THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN...

...OF EARTH 23!

GRANT MORRISON
GENE HA
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN...

...OF EARTH 23!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN...

...OF EARTH 23!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN...

...OF EARTH 23!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

NO PREJUDICE CAN RUN THAT DEEP.

HNN!

WHY EVEN BOTHER AFTER ALL THIS TIME, LUTHOR?

SERIOUSLY.

WHY EVEN BOTHER AFTER ALL THIS TIME, LUTHOR?

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ME!

I AM NOT A RACIST!

REPORT

OPOLIS
HEALTH
FQUET
CLUB

SAW/I
IT'S EVERYTHING ELSE ABOUT YOU I HATE!
I was sure that was a new model Warsuit, but you barely put up a fight.

I'm still talking to you! Get back here!

What was that scale?

If I had to hazard a guess, it's some kind of musical meta-machine ringing at impossibly oblique frequencies.

Hear that sound? Like a distant orchestra tuning up—growing louder by the second.

Brainiac links online.

Luthor...
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE THIS TIME?

WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT WAS THAT FLASH?

I CAN SMELL IT EVERYWHERE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

MISS?

DID SOMEONE GET HIT?

...ARE WE BACK?

ARE... ARE...

STAY BACK!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THIS IS?
You're immune to K-Laser.

K-Laser?

It's—it's a hate-powered weapon from that—that other place, with Optiman—Clark was right—Clark?

I have no idea what's going on here.

I don't know what you tried to shoot me.

I don't know who you are—

Jimmy's dead. They didn't deserve this.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

But I'm here to help if I can.

You were broadcasting through this device?

We just proved there's more than one planet Earth.

And more than one weak, watered-down imitation of Superman.

The others couldn't stop him...

What makes you so different?
ONCE, NOT SO LONG AGO, IN A FARAWAY STAR SYSTEM, A WISE AND ANCIENT CIVILIZATION EXISTED, LEAVING BARELY A TRACE ON ITS PASSING. THEIR WORLD WAS CALLED KRYPTON, AND GREATEST OF ALL ITS MIGHTY CITIES WAS THE SCIENCE-CAPITAL JANDRA-LA ON VATHALO ISLAND IN THE GREEN DANDAHU OCEAN.

IT WAS THERE, AS THE PLANET WAS RIPPED APART IN A VIOLENT CATACLYSM, THAT TWO DESPERATE YOUNG SCIENTISTS NAMED JOREL AND LARA PERFORMED THEIR DARING EXPERIMENT TOGETHER.

UNABLE TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM KRYPTON’S APOCALYPSE, THEY PLACED THEIR ONLY SON, KALEL, IN A PROTOTYPE ROCKET AND SHOT HIM ACROSS THE EMPTY GULFS OF SPACE WITH LITTLE MORE THAN A PRAYER TO GUIDE HIS INCREDIBLE VOYAGE.

ADOPTED BY A POOR BUT KINDLY COUPLE, THE SEED OF KRYPTON TOOK ROOT IN FERTILE ALIEN SOIL, AND GREW TALL AND STRONG AND PROUD.

AND SO AFTER A TIME CAME THE LAST SON OF LOST KRYPTON—TO THE PLANET EARTH!

NOW, DISGUISED AS UNITED STATES PRESIDENT CALVIN ELLIS, KALEL OF KRYPTON FIGHTS A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE, LIBERTY AND EQUALITY AS...
He’s still alive.

Fort Superman has advanced medical equipment...

No. There’s no time. There never is.

It’s following us.

It’ll be here any minute now.

Ah?

I’m watching you!

It was Clark’s idea.

His super-genius big idea.

“He was so happy the day he came back from his travels...”

Ha-ha!

I watched ‘em use ringing bowls to make a bird appear out of nowhere.

Look it up.

The universe is a chime?

The Tibetans called this thing a tulpa—a solid thought. An idea with its own independent life.

We made this machine together, the three of us.

And it won’t work with only one mind.

So let’s synchronize our thoughts like we rehearsed.

You can try to stop it—

But it won’t stop.

Poor Clark—poor Clark—

My fault.

“’It was Clark’s idea."

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My fault.

“We used sound vibrations to make thoughts you could touch."

“We invented solid mind movies."

“Of course we took it too far.”

Wow.
TEN MINUTES LATER, NOT ONE OF US COULD RECALL A SINGLE WORD HE'D SAID.

WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME IS THE OPPORTUNITY TO CHANGE LIVES AND INSPIRE PEOPLE.

WE KNOW WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING BIGGER AND MORE ENDURING THAN ACTORS OR ROCK STARS.

WE WANT TO RETAIN DEVELOPMENT RIGHTS TO THE SUPERMAN BRAND IDEA.

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE WORK TOGETHER TO CREATE AN INSPIRATIONAL FIGURE.

OUR FIRST ATTEMPT LIVED FOR TWENTY-FIVE GLORIOUS MINUTES.

NOT A SINGLE SECOND OF HIS BRIEF LIFE WAS WASTED, AS HE USED IT TO ARTICULATE A CODE OF ETHICS SO PURE AND SIMPLE AND GOOD WE ALL WEPT.

“FIRST WE TRIED TO IMAGINE A CHAMPION, A THOUGHT-POWERED REDEEMER CAPABLE OF SAVING THE WORLD.

A MADE-UP MESSIAH.

I CALLED OUR CREATION SUPERMAN, AFTER NIETZSCHE AND GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

WED REACHED OUR LIMITS.

TO GO FURTHER, WE NEEDED MONEY, FUNDING, MORE BRAINPOWER.”

INTERESTING.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT THIS CURIOUS INVENTION OF YOURS MIGHT BE WORTH?

RIGHTS?

BUT WE'D BE TAKING ALL THE RISKS.

BUT THAT'S WHY WE HAVE LAWYERS, ISN'T IT?
YOU DO HAVE LAWYERS?

YES?

THE WHOLE SUPERMAN THING WAS WAY TOO MACHO AND AGGRESSIVE ANYWAY--WE SHOULD THINK UP A CARTOON CHARACTER KIDS CAN ACTUALLY PLAY WITH!

LAWYERS?

FORGET IT.

THE GUYS A REPTILE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, EVERYONE WILL KNOW OUR NAMES AFTER THIS.

WE CAN'T TAKE IT ANY FURTHER ON OUR OWN.

GUYS, THEY'LL STEAL THE IDEA IF WE DON'T SELL IT.

THAT'S IT.

THE DOTTED LINE.

YOU WON'T REGRET THIS.

WE SOLD OUT!

THEY HAD 500 EXPERTS LINED UP, THINKING IN HARMONY TO STREAMLINE THE SUPERMAN BRAND FOR MAXIMUM CROSS-SPECTRUM, WIDE PLATFORM APPEAL.

THEY BUILT A VIOLENT, TROUBLED, FACELESS ANTI-HERO, CONCEALING A TRAGIC SECRET LIFE, A GLOBAL MARKETING ICON.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU DID WRONG.

HE STOLE THE CREATION.

WHAT WASN'T THE END.

THE TECHNOLOGY HAD... WIDER APPLICATIONS THAN ANY OF US COULD HAVE IMAGINED.

CLARK DISCOVERED WE COULD TUNE INTO THE SOUND VIBRATIONS OF WHAT HAD TO BE OTHER UNIVERSES.
“Everybody wears its brand.

“It makes people feel part of something big and new and cool.

“Superman helps them forget the reality of their drab, obedient, lonely lives.”

“The three of us tried to run, but it followed us across worlds. I watched it kill and eat a Superman look-alike called Optiman.

“Men called Flashlight, the Iron Knight, Red Racer—they fought to save him and failed—"

“What is that thing?"

“—and then the little people..."

“Superman helps them forget the reality of their drab, obedient, lonely lives.”

“Your friend is trying to speak. ...The Superman... The curse of Superman..."
SORRY, V—
UL
CLARK...
VOU
HANS
^7
I'LL
SET
BACK
WHEN
I'M
ONE.

MR. PRESIDENT, THIS
IS COURTNEY, YOUR
LONG-SUFFERING
PERSONAL
ASSISTANT.

THE
HOSTAGE
SITUATION
IN LIBYA
HAS
ERUPTED.
WHERE
THE HELL
ARE YOU,
SIR?

BAD TIMES, COURTNEY.

BROTHER,
YOU JUST
PIEKED ON THE
WRONG PARALLEL
UNIVERSE.

THEIR INTENTION IS TO
BEAT YOU RIGHT
DOWN, RIGHT
HERE, RIGHT
NOW.

ANOTHER
FAKE! A TWISTED
REPLICA!

MY ENEMIES
THINK I'M TRAPPED
IN A MAZE OF
REALITIES!

THEY'LL WISH
THEY'D NEVER LED
ME HERE!

SOUNDS
GOOD WITH THAT
BASSO PROFUNDO,
DOESN'T IT?

I CAN'T
RUN.

I WON'T RUN
ANYMORE.

LEAVE
THIS TO
ME.

...HE
BECOMES
ANYTHING YOU
WANT... HAH... TO BE...

...OUR
WORLD... WANTED
THAT...

I CAN'T
RUN.

...I'M
SORRY, CLARK...
YOU HANG
ON. I'LL
GET BACK
WHEN I'M
DONE.
While I'm busy, you're in charge."

"Analyzing disturbance in global human relations."

"Applying behavioral algorithm two seven."

"Mobile unit: Robot 3 engage."

"Responding."

"Give me one second, Courtney."

"I'm wrapping another call..."
LADIES, GENTLEMEN

SORRY TO KEEP YOU ALL WAITING.

I BELIEVE I HAVE THE OBVIOUS SOLUTION TO THE CRISIS.
SANCTIONS HAVE FAILED, AND MILITARY INTERVENTION REMAINS A LAST RESORT. NEVERTHELESS, OUR RELUCTANT ALLIES IN TUNISIA AND EGYPT OWE US A FEW FAVORS—

AND RUMORS OF TROOP BUILD-UP ON THE BORDERS WILL DRAW THE ARMY AWAY FROM TRIPOLI WHILE WE BROKER A PEACE DEAL AND ENSURE THE RETURN OF THE HOSTAGES.

"THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY IS MY FRIEND," AFTER ALL...
...this is
not the
planet of the
cutesie-pie
Supermen!
or the almost
Supermen!

This
is the

You hurt
him!

Stop
it!

It's us
you want!
It's me!

You were
judged by the
last knight of
tomorrow.

What opposes
me--

--I destroy!

You've
brought nothing
but horror and
pain into our
lives!

I wish
we'd never
thought any of
this!

Stand aside
and allow me to
handle this with
a little less
hysteria.

One
Superman is bad
enough...

Reeaugh!

Gnnnnnnaaa
...TWO IS AN INSULT!

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU!

TWO IS AN INSULT!

ALL MY ADULT LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF A MOMENT LIKE THIS.

YOU'RE THE RAW ESSENCE, THE BEAST IN SUPERMAN!

THE SMUG FASCIST BULLY BOY I SAW THERE ALL ALONG!

UNNF!

URR

OUTER HIDE ADAPTED FOR K-BLAST.

IS THAT SO?

OUTER HIDE?

GRRAHH!

IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK!
I OWE YOU ONE, LUTHOR.

DON'T PATRONIZE ME.
I'LL KILL YOU ONE DAY.

I PROMISE.

URRK

I DON'T CARE HOW BIG YOU ARE!

GO!

HASS!

YOU FIGHT LIKE

DON'T MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, CAL.

MOLASSES!
THE TRANSMATTER Array, Superman.

You can use it to kill him!

You know how I feel about killing, Luthor.

And kill yourself, too, while you're at it!

But maybe...

CAPTURED LIKE A GHOST, SUSPENDED BETWEEN WAVELENGTHS.

I TUNE OUT.

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING WHEN YOU MADE THIS THING, LUTHOR?

I'VE HAD BETTER OFFERS.

Superman becomes whatever you want him to be, huh?

Right now I want you locked up tight!

I TAKE YOU WITH ME!

...TO THE HELL WHERE I WAS BORN!

WHAT!...

AND I GOT YOU!
I SUMMONED THE JUSTICE LEAGUE IN ITS GLORY.

THE PREEMINENT SUPER-WARRIORS OF OUR AGE AWAIT YOUR FURTHER INSTRUCTION, SUPERMAN.

SOME HAVE BEEN ON DUTY ALL NIGHT...

I...uh...I may not need you after all.

MY ARCH ENEMY AND I JUST CASED A DEMON-SUPERMAN FROM AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE.

LUTHOR CALLED IT A TRANSMATTER SYMPHONIC ARRAY, AND WELL...HE CLAIMS THE DESIGN CAME TO HIM WHILE HE WAS ON DRUGS.

WHATEVER THE CASE, IT LOOKS LIKE HE MAY HAVE OPENED A DOOR INTO SOME KIND OF...MULTIVERSE.
...I COULDN'T SAVE HIM. BUT THERE'S A STILL THE CHANCE OF A SUCCESSFUL LAZARUS REVIVAL IN MY LAB.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.

WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE? WHAT'S LEFT? I'M IN SHOCK.

THIS IS HOW I IMAGINED A PSYCHOTIC BREAKDOWN MIGHT FEEL.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I COULD EVER FIT IN HERE?

I DON'T KNOW. SOMETHING ABOUT YOU.

MAYBE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A SURVIVOR, LIKE ME.

THAT'S ALREADY SOMETHING WE HAVE IN COMMON.

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOUR NAME.

ME? I'M LOIS. MY NAME'S LOIS LANE.

I GUESS YOU MUST BE SUPERMAN DONE RIGHT.

NEXT: SUPERMAN: BULLETPROOF
"CONTAINED"? Qurac is the leading state sponsor of terrorism in the world!
If Qurac gains nuclear capacity, they can't be contained!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, GENERAL HENWOOD. BUT, LIKE IT OR NOT, OUR BEST INTEL SAYS THEY'RE WELL ON THEIR WAY.

WELL, IF YOUR BOYS IN THE CIA ARE RIGHT, TOM-

NOT NECESSARILY, DOCTOR IRONS, THE PRESIDENT'S TALKING TO THE QURAC PRESIDENT RIGHT NOW.

Oh, spare me, the press corps spin. What good can talking do? Harrat's a fanatic!

I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE VICKI'S RIGHT. AFTER ALL, PRESIDENT ELLIS IS THE ONE WHO BALANCED THE BUDGET. SOLVED THE LIBYA CRISIS...

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A MAN WITH THE HIGHEST APPROVAL RATING SINCE PRESIDENT RICKARD BACK IN THE '70s--AND HE EARNED IT.

BEFORE WE RUSH INTO ANYTHING DRASTIC--
“—LET’S AT LEAST GIVE HIM A CHANCE.”

PRESIDENT-FOR-LIFE HARRAT IS COMING TO THE PHONE, MISTER PRESIDENT.

THANK YOU, COURTNEY. PLEASE SEE THAT I’M NOT INTERRUPTED FOR ANY REASON.
I'm actually calling for two reasons. First, I wanted to speak to you about Qurac's nuclear program.

"Nuclear program"? Why, surely you know that we welcomed in a team of international inspectors, and they found nothing.

Please, sir, let's not play games. You know as well as I do that your people led those inspectors through outmoded, empty installations, while the real work was being done elsewhere.

But I didn't call to debate whether your program exists. No?
NO. I WANTED TO UPDATE YOU ON ITS STATUS.

"UPDATE"?

YOU SHOULD RECEIVE REPORTS ANY TIME NOW, OF YOUR FIVE SUPPOSEDLY "SECRET" UNDERGROUND FIRESTORM LABS--

--TWO CAVED IN A FEW MINUTES AGO--

Beep Beep Beep

--ONE IS FLOODED WITH MOLTEN LAVA--

--AND ONE SUFFERED AN ACCIDENT THAT WILL LEAVE IT RADIOACTIVE FOR THE NEXT TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

YOUR FINAL LABORATORY REMAINS AS EVIDENCE OF YOUR INTENTIONS--
Although I'm afraid that one is no longer functional either.
TH-THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

YES, ALL OF YOUR PEOPLE MADE IT OUT SAFELY. THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN.

IT’S AN ACT OF WAR!

I DON’T THINK SO.

TO BE AN ACT OF WAR, YOU’D HAVE TO ADMIT THE LABS EXISTED IN THE FIRST PLACE.

AND BEFORE YOU START THINKING ABOUT TRYING TO REBUILD, I SHOULD MENTION THAT I’VE ALREADY SECURED AGREEMENT FROM OUR ALLIES FOR FURTHER SANCTIONS.

THOSE WOULD INCLUDE SEIZURE OF QURAC’S WATER SOURCES BY ATLANTIS.

—NATURAL DISASTERS COURTESY OF MARKOVIA.

—AND AN INVADED AMAZON ARMY FROM THEMYSVARA.
As I said, though, there are two reasons for my call. The second is to extend an invitation. A ... what? A ... what?

An invitation, if you're willing to step away from this madness and renounce terror, I would like to invite you and your people to join my Alliance of Nations.

As I imagine, you know, the Alliance has already made great strides in demilitarization and international collaboration.

We have much to share that could benefit Qurac, from free trade to new advances in medical technology. Just as your great nation has much to offer as well.

I think you'll find us to be a much better friend than an enemy.

But, of course, the decision is yours.

Thank you for your time.
AND THAT'S THAT. I'D BETTER GET BACK BEFORE SOMEONE REALIZES I'M NOT IN MY OFFICE.

BRAINAC CAN ONLY COVER FOR ME FOR SO LONG.

YOU TRULY ARE A FASCINATING MESS OF CONTRADICTIONS, CAL.

YOU WERE NOT BORN ON EARTH, CAL. LET ALONE IN THE UNITED STATES. SIMPLY BY SERVING AS PRESIDENT, YOU VIOLATE YOUR NATION'S LAWS EVERY DAY.

I'VE CONSIDERED THAT. I'M NOT BATMAN. FOR RA'S SAKE!

BUT I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO DO WHAT I CAN FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

AS YOU ALWAYS HAVE. YET, AS LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD.

WHAT, YOU THINK I SHOULD HAVE LET HARRAT HAVE NUCLEAR WEAPONS?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. THE MANY A MADMAN. HOWEVER YOU HAVE SET YOURSELF OUTSIDE THE LAW AS WELL.

NO. I MEANT ALL OF THIS SUBTERFUGE, CONCEALING YOUR ACTIONS AS SUPERMAN YOU STAND FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE, YET YOU HAVE NO PROBLEM LIVING TO THE ENTIRE WORLD ABOUT WHAT YOU DO AND WHO YOU ARE.

MY SECRET IDENTITY? THAT'S NOTHING NEW IN OUR LINE OF WORK, NUBIA.

YOU NEED TO OFFER HARRAT A CHANCE...

TRUE. BUT YOU MUST REALIZE THAT IT MEANS SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR YOU NOW.

WHEN YOU TOOK OFFICE, YOU SWEORE TO UPHOLD YOUR NATION'S LAWS. I CANNOT IMAGINE HOW MANY INTERNATIONAL LAWS WE'VE VIOLATED TODAY.

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CALVIN ELLIS' ACTIONS NOW AFFECT EVEN MORE PEOPLE THAN SUPERMAN'S. TELL ME, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN, ONE DAY, YOU DO WHAT YOU THINK IS THE 'GREATER GOOD'... 

—BUT THE WORLD SEES IT DIFFERENTLY?

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