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Pete Ross had a home on Winslow Drive, not far from the courthouse, and within walking distance to Main Street. It was a beautiful, two storey home, with a shiny black BMW in the driveway, and a shady gazebo in the backyard. He had purchased it many years before, just after he had made Vice President with the bank, but he still had no one to share it with. Pete Ross was the most eligible bachelor in Smallville, but his career and civic responsibilities allowed him little luxury to court a wife.

Often times he would bring his work home with him, working to the wee hours of the morning on his laptop in his upstairs bedroom. This was one such night. He had fallen asleep on the bed with it in his lap—when he became aware of a tapping on his bedroom window.

A light sleeper, he instantly sprang awake, leaping from bed to tear aside the curtains—

"Clark... ?"

His childhood friend was there, outside the window, in his high-school varsity jacket, his breath frosting in the air.

"Why didn't you tell me, Pete?" He asked plaintively, his expression lost somewhere between shock and hurt.

"Clark, I—."

"About Connor, I mean." He clarified, as if it were necessary. "You knew, didn't you? Lana always confided in you. You've always known... "

"Clark, my neighbors... "

"Pete, is Connor my *son*?"

"Clark!" Pete was finally able to get a word in. "Maybe you should come inside... ?" He glanced below Clark's feet, at the ground some twenty feet beneath them.

As if only then recollecting himself, Clark followed his friend's glance downward, then allowed himself an abashed grin.

"Oh. Right."

Pete started a pot of coffee and the two old friends shared a couple of slices of Ma's blueberry pie. But Clark was not into it with his usual gusto. He had just had a bombshell dropped on him, and was, not unsurprisingly, distracted.

"I wanted to tell you, buddy, believe me, I really did." Pete said around a mouthful. "But this was always Lana's secret to keep. Nobody here in town even knew she had had a baby for a long time. Connor was almost three years old the first time she brought him to Smallville, and she wasn't volunteering any information other than she was raising him alone."

"She never spoke about the father?" Clark looked puzzled.

Pete shook his head. "Never. Naturally, I made some inquiries, but the only local candidate was, well, *you*!" He gave his friend an apologetic look. "And as no one could imagine Lana hiding this from you, or you not taking responsibility, we all just assumed the father was some guy in Star City."

"We?" Clark asked with a raised eyebrow. "Who else knows?"

"Not a lot of folks, really." Pete thought for a moment. "Of course, this is Smallville, so probably just the whole town." He finished, ruefully.

"Including Ma and Pa?!?"

"Yep." Pete sipped his coffee, watching his stunned friend carefully. "No one ever told you because at first they just assumed that you knew, being as close to Lana as you were. But when it became obvious that you *didn't* know, everyone agreed you should hear it from Lana."

"Everyone... ? What, was there a town hall meeting about it?"

"Well... This *is* Smallville, Clark... "

Clark put his head in his hands and groaned.

After a moment, Pete asked directly: "Is he your son?"

Clark looked up, looking for all the world, clueless. He put his elbow on the table and his chin on his fist. "I don't know. But he very well could be."

"So you and Lana... ?" Pete hedged delicately.

"It was one night." Clark's eyes grew distant, remembering. "We had both come home, after graduation. She was accepting the position with the orchestra in Star City, and I was about to backpack across the world... It felt like it was goodbye for us, a last opportunity to explore what we meant to each other... "

"Alright, loverboy, I don't need a play-byplay." Pete refilled both their mugs and took a seat across from Clark. "Surely you asked her about Connor. What did she tell you?"

"She was pretty noncommittal about it." Clark shrugged and exhaled a breath. "She said that she was the only parent her son ever had or ever needed, and that he was a very well-adjusted little boy. A little on the shy side, but athletic. Good in school. She said she never saw the point of telling the father, as they had gone their separate ways."

"Ouch." Pete remarked.

"How well do you know Connor, Pete?" Clark fixed his friend with an intent stare. "Has he ever— you know!—" He mimed bending a steel bar.

"Shot lasers out of his eyes?" Pete finished the sentence. "No. Lana's only brought him around a handful of times, but I've taken him to a few football games, and he's never seemed anything but a normal, human boy... Of course, *your* powers really didn't start to manifest until we were in High School..."

"Right..." Clark sat there, looking thoughtful.

"Listen, Clark." Pete finally said, with some exasperation. "It's no secret that Lana's always been in love with you. But she's not the type to use her son to lure you back to her, or to influence your feelings. If there's a chance of you and Lana rekindling what you once had, then I'm sure she doesn't want the situation with Connor prejudicing your feelings. It has to be for the right reasons, and not out of some misplaced, old-fashioned sense of responsibility. If it's not to be, then having Connor's father in her life might just be too painful for her. It's not easy to live with a reminder of what we can't have." He finished with a sad, knowing expression.

It was in that moment that Clark realized that Pete Ross was *truly* in love with Lana Lang. The tragedy of it was that he loved his friend Clark no less...

"You're a good friend, Pete." Clark shook his head, amazed at his luck, and in awe of the depths of humanity within his childhood pal. "And a wise man."

"Yeah, well," He playfully slugged Clark in the shoulder as he rose to collect the pie plates. "*Some* of us can only save the world one person at a time."

The sun was blindingly bright over the wheat fields of Kansas. It was a beautiful day, unseasonably warm for so late in the autumn, and Clark had risen early to thresh the north fields. He had had little success at

sleep last night, anyway, and decided he might as well rise early and be productive. It was still dark, and Ma was still in bed when he left the house, swathed in the fur-collared coat.

He enjoyed the work, not even performing it at super-speed, reveling in the simple manual labor of it. Memories of his youth kept him company out there, and he could almost see his Pa working beside him, and nodding approvingly.

The work allowed him to think, to really consider the revelations of last night. If Connor was indeed his son, he wanted to be responsible, to help both him and Lana, but he kept coming back to what Pete had said. Lana was a strong woman; after all, she had raised the boy these nine years with no help, and all indications were that they were both well-off and happy. But it could not be denied that seeing Lana again had stirred some old feelings, feelings he long-since thought resolved. There was no doubt that he loved Lana—but did he love her the way *she* loved *him*... ? And what did it mean that he could now not dispel from his mind the image of her sitting on her auntie's porch-swing, cradling the steaming cup of hot chocolate in her hands, smiling at him in that way that used to make his teen-aged heart beat faster... ?

And one more thought had occurred to him, an added wrinkle to an already complex problem: if Connor was indeed his son, then Lana would have to be told his secret. If she was indeed raising a half-Kryptonian child, then it would more than likely become evident sooner or later, and she deserved to know why Connor was outrunning speeding locomotives and lifting tractors one-handed!

The north field was soon finished, and the morning was getting on. With some surprise, he realized he was starving, and started back to the house for breakfast. He could tell Ma was awake because he could smell the fresh bacon sizzling and the coffee brewing. He needed to clear his head, to talk to his Ma and maybe get a new perspective. So distracted was he by recent events, he walked right into the ambush.

"Well, the north field is ready for next year, and—." He stopped abruptly, as he came in through the kitchen screen door.

There was Martha Kent, at the stove, peppering some scrambled eggs,

and talking over her shoulder to a guest. In a stool at the breakfast bar, her microcassette recorder on the countertop in front of her, sat a smug-looking Lois Lane.

"Look who's dropped in for a visit, son, your friend from Metropolis you've told me so much about, Lois." Martha flashed her son an apologetic look, undoubtedly just as ambushed as he had been.

"Well, well, well, good morning, Smallville. You're looking mighty robust this morning." Lois swiveled in the stool, looking him up and down appreciatively.

He had long-since doffed his collared coat, and had it slung over his shoulder, wearing beneath only some dusty denim overalls and no t-shirt, giving Lois a good look at his impressive physique for the first time. Even more incriminating was he had not thought to put on his glasses before leaving the house that morning, so essentially, the investigative reporter from Metropolis was seeing a Clark Kent she had never seen before— one that looked suspiciously like Superman.

"L-L-Lois!" He exclaimed, automatically going into full-on bumbling-Clark mode at the sight of her. "What are you doing here? Don't get me wrong, it's nice to see you, but this is awfully far off the beaten path for you, isn't it? Ma, have you seen my glasses, I lost my tinted pair outside, and was just coming in to find—."

"Here you are." Martha had them ready, pressing them into his hand and mouthing the word *Sorry*, as she passed him to bustle into the living room, pretending she had something to do out there.

He slipped them on, assuming his characteristic hunch as well, but the damage had already been done. Lois Lane was a world-class, Pulitzer Prize winning journalist, and he could not miss the triumph in her eyes.

"Actually, I'm following a story." She told him, sipping the coffee that Martha had poured for her.

"A story? Here in Smallville?" He busied himself with wrapping his coat around him, faking a shiver, and re-positioning his glasses on his nose. "Wow, I didn't think a big-city girl like yourself would bother with local beauty pageants and county fair type stuff. Slow news week in Metropolis, huh? How's Jimmy?"

"Oh, it's a big story, Clark. The scoop of the century, maybe." She added provocatively, watching his expression as he went to pour himself some coffee. "Careful." She nodded at his hand as he nervously splashed himself with the steaming fresh liquid. As if reminded that he was burned, he dropped the coffee pot he was pouring with a wince. It shattered on the wood floor, and he flinched back, sucking on his 'burnt' hand.

She watched him with some amusement as he stumbled for a towel to clean up the mess, muttering to himself.

"But the most amazing thing is," She went on as he begin sopping up spilt coffee and carefully picking up splinters of glass. "Is that the story was right in front of my face the whole time. Right across the desk from me, you might say."

He laughed uneasily. "Huh? What do you mean, Lois? No, don't tell me! You'll want to break the story yourself, I know how competitive you are. But, geez, coming all the way out here to Smallville to rub it in? I mean, it's not like we compete for the same headlines anymore. I just sent Perry a piece for the Sunday Supplement on the plight of Kansas farmers after the crisis. He liked it a lot, he said, and I'm very proud of it. Did he show it to you by any chance? Is that why you're—."

"Superman showed up in Metropolis the same month you got a job at the *Daily Planet*." She interrupted him, speaking quickly and matter-of-factly. "Despite the fact that you've covered your fair share of stories about him, the two of you have never been seen at the same place at the same time. When you moved back to Smallville last year, Superman stopped making daily appearances in Metropolis. You both have black hair and blue eyes, and you are of the same height and build— I am ashamed to say I've never noticed just how physically impressive you are, Clark."

"*Huh?* I mean, thanks, Lois. But I don't see how a series of random coincidences—."

"Superman," Lois Lane said succinctly, confidently. "Please, don't insult my intelligence any further. I've been recording this conversation," A nod to the microcassette recorder on the counter top in front of her. "And when I get back to Metropolis, I intend to do a voice comparison analysis with a recorded interview of Superman in the *Planet's* files. But I don't need to. I'm not an idiot, Clark. I don't know how you managed to fool me for so long, but now that I know what to look for, it's as plain as day. Though I have to compliment you: who knew a pair of glasses could be such an effective disguise?"

His eyes got wide, and disbelieving, but behind the thick lenses, she could see the hint of panic.

"You— think I'm *Superman*?!?" He laughed, too loud. A little hysterically.

Lois Lane just shrugged, as if to say: *Well, ... yeah.*

"Lois, that's preposterous!" He sputtered, standing up from the spill and hitting his head on the overhead rack of pots and pans, causing them to jangle. "How can I be Superman? Superman's from space— I'm from Kansas! I can show you the bedroom upstairs where I grew up... My mother is in the next room, for crying out loud! How could you even come up with such a—."

She slid off the stool and rounded the counter to face him, jabbing her finger into his chest.

"How? I opened my *eyes*! The last time I really spoke to Superman was on a rooftop in Metropolis, just before his fight with Doomsday! We have some unfinished business, and I've been waiting a year to continue that conversation. I never gave up on him, Clark! Not even during the crisis, when everyone else thought he was dead. I was the one who sent Wonder Woman and the others to Apokolips to rescue him. I *knew* he was alive. I knew he would come back! But he didn't— *not to me*! And I want to ask him, straight to his face, why in the world he did *this*!"

And before he could react, Lois stood up on her tip-toes, grabbed his face in her hands, and kissed him!

Clark froze, resisting at first, the shock of Lois' reaction taking him utterly by surprise. But it only took a moment before he thawed, and almost against his will responded to the urgency and need in Lois' kiss. It took him back to that moment on the rooftop, in the early hours of the crisis, when all the world was reeling from the invasion. He had finally let himself feel something he'd been repressing for so long... It had felt glorious. It had sustained him through the days of torture and imprisonment that followed. After the war, and the death of his father made it necessary for Clark to return to Smallville, he had had no choice but to stuff those feelings away again, to again deprive himself for a greater good.

But he had not counted on the head and heart of Lois Lane.

In all too brief a moment, it was over. She pulled away, her eyelashes fluttering open again. Her mouth was still open, and she was about to speak— when somebody cleared their throat.

In the hallway stood his Ma, Lana and Connor.

Inwardly, Clark groaned.

Martha was saying something about having forgotten that she had invited Lana over for breakfast, but all Clark could see was the look of betrayal and hurt on Lana's face. She clutched Connor protectively in front of her, the little boy looking up at him with a quizzical expression.

Clark looked from Lois to Lana to Connor, and then back to Lois. He opened his mouth, unsure what was going to come out— when a piercing whine sounded in his ears.

It actually hurt him, and he staggered backward, away from Lois. A quick glance up at the others told him that they couldn't hear the strange noise, seeming to come from nowhere and everywhere at once.

Kal-El of Krypton, hear me.

He glanced around, his hands on his ears to block out the noise. But it did no good. Nor could he tell from where the voice was coming.

Don't bother looking for me, I am miles away and shielded from your sight,

continued the disembodied voice. It was cold and metallic. It sent shivers down his spine. *Listen to me carefully, Kal-El. There is a comet passing close to this planet, its trajectory taking it within several hundred thousand kilometers of Earth. As we speak, I am pulling it from its orbit, and aiming it directly at Earth. At Smallville, to be precise. Right about now the instruments of those who pass as scientists on this world will be picking up the object, and those with the intellect to understand what I have done will feel their blood run cold.*

The voice droning in his head, he could hear little else. But he saw the others crowding around him with some concern. He held up a hand to fend them away, mouthing some excuse about needing some air, and quickly backed out the kitchen door.

The comet is approximately 185 kilometers in diameter and some 550,000 kilometers away, continued the dispassionate voice. And at its current rate of speed, will make impact in 27 minutes. Where it hits will make little difference, really. It will be like every atomic weapon on Earth exploding at the same time in the same place. The entirety of the Midwestern United States will be a crater. Earthquakes and tsunami will wrack every inch of the globe. And a cloud of dust will rise up to cover the planet, completely blotting out the sun, and plunging the world into a nuclear winter from which there will be no end. It will be, what your doomsayers call, an 'extinction-level event.'

Twenty six minutes.

Superman rocketed through the stratosphere, flying faster than he ever had before, terrestrial satellite cameras picking up only a blur of blue and red.

His telescopic vision picked up the object, just beyond the orbit of the moon; it cut a path through the dark of space, heading straight towards Earth, a long tail flaring behind it. It was enormous—the size of a *city*. And it would do exactly what his mysterious enemy said it would.

He had no time to call for any help. Besides, not even the League was equipped to deal with a threat like this. *This* was a job for Superman...

It would do no good to hit it head-on, to smash it into pieces. The remaining fragments would be just as dangerous, if not more so, with multiple impact zones. He had to divert it.

Brain over brawn, mused the telepathic intruder. *Unexpected, but admirable. I underestimated you, Kal-El. I shall have to recalculate your odds of success...*

Doing his best to ignore the sinister voice, Superman braced himself as he flew at the runaway interstellar object. The vacuum of space deadened any sound, but the comet flared and sputtered like a roaring locomotive. Narrowing his eyes, he swooped beneath it and came up from below through a thin atmosphere of chlorine and methane. Maintaining the same speed as the comet, he dug his fingers into ice and rock, and then with all his strength, he pushed up... !

The strain was incredible. He had never attempted something so difficult before, never applied his powers in such a way... He drew upon reserves of strength he didn't know he had, and not for a second did he contemplate failure.

The Earth loomed large in front of him, and he could already feel the pull of its gravity...

Then the comet veered off target, and the curve off his adopted home-world fell away. The Man of Steel poured everything he had into his task, not resting until the comet was a million miles away... Then he released it, and slowed, allowing the object to streak past him into the dark night of space...

The readings that were coming in were astonishing. The instruments that had been carefully placed on the comet were sensitive to a micron, and did their work perfectly.

"Fascinating." Mused the would-be world conqueror from his secret vantage point on Earth. "Under a yellow sun, the Krypton is like unto a god. The strength he possesses... ! I doubt if even *he* has tested the limits of it... "

On the monitor screens, Superman, unaware that he was being watched by cloaked alien devices in Earth-orbit, turned and headed back towards home, though he seemed to be in no particular hurry to get there.

"Surely, he is not impervious to all forms of attack... ?" He continued to study the data, still coming in. "My hypersonics appeared to have hurt him. Still... He will not fall to a physical assault. I see now that my original course of action, laid out these many years, is still the best. Time for the trap to spring shut on the Last Son of Krypton... "

And on the vivisectionist's table behind him, his eye's propped open by hooks, and the skin and bone of his skull expertly removed to allow robotic arms to work on his brain, Pete Ross whimpered and mourned the loss of his will...

The sinister voice in his head was gone. During the emergency, Superman had had little time to consider his adversary, but he was sure it was someone new; he had never heard that emotionless, almost-robotic voice before. And why had his new foe tested him like that— for he was sure it was a test, the consequences of his failure notwithstanding!

For the next few hours, Superman circled the Earth, scanning for this new threat. Most of the old ones were accounted for: even Luthor was behaving, relishing his new role as Metropolis' lone Favorite Son, and—undoubtedly!— it's future mayor. Rikers was full, as was Blackgate, Iron Heights, Belle Reve and Alcatraz...

But in the end, he just wasn't sure what he was looking for, or what he expected to find. Re-entering the atmosphere, he remembered what was waiting for him back in Smallville, and couldn't repress a groan. *Maybe he could spare a few more hours looking...*

"Swing, Connor! Swing!" Lana shot up from her seat in the bleachers, as

the pitch came at her son.

CRACK! The softball sailed over the baseball diamond, and the nine-year old dropped his bat, put his head down and ran for all he was worth.

"Go, go, go!" Lana cheered, as Connor rounded first, his hit bouncing in the outfield. The other team scrambled for the ball, and Lana held her breath as her son and the ball both converged on third base...

"He's safe!" Declared the third base ref, in a cloud of dust.

Scattered applause rose up from the stands, led by a pleased and proud Lana, just as Clark came up to her and had a seat on the bleacher.

"It was great hit." He remarked, watching the little boy dust himself off.

Lana resumed her seat, looking at him askance. He was wearing his glasses, a look she was not used to.

"Where'd you run off to in such a hurry?" She asked, sparing him a glance as she waved encouragement at Connor.

"I— I had just remembered that I left a tractor running out by the north field. By the time I got there, it had overheated, and I had to go into town for a new carburetor... "

Lana grunted, obviously not buying it.

"Lois seems nice." She commented, offhandedly.

"Lana, *about* Lois—." Clark began, but she turned her smile on him, laying an arm on his.

"Clark, you don't have to explain. *We haven't seen each other in ten years.* I've had boyfriends, too. Well, not many, you understand. Okay, well, one... But he was a dancer in the ballet and I think he may have been gay, but that's beside the point. I never expected you not to live your life."

He shook his head, scratching his chin.

"Lois isn't my girlfriend, Lana. She's just a friend. From Metropolis. She's here working on a story... "

"Really?" She fixed him with an innocent stare. "Is the story about you? Because while you were gone, you were all she could talk about. She wanted to know every little detail about your childhood here. She seemed to be particularly interested that you had taken me to the prom. That's when Martha broke out the old photo albums. Ms. Lane even stayed for lunch, then I think she was headed over to the bank to interrogate— Ooops! I mean *interview!*— Pete, next."

"Can we forget about Lois for a moment!" He interjected. There was too much going on. He needed to take one thing at a time, and he would worry about Lois later.

"*Can* we?" Lana asked coolly, pointedly.

Clark sighed. "I won't deny that I have feelings for her, Lana. But I don't know if I'm the man she thinks I am, either. I need to sort that out for myself. And now with you back in my life... What I *do* know is that you and I need to talk. Because if I'm Connor's father... then, there are some things you need to know."

She fixed him with a serious expression, her brow furrowed. "*Am* I back in you life, Clark?"

He nodded. "I hope so." He took her hand. "I've missed you." His voice was thick with feeling, and his eyes shone behind those lenses with sincerity.

A reluctant smile turned her lips, and she lowered her head, her bangs falling into her eyes. When she looked back up they were bright with emotion.

"I told Connor we'd go get some ice cream after the game. Why don't you come with us?"

They walked down Main Street, Connor between them, licking their ice cream cones, looking for all the world like one happy little family.

"Thank Mr. Kent for the ice cream, Connor." Lana reminded the boy, who has contentedly attacking his treat.

"Thank you, Mr. Kent." The boy responded dutifully, but the look he shot Clark was one of undisguised resentment. Lana hadn't noticed it, but Clark was taken aback by it.

"You— You're welcome, Connor. You had a great game today." He decided to ignore the look, for it was gone as quickly as it had appeared when the boy went back to his ice cream cone.

"He usually gets a few good hits in." Lana said, proudly. "On his old team, back in Star City, he hit one out of the park in the last game. The coach could hardly believe it. Said the ball flew not only out of the park, but out of the schoolyard. There were scorch marks on it when they found it the next day, embedded in the side of a tree!"

Clark bit his lip. He recalled knocking around a few balls with Pete, when he was not too much older than Connor, and watching them sail into the atmosphere...

"Does stuff like that happen very often?" He tried to sound casual about it, but Lana heard something in his voice. She glanced at him sharply.

"What do you mean? Home runs?"

"Not quite..." He hedged.

Connor glanced up at him briefly, rolling his eyes.

"What *do* you mean then, Clark, and why do you ask?"

Before he could respond, Connor piped up: "Mom, I have to go to the bathroom."

They were across the street from Pops, the Soda Fountain Shoppe, in

which he and Lana as well as Pete and Chloe had spent hours and a lot of allowance money.

"C'mon." Lana had spotted it too, and the three of them crossed the street towards it.

The shoppe looked the same as it did when Clark was a kid, and had probably looked the same way when his parents were kids, too. He took a seat at the counter as Connor scurried into the men's room, and Lana excused herself, too, for the ladies' room.

Pop himself was behind the counter, rinsing glasses in the sink, and gave Clark an inquiring look.

"Howdy, Clark. Malted?"

"No thanks, Pop. I'm all set. Just waiting for Lana... "

"Just like old times, huh?" Pop smiled. "Everyone always *thought* you two would end up together... "

Clark felt his cheeks redden, but he did not bother to correct the kindly old shopkeeper.

He was going to have to tell her, he realized. There was something about Connor that was not... *normal*. And more than likely, the boy knew it already. No doubt he would be scared, confused... He was going to have to tell her.

When she came out of the ladies' room, he was immediately struck by a vision of her that he had long cradled close to his heart. They had come to Pop's after their junior prom. Both Lana and Chloe had gone into the ladies' room to freshen up, while Clark and Pete had waited, barely able to believe their luck. When they had come out— Clark had only had eyes for her. She was the vision of youthful sweetness and innocence, she was everything good about the world, everything worth fighting for— and she took his breath away.

Now, she was a little older, but no less beautiful. The innocence was tinged with a little sadness, but there was a genuineness and a light of

spirit there that was unmistakable— and she still took his breath away.

She noticed him watching her, and she smiled softly, perhaps a little embarrassed at what she saw on his face.

Impulsively, and before he knew what he was doing, Clark got up, and moved to her. Their kiss was nothing like what he shared with Lois. It was different, but no less thrilling. Less electric, but no less passionate.

The Connor emerged from the men's room.

He stared at them, standing perfectly still. Lana pulled away from Clark, going to her son. His expression had become a downright *glower*— storm-clouds were brewing in that look!— and it was entirely focused on Clark.

"Connor, what's wrong, honey—."

Then the storm broke. Connor, raised an arm to brush away his concerned mother, and the motion sent Lana hurtling backwards with a stunned cry. The boy's eyes burned a deep, unnatural crimson...

Clark barely had time to brace himself for the blast. Twin beams of hot power shot from Connor's eyes, slamming him across the room, into an old-fashioned jukebox.

Dazed, Clark raised his head, in time to see the boy unleash his heat vision indiscriminately across the shoppe, Pop and his customers all ducking for cover.

That's when Clark realized it wasn't indiscriminate— Connor was looking for a gas line!

He sat up, his shirt smoking, revealing his 'S' shield beneath, and he yelled the boy's name.

At the same time across the street, Lois Lane waited and sipped her

coffee (best she could do in a town with no Starbucks); she had watched Clark and Lana and that queer little boy go into the soda shoppe, telling herself that she was not being a creepy stalker. She was sure she was right about Clark, but she wasn't sure yet what she was going to do with the information. And she had never considered before that she might have a rival...

Perhaps she should pack it all up and go back to Metropolis that night? After all, what could be gained by—.

Loud screams and the sound of violence erupted from the shoppe across the street. She glimpsed pandemonium through the plate glass window-front. Before she could do anything else, a concussive blast threw her against a wall, the soda shoppe exploded in a gaseous yellow and red fireball... !

To be continued!

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A strange visitor from another planet comes to Metropolis--- and Superman is all that stands in his way! It's a battle royale in the skies and streets of the City of Tomorrow as a mistake from Jor-El's past comes back to haunt his son. And intrepid reporter Lois Lane is onto the story of her career, but can the Man of Steel save her when she goes too far?

The Adventures of Superman #1 (2005)

The Adventures of Superman: Lost Sons of Krypton, Pt. 1: A War of Brothers!

Zod, the Destroyer of Krypton, has come to Earth, and with his Tigris and Hound, the bastard son of Jor-El, at his side, can even Superman stand against him? Meanwhile, Lois plays a deadly game to get to the bottom of the sinister machinations of Lex Luthor!

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Superman leads a desperate assault on the Antarctic Kingdom of Zod. But even with the aid of an unexpected ally, can the Man of Steel overthrow the might of the Destroyer and his Doomsday Bomb?

Wonder Woman #0 (2005)

Wonder Woman: A Game of Gods and Men, Prelude.

Meet the Amazing Amazon as she hosts a summit of world leaders at Themyscira House--- but danger stalks the hallowed halls as a familiar foe lurks, thirsty for the blood of her enemy Wonder Woman! Meanwhile, on Paradise Island, former USAAF Colonel Steve Trevor becomes embroiled in the deadly affairs of gods and men--- and learns that sometimes they are one and the same!

Detective Comics #0 (2005)

Detective Comics: Lustmord, Prelude.

A wicked new serial killer with a bloody history stalks the night-time streets of Gotham, and no one is safe! Reeling from personal crises, the Dark Knight must confront hidden dangers from his own past and new enemies laying in wait for him... From Crime Alley to Arkham Asylum, Batman is tested by a diabolical mastermind!

Detective Comics #1 (2005)

Detective Comics: Lustmord: Shadows and Fog.

The mystery of the Gotham Ripper deepens as his murderous rampage continues. Batman haunts the streets and shadows, determined to bring the lunatic to justice, but in Arkham Asylum, plots are laid for the Dark Knight's demise!

Detective Comics #2 (2005)

Detective Comics: Lustmord: An Uncommon Fondness for Blood.

With Vicki Vale in the clutches of the Gotham Ripper, Batman must contend with a foe who has studied him for years--- and discovered his secret identity! This is the gruesome conclusion to the Lustmord storyline!

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman #0 (2005)

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman: Under Ancient Stars.

In the days of the pharaohs, in the land of the pyramids, is born a hero for all time! Defying the will of men and gods, Prince Khufu and his beloved Chay-Ara embark upon a destiny filled with triumph and tragedy, sacrifice and murder. With the wizard Nabu and the champion of Shazam who will one day be known as Black Adam at their side, they must use the power of the otherworldly Thanagarian Nth Metal and the gifts of the hawk-god Horus to defeat the villainous immortal tyrant known as Vandal Savage! Born in the fires of war, undying passion and treacherous betrayal, this is a definitive retelling of the ancient origin of the hero who will be known as--- Hawkman!

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman #2 (2005)

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman: Wings of Destiny, Part 2.

The two part origin arc of the Golden Age Hawkman concludes as Carter Hall takes up the mantle of the immortal hero and races against time to save Shiera Saunders from the clutches of the

villainous Dr. Anton Hastor! But first he must survive the attack of the undead Sons of Anubis, and defeat the man who is destined to slay him!

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman #1 (2005)

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman: Wings of Destiny, Part 1.
"Wings of Destiny, Pt. 1" First in a two part origin arc! It is 1938, and the world hovers on the brink of war... Troubled by dreams of past lives, museum curator and archaeologist Carter Hall receives a mysterious package from a lost colleague that sends him across the globe to Egypt, where he will be reunited with an immortal love and encounter an enemy that stalks him through the ages! A hero discovers his destiny as the Golden Age Hawkman is born!

Wonder Woman #1 (2005)

Wonder Woman: The Swords of the Amazons!
As Wonder Woman hunts the Cheetah, Doom's Doorway opens and Themyscira is besieged by the horrors of the underworld! Diana must contend with a deadly and secret mastermind determined to destroy her and all she holds dear!

Teen Titans #0 (2005)

Teen Titans: Friends and Heroes.
Reeling from recent harrowing events in Gotham, Dick Grayson struggles with the decision to hang up his cape and mask forever as he goes off to college in New York City. Joined by Roy Harper and Wally West, the trio have a fateful meeting with the girls who will forever change their lives! Guest starring Wonder Woman!

Wonder Woman #2 (2005)

Wonder Woman: The Rage of Angels.
As the Minotaur leads the Sons of Uranus against the walls of Themyscira and Wonder Woman does battle with Typhon, the Father of Monsters, a more devastating threat comes to Olympus... Nothing will be the same after this issue!

Teen Titans #1 (2005)

Teen Titans: Serpent's Tooth, Part 1 (of 2).
As the team comes together, Wally West is seduced by a mysterious girl with a dangerous secret. The Titans must infiltrate the

church of a fanatical ancient cult to rescue one of their own, but a fierce enemy awaits them: Enter Brother Blood!

Teen Titans #2 (2005)

Teen Titans: Serpent's Tooth, Part 2 (of 2).

The Titans have fallen to Mother Mayhem and a dark messiah is on the brink of awakening! Only Dick Grayson and his new ally, the mysterious and dangerous girl known as Raven, stand in the way of the resurrection of the dreaded... Brother Blood!

New Outsiders #0 (2005)

New Outsiders: What Happens in Vegas...

PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS A MATURE READERS TITLE.

A gritty and realistic look at vice, corruption and superheroing in Sin City! Meet the New Outsiders---Green Arrow, Black Canary, Huntress, Batgirl, Zatanna, and a driven District Attorney named Adrian Chase, the Vigilante!--- an unorthodox team of heroes banded together to stand against a sinister conspiracy and depraved foes!

New Outsiders #1 (2005)

New Outsiders: House Rules: Luck be a Lady.

PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS A MATURE READERS TITLE.

Things heat up in Vegas as the Vigilante and Huntress face off against each other, and Green Arrow and Black Canary enlist the aid of young college prodigy Barbara Gordon to break into L'Inferno and rescue an old friend from the clutches of the criminal organization, the House, and its cruel mistress, Roulette--- and only Zatanna stands in their way!

New Outsiders #2 (2005)

New Outsiders: House Rules: The Most Dangerous Game.

PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS A MATURE READERS TITLE.

With Black Lightning's life at stake and Green Arrow and Black Canary in the clutches of the House, Batgirl looks for some unlikely allies as she plays a dangerous game with Roulette in the conclusion of the New Outsiders origin arc!

JSA: Legends of the Golden Age #0 (2005)

Justice Society of America: Legends of the Golden Age: The Society, Prelude.

In the dark days before WWII, A Secret Society of Super Villains unleash a masterplan to seize the world in its iron grip of tyranny! But, in the gathering shadows of war, there is a glimmer of hope! The emerging mystery men of America--- Hawkman! the Flash! Hourman! the Atom! Starman! Dr. Fate! the Sandman! and the Amazing Amazon, Wonder Woman!--- rise up in a Justice Society to oppose the evil oppressors! But can even they withstand--- the Spear of Destiny!?!

All-Star Comics #1 (2006)

All-Star Comics: Captain Marvel, Part 1 (of 2).

At last! The history of the World's Mightiest Mortal in the DC2 is finally revealed! The ancient wizard Shazam recalls the career of his champion, even as foes from the past regroup to threaten the world once more. But will there be a Captain Marvel to stand against them?

Action Comics #7 (2006)

Action Comics: Hostile Takeover.

What is Genesis Corporation? Clark and Lois want to know--- and so does Lex Luthor! The Countdown to the Crisis heats up as some major players are revealed and a three-way brawl erupts in the skies over Metropolis!

Action Comics #8 (2006)

Action Comics: For All Mankind...

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 9!

Darkseid has assembled nearly all of the components to complete the Anti-Life Equation. Now, Wonder Woman leads a daring mission to the very gates of Darkseid's palace to rescue the Man of Steel and bring hope to the war-torn planet Earth! Don't dare miss this pivotal chapter, as one man shows just what it means to be a hero! You won't believe the shocking ending!

Action Comics #9 (2006)

Action Comics: Return to Smallville, Part 1 (of 4).

In the wake of the crisis, the greatest tragedy of his life brings Clark Kent home to Smallville. But can you go home again? A new

era in the life of the Man of Steel begins here! New dangers await, an old romance is rekindled--- and you won't believe the shocking ending!

Action Comics #11 (2006)

Action Comics: Return to Smallville, Part 3 (of 4).

The mystery villain stands revealed and the truth about Connor finally comes out! Superman stands alone against friend and foe alike and the surprises keeps coming in this penultimate chapter of the new adventures of the Man of Steel!

All-Star Comics #2 (2006)

All-Star Comics: Captain Marvel, Part 2 (of 2).

Billy Batson has no time to adjust to his new role as Captain Marvel as the Monster Society of Evil unleashes their attack upon Fawcett City! And not even the wizard Shazam is safe when the villains storm the Rock of Eternity and a new, deadly fiend is born!

Wonder Woman #8 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Hell Hath No Fury...

All-Star Comics #5 (2006)

All-Star Comics: Martian Manhunter.

Snatched across time and space by the machine of Dr. Erdel, J'onnn J'onzz is the Last Son of Mars, a dead planet wasted by a telepathic plague created by his own brother. On Earth, he is the Martian Manhunter, a crusader for justice in the years after the JSA retired and before the advent of Superman. Now, hoping to at last find his place on his adopted homeworld, he is John Jones, Private Investigator--- but his quiet retirement is at an end when a beautiful dame walks into his office with legs to kill for and a fiery disposition...

Rogues Gallery #1 (2006)

Rogues Gallery: Catwoman: Hot Tin Roof.

A wave of cat burglaries sweeps through Gotham's elite society! But as the Crown Jewels of Bahdnesia come to the city, can the beautiful socialite Selina Kyle resist the lure? Sparks fly when

Batman comes face to face for the first time with the deadly feline fatale, Catwoman!

DC2 Special #1: An Arkham Christmas Carol (2006)

DC2 Special: An Arkham Christmas Carol.

Wonder Woman #4 (2006)

Wonder Woman: The Eye of the Storm.

The true enemy is at last revealed, and the gods of Olympus discover there is a traitor among them! Meanwhile, the war on Paradise Island comes to a turning point as mysterious new arrivals appear--- but are they friends or foes? And in the end, Diana must set out upon a new quest to save everything she holds dear...

Wonder Woman #5 (2006)

Wonder Woman: The Quest for the Syrinx.

Nemesis is awake, and destined to bring about the end of the cosmos! Only the Syrinx, the Pipes of Pan, can stave off the inevitable fate of the universe, and now Diana, Hippolytus and Steve Trevor set off on a quest to the isle of the witch to find the legendary artifact. But will Circle prove Wonder Woman's most implacable foe yet?

As the traitor to Olympus makes his next move, the gods brace themselves for the final assault of the Furies!

Wonder Woman #3 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Horns of Doom.

Both Olympus and Paradise Island are reeling from the cataclysmic events of last issue, and the true enemy is at last revealed! Be here when Wonder Woman and the Minotaur face off at last under the walls of Themyscira!

Wonder Woman #6 (2006)

Wonder Woman: The Isle of the Witch.

The Quest for the Syrinx continues! As Wonder Woman confronts her old enemy, the witch Circe, the plots and machinations of all the players start to become known: friends are not who they seem and the true plans of the Olympian traitor are revealed as the

Game of Gods and Mortals hurtles towards it's epic conclusion next issue!

Wonder Woman #7 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Down the Widening Gyre.

Wonder Woman must journey into the Underworld to retrieve the Mask of Hecate for Circe, as time is running out! Even the Gods of Olympus prepare to meet their end as Nemesis, She Whom None Can Escape finally rises to work her terrible will, and the final moves of the Game of Gods and Mortals are played out! The Olympian traitor is revealed--- and his masterplan at last is clear!--- in this penultimate chapter of the epic storyline that began in Issue 0!

Wonder Woman #9 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Armageddon Aria.

The war is over and Wonder Woman is faced with a host of new problems: what to do about the war-like Lost Amazons, who will rule Paradise Island--- and who wants her to get... married?!? And Godfrey's Glorious Crusades reaches fever pitch as a deadly new foe is unleashed upon Diana--- and leads directly into next month's crisis!

Wonder Woman #10 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Darkseid Is.

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 13!

At long last, the Anti-Life Equation is within the grasp of the Lord of Apokolips! The world's greatest heroes come together for the first time--- to destroy each other! Don't miss the epic battle as Wonder Woman stands alone against a world turned against her!

JSA: Legends of the Golden Age #1 (2006)

JSA: Legends of the Golden Age: Attack of the Giant Nazi Robots!

It's mayhem at the 1939 Worlds Fair in New York, as Baron Blitzkrieg attacks the greatest gathering of scientific minds in the world, and the Secret Society of Super Villains continue their quest for the Three Holy Artifacts!

This is it! The birth of the JSA!

Teen Titans #10 (2006)

Teen Titans: Forever and Never, Amen!
Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 7!
The city of Metropolis teeters on the edge of an uneasy peace as the truce between Lex Luthor and Darkseid begins to break down. Who are the Forever People and what happens when they turn the city of refugees against the Titans? Bedlam ensues!

Justice League #0 (2006)
Justice League: Justice Falls.
Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, concludes!
This is it! The final battle between Earth and Apokolips as the World's Greatest Heroes take the fight to Darkseid! Don't dare miss this issue--- one year in the making!--- and the senses-shattering conclusion to this epic storyline!

Justice League #1 (2006)
Justice League: A League of His Own, Part 1.
It's finally here! The World's Greatest Heroes have come together as one! But not everyone is happy about that... It's the grand opening of the Hall of Justice, and all of Metropolis has turned out to honor their saviors. But hatred and jealousy lurk in the heart of one man as he schemes to destroy the newly-formed League! And this time, the League has met its match!

Justice League #2 (2006)
Justice League: A League of His Own, Conclusion.
The most powerful members of the Justice League have fallen to Amazo. Now, only Batman stands against the villainous Professor Ivo and his killer android, with all the powers of the World's Greatest Heroes at his disposal...

World's Finest #1: Batman (2007)
Join us on Earth-X for the re-imagined Batman and his new adventures.

World's Finest #1: Superman (2007)
Join us on Earth-X for the re-imagined Superman and his new adventures.

World's Finest #1: Wonder Woman (2007)

Join us on Earth-X for the re-imagined Wonder Woman and her new adventures.

All-Star Comics Annual #1 (2007)

All-Star Comics Annual: Justice Society of America: The Time of Their Lives.

All-Star Comics #10 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 1 (of 4)

All-Star Comics #11 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 2 (of 4)

All-Star Comics #12 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 3 (of 4).

All-Star Comics #13 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 4 (of 4).

The Flash #23 (2008)

The Flash: Flash of Infinite Worlds!

When Barry Allen agreed to help his good friend Ray Palmer with an experiment, he never thought he'd find himself in another reality! The Cosmic Treadmill takes the Scarlet Speedster to a parallel Earth, and just may give him a glimpse at his own tragic destiny! Can even the Flash fight the future? Find out in this first ever DC2/DC3 crossover issue as we enter the Multiverse!

Adventure Comics #11 (2010)

Adventure Comics: Stranger New Visitor.

The long-awaited return of the DC2's original Superman book, by its original creative team! Springing from the pages of last month's "Action and Adventure" Annuals, the new era for the Man of Steel continues here, as Lois investigates the sinister Evil Factory, a strange figure in a familiar costume arrives and a threat from beyond the stars strikes in the heart of Metropolis... A huge storyline for the Man of Tomorrow begins here!



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