

A MILE BENEATH GOTHAM CITY.

KENT!
THIS IS
BATMAN!

ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

I'M FINE.

FINE?

DON'T GIVE ME
THAT! WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
THINKING?

NOT A BAD
QUESTION.

I'VE ONLY GOT
A HUNDREDTH
OF MY USUAL
POWER.

I COULD
BE CUT.

SMASHED.

MAIMED.

KILLED.

BUT HERE I AM RIDING
A MONSTER THROUGH
A MILLION TONS OF
COLLAPSING TUNNEL...

...PRETTY MUCH
GUARANTEEING THAT
AT LEAST TWO OR
THREE OF THE ABOVE
WILL HAPPEN IN THE
NEXT FEW--

TRUTH HURTS

Writer: GREG PAK

Art: ARDIAN SYAF and VICENTE CIFUENTES

Color: BETH SOTELO • Letters: ROB LEIGH

Cover: SYAF, CIFUENTES and ULISES ARREOLA

Bombshell Variant Cover: DES TAYLOR

Assistant Editor: ANDREW MARINO

Group Editor: EDDIE BERGANZA

BATMAN created by Bob Kane.
SUPERMAN created by
Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with
the Jerry Siegel family.

KTHOOOM

GAH!

KENT!

ARE YOU--
I'M FINE.

LUCKY.

NOW HUSH.

LORD UKUR!

DID YOU WIN THE SUN?

SOON, LIEUTENANT. SOON.

NOW STAND GUARD AND AWAIT MY ORDERS.

FOR SUBTERRANEA!

FOR SUBTERRANEA!

THAT'S UKUR'S VOICE.

YEAH. HE'S HEADING BACK DOWN. BUT HE'S PLANNING SOMETHING MORE...

YOU STAY PUT. I'M COMING AFTER YOU.

FORGET IT.

COME ON, KENT.

YOU'RE GOING TO GET KILLED. OR YOU'RE GOING TO START A WAR--

SAYS THE IDIOT WHO ALREADY STARTED THE WAR.

YOU ATTACKED UKUR.

HE WAS TRYING TO STEAL WAYNETECH'S ARTIFICIAL SUN--WHICH HAPPENS TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON I'VE EVER SEEN.



HE DIDN'T
SEE IT AS A
WEAPON.

HE SAW IT
AS A **POWER**
SOURCE.

HE'S GOT A
CAMP DOWN
THERE...

...LIT WITH
FIRE.

HE DOESN'T
WANT TO
CONQUER.

HE JUST
WANTS...
LIGHT.



HOW DO
YOU KNOW
THAT?

HE ATTACKED
US. WE CAN'T
TRUST HIM.

WHO'S
"WE"?

I'M HEADING
DOWN THERE.
ALONE.


AND I'M
GONNA MAKE
THIS **RIGHT.**

NO.
HELL, NO.

DO NOT
FOLLOW
ME.

IF YOU COME
CHARGING DOWN,
UKUR'S GOING TO SEND
UP HIS WHOLE **ARMY**
AND **THOUSANDS**
COULD DIE.

KENT--



HANG TIGHT.
I'LL LET YOU
KNOW WHEN
I KNOW MORE.

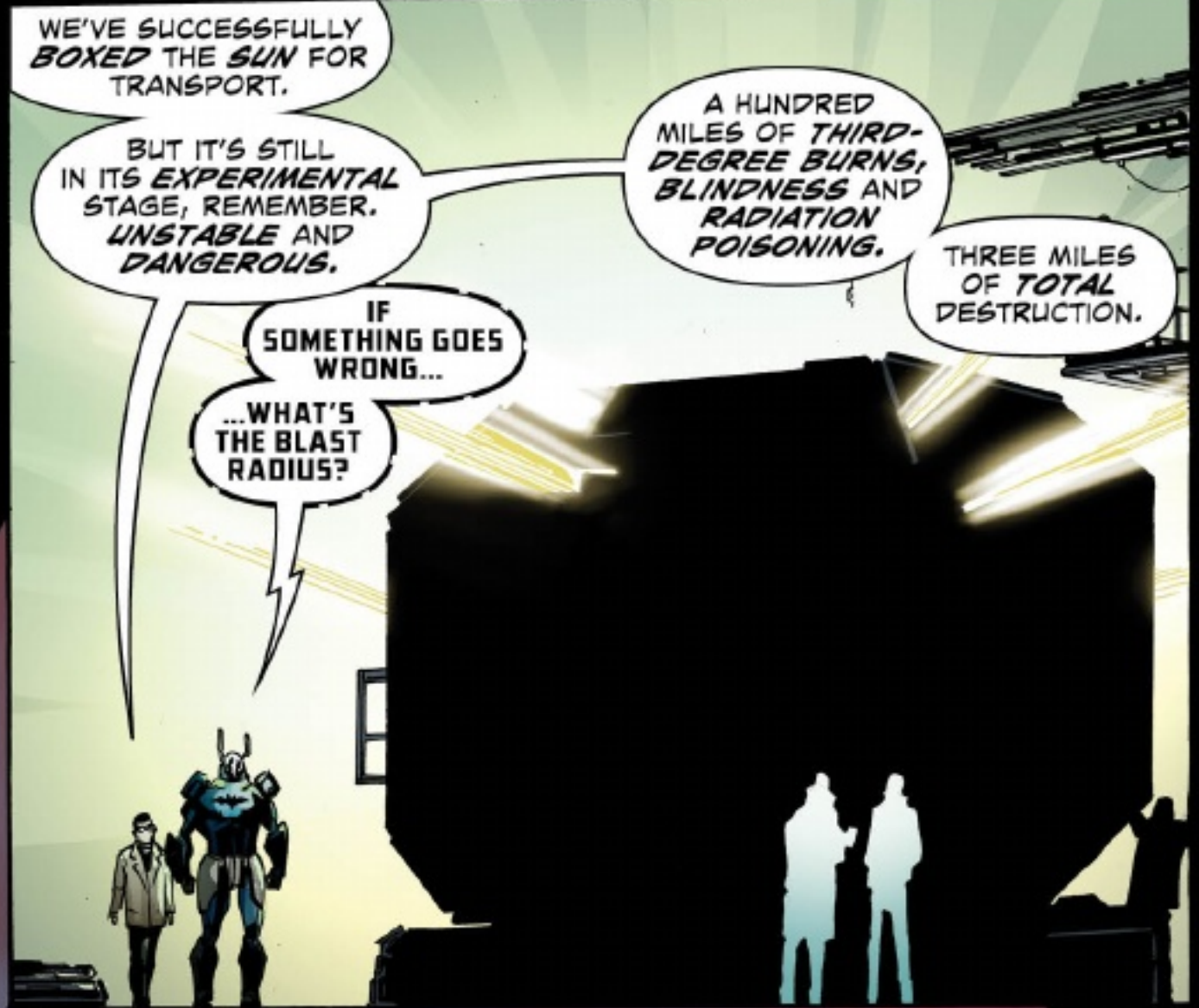


OUT.

SONOFA...

BATMAN,
WE'RE
READY TO
MOVE!

ALL RIGHT,
MR. FOX.



WE'VE SUCCESSFULLY
BOXED THE SUN FOR
TRANSPORT.

BUT IT'S STILL
IN ITS EXPERIMENTAL
STAGE, REMEMBER.
UNSTABLE AND
DANGEROUS.

IF
SOMETHING GOES
WRONG...

...WHAT'S
THE BLAST
RADIUS?

A HUNDRED
MILES OF THIRD-
DEGREE BURNS,
BLINDNESS AND
RADIATION
POISONING.

THREE MILES
OF TOTAL
DESTRUCTION.



ALL RIGHT.
THE COAST GUARD'S MEETING
US WITH A BARGE FIFTY MILES OFF
THE COAST. WE'LL SAIL ANOTHER
THREE HUNDRED MILES OUT,
JUST TO BE SAFE.

GOOD.

BUT
SOMETHING'S
BOTHERING
YOU.

YA
THINK?

SOMETHING
MORE.



WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT ON THIS...NEW
SUPERMAN?

JUST WHAT
EVERYONE ELSE
KNOWS. HE'S
ACTUALLY THAT
REPORTER,
CLARK KENT.

CAN WE
TRUST HIM?

THAT'S A GOOD
QUESTION.

GIVEN THE
EXTREME DANGER OF
THE SITUATION WE'VE
HELPED CREATE...

...I IMAGINE AN
EQUALLY VALID
QUESTION IS...



"...CAN HE
TRUST US?"

STUPID.

SO STUPID.

ONE MISPLACED TOE...AND I COULD ACTUALLY DIE.

I COULD CALL DIANA. ANYONE ON THE JUSTICE LEAGUE. HELL, EVEN THIS NEW BATMAN.

I'M SUPERMAN. I REACH OUT. TURN THE OTHER CHEEK. PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS.

AND NOW... NOW I'M TOO WEAK FOR THIS MISSION, AREN'T I?

WHO THE HELL AM I TO SAY NO TO HELP?

WHO THE HELL... WHO THE HELL AM I?

I FIND THE LEDGE THE SECOND BEFORE MY FINGERS GIVE OUT.

HEAD SPINS. KNEES SHAKE.

AND THEN I THINK ABOUT THIS VERSION OF ME...

Nngh.

...TRYING TO RUN THE SHOW WITH ALL MY POWERED-UP FRIENDS FLYING AROUND.

AND I KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS THE WAY I AM.

I'M NEXT TO NOTHING COMPARED TO THEM.

AND WHEN THEY SEE SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

...THEY'RE GONNA DO IT THEIR WAY.

NOT SUPERMAN'S WAY.

AND I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S ARROGANCE...

...OR THIS CRAZY ADRENALINE SURGE MAKING MY HEART POUND...

...BUT I STILL THINK...

...I STILL THINK THERE ARE SOME JOBS ONLY SUPERMAN CAN HANDLE.

I CAN DO THIS.

I HAVE TO DO THIS.

BUT JUST... HOW DO I DO IT?

I CAN'T JUST FLY DOWN AND FORCE EVERYONE TO PLAY NICE.

I HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY...

Huh.



IN DISGUISE.

PROWLING THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

STEALING YOUR SCHTICK AGAIN, BRUCE.



BUT IT FEELS GOOD.

AND THAT FEELS STRANGE.

I'VE GOT A SECRET IDENTITY AGAIN.

AND AFTER LOSING THE FORTRESS... SMALLVILLE... METROPOLIS...

...AND SO MANY FRIENDS...

...I'M ALMOST EMBARRASSED BY HOW A COSTUME CAN MAKE ME ALMOST FEEL--



--SAFE--



GRRAAAA!



HEY, NOW!

AGH. THINKING LIKE THE OLD ME.

COULD HAVE GOTTEN MY ARM BITTEN OFF--



AAAAAAGH!

WHA--