



Action Comics #36
Kevin Feeney

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Action Comics

Issue Thirty-Six: "*The Never-Ending Battle*"

Written by Kevin Feeney

Cover by DrDread

Edited by Charlie Wilkins

A Zero Hour Tie-In!

(This issue takes place after *Zero Hour* #2)

*Previously, in Zero Hour... Time is being pulled apart by the seams by the nigh unstoppable Extant. Flashes from across the multiverse are being kidnapped, forced to power his apparent doomsday machine, and the only hope across immeasurable worlds are Booster Gold and Blue Beetle! Superheroes are being plucked from their worlds due to the damage to the thin membrane between worlds, and are being thrown across the multiverse. This is the story of one such superhero... **Superman.***

Kal-El had been on Earth for many years now, and he has rarely felt that he was in over his head. He had fought a thousand enemies, had put countless foes behind bars, had saved the world more times than even he could count, but he was never out of his depth. Because he would not *allow* himself to be out of his depth. Because although he is a modest man, he knows, everyone knows, that if Superman cannot cope with a situation, then no-one can. So he does not allow things to get out of hand if he can help it- and he very rarely cannot, and he can count the number of times he has been totally over his head on one hand.

Suddenly, standing in the Hall of Justice with his friends and a Russian version of himself as a time-travelling scientist explained that reality itself was bleeding and dying across a billion parallel universes as well as this one, he found he needed two. Not that he would show it- not that he would ever allow the others to see just how deeply he was in. To one side, Diana nodded.

“What can we do to help?” She asked. Except that she didn’t, because she only got as far as “What can we d....” before she was no longer there. She did not evaporate into the air, nor did she vanish in a blink of light or with a pop of sound, she was quite simply there one moment, and gone without trace the next. So sudden was the disappearance, it would have taken even a superhuman a second to react. Within half that time, Superman had already turned in shock and searched for Diana on eight different wavelengths of his vision, in the vain hope that she was somehow being concealed from them.

“Diana!” he called out, allowing alarm to enter his voice- though not too much, not enough to make him seem as though he were panicking. “Where di....” Then, with the same infuriating silence and lack of ceremony, and in clear defiance of all the laws of physics, the others found that Superman was no longer there either.

Kal-El is not a stupid man, by any means- the opposite- yet still he has wondered since the first day about the name that mankind has given to him.

‘Superman’

Is there a reason to the name, he wonders, beyond merely the obvious? Is it a gift endowed purely because of his incredible abilities? When they call him Superman, do they refer simply to his flight? To his strength? To his heat vision, or his frost breath? He has been called many things in his time on Earth- he has been called a symbol, an icon, a paradigm. He has been called the very model of what mankind should be.

And yet, still, he must wonder- why? Mankind has an infinite capacity for evil, yes, but also an infinite capacity for good- as do Kryptonians. What is it that makes them set him above them all? Or perhaps he is mistaken; perhaps it is simply his powers, his physiology, that makes them hold him as an example.

And the irony is, Kal-El’s inability to see why he is called ‘Superman’s is part of the very reason that he is.

Before Superman could even blink, he was no longer in the Hall of Justice. He froze, eyes widening almost imperceptibly, twitching his head to look around him. For a single heartbeat, he was unsure what had happened, before he suddenly realised what *must* have happened, the only thing that made sense, really. Rip Hunter had been saying it only a few seconds ago- cracks in reality, the worlds bleeding. The Multiverse. Superman had been somehow warped into....where was *here* anyway? He looked around again- he appeared to be hovering in a thunderstorm, in the sky over a city which he did not recognise as....

"Superman, what are you doing? We need to strike, *now!*" An unmistakable raven-haired Amazonian woman was now in front of him, gesturing madly onwards through the rain, but with a start, Kal realised she was not wearing any costume he recognised, instead some sort of skin-tight black leather outfit the Diana he knew would never be seen in. "*What are you doing?*" she asked disbelievingly, gesturing with a battle axe, and he turned to follow where she was pointing. A massive metal form was looming over the city, the size of the skyscrapers themselves, laughing in a loud mechanical rasp. *Great Rao...* He had no idea what the monstrosity was, and hesitated another instant, staring, as it reached out with a huge metal hand towards a nearby skyscraper. He could see pinpricks of light against it, the darting forms of other superhumans feebly attacking it, and then his eyes narrowed as the monster swatted almost casually at the roof of one building, demolishing it in an instant.

He had no idea what world he was in, who these people were, or why they were fighting, but that monstrosity had just struck out at a civilian building. And that was all Kal-El needed to see.

Less than a second later, he slashed through the sky in a red and blue blur, face a mask of determination, angling downwards. Like a bullet from beyond, he burst out of the clouds, scanning the monster as he did so. X-Ray vision revealed that the brute was entirely robotic, not living, almost certainly remote controlled. It also revealed that the blinking receiver for the controls lay directly in the metallic monstrosity's chest. Twin bursts from his eyes melted the outer armour as he continued to

soar towards the creature' now altering his trajectory.

Two seconds after he made up his mind to intervene, Superman ripped through the robot's chest, the mangled remains of the control device behind him. But he was not done yet- even powerless, the robot's fall could yet cause mass devastation. Without a word, he descended towards the ground, hurtling like a meteor before halting only a few feet off the cracked pavement, whereupon he turned and began to blow softly, currents of frost cascading from his mouth to harden around the titan's legs, until it's feet were securely held in place by layer after layer of solid ice. Three and a half seconds after his decision, Superman looked up at the now frozen colossus, arm still outstretched, immobile. It wouldn't be harming anyone else. Now, he thought, he could better find out what exactly was going on here.

"WOW!" came a loud shout, and he turned to see a totally unfamiliar hero below, a teenage boy in a white costume with large feet and in desperate need of a haircut. "I mean that was totally crazy! I know you were *good*, Supes, but since when could you do the whole ice-breath thing- or shoot lasers from your eyes, or move that fast....?"

"The boy asks a good question," came a dry voice, and Superman turned to see a form he did not recognise, with large white feathered wings and golden armour. "...When did you gain these abilities, Super...." He suddenly froze, his eyes on Kal's chest. "But wait... that symbol? You are not...." Superman opened his mouth to explain, when there was an imperceptible beat and suddenly, he was no longer there.

"GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!" Perry White exploded, nearly falling over his chair. The *Daily Planet's* editor in chief was not known for his foolishness, or for ever being at a loss for words- quite the opposite- but he could do nothing but gawk in horror for a few seconds. To one side, Lois Lane took a step backwards, eyes widening in alarm. Before them, standing where only a few seconds earlier had been Jimmy Olsen there was now some sort of green armoured turtle monstrosity.

"What the... but I was fighting Brainiac and...." The turtle-creature looked from side to side, blinking in alarm, its mouth opening and

closing, before it turned to Perry, whose face was suddenly a perfect match for his surname. "I don't.... has he teleported me some.... Err...." A few of the words registered themselves inside Perry's head as he and Lois exchanged an incredulous glance. He had, after all, seen a lot of bizarre things- no-one could live in Metropolis and *not*, let alone someone who worked in the media- although admittedly they didn't usually teleport into his office in place of one of his photographers. He had been fighting Brainiac... that meant he was one of the good guys as far as Perry was concerned, which meant, and... and....

Suddenly, his mind left his own plight and that of the bizarre lizard-boy as another thought came to his head- where in the name of all that was holy had Jimmy Olsen gone?

"AAAAAAAAAAAH!" Jimmy Olsen threw himself to the ground as a building erupted over his head in a gout of flame. He had no idea what the heck was going on, and he wasn't entirely sure he wanted to. Only seconds ago, he'd been in the Chief's office, and now he was somehow in the middle of a warzone, with blasts of energy on all sides. Everything was colours and noise and confusion. It was a city of some sort, that much he could see- a big one, too, skyscrapers stretching as high as he could see, though it wasn't Metropolis or Gotham. He was in some sort of plaza in the middle of the city, massive television screens on all sides booming out lights and audio and....

Suddenly, someone snatched at his hand, and he turned to see a policeman jerking frantically with his thumb.

"Are you trying to get yourself *killed*?" the man shouted over the roar of another explosion. "Come on, I'll take you out of here!" He shook his head as he pulled a terrified Jimmy after himself. "...Crazy fool...." Above their heads, a figure in a red and blue suit swung down on what looked like a white rope from a nearby building to deliver a spinning kick into a flying woman in a black skin-tight leotard with a lightning bolt across it, knocking her out of the sky. To one side, a massive green-skinned woman was battering against a man dressed like a giant black jungle cat.

“Who.... Who is this? What’s going on here?” he asked shakily, allowing the officer to guide him through the maelstrom.

“What are you, blind?” the policeman responded scornfully. “Those damn fool ‘heroes’ are tearing the city ap....” Before he could finish, a tremor rocked the city, and above, a giant neon sign became dislodged. The policeman froze, staring up, and Jimmy could only watch as the heavy sign crumbled down straight towards them....

Superman materialised in the sky over a barren field. It took him a moment to recognise the topography- this was Kansas, his home. Or at least, it was in his world- here it appeared to be charred and parched, stripped nearly bare. But he didn’t have time to wonder, because this was the seventh world he had materialised in, and he knew the drill by now. *I’m somehow appearing in each world in place of that reality’s Superman...* That meant he had to do his best to do what that Superman had been doing when he was swapped out, and pray someone was doing the same for his own...

KRACKA-BOOM!

The explosion and accompanying crack of thunder told him all he needed. He shot across the plains, faster than a speeding bullet, powering onwards towards the blast with no knowledge what it was- hoping, praying, that what to do would become apparent when he got there. He had fought more villains, had saved people from flames, had been thrown into the middle of disasters in each previous world, each time hoping that when next he materialised, it wouldn’t be in a situation where he didn’t know how best to help.

The ground vanished below him as he intensified his speed, his surroundings blurring as he cracked the sound barrier, knowing he had to reach that explosion, had to save lives. He had a split second glimpse of a megalithic metal complex dwarfing it’s surroundings, of a smoking hole in its walls, of hundreds of super-humans battling with apocalyptic fury before it, and then something red slashed across his flight path, hurling him backwards. ...*Captain Marvel...*? He thought in confusion, but even as he was hurled back, there was another imperceptible change

and suddenly he was not in Kansas, not in America, not even on Earth anymore.

Now Superman was hovering in the depths of space as a colossal star ship bore down upon him, reaching out with deadly seeking tentacles. He cracked out with one fist at the nearest one instinctively, letting heat vision go to work on the next. There was no time to stop and think, no time to contemplate how to return to his world or stop the changes, he could only fight, could only act on instinct and try to survive, and try to do what he could in the place of the Superman who was supposed to be in this world, and hope that others would do the same for him.

He threw himself forwards towards the main ship, using his X-Ray vision to determine a fault line, hoping to scare the vessel into retreating, but as he ramped up his speed to strike he found that he was no longer in space at all, but in the sky over an ocean of lava that stretched out as far as he could see, and a black-armoured battle suit was powering towards him. He hesitated for just a moment and the figure grabbed him by the neck.

“WHY, CLARK?” it shouted in a voice which was at once synthesized and human... and which it took him only a second to identify as the voice of Bruce Wayne. “Why did they have to die? Why Wally? Or Donna, or Connor, or Cassie- what crime did they commit?”

“They committed the crime of defying us,” came a cruel snicker, and Superman’s eyes turned to see a scarcely clad hovering golden-haired girl he recognised as Kryptonian. “Come on, cousin; let’s get this over with, you promised I could play with this one after you break his back....” With a thrill of shock, Kal realised she was speaking to him. *I’m... evil in this world?* The implications were staggering- there were evil versions of him flitting around the Multiverse as well, and if one of them took his place in his world.... But before he could react, before he could even begin to contemplate breaking out of the grip that this world’s Batman had him in, he found he was not in his grip at all, but in the pincer of a lobster monstrosity which was slaving, rearing its head towards him to devour....

And so it went on.

And on.

This is the moment that defines Clark Kent.

Because here, lost in the multiverse, on a million worlds he will never see again, here where he has nothing to lose, where the only lives at stake are of those on realities not even his own-

-he is willing to give his last breath to save them.

And *that*, in the end, is why he is Superman.

And the irony?

Because he *is* Superman, he doesn't even think twice about it.

Because for Clark Kent, for Kal-El- for Superman, the mere idea of thinking of *himself*, of trying to get home, of doing anything other than *everything* in these situations does not even occur to him. For him, there is no option; there is no choice, not for a moment. There is only helping others.... and that is enough.

It happened just as the turtle boy was preparing to depart. After a few seconds, Lois and Perry had determined that he was a hero indeed, though his name was unfamiliar to them, and he had been swapped in there instead of Jimmy, probably by Brainiac- though Lord knew for what evil scheme the twisted robot wanted the young photographer. And he had been about to depart from the main door as bemused staffers watched from all sides, when the turtle boy simply wasn't there anymore.

"What the.....?" Perry looked from side to side. "Did he... how did..."

"Brainiac must have teleported him back," Lois frowned. "Chief, I'm wondering if this...." But then they suddenly had much bigger problems, because instead of Steve Lombard, they both realised that the man

now sitting in the Sports' Correspondent's chair was clad in black body armour and clasping a very sharp-looking sword.

"What is this sorcerer's magic?" hissed the new arrival, springing to his feet and turning around, waving the sword at the nearest staffers, who literally fell over their desks in their efforts to scramble away, and suddenly Perry's heart was racing again. *Blood pressure this high can't be healthy...* "Who are you all? What happened to Lancelot?" The man roared. "Tell me what you have done, or by the Gods I shall run you all through!" He lunged suddenly, grabbing a young fashion correspondent by the pony tail as she shrieked, and placing the sword against her neck. "NOW!"

"I have no idea what's going on, but I know a villain when I see one!" boomed a familiar voice, and Perry turned, wondering what the heck had gotten into Lois, before realising that Lois now appeared to be dressed in a red and blue jumpsuit and hovering several feet off the ground. "Put the lady down!"

...Okay, Perry decided, if the turtle boy or the crazy knight or the magical Lois didn't kill him, a heart attack would kick in any second now to finish the job.

This is how it feels to be Superman at this moment:

The wind is blowing in your hair, and you are tired, as tired as you have ever been.

There is a gash on your cheek, inflicted by some unknowable sorcerer's dark bolt of lightning, and you are currently wrestling with a black-clad raven-haired woman who you believe to be called Superwoman, who is hissing and spitting at you and calling you Ultraman, even as her green-clad companion is trying to shred you with his power ring.

You don't hesitate for an instant. You don't *allow* yourself to.

When you materialised in this world, you were one of their dark number, terrorising the people below, but you don't even pause before

turning on them to allow the people to escape. It's not in your nature.

You have been in a hundred worlds already, and more flicker by with every instant, as random eddies in the continuum seem to bring you in and out of existence, always in the middle of a conflict, as you replace your fellows across the Multiverse.

And still you fight.

Your knuckles are raw and bruised after a thousand blows against a thousand enemies.

Your arms ache with the strain of lifting them.

You do not know how long it has been since you were transported out of your own worlds; it could be a minute, or a millennium, you only know that you are moving from world to world in a seemingly endless cycle, and in every world you are faced with another challenge.

And still you fight.

You throw yourself without hesitation against a lizard monstrosity in the process of devouring a boat. You pit yourself against a twisted legion of superhumans, each of them as strong and powerful as yourself. You wrestle with a demonic bull-angel as lightning shreds the blood-red sky around you. You push aside your painful arms and your raw knuckles, and you fight anyway, because *someone has to* and you pray that in your world, the heroes will do no less in your place.

Because deep inside, despite your optimism and your eternal need for hope, and your gift for *faith* which is unrivalled across the multiverse, you know...

...not everyone can be a Superman.

"WATCH OUT!" Jimmy Olsen dived forwards, grabbing the policeman by the waist and throwing him just in time for them both to evade the huge sign as it pulverised the spot where they had been. For a moment,

the policeman could only lie in shock, looking between Jimmy and where the sign had fallen.

"You... you saved my life. Thank you, son," he gasped in shock, dusting himself off. "We.... We have to... we have to keep moving." Clearly shell-shocked, he led Jimmy more cautiously towards safety.

"This is nuts!" Jimmy responded, ducking instinctively as a laser blast from a set of red and gold armour demolished a nearby wall. "Where are the heroes? Why aren't they stopping this?" The policeman gave him a long look, as though sizing him up to see if he was joking.

"Son, the heroes are the ones who are *fighting*." He said bitterly.

"Doesn't sound very heroic to me...." Mumbled Jimmy, scrambling over some debris towards the police cordon.

"You and me both..." the policeman said. Or rather, began to say. Because before he was half way through the sentence, a shadow loomed over them, and a colossal black humanoid shape loomed over them, a white spider emblazoned on its chest.

"**Today....**" it hissed in a nearly reptilian voice. "**You die!**" And then it let its claws fall and Jimmy closed his eyes instinctively and waited for the end....

"No," said a voice which Jimmy knew as well as his own father's. "They don't."

Twin beams of red slashed into the monster, causing it to howl wildly and collapse, screaming something about flame and pain. And the policeman and Jimmy could only turn to look up, shading their hand against the sun.

"Look..." the policeman whispered. "...Up in the sky...."

There was a blur of red and blue and then the policeman was standing, stunned, safely behind the cordon, and Jimmy found himself scooped up by that familiar figure.

"Superman!" he gasped. "What.... What's happening? Why?"

"Jimmy!" Superman seemed surprised that Jimmy recognised him. "...You too?" He paused for a moment, thinking, and then shook his head. "It must be people everywhere...." He murmured, half to himself, and then addressed Jimmy. "There's a crisis, Jimmy- we've both been warped to different worlds, cycling through them at random! I don't know how long we have..." There was a scream from far below, and he twitched, nearly imperceptibly. "...And people need me..."

Perry White could only cringe at the impending destruction of his beloved planet. Not the Earth, no, for two reasons- firstly that Perry was unaware it was in any more danger than usual, and second and far more importantly, because if asked to choose between the planet Earth and the *Daily Planet*, the former would have no chance. So instead, he could only ball his hands into fist and contemplate the office which would shortly become a battleground. *Please, God*, he offered up silently. *I don't give a damn what, just do something to stop them from ripping my building apart!*

With a feral roar, the now inexplicably super heroine-clad Lois lunged, flying effortlessly across the room, as the now inexplicably Black Knight-aliased Steve Lombard gave a bark of anger and dropped his hostage, raising his sword to meet her....

...And then quite suddenly, Lois fell to the ground, and Steve vanished altogether. Perry could only stare.

Perry hesitated for a long moment, staring along with dozens of other shouting and pointing staffers, as Lois stood up, except that now she was not Lois, but a tall and unfamiliar Asian woman in a long gown. *That'll do*, Perry thought to send up to God, before running both hands through his hair. And it was only then that for the first time he noticed the televisions blaring on the ceiling- and the words 'Millions missing worldwide; Bizarre Appearances of unfamiliar....' Told him everything he needed to know. That this was a thousand times worse than it looked.

"I have no idea what is going on...." He murmured. "But I sure as hell hope Superman is on the job. Or I'm not sure *either* 'planet' is going to

last much longer...”

“...Superman?” prompted Jimmy nervously. Kal-El looked down at the people below, and looked back up, and then Clark Kent placed a reassuring hand on Jimmy’s shoulder.

“I have to do what I can to help these people, Jimmy. I’m going to leave you on this building-top,” He said, and his voice was now firm, calm and in control again. “If anything happens, if I get warped out, don’t be frightened, if anything happens, if someone comes after you, if you get teleported or....”

“Is it going to be alright, Superman?” Jimmy interrupted him, a frown on his face.

And Clark hesitated.

He thought about the inexplicable teleportation from world to world that he, and Jimmy, and doubtless thousands of others were experiencing. He thought about Rip Hunter’s words about a Multiversal Cataclysm. He thought about the disappearance of Diana, about what monster might have appeared in his place on his Earth, about the incredible odds of ever seeing home again. He thought about the thousand battles he had already fought that day, the thousands more he probably would, about his aching arms and the tears and rips in his uniform and his wounds and his bruised fists and his fears for Lois and his friends.

“Everything’s going to be fine,” He said at last.

And because he is Clark Kent- Kal-El- Superman.... He believed it absolutely.

“That’s good enough for me,” Jimmy smiled weakly. And it was.

For a moment, Superman paused again at Jimmy’s acceptance, at his fortitude, and wondered again why he was the one they called Super. Then, with no further doubt, he whirled, and plunged towards the mel-ee, and now he could see a strange light overtaking his vision and

clouding things out and knew he was going somewhere else, some other world perhaps, though this time seemed unlike before, and it was unknown, completely unknown, and doubtless within lay another battle, perhaps another thousand.

And still he flew on ceaselessly, selflessly, into the abyss of the unknown, ready for anything.

And really, despite the pains and the agonies and the exhaustion that threaten to overcome him, none of this was anything new to him.

Because he was Superman

And he'd been fighting a never-ending battle all his life.

To Be Continued in Zero Hero #0!

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 Feedbooks

The Flash #24 (2008)

The Flash: Who Rides the Wind..., Part 1.

A new era begins for the Fastest Man Alive! An incident in Keystone City creates trouble for Barry Allen as one of his loved ones falls into peril! But far more significant is what is happening elsewhere and elsewhere, as the Rogues make a major decision, a sinister villain who has been manipulating the Flash for some time makes his next insidious move.... And a major new speedster blazes into our hero's life at gale force speeds!

The Flash #29 (2008)

The Flash: The Once and Future Flash.

For months now, the sinister Eobard Thawne has manipulated Barry Allen's life, gathering his allies and scattering his foes, and his time to strike is nigh. But what is the origin of his hatred for Barry Allen? What has happened to so bitterly twist him? How did he lose everything he ever held dear? And why will he never stop until Barry and everything he loves have been utterly destroyed? The answers are finally revealed. You cannot miss this prelude to the most important DC2 Flash story ever told.

The Flash #25 (2008)

The Flash: Who Rides the Wind... ?, Part Two (of Three). Mysteries race by as Barry Allen, The Flash, battles his mysterious attacker across the world, and his father reveals a secret from Barry's childhood that will rock the speedster to the core!

The Flash #26 (2008)

The Flash: Who Rides the Wind... ? Finale.

Jay Garrick. Johnny Quick. Quicksilver. Savitar. Malcolm Thawne. All of these men are part of a deadly mystery which is increasingly consuming the life of the Fastest Man Alive, and at the heart of it all is an unknown assailant with a hatred of Barry beyond what he can comprehend. But what is the connection between them? Which of the Flash's most lethal foes will form a sinister alliance which will lead to the darkest saga of his entire life? And with only Jay by his side against two vastly more experienced

speedsters who seem determined to kill him, can Barry live long enough to find out?

The Flash #27 (2008)

The Flash: Up To Speed.

Quicksilver has run all the way from 1948 to the present day and found that everything he knew or cared about is gone. Well, almost everything- his two old friends and comrades, Jay Garrick and Johnny Quick, have taken it upon themselves to bring him up to date, and they've recruited Barry Allen and Wally West to do it! Hey, no villain would dare attack so many speedsters together, and Keystone can survive one day without its scarlet-clad guardian, right? What's the worst that could happen?

The Flash #28 (2008)

The Flash: Change Gonna' Come.

As Barry Allen grapples with the schemes of the nefarious Doctor Alchemy, the final pieces of Eobard Thawne's sinister plan fall into place - and Iris Allen must deal with two burgeoning crises of her own as the Flash's identity falls into the hands of a monster and the birth of her baby draws ever nearer. But, overlooked and forgotten by all, it is the remnants of the Rogues who stumble upon the most deadly secret of all - one with dire repercussions for our hero. He may not know it, but the Flash's world is about to be shattered forever - and this time there will be no going back.

The Flash #30 (2008)

The Flash: Legacy of the Lightning, Part One (of Four).

It's finally here - the biggest Flash story in the history of the DC2, and everyone's invited. For months, the sinister Eobard Thawne has been gathering the pieces for his master plan, and now he unleashes it upon the unsuspecting Twin Cities. Without his comrades by his side, against more villains than he has ever fought and with his wife, his children and his cities in the balance, is this the beginning of the end for the Fastest Man Alive?

The Flash #33 (2009)

The Flash: Shockwaves.

In the aftermath of the Earth-shattering events of 'Legacy of the Lightning', the Flash's world has been irrevocably broken. Now

watch the beginning of the all-new status quo for the Fastest Man Alive. A Funeral! A new role for the Rogues! Revelations! Repurcussions! And twist after shocking twist as the reconstruction begins! Legacy of the Lightning may be over- but if you think that means that the Flash is in for a quiet time, you have another thing coming!

The Flash #34 (2009)

The Flash: Welcome Back, Barry.

After the shocking events of last issue, Barry Allen must confront, for the first time in his career, two very hostile Twin Cities. In the aftermath of two intensely personal tragedies, with his cities overwhelmed by crime and those who hate him now in control, is there a place for the Fastest Man Alive in this brave new world?

The Flash #31 (2009)

The Flash: Legacy of the Lightning, Part Two (of Four).

The New Rogues are loose. The Flash's home has been destroyed. His family have been targeted by vicious murderers. His city is under siege from the monstrous onslaught of Gorilla Grodd. His parents are held by the psychotic Savitars. And the Reverse Flash's plan has barely begun as the biggest Flash story in DC2 history takes a turn for the even worse for Barry Allen. Is this really the end for the Fastest Man Alive?

The Flash #32 (2009)

The Flash: Legacy of the Lightning, Part Three (of Four).

The Twin Cities lie in ruins and the end draws near! The largest status quo change in Flash history is here as tragedy strikes, battles rage, one of the Flash's oldest foes makes a stunning move- and most fatally of all... the REVERSE FLASH finally enters the fray, with lethal consequences. The most important story ever for the Fastest Man Alive races on. Who will live? Who will die? and can anything ever be the same again?

The Flash Annual #2 (2009)

The Flash: Legacy of the Lightning, Part Four (of Four).

His father is dead.

His identity is out.

His family has been torn apart.

His wife and daughter have been kidnapped.

His home has been destroyed.

This is the worst day of Barry Allen's life. And the worst is yet to come.

Be there in the Earth-shattering conclusion to the most important Flash story the DC2 has ever witnessed.

Barry Allen

Eobard Thawne

The Final Battle

The Flash #35 (2009)

The Flash: Glory of the Golden Glider.

They're baaaaack! The Golden Glider has returned, now working with the nefarious Candyman in his bid to bring crime to the streets of the Twin Cities. But as Barry and Johnny Quick move to confront her and her twisted partner Chillblaine, they find that others too take a very keen interest in the returned villain.. like, say, her brother, Captain Cold, or the father of her child the diabolical Weather Wizard!



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