



SUPERMAN[®]

V E R S U S



1 of 4

THE TERMINATOR[™]

\$2.95 US
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DEATH TO THE FUTURE



ALAN GRANT • STEVE PUGH

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V E R S U S

THE TERMINATOR[™]

DEATH TO THE FUTURE

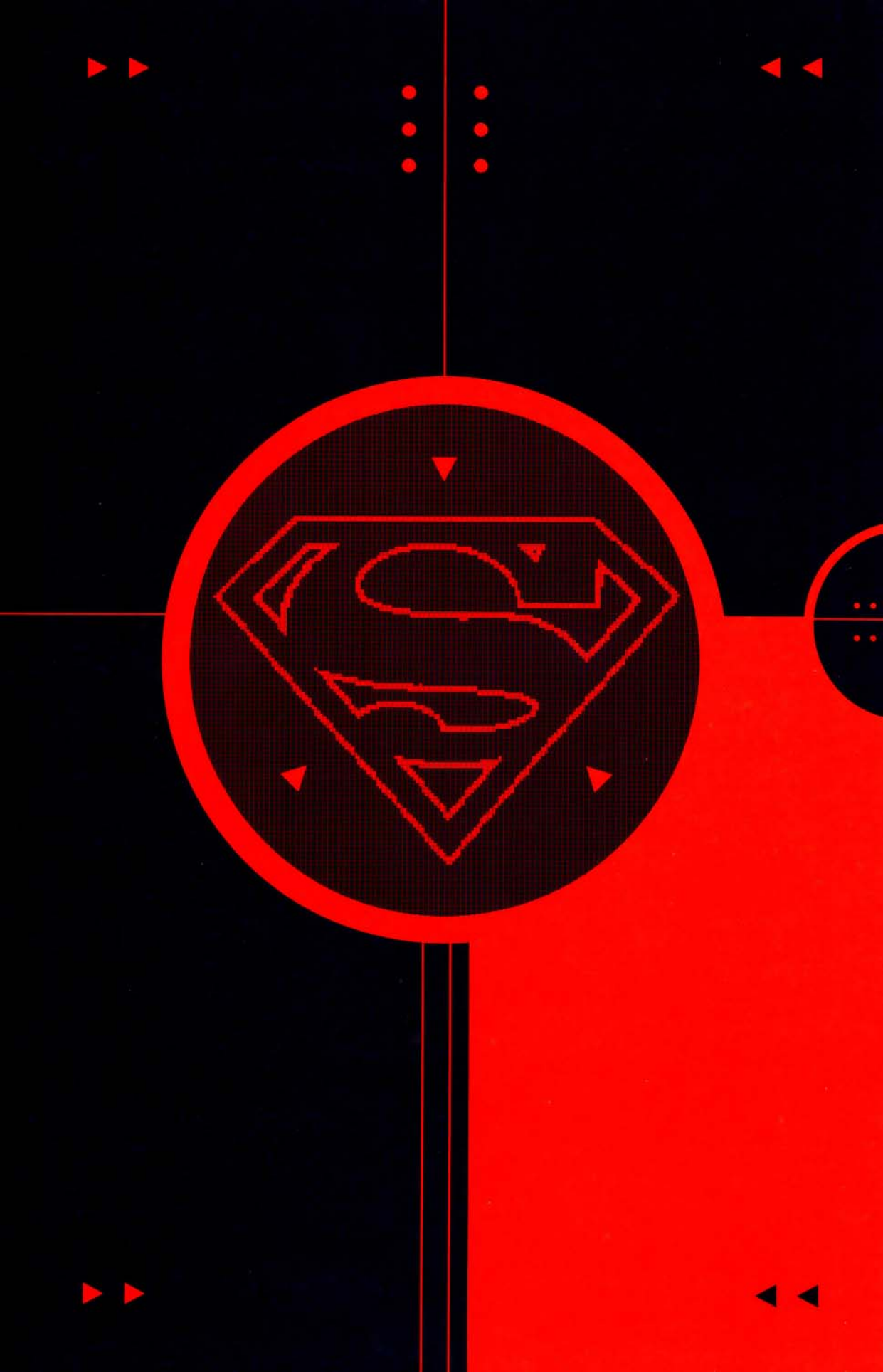
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SHE'S BEEN RUNNING FOR MORE YEARS THAN SHE CARES TO THINK OF --



-- NEVER STOPPING FOR LONG, CHANGING NAMES LIKE OTHER PEOPLE CHANGE THEIR CLOTHES, TRUSTING NO ONE.

TOY SACK

Win a \$1,000 TRAIL BIKE IN OUR CONTEST →



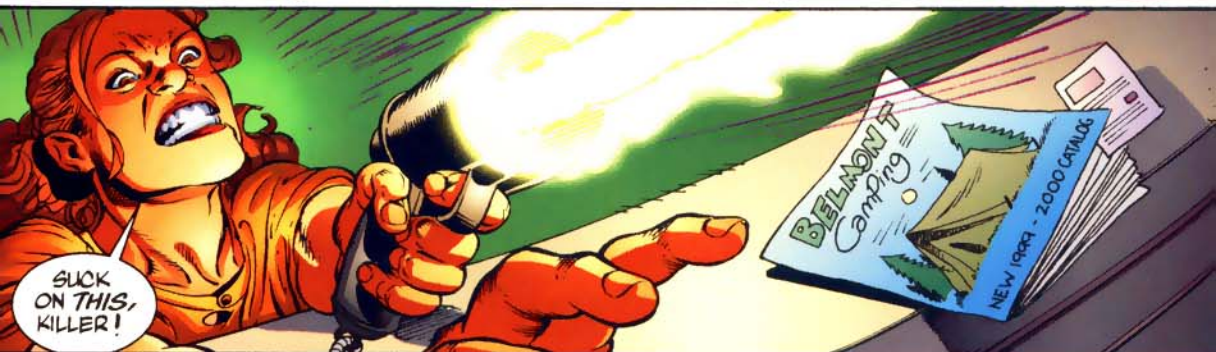
AND ALWAYS THERE'S THE CHANCE THAT DEATH WILL STILL FIND THEM --

WH-WHAT IS IT, MOM? OUR WORST NIGHTMARE!

SALE 20%









PEOPLE RUNNING OUT OF THAT MALL IN PANIC...!?



A ROBOT! I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE TYPE--



POTENTIAL THREAT. BEARING ALPHA-30. PREPARE TO TERMIN--

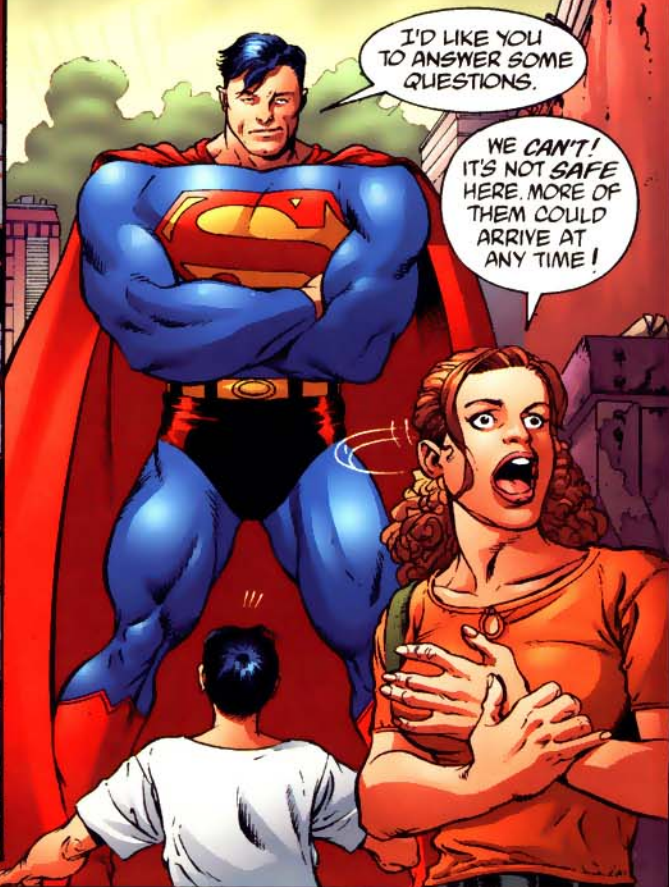


SWOOSH!











WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
PUT US DOWN!

COOL!



YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR.



WHILE YOU'RE UNDER MY PROTECTION--



--NOTHING-- OR NOBODY-- WILL HARM YOU!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS,
SARAH CONNOR FEELS
SAFE. INSTINCT TELLS HER
SHE CAN TRUST THIS MAN, AND
HER STORY COMES POURING OUT-

NOT VERY
FAR INTO THE FUTURE,
OUR MACHINES ARE
GOING TO REBEL AGAINST
US! AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE
CALLED SKYNET WILL CONTROL
EVERY COMPUTER--EVERY
ELECTRONIC SYSTEM--
IN THE WORLD!

"OUR ENTIRE CIVILIZATION
WILL BE SMASHED LIKE
MATCHWOOD. BILLIONS OF
INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL DIE.

"AND WHEN THE KILLING IS
DONE, SKYNET WILL REIGN
SUPREME OVER A PLANET
CLEANSED OF LIFE!

"ONLY A TINY REMNANT OF HUMANITY WILL SURVIVE TO FIGHT BACK--"



"LED BY MY SON... JOHN CONNOR!"

NO SURRENDER!

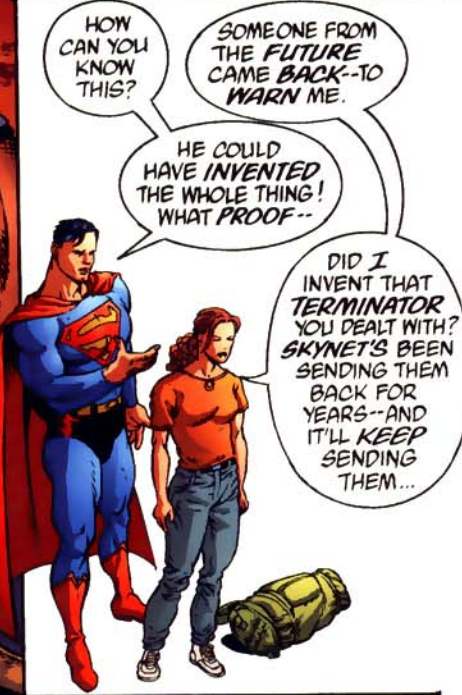


HOW CAN YOU KNOW THIS?

SOMEONE FROM THE FUTURE CAME BACK-TO WARN ME.

HE COULD HAVE INVENTED THE WHOLE THING! WHAT PROOF--

DID I INVENT THAT TERMINATOR YOU DEALT WITH? SKYNET'S BEEN SENDING THEM BACK FOR YEARS--AND IT'LL KEEP SENDING THEM...



...UNTIL MY SON IS DEAD!



WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW SKYNET COULD HAVE KNOWN WE WERE HERE, IN METROPOLIS. WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING UNDER FALSE NAMES--

Um...

I THINK IT'S MY FAULT, MOM.





THE TOY STORE HAS A CONTEST TO WIN A TRAIL BIKE. I ENTERED--BUT I HAD TO GIVE MY REAL NAME, SO IF I WON I COULD COLLECT MY PRIZE.



DON'T WORRY, SON. I'LL FIND YOUR ENTRY AND DESTROY IT.

NO, YOU WON'T.



DON'T YOU SEE-- YOU OBVIOUSLY WON'T DESTROY THE ENTRY...OR THE TERMINATOR WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PIN-POINT US LIKE THAT!



STEEL MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE MORE SENSE OF THIS THAN I CAN.

M-MOM!

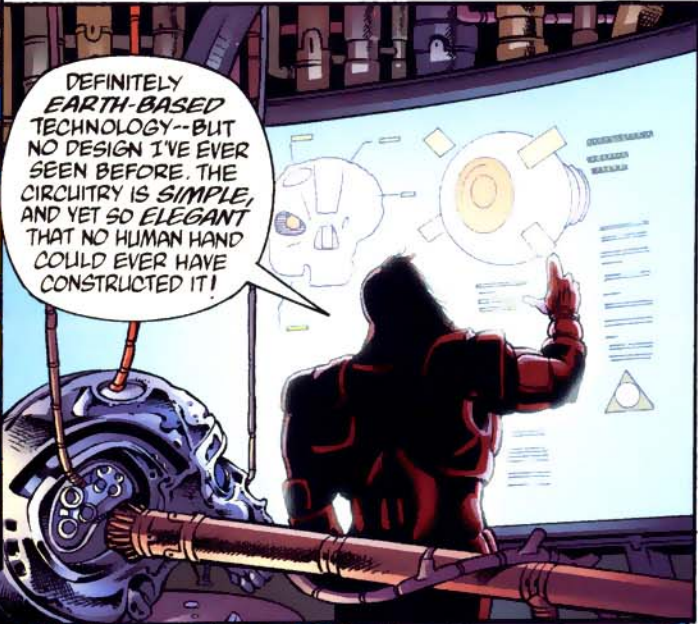


THEY'RE HERE!

CRACKLE!
ZZZZT!



NOW,
MY MECHANICAL
FRIEND, LET US
SEE WHAT YOU
HAVE TO TELL
ME...!



DEFINITELY
EARTH-BASED
TECHNOLOGY--BUT
NO DESIGN I'VE EVER
SEEN BEFORE. THE
CIRCUITRY IS *SIMPLE*,
AND YET SO *ELEGANT*,
THAT NO HUMAN HAND
COULD EVER HAVE
CONSTRUCTED IT!



A PITY ITS
FUNCTIONS WERE
DESTROYED BY MY
HATED ENEMY,
SUPERMAN!

BUT FORTUNATE
THAT I WAS ABLE TO
RETRIEVE IT!



IT *MUST* HAVE
COME FROM THE *FUTURE!*
THAT *MUST* MEAN THE
EXISTENCE OF AN
ADVANCED RACE OF
MACHINES!

THEY COULD
BE THE ANSWER TO ALL MY
PROBLEMS--IF ONLY I CAN
CONTACT THEM!



BUT *HOW?* THERE
IS NO CURRENT
TECHNOLOGY CAPABLE--
--OF COURSE!



LIKE A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE...



THE CYBORG SETS ABOUT HIS PLAN, DOWNLOADING *EVERYTHING* HE KNOWS ABOUT EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HERO INTO THE TERMINATOR SKULL.

HE ARMS THE FUTURE WITH INFORMATION TO DEFEAT *SUPERMAN!*

"YOU WILL BE MY CONDUIT TO TOMORROW--"

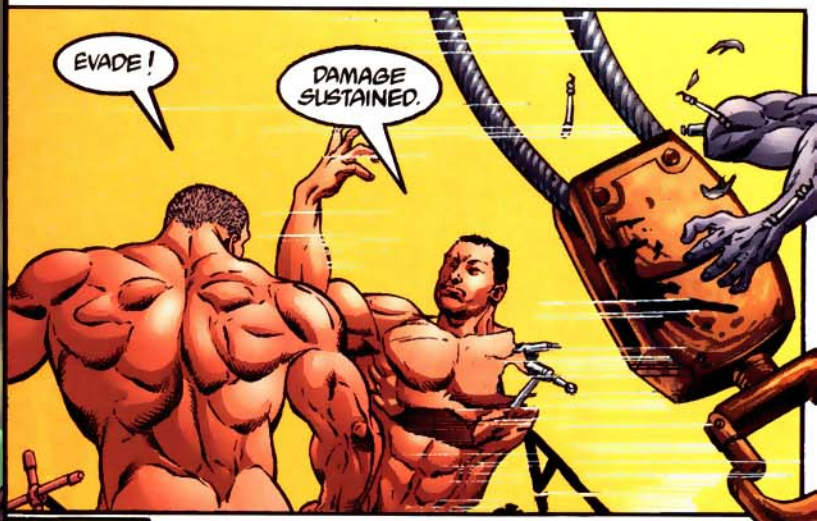


--WHILE S.T.A.R. LABS WILL BE NONE THE WISER!

HEH-HEH-HEH!









BUT I'M
PUZZLED. LET'S
START FROM THE
BEGINNING...



"... HOW COULD THEY
HAVE KNOWN ANYTHING
AT ALL ABOUT ME?"

THE HIGH-FREQUENCY
TRANSMITTER PLANTED
IN THE ROBOT'S SKULL WILL
BE MY VOICE TO
THE FUTURE.



IF A MACHINE
CULTURE DOES EXIST
THEN, THEY'RE SURE
TO DECIPHER THE
MESSAGE...

... AND
INVESTIGATE!



SUPERMAN!



THIS COULD BE
THE START OF
SOMETHING VERY
SWEET. THE
BEGINNING OF
THE END FOR
METROPOLIS...

... AND
FOR THE MAN WHO
DESTROYED EVERY-
THING I HELD DEAR--





SUPERMAN'S BODY IS STRETCHED AND COMPRESSED AT THE SAME TIME.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS MELD AND BECOME ONE, AS HE FEELS HIMSELF TURNED INSIDE OUT, THEN BACK AGAIN.



WHEN THE EFFECTS FINALLY FADE, AND REALITY RETURNS...

WHERE IN THE NAME OF KRYPTON...?



A TERMINATOR!



DESTROY IT!



NO!
WAIT!

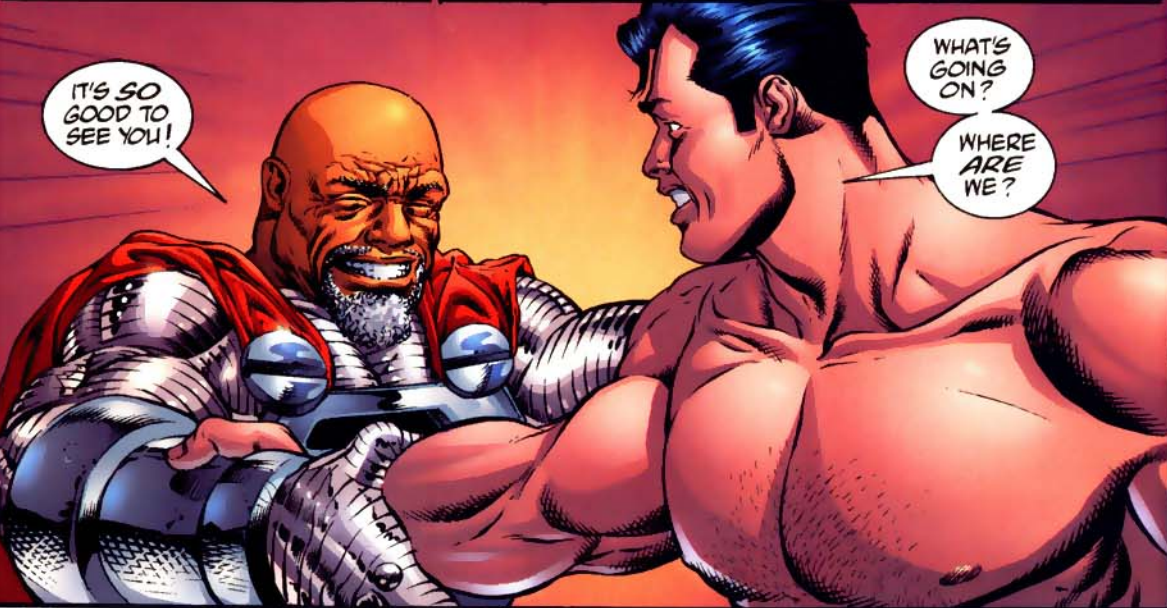
I KNOW
THIS MAN!



SUPERMAN?

STEEL?

IS THAT
YOU?



IT'S SO
GOOD TO
SEE YOU!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

WHERE
ARE
WE?



YOU'RE
IN THE FUTURE.
2032, TO BE
EXACT.

"WELCOME TO
METROPOLIS."

