AND IT'S A DONE DEAL!

HOW ABOUT A DRINK TO CELEBRATE THIS TURNING POINT?

MR. GLENNMORGAN...

I'M TEETOTAL.

SNIFF!

AND RATS WITH SUNS.

I'M YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE.

RATS.

RATS WITH MONEY.
Mr. Glenmorgan is in a meeting! You can’t just go...

Blake! Police!

—You’re with me, Case!

This is Mr. Metropolis himself, sir. He could have us all fired.

How did I wind up chasing something that shouldn’t exist?

Where’s the precedent here?

Probably shot, stuffed, and mounted too, if he wanted.

Hunk... hurling them around like they weighed nothing!

Flames shooting out of his eyes!

Don’t let him get me!
...THIS MADMAN...OUT OF NOWHERE...
A RED PARACHUTE!
HE GOT MR. GLENMORGAN!

SIRE
ONE OF OUR OFFICERS WILL
WILL TAKE YOUR STATEMENT.
HOW DO
YOU DO THIS
TO A BUN?

SURE, OFFICER,
I’LL PUT HIM DOWN...

PUT
THAT MAN
DOWN, YOU MANIAC!
STEP AWAY FROM THE EDGE!

AN
NO.

IT’S HIM, SIR!
IS THAT HIM? IS THAT...

CAREFUL, HE’S STRONG.
THERE, AHEAD!

SURE, HELP POOR MR. GLENMORGAN?

JUST AS SOON AS HE MAKES A FULL
CONFESSION TO SOMEONE WHO STILL
BELIEVES THE LAW WORKS THE SAME
FOR RICH AND POOR ALIKE.

SURE, SIR.

GO...GO
DOWNSTAIRS, SIR.

SURE, SIR.

SURE, SIR.

SURE, SIR.

SURE, SIR.

SURE, SIR.

SURE, SIR.

SURE, SIR.

SURE, SIR.
BECAUSE THAT AIN'T SUPERMAN.
IN THE NAME OF GOD!
YOU PEOPLE ARE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT ME!

SIR!
PUT MR. GLENMORGAN DOWN OR WE WILL SHOOT!
PUT THE MAN DOWN!

STILL WON'T TALK?
OKAY.

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, GLENMORGAN.

NO NO NO.
NOBODY'S SO BIG THEY CAN'T BE TAKEN DOWN A PEG OR TWO.

I CAN KEEP THIS UP AS LONG AS YOU LIKE, MISTER.

Uh... Bull...

I'm built! What do you want me to say?

...I used illegal cheap labor... no safety standards... I bribed city officials...

...I lied... I lied... to everyone...

YOU KNOW THE DEAL, METROPOLIS.
TREAT PEOPLE RIGHT OR EXPECT A VISIT FROM ME.

DON'T MOVE!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
You're under arrest!

You need to call your doctor about that ulcer, Detective Blake. I can see it throbbing fit to burst from here.

How about you and your boys deal with the real criminal scum in this city, and then you won't need me to do it for you?

Let me guess. Always one of you wants to know if it's true what the Daily Planet says about me, right?

So help me God!

Satisfied?

Can't hang around, guys, but go for it...
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!

HE'S ALL YOURS! ACTIVATE THE CITY.
The “Superman” who appeared six months ago could hurdle skyscrapers and toss trucks around.

Now it’s faster, now it’s stronger.

How soon before it can’t be stopped?

**Well, give me a regiment of men like this “Superman”...**

**How can I call him that?**

It was your daughter who christened the creature, General Lane.

Notice how it didn’t refuse the name.

Glenmorgan seemed unduly anxious to help out, wouldn’t you say?

Galaxy has the whole new Moravia triangle earmarked for development, so we’re free to hit hard.

You boasted you could deliver Superman, and you have until 8 P.M.

Beyond that time, your outrageous consultancy fee is more than we’re prepared to accept.

Am I clear, Luthor?

But I love my country, and in return all I ask is information, Sam...

I can prove to you once and for all that a monster walks among us.

I could have spent a few more dollars on props and drained your entire Steel Soldier budget dry.
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOIN’? SOMEBODY TELL ‘EM TO STOP!

THERE’S PEOPLE IN HERE!

GALILEO SQUARE HAS SEVERAL QUALITIES THAT MAKE IT THE IDEAL INSCAPABLE TRAP. BUILDINGS SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION.

BUT NOT ENTIRELY UNINHABITED...
WHAT'S HE DOING?

NO, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...

TANK 2!

THEY SAID HE WAS STRONG... BUT THAT'S...

TANK 2!

FIRE!

GO
Uh. Aaow.

Loading.

No, wait!

Hold up! Hold up!

Enough!

This gun just saved our lives! My kids!

What the hell is wrong with you people?!

Wow.

Get outta here, we'll cover ya.

Can you really jump over the Metropolis Tower?

Never tried from here. Stand back, we'll see, and thanks.
I'll be around.

Don't get in trouble on my account.
If you need me...

They got him!
Salute, square!
Send in the robo-copters!

One minute he was there, the next...

We used to have laws in this town.
Like gravity. You remember gravity, right?

We lost him.
I’ve got a job. I’m just doing my job.

You’re an inspiration, Clark... don’t just listen to me...

My nephew, my daughter-in-law, everybody reads your work.

What you write changes lives.

Some people don’t like having their secrets exposed.

I’m okay.

I had more hard knocks growing up on the farm in Smallville than anything the big city can throw at me.

Which does not excuse the rent.

Last week and this week.

I’m sorry, Mrs. N.

The story that got me beaten up got me paid.

I wrote that piece about Intergang’s influence on the dock unions, Mrs. N.

And, well...

I’m not... I’m not... it’s just... you know how it is.

Oh... my... god.

What did they do to your handsome face, Clark?

You’re an inspiration, Clark... don’t just listen to me...

My nephew, my daughter-in-law, everybody reads your work.

What you write changes lives.

Which does not excuse the rent.

Last week and this week.

I’m sorry, Mrs. N.

The story that got me beaten up got me paid.

Did you hear about Superman dropping the neo-Nazis into the sewage works?
I heard about a woman over in Bakerline whose husband was beating her every night until Superman heard her crying and threw the gin out the window into the river.

Broke both his hips and six ribs.

**This door needs a better lock.**

As landlady, that's actually your responsibility.

There's nothing here anybody would want to steal, anyway.

I don't even have a TV.

Aw, you're a good boy, Clark, unlike some of the so-called bohemian geniuses I put up with in this building.

Artists, musicians, models, whatever... It all translates to "professionally unemployed."

And don't let me forget, your friends stopped by earlier...

Two men and a woman—a blonde, very nice, very good-looking.

I thought they were actors.

Uh, okay... It's great talking to you. I don't want to be rude, but...

I...uh... I have to call this story in to my editor, Mrs. N.

Two men and a woman—Clark Kent?

I said Clark Kent!...Pick up! Come on, that's...

Jim... Olsen!
...Sus Grundy. Glenmoran's ex-enforcer. It's him, Olsen! He's right here under our noses!

Who are you talking to?

Clark: Clark Kent.

Clark, I'm with Lois on the platform at Emperor.

Clark Kent?

Clark 'My best friend for six months' Kent.

Oh, that Clark Kent?

The one who works for our rival newspaper?

Let's keep him out of this.

Clark Kent?

Clark, wait a minute!

Don't you just love how he tries to sabotage our stories?

Follow me, Olsen!

For I am the truth. Grundy, you belong to me.

'Guns,' Grundy. You belong to me.

Clark Kent! Hah!
"There are skeletons in the foundations of the city of tomorrow." —VLP.

I do mean that literally, Mr. Taylor.

Look, as for the Superman thing...sure it's intimidation, but it backs up our hard evidence against Glenmorgan.

So what was all that Glenmorgan stuff?

Did Kent say anything?

I mean, what does he know we don't?

A done deal, Mr. Glenmorgan.

A done deal.

Now we can get started.

I hate this phone.

It's my own personal stalker. ZEE ZEE ZEE.

Read Clark's text!

This train shouldn't even be running.

Why aren't we stopping, Lois?

We're after the bad guy.

Hey, mister!
EVERYBODY.

ALL SERVICES ARE CURRENTLY SUSPENDED!

GET TO SAFETY!

THIS TRAIN WON'T STOP UNLESS I MAKE IT STOP.

STAND AWAY FROM THE DOORS!

DANGER!

PRESSURIZED TUBE!

STAND AWAY FROM THE DOORS!

200 MILES AN HOUR!

HE'S HEADED FOR THE DRIVER'S CABIN!

MR. GRUNDIG?

HEV!
GENTLY DOES IT.

NON PAY ATTENTION.
YOU THINK YOU GOT SOMETHIN TO SAY...
SAY IT TO THE GUNS!

OH
HAS ANYONE ELSE EVER BOTHERED TO LOOK AT THE SKY?

THERE'S SOMETHING PAST THE ORBIT OF NEPTUNE GETTING CLOSER...

YOU!
YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN!

YOU ENDANGERED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE, YOU MANIAC!

I DON'T CARE HOW SMART OR HOW WELL-CONNECTED YOU THINK YOU ARE...

THE BROWN TREE SNAKE, INTRODUCED TO THE U.S. TERRITORY OF GUAM RIGHT AFTER WORLD WAR TWO, CAUSED DOZENS OF INDIGENOUS BIRDS AND REPTILE SPECIES TO BECOME EXTINCT.

THE CANE TOAD, SENT TO AUSTRALIA AS A PEST CONTROL AGENT, DECIMATED LOCAL BIODIVERSITY.

NON-NATIVE STRAINS WILL DESTROY ENTIRE ECOLOGIES, GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY.

OUR PLANET IS PLAYING HOST TO A POWERFUL AND PARASITIC ALIEN ORGANISM MASQUEARING—BEHOLD. AS A HUMAN BEING.

WE HAVE TO STOP IT, BUT ORDINARY BULLETS DON'T WORK.
WE'VE TRIED MORTAR SHELLS, AND EVEN THEY BARILY SLOW IT DOWN.

BUT AM THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BULLET AT ITS HEAD WITH THE HELP OF A VERY DISGRUNTLED BUSINESMAN...

YOU WANTED SUPERMAN GENERAL LANE DEAD OR ALIVE.

I GIVE YOU SUPERMAN. STAY IN TOUCH.
THE ALL-NEW NEVER-ENDING BATTLE CONTINUES...

IN ONE WEEK...
SUPERBOY #1
REPROGRAMMED TO KILL!

IN TWO WEEKS...
SUPERGIRL #1
ALONE AND HUNTED!

IN THREE WEEKS...
SUPERMAN #1
THE FATE OF THE DAILY PLANET!

AND IN FOUR WEEKS...
ACTION COMICS #2
SUPERMAN IN CHAINS!