



775  
MAR 01

KELLY  
MAHNKE  
BERMEJO  
ALQUIZA  
ROYAL

2001  
13

# SUPERMAN IN ACTION COMICS

WHAT'S SO FUNNY 'BOUT

TRUTH,  
JUSTICE  
& THE  
AMERICAN  
WAY?



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TIM  
BREAD-  
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**5:00 A.M.** METROPOLIS  
LOCAL TIME.

...BREAKING  
STORY THIS MORNING --  
A MAJOR TERRORIST  
ACTION TAKING PLACE  
IN LIBYA --

**8:02 A.M.** OVER THE  
ATLANTIC OCEAN.

...THE  
GENETICALLY  
ENHANCED **!SKRTT!**  
-- HAS ATTACKED THE  
**!ZZKRT!** TRIPOLI  
WITH HEAVY  
ARTILLERY --

**11:03 A.M.** MADRID  
LOCAL TIME.

(... HUNDREDS OF  
TROOPS CONVERGING.  
HEAVY COLLATERAL  
DAMAGE EXPECTED.  
THE LIBYAN ARMY --  
WAIT... SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING --) ♥

TRANSLATION -- ED

**12:04 P.M.** TRIPOLI  
LOCAL TIME.

«Dear God  
in Heaven... what  
have they done?  
What have they  
done?»



(...SUDDEN  
APPEARANCE  
OF A THIRD  
PARTY...)

(...POWER  
ON THIS SCALE...  
OBLITERATED BOTH  
THE CREATURE AND  
THE LIBYAN DEFENSIVE  
TROOPS! I -- I CANNOT  
BELIEVE WHAT I  
JUST SAW --)

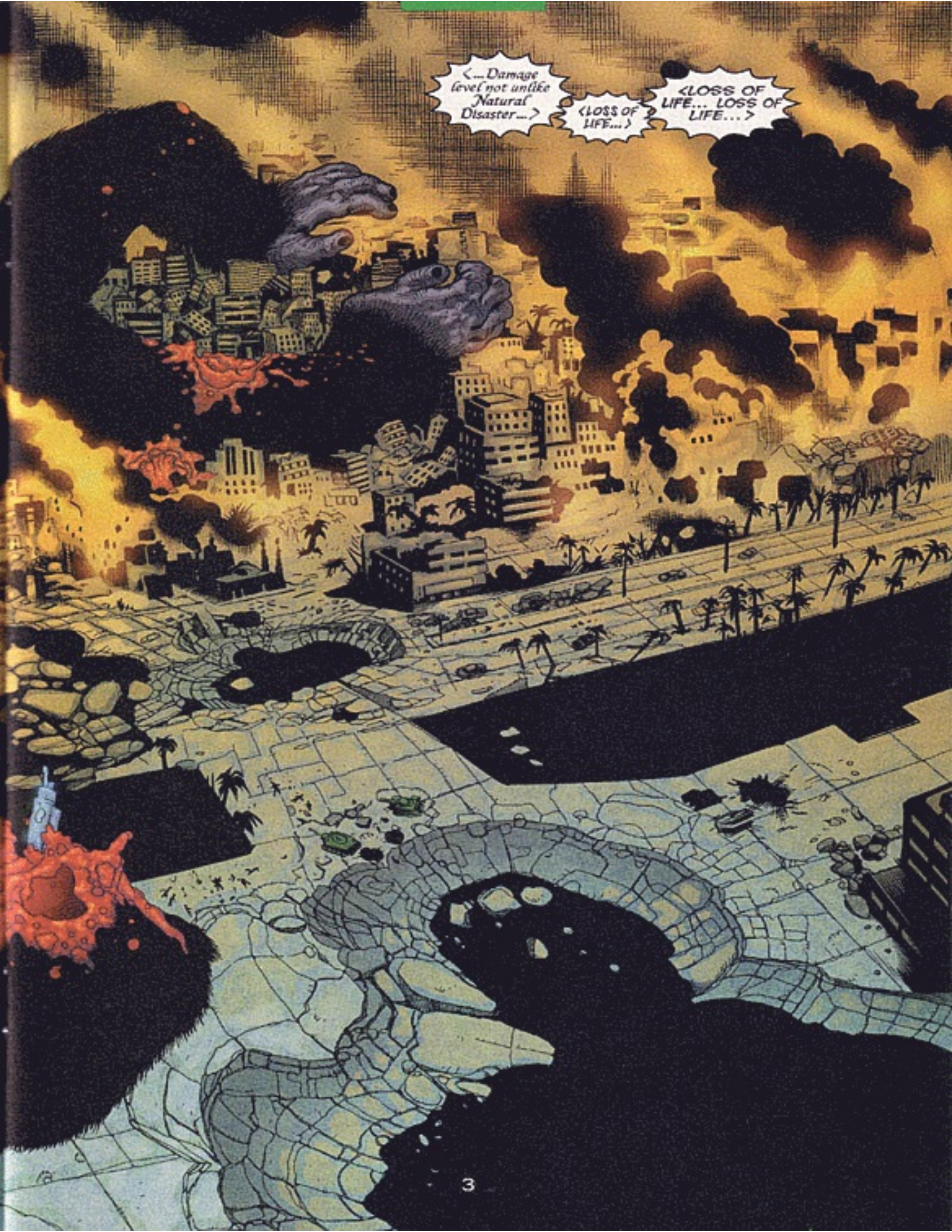




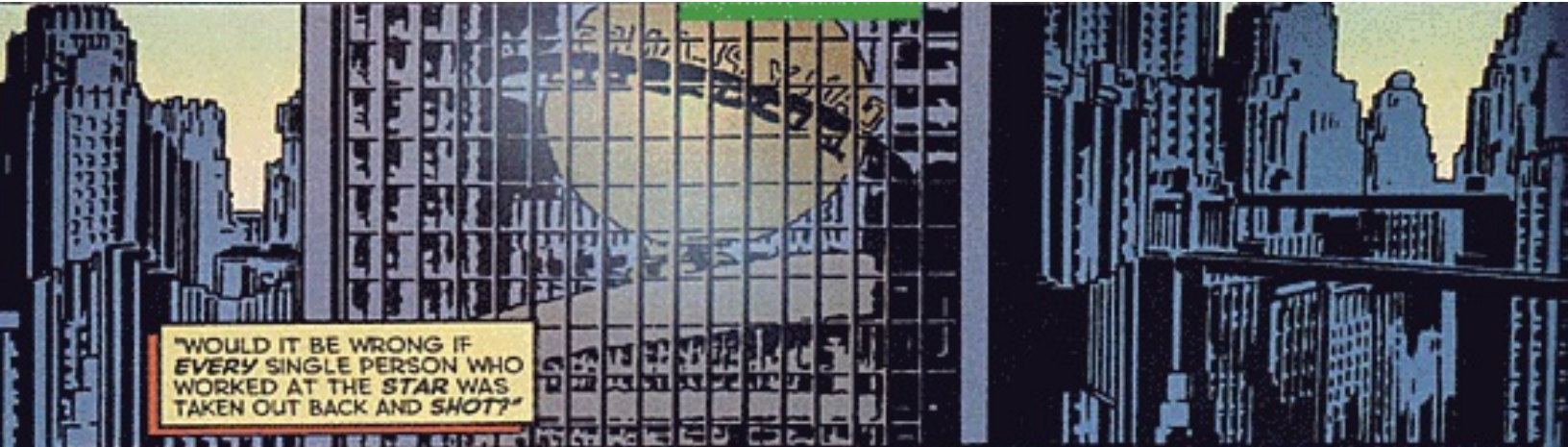
<... Damage  
level not unlike  
Natural  
Disaster... >

<LOSS OF  
LIFE...>


<LOSS OF  
LIFE... LOSS OF  
LIFE... >








"WOULD IT BE WRONG IF EVERY SINGLE PERSON WHO WORKED AT THE STAR WAS TAKEN OUT BACK AND SHOT?"



"AT 12:04, TRIPOLI SHOOK, AND GAVE BIRTH TO FOUR SMALL GODS CALLED THE ELITE --?"

SOMEONE GET ME A BUCKET AND AMMUNITION. PLEASE.



FOUR MINUTES. ALL THAT DESTRUCTION -- AND THEN POOF. GONE. NOT A SNAPSHOT OF THE BUNCH --

BUT THEY SURE MANAGED TO NAME-DROP, DIDN'T THEY? CAN ANYONE SAY "CALCULATED P.R."?

"THE ELITE SAVES TRIPOLI." I'M SURE THE FAMILIES OF TWO THOUSAND SOLDIERS FEEL "SAVED."

DAYS LIKE THIS, I REALLY, REALLY WISH I KNEW MORE SWEAR WORDS.

STICK AROUND, JIMMY... IT'S EARLY AND I HAVEN'T HAD ANY SUGAR --, LOIS, WHAT'S CLARK READ FROM THE FIELD? WHY'S HE SO QUIET OVER THERE?



YOU KNOW... HE'S JUST... PROCESSING IT ALL, PERRY.





"MANCHESTER BLACK, APPARENT LEADER OF THE GROUP, TOLD A LIBYAN GENERAL, THE OLD WAYS ARE DEAD. TRUST ME, IN LESS THAN A YEAR, YOU'LL LOVE ME FOR THIS..."

THEY FORGOT TO MENTION HE FOLLOWED THAT UP BY SEVERING THE MAN'S LEGS AT THE SHINS USING ONLY HIS MIND.

READERS OF THE STAR PREFER THEIR HEROES BOLD, BUT NOT GORY. CALL IT GOOD TASTE.

WHO SAID THAT? WHO THE HELL SAID --



DRESSED A LITTLE WARM FOR LIBYA, NO? YOU NEED HELP CHANGING INTO SOME SILK BEDSHEETS --

NAME'S JACK RYDER... AS IN A RIDE TO PARADISE--

-- HEY, KENT, DON'T BOGART THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TELECASTER. THE STAR PAID FOR HALF THE AIR TIME.



FINISHED YOUR ARTICLE, JACK. IT'S SO SLANTED A CARPENTER COULDN'T FIX IT. HOW CAN YOU PORTRAY THESE MURDERERS AS HEROES?

BOBO HAHA AND THE KHADAFI-O'S WERE ABOUT TO TAKE OUT HALF OF TRIPOLI PLAYING MONKEY IN THE MIDDLE.



THE ELITE STOPPED IT COLD. PERIOD. SMELLS LIKE HERO TO ME.

THAT SITUATION COULD HAVE BEEN CONTAINED WITHOUT A SINGLE LIFE LOST! SUPERMAN COULD HAVE --



SUPERMAN? THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT -- "ENOUGH MONKEY BUSINESS, GUYS. I'M TAKING YOU AND YOUR TERRORIST CHUMS DOWNTOWN FOR A SPANKING --"

AND THREE MONTHS LATER, IT WOULD HAPPEN ALL OVER AGAIN.



THE WORLD IS SICK AND BROKEN, KENT. PEOPLE WANT SOMEONE TO FIX IT, NOT HAND OUT SLOGANS AND BANDAGES.

THE AGE OF SUPERMEN IS OVER. VIVA THE ELITE.



"DIRECT-TV POLLING  
REVEALS A CURIOUS  
TREND AMONG THE  
POPULACE, SIR.

"ACROSS PARTY LINES,  
SOCIOECONOMIC  
BRACKETS AND RACIAL  
GROUPS -- EXCLUDING  
LIBYANS, OF COURSE --  
THERE'S A THIRTY-TWO  
PERCENT APPROVAL RATING  
OF THE ELITE'S ACTION.

"OUR PEOPLE ESTIMATED THAT  
NUMBER WOULD BE HALF."

CONVERSELY, NATO, OPEC, THE U.N. AND  
THE REST ARE DEMANDING A RESPONSE  
TO THIS "FASCISTIC ACT OF  
BRUTALITY."

OF COURSE,  
THEY'RE SCREAMING  
THIS FROM BEHIND CLOSED  
DOORS. EVERYONE'S ON  
HOLD FOR A STATEMENT  
FROM YOU, SIR.

MMM,  
WHAT AM  
I LOOKING  
AT?

TECHNICALLY  
SPEAKING, SIR?  
A POWER  
DISCHARGE OF  
**BIBLICAL**  
PROPORTIONS.

THE ONE  
CALLED **COLDCAST**  
BLINKED HIS EYES AND  
SHORTED FIFTEEN  
SATELLITES FROM  
THREE HUNDRED  
MILES OUT.

MS. WALLER,  
THESE P.M. SCALE  
READING'S RIVAL  
**SUPERMAN'S**,  
DON'T THEY?

SIR, HE'D  
NEED A **JETPACK**  
AND THE **SPACE**  
**SHUTTLE** TO EVEN  
CONSIDER A  
SCORE THAT  
HIGH.

INDEED...

THE PALMER METAHUMAN  
SCALE -- ED.

THE INSTANT THE ELITE  
LOOK CROSSWISE AT  
AMERICAN CITIZENS,  
WE WILL TURN  
THEM INTO **CAT**  
**FOOD**.

UNTIL THEN... THESE...  
"PEOPLE" TEND TO MIX  
WITH THEIR OWN. METAS  
FIGHTING METAS FOR  
**BRAGGING RIGHTS**.  
WE HAVE SOME  
TIME.

RELEASE SOME  
STATEMENT **CONDEMNING**  
VIOLENCE IN ALL OF ITS HORRIBLE  
FORMS, AND MEANWHILE...

...WE WAIT  
AND SEE WHO'S  
STANDING WHEN  
THE **SMOKE**  
CLEARS.



"WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN NATIONS. WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN TREATIES OR BOUNDARIES OR CLASSES OR POLITICS..."

"THERE ARE THE GOOD GUYS, NAMELY US, AND THERE ARE THE BAD GUYS --"

"NAMELY ANYONE WHO TREATS ANYONE ELSE LIKE TRASH TO FURTHER THEIR OWN PETTY AIMS."

"YOU ASKED FOR US, WORLD. NOW YOU GOT US. BE GOOD, OR WE'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE WITH A FIFTY-MEGATON CLOUD-SEEKING CLUSTER BOMB. LOVE, US."

THE ELITE'S "MANIFESTO," DOWNLOADED INSTANTANEOUSLY INTO EVERY PC IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE ONES IN HARD ISOLATION BENEATH THE PENTAGON.

LUCKY US, KRYPTONIAN COMPUTERS SEEM TO BE IMMUNE TO SELF-SERVING RHETORIC.

NOTHING. NO VISUALS. NO REFERENCE POINTS... THEY LEFT NOTHING. EITHER THE ELITE ARE RIDICULOUSLY LUCKY --

-- OR THEY'RE REALLY, REALLY GOOD.

THEY'RE DOWNLOADING DATA VIA POST-DIMENSIONAL PROBABILITY RUNNEL...

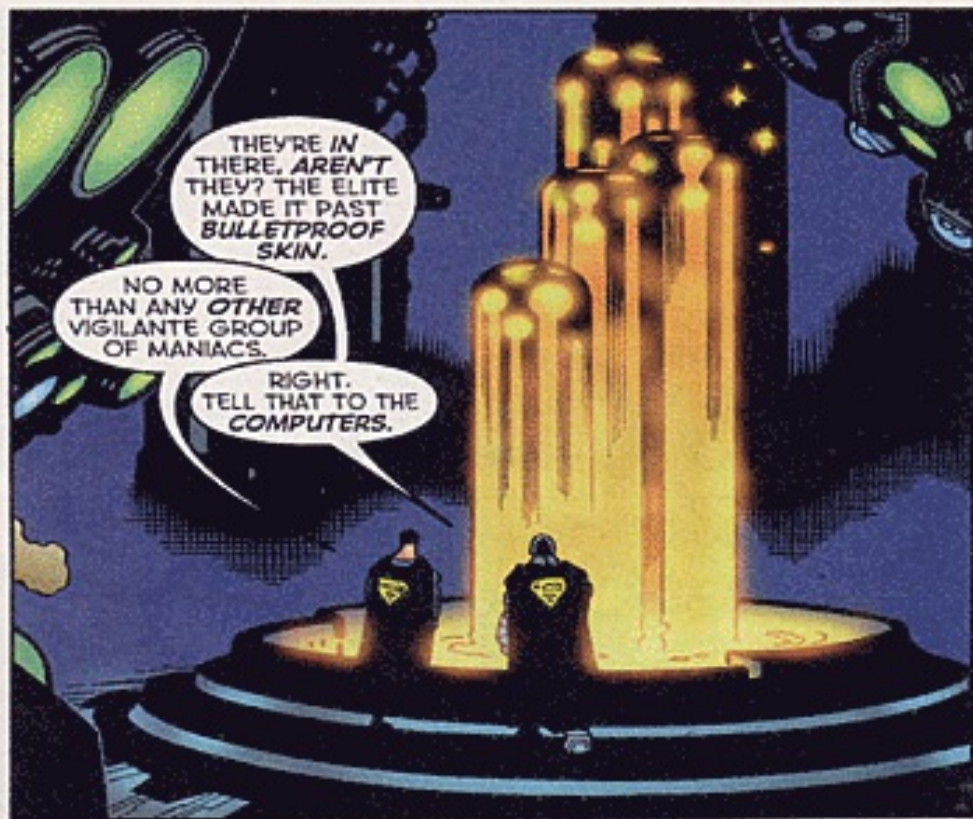
...AND TOSsing AROUND ENOUGH POWER TO IGNITE A SUN --

-- "GOOD" IS TOO SMALL FOR THEM. THEY'RE A FORCE OF... NATURE...?

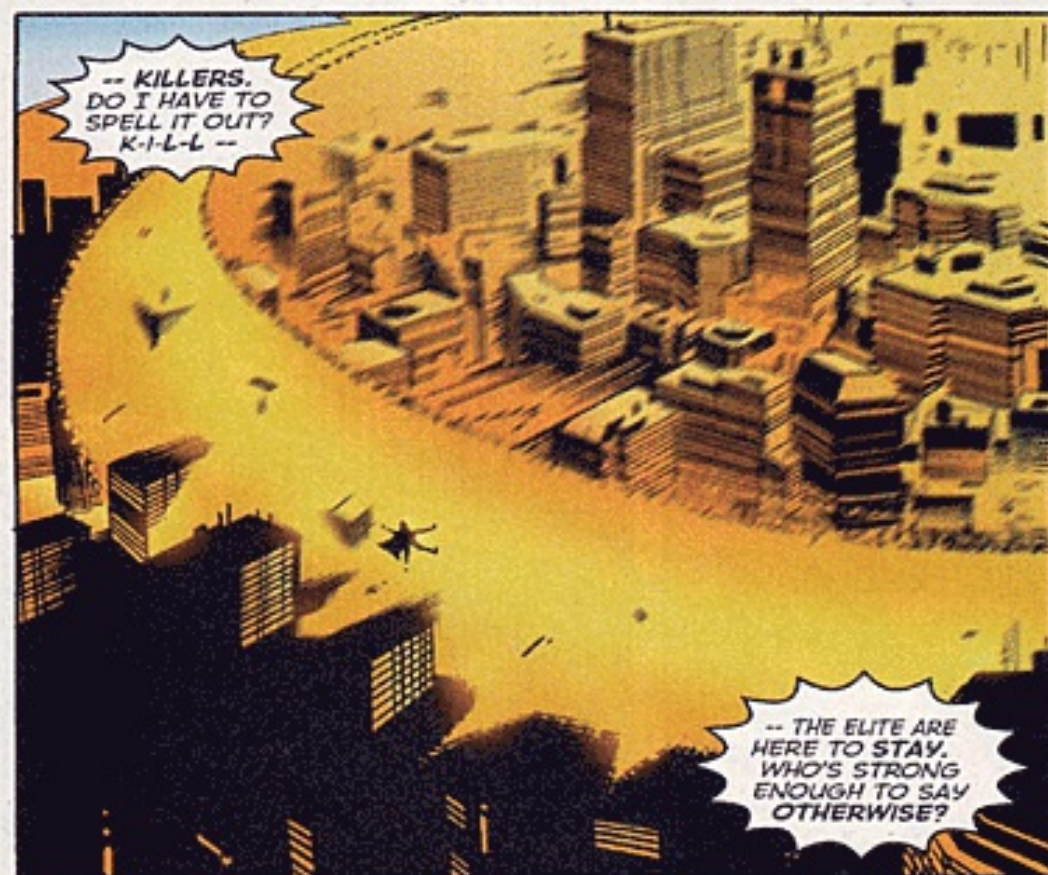
SO IS THE BUBONIC PLAGUE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT A "GOOD GUY."

WHOA... KAL...?

















D-DON'T THINK HEARD ME. I DIDN'T... HEAR ME.



HEAD THICK. CAN'T -- SEE SPOTS. SEE NOTHING.



WAIT.



IS SOMEONE SCREAMING?



W-WHO'S THERE? I CAN'T --



SMELL. RUBBER AND CUT GRASS. WHO'S FIGHTING?



BODY...  
WORK. WHY  
WONT IT --

(COWARDS!  
ANIMALS! FACE  
ME IN THE OPEN  
AND BE CUT DOWN  
LIKE THE DOGS  
YOU --)

SKREEEEEE

THERE. HEARD A  
VOICE. MOVING.  
CAN SEE --

TINK  
TINK  
TINK

OH MY  
GOD...

NOT  
POSSIBLE... NOT  
POSSIBLE.


WOOF,  
MATE.

NO!

SKTUSCH!

NO.





WHAT? WANTED  
US TO **SAVE** ONE  
FOR YOU? SHOULDN'T  
HAVE TAKEN SUCH A  
LONG **LIE DOWN**,  
THEN, MATE.

KIDDING,  
**BIG FANS**, REALLY.  
HOW'S ABOUT WE GO  
KICK SOME **TIRES**  
AND TELL SOME  
**LIES**?





HIGH-FREQUENCY NEUTRINO WASH. THOUGHT IT WOULD DROP THEM, BUT THE HONEY WITH THE AURA HAD THEM SHIELDED. MY BAD. HE'S ALL CLEAN, 'CHESTER.



THE SAMURAI ROSHU WERE GENETICALLY ACCELERATED METAS FRONTING FOR AN ISOLATIONIST GOVERNMENT FACTION --

-- ANOTHER THREE SECONDS AND THEY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE TURNED TOKYO INTO A GIANT SUSHI BOAT.

SO THEY HAD TO DIE?

THAT OR WATCH A LIVE RERUN OF HIROSHIMA, ONLY WITH BLOKS WHO CAN TURN YOUR GUTS INSIDE OUT WITH THEIR EYES.



"ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS." CLEVER. WHAT'S NEXT, "WIR BRAUCHEN LEBENSRAUM"?

LEMME GUESS. STILL CRANKY AFTER COLDCAST STOPPED YOUR ELECTRONS FROM FLOWING.

YOU'RE FORGIVEN. LET'S START OVER.



THIS IS HOME. A BACTERIA COLONY BY BIRTH, "BUNNY" BECAME A FLOATING FORTRESS WHEN WE SHANGHAIED HER TO THIS UNIVERSE.

SPOILS OF WAR. THE REST OF HER KIND WERE ON THE LOSING END OF A CIVIL ACTION. GUESS WHO CAPTURED THE FLAG?

WE THINK SHE HAD THE CAPACITY TO FEEL LOSS, SO WE JETTISONED HER HEART A FEW YEARS BACK. SEEMED THE HUMANE THING TO DO --

I DON'T WANT A TOUR. I WANT YOU TO STOP.



FOR A BLOKE WHO  
SPORTS A CAPE,  
VER NOT VERY  
JOLLY.

YOU'RE GETTING PEOPLE  
KILLED. I DON'T CARE IF  
THEY'RE TERRORISTS OR  
ARMED REBELS, IT'S  
NOT RIGHT. THIS  
HAS TO STOP.

NO,  
ACTUALLY...

THAT HAS TO STOP. EVERY TIME  
WE WIN A BATTLE, THE HAT  
FALLS DOWN KNACKERED. IT'S  
A REPRESSION ISSUE,  
I THINK.

I CAN  
SAY THAT. I'M  
A FIFTEENTH  
JAPANESE  
MYSELF.

YOU'RE MURDERING PEOPLE, AND  
CALLING YOURSELF "HEROES!"  
THIS IS NOT THE WAY THE  
JOB GETS DONE!

WATCH  
IT --

BLACK!

GOOD POUNDING THE SNOT OUT  
OF EVIL IN BRIGHT TIGHTS. NO  
QUESTIONS. NO "GREY  
AREAS."

IT WAS A  
PERFECT BLOODY  
DREAM FOR A BOY WHO  
LOST A MOTHER TO LUNG  
CANCER AN' A FATHER  
TO ADOLF.

'AN THEN  
I WOKE  
UP.

MASKS ARE FOR HIDING. CAPES ARE  
FOR PLAY. "VILLAINS" DON'T SHARE  
THEIR PLANS BEFORE THEY  
SMOKE YOU --

--'CEPT IN CAMPAIGN  
SPEECHES. OR THE PULPIT  
OR IN FRONT OF THE  
CLASSROOM.

FUNNY.  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
PEGGED YOU FOR  
JEALOUS.

YOU  
MAY NOT  
BELIEVE  
THIS...  
...BUT  
AS A KID, I  
USED TO LOVE  
"HEROES..."  
...THOUGH  
I NEVER USED  
THE WORD  
FOR US.

REALITY IS  
A MITE BLOODIER  
THAN SITCOMS OR  
COMICS. THE GREYS  
STRETCH OUT  
FARTHER.



I'M NOT AN IDIOT, BLACK. I KNOW THERE ARE BAD MEN IN POWER AND THE WORLD IS NOT AN EQUITABLE PLACE --

-- BUT YOU CAN'T THROW MORALITY IN THE GARBAGE JUST BECAUSE LIFE'S TOUGH!

"LIFE'S TOUGH...?" FANCY TALK, "STRANGE VISITOR FROM ANOTHER PLANET."

TRY EATIN' YER OWN DOG TO SURVIVE, CAUSE YER SISTER LOST 'ER HANDS IN A SWEATSHOP.

WE'RE HUMAN BEINGS WITH THE POWER TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, DOIN' WHAT ANY NORMAL PERSON WOULD, GIVEN THE CHANCE.

WE'RE SCRAPING THE EARTH FREE OF SCUM, AND THEY LOVE US FOR IT.

IT SHOULDN'T BE THAT WAY, YOU KNOW IT --

I DRAGGED YOU UP HERE AS A COURTESY, LUV. YOU WERE THE FIRST. THE "BEST."

EVIL SCIENTISTS, BOGEY-MEN, GIMPS IN TIGHTS WHO WANT TO "RULE THE WORLD," FROM NOW ON THEY'RE YOURS --

-- AND THE REST ARE OURS. TO DO WITH AS WE SEE FIT.

NOW BE A GOOD LITTLE DREAM AND SAY, "I UNDERSTAND, MISTER BLACK."

I WILL NOT LET YOU CONTINUE THIS. STOP IMMEDIATELY, OR --

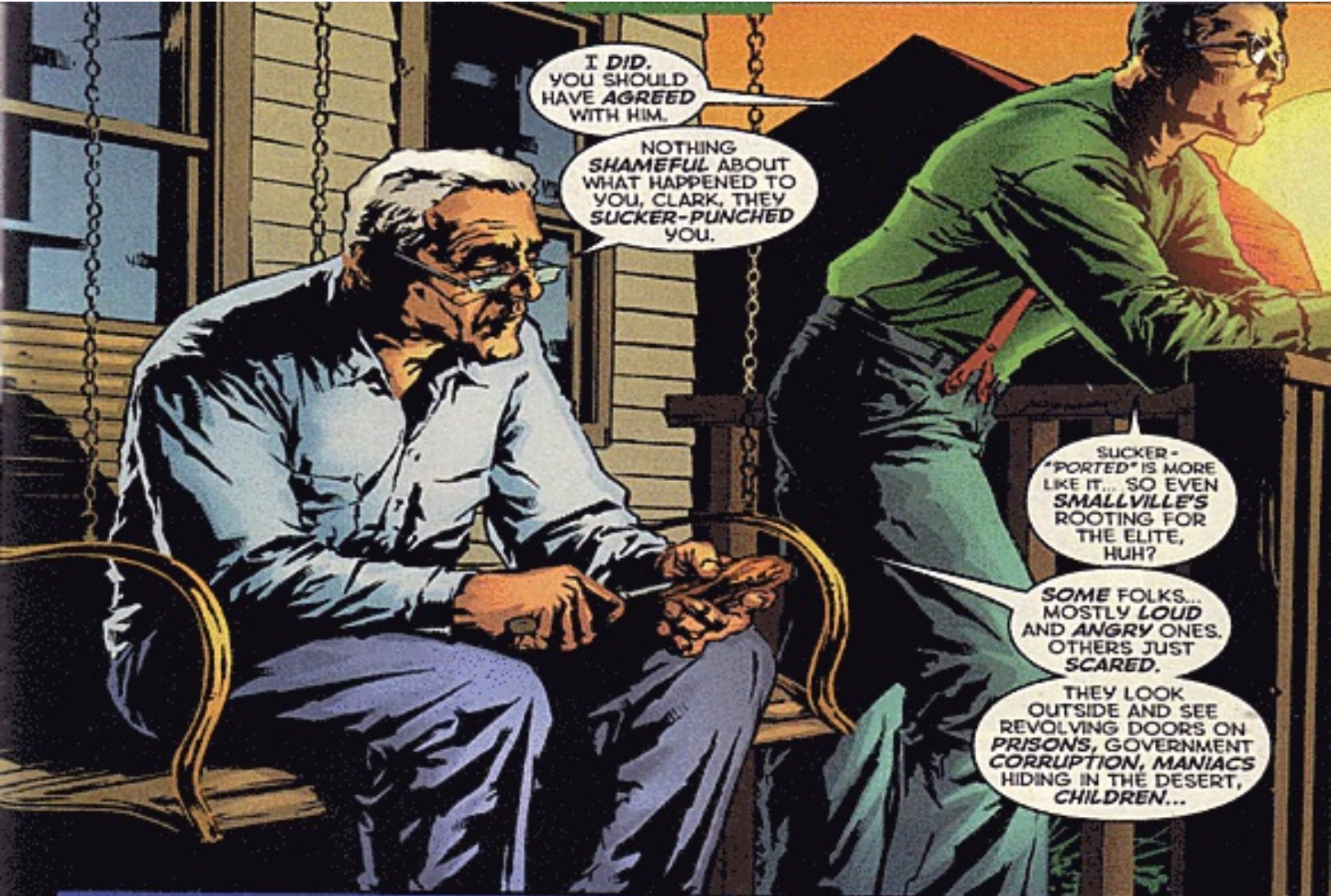
I'll...

FAT AL'S USED CARS AND TRUCKS

FAT AL'S  
SUPER  
SALE

"BEEN A LOT OF TALK, 'ROUND HERE. NOT ALL OF IT GOOD. ACTUALLY, MOST OF IT BAD. HAD TO PUT A SLAP ON BEN FARNSWORTH ON ACCOUNT HE SAID YOU LOOKED LIKE A FOOL."





I DID.  
YOU SHOULD  
HAVE AGREED  
WITH HIM.

NOTHING  
SHAMEFUL ABOUT  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
YOU, CLARK, THEY  
SUCKER-PUNCHED  
YOU.

SUCKER-  
"PORTED" IS MORE  
LIKE IT... SO EVEN  
SMALLVILLE'S  
ROOTING FOR  
THE ELITE,  
HUH?

SOME FOLKS...  
MOSTLY LOUD  
AND ANGRY ONES.  
OTHERS JUST  
SCARED.

THEY LOOK  
OUTSIDE AND SEE  
REVOLVING DOORS ON  
PRISONS, GOVERNMENT  
CORRUPTION, MANIACS  
HIDING IN THE DESERT,  
CHILDREN...

WELL, WHAT  
HAPPENS TO  
CHILDREN THESE  
DAYS... GETS  
ANYONE'S  
BLOOD UP.

SOMETIMES  
"TRUTH, JUSTICE,  
AND THE AMERICAN  
WAY" JUST DOESN'T  
MAKE THEM FEEL BETTER.  
THEY WANT EASY  
ANSWERS. QUICK  
RESULTS.



SO IS BLACK  
RIGHT? THE BEST WAY  
TO FIGHT DEMONS IS TO  
BECOME ONE, BECAUSE  
IT'S FAST, EASY AND THERE  
ISN'T A MORAL CODE TO  
MEASURE UP TO ANYWAY?

'COURSE NOT, CLARK,  
BUT YOU CAN'T JUST  
TALK T'SOMEONE LIKE  
THAT. YOU HAVE TO  
TEACH HIM THERE'S A  
BETTER WAY, LEAD  
BY EXAMPLE.

MM.  
WORKED FOR  
BETTER MEN  
THAN ME...



AND IF  
IT DOESN'T, YOU  
CAN ALWAYS KICK  
THEM FROM HERE TO THE  
HIGH HOLY LATER, RIGHT?

CLARK?

YOU CAN  
BEAT THEM IF  
IT GOES THAT  
WAY, CAN'T  
YOU?

CLARK?















JUST A FEW MORE-- **HNNGH!**



FINE. I'M NOT IN A CHATTY MOOD EITHER. LET'S JUST WRAP THINGS UP.

GRAVITY, DO YOUR THING--



NO!  
NOO!

THE SOLVENT!  
THE SOLVENT!  
HELP!

--AND I'LL DO MINE.



THE KLEE-TEES ARE FROM A DESERT PLANET WHERE WATER IS CONSIDERED A POISON. THEIR "HOSTS" FORGOT THAT WHEN THEY DECIDED TO START THIS MESS.

A LITTLE RESEARCH AND A LITTLE WATER AND PROBLEM SOLVED.

YOU'LL NOTE THAT THE LOSS OF LIFE IS EXACTLY ZERO.

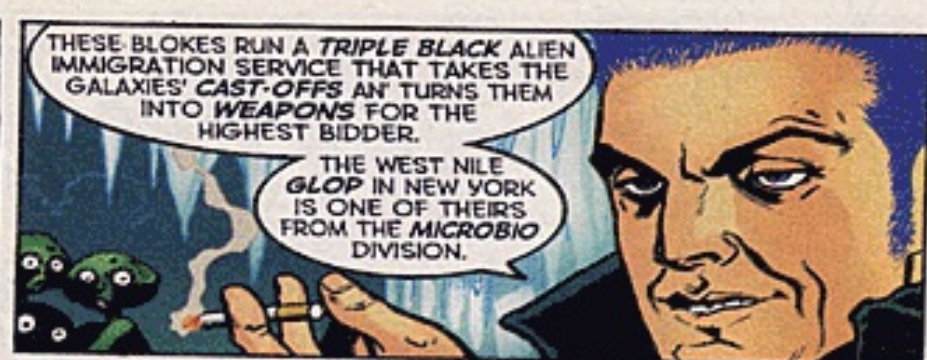


WELL, YOU SURE SHOWED US, DIDN'T YE?

WERE NOT HITTING ANYTHING? YO, I COULD BE WATCHING MONTEL--

CHILL, HAT.













WHEN?



DAWN, I GUESS. THEY'LL  
LIKE THE *DRAMA*  
OF THAT.



CLARK... WHEN I ASK YOU  
THIS... I'M ASKING AS *MRS.*  
*CLARK KENT*, OKAY? NOT AS  
AN ENLIGHTENED REPORTER  
SLASH ACTIVIST SLASH  
WHATEVER.

...  
WHY DO  
YOU HAVE TO DO  
THIS? WHY CAN'T YOU  
CALL THE JLA OR  
THE NEW GODS OR  
SOMEONE --



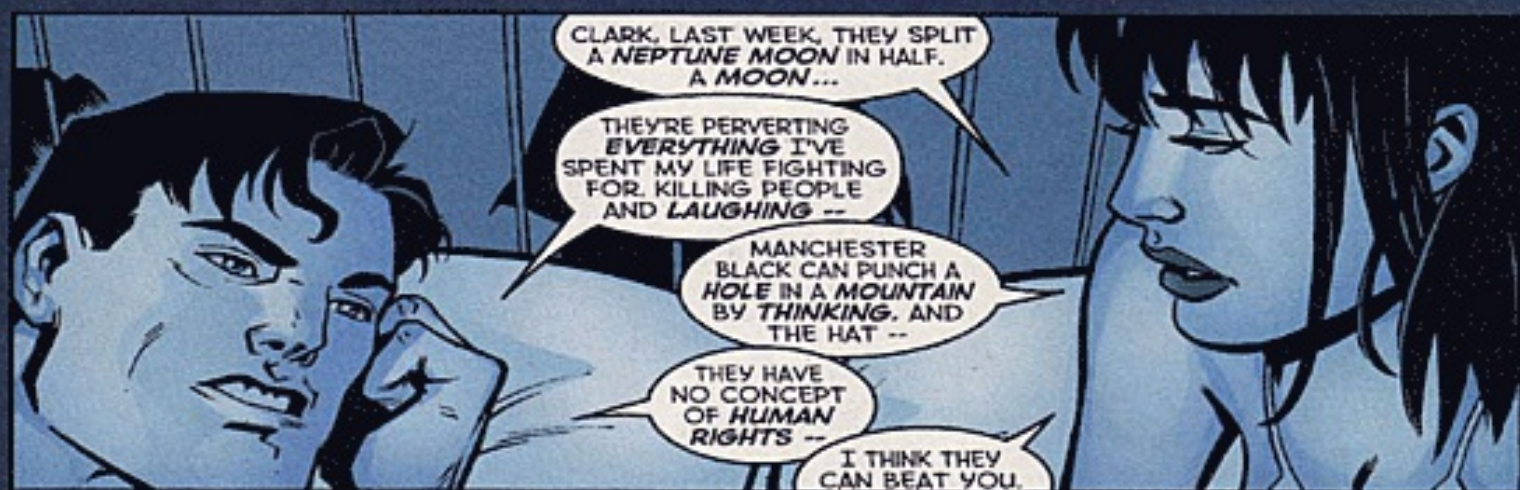
THE ELITE DIDN'T TAKE  
THE FIGHT TO THE JLA  
OR THE NEW GODS  
OR SOMEONE. THEY  
WANTED ME --



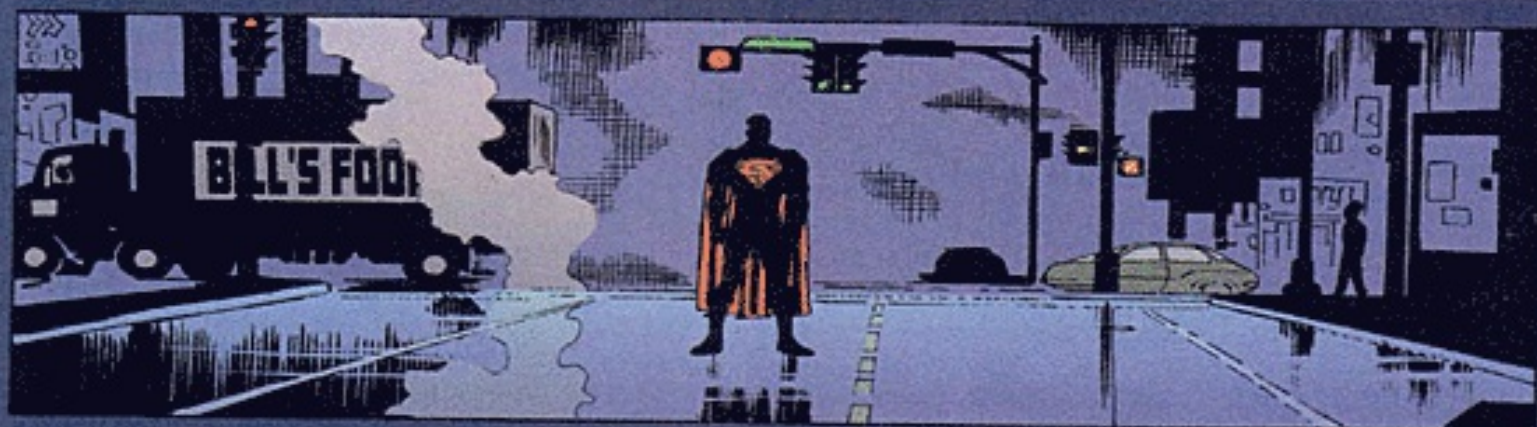
NO.  
YOU WENT TO  
THEM.



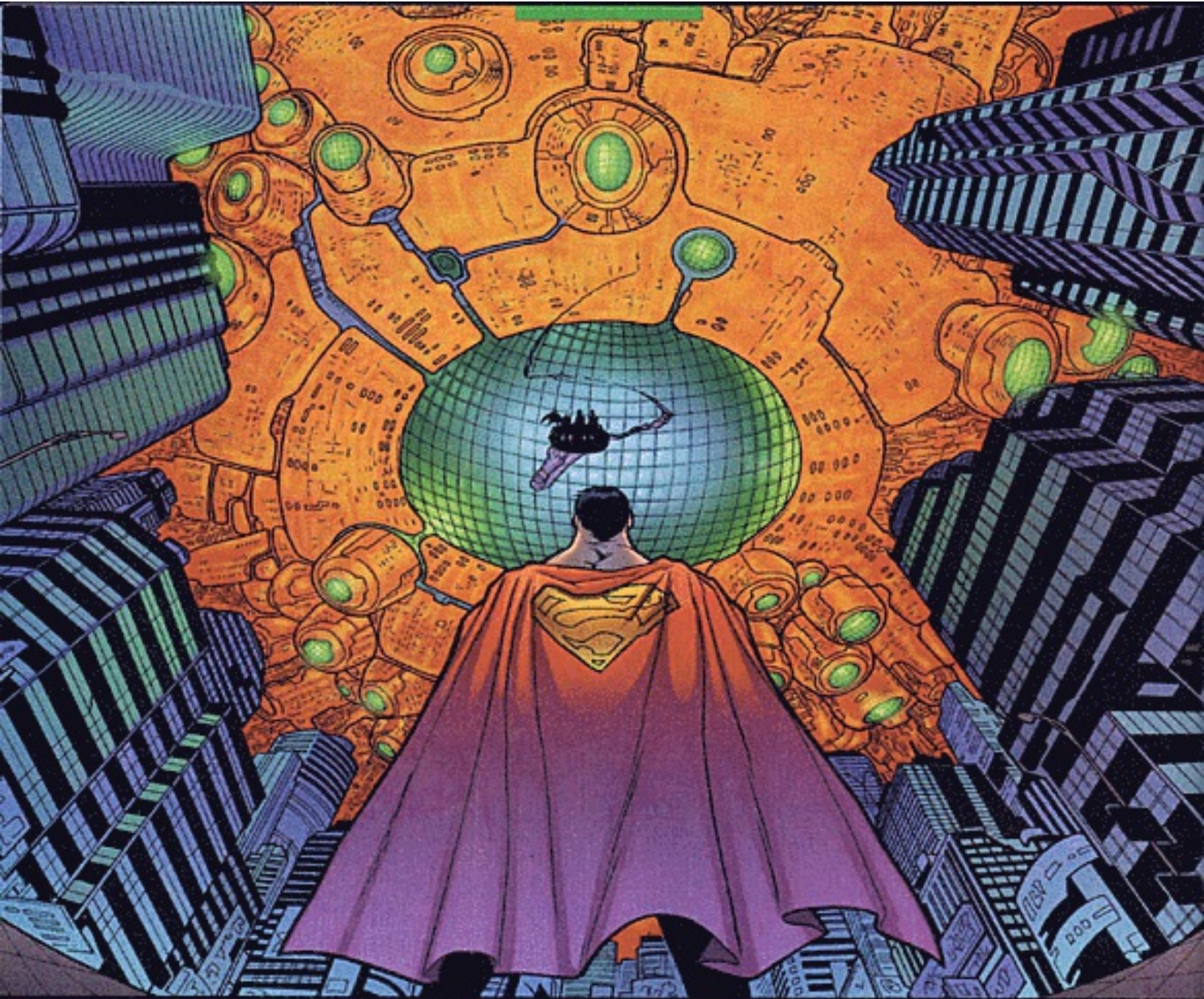












SOME PEOPLE JUST  
HAVE NO SENSE  
OF THEATER.

TIME TO WAKE  
UP, LITTLE MAN.  
THE DREAM IS  
OVER.







THE JUPITER  
MOON IO.

...ONE OF  
OUR FIRST GIGS.  
THESE **OBELISKS**  
POPPED UP ALL OVER  
THE SOLAR SYSTEM.  
TURNED OUT THEY  
WERE MEGA-OVUM  
PREPPING TO  
**HATCH** --

-- AND MOMMA  
WAS AN **ACT OF GOD**  
WITH AN ATTITUDE.  
FIGURED IF THERE WAS  
NOTHING LEFT **ALIVE**  
FOR HER TO **HATCH**,  
MAYBE SHE'D  
**STAY HOME**.

THIS ONE  
WAS THE **FARTHEST**  
ALONG. GENERATED IT'S  
OWN OH-TWO UP HERE...  
SORT OF A **CUTIE** IN A  
**DEAD ALIEN BABY**  
KIND OF WAY.

I'VE TRIED  
TO **REASON**  
WITH YOU.

I'VE TRIED  
TO SHOW YOU  
THERE IS **ANOTHER**  
WAY THAN THE PATH OF  
**VIOLENCE** YOU'VE CHOSEN.

I'M  
**BEGGING** YOU  
TO HELP ME END THIS  
WITHOUT FURTHER  
**BLOODSHED**.

**STAND**  
**DOWN**. COME  
QUIETLY WITH ME AND  
BE **JUDGED** FOR  
YOUR **CRIMES** --

-- AND MAYBE  
WE CAN ALL GET  
OUT OF THIS IN  
ONE **PIECE**.





"RULE NUMBER **ONE**...  
HE WHO HAS THE **POWER**  
MAKES THE RULES.

"NO ONE HITS ONE OF  
MY PEOPLE AND WALKS.

"THIS ISN'T ABOUT  
**LOVE**. IT'S ABOUT  
REMOVING THE  
**CANCERS** THAT  
FESTER IN US AND  
FLUSHING THEM  
DOWN THE **TOILET**.

"THE PEOPLE DON'T  
WANT BABYSITTERS  
IN **SPANDEX** TO SLAP  
THEM ON THE WRIST  
WHEN THEY'RE **BAD** --



"-- THEY WANT **SURGEONS**  
TO CUT THE UGLY BITS FROM  
THEM AND **CHARGE** THEM  
THROUGH THE **MORAL NOSE**.

"DOCTOR MANCHESTER  
BLACK AT YOUR SERVICE.



"I WANT YOU TO  
KNOW SOMETHING  
TOO. AS THIS ENDS,  
QUICKER THAN  
YOU EVER IMAGINED,  
YOU'RE THE FIRST --



"-- YOU SURE  
AS HELL WON'T  
BE THE LAST.

"BECAUSE WHEN YOUR  
COSTUMED CRONIES  
AND HANGERS-ON RISE  
UP TO 'AVENGE' THEIR  
FALLEN DREAM --



"-- THEY'LL  
GET WORSE.

"REALITY IS PAIN, BILE,  
AND DARKNESS.



"REALITY  
RULES."

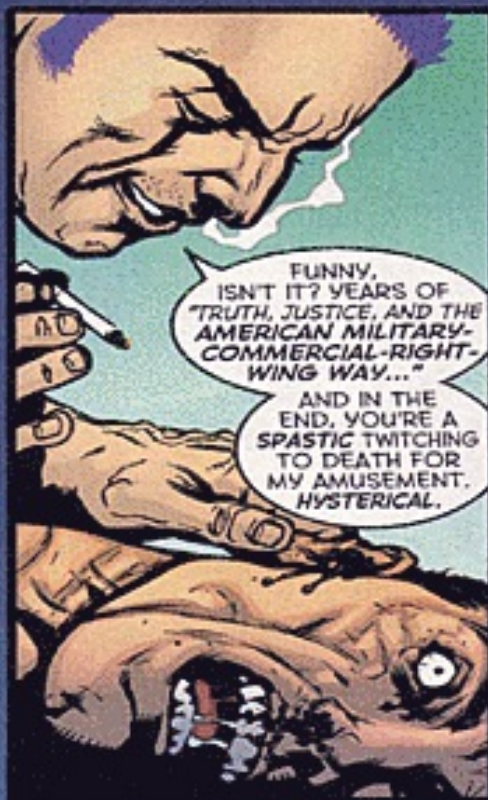
ANYONE ELSE REALLY  
REALLY HOT  
RIGHT NOW?

HOW'S YER  
HEAD?

NNGH?









"HOW IS IT THAT NO  
MATTER HOW BADLY  
YOU MASSACRE ONE  
OF THESE THONG AND  
BLANKET TYPES --"

-- SOME SHRED OF THEIR  
UNDIES STILL SURVIVES  
THE BLAST?

TROPHIES.

RIGHT.  
WHO ELSE  
HAS BUSINESS  
TO PERFORM ON  
THIS SHROUD  
BEFORE WE HANG  
IT UP? I FOR ONE  
SHOULD LIKE  
TO SCRUB  
MY --

I  
FINALLY  
GET IT,  
NOW...

THANK  
YOU.

WHAT THE  
HELL WAS  
THAT?

I'VE MADE  
THE MISTAKE  
OF TREATING YOU  
PEOPLE LIKE...  
PEOPLE...

I  
REPEAT.  
WHAT THE  
HELL --

SHUT  
IT.

CAN'T SMELL  
HIM. SCORCHED AIR.  
NO SONAR --

BUT NOW, I  
UNDERSTAND BETTER.  
I UNDERSTAND WHAT  
YOU ARE...









DEAD.

@!%#!



WIND, BIG WHUPTIE, THE HAT'S RUNEFIELD PROTECTS HIM FROM PHYSICAL DAMAGE, AND WE'RE LOCKED DOWN--

MATE, THAT WIND IS CLOCKING IN AT FIVE HUNDRED MILES A MINUTE. HIS BODY MAY NOT BE TAKING ANY HITS...



"...BUT HIS LUNGS JUST COLLAPSED FROM THE VACUUM."

"FILTHY ROT... HE THOUGHT THIS THROUGH."



IT DIES SLOW. YOU GET ME?

I'M ON IT. HOLD YOUR DENTURES. I'M GOING TO GRAVITY-HOWITZER THE BLOODY SURFACE OF THIS--



MOTHER. CRAIG?



HE TOOK A TRIP INTO SPACE AT MACH SEVEN. IF YOU HAD SUPER-HEARING, YOU'D HEAR A POP IN TEN SECONDS.

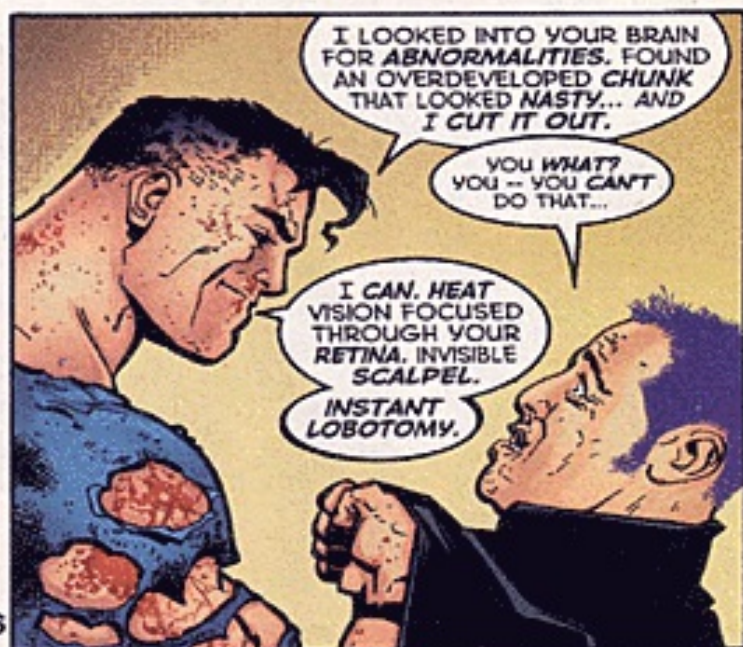
YOU KILLED MY TEAM. I'M GOING TO LIQUEFY YOUR DAMN ALIEN PANCREAS.

BEFORE YOU DO... TELL ME ONE THING...



















I  
WOULDN'T  
HAVE IT ANY  
OTHER  
WAY.

DREAMS  
SAVE US. DREAMS  
LIFT US UP AND  
TRANSFORM  
US.

AND ON MY  
SOUL, I SWEAR...  
UNTIL MY DREAM  
OF A WORLD WHERE  
DIGNITY, HONOR AND  
JUSTICE BECOMES  
THE REALITY WE  
ALL SHARE --

-- I'LL  
NEVER STOP  
FIGHTING.

EVER.

*Superman*  
created  
by  
JERRY  
SIEGEL  
JOE and  
SHUSTER

TOM  
NGUYEN  
DEXTER  
VINES

JIM  
ROYAL

JOSE  
MARZAN  
Inkers

WADY  
GRAWBADGER

WAYNE  
FAUCHER

ROB  
SCHWAGER  
Colors

THE GANG AT  
COMICRAFT  
Letters

TOM  
PALMER  
Ass't Ed

EDDIE  
BERGANZA  
Editor

"What's so  
funny about  
Truth, Justice,  
& The  
American  
Way?"

-- Clark Kent, Daily Planet,  
January 2001