

Art & Story by Curtis Dykstra  
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# Super-Crew

## Solar

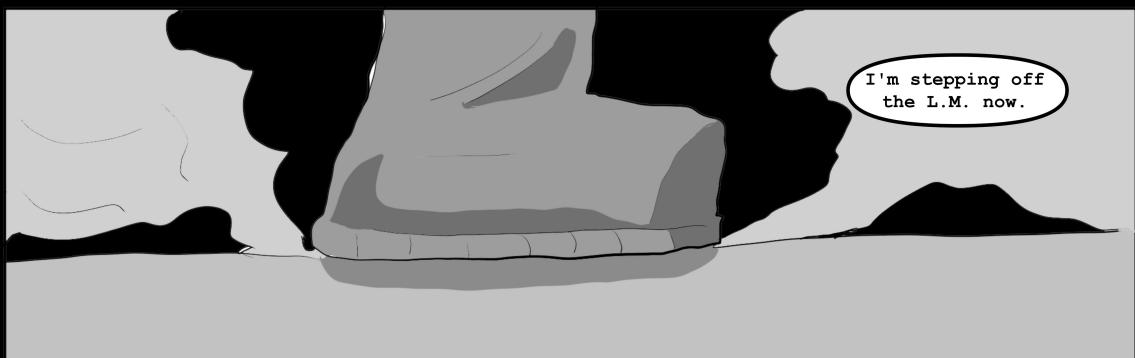
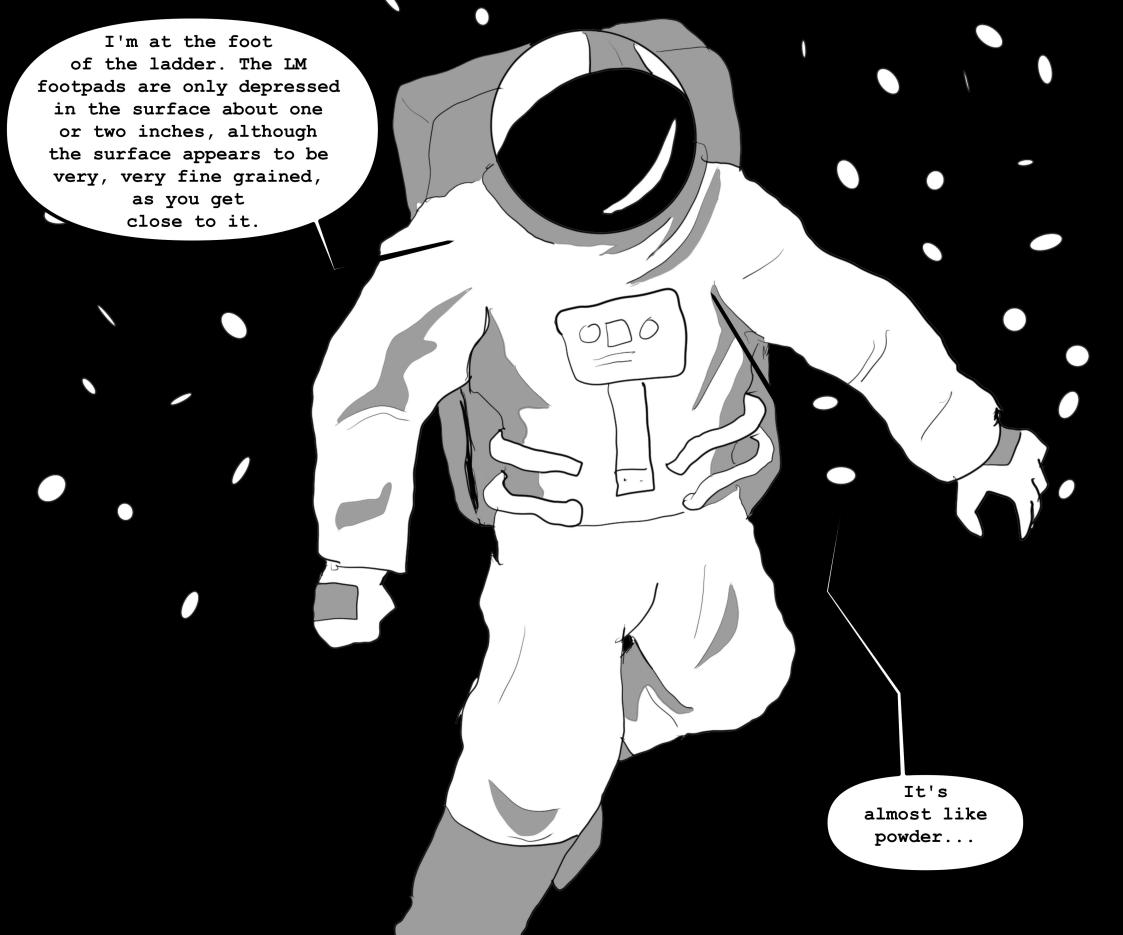
#1



**NEW COMIC-CON  
Exclusive Cover!**

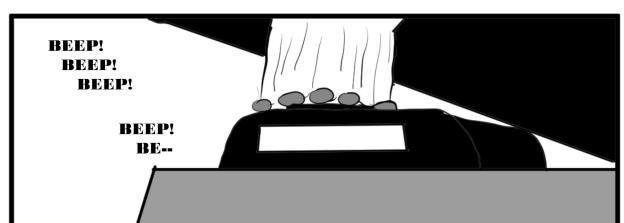
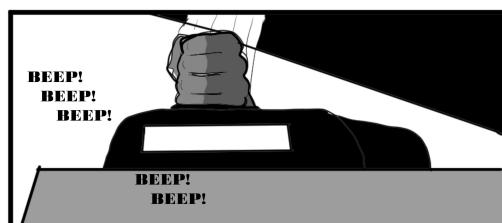
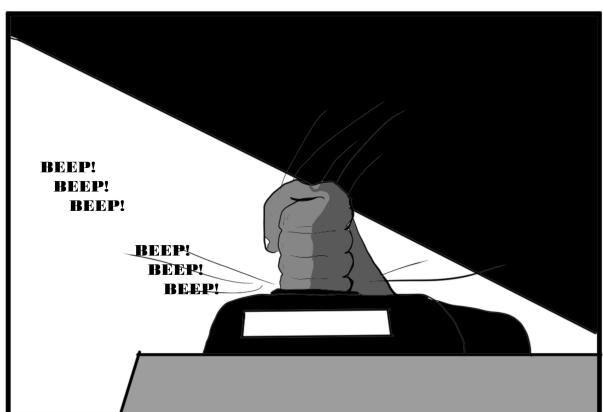
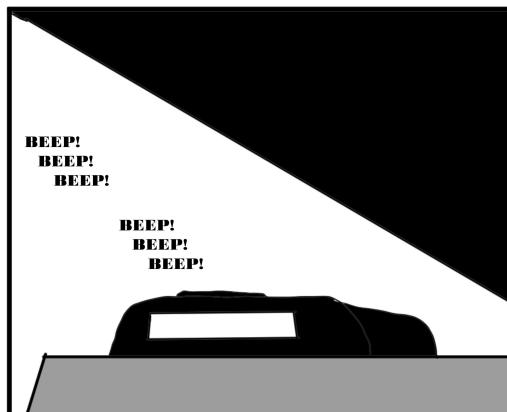
The  
WANDERER

-July 20, 1969-





the  
WORTHLESS  
-2022-





She means well. I know she does, but that doesn't really help. She doesn't get it. She has no idea. She doesn't know what she's talking about.

I mean...

I don't either but she definitely doesn't.

Y'know, Jan, It's amazing. The Supes destroy a city and brawl in the streets and what does the government do?

Pour millions into fighting them.

But a city is destroyed, and all of the residents lose their homes and what do they do?

Deny help.

It isn't as simple as that, Mark. Shouldn't they put more effort into ensuring it doesn't happen again?

Sure, but what have they done to prove they could successfully do anything anyway?

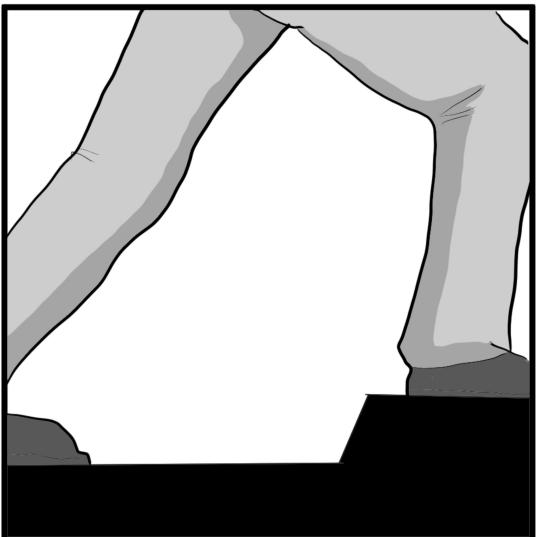
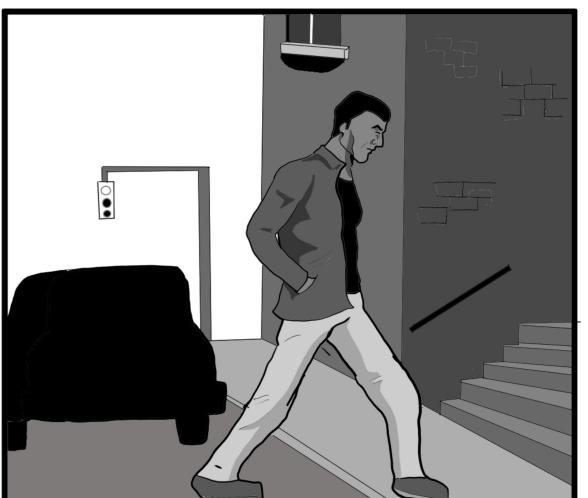
I mean, look at the "Powers Team". Steroided cops who haven't been successful in catching even one member of the elusive Super Crew--

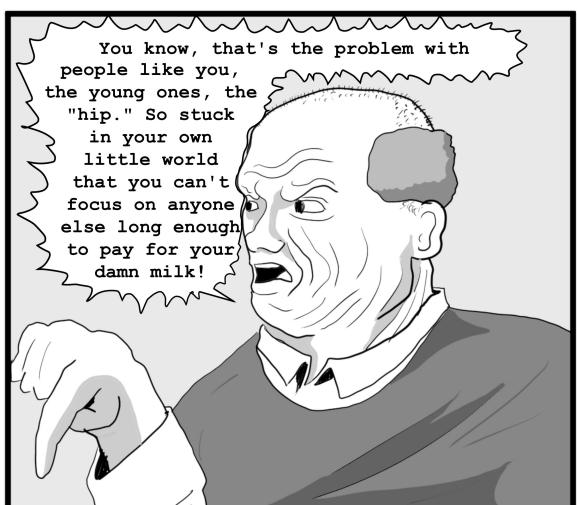
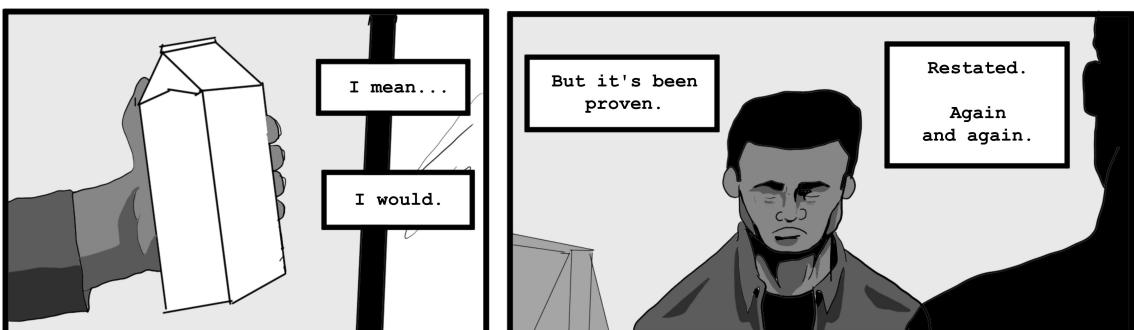
When I was a kid, I decided I wanted to learn how to play the drums. I don't have a rhythmic bone in my body, I can't even hum without upsetting everyone around me. But I was determined, and my sister had learned how to play once.

So, I looked at lessons online. Maybe it was a silly place to start, but it was all that I could afford on my own. I... my parents never had money, and I didn't want to burden them. So I learned on my own. I spent hours, days practicing. Using every lesson I could find, every piece of info that could help.

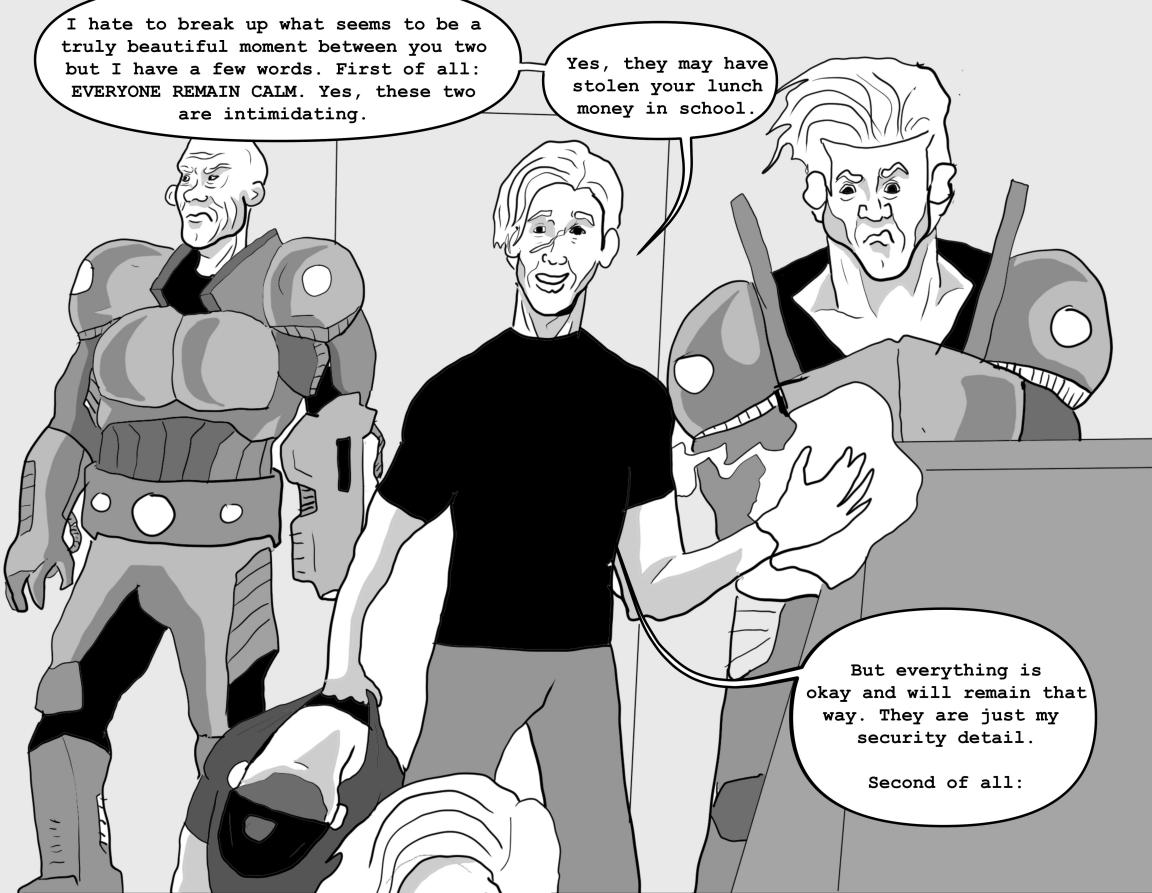
I played with heart, I dedicated myself to it. But that rhythm? That instinct? I never got it. No matter how much effort I put in, no matter how many hours I tried, no matter how much I cared, I just couldn't do it. So, naturally, I lost my temper, as I always did. Threw my drumsticks at the wall and went into my room to sulk.

My dad came storming into my room not long after, drumsticks in hand. He asked me what happened, why I did that. He told me not to throw things in his house. I apologized, but said I was done playing. I wasn't any good and I hated feeling that way. He looked at me, as stern as I have ever seen, and told me:













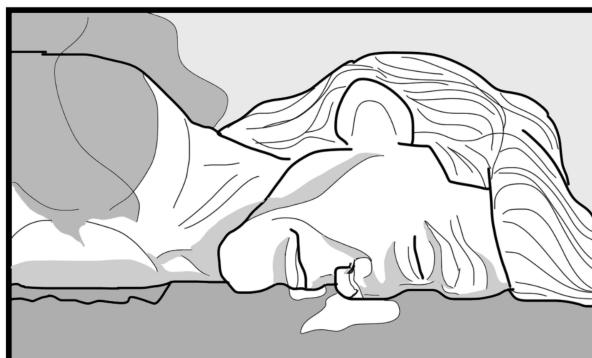




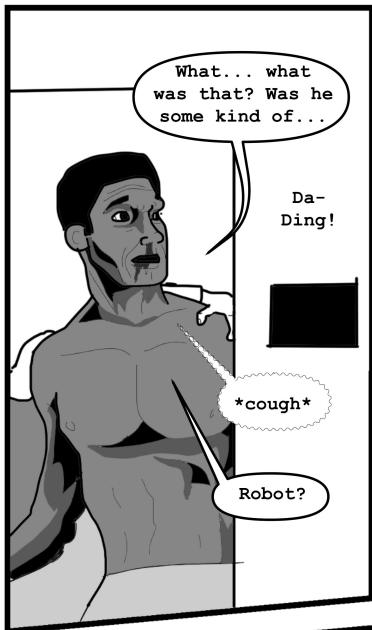


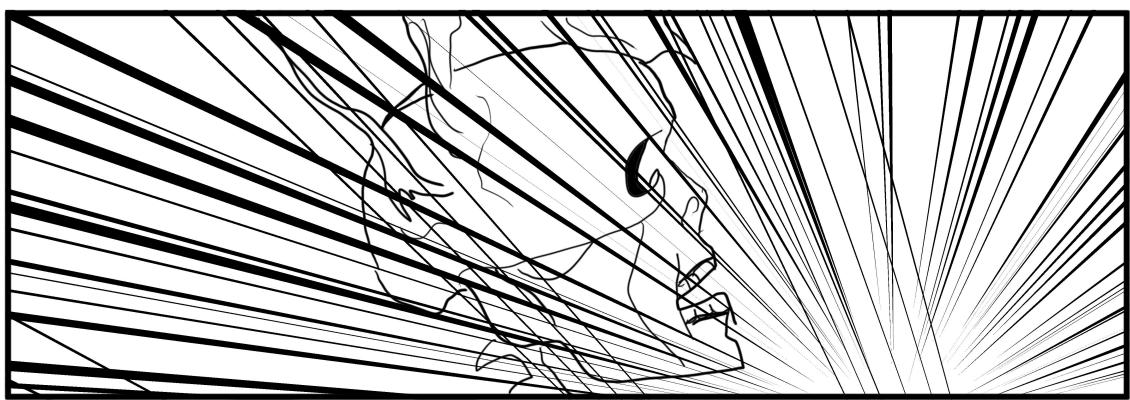


















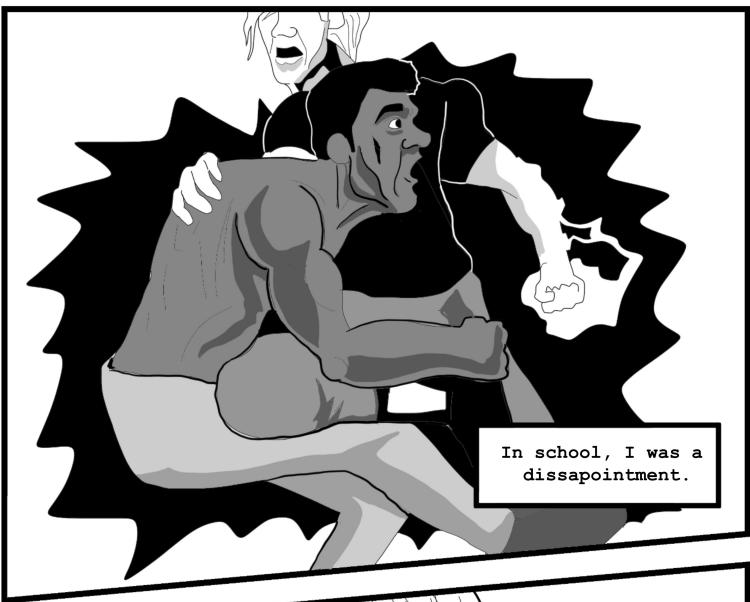




I always felt like  
no matter how hard  
I tried, it would  
never be good enough.



I've been a dormant,  
lazy, punching bag  
my whole life. Unable  
to prove myself.



In school, I was a  
disappointment.

I left my  
family behind.

I gave up on  
my dreams.

I stopped trying  
at work.



I couldn't help it. It's like it was  
there inside of me. Waiting. Waiting  
for me to show the world how  
incapable I truly am.

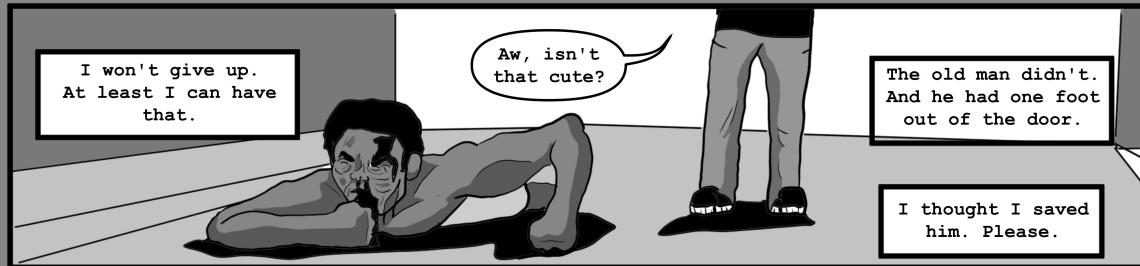


My  
parents  
knew.

Angie  
knew.









Hmph. That was good.  
Now, I better make a  
swift departure or  
face the Powers Team.

This was fun  
though.

We should do it  
again sometime. Ha.



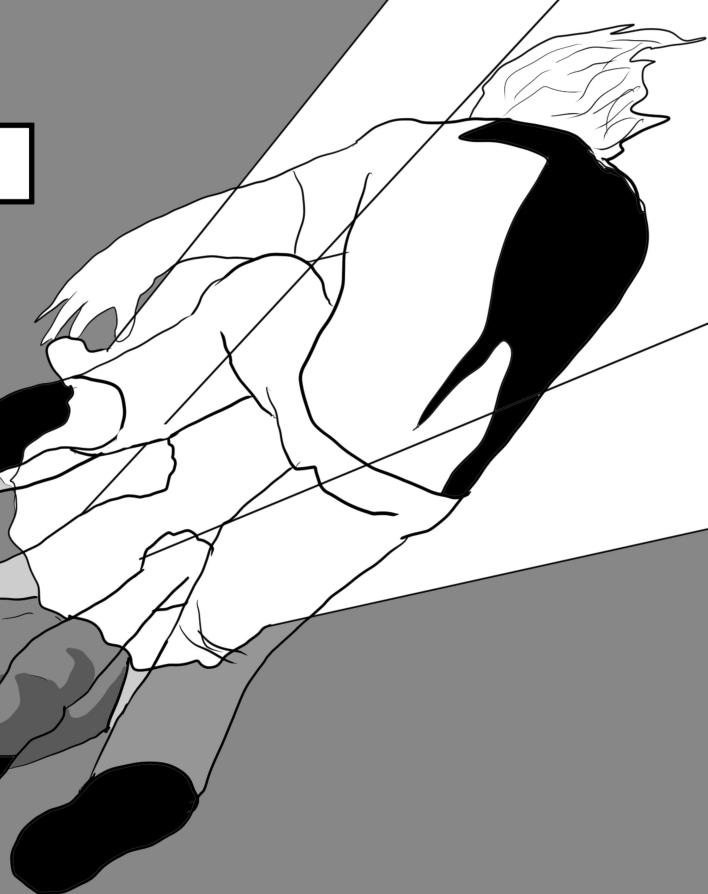
Obviously,  
you won't be  
able to. That  
was a joke.

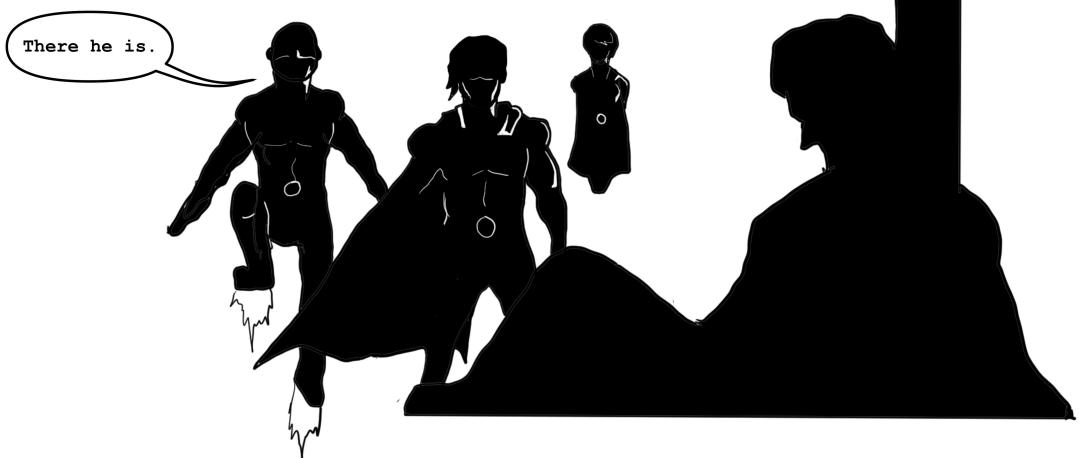
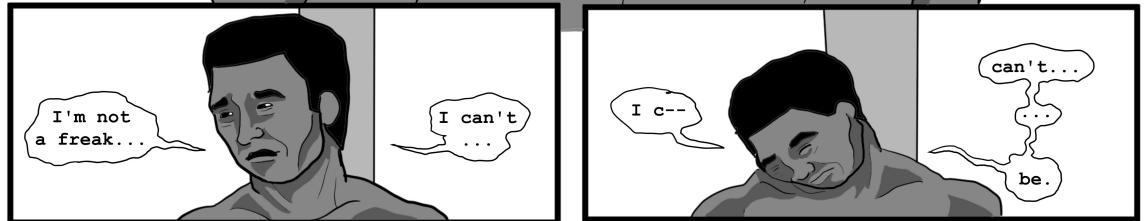
You could lau--

What the hell--

I'm worthless.

Or am I?





the  
LONELY  
- 6 hrs later-

Location: Unknown





Are we sure?  
Sure he saw what  
we think?

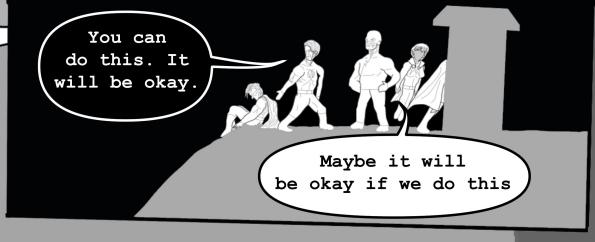


I'm sorry, Mind-Man,  
but we're losing. We need  
every edge we can get.

We need  
you to do  
this. Now.



Yes.  
Sure  
enough that  
we need to  
do this.

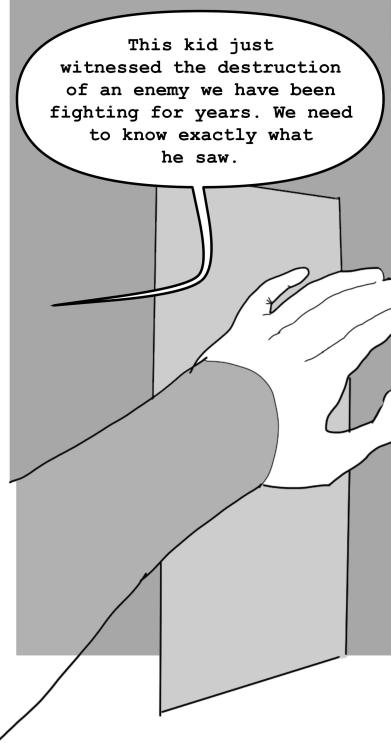


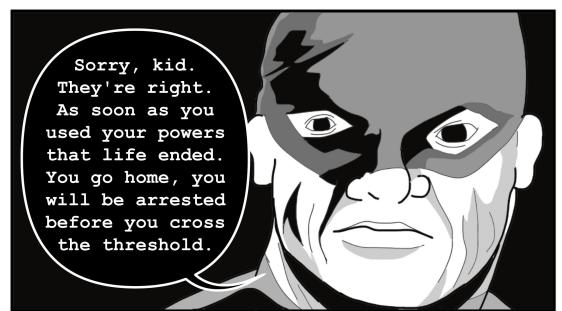
You can  
do this. It  
will be okay.

Maybe it will  
be okay if we do this

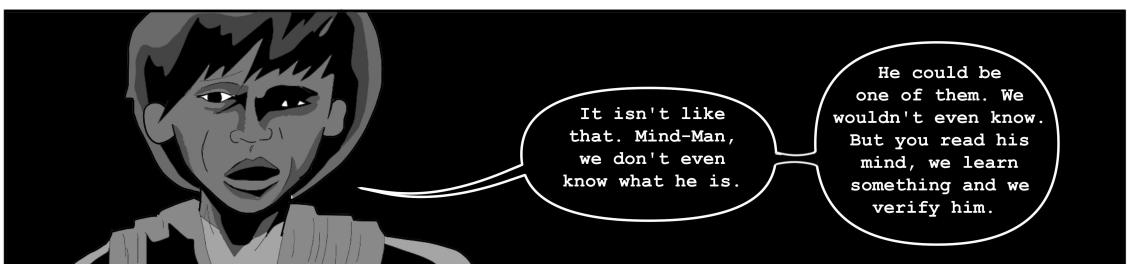










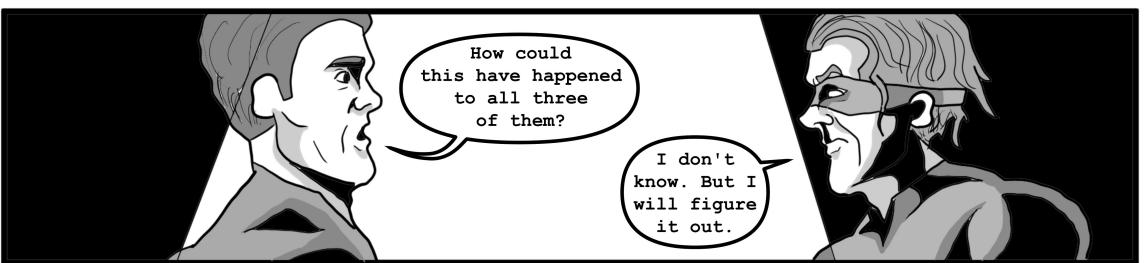
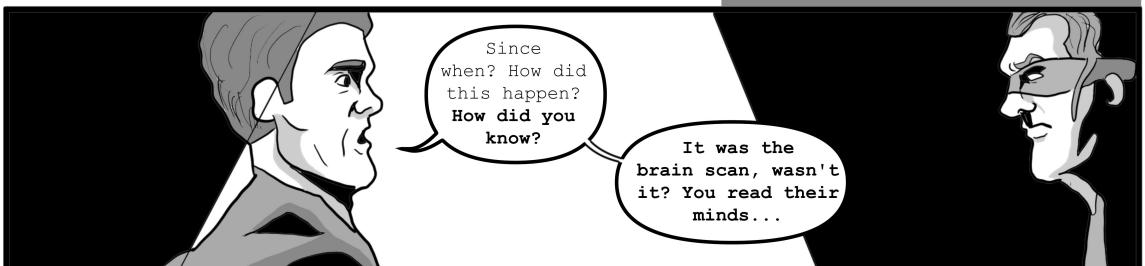


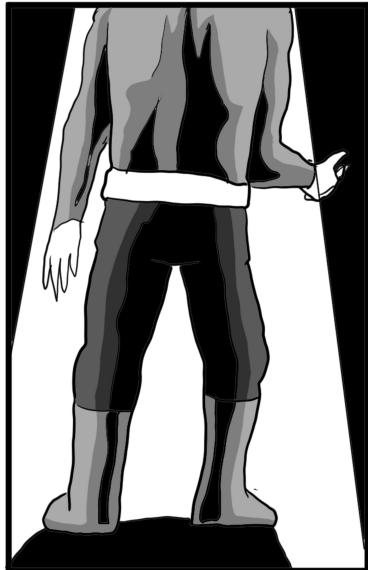


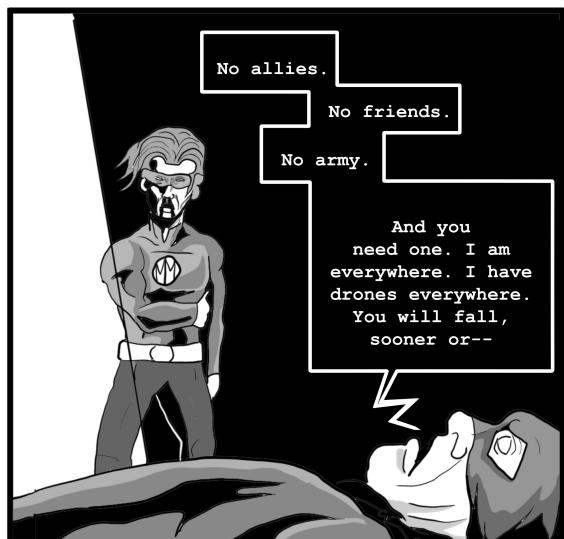
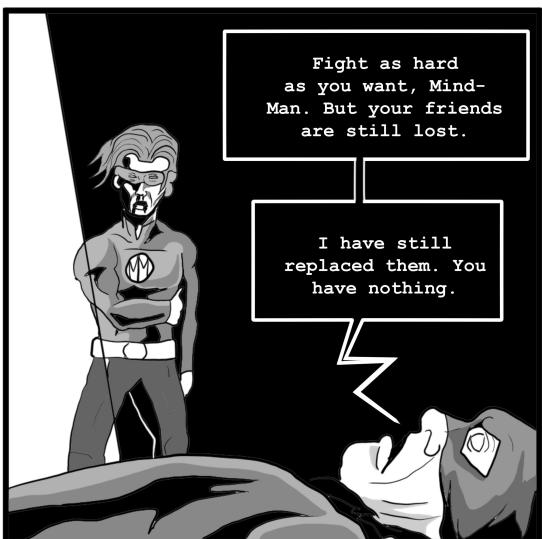














Am I okay?

AM I OKAY?

Our world is at war. Everyday we are losing every front, every battle, every opportunity we take is lost as our enemies grow.

New York is rubble and the world blames us.

We have supervillians rising in the chaos.

Murderous aliens in the skies above us.

An army of androids among us.

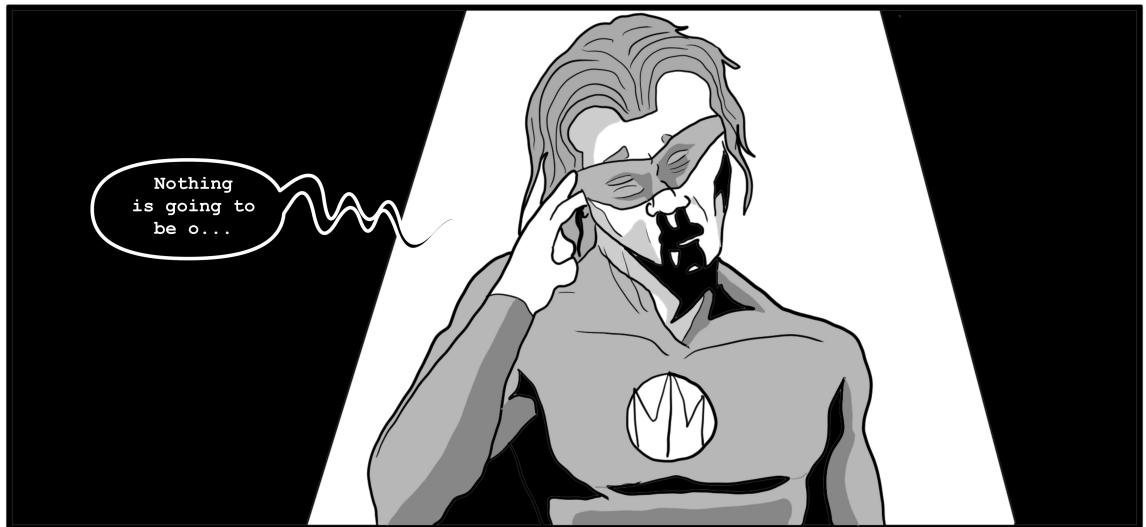
And a government hunting us, one that would rather see us and the world burn rather than help us save the damn thing.

And now, Earth's greatest heroes, the only people who truly knew about the threat, have been irreversibly compromised.

Gone, missing, just like that.

Am I okay?

NONE of us are f\$@^Q&^ okay.





Hey, man, you  
okay? Any chance  
you can let me  
go now?

This has  
been the weirdest  
day.

Not scary  
at all....

