



Metropolis.
One month later.





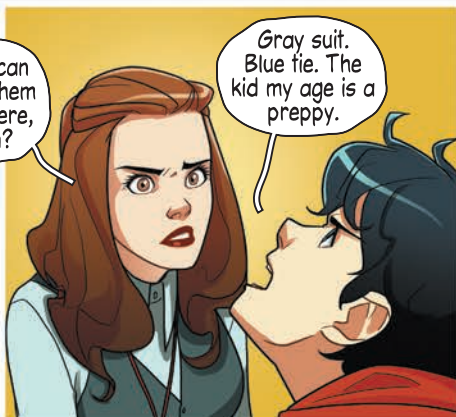


You see them? The Waynes! It's their wall.



How can they just *stand there* when Dad is saving *their* wall?

You can *see* them up there, Jon?



Gray suit. Blue tie. The kid my age is a preppy.



I'm sure Bruce Wayne is doing everything he can to fix things.

They're both weasels. *Door knockers.*

Jon Kent! You watch your mouth!



Jill, please help Jon find a cab home.

Mom!

No problem.



Hooray!

Saved!

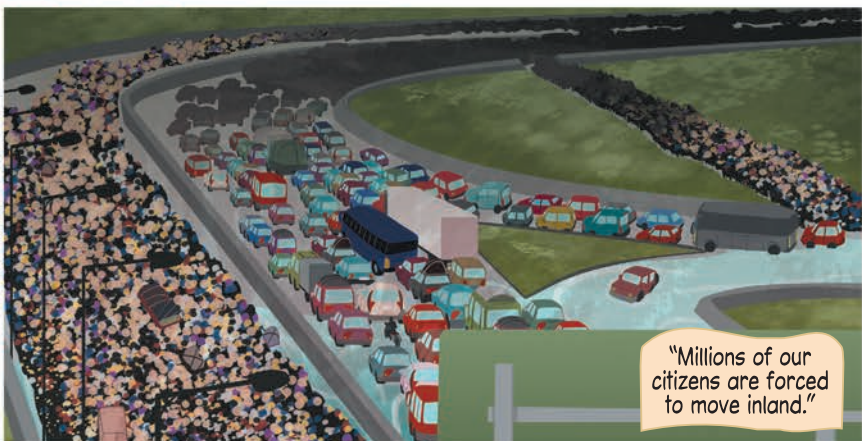
We
love you,
Superman!



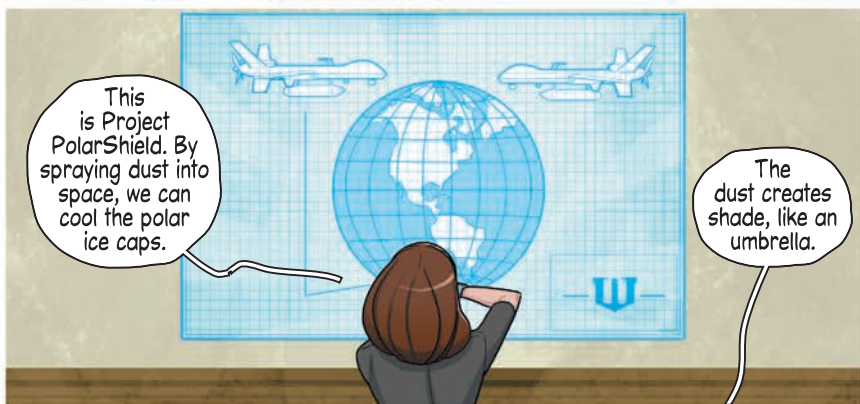
"Our farmland is threatened by the superstorms, the result of climate disruption. We are losing both crops and lands."



"Our coastal cities are ruined."



"Millions of our citizens are forced to move inland."





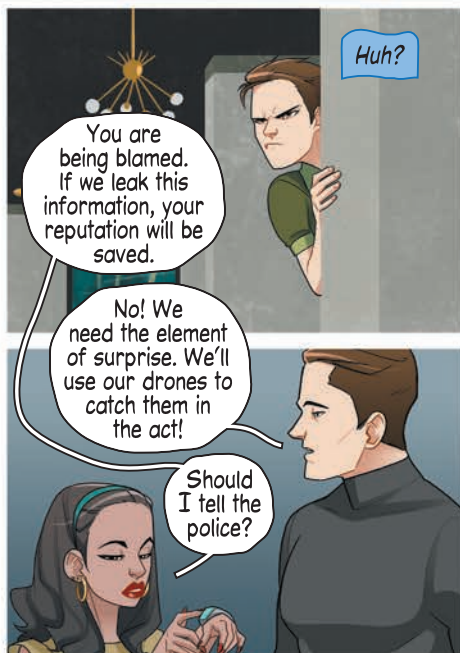



*But my
family...*











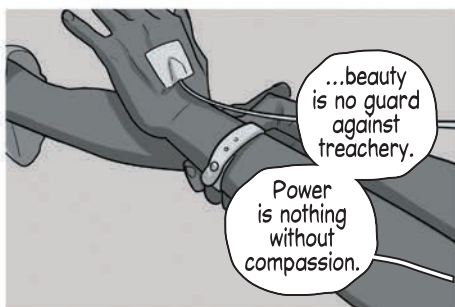
*This does **not** sound good!*

No police
for now,
Patience.

If the
drones see
anyone messing
with our walls,
tell me
immediately.

Yes,
sir. Right
away.







Patience?
I've got the
drone in sight.
Moving in on the
vandals.

I'll
notify the
police!



To be continued in
Super Sons: The PolarShield Project
COMING IN SPRING 2019

COLORS: ILE GONZALEZ LETTERS: SAIDA TEMOFONTE