




THIS IS MY
FATHER.

WAS MY
FATHER.



I ALWAYS WONDERED
WHAT WAS GOING
THROUGH HIS MIND
THEN.

MOST GUYS IN HIS LINE OF
WORK DON'T GET MUCH TIME
FOR...WHAT DID MOM CALL
IT? INTROSPECTION.

SOMEONE JUST
COMES UP BEHIND
THEM AND WHACK.


IT'S DONE.

BUT FROM THE WAY IT
WAS TOLD TO ME, MY DAD
WAS GIVEN A MINUTE OR
SO TO THINK ABOUT
WHAT WAS HAPPENING
TO HIM.

DID HE?

DID, LIKE, EVERY
MOMENT OF HIS LIFE
PASS BEFORE HIS
EYES LIKE THEY SAY
IT DOES?

OR DID THE WIND
AND THE FALL AND
THE SOUND JUST
OVERLOAD HIS FACE?

A man in a purple suit and top hat is falling upside down over a city street. He has a surprised expression. The street below is filled with red cars and red buildings. The scene is depicted in a comic book style with bold lines and a limited color palette of reds, purples, and yellows.

DID HE THINK
FOR A SECOND
HE COULD FLY?

DID HE THINK HE
MIGHT BOUNCE
AND---AND LIVE?

DID HE THINK A GUST OF
WIND WOULD COME AND
BLOW HIM INTO A WINDOW
OF SOMEBODY'S OFFICE--
SAVING HIM?

(I READ THAT
HAPPENED ONCE.)

HE'D BE ONE
OF THOSE STORIES
PEOPLE TALK ABOUT
FOREVER.

WONDER IF
HE THOUGHT
ABOUT ME?



