



SUPERGIRL

57
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AUTHORITY

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RIGGS



KIRK & RIGGS

HAVING A
BAD
HEIR
DAY!



THAN QUARRELS THAN SHATTERS

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WELL, DEMON?
WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF YOUR LOVELY
DAUGHTER, EH?

SIXTY YEARS AGO, YOU
SEDUCED YOUNG TILLY
BEAUMONT... RUINED HER
LIFE, AND WENT OFF ON YOUR
LAUGHING WAY... LEAVING HER
WITH THE DEMONSPAWN
THAT'S BEEN THE BEAUMONT
FAMILY SECRET FOR SIX
DECades.

HARD TO BE
CERTAIN OF HER AGE IN
HUMAN TERMS. THE EQUIV-
ALENT OF A TEEN, I'D THINK.
BUT A BEAUMONT, NONTHE-
LESS... A LEGACY, PASSED ON
FROM FATHER TO CHILD FOR
GENERATIONS TO COME.
A LEGACY... AND A
CURSE.

NOW YOU,
DEMOM, WILL SHARE
IN THE CURSE. BUT THANKS TO
DOMINIQUE'S INNATE VICIOUS-
NESS... I DOUBT YOU'LL
SHARE IT FOR VERY
LONG.



DEAR MAKER... THANK
YOU... THANK YOU FOR
DELIVERING US THE DEMON
IN OUR LIFETIME...

I'M NOT A
DEMON, Y'DJIT! IF
I WERE, DON'TCHA
THINK I'D GET
MESELF OUT OF
THIS FIX?!

OH, YOU'VE JUST
GOT ALL THE
ANSWERS, HAVEN'T
YOU? HOW ABOUT THE
SIMPLE ANSWER THAT
YOU'VE GOT THE
WRONG GUY?!

I DON'T
THINK SO.

THANK YOU
FOR DELIVERING
HIM... AND
MAKING HIM
POWERLESS...

EVEN THE STYLE OF YOUR PLEADING
MARKS YOUR NATURE. YOUR WORDS
SOUND DESPERATE, BUT YOU MAIN-
TAIN YOUR COMPOSURE IN THE FACE
OF LIVING HORRORS. A HUMAN WOULD
BE BEGGING, SCREECHING FOR
MERCY, SOBBLING...

I CAN DO
ALL THAT!
I TAKE
REQUESTS!

NICE TRY.
ENJOY YOUR
REUNION.

OH, HELL...

VIKTOR! MARA STILL HASN'T
REPORTED IN!

Hmmmm. AND HERE MY
NIECE WAS SO CERTAIN SHE
COULD HANDLE THE DEMON'S
FAMILIAR... THE CREATURE
THAT CALLED ITSELF
"SUPERGIRL."

THE NERVE OF THESE
THINGS, eh, MAURICE?
TAKING THE NAME OF ONE
WHO WAS SO INDISPUTABLY
ON THE SIDE OF THE
ANGELS.

BUT WHAT
OF MARA?
WHAT OF--

WORRY NOT,
MAURICE...

"I'M SURE SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF... AND IF SHE CAN'T, SHE'S NO NIECE OF MINE."

UHHHH...



SO YOUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT I'M WHO I SAY I AM --NAMELY, SUPERGIRL-- AND I WANT TO SAVE THE GUY YOU KIDNAPPED OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF MARDI GRAS.

AND IF I AM SUPERGIRL, THEN YOU KNOW I FIGHT FOR THE INNOCENT, WHICH MAKES ME THE HERO AND YOU THE VILLAIN. SIMPLISTIC, I KNOW, BUT THAT'S HOW THESE THINGS WORK.

MARA, IT SEEMS WE HAVE A SMALL PROBLEM. A PARADOX, REALLY, BUT PERHAPS YOU CAN SOLVE IT.

YOU AND YOUR ASSOCIATES THINK I'M A DEMON. IF THAT'S THE CASE... YOU'RE DEAD. 'CAUSE A DEMON WOULD FEED YOU TO A 'GATOR AS SOON AS LOOK AT YOU.

HELLO. LOOKS LIKE I CAME TO FASTER FROM THAT GAS THAN YOU DID.

DON'T KILL ME, DEMON! DON'T LET IT GET ME!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

M-MARA!

IN THAT CASE... COOPERATE. TELL ME WHERE THE GUY I WAS TRAVELING WITH IS. OTHERWISE, IT'S SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR.

BUT... S-SUPERMAN WOULDN'T KILL ANYONE!

TOO BAD HE'S NOT HERE. BESIDES, I WOULDN'T BE KILLING YOU. THE 'GATOR WOULD. ME. I'M A NATURE LOVER, SO I'D JUST BE LETTING NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.

I'M HOLDING YOU BY THREE FINGERS.

THREE.

TWO.

OOOPS.
SLIPPING... I
MAY NOT EVEN
MAKE IT TO--

OKAY! OKAY!
THE BEAUMONT
PLANTATION, OUT
BY LAKE
PONTCHARTRAIN!
WHERE ROUTE
55 MERGES
WITH I-10...

SONOFGUN. I
SEEM TO HAVE
LEFT MY MAP IN
MY OTHER
PANTS.

I HAVE TO SAY, FOR
SOMEONE WHO'S SUPPOSED
TO BE HUNTING DEMONS, YOU
DON'T ENTIRELY SEEM TO
HAVE YOUR HEART IN
THIS.

MAYBE IT'S
BECAUSE I'VE BEEN
LIVING WITH THE
LEGENDARY BEAUMONT
CURSE SINCE I WAS
OLD ENOUGH TO
WALK.

HARD TO GET
YOUR HEART INTO
SOMETHING YOU'RE WELL
AND TRULY SICK OF.

AND FURTHERMORE,
LADY... IF YOU ARE SUPER-
GIRL... WHERE DO YOU GET
OFF HELPING THAT NASTY
PIECE OF WORK YOU'RE
TRAVELING WITH?

UNLESS YOU
SEE SOMETHING
IN HIM THE REST
OF US DON'T.

Well... no. Not really.
I've spent what seems
like an eternity with
Buzz...

...and I've still no
clear idea of who
or what he is.







AH, WELL, IN FOR A PENNY,
IN FOR A POUND, I S'POSE.
ANYWAY... YEAH, I'M YOUR
OLD MAN. I WASN'T ABOUT
TO ADMIT IT TO THOSE
GITS, BUT, WELL...

I FIGURE I
OWE YOU THE
TRUTH. 'SPECIALY
WITH YOU LIVIN'
WITH THAT KISSER
FOR SIXTY SOME
YEARS.

THERE'S NO
LOCKS ON THE DOOR.
WHY'RE YOU LETTIN'
'EM KEEP YOU
PRISONER HERE?

LOOK AT ME.
WHERE ELSE...
WOULD I GO?

YEAH, THERE'S THAT.
ALTHOUGH NOW THAT YOU
KNOW YOU CAN CHANGE
FORM IF YOU REALLY TRY...
YOU CAN GO ANY-
WHERE...

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF
CONCENTRATION. PIC-
TURING WHAT YOU WANT.
BUT I CAN'T SHOW YA,
NO. LONG STORY SHORT,
I'M MORTAL NOW. NO-
BODY LETS POOR BUZZ
JOIN IN ANY DEMON
GAMES.

CAN YOU
SHOW ME...
HOW TO
CHANGE?

GOOD
CIG, BY THE BY.
ESPECIALLY
GOOD.

A
CONDENMED MAN'S
LAST CIGARETTE...
USUALLY IS.

OOOOOFF!!

W
A
M
M

YOU PUT ME...
ON THIS EARTH.
DAMN YOU. DAMN
YOU... FOREVER.

B-BEEN DAMNED...
DONE THAT.

LOOK, THIS...THIS
IS A MISTAKE. WE
HAVE SO MUCH TO
CATCH UP ON...

THIS IS CATCHING UP.
YOUR SINS...CATCHING
UP...WITH YOU.

GOOD-BYE,
FATHER...SEE
YOU...IN HELL.

NOT IF
I SEE YOU FIRST.

BZZZ!

KRAASH!

BLOODY HELL,
COULD YOU HAVE
CUT IT ANY
THINNER?!











HAVE
A NICE
DAY.

She's going after Buzz, no question. I'm not entirely sure what's going on here... but if I'm reading between the lines right...

...that refugee from a Wes Craven film is Buzz's daughter.

And apparently there's no love lost between them.



ARRHH---

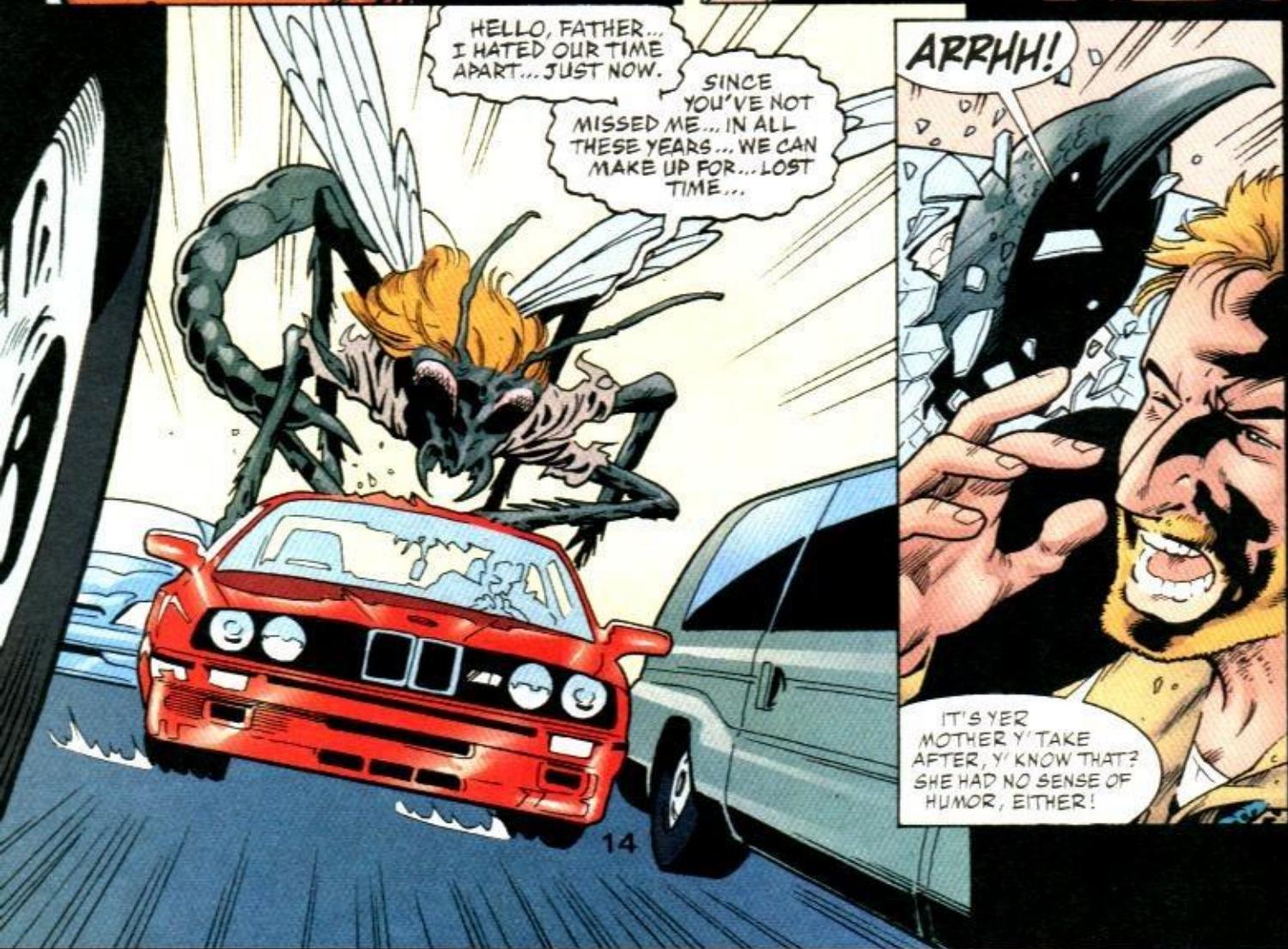
SON OF A--!



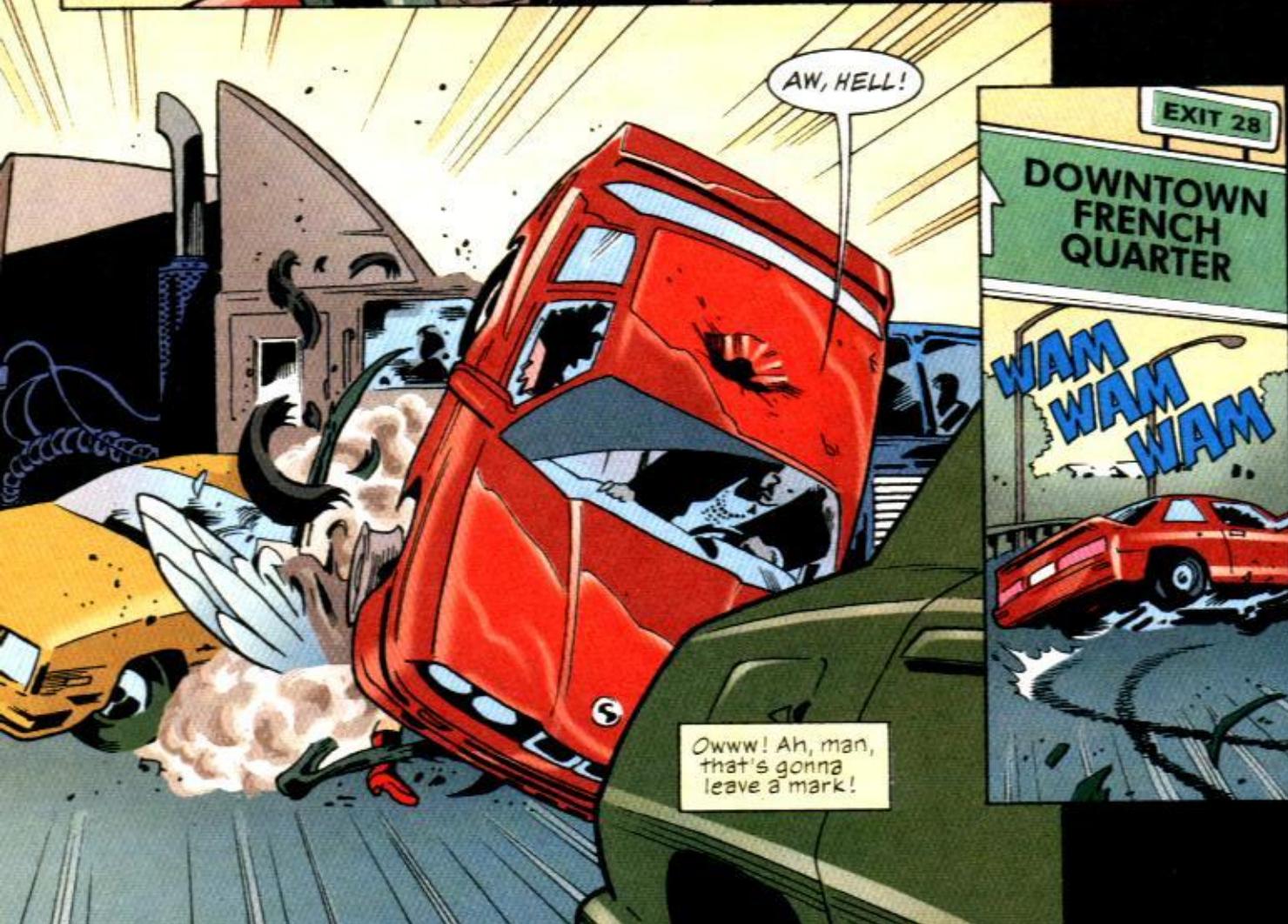
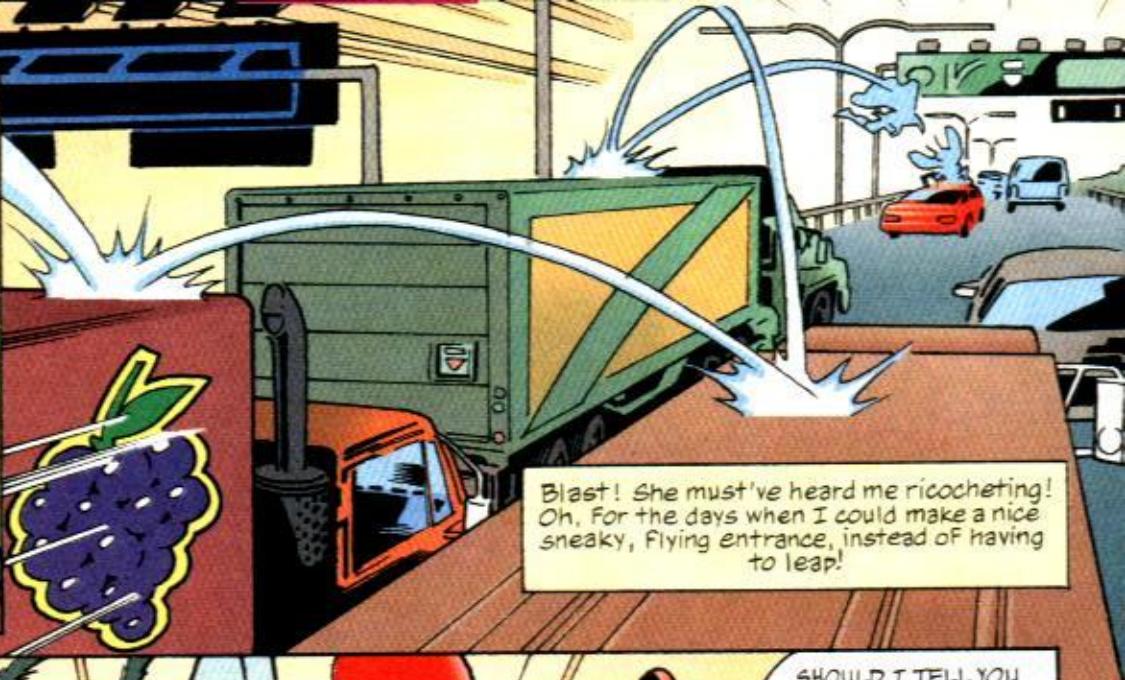
HELLO, FATHER...
I HATED OUR TIME
APART... JUST NOW.

SINCE
YOU'VE NOT
MISSIED ME... IN ALL
THESE YEARS... WE CAN
MAKE UP FOR... LOST
TIME...

ARRHH!



IT'S YER
MOTHER Y' TAKE
AFTER, Y' KNOW THAT?
SHE HAD NO SENSE OF
HUMOR, EITHER!



YOU CAN'T BEGIN TO KNOW...
WHAT IT WAS LIKE FOR ME.
WHY ARE YOU... FIGHTING ME?
YOU MUST KNOW... WHAT
HE IS.



HE'S
HELPLESS... AND
HE CAN CHANGE... I'M
SURE OF IT!





AND WHAT WAS YOUR
LIFE LIKE... HUH? HOME...
FAMILY... FATHER?

I'M NOT TRYING TO...
JUDGE YOU. I'M JUST
TRYING TO... STOP
YOU FROM KILLING
BUZZ.

WHY? BECAUSE YOU
BELIEVE IN HIM...? OR
BECAUSE... HE SERVES
SOME PURPOSE TO
YOU?

YOU'RE
LOOKING AT ME...
JUDGING ME...
WHEN YOU CANNOT
BEGIN... TO COMPRE-
HEND MY
EXISTENCE...

YOU SPEAK AS
IF HE DESERVES... NOBLE
TREATMENT... WHEN I
CAN TELL... EVEN YOU DON'T
REALLY BELIEVE THAT.

JUST BECAUSE
I EAT GARBAGE...
DOESN'T MEAN...

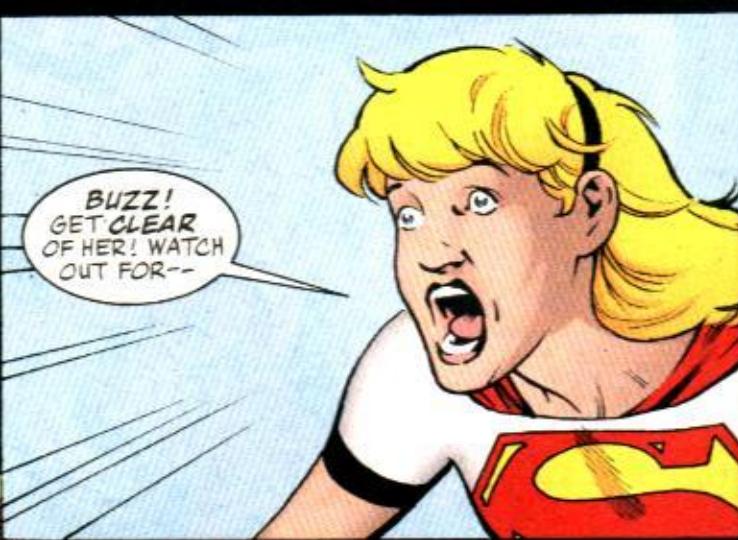
...I HAVE TO
LET PEOPLE
FEED IT TO
ME...

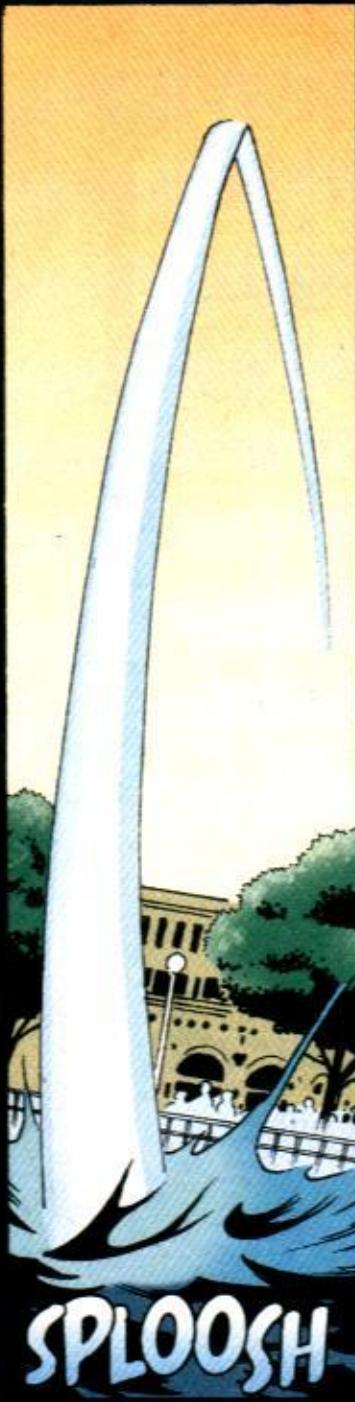
That stinger of hers... have to get
clear of it. Even when I was at full
strength, my invulnerability didn't
protect me from weapons of dark,
mystic origin. If I can just... get
leverage...

GOOD-BYE...
SUPergirl. You should
have... chosen your
friends... more
carefully.

Y'KNOW WHAT THEY
SAY, SWEETHEART...
YOU CAN CHOOSE
YOUR FRIENDS...

...BUT Y'CAN'T CHOOSE
YOUR FAMILY!







YOU'VE SPENT YEARS TREATING ME LIKE GARBAGE... AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE IT. AT LEAST DOMINIQUE'S FATHER WAS A DEMON. WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?



