





at Twilight

For three decades, Hulk Hogan has been the world's biggest, baddest professional wrestler. But now life's got him in a sleeper hold – and he just can't fight his way out
By Erik Hedegaard ★ Photograph by Peter Yang

SHORTLY AFTER DAWN, IN THE BEDROOM OF A BEACH HOUSE IN CLEARWATER, Florida, Hulk Hogan is struggling to get out of bed. His legs won't work – they're numb – and he's in pain. Actually, he's in constant pain, which is what happens when you've spent 30 of your 55 years in the ring as the world's most famous professional wrestler. It's a great big case of be-careful-what-you-wish-for. He knows it. He's living it. "My tailbone is bent from landing on my ass, 400 times a year, twice on Saturdays, twice on Sundays," he says. "My back's got all kinds of problems. The pain injections only last two weeks, I'm crippled. My legs get numb, and I can't go up stairs. My hands are numb. My forearms are numb. My neck, too. I've got arthritis and scoliosis. I'm six-four. I used to be six-seven." ★ Shrinking and hurting, Hulk plants his big, meaty palms on his big, meaty thighs and pushes himself to his feet, wobbling forward into the bathroom. ★ "It ain't easy, brother," he says. "It ain't easy." ★ He takes a leak, then looks at himself in the mirror and scowls. What he sees

