

MASS EFFECT

Voracity of the Varren





GET YOUR FILTHY MITTS OFF ME! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

WE DON'T CARE.

AH!

THAT'S GOTTA BE THE BIGGEST VARREN I'VE EVER SEEN. WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY FEEDING IT?

BETTER QUESTION: WHY HAVE THEY BROUGHT ME HERE?



HSHAAAAHHH...



WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, MAKE ME BET MY LIFE ON WHATEVER SORRY ANIMAL YOU PIT AGAINST THIS THING? BECUASE THOSE WOULD BE SOME PRETTY DAMN UNFAIR ODDS.

HAHAHAHA!

WHAT?

YOU ARE THE SORRY ANIMAL.

AND THIS THING LIKES HIS FOOD SHELLS.

RIIIIP

OH OH, HE IS GOING TO HAVE A FEAST TONIGHT.

NO, NO, WAIT-

WAIT!!!



FWUMPH



HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

SHIT!



RARRR!

LET ME OUT!



AGH!

GET ME OUT OF HE-



OMPH

SOMEBODY...

MMPH!

SOMEBODY,
PLEASE...

HELP ME!

UUUGH...

SLURP

SCHLURP

GLIK

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...

GULP

ALLUGH!



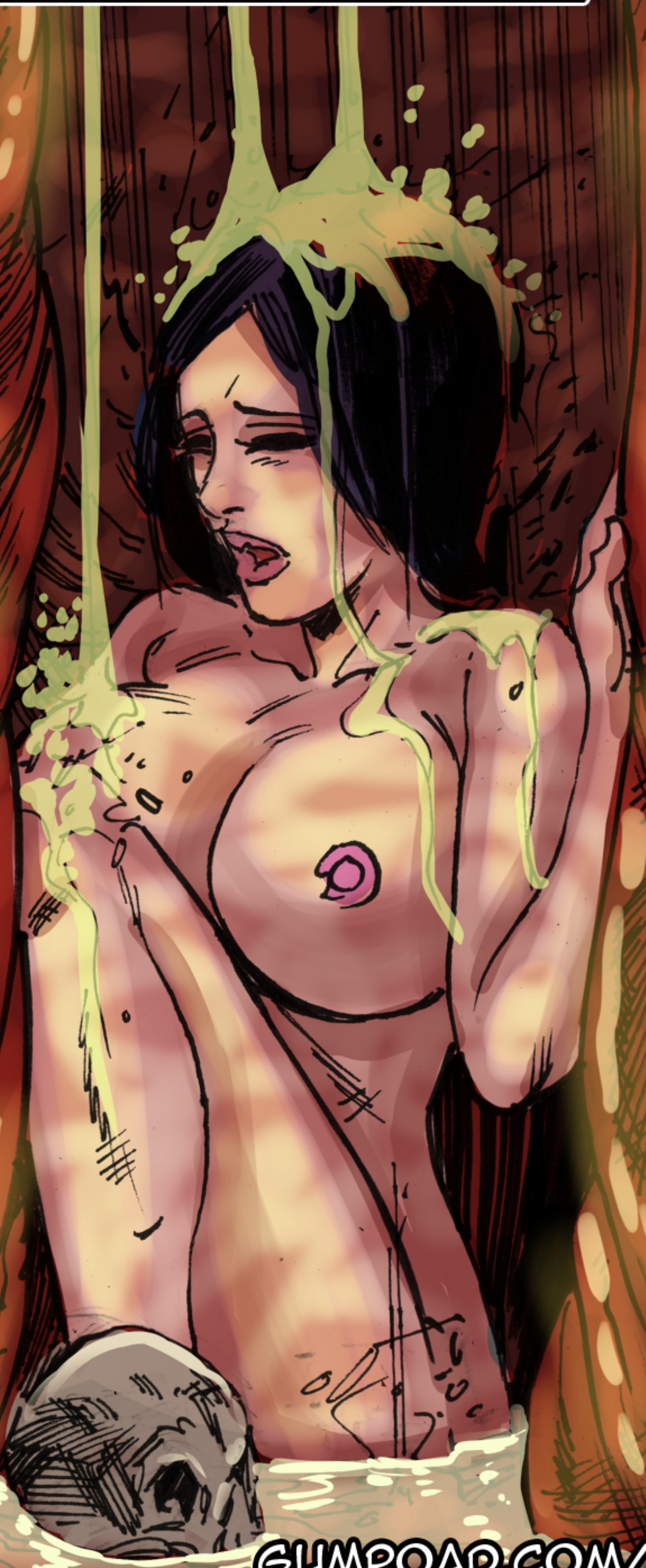
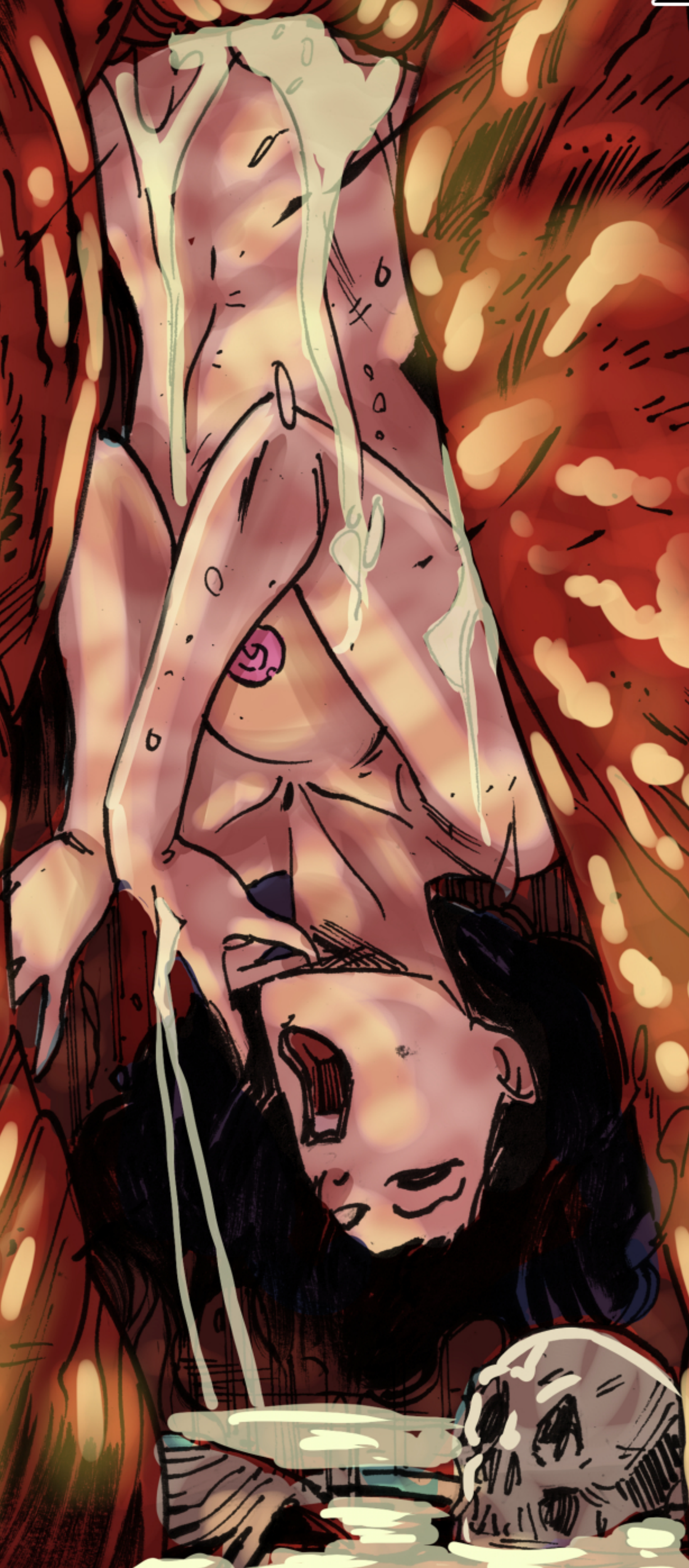
GULP



GULK

THIS IS IT. I'M DONE FOR.

NOBODY KNOWS WHERE I AM . . .



EVERYONE I HAVEN'T ALIENATED BY WORKING WITH CERBERUS IS DEAD. THE CREW OF THE NORMANDY? ALL SLAUGHTERED BY THAT THRESHER MAW . . .

AH!

OH GOD, IS THIS WHAT HOW THEY DIED? IT BURNS!

I'M GOING TO DIE HERE AND NO ONE IS GOING TO REMEMBER ME.

NOT EVEN THE GREAT COMMANDER SHEPARD CAN SAVE ME NOW.

HAHA . . . WE WON'T HAVE TO FEED HIM FOR A WEEK AFTER THAT MEAL!

HAH . . . HAH . . .

GASP

FIN.



