I'm trying to escape from a doomed world too, Superman...

It's called the past. When I resurrected the DNA of P.R.O.J.E.C.T. and directed it towards the engineering of new human forms, I had one goal in mind.

Don't worry, my partner, Agatha, only wants to read your DNA.

She's one of our sensitive—genetically attuned to all life.

Oh, it's like Bach.

If only we could find a way to crack the Krypton code, we could grow a second Superman.

Photosynthetic giants, Bizarro worker drones...

I dedicated P.R.O.J.E.C.T. resources toward building a new race of superhumans in case... in case anything ever happened to you.

Smart thinking.
One of our Voyager Titans mentally preparing himself for centuries of deep space exploration.

The blue skin is typical of these anaerobic megaanthropes. His blood is 80% liquid nitrogen and, of course, normal restrictions on human size and anatomy just don't apply in weightless conditions.

And I promise, we'll find a way to save you. Or to replace you, if we have to.

Thanks. There's always a way.

No one must know. Not yet.

There are... things I have to do first.
HOLD THE PRESSES!

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN, KENT?

Uh...

WORKING ON MY SUNTAN, CHIEF?
GENTLEMEN.

LEX LUTHOR.

WE HAVE A WARRANT HERE FOR YOUR ARREST ON CHARGES OF ATTEMPTED MURDER AND ALSO CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY.

THANK GOD.

IT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD, I REALIZE THAT.

PUT ME AWAY, BOYS.

BEFORE I DO SOMETHING REALLY TERRIBLE TO SUPERMAN.

FASTER...
LOIS, THERE... WELL... THERE WAS SOMETHING I WANTED TO TELL YOU AND...

IF THIS IS ABOUT THE TRIAL COVERAGE, WE CAN GO OVER ALL THAT MATERIAL. I HAVE TO FLY, CLARK.

LOIS.

PLEASE STOP TALKING FOR JUST ONE SECOND.

I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.