THE MULTITUDE IS HERE--

TO PASS JUDGMENT ON EARTH!
EVERYBODY! INTO DOME 2!

MY BOOK!
MOM!
JUST LEAVE IT!

PROFESSOR CHANDRA!
HURRY!

THERE’S SOMEONE
WHO IS THAT?

WHO IS THAT?
GET OUT OF THERE!

CHANDRA’S STILL INSIDE!

SAM, DON’T!

THIS IS ACHERON BASE CAMP!
CAN SOMEONE HELP US?
CAN ANYONE HEAR US?
THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE!

MACHINES... CONSTRUCTION MACHINES FROM ANOTHER WORLD...

THEY'RE TEARING DOWN AND REBUILDING EVERYTHING!

CAN SOMEONE HELP US?

CAN ANYONE HELP US?

CLARK?
Clark, are you in here?
Huh?
IT’LL BE OKAY.
EVERYTHING’S GONNA BE OKAY.

THIS IS WHAT MY ASTHMA FEELS LIKE.

THE POWER CORE’S BLOWN OUT. LIFE SUPPORT’S CRASHING.

WE DON’T HAVE MORE THAN AN HOUR.

NOBODY COULD HAVE HEARD US.... NO ONE CAN GET TO US IN TIME.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DAD?

WAIT! DO YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT IS THAT?
SUPERMAN'S MISSION TO MARS

GRANT MORRISON WRITER  RAGS MORALES PENCILLER
MARK PROBST INKER  BRAD ANDERSON COLORIST  STEVE WANDS LETTERER
MORALES & ANDERSON COVER  STEVE SKROCE & JASON KEITH VARIANT COVER
WIL MOSS ASSOCIATE EDITOR  MATT IDELSON EDITOR
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
They've stopped building—at least for now.

They arrived before dawn, Superman. They've been using Acheron base as raw material for the last ten hours. Building that out there.

MetaLexs. They're xeniformers.

Alien construction machines, programmed to build a new home for a race that no longer exists. They've sent scouts to Earth before.

My husband, Sam, was in Forest Dome 3 when they broke through. Superman. Professor Chandra too. And there was someone else...

The air in there is converting to carbon dioxide and sulfuric acid--!

I'll find them. And I'll get you all safely home. I promise.

Tell them we're the same as they are! We're trying to make Mars more like Earth. Tell them we can share it and learn from each other!
That's not gonna work on Superman.

Guys. There's something really weird--

A U.H.F. signal--like singing--
WOHH!

Mom, did you see that?

Guys, Mitch, honey... I need someone to take a look at this.

I need...

Someone to take a look at this.
I gave them your message, Noah.

They gave me your dad back.

I didn't see any sign of a third person, though.

Dad!

I saved this.

I gave them your message, Noah.

They gave me your dad back.

I didn't see any sign of a third person, though.

Dad!

I saved this.

We're not out of the woods yet.

The Metaleks have been running from something that destroyed their home planet centuries ago.

It's coming this way, folks. And if we can't stop it...

Earth is next in the flight path.

The Multitude.
"I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS FOR A LONG TIME. PLANET EARTH WAS NUMBER 205 ON A LIST."  

"EVERYBODY STAY CALM. I HEAR IT ON 800 MEGAHertz-LIKE A CHOIR SINGING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE--"  

"--BUT I KNOW MY FATHER STOPPED THEM ONCE BEFORE ON MY HOME PLANET KRYPTON."

"THE MULTITUDE?"  

"THEY SAY WHAT HE DID WAS IMPOSSIBLE."  

"HE FIGURED IT OUT."  

"WHAT DID HE DO?"

"THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO. WE'RE GOING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE."
THERE ARE HUNDREDS...THOUSANDS...
MITCH, THEY'RE COMING OUT OF NOWHERE.
WHAT'S COMING?
WHAT ARE THEY?
OH GOD...OH MY GOD, THEY LOOK LIKE-LIKE-

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE CAN HELP SUPERMAN.
DEFEND YOURSELVES AS BEST YOU CAN.
I'M GOING BACK OUT THERE TO SEE EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.

WHAT IS IT?
I LOVE YOU, NOAH.
FROM EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

TAKE CARE, SUPERMAN.
There are so many... like locusts, devouring everything in their path! Too many.

I’m still only one man.

You promised we’d be okay! It’s easy for you, Superman—you can survive anything! What happens to us?

Ellie!

No, he promised.

We’re up against something we barely understand. There’s no way out of this!

That’s not what Superman says, Mom.

Tell her, Superman.

“There’s always a way.” When the odds are impossible—do the impossible.
My father figured out something no one else ever did. The multitude can't be fought singly.

So he did something impossible.

Professor Chandra!

The terraforming array can output 10 gigawatts of power, am I right?

Can we generate a scalar field extending into the 5th dimension?

Impossible in three dimensions, that is. In three dimensions, this fork is one single, solid object, right?

But when it interacts with a two-dimensional surface—like the cover of your journal, Noah—

It's not a race of beings—the multitude is all one thing—

A single weapon with countless points aimed at us from a higher, 5th dimension.

We have to hit all of them, at the same time.

It's possible the word you're looking for. Our power connection got severed. We can't turn on the array.

You'd have to unify gravity and electromagnetism. No one's ever been able to do that.

But even Einstein... Superman thinks so—

Right?
Sure we can.
Run the current through me...

10 gigawatts. In God’s name, not even you can survive that!

Superman!

Nooo...

Did it work?

...Dr...
THEY'RE GONE. IT'S LIKE THEY WITHDREW INTO NOTHING.
OKAY, LET ME GET YOU PEOPLE OUT OF THIS SITUATION.

SUPERMAN, I SWEAR THERE WAS SOMEBODY ELSE IN DOME 3.
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

THERE WERE ONLY TEN OF US.
HOW COULD THERE BE SOMEONE ELSE?

STAY CLOSE.
IF THERE'S ANYONE HERE, I'LL FIND HIM.

THAT'S NOT TRUE.
I SWEAR.

THERE WERE ONLY TEN OF US.

IT'S OKAY, FRIEND. YOUR DIGNITY'S INTACT.
LET ME GET YOU OUT OF THERE.

WHELP AT LAST!

OH, SUPERMAN. HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
LEAVE THE M ANIMALS ALONE!

OR WHAT?

I'VE BEEN PIPPIN' INTO YOUR SMELLY LITTLE BARNYARD WORLD FOR A LONG, LONG TIME--MAKING DEALS. NOW I'M HERE TO CONCLUDE MY BUSINESS WITH YOU, BOY.

STOP IT! LEAVE THEM ALONE!

HUNHUN HUNHUN

NOAH! SUPERMAN!

S/ MELL/V LITTLE BARNVARP I NOW IW HER WORLP FOR A LONG, LONG TIME--MAKING BUSINESS WITH YOU, BOY.

UHHHHHHHSSS HAPPENNNNN

SUPERMAN!

UHHH-PUHSHH MU SSSS
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
STOP THIS.
YOU STARTED IT.
YOU THINK I'M SCARED OF YOU?

I'LL TEACH YOU FEAR!
I'VE BEEN HERE MUCH LONGER THAN YOU HAVE.
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS.

WHAT, SUPERMAN? YOU'RE THE ULTIMATE LOSER!

GUESS WHAT, SUPERMAN?

LAYING TRAPS.
GATHERING SERVANTS.
SETTING YOU UP FOR THE FALL OF A LIFETIME.
YOU SMUG LITTLE MAN-GOD!

NEXT: SUPERMAN AT THE END OF DAYS
THOUGHT CANNONS, MULTIPHASE QUANTUM BLADES, ENCEPHALOBOTS.

I'VE STARTED TO THINK THESE GUYS REALLY ARE FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION.

FOOLISH MAMMALS! ARE YOUR PRIMATE BRAINS INCAPABLE OF COMPREHENDING THE MAGNITUDE OF THE THREAT YOU FACE?

YIELD--AS THIS ENTIRE WORLD SHALL YIELD--TO THE RULE OF N'RRESSSHKT THE CONQUEROR!

WELD--AS THIS ENTIRE WORLD SHALL WELD TO THE RULE OF N'RRESSSHKT THE CONQUEROR!

I SEE WOULD-BE CONQUERORS DON'T TALK ANY LESS IN OTHER PLANES OF REALITY.

MAYBE, AQUAMAN, BUT THEY'RE NOT ANY LESS DANGEROUS EITHER.

NICE SAVE--

--BUT DON'T YOU HAVE SOMEWHERE TO BE?
HUH? WELL, YES, BUT... IT DOES SEEM LIKE I'M NEEDED HERE.

WHAT, TO FIGHT AN ALIEN ARMY OUT TO DOMINATE THE WORLD WITH A LETHAL ARSENAL OF EXTRADIMENSIONAL WEAPONS? WE GOT THIS. YEAH, DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

GO.
RIGHT ASCENSION:
TWELVE HOURS, TEN
MINUTES, 5.6 SECONDS
DECLINATION: NEGATIVE
FIFTEEN DEGREES,
FOUR MINUTES, 15.66
SECONDS?

THESE CAN'T
BE THE RIGHT CO-
ORDINATES. ALL OF THE
WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL
TELESCOPES FOCUSED ON
THE SAME SPOT—WITH
NOTHING INTERESTING
THERE?

NO TIME FOR
THAT, STEVE!
COME ON—ALL
THE PLANETARIUM LAB
STAFF IS SUPPOSED TO
BE IN THE THEATER
NOW!

OKAY, OKAY!
I'M COMING! WHAT'S
THE BIG RUSH?

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT...

SHOLLY FISCH writer
CHRIS SPROUSE penciller
KARL STORR inker
DOMINIQUE BELLART colorist
STEVE WANDS letterer
WILL MCGEE editor
MATT EDISON group editor

Special thanks to DR. NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON
SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
NASA's Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter caught these images of Mars last week. That red streak there is you.

Thank you, Lisa. But our guest is a busy man. Let's let him do what he came here to do.

Doctor Tyson

And this cloud of dust here must be from your battle a few minutes later.

The Metaleks.

Tonight of all nights, Superman—please call me Neil.
We've arranged something special tonight. Usually, when you visit, the best we can do is draw inferences from fluctuations in starlight from stars in the Corvus constellation. But this time, data from telescopes all over the world are being fed right here.

All over? That must have been a huge effort.

Please, after all you've done for the world? The whole astrophysics community felt it was the least they could do.

I don't get it. What's Superman doing here, anyway? Are we in some kind of danger?

Take it easy. He comes here every 382 days, like clockwork.

Really? Why?

Isn't it obvious?

Every 382 days? On a regular cycle?

He's waiting for a particular orbital period.

Yup.

We call the star LHS 2520. Superman calls it RAG.

He's looking for a glimpse of home.
“That’s Krypton’s Sun? You mean our telescopes can actually see the planet Krypton, Tom?”

“You—You’re essentially have a giant telescope with a mirror as big as the Earth!”

Theoretically, anyway, but it’d never work! A supercomputer would take years to integrate so much data and assemble an image! The interferometry alone—

“Twenty-seven light-years away? Not really, I guess Superman’s super-vision can’t either.

“But if you could combine data from one hundred telescopes at different locations around the world—”

“You’d never have a supercomputer with a mirror as big as the earth!”

“Theoretical, anyway, but it’d never work! A supercomputer would take years to integrate so much data and assemble an image! The interferometry alone—

“Twenty-seven light-years away? Not really, I guess Superman’s super-vision can’t either.

“But if you could combine data from one hundred telescopes at different locations around the world—”

“You’d never have a supercomputer with a mirror as big as the earth!”

“Well, Steve, then it’s lucky we don’t have a supercomputer—

We have Superman.”
THAT—THAT’S KRYPTON? BUT HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

I THOUGHT KRYPTON WAS DESTROYED WHEN SUPERMAN WAS A BABY!

“SO?”

OH, RIGHT! TWENTY-SEVEN LIGHT-YEARS FROM EARTH!

MM-HM. SUPERMAN’S ROCKET ARRIVED SOONER THROUGH A WORMHOLE. BUT LIGHT FROM KRYPTON IS STILL REACHING EARTH NOW—

EVEN THOUGH THE PLANET’S BEEN GONE FOR DECADES.

NOT A BAD ANALOGY. IT’S PROBABLY TRuer THAN YOU REALIZE, STEVE.

DOCTOR TUSON! OH SEEZ, I’M SORRY, WERE WE BEING TOO LOUD?

RELAX, YOU’RE FINE. BUT YOU HAVEN’T THOUGHT THIS ALL THE WAY THROUGH.

HOW OLD WOULD YOU SAY SUPERMAN IS?

I DUNNO. LATE TWENTIES. I GUESS?

WHY?
KRYPTON EXPLODED ROUGHLY TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

THOSE ARE THE IMAGES THAT ARE JUST REACHING EARTH NOW.

THE PLANET KRYPTON HAS BEEN GONE FOR YEARS.

"BUT AS FAR AS SUPERMAN IS CONCERNED--"

"--TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT KRYPTON DIED."

THE END
THE MULTITUDE IS HERE---

TO PASS JUDGMENT ON EARTH!
The multitude is here...

To pass judgment on Earth!