BOW!

TO!

METALEYK!
That's not how we do things 'round here.
GOT THAT?

SUPERMAN!

SUPERMAN!

SUPERMAN!

THAT THING STOMPED RIGHT THROUGH MY BUILDING.

DO SOMETHING, SUPERMAN!

THAT THINSS ~ STOMPED RIGHT THROUGH MV BUILPINS.

SUPERMAN/SUPERMAN/SOMETHING.

THE HOUSING WAS SUBSTANDARD, ANYWAY.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MAYBE THIS "METALEK" DOU YOU ALL A FAVOR.

YOU CAN FLY AWAY FROM THIS, BUT WE BEEN LEFT HOMELESS.

IF EVERYBODY WANTS TO PITCH IN, WE CAN REBUILD THESE HOUSES BETTER THAN BEFORE.

WHO'S WITH ME?
CHECK HIM OUT.

GUYS DOING THE WORK OF TEN MEN...

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO COMPETE WITH THAT?

IT AIN'T A COMPETITION.
GET OFF MY BUTT.

SUPERMAN!

SUPERMAN!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THESE HOMES WILL BE WORTH NOW?

WHAT?

I'M SORRY.

I CAN SMELL SMOKE OVER IN BAKERLINE.

HEH
I got you, folks!

HANG ON THERE!
THE CAT! SMELLY'S STILL IN THERE!

KO CHISSS!

GOT HIM?

HANG ON THERE, FOLKS!

WE'RE OUTTA HERE!
SINCE JOHNNY CLARK JOINED THE COMPANY LAST WEEK MONDAY, HE’S BEEN A MAJOR ASSET—

JUST DOIN’ MY JOB, SAME AS EVERYBODY ELSE.

WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU WORKED BEFORE, JOHNNY-BOY?

SAME AS CAPTAIN FARRELL WHEN HE STARTED OUT.

KEystone F.D.

WHERE YOU SAY YOU WORKED BEFORE, JOHNNY-BOY?

SOME OF THE GUYS ARE HEADING DOWN TO BIBBO’S PLACE FOR A COUPLE BREWSKIS.

YOU AND ME, WE NEED TO TALK, CLARK.

YOU GOT SOME EXPLAININ’ TO DO ABOUT THE METEORS.

IT’S MONARCHS ALL THE WAY FOR ME. I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, BUT—

PROMISED TO VISIT A BUDDY IN THE HOSPITAL.

THAT JOHNNY CLARK PLAYS IT CLOSE.

WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET, HUH?

HE’S A MONARCHS FAN!

THAT’S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
GEORGE,

YOU HAVE ANOTHER VISITOR.

IT'S LIKE METRO CENTRAL THROUGH HERE.

...I HAVE A LOT OF FRIENDS.

NOT SURE I KNOW THIS ONE.

MR. TAYLOR,

I'M THE MAN WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE WHEN THAT BOMB WENT OFF AT THE DAILY STAR.

I BROUGHT YOU SOME STUFF—

YOU SHOULD HAVE SAVED THE KID, CLARK KENT.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SAVED HIM INSTEAD OF ME.

...SIR, I...

I SHOULDA DIED—I'M AN OLD MAN, BUT THAT KID—

THAT KID WAS ONE OF THE BEST REPORTERS I'VE EVER KNOWN.

I PROMISED HIS PA I'D LOOK AFTER HIM.

THE POOR KID.

THE WORLD JUST LOST ONE OF ITS GOOD GUYS.
— Thanks for agreeing to meet me, Batman.

Five minutes— any more, and someone somewhere dies or gets hurt in this town.

Who’s that?

You’re alone?

What is this?

I needed some advice. You always seem like the smartest guy in the room.

I’m flattered, I think.

I’ve created a unique problem for myself—

— You killed your alter ego, I know.

I saw the obituary by Lois Lane.

Would you have severed all former social ties if you’d suspected how much you’d regret it?

It felt like I was betraying my editor by accepting this job offer—

Then you saw through my disguise— an assassin tracked me down—

I felt compromised.

The explosion at the Star gave me a chance to retire Clark Kent.

It felt like I’d outlived him.

Superman seems to take up more and more of my time these days.
I'm just not sure, for the first time in my life, if what I'm doing is right. I have a house in space. I went from an east side apartment to a space station. Space, HH.

Maybe you should sell up and use the money to eradicate poverty in Somalia.

It's a kind of half-jump, half-fly thing. You'd need a spaceship.

I'll see what I can do. Five minutes—what? I tell you? Give me a hand here.

You can see it from here.

The green star between those two buildings?

How do you get up there?

It's a kind of half-jump, half-fly thing. You'd need a spaceship.

I'll see what I can do. Five minutes—what? I tell you? Give me a hand here.

I wouldn't. This is an alien museum containing the last living remnants of 204 miniaturized civilizations.

That's a lot of responsibility. I can just about handle one city. I'd like to see this place.

And leave your problem with me—
...Mike and Ike, Scooby and Shaggy, Baskin and Robbins...Um...

I can't imagine on that scale, Sue. I deal in boring facts.

You have an imagination the size and shape of Texas.

Susie, not Sue.

My bad.
Susie, these are amazing.

Do you do these on the computer?

Mike, Scooby, and Shaggy.

It's between Itch and Scratch, Satan and Hitler, Ketchup and Mustard—

It's between a whole lot of between, Susie.

At some point you have to narrow it down. Satan and Hitler lead the pack for me.

Maybe one name's not enough.

Imagine if they could have every name at the same time, and then they'd never get bored.

Imagine if everyone had every name ever all at the same time—what would it sound like backwards?

I can't imagine on that scale, Sue. I deal in boring facts.

You have an imagination the size and shape of Texas.

Susie, not Sue.

My bad.
Susie, these are amazing.

Do you do these on the computer?
I drew them with a pen.
The spaceman in my dream showed me.

These hamsters are kinda disturbed, Aunt Lois. They saw some bad things.

But I think I can help them get over it.

These hamsters are kinda disturbed, Aunt Lois. They saw some bad things.

I knew they'd find a friend in you, Suzie.

Here...—Movie's in a half hour.
I just wish I could stop thinking about my friend Clark.

I could have just stopped him.

...It's Susie. Don't worry, Aunt Lois.

You'll be okay. You won't be sad for long.

—Clark Kent is dead and it's for the best.
JOHNNY CLARK'S A LONER.

JOHNNY ALLOWS ME TO BE SUPERMAN 24/7.

JOHNNY'S A MASK, NOT A PERSON, OR A PERFORMANCE.

JOHNNY SAVES LIVES AND GOES HOME.

LET'S MOVE ON TO THE IMPORTANT BUSINESS, BRAINIA.

GREEN LANTERN TELLS US HE WORKS FOR AN INTERGALACTIC PEACEKEEPING AGENCY, SO--

WHY HAS THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE SUDDENLY TAKEN AN INTEREST IN PLANET EARTH?

IS IT THIS STATION, THIS COLLECTION THEY WANT? TECHNOLOGY AND IDEAS FROM 200 WORLDS.

THE COLLECTOR A.I. SPOKE OF A DEATH LIST OF PLANETS--

THE METALEK XENOFORMER IS THE THIRD MEMBER OF AN ALIEN RACE TO SHOW UP IN THE LAST TWO MONTHS.

THE COLLECTOR A.I. SPOKE OF A DEATH LIST OF PLANETS--
COLLECTOR ARCHIVE REVEALS THERE ARE 333 WORLDS ON THE DEATH LIST OF THE MULTITUDE.

SIX EACH FROM THE 54 GALAXIES IN THE LOCAL CONGREGATION—PLUS NINE OTHERS.

What if the Collector was right to do what he did? I treated the Collector as a monster, but he preserved those civilizations in the bottles.

SHOW ME THE NATURE OF THE COMING THREAT.

No one has ever seen them and survived.

"They leave in the wake of their passing the wreckage of worlds."

There is no further information.

Are we facing a mass invasion from space? An unstoppable force?

If it's coming this way, what chance would Earth have? What can I do?

Krypton's subsequent destruction was a matter of misfortune, not design.

Jor-El, your father, repelled the Multitude.

But what he did was declared impossible.

"Beautiful and numberless and without mercy." Everything that lives fears the Multitude.

"Every world fears the Multitude."

"They leave in the wake of their passing the wreckage of worlds."

"Everyone that lives fears the Multitude."

"What if the Collector was right to do what he did?" I treated the Collector as a monster, but he preserved those civilizations in the bottles.

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But what he did was declared impossible."
WHERE IS THE FUTURE CHILD?

THAT WAS FUN, LIKE BEING BOILED ALIVE IN CHAMPAGNE. LET ME CALL YOUR MOM AND TELL HER.

AUNT LOIS! AUNT LOIS, THAT MAN’S NOT MOVING HIS LIPS.

YOU’RE NOT ONE OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE. IT WAS YOU IN THOSE NEWS STORIES, WASN’T IT—THE BLAKE FARM GHOST. THE ONES CLARK SAID COULDN’T BE SUPERMAN.

WHERE IS THE FUTURE CWLP?

MY PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETE AND TIME IS SHORT.

THAT WAS FUN, LIKE BEING BOILED ALIVE IN CHAMPAGNE. LET ME CALL YOUR MOM AND TELL HER.

AUNT LOIS! AUNT LOIS, THAT MAN’S NOT MOVING HIS LIPS.

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YOU’RE NOT ONE OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE. IT WAS YOU IN THOSE NEWS STORIES, WASN’T IT—THE BLAKE FARM GHOST. THE ONES CLARK SAID COULDN’T BE SUPERMAN.
There’s no time to waste.

We have to leave now!

Did you hear that, Aunt Lois? He says I have to leave.

You’d better tell my mom I had to save the world.

I will not! Your mom will kill me.

Engine 1938.

Turn that apparatus around!

We have a four-alarm in Topaz!

No.

Huh?

They’re coming.

You’ve been targeted by several interstellar agencies.

A Metalek driver is currently on its way to this location.
TURN AROUND!

His FACE!
LOOK AT HIS FACE!

NO!

ME TA LEK!

Susie, get out of

AUNT LOIS!!
I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS FELT SPECIAL, SUSIE. I'M HERE TO PROTECT YOU AND ALLOW THAT POTENTIAL TO FLOURISH. YOU'RE NOT ALONE, SUSIE.

NEO-SAPIENS... BORN ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AHEAD OF OUR TIME TO PREPARE THE WAY AND INHERIT THE EARTH...

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR BATTLE, "SUPERMAN." I'M HERE TO ASSUME CONTROL OF THIS PLANET. YOUR PHYSICAL STRENGTH IS UNBEATABLE, YOUR BRAWLING SKILLS FORMIDABLE.
But I just killed a Metalek driver—I have a four-lobed post-human brain augmented with super-ESP technology. You're big. You're tough. And you can't be hurt—but your mind.

I can punch through your mind like a wet paper bag.

All minds are mine to manipulate.

Ah!

...AHHH...Lois...

AuUHHH

Come, child.

It's over.

Let's you and I leave this world to its inevitable end...

Next: Return of the Forgotten Superman
Well, he lives here, but I'm from Grand Rapids, Michigan. We sure don't have anything like this 'Superman' of yours back home. Did you see him fighting that big alien robot thing this morning? Incredible! How much are these shirts?

Off!!

Twenty-five?!

Isn't that kind of a lot?

Not when you consider the source!
CLoTHES ENCOUNTER

SUPERMAN HIMSELF BUYS HIS SHIRTS HERE!
Oh, come on! He may be from out of town, but I'm not. You really expect us to believe Superman gets his shirts here?

On my mother's grave, dude. You wanna hear the story?

This was, oh, maybe a year ago. Nobody heard of Superman yet, and life in Metropolis was all pretty normal.

"Then, one morning, this young guy walks in..."

Do you print T-shirts here?

That's what the sign says. What can we do for you?

I'd like to order some blue shirts with this insignia on them.

Mm, cool logo.

You making uniforms for your softball team or something?

Something like that.
NO PROBLEM, HOW MANY SHIRTS DO YOU NEED?

CAN I GET FIFTY BY THE END OF WEEK?

OH, THAT COULD BE A PROBLEM. I DON'T THINK WE HAVE THAT MANY BLUE IN STOCK.

HOW ABOUT IF WE MAKE IT, SAY... THIRTY BLUE, AND THE REST RED OR WHITE?

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE?

I GUESS THAT COULD WORK.

EXCELLENT. SO LET'S...

D-DON'T MOVE! JUST S-SWIME THE MONEY!

WHOA! TAKE IT EASY, DUDE!

HOW MUCH CASH DO YOU THINK WE HAVE HERE?

THIS IS A COPY SHOP, NOT A BANK!

D-DON'T MESS WITH ME! JUST SWIME THE MONEY!

NOBODY HAS TO GET HURT HERE.

HAND ME THE SUN.

B-BACK OFF!

BDAM
"The gun looked down. All surprised—like he'd been shot!"

"I-I told you! I told you not to m-mess with—"

"But the way he moved, I figured the junkie must've missed him."

"Course, we didn't know about the whole bulletproof thing back then."

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Dude! That was amazing.

...uh-huh.

Glad I could help.

Well, I don't know how to thank you.

No need. Just help someone else when they need it.
So yeah, you could probably find a cheap knockoff someplace for less money, but these are the originals. These shirts here are just like the ones I sold him, that day—from Superman’s own design!

WOW, I’d love one of—

Now, a genuine Superman T-shirt! Any would love one of—

What do you think?
WE'LL THINK ABOUT IT.

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT? I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO BUY MY SHIRT!

YOU'RE WELCOME.

FOR WHAT?

FOR SAVING YOU TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS! YEEESH, YOU MUST HAVE "OUT-OF-TOWNER" WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU....

YOU DON'T BELIEVE HIS STORY?

WELL, MAYBE I WOULD--

IF EVERY OTHER T-SHIRT STORE AND PRINT SHOP IN METROPOLIS Didn'T CLAIM TO BE THE ORIGINAL TOO!
THE SHOCKING REASON BEHIND HIS NEW SECRET IDENTITY!
THE SHOCKING REASON BEHIND HIS NEW SECRET IDENTITY!
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