

METROPOLIS.

THE DAILY STAR.

I'VE SPENT SO LONG TRYING TO FIND THE SOURCE OF MY POWER--FROM THINKING IT WAS RETAINED IN THE INSECT QUEEN SUIT OF ARMOR, TO BELIEVING IT WAS MY RED KRYPTONITE EXPOSURE--WELL, I HAD A LOT OF THEORIES.

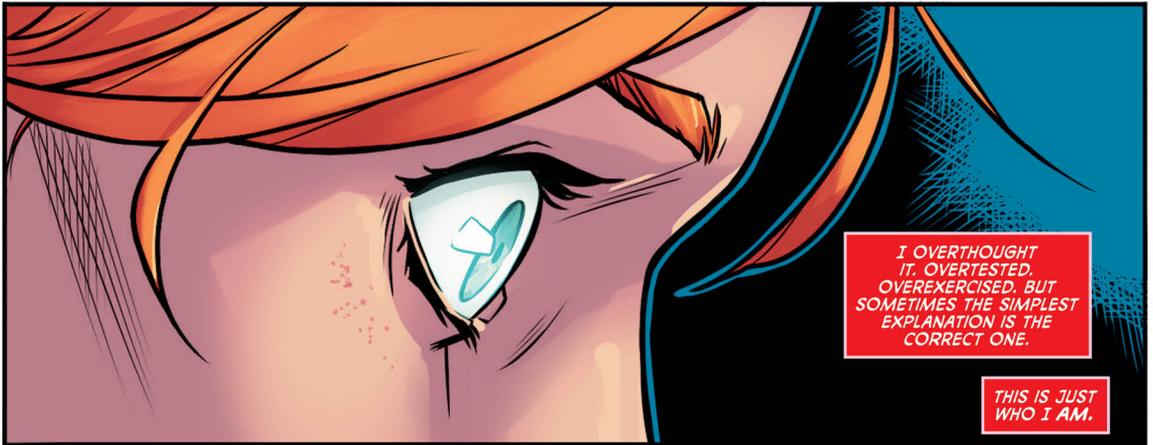
ALL DISAPPOINTING.

ALL WRONG.



HELLØ?

WHAT AM I?



I OVERTHOUGHT IT, OVERTESTED, OVEREXERCISED, BUT SOMETIMES THE SIMPLEST EXPLANATION IS THE CORRECT ONE.

THIS IS JUST WHO I AM.



WHØ AM I?

METROPOLIS TRANSIT AUTHORITY.

ENGINEERING OFFICE.

"STAFFING'S LIGHT, DANNY BOY, GOTTA WORK THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT *AGAIN* THIS WEEK."

YEAH, LIGHT STAFFING MY BIG TOE!

"NO, DANNY BOY," THEY SAID, "THE SECURITY MAINFRAME IS *IMPENETRABLE!*"

BUT THESE HACKER KIDS CAN DO *ANYTHING* THESE DAYS!

ACTUALIZED.

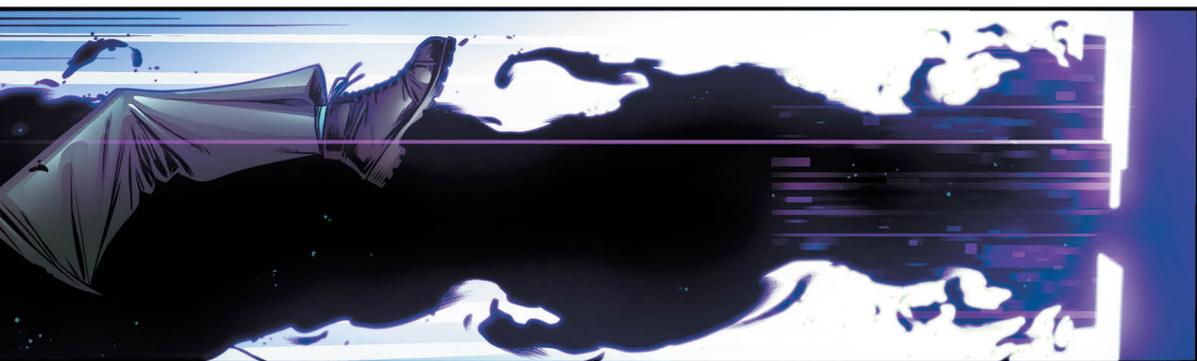
WHA...?!

...WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN?

AAAAGGGGHHH!

HELP!
NO, NO--
PLEASE!

NOOOO00001101--



HOURS LATER.

I CAN'T SLEEP BECAUSE I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE ANSWERS. WORRIED ABOUT MY POWERS, JOHN HENRY. DEADLINES. ANXIETY.

POWERS. JOHN HENRY. DEADLINES.

ANXIETY. POWERS. JOHN HENRY.

DEADLINES. ANXIETY...

KNOCK, KNOCK.

I'M CALLING IT--TIME TO GO HOME, LANA. NO GOOD WORK CAN BE DONE WHEN YOU'RE **THIS** TIRED.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, GEORGE. JUST TRYING TO MAKE THIS THE KIND OF PIECE READERS EXPECT OF ME.

THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT DON'T **SACRIFICE** YOUR HEALTH TO DO SO.

I TELL MY KIDS THAT PERFECTION IS A **FICTITIOUS** EXPECTATION. THERE'S NO POINT IN KILLING YOURSELF FOR SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T EXIST, SO JUST DO YOUR BEST AND ENJOY THE RIDE.

YOU REALLY **BELIEVE** THAT? EVEN AS EDITOR OF ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL AND WIDELY READ NEWSPAPERS IN METROPOLIS?

JUST PROMISE ME YOU'LL GET HOME SOON.

I'M SURE JOHN HENRY WOULD WANT TO SEE YOU **SOMETIME** TODAY.