



Another beautiful scene. Think I'm setting you up for something again?  
How many would like to go outside on a space walk? Let's see if you get  
talked out of it.



Three times I ventured into the "truly great outdoors".

When you're out there, it's a silent world, except for the whispers of your own breath. You feel totally alone, like the world below doesn't even know you're there.

But then you think of the many people on consoles in mission control who monitor everything on the station, including your every breath, word, and heartbeat. And you realize that you're being fully supported in the most extensive way possible.



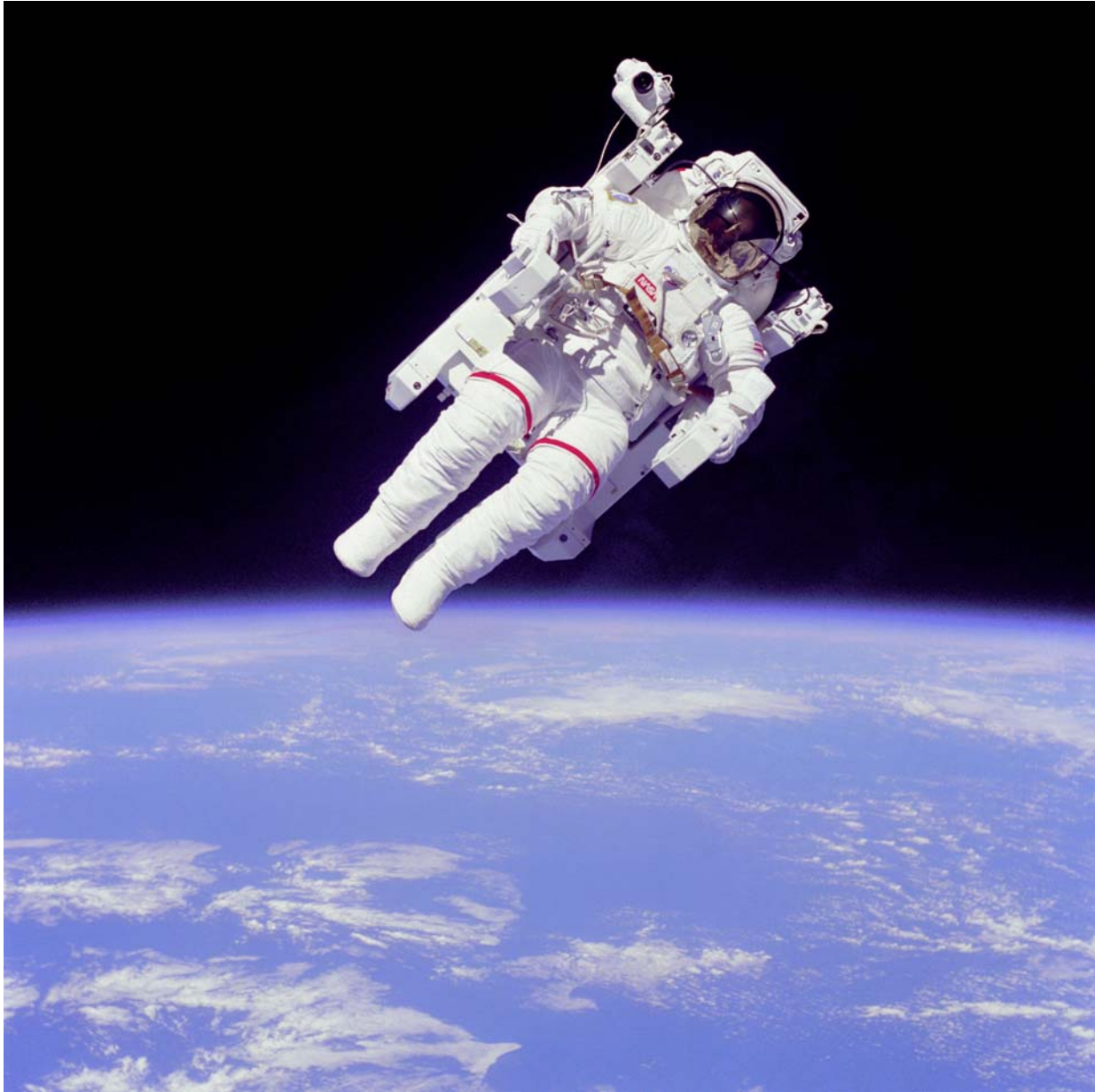
Here's Ed White, the first American to walk in space.

We all had great respect of his quiet courage. He led the way for the rest of us. Unfortunately, he was later killed in the Apollo fire.

OK, what IS it like? Let's go up to the top of a tall building where you look out. It's pleasant, relaxing. But now, let's open the window and we'll take you out to the end of a long spring board where a steel-fisted Hulk Hogan holds you by your ankles—head down. "Intellectually," you know you'll never fall. And, even though you're at the same height as you were inside, you have to admit . . . it feels a bit different.



On a space walk, you'll have that same feeling, just more of it. Head down, your glide over Earth at a very serene five miles a second.



And the laws of *Sir Isaac Newton* give you full "intellectual confidence" that you're up there to stay.



But when you move away from the spacecraft, look straight down at Earth 300 miles below, and feel or see nothing else around you — that little voice comes out again from nowhere, "Suppose that Newton guy . . . was just a little bit wrong?"