

I NOW CONTROL
SUPERMAN, SINESTRO, AS
YOU ONCE SO FOOLISHLY
CONTROLLED ME.

FEAR WILL
ALWAYS SEEP OUT
THROUGH EVEN THE TINIEST
CRACKS IN A WALL OF
COURAGE.

A MOMENT LONGER Part 2:

HOPES

FEARS

WRITTEN BY **KEITH CHAMPAGNE**

ART BY **ED BENES, TYLER KIRKHAM & PHILIP TAN**

LETTERS BY **ROB LEIGH** - COLORS BY **DINEI RIBEIRO, TOMEU MOREY & SUNNY GHO**

COVER BY **DOUG MAHNKE** WITH **JAIME MENDOZA & WIL QUINTANA**

VARIANT COVER BY **JORGE JIMENEZ** WITH **ALEJANDRO SANCHEZ**

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: **JESSICA CHEN** - GROUP EDITOR: **EDDIE BERGANZA**

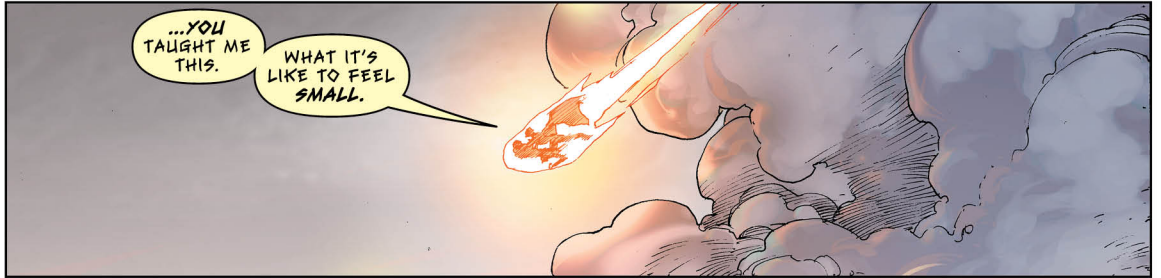
Special thanks to
PETER J. TOMASI and **PATRICK GLEASON**

SUPERMAN created by **JERRY SIEGEL** and **JOE SHUSTER**.
By special arrangement with the **JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY**.



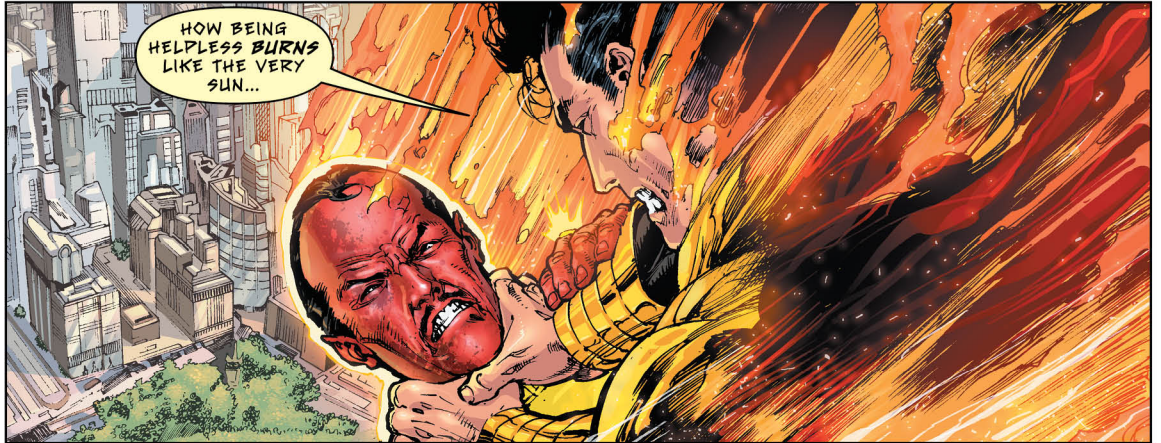
ITS GRIP, LIKE A VICE OF STEEL, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATHE.

LIKE THE FEAR AN INFANT SUFFERS, PULLED BENEATH A POWERFUL TIDE, UNABLE TO CATCH ITS BREATH NO MATTER HOW FIERCE THE STRUGGLE...

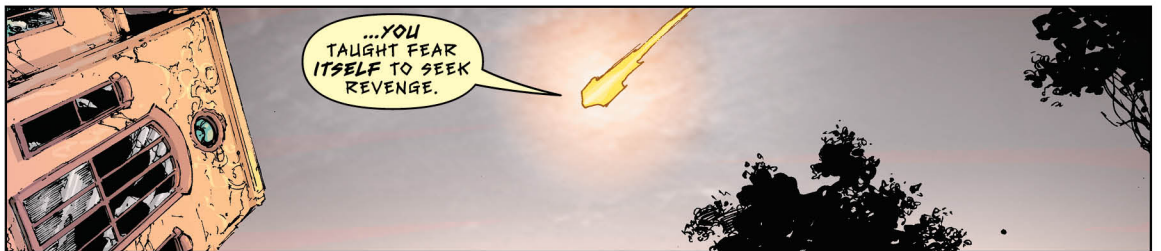


...YOU TAUGHT ME THIS.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FEEL SMALL.



HOW BEING HELPLESS BURNS LIKE THE VERY SUN...

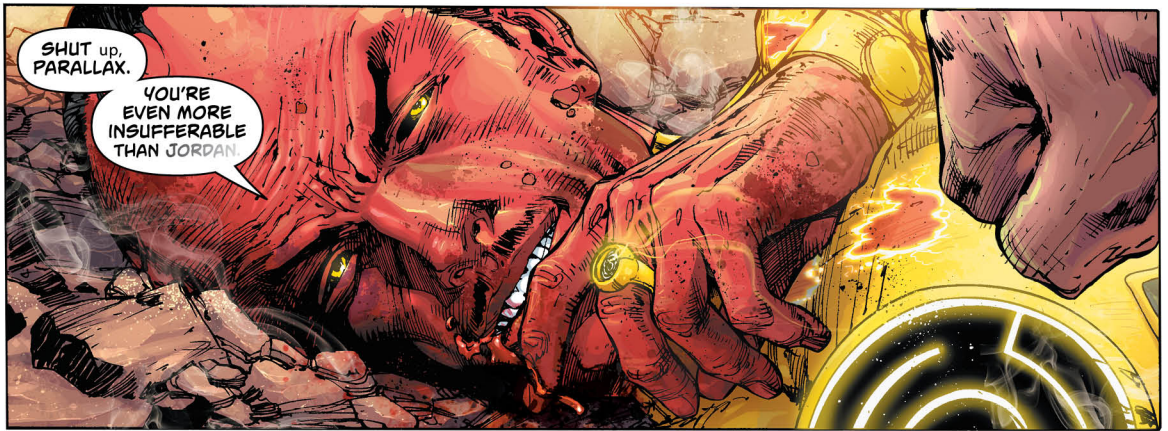
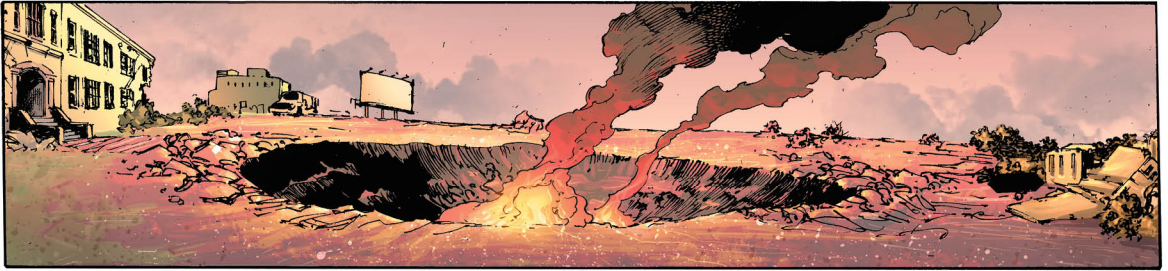
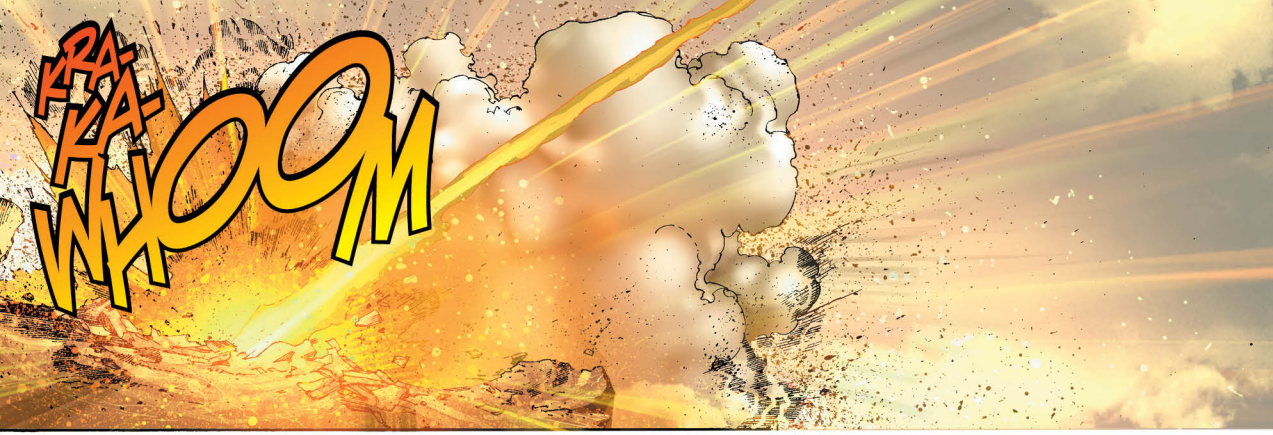


...YOU TAUGHT FEAR ITSELF TO SEEK REVENGE.



I NO LONGER SEE ARROGANCE SHINING IN YOUR EYES, KORUGARIAN. ONLY TERROR.

...KRRRR...





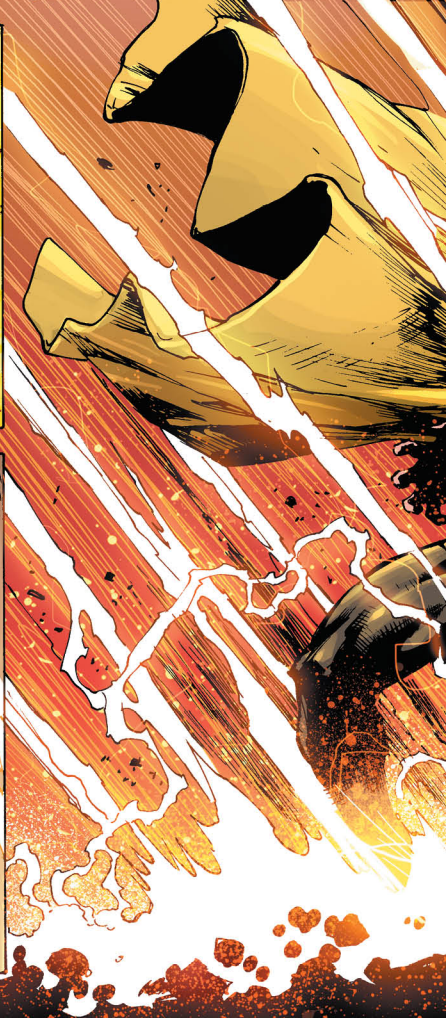
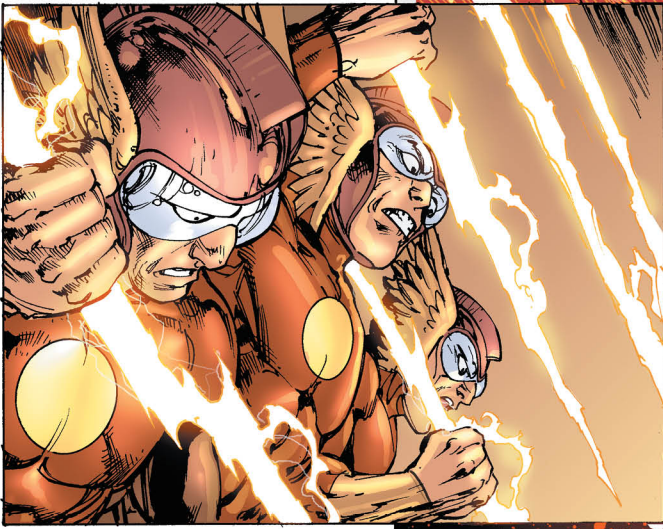
LORD SINESTRO.
WE HAVE TRANSPORTED
YOU AND THE CREATURE
AS INSTRUCTED.



NOOOO!

SHRAKOWWW

I WILL
NOT BE YOUR
SLAVE AGAIN!



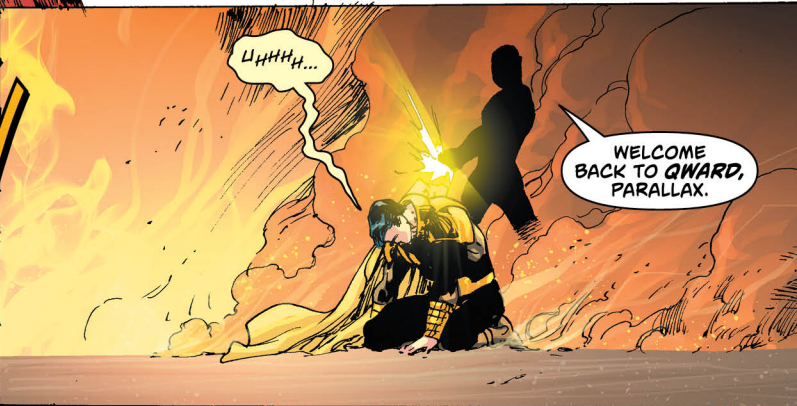


YOU WERE LATE. NOW STRIKE HIM DOWN, FOOLS!

WEAPONERS OF QWARD, TAKE AIM!

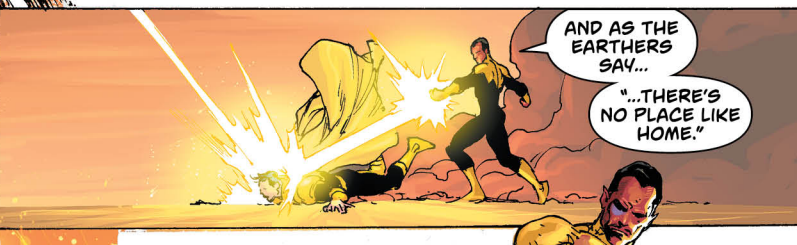


SHRA-KOWN



UHHH...

WELCOME BACK TO QWARD, PARALLAX.



AND AS THE EARTHERS SAY...

"...THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."



BRING HIM DOWN BELOW.

TAKE HIM TO THE CORE.



PARALLAX.
I KNOW YOU CAN
HEAR ME.

I SEE YOU
IN THERE. BURIED
IN SUPERMAN'S
SUBCONSCIOUS.

HIDING BENEATH
THE BLANKETS OF HIS
MOST SECRET FEARS.




WE'RE FOUR
THOUSAND MILES
DOWN, PARALLAX, IN
THE FROZEN HEART
OF QWARD.

THERE'S
NOWHERE FOR
YOU TO RUN. NO ONE
TO HEAR YOU
SCREAM.

EXCEPT
ME.

...UGH...

SINESTRO--!



YOU WOULD BE
WISE TO CONSERVE THE
ENERGY IN SUPERMAN'S
BODY, PARALLAX.

THERE ARE NO
YELLOW SUNS IN
THIS PLACE. ONLY THE
PALE AMBER GLOW
OF FEAR.



EASIER TO MOVE A WORLD
FROM ITS ORBIT THAN TO
BREAK MY WILL.

Urff!

STRUGGLING IS
FUTILE. YOU WILL NEED
TO ACCEPT THIS IF WE
ARE TO PROCEED.