



AS THEY FLEW OVER AMERICA, THE MARTIAN COULD NOT HELP BUT LISTEN TO THE STORIES STILL SPREADING BELOW.

THE LEGEND OF LUTHOR MADE HIM OUT TO BE A GREAT SAVIOR. MORE THAN HE EVER WAS. MORE THAN ANY MAN COULD EVER BE.




THE PEOPLE WHISPERED TO HIM IN THEIR QUIET MOMENTS, ALMOST IN PRAYER. HOPING HE MIGHT COME AND GIVE THEM THEIR HEARTS' DESIRE.

BUT LUTHOR HAD NOT COME FOR THEM. LUTHOR HAD COME FOR J'ONN J'ONZZ, THE MARTIAN MANHUNTER. HIS DRONE HAD GIVEN COORDINATES IN THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST. HAWKGIRL CAUTIONED HIM AGAINST THE LIKELY TRAP OF IT ALL.

TRUTHFULLY, J'ONN DIDN'T CARE. HE KNEW THE MAN AT THE HEART OF THE LEGEND AND HAD SOUGHT HIM OUT FOR DAYS. HIS HUNT WAS COMING TO AN END, AND HE WOULD NOT BE DETERRED.



J'ONN. AT LEAST LET ME CALL FOR BACKUP. TELL *SOMEONE* WHERE WE'RE GOING.



LUTHOR WOULD KNOW. WE WOULD LOSE HIM IN A SECOND.

WE'RE ONLY HERE BECAUSE HE *WANTS* US TO BE HERE.

YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHY AND HOW THAT'S DANGEROUS.

I DO, KENDRA. I PROMISE THAT I DO.

IT'S ALL RATHER TOUCHING, ISN'T IT? HOW MUCH SHE CARES FOR YOU. HOW CONFUSING THAT IS FOR HER.





LUTHOR.

THIS TECHNOLOGY SHOULD APPROXIMATE THE FREQUENCY OF YOUR TELEPATHY. IF YOU LET ON THAT I'M SPEAKING TO YOU RIGHT NOW, I'LL CUT THIS LINE AND YOU WILL **NEVER** FIND ME.

LAND ON THE ROCK FACE BELOW. PUT THE HAWK INTO A DEEP SLEEP WITH YOUR MIND. THEN THE ENTRANCE WILL MAKE ITSELF KNOWN TO YOU.

WHY SHOULD I DO THAT?

SIMPLE. IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO ME AGAIN.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS. BUT CHOOSE FAST. I HAVE **WORK** TO DO.

# APEX PREDATOR

FINALE

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





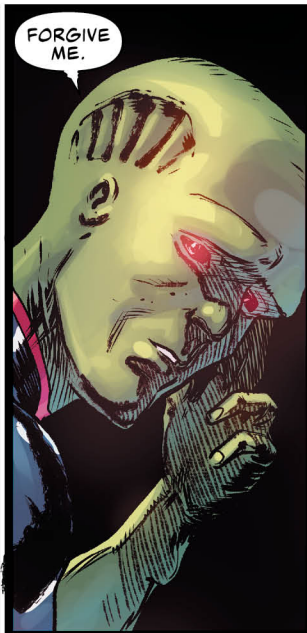
HE'S CLOSE.

I BELIEVE SO, YES. I CAN... SENSE HIM.

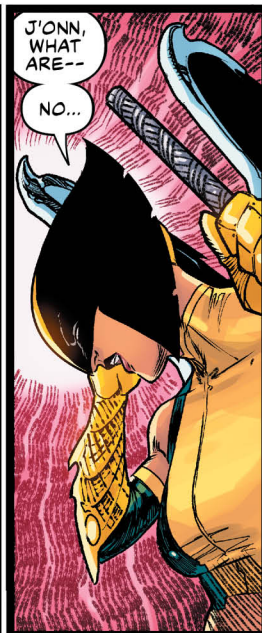


J'ONN, I TRUST YOU. I MIGHT BE FRUSTRATED OUT OF MY MIND WITH YOU RIGHT NOW, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE HERE FOR THE RIGHT REASONS.

JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED ME TO DO.



FORGIVE ME.



J'ONN, WHAT ARE--

NO...

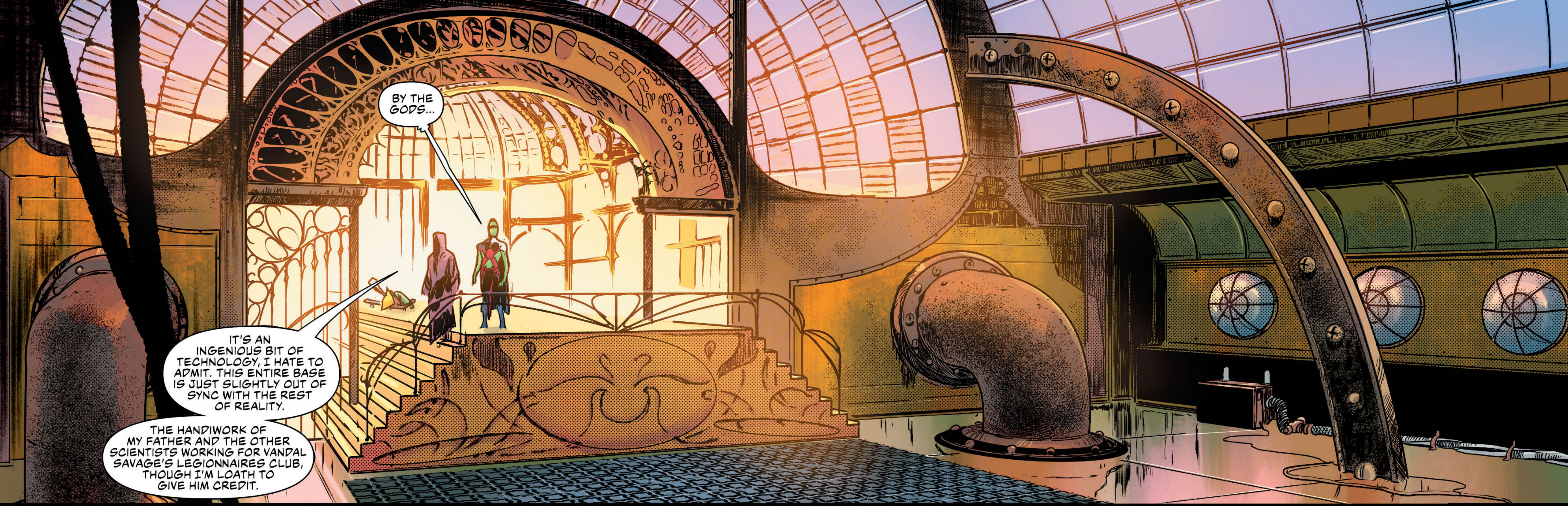


NLH.



EXCELLENT. NOW FOLLOW ME...

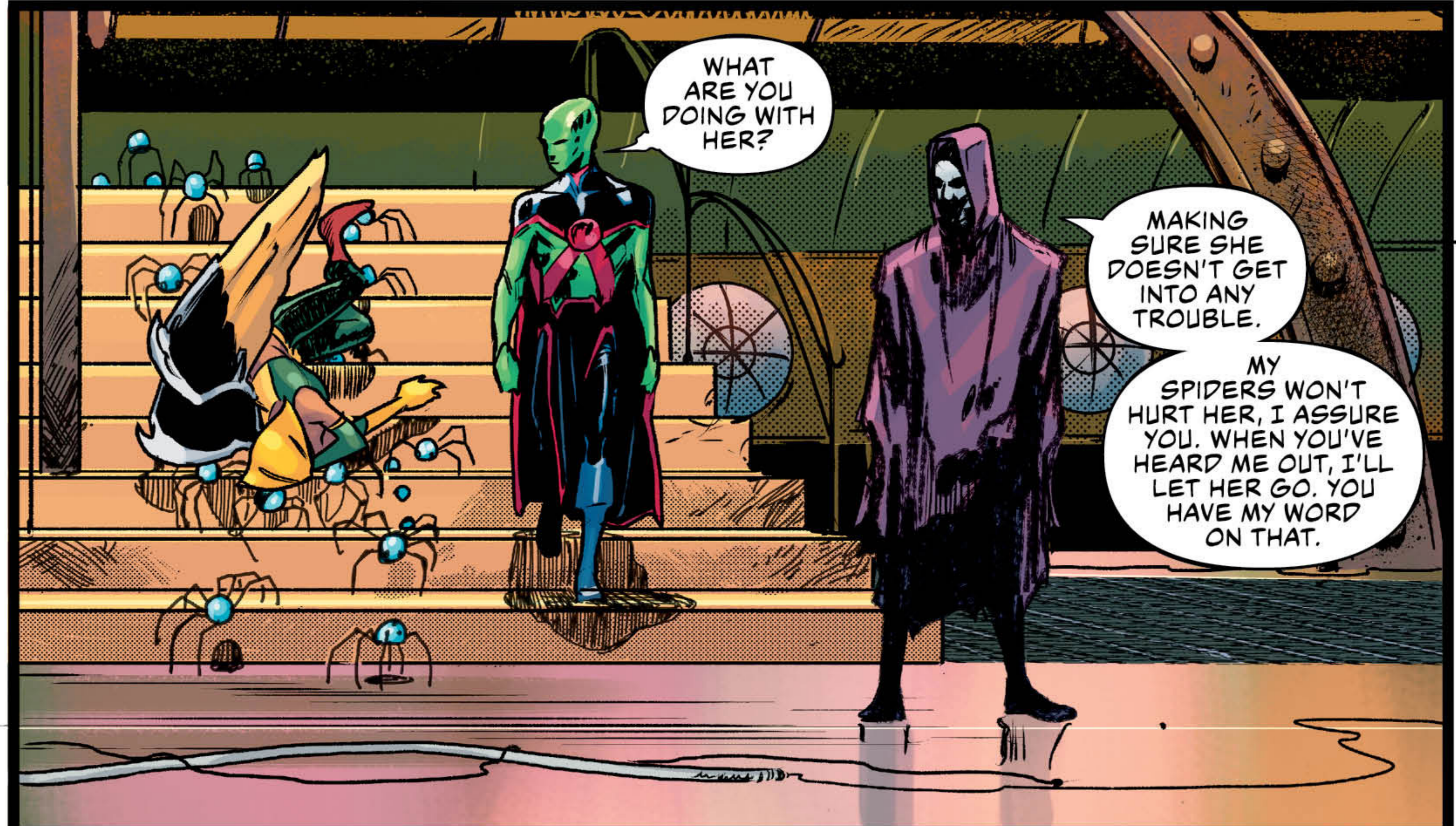




BY THE GODS...

IT'S AN INGENUOUS BIT OF TECHNOLOGY, I HATE TO ADMIT. THIS ENTIRE BASE IS JUST SLIGHTLY OUT OF SYNC WITH THE REST OF REALITY.

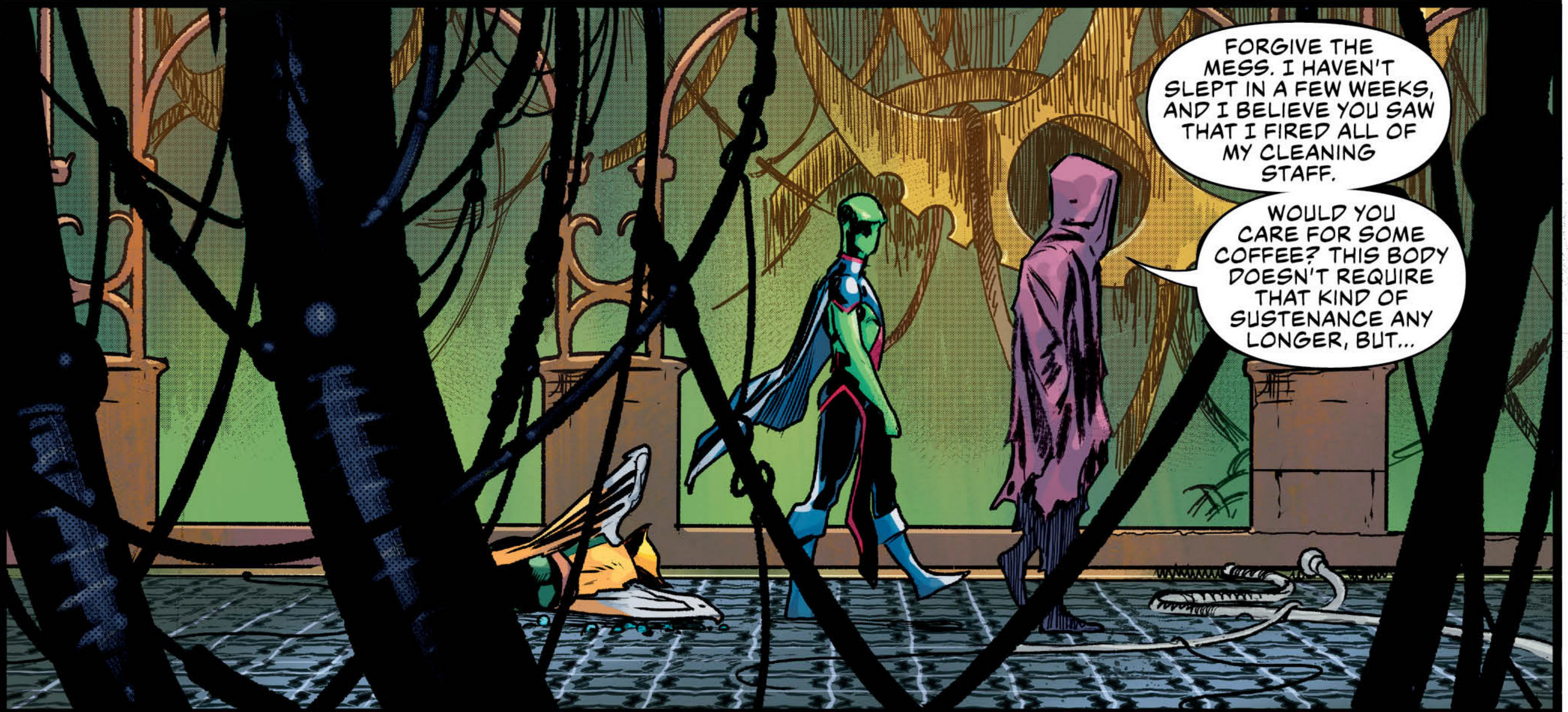
THE HANDIWORK OF MY FATHER AND THE OTHER SCIENTISTS WORKING FOR VANDAL SAVAGE'S LEGIONNAIRES CLUB, THOUGH I'M LOATH TO GIVE HIM CREDIT.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH HER?

MAKING SURE SHE DOESN'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE.

MY SPIDERS WON'T HURT HER, I ASSURE YOU. WHEN YOU'VE HEARD ME OUT, I'LL LET HER GO. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT.

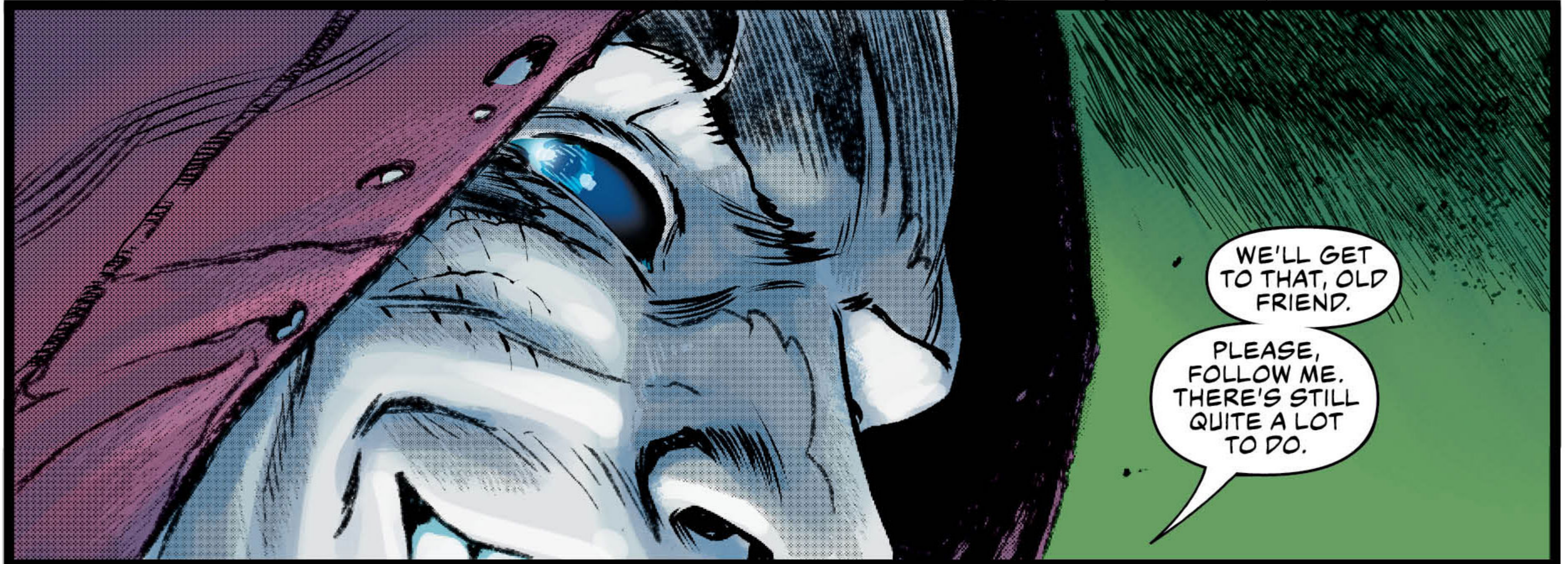


FORGIVE THE MESS. I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN A FEW WEEKS, AND I BELIEVE YOU SAW THAT I FIRED ALL OF MY CLEANING STAFF.

WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME COFFEE? THIS BODY DOESN'T REQUIRE THAT KIND OF SUSTENANCE ANY LONGER, BUT...



LUTHOR, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?



WE'LL GET TO THAT, OLD FRIEND.

PLEASE, FOLLOW ME. THERE'S STILL QUITE A LOT TO DO.



**WARD.**  
**THE ANTIMATTER UNIVERSE.**

OKAY, I NEED EVERYONE WHO ISN'T A COSMIC BEING IN MY SIGHT LINE.

ANTIMATTER AND MATTER DON'T EXACTLY GET ALONG IF YOU STICK THE TWO TOGETHER. I CAN PROTECT YOU AS LONG AS MY WILLPOWER HOLDS.

AND KEEP YOUR EYES OUT FOR ANYTHING BUG-EYED THAT LOOKS LIKE IT WANTS TO KILL YOU.

