I tried to warn them, but they wouldn't believe me!

They wouldn't even consider a demonstration of the escape ark prototype, and now...

Oh, Lara...

Oh, Lara— how can this be the end?

Why did I have to be right this time?

Krypton is tearing itself apart, Lara!

But you, me, the baby... there's still a way.

We can escape into the Phantom Zone.

We built paradise, it can't be.
...this ghostly anti-universe I discovered was made a jail for Krypton's super-criminals, but it's our only way out.

Let me calibrate the projector for four bodies.

Ahahaha.

Jor-El!

Jor-El! The architect of our despair.

We've been waiting for you.

You and your pretty young wife, your infant son.

We will rip her mind to shreds while you watch, a phantom, unable to stop us from corrupting your son, and...
NAURRA!

Krypto! Don't KAA!

Away from me!

Away!

Away!

Away!

The portal's shattering.

There must be a way. There's always a way. Think.

What about the prototype? Jor-El... the rocket.

We can still save Kal-El!
IT'S ONLY AN EXPERIMENTAL MODEL, A BLUEPRINT FOR SOMETHING MUCH BIGGER. BUT WE BUILT IT TOGETHER YOU AND I.

IT HAS SUPERLUMINAL DRIVE, ONBOARD BRAINIAC A.I."

LARA, IT WAS DESIGNED FOR AN ANIMAL TEST PILOT, THERE'S...

"--THERE'S NO ROOM FOR YOU ONBOARD."

MY PLACE IS AT YOUR SIDE, JOR-EL. UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD.

CORE PRESSURE CRITICAL.

- BRANIAC TARGET WORLDS WITH YOUNGER, FIERCE SUNS, WHERE HE WILL GROW STRONG.
- WORLDS WHERE THE GRAVITY IS WEAK SO THAT HE WILL SEEM TO FLY.

- OH, MY SON...

- NNA

WE MUST BE BRAVE.

AT LEAST AS BRAVE AS HE WILL HAVE TO BE.

JON-EL OF EL, THE FATHER, SUCH A MIND!

AND LARA, THE MOTHERMATICIAN.

AND KAL-EL OF LOST KRYPTON.

THERE ARE THE NAMES.
AND THIS IS THE HISTORY OF THE MISSION.
AND HOW THE MISSION WAS ACCOMPLISHED.
The void opened a roaring black mouth. An echo he would never forget.

Never-ending.

And searching: optimum stellar spectra.

Blast damage: quin-drive failing.

And searching.

A ghost dog.

The fading curses of transparent men and disembodied women.

Debris.

Superluminal thrust: engage.

Then blinding gulfs of superspace.

Of un-time.

Exquisite calculation.

The last son of Krypton dreams.
IDENTIFIED:
YELLOW 6-CLASS STELLAR SOURCE.

PLANETARY GRAVITY 0.20 K.

98% OXYGEN/NITROGEN ATMOSPHERE.

SYSTEMS FAILING.

AND SEARCHING.

AND NOW!
MARTHA, IF THIS IS ALL ABOUT BESSIE'S POOR DEFORMED CALF, IT'S NOT A BAD Omen OR A SIGN OF ANYTHING, CEPT MAYBE...

...IF I'D HAVE KNOWN WE WERE GONNA GET STUCK HERE IN THE DEAD OF WINTER, I'D HAVE BROUGHT BLANKETS.

THIS WHOLE MONTH'S BEEN NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK.

...GOOD LUCK... THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT'S NOT ABOUT, JON KENT.

I LOST OUR BABY. OUR LAST CHANCE AT...AT A...

...FAMILY.
...it was like crying.

I know how that sounds, but I know what I heard...

Looks like some kind of plane or space experiment.

What the hell?

Stay back.

...you think Russians put him up there? Sure sounded like Russian to me.

What if they come after him?

Jonny, what did we just do?

I'm not sure I have an answer to that!

But I know how we can throw them off the scent.

I mean, if you're serious about this.
LEVEL-3
PROTO-SOCIAL
PRIMATE TECH.

LEVEL 10 TOOLS IN THE
HANDS OF TRIBAL WARRING
STATES: UNTHINKABLE.

APES WITH
ATOM BOMBS.

THEIR IMBECILIC
MACHINES LACK
VOICES, OPINIONS OR
SELF-DIRECTION.

SILENT MODE
ENGAGE.
YOU HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID?

There’s been an accident up ahead... a chemical spill.

You have to turn right around and take the Cedar Bluff Road.

I’m guessing there must be some kind of reward, right?

You can have my name, telephone, whatever you need.

But this ain’t about chemicals, and we all know it.

ME AND THE MISSES FOUND SOMETHING OVER Yonder when we came by before.

TAKE A LOOK IN BACK.

YOU CAN’T TURN TWICE, RIGHT?

I FOUND ME A SPACEMAN.
Silent mode off.

Many greetings!

He has returned.

Greetings, Star Child, son of great star and light of waxing moon, Star-Wed.

Protect yourself. I'll come back for you.

It's not safe here! I'm hitching a ride with that thing! Move it along!
THEN, AS ONCE IT CAME TO KRYPTON, THE COLLECTOR OF WORLDS REACHED LANDING SITE: “EARTH.”

AND WHEN THE COLLECTOR WAS DONE, EVERYTHING CHANGED FOREVER.

WHAT HAD BEEN YIELDED TO WHAT WAS TO COME, AS THE SEED OF KRYPTON GREW AND BLOOMED.

A DOOMED LEVEL 3 WORLD ACHIEVED LEVEL 4 DEVELOPMENTAL POTENTIAL.

AND SO BEGAN THE AGE OF SUPERHUMANS.

WITH NEW HOPES, NEW FEARS, NEW WONDERS, NEW CHALLENGES...
NEW AND UNIMAGINABLE EVILS.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

BUT WE'RE HERE AT A TIME BEFORE SUPERMAN'S FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE WAS ABLE TO PROTECT ITSELF AGAINST TIME TRAVELERS.

ingenIUS

ONLY ONE OF US HAS THE POWER TO SHATTER KRYPTONIAN SUNSTONE.

AND I HAVE WAITED SUCH A LONG TIME FOR REVENGE ON THE HOUSE OF EL.

SEEP
THE ENGINE IS POWERED BY RADIOACTIVE GREEN KRYPTONITE.

IT'S LETHAL TO PRETTY MUCH ANYONE.

BUT NOT TO K-HEX GREEN. STEP ASIDE.

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE HIDING PLACE HE'S CREATED FOR US.

THIS, ALL THE K IN THE UNIVERSE—THE COLORED ISOTOPES SYNTH-K AND KRYPTONUM... GRUHH!

ALL OF IT STARTED HERE.

WE CAME FROM...
WE'RE UP AGAINST THAT'S EVIL...

SOMETHING THAT CAN, EVEN THE TRAPPER.

SPEAK THE KEY-WORD!

NOT AGAIN! THE ULTIMATE BREAK-IN!

AND WE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT IT!

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MISSION AND ITS CONCLUSION.

WE'RE UP AGAINST SOMETHING THAT CAN ERECT IMPREGNABLE SHIELDS AROUND EVENTS.

THAT'S BEYOND EVEN THE TRAPPER.

IT'S GONE.

THE KRYPTONITE ENGINE IS GONE.

THE ENGINE THAT WAS MY HEART, MY POWER SOURCE.
AND NOW IT'S IN THE HANDS OF THE ANTI-SUPERMAN ARMY.

WITHOUT IT, I AM DOOMED TO DIE.

AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS...

SO TOO DIES THE EARTH...

NEXT: WHEN SUPERMAN LEARNED TO FLY
I DO.

Then, standing in the presence of God and man—

...I am delighted to pronounce ye Jonathan Kent and ye Martha Clark—

...husband and wife!
Congratulations, Missus Kent!

Congratulations to you, Mister Kent!

Don't you just love the sound of that? “Mrs. Kent”...

Glad you feel that way. Because, from here on, it's the two of us together.

And don't forget children!

Maybe just one at a time, though.

Babies don't just fall out of the sky, you know.

Yep... a whole houseful!

Yes, Martha.

Ammm... I couldn't ask for anything more. All we need to do now is live.
"HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

MARTHA?

WHAT'S WRONG?

WH...

I WAS SO SURE THIS TIME...

I WAS SO SURE THIS TIME...

NEGATIVE. IT'S JUST... NEGATIVE AGAIN. ANOTHER PREGNANCY TEST?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, WE'LL JUST KEEP TRYING.

WE'VE BEEN TRYING FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS ALREADY.

DON'T BE SILLY. ONE OF THESE DAYS, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE SOMEONE A TERRIFIC MOTHER.

HERE, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. FIRST THING TOMORROW, WE'LL GO SEE DOC HAUSLER.

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HERE, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. FIRST THING TOMORROW, WE'LL GO SEE DOC HAUSLER.
Be it known that, on the recommendation of the faculty, the trustees have conferred upon Jonas Hausler the degree of Doctor of Medicine with all of the rights, privileges, and responsibilities thereunto appertaining.


"I've known you folks a long time. Heck, I brought Jonathan into this world more years ago than I care to recall. So I wish I had better news."

"It's not impossible, but it's not likely either."

"There must be something we can do."

"What about them test tube babies they kept talking about on the news a while back?"

The truth is, what with the low motility and endometriosis, it'd be hard for either of you to have a child.

Together, well...

You mean in vitro fertilization? Well, they've started trying it up in Kansas City, but it's all still pretty new.

Fact is, it'd cost you thousands of dollars just to try it once, and most of the time, it still doesn't take.

Let's start a little slower. We can try some hormone treatments, and see where we go from there.

All right, let's give it a try.
HORMONES for over a year now. But still...
...nothing.

I’m so sorry. But I’m afraid I don’t understand—WHY COME TO SEE ME?

Well...we’ve tried so hard for so long, Pastor. We were hoping maybe you could help us understand...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHAT IS GOD PURSUING US THIS WAY?

“AND ELKANAH, HER HUSBAND, SAID TO HER, ‘HANNAH, WHY DO YOU WEEP? AM I NOT BETTER TO YOU THAN TEN SONS?’”

...WHAT?

‘AND ELKANAH, HER HUSBAND, SAID TO HER, ‘HANNAH, WHY DO YOU WEEP? AM I NOT BETTER TO YOU THAN TEN SONS?’”

THE FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL.

FOR YEARS, HANNAH WAS TORMENTED BY HER INABILITY TO HAVE A CHILD.

YET, EVENTUALLY, WITH GOD’S HELP, SHE BORE SAMUEL, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THE PROPHETS.
Scripture tells us that Sarah was ninety years old before she finally bore Isaac, and that Abraham was one hundred. So many of our forebears had trouble bearing children.

I don’t know why the two of you have had these troubles, but I do know that everything is part of God’s plan.

And with two people as fine as you, I can’t imagine it’s a punishment.

I’m sure it’s because, when the time is right, he has something wonderful in store for you.

—Thank you.

“We scrimped and saved for years to get the money together for in vitro—”
AND... AT FIRST, WE THOUGHT IT WAS THE ANSWER TO OUR PRAYERS.

WELL, JON AND I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT SERIOUSLY ABOUT ADOPTING BEFORE. BUT THERE ARE SO MANY UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN IN THE WORLD WHO COULD USE A LOVING HOME...

BUT, AFTER THE MISCARRIAGE...

THAT'S CERTAINLY TRUE, AND YOU DO SEEM LIKE A LOVELY COUPLE.

WELL THEN...

I GUESS WE'D BETTER START SAVING UP AGAIN.

IT CAN TAKE YEARS TO FIND AN APPROPRIATE MATCH, AND THE FEES CAN ADD UP TO EVEN MORE THAN WHAT YOU SPENT ON YOUR IN VITRO PROCEDURE.
...we spent all our savings on that in vitro.
I'll take years to save up enough again—

—and more years after that before we can adopt a child.

Well, maybe there's a way we can get the money sooner.

How? By robbing a bank?

No. I was thinking maybe we could mortgage the farm.

Jonathan! That farm's been in your family for generations!

Yep. And this way, we can raise more generations there, too.

But the risk...what if the crops hit another bad season, like a few years back? We could lose the farm!

We've made it this far. Way I figure it, we can handle whatever else comes along, too, as long as we do it together.

I love you, Jonathan Kent.

'COURSE, 'AN I NOT BETTER TO YOU THAN TEN SONS?'

'Then, in that case, I guess we'd have to move to town and open up a general store or something.'

You certainly are.

'Now, watch out for that rough patch of road up ahead. We don't want to get stuck again.'

'Yes, Martha.'