





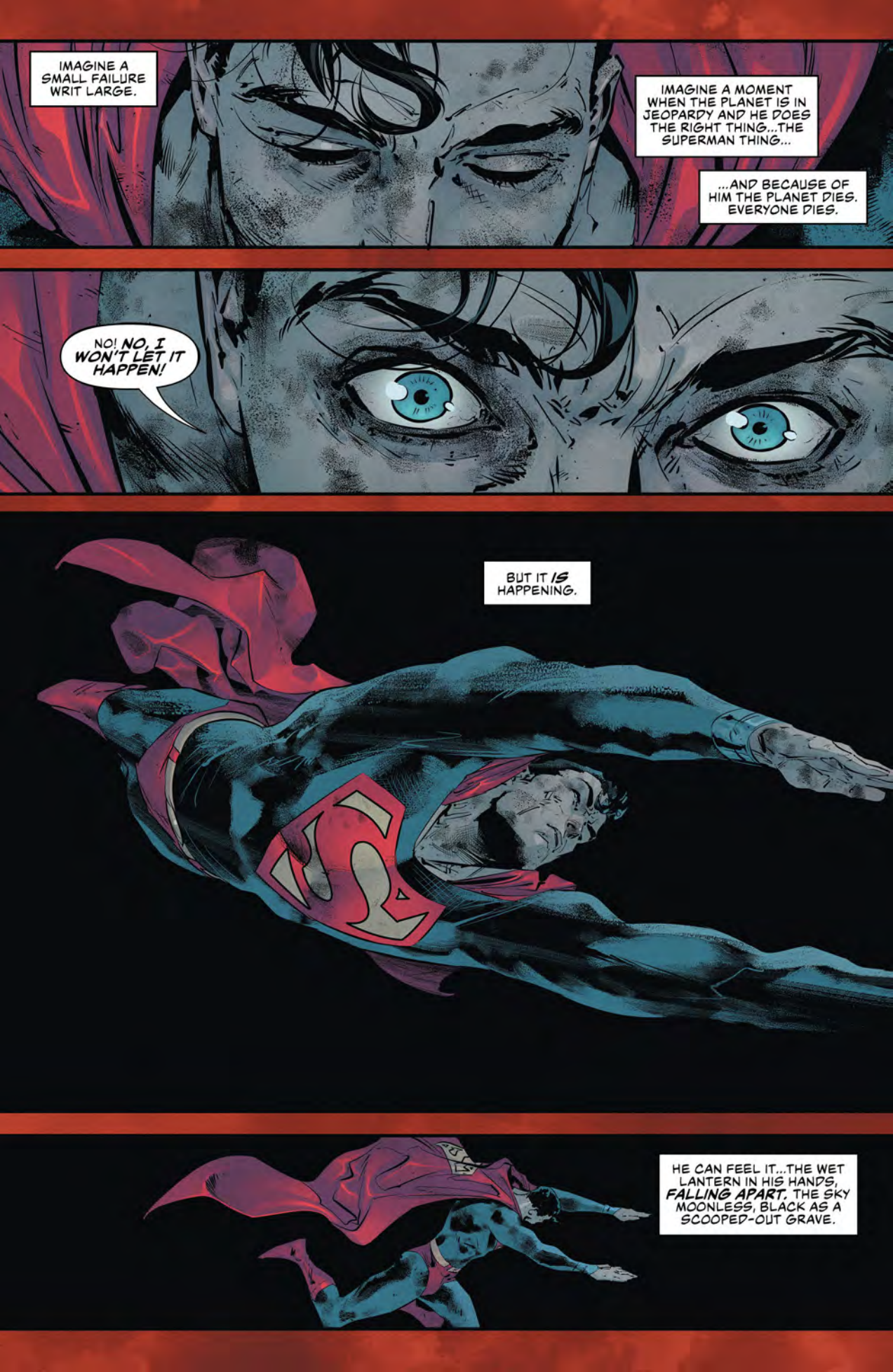


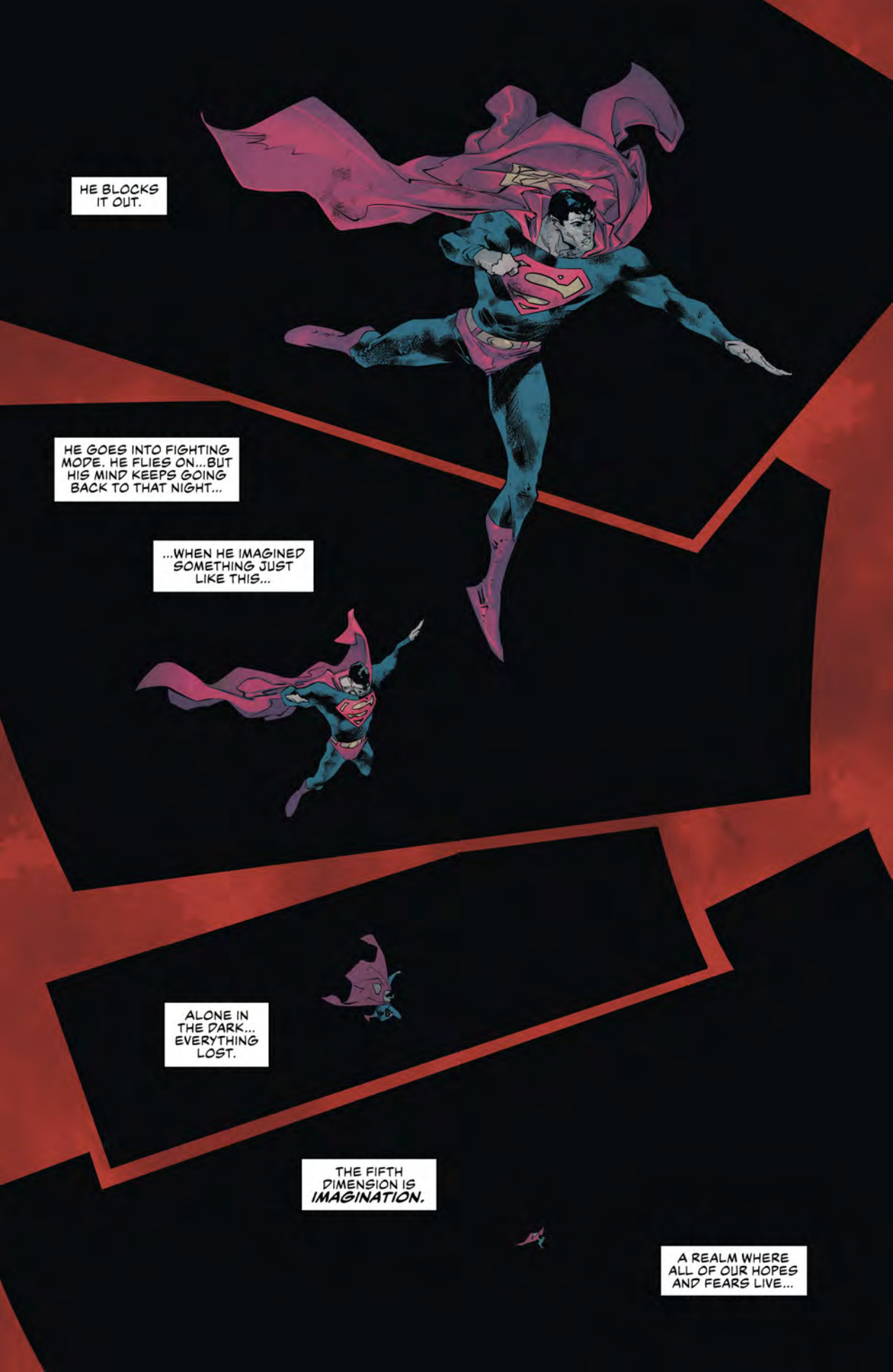
THE SIX DIMENSIONS CHAPTERS

SCOTT SNYDER AND JORGE JIMENEZ PLOT SNYDER WORDS JIMENEZ ART
ALEJANDRO SANCHEZ COLORS TOM NAPOLITANO LETTERS JIMENEZ AND SANCHEZ COVER
JEROME OPEÑA AND TOMEU MOREY VARIANT COVER ANDREW MARINO ASSOCIATE EDITOR MARIE JAVINS EDITOR
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER. SUPERBOY CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.


I'M TELLING YOU, LOIS, IT WAS ONE OF THOSE DAYS THAT WAS JUST TOTALLY... FULL.
NICE. SO NOTHING MISSING FROM IT AT ALL, EH...?
COME ON. YOU'RE ALWAYS HERE WITH US, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE WORKING.
SO CORNY, SMALLVILLE, SO CORNY. BUT STILL SO EFFECTIVE. NIGHT.
I TRY. NIGH--
NO!
JON? WHAT IS IT?!
WE FORGOT, DAD.


YOU WERE GOING TO TEACH ME HOW TO LIGHT THE MEMORIAL LANTERN THE RIGHT WAY.
WE WERE GOING TO LAUNCH IT FOR PA. BUT NOW...
LOOK AT IT OUT THERE. IT'S POURING.
IT'S OKAY, JON. WE CAN JUST DO IT TOMORROW INSTEAD.
BUT TODAY IS THE DAY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HONOR THE DEAD, AND PA--
MY DAD WOULD MUCH RATHER US HAVE THE DAY WE HAD THAN LIGHT AN OLD LANTERN FOR HIM. LET'S GO TO BED, OKAY?
PEOPLE OFTEN ASSUME IF SUPERMAN EVER IMAGINES THE WORST, IT MUST BE WHILE FIGHTING WORLD-THREATENING VILLAINS.
WHEN HE'S TAKING A PUNCH THAT SHATTERS MOUNTAINS. ENGULFED IN A PLASMA BLAST AS HOT AS THE SUN.
BUT THE TRUTH IS, HE NEVER IMAGINES THE END AT THOSE TIMES. HE CAN'T AFFORD TO.
INSTEAD IT'S IN THE QUIET MOMENTS, THE NOTHING MOMENTS, IN THE MIDST OF THE SMALLEST FAILURES.
LOIS CALLS THEM "GRAY KRYPTONITE."
MOMENTS LIKE THESE.
WHY DID HE INSIST THEY LIGHT THE LANTERN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY?
NOW THERE'S NO LANTERN FOR HIS FATHER ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH AND HIS SON IS DISAPPOINTED. WHY?
BECAUSE HE DOES WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT. AND...
...NOW IT'S RAINING.
IT'S MOMENTS LIKE THESE...GRAY KRYPTONITE.
WHEN THERE'S TIME TO IMAGINE.


IMAGINE A SMALL FAILURE WRIT LARGE.
IMAGINE A MOMENT WHEN THE PLANET IS IN JEOPARDY AND HE DOES THE RIGHT THING...THE SUPERMAN THING...
...AND BECAUSE OF HIM THE PLANET DIES. EVERYONE DIES.
NO! NO, I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN!
BUT IT IS HAPPENING.
HE CAN FEEL IT...THE WET LANTERN IN HIS HANDS, FALLING APART. THE SKY MOONLESS, BLACK AS A SCOOPED-OUT GRAVE.


HE BLOCKS IT OUT.
HE GOES INTO FIGHTING MODE. HE FLIES ON...BUT HIS MIND KEEPS GOING BACK TO THAT NIGHT...
...WHEN HE IMAGINED SOMETHING JUST LIKE THIS...
ALONE IN THE DARK... EVERYTHING LOST.
THE FIFTH DIMENSION IS *IMAGINATION.*
A REALM WHERE ALL OF OUR HOPES AND FEARS LIVE...


...A REALM THAT DEMANDS WE LOOK BEYOND WHAT IS PROBABLE TO WHAT IS POSSIBLE.
THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
JUSTICE LEAGUE, ARE YOU HURT? HERE, CHEETAH, FREE THEM!
ALREADY ON IT.
GRODD, THE LASER CANNON.
COME TO PAPA.