



LOOK!  
UP IN THE  
SKY!

IT'S A  
BIRD!

IT'S A  
PLANE!  
IT'S...

HOLY  
#\$@&!

OKAY,  
GUYS...

OOF!

...DON'T DO  
GAMES...

...DON'T DO  
GAMES...  
...OOF...

...I'LL FLY  
DOWN FROM  
THE SKY AND  
DETACH. NEXT  
TIME...  
...HOLY  
POW!

...TELL YOUR  
FRIENDS. I  
SAID THAT.

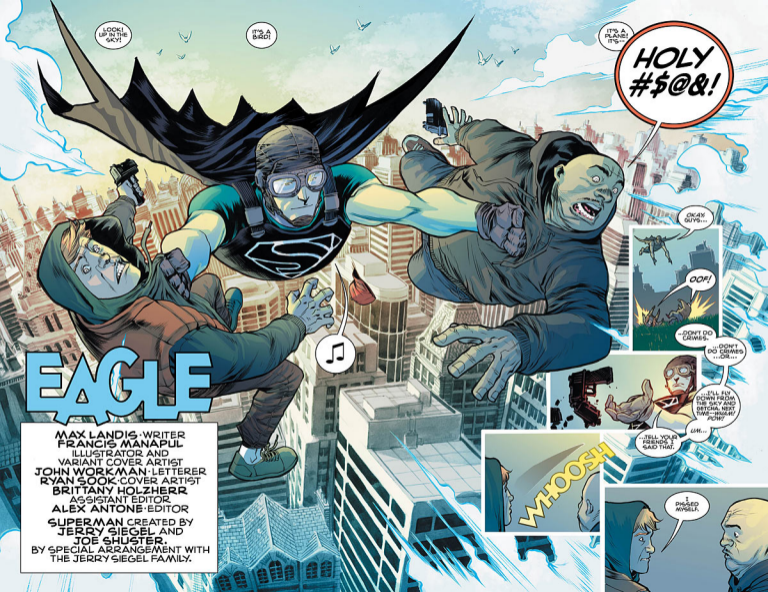
UM...

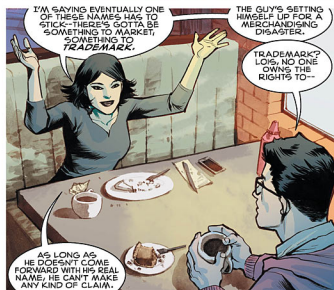
WHOOOSH

I  
DISHED  
MYSELF.

# EAGLE

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SUPERMAN CREATED BY  
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BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH  
THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.







WHETHER IT'S MISTER METROPOLIS, SKYMAN, THE BLACK CAPE---

SKYMAN?

I KNOW, IT'S TERRIBLE. SOUNDS LIKE A COLOGNE. YOU, TOO, COULD SMELL LIKE A CLOUD."



MAYBE HE DOESN'T CARE. MAYBE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE A CELEBRITY.

HE'S NOT A CELEBRITY, CLARK--HE'S A PHENOMENON.

AND THE LONGER HE STAYS QUIET, THE HIGHER THE ODDS ARE SOMEONE'S GOING TO START TALKING FOR HIM.

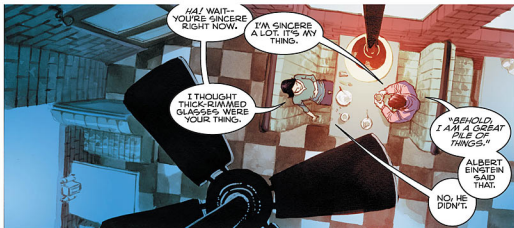
UNLESS-- THERE MUST BE ANOTHER ANGLE.

OR...

OR?



OR MAYBE HE'S JUST A NICE GUY WITH A LOT OF SPARE TIME.



HA! WAIT-- YOU'RE SINCERE RIGHT NOW.

I'M SINCERE A LOT. IT'S MY THING.

I THOUGHT THICK-RIMMED GLASSES WERE YOUR THING.

"BEHOLD, I AM A GREAT PILE OF THINGS."

ALBERT EINSTEIN SAID THAT.

NO, HE DIDN'T.



SIGH YOU ARE A SHINING MIXTURE OF NAIVE AND CUNNING, KENT.

YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO CONFUSE SOME NICE GIRL ONE DAY.