Anytime they ask me what’s the most important thing I’ve learned in a lifetime hunting the world’s deadliest game—

I always say the same thing:

Every animal leaves tracks it can’t hide.

Once upon a time, an alien fell from the sky to live among us—and no one knows where he landed.

This used to be the Kent farm, sure. Been ours since Clark gave it to me right after his pa passed away.

Anytime they ask me what’s the most important thing I’ve learned in a lifetime hunting the world’s deadliest game—

I always say the same thing:

Every animal leaves tracks it can’t hide.

But two separate locations in Kansas turn up two family farms at the epicenter of a twenty-year-long pattern of “Midwest Superman” sightings.

This... Clark...

What happened to him, Mr. Fry?

Farmer Fry.

Clark left town.

Gott a job on a big city newspaper out East.

’Sall I can tell ya.

I am Maxen Zarov, codename “Himrod.”

Hunter of the Mighty.

I have killed everything that ever lived.
Southside police confirmed that the body discovered in the West River by the Hobsneck Bridge is that of Emily Zatnick, who went missing from her Hob's Bay home on Tuesday. Jessica Zatnick, the mother of the 12-year-old girl, was distressed to comment but Southside police and schoolteachers held Emily as a smart, kind and helpful child who was missed by her family.

---

**MURDERED HOB'S BAY GIRL IDENTIFIED**

By Clark Kent

Police have released few details about the crime, describing only "an extremely brutal and frenzied attack."
CLARK?
VA
MISS
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M
I
I
SPENT
THE
''X'THEN
I
STILL
LAST
HOUR
CLEANING
THAT
BATH
OUT
AGAIN.
HAIR
IN
THE
DRAIN.

Wuh?
WHOA?
WHO'S
THERE?

DAVID
MARISOL?
MY
NAME'S
CLARK
KENT.
OUTTA
MY
FACE.
I
DO
IMPORTANT
WORK
FOR
THE
GOVERN-
MENT.

I'M ON THE DAILY
STARS CRIME
DESK AND...I
FOLLOWED YOUR
TRAIL BACK FROM—
YOU
WANT ME TO
CALL THE
COPS?

I ALREADY
DID.
GET AWAY FROM MY DOOR.

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
YOU SEE THAT?
NOBODY GETS ANY PREACH THESE DAYS.

YOU!

AHAAAAAA!

I COULD PUT YOU THROUGH HELL!

I COULD BURN OUT THE PARTS OF YOUR BRAIN THAT MAKE YOU HURT PEOPLE--
GONNA HAPPEN TO JACK and Joey?

SERIOUSLY, THERE HAS TO BE SOMEPLACE BETTER THAN THIS TO GET TOGETHER NEXT TIME.

A VOLCANO, OR A SATELLITE.

I'M LEAVING YOU HERE FOR THE POLICE, ALONG WITH ALL OF KENT'S EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU. LET YOUR OWN KIND DEAL WITH YOU.

WHAT ABOUT MY PETS? WHO'S GONNA FEED MY HAMSTERS?

Y'GONNA HAPPPIN TO JACK AND BOBBY?

...SERIOUSLY, THERE HAS TO BE SOMEPLACE BETTER THAN THIS TO GET TOGETHER NEXT TIME.

I'M SORRY, SUPERMAN, YOU WERE SAVING--
NOBODY WANTS TWO ADORABLE HAMSTERS AND NOBODY WANTS TO START TACKLING POVERTY IN SOMALIA?

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

I THOUGHT I'VE MADE IT CLEAR. THIS WORLD IS CRYING OUT FOR CHANGE, FOR FAIRNESS, AND JUSTICE AND...

I'M IN A ROOM WITH THE KING OF AN UNDEAD EMPIRE, AN AMAZON PRINCESS AND A BILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY.

WHAT'S YOUR POINT, SUPERMAN?

WHAT'S YOUR POINT, SUPERMAN?

WHAT'S YOUR POINT, SUPERMAN?

WHAT'S YOUR POINT, SUPERMAN?

OH, I FORGOT. YOU'RE A JOURNALIST.

LOOK. I THINK WE CAN ALL SYMPATHIZE WITH OUR SUPERMAN HERE.

YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE?

NO COMMENT.

YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE?

NO COMMENT.

YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE?

NO COMMENT.

YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE?

NO COMMENT.

YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE?

NO COMMENT.
I understand. Right now, somewhere, someone is being tortured, a child is dying of starvation...you understand that.

Flash, you can move at speeds approaching light.

I know how it can feel, but we’re not gods. Whatever’s happening that we’re all part of— We need to tread very carefully.

There are people starving, in fear alone. Right now, somewhere, someone is being tortured, a child is dying of starvation...you understand that.

I have a life and a family too, Superman. I know my own responsibilities and limitations. And I think it’s important to stay within the law while we figure this out.

I understand. Next time a space monster shows up— you know where to find me.

One of these days, we’ll all have to go after him.

There are people starving, in fear alone. Right now, somewhere, someone is being tortured, a child is dying of starvation...you understand that.

I have a life and a family too, Superman. I know my own responsibilities and limitations. And I think it’s important to stay within the law while we figure this out.

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One of these days, we’ll all have to go after him.
I know somebody who'd love these little freaks, Kent.

You met Susie, my niece—technically, step-niece—she puts the A.D.D. into adorable.

Adorable has one "o," Lois.

Wow, this redhead was your prom date, Clark?

She's super-hot.

Her name is Lana.

Lana, La-Lana.

We only think we know this man.

Show me.

You've been keeping this scrapbook of Superman sightings for how long, Lois?

She is cute.

What went wrong, son of Smallville?

Kent?

This is Houston, do you copy?

Sorry, Lois, it's just... ah...

This doesn't make any sense at all.

These photos—these stories—everything before this date here.

Why didn't you and Lana stay down on the farm, raising chickens and corn-fed freckled brats?

It's not Superman.

It can't be Superman.
ALL THAT BLAKE FARM GHOST STUFF?

THAT WAS TEN YEARS BEFORE SUPERMAN’S FIRST OFFICIAL APPEARANCE.

NOW YOU’RE THE EXPERT?

I DON’T KNOW. MAYBE IT WAS WONDER WOMAN, OR GREEN LANTERN, OR ANY OF THESE NEW PEOPLE.

BOYS, WE HAVE A HALF HOUR UNTIL LUNCH AND THE TRAFFIC SUCKS ON CENTENNIAL.

--when he’s distracted--

CLARK

BIG DAY! FOCUS!

WHY IS IT WE HARDLY EVER SEE YOU ANYMORE?

AH, SORRY, LOIS

SOMETHING CAUGHT MY EYE.

And so I wait.

I blend into the background.

I become part of his scenery.

And when he least expects it--

CLARK

I’LL BE WAITING FOR HIM.
I'VE COME HOME TO THIS PLANET OF MY BIRTH TO ASSUME CONTROL.

YOU WERE UNDERSTANDABLY SUSPICIOUS. YOU'D DECIDED NOT TO PICK ME UP.

YOUR MIND... CHANGED.

WH-- WHAT?

IT'S WET OUT. BUT-- BUT YOU'RE DRY.

I AM DRY. YOUR NAME IS AARON VAN DIEN. MY NAME WAS ADAM.

YOU. PROBABLY HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE MAYOR ABOUT THAT.

I CAN TAKE YOU RIGHT TO HIS DOOR IF YOU WANT.
I set out to bring down Glen Glenmorgan, and I did.

I didn’t want to be famous or to get headhunted by rival papers or...

Gregory Reed: A house ab... the world!

Joining the Daily Planet staff is not selling out. It’s only a meet-and-greet lunch...

Perry White: Is straight up and down, always has been. Guns...

Something’s up! That’s the Daily Star building.

Clark?

Your cue to run, Kent! Where’s Superman?

This is the sort of thing Superman does really well.

We don’t need Superman. Stay right there! Kent!

I didn’t mean run toward it!
If there's anything you want to talk about—!

--I know you, right? Grundig-- Angus Grundig?

Mr. Taylor, don't--

That's Clark Kent!

Mr. Taylor!

You want tomorrow's headline--

You people ruined my life. I'm just news to sell papers nobody wants to read no more.

--I got news for you, reporter.
Forgive me.

I didn't mean to startle you.

I'm a friend of Clark Kent's, from Smallville. I was told he lived here.

Clark?

Haven't you heard?

Clark Kent is dead.
IT HAPPENED YESTERDAY.

--THIS WAS HIS ROOM.

HE MADE SOME VERY DANGEROUS ENEMIES WITH HIS WRITING.

IT'S SO SAD.

DEAD?

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS.

THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT.

BUT HE ALWAYS STOOD UP FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

IF KENT'S DEAD--

THEN SUPERMAN MUST BE DEAD.

SOMEBODY BEAT ME TO IT?

HEH.

VOULD BETTER PRAY SUPERMAN'S NOT DEAD, SON.

OTHERWiese THAT'S HIS GHOST ON YOUR BACK.
You should know guns are especially dangerous at close range.

But if you think Clark Kent and Superman are one and the same person—

No! How did you pull this?

I do stuff like this all the time.

I don't care who you are! Let's see if you can withstand a rocket shell!

You should know guns are especially dangerous at close range.
UNNN... MY FACE...
I CAN'T BE WRONG...
I FOLLOWED THE TRAIL...
WHEN I TRIED TO WARN YOU ABOUT CLOSE RANGE FIRE...

-I DREW IT WAS DANGEROUS TO ME.
I'VE KILLED EVERYTHING!
YOU'LL SEE!

WHEN I TRIED TO WARN YOU ABOUT CLOSE RANGE FIRE...

AAAUUUUU!

NO- NO- IMPOSSIBLE...

BUT WHAT ABOUT CLARK?
HOW DOES CLARK FIT INTO ALL THIS?

I'M SORRY... I WASN'T THERE.

CLARK KENT IS DEAD. I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING LATER, MRS. N.
I should have paid heed to my own lesson.

I should have known—every animal leaves tracks it can’t hide.

...I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, MR. ZARON.
I'M HERE TO TELL YOU IT CAN BE DONE, BUT NOT WITH LITTLE TOY GUNS.

ME? I CAN PROVIDE YOU WITH WEAPONS—STRONGER WEAPONS FROM OTHER WORLDS.
I CAN MAKE YOU PART OF AN ARMY AGAINST SUPERMAN.

IT'S SIMPLE.

UHH?

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MAKE A DEAL.

NEXT: SUPERMAN'S NEW SECRET IDENTITY!
"GIANT TURTLE MAN"?
REALLY?

Dude, you are so culturally deprived! "The Giant Turtle Man" is one of the all-time classics of '50s sci-fi!

C'mon, don't miss out on me now. Clark, the Metropole Theater is showing it for one night only—and on a double bill with "The Human Porcupine" too!

Besides, how else are you going to see it? You don't even have a TV!

I don't know, in this weather... Wuuuhhhooops!

Oh gee, Jimmy, are you okay? I'm so sorry!

Clark! Look out!
Hey, are you all right?

I-I think so. There was this patch of ice...

Man...

Classic Clark Kent moment. He slips and saves both our lives by accident.

That kind of stuff happened around Clark all the time. He had to be the luckiest guy on Earth.

Well, until, uh...

You know...

Clark... if you hadn’t slipped...

...we’d be under there.
KNOW,

METROPOLIS
NEWSMEN—YES, LOIS, AND
NEWWOMEN, TOO—HAVE
BEEN GATHERING HERE AT
SWAN’S TAVERN FOR
NEARLY TWO HUNDRED
YEARS.

I’VE LOST
COUNT OF THE
NUMBER OF TIMES I’VE
SAT AT THAT BAR, BUT
IT’S ALWAYS HARDEST
WHEN WE GET
TOGETHER—

—TO SAY
GOODBYE TO
ONE OF OUR
OWN.

YOU KNOW, METROPOLIS
NEWSMEN—YES, LOIS, AND
NEWWOMEN, TOO—HAVE
BEEN GATHERING HERE AT
SWAN’S TAVERN FOR
NEARLY TWO HUNDRED
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WHEN WE GET
TOGETHER—

—TO SAY
GOODBYE TO
ONE OF OUR
OWN.

EDITOR’S NOTE:
THIS STORY TAKES
PLACE AFTER THE
EVENTS OF NEXT
MONTH’S ACTION
COMICS #11.
THANKS, PERRY, AND THANKS, JIMMY.
WOULD ANYONE ELSE LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING?
I’LL GO, GEORGE.
OKAY, LOIS.

OF COURSE, BACK THEN, NONE OF US DREAMED CLARK WOULD END UP WRITING EXPOSES THAT WOULD TAKE DOWN GLEN GLENMORGAN HIMSELF.

BUT, EVEN AT THE TIME, MY OPINION CHANGED. ONCE I STARTED READING HIS FEATURES IN THE STAR, CLARK’S STORIES MADE YOU UNDERSTAND THE ISSUES THESE PEOPLE WERE DEALING WITH—FEEL WHAT THEY WERE FEELING.

WHEN JIMMY FIRST INTRODUCED US, I THOUGHT CLARK WAS JUST SOME WANNABE FROM A HICK TOWN SOMEWHERE, CHURNING OUT HUMAN INTEREST PUFF PIECES WHILE I WAS CHASING IMPORTANT STORIES ON THE FRONT PAGE.

THEY WEREN’T JUST STORIES TO CLARK, EITHER. HE CARED ABOUT PEOPLE.

DID YOU EVER TRY WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH THE GUY? HE DIDN’T JUST STOP TO GIVE MONEY TO EVERY HOMELESS PERSON HE PASSED. HE KNEW THEIR NAMES, TOO!

I MEAN, WHO DOES THAT?
I remember this one day. We met up for lunch.

“I don’t even remember what we were talking about. I was probably complaining about something, like usual.”

“But then...”
“IT WAS A GAS MAIN EXPLOSION—BIG ENOUGH TO ROCK BUILDINGS FOR BLOCKS AROUND.”

“My first thought was to get the story: what happened? What caused it? Who was responsible?”

“But Clark’s first thought—”

“—was to help people.”

“I have to say, I felt ashamed of myself.”

“We both got the front page for our papers that day—after we helped the bystanders.”

“That was the thing about Clark. He wasn’t just a good person...”
A MAN WHO CARES ABOUT PEOPLE -

MOST OF YOU PROBABLY DON'T REALIZE THIS, BUT I FIRST MET CLARK WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY WHILE I WAS COVERING A STORY FOR THE SMALLVILLE SENTINEL YEARS AGO. I GOT TO KNOW HIM BETTER WHILE HE WORKED FOR ME AT THE STAR.

BUT EVEN AFTER ALL THAT, I COULD NEVER GET HIM TO STOP CALLING ME "MISTER TAYLOR."

I APPRECIATE THAT YOU ALL WAITED TO HOLD THIS GET-TOGETHER UNTIL AFTER I GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL. IF CLARK HAD BEEN INSIDE THE BUILDING, AND I'D BEEN OUTSIDE... WELL...

PLEASE JOIN ME, EVERYONE, IN RAISING A GLASS TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG MAN WHO LEFT US MUCH TOO SOON. A MAN WHOSE WRITING RAISED UP THE PERSON ON THE STREET AND TOPPLED A TITAN OF INDUSTRY.

A MAN WHO CARED ABOUT PEOPLE...

-AND MADE US CARE, TOO.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS.
THAT WAS REALLY NICE. I THINK CLARK WOULD’VE BEEN HAPPY.

I THINK HE’D HAVE BEEN SURPRISED.

“SURPRISED”?

CLARK WAS SO HUMBLE, HE’D NEVER EXPECT ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO SING His PRAISES, EVEN THOUGH He DESERVED EVERY WORD.

I WISH HE COULD HAVE BEEN HERE TO SEE IT.

I WISH HE COULD HAVE BEEN HERE. PERIOD.

Yeah, me too, and wherever He MIGHT BE RIGHT NOW—

...I’M SURE CLARK WISHES HE COULD BE HERE WITH US, TOO.

End
“Maniacally brilliant.”
– THE NEW YORK TIMES

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with FRANK QUITELY

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