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?
There 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 oughta have our heads examined.
I mean, it's already 24 degrees below zero, Clark!

PICK-UP'S HEATER IS ABOUT AS USEFUL AS A SHOE SHINE STAND AT A NUDEST 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 bunts! 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 the herd 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 or hay on sours, providing we get there.

Pete’s right. This road looks completely snowed in. Impassable.

OK, we’ll make it all right. If we don’t, the livestock will starve or freeze and that—

---is completely, totally unacceptable.

Clark! Look out!

VRKROOM WUMMFF
Clark, it's snowing harder than ever, bud. 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.

RUUNNNGGH
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 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 into human frailties and weaknesses!

Not when I can do this!

So mighty. So proud. Sickening traits that make this--

--much more enjoyable.

You have withstood my psi-blasts before--

--but not when that force was dramatically increased with my amplification units!

-YARRRGGH!!-
I WANT IT TO END.
I WANT TO DIE.

I'M IN YOUR HEAD, SUPERMAN.
YOU EXPERIENCE WHAT I WANT YOU TO EXPERIENCE.

I... I WANT IT TO END!
W-WANT TO DIE!

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 DINK 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!

BRAAASH!
I didn't plan what happened next.

Brainiac and I had spent an hour turning Metropolis into a concrete repair-man's dream.

By then, most people knew enough to stay away.

Maybe the kid doesn't have a radio in his car.

Call it a result of chaos on the battlefield.

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.

BRRRMM

...UHHHHH...

T-to me...

...My batttttle foorcez...

A
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.
KAVAK
KA
BOOM

I GET THE BUS OUT WITH SECONDS TO SPARE.

ONCE IT'S SAFE, I'LL GO AFTER BRAINIAC!

EEYARRGH!

SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN OFF HAMILTON'S BLOCKING UNIT.

BRAINIAC'S PSYCHIC SCREAM OF PAIN RIPS INTO ME LIKE A STARVING LION GOES AFTER RED MEAT.

SHUNH!
TEEP TEEP TEEP TEEP

PRAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMM

PRAAAAAMMMM

TEEEEP

PSSSSSH

PSSHH

TEEEEP

PSSSSSHHT

TEEEEP

"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 weenie 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. Car'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 hospital 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!

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?

DICK ARMSHORES! ONLY YOU WOULD SAY SUCH A THING!

EVERYTHING OKAY SO FAR?

EVERYONE'S HAVING A FINE TIME, EXCEPT FOR CAT.

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

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

OH, MY GOSH! I HAVEN'T REALIZED...!
CAT, I FEEL LIKE AN INSENSITIVE IDIOT FOR THROWING A PARTY TODAY OF ALL DAYS! PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

NO PROBLEM, 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 MAN...WHO KIDNAPPED HIM.

SUPERMAN DID EVERYTHING HE COULD TO RESCUE ADAM.

SUPERMAN, DID EVERYTHING HE COULD TO RESCUE ADAM.

BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

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

I DREAM ABOUT ADAM EVERY NIGHT. EVERY SINGLE NIGHT!

SOME SUPERMAN I AM.

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!

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

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

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 DAI WANTS YOU TO FREEZE TO DEATH OUT HERE FOR THE SAKE OF SOME DUMB OLD COWS?

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

--I FAILED?

YOU DID YOUR BEST, BUD. WE ALL DID.

HOW CAN I FACE PA?

HOW CAN I LOOK HIM IN THE EYE AND TELL HIM--
SUPERMAN FAILED YOU, CAT. DO YOU EVER BLAME HIM?

NOT EXACTLY, CLARK.

BUT IT'S WEIRD, Y'KNOW?

I MEAN, SUPERMAN HAS SAVED THE WHOLE PLANET ABOUT FIFTY TIMES OVER. LOOK UP THE WORD "HERO" IN THE DICTIONARY--

--YOU'LL SEE SUPERMAN! YET, HE COULDN'T SAVE THE LIFE OF ONE SMALL BOY.

HOW D'YOU SUPPOSE HE FEELS ABOUT THAT?

CLARK? PHONE. IT'S YOUR FATHER.

WHAT'S UP, PA?

TELL HIM I'LL CALL HIM BACK. HON.

BETTER TAKE IT NOW, SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE.

SON, YOUR MOM AND I KNOW WE DO OUR DARNEDEST NOT TO BOTHER YOU.
But we need you here in small.

It's urgent.

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.

One thing about my parents... they aren't given to hyperbole.

Clark?!

What a news hound. One sniff of a story and bam! He's on it!

A thousand thoughts race through my head, none of them good.

NEXT STOP...
SMALLVILLE HOSPITAL.

HE'S ON HIS WAY, MARTHA. BE HERE RIGHT SOON.

OH, JONATHAN... I PRAY WE DID THE RIGHT THING, BRINGING HIM INTO THIS.

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET.

WE HAVE TO. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

WHAT IS? WHO'S DYING?

CLARK-O? IS THAT YOU?

CLARK! LAND SAKES! BE CAREFUL, DEAR!

WHEN DID YOU BLOW INTO TOWN, BUD?

HE... JUST GOT IN TONIGHT. PETE HAD THIS WEEKEND PLANNED FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS NOW!

I'M AT MY WITS END. BUD NEVER FELT SO HELPLESS AS THIS.

SEEMS LIKE MY WHOLE LIFE... PETE ROSS?! LOOK, WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?
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 AWAYYYYYY!
HARRY TO ADMIT THAT I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, CLARK. 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.

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

NOT THAT SIMPLE, PHYSICALLY, YES. SHE'S 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...

...THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO SAY IT, BUT THE BABY'S LITTLE, 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.

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

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.

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

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

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

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 MALLOW?

QUIET, PLASTIC MAN. THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS.
Wonder Woman speaks true.

The destruction is so complete, one might suspect the minions of Darkseid himself. Sela had imposed war here!

Whoever did this was thorough, Orion. I don't think there's a blade or grass left untouched!

There's a small town to the east that looks trashed! Should I check it out?

A tanker truck? Who could be powerful enough to hurl such an object this far?

You stay here.

Someone who presents a challenge.

Heads up! We got an incoming object headed this way! Fast!

Flash, I want a reconnaissance report on the community's plastic man mentioned.

I'm on it!
WHOA, PLAS WAS RIGHT.
IT'S COMPLETE AND UTTER DEVASTATION!

THOOM

SHOCK WAVES! CAN'T KEEP MY--

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

RAHHH! HE'LL READ ME TELEPATHIC--

YOU'RE BACK?

RAHHH! HAAHHH!
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 Kryptonian call signal.

Beeper? I didn't hear a thing...

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.
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...
BRAKAAAAMMM

THE COWARD FIGHTS WITHOUT CONTACT! ME...--NO.

KWOOOOOOOOOOOOOMM
YOU OKAY, JOHN?

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

I WAS PROTECTING A BYSTANDER 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!

INCOMMUNING!

HAVE NO FEAR! PLASTIC IS HERE!

SPRAYING!

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

MEEE!

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 SHOULDN'T FUNCTION BETTER THAN THIS!

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

YAARRR!

RAAR!

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

YOU'LL SEE ME IN HIM AND PETE. I'VE RAISED THEM TO BE JUSTICE AND THE PROTECTION OF LIFE. ESPECIALLY INNOCENT LIFE.

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

RELAX, LANA. GET SOME SLEEP. THIS IS A JOB... FOR SUPERMAN.
I never ever thought I'd see anyone do that to John.

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...

RRRAAAHRRR!

SKUNCH!
BAD MOVE, KONG! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT MS. MANNERS WOULD BE APPALLED BY YOUR TREATMENT OF THE FAIRER SEX?

BAH!

ARRRRGH!

OWWWWW!

GRRRR...

STOOOOPPP!

SHRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII...
DROP HIM!

SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE! NO ONE—NOT EVEN A MINDLESS BRUTE SUCH AS YOU—
—CAN IGNORE MY COMMAND, ONCE GRIPPED BY MY GOLDEN LASSO!

HURM!

I COMMAND YOU TO CEASE ANNNND—

AHR!

KRAKKT
ENOUGH!

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

BUT A MONSTER SUCH AS YOU--

--NO EASY HANDLING--

--AND NOT ONE DEGREE OF SYMPATHY!

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

--DESERVES NO QUARTER--

--DROP--

KRAMmmmm
Strategic fighting such as this is far beyond your capacity.

IMPOSSIBLE! You exist as a force of nature!

A creature without thought or will of its own!

J'onn himself tried to contact you telepathically but found nothing there!

HOW--?

There should be no sense of reason... no mind!

I've got you!

Hah!
My own mental defenses barred your overconfident friend from the truth. To partially quote one of your human authors—

—the reports of my stupidity were greatly exaggerated!
...CANT 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 ARLIFTING 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 HANDLED 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.

PA?

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.

WOULDN'T LET ME GIG 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 I 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 for and correct for your flight maneuvers. He should be unaffected, 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.

Not at all, but I do know he'll die if he stays here.

You're sure he'll survive the journey?

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 NICU! 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!

Don't you mean our son?

I resent being cut out of the process!

There wasn't time! Superman, well...

To save my son's life!

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 UPSET ABOUT THIS?

CLARK'S FRIENDSHIP WITH SUPERMAN 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 HAVE 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
promised their
assault.

A force field
would have
ensured my
survival. But
such a tactic
is depressingly
passive.

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.

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

YAAANNNH!
WHAA-TOOOM

SHA-KOOOM

IMPRESSION.

THE AREA IS NOW FREE OF INTRUDERS.

CHECK THAT.

A SMALLER TARGET. ORGANIC IN NATURE. HAS PENEATED THE PERIMETER.

AT LAST.

IT'S HIM.
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 PERFORMING PERFECTLY.

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

THAT SOUND?

I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE.

LIKE... MUSKETEERS BEING FIRED?
I CAN SURVIVE THE BLAST, BUT MY PASSENGER CAN'T.

--AND WORRY ABOUT THE SHOOTER LATER.

IT'S PROGRAMMED TO FOLLOW ME WHEREVER I GO.

EASY TO JUST OUT-MANEUVER IT.

HAVE TO MOVE FAST--

GOING UP.
GOOD, I OUTRACED ITS ENGINE'S CAPACITY.

BUT WHY WOULD AN AMERICAN NAVY PILOT FIRE AT ME?

EEEEP EEEP EEEP

THE ALARM!
THE OXYGEN IN THE TANK WON'T LAST FOREVER!

EEEEP

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.

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?

I understand that I have mastered a myriad number of skills lacked in the past.

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.

—Than Doomsday.

—Only a micro-second to grab the ventilator—

—And shield the baby—

SHWAIK

—No one hits harder—

—Or is more deadly—

—From the force of a blow that leaves me a full twenty feet below ground.
YOU ARE DOUBTFUL.

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--

NEVER ENCOUNTERED AN ALLOY LIKE THIS BEFORE.

EVEN AT MAXIMUM INTENSITY, MY HEAT VISION IS USELESS!

IS THIS HIS DOING?
I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS ALLOY!

WHOEVER SENT HIM HERE--

--WHOEVER GAVE HIM INTELLIGENCE--

--AND MORE--

THESE CHAINS KEPT DOOMSDAY IMPRISONED FOR YEARS!

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

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

I MAKE IT A PRACTICE TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING.
I recognize that technology!

It's Coluan!

I salute your observational skills, Kryptonian. This marvellous structure did, indeed, originate from the planet Colu.

Impressive, is it not? And well it should be--

--For it represents Earth's future.
You're a robot or clone... bred with some level of intelligence!

Please, Kryptonian.

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... such as this.

Arrgh!

A telepathic 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 unleashed, 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 crumbled as well.

"You were, as it's quipped on Earth, about to earn your pay."
YOU AND SOME OF YOUR GLORIOUS COMRADESignonfused your particular energies through the all-knowing Waivered..."

"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 restart 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 are 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!"

"He alone understood the gain to be achieved in rescuing Doomsday."
DOOMSDAY IS IN STASIS, MASTER. HEALTHY, WHOLE--

--AND READY FOR PROCESSING.

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

PERHAPS, BUT YOU LED THE REBELLION AGAINST THE COMPUTER TYRANTS OF COULU! 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.

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.

LET THE PROCEDURE BEGIN!

RRRRAAA AHHHRRR RRRRR!

QUICKLY! INITIATE THE TRANSFER!

Y-YES, MASTER!
INcredible! I never dreamed he could move so fast!

Knock! He shredded the transfer and life support—!

NO! Your body has expired, too soon!

Master? Master?

I am doomed.
WHAA...?

YOU... MASTER?

YOU ACCOMPLISHED THIS... ON YOUR OWN?

IT'S CALLED POWER, UNOK.

ALL I FEEL... I KNOW...

...IS POWER.

But... I thought you'd be unable to control this one without the techni-chemical assist!

That he would eventually overcome you!

Before that happens, we will grow a new body for him to inhabit. Just as Doomsday was grown thousands of times over.

We'll introduce new tissue to ensure the body will be devoid of his simplistic mind.

But... I thought you'd be unable to control this one without the techni-chemical assist!

That he would eventually overcome you!

Before that happens, we will grow a new body for him to inhabit. Just as Doomsday 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.

BRAINiac.
DOOMSDAY.

AND THE SUM IS YOUR DEATH!

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

IN ONE.

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?

THOOOM!
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.
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?
Perhaps the child of someone close to you.

unlikely.

--or even more likely.

--The child of a complete stranger.

A typically weak, unaccomplished type on whose behalf you posture so effectively.

Soon, your praises are sung to the media, expounding your heroic image...

"Skitch"

"If the child survives, which he will not."

"Nmph. Red hair?"
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!

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

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

AWAITING YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS,
BRAINiac.

CONSTRUCTION
IMPLEMENTED.

FASTER DOOMSDAY'S
SINGLE REASON FOR
EXISTENCE, 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%.

---By lowering the landing gear!

Now... I fight like mad to get the nose up...

---Praying the pilot's doing his part.

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?
---FEW BROKEN
LIMBS AND MIGHTY
DISTRIBUTED PASSEN-
GERS---BUT OTHER
THAN THAT, WE'RE
OKAY, SUPERMAN.

ROUGHST FLIGHT OUT
OF KANSAS I'VE EVER
HAD.

LEXAIR

SUPERMAN?
WHEN THE PLANE
WENT INTO THE
DIVE—I KNEW!

I KNEW!

SADLY, BUT
DOOMSDAY'S
BACK AND HE
DID YOU SAY
KANSAS?

PETE, ROSS!

WHERE'S MY
SON, SUPERMAN? WHERE'S
MY BOY?

YOU... SON OF--

PETE, I... I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO TELL YOU, IT'S
DOOMSDAY, KEH?

YOUR HAND--

MY SON, YOU
'VE LOST MY
SON!

MY SON... YOU
HAD--

HE'S RIGHT. IT
NOW, DOOMSDAY--
OR RATHER, BRAINAC--
HAS--

IT'S HAPPEN-
ING AGAIN.

JUST LIKE
IT DID WITH
CAT'S SON
YEARS AGO.
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.

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.

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

I'D GIVE ANYTHING 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?

Bob a bank, maybe want to round up some guns?

Be serious, Clark! I mean, how much can seed cost?

Girl! GEEEEZE!

You ever thought about how much wheat and corn those fields hold?

Eight hundred acres' worth, Pete.

And even if he did, there wouldn't be any left for fertilizer, insecticide, or the irrigation system!

Pai's so deep in debt, he can't buy enough to plant a garden much less all that.
THE BANKS WON'T HELP AT ALL.

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

PA'S HERD WASN'T INSURED. WHEN THEY DIED, HE WAS WIPED 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 RAIN 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.
WAN'T THAT GUY PUNCH YOU, SUPERMAN? YOU WANT US TO TIE HIM UP OR SOMETHING?

NO. MORE THAN ANYTHING--

HE'S A FRIEND.

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

--I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

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

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

--AND YOUR SON.

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

KENT? WHERE'S CLARK?

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.

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 COLUAN 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.

COLU? THE TECHNO-PLANET?

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN SO MUCH AS A SINGLE BLADE OF GRASS FOR CENTURIES.
Since when did Doomsday get the brain's to do that? Since Brainiac took control of his body.

If I go up against him without the proper preparations...

...I'm sure to lose.

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 colossus without room for human life.

But I thought Brainiac died in Metropolis just yesterday.

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.

No, though using Orion would be a unique way of tweaking his overbearing father Darkseid.

I refer instead to this Vnok.

Using genetic material from one of the JLA members? Orion, perhaps?
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.

Doomsday's present body?

The universe's ultimate intellect combined with the ultimate body.

Will be destroyed after we've completed feeding its DNA into the infant.

The... beast is fighting back, VnoK.
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!

Feels more like iron, more than Flasher!

'Course he always was hard-headed.

Something broke! Hope it wasn't a precious vase—

From the Ming Dynasty!
HARDLY.

NICE MOVE, BUDDY.

HERE'S WHERE THE JLA FINALLY...FINALLY...

BUSTS LOOSE?

BREAKS FREE?

WINS AN ALL-EXPENSES-PAID VACATION TO DES MOINES?

MY OXYGEN! CAN'T... MMMM... PPE!
IDIOTIC HUMAN! WHY DARE YOU INTERFERE INTO MY AFFAIRS?

Mmm... me!

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...

SSS! DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE SAID?

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

DOOMSDAY?

OH MY... PETER SAID HE WAS GOING TO ATLANTA!

IF HE WAS ON THAT PLANE...

...IF CLARK GOT TANGLED UP WITH DOOMSDAY...

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

...THAT CLARK WILL COME THROUGH FOR ALL OUR SAKES.

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

HEY! ANYONE TELL THAT NUT CASE WHO TRIED TO PUNCH OUT SUPERMAN?
I have my own rescue to perform.

No, no missile.

Sensors show a speeding object approaching at tremendous speed, master! A missile, perhaps?

IT'S HIM.

WHA--?

Strange, Brainiac. Must know I'm coming.

I expected a barrage of pulse and particle beams. Their absence can only mean one thing.

HE WANTS MY HEAD--

--as much as I want his.
AND I INTEND TO GET IT.

BRAMM!
SKOWWW

This Coluan 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--

--Inflict as much damage as possible--

--Before I make him so mad that he can't ignore me.

The fool doesn't 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.

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

--OR GREAT STUPIDITY WOULD COULR 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 OVERWHELMLY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE--

KRAKT

--I AM YOUR BETTER IN EVERY WAY!

FOR I CONTROL NOT ONLY THE SHEER FORCE OF DOOMSDAY--
...but the combined forces... of each weapon... every defensive measure... and lethal instrument... installed throughout... this entire complex... of death!

Krazzzz Zakt
SUPERMAN?
Oh, my--!

DIDN'T PLAN TO GET ROASTED LIKE THAT--

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

--BLASSSS--

WUUDD
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!

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

HIS LIFE WILL BE SAVED, AND HE WILL START TO AGE...
YOU WILL SOON HAVE A UNIQUE HONOR BESTOWED UPON YOU, CHILD.

NIGHTING LESS THAN THE ULTIMATE GIFT THAT WILL MAKE YOU THE MOST INTELLIGENT AND POWERFUL BEING THE UNIVERSE HAS EVER KNOWN.
This time, you die and you don't come back.

Filth!
You're right.

This ends now.

But you're the one who won't be coming back.

Dangerous gamble, letting Brainiac take my 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!

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

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

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? RANH! HHHHhhhh!

THE INFANT MUST REACH FINAL STAGE PREPARATION FIRST.

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

NOT AGAIN!

NO!

...1...

THAT BODY IS MINE! MIIIIIINE!
PAHRR SWUPER

MANN!

INFUSION TO BEGIN IMMEDIATELY--

PROCESS INTERRUPTED. DEFAULT! DEFAULT!

HI, LITTLE FELLA. I PROMISED YOUR MOTHER YOU WOULDN'T GET HURT, AND THAT'S ONE PROMISE I INTEND TO KEEP--

BRAINIAK'S PROCESS ACTUALLY BROUGHT BABY ROSS TO FULL TERM AND MADE HIM HEALTHY, AND IT ALL WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN--
AND DOOMSDAY REACTED AS EXPECTED. HE’S IN THE JLA TRANSPORTER I RIGGED UP RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

Ruh?

VRRRMMMM!

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-H-H-H-M-MM... IT'S ME. YOUR SON IS SAFE.

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 Krynn'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, Wok 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.

We're 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 long as I can catch my breath! What's next?

Orion needs no transport 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 Lightsey 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.

Every second we waste works against his favor.

Knows he can use them to go anywhere on Earth he wants.
I refuse to let that happen.

Only one of us will walk away this time.

And it won't be Doomsday.
When the JLU first signaled 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?

Ow! S'Lights! Lucky that hay maker didn't rip him, he's clean off!

I concur, he'll need a hand, green lantern.

Say no more, J'onn! One ready-made, incredibly reliable and downright photogenic 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 RONY 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!

ME? A GENIUS?

KEEP DOOMSDAY BUSY UNTIL I GET BACK TO END THIS!

I SHALL DO MORE THAN KEEP HIM BUSY.

EASY, ORION. SUPERMAN HAS A PLAN IN MIND.

"AND WE WOULD DO WELL TO FOLLOW HIS LEAD."

WHERE'D HE GO? WHERE'S SLIP?
ERMAN?

ONE MINUTE. THAT'S ABOUT ALL I NEED.

HARPER THAN IT SOUNDS. EVEN FOR ORION AND J'ONN, LASTING 4 MINUTES WITH DOOMSDAY—

IT'S PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

AND I CAN'T EXPECT ANY HELP FROM EARTH.

WHAT GIVES?

THE TRANSPORTER DOESN'T WORK! NEAR AS I CAN TELL—

—THERE'S NO RECEIVING BOOTH ON-EARTH TO ACCEPT US!
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 KHUNO HOME WORLD?

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

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 SLIT AMONG FOUR TRANSPORTER BOOTHs.

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

OUTSTANDING!

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 thiscoln 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.

Safe. I'm glad things worked out, Pete. Like you said, "there's always hope," right?

You and Clark...you saved my family's whole future! Where is Clark, anyway?
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'T TURN THIS AROUND. I'M A GOOD FARMER.

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.

HOLD 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 THEY COME.
Charlie...what on Earth are you up to?

It was all Lana's idea, Mr. Kent. She got to talkin' to folks about how bad it was, you losing your farm and all!

Don't look at me, Jonathan, this isn't my doing!

And that there had to be some way for us to pitch in and help you out!

So here we are. Not to buy, neither. We're here to give.

You're doing this...for us?

I don't get it. Do what?

It's like I said, Clark! There's always hope!

You're like family to all of us...and we refuse to let family go down without a fight!

We're each contributing one dairy cow of our own to help you build a new hero!

Pa was speechless.

We all were.
But it didn't take too long for his pride to kick in!

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.

I— I can't accept it's too much for you to give up!

Besides... it's too late! The bank's foreclosing!

Hoooraayy!

How can I let you all sacrifice so much for just us?

So we kept the farm.

As the herd grew, Pa gave everyone who contributed a new calf in return.

You and Mrs. Kent have treated the whole county with nothing but kindness. Mr. Kent, we aren't giving you anything. You earned this.

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.

Then there are days like this when I could kick myself for ever wondering such a thing.

He's beautiful.
Thank you very, very much, Clark. I'll never ask you... or Superman...

C'mon, Lana! Do you realize that if anything...?

—as the one who's repaying you?

...for anything ever again.

As it is, I'll never be able to repay you.

Huh?

Lana, I blamed myself for the death of Pa's hero and the bankruptcy. I was miserable!

But it was your idea that saved the farm—

—and helped in the creation of Superman by teaching a young man a lesson about life, death, and helping others.

The cows! You remember how you saved the farm for Pa?

It wasn't just me; the whole county did that!

Have a good life, Rosies. No one deserves it more.

We will... we owe you that.

There's one more bit of business that needs doing. This little boy needs a name!
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.

Land sakes! What am I thinking?

We can't let a moment like this go by without preserving it!

Amen.

It's not fair making me cry, Lana.

I'm honored.

Amen, Martha.
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