

HE COULD HEAR THEM,  
ACROSS AMERICA.

HE COULD HEAR THE MAN  
IN POUGHKEEPSIE TELLING  
A RAPT CROWD AT HIS LOCAL  
BAR OF THE **MYSTERIOUS  
MAN IN THE CLOAK** WHO  
GAVE HIM A SUITCASE OF  
**MECHANICAL LOCUSTS**  
TO ATTACK HIS NEGLIGENT  
LANDLORD.

AND THEN THERE WAS THE  
WOMAN ON THE SOUTH SIDE  
OF MILWAUKEE WHISPERING  
TO HER FACTORY COWORKERS  
THAT THEY WOULD NEVER  
SEE HER HUSBAND AGAIN,  
THAT THE **CLOAKED MAN**  
MADE SURE OF THAT WITH  
HIS **DEATH RAY**.

THOSE  
LISTENING DID  
NOT ALWAYS  
BELIEVE THESE  
STORIES, BUT  
THEY **WANTED**  
TO.

IF THEY HELD  
SELF-INTEREST IN  
THEIR HEARTS,  
WOULD THEIR  
DARKEST DREAMS  
BE ANSWERED?

ANOTHER MAN  
IN BILOXI ENTERED HIS  
OFFICE WITH TWO LARGE  
RIFLES, CLAIMING A **MAN  
IN A CLOAK** HAD COME  
TO HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE  
WITH A SATCHEL OF **PIRATE  
GOLD**. THAT HE WOULD  
NEVER HAVE TO WORK  
ANOTHER DAY IN HIS LIFE.



THEY WERE ALL LIES, OF COURSE.

THE MARTIAN COULD PEEK INTO EACH OF THEIR MINDS AND SEE THAT CLEARLY. BUT IT UNSETTLED HIM TO SEE THE LIES SPREAD IN THE DARK CORNERS OF THE COUNTRY.

ONLINE MESSAGE BOARDS GATHERED "SIGHTINGS" OF THE CLOAKED MAN TO TRACE HIS MOVEMENTS AROUND AMERICA AND THE WORLD.

THERE WERE HUNDREDS, NO, THOUSANDS OF THEM. ASPIRATIONAL URBAN LEGENDS OF THE MAN WHO WOULD COME AND HELP YOU MAKE YOUR CRUELEST DESIRES A REALITY.

THEY ALWAYS CALLED HIM THE CLOAKED MAN, BUT HIS IDENTITY WAS CLEAR IN EACH OF THE TELLINGS.

# APEX PREDATOR

PART 1

JAMES TYNION IV WRITER JAVIER FERNANDEZ ARTIST  
HI-FI COLORS TOM NAPOLITANO LETTERS  
FRANCIS MANAPUL COVER  
EMANUELA LUPACCHINO & BRAD ANDERSON VARIANT COVER  
ROB LEVIN ASSOCIATE EDITOR JAMIE S. RICH EDITOR  
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER.  
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

LEX LUTHOR HAD DIED FOR HUMANITY TO SEE THE TRUTH, AND NOW THEY BELIEVED HE WAS BACK, WALKING THE CROSSROADS IN THE COLD HOURS OF THE NIGHT.

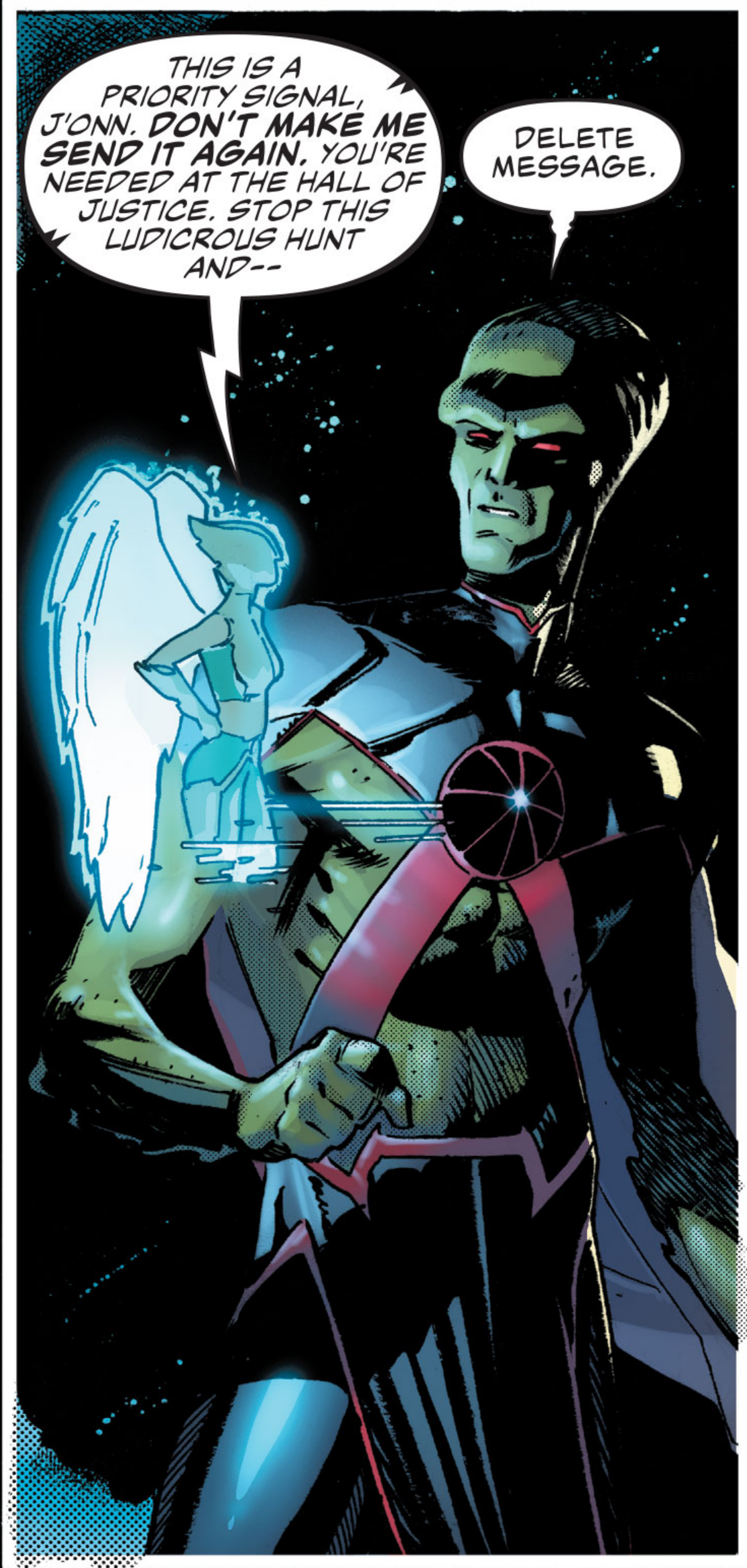
EVERY DAY THERE WERE MORE STORIES, AND EVERY DAY THE MARTIAN LISTENED TO EACH OF THEM WITH GROWING DREAD, AND CERTAINTY.

SOMEWHERE IN THIS COUNTRY, HE WAS OUT THERE.



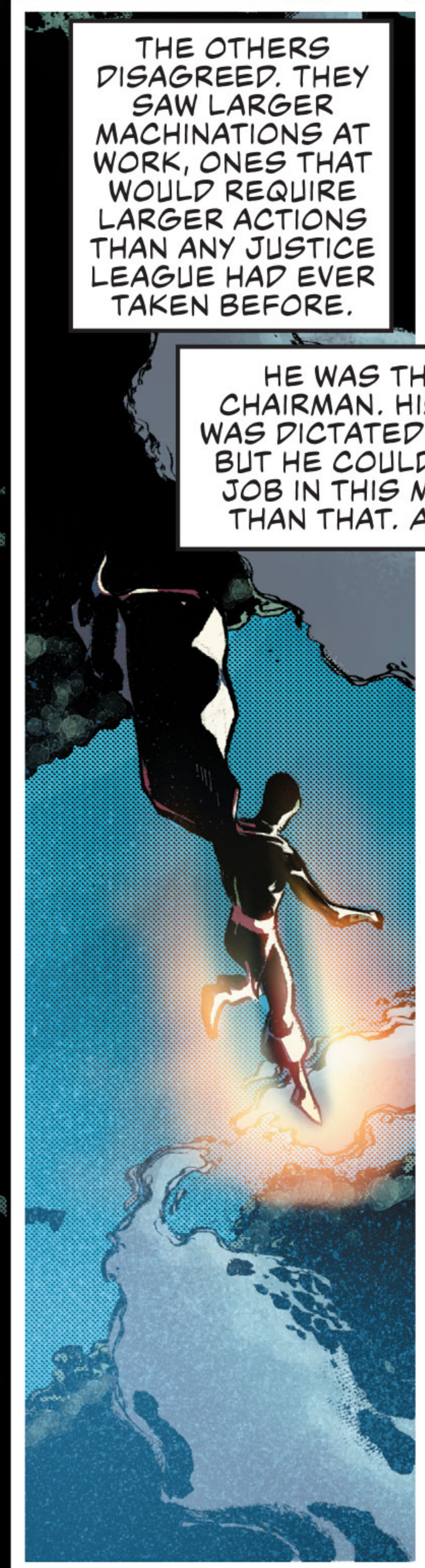
THIS IS A PRIORITY SIGNAL, J'ONN. DON'T MAKE ME SEND IT AGAIN. YOU'RE NEEDED AT THE HALL OF JUSTICE. STOP THIS LUDICROUS HUNT AND--

DELETE MESSAGE.



THE OTHERS DISAGREED. THEY SAW LARGER MACHINATIONS AT WORK, ONES THAT WOULD REQUIRE LARGER ACTIONS THAN ANY JUSTICE LEAGUE HAD EVER TAKEN BEFORE.

HE WAS THEIR LEADER. THEIR CHAIRMAN. HIS ROLE IN THIS STORY WAS DICTATED FROM HIS CHILDHOOD... BUT HE COULD NOT SHAKE THAT HIS JOB IN THIS MOMENT WAS SIMPLER THAN THAT. AND MORE PROFOUND.



J'ONN J'ONZZ WAS A DETECTIVE. A MANHUNTER...

HE WOULD HUNT THIS MAN TO THE END OF THE WORLD...





...AND  
BEYOND.

WELCOME TO  
THE HOUSE OF  
HEROES. PLEASE  
PROCEED TO THE  
CENTRAL HALL FOR  
THE OPENING  
REMARKS.

I AM NEVER,  
EVER GOING TO  
GET USED TO THIS  
KIND OF THING. I  
SWEAR, MY EARS  
WON'T STOP  
RINGING.

EVERYONE  
HERE IS VIBRATING  
AT THE FREQUENCY  
OF THEIR EARTH IN THE  
MULTIVERSE. THERE'S  
ALWAYS SOMETHING A  
BIT SYMPHONIC ABOUT  
VISITING THE HOUSE  
OF HEROES.

