

SHHHHHHNE

CAN'T FLY.

CAN'T LEAP OVER TALL BUILDINGS.

CAN'T REALLY EVEN FEEL MY DAMN FINGERS RIGHT NOW.

BEEN WALKING FOR DAYS...

LOSING IT ALL.

EVERY TIME THAT KNIFE OF FRIGID AIR CUTS INTO MY LUNGS...

...I ALMOST FORGET MY OWN NAME.

GAH...

ALMOST.

DAMMIT.

NO.

I'M NOT DYING OUT HERE.

...I THINK.

LOSING TRACK.



I'M STILL SUPER--

CLACK



HUH.



YEAH.

THAT'S A SOB RIPPING OUT OF MY CHEST.

SHHHHHHNE



I'M STILL SUPERMAN...

...BUT, MAN, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO GRATEFUL TO SEE A DIRTY STRIP OF ASPHALT.

SPEED LIMIT 55



ALASKA.

SIXTY-THREE DEGREES FAHRENHEIT IN THIS STORE.

THIS MUST BE WHAT HEAVEN FEELS LIKE.



BUT THEN MY SKIN FREEZES ALL OVER AGAIN.



IT'S BEEN...A CRAZY COUPLE OF WEEKS.*

*SEE SUPERMAN #41 FOR MORE DETAILS. -EP



HEV...



MAYBE IT'S TIME...



...JUST TO LET THINGS REST FOR A BIT.



FORGOT YOUR SUNSCREEN, MISTER.

HA.





DON'T BLOW IT, JOEY.

THIS IS WHERE YOU ALWAYS BLOW IT.

SHUT UP, PATRICK.

I'M JUST SAYING...



HOW ABOUT...
...EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS.



AW, MAN. YOU BLEW IT.



YOU THINK A CHUMP LIKE THAT HAS--

HANG ON...



...I THINK I GOT IT COVERED.



DAAAAMN, JOEY!

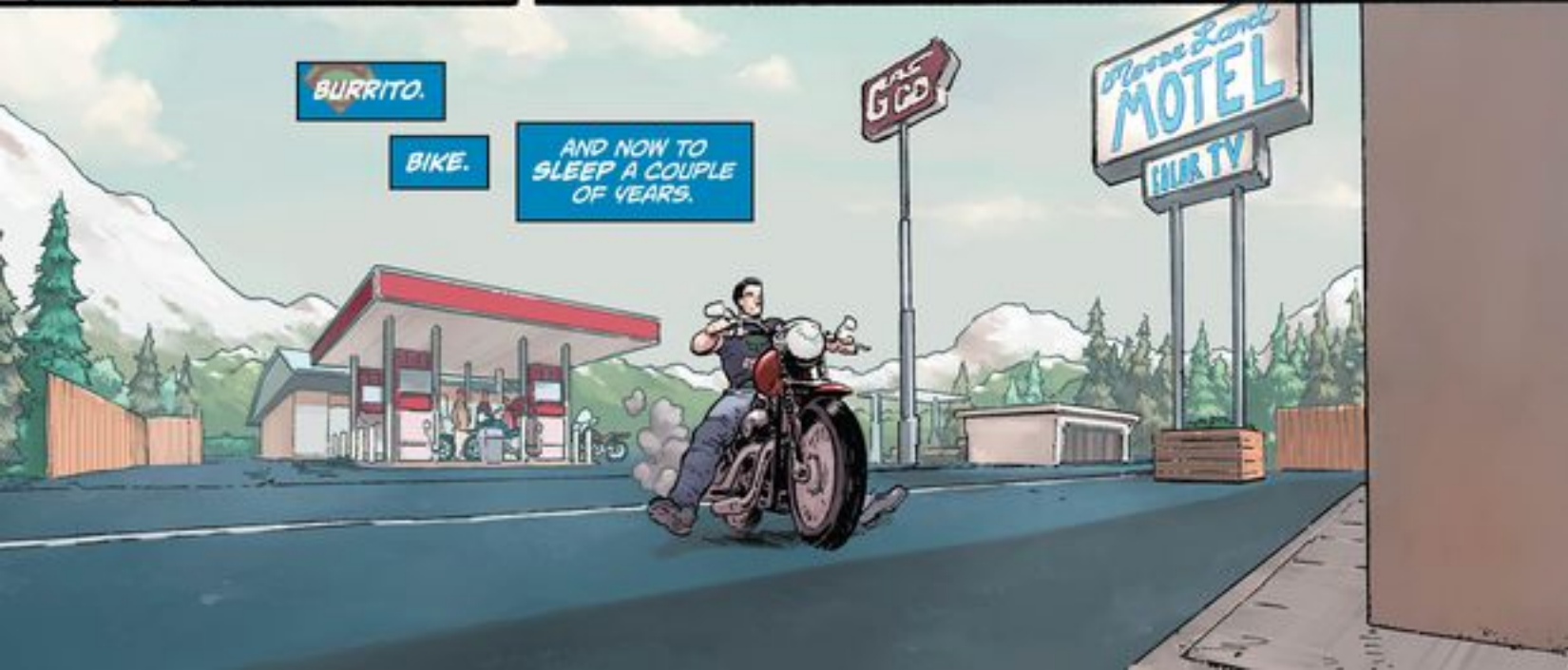
I TOLD YOU NOT TO BLOW IT!



TWO THOUSAND!
IT'S TWO THOUSAND!

SHUT UP!

HA. THANKS, GUYS.



BURRITO.

BIKE.

AND NOW TO SLEEP A COUPLE OF YEARS.



JOEY! LOOK!

WHAT?

THAT GUY! WHERE'D HE GO?

HUH?

HE'S SUPERMAN!



WHAT? YOU DUMMIES! THAT AIN'T--



WAITAMINIT...



HOLY CRAP, JOEY! THAT'S TOTALLY--



MMFF!



HEY!

DAMN.

THAT'S FOR ME, ISN'T IT?

HAVEN'T BEEN PAYING ENOUGH ATTENTION.

YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY FUNNY, HUH?



COMING IN HERE, RIPPING OFF THE RUBES?

LIFE WITHOUT SUPER-HEARING.

YOU FIND OUT WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS...



...RIGHT BEFORE IT KICKS YOU IN THE TEETH.

YOU AIN'T SO BIG, NOW, ARE YOU?



BIKE'S TWO THOUSAND.

JOEY, RIGHT?

WE HAD A DEAL.

DON'T BLOW IT, JOEY!



I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

KRAANK!

AGK!