YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO STEAL MOSCOW, NOT STALINGRAD. SUPERMAN LIVES MILES AWAY FROM STALINGRAD.

GOD, I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED A LEVEL-TWELVE INTELLIGENCE TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND A BLASTED ROAD MAP.

WHERE IS HE, LUTHOR? WHERE’S BRAINIAC?

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT MACY’S, SUPERMAN. WHERE DO YOU THINK?

EIGHT MILLION SOVIET CITIZENS CONDEMNED TO SPEND THE REST OF THEIR LIVES NO BIGGER THAN A FULL STOP! UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU MANAGE TO CATCH HIM IN TIME. MAN OF STEEL.

THAT VERY IMPRESSIVE SHIP OF HIS LEFT EARTH’S ATMOSPHERE TWO HOURS AGO...
What was the point of Lex Luthor?

A human being who dared to challenge a God, he was surely the greatest of his kind.

I often look back upon those days and wonder what he might have accomplished without me. The triumphs he might have achieved in the name of his species.

Perhaps he existed to keep me in check or as someone once hypothesized, perhaps it was the other way around.

This is why he despised me so.
GAME OVER, LUTHOR.

FIFTY-EIGHT SECONDS!
YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN, SUPERMAN. BRAINIAC'S SHIP WAS ONLY FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

SURELY ADVANCING MIDDLE AGE ISN'T CATCHING UP WITH RUSSIA'S MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW?

BRAINIAC'S CENTRAL PROCESSING UNIT, LEX. I USED IT TO ACCESS EVERY FILE IN THE SHIP'S DATABASE. BUT THERE ISN'T A SHRED OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

HARDLY SURPRISING WHEN BRAINIAC'S PRIME DIRECTIVE WAS STORING INFORMATION ON ALIEN CULTURES. I DON'T THINK HE EVER INTENDED GIVING ANY OF THESE CITIES BACK, YOU KNOW.

TELL YOU WHAT. I'M ALWAYS READING HOW SMART YOU ARE. HOW NOTHING WE MORTALS CAN IMAGINE IS BEYOND PRESIDENT SUPERMAN'S LIMITATIONS, CORRECT?

I CAN'T FIND ANY MEANS OF RETURNING STALINGRAD TO ITS NATURAL SIZE.

WELL, NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE THEM RIGHT, ALIEN.

BEST OF LUCK.
TEMPER TEMPER SUPERMAN.

HARDLY THE BEHAVIOR ONE WOULD EXPECT WHEN A FOREIGN HEAD OF STATE PAYS A VISIT TO AMERICA’S MOST ENTERPRISING CORPORATION.

CONTACT THE BUILDERS. STANDARD REPAIR.

OH, AND TELL LOOMIS AND SCHOTT I’M READY FOR ATTACK PLAN THREE HUNDRED AND SEVEN. MISS TESCHMACHER, I FEEL LIKE I’M ON AN INTELLECTUAL ROLL TODAY.

KNIGHT TO B3. INCIDENTALLY, THAT’S A CHECKMATE. TABLE EIGHTY-ONE.
MOSCOW:

...and so this marked the end of the short-lived Luthor-BRAIN/Ac partnership, but only the beginning for the tragic people of Stalingrad.

To this day, our great leader has been unable to solve their predicament, and their names are etched here forever in the Superman Museum so that we might never forget.

Over the years, the American C.I.A. has funded the construction of an entire rogues gallery of super-criminals built by the prolific Doctor Lex Luthor...

The Parasite, Metallo, the Atomic Skull, Bizarro, all designed to assassinate Superman and restore the fading fortunes of the United States of America.

All thankfully quite unsuccessful.
ONLY NINETY SECONDS AT EACH EXHIBIT, COMRADE. KEEP IN STEP WITH THE OTHER TOURISTS OR FACE RIGOROUS PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.

I'M SORRY, MY FRIEND. I WAS IN A WORLD OF MY OWN.

THE SOVIET UNION WAS JUST A FRAGILE ASSEMBLY WHEN SUPERMAN FIRST CAME TO POWER. TWO DECADES LATER AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS OUR ALLY.

ONLY THE UNITED STATES AND CHILE CHOOSE TO REMAIN INDEPENDENT. THE LAST TWO CAPITALIST ECONOMIES ON EARTH AND BOTH ON THE BRINK OF FISCAL AND SOCIAL COLLAPSE.

THE REST OF THE WORLD WAS GLAD TO VOLUNTEER TOTAL CONTROL TO SUPERMAN AND WATCHED IN AWE AS HE REBUILT THEIR SOCIETIES, RUNNING THEIR AFFAIRS MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN ANY HUMAN COULD.

POVERTY, DISEASE AND IGNORANCE HAVE BEEN VIRTUALLY ELIMINATED FROM THE WARSAW PACT STATES...

...DISOBEDIENCE TO THE PARTY HAS BEEN VIRTUALLY ELIMINATED.
Whatever helps you sleep at night, comrade.

We're like his pets, animals in a cage. He might feed us and shelter everyone, but we're never going to be free while that monster's running the show.
I mean, nobody wants problems like we had in the past, but sometimes I just wish this Batman character would blow the whole system apart out there.

Just to see what things might be like without some all-seeing Big Brother watching over us again. You know what I'm saying here, Comrade?

Dangerous talk, my friend. Especially when you're criticizing a man with super-hearing.

What do you mean? There's no law against conversation. Is there? Not even Superman's going to punish me just for voicing an opinion.

Incitement to disobey is all it takes to be turned into a Superman robot these days. Young man, keep your thoughts to yourself while you still have a collection of your own.

Fireworks display's almost ready. Just remember I was in here drinking when someone else lit the fuse, right?

The usual arrangement, Comrade. I understand.

Buy this young man here another drink and maybe we can introduce him to some like-minded people a little later.

Put the bill on my tab, eh?

Wait a minute. You don't have a tab.
MY APOLOGIES FOR INTERRUPTING A PERFECT EVENING OF TOTALITARIAN OPPRESSION, BUT I'VE GOT A MESSAGE HERE FOR ANYONE WHO VALUES BREATHING.

IN PRECISELY FOUR MINUTES TIME, MOSCOW'S SUPERMAN MUSEUM WILL ERUPT INTO A BEAUTIFUL, FLICKERING FIREBALL...

PLEASE STAY WHERE YOU ARE IF YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A STAND AGAINST THE TACTICS OF MY TERRORIST ORGANIZATION. OTHERWISE, I'D RECOMMEND YOU RUN LIKE HELL.

BATMAN OUT.

BATMAN? I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD AND BURIED?

IT DOESN'T MATTER! JUST EVACUATE THE BUILDING! THEY'RE SAYING HE'S TARGETED FIVE OFFICIAL PREMISES THIS TIME!

BOOM
Squadron Leader! This is Red Four! We've picked up movement on a rooftop east of Pushkin Square! Moving in to investigate!

It's him! We've got him!

Red Four to Squadron Leader! We've got him trapped on the corner of the First National Bank! He's not getting away this time, Comrade!

What are you waiting for? A confession? Bring him down hard, you Idiots!

Chaka Chaka Chaka Chaka Chaka Chaka

In pursuit, Squadron Leader! I repeat, all units are in pursuit!
Batman: A force of chaos in my world of perfect order. The dark side of the Soviet dream.

Rumored to be a thousand murdered dissidents. They said he was a ghost. A walking dead man.

Symbol of rebellion that would never fade as long as the system survived.

Anarchy in Black.
WE'VE LOST VISUAL! I REPEAT: WE'VE LOST VISUAL. SQUADRON LEADER! TARGET IS...

...MOBILE AND HEADING SOUTH TO GARDEN RING. RED FIVE, YOU GOT A TRACE ON HIM YET?

ROGER THAT. RED FOUR, TARGET JUST LANDED ON THE TEN TWENTY AND IS SKIPPING ACROSS THE CARRIAGES! ALL GROUND UNITS PLEASE CONVERGE!

AIR TEAM, THIS IS GROUND CONTROL. WE JUST CAUGHT HIM SWINGING ON A FLAGPOLE OVER TVERSKAYA! MOVE IN AND FORM A PERIMETER BLOCK. COMRADES...

I THINK HE'S INJURED. WHAT?

BATMAN JUST TOOK HALF A DOZEN BULLETS! MOVE IN AND LET'S FINISH THIS OFF!
EVERYBODY BACK! YOU HEAR ME? NOBODY GETS NEAR HIM UNTIL EVERYONE'S IN POSITION!

RIOT TEAMS SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE AND FOURTEEN! WE NEED A PERFECT CIRCLE AROUND US AND EVERYBODY FOCUSING THEIR SIGHTS ON THIS LUNATIC. ARE WE CLEAR?

CRYSTAL CLEAR, SIR. EVERYBODY'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

OKAY, LET'S SEE WHO'S SMILING NOW, GENIUS?

DAMN IT!
WHERE WERE YOU, SUPERMAN? WHERE WERE YOU WHEN WE ACTUALLY NEEDED YOU FOR ONCE?

PYOTR! WHAT'S WRONG?

WE HAD BATMAN EXACTLY WHERE WE WANTED HIM, BUT HE STILL MANAGED TO GET AWAY AND LEAVE MY MEN LOOKING LIKE PROCLING IDIOTS!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT HIS NETWORK JUST DETONATED FIVE BOMBS TONIGHT AND MY MEN CAN'T FIND A FINGERPRINT?

I SAY IT'S TIME WE GOT TOUGH AND CRACKED A FEW SKULLS JUST LIKE WE DID IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

WHY CAN'T WE KILL HIM, SUPERMAN? GOD, MY FATHER MUST BE SPINNING IN HIS GRAVE OUT THERE!

NO, THERE MUST BE NO KILLING, PYOTR. YOU MIGHT RUN THE K.G.B., BUT I'M THE ONE WHO RUNS THE COUNTRY.

THIS UTOPIA WILL NOT BE BUILT ON THE BONES OF MY OPPONENTS. THAT WAS COMRADE STALIN'S WAY. NOT MINE.

WHAT? HOW DARE YOU RIDICULE THE LEGACY OF MY FATHER? HE WAS TEN TIMES THE MAN YOU'LL EVER...

EXCUSE ME, PYOTR. THERE'S BEEN A SIGNAL MALFUNCTION. EIGHT HUNDRED MILES AWAY, TWO TRAINS ARE ABOUT TO COLLIDE...
By the time the words had reached his ears, I was already in Minsk and had spotted three other emergencies which merited my immediate attention.

If I was being honest with myself, I would admit that I was growing bored with human conversation.
Princess Diana of Themyscra was perhaps the only person I could really talk to in those days. Although she had taken to calling herself Wonder Woman by that point in time.

An outstanding convert to communism, Diana had opted to leave her Amazonian paradise and fight with me for equality in man's world.

Armed only with a pair of magic bracelets and a lasso allowing her to dominate her foes, Diana became my international peace ambassador.

The greatest champion for social justice the world had ever known.
SO, HOW WAS AMERICA?

DISGUSTING. SUPERMAN, ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING. IT’S NINETEEN SEVENTY EIGHT AND CHILDREN ARE STILL SLEEPING IN THE STREETS OVER THERE.

WHY DOES KENNEDY STILL CLING TO THIS CAPITALIST DOGMA WHEN IT’S QUITE CLEARLY TEARING HIS COUNTRY APART?

I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD DEVOTE MORE TIME TO HIS CRUMBLING ECONOMY AND LESS TO THOSE PAINTED MOVIE STARS HE SEEMS TO PURSUE WITH SUCH VIGOR.

THAT COUNTRY HAS NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE NIXON WAS ASSASSINATED IN NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE. I STILL MAINTAIN THAT REALLY WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THEM.

THE TANKER. SUPERMAN! THE TANKER’S GOING TO BLOW!

TAKE IT EASY, COMRADE...

...NOT WHILE THERE’S A BREATH LEFT IN MY BODY.
You're such a showoff, you know that?

Sometimes I wonder if Luthor and the Amurians are right, Diana. Perhaps we do interfere with humanity too much.

Nobody wears a seatbelt anymore. Ships have even stopped carrying life jackets. I don't like this unhealthy new way that people are behaving.

There's nothing wrong with helping people, Superman. You can't just sit back and watch them die with your telescopic vision. You're being irrational.

The K.G.B. are always pushing me to take more and more control, but I already feel like I'm holding on too tight. Sometimes I worry the people don't even like me.

Oh, the people love you, Superman. Some more than you'd ever believe.
I AM AWARE OF ROMAN HISTORY, QUEEN. I ONLY USE THE TERM TO REGISTER MY SURPRISE. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?

OH, DON'T LET OL' KID YOU, PERRY. NO PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING WRITER COULD BE HALF AS DUMB AS HE PRETENDS TO BE.

DON'T BET THE FARM, LOIS. IF THERE WAS A PERSONALITY CONTEST IN THE OFFICE, OLLIE-BOY HERE WOULD COME RIGHT BEHIND THE PENCIL SHARPENER.

LAST TIME, IRIS, DON'T CALL ME CHIEF!

NOW YOU GUYS AND GALS ARE GONNA HAVE TO EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE WHILE I GIVE YOUR BEAUTIFUL NEW EDITOR HERE THE TEN-CENT OFFICE TOUR!

HECK, DON'T BE SO HARD ON BARRY, IRIS. HE'S PROBABLY SOLVING A VERY GRUESOME MURDER.
SO HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE SITTING IN THE BIG CHAIR, HONEY?

LIKE I'M TRESPASSING, CHIEF. I GUESS I'M JUST ALWAYS GOING TO THINK OF THIS AS YOUR LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.

EXACTLY WHAT I SAID TO GEORGE TAYLOR WHEN HE RETIRED. SWEETHEART, IT FELT LIKE I WAS WEARING THE OLD MAN'S UNDERWEAR FOR MONTHS.

LISTEN, CAN I GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE?

ONLY IF I'M NOT ABOUT TO BE PATRONIZED. OLD-TIMER, THEY DIDN'T MAKE ME PLANET EDITOR JUST BECAUSE I'VE GOT A PASSION FOR TIGHT SWEATERS.

I KNOW, LOIS. YOUR JOB'S YOUR LIFE. IN FACT, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT HERE.

THE COUNTRY'S ON ITS KNEES, THE SYSTEM'S FALLING APART. EVERYBODY KNOWS THE DAILY PLANET ISN'T GOING TO BE AROUND MUCH LONGER.

WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMEONE TO BE THERE FOR YOU WHEN THINGS GET BAD. TO SUPPORT YOU NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS. YOU NEED A HUSBAND, HONEY.

I'VE GOT A HUSBAND.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! I MEAN SOMEONE WHO THINKS ABOUT YOU MORE THAN HE THINKS ABOUT DESTROYING SUPERMAN! SOMEONE SANE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

LEX IS KIND OF SANE. OCCASIONALLY...
LEXCORP INDUSTRIES:

Is the lady's identification valid?

Papers are in order, fame matches the photo in the book and the fingerprints look authentic enough...

I guess this must mean today's another wedding anniversary, huh, Miss Lane?

That's Mrs. Luthor, gentlemen.

Lois Lane's just for the by-line, remember?

Ma'am.

Happy anniversary, Lex. Here's to another twenty-three glorious years, darling.

Lois! What a wonderful surprise! Apologies in advance for not buying you anything, but I've been reading thirteen fascinating books this morning.

Leave the usual present on my desk and you have my word that one of my assistants can open it later, sweetheart.
WHO WAS THAT RED-HEADED GUY I JUST PASSED IN THE HALL? HE LOOKED KIND OF FAMILIAR.

WELL, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE. THAT WAS MISTER JAMES OLSEN, THE PENTAGON'S ANTI-SUPERMAN ADVISOR, AND PROBABLY THE NEXT DIRECTOR OF THE C.I.A.

OLSSEN COMMISSIONED LEXCORP TO DEVELOP WHAT WE THINK COULD BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE ANTI-SUPERMAN DETERRENT YET. USING INFORMATION HE RECEIVED FROM SYMPATHIZERS IN THE KREMLIN.

IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE WORKING ON NOW?

SPEAKING OF WHICH, J.F.K. AND NORMA JEAN ARE JOINING US FOR DINNER TONIGHT. APPARENTLY, JACK'S GOT SOME U.F.O. BUSINESS HE SAID I'D BE INTERESTED IN.

I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT'S CLASSIFIED INFORMATION.

OH, LEX, DON'T YOU EVER STOP? THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE NIGHT OF THE YEAR WE ALWAYS GUARANTEE WE'RE GOING TO SPEND SOME TIME TOGETHER.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, LOIS. JACK TELLS ME BRAHMAC AND SUPERMAN AREN'T THE ONLY ALIENS WHO'VE VISITED EARTH.

IT SEEMS ANOTHER ALIEN CRASHED IN ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, BACK IN 1947 AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA HAVE AN EXTRA TERRESTRIAL OF OUR VERY OWN.
THEY SAY THE PASSENGER SUSTAINED TERRIBLE INJURIES WHEN THE SHIP CRASHED AND DIED A LITTLE LATER. BUT AN OBJECT WAS RECOVERED FROM HIS FINGER WHICH INTERESTS ME ENORMOUSLY.

HOOVER COVERED UP THE INCIDENT, HID THE BODY INSIDE SOME DESOLATE AIR BASE AND THEN ERASED AND AIR BASE FROM THE MAP ALL FAIRLY STANDARD PROCEDURE.

HOWEVER, JACK TOLD ME THIS MORNING THAT HE WANTS THIS HANGAR REOPENED JUST IN CASE THERE ARE ANY OTHER LITTLE TRINKETS INSIDE THAT MIGHT BE WORTH STEALING.

CHECKMATE, INCIDENTALLY.

LISTEN. BRING NORMA, JEAN AND JACK TO DINNER IF YOU WANT, LEX. I'M NOT SURE I EVEN CARE ANYMORE.

OH, OF COURSE YOU STILL CARE, LOIS LUTHOR. WHY ELSE WOULD YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO LIVE ALONE ALL THESE YEARS, EH?

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, LEX. MAYBE I AM JUST A ONE-MAN WOMAN.
LIFE WAS SO SIMPLE IN THOSE DAYS. DEFLECTING METEORITES, WELDING TECTONIC PLATES, MANAGING A GLOBAL ECONOMY SINGLE-HANDED.

EVERY PROBLEM HAD A SOLUTION.

OF COURSE, A ROMANCE WAS SUSPECTED, BUT WE BOTH JUST LAUGHED AT THE IDEA. DIANA WAS MORE LIKE ONE OF THE BOYS AND SHE HAD NO USE FOR MEN ON HER ANTISEPTIC ISLAND...

OR SO IT SEEMED IN THOSE FARAWAY DAYS.

POOR DIANA. I COULD MONITOR LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS AND WATCH ELECTRONS IN THEIR ETERNAL ORBIT, BUT SOMETIMES I WAS SO BLIND.
PEOPLE ARE SAYING THAT THE EXPLOSION TORE THE SPACE STATION IN HALF. COMMANDER ROSLOV.

THEY SAY THOSE COSMONAUTS WOULD HAVE DIED IF SUPERMAN HADN'T SPOTTED THAT FLASH ON THE SURFACE WHEN THE OXYGEN RESERVES CAUGHT FIRE.

PERSONALLY, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD BE SPENDING MONEY ON A SPACE PROGRAM WHEN THERE ARE AMERICANS GOING HUNGRY OUT THERE. WHAT DO YOU THINK, SRF?

I THINK A NOBODY LIKE YOU DOESN'T NEED TO BE CONVINCED. MORON, NOW SHUT UP AND GET ME TO THE THEATRE BEFORE I HAVE YOU SHOT FOR INSOLENCE.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN! ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US KILLED?

BELIEVE ME, COMRADE; YOU'RE GOING TO DIE A LOT MORE PAINFULLY THAN THIS.
I heard you wanted to see me, commander.

Well, let's hear what you have to say.
WHAT? HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT?

DO YOU REALIZE WHO I AM?

YOU'RE A VAIN MAN. A CRUELEST MAN AND OBSESSIVELY JEALOUS OF SUPERMAN. IT'S NO SECRET THAT YOU HARBOR POLITICAL AMBITIONS OF YOUR OWN.

YOUR NAME IS PYOTR IOSIF ROSLOV: ILLEGITIMATE SON OF THE LATE JOSEPH STALIN AND CURRENTLY HEAD OF THE SECURITY SERVICES.

WHO YOU ARE IS MEANINGLESS. THE QUESTION IS WHY YOU'RE PUTTING THE WORD AROUND THAT YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME.

I TAKE IT. AH... THAT IT'S SAFE TO SPEAK DOWN HERE?

NATURALLY, COMMANDER. ALL MY CAVES ARE SOUNDPROOFED AND CLOAKED USING THE CUTTING EDGE OF MILITARY TECHNOLOGY: ALL STOLEN FROM YOUR BASES, OF COURSE.

THEN I'LL GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT: LEX LUTHOR AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE C.I.A. HAVE AN INTERESTING PROPOSITION FOR YOU, BATMAN.

THEY WANT YOU TO KILL SUPERMAN, AND GUARANTEE THEY NOW HAVE THE MEANS TO FINISH HIM OFF PROPERLY.
AND WHY SHOULD LUTHOR'S LATEST PLAN BE ANY DIFFERENT FROM ALL HIS PREVIOUS FAILURES?

BECAUSE THIS TIME THE C.I.A. ISN'T PAYING LEXCORP TO BUILD KILLER ROBOTS, BATMAN.

THEY'RE USING INFORMATION OUR PEOPLE FOUND IN THE ROCKETSHIP THAT BROUGHT SUPERMAN TO EARTH AND IT SEEMS THEY'VE FIGURED OUT HIS WEAKNESS.

NOW, WE'RE ONLY GOING TO GET ONE SHOT AT THIS, AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN SO FAR EVEN SUPERMAN HAS BEEN UNABLE TO BEAT...

OUR ONLY HOPE OF FINALLY REPLACING THAT ALIEN WITH A QUALIFIED HUMAN FIGUREHEAD!

BUT SURELY COMMON SENSE INSTRUCTS YOU'D RATHER SEE ME IN THE KREMLIN THAN SOME BULLETPROOF DEMIGOD RUNNING THE SHOW FOR THE NEXT MILLION YEARS, RIGHT?

SUPPOSING HE'S IMMORTAL? CAN YOU IMAGINE AN ETERNITY OF COMMUNIST RULE UNDER THAT TYRANT?

WHOSE REGIME DOES THE MASTER STRATEGIST THINK HE'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF TOPPLING, EH?

USE YOUR HEAD, BATMAN!

YOU'RE JOKING, OF COURSE.

WHY WOULD I PUT SOMEONE LIKE YOU IN CHARGE OF THE SYSTEM, ROSLOV? YOU'D BE TWICE THE MONSTER SUPERMAN IS. TEN TIMES AS BAD.
Okay, it's a deal. But understand this: Once Superman is dead and buried, I'm coming after you so hard and so fast that nothing on this Earth will ever be able to stop me.

I swear on the memory of my mother and father, you're going to follow him to an early grave.

You mean you can try.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COMRADES FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE SOVIET UNION: PLEASE RAISE YOUR GLASSES AND JOIN ME IN A TOAST TO SUPERMAN IN THIS BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO PRESIDENT SUPERMAN.

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN DIANA, HAVE YOU, TONY? SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ME BACK AT THE PRESIDIO HOURS AGO.

OH, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HER, SUPERMAN. AS FAR AS I RECALL, WONDER WOMAN'S MORE THAN CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER HERSELF.

IT'S GREAT, ISN'T IT? SUPERMAN'S GOING TO BE SO PLEASED WITH THIS FIREWORK DISPLAY I PREPARED OVER RED SQUARE.

I HONESTLY CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN THAT FAMOUS CHEST SYMBOL OF HIS LIGHTS UP THE SKIES ALL OVER MOSCOW.

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE. GIVE IT A REST, SWANA. YOU REALLY HAD MORE DIGNITY WHEN YOU WERE LEX LUTHOR'S TEST TUBE CLEANER, YOU SYCOHANTIC LITTLE TURD.
Pardon me, darling. I don’t mean to be rude, but there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you...

Mean, I’m the Queen of Themyscira. Lori and Ronal represent Atlantis. Pyotr runs the military police and Thaddeus is a high-profile American defector...

But who are you, dear? What brings you to the top table?

Well, uh...I’m an old friend of Superman’s from his childhood. Your highness, and a guide at the...uh...

I think what Lana’s trying to say, Hippolyta, is that she knew who the Big Man Really Was and now he has to keep her sweet with champagne and a well-paid little job.

Good God!

This is OUtRAGEOUS! Superman, you really must believe that I arranged those fireworks to celebrate your emblem! This charade has absolutely nothing to do with...

Shut up, Savanna. I think it’s pretty clear who’s behind this.
TEN SECONDS, SUPERMAN. BATMAN SAID YOU HAVE TEN SECONDS TO FIND ME.

THE BAT SIGNAL WAS JUST A MEANS OF ATTRACTING YOUR ATTENTION. IT SEEMS THAT THIS IS WHERE THINGS GET REALLY SERIOUS.

KEEP TALKING, DIANA. I'M TRACKING THE SOUND WAVES NORTHEAST. TOWARDS SIBERIA. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN LESS THAN SEVEN SECONDS.

HE'S SO FAST, SUPERMAN. MUCH MORE RESOURCEFUL THAN ANY OF THE OTHER HUMAN BEINGS. HE'S DANGEROUS. PLEASE BE CAREFUL...

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, WONDER WOMAN.

COMPUTER: INITIATE THE LEXCORP PROGRAM ON FULL POWER STARTING IN THIRTY SECONDS' TIME...
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER, YOU ANIMAL?

REST Assured, only her pride has been hurt, Superman. It appears Wonder Woman’s magic lasso really was spun from the magical girdle of Gaia.

Now she’s as obedient to me as all those poor dissidents she used to dominate for you.

WE ORDINARY PEOPLE MIGHT LACK YOUR GREAT SPEED OR YOUR X-RAY VISION, SUPERMAN, BUT NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND.

WE CARRY THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON ON EARTH INSIDE THESE THICK LITTLE SKULLS OF OURS.

I CAN SEE YOUR BRAIN FROM HERE, BATMAN, AND BELIEVE ME, IT’S NOTHING TO BOAST ABOUT.

SAME GOES FOR YOUR CHILDMISH GADGETS. I’M AFRAID IT TAKES MORE THAN A FEW SMOKE BOMBS AND AN EXPLOSIVE IN YOUR SMALL INTESTINE TO BEAT ME, YOU KNOW.

KEEP TALKING, BIG MOUTH.

OH, SUN LAMPS, WONDERFUL.

LET THEM BURN FOR A FEW THOUSAND YEARS, AND I MIGHT GET A HEAT RASH.
AARGH!

GOOD GOD! HOW DID YOU DO THAT? HOW DID YOU GET SO STRONG?

NOT THAT IT MATTERS, OF COURSE. A WELL-PLACED BLAST OF HEAT VISION AND...

YOU DON'T HAVE HEAT VISION ANYMORE, SUPERMAN!

YOU REALLY DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?

HURFF!
Strange visitor from another planet! Last son of a dying world!

Everything they needed to defeat you could be found in those two phrases, Superman!

All we had to do was create the right conditions!

Ugh!

Building solar lamps to simulate the rays of your native Red Sun was Lex Luthor's idea in case you were wondering.

Digging you a cell beneath this Siberian Detention Camp was a little touch of my own in the name of poetic justice.

Don't worry, Superman. Everything you need to survive can be found inside... unlike those poor dissidents sent here during the Stalin years.

Millions of people died in places like this to build that system you uphold...

People I cared about...

What you're going to feel for the next ten minutes is nothing compared to what they went through, you power-mad lunatic...
RUN, SUPERMAN! GET OUT OF THE LIGHT AND YOUR POWERS COME BACK!

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME HERE, SUPERMAN! YOU SHOULD HAVE PIED ON YOUR OWN WORLD AND KEPT YOUR ALIEN FINGERS OUT OF HUMAN AFFAIRS!

WE AREN'T TOYS OR PETS YOU CAN TRAIN TO DO WHATEVER YOU PLEASE! WE'RE PEOPLE! HUMAN BEINGS!

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL APPRECIATE WHAT THAT MEANS!
GREAT HERA! YOU CAN'T CONDEMN HIM TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE LOCKED UP IN THERE LIKE AN ANIMAL!

WHAT'S THE ALTERNATIVE? JUST PUTTING HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY ONCE AND FOR ALL?

HE CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO INTERFERENCE ANYMORE, WONDER WOMAN. LOCKING HIM UP IS THE HUMANE SOLUTION.

Diana? Can you hear me?

Please listen carefully because what I'm about to ask you is our only chance against him now...

...As long as I'm trapped down here beneath these red sun rays, I'm powerless, but there must be some kind of generator out there providing the electricity, Diana.

I know breaking the lasso is going to hurt, but there's really no other way we're going to beat him, Diana.

We can't let Batman destroy everything we've ever worked for, and you're the only person now who can get us out of this mess.

I need you to find it for me and destroy it.

Please, more than anything I've ever asked you for before, I need you to help me here, Diana...

As your oldest and dearest friend, I'm begging you to do whatever it takes here.
NNNARGH!

Wonder Woman! No!

Get the hell out of my way, little man!

He's using you! Don't you understand!

All he cares about is the power!

Diana!

Oh, Jesus...
No more tricks, Batman. No more solar lamps or magic lassos. Just a few hours' brain surgery and a job in a Moscow bank for you.

Now tell me: Who set me up?

Come now, Superman. Surely you know I'd rather martyr myself for the cause than end my days as one of your ridiculous Superman robots.

Why else would I have swallowed a bomb before you and I went head-to-head?

Oh, and by the way. It was Pyotr who betrayed you.
S-Superman?
Are you okay?

I... I found the generator, just like you asked me to, and tossed it into the Norwegian Sea, but I think I might have hurt myself when you made me snap that cord. It was like I don't know, something just kind of switched off in my head or something, I mean...
NEW MEXICO:

THINGS ARE FALLING APART, DOCTOR LUTHOR. THE UNITED STATES HASN'T EXPERIENCED THIS KIND OF SOCIAL UNREST SINCE THE HORRORS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

MY DEAR FATHER PUT IT BEST WHEN HE SAID MY LASTING CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY MUST NOT BE AS THE FIRST AMERICAN PRESIDENT TO DIVORCE AND REMARRY WHILE IN OFFICE.

WE'VE GOT TO USE WHAT WE HAVE HERE IN AREA 51 TO PUT THIS COUNTRY BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, MY FRIEND.

RIOTS IN CALIFORNIA, THE WHITE HOUSE BOMBED BY COMMUNIST SYMPATHIZERS, TEXAS AND DETROIT SERIOUSLY TALKING ABOUT INDEPENDENCE...

I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE GETTING MY VOTE NEXT TIME, JACK.

AH, BUT REMOVE SUPERMAN FROM THE WORLD STAGE AND A VERY DIFFERENT PICTURE EMERGES, DOCTOR LUTHOR...

AND NOW WE FINALLY HAVE THE MEANS TO DO IT.
The ship itself is made of a fascinating alloy we haven't been able to identify yet, although we have been able to determine the age and probable use of the vehicle.

Our dead friend in the solution here seems to have belonged to a group or a corps of similar beings charged with the duty of policing the universe.

Possibly as some kind of space cops.

Keep talking, Jack. I'm all ears.

Actually, this might be a good time to point out that we're not entirely among friends here. Jack, you know these reporters and their love of the first amendment...

Listen, someone who had a thing going with J.F.K. and the head of the Moscow police force is hardly in a position to talk about security risks, lady.

What's the lantern for?

Ah, now this is interesting. At first, we thought it was just some kind of decoration, but now our people are saying that it might be a doorway into a power source as old as the universe itself.

The ring was attached to the alien's third finger and, as you can see, features a lantern of near-identical design.

Unfortunately, nobody at the base has ever been able to guess their relation. But we hoped you might be able to shed a little light on the situation.

Dear God, Jack! Are you people really this stupid?

What you're looking at here is a weapon, old friend.
TIME PASSED AND MY GRIP GREW TIGHTER.

ARELY A DECISION WAS MADE ACROSS THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE SOVIET UNION WITHOUT MY PERMISSION IN SOME FORM OR ANOTHER.

MY DESIRE FOR ORDER AND PERFECTION WAS MATCHED ONLY BY THEIR DREAMS OF VIOLENCE AND CHAOS.

THE POPULATION WAS LARGELY GRATEFUL AND OBEDIENT BUT THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS INSPIRED BY THE DEATH OF BATMAN REMAINED SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM.

OFFERED THEM UTOPIA BUT THEY FUGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN HELL.
Diana, of course was the only one among us who truly knew the meaning of that word.

Her days had become a monotonous timetable of bathing, eating and sleeping, unable to even speak for long months after her experience in Siberia.

If breaks my heart to think how much she hated me after that. How did everything we had turn so horribly and violently sour in the years that lay ahead?

Commander Poslov?

Where have you been? I heard they'd replaced you, but there was no official word why you'd even been fired, sir!

All I heard was that you'd gone missing for six weeks, and...

Oh my God, are you okay, Commander?

What? Spent a little time in hospital?

Quite true, dear Lana. Quite true.
ACTUALLY, I'M FEELING MUCH BETTER. THANKS FOR ASKING. BUT, IF YOU'VE COME HERE LOOKING FOR SUPERMAN, I'M AFRAID HE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE, MY DEAR. THIS IS THE NEW COMMAND CENTER WHERE MOSCOW'S DAY-TO-DAY AFFAIRS WILL BE CONTROLLED BY SUPERMAN'S REPROGRAMMED BRAINIAC MACHINE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN IS SUPERMAN GONE?

ONLY TEMPORARILY, COMRADE. SUPERMAN SAID HE JUST NEEDED SOME TIME ALONE TO COLLECT HIS THOUGHTS AGAIN. THAT'S WHY HE COMMISSIONED ALL THOSE ARTISTS AND SCIENTISTS TO DESIGN THIS WONDROUS NEW RETREAT HE'S SO EXCITED ABOUT.

COMMANDER, PLEASE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. WHAT RETREAT?

SUPERMAN'S HOLIDAY HOME. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? A VAST PALACE IN THE NORTHERN WASTES FOR HIS SOUVENIRS AND ALL THOSE STRANGE EXPERIMENTS HE'S BEEN DOING LATELY...

THEY SAY HE'S BUILDING SOME KIND OF FORTRESS.
HE'S WATCHING YOU