



THE ANCIENT CHINESE HAD A WORD FOR IT--LING CHI, THE "DEATH BY A THOUSAND CUTS."

THREE MILLION RATS BITING ME ALL AT ONCE, TEARING AT MY FLESH FASTER THAN I CAN REGENERATE AND HEAL MYSELF.



THE PAIN IS EXCRUCIATING!



WHAT THESE RATS LACK IN STRENGTH, THEY MAKE UP FOR IN VOLUME AND TENACITY. I CAN'T DESTROY ALL OF THEM FASTER THAN THEY CAN BITE ME TO DEATH.

SO I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING RADICAL.



I MUST CONCENTRATE REALLY HARD...



...TO BOOM OUT OF HERE!

WITHOUT AIR TO BREATHE, THESE MUTATED RATS ARE DONE FOR. THAT GETS THEM OFF MY BACK!

BUT SINCE I'M RIDDLED WITH BUGS IN MY SOFTWARE, THANKS TO ANOMALY'S ATTEMPTS TO CRIPPLE ME, MY TELEPORTATION HAS BECOME UNRELIABLE.

NOW I HAVE NO IDEA EXACTLY WHERE I AM, OR IF I CAN GET BACK HOME!

AND I MUST GET BACK HOME. TIME IS RUNNING OUT. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG ANOMALY PLANS TO HOLD MY FATHER CAPTIVE BEFORE HE KILLS HIM...

...OR WHAT KIND OF DREADFUL EXPERIMENTS HE PLANS TO CONDUCT ON VARIANT WHILE SHE'S INOPERATIVE AND HELPLESS.

I'VE NEVER FULLY UNDERSTOOD HOW MY ABILITY TO TELEPORT MYSELF WORKS.

WHEN MY BODY MERGED WITH THE CYBERNETIC ALIEN TECHNOLOGY, WHICH TURNED ME INTO CYBORG...MY MIND GAINED THE ABILITY TO CONTROL "BOOM TUBES"...DIMENSIONAL PASSAGeways FROM ONE LOCATION TO ANOTHER...AND USUALLY I CAN POINT THEM WHERE I NEED TO GO.

BUT EVEN WHEN I'M FULLY FUNCTIONAL, THE PROCESS HAS NEVER BEEN ONE HUNDRED PERCENT PREDICTABLE. TRUTH IS, I HAVE NO CLUE HOW THE CONNECTION WORKS BETWEEN MY MIND AND THE TUBES.

RIGHT NOW, I HAVE JUST ENOUGH POWER TO TRY "BOOMING" MYSELF BACK TO DETROIT ONE MORE TIME.

I'VE GOT TO RELAX AND LET MY MIND TELL THE TECHNOLOGY EXACTLY WHERE I WANT TO GO.

IT'S NOT WORKING--PROBABLY  
BECAUSE MY BRAIN IS A MESS!  
MY HEAD'S BEEN TAMPERED WITH  
TOO MUCH LATELY, BETWEEN THE  
MALWARE THAT INFECTED ME...

...THE MIND  
WYRMS THAT  
INVADED ME...

...ANOMALY  
TRYING TO  
CRIPPLE ME...

...AND THE FLOOD OF ALL  
THOSE PAINFUL MEMORIES  
MY FATHER SUPPRESSED  
WHICH WERE ONLY  
RECENTLY RESTORED...

...I STILL HAVEN'T  
HAD TIME TO FULLY  
PROCESS EVERYTHING  
I'VE BEEN THROUGH.

NOW MY MIND IS SO  
DISJOINTED, IT CAN'T  
CONTROL MY ABILITY  
TO TELEPORT.

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# **DANGER** **IN DETROIT**

part two:

# **H8-BIT**

I THINK I'VE PUSHED IT TOO FAR!  
I APPEAR TO BE CAUGHT IN A  
TEMPORAL VORTEX, STUCK  
BETWEEN TIME AND SPACE,  
EXISTENCE AND NONEXISTENCE.



IS THIS ALSO A  
MANIFESTATION OF  
MY OWN CONFUSION  
ABOUT MY IDENTITY?

IT'S AN ENDLESS LOOP...  
AM I HUMAN OR ROBOT?  
AM I GOOD...OR MALEVOLENT?

WHERE DO I BELONG?  
AMONG FRIENDS? OR  
AM I A TECHNOLOGICAL  
DANGER TO THEM?



AM I MAYBE  
EVEN A DANGER  
TO MYSELF?



SHOULD I BE  
ALLOWED TO  
LIVE? OR WOULD  
I BE LESS OF  
A THREAT IF  
I WERE SIMPLY  
DEACTIVATED?

QUESTIONS,  
SO MANY  
QUESTIONS.  
IF ONLY  
I KNEW WHERE  
TO LOOK FOR  
ANSWERS.

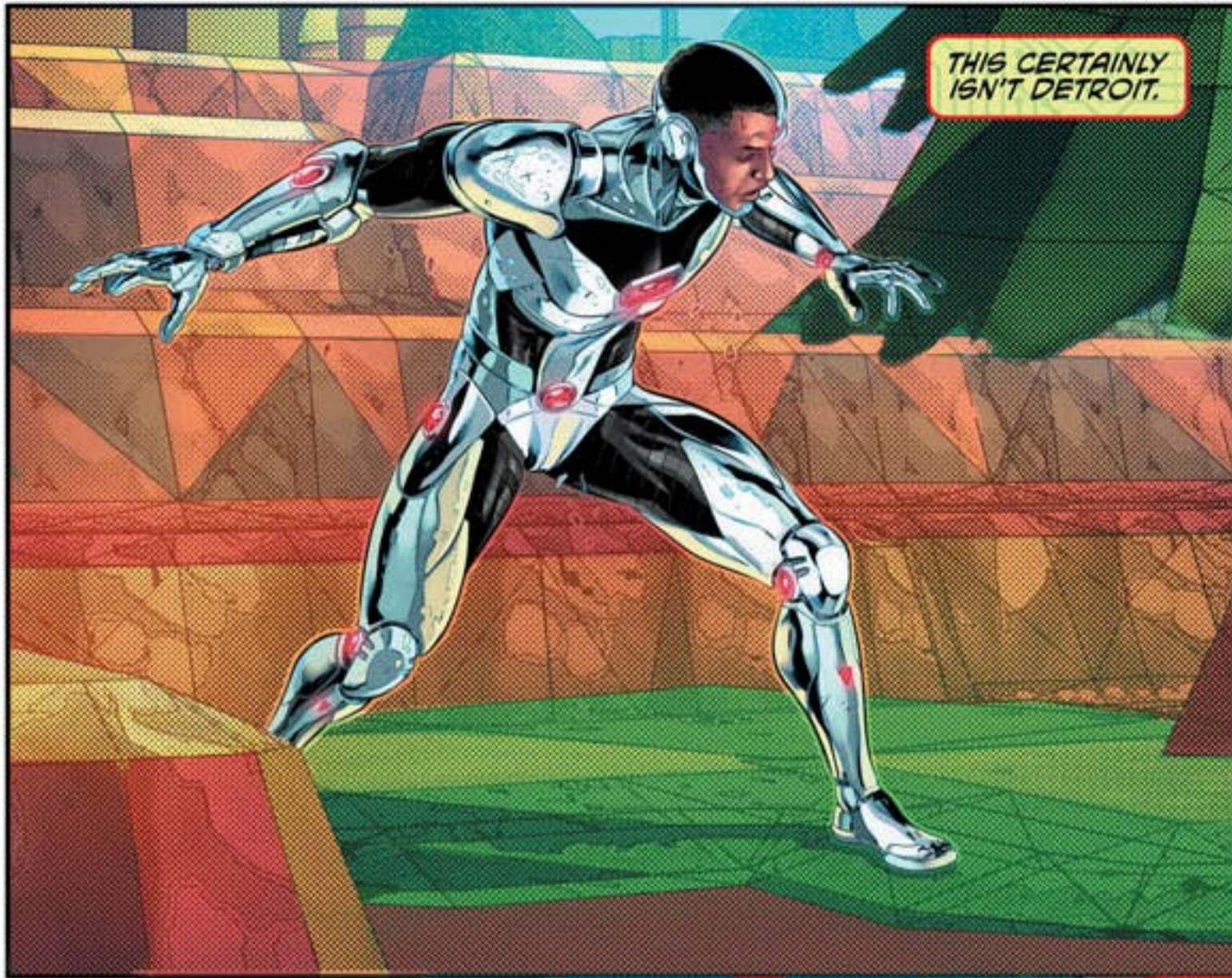




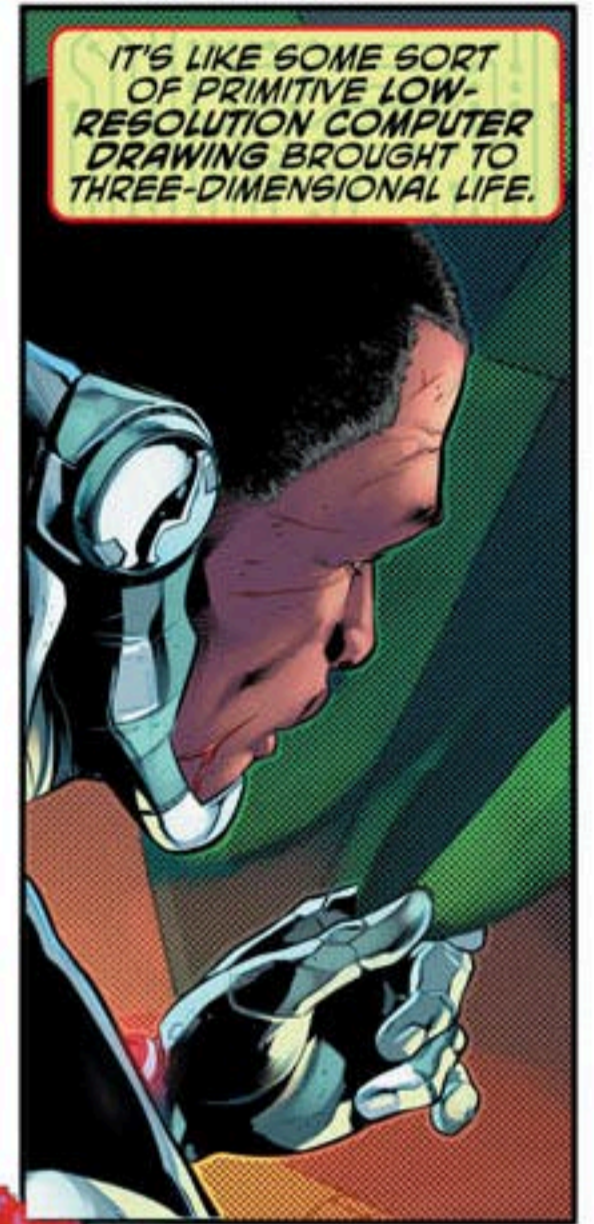
OKAY, I'VE FINALLY LANDED SOMEWHERE! I SUPPOSE THAT'S A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION...

UHHNNFF!&

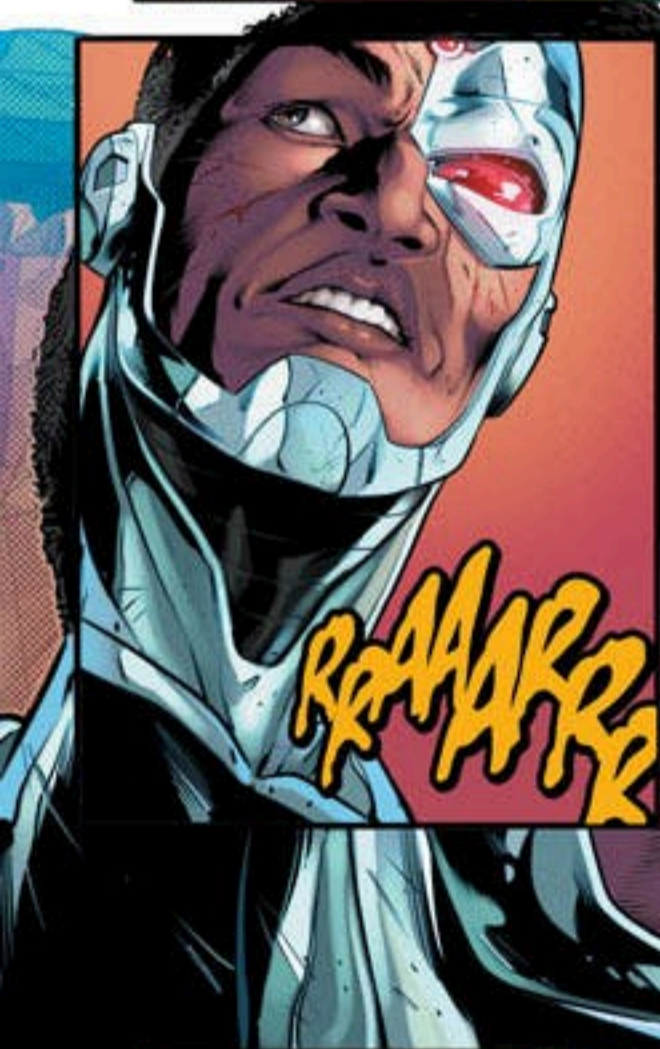
BUT WHY HERE?



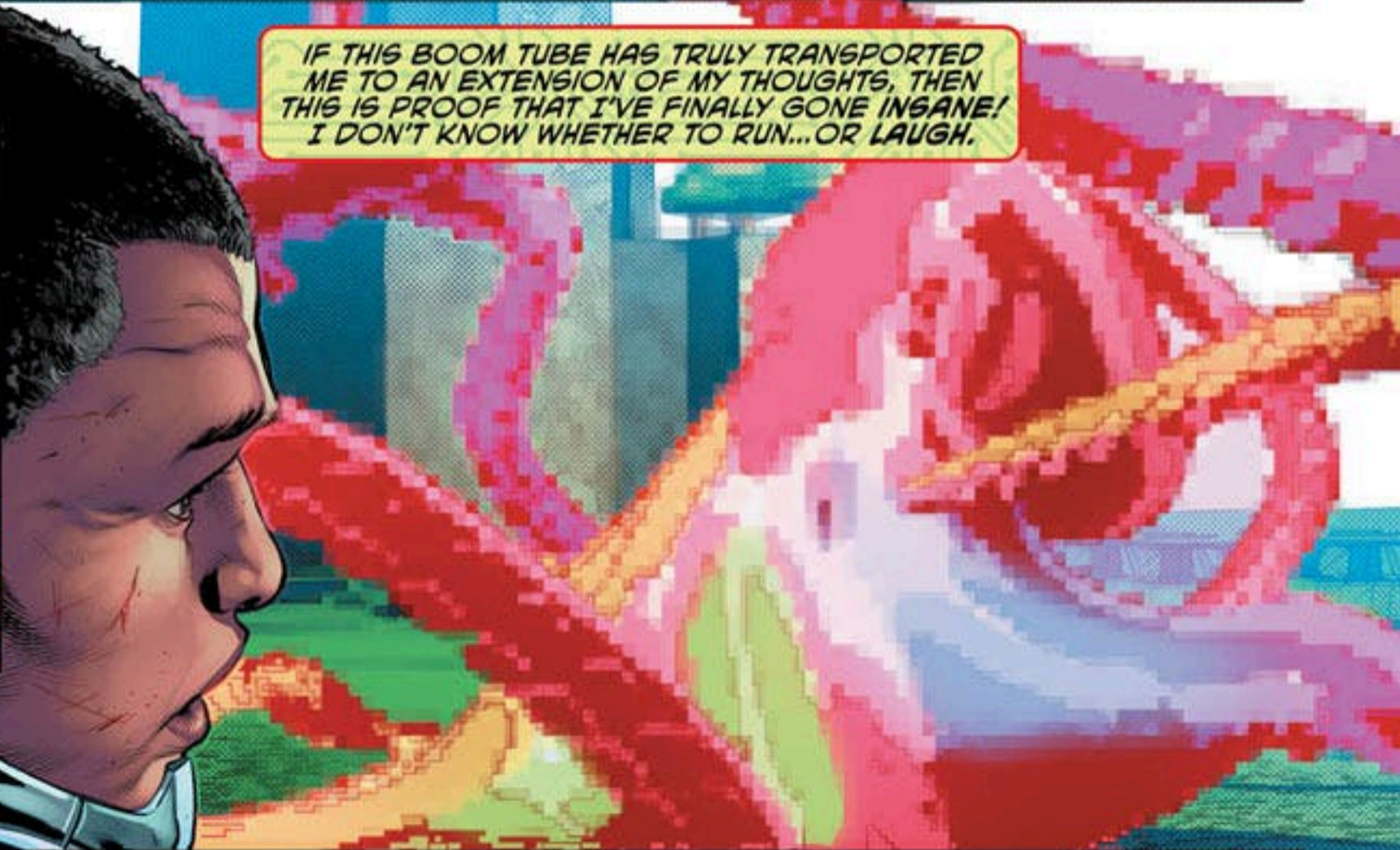
THIS CERTAINLY ISN'T DETROIT.



IT'S LIKE SOME SORT OF PRIMITIVE LOW-RESOLUTION COMPUTER DRAWING BROUGHT TO THREE-DIMENSIONAL LIFE.



RRRRRR



IF THIS BOOM TUBE HAS TRULY TRANSPORTED ME TO AN EXTENSION OF MY THOUGHTS, THEN THIS IS PROOF THAT I'VE FINALLY GONE INSANE! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO RUN... OR LAUGH.



WHOMP