Peter Pan Records
Fun-Packed Action Comes ALIVE as you Read
BOOK & SET RECORD
SUPERMAN
PR-34
See & Hear
FORCE ONE
VS.
SUPERMAN
"City Under Siege"
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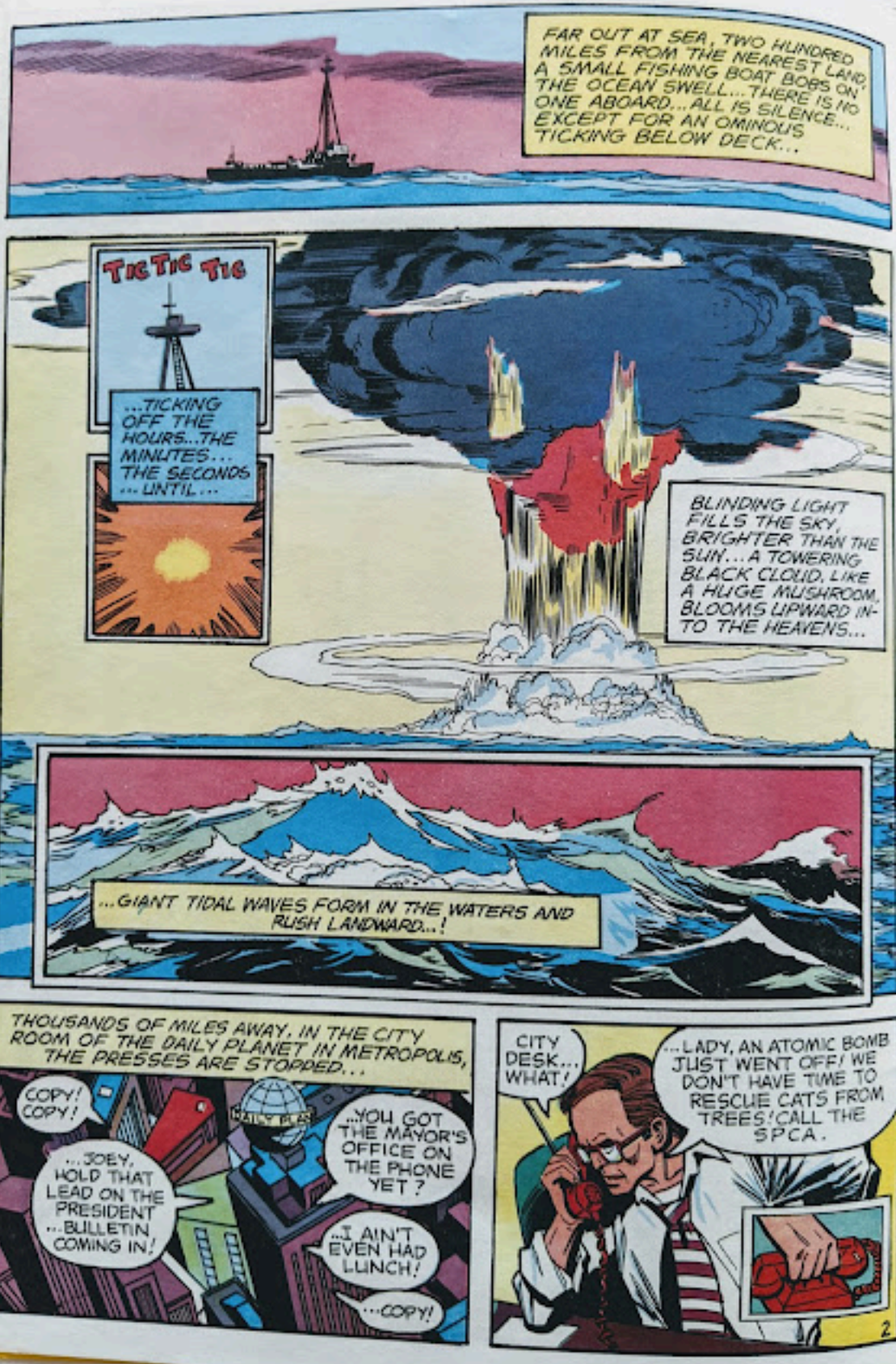
CITY
UNDER
SEIGE
Printed in U.S.A.


FAR OUT AT SEA, TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM THE NEAREST LAND, A SMALL FISHING BOAT BOBS ON THE OCEAN SWELL...THERE IS NO ONE ABOARD...ALL IS SILENCE... EXCEPT FOR AN OMINOUS TICKING BELOW DECK...
TIC TIC TIC
...TICKING OFF THE HOURS...THE MINUTES... THE SECONDS ...UNTIL...
BLINDING LIGHT FILLS THE SKY, BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN...A TOWERING BLACK CLOUD, LIKE A HUGE MUSHROOM, BLOOMS UPWARD INTO THE HEAVENS...
...GIANT TIDAL WAVES FORM IN THE WATERS AND RUSH LANDWARD...!
THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET IN METROPOLIS, THE PRESSES ARE STOPPED...
COPY! COPY!
...JOEY, HOLD THAT LEAD ON THE PRESIDENT ...BULLETIN COMING IN!
...YOU GOT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ON THE PHONE YET?
...I AIN'T EVEN HAD LUNCH!
...COPY!
CITY DESK... WHAT!
...LADY, AN ATOMIC BOMB JUST WENT OFF! WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO RESCUE CATS FROM TREES! CALL THE SPCA.

RRIING
CITY DESK... NO, AS FAR AS WE KNOW THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES...THAT'S RIGHT... WASHINGTON SAYS IT WAS PROBABLY A SMALL BOMB ...FIVE, TEN KILOTONS YEAH...YEAH...OK.
LOIS! WHERE'S KENT?
FISHING.
WHAT!
NO KIDDING. HE'S UP IN MINNESOTA WITH JIMMY OLSEN.
WHAT A TIME TO PICK TO GO FISHING. GET HIM BACK.
RRING
I'LL TRY.
DAILY PLANET-- LOIS LANE
LISTEN LADY AND LISTEN GOOD-- THE BOMB WE TRIGGERED IN THE OCEAN WAS A BABY. A MERE 4 KILOTONS. THE NEXT ONE WILL BE OVER A HUNDRED.
WHO IS THIS?
NEVER MIND! JUST LISTEN--WE WANT TEN BILLION... TEN BILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD. IT WILL BE PLACED ABOARD A 747 JET AIRPLANE, FULLY FUELED, IN GANDER...WE WILL GIVE FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS AT THAT POINT IN TIME.
WHO'S 'WE'? WHO ARE YOU?
WE ARE FORCE ONE. UNLESS THE GOLD IS PLACED AT OUR DISPOSAL BY NOON TOMORROW, YOUR CHARMING CITY OF METROPOLIS WILL BE REDUCED TO RUBBLE.
IS THIS A JOKE?
YOU MAY TREAT IT AS A JOKE IF YOU WISH. BUT TWELVE NOON TOMORROW IS REALITY TIME. BY THE WAY... A HUNDRED KILOTONS ISN'T BAD FOR A HOME-MADE BOMB, UH?
HELLO?... HELLO!... HELLO!...
IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE AT CITY HALL, LOIS TELLS HER STORY TO CITY OFFICIALS, SCIENTISTS, MEMBERS OF THE FBI AND CIA.
COULD THIS BE A HOAX?
WE JUST CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE, NOT IN THE LIGHT OF THAT EXPLOSION AT SEA.
IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK NOW... THAT LEAVES US 17 HOURS TO FIND THE BOMB.
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SURE. BUT HOW?
WHAT DO YOU THINK MR. MAYOR?

FRANKLY, I THINK WE ONLY HAVE ONE HOPE... SUPERMAN... CAN YOU CONTACT HIM, LOIS?
CLARK KENT MIGHT.

WHERE IS CLARK?
ON VACATION, MR MAYOR, WITH JIMMY OLSEN--AT A FISHING CAMP UP IN THE MINNESOTA WILDERNESS. I PLACED A CALL BUT, SO FAR, NO CONNECTION.

I HATE TO BE A WET BLANKET BUT WE NOW HAVE SIXTEEN HOURS, FIFTY-NINE MINUTES AND THIRTY SECONDS.

AT THAT MOMENT IN AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE IN DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS, THREE PEOPLE SIT IN THE REAR OF A TRAILER-TRUCK, TWO OF THEM ARE HUNCHED OVER A LARGE MASS OF METAL AND WIRE ... THE THIRD, A MAN WITH A SCAR RUNNING FROM LEFT EYEBROW TO CHIN, LOOKS ON...
HEY, COOL IT, MAN. THAT THINGS SUPPOSED TO GO OFF AT NOON TOMORROW. I'D RATHER NOT BE AROUND.
CLANG CLANG
THAT'S WHAT I'M WORKING ON. THE TIMER.
EB DIAMOND TRUCKING
MARICA WHOLESALERS
AH! THERE! ...OK, LET'S TRY IT.
TRY WHAT?
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THE MOMENT OF TRUTH, SWEETHEART. SEE THIS LEVER HERE? I MOVE IT THIS WAY, Y'KNOW? ...AFTER THAT, EITHER THE TIMING MECHANISM STARTS, OR THE MASS BECOMES CRITICAL AND WE ALL GO UP IN ATOMS, RIGHT, TRASK?
WELL PUT, YOUNG MAN.
WAIT A MINUTE! CAN'T WE GET AWAY FROM HERE? DO IT BY REMOTE CONTROL?
JENNY, DARLING, WE'D HAVE TO BE THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE, WHICH WE WILL BE IF THE TIMER WORKS. GO AHEAD, RANDY. IT'S YOUR BABY.
TIC
CLICK
WELL DONE, FRIEND. WELL DONE.
CALL ME EINSTEIN.
NOW LET'S SPLIT THIS TOWN!
IN TIME, JENNY. IN TIME. OUR PLANE IS AT THE AIRPORT. BUT FIRST WE DRIVE OUR LITTLE FIRECRACKER TO GROUND ZERO. DIRECTLY IN THE CENTER OF METROPOLIS.
WHAT ABOUT THE GOLD?
DON'T WORRY --WE'LL GET IT-- THEY'LL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS...
SECONDS INTO MINUTES ... MINUTES INTO HOURS ...THE TIME PASSES AS METROPOLIS SLEEPS... IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE CITY, BENEATH AN OLD RAILROAD BRIDGE, STANDS THE TRUCK... ITS CARGO TICKING TOWARD DEATH...
TICTIC
AT THE DAILY PLANET, THE SWEEP HANDS OF THE ELECTRIC CLOCKS MOVE SILENTLY...
DAILY PLANET
RING

LOIS LANE...
HELLO?
READY WITH THAT MICHIGAN CALL...
RAINBOW LODGE
IS CLARK KENT THERE?
HELLO?
IS CLARK KENT THERE?
I CAN'T HEAR YOU.
CLARK KENT! IS HE THERE?
OH, YEAH, THAT FISHIN' FELLA. HE WAS. HE AIN'T NOW.
WHERE IS HE? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!
WELL, NOW, HIM AND THAT OTHER FISHIN' FELLA ... WHAT'S HIS NAME?
JIMMY OLSEN.
YEP, THAT'S HIM. ANYWAYS, THEY TOOK OFF.
TOOK OFF!
RENTED ONE OF THEM LIGHT PLANES THEY DID. FISHIN' WEREN'T NO GOOD DOWN HERE. WENT NORTH.
WHERE NORTH?
WELL, NEAR AS I I CAN FIGURE, I'D SAY MEBBE TWO HUNDRED MILES UP TO THE QUETICO SUPERIOR AREA.
CAN THEY BE REACHED?
MA'AM, THERE AIN'T NO FOLKS UP THERE. NOT TO SPEAK OF. JUST FISH.
FIVE O'CLOCK, MR. MAYOR... SEVEN HOURS TO HOLOCAUST.
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO REACH KENT.
IN THE DARK? TWO HUNDRED MILES INTO NOWHERE? HOW?
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
IT'S A LONG SHOT, AND WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL IT'S LIGHT.
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DAWN BREAKS OVER NORTHERN MINNESOTA... WAIST HIGH IN THE RIPPLING WATERS OF A GENTLY-FLOWING STREAM, CLARK KENT AND JIMMY OLSEN CAST FOR TROUT... THE SKY BRIGHTENS...
HEY, CLARK.
YOU GOT A STRIKE?
NO. LOOK AT THAT!
WHAT?
THAT PLANE.

HE'S SKYWRITING.
SKYWRITING? OUT HERE? RIDICULOUS.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING. WHAT'S TO ADVERTISE AROUND HERE? THERE'S NO PEOPLE.
IT CAN'T BE FISH BAIT.
HE'S COMING THIS WAY.

A-BO
THERE HE GOES AGAIN.
A... DASH... B...O M...B...

CLARK AND JIMMY WATCH THE LETTERS APPEAR IN THE SKY... SLOWLY... ONE BY ONE, UNTIL...
"A-BOMB! METROPOLIS! GET SUPERMAN! LOIS!"
...JIMMY, LET'S GO!

AAAAAA!! OH, OH!
CLARK?
I TWISTED MY ANKLE... MAYBE BROKE...
GRAB MY SHOULDER.
NO.
COME ON!

NO. YOU GET BACK TO THE RAINBOW LODGE. JUST GET ME TO THE SHORE AND YOU GET BACK TO THE LODGE. CALL THIS NUMBER: 516-9206 IN METROPOLIS. SUPERMAN WILL ANSWER. TELL HIM WHAT GOES.
CLARK, I CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE. I...
DON'T ARGUE, JIMMY! DO IT! WE'RE FIGHTING TIME! MAKE THE CALL AND GET BACK TO METROPOLIS! SEND THE PLANE BACK FOR ME! NOW GET MOVING!

LEAVING CLARK KENT ON THE SHORE OF THE STREAM, JIMMY OLSEN CHARGES TOWARD THE SEAPLANE...
...AND TAKES OFF.
VROOM
AS THE PLANE SCUDS ACROSS THE LAKE, CLARK KENT WATCHES IT RISE INTO THE SKY AND DISAPPEAR OVER THE TREES.
MOMENTS LATER, HE EMERGES FROM THE TENT AS SUPERMAN, AND ZOOMS UPWARD...
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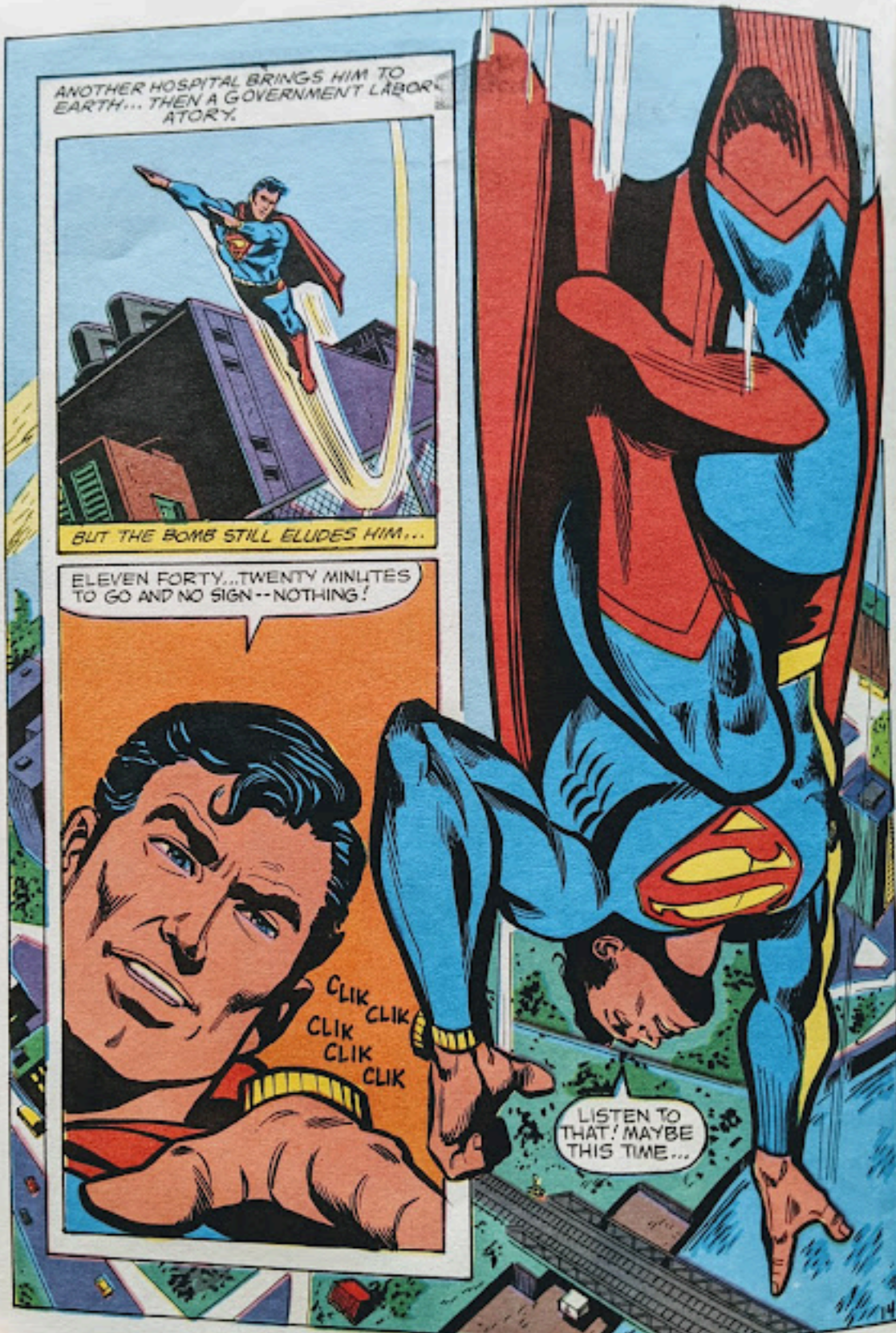
WHOOSH!
...STREAMS TOWARD METROPOLIS AT FANTASTIC SPEED...
AND WITHIN TWO MINUTES...
...STANDS IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IN CITY HALL.
QUIET, PLEASE... QUIET...
THE BOMB IS SET FOR NOON, SUPERMAN...
THAT GIVES US LESS THAN FIVE HOURS.
AND WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT PART OF THE CITY THEY PLACED IT.
HOLD IT. ONE QUESTION. DOES THAT BOMB EMIT RADIATION?
YES, IT DOES.
OK-THERE'S OUR HOPE. WISH ME LUCK!

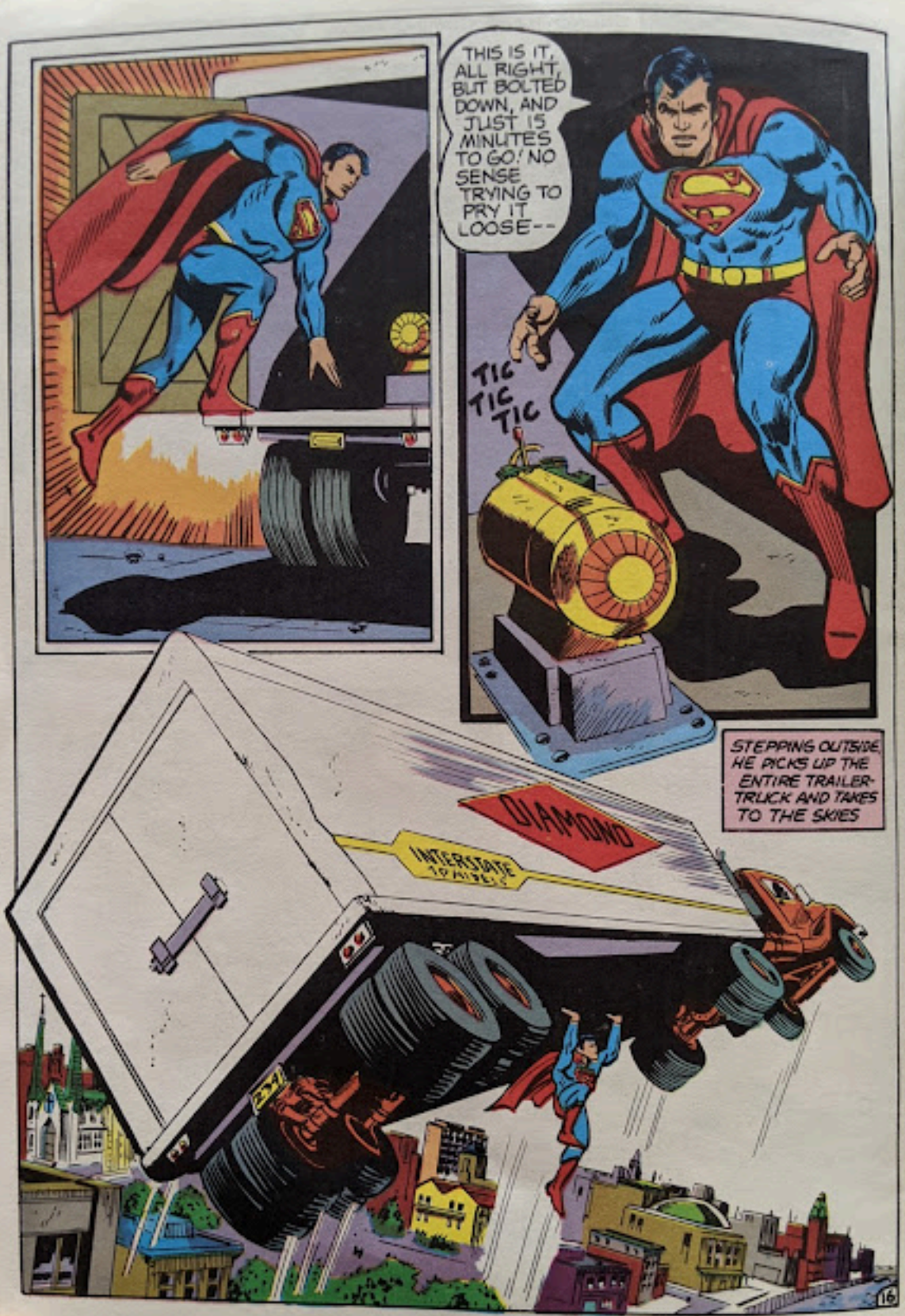
LOOK AT THAT!
RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW.
ZOOM
AMAZING.
...HE'LL FIND IT...
ROCKETING UPWARD, SUPERMAN SPEEDS TO THE METROPOLIS GEOLOGICAL LABORATORY
PICKS UP AN ULTRA-SENSITIVE GEIGER-COUNTER
AND THEN ZOOMS INTO THE SKIES ABOVE THE CITY.

CLIC
CLIC
THERE'S SOMETHING! LET'S CHECK IT OUT!
CLIC CLIC
CLIC
CLIC CLIC
CLICK
SCREAM
SUPERMAN DIVES DOWN AT TREMENDOUS SPEED.

SMALL PRIVATE HOSPITAL ...COULD THE BOMB BE IN THERE? WELL WE'LL FIND OUT...
WITH MY X-RAY VISION.
HMM! RADIOACTIVE TRACER MATERIAL... THE PATIENT MAY LIVE... BUT NOT UNLESS I FIND THAT BOMB!
BLASTING SKYWARD AGAIN, SUPERMAN CIRCLES OVER METROPOLIS.
VROOM
13


ANOTHER HOSPITAL BRINGS HIM TO EARTH... THEN A GOVERNMENT LABORATORY.
BUT THE BOMB STILL ELUDES HIM...
ELEVEN FORTY...TWENTY MINUTES TO GO AND NO SIGN--NOTHING!
CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK
LISTEN TO THAT! MAYBE THIS TIME...

SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THAT OLD RAILROAD BRIDGE...
CLIK-CLIK-CLIK
IT'S THE BOMB! INSIDE THAT TRAILER-TRUCK--
GOTTA MOVE FAST--


THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT, BUT BOLTED DOWN, AND JUST 15 MINUTES TO GO! NO SENSE TRYING TO PRY IT LOOSE--
TIC TIC TIC
STEPPING OUTSIDE, HE PICKS UP THE ENTIRE TRAILER-TRUCK AND TAKES TO THE SKIES
DIAMOND
INTERSTATE

ED DIAMOND TRUCKING
BOOOR
TRAVELING AT A RATE APPROACHING THE SPEED OF LIGHT, SUPERMAN RACES TOWARD THE SUN...

ONE MILLION MILES FROM THE BLAZING STAR, SUPERMAN SCREECHES TO A HALT...
R-R-R-R
...AND REARS BACK... AND HURLS THE BOMB STRAIGHT INTO ITS CENTER...

STRIKE ONE FOR YOU, FORCE ONE... THE OTHER TWO COME LATER...
MUMMPH
EXPLODING WITHIN OUR GREAT SUN, THE HOME MADE A-BOMB, IS A MERE PUFF BALL... THE SKY BRIGHTENS ONLY SLIGHTLY, AND ON EARTH, A FEW SUN SPOTS ARE RECORDED... FOR NOTHING THAT MAN CAN MAKE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE.

LATER, IN THE CITY ROOM AT THE PLANET...
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE. CLARK KENT, CUB REPORTER.
WHY THE SARCASM?
I DON'T BLAME HIM. WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE BOMB HIT THE SUN?
I ALMOST BROKE MY ANKLE IN THAT STREAM.
YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE LIMPING.
WELL...IT--IT HEALED.
I SOMETIMES WONDER ABOUT YOU.
WHY?
YOU'RE NEVER HERE WHEN SUPER-MAN SAVES THE DAY. YOU MUST HAVE A BLOCK.
WHAT ABOUT THAT TERRORIST GROUP? I READ ABOUT IT ON THE WAY FROM MINNESOTA.
THE FBI FINALLY GOT A LINE ON THEM... FORCE ONE, THEY CALLED THEMSELVES, TWO MEN AND A GIRL... THEY WERE PICKED UP TRYING TO BOARD A PLANE AT THE AIR-PORT.
IT'S A NICE FEELING, ISN'T IT?... TO HAVE THE FBI AROUND ...AND OF COURSE, SUPER-MAN...
End