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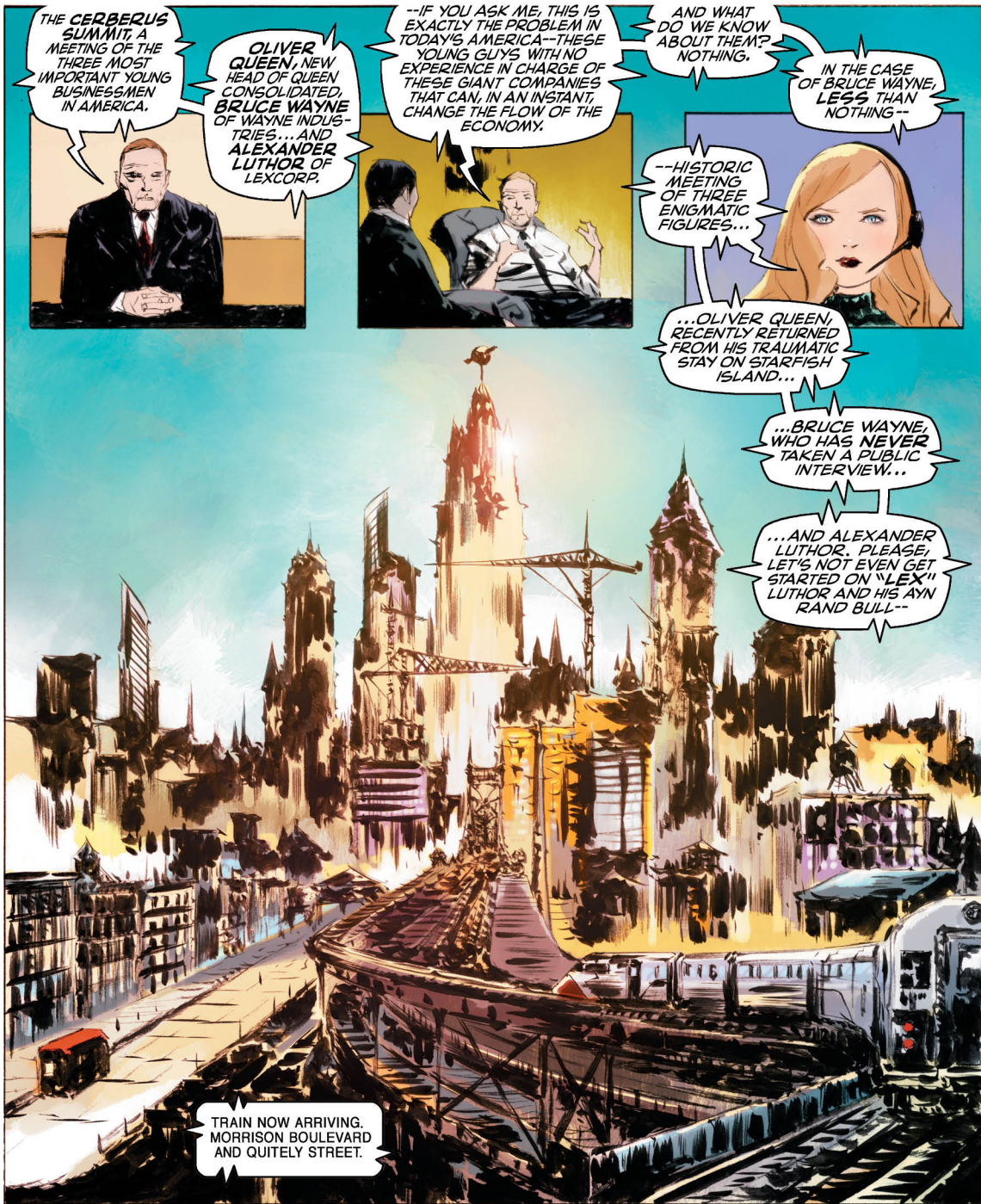
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SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER.
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.



THE CERBERUS SUMMIT, A MEETING OF THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT YOUNG BUSINESSMEN IN AMERICA.

OLIVER QUEEN, NEW HEAD OF QUEEN CONSOLIDATED, BRUCE WAYNE OF WAYNE INDUSTRIES... AND ALEXANDER LUTHOR OF LEXCORP.

--IF YOU ASK ME, THIS IS EXACTLY THE PROBLEM IN TODAY'S AMERICA--THESE YOUNG GUY'S WITH NO EXPERIENCE IN CHARGE OF THESE GIANT COMPANIES THAT CAN, IN AN INSTANT, CHANGE THE FLOW OF THE ECONOMY.

AND WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THEM? NOTHING.

IN THE CASE OF BRUCE WAYNE, LESS THAN NOTHING--

--HISTORIC MEETING OF THREE ENIGMATIC FIGURES...

...OLIVER QUEEN, RECENTLY RETURNED FROM HIS TRAUMATIC STAY ON STARFISH ISLAND...

...BRUCE WAYNE, WHO HAS NEVER TAKEN A PUBLIC INTERVIEW...

...AND ALEXANDER LUTHOR. PLEASE, LET'S NOT EVEN GET STARTED ON "LEX" LUTHOR AND HIS AYN RAND BULL--

TRAIN NOW ARRIVING. MORRISON BOULEVARD AND QUITELY STREET.



'SCUSE ME. SORRY.

SORRY, I GOTTA GET THROUGH--

WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HERE ISN'T A TRANSITION.



THIS IS NOT A GENERATIONAL PASSING OF THE TORCH.

BRUCE, ALEXANDER, AND MYSELF-- WE'RE **TAKING** THE TORCH, NOT BEING HANDED IT.

THIS ISN'T A TRANSITION. IT'S A NEW BEGINNING.

SORRY, I'M LATE-- HERE'S MY PASS.

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE UP HERE IN THE PRESS AREA--



THIS IS GARBAGE.

IT--WHAT?

WE HAD TO WRITE AN ESSAY FOR **THIS**? IT'S A DAMN PUBLICIST UP THERE. ALL OUR REPORTS WILL BE IDENTICAL.

LOOK AT QUEEN WAVING LIKE AN IDIOT.

IT'S ALL A **SHOW**.

IT MAKES TOO MUCH SENSE. THROW THE STUDENTS AT A BABY-SIZED STORY.

The question was, I believe, framed as a trap.

Why do I think Lois Lane deserves a place on the *Planet's* Charlton Memorial Laureate Program?

Even in the asking, there's a telling. I shouldn't have to make a case for myself--I shouldn't have to prove anything to you. Surely you've already read my transcript, read my bio,

searched me up and down and across, and if you don't blame me for saying so, you have either already decided I'm not good enough and this is your way of making me feel like I at least had my say, or you've already accepted me and now I'm meant to garnish my success with some eloquent affirmation. Either way, I'm coming up empty.



YOU'RE LOIS LANE!

LOUIS?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A **MAN!**

WHAT?

I MEAN, BEFORE I SAW YOU. YOU'RE NOT A MAN. I SEE THAT.

...WHO ARE YOU?

SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ON OUR OWN...

...MAKES SENSE TO WEED OUT THE GOOBERS, LIKE YOU. SINK OR SWIM. **VERY DARWIN.**

WHAT A **CROCK** OF--

OH, LOIS, I'M--



BRUCE WAYNE!



WAIT-- WHAT?

WHAT IS THIS?

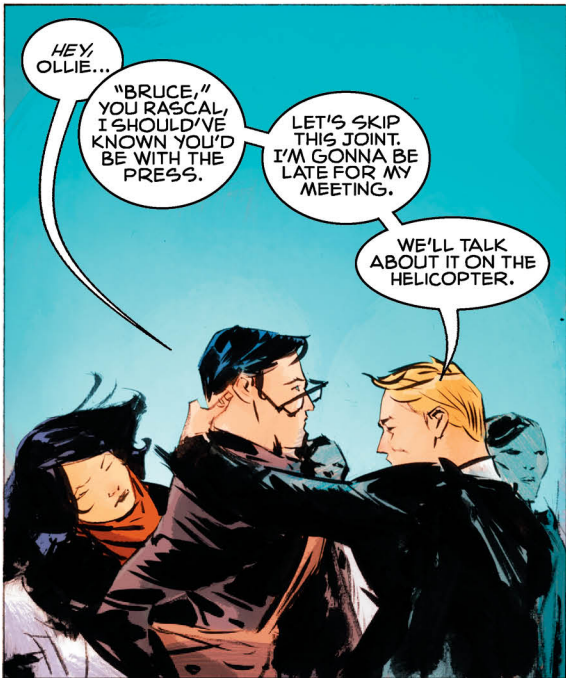
WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?



I WAS-- UH-- BRUCE WAYNE ONCE--

--JUST FOR A BIT.*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: C'MON, DON'T TELL ME YOU MISSED ISSUE 3!



HEY, OLLIE...

"BRUCE," YOU RASCAL, I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU'D BE WITH THE PRESS.

LET'S SKIP THIS JOINT. I'M GONNA BE LATE FOR MY MEETING.

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT ON THE HELICOPTER.



THE HELICOPTER?