

ALL★
STAR

SUPERMAN®







WHY NOW?

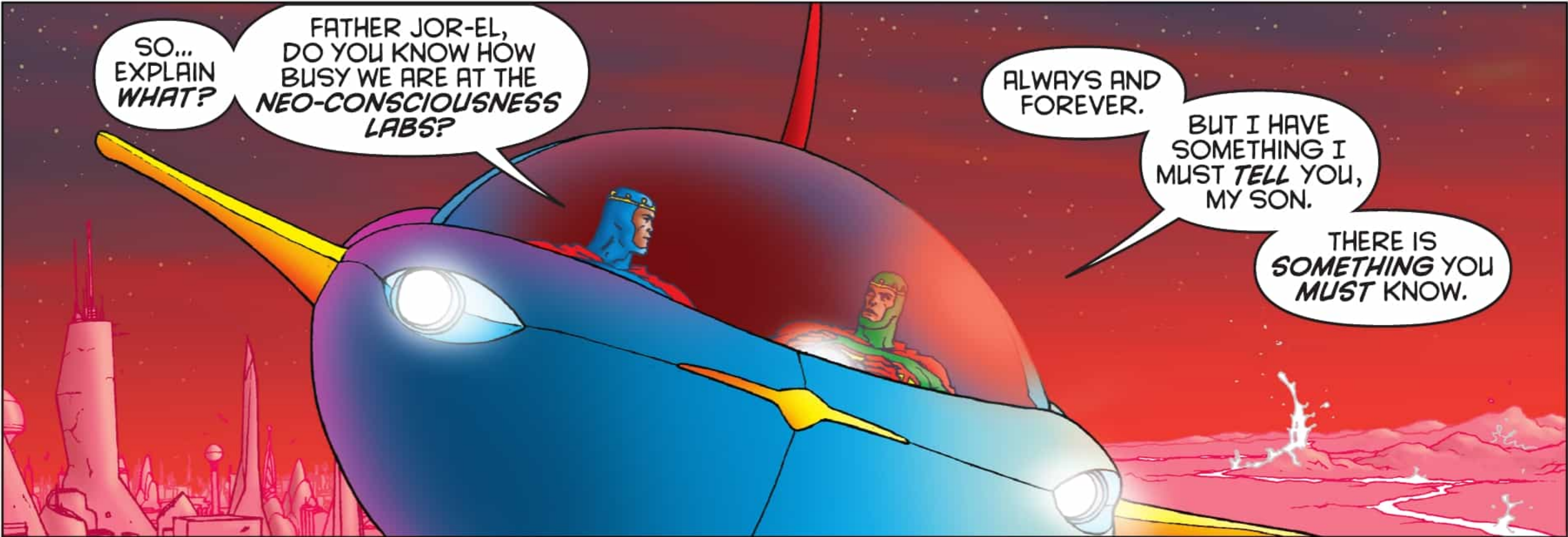


WHY DID YOU BRING ME *ALL* THE WAY FROM THE *SCIENCE PLAZA* DURING A MAJOR COREQUAKE?

JOR-EL!

JOIN ME, KAL-EL.

I'LL EXPLAIN *EVERYTHING* ON THE WAY.



SO... EXPLAIN *WHAT?*

FATHER JOR-EL, DO YOU KNOW HOW BUSY WE ARE AT THE *NEO-CONSCIOUSNESS LABS?*

ALWAYS AND FOREVER.

BUT I HAVE SOMETHING I MUST *TELL* YOU, MY SON.

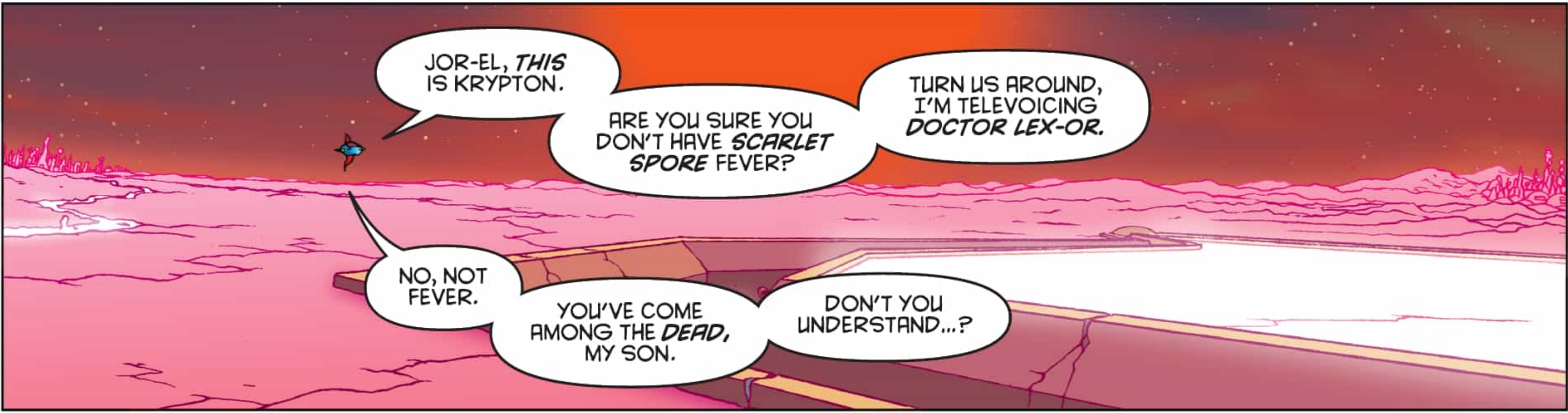
THERE IS *SOMETHING* YOU *MUST* KNOW.



I'M *DEAD*, KAL-EL.

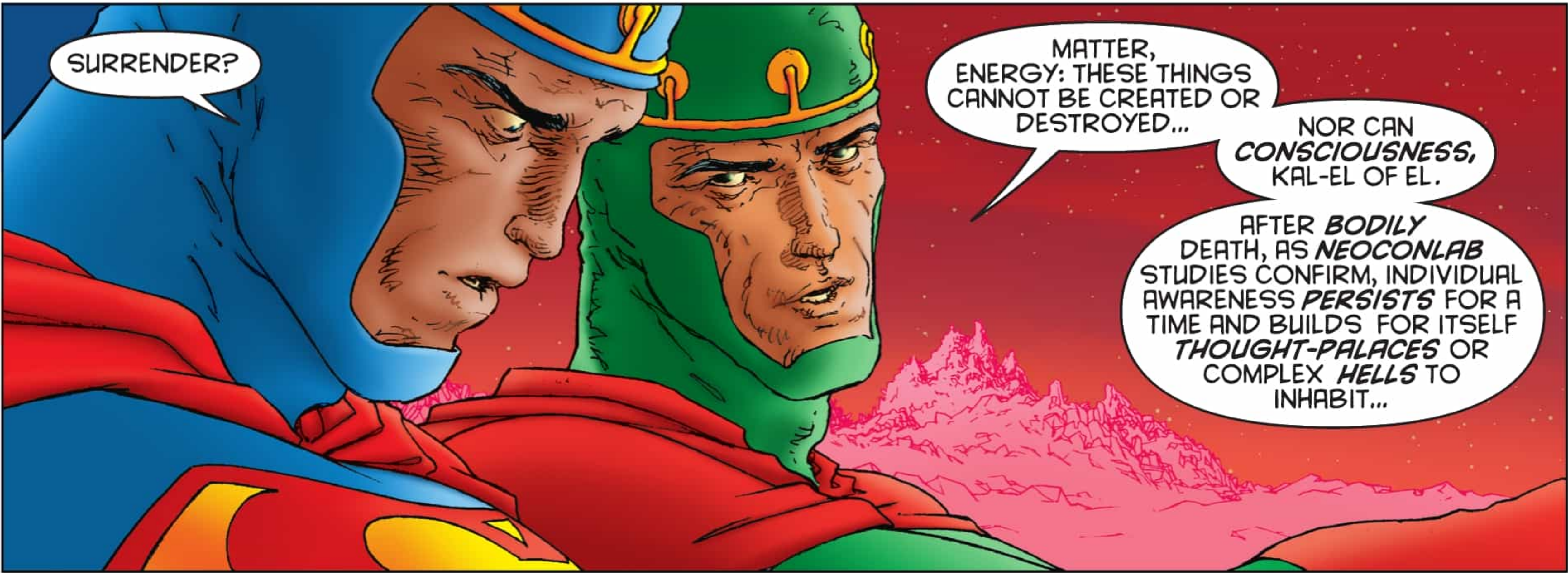
I DIED WHEN THE WORLD OF KRYPTON *TORE ITSELF APART* IN A CATAclysmic EXPLOSION.

MYSELF, YOUR MOTHER, OUR PEOPLE...ARE ALL *GONE*.



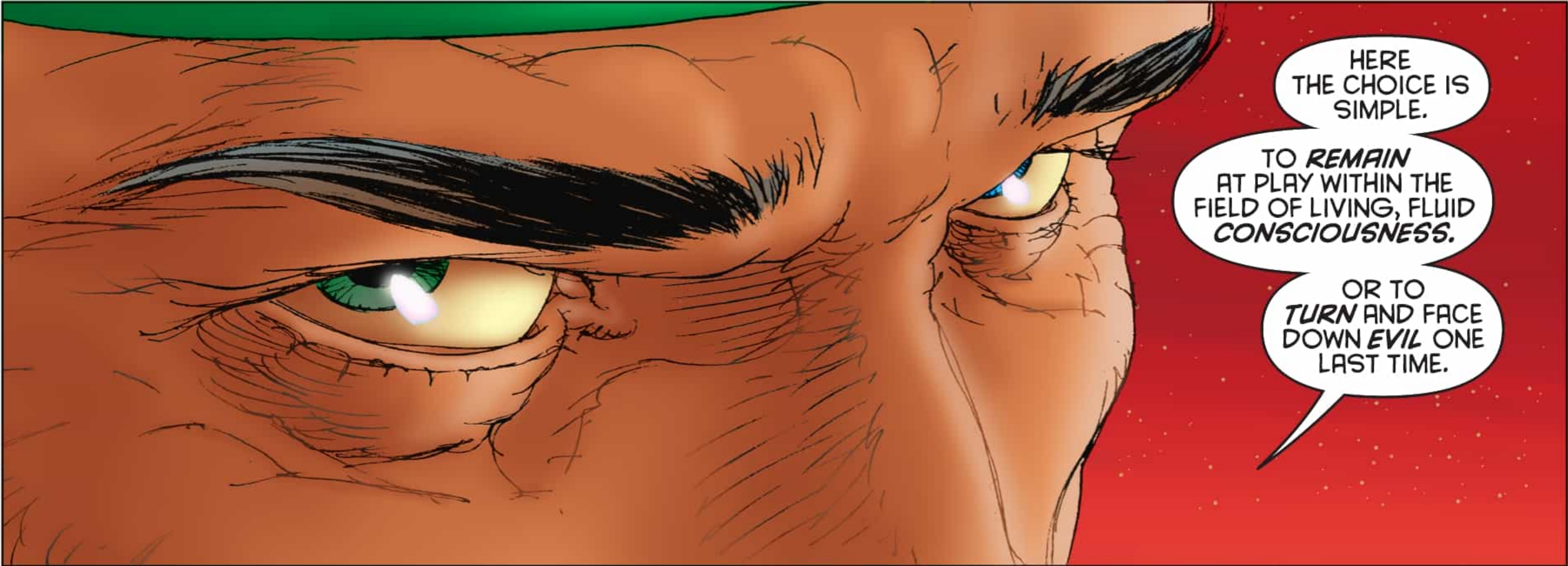


DC COMICS PRESENTS ALL STAR SUPERMAN EPISODE 12
WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON PENCILLED BY FRANK QUITELY
DIGITALLY INKED & COLORED BY JAMIE GRANT



LETTERED BY TRAVIS LANHAM EDITORIAL ASSISTS BY BRANDON MONTCLARE
EDITED BY BOB SCHRECK SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
A DC COMICS PRODUCTION

DC GENERAL AUDIENCES
PULSE-POUNDING, RIP-ROARING ACTION TO BE ENJOYED BY ALL

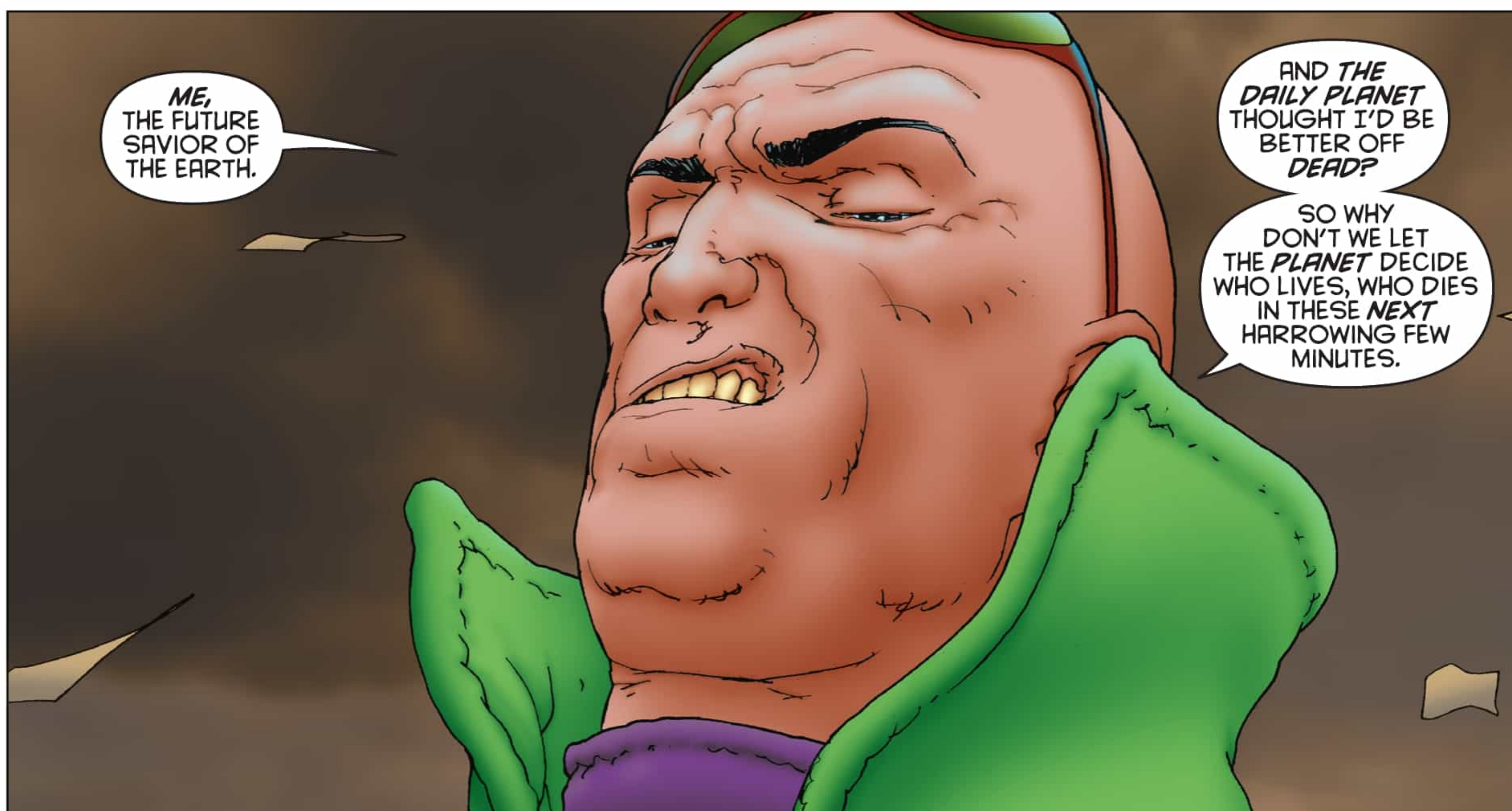




YOU
DECIDE--

YOU'RE
THE ONES WHO
SENT ME TO THE
ELECTRIC
CHAIR!

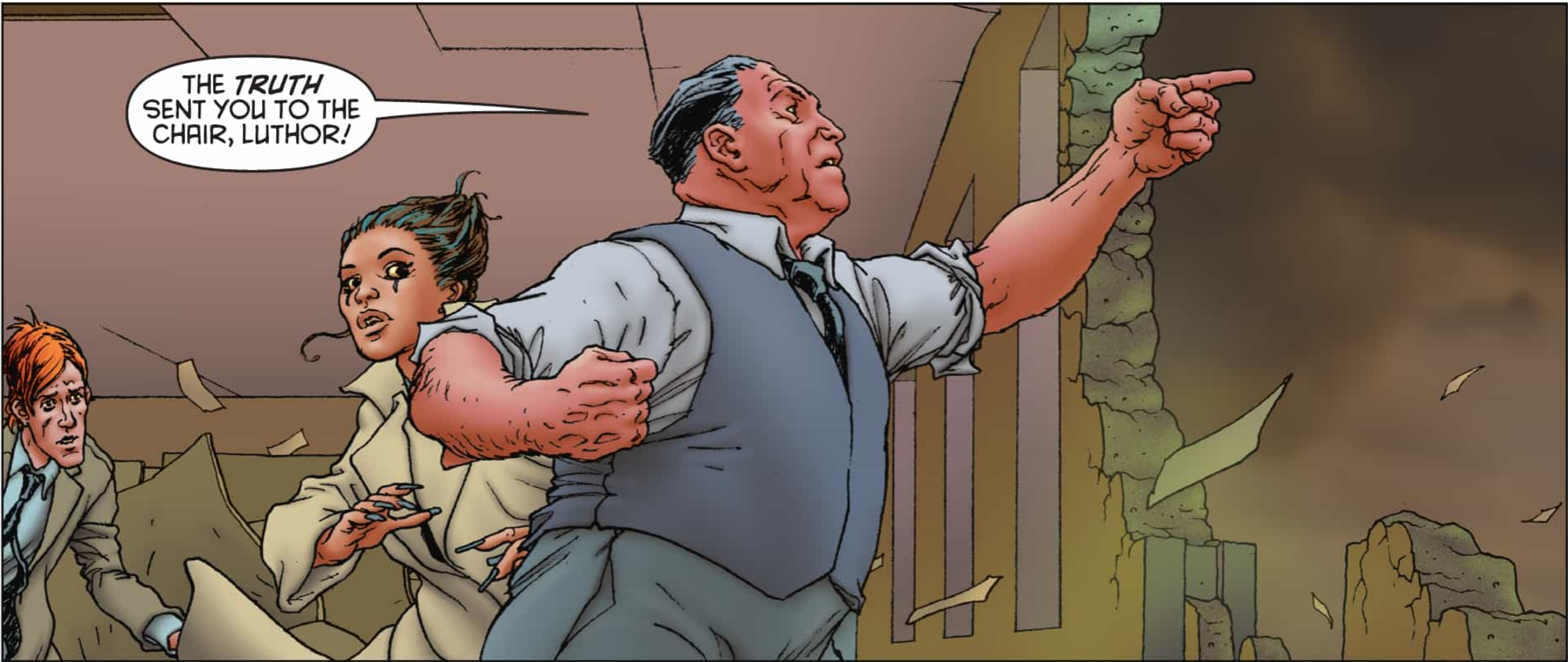
SUPERMAN IN EXCELSIS



ME,
THE FUTURE
SAVIOR OF
THE EARTH.

AND THE
DAILY PLANET
THOUGHT I'D BE
BETTER OFF
DEAD?

SO WHY
DON'T WE LET
THE PLANET DECIDE
WHO LIVES, WHO DIES
IN THESE NEXT
HARROWING FEW
MINUTES.



THE *TRUTH*
SENT YOU TO THE
CHAIR, LUTHOR!



IS THAT RIGHT,
MISTER WHITE?

FUNNY, I DON'T
SEE THE TRUTH *ANYWHERE*
AROUND, DO YOU?

I MEAN,
WHAT *COLOR*
IS IT?

CAN
I *TOUCH*
IT?



NAH,
I DON'T
THINK
SO!

LEX!

STOP!



I KNOW
WHAT THE
POWER'S
LIKE.

I'VE FELT THE
ARTIFICIAL *RUSH*, THE
CLARITY OF THOSE
SUPER SENSES... THAT
MIND... USE IT...

PLEASE
JUST *THINK*
FOR A MINUTE,
LEX!

SHE'S *RIGHT*,
MISTER LUTHOR.

YOU HAVE
TO LET IT ALL
SINK IN.



TURN THAT DAMN
ULTRASONIC WATCH OFF!
SUPERMAN WON'T
ANSWER.

AND
AS FOR *YOU*,
MISS LANE...
FINE...

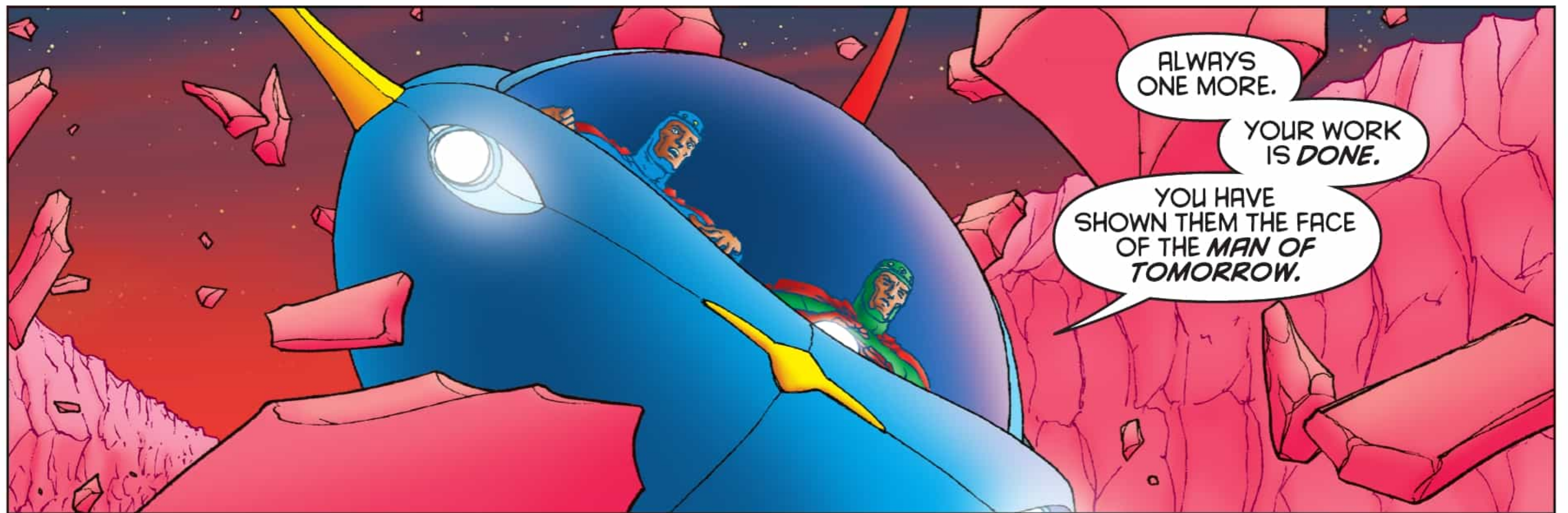
YOU'RE
AN *AMBITIOUS*
GIRL AND I'M SURE I
CAN FIND SOME *ROOM*
IN MY OUTFIT FOR A
PROPAGANDA
SPOKESPERSON.



BUT IF *I'M*
DEAD... THEN...

... **SUPERMAN**
IS DEAD.

THERE WAS
ONE MORE
LABOR...



ALWAYS
ONE MORE.

YOUR WORK
IS **DONE**.

YOU HAVE
SHOWN THEM THE FACE
OF THE **MAN OF**
TOMORROW.



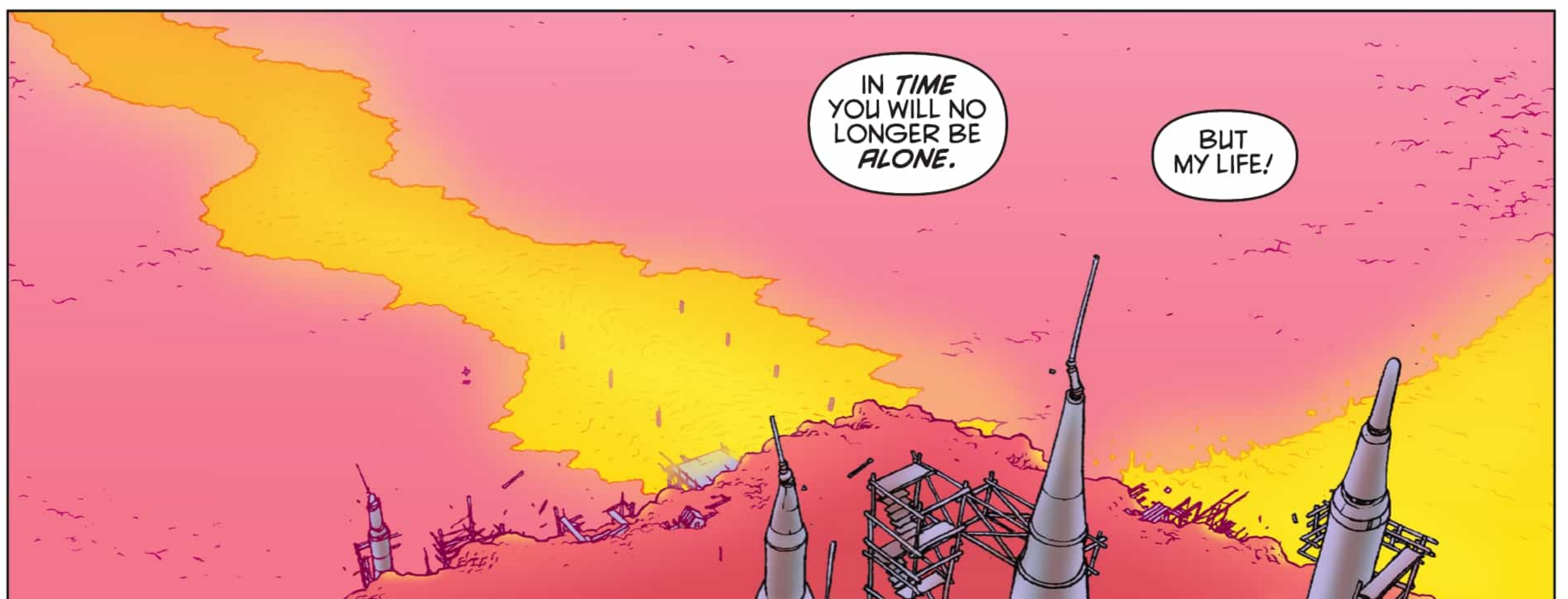
YOU HAVE GIVEN THEM
AN **IDEAL** TO ASPIRE TO, **EMBODIED**
THEIR HIGHEST ASPIRATIONS.

THEY WILL **RACE**, AND
STUMBLE, AND FALL AND CRAWL...
AND CURSE...

...AND
FINALLY...



... THEY
WILL **JOIN**
YOU IN THE SUN,
KAL-EL.



IN **TIME**
YOU WILL NO
LONGER BE
ALONE.

BUT
MY LIFE!



MY LIFE!

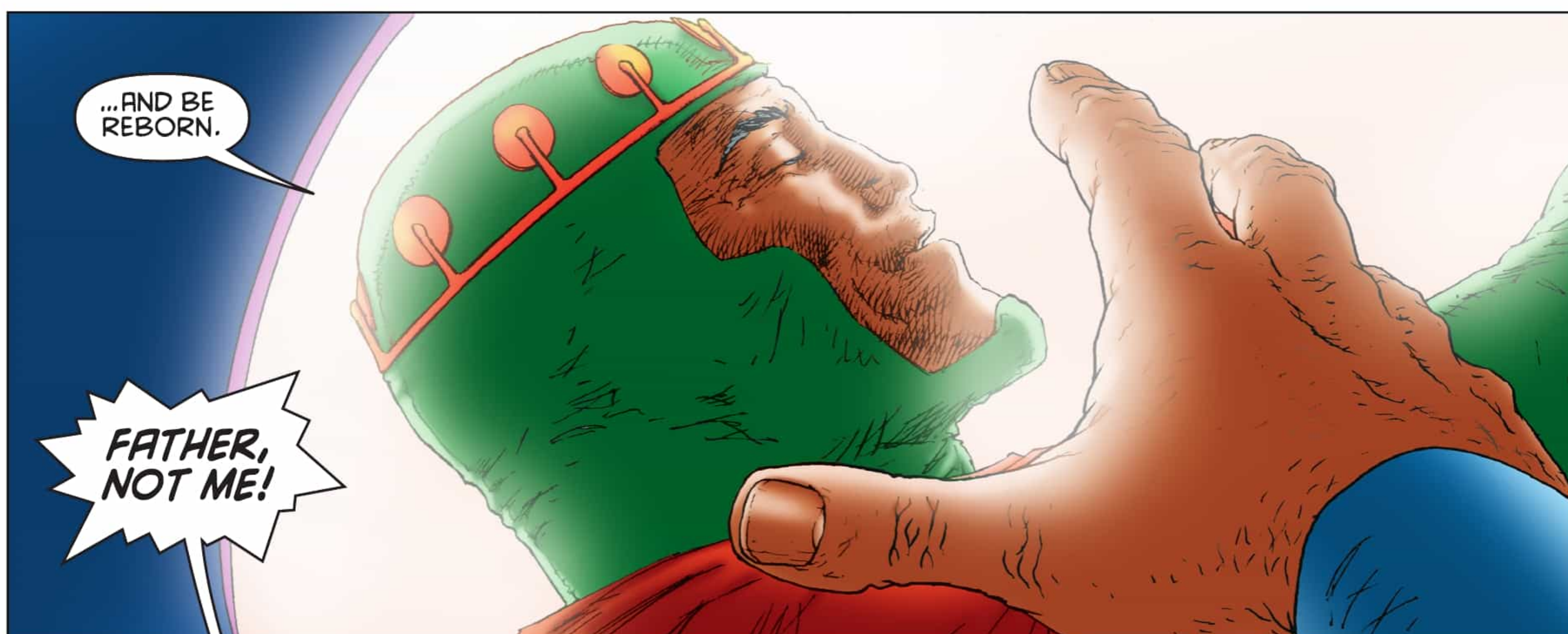
FOR KRYPTON, IT WAS *ALWAYS* TOO LATE!

BUT THE *BEST* OF US, THE *GOLD* IN US, WILL SURVIVE IN YOU!



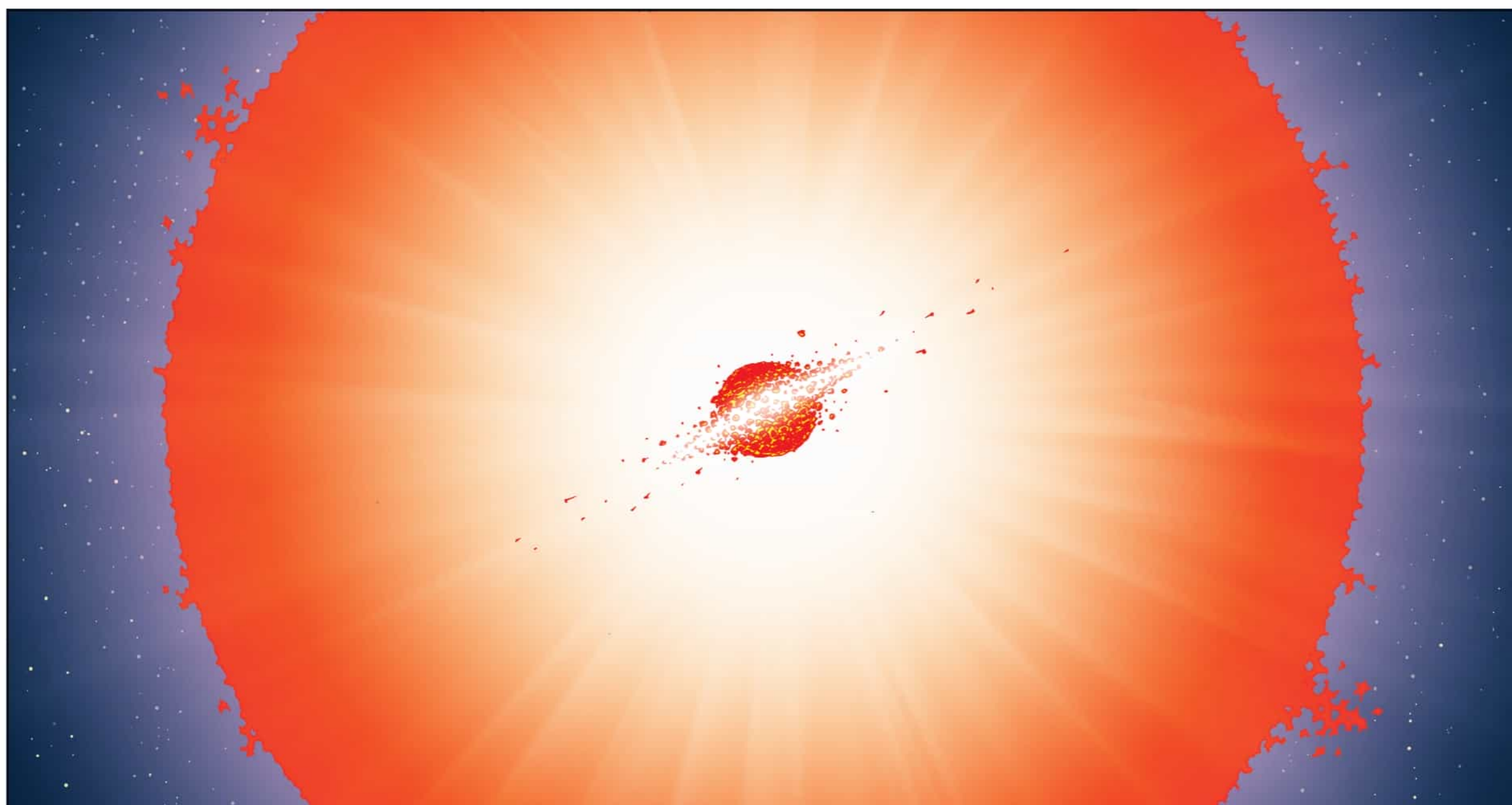
ALL THAT IS IMPURE WILL BE BURNED TO *ASH*.

AND ALL THAT IS STRONG AND GREAT AND TRUE WILL *SURVIVE*...



...AND BE REBORN.

FATHER, NOT ME!





COME ON, CLARK! YOU CAN DO IT, BUDDY

COME ON!

I'M SORRY FOR ALL THOSE TIMES I PLAYED TRICKS ON YOU.



WHY WASTE YOUR TIME ON KENT?

WHAT DID HE DO WITH THAT **AMAZING** INTERVIEW I GAVE HIM! HE--

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THIS? I'M TALKING.

PICTURES FROM OUR **SINGAPORE** NEWSDESK.

THE SUN IS **BLUE**, MISTER LUTHOR...

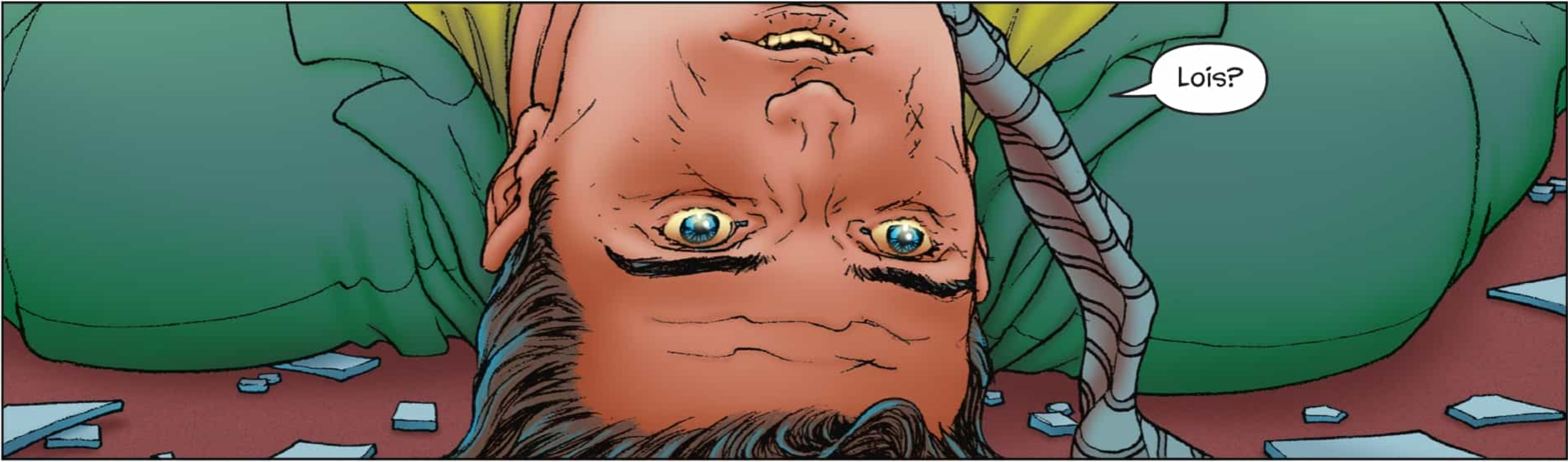
SOLARIS DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU AND **POISONED THE SUN**, LEX!

SOMEONE OR SOME **THING** EXPLOITED YOUR **VANITY** TO GET REVENGE ON THE **WHOLE WORLD**, YET **AGAIN**, YOU IDIOT!



IDIOT?

UNNGHH!



Lois?



YOU DON'T THINK I'LL **REPAIR THE SUN**!?

YOU WATCH ME!

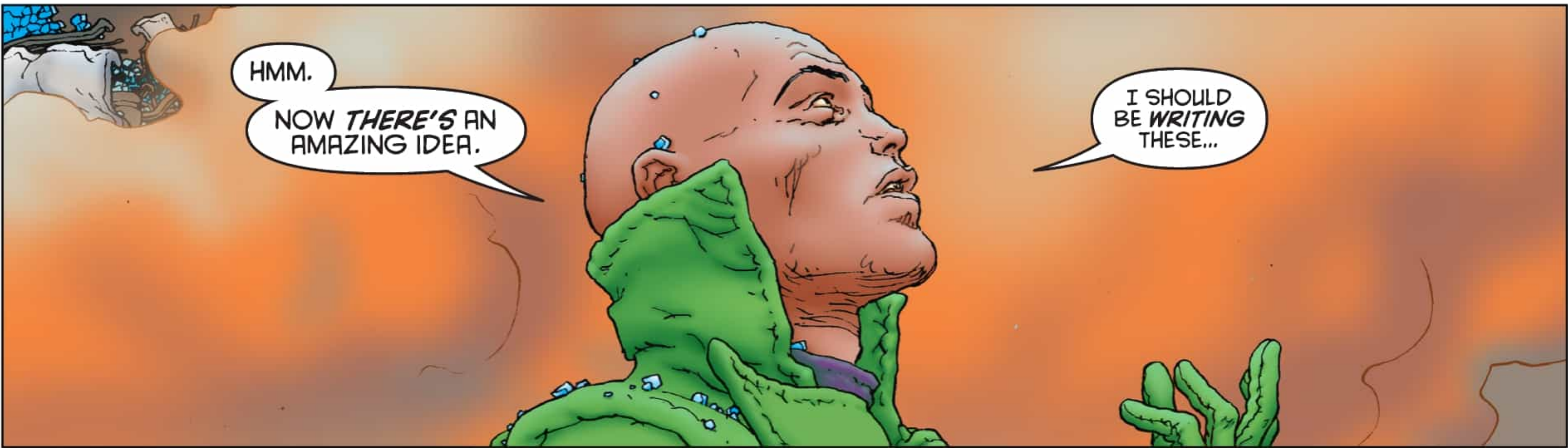
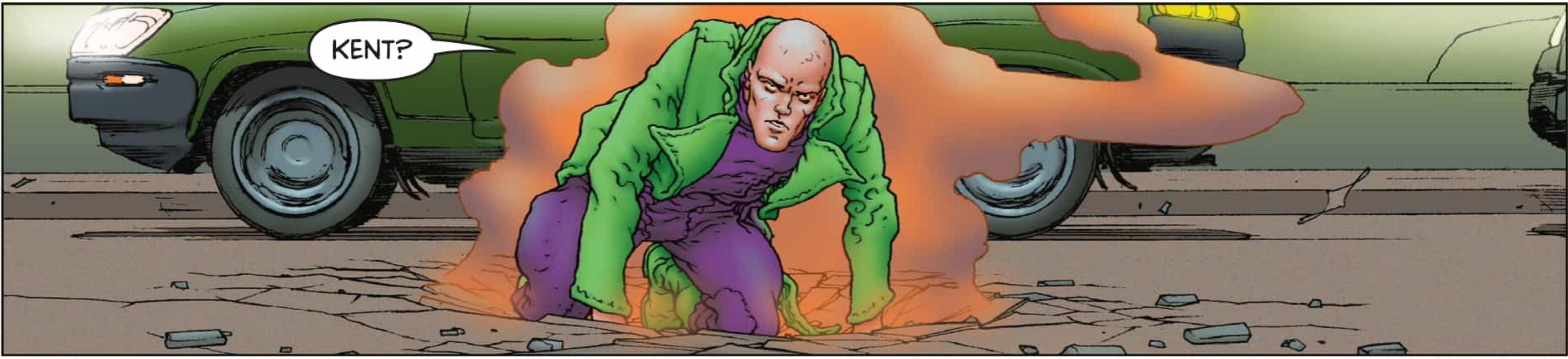
YOU WRITE THE **HEADLINES**!

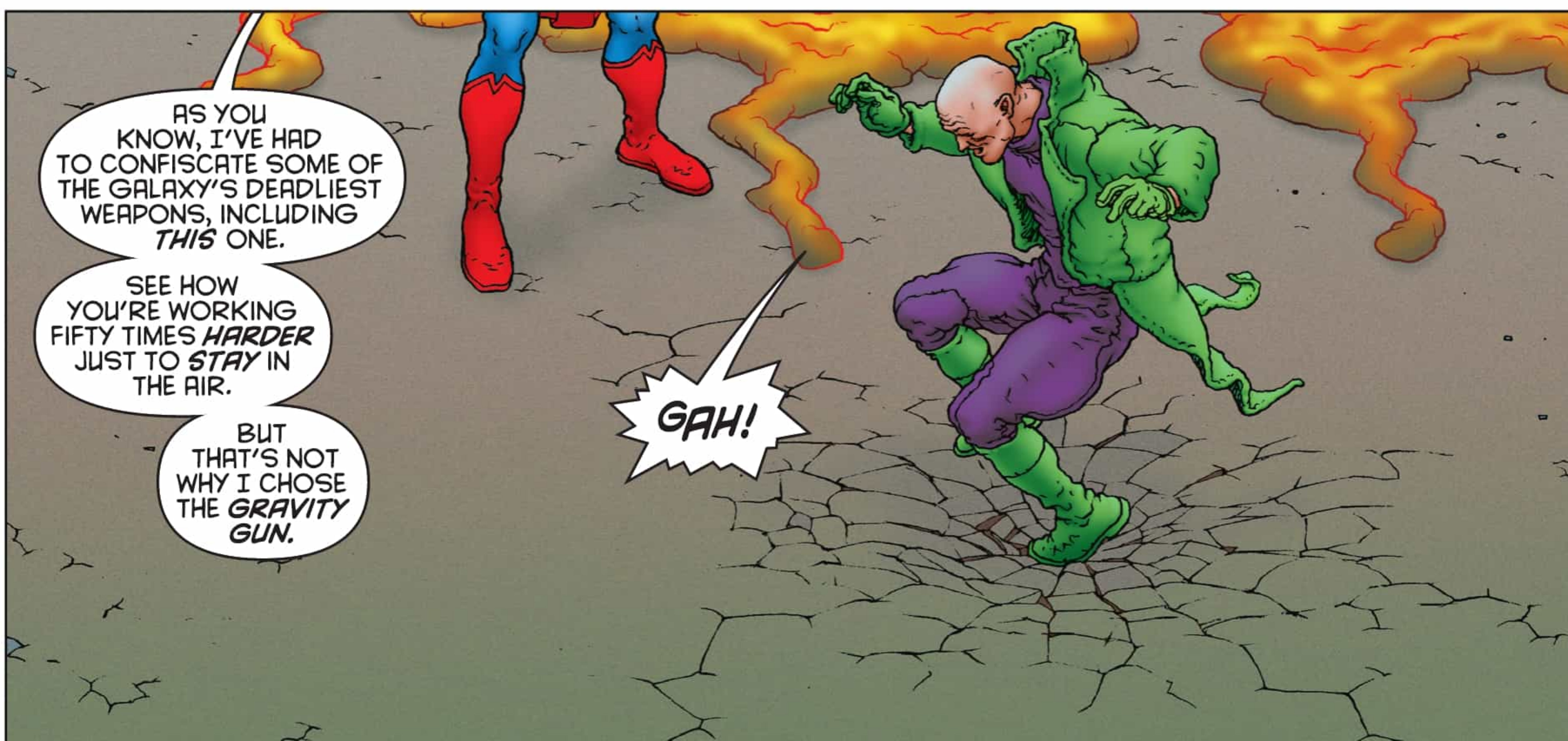
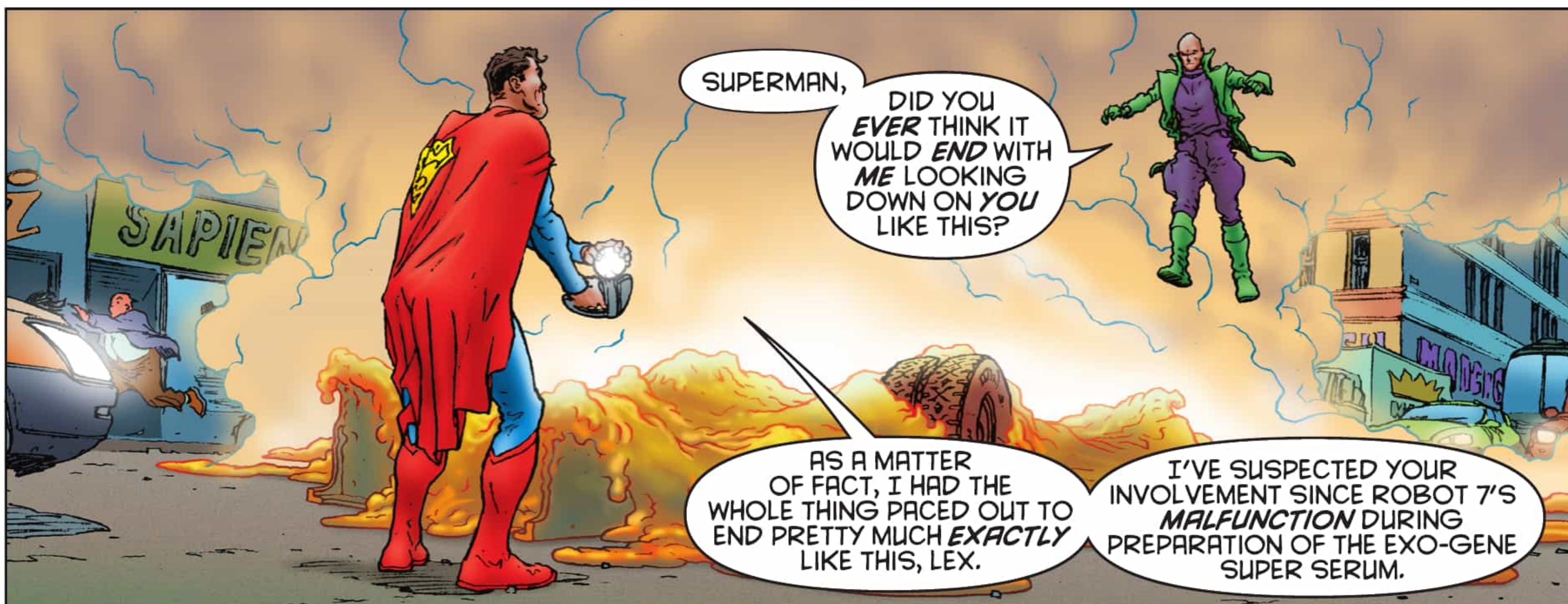
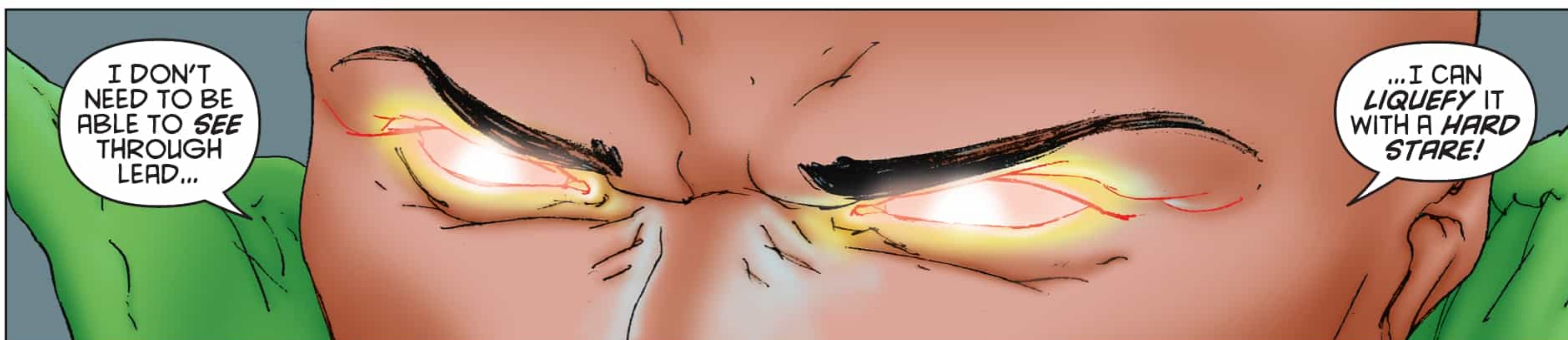
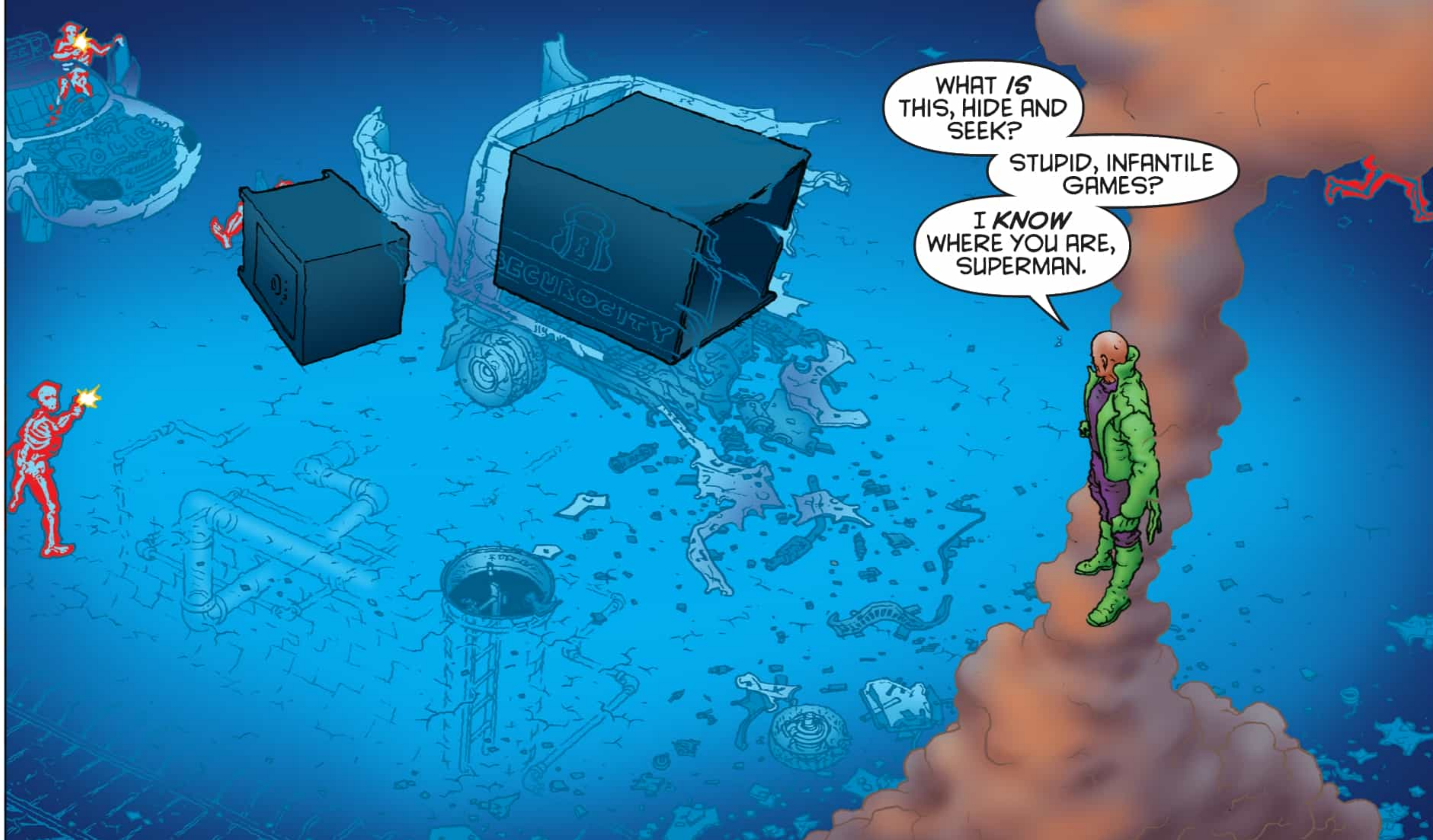
NGGH!

SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT, LUTHOR!

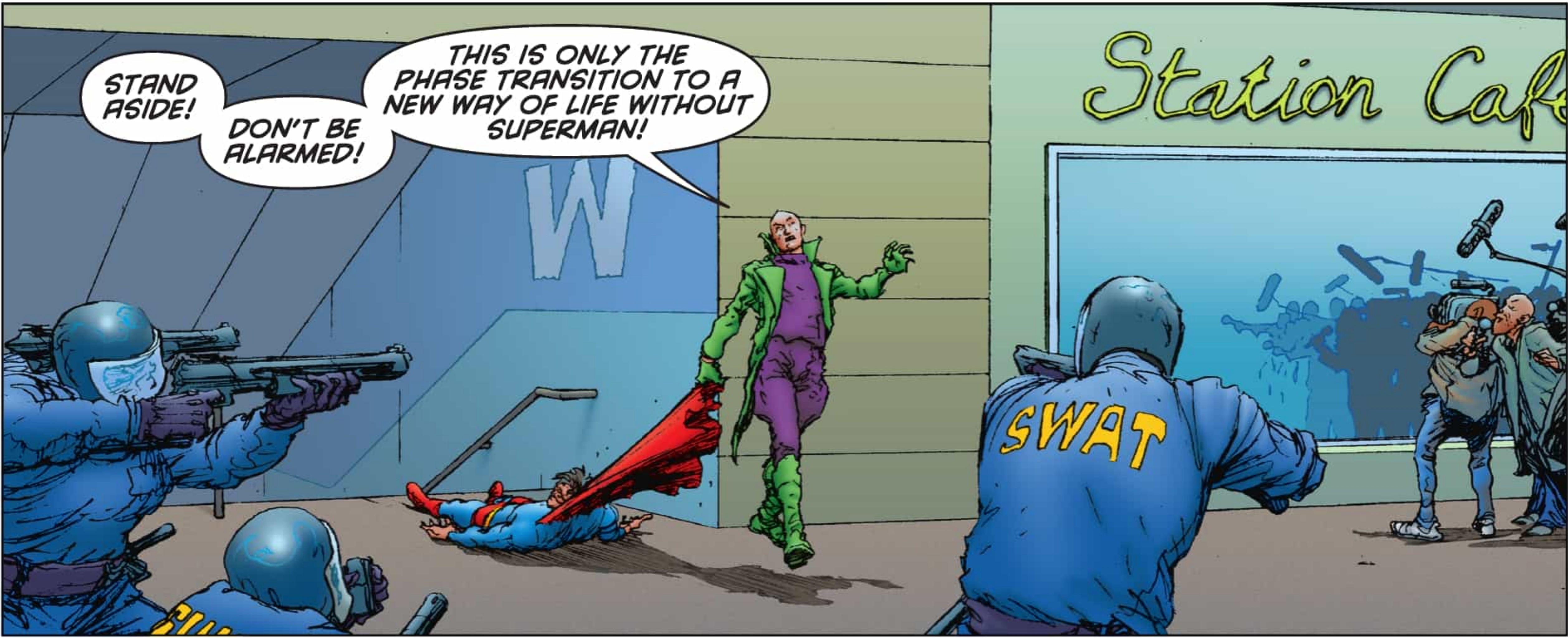


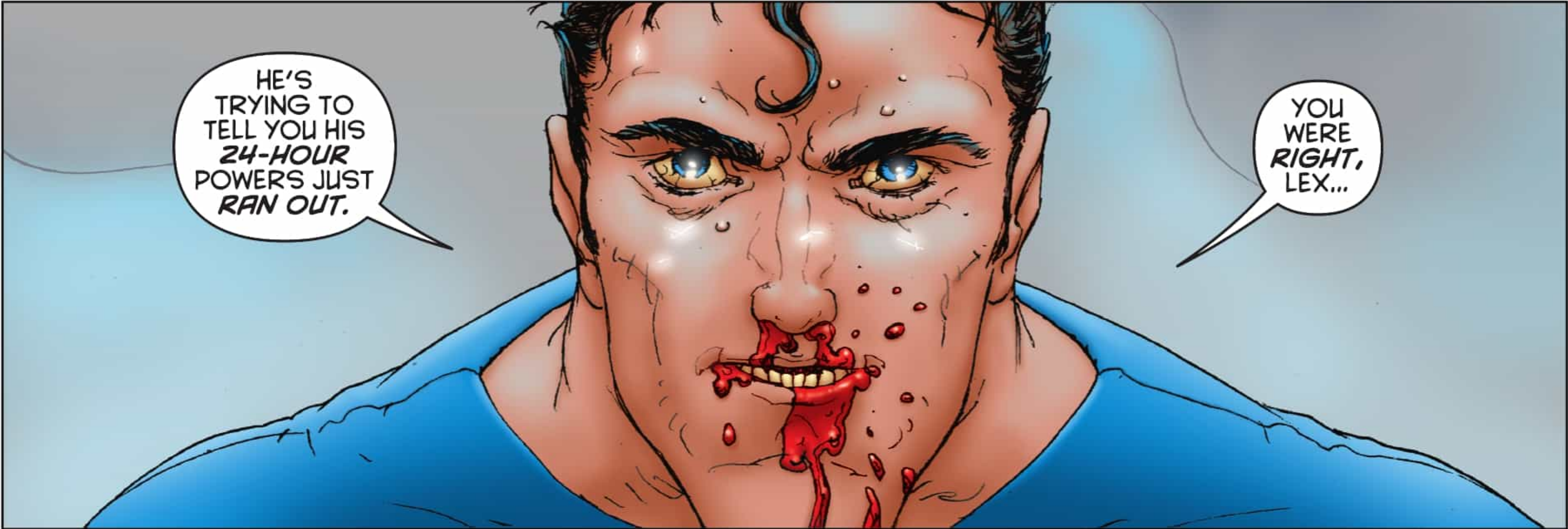
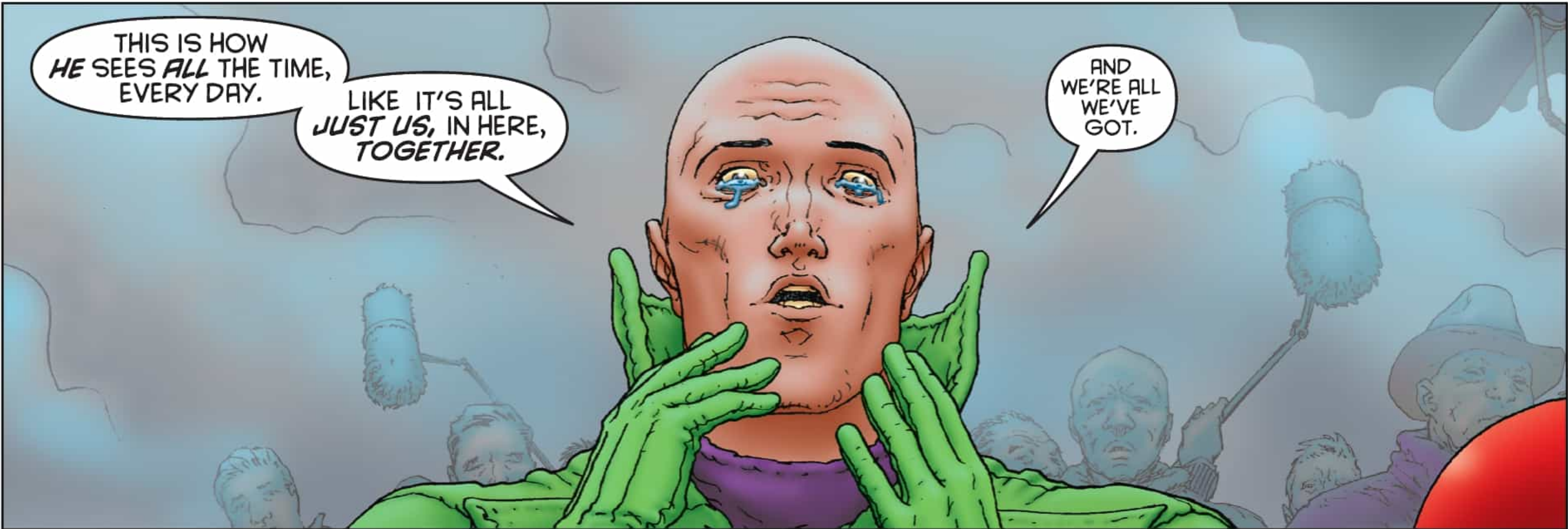


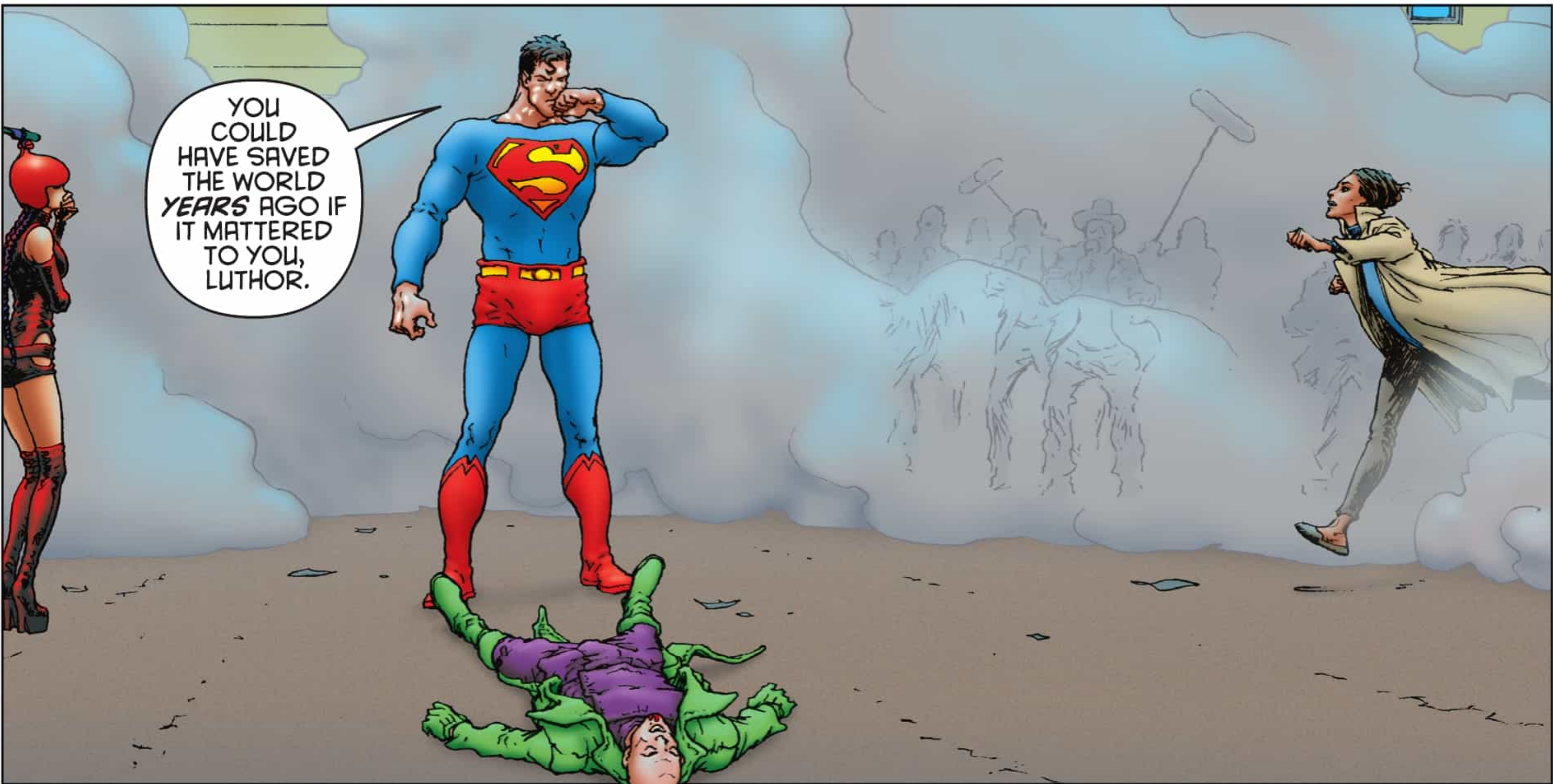












OH, YOUR POOR FACE!

SUPERMAN!

STRANGE.

IF HE *HADN'T* FATALLY OVERDOSED ME WITH SUNLIGHT, I WOULDN'T HAVE THE *POWER* TO ATTEMPT THIS *FINAL* FEAT.

NO ONE BUT *ME* CAN REPAIR THE SUN, LOIS.

MY CELLS ARE CONVERTING TO PURE *ENERGY*, PURE *INFORMATION*.

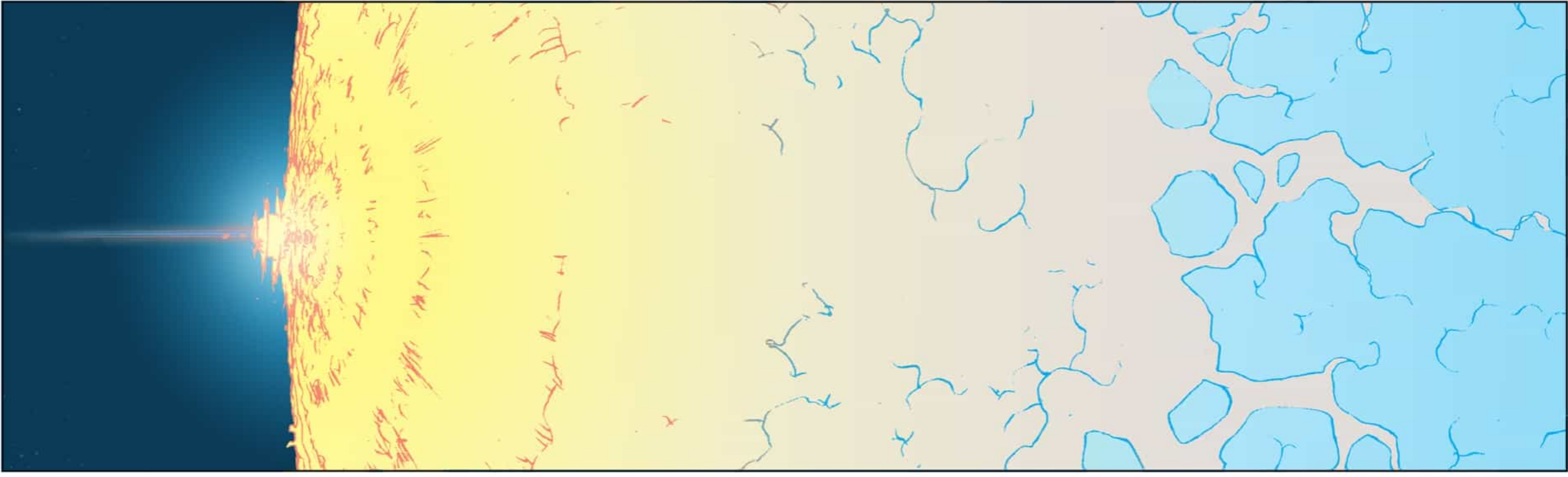
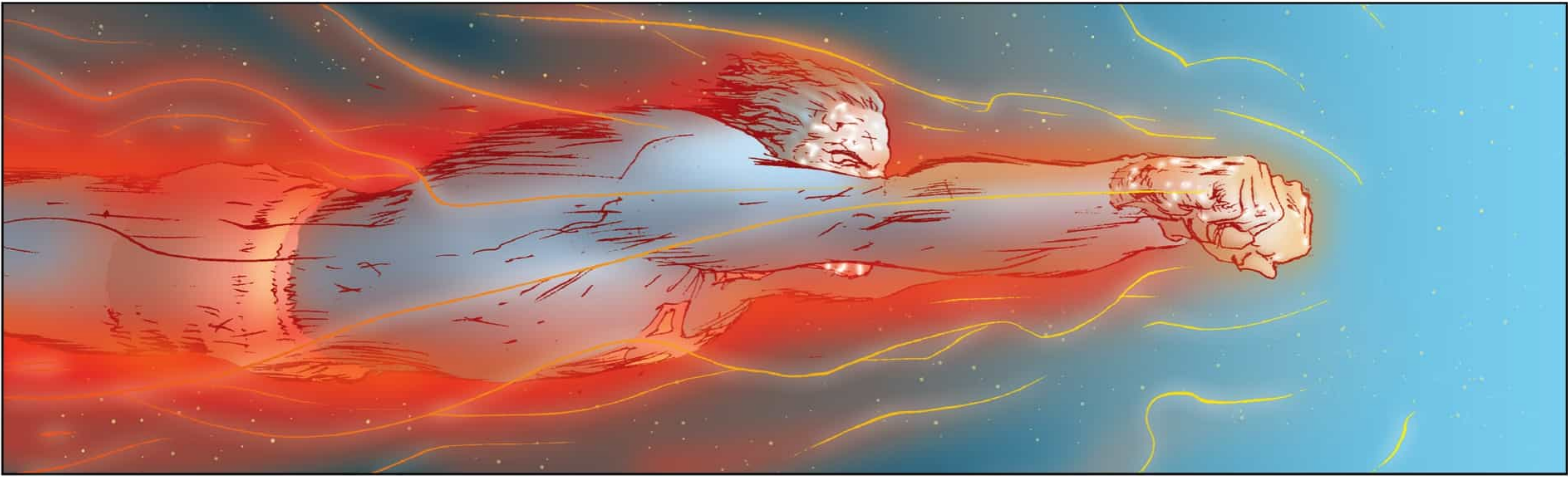
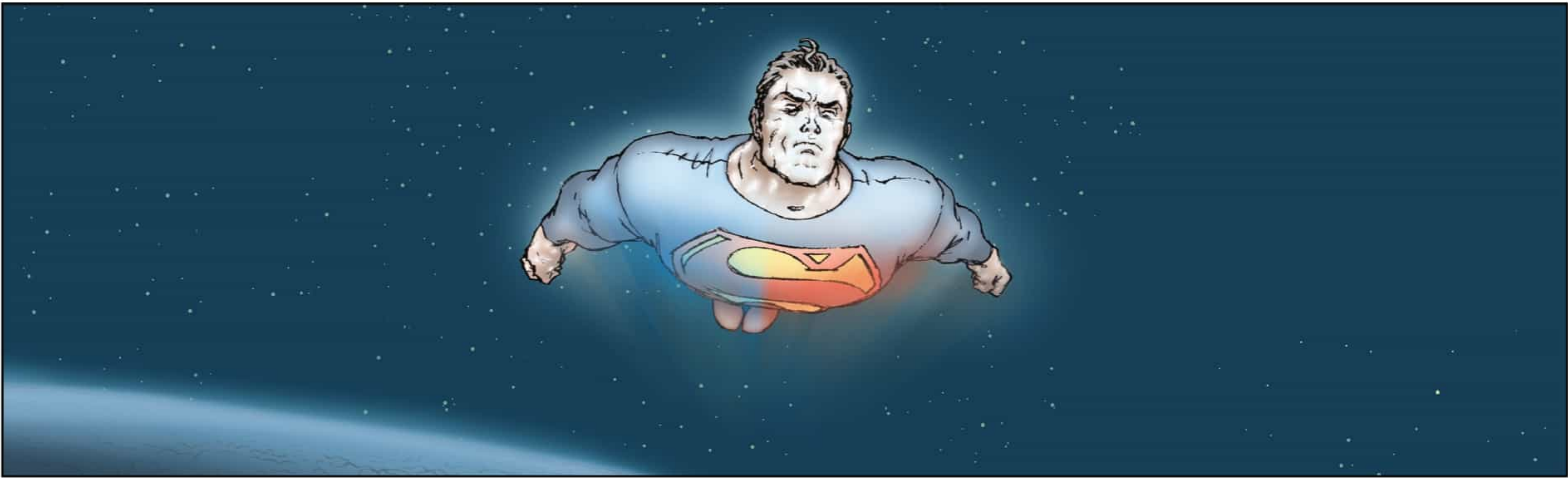
AND I ONLY HAVE *MOMENTS* TO SAVE THE WORLD.

THAT'S *MORE* THAN YOU *EVER* NEEDED.

I LOVE YOU, LOIS LANE.

UNTIL THE END OF TIME.

I LOVE YOU, SUPERMAN!





...MISS LANE...?

...YOU *SURE* YOU DON'T WANT TO SAY SOMETHING AT SUPERMAN'S *MEMORIAL SERVICE*?

IT'S BEEN A WHOLE *YEAR* SINCE HE DISAPPEARED, AND *THOUSANDS* OF PEOPLE JUST TURNED UP TO PAY THEIR *RESPECTS*.

SUPERMAN'S NOT DEAD.

WE *PUBLISHED* THAT HEADLINE AS A *WARNING* TO BE CARRIED *BACK* THROUGH TIME.

MAYBE *SOME* PEOPLE STILL BELIEVE IT.

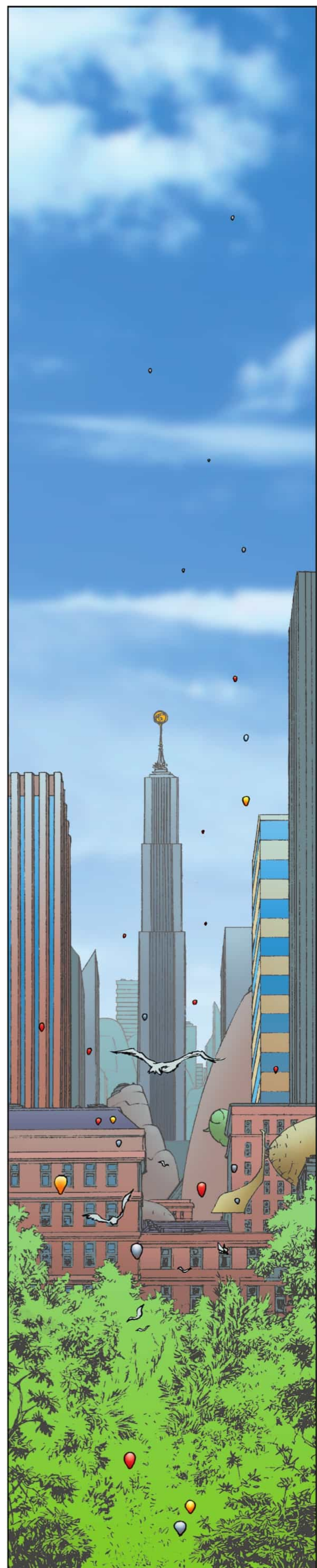
BUT I KNOW HE'S UP *THERE*, BUILDING AN ARTIFICIAL *HEART* TO KEEP THE SUN ALIVE.

HE'LL BE BACK WHEN HE'S *DONE*, JIMMY.

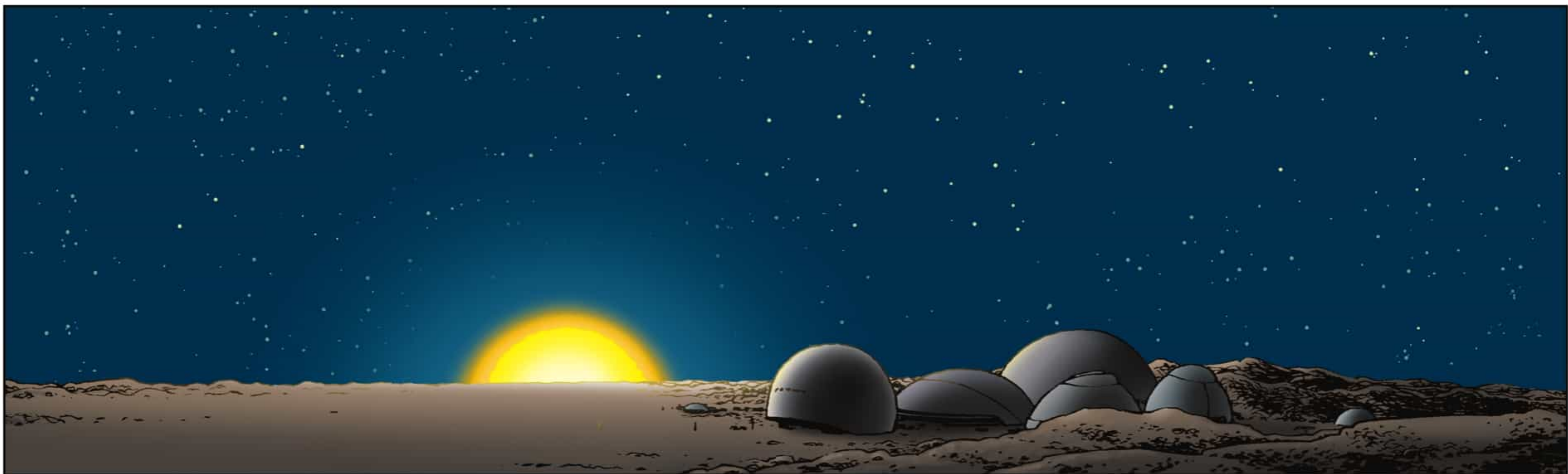


AND WHEN HE'S DONE...

HE KNOWS WHERE TO FIND ME.







P.R.O.J.E.C.T.

...I'M SURE
WE'LL THINK OF
SOMETHING.



END