TO BATTLE BRAINIAC...

...FOR THE FATE OF METROPOLIS!
TO BATTLE BRAINIAC...
I emphatically do not wish to be rescued by “Superman.”

Worst idea ever.

Trust me, Miss Lane.

It’s like one of those films where—those horrible films—

They’re trapped in hell and the bartender is the devil...

There’s no bartender here, sir.

Picture two: Warring alien empires—one synthetic, mechanized, antiseptic; the other sweating, biological, germ-laden.

But it turns out dear old planet Earth is doomed, and this—

This is actually the only way out.

This “collector” is saving us.

Incoming!
Superman meets...

THE COLLECTOR OF WORLDS

You!

I mean what are you aiming at?

I read what you wrote about your story.

Meet the leaders of the countries.

Better.

Your body?

SEARCH!

Nothing. Faster than a speeding bullet.

Faster than a speeding bullet! That's the latest wonder of tomorrow.

Krypton. Your birthworld is dead.

I preserve the memory of your world.

That's Metropolis. Wouldn't you like to see it?

That's what I mean.
I’LL RAISE YOU LIGHT.

THESE ROBOTS--IMS ALIEN AI--IT’S HERE TO SAVE US--FROM INHAT, LUTHOR?

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!

I TOLD IT TO SPARE METROPOLIS AND IT DID.

THAT WAS ME!

IT’LL BE SUPERMAN’S FAULT IF YOU ALL DIE!

DONT YOU GET IT?

THESE ROBOTS--THIS ALIEN--IT’S HERE TO SAVE US--FROM WHAT, LUTHOR?
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENCE--BRAIN INTERACTIVE SYSTEMS--IS A COLLECTOR OF PLANETARY EPHEMERA.

FROM OH, I DON'T KNOW, THE APOCALYPSE!
FROM THE IMMINENT END OF THE PLANET EARTH, MISS LANE.

ARE YOU KIDDING? "BRAINIAC."
WRITE THAT DOWN, OLSEN!

YOUR SO-CALLED "SUPERMAN" IS BATTLING LIKE THE BRAINLESS PUG HE IS, AGAINST OUR ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL AS A SPECIES!
I TRIED TO SAVE US ALL!

NO! BLAKE! SHHAAH!
FIRST A WALL OF GLASS—NOW THEY'RE CUTTING OFF OUR AIR!
IT WAS THE LITTLE MAN—HE DID THIS TO ME—!
HE GAVE IT ALL TO ME AND TOOK IT ALL AWAY—

NO MORE PILLS, SIR. PLEASE. MR. GLENMORGAN.

THE LITTLE MAN? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE LITTLE MAN--THE TEETOTALER!
I'M DEAD. I MUST BE PUNISHED IN HELL--

--AND THE LITTLE MAN...

THE LITTLE MAN IS THE DEVIL.
KRYPTON SPECIMEN

WAIT!
HE STILL HASN'T MADE HIS DECISION.

KANDOR OR METROPOLIS?

NATURE!

UNNGHH!

OR NURTURE?

DON'T LOOK TO ME!

I'M THE LAST HUMAN!

FIRST OF A POST-HUMAN HUMAN/MACHINE RACE.

THAT'S IT? THAT'S ALL YOU GOT, SOLDIER? I'M WEARING INDESTRUCTIBLE ARMOR.

HUMANITY IS DONE!

SOME SUPERMAN.
YOU'RE BARELY A MAN!
FIGHT BACK, WHY DON'T YOU?

GRAAGHHH

SEVEN MINUTES TO BOTTLE CITY--PERMANENT MICROSLEEP.

THIS YET?

YOU

GOT

I DON'T STOP!
I DON'T GIVE UP!
NO. NO!

THAT'S IT.

NO MORE.

METAL-ZERO HAS INFECTED THE COLLECTOR WITH E-MOTION!

THE COLLECTION MUST NOT BE THREATENED!

OVER-RIDE E-MOTION SURGE!

GRANN

PUFF!
PRESERVE THE COLLECTION!

SUUURRRENDDDDAAAAA!

HE'LL HEAR THIS.

I JUST TEXTED AN S.O.S.

STAY DOWN AND BE COLLECTED!

OWN!

DOWN!

MICRO-STASIS WILL BE IRREVERSIBLE IN FIVE MINUTES.

JOIN THE COLLECTION OR DIE!
SIR, YOU'RE NOT WELL.
YOU'RE ABUSING YOUR MEDS.
THE HAND OF GOD THE ALMIGHTY.
I PROMISED I'D COME BACK.

FOUR MINUTES TO BOTTLE CITY—PERMANENT MIND-STATIC.
YOU ARE REQUIRED TO COMPLETE THE COLLECTION.

TO SECURE ITS VALUE AND RARITY.

YOUR SHIP AND YOU IN MINT CONDITION.

HELP ME STOP THAT THING!

WHAT ARE YOU?

HUMAN OR NON-HUMAN?

SUPERMAN—?

IT'S TAKING OVER AGAIN—CAN'T STOP. I AM THE VOICE—I

SAVE LOS...STOP ME...

YOU VALUE THESE BOTTLES—THESE CITIES YOU'VE PRESERVED.

I'LL REDUCE THEM TO DUST IF I HAVE TO.

YOU WANT ME TO WRECK YOUR COLLECTION, I WILL.

“DEATH-LIST?”

“NO, JAZIUR—NO, BRYAN—NO, VELL'UT, RAN'PIZULIANN... MILLENNIA OF COLLECTION!... MY PRECIOUS COLLECTION OF WORLDS!

I THOUGHT SO.

OKAY.

NOW WE CAN...

WE CAN NEGOTIATE.
To join the collection is to be saved.

What is your collection to salvation?

Salvation?
This is simple.

Reverse your preservation process or whatever it is. Return these people to their native environments and quit this planet before I have to deprogram you with my bare hands.

The multitude is on its way. Failure to join the collection means annihilation.

I won't let anything threaten this planet.

I'm giving you one last chance--

You carry the krypton moral imprint.

You will not harm me.

No. But I'll put you to work for me.
I don’t know if you can see what I have in my hand—I expect you can. The rocket that brought me to Earth, it was some kind of crystal computer system.

The real irony? You brought it here because you had to have it all.

And like everything else where I come from, it’s invulnerable, so you won’t have any defense against it.

The real irony? You brought it here because you had to have it all.

Brainiac!

So I’ll ask you what you asked me... are you faster than a speeding bullet?
BRAINIA! MIND! INTERNET!

TRIED

TRIED TO COLLECT

TRIED TO SAVE

THIRTY SECONDS TO BOTTLE CITY! PERMANENT MICROSATIS!

WOW.

HA-LA-KAL-EL.

IN-IL-IA-VEL-REK-TA LO-LA!

HA-LA-LA!
DOCTOR IRONS, AFTER SAVING SO MANY LIVES— IS THIS THE START OF A NEW CAREER AS A SUPERHERO?

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO SOMEONE, ANYONE!

GET SOME THINGS OFF MY CHEST.

LET ME TALK!

GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

WE'RE ALL LIVING IN A VERY DIFFERENT WORLD AS OF TODAY. I NEED TIME TO THINK.
PURING THE SO-CALLED "FARMER'S REBELLION."
EVERYBODY ELSE WAS SUSPICIOUS OF A SNOOPY REPORTER, BUT THEY TOOK ME IN.
YOUR FATHER AND I SHARED A—WELL, WE CAN CALL IT AN ECCENTRIC SENSE OF HUMOR AND A LOVE OF SURREAL PRACTICAL JOKES.

—I MET YOUR MOM AND DAD WHEN I WORKED ON THE SMALLVILLE SENTINEL.

THEN' BE PROUD OF YOU, CLARK.
Dailv

Warlords

War dimensions for peace.

Elen Glenmorgan was a bad, bad man, but none of us could ever get near him.

It took someone like you with principles, patience, and nothing to lose and a genius for fact-checking.

I'm just sorry "Mr. Metropolis" lost his mind, that's all.

Whatever it was he saw in the bottle, I guess he couldn't handle it.

What is it, Clark? You're uncomfortable.

I've been after Glenmorgan and all his cronies since I arrived in Metropolis.

Now he's gone—Who fills the vacuum?

If you say so, Mr. Taylor.

Wouldn't be the first man who found God in a bottle.

More to the point. Our work here is done, Clark.

Isn't it a little bit easier to reconcile yourself to that job offer from the Daily Planet now?

--Can we talk?

Always.

Give me five minutes, Mrs. N.
EVERY TRAP YOU GAVE ME WAS RIGHT ON THE MONEY.

THE BOOBY-TRAP ON THE B.E. FACTORY FOR TOMORROW.

WHO ARE YOU, ICARUS?"?

JUST A CONCERNED CITIZEN WITH MY FINGER ON THE PULSE OF METROPOLIS.

MAYBE TOGETHER YOU AND I CAN TURN THIS DUNGEON AROUND.

MAKE IT A TRUE CITY OF TOMORROW.

ARE YOU--?

ARE YOU... SUPERMAN?

SUPERMAN?

JUST CALL ME ICARUS, MR. KENT.

YOU AND I, WE'LL SPEAK AGAIN.

HE'S DEEPLY SEDATED.

THE SUIT HAS FUSED TO HIS CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM IN WAYS WE BARELY UNDERSTAND.

HE'S STILL ALIVE-- WITHOUT A HEART-- BUT FOR HOW LONG?

MAKE SURE THIS SOLDIER GETS ONLY THE BEST OF CARE.

JOHN CORBEN SAVED THE WORLD.
...if you decided to reveal my secret, Clark Kent would cease to exist. That's all.

I'd turn up somewhere else as someone else.

Blackmail? I'm talking showbiz.

This whole Superman thing could make you rich and famous beyond anybody's wildest dreams.

You have a super singing voice too, am I right?

And I barely make the rent, so I know you're not trying to blackmail me.

I just do what I do, Mrs. Nonny. I don't need a whole lot of money or anything else.

Francis Devio, the painter—he lived here for four years with his boyfriend and the whole world believed he was straight.

You're a good boy. Your secret's safe with me.

So—are you Clark pretending to be Superman or is it the other way around?

Why don't we just talk about the rent?

You can always check me out on TV tomorrow...
I guess I should find a really big door to fit this one.

You know, it wasn’t too long ago I was an outlaw in Metropolis, a wanted man... 

What are you wearing, Superman?

The t-shirt look is over...

It turns out this was formal wear on my home planet, Krypton.

Pretty sci-fi, huh?

This suit saved my life up on that spaceship and it matches the cape.

But anyway... I am an alien. A real-life alien.

I came to this planet from a place called Krypton, like I said.
I was barely a baby when I got here, and I don't know much about where I started out.

I can tell you this is how I really look—so we're not too much different.

Most important thing we prove to one another is that we're not alone in the universe.

I'm here to stand up for people when they can't stand up for themselves, and I'm here to help out and make things better any way I can.

I'm here to stay.

Superman?

I have one question. No one has asked yet...

Do you have a place you go to be alone?
I promised you both I'd put my special powers to good use wherever I could.

Turns out there is a place for me after all in all of this—this new thing—this suit and cape—"Superman" they called me—and there are others like me—like the world is waking up and it was all meant to be.

Pa, Pa, I've done the best I can so far, but I have to tell you... This could take a while.

But don't worry. I got it.
BRAINAC!

HA-LA!

KAL-EL, DON EL LLI'T VIX-LO-LO-IR!

VAX LO-LING-VA-NORR...
Wi

—

Mirri

Ja

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Vala.

Vala-dev.

Vala-dev-la.

Next: Meet the Superman of Parallel Earth-23 in: The Curse of Superman!
“NIMROD WAS A MIGHTY ONE UPON THE EARTH.

“He was a mighty hunter before the Lord.”

GENESIS, CHAPTER TEN, VERSES EIGHT AND NINE

THE BIBLE, YES.

WE HAVE A CHALLENGE FOR YOU, MR. ZAROV.

“I’VE KILLED EVERYTHING THAT EVER LIVED.

THERE ARE NO CHALLENGES LEFT. THAT’S THE TRAGEDY.

AS OF NOW... THERE’S NOTHING I CANNOT OR HAVE NOT KILLED.

WHAT ABOUT A BULLETPROOF MAN?”

HE’S SEEN US.

COULD YOU KILL A BULLETPROOF MAN?
HRR!

There's no such thing as bulletproof.

To be continued.