

STEVE?

STEVE,  
WAKE THE  
00110101  
UP.

WHERE...? I REMEMBER.  
THE TEST FLIGHT. THE  
CRASH. MY ARM GONE.  
MY LEGS. MY EYE...

YEAH, YEAH.  
SUCH A SOB  
STORY. EXCEPT  
YOUR WEAK 1001  
ORGANIC PARTS  
WERE NOT GONE,  
BUT REPLACED  
WITH ROBOTIC  
ONES. BETTER.  
STRONGER...

THEY HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY.  
OH, I KNOW. HOW MANY TIMES  
HAVE I HAD THIS DREAM BEFORE?  
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I SEEN MY  
LIFE--MY BODY--TORN TO PIECES  
AND REBUILT?

SERIOUSLY, YOU  
ARE MISSING THE  
IMPERATIVE POINT  
HERE. THIS IS NO  
001101 DREAM.

IT FEELS REAL, BUT IT ALWAYS  
DOES. THE GROUND RUSHING  
UP AT TERMINAL VELOCITY.  
THE FLAMES. THE PAIN. WAIT...

THIS VOICE IN  
MY HEAD. WHO  
ARE YOU? WHAT'S  
GOING ON HERE?

ANSWERS IN DUE  
TIME. FOR NOW,  
ALL YOU NEED  
TO KNOW IS...



...THIS IS REAL  
MOTHERFUCKING  
LIFE, STEVE AUSTIN.

AND YOU ARE  
PERILOUSLY  
CLOSE  
TO DYING!

**THE  
SIX MILLION  
DOLLAR MAN**

**FALL of  
MAN**

**CHAPTER ONE  
CURSED IS THE GROUND**





THE  
MISSION.  
EXPLOSION AT  
15,000 FEET.  
NO PARACHUTE.  
RIGHT.

LET'S  
SEE...

PLANE IS  
SHOT. ABOUT  
**SIXTY SECONDS**  
TILL I HIT THE GROUND.  
NEED SOMETHING  
TO CUSHION THE  
LANDING...

THIS WAY. AND  
Ollolllol HURRY.



ALMOST...

