IT'S LIKE A NEW CAMELOT.

A GOLDEN AGE HAS BEGUN.
A dream come true.
Lois? Lois Lane? Why would you and I be...?

...be married?

We... we're not... married...

Suh... Superman...

I'm dying.

I'm dying... right in front of you!

Listen to me... it's not real... I wish it was... but it's all happening...

It's happening in your mind...

Uh... Lois?
HE'S DEFENSELESS AGAINST ADVANCED MENTAL ABILITIES LIKE MINE— AND YOURS.

WHAT IS THIS? HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?

HE'S SUPERMAN!

I CAN MAKE HIM SEE ANYTHING—JUST AS I CAN CONTROL AND DIRECT THE CROWD.

CHILD, WE MUST LEAVE NOW!

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE! MY AUNT LOIS IS HURT!

HOLD ON!
DON'T DIE!

SQUEEZE...
DON'T DIE, LOIS!
I'M ON MY WAY!

AUNT LOISSSSS!
...UHHH... KIDDO...
NOW YOU'RE A SUPERHERO TOO?

I DUNNO.

BUT I CAN HELP.
I KNOW I CAN HELP.

I CAN STOP IT FROM HURTING.
YOU WON'T FEEL IT... SEE, IT'S STOPPED...

I'M AN EPITOME OF REPAIR.

OH, THAT'S BETTER.
SUPERMAN...

NOW YOU'RE A "SUPERHERO Too?

STAND BACK.

STOP IT!

NOTHING MUST PREVENT YOUR IMMEDIATE RETRIEVAL.
EVERYBODY STAND BACK!

OH YEAH? WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?
IRRITATING, Belligerent Primates!

ENOUGH!

CHILD.

YOU SAID YOU TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE MILLION-POINTED SPEAR AND THE CUCKOO'S NEST, AND IT ALL SOUNDS COOL... BUT...

MY SHIP, THE COMETEER, IS WAITING...
I'M SORRY, CHILD, I'M NOT A VETERINARIAN. HER INJURIES ARE LIKELY TO PROVE FATAL IN 30 MINUTES. SHE IS ONE OF SIX BILLION OF HER KIND—HOMO SAPIENS.

MISTER CAPTAIN COMET, OR WHATEVER.

YOU BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY AUNT LOIS.

SHE IS ONE OF FIVE KNOWN NEO SAPIENS. IF YOU DON'T COME WITH ME... BAD, BAD PEOPLE WILL FIND YOU.

SUSIE, LOOK AT MY MIND—IT'S WIDE OPEN TO YOU.

---YOU KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH. YOU KNOW I MEAN YOU NO HARM.

THIS IS HOW I CAME TO BE—ON A FARM IN KANSAS—
...you should have seen it, ma...

The whole sky lit up like Christmas for this baby. Our little Adam.

...it started this morning. I think there might be something special about Adam.
...I TRY TO HELP PEOPLE, BUT... YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS CAN'T SEPARATE FROM YOUR BODY LIKE MINE CAN.

YOUR HARDWARE... YOUR SOFTWARE... IT'S ALL THE SAME THING. I'M SO SORRY.

I CAN ONLY SAVE YOU IN MY MEMORY, MOM, BUT DON'T BE SCARED...

IN THERE, YOU'LL LIVE FOREVER.

WHEN YOU INVADED MY MIND, IT WAS A TWO-WAY STREET...
The Blake Farm Ghost—a kid with telekinesis misinterpreted as poltergeist phenomena.

The "Kansas Strongman" sightings.

It was you. Adam Blake, the first Superman—the one no one remembered.

What happened to you?

Where have you been?

I have nothing to hide.

It's your fault she's dead!

You're not human!

Don't ever darken my door again!

Trapped alone in a dark and superstitious hell-world...

With nowhere to run, condemned to this zoo, this drifting, dying monkey house I was saved.

The long-hairs came.
THE OORT-KIND.

BE

NOT

AFRAID
THE OORT-KIND SCOUR THE SUPER-COSMOS IN SEARCH OF NEO SAPIENS LIKE ME, LIKE SUSIE.

THEY'VE VISITED THIS PLANET MANY TIMES BEFORE.

THEM HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY YOU WANT THESE "NEO SAPIENS"

YOU ARE NOT PERMITTED TO INTERFERE!

YOU TURN UP HERE LIKE YOU OWN THE PLACE!

YOU ARE A CHILD!

YOU HURT MY FRIENDS!

YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME.

I DON'T OWN THIS PLANET.

BUT I WORK FOR THE PEOPLE WHO DO. YOU?

YOU'RE NOT PERMITTED TO INTERFERE!
I don't think you should have done that.

Can I do that too?

Absolutely.

That's nothing.

This power is why we have to leave.

Soon this world will pass away.
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO LEAVE.

...IS ANYBODY THERE?

WE NEED BACKUP ON TOPAZ AND SWAN!

~NOTHING.

WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED TO THE APPARATUS?

IT'S IN TWO HALVES, TV.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S ALL THESE NEW SUPER PEOPLE--THE WONDER FLASH, THE GREEN BIKINI, WHATEVER IT IS--

THEY STARTED A SUPER-WAR--IT HAD TO HAPPEN.

AND IT'S DOWN TO US TO CLEAR THE STREETS.

THese people look like they're zombies.

THIS IS OUTTA MY LEAGUE, LIKE SUPERMODELS.

CHECK IT OUT.

RIGHT THERE.

THAT'S BO AMENDOLA.

SOMETHING ATE HIM ALIVE FROM INSIDE OUT.

DON'T GO NEAR IT.

AND THIS HERE'S JOHNNY CLARK'S HELMET.
VAPORIZED.
HE’S DEAD.

JOHNNY CLARK IS DEAD...

NOT LONG NOW.
I'M SYNCHRONIZING WITH THE COMETEER 40,000 A.U. FROM HERE, IN THE OORT EXPANSION.
PREPARING FOR META-TRANSFER.

I DON'T THINK SO...
BLAKE!

YOUR TELEKINESIS CAN’T AFFECT MY SUPER CELL STRUCTURE.
YOUR TELEPATHY RELIES ON A CONSCIOUS MIND TO INFLUENCE.

But what if I empty my mind?

If I stop thinking—
If I stop doubting and second-guessing myself—
If I just rely on instinct—on what I do best—

WHAT? STOP THAT! STOP!

AND PUT MY TRUST IN ACTION!
ARE YOU INSANE?

UHMM!

RRGGNN!

GKA!

SUSIE... DON'T...

I CAN'T SEE!

AH...

THIS GUN SHOOTS PSYCHIC BULLETS—A GUILT THAT WILL CONSUME YOUR MIND!

A FEAR THAT WILL NEVER LET YOU REST?

YOU CAN'T FIGHT ME—YOU CAN'T WIN...
I said, You shouldn't have hurt my Aunt Lois.

You don't understand!

I'm here to save her!

To save all of you!

I went about it the wrong way.

His spaceship took him back—it's so far away, the sun's just like a tiny little star from there.

You can't chase him, you have to help Aunt Lois.

I'll do what I can, Lois?

I feel weird...

I can't breathe—but I don't feel so bad—I feel okay—am I dying?

I can't breathe—but I don't feel so bad—I feel okay—am I dying?

Not if I can help it.
...I'M SORRY, SUPERMAN...

YES, I'M AFRAID SHE HAS SERIOUS INTERNAL INJURIES. THE OPERATION COULD TAKE HOURS. THAT'S MORE TIME THAN SHE HAS.

I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR. LEAVE THIS TO ME. THE LIBRARY (9-?...)

--THAT WAY.
I just read every medical text ever published. It's now or never.

But I may need some help from the experts. The X-rays are right here, Superman.
I'M FINE, DOCTOR SLOANE.--
I HAVE NATURAL X-RAY VISION.

SCALPEL.
I WON'T NEED ONE OF THOSE EITHER, THANKS.
MY THUMBNAIL IS HARDER THAN DIAMOND.

STOP THE INTERNAL BLEEDING.
REINFLATE HER LUNG.
VAPORIZE THE EMBEDDED METAL FRAGMENTS.

CLEAN THE WOUNDS.

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE!
10 YEARS OF MEDICAL TRAINING IN FIVE MINUTES.

SEALLED AND CAUTERIZED.

INCREDIBLE.
THERE'S BARELY A SCAR.

HEV, YOU
IS MY NIECE OKAY?

SAFE WITH MOM AND DAD.

EVERYONE'S FINE. MISS... UH... MISS LANE. EVERYTHING'S FINE.
The Keystone F.P. only had one Johnny Clark on their team.

—And according to this, he died in a blaze three years ago.

Spooky.

You've been changing in an empty office after hours?

Now this is one hell of a thing—

Too much space between the buildings in Metropolis.

It's disorienting.

I promised I'd look into your problem, and I did.

Batman?

Here, this is for you.
I just pip.

If you don’t need a pep talk, I thought some facts and statistics would be more likely to convince you. You can read a flash drive?

I followed Clark Kent’s tracks, from the moment of his arrival in Metropolis to the instant of his apparent death. As you can see, it makes for interesting reading.

My suggestion is you find a way to bring Kent back to life. The world needs all the heroes it can get. And if you don’t mind, I’d like to get back to work.

Message received. And thanks.
SERIOUSLY?

ALL I CAN SAY IS IT'S LUCKY I DIDN'T RENT OUT YOUR ROOM ALREADY.

CLARK, THEY HAD A FUNERAL FOR YOU!

UH, SUPERMAN SAVED ME?

BUT I HAD TO PRETEND TO BE DEAD TO...UH--TO...

YOU KNOW NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE THAT.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL HAVE GRIEVED IN VAIN.

THEY'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU.

I READ THIS--AND, WELL...

IT TURNS OUT CLARK KENT HELPED LOTS OF PEOPLE TOO. JUST LIKE SUPERMAN--DOZENS OF PEOPLE.

ANYONE COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT.

TROUBLE IS, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS MESS.

I GUESS IT'S DOWN TO ME TO MAKE EVERYONE FORGET CLARK'S DEATH EVER HAPPENED.

WHAT?

HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING--OR SMOKING OR...

NO--NO. YOU HAVEN'T. HAVE YOU... SORRY...I...

ONLY I CAN UNDO WHAT YOU DID.

BUT THAT LEAVES ME ONLY TWO MORE WISHES HERE, WHICH MEANS YOU AND ME--WELL--
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A DEAL.

SEE, FERLIN. MY NEPHEW, REALLY DOES WORK AT THE MUSEUM.

I'M A REAL PERSON--I ARRIVED HERE IN BABY FORM 71 YEARS AGO TO BE READY TO HELP YOU--

BUT THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN YOU CAN SEE.

MY NAME IS NOLUGESPITLNZ.

SAY THAT AGAIN? PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SOME KIND OF ALIEN TOO, MRS. N.

NO, I'M FROM HERE, IT'S JUST--BIGGER WHERE I COME FROM.

AND YOU CAN ONLY SEE ONE SIDE OF ME.

MOST OF ME IS STANDING IN A ROOM IN A HIGHER MATHEMATICAL DIMENSION.

WHAT?

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IT HAPPENED ALREADY--WHEN YOUR PARENTS DIED IN SMALLVILLE.

WHEN THE ENVIOUS ONE ESCAPED FROM HIS CHAINS IN THE MULTICORNERED DIMENSIONS OF ZRFFF.

OH, CLARK, EVERYTHING YOU EVER LOVED IS IN SUCH DANGER--

BUT THERE'S A CHANCE--IN YOU, THERE'S A CHANCE--

HE--HURT MY DEAR SWEET MIRZPITLZ.

HE KILLED THE KING-THING BECK--AND NOW HE'S HERE--HE'S ALWAYS BEEN HERE--

AND OH, HOW HE HATES YOU.

THE JAWS OF THE LORD VYNKTVXX HAVE CLOSED AROUND YOU, BUT THERE'S STILL HOPE--

IT REALLY IS EASIER IF I SHOW YOU.
She'll be okay, won't she?

If she doesn't want to talk about it, we can't make her. It's just—

If she didn't imagine all this?

What about all that other stuff she imagines?

Well now.

Hello, little girl...

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