



"HOW DO I PUT THIS? DOOMSDAY IS BASICALLY A LIVING ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.

"HE'S AS MUCH A PART OF THE UNIVERSE AS GRAVITY AND ENTROPY AND INFINITY.

"LIKE ENERGY--HE CAN'T BE DESTROYED, ONLY CHANGED INTO SOMETHING ELSE.

"THAT'S THE SCIENTIFIC DEFINITION, ANYWAY.

WAA

GRRRAAGHHL!

GIVE IT...UP... DOOMSDAY!

"PERSONALLY I SEE HIM AS KIND OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF AN ASTEROID MARRIED A NIGHTMARE."





PLEASE DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY AND, YOU KNOW, TOSS ME INTO SPACE OR SOMETHING...

...BUT WERENT YOU THE ONE WHO WAS DOOMSDAY FOR A WHILE?

YES. THAT'S TRUE. BUT...THAT'S WHY I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

I KNOW FIRSTHAND HOW DANGEROUS IT CAN BE.

AS ONE DOOMSDAY IS DESTROYED--

--ANOTHER HOST IS CHOSEN TO TAKE ITS PLACE.

THINK OF IT LIKE A COSMIC VERSION OF THE CURSE OF A WEREWOLF.

P-PLEASE--PLEASE--HE DIDNT DO IT ON PURPOSE.

HE HAD NO IDEA.

PLEASE, YOU HAVE TO HELP HIM.

HIM? JAYNE, WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

I'M TRYING NOT TO BE RUDE BECAUSE I KNOW YOU CAN CRUSH ME WITH YOUR BARE HANDS--

WHY WOULD I CRUSH--?

I DON'T KNOW WHY. WHY HAVE YOU BEEN PRETENDING TO BE HUMAN ALL THESE YEARS?

I'M NOT AN ALIEN, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU THINK.

--I'M JUST WONDERING WHY YOU'RE HERE TELLING ME ALL THIS.

I THINK YOU KNOW WHY, JAYNE. I BELIEVE DOOMSDAY MIGHT BE BACK. SOMEHOW.

I CAME HERE, TO S.T.A.R. LABS, BECAUSE I...DON'T HAVE ACCESS TO MY OWN TECHNOLOGY, CURRENTLY.*

AND I FOUND YOU HERE RESEARCHING DOOMSDAY.

BUT YOU DIDN'T GO FAR ENOUGH.

YOU NEED TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A HOST IS CORRUPTED BY DOOMSDAY.

I AM KRYPTONIAN.

THIS IS WHAT IT DID TO ME.*

YOU CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD DO TO A HUMAN.

*SEE RECENT ISSUES OF ACTION COMICS.--PAUL

*SEE SUPERMAN: DOOMED FOR THE COMPLETE DETAILS! IT WAS AWESOME!--PAUL AGAIN

SUPERMEN AND MONSTERS

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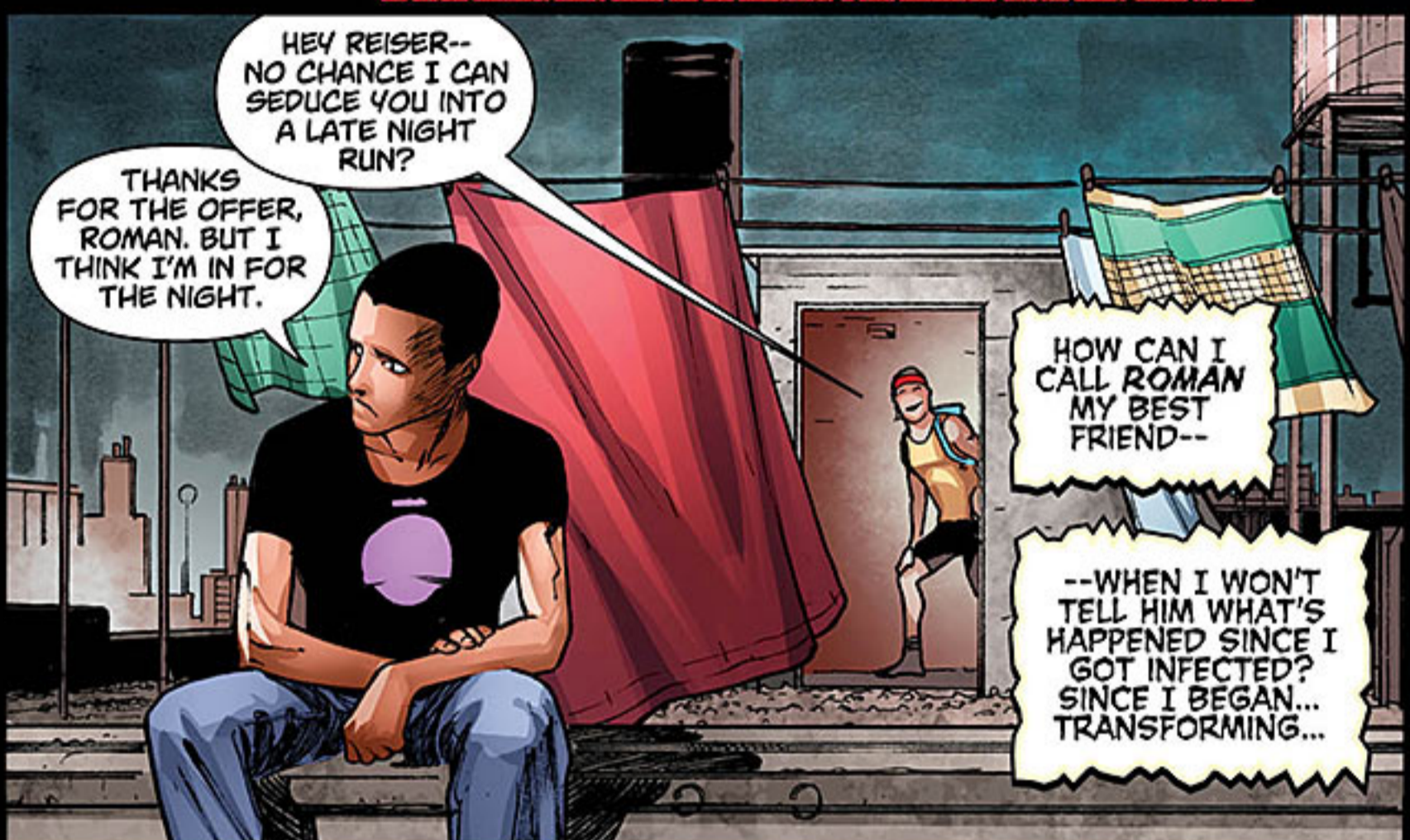
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

MY HANDS.

THEY DON'T FEEL LIKE MINE ANY-MORE.

HONESTLY?

NOTHING ABOUT MY LIFE FEELS MINE ANY-MORE.



HEY REISER-- NO CHANCE I CAN SEDUCE YOU INTO A LATE NIGHT RUN?

THANKS FOR THE OFFER, ROMAN. BUT I THINK I'M IN FOR THE NIGHT.

HOW CAN I CALL ROMAN MY BEST FRIEND--

--WHEN I WON'T TELL HIM WHAT'S HAPPENED SINCE I GOT INFECTED? SINCE I BEGAN... TRANSFORMING...



LOOK, ROOMIE--I DON'T NEED A SAFE TO FALL ON MY HEAD TO KNOW SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU.

WE'VE BOTH HAD A LOT ON OUR MINDS LATELY.

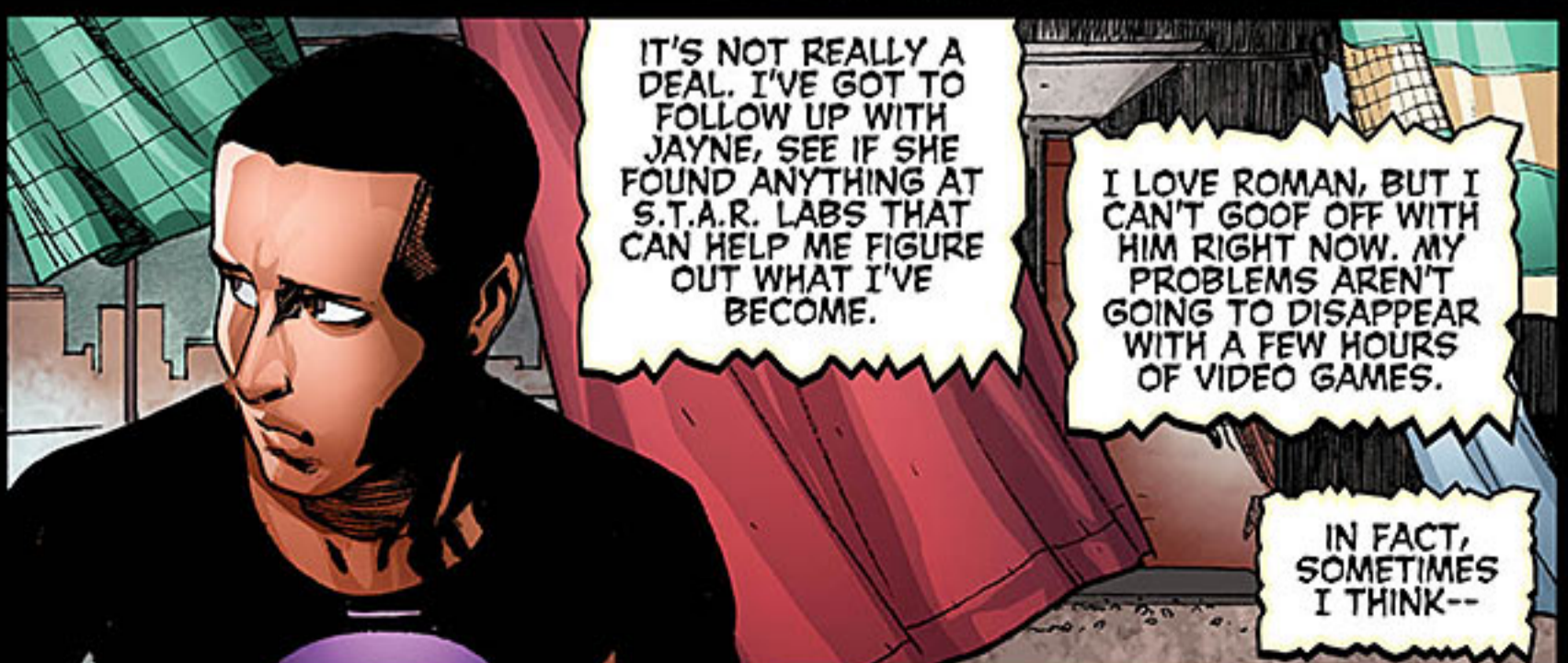


I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS A QUICK RUN.

THEN WE'RE HAVING A GUYS' NIGHT. DEAL?

DEAL.

MWAH!



IT'S NOT REALLY A DEAL. I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW UP WITH JAYNE, SEE IF SHE FOUND ANYTHING AT S.T.A.R. LABS THAT CAN HELP ME FIGURE OUT WHAT I'VE BECOME.

I LOVE ROMAN, BUT I CAN'T GOOF OFF WITH HIM RIGHT NOW. MY PROBLEMS AREN'T GOING TO DISAPPEAR WITH A FEW HOURS OF VIDEO GAMES.

IN FACT, SOMETIMES I THINK--



--THEY'RE JUST GETTING STARTED.

BACK ALREADY?
I TOLD YOU JOGGING IS VERY OVER--EH?

OH.

MY.

GOD.

HELLO.

HIS NAME IS CLARK KENT.



UNTIL RECENTLY, HE WAS JUST SORT OF MY ODDBALL NEIGHBOR--SMILED, PRETTY MUCH KEPT TO HIMSELF--NICE GUY, JUST...OFF.



COME TO FIND OUT HE HAD HIS OWN PROBLEMS.

HE'S MORE THAN JUST A REPORTER.

HE'S SUPERMAN.

I WISH I COULD SAY I'M HAPPY TO SEE HIM.