



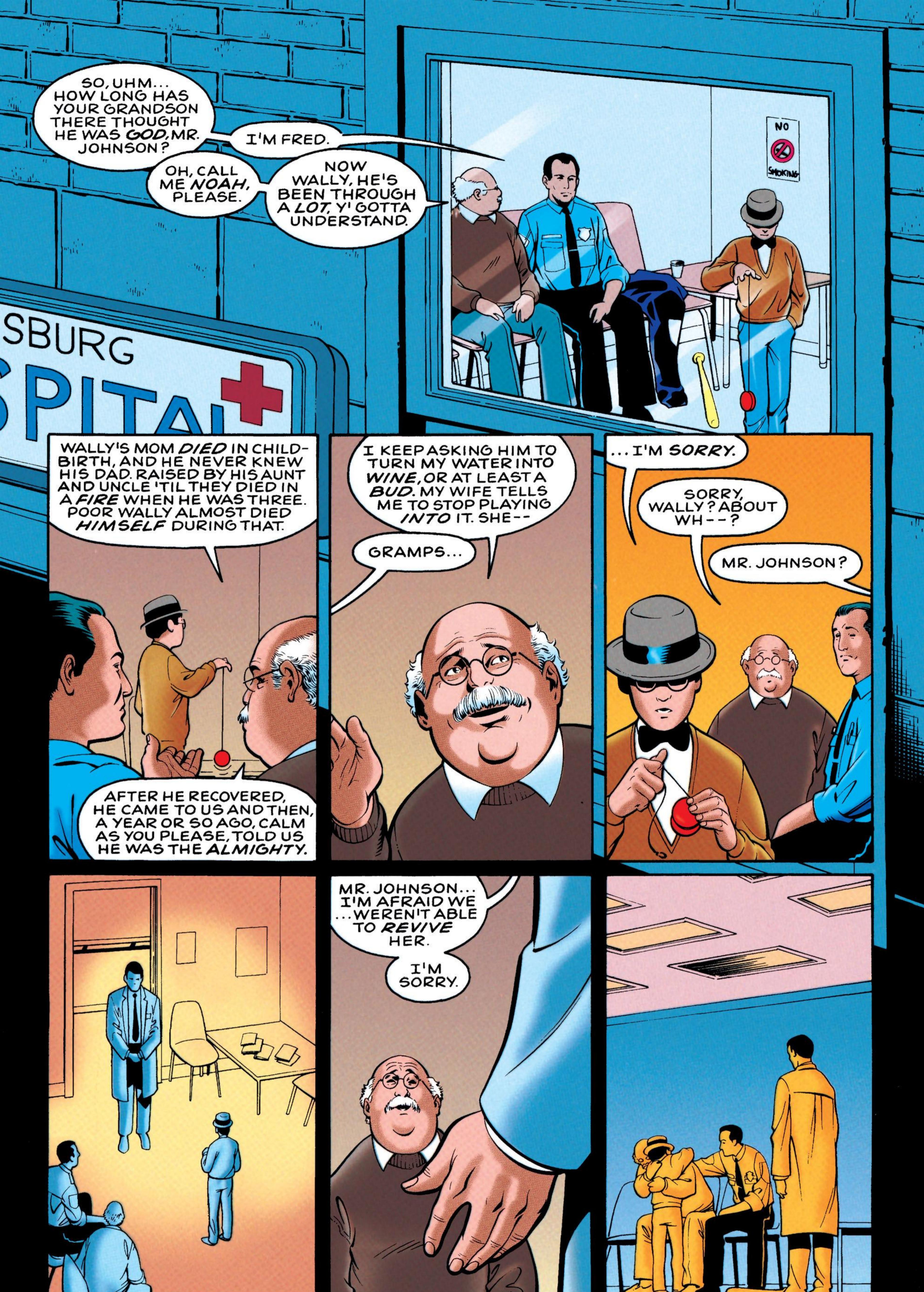
18
FEB 98

SUPERGIRL®



WINGS OF
FURY!

DAVID • KIRK • SMITH



He's frightened. I can tell. Despero is frightened.

He covers it well, I'll give him that. The fear quickly masked by a disdainful snarl.

And as this fearsome alien conqueror, who in the past has battled the entire Justice League to a standstill, contemptuously hurls debris at me, he shouts...

I'M NOT CERTAIN WHAT YOUR LITTLE FLAME-SHOW TRICK IS SUPPOSED TO DO! IMPRESS ME, PERHAPS?

IN THAT, I ASSURE YOU, YOU HAVE MOST MISERABLY FAILED!

Oh yes, I can tell from his voice. Definitely frightened by my transformation.

And why shouldn't he be? After all...

...I'm petrified.

divine inSpiration

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It's... more than
a battle of power
against power...

It's a... a struggle
for dominance. For
mental dominance.

The blackness
that inhabits
Despero
versus the...

...the
whatever
I've ...

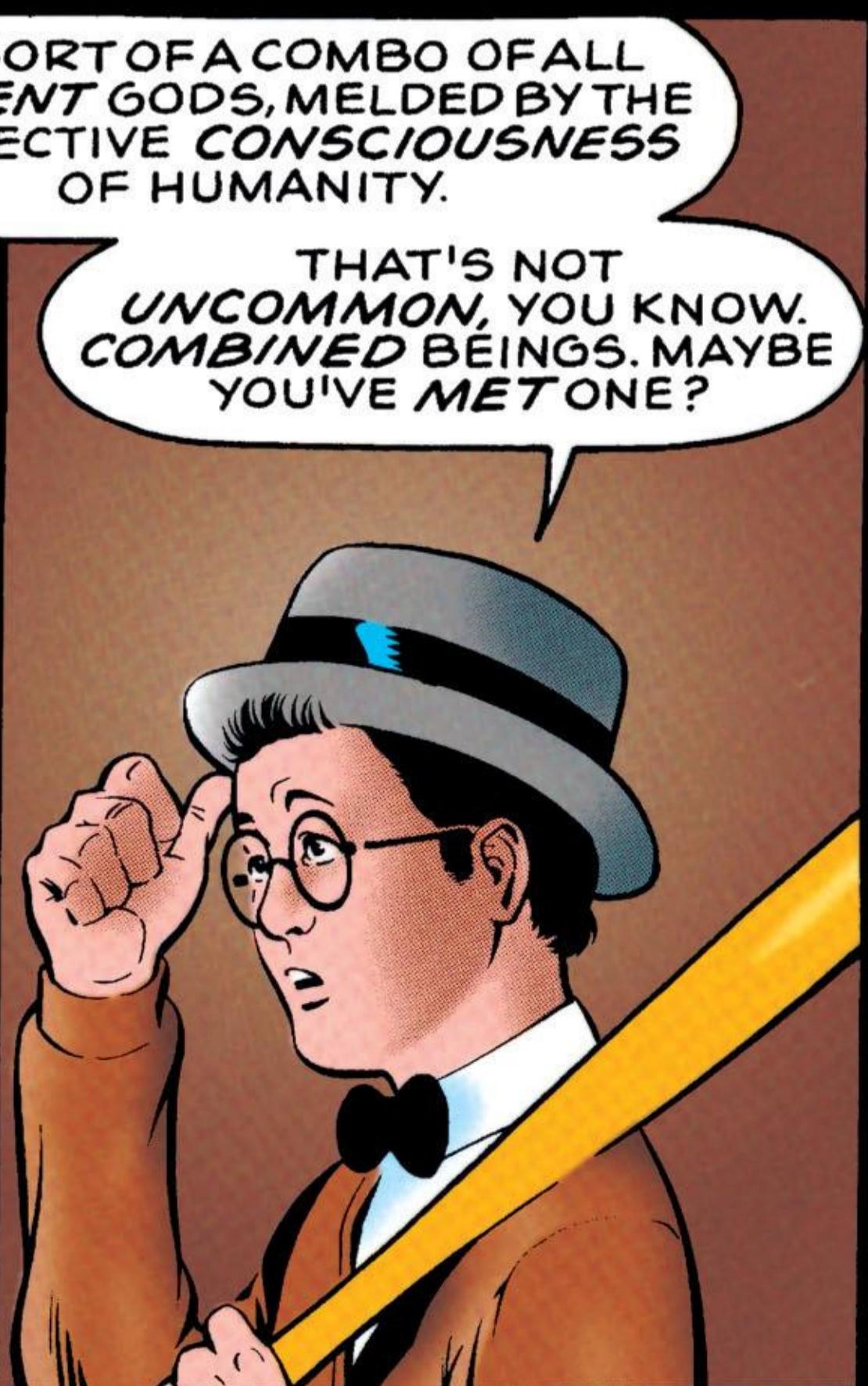
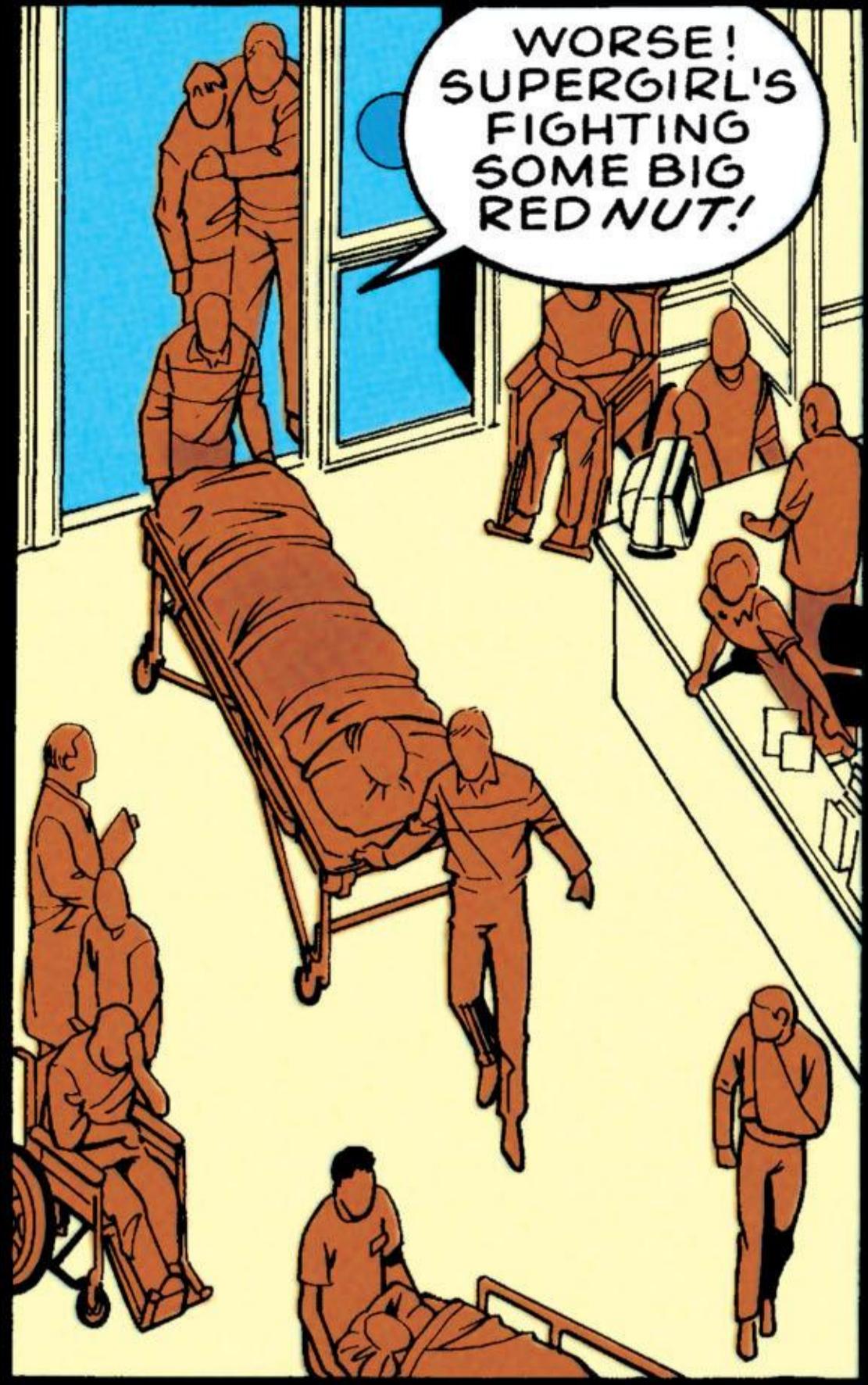
Good lord...
what have I
become?

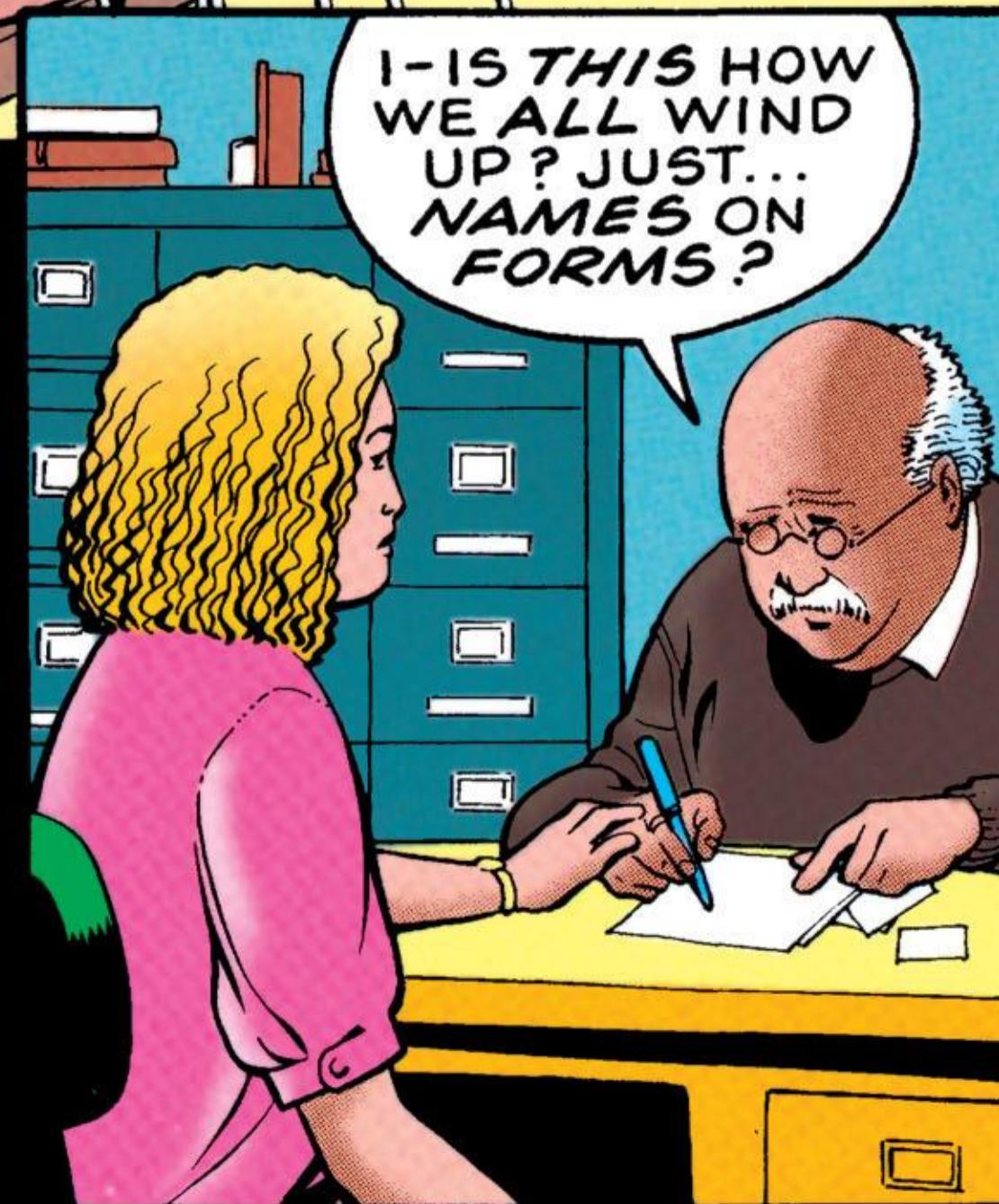
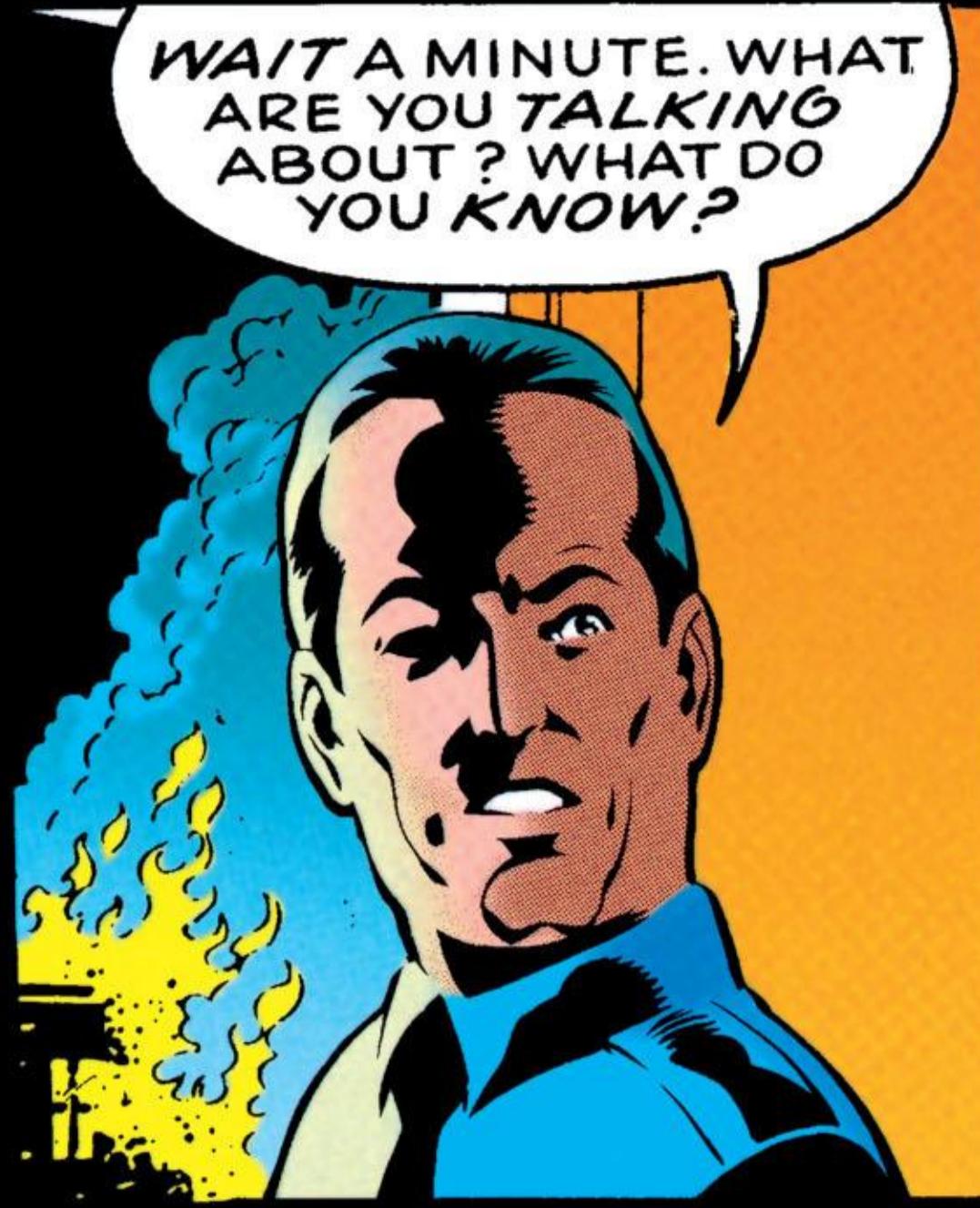
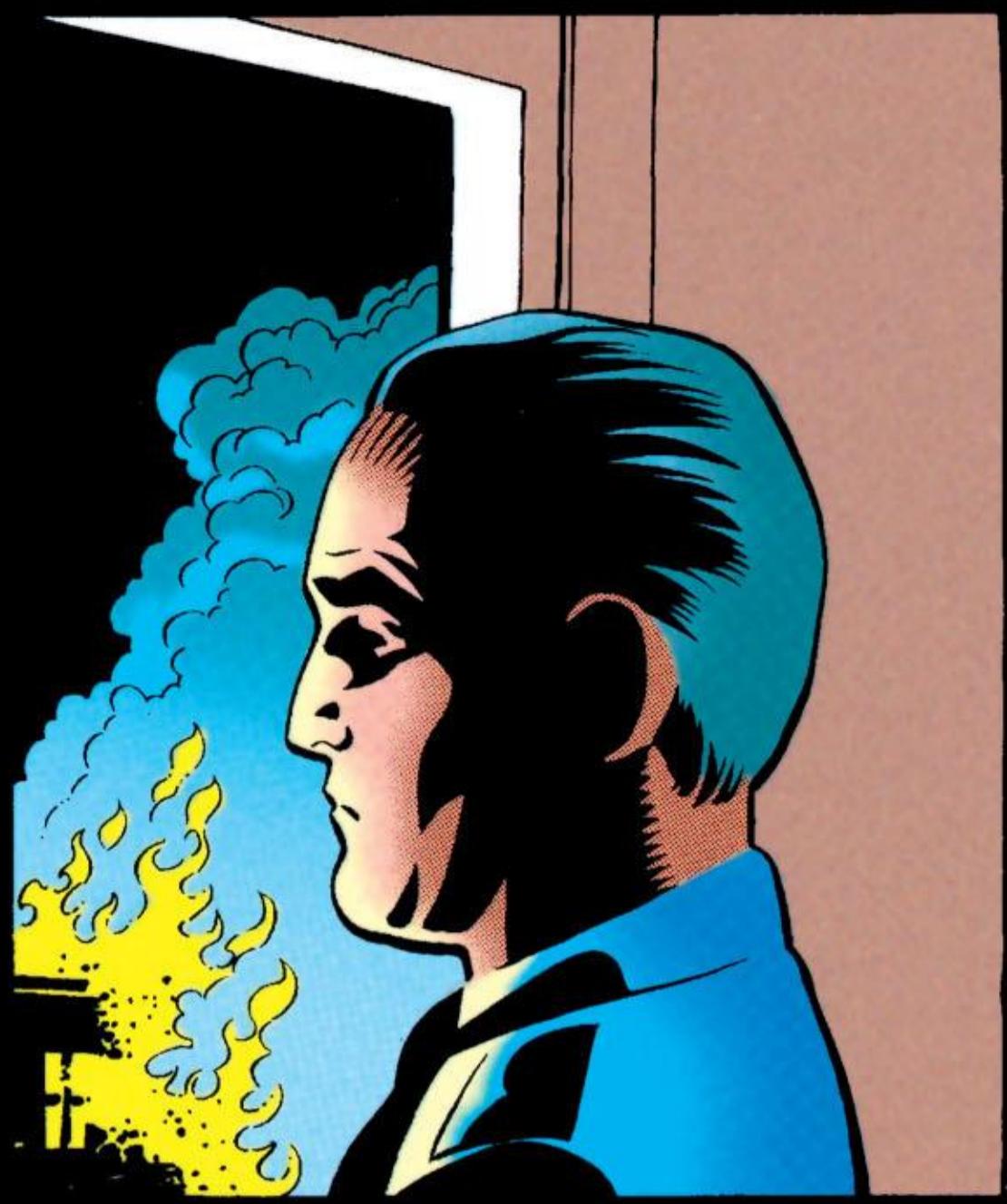
HAH!!

WELL WELL,
SUPergirl...

THAT SEEMS
TO HAVE TAKEN
THE WIND FROM
UNDER YOUR
WINGS!









I should feel sorry for Despero, rolling around, trying to snuff out the flame.

But I don't. Instead I feel...

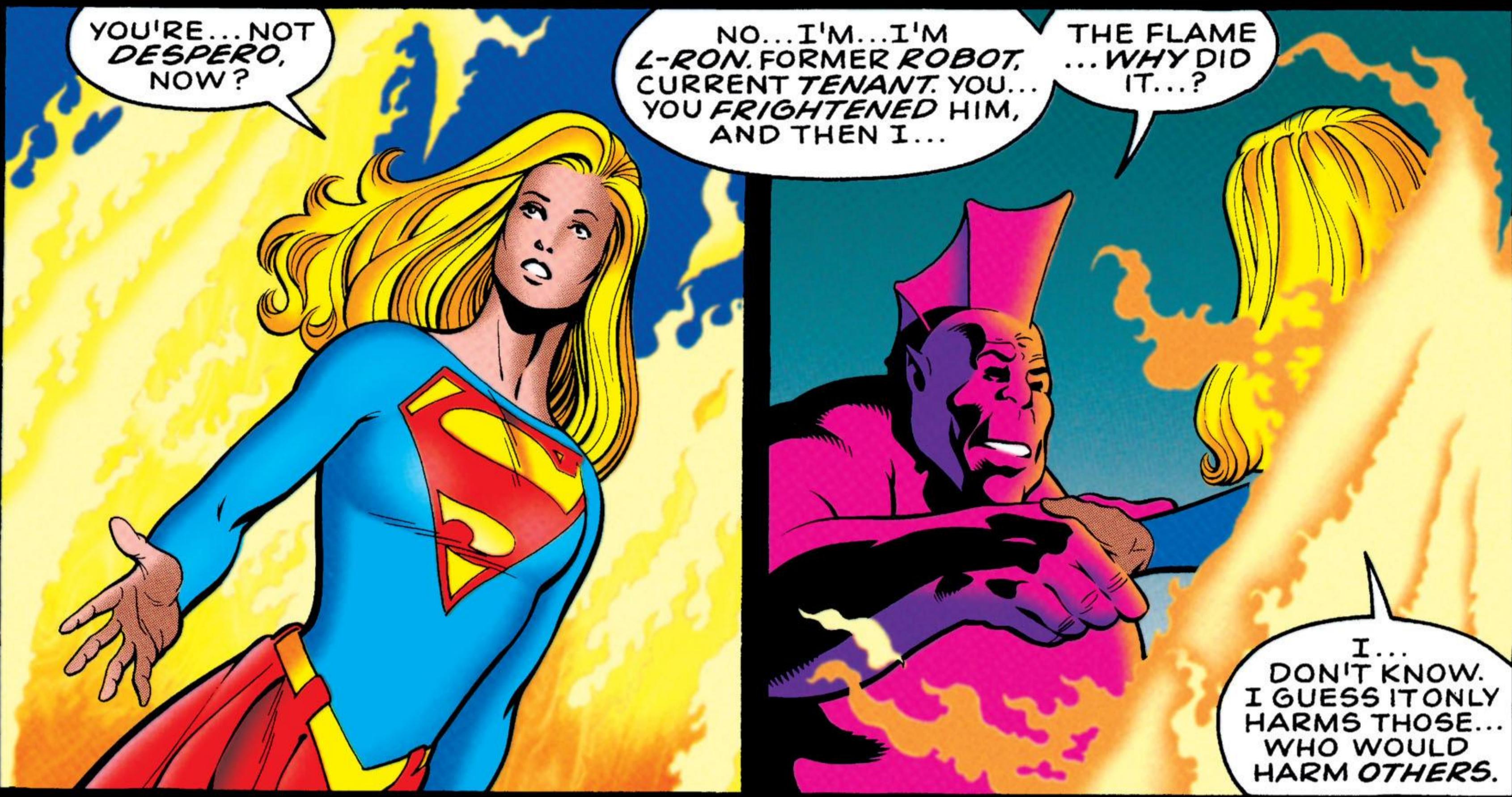
...righteous anger.

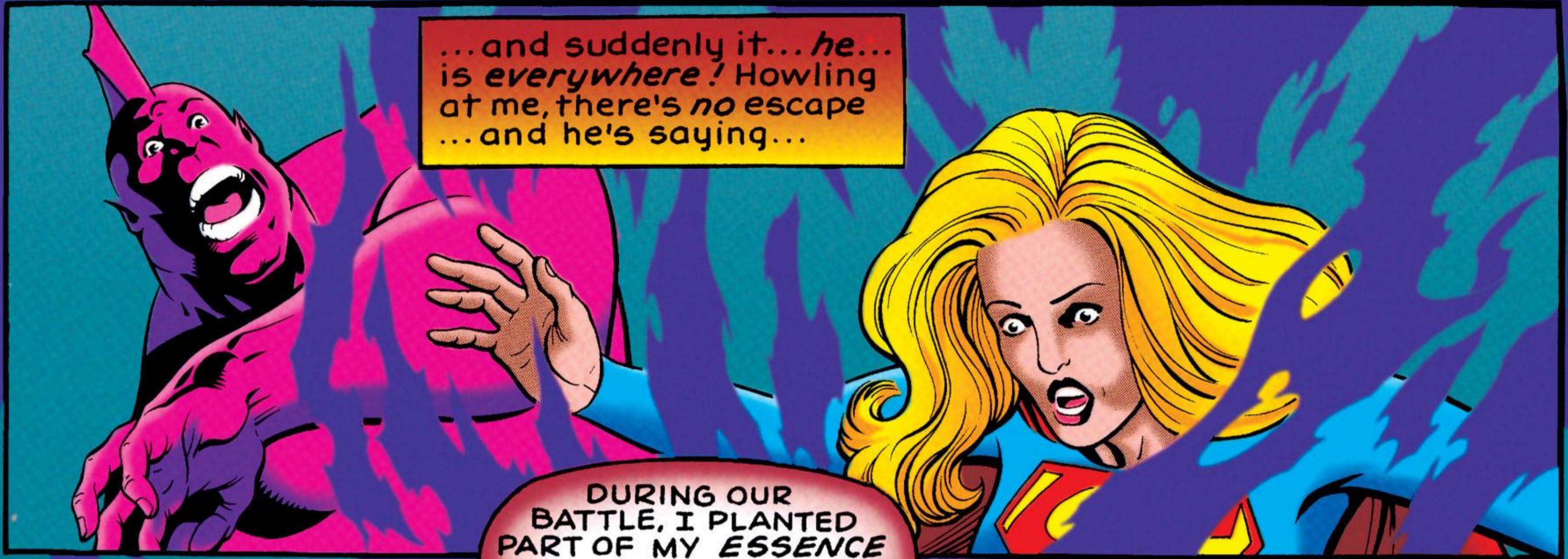
And then, suddenly, he screams...but in a different voice...

...and the flames leap off him and back into my wings...as if he no longer poses a threat.

JUST...JUST STAY RIGHT THERE...

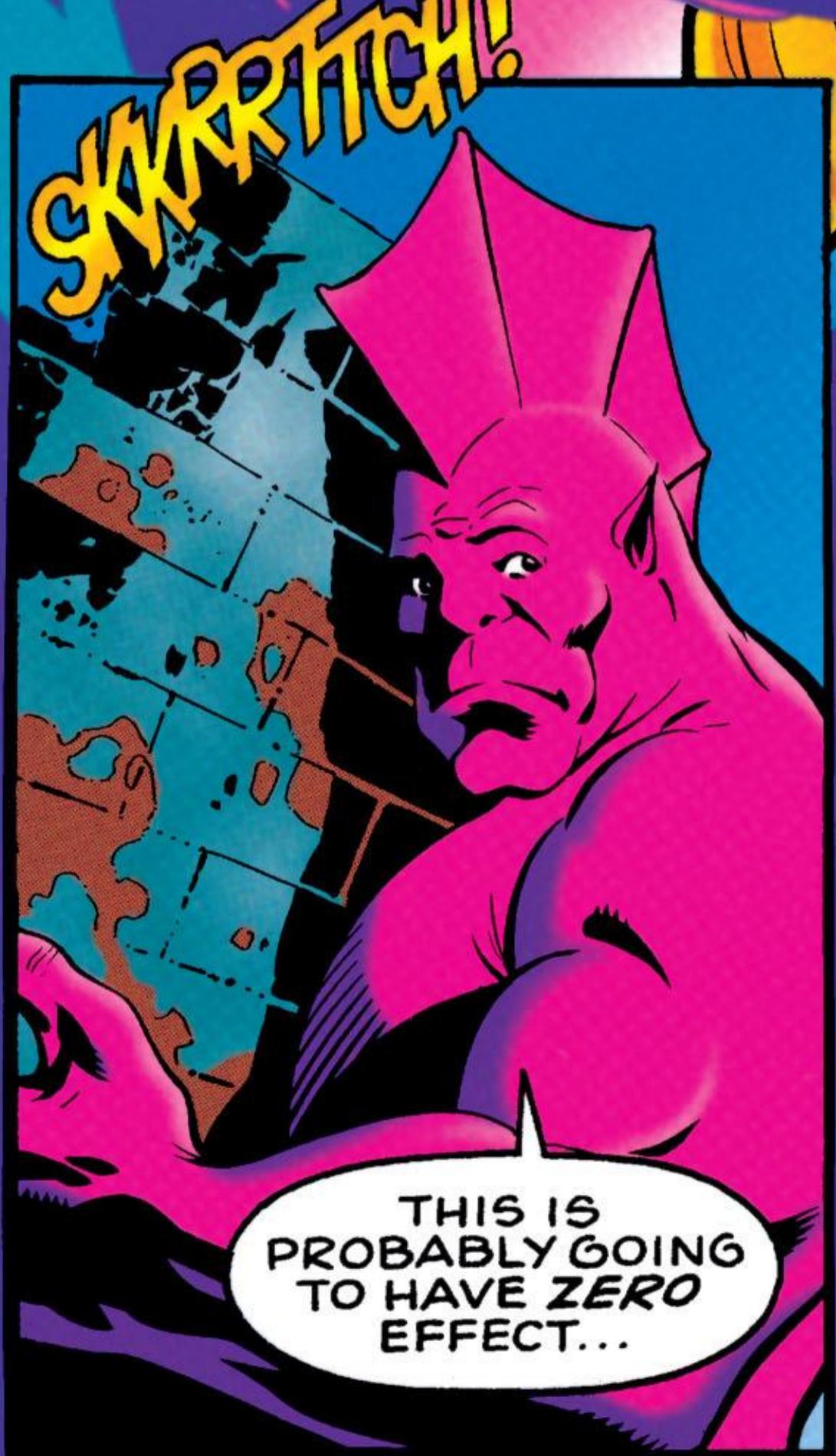
IF IT'S...ALL THE SAME TO YOU, THAT IS.

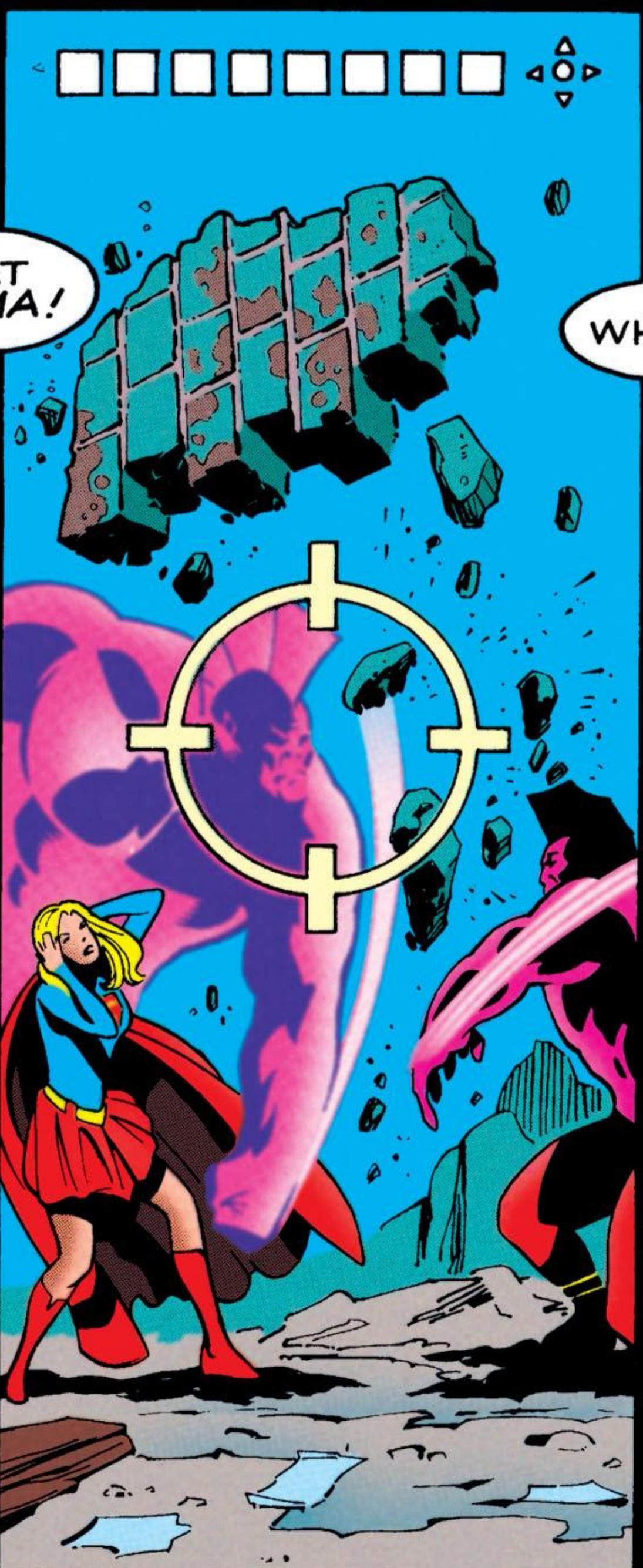
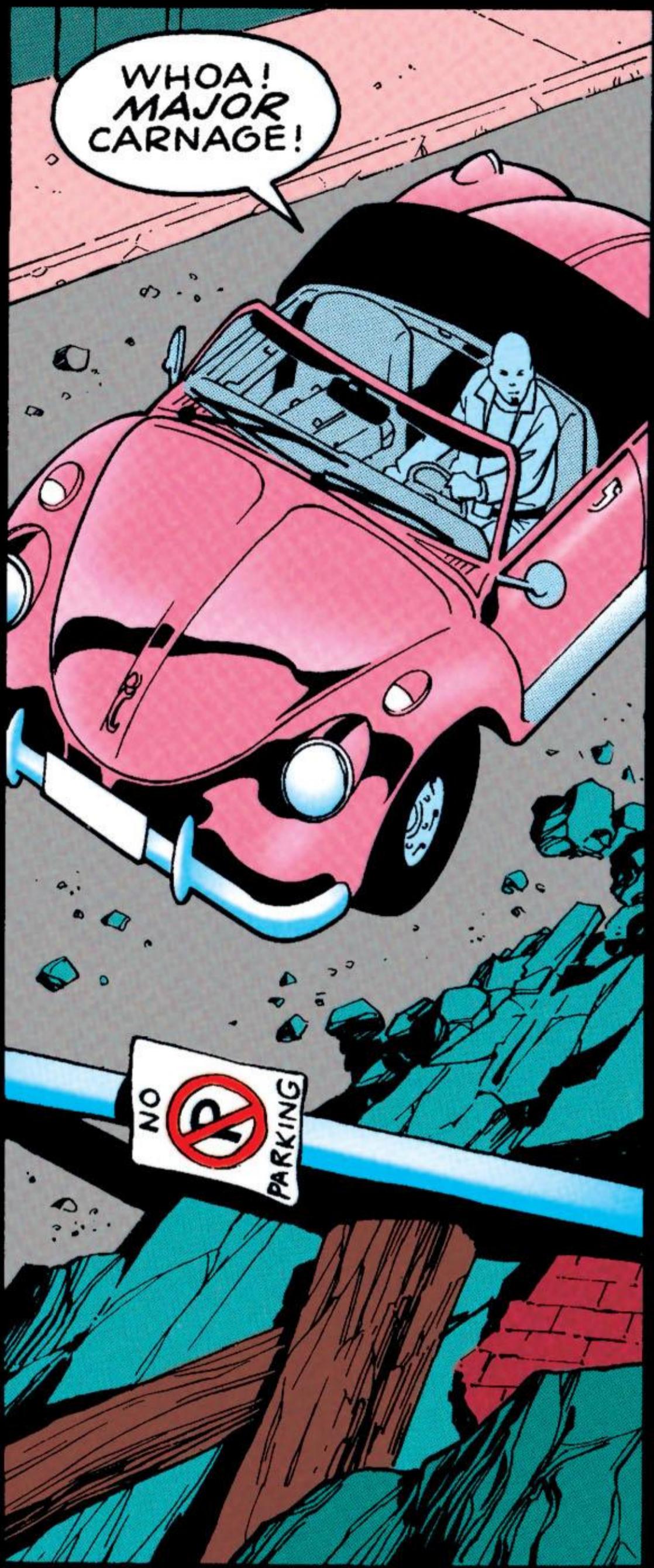


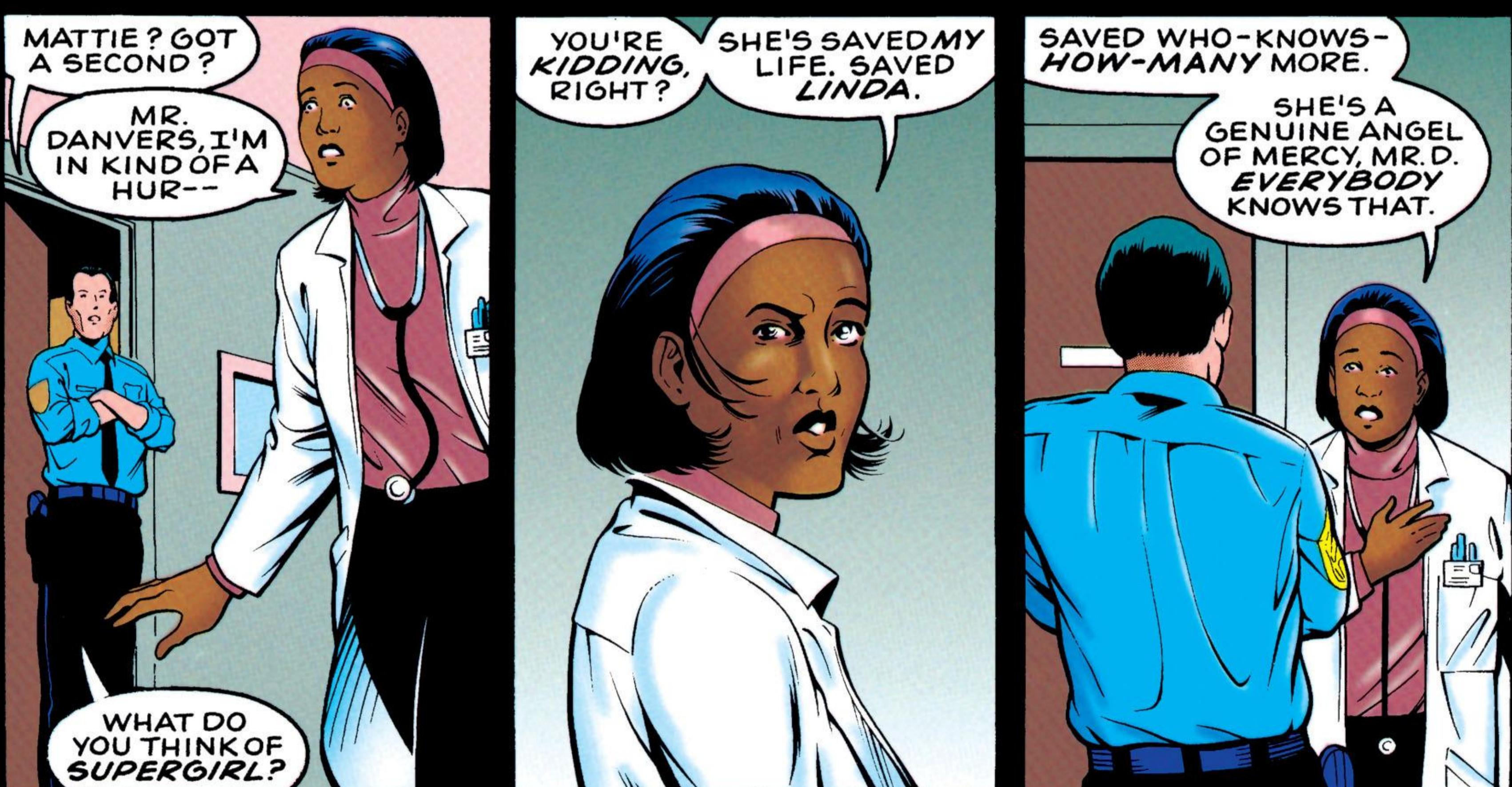
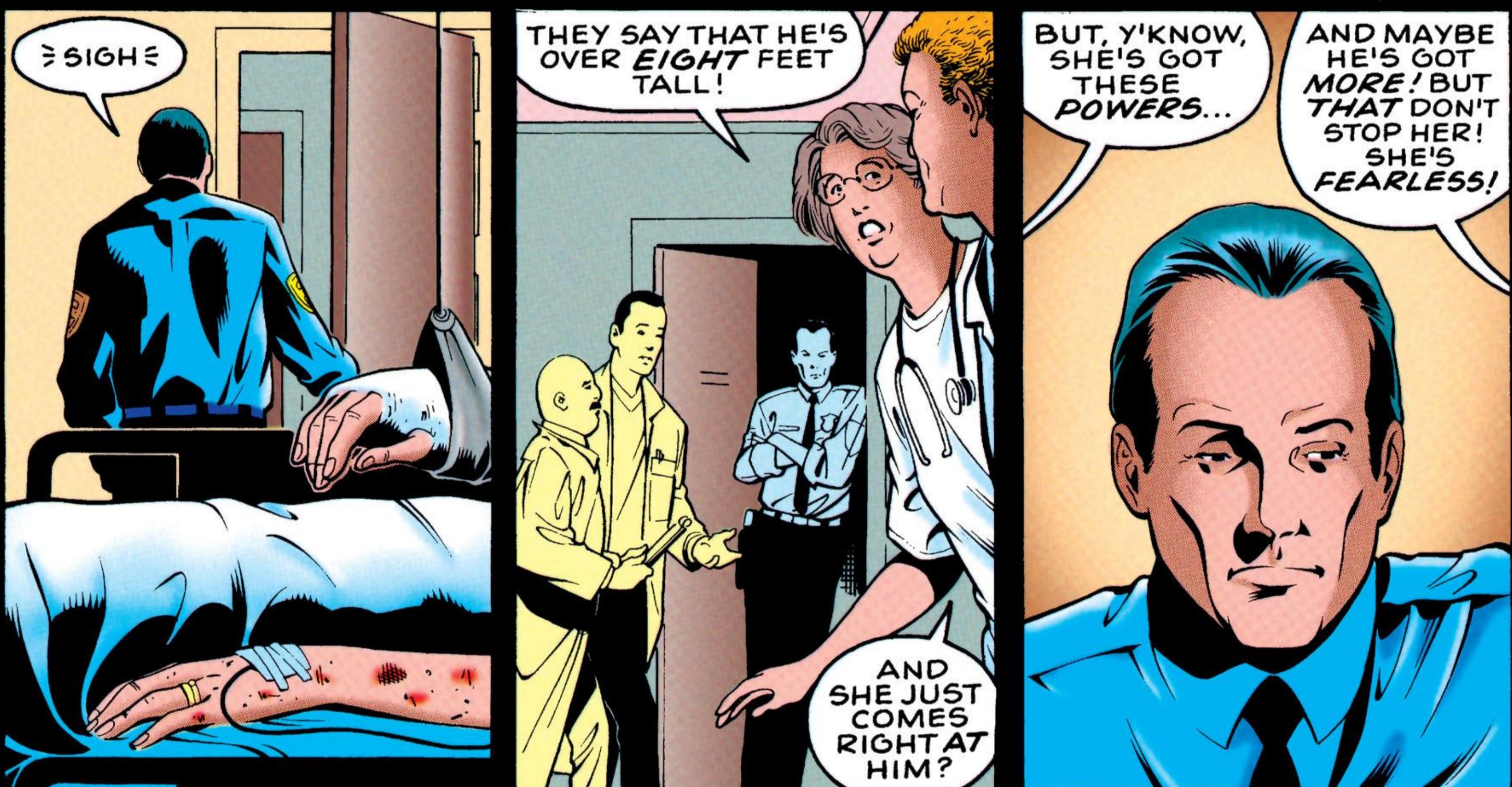
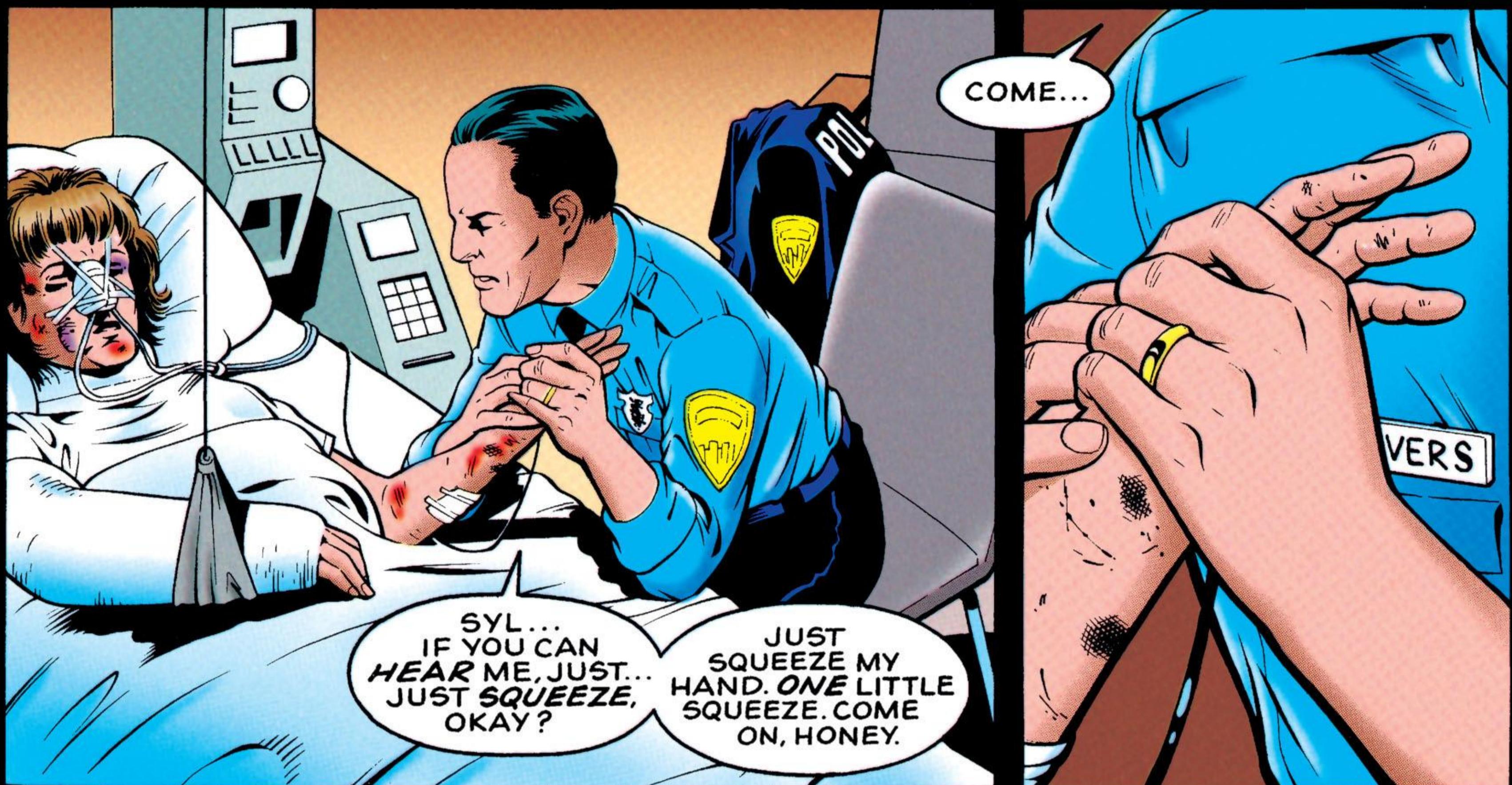


DURING OUR
BATTLE, I PLANTED
PART OF MY ESSENCE
WITHIN YOU, SUPERGIRL,
LIKE A BLACK
SEED!

NOW I WILL
REJOIN THE REST
OF MYSELF WITH YOU...
AND YOU WILL BE
MINE! MINE!







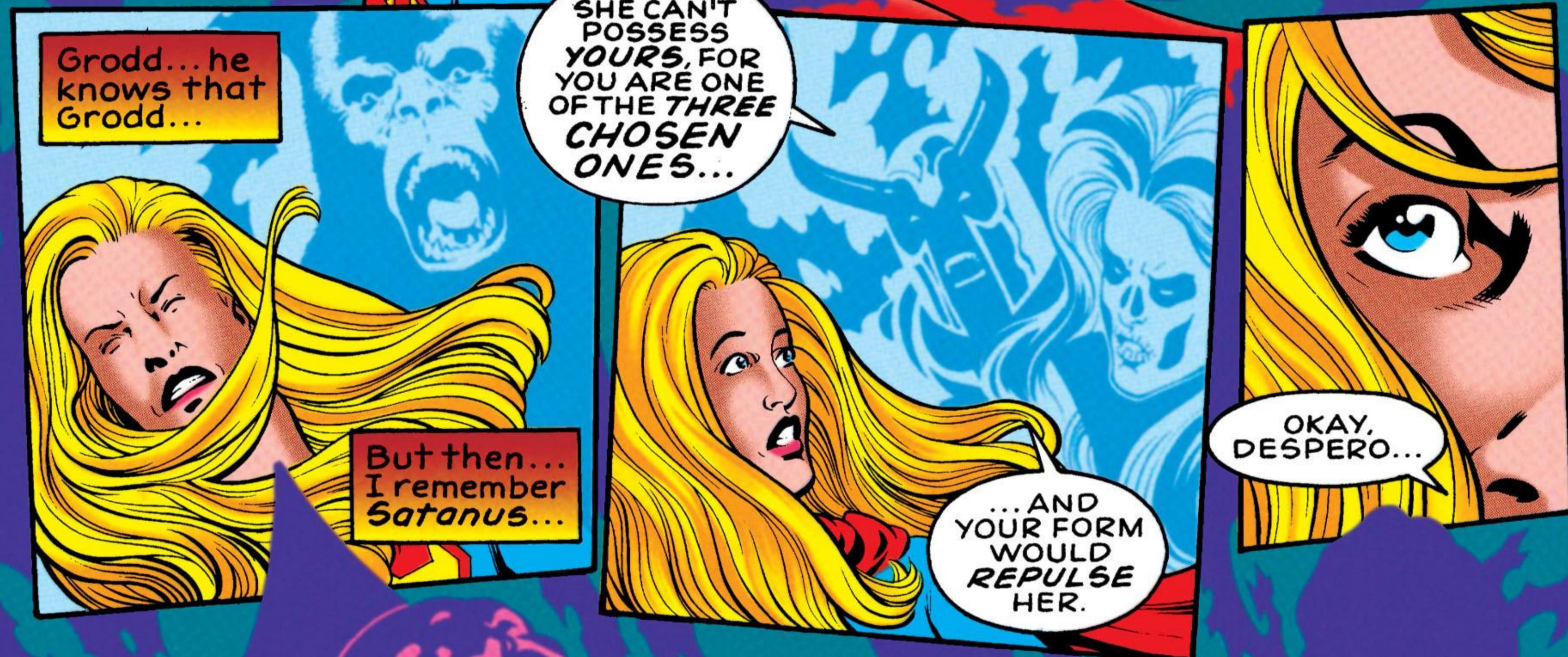


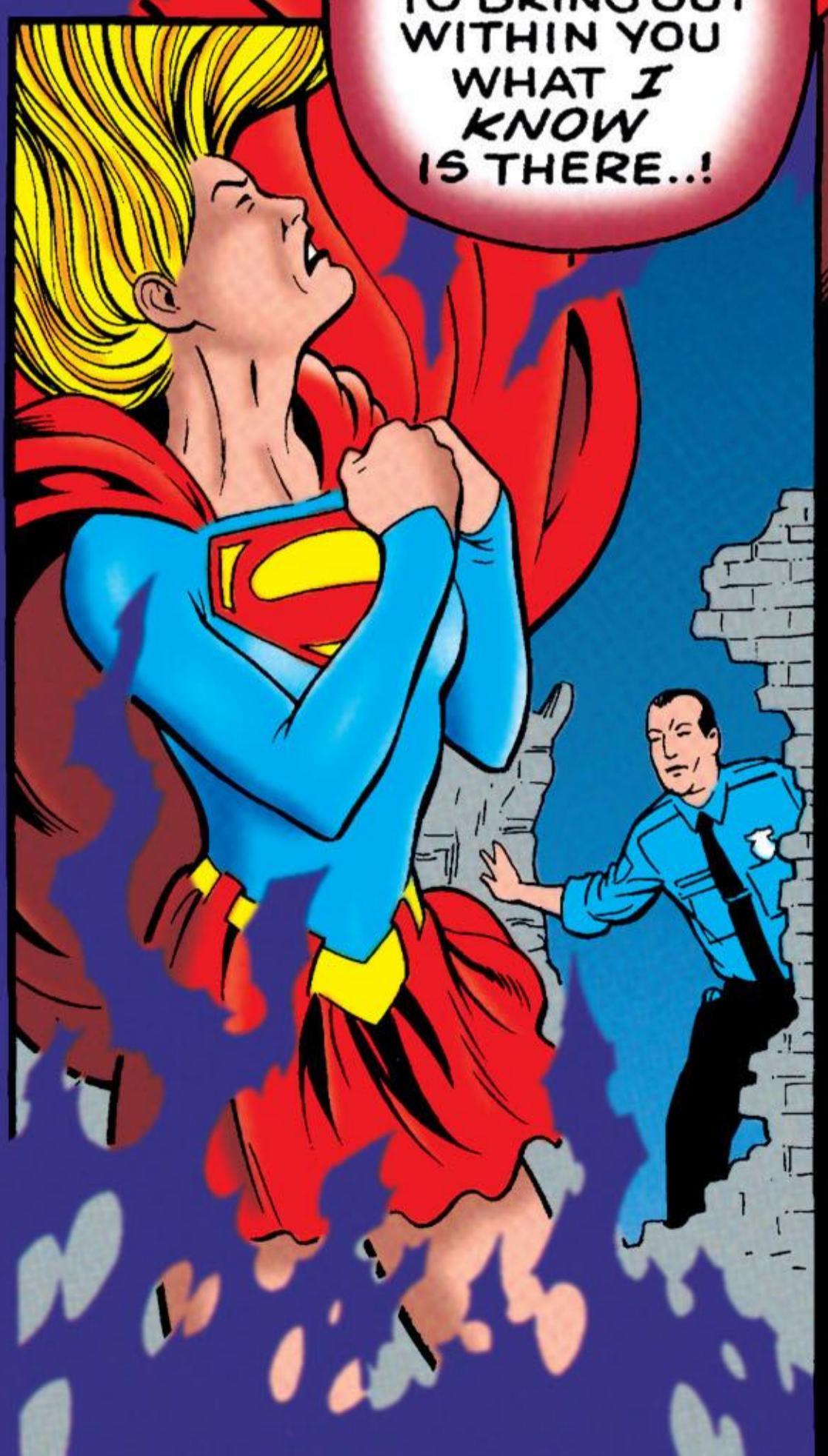
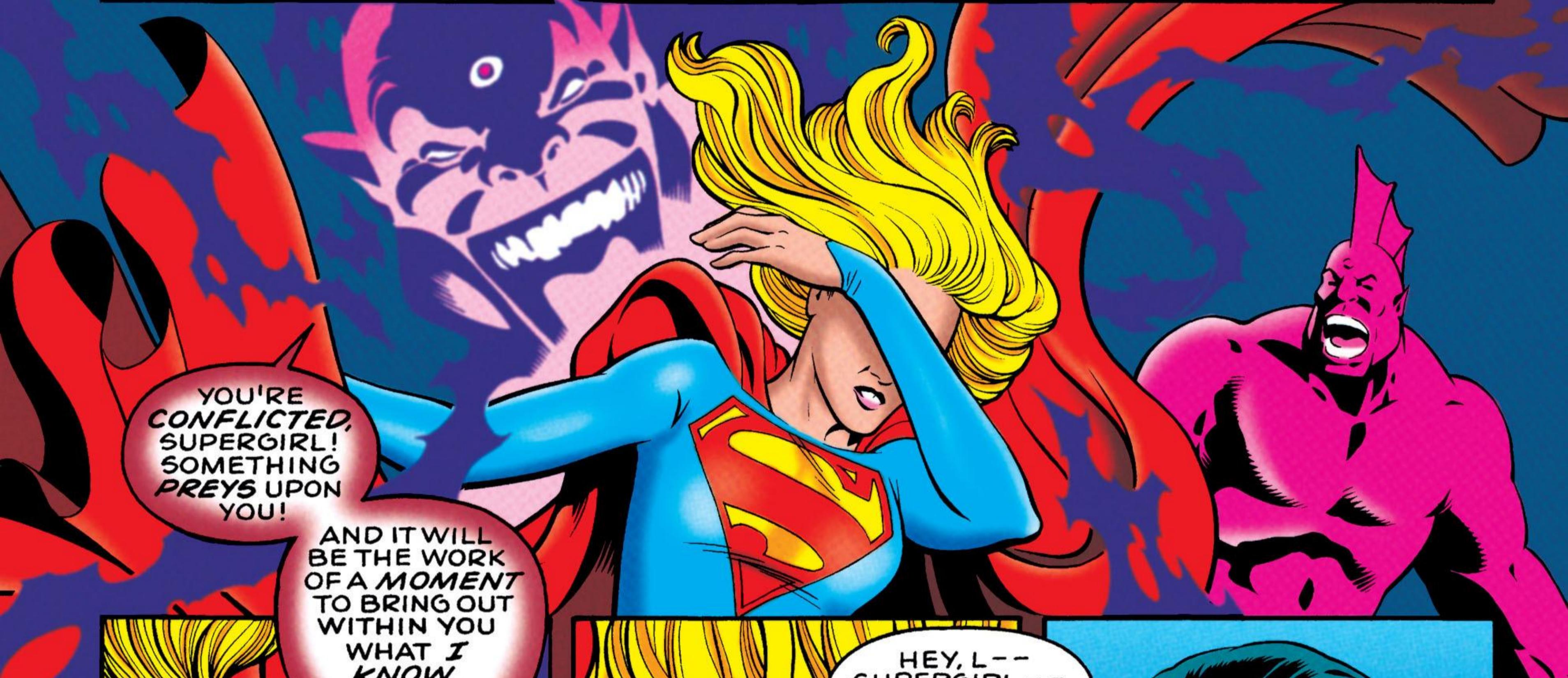
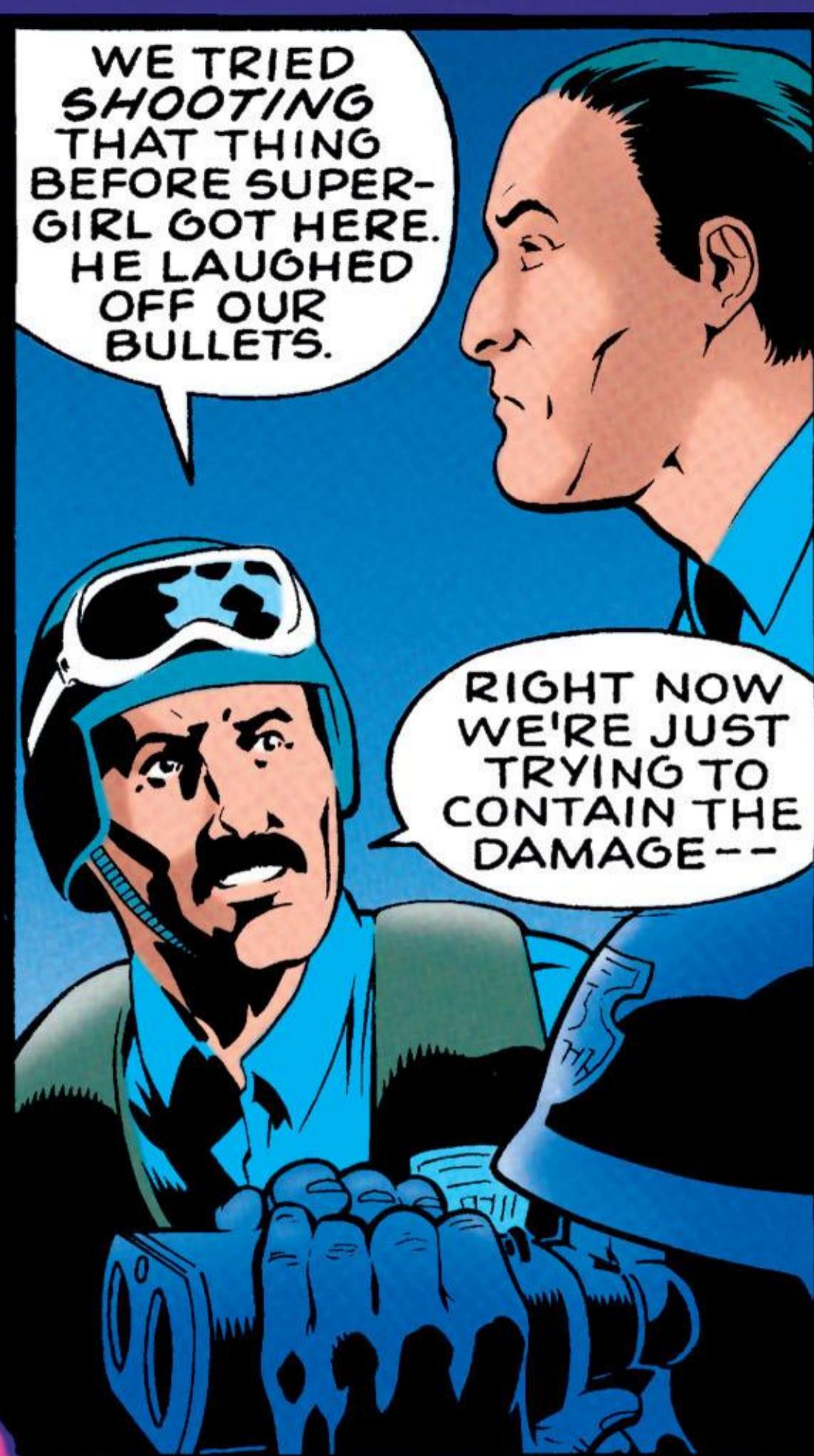
FRED?!?
WHAT'RE
YOU--?

LATER, MIKE!
CARRIE, GET ME
AS CLOSE TO THE
SCENE AS YOU
CAN!

NOW,
DAMMIT!









...BUT NOT
ANYMORE!
FOR I AM ONE
OF THE THREE
CHOSEN!

AND
YOU SHALL
PAY FOR THIS
ASSAULT!



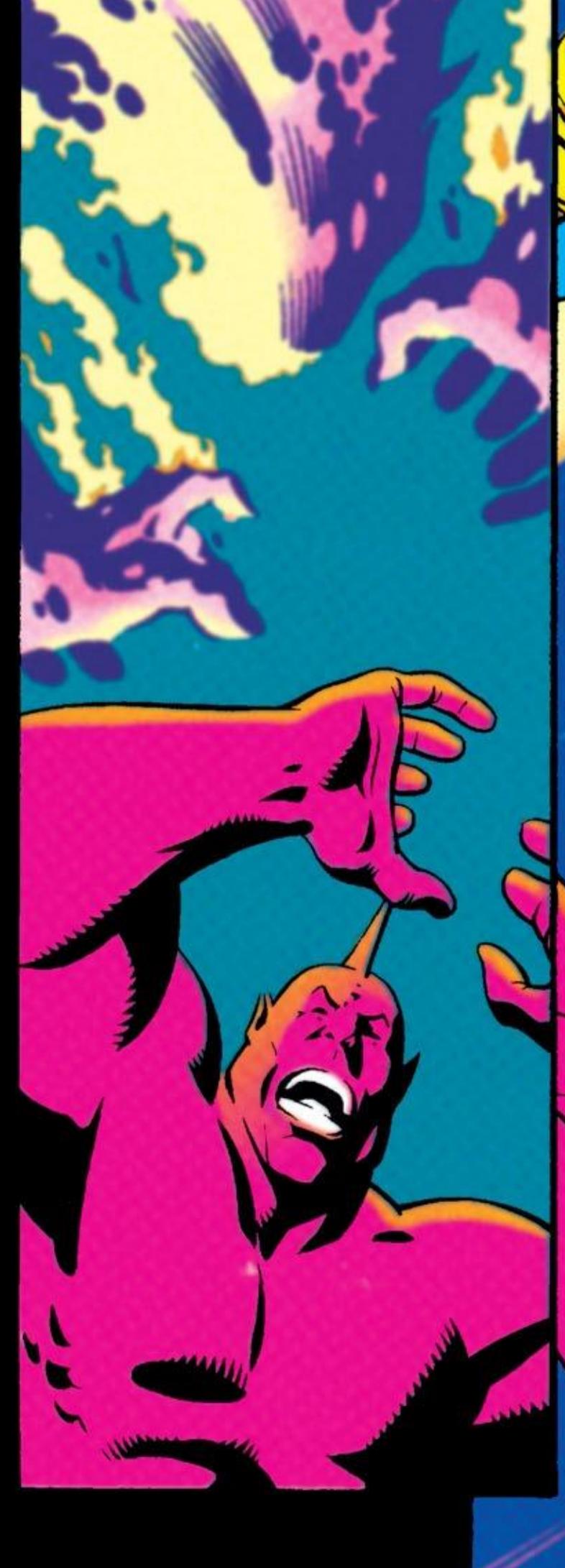
My wings explode
into existence, ripping
through him, igniting
this...this incarnation
of all that is foul.

I think of Silver Banshee's
words...of how there is
such a thing as thorough
evil, with no intrinsic good.

But I realize, as
I blast him away
from L-Ron, that
--in this case--

-- it's just
not worth
looking.

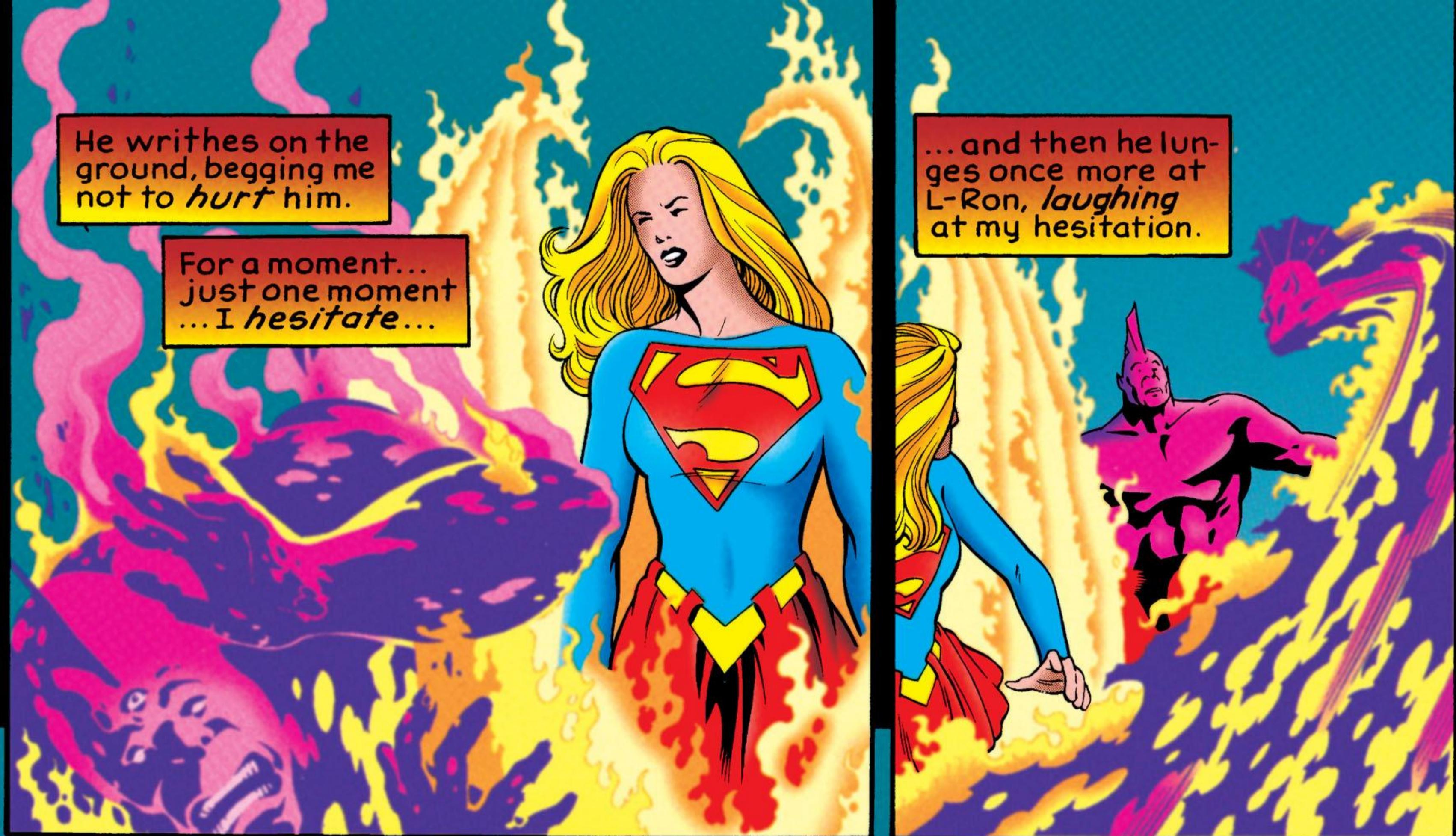
I still don't
believe that.
It's just that
sometimes
you have to
look very
hard.



He writhes on the ground, begging me not to hurt him.

For a moment... just one moment ... I hesitate...

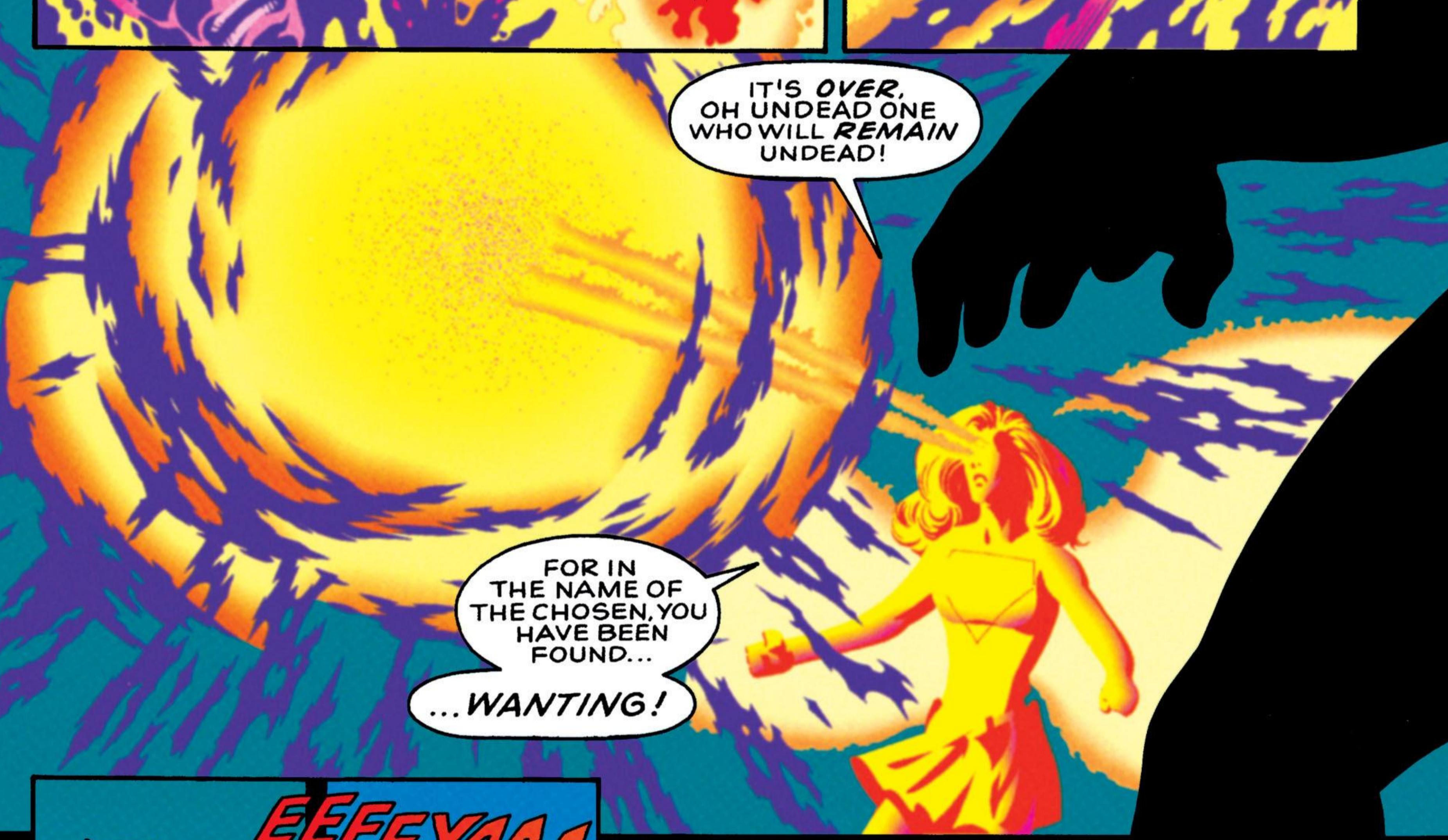
... and then he lunges once more at L-Ron, laughing at my hesitation.

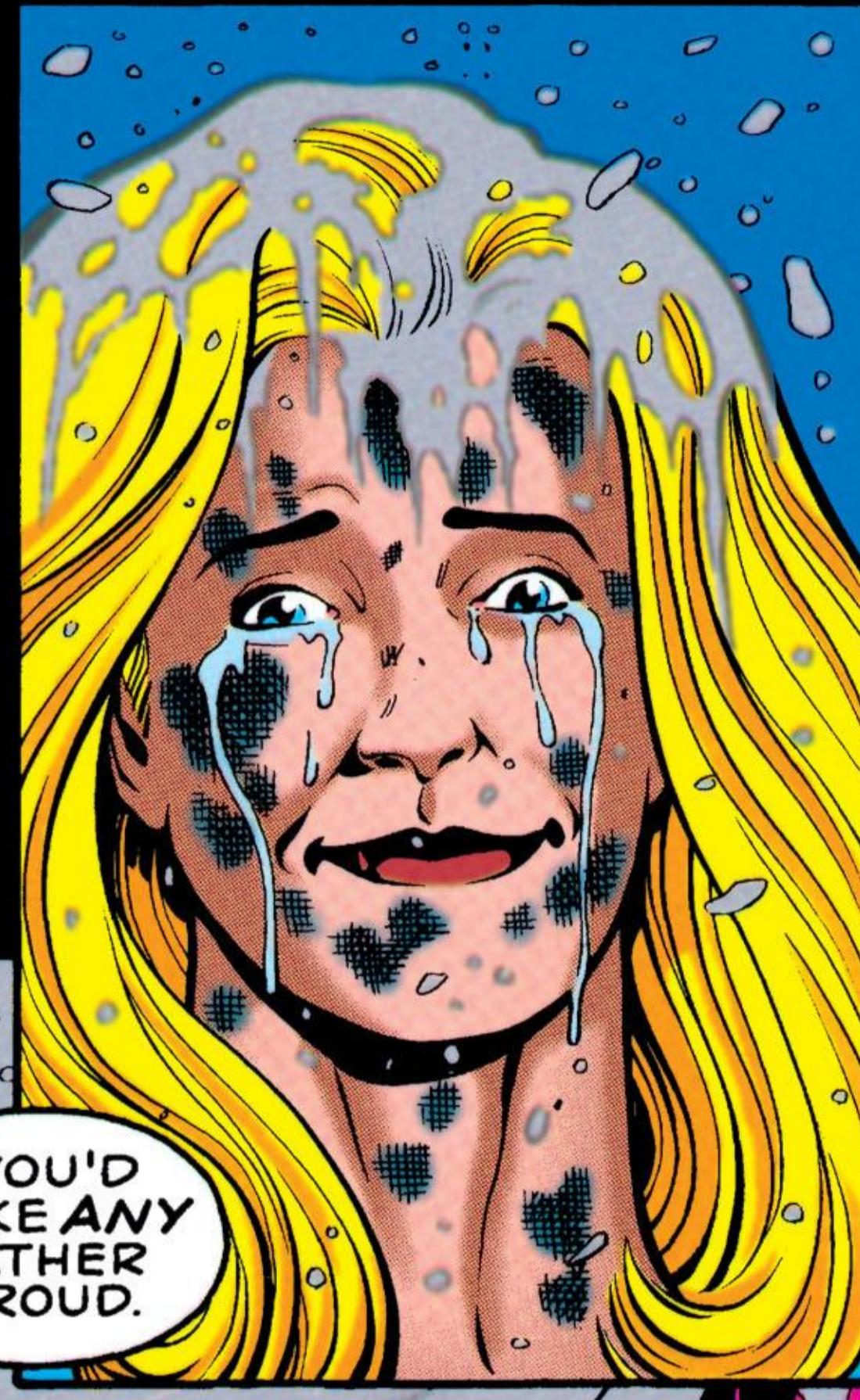
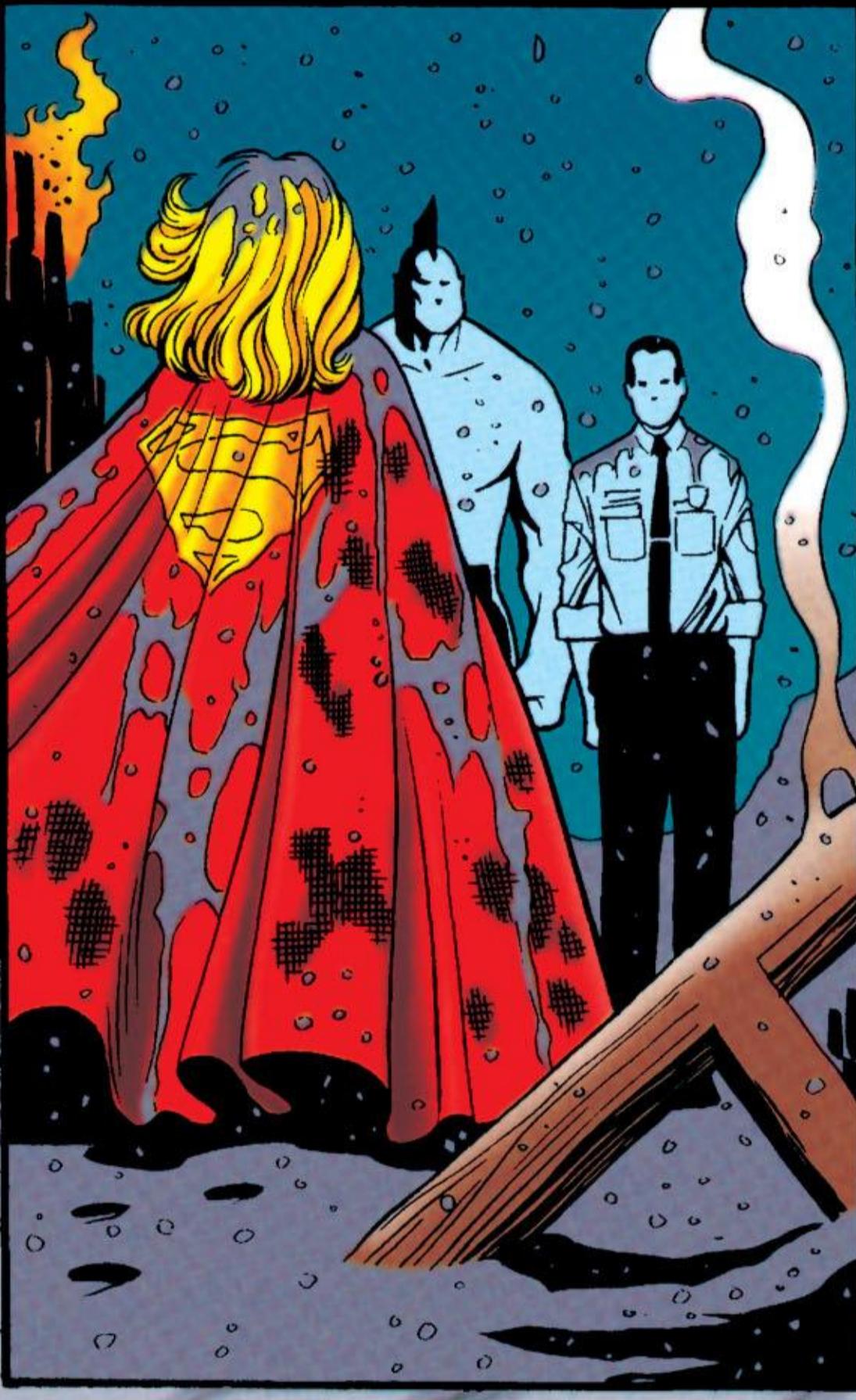


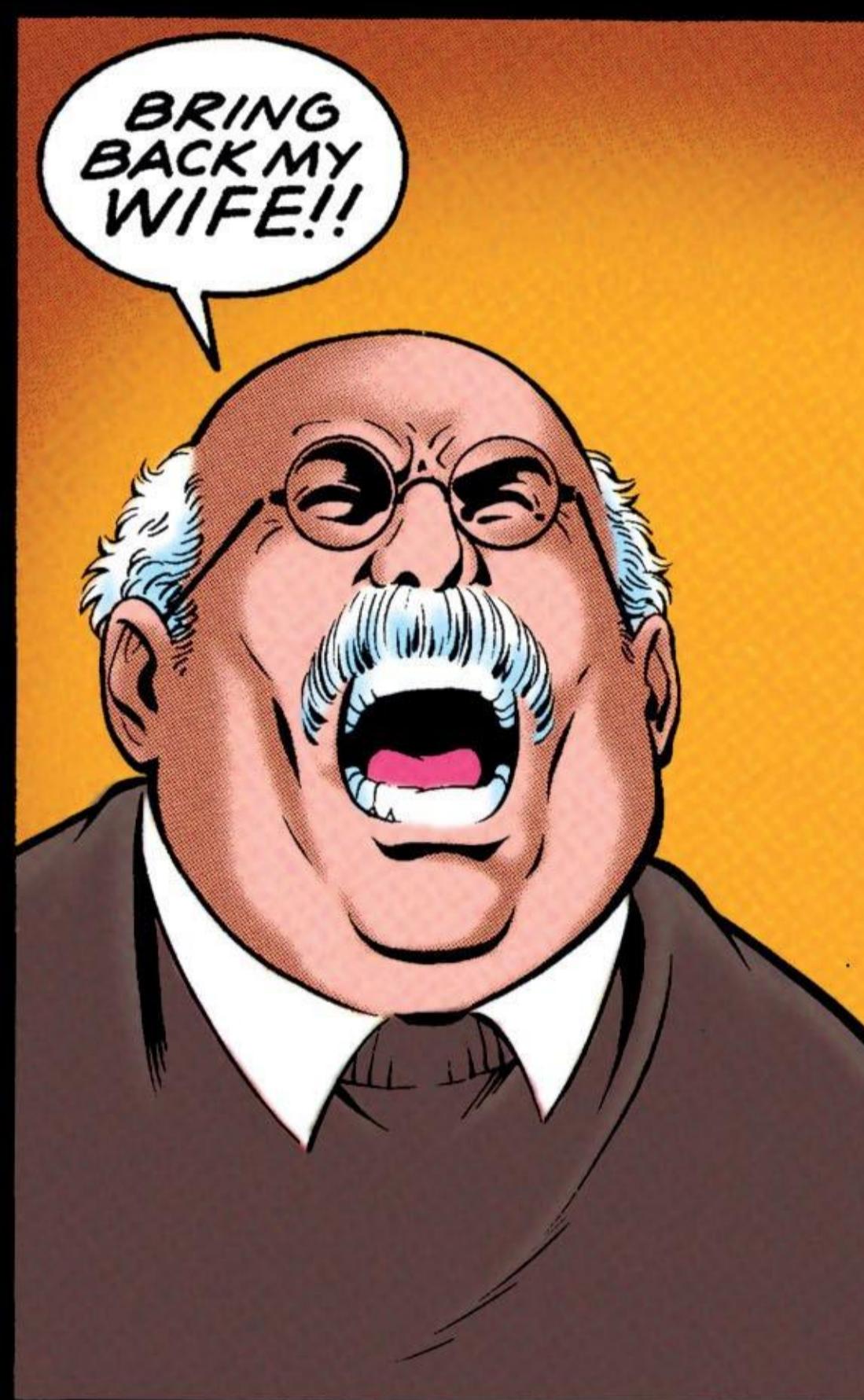
IT'S OVER,
OH UNDEAD ONE
WHO WILL REMAIN
UNDEAD!

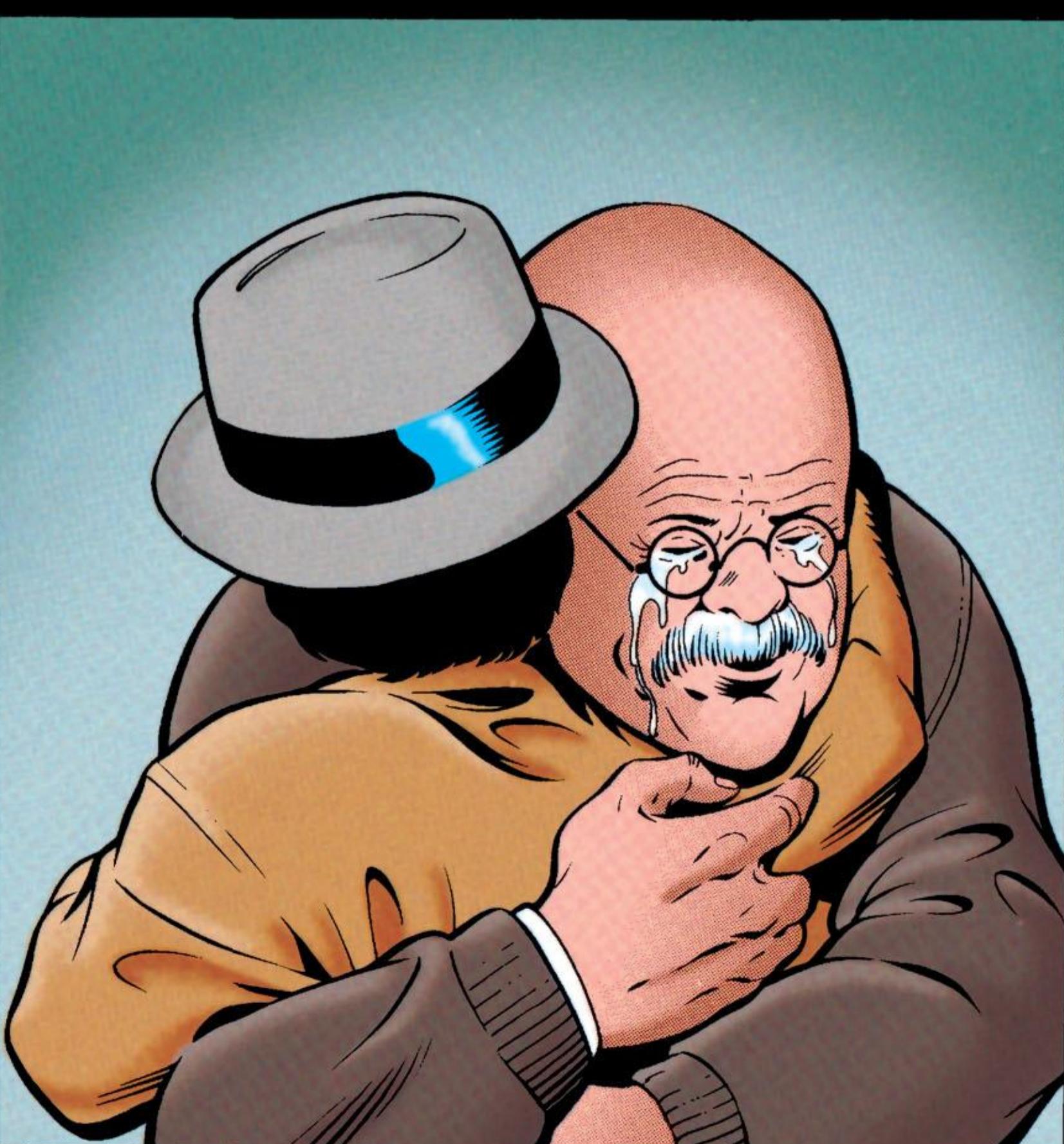
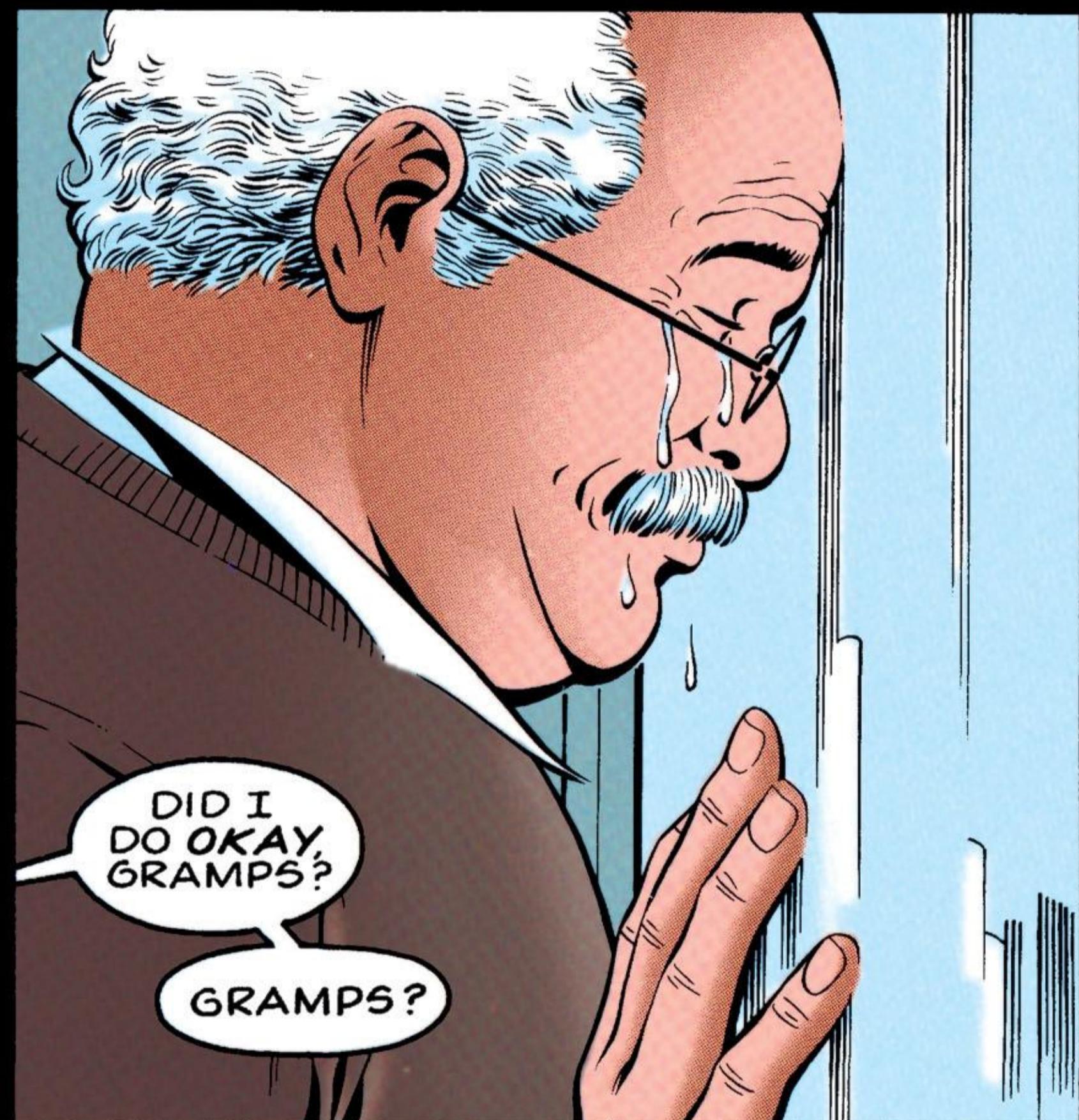
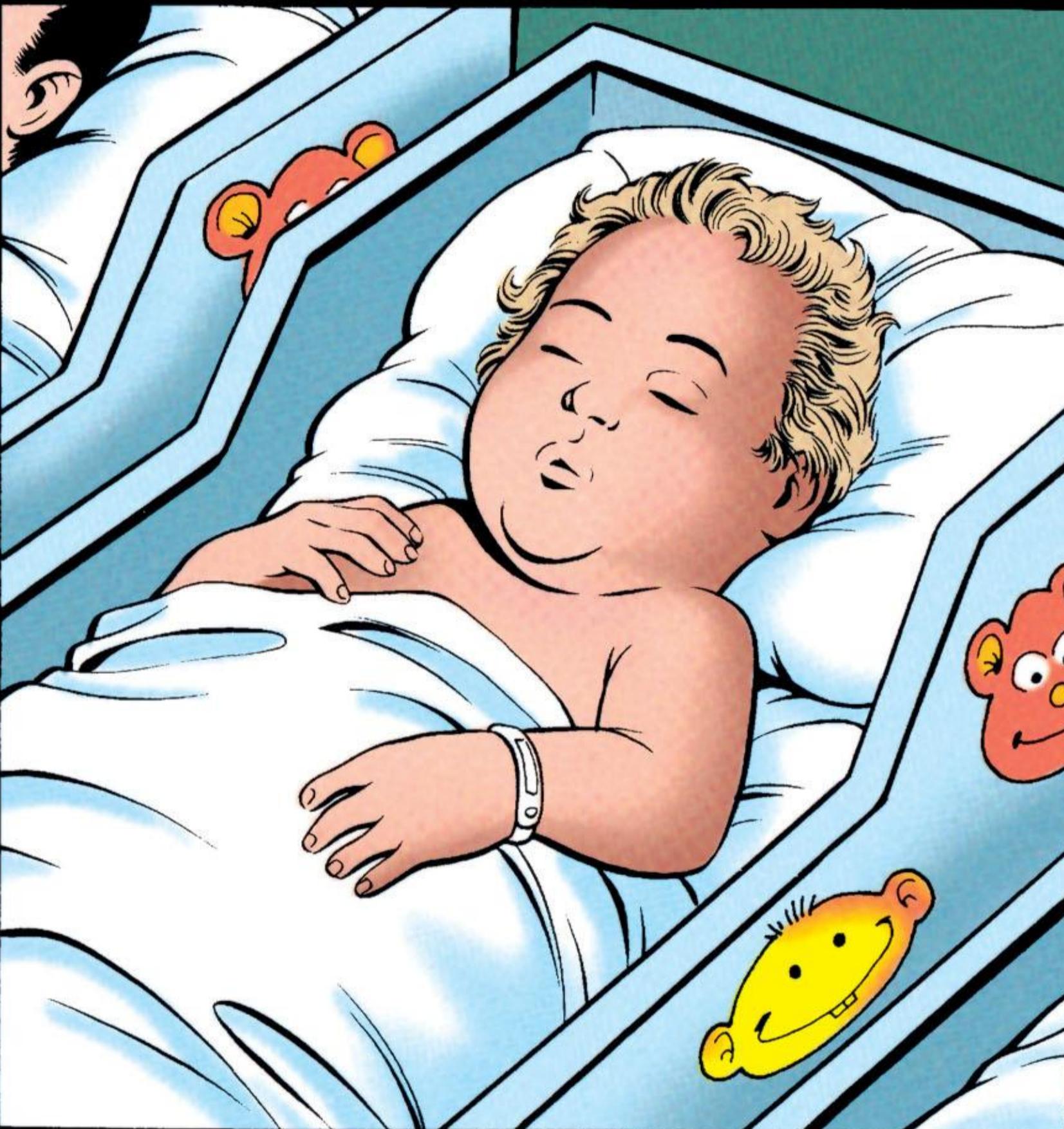
FOR IN
THE NAME OF
THE CHOSEN, YOU
HAVE BEEN
FOUND...

...WANTING!











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