



Action Comics #29
Charles Wilkins

Published: 2008

Tag(s): Comics DC2 Superman "Lex Luthor" "Lois Lane" "Jor-El"
Supergirl

Action Comics

Issue Twenty-Nine: "*Sons and Daughters of Krypton.*"

Plot by Roy Flinchum

Written by Charles Wilkins

Cover by Roy Flinchum

Edited by Brian Burchette

"H-How *dare* you!" Superman held back his punch at the last moment, a calculated effort; the force of it like a compact hurricane, sending whoever this imposter was flying across the city. He claimed to be Jor-El. He claimed to be Superman's father. He didn't know who this was. He didn't know what Luthor had done, but he would not let this stand! He followed the trajectory of his punch and was about to throw another punch when the boy (simply a boy, no older than Jimmy) unleashed a blast of heat vision that seared the flesh of the Kryptonian hero's fist.

"Gah!" Pain. He hadn't felt this much pain since... Forever. They were on an even keel. Could this person actually be Kryptonian? Superman reeled back, grimaced, and then head butted the villain, who then brought his own fists up in an earth shattering blow that sent the Man of Steel hurtling back toward Centennial Park.

Just as Jor-El began to press his attack, Superman grabbed him by his body suit and slammed him into the ground. "I don't know who you are, but you picked the wrong day to start this!"

"You picked the wrong day when you subjugated this planet's people into worshipping you!"

Another punch, another blow, sending Superman skittering across the concrete and grass. "Hrrnt." Superman clambered to his feet, and then flew straight back at Jor-El and hit him so hard that he hurtled toward the upper atmosphere. Superman took a breath, glanced down at his

injured hand (already healing in the bright sun light) and then prepared to follow his attacker skywards—

“Superman!” He spun around to see Lois Lane pull up in her convertible, Clark Kent in tow. “What’s going on?”

“I don’t have *time* for this, Lois! *Clark*,” said with such spite that it surprised Lois, “Go home, and wait for me there.”

“Yes sir.” Clark awkwardly complied, and turned and got back in the convertible.

“You can’t tell us what to do, Superman. We’re reporters and it we are following this story!”

“Following this story? This story has just hit,” he paused, squinting his eye, “the mesosphere. You can follow if you wish,” and with that, Superman was gone in a flash, a gust of wind and a plume of dust and dirt following in his wake, just as the Major Crimes Unit pulled up in their high-tech vehicles.

“What’s going on, Lane?” barked Maggie Sawyer, her men armed to the teeth.

“Superman is... Was... Being... Rude!” Lois folded her arms. “He was fighting some kind of generic flighty/fighty villain. Typical. The story isn’t here, Maggie, but I’ll find it!” She turned to Clark, who was fidgeting in the convertible. “And what is it with you and that ‘Sir’, crap Smallville? Come on, we’ve got work to do.”

“But Superman said for me to—”

“Since when was Superman the boss of you? We’ve got a story we need to investigate! I can think of a dozen stops we can make, STAR Labs for one, to figure out who the hell that jerk-off was that interrupted that oh-so fun confrontation with the Man of Steel we were having, and the Wayne Satellite Servers to see where the heck that guy came from. What do you say, Smallville?” She hopped into the driver’s seat, and revved the engine. “Are you alright, you look pale?”

“Bl... Uh... Well... I... Sure, let’s get going.”

Lois shook her head slowly and reversed out the park. “*Riiight...*”

“This is interesting,” said the man in the shadows, his purple and green power suit obscured by a holographic projection. To anyone else he was just a generic passer-by, but Lex Luthor was anything but generic. He looked down at his gauntlet, and began to tap in command codes. “Is the damsel-in-distress finally figuring out her gallant knight is the dragon? Oh, Lois, you never cease to amaze me.”

“Where are we going, Lois?”

“Where are we going? Come on, Clark, we’re going to Metro, I just remembered that I know a guy who knows a gal that owes me a favour, and we could probably—” Lois stuttered to a stop, and looked around, “Holy crap, are we flying?”

“Apparently so,” replied Clark, as he gripped the door. “And we seem to be rising up at a alarming rate.”

Lois slammed her fist on the car horn, and started to bang on whatever she could reach. “Superman, put me down!”

“Oh Ms Lane...” shouted a familiar voice, “I’m afraid the alien has problems of his own right now, and so do you...”

Lois went pale. “Lex.”

“Kelex...” Kara Zor-El looked around her quarters. “Tell me... about... my... Cousin...”

Kelex buzzed, processing the request. <Kal-El, son of Jor-El, son of Seyg-El, son of Don-El, twenty third generation of the House of El.>

“No...” Kara struggled with the words. “Tell me... about... Him...”

<Ah. Kal-El is... A hero... He wears the symbol of the House of El

emblazoned across his chest and he brings hope to those across the planet and the worlds beyond. As Superman, Kal-El is a hero.>

"I... Do... Not under... stand?"

Kelex computed for a moment. With a mechanical spark, he dropped the forcefield that kept Kara contained. <Come. Follow me.>

Snow and ice parted as a blur collided with the side of a mountain. Echoes and vibrations flew outward, and Jor-El tried to climb out of the crater his impact had created, but was suddenly confronted with Superman. "Ready to tell me who you are now? Ready to tell me the truth?"

"I told you, Kal-El, I am your father!"

"My father," started Superman, his fist shaking at his waist, "died with Krypton. You are another one of Luthor's abominations. A Bizarro. What did he do? Use my DNA? You could be me, ten years ago." Superman took a moment to scan Jor-El's DNA and realized the DNA was not his own. It was Kryptonian, sure, but not his.

"You have been blinded by your contempt for mankind, Kal-El, and it is up to me to stop you."

Superman had had enough of his ravings, and moved in for another punch; something just enough to knock him out, when Jor-El vanished from sight. Then suddenly he had him in a headlock. "You know nothing of your heritage. For instance, that move I just used to get you in this headlock? Kutra-Vo."

"The Kryptonian martial art?!" Superman had read from his crystal archives of such an art, something that only the highest echelon of Kryptonian society practiced. Not something you use for the offensive, but a purely defensive method of fighting, using ones enemies momentum against them to prevail over any odds. He had not studied it, but if this person had heard of it... Try as he might, he could not escape Jor-El's arms, and he was beginning to feel his head go fuzzy.

“Yes. You have molded this planet into your image. Lex Luthor showed me the images. The statues. You have this world held in an iron grip. This is not what I intend for you, my son... If only I had been there for you when you were growing up. To save you from the obvious depravities meted out to you by your adoptive parents...”

“You know *nothing* of my parents!” Superman felt a fresh burst of adrenaline rush through his veins, not enough to free himself from Jor-El’s clutches, but enough to stave off the unconsciousness that crept up on him. “Jonathan and Martha Kent raised me to uphold the virtues of this world!”

“All I have seen is that you have made yourself a God on this Earth, shaping humankind’s development and ruining them!”

“Lies! Lex Luthor is a dangerous, calculating menace; if any one is the villain here it is him!” He took a breath, and continued to talk. He could think of fifteen ways to escape, but he had to reason with him, had to talk him down, “What you are saying is preposterous, I have taken... great pains... To allow mankind to control it’s own destiny.”

Jor-El tightened his hold on his son’s head, “Really? Open your eyes, Kal-El, can you not see what is in front of you?” He motioned to a small boy, too frail and still wearing a ragged, torn shirt that was too small for him. Embalzed across the blue was the familiar s-shield that adorned Superman’s own costume “Our family crest is an avatar for our Kryptonian heritage, not a symbol for oppression.”

“Enough of this—” Superman took another breath, and released a blast of Arctic breath that sent the two of them high into the sky. Without his balance, Jor-El loosened his grip, and the two of them hurtled to the ground. Superman grabbed Jor-El, and held him with one hand, not tightly, not threateningly, just enough to keep him at arm’s length.

“*Oppression*? People wear my symbol because I do all in my power to do what is right. Because I try to bring people hope. Villains like Luthor shove their views and their twisted ideals down people’s throats and if you don’t fall for it, if you see the truth, then you’re his enemy.”

He pulled Jor-El close.

"I will not have Luthor or his twisted clones harm these people that have taken me into their hearts and homes. Luthor will not dirty my father's proud name or his sacrifice so that I lived. My father was a good man! A good man who, against all the odds, tried his best to save a world; yet all he could do... Was save me... He... sacrificed his life. And I lost my family, my people, and—" Tears streamed down Superman's face, and Jor-El looked deep into his eyes.

Jor-El's fist was pulled back ready to deliver a blow to end this; the sun was high in the sky energizing his cells. He was older now, strangely enough, his body ageing faster due to solar exposure, a weird experience for the formerly dead alien scientist. "Son..."

"Don't call me that!" screamed Superman, as he collapsed to his knees. He had lost so much. He had lost his adopted-father, and had not been able to say goodbye. And now this? This clone-thing was claiming to be his long dead biological father? He couldn't concentrate. He couldn't think. "I can't..."

Going On Nearly Two Years Ago...

"Son," smiled Jonathan Kent, as he and his son Clark watched the sun rise up over the fields, "this is the life, isn't it?"

Clark grinned. "It's good to be home, Pa. It feels like forever."

"Don't worry, son, home is always where you need it to be." He patted his chest. "Home is here: In your heart. Don't ever forget that. Whether you're off fighting aliens on the moon, or, say, rescuing a cat up a tree, home is always in your heart."

Clark smiled. "I missed you, Pa."

"And your mother and I miss you! But we know that you're off fighting the good fight, and we know that the world needs you too. So we always know, son... that you are in our hearts."

"And you in mine," he hugged his adopted father, not knowing that in

less than a week Darkseid would come, and reign hell down on earth. Not knowing his father would be one of millions of casualties. Not knowing that he'd never have a chance to say goodbye. He didn't know that his father always knew that some day, this time would come. And that Jonathan Kent knew, no matter what, that he had raised young Clark well. That he loved him more than anything.

"...I miss him..."

Jor-El looked down at his son. This man could not be the monster Lex Luthor had been speaking of. Too noble, too pure, to be the oppressor, the monster. He placed a hand on Superman's shoulder, and then took him into his arms. He began to sing softly in Kryptonese, something Superman had heard mechanical recordings of, but never in real life experienced:

*"...Rao leaves the sky, and the moons begin their trek.
The crystal falls sing of morning
The night will not be long
And in the morning we will rise
The sons and daughters of Krypton..."*

<As you can see, Kara Zor-El, Kal-El has long been a protector of this planet, ever since he was a child. He protected Smallville from threats, before traveling the world and then returning to America to live in Metropolis, which became his base of operations as he acted as Superman. From there on in, he traveled the globe, the universe, formed alliances with men and women such as the Batman and Wonder Woman, and became a force for good renowned throughout the galaxy.>

"Hero." Kara felt the word leave her lips. "Could I... Be a hero...?"

<Could you be a hero?> again, Kelex fell silent. <Why yes, Kara Zor-El, you could.>

“What are you doing, Luthor?” Lois looked down at the ocean below them, and realized that inside whatever force-field was carrying them, time was moving slower. They must be traveling so fast, to be covering so many miles so quickly. She struggled with her cell-phone, but could find no signal. “Aww, crap...”

Lex’s voice bubbled inside the force-field. “I’m afraid that my force-field cuts off any communication, Lois. I can call you Lois, can’t I? It’s been so long that I forget the proper etiquette.”

“Where are you taking us, Luthor?” shouted Clark, nearly standing inside the car. Lois watched as he addressed their captor, almost bristling with rage. Smallville has surprised her recently, and today was no exception.

“Why, my secret lair of course!” Luthor chuckled. “I’m a super-scientist; of course I’m taking you to my secret lair!”

“Don’t you mean super-villain, Luthor?” snapped back Clark, “Because we both know you’ve never been anything but a trumped up little sociopath with a corporation behind you!”

“Mr Kent, you surprise me. Never before have you shown such emotion. Even back in Smallville, you were a insular little social half-wit!”

“I think you’re projecting, Luthor,” replied Clark, “If I remember correctly, you were the friendless one. I took you under my wing; I spoke to you when no one else would. If anyone is the insular little social half-wit, I’m afraid it’s you! You want evidence, Lex? You’re kidnapping someone for a nice, cozy chat? Why don’t you let Lois go, we both know it’s me you want!”

“No, Lex, I can get you Superman,” interrupted Lois, “Let Clark go and he can bring him to you, you know that’s what you’ve always wanted...”

“Oh, Lois, I don’t think you understand. Superman is taken care of in a

most ironic fashion and no Clark, it's not you I want, it's Lois. Always has been. But I will take your suggestion to heart, and let our poor country boy go."

Another beam suddenly grabbed Lois by the waist, and the force-field around the convertible dropped, and as Lois Lane screamed, Clark Kent plummeted toward the ocean below, hundreds of miles away from civilization. Lex and Lois watched as the car hit the waters, and simply sank below the depths. "Lex, you murderer! You cold hearted murderer!"

Lex activated another force-field around Lois' head, cutting off her oxygen supply and knocking her out. He smiled as he continued onwards to points unknown. "Don't worry, Ms Lane... You will soon be next..."

To Be Concluded!

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comics and graphic novels.

From the same author on Feedbooks:

- "*Tales of the Green Lantern Corps Special: Facets*" (2005)
- "*Batman #0*" (2005)
- "*Batman #1*" (2005)
- "*Batman #2*" (2005)
- "*The Adventures of Superman #4*" (2006)
- "*Action Comics #2*" (2006)
- "*The Adventures of Superman #5*" (2006)
- "*Action Comics #3*" (2006)
- "*The Adventures of Superman #10*" (2006)
- "*Action Comics #4*" (2006)
- "*Action Comics #5*" (2006)
- "*Action Comics #6*" (2006)
- "*Batman #3*" (2006)
- "*Detective Comics #9*" (2006)
- "*Batman #8*" (2006)
- "*Batman #4*" (2006)
- "*Batman #9*" (2006)
- "*Batman #10*" (2006)
- "*Detective Comics #10*" (2006)
- "*Action Comics #17*" (2007)
- "*Action Comics #18*" (2007)
- "*Action Comics #13*" (2007)
- "*Action Comics #14*" (2007)
- "*Action Comics #19*" (2007)
- "*Action Comics Annual #2*" (2007)
- "*Nightwing #26*" (2008)
- "*Action Comics #28*" (2008)



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind