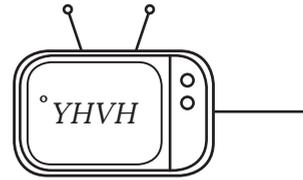


ON PANELS WITH POMEGRANATES AND INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC



Now one of the mistranslated passages said: “Kal-El™ trod upon fire
Without blemish. From a pillar of cloud on the mount,
From silver trumpet’s noise, the Tetragrammaton° arises: the desert.”
Therefore Jimmy bowed down his head and fell to the ground: “The stranger
From a strange land has entered into the House of El.” He wiped
His pale cheeks’ freckled spots as he had forgotten manna

And made petition of Kara for an omer of manna.
“O man,” she interceded, “the skies are adorned with fire
This day, so thou must not tarry long.” She wiped
Out the golden pot and lifted up her eyes. The mount
Seemed to stretch higher. “Without doubt the stranger
Born on Krypton™ shall lead us all through this wilderness of desert.”

Verily they had not forgotten milk and honey in the desert.
Kara was examining some cakes to pluck out worms bred in spoilt manna
When the tent shook and Bizarro stole in. “Peace, stranger!”
He wore a chain whereupon the words *No one* had been forged in fire
By alabaster hands. He said, “Henceforth shall those who gaze at the mount
Forget the Man of Tomorrow™, wounded and healed, unclean and wiped.”

Lois lifted her veil to draw nigh; the soles of her feet wiped
Holy ground. “Hear my voice,” she cried. “Kal-El™ – the alien, sent into the desert
One weeping wailing hour in a snare by that brutish, heart-hardened Luthor™, lying in wait to mount
An assault upon the people of manna –
In captivity, heard the voice of living fire
From the midst of the bush that was not burnt, and became a stranger

Sojourning among us. No other stranger
Hewed stone tablets on which the finger of God wrote, but then wiped
Away those laws while the camp worshipped the calf of gold moulded with fire.”
Bizarro clasped her. “Wrath doth wax cold in the desert.”
“Yea, I can no longer bear to stomach yesterday’s manna,”
Moaned Jimmy, his churning bowels longing for fullness from the mount.

14 A Very Special Episode

Yea, Lois spake forth, although no one gave her ear. And lo the mount
Shone yellow with the sun going down. "Nothing tastes stranger
Than the bitterness of my soul," mused Jimmy. "Save for manna
Which needs be sweetened. Peradventure would Mister Mxyzptlk deliver?" – he wiped
One nostril eagerly – "Reviled Kltpzyxm would only desert
Us on Earth-2 to make merry." Quiet at first, flames of fire

Descended upon the mount. They smelled of brimstone fire,
The stink of spoilt manna. Kal-El™ cowered and wiped
His tears: the stranger must stay when his people leave the desert.