



Superman Returns

by Batman

FLYMF August 2006, The Urinary Executive Theory Issue, Volume 3 Issue 8

In the immortal words of Socrates, “How quickly you cocksuckers forget!”

In the timeless phrasing of Bobby Kennedy, “You know what a pain in the ass it is playing second fiddle. I bet if they shot me, no one would give a flying colon.”

In the uncomfortable declaration of Robin, “It’s OK, I still love you.”

What’s all the quoting about? I’ll tell you. It’s that Goddamn Superman and his new movie stealing all my thunder. What about me? What about Batman? I dealt with Arnold, Clooney, nipples on my costume, and Joel Schumacher in my last film. People said my movies were done. Last summer, I came back! So, what does Mr. Glory Hound, look at me, illegal alien (literally) from Metropolis do? He has to make his movie.

Yeee-freakin-ha. Yeah, I saw it. Whatever. Remember that Captain America movie with Ned Beatty? No? It was better. Trust me, I’m a genius.

Stop the presses! Here’s a newsflash for the Daily Planet...he’s fucking Clark, you idiots!

Anyone with a half a brain—no offense, Aquaman—can see it. Next time he gives you an “Awww, shucks” and removes his glasses to wipe the sweat from his forehead, take a fucking picture! C’mon, the guy sticks out like a hard-on in spandex, which if you ask me, is a fitting simile.

I swear, he’s the laughing stock of the Justice League with those glasses and his one fake-ass, white-boy jheri curl (which he claims is for street cred), and he has the gall to call what he has a secret identity? If I had to sit through one more scene of Clarky lifting something heavy (we get it, you’re strong, now piss off), I was gonna puke like Wonder Woman after an all-you-can-eat buffet.

How do you think she fits in those tights after all these years? She isn’t going to GNC, I’ll tell you that much.

Lois Lane. Seriously? Seems too uppity for me. You should hear Superman when nobody’s around, talking like Tupac about “this bitch,” “I don’t love that ho,” “she was just sucking it, so I took off the rubber.” But then, in his big movie, he acts like a character out of a Michael Bolton song. You and your pussy-whippedness don’t fool me, Supes!!!!

And then Lex Luthor and his green rock? That’s all it takes, huh? A rock? If Lex was smart, he’d have hooked up with Nino Brown, who could get him all the rock his bald little head could dream of. Now, that was some powerful shit!

If it was me, I would’ve beat Lex like he was that ninjitsu guy from UFC 2, but then again, I’m Batman, not some bitch flying around with red cape in a lousy movie.