



"Home Alone"



IT'S LIKE THIS.
I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT AN ENGINEER.



SCIENTISTS DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO RATIONAL INQUIRY INTO INTELLECTUAL AND PRACTICAL MATTERS--

--OF THE STRUCTURE AND BEHAVIOR OF THE PHYSICAL AND NATURAL WORLD THROUGH OBSERVATION AND EXPERIMENTATION.



ENGINEERS COALESCE THOSE ANALYSES AND BUILD A TOASTER.

NOW, DON'T GET ME WRONG--I LOVE TOAST. I MIGHT EVEN GO SO FAR AS TO SAY I HAVE A TOAST FETISH.

BUT STILL.



MY POINT IS: DON'T HAND ME A TANGLE OF FIBER-OPTIC BUNDLES JUST BECAUSE I'M A SCIENTIST.

I KNOW BUPKIS ABOUT REPAIRING THIS SATELLITE, AND CYBORG'S HANDWRITING READS LIKE A RANSOM NOTE.

SO I HOPE YOU'RE **NOT** STILL ABLE TO SPY ON US, MR. DERANGED FAN, BUT IF YOU **ARE**--

--I REALLY CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE.

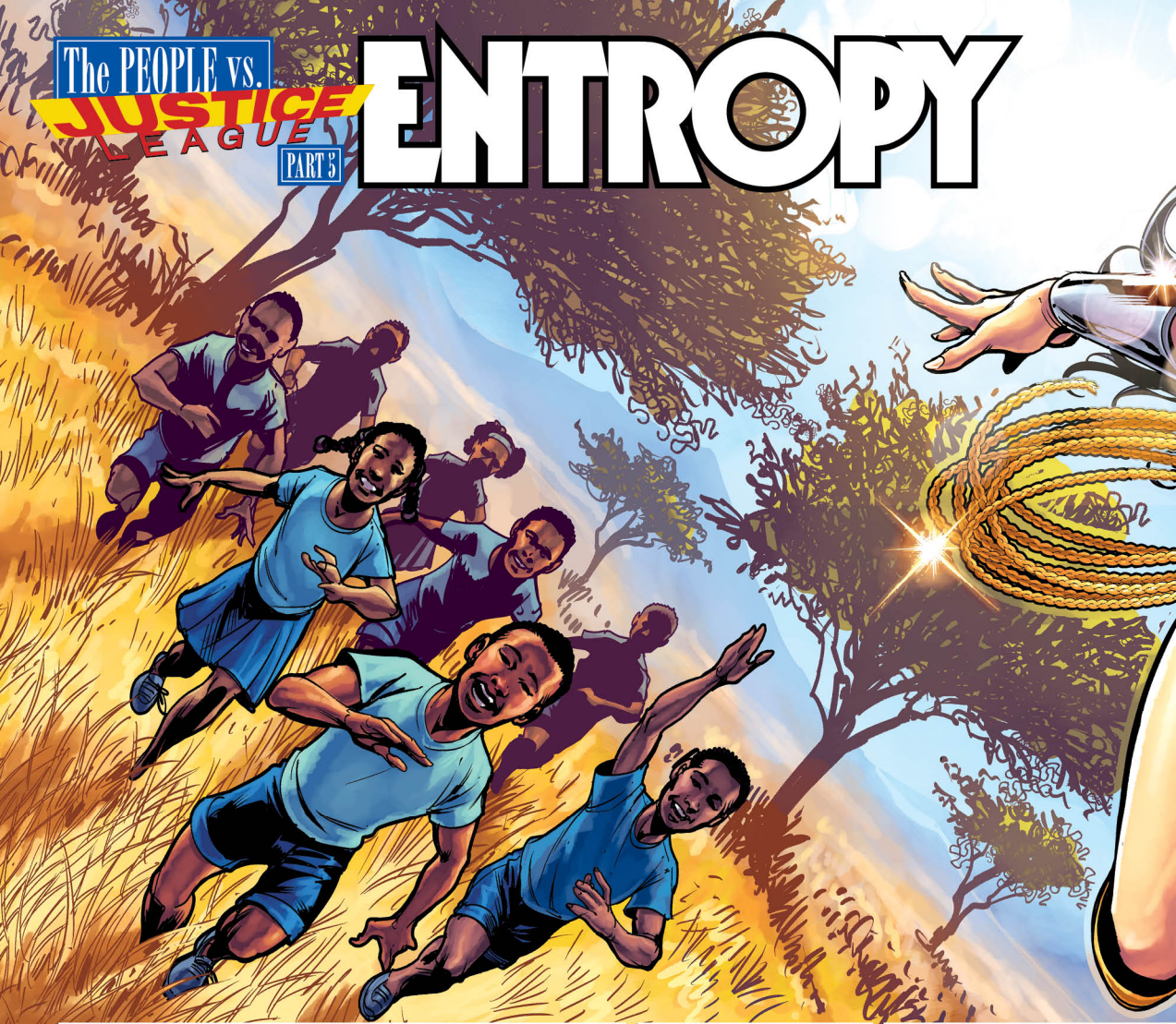
AND **NOW** BACK TO OUR STORY...

The PEOPLE vs.

JUSTICE
LEAGUE

PART 3

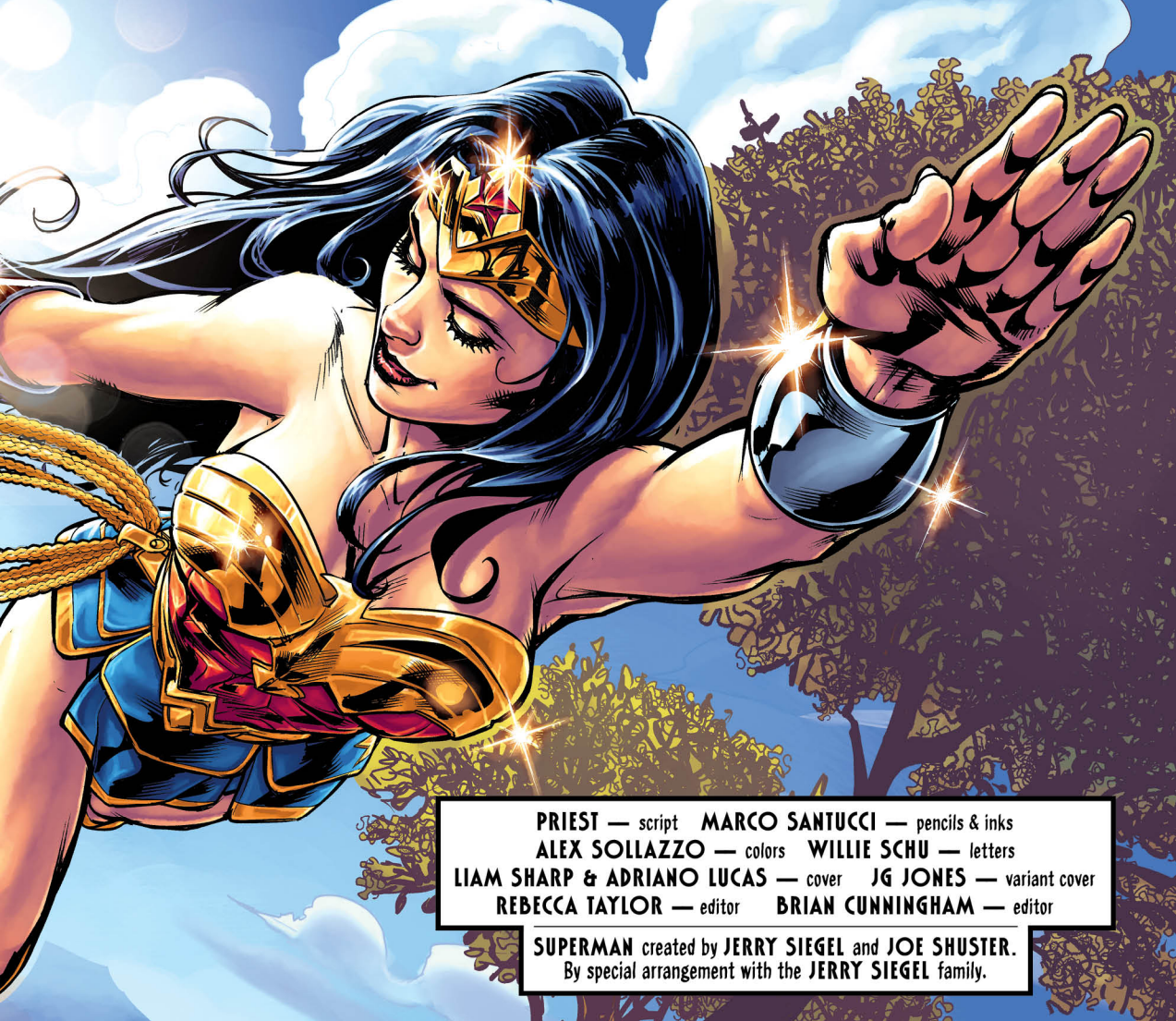
ENTROPY



"The
Enemy
of
Good"

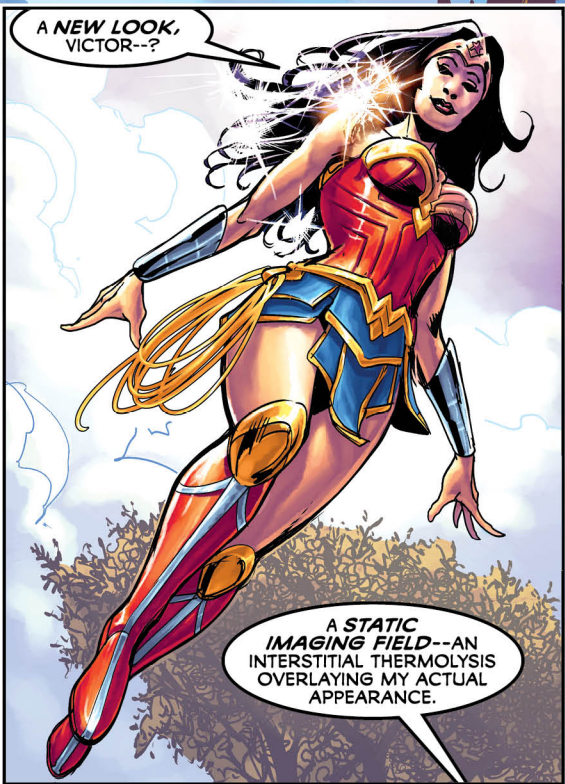
AYOUROU
SAVANNAH,
NIGER





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A NEW LOOK, VICTOR--?

A STATIC IMAGING FIELD--AN INTERSTITIAL THERMOLYSIS OVERLAYING MY ACTUAL APPEARANCE.

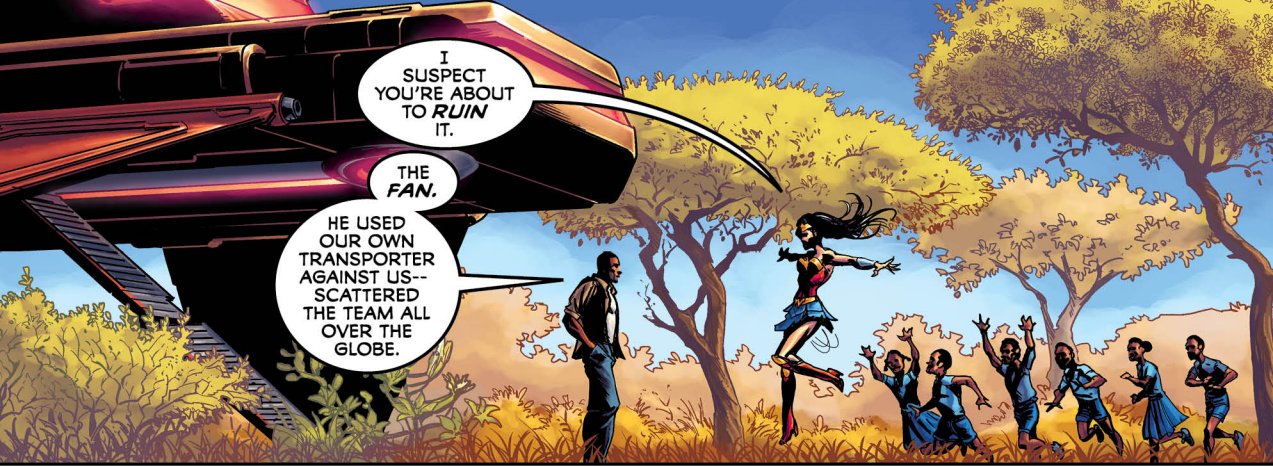


LOOKS HUMAN ENOUGH, BUT IF YOU RAP YOUR KNUCKLES AGAINST THE LEFT SIDE OF MY HEAD, YOU'LL STILL FEEL POLYMER.

SORRY FOR THE LATE PICK-UP--TOOK US A WHILE TO FIND YOU.

NO WORRIES--I'M QUITE ENJOYING MYSELF, ACTUALLY.

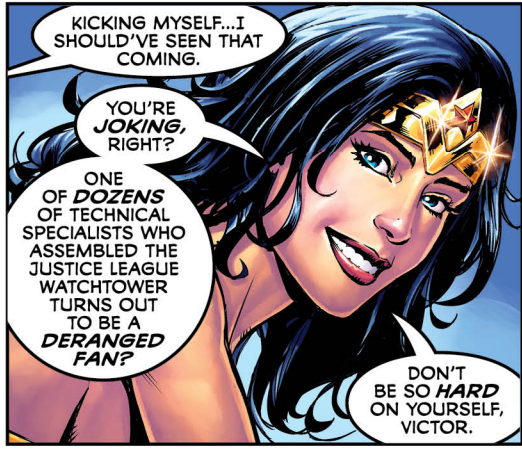
THE FIRST SMILE IN WEEKS.



I SUSPECT YOU'RE ABOUT TO RUIN IT.

THE FAN.

HE USED OUR OWN TRANSPORTER AGAINST US-- SCATTERED THE TEAM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

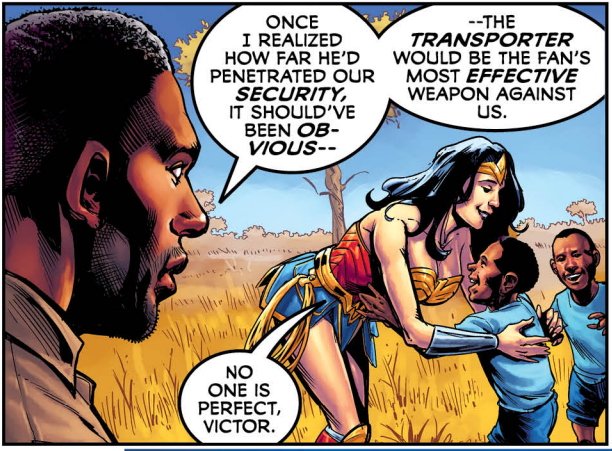


KICKING MYSELF...I SHOULD'VE SEEN THAT COMING.

YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT?

ONE OF DOZENS OF TECHNICAL SPECIALISTS WHO ASSEMBLED THE JUSTICE LEAGUE WATCHTOWER TURNS OUT TO BE A DERANGED FAN?

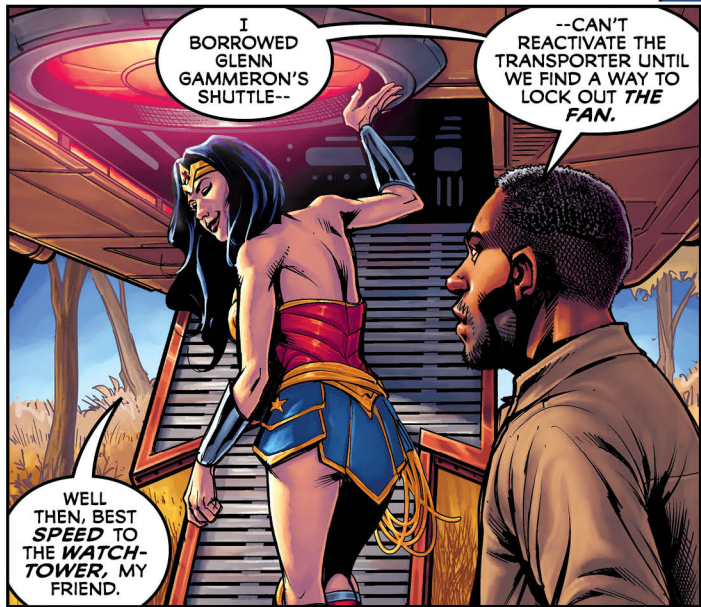
DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF, VICTOR.



ONCE I REALIZED HOW FAR HE'D PENETRATED OUR SECURITY, IT SHOULD'VE BEEN OBVIOUS--

--THE TRANSPORTER WOULD BE THE FAN'S MOST EFFECTIVE WEAPON AGAINST US.

NO ONE IS PERFECT, VICTOR.



I BORROWED GLENN GAMMERON'S SHUTTLE--

--CAN'T REACTIVATE THE TRANSPORTER UNTIL WE FIND A WAY TO LOCK OUT THE FAN.

WELL THEN, BEST SPEED TO THE WATCH-TOWER, MY FRIEND.



WE MUST RESUME OUR SEARCH FOR OUR MISGUIDED WOULD-BE BENEFACTOR.

YES...

...BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM ONCE WE FIND HIM...?



HEY--

--SOME-BODY CALL AN UBER--?



BOY, FOR A *FAN*, THAT GUY KNEW JUST WHERE TO HIT US.

HE USED OUR OWN TRANSPORTER AGAINST US...PRESET TO SEND EACH OF US TO A DIFFERENT LOCATION.

I WAS STUPID. TOOK HIM TOO LIGHTLY.

AREN'T YOU COLD?

NOT IF I DON'T ACCEPT IT.

"Five Stages"

KANGCHENJUNGA, NEPAL

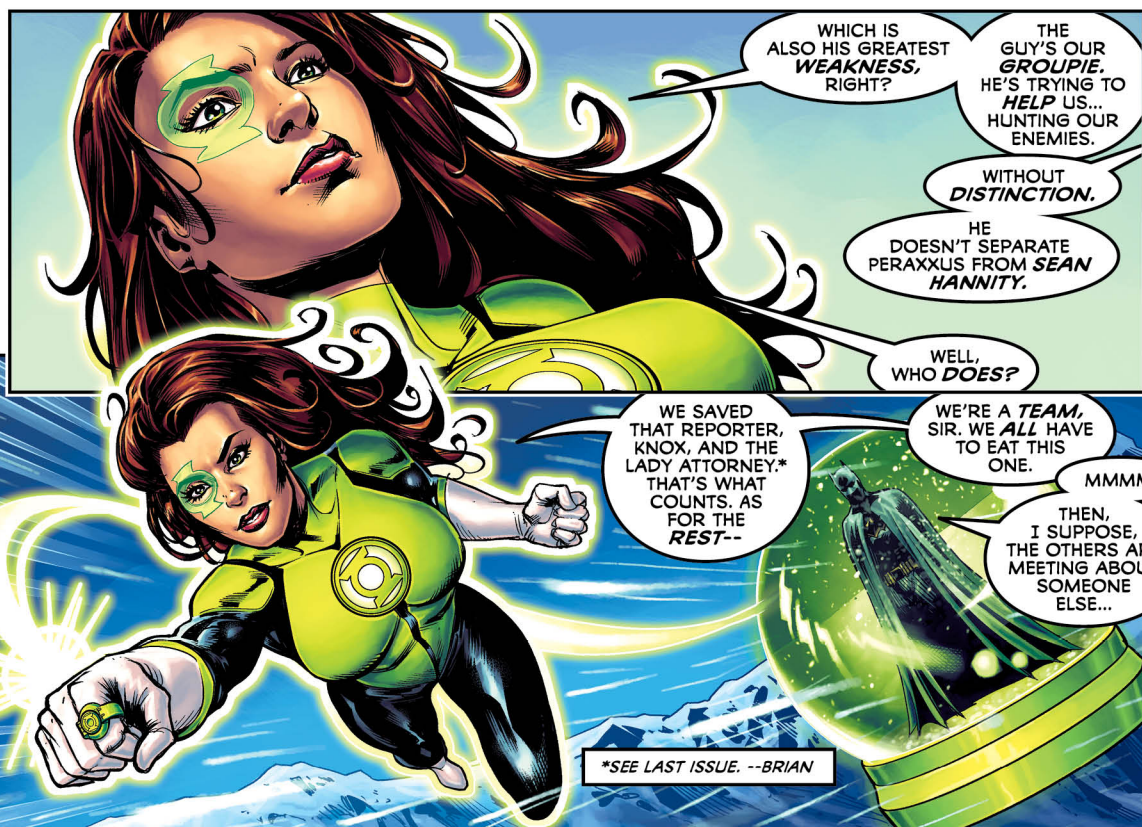


YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT ACCEPTANCE AS A STATE OF *MIND*...?

NOT SO DISSIMILAR TO HOW YOUR *WILL* CONTROLS YOUR *POWER RING*.

THIS... *FAN* OF OURS HAS A VERY STRONG WILL...

...AND AN ARSENAL OF OUR OWN *SECRETS* TO USE AS *WEAPONS*.



WHICH IS ALSO HIS GREATEST *WEAKNESS*, RIGHT?

THE GUY'S OUR *GROUPIE*. HE'S TRYING TO *HELP* US... HUNTING OUR ENEMIES.

WITHOUT *DISTINCTION*.

HE DOESN'T SEPARATE PERAXXUS FROM *SEAN HANNITY*.

WELL, WHO DOES?

WE SAVED THAT REPORTER, KNOX, AND THE LADY ATTORNEY.* THAT'S WHAT COUNTS. AS FOR THE *REST*--

WE'RE A *TEAM*, SIR. WE *ALL* HAVE TO EAT THIS ONE.

MMMM.

THEN, I SUPPOSE, THE OTHERS ARE MEETING ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE...

*SEE LAST ISSUE. --BRIAN