

SOMETHING TELLS ME TO STAY IN THE SHADOWS UNTIL I KNOW WHERE I AM AND WHAT'S GOING ON.

TO PLAY THE OBSERVER FOR NOW.



PLEASE LET ME KILL JUST ONE OF THEM, GRANNY?

AFTER I WHIP THE FLESH FROM THEIR BONES.

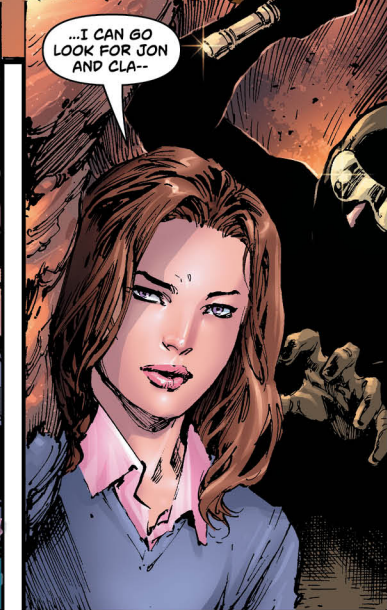
ENOUGH!

I DECIDE WHEN THESE TRAITORS BLEED.

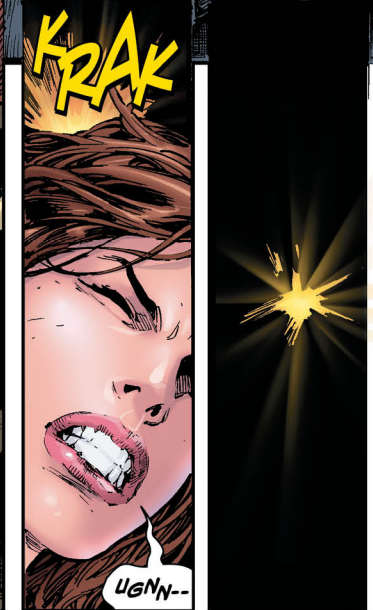
MOVE FASTER UP FRONT! YOU SMELL OF DOG!



...FINALLY...



...I CAN GO LOOK FOR JON AND CLA--



KRAK

UGN--

ELSEWHERE ON
APOROLIPS.

DARKSEID'S CASTLE.

FORGOTTEN
PEOPLE...

...I AM IN A
FORGIVING MOOD,
SO I WILL DISMISS
YOUR RIPPING ME
FROM MY HOME-
WORLD AGAINST
MY--

OUR EXTREME
MEASURE WAS NOT
TAKEN LIGHTLY,
LORD LUTHOR.

CHAOS RULES.
YOUR IRON WILL
IS NEEDED.

WHY DID
YOU FORSAKE
US?

IMPERIUS
LEX PART 2

FIRE AND FURIES

PETER J. TOMASI & PATRICK GLEASON writers • ED BENES, DOUG MAHNKE & JACK HERBERT artists
DINEI RIBEIRO colorist • ROB LEIGH letterer • PATRICK GLEASON & DEAN WHITE cover • TONY S. DANIEL & TOMEU MOREY variant cover
JESSICA CHEN associate editor • PAUL KAMINSKI editor • EDDIE BERGANZA group editor
SUPERMAN created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. SUPERBOY created by Jerry Siegel. By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

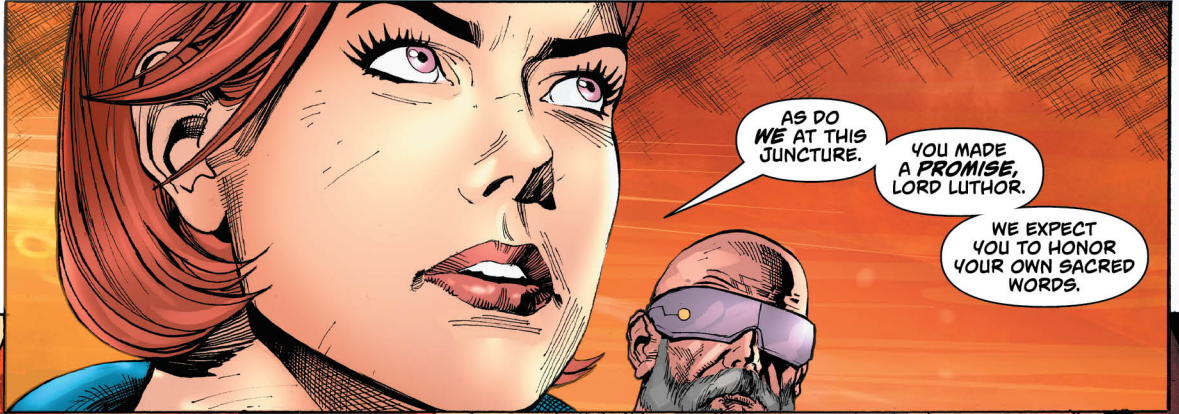
YOU ARE NOT
FORSAKEN.

MY BIRTH WORLD WAS IN
DIRE STRAITS AND NEEDED
MY ATTENTION, TOO.



THE CHILDREN OF EARTH ARE **WEAKER** THAN ALL OF YOU HERE.

THEY MUST HAVE CONSTANT CARE AND LEADERSHIP IF THEY ARE TO **FLOURISH**.



AS DO WE AT THIS JUNCTURE.

YOU MADE A **PROMISE**, LORD LUTHOR.

WE EXPECT YOU TO HONOR YOUR OWN SACRED WORDS.



YOU ARE THE EMBODIMENT OF THE PROPHECY.

AND IF YOU TAKE OFFENSE AT THE MEANS BY WHICH WE BROUGHT YOU HERE, I WILL **HAPPILY** SACRIFICE MY LIFE TODAY... SHOULD IT RESULT IN YOUR TAKING THE THRONE.



I WILL NOT BE SPILLING YOUR BLOOD TODAY.



BUT I WAS THINKING...



...OF SPILLING MY OWN.
DRAW YOUR SWORD, ARDORA.



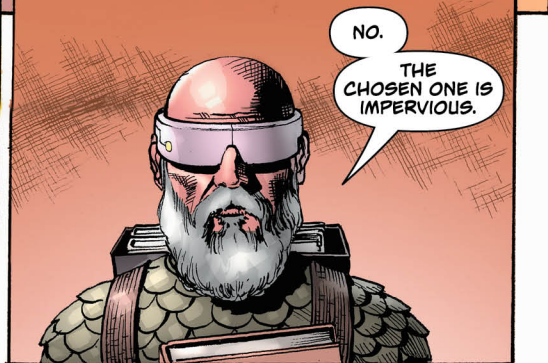
THE CLOUD OF DECEIT I CREATED MUST BE DISPERSED.



SKRRACH



PROPHET, DOES THE SCRIPTURE SAY YOUR GOD BLEEDS?



NO.
THE CHOSEN ONE IS IMPERVIOUS.

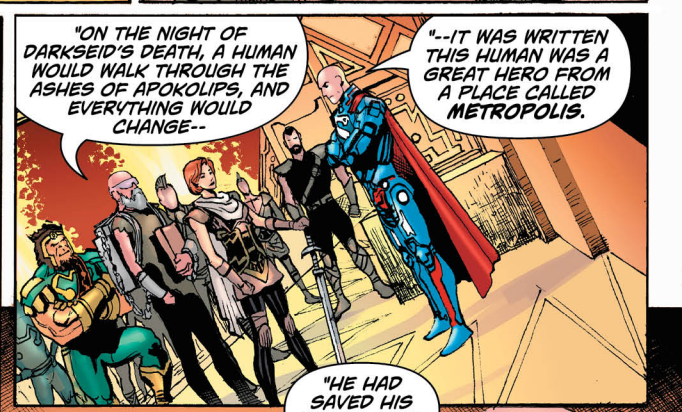


DO I LOOK IMPERVIOUS NOW?
NO.

READ THE WORDS, JUST LIKE THE DAY WHEN YOU FIRST FOUND ME.



I DO NOT NEED TO LOOK AT THE PAGES, THE WORDS ARE BURNED ON MY TONGUE.

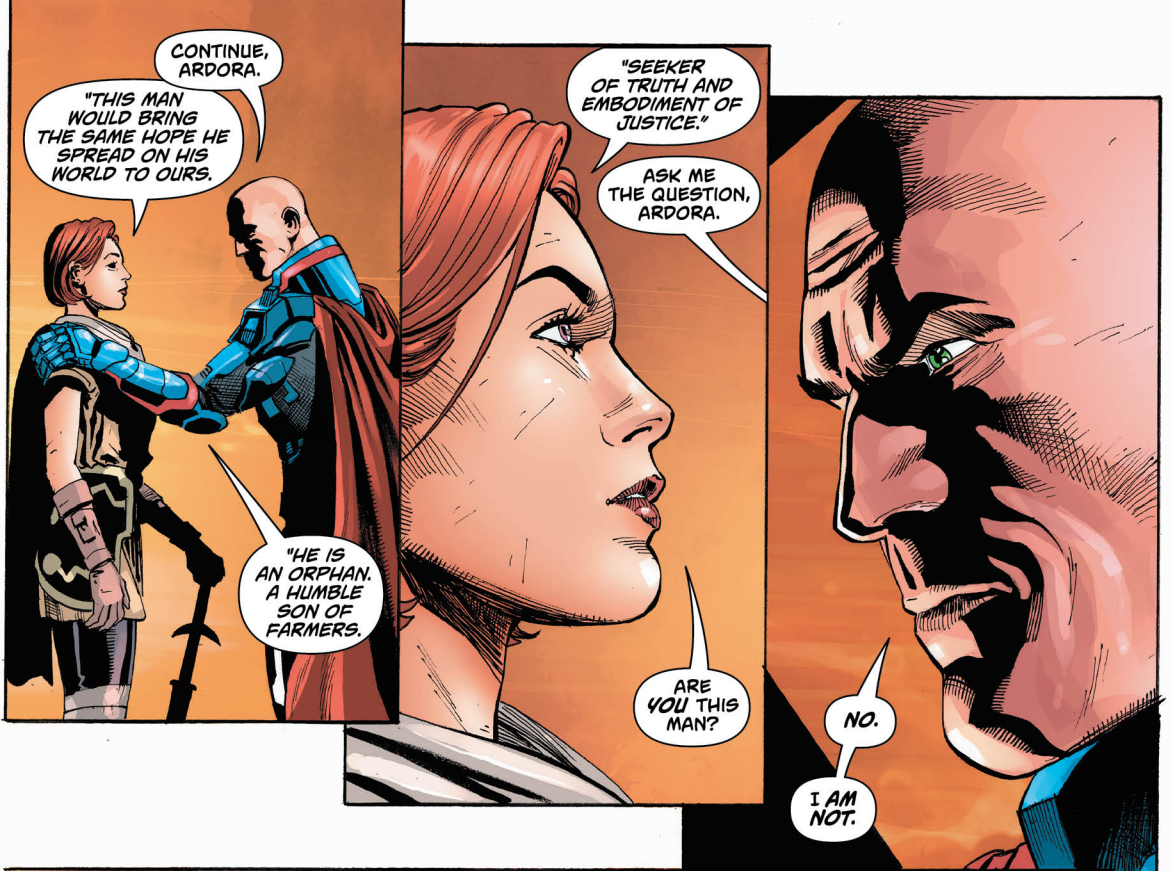


"ON THE NIGHT OF DARKSEID'S DEATH, A HUMAN WOULD WALK THROUGH THE ASHES OF APOKOLIPS, AND EVERYTHING WOULD CHANGE--"

"--IT WAS WRITTEN THIS HUMAN WAS A GREAT HERO FROM A PLACE CALLED METROPOLIS."

"HE HAD SAVED HIS WORLD MANY TIMES."





CONTINUE, ARDORA.

"THIS MAN WOULD BRING THE SAME HOPE HE SPREAD ON HIS WORLD TO OURS."

"SEEKER OF TRUTH AND EMBODIMENT OF JUSTICE."

ASK ME THE QUESTION, ARDORA.

"HE IS AN ORPHAN. A HUMBLE SON OF FARMERS."

ARE YOU THIS MAN?

NO.

I AM NOT.



KILL HIM!

A FALSE GOD!

YOUR HEAD WILL BE SPIKED ON A RAMPART FOR ALL TO SEE!



I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER, BUT LISTEN TO ME!

I MAY NOT BE YOUR SAVIOR, BUT I WORK THROUGH HIM!

I HAVE NOT ONLY BROUGHT YOUR PROPHECY TO LIFE, BUT YOUR TRUE SALVATION!

