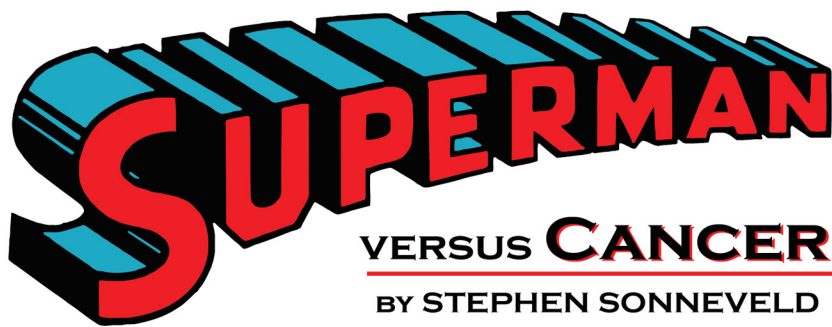




Superman
Created in 1933 by
Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

Why I wrote SUPERMAN VERSUS CANCER

I didn't begin 2016 intending to write this story.

Like so many families, my friends and loved ones have been rocked by this terrible disease throughout the decades, this year included.

However, this story was not meant to be a tribute to the past, but a rallying point for the now.

It seems every time I turn on the television, the radio, or scroll through the Internet, I am being bombarded about cancer. I am being *advertised* this disease in every media form.

I am constantly, repeatedly, with fear dressed as hope, being sold an industry of misery, and this disturbs me.

I am disturbed by the arrogant inevitability within these advertisements. "You WILL get this disease. And you will follow along with the program."

We are to be content with the ubiquitousness of cancer and its many causes; this ancient menace that has been exasperated by the environmental ruin wrought by the continued, sociopathic carelessness of big business, and a food supply replete with chemicals, toxins, antibiotics and hormones. The focus is rarely on finding a cure for *those* problems. As a matter of fact, millions of dollars are spent every year to convince us those aren't problems, at all.

Earnest attempts at awareness, prevention and research have been overshadowed by, for lack of a better phrase, a "medical-industrial complex" that is more interested in selling magazines, corporate branding and exploiting the disease and it's sufferers, than by helping to find "the cure" that will upend this entire cottage industry.

The lads at the comedy podcast OSW Review went on a tangent about a certain breast cancer organization, and I include that link below because it crystallizes the problem in priorities, and the lack of accountability, in this millennial trend of corporations either posing as charities, or setting up charities to be additional revenue streams.

Millions of dollars donated every year, and we have magnets, T-shirts, wristbands, and knickknacks to show for it.

It's 2016. Forget the flying car. Where's my cure?

The comic itself was written in May and June. By July it was penciled and inked, because even a crudely-drawn comic is more fun to read - and easier to follow - than a comic book manuscript. By August, things were being wrapped up in Photoshop.

A cloud of tragedy, loss and anxiety has hung over our fragile nations in 2016, and, as humankind does, I looked for comfort in our myths, visiting my old pal Superman through DVD and comic book adventures. Though you enjoy it, your writer's mind begins to wander; how would you do it different, has this ever been done, etc.



One of the major conceits in the comic book universe is that a roster of super-geniuses can create anything in those mirror Earths. Yet, to my knowledge, no one ever created a cure for cancer.

I had no intention of writing a character I did not own the intellectual property to, but my building discontent at “Cancer, Incorporated’s” barrage needed a positive outlet, and coalesced with these ideas about Siegel and Shuster’s brilliant creation.

As George Lucas disarmingly found out, there comes a time when the art no longer belongs to the artist, but the people. Not in any legal sense, of course, but an emotional ownership takes place, once the art takes root in our inner lives.

A song, a book, a character, whatever old friend it may be, we can sit at the campfire and tell stories about them, because we know and love them so well.

So, Damn it, I thought, our greatest hero was going to get to the bottom of this. If nothing else, there now exists a full-page close-up of Superman looking at us and demanding, “Cure. Cancer.”

Maybe other artists will draw the same, of Superman or the legends that inspire their imaginations, or of the loved ones that inspire their lives.

Shaken out of our frozen, fearful complacency and empowered by our heroes, we *must* change this world.

SUPERMAN VERSUS CANCER by Stephen Sonneveld
68-page comic, black and white, ink on paper with Photoshop finishes, 2016

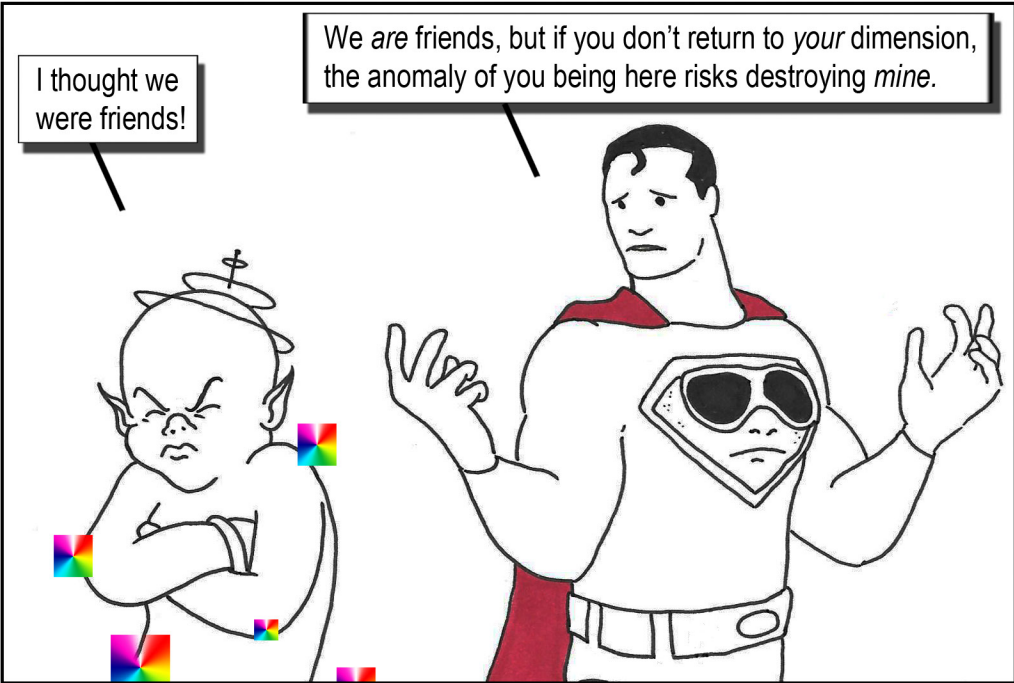
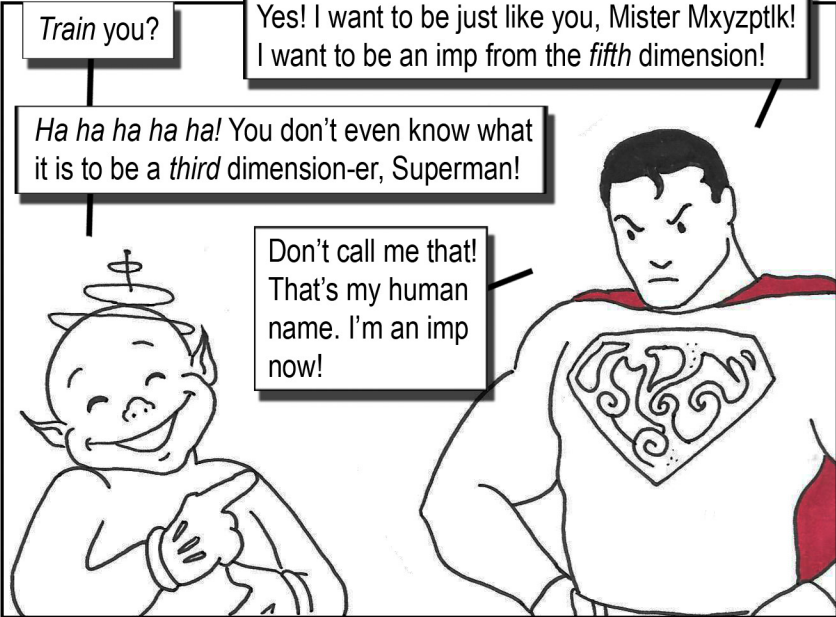
Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

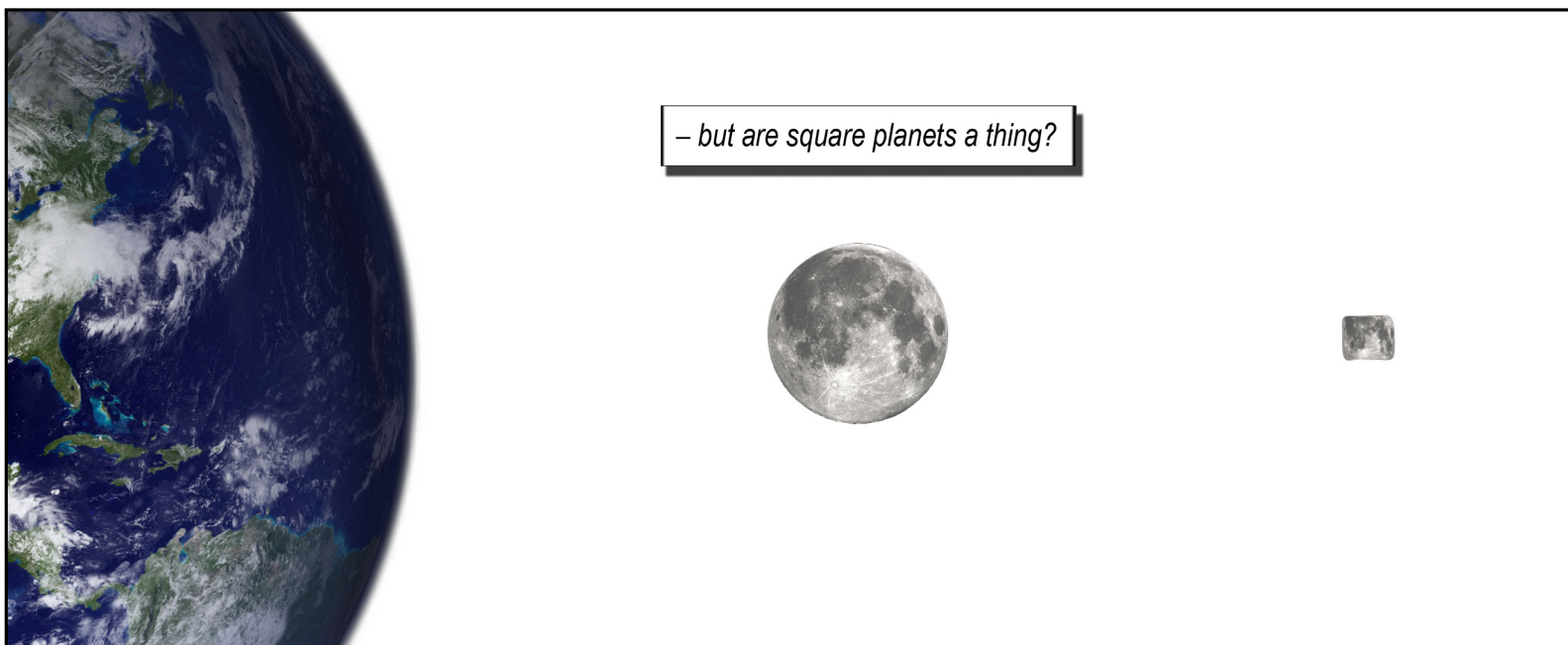
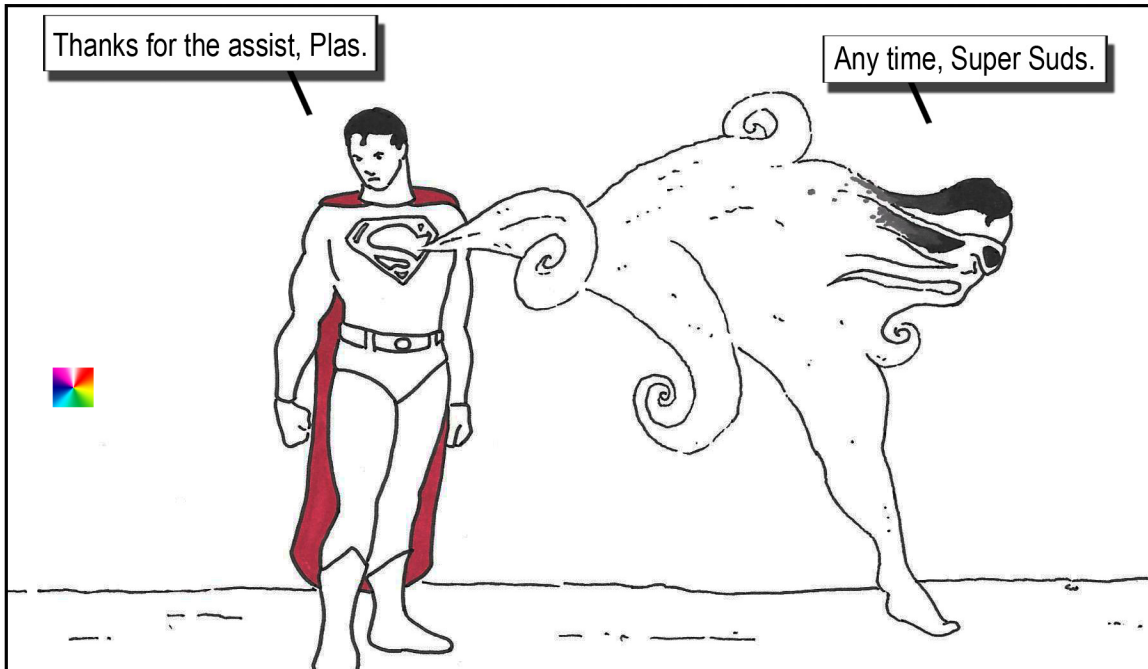
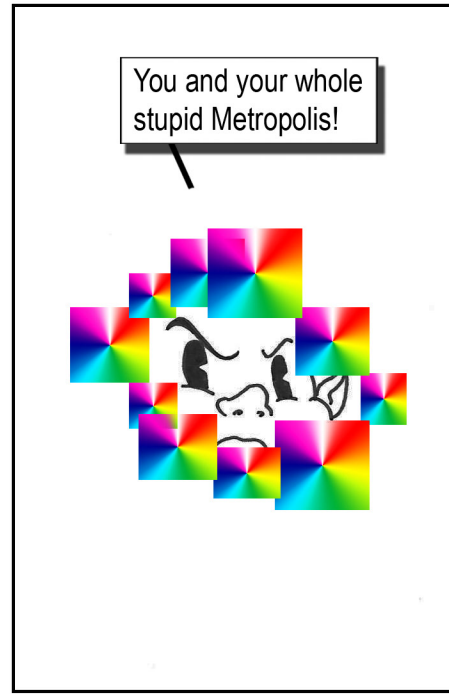
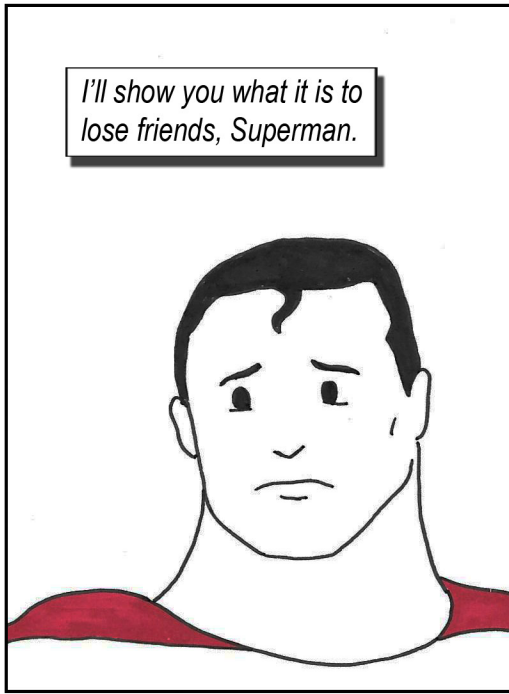
Art and story (c) 2016 Stephen Sonneveld
Date of first publication: August 24, 2016, www.s-sonneveld.tumblr.com

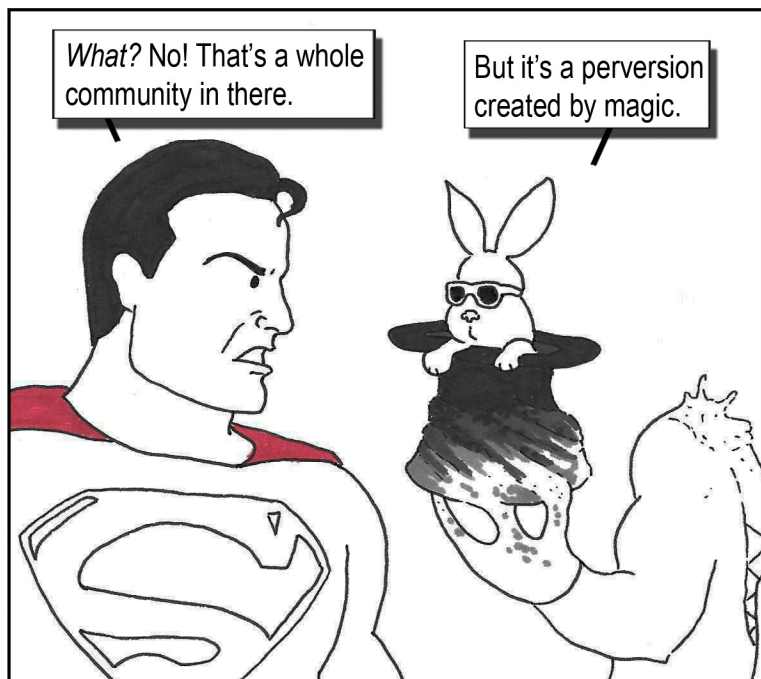
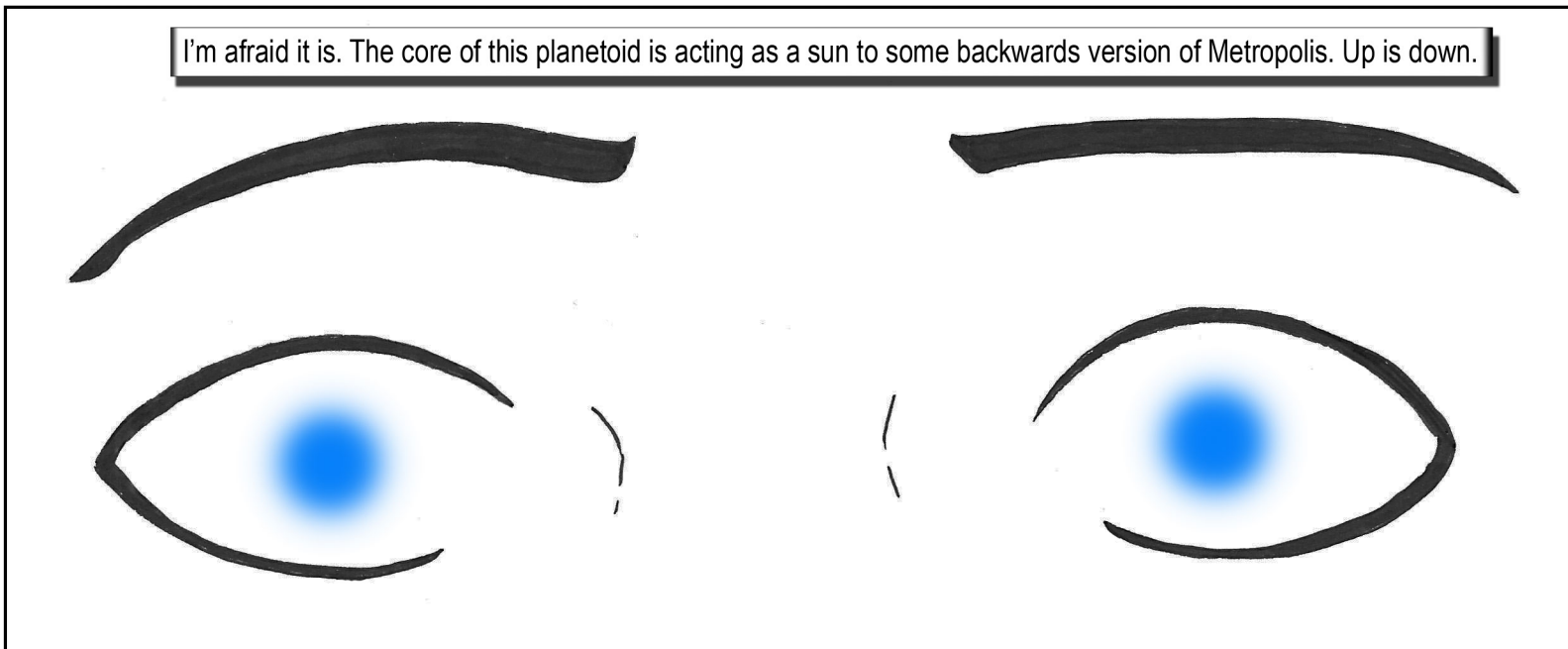
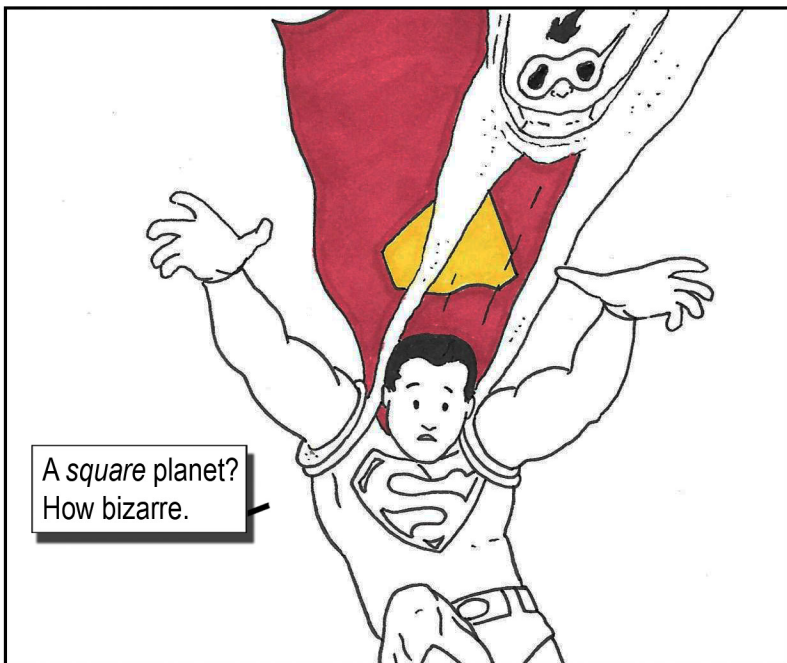
Superman and related characters are property of DC Comics, used for portfolio purposes. No rights claim is made.

Special thanks to Jay Hunter of OSW Review (www.oswreview.com) for providing the link to their show:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6VworR7XOvo&feature=youtu.be&t=18m19s>

PART ONE: VISION







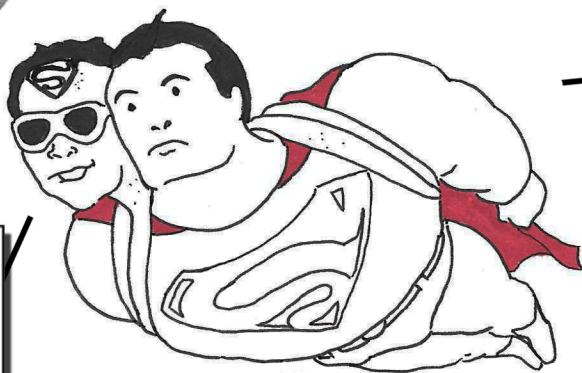
Whatever brought them into existence,
they're living beings *now*.



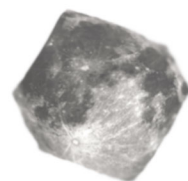
And we should let them be.



You're the type who
opens the window
rather than squashes
the bug, aren't you?



We're all bugs to
somebody, Plas.



*I guess when we get back to the satellite, I
can contact the Green Lanterns, see if there's
a place in the universe for a new planet.*



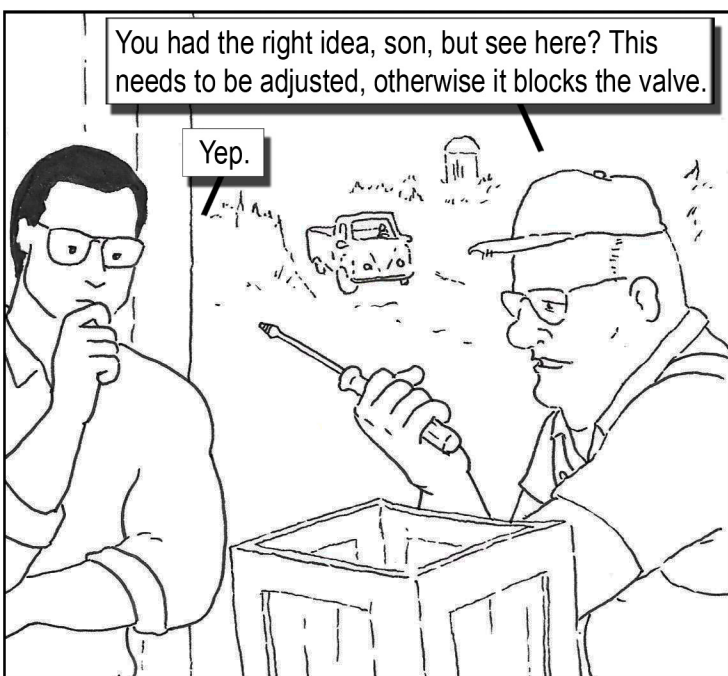
Isn't that better
than throwing
them into the sun?

I'm flexible like that.



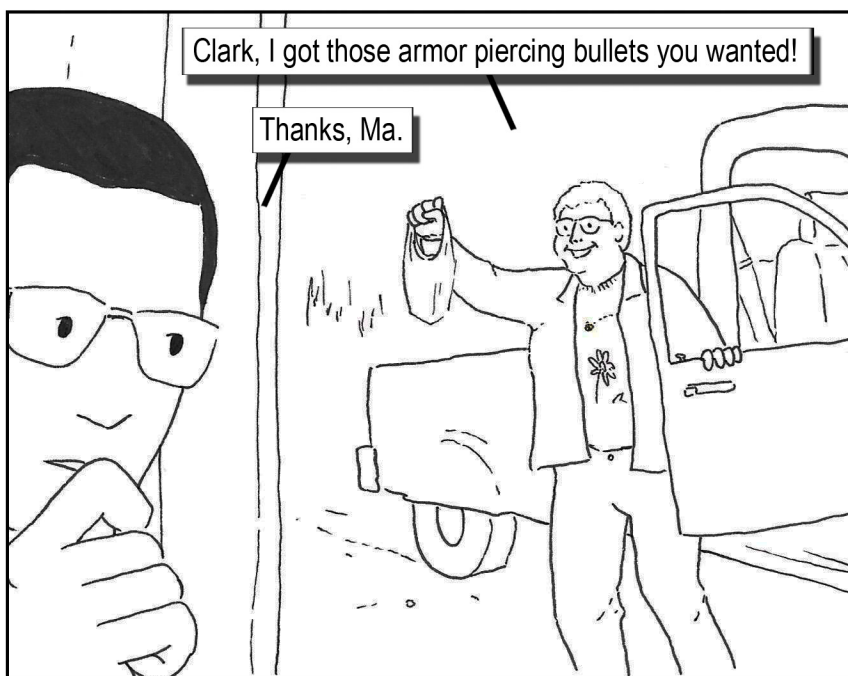
You had the right idea, son, but see here? This needs to be adjusted, otherwise it blocks the valve.

Yep.



Clark, I got those armor piercing bullets you wanted!

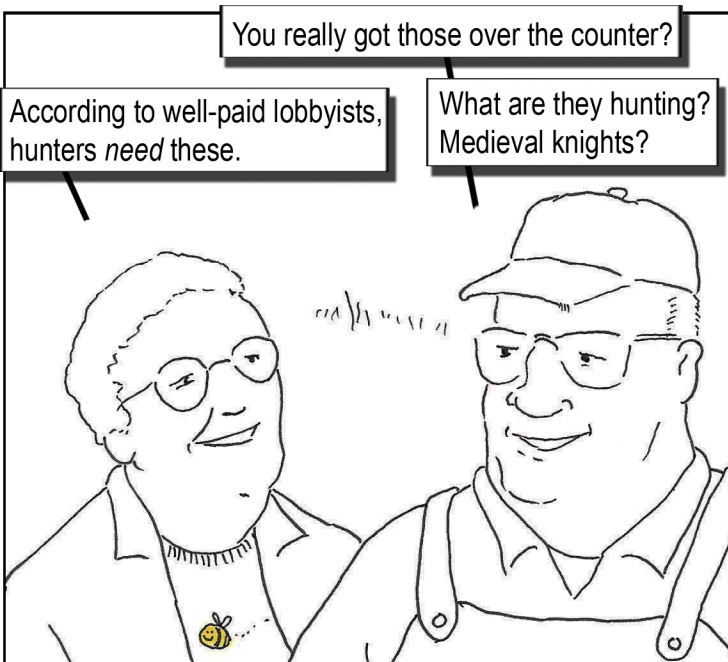
Thanks, Ma.



You really got those over the counter?

According to well-paid lobbyists, hunters *need* these.

What are they hunting? Medieval knights?

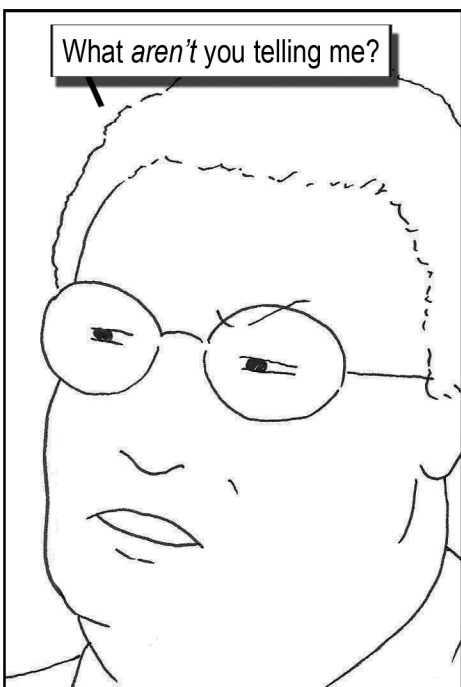


Are you certain these will stop Metallo?

Uh... Sure.

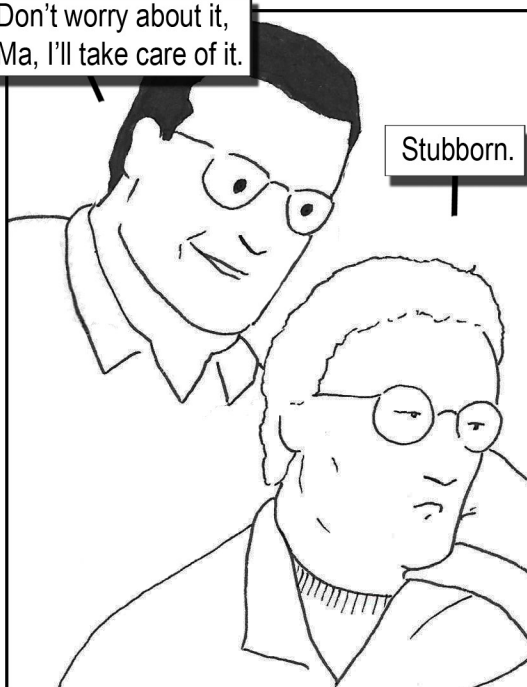


What *aren't* you telling me?



Don't worry about it, Ma, I'll take care of it.

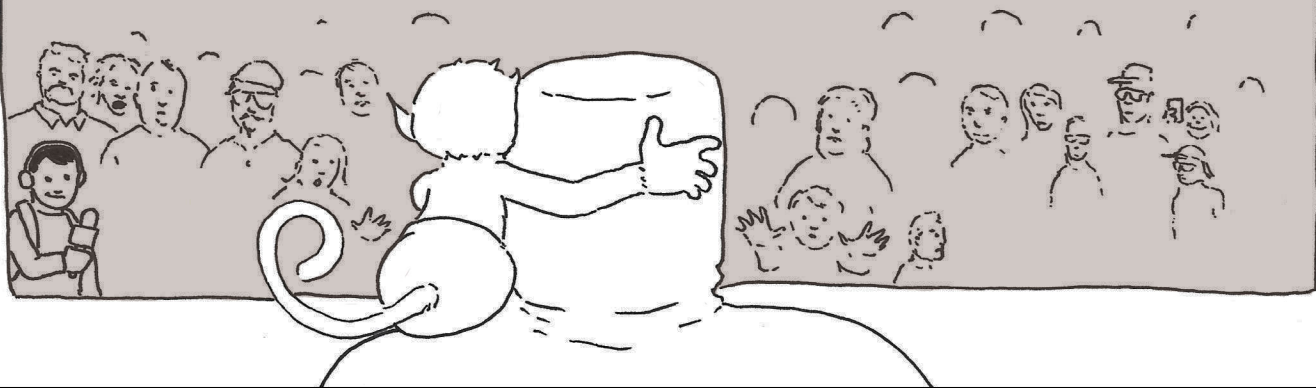
Stubborn.



Where'd I get *that* from?



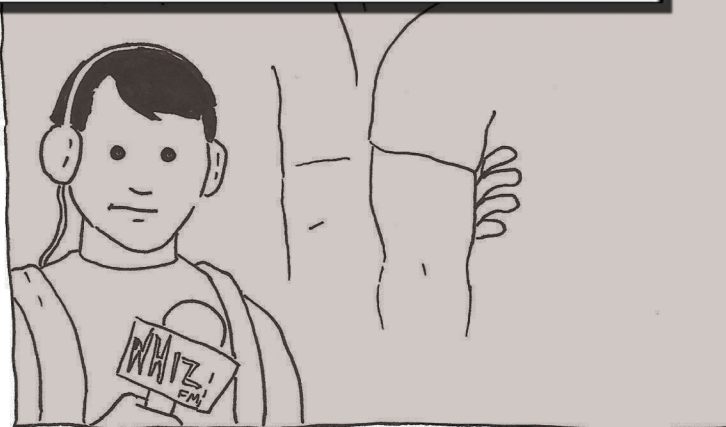
All of the creatures for the "Last Sons" exhibit are on loan to the zoo from Superman's private menagerie, including Beppo. Hi, buddy.

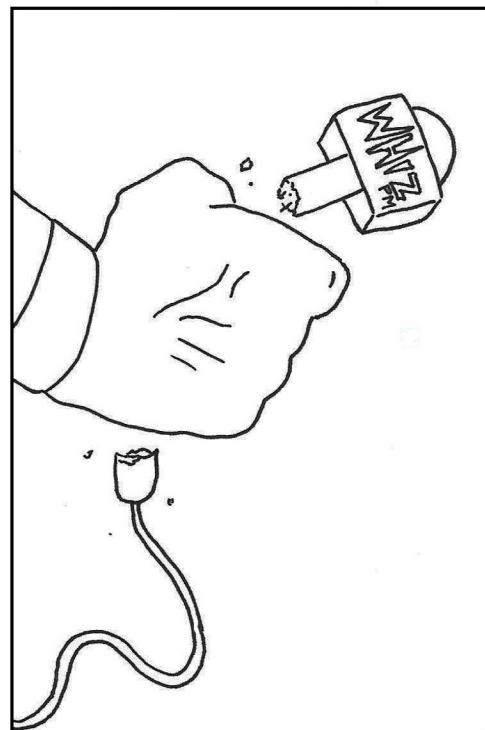
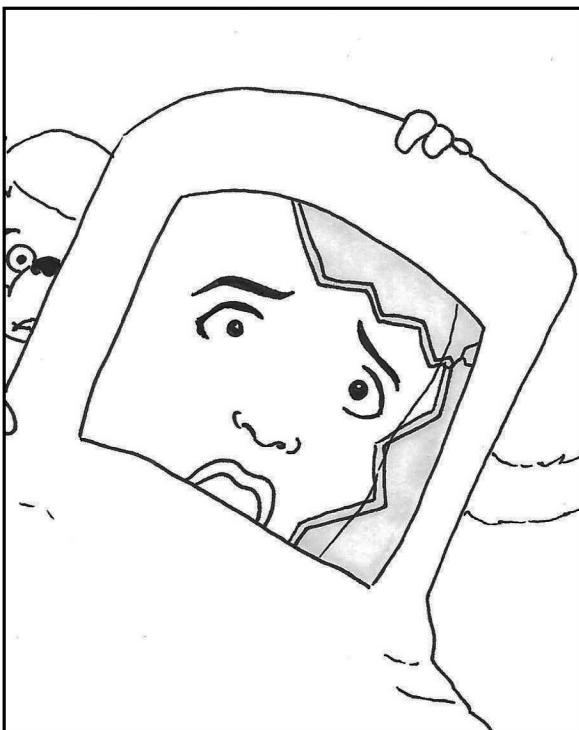
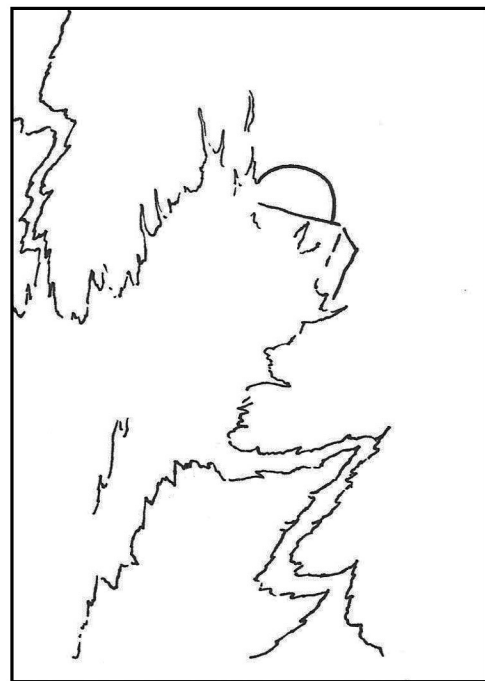
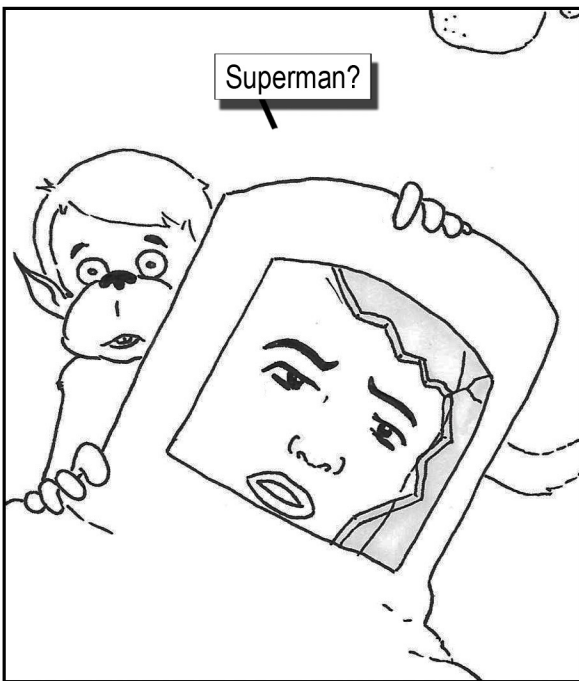
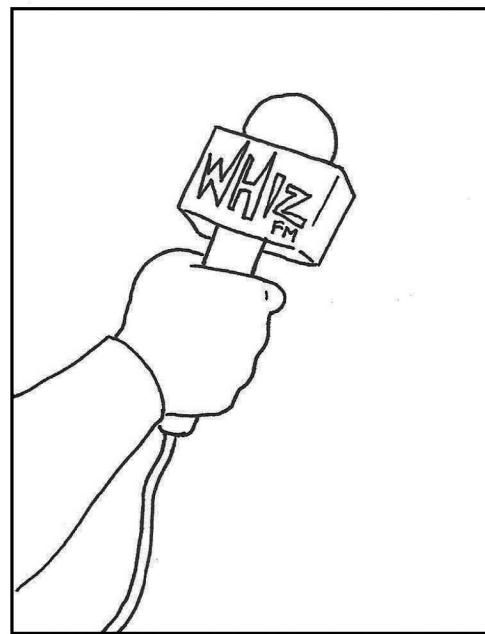


Beppo is what we're calling a "space monkey." He's from Exxon, a planet which was destroyed by the Red Lanterns. Only one other of his kind is known to exist in the universe.



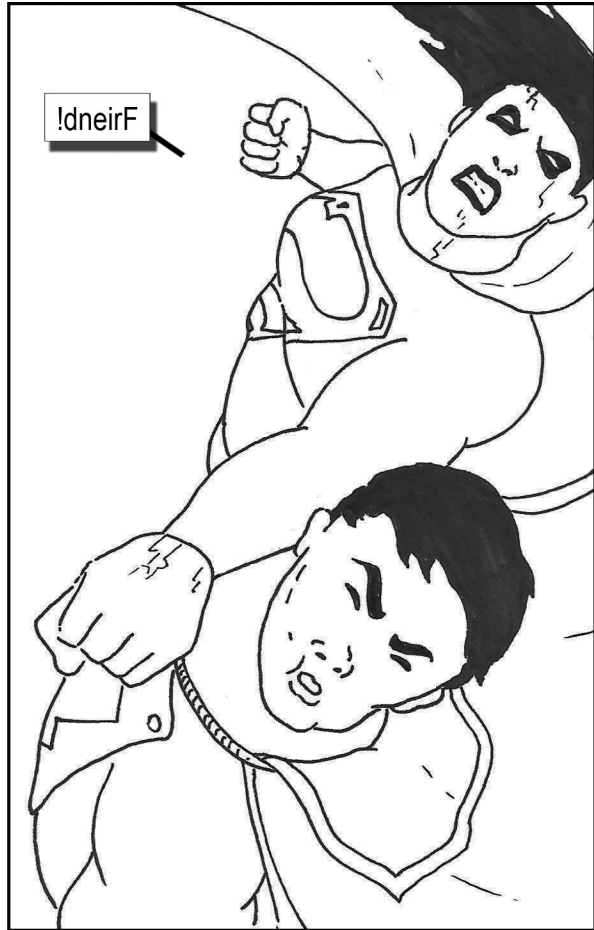
Unfortunately, Beppo was exposed to some atmosphere-free environments before he was rescued, and the radiation he absorbed has not yet worked its way out of his body.







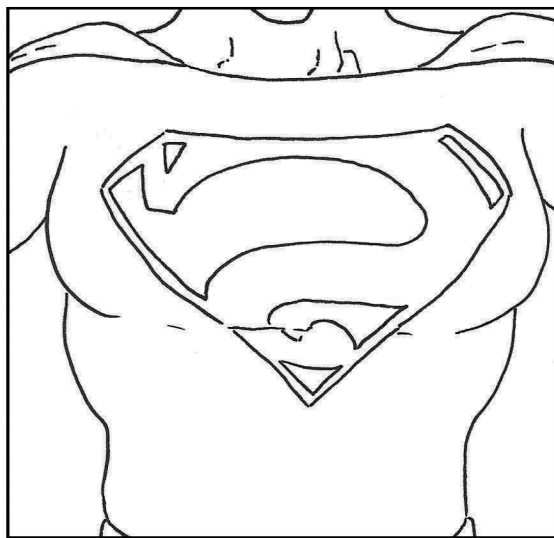
Excuse me, miss, but
this is a restricted area.



!dneirF



"Dneirf?" What kind of language is -



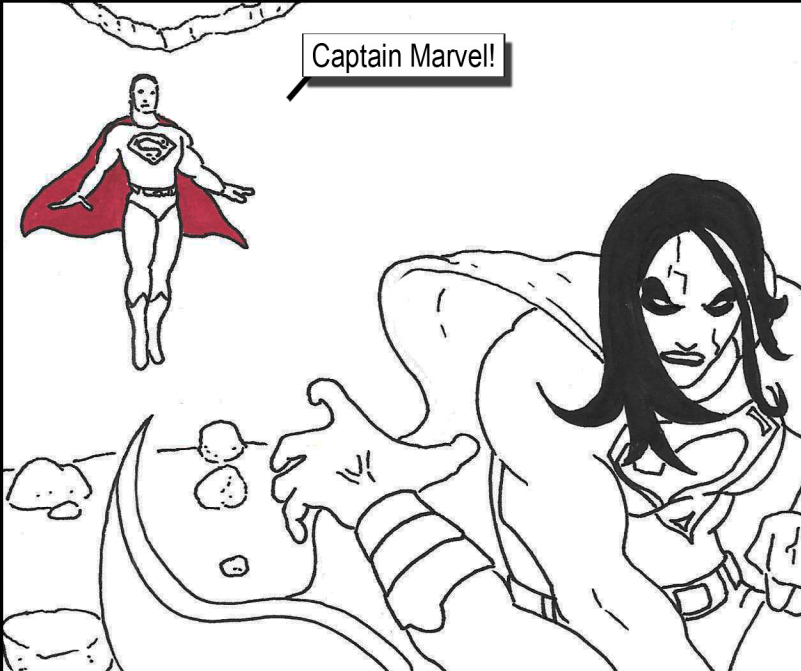
Ooohhh.



Wait! I mean, "!tiaW !dneirf a ma l"



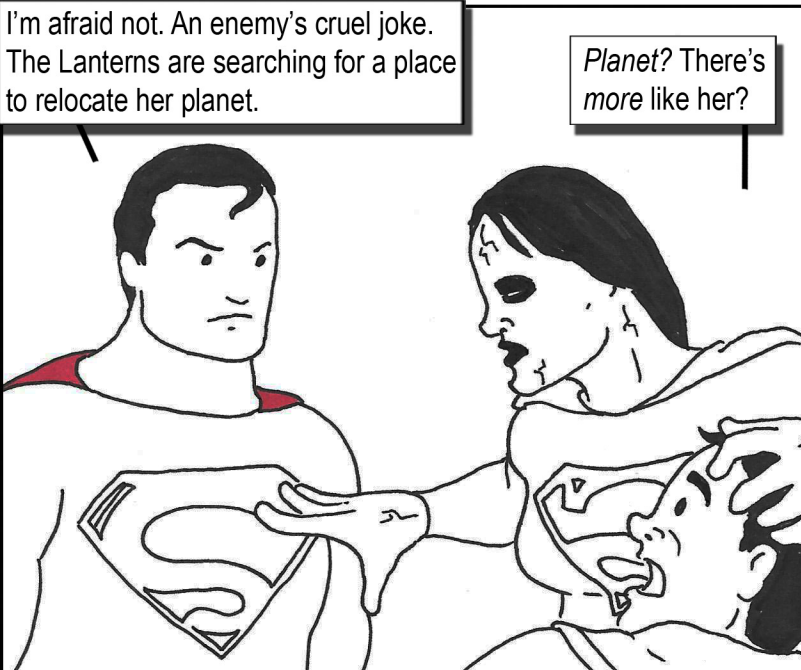
.dais I thaw s'thaT



Captain Marvel!

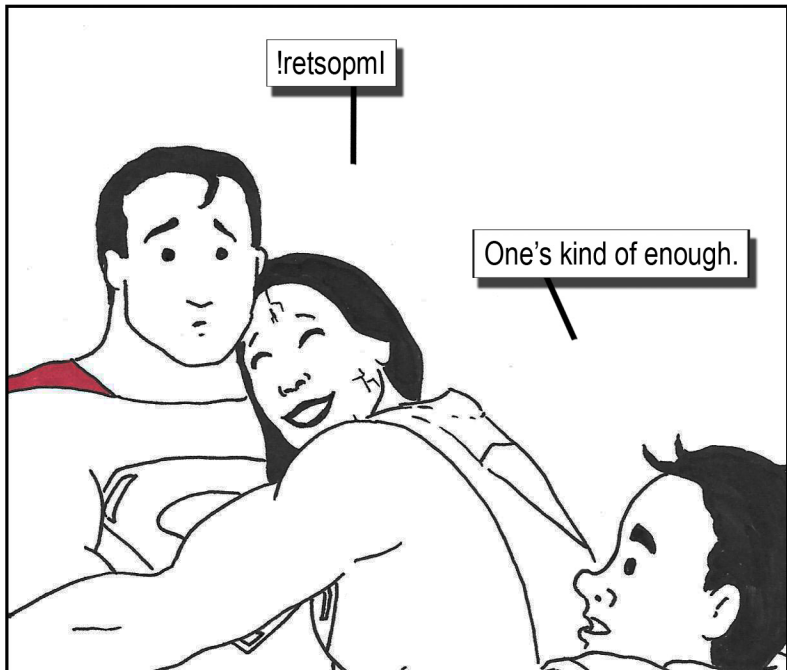


Is this your cousin I keep hearing so much about?



I'm afraid not. An enemy's cruel joke. The Lanterns are searching for a place to relocate her planet.

Planet? There's more like her?



!retsopml

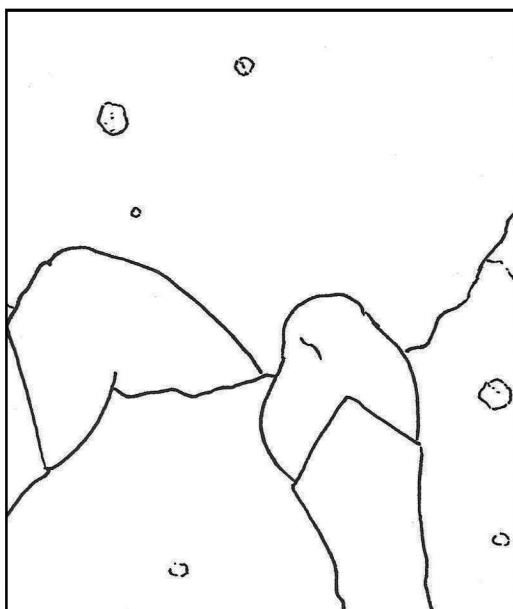
One's kind of enough.



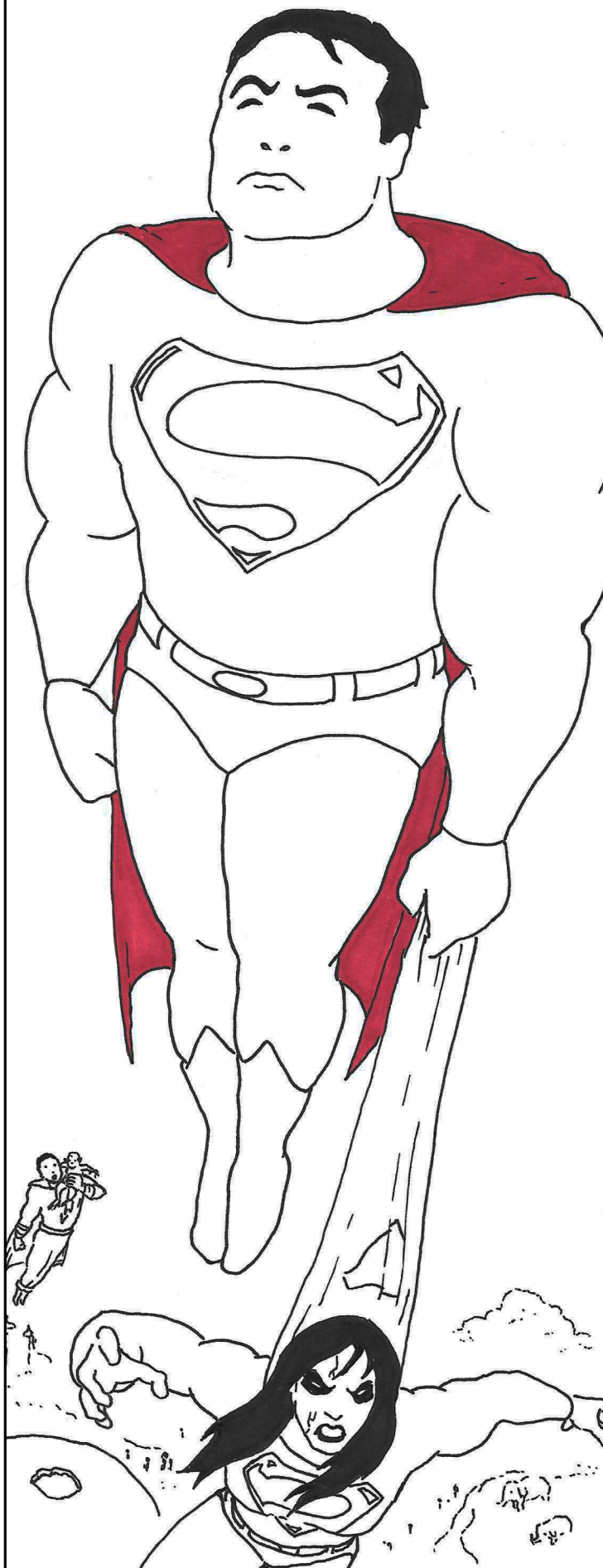
No!



?oot, dneirf a er'uoY

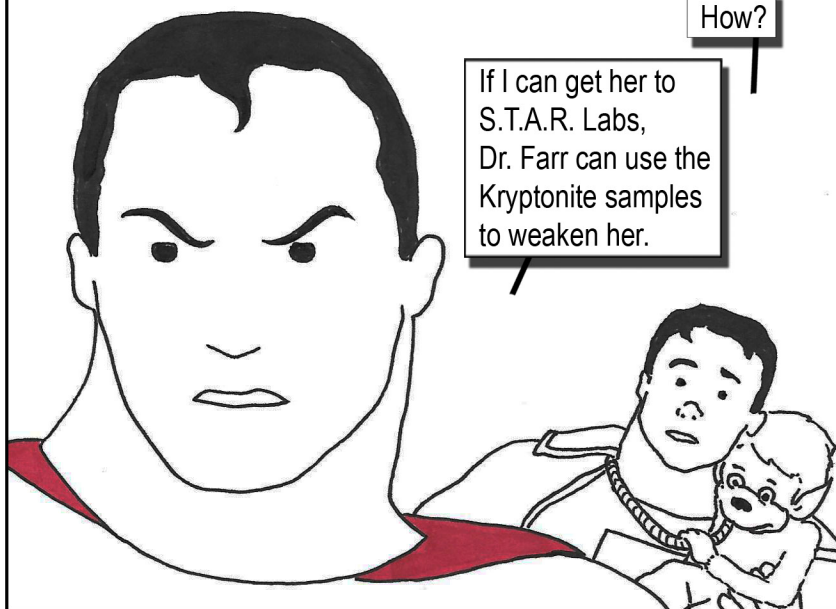


Get Beppo back to the Fortress of Solitude before anyone else is exposed. I'll handle this *Bizarra*.



How?

If I can get her to S.T.A.R. Labs, Dr. Farr can use the Kryptonite samples to weaken her.



But she's your opposite! Kryptonite will just make her *stronger*.



What's the opposite of Kryptonite, then? Earth?

Well... Maybe it's whatever powers you that will weaken her.



That would be the Sun, but she's not weakened by it –

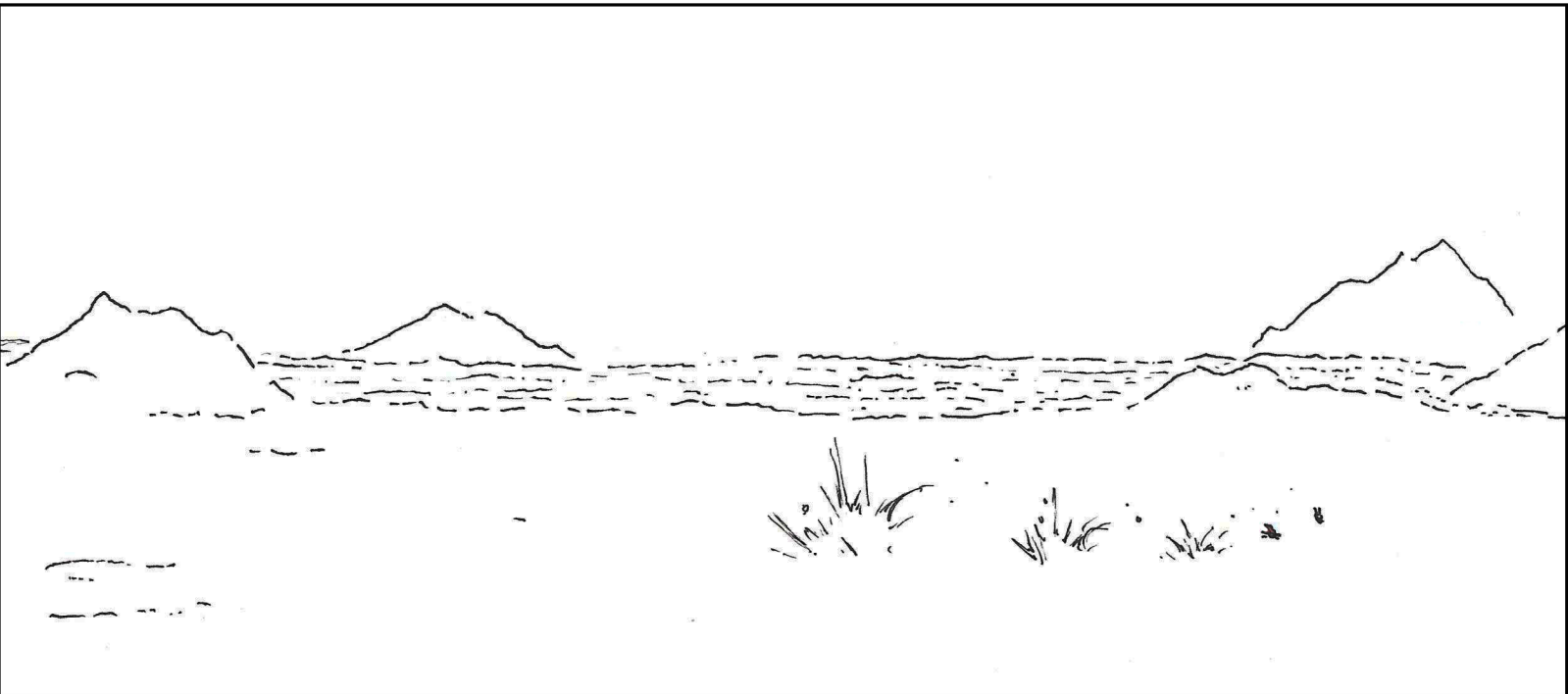
- at all!

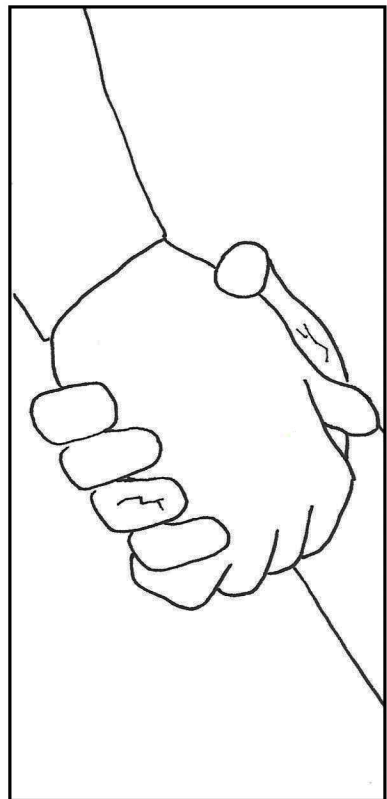
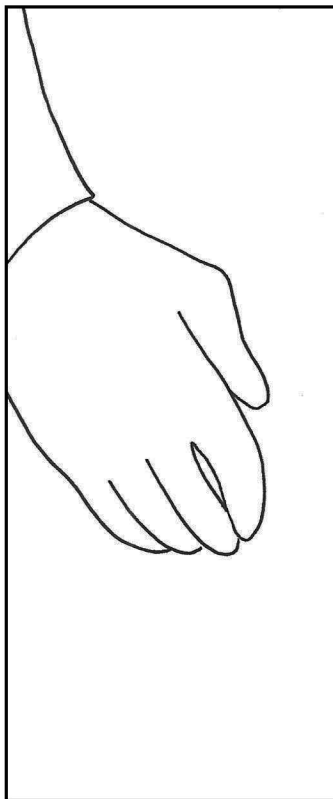
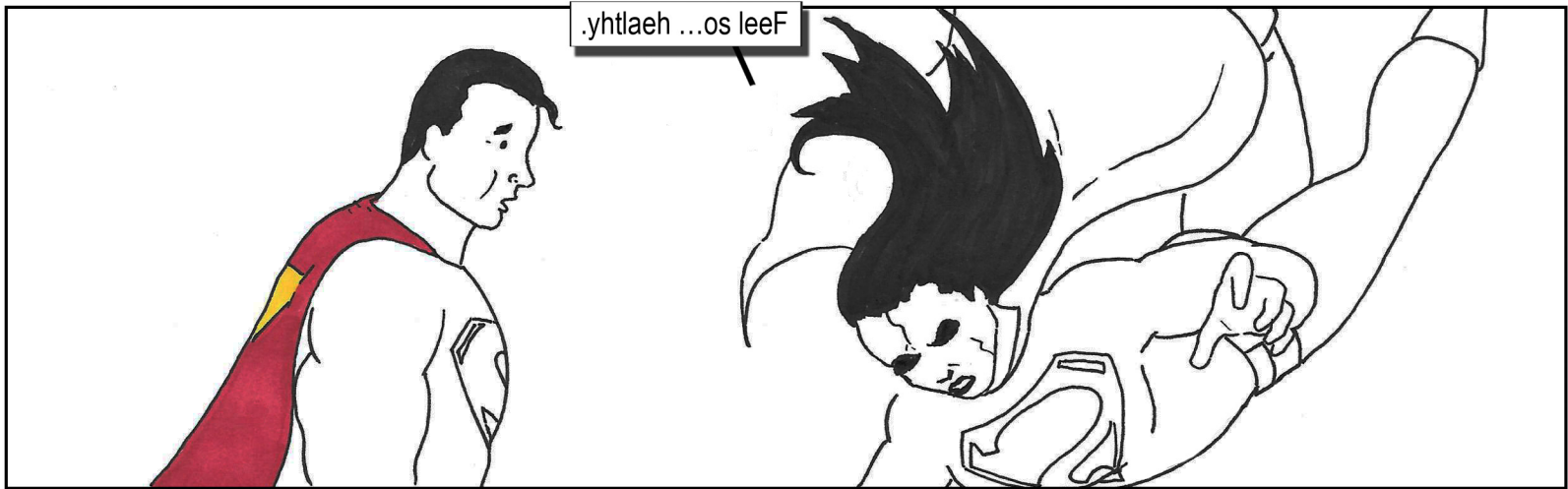
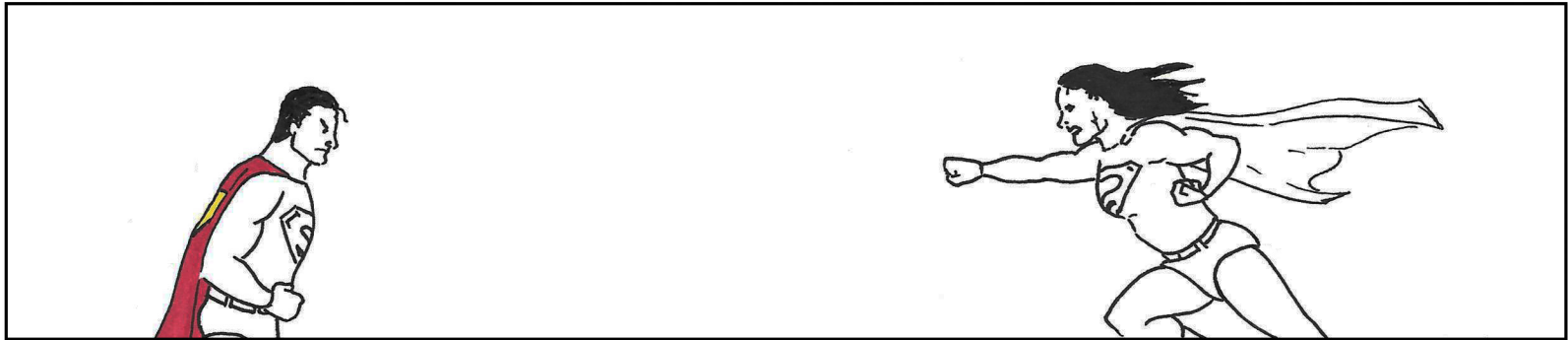
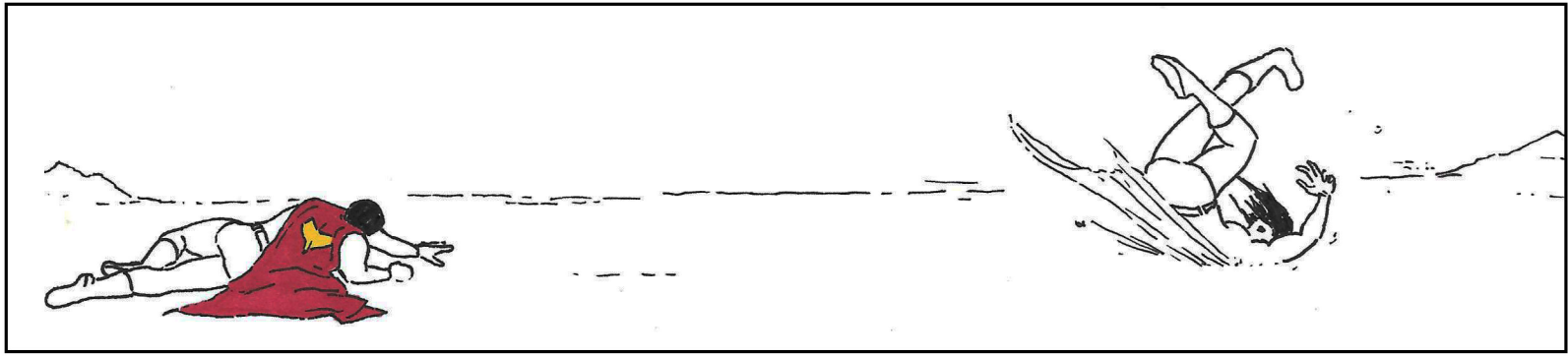
No... but she's not under the Sun, she's under an atmosphere!

Of course!

If you can't push her into space, lead her to the arctic. There's a hole in the ozone layer we've yet to repair.

It's on the list.





Bizarra must've left her world somehow,
was weakened by the Sun, and fell to Earth.



Oh no.

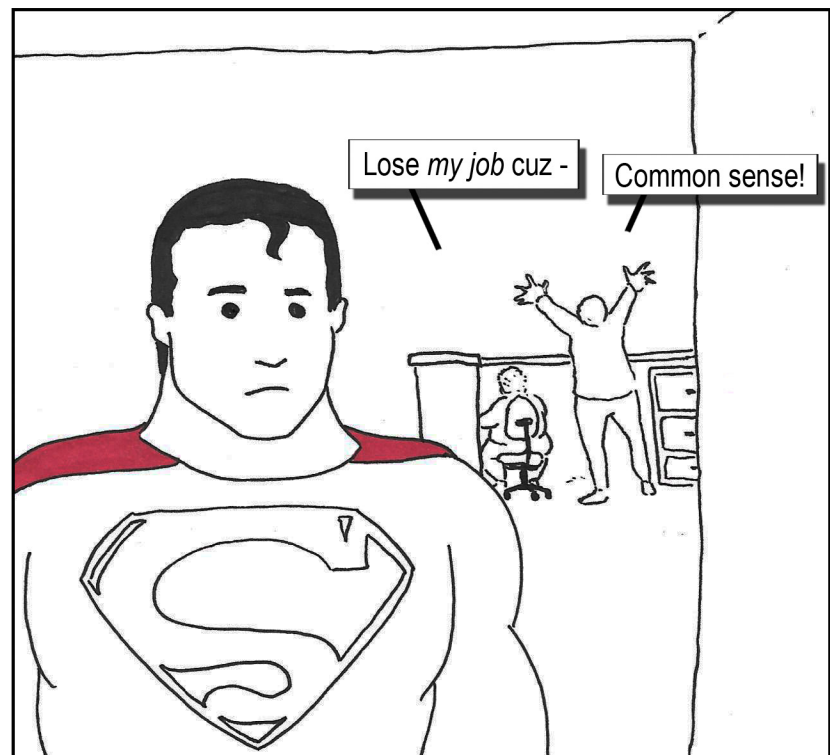
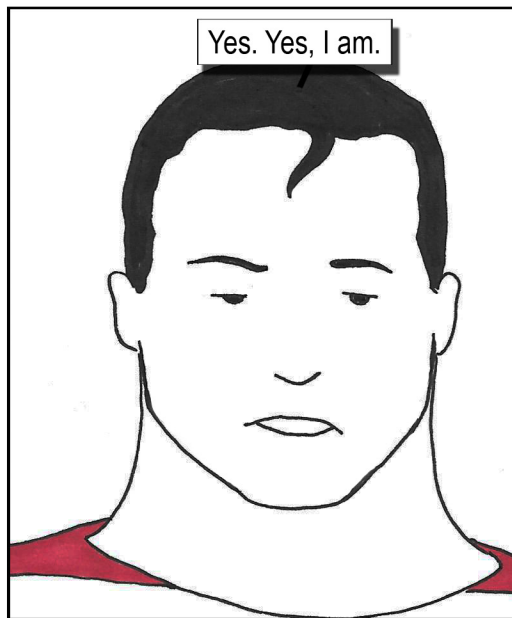
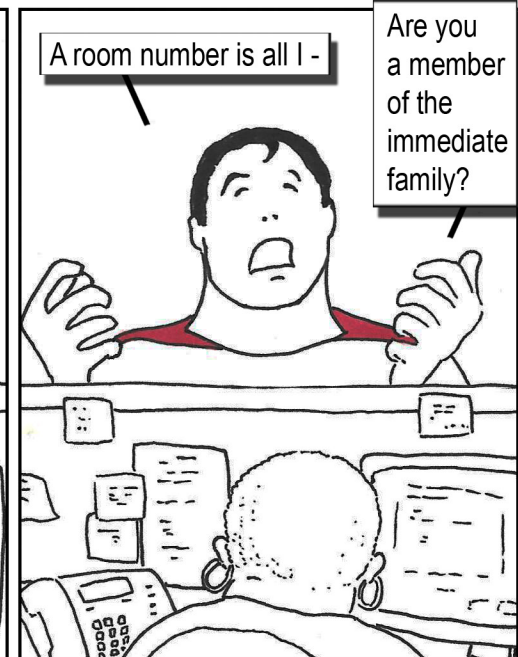


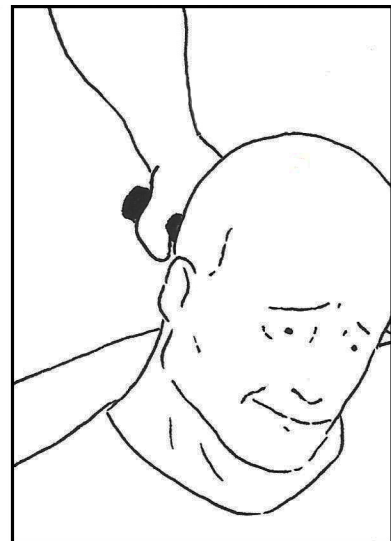
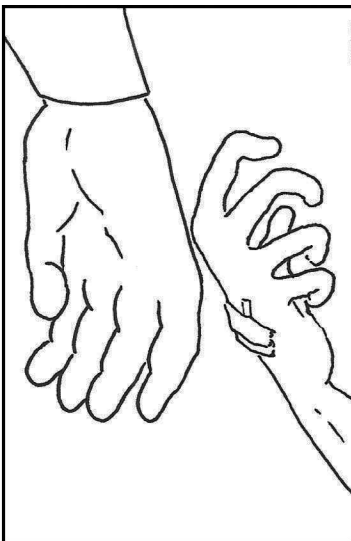
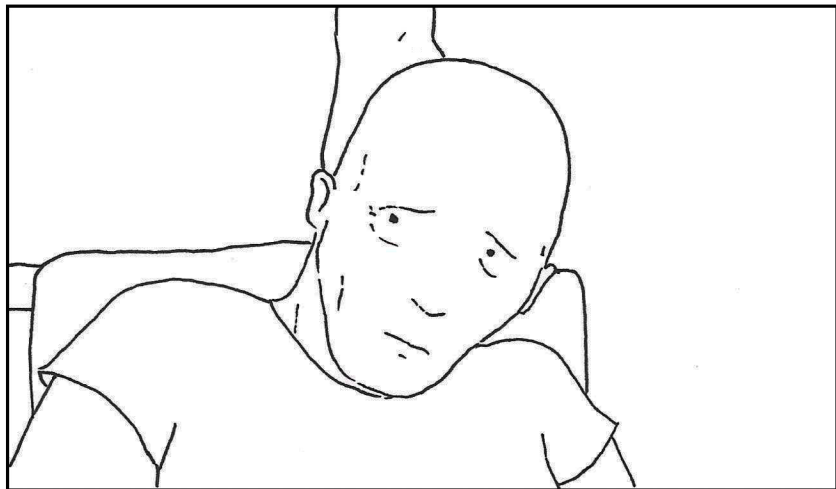
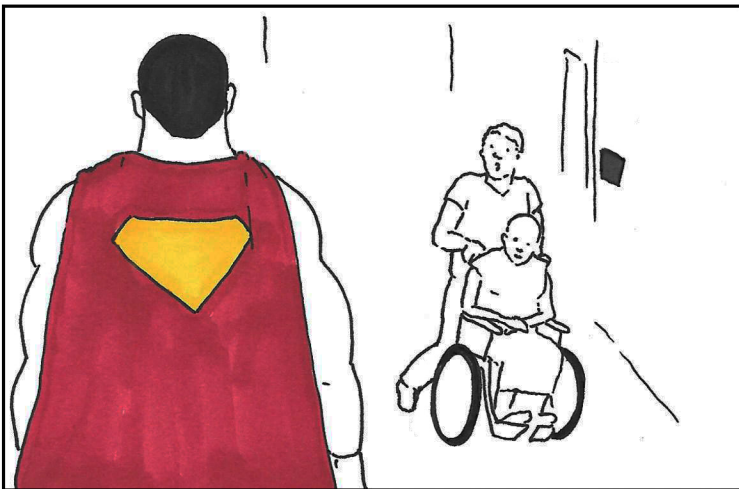
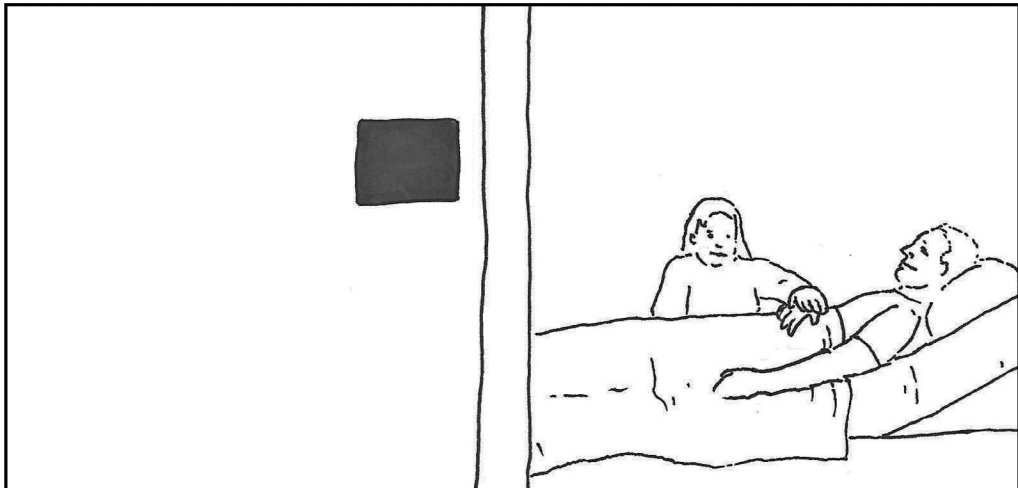
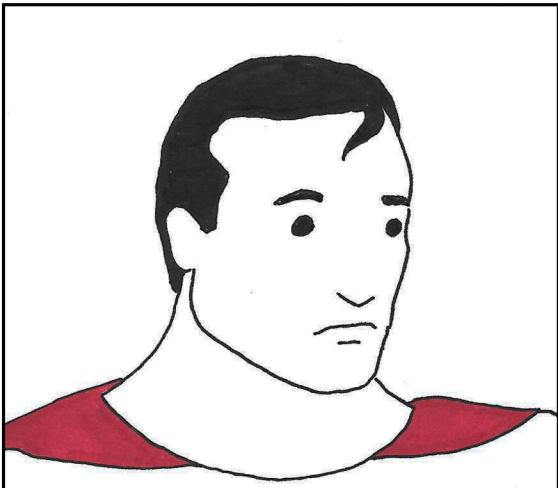
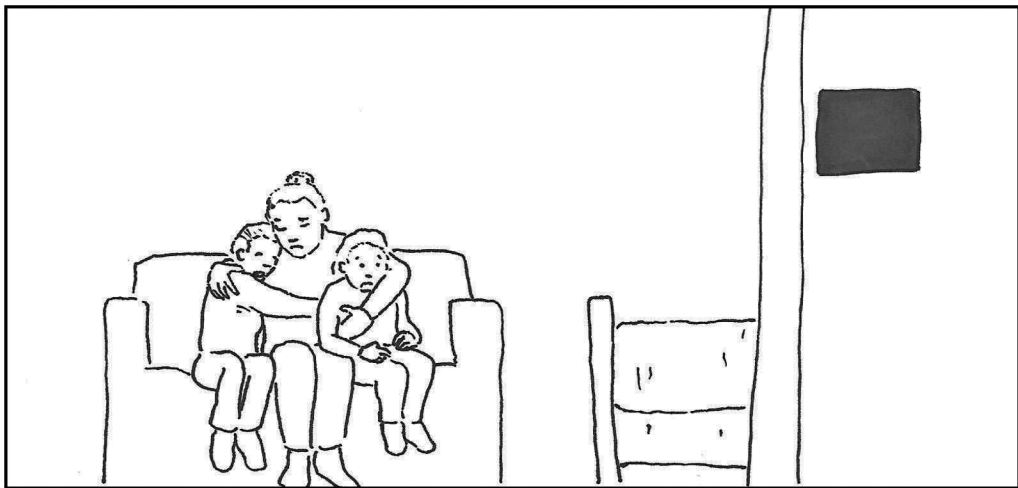
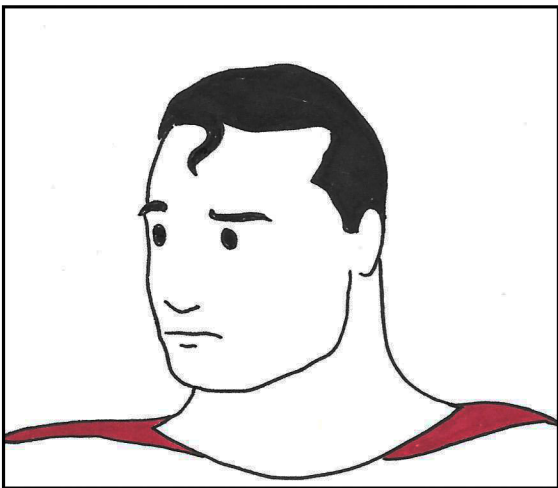
The unnatural shape of the
planetoid couldn't sustain
the gravitational orbit.

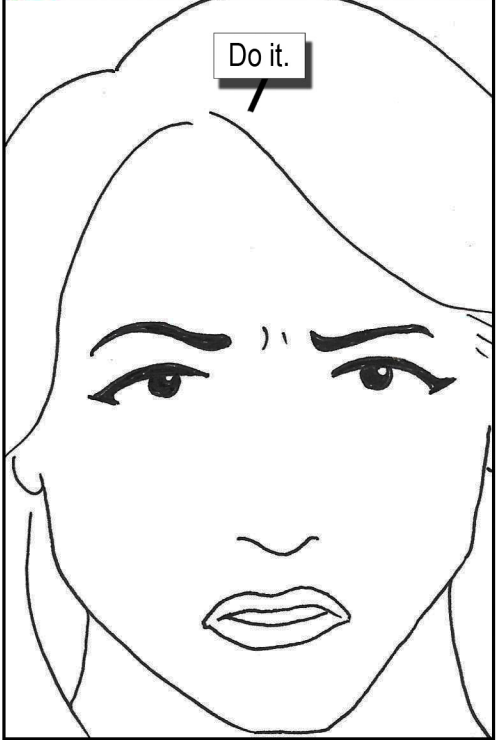
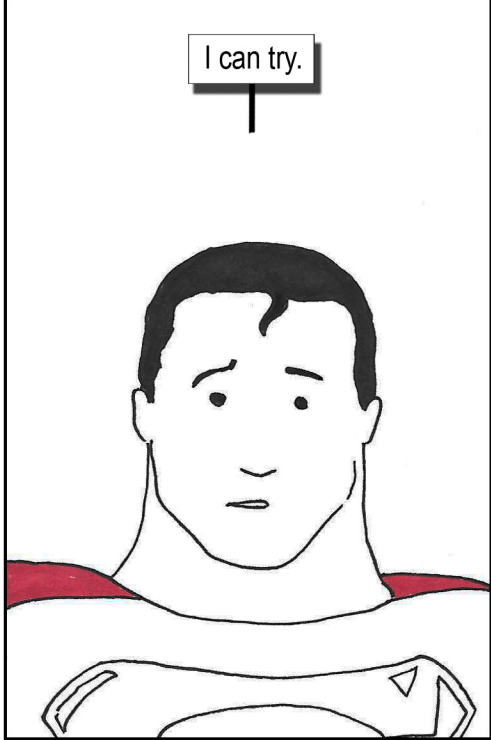
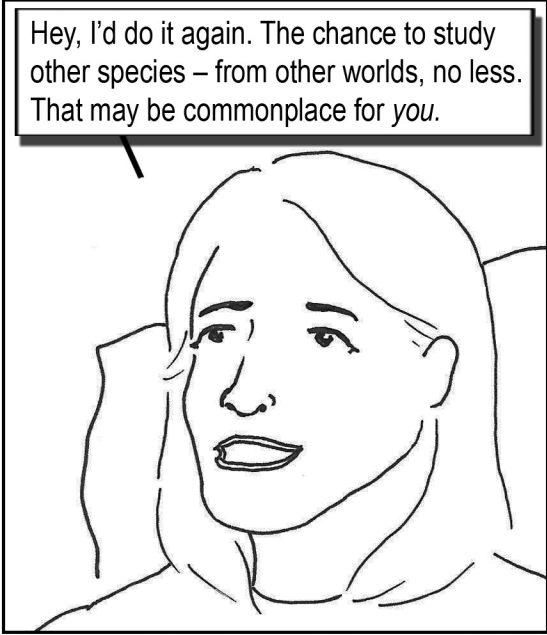


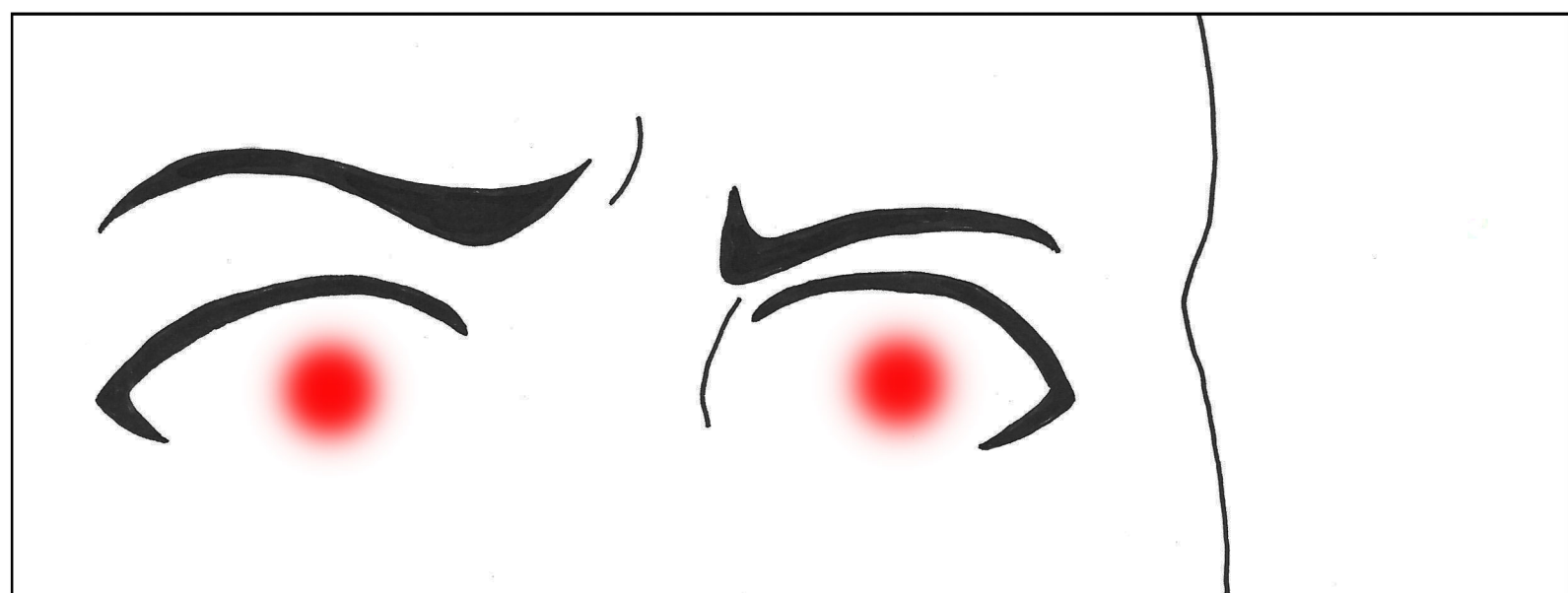
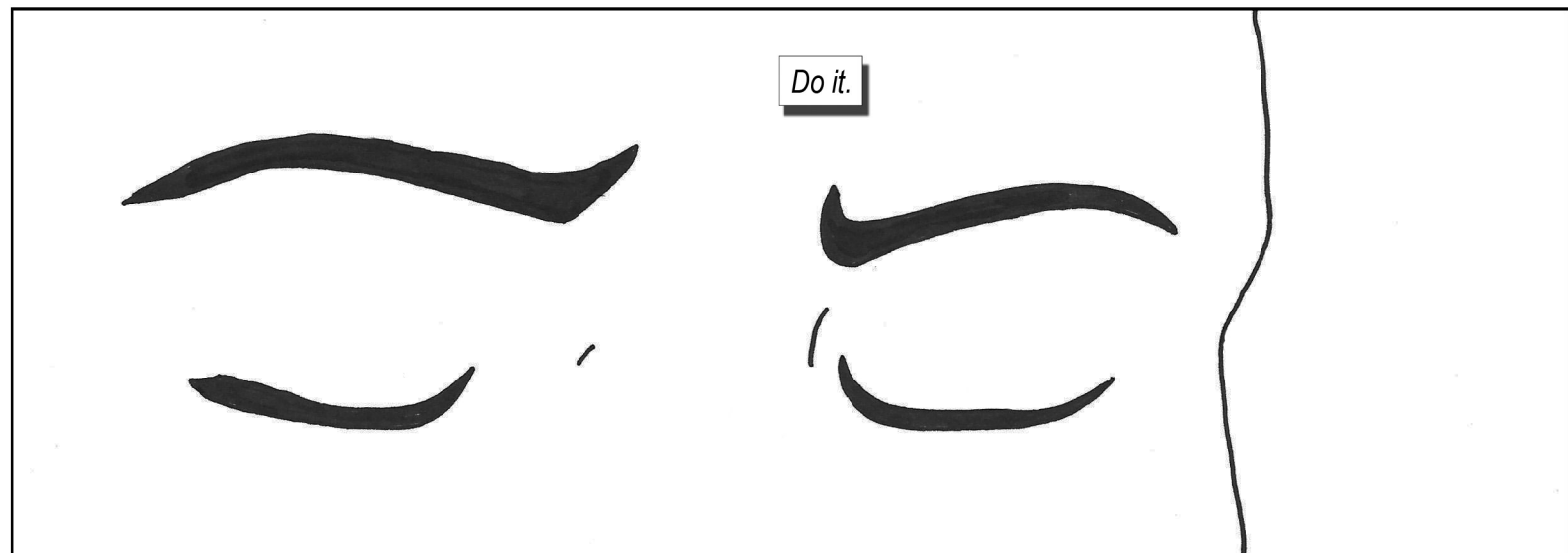
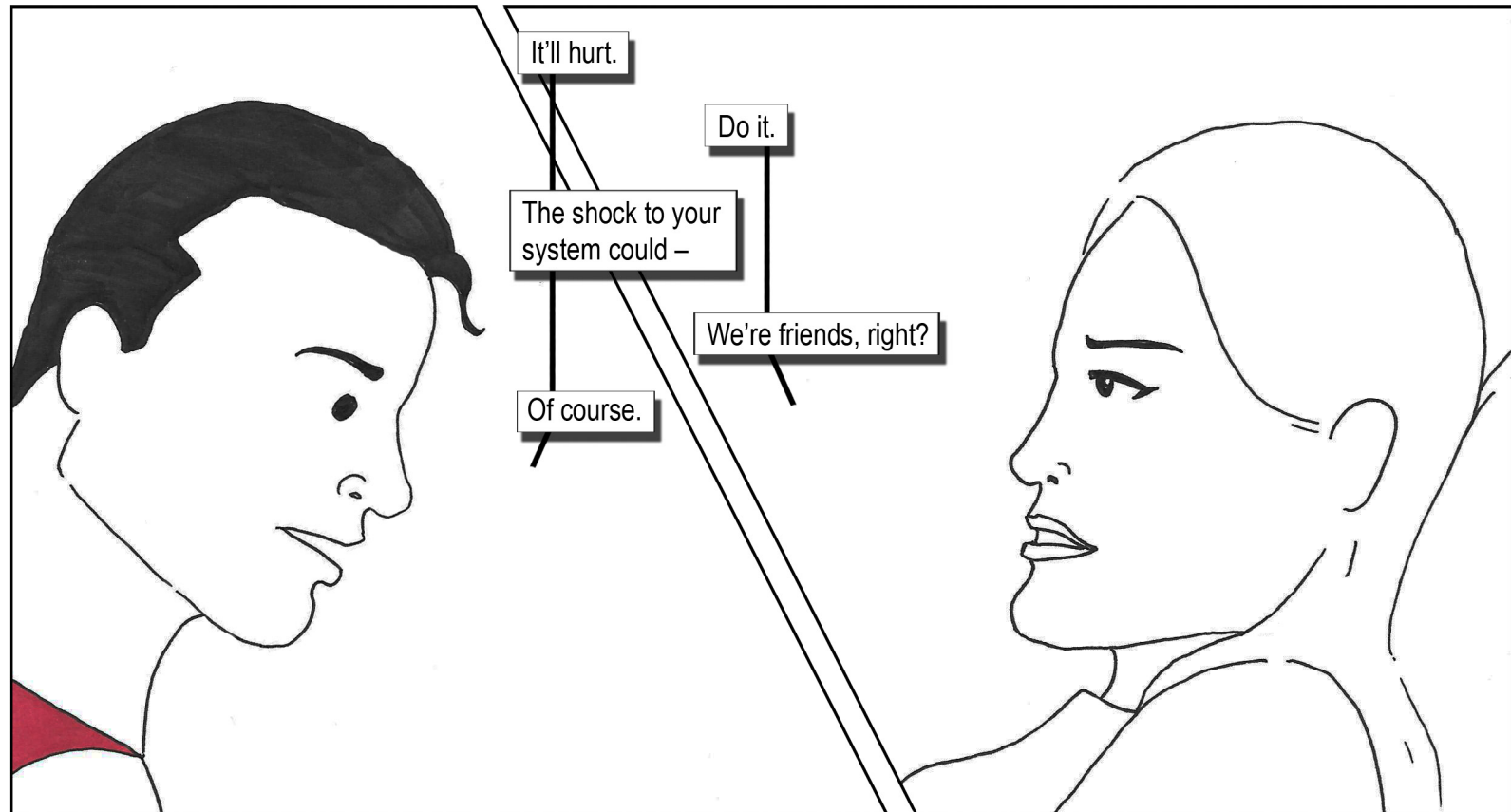
Damn you, Mxyzptlk.

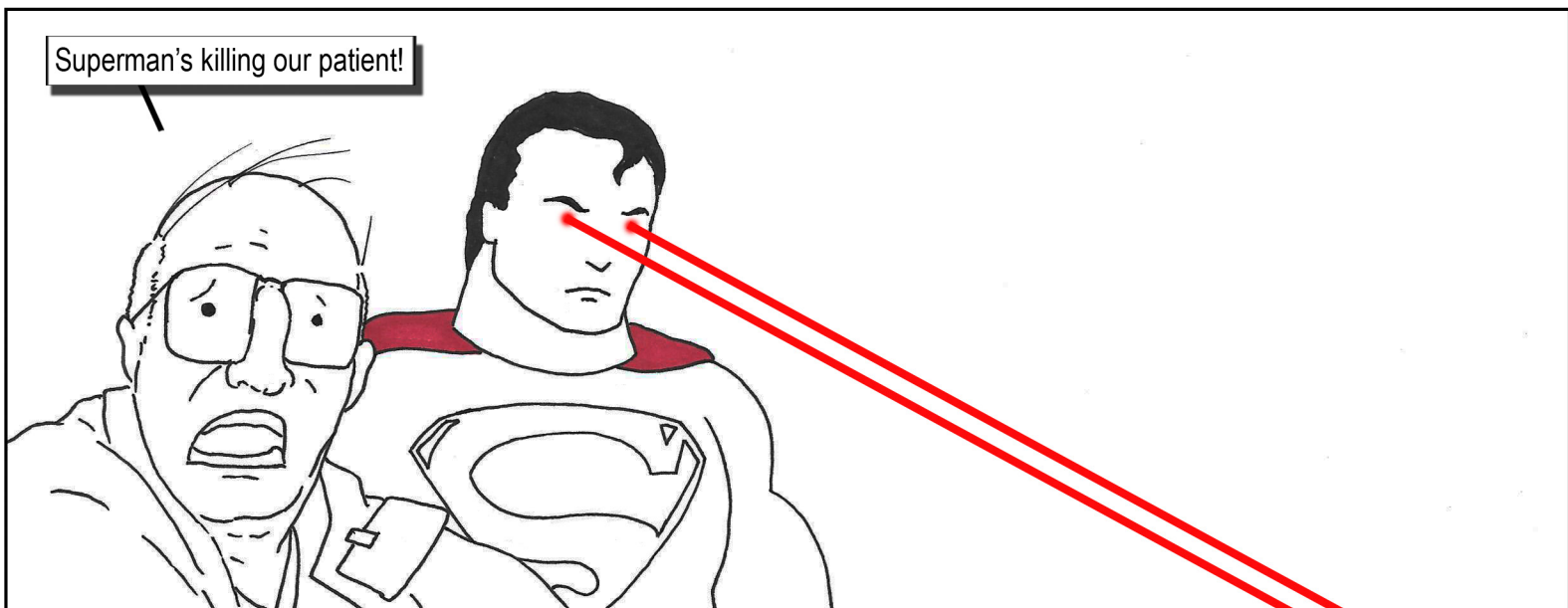
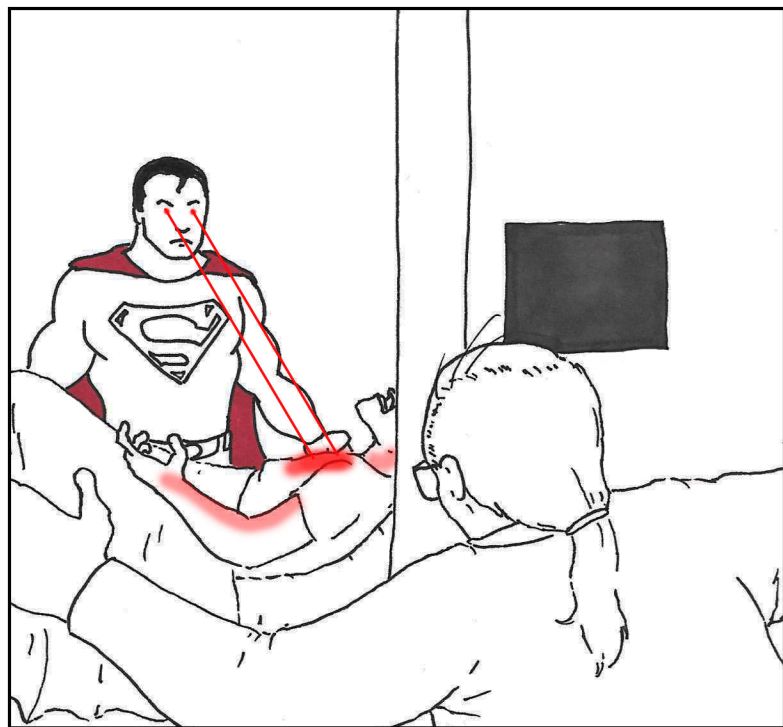
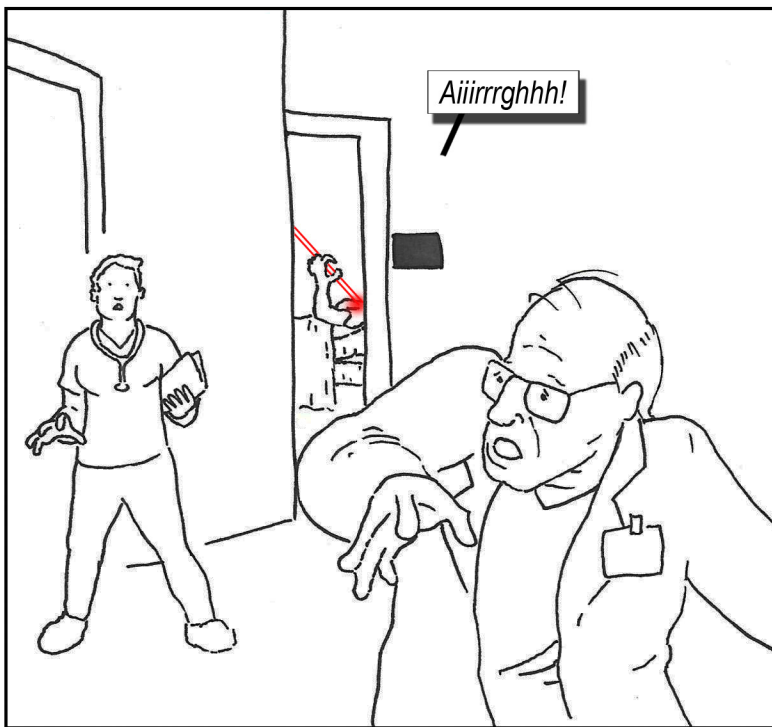


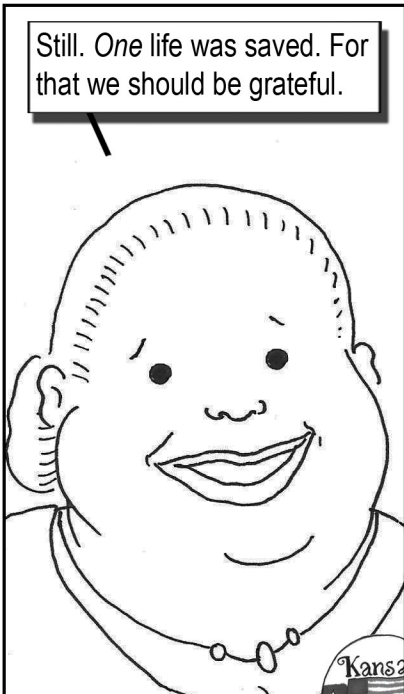
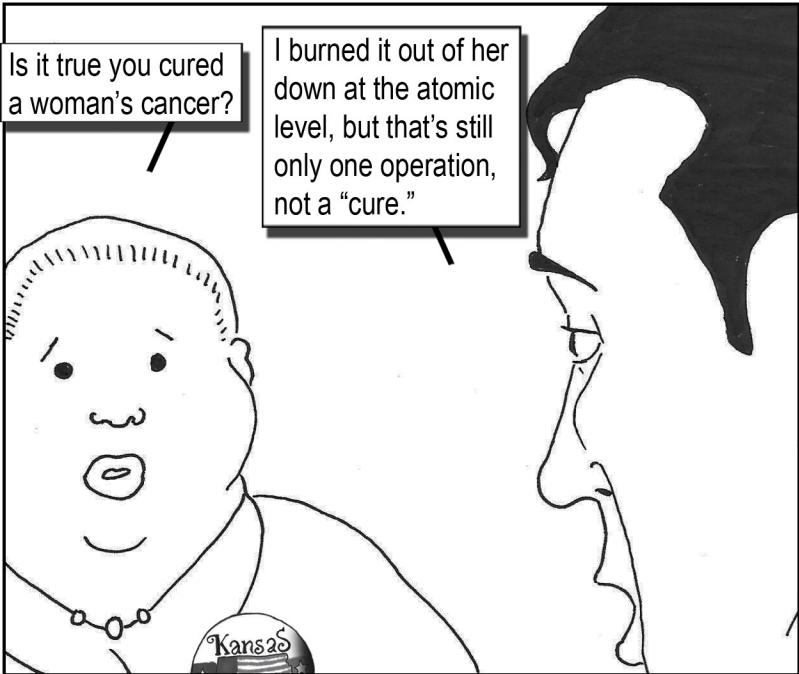
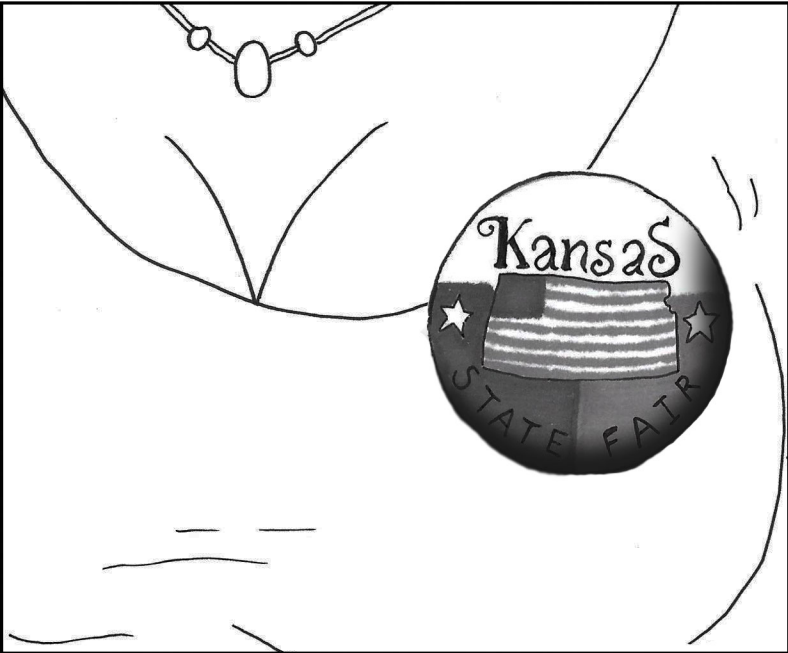












The cancer cells have a different density from normal cells. Maybe a vibration could separate the cancer cells from healthy tissue -

- or even separate the cancer from the cell, itself -

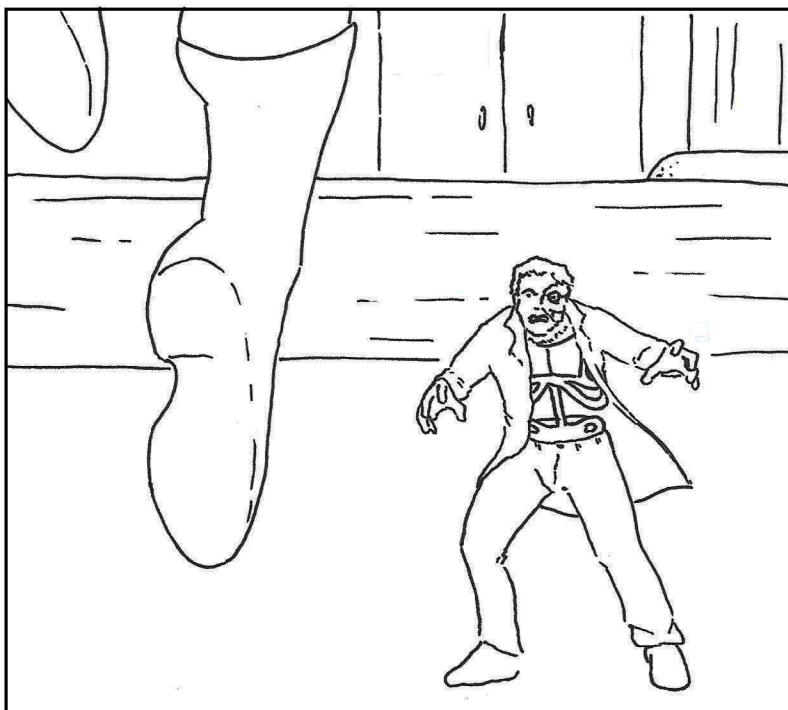
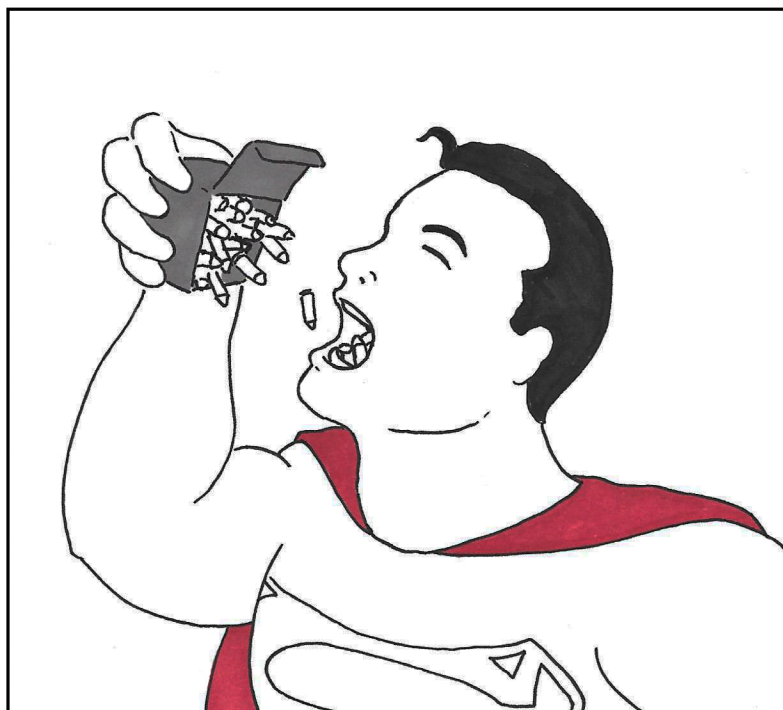
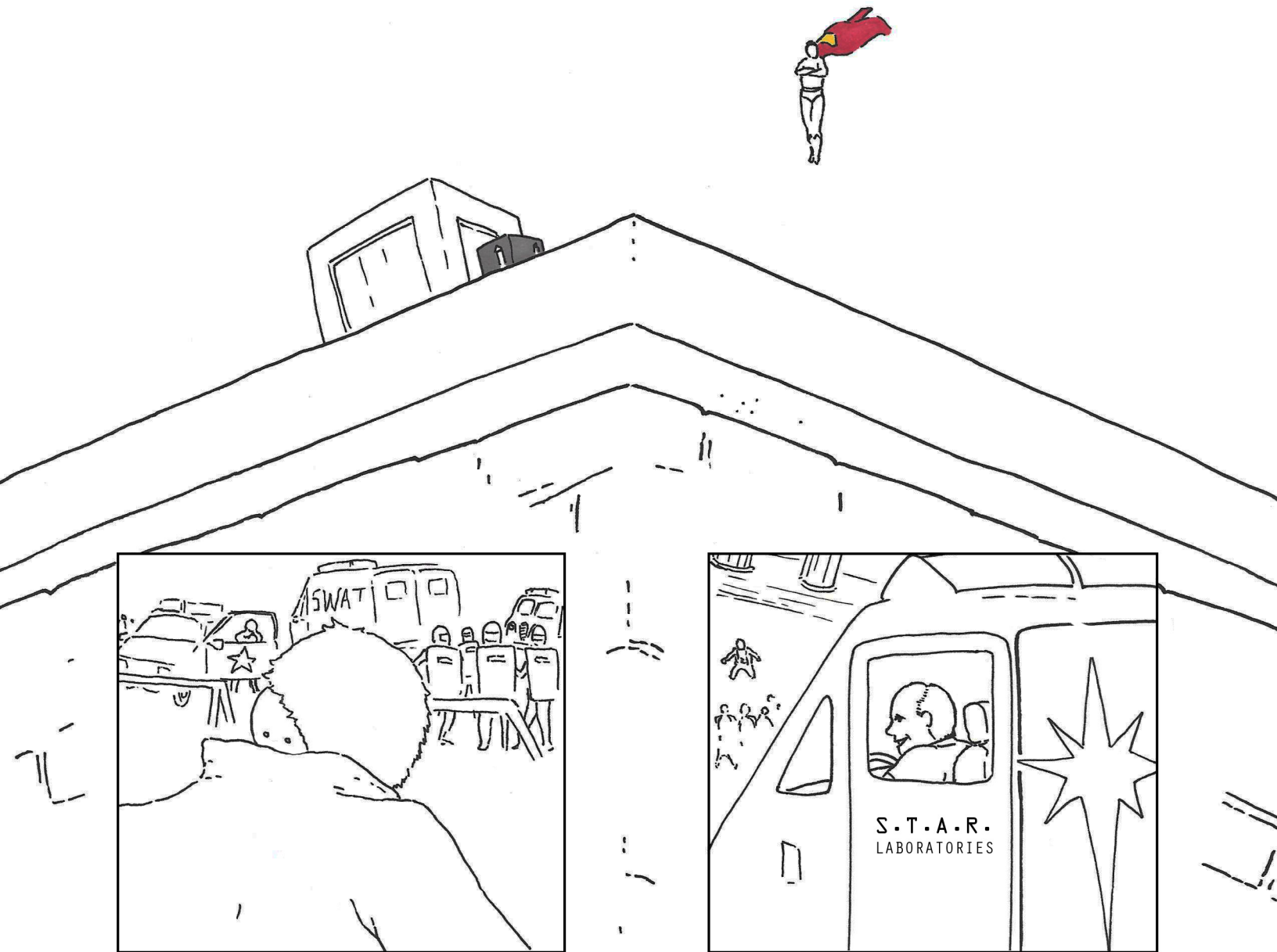
DING!

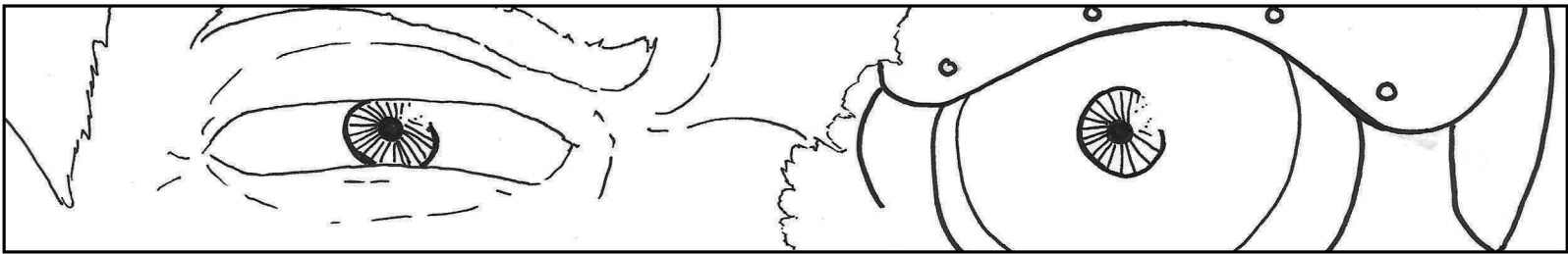
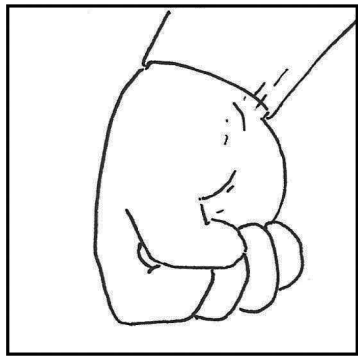
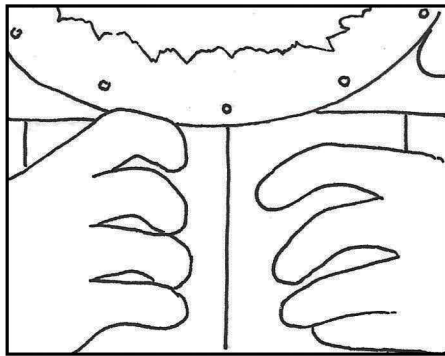
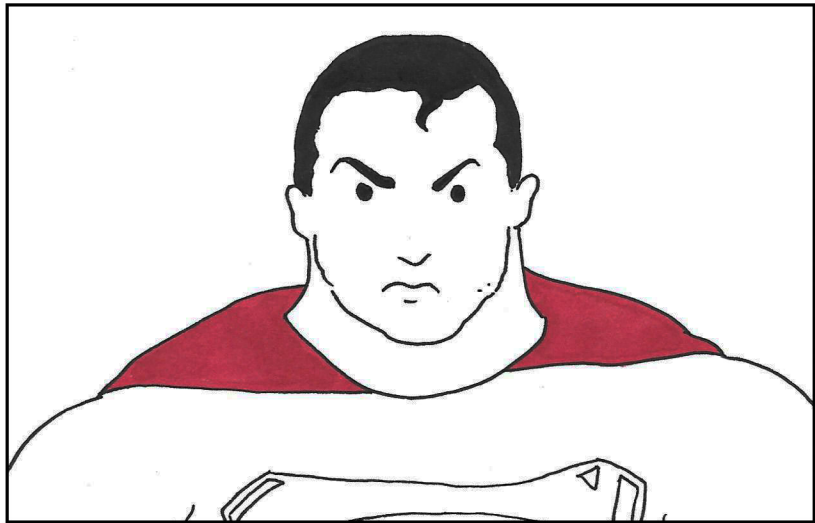
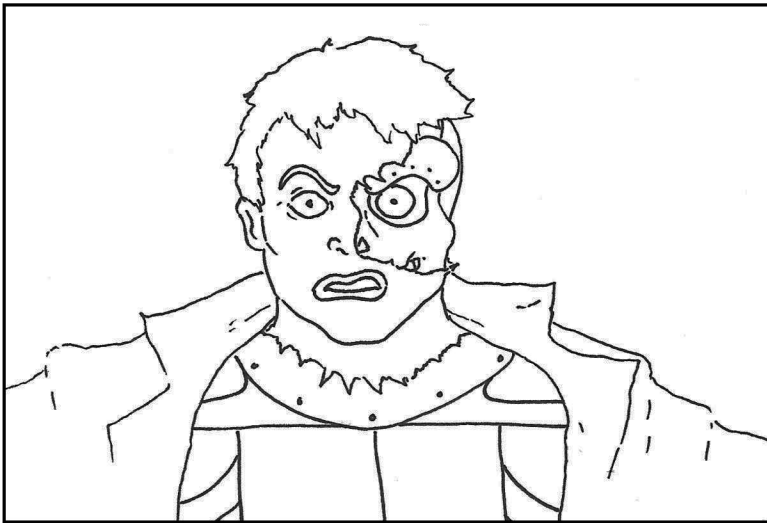
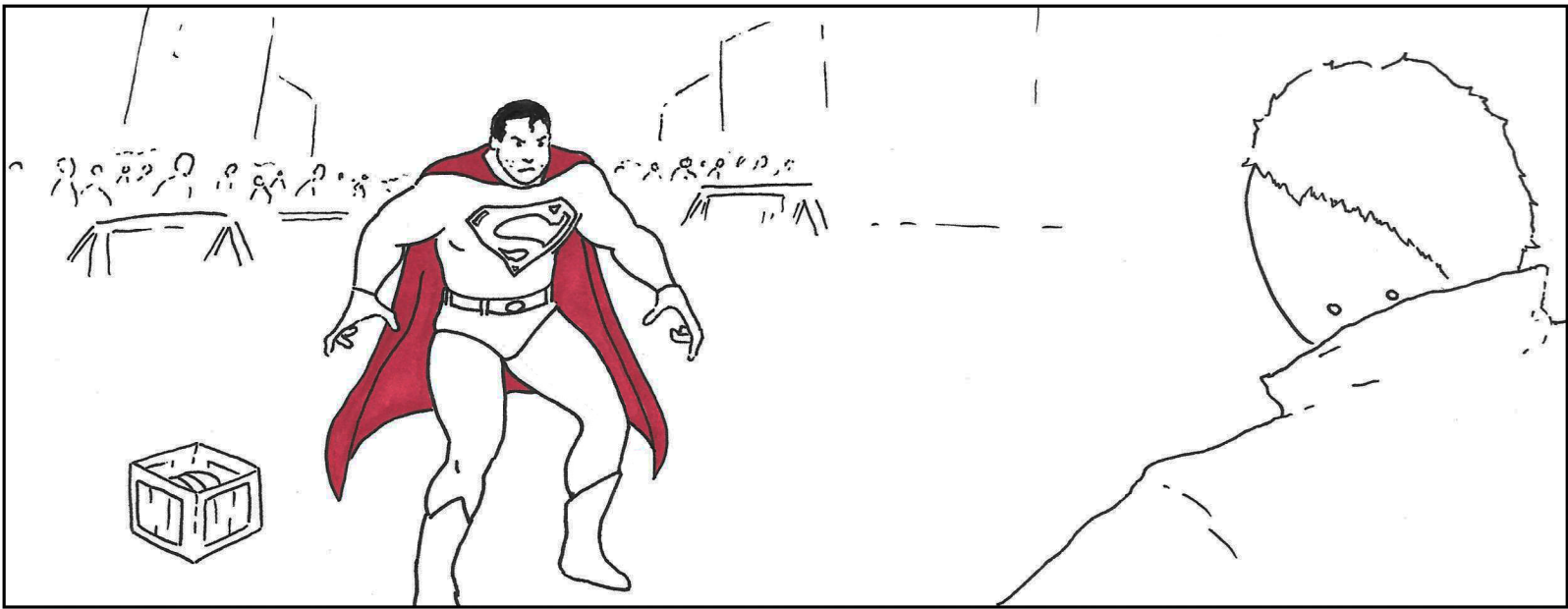
Cells have a definite life span, but cancer cells keep multiplying until the host is dead.

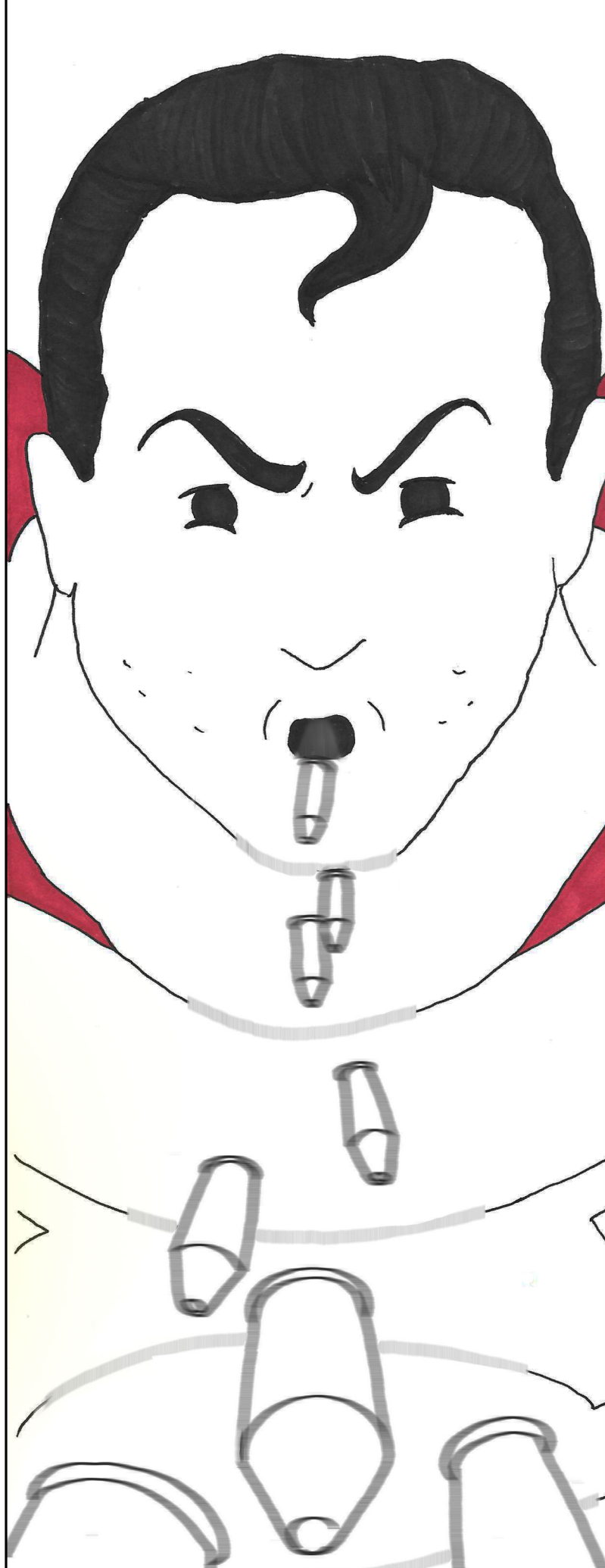
Maybe you could trick the cancer into thinking the host body had died. Then -

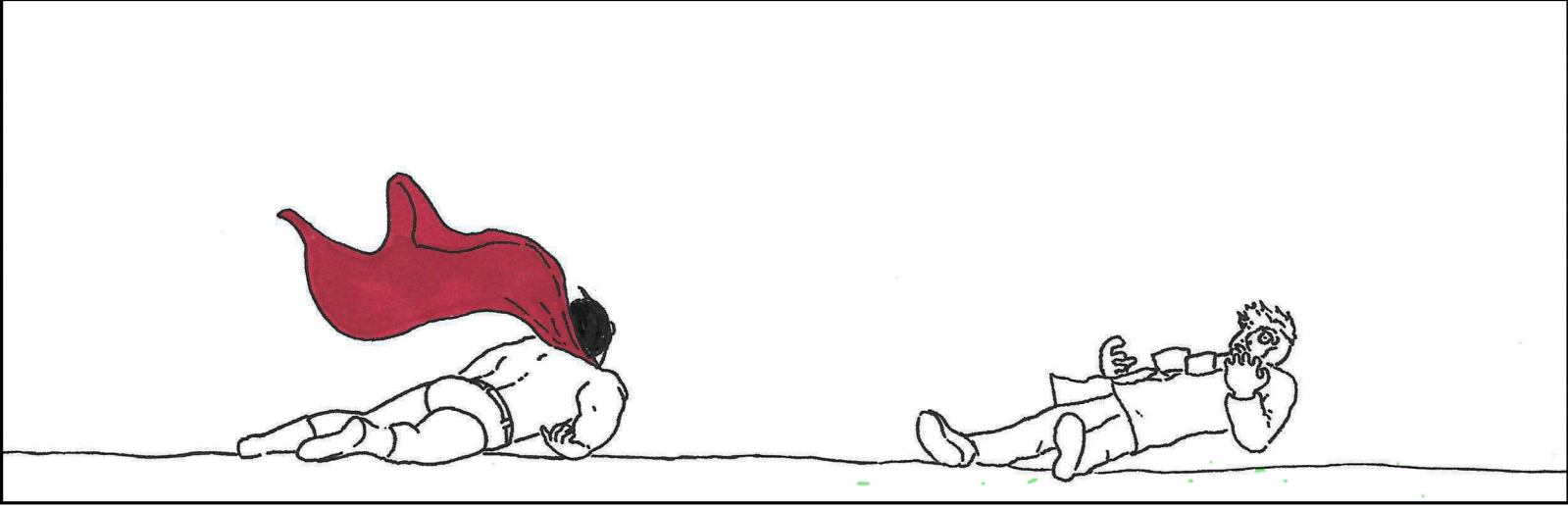
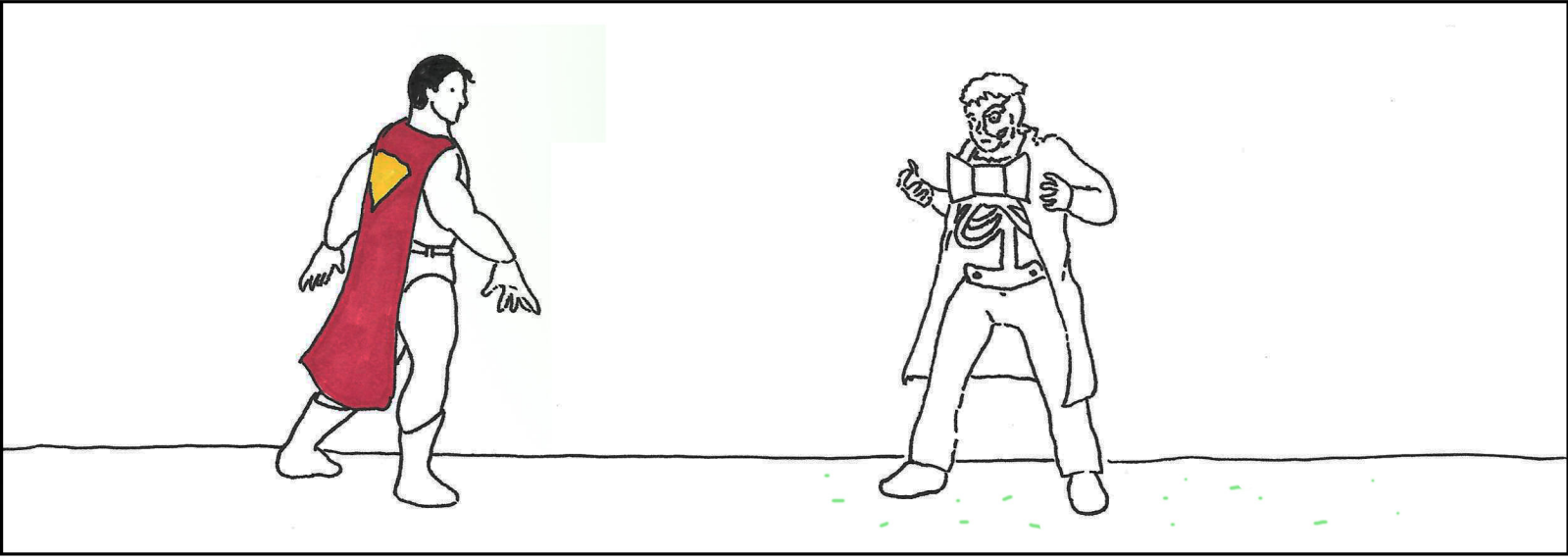
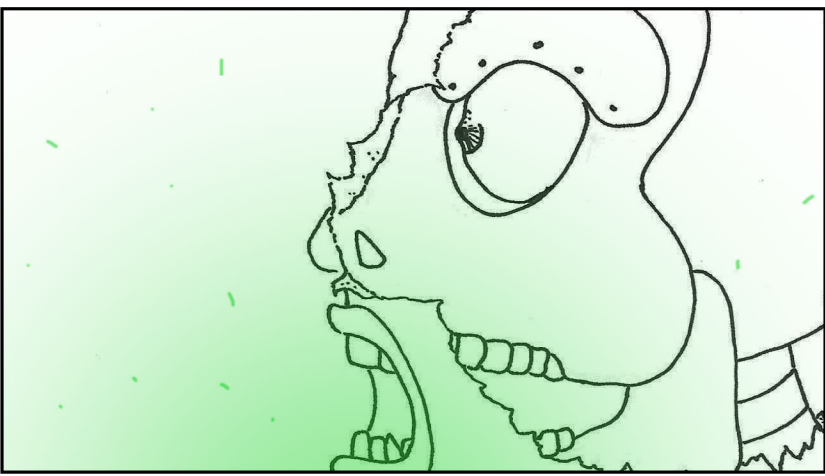
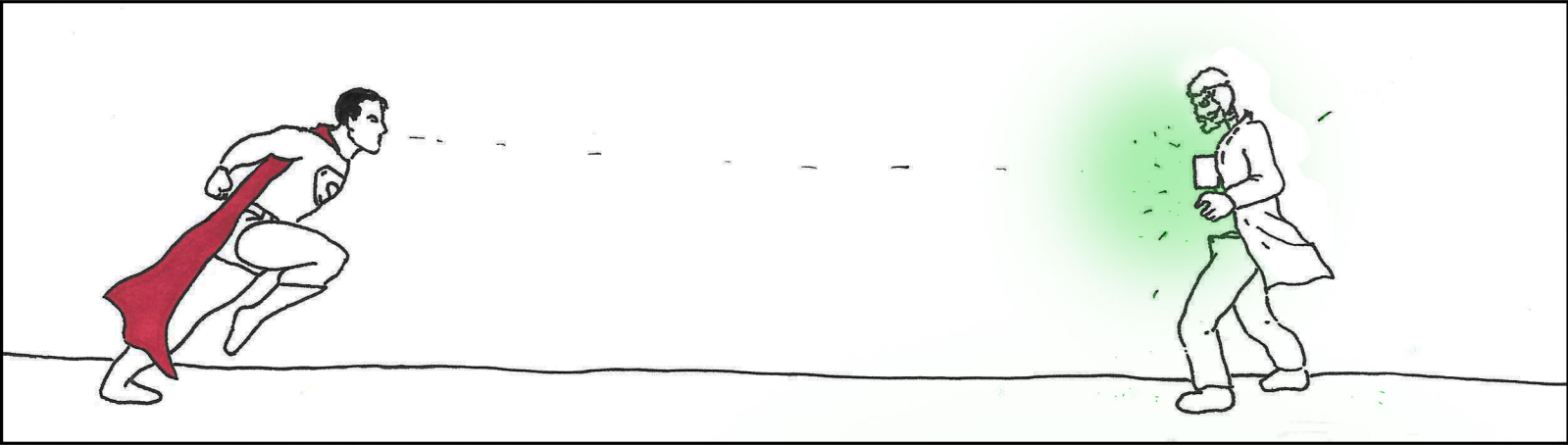
Superman! Your sources were right. Metallo's back in Metropolis. He's making his stand at City Hall.

I'll meet you there. ✓

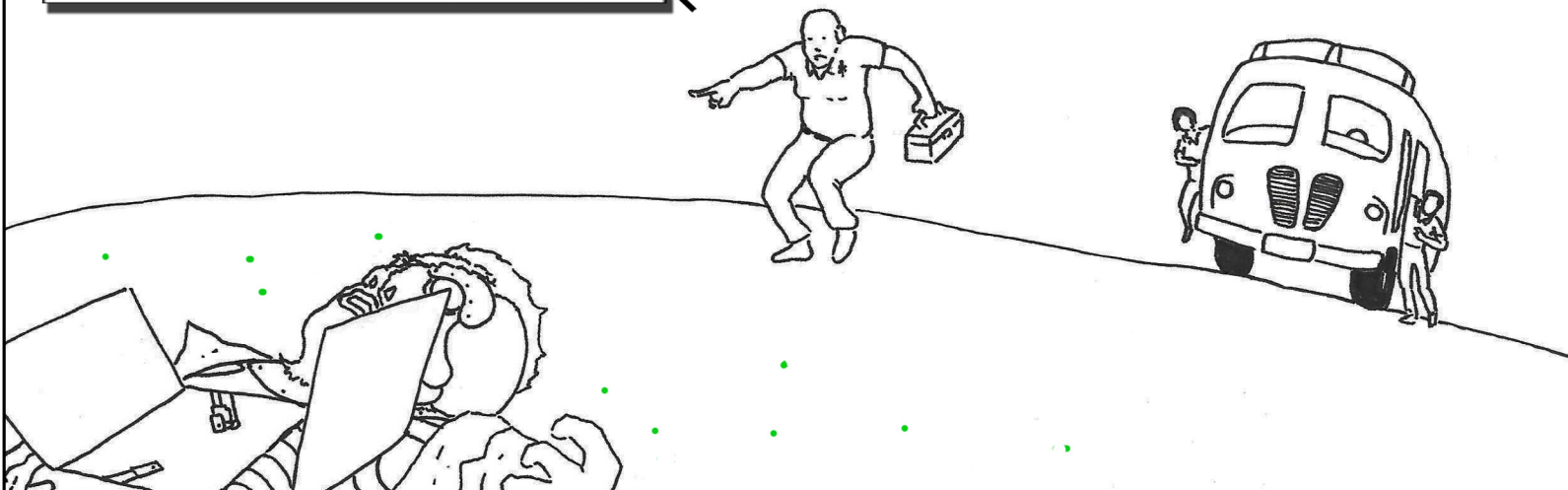




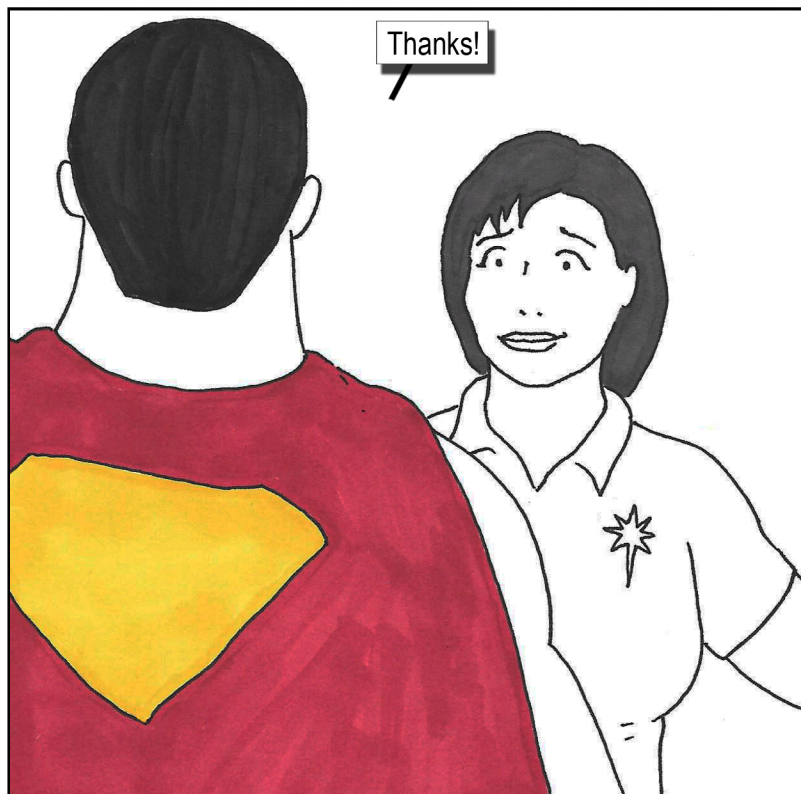




It worked! Cain - vacuum up these Kryptonite shards.
Hatcher - reinvigorate Superman with the UV gun.



Um... Per Dr. Farr's orders.



Thanks!

Superman, it's beautiful!

I had help.



Alright, Mr. Corben, a new heart courtesy of Superman, and a fully charged solar battery –



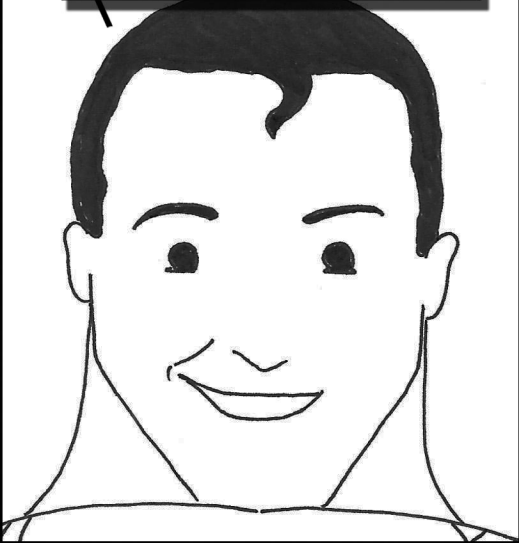
John? It's okay. You're alright.



Where... Where's the rock?



You don't need that any more. We no longer have to be enemies.

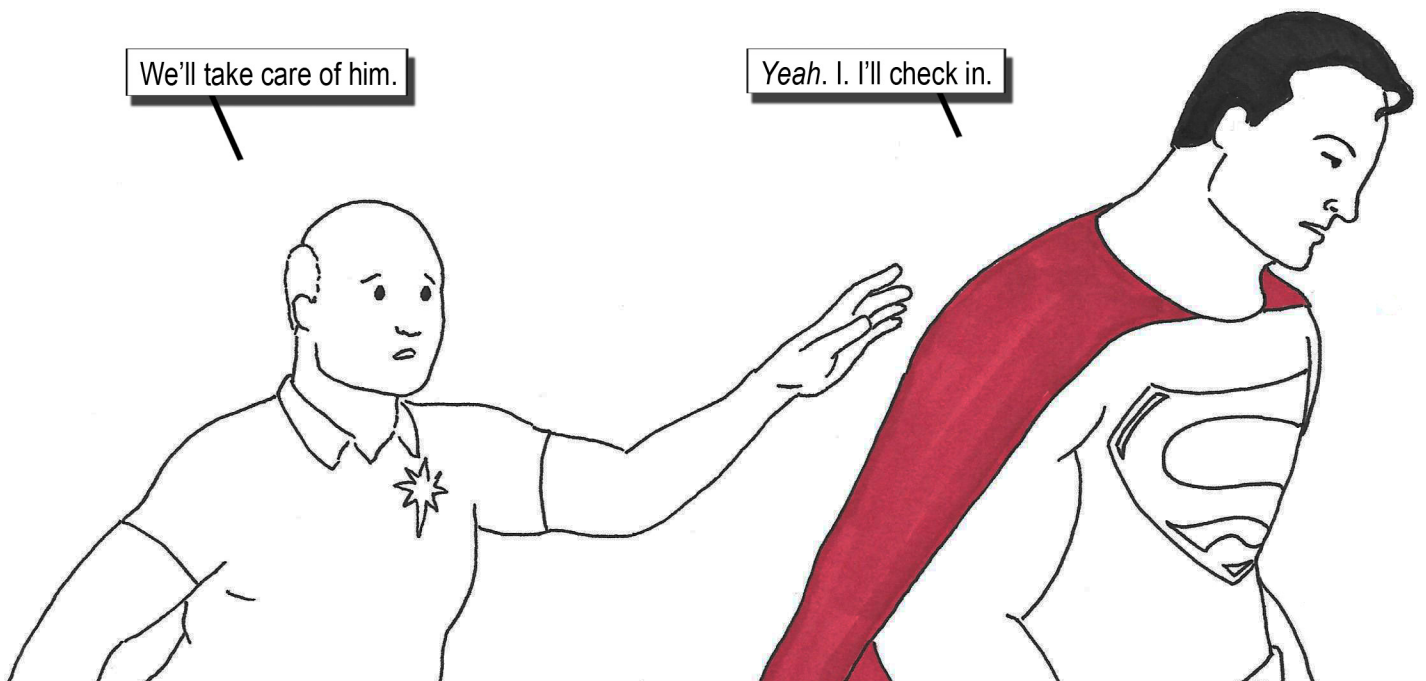


Then why am I alive?



We'll take care of him.

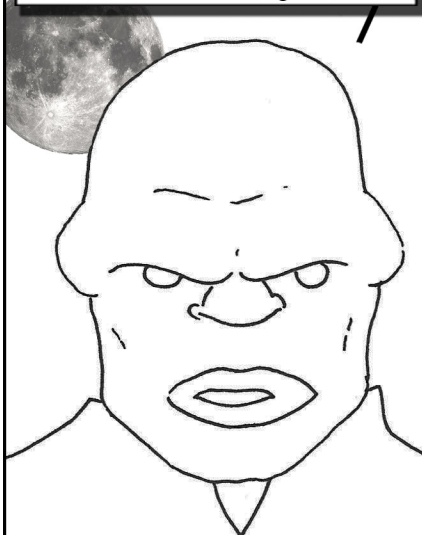
Yeah. I. I'll check in.



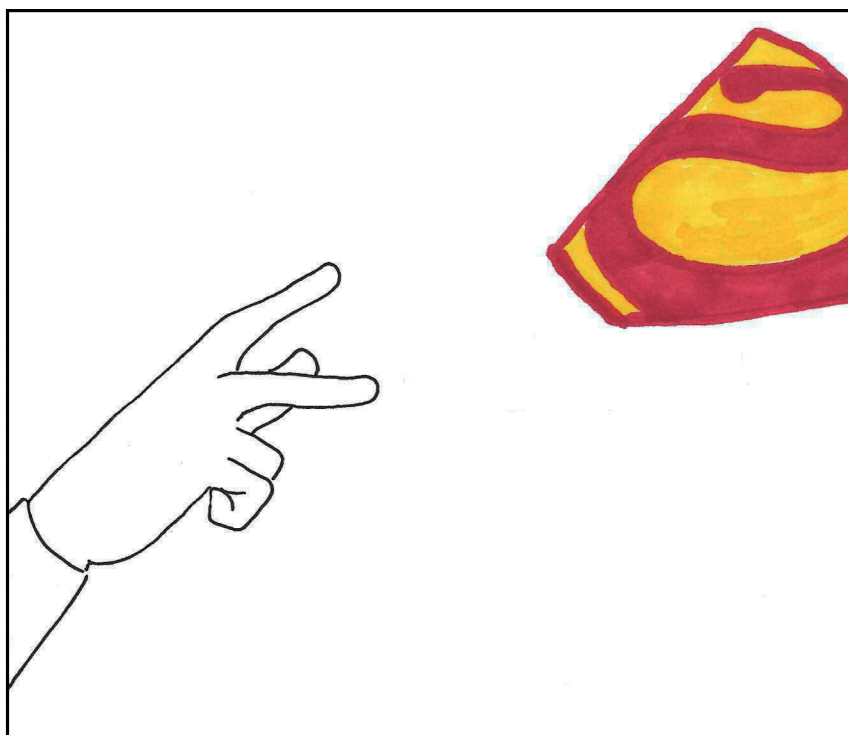
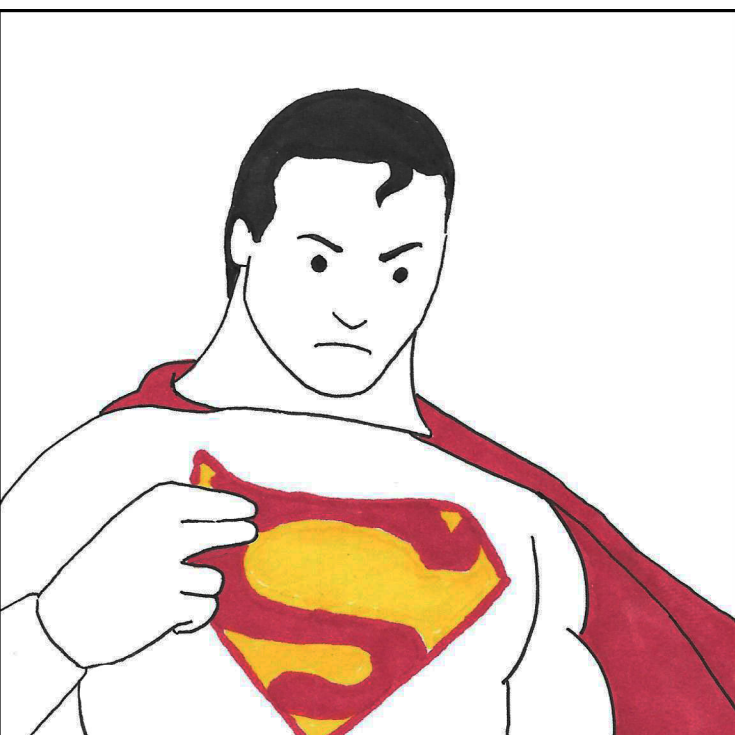
If there were a way to *lock* one's DNA helix against viral mutation –



A terrorist cell has taken over a small village in Chile. Wonder Woman is engaged with Kalibak at the moment. I can go, if –

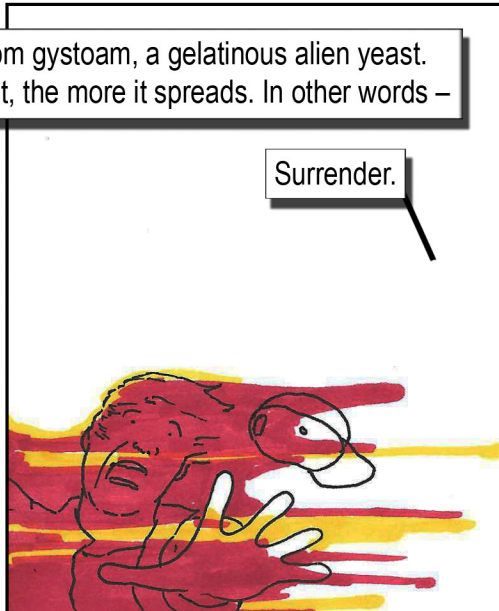


No, we need someone at the satellite. I've got it.

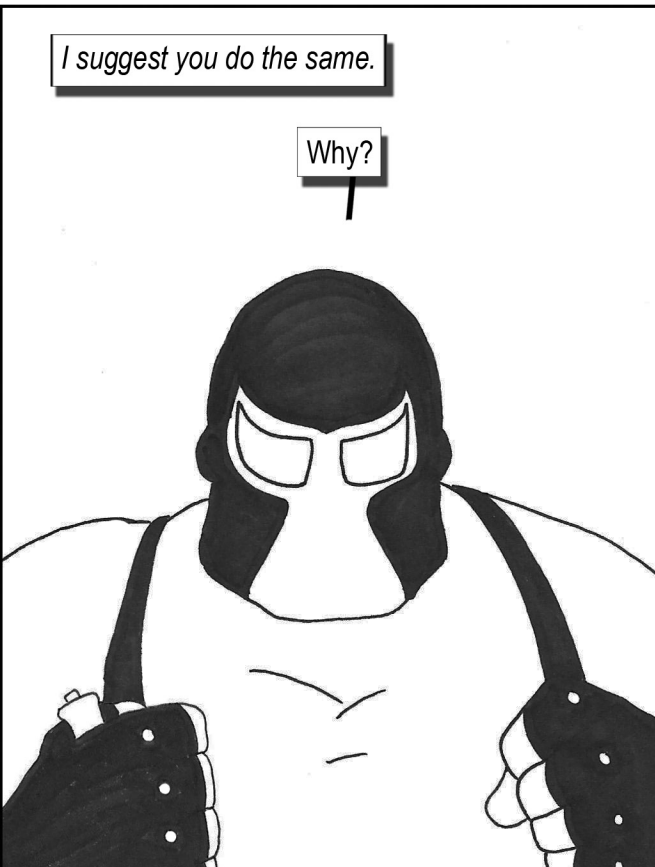
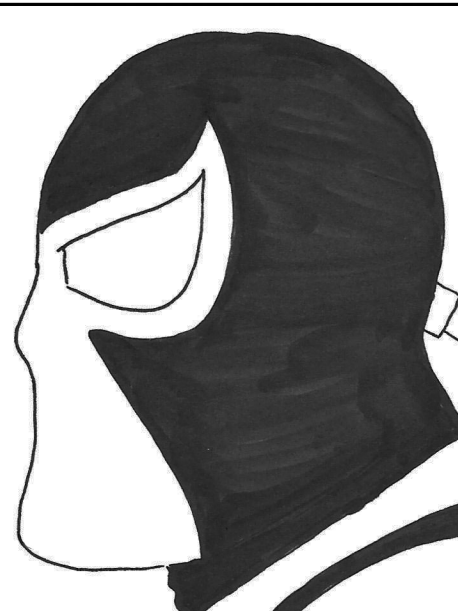




Your snare is made from gystoam, a gelatinous alien yeast. The more you agitate it, the more it spreads. In other words –



Surrender.



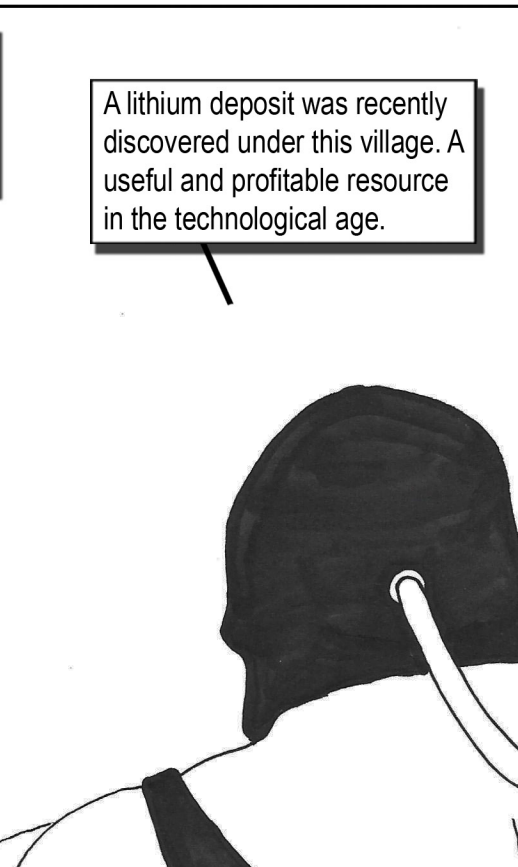
I suggest you do the same.

Why?



You're free to venom-up and take your chances, Bane. Tell me, though. If I wasn't here, what did you hope to achieve?

A lithium deposit was recently discovered under this village. A useful and profitable resource in the technological age.



With these villagers
as your miners?

Most have already capitulated.
The rest are being reeducated.

A strategist like you could do so much good for the world.

I intend to. But without sentiment.
As Machiavelli said, "It is better to
be feared than loved."

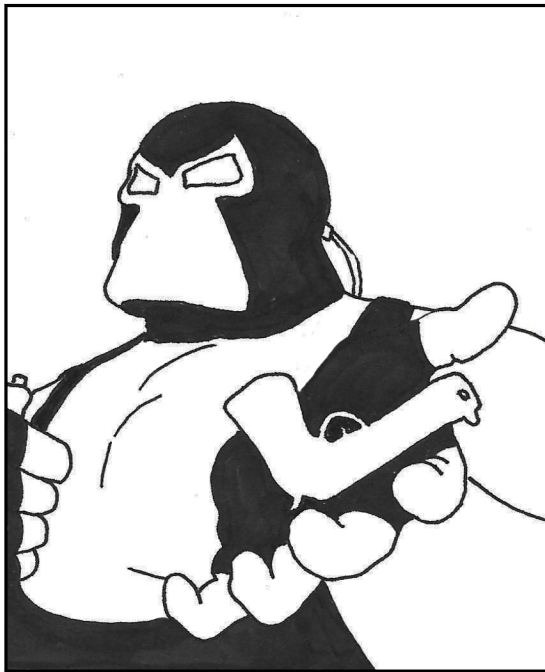
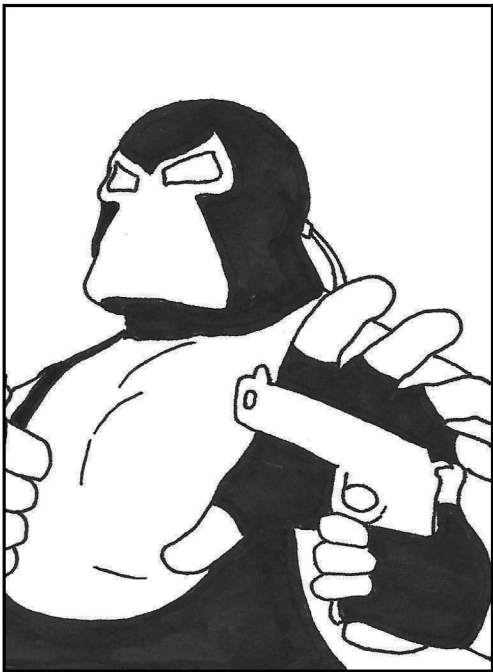
But it is *best* to lead.

Machiavelli may have said, "It is better
to be feared than loved," but as he
experienced, fear breeds resentment,
and resentment stokes rebellion.

If I was not here today, the
people would rise against
you, Bane. *Eventually*.
That's just the way of things.

So you see? If not today, then
tomorrow, but your plan was
always destined to fail.

That is why it is *better* to be loved.



You are a worthy foe.



Interpol counts no less than
seventeen warrants for your
arrest. Where would you like
me to drop you off?



Oh, I'll be leaving of my own accord. The first thing I did when I secured this village was to install bombs in all the popular places - hospitals, schools, the bazaar.

And this "deadman switch," neatly disguised as my venom-trigger, will ensure they all meet fire at once.



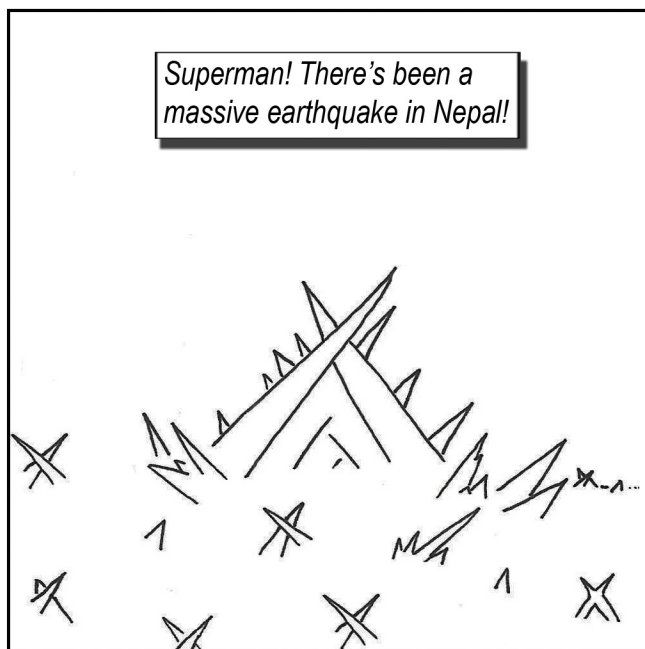
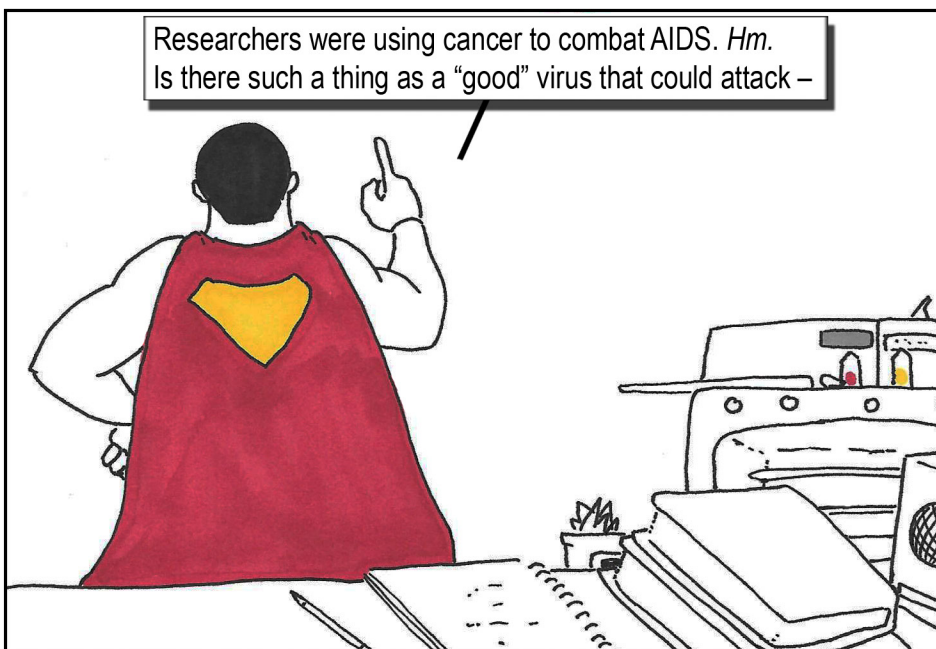
Another day, then.

I look forward to it.



Researchers were using cancer to combat AIDS. Hm. Is there such a thing as a "good" virus that could attack -

Superman! There's been a massive earthquake in Nepal!



END PART TWO

Cure. Cancer.



You have an awful, Batman-like way of making requests.

He would have dropped you, by now.

Savage.

I know, Lex. You're above all that.

The ancient Egyptians knew about cancer. Why the sudden concern?

Because it *has* been around that long, and for all of our technology and advancements, we're no closer to stopping it.

Yes, but why –



Sometimes a thing just needs to be done.

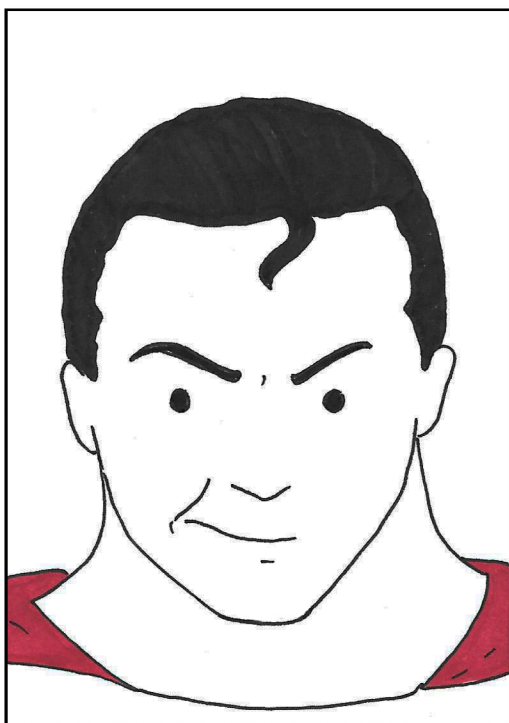


How... *rural*.



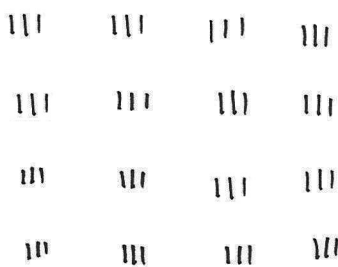
I've talked with prison –

Perry White, perhaps? Lois? Which one of your dear friends received the dreaded news?



Here I thought you'd be up for the challenge. This is the Riddle of the Sphinx for our age.

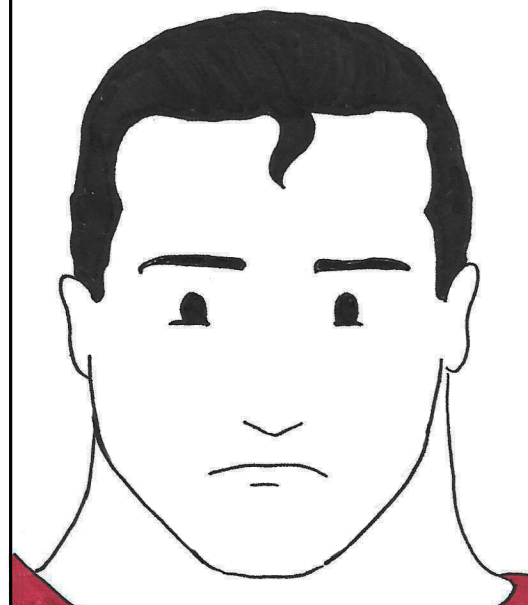
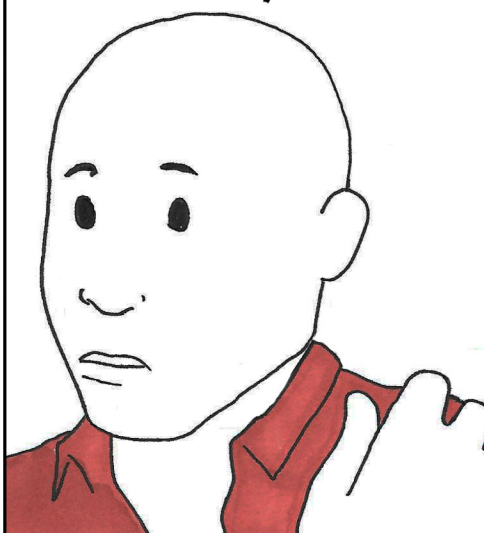
It needs a genius, Luthor. Einsteinian imagination.



The world needs you.



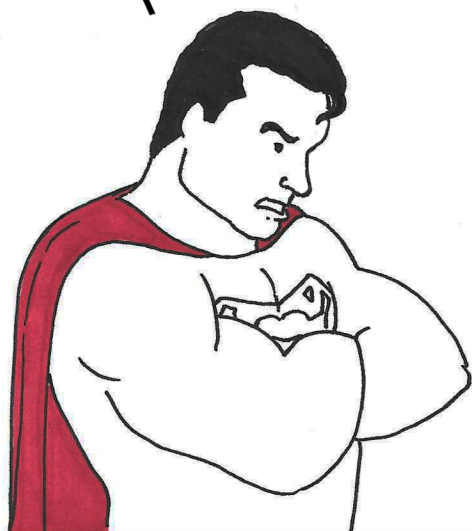
You've failed.



You tried to cure it yourself, but you failed!



I've talked with the prison officials. The conference room in the prison library has been converted into a lab, and is waiting for you.



Is it? Then I shall... build a ray gun to melt the walls and escape from this hellhole!



Or maybe gravity-defying boots, and, like you, I'll simply fly away.



Or - yes! Maybe I *will* develop a vaccine, but clandestinely add some of that maniac's Joker Serum. Curing cancer... with a smile.



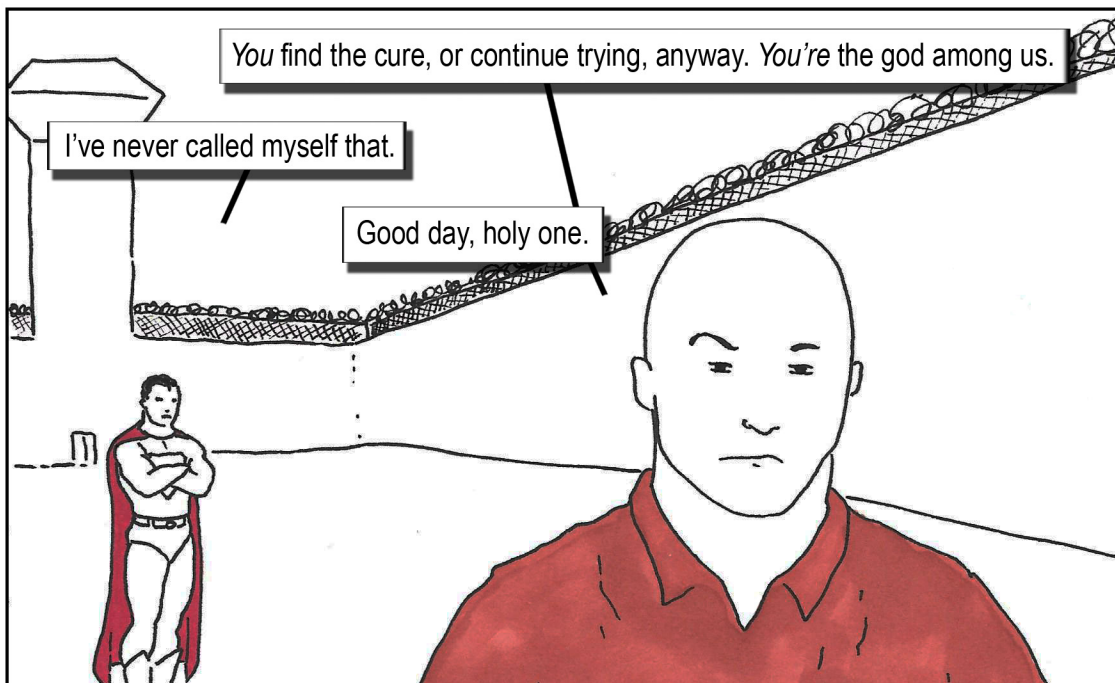
And share the credit? Unlikely.



You find the cure, or continue trying, anyway. You're the god among us.

I've never called myself that.

Good day, holy one.



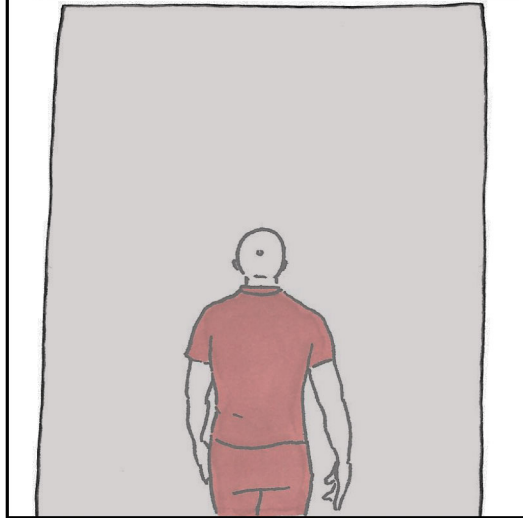
For years you've wanted nothing more than to destroy me, and, to this day, I don't know why.



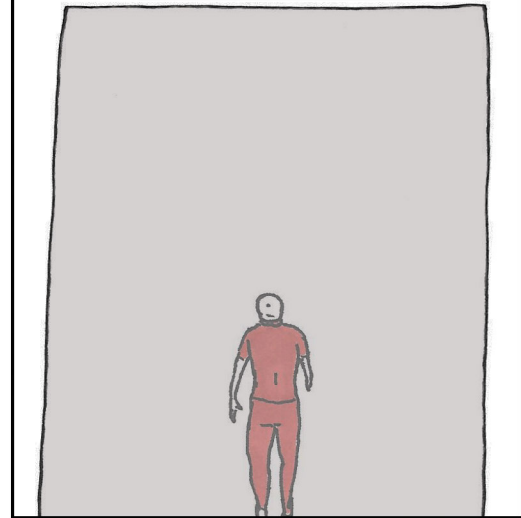
You always choose to destroy. But this world sees me as a light.



If you truly want to defeat me, Luthor...



...be the brighter light.

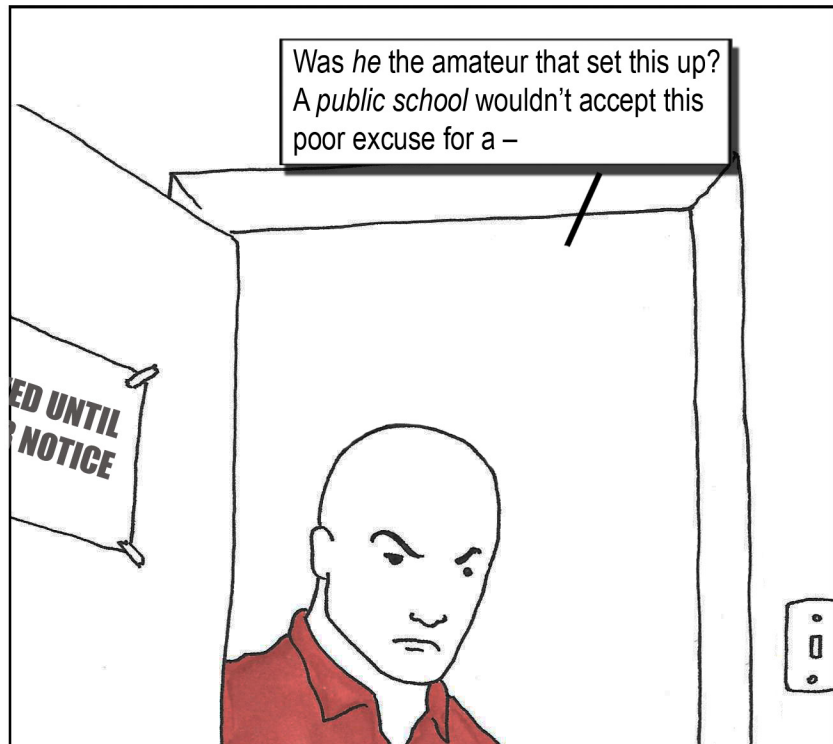


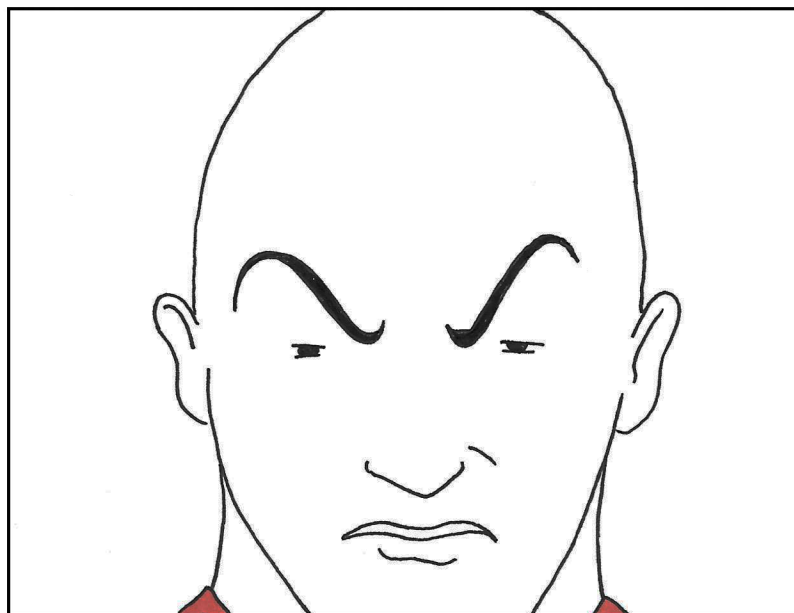
I told you I'm not interested.

And I told Superman I'd show it to you, anyway.

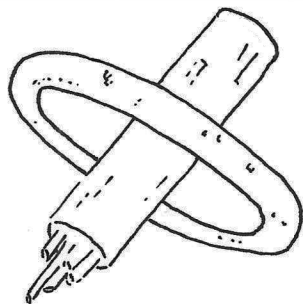


Was he the amateur that set this up? A public school wouldn't accept this poor excuse for a -



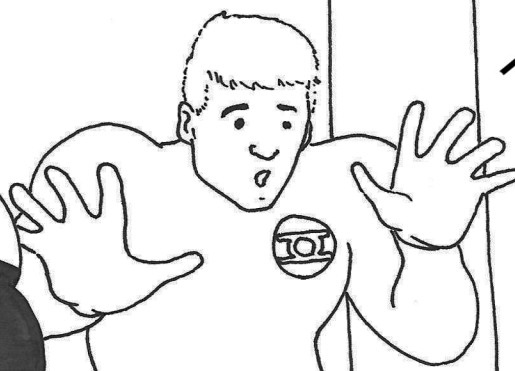


Codename Green Lantern.
Access granted.



What? I can't believe we actually
arrived at a meeting before –

Codename Batman.
Access granted.

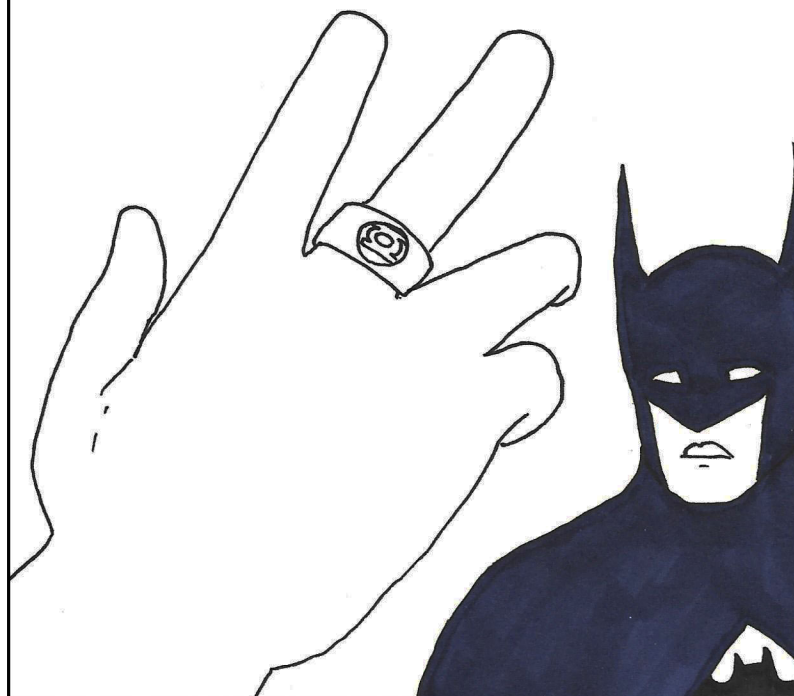


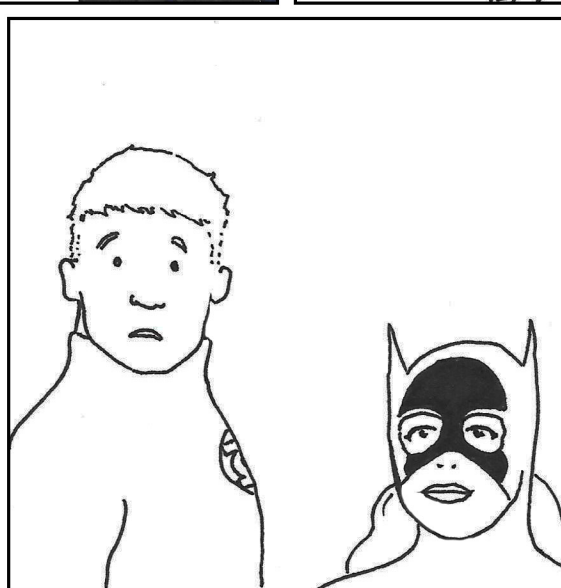
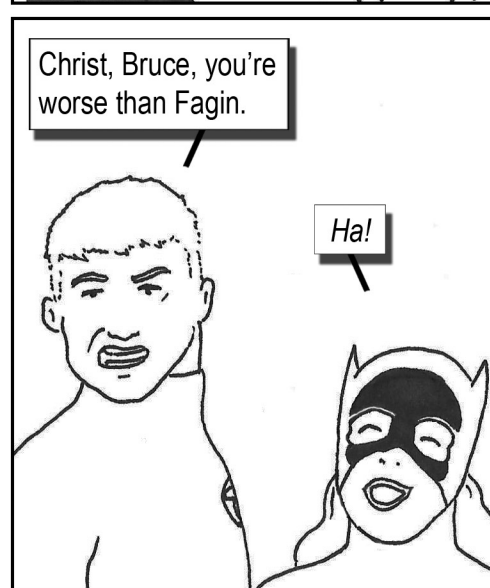
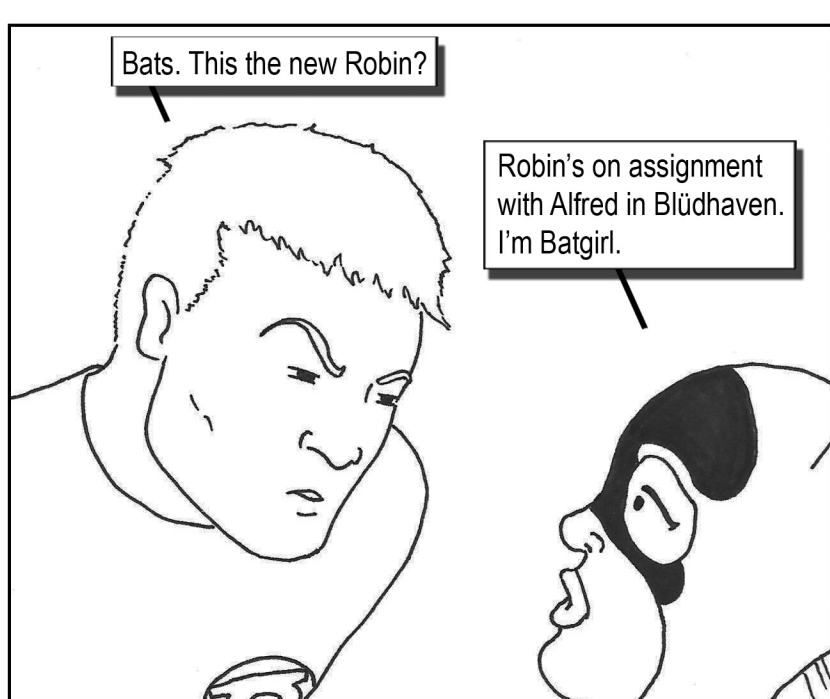
Never mind.

Satellite, who let Guy Gardner in?



He's my "plus one."





How have you been?

Deep space really did a number on me, this time, even with the ring's protection. I wanted to get back on Earth, but I need to decompress on the satellite for a while.

Codename Atom.
Access granted.

Codename Martian Manhunter.
Access granted.

Guy's actually covering for me.

Hal's back!

I figured something was up.

I wanted to bring Carol up here.

Codename Hawkwoman.
Access granted.

But?

Guy.

Her dad's sick, so, she's dealing with that. And Ferris Air hasn't been able to secure a government contract since I don't know when.

Wayne Enterprises offered -

Warning. Breach detect - Processing...
Codename Flash. Access granted.

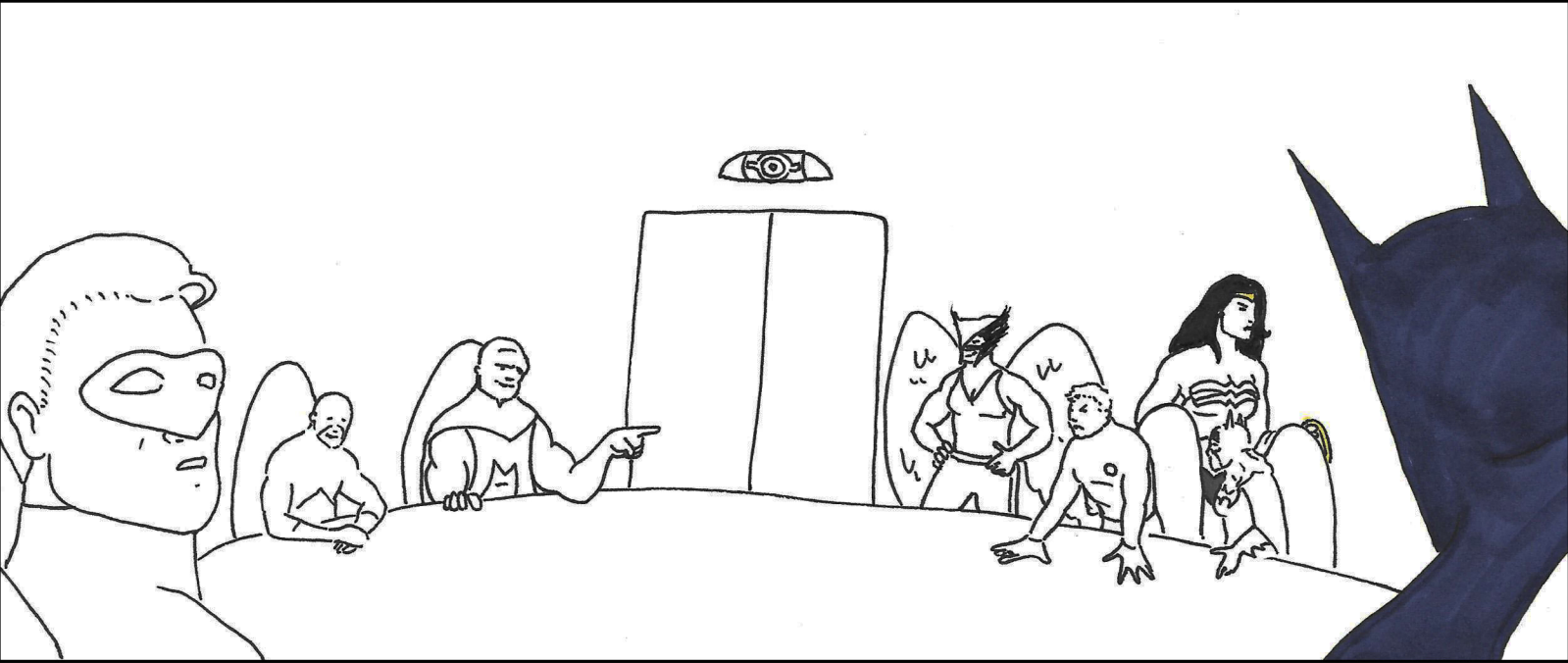
I know. But she wants to do it on her own.

Earth women, huh?

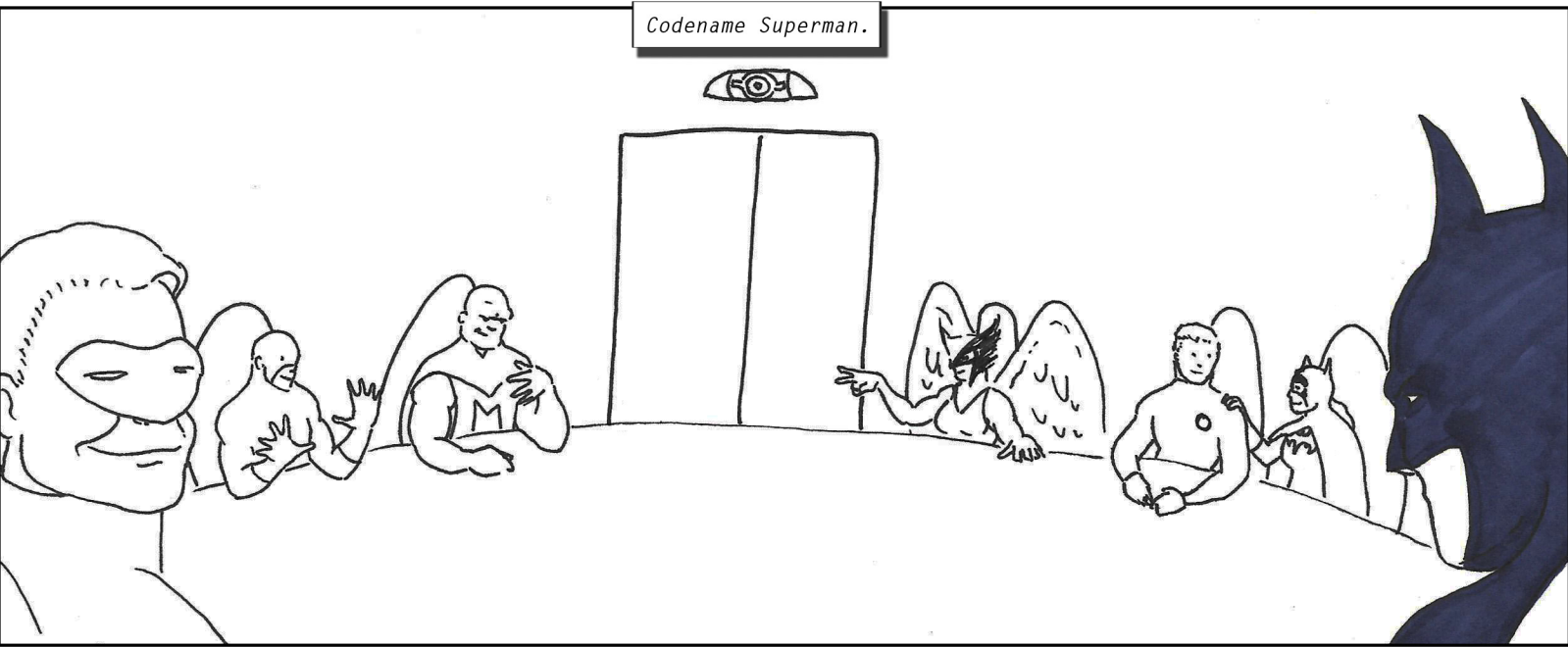
Codename Wonder Woman.
Access granted.

Like nothin' else.

Bruce?



Codename Superman.



Access granted.



Hal?



H, hi!

How's Carol?



Oh, she - she's great!



Good!



Kalibak was "acting out" because Darkseid just signed a peace treaty with New Genesis.



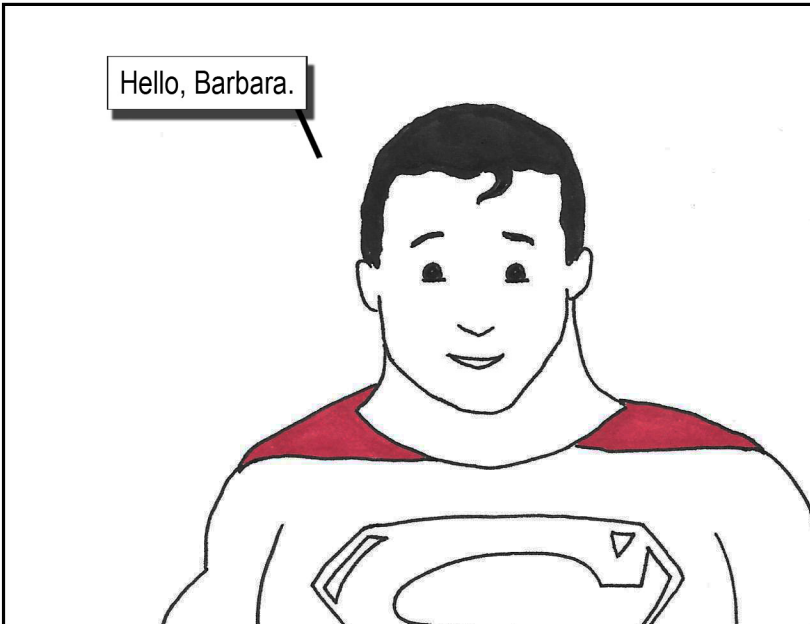
Much of Apokolips' resources have been expended. Subjects have been rebelling.



He blames the Justice League, of course.



Hello, Barbara.



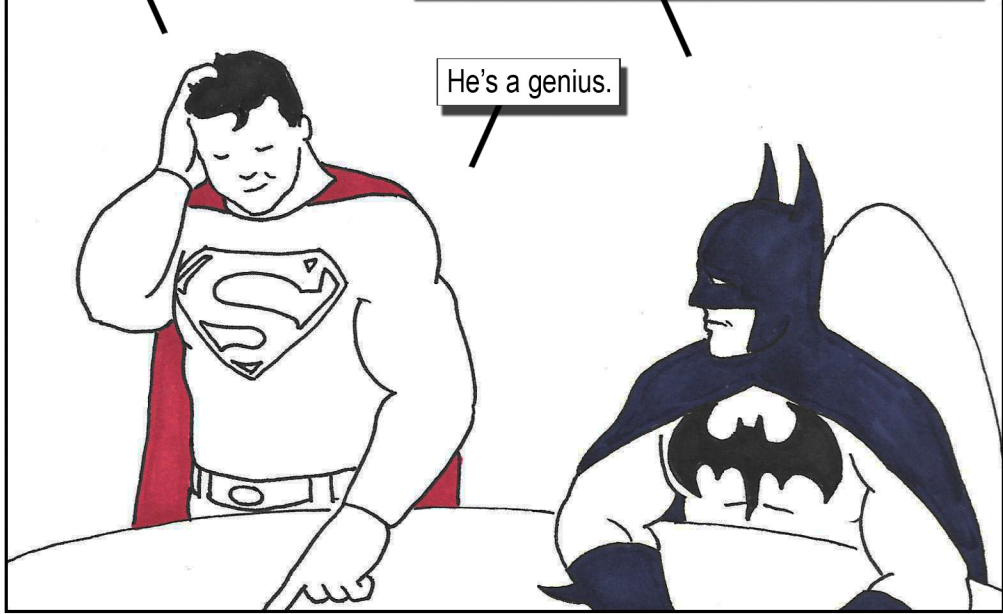
As for more terrestrial matters, word on the street is that Lex Luthor is trying to cure cancer.



I knew he'd come 'round.

Thank you for admitting your role in the matter.

He's a genius.



He's a shit.

Seconded.

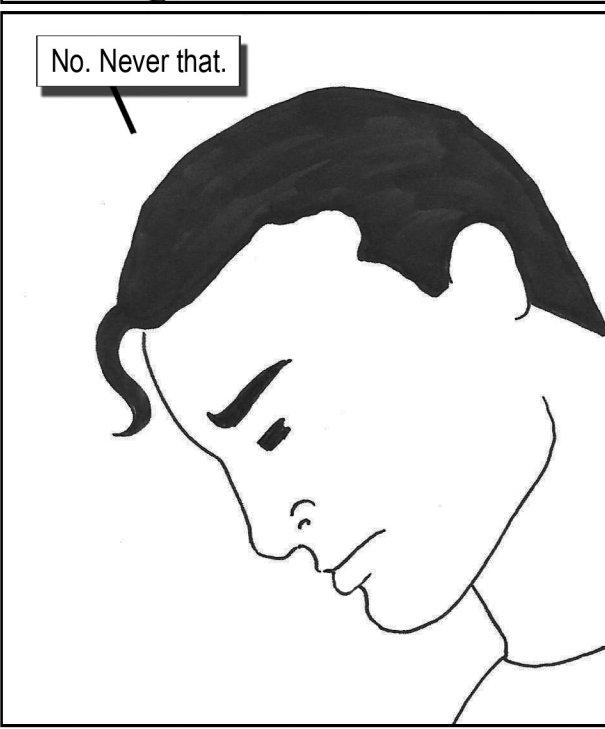


I thought we were here to save the world from all that would threaten it?

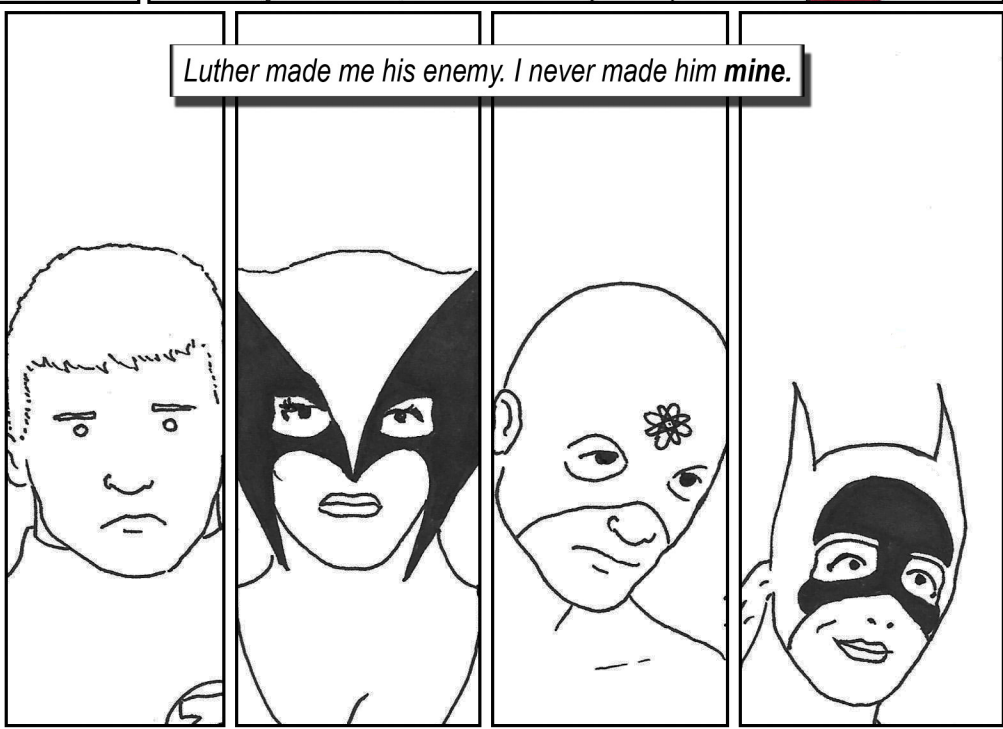
By any means necessary?



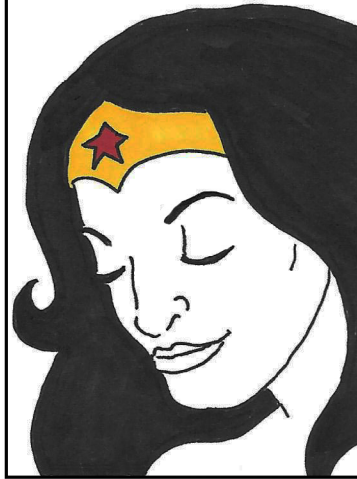
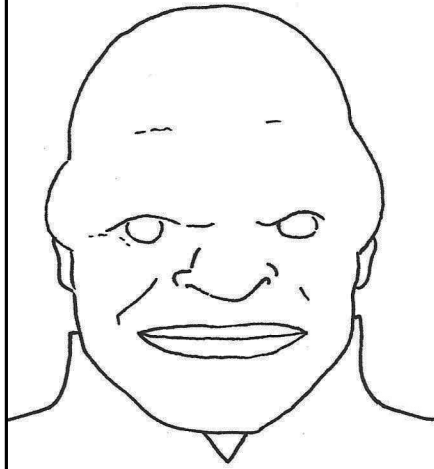
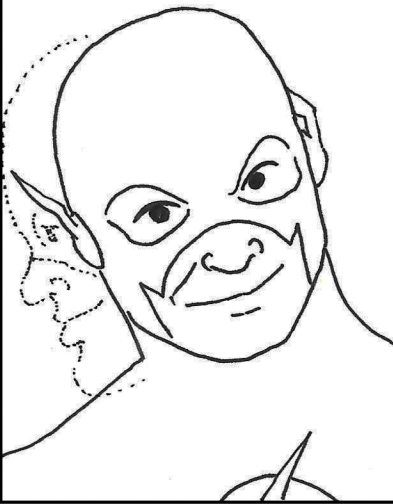
No. Never that.



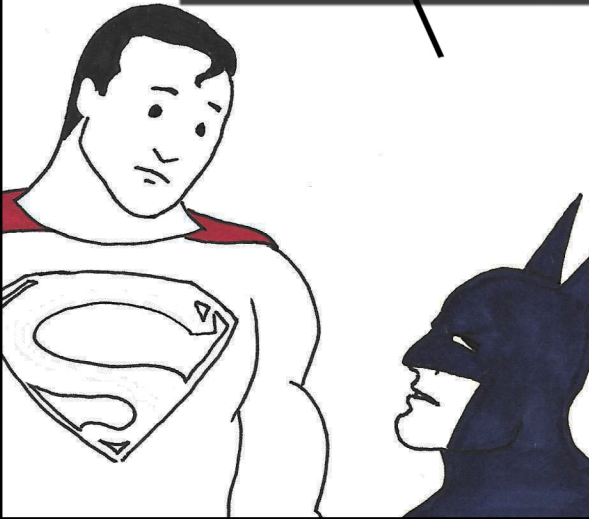
Luthor made me his enemy. I never made him mine.



Hate is a disease that needs curing, as well.



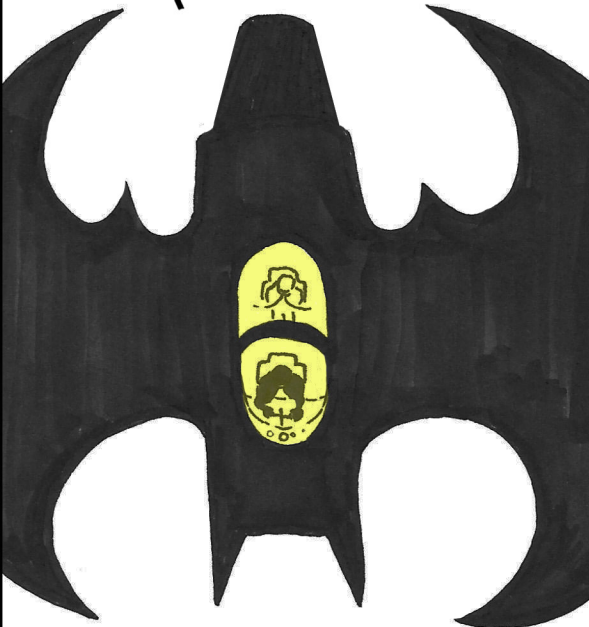
Presidential election's coming up, Clark. Who're you voting for?



Damn.



Batman to Belfry. Un-docking from satellite.



Belfry to Batman. I'll begin tracking your descent.

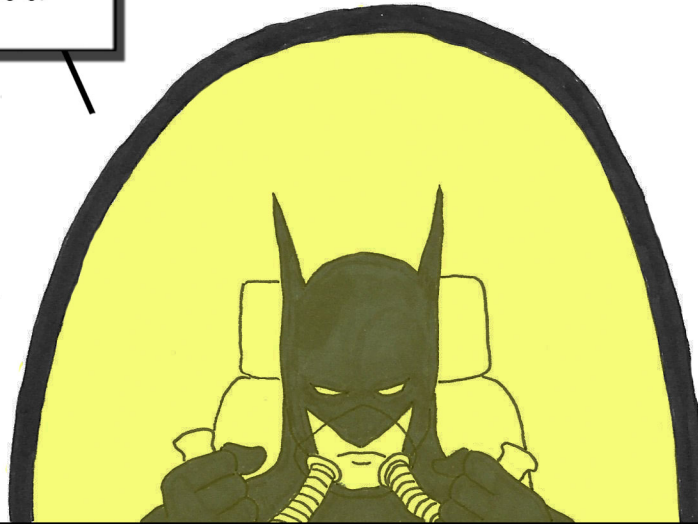


Bruce? Why did you ask Superman who he was voting for?



World leaders, and those who want to be, are always courting Superman. Some want a picture with him, or a statement of his support. Others blatantly try to bribe or blackmail him.

What they all forget about is his super hearing. He can hear their heartbeats, and knows when they're lying to his face. He can hear all the schemes being discussed in all the hidden away places.



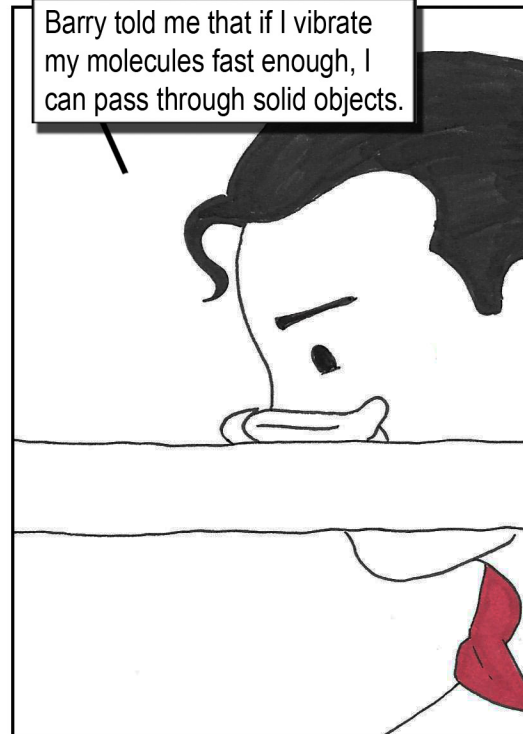
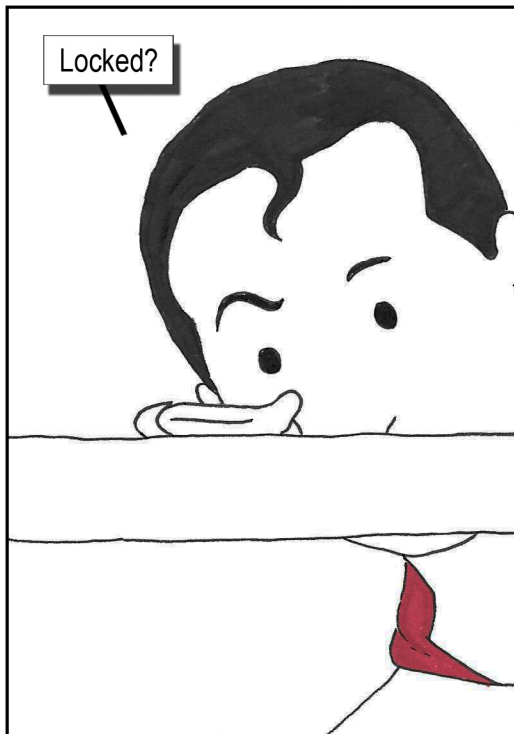
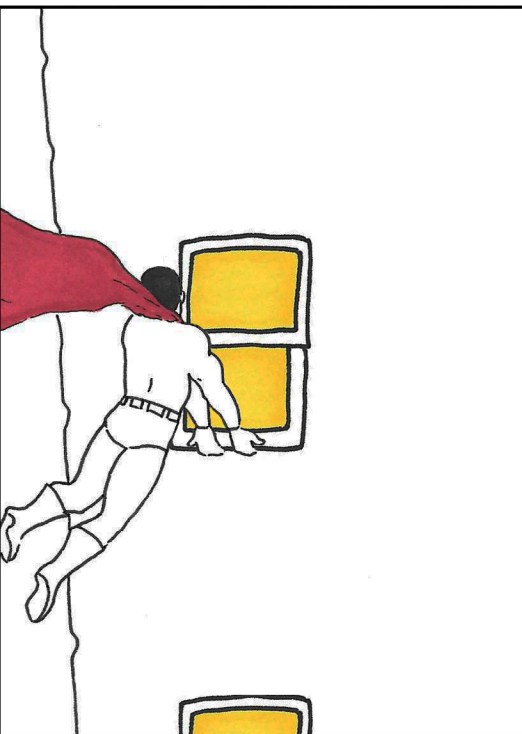
So, every election year, I ask him who he's voting for.

He's yet to hear an honest one.

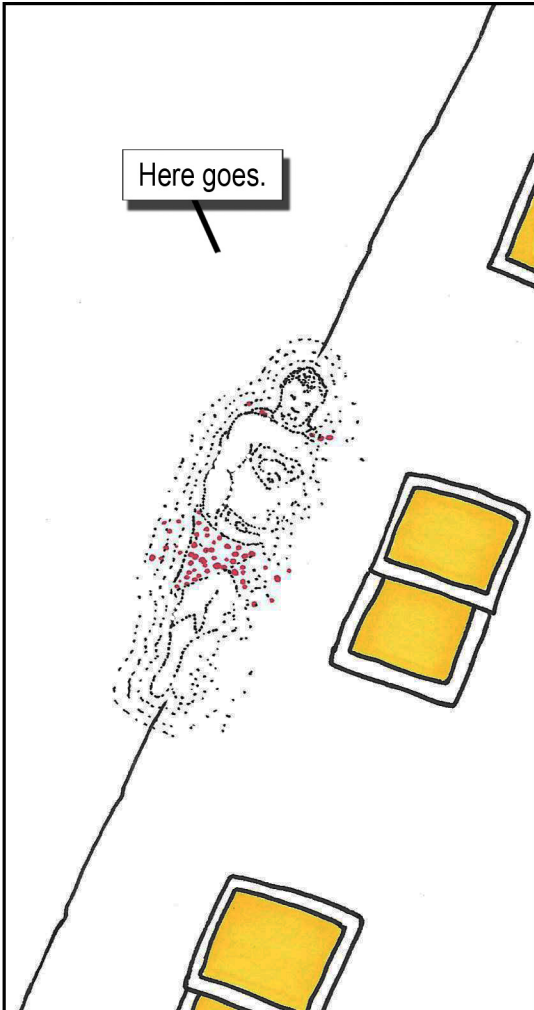


Barry told me that if I vibrate my molecules fast enough, I can pass through solid objects.

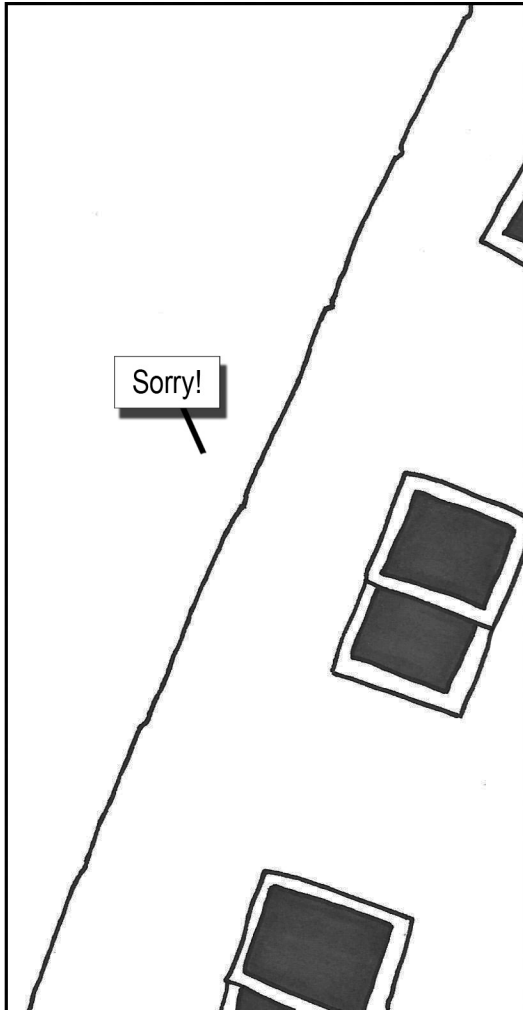
Locked?



Here goes.



Sorry!



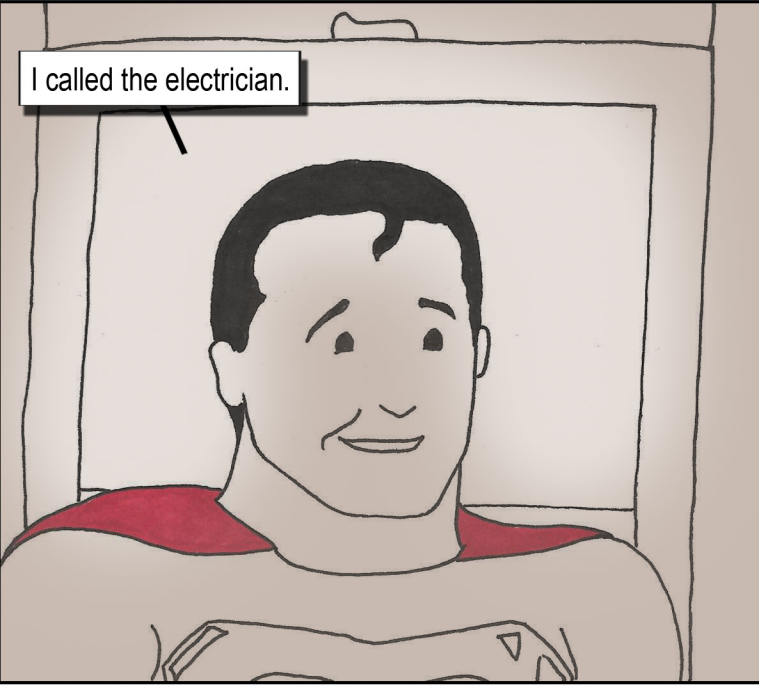
Yeah, the emergency lights are on in the hallway, but just -



- be careful.



I called the electrician.

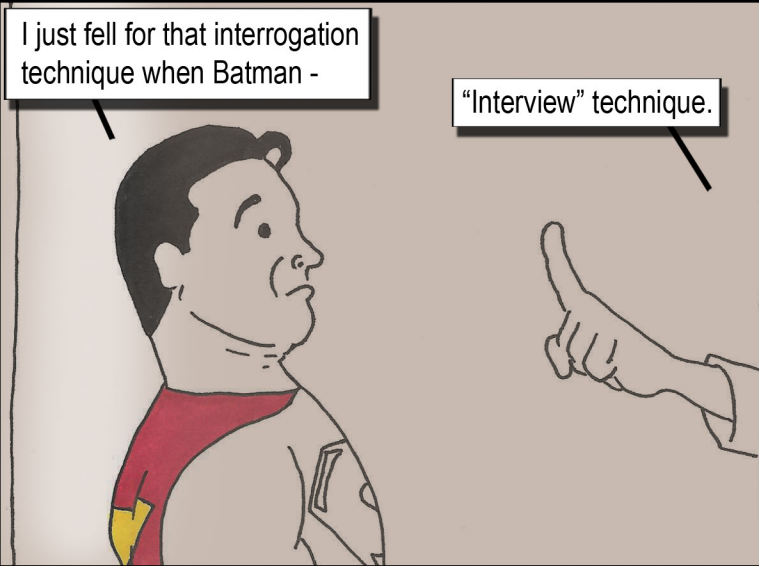


Why not just have Lex Luthor fix it?



I just fell for that interrogation technique when Batman -

"Interview" technique.



I was hoping we could be off the record.



Why Luthor? After all he's put us through?



I'm sorry, Lois. I tried. I really did.



Even comprehending the research isn't the same as having the courage and imagination to see where to go next.



I hear the voices, Lois. All the hurt this disease causes.



I hear them. Every. Single. Day.



I thought I had reached a point where I couldn't do a thing to save them.



I guess you found the "courage and imagination," after all.



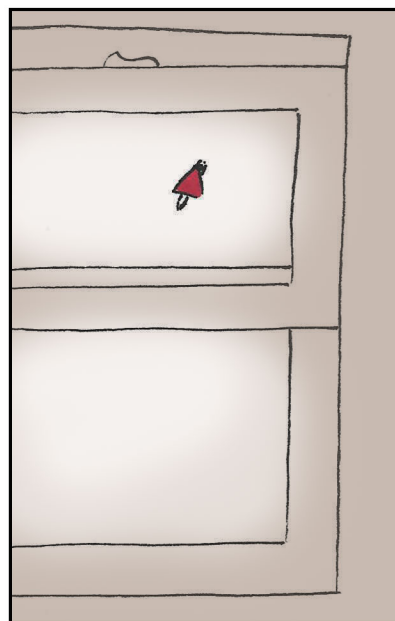
I should go.

Clark.



Are you okay?

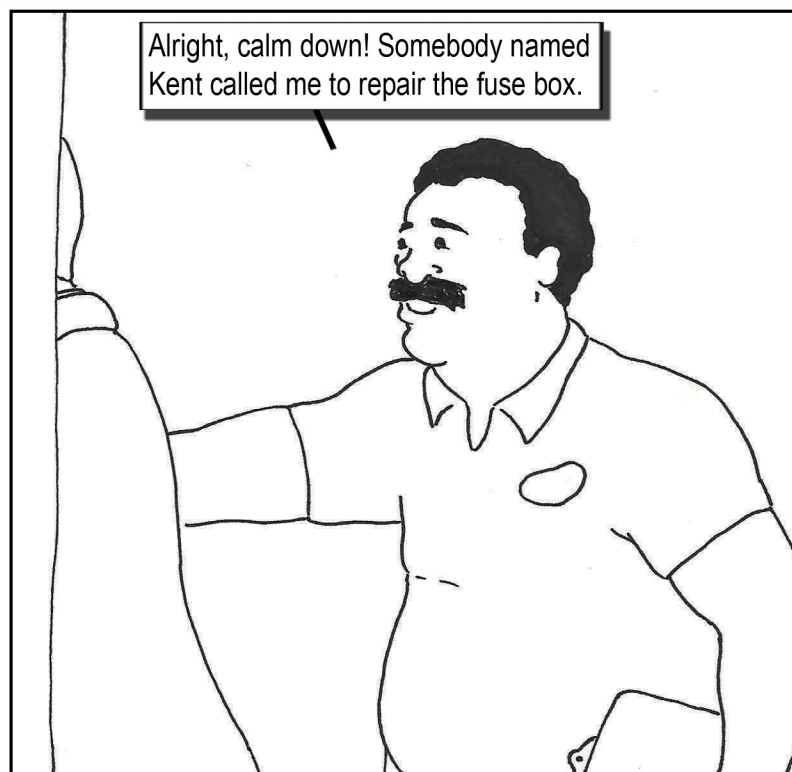
Of course, Lois.
I'm Superman.

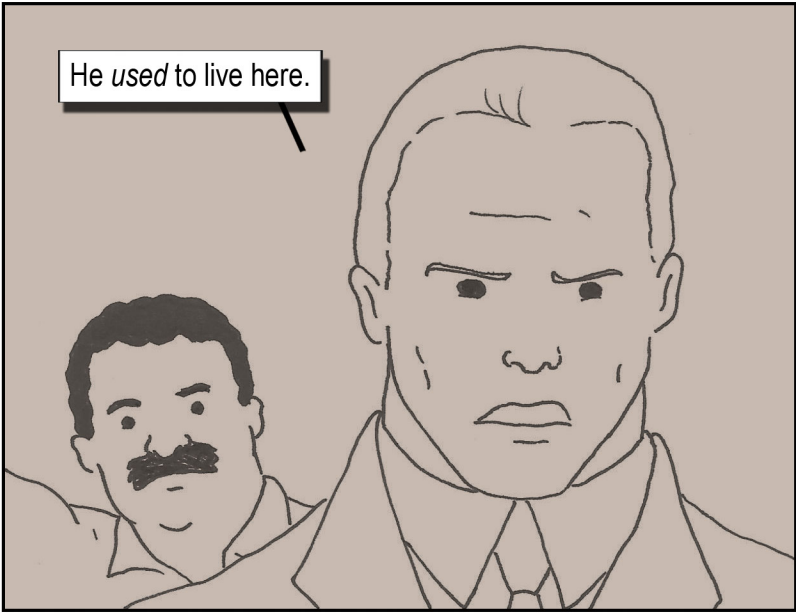
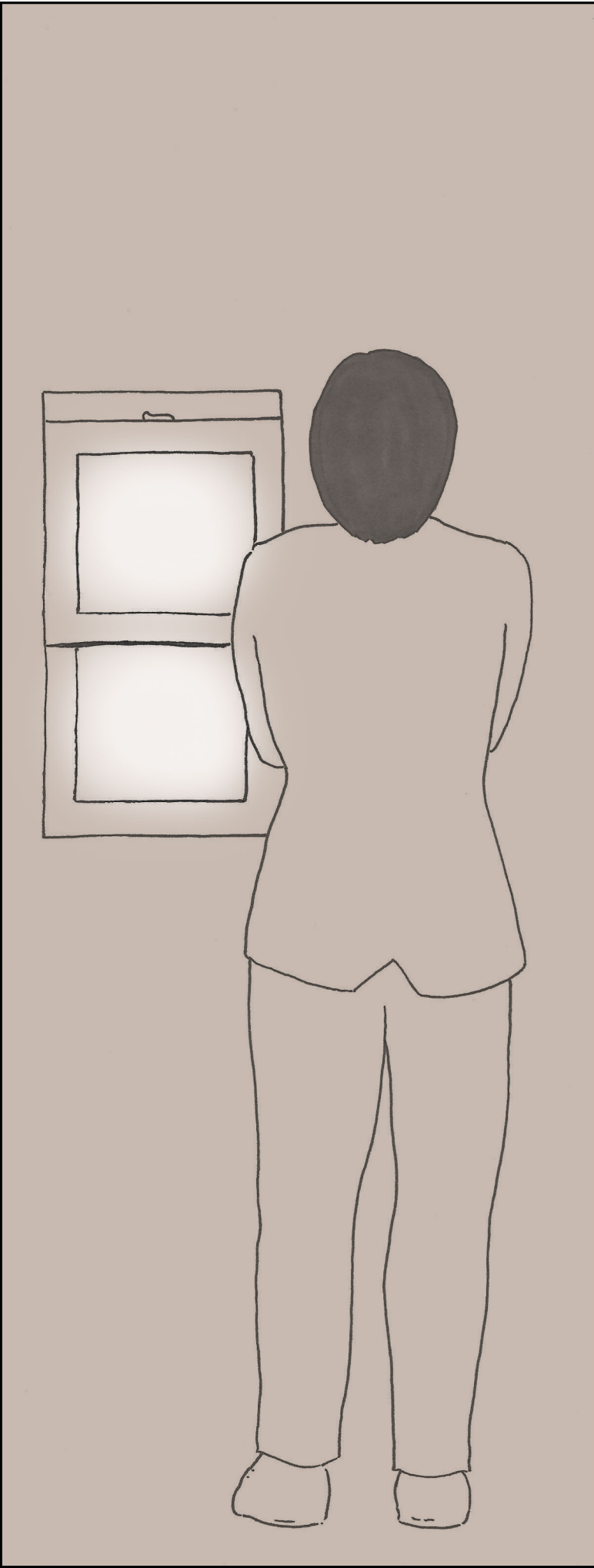


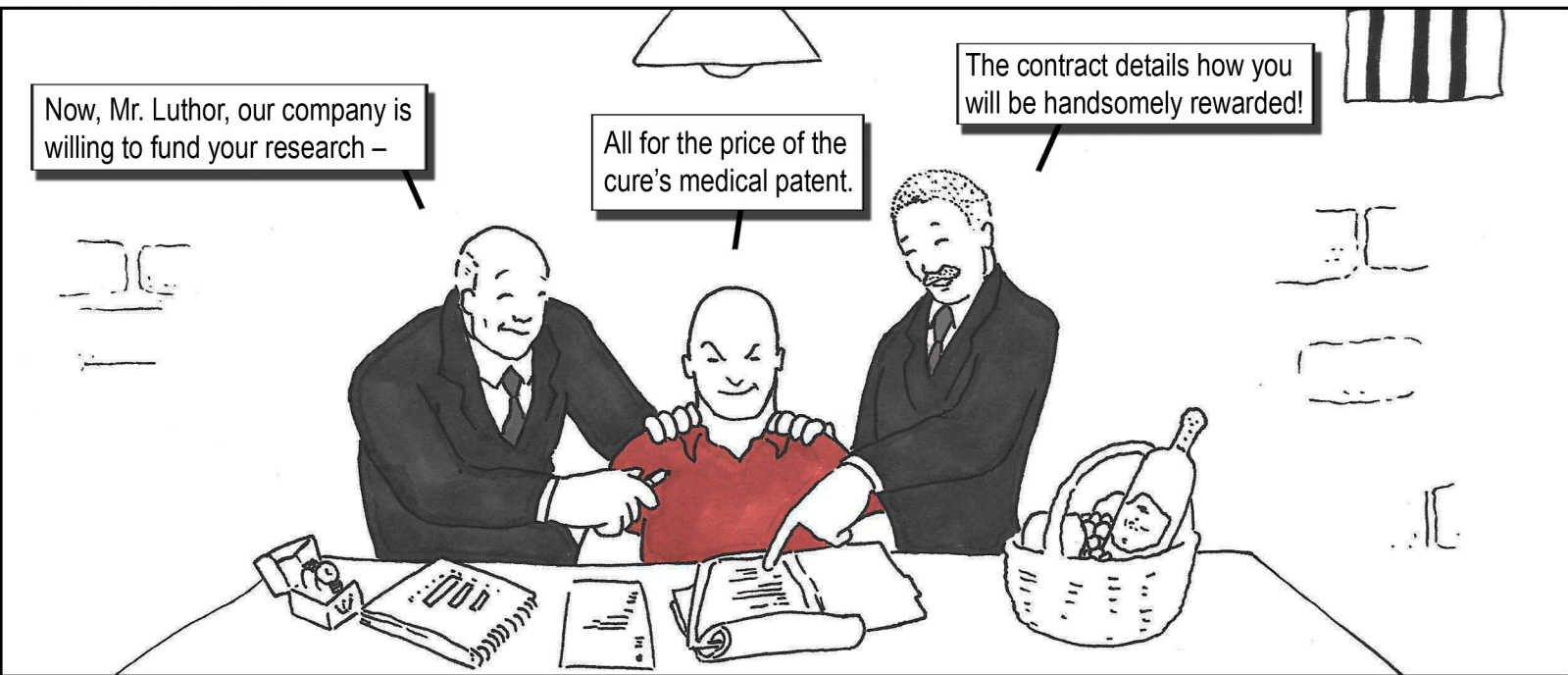
Are you Kent?

No! I'm Trevor, damn it!
Colonel Steve Trevor!

Alright, calm down! Somebody named
Kent called me to repair the fuse box.



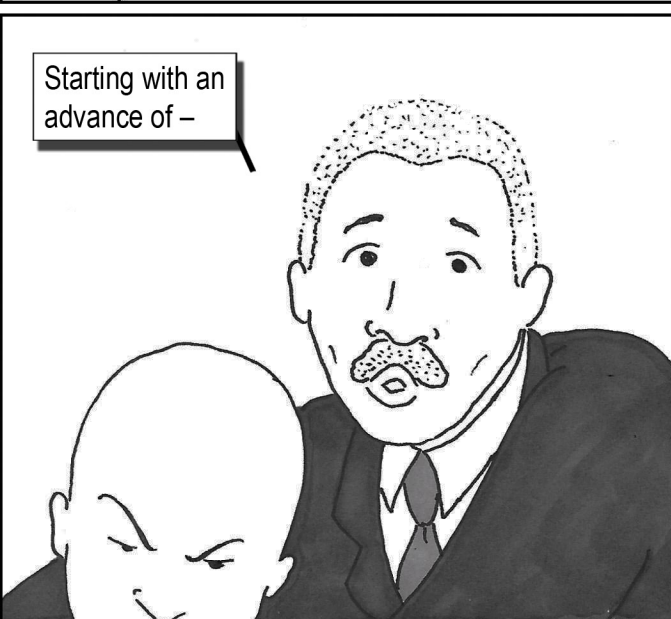




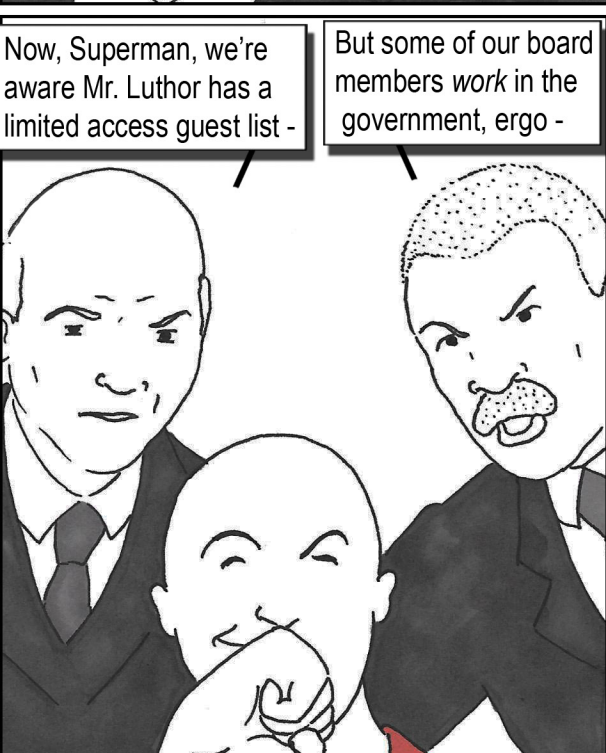
Now, Mr. Luthor, our company is willing to fund your research –

All for the price of the cure's medical patent.

The contract details how you will be handsomely rewarded!

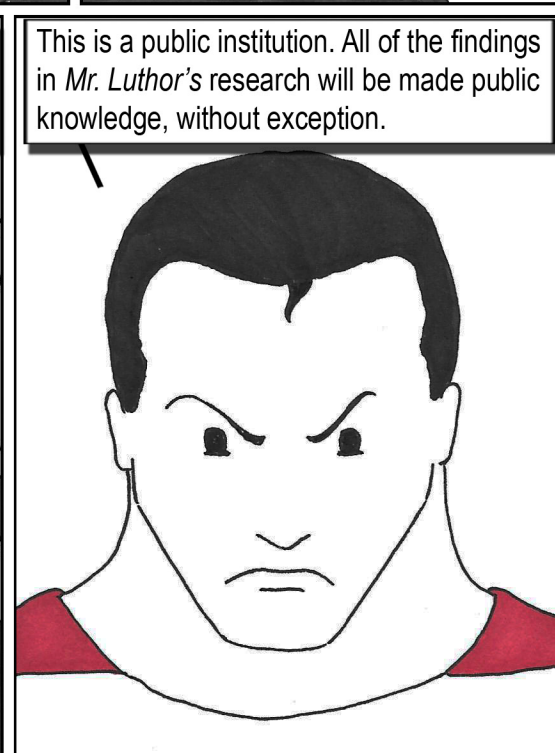


Starting with an advance of –



Now, Superman, we're aware Mr. Luthor has a limited access guest list -

But some of our board members work in the government, ergo -



This is a public institution. All of the findings in Mr. Luthor's research will be made public knowledge, without exception.



Well, it's a *government* institution, so, as I said, those government officials are –



What? Is your super-vision suddenly clouded by the color orange?

I'm Lex Luthor!

No one would dare.

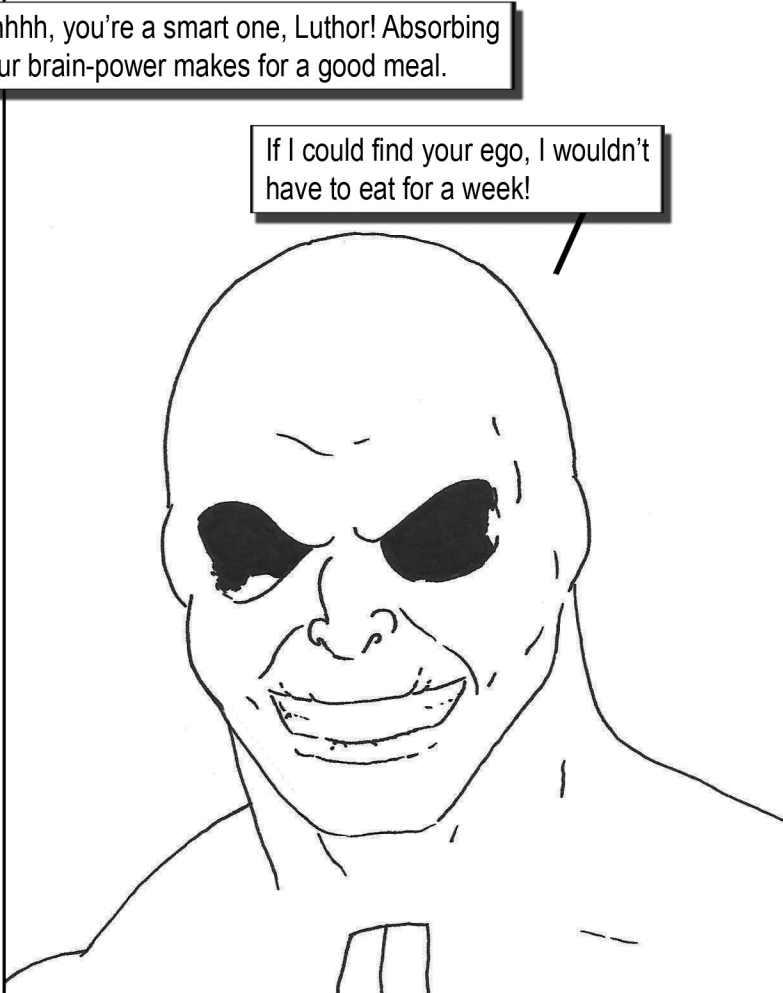


My thoughts exactly!

Bastard.



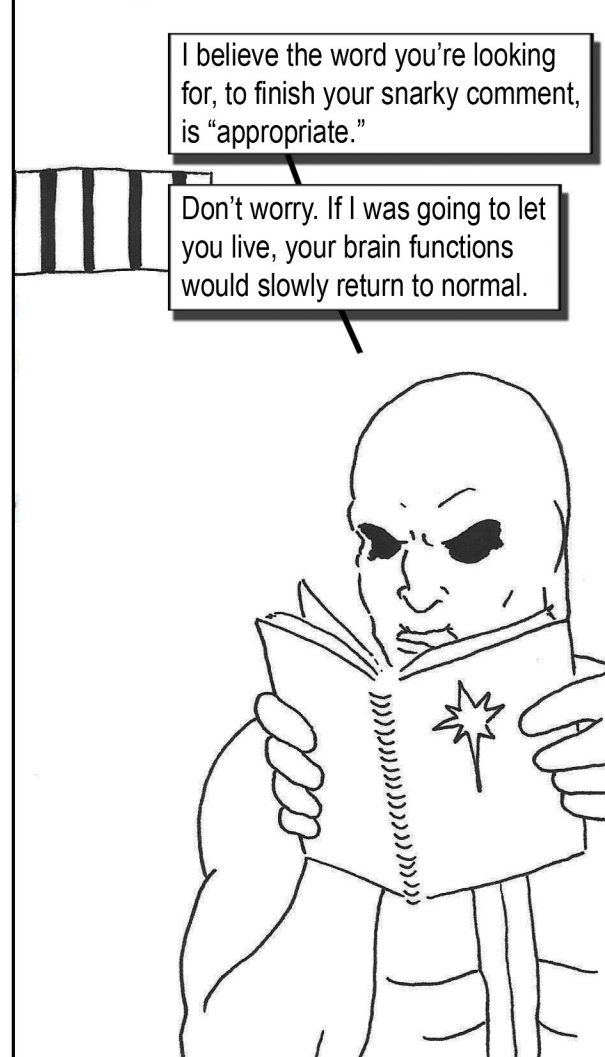
Ohhhh, you're a smart one, Luthor! Absorbing your brain-power makes for a good meal.



If I could find your ego, I wouldn't have to eat for a week!



Parasite. How... how...



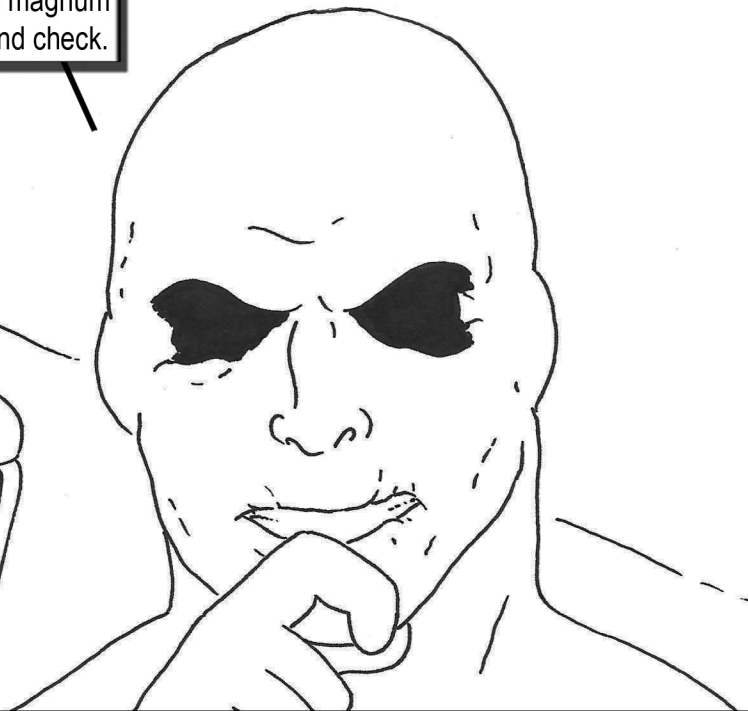
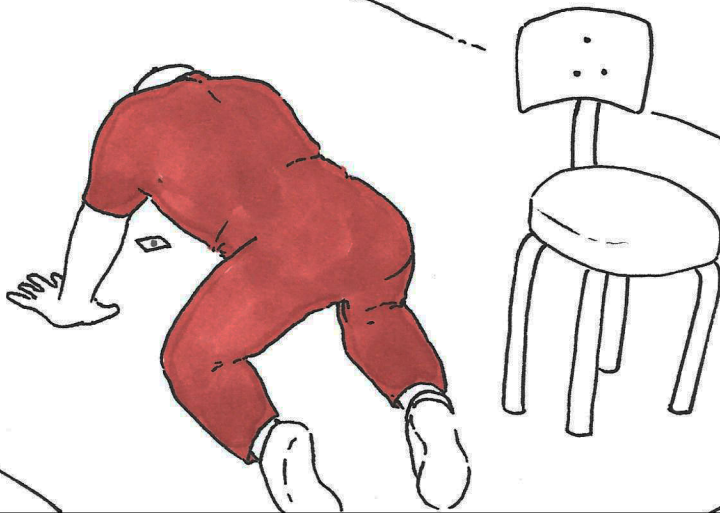
I believe the word you're looking for, to finish your snarky comment, is "appropriate."

Don't worry. If I was going to let you live, your brain functions would slowly return to normal.



*Unfortunately, your research is more valuable than **you**. Your big blue bodyguard has made Lex Luthor something of a liability to my clients and their investors.*

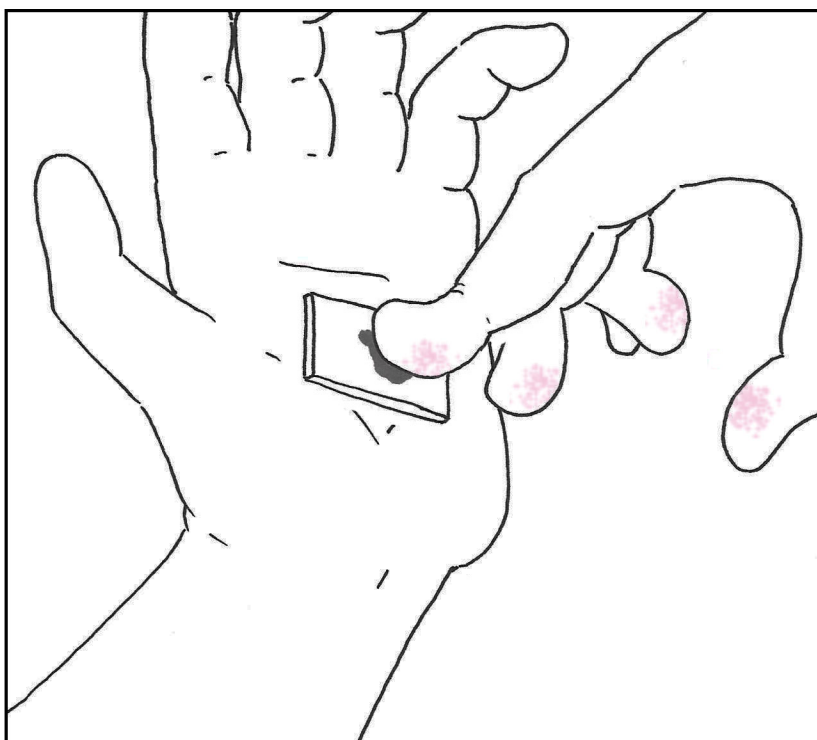
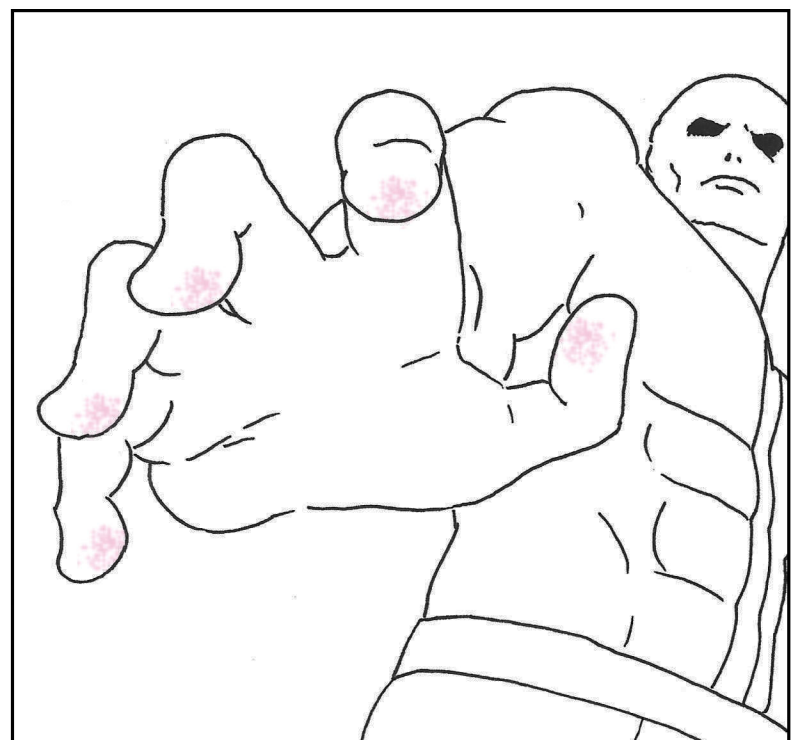
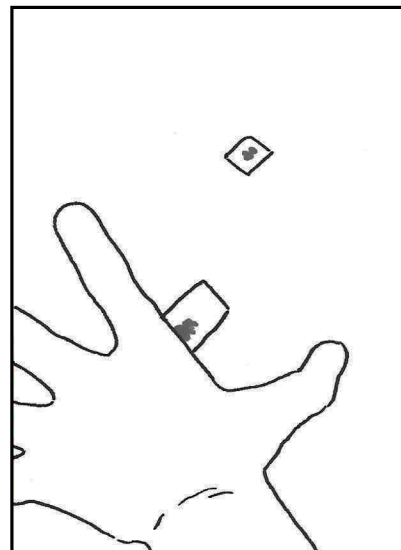
Notebooks, hard drive, Luthor witnessing his magnum opus being stolen from him - check, check and check.

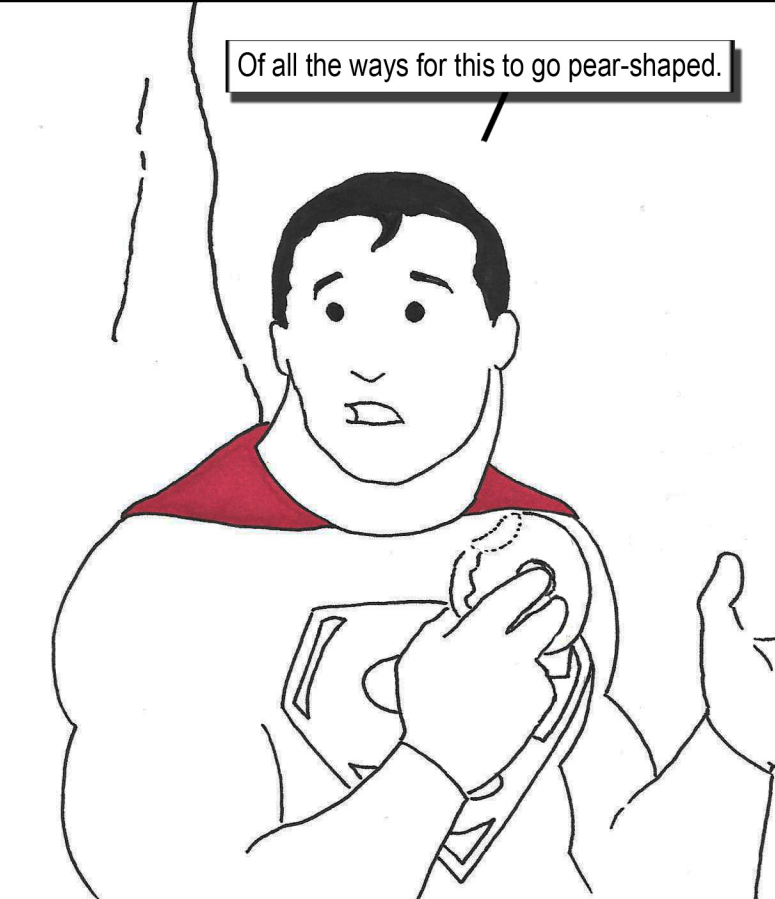
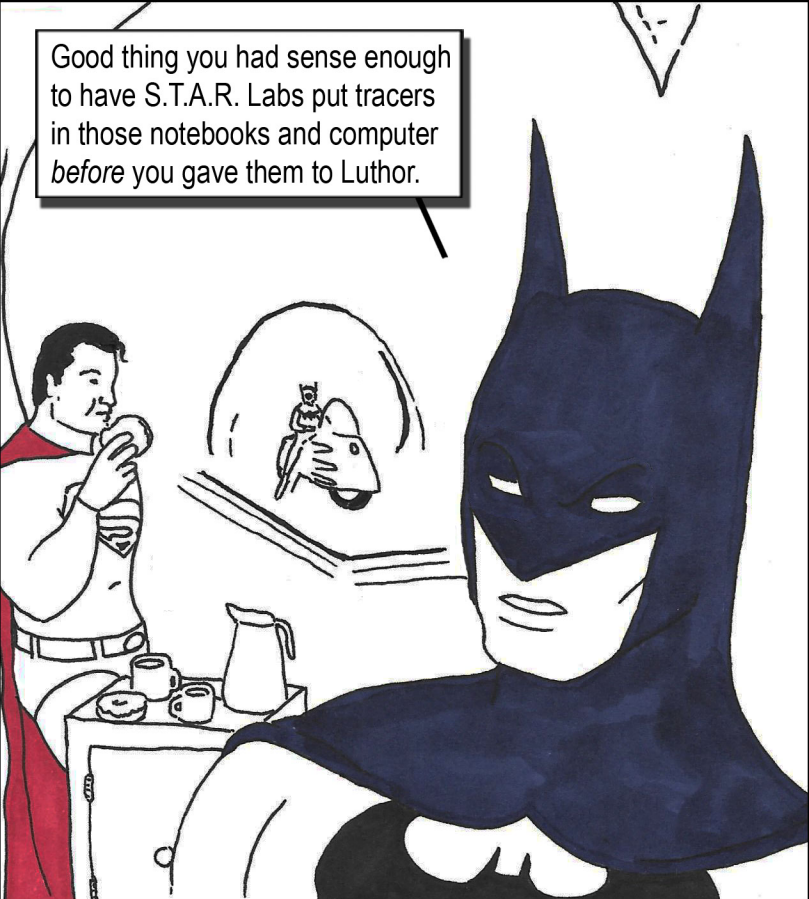
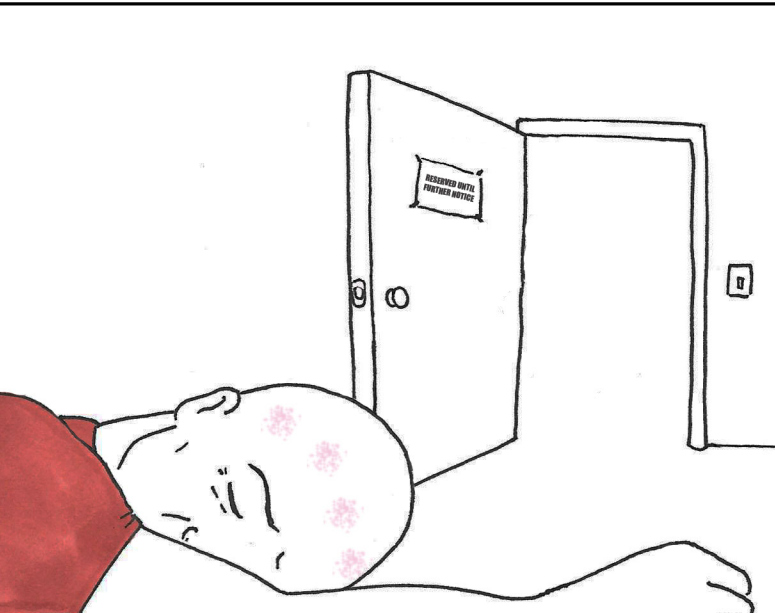
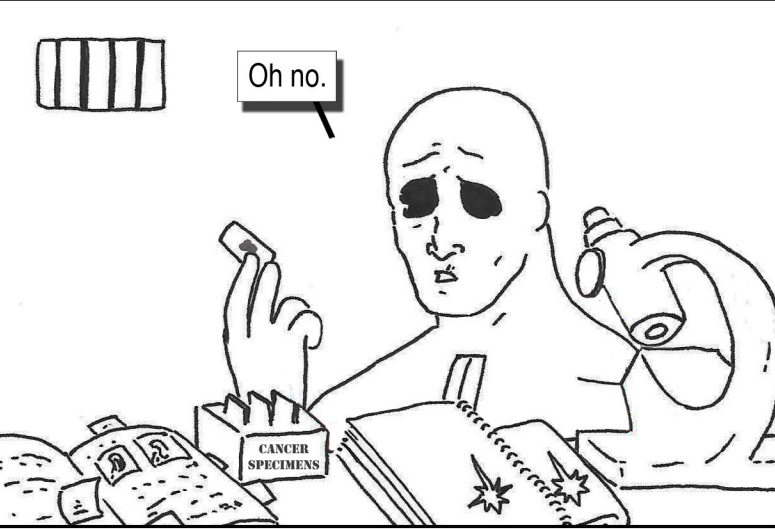
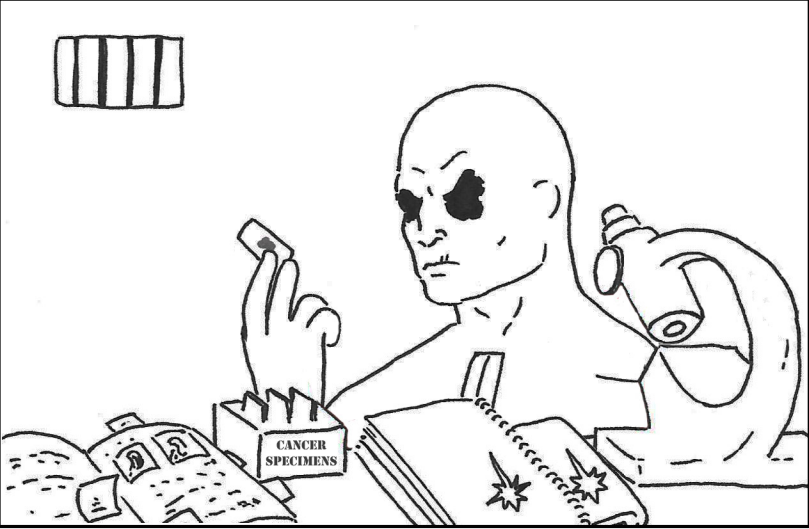


I'd love to stay and torture you further, but, what's most important...

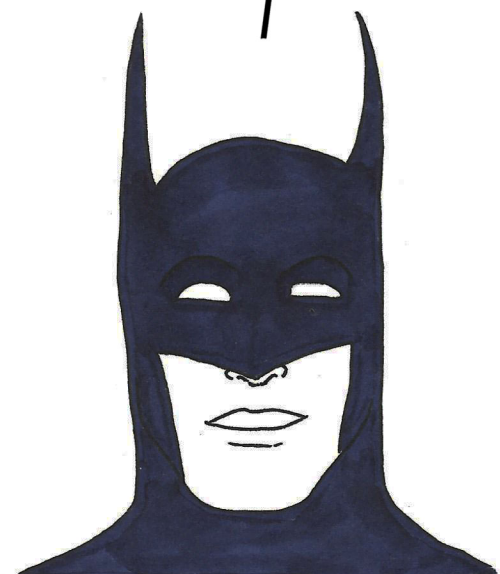


...is that you know who finally defeated you.





Corporate espionage not high on your radar, Clark?



"Corporate espionage"? What a civilized way of saying "the same old gang warfare."



I promise not to cry this time.

It's alright.



Yeah, he's made lots of women cry.

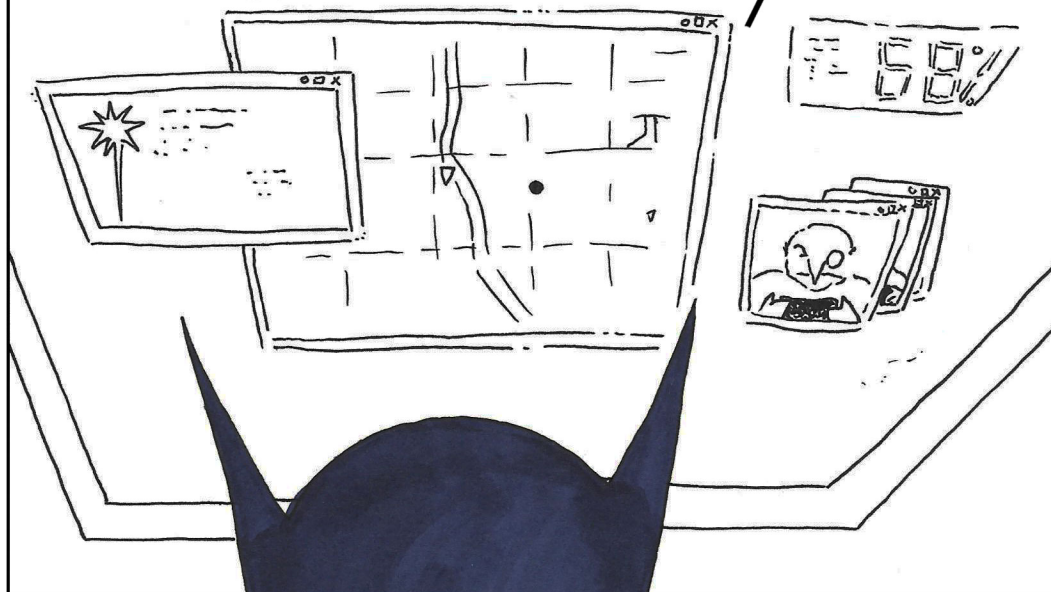
I doubt that.



Just the one.



I know where they've taken the goods. Should be a simple extraction. We can handle that.



I can -

You can follow the paper trail to which corporation is leasing that warehouse - and expose them in a news article as the villains who tried stealing the cure for cancer.

A "cure for cancer."

You really think he'll do it?

Bloody hell.

Where am I?

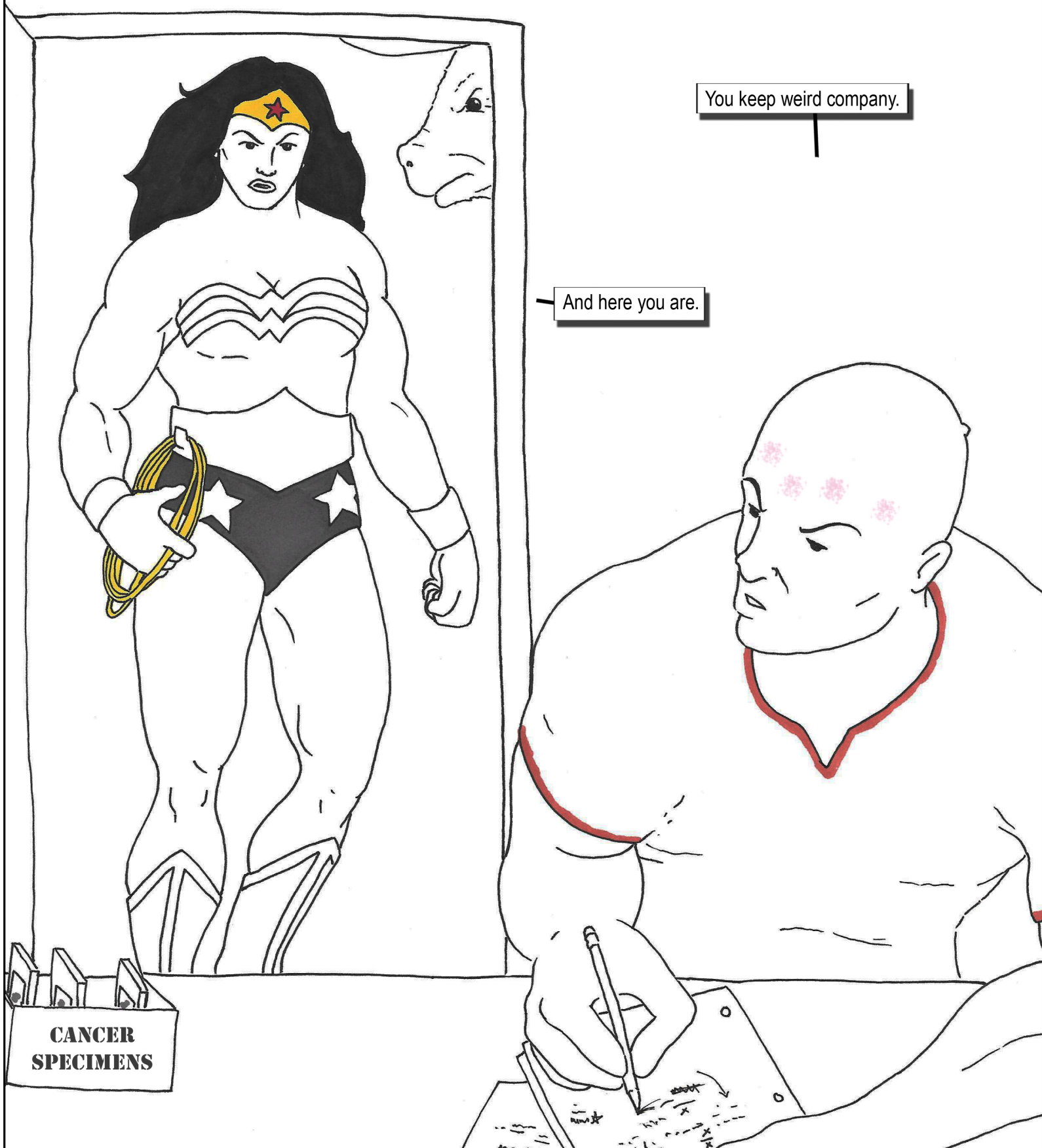
I demand to know my jailers!

Thank you, Ferdinand.

You keep weird company.

And here you are.

**CANCER
SPECIMENS**



Since you are not safe to continue your humanitarian research in prison, this lab and other suitable living arrangements have been established for you, here, in the Themiscyran embassy.

As gilded cages go, I could do worse.

Was it Superman who busted me out of the clink?

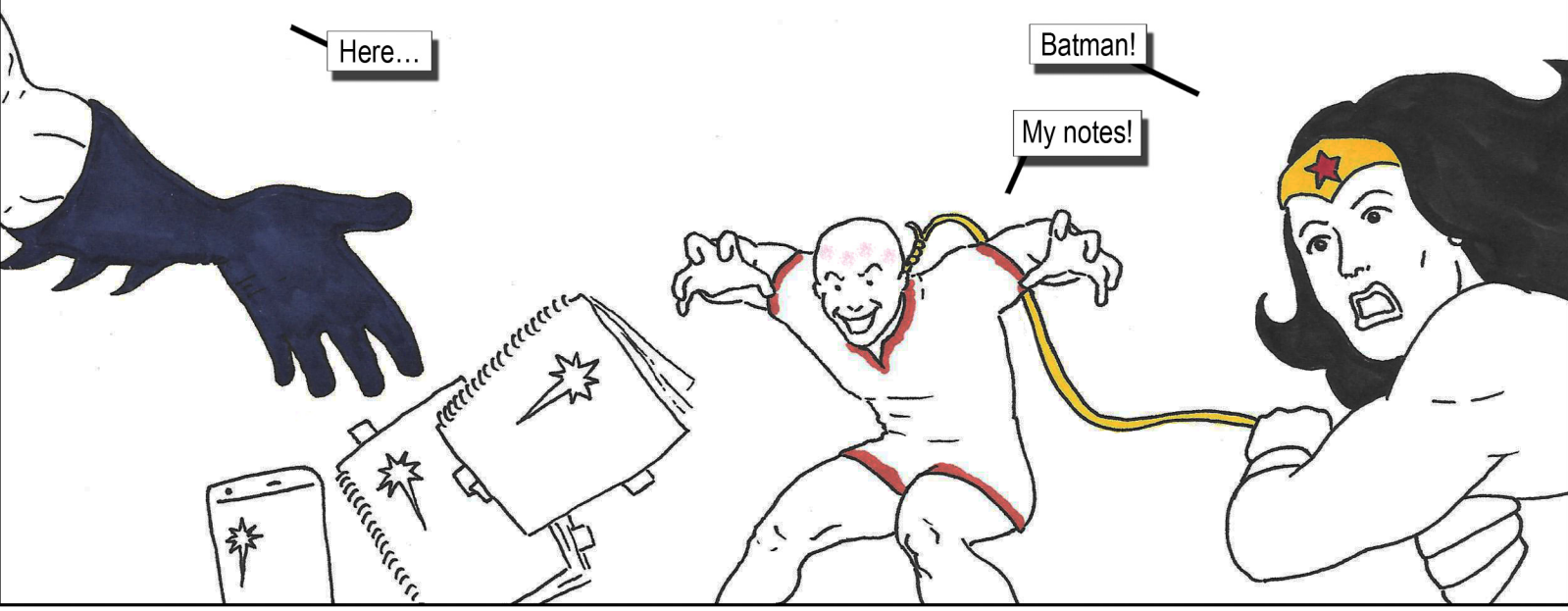
Ha ha ha ha! Oh, how the Boy Scout has fallen.

Gk!

Why do you hate him?

Because I'll never *be* him.

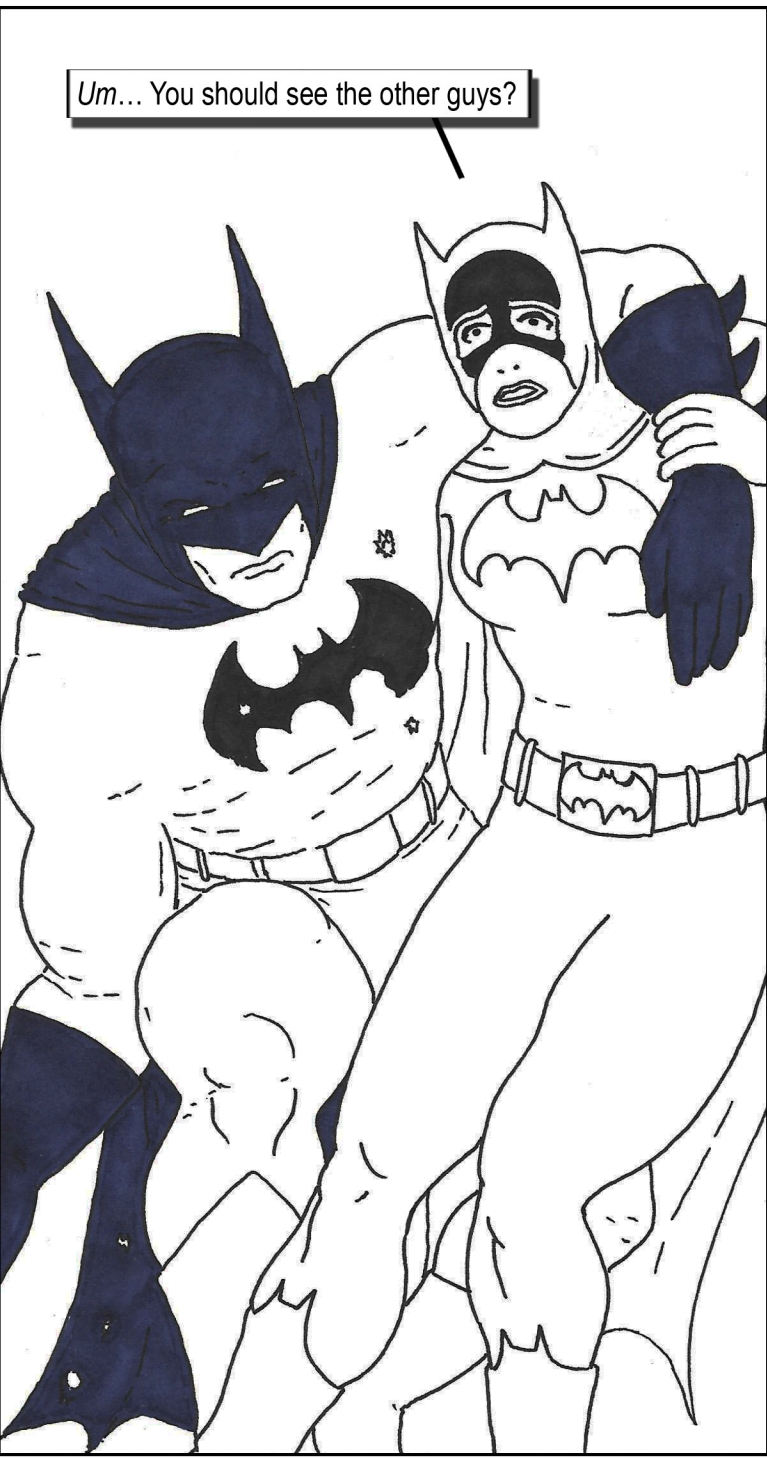
Where are my notes? And the hard drive? I can master this equation. I'm so close to solving it! I'll be the one!



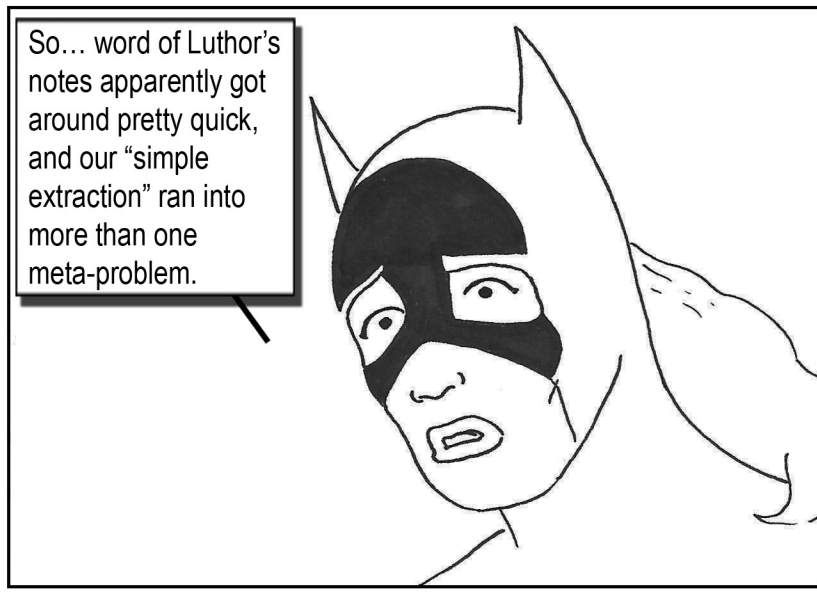
Here...

Batman!

My notes!



Um... You should see the other guys?



So... word of Luthor's notes apparently got around pretty quick, and our "simple extraction" ran into more than one meta-problem.



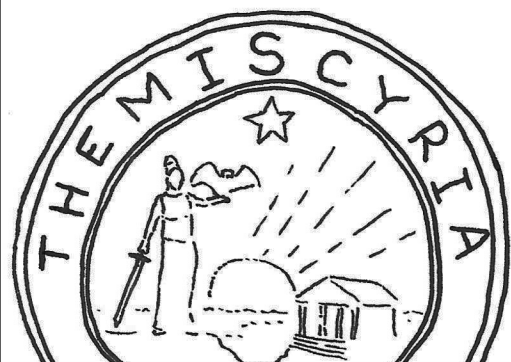
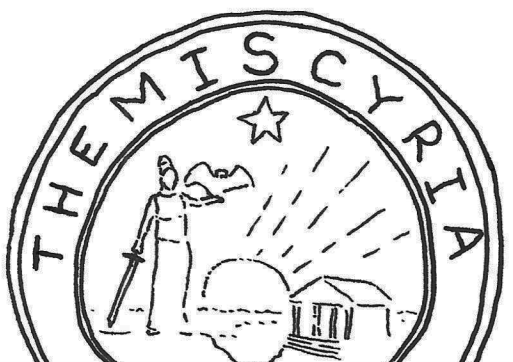
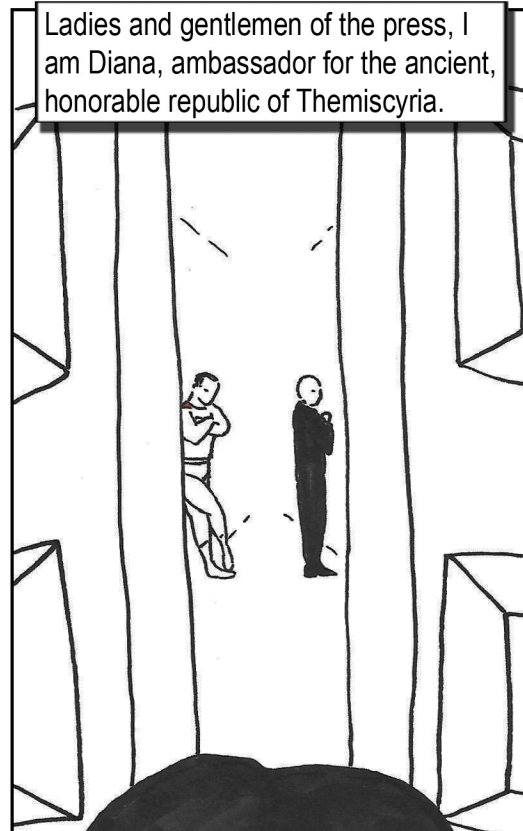
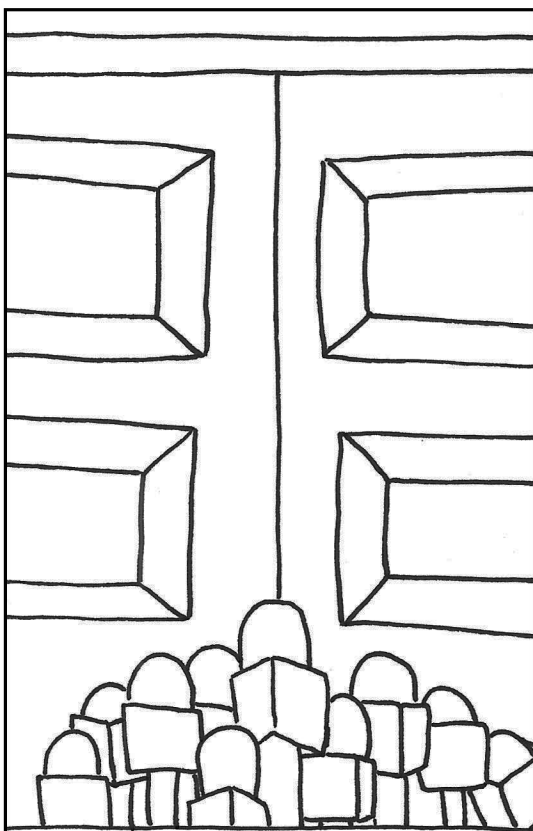
Fortunately, this embassy's medical bay has an opening.

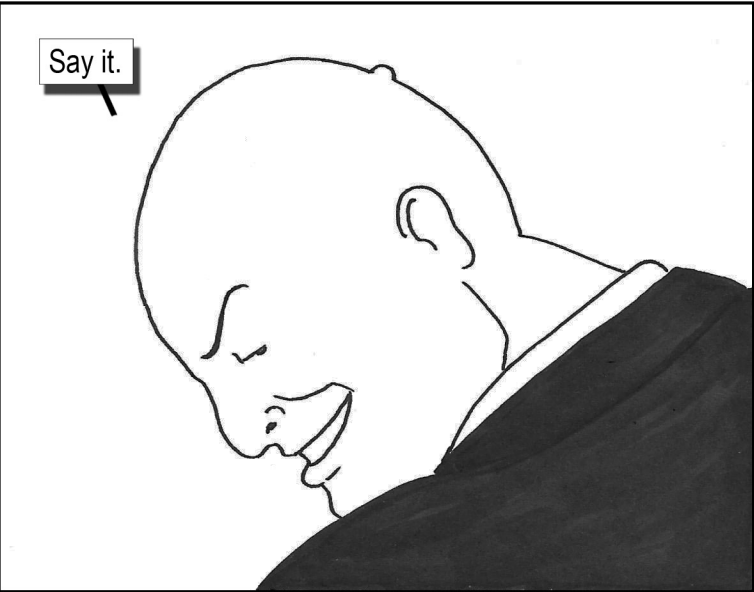
I've got a guy...

Don't let's be proud.

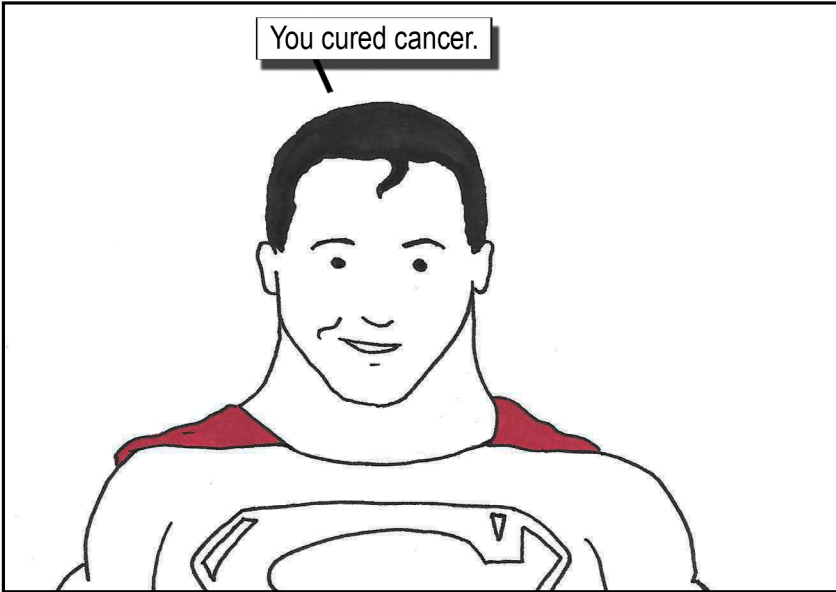


Ladies and gentlemen of the press, I am Diana, ambassador for the ancient, honorable republic of Themiscyria.

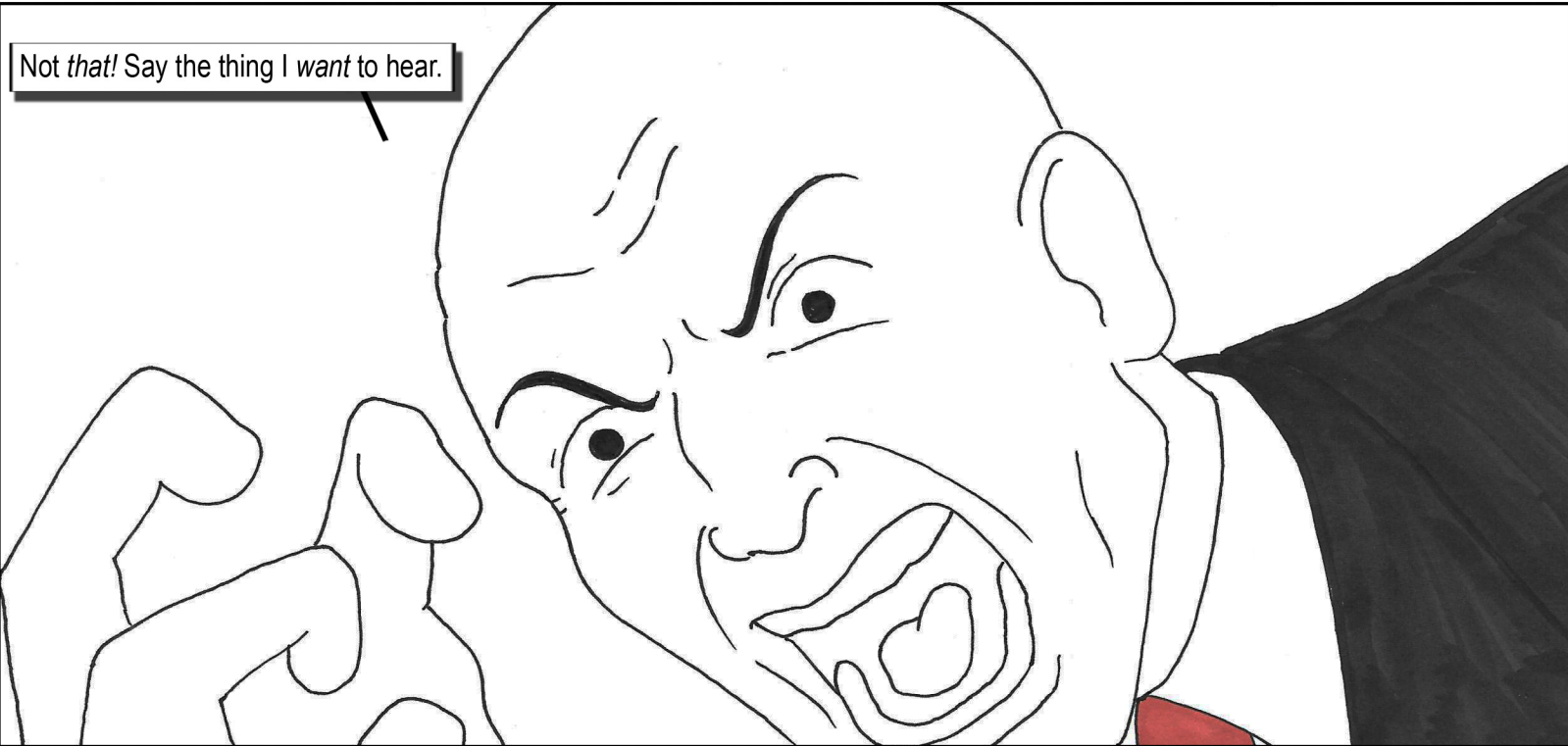




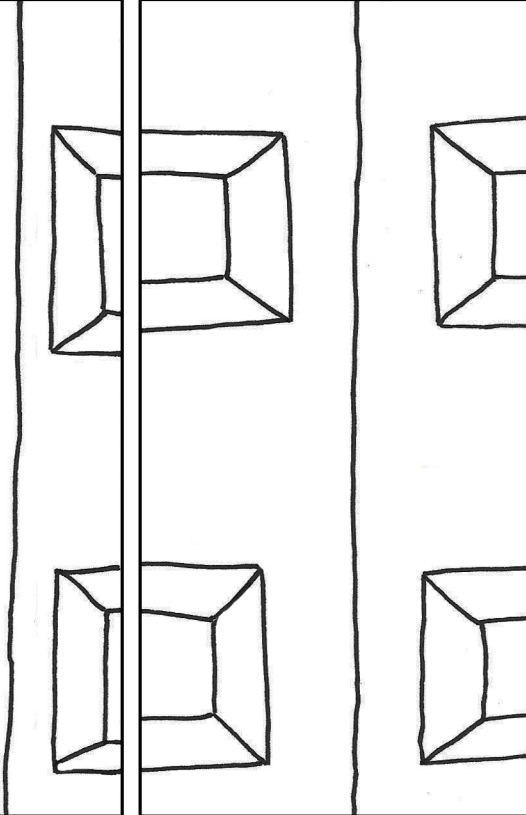
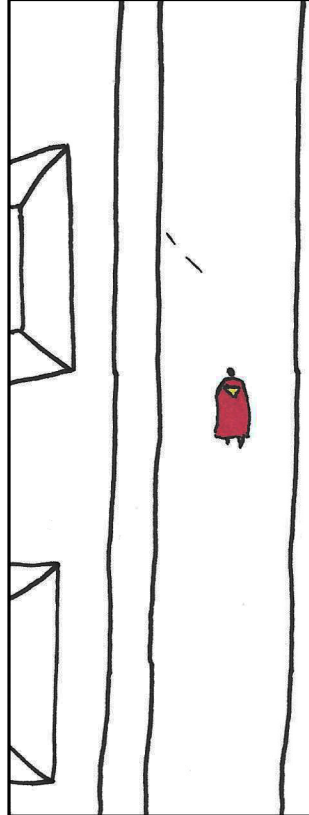
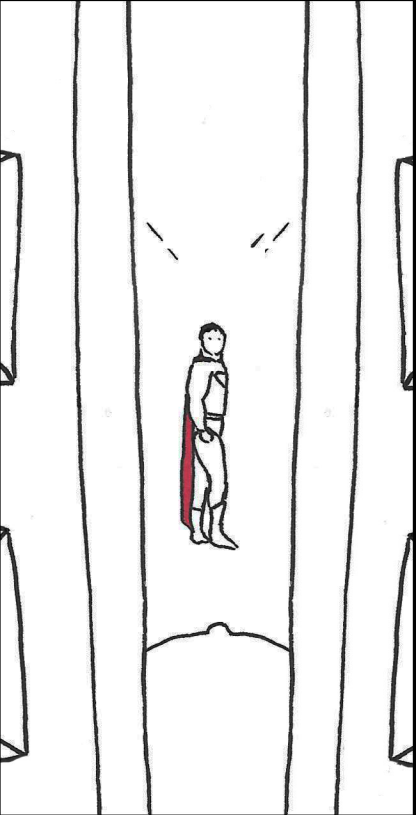
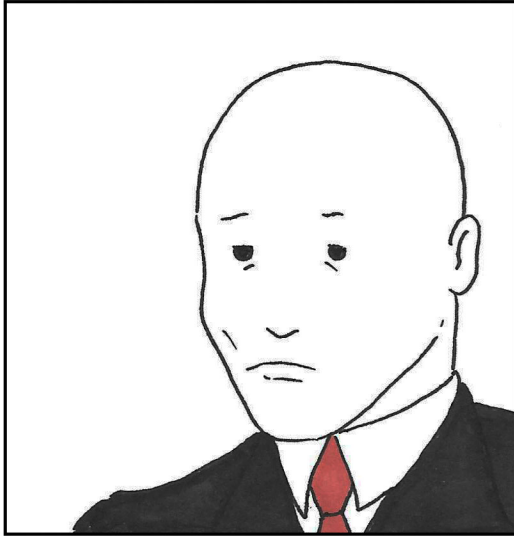
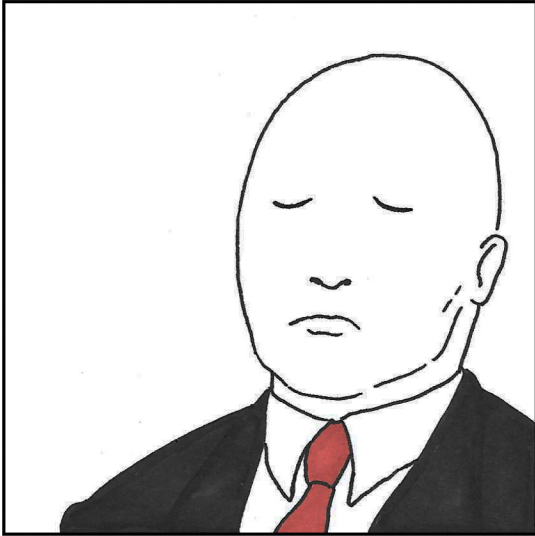
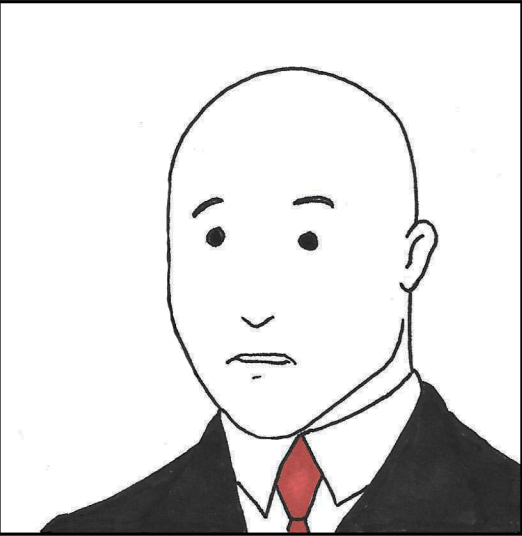
Say it.



You cured cancer.



Not *that*! Say the thing I want to hear.



SUPERMAN

VERSUS CANCER

BY STEPHEN SONNEVELD

Superman
Created in 1933 by
Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

Lunar photography image credits: NASA

Mister Mxyzptlk
Created in 1944 by
Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

Plastic Man
Created in 1941 by
Jack Cole

Ma and Pa Kent
Created in 1939 by
Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

Gleek the Space Monkey
Created in 1977 by
Hanna-Barbara

Beppo the Super Monkey
Created in 1959 by
Otto Binder and George Papp

Captain Marvel
Created in 1939 by
C.C. Beck and Bill Parker

Bizarro
Created in 1958 by
Otto Binder and George Papp

Bizarra
Created in 2016 by
Stephen Sonneveld

Dr. Wilson Farr and S.T.A.R. Labs
Created in 1971 by
Len Wein and Curt Swan

Metallo
Created in 1959 by
Robert Bernstein and Al Plastino

Martian Manhunter
Created in 1955 by
Joseph Samachson and Joe Certa

Bane
Created in 1993 by
Chuck Dixon, Graham Nolan and
Doug Moench, with Denny O'Neil

Lita Alquería
Created in 2016 by
Stephen Sonneveld
The artwork for Lita's "stylized"
Bane tattoo is by Kelley Jones
from Batman 497 (1993)

Lex Luthor
Created in 1940 by
Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

Green Lantern
Created in 1940 by
Martin Nodell and Bill Finger

Green Lantern Hal Jordan
Created in 1959 by
John Broome and Gil Kane

Green Lantern Guy Gardner
Created in 1968 by
John Broome and Gil Kane

Batman
Created in 1939 by
Bob Kane with Bill Finger

Batgirl
Created in 1961 by
Bill Finger and Sheldon Moldoff

Batgirl Barbara Gordon
Created in 1967 by
William Dozier, Julius Schwartz
and Carmine Infantino

The Atom
Created in 1940 by
Ben Flinton and Bill O'Connor

The Atom Ray Palmer
Created in 1961 by
Julius Schwartz, Gardner Fox
and Gil Kane

Hawkman
Created in 1940 by
Gardner Fox and Dennis Neville

Hawkwoman
Created in 1940 by
Gardner Fox and Dennis Neville

Wonder Woman
Created in 1941 by
William Moulton Marston

The Flash
Created in 1940 by
Gardner Fox and Harry Lampert

The Flash Barry Allen
Created in 1956 by
Robert Kanigher and Carmine Infantino

Lois Lane
Created in 1938 by
Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

Steve Trevor
Created in 1941 by
William Moulton Marston and
H. G. Peter

The Parasite
Created in 1966 by
Jim Shooter and Al Plastino