

# SKREEEEEE



AND SO BEGINS  
A RACE TED  
HAS TO WIN.

THE CAR STARTED  
FOR ONCE, BUT WHERE  
CAN I GO? ONLY ONE ROAD  
THROUGH THE SWAMP. NOTHING  
AROUND FOR MILES. THEY'LL  
CATCH UP...



THEIR HEADLIGHTS SEND A BLINDING  
WASH OF LIGHT OVER TED'S WINDSHIELD.



**BANG  
BANG**

EVEN IF I GIVE  
THE SERUM TO THEM,  
THEY'LL KILL ME. CAN'T  
LET THEM...CAN'T  
LET THEM...

THE ROAR OF HIS PURSUERS'  
CAR FILLS HIS EARS. IN HIS PANIC,  
IN HIS DETERMINATION TO FOIL  
THEM, TED MAKES A DECISION.

BRAVE? FOOLHARDY?  
INSANE?



NO TIME  
TO THINK.  
HE INJECTS  
THE SERUM  
INTO HIS  
ARM.

YAAAA!!!  
BURNING ME!  
I CAN FEEL IT  
TEARING THROUGH  
MY BODY. IT'S  
BURNING ME  
UP FROM THE  
INSIDE!





THE WATER IS COLD, BUT TED FEELS AN ENVELOPING WARMTH. THE WARMTH OF THE SERUM RACING THROUGH HIS VEINS.



THE SERUM MUST BE WORKING ON ME. BUT...SOMETHING IS **WRONG**.

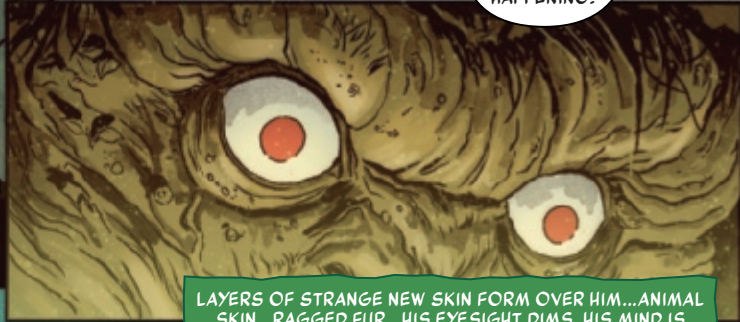
MY MIND... SO HARD TO THINK... BURNING UP INSIDE. LIKE A BOMB... ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

MY SKIN! IT'S PEELING AWAY! MELTING OFF MY BODY.

TED GRABS AT THE CHUNKS OF SKIN THAT FLOAT OFF HIS BODY. HE TOUCHES HIS CHEST AND FEELS BARE MUSCLE THROBBING...RIB BONES EXPOSED...



THIS IS WRONG. THIS IS **WRONG**. THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!



LAYERS OF STRANGE NEW SKIN FORM OVER HIM...ANIMAL SKIN...RAGGED FUR...HIS EYESIGHT DIMS. HIS MIND IS SUCKED INTO A DEEP DARKNESS. HIS BODY SWELLS...

TED STRUGGLES TO HOLD ON TO HIS HUMANITY, HIS IDENTITY.

I'M DR. TED SALLIS. I WORKED FOR THE ARMY. TED SALLIS. I'M DR. TED SSSSS...DR.... AARRRRRRRGH!

A ROAR EXPLODES FROM SOMEWHERE DEEP IN HIS NEW BODY...



HE BURSTS FROM THE CAR,  
RISES FROM THE SOUPY  
MUCK, AND EMERGES AS  
A GROTESQUE

# MAN-THING





THINK HE CAN SWIM?

I'M NOT GOING DOWN THERE TO GET HIM.



HUH?? WHAT IS THAT?

I GOTTA CALL MY OPTOMETRIST. I'M SEEING THINGS!



LIFTING HIMSELF FROM THE SWAMP WITH A HORRIFYING NEW BODY AND THE MIND OF A BEAST, THE MAN-THING STAGGERS FORTH.



HEY! CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS? I DIDN'T BRING MY SWIMSUIT!

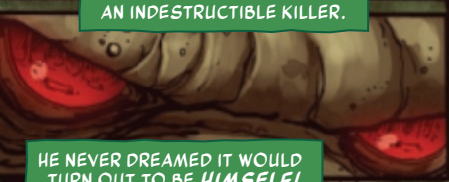
REVENGE AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD STEAL HIS FORMULA IS SHORT AND SWEET.



SPEECHLESS, MINDLESS ANGER CONSUMES THE MAN-THING.



TED SALLIS WANTED TO BUILD AN INDESTRUCTIBLE KILLER.



HE NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD TURN OUT TO BE HIMSELF!

