It was Halloween on the planet Krypton—although no one knew and no one had ever called it that.

Your forbidden experiments in suspended animation unleashed the horror of living death upon our people.

But if Halloween is the night when the door between the seen and the unseen worlds opens wide...

Then that night was Halloween on Krypton.

As a consequence, suspended animation will no longer be permitted, even as a means of subduing sociopaths such as yourself.

Thus, your own actions have compelled us to sanction a new kind of punishment.

Where you will no longer need to eat or breathe, and where you will never age.

Where every 20 years you will be given the opportunity to plead for release.

The sentence is total physical dematerialization.

What is this?

This, Doctor Xi-Zul, is the doorway to the phantom zone.
UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOUR CASE IS REVIEWED, YOU WILL BE LESS SUBSTANTIAL THAN A THOUGHT. SO THINK UPON YOUR CRIMES WHEN THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT.

NO, THIS ISN'T FAIR! THIS ISN'T JUSTIFIED!

YOU'LL ALL PAY FOR THIS PERVERSION OF JUSTICE!

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, WHEN YOU DEFEATED THE MULTITUDE'S INVASION OF KRYPTON. THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY, JOR-EL.

NOT THIS TIME.
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I CANT I FEEL ANYTHING?

WHY CANT I SEE?!

I CANT HEAR!

WHY CAN'T I FEEL ANYTHING?

WON'T SOMEONE TALK TO ME?

PLEASE.

AS I PREDICTED, IT WORKED PERFECTLY.

DOCTOR XA-DU HAS BECOME THE FIRST RESIDENT OF THE PHANTOM ZONE. I HOPE WE'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING.

WENTY years later, on the day of Doctor Xa-Du's first parole hearing, the planet Krypton exploded.
Journal Entry: October 31st

This completes the catalogue of artifacts I've retrieved from the Kandor bottle with the help of Professor Palmer...

Superman!

Anomalous weather conditions developing in South Pacific.

Message received and understood.

I'm on my way.

Huh?
I heard something.
Replay ambient noise from the last thirty seconds.

It was Halloween in the Fortress of Solitude.
YOU HAVE BEEN JUDGED, KAL-EL!

JUDGED FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!
Nothing but the circuit-buzz of cryptic technology from a gone world.

He'd retrieved the apparatus from Kandor a year previously but so far had only guessed at its function.

The last thing Superman expected to find was a crack across the screen—and stranger still...

Prints.

The paw prints of a gigantic hound.
BEHIND ME.

TOO LATE. I HAVE YOU!

NOW SUFFER, SON OF JOR-EL. SUFFER AS I SUFFERED FOR EONS IN THE VOID--

--AT YOUR FATHER'S HAND!
I DID IT! I CAN SEE AND FEEL AND TOUCH!

AND THE SON OF JOR-EL HAS TAKEN YA-DU’S PLACE IN THE BITTER VOID!

THEY CALLED ME URSA THE SHE-DEVIL!

I’M JAX-UR, WHO MURDERED THE MOON!

I’M AK-VAR, MASTER OF MONSTERS!

RAS-KROM! BREAK MY CHAINS!

KNEEL!

YAK-OK, THE WRONGLY ACCUSED!

KNEEL!

NON HATE ALL!

I’M IN THE PHANTOM ZONE. BAD OUTCOME!
So that even the sight of the proud people of Kandor, frozen in their bottle, reduced to microscopic memorabilia—

--even these pitiful survivors aroused only Xa-Du's contempt.

His blue-hot lust for cruelty and command.

Xa-Du ignored the distant accusations of betrayal, those voices heard in another room. They were drowned out by an urgent buzz that drew the ghost king to a further chamber...
And there, in the light of ten thousand different screens, Xa-Du saw—

M’AIDEZ, SUPERMAN!

Tsunami! Waves hitting Malibu!

¡Dónde está Superman?!

A WORLD OF PEOPLE MADE OF BRITTLE GLASS AND SPLINTERS.

I AM FREE!

AND, YOU!

KRYPTON IS DEAD AND XA-DU LIVES!

DO YOU HEAR ME, SON OF JOR-EL?

And you!

YOU, JOR-EL, ARE DEAD!

XA-DU LIVES!
In a world without form or color, the Superman had only memories to work with.

Primary-colored, crayon-bright, proto-recollections of the very last hours of planet Krypton.

And the brave white dog who fell through a white door to a white room without walls.
NGGH!
THAT SOUN-

YOU CAN SEE ME.
SO WHY CAN'T I...

...SEE YOU?

HA!
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S MORE TO THIS PLACE--

--THAN MEETS THE EYE.

He should have known the dog was never far away.
A stranger here, Superman. Imprisoned, like you, in Bodiless Limbo.

I was called to a haunting in Metropolis. Trapped here—ensnared by some kind of Ecto-technology I've never encountered before.

Voices were recorded in an empty room—speaking no earthly language. Voices of Scientists, Maniacs, Ghosts of a dead planet.

I call them Vengeful Ghosts.

Ironic. These disembodied convicts survived Krypton's destruction. Irony is another name for 'God,' Superman.

This Phantom Zone was used as a prison by the People of My Home Planet Krypton.

In case you'd forgotten, I've been dematerialized, stranger. But if Xa-Du could get out of here—then so can I.

But Superman could hear, far off in the mortal world, the grinding of immense, weighted doors...
And he knew that time, as ever, was in short supply.

**Ah-hhh**

**This world,**

**SO weak,**

**SO vulnerable.**

**What about Krypto?**

**He acts as if he can see me.**

**He smells you—it's how he found you across light-years.**

**Xa-Du relies on an Ecto-suit powered by pure consciousness.**

**Consider this a battle of spirits, of absolute will.**

**Seize control of the Ecto-suit, open the portal, and be ready to cross over when you do.**

**But the others followed the dog to you.**

**There's something about his collar...**

**He promised to protect me.**

**I won't just leave him here.**

**There's no other way.**

**You can only open the portal once and for you.**

**You say.**

**I'll find a way to get him out.**

**A foolish man who walks an endless road: a man who took the silver and betrayed the gold.**

**Now I try to put things right.**

**You must go, Superman—Xa-Du is insane and the world is ill-prepared.**

**Who are you, stranger?**
What force could move a monster from its path?

Simply the force of a conviction so strong it scarcely matters whether or not it's true.

Xa-Du was seized, gripped, by a sudden belief that somehow, inevitably, the best in us will triumph over the worst.

That in the end, against all the odds...
Good is stronger than evil.

My suit!

What have you done?
I can’t go back!
Don’t make meeeeee eee!

Hard... to... move...
Air... like glue...

You’re controlling the suit in the material world!
Use it, Superman!
We’ll hold off the others!

Must... reach...

One step.
Two.
And with a single slam of his fist—

—Superman was free.

And so the ghost dog waited and waited—long after even the Stranger had gone.

Krypto waited and waited for what felt like a thousand years—for Kal-El, his Kal-El, had promised he would return.
And Kal-El never broke a promise...

S: JINH!

KL-DO'S HAND WAS A KRYPTONIAN A.I.!

IT REMEMBERED YOU!

THAT'S IT.

HOLD ON, BIG FELLA.

DON'T DIE, KRYPTO.

I WON'T LET YOU DIE.
COMIC: OH, BOY. STAY WITH ME. YOU FEEL THAT?

THAT'S THE SUN. BIG YELLOW SUN. YOU LIKE THAT?

THAT'S MY GOOD BOY. YOU'RE HOME WHERE YOU BELONG.

WHO'S THE BEST DOG IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE?

And all was well for a boy and his dog. But it was Halloween, after all...
When the forces of darkness are never far away.

In fact—

—they had never been closer.

YOU WANT OUT OF HERE.

And each new day brought them closer still.

YOU WANT REVENGE. SO LET’S YOU AND I DEAL.

Next: Superman: Mission to Mars
Some things are the same no matter where you go.

It doesn’t much matter what city you’re in—

Helix interweaving 97% complete.

--Or what year it is--

--Or whether the sunlight on your face is yellow, orange or red.

The imprinted strand will create an unbreakable bond.

--Or whether the sunlight on your face is yellow, orange or red.

Helix interweaving complete.

Success?

We shall know in a moment, dear.
ONCE UPON A TIME...

THERE WAS A BOY AND HIS DOG.
FROM THE START, THE BOY AND THE DOG WERE BEST FRIENDS.

CONFIDANTS.

WHENEVER THE TWO WERE SEPARATED--

--THE DOG WOULD WAIT FAITHFULLY FOR THE BOY’S RETURN. HIS NOSE PRESSED UP AGAINST THE GLASS.

PARTNERS IN CRIME.

THICK AS THIEVES.
STILL, WHEREVER THE BOY WOULD GO—

—THE FAITHFUL DOG WOULD FOLLOW.
WHEN THE BOY WAS FEELING LOW--

--THE DOG WAS THERE.
WHEN THE BOY WENT OFF EXPLORING—

There's a ghost watching over you. There's a white dog. —The dog was right beside him.
AS THE BOY Grew, EMBARKING ON THE ADVENTURES BOYS HAVE—

--THE DOG WAS BY HIS SIDE--

--DOING HIS BEST--

--TO PROTECT THE BOY FROM HARM.
Yet, if the dog could talk, he'd tell you that, late at night—

when all was still—

—and the walls between worlds were at their thinnest—

—that was the time the dog loved the best.
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