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MPH

NUMBER ONE



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AS DEBUTS GO, IT WAS A COMPLETE DISASTER.

MR. SPRINGFIELD, THE WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY SUPERHUMAN, HAD LOST CONTROL AND WAS TRYING TO DIG HIS HEELS IN TO STOP.

ONE STATE BLURRED INTO ANOTHER, HIS FOOTSTEPS HAMMERING A THOUSAND TIMES A SECOND...

...INSECTS BURNED AGAINST HIS FACE, TREES SHATTERING LIKE GLASS, WALL AFTER WALL BARELY BREAKING HIS STRIDE.

IT WAS *MISSOURI* BEFORE HE RAN OUT OF JUICE...



THE AREA WAS SEALED OFF
INSIDE FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.

A MAN
DID ALL
THIS?

YES, SIR. SIX DIFFERENT
MOTORISTS SAW HIM PLUS
A COUPLE OF GUYS SMOKING
GRASS ON THE HILL.

NORMALLY, I'D BE SKEPTICAL,
BUT ONE OF THE WITNESSES IS
A NURSE AT COUNTY AND ANOTHER
IS STU'S BROTHER-IN-LAW.

WE THOUGHT HE'D SET
OFF SOME KIND OF BOMB,
BUT THAT DOESN'T REALLY
SQUARE WITH THE TRACKS
LEADING UP.

I'D SWEAR HE WAS
DRIVING A VEHICLE OR
SOMETHING, BUT EVERY
EYEWITNESS SAID THE
GUY WAS JUST RUNNING
FAST.

YOU FIND
ANYTHING ON HIM?

A FEW COINS,
SOME TIC TACS,
A PAPERCLIP, AND
THIS EMPTY
BOTTLE.

WHAT
THE HELL'S
THIS SUPPOSED
TO BE?

I HAVE
ABSOLUTELY
NO IDEA.



DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH TROUBLE YOU'RE IN, SON? I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW YOU MANAGED TO DO THIS, BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR ASS *THE ARMY* WILL.



IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SAY BEFORE THEY GET HERE? YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN HOW WE PULLED YOU OUT OF THAT WRECKAGE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SCRATCH?



I'M SORRY, SIR. I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING. BUT MY POWERS ARE GONE SO I WON'T BE CAUSING ANY MORE TROUBLE.

I JUST WANT YOU GUYS TO KNOW THAT I DIDN'T MEAN ANY OF THIS AND I ONLY HOPE THAT NOBODY GOT HURT.



...AND SO THE WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY SUPERHUMAN WAS DRUGGED, INTERROGATED AND LOCKED UP IN SOLITARY BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT WAS ALMOST *THIRTY YEARS* BEFORE THE NEXT ONE APPEARED AND STARTED A GLOBAL CRIME WAVE.

MY CHEEKS BLEW BACK LIKE I WAS PILOTING A FIGHTER JET AND I KNEW I HAD TO HIT THE BRAKES.

I KNEW I HAD TO CLOSE MY EYES AND SNAP THINGS BACK TO NORMAL...

TICK

...AND THAT'S WHEN EVERYTHING GROUND TO A HALT.



UM, HELLO?



WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHY'S EVERYONE STOPPED?





ARE YOU OKAY?

ARE YOU GUYS MESSING WITH ME HERE?

SHIT!



I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND AT THE TIME, BUT THE HOSPITAL EXTENSION HAD BEEN BUILT IN THE SIXTIES...

...AND THOSE FLUORESCENT LIGHTS THAT WERE SO POPULAR IN THOSE DAYS FLICKER ON AND OFF AT 100 TIMES A SECOND.

WHAT THE...?

THAT'S HOW MUCH MY PERCEPTIONS HAD BEEN SLOWED DOWN...



...EACH FLICKER FELT LIKE TWO OR THREE MINUTES.

YOU GUYS ARE CREEPING ME OUT HERE...