



THE UNSTOPPABLE

MOTION MAN

ISSUE #6

THE LONGEST SECOND

Hi. Kam Reed. Sixteen.
Point guard. Secret superhero.

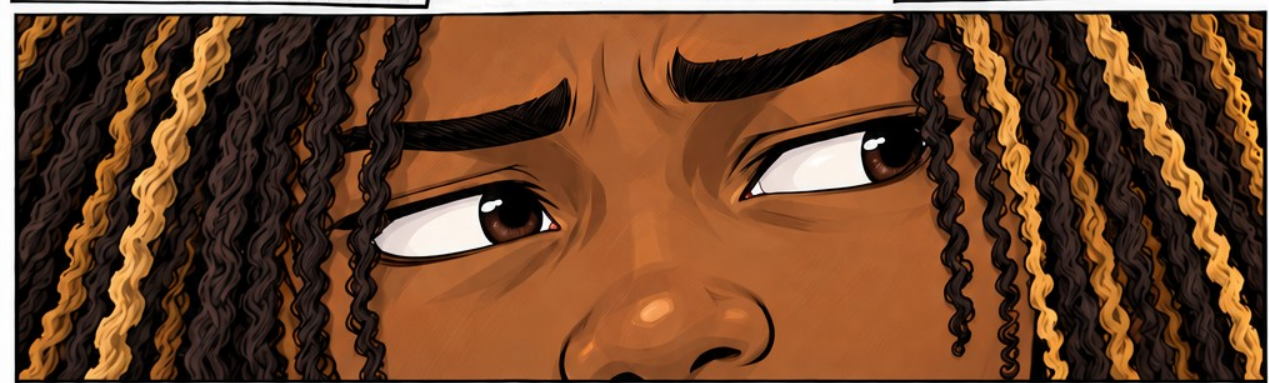
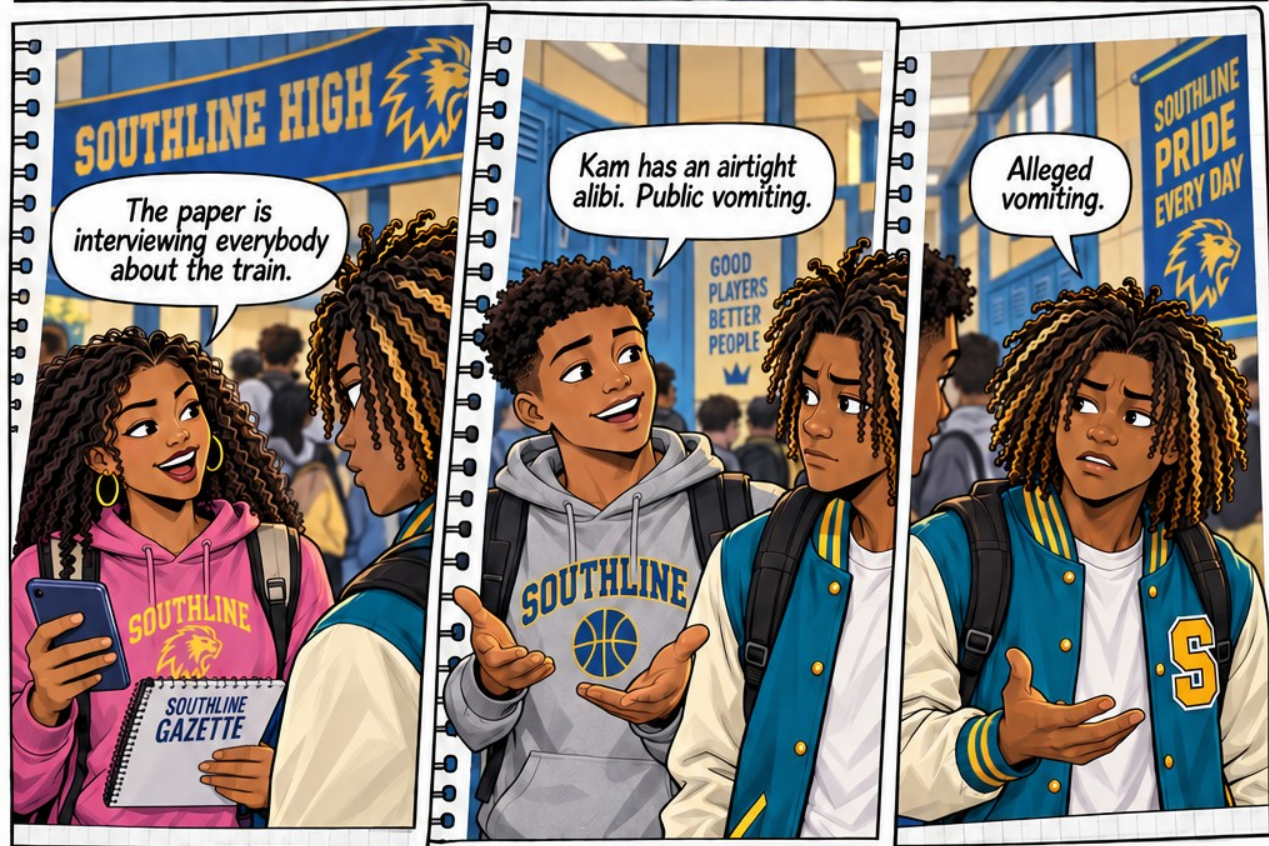
Currently losing a fight with sleep.

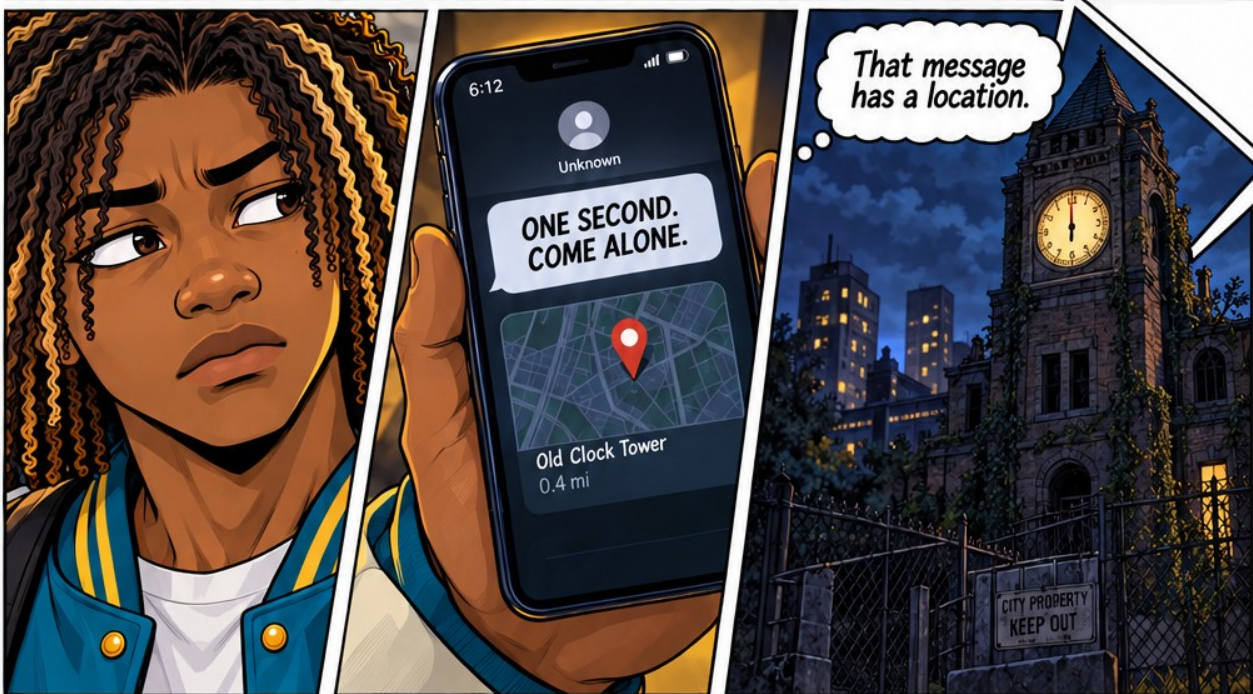
Train stopped.
My brain did not.



Okay. That's
creepy specific.

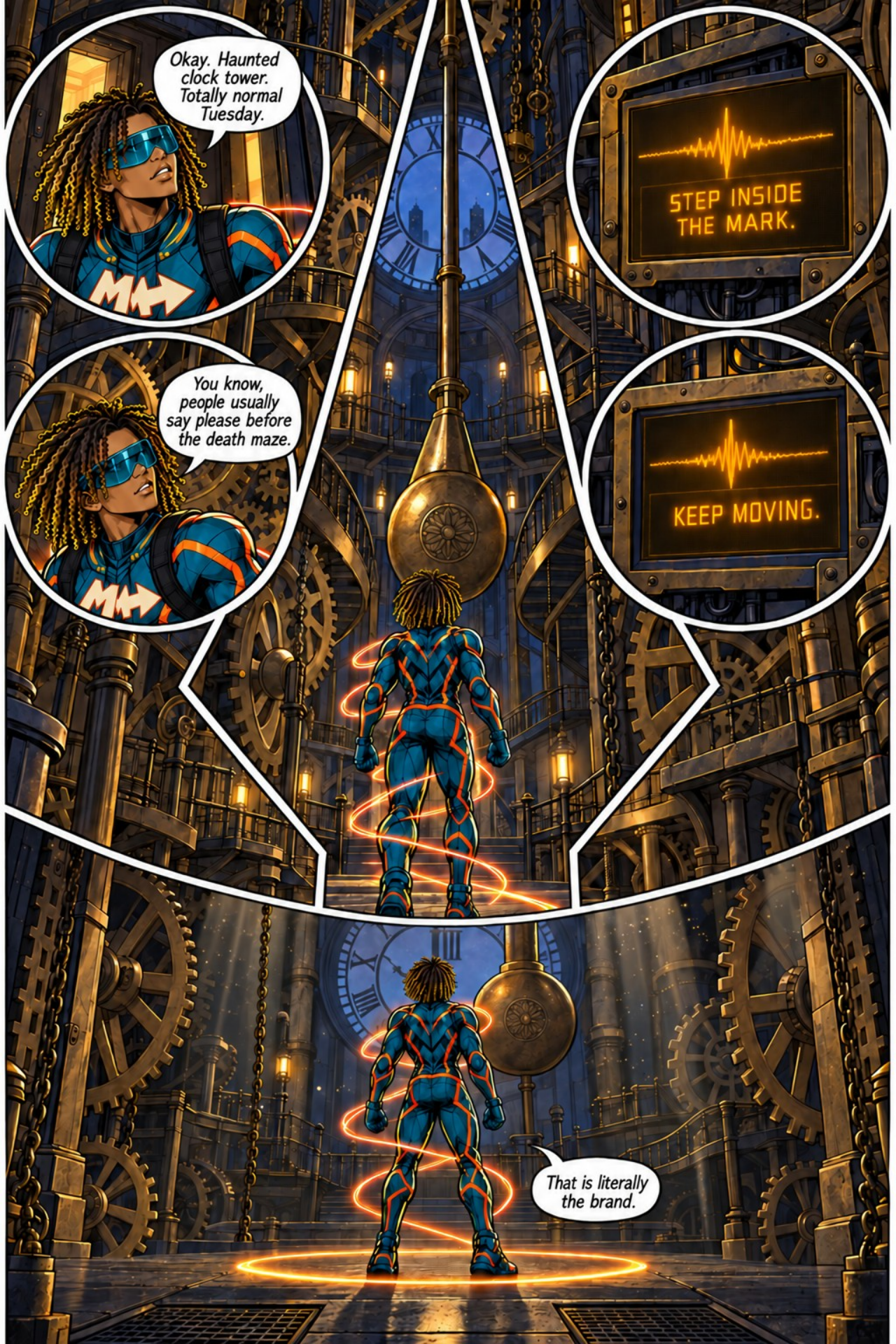
TIK... TIK...











Okay. Haunted
clock tower.
Totally normal
Tuesday.

STEP INSIDE
THE MARK.

You know,
people usually
say please before
the death maze.

KEEP MOVING.

That is literally
the brand.

I remember this.

*The quiet.
The pressure.*

YOU WERE NEVER
OUTSIDE IT.

*Cool.
Cryptic and
incorrect.*

*Then my legs forget
how fast they are.*





That sentence
needed way
more details—

KRA-KOOM!

Okay.
Details received.

No speed.
No borrowed impact.
Just me.

No borrowed impact. Fine.

I still have
a heartbeat.

And fifteen
years of hearing
a shot clock
in my sleep.

THUMP.

THUMP.

Motion doesn't
start out there.

It starts here.

Dribble. Pivot. Breathe.

ZERO POINT
FOUR SECONDS.

TAP

SKRRK

WHOOM

Plenty of
clock.

Your turn
to keep up.

GONNNING!

0.2

0.1

ONE.

My turn.

One second is a long time
when you're the only thing moving.

