





POOR SON CLASH.
YOU HAVE ALWAYS
BEEN A COWARD
AMONG YOUR
WARRIOR HERO
BROTHERS.

LITTLE DID THE OLDER BROTHER KNOW, ONLY LAST
NIGHT, SON CLASH RECEIVED SUPER INTELLIGENCE
FROM THE DOCTOR.

HEH HEH...

HMM... MMM...



SWORD EARS!



INDESTRUCTIBLE!



SUPER HAIR!




SUPER STRENGTH!





LATER AT DINNER...

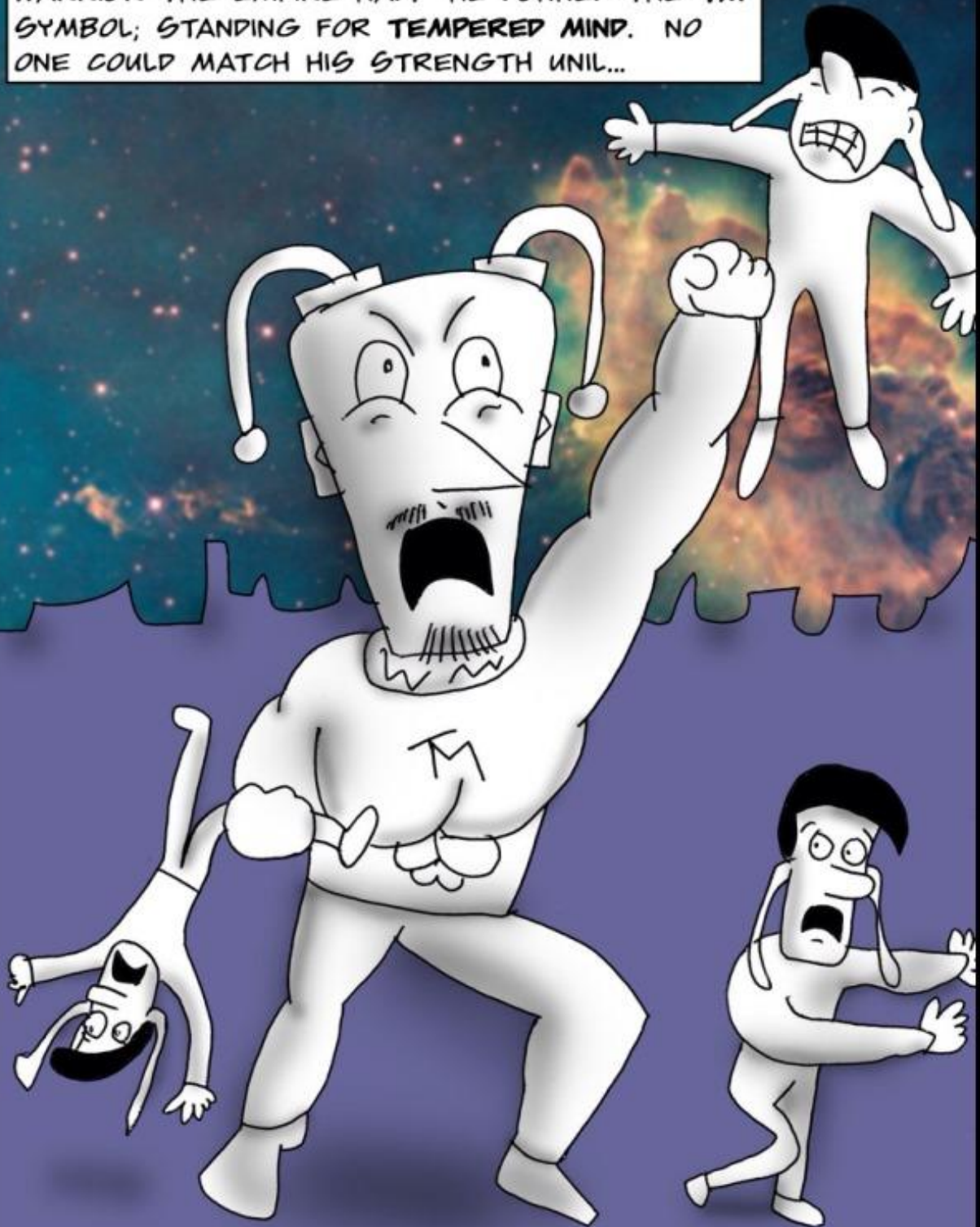




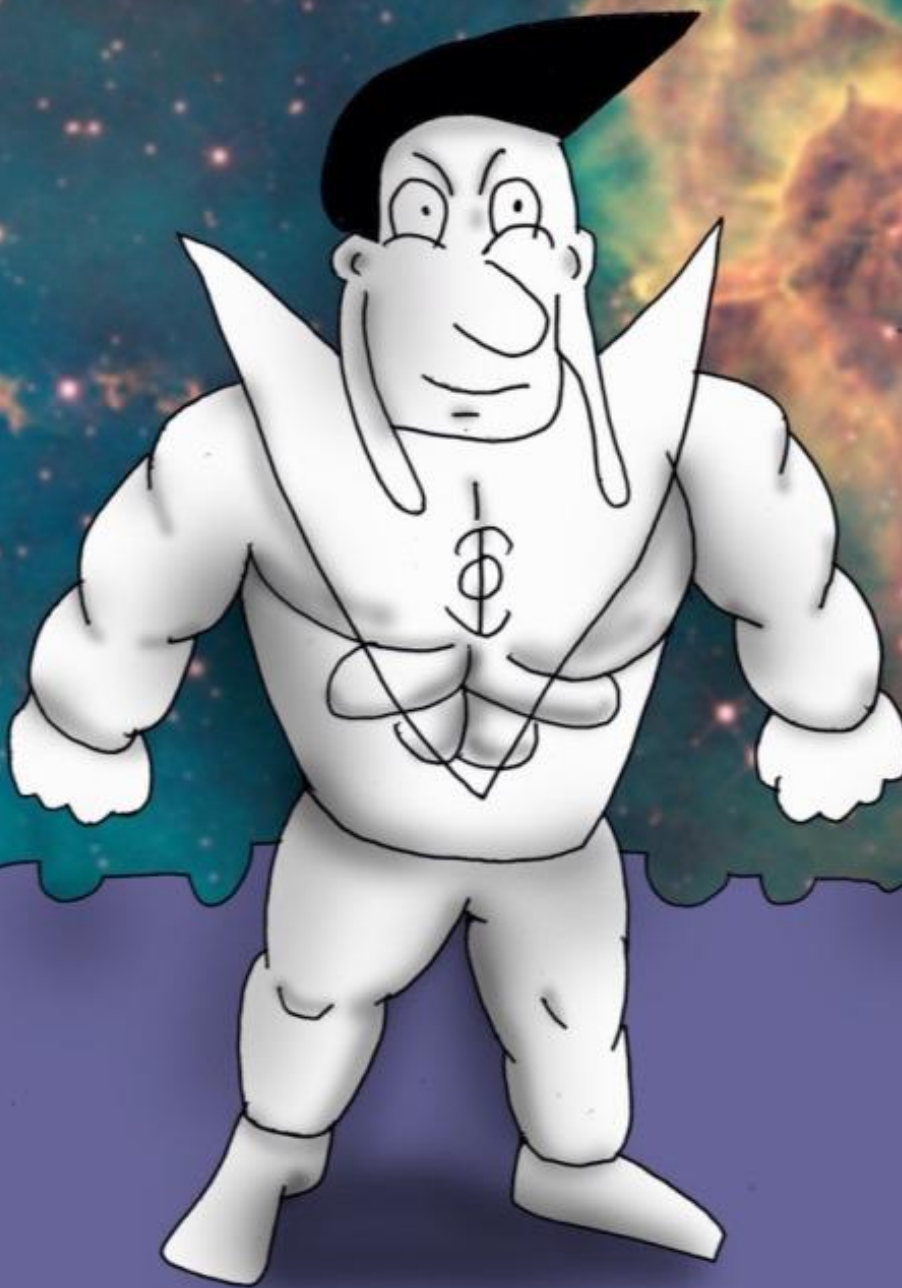
UM, BIG BROTHER? THE
LINGUAR EMPIRE HAS
LAUNCHED THEIR GREATEST
CHAMPION ONTO THE BATTLE
FIELD. YOU AS OUR
GREATEST CHAMPION WILL
NEED TO DEFEAT HIM.

OF COURSE I WILL
DEFEAT HIM! HE IS
A MERE PUPPY
AGAINST MY
MUSCLE POWERS!

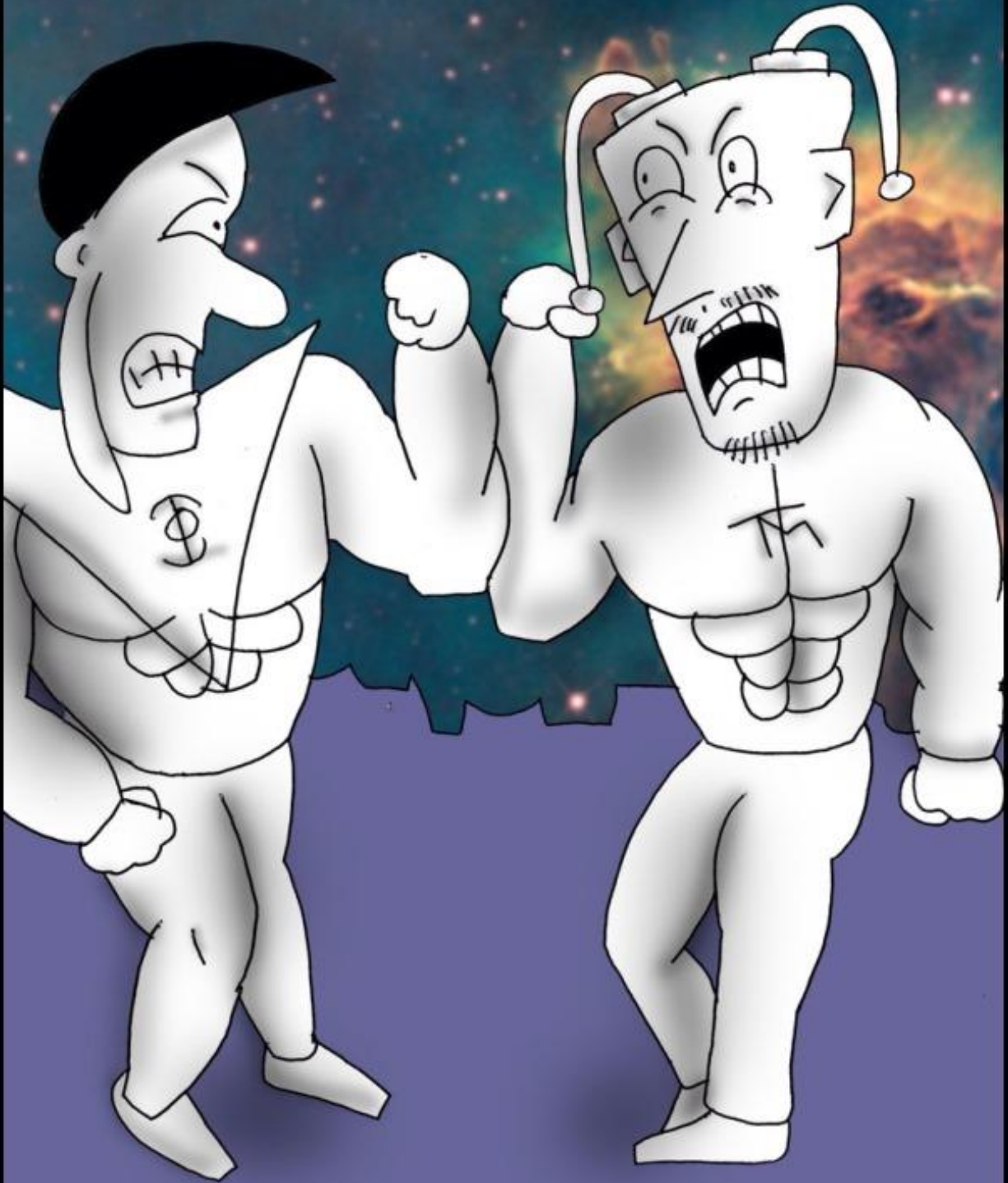
HE WAS THE BRAVEST AND MOST INSANE
WARRIOR THE EMPIRE HAD. HE DONNED THE TM
SYMBOL; STANDING FOR **TEMPERED MIND**. NO
ONE COULD MATCH HIS STRENGTH UNIL...



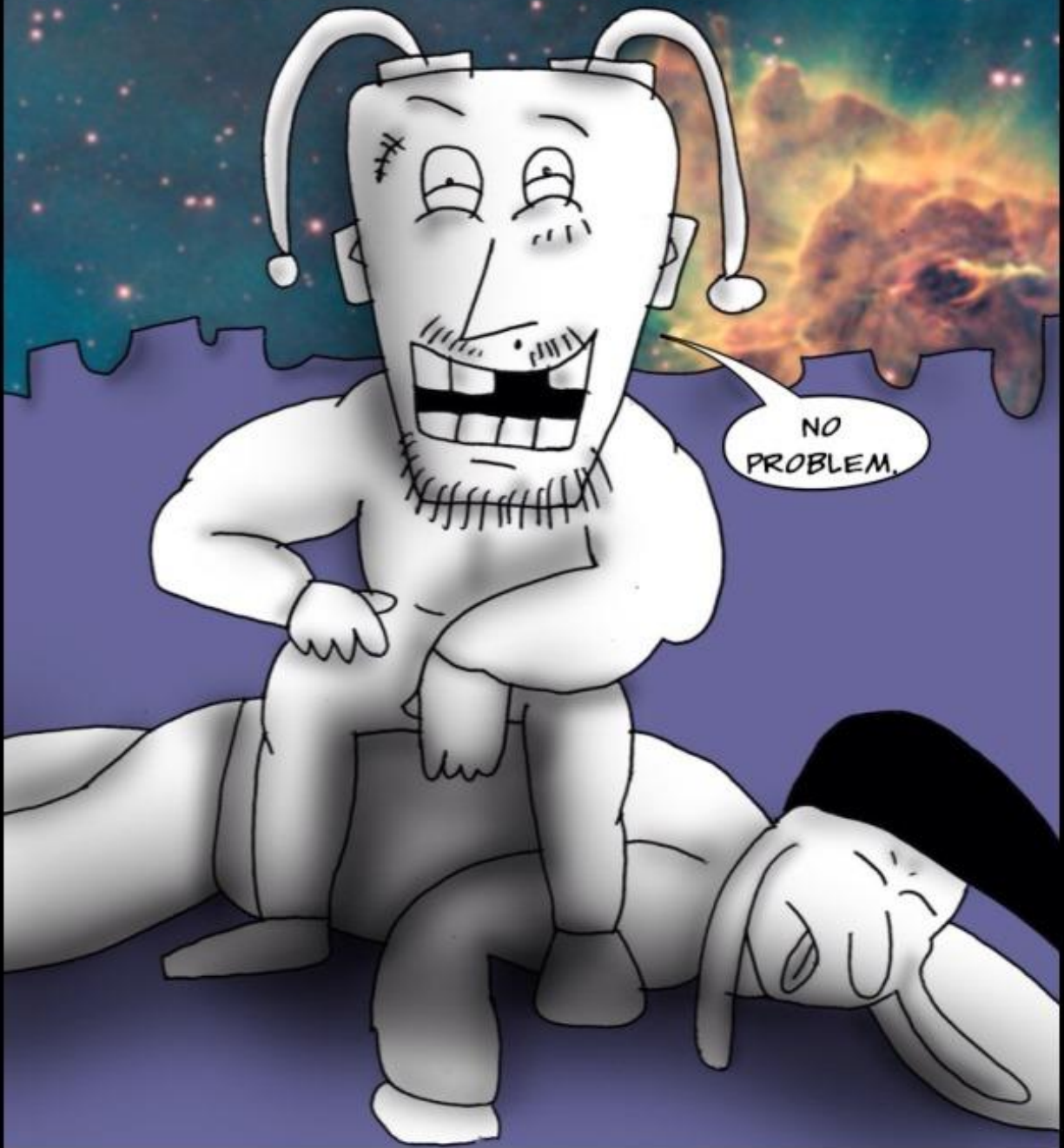
THE RIVAL RACE OF BAGSTONIANS PRODUCED AN EQUALLY IMPRESSIVE SOLDIER OF BRUTALITY. HE WENT BY THE NAME OF MR SMASH.



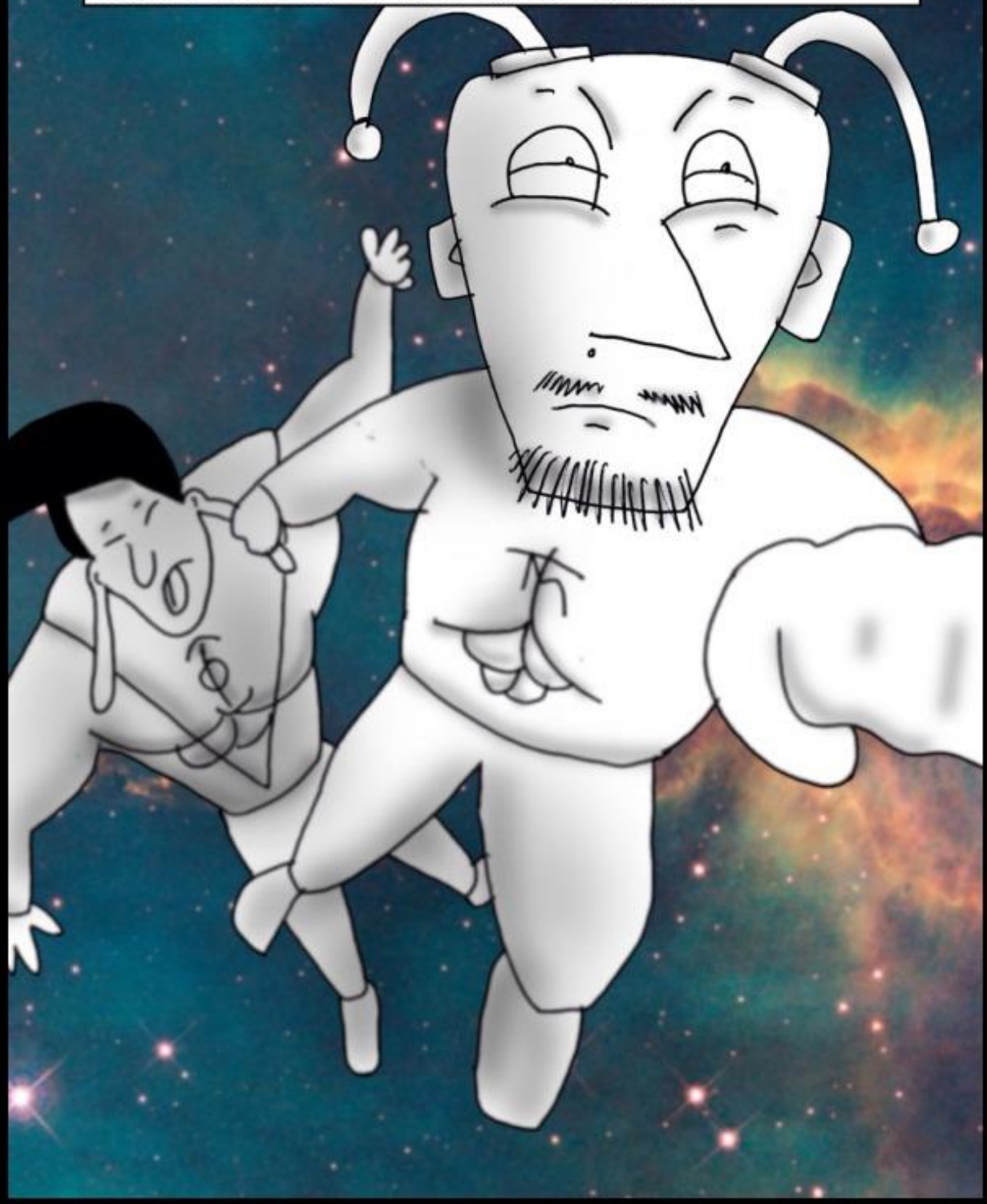
THEIR CONFRONTATION SHOOK THE WHOLE PLANET. THE BLOODY WARFARE LASTED FIVE LONG DAYS.



...AND IN THE END, FATE
PROVIDED A VICTOR.



THE LINGUAR EMPIRE ASSIGNED TEMPERED MIND THE
DUTY OF BANISHING MR SMASH TO AN
UNDERDEVELOPED PLANET CALLED EARTH.



SON CLASH, YOU EXECUTED A FLAWLESS PLAN.
NOT ONLY DID YOU REMOVE THE LINGUAR
EMPIRE'S GREATEST CHAMPION, YOU ALSO
DESTROYED THE BIGGEST OBSTACLE THAT
COULD HAVE PREVENTED YOU FROM RULING THE
PLANET: YOUR OLDER BROTHER!



YES, CONTINUE ON YOUR
PROJECT OF CREATING A
BASSTONIAN SUPER
ARMY. I WANT TO END
THIS WAR BY SUNSET
TOMORROW.



