



THERE'S THIS QUESTION
THAT KEEPS POPPING UP
IN MY HEAD AT RANDOM
TIMES, SILENCING EVERY
OTHER THOUGHT.

I TRY TO *BURY* IT,
BUT IT'S NEVER DEEP
ENOUGH. IT ALWAYS
COMES BACK.



"WHAT'S THE
WORST THING A
MAN CAN DO?"



--HE
TAKES YOU
SLOW.

NO. NO--
YOU PEOPLE--
YOU'RE CRAZY.
WE GOTTA GET
OUT OF
HERE!



YOU *SEE?*! I WAS
RIGHT! THERE'S A
TUNNEL--I THINK
I CAN SEE--
WAIT--



OH GOD--
NO--I'M SORRY--
I'M SORRY--I'LL GO
BACK--I'LL GO--

AYYYAARRGH!

AHH!
AHHH! NNNN--
GNN--

GNN--
GNNFFF--



PLEASE,
YOUNG
MAN--

GOTTAGET
OUTGOTTAGET
OUTGOTTAGET
OUTOUTUTTA
HERE



--KEEP
YOUR VOICE LOW.
YOU DON'T WANT TO
ANGER HIM. AND
REMEMBER--

--IF HE
CHOOSES YOU,
DON'T FIGHT
BACK.

YEAH. IF
YOU FIGHT
BACK--



THERE *IS* NO WAY
OUT. PEOPLE HAVE
TRIED.

WHAT ARE
YOU **TALKING**
ABOUT? YOU CAN
SEE IT--YOU CAN SEE
THE **LIGHT** OUT
THERE. THAT MEANS
THERE'S GOTTA BE
AN EXIT.



I'M
GOING
FOR IT.

NO!
WAIT--



**CHW
CHW**

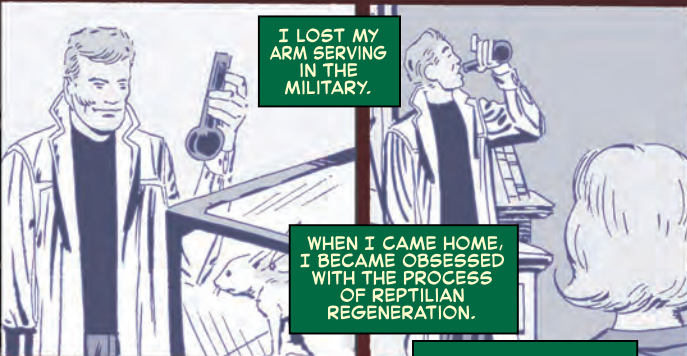


**CHW
CHW**



MY NAME
IS **CURT
CONNORS.**

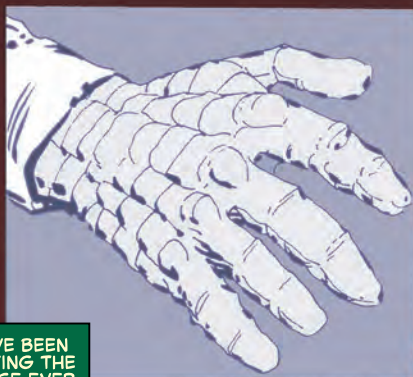
AND I HAVE
DONE **TERRIBLE,
UNSPEAKABLE
THINGS.**



I LOST MY
ARM SERVING
IN THE
MILITARY.

WHEN I CAME HOME,
I BECAME OBSESSED
WITH THE PROCESS
OF REPTILIAN
REGENERATION.

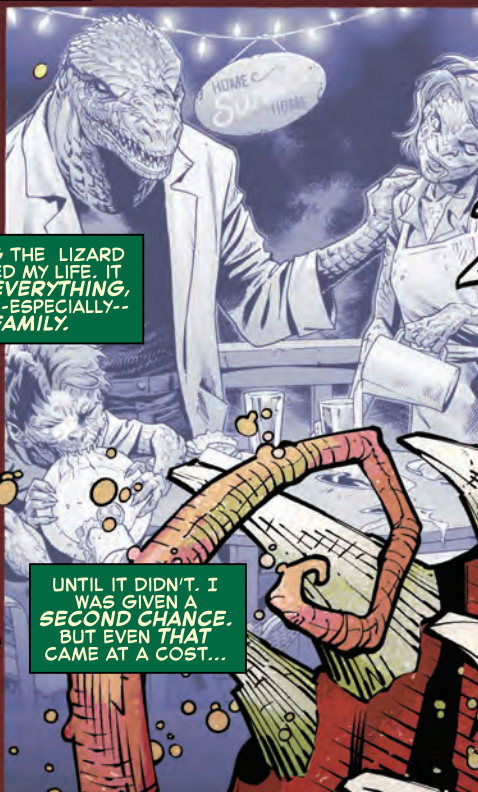
I CREATED A SERUM
AND TESTED IT ON
MYSELF. ARROGANT.
RECKLESS.



I'VE BEEN
PAYING THE
PRICE EVER
SINCE.



BECOMING THE LIZARD
DESTROYED MY LIFE. IT
COST ME **EVERYTHING**.
INCLUDING--ESPECIALLY--
MY FAMILY.



UNTIL IT DIDN'T. I
WAS GIVEN A
SECOND CHANCE.
BUT EVEN THAT
CAME AT A COST...

TO KEEP MY FAMILY ALIVE, I HAD TO INJECT THEM WITH THE **LIZARD SERUM** AS WELL.

SINCE THEN THEY'VE HAD TO LIVE HIDDEN HERE IN THE SEWERS.

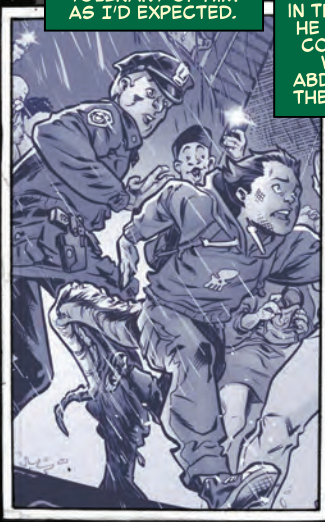
IT HASN'T BEEN EASY FOR THEM.

HE'S GONE... I ~~SSS~~STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S ~~SSS~~ GONE...

MY SON, **BILLY**, TOOK IT HARDEST AND RAN AWAY FROM HOME.



PEOPLE WERE ABOUT AS KIND AND TOLERANT OF HIM AS I'D EXPECTED.



IN THE MIDST OF THE CHAOS HE WAS SNATCHED UP BY A COUPLE OF MERCENARIES WHO HAD BEEN ON AN ABDUCTION SPREE ACROSS THE CITY IN RECENT WEEKS.



AND I COULD **BLAME** THEM FOR WHERE WE ARE NOW. I COULD BLAME THE **OUTSIDE WORLD**. BUT THE **TRUTH** IS--

--ALL OF THIS IS **MY** FAULT.

DON'T WORRY, MARTHA. I'LL FIND HIM--





AND SHE'S RIGHT--



THANKFULLY, I DON'T NEED THE CLAWS OR THE FANGS TONIGHT--

--I JUST NEED ITS NOSE.



THE MEN WHO TOOK MY SON TRIED TO ABDUCT ME AS WELL, AMBUSHING ME IN MY CLASSROOM.



--I GOT THEIR SCENT. AND AFTER A LONG NIGHT HUNTING FOR ANY TRACE OF IT ACROSS THE CITY--

--I FINALLY FOUND IT IN THE FIRST PLACE I SHOULD'VE LOOKED.