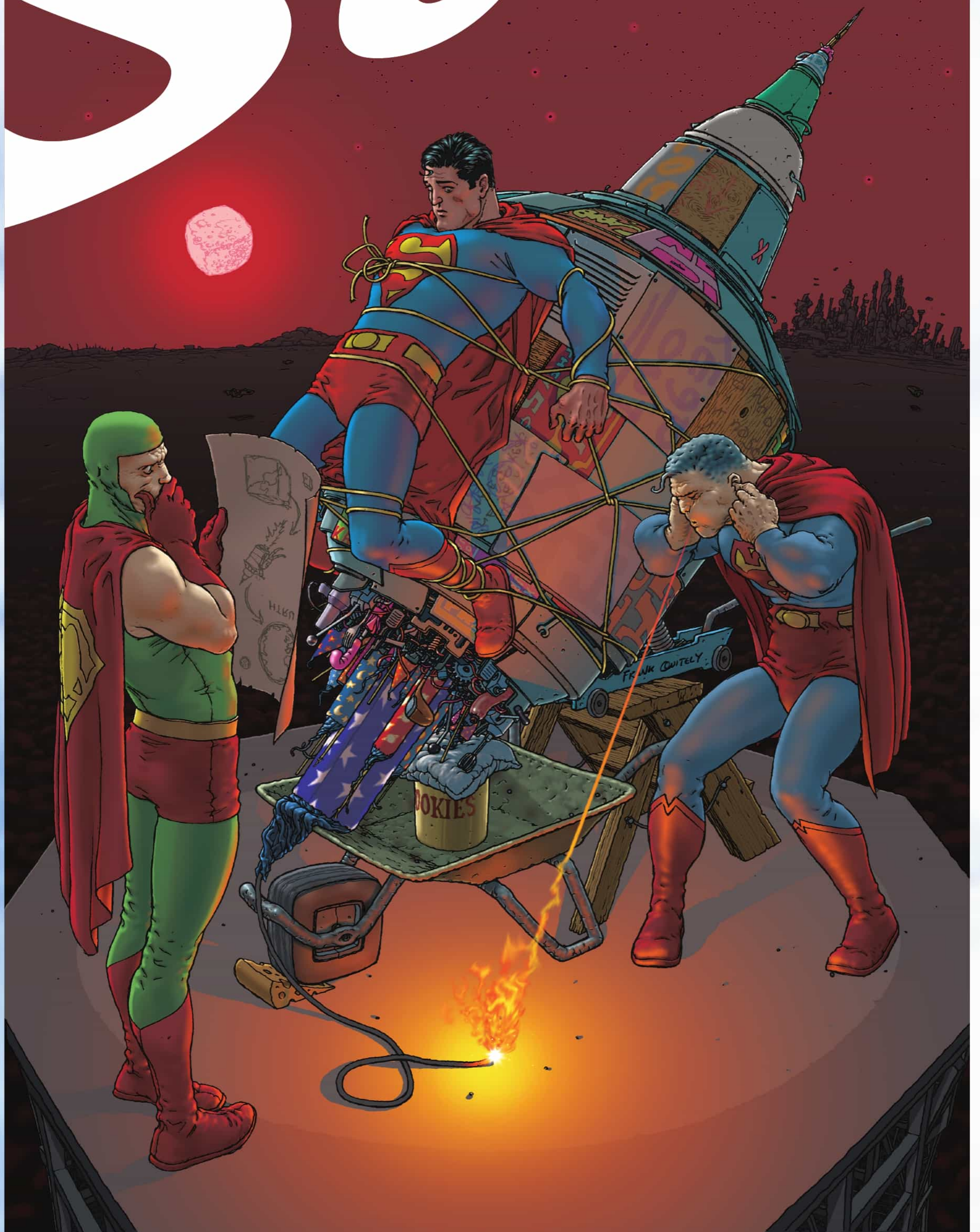


ALL★  
STAR

# SUPERMAN®

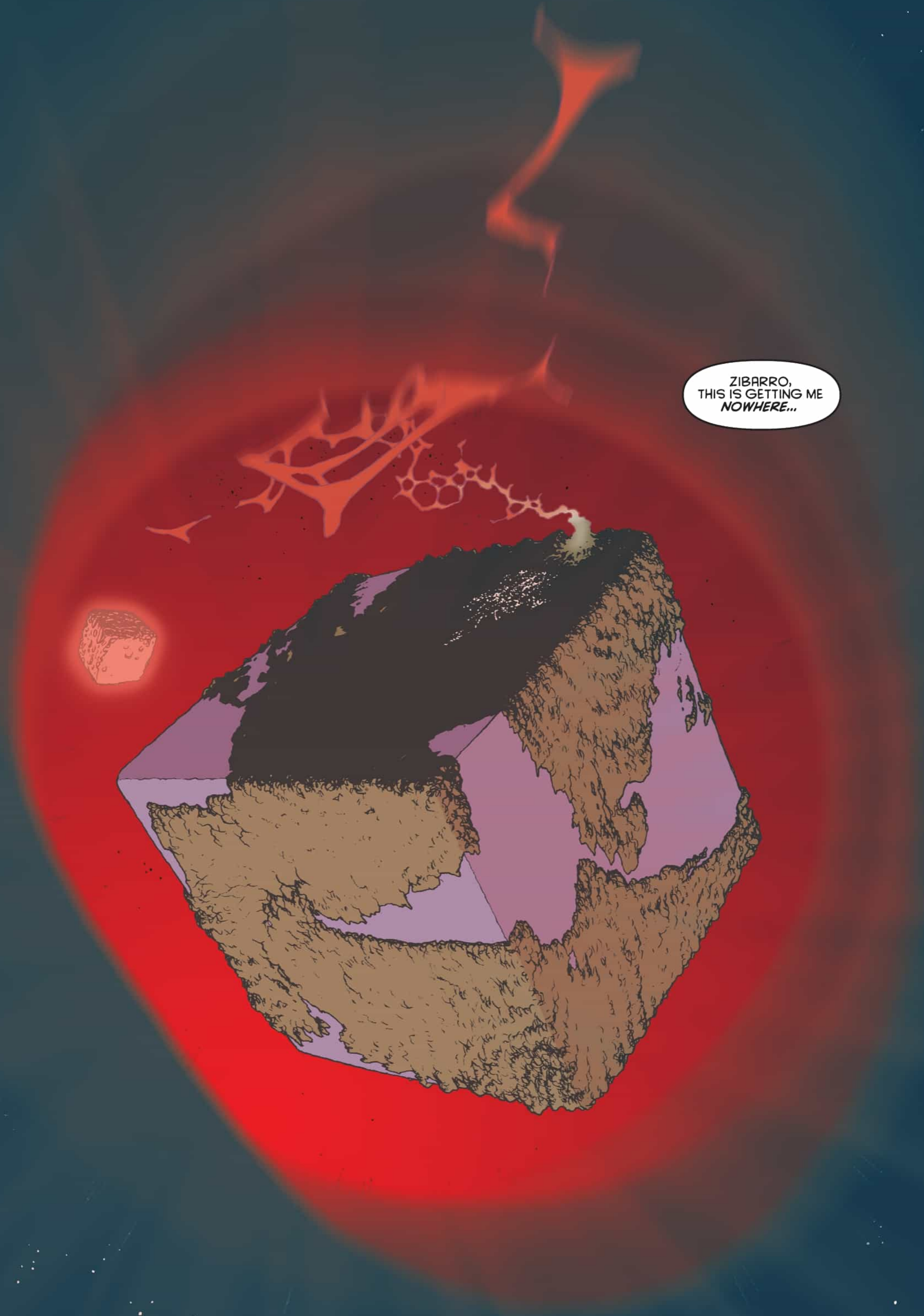








ZIBARRO,  
THIS IS GETTING ME  
*NOWHERE...*







...THERE MUST BE  
**SOMETHING** WORTHWHILE IN  
THIS ENORMOUS GARBAGE  
HEAP.

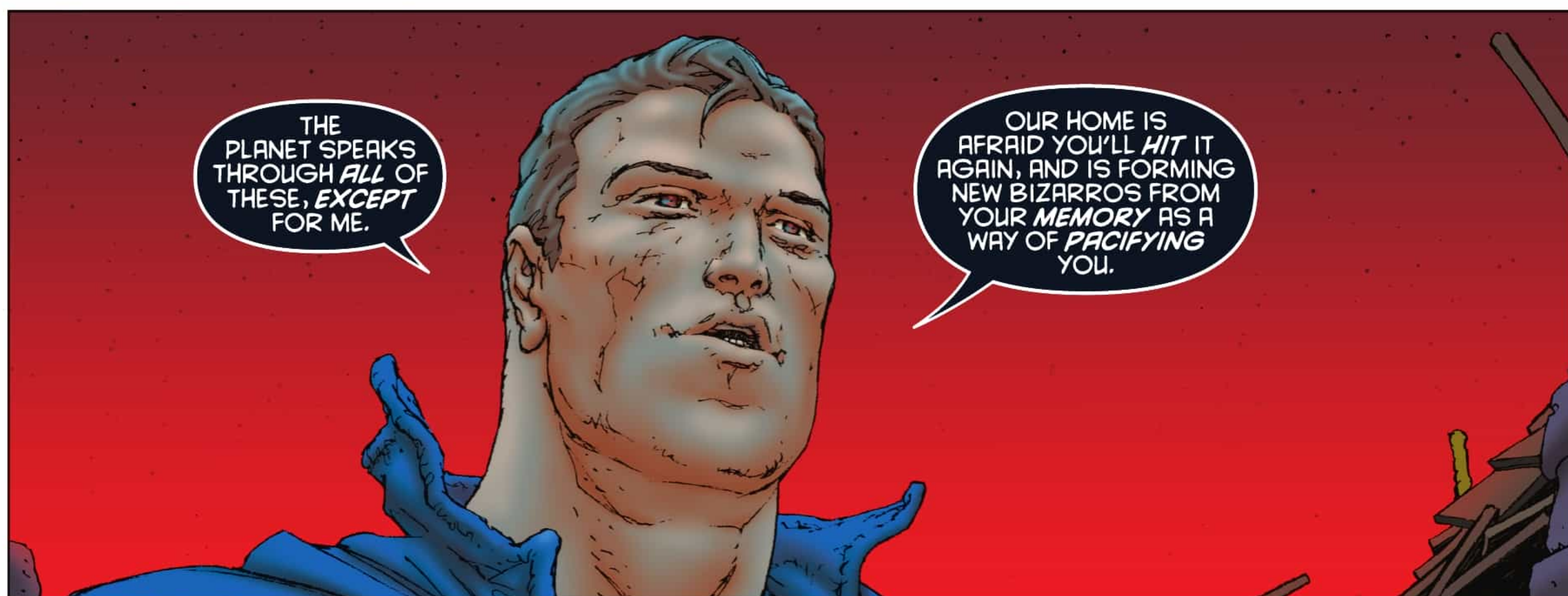
BIZARROS  
USUALLY LIKE TO  
**MAKE** THINGS.

NOT  
**THESE**.

THEY'LL WANDER  
AROUND **BIZARROTROPOLIS**  
INDULGING IN THE USUAL AIMLESS,  
MEANINGLESS NON-ACTIVITY THAT  
THEY LOVE...

AT  
LEAST UNTIL THE  
ALL-NIGHT.

**UGGH!**  
**HANDSOME!**



THE  
PLANET SPEAKS  
THROUGH **ALL** OF  
THESE, **EXCEPT**  
FOR ME.

OUR HOME IS  
AFRAID YOU'LL **HIT** IT  
AGAIN, AND IS FORMING  
NEW BIZARROS FROM  
YOUR **MEMORY** AS A  
WAY OF **PACIFYING**  
YOU.



SURELY  
WITH ALL YOUR  
**SUPER POWERS**  
YOU COULD **EASILY**  
FLY AWAY FROM  
HERE.

I ALREADY  
EXPLAINED...

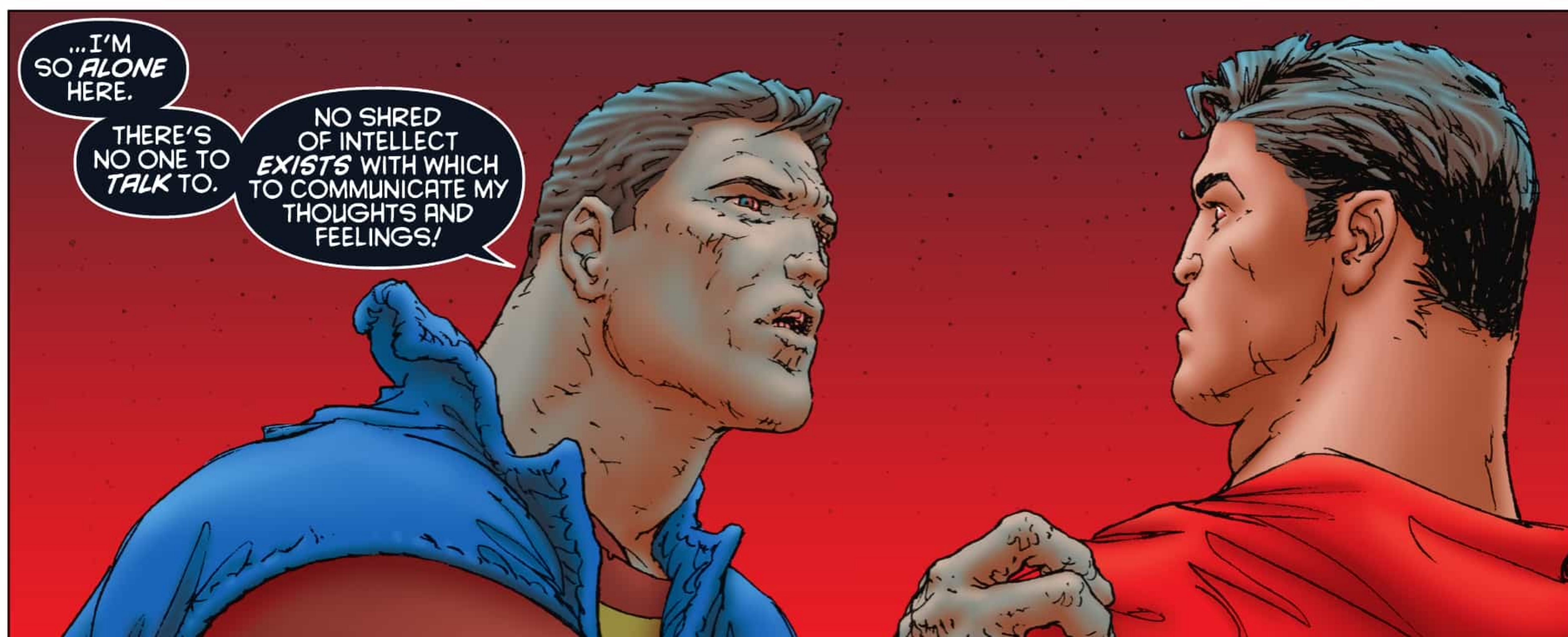
AS WE SINK  
FURTHER TOWARDS  
THE **UNDERVERSE**, THE  
LIGHT FROM EARTH'S SUN  
IS SHIFTING TO THE **RED**  
END OF THE SPECTRUM...  
AND I LOSE MY POWERS  
**ONE BY ONE** UNDER  
RED SUNLIGHT.



AND AS **I**  
EXPLAINED TO **YOU**,  
ONE IN EVERY FIVE BILLION  
BIZARRO COPIES IS BORN  
**FLAWED**, IMPERFECT, AN  
**ABERRATION**.

THAT ONE  
IS **ME**.

PLEASE  
TELL ME YOU  
**UNDERSTAND**,  
SUPERMAN...



...I'M  
SO **ALONE**  
HERE.

THERE'S  
NO ONE TO  
**TALK** TO.

NO SHRED  
OF INTELLECT  
**EXISTS** WITH WHICH  
TO COMMUNICATE MY  
THOUGHTS AND  
FEELINGS!





CAN YOU  
EVEN *IMAGINE* WHAT  
IT'S LIKE TO BE SO  
*DIFFERENT*?

SO  
UNIQUE.

SO  
*UNLIKE*  
ANYONE  
ELSE.



MUST ONLY  
*ZIBARRO* SEE  
THE BEAUTY IN A  
SUNSET?

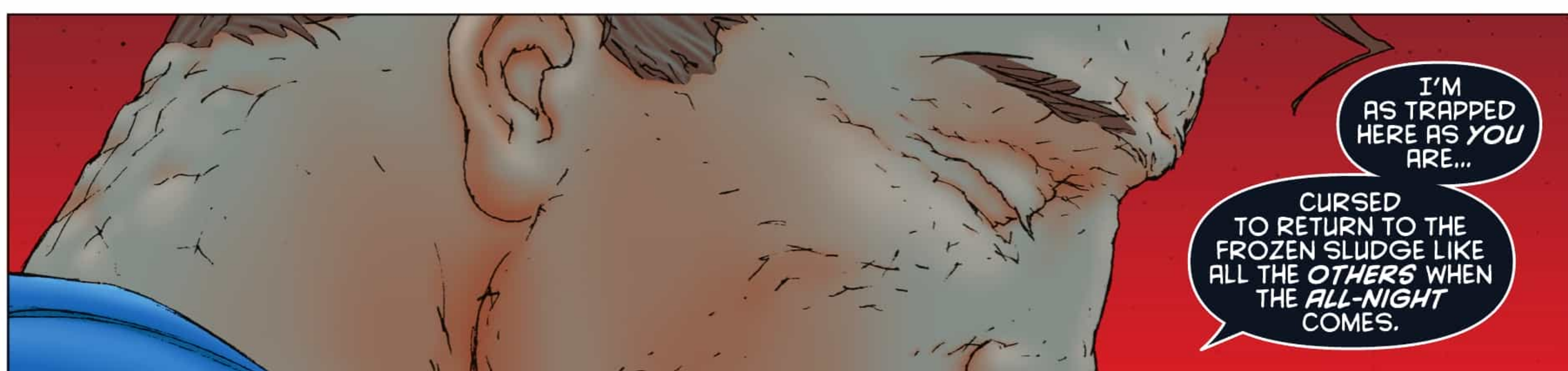
MUST ONLY  
*ZIBARRO* SEARCH  
FOR *POETRY* IN THIS  
SENSELESS COMING  
AND GOING?



HIM NO AM THINK  
BEAUTIFUL SUNSET AM  
UGLY LIKE US!

HAA  
HA  
*ZIBARRO*  
AM KING OF  
COOL!

YOU  
SEE?



I'M  
AS TRAPPED  
HERE AS *YOU*  
ARE...

CURSED  
TO RETURN TO THE  
FROZEN SLUDGE LIKE  
ALL THE *OTHERS* WHEN  
THE *ALL-NIGHT*  
COMES.



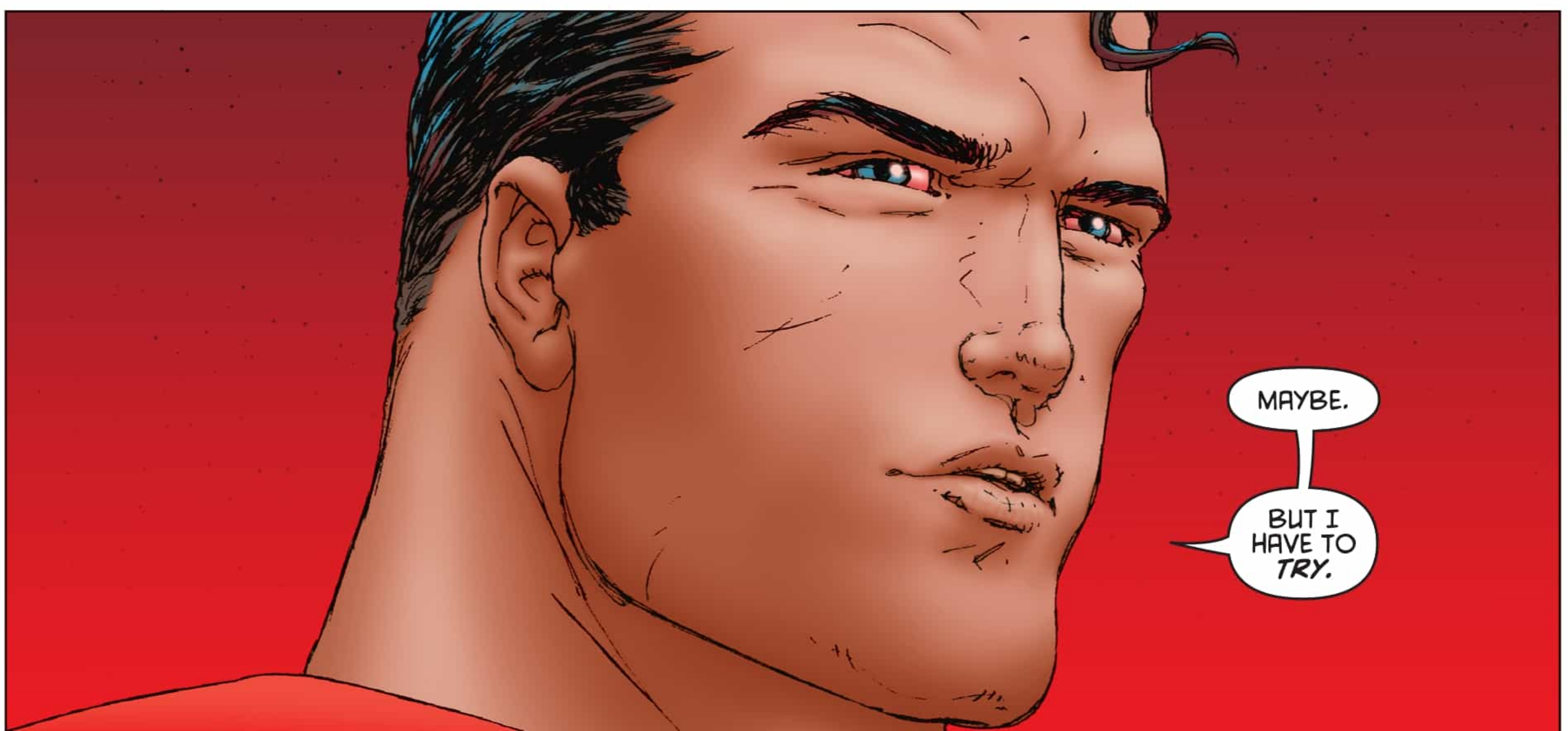
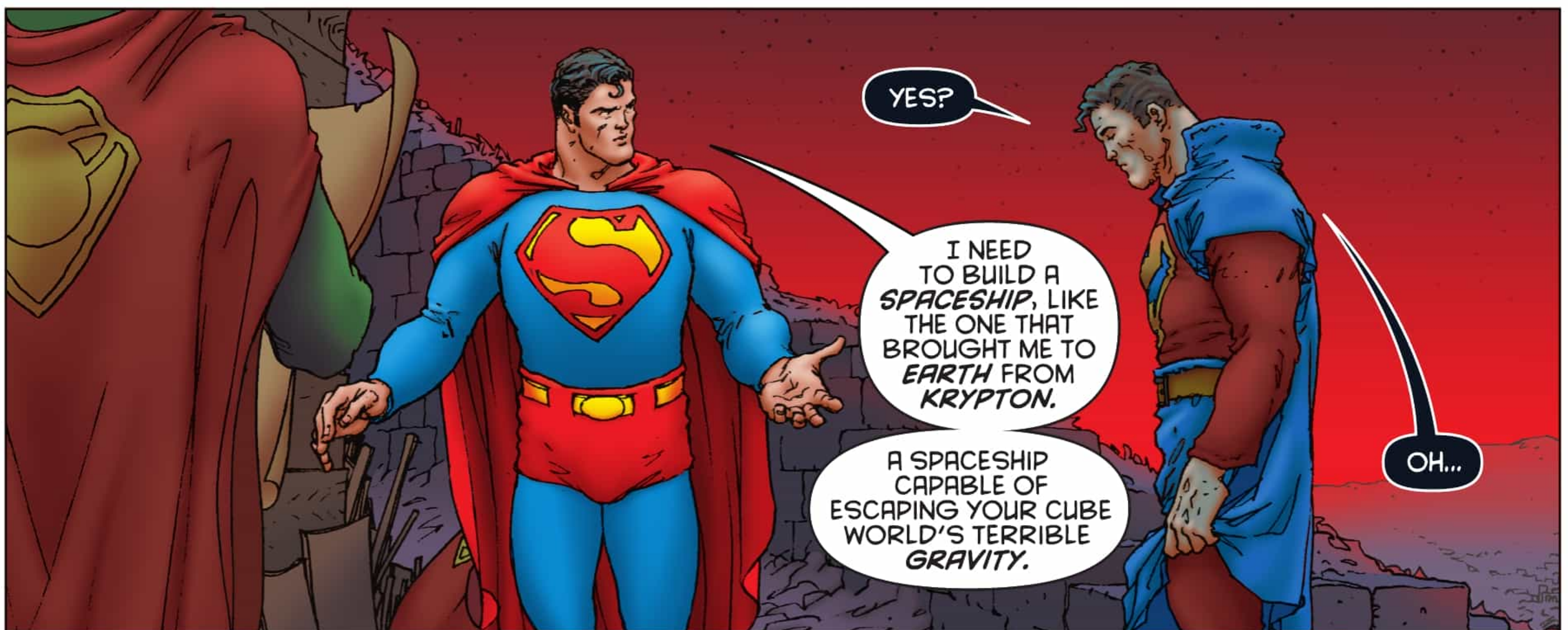
*HURR?*  
ME NO HAVE  
PLAN FOR PUNY  
SUPERMAN.

THAT  
VOICE...

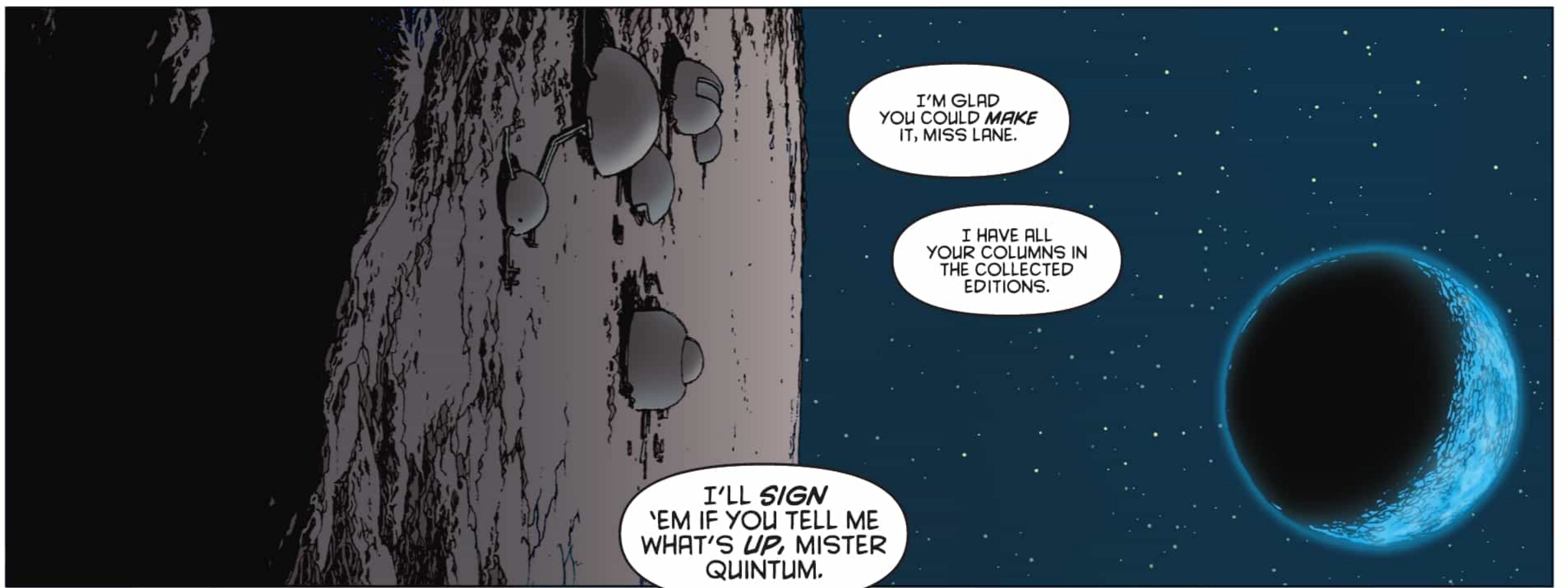












I'M GLAD  
YOU COULD *MAKE*  
IT, MISS LANE.

I HAVE ALL  
YOUR COLUMNS IN  
THE COLLECTED  
EDITIONS.

I'LL *SIGN*  
'EM IF YOU TELL ME  
WHAT'S *UP*, MISTER  
QUINTUM.

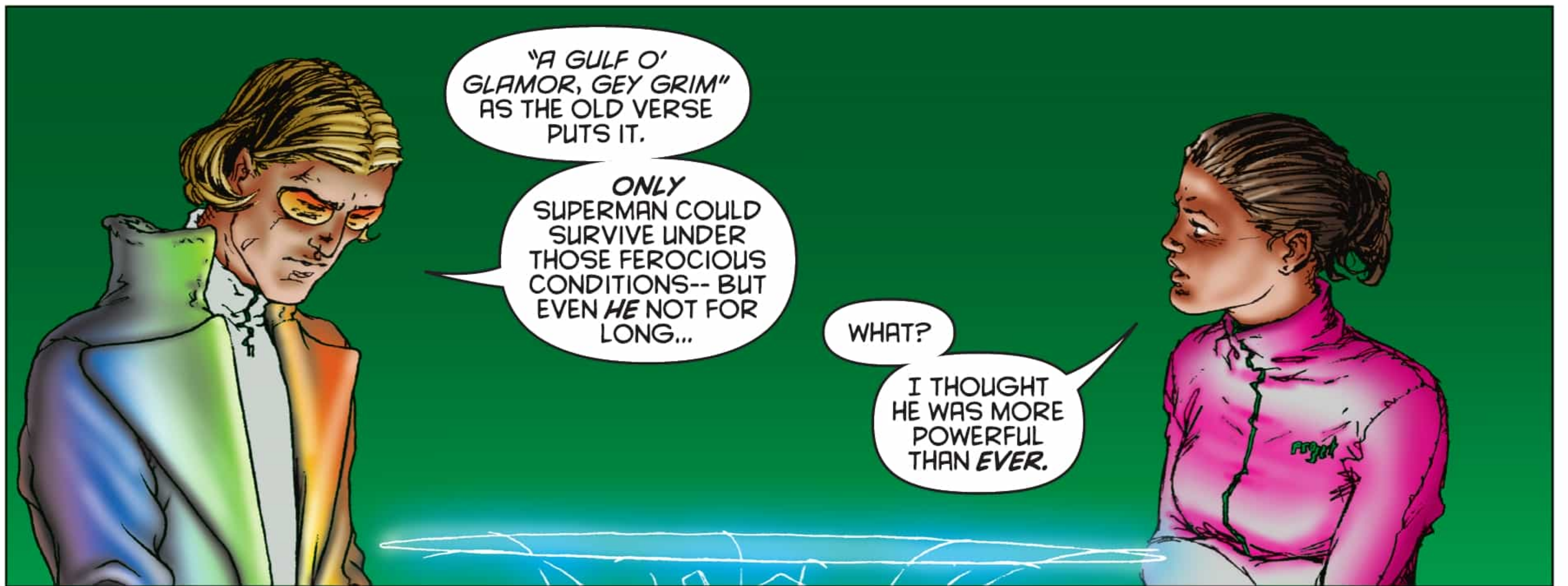


WE  
BELIEVE HE'S STILL  
ON THE BIZARRO WORLD,  
*SINKING* BACK INTO THE  
UNDERVERSE.

THINK OF  
IT AS A WEIRD  
SUPER-DENSE  
*BASEMENT*  
LEVEL TO THE  
UNIVERSE.

HOME TO  
PLANET-SIZED  
*MONSTERS* LIKE  
THIS THING THAT  
JUST ATTACKED  
US.

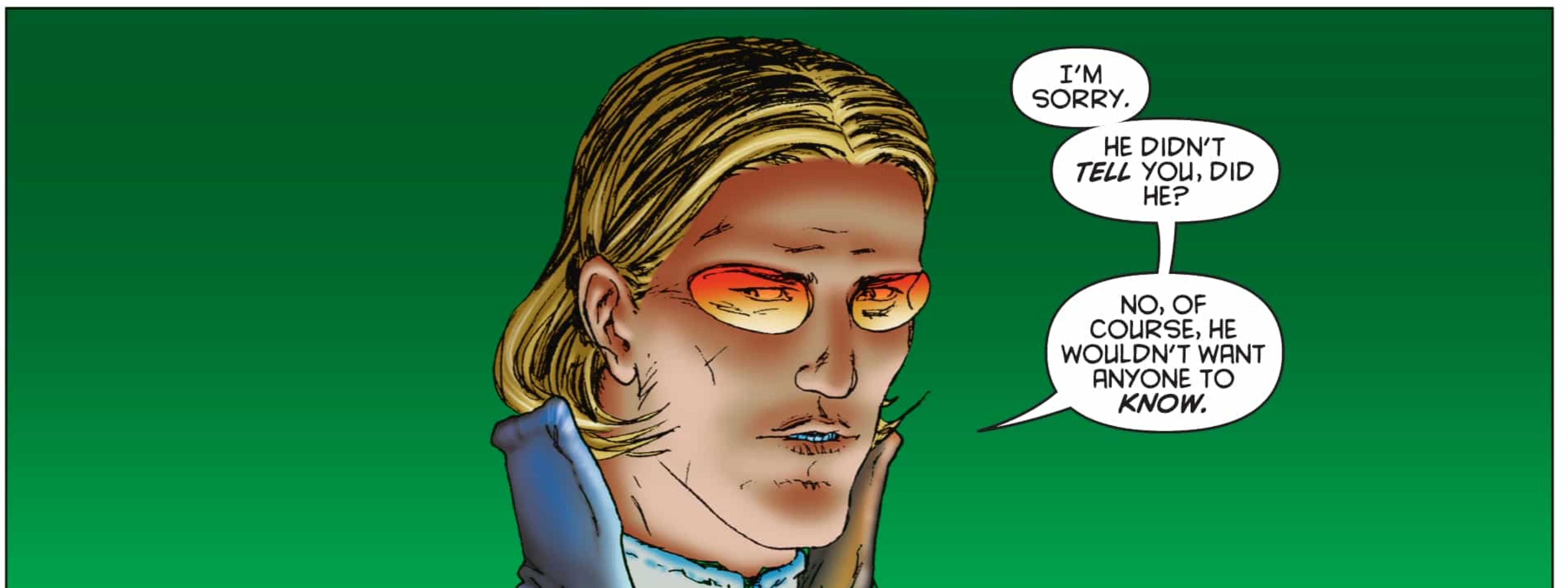
HAVE  
YOU LOCATED  
*SUPERMAN*  
YET?



"A GULF O'  
GLAMOR, GEY GRIM"  
AS THE OLD VERSE  
PUTS IT.

*ONLY*  
SUPERMAN COULD  
SURVIVE UNDER  
THOSE FEROCIOUS  
CONDITIONS-- BUT  
EVEN *HE* NOT FOR  
LONG...

WHAT?  
I THOUGHT  
HE WAS MORE  
POWERFUL  
THAN *EVER*.

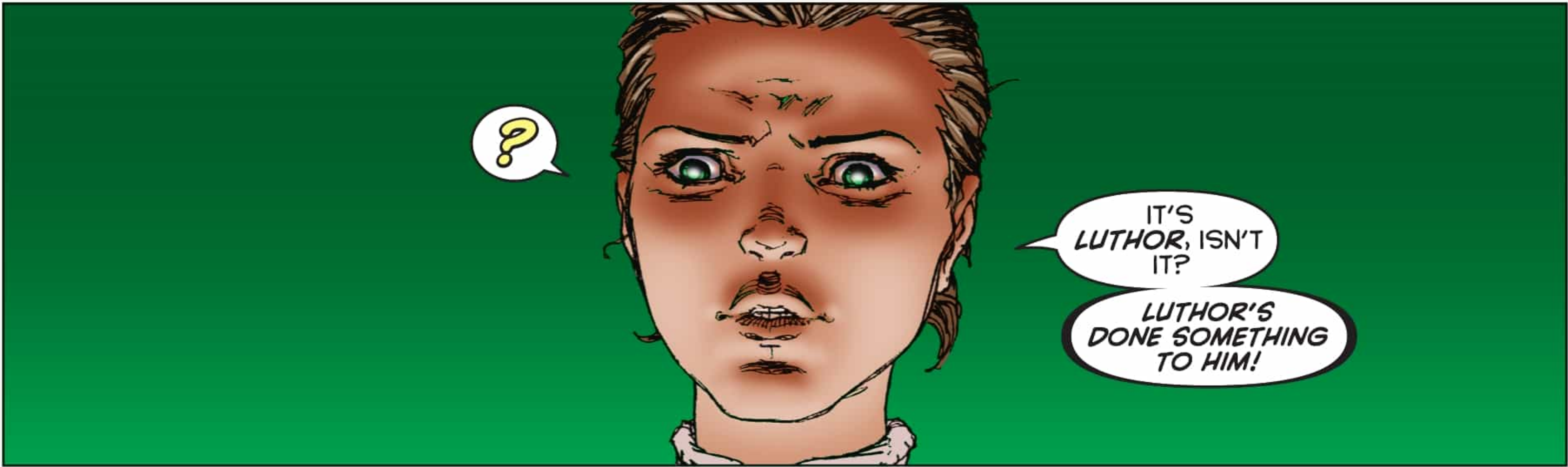


I'M  
SORRY.

HE DIDN'T  
*TELL* YOU, DID  
HE?

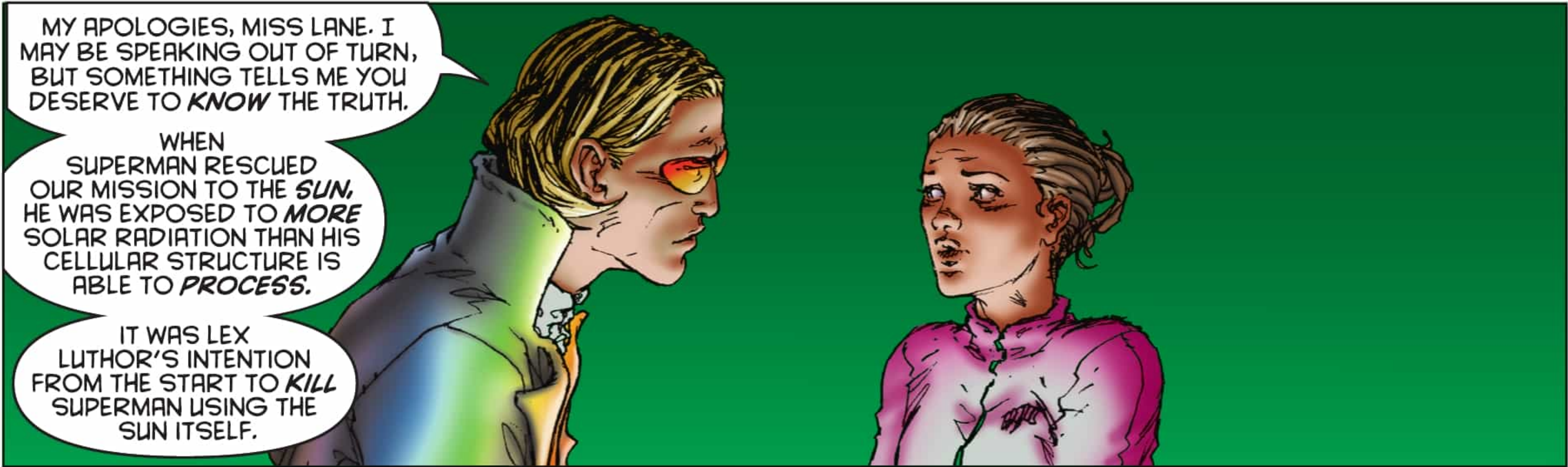
NO, OF  
COURSE, HE  
WOULDN'T WANT  
ANYONE TO  
*KNOW*.





IT'S  
**LUTHOR**, ISN'T  
IT?

**LUTHOR'S**  
DONE SOMETHING  
TO HIM!



MY APOLOGIES, MISS LANE. I  
MAY BE SPEAKING OUT OF TURN,  
BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU  
DESERVE TO **KNOW** THE TRUTH.

WHEN  
SUPERMAN RESCUED  
OUR MISSION TO THE **SUN**,  
HE WAS EXPOSED TO **MORE**  
SOLAR RADIATION THAN HIS  
CELLULAR STRUCTURE IS  
ABLE TO **PROCESS**.

IT WAS LEX  
LUTHOR'S INTENTION  
FROM THE START TO **KILL**  
SUPERMAN USING THE  
SUN ITSELF.



IT  
DOESN'T SEEM  
RIGHT.

BUT...THIS  
**EXPLAINS** A LOT OF  
THINGS, DOESN'T  
IT?

THIS IS  
WHY CLARK TOOK  
A **VACATION** AFTER HE  
INTERVIEWED LUTHOR  
ON DEATH ROW.

WE HARDLY  
DARED IMAGINE WHAT  
WE'D DO **WITHOUT**  
HIM.

WE'VE BEEN  
WORKING OVERTIME TO  
FIND A CURE. SO FAR  
WE'VE **FAILED**.

BUT  
DURING A FINE SCAN  
OF OUR SOLAR PROBE  
DATA, WE FOUND  
SOMETHING ELSE  
**DISTURBING**.



WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?

RIGHT  
THERE.

**HIDING** IN  
THE **SUN**.

WHEREVER  
HE IS, I HOPE HE  
FINDS A WAY  
**BACK**.



I'D SAY  
**THIS** LOOKS  
LIKE A JOB FOR  
SUPERMAN.













ME HAVE  
NOTHING TO  
SAY AND NOTHING  
YOU'D WANT TO  
SEE!

GO  
AWAY!

HIM  
AM NO GET MY  
ATTENTION!

ME AM NO  
CAN'T WAIT TO  
HEAR WHAT HIM  
AM NO SAY  
NEXT!



ME AM OFFER  
BIZARROS CHANCE TO  
BE LAZY, GOOD-FOR-  
NOTHING SLOBS!

LOOK OVER  
THERE!



ME AM NO OFFER  
BIZARRO CIVILIZATION  
A CHANCE TO MAKE  
MONUMENT TO LAST  
ALL TIME!

CHANCE  
TO NO MAKE  
MOST USELESS,  
BORING ROCKET  
EVER FOR UNGLORY  
OF BIZARROS AND  
NO CELEBRATE  
ALL-NIGHT!



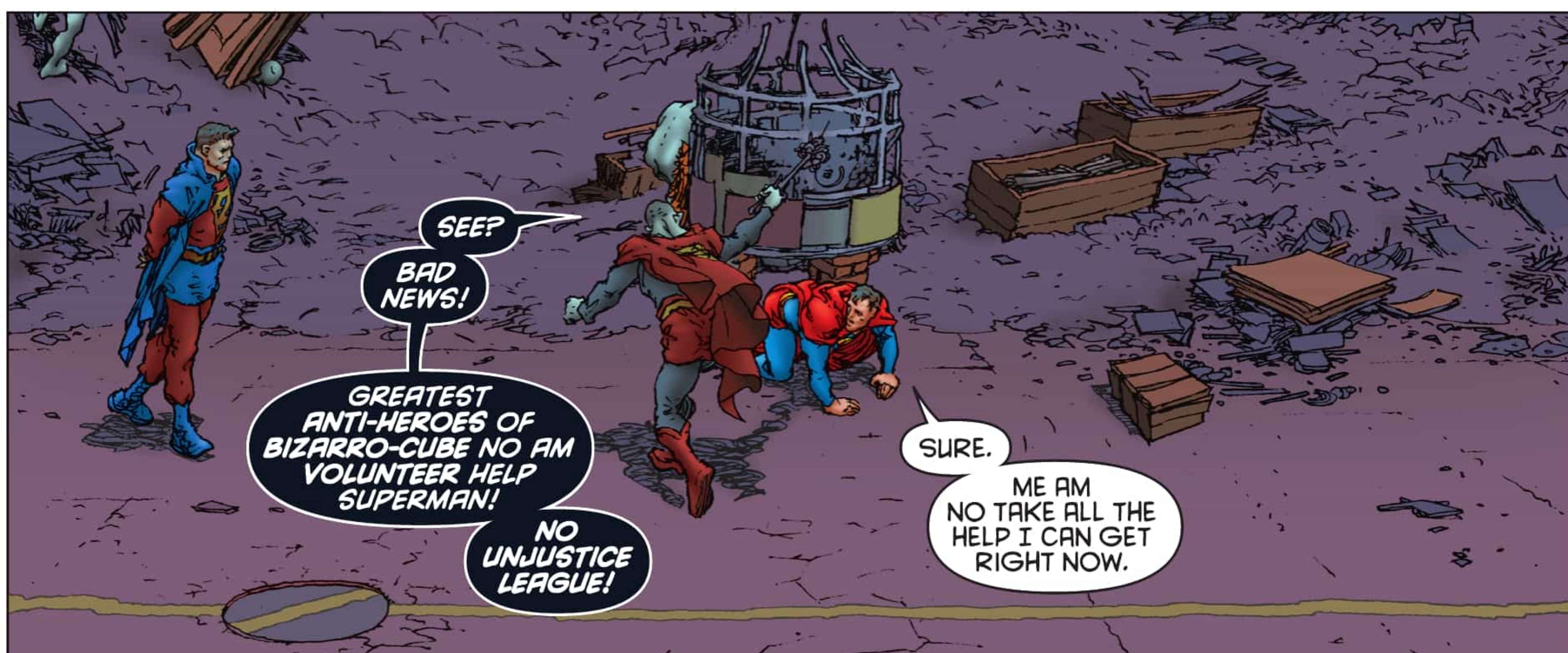
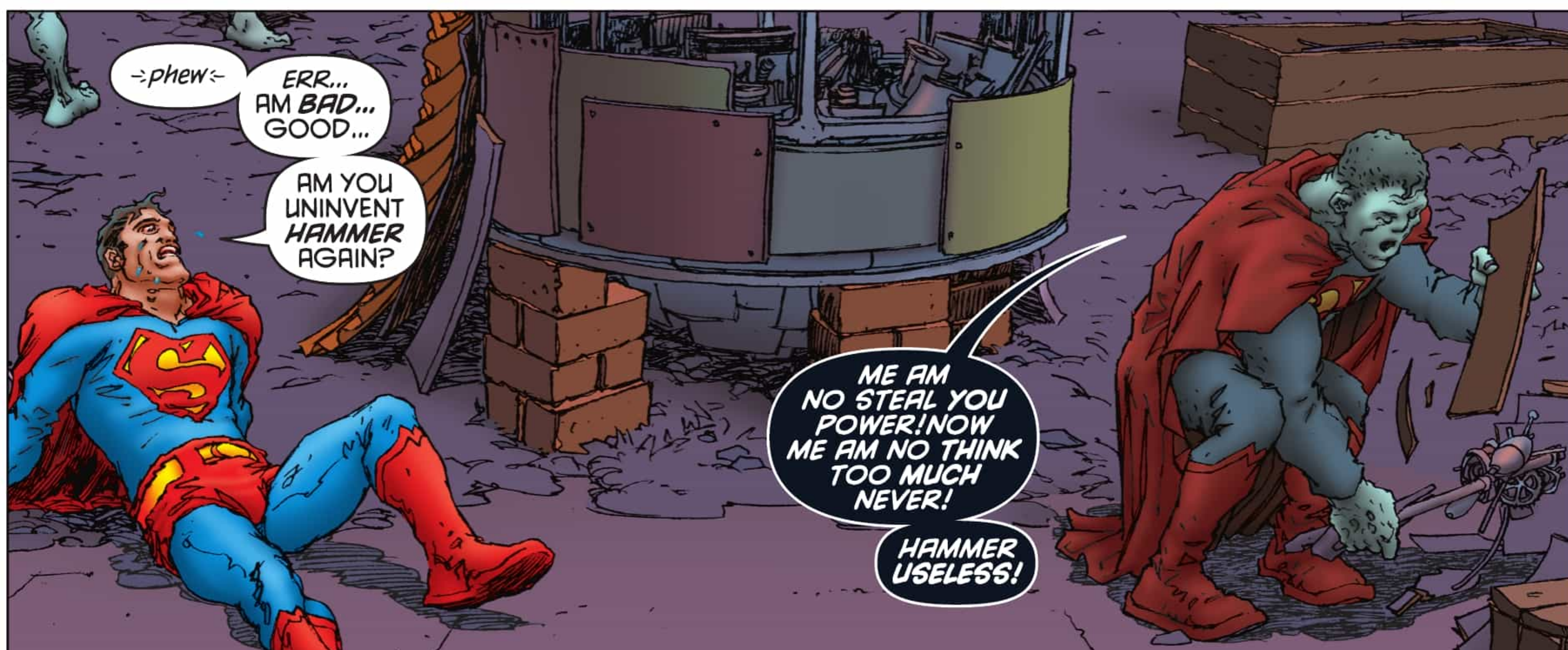
ME AM NO  
SAY YOU ALL NO  
WORK TO NO BUILD  
ROCKET!

SIT  
AND WAIT FOR  
ALL-NIGHT!

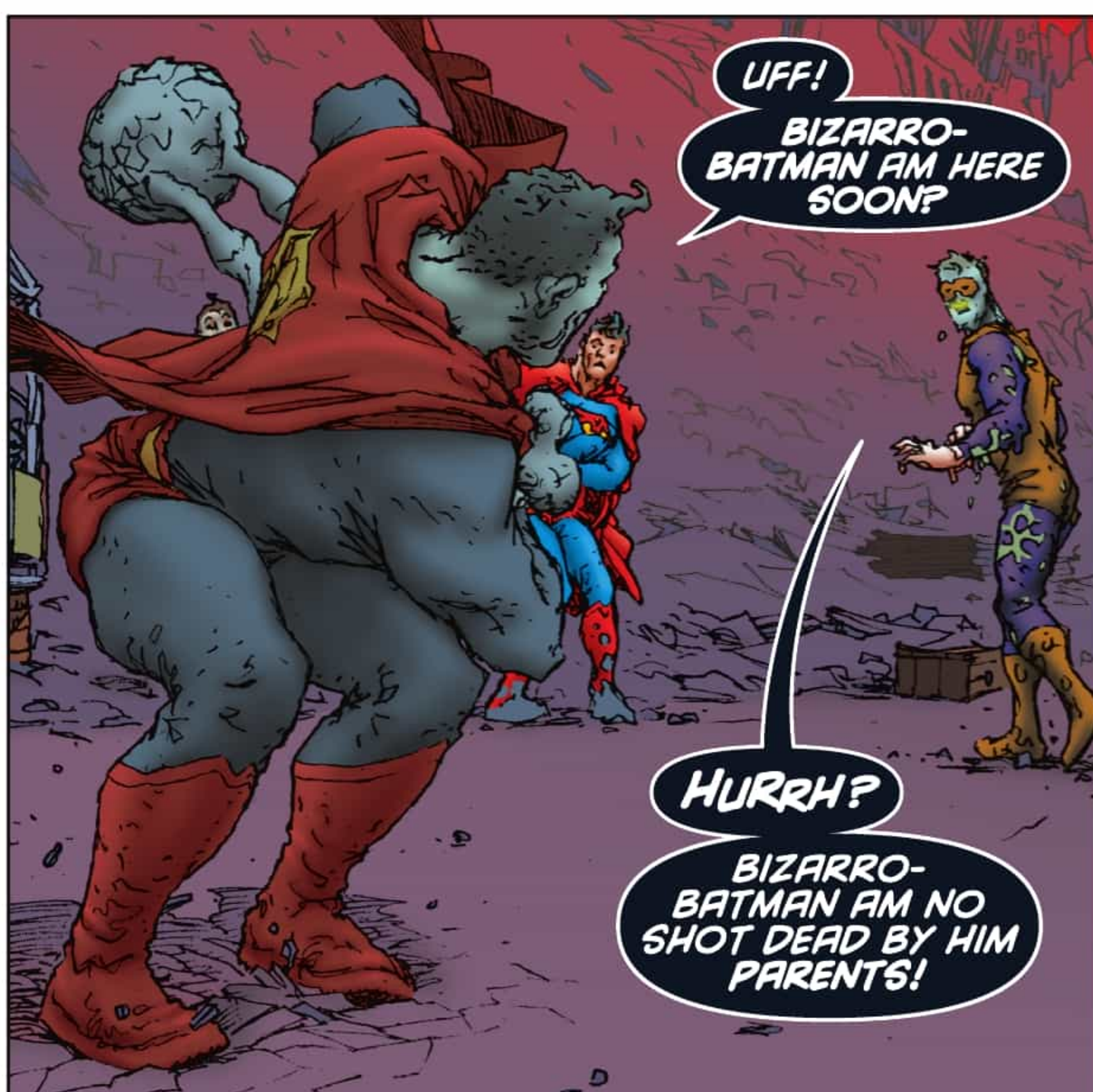
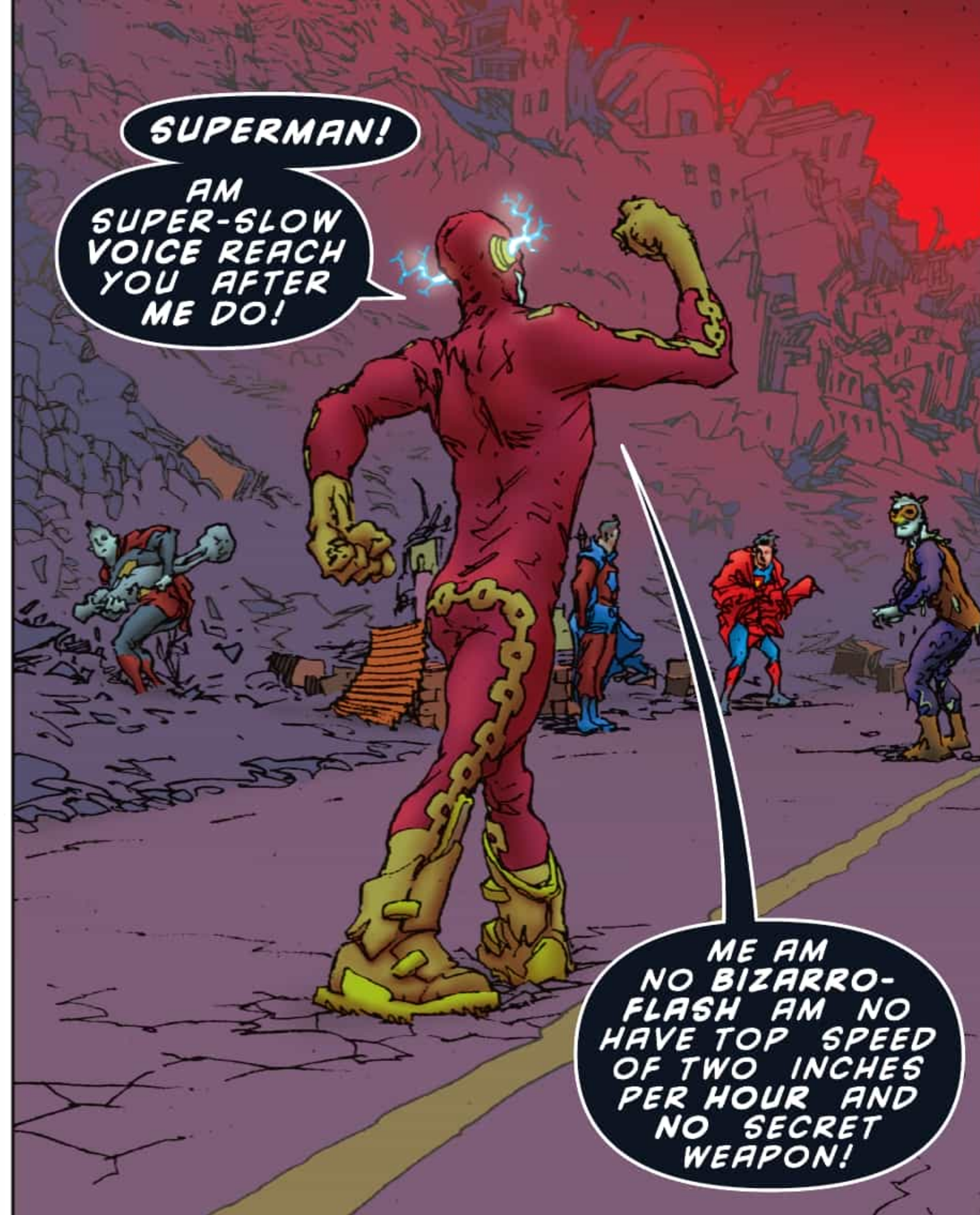
ROCKET  
AM TOTALLY NON-  
CONSTRUCTIVE WASTE  
OF TIME!

AWWW...













THEY WERE *EAGER* TO HELP, SUPERMAN.  
WHAT COULD I SAY?

I KNOW THESE POOR, DEMENTED CREATURES *MEAN* WELL, BUT...

THESE TWISTED COPIES OF MY OLD FRIENDS IN THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE* ARE AS *INEFFECTUAL* AS THE REAL THING WAS *EFFICIENT*.



I'VE MADE A CRUDE SINGLE SHOT *ION PULSE ENGINE* FROM *GARBAGE*--IT ONLY NEEDS A SIMPLE *HEAT SOURCE* TO ACTIVATE IT.

THANKS, ZIBARRO.

YOUR HANDS ARE SHAKING.

YOU'RE GROWING *WEAKER*.



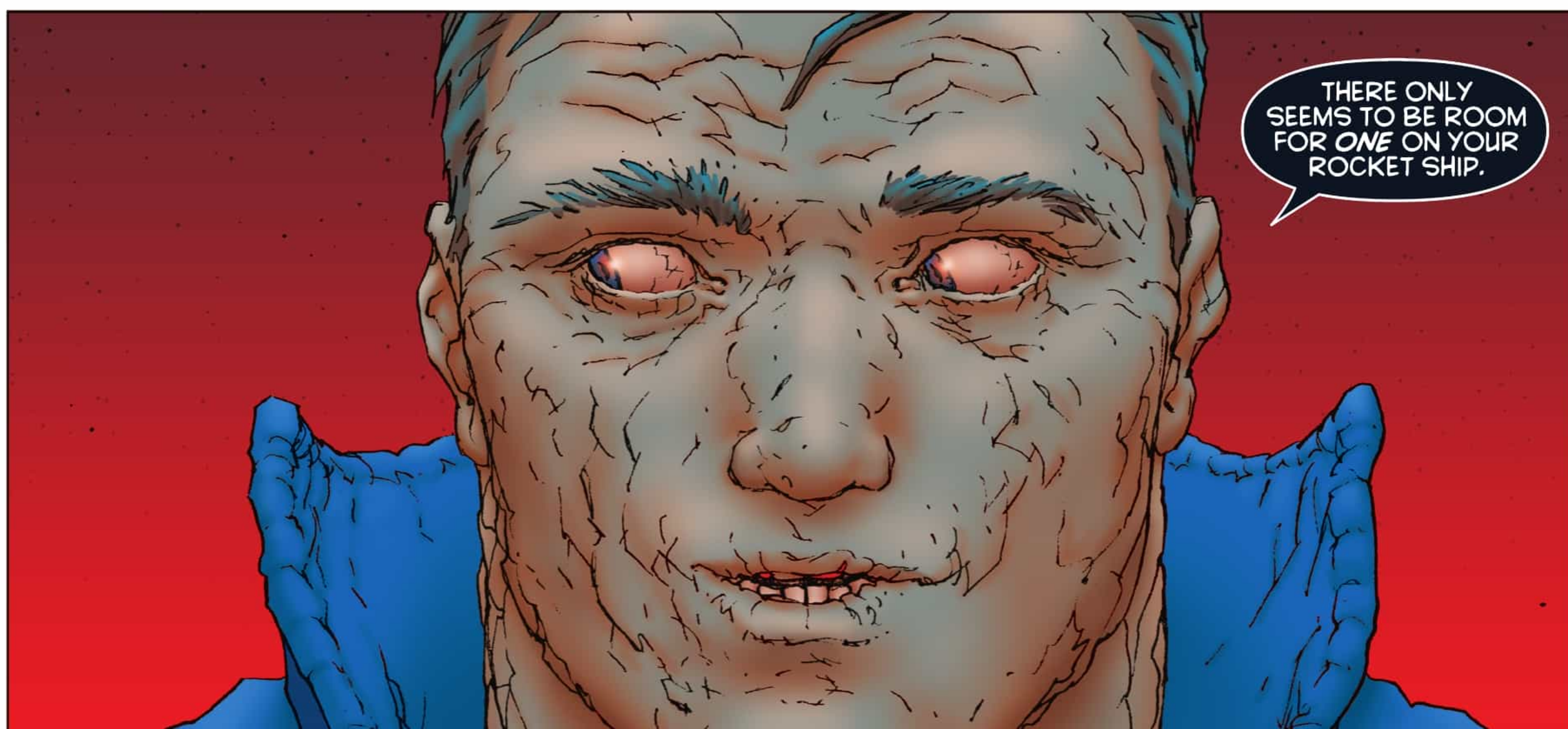
I DON'T KNOW.

IT'S JUST THAT... EVERYTHING'S GETTING *HEAVIER*.

ARE WE ALMOST DONE?

YES... I...

I... I WAS STUDYING THE BLUEPRINTS AGAIN AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT *NOTICE* SOMETHING, SUPERMAN.



THERE ONLY SEEMS TO BE ROOM FOR *ONE* ON YOUR ROCKET SHIP.

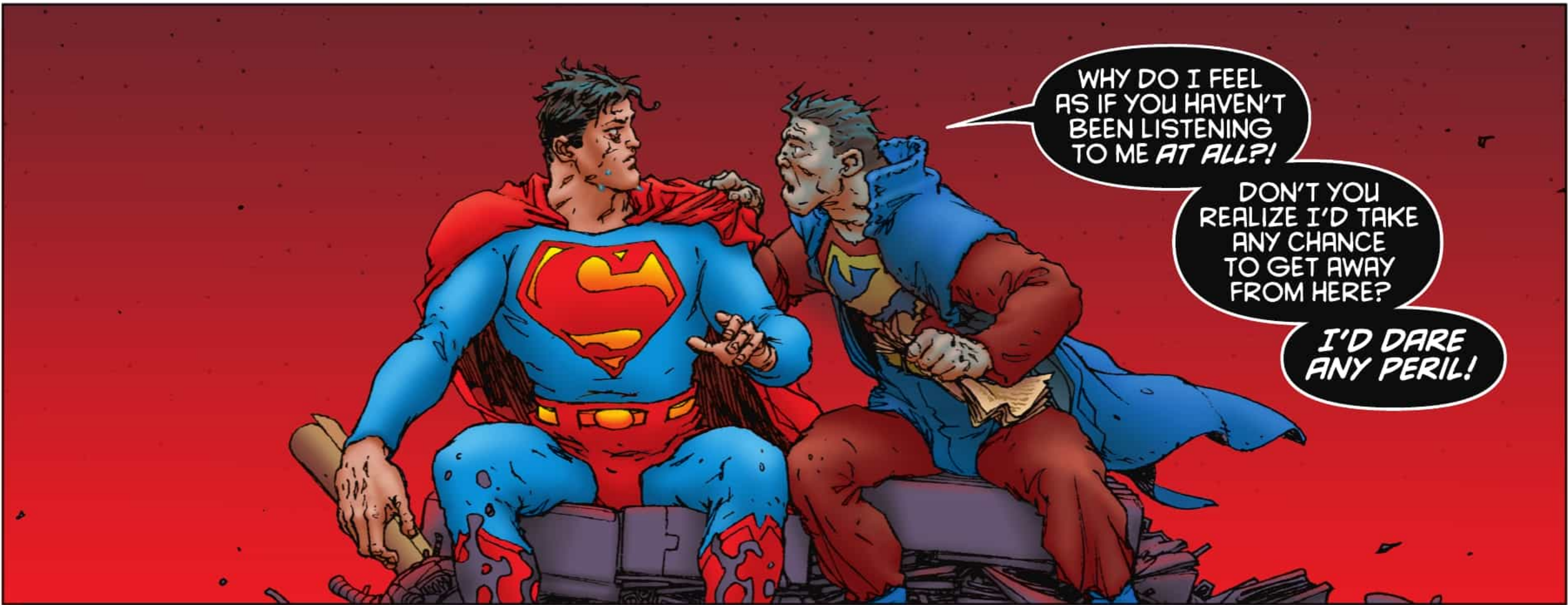




ZIBARRO, I'LL BE SUBJECTING MYSELF TO **UNIMAGINABLE** STRESSES.

THE CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE **SLIM**, EVEN IF YOU HAD **POWERS** LIKE THE SUPER BIZARRO...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!



WHY DO I FEEL AS IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LISTENING TO ME **AT ALL**?!

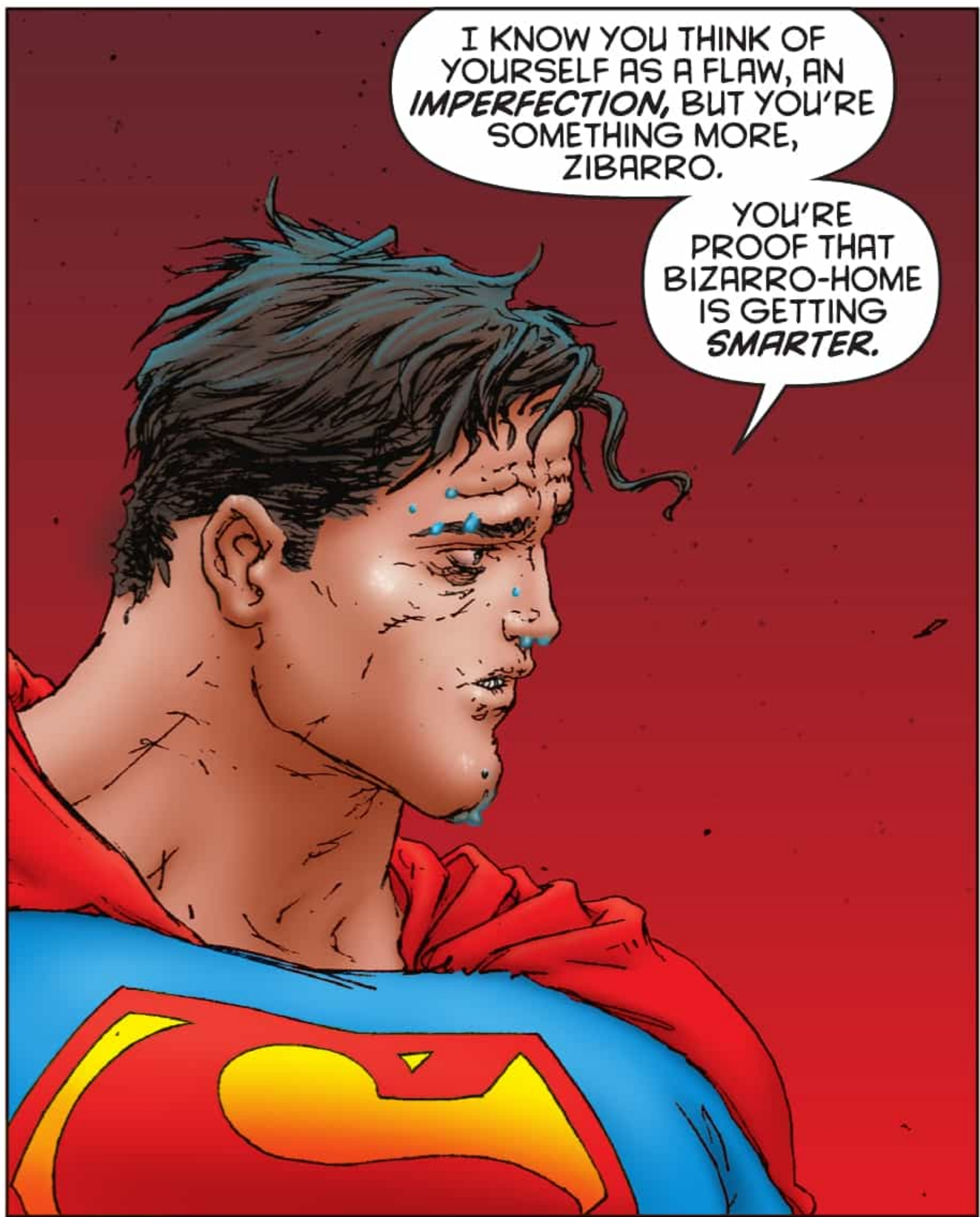
DON'T YOU REALIZE I'D TAKE ANY CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE?

**I'D DARE ANY PERIL!**



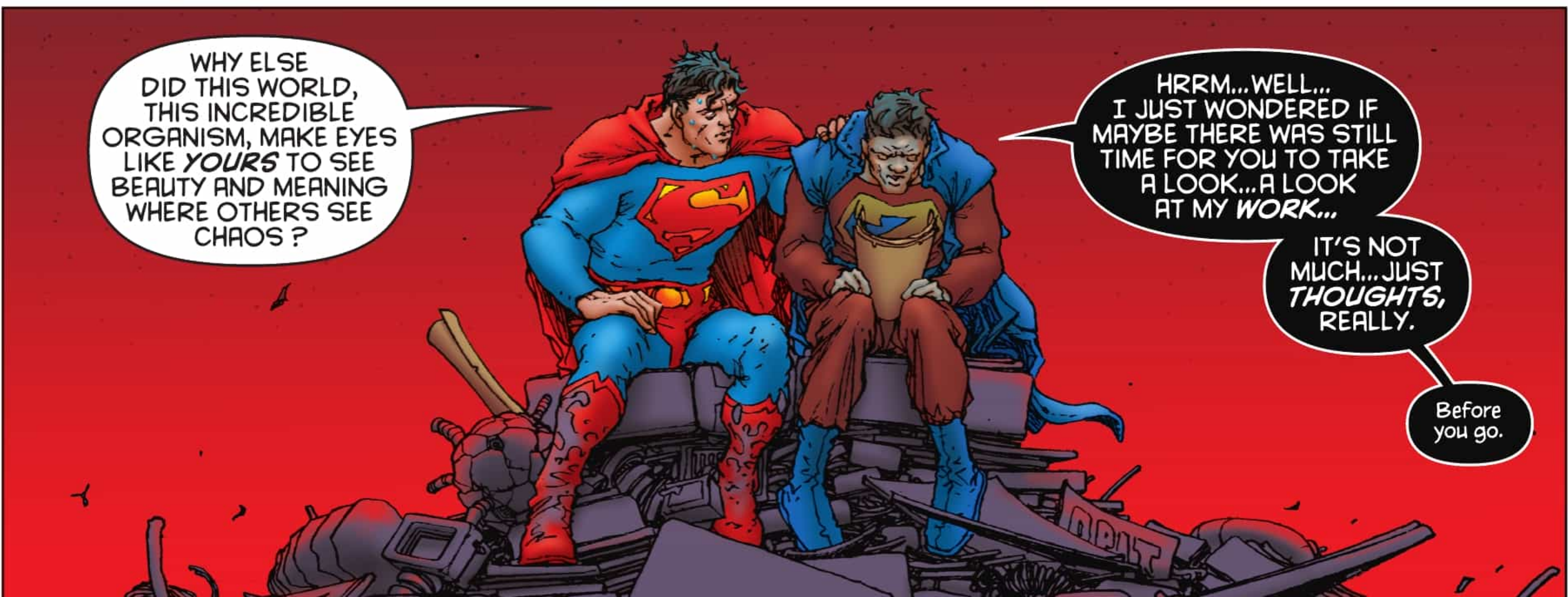
AND I CAN'T LET YOU **RISK** IT, BUT YOU HAVE MY **WORD**...

IF I GET **HOME** SAFELY, I'LL FIND A WAY TO **CONTACT** YOU HERE IN THE UNDERVERSE AND ONE DAY, I **PROMISE**, WE'LL MEET **AGAIN**.



I KNOW YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS A FLAW, AN **IMPERFECTION**, BUT YOU'RE SOMETHING MORE, ZIBARRO.

YOU'RE PROOF THAT BIZARRO-HOME IS GETTING **SMARTER**.



WHY ELSE DID THIS WORLD, THIS INCREDIBLE ORGANISM, MAKE EYES LIKE **YOURS** TO SEE BEAUTY AND MEANING WHERE OTHERS SEE CHAOS?

HRRM...WELL... I JUST WONDERED IF MAYBE THERE WAS STILL TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE A LOOK...A LOOK AT MY **WORK**...

IT'S NOT MUCH...JUST **THOUGHTS**, REALLY.

Before you go.





THE CEREMONY IS OVER!

THE ALL-NIGHT IS COMING TO AN END!



Unnh

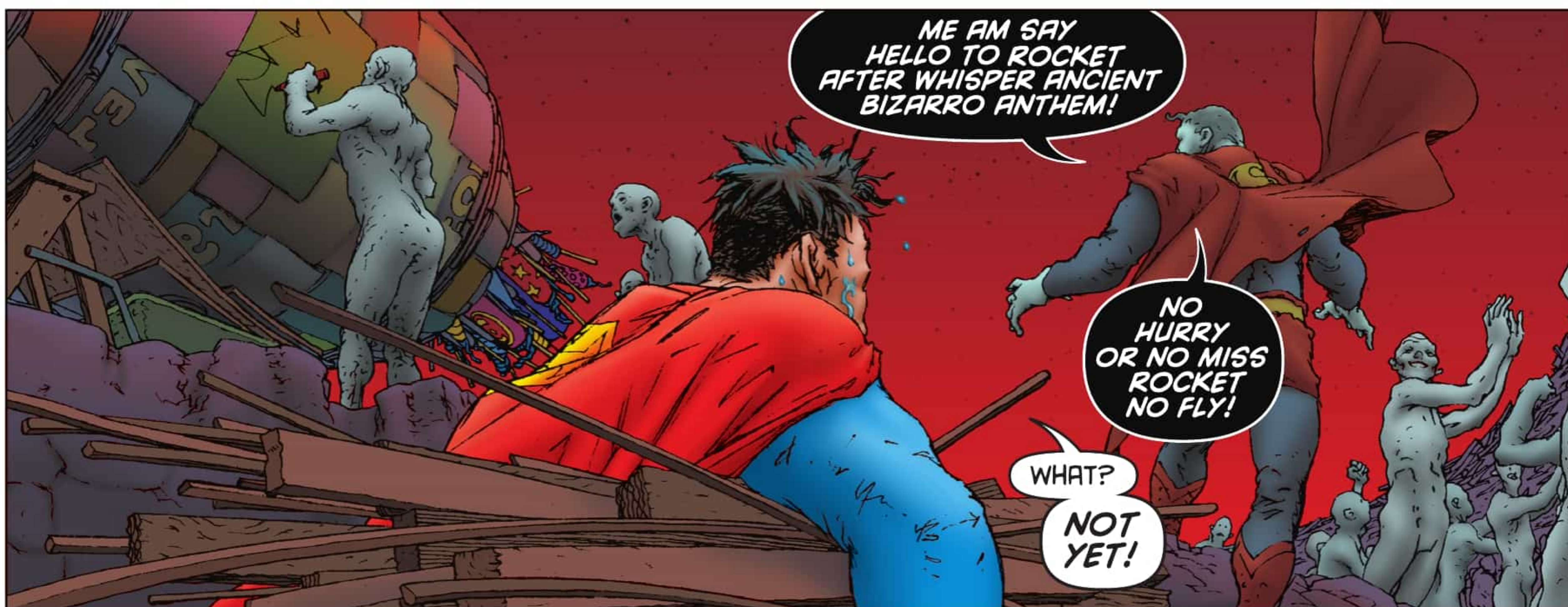
Uh

FF-FF-FF

WARM, HUH?

NOW IS NO FALL THE ALL-NIGHT!

NO HURRY! AM YOU NO HEAR ABOUT US NO MAKE ROCKET MAN NO LAUNCH?



ME AM SAY HELLO TO ROCKET AFTER WHISPER ANCIENT BIZARRO ANTHEM!

NO HURRY OR NO MISS ROCKET NO FLY!

WHAT?

NOT YET!



YOU MUSN'T LAUNCH WITHOUT ME!

Uhh... MUST... I MEAN...

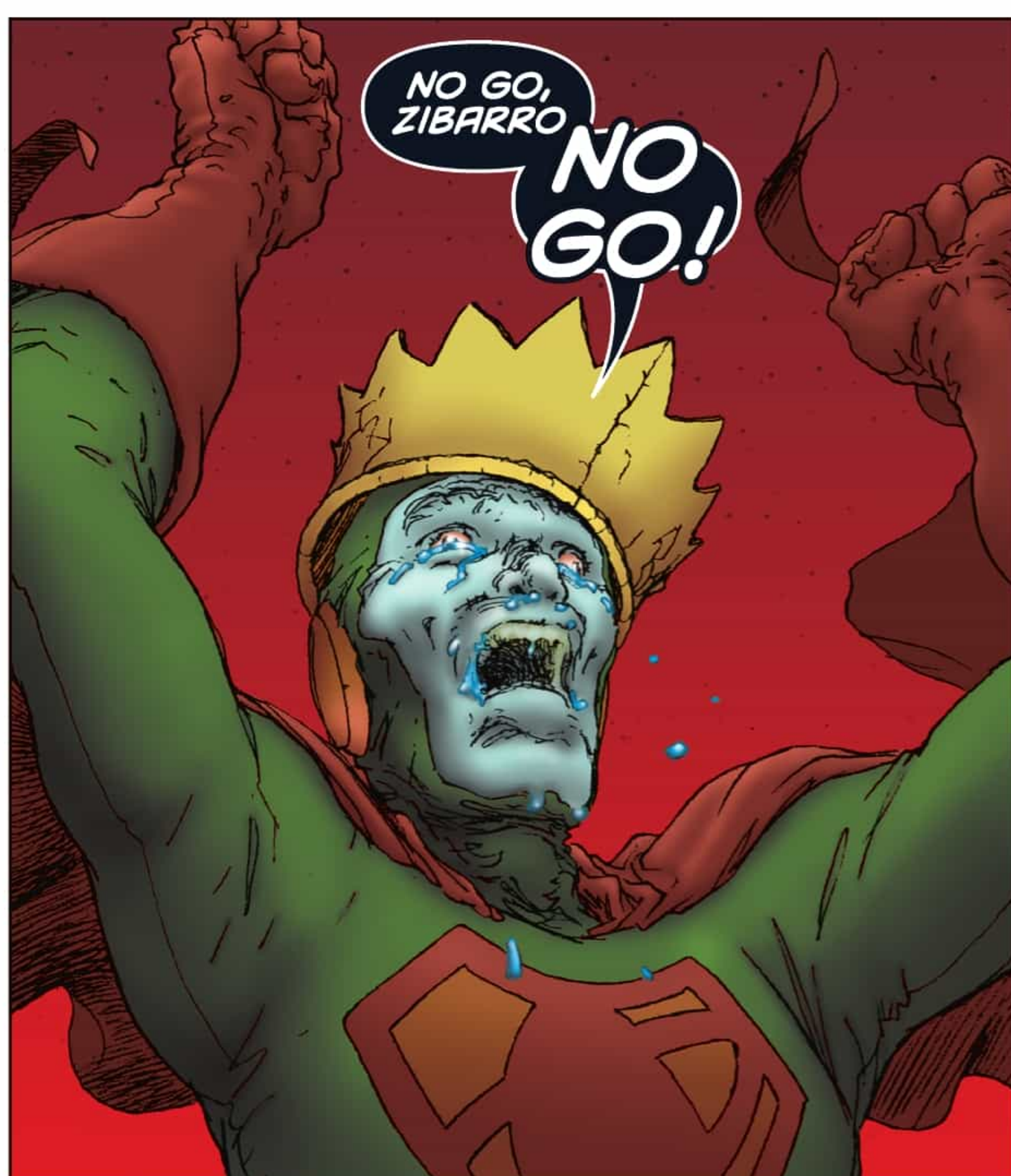
NO SAY, AM NO SEE BY AM NIGHT'S EARLY DARK!

...MUST LAUNCH ROCKET...





















DC COMICS PRESENTS ALL STAR SUPERMAN EPISODE 8  
WRITTEN BY GRANT MORRISON PENCILLED BY FRANK QUITELY  
DIGITALLY INKED & COLORED BY JAMIE GRANT



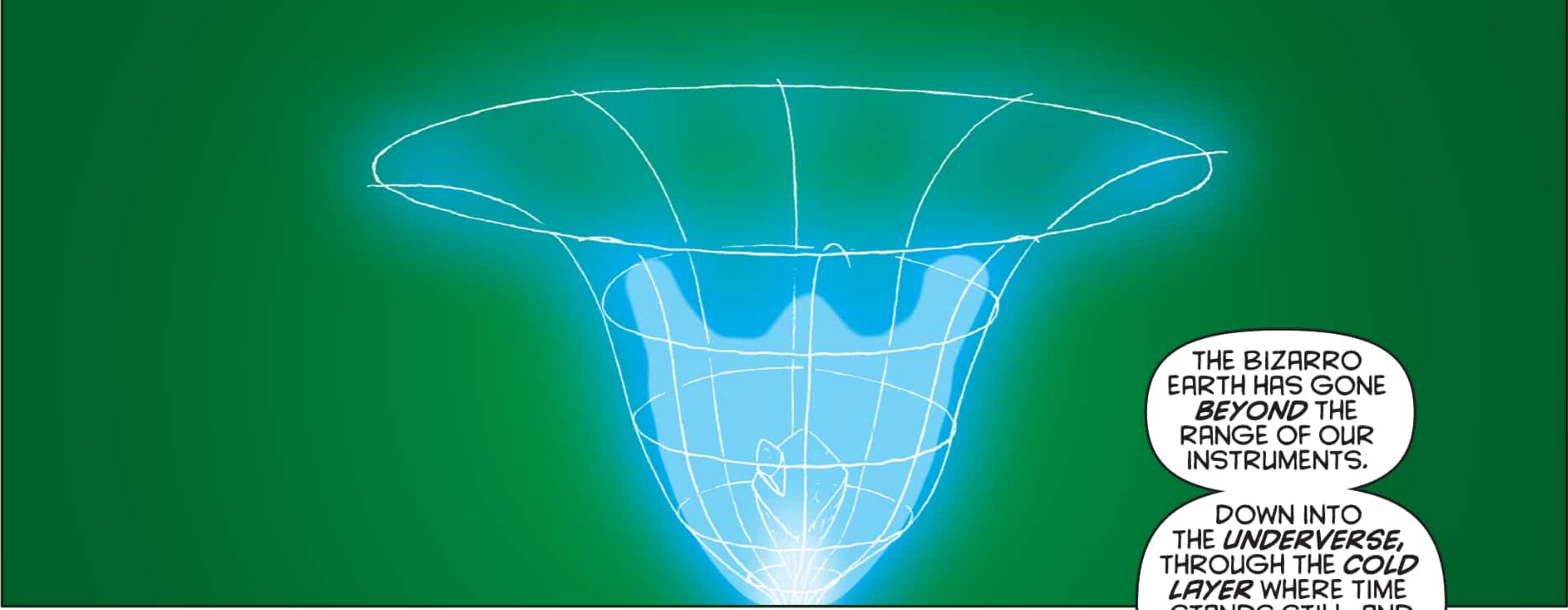
LETTERED BY PHIL BALSAMAN EDITORIAL ASSISTS BY BRANDON MONTCLARE  
EDITED BY BOB SCHRECK SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER  
A DC COMICS PRODUCTION

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



**US DO OPPOSITE**



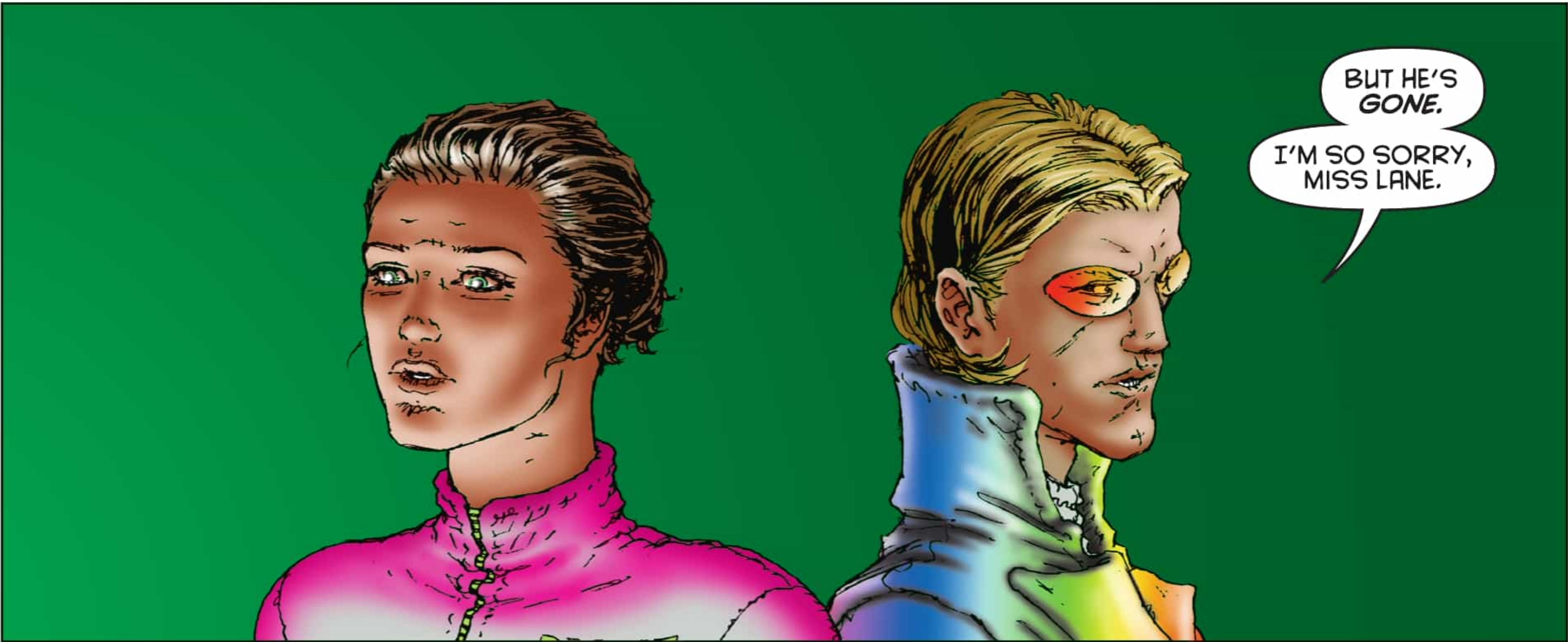


THE BIZARRO  
EARTH HAS GONE  
*BEYOND* THE  
RANGE OF OUR  
INSTRUMENTS.

DOWN INTO  
THE *UNDERVERSE*,  
THROUGH THE *COLD*  
*LAYER* WHERE TIME  
STANDS STILL, AND  
*BEYOND* INTO THE  
BLAZING UNKNOWN  
*BELOW*.

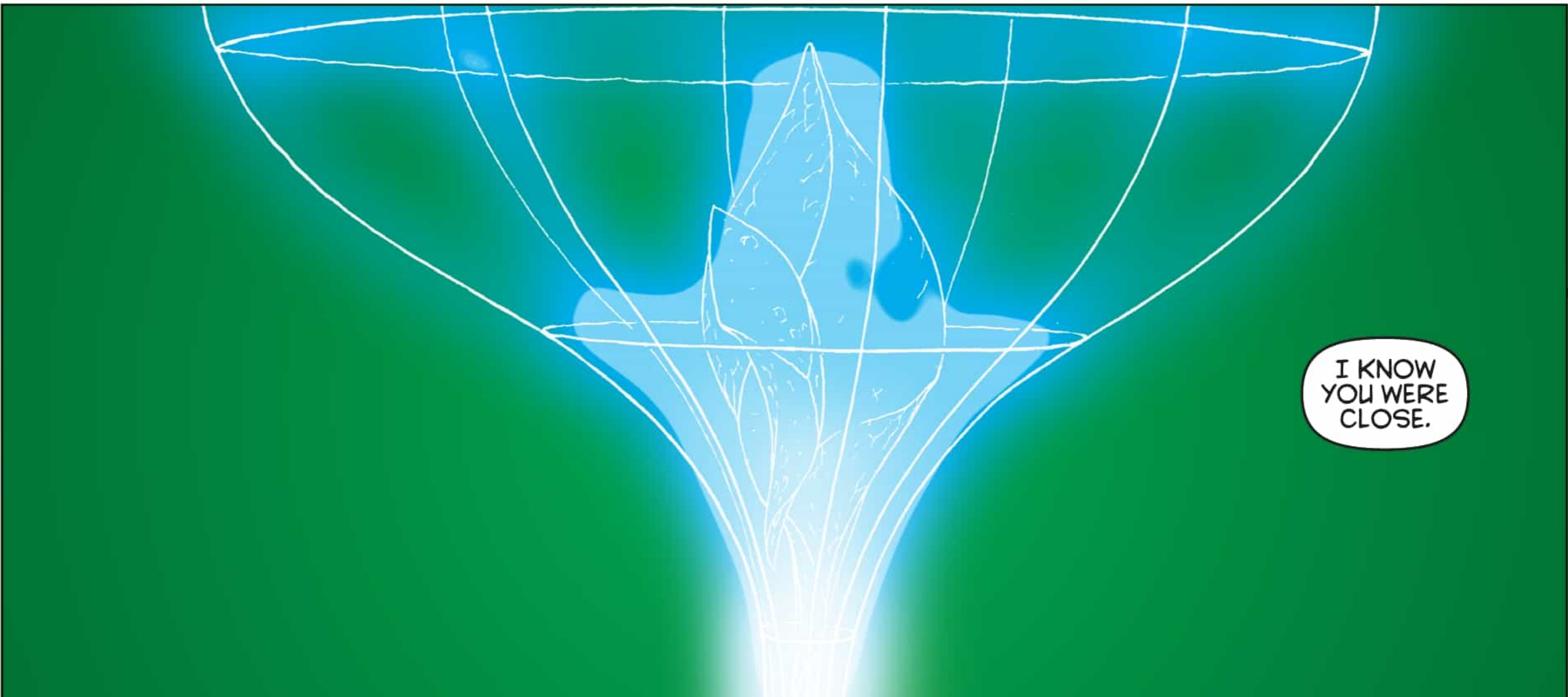


SUPERMAN  
SAVED US ALL.



BUT HE'S  
*GONE*.

I'M SO SORRY,  
MISS LANE.



I KNOW  
YOU WERE  
CLOSE.



