BELIEVE A COMPUTER VIRUS OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN MAY BE RESPONSIBLE.

ONE ALIEN APPEARS, AND SUDDENLY THERE ARE TEN.

I'M HITCHING A RIDE WITH THAT THING!

YOU CONTACTED ME. THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED SCIENTIFIC MIND.

IT WAS MY SAFETY IN RETURN FOR--

WHERE?
...I have to be the first to make the obvious suggestion here?

What are those things?
MR. TIDE...

I don't know. This is impossible.

What am I looking at?

Terminauts will preserve significant artifacts.

They're marching off your production lines!

AB

Uh, you guys... Do I have to be the first to make the obvious suggestion here?

RUN!

Kent, did you say... Kent?
WE WILL FIGHT THIS, WHATEVER IT IS, WITH EVERY WEAPON AT OUR DISPOSAL.

AND IF THESE ATTACKS HAVE BEEN PROVOKED IN ANY WAY BY LAST WEEK’S PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF ANGER AGAINST AN ALLEGED ALIEN BEING IN OUR MIDST, WE CALL ON HIM.

HE HASN’T BEEN SEEN FOR DAYS, BUT IF HE’S STILL OUT THERE, I HOPE HE’S LISTENING.

IF HE CAN HELP...

WHERE IS THE MYSTERIOUS MAN OF STEEL?

WHERE IS SUPERMAN?
SUPERMAN AND THE MEN OF STEEL

GET IN THE BUS! GET OUT OF HERE!

RAGS MORALES & BRAD ANDERSON
COVER
MICHAEL CHOI
VARIANT COVER
WIL MOSS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MATT IDELSON
EDITOR
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

GRANT MORRISON
WRITER
RAGS MORALES
PENCILLER
RICK BRYANT AND SEAN PARSONS
INKERS
BRAD ANDERSON
COLORIST
PATRICK BROSSEAU
LETTERER
SUPERMAN!

STAND DOWN. I SURE YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

WHERE IS SUPERMAN?

SLAP ON THE BRACELETS, BOYS. OTHERWISE STAND BACK...

AND LET ME DO IT...
...JOB.

"KRYPTON SPECIMEN IDENTIFIED."

"GET OUT OF HERE!"

"SECURE."
YOU WATCHING THIS, OLIVER?
THEY'RE NOT TOUCHING US.
IT'S LIKE THEY HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO.

WHATSOEVER THEY ARE.
IT CAME IN THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.
AND CLARK WON'T ANSWER!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?
FORGIVE ME.
FORGIVE ME.

WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HIM.
THEY'RE NOT HARMING PEOPLE. IT'S—
WHAT IS THAT?

TERMNAULTS WILL PRESERVE SIGNIFICANT ARTIFACTS.
THAT'S NOT... SUPERMAN?

LOIS!
LOIS, lane!

I'M A SUPERMAN NOW!

LOIS.
HELP ME!

LOIS.

TERMINALIT'S WILL PRESERVE

YOU HEARD THE MAN, LOIS. HELP HIM.
YOU'RE GOOD AT THAT STUFF.

STEEL SOLDIER...

JOHN!

JOHN, IS THAT YOU? JOHN CORBEN?

LOIS-- HELP-- NO.

IT'S IN MY-- ANOTHER PLANET-- BIGGER THAN EARTH.

I AM THE VOICE.
THE VOICE OF THE COLONY.
THE COLONY OF THE COLLECTOR OF WORLDS!

JOHN!

NO, NO, YOU'RE U.S. ARMY SERGEANT JOHN WAYNE CORBEN IN EXPERIMENTAL WARSUIT METAL-ZERO.

REMEMBER MAUI, WHERE YOU DISCOVERED YOUR ALLERGY TO SPAM AND BROKE OUT IN HIVES?

LOL.

THE SPAM STORY'S NOT WORKING...

WHY PRESERVE YOU?

ON ANOTHER PLANET, LOH LANE-- YOU BROKE MY HEART!

NO HEART IS BETTER.

TELL ME...
JOHN, LISTEN TO MY VOICE.

YOUR FAVORITE BAND IS RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS. THE ENDING OF "PINOCCHIO" MAKES YOU CRY EVERY TIME.

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SUPERMAN, DUDE?

WHERE IS SUPERMAN?

DETECTED.

UH-OH.
OH, VEAH?

FROM THE MOMENT HUMANKIND SUSPECTED YOUR EXISTENCE, WORK WAS BEGUN ON THE ULTIMATE ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON.

I AM THAT WEAPON! MADE TO DESTROY YOU!

OH, YEAH? YOU AND WHOSE...

ARMY?
GRAAAUU!

NOW WHAT?

WANT SOME

HUMANS BUILT METAL ZERO TO KILL YOU.

HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?

MMURRRK

TURN AROUND.

TURN US AROUND!
URRMMM!

DID WE GET HIM?

NOW MOVE!

COMMENCE DWARF STAR LENSING.

GET OFF THE BRIDGE!

SOMETHING'S COMING.
HELLO!
I HAVE WHIPLASH.
CONCUSSION.
IS THIS YOUR DOING?

WHATSOEVER YOU ARE, WHEREVER YOU'RE FROM.
WE HAD AN ARRANGEMENT.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
WHAT IS THIS?
I Dreamed about this.

Superman, I'll take care of this.

Except for you.

Doctor, Irons.
I AM THE VOICE.

I DON'T KNOW WHO'S IN CHARGE IN THERE, JOHN.

BUT I DESIGNED AND BUILT THIS WAR SUIT YOU'RE WEARING.

THE CITY.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CITY?

AND I'M TAKING IT APART!

*EDITOR'S NOTE: CHECK OUT THIS ISSUE'S BACKUP TO SEE HOW THIS FIGHT PLAYED OUT!*—MATT
PLANET 205 SURVIVORS.
YOU HAVE BEEN FILED.

BOTTLED
PRESERVED FOR ALL TIME.

IN ONE HOUR, PRESERVATION IS COMPLETE AND IRREVERSIBLE.

WELCOME TO THE COLLECTION.
They're not dead.
I can still hear them.

John Corben disappeared, right after...

After this...
What am I looking at?

Superman!

My daughter was there.

If she's still alive, can... can you reach her?
Can you save her?
I've got an idea.

But I might need a little help.

CONTINUED IN ACTION COMICS #7

NEXT: INTERLUDE: ROCKET SONG
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN INSPIRED BY HEROES.

YEARS AGO IN GRAD SCHOOL, IT WAS RICHARD FEYNMAN.

NOT JUST BECAUSE FEYNMAN WAS A NOBEL-WINNING PHYSICIST WHO WORKED ON THE MANHATTAN PROJECT AND SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE CHALLENGER DISASTER—

LIKE FEYNMAN, I WANTED TO SERVE MY COUNTRY—AND MY WORLD.

I CREATED METAL-ZERO TO PROTECT THE EARTH AGAINST THE POSSIBILITY OF ALIEN INVASION.

BUT IT ALL WENT BAD AFTER LEX LUTHOR GOT INVOLVED. AFTER ALL, AS ANYONE CAN TELL AT A GLANCE—

MY • NO T3
• LOMSTEING ET N
• EP • MP • MC A
• E = MC²
A + B = C
6x + 6x
• 2x = 2x

COOLEST GUY ON EARTH—

BUT ALSO BECAUSE HE PLAYED THE BONGOS AND CRACKED SAFE COMBINATIONS FOR FUN.

YEARS AGO IN GRAD SCHOOL, IT WAS RICHARD FEYNMAN.

I.017373M3
LEX LUTHOR WAS NEVER PLAYED THE BONGOS.

SUPERMAN.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS.

DOCTOR IRONS.

HEARTS OF STEEL

SHOLLY FISCH, WRITER; BRAD WALKER, ARTIST

JAY DAVID RAMOS, COLORIST; CARLOS MANGUAL, LETTERER

WILL MOSS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR; MATT JOELSON, EDITOR

STEEL CREATED BY LOUISE SIMONSON & JON BOGDANOVE
When I was born, my parents even named me after a hero. John Henry, the legendary Steel-driving man.

Corben, what’s wrong with you?

I hated that name at first—along with all of the playground taunts that came with it.

It wasn’t until after my parents died that I finally understood why they chose my name. They wanted me to grow up to be like John Henry.

I am the voice.

To always do my best—

—and never back down from a challenge.

I don’t know who’s in charge in there, John.

But I designed and built this warsuit you’re wearing. And I’m taking it apart!
Okay, whatever that thing has become, it’s not John Corben anymore.

The irony isn’t lost on me. “John Henry” fighting a machine.

The one encouraging thing here is that, in the folk tale, John Henry beat the machine.

The irony isn’t lost on me. “John Henry” fighting a machine.

Okay, whatever that thing has become, it’s not John Corben anymore.

My onboard C.P.U. can process two hundred terabytes of data per second.

Yeah, I know your operating specs!

I know—better than anyone—what you’re capable of.

Your human reaction time is pitiful by comparison.

Shhh! That’s why I’m taking you down!

Brrrrat, atatatatatatatatatata!
OF COURSE, HE HAD TO DIE TO DO IT.

KRAAANNNGGG

ARRRRGGGHHH!

YOUR AWARENESS OF MY CAPABILITIES RENDERS YOUR CONTINUED ACTIONS ALL THE MORE ILLLOGICAL.

YOU ATTEMPT TO SHIELD YOURSELF IN STEEL, HOWEVER, I AM STEEL--

WHEREAS YOU ARE MERELY FLESH!

HOW DID YOU HOPE TO SURVIVE?
OH, I CAN DO MORE THAN SURVIVE, ACTUALLY--

-I BEAT YOU TWO MINUTES AGO.

"METAL-ZERO" IS AN EXPERIMENTAL WEAPONS SYSTEM. DO YOU REALLY THINK I WOULDN'T BUILD IN A FAIL-SAFE?

I DESIGNED YOUR "TWO HUNDRED TERABYTE PER SECOND" C.P.U.; COMPLETE WITH AN EXTERNAL U.S.B. PORT FOR INSTANTANEOUS DATA UPLOAD--

--SAY, FROM A FLASH DRIVE WITH AN AUTOLOADING VIRUS!

YOU CAN FEEL IT, CAN'T YOU? RIGHT ABOUT NOW, THE VIRUS IS CRASHING YOUR MOTOR SYSTEMS.
SEE, THE THING IS, YOU'RE RIGHT—I MAY BE FLESH AND YOU MAY BE STEEL.

BUT I'M NOT JUST ANY MAN.

I'M A STEEL-DRIVING MAN!
LIKE I SAID, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INSPIRED BY HEROES.

NOW, WE'D BETTER GET YOU DEACTIVATED BEFORE YOUR SYSTEMS REBOOT.

I WITHDRAW MY PAWN... FOR NOW, YET... THIS CHANGES... NOTHING.

YOUR... WORLD IS...

---I GUESS THERE'S ROOM FOR ANOTHER HERO, TOO.

May I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT SOME GONGS.

HERE IN METROPOLIS, WE'VE GOT SUPERMAN NOW.

BUT BETWEEN INVASING ALIENS, RUNAWAY WEAPONS SYSTEMS, AND ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOODS VANISHING INTO THIN AIR---

Huh?