

DC COMICS

THE NEW 52!

4

SUPERGIRL

**MICHAEL
GREEN**

**MIKE
JOHNSON**

**MAHMUD
ASRAR**

**THEY
TOOK THEIR
BEST SHOT...**



NEAR EARTH ORBIT.

SIR, WE
ARE ALREADY
GIGAPASCALS PAST
THE ULTIMATE TENSILE
STRENGTH OF ANY
MATERIAL KNOWN
TO SCIENCE.

C'MON,
JUST SAY IT,
MISS THORN...IT'S
INDESTRUCTIBLE!

IT'S NOT
CLOTHING. IT'S
ARMOR!



NOW HOW DO I REPLICATE IT?
IMAGINE THE POSSIBILITIES FOR
EXPLORATION. NO PLANET, NO
MOON, NO ENVIRONMENT WOULD
BE TOO DANGEROUS IF YOU'RE
WEARING A SUIT MADE OF
THIS STUFF.

NOT TO MENTION
THE SALES ON EARTH.
BIKINIS AND BOXER
SHORTS. DIAPERS AND
DISHTOWELS.



"HOW'S THE REPAIR
WORK GOING?"



GOOD. I'D BE
DISAPPOINTED IF IT
COULDN'T HANDLE A
TEENAGE GIRL.

THANKFULLY...



I THINK
SHE'LL BEHAVE
FROM NOW ON.

KRYPTONITE.

A RADIOACTIVE
ELEMENT LETHAL
TO THE TOUCH.

JUST BEING CLOSE
TO IT--LIKE I'M
BEING HELD NOW--
CAN BE FATAL.

I'M SCREAMING, BUT
NO SOUND COMES OUT.

I'M CRYING, BUT
THERE ARE NO TEARS.

MY SKIN IS BURNING
OFF, BUT THERE
ARE NO FLAMES.

ALL THERE IS...

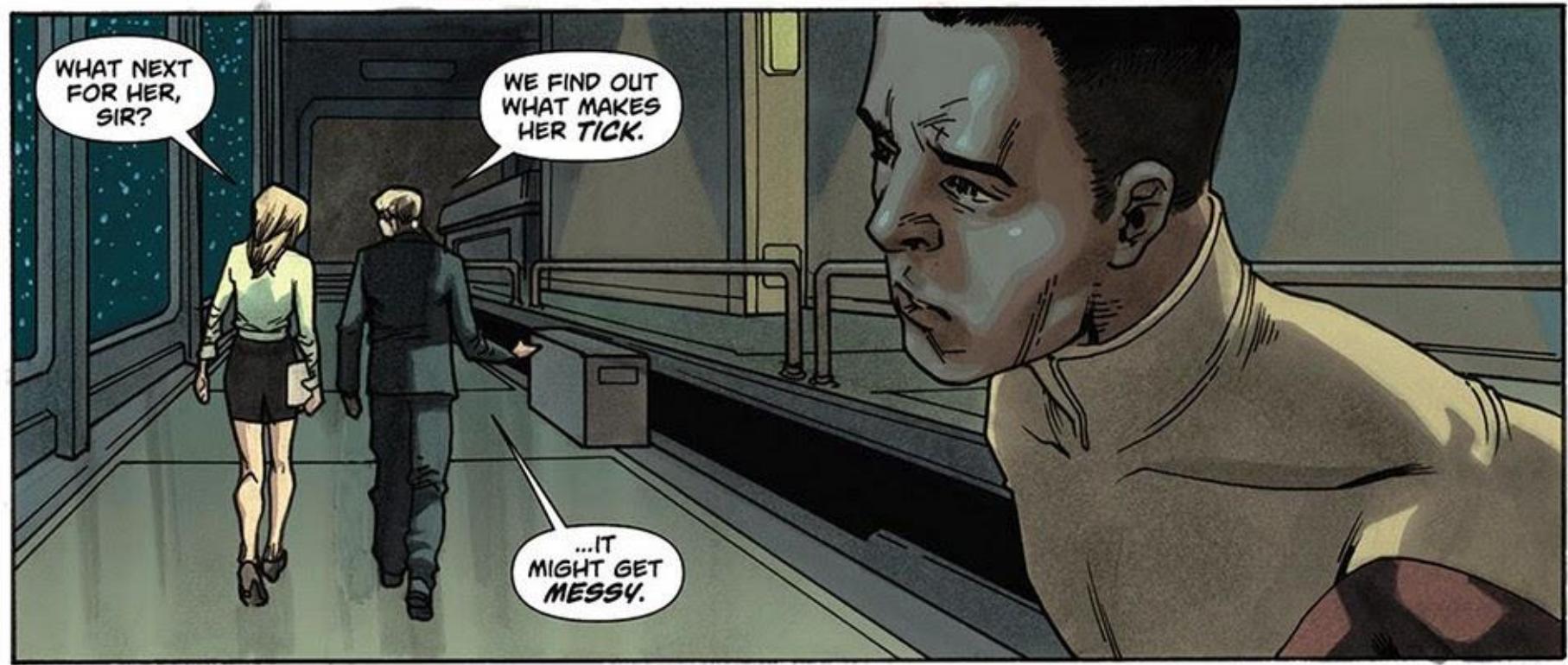
ALL I AM
NOW...

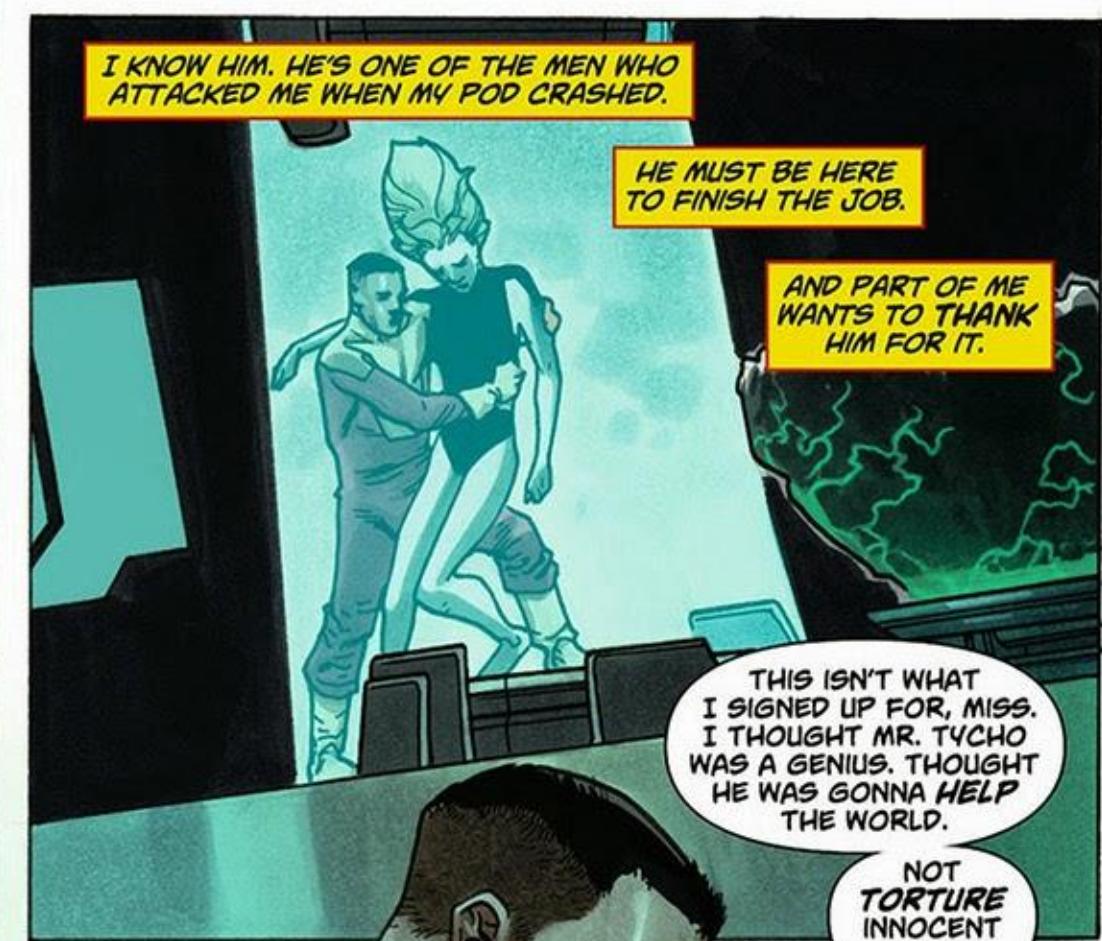
IS THE
PAIN.

ESCAPE

MICHAEL GREEN & MIKE JOHNSON: WRITERS MAHMUD ASRAR: ARTIST

DAVE MCCAIG: COLORIST ROB LEIGH: LETTERER ASRAR & McCAIG: COVER
WIL MOSS: EDITOR MATT IDELSON: GROUP EDITOR







DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM, BUT AT LEAST I CAN GET YOU OUT OF THIS--

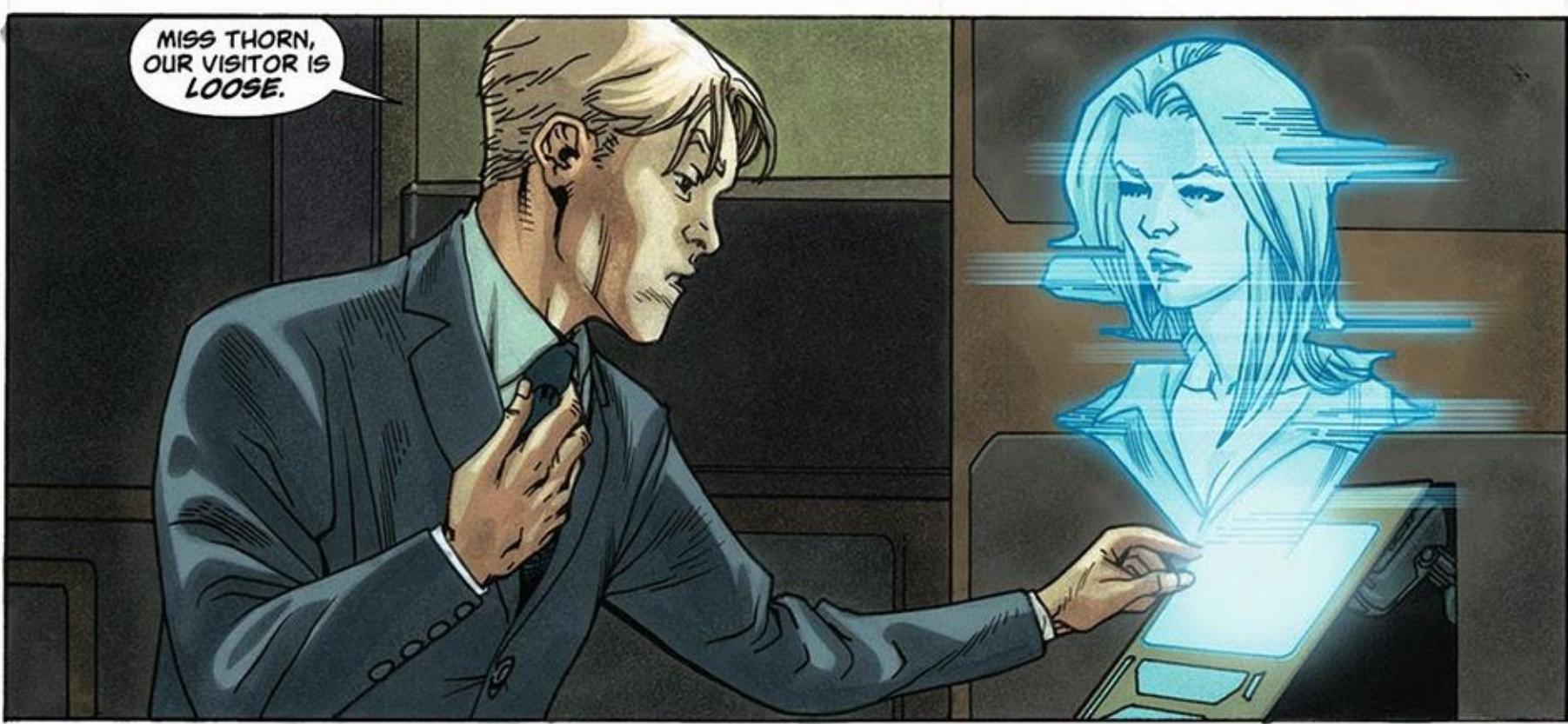


I KNOW, JACOBS, I LOVE INITIATIVE IN MY EMPLOYEES. I REALLY DO. AND YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT THAT IN BUCKETS.
BUT THE WHOLE "SCREWING WITH MY BOSS' PLANS FOR THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE" PART?









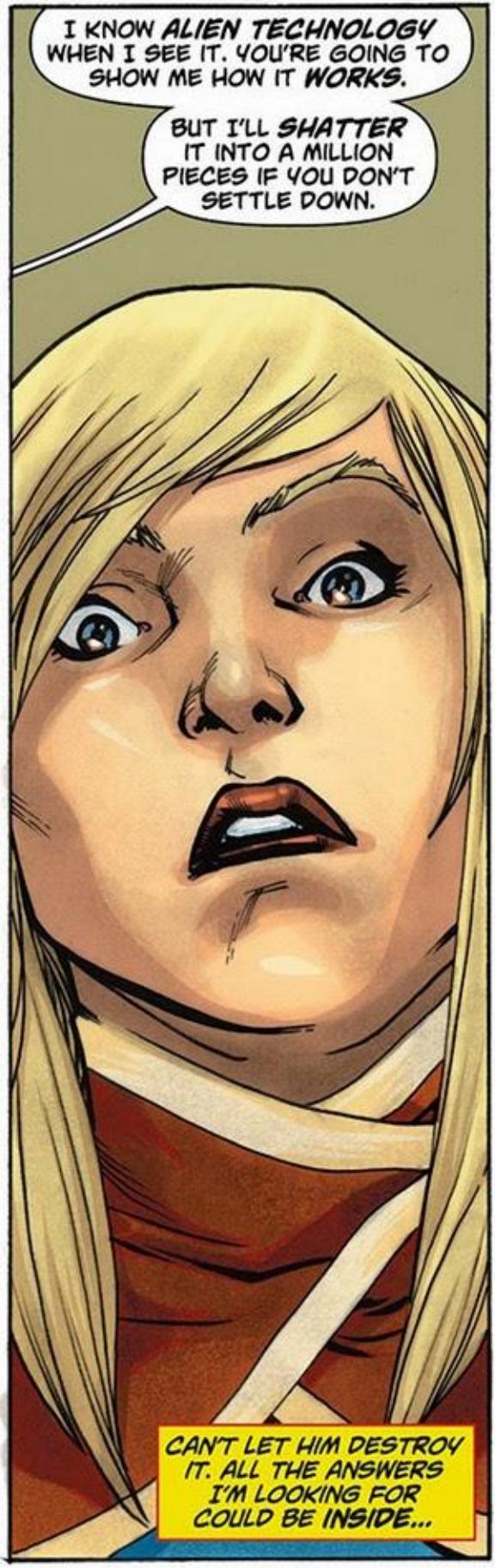
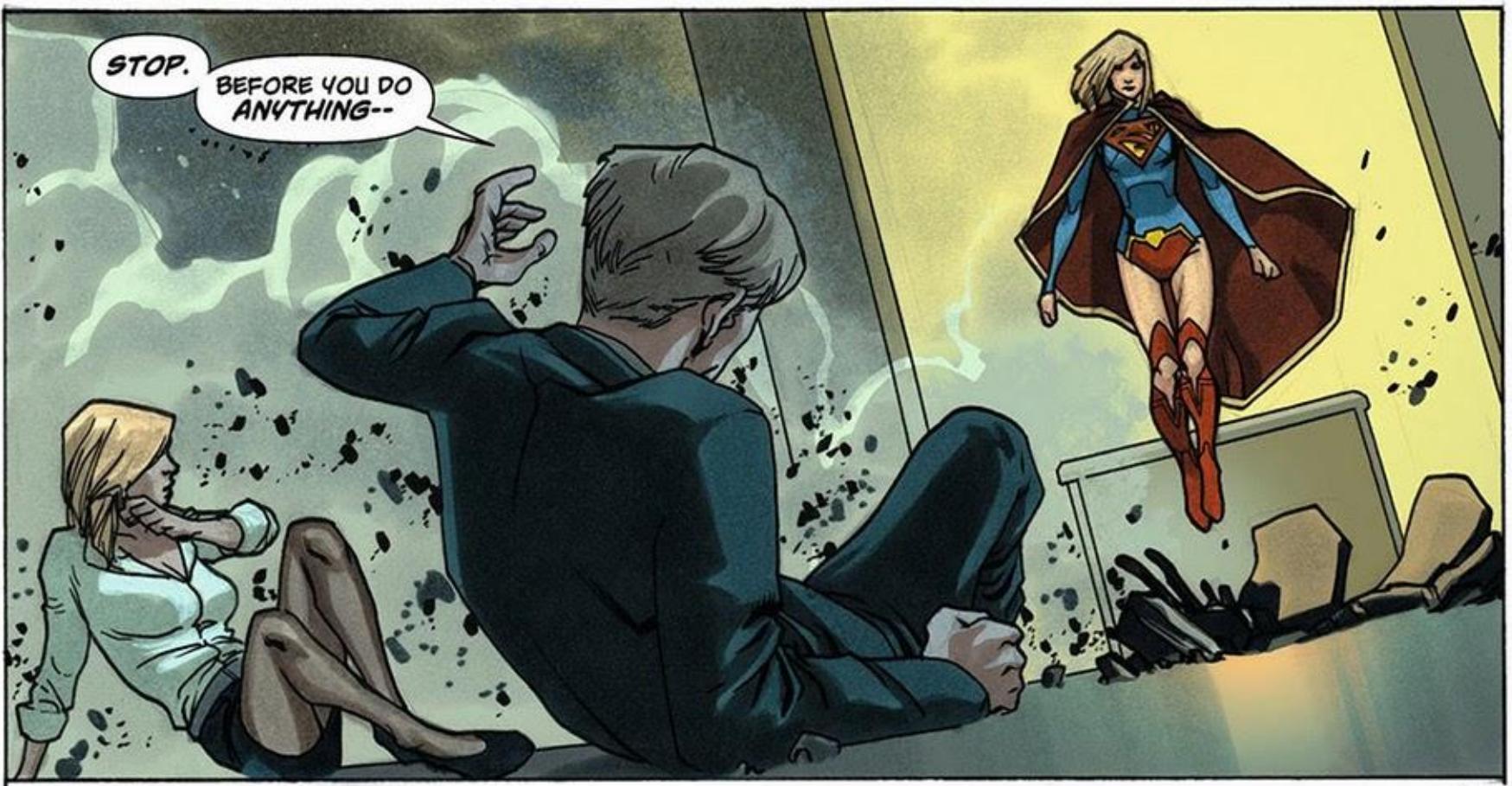


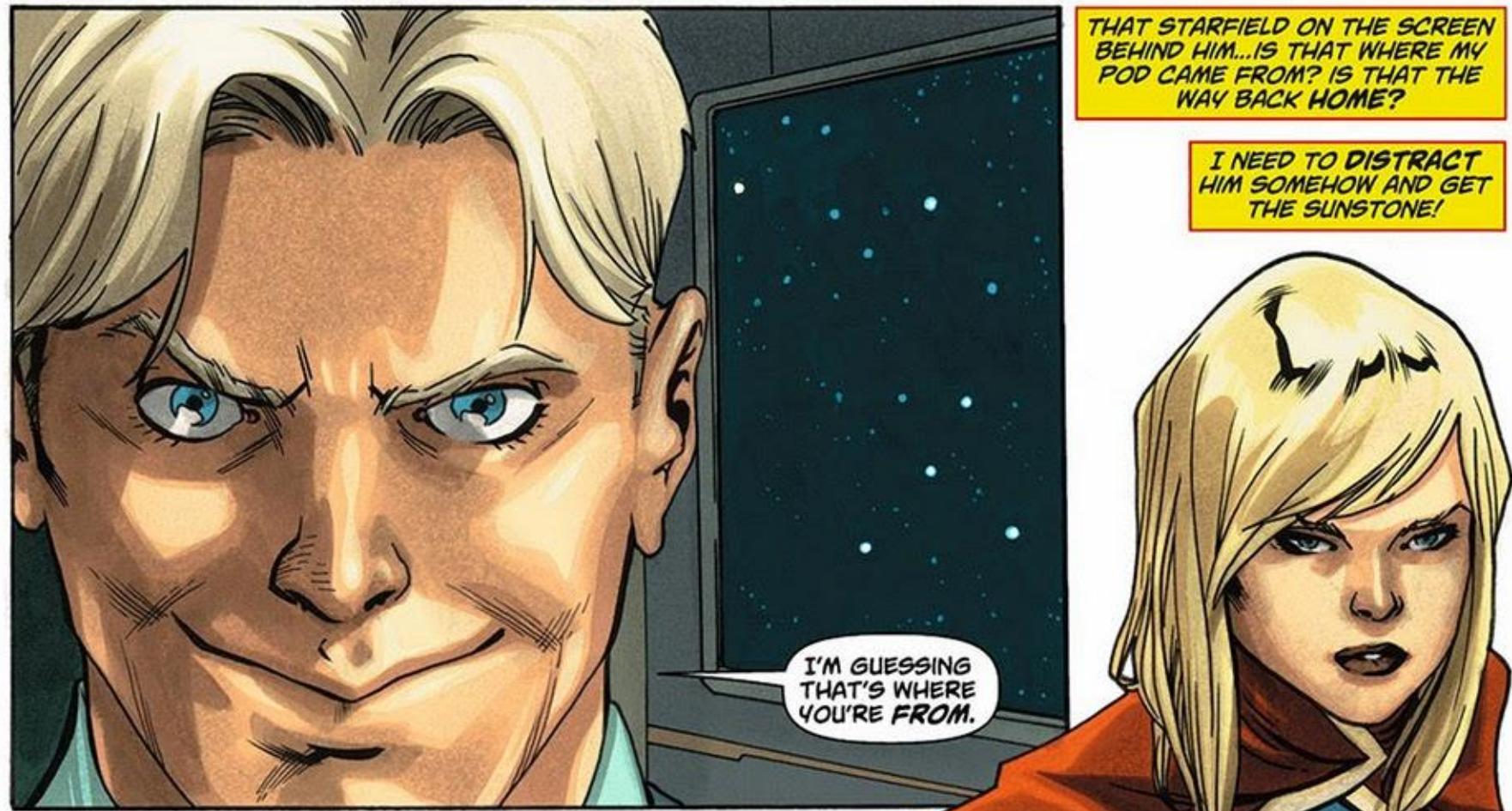
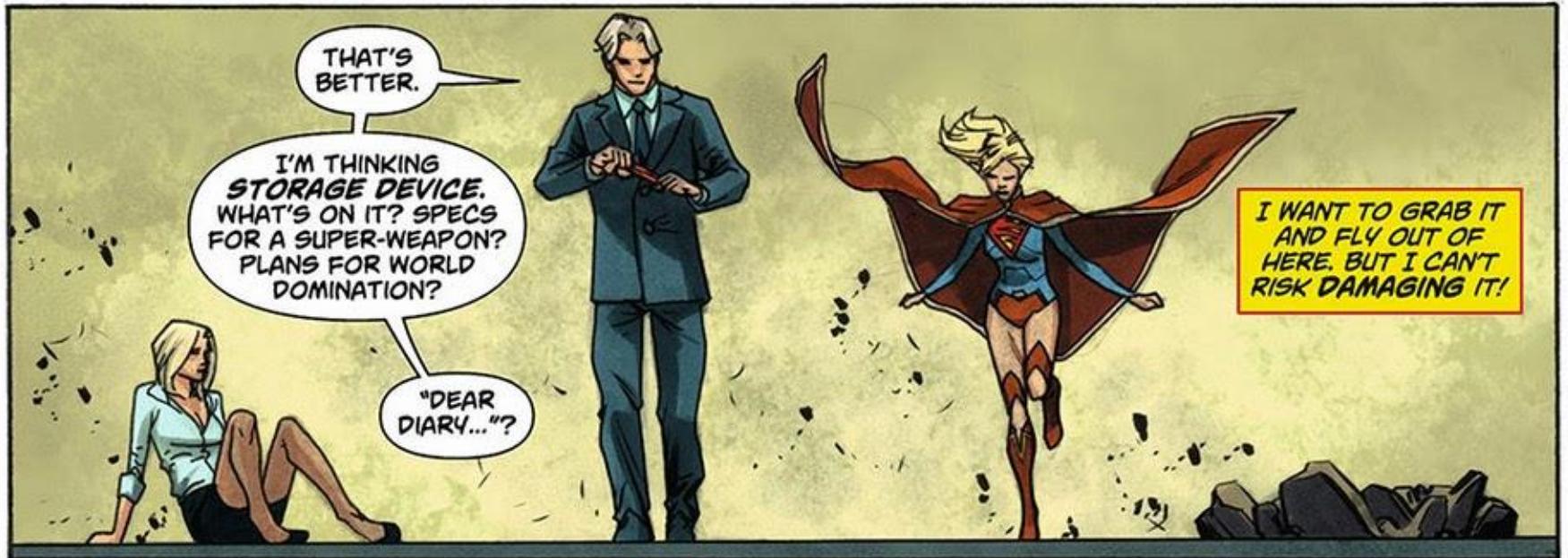


THESE CLOSE-UPS
OF MY UNCONSCIOUS
SECURITY FORCES
ARE GETTING OLD
FAST.

SHOW ME
WHERE
SHE--







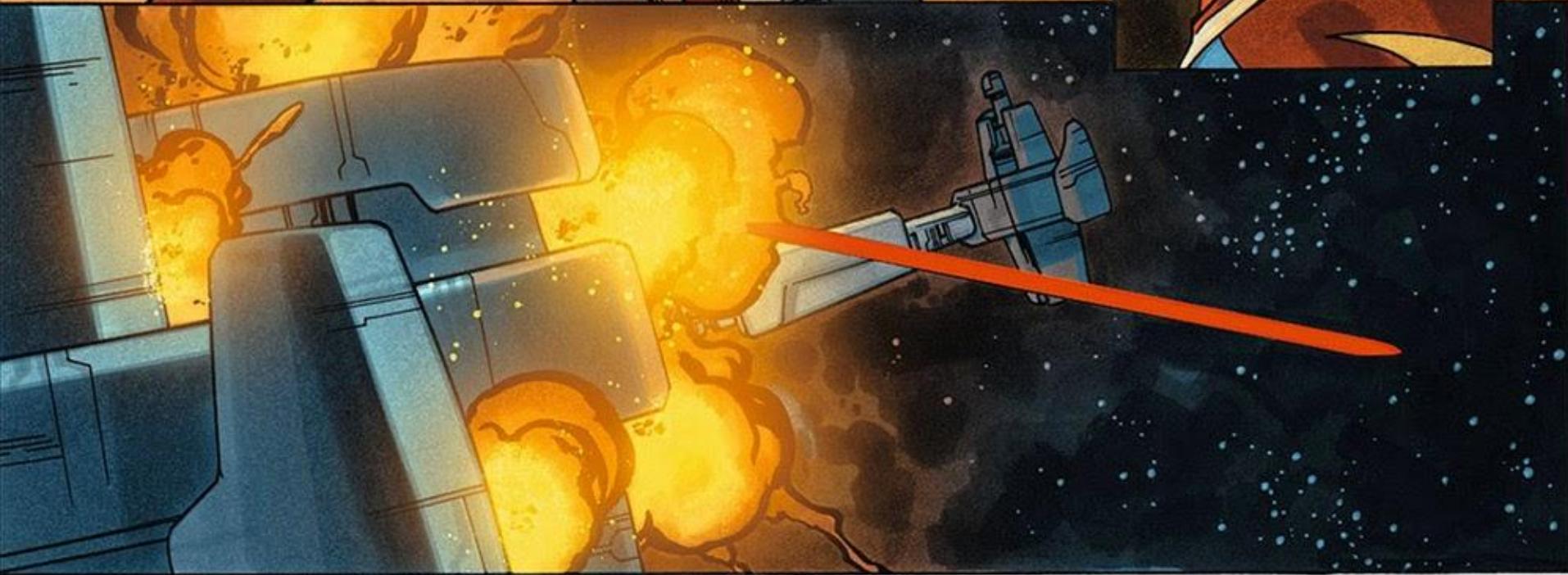


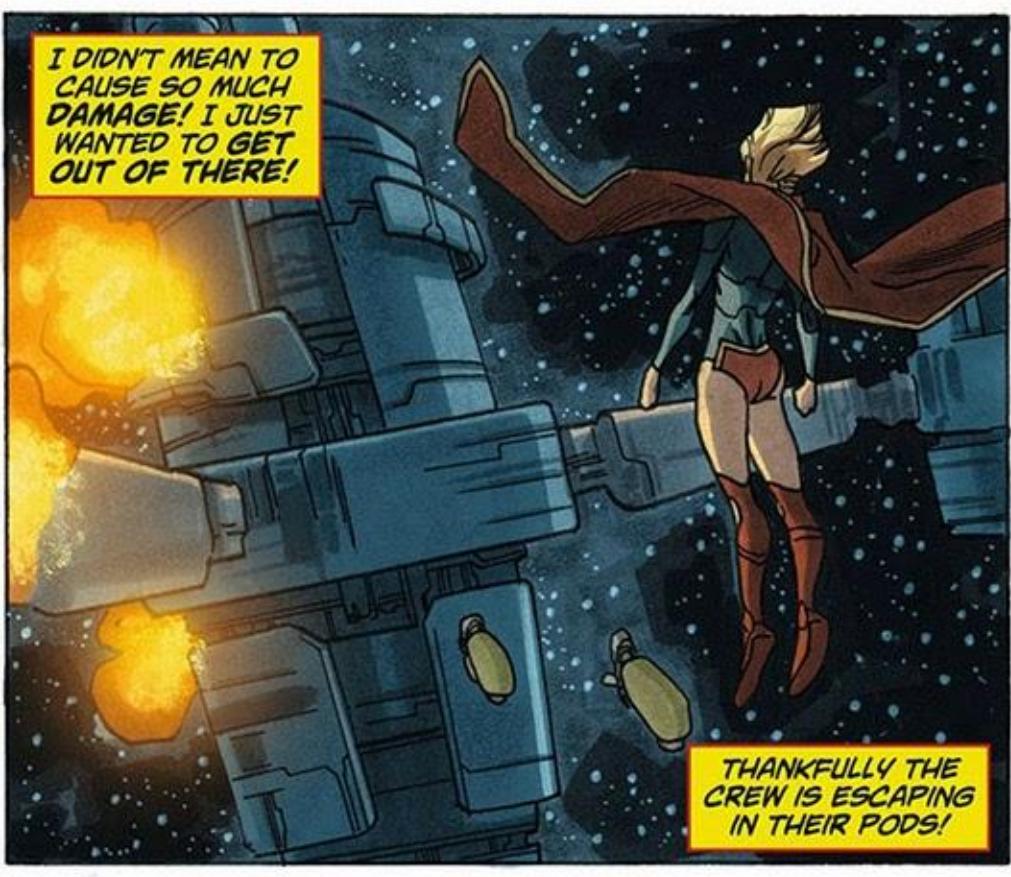
MR. TYCHO! SHE WASN'T FIRING AT YOU! SHE WAS AIMING FOR THE CENTRAL CORE!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. HOW COULD SHE POSSIBLY--?

I DON'T NEED TO SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE TO KNOW THAT I GUESSED RIGHT.







THE MAN WHO CLAIMED TO BE KAL WAS
RIGHT. I'M AS DANGEROUS AS ONE OF
KRYPTON'S MYTHICAL WORLDKILLERS.

I COULD HAVE HURT
SO MANY PEOPLE ON
THAT STATION...

ALL THESE SUDDEN
POWERS...AND
I CAN BARELY
CONTROL THEM.

AT LEAST I HAVE THIS
SUNSTONE NOW.

BUT THERE'S A CRACK
IN IT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN
DAMAGED IN MY CRASH.

I NEED A
CONSOLE.
I COULD ASK
"KAL," BUT...

CAN I EVEN TRUST
HIM? WHAT IF HE
TRIES TO TAKE IT
FROM ME?

WHAT IF I JUST
TRY TO...

FLY HOME?

OH FATHER, MOTHER...
HOW DO I FIND YOU?

LATER. ELSEWHERE.

"MR. TYCHO?

"CAN YOU HEAR
ME, SIR?"

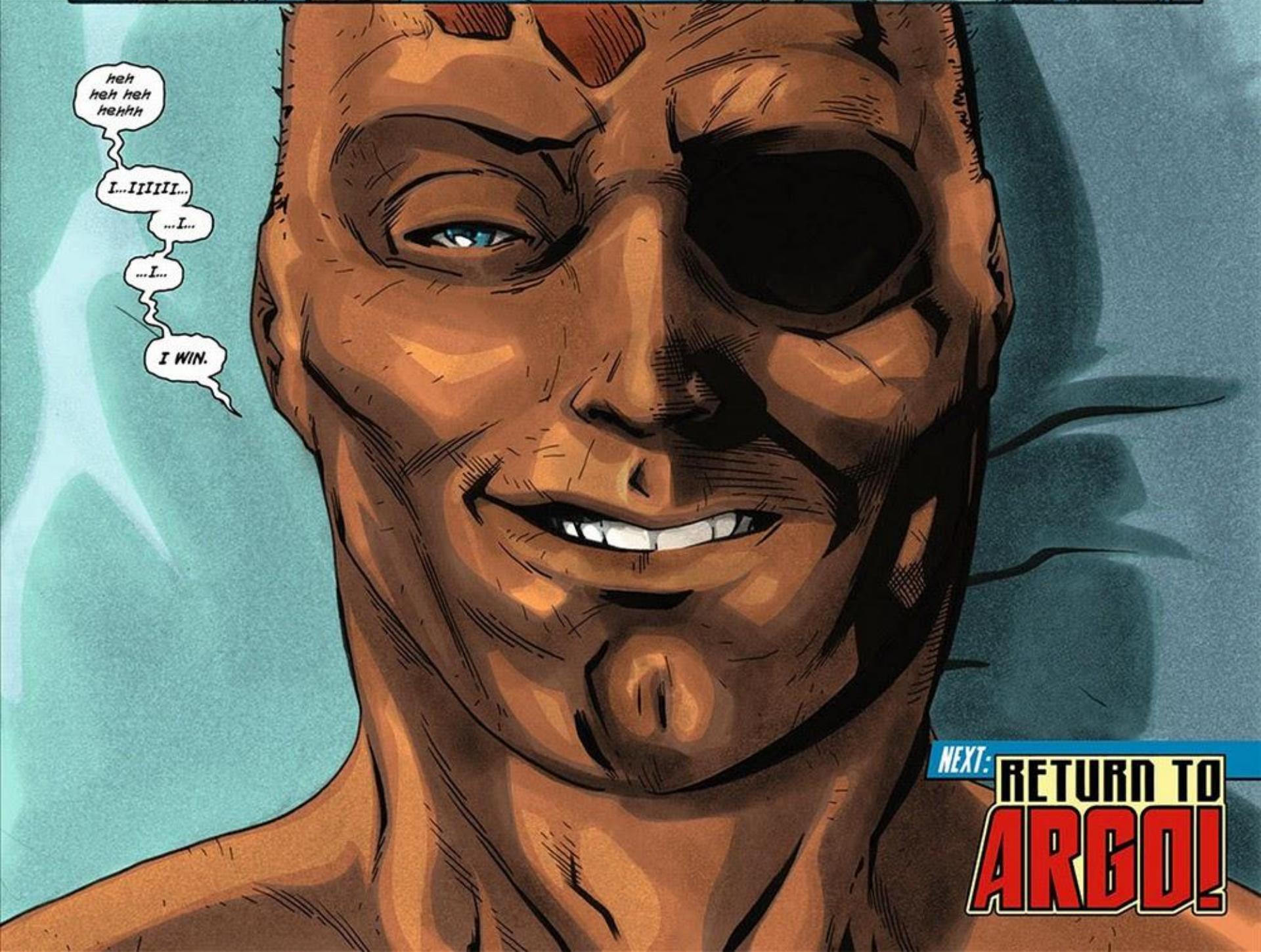
I'M AFRAID THE STATION
WAS DESTROYED, SIR.
WE HAVE REGROUPED
AT THE ANDAMAN SEA
CONTROL CENTER.

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD
KNOW. YOU WERE...SEVERELY INJURED
IN THE BLAST, SIR. IT'S A MIRACLE
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.

BUT WE
HAD TO TAKE
CERTAIN...

...EMERGENCY
MEASURES.





NEXT: RETURN TO ARGO!