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SUPERGIRL®



GRANNY'S LITTLE GIRL!

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Small Change

Last thing I remember...
I was trying to use my
wings...to "shunt" to
Apokolips...go after
the Female Furies who
had kidnapped Twilight...

Felt like...I was
being shredded
...passed out, I
think, and...

Whoa. Wherever I am,
it's windy. And I think
I'm downwind from a
charnel house or some-
thing, judging by the...

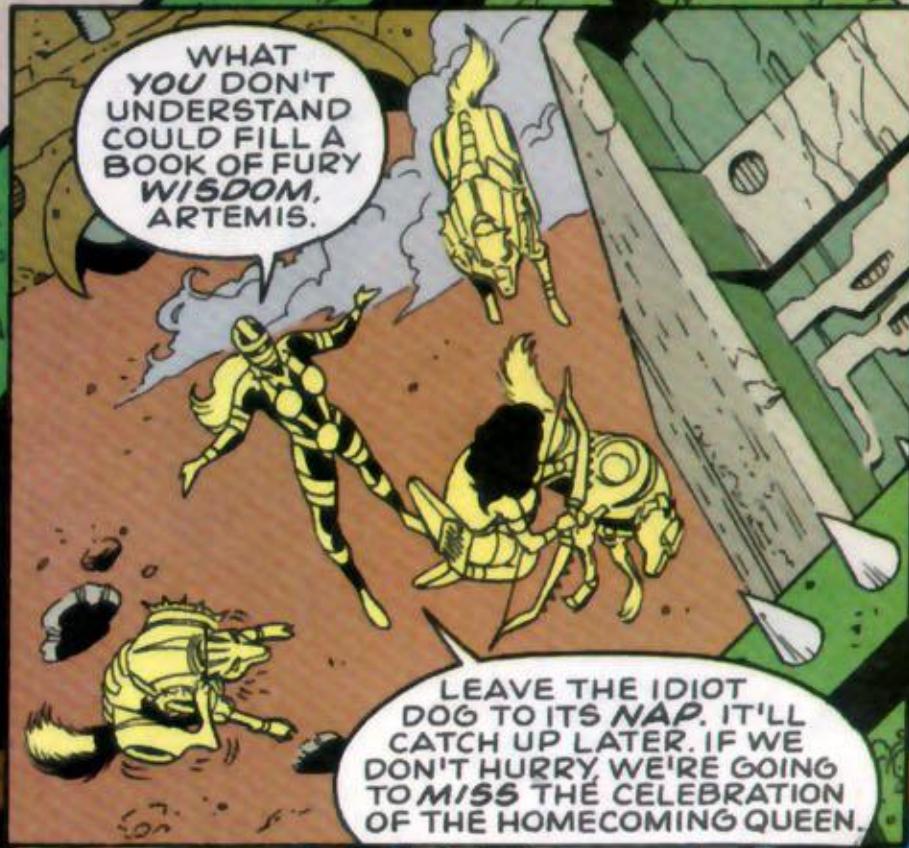


... stench?

OH MY GOD!!!

It's one of those dogs! One of the Female Fury's dogs... Artemis, I think her name was...

But how in the name of sanity did it get so gigantic?!



YOUR FLEA-BITTEN MONGRELS OBVIOUSLY ARE TOTALLY DELUSED ABOUT SUPER-GIRL. AND TELL THAT ONE TO STOP ITS DAMNED ITCHING!



Stay steady, Linda.

Don't... don't lose your mind.

Don't vomit from the smell of the place... just... just think about the long shower you'll take when you get home. That'll wash away the thick layer of soot you've already picked up.

I know, I know... free will. But the poor creatures trapped in a place like Apokolips... what about their free will?

God in heaven... if you're listening... why would you allow something like this to exist?

That's it, Linda. Dwell on deep, philosophical thoughts...

...so you can gloss over the fact that you're the size of a gnat.

MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY FOR THE HOMECOMING QUEEN!

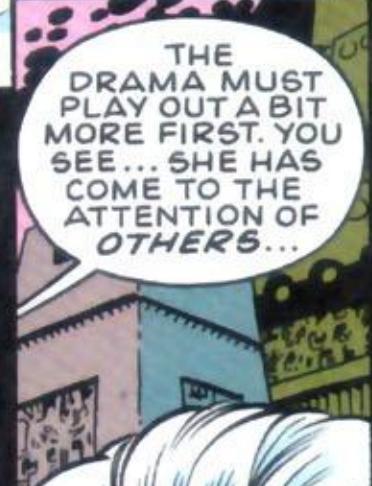
ISN'T SHE BEAUTIFUL?

Oh... dear heaven...

I haven't seen such brutal public humiliation since Mattie made me sit through "Braveheart."



A telekinetic burst or two should be enough to get me cleanly to Twilight without getting clobbered by debris.



Ohhhh nuts. I've been "made." That was fast.

THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE GRANNY'S ALL-SEEING EYES, DID YOU? FOOL!



THANK
YOU, GRANNY.
NOW WHAT WAS
IT SUPERGIRL
CALLED ME...?
AH, YES!

A "COW,"
WAS IT NOT?
YOU CAME DOWN
ON ME RATHER
HARD.

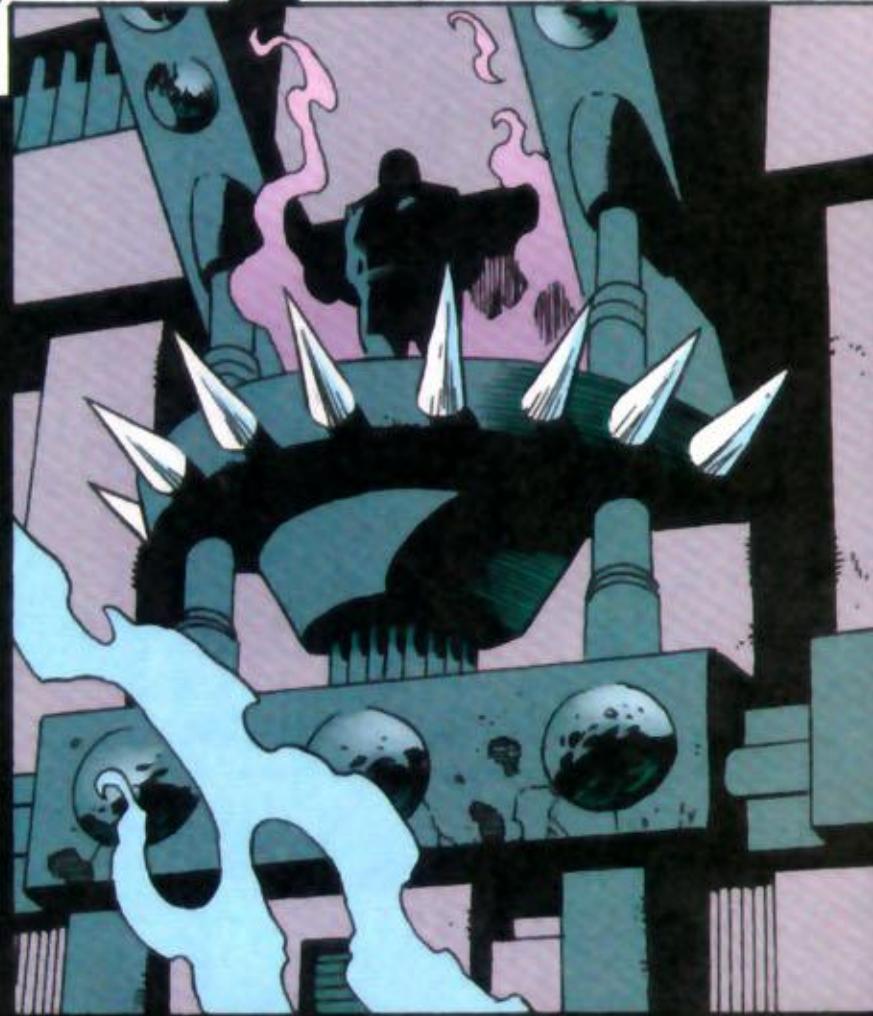
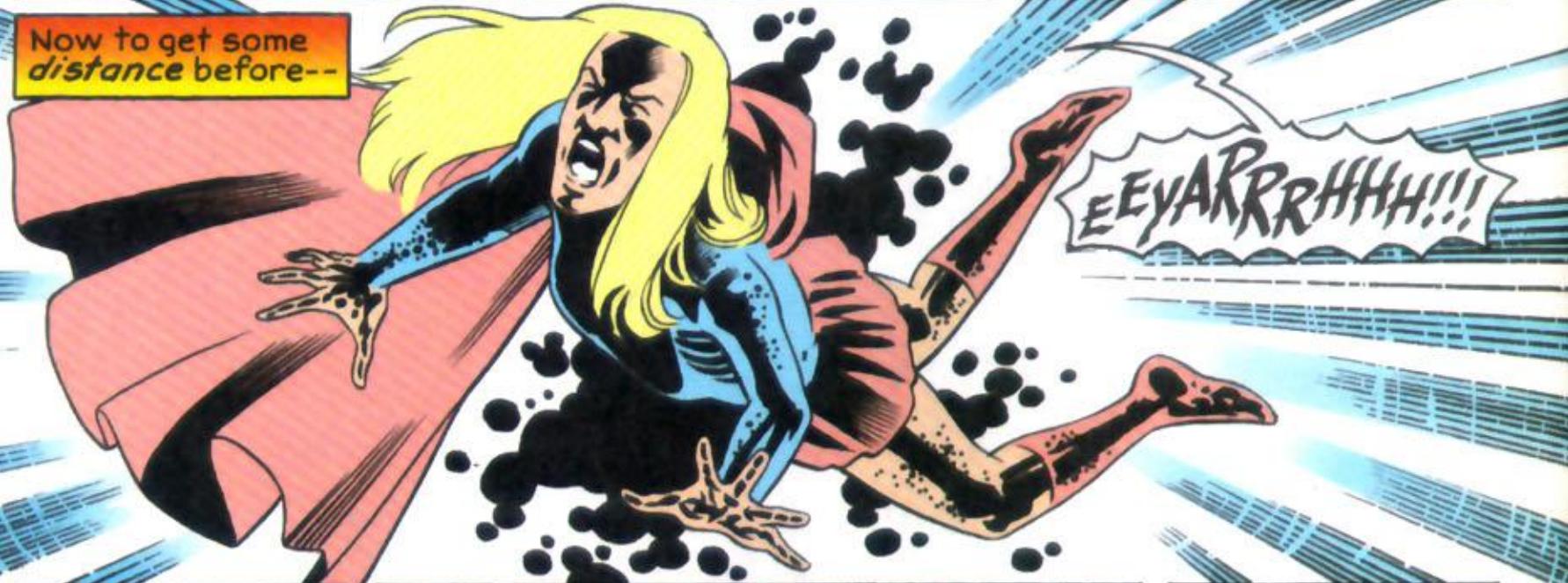
I BELIEVE I'LL
RETURN THE
FAVOR!

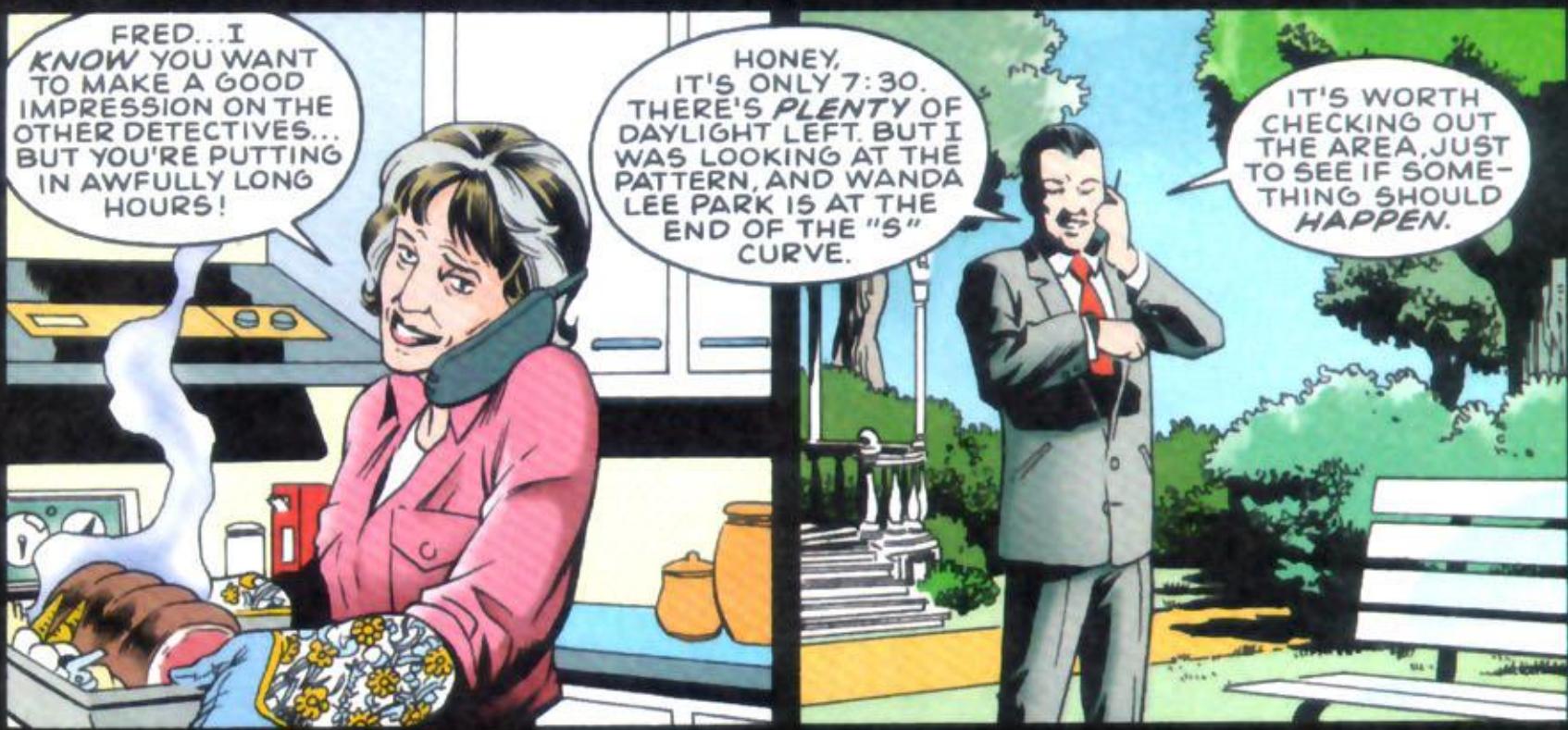
STOMP

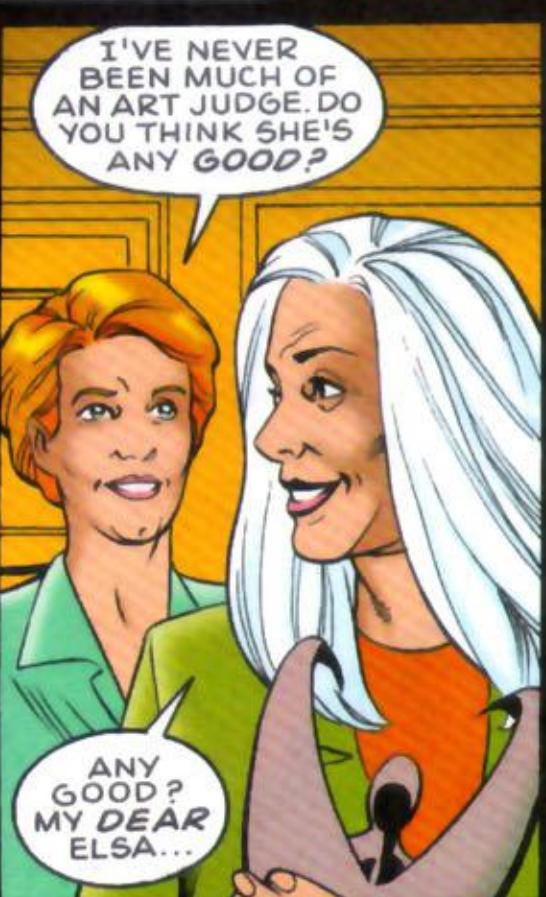
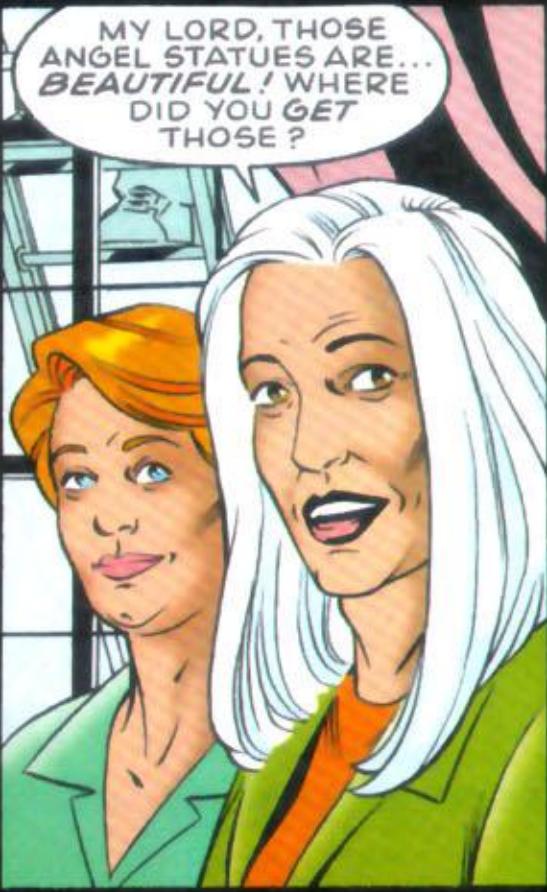
HEH.
NOT BREAKING
ANY MORE
ANKLES NOW,
ARE WE?

WHA--?

NOT... "COW,"
"HIPPO," "HIPPO..."
HARRIDAN"... TO
BE EXACT...









THAT'S NO ORDINARY GLOBE YOU'RE IN, SUPERGNAT. IT'S A NULL FIELD.

IT KEEPS YOU IN WITHOUT KEEPING ME OUT, AND NULLIFIES YOUR "PECULIAR" ABILITIES.

SEE HOW SHE FEARS THE FAHRENKNIFE, GRANNY?

HHHNN...

YES... BUT SHE DOESN'T CRY OUT. SHE'S A BRAVE ONE. FOOLISH, BUT BRAVE.

BERNADETH... LEAVE HERA "MEMENTO," AND THEN WITHDRAW.

ARHHHH!!

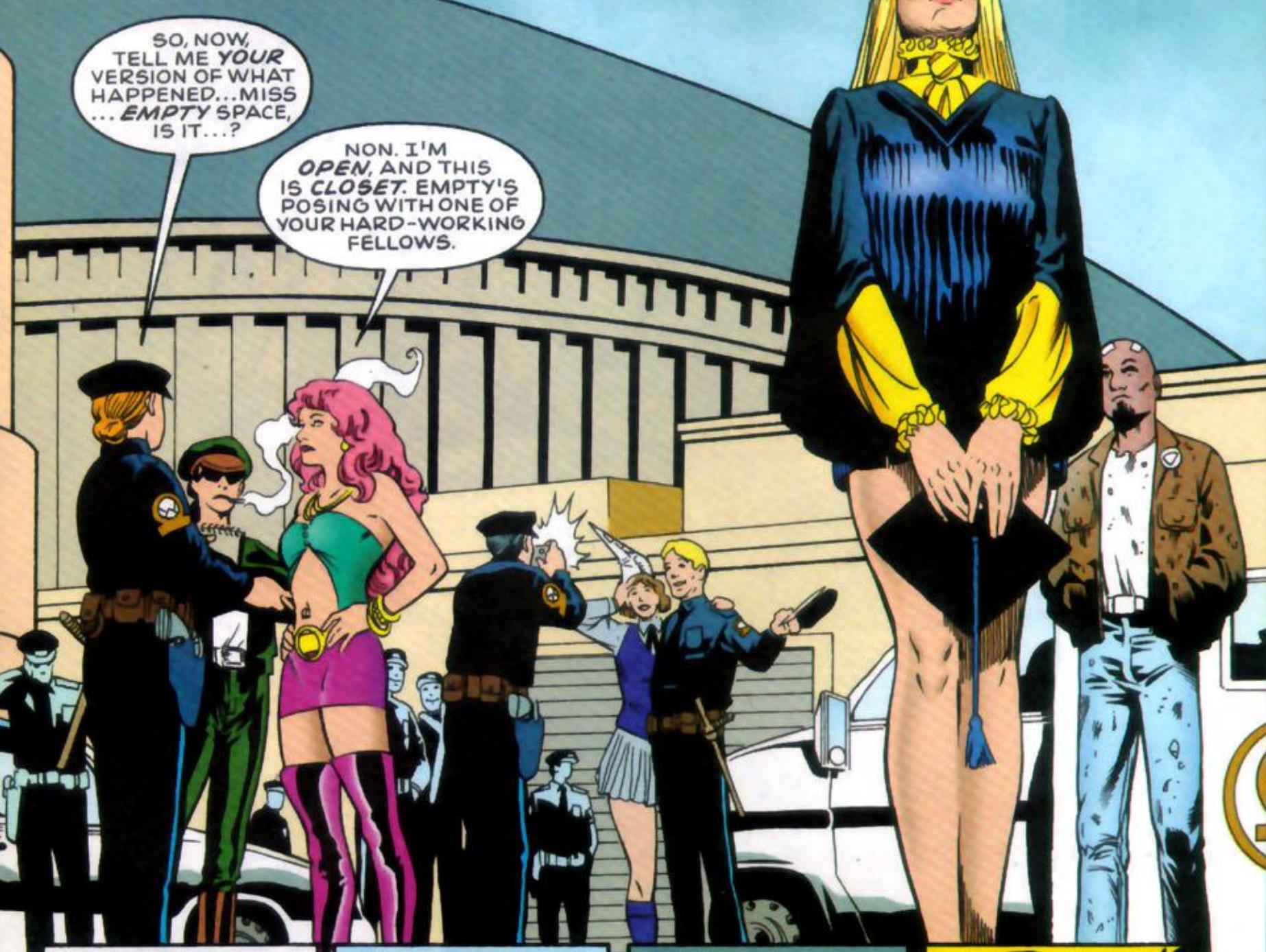
YOU... DIRTY...

LANGUAGE, PLEASE. DARKSEID PREFERENCES GENTLE PHRASES HERE, SUCH AS "YES, MASTER" AND "DARKSEID IS ALL!"

WE CAN AFFORD TO WAIT FOR ANSWERS. WE HAVE NOTHING BUT TIME, WE GODS.

GUARD HER WELL, MY PETS.

AND IF YOU CARE TO MARK HER AS YOUR PROPERTY... BE MY GUEST.



DEEP SPACE...EH... THAT IS...ANIK... THEY'RE, UH...THEY'RE BRINGING ANOTHER BUS OUT TO GET YOU SPACE GIRLS OUT OF HERE. SHOULD BE ALONG SOON...

SHE'S GONNA COME BACK. YOU'LL SEE. IT'S GONNA BE OKAY, I SWEAR.

I'M NOT GOING, WENDELL. I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE.

SHE'S IN PAIN. I CAN...

...I CAN FEEL IT...

AGAIN, GRANNY?

YES,
BERNADETH.
AGAIN.

YOU PREFER THE
NAME "TWILIGHT"? I
UNDERSTAND. WELL,
TWILIGHT...

YOUR LATE
MOTHER SOUGHT TO
SPARE YOU THE PAIN OF
BEING RAISED ON APOKOLIPS
AS ONE OF GRANNY'S...
FAVORITES. AND YOU WERE
SPARED THAT FOR MANY,
MANY YEARS. SO THERE
IS MUCH CATCHING
UP TO DO.

THE EARTH
CHILD FOR WHOM
YOU WERE SWITCHED
DID NOT LAST LONG HERE
ON APOKOLIPS. AND WE
HAD THOUGHT YOU HAD
LONG AGO SUCCUMBED.
CLEARLY, WE WERE
MISTAKEN.

BERNADETH,
EASE UP A
MOMENT.

YOU MUST BE MADE TO
SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO
DARKSEID... AND TO TURN
YOUR CONSIDERABLE
POWER TO HIS DESIRES.
PRAISE DARKSEID. LOVE
DARKSEID. PLEDGE
YOUR POWER TO
DARKSEID.

HARRIET...
DECORATE
HER.

SOMETHING
SIMPLE, I
THINK... A
NICE LINE
OF BLOOD...
STRAIGHT
DOWN.

AN INCH DEEPER WOULD
HAVE GUTTED YOU... AND
STILL YOU DON'T CRY OUT.
IMPRESSIVE. BUT YOU WILL,
IN THE END, GIVE YOUR-
SELF OVER FREELY, FOR
DARKSEID'S SAKE...

... AND FOR
GOODNESS'
SAKE.

Even my healing ability isn't working in this thing.

There's got to be a way to break through this--!

Uh-oh.

MY, MY.
WE ARE
HAVING
DIFFICUL-
TIES...

YOUR GUARDIANS APPEAR "DOG-TIRED."

MY NAME IS ... HIMON.

He's "waving" them to sleep? Who is this guy-- Ben Kenobi?

SUURRRE IT IS.

WAIT, HOLD IT! WHAT'S THAT TH--?

HUH? I'M... FREE? HOW--?

A MOTHER BOX. TOUCH HER. SHE WILL ADAPT YOUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE TO THE ENVIRONMENT...

...BUT IT WILL TAKE HER SOME TIME. MEANWHILE, SHE WILL ADAPT HERSELF TO YOU.

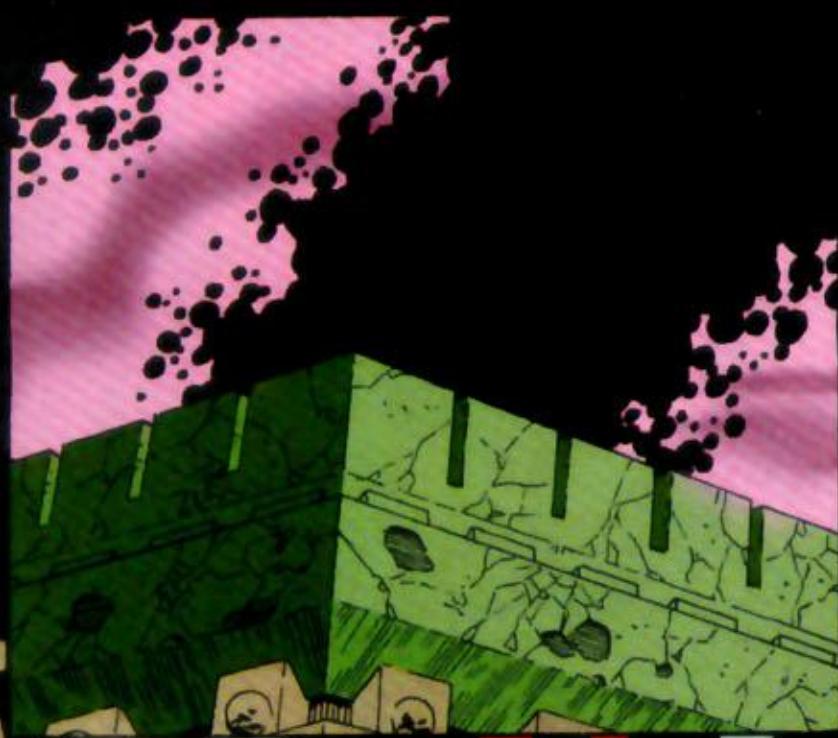
OH, DEAR. A SCREAM. COMMON ENOUGH HEREABOUTS, I FEAR.

OH, I TEND TO GO WHERE I PLEASE. WORRY NOT.

I THINK I'M NEEDED ELSEWHERE. CAN YOU GET OUT OF HERE YOURSELF?







PARA-
DEMONS!
CONVERGE
AND
ATTACK!

What follows then
is the most dizzying
aerial pursuit I've
ever embarked upon.

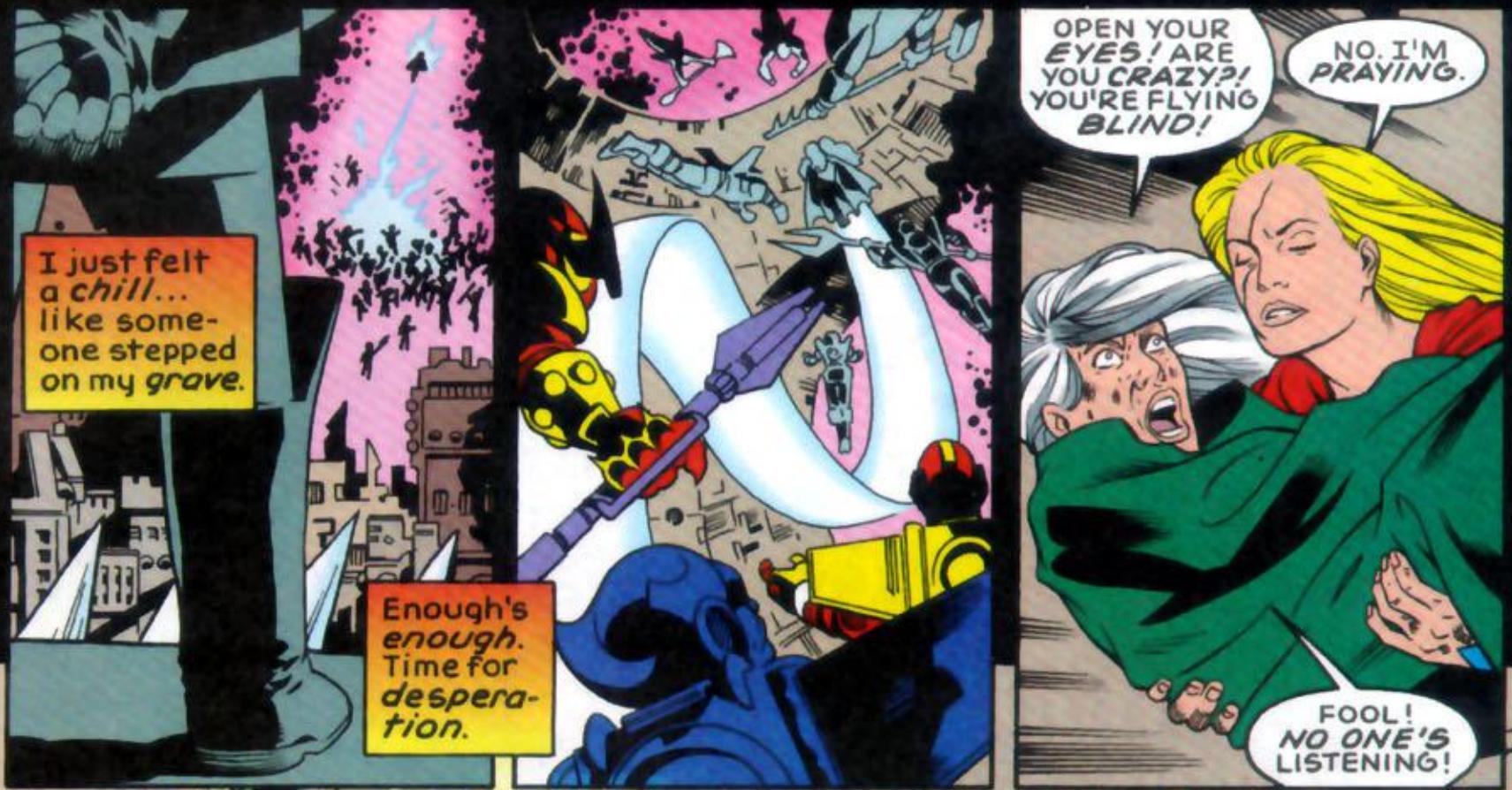
The Para-Demons
try to overwhelm
us through sheer
force of **numbers**.
Everywhere I twist
and turn, there are
more of them.

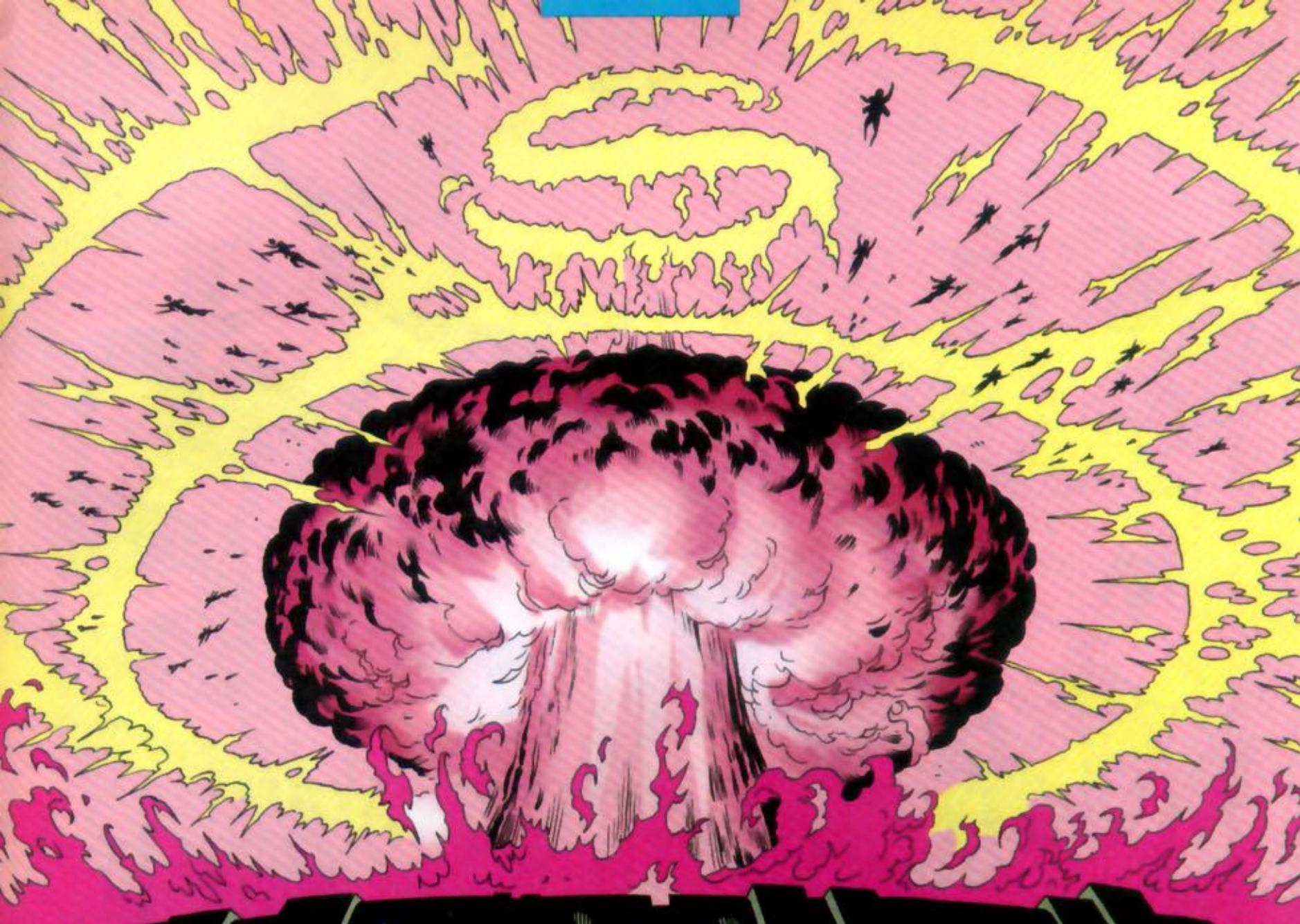
Sometimes I
maneuver my
way through...

...and other times
it's pure, brutal
psychic **pounding**
with my TK blasts.

And **still** they stay
on our tail, giving me
no respite, not even
time to **breathe**.

Sooner or later...
they're going to
wear me **down**.







Mind... working...
but can't move...

...and then
...from far
away... I
feel...

...a gentle
kiss... and a
whispered...

And then...
nothing.

Thank
you.



SO I'M
GOING TO PACK
IT IN AND CALL IT
THE END TO A
PRETTY LOUSY
DAY.