



WHAT THE HELL?

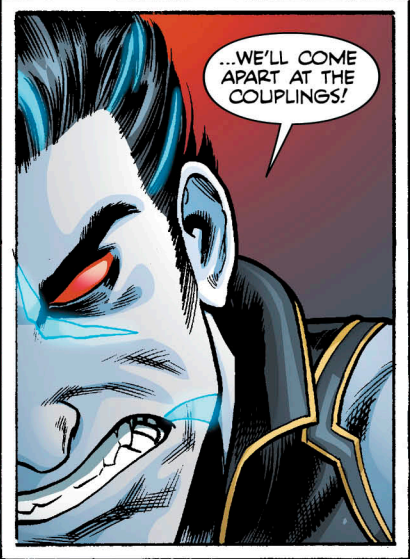
CAN'T THIS BUCKET FLY ANY FASTER?!

WHOOOM

THIS "BUCKET" IS DESIGNED FOR ONE PASSENGER--ME!

THE EXTRA LOAD IS SLOWING US DOWN!

AND IF I GOOSE THE THROTTLE ANY MORE...WITH THE DAMAGE WE'VE ALREADY TAKEN...



...WE'LL COME APART AT THE COUPLINGS!



WHOOOM



A FEW MORE HITS LIKE THAT...

...A COUPLE MORE MINUTES...

...AND THE THROTTLE WON'T MATTER ANYWAY!

GUN IT!



WHOOOM

AH!



NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR ROMANCE, LUNA.

BESIDES...

...AND THEN SUPERMAN

CULLEN BUNN

writer

REILLY BROWN

layouts

**NELSON DE CASTRO
& VICENTE CIFUENTES**

finishes

**ALISON
BORGES**

art, pages
11-13

MATT YACKEY & PETER PANTAZIS - colors

TRAVIS LANHAM - letters

BEN OLIVER - cover

JEREMY BENT - assistant editor

MIKE COTTON - editor

EDDIE BERGANZA - group editor

LOBO created by
ROGER SLIFER and **KEITH GIFFEN**

SUPERMAN created by
JERRY SIEGEL and **JOE SHUSTER**

By special arrangement with
the **JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY**

...IT LOOKS
LIKE THE **BOY
IN BLUE** WANTS
TO HAVE A
CHAT.

I THOUGHT
WE HAD AN
UNDERSTANDING,
LOBO.

WHATEVER
IT IS YOU'RE
UP TO, IT'S
OVER.

I
WANT YOU
**OFF THE
PLANET.**

CHECK OUT
BATMAN/SUPERMAN #17
FOR LOBO AND SUPERMAN'S
FIRST ENCOUNTER. --COTTON





I REMEMBER THE *DISCUSSION* A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY.

FOR EXAMPLE...IT ENDED WITH YOU THROWING ME INTO *LOW ORBIT*.

I OWE YOU ONE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

YOU CAN'T SHOOT SUPERMAN!

I'VE GOT A RAIL GUN THAT SAYS OTHERWISE.



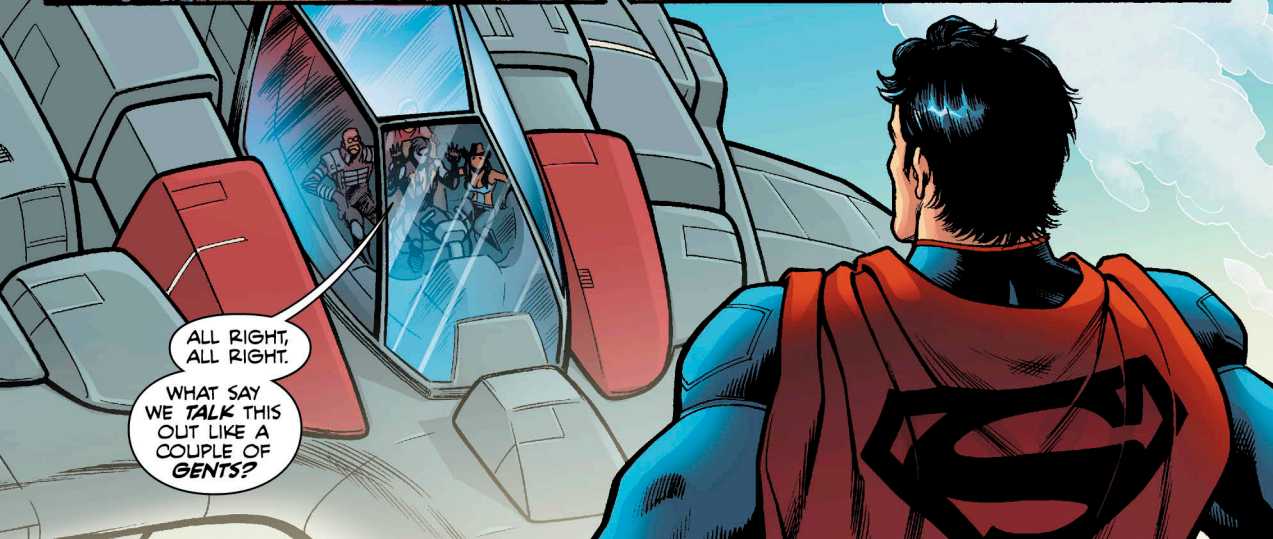
EMILY'S RIGHT!

THERE ARE *SONGS* ABOUT THIS GUY!

SONGS ABOUT NOT MESSING WITH HIM!



AND YOU'RE MESSING WITH HIM!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.

WHAT SAY WE *TALK* THIS OUT LIKE A COUPLE OF *GENTS*?

"GIVE ME A PLANK
AND I'LL FIND
SOMEPLACE TO LAND."



THERE'S
NOTHING
TO TALK
ABOUT.

YOU'RE AN
ASSASSIN AND A
PSYCHOPATH.

YOU'RE TOO
DANGEROUS TO
LEAVE TO YOUR
OWN DEVICES.

AND I'M TOO
BUSY TO WATCH
YOU 24/7.

I GET IT.
I'M PEEIN' IN
YOUR GENE
POOL RIGHT
NOW.

AND I'LL
ADMIT...I HAVEN'T
BEEN A STRAIGHT
SHOOTER WITH
YOU.

I HAVE A
CODE, SEE? AND
IT SAYS I'M NOT
SUPPOSED TO DISCUSS
PARTICULARS OF A
JOB WITH--

YOU
KNOW WHAT?
DOESN'T
MATTER.



THERE'S NO REASON
WE CAN'T BE
FRIENDS.

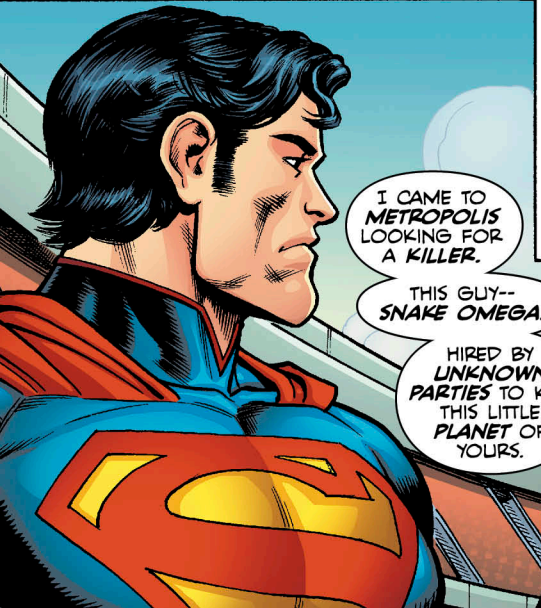
...
YEAH. EXPLAIN
THAT TO
ME.

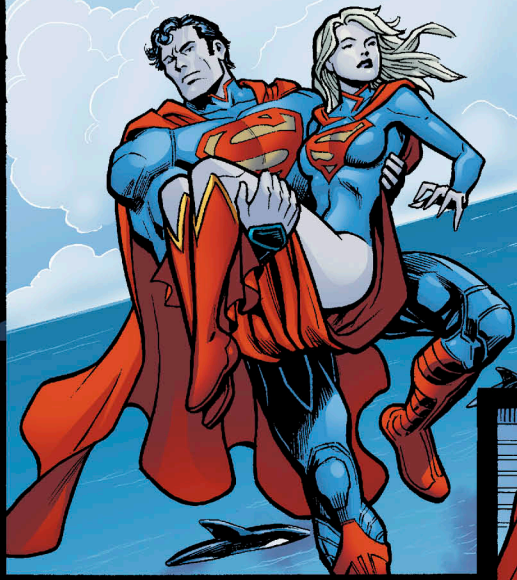


I CAME TO
METROPOLIS
LOOKING FOR
A KILLER.

THIS GUY--
SNAKE OMEGA.

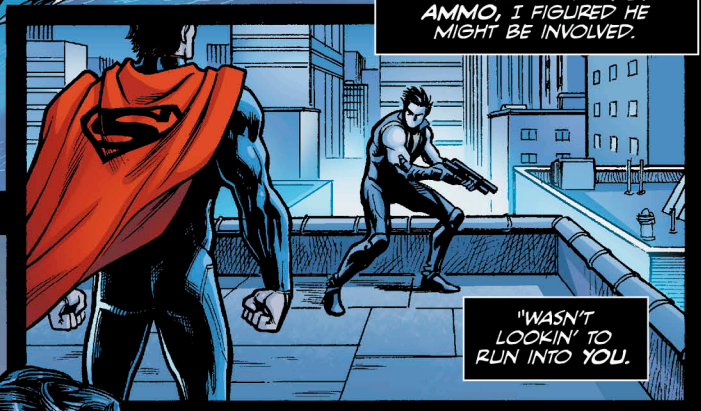
Hired BY
UNKNOWN
PARTIES TO KILL
THIS LITTLE
PLANET OF
YOURS.



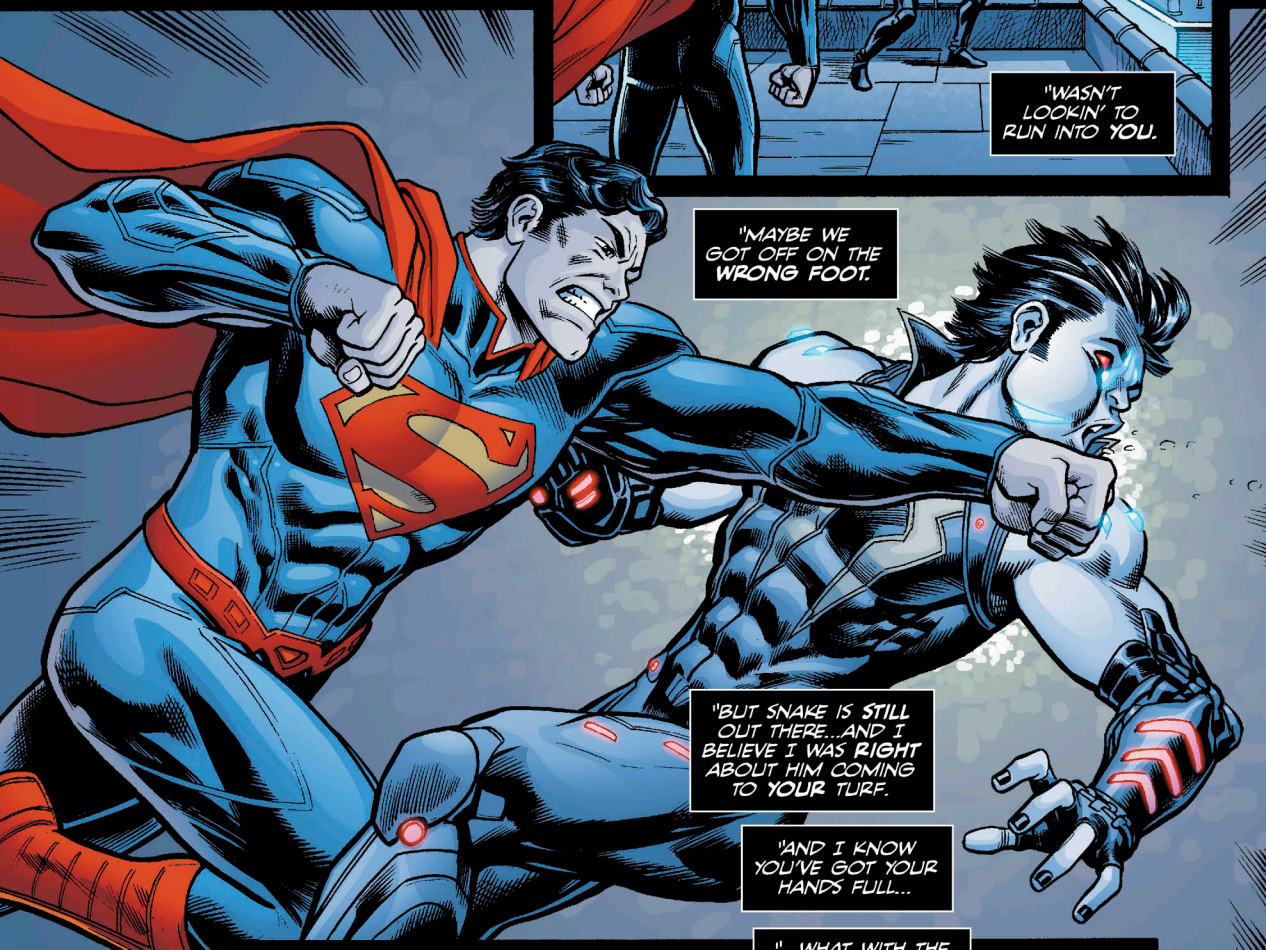


"GUY'S A WEAPONS FANATIC. MIXES BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE WHEN IT COMES TO FIREARMS."

"SO...WHEN I HEARD ABOUT SOMEONE GOING AFTER YOU SUPERS WITH SOME NEW AMMO, I FIGURED HE MIGHT BE INVOLVED."



"WASN'T LOOKIN' TO RUN INTO YOU."



"MAYBE WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT."

"BUT SNAKE IS STILL OUT THERE...AND I BELIEVE I WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM COMING TO YOUR TURF."

"AND I KNOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR HANDS FULL..."



"...WHAT WITH THE MASS PANIC AND INVISIBLE HERO-KILLER BULLETS..."

"...SO I FIGURED I'D PICK SNAKE UP AND GIVE YOU ONE LESS DISTRACTION TO WORRY ABOUT."