



## **Action Comics Annual #2**

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**Published:** 2007

**Categorie(s):** Fiction, Fan Fiction

**Tag(s):** Comics DC2 Superman Guardian Doomsday "Kru-El" Steel  
Caesar Lightray "Rip Hunter" Batman Atom "Green Lantern" "Lois Lane"  
"Lex Luthor"

Recently, in Action Comics  
(For the full story, check out Action Comics #13 to 19!)

Superman had been missing for weeks, and in his stead, new heroes emerged:

James Harper, a.k.a the Guardian, the ultimate soldier, supposed DEO attaché to the Metropolis Police Department's Major Crimes Unit.

Caesar, last name unknown to all but himself, the magician, a man with a mysterious past and a sister dying from a mysterious illness.

Sollis, Lightray, the New God, master of the Sun, his purpose on Earth to warn of a coming 'Doomsday'.

John Henry Irons, a.k.a Steel, technological master, supposedly unable to wear his armor again, but able to operate it from remote control.

But over the weeks when these heroes protected the city, things changed and events unraveled...

James Harper and Captain Maggie Sawyer, returning to active duty after the death of her unit at the hands of Doomsday and the Parademons during the Apocalypse Invasion, defeated the psychic villain known as Mind-Eater on the streets of Krypton Square!

Kru-El, Superman's mutated half brother, arrived on Earth, and took up residence in the Fortress of Solitude, and then began to plan the ultimate end of the world.

Maggie Sawyer's depression reached an all time low when she was possessed by the Silver Banshee!

Superman returned, depowered, his DNA unraveling, but as Clark Kent, he saved Lois Lane's life, only to be shot numerous times for his troubles.

Rip Hunter, the time traveling hero, arrived on the scene, after Batman sent out a dimensional beacon hoping for someone with a possible cure

for Superman's condition to present them to the League, but even his expertise could not help... And before he could meet the League, he was torn from reality, and arrived in the future, a desolate world where only two heroes remain...

The Justice League traveled to Antarctica to secure the cure to Superman's failing health, and faced Doomsday, only to be defeated, but they were able to get the cure out at the last moment!

James Harper was revealed to be a fugitive, hiding in plain sight, and was at last captured by DEO agents acting under order from the rogue agency, Cadmus!

Lightray gave nearly all his life force to return Superman to health!

The control unit in the back of Steel's spine malfunctioned, sending him into a vegetative state!

And with Superman heading to the Fortress of Solitude to rescue his friends and face his half brother, Doomsday revealed his master plan... Stryker's Island, the metahuman prison, was broken open, and the hordes of super villains inside escaped!

Now, with only Caesar active on the street's of Metropolis, it's up to the MCU and him to send the villains packing... But will that be enough?

And in the final battle with Doomsday, the Kryptonian who defeated the Justice League, and Superman, still weak from his revival, who will win?

Find out now, in:

***Action Comics Annual #2***

Doomsdays, Part Three of Three: "*Burein Sukuracchi*"

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*With thanks to Mischief for the constant support, Roy Flinchum for being there to bounce ideas off of and to DrDread for being my editor and guiding light in the beginning of my run.*

*Also thanks to Sylvain Swimmer!*

### **Over Metropolis:**

"Sedate him," ordered the suit.

James Harper, a.k.a the Guardian, fought against the bindings that held him down on the small gurney, struggling to see what had just happened below in the city. "What's going on?" He could still hear the echo of the explosion in the back of his mind, the bricks and mortar pelting the soft ocean shore. He could hear the screams of pain, of death, and as he thrashed against the bindings, he knew he had to escape.

The pilot turned and answered him. "Explosions near the harbor—"

The man holding the needle turned around and spat at the pilot, his eyes hidden by thick black sunglasses. "Do not engage the prisoner in casual conversation, pilot!"

The pilot frowned, and then turned back to the front of the cockpit, concentrating on his flying. "Sorry, *Sir*." His reply was short. Terse.

The Guardian flexed his muscles. Harbor. Explosion. Stryker's Island? Cause and effect. It all made sense. He cocked his head to the side, and could see the smoke billowing out of the large penitentiary. Damn. He hated being right like this. "Get us down there!"

"You're in no position to make requests, Harper," replied the beret wearing Agent who had masterminded the whole operation to take the Guardian down. He didn't recognize him. This wasn't a grudge. Strictly business. Cadmus had tracked him down at long last. Hiding in plain sight only worked if your enemies weren't fearless. Seems they found some courage.

The needle bore down on him, and the Guardian began to reply. "And you're in no position—" He pulled up his leg, kicking free of the restraints, and then smiled. "—To stop me!"

He tore his forearm out of the restraints, and grabbed his shield, and then kicked back, propelling himself out of the side of the helicopter, still tied down to the gurney. "MY GOD!" shouted the agent as he watched Harper topple down.

The pilot span around, and his eyes opened wide. "What... Sir!"

"He's a dead man!"

Well, thought Jim Harper, hurtling towards the smoking city below, *that was a mistake.*

### **Antarctica:**

#### **Outside the Fortress of Solitude:**

The arctic wind howled around the two men. One a hero, one a villain, both sharing a common bond. Blood. A father. "Brother."

Superman could hear Doomsday growl beneath his breath. "Brother, indeed."

"I think you should stand down, right now," stated the Man of Steel, nodding slowly. "You are my brother, we should not be fighting one another; you and I—"

"Brothers?" Doomsday scoffed and laughed, "When have we ever been brothers, Kal? We are who we are because of actions, not genetics. If that were true, who would you be, with my blood running through your veins?"

Superman didn't reply, but inhaled slowly, then exhaled even slower, his breath visible in front of him. "There is always a time to start, Kru." He put out his hand. "Let us try, please. I have fought for so long, and I just..." He hesitated. "I don't want to fight you."

Doomsday sighed, "That's a shame then, isn't it?" Superman looked him in the eye. "Because I want KILL you!"

And with that, the villain leapt at the hero, and the battle commenced. Doomsday pulled back his fist, and then—

**Africa:**

***SKARAKOOOOOOM!***

Superman hit hard, dust rising up from the crater he had created. His jaw ached, and in the distance, he saw his enemy approaching. "That actually hurt..." groaned the hero, as he squatted down low, and then shot out of the hole, more dust rising up and funneling around him as he attacked his brother. He collided with the midriff of the villain, and the two flew upwards, higher and higher until they reached the edge of the atmosphere. Superman took a sharp breath, filling his lungs, and Doomsday roared in silence.

Blow upon blow was unleashed, Doomsday's grey skin cracking underneath the attack, and blood freezing from Superman's lips as it spilt out. Superman threw his elbow down into Kru's face, smashing the bony protrusions protecting his features, and then kneeing him in the chin, causing the villain to gag in surprise.

The surprise didn't last long. Doomsday, as always, adapted quickly.

He grabbed Kal's hand and squeezed, but Superman simply unleashed a burst of heat vision against his brother's fist, causing the vice like grip to be lost. Doomsday swung wildly, colliding with Superman's face, more blood dribbling from his lips. It was like an eerie ballet, silent above the Earth, no one below knowing what was occurring above their heads. But the people below... Had problems of their own!

**Metropolis; the Steelworks:**

He seized up, his muscles clenching together and refusing to release. He

let out a silent cry, his lips making no sound as his nervous system was wracked by pain. Saliva fell from his lip, matting his blood caked beard, and then he stopped. He simply stopped. A noise filled the room, but he couldn't tell what it was, nor could he think to imagine what it might be. He felt a spark land across his back, and then... Wait, he felt? He could feel? He gritted his teeth, and then the noise filled the room once more, then faded. With that, he fell to the ground once more, sweat drenching his body, and let out a groan. "God... Damn..." the words took more effort than he could believe, but he could speak. He could think. His back felt scorched, and as a trembling hand reached behind him, he felt a damp stickiness where the control circuits for his armor had been. His hand searched, and he rolled to his side, then looked at where he had been lying. The chunks of metal were lying there, blackened, and mangled. They were no longer in his body. He struggled to his feet, and wiped blood and spittle from his lips. He was alive. "The others!" He hurried to his computer monitors, where he had access to every CCTV camera in the city, plus a few that no one else knew about, and turned them all on. Scenes of chaos filled them. Prisoners ran rampant on the streets. His eyes glistened in the dim light of the Steelworks. Stryker's had burst. The inmates were out. He grabbed his hammer with a look of fierce resolution on his face. He had work to do.

### **Metropolis, Downtown:**

"I am so dead," he whispered, as the hordes of villains rushed toward him. They were like a menagerie of freaks, each with a distinct look, but as they all came toward him, sneering and snarling, they seemed to merge together into a force of nature. Glass shattered as sonic skin sang outwards, concrete melted as molten flesh stormed onward. And teeth scratched together and made promises of pain to those they reached. "I'm going to die today." He felt his wand in his hand. It felt heavy. He looked at himself in a window that had yet to be shattered, and nodded slowly. "But I'm not going down easy." He removed his cape, folded it, and placed it on the sidewalk, just beside a building. He undid his cuffs, and loosened his black tie. He breathed in deeply, and cleared his mind. Next off came his jacket, and he placed that atop his cape. He undid the top button of his dress shirt, and then picked up the pile of discarded clothing. With a wave of his wand they vanished and returned to his hotel room. "And no need to ruin good clothes." He turned back to the

villains, storming onward. They were getting closer. Slowly. They'd reach him. Eventually. "Oh, for the love of God!" He leapt into the air, his body glowing red as his magic imbued him with power. He catapulted toward the hordes, and grinned. "Today is a good day to die." He laughed to himself. Why'd he say that?

### **Metropolis... 1300ft and dropping... Quickly...**

He hurtled toward the ground, and felt the rush of wind around him as he dropped faster and faster. He worked frantically. With a sudden yank, he snapped the bonds on his other arm, and then he went to work on his legs. When he was free of the gurney, he could get to work on saving his life. With one swift movement he moved his shield in front of him, and then prepared for impact. And what an impact. He collided with a fire escape firstly, the metal creaking and rending as his velocity sent him bouncing toward a solid brick wall. It gave way underneath his momentum and weight, and he fell into a bathroom, his body sprawled out as a woman looked down from her shower and screamed. He lay there for a moment, his body recovering from the sudden trauma, and then his eyes blinked open. "Hrt." He leapt up, and then saw the brunette who was covering herself with the shower curtain. "Sorry ma'am." He then grabbed his shield and jumped out the whole in the wall. The roar of shrieking citizens and the howl of cheering villains filled the air. South. Toward Hob's Bay. He sniffed the air, and then headed East. He knew where he had to go.

### **Metropolis; the Hall of Justice:**

"He's so pale!" shouted Niles Caulder as Ray Palmer and Charles McNider hurriedly examined Lightray, who lay on the gurney before them. "He's totally drained of power!"

Ray removed a strange machine from Lightray's chest, and checked the readings. "His reserves are empty, true, but we can charge him up... Superman has sun lamps in one of the rooms in case he needs a quick recharge after an intense battle. Maybe one of them—"

“Go,” ordered McNider, as he glanced through special lenses around the room, we’ll try to stabilize him and—”

***SHRAROOM!***

“—What was that?”

“Someone’s trying to breach the Hall...” stated the Atom, as he headed for a console in the room. “Activating outer defenses. And... Oh my God.” The Atom turned back to the others. “Stryker’s Island has burst. The major threat wing is empty. The Justice League is MIA...”

“Get the sun lamps. NOW!” shouted McNider.

**Metropolis; approximately 15 years in the future:**

Rip Hunter stood before a massive computer bank, with a television plugged in in front, and a microphone before that. He turned to the tired looking woman behind him, her youthful features aged by years of hard work and pressure. “What’s going on?”

The computer buzzed to life, and an electrical voice began to speak through the static on the screen. “I am sorry, Rip Hunter, but we had to get you here by any means possible, and it took us these past years to ensure your arrival.”

“John Henry Irons, is that you?” inquired Rip, as he approached the massive machine in the dingy room. It was like a chamber in the sewers, and by the looks of it... It was.

“Unfortunately, yes.” The face came into focus, and Rip could make out a pixellated version of the mechanical hero. “Natasha here is a natural when it comes to making machines, and with the help of a few others, we were able to create a device that would—”

“That thing in Gotham! In the...” he paused, thinking about his previous mix-ups in the time stream, “(in the Batcave)” he finished in whisper.

Natasha Irons continued with what her uncle had been saying, "Yeah, a Vortex Shift. We planted it in the exact spot you landed... What, fifteen years ago?"

"More," corrected John Henry's buzzing voice.

"And it phased back to the precise moment your energy signature arrived, into your ship. And then it led you here," Natasha finished.

"That it did. "How did you know all this? How did you know where I landed? That I landed? Did we speak after... Gah, I hate this!" He shook his head, "I shouldn't be having this conversation...!"

"With the help of a few others, like I said. Niles Caulder survived. As did Dick Grayson. Him and my Natasha became close after the fall of the final front... When the Outsiders died and the Titans were slaughtered."

"Nice alliteration, but I have no idea what's going on here, John, you'll need to spell it out for me."

"Doomsday wins," buzzed Steel simply. "He kills Superman, he kills the Justice League, and then with an army of villains by his side, he conquers the world. Then when he's finished cannibalizing the world to fuel a new crystal Kryptonian armada, he takes his army and conquers the entire world. He leaves Earth a husk, and he destroys the rebuilt Green Lantern Corps, and everything left in his way. And now... He's breached dimensions. He's taken the fight to Apokolips."

"I should know this, shouldn't I?" breathed Rip heavily, "I should know what happens. I don't though."

"You need to go back, Rip. You need to fix this."

"I can't go back and fix this, I'm here to police the ruddy time stream, not kill Kru-el in the cradle!"

"Then don't. There is something you can do. Three things. And they're minor."

"Well," chuckled Natasha, "relatively."

"Gah, go on..." sighed Rip, lost in a sea of insanity.

"Remove Doomsday from the playing field. Because he'll kill Superman. He chokes him to death on another planet, mere hours after their battles starts. Doomsday is stronger! He's built for war! In the time stream, isn't one man a drop in the ocean when it comes to minor things?"

"Relatively," snapped Hunter, then with a sigh he continued, "That's one. Name the other two."

"Take one trip to the farthest reaches of space and recover a special rock to help remove Doomsday from the playing field and... Heal me."

"Heal... I can't bring an electrical spirit to life, John, that's beyond my capabilities..."

"Don't you get it, Rip?" hissed Natasha, her eyes full of sadness and sorrow, "Metropolis is where the world ends. That's the first domino that falls. Then with the Justice League dead, the world follows. There is no higher power than them at that moment in time. I don't know if like... The JSA return bigger and better eventually, but they never will at this rate!" It was strange, talking of the past like it was the future. But Rip had experience with continuity confusion. Too much experience.

Steel sparked up once again. "The world will end. I had the technology to turn the tide. But because I was a vegetable during the final battle, before Natasha uploaded my brain patterns into the Steelworks computers, I couldn't help! The Guardian died! Caesar died—"

"Who's Caesar?"

"A hero! He was a hero and he died because I lay dribbling in the Steelworks! I had an arsenal ready to protect the world and because my body died... They just collected dust." Steel's voice suddenly died down.

"So..." nodded Rip, as he examined the room. "I've got some time diving to do. Main continuity. But you do realise that if I do this... Your world will end? You'll cease to exist?"

Natasha just smiled weakly. "We know."

"Being a living computer isn't easy, Rip," buzzed John Henry.

"At least you've still got your sense of humor," winked Hunter.

**Now: The Exosphere... And descending:**

Superman growled beneath his breath, and slammed both his fists into Doomsday's face. His eyes tingled, like something was forcing its way through, and with a yelp of surprise, beams of intense white light burst outwards, sending Doomsday's Earthward with a scream. Power tingled inside him. He thought back to how this could have happened. Lightray! Had Sollis' recharge imbued him with more than just a solar charge? Had the New God's physiology... Enhanced him? It was like his heat vision had been turned up to eleven!

"How is that..." grumbled Doomsday, climbing up, "So powerful..."

"Hhh." Superman followed his brother down and arrived in the middle of a rainforest.. "Seems like I've got the power of New Genesis on my side, brother!" He forced his brother down onto his knees with the nova-like heat beams, and then Kru punched him hard in the jaw.

The villain chuckled. "You said that like you were hoping the New God's themselves would turn up to lend a hand, didn't you?"

Superman blinked and chuckled, his eyes clearing after that last punch. "Maybe." The Man of Steel retaliated with another punch, the mud and foliage below his brother liquefying as Doomsday ducked. Shockwaves splintered outward.

"Stupid..." Doomsday grabbed Superman's head and drove it down into the ground, "idiot.." He laughed, and kicked Clark in the ribs. "If you have the power of NEW GENESIS, then do you remember where I spent so many months of my life? BEING TORTURED? BEING CHANGED INTO THIS CREATURE BEFORE YOU?"

"Ah," nodded Superman, unleashing another burst of heat vision, and then a gust of Arctic Breathe that formed ice as it left his lips, a pillar of sub zero frost sending Doomsday into the sky. "Apocalypse." He followed his brother up, and slammed his fists once more into his face, dislodging a shard of bone from his face, and keeping the pressure on. "At least... You're a bit more... Eloquent..."

"HRAH!" Doomsday kicked Superman in the ribs, causing the hero to jerk forward, and then he followed through with a bony elbow to the back of the neck, causing Kal to cough. "Will you shut up as I'm killing you?"

Superman let rip with another burst of heat vision. "Make me."

"TRYING!"

### **Metropolis, Krypton Square:**

It was where he left it, inside a dear friend's apartment. It was empty now, her death always weighing on his mind, but they hadn't allowed anyone new to move in. It stood as an empty, lifeless monument to the life of a retired hero. A mother. James Harper stood in her bedroom, where he had spent nights, decades ago, in her arms. He sighed, and leaned heavily against a cupboard door. He couldn't reach the police station, and he had no access to a police radio. Or a uniform. So it was time to go back to basics. He took a breath, wiped a tear of memory from his eyes, and opened the cupboard. He moved old clothes to the sides, and then pressed a hidden button on the wall that opened a secret compartment. Wooden panels slid to the side, and there it stood, untouched by time. His old costume. The one he wore in the 40s. It was time to try his old girl on one more time.

It still fit like a glove.

He didn't look at himself in the mirror, instead he picked up his shield, and leapt out of the window, and landed in the middle of the Square. He cleared his throat, and then shouted loudly. "**EVERYONE!**" It didn't take long for him to get a reaction. They all knew his voice, respected him,

trusted him. Men and women of all ages left their houses, and crowded around the hero who stood on a statue of Superman, covered in graffiti. *"IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME. AND I THINK IT'S TIME WE TALKED."*

### **Metropolis; Downtown:**

Magic swirled and hissed as Caesar silently spun spells, even as the escaped villains tore at him, fired energy blasts and assorted other attacks him. Few of them could penetrate his magical shield, but even he was feeling the pressure as some got through and clawed at his flesh, blood dripping from gouges and cuts all over his body. He had to concentrate. He could feel pain overpowering his over senses. Blood poured from more and more wounds, but he was winning, wasn't he? Pushing against the hordes? Thinning them? He could see no sunlight now, only orange jump suit covered bodies.

*THRAKA! THRAKA! THRAKA! THRAKA! THRAKA! THRAKA!  
THRAKA!*

"Huh?" groaned Caesar, as the villains fell to the ground around him, "what... Oh." He pushed the villains still standing back, and then contained them in a blue band of energy, crushing them. They coughed and gagged, and Caesar nodded slowly. "Took your time there, Captain?"

Captain Maggie Sawyer and her Major Crimes Unit lowered their weapons. Nemo Jones, her second in command, hurried over to the escaped convicts with a large group of officers all armed with inhibitor collars. "We had to get some special arms from STAR, but we're ok now."

"The city is being torn apart by the escaped inmates, they're an army, and we're just... Nothing." Grunted Caesar, as he examined his wounds. He was messed up, bloody chunks torn out of his flesh like he had been attacked by a rabid animal. As his eyes wandered to the ground around him, where the inmates were twitching after the attack at the hands of the MCU. They were animals. Dozens of them, tooth and claw, wild in the eye. He groaned. "We're going to lose. There are hundreds of them."

“Captain.” A voice came from the alleys. Dozens of high tech weapons were trained on the speaker in an instant, but then dropped suddenly as the bearers saw who it was. “They have their army...” The Guardian, clad in his old costume, raised his shield, and motioned for dozens of bodies behind him to come forward. “...And we have ours. Krypton Square is at your disposal.” Metahumans, none in costume save a few, filed out toward the police officers. “What are your orders?”

“What is this?” stammered Sawyer, as she looked at the rag-tag band of super humans behind her old friend, James Harper. “What are all these people doing here?”

“We're here to help,” shouted one.

“We have to fight for our homes!” came another.

Maggie looked at her own men, and then back to the others, “You can't do this. You're civilians.”

The Guardian paced toward Sawyer, and put his hands on her arms. “This is a war. I know about war, I've fought in enough to be sure of that. We have to stand now. We have to win. And we can.”

There was a roar behind the group of gathered civilians and police officers, and they span around. Villains. Criminals. Murderers. Rapists.

And in front of them, a massive silver machine, with weapons mounted to every part of its alloyed body. A man was visible in the upper most section of the device, a man with a large cranium, thinning brown hair on either side of his head and large goggles over his eyes that made his pupils appear to be as big as his hands that frantically moved over the controls.

“Thaddeus Killgrave,” grumbled Jim Harper, raising his shield.

“PREPARE TO MEET THY DOOM!” screamed the mad scientist.

“Oh, brother,” sighed Caesar, almost embarrassed.

Maggie Sawyer checked the settings on her ray gun, and then turned to Jim Harper. "We're outnumbered. Outgunned."

Jim Harper put up his hand up to her, and put his fingers to his ear. "Wait."

"Wait?" scoffed Sawyer, "yeah, we can wait, sure Jim!" She shrugged her shoulders, and looked to her officers. "We need a frontline. Take defensive positions." She turned to the citizens of Krypton Square, "You will be the second wave. I don't want to put you in danger, but you're insisting on being here, so hey, wait till either me, Lieutenant Smith over there, or the Guardian give you orders to move. Eyes open! Keep your eyes open!"

THRAKAKOOOM!

A massive blast of black energy erupted next to Maggie Sawyer, who dove out of the way a moment before impact, "Sonofa—"

"YOU WILL DIE." Howled Thaddeus. "PAINFULLY."

Harper grinned. "Says you."

TOOM!

A massive metallic foot slammed down on the back of Killgrave's machine, pummeling the chassis into the ground. "AHH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!"

TOOM!

Another foot, rupturing power cells and destroying weapon systems.

"we're not outnumbered, Maggie," grinned Jim Harper, as he rubbed his gold shield with his glove. The massive crowd looked up at the massive machine high in the sky, and then to the other machines that suddenly

began to appear one after the other from nowhere. "We're a team."

"Who is that?"

"Steel," smiled Caesar.

"Howdy, partners," buzzed a voice into the radio on Maggie Sawyer, "seems you need a hand."

"Where the hell are you coming from, Irons?"

"Where do you think I spent my time after the Apocalypse Invasion, Captain? I helped rebuild the city, but I also built some stuff for myself." There was a hint of laughter in Henry's voice that confused Sawyer, but she continued listening, as did Smith, Caesar, Harper and the others. "Seven months in the Phantom Zone, building new machines in case of another attack by otherworldly powers. That attack never came. But I found a use for them anyway."

"Good to have you back on the field, Irons," grinned Harper, "save us some." He turned to everyone behind him. "WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?! LET'S GO!"

### **The Brazilian Rainforest:**

Blood dribbled from his swollen bottom lip, his eyes puffed closed because of the battering he had taken. Kru—Doomsday—Could take whatever he threw at him, wounds healing quicker and quicker as the fight went on, his physiology adapting and evolving every time a punch was landed. His bony protrusions were cracked and shattered, well placed kicks and unimaginably powerful blasts of heat vision searing them off, and whenever Kal did that, knowingly mutilating his brother, he winced. But there were less protrusions to remove, and with every 'amputation', Kru felt it less and less. Adapt. Evolve. Survive.

Superman knew that this was going to end. He knew that either he put Doomsday down, or Doomsday slaughtered him in the snow. It was as simple as that. So he took a breath, threw Kru back with the most

powerful uppercut he could muster, and then leapt up from the ground, the wet tree leaves slapping down as he went.

“Hrrrn,” grumbled Doomsday, as he watched the heat trail left by his brother. “Coward.” He leapt up, powerful muscles in his legs catapulting him upward, clawed hands reaching up and up, the scorched remains of Superman's cape fluttering in front of him. He was faster than Superman like this. He was catching up. He would throw Superman into Mars. Crush his skull beneath his boot. Return to Earth. Murder the world.

He tore forward. He was nearly there. Nearly catching Superman's foot. He would break his ankle in one tight grasp. He would throw him out to space. Pummel the air from his lungs.

Superman span around. He gave Doomsday a wink. Mouthed the word: 'No.' and scorched heat vision across Kru's eyes. The monster screamed silently in the upper atmosphere, oxygen leaving his lungs, but his respiratory system hardened, and suddenly he didn't need to breathe. His skin adjusted, he absorbed light, oxygen formed through photosynthesis. But he had lost momentum, he was floating above the world, unable to move.

Superman kept moving. He felt his skin tingle as he headed up, right, left, down, in a place without direction. He was in space, high orbit, the nagging pull of Earth's gravity gently loosening until he was free of it. He gritted his teeth. Shot forward. Toward the Sun.

### **Metropolis; Downtown:**

“Sonofagun,” grunted Thaddeus Killgrave as he crawled out of the wrecked chassis of his killing machine. “What a waste...” He scrambled to his feet, and was surrounded by rampaging heroes and villains, strange criminals clashing with armored police, strange heroes clashing with armored scoundrels. He giggled. He loved a riot. A bit of bloodshed. “Well, there's always tomorrow for the apocalypse.”

“Not for you.” Killgrave span around and was met by a taser baton to

the face, smashing his large glasses off his face. Nemo Smith raised the baton again, but then was surrounded by baying criminals. "Damn." He was engulfed, claws and hands and teeth thrashing down on him. His armor was torn off, but he didn't cry out.

He deflected blows with his baton, but it was swatted from his grip, and then...

And then...

"AWAY, GODAMMIT!" The villains flew back, faceless hordes flying into the faceless hordes, and Caesar came to Smith's side, his face bloodied and bleeding, claw marks jutting down his torso. "Nemo, are you alright?"

"Get me... My... Arrhh... Get me my weapon... And help me up..." grunted the officer.

### **In Orbit:**

Oxygen pockets began to form inside Doomsday's lungs. Soft membranes formed inside his chest cavity and then when they reached maximum capacity, he exhaled, the gentle push sending him out of orbit and once more hurtling like a burning meteorite toward Earth. He smiled. Superman had ran away. There was no one out there to save the world now. He was the doomsday. The Ragnarök. The Black Zero, end of all things and the beginning of a new era of death and pain and nothingness. He began to chuckle as the vacuum dissipated. Who would he kill first?

He didn't get a chance to finish the thought. TOOM! TOOM! TOOM! TOOM! Punches rained down on him. His skin cracked! His bones groaned! Black ichor seeped from opening wounds. "I too can adapt, Kru-El." Growled Superman, his flesh blazing as his body absorbed the solar energy he just exposed himself to.

Doomsday rained down his own blows on Superman, but the Kryptonian hero shrugged them off, flaming heat vision scouring across

Doomsday, causing the villain to cry out in pain. Frigid Arctic breath froze the villain's limbs in place. The two brothers collided with the snow below them, mere miles away from the Fortress of Solitude, that swirled blue in the upper atmosphere, strange energies seeping out. Superman landed hard, every step melting the snow around him. He was a living generator, more solar energy pumping out of him than ever before. It hurt. His every sense was amplified. Metropolis, he heard screams and cries. Gunshots, energy blasts. Punches, kicks and everything in between. But he couldn't act. He was torn. But not for long. He kicked Doomsday hard in the side, sending him hopscotching across the snow. He followed, punch after punch sending the villain flying and falling. "You do not threaten my team! No more death!"

"HRRggg...!" grunted Doomsday, before he rolled out of range of Superman's last punch, and grabbed his wrist, tugging the enhanced Kryptonian toward him and head butting him so hard that Superman momentarily lost consciousness.

### **Metropolis, the Steelworks; Before:**

"Come on, come on," muttered Rip Hunter, as his Time Sphere phased into existence inside the large factory. He had to act fast, and pulled a long, flashing metallic device from his belt. It sparked light, and he approached the comatose body of John Henry Irons, blood and saliva dribbling down his face. He aimed it at the mechanical devices on the back of Irons' back, and went to work. The metal structure slid out of his flesh, Rip Hunter phasing it out of synch with reality for a mere second. Then he was done. He sealed up the hero's back, amped up his body's natural healing, and then there were no scars. No nothing. He injected Steel with a tranquilizer from the 34th Century, headed back into his Time Sphere, and went back on his way. Phase one, complete. Phase two... To the furthest reaches of space.

### **Metropolis, Downtown; Now:**

"Who the hell are you, lady?" muttered the Guardian, as he rolled across the street, dodging sub-zero blasts of energy aimed solely at him.

"You can call me Ice Queen!" screamed the pale skinned beauty, as she approached him, not stopping her assault once. "Or your death!"

He chuckled. "Yeah, about that... I don't think so!" The Guardian threw his shield directly at her face, but she panicked, aimed her blasts at the shield, freezing it solid but doing nothing to deter it from its path. It hit her hard in the jaw, breaking it. The shield clattered to the ground, and shattered. He reached out to it, as if an old friend was dying inches away. "No...!"

"Lookey here, looks like Guardian is without his little ol' weapon..." A man approached Harper, a whip in his hand, flanked by other large, burly villains. "S' shame I'm gonna' have to take advantage of that fact an' murder you right here."

Harper crouched down. "Try."

***CRSSHHHHHH!***

Guardian hurtled through a window and landed in an empty apartment. He thanked God that the MPD had got the citizens into safe zones away from the Stryker's break out so quickly. He pulled a shard of glass from his arm and removed his helmet. It blurred his vision, the metal surface dented toward his eye. It would do him no good now. He tossed it aside, and looked around for a weapon. Nothing. He grunted. This wasn't good. About seven people clambered through the hole in the wall and filed to the sides as the talkative one entered last. "They calls me Lasso. I'm z-list, to be honest, but I guess I could make my name wrapping my whip around your throat, don't y'think?"

"You. Could. Try." Growled Harper. He caught a glimpse of himself in the broken shards of glass from his entrance into this apartment. He was a mess. A couple of days worth of beard growth. His blonde hair was long and matted with sweat. Dark rims bordered his eyes. How long had it been since he last had a full nights sleep? How long since he had relaxed? Damn. Now was not the time for wondering.

"God love bravado," smiled Lasso, as his weapon lashed out, and Harper caught it with his arm, the lash gouging into his flesh and splitting

even his enhanced body. "But bravado'll get you killed."

Jim Harper screamed, and yanked Lasso toward him with his bound arm. The villain yelped as he got intimate with the hero's elbow, shattering his cheek and causing his eyes to water. He gagged, and tried to cup his face, but Harper wrapped the lasso around his enemies hands, and pulled him forward once more, and head butted him, breaking the man's nose. "You think you could take me, punk? You think you've got what it takes? God damn, you're nothing!" He pressed his foot into the man's broken face until the villain passed out from the pain. "Now you, you ugly creeps, you want to try and kill me? Do you? Well come on, the world's watching! Show me what you're made of!" He dove at the seven other onlookers, and then the fight was really on.

"Hello, Caesar," whispered a voice. The hero span around, carnage surrounding him. He hadn't signed up for this! He was a performer, not a hero! Sure he stuck around for... His friends. Damn. That was enough of that line of thought.

"Who do I have the pleasure of addressing?" he replied, smiling.

"You can call me Jinx." The ground below the magician suddenly transmuted into water, and he nearly fell downwards, but a quick silent spell made him hover.

"Well that's just mean." He waved his wand. "Show yourself."

A tanned, bald woman suddenly appeared in front of him, clad in a white loin cloth and bikini. She had many jeweled necklace wrapped around her neck, and she wore a smile that disarmed Caesar immediately. Without a moment's hesitation, she grabbed his arm, the sleeve transforming into concrete with that touch and causing him to topple over into the water pit below him. She smiled, and watched as he struggled to escape her trap. With a movement of her arm, the ground sealed up over him, his arm still visible, his wand easily kicked away. He was trapped, drowning. She kicked his arm, breaking the bone at the elbow, and then turned around, and continued to fight the police.

He dove at her, fingers grabbing and clawing. She remained calm, kicked him off, and aimed carefully. Captain Maggie Sawyer fired off her weapon. Electricity shook through her attacker's body. She didn't have any idea on the level of casualties, but she had to keep fighting. Only when the tide was turned could she think about things like that. Win. Win.

"Hello, Captain Sawyer, seems we meet again at long last."

She span around. Who was talking?

"Don't try looking for me. I'm everywhere."

Her eyes open wide. "Crowley?!" The Mind-Eater!? Jim and her had taken him down months ago, and last she heard, he was comatose in the lowest levels of Stryker's Island.

"I'm in your head. I'm in your house. I'm everywhere and you... Are about to die."

She screamed as hands touched her mind and clamped down.

"Feel the pain you put me through. Scream for me, Captain Sawyer."

### **Outside the Fortress of Solitude:**

"Ow," mumbled Superman, as his body began to slough off the effects of his solar supercharging. He wavered where he stood, moving backwards and forward, concussed. He looked at his hands, bruised as they were, and clenched them into fists. He looked up, and saw Doomsday charge toward him. He swung with his left. WHAM. Doomsday's jaw visibly quaked. He followed through this a right. WHAM. Doomsday's face morphed out of shape for a moment, before returning to normal. He raised both fists, and slammed them down on Doomsday's head. WHAM! Doomsday buckled to the floor. "Stay. Down."

Superman was so focused on Doomsday he didn't hear time praise open. He didn't notice the gold sphere form out of nothingness and then vanish behind its stealth cloak. He had so focused his hearing and vision on finding a chink in Doomsday's physiology that he didn't hear the crunch of snow as a booted foot landed on the snow. The sound of punches being thrown on unrelenting flesh drowned out the sound of a weapon charging, a shard of green isotope being moved into a compartment so a beam of power could be directed through it. Blow after blow landed on Superman's face, and blow after blow landed on Doomsday's. Rip pressed a button on his uniform that phased him out of reality, so he could watch invisibly. He bit his bottom lip. "Not... Yet..."

Batman groaned as he pulled himself from the mound of snow he'd fallen into. He pressed a button on his belt and two things leapt into his hand. He put a finger to his ear, and whispered into it. <<J'onn?>>

<<I am here.>>

<<Where?>>

<<I have momentarily left my body, my mind is free of the pain my physical form is experiencing. What is it you require?>>

<<Link me to Clark.>> There was a buzz as Superman's mind linked to Batman's.

<<Bit... Busy... Right... Now... Please... Try again... Later...>> Bruce Wayne heard the strain in Superman's thoughts, his concentration lapsing and quivering every time he took a punch, or threw one.

<<I need you to move.>>

<<GAH! Easier said... Than... DONE!>>

<<Stop procrastinating, Clark.>> replied Bruce sharply. <<Remember Magpie?>>

Superman's thoughts wandered back to an event nearly half a decade ago. <<Of course. Why... Ah. Ok.>>

<<NOW MOVE!>>

A grenade with a black bat insignia hurtled toward the combatants. Superman dove for it, confusing Doomsday, and allowed himself to take the brunt of the blast, whatever it was inside of it engulfing him completely. Black smoke covered his flesh, and then Batman attached the second device in his hand to his grapnel. He aimed it, and fired. Doomsday laughed and grabbed it, the device suddenly detonating and green light swarming over the villain. Kryptonite grenade.

Superman, engulfed in a cloud of lead particles, threw all his strength into the punch.

Batman glanced up from where he squatted, his eyes wide.

The snow flew every which way around the two battling Kryptonians as it connected.

Doomsday's eye rolled into the back of his head. Black ooze fell from between his lips. Superman nearly cried out, his knuckles burning in pain, but held it in, and watched as his bastard-brother fell.

Superman exhaled. He was light headed. His solar storage cells in his body were burnt out, having gone from dying to overcharged within less than an hour. Less than an hour. God damn, it felt like he'd been fighting for days. He wavered and nearly fell over himself, but no. He couldn't fall now. His friends needed him.

"KAAAAL!" Doomsday jerked up, like some unkillable thing, and reached out to his brother.

Rip Hunter saw his chance.

He, the time traveler, the dimensional guardian, the unknown soldier, Rip Hunter, shifted into active reality and raised his ray gun at the last minute. Superman didn't notice, and if he did, didn't or couldn't act. He was running on fumes. Barely able to stand. He grit his teeth, and prepared to fight once more. Damn.

But Rip fired. Red light pierced the creature's hide, and he let out a cry,

even as the Kryptonite radiation from Batman's grenade attack began to lose effect on him. Hunter took a lead container from his red utility belt and slid it into the barrel of the ray gun he wielded. "Red and green isn't the only kind of Kryptonite."

The time traveling hero approached the villain, and pulled the trigger, hitting the disfigured Kryptonian again and again, weakening him with pure red sun radiation. And then the hero changed his ammunition. A whine filled the air as another type of crystal slipped into Rip's weapon. He aimed it at Doomsday's head. "Say goodbye."

"GOODBYE!" Doomsday backhanded Rip, sending him flying into his time-sphere, the weapon skittering across the snow. He again clambered back up, an unstoppable juggernaut, an engine of destruction running on rage. "My brother can wait, you little gnat, you're going to die first."

"No," Superman shook his head. He held the ray gun in his hand. He knew that Rip had armed himself with something that could end this fight. And now that weapon was in his hands. His brother. His race. His responsibility. He pulled the trigger.

Golden energy lashed out over Doomsday's body. He screamed in agony as his body was engulfed in the maelstrom. Superman's couldn't see through the blast, he squinted and covered his eyes with his forearm as the energy didn't dissipate. What had he done!?

"D-don't move, Superman," groaned Rip, as he hobbled over to the hero, "you don't want to touch that stuff." The light intensified. "This is all window dressing, the damage has been done... But I don't know what even a slight exposure to the isotope will do to you."

"What is it?" whispered Superman, his eyes never leaving the chaotic storm in front of him.

The light exploded upward, out of the atmosphere and into space, where Superman could see it evaporate. It had been like a shining, gold Aurora Borealis. "Something you'll luckily never see again. Gold Kryptonite." Superman gasped as he saw his brother, naked and human, lying in the middle of a melted circle of snow.

Batman dragged himself over to the two men, his leg injured and his armor dented everywhere. "What...?"

"It removes a Kryptonian's powers permanently." Rip holstered the weapon. "And it reversed the bioengineering Kru-El experienced at the hands of Darkseid. He can no longer absorb solar energy. He's completely human."

Superman looked on, confused. "You can't have, that's impossible!"

Rip pulled his gun and Superman put up his hand to grab it. "Do you want to see?"

"Why are you threatening me?" growled Superman, holding the weapon tightly, but not crushing it, as he easily could.

"Because there's something going on right now that's bigger than a brotherly feud! Something is happening beyond this world and I need to find out what before it crumbles down around us!" His hands were shaking. Superman nodded slowly. Batman stared at the weapon uneasily. "I can't... I can't do this, you know? I've tried so hard, for years, and it's just... Like constantly being kicked in the face. No one knows what I do, it's a God damn thankless task, and I just... I've had enough. But just then? You were empty Superman. Doomsday would have hit you so hard your brain would have liquefied inside your skull. You know where I've been since Batman called on me? I was in the future. A world where everyone is dead and the only hero is a brain in a computer. You are the focus point, Superman." Superman didn't know what to say. "And you're needed alive." Superman released his grip and Rip holstered his weapon.

"Rip, I don't know what to say..." Superman looked to his brother, shivering in the snow, and then to Batman, who undid his cape and wrapped it around the villain. He didn't do it gently, but the material protected him from the cold regardless.

"You will," laughed Hunter, as he wiped his eyes, "at the right time, you'll know."

"What about... What about Kru?"

"I can fix that," Rip pulled up the fallen Kryptonian, and slung him over his shoulder. "I can fix him."

"You're not going to—"

"Kill him?" interrupted Rip, "oh, no. I don't kill defenseless human beings. But I know a place where he'll never hurt anyone ever again."

"I can't..." Superman hesitated. "I don't know if I can let you do this."

"Don't care," nodded Rip. "He had access to your computers, Superman. Don't you think he would have spent all his time before attempting to murder the world trawling through them, remembering leverage? This is the only way everyone is safe. He's off the board. I'll take him to someplace he'll never hurt anyone, and no one will hurt him. Trust me. It's all I ask."

Superman grimaced with indecision. And then took a deep breath. "I trust you."

"Good," Rip climbed into his time sphere, and pointed over to where the Fortress of Solitude rested, "Oh, and if I was you? I would do something about that."

And with that he sealed the door and vanished once more, leaving Superman puzzled at Rip's cryptic last words... But not for long.

### **Metropolis; the Hall of Justice:**

"Forcefield holding," grunted Niles Caulder from within the Hall of Justice.

"I should be out there!" complained Ray Palmer. "I should be helping."

"If we take down the force field to let you out, the villains outside will get in, Palmer, it's as simple as that." Caulder sighed heavily. "We can just do what we have to do here. Save a god."

"Not every day I thought I'd be saying that," smiled Charles McNider, as he amplified the beam of intense light emanating from the sunlamps.

Niles looked up and McNider. "You've not lived my life."

"Hrrrr..."

"Yes!" Ray ignored the trouble outside and watched as Lightray stirred from unconsciousness. "It worked!"

"Ssssuperman?" slurred the weakened New God, as his eyes slowly opened.

"At the Fortress, fighting Kru. The League are there, it's ok. But Metropolis..."

Lightray's eyes jerked open. "Metropolis? What of it?"

"Stryker's Island was busted open soon after you did that martyr impression," grimaced Ray Palmer.

"The prison? What of Jim Harper? Caesar? Maggie Sawyer and the others?"

"Dealing as best they can. We've been tracking their progress from in here, but we're trapped. The force field is up, and we can't lower it without the Hall becoming compromised."

"I must help!" Lightray pulled himself off the gurney, and nearly stumbled over his own legs, before steadying himself with the help of McNider and Palmer. "Ahh..."

"You're too weak, Sollis. And the force field is up. You can't leave. We won't let you."

"I..." started Sollis, before standing on his own two feet with support, "I am a New God of New Genesis, and you can't STOP me!" He suddenly vanished, his body transforming into perfect light, and he shot through walls, through the air, through room after room until he reached the

force field, and even there, he didn't stop. He shot through the hard light boundaries, and was free from Hall of Justice's confines.

### **Metropolis; Downtown:**

Jim Harper swung his fists wildly, his attackers howling pain as their bones broke upon impact. He was in a frenzy, caught up in a rage that had been brewing inside him for months. He had been on the defensive for so long. Again and again, being forced back, losing ground literally and metaphorically for an age. No more. "NO MORE."

"More." He was suddenly grabbed by the knee and hurled into the kitchenette, awnings and installations torn to shreds by the impact. "More. Hurt you." Harper looked up at his attacker, an ugly looking creep with too much hair. He spat as he drawled, and raised his large boulder like fists ready for attack.

"Damn," whispered Harper, as his vision blurred. Everything shuddered and shivered. His head ached. The mass that attacked him came into stark view. "Blockbuster." Super strong. Invulnerable. A challenge. Harper knew he had to operate on instinct. He let his mind roll back. Tactical analysis came to the forefront. His hand wandered. He found a weapon. And then he pounced. Blockbuster was an animal. Pure and simple. He was muscle and more muscle. So much muscle that even his brain could break your arm if you let it. But the thing with being a creature of strength meant that you risk being an idiot. Some overcome it. Some don't. Blockbuster hadn't. He roared as his own fist arched toward Harper's face. Jim grunted. He swung the kitchen sink at Blockbuster's neck. It collided hard, and caused Blockbuster to howl in pain as he gripped his larynx. Harper didn't stop. The kitchen sink he gripped between bleeding fingers swung down onto the back of Blockbuster's head, then pulled back, only to be swung into the villain's face. Harper breathed in deeply. Blockbuster was down. He was exhausted. He looked outside. Chaos. Once more into the breach—

### **Outside the Fortress of Solitude:**

Superman looked from his fallen comrades, shivering in the snow, and then to the tesseract Fortress that shimmered in the cold. Blue light cascaded against the mountain side it rested next to, and lashed out across the snow, reality distorting as the tentacles played against the wind. It was going to burst. Doomsday had actually punched through the dimensional rift that kept his Fortress separate from Earth. Another reality was melting into this one! It would destroy everything!

“Hal!” he shouted, picking up his emerald ring bearing friend and shaking him awake roughly, “Hal! I need a hyperspace tunnel! NOW!”

“C-Clark?” stuttered the battered hero, his ring sparking green, “What?” His weapon glowed bright, and suddenly a green tunnel formed in the sky above him, stars visible inside. Superman leapt up, grabbed the device that contained his home, and took a deep breathe, then vanished with it inside the tunnel. “Superman?” The tunnel closed and Hal fell back down, his ring getting to work on healing him.

### **Metropolis; Downtown:**

Lightray turned from his light form into his solid form. He smashed through the thinning ranks of the villains. He was like lightning, faster than a thought, and his presence already helped the battling police officers and Krypton Square residents fighting against the villains. Above him he saw the mechanical legs of Steel's new creations, and as he looked for his other friends, he realized that certain people were missing. “James? Caesar?” He broadened his senses. A heartbeat. Fading. Submerged? “Caesar?” He shot down onto the streets, and then came to an arm that was popping out of the concrete. “What in the name of the Source is that?” He concentrated his power, and tore up the concrete like it was paper, and then pulled out the drenched, coughing form of Caesar. “Caesar, are you well?”

“D-do I look well?!” He gagged, coughing up water, and then groaned as his arm exploded with pain. “B-Broken... God...” He gripped his injured appendage, and then turned to his friend. “Saved my life Sollis, good on

you, now where's Harp?"

"I cannot... Sense him. Something is wrong."

Maggie fell to the ground, beads of blood rolling out of the corners of her eyes, her ears, and her nose. She coughed and blood dribbled out from between her lips. "Heeep..."

"There will be no help, Sawyer. They called me the Mind-Eater. So I'm going to devour every memory and morsel of your personality. One. Thought. At. A. Time."

He was invisible. His power increased to such a degree that he could mask his presence to the people involved in the carnage all around. He wore all black. His hair was long and greasy, tumbling down his shoulders and back. He raised his hand. And he touched her face. "*Die, die, die, my darling.*"

James Harper ran. He sprinted toward Maggie Sawyer as she was wracked with pain. His tactical implants roared into overdrive. His mind fought his eyes. There was a void in his thoughts. Something moving in front of Sawyer that refused to be acknowledged by his human senses. It could only be one person. Only one person with that power. "CROWLLLLLLEY!"

Crowley turned. "Harper. Oh, what a treat." He moved his hand up, ready to release a blast of pure telekinetic power.

Harper wasn't impressed. "You've evolved."

"I had a friend," smiled Crowley. He unleashed his power, and Harper span in midair, dodging the blast. "You might have heard of him, he called himself Doctor De—"

"Don't care." Harper slammed his fist into Crowley's face. The psychic flew back and crumpled into a heap on the road. "Sawyer, you alright?"

"H-Harper?" Maggie looked up to see her friend, tall and covered in bruises and blood. He was without his helmet or shield, his face was a mess. His uniform was torn down the front, and he was breathing heavily in and out. "Are you a-alright?"

"No. I don't think I am."

Crowley slowly stood up. He raised his hand. He gathered all his thoughts, just as he had been taught to during his dreams. A ball of pure energy formed in his palm. He would be caught soon, it was inevitable. But he wasn't going to go out easily. He remained silent. His verbosity had cost him before. He simply made a thought, and released his attack. Maggie Sawyer would soon be dead. Harper span around at the last moment. He saw it. Burning energy. He stepped forward, opened his arms. Crowley's eyes opened wide. "What?!"

Guardian took the full impact of the blast. His entire body was consumed with the psychic maelstrom. He opened his mouth as if to scream, but no sound came. He fell silently to the ground, blood pooling out of his eyes.

Lightray struck Crowley round the back of the head with his fist, sending the villain face first into the concrete, knocking him unconscious. Caesar, still gripping his arm, raced toward Sawyer, who was holding Harper in her arms. "Maggie, what... What..."

Maggie looked up to Caesar, her eyes welling with the tears. "He's... He's... Oh God, we need to end this right now."

### **Deep Space:**

The sphere creaked silently under the pressure of the speeds he was traveling at. The outside was indestructible, created to survive the most brutal of attacks, but the massive gaping hole that spread from the inside out threatened to engulf all near it. Reality was tearing apart at the seams as he flew onward and onward, stars shooting past them. The hyper space tunnel was whizzing by. So this is how Green Lantern's traveled. Amazing, he would have thought, if this entire sector of space wasn't at risk of a tesseract exponentially overwriting it all. He had to take it somewhere, he had no idea how to seal it, so if he found a place that... his eyes widened with stark realisation. He pressed on, oxygen particles being used up in his veins, and headed for... Sector 3599, dead space. Red tendrils of energy whipped across his arms, but they did not falter. He

pushed on, harder and harder, until he reached the end of his journey, and with one giant effort... THREW the tesseract to the centre of the sector, and watched as it exploded outward. Suddenly, the black, ancient sector of space was illuminated, and not by stars, as none existed inside it. Superman looked back, over his shoulder, as stars became visible inside the hyperspace tunnel. He had to hurry, as his passage home was vanishing. The tesseract vanished, and Superman headed back inside the entrance of the tunnel. He headed home, travelling as fast as he could.

Behind him, in Sector 3599, something shimmered, going unnoticed by the rest of the entire universe...

### **Metropolis:**

They worked together. Lightray, Caesar and Steel, rounding up the villains as best they could, supporting the good guys, helping the wounded as best they could, and then when that was done... They waited. Steel leapt out of the cockpit of his large defense robot, and landed beside the others, and they stood in silence on Metropolis Bridge.

Caesar broke the silence, his injured arm in a sling. "He's at Mercy General."

"We should go visit him," muttered John Henry, his face plate flicking up.

"Hey, you... You're actually John Henry Irons! How the hell did... With the..."

Lightray placed a hand on the magician's shoulder. "Not now."

"Alright."

The trio were about to depart, when suddenly there was a whoosh of red and blue, and in front of them... Floated Superman. "Hello."

Lightray smiled. "You made it."

"With thanks to you, Sollis," nodded Superman, as he put out his hand, which Lightray took smiling. "You saved my life. I am in your debt."

"We're even. You saved my friends a year ago, you and your Justice League. Let's call this returning the favor."

Superman said nothing, just smiled. "John Henry, you're well?"

"Better than ever," replied Irons, "got that hunk of computer out of my back somehow, and now I can work the armor like I used to."

"Good, good. And you?" asked Superman, motioning toward Caesar, who looked quite uncomfortable beneath his gaze.

Caesar bowed. "I am Caesar, and I've been... Helping out in your absence. I hope you don't mind."

"If Steel and Lightray approve," Superman put out his hand. "Then I've nothing but respect for you. You might want to have that arm looked at though, it looks nasty."

"How?" started Caesar.

Superman tapped his temple. "X-Ray vision."

"Ah."

There was a moment's silence. Superman started once more. "And I also heard the Guardian was..."

"In hospital," finished Lightray.

"I'll be sure to check up on him soon. The Justice League are going to get to repairing Metropolis immediately."

"So Doomsday is...?"

"Gone," said Superman. Lightray didn't press the subject. The look in Superman's eyes...

### **Earth 76.**

<You can't do this!> he screamed, his beard matted with spit, <You can't trap me like this! I AM KRU-EL, BASTARD SON OF JOR-EL! HOUND OF ZOD! I WILL KILL YOU ALL!>

"What's he saying?" asked the doctor, his clipboard in front of him.

"No one knows. He's speaking gibberish."

"Why's he here?"

"Dunno," sighed the second doctor, "but there must be a reason." The two men laughed, and closed the shutter to the door that contained Patient 2354.

Kru-El, bound by a straight jacket in a padded room, screamed until his voice went hoarse. He was powerless. He didn't speak English. And he was trapped 76 realities from his brother and home dimension. <YOU CAN'T DO THIS!>

"I think you'll find... I just did," stated Rip Hunter calmly as he activated his time sphere.

### **Metropolis, the Daily Planet:**

Her phone rang. She looked at it, for a moment, before answering. She was tired. They'd been holed up in the bomb shelter below the building, and had only just now been allowed up to the offices. She reached for it, and then answered the call. "Hello?"

"Lois," groaned the voice. She recognized it immediately.

"Clark? Smallville? Where are you? Are you ok? What happened? You vanished and—"

"Lois, please, I don't want to be interviewed right now," he chuckled.  
"I'm ok," replied Clark Kent, "Just... Tired."

"Where were you?"

"The Hall of Justice. The League, they... Heard about my shooting." He took a moment. "So they decided to put me under protective custody."

"The League...? Where have you been? Before then? Before you saved my... Life?"

"An old friend from my time in Africa, he called me up, and... I had to go help him."

"Without telling me? Or anyone? God, Smallville, you..."

"I have to go. I'm sorry, but I'll come see you soon, alright?"

"Why, you... You..." She sighed. This was Clark Kent. Her partner. She couldn't hold a grudge. She knew he'd somehow redeem himself. And hadn't he already? He saved her life. "Goodbye, Clark."

He hung up, and cleared his throat. Wonder Woman stood in the doorway of his Hall of Justice quarters. "Are you well, Kal?"

"Tired."

She moved toward him, and smiled slightly. Without words, she hugged him tightly. "I'm glad you're back."

"I'm glad to be back," he replied, returning the embrace. "So glad."

Lois Lane walked home. The streets were a mess, but in the distance there was a glow of green, which told her that the Green Lantern, and the rest of the Justice League, had already started work on reconstructing downtown. Soon they would over toward this part of time, and then Metropolis would return to its gleaming place as one of the most

beautiful cities in the country.

Stryker's was nearly full again. They'd recovered most of the escapees. But others had fled the city immediately. It wasn't good. She came to her apartment building, climbed up the long winding staircase to her apartment, and unlocked the door with a twist of a key. She dumped her coat on a chair and relaxed on her couch. "God damn. What a day."

Tpt. Tpt.

"Hmm?"

She stood up and looked around. Something was tapping at her window. Her eyes widened. She rushed toward it, pulled back the curtains and then she grinned.

"Hello, Ms Lane." Superman smiled, floating high above the street, gazing into her dark eyes with his own. "It's been a long time."

"Superman, it's been..."

"Too long." He paused. "I heard about Clark, but Wonder Woman told me he's doing well."

"Yeah, he called me. Where have you been? It's been... Months."

"It's a long story. Not for now. Let's just say that after the Parasite incident... I was taken."

"Taken?" repeated Lois, expecting him to elaborate.

"Never mind. I just came over to say... Hi. The League and I, we're working on rebuilding the city. But I guess you had already guessed that." He turned away, ready to lift off.

"Wait!"

He span around. "Yes?"

She approached him, and touched the s-insignia on his chest. "Just to

know... This is real."

He took her hand in his own, and put his other on her cheek. "It's real, Lois. I'll see around." And with that, he was gone.

She knew what she had to do, then and there.

boop

boop

boop

James Harper was hooked up to so many machines that you could barely tell what was human and what was not. Maggie Sawyer sat by his side, his hand in hers. And she waited. "How's he doing?" asked Caesar. His own injury had been seen to properly. Due to the severity of it, the doctor he was treated by told him he'd be in the cast for months. He didn't mind. He didn't need to do his show for a long time, he had enough money to last. But still...

boop

boop

boop

"A STAR medic came over. Kitty Faulkner. Specialist in metahuman physiology. She said... She said he could go either way. He's hanging on by a thread. Something in there's still working." She pointed to his head. "But he's just lying there. A vegetable. He shouldn't be. He should be alive."

boop

boop

boop

"Don't blame yourself. He saved your life."

boop

"Don't you get it, Caesar?" she snapped at him, "Don't you get it? He's the fastest guy I know! He didn't have to take the blast, he could have pulled us both out of the way! But something in his head just... It was suicide! He was trying to get himself killed and now he's just lying there!"

boop

"I don't know what to say. But my sister, she's..." Caesar realized he was talking and then stopped. "I don't know what to say."

boop

"Damn," whispered Maggie, as she took Harper's hand once more. "Come back, Jim. Come back."

boop

She took a difficult breath, and lowered her forehead onto the hand, and then thought back to their good times. After all their hardships, the fights, the wars, she knew that after the final moments of their battle against Crowley... That those good times would not be retread for an age.

### **Metropolis, the Steelworks:**

"Lois!" grinned John Henry, as he removed his helmet.

She was standing in the doorway, her hand resting tentatively on the door itself. "John, you're... you're back in costume!"

"I don't know how to explain it, Lois, one moment..." he thought back to

what had happened to him, the removal of all the painful machinery that had integrated itself into his body, and then hesitated. "One moment I'm not, and the next I am."

She took a step forward, but there was still a distance between them that neither appeared to want to shorten. "And those robots roaming the streets...?"

"I had some spare time on my hands after I helped rebuild the city after the Apocalypse Invasion. And I also had access to a pocket dimension of space to work in..."

"Wow," sighed Lois.

"Are you ok?" Asked Irons, as he began to remove his armor.

"No, I'm not," she stated simply.

He nodded slowly. "I saw that Superman was back."

"Yeah, and... I need to tell you something."

"Yeah, I bet you do..." he sighed, and finished removing his boots. He stretched, hiding his back from her, and then cracked his neck. "So, what's on your mind?"

"I think that I got into this relationship for the wrong reasons. And... I don't think I can continue with it anymore..."

"Hmm."

"And, it's... It's not you John, I think..." she laughed awkwardly, "I think there's something wrong with me. I think there's something about a big strapping man and a cape that just... Messes my head up."

"Yeah," smiled Irons. "Ok."

"I hope this won't ruin our friendship, John..."

"No, of course not. I kind of knew that there was only one guy in a red

cape that held a special place in your heart, and with him not being around, I don't know... Ha, it was fun while it lasted, y'know?"

"It was." She took his hand and kissed his cheek. "I'm sorry."

"Nah, don't apologize, we're alright."

"I've got to go write up a story about massive robots stalking the streets."

"If you need a source, you know where to find me!"

"I intend to!" she smiled and walked out of the Steelworks, leaving John Henry behind, his smile slowly fading as she left.

"Damn," he sighed, as he turned away from the doorway.

### **Epilogue:**

"It's been a while, hasn't it?"

"Yes," replied Superman, as he hovered on the balcony.

"I can't say that I've missed you. But I'm glad you're not dead."

"That means a lot, Lex, it really does." Lex Luthor looked over to where Superman was hovering, and shook his head. "But now I'm back. Any schemes you've been putting in motion? I will stop them. I will stop you. I will be there when your empire crumbles around you."

"Are you threatening me, Superman?"

"No, of course not, Lex," Superman looked over to the Lex Corp building. "And you might want to replace those long distance microphones that litter every window on this floor. They seem to have melted."

"Hmm."

“Goodnight, Lex.” Superman lifted off, and headed toward the sunset, leaving Lex Luthor brooding, pondering the events of the past few days.

**For Truth, For Justice, For the American Way... The End!**

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*Superman in:  
"Flight"*

Flying. Skimming across the atmosphere and just... Flying. No threats from the stars, no other-dimensional beings intent on invasion, just the sky, and Superman. He breathed in, filled his lungs, and exhaled, centering himself. His mind, no longer a flurry of thoughts and emotions, filled with just that singular instinct, pushing him onwards beneath the O-zone: *Fly*.

He smiled, and dove lower into the sky, and surfed on the edge of the cloud line, water particles flickering into his cape as he went. An air liner suddenly came into view, and he barrelled to a side with ease, flew backwards parallel to a wing and waved to the passengers inside. And then he eased off, and watched it fly slowly into the distance.

With a smile, he dove downwards, and plummeted into the cold waters below. He sank as deep as he could using his own momentum, and then pushed on using his Sun fueled powers, until he was at the deepest part of the ocean, the blackness permeable. His X-Ray vision sparked up, and he viewed the strange and mysterious world below, a strange, alien fascination filling him. With a small nod of satisfaction, he let himself go, and stepped off the ocean floor, sand drifting up after him. As soon as there was distance between him and the floor, he shot back up, pierced the membrane of the ocean and shot back up into the sky above.

It was night time now.

He span around at super speed and his costume dried within seconds. He then brought himself to a stop, and shook his head slowly to dispel the dizziness he had suddenly brought on himself. With a chuckle he headed back west. He flew below radar, and then slowed to a steady glide as he crossed into American waters. There was an audible click as United States air forces noted his entrance into their air-space. He then pushed on, until Metropolis came into sight.

Home.

He smiled once more, and then landed on the globe of the Daily Planet. He rested their for a second. And then, with a smile, he set off again. Flying. Because when he wasn't fighting as Superman, when he wasn't living as Clark Kent, and when he had a spare moment... This is what he would do. Fly.

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If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

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## From the same author on *Feedbacks*

*Tales of the Green Lantern Corps Special: Facets (2005)*

*Tales of the Green Lantern Corps Special: Facets.*

There are 3600 Green Lanterns in existence throughout the universe and there are the seconds, the people ready to take on the mantle of Green Lantern when their predecessor falls. Moving away from Sector 2814 with this one shot, we focus the spotlight on Jar Kell, Green Lantern of Sector 3598, who is having the worst day of his tenure in the Corps!

*Batman #0 (2005)*

*Batman: Shadow of the Bat.*

Meet Bruce Wayne. Business man. Playboy. All public masks... But the one beneath it all, the one, true mask... is cloaked in the shadow of the bat!

Meet Batman. Masked vigilante, master of the rarest disciplines of martial arts that grace this earth, mysterious protector of Gotham's streets.

Live his earliest years in this book!

In this issue, Bruce Wayne takes to the streets in the guise of Batman for a quiet night of patrol, and gets more than he bargained for...

Jim Gordon, Harvey Bullock and Sam Merkel investigate seemingly random, but seriously violent, attacks on computer programmers all hired by Enigma Corporation...

*Batman #1 (2005)*

*Batman: The Smoking Gun, Part 1.*

Something stirs beneath Metropolis and Batman comes a-calling for the first meeting of the worlds greatest heroes!

*Batman #2 (2005)*

*Batman: World's Finest?*

The Worlds Finest team unite to defeat the unstoppable monstrosity discovered last issue, and to defeat it, Batman must join forces with... Lex Luthor?

*The Flash #0 (2005)*

*The Flash: Time Flies, Prelude.*

Barry Allen was struck by a bolt of mysterious lightning, and then discovered he had the power of super speed! Follow this series to read the trials and tribulations of the Scarlet Speedster! See the Rogues gallery form and a mysterious villain put into motion a scheme that could destroy the history of the Flash!  
Blood will run!

*The Flash #1 (2005)*

The Flash: Time Flies: Ice Cold Man...

Barry Allen is the happiest man alive! Oh sorry... Barry Allen is the fastest man alive! Everything 's falling into place for the scarlet speedster...

So obviously...

Something has to go wrong!

*The Flash #2 (2005)*

The Flash: Time Flies: Whispers.

It's Flash Day in Keystone city, and the entire city has come out to celebrate!

And what better time for a Rogue to pop up his head and try and kill them all?

Secrets will be revealed, new mysteries will be woven and one character is going to be changed forever in the latest part of Time Flies!

*The Adventures of Superman #4 (2006)*

The Adventures of Superman: Black Zero, Part 2: War on Solitude. Second in the biweekly crossover running through Adventures of Superman and Action Comics!

In the rebuilt Fortress of Solitude, Superman battles his greatest, most evil foe... It's not General Zod, Lex Luthor or Metallo and not even Braniac or Parasite... Who exactly?

*Action Comics #2 (2006)*

Action Comics: Black Zero, Part Three: Fearful Symmetry.

Third in a biweekly crossover running through Adventures of Superman and Action Comics!

Now that the threat has been revealed, and the Man of Steel has been removed from the picture, just what does the evil villain have in mind for Metropolis?

You won't believe the answer!  
And is the man who defeated Superman just a pawn in a much greater game?

*The Adventures of Superman #5 (2006)*

*The Adventures of Superman: Black Zero, Part 4: Men of Steel.*  
Fourth in a biweekly crossover running through *Adventures of Superman* and *Action Comics*!

Superman and Green Lantern Jar Kell reach Metropolis, but an evil lurks on the inside as well as on the outside, awaiting the two heroes and setting a deadly ambush.

*Action Comics #3 (2006)*

*Action Comics: Black Zero, Part 5: Endgame.*

The fifth and final chapter of the biweekly crossover running through *Adventures of Superman* and *Action Comics*!

Superman learns the true nature of his people in the conclusion of **BLACK ZERO!**

*The Adventures of Superman #10 (2006)*

*The Adventures of Superman: Doomsday.*

**THIS IS THE FINAL ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN**

*Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 1!*

This is it! The greatest crisis the world has ever faced is upon the heroes of the DC2, and nothing will be the same ever again!

The plans of the evil god Darkseid have come to fruition at last!

It's all-out war as Apokolips invades Planet Earth: heroes will rise-- and some will fall before it's done!--- and unlikely allies will be made! And not even Superman is safe when Darkseid sets his sites on the Man of Steel! You won't believe how this one ends!

*Action Comics #4 (2006)*

*Action Comics: Must There be a Superman, Part One: Fragments and Facets.*

Superman has left Metropolis? Lex Luthor targeted for death?

Metropolis invaded by aliens? The return of a threat from the past?

A revelation that will leave you reeling and... Joey from *Adventures of Superman #3*?

Action Comics #5 (2006)

Action Comics: Must There Be A Superman? Part 2 of 2: War Crimes and Amnesty (Or, the One with all the Action).

Tomar Re will make sure Lex Luthor stands trial for the murder of Jar Kell if it's the last thing he'll do! The only man standing in the way of his fury? A Superman wracked with insecurity, who must overcome his fear of the unknown once more to save his arch foe! Will he pull through to save the day?

Action Comics #6 (2006)

Action Comics: Full Circle and the End.

A forgotten hero, kidnapped in his hey day and trapped in an inescapable prison is released by a freak accident after the death of one of his wretched captors... How will this man react to a world not his own?

Batman #3 (2006)

Batman: A Riddle Wrapped In E. Nigma, Part 1 (of 2).

He's here! The Count of Conundrum! The Prince of Puzzle himself... The Riddler! Edward Nigma has arrived in The Batman's world, and Gotham City won't ever be the same again! Continued from the events of #0, Batman is about to have the worst night in his short career...

Detective Comics #9 (2006)

Detective Comics: Escapism.

Someone has arrived in Gotham, someone who's very existence could bring about the end of humankind as we know it. So when someone is sent from his home to pursue and drag him back to the fiery hell he escaped from... You can bet Batman will be on the scene!

Batman #8 (2006)

Batman: Half [A] Life.

Two villains make their DC2 debut in this issue, as one reflects on his life before villainy in Arkham, and another emerges from the shadows to destroy the city! Will Batman stand a chance against this deadly double threat of devilry? Not without a little help from the one man he wouldn't expect assistance from!

Batman #4 (2006)

Batman: A Riddle Wrapped in E. Nigma, Part 2: Clueless?

The conclusion to The Riddler story arc and also the conclusion of Charlie's run on the book! Expect some major twists and turns as Batman and Harvey Bullock race against time to rescue Gotham's elite computer programmers from being murdered by a mysterious villain known only as "The Question Mark Slasher"!

What's wrong with Edward Nigma? What happened all those years ago that changed Michael Hughes into a so called Crime Prince of Conundrum?

Batman #9 (2006)

Batman: Crooked Smiles.

There are rumors circling in Gotham that the Crown Prince of Crime has returned! Are the whispers true? Or is someone trying to scare the inhabitants of the city? Batman intends to find out...

Batman #10 (2006)

Batman: Apokolips History X.

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 3!

The hordes of Apokolips continue to overrun the planet, and in Gotham City Batman protects the one man that Darkseid wants the most, the only man to ever escape from his clutches: Scott Free, Mister Miracle! As Jim Gordon and the GCPD form a desperate last line of defense, the Dark Knight makes his plans to get the son of the Highfather out of the city before its inevitable fall!

Detective Comics #10 (2006)

Detective Comics: Duel.

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 12!

Battered and besieged, Gotham City is occupied by the forces of General Steppenwolf, as the rag-tag forces of the GCPD lead a guerrilla resistance and the Dark Knight Detective himself is stalked by Darkseid's own master assassin Kanto! It's a battle royale in the Batcave, the winner take Gotham!

Batman #11 (2006)

Batman: From the Pit, Part 1 (of 2).

As The Batman patrols the night, an old friend rolls into town, and an old foe escapes from Arkham Asylum and begins to wreak havoc in Gotham City!

Batman #12 (2006)

Batman: From the Pit, Finale.

The body count builds as Batman and his new ally fight through the night, and as the Dark Knight finds a survivor from Zsasz's killing spree, he hands the dying victim over to the one woman he thinks can save her, but then paints a target on her back! That woman? Leslie Thompkins!

Batman #13 (2006)

Batman: Too Many Santas Will Kill You.

Batman uncovers a deadly plot to kill one of the wealthiest businessmen in Gotham... Bruce Wayne! And on Christmas Eve of all nights, with a legion of assassins after him, all with murder on their minds, how will the Caped Crusader save the day?

The Flash #3 (2006)

The Flash: Time Flies: A Conversation with my Predecessor...

After the events of last issue, Barry Allen is confronted by Jay Garrick, who has many things to tell the new Speedster...

And not all of them good!

And behind the scenes, new Rogues are born!

The Question Quarterly #1 (2006)

The Question Quarterly: The Death of Vic Sage, Part 1.

Vic Sage is a unique entity in Hub City... A famous journalist who tells the truth in a city of lies and deceit, who becomes an enemy of every criminal in the city with his latest expose! So when corruption and evil crawl beneath the skin of the Hub, and only one man dares fight the never-ending battle for justice, when Vic Sage dies... Who is The Question?

The Question Quarterly #2 (2006)

The Question Quarterly: The Death of Vic Sage, Part 2.

Everything is falling apart in the Hub. Lives are ending, lies have been revealed and the truth... Is the one thing that keeps one man, our 'hero', going. But when the truth is at last revealed, and the

implications of that fully understood... The one sane man in Hub City might conform to the general taste in insanity...

*The Question Quarterly #3 (2006)*

The Question Quarterly: Desolation Row.

For our final issue we have a change of pace as things get dark and gritty in Arkham Asylum. Think you've seen Vic Sage at his lowest? You'd be wrong. Think this is the end? Only for now, as The Question faces a darker threat than he has ever before, as Arkham Asylum suffers a jailbreak at the hands of two dastardly DC2 villains who make their debut in this issue... So when the inmates run free... Where is The Question?

*The Flash #7 (2006)*

The Flash: Time Flies, Conclusion! Part One: Everyone, Run Fast! Flashback! We return to the past, two months since Issue Three, and The Flash is facing one of his greatest challenges... The Rogues have formed before their time, a leader clad in yellow showing them the way to destroy Barry Allen's life... With a loved one lying paralyzed in bed, and his friends falling all around him, what hope has The Flash got?

*The Flash #8 (2006)*

The Flash: Time Flies, Finale.

Professor Zoom, The Reverse Flash, stands revealed to Barry Allen and Jay Garrick... Who is he? How is he? And why?

*The Flash #9 (2006)*

The Flash: Speed Demon.

A malevolent figure appears in Titans Tower, confronting Wally West AKA Kid Flash, and then vanishes, leaving the young speedster with a foreboding prophecy that comes true almost as suddenly as he appeared! With Kid Flash taken over by some mysterious entity, who you gonna' call?

*The Flash #10 (2006)*

The Flash: Flashes of Lightning.

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 10!

The body count continues to rise!

The hellbores are falling and soon the earth will be remade in the

image of Apokolips! But not if the Flash can help it! It's a battle to the death as the despicable Desaad and Darkseid's own bastard son Gravyn plant the doomsday device called the Infernal Machine in Keystone City. Can the Flash outrace destiny--- or will the Black Racer be waiting for him at the finish line?

The Flash Annual #1 (2006)

The Flash Annual: Eulogies.

Jay Garrick, the Golden Age Flash, is dead, and two months later, with the world healing, it's time for his funeral. 'Nuff Said.

The Question #1 (2006)

The Question: The Devil's Fingers.

The Question #2 (2006)

The Question: See No Evil.

The Question is still heading for Las Vegas when he drives into the wrong city at the wrong time, where the citizens are gripped with terror as a new, horrific serial killer is murdering women left and right with no discernible pattern... Until the right pair of eyes gaze onto the problem...

The Question Annual #1 (2006)

The Question Annual: Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.

The Question is in Las Vegas and a mystery has caught up with him from a friend of the past (is there any other kind?) and two heroes in his way.

The Question #3 (2006)

The Question: A Night In Their Arms.

The lights of Las Vegas welcome a lone traveler onto its streets. Yes, after so many months, The Question has arrived. Why is he here? What is so important to him? What is so important to the whole DC2? The conspiracy continues here.

Powers, Inc. #6 (2006)

Powers, Inc.: Life During Wartimes.

Steel wakes up a new man in the first part of this story, and in the second, Prysm discovers her true identity among the stars, and everything falls apart for her new life as her father is betrayed!

Action Comics #17 (2007)

Action Comics: The Linear Man Is Our Only Hope.

Action Comics #18 (2007)

Action Comics: Doomsdays, Part 1 (of 3): The Tide

Action Comics #13 (2007)

Action Comics: Convergence, Part 1 (of 2): The Thing That Should Not Be...

Something's coming to Smallville, leaving a trail of corpses in its wake! Clark Kent enjoys some down time from his responsibilities with a game of catch, while Lois Lane has to babysit a new reporter at the Daily Planet... But what has the DEO got to do with all this?

Action Comics #14 (2007)

Action Comics: Convergence, Part 2 (of 2): With Teeth!

Action Comics #19 (2007)

Action Comics: Doomsdays, Part 2 (of 3): Shadow On the Sun

DC2 Special #2: World's Finest (2007)

DC2 Special: World's Finest.

Batman #14 (2007)

Batman: Instinct.

The topside of Gotham City has been rebuilt over the past year thanks to Wayne Enterprises and their charitable efforts, but the sewers are another problem entirely... So when sewage workers are vanishing into the darkness, who does Batman think is the number one suspect?

Batman #15 (2007)

Batman: Masks, Part 1 (of 4).

Bruce Wayne is having a good day. Too bad he hasn't been in the Cave since he got in last night with Vicki Vale. Because when he gets down there and logs on, he's going to discover the terrible fate that has befallen James Gordon. And he isn't going to be happy. Not by a long shot.

The Flash #21 (2007)

The Flash: Ride the Lightning.

Lightning strikes once more in the Twin Cities, and you won't believe the consequences!

Batman #17 (2007)

Batman: Hizzoner, The Joker!

Green Lantern #8 (2007)

Green Lantern: Brave New World, Part 1.

A threat from the stars descends from the Heavens, searching for a battery to power the most devastating weapon known to all existence! Hal Jordan, Green Lantern, is all that stands between this villain and his target, and you won't believe the conclusion!

The Question #4 (2007)

The Question: Sneaking Mission.

The conspiracy deepens as a new player enters the game, and the puppet-master reveals himself to one of the cast! With more from the Agents of the DEO, and two buddies from another book making an appearance, you won't want to miss this as this arc continues!

The Question #5 (2007)

The Question: The Double-Edged Sword.

The con is on as The Question and his superfriends infiltrate "Hell" and search for what they're looking for. But as they delve deeper and deeper into Area 15... They realize that something is terribly terribly wrong in this government run complex!

The Question #6 (2007)

The Question: Knocking on Heaven's Door.

Blind, defenseless, lost in the bowels of hell and at the mercy of a master of torture. The Question meets Dr Moon... And witness the return of four characters you'd never thought you'd see again, spinning out of The Question Quarterly...

The Flash #20 (2007)

The Flash: Random Flashes.

In one day, a man's world can be turned upside down. Barry Allen is about to have one of those days. And you won't believe the consequences...

*The Question #7 (2007)*

The Question: Here With Me.

An Extra Sized Finale Issue!

You've seen The Question taken to his lowest by Steel Hand, you've seen him in Arkham Asylum, you've seen him on the road and you've seen him tortured at the hands of Dr. Moon. Travis Clevenger and Bill Nodell find their way to Area 15, only to be confronted by a very powerful someone who doesn't have The Question's best intentions in mind, and inside "Hell" itself... People are dying... But by whose order? And what familiar face makes his "welcome" return to the world of the DC2? All these questions answered and more... Including the most important one asked! What is it? Who asked it? And why?

*Wonder Woman #23 (2008)*

Wonder Woman: Day of Champions.

Wonder Woman battles a close friend, and then is given another task by Athena! With the balance of the world at stake, the Greek Gods aren't the only ones who have noticed, and another champion joins the battle against the greatest threat to humanity since... Forever!

*Nightwing #26 (2008)*

Nightwing: Boy Hostage.

Nightwing is in deep when a confrontation with an old foe goes awry, and he ends up more than six feet under inside a metal casket in New York harbor!

*Action Comics #28 (2008)*

Action Comics: Family is Like...

Superman returns home to find his cousin Kara confused and bewildered, and she's not the only one! Lois and Clark a couple? Who is the NEW Clark Kent? Plus another family member finds Superman, and it's not a happy reunion!

*Action Comics #29 (2008)*

Action Comics: Sons & Daughters of Krypton.

After the shocking final moments of last issue, Superman faces the challenge of a lifetime, and a foe he never thought he'd meet in combat?

It's Father Vs Son across the world, as Jor-El battles his son for his subjugation of the Planet Earth...! You can probably guess Lex Luthor has had a hand in this!

Green Lantern Corps: Liberation #1 (2008)

Green Lantern Corps: Liberation: Invasion.

Our intrepid squad of heroes are on their way to Oa for the last stand against the Manhunters and their mysterious Grandmaster! Who is underneath the hood of the robotic killing machines master? What could possibly go wrong if the Green Lanterns go past Rann? What indeed...

Detective Comics #33 (2008)

Detective Comics: Trial by Fire, Prologue.

A new creative team and a new direction!

Dick Grayson has adopted the mantle of the Bat and has to face all the evil that comes with it! Seeds are sown for months to come as Batman is stalked by an unseen foe, battles against the citizens of Gotham itself, and is targeted by a familiar team! Meanwhile, Harvey Bullock and the GCPD are drawn into a horrendous murder mystery, one that shakes Bullock to his very core!

Also featuring a back-up feature written by Charlie Wilkins & Samantha Chapman!

Detective Comics #34 (2008)

Detective Comics: Trial by Fire, Part 1.

Lucius Fox returns to Wayne Manor and Dick Grayson makes a big decision about Gotham City! The Batman continues his nightly patrols, only to run into a little trouble, the kind offered by... The Suicide Squad!

Batman Vs the Suicide Squad! It begins here!

Detective Comics #35 (2008)

Detective Comics: Trial by Fire, Part 2 of 3.

The calm before the storm. The Suicide Squad nearly had him, he wasn't prepared, and if Bruce was something, he was always

prepared. So with Dick fighting for his life beneath the cowl of the Bat, he needs to rethink his approach. He needs to draw up battle plans. But when push comes to shove, will he really be able to defeat the Suicide Squad, even with a little help from his friends?

*Detective Comics #36 (2008)*

Detective Comics: Trial by Fire, Part 3.

Batman, Batwoman, Blue Beetle and Robin vs. the Suicide Squad! As the Squad launch their attack during a Wayne Enterprises ball, nobody will come out on top! Be here for the extra-sized finale to this arc!

*Wonder Woman #26 (2008)*

Wonder Woman: The Dead-Beat.

In the aftermath of her battle in the Underworld, Wonder Woman returns home to recuperate, but meanwhile, across the world, danger rises and chaos looms...

*Wonder Woman #22 (2008)*

Wonder Woman: Day of the Dead.

Wonder Woman faces the challenge of a lifetime on the first of three days that will shape her world for the months to come! Featuring the return of two DC2 villains, Wonder Woman is tasked by her patron Gods to take down a threat powerful enough to destroy even them!

*Wonder Woman #24 (2008)*

Wonder Woman: All Hope...

Wonder Woman descends into the Underworld, and as the world above waits with baited breath... Down below... Something rises!

*Wonder Woman #25 (2008)*

Wonder Woman: Era.

One tiny event can change everything, and for Wonder Woman, former princess of the Amazons and current defender of the dead isle of Themyscira, currently situated where New York used to thrive, that is a fact she knows too well. With the world in ruins due to something that happened in the world a century ago, during the modern age of superheroics, Wonder Woman is the last Amazon.

With a chance to change the world for the better... Will she take it?

Wonder Woman #27 (2008)

Wonder Woman: The Herald, Part One (of Two). Dreams haunt Wonder Woman that aren't hers, leading the Queen of the Amazons on a mission to save a lost soul, and battle a threat that she could never dream possible!

Wonder Woman #28 (2008)

Wonder Woman: The Herald, Part Two (of Two): Hands Bound. "She is coming!" he screams, and rightly so too, as Wonder Woman is hot on the heels of the someone, or something, that haunts the dreamscape of all of humanity.

Wonder Woman #29 (2008)

Wonder Woman: Twilight.

Twilight over Paradise Island. Beautiful dark blue skies streaked with orange and yellow, running together like an oil painting. The majority of the island slept. Doom's Doorway stood loomed on the outskirts of the city, the imposing mountain silent in the receding darkness of the coming morning, and the guards stood as vigilant as ever. None were expecting what would emerge from the twilight.

Wonder Woman #30 (2008)

Wonder Woman: Potential.

The Cheetah returns, and Wonder Woman must deal with the chaos rout! President Jeb Stewart visits Themyscira House, and so does the White King of Checkmate! That's right, Steve Trevor returns into Queen Diana's life, and the Gods take note!

Wonder Woman #31 (2008)

Wonder Woman: Dystopia, Part One (of Three).

Things start falling apart. Donna Troy is haunted by dreams of her past, Diana is confronted by a shocking new destiny, Mt. Olympus suffers a crisis of its own, and Steve Trevor is not left untouched by the growing evil that spreads across the world. This is only the beginning...

Batman #34 (2009)

Batman: Don't Say a Word.

In this issue, Commissioner Gordon, Sergeant Bullock, Black Mask, Wildcat, Hush, Robin, Alfred Pennyworth and even Batman! The mysterious bandaged man known as Hush strikes in Gotham, but what is he up to? And why does he have his sights set on James Gordon! Robin gets some training from one of the elite fighters of the DC2, and Batman can't catch a break... all that, plus who is the stranger that stalks the Narrows?

Batman #35 (2009)

Batman: The Big Heat.

Black Mask returns to the streets of Gotham City with a whole lot of darkness in his heart and a massive wanting to inflict pain on every single living person that walk the streets. Batman and Robin come face-to-face with the Grey Ghost, and discover the murderous vigilante's true identity... a man with ties to Bruce Wayne's dark past! All this, and The Dark Knight rises as the scarlet hooded girl and the big bad white wolf with his ruby red lips stalk the Narrows and circle the mysterious man into what could be his demise! Intrigued? All this, inside!

Batman #37 (2009)

Batman: When The Man-Bat Flies..."

A murderous villain stalks the Narrows, emulating Jack the Ripper! Is history repeating itself once more? The Dark Knight intends to find out, in his own imitable way! And meanwhile, an old foe resurfaces on a murderous rampage that the Batman will struggle to stop-- and you won't believe the final scene!

Detective Comics #39 (2009)

Detective Comics: What Are You Afraid Of?

Arkham Asylum has been replaced by a bigger, better institution, spearheaded by Wayne Enterprises. During the prisoner transfer, an old enemy escapes-- but in twenty minutes, what can one mad man do? A lot, it seems, as secrets and horrors from Jonathan Crane's past haunts Gotham City as a living embodiment of fear runs free!

Batman #39 (2009)

Batman: Surface Tension.

Jason Todd is Batman?! Dick Grayson is missing, presumed insane?! This issue, Black Mask makes a move against the city, prompting the new Batman and Robin team to launch an all out offense on the Gotham Underground, all the while Hush and Constantine Drakon make their presence known in Gotham City, and while two "old" players appear on the scene, promising many nights of mayhem for the city of Gotham!

Batman #40 (2009)

Batman: Confinement.

Dick Grayson fights for his life against the villainous Nicholas Lucian, the devilish madman who holds him captive, all the while edging closer and closer to the darkness that consumes the city he vowed to protect! Batman comes faces-to-face with his arch-foe, and it's not who you think! Batwoman joins the search for the missing Dick Grayson, racing against time, unsure if he's even alive!

Green Lantern #20 (2009)

Green Lantern: Secret of the Star Sapphire.

Hal Jordan, Green Lantern of Sector 2814 faces a threat from the past as the Star Sapphire of the Zamorans barrels down on Earth, to test the Oan representative of Earth! It all begins here, as a new era for Green Lantern begins!

Batman #41 (2009)

Batman: Until Death.

Meet The Flesh-Monger. Meet The Prince of Lies, and his loyal aide-de-campe Milo Vesuvius. Meet the Gun-Moll. Meet Boss Synth. Meet the new breed of villainy that Gotham City must accept as her own-- even if she doesn't want to. How will a Batman and Robin team survive if they can't trust one another? And will Dick Grayson survive the night?

Green Lantern #21 (2009)

Green Lantern: Infect, Part 1.

In the aftermath of last issue, Hal Jordan is pulled across the universe for a debriefing by the Guardians of the Universe-- and is briefed on the secret history of the Zamorans! All this, and Guy Gardner returns-- and he's not entirely himself...

Batman #42 (2009)

Batman: Fear of the Dark.

Beneath Gotham City, Batwoman, The Dark Knight, Robin and Batman are at the mercy of Brimstone and his cohorts Charaxes and Killer Croc! The torture of Dick Grayson comes to a head, Jason Todd and Barbara Gordon are exposed to a mind-altering substance that shifts their perceptions from sanity to madness, and all the while, a greater threat looms over Gotham City as the gangs move toward war!

Green Lantern #22 (2009)

Green Lantern: Infect, Part 2.

All-out-war over Coast City's skies as Hal Jordan battles Guy Gardner, with the safety of the entire universe at stake! Chloe Sullivan returns, as these two ring-wielders slug it out, and you won't believe the events that unfold!

Green Lantern #23 (2009)

Green Lantern: Infect, Part 3 (of 3).

One man heads to Oa, triumphant, whilst another finds himself trapped on Earth -- and the Green Lantern Corps shut down their home-base and issue a kill-on-sight order to ensure that they do not fall!

Wonder Woman #32 (2009)

Wonder Woman: Dystopia, Part Two (of Three).

The pieces fall into place as Themyscira is besieged by the entire world, Donna Troy steps up and Zenobia follows, Athena's plan begins to unfold and Ares takes the fight to Kronus on Paradise Island! Diana's fate is revealed and Steve Trevor and Apollo begin their own counterattack, and below, in the Underworld, Persephone raises an army of the dead, and begins their march to the world above!

Wonder Woman #34 (2009)

Wonder Woman: The Good Old Days.

In the future, the world is a different place, all thanks to one woman. In the past... Wonder Woman faces a blast from the past, a long forgotten secret from The Apokolips Imperative!

Batman #46 (2010)

Batman: The Way Things Will Be.

Bruce Wayne is back, so what does that mean for Gotham city?  
Jason Todd is about to find out.

Shazam! Special #1 (2010)

Shazam!: Sons of their Fathers.

Action Comics #47 (2010)

Action Comics: Heart Of Kryptonite, Soul On Fire.

Green Lantern #27 (2010)

Green Lantern, Love Lost, Part 2.

Hal Jordan takes his daughter and Chloe Sullivan to Rann, where the ringslinger teams up with Adam Strange to face some demons, and Chloe shares a heart-to-heart with Alanna. Meanwhile, people close to Hal Jordan are visited by a strange apparition, and not all of them make it out intact, and Guy Gardner pays a visit to Carol Ferris, who is still seeing visions of a dead man as plain as day!

Green Lantern #24 (2010)

Green Lantern: A Day Like Any Other.

Green Lantern 2814.2, Hank Henshaw, returns to Earth, and takes on all the duties of his partner, Hal Jordan, in the aftermath of Infect! But with Mongul prowling on the outer fringes of the solar system, and Coast City in his sights, how will one of the greatest, most talented Green Lanterns perform? The ultimate test for Hank Henshaw begins!

Green Lantern Annual #2 (2010)

Green Lantern Annual: The Rise and Fall of Sinestro.

Sinestro has been a presence since the earliest days of the DC2--infected with the LEGION virus, enraptured by Parallax, used and abused and made a pawn in a game he never wanted to play in. But what happens when Sinestro is freed from all the possessions and the mind control? What happens then? What happens when Sinestro roams the universe once more?

Green Lantern #25 (2010)

Green Lantern: Requiem.

Across the universe, chaos begins to unfurl. Mongul hurtles away from Earth, hoping to avoid the colossal rage that the Green Lantern Corps is aiming to unleash, Hal Jordan and Guy Gardner at the forefront of the tidal wave of emerald might that wants the yellow-skinned intergalactic terrorist's head! Meanwhile, just because the world is looking one way, doesn't mean that the rest of the galaxy stops ticking over-- something is looming on the horizon, and it means nothing but trouble for the Corps and beyond!

Green Lantern #26 (2010)

Green Lantern: Love Lost.

Guy Gardner inducts John Stewart into the Green Lantern Corps, whilst Hal Jordan receives a phone call from an old flame-- Carol Ferris is back on the scene, and is she seeing things, or is an old face really back? Will this spell trouble for the burgeoning relationship between Hal and Chloe Sullivan?

Green Lantern #28 (2011)

Green Lantern: Love Lost, Part Three (of Four).

One year later... and we're back. The story continues.

Green Lantern #29 (2011)

Green Lantern: Love Hurts, Part Four (of Four).

Heroes live, heroes die.



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