

SO...THIS IS
ING
AWKWARD.

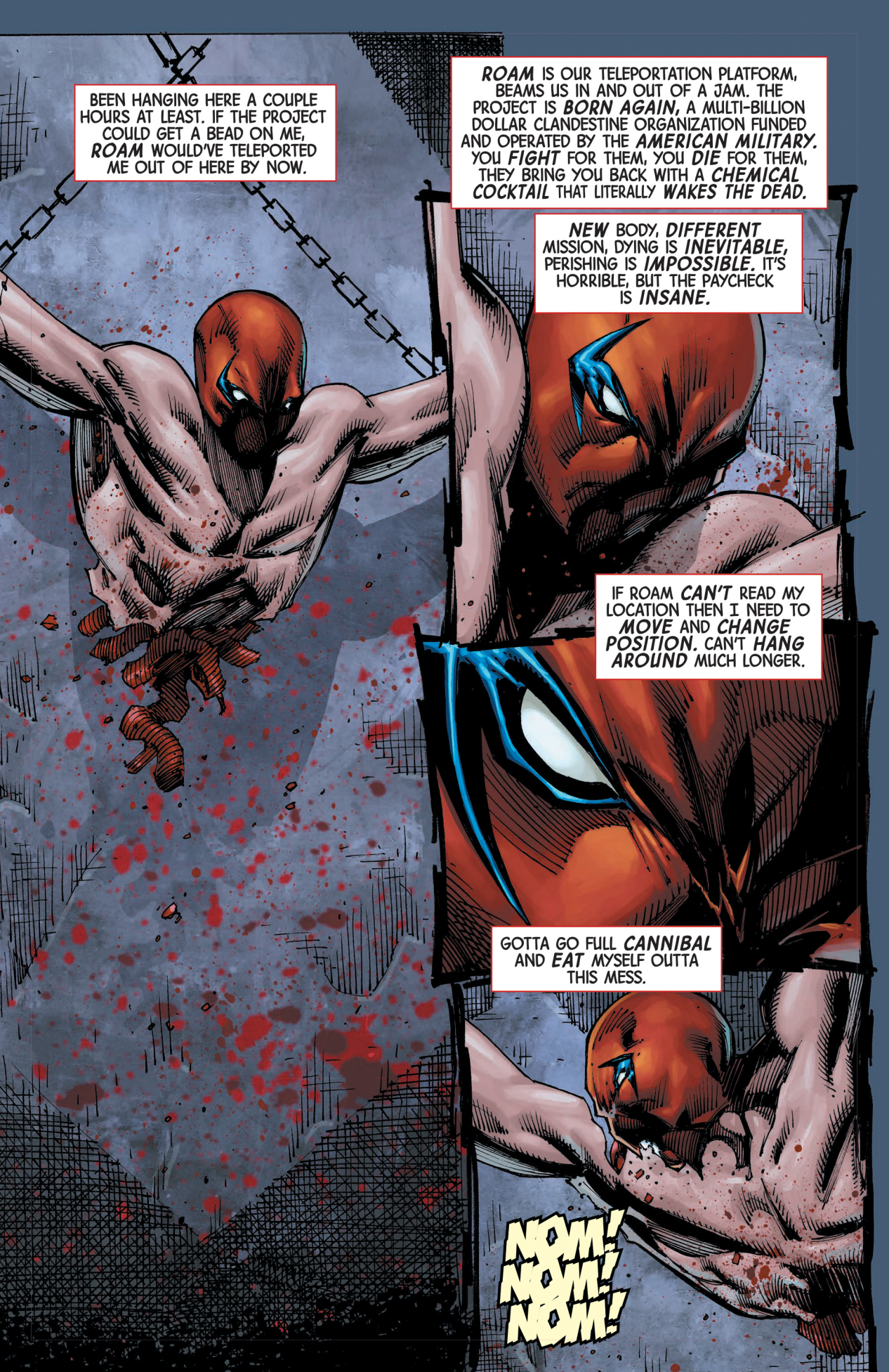
CRAZY [REDACTED] GOT
THE *DROP* ON ME.
RIPPED ME TO SHREDS
(LITERALLY), LEFT ME
TO *ROT* IN THIS PIT.

YOU THINK YOU'LL
GET *USED* TO THE
WHOLE "DYING" THING
BUT TRUTH IS YOU
DON'T, NOT EVER.

IT'S A TERRIBLE, *GUT-
WRENCHING* EXPERIENCE.
HAVING YOUR ENTRAILS
HANG OUT OF YOUR TORSO
IS *NEVER* A GOOD LOOK
ON ANYBODY.

THIS IS ONLY THE
FOURTH OR *FIFTH*
TIME I'VE BEEN "KILLED,"
OTHER GUYS ARE *WAY*
PAST FIFTY OR SIXTY
"DEATHS"...I'VE DEFINITELY
NEVER BEEN *SEPARATED*
IN TWO BEFORE.

AND THE FACT THAT
SHE TOOK MY [REDACTED]
WITH HER IS CREEPING
ME OUT.

A comic book panel showing Spider-Man hanging upside down from a chain. He is shirtless, with his red and blue suit visible on his arms and legs. His body is covered in blood splatters. The background is a dark, industrial setting with a chain and some debris. The text is in a white box with a red border.

BEEN HANGING HERE A COUPLE HOURS AT LEAST. IF THE PROJECT COULD GET A BEAD ON ME, **ROAM** WOULD'VE TELEPORTED ME OUT OF HERE BY NOW.

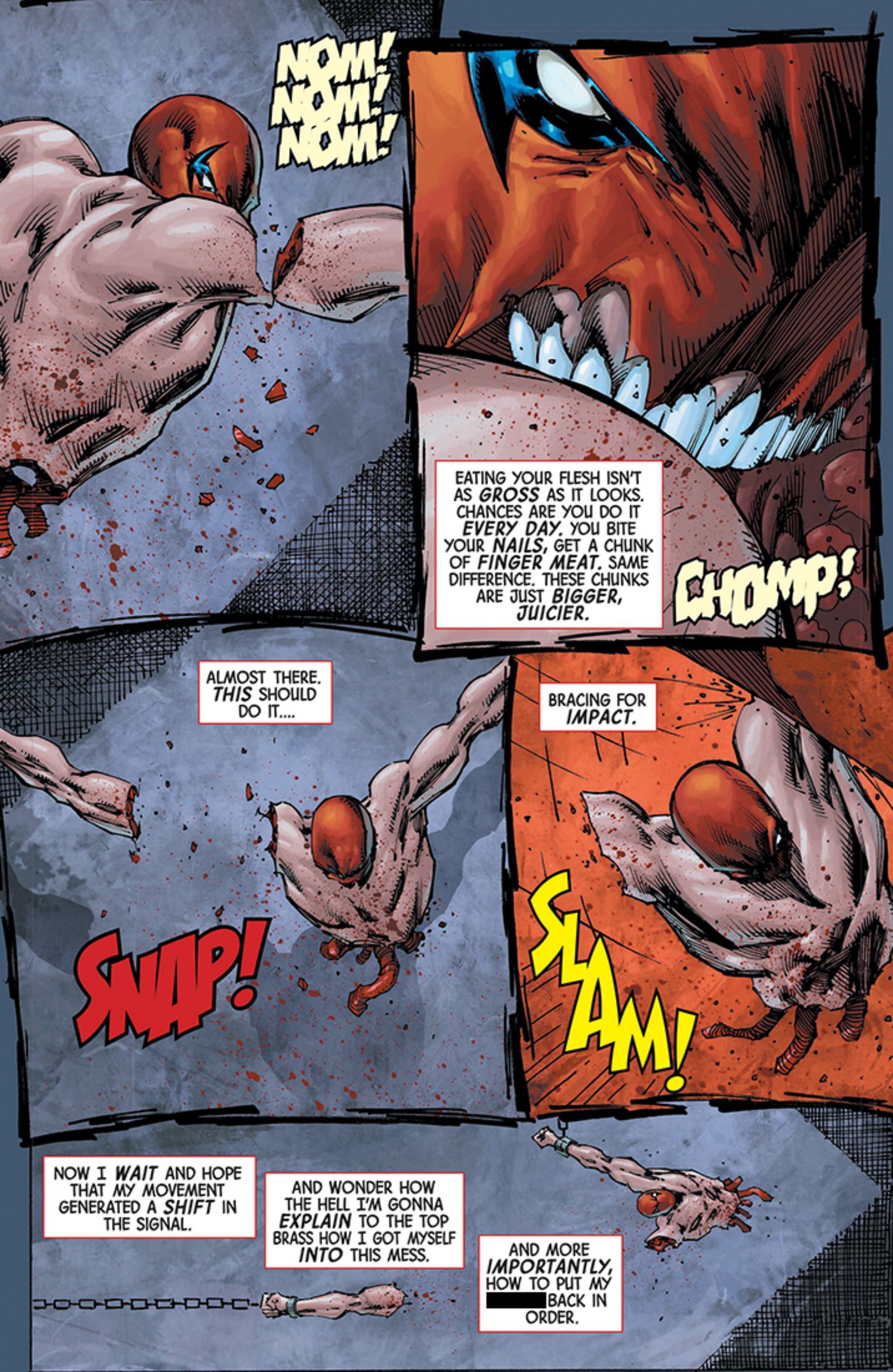
ROAM IS OUR TELEPORTATION PLATFORM, BEAMS US IN AND OUT OF A JAM. THE PROJECT IS **BORN AGAIN**, A MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR CLANDESTINE ORGANIZATION FUNDED AND OPERATED BY THE **AMERICAN MILITARY**. YOU **FIGHT** FOR THEM, YOU **DIE** FOR THEM, THEY BRING YOU BACK WITH A **CHEMICAL COCKTAIL** THAT LITERALLY **WAKES THE DEAD**.

NEW BODY, DIFFERENT MISSION, DYING IS **INEVITABLE**, PERISHING IS **IMPOSSIBLE**. IT'S HORRIBLE, BUT THE PAYCHECK IS **INSANE**.

IF **ROAM** **CAN'T** READ MY LOCATION THEN I NEED TO **MOVE AND CHANGE POSITION**. **CAN'T HANG AROUND MUCH LONGER**.

GOTTA GO FULL **CANNIBAL** AND **EAT MYSELF** OUTTA THIS MESS.

**NOW!
NOW!
NOW!**



NOM!
NOM!
NOM!

EATING YOUR FLESH ISN'T
AS *GROSS* AS IT LOOKS.
CHANCES ARE YOU DO IT
EVERY DAY. YOU BITE
YOUR *NAILS*, GET A CHUNK
OF *FINGER MEAT*. SAME
DIFFERENCE. THESE CHUNKS
ARE JUST *BIGGER*,
JUICIER.

CHOMP!

ALMOST THERE.
THIS SHOULD
DO IT....

BRACING FOR
IMPACT.

SNAP!

SLAM!

NOW I *WAIT* AND HOPE
THAT MY MOVEMENT
GENERATED A *SHIFT* IN
THE SIGNAL.

AND WONDER HOW
THE HELL I'M GONNA
EXPLAIN TO THE TOP
BRASS HOW I GOT MYSELF
INTO THIS MESS.

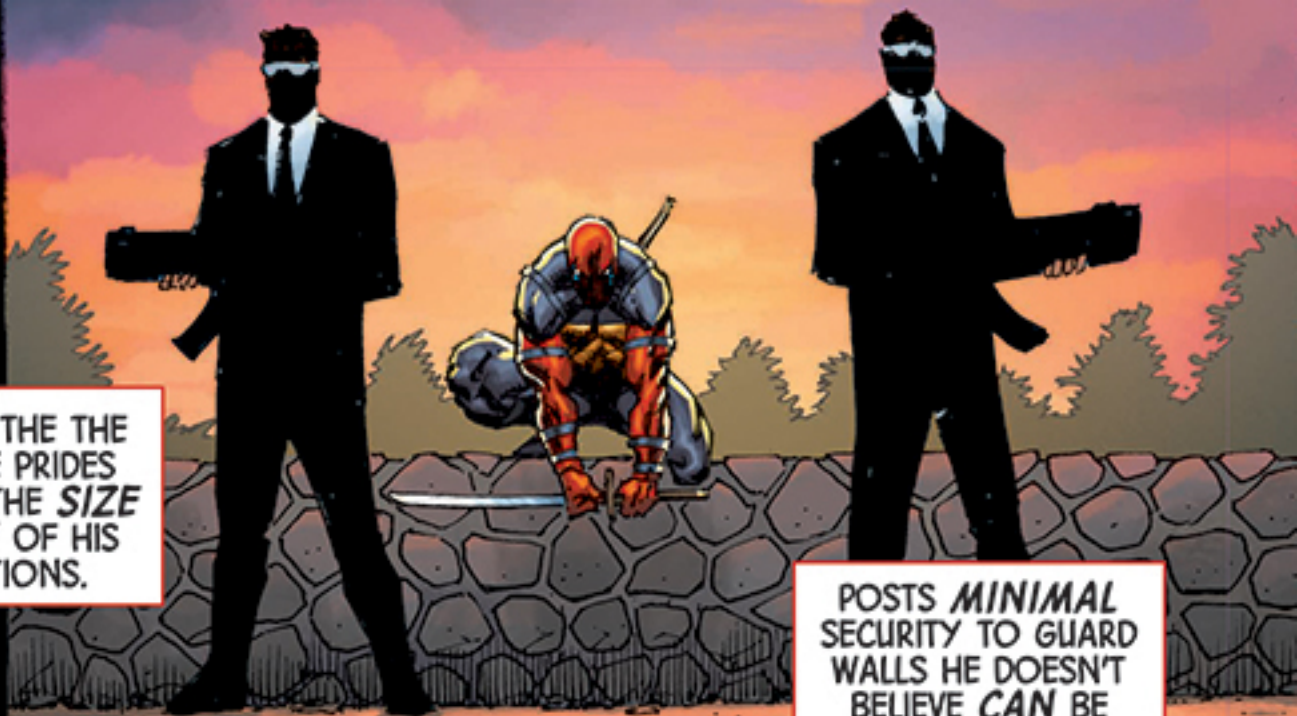
AND MORE
IMPORTANTLY,
HOW TO PUT MY
BACK IN
ORDER.

CLEAR THE
MOAT.

SCALE THE
WALL.

THE MAN IN THE THE
HIGH CASTLE PRIDES
HIMSELF ON THE *SIZE*
AND *SCALE* OF HIS
FORTIFICATIONS.

POSTS *MINIMAL*
SECURITY TO GUARD
WALLS HE DOESN'T
BELIEVE CAN BE
SCALED OR
BREACHED.



SOUND THE
ALARM. INTRUDER
ALERTED.