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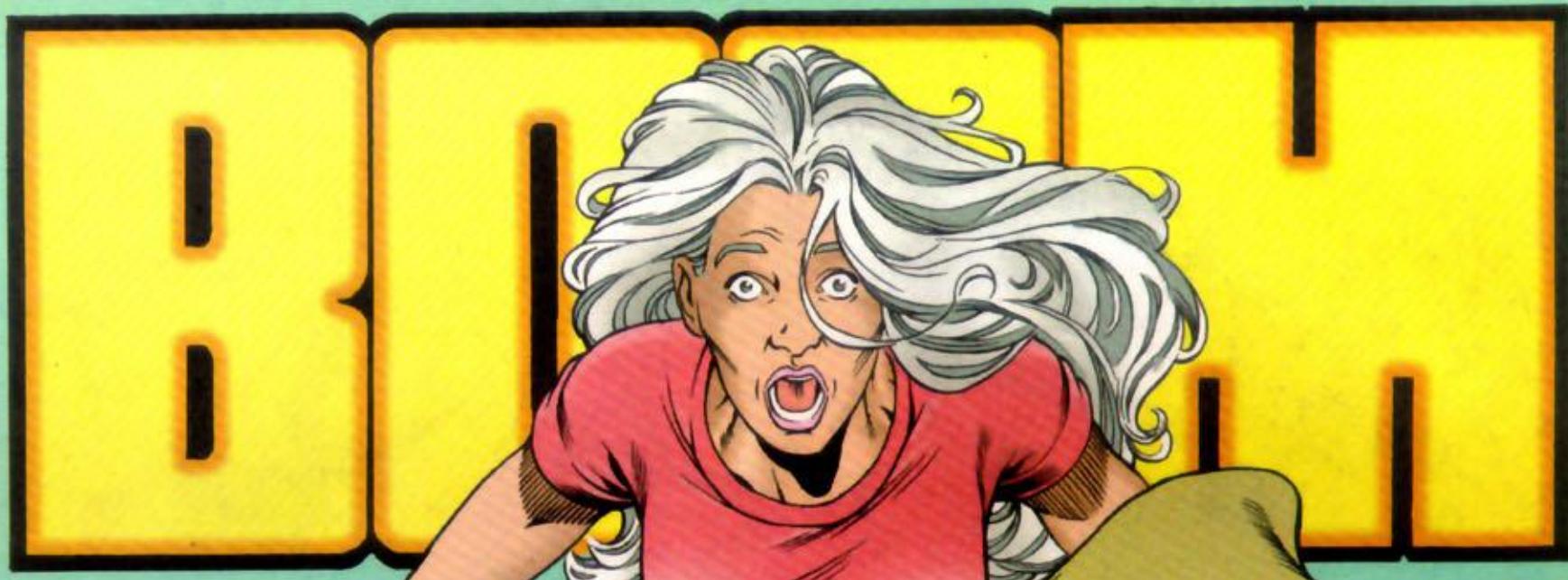


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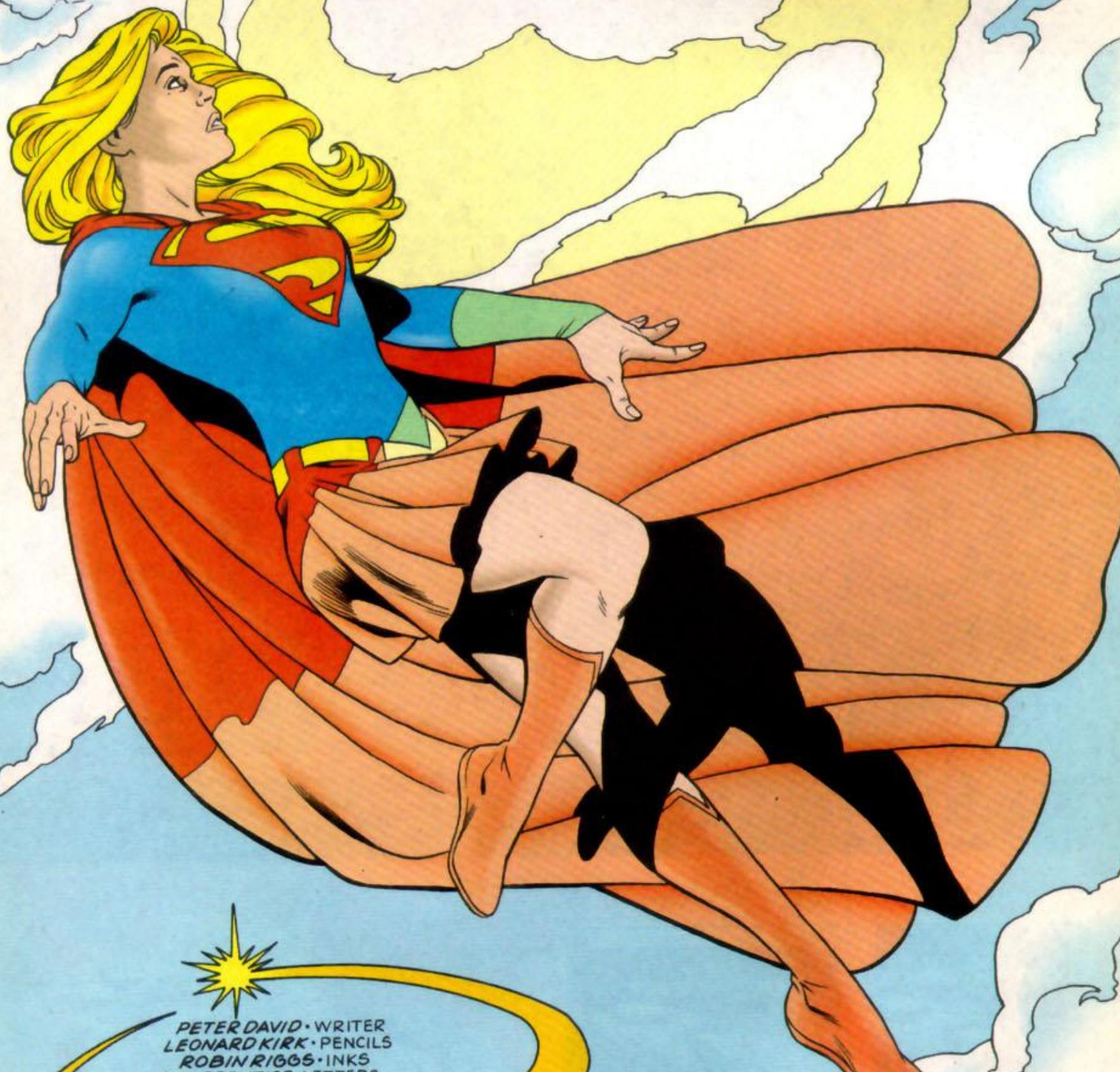






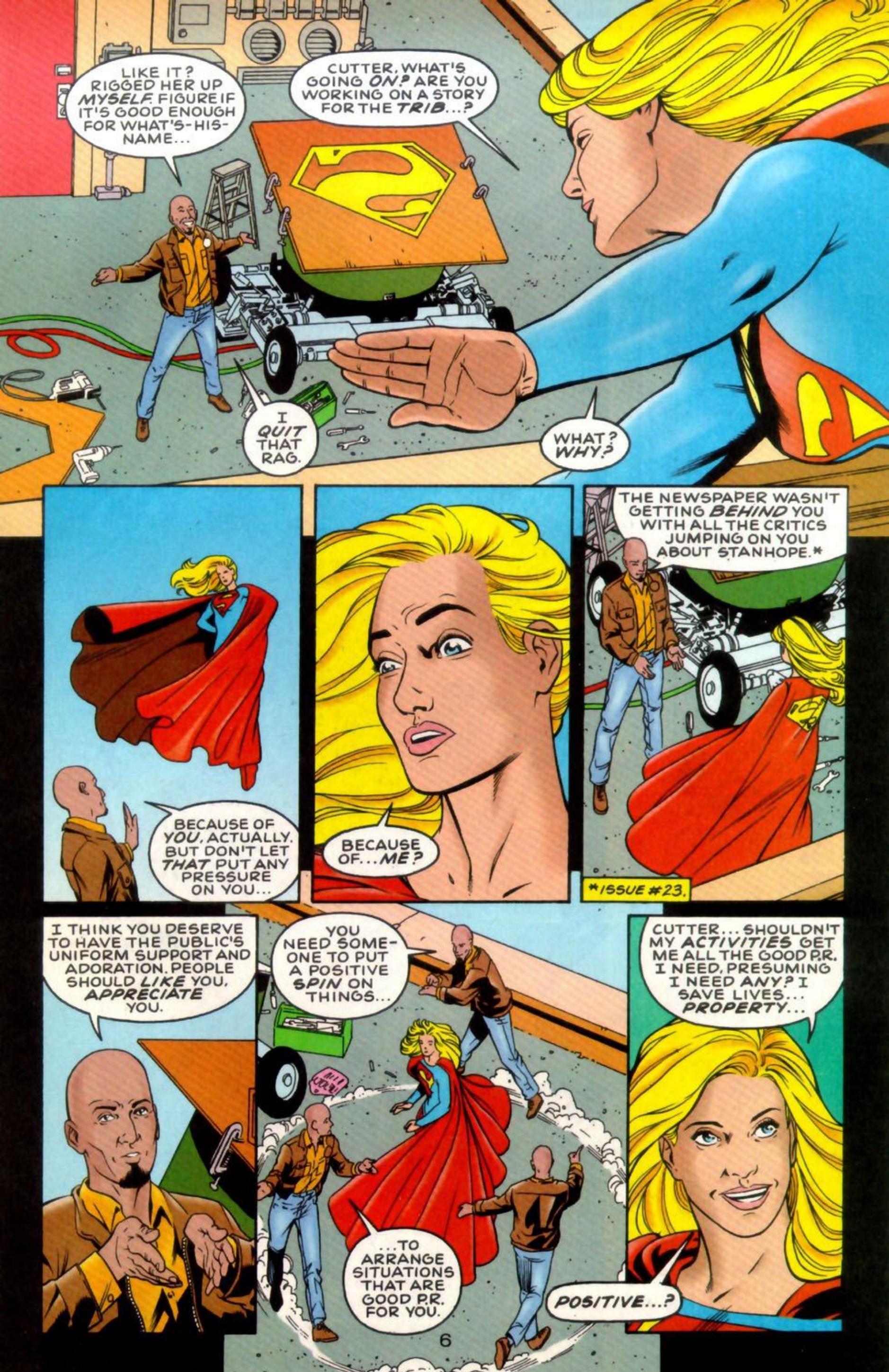
What in the  
world--?!

Where did *that*  
come from?!?



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PAT PRENTICE • LETTERS  
GENE D'ANGELO • COLORS  
DIGITAL CHAMELEON • SEPS  
FRANK BERRIOS • ASSISTS  
MIKE MCAVENNIE • EDITS

# SPACE WORLD



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SO DO COPS.  
THAT'S WHY O.J.  
WALKED, BECAUSE  
COPS HAVE SUCH  
**GREAT P.R.**

BESIDES,  
PEOPLE TEND TO  
ASSOCIATE THEM, AND  
YOU, WITH *DISASTERS*.  
YOU NEED TO DO MORE IN  
TERMS OF GETTING OUT  
THERE AND JUST  
BEING YOU.

SUPERGIRL,  
NO OFFENSE, BUT  
SOMETIMES PEOPLE  
CAN'T *TELL* THE HEROES  
FROM THE VILLAINS  
THESE DAYS... THEIR  
METHODS ARE SO  
**SIMILAR...**

HANG WITH **NON-**  
**SUPER** PEOPLE WHO  
ARE HIGH PROFILE AND  
ARE POSITIVELY REGARDED.  
IF YOU HAD **THAT** LEVEL OF  
TRUST BUILT UP THEN WHEN  
YOU HAVE **SNAFUS**, LIKE  
THE THING AT STANHOPE,  
YOU COULD BOUNCE **BACK**  
FROM IT EASIER.

WE  
NEED TO  
MAKE  
YOU...

CUTTER...  
YOU'RE SWEET.  
CRAZY, BUT  
SWEET.

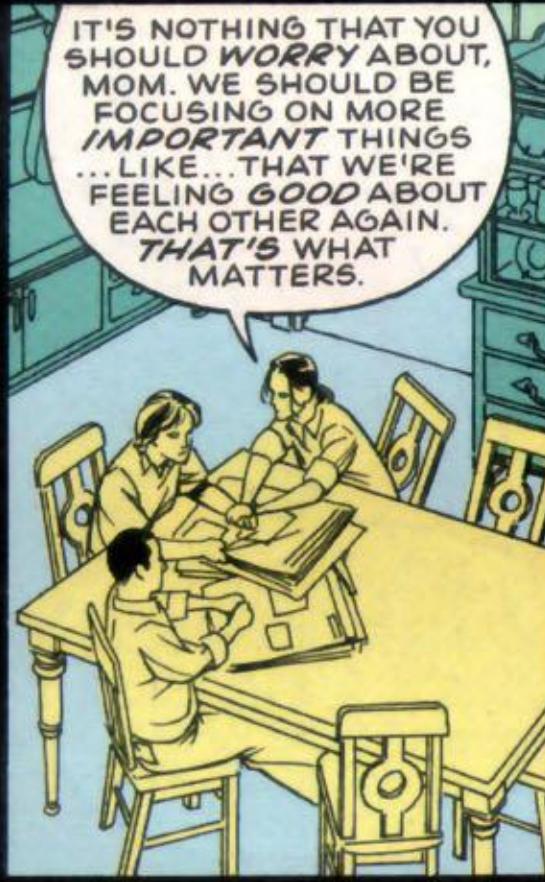
'BYE.

...MEDIA  
SAVVY.

DON'T TELL ME THAT WHEN  
THEY WERE CALLING YOU A  
RACIST, IT DIDN'T HURT!  
DIDN'T HURT YOU OR  
PEOPLE CLOSE TO  
YOU!

Nuts. He *would*  
bring that up. Mom  
went *ballistic*...

HOW CAN THEY SAY  
SUCH **TERrible**  
THINGS ABOUT  
YOU?!



HERE'S THE CONCEPT: I  
BECOME YOUR FULL-TIME  
FREELANCE PUBLICIST.

DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
PUTTING ME ON  
SALARY: I'D WORK  
**STRICTLY ON  
COMMISSION.**

I HAVE  
CONNECTIONS **EVERY-  
WHERE**. UNIVERSITIES,  
SHOW BIZ, LOTS OF PLACES.  
FOR STARTERS, I'D BOOK  
YOU  **SPEAKING  
ENGAGEMENTS.**

I'M  
NOT GOING  
TO PROFITEER  
COLLECTING HEFTY  
SPEAKING  
FEES.

OF COURSE NOT. YOU  
DONATE YOUR FEE TO  
CHARITY... MINUS  
A TEN PERCENT  
COMMISSION TO ME  
TO KEEP ME IN  
BUSINESS.

AND I HAVE **OTHER**  
IDEAS... INCLUDING  
ONE THAT I'D LIKE  
TO PUT INTO  
EFFECT TOMORROW  
AFTERNOON, IF  
YOU'RE GAME.

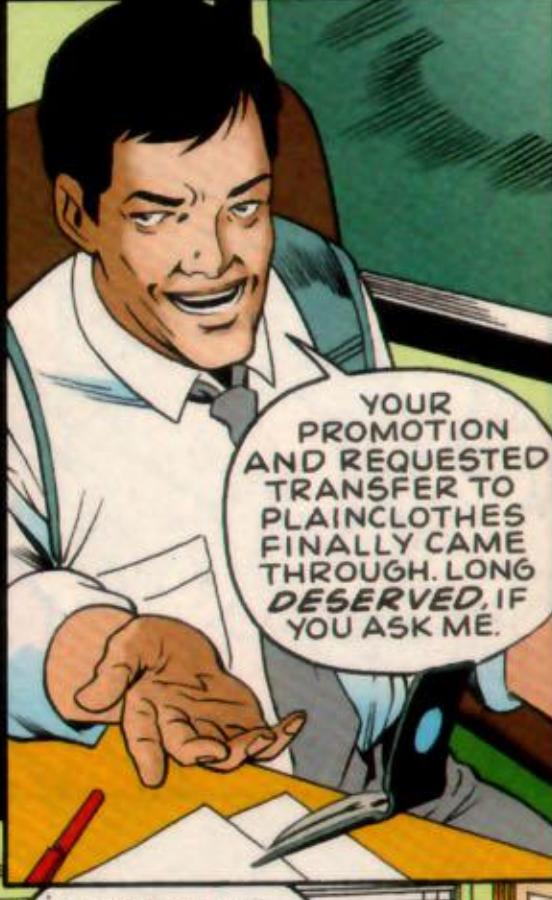
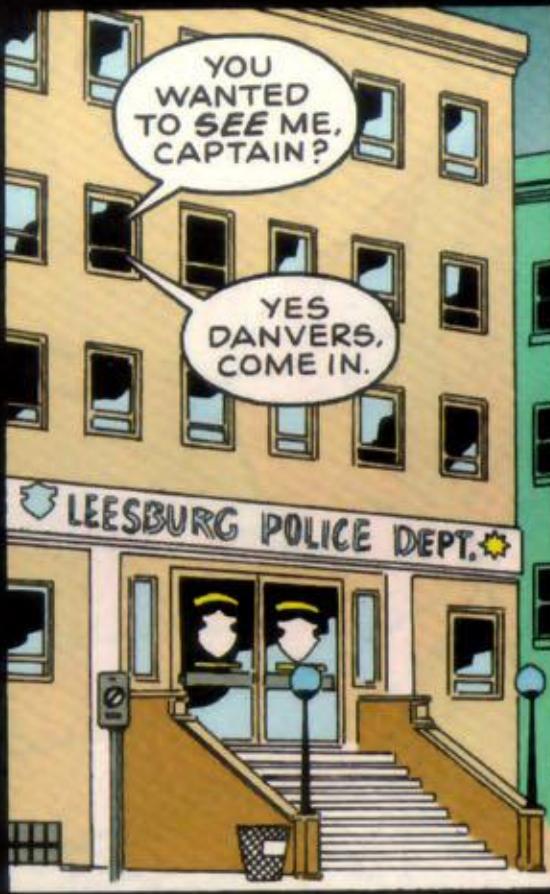
MEET ME AT  
GATE 'E' OF THE  
MIDVALE ARENA,  
JUST SOUTH OF  
LEESBURG,  
6 P.M.

IS IT A  
DEAL?

WELL... I  
GUESS...

YOU  
WON'T BE  
SORRY!

Yeah.  
Riiiiiight.





HMMPH. IT HAS BEEN A WHILE SINCE WE FEMALE FURIES TROD THIS PATHETIC SPHERE. THE DAMNABLE CLEAN AIR HURTS MY LUNGS.

SAVE YOUR GRIPING, BERNADETH.

ARTEMIS! STOMPA IS GETTING RATHER TIRED OF FALSE LEADS!



ARE YOU SURE THOSE FLEA-BITTEN MUTTS OF YOURS CAN FIND HER? THIS SEARCH HAS ALREADY TAKEN TOO LONG!



TOO LONG? WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE STILL LIVED UNTIL RECENTLY. SO SAVE YOUR GRIPING, BIG FOOT.



HOW DARE YOU INSULT STOMPA!

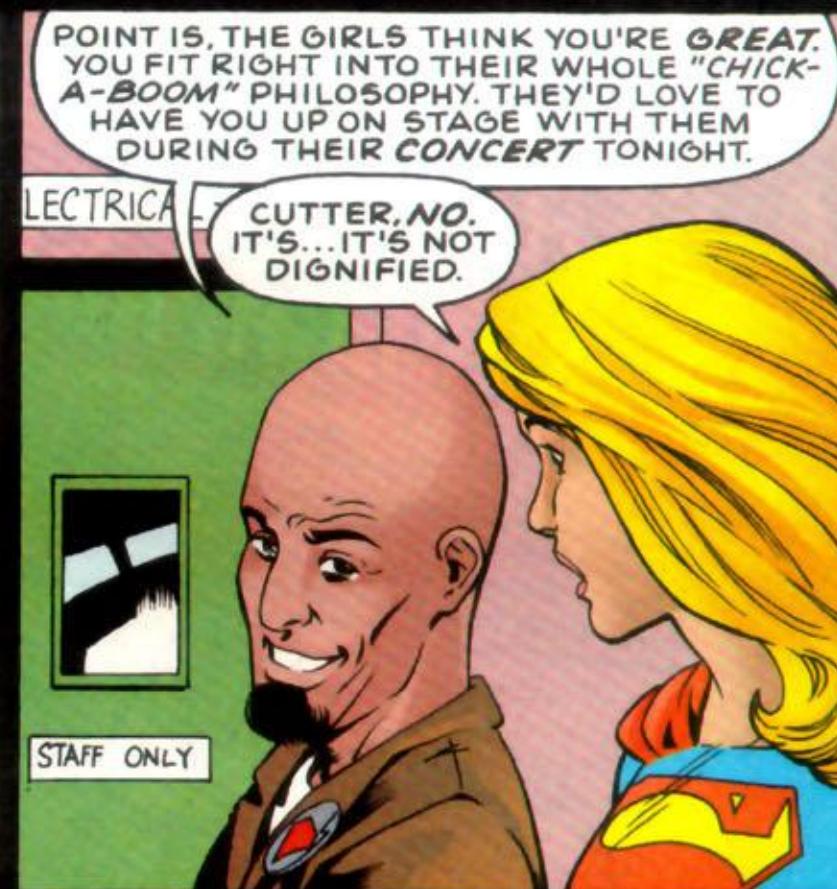
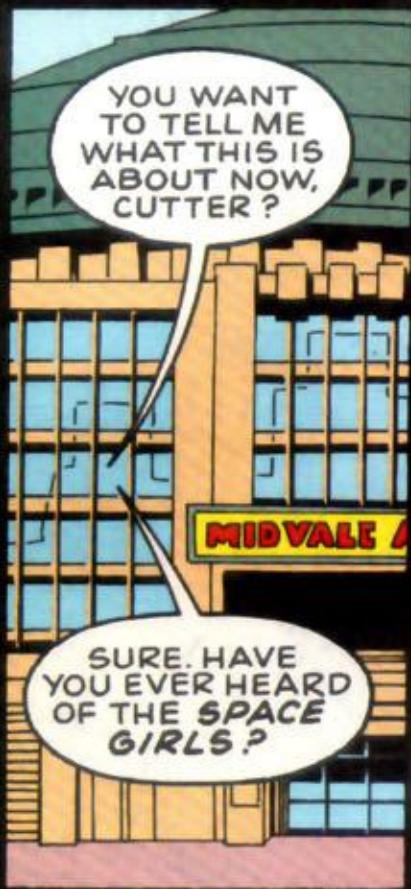


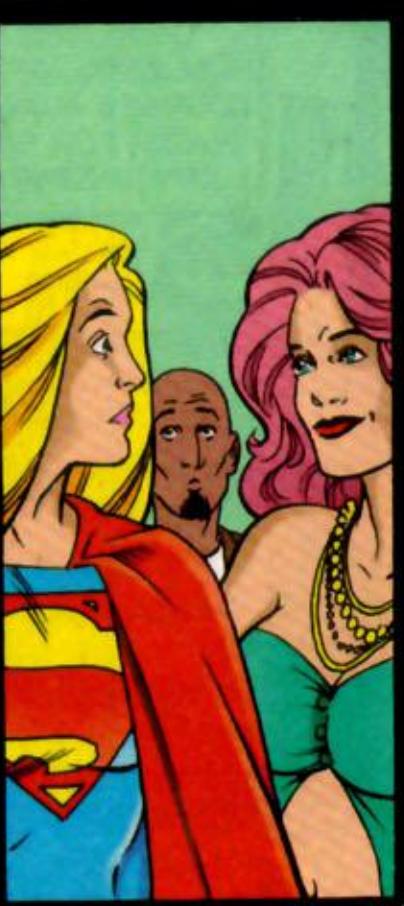
LOSE THE "THIRD PERSON" BUSINESS, STOMPA. IT'S GETTING OLD.

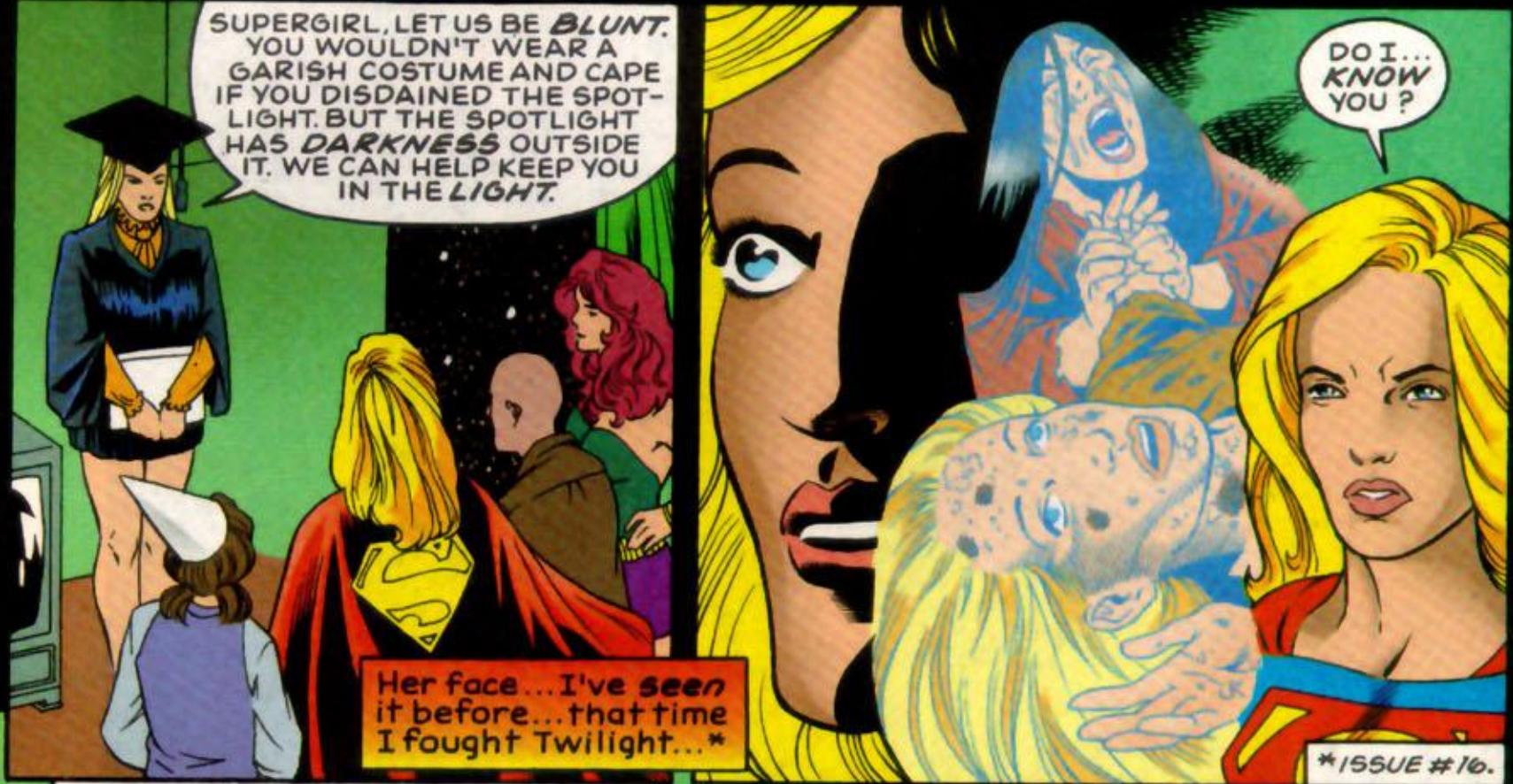


ENOUGH!

ARTEMIS... DO YOUR JOB. STOMPA... SAVE IT FOR THE ENEMY.







OF COURSE YOU DO. WE'RE THE SPACE GIRLS. LOOK, IF YOU NEED SOME ALTRUISTIC MOTIVE... COME OUT AND ANNOUNCE THAT YOU'RE COLLECTING FOR A CHARITY. PICK ONE. WE'LL HAVE BOXES OUT IN THE FRONT OF THE STADIUM. SEE HOW MUCH YOU MANAGE TO TAKE IN.

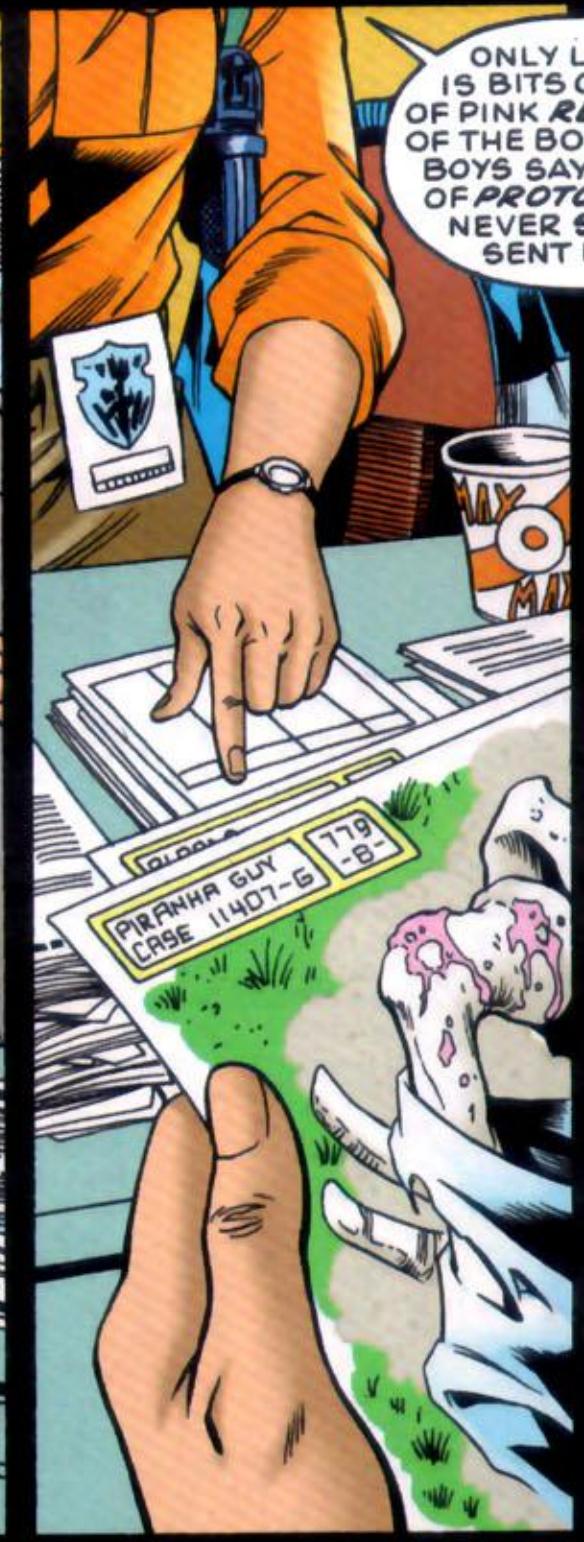
YOU'LL DO SOME GOOD, GET SOME POSITIVE P.R. AND MAYBE -- JUST MAYBE -- HAVE SOME FUN.

ALL RIGHT. WHAT'S THE HARM, I SUPPOSE.

YES! GOOD CHOICE!

BUT IF SUPER-VILLAINS ATTACK OR SOMETHING, DON'T BLAME ME.





It's about time that I thanked Wally for the help he gave me... even though I'm not entirely sure what he did.\*

All I know is, Mom seems better... and at least I have some idea now of where I stand with Comet.

Wonder if a kid who thinks he's God would want *Space Girls* tickets.

\*ISSUE #25.

Then again, if he's God, he probably *has* some already.

OH... HI.  
CAN I SPEAK  
TO WALLY,  
PLEASE?

NO, THIS  
IS IT. I GOT  
THE ADDRESS  
FROM... WELL,  
I KNOW THIS  
IS THE RIGHT  
PLACE.

MISS, TRUST ME, YOU  
HAVE THE **WRONG**  
HOUSE. MY FAMILY  
AND I HAVE BEEN  
LIVING HERE FOR  
THE LAST TEN  
YEARS OR SO.

I'M  
SORRY... I  
DON'T KNOW  
ANY WALLY. YOU  
MUST HAVE  
THE WRONG  
HOUSE.

WALLY  
JOHNSON?  
LIVES HERE  
WITH HIS  
GRAND-  
FATHER?

NOW IS  
THERE ANY-  
THING ELSE  
I CAN HELP  
YOU WITH?

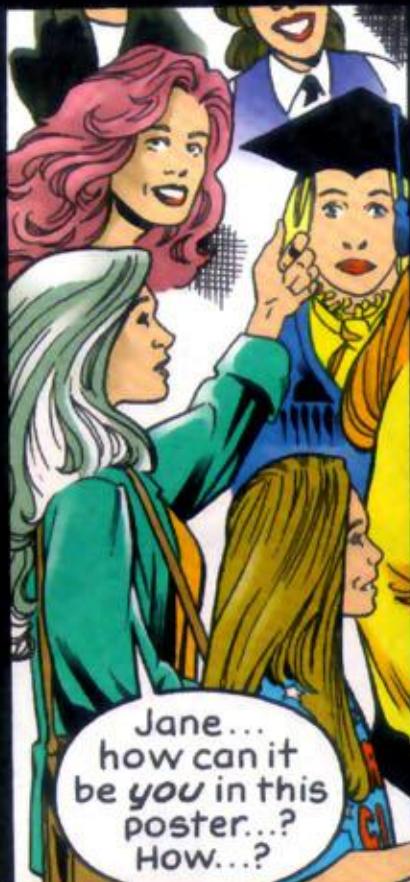
N... NO.  
NO... I GUESS  
NOT.

This day just gets stranger and stranger.

And speaking of *strange* ... I have a rendezvous in Space.

IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME TO THIS CONCERT, DICK ... EVEN THOUGH I'M PERFECTLY AWARE THAT THE MAIN THING YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT IS LINDA.

They make their entrance 45 minutes late.



The crowd doesn't seem to care. The stage is filled with pyrotechnics, laser beams, all manner of visual craziness.

If you ask me, it's not needed.

Of course, they're "girls" instead of women, so how empowering is that?

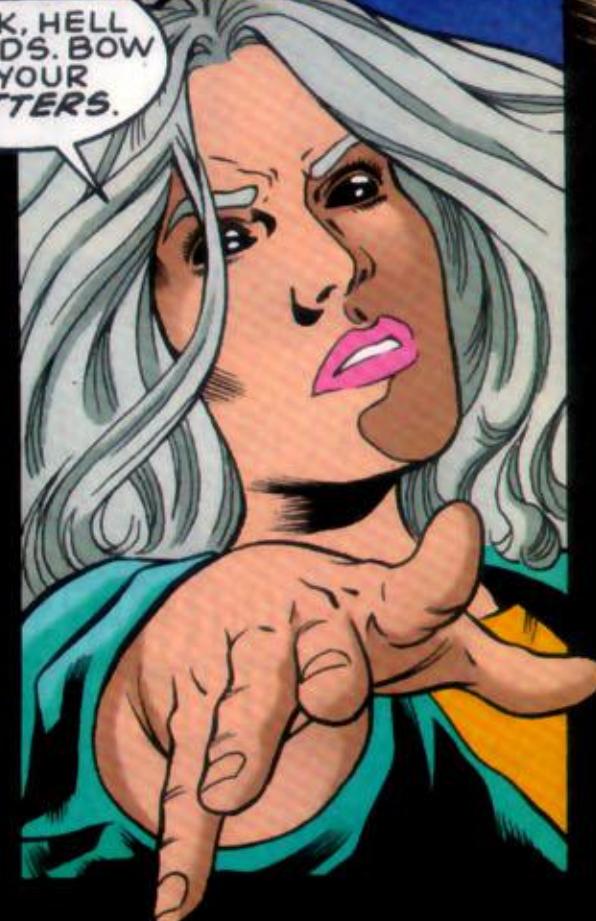
Then again, who am I to talk?

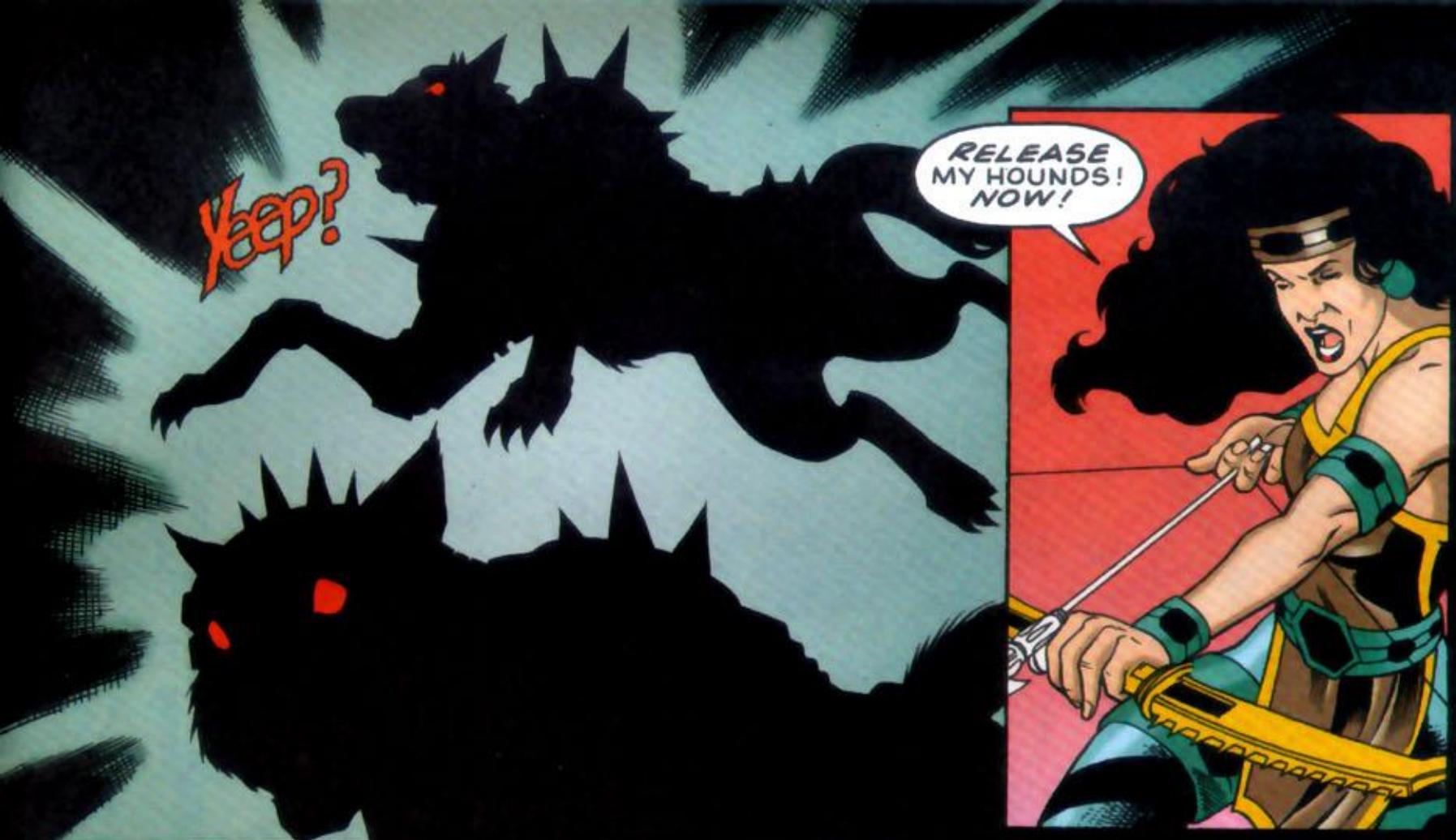
From backstage, I hear them launch into a song about "Chick-a-Boom" power.

HEY! WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN', LADY? JUST PARK IT OVER--

WAM!









The shrieking haridan goes up like a roman candle.

I find it...oddly satisfying.

PAIN! PAIN... EXCRUCIATING BEYOND ANY I'VE EVER KNOWN!  
I...I...

I LOVE IT!

UNHHH!

HOLD HER STEADY, HARRIET... WHILE STOMPA TOUCHES UP HER ROOTS!

RELEASE HER. I BELIEVE YOUR FIGHT...

Twilight...?

I knew this concert thing was a bad idea...