



# SUPERMAN<sup>®</sup>

# THE DOOMSDAY WARS

DAN JURGENS

NORM RAPMUND



ISBN 1 56389 562 5

# He thought the terror was finally over.

Superman had imprisoned his most formidable enemy, Doomsday, at the end of time. But now, the murderous juggernaut has returned to Earth more powerful than ever. Even the mighty Justice League stands powerless against him.

Will **Superman** forsake a promise to save the infant son of his oldest friend in order to join the battle?



DIRECT SALES

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# **SUPERMAN: THE DOOMSDAY WARS**

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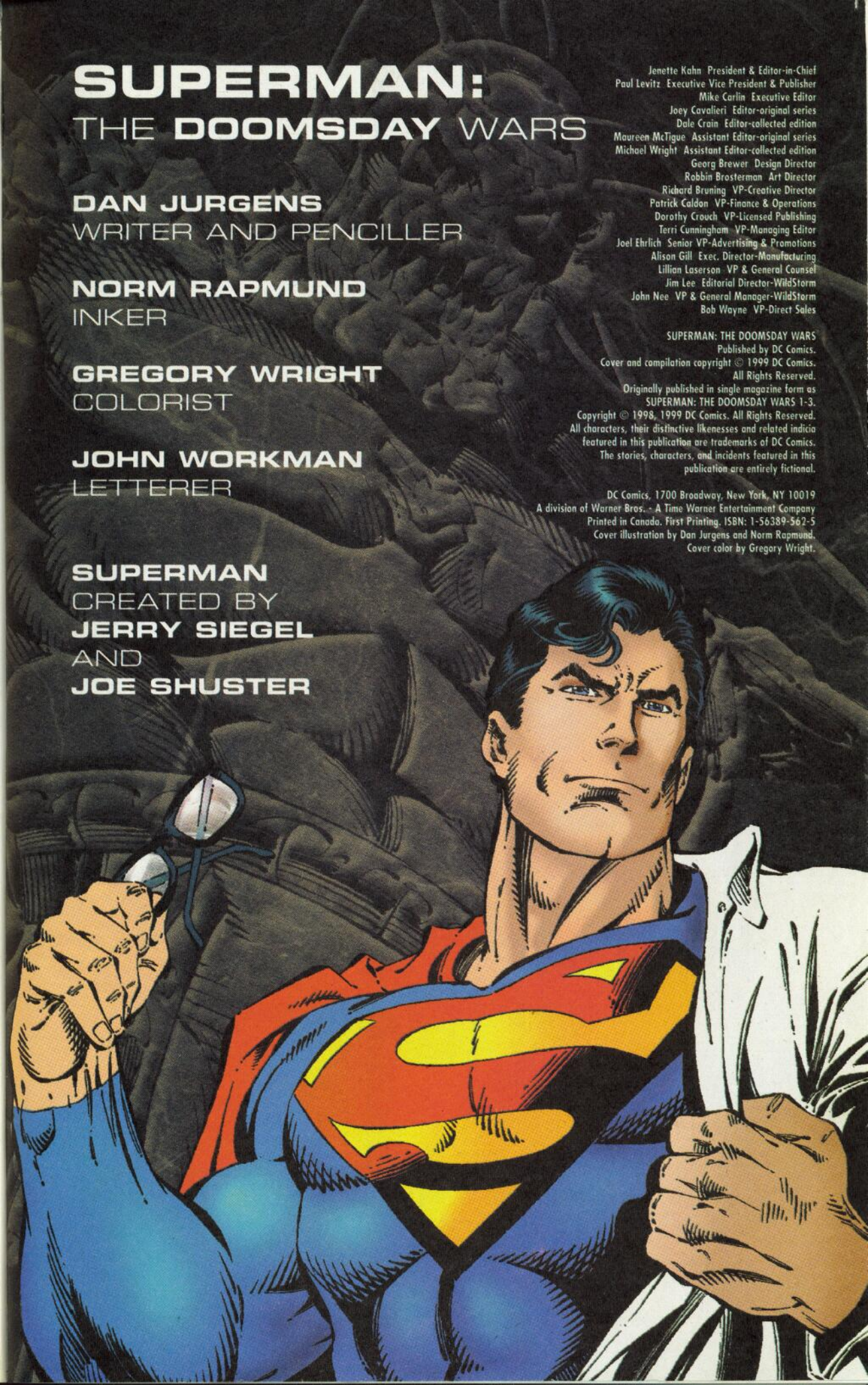
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**T**HERE ARE CERTAIN EVENTS  
IN EVERYONE'S LIVES THAT  
ARE NEVER FORGOTTEN.

MEMORIES, RECALLED WITH  
SUCH TREMENDOUS CLARITY  
THAT THEY'RE AS TANGIBLE AND  
RELIABLE AS THE MORNING  
NEWSPAPER.

DON'T KNOW WHY, EXACTLY...  
BUT ONE OF THOSE  
GALVANIZING MEMORIES  
JUST POPPED INTO MY  
HEAD.

A DARK, COLDER-THAN-  
COLD JANUARY NIGHT  
IN KANSAS.

LANA, PETE, AND I...  
WE'RE ALL ABOUT  
FIFTEEN.

OUR FIRST  
EXPERIENCE  
WITH DEATH.

IF YOU  
ASK ME, WE  
ALL OUGHTTA  
HAVE OUR  
HEADS  
EXAMINED.





I MEAN, IT'S ALREADY 24 DEGREES BELOW ZERO, CLARK!

PICK-UP'S HEATER IS ABOUT AS USEFUL AS A SHOESHINE STAND AT A NUDIST COLONY.

LOOK, IF IT WAS SUNNY AND 75, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE OUT HERE, PETE, YOU KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE!



YEAH! OUR BUTTS! WHICH ARE GONNA FREEZE STONE COLD!

DON'T BE SUCH A GROUCH, PETER ROSS!

WE'RE HERE TO HELP CLARK!

THOUGH THE WAY THIS SNOW IS PILING UP, I DON'T SEE ANY WAY WE'LL MAKE IT TO YOUR PA'S SOUTH GRAZING FIELDS!



TELL ME ABOUT IT. WORST BLIZZARD KANSAS HAS SEEN IN SEVENTEEN YEARS!

WE CAN'T LET THAT STOP US ANY MORE THAN IT STOPPED PA.

HE TOOK THE TRACTOR TO RESCUE THE HORSES OVER ON THE EAST ACREAGE.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS REALLY NECESSARY?



WITHOUT A DOUBT.

THIS STORM SNUCK UP ON US SO FAST, WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO BRING 400 HEAD OF CATTLE INTO THE BARN.  
THE ENTIRE HERD'S BEEN TRAPPED FOR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD, WATER, OR SHELTER.



SO WE SERVE 'EM UP A NICE MEAL OF HAY DU JOUR, PROVIDING WE GET THERE.

PETE'S RIGHT. THIS ROAD LOOKS COMPLETELY SNOWED IN, IMPASSABLE.

OH, WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT. IF WE DON'T, THE LIVESTOCK WILL STARVE OR FREEZE, AND THAT--



--IS COMPLETELY, TOTALLY UNACCEPT--

CLARK! LOOK OUT!

VRRROOM

WUMMFF



OH, WOW. THIS DRIFT HAS GOTTA BE EIGHT FEET HIGH.

GET THE SHOVELS. QUICK.



WE CAN DIG OUT, BUT WE CAN'T DIG THROUGH THIS DRIFT, CLARK.

SOON AS WE'RE CLEAR, WE'RE TURNING BACK.

NO WAY! IF THAT HERD DIES, MY DAD GOES BROKE!

WE CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!



CLARK, IT'S SNOWING HARDER THAN EVER! I... I THINK PETE IS RIGHT!

YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND AND YOU KNOW I DON'T WANNA LET YOU DOWN, BUD--

--BUT IF WE PUSH ON, WE'RE LIABLE TO GET STRANDED AND FREEZE OURSELVES.

WE HAVE TO GIVE UP. WE HAVE TO.



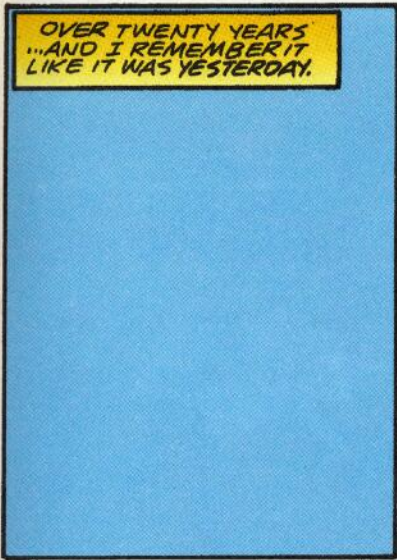


*THE ODDS WERE  
IMPOSSIBLE.*

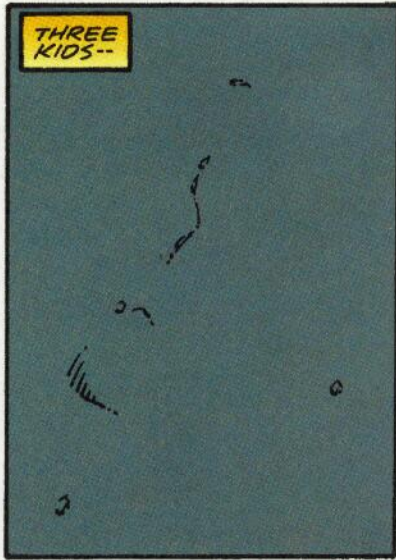
*IT WAS THE THREE OF US  
AGAINST THE WORST,  
MOST GODFORSAKEN  
BLIZZARD EVER.*

*BEFORE I HAD  
MY POWERS.*

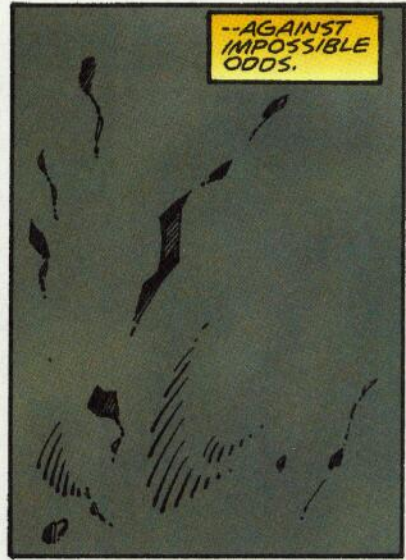




OVER TWENTY YEARS  
...AND I REMEMBER IT  
LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY.



THREE  
KIDS--



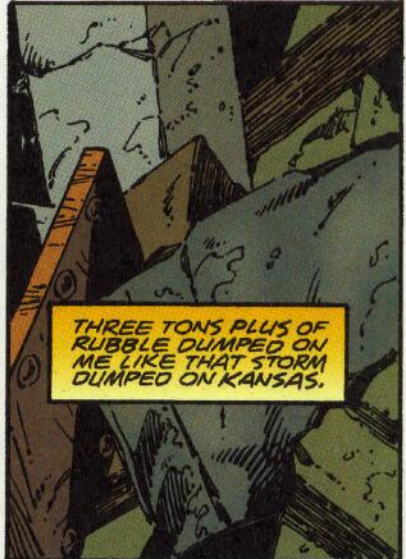
--AGAINST  
IMPOSSIBLE  
ODDS.



DAUNTING.



BUT NOT AS  
DAUNTING  
AS THIS.



THREE TONS PLUS OF  
RUBBLE DUMPED ON  
ME LIKE THAT STORM  
DUMPED ON KANSAS.



BUT THIS TIME...  
I HAVE MY POWERS.

**RUUUNNNCH**



SOME CALL ME THE  
MAN OF STEEL.

SOME, THE MAN OF  
TOMORROW.

MOST CALL ME  
SUPERMAN.

BRAINIAC!



YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME!

NO ONE TURNS MY CITY INTO A WAR ZONE--

--LEAST OF ALL YOU!!!

INTERESTING. I DON'T RECALL EVER SEEING YOU THIS ANGRY, KRYPTONIAN.



COULD IT BE BE THAT YOU'RE ACTUALLY FEARFUL THAT MY ASSAULT DROIDS WILL EXTERMINATE THESE SHEEP WHO WORSHIP YOU?

HOW VERY--

BRAMMM

WELL.

YOU ARE ENRAGED.

YOU SEEK TO WOUND, NOT KILL, OR I'D BE QUITE DONE IN.



FORTUNATELY, I NEVER GIVE IN TO HUMAN FRAILTIES AND WEAKNESSES!

NOT WHEN I CAN DO THIS!



YOU HAVE WITHSTOOD MY PSI-BLASTS BEFORE--

--BUT NOT WHEN THAT FORCE WAS DRAMATICALLY INCREASED WITH MY AMPLIFICATION UNITS!

-YARRRGH!-



SO MIGHTY.

SO PROUD.

SICKENING TRAITS THAT MAKE THIS--

--MUCH MORE ENJOYABLE.



I WANT IT TO END.

I WANT TO DIE.

I... I WANT IT TO END!

W-WANT TO DIE!



I'M IN YOUR HEAD, SUPERMAN.

YOU EXPERIENCE WHAT I WANT YOU TO EXPERIENCE.

THE PAIN IS MORE THAN YOU CAN STAND.



PAIN THAT CAN ONLY BE STOPPED WITH DEATH.

I MUST STOP MY HEART FROM BEATING.

MAKE THE PAIN GO AWAY!

NOW.



I...

MUST STOP...

--THIS SICK AND TWISTED GAME FROM GOING ANY FURTHER!

IMPOSSIBLE!  
HOW--?



DIDN'T NOTICE THIS FLESH-COLORED DISK ON MY TEMPLE, DID YOU?

FRIEND OF MINE NAMED HAMILTON INVENTED IT.

CALLS IT A PSI-BLOCKER.

YOU TRICKED ME!



YEP.

AND I INTEND TO DO A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN THAT, TOO.



WHOA!

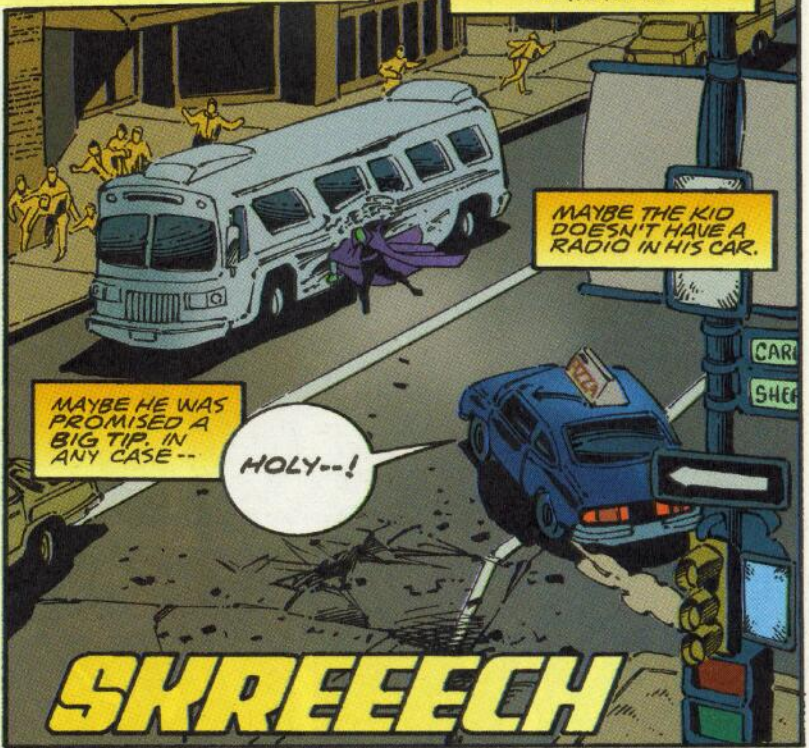
**BRASSH**

I DIDN'T PLAN WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.



CALL IT A RESULT OF CHAOS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BRAINIAC AND I HAD SPENT AN HOUR TURNING METROPOLIS INTO A CONCRETE REPAIR-MAN'S DREAM.



BY THEN, MOST PEOPLE KNOW ENOUGH TO STAY AWAY.

MAYBE THE KID DOESN'T HAVE A RADIO IN HIS CAR.

MAYBE HE WAS PROMISED A BIG TIP, IN ANY CASE--

HOLY--!

**SKREEECH**

HE DOESN'T MAKE THE TURN IN TIME.



BRAINIAC PLAYS THE ROLE OF A LIVING AIRBAG.

**BRAMMM**



--URRRKKK--

T-TO ME...

...MY BATTTLE FORCCCE...



BLAST THIS  
...METAL CAGE  
OFF ME!



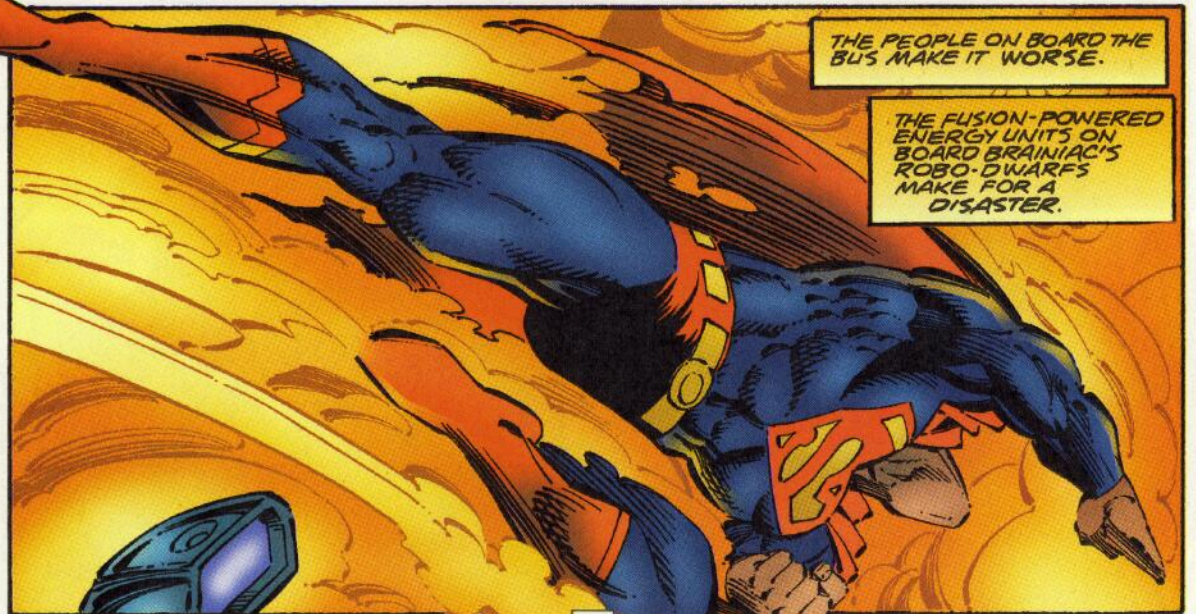
NO!  
HIS GAS  
TANK  
BURST  
IN THE  
CRASH!



TOO  
LATE!



THE FIRE MAKES  
FOR A BAD  
SITUATION.

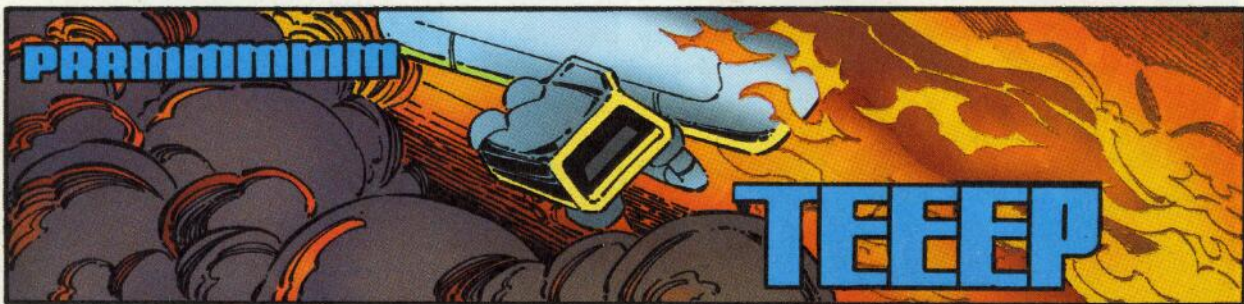
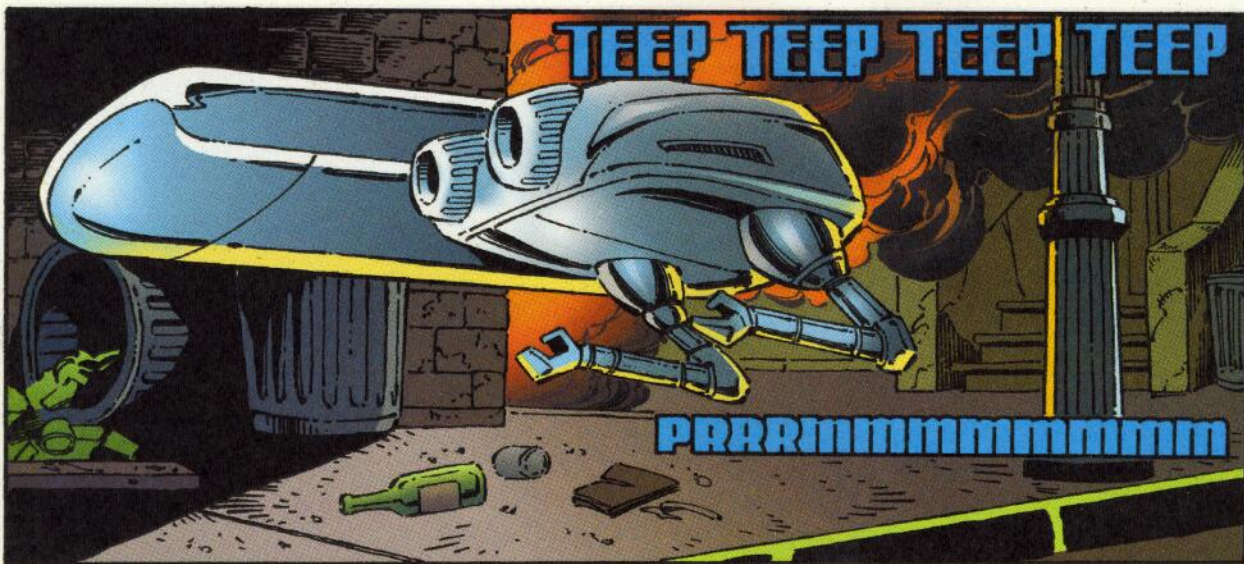


THE PEOPLE ON BOARD THE  
BUS MAKE IT WORSE.

THE FUSION-POWERED  
ENERGY UNITS ON  
BOARD BRAINIAC'S  
ROBO-DWARFS  
MAKE FOR A  
DISASTER.

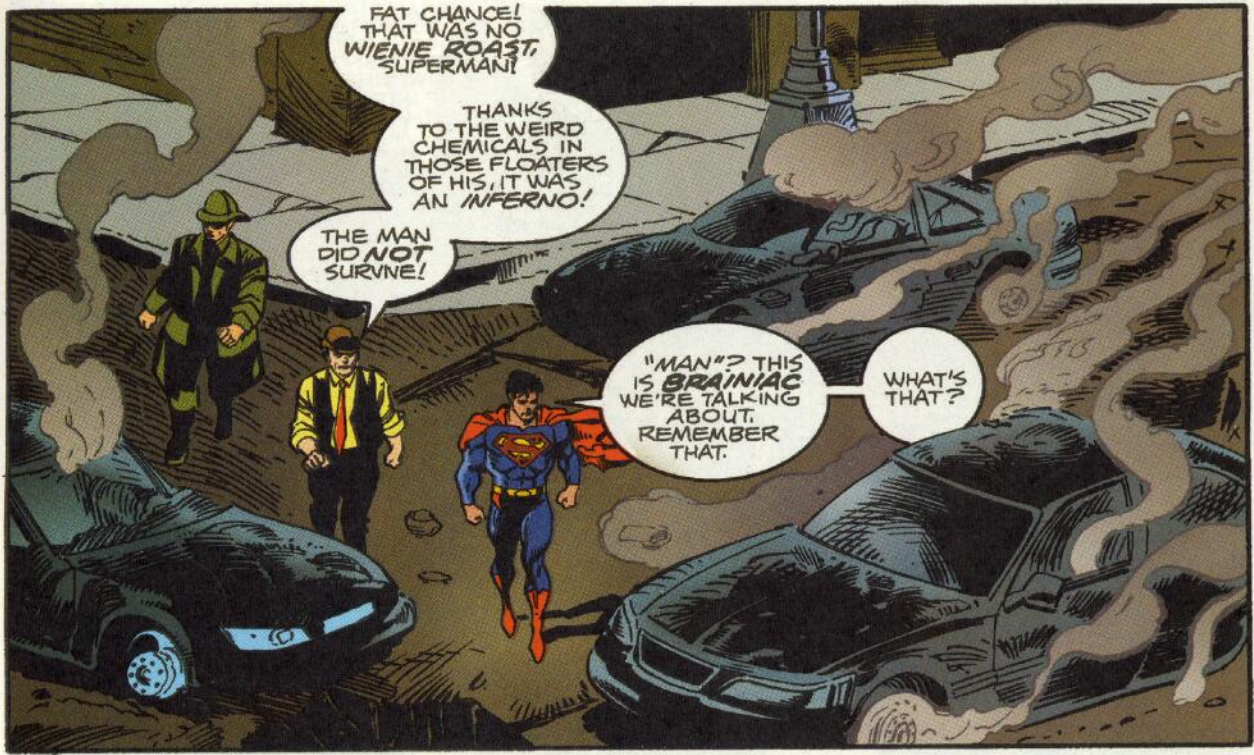






"ANY SIGN O' THE GREEN-SKINNED FREAK, SUPERMAN?"

"NO. AND UNTIL WE FIND THE BODY, I'LL HAVE TO ASSUME HE SURVIVED, TURPIN."



FAT CHANCE!  
THAT WAS NO  
WIENIE ROAST,  
SUPERMAN!

THANKS  
TO THE WEIRD  
CHEMICALS IN  
THOSE FLOATERS  
OF HIS, IT WAS  
AN INFERNO!

THE MAN  
DID NOT  
SURVIVE!

"MAN"? THIS  
IS **BRAINIAC**  
WE'RE TALKING  
ABOUT.  
REMEMBER  
THAT.

WHAT'S  
THAT?



LOOKS LIKE PART  
OF HIS SKULL CAP.  
I'LL GIVE IT TO  
**FORENSICS**.  
SATISFIED?

GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.  
HE'S DEAD.

I WANTED  
TO GET HIM  
OUT, BUT--



BUT YOU WERE TOO  
BUSY TAKIN' CARE OF  
THE PEOPLE ON  
THAT **BUS**!

WASN'T YOUR FAULT  
SOME OF 'EM NEEDED  
TO GET TO THE HOS-  
PITAL BECAUSE THEY  
INHALED THOSE  
**CHEMICALS** FROM  
THE FIRE.



YOU SAVED A  
BUS FULL O'  
INNOCENT PEOPLE,  
SUPERMAN! GAVE  
'EM **LIFE**! AIN'T  
NOTHING TO  
APOLOGIZE  
FOR!

THANKS,  
TURPIN.

I KNOW TURPIN'S  
RIGHT, OF COURSE.  
BUT I STILL FEEL A  
SENSE OF SORROW  
OVER BRAINIAC'S  
APPARENT DEATH.



THE LAST THING I'M IN THE MOOD FOR IS A PARTY.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE SCHEDULED ONE WEEKS AGO.

WHERE'S THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS, LOIS?

YEAH! THE CLARKMEISTER THROWS A PARTY AND DOESN'T SHOW! WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?



HAD A STORY TO WRAP UP, JIMMY. HE'LL BE HERE SOON.

SUPER!

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.



GOT ROOM FOR ONE MORE?

THE CLARK-MAN!

ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, CLARK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KENT? YOU AND THE MISSUS HAVE A FIGHT?

DIRK ARMSTRONG! ONLY YOU WOULD SAY SUCH A THING!



EVERY-THING OKAY SO FAR?

EVERYONE'S HAVING A FINE TIME.

EXCEPT FOR CAT.

SHE SEEMS... I DON'T KNOW... SAD.



I'M NOT SURPRISED, IT WAS A YEAR AGO TODAY SHE BURIED HER SON.

OH, MY GOSH! I HADN'T REALIZED--!

CAT, I FEEL LIKE AN INSENSITIVE MORON FOR THROWING A PARTY TODAY OF ALL DAYS! PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

NO PROB, LOIS! HELPS TAKE MY MIND OFF MY TROUBLES.

OFF ADAM.

I ADMIRE YOU, CAT. LOSING A CHILD MUST BE THE WORST TRAGEDY OF ALL.

IT'S LIKE FALLING INTO A PRIVATE HELL YOU CAN'T CLIMB OUT OF.

I BLAMED MYSELF FOR NOT PROTECTING ADAM, FOR NOT BEING THERE WHEN I HAD TO BE--

--EVEN THOUGH IT WAS THE TOYMAN...WHO KIDNAPPED HIM.

SUPERMAN DID EVERYTHING HE COULD TO RESCUE ADAM.

BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

MY MOST SIGNIFICANT FAILURE. A LITTLE BOY DIED BECAUSE I COULDN'T FIND HIM IN TIME.

SOME SUPERMAN I AM.

I DREAM ABOUT ADAM EVERY NIGHT, EVERY SINGLE NIGHT!

THE DEVIL HIMSELF COULDN'T NAME A PRICE I WOULDN'T PAY TO HAVE MY BABY BACK.



THAT MAKES TWO OF US.

OH, LISTEN TO ME! WHAT A DOWNER I MUST BE!



SO. WHAT'S THE SCOOP WITH YOU TWO? ANY LITTLE KENTS IN YOUR FUTURE?

OH, BOY.

CHILDREN? US?



OH...MAYBE SOMEDAY. YOU KNOW, I DON'T KNOW. CLARK?

WHEN I THINK OF THE LOSS YOU SUFFERED, CAT, WELL...



...I COULDN'T BEAR SUCH A THING.

IN PART, BECAUSE I ALREADY HAVE. BUT I CAN'T TELL HER HOW RESPONSIBLE I FEEL FOR ADAM'S DEATH, CAN I?



YOU TAKE LIFE AS IT COMES, CLARK. ESPECIALLY NEW LIFE.

THE FEELING YOU GET, HOLDING YOUR OWN CHILD IN YOUR ARMS--IT'S SPECIAL.

A PERSON... A LIFE... SOLELY, COMPLETELY, AND TOTALLY DEPENDENT UPON YOU,

OH, I KNOW ALL RIGHT.



I KNOW.

DIG!

SOON AS WE'RE OUT, WE PUSH ON!

WE CAN'T MAKE IT, CLARK! WE GOTTA TURN AROUND AND GO BACK!

NOT A CHANCE, LANA! PA'S DEPENDING ON ME. IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY!

CLARK-O, YOUR NUMERO UNO RESPONSIBILITY IS TO YOUR-SELF.

YOU THINK YOUR DAD WANTS YOU TO FREEZE TO DEATH OUT HERE FOR THE SAKE OF SOME DUMB OLD COWS?!

BUT THEY'LL DIE, PETE, ALL OF 'EM!

YOU DID YOUR BEST, BUD. WE ALL DID.

HOW... HOW CAN I FACE PA?!

HOW CAN I LOOK HIM IN THE EYE AND TELL HIM --

--I FAILED?







BUT WE NEED YOU HERE IN SMALL-

IT'S URGENT.

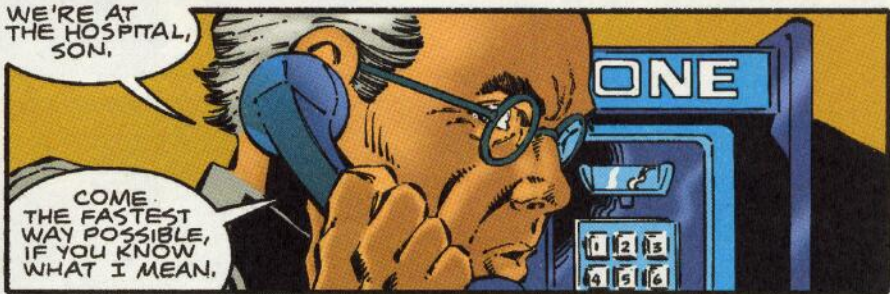
ONE THING ABOUT MY PARENTS...THEY AREN'T GIVEN TO HYPERBOLE.

A THOUSAND THOUGHTS RACE THROUGH MY HEAD, NONE OF THEM GOOD.



IF PA SAYS HE NEEDS ME, IT MUST BE SERIOUS.

I'LL ...COME WHEN I CAN.



WE'RE AT THE HOSPITAL, SON,

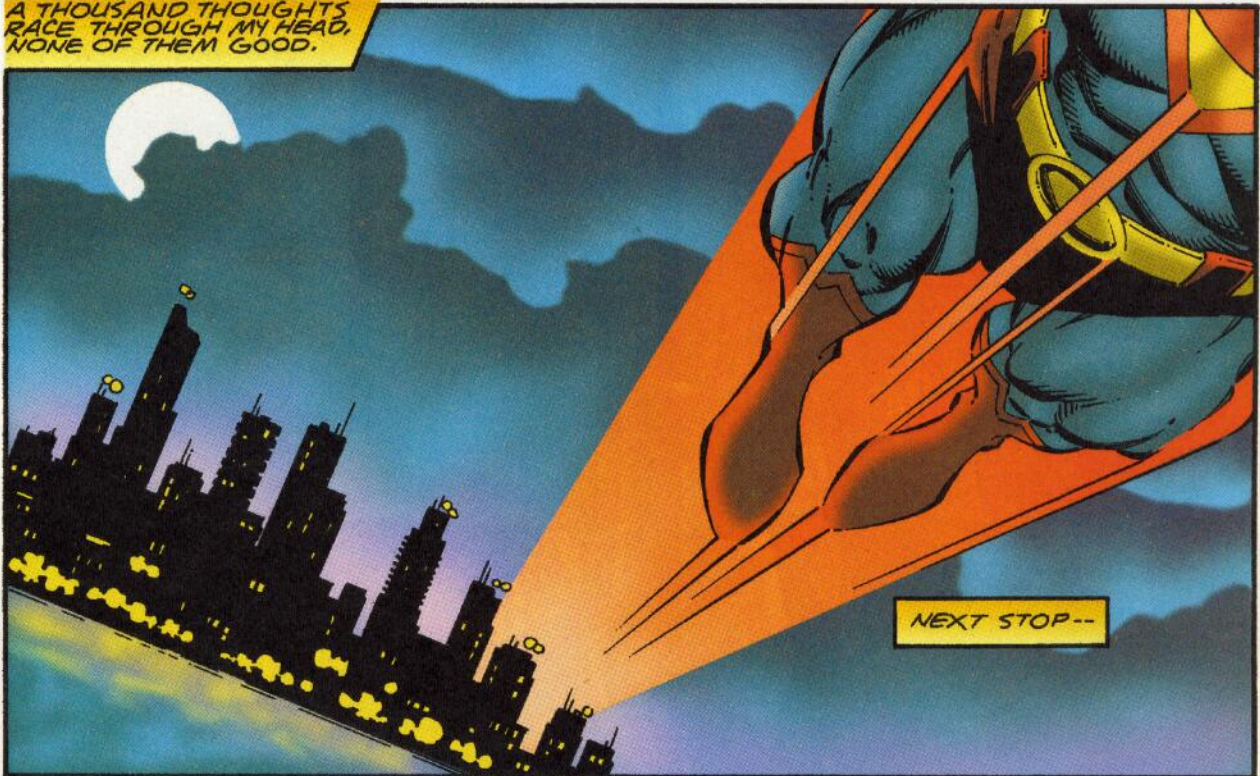
COME THE FASTEST WAY POSSIBLE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



EMERGENCY, I'LL BE IN TOUCH.

CLARK?!

WHAT A NEWS HOUND. ONE SNIFF OF A STORY AND SAM! HE'S ON IT!



NEXT STOP--





"--IS A WRECK!"

GOOD LORD!  
NEVER THOUGHT...  
ANYTHING  
COULD MOVE  
SO FAST!

THAT ANY BEING  
COULD DO THIS!



MUSTA KILLED...  
ALMOST TWENTY  
PEOPLE ALREADY.

BUT... I  
THOUGHT  
HE WAS  
DEAD!

MARTINSON  
TO HEADQUARTERS!  
CALL OUT THE  
NATIONAL GUARD!  
BETTER YET--THE  
JUSTICE LEAGUE!



OH, NO. HE'S  
COMING BACK!  
HE'S COMING  
BACK!

MARTINSON!  
WHAT'S HAPPENING  
OUT THERE?  
WHO'S COMING  
BACK?

STAY  
AWAY! STAY  
AWAYYYYY!

**NO!**

HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, CLARK-O. IT'S LANA.

SHE WAS HOSPITALIZED THIS MORNING, AND I'M AFRAID SHE'S IN TOUGH SHAPE.

WHAT HAPPENED, PETE? SHE SICK OR--?

CAR ACCIDENT. BROADSIDED BY A GRAIN TRUCK ON HIGHWAY 55. INTERNAL INJURIES, BUT SHE'LL LIVE.

THAT'S A RELIEF! THE WAY EVERYONE WAS ACTING, I FEARED THE WORST.

IF SHE'S AWAKE, I'D LOVE TO LOOK IN ON HER.

Radio

NOT THAT SIMPLE. PHYSICALLY, YEAH, SHE'S OKAY. EMOTIONALLY...

PETE, WHAT AREN'T YOU TELLING ME?

WHAT'S THE REAL PROBLEM?

LANA WAS PREGNANT, CLARK. SEVEN MONTHS. THE TRAUMA FROM THE ACCIDENT CAUSED HER TO DELIVER EARLY, AND ...WELL...

...THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO SAY IT. THE BABY'S BARELY, BARELY HANGING IN THERE.

PREGNANT?  
I HAD NO IDEA!  
WHY DIDN'T YOU  
TELL ME?



YOU'RE OUR  
BEST FRIEND,  
CLARK! WE  
WANTED TO  
TELL YOU IN  
PERSON, AND  
LET'S FACE IT--  
YOU HAVEN'T  
BEEN AROUND  
MUCH LATELY.

YOU... YOU  
COULD'VE  
CALLED  
OR... SOME-  
THING.

LANA WAS  
ADAMANT.  
WANTED TO  
TELL YOU  
FACE TO  
FACE.

SAID SHE  
KNEW HOW  
HAPPY  
YOU'D BE  
FOR US AND  
WANTED TO  
SEE YOU  
SMILE.



SOUNDS  
LIKE HER.

MAYBE  
IT'S BETTER  
IF SHE  
DOESN'T  
SEE ME  
NOW.



FRANKLY,  
SHE'S BEEN  
HOPING  
YOU'D COME.  
ALMOST  
FRANTIC  
ABOUT  
IT.

CLARK?!  
THANK  
HEAVEN  
YOU'VE  
COME!



PETE'S FILLED  
ME IN, LANA.  
HOW'RE YOU  
FEELING?

HAVE  
A CHAIR,  
CLARK. I'LL GET  
US A COUPLE  
OF SODAS.

WILL YOU  
LEAVE CLARK  
AND ME ALONE,  
PETE? PLEASE?

WE NEED TO  
TALK  
PRIVATELY.



THE DISTRESS  
CALL FROM  
THE GEORGIA  
AUTHORITIES  
WAS CERTAINLY  
WARRANTED.

WHATEVER  
TORE THROUGH  
THIS AREA WOULD  
PRESENT A  
FORMIDABLE  
OBSTACLE FOR  
ANY ORDINARY  
POLICE  
FORCE.

NOT TO MENTION  
THE NATIONAL GUARD,  
MARINES, NAVY, AIR  
FORCE, AND AMERICAN  
ASSOCIATION  
OF RETIRED  
PERSONS!

CHECK  
THE BLAZE!  
WHO BROUGHT  
THE MARSH-  
MALLOWS?

QUIET,  
PLASTIC MAN.  
THIS IS SERIOUS  
BUSINESS.



WONDER WOMAN SPEAKS TRUE.

THE DESTRUCTION IS SO COMPLETE, ONE MIGHT SUSPECT THE MINIONS OF DARKSEID HIMSELF HAD WAGED WAR HERE!

WHOEVER DID THIS WAS THOROUGH, ORION. I DON'T THINK THERE'S A BLADE OF GRASS LEFT UNTOUCHED!

THERE'S A SMALL TOWN TO THE EAST THAT LOOKS TRASHED! SHOULD I CHECK IT OUT?



YOU STAY HERE.

HEAD'S UP! WE GOT AN INCOMING OBJECT HEADED THIS WAY FAST!



A TANKER TRUCK? WHO COULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO HURL SUCH AN OBJECT THIS FAR?

SOMEONE WHO PRESENTS A CHALLENGE.

FLASH, I WANT A RECONNAISSANCE REPORT ON THE COMMUNITY PLASTIC MAN MENTIONED.

I'M ON IT!



WHOA, PLAS WAS RIGHT.  
IT'S COMPLETE AND LITTER DEVASTATION!



SHOCK WAVES!  
CAN'T KEEP MY--



THE GOONS WHO DID THIS MUST STILL BE AROUND! BETTER CONTACT J'ONN!

HE'LL READ ME TELEPATHIC--

RAHH HHHHR!



YOU? YOU'RE BACK?

RAHH HHHHR!



I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT MY OWN WIFE ASKED ME TO LEAVE!

TO SPEAK TO HER OLD BOYFRIEND, NO LESS!

OH, PETER, I'M SURE SHE'S JUST TRYING TO GIVE YOU A BREAK. YOU'VE BEEN HERE ALL DAY!



DON'T SOFT-SOAP ME, MARTHA. I REMEMBER FULL WELL HOW MUCH LANA LOVED CLARK. WHEN WE WERE KIDS, HE WAS ALL SHE THOUGHT ABOUT!

ALL DAY LONG, SHE WAS HOPING CLARK WOULD COME!

I SWEAR, THOSE TWO SHARE SOME KIND OF BOND I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!



SHE'S SCARED, PETER. DON'T READ ANYTHING INTO THIS!

LANA'S HAVING A TOUGH TIME, SON. SHE NEEDS ALL THE SUPPORT SHE CAN GET, SO DON'T GO STARTING TROUBLE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, JONATHAN. BUT WHAT CAN MY WIFE GET FROM YOUR SON--

--THAT SHE CAN'T GET FROM ME?



CLARK, I'VE NEVER ASKED FOR ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, BUT I NEED YOU.

I NEED SUPERMAN.





WHATEVER YOU WANT, CONSIDER IT DONE. JUST TELL ME-- WAIT.

MY BEEPER.

BEEPER? BUT I DIDN'T HEAR A THING.



IT'S A JLA EXCLUSIVE BUILT INTO MY BELT BUCKLE. OPERATES ON A FREQUENCY SO HIGH...

...ONLY A KRYPTONIAN CAN HEAR IT.

IT'S NOT TO BE USED UNLESS THE SITUATION IS CRITICAL.

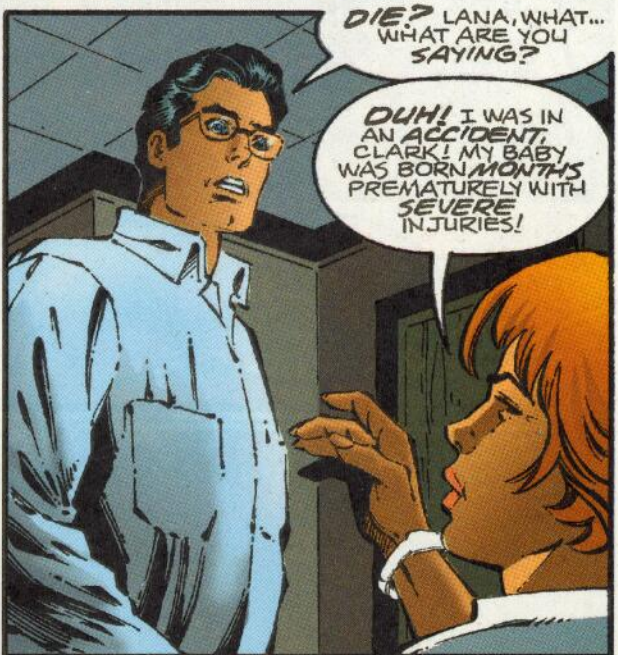
ARE YOU SAYING YOU HAVE TO LEAVE?



I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN.

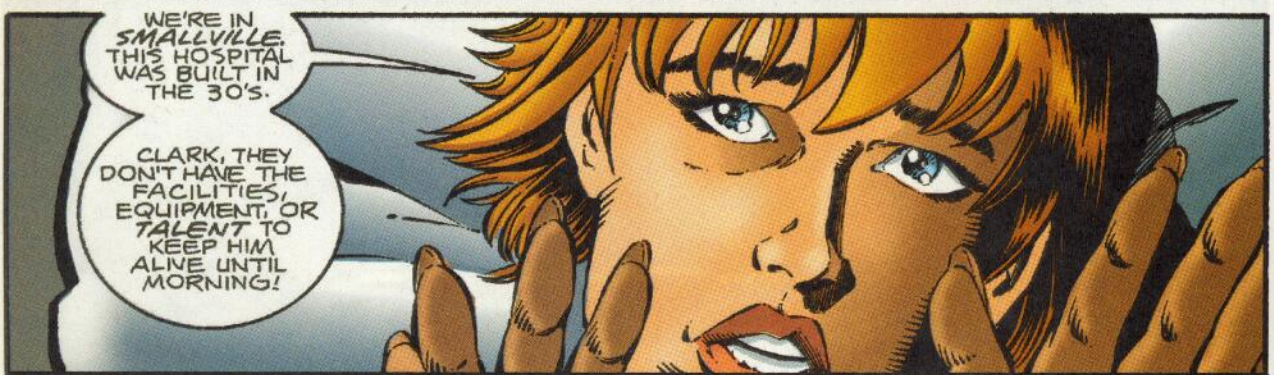
NO! STOP!

DO YOU WANT MY BABY BOY TO DIE?



DIE? LANA, WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

DUH! I WAS IN AN ACCIDENT. CLARK! MY BABY WAS BORN MONTHS PREMATURELY WITH SEVERE INJURIES!



WE'RE IN SMALLVILLE. THIS HOSPITAL WAS BUILT IN THE 30'S.

CLARK, THEY DON'T HAVE THE FACILITIES, EQUIPMENT, OR TALENT TO KEEP HIM ALIVE UNTIL MORNING!

FROM THE DAY YOU SHARED YOUR SECRET WITH ME, I'VE KEPT IT.

EVEN FROM MY HUSBAND.

SO I'M ASKING YOU NOW. I'M BEGGING YOU.

SAVE MY BABY'S LIFE!

BUT...THE JUSTICE LEAGUE...

AND IN ALL THAT TIME, I NEVER ASKED YOU ...NEVER ASKED SUPERMAN FOR A BLESSED THING.

FIND THE BEST DAMN PREMIE CARE UNIT IN THE WORLD AND TAKE HIM THERE! PLEASE!

JUSTICE? WHERE'S THE JUSTICE IN AN INNOCENT BABY LOSING HIS LIFE?

THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES! MY SON NEEDS SUPERMAN!

CLARK, DO YOU REALLY WANT THE DEATH OF AN INNOCENT CHILD ON YOUR CONSCIENCE?

NO. ONE IS ENOUGH.

BESIDES, LANA'S RIGHT. SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT ABOUT THE LEAGUE.

THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

ONE LONE BEING DID THIS TO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

WHAT HOPE IS THERE... FOR THE WORLD?



STAY BACK, GIRL. THOUGH DARKSEID HIMSELF FEARS THE ONE WE FIGHT--

--ONLY DEATH WILL BRING DOWN ORION THE HUNTER!

BUT KNOW  
YOU FULL WELL,  
MONSTER--

--THAT MOST IN  
THE UNIVERSE  
FEAR ME! FEW  
DARE CHALLENGE  
ME IN BATTLE!

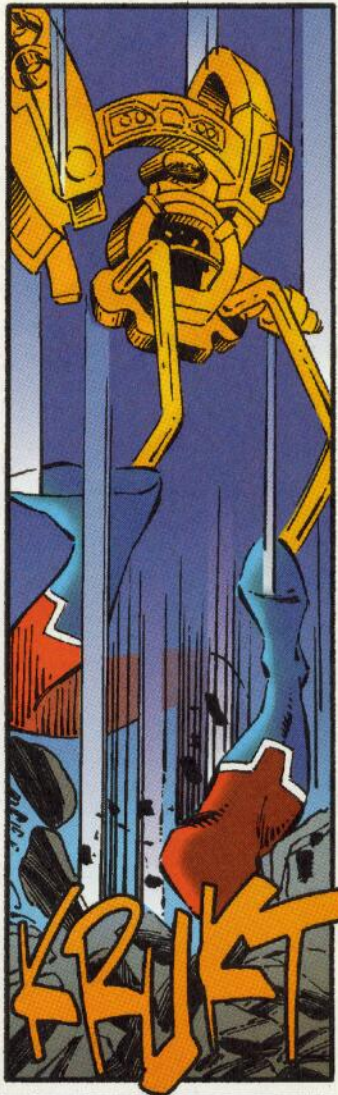
AND  
NONE OF  
THEM--

--CAN  
WITHSTAND  
THE ASTRO  
FORCE!

IMPOSSIBLE!  
HE STILL  
STANDS!?!

PICKING UP  
A MASSIVE  
BOULDER!  
PLANNING TO--

**ВРАКААААААМММ**



**КРУЖТ**



THE  
COWARD  
FIGHTS  
WITHOUT  
CONTACT!  
HE--

--NO.



**КШОООООООООМММ**



YOU  
OKAY,  
JOHN?

I DON'T BELIEVE  
I'VE EVER BEEN  
HIT SO HARD  
IN MY LIFE.

I WAS  
PROTECTING A  
BYSANDER, AND I  
WAS HIT BEFORE  
I COULD USE MY  
PHASE  
POWER!

WHERE'S ORION?  
I'VE LOST MY  
TELEPATHIC LINK  
WITH HIM.

HE MUST'VE  
TAKEN OFF  
ALONE TO FIGHT--  
THERE HE IS!

INCOMMING!



HAVE  
NO FEAR!  
PLAS IS  
HERE!

SPRAYING!

MMM  
MFFF!



THIS ISN'T  
A FIGHT.  
IT'S A  
WAR.

GOOD THING  
I'M MADE OF  
PLASTIC, OR  
I'D NEED A  
PLASTIC  
SURGEON!

YOU OKAY, BIG FELLA? COME ON! IT'S FOURTH AND GOAL! THE TEAM NEEDS YOU!

LEGS...TOO WEAK TO STAND...

BAD ENOUGH SUPERMAN DOESN'T RESPOND WHEN I CALL HIM!

BUT J'ONN SHOULDN'T HAVE CHARGED OFF ALONE! THE LEAGUE SHOULD FUNCTION BETTER THAN THIS!

MUST BE BECAUSE WE'RE NOT USED TO BEING BEATEN SO BADLY!

YAARR RRGH!

THAT WAS J'ONN! HE'S HURT!

--THAT HE'S COMING BACK.

NO SURPRISE. WE'D BETTER ASSUME--

WE NEED MORE MUSCLE.

WHY DOESN'T HE RESPOND? WHAT FORCE IN THE GALAXY IS SO POWERFUL--



"...THAT IT CAN KEEP  
SUPERMAN AWAY FROM  
DOOMSDAY?"



PLEASE, CLARK. BEFORE YOU RUN OFF TO YOUR JLA BUDDIES, GO TO THE PREMIE UNIT AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY PRECIOUS, TINY, LITTLE BOY.

YOU'LL SEE ME IN HIM. AND PETE.

ONCE YOU DO THAT, I KNOW YOU WON'T LET HIM DIE!



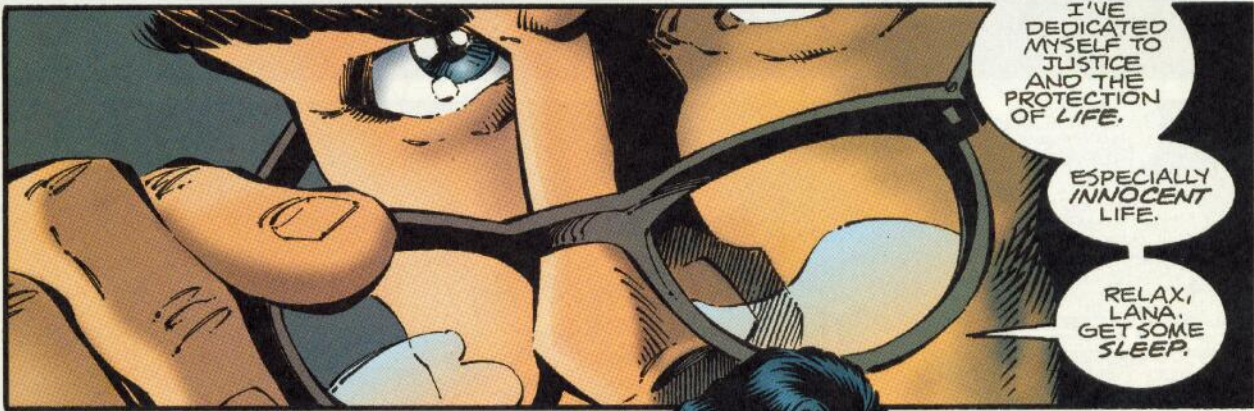
UNNECESSARY. EVEN IF YOU AND PETE WERE COMPLETE STRANGERS, I'D DO WHAT'S RIGHT.



I'VE DEDICATED MYSELF TO JUSTICE AND THE PROTECTION OF LIFE.

ESPECIALLY INNOCENT LIFE.

RELAX, LANA. GET SOME SLEEP.



THIS IS A JOB--

--FOR SUPERMAN.





I NEVER, EVER THOUGHT I'D SEE ANY ONE DO THAT TO JONN.

YOU MUST HAVE FOUND SOME WAY AROUND HIS PHASE POWERS!



I KNOW YOU NEARLY DESTROYED SUPERMAN--

--AND DID THE SAME TO A WEAKER VERSION OF THE JLA!

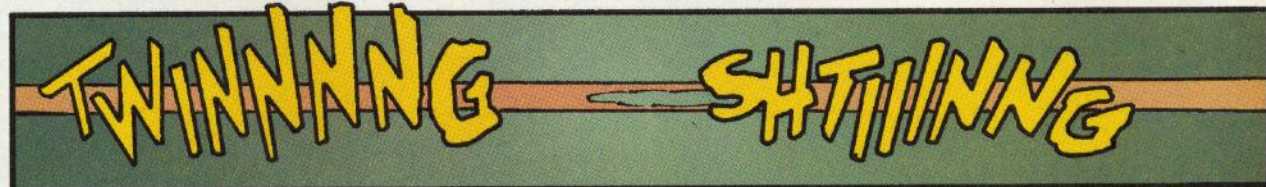
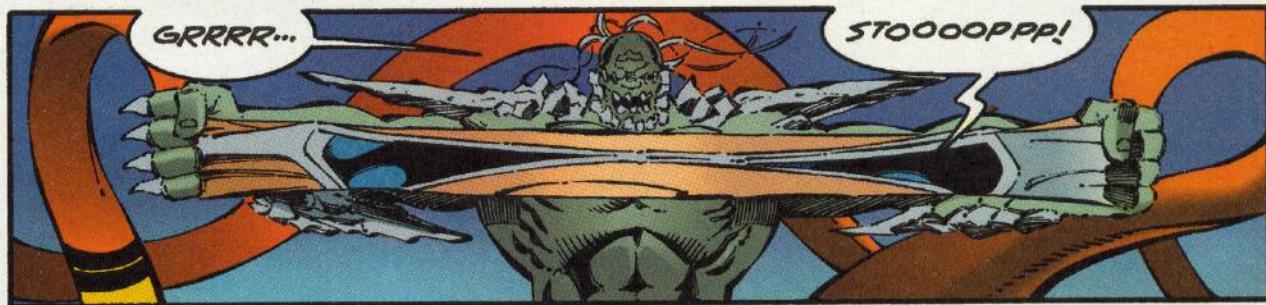
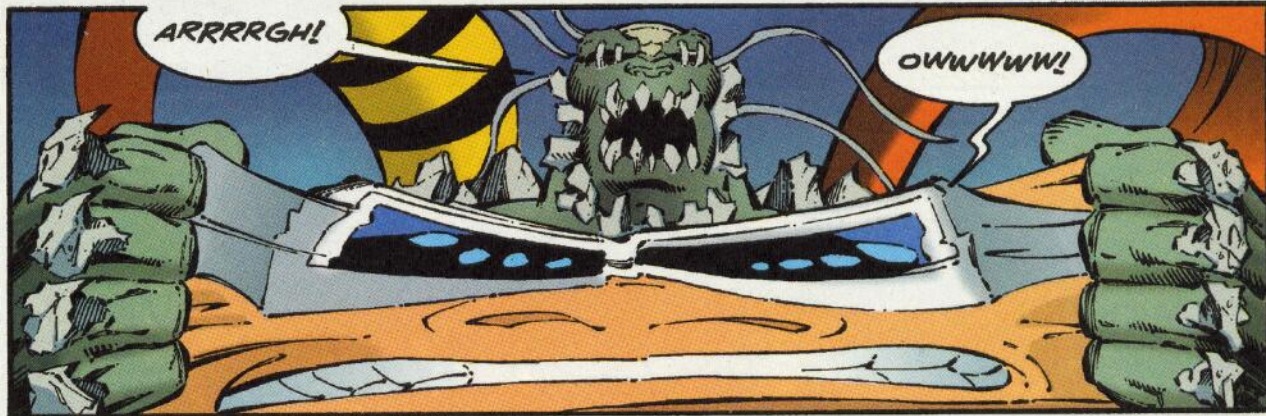
BUT, EXCEPT FOR OUR BRIEF TUSSLE EARLIER, YOU AND I HAVEN'T EVER FOUGHT IT OUT!

AND THIS IS WHERE--

RRRA  
AHHH!



SKUNCH







ENOUGH!

DURING MY TIME ON THIS WORLD, I MUST HAVE GROWN SOFT FROM HOLDING BACK MY STRENGTH, LEST I GRAVELY INJURE SOMEONE.

BUT A MONSTER SUCH AS YOU--

--DESERVES NO QUARTER--

CHUKKT



--NO EASY HANDLING--

--AND NOT ONE DEGREE OF SYMPATHY!

DROP, YOU FOUL CREATURE OF DEATH! I SAY--

CHOK

PAK



--DROP!

KR A m m m m m



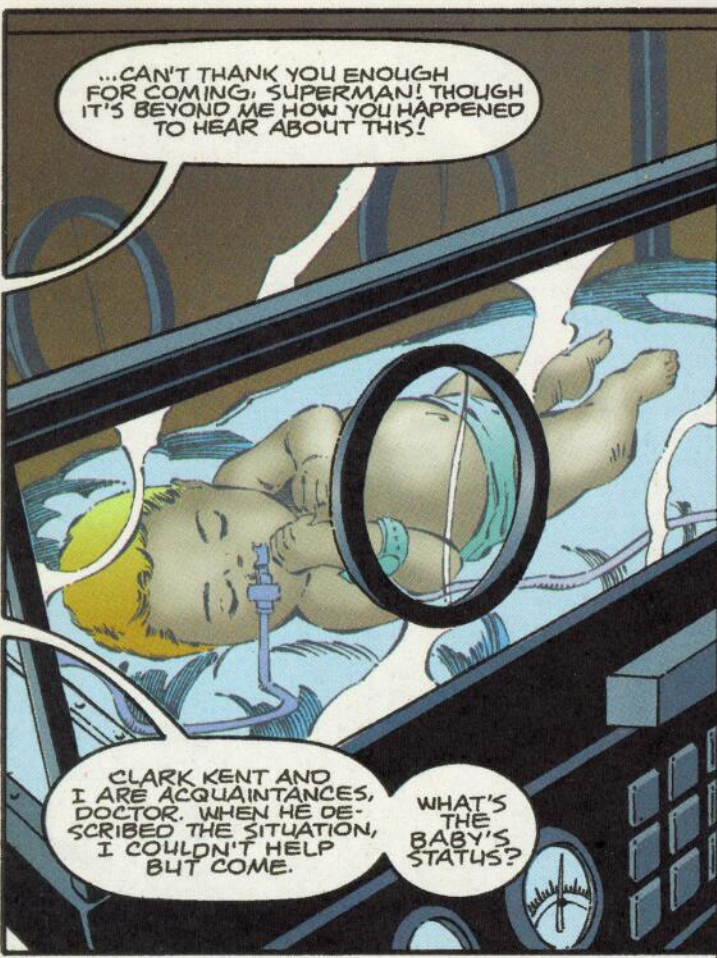


MY OWN MENTAL DEFENSES BARRED YOUR OVER-CONFIDENT FRIEND FROM THE TRLITH.

TO PARTIALLY QUOTE ONE OF YOUR HUMAN AUTHORS--

--THE REPORTS OF MY STUPIDITY WERE GREATLY EXAGGERATED!





...CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR COMING, SUPERMAN! THOUGH IT'S BEYOND ME HOW YOU HAPPENED TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!




BABY ROSS IS IN THE MECHANICAL VENTILATOR.

UNFORTUNATELY, OUR **NATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT** ISN'T EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH INJURIES OF THIS SCOPE--

--WHICH ARE **COMPOUNDED** BY THE FACT THAT HE WAS BORN EIGHT WEEKS PREMATURE.

CLARK KENT AND I ARE ACQUAINTANCES, DOCTOR. WHEN HE DESCRIBED THE SITUATION, I COULDN'T HELP BUT COME.

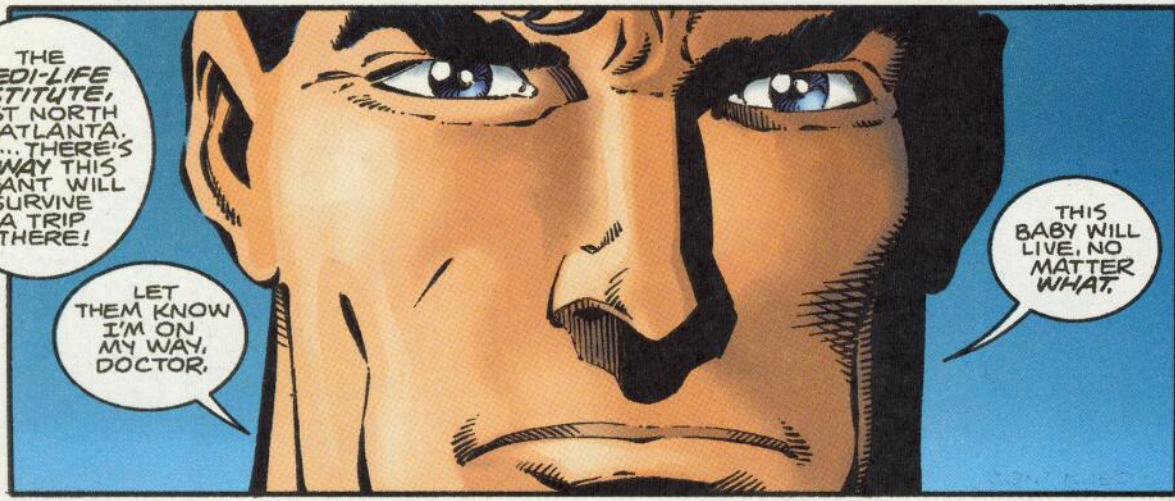
WHAT'S THE BABY'S STATUS?



WE THOUGHT ABOUT AIRLIFTING HIM TO KANSAS CITY OR ST. LOUIS, BUT THERE'S NO WAY HE'D SURVIVE THE FLIGHT.

I'M AFRAID... IT'S A MATTER OF TIME. WE HAVEN'T MUCH HOPE.

THERE'S **ALWAYS HOPE**, DOCTOR. WHAT'S THE BEST NICU FACILITY IN EXISTENCE?



THE **MEDI-LIFE INSTITUTE**, JUST NORTH OF ATLANTA. BUT... THERE'S NO WAY THIS INFANT WILL SURVIVE A TRIP THERE!

LET THEM KNOW I'M ON MY WAY, DOCTOR.

THIS BABY WILL LIVE, NO MATTER WHAT.



YEARS HAVE PASSED,  
BUT IT SEEMS LIKE  
ONLY YESTERDAY.

I WAS FIFTEEN BACK  
THEN, LIVING ON A  
FARM OUTSIDE  
SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.

PA RAISED A VARIETY  
OF CROPS AND HANDED  
A GOOD-SIZED DAIRY  
OPERATION.

IT WAS THE COLDEST  
WINTER ON RECORD.  
WE WERE DIGGING  
OUT OF THE WORST  
BLIZZARD EVER.

OUR ENTIRE HERD OF  
CATTLE WAS TRAPPED  
OUT ON THE FIELDS,  
UNABLE TO NAVIGATE  
THE DEEP SNOW AND  
REACH THE SAFETY  
OF THE BARN.

MY BEST FRIENDS IN  
THE WORLD, PETE  
ROSS AND LANA LANG  
AND I, WERE FOILED  
BY THE DRIFTS WHILE  
TRYING TO GET FOOD  
TO THE CATTLE.

WE WAITED  
THREE DAYS  
FOR THE  
COUNTY TO  
PLOW US A  
PATH.

THE RIDE BETWEEN  
THE FARM AND FIELD  
WAS USUALLY A  
SHORT ONE.

THAT PARTICULAR  
DAY, FOLLOWING  
THE SNOW PLOW--

-- THE RIDE SEEMED  
TO TAKE LONGER  
THAN WALKING  
FROM MONTREAL  
TO EL PASO.

PULL OVER HERE, PA! WE CAN WALK THE REST OF THE WAY.

GOOD CALL, CLARK. SNOW'S GOT A FIRM ENOUGH CRUST ON IT, SO WE SHOULDN'T SINK TOO DEEP.

NOT A SIGN OF 'EM ANYWHERE. COULD BE THAT THEY WENT DOWN IN THE VALLEY TO GET OUT OF THE WIND.

AND LOOK FOR BRUSH TO EAT.

NO ONE SAID MUCH AFTER THAT. CERTAINLY NOT ME.

I WAS CARRYING TOO MUCH GUILT.

MA AND PA... THEY NEVER... EVER ASKED FOR MUCH OF ME.

BUT WHEN THEY DID, WHEN ALL MY FATHER WANTED WAS FOR ME TO GET HAY TO HIS CATTLE, I BLEW IT.

THERE!

BLEW IT BIG TIME.



GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY.



OH, MARTHA. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?

PA?

PA, ARE YOU OKAY?



DEAD, EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM.

DEAD.

TRANSLATION: WE'RE BROKE. NO CATTLE TO GIVE MILK AND PAY THE MORTGAGE ON THE FARM, NO INSURANCE TO COVER THE LOSS.

I'M SORRY, REALLY SORRY, PA.

I COULDA GOTTEN THE HAY OUT HERE... BUT PETE TALKED ME INTO STOPPING.

OF COURSE I DID, CLARK! THERE WAS NO CHANCE!

WOULDN'T LET ME DIG OUR WAY HERE!

IF WE'D GOTTEN STUCK IN THOSE DRIFTS, WE'D BE AS DEAD AS THOSE CATTLE, CLARK, AND YOU KNOW IT!

THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE, PETE! ALWAYS!

SOMETIMES... DEATH COMES. NOT BECAUSE IT'S ANYONE'S FAULT--

--BUT BECAUSE IT JUST DOES.

ENOUGH, YOU TWO! IT'S NATURE'S WAY, THAT'S ALL!

LANA AND I ALWAYS WERE CLOSE.

WHEN I GOT OLDER AND MY POWERS DEVELOPED, I TOLD HER AND NO ONE ELSE EXCEPT MY FOLKS.

NOW SHE'S ASKED FOR MY HELP THE SAME WAY PA DID THAT WINTER.

LANA'S BABY WAS BORN PREMATURELY. HIS CONDITION IS CRITICAL, UNLESS HE GETS TO THE BEST FACILITY IN THE WORLD SOON.



YOU'RE ALL SET, SUPERMAN. THIS PORTABLE VENTILATOR IS RATHER CRUDE, BUT IT SHOULD WORK FOR A TIME.

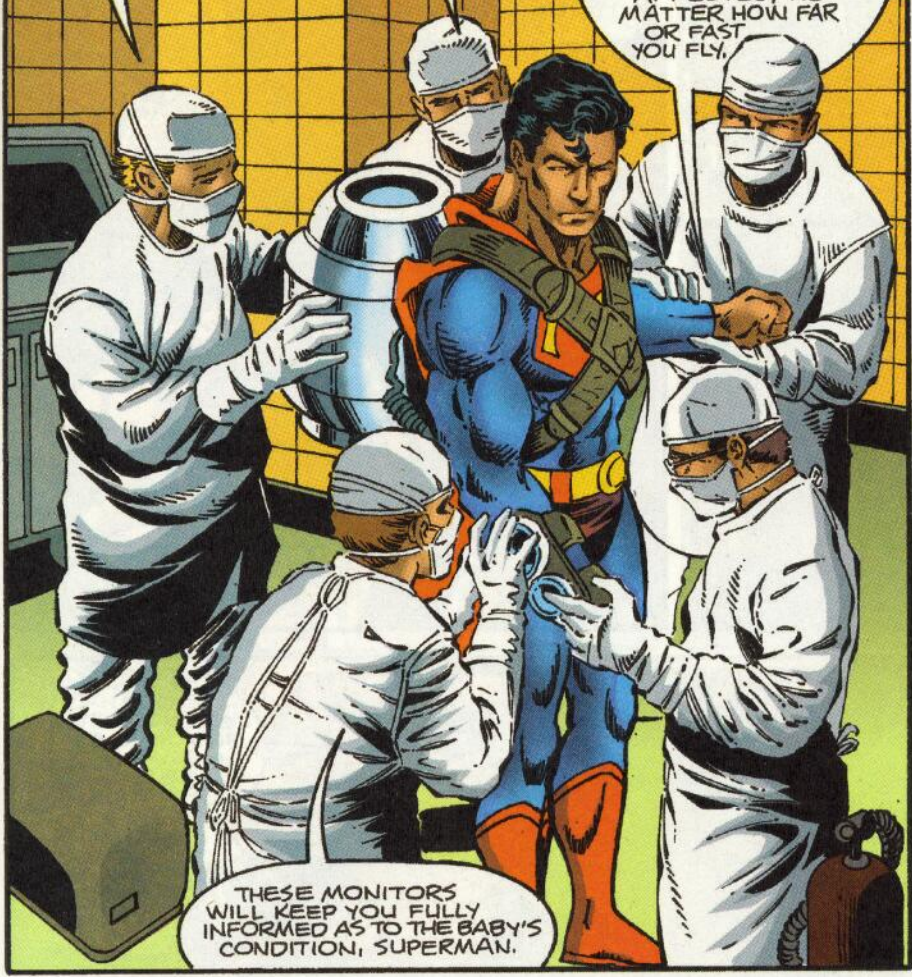
IT'S POWERED BY A SMALL MARINE BATTERY. I'D SAY IT WILL SUPPLY POWER FOR ONE, MAYBE TWO HOURS.

IT HAS A SMALL OXYGEN TANK, A PRESSURIZATION UNIT, AND EVEN A GYROSCOPIC BALANCER TO ACCOUNT AND CORRECT FOR YOUR FLIGHT MANEUVERS. HE SHOULD BE UN-AFFECTED, NO MATTER HOW FAR OR FAST YOU FLY.

BABY ROSS HAS BEEN MEDICATED FOR THE FLIGHT. I SUPPOSE HE'S AS READY AS HE'LL EVER BE.

YOU'RE SURE HE'LL SURVIVE THE JOURNEY?

NOT AT ALL, BUT I DO KNOW HE'LL DIE IF HE STAYS HERE.



THESE MONITORS WILL KEEP YOU FULLY INFORMED AS TO THE BABY'S CONDITION, SUPERMAN.



SUPERMAN, MEET BABY ROSS. BABY ROSS--

--MEET YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

THEIR LOOKS SAY IT ALL. THEY HAVE THE SAME EXPRESSION AS WHEN PA ASKED ME TO SAVE HIS CATTLE.

AS WHEN CATHERINE GRANT ASKED ME TO SAVE HER SON AND I FAILED.

A MISTAKE THAT HAUNTS ME TO THIS DAY.

A MISTAKE I SWEAR NEVER TO MAKE AGAIN.





PETE AND LANA ROSS WILL NOT SUFFER THE WAY CAT HAS.



LANA?

LANA!



I JUST CAME FROM N.Z.C.U.! OUR BABY-- HE'S GONE!

I'M AWARE OF THAT, PETER. HE'S BEING FLOWN TO THE VERY BEST UNIT IN THE WORLD, JUST OUTSIDE ATLANTA.

BUT... THE DOCTORS SAID HE WOULDN'T SURVIVE A LENGTHY FLIGHT!



OUR CHILD WON'T BE FLYING BY NORMAL MEANS, PETER.

THANKS TO CLARK, SUPERMAN CAME TO HELP OUT!



NO WONDER YOU BLEW ME ASIDE TO TALK WITH CLARK ALONE!

YOU GOT DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND BEGGED HIM TO DRAG SUPERMAN INTO THIS!

TO SAVE MY SON'S LIFE!



DON'T YOU MEAN OUR SON?

I RESENT BEING CUT OUT OF THE PROCESS!

THERE WASN'T TIME! SUPERMAN, WELL...

HE ARRIVED SECONDS AFTER CLARK CALLED AND WANTED TO MOVE IMMEDIATELY!

WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?  
YOU'RE MY WIFE, BUT NO MATTER  
HOW CLOSE WE ARE--

--YOU AND  
KENT SEEM  
CLOSER.

HIGH SCHOOL WAS  
YEARS AGO, LANA. YOU  
MIGHT HAVE LOVED HIM,  
BUT HE REJECTED  
YOU.

WE DON'T NEED  
HIS HELP TO  
CARE FOR OUR  
SON!

LISTEN TO YOURSELF!  
HOW CAN YOU BE UP-  
SET ABOUT THIS?

CLARK'S FRIEND-  
SHIP WITH SUPER-  
MAN IS OUR BABY'S  
ONLY CHANCE  
FOR LIFE!

SUPERMAN? WHY? HE  
NEEDS MY KID TO CATCH  
A CROOK?

I WON'T  
ALLOW THIS,  
LANA. WHERE  
ARE THEY?

BY NOW,  
SOMEWHERE  
OVER  
LOUISIANA.

WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?  
WHERE  
ELSE?

GREAT.  
SINCE KENT  
ISN'T HANGING  
AROUND--

--SUPERMAN  
MUST'VE  
HAULED HIM  
ALONG, TOO.

INSTEAD  
OF ME.

"ATLANTA!"

TARGET ACQUIRED.  
FOX LEADER.  
GUIDANCE SYSTEMS  
LOCKED.

COPY THAT.  
ARM MISSILES  
AND PREPARE  
TO FIRE.

NO WAY THAT  
MONSTER CAN  
SURVIVE  
THESE.



IN THE PAST, I  
WOULD HAVE  
PERMITTED  
THEIR ASSAULT.

A FORCE FIELD  
WOULD HAVE  
ENSURED MY  
SURVIVAL. BUT  
SUCH A TACTIC  
IS DEPRESSIBLY  
PASSIVE.

WITH THIS BODY, I  
HAVE FAR MORE  
OPTIONS.



SUCH AN AWE-  
INSPIRING  
BODY.

ITS EYESIGHT IS  
SO REMARKABLY  
ACUTE THAT, EVEN  
THOUGH THOSE  
FLYING TOYS ARE  
MILES AWAY--

-- I CAN SEE  
EVERY DETAIL  
OF THEIR CON-  
STRUCTION.



THE TARGET'S MOVING! HE--

TOO LATE! HE'S HERE!

GENTLEMEN.



A CRUDE AND PRIMITIVE FORM OF TRANSPORTATION, BUT I WOULD STILL PUT IT TO USE.

EJECT!



ALLOW ME.

YAAHHH!



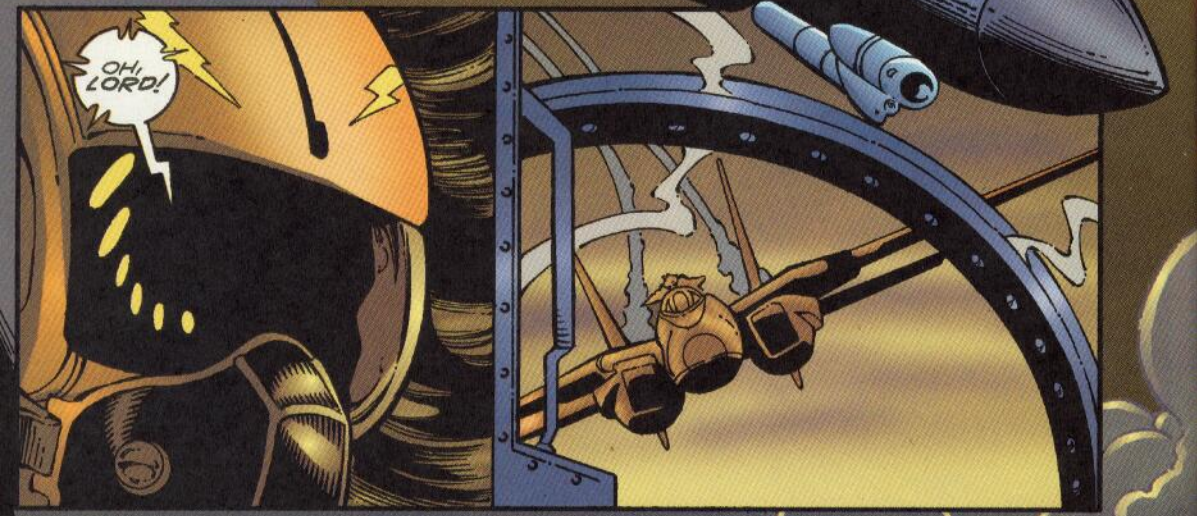
A RATHER SIMPLE INSTRUMENT PANEL, EASILY ADAPTED TO MY NEEDS.



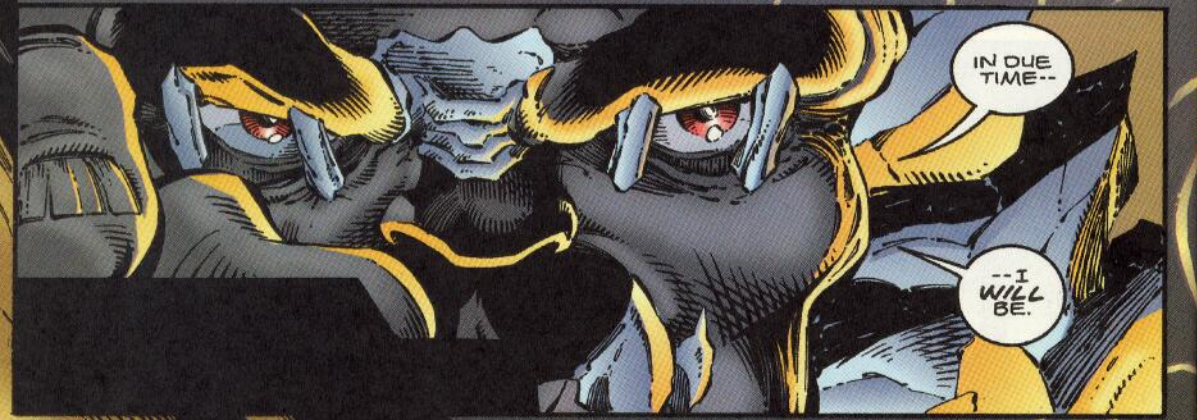
RS ARE THE WEAPONS SYSTEMS.

DID YOU SEE THAT?

WE GOT THE LEAD PLANE! TARGET AND LIGHT 'EM UP!



OH, LORD!



IN DUE TIME--

--I WILL BE.



CHUFF

CHUFF



**WHAT-BOOM!**

**SHAK-BOOM!**

IMPRESSIVE.

THE AREA IS  
NOW FREE OF  
INTRUDERS.

CHECK  
THAT.

A SMALLER TARGET,  
ORGANIC IN NATURE,  
HAS PENETRATED  
THE PERIMETER.

AT LAST.

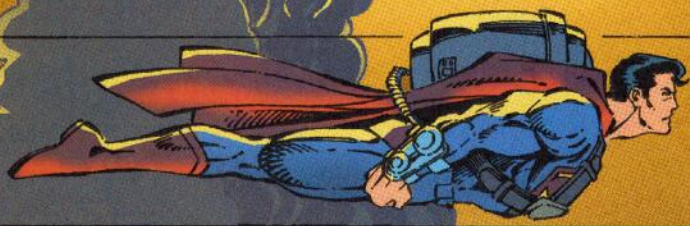
IT'S HIT!

RURAL GEORGIA.  
I'M MINUTES  
AWAY FROM THE  
HOSPITAL.

ONCE I'M THERE,  
IT'S UP TO THE  
DOCTORS.



THE BABY'S CONDITION  
IS HOLDING STEADY AND  
THE GYROSCOPIC  
BALANCER IS PERFORM-  
ING PERFECTLY.



ALL IN ALL, THINGS  
COULDN'T BE  
GOING BETTER.

THAT  
SOUND?



I'VE HEARD  
IT BEFORE.



LIKE...  
MISSILES  
BEING  
FIRED?



I CAN SURVIVE THE BLAST, BUT MY PASSENGER CAN'T.



HAVE TO MOVE FAST--

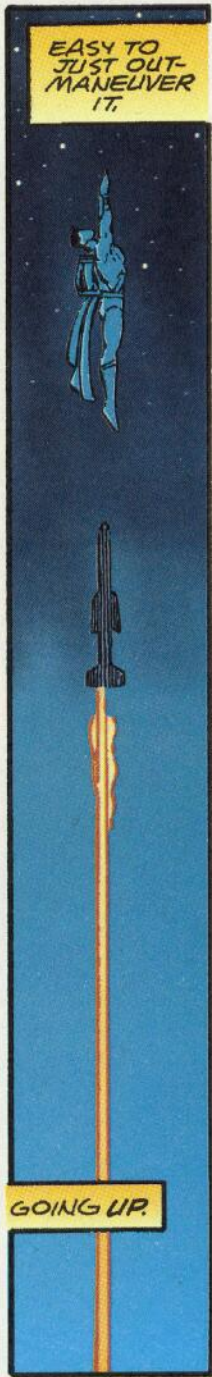
--AND WORRY ABOUT THE SHOOTER LATER.



IT'S PROGRAMMED TO FOLLOW ME WHEREVER I GO.



EASY TO JUST OUT-MANEUVER IT.





GOOD. I OUTRACED  
ITS ENGINE'S CAPACITY.



BUT WHY WOULD  
AN AMERICAN  
NAVY PILOT FIRE  
AT ME?

**EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE**

THE ALARM!

THE OXYGEN IN  
THE TANK WON'T  
LAST FOREVER!

**EEEEEEEE**

HAVE TO  
GET DOWN  
AND HOPE  
THE ATTACK  
IS OVER!



NO SUCH LUCK.  
GETTING IT WITH  
BOTH BARRELS  
THIS TIME.

MISSILE ON  
THE LEFT  
AND A SUICIDE  
RUN ON THE  
OTHER.



THIS SOLUTION  
WILL HAVE TO BE  
FASTER STILL!

HEAT  
VISION.

OUT AT  
SECOND.

**W-K-O-N-N**

OUT AT  
FIRST.

DOUBLE  
PLAY.



THE PILOT  
EJECTED.

I SHOULD  
IGNORE  
HIM, BUT  
EVEN WITH  
ALL THIS  
SMOKE--



--I CAN TELL  
THERE'S NO  
CHUTE.

IN FACT, IT  
ALMOST  
LOOKS LIKE...



...LIKE...

NO!

IMPOSSIBLE!



DOOMSDAY!

KRYPTONIAN.

A PLEASURE  
TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN, OLD  
FRIEND.



ALTHOUGH I SHOULD MOST CERTAINLY REFRAIN FROM CALLING YOU "FRIEND."

YOU'RE BACK?

YOU CAN TALK?



UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE MASTERED A MYRIAD NUMBER OF SKILLS I LACKED IN THE PAST.

=WUFF=



AS EVER, YOUR ELOQUENCE IS REMARKABLE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CRAWLED OUT OF THE HELL YOU WERE BANISHED TO--

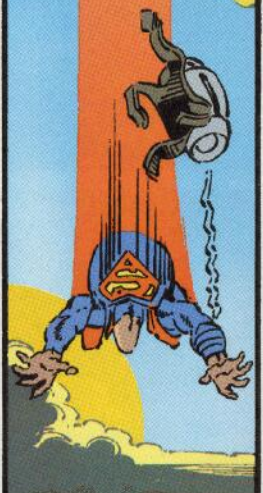
--BUT I SWEAR--

--I WILL SEND YOU BACK!

AT THIS MOMENT, I'D VENTURE TO SAY YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE HEADING IN THAT PARTICULAR DIRECTION.



**SHWAK**



OF ALL THE CREATURES ACROSS ALL THE GALAXIES I'VE EVER FOUGHT--

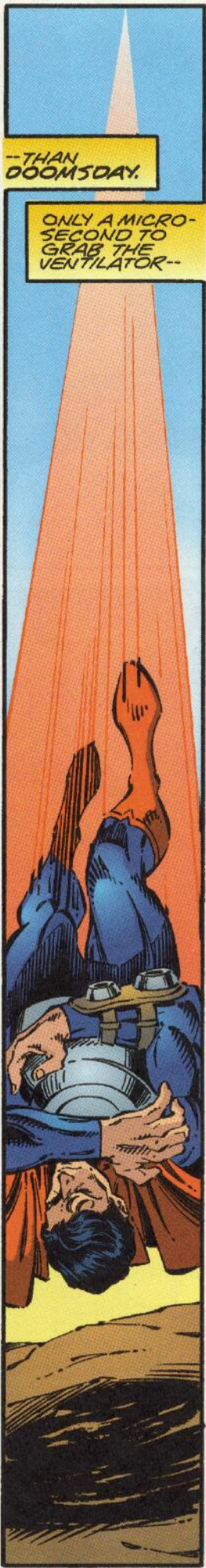


--THAN DOOMSDAY.

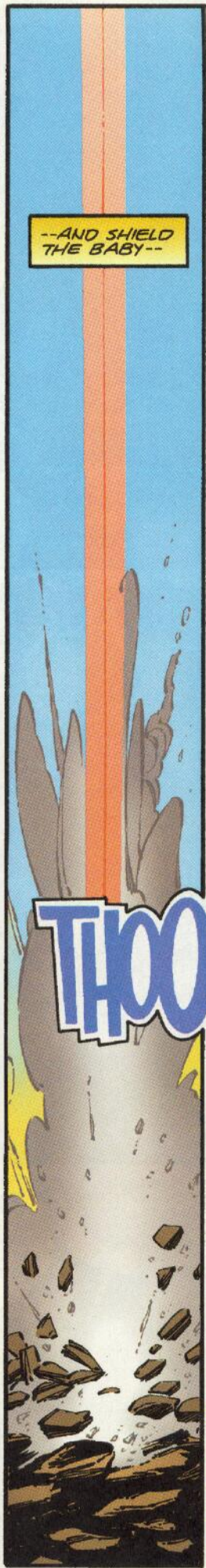
ONLY A MICRO-SECOND TO GRAB THE VENTILATOR--

--NO ONE HITS HARDER--

--OR IS MORE DEADLY--

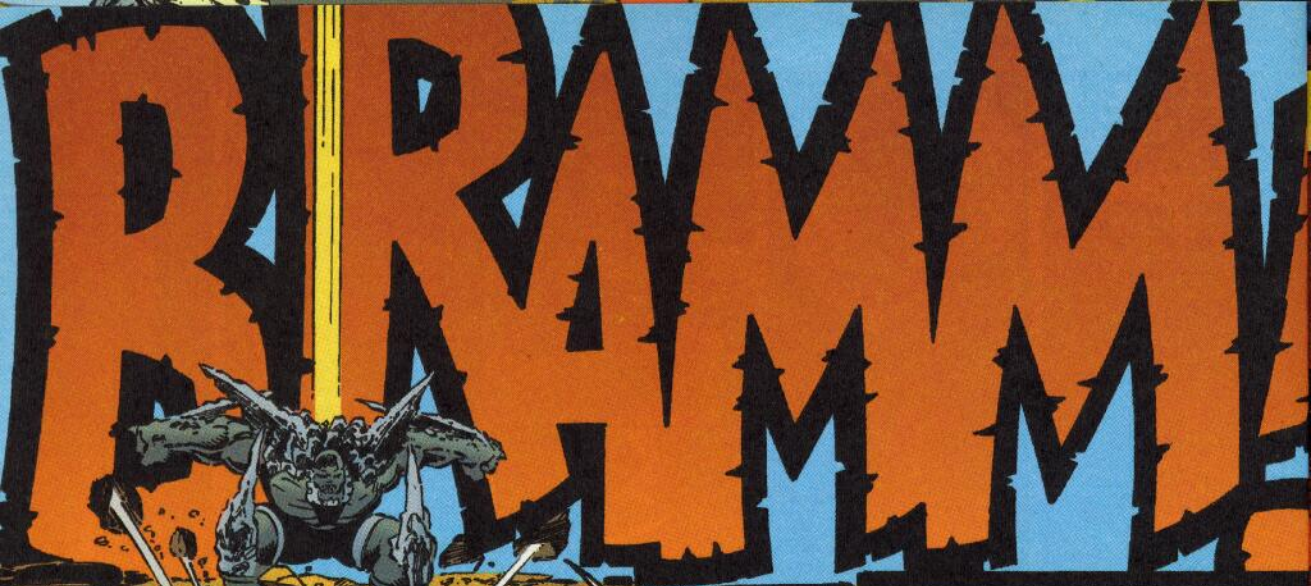


--AND SHIELD THE BABY--



**THOOOM**

--FROM THE FORCE OF A BLOW THAT LEAVES ME A FULL TWENTY FEET BELOW GROUND.



YOU ARE DOUBTLESS EXPECTING A MERELY PHYSICAL CONTEST AT THIS POINT, KRYPTONIAN.

MILDLY APPEALING, BUT LACKING IN THE STRATEGIC TACTICS I PREFER TO EMPLOY THESE DAYS.

EVEN WITH LIMITED INTELLIGENCE, DOOMSDAY WAS NOTHING LESS THAN THE PERFECT KILLING MACHINE.

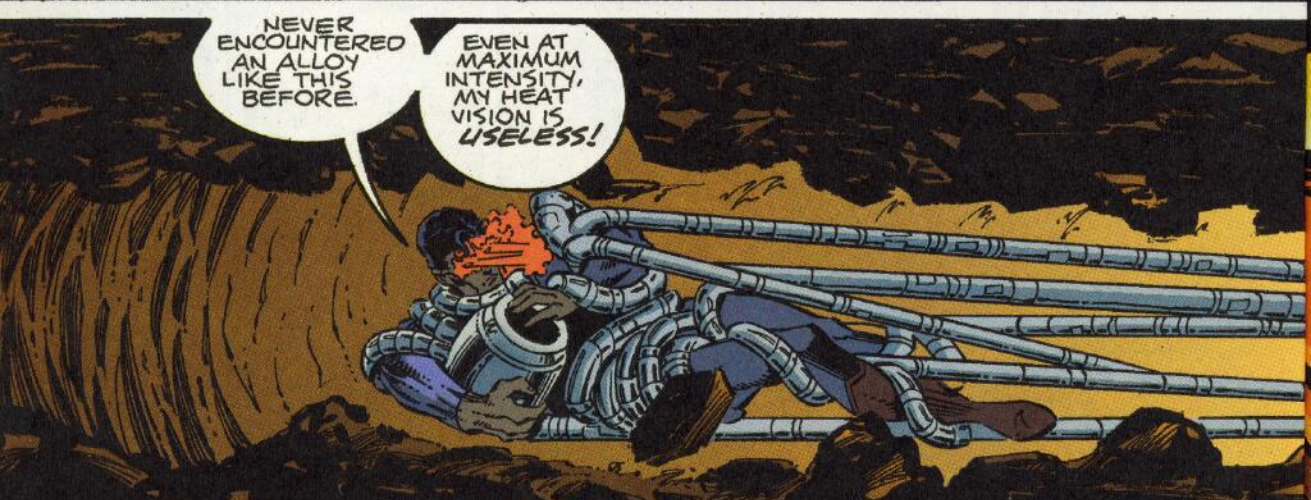
GIVE HIM A REAL BRAIN AND--



IS THIS HIS DOING?

NEVER ENCOUNTERED AN ALLOY LIKE THIS BEFORE.

EVEN AT MAXIMUM INTENSITY, MY HEAT VISION IS USELESS!



WAIT, I HAVE SEEN THIS ALLOY!

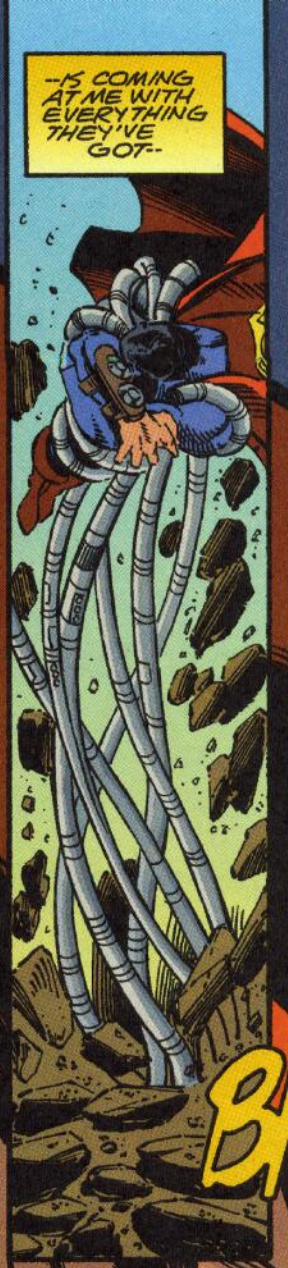
THESE CHAINS KEPT DOOMSDAY IMPRISONED FOR YEARS!

WHOEVER SENT HIM HERE--

--WHOEVER GAVE HIM INTELLIGENCE--

--IS COMING AT ME WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT--

--AND MORE.



**BRAMM**

I JUMP UP RIGHT AWAY, NOT WANTING TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

I MAKE IT A PRACTICE TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING.





EXCEPT THIS.

I RECOGNIZE THAT TECHNOLOGY!

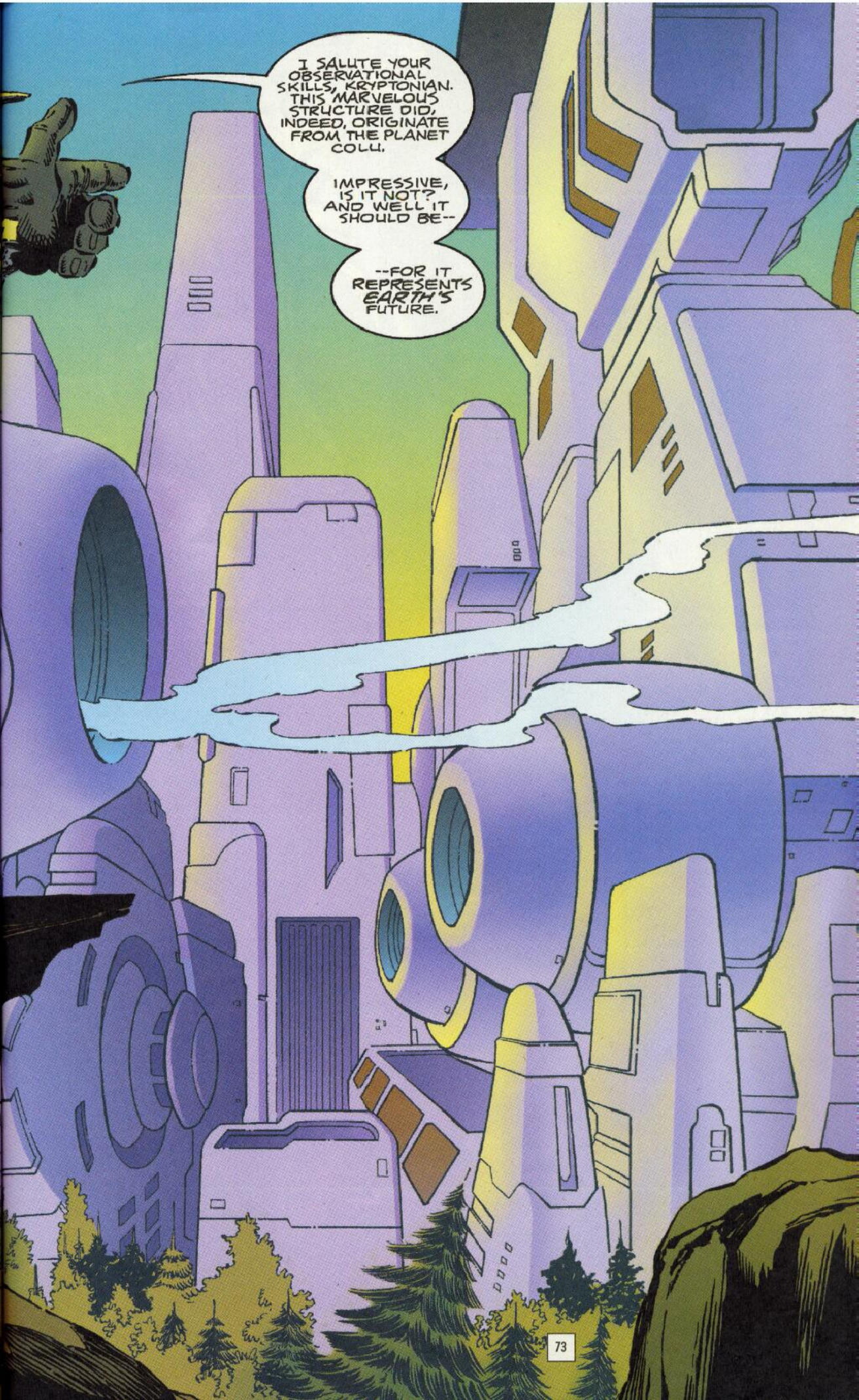
IT'S COLUAN!



I SALUTE YOUR OBSERVATIONAL SKILLS, KRYPTONIAN. THIS MARVELOUS STRUCTURE DID, INDEED, ORIGINATE FROM THE PLANET COLU.

IMPRESSIVE, IS IT NOT? AND WELL IT SHOULD BE--

--FOR IT REPRESENTS EARTH'S FUTURE.





THIS EXPLAINS IT.

YOU'RE A ROBOT OR CLONE... BRED WITH SOME LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE!

PLEASE, KRYPTONIAN.



DO NOT INSULT ME.

I AM FAR, FAR MORE THAN YOU DARE DREAM!

YOUR ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE MADE REAL!



PERHAPS A DEMONSTRATION IS IN ORDER.



NOT OF THE BRUTE, SAVAGE STRENGTH YOU EXPECT.



SOMETHING ELSE.



SOMETHING... EQUALLY PAINFUL TO CONSIDER...



SOMETHING... SUCH AS THIS.

ARRGH!

A TELE-PATHIC BLAST --?!

LIKE THE FLINTY SPARKLE OF LIGHTERS AT A ROCK CONCERT--

--A CASCADE OF IMAGES FLASHES AND EXPLODES THROUGH MY MIND.

"YOU DESIRE ANSWERS, KRYPTONIAN. LET US BEGIN WITH DOOM'S DAY'S DEMISE.

"HE'D NEARLY BEATEN YOU UNTIL WAVERIDER TOOK YOU BOTH TO THE END OF TIME ITSELF--

"--WHERE ENTROPY EATS AWAY AT EVERYTHING, CAUSING THE END OF ALL EXISTENCE!

"YOU ABANDONED HIM THERE. AND, THOUGH YOU DID NOT WITNESS HIS FATE--

"--YOU KNEW WELL WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED.

"THE CRUSHING FORCE OF THE END ENGULFED HIM.

"EVEN THE SINGLE, MOST PERFECT EXAMPLE OF SURVIVAL THE UNIVERSE HAD EVER KNOWN COULD NOT SURVIVE SUCH A FORCE.



"UNTIL THE CALAMITOUS  
EVENT KNOWN AS ZERO  
HOUR.

"A FORMER COLLEAGUE  
OF YOURS, NOW CALLED  
PARALLAX, ATTEMPTED  
TO CREATE NEW WORLDS  
AND TIMELINES.

"FOOL THAT HE WAS,  
UNABLE TO CONTROL  
THE FORCES HE'D UN-  
LEASHED, ENTIRE  
TIMELINES BEGAN TO  
COLLAPSE--

"--AS ALTERNATE  
REALITIES SEEPED  
IN AND OUT OF  
EXISTENCE.

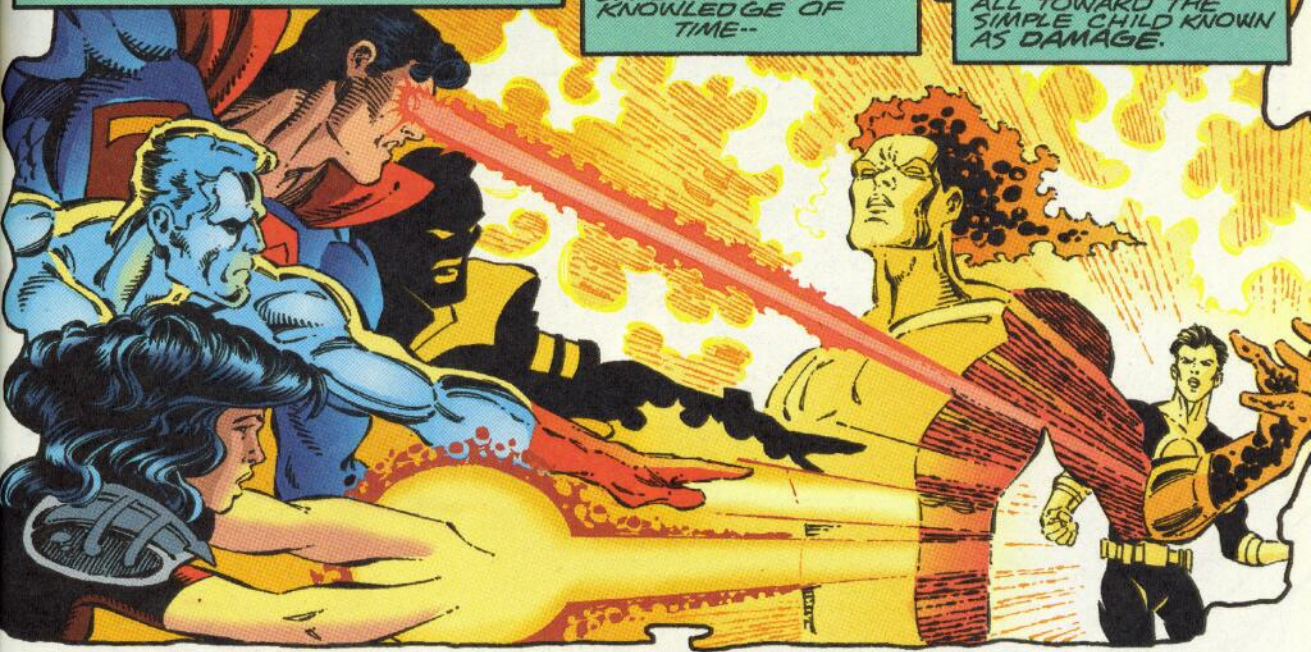
"THE LEVEL OF CHAOS  
REACHED A CRESCENDO  
WHEN THE ONE, TRUE  
TIMELINE CRUMBLLED  
AS WELL.

"YOU WERE, AS IT'S QUIPPED ON EARTH,  
ABOUT TO EARN YOUR PAY.

"YOU AND SOME OF YOUR GLORIOUS COMRADES FOCUSED YOUR PARTICULAR ENERGIES THROUGH THE ALL-KNOWING WAVERIDER--

"--WHO ALTERED THAT ENERGY WITH A CHRONAL MATRIX BASED ON HIS KNOWLEDGE OF TIME--

"--AND DIRECTED IT ALL TOWARD THE SIMPLE CHILD KNOWN AS DAMAGE.



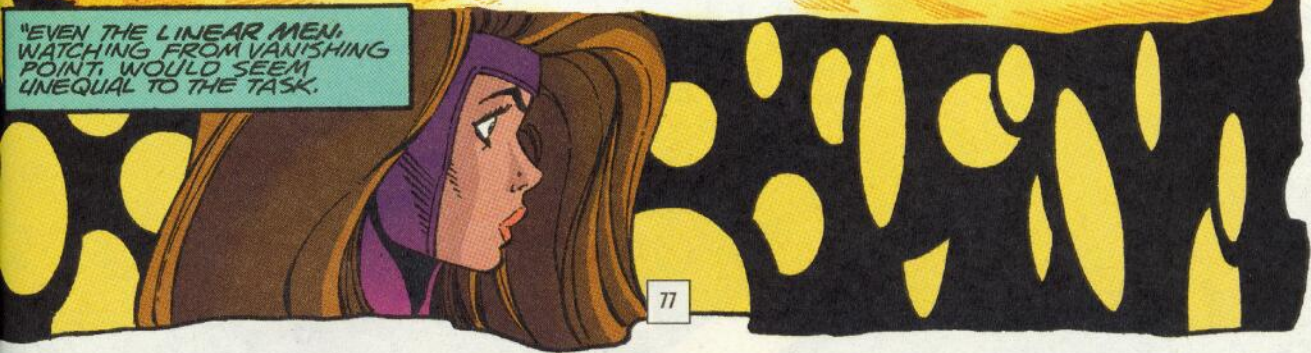
"HE GAVE YOU THE MEGA-BLAST NEEDED TO RE-START EVERYTHING--

"--IN A FLASH OF SPECTACULAR WHITE LIGHT.

"AN AMAZING FEAT, THE RECONSTRUCTION OF TIME AND EXISTENCE.

"I'D NOT THOUGHT YOU HUMANS CAPABLE OF CONCEIVING, MUCH LESS EXECUTING, SUCH A GRAND SCHEME.

"EVEN THE LINEAR MEN, WATCHING FROM VANISHING POINT, WOULD SEEM UNEQUAL TO THE TASK.





"BUT THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TIMELINE MEANT EVERYTHING HAD TO HAPPEN AGAIN.

"JUST AS BEFORE, YOU AND DOOMSDAY FOUGHT TO THE SAME CONCLUSION, WITH YOU AND YOUR INTERFERING FRIEND LEAVING YOUR FOE TO BE CRUSHED BY ENTROPY!

"FORTUNATELY, OTHERS WANTED DOOMSDAY ALIVE, AND THIS WAS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

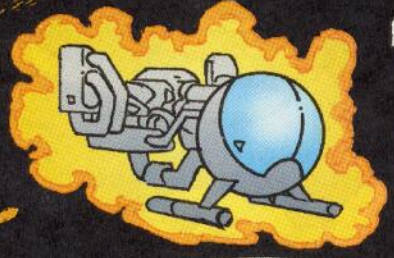
"IMMEDIATELY AFTER YOU LEFT, A SAVIOR ARRIVED.

"ONE WHO RESCUED HIM BEFORE ENTROPY DID ITS WORK.

"A MICROSECOND BEFORE DEATH, DOOMSDAY WAS SAVED--"

"--AND TAKEN TO THE MOST TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED WORLD IN ALL THE UNIVERSES ...COLU."

"COLUANS ARE FORBIDDEN BY LAW FROM TIME TRAVEL AND LIKE EXPERIMENTATION--"



"-- BUT PRIN VNOK IGNORED THOSE LAWS."

MY MISSION WAS A SUCCESS. THE LIVING ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION IS OURS!

EXCELLENT.

"HE ALONE UNDERSTOOD THE GAIN TO BE ACHIEVED IN RESCUING DOOMSDAY."



HOW FORTUNATE THAT COLUAN TIME-TRAVEL TECHNOLOGY ALLOWED US TO LEARN THE FATE OF THE DESIGNATE. WHERE IS HE?

DOOMSDAY IS IN STASIS, MASTER. HEALTHY, WHOLE--

--AND READY FOR PROCESSING.

YOU REALIZE YOUR ACTIONS ARE IN VIOLATION OF THE LAWS OF COLU?

PERHAPS, BUT YOU LED THE REBELLION AGAINST THE COMPUTER TYRANTS OF COLU! TO SERVE YOU--

--IS AN HONOR!

YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, MONITORING MY ACTIONS ON EARTH.

DESPITE MY INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY--

--THIS WEAK, PATHETIC BODY HAS BEEN DEFEATED REPEATEDLY!

NEVER AGAIN, MASTER! ONCE WE HAVE COMPLETED THE PROCESS--

--THE ULTIMATE LIFE FORM WILL BE YOURS!

MORE TO THE POINT, THAT LIFE FORM--

--WILL BE--

--ME!



WE MUST HURRY, MASTER. YOUR PRESENT BODY IS WITHOUT SALVATION.

IN FACT, IT WILL CEASE TO FUNCTION WITHIN MINUTES.



LET THE PROCEDURE BEGIN!

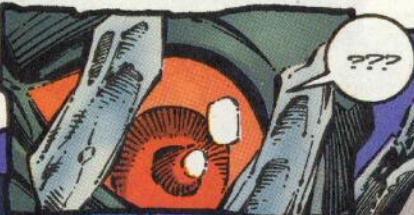
THOUGH YOU MIGHT ACCOMPLISH TRANSFER ON YOUR OWN--

--A TECHNO-CHEMICAL ASSIST WILL MAKE IT PERMANENT AS WE DESTROY ANY TRACE OF THE CREATURE'S OWN MIND.



TO DO SO, THE STASIS FIELD MUST BE DROPPED FOR A SECOND.

PREPARE.



???

RRRRRAA  
AHHHRR  
RRRRR!



QUICKLY!  
INITIATE THE  
TRANSFER!

Y-YES,  
MASTER!

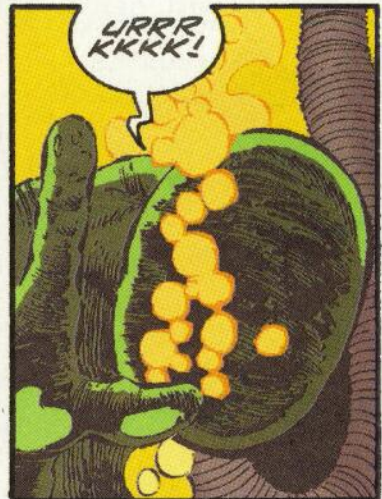


**SKRIPP**

**RRAH  
HHR!**

**INCREDIBLE!  
I... I NEVER  
DREAMED HE  
COULD MOVE  
SO FAST!**

**VNOK! HE  
SHREDED THE  
TRANSFER  
AND LIFE  
SUPPORT--!**



**URRR  
KKKK!**



**NO! YOUR  
BODY HAS  
EXPIRED  
TOO SOON!**

**MASTER?**

**MASTER?**



**SKRAASH**

**YAHHR  
HHR!**



**I AM  
DOOMED.**



WHA--?

YOU...  
MASTER?

YOU  
ACCOMPLISHED  
THIS... ON YOUR  
OWN?



IT'S CALLED  
POWER,  
VNOK.

ALL  
I FEEL,  
ALL I  
KNOW...

...IS  
POWER.

BUT... I THOUGHT  
YOU'D BE UNABLE  
TO CONTROL THIS  
ONE WITHOUT THE  
TECHNO-CHEMICAL  
ASSIST!

THAT HE WOULD  
EVENTUALLY  
OVERCOME  
YOU!

BEFORE THAT  
HAPPENS, WE  
WILL GROW A  
NEW BODY FOR  
ME TO INHABIT.  
JUST AS DOOM'S  
DAY WAS GROWN  
THOUSANDS OF  
TIMES OVER.

WE'LL INTRODUCE  
NEW TISSUE TO  
ENSURE THE BODY  
WILL BE DEVOID  
OF HIS SIMPLISTIC  
MIND.



FOR THAT,  
WE RETURN TO  
EARTH--

--AND  
THE VERY DAY  
THAT SUPERMAN  
LEFT ME TO DIE ON  
THE STREETS OF  
METROPOLIS!

SO.

THE TRUTH IS KNOWN TO YOU AT LAST, KRYPTONIAN.

YOU FACE A BEING FAR MORE LETHAL THAN A DOOMSDAY WHO SIMPLY SPEAKS.

I...NEVER WOULD'VE GUESSED--!

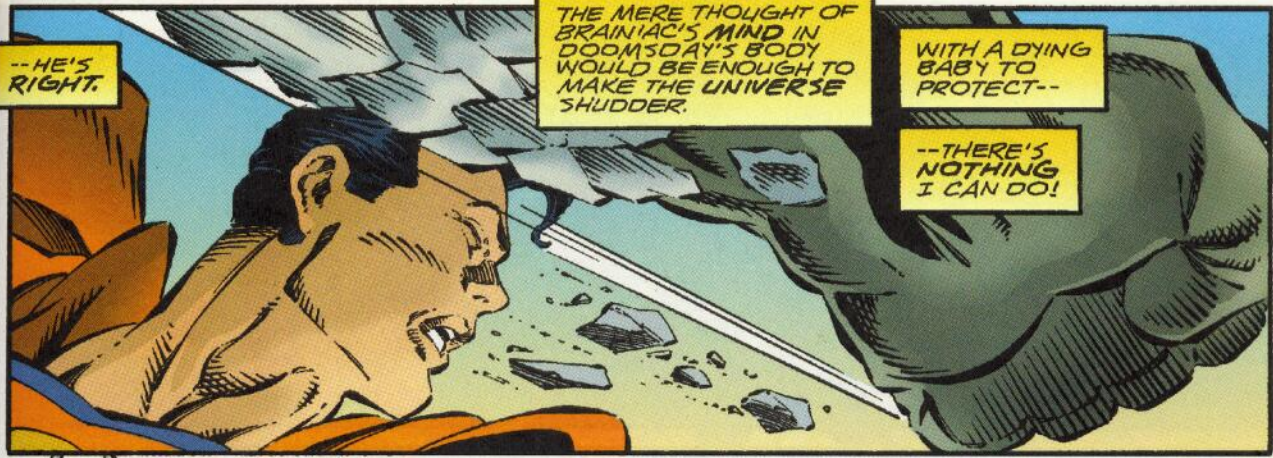
BRAINIAC.

DOOMSDAY.

IN ONE.

AND THE SUM IS YOUR DEATH!!

MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT--



--HE'S RIGHT.

THE MERE THOUGHT OF BRAINIAC'S MIND IN DOOMSDAY'S BODY WOULD BE ENOUGH TO MAKE THE UNIVERSE SHUDDER.

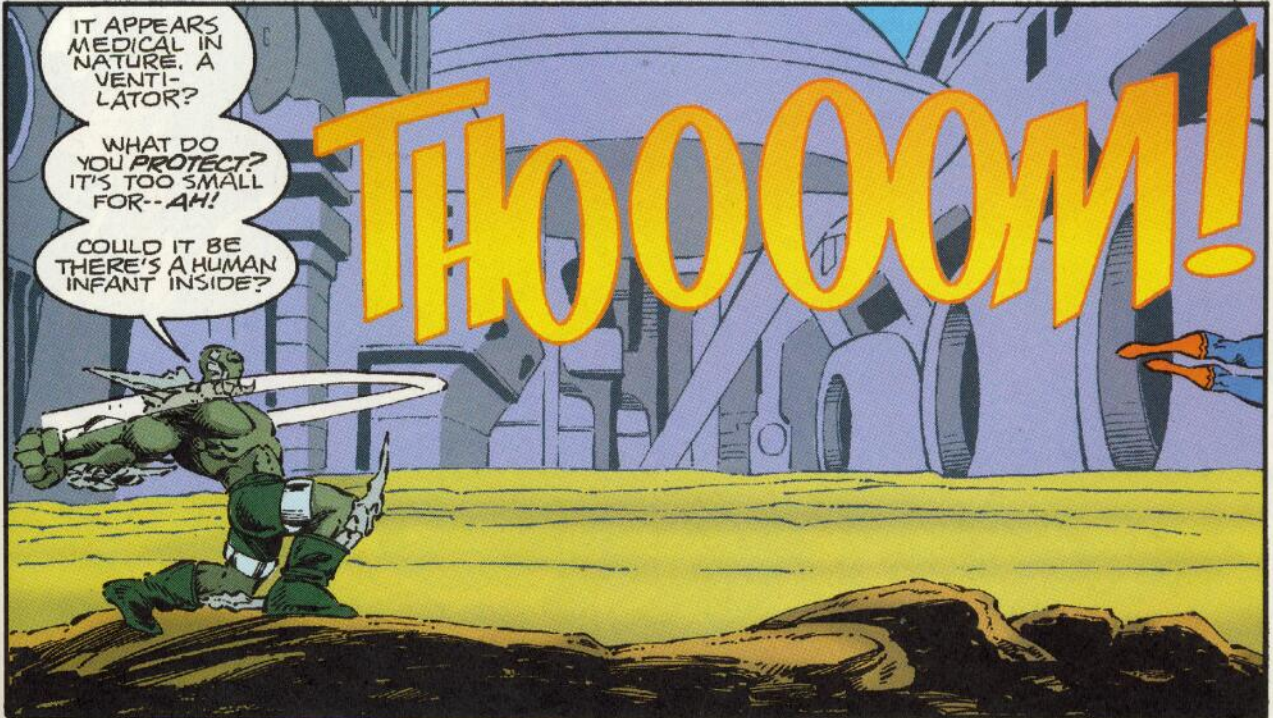
WITH A DYING BABY TO PROTECT--

--THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!



WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT, KRYPTONIAN?

WHAT IS THAT DEVICE YOU HOLD SO CLOSE TO YOUR HEART?



IT APPEARS MEDICAL IN NATURE. A VENTILATOR?

WHAT DO YOU PROTECT? IT'S TOO SMALL FOR--AH!

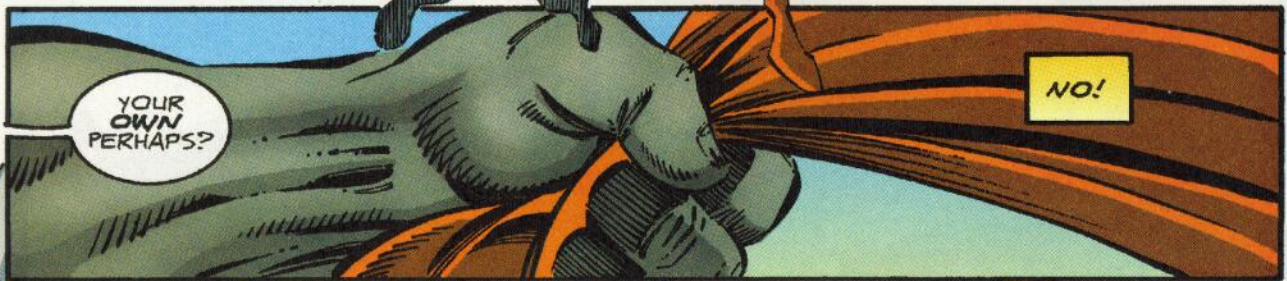
COULD IT BE THERE'S A HUMAN INFANT INSIDE?

THROOOM!



WHY? THE CHILD OF A PRESIDENT? A KING?

HAVE TO GET THE BABY TO SAFETY!



YOUR OWN PERHAPS?

NO!



NO MATTER.

HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD.

YOU HAVE MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERNS.



SO DO YOU.



IS THAT YOUR BEST?

IT'S NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.



DROP!



NEVER

AGAIN.



THERE WAS A TIME I WANTED YOUR KRYPTONIAN BODY AS MY OWN.

NOW I'LL WEAR YOUR HEAD AS A MEDALLION.

CHOOOON



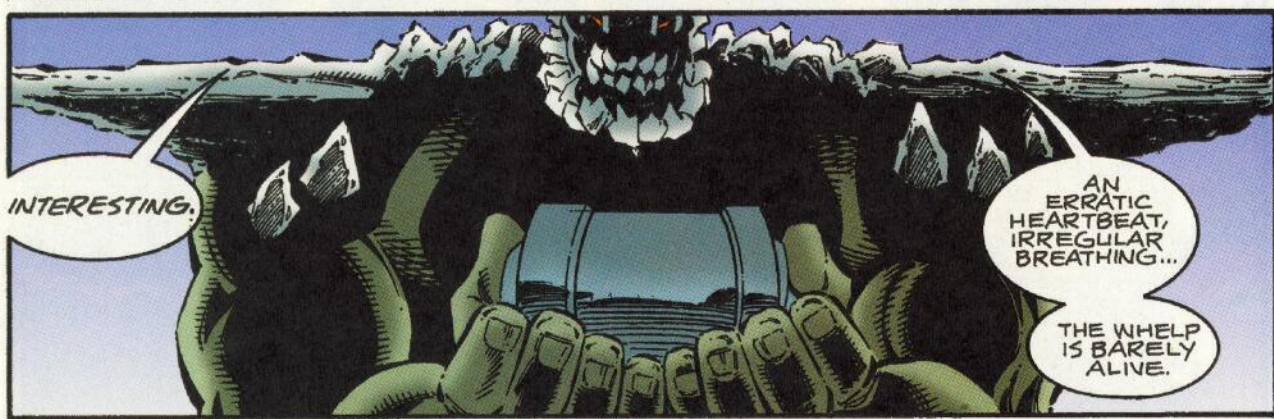
AS ALWAYS,  
YOU FIGHT  
VALIANTLY,  
KRYPTONIAN.

SHALL WE  
SEE EXACTLY  
WHO YOU ARE  
SO INTENT ON  
PROTECTING?



BACK

OFF.



INTERESTING.

AN  
ERRATIC  
HEARTBEAT,  
IRREGULAR  
BREATHING...

THE WHELP  
IS BARELY  
ALIVE.

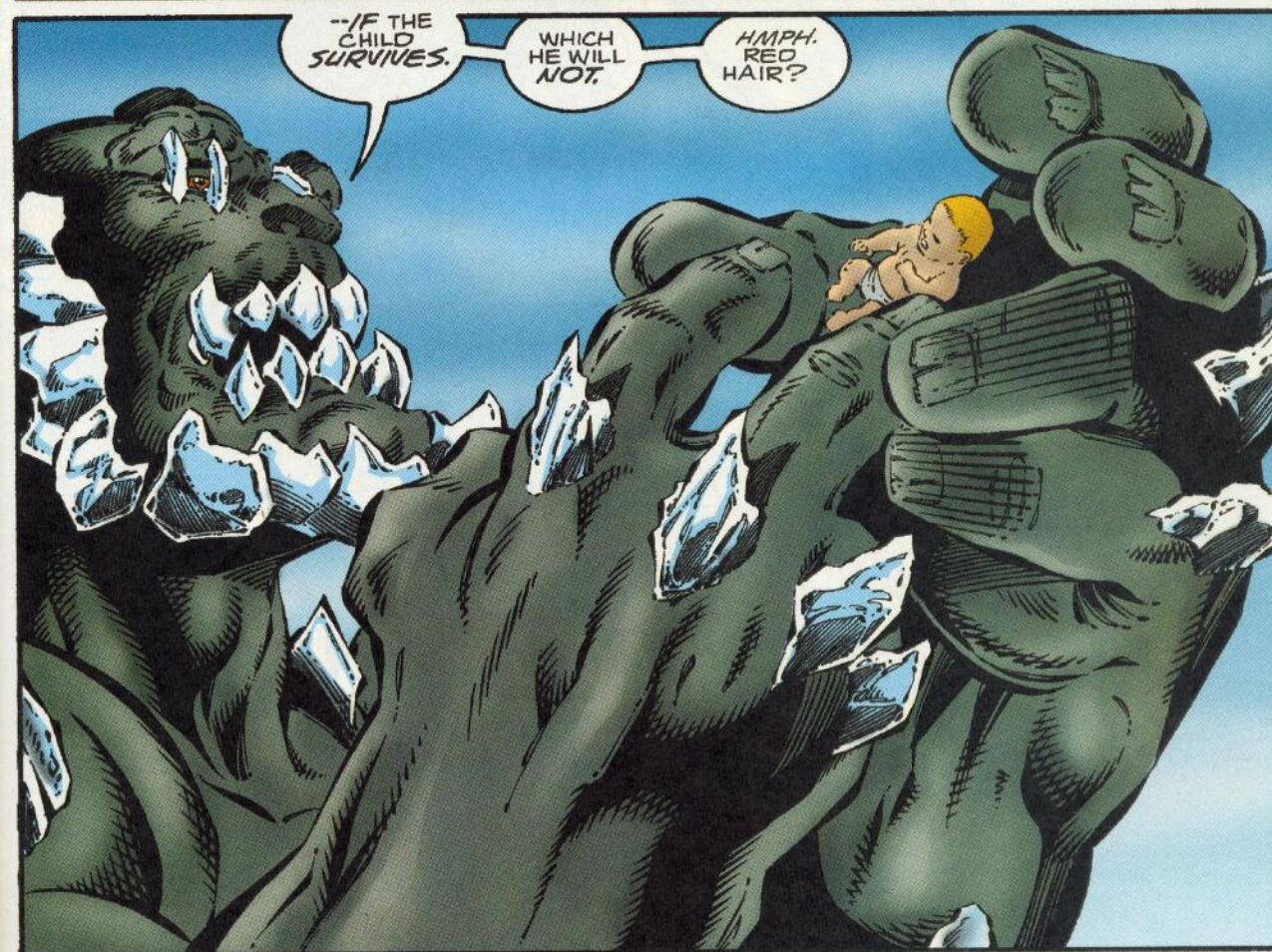


TELL ME,  
KRYPTONIAN.

THIS LIFE  
YOU STRUGGLE  
SO HARD TO  
PRESERVE?

YOUR OWN  
PROGENY?





ALAS,  
THE CHILD  
MUST NOT  
BE YOURS.

THINK  
OF THE  
SPORT I  
MIGHT HAVE  
HAD IF HE  
WERE.

NEVERTHELESS,  
HE IS OF GREAT  
USE TO ME.

COMPUTER!

AWAITING YOUR  
INSTRUCTIONS,  
BRAINIAC.

IMMEDIATE  
ASSEMBLY. LIFE  
SUPPORT UNIT  
FOR A PREMATURE,  
HUMAN MALE  
INFANT.

PRESSURIZED,  
DIRECT OXYGEN  
FEED, THE PROPER  
STIMULANTS FOR  
CARDIOPULMONARY  
AND RESPIRATORY  
REGULATION.

CONSTRUCTION  
IMPLEMENTED.

FASTER. DOOMSDAY'S  
SINGLE REASON FOR  
EXISTENCE IS TO  
SURVIVE. EVEN NOW  
I CAN FEEL HIS  
PERSONALITY  
STRUGGLING TO  
FORCE ME OUT.

WE MUST GROW FOR  
ME A NEW BODY... ONE  
DEVOID OF THAT  
PERSONALITY--

--FROM THE  
RAW TISSUE OF  
THIS MISSHAPEN  
HUMAN INFANT!

VENTILATOR  
COMPLETE.

EXCELLENT.  
FOR THOSE  
AMONG YOU WHO  
MUST BE REPULSED  
BY WHAT I PLAN,  
THIS MUST BE A  
RATHER GALLING  
MOMENT.



FOR YOU SURELY REALIZE BY NOW THAT THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME.

NOR CAN THE KRYPTONIAN.

NOT WHEN HE'LL SOON BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF HUNDREDS.



IT'S THE WIND THAT WAKES ME UP.

NO. NOT THE WIND EXACTLY...



I'M MOVING!

HOW LONG WAS I OUT?

SECONDS? MINUTES?



HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHERE I AM.

WANNA STOP, BUT BODY FEELS LIKE JELLY. HEAD'S STILL SPINNING, SO GROGGY...

...CAN'T--



**CHKOWN!**

A PLANE?!

NO!

BRAINIAC  
WANTED  
THIS!

SAW FAR ENOUGH  
TO SEE THE PLANE--

--AND PLOTTED  
THE COURSE!

NO TIME TO  
WASTE, CLARK!  
GET YOUR ACT  
TOGETHER--

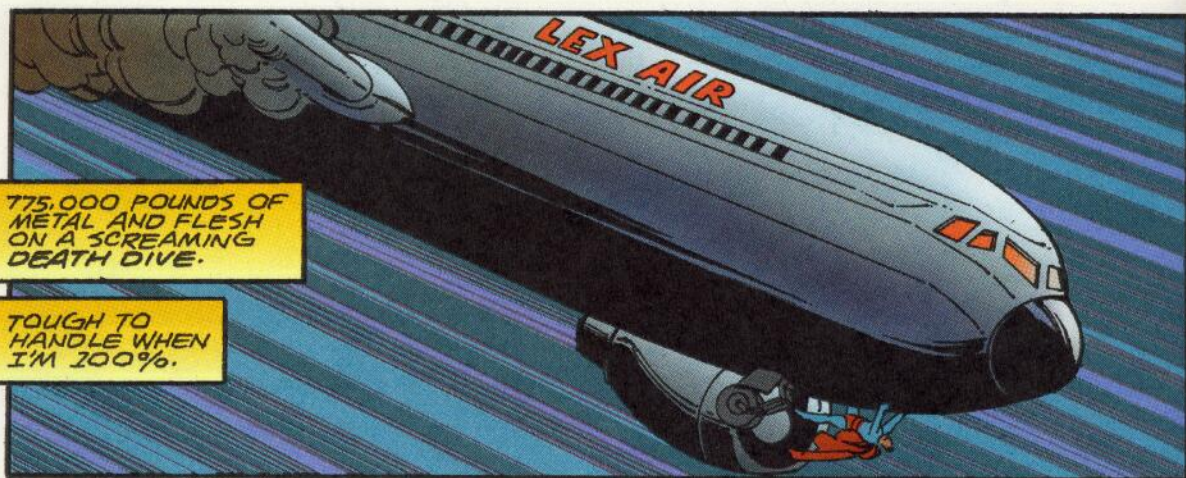
--AND  
MOVE!

FEELS LIKE I'M...  
WATCHING SOMEONE  
ELSE DO THIS.

LIKE I'M...  
DETACHED.

MUST HAVE A  
CONCUSSION.

AT LEAST I CAN BLOW  
OUT THE FIRE.



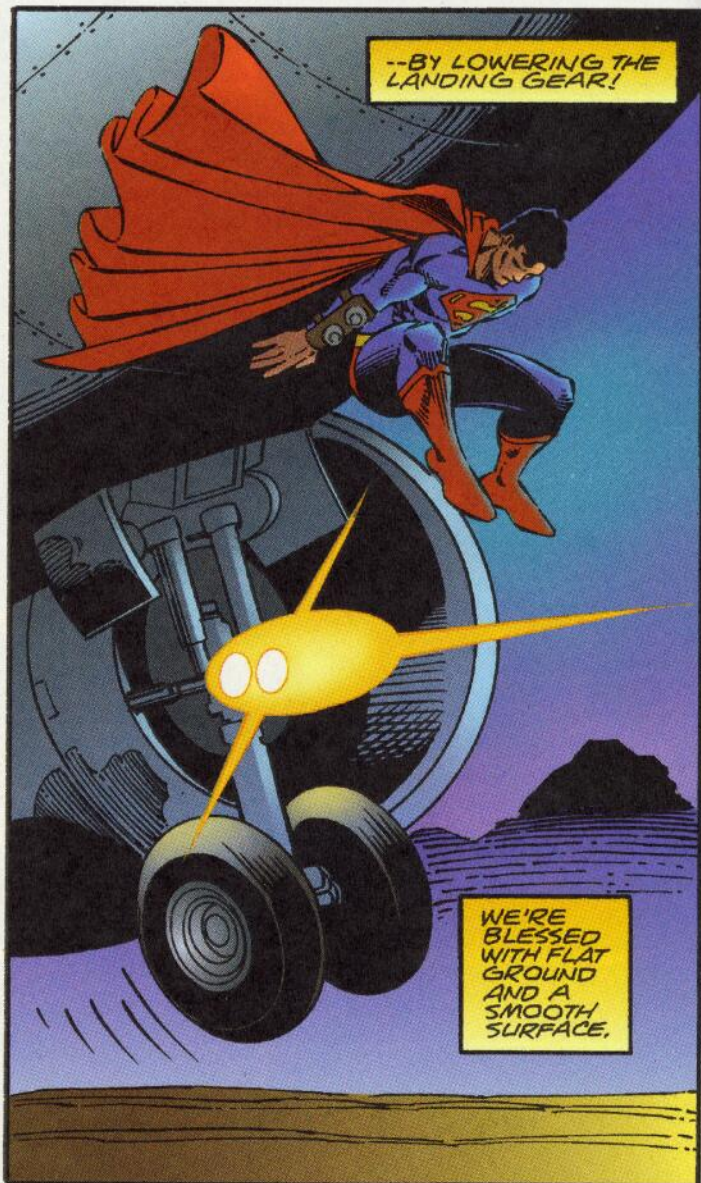
775,000 POUNDS OF METAL AND FLESH ON A SCREAMING DEATH DIVE.

TOUGH TO HANDLE WHEN I'M 100%.



NOW... I FIGHT LIKE MAD TO GET THE NOSE UP--

--PRAYING THE PILOT'S DOING HIS PART--



--BY LOWERING THE LANDING GEAR!

WE'RE BLESSED WITH FLAT GROUND AND A SMOOTH SURFACE.

SOME SAY IT'S BETTER TO BE LUCKY THAN GOOD.

WHO AM I TO ARGUE?





THE ALL-PERVASIVE  
FEELING OF DEATH--

--AND  
DESPAIR.

LANA,  
YOU SAID  
DEATH COMES  
NATURALLY.  
THAT IT'S NOT  
ANYONE'S  
FAULT.

BUT  
THIS...THIS  
IS MY  
FAULT.



IS THAT...  
BESSIE?

WHO?

BESSIE. THE  
KENTS SAY  
THEY GOT HER  
THE SAME  
DAY CLARK  
WAS BORN.

CAN'T IMAGINE  
HER NOT BEING  
IN THE BARN. AND  
THAT YOUNG ONE  
UNDER HER?

IT'S HERS.  
SHE WAS  
TRYING IN  
VAIN TO  
PROTECT  
HER OWN.



I'D GIVE ANY-  
THING TO HAVE  
PREVENTED THIS.  
ANYTHING.

IT'S THE WEATHER,  
CLARK! YOU'D HAVE TO  
BE STARMAN OR GREEN  
LANTERN TO DO THAT!



MAYBE. BUT I'D  
STILL FAILED TO  
STOP DEATH.

JUST AS I DID  
WITH ADAM  
GRANT.

JUST AS I  
DID TODAY.



LET YOUR MEMORY DRIFT, AND YOU'LL FIND DAYS AND EVENTS REMEMBERED WITH SUCH CLARITY AND DETAIL--

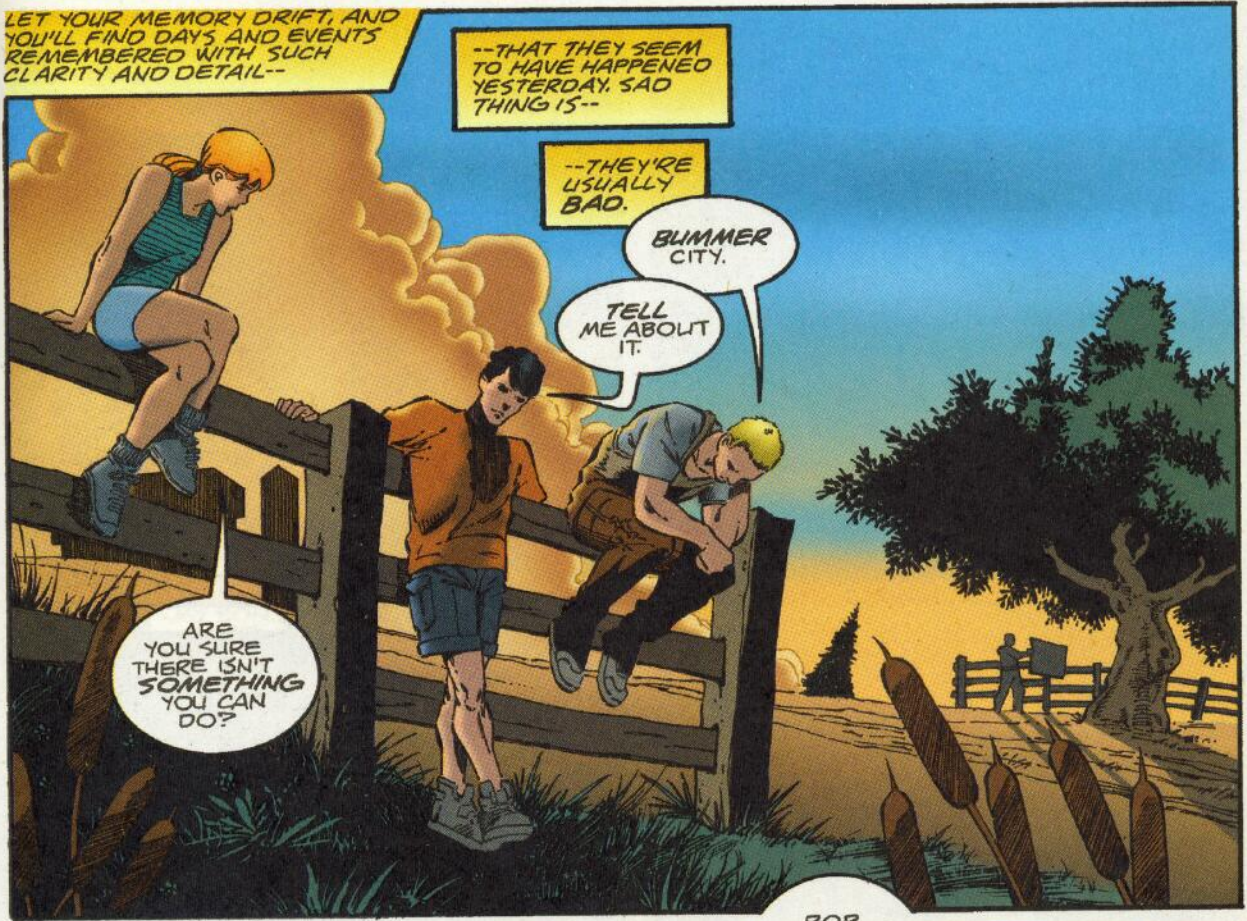
--THAT THEY SEEM TO HAVE HAPPENED YESTERDAY. SAD THING IS--

--THEY'RE USUALLY BAD.

BUMMER CITY.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T SOMETHING YOU CAN DO?



ROB, A BANK, MAYBE. WANT TO ROUND UP SOME GUNS?

BE SERIOUS, CLARK! I MEAN, HOW MUCH CAN SEED COST?

GIRL! GEEEEEZE!

YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT HOW MUCH WHEAT AND CORN THOSE FIELDS HOLD?

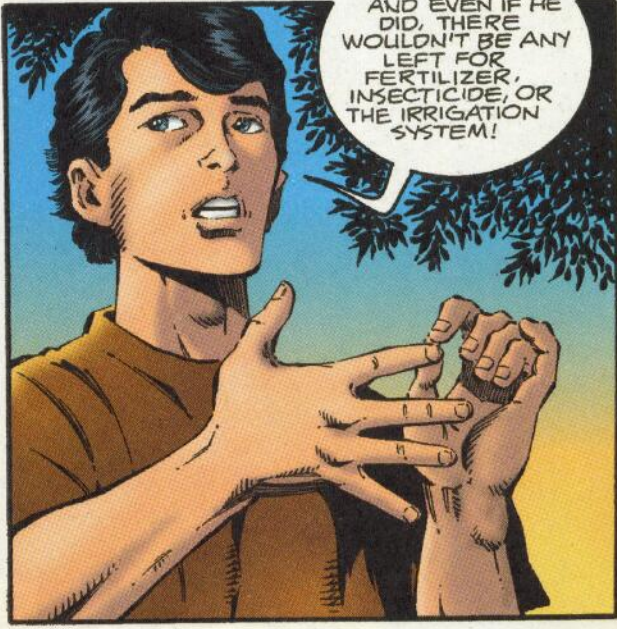


EIGHT HUNDRED ACRES! WORTH, PETE.

PA'S SO DEEP IN DEBT, HE CAN'T BUY ENOUGH TO PLANT A GARDEN, MUCH LESS ALL THAT.



AND EVEN IF HE DID, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY LEFT FOR FERTILIZER, INSECTICIDE, OR THE IRRIGATION SYSTEM!



THE BANKS  
WON'T HELP  
AT ALL?

FUNNY  
THING ABOUT  
BANKS, LANA.  
THEY ONLY  
LEND MONEY  
TO PEOPLE  
WHO HAVE  
MONEY.



PA'S HERD  
WASN'T INSURED.  
WHEN THEY  
DIED, HE WAS  
WIPE OUT.

NOW THAT HE  
CAN'T MAKE THE  
PAYMENTS ON  
THE FARM, THE  
BANKS HAVE CUT  
HIM OFF--

--AND THE  
DEBT KEEPS  
PILING UP.



WE'RE DONE FOR.  
AS DEAD AS THE  
CATTLE THAT DIED  
IN THE STORM  
LAST WINTER.



AND IT'S  
ALL MY  
FAULT.

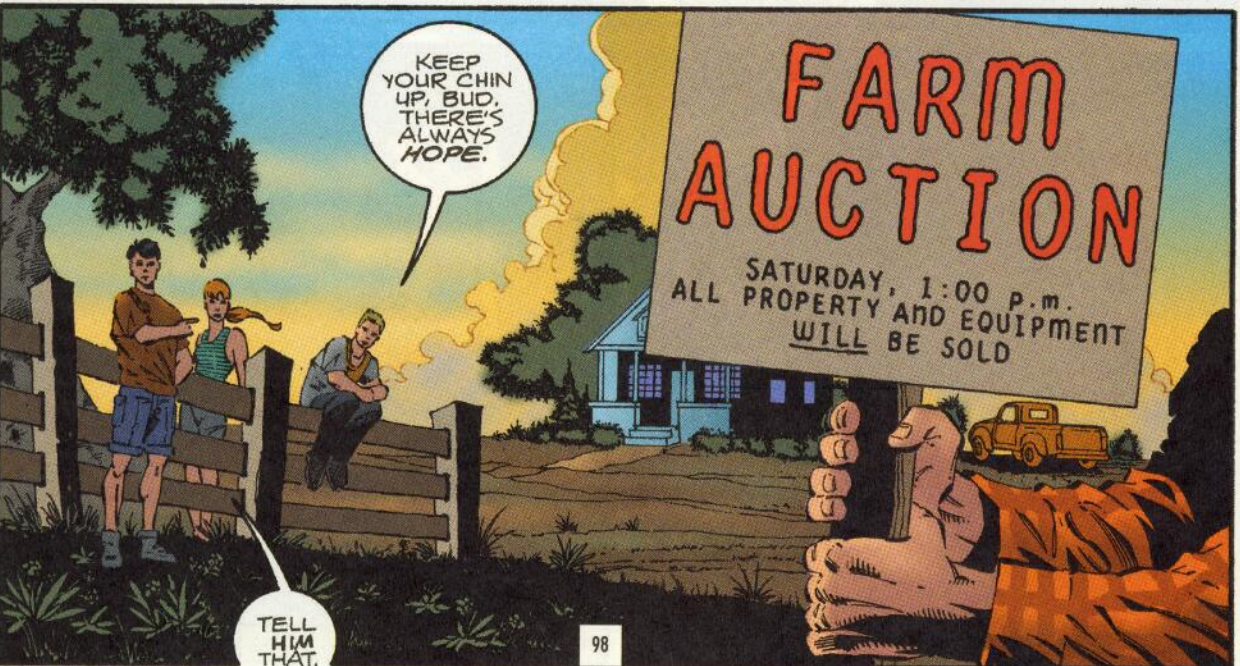


KEEP  
YOUR CHIN  
UP, BUD.  
THERE'S  
ALWAYS  
HOPE.

**FARM  
AUCTION**

SATURDAY, 1:00 P.M.  
ALL PROPERTY AND EQUIPMENT  
WILL BE SOLD

TELL  
HIM  
THAT.



WE WERE ALL OF FIFTEEN THEN, BEST FRIENDS.

FOREVER.

BUT THE PAIN OF THAT DAY PALES IN COMPARISON TO THIS.

MY SON, DEAD.

AND IT'S YOUR FAULT, SUPERMAN!

YOUR FAULT!

I WISH I COULD TELL HIM OTHERWISE, I WISH HE WAS WRONG.

BUT HE'S NOT.

WHY'D THAT GUY PUNCH YOU, SUPER-MAN? YOU WANT US TO TIE HIM UP OR SOMETHING?

NO. MORE THAN ANY-THING--

--I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

HE'S A FRIEND.

MY SON. MY... MY BEAUTIFUL, LITTLE BABY BOY...

KEEP... KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, MISTER ROSS. THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

KENT? WHERE'S CLARK?

WAIT HERE FOR THE RESCUE CHOPPERS, MR. ROSS. I'LL FIND CLARK--

--AND YOUR SON.

LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS BRING PETE AND LANA THEIR LITTLE BOY'S BODY, BUT HE DESERVES A DECENT BURIAL.

AS A CAPTIVE OF DOOMSDAY... MAKE THAT BRAINIAC...

NO.

I WON'T ACCEPT THAT, NOT YET.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENERAL?

THE GEORGIA SITUATION IS BEYOND CRITICAL, AQUAMAN! EVERY FIGHTER AND BOMBER WE'VE SENT INTO THE THEATER OF OPERATIONS--

--HAS BEEN DOWNED. A CIVILIAN AIRLINER FROM KANSAS, AS WELL.

ENTIRE TOWNS ARE ISOLATED. WHAT ABOUT YOUR TEAM?

NO WORD. I FEAR THE WORST.

JLA WATCH-TOWER. AQUAMAN HERE.

THE FEELING'S JUSTIFIED.

SUPERMAN?! ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP!

SUPERMAN, SATELLITE PHOTOS SHOW AN ENORMOUS COMPLEX THAT APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE!

I KNOW. I'VE BEEN THERE.

IT'S COLLAN TECHNOLOGY, GENERAL... ABLE TO CONTINUALLY FABRICATE MATERIALS AND BUILD ITSELF WITH RELENTLESS EFFICIENCY AND SPEED.

A WORLD SO SOPHISTICATED THAT EVERY CENTIMETER IS COVERED WITH MACHINES AND COMPUTERS.

COLL? THE TECHNO-PLANET?

THERE HASN'T BEEN SO MUCH AS A SINGLE BLADE OF GRASS FOR CENTURIES.



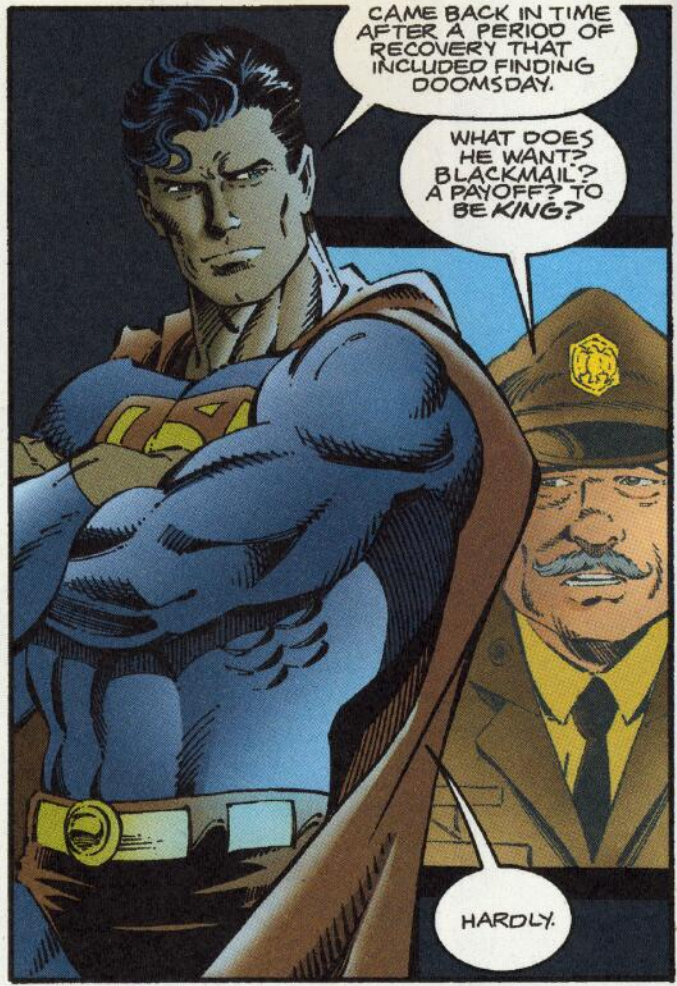
SINCE WHEN DID DOOMSDAY GET THE BRAINS TO DO THAT?

SINCE **BRAINAC** TOOK CONTROL OF HIS **BODY**.

IF I GO UP AGAINST HIM WITHOUT THE PROPER PREPARATIONS...

...I'M SURE TO LOSE.

BUT I THOUGHT **BRAINAC** DIED IN METROPOLIS JUST YESTERDAY!



CAME BACK IN TIME AFTER A PERIOD OF RECOVERY THAT INCLUDED FINDING DOOMSDAY.

WHAT DOES HE WANT? BLACKMAIL? A PAYOFF? TO BE KING?

HARDLY.

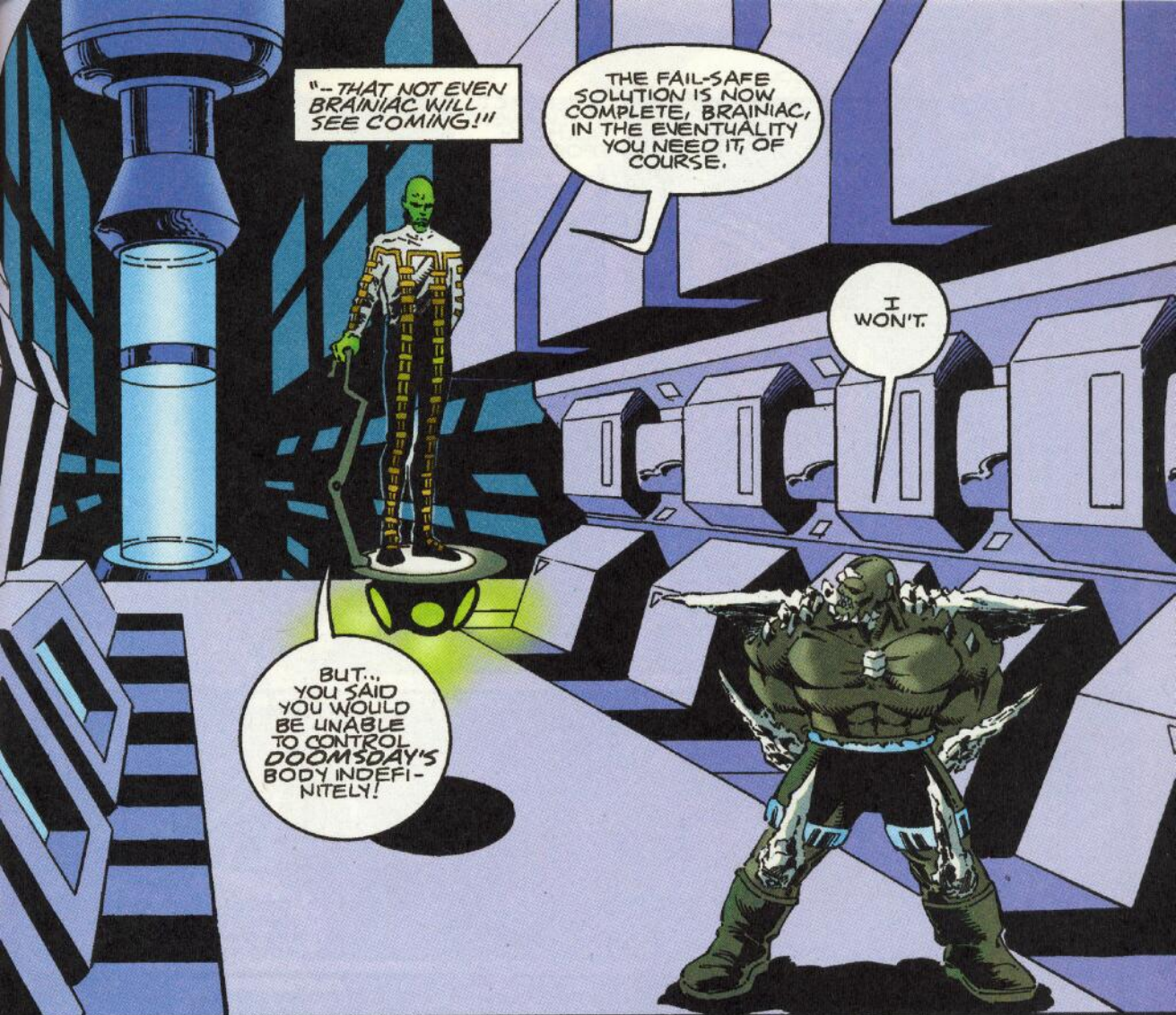


HE WANTS TO TURN EARTH INTO A **NEW COLU!**

WITHOUT ROOM FOR HUMAN LIFE.

I NEED SOME SPECIAL EQUIPMENT FROM THE WATCHTOWER, AS WELL AS THE FORTRESS.

ONLY CHANCE TO WIN THIS IS TO COME UP WITH A PLAN--



"- THAT NOT EVEN BRAINIAC WILL SEE COMING!!!"

THE FAIL-SAFE SOLUTION IS NOW COMPLETE, BRAINIAC, IN THE EVENTUALITY YOU NEED IT, OF COURSE.

I WON'T.

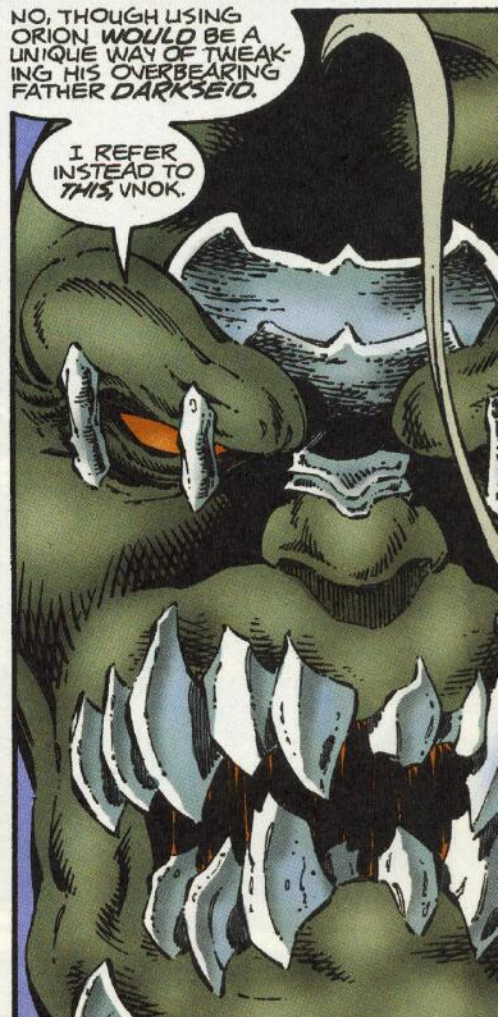
BUT... YOU SAID YOU WOULD BE UNABLE TO CONTROL DOOMSDAY'S BODY INDEFINITELY!



OH, I'LL NEED A NEW BODY. BUT IT WON'T BE YOUR FAIL-SAFE SOLUTION, VNOK.

WE'LL GROW A NEW, EQUALLY POWERFUL BODY FREE OF THE MONSTER'S SIMPLISTIC INFLUENCE.

USING GENETIC MATERIAL FROM ONE OF THE JLA MEMBERS? ORION, PERHAPS?



I REFER INSTEAD TO THIS, VNOK.

A HUMAN INFANT,  
PERFECT FOR  
ENGINEERING MY  
NEW BODY.



OF  
COURSE! HIS  
UNCORRUPTED  
DNA CHAIN  
WILL BE EASILY  
MANIPULATED.

PRECISELY!

A PERFECT,  
PERMANENT  
HOUSING  
FOR ME.

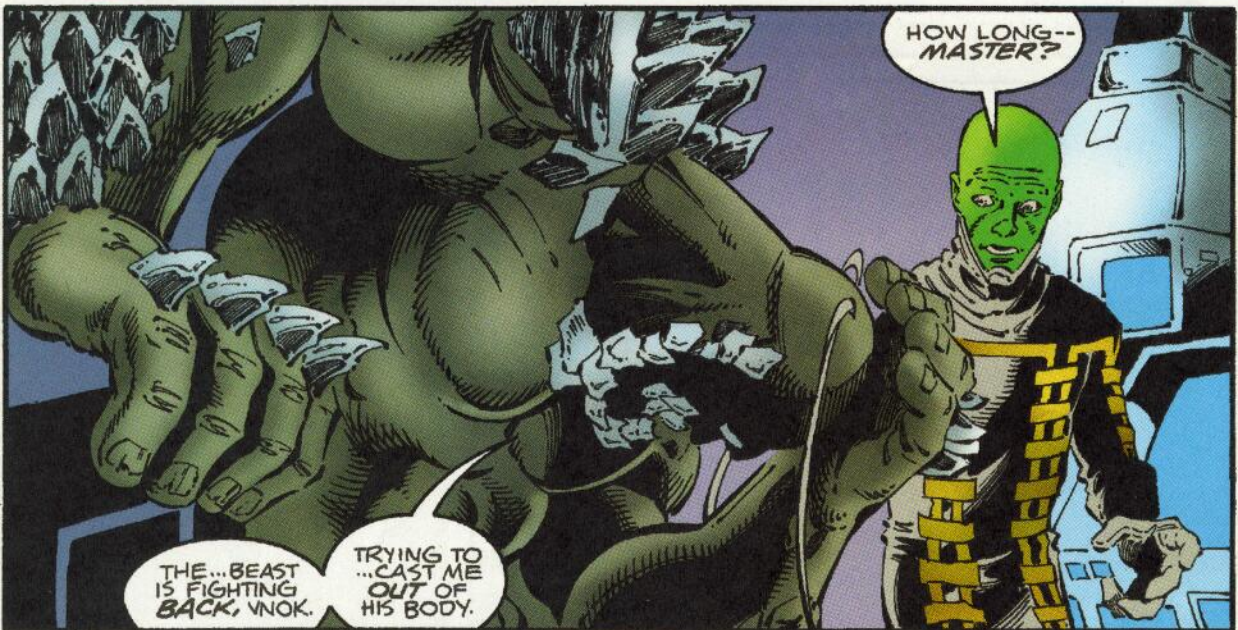


THE UNIVERSE'S  
ULTIMATE INTELLECT  
COMBINED WITH  
THE ULTIMATE  
BODY.



DOOMSOAY'S  
PRESENT  
BODY?

WILL BE  
DESTROYED AFTER  
WE'VE COMPLETED  
FEEDING ITS DNA  
INTO THE INFANT.



HOW LONG--  
MASTER?

THE... BEAST  
IS FIGHTING  
BACK, VNOK.

TRYING TO  
...CAST ME  
OUT OF  
HIS BODY.



ACCELERATE  
THE ENGINEERING  
PROCESS.

THE INFANT  
MUST BE MUTATED  
WHILE THERE'S  
STILL TIME!





WONDER WOMAN, FLASH, ORION, AND J'ONN ARE STILL OUT, AND I'M STUCK.

IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET US OUT, LANTERN.

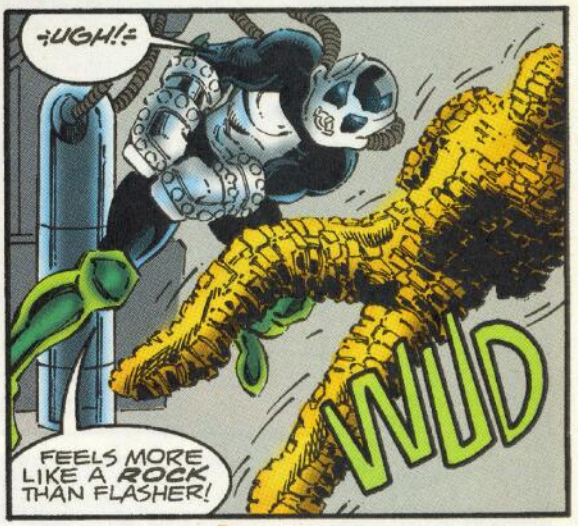
HOW? CAN'T SEE... CAN BARELY EVEN HEAR YOU, HUNTRESS!

THIS BLASTED HELMET HAS SHORTED OUT MY ABILITY TO COMMAND MY RING!



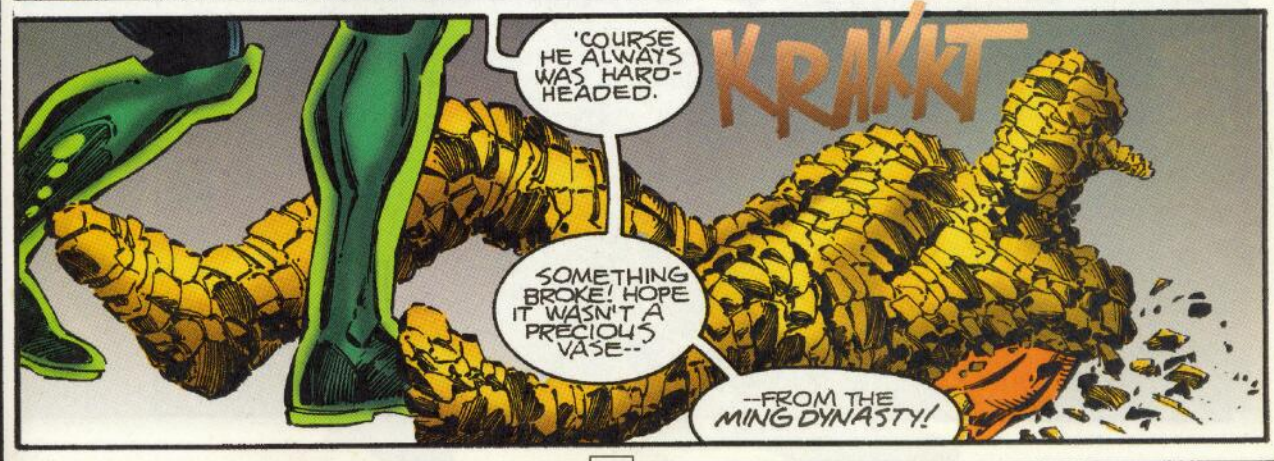
FLASH IS ABOUT SIX FEET TO YOUR RIGHT, COVERED IN SOME KIND OF SYNTHETIC CASING. HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK HIM OVER--

AND IT MIGHT CRACK!



UGH!:

FEELS MORE LIKE A ROCK THAN FLASHER!



'COURSE HE ALWAYS WAS HARD-HEADED.

SOMETHING BROKE! HOPE IT WASN'T A PRECIOUS VASE--

--FROM THE MING DYNASTY!



**KKRRIPPT**





IDIOTIC HUMAN! HOW DARE YOU INTERJECT YOURSELF INTO MY AFFAIRS?

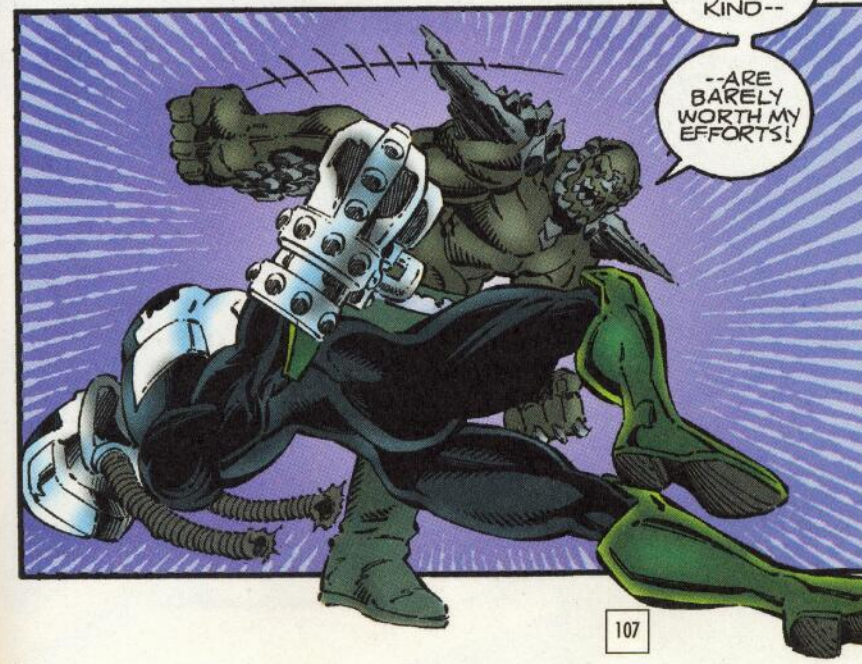
MMM MF!



EVEN A COMPLETE CRETIN SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT I WAS MONITORING THIS CHAMBER--

--AND THAT I COULD MAKE ANY ONE OF YOU DO MY BIDDING!

YOU AND YOUR KIND--



--ARE BARELY WORTH MY EFFORTS!



STILL, IF YOUR EXISTENCE ENSURES THE RETURN OF THE KRYPTONIAN, I'LL LET YOU LIVE.

FOR NOW.



CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM CLARK SINCE--

SSH! DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE SAID?

...REPEATING... THIS HOUR'S TOP STORY IS THE DISAPPEARANCE...

...OF LEXAIR FLIGHT 367 EN ROUTE FROM KANSAS TO ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

MILITARY SOURCES CLAIM THE FLIGHT MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN DOWNED OVER GEORGIA AS PART OF THE ONGOING BATTLE WITH DOOMSDAY!



LEXAIR



DOOMS-DAY?

OH, MY... PETE SAID HE WAS GOING TO ATLANTA!



IF HE WAS ON THAT PLANE--

--IF CLARK GOT TANGLED UP WITH DOOMS-DAY...

HUSH, LANA. NO SENSE WORRYING NOW. WE HAVE TO HAVE FAITH--

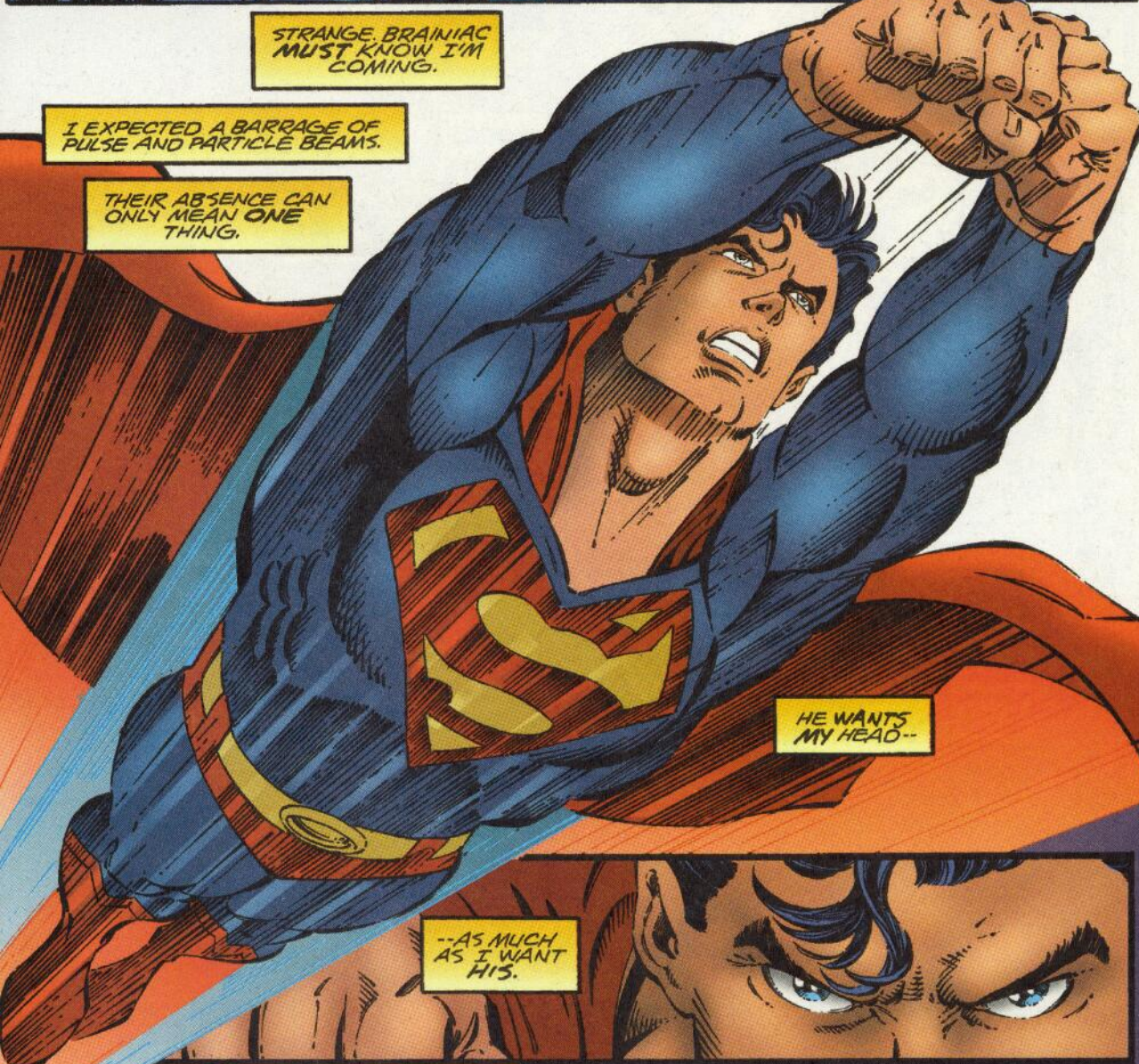


"--THAT CLARK WILL COME THROUGH FOR ALL OUR SALES."

HEY! ANYONE SEEN THAT NUT CASE WHO TRIED TO PUNCH OUT SUPERMAN?

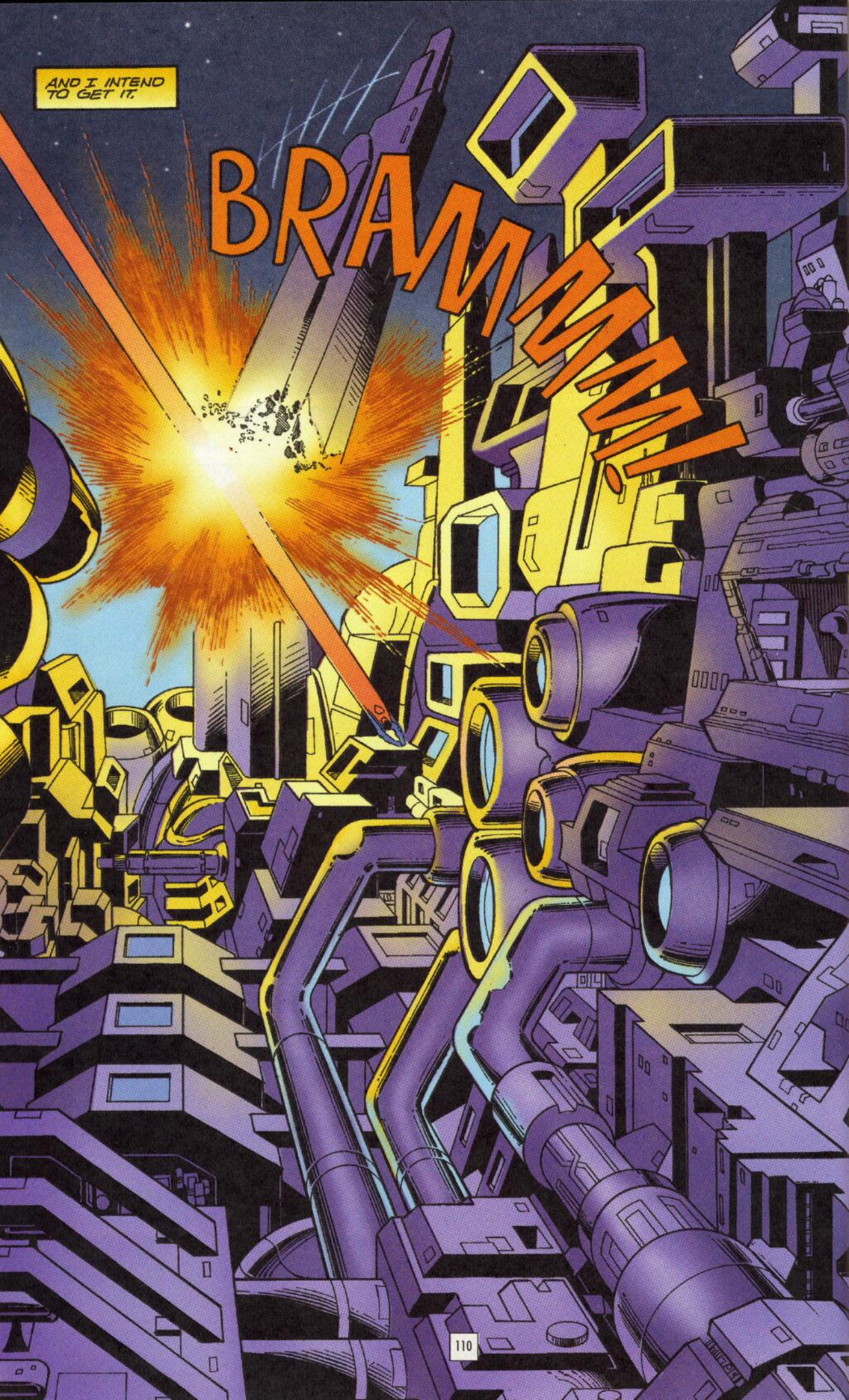


ADIOS, PEOPLE. WHILE YOU WAIT FOR RESCUE CHOPPERS--



AND I INTEND  
TO GET IT.

**BRAMMM**



# SKOWNNN

THIS COLLIAN MONSTROSITY IS EATING UP REAL ESTATE FASTER THAN LOIS MOVES ON A HOT TIP.

KEEPS BUILDING AND GROWING FROM THE CENTER OUTWARD.

I'LL TRASH AS MUCH AS I CAN--

--INFLECT AS MUCH DAMAGE AS POSSIBLE--

--BEFORE I MAKE HIM SO MAD THAT HE CAN'T IGNORE ME.

THE FOOL. DOESN'T HE REALIZE THAT ANYTHING HE DESTROYS WILL BE REBUILT WITHIN HOURS?

OF COURSE HE DOES. DESTRUCTION ISN'T HIS GOAL.

I AM.

I SHALL NOT  
DISAPPOINT  
HIM.

CHOW W SKA-BAMMM

YOU TRULY ARE A  
REMARKABLE MAN,  
KRYPTONIAN.  
ONLY A PERSON OF  
GREAT COURAGE--

--OR GREAT  
STUPIDITY WOULD  
COURT DEATH  
AS YOU DO.

BRAINIAC!  
YOU SHOWED  
UP RIGHT ON  
CUE!

INSOLENT  
IDIOT!

DON'T YOU  
REALIZE THAT  
YOU CANNOT  
POSSIBLY  
SURVIVE THIS  
ENCOUNTER?

ARGH!:-





TO SUGGEST THAT I'M COMPLYING WITH SOME SCHEME OF YOURS IS SHEER FOLLY!



WITH THIS BODY--

--AND OVERWHELMINGLY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE--



--I AM YOUR BETTER IN EVERY WAY!

FOR I CONTROL NOT ONLY THE SHEER FORCE OF DOOMS-DAY--



"-- BUT THE  
COMBINED  
FORCES--"

"-- OF  
EACH  
WEAPON--"

"-- EVERY  
DEFENSIVE  
MEASURE--"

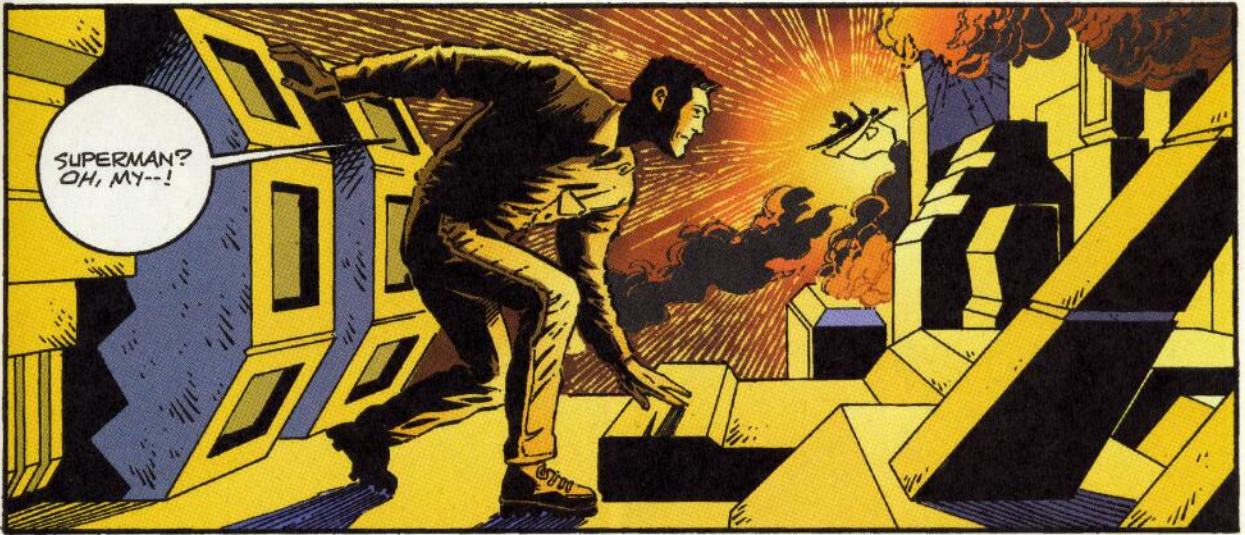
"-- AND LETHAL  
INSTRUMENT--"

"-- INSTALLED  
THROUGHOUT--"

"-- THIS  
ENTIRE  
COM-  
PLEX--"

"-- OF  
DEATH!"





SUPERMAN?  
OH, MY--!



DIDN'T PLAN TO  
GET ROASTED  
LIKE THAT--



--BUT IF I DIDN'T,  
PETE WOULD'VE  
BEEN DETECTED  
AND BLAST--



--BLASSSS...



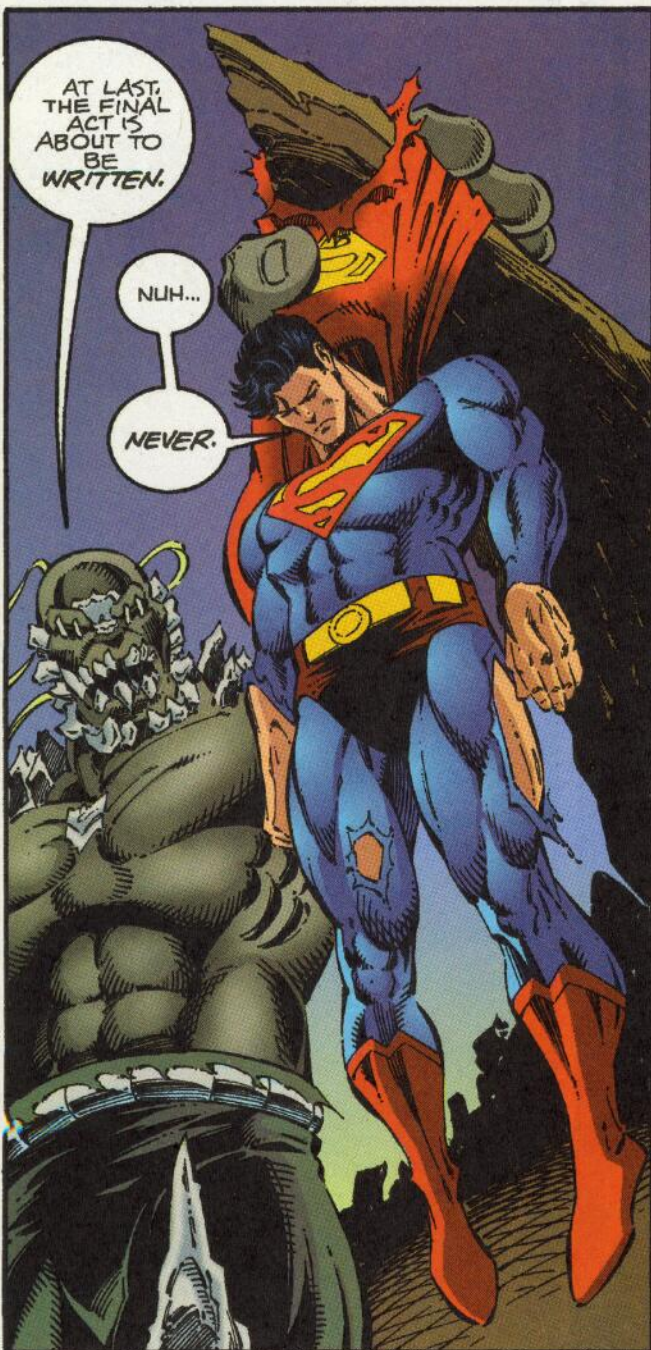
WUDD



WE'VE FACED EACH OTHER OFTEN, KRYPTONIAN. TOO OFTEN.



EACH TIME, YOU'VE WALKED AWAY THE VICTOR.



AT LAST, THE FINAL ACT IS ABOUT TO BE WRITTEN.

NUH...

NEVER.



THE MASTER CANNOT HOPE TO CONTROL DOOMSDAY FOR LONG, AND THE INFANT IS VERY NEARLY EXPIRED.

HE MUST BE MUTATED WITH GENETIC ENGINEERING--

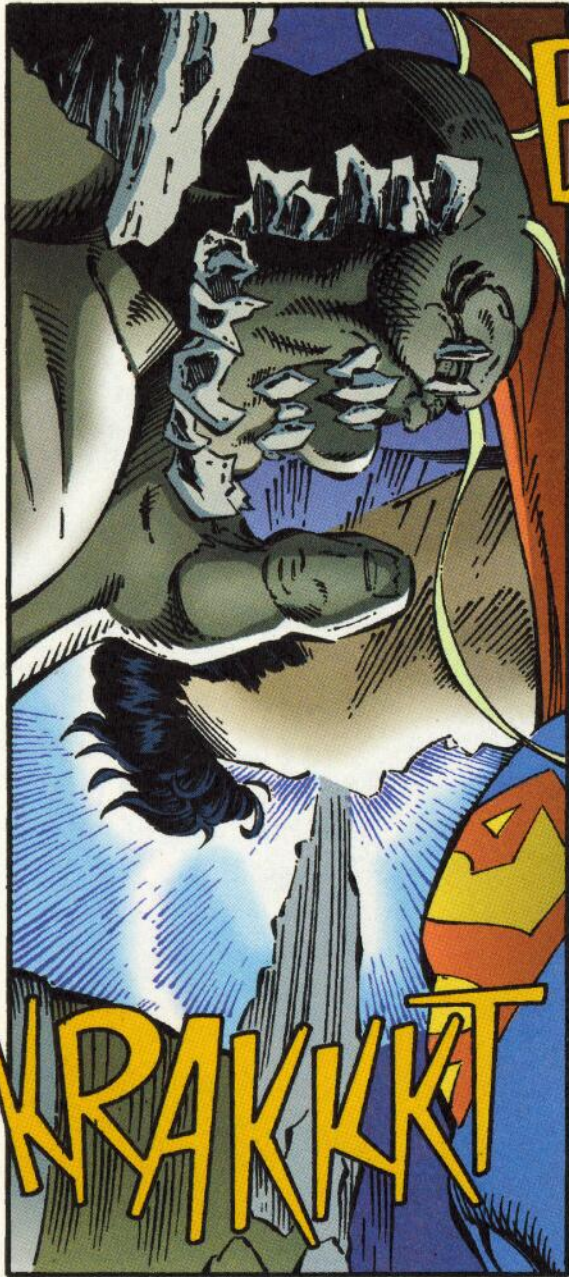
--BY WAY OF SPLICING IN SOME OF DOOMSDAY'S DNA WITH HIS OWN!

HIS LIFE WILL BE SAVED, AND HE WILL START TO AGE--

--UNTIL HE BECOMES THE IDEAL PERMANENT VESSEL FOR BRAINIAC!









YOU'RE RIGHT.

THIS ENDS NOW.

BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WON'T BE COMING BACK.



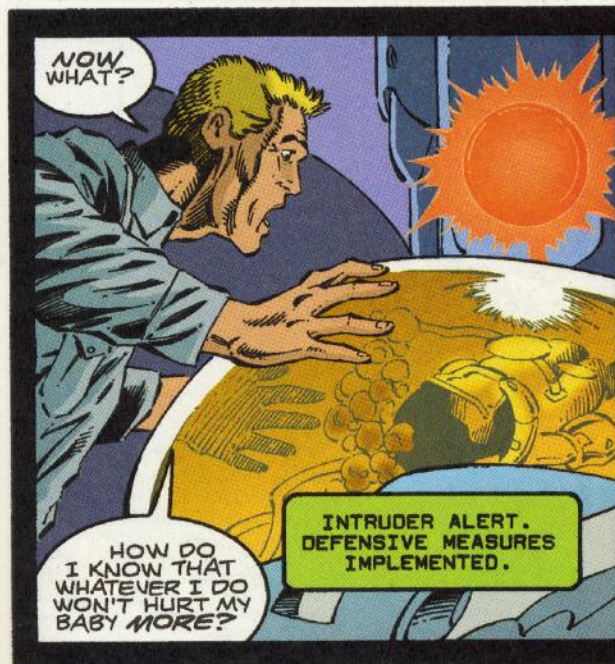
DANGEROUS GAMBLE, LETTING BRAINIAC TAKE HIS SHOTS AT ME LIKE THIS.

BUT I KNEW HE'D GET OVERCONFIDENT... FORGET THE POSSIBILITY OF A TRAP.



REMEMBER THE PSI-BLOCKER THAT STOPPED YOU FROM CONTROLLING ME?

GUESS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT'S SLAPPED ON DOOMSDAY?



NOW WHAT?

HOW DO I KNOW THAT WHATEVER I DO WON'T HURT MY BABY MORE?

INTRUDER ALERT. DEFENSIVE MEASURES IMPLEMENTED.



DEFENSIVE MEASURES COMPLETE.



HARD TO MOVE? HARD TO MAKE THE MONSTER DO WHAT YOU WANT?

YOU'RE DONE, BRAINIAC.



FINISHED.

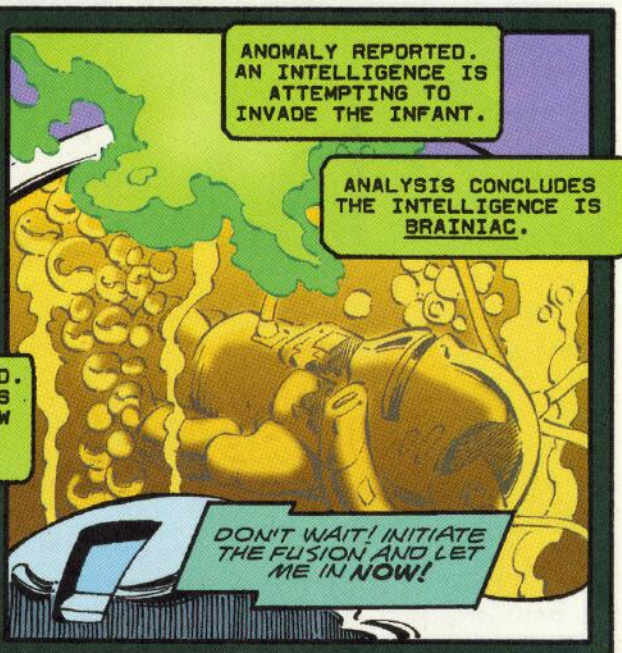
NOT MUCH TIME TO PULL THIS OFF HAVE TO HOPE MY PLAN WORKS, BECAUSE EVEN WITHOUT BRAINIAC CONTROLLING HIM--



--DOOMSDAY IS STILL CAPABLE OF TEARING THE PLANET AND ME APART!



OVERDRIVE INITIATED. THE HUMAN INFANT'S PROGRESSION IS NOW UNDER COMPUTER CONTROL.



ANOMALY REPORTED. AN INTELLIGENCE IS ATTEMPTING TO INVADE THE INFANT.

ANALYSIS CONCLUDES THE INTELLIGENCE IS BRAINIAC.

DON'T WAIT! INITIATE THE FUSION AND LET ME IN NOW!



I'VE GONE TOE TO TOE  
WITH DOOMSDAY BEFORE  
--A MISTAKE I WON'T  
MAKE AGAIN.

THIS TIME, WE  
SETTLE IT MY  
WAY.



COME AND  
GET IT.



HRR?

RAHH  
HHHR!



THE INFANT MUST  
REACH FINAL STAGE  
PREPARATION FIRST.

DNA FUSION  
TO OCCUR IN  
5...4...3...2...

NO!

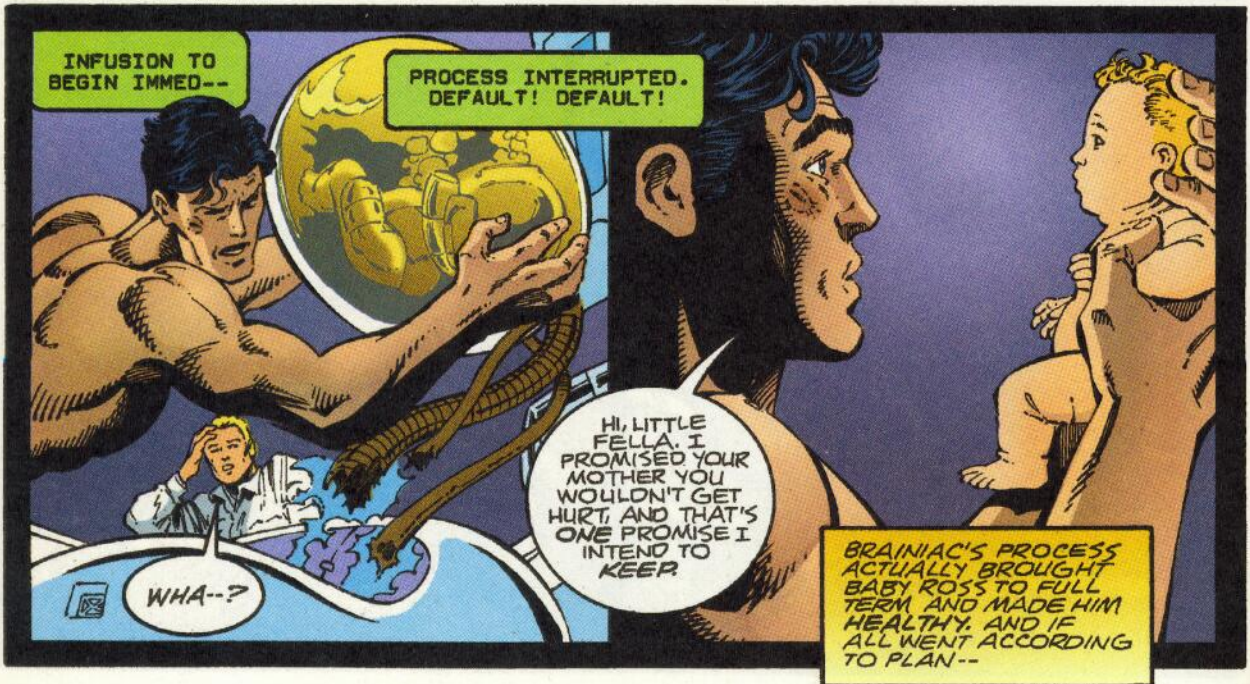


NOT  
AGAIN!

...1...

THAT BODY  
IS MINE!  
MINE!

# RAHHR-SUPER



--AND DOOMSDAY REACTED AS EXPECTED. HE'S IN THE JLA TRANSPORTER I RIGGED UP RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

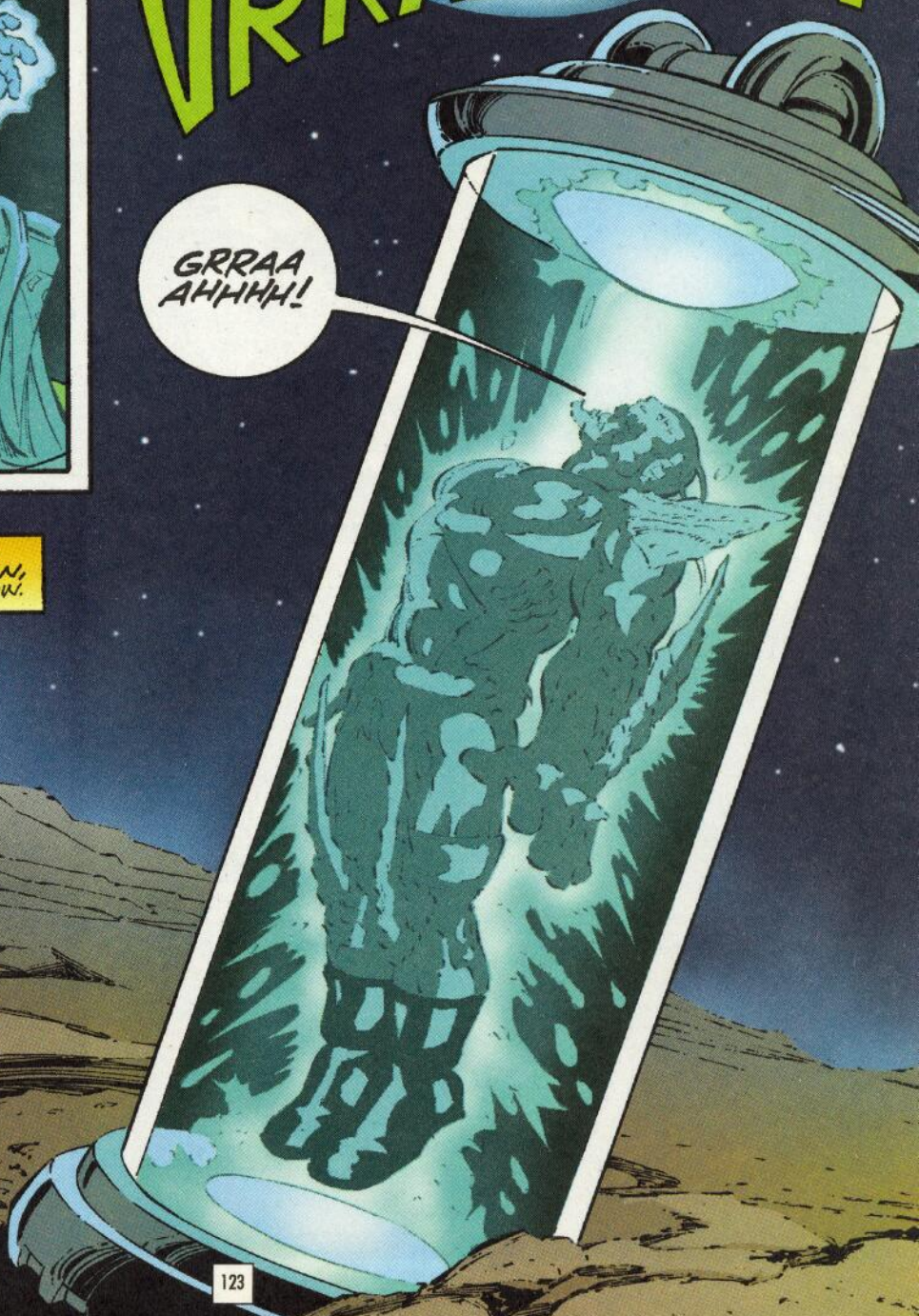
RUH?



VRRMMMMM

GRRAA  
AHHHH!

GIVEN TIME, HE'LL FIND HIS WAY OFF THE MOON, BUT HE'LL HOLD FOR NOW.



GET YOUR HEAD TOGETHER, PETE. I NEED YOU.



OH... WHO--?

IT'S ME, YOUR SON IS SAFE.



FEEL LIKE JELLY... CAN BARELY SEE...

YOU'LL BE FINE IN A MINUTE. HERE'S YOUR SON, PETE. HEALTHY AND WHOLE.

CONGRATULATIONS.



YOU... YOU GOT HIM OUT?

CLARK... HOW... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

...

BY GETTING HIM TO SAFETY. MOVE.



WHAT ABOUT YOU?

SUPERMAN'S ON HIS WAY. I'LL BE FINE.

BETTER FIND THE JLA FAST. I MIGHT HAVE STOPPED BRAINIAC FOR NOW--



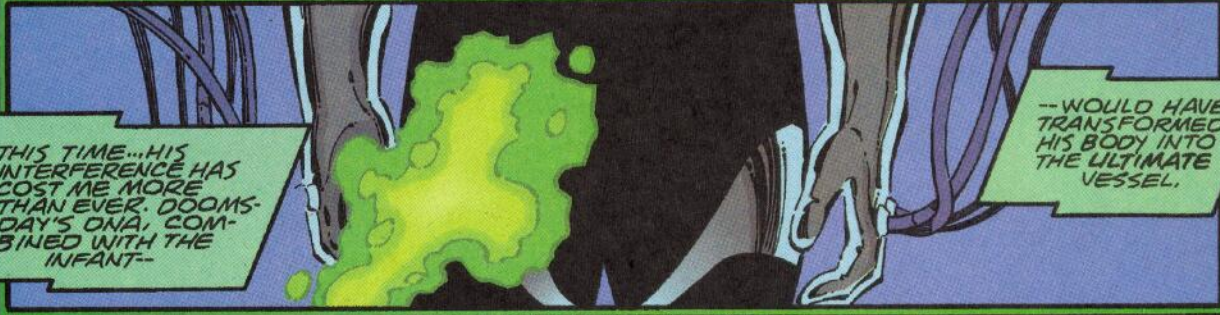


--BUT HE UNDOUBTEDLY HAS A BACKUP PLAN.

INFERNAL KRYPTONIAN!

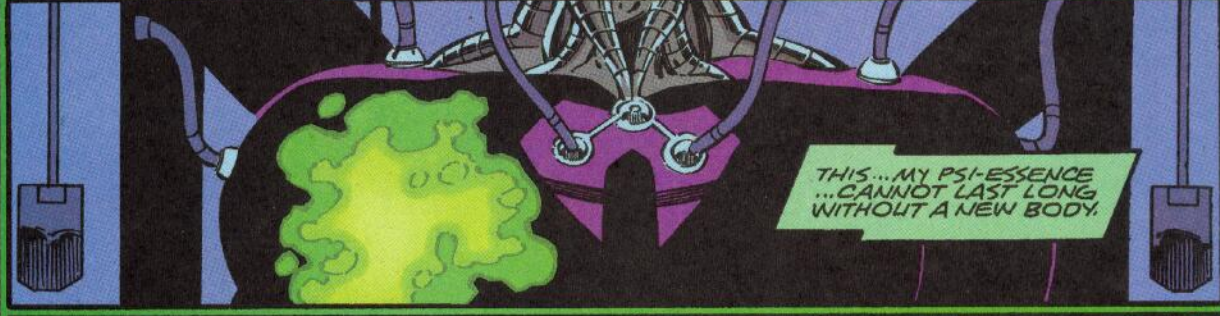


I HAVE COLLIDED WITH HIM ENOUGH TIMES TO LAST A DOZEN LIVES!




THIS TIME...HIS INTERFERENCE HAS COST ME MORE THAN EVER. DOOMSDAY'S DNA, COMBINED WITH THE INFANT--

--WOULD HAVE TRANSFORMED HIS BODY INTO THE ULTIMATE VESSEL.



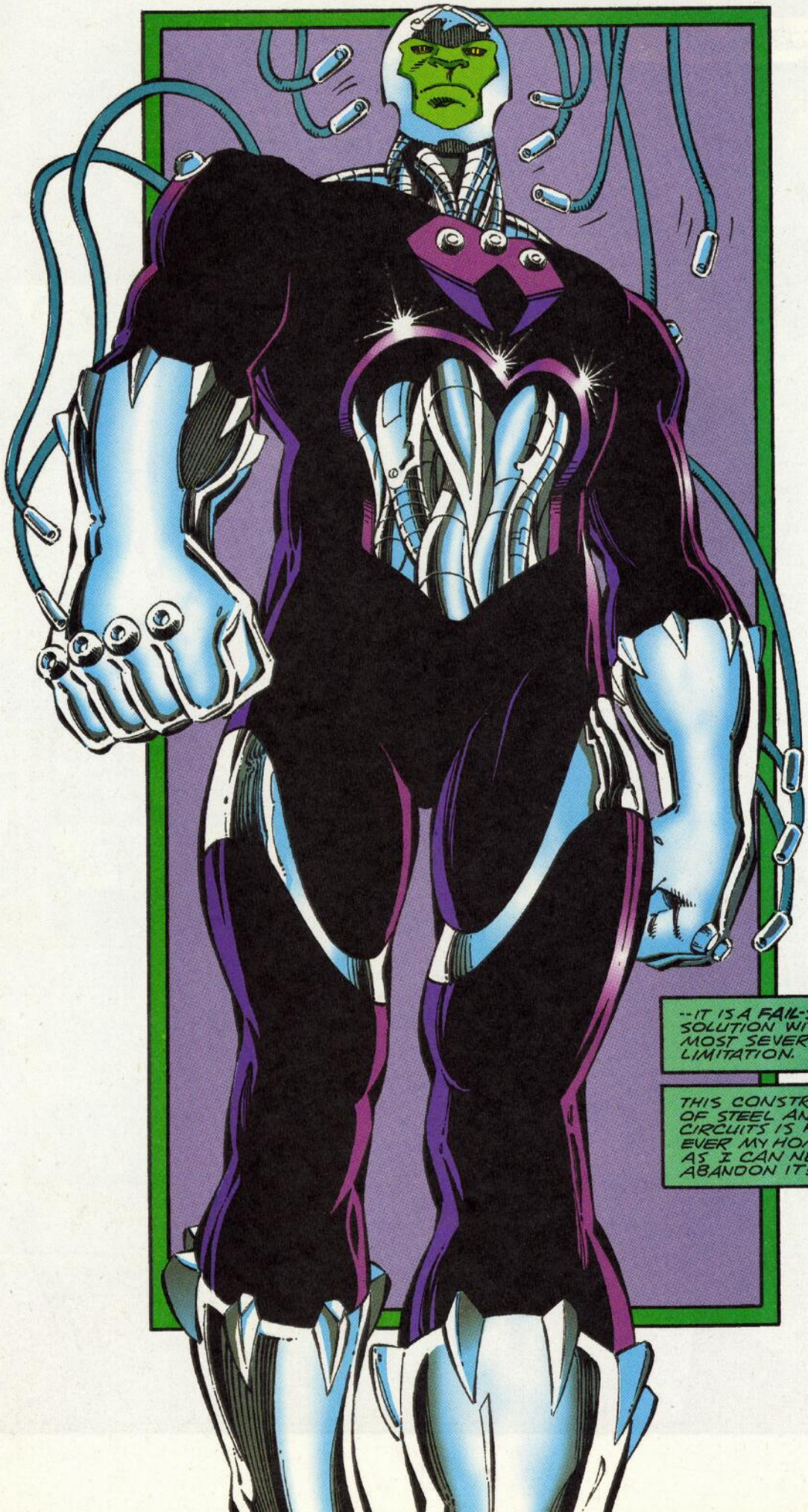
THIS...MY PSI-ESSENCE ...CANNOT LAST LONG WITHOUT A NEW BODY.



IN THE EVENT OF DISASTER, VNOK HAD THIS ALTERNATE REFUGE PREPARED.



UNFORTUNATELY--



--IT IS A FAIL-SAFE SOLUTION WITH A MOST SEVERE LIMITATION.

THIS CONSTRUCT OF STEEL AND CIRCUITS IS FOREVER MY HOME, AS I CAN NEVER ABANDON IT!

HEAD FEELS LIKE IT WAS RUN OVER BY A FLEET OF TRUCKS!

MATCHES YOUR LOOKS.

WERE I RESCUED BY A LESSER MAN THAN YOU, MY SHAME WOULD BE GREAT, SUPERMAN.

I'VE SET UP A TRANSPORTER BOOTH AT THE WEST EDGE OF THIS COMPLEX. MEET ME AT THE WATCHTOWER!



DON'T SWEAT IT, ORION. YOU WERE UP AGAINST TOUGH ODDS. DIANA?

I'LL BE FINE AS SOON AS I CAN CATCH MY BREATH! WHAT'S NEXT?



WHY? ARE YOU SAYING --?

DOOMS-DAY'S ON THE MOON.

ORION NEEDS NO TRANSPORTER BOOTH FOR SUCH A JOURNEY! I SHALL JOIN YOU FOR THE BATTLE TO COME.

KEEP UP IF YOU CAN!



NO CHANCE OF THAT. I STORM OUT SO FAST THAT EVEN LIGHTRAY WOULD BE LEFT BEHIND.

THIS IS DOOMSDAY WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.

HE'S THE ULTIMATE SURVIVOR.

INCAPABLE OF PERMANENT DEFEAT OR DEATH.



WITH SO LITTLE GRAVITY, HE'S PROBABLY COVERED HALF THE MOON LOOKING FOR A WAY OFF.

BY NOW HE'S FOUND THE WATCHTOWER.



HE CAN SENSE THE TRANSPORTERS INSIDE.

KNOWS HE CAN USE THEM TO GO ANYWHERE ON EARTH HE WANTS.

EVERY SECOND WE WASTE WORKS IN HIS FAVOR.

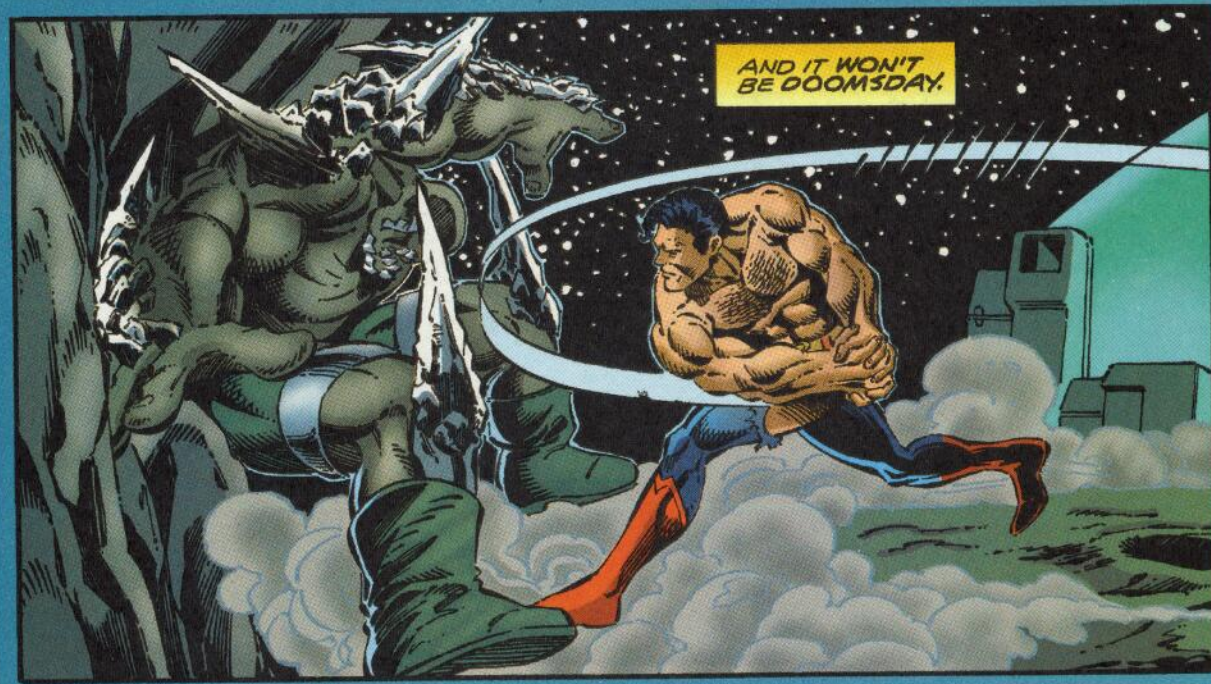




**I REFUSE TO LET THAT HAPPEN.**



**ONLY ONE OF US WILL WALK AWAY THIS TIME.**



**AND IT WON'T BE DOOMSDAY.**



WHEN THE JLA  
FIRST SIGNALLED  
ME, I IGNORED  
IT.

I WAS WITH  
LANA...TRYING  
TO SAVE HER  
BABY'S LIFE.



SOME MIGHT  
SAY THAT WAS  
A MISTAKE.

AN EXAMPLE OF  
CONFUSED  
PRIORITIES,

NO WAY.



THE BABY  
WILL LIVE.

AND I HAVE THE  
CHANCE TO SHUT  
THIS MONSTER  
DOWN FOR--

--GOOD?



YOW! SUPES IS  
LUCKY THAT HAY-  
MAKER DIDN'T  
RIP HIS HEAD  
CLEAN OFF!

I CONCUR,  
HE'LL NEED  
A HAND,  
GREEN  
LANTERN.

SAY NO MORE,  
J'ONN! ONE READY-  
MADE, INCREDIBLY  
RELIABLE AND  
DOWNRIGHT PHOTO-  
GENIC LIFE-SAVER  
COMING UP!

EFFECTIVE,  
BUT NOT EXACTLY  
WHAT I HAD  
IN MIND.\*

YOU WANT I  
SHOULD WHIP  
UP A MARTIAN  
BABE NEXT  
TIME?

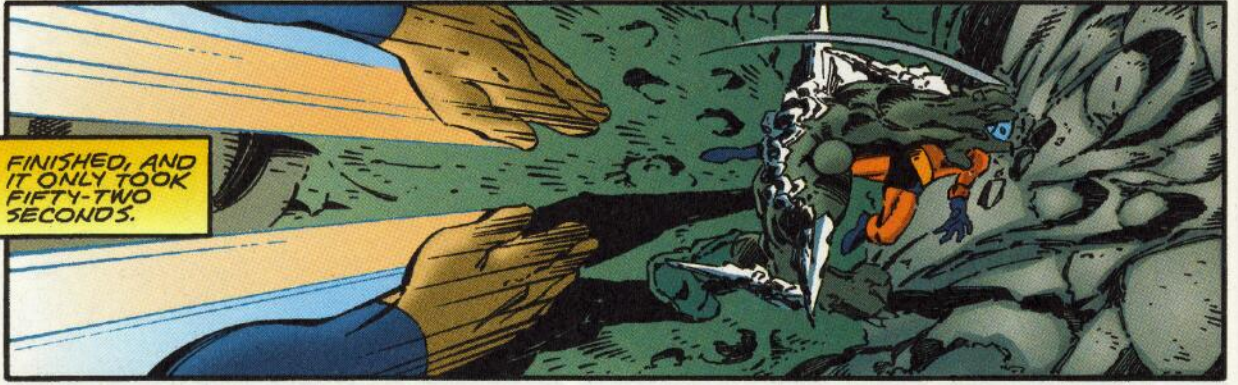
NICE MOVE  
TRANSPORTING  
DOOMSDAY UP  
HERE, SUPERMAN!  
TOO BAD WE CAN'T  
BOUNCE HIS BONY  
BUTT ALL OVER  
THE UNIVERSE  
THAT WAY!

\*THROUGH THE  
MARTIAN MANHUNTER,  
THE JLA COMMUNICATE  
IN SPACE  
TELEPATHICALLY.

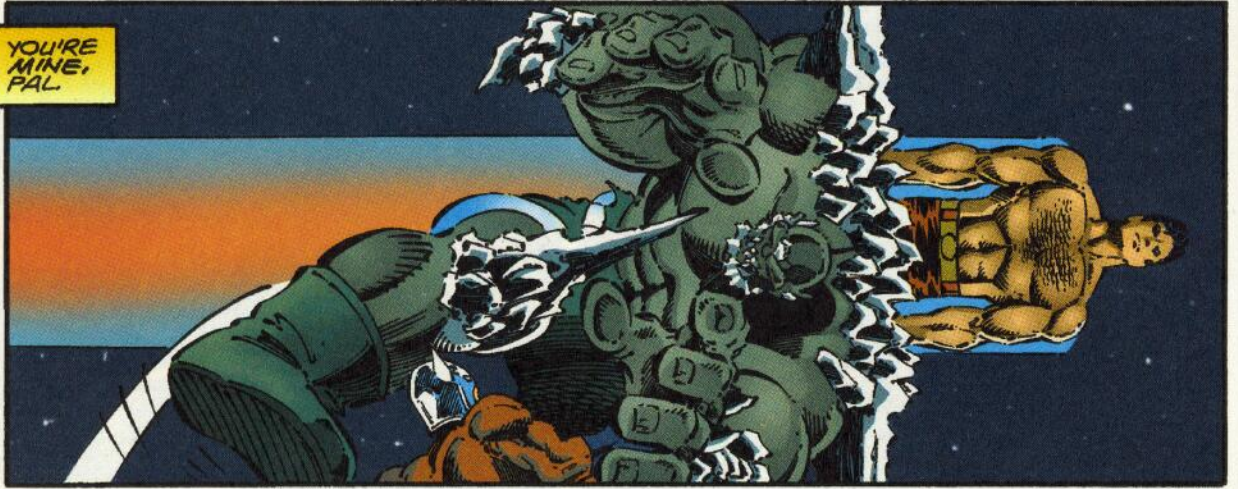
LANTERN, YOU'RE A GENIUS! THAT'S THE ANSWER!







FINISHED, AND  
IT ONLY TOOK  
FIFTY-TWO  
SECONDS.



YOU'RE  
MINE,  
PAL.



AND YOU  
WON'T BE  
COMING  
BACK.





FOUR TRANSPORTER BOOTHS? WHERE ARE YOU SENDING HIM?

ALPHA CENTAURI? THE KHAND HOME WORLD?

OR EVEN WORSE... AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE WHERE THEY ONLY SHOW "SAVED BY THE BELL" RERUNS?

NO MATTER WHERE I SEND DOOMSDAY, HE'D FIND A WAY OUT.

THAT'S WHY HE'S STAYING HERE, IN A CONSTANT STATE OF TRANSPORT, FOREVER SPLIT AMONG FOUR TRANSPORTER BOOTHS.

NEVER MORE THAN 25% INTEGRATED, UNABLE TO THINK OR FREE HIMSELF



OUT-STANDING!

ACCORDING TO THIS, THE BATTERIES IN THOSE THINGS WILL LAST CENTURIES!

AND IF SOMEONE SHOULD TRY TO TAKE DOOMSDAY?

--TO IMMEDIATELY SEND HIM TO A LOCATION ONLY I KNOW OF

RIGHT NOW, PRIORITY ONE IS BRAINIAC.

IMPOSSIBLE, SHOULD THE TRANSPORTERS BE TAMPERED WITH, THEY'RE PROGRAMMED--



ANY NEWS?

WE SCoured THE WHOLE COMPLEX, SUPERMAN. THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO TRACE OF BRAINIAC OR HIS LACKEY.

YOU'RE SURE BRAINIAC IS STILL ALIVE?

NO DOUBT, WITH ALL THIS COLUAN TECHNOLOGY AND HIS OWN RESOURCEFULNESS--

--HE'S STILL A THREAT.



YOU GIVE HIM A LOT OF CREDIT.

HE'S EARNED IT.



SUPERMAN? I... I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, A BIG ONE.

NOT AT ALL, PETE. YOUR SON IS SAFE--

--AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.



IT'S JUST...SEE, CLARK AND LANA SHARE A PAST I CAN'T PIERCE. MY JEALOUSY GOT THE BETTER OF ME.

YOU AND CLARK... YOU SAVED MY FAMILY'S WHOLE FUTURE! WHERE IS CLARK, ANYWAY?



SAFE, I'M GLAD THINGS WORKED OUT, PETE.

LIKE YOU SAID, "THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE," RIGHT?

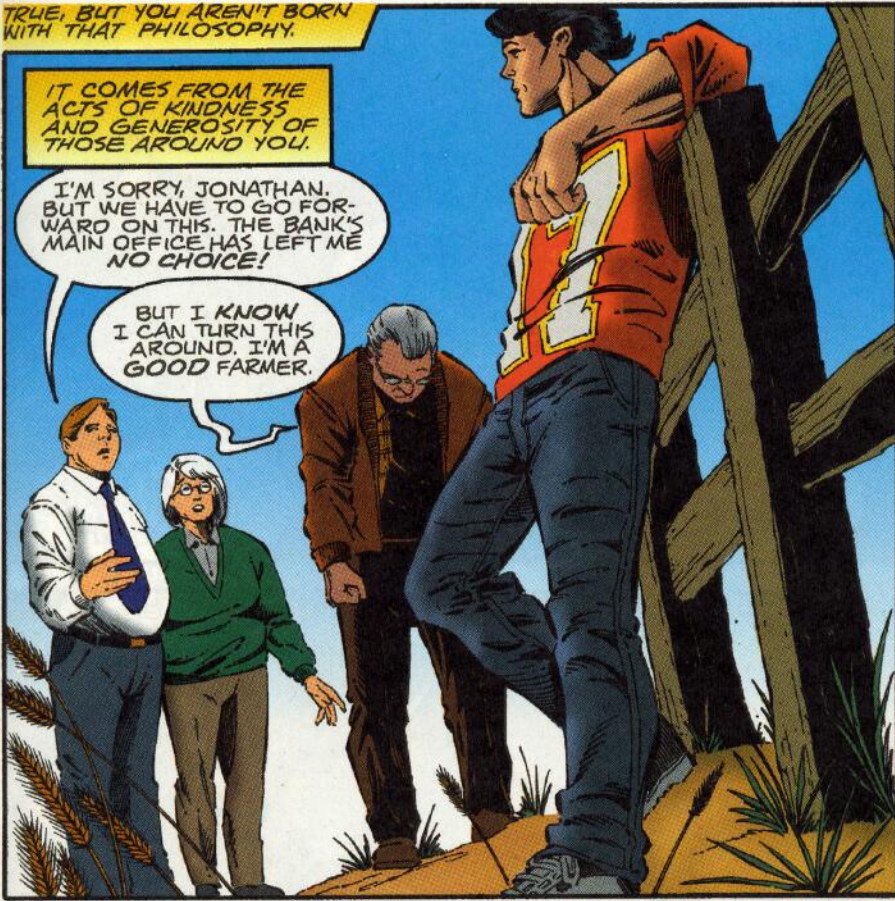


TRUE, BUT YOU AREN'T BORN WITH THAT PHILOSOPHY.

IT COMES FROM THE ACTS OF KINDNESS AND GENEROSITY OF THOSE AROUND YOU.

I'M SORRY, JONATHAN, BUT WE HAVE TO GO FORWARD ON THIS. THE BANK'S MAIN OFFICE HAS LEFT ME NO CHOICE!

BUT I KNOW I CAN TURN THIS AROUND. I'M A GOOD FARMER.



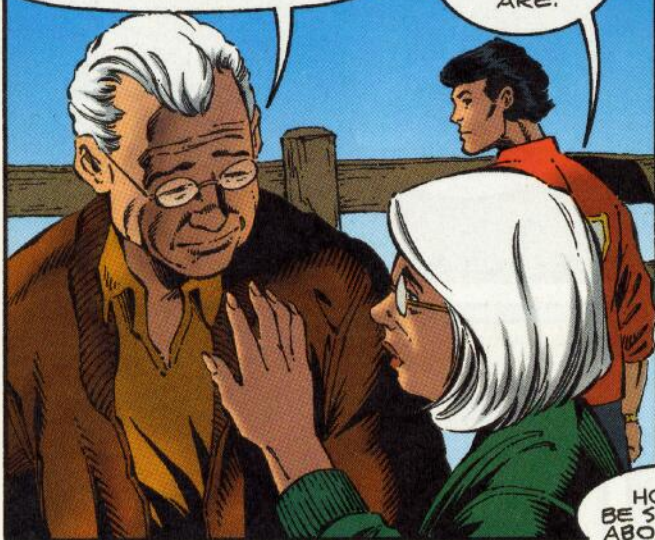
THIS WILL BE PAINFUL, JONATHAN. DON'T STAY FOR THE AUCTION.



YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO SELL EVERYTHING I OWN?

MARTHA, DO YOU KNOW HOW AWFUL A MAN FEELS WHEN HE CAN'T PROVIDE FOR HIS OWN FAMILY?

WE'LL BE FINE, LORD WILLING. WE ALWAYS ARE.



HOW CAN YOU BE SO RELAXED ABOUT THIS, MA?



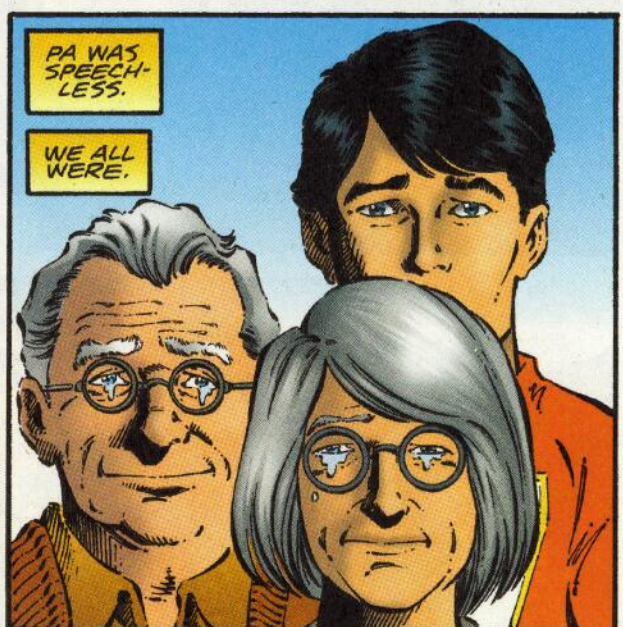
WHAT DID WE EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS?

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW. ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT, CLARK.

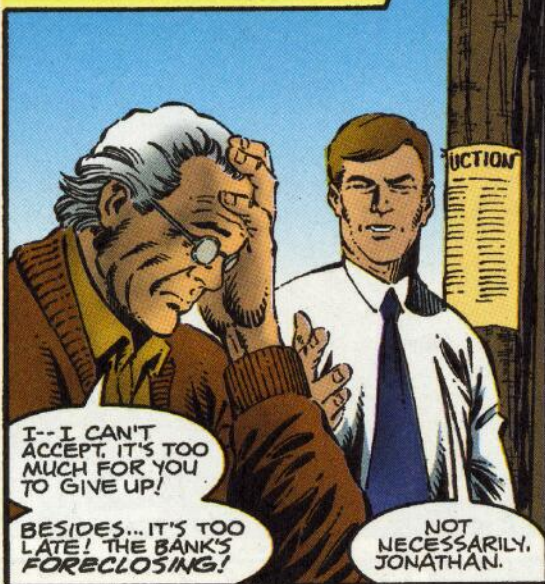


VULTURES!

IT'S TIME, HERE THEY COME.



BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE TOO LONG FOR HIS PRIDE TO KICK IN!



I-- I CAN'T ACCEPT. IT'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO GIVE UP!

BESIDES... IT'S TOO LATE! THE BANK'S FORECLOSING!

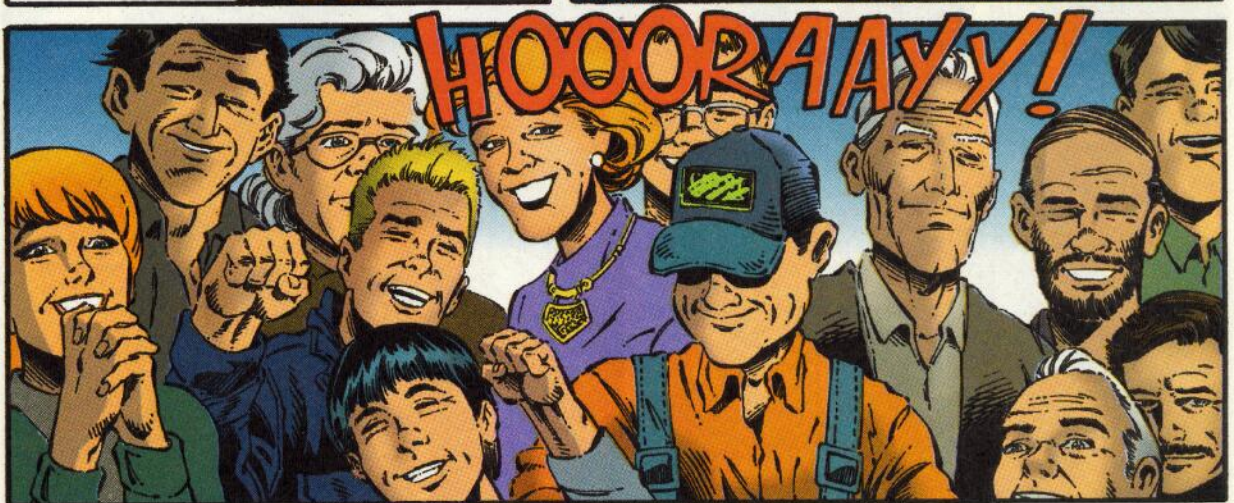
NOT NECESSARILY, JONATHAN.

THANKS TO THE GRACIOUSNESS OF YOUR NEIGHBORS, I'D SAY YOU'RE WELL-STOCKED ENOUGH NOW TO KEEP UP WITH YOUR PAYMENTS.

WITHOUT THE COST OF STOCKING A HERD, YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR.



HOORAY!



HOW CAN I LET YOU ALL SACRIFICE SO MUCH FOR... JUST US?

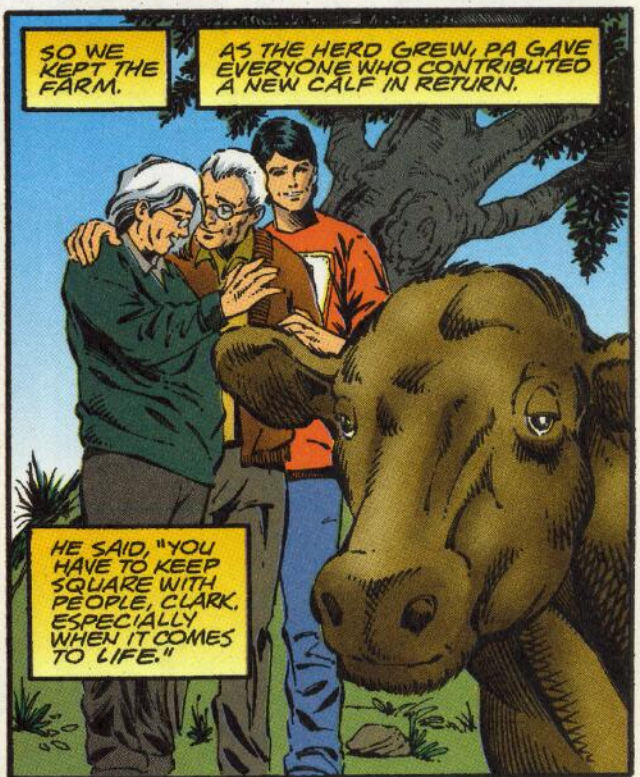


YOU AND MRS. KENT HAVE TREATED THE WHOLE COUNTY WITH NOTHING BUT KINDNESS, MR. KENT. WE AREN'T GIVING YOU ANYTHING.

YOU EARNED THIS.

SO WE KEPT THE FARM.

AS THE HERD GREW, PA GAVE EVERYONE WHO CONTRIBUTED A NEW CALF IN RETURN.



HE SAID, "YOU HAVE TO KEEP SQUARE WITH PEOPLE, CLARK, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE."



THERE ARE DAYS WHEN I ASK MYSELF IF IT'S WORTH IT.

WHEN I SOMETIMES WONDER HOW MUCH I REALLY ACCOMPLISH BY WEARING THE CAPE.

BE RIGHT BACK AFTER I ROUND UP YOUR FOLKS, CLARK!

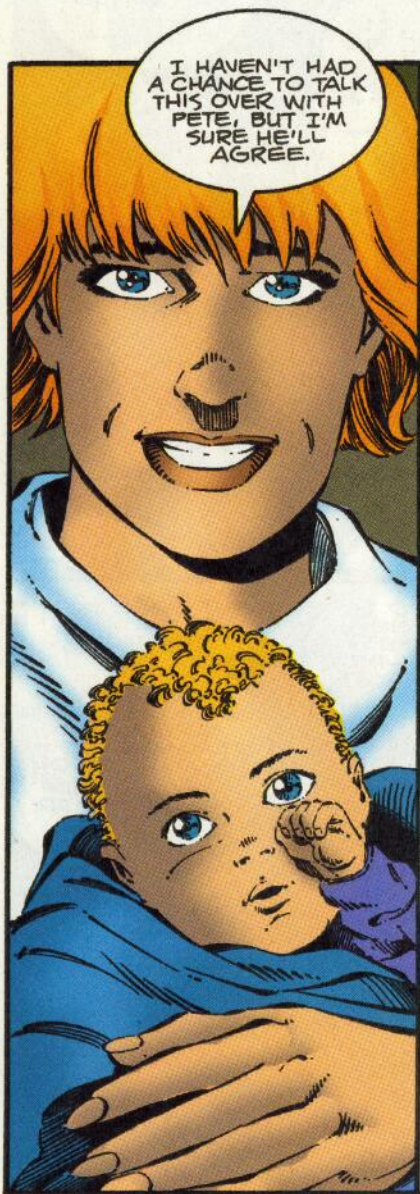


THEN THERE ARE DAYS LIKE THIS WHEN I COULD KICK MYSELF FOR EVER WONDERING SUCH A THING.



HE'S BEAUTIFUL.

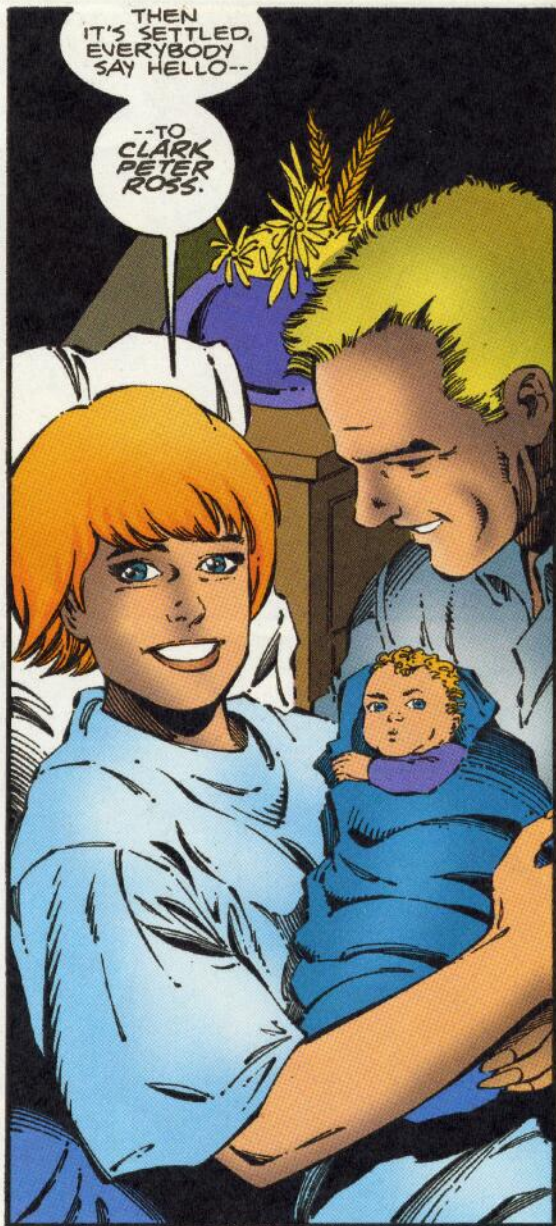




I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TALK THIS OVER WITH PETE, BUT I'M SURE HE'LL AGREE.

DARLING, I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

I'M ALL FOR IT, HON. ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.



THEN IT'S SETTLED. EVERYBODY SAY HELLO--

--TO CLARK PETER ROSS.



IT'S NOT FAIR MAKING ME CRY, LANA.

I'M HONORED.



LAND SAKES! WHAT AM I THINKING?

WE CAN'T LET A MOMENT LIKE THIS GO BY WITHOUT PRESERVING IT!

AMEN, MARTHA.

AMEN.

EVER SINCE ADAM GRANT DIED, I'VE BEEN FRIGHTENED BY THE CONCEPT OF HAVING CHILDREN.

LOIS AND I ... WE MAY NEVER HAVE OUR OWN.

LITTLE CLARK ROSS MIGHT BE AS CLOSE AS I EVER GET, AND RIGHT NOW... THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

THOUGH I'LL NEVER FORGET ADAM, MAYBE THE GUILT WILL EASE.

YES...

I THINK IT WILL.

THE END