Lana! Where are you going?

Hey, Clark. Should have known I couldn’t slip away without you noticing.

...But you should be a little more careful.

Anyone see you break the North American land mammal speed record?

I don’t care if they did.

Sure you do. You’ve told me your plans, and they won’t work if everyone knows your business.

I kinda thought you and me... we were...

Look, Lana, what I’m trying to say...

My throat tightens. I can hear her heartbeat, steady as a drum.

She’s already decided.

Don’t get all stupid on me, Clark.

You know I heart ya.

But I’ve got things to do in the world.

The breeze carries the smell of her shampoo three miles.

I think it’s gardenias.

And then the sound of the bus’s brakes splits the air like a gunshot.
SIX YEARS AGO THE LEGEND OF BATMAN EMERGED AMID
THE GREATEST CATASTROPHE GOTHAM HAD EVER ENDURED.
A MANIAC CALLING HIMSELF THE RIDDLER HAS SHUT DOWN ALL
ELECTRIC POWER MERE DAYS BEFORE A TERRIFYING SUPERSTORM,
BUT THE DARK KNIGHT ISN'T THE ONLY HERO TO SURFACE DURING
THIS MOMENT IN TIME KNOWN ONLY AS THE ZERO YEAR.

...THE MAN OF STEEL
IS TAKING ON THE
GREATEST CHALLENGE
OF HIS YOUNG CAREER.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE
SUPREMACISTS, NATURALLY.

THEY'VE GOT SOME
STUPID PLAN INVOLVING HUMAN
SACRIFICE, FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL
PLASMA SOPS, AND THE MASS
MURDER OF UNDOCUMENTED
IMMIGRANTS.

THAT LAST BIT
I KIND OF TAKE
PERSONALLY.

KILL THE
SUPERMAN!

BUT I DO APPRECIATE
THE FACT THAT THEY'RE
WEARING PROTECTIVE
ARMOR.

SO I CAN
DO THIS.

AND THIS.

AND THIS.

I ADMIT IT.
IT'S NOT THE
BEST IDEA.

WHAT OUT
YOU GOT?
But it sets them up for a heck of a punch line.

Some kind of sonic cannon.

I think it actually broke my eardrums.

I see the big mouth moving on one of the thugs for a second, I’m actually bummed to be missing his ultimatum.

But then I feel the vibrations of the people’s screams.

Right, this is why I’m here.

Time to wrap it up.

And I realize I’m smiling.
ALMOST PEEPS LIKE FLYING.

BUT BETTER.
The people I just freed run away screaming. I should reassure them. Pat a kid on the head. But I've got a warehouse to burn down.

Pretty sure they're scared of me.

One of the little supremacists actually cries.

Ha ha ha! And I can't help myself.
NOTHING TO SEE HERE BUT GOOD OL' CLARK KENT, REPORTER FOR THE DAILY STAR, WORKING LATE, BANGING OUT A STORY...

TAK TAK-TIK TAK TAK-TAK TIK-TIK TAK CRAKK

I FEEL THE BLOOD RUSH TO MY FACE. SHAME.

WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING?

WHOA.

I PUNCHED DOWN TODAY.

SURE, THEY DESERVED IT...

...BUT IS THAT ALL THIS POWER MAKES ME?

A BULLY?
AND THEN MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR SWITCHES FROM FOOTBALL TO THE NEWS...

AND I HEAR HIM CURSE UNDER HIS BREATH.

--WORST STORM TO HIT THE EAST COAST IN FIFTEEN YEARS, THREATENING AT LEAST TWENTY MILLION HOMES.

AND A REALLY STUPID IDEA BEGINS TO FORM IN MY HEAD.

IT'S A CATEGORY THREE RIGHT NOW, WHICH IS TERRIFYING ENOUGH.

BUT IT'S ACTUALLY GAINING STRENGTH AS IT NEARS THE COAST.

YOU CAN'T SEE IT ABOVE ALL THOSE CLOUDS BUT THERE'S A PULL MOON TONIGHT.

SO HERE'S TALKING HIGH TIDE. CATEGORY FIVE HURRICANE...

...HEADING STRAIGHT FOR GOTHAM CITY...

...WHICH HAS JUST BEEN HIT BY A TOTAL BLACKOUT CAUSED BY A CRIMINAL CALLING HIMSELF THE RIDDLER.

AND TO TOP IT OFF, THERE'S SOME KIND OF ALLEGED MASKED VIGILANTE RUNNING AROUND.

WHAT ARE YOU SEEING THERE, BOB?

WE'RE TWO HOURS FROM LANDFALL.

...AND ALREADY THESE RAINDROPS FEEL LIKE BUCKSHOT.

THE ORDERS HAVE GONE OUT TO EVACUATE FLOOD ZONES A THROUGH C, BUT WITHOUT POWER, WE'RE NOT SURE HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE ACTUALLY GOTTEN THE NEWS.

RIGHT NOW, METROPOLIS REMAINS AT THE EDGES OF THE HURRICANE'S PATH.

BUT PLEASE PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO ALL SAFETY BULLETINS AND EVACUATION ALERTS.

SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, THIS IS MOTHER NATURE AT HER WORST.

AND WE'RE ONLY HUMAN.
I have no idea how strong I really am.

But I feel the storm rolling in...

...and I want to find out.

The sky's full of National Guard helicopters and relief planes...

...hundreds of everyday men and women heading for Gotham...

...risking their lives to save people from this storm.

But me?
I'm gonna stop the storm.

Yeah, I know.

It's a force of nature.

But so am I.
TANKER JEAN-MARIE! THIS IS COAST GUARD BTY, COMING IN FOR PICKUP.

GET ALL YOUR EVACUEES ON DECK!

LANA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? THE CHOPPER'S LANDING!

COOL. CAN THEY JUMP-START US? I GOT CABLES AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

NO FOOLING AROUND, LANS! TIME TO EVAC!

I'M JUST LANA LANG, FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.

I SHOULD BE TERRIFIED.

BUT I'M ACTUALLY SMILING.

YOUR BOAT'S DEAD IN THE WATER, CAPTAIN. AND WE'VE GOT A DOZEN MORE CREW MEMBERS THAN'LL FIT ON THAT CHOPPER.

I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO.

AND NOW I'M TALKING LIKE SOME KIND OF ACTION HERO!

LANG!

A GENUINE CRISIS MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR.

I DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT LOVE OR SEX OR DEATH OR MONEY.

I'M JUST SCANNING THE SCHEMATICS, TALLVING OUR RESOURCES, MAKING MY PLAN--

THIS IS THE LAST CHOPPER! NOW YOU GET OUT THERE, NOW! AND YES, THAT'S AN ORDER!

HUH.

AND THERE IT IS. THE OUT.
POI KNOW HOW TO PILOT THIS BOAT?

THIS WASN'T IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION.

I COULD JUST... GO HOME.

I COULD LIVE.

TELL ME SOMETHING, CAPTAIN...

...DO I KNOW HOW TO PILOT THIS BOAT?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

ARE YOU GETTING ON THAT CHOPPER?

... NO.

WELL, THEN, NEITHER THE HELL AM I!

THIS WASN'T IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION.

I COULD JUST... GO HOME.

I COULD LIVE.

TELL ME SOMETHING, CAPTAIN...

...DO I KNOW HOW TO PILOT THIS BOAT?

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

ARE YOU GETTING ON THAT CHOPPER?

... NO.

WELL, THEN, NEITHER THE HELL AM I!

TANKER JEAN-MARIE! GET READY FOR EVAC!

I'M SHEPPING IT.

STOWN TO THE ENGINE ROOM!

THE CAPTAIN SCREAMS AT ME SOME MORE. BUT THE WIND AND THE CHOPPER DROWN HIM OUT.

THIS IS DUMB.

I SHOULD BE TERRIFIED.

BUT I'M SMILING AGAIN.
SOMEBODY’S LAUGHING.

I THINK IT’S ME.

MORON.

EVEN THE SHARKS HAVE THOUGHT THIS THROUGH A LITTLE BETTER.

SWIM AWAY FROM DANGER, DUMMIE.

BUT I KEEP GOING...
AND IT FEELS GREAT.

THE PLAN IS TO CREATE A VORTEX...

A TOWERING SPIRAL OF WIND AND WATER BIG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THIS HURRICANE'S BACK.

...UNTIL IT DOESN'T.

AND IT ACTUALLY WORKS.

HOT DAMNIT, IT WORKS.

HA HAHAHA!
FORCE OF NATURE?

IDIOT.

HNN?

OIL TANKER, STEEL SIDES GROANING AS THE STORM TOSSES IT...

... straight at a listing cargo ship.
COAST GUARD SAYS IT'S ABANDONED—NO ONE ON BOARD TO TURN IT A SIDE!
WE NEED THAT POWER NOW. IANS, YOU HEAR ME?

FIVE MINUTES OR WE'RE ALL DEAD!

AND FINALLY...

...I'M SCARED.

HEADS UP, PEOPLE!
ANYBODY WORKING ON A SECONDARY SYSTEM IS NOW WORKING ON MAIN ENGINE FUNCTION!

“THIS IS IT! ALL OR NOTHING! DO OR DIE!”

OKAY, I'M OUT OF CLICHES!

“LET'S JUST FREAKING DO THIS!”
COUPLING’S READY! TELL ME YOU’VE GOT THAT SOCKET CLEARED!

LET ME BE STRONG ENOUGH.

BOAT’S ROCKING!

BUT PLEASE.

KEEP IT STEADY!

THINGS I LEARNED TODAY

I CAN’T STOP A HURRICANE.

LET ME BE STRONG ENOUGH...

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER, EVER, EVER...

BUT THE WATER’S ALREADY THROWING THE SHIPS BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
BUT IT SOUNDS SO SMALL AGAINST THE ROARING OF THE STORM.

I HEAR A PROPELLER KICK IN.

THE BOATS ARE GOING TO CRASH.
I CAN SEE THE TRAJECTORIES.

NEVER GIVE UP.
CRANK IT, DAMMIT!

NEVER GIVE UP.
NEVER GIVE UP.
NEVER GIVE UP.
NEVER GIVE UP.
NEVER NEVER...

...EVEN WHEN IT'S ALREADY OVER...
YOU DID IT. LANA GAVE ME A FREAKING HEART ATTACK, BUT YOU DID IT!

NO.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WE WERE DEAD. CAPTAIN. THE ENGINES STARTED TOO LATE.

NO WAY THEY COULD HAVE PULLED US TO SAFETY ON THEIR OWN. DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

WELL, IT'S A BIG OCEAN, KID. I DON'T ASK IT ALL TO MAKE SENSE. ALL I KNOW IS...

IF YOU HADN'T KEPT GOING...

...WE'D ALL BE DEAD.

HEY! OVER THERE!
COME ON IN HERE, SON! THE REAL STORM HASN'T EVEN HIT YET!

I KNOW! YOU'RE GONNA NEED MORE COVER!

WAIT, YOU THINK YOU CAN MOVE THAT?

YOU'RE PRETTY STRONG.

NOT STRONG ENOUGH.

WELL, I TELL YOU WHAT...

Yeah, I'm just a little... wiped out...

...WE'LL GET IT DONE TOGETHER.

DC COMICS™ PRESENTS:

SUPERMAN

STORMBREAKER

in a ZERO YEAR Tale

STORY GREG PAK
ART AARON KUDER
COLOR ARIF PRIANTO
LETTERS CARLOS M. MANGUAL
COVER AARON KUDER AND WIL QUINTANA
ASSISTANT EDITOR ANTHONY MARQUES
EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA

SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

END.
LUNCH BREAK

GREG PAK WRITER
SCOTT MCDANIEL & AARON KUDER (PG. 28) ARTISTS
DAN BROWN COLORS CARLOS M. MANGUAL LETTERS
ASSISTANT EDITOR ANTHONY MARQUES
EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA

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

AUTUMN IN METROPOLIS.
BEAUTIFUL.
LUNCH TIME. WARM SUN. CRISP, COOL BREEZE.
YOUR SANDWICH SMELLS DELICIOUS.

AND THEN YOU HEAR SOMETHING... STRANGE.

WHAT DO YOU DO?
(P.S. YOU'RE SUPERMAN)
EVERY YEAR I HEAR A LITTLE BIT MORE.

OPEN THIS DOOR, YOU SONOF--

Oh... God... Oh... God... Oh... God...

CLICK

SOME DAY I’LL BE ABLE TO HEAR EVERYTHING.

I THINK I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS... AND I DREAD IT.

EVERY VOICE.

--JUST SO FREAKING TIRED OF HIM, YOU KNOW? SO FAIR WARNING.

HANG ON, LET ME FIND HIS NUMBER...

HELP?
HELP... NO.
NO NO.
NO SSIR.

HELP?
HELP... NO.
NO NO.
NO SSIR.

EVERY PROBLEM. EVERYWHERE ON THE PLANET.

SKKRREEEEEEE

EVERY HEARTBEAT.

BUT FOR NOW, I JUST HEAR WHAT’S IN MY CITY...
I don't know if any of this makes sense.

Jimmy thinks I play a lot of Sudoku!

But Anonmetro is reporting two hundred dangerous situations to the authorities every day.

I just fumble through, trying to do the right thing in each tiny moment...

And I try not to think about the billions of other people I can't hear...

Every time I turn a corner, I hear ten new crises.

But I know it's never enough.

Ahh!

Whooosh!
...unless they're in really big trouble...

WHOA.

FELT IT IN MY FEET.

SOMETHING... UNDERGROUND.

...far away...

...and dangerous...

(finally)
WHAT THE HELL’S GOING ON?

MS. LANG! PLEASE STAND BACK! IT’S NOT SAFE!

I KNOW, YOU MORON!

THAT’S WHAT I TOLD SANCHEZ THIS MORNING!

I STILL HAVE ANOTHER SIX HOURS OF STRESS TESTING TO DO ON THE DRILL—WE’RE NOT SURE IT CAN HANDLE THE INCREASED PRESSURE WE ENCOUNTERED LAST—

IT’S FINE, LANG! GET BACK TO THE LAB!

YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT, SANCHEZ!

CALM DOWN. I WAS DRILLING HOLES WHEN YOU WERE BUILDING SAND CASTLES. THERE’S NOTHING HERE I HAVEN’T SEEN A HUNDRED TIMES—

HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO...
...but oh my god what the hell is that!
I alone remain to record the passage of days, weeks and months since the crime syndicate arrived on this world and imposed their will. Their mantra, "Aeternus Malum," has forced those living in their new world order to consider the true meaning of "forever evil."

I have taken to the shadows of Gotham city for survival at a time when violence and anarchy rule the streets. Immediately following the crime syndicate’s arrival, Bane took advantage of the world’s missing hero population to gain control over the remains of Blackgate prison. The carnage left in his wake was staggering.

Word is that Bane seeks the remaining talons—the ultimate weapons conceived by the legendary Court of Owls. Bane’s master plan for Gotham continues to unfold, but if the talons fall under his control, anything is possible.
Meanwhile, the remaining streets of Gotham might as well be called the “Arkham Zoo” as the Penguin, apparently acting as the new mayor, gives Killer Croc, Man-Bats, Pyg, and other lunatics their very own kingdoms to lord over.

And what of the Scarecrow? Will his mysterious appearances across Gotham shoo these filthy animals away?

Or will he lead them to their final slaughter?

Since Arkham Asylum was torn open, it has been clear that a fiery death could await us all.

I am left to wonder if whatever the Crime Syndicate did to the Justice League was a kinder fate than being left to see the aftermath of their defeat.

No matter until that end of days arrives, I shall remain broadcasting Channel 52!