

THEN, AS THE TEAR GAS ENVELOPS, TALBOT HIS HALF HUMAN, HALF MECHANICAL BRAIN FIGHTS FOR REASON...



...THE ROBOT PART OF MY BRAIN IS **RACING!** HOW LONG WILL I BE ABLE TO CONTROL MY THOUGHT?



T-THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE...ONE CHANCE TO SAVE THEM...AND MYSELF!



SUDDENLY THE TRAPPED SCIENTIST TURNS AND FLEES...

HE'S FRIGHTENED OFF!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S RETURNING TO THE LAB...LET'S GO!



...AND MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE LABORATORY...

I HAVE TIME FOR ONLY **ONE** EXPERIMENT WITH THE NEW CHEMICAL TO SEEK THE ANTIDOTE FOR MY CONDITION!



I CAN ONLY PRAY THAT I'M RIGHT! I'LL EITHER BE **ALL** MAN AGAIN!



I'M **NORMAL** AGAIN! TH-THE SECOND DOSE OF URANIUM RADIATION HAS **REVERSED** THE PROCESS—
T-THANK GOODNESS!



THE END