

*FROM THE DESK OF  
CLARK KENT*

Perry White, Editor-in-Chief  
Daily Planet  
Metropolis, USA



Dear Mr. White,

It is with a heavy heart—indeed, it feels as if my heart is made of steel—that I hereby tender my resignation as reporter for the Daily Planet, effective at the end of the calendar year.

You have been my boss, my mentor, and my editor for 75 years now. You were at my wedding. I consider you a friend, and for that reason I want you to know why, after three-quarters of a century, I am leaving the employ of Metropolis's award-winning newspaper. Simply put, it's the stress. I just can't take the stress.

Since 1938, I've done whatever it's taken to get the story, whatever and wherever the story has been. When you've said, "Leap!" I've asked, "How high, sir? As high as a tall building? Higher?" However high I've had to go to, I've gone there, usually in a single bound, in the name of journalism. But going that high can bring a man low, and lately I've been feeling pretty low indeed. I think I need to keep my feet on the ground for a while, so to speak. I think I now need to go not up, but away.

(Of course, it isn't just my job that's been taxing. I've always felt like a second-class citizen in Metropolis, like an outsider, as if people see me as a mild-mannered sucker—with a big, capital S.)

So I'm going out of town for a while. I'm going to spend some time on the Cape. I've always liked the sound of "the Cape." It sounds cozy. I'm going to soak up some sun and recharge my batteries. I plan to build model ships. Maybe ships in bottles. Maybe even a whole city in a bottle or something. I have no reservation about telling you that I really just can't stand to be bottled up in this city any longer myself, and I trust that you'll appreciate my candor. I might also stay with a friend in Gotham for a while. He lives a fairly relaxed life of leisure.

We've been through some interesting events, you and I have, Perry: worker strikes; pencil shortages; near-total destruction of the Planet building (more than once!); temporary ownership of the paper by Lex Luthor; temporal instabilities in Metropolis due to the B13 Virus; and so many more. Do you remember when the Planet was the Daily Star... then the Daily Globe... and, for one very strange, dreamlike day, the Mxyzptlk Mirror? I'm glad the Powers That Be finally settled on Daily Planet. A planet is stable. A planet is something that can never be taken away from you. Planets are forever.

Alas, my tenure with our beloved Planet wasn't meant to be forever, and so with a tip of my fedora I bid you farewell, Mr. White. It's been absurd, and it's been a pain, but all in all, I suppose, it's been super working with you.

Sincerely,  
*Clark J. Kent*