



PULP HEROES

#2

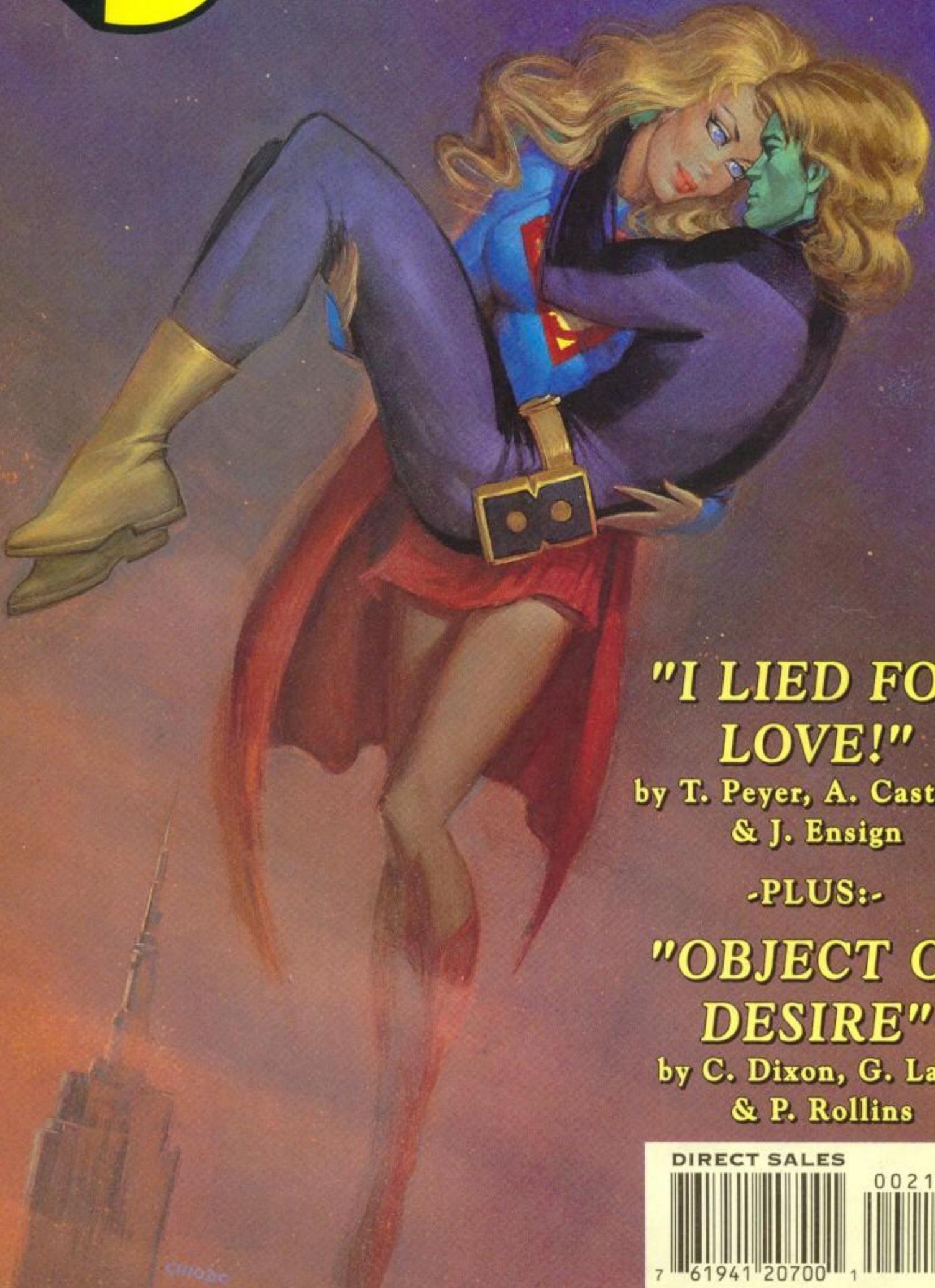


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SUPERGIRL ANNUAL



"I LIED FOR
LOVE!"

by T. Peyer, A. Castri
& J. Ensign

-PLUS:-

"OBJECT OF
DESIRE"

by C. Dixon, G. Lan
& P. Rollins

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SECRET HEARTS

PART 1:

I didn't do anything wrong. Not really.

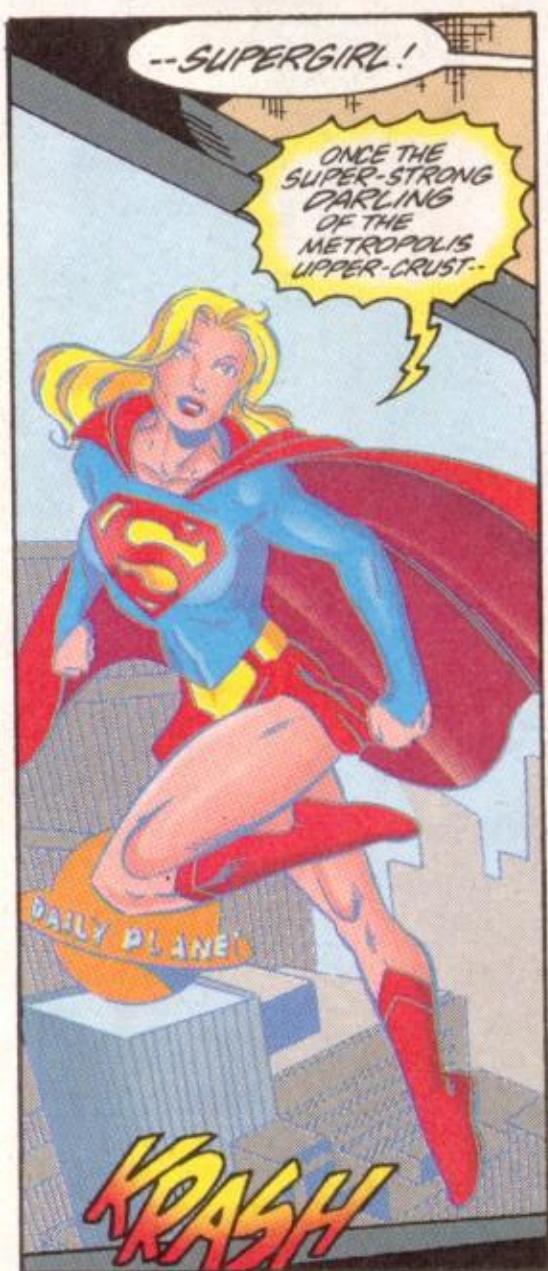
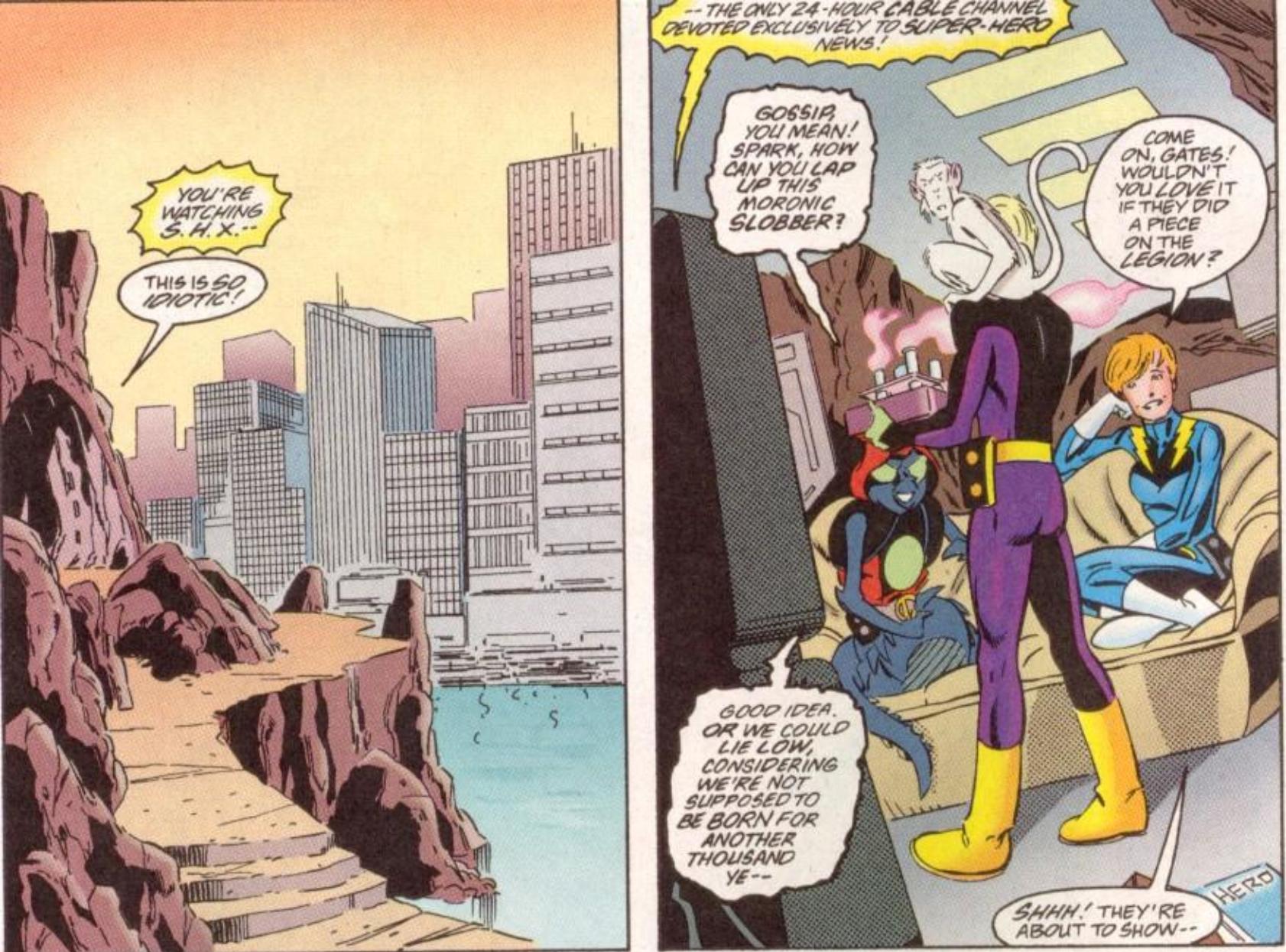
"I LED HIM ON"

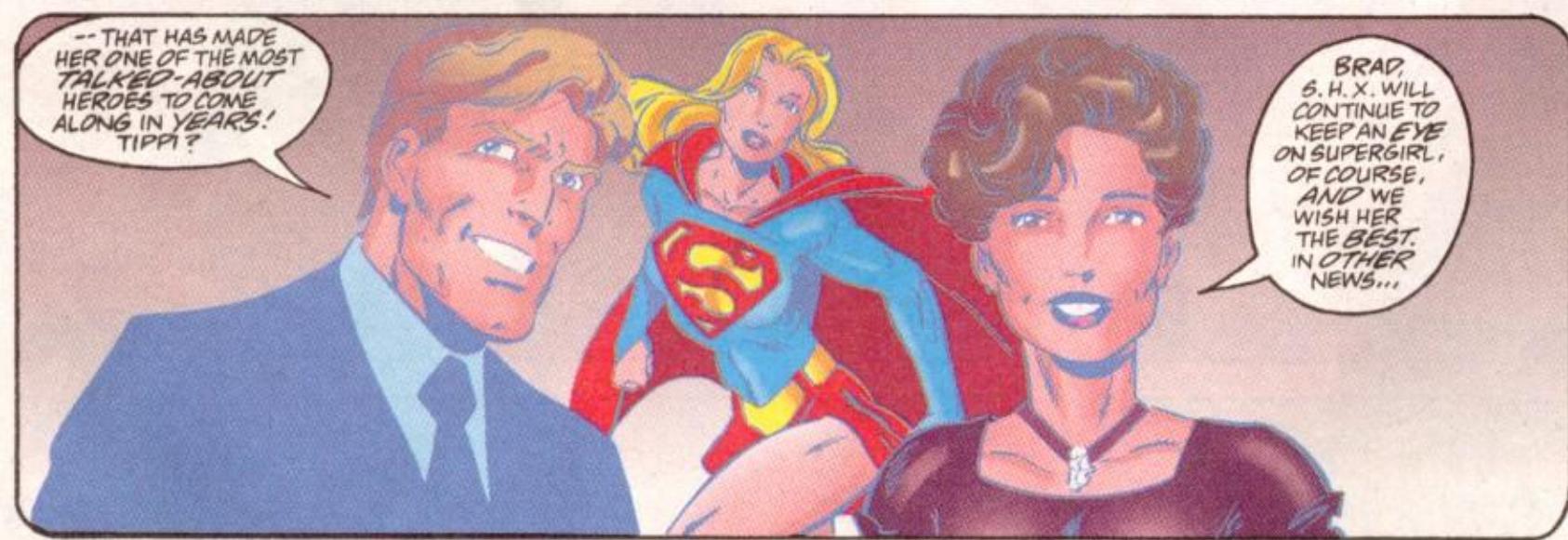
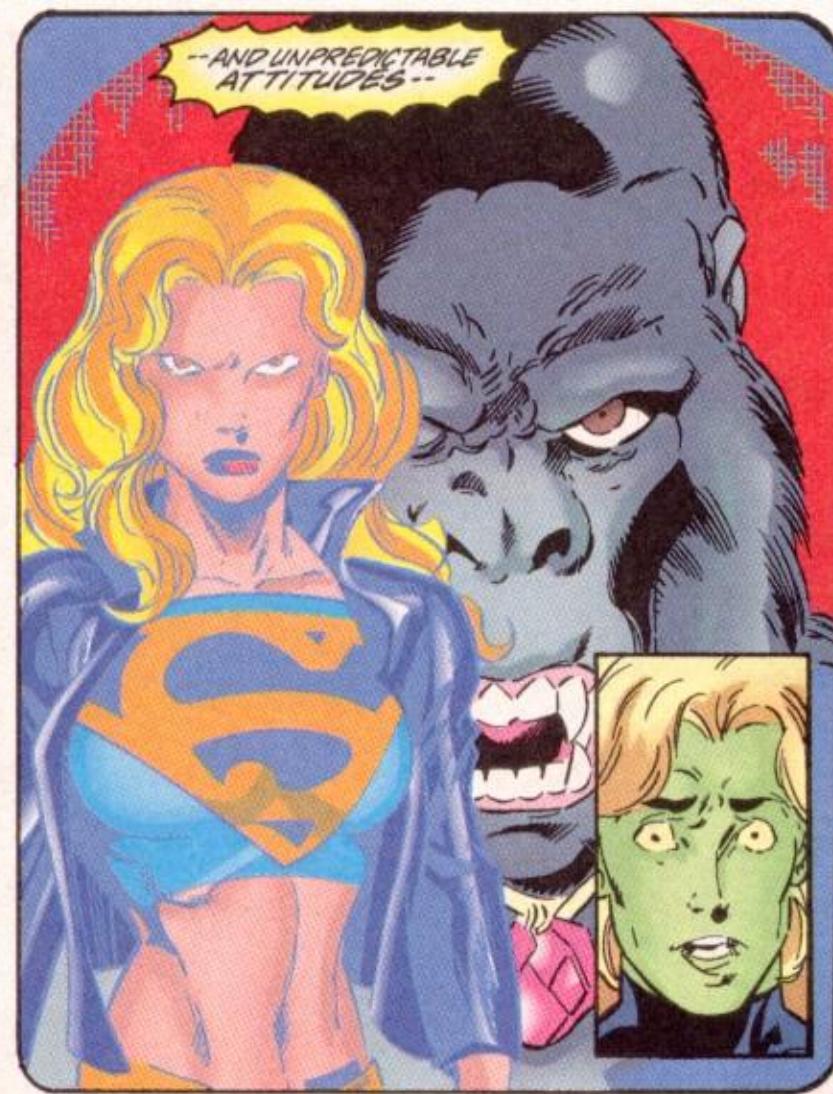
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GENE D'ANGELO - COLORIST
ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERER
MAUREEN MC TIGUE - ASSISTANT
MIKE MC AVENNIE - EDITOR



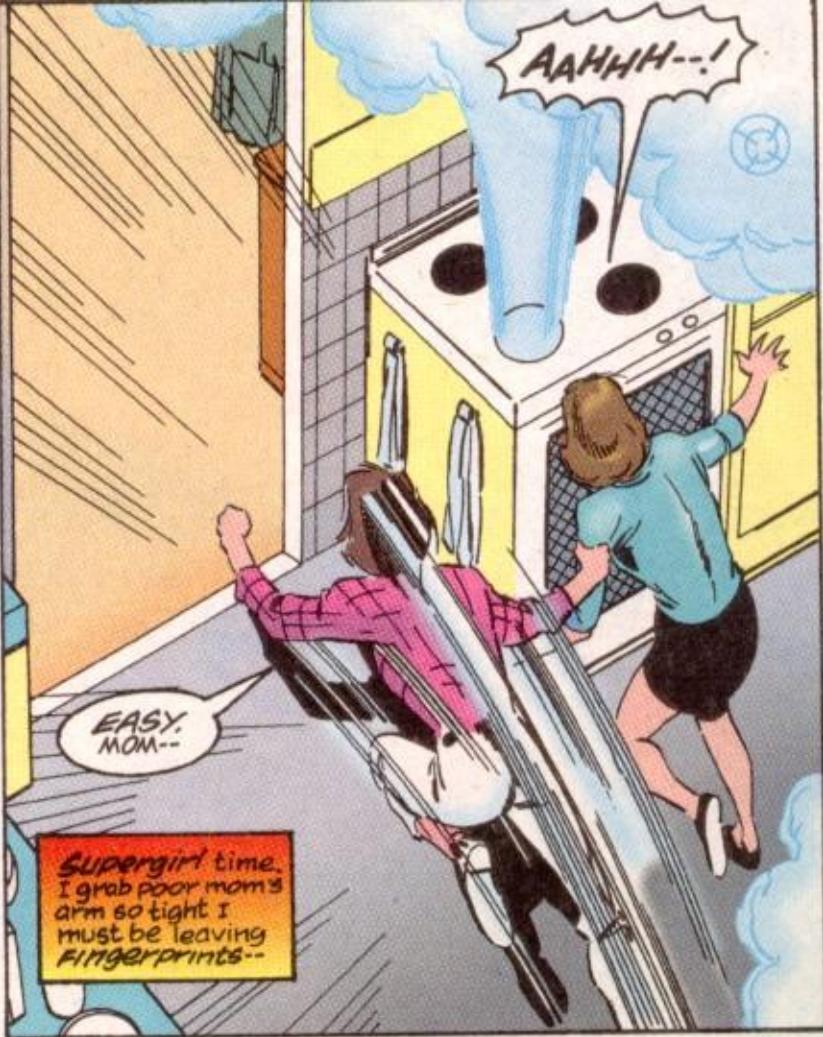
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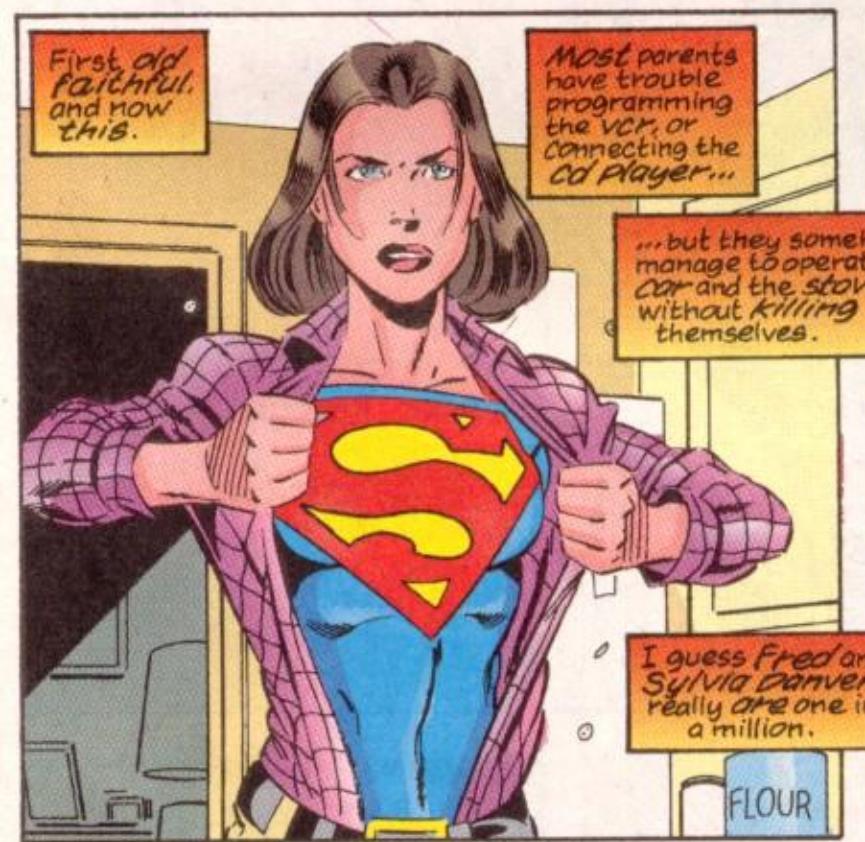
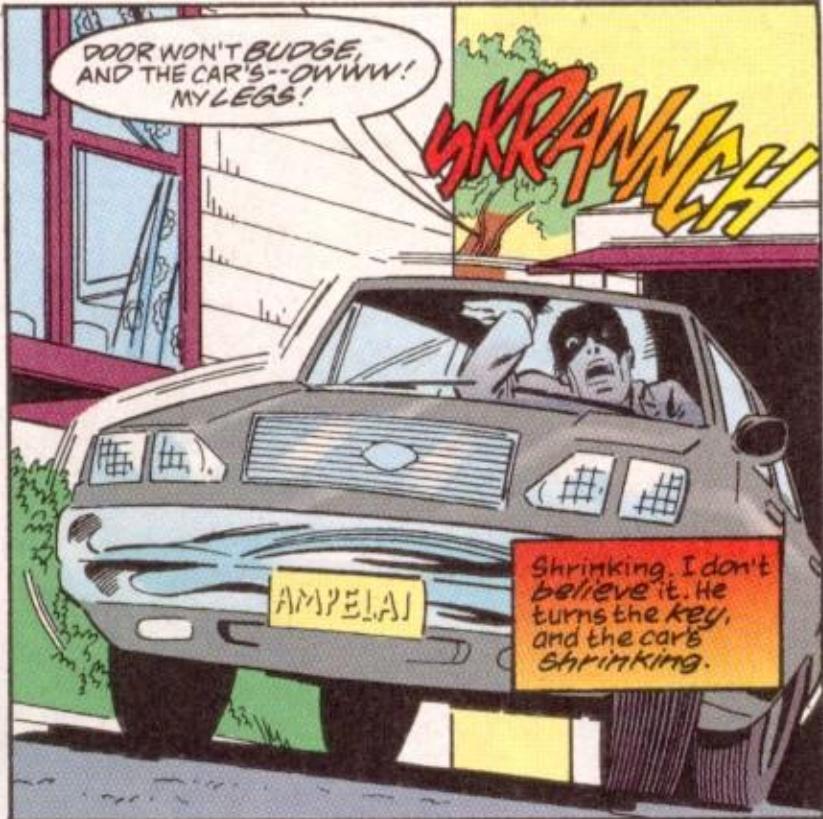
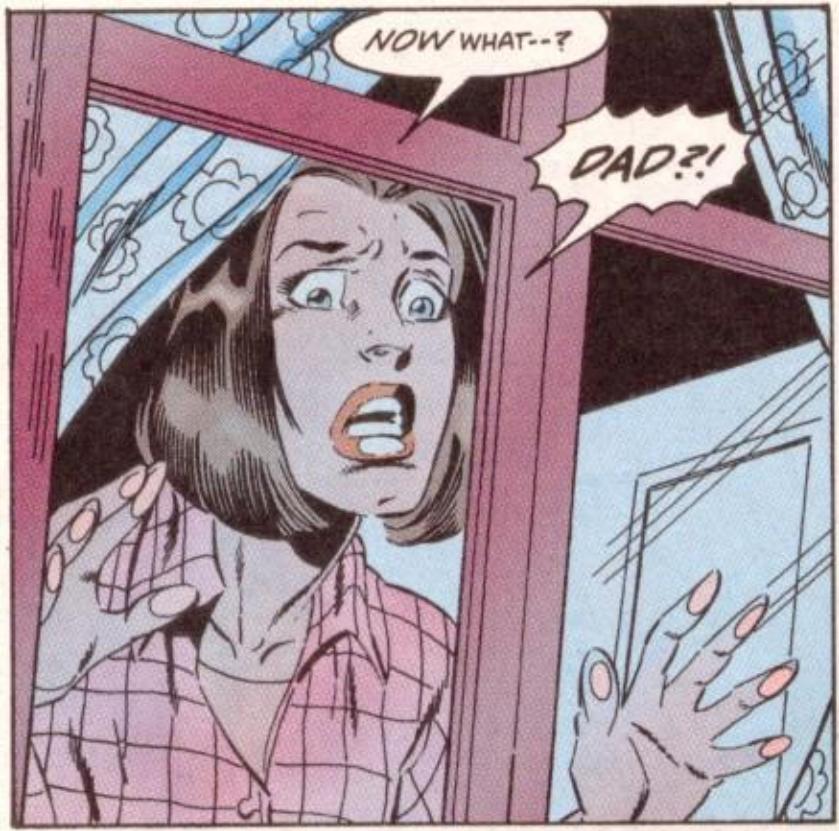
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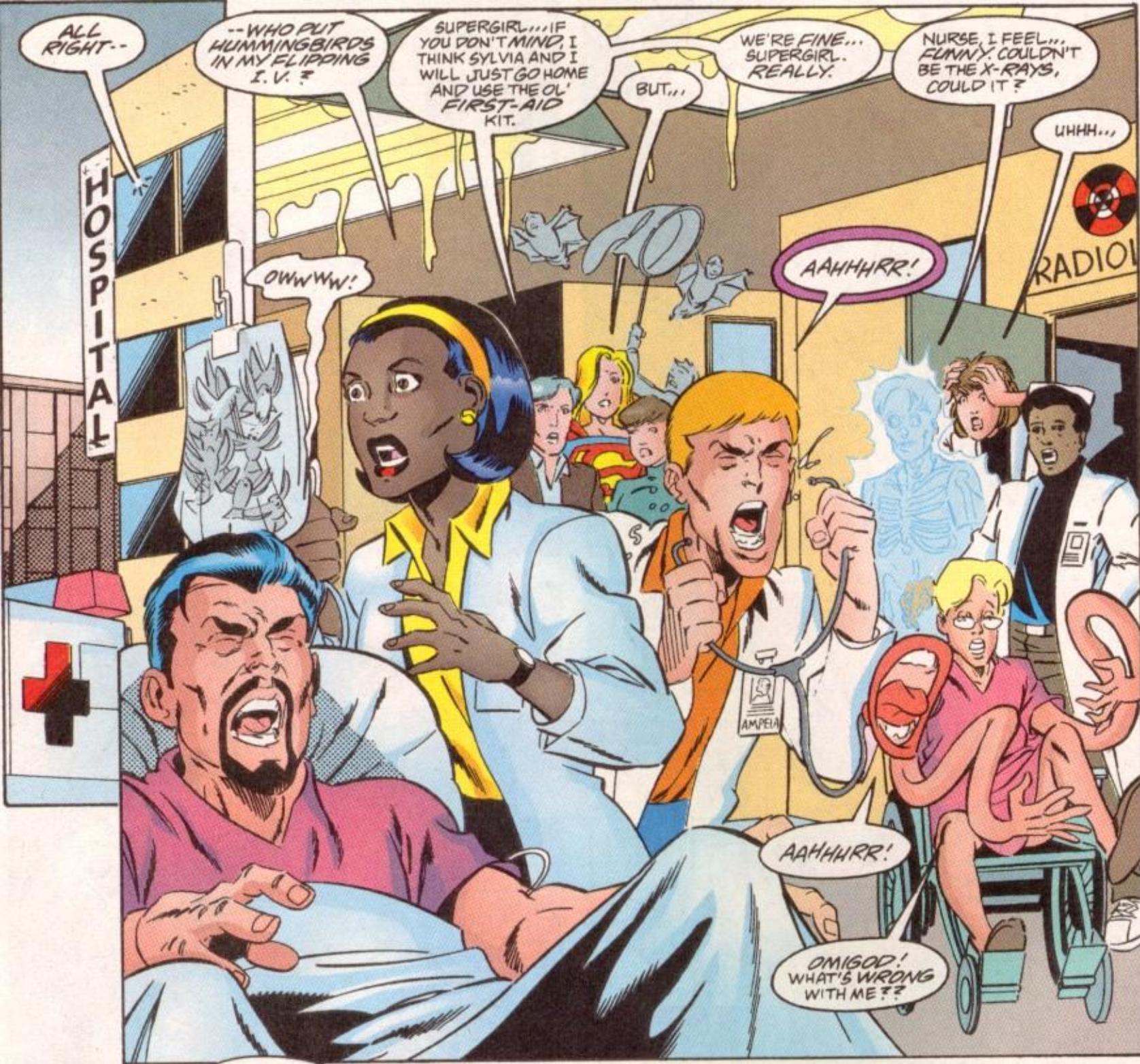




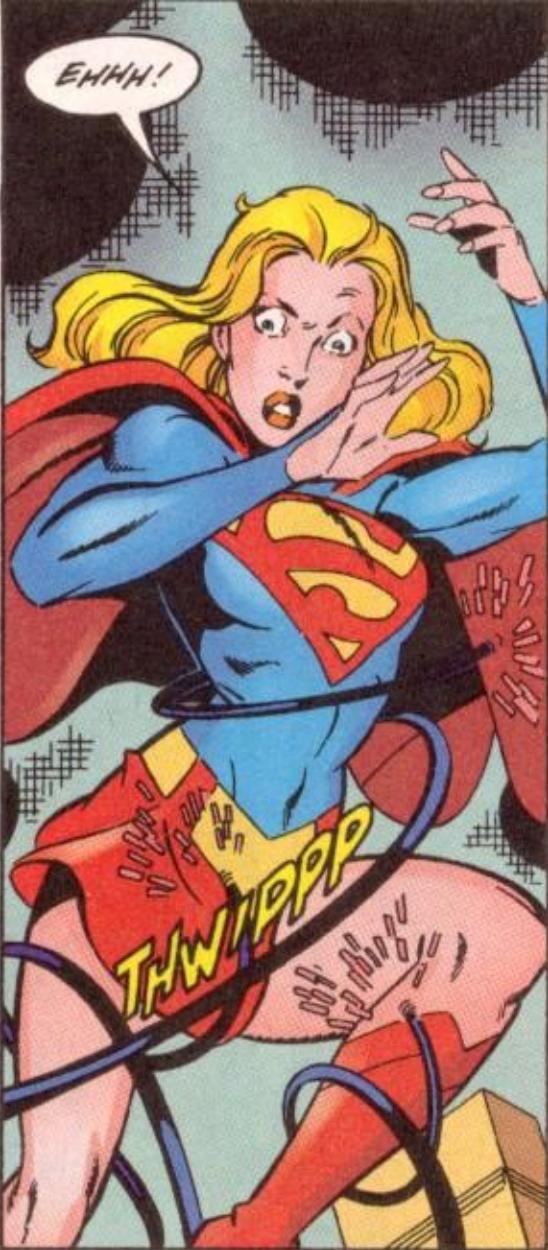


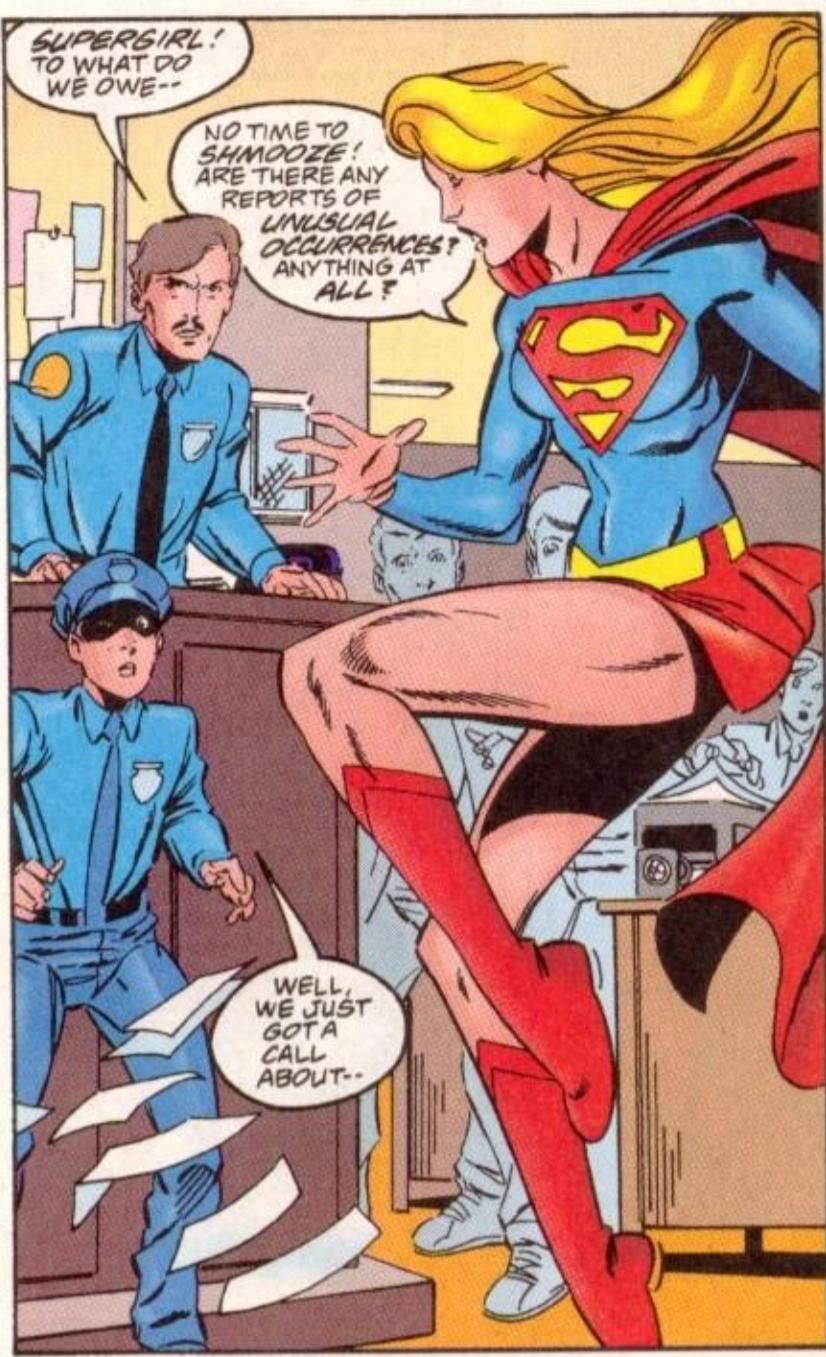




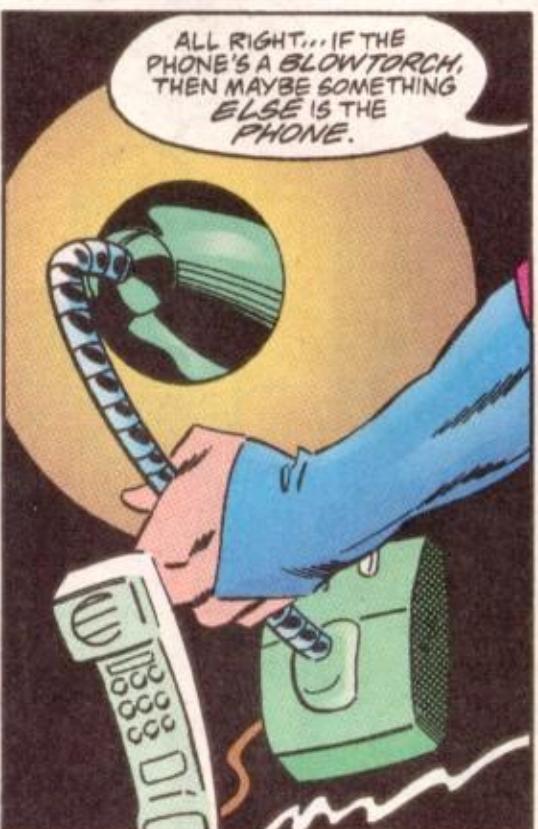


So by now I know I'm dealing with a full-scale weirdness eruption, and not just the Dammers Luck.

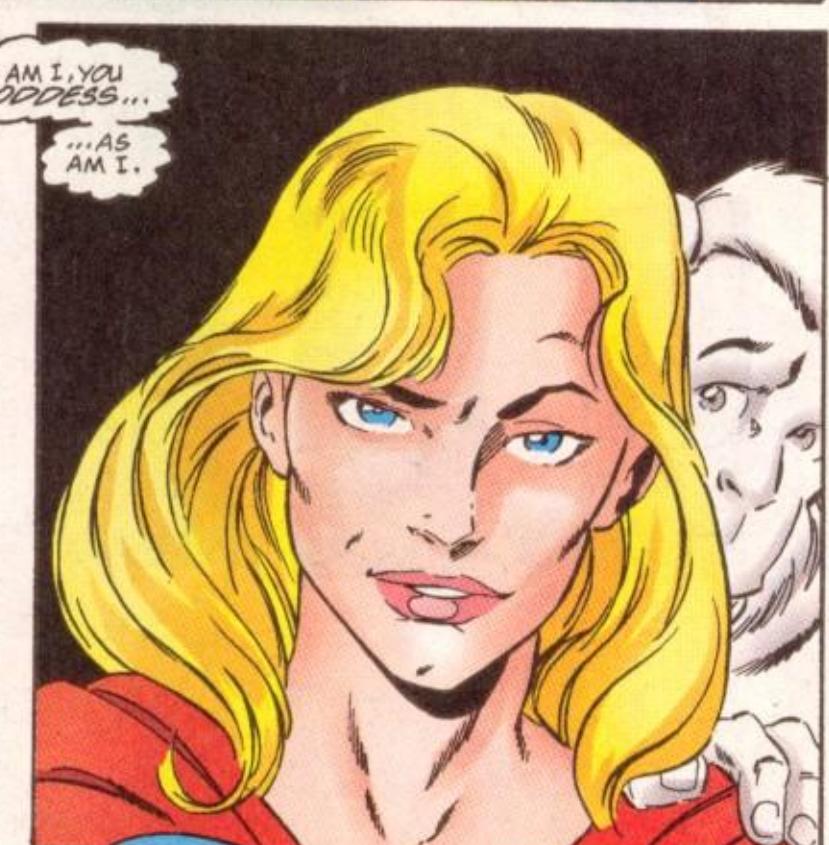
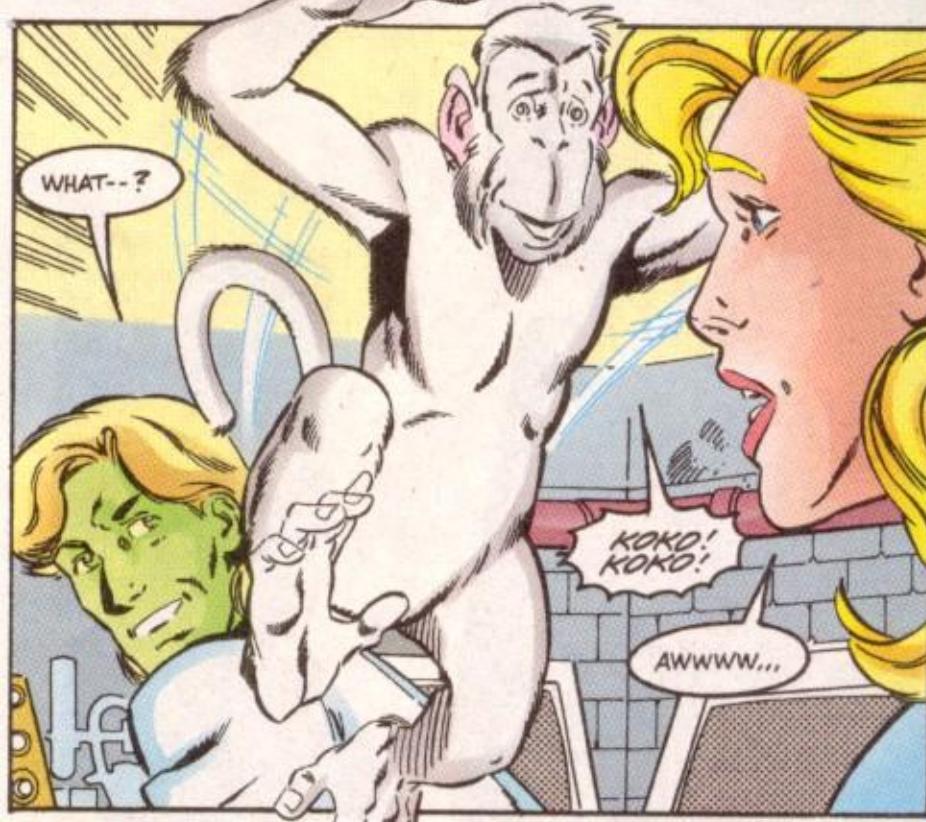


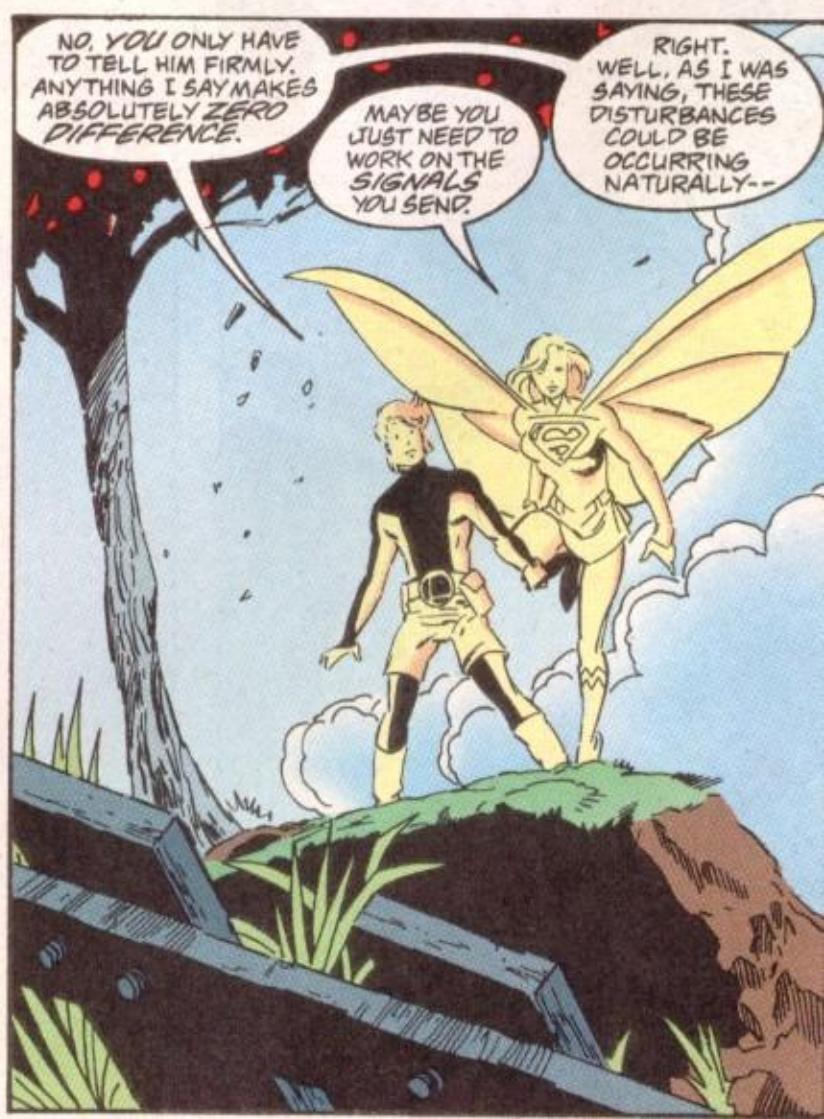


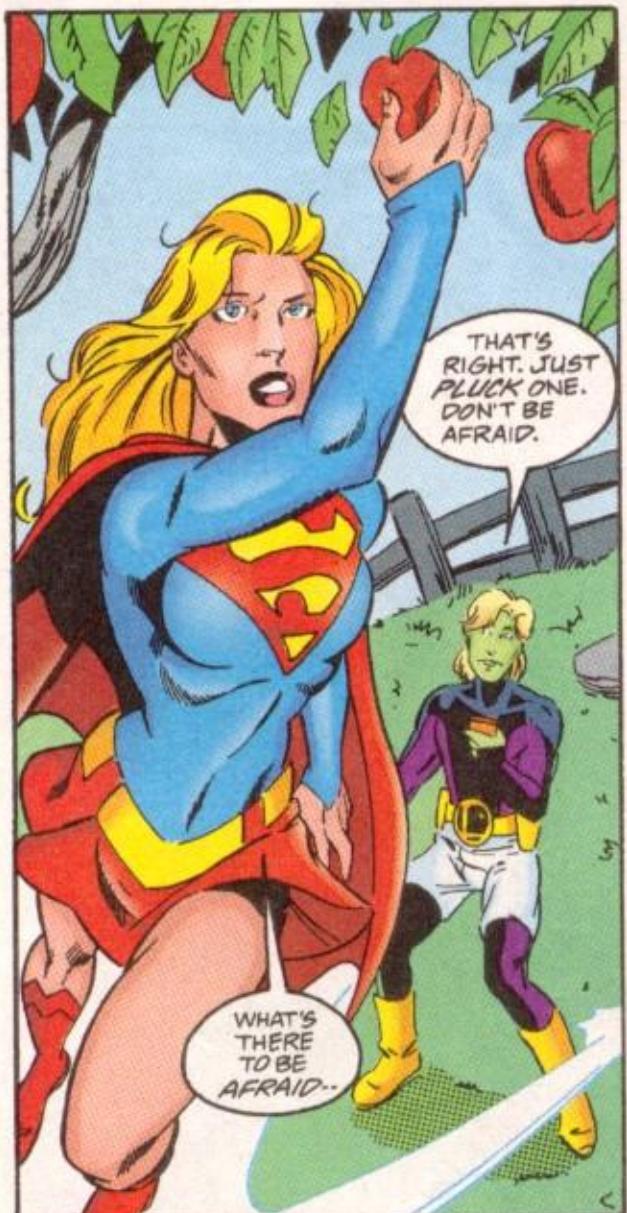
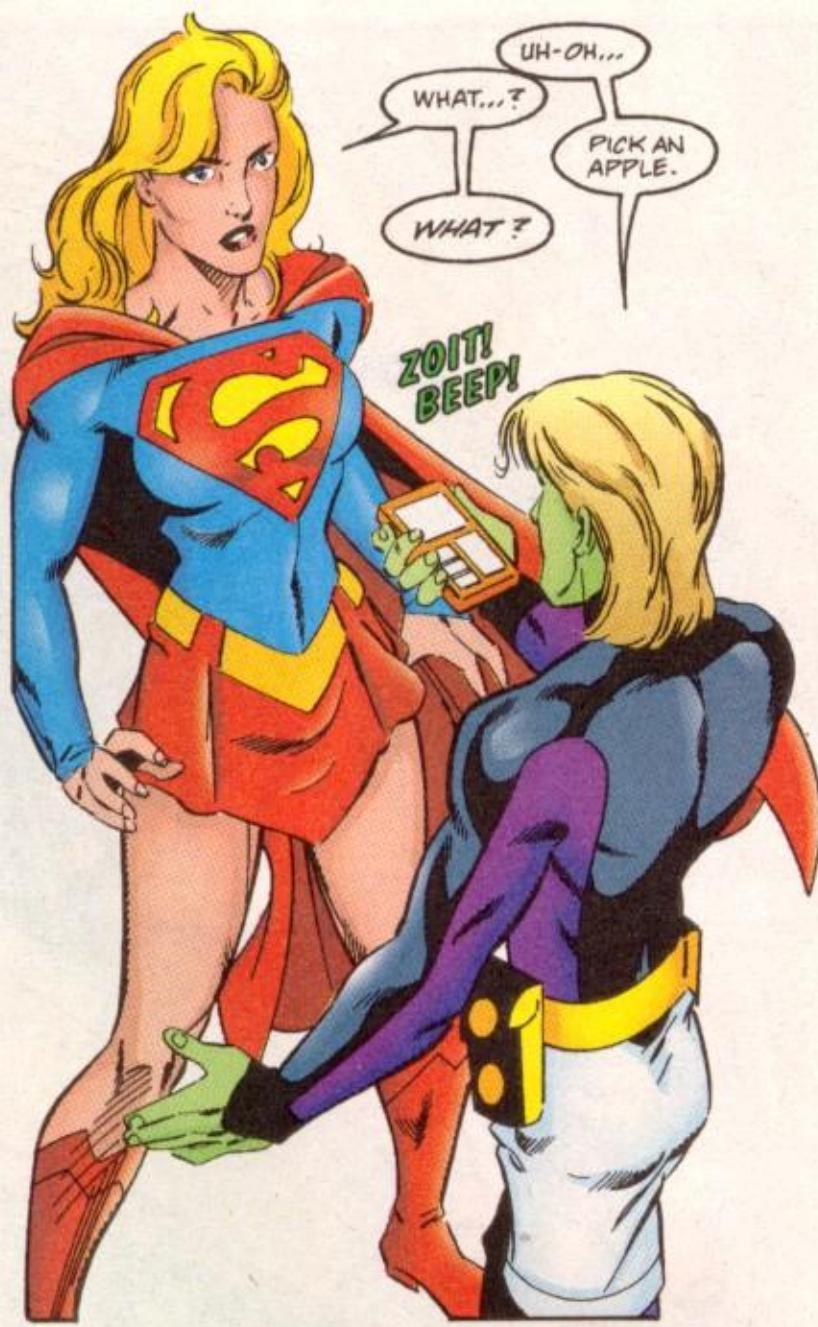
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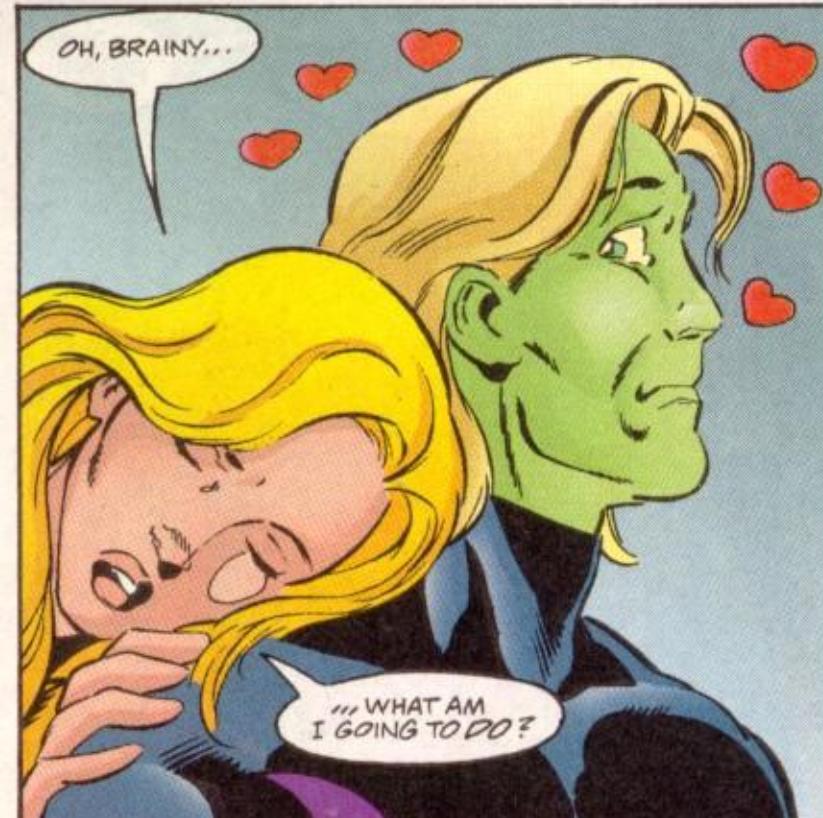












WHATEVER YOU DO, HANG ON TO THAT LIST. IF WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THIS DEMON, I'LL NEED YOU TO PICK UP EVERY ITEM ON IT.

RIGHT.

PLUS, I CAN'T REPLACE THE OMNICOM, SO--

I'LL BE CAREFUL!

TAKE MY FORCE-FIELD BELT.

HEY....!

IT MAY MUTE
WHATEVER DEMONIC
INFLUENCE IS
ATTACKING
YOU.

NOW BE CAREFUL,
BUT GET EVERYTHING
YOU CAN.

ACTUALLY, WE
NEED IT ALL, SO
EVEN IF YOU
CAN'T--

MAY
I GO
NOW?

OF COURSE, OF
COURSE. JUST MAKE
SURE YOU'RE BACK
HERE IN AN HOUR!

IT'S A
DATE!

SHAM!

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"IT'S A DATE"?



END PART ONE

SECRET HEARTS PART 2:

I
LIED
FOR LOVE

I DID EVERYTHING
WRONG.

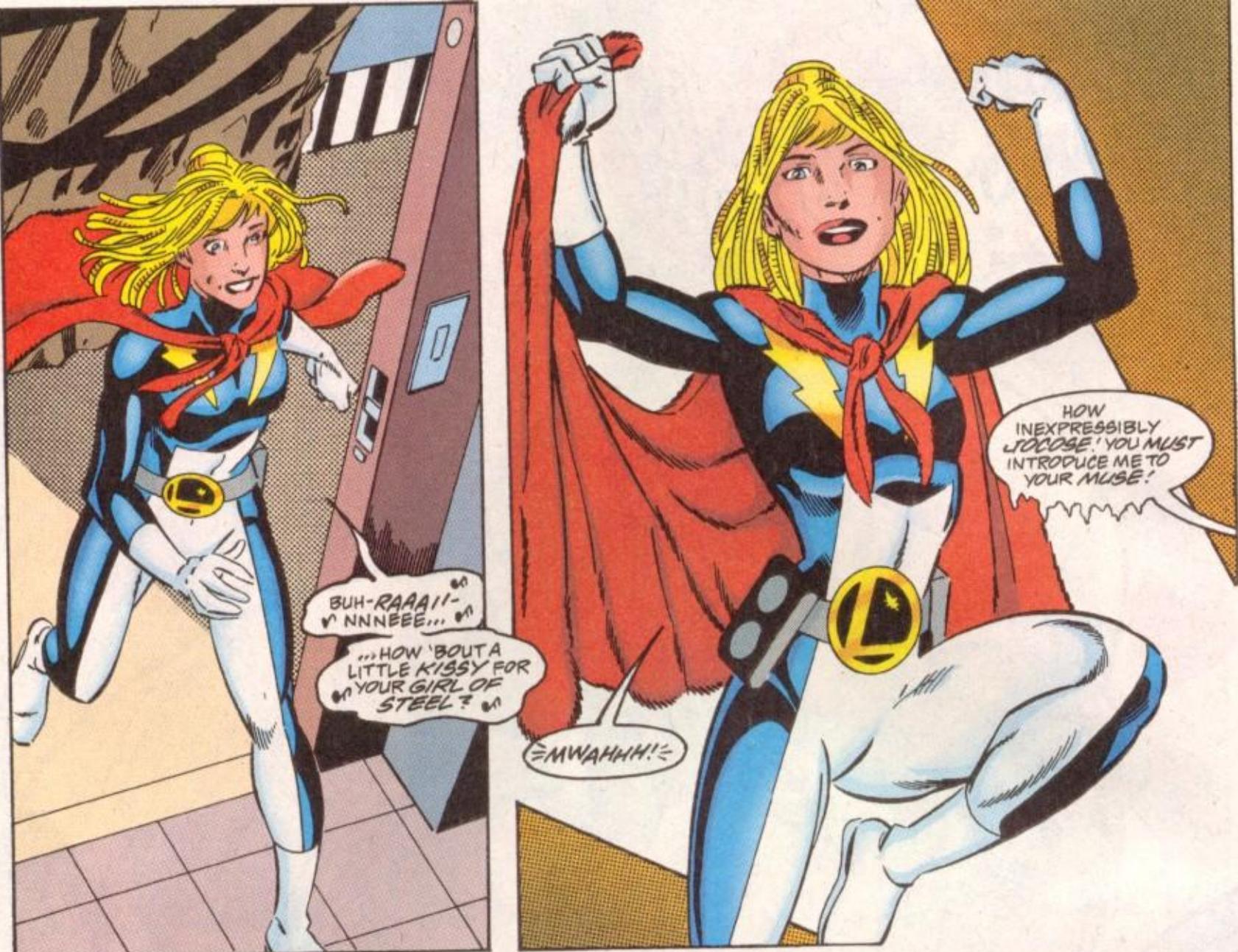
ALL SUPERGIRL EVER DID
WAS COME TO ME FOR HELP,
AND I DID EVERYTHING I
COULD TO TWIST THAT
INTO SOMETHING ELSE. I
USED HER LIKE DIRT TO
FILL A HOLE IN MY LIFE.

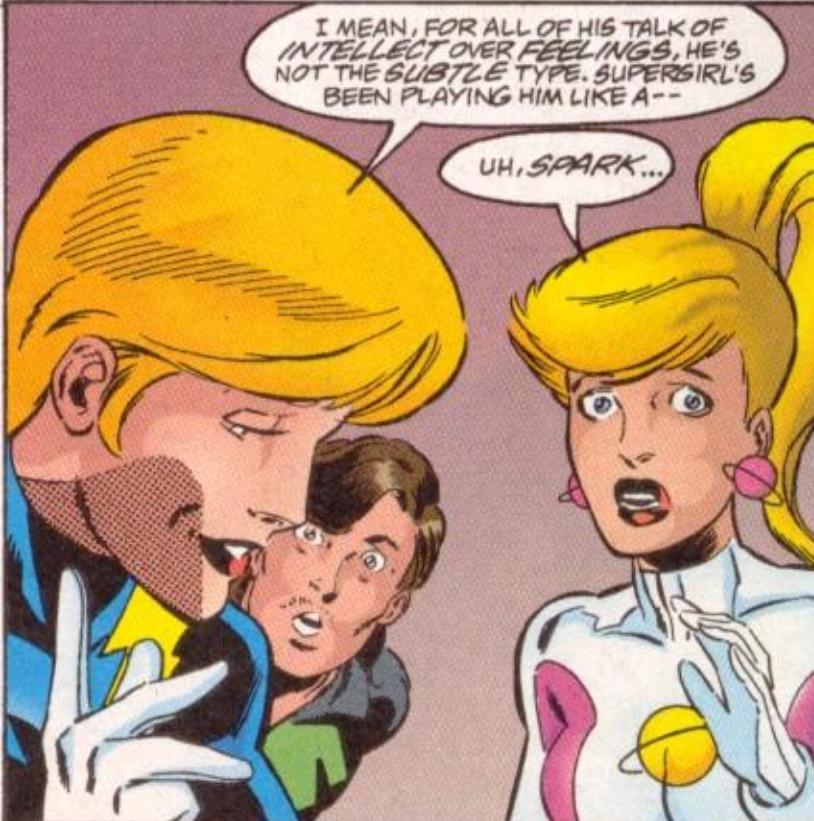
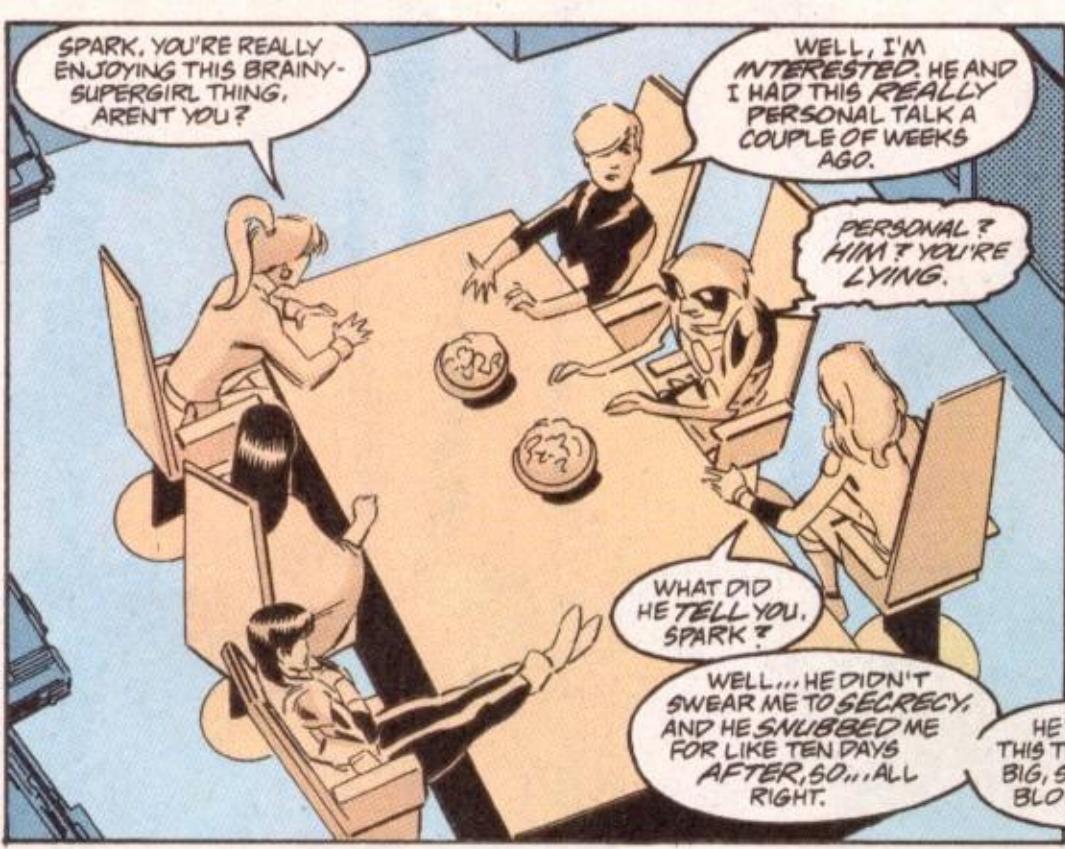
IT WAS ALL DELIBERATE. ONCE I SAW HER--WHICH IS
TO SAY ONCE I WANTED HER--EACH MULTI-TRACK
OF MY TWELFTH-LEVEL CONSCIOUSNESS WENT TO
WORK ON THE PROBLEM WITH INEXHAUSTIBLE ENERGY.
I INTERPRETED HER MOST TRIVIAL MOVES THROUGH
THE PRISM OF MY HUNGER. I DREAMT UP LAYERED
GAMBITS, THINKING TEN MOVES AHEAD TO NUDGE
HER AROUND THE BOARD OF THIS MAD GAME. SHE
WAS THE PRIZE, AND SHE WAS THE OPPONENT.
PERHAPS SHE PLAYED IT TOO, BUT I'M THE ONE
WHO WROTE THE RULES.

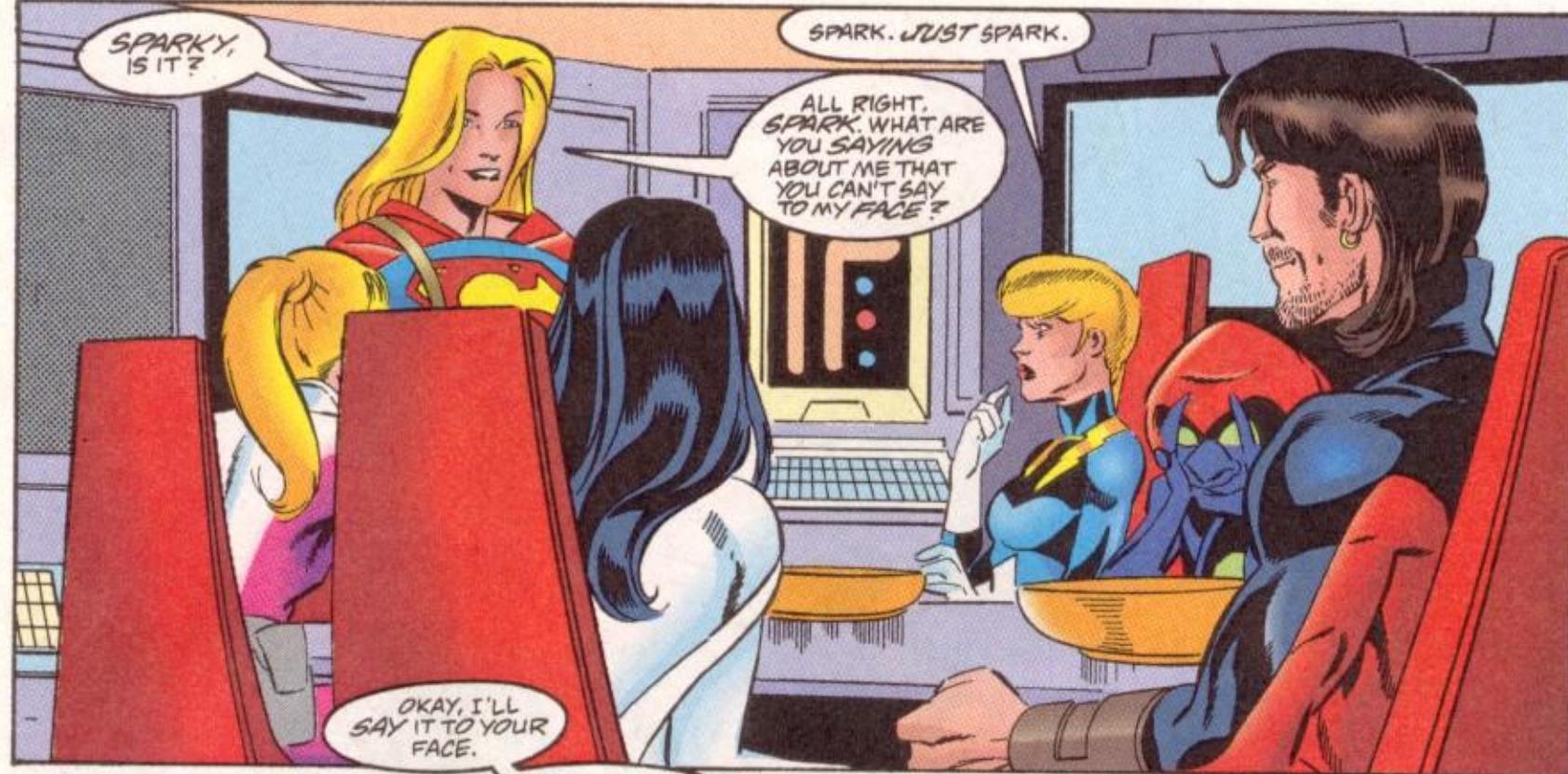
I DID EVERYTHING I
COULD TO OWN HER.

BUT WHAT I DID TO
MYSELF WAS WORSE.

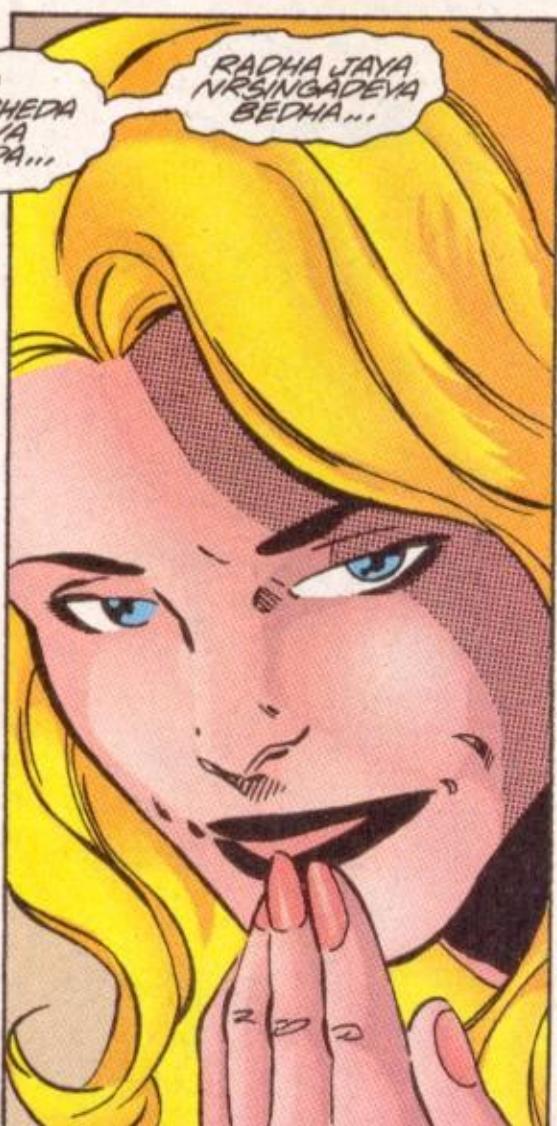
I SOLD MYSELF OUT,
IN LARGE WAYS AND
SMALL.

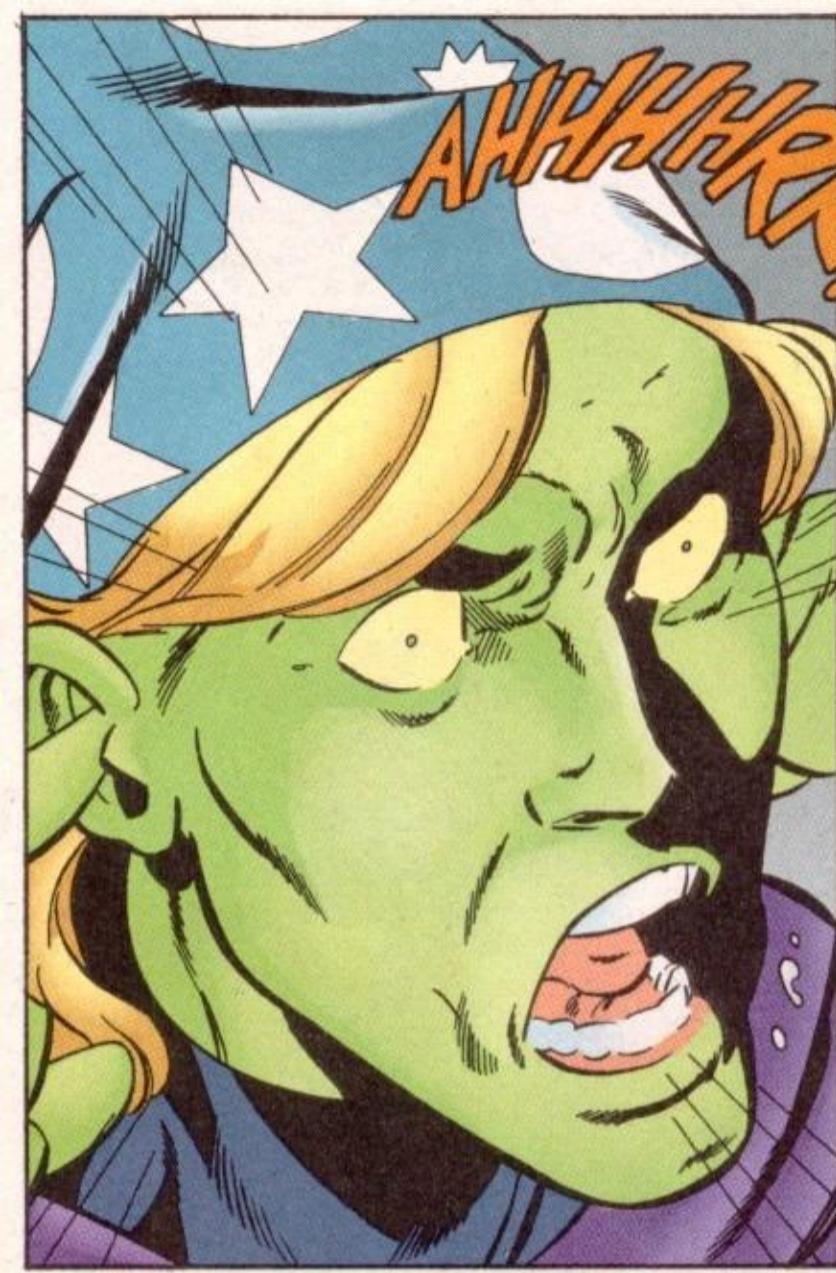






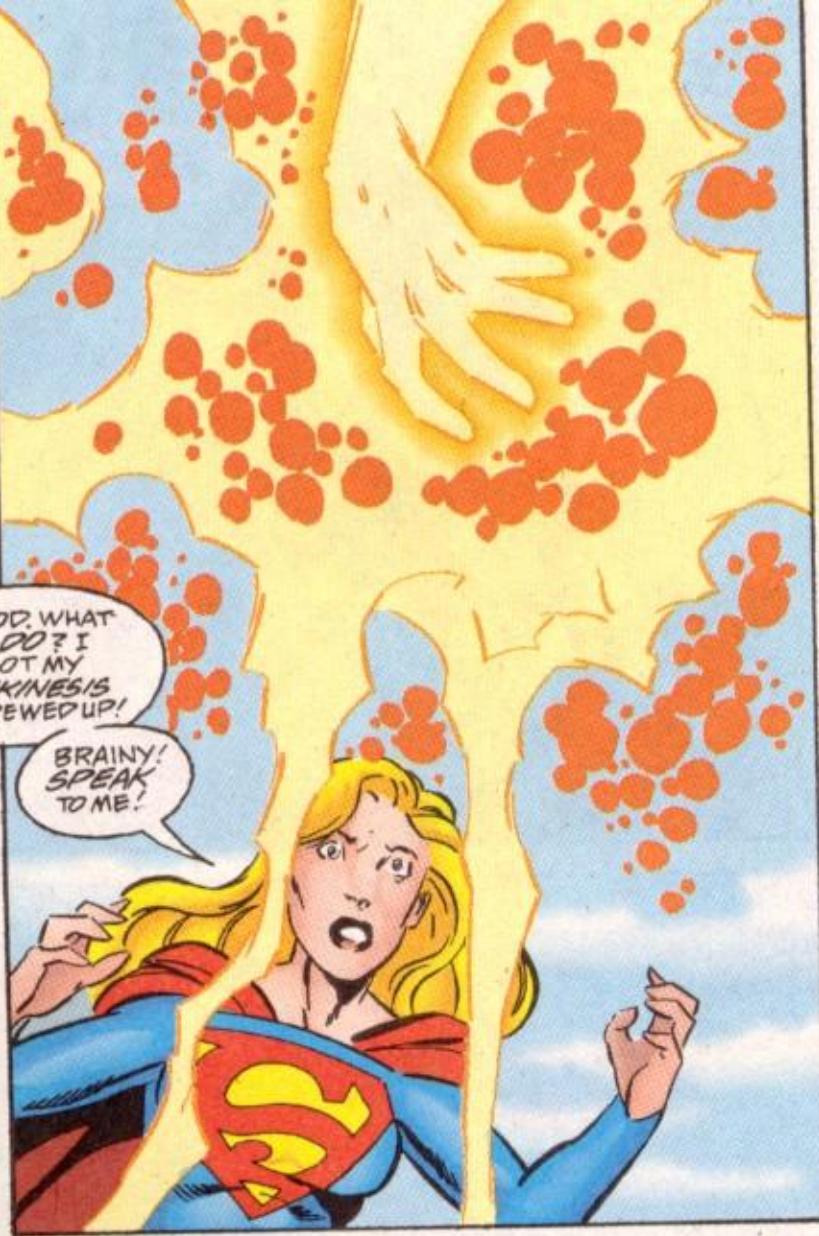






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YES... BUT I
HELPED

I EXACERBATED
THE AMBIENT DISSONANCE
BY SEARCHING IT FOR A
SENTIENT CULPRIT.

THERE IS NONE.
WE ARE CONFRONTING A
NATURAL PHENOMENON,
ALBEIT AN UNNATURAL
ONE, IF YOU FOLLOW ME.

NOT REALLY. SO
WHAT DO WE DO?

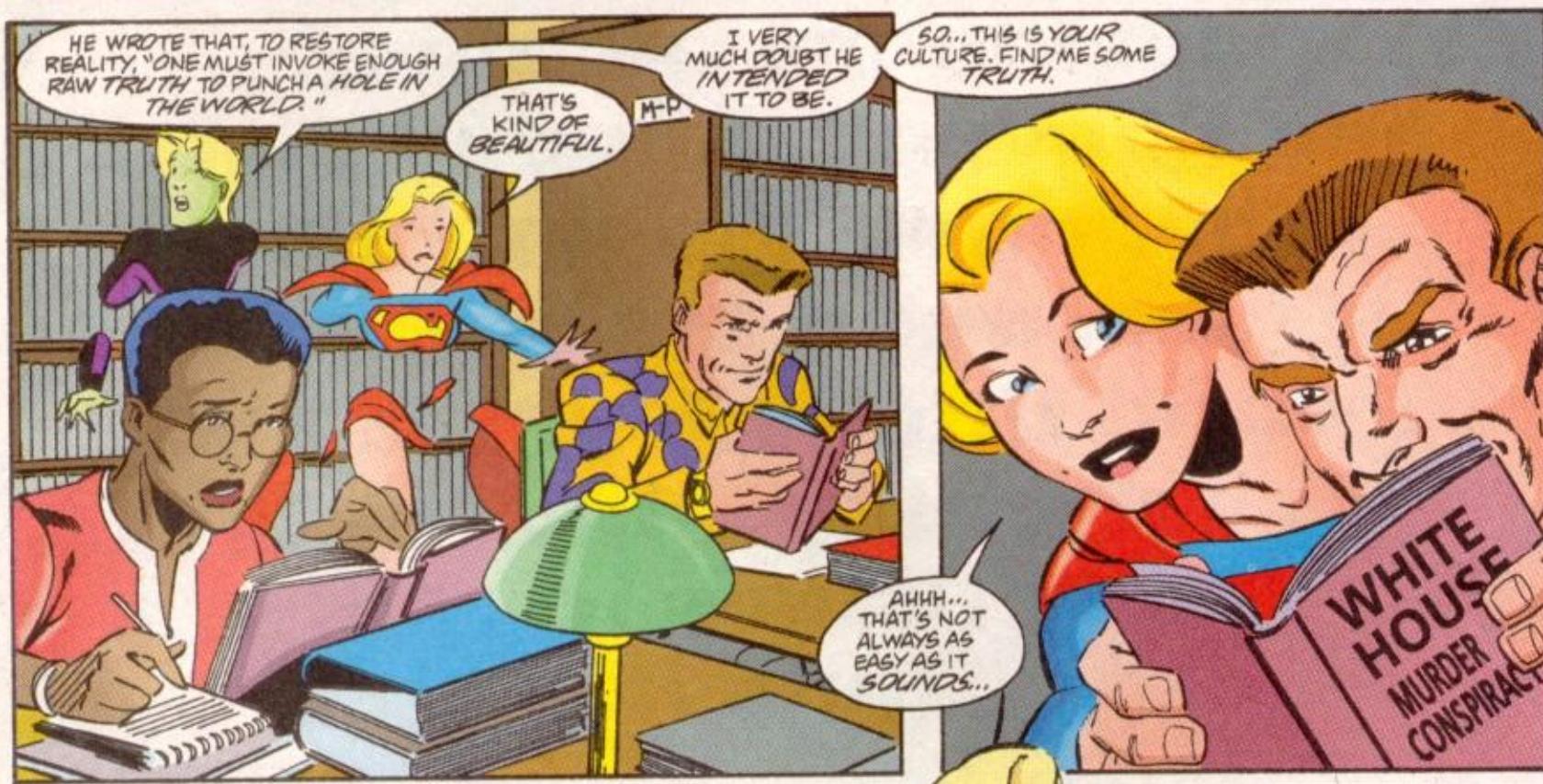
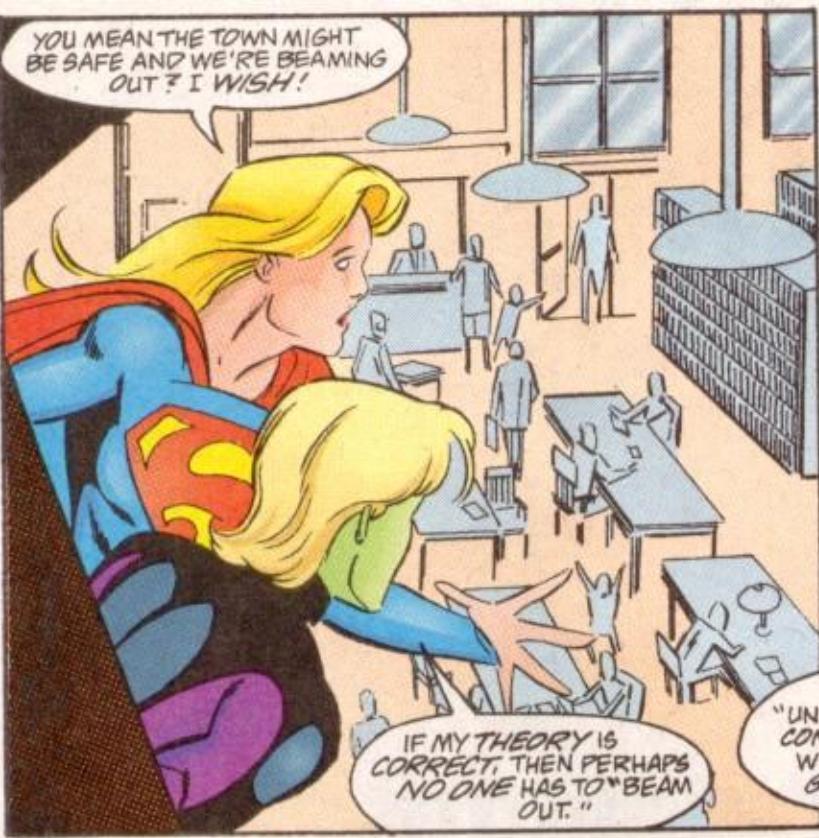
DO YOU HAVE
LIBRARIES IN
THIS TI-ON THIS
PLANET?

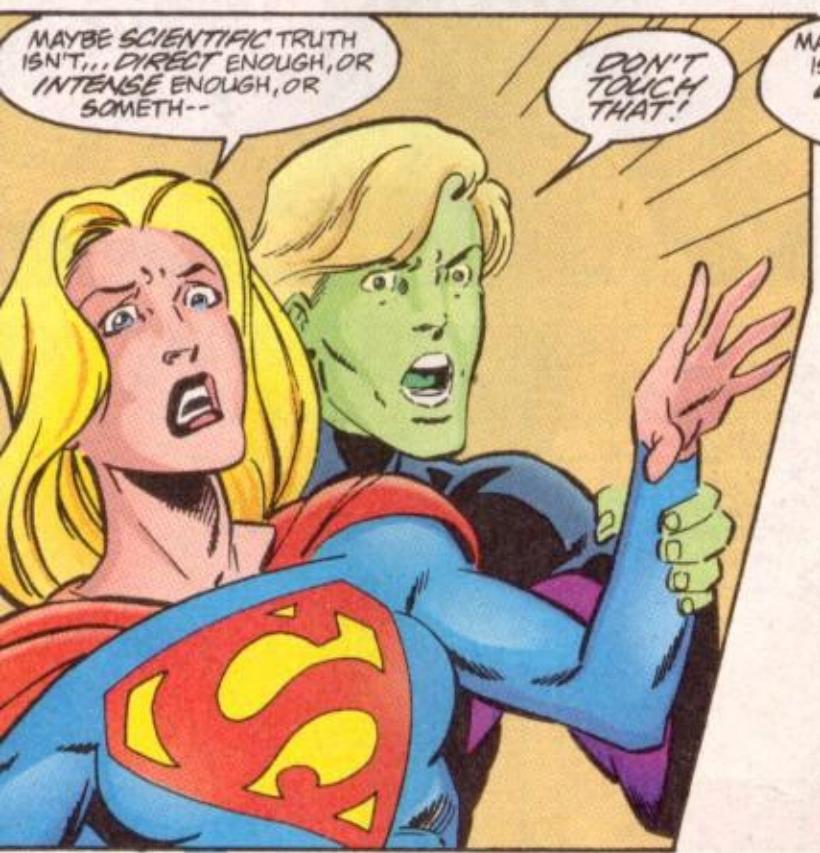


SURE. WE INVENTED
THEM JUST LAST WEEK.
RIGHT BEFORE WE
FIGURED OUT THE
WHEEL.

THEN TAKE ME
TO THE NEAREST
ONE, AND
QUICKLY!
IT DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE
ANY GOOD.







UH, SUPERGIRL? THAT DIDN'T COME OUT EXACTLY THE WAY I MEANT IT...

THEN WE KNOW TWO THINGS WE DIDN'T KNOW A MOMENT AGO: THE FORCE-FIELD BLOCKS THE MAGIC--AND YOU'RE ITS CAUSE.

THAT SUPPORTS THE AF'S THEORY; OFTEN, THE UNREALITY-FATIGUED LOCALE LINKS WITH AN INDIVIDUAL TO--

FORGET IT.
YOU WERE RIGHT.
LOOK, THE TOWN'S REAPPEARING!

EXPLAIN IT LATER! JUST TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO DO! GET OUT OF LEESBURG?

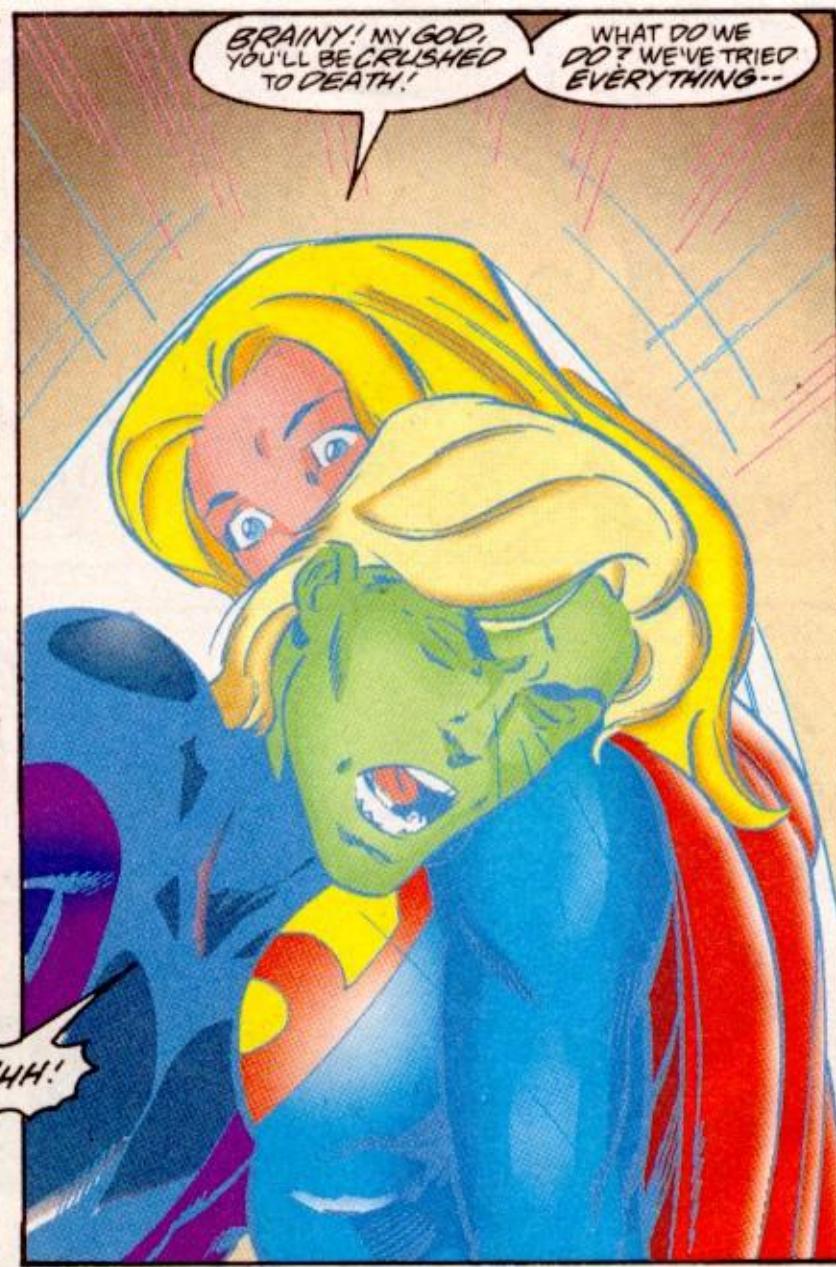
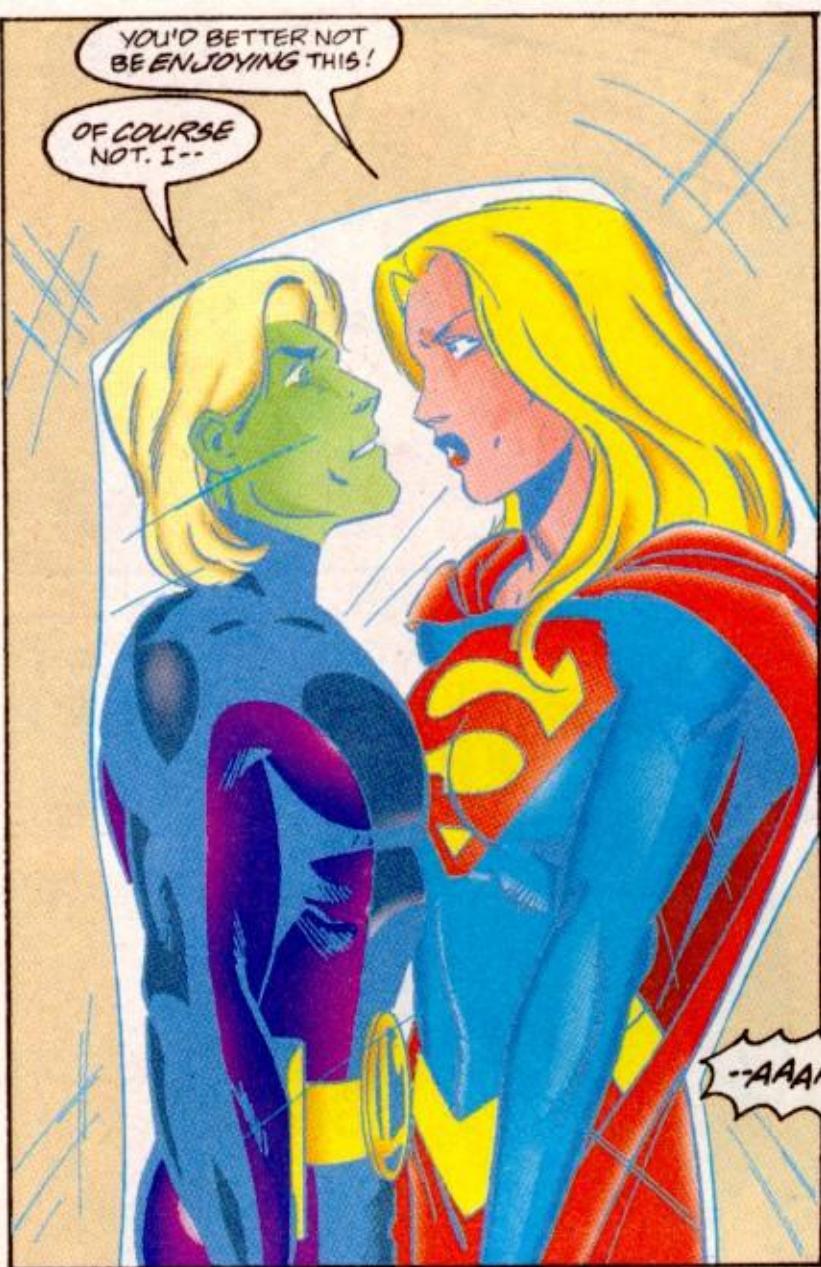
JUST LEAVE MY FRIENDS AND--

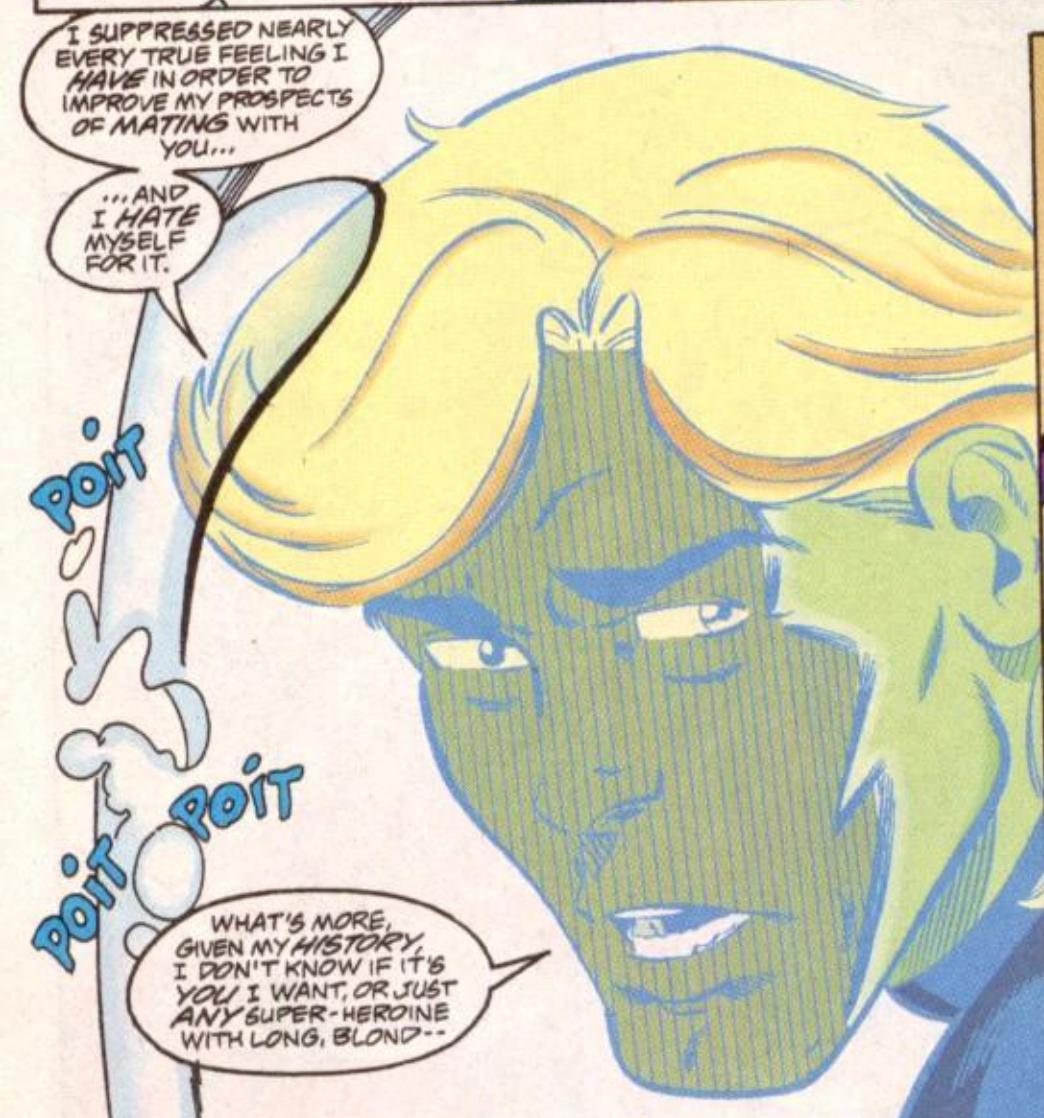
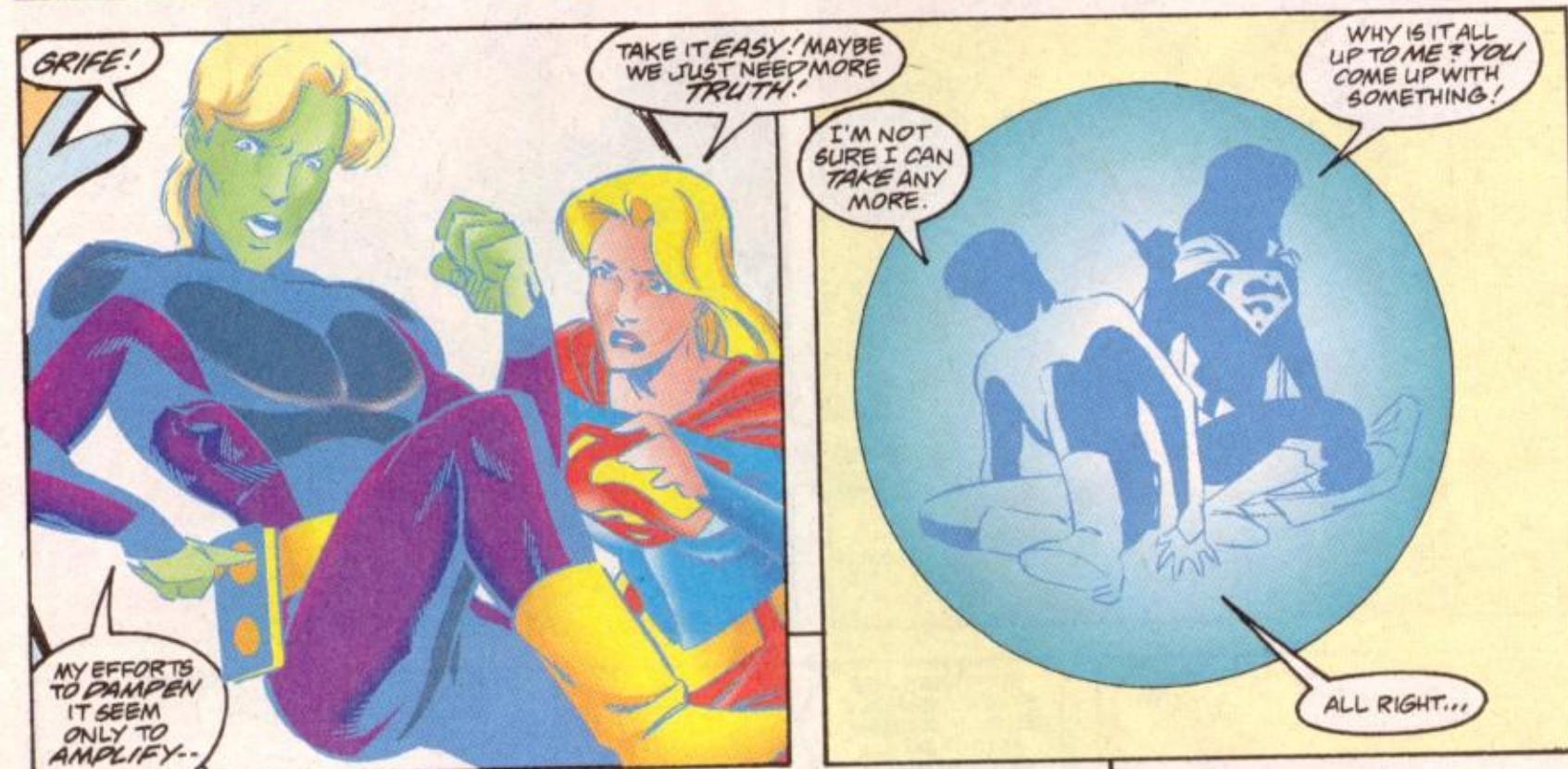
WHOA!

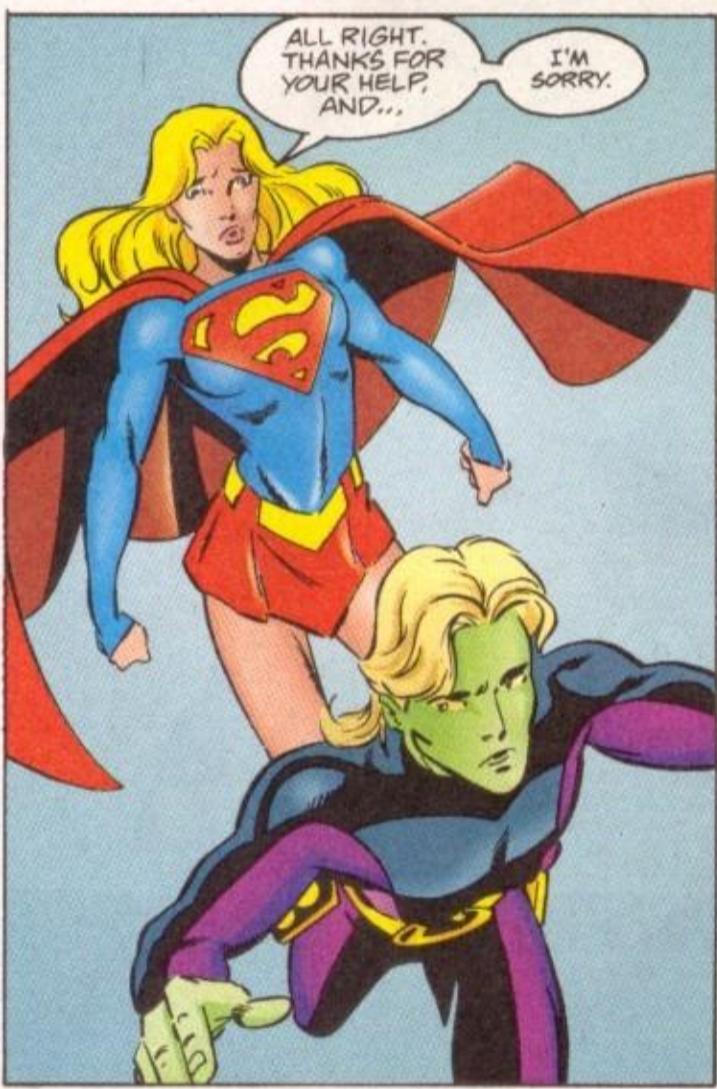
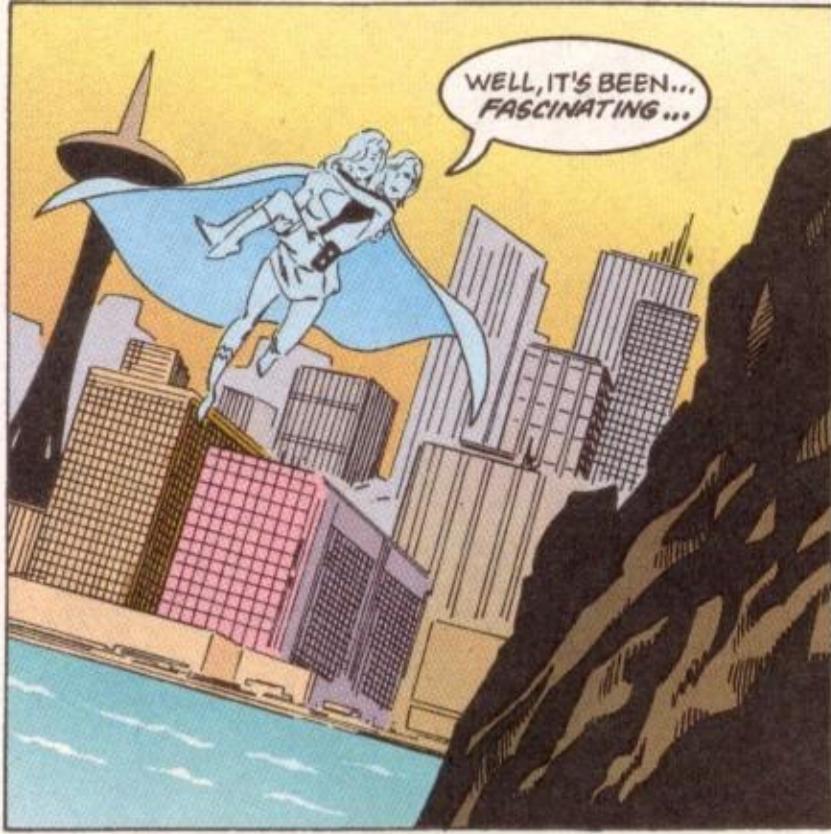
MY FIELD MAY BLOCK THE MAGIC, BUT IT'S APPARENTLY NOT IMMUNE!

SHUT IT OFF!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T REACH THE CONTROLS!







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RETURNING HOME, I SEALED MY LAB AND SPENT A RARE EVENING WITH MY TEAMMATES. I MET THEIR PROBING QUESTIONS WITH MY USUAL SARCASM, BUT THIS TIME THEY LAUGHED. LATER, I OVERHEARD SPARK SAYING THAT I LOOKED ALMOST HAPPY, AND THAT MADE HER GLAD.



Object of Desire

HER HAIR GLISTENED LIKE SPUN GOLD IN THE SUN. HER EYES FLASHED A DEFIDENT BLUE FIRE. HER LIPS BOWED AND BODY ARCHED WITH THE EXERTION OF SURVIVAL. EVEN SECONDS FROM DEATH, HER BEAUTY WAS UNDIMINISHED. IN TRUTH, IT SEEMED TO BURN EVEN BRIGHTER, GIVING HER AN INCANDESCENT GLOW THAT MADE HER EVER MORE DESIRABLE TO HIM AS SHE LOOKED UP TO HIM AND CRIED...

THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE!

CHUCK DIXON - STORY
GRES LAND - PENCILS
PRENTIS ROLLINS - INKS
TOM ZILUKO - COLORS
ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERS
MAUREEN MC TIGUE - ASSISTS
MIKE MC LAVENNIE - EDITS

DON'T WORRY,
SUPergirl! I'LL
MAKE SHORT
WORK OF THIS
BATTLEBOT!

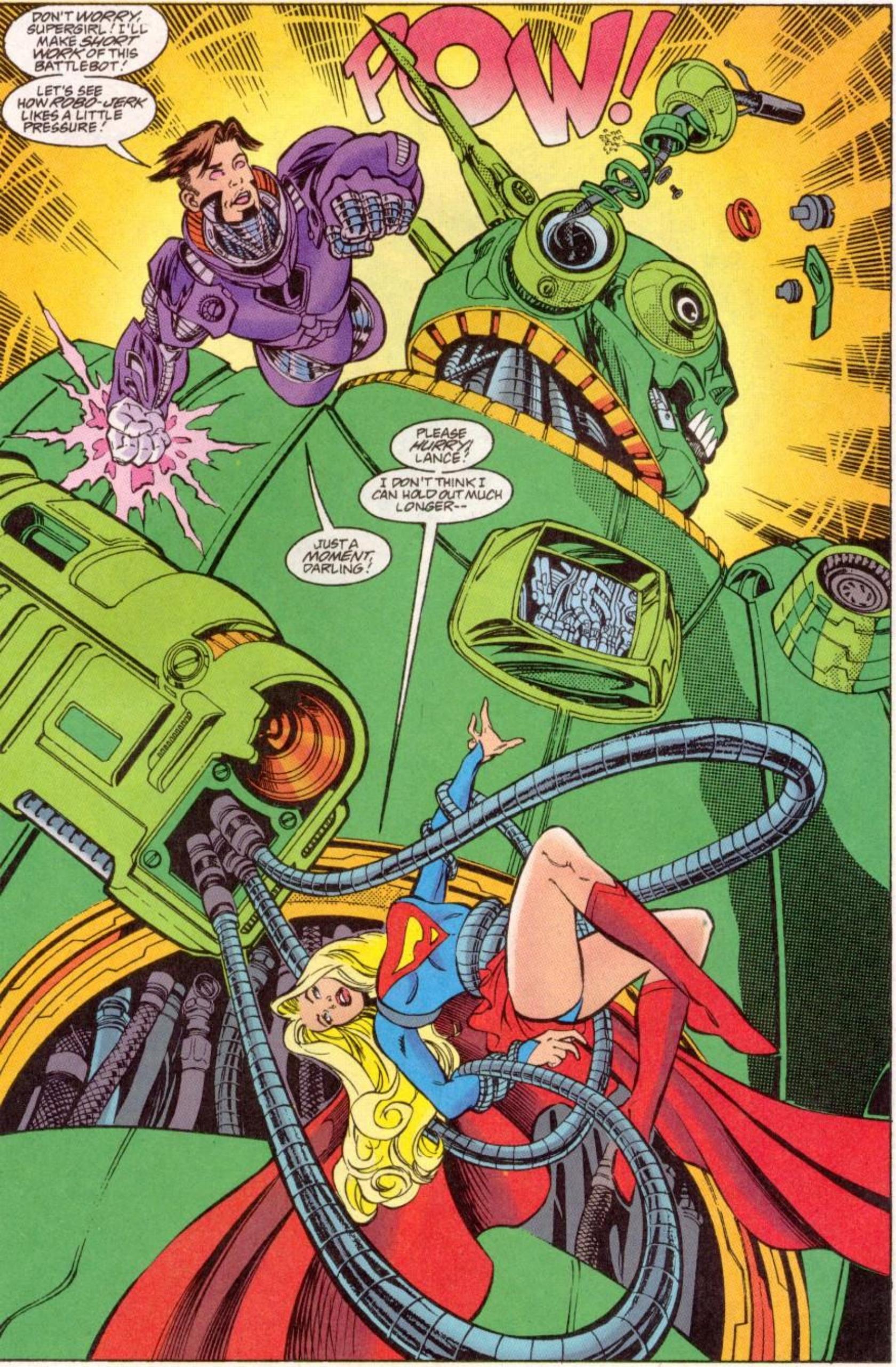
LET'S SEE
HOW ROBO-JERK
LIKES A LITTLE
PRESSURE!

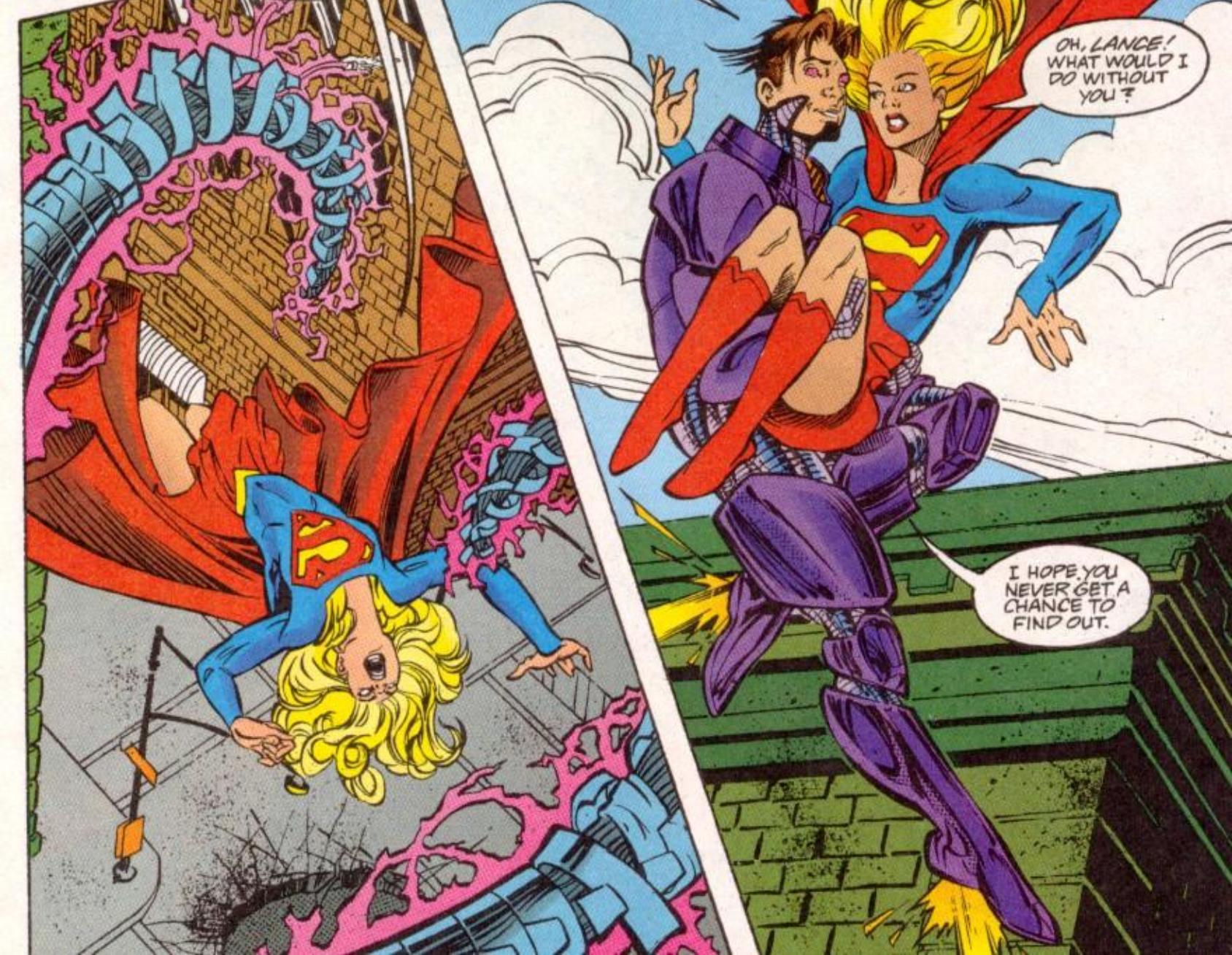
POW!

PLEASE
HURRY!
LANCE!

I DON'T THINK I
CAN HOLD OUT MUCH
LONGER--

JUST A
MOMENT,
DARLING!

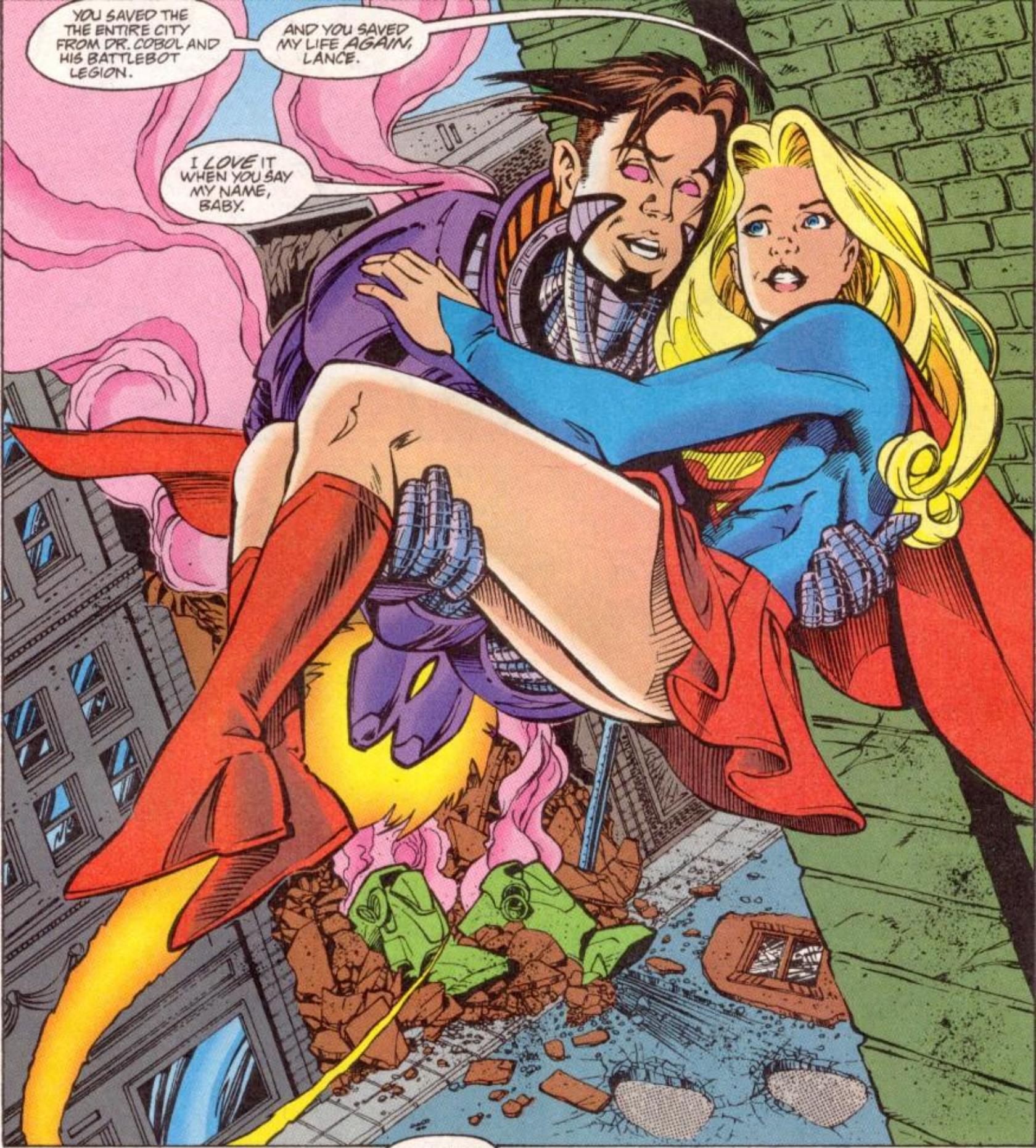




YOU SAVED THE
THE ENTIRE CITY
FROM DR. COBOL AND
HIS BATTLEBOT
LEGION.

AND YOU SAVED
MY LIFE AGAIN,
LANCE.

I LOVE IT
WHEN YOU SAY
MY NAME,
BABY.



OH, LANCE.

LANCE.

LANCE...

LANCE!

LANCE!

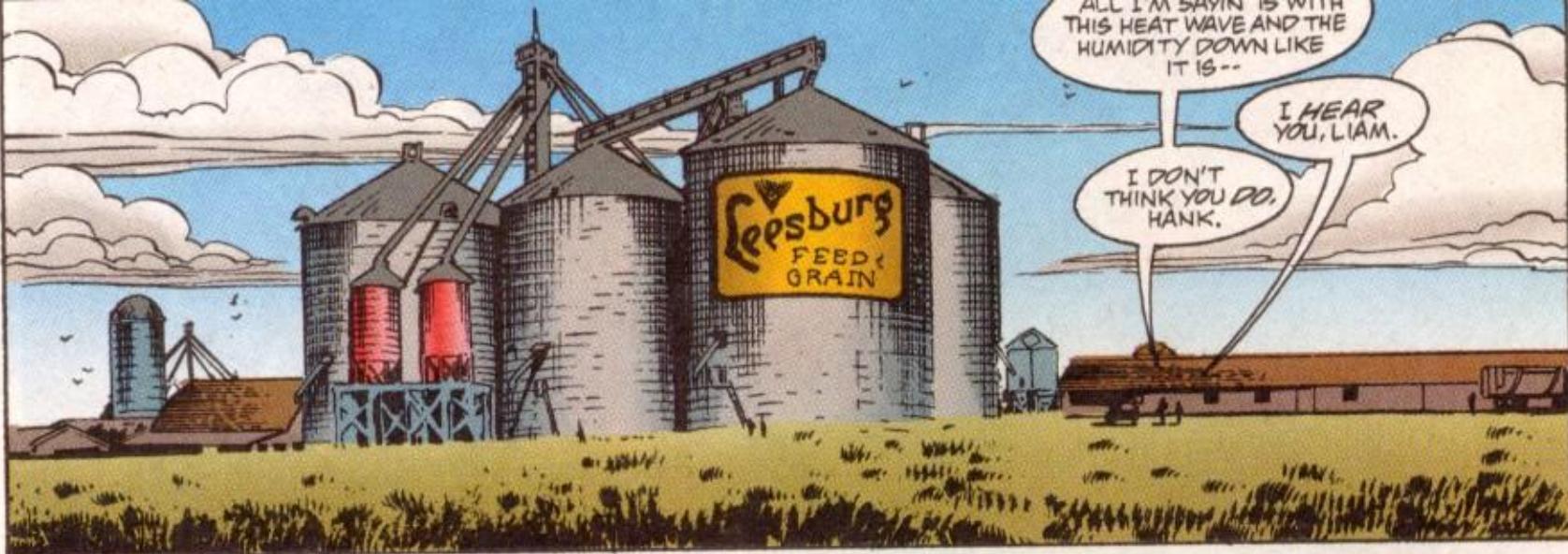




ALL I'M SAYIN' IS WITH
THIS HEAT WAVE AND THE
HUMIDITY DOWN LIKE
IT IS--

I HEAR
YOU, LIAM.

I DON'T
THINK YOU DO,
HANK.



BETTER
A WORRIER
THAN A--

kuh-kuh-KRAK!

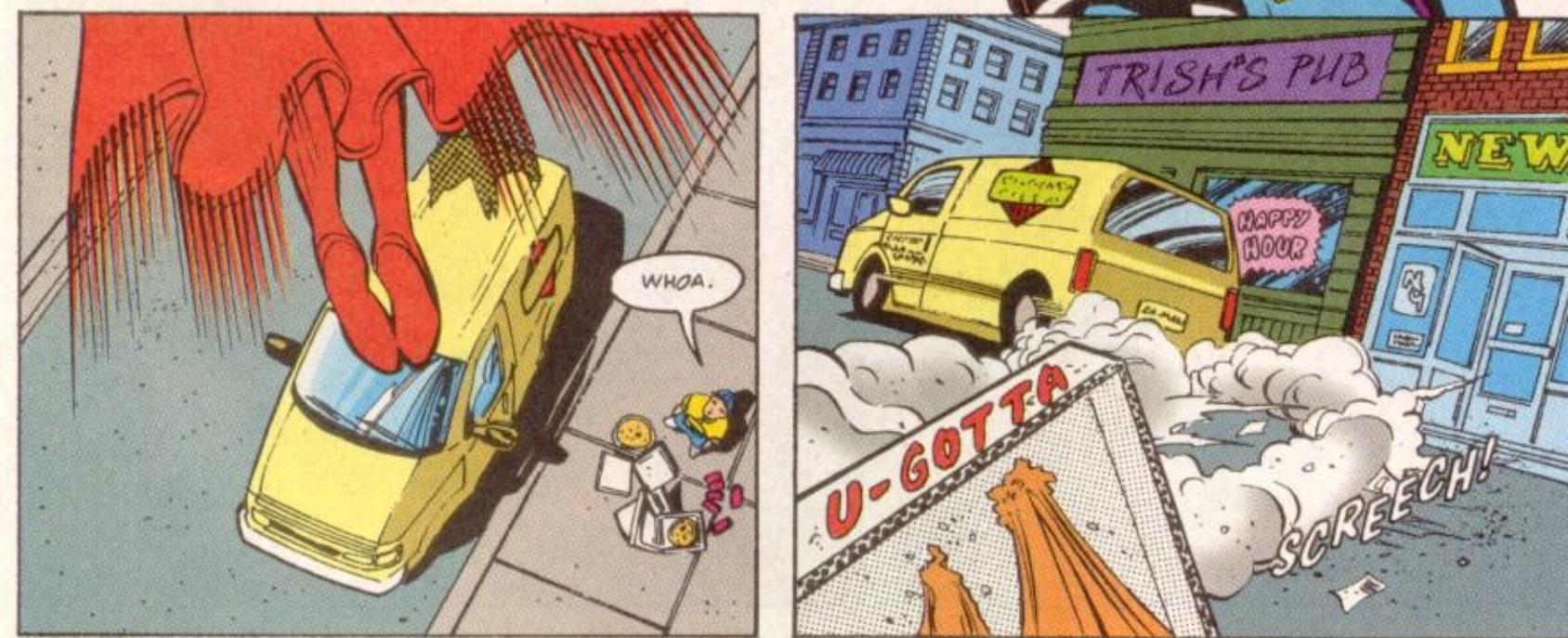
DAMN...







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... BUT WE'LL BE
WATCHING AND WAITING
AS THE RESCUE
CONTINUES.

YOU'RE STILL
MOONING OVER THAT
DOOFUS?

HE
DOESN'T
KNOW I'M
ALIVE,
BABS.

HE OUGHTA CHECK HIS
OWN PULSE. DON'T EVEN
WASTE YOUR TIME,
KRISTY.

IT'S
SUPERRGIRL
THIS AND
SUPERRGIRL
THAT.

HE'S A
SUPERRGIRL
GEEK!
WHY DO I
BOther?

YOU'RE RIGHT,
BABS. LANCE IS A
GERM AND I'M
OVER HIM.

WOW,
LOOK AT
THIS...

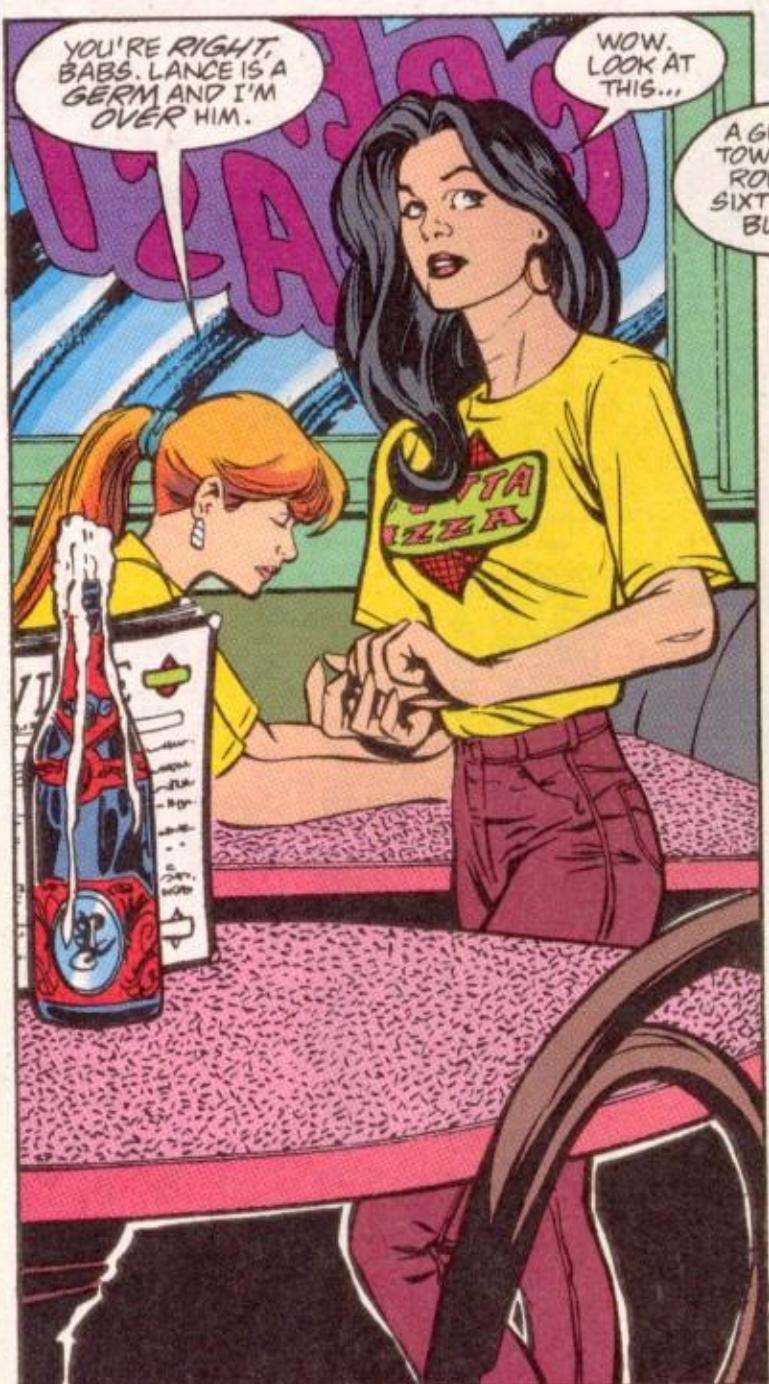
A GRAIN
TOWER ON
ROUTE
SIXTY-ONE
BLEW.

-- FIRE
CREWS AND
POLICE
ARE HERE IN
FORCE,
AND
THEY'RE
RECEIVING
SOME
WELCOME
HELP
FROM --

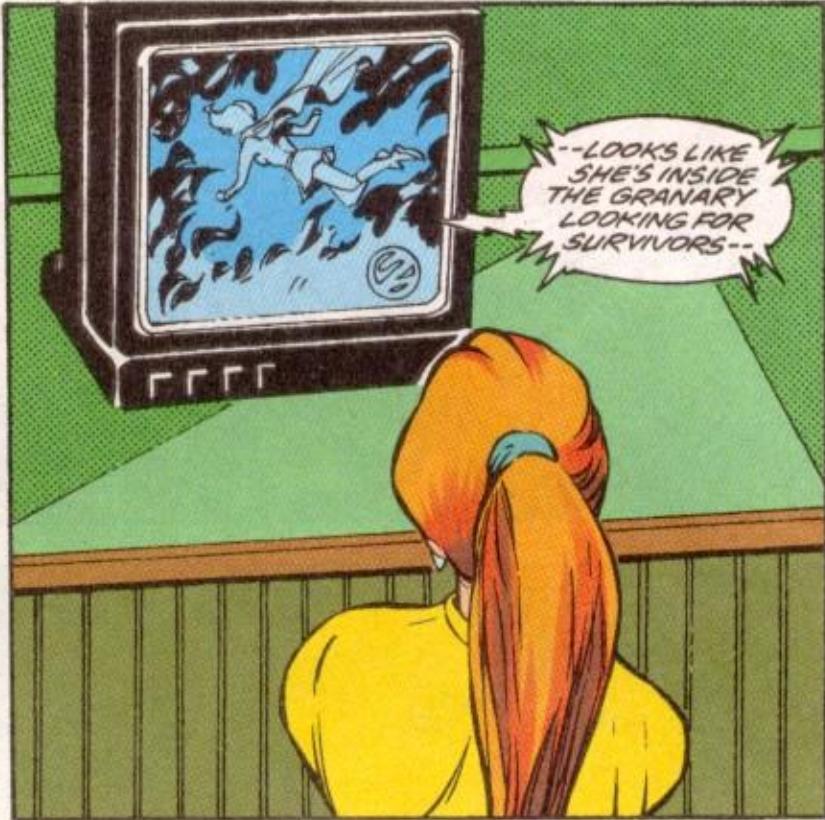
-- SUPERRGIRL!

WHERE'S
LANCE?

I'M GONNA
WRING HIS
SKINNY
NECK!



THE CUSTOMER CALLS, ASKIN' WHERE THEIR PIZZA IS!



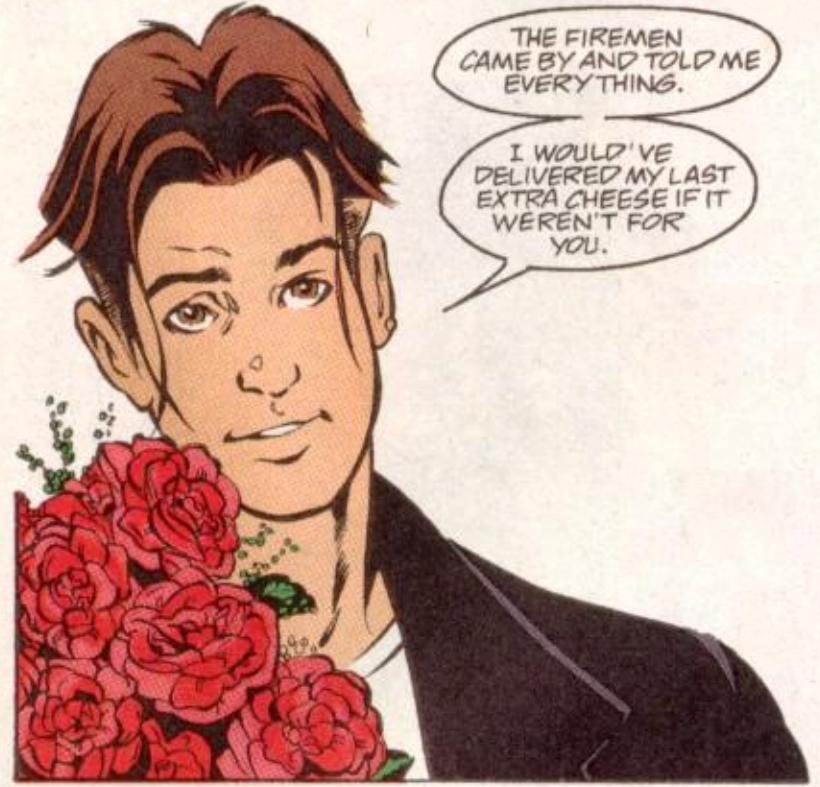
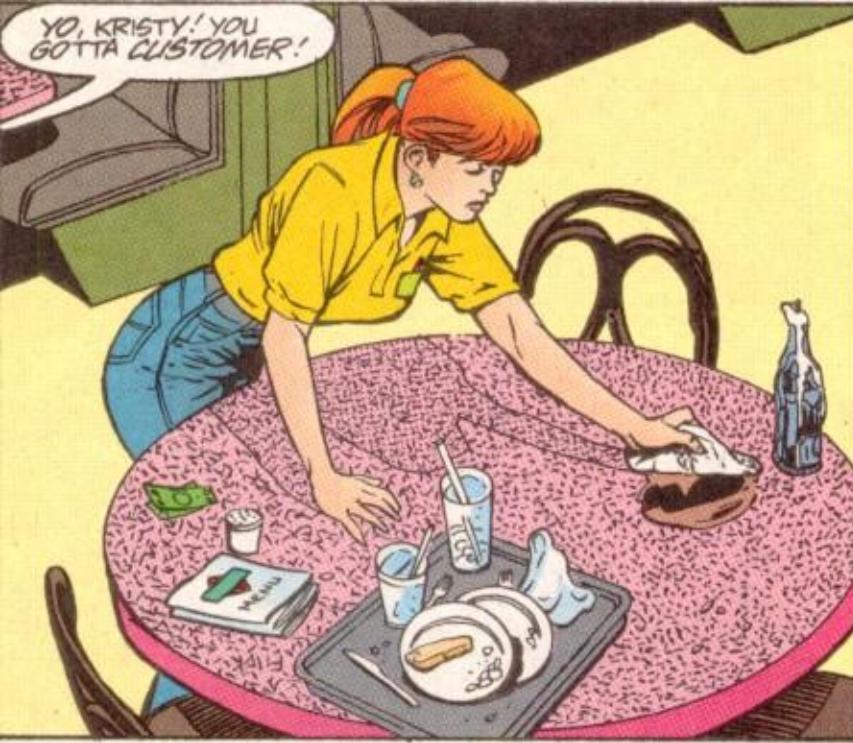






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I DIDN'T REALLY PLAN
ANYTHING AFTER GIVING YOU
THE FLOWERS.

THAT'S OKAY.
WE CAN JUST
HANG OUT.

NEXT
TIME'LL
BE MORE
LIKE A
REAL
DATE.

NEXT
TIME?

I--I--I MEAN IF
THAT'S OKAY WITH
YOU, KRISTY.

SURE,
IT'S OKAY
WITH ME.
AND--

--HEY,
DID YOU
SEE
THAT?

SEE
WHAT?

OH...
NOTHING
IMPORTANT.

The
END