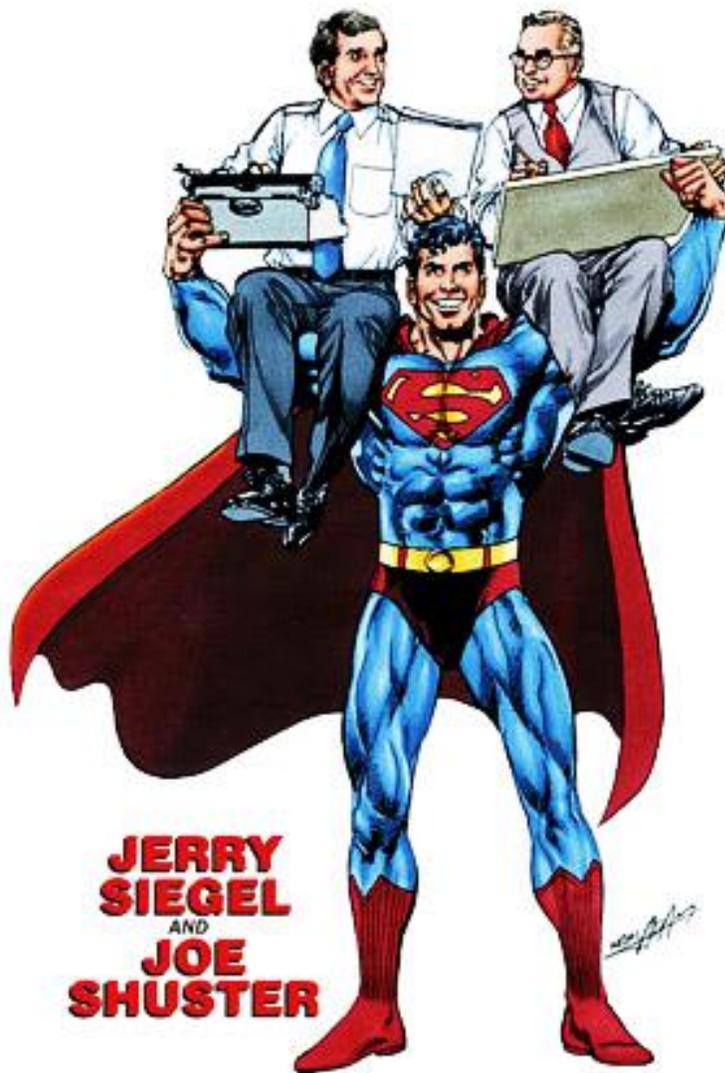


April 2025



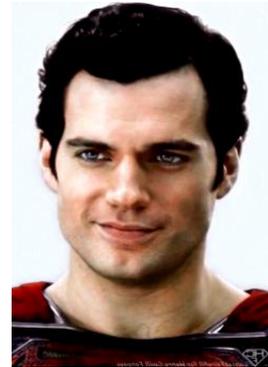
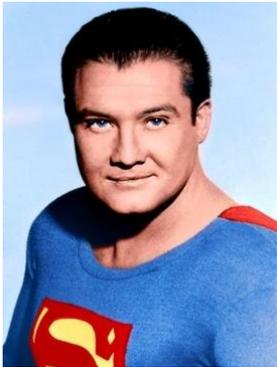
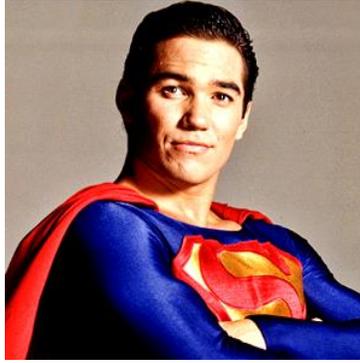
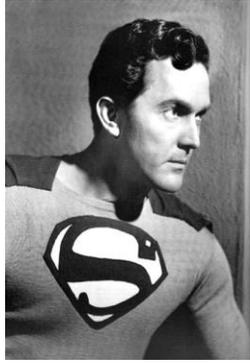
"It's your New York!"

The Rondout Reader



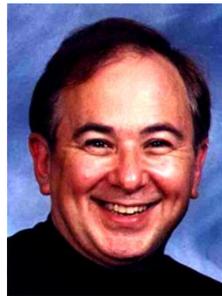
**JERRY
SIEGEL
AND
JOE
SHUSTER**

OUR SUPERHERO!





**SUPERMAN, LOIS LANE & LUTHOR CREATED BY
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER**



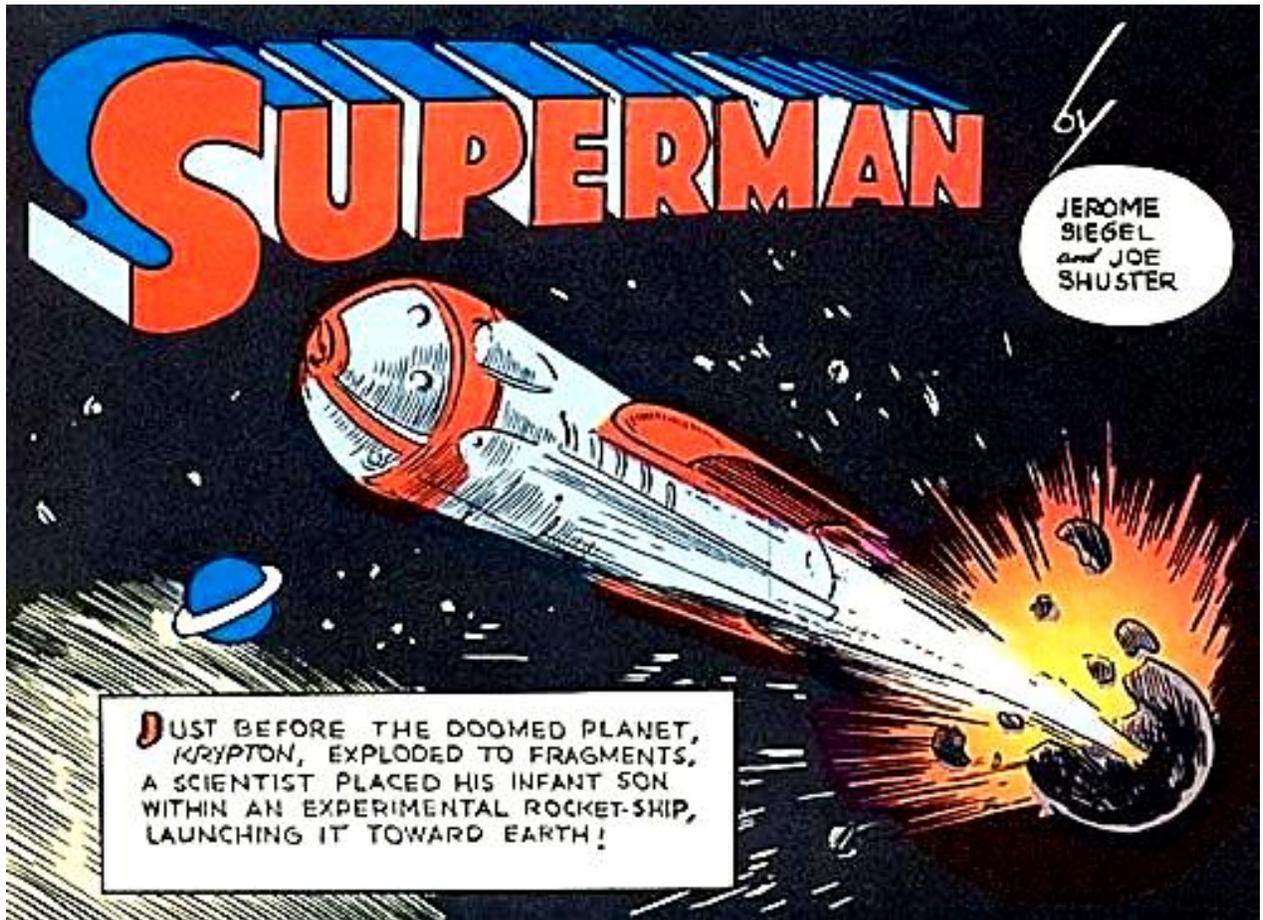
"...We just let our imagination run wild. We visualized Superman toys, games, and a radio show – that was before TV – and Superman Movies. We even visualized Superman billboards. And it's all come true."

**BRAINIAC & KIMDA CREATED BY
OTTO BINDER & AL PLASTINO**

**STORY BY JERRY SIEGEL, OTTO BINDER
& KEVIN AHEARN**

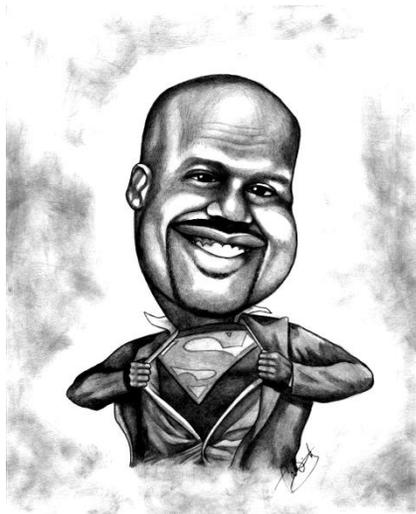
SUPERMAN IS A PROPERTY OF DC COMICS

For my granddaughter Dorothy

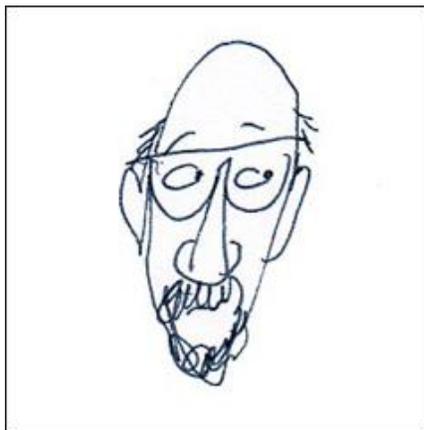




*"If I had to choose a superhero to be, I would pick **Superman**.
He's everything that I'm not."*

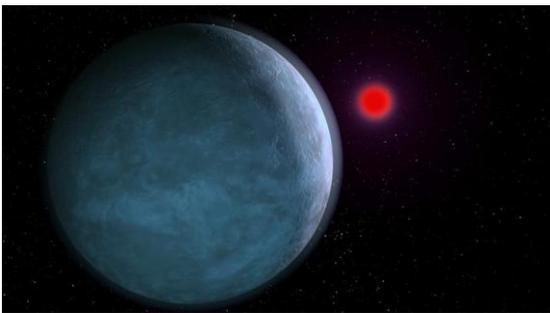


*'You tell me who the real **Superman** is!'*



*"When **Superman** wakes up in the morning, he is **Superman**.
Clark Kent is how **Superman** views us."*

"In the endless reaches of the universe, there once existed a planet known as Krypton..."



Kandor, Krypton's capital, the science center of the Galaxy...

That fateful day...



"Professor Kimda will know what to do, Lara. He has to."



"But if your old college roommate doesn't understand...Jor-el, our family is doomed!"

Upon landing...

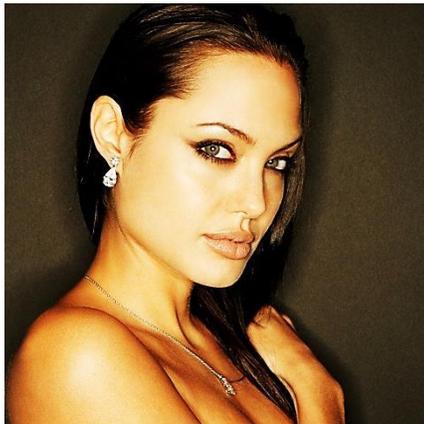


"Groundquakes' will destroy our world within four seasons, and you expect me, Kimda, Krypton's greatest scientist, to believe you?"

"You must! The people have to be warned, actions taken!"



"If you two are so convinced this planet is going to explode, then why did you conceive a child?"



"My father is right. Kandor, the Supreme City in the Galaxy, will live forever!"



"I, Axar, 'Krypton's Champion', side with my beloved Raya!"

Suddenly all Kandor trembles. Jor-el and Lara take off as the city is being engulfed by a gigantic membrane.



As the bubbled city rises into the sky, it begins to shrink, smaller and smaller...

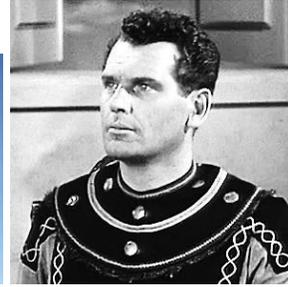


And is pulled into a gigantic spaceship!





"Oh, Jor-el, what can we do?"



"Forget the nursery. We're building our baby a spaceship!"

Inexorably, the Kandorian sky turned...



Then...



*"Kryptonians of Kandor, Time no longer exists. No more nights and days. Now and forever, you will bathe in the Eternal Light...of **Brainiac!**"*

Years later, light years away...



August 9, 1990 in Kansas...



'Don't take this personally, Jonathan Kent, but this gift from heaven sure beats morning sickness and hospital bills.'

'"Clark", after the explorer. Or would you prefer 'Lewis'?'

The craft that had borne the child decomposed in moments.





'Wherever Clark was from has gone to Kansas dust. He's all ours, an all-American boy!'



'We got through 'pregnancy' and 'childbirth' real well. How hard can raisin' him be?'

An empire had fallen; another was about to...



Growing up on a farm...



A 'gift from heaven' could be...



"The kid could fly, fly before he could walk. Put a cape on him when he was two, made him easier to see up high. Thought he'd just take off and never find his way home again."

"That's when we realized that Clark wasn't different, he was super, and whoever his parents, his people, were, they were far superior to Jonathan and me and everybody else on earth."

His best friend came from the farm down the road.



"What do you want to be when you grow up, Clark?"

'Lana, I want to be a hero.'



*'What kind of hero?'
As Clark grew, being 'average' and 'ordinary' was becoming more and more difficult...*

'A kind hero!'



*'Now listen to me, Clark!
This great strength of yours---
You've got to hide it from people
or they'll be sacred of you!'*

*'But when the proper time comes,
you must use it to assist humanity!'*

'When will that be?'

'Your mother and I will know.'

'Then so will the whole world!'



While billions of miles away...



'Thank me for saving your people, Kimba!'

'Jor-El was right!'

*'I am the last of my race who killed our
world with war and waste, leaving
me no one to rule.'*

*'You're creating your kingdom
by stealing cities throughout
the Galaxy!'*



'You, fellow scientist, will help me!'

'The final fate of Krypton is at my fingertips. With a single strum...'



'Never!'

'Yes, yes!'



'Mighty Brainiac. You will find Kryptonians better friends than foes.'



'We can be either very quickly.'

Without warning...



What kind of hero does the world need now?



Inspiration?



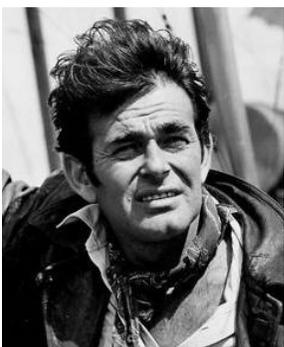
*'Our little boy from another world.
We could only imagine...'*

Role models?



*'We're Clark's parents, not his people.
Why would his mother and father send him to us?'*

2003...



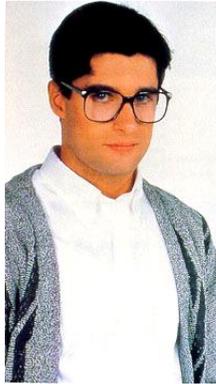
'Space Shuttle Columbia!'

'Had that happened to Clark.'

2004...



'I'm supposed to just watch?'



'If not Katrina, when?'

November 6, 2005...

Middle East...



California...



Africa...



The Kents sat at the dining room table...



'Mom, Dad, I'm sorry, but I can't be 'weak', 'ordinary' Clark anymore.'

'Son, you're 15. Not yet.'

'You've still got growing to do.'

"Have you been flying? Somebody sees you and..."

'No one saw me.'

'Oh, no! Where did you go?'

'Metropolis? Gotham?'

'The moon.'

'But, there's no air...'

'Outer space!'

'Then I took a walk on Mars, but careful not to leave footprints.'

'God...why?'

'Because I can. I have incredible powers! Who am I?'

Jonathan Kent looked his son in the eye and told him. Martha Kent showed him the red, blue and yellow swaddling that had protected him in the spaceship.

There came a long moment as Clark took the swaddling in his hands; nothing would ever be the same again.



'Mom, Dad, because that's who you are and always will be. You made me Clark Kent, gave me my values, my beliefs. I love you!'

'But I am also somebody else!'

"Son, we don't know where you came from or who sent you. But you are here...for a reason!"

'You're only a boy! What can you do?'

'The "proper time" has come. I'm going to my room, but I'll be right back!'

He took his swaddling and was gone in a flash. Time seemed to slow down.

"We've lost him," said Martha, almost in tears.

"Easy, hon," said Jonathan, embracing his fretting wife. "He's not doing drugs or having sex. He hasn't joined a gang. He's..."

Then their son came out...



*'Mom, Dad, I am **Superboy**! From now on, this isn't me wearing a costume, Clark Kent is.'*

Superboy took his parents' hands and together they went to the porch with a panoramic view of the farm.

"Up, up," he whispered as he let go and gently took to the air. "And away!"



*'Look at me! I'm the symbol of hope
and change. The world's gonna love me!'*

Faster than a fighter jet, he zoomed away.



'Think he'll come back?' 'Would you?'





'Whose little boy are you?'



"A boy's story is the best that is ever told."



*"When I was 14, I was the oldest I ever was.
I've been getting younger ever since."*

Daily Planet

Special Edition

A Great Metropolitan Newspaper

November 6, 2005

SUPERBOY!

By Perry White



He came to California dropping right out of the sky, a flying boy in blue tights, red shorts and a bright red cape!

"I am **Superboy!**" he said, and the world's been holding its breath ever since!



CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC

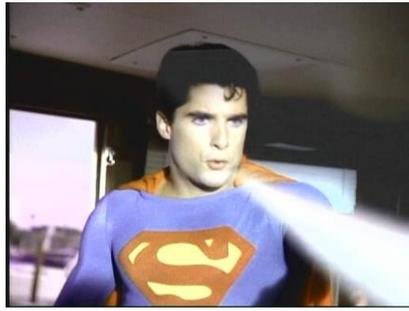


'I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Nobody could!'

"I'll take care of this!" said the flying kid, and began blowing like a hurricane.

'But the "super-wind" spread the fire!

'That's when he switched to his "arctic breath' and iced the whole blaze in minutes.



'**Superboy** is magical! Miraculous!

'And he waved to us as he flew away!'



'Who is **Superboy**?'

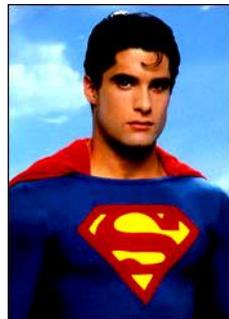


A mythical creature come to life? An angel? How can he fly without wings?

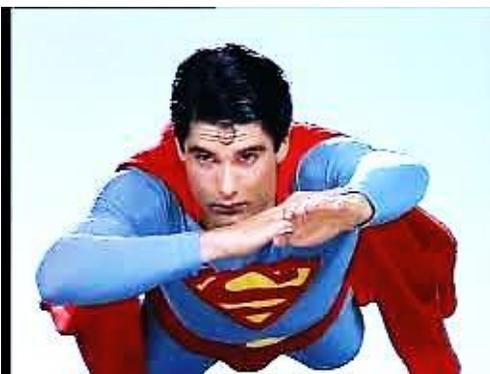
Religion will soon be chiming in.



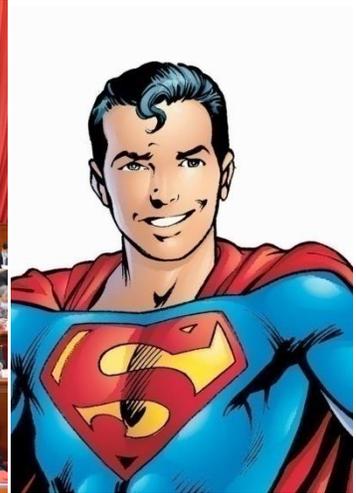
Racists will cling to his color.



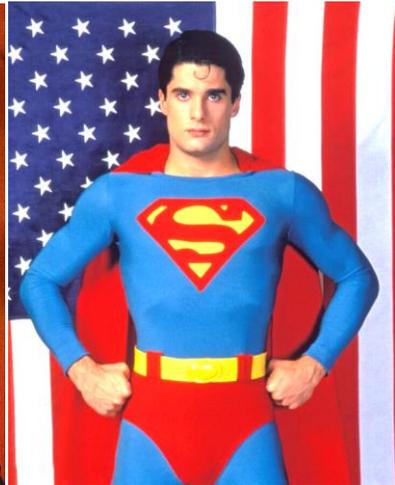
As of this moment, we know next to nothing of **Superboy**. Let us wonder about **Superboy**, but before making up our minds, imagine how he feels...*about us!*



'Superboy - What does he mean for the world?'



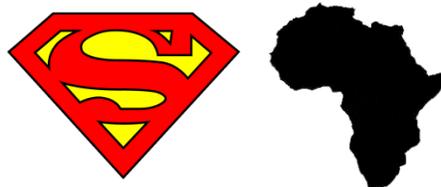
"China, our country and our people, faces an incredible challenge!" said the President before his assembled government.



"He *is* **Superboy!** Omnipotent, invulnerable, his eyes and breath are arsenals in themselves. Is he an unbeatable, uncontrollable *weapon*? We have worked hard and sacrificed so much in our effort to equal the United States.

"Suddenly a fantastic phenomenon has appeared. Will he soon be a victim of the Western media, a potential enemy...**Superboy is American!**"

And African as well?





'When we first looked up, we knew this massive flying shape wasn't a bird or a plane. Closer and closer the thing came down. That's when we saw the caped boy carrying this huge load of foodstuffs!'



*"I am Superboy! I'll bring more" he said.
'And just like that, flew away!'*



*'The flying boy came over us low.
We opened up with AKs and RPGs.
Everything bounced off him.'*



*'I am **Superboy**.
If you want to fight, fight me.'*

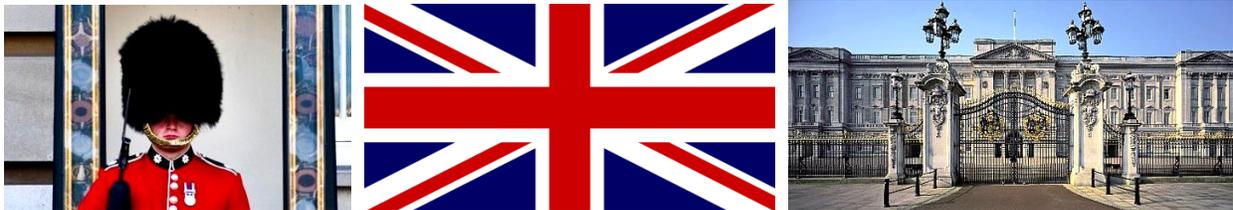
*'Magical light came out of his eyes,
and melted down our guns.'*

*'We charged this boy with knives and
swords. Nothing made him blink.'*

*'Then he blew us away like so
much straw.'*

*'No one was injured, yet all of us
were crushed.'*

***Before returning home, Superboy had to speak with someone
who might understand...***



The *Queen's Guard* and *Queen's Life Guard* are operational-duty soldiers armed with live ammunition.

Elizabeth II, relaxing in the Royal Apartment and after a long day, felt relieved to finally be alone.

Did a gust of wind make a window fly open?

Started, the Queen turned to see...



"Good evening, Your Majesty," said **Superboy** bending down on one knee.
"May we speak frankly?"



"By all means, **Superboy!** Please, sit."

He obeyed. She pressed a nearby button.

"I wish privacy," she said and would get it.

"Your Majesty," he began, his voice honest and clear. "I've come to you first because no one else on earth has had a longer and deeper perspective on humanity. I'm just starting."

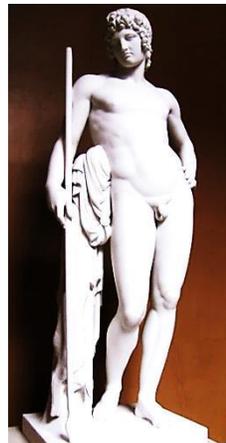
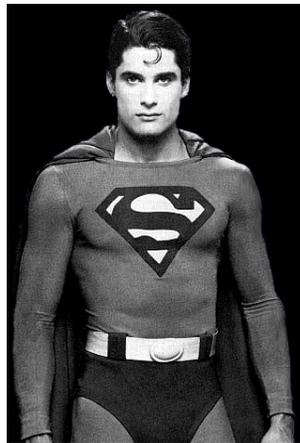
Before this miraculous child, the Queen found herself in Wonderland with one question to ask...



'Who R U?'

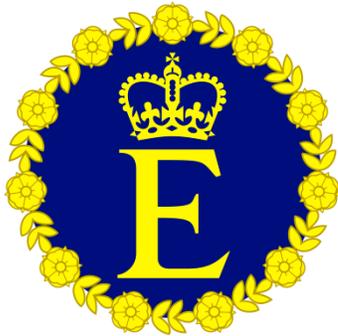
"I don't know where I've come from, somewhere out there among the stars," he said. "But I do know where I'm going."

"I was born with incredible powers and I'm going to help humanity!" he said, this beautiful, powerful boy who made her imagine mythical gods.



"I will guard against disaster. There will be no more raging fires and ravaging floods. I will calm tsunamis and tornadoes, even stop earthquakes at their source."

"Wonderful, **Superboy!**" she said, and wished for a sword...



"There are going to be no more wars, Your Majesty," he said, the sudden change in his timbre surprising her. "Because I'm going to melt down all the killing machines -- disarm all the landmines and vaporize chemical and biological weapons."

"Such power exists?"



'I assure you, such power exists!'

'Absolute power corrupts absolutely.'

There was a pause. She looked deep into his eyes and knew that this young man meant exactly what he said.

"To prevent further suffering, I'll eradicate the coca plants and poppies, plus the meth factories," he said. "Then I'll..."

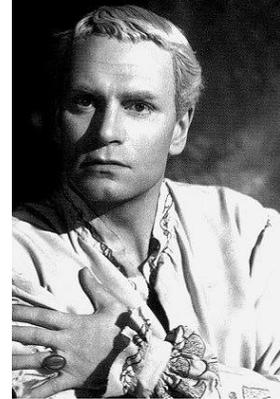
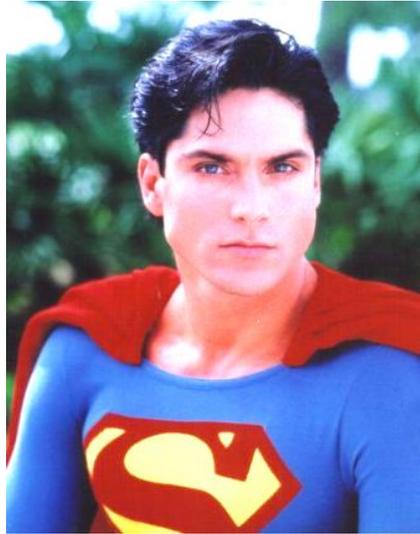
The Queen held up her hand.

"Please let the marijuana and the tobacco grow," she said. "Too much, too soon and we'll have madness."

Superboy smiled.

"Very well, Your Majesty!"

The young prince had found much 'rotten' in the world, she thought. As had Romeo and Hamlet.



"What do you *want*, **Superboy**?" she asked plainly.

"Not to rule," he replied. "I don't want to tell people what to do, but give them the opportunity to live longer, happier lives.."

"But like you, I need privacy."

"Your adoptive parents?"

"Yes. I want them to be as happy as I am."

The Queen could no longer hold back. She went to **Superboy** and hugged him.



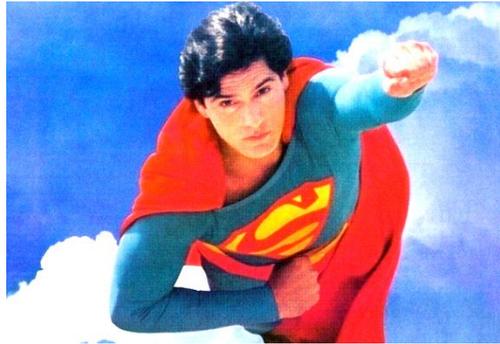
*"Thank you, **Superboy**! Lately I've been afraid that I'd leave this world in worse shape than I found it.*

"With you here, not anymore!"



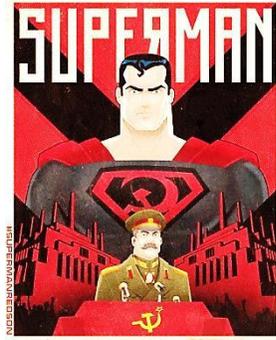
*"On behalf of the Russian people, I hereby welcome **Superboy** to earth and I hope he will visit us soon.*

"But beware young man. You are an 'extraterrestrial immigrant', a refugee from another world who entered the United States illegally!"



"Relentless forces will track you down and haul you into court for a grand 'show trial'. That's truth, justice, and the American Way!"

"Then again, you're faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive and able to leap tall buildings with a single bound, spare yourself and your loved ones from embarrassment and humiliation.



*"Come and live in peace and privacy in Russia, **Superboy!** Ours is the friendliest nation on earth!"*

SMALLVILLE



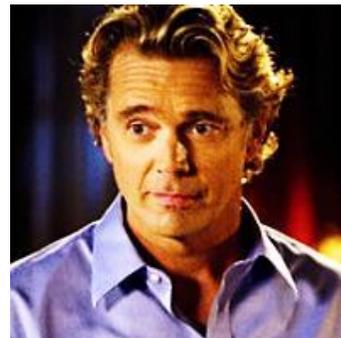
Superboy flew home and entered as Clark Kent.



'Thank God, we were so worried!'



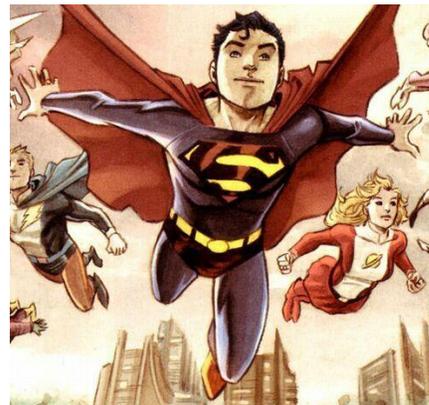
'A full first day. I've got a lot of work to do!'



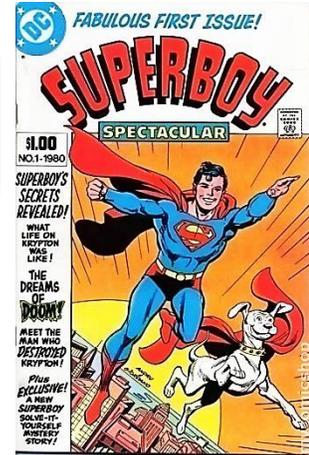
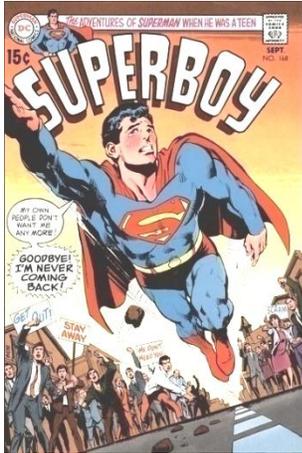
'And completely amazed!'



'They're calling you "The Grandson of God"!'

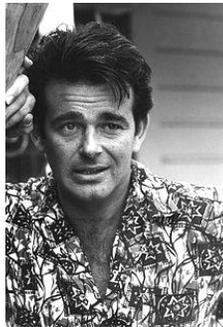


'"Superstar of the Century!"'



*'I am going to be who I am!
People are sick and starving and
killing each other and I'm gonna
do everything I can to stop it.'*

'Superboy is going to save the world!'



*'Only if the world lets you, son.
FBI, TMZ, they're going to track
you to here, to us!'*

*'Smallville and our farm
will soon be under siege.'*

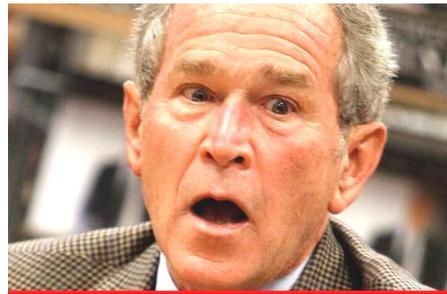


*'NO! I'm too fast and too small to
show up on radar.'*

'How right both of you were! It's good to be your son again.'

'You taught me restraint, patience, and how to appear 'weak' and 'ordinary.'

*'No one will even suspect that Clark Kent is **Superboy!**'*



*'**Superboy** is an American boy! Our Number One Priority must be to keep the 'Boy of Steel' in the United States!*

*'Should we offend **Superboy**, embarrass **Superboy**, make him leave the country...Wherever he chooses to live...Mexico, Mongolia, or Pago Pago, will be the 'World's Superpower!'*

'Let's make sure we keep him here!'



*"A super-powered teenager!
Threat analysis: this kid has a tantrum and in twenty-four hours, he could render our defenses useless. Guns, tanks, planes, ships. Without inflicting a single casualty!"*



'We cannot allow that to happen! He is the embodiment of all America worships: youth, power and beauty!

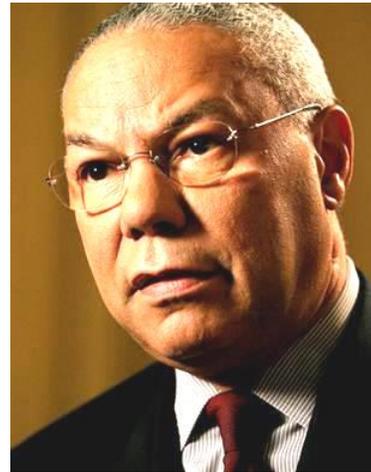
'But who the hell is he?'



*'Got him! Facial recognition - Clark Kent, 15, Smallville, Kansas.
Homeschooled on the farm by Mom and Dad.'*



'How long will that be ours?'



"A day, maybe less."



*'God, no! This gets out and the Kent farm will become
a tourist Mecca, his parents...media creatures!'*

'America will lose Superboy!'



'Mr. President! You've heard the news!'

'Perry, you're the 'media mogul'. The industry follows your lead.'

'Where are you leading me?'

*'We know who **Superboy** is and have to keep it secret!'*

'Great Caesar's Ghost! Whatever happened to "Freedom of the Press"?''

The President explained.



'What do you want me to do?'

*'Play up **Superboy** all you want, but never hint that's he's living here under a 'secret identity'.'*

'But it'll leak. There's no preventing it.'

'Not on the air or in print! Or do you want to be known as the man who pissed off the 'Boy of Steel' and drove him out of the country?'



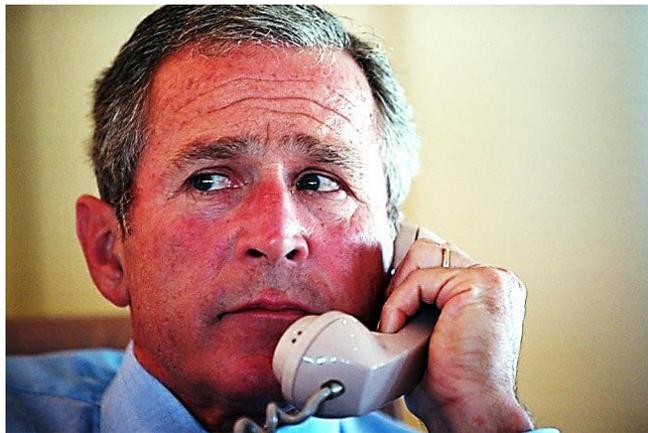
*'I'll put out the word.
"National Security!"
'What will you do?'*



*'We keep the secret from **Superboy**.
We keep **Superboy**!'*
*'We can surveil his house, farm
and town, assure peace, quiet and security.'*



*'We're playing with fire,
Mr. President!'*



*'Super-fire, for the sake of America's
future. He can never find out, not now,
not ever, that we know that **Superboy**,
and soon enough, that...'*

'SUPERMAN is Clark Kent!'



TEN YEARS LATER...

To be continued @



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January 2025  "It's your New York!"
The Rondout Reader



ENTER LOIS LANE
The Love of His Life

January 2025  "It's your New York!"
The Rondout Reader



MALE OF POLYMER
A LEX LUTHOR CREATION
By Lex Luthor

January 2025  "It's your New York!"
The Rondout Reader



"WELCOME TO MY WORLDS!"
By Kevin Green