. "Oh, you goddamn idiot! Ow! My head. What the hell is it?" Berated the tank
> jockey.

Tsuneo: The laugh track is assumed at this point.

> "Sorry, if I was disturbing you, but you and I have been assigned on a mission from General Hawk."
> Scarlett told the former fashion model.

Rebecca: Fashion model to tank driver is a hell of a career switch
Rick: In the GI Joe universe it's relatively mundane

> "So what's the mission. I got nothing better to do, then fixing these POS's." Cover Girl replied as
> she wiped off sweat and motor grease from her face.

Dan: [Scarlett] Auto repair.
Rick: [Cover Girl] Sonova-

> At the local mall in MegaTokyo, Cobra Commander wearing a fedora and trenchcoat with collar
> turned up; since he was only wearing his faceplate,

Dan: Hello, I am vey inconspicuous.

> walked down to a magazine store. While there,
> he picked up several magazines and newspapers from a couple major US cities.

Tsuneo: Let's see what's happening back home in Racoon City.

> The cashier looked at the stack with amazement. "You must really like to read?" The cashier asked
> as he started ringing up his order.

Tsuneo: Say, is there any reason why he's doing this himself rather than sending any of his literal army of minions?
Rebecca: I'm going to wager that it's a forced attempt to set up the plot
Tsuneo: You're probably right, and I hate it.

> The Commander replied. "I prefer to know what is happening in the world.

Dan: That's why he wanders around wearing an opaque visor everywhere.

> Ignorance could have dire consequences."

Rebecca: I mean, resources of a giant terrorist organisation with a global reach, but no, news magazines are clearly their main source of information.

> The cashier finished ringing up his order. "You're total is 300,000 yen."

Rick: Imagine all the steak dinners he could buy with that many yens

> Pulling out his Extensive Enterprises Corporate card,

Dan: What does Extensive Enterprises do?
Rebecca: They enterprise, extensively.
Tsuneo: It's kind of like naming your group 'Shell Company Holdings.'

> the Commander
> handed the card to the cashier. The card was accepted and the transaction was complete.

Tsuneo: Intense magazine purchasing action!

> Putting
> the items into a bag, the cashier happened to stare at the Commander's faceplate as he handed
> him the bag. "Is there a problem?" The Commander hissed in annoyance.

Rick: No, you just happen to look like this internationally wanted terrorist he's heard about.
Dan: Yeah, he gets that all the time.

> "What happen to your face?" The cashier asked. "An unfortunate plastic surgery accident." lied the
> Commander.

Rebecca: The truth is that he's got a pimple and he's very self-conscious about it

> Grabbing his bag, the Commander rushed out of the store. Not looking at where he
> was going, he slammed into another person, knocking her down.

> "I'm terribly sorry, my dear." the Commander hissed an apology to the lady. With outstretched black
> gloved hand, he offered to help the lady up;

Tsuneo: Why no, I am not conspicuous at all. Why would you say that?

> Sylia refused his offered by getting up by herself. "Next
> time I would suggest that you watch where you're going."

Dan: And look both ways before you cross the street.

> The young lady with the black hair with a
> bluish tint coldly remarked as she glared at the Commander.

Rick: And this isn't even the worst meet-cute I've ever seen

> Picking up his bag, Cobra Commander
> walked off. Walking off in the other direction, Sylia stopped. Turning to glance at the trenchcoat
> figure, there was a nagging feeling in the back of her mind about him.

Rebecca: There's something strange about this man wearing a fedora, trenchcoat and face-covering shiny metal plate, but I can't put my finger on it

> With that Sylia rushed off for the parking structure. Sitting in her Mercedes for what seemed like
> hours;

Tsuneo: Just sinking into the rich leather seats.
Rick: This is her Saturday night thing

> glancing at her rearview mirror she spotted her quarry. The Commander drove off in his
> black Lexus.

Rebecca: I wonder how much Lexus refused to pay to stop that product placement.

> Silently her motor started and she began to follow the Commander. Maintaining a
> constant distance, Sylia kept the illusion that she wasn't following him.

Rebecca: You might think you're being followed, but no. It's just a series of identical vintage Mercedes sports cars that happen to be behind you at any given moment.

> After Cobra Commander
> pulled into the parking garage, Sylia looked at the building as she slowly passed by before driving
> off.

Dan: Obviously as a business owner and vengeance-fuelled mercenary, she had nothing better to do.

> As soon as Sylia got home, she made a beeline for her office. Once on the net,

Rebecca: She had get her 56k modem to connect, then wait a few minutes for each page to render.

> Sylia accessed the Interpol database. For her field parameters of her search,

Dan: Cobra Commander is a police sketch artist's nightmare.

> all she typed in was a chrome faceplate under distinugible features;

Tsuneo: The search engine openly mocked her for her search terms

> clicking search, the result was one match.

Rick: Baron Ironblood.

> Clicking on the link, she
> brought up the file of Cobra Commander who had the largest Interpol record on file for all the crimes
> he has committed.

Rebecca: He's run more crypto scams then you can imagine
Dan: He is literally a low-down dirty snake

> Picking up the phone, Sylia dialed the number for the ADPolice and then an extension number.

Tsuneo: Intense telephone operation action!
Rick: This fic just doesn't let up with the excitement

> Ringing a few minutes, the person she wanted to talk to answered. "Officer Nene
> Romanova, how many I help you?"

Rebecca: [Sylia] Oh sorry, I wanted a real police officer.
Dan: [Nene] That hurts! Also, fair.

> "Nene, its Sylia. When you are on your lunchbreak, can you swing by my place;

Rick: No can do, she's got far more important things to do on her lunchbreak.
Tsuneo: Such as?
Rick: If she doesn't make it to the canteen first, all the muffins will be gone.

> I'm in need of your talents."

Rebecca: Nobody can Gweep like her

> Over the phone, Nene told her that she'll be there in 3 hours.

> At that same time, screaming over the pacific was the Skystrkier approaching MegaTokyo at sonic
> speeds.

Rick: Turns out they gotta go fast.

> "So we're going to MegaTokyo, just to confirm some intell reports?" asked the Joe's
> resident female "tank jockey," and former fashion model.

Dan: I'll assume this is Cover Girl, because I'd be worried if there was anyone else with those qualifications

> "That's the job...

Rebecca: And this requires a tank driver, right?

> I've read in news
> accounts that Megatokyo has this mysterious group women that wear some type of body armor and
> take care of the local boomer rampages.

Rebecca: Don't you guys have an intelligence file on them already?
Tsuneo: It's probably filed under urban legends like Mothman and the like
Rebecca: This is the GI Joe universe. Mothman is almost certainly real and has an extensive dossier
Tsuneo: This is also true

> It might be good to check it out" Scarlett mentioned to
> Cover Girl. "Boomers? Oh god, they're worse than BATs;

Dan: What with all the squeaking and the guano and all of that.

> at least with a BAT one good shot and
> their dead. But Boomers are nothing but trouble and a waste of money."

Rebecca: Spoken like a true millennial

> Cover Girl telling her displeasure of the Boomers.

Tsuneo: Given that this is some sort of hybrid crossover universe in which the two franchises co-exist, we can but assume that Cover Girl has some past experience with Boomers that led her to this conclusion
Rick: Maybe a Boomer beat her out for a modelling job
Tsuneo: Sure, why not? It makes more sense then anything else in the fic so far.

> About 3 hours later, Nene walked into Sylia's office.

Dan: Sylia has apparently been just sitting there waiting for three hours.

> "What's up Sylia?" asked the redheaded ADPolice officer.

> "Nene I'm about to ask you to do something completely illegal.

Rebecca: Like putting on a suit of power armour and working as a mercenary and vigilante?
Rick: Well, besides that, I mean.

> If you refuse to do it, I'll understand." Sylia started out grimly.

Dan: Nene is already doing it.
Rick: But she hasn't even said what it is.
Dan: Doesn't matter, doing it now!

> "What do you want me to do?" asked the concerned redhead. "I want you to hack the main
> computers at GI Joe headquarters

Tsuneo: So Sylia is aware that this top-secret government strike force exists, but not the infamous multinational terrorist organisation that they fight
Rebecca: At this point, I think questioning the fic's logic is only going to make it hurt more
Tsuneo: And yet we're only just getting started.

> and retrieve any information on a terrorist organization known as Cobra." Sylia told Nene.

Rebecca: [Nene] Why don't I just read off their toy bios?

> "Why, thinking of going into the anti-terrorism business." Nene said with a giggle.

Dan: Like they've done in past?
Rick: Give Nene her moment, okay?

> "No, I had a run in with their leader in the mall who seemed to be there incognito.

Rebecca: [Sylia] At first I thought it was a cosplayer doing an 'Only Human' reference.

> I recognized him after I saw his Interpol file."

Tsuneo: In retrospect he was doing a really lousy job of the incognito thing.

> Sylia told Nene as the redhead sat down weighing her options about
> hacking into the GI Joe's main computer.

Rebecca: Getting caught, going to prison forever and likely being rendered and tortured as a suspected terrorist versus bragging rights to all her nerd friends. Hard call.

> "I don't know Sylia. The punishment for computer theft especially classified military computers can
> be pretty severe if they trace it back to here."

Tsuneo: Would they be more or less then the punishment for keeping a massive arsenal of armoured suits, transforming motorcyle robots, heavy weapons and a heavily armed unregistered aircraft that launches out of your clearly illegal launch facility concealed in your building?

> Nene explained to Sylia, who silently nodded.

> "Nene this is voluntary, I won't force you to do anything you don't want to." Sylia said to Nene as
> she placed her hand on Nene's shoulder.

Dan: [Sylia] But there is a banana sundae in it for you if you do it.
Rick: [Nene] I am so in.

> "Sylia there maybe way to get the information without hacking."

Rick: Have you tried asking nicely?

> Sylia raised an eyebrow. "How?" Nene gave her boss and friend a smile. "Simple, I can simply
> request the information on the basis of that the ADPolice would want to know what they were
> dealing with, if the situation should arise."

Tsuneo: I can see that going well. [Pause] Hello, US Government? I'm from a Tokyo-based anti-killer robot police force. I'd like information from your top-secret anti-terrorist taskforce please. [Pause] Yes, I will hold.

> Sylia preferred Nene's idea of getting the information.

Rebecca: Rather than going directly to the source you can get a redacted version after wading through layers of red tape. Yep, that works.

> "Well its worth a shot. You better get back to work."

Rick: Well that was astoundingly pointless.

> Later that night Sylia walked towards the changing room just as Mackie walked into the hallway
> after working on the motoroids.

Rick: Mackie's timing was off.

> "Hey Sis, where you're going?" Mackie asked his sister. "I'm just
> going out for some air. " She responded to Mackie. Mackie knew she was lying,

Dan: The big hairless cat told him so.

> but he chose not to
> pursue the matter. Entering the changing room, Sylia took off her regular clothes in exchange for
> the softsuit prior to putting on her hardsuit.

Rick: And then she put on her solidsuit to be sure.

> Once outside, Sylia used her jumpjets to jump from rooftop to rooftop.

Rebecca: She's off to break into some abandoned buildings and photograph ruins porn for her blog
Tsuneo: Isn't half of Megatokyo ruins porn anyway?

> In a room in the building across from the building Cobra Commander used as his base of
> operations.

Dan: A direction that is both very precise and incredibly vague at the same time

> Scarlett and Cover Girl watched the building through binoculars.

Rebecca: [Cover Girl] Meh, this show's boring. What's on Hulu?

> "Hmm. 4 Vipers on the roof, two at the entrance and two BATs (Battle Android Trooper)

Dan: Thank you for that pointless interjection

> patrolling
> the fire escape. " Cover Girl remarked as she lowered her binoculars. "There must be a way in?"

Rebecca: Given that it's a hotel, have you tried entering through the lobby?

> she added to herself; bringing the binoculars back to her eyes looking for another way in.

> Walking to the edge of the roof, Sylia used her the viewfinder in her helmet. Zooming in on the
> building. "4 guards on the roof. 2 at the entrance. 2 at the fire escape."

Tsuneo: Yes, fic, you just told us.
Dan: But now it's someone else telling us.
Tsuneo: I suppose that counts for excitement in this thing.

> Sylia observed, magnifying in on the guards on the fire escape. "Those can't be Boomers?

Rick: Actually it's an old Skorpion-18
Tsuneo: Rick, did you just make a second Grand Mal reference?
Rick: I did indeed.

> The body structure is too small."
> Sylia dealt with Boomers but never seen something like she was observing at that moment.

Tsuneo: Nobody had ever built a humanoid robot before.

> Noticing a Viper walking into the building

Rick: Their plan is to maintain a low profile by having easily identifiable armed soldiers on the street

> gave Sylia an idea, enough intel gathering for her.

Dan: She was going to take the Viper out for coffee and ask nicely.
Rebecca: Seems unlikely.
Dan: I know, but it would be a good change.

> "Scarlett hand me that digital camera." Cover Girl asked. "Here you go, why?" The Intel expert
> asked after taking the snapshot, the photo showed up on the display of the laptop.

Tsuneo: Intense digital photo upload action!
Dan: Do you think you're laying that one on a bit thick?
Tsuneo: This is still the first quarter of the fic
Dan: Help.

> "I believe we
> have someone else has an interest in Cobra." Cover Girl explained to Scarlett as she showed her
> the digital photo on the laptop. The photo of Sylia leaving.

Rebecca: The photo of the human-sized power armour, that is.
Rick: I guess that's mildly interesting.

> "Better send the photo back to Headquarters for them to examine." Scarlett recommended. "Now
> the question is how do we get in there?" She asked herself.

Rick: Use your jetpacks to get onto the roof?
Tsuneo: They have jetpacks?
Rick: It's the future of the eighties. Why would they not?

> Entering her office with a cup of coffee, Sylia logged on her computer. With a glance at the clock it
> was 2 morning.

Dan: Just in time for the mid-afternoon coffee break.
Rebecca: When do you ever sleep?

> Sipping her coffee, she read Nene's e-mail.

> "Sylia,
> This all the information I could get, hope it helps.
> Nene :)"

Tsuneo: The classified documents were full of blanks, so Nene filled them up with smiley faces and Cat pictures.

> Once downloaded, Sylia was about to read the information; But she really needed was some sleep.
> Shutting down her computer, she got up, turned off the lights and headed for her bedroom.

Rebecca: She could have read it, but she didn't.

> At 9:00 in the morning the next day,

Tsuneo: Can we assume she's read Nene's briefing now?
Rebecca: That would be smart, so no.

> a female Viper was making a daily round of the building and
> back alleys for anything out of the ordinary.

Dan: [Viper] Hum de hum, just on my own, out on patrol out of sight of anyone else. I sure hope nothing happens while backup is unavailable.

> As the Viper walked by a back alley, Sylia came out of her hiding place and attacked her.

Dan: [Viper] Oh no!

> After a brief struggle, Sylia dragged the female Viper into an
> abandoned building. Where she traded clothes with the Viper,

Rick: By fortunate chance, the one female Viper in the whole building was the same size as Sylia

> sticking her regular clothes into a
> gym bag; she walked over to her car and put the gym bag in there.

Tsuneo: Certainly nobody noticed the Viper heading over to a classic Mercedes.

> Placing the helmet on her head, she was surprised that the chrome faceplate acted like a two way
> mirror.

Dan: She had previously assumed that they just stumbled around blindly.

> It was also fortunate that the Viper's uniform was in her size.

Rebecca: Fic, pointing these things out is not helping

> Walking towards the entrance,
> another Viper stopped her. "See anything strange?" The Viper asked.

Tsuneo: [Sylia] Just some weirdo claiming to be a Viper who tied herself up in a back alley. I'd steer clear, just to be on the safe side.

> "No sir, all clear." Sylia replied.

> Sylia entered the lobby to see it wall-to-wall with Cobra propaganda.

Rick: I'm not a fan of the new decor.

> Seeing this sickened her, as

> she walked over to the front desk. Approaching the elevator, a Cobra officer guarded the elevator;
> Unlike the Vipers, the officers wore blue uniforms with a white Cobra emblem on the tunic, black
> gloves, a blue helmet with a black insignia and a black cloth mask that covered the bridge of his
> nose to the base of the neck which was covered by the turned up collar of the tunic.

Tsuneo: Nothing else is described, but this one nameless and literally faceless goon is.

> About to press for the elevator until the Officer barked at Sylia. "Where are you going, soldier?"

Dan: [Sylia] It's my coffee break, sir.
Rick: [Officer] So?
Dan: [Sylia] So I'm going for coffee.
Rick: [Officer] I'm watching you.

> Snapping a salute in the presence of an officer was Sylia's first reaction before she explained
> herself. "It is 1200, sir.

Tsuneo: She apparently spent three hours farting around in the alley

> I'm suppose to make a security sweep of the Commander's office." The
> officer looked at her for a moment before replying. "All right, you're authorized to conduct your
> sweep.

Rebecca: [Officer] I'll make sure not to check your credentials or schedule before letting you into our leader's office with all its sensitive materials.
Rick: [Sylia] That'd be swell.

> Make it quick, you're actions will be closely monitored."

Dan: Security will be watching you perform your security sweep

> "Yes sir!" Sylia stated, throwing a salute with military perfection. Once in the elevator car Sylia
> breathed a sigh of relief since she made it this far.

Rick: The incredible string of coincidences had somehow worked in her favour.

> Reaching the penthouse, Sylia walked down the hallway to the door of the penthouse.

Tsuneo: She reached the penthouse and then she reached the penthouse

> Upon entering Sylia began her security sweep moving to the
> right towards the Commander's dining room. Closing the door, she discovered no security cameras.
> "Hmm, the Commander must really like his privacy." Sylia thought to herself.

Dan: That's why they're letting an unidentified soldier check through his stuff.

> Reaching into a case slung over shoulder,

Tsuneo: Good thing absolutely nobody noticed or questioned this bag before.

> she pulled out a canister marked "chaff grenades."

> "Perfect." Opening the door, she tossed two chaff grenades onto the floor. Once they've exploded,
> hundreds of metal strips fluttered to the ground and jammed the cameras.

Rebecca: So instead of seeing her in the office and assuming something's up, security will see that the cameras have been jammed and assume something's up.

[Pause]

Tsuneo: I thought the fic just said there were no cameras
Rebecca: Well that just makes it even better

> Walking over to the
> Commander's desk, Sylia pulled at a file drawer which was locked. Pulling out a lockpick set, Sylia
> picked the lock and open the drawer.

Tsuneo: [Bored] Wow. The tension there was off the scale.

> Flipping through the files, Sylia came across a communique from Cobra Commander.

> "To: Destro, the Baroness, Major Bludd, and Zartan
> From: Cobra Commander

> Your presence is required in Megatokyo, Japan concerning Operation Diet.

> Signed
> Cobra Commander"

> "What in hell is Operation Diet?

Rick: The newest fad weight-loss program

> Unless... Oh my god!" Sylia thought to herself. In a hurry, Sylia picked up her laser rifle,

Rebecca: Let's assume she had one.
Tsuneo: Sure, let's.

> and rushed
> for the elevator. Reaching the ground floor, Sylia headed for the exit after telling the officer
> everything was fine in the Commander's office and she was going off duty.

Dan: Sure, this seems legitimate. Nothing suspect here at all.

> The officer nodded and
> Sylia left. Walking down the street and around the block, she reached her car. Once in her car, Sylia
> breathed a sigh of relief as she took her Viper helmet and faceplate.

Rebecca: Upside, she got in and out undetected. Downside, helmet hair

> Unfortunate she couldn't go to
> the authorities since she didn't have any proof and she was the one to break in.

Tsuneo: I mean, she could still report a sighting of Interpol's most wanted terrorist organisation as a concerned citizen.

[Pause]

Rebecca: So... Basically what she should have done at the start of the fic?
Tsuneo: Basically, yes.

> "I don't have to go to the authorities, I have something better." She smiled.

Rick: Fortunately she has The Corps! on speed dial.

> Back in the Commander's office, the vent of the ventilation duct opened with Scarlett first dropping
> to the floor, followed by Cover Girl. "Now let's see what the Commander's planning?"

Rick: If this is lasering his face onto the moon again, I'm out

> Cover Girl remarked as she headed for a row of filing cabinet

Tsuneo: The paperless office is a lie.

> as Scarlett looked through his desk. Cover Girl
> had to laugh as she looked through the filing cabinet.

Rebecca: What, looking at one single file in his desk isn't enough for you?

> "What's so funny?" Scarlett asked. "I think
> found the Commander's private library of Playboys." Cover Girl replied.

Rick: Huh, the Morningstar issue. Well, I guess it is the eighties.

> Scarlett couldn't help but laugh at the fact Cobra Commander gets his kicks from these dirty
> magazines.

Tsuneo: Sure, this seems appropriate to the source material.

> "Look in the next drawer, Cover Girl. We may find some of his stag films." The two
> female Joes regain their composure to get back to work.

Rebecca: Tee hee.

> Pulling on the file drawer, Scarlett was
> surprised that the drawer was unlocked. That was not like Cobra Commander to leave his desk
> unlocked.

Tsuneo: Or to scatter metallic chaff all over his office, but hey.

> "It looks like someone else was in here." Scarlett said to herself while she looked at a
> communique in her hand. "Operation Diet?" She blurted out loud. Cover Girl raised her head from
> the opened file drawer. "So Cobra is now concerned about everyone's health?"

Rick: Cobra puts mind control chemicals into the food that is a part of the latest fad diet which will be promoted by a media blitz with a disguised Baroness or Zarana as the figurehead and sold through an Extensive Enterprises subsidiary. Makes perfect sense

[Pause]

Tsuneo: Actually, by GI Joe standards, it does
Rick: See?

> Cover Girl asked.
> "Or they're concerned about the Japanese Diet." Scarlett interjected. "We better inform
> headquarters." She added.

Dan: There you go, one single file in his desk.
Rebecca: I don't know how I feel about that.

> At that same time, Sylia walked in the front door of her penthouse, still in her "borrowed" Viper
> uniform,

Rick: Complete with pointless motorcycle goggles and strangely cute bandanna

> with the helmet held under her right arm and the gym bag slung over left shoulder along
> with the black case of chaff grenades.

Tsuneo: Why yes, I am incredibly conspicuous, why do you ask?
Rick: Being fair, this is the fic that had Cobra Commander visit a newsagent in full face mask.

Tsuneo: Don’t remind me.

> Mackie happened to walk into room while Sylia placed the
> helmet on the coffee table and sat on the couch to rest her feet. "Uh, Sis?" Mackie nervously asked.

Tsuneo: You’d think he’d be used to this by now

> "What is it Mackie?" Sylia bluntly asked without looking at him. "If you're about to ask 'why I'm
> wearing this uniform,

Dan: It’s for Comicon
Tsuneo: Seems fair to me

> I'll explain later.'" Sylia added. "But sis." Mackie persisted. Then his sister
> looked at him dead in the eyes with severe seriousness in her voice. "I'll explain later." After that
> Mackie did not want to pursue the matter and piss off Sylia in the process. So he'll just let her be by
> herself for a while

Rebecca: Maybe engage in some light leering from the next room.

> and she'll explain everything in due time.

Tsuneo: Thank you for that, pointless scene.

> Back at GI Joe Headquarters, Duke and the GI Joe CO, General Hawk entered Mainframe's lab;

Dan: They can barely move for all the Funko Pops.

> seeing if Mainframe could make heads or tails of the photo taken by Cover Girl. "Mainframe have
> you figure out that photo?" Hawk asked.

Rick: [Mainframe] Well, it’s a still image captured through a lens by some sort of camera.

> "Yes sir, this is just a hunch, but this could be a Knight Saber." Mainframe told Duke and Hawk.

Rick: Or possibly even bigfoot. You never can be too sure.

> "A Knight what?!" Duke asked with a confused look. "A Knight Saber. According to sources from
> Megatokyo;

Dan: And three seconds on Google.

> they're a high tech group supposedly mercenaries who deal with Boomer rampages
> and missing people,

Tsuneo: But only that. Nothing else.

> any other information is unknown at this time." Mainframe concluded.

> Duke turned to General Hawk, "General, Scarlett and Cover Girl did confirm those intell reports. I
> don't understand how those snakes were able to keep there presence in Megatokyo so quietly."
> Duke asked his CO.

Dan: What with the lobby full of propaganda posters and armed troopers patrolling the streets? Completely invisible.

> Hawk simply replied. "We'll find out soon enough.

Tsuneo: And by that we mean the fic will never once address it

> Right now Duke, we better mobilize the troops and get ready to head for Megatyoko."

> Outside Megatokyo in an underground structure,

Dan: Thirteen levels below the Gizmonics Institute

> Cobra Commander briefing his command staff
> which consisted of Destro the chief supplier of Cobra's weapons;

Rick: If this is Profit Director Destro, then this fic will be totally worth it

> the Baroness their intelligence
> officer; Major Bludd a field commander; Firefly, Cobra's expert saboteur;

Dan: Ironically he was responsible for cancelling Firefly

> and Wild Weasel Cobra's ace pilot.

Rick: Just don't mention the Robo Skull to him.

> "Wild Weasel, you will take our Rattlers, Night Ravens, CLAWS and Trouble Bubbles

Tsuneo: Be sure to mention every toy by name

> to launch an
> assault on the JSDF's airfields and military in1stallations." Cobra Commander ordered his ace pilot.
> "Firefly will sabotage the security system and cut the phonelines.

Rebecca: Pfft, who uses a landline any more?

> Then we'll launch our assault and
> take the diet hostage." added Cobra Commander with maniacal laugher.

Tsuneo: So how come they're attacking the seat of government of a foreign nation that they've had very little to do with before?
Rebecca: It's a crossover. I ain't gotta explain nothing.

> A couple minutes later, Wild Weasel continued to look at the aerial photos. "Is there a problem
> Wild Weasel?" hissed the Commander. Wild Weasel nodded "Yes Commander, I've looked at the
> photos and noticed that they're near civilian areas."

> "So?" the Commander replied. "I don't know if we should bomb so close to civilians?" Wild Weasel
> looked worried.

Rick: For context, Wild Weasel got his start flying in African Brush Wars.
Rebecca: So in short, his only concern is that he might waste ordinance on the wrong target.

> "I gave you an order Wild Weasel, you will bomb the JSDF.

Tsuneo: The entire JSDF all at once

> Inflict civilian casualties but I want the JSDF out of commission.

Dan: [Wild Weasel] So, are you ordering me to hit civilian targets?
Rebecca: [Cobra Commander] No, I mean... Look, you know what I mean!

> Inform the other Air Vipers and Strato-Vipers of the
> mission." The Commander ordered.

> Later that night at Hot Legs, the group known as the Dreadnoks

Dan: The Drednoks in Bubblegum Crisis. Could it get any more the eighties then that?
Rick: Well I suppose if Zarana was there.
Dan: Yeah, but that might cause a critical mass of the eighties that ultimately collapses in on itself.
Rick: This is true

> eyed Priss who was sitting at the
> bar enjoying her cold beer. "Hello there, baby." Ripper greeted Priss with his Australian accent.

Rebecca: Let's assume for the moment that every member of this Australian biker gang speaks fluent Japanese.
Tsuneo: Sure, why not?

> "Yeah, how about a date with the Dreadnoks. We'll show you a good time."

Rick: Back to their place for a round of Uncle Willikins Grape Sodas
Rebecca: I assume that's a metaphor for something disgusting
Rick: No, it's what they do. They really like Grape Soda

> Torch interjected. The
> Bartender tried to tell the three that screwing with Priss is done at one's own peril.

Rick: Just ask that creepy Russian guy from the other day.
Tsuneo: Was that just a *third* Grand Mal reference?
Rick: It was indeed.

> Ripper just
> shoved away the Bartender and Buzzer gave Priss a pinch in the butt. Getting up from her bar stool,
> Priss grabbed Buzzer by the shirt and told him flat out.

Dan: While gagging on his powerful bodily funk.

> "You've just made the biggest mistake of your life."

Tsuneo: I think he passed that point long ago

> With that Priss threw Buzzer into the other two Dreadnoks; As Torch, Ripper and Buzzer
> laid on the floor, Priss made a motioning gesture with her finger. "Come on boys, who's next?" Priss
> smiled.

Rick: Zanzibar, Heartwrencher and Gnawhide have just entered the bar.

> Ganging up on her to attack; Priss uppercutted Torch, kicked Ripper in the head.

Dan: Is it time for Dalton to stop being nice?

> Winding up his fist Buzzer said. "Say hello to my fist, luv!"

> Priss retorted. "Say goodbye to your balls!" Priss rammed her knee into Buzzer's crotch.

Rebecca: That's the most intimate he's ever been with a real woman

> The knee
> shot knocked him unconscious. Smiling at her handiwork, Priss had the Dreadnoks seeing stars.

Tsuneo: I have to wonder what their part was in this plan
Rick: Oh, they weren't a part of the plan. They just like post-apocalyptic biker bars

> When she got to her motorcycle, her beeper went off.

Rebecca: Every part of this fic is the most aged part of this fic.

> "Hmm. Wonder what Sylia wants." Priss thought to herself as she sped off to Sylia's.

Dan: Didn't bother to read her pager message?
Rick: Not since Nene started spamming them with emojis.

> Suddenly skidding her bike to a halt, Priss looked up to
> see squadrons of Rattlers, Night Ravens, Trouble Bubbles and Claws.

Tsuneo: Suddenly a huge fleet of attack aircraft appeared out of nowhere

> "What the fuck!" Priss thought to herself.

Dan: Somehow she knows that before the end of the night she's going to have to punch out an attack plane.

> The Cobra air squadrons approached a major JSDF military installation. "Wild Weasel to Rattler
> and Night Raven squadrons prepare to drop your loads over the base. Trouble Bubbles and
> CLAWS strafe the personnel and ground units. Inflict maximum possible casualties. COBRA!!!!"

Tsuneo: What do we do about their patrol aircraft and anti-air defences?
Rick: Well, fortunately they don't seem to have any at all.
Tsuneo: Well that is lucky, isn't it?

> Wild Weasel ordered as the Rattler pilots and Strato Vipers dropped heavy bombs and clusters
> bombs on the base and several civilian targets

Rick: Oh no! Not St Puppy's hospital for adorable cancer orphans!
Dan: They really need to find better places for that thing

> as the Trouble Bubbles and CLAWS strafed the
> troops where they stood a even going as far as killing the wounded.

Tsuneo: Apparently the entire JSDF was just standing there, gawping

> "Yo, Sylia the whole city is going to hell a hand basket! What the hell's going on?!" Priss questioned
> as Sylia, Linna

Dan: [Linna] I'm in this fic too!

> and Nene watched intensely at the breaking news. "The JSDF is getting
> slaughtered. They never had a chance.... oh my god!" Linna voice trailed off as the news reporter
> showed a infant being carried out of the rubble of a bombed hospital, the infant was dead.

Tsuneo: Rick?
Rick ...yeah?
Tsuneo: I think the fic just stole your joke
Rick: It feels like that

> Sylia
> slumped back in her chair in utter shock. "What do we do now, Sylia? Nene looked at her fearless
> leader. Sylia was consumed with shock and anger she couldn't speak.

Rebecca: [Sylia] If only I'd done anything at all.

> "Those..Those
> monsters....cowards! They've bombed a hospital with innocent children." Sylia muttered to herself
> trying to contain her anger. Regaining her composure. "Suit up ladies, let's stop these terrorists."

Rebecca: Right up until that point she was largely indifferent to the terrorist attack on the city

> Sylia said gesturing towards the changing room. Sylia was going have Cobra Commander's ass on
> a plate.

> At the same time GI Joe mobilized their forces, troop transports, Tomahawk choppers, X-30
> Conquests and Skystrikers

Rick: Vehicles and figures sold separately. Some assembly may be required. Batteries not included.

> heading for Megatokyo. "Those snakes really made a shambles of the
> JSDF, General Hawk." Duke said as he flew X-30 Conquest. "I know Duke. Dial Tone just reported
> in that the causality figures are still coming in. Those bastards bombed civilian areas.

Dan: They seem to be surprised that the evil terrorists are evil.

> Shit!" Hawk replied over a headset from a Tomahawk. "Lift Ticket

Rick: [Hawk] Any more random Joes you can mention?

> what is our ETA?" Hawk asked the Tomahawk pilot. "Our ETA is 2 hours." Lift Ticket answered.

Tsuneo: Either their jets are flying really slow, or that helicopter is really fast

> Back in Megatokyo, Cobra ground forces headed for the parliament building. "Commander what of
> the Advanced Division Police?"

Rick: What about them?
Dan: Fair point. Let's move on.

> Destro asked the Commander who was sitting in the command chair of the lead STUN.

Tsuneo: Cobra Commander doesn't strike me as the most 'lead from the front' guy.
Rick: I mean, normally he's not but it's a nice night out and he wanted to get some air.

> "Simple Destro a full legion of our Battle Android Troopers will take care of the ADPolice.

Rebecca: Sending killer robots to take out the anti-killer robot force. Makes sense to me.

> All force keeping moving. COBRA!!!!"

> Approaching the parliament building, Cobra HISS Tanks smashed through the Security Boomers
> protecting the Diet.

Rick: Oh hey, turns out there are – sorry, were – actual boomers in a BGC fic.
Tsuneo: I am genuinely shocked.

> Soon Cobra forces surrounded the building and stormed building.

Tsuneo: They just cleaned the place up after BD's coup last week.

> "What's the meaning of this?!" demanded the Prime Minister;

Dan: He's less wondering why they're storming the parliament as he is wondering why parliament is sitting in the middle of the night.

> Pointing a gun at the Prime Minister, Cobra
> Commander coldly hissed. "Consider yourselves as hostages of Cobra!"

> As Cobra started their attack on the diet, a truck approached ADP headquarters ramming the

> entrance of the tower.

Rick: Guys, loading dock's in the back. Doesn't anyone read the signs?

> ADP officers in heavy riot gear and security boomers surrounded the truck.

Tsuneo: Given their mission, I question the utility of giving the ADP Security Boomers
Rebecca: It's like they're making work for themselves

> Without warning 50 Battle Android Troopers engaged the security Boomers

Dan: [BAT] It was really tight in there.
Rick: [BAT] We were working on clown car logic.

> and more were on the way by being airlifted to the roof.

Tsuneo: Just so we're clear, absolutely nobody noticed and reported this massive build-up of troops and equipment entering the country?
Rebecca: Well, a vigilante found a memo in a desk drawer, but she decided not to report it.
Tsuneo: Great, that makes the whole thing better.

> Leon with his feet propped on the desk was cleaning his gun when the alarms went off.

Rick: Fortunately, that's the only thing that went off.

> "What the fuck!" he yelled when he heard the chanting of the BATs "Attack! Attack! Attack!"

Tsuneo: Leon seems to be surprised by the existence of killer robots.
Dan: To be fair, it is Leon

> 4 hours later, the N-police had a command post set up just as much of the ADPolice could muster,
> arrived to back up the N-Police. "What's going on Captain?" Asked Inspector Leon Mc Nichols.

Rick [Leon]: I mean, last I saw I was being attacked by an army of killer robots. It's like that scene just ended without any resolution

> "A
> terrorist group have taken the Diet hostage." replied the N-police captain. "Have they made any
> demands?" Leon asked, the Captain nodded.

Dan: Mostly they're asking for a delivery of Ben & Jerry's.

> "Yeah 1 billion dollars per every member of Diet. I just sent a negotiator in."

Tsuneo: Once we stopped laughing, that is.

> Then Cobra Commander's helmeted presence flashed on the screen. "Your negotiator has just
> been shot. He was a good negotiator.

Rebecca: Despite all evidence to the contrary

> You have 48 hours."

Tsuneo: Now that we've made sure you have no reason to negotiate, we're going to continue negotiations.

> Leon turned to see a GI Joe AWE Striker pulled up with some heavy artillery.

Dan: At this point, I can only assume his reaction was something to the effect of 'sure, why not?'

> Leon approached the AWE Striker. "Inspector Leon Mc
> Nichols ADPolice. " Leon introduced himself. "General Hawk, GI Joe. What's the situation son?"

> "We've got a complete nutcase in there.

Rick: I mean, for starters he should be asking for Yen.

> For the release of each member of the Diet, he wants 1 billion dollars within 48 hours.

Tsuneo: In case you missed that last exchange, here it is again

> The son of a bitch killed one of our best police negotiators."

Rebecca: I'll assume he was three days from retirement and leave it at that

> Leon answered General Hawk.

Dan: [Leon] Also, who the hell are you and why is an American force operating in Japan?

> "And we can't send in the troops or Cobra will kill the hostages." Hawk told Leon.

Rick: [Leon] Honestly, if we lose a few it'll be cheaper.

> "Who is this nut, General?" Leon asked. "His name's Cobra Commander.

Tsuneo: Weird name. Sounds French.

> He may be a nut,

Rick: [Hawk] He once shrunk his men down and delivered them to GI Joe headquarters in birthday presents, so take that how you will.

> but he commands the largest and most well equipped terrorist group in the world.

Dan: He is Cobra Commander who commands Cobra.

> GI Joe was created to deal with Cobra." Hawk explained.

Rick: Yep, great job so far. Ten out of ten.

> Suddenly an aircraft flew over head heading for the parliament building. "Well, General, meet our
> ace-the-hole so to speak... the Knight Sabers." Leon told Hawk as they watched the Knight Sabers
> go to work.

Dan: [Leon] Well, they're here, guess we can all go home.
Rick: [Hawk] We've still got an ongoing situation.
Dan: [Leon] I mean, it's what I usually do.

> On the Skycarrier, Mackie notified his sister from the cockpit. "Sis, we're almost over the building."

Tsuneo: Turns out Cobra doesn't have any patrol aircraft or anti-air defences either.
Rebecca: How convenient.

> Mackie said. "Thank you Mackie. All right Ladies, we're over the drop zone, prepare to jump." Sylia
> told her Knight Sabers. With her elbow, she smashed a glass case for opening the boarding ramp
> manually.

Rebecca: They need to get a better system for that

> Once the boarding ramp opened, Sylia gave her friends some final instructions prior to

> jump. "All right, we're about to jump.

Tsuneo: As indicated

> Just remember to use jumpjets in bursts to slow down you
> descent or the only way you'll get out of your Hardsuit is with a can opener."

Rick: [Priss] Yeah, we've kind of down this before...
Dan: [Linna] When did you turn all drill sergeant nasty anyway?

> Priss approached the boarding ramp and was the first to jump. Next Linna. Nene was reluctant to
> jump. "Sylia have I told you I have a fear of heights?"

Rebecca: After a scene of literal dead babies, your comedy relief loses some of its zing

> Nene asked Sylia sheepishly. "Well, just
> remember what I told you and look out below." Sylia said as she took Nene's hand and jumped.

> "When will they give into our demands, I expect to be paid." Zartan remarked impatiently. "Patience
> Zartan, those fools will give..."

Tsuneo: You realise that you've asked for nearly half a trillion dollars and it is literally impossible to pay?

> Before the Commander could finish, four armored females came
> crashing through the skylight above.

Dan: They all think they're Batman

> "What the hell?!" The Commander yelled as he fell over in his chair.

Tsuneo: Having apparently missed the giant aircraft hovering overhead

> "Knight Saber... Its showtime!" Sylia commanded her Knight Sabers. "Vipers, dispose of the
> interlopers!" Ordered Cobra Commander to his Vipers as they surrounded the Knight Sabers.

Rebecca: [Priss] Any reason we didn't come in guns blazing?
Dan: [Sylia] Oh no, not really.

> "40
> against 4. Good odds." Priss observed as she assumed a fighting stance. "For whom?" Linna
> sarcastically asked Priss.

> First to lash out was Priss when she ripped a punch into a face of one of the Vipers. Upon impact,
> the chrome faceplate shattered and the Viper was knocked out.

Tsuneo: Also, argh, my face

> "Just don't stand there, you idiots!
> Terminate them!" The Commander berated his troops. The Vipers began to open fire on the Knight
> Sabers.

Rebecca: So Sylia's plan was to jump right into the building full of high-value hostages and start a gunfight
Tsuneo: It seems that way
Rebecca: I see flaws with this idea

> Leaping into the air, Sylia came down arms first to performed a one arm hand spring,
> landing behind a Viper to throw him into several other Vipers.

Tsuneo: Bowling for Cobras, I guess.

> "Let's see if you can hit those high
> notes!" Priss yelled at her opponent as she upper cut him in the family jewels;

Rebecca: Its the all nut-punch spectacular

> not only knocking him, it sent the Viper flying back.

Rick: [Viper] Why do you hate my groin so much?

> Lunging forward, another Viper tried to punch Linna, which she only jumped into the air for a few
> seconds. After he took a few steps forward, Linna landed and kicked the Viper in the back into a
> wall.

Dan: Yes Linna, we all saw the Matrix as well

> Cobra Commander watched with utter disbelief as the Knight Sabers trashed his Vipers.

Tsuneo: Who'd have thought that four people in supertech power armour could easily take out the nameless, faceless goons?

> "It has
> become apparent that it would be prudent to make my departure." The Commander hissed as he
> ran for the helipad.

Dan: His plan was to fold at the first sign of opposition.

> "Linna, Nene and Priss begin mopping up here. I'm going after Cobra
> Commander." Sylia told her friends before pursuing Cobra Commander.

Tsuneo: She said she was going to follow Cobra Commander so she followed Cobra Commander.

> The Commander ran down
> the hall nearing the helipad until a shot nearly grazed his helmet. Turning around he saw Sylia with
> her arm cannon pointing at him. "What is the meaning of this? Who are you?"

Rebecca: Said somebody to somebody else

> "I've read about you Cobra Commander. I know about your crimes

Rick: And how he's a used car salesman, renegade European scientist, Dante Alighieri, a mutant snake man or combinations thereof.

> and the slaughter you ordered
> against the JSDF and those children you murdered. Its time someone brought you to justice. As for
> 'who am I?' I'm you're worst nightmare." Sylia coldly explained to the Commander.

Tsuneo: [Cobra Commander] No, I legitimately mean that I have no idea who you are. I need a name, not an overused comeback.

> Out of almost nowhere, Firefly fired a rocket launcher at Sylia's back.

Rick: Or that could happen, I suppose

> Fortunately the rocket incapacitated Sylia and did minor damage to her Hardsuit.

Dan: Rocket slightly scuffs paint.

> "Good work, Firefly. We may have got something useful from this operation after all."

Tsuneo: I guess crippling the entire JSDF was just a bonus or something

> pleasantly retorted Cobra Commander as two Vipers carried her to the helipad.

Dan: [Viper] Why do we get all the heavy work, Bob?
Rick: [Viper] Beats me, Dave. This outfit weighs a tonne.

> When Firefly and Cobra Commander were about to walk out the door, until a rail gun shot was
> embedded into the door jam.

Rebecca: Firefly's the only one here who can shoot straight.

> Turning around again to see Priss with her railgun ready to fire again.
> After hearing Sylia screaming over the comline, Priss knew something went apeshit.

> "All right you son of a bitch where's my friend?" Priss said coldly trying hide the anger in her voice.

Tsuneo: She swore coldly

> Firefly tossed a couple of handgrenades before he and the Commander left.

Rick: Always assume Firefly has more explosives on him at all times

> "Commander! The Joes are breaking through! We must depart while we can!" Destro called from a
> chopper still on the pad.

Rick: Can I assume that it's the nameless but remarkably consistently drawn Cobra transport chopper from a number of issues of the Marvel run?
Tsuneo: Whatever makes you happy
Rick: Thanks

> While climbing onboard the Commander asked. "Is the prisoner secured?"

> "Yes sir." A Cobra trooper responded.

Tsuneo: Oh, and what happened with Priss and the grenades?
Rick: I think it's best that we all just forget about that and move on.
Rebecca: The fic sure did.

> "Take off!" The Commander ordered the chopper pilot. The
> chopper took off and flew into the night sky.

> Back in the main chamber, Linna and Nene were finishing putting the Vipers that were KO'd into a
> nice, neat little pile

Tsuneo: Despite their massive array of devastating anti-Boomer weaponry, the Knight Sabers had apparently not killed a single one of them
Rick: It fits.

> as General Hawk entered the room; followed by Duke, Beach Head, Lifeline, Rock 'n' Roll

Rick: Double Clutch, Switch Gears, Major Gridiron, Ice Cream Soldier and Codename Montezuma's Skeleton

> and Snake Eyes. "What in Sam Hill happened here?" A stunned General Hawk asked

Rebecca: General Hawk is now being played by a southern gentleman.

> as he saw 40 Vipers with their lights knocked out.

Dan: And all stacked in a pile. Truth being told, it was a tad disturbing

> "It seems these ladies gave those Snakes a run
> for their money." Duke said to Hawk in reference to the Knight Sabers.

Rick: [Linna] Um, rude. We're right here, you know.

> Then Priss emerged from
> the door leading to the helipad, holding her arm and limping before collapsing to the floor.

Dan: She's limping because her arm's hurt.

> "Oh god Priss!" Linna ran to her friend's aid, Priss laid on the floor semi-conscious. "Lifeline, check
> her out." Hawk ordered. Lifeline began to examine Priss. "I can't examine her with this armor on.

Rebecca: Thank you for that, Doctor Obvious

> I need to take it off." Lifeline stated. "Linna, should we allow him?" Nene asked,

Dan: Clearly okay with calling out each other's names in front of total strangers

> Linna only nodded allowing Lifeline to remove her Hardsuit to examine her injuries.

Tsuneo: It seems to me that a lot of their problems could be covered by hiring a medic.
Rick: Sylia had the budget for an aerobics instructor, medic or circus knife thrower and could only pick one. It was a hard choice.

> "Well, the good news for your friend is, she has a sprained arm and leg; and a minor concussion."

Rebecca: She was only lightly exploded

> A few minutes passed before Priss came to.

Rick: Everyone's just kind of milling about in the meantime; y'know, catching up.

> "Linna?" Priss asked when she recognized her friend.
> "Priss where's Sylia?" Linna asked, Priss just shook her head sadly, before stating.

Dan: [Priss] Oh, she went out to get some champagne. Where do you think she is?

> "That faceplated asshole has Sylia." Linna bit down on her lower lip.

Rick: That line sounded so much better in her head

> "Damn, if they have Sylia, then they have her
> Hardsuit." Linna gave out a sigh at the possibly.

Rebecca: Linna is lightly annoyed by the idea.

> "I'm sorry about your friend...." Hawk stated, but Linna cut him off. "You don't understand.... what
> was your name?" Linna wasn't formally introduced to Hawk.

Dan: She may be a mercenary vigilante but she's a stickler for good manners.

> "General Hawk, GI Joe." Hawk
> introduced himself. "anyway General Hawk, you don't understand Sylia's Hardsuit is the strongest
> and most advanced of all four Hardsuits

Dan: I mean, how much does she even lift?

> and she created them."

Tsuneo: Might want to lead with that part next time

> Linna explained to General Hawk.
> "I tend to agree with you miss, Cobra always captures the person who creates a device capable of
> reaching their goals."

Rick: This is going to be like the MASS Device, isn't it? Do any of your suits require exotic materials that might be found in a volcano or the bottom of the ocean, by chance?

> Duke said to Linna. "From first hand experience Cobra is very thorough in an interrogation."

Dan: [Duke] Don't worry, though. Crazy inventor rescue is a pretty standard GI Joe detail.

> Added Duke, Linna snapped her head in Duke's direction with a frown on her face. "If
> you're saying Sylia can be broken. I can assure she can't, her will is just too strong."

Rick: So they have this thing called the Brain-Wave Scanner...

> Finally the darkness lifted from Sylia's eyes as she came to. Judging by her surroundings, she was
> in some sort of prison. Looking at her clothes, she was wearing a gray prisoner's uniform.

Rebecca: Grey is the new black

> When the
> metal door creaked open a Viper holding a rifle told Sylia. "Cobra Commander wishes to see you."

> The Viper led Sylia to the Commander's dining room.

Dan: How does he eat with that mask on anyway?
Rick: Very carefully

> "Greeting Ms. Stingray, I'm delighted that you
> decided to accept my dinner invitation." The Commander politely hissed.

Rebecca: After all, it was so elegantly delivered.

> "Of course against my free
> will." Sylia retorted. Cobra Commander chuckled as he offered Sylia a seat. "You do have a flair for
> sarcasm, my dear."

Rebecca: No, not at all.

> Sylia took a seat never taking her eyes off her helmeted enemy. "What shall we talk about my dear?

Tsuneo: [Sylia] Well, let's start with your abject failure at the Diet.

> How about your knowledge of the technology of your Hardsuit?" Cobra Commander asked Sylia.

Rick: It was invented in 1859 by Sir Walter Hardsuit

> "Never, I will never give you that information. I won't assist in your activities." Sylia flatly refused the
> Commander. "You won't enjoy the alternative Ms. Stingray.

Tsuneo: He's going to make her read Mad Dog Squadron

> We'll break if we have to." Cobra
> Commander coldly replied. Sylia showed no sign of fear or weakness.

Dan: Time for the Gom Jabbar then

> Opening the door, Cobra Commander called for the guards to take Sylia to the torture chamber.

Rick: But what about this dinner spread?
Tsuneo: She's their prisoner, Rick.
Rick: At least let her have the soup, it'll get cold.

> Once in the torture chamber,
> Sylia was restrained in a chair while a Crimson Guard stood before her. "Now let's talk about some
> certain information you possess." The Siegie (Crimson Guard) said.

Rebecca: I'd assume that if you were reading this fic, you'd know all the terminology anyway
Tsuneo: I'd assume that if you were reading this fic then somebody was forcing you to
Rebecca: This is also true

> "Go to hell!" Sylia answered. The Crimson Guard simply punched Sylia in face

Dan: Reddit immediately leaps to the Crimson Guard's defence

> but she would not talk. After an hour's worth of
> interrogation, Sylia's face was swollen and bruised with her nose and lip bleeding;

Rebecca: Sylia went to boarding school. This is nothing.

> still she remained unbroken as for the Crimson Guard, he was exhausted.

Rick: Guy needs his own training montage

> "Heh, you can torture me, beat me; you can
> even kill me, but you can never break me!" Sylia spat out with labored breath.

Tsuneo: Also you can never take her freedom and so on.

> "I will never be
> broken!" she added. "Guards take her back to her cell." The Crimson Guard ordered as two Vipers
> released Sylia from her restraints and dragged her back to her cell.

Rick: I've been on the convention circuit, this is far the worst hotel I've ever seen.

> "Well, did you get anything out of her?" Cobra Commander asked the Crimson Guard who
> interrogated Sylia.

Dan: I got a lovely recipe for chocolate brownies.
Tsuneo: Really?
Dan: No.

> "No Commander, I couldn't make her talk after beating her senseless for an hour."

Rebecca: These guys are real amateurs at interrogation.
Dan: Yeah, they should strap her down and make her read Knight Moves instead.

> The Commander leaned against his desk with his elbows on it. "I see that we may have to
> employ more drastic measures." The Commander recommended.

Tsuneo: He recommended to himself

> Two hours later, Sylia woke up restrained on a table as the Commander spoke. "Since you have
> been uncooperative, that you force us to use some extreme measures, Ms Stingray. But I must

> have the information of your hardsuit; Information you possess." Cobra Commander hissed as the
> table Sylia was strapped into, rotated her in the upward position.

Dan: [Sylia] Let me guess, ‘No Ms Stingray, I expect you to die.’
Rebecca: [Cobra Commander] You take all the fun out of this.

> Still Sylia remained adamant against the Commander wishes. "Never."

> "You may begin Interrogator." Cobra Commander told before leaving the room. Once he left, the
> Interrogator

Rick: Yeah, it’s me. Late-run figure with next to no media appearance who yet is strangely beloved by the fandom for my niche role.

> began sending electricity through Sylia's body, very low voltage. But Sylia felt like her
> insides were on fire and her body was going to convulsions. As the voltage increased, her body
> insanely convulists. All that the Knight Saber could do was scream in agony.

Tsuneo: Thanks for not sparing us the details, fic. Also, go so to hell.

> Ceasing the electroshock, the Interrogator had the guards release her back to her cell.

> This was not the end of her torment,

Dan: Next we fetch... The comfy chair!

> hours later she was suspended to by her wrists from the ceiling.

Rebecca: [Sylia] Oh wow, this place even offers free massages.

> "Electroshock didn't loosen your tongue, let's see if the traditional cat o' nine tails will." The
> Commander laughed. A Viper ripped open the back of Sylia's prison outfit as another Viper
> proceeded to whip Sylia.

Rebecca: [Sylia] You guys are good, really getting the knots out.

> Upon impact the whip broke her skin in a criss-cross fashion. Clenching
> her teeth, Sylia refused to break. After 2 hours of endless flogging the Viper fell from exhaustion

Rick: You’d think they take this in shifts or something

> and Sylia passed out from the unbearable pain.

Rebecca: [Sylia] Mm, charge it to my room.

> Cobra Commander just shook his head. "I can't believe
> this! She has to have a limit of punishment she can take!"

Rebecca: At this point, he might as well be talking about us.

> The Commander berated. "Guards take
> back her back to her cell. Have a Med-Viper clean her up, and put her on meager rations." The
> Commander ordered.

Dan: But she doesn’t get dessert.

> Back in her cell, Sylia was too tried to have her bread and water.

Tsuneo: Managed to get through the lobster thermidor and the fine chardonnay they paired it with though.

> Not only she had to stomach the
> meager food, but she had to sleep on the cold hard floor, since there was no bed.

Rick: How positively Dickensien

> Now she was
> starting to doubt that she was able to hold out through the brutal interrogation sessions.

Dan: In a week's time, she might even give them a fake name.

> But she still had faith that she will be rescued,

Tsuneo: In the meantime it was back to digging her escape tunnel.

> the only sliver of hope that kept her from breaking. Only thing now
> Sylia could do was cry herself to sleep.

> As the Knight Sabers and GI Joe prepared to resuce Sylia;

Rebecca: Secret US Government strike force. Team of armoured vigilantes. Yep, I can see this group will work well together

> the torture grew worst both
> phyiscal and psychological. Cobra Commander had one of his Viper beat the information out of her,

Rick: Since this has been shown not to work so far, we're going to just keep doing it.

> even to the point where the Viper would grab her by the neck and slam her against the walls
> repeated times.

Dan: A traditional Central American ball game

> If that wasn't even enough, using advanaced equipment and computers, Cobra
> Commander had his interrorgators extract the information for her mind and inflict a little mental rape
> in the process.

Rebecca: Also, go so far to hell, fic.

> Still in her already weak condition Sylia fought with all her mental strength to resist
> the mental probing.

> Cobra Commander was to the point that Sylia was no longer necessary for him.

Rick: Didn't we need her to make hardsuits?
Tsuneo: No longer necessary!

> Once
> ordering the guards to take her back to her cell; He demanded for Sylia to be executed for her
> failure to cooperate.

Dan: Has he tried asking nicely?

> Approaching the Cobra fortress was a GI Joe Tomahawk carrying Duke, Scarlett, Beach
> Head, Bazooka, Lady Jaye, Lifeline

Rick: Gaucho, Jammer, tan Sokerk, Sparta and Funskool Big Brawler

> and Rock 'n' Roll. As well as Priss, Linna and Nene.

Dan: It’s pretty roomy on this helicopter

> "Okay everybody we're over the target.

Rick: Literally nobody in this fic has heard of air defences, have they?

> Good hunting!" Lift Ticket told his passengers. "Let's go!" Duke told
> the others as they parachuted out of the Tomahawk

Tsuneo: How high is this thing flying?
Rebecca: Yes.
Tsuneo: Thought so.

> while the Knight Sabers jumped and used their jumpjets.

Tsuneo: They used their jumpjets for jumping.
Rick: The Knight Sabers, while jumping, used their jumpjets to aid their jump with jumpjets.

> "Commander, a GI Joe strikeforce is attacking!" A Tele Viper told the Commander.

Dan: [Cobra Commander] Eh, I’m bored of that. What’s on the other channel?

> "The Joes! Destroy them!"

Rebecca: [Viper] I mean, yeah that’s generally what we were going to do…

> Cobra Commander ordered, the Tele Viper obeyed and sounded the alarms. When
> the alert sounded Crimson Guards, Vipers and BATs

Rick: And Frag Vipers, Incinerators, Lampreys and Data Vipers.

> rushed to the battle. Engaged in a heavy
> firefight, the Joes kept shooting at Cobra forces

Tsuneo: They were in a firefight and they were shooting.
Rick: The Joes were shooting in a firefight where they were shooting at the other people in the firefight.

> as they slowly advanced. "Beachhead, Lady Jaye
> and Lifeline help the Knight Sabers find Ms. Stingray's Hardsuit and then Ms. Stingray!"

Dan: [Duke] We’ll be here, doing stuff.

> Duke ordered as he fragged a Battle Android Trooper.

Rick: Operation Cobra Island, exclusive to Target. Oh, and now entirely scalped.

> Priss and Beachhead shot two Vipers up the stairs guarding the lab.

Tsuneo: [Viper] I regret being an army builder!

> When they reached the door
> to the lab, Priss stopped Lady Jaye from kicking down the door. "Allow me please." Priss said, then
> with a powerful kick from her hardsuited leg knocked down the 2 inch thick titanium door right off its
> hinges.

Tsuneo: Makes you wonder what Lady Jaye’s plan was
Rick: Probably to pick the lock

> "Shit!" Lady Jaye said with shock.

Rebecca: This is her only line. Treasure it.

> Entering the lab, Beachhead and Priss took out the Techno Vipers in the lab.

Tsuneo: [Viper] I regret not dying in a better scene.

> On the center table was Sylia's Hardsuit and softsuit.

Dan: As well as her mobile suit

> "Linna, Nene grab Sylia's Hardsuit, softsuit and helmet." Priss ordered.

Rebecca: [Nene] I mean yeah, that's what we're here for miss bossy boots.

> "Beach Head, Lady Jaye take point and lead us to the prison area.

Tsuneo [Beachhead]: I mean, I'm the ranking officer here and I have considerable experience fighting Cobra and in other similar operations, but I guess you're the boss now or something.

> The two Joes lead the way for the 3 Knight Sabers with Lifeline bringing up the rear.

Rebecca: Yes, sensible, put the squishy ones in front.

> The 3 Knight Sabers and 2 Joes (except Lifeline, since he was a pacifist) fought their way to
> the prisoner cell block.

Rick: Lifeline just looted the bodies afterwards

> "All right Snake, either you open the door or I'll air condition your head!"

Tsuneo: [Viper] Would you? Because it gets really stuffy in here sometimes.

> Beachhead told the Viper as he held him by the tunic with his rifle pointed at the Viper. With no
> other alternative the Viper complied and opened the cell door.

Rebecca: Had he considered asking politely?
Rick: By Beachhead's standards, he just did.

> Entering the cell, Priss found Sylia
> slumped against the wall. Automatically Lifeline walked over to Sylia and started his examination.

Tsuneo: First he needed to check her insurance.

> "How is she Lifeline?" Priss asked. Lifeline answered. as he finished his examination. "Multiple
> bruises and abrasions all over the body and a bit malnurish but she'll be fine."

Tsuneo: She was only lightly electrocuted

> "Hey, Sylia we brought you something." Nene said

Rebecca [Sylia]: A fruitcake?
Rick [Nene]: It seemed like a good idea at the time

> as Linna and her showed Sylia her hardsuit and softsuit.

Tsuneo: Nice of them to wrap it up with a ribbon.

>"If you don't mind then, I would like to change into something a little more apporiate." Sylia
> smiled implying to her hardsuit.

Dan: Good thing the fic mentioned that, because I would have had no idea what she was thinking otherwise

> A few moments later, Sylia emerged from her cell in her hardsuit.

> Using a targeting laser, a BAT targeted a distracted Scarlett in the back of the head,

Rick: Scarlett was apparently a cat or something

> before it could pull the trigger;

Tsuneo: Everyone else was just standing there staring, apparently

> a blade was rammed through the BAT's head.

Tsuneo: [BAT] I regret not firing first. Also, beep boop.

> Then swiped the blade up, slicing the
> BAT's head in half. "Thanks!" Scarlett said to Sylia; Sylia only nodded.

Dan: Good thing they rescued her, or something.

> "Now for the big man himself!" Duke said

Rick: Say, what have these guys been doing in the meantime?

> as he, the Joes and the Knight Sabers ran down a
> corridor until they came under fire by Vipers with Cobra Commander standing behind them. "Slay
> them all! Especially Stingray!"

Rebecca: Kill everyone, but kill her the most.

> The Commander ordered his troops before heading to the hanger.

Tsuneo: [Cobra Commander] Keep at it, men! I'll command the battle from a resort in the Bahamas.

> Seeing Cobra Commander running for the Hanger, Sylia ignited her jumpjets and flew after the
> Commander.

Rebecca: In order to follow and support their leader, the other Knight Sabers just stood there.

> "Cobra Commander, you're mine!" Sylia said to herself not so much for personal
> vengeance but for the death of those children when he ordered the JSDF bombed.

Dan: The best motivations are informed motivations

> In the hanger, Cobra Commander boarded the cockpit of a FANG helicopter and started the motor.

Tsuneo: [Cobra Commander] Always takes ages to start on a cold morning…

> Running in,
> Sylia jumped and grabbed a landing skid just as the Commander took off. Holding on with one arm,
> Sylia pulled herself up to where she was next to cockpit. "Hold on Commander we've got some
> unfinished business!" She yelled over the chopper blades as she punched the Commander.

Rebecca: Shattering his faceplate and sending him flying out of the… no? Oh, okay.

> Not only knocked him, but it made him jerked the controls; rocking the FANG, until he regained
> control.

Tsuneo: I am seeing some flaws in this plan.

> "You fool! You'll kill us both!" The Commander yelled. Grabbing the Commander by the
> throat, Sylia coldly told him. "This is for those children you murdered!"

Dan: Hmm, she's got an advanced suit of power armour that's bulletproof, enhances her strength and comes with a suite of in-built weaponry. What's he got?
Rick: A hair dryer.
Dan: Difficult.

> Sylia extended her mono
> blade to the stab the Commander but with one hand Cobra Commander jammed her hand in the
> chopper blades, cutting her right hand off.

Rick: You start a fight in an open-topped minicopter and that will happen.

> Sylia screamed in intense pain.

Tsuneo: Somehow he could do that.

> As she fell off the FANG,
> she pulled off the fuel line; causing the FANG to lose fuel. The Commander bailed out, and pulled
> the ripcord to his parachute.

Tsuneo: How high was that helicopter flying anyway?
Rebecca: High enough

> Putting pressure on her wrist which use to hold her severed hand, Sylia activated her flight pack to
> slow down her descent. As she reached the treeline, her flight pack ran out of fuel

Dan: You mean the Cobras didn't refuel it when they captured her? So thoughtless.

> and went
> crashing down; breaking branches as she fell. She landed flat on her back also breaking her arm
> and leg.

Dan: In retrospect, she could have thought this plan through a bit more.

> Sylia laid there unable to move, hoping she wasn't paralyzed, seeing Cobra Commander standing
> above her. "I must admit, you were a most worthy opponent Ms. Stingray.

Rick: Worthy in that she's failed at basically everything she's done.

> Especially how you disguised yourself as one my Vipers.

Rebecca: Because disguising yourself as an enemy soldier is a radical plan that nobody has ever tried before

> But you've paid the price for defying Cobra!" Cobra
> Commander hissed prior to her losing consciousness due to blood loss.

Dan: Since she's incapacitated and at his mercy, the obvious thing to do is…

> After that Sylia experienced brief lapses of consciousness such as the sight of a Joe Tomahawk

Dan: Right, let them rescue her. Of course.

> above her before losing consciousness.

Tsuneo: She lost consciousness and she lost consciousness

> Coming to once more, Sylia found herself in the hospital with a cybernetic replacement of her right
> hand;

Rick: And the Mole looming over her.

> with Linna and Priss on one side of her bed; and Nene in her ADPolice uniform and Mackie
> on the other. Plus General Hawk entering the room.

Rebecca: She was surrounded by her friends and family. Oh, and a US Army General.

> Then finding herself in traction. "Oh, Sylia this
> is General Hawk, Commander of GI Joe. Who helped us rescue you." Linna introduced Hawk to
> Sylia.

Dan: Linna almost forgot that bit.
Tsuneo: Truth is, so did I.

> "General." Sylia greeted Hawk.

> "Ms. Stingray." Hawk replied

Rick: Hawk's assuming that's her codename as well, because it would sound really silly otherwise

> "As commander of GI Joe, I would like to offered my thanks for the efforts you and your Knight
> Sabers gave in dealing with Cobra." Hawk told Sylia.

Dan: The way you stormed the Diet and endangered hundreds of hostages was truly inspirational.

> "Thank you, General Hawk. Now that you and
> GI Joe know our identities, I would appreciate that you would not discuss it with anyone, please."

Rick: [Hawk] Nothing unusual there. Heck, half of my troops don't have real names.

> Sylia requested to the commander of GI Joe. Hawk just smiled. "Consider your identities classified."
> Before Hawk left, he snapped Sylia salute.

Rebecca: And that's how the Knight Sabers wound up on WikiLeaks.

> "Sylia, I spoke with your doctor. You have busted left arm, shoulder, collar bone and left leg. Also
> you received minor spinal trauma; nothing too serious."

Rick: Also you lost your hand and we had to replace it with a mechanical one
Dan: Upside is that she now has a rocket punch

> Linna told Sylia. Only nodding was Sylia
> response. "Now if you please, I want get some sleep." Sylia requested, and Linna ushered everyone
> out, so Sylia could get what she asked for.

> Couple weeks after Sylia was released out of the hospital;

Rebecca: We're just going to assume Cobra hasn't done anything since.
Dan: Fic's over, it just hasn't realised yet.

> Sylia started some heavy drinking trying
> to wash away the trauma of her torture. She hasn't slept in several days. Pouring herself a full glass
> of scotch, she stared at the glass in her hand for a moment before drinking it.

Tsuneo: Really? I thought she was just going to stare pointlessly at it for even longer.

> She shut her eyes at
> the memory of her being suspended from the ceiling and whipped. She poured herself another drink
> so she didn't have to think about it. As she laid her head on the table she knocked her glass over
> dumping the booze all over the table; then she fell in an alcohol induced sleep.

Rebecca: Day-drinking. For when you don't have enough problems.

> For weeks, Sylia had
> her head in the bottle until Mackie started getting wise to Sylia secretive drinking.

Rebecca: Up until that point, he'd failed to notice the mountains of empty bottles, her passing out drunk in the middle of the day or the whole place reeking of booze

> "Sis, we need to talk. This is not like you." Mackie said to his sister who was trying to ignore him.
> "Please tell me what is going on?" Mackie asked. "Mackie, just leave me alone." Sylia told Mackie
> while drunk. "God damn it Sylia, why are you doing this to yourself?"

Tsuneo: Because this is a god-awful fanfic that gets off on tormenting her
Rebecca: I'll buy that

> Mackie pleaded, as Sylia
> poured herself another drink. Sylia slammed the glass on the table; unsteadily she stood up to her
> brother. "Mackie just leave me the fuck alone!" She growled at Mackie.

Dan: She's at Tom Dyron levels of maturity and alcoholism

> "No, Sylia. You need help. Just talk to me, what's wrong?" Mackie said in calm voice. Letting the
> alcohol control her judgment, she lashed out and punched Mackie.

Rick: But with which hand? That's now important

> Now laying on the floor with a
> black eye. Sylia regaining her senses, she fell to the floor and started crying. "Oh god, Mackie. I'm
> sorry, I didn't mean to take my anger out on you. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry." Sylia said between
> sobs.

Tsuneo: It's a fun crossover with colourful plastic army men.

> Mackie quietly said to Sylia. "It's okay Sis. I'll get you some help." After that Mackie went to
> the phone to call Linna.

Rebecca: Linna's the Knight Saber best equipped to deal with this situation. I'm not sure if it says more about her or the others.

> In a short time Linna arrived. Mackie took her to Sylia's room. Walking in, Linna nearly took a step
> back in disbelief that the iron willed leader of the Knight Sabers reduce to the sight in front of her.

Tsuneo: Apparently she hadn't once visited Sylia in the last few weeks

> She walked over to Sylia who had her head down on the table.

Dan: Ah, my second home.

> "Sylia?" Linna called to her friend
> shaking her on the shoulder, Sylia didn't respond. Now for the hard way, she grabbed her leader by
> the lapels and slapped her very hard across the face as she cried.

Tsuneo: The Bright Noah therapeutic method never fails.

> "Sylia, you god damn bitch listen to me!"

Tsuneo: That sensitive approach was the reason Mackie called her.

> Linna was not going to let Sylia destroy herself like this, they've been through a lot.

Rebecca: Like the time Priss' friend was killed and she flew off to get revenge. Or the other time Priss' friend was killed and she flew off to get revenge. Or the time Linna's friend was killed and Priss flew off to get revenge.

> Sylia's
> bobbed back and forth for a moment as her eyes swimmed from the slap across the face. "Sylia,
> listen to me, what is wrong?"

Tsuneo: You're in a god-awful crossover fanfic written by an obvious creep.

> Linna asked as Sylia eyes started to focus on Linna.

> "Linna, help me, please." Sylia sobbed as she started to cry. Linna smiled as she put her arms
> around Sylia. "I will Sylia. If you need me, I will help you."

Dan: Right now she probably needs a bath.

> Linna said letting tears of her own run
> down her face, comforting her crying leader. "Now what?" Sylia asked between sobs. "We talk
> about what happened to you. Okay?"

Rick: Is Linna a qualified therapist?
Rebecca: About as much as Nick from Adventures of Jack was
Rick: Fair.

> Linna told her, Sylia only nodded. Helping her leader into the
> chair, they sat at the table where Sylia did her heavy drinking.

Dan: It was the only place she drank. Everywhere else in the house she was stone sober

> "When I was captured by Cobra; I
> was beaten, flogged, electrocuted, and starved to get me to disclose the information of our
> hardsuits.

Rick: [Sylia] And my secret burger sauce recipe.

> I withstood days of countless hours of torture. The only thing that kept me going was the
> hope I was going to be rescued.

Rebecca: She had never once considered trying to escape on her own.

> They came close to breaking me." Sylia said with a very worried
> look on her face. Proping her elbows on the table, she placed her hands on her head and looked at
> Linna with tired and bloodshot eyes, Sylia said with a sad voice. "Linna, there were moments during
> my imprisonment, that I thought I was going to die;

Tsuneo: There were moments during that part of the fic when I wanted to die too.

> if they kept up the torture." Linna noticed that
> Sylia started reaching for a bottle of vodka, but Linna pulled it out of her reach

Dan: Linna strikes me as the type who calls out a drunk on their taste in booze

> and got a pitcher of

> ice water and glasses for the both of them. Linna did what she promised, for as long as it takes she
> will help Sylia through her trauma.

Rebecca: Linna also wondered if she could write this off as an expense.

> Back on Cobra Island, Cobra Commander carried his body into his office and collapsed into a chair.
> What a week it has been,

Rick: Cobra Commander, evil terrorist leader and whacky sitcom dad

> all the secrecy and troops movements; the taking of the diet all for naught.

Rebecca: It wasn't the worst plan he's ever had.
Rick: Like the time he put mind control lasers in moais.
Rebecca: Put it like that, it's not nearly.

> Taking a bottle of Tylenol out,

Tsuneo: Tylenol, the preferred painkiller of international terrorists.

> he dimmed the lights to almost darkness as he removed his helmet
> and faceplate. No one has ever seen Cobra Commander's face

Tsuneo: He was an identikit nightmare

> and he wanted it kept that way as
> he popped four Tylenol capsules for his headache. Then placed his faceplate and helmet back on.

Rick: This fic is absolutely gripping.

> Leaning back in his chair the Commander allowed his mind to wander. "Ms. Stingray may have
> created those Hardsuits. But she must have had some help....

Tsuneo: No way that a woman could have done all that on her own
Rebecca: Spoken like every STEMlord on the internet

> Of Course!" he said snapping his fingers. Getting an idea he called for one of his Tele Vipers.

> Minutes later, a Tele Viper walked in.

Rick: Aww, and here was me hoping it'd be some twist, like a Toxo-Viper or Nullifer or something.

> "You wanted to see me Commander?" The Tele Viper asked.

> "Yes." The Commander hissed.

Dan: [Cobra Commander] Get me a burger and some fries.
Rick: [Viper] Sir, I'm a communications specialist.
Dan: [Cobra Commander] Make them cheese fries.

> "I want you to find any information on Sylia Stingray." The
> Commander added, the Tele Viper left to carry out his orders.

Rebecca: [Viper] Not sure why we didn't do this while we had her captive, but hey, you're the boss.

> 5 minutes passed before the Tele Viper returned with a folder.

Tsuneo: He downloaded all the information and printed it out. This seems like a good use of time

> "Here's the information you've

> requested Commander." said the Tele Viper as he handed the Commander a folder.

Dan: [Cobra Commander] Ahem?
Rick: [Viper] And your cheese fries.

> The Commander opened the file after the Tele Viper left. "So she has a brother...

Rick: And possibly a creepy robot clone

> A Mackie Stingray,
> huh?" The Commander though, "I couldn't bend Ms. Stingray's will, perhaps I can bend Mr.
> Stingray's will to Cobra!

Tsuneo: Two days after capturing Mackie, they gave him back and apologised.

> I will have those Hardsuits!"

> For 3 weeks Sylia has remained sober, and managed to ease herself back into the roll as boss of
> the Knight Sabers.

Rick: She painted her car purple, shot up members of rival gangs, went skydiving and hung out in an old church
Dan: Boss of the Knight Sabers, not boss of the Third Street Saints
Rick: The two are not mutually exclusive
Dan: Well, no

> For right now, Sylia wasn't eager to jump back into action; she wanted to take it easy for a while.

Tsuneo: She became a work from home vigilante

> Still she kept herself in peak performance.

> With a lot free time on her hands, Sylia decided to go for a walk;

Rebecca: Something she had apparently never done before in her life

> just to give herself something to do.

Dan: Obviously running a mercenary group and boutique doesn’t give her enough to do.

> Before leaving Sylia pulled a glove over her right hand, since she became self conscious about
> her hand.

Rick: The Glove of Darth Sylia

> It was a beautiful spring day, Sylia noted as she walked through the park. With a small smile,
> watching some children playing in the distance. "I wonder what would it be like to have a family?"

Dan: Then she remembered that Mackie existed

> Sylia thought to herself, if the circumstances of her life were vastly different. "It's unfortunate, but
> I have my priorities. And pursuing a relationship is at the bottom."

Tsuneo: Below both learning Swahili and taking up macramé

> She told herself the sad
> assessment. Continued walking and mulling thoughts through her mind. She came to the realization
> that she was a lonely person

Rick: Despite her massive spaceship full of Halo guns, she felt strangely unfulfilled

> despite she had Mackie and her friends, since she doesn't go out and
> enjoy herself in their company, instead always working.... always working.

Tsuneo: It’s almost like being a revenge-obsessed vigilante is a core part of her character or something.

> "I must be a workaholic."
> Another sad assessment of her life, she couldn't remember the last time she had any fun.

Rebecca [Sylia]: What about Christmas? We had fun then
Rick [Priss]: A local mall Santa Boomer went nuts and tried to kill us, remember?

> Looking at her watch, it was time to start walking home.

> Walking down the street, she was alerted to the sounds of a woman screaming. Sylia ran down the
> alley to see a common mugger robbing a woman. Running up, she punched with her gloved right
> hand.

Dan: Robot Punch!

> "What the fuck! You're going to pay for that you bitch!" The mugger swore as he rubbed the side of
> his face.

Tsuneo: [Sylia] Interceding? I thought it would be fairly obvious.
Rick: [Mugger] Well, when you put it like that, I feel rather silly for not realising it sooner.

> "I would suggest you get of here, please." Sylia suggested to the lady as the mugger menacingly
> motioned towards Sylia as she unleashed a two punch combo; a right cross and an uppercut. When
> the punches connected, the mugger was knocked out cold.

Dan: Another gripping action sequence from Snakes in MegaTokyo.

> "Now to put garbage like you where you
> belong!" Sylia said as she dragged the mugger and put him head first into the garbage can.

Rebecca: Sylia is living the Mall Ninja dream

> At Raven's Garage, Mackie was finishing a tune up on a customer's car. When he closed the hood,
> two helmeted Vipers appeared.

Tsuneo: So Rick, does Cobra have any infiltrators or undercover operatives or the like?
Rick: Well there’s the Crimson Guards. They’ve infiltrated society at every level, often posing as accountants, lawyers, doctors and other normally respected positions
Tsuneo: I see. And is this obscure GI Joe lore? Like something you’d miss or is hidden out of the way in some obtuse source?
Rick: Naw, this is entry level stuff and is pretty iconic to the series as a whole.
Tsuneo: Right, so based on that, why are two goons in full uniform walking up to this place in broad daylight?
Rick: Because the fic is very dumb
Tsuneo: I thought so.

> "May I help you two?" Mackie asked nervously.

Dan: Not too worried about the masked, armed goons showing up at his door?
Rick: They’re not that far off from his return customers.

> One of the Vipers responded with. "Actually our employer does." The 2nd Viper knocked Mackie out
> with the back of his rifle; Both Vipers dragged his body down the street.

Rick: [Viper] I told you we should have parked the Stinger closer to the garage, Bob.
Tsuneo: [Viper] Quit griping, Carl.

> Overhead, a Night Raven flew near to see the Vipers.

Rebecca: Just a black high tech fighter jet flying over the city in the middle of the day. Nothing to see here at all

> "Releasing Night Raven Drone." Stated the Strato Viper as the Drone detached from the Night
> Raven. Coming in to land, the Vipers boarded and dragged Mackie onto the Drone, before it took
> off. The Drone took off and reconnected itself on the back of the Night Raven. Then the Night
> Raven flew off.

Dan: Cobra. Masters of subtlety.

> Walking back in the service area Dr. Raven

Dan: She left the Teen Titans, went to university and got a degree. Who could have seen that coming?

> looked for Mackie then though he may have went home.

Tsuneo: Right in the middle of his shift?
Dan: Less thinking he might have gone home than hoping.

> Staring at her watch, Sylia noticed it was 8:30 PM. "I hope he isn't working too hard." Sylia thought

Rebecca: And laughed until it hurt.

> as she looked at the window, then she picked up the phone and called Raven's.

> "Raven's." Dr. Raven greeted over the phone. "Dr. it's Sylia. Is Mackie there?" Sylia responded as
> she looked at the clock on her desk.

Dan: Convinced her watch was lying to her.

> "No, I haven't seen him since noon. I thought he might of gone home?"

Tsuneo: He knocked off in the middle of the day and didn’t tell anyone about it. Given that all involved are members of a secretive supertech vigilante group, didn’t you feel even slightly concerned?

> "Thank you, Doctor." Sylia concluded before she hung up the phone. "This is not like Mackie to just
> disappear." Sylia thought to herself as she placed her thumb under her chin. Like any normal
> person Sylia called the police to file a missing persons report.

Rebecca: I mean, you’ve got an insider who can easily bypass all that… No, no we’re really going with this.

> She spent an hour with the police filling out the report about Mackie.

Rick: Did anyone see anything unusual?
Dan: Eyewitnesses reported two heavily armed soldiers wearing the uniforms of a known terrorist organisation carrying an unconscious man off before loading him into a black jet fighter that then flew away, but we don’t think there’s a connection

> As she walked out of Police headquarters, an icy demeanor set in her mind. "If Mackie has been
> kidnapped; I won't show any mercy." She vowed to herself.

> Blackness lifted from Mackie to find himself in an office; Sitting in front of him was a blue uniformed
> man with a helmet and faceplate.

Rick: The Quaterback for the Buffalo Bills

> "Greetings Mackie Stingray, welcome to Cobra Island."

Tsuneo: They may be evil terrorist, but they are awfully polite

> The man
> said to Mackie as he shook the cobwebs out of his mind. "Who are you?" Mackie asked. Striking a
> pose of triumph, he stated. "I am the supreme Commander of Cobra!"

Rick: [Mackie] …you're Serpentor?
Rebecca: [Cobra Commander] I should hit you.

> Mackie began to recognize him. "You're Cobra Commander!

Dan: He's Cobra Commander, the commander of Cobra

> You're the one who had my sister
> tortured." The Commander nodded as he folded his arms. "Yes. You're sister was quite strong
> willed. I figured you will be a little more cooperative in providing information of the Knight Saber's
> hardsuits." The Commander hissed.

Rick [Cobra Commander]: Mackie Stingray, will you give me the secret of the Hardsuits?
Dan [Mackie]: Never
Rick [Cobra Commander]: What about in exchange for this pile of Gal Force doujins not fit for human consumption?
Dan [Mackie]: I'm sold.

> "No I will not." Mackie defiantly told the Commander.

Tsuneo: [Mackie] They don't tell me anything useful anyway.

> "Perhaps we can get it out another way. The mistake we made with your sister is we tortured her."

Rebecca: They didn't even try asking nicely.

> The Commander said as he got up and
> walked around the desk. "But we'll use hypnotic suggestion." The Commander added as he picked
> up a metal headband and placed it around Mackie's head.

Tsuneo: Mackie immediately took it off.
Dan: [Cobra Commander] What the – Did we forget to restrain the prisoner again?

> Picking up a remote control, he activated
> the headband; once active Mackie was under Cobra Commander's control.

Rick: Just assume this is yet another function of the Brainwave Scanner.

> "What are your orders,
> Commander?" Mackie asked in a monotone voice. "Excellent!" The Commander hissed.

Tsuneo: Which kind of makes you wonder why they didn't do that in the first place.

> The next day, Sylia spent some time in the gym below her penthouse. Treating the punching bag
> as if it was an enemy,

Rick: She shot it repeatedly with her laser cannons.
Dan: That's not how you use one of those.
Rick: Hey, each to their own.

> Sylia kept a fast but constant rhythm of punches. Sweat poured down her
> head, her teeth clenched in severe concentration. Also sweat poured down her back, chest and
> arms soaking the collar of her blue T-shirt as she continued to punch the bag.

Rebecca: Settle down, fic

> In her ADPolice uniform, Nene walked into the gym; Noticing the look on Sylia's face and how she
> was hitting the punching bag; Nene wondered if she should tell Sylia any word about Mackie.

Dan: Isn't that why she was here?
Rebecca: Actually, she's here to get Sylia's Menulog order. Completely forgot about the whole Mackie thing.

> "Yes Nene?" Sylia asked bluntly asked with labored breath.

> "No news about Mackie, I'm sorry." Nene said to her leader. "God damn it! 3 days he's been
> missing. 3 days!

Rebecca: [Sylia] Maybe we should start looking for him or something.

> Why don't you try getting off your damn ass and actually look for him!"

Tsuneo: They tried, but can you imagine how many mistaken sightings they'd be? Guy looks like every other horny anime boy ever.

> Sylia
> berated Nene, actually getting in her face like DI. Sylia stopped and looked at Nene, she didn't
> deserved it.

Rick: I mean, she deserved it for completely different reasons, but not this.

> "Nene, I'm sorry. I shouldn't chewed you out like that." Sylia said with sorrow in her
> eyes. Nene understood Sylia's frustration, and felt compelled to tell her friend the truth.

Rebecca [Nene]: He got hit by a truck and was sent off to a magical fantasy land where he's surrounded by waifus.

> "Sylia, I
> called the N-police this morning to check up on that report you've filled out 3 days ago. They've lost
> it."

> The sorrow in her brown eyes was changed to complete and utter anger. "They've lost it?" Sylia
> asked in a calm but angered tone of voice. "So much for having faith in the N-Police.

Dan: Did she have any to start with?
Tsuneo: Well, no.

> I'll have to take matters to my own hands."

Rebecca: So basically what she always does
Rick: It's only a wonder she didn't do it sooner.

> Sylia said as she snapped a towel around the back of her neck and walked out of the gym.

Tsuneo: [Nene] Um, you're welcome.

> When she exited the gym she removed the boxing gloves but leaving the
> tape wrapped around her hands.

Rick: Did she tape her robot hand?

> After getting a bottle of water, she went into her office to use the
> phone. The number once dialed, the phone on the other end began to ring, then a male voice
> answered. "We need to talk, usual time and place." Sylia simply stated.

Dan: Right. Dumpster behind the McDonalds at midnight

> In the Terrordrome, Cobra Commander watched from the catwalks as Techno Vipers were
> constructing the first breed of Cobra Hardsuits,

Rick: Complete with spring-loaded missile launchers

> While continuing to observe Destro approached the
> Commander. "I've never seen such advanced suits before. It was unfortunate that we couldn't study
> Ms. Stingray's suit a little further, Commander."

> The Commander turned to his silver masked colleague. "From the information available, it would
> seem that both the Stingray's were gifted in intelligence and technology."

> "Yes, the father was creator of the Boomer.

Rebecca: So he likely was from the Silent Generation

> Then he was the victim of an unfortunate laboratory accident.

Dan: [Destro] And we know how that goes.

> In some ways the Boomer is more advanced to our Battle Android Troopers." Destro told
> the Commander.

Tsuneo: In that they can reshape their bodies and absorb other materials?
Rick: I mean, yeah, okay, if you want to split hairs.

> "Perhaps we could develop a hybrid between a BAT and a Boomer." Destro mentioned.

Dan: Not only would it immediately go berserk but it would also burst into flames. Brilliant!

> C'est La Vie, a bar in a part of town where people would take the necessary precautions to protect
> themselves or avoid this place completely,

Tsuneo: They had begun to wonder if there were problems with their business model

> neither pertained to Sylia Stingray. People there knew not to screw with her.

Rick: Last person who did got a scathing Yelp review

> Sitting in back booth, Sylia was greeted by a man in a unkempt suit. "Sylia how are you?" the man
> asked warm heartily. "Can the small talk, Fargo."

Dan: Well okay den.

> Sylia replied coldly. "I need you to find any
> information pertaining to my brother's whereabouts."

> Fargo looked at Sylia with confusion. "Sylia, I don't do missing person jobs." Fargo mentioned

Tsuneo [Fargo]: No really, it’s entirely outside of my area of expertise. I deal in information, usually about corporate or governmental agencies.

> before Sylia grabbed him by the tie. "Listen Fargo, I haven't been in a very good mood lately.

Rebecca: She spent forever in queue at Starbucks, only to find that they were out of pumpkin spice.

> Now
> get me the information I've asked for; Or two things will happen to you.

Rick: [Sylia] One, I'll leave you with the bar tab.

> If I'm in a good mood, I will
> hang you by your tie until your eyeballs explode! Or if I'm in a bad mood, I'll cut your fucking bowels
> out and feed 'em to you. The way things are going; you better pray like hell you stay out of my way
> or I'm in a good mood!"

Rebecca: Dialogue by any given internet fake tough guy

> Sylia said with a mixture of fire and ice in her voice. Then she stormed out.

Dan: And so she never heard from Fargo again. Great going.

> Sitting in her car, Sylia tried to calm down; but she was too angry. Not angry

Tsuneo: Insane threats of cartoony violence notwithstanding

> so much but frustrated and worried, Mackie has been missing for over a week...

Rick: Oh no! If only she'd done anything at all!

> she didn't know where he was or who has him. She felt helpless.

Rebecca: Sylia's role in the fic so far has been 'victim'.

> "Whoever has Mackie. They are deadmen!" Sylia vowed to herself as she drove off.

> Entering the Knight Saber's training room, Sylia put on her softsuit; Activating the combat chamber,
> she put skill level setting as high as possible.

Dan: James Kirk is still the only name on the scoreboard.

> "This ought to relieve some tension." Sylia said to
> herself as she tied a headband around her head to keep the sweat out of her eyes. Entering the
> chamber the familiar blob appeared

Rick: Oh hey, blob, how's it going?
Dan: You know, not bad at all. Yourself?

> to begin attacking Sylia. With weaves, ducks, dodges and flips;
> She evaded her holo enemy's attacks. But the holo blob's attacks came faster due to the difficulty
> level Sylia set it at.

Tsuneo: Blob run, extreme difficulty, 100% no save

> Being knocked around by the tentacles was all apart of her plan; Since she was
> suppressing her anger until she was ready to explode.

Rebecca: I'm glad she's dealing with it in a healthy manner through the support of her friends.

> Still getting knocked down by the fast and furious attacks of the hologram,

Dan: Her plan was to be repeatedly hit by her opponent

> Sylia was ready to blow. Linna walked into the training room to see
> Sylia lose it; Which Sylia attacked like a cornered tiger,

Dan: So she bit it

> unleashing a fury of punches and kicks. Sylia was out for blood,

Rick: Holographic blob blood

> Linna noticed from the look in Sylia's brown eyes. Once she defeated the hologram,

Dan: Blob here. It sucks, but it’s a living. Blob out.

> Sylia stood there with her teeth and fist clenched. She breathed rapid and hard
> exchanges through her teeth. As Linna walked and tossed a towel, still a look of shock on her face.
> "Feel better?" she asked.

Rebecca: No, because we’re still reading this.

> Sylia nodded before answering. "Yeah, a little bit. I'm still very angry."

Rebecca: [Sylia] The small business owners’ association is refusing to talk about the upcoming zoning reassessment because another boutique’s owner keeps stealing the floor to make veiled personal attacks at my business.
Tsuneo: [Linna] And?
Rebecca: [Sylia] And yes, the whole Mackie thing, I guess.

> Taking off her sweat soaked headband before she used the towel to wipe her head. Starting to walk
> away, Sylia headed for the door of the training room, the stopped at the doors. Not even turning to
> look at Linna,

Rick: Her new character trait is being pointlessly rude to everyone.

> asked. "Linna besides Irene, has there ever been a time in your life where you
> couldn't do anything for someone you cared for?"

Tsuneo: One of her friends got into Cryptocurrencies despite Linna trying to talk them out of it. Does that count?

> Sylia finally turned to Linna, who possessed a
> straight expression on her face. "Twice, when my parents were killed by a rogue boomer:"

Rick: Wait, Linna has backstory?

> Linna's sad expression changed to a smile.

Rebecca: The death of her parents only lightly concerned her

> "The other, I nearly watched a friend destroy herself until she cried out for help."

Dan: You tearing me apart, Linna!

> Linna placed her hand on Sylia's shoulder and smiled. "I feel helpless Linna.

Rebecca: [Sylia] I mean, I’ve been made helpless. I’ve been written as completely helpless.

> For
> all I know Mackie could be dead. I can't bear the thought my entire family is dead. I just can't." Sylia
> uttered with sadness in her voice and eyes. "I know." Linna whispered.

Tsuneo: This is has been a semblance of drama

> At a barren, rocky area of Cobra Island was the 'HISS palyground'

Rick: The Cobra daycare centre

> an area where weapons and vehicles are tested as well as wargames are conducted here.

Rick: It’s also where Croc Master goes to sunbathe.

> Near the 'playground' were cliffs that separated the 'playground' from the rest the island;

Tsuneo: Cobra Island has harsh zoning restrictions

> at the base of the cliff were some small pillbox
> even though there was a larger installion built under the cliff that connected to the Terrordrome.

Dan: This is the Terrodrome outhouse

> Entering the pillbox, Cobra Commander and Destro were ready to the test of 4 prototype hardsuits.

Rick: Destro had to make sure he got the patents on them.

> "Now let's see if the boy did a good job." The Commander hissed.

> The 4 prototypes stood in the blazing tropical sun. The hardsuits were in every way identical to the
> Knight Sabers;

Dan: Even down to the Kick Me sign on Nene’s back

> That was why 1 female Crimson Guard was selected;

Tsuneo: Didn’t try to adapt them at all?
Rebecca: Well, it was Mackie building them…
Tsuneo: Good point, let’s move on.

> Along with 1 female Tele Viper; 1 female Viper and 1 female martial arts expert.

Rick: So a Ninja Viper. Or maybe a Night Creeper. Or possibly a Red Ninja. Or...

> "Deploy the RC HISS Tanks!" The Commander ordered.

Dan: I know it’s not what they mean, but now I’m imagining little toy RC Car HISS Tanks scurrying around the Cobra base.
Rick: I would so buy one.

> Speeding towards the four suits; Four
> HISS Tanks came towards them with guns blazing. With jumpjets the four Cobra suits dodge the
> tank fire.

> With monomolecular ribbons, the martial arts expert sliced the barrels of the gun turrets,
> kunclebombed the driver's controls; and destroyed the tank.

Rick: Couldn’t make it simple, could you? Just had to show off.

> The Viper wearing Priss' armor,
> rammed her knucklebombs into the base of another HISS Tank. Standing there, still her arm in the
> tank; the engine exploded consuming the Viper in flames.

Tsuneo: There are some flaws they still need to work out in the design

> Cobra Commander watched as the suit
> walked through the flames without a scorch mark on the armor.

Rick: The Viper inside was glad she'd worn her asbestos underpants

> Igniting her flightpack, the Crimson Guard weave and dodged the gunfire of the 3rd HISS Tank,
> ramming her monoblade into the cockpit.

Tsuneo: Stab a tank to death. This makes perfect sense.

> Finally the Tele Viper used her ECMs on the last HISS jamming it guidance systems and sent it
> crashing into the base of the cliff.

Rebecca: I'd say that ECM doesn't work like that, but then I figure Nene's suit just has magic jammers and leave it at that

> "Excellent! Excellent!" The Commander laughed as the demo was a success.

Dan: [Cobra Commander] Also, buy more HISS Tanks.

> The Commander left after requesting to review all the test data.

> Lying on the couch was Sylia taking a nap. A luxury she badly needed.

Tsuneo: She hadn't slept in weeks.

> A little peace quiet; despite that her brother was still missing; and she was under enormous stress.

Tsuneo: It was peaceful except that it wasn't

> Then the phone rang, waking her up.

Rebecca: [Sylia] Oh look, it's someone to be unreasonably rude to.

> "Yes?" she asked after picking up the phone. "Sylia, its Fargo.

Dan: Oh yah.
Rick: Gonna be a cold one tomorrow.

> I have some information that may interest you." Fargo proposed over the phone.

Rebecca: [Fargo] Also, my rates have tripled after that outburst.

> "When and where?" Sylia asked.

> "The docks at midnight." concluded Fargo.

Tsuneo: PS, this is not a trap

> Walking down the dark waterfront at midnight was not the ideal place to be for a normal person;

Dan: We ran out of those a long time ago.

> But Sylia Stingray was not a normal person.

Rick: She had a cybernetically enhanced brain and all that

> Under her trenchcoat she was almost armed to the teeth in case of trouble.

Rebecca: She'd bought her entire supply of Halo guns.

> Pulling back the sleeve of her coat to glance at her watch, 12 midnight. "Pst..." A
> voice from the darkness called out; on reflex Sylia pulled out a handgun. But she put her gun away
> knowing it was Fargo.

Tsuneo: Just had to threaten her contact some more.

> "You have some information for me?" She asked.

> Fargo only nodded while pulling out a folder. "I still have some friends in the CIA.

Dan: And by that he means Sam Axe

> Are you familiar with a place called Cobra Island?"

Rick: It's located near Santa Prisca and San Domino

> Sylia's head shot up upon hearing this. "Cobra has my brother?!"

Rebecca: Apparently the idea had never once occurred to her

> Her eyes alight with fire, Fargo only nodded before continuing.

Dan: Apparently the terrorist organisation Cobra is connected to a place called Cobra Island.
Rick: Who would have thought?

> "Apparently, your brother helped them develop four prototype hardsuits."

> "Damn!" Sylia bluntly said as she closed the folder and tucked it under her right arm, then walked
> off.

Rick: [Fargo] You're welcome, by the way.

> "You're wondering why you're called on such short notice?" Sylia mentioned the night after her
> meeting with Fargo.

Tsuneo: Apparently talking to an empty room

> "I've found out that Mackie has been captured by Cobra." Sylia noticed the shock of the group.

Tsuneo: You mean the group we've been fighting and that previously captured you is responsible for our latest dilemma? Who could have guessed?

> "Why?" Linna asked. "Mackie helped them produced four prototype hardsuits...
> against will I'll bet." Sylia responded.

Dan: I can only imagine what horrible torture they had to inflict on him in order to get him to cooperate
Rick: I'll point out that one of Cobra's top agents is a femme fatale in a tight black outfit
Dan: Never mind then

> "So when do we kick their ass?" Priss asked while sitting back on the couch.

Rebecca: I don't know, that sounds dangerously like action and we can't have any of that in this fic.

> "You three are not
> going. I'm going alone, I feel I'll have better chance getting in and rescuing Mackie."

Tsuneo: Because going in alone rather than having a heavily armed supertech team at your back

makes so much more sense

> "But Sylia!" Linna raised her voice only to be shot down by a raised hand from Sylia. "My decision
> has been made Linna and that's final."

Tsuneo: Well there you go, I think we've found the dumbest thing this fic could possibly do.
Rebecca: Oh, I'm sure it can still surprise you.

> Sylia flatly said before walking to her bedroom.

Dan: The conversation ended on this

> Once in her
> bedroom, she pulled out a suitcase to pack. Entering her closet, she pulled out the Viper's uniform
> and helmet she used weeks ago.

Rebecca: She'd kept it clean and neatly pressed for just this sort of situation

> "What is it Linna?" Sylia asked continuing to pack as Linna walked in.

> "Why Sylia? Why are you risking your life alone?" Linna asked.

Tsuneo: No really, why? I can't think of a single good reason not to bring the team.

> "Those bastards have Mackie. He could be in danger." Sylia retorted with anger in her voice.

Dan: While not actually answering the question

> "This isn't about Mackie, Sylia, and you
> know it. This is about revenge." Linna said in a calm voice. "What about article II of the Knight
> Sabers code?"

Rick: Yes, but where would she get a live chicken and a Rabbi at this time of night?

> "Let the code of the Knight Sabers be damned!" Sylia sharply cut off Linna. "Mackie could be dead
> or worse.

Tsuneo: Uh, we know he's alive because he's making hardsuits.
Dan: Details!

> I don't want him to go through what I endured. I won't allow it." Ice ran through her blood
> as she continued packing.

Rick: Angry packing!

> Linna knew Sylia made up her mind.

Tsuneo: And that attempting to stop this idiot plot was pointless

> "Sylia?"

> "Hmm?"

> "Just come home alive and good luck."

> "I will and thank you Linna."

> Once in Flordia,

Dan: Sylia got into a fight with a naked man and an alligator

> Sylia disguised herself as a Viper and stowed away on a Cobra Moray Hydrofoil
> heading for Cobra Island.

Tsuneo: There's just a handy Cobra base that she can walk up to in broad daylight, is there?
Rick: I mean, it's Florida, so yes.

> Docking the Moray, Sylia was awestruck on how well equipped Cobra
> was to sustain an entire island.

Rebecca: This is just the bits they show the tourists. Nobody ever goes to the Cobra slums on the other side of the island

> "Hey Moron! Just don't stand there like a tourist; Get your butt in gear! Grab your shit! And get to
> headquarters!" Berated another Viper to Sylia. A frown formed on her face, since Sylia was not
> accustomed to being ordered like that.

Dan: I mean, he didn't even ask nicely

> "Yes sir." Sylia forced herself to say and salute. Climbing
> onto the back of a troop transport, Sylia sat down next to Vipers, Tele Vipers, Motor Vipers and Eels
> (Cobra Frogmen);

Tsuneo: It's an odd carpool, but you take what you can get.

> as the transport drove off towards the terrodrome.

Rick: Can't we just get beyond Terrordome?
Tsuneo: Out.

> Looking out the rear of the truck, Sylia watched Trouble Bubble flight pods

Dan: The fic wants to remind you that it is totally a serious revenge story while invoking Trouble Bubbles.

> and Firebats patrolled from the air; Stuns and Stinger jeeps patrolled from the ground.

Rick: All available now. Figures and accessories sold separately

> Sylia sat back on the bench and was worried that she
> might have bit off more than she could chew,

Tsuneo: Almost as if she was aware of how stupid this plan was.

> but there was no turning back; just find Mackie and get the hell off the island. That was her mission.

Rick: It was? I thought she was here for the cocktails by the pool.

> Once inside the Terrordrome, the troop transport came to a halt and the troops disembarked; Sylia
> walked down the corridor taking mental notes of certain places such as the armory. With a swipe of
> a level 5 key card that she found in the uniform

Rebecca: She had apparently swiped the uniform of a senior officer
Tsuneo: A senior officer who has access in a completely different facility weeks after their pass was reported stolen.
Rebecca: That too.

> permitted access into the armory. Inside Sylia
> loaded her backpack with ammo clips, C-4 packs and grenades.

Tsuneo: Doesn’t anyone actually watch the armoury to prevent this from happening?
Rick: But what if she asked nicely?

> Going down a few levels, Sylia
> neared a security lab, just as a Techno Viper a person in civilian garb walk out.

Dan: His civilian wear is a Cobra branded jacket and baseball cap.
Rebecca: Subtle.

> "You!" The Techno Viper called out to Sylia. "Yes sir?" She said after walking towards the Techno
> Viper. "Escort the prisoner back to his quarters on level 5."

> "Yes sir." Sylia responded to the Techno Viper.

Tsuneo: [Sylia] I have no idea where that is.

> While escorting the prisoner, she recognized him as Mackie;

Rebecca: My, what an incredibly helpful coincidence

> but there was something strange about him, the glazed look in his eyes and he almost
> acted like a machine.

Dan: I wonder if the weird metal headband has anything to do with that.

> But this will have to wait, she thought

Tsuneo: Wondering if this might not actually be an improvement

> while continuing to escort Mackie to his
> quarters which were guarded to by two Crimson Guard. Nodding to them, one of the Siegies
> opened the door and allowed the two to enter.

> Inside his quarters, the door closed. Sylia looked into Mackie's eyes which appeared to be lifeless,
> dead. "Mackie!" Sylia yelled as she shook her brother violently. Nothing. Noticing a metal headband
> around his forehead,

Rick: Cobra Commander’s been making him fight in the Arena of Sport in his spare time.

> Sylia proceeded to take it off.

Dan: You know what, forget it.
Tsuneo: In a way, it’s comforting to know that everyone in this fic is equally as stupid.

> Almost instantly her brother became more
> animated, blinking his eyes; then he was a little woozy and his knees buckled.

Rick: He’s back to normal.
Rebecca: Sylia puts the headband back on him.

> Grabbing a nearby
> chair, he sat down; Sylia went into the bathroom then came out with a glass of water.

Dan: He got a prison cell with an on-suite bathroom

> "Here drink this."

> Mackie took the glass from the Viper and started to drink. "Thank you. You're the only Viper who
> was ever nice to me."

Tsuneo: [Sylia] Yeah, that’s because you’re a lousy tipper.

> "That's because I'm not a Viper, Mackie." Stated the Viper as she removed her helmet to reveal
> who she was. "Sylia?" Mackie said with much surprise.

Rebecca: This scene reminds me a lot of the Death Star rescue in Star Wars, in as far as Mackie also wants to make out with his sister

> "I'm getting you out of here Mackie. But I want you to stay put, while I blow the lab to hell."

Dan: [Sylia] I found you so I’m going to lock you back in your cell.
Rebecca: There are certain, minute, amazing flaws in her plan.

> Sylia
> said as she was about to walk out before Mackie grabbed her by the arm. "Sis, if you're going to pull
> this off. Let's do it together. I have access to that lab."

Dan: You’d hope so because it’d make things really hard if he didn’t

> Mackie told his sister as she pulled on her helmet. "Let's go."

Rick: First let’s find him the weediest Viper uniform ever.

> Walking out the door, Sylia and Mackie were halted by one of the Crimson Guards. "Where are you
> going?" He said pointing his rifle at them. "It's okay I have some work I need to finish up." Mackie
> explained to the Crimson Guard.

Rick: [Crimson Guard] Didn’t you just return him to his room five minutes ago?
Rebecca: [Sylia] Well, um, yes, but he, er, forgot.
Rick: [Crimson Guard] Makes sense.
Tsuneo: [Crimson Guard] Also, what happened to your mind control headband?
Dan: [Mackie] I uh, took it off. It was too sweaty.
Tsuneo: [Crimson Guard] Well that all seems reasonable to me.

> "I need expressed authorization from Cobra Commander."

Rebecca: Foiled by proper paperwork

> While Mackie was stalling the guard; Sylia pulled out a handgun, equipping it with a silencer.

Rick: [Crimson Guard] Oh, that’s okay. You won’t need that.
Rebecca: [Sylia] It’s not what it looks like.
Tsuneo: [Crimson Guard] No really, noise doesn’t carry in these secret facilities.
Rebecca: [Sylia] Well thanks.

> Then in an instant Sylia put a hole in the heads of the Crimson Guards.

Rebecca: [Sylia] Accommodating fellows.

> Motioning towards the Crimson
> Guards laying on the floor near her; all the emotions in her quickly vanished as she pointed the gun.
> Pulling the trigger, she shot several more bullets into the dead Guardsman's head and chest.

Rick: I’m glad the author’s keeping Sylia as a sympathetic character.

> Sylia
> watched the body for a moment, then walked off. Mackie looked back for a moment as he followed
> Sylia.

Tsuneo: Or, you know, make this as conspicuous as possible. That also works.

> Approaching the blast doors into the lab, Sylia scanned the area with her rifle in hand as Mackie
> punched in his authorization code.

Dan: 1-2-3-4-5, the same as the code on his luggage

> The doors opened to allow them to enter; Sylia slowly
> backpedaled into the lab, until Mackie closed the blast doors.

Rebecca: Good thing this vital lab was completely empty and undefended.

> "Okay, let me disable the security for this room.

Rick: [Sylia] Maybe before we barge in there next time?
Dan: [Mackie] Whoops.

> But I can only keep it down for a short time, 30
> minutes at the most before security is alerted." Mackie explained.

Tsuneo: Security in the secret base of this international terrorist organisation is surprisingly lax

> "Do it." Sylia ordered as she knelt down to remove her backpack; once opened, she took out
> several C-4 packs. Placing the C-4s in several stragtic places,

Rick: Highlighted with object interaction nodes

> such as placing the C-4s on the unit where the Hardsuits were charging.

> "Sis! We're almost out of time!" Mackie yelled to Sylia after he looked at his watch.

Dan: Wait, that was half an hour? What did you do, stop for lunch?

> "I'm through here. C-4s are set for 10 minutes and the clock is running!" Sylia told Mackie.

Rick: What is the plural of C-4 anyway?
Rebecca: You're bored, aren't you?
Rick: Can you tell?

> Following his sister running out the lab and down the corridor. "The vehicle bay is two levels down,
> there's a tunnel that leads to the airfield" Mackie informed the leader of the Knight Sabers.

> Suddenly the alarms within the Terrordrome went off as they approached the elevator. "Oh shit!
> They're on to us!" Sylia said as she turned to see a squad of Vipers coming towards them.

Rebecca: Who could have thought that walking around with a high-value prisoner through sensitive restricted areas while leaving a trail of bodies in your wake could have lead to this?

> "In the elevator, now!" Sylia barked at Mackie while tossing a couple of hand grenades and firing
> her rifle at the incoming Vipers.

Dan: Good thing that armoury was completely unsecured, right?

> The elevator proceeded down to the vehicle bay; Sylia took the opportunity to reload her rifle with a
> new ammo clip.

Tsuneo: The ammo clip is more important than the attacking Vipers, apparently.

> The elevator reached the vehicle bay, Sylia followed by Mackie carefully walked out and crouched
> behind some metal barrels and crates.

Rick: Every large area has to have these. It’s required by video game law

> Sylia glanced over shoulder with her barrels then turned to
> Mackie. "Mackie, I want you head for that jeep and lay low.

Dan: [Mackie] You mean the Stinger jeep?
Rebecca: [Sylia] You don’t have to name every toy, you know.

> Make sure you're not spotted." Sylia
> told her brother as she pointed to the black jeep with a missile launcher.

Dan: The sort of thing you see every day in Texas traffic

> Sylia ran in the opposite direction and place C-4s on a fuel truck and pumps.

Rick: …I’m just saying, if it’s an acronym, then it wouldn’t necessarily follow regular grammatical structures.
Rebecca: Rick, focus.

> Taking out a knife from her boot she punctured the fuel truck. Then several Motor Vipers spotted
> her.

Dan: Say, wasn’t the base on high alert? Something to do with an escaped prisoner?
Rick: Yeah, but that was like, C division. Totally not us.

> "Hey, stop her!" Said one of the Motor Vipers.

Tsuneo: Nah, I want to see what she’s doing with the knife and the fuel tanker first.

> Using her rifle she shot one of the Motor Viper.

Dan: Oh no! If only I had responded in any way at all!

> Right behind the other two Motor Vipers was the Stinger Jeep Mackie was in;

Dan: [Mackie] See? Told you it was a-
Rebecca: [Sylia] Why did I rescue you anyway?

> Ramming the two. "I'll drive!" Sylia said,

Rebecca: Last time she let Mackie drive, they wound up through the front window of a bodega. And that was on go-karts when he was twelve.

> climbing into the driver side. Once behind the wheel, Sylia slammed her foot down
> on the gas and put the jeep into the highest gear.

Rick: Good thing she learned to drive a stick-shift

> With tires squealing, the Stinger jeep sped past
> several parked Cobra Stuns then turned right going down the tunnels towards the airfield. Just then
> the C-4s exploded

Rick: Ah, boom.

> mixed the gasoline caused a chain reaction destroying the vehicle bay and
> inflicting considerable damage within the Terrordrome.

Dan: And the worst part of it is that their arts and crafts fair is completely ruined

> In the Command Center, alarms blaring when the vehicle bay was destroyed. Tele Vipers

> scrambled to their posts to get damage assessments, causalities and coordinate medical and
> damage control teams.

Tsuneo: Caught them in the middle of a shift change.

> "What the hell is the meaning of this!" demanded Cobra Commander as he walked in.

Rebecca: [Cobra Commander] We're not schedule for a base assault until Tuesday.

> "Sir, we have damage reports coming in; the lab where the prototypes were kept was
> destroyed along with the vehicle bay and several levels of Terrordrome too."

Dan: Curse those turtles!
Rick: Terrordrome, not Technodrome
Dan: So what's the difference?
Rick: ...I'll get back to you on that

> A Crimson Guard
> informed the Commander. "Where are they?" Asked the Commander barely keeping the anger out
> of his voice. "One of the Tele Vipers is getting a fix on their location." The Siegie answered;

Rebecca: [Viper] I mean, you could let us do our jobs, sir.

> Cobra Commander walked over to the computers, looking over a Tele Viper's shoulder;

Tsuneo: Great. Nobody likes a hands-on boss who keeps sticking his faceplate into their work

> the Tele Viper
> informed him that Sylia and Mackie stole a Stinger jeep and were headed for the airfield.

Dan: Uh yeah, we read the last scene.

> "Inform Air
> Control Security to stop them!" The Commander ordered as his hand flew to helmet feeling a
> headache coming on.

Rick [Cobra Commander]: Once was... a man...

> Seeing daylight at the end of the tunnel, Sylia pressed down on the gas pedal to get more speed
> out of the Stinger. Out of the tunnel the jeep sped towards the airfield. Approaching the checkpoint
> Sylia noticed the crossing gate was lowered.

Dan: And to make it even worse, she didn't have change for the toll

> The jeep rammed the crossing gate into the airfield,
> which a firing line of Stuns blockaded.

Rick: [Motor Viper] Hold on, let's just see where they're going with this…

> "Mackie when I give the word... jump" Sylia said as she and Mackie got ready.

Rick: [Motor Viper] Give it a little bit, let's just see what they're doing…

> A few seconds more as the Stinger came closer to the Stuns. "Now!" Sylia said
> before they both jumped out of the Stinger, rolling onto the ground.

Rick: [Motor Viper] Huh. Didn't see that coming.

> Just before the Stinger slammed into a Stun the crew bailed.

Rebecca: Driving out of the way was harder than stopping and jumping out.

> "This way!" Sylia told Mackie, running to a hanger on the left. Inside
> Sylia found a Firebat prepped and ready for launch.

Tsuneo: I glad they got a huge pile of Stuns out there to sit still and do nothing.

> Climbing in Mackie and Sylia and strapped themselves in,

Rick: The Firebat's a one-seat microfighter. That must make things awkward
Dan: I'm sure Mackie will cope somehow

> while Sylia taxied the Firebat out onto the runway.

> On the runway the Firebat picked up speed while Trouble Bubble flight pods strafed the runway just
> as the firebat took off into the air.

Rebecca: Well that was an entirely un-dramatic escape

> Back in the Terrordrome, Cobra Commander was not pleased. "What do you mean they've escape!
> You Fool!" Berated the Commander as he grabbed the Viper by the collar.

Rebecca: [Viper] I mean, if I didn't have to keep reporting in at every step, sir…

> Not letting him get a word in, the Commander ordered. "Scramble a Rattler flight after them!"

Rebecca: [Viper] Yes, obviously, I was going to, but… Oh never mind.

> Speeding across the gulf of Mexico, Sylia entered a course for Japan in the navigational computer
> of the Firebat. "At our present speed, our ETA for Megatokyo is in several hours." Sylia mentioned
> to Mackie.

Tsuneo: I mean, the continental United States is right there, but I suppose making your escape as long and involved as possible also works

> "Looks like we're in the clear." Mackie said until an erie beeping began and Sylia glanced at the
> onboard radar.

Dan: Oh, you just had to say that, didn't you?

> "Not just yet. I'm picking up 3 objects on an intercept course." Sylia stated as she
> looked at more of the equipment for more information. "Signals confirmed, I have 3 Cobra Rattlers
> on intercept.

Rebecca: In case you missed that last statement, here it is again

> They've must have been scrambled from Cobra Island. Mackie strap in tighter if you can;

Dan [Muffled]: You're basically sitting on me

> We may have to go into a combat situation." Sylia added.

Rebecca: Just three heavily armed attack craft on our tail. May have a combat situation.

> Closing in on the Firebat, Weasel communicated with the other two Rattlers. "Wild Weasel to flight
> group,

Dan: [Wild Weasel] Remember me?

> prepare to engage." Wild Weasel said as her launched a missile.

> "Releasing Countermeasures!" Sylia told herself as she released a few chaff bursts from the
> Firebat. With a burst of speed the red jet climbed higher into atmosphere, then dropping down
> behind a Rattler.

Tsuneo: Everything the author knows about air combat comes from watching Iron Eagle

> "I've got a lock! Fire!" said Sylia as she launched a missile at her target.

Rebecca: Isn't it lucky that Sylia is a trained fighter pilot? So convenient.

> Tracking its target the missile followed the Rattler then destroyed it.

> "Omega 3 to Omega Leader. We've just lost Omega 2." Omega 3 said through Wild Weasel's
> headset. Wild Weasel said nothing.

Dan: [Wild Weasel] Never liked Omega 2 anyway.

> The pilot of the 2nd Rattler was stupid enough to challenge Sylia to a game of chicken.

Rick: Heavily armed attack plane versus tiny little jet. Not sure who's the stupid one here.

> Sylia not
> being one to play such games waited till the Rattler was within a 1000 feet away before she
> launched two missiles at her opponent.

Tsuneo: Shall we assume she shot down the Rattler?
Rick: I was going to assume the Rattler went home for lunch.
Tsuneo: You know what, I like your version better.

> Now a fierce dogfight broke out between Sylia and Wild Weasel. Dodging and trying to strafe each
> other. Wild Weasel noticed Sylia skills as a pilot and was impressed. Despite that they continued to
> fight out this stalemate for an hour,

Tsuneo: Both of them had stopped to refuel several times.

> until they both checked their guns, and discovered they were empty.

Dan: That took them a while.
Rebecca: Turns out neither of them were really trying.

> Looking at his fuel gage Wild Weasel was running low on fuel and decided to return to base. Sylia
> veered the Firebat back on its original heading

Rebecca: Having apparently still had enough fuel to fly across the Pacific Ocean

> as the Cobra Rattler came along side the Firebat.
> Instead of fighting Wild Weasel turned his head towards Sylia and as a sign respect Wild Weasel
> saluted her. She did same. Then Wild Weasel pulled away heading back for Cobra Island. "What
> was that all about, Sis?" Mackie asked.

Rick: Stealing an iconic moment from the GI Joe comics that doesn't work without context

> After engaging the autopilot she answered. "It is sort of a tradition between pilots of showing
> respect to their opponent who fought well."

Dan: Crash and burn [Gives a thumbs up]

> Sylia answered as she laid back in her seat and closed her eyes. "Sis?" Mackie asked

Rick [Mackie]: Where’s the bathroom on this thing?

> "Hmm?"

> "Thanks for coming for me. I knew you were risking your neck for me." said a grateful Mackie.
> "Mackie, you're my brother and I love you.

Rebecca: [Sylia] But so help me if you don’t move your hand I will auger this thing into the ocean.

> I would walk into hell if I have to." Sylia said with her
> eyes closed. "Sis?" Mackie asked again. "Hmm?" Sylia answered a second time. "I thought you
> were going to grab at the opportunity to nail Cobra Commander?"

Rebecca: But that way they couldn’t sell more toys of him

> Mackie asked his sister, Sylia looked thoughtful for a minute, before she closed her eyes again.

Tsuneo: [Sylia] Frankly, it’s amazing that we pulled that much off.

> "I've thought about it. But you're welfare was more important to me than revenge."

Rebecca: Also, you are a terrible liar

> At 11:00pm Tokyo time the Firebat approached Sylia's private airstrip,

Rick: Not going to just park it on top of her building in the city?
Dan: Nah, don’t want to be too conspicuous about it.

> with the Knight Sabers
> already there and lit the running lights so Sylia could start her final approach. Sylia gradually
> reduced her airspeed and kept the nose up as the Firebat drew closer to the ground; Now on the
> ground Sylia taxied the Firebat to the hanger.

Tsuneo: Nothing concludes a thrilling escape and dogfight sequence better than an overly described routine landing

> After getting out of the Firebat, Sylia removed her Viper helmet

Dan: She was wearing that all the way from the Carribean?
Rick: Didn’t want Mackie to see she was asleep at the stick.

> as she and Mackie walked towards their friends.

> "Geez, Sylia you look like shit!" Priss said to her exhausted leader.

Rebecca: By the way, welcome home

> Sylia said nothing as she
> walked past Priss. "Come on Sylia, I'll give you and Mackie a ride home." Smiled Linna as the three
> headed towards Linna's van.

Dan: After the thrilling supersonic jet escape, driving home in a crappy minivan would be a bit of a letdown

> Climbing into the passenger side seat, Sylia collapsed into the seat.
> "You must be exhausted, Sylia!" Linna exclaimed.

Rebecca: [Sylia] You kidding? This is literally my day job.

> "I am." Sylia whispered as Linna drove off for Syla's place. Half an hour Linna arrived at Lady633;

Rick: Great traffic from your private airstrip.

> Both Mackie and Linna had to carry the exhausted Sylia to her bedroom. All Linna did was removed
> Sylia's boots and covered her with a blanket.

Rebecca: And we end this tale of international supertech terrorisim with a cozy blanket and maybe some nice, warm tea

> Waking up the next day, Sylia laid in bed when her eyes shot wide open after looking at the time.
> "2:00 PM!" Sylia exclaimed as she threw off the covers and jumped out off bed. She went into her
> closet to change out of the Viper uniform

Dan: Between the armoured vest, the combat boots and arm guards, that cannot be comfortable to sleep in

> into a white short sleeved blouse and slacks.

Tsuneo: Clothes have never been described before in the fic, but might as well start now that it's almost over

> "Good afternoon, Sis." Mackie greeted Sylia as she walked into the living room, delighted by the
> aroma of fresh coffee. "God I never really oversleep,

Rebecca: Sylia is a strictly nine-to-five vigilante

> but I guess I needed that." Sylia spoke to Mackie as she sat down on the couch.

Tsuneo: First thing you see after you wake up is Mackie.
Dan: Go back to sleep.

> Noticing a pot of coffee on a heating plate, she picked up a cup and poured herself some coffee.

Dan: In short, coffee

> After placing the pot back on the heating plate; Sylia picked up the front page of the newspaper.

Tsuneo: So that's it? Just settling back into the domestic routine? Don't want to keep your allies updated on breaking into Cobra's secret base?
Rick: Sorry, her allies?
Tsuneo: You know. GI Joe. She worked with them.
Rick: Did she?
Tsuneo: Yeah. They fought Cobra together so surely they'd want to know…
Rick: Wait, GI Joe was in this GI Joe fic?
Tsuneo: Honestly, I wonder.

> Letting out a sigh upon reading an article about several incidents
> of Vehicular Manslaughter by a lone car against a biker gang.

Rick: The Lost MC's deal with Trevor Phillips had not worked out well

> A nagging feeling began in the back
> of her mind was telling her the Knight Sabers would be called back into action.

Rebecca: She considered that the Knight Sabers might want to do something about this serial killer

> Back on Cobra Island, Cobra Commander watched with displeasure as damage control teams
> worked on reparing the lab the prototype hardsuits were kept. "Ms. Stingray and her Knight Sabers
> will suffer for this! I Cobra Commander swear it!"

Dan: Mentally adding them to his very, very long list of enemies

> The Commander said with anger in his reptilian voice.

Tsuneo: So does that narrow down his origin story for you, Rick?
Rick: Strangely, no.

> Then a Techno Viper approached the Commander, "Cobra Commander, the Tele Viper have
> reported that all the project data is still intact along with the test data."

Rebecca: In retrospect, Sylia's not going after the computers was a bit of a stupid move

> "Excellent! Splendid! The lost of the prototypes are a small lost compared to project's blueprints
> and test data. With the data still intact we can proceed to mass production."

Tsuneo: From wherever the hell Cobra gets all its weapons anyway
Rick: An evil Scottish arms dealer with a metal head
Tsuneo: I did wonder.

> Replied the
> Commander to his Techno Viper. "Yes sir!" exclaimed the Techno Viper as she saulted Cobra
> Commander.

> A couple minutes later, Cobra Commander entered in his office. Sitting down in his chair, he
> propped his feet up on the desk. "Once our hardsuits go into mass production and research and
> delevlopment has been completed on the BAT/Boomer hybrid;

Dan: There are no words for how terrible an idea this is

> Cobra will be unstoppable! No one will stop me;

Tsuneo: They will be unstoppable and no-one will stop them.
Rick: Nobody will be able to stop Cobra who will be unstoppable which will mean that nobody can stop the unstoppable Cobra.

> Not GI Joe, neither Ms. Stingray and her Knight Sabers nor Genom.

Rebecca: Say, where was Genom in this fic anyway?
Tsuneo: The same place they were in Crash, I guess.

> THE WORLD
> WILL BELONG TO ME, COBRA COMMANDER!!!!!" Exclaimed the Commander before letting out
> an insane laugh.

> The End.

Rick: Or is it?
Tsuneo: No, it actually is
Rick: Well okay then.

On that final comment, the big screen switched off, converting the world back to script format. "And that was the string of characters that passed for Snakes in Megatokyo," Tsuneo considered. "A piece of work that was a real piece of work."

"Yeah, I gotta admit that this is one of those cases where I don't think it's a bad crossover in and of itself," Rick spoke up.

"You and you alone," Rebecca shot back.

“I mean, they’re both peak eighties, they’re both about colourful high-tech teams fighting evil bad guys armed with robots and they’re both actually surprisingly critical of corporate cultures and the excesses of the period,” Rick explained.

“You what?” Dan raised a brow.

“No really,” Rick nodded. “The Marvel RAH run is deeply critical of eighties corporate excesses. The bad guys are corporate raiders, financiers and arms dealers in the Regan era.”

“And while this is fascinating, what’s your point?” Tsuneo interjected.

“Right, well, the thing is that even then, Marvel RAH Joe is basically a rather straightforward, good guys versus bad guys thing. And, of course, the Sunbow Joe cartoon is famously colourful and goofy with a remarkable sense of fun. On top of that, when you get down to it, BGC is basically PG-13 level violence at most and tends to be remarkably upbeat for a cyberpunk dystopia.”

“I follow what you’re saying,” Tsuneo nodded. “Because this fic was none of that.”

“Exactly,” he nodded.

“And while both franchises do have their try-hard grimdark moments, those are still outsiders at best,” Rebecca considered.

“The AD Police OVAs which are basically nineties excess anime sex and gore for the sake of it,” Dan noted.

“And GI Joe Resolute,” Rebecca added. “Which is that rare case where the story is as ugly as its writer. Although it does post-date this fic”

“Exactly,” Rick agreed. “Point is that the fic going all torture porn really doesn’t suit the source material.”

“But at the same time, the torture porn is really the only memorable thing about it,” Dan noted, “Even if it is in a bad way.”

“Agreed there,” Tsuneo nodded. “There was no depth to it at all, and nothing that was even remotely interesting otherwise. Once you got past the crossover, that was about it.”

“That interesting paradox where you have an actually viable and not terrible crossover concept, but then the fic doesn’t use it at all,” Rebecca suggested.

“And yet, it happens all the time,” Dan noted.

“Speaking of wasted potential,” the Voice crashed into the conversation, “Tell me all about how you really feel about the fic. Give me your hate.”

“So I think the first thing we need to address is the characterisation in the fic,” Rick spoke up. “It can be broadly divided into two categories; Sylia and everyone else, and both are pretty bad in their own ways.”

“Sylia gets by far and away the most characterisation of anyone in the fic, but none of that is good,” he explained. “Simply put, she is insanely out of character throughout. In the original OVAs she’s basically cool, level headed, a decisive leader and focused on her goals. In this, she’s none of that. Half the time she’s depicted as some sort of insane rage monster who basically murders anyone who looks at her the wrong way and goes straight to over the top tough-guy threats as her first recourse. And the other half of the time she’s played as a completely helpless victim who’s incapable of doing anything on her own.”

“As for everyone else, they’re basically nothing more than outlines,” he admitted. “They have next to no individuality or characterisation of their own. Mostly they just simply fill in roles; Nene is there to

deliver police reports, Linna to provide emotional support and Priss to get into a fight, and that's it. The Joes get off even worse, as they are just a list of interchangeable names. Half of them are there to tick boxes like 'commander', and the rest feel like they were pulled out from a hat. None of them have any life of their own or anything to make them stand out."

"While we're on lifeless characters, I really have to address the GI Joe team's presence in this fic," Tsuneo began. "Not so much a matter of them being flat or one dimensional – which they certainly are here – but rather the question of why they're even in this fic to start with.

"I particularly recall that we wondered why Cover Girl was on this assignment, when there were plenty of Joes far better suited to it. The best answer I can give you is just that she was a name on a list And that's all the Joes are throughout. Nothing about them is distinctive, and they certainly don't fulfill any role that couldn't be accomplished by local police or military forces. Heck, they practically vanish from the fic's second half, with only a brief appearance by Hawk after the rescue scene.

"One way to look at it is to theorise what the fic would be like without them. And really, I see very little practical difference. The early scenes surveilling Cobra are mostly repeats of Sylia's own intel. And their presence at the Diet could easily be skipped by just having the Knight Sabers go in alone. Similarly, the Joe characters didn't really contribute during Sylia's rescue, so it could just as easily been the other three Knight Sabers storming the base.

"The thing is, that there's lots of opportunity for using the GI Joe characters here. You posit a crossover idea like this, and it practically cries out for Joes to mount up in colourful themed hardsuits. But instead it feels like they're only here as a courtesy; the fic wanted to be Sylia versus Cobra, and it felt almost obligated to throw the Joe team in as Cobra's usual adversary. Ultimately for what they contributed, I feel the fic would have been better off without them."

"I know we discussed this before, but it needs to be said that this fic was really mean-spirited for the sake of it," Rebecca continued. "You go in to something labelled as a GI Joe/BGC crossover and you'd assume that it was going to be basic eighties cheese. An action story with some cartoony violence, lots of explosions and the implication of a god-awful but strangely enjoyable soundtrack. And that would be fine."

"Instead what we get is a fic that decides to maim and torture the lead character," she explained. "And I don't just mean the torture scenes, but at every stage it decides to heap more and more on Sylia for the sake of it. Have her be tortured, lose a hand, become an alcoholic and, while we're at it, heap on the idea that she's super sad and lonely despite the dedication to her mission and the circle of friends that she has around her."

"And it's not like the fic holds back in other regards as well. The fact that we have a scene of literal dead babies feels like going for cheap shock more than anything else, and feels so jarringly out of place to both franchises. And then it doesn't help that the fic often then will fly back to comedic cheap shots that feel even worse for being framed around the awfulness."

"And, as has happened a lot recently, the fic is really really dumb," Dan stated boldly. "Like, falls apart with the first thought levels of dumb. A lot of the fic relies on people doing the stupidest thing they can, and it only succeeding because everything around it is poorly thought out.

"Storming a hostage situation is something that needs to be done delicately, rather than just crashing in through the skylight. But hey, it's okay, nobody inside thought to actually use the hostages as hostages. Just put them aside and line up for a fight scene. Before that Sylia relies on the oldest trick in the book to get inside Cobra's hideout. And it works, because there's basically no security and nobody bothers to check her bluff. Of course, to follow up the stupid she takes one look at one sheet of paper and decides that's al she needs. Later on when Cobra Commander has Mackie, he all but admits that he could have used the Brainwave Scanner on Sylia, but apparently just nobody thought of it.

"Honestly, I could keep listing these cases for ages. Time and time again it's clear that the authour has put no thought into how things work or should progress, instead letting both sides succeed through

sheer coincidence, omission or obvious lapses. It doesn't paint the heroes as brave or the villains as cunning; it just makes the reader feel dumber for being there."

"So there you have it, Voice," Tsuneo considered. "The fic was awful and you are awful for sharing it with us."

"I know," she admitted, "And I don't try to hide it."

"But at least tell me that we're done, right?" Rick asked.

"Oh yes," she agreed. "This isn't some Mad Dog Squad that goes on until the end of all time. You are free to get the hell out of here. So until next time, toodles."

"Well I'm out of here," Rebecca added as she stood. "I definitely want to wash this fic out of my mind."

"Likewise," Tsuneo agreed as he joined her. "You two coming?"

"Might as well," Rick considered. "Though I am wondering about one thing."

"What's that?" Dan asked.

"The fic ends with the suggestion of Cobra Hardsuits," Rick explained. "Which makes me wonder who would operate them."

"I presume you mean beyond the four army builders that we saw earlier," Dan noted.

"Yeah."

"Do you even have four 'named' female Cobras?"

"These days we're actually spoiled for choice," Rick noted, "Aven if two of them are far more prominent. So I'd pick Baroness, Zarana, Vypra and, I dunno, Crimson Asp for a combination of skills, specialties and name value."

"Makes sense to me," Dan nodded and then added "Can you imagine what Zarana's Hardsuit would look like?"

"I can only conclude that it would be the best thing ever or the worst. Nothing else."

Author's notes:

This is one fic I had considered Rebuilding for a long time; however, given some of its content (and a few other things), it served as perfect for Voice 2.0 to use. Plus it serves as a nice companion to Crossover Season. I don't inherently think that it's a terrible idea per se, and certainly the constant reboots of the GI Joe franchise give it a lot of wiggle room to make the concept work. I do think, however, that this is still a bad fic in and of itself.

Technically this is a rebuild of Snakes in Megatokyo. Our original version was based on the fanfiction.net version of the fic, but that has since been removed for whatever reason. However, I was able to dig up the original UseNet posting of it, and work from that instead. As a result, there could potentially be differences between the two versions, but I also am too lazy to check.

Critical Eighties Overload is the name of my Bon Jovi tribute band

Up next, still more crossovers. We're not done yet!

GI Joe is copyright Hasbro

Bubblegum Crisis created by Artmic/Youmex

Snakes in Megatokyo written by Starscream

Rebecca Bartley and Rick R. Mortis created by Rick R. (natch)
Tsuneo Tateo and Dan created by Zogster

Questions? Comments? Complaints? Magical wizard aeroplanes? Email us at elmerstudios00 (at) gmail.com and register your Jeff.

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> Getting an idea he called for one of his Tele Vipers.

> Minutes later, a Tele Viper walked in.