The people of the Horn of Africa need us now. Help us at www.WeCanBeHeroes.org.
The people of the Horn of Africa need us now. Help us at www.WeCanBeHeroes.org
I can still see the alien spaceship with my Zoom Vision.

There's still a chance.

"Zoom Vision? Nobody can do this at least take some guns.

C'mon, guns are for sissies, General Lane.

Heh... according to Dr. Irons here, you have to accelerate to 25,000 miles per hour—

You've never been recorded at more than 600 M.P.H.

I never had to run faster, until today.

So unless you have any better ideas, stand back.

And take it from me, Sir.
KRYPTON?

ALL I'M HEARING RIGHT NOW--

“BIG TALK!”

“METROPOLIS RADIO!”

“TARGET AND NEUTRALIZE.”

COMPENSATE FOR YELLOW SUN SUPER ENDOMENTS.
---ON METROPOLIS K-NET
BIG TROCK RADIO, IS
ANYONE OUT THERE?

---SECURE
---PRESERVE
---COMPLETE THE
COLLECTION.

---BROADCASTING---
POLICE EMERGENCY---
PLEASE---

YOU WOULD YOU
KEEP 7 MILLION
PEOPLE IN A PLACE
THIS SIZE?

WOHN SOMEBODY
PICT UP THE
PHONE?

IS ANYBODY
THERE?
CAN ANYONE HELP US?

THIS IS THE PLACE FROM MY DREAM.

KAL-EL!

Vik-da eobo!

I'VE SEEN CLOTHES LIKE THESE BEFORE.

DJA!
I know. What are the statistical chances of several prominent New Troy residents meeting up on a street in New Troy during a crisis?

It really does beggar belief.

Charming, as ever. Any ideas, genius?

Did we just prove aliens are real?

Teleportation technology, advanced cybernetics. The Hob’s River Bridge has been severed by a wall of glass.

They’ve abducted seven million people simultaneously. It’s like “Under the Dome” and the Simpsons movie—hey!

That’s military property! What’s the scoop, Lex?

Nothing to do with you.

Is it talking to them?

The words “Dwarf Star Lensing” were used. Our world’s only known application of this phrase occurs in certain “private” e-mails and files of Professor Raymond Palmer of Ivy University, Connecticut.

Oh, this can’t be possible—
We've been miniaturized.
Take the binoculars.
You won't like what you see.

I saw something huge moving out past where the bridge ends...
Uh...
Lois?

There are things...

There is something out there...
It's too big to make sense of...

Did you just say miniaturized?

Now.
Robot spiders.

Get outta here!
Get to safety, soldier!

Ignore her!
Protect the rocket with your lives!

Guns!
Save yourselves!

Lois.
Leave it!
Stick with Luthor!

Mr. Luthor!
This way!

If anyone knows what's happening, that's the clue...
SO NOW WHERE ARE WE?

IT'S THE GLENMORGAN HOTEL, RIGHT, JIMMY?

I HEAR VOICES...

...WHAT IS THIS?

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

HOW DID THEY GET INTO MY HOTEL?

LOIS LANE–DAILY PLANET!

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES, HUH?

BEHOLD! DR. ALEXANDER LUTHOR! MAJOR LEAGUE MILITARY SCIENCE ATTACHE.

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BEHOLD! DR. ALEXANDER LUTHOR! MAJOR LEAGUE MILITARY SCIENCE ATTACHE.
"I know you, don’t I? It’s as if the world’s gone mad..."

"You could even say we’re old friends, Mr. Glenmorgan. Don’t you remember the time?"

"I’ve been working the hotel bar here since you bought the old place."

"The time you forgot your lovely silk tie."

"Must be nearly eight years now."

"Our arrangement is being honored."

"The Kryptoniana in exchange for your survival."

"Survival in a bottle!"

"Your use of the word ‘survival’."

"Explain!"

"Mr. Glenmorgan."

"If those are tranquilizers, stop drinking alcohol now or end up like my mom."

"And... ah... don’t turn around."

"What is this? Why shouldn’t I--"

"GNAUHH"

"Look."

"When this is over, Sergeant Casey..."

"I resign."

"I don’t know why I feel I’m being punished when I can justify everything I’ve done."

"I even warned them about the alarms."

"What is this? Why shouldn’t I--"

"--look at this awful stain—I would never allow something like that."

"I don’t know why I feel I’m being punished when I can justify everything I’ve done."

"I even warned them about the alarms."

"What is this? Why shouldn’t I--"

"GNAUHH"

"Look."

"When this is over, Sergeant Casey..."

"I resign."

"I don’t know why I feel I’m being punished when I can justify everything I’ve done."

"I even warned them about the alarms."

"What is this? Why shouldn’t I--"
--WE WERE BRAINIAC 1.0.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
SEND THESE PEOPLE HOME!

WE KNOW EVERYTHING EARTH CULTURE KNOWS.

BUT IT KNOWS SO LITTLE OF YOU.
WE HAVE AMASSED THE ONLY COMPLETE COLLECTION OF KRYPTONIANA IN THE KNOWN VOLUMES OF SPACETIME.

THE COLLECTION IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT THE ROCKET-CRADLE—WITHOUT YOU—KRYPTON.

THAT’S THE NAME OF THE PLACE IN MY DREAMS.

YOU’RE SAVING I COME FROM KRYPTON.

LAST OF A MIGHTY RACE OF SUPER-BEINGS.

A LEVEL 3 CUCKOO RAISED ON ALIEN SOIL BY LEVEL 3 PRIMITIVES.

WAIT. WHAT?

AS PART OF THIS TEST, WE ARE DISENGAGING LIFE SUPPORT FROM KRYPTON CITY BOTTLE HABITAT, KAN-POR—AND EARTH CITY BOTTLE HABITAT, METROPOLIS.

YOU HAVE 15 MINUTES TO DECIDE WHICH OF THE TWO YOU WISH TO SAVE.

ARE YOU LOYAL TO KRYPTON OR TO EARTH?

IF COMPELLED TO CHOOSE BETWEEN YOUR HOME PLANET OR YOUR ADOPTED WORLD, WHICH WOULD IT BE?

WHICH IS STRONGER?

NATURE OR NURTURE?
I won't choose between any one life and another!

All of these people are under my protection. You got that?

Every living thing!

All life forms in the collection are subject to condition null—

Find a way to awaken Kan-Dor from micro-slime—you wouldn't no longer be alone.

The truth of your origins lies there, your heritage.

Dressed in the indestructible armor your mind read wore on Lordly Krypton, you could dwell as a king among kings in Kan-Dor.

Nature or nurture?

Choose.

The pinnacle of human technological achievement was Meta-Zero—a weapon they made to kill you.

Or save the Earth people who fear you, and envy and despise you.

I won't choose between any one life and another!
HE'S TURNING AWAY—superman, NO.
I KNOW YOU CAN.

WHAT'S HE DOING? HE'S TURNING AWAY—SUPERMAN, NO!

OKAY. I MADE MY CHOICE.

I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!

NOW THEY'RE CHANTING MY NAME. YOU'LL NEVER KEEP THESE PEOPLE IN A BOTTLE.

THEY ARE THE FORTUNATE ONES.

JOIN THEM.

THESE FEW WILL BE SPARED. THE GRIM SPECTACLE OF THE LAST DAYS OF PLANET EARTH.

THEY WILL SURVIVE.

HA-LA KAL-EL

HA-LA-LA!

JOR-EL VA LARA LOF-VAN RO-LAM-UK!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? HE'S REJECTING HUMANITY, YOU MORONS!

HE'S TURNING HIS BACK ON ALL OF YOU!
Okay. Let's say all I need is one item from your collection.

And we finish this right here.

What are you doing?

"Indestructible," you said.

Bringing me inside your spaceship was a big mistake.

Like swallowing poison, to see how it tastes.

Now I don't care how big you are or where you're from!

Holding lives to ransom just to prove some stupid point?

No!

What do you mean by "last days"?

Talk to me!

The masterlist?

Have I completely missed something here?

So what does your evil alien B.F.F. have to say?

Prepare your mind's for condition null.

Permanent micro-stasis.

I'll fight you on their behalf.

And when I win, everybody gets sent back to where they came from!

They cannot return.

The collection preserves rarities, artifacts of worlds that exist no longer.

Krypton, your home, is dead.
Next: Superman Meets The Collector Of Worlds

Earth will be next.

Join the collection or die!
IT'S THE CITY'S CENTER OF BUSINESS AND ENTERTAINMENT, AS WELL AS HOME TO LITERALLY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

--WHEN NEW TROY SUDDENLY VANISHED.

YES, "VANISHED."

SUPERMAN TOOK OFF TO FIND OUT WHO OR WHAT WAS RESPONSIBLE--AND TO BRING THE CITY BACK.

IN THE MEANTIME--
"The city still needs a hero to keep things together here on the ground."
Hey, buddy, uh... what’d you call yourself back there? "Steel-Driving Man"?

Call me... John. Yeah, well, we cleared the bridge, John. Everybody’s off.

Good, get back... behind the... uprights. Should maintain... structural integrity there.

I’ll give you... thirty seconds before I...

Well, this settles one thing: when I upgrade to the next generation of my armor...

There’s just one problem with suspension bridges. They start to fall apart when there’s nothing to suspend them.

--it needs a helmet!
WAIT—ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE TRYING TO GET ONTO THE BRIDGE?

SISTER IN NEW TROY...

...JUST HAVE TO SEE...

...MY FAMILY...

PEOPLE, PLEASE! FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, STAY BACK!

BUT MY HUSBAND...

EXCUSE ME.

DOES ANYONE HAVE A CELLPHONE I COULD BORROW?

HELLO?

NATASHA, IT'S ME.

UNCLE JOHN?!

WHERE’VE YOU BEEN? WHY DIDN’T YOU CALL?

EVERYONE’S BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU!

“FAMILY”?

NATASHA!

SORRY I’VE HAD MY HANDS FULL HELPING OUT WITH NEW TROY.
NEW TROY IS AN ISLAND BORDERED BY HOB'S RIVER AND THE WEST RIVER.

“HELPING?” WHAT DO--

SORRY, NAT. LET YOUR PARENTS AND GRANDMA BESS KNOW I'M ALL RIGHT, OKAY?

THANKS FOR THE PHONE.

WITH THE ISLAND GONE, THE RIVERBANKS ARE CRUMBLING. THE WATERS ARE RUSHING IN TO FILL THE HOLE--

--AND TAKING THAT FERRY WITH THEM!

ALL THOSE PEOPLE... THEIR LIVES RIDING ON ME...
NO! CAN'T THINK THAT WAY, OR I'LLchoke!

HAVE TO TREAT THIS OBJECTIVELY—LIKE A PHYSICS PROBLEM.

I CAN'T STOP THE FERRY HEAD-ON. MY ARMOR AMPLIFIES MY STRENGTH, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF TWO MIGHTY RIVERS.

BUT IF I LET IT KEEP MOVING FORWARD AND HIT IT FROM THE SIDE, THE VECTOR SUM OF OUR COMBINED MOMENTUM—

—SHOULD REDIRECT THE FERRY'S COURSE AND SEND IT TO SHORE.

WHO SAYS YOU DON'T NEED PHYSICS IN THE REAL WORLD?

STILL, NO TIME FOR A BREATHER NOW. THE DAY'S NOT OVER YET.
The rest of the day is a blur, even though only part of the city disappeared, the effects are everywhere.

"Without pumping stations, there's no water pressure for tap water or fighting fires."

"With the power grid down, we lost everything, from traffic lights to life-support equipment."

"No matter how much I do, there's always more. It's too much for one man, even a would-be hero."

I wonder—is this how Superman feels?
BUT THEN I START LOOKING LESS AT THE CRISIS AND MORE AT THE PEOPLE.

AND I REALIZE SOMETHING.

WHEREVER I GO, THE PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS ARE COMING TOGETHER TO MEET THE CRISIS. NOT JUST THE E.M.T.s AND EMERGENCY WORKERS, BUT THE REGULAR PEOPLE TOO.

I THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE A HERO TO BRING METROPOLIS THROUGH THIS DISASTER.

I WAS WRONG.

IT DOESN'T TAKE ONE HERO. IT TAKES MILLIONS OF THEM.

END
KEITH GIFFEN  DAN JURGENS
JESUS MERINO

SUPERMAN

THE NEW CREATIVE TEAM BEGINS IN ISSUE #7

DC COMICS
THE NEW 52

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