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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AO
AUTHORITY

SUPERGIRL®



CAT'S PAW!

CAT'S PAW

I remember the moment, as from a distance.

I think of it now and it appalls me...

...but at the same time, my skin tingles with ghostly sensations of passion.

PETER DAVID · WRITER
GARY FRANK · PENCILS
CAM SMITH · INKS
PAT PRENTICE · LETTERS
GENE D'ANGELO · COLORS
DIGITAL CHAMELEON.
COLOR SEPS
CHRIS DUFFY · EDITOR

Separating my memories... my personality... from Linda Danvers...

... it's like trying to separate yolk from egg white in an omelette.

My protomatter bonded with her dying body. It didn't keep her alive...

...but it gave me--her life.

But there're still fragments missing, and I was hoping that by searching her... our possessions, I'd get a feeling for...

Waaaait a minute...

The guy in the picture... whose cigarette-breath I can taste in my mouth, whose fingers caress the curve of my spine...

It's the same guy who knifed her. Who knifed --

LINDA!

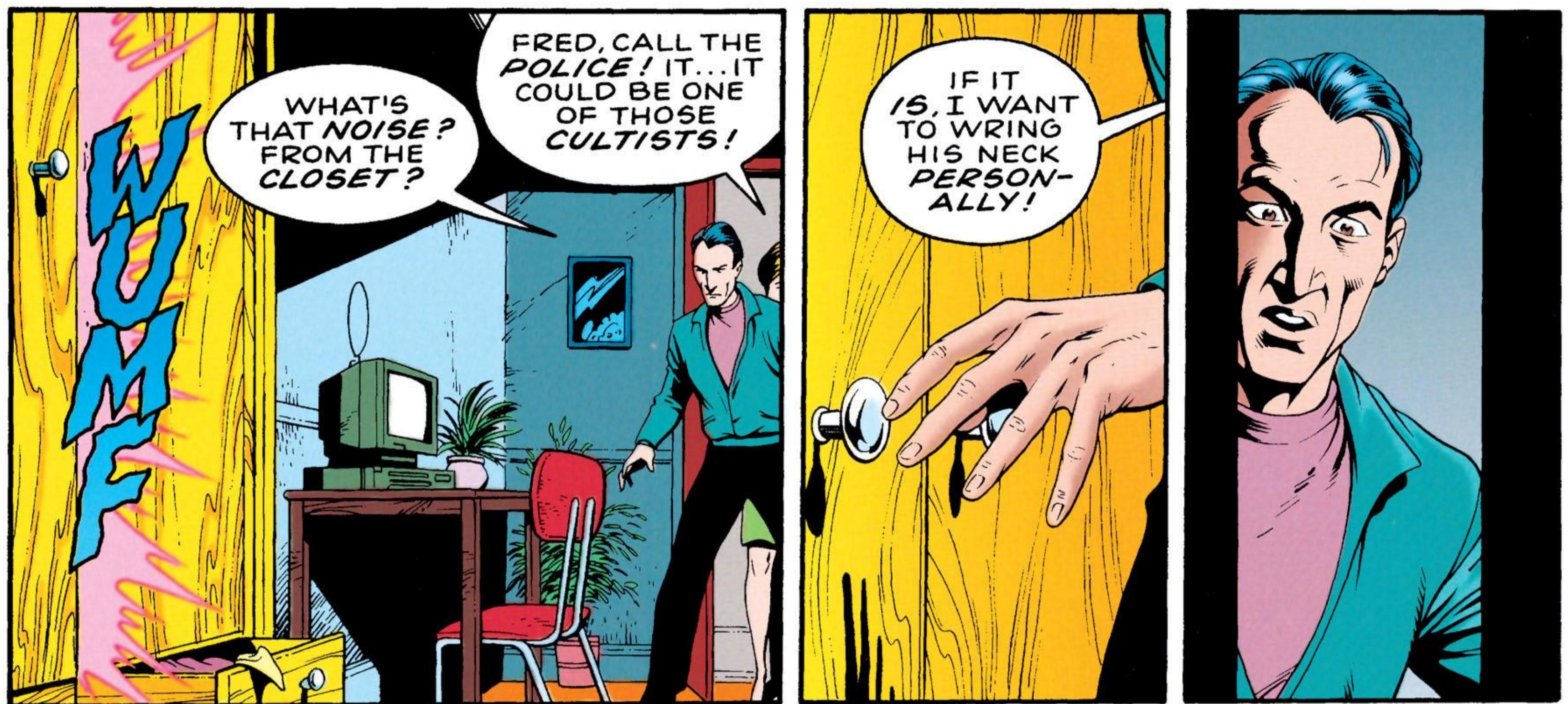
LINDA,
ARE YOU
THERE?

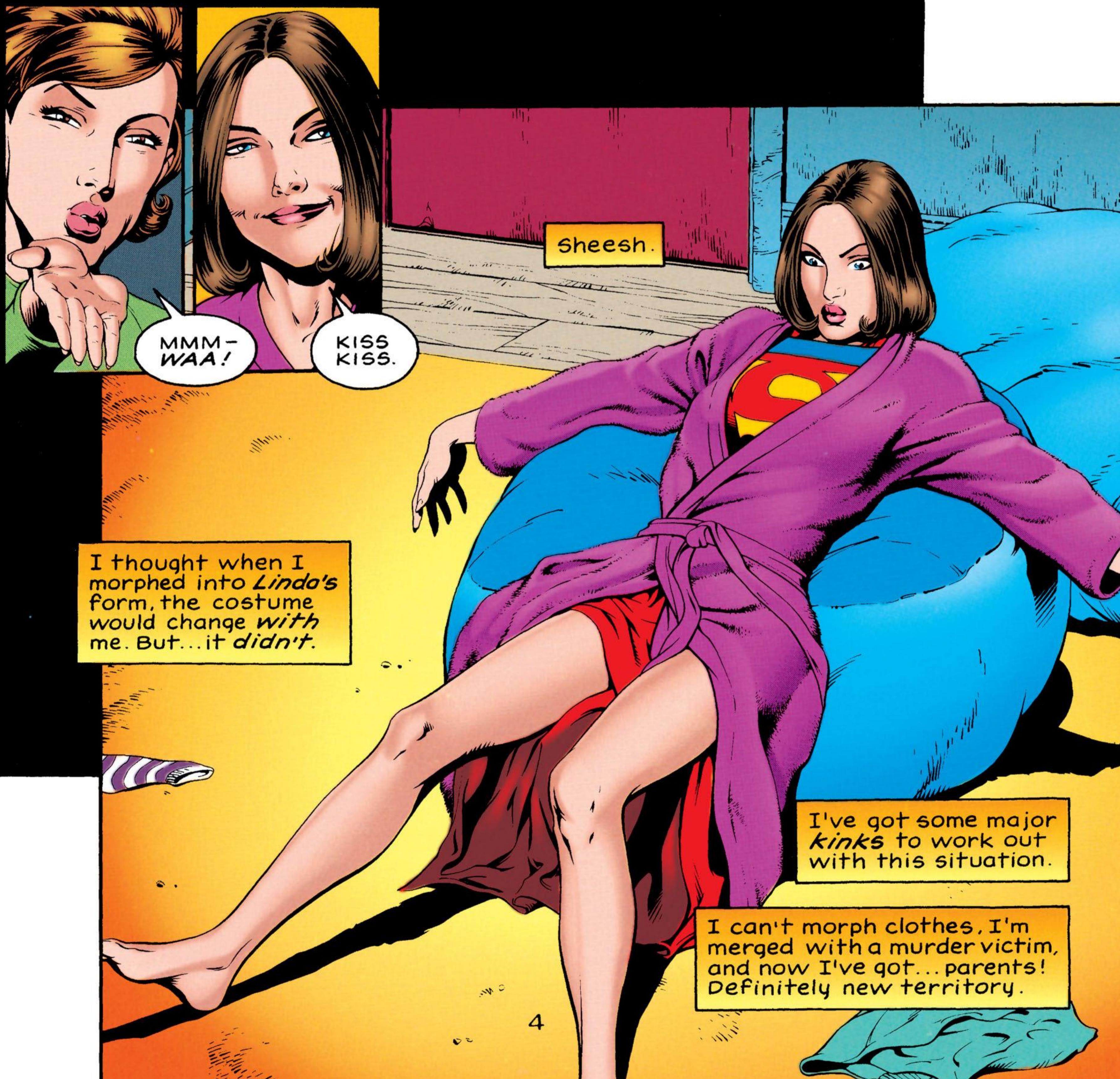
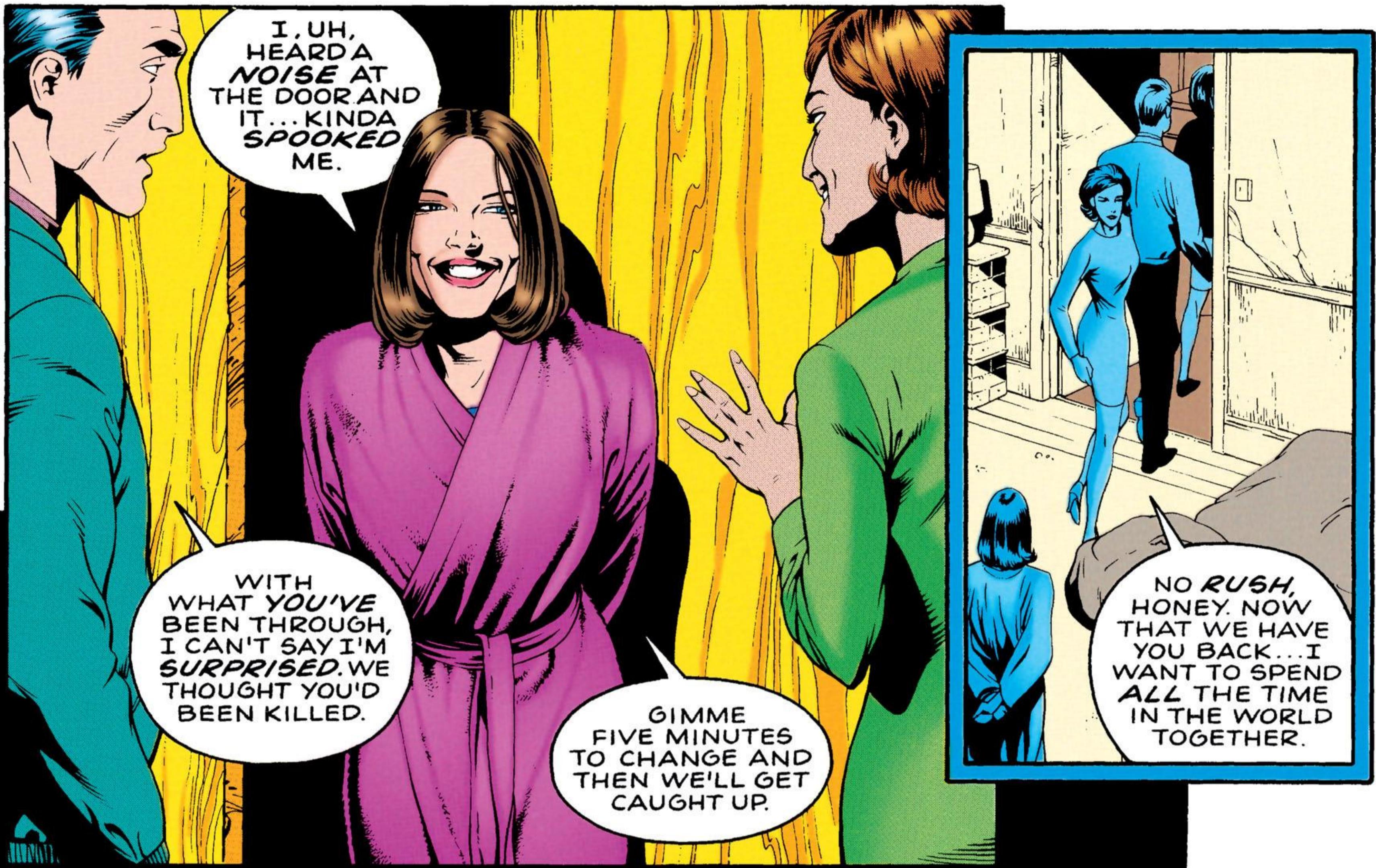
MATTIE, USE YOUR KEY! GET US IN THERE!

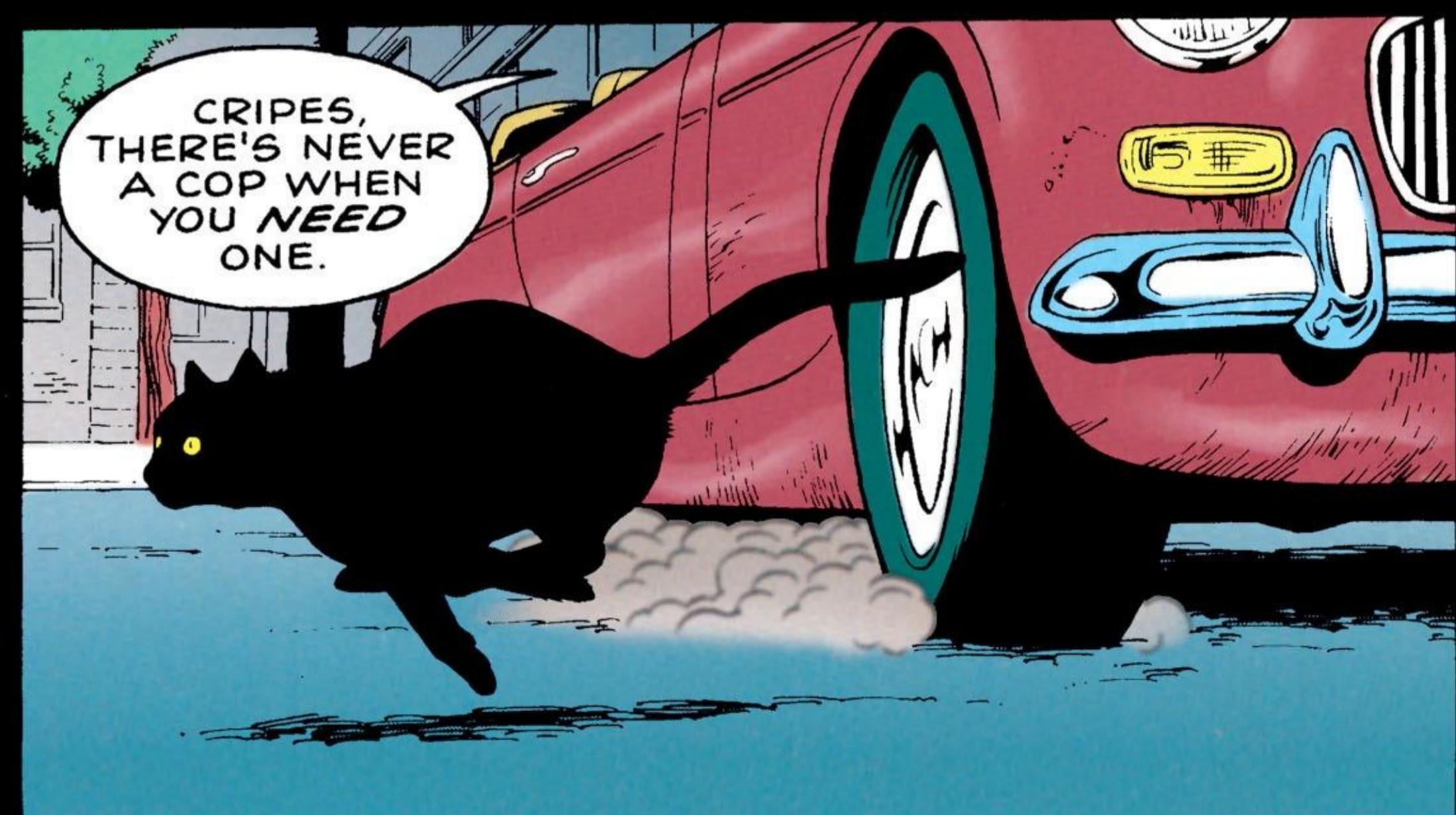
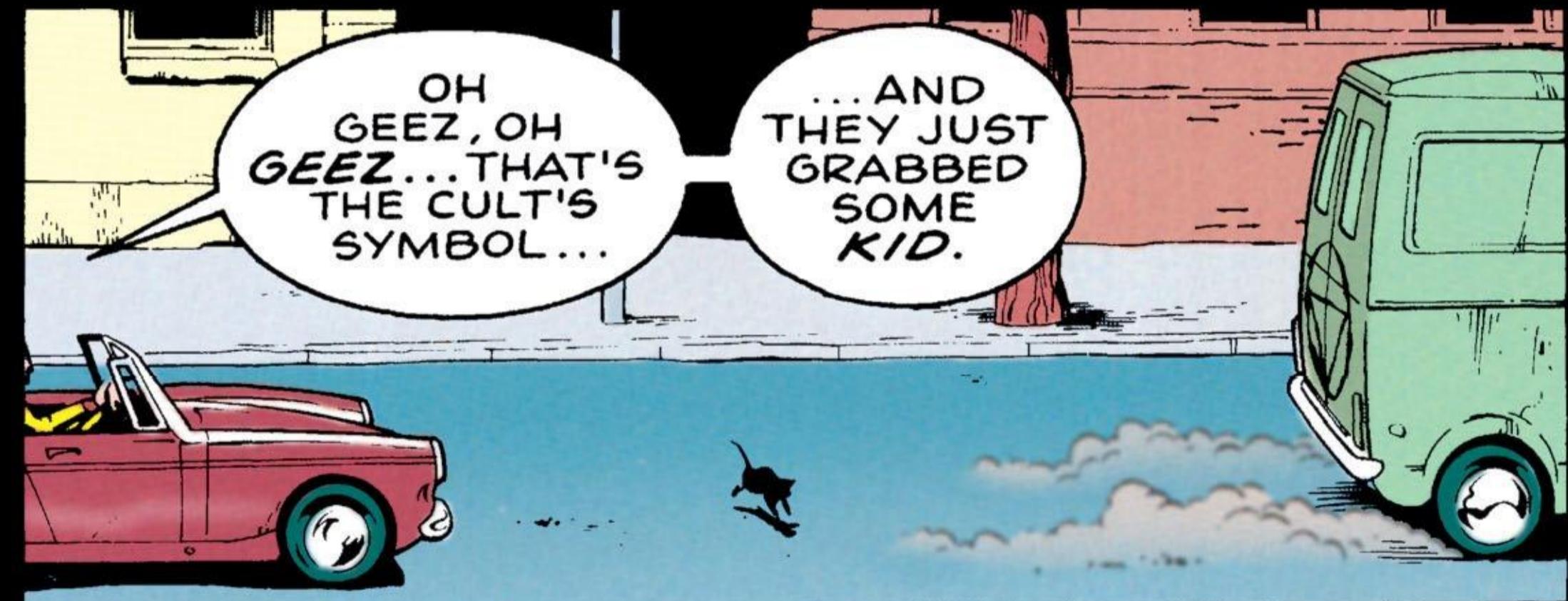
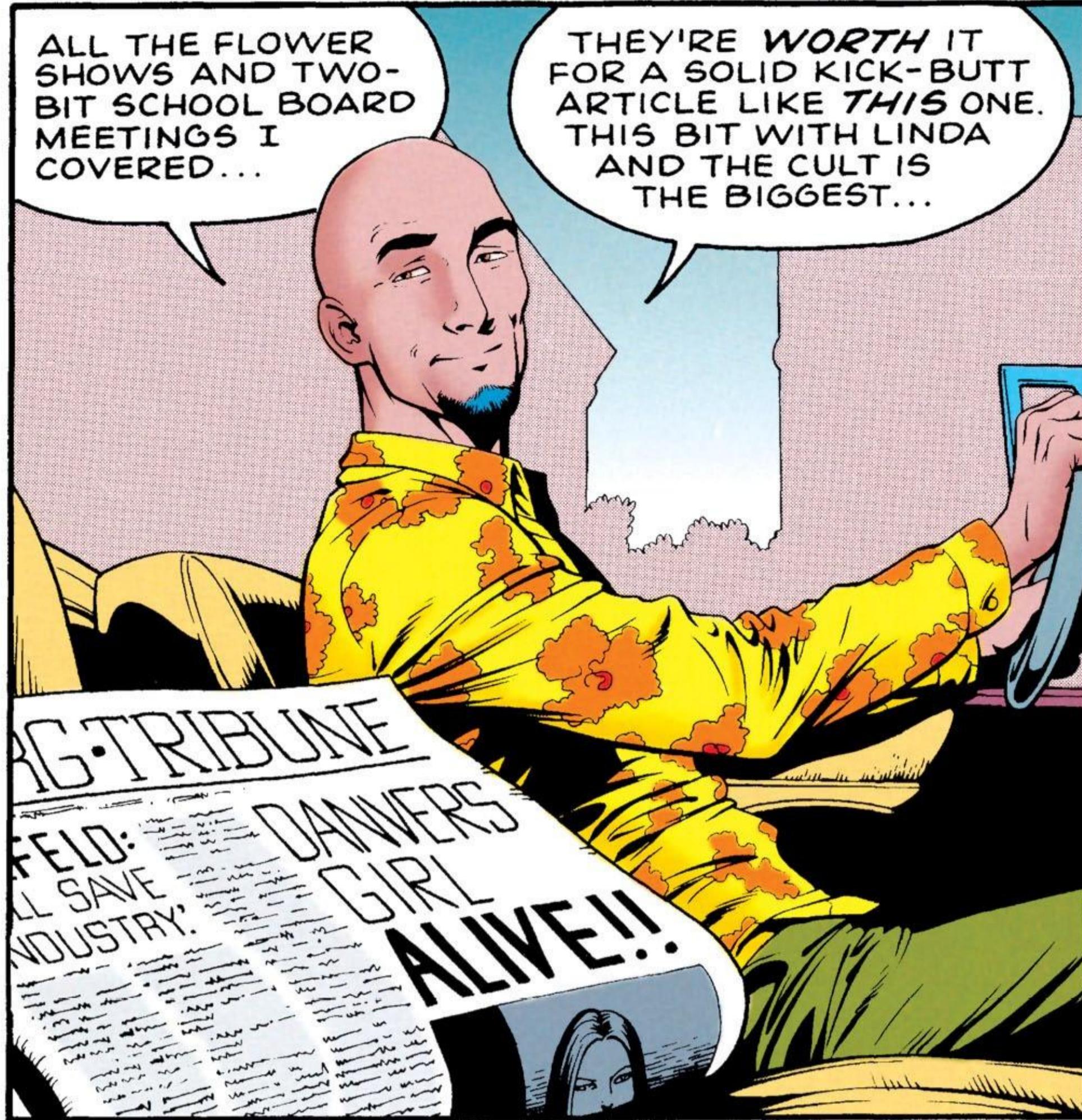
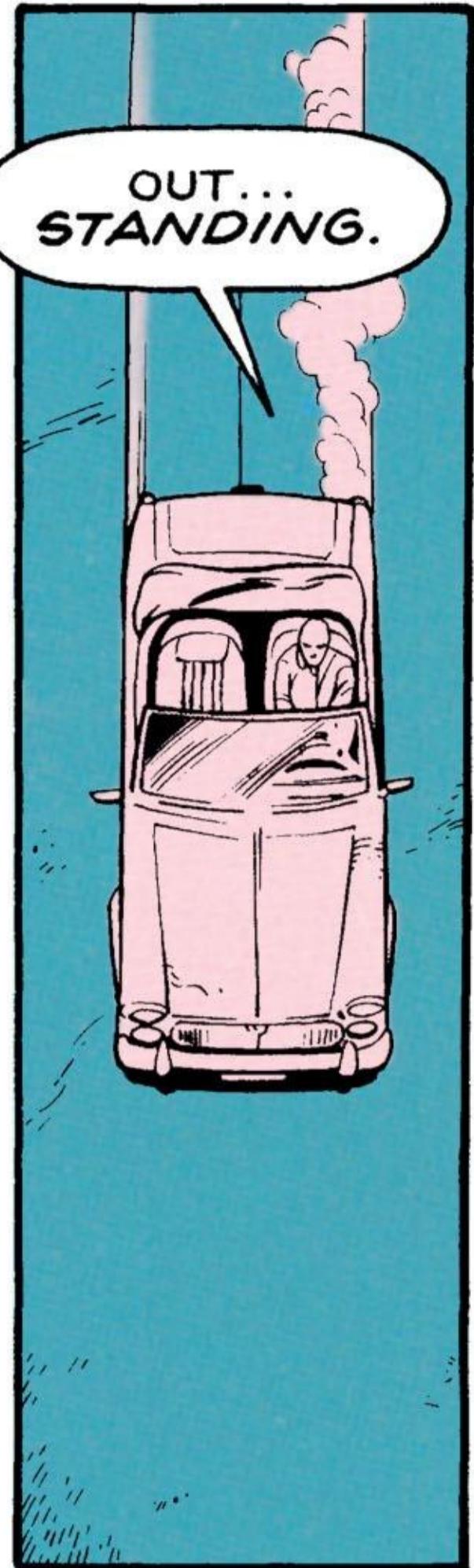
AND IF THIS IS
SOME SORT OF JOKE...

A JOKE? GET REAL!

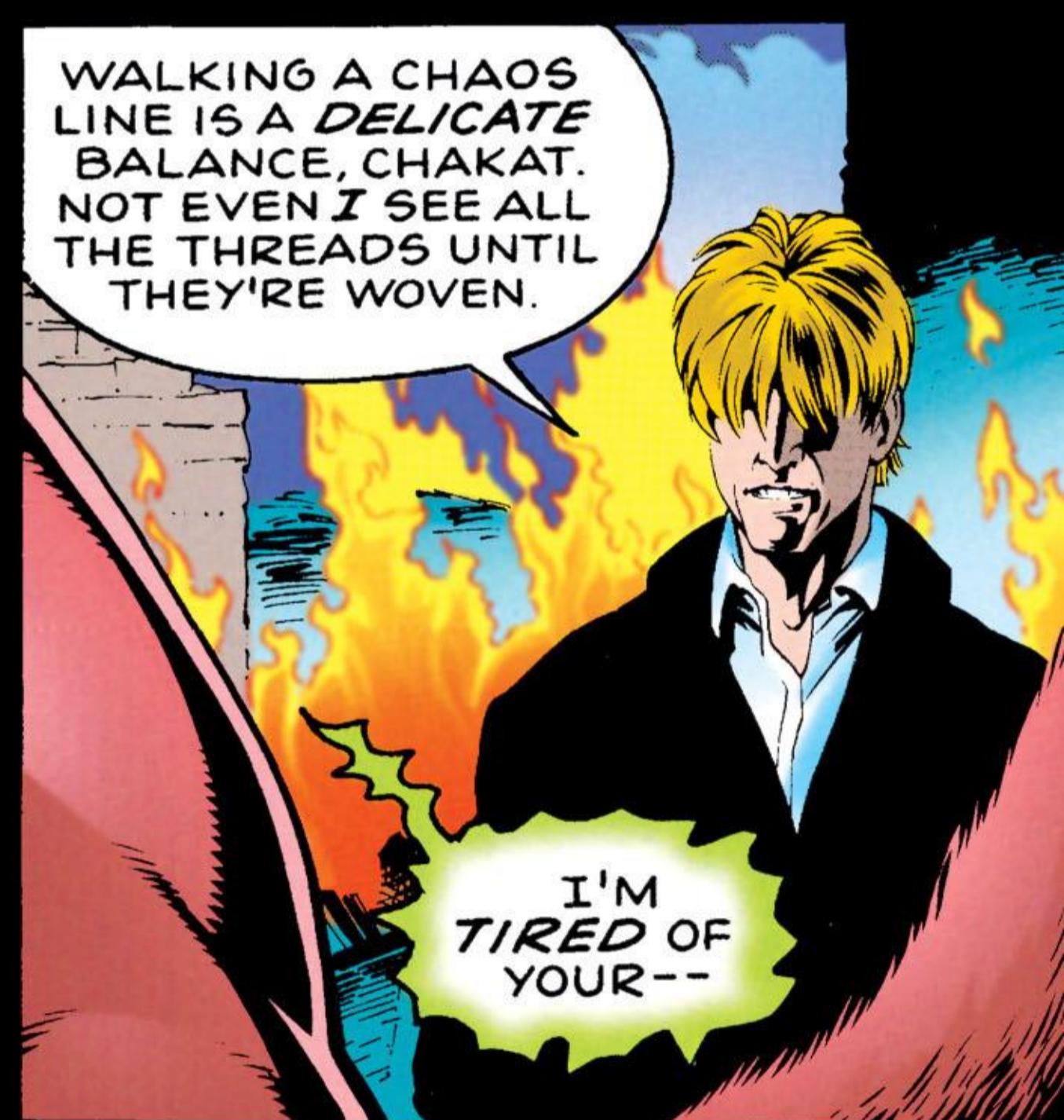
LINDA,
IT'S DAD!
MOM AND
DAD!

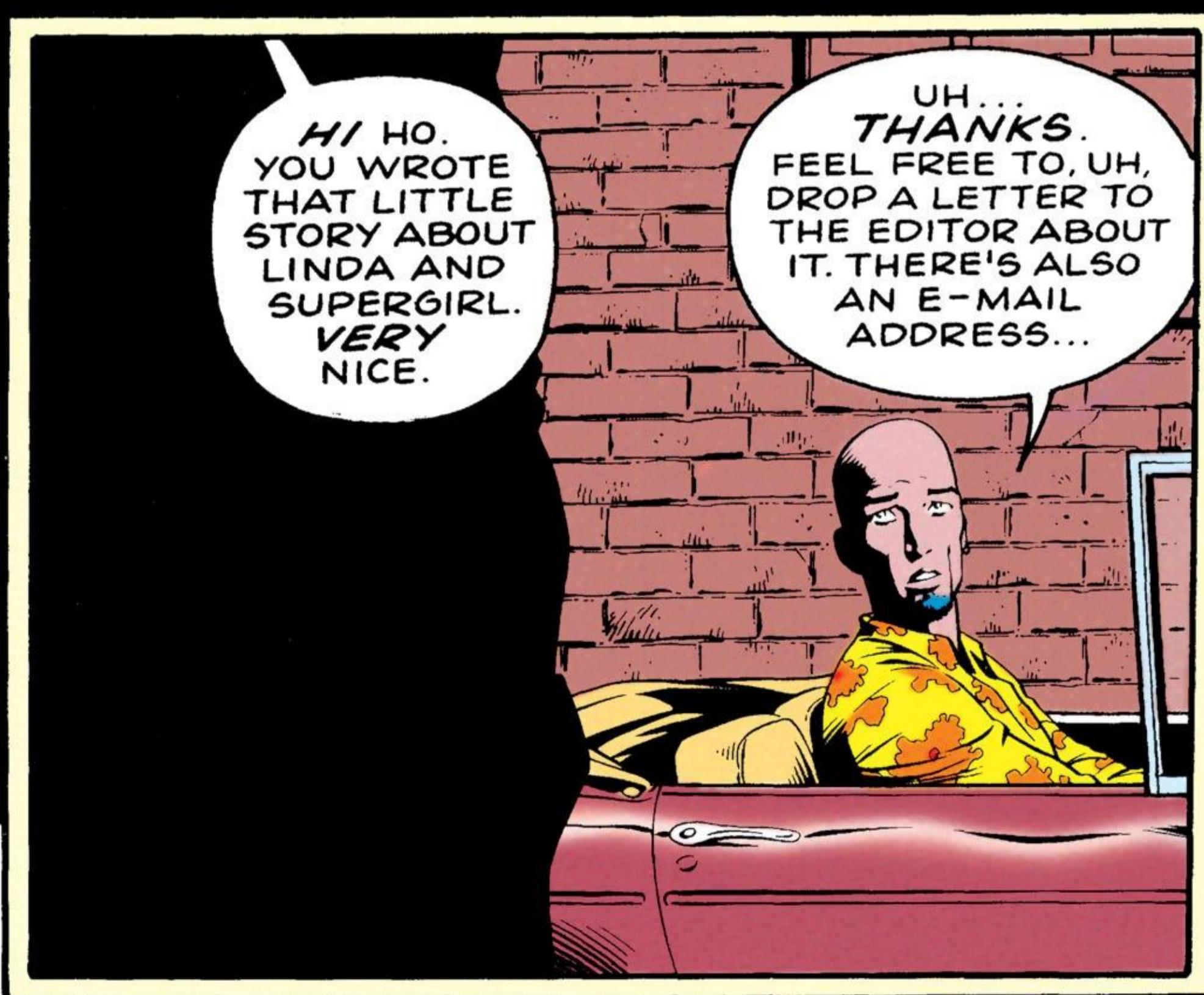
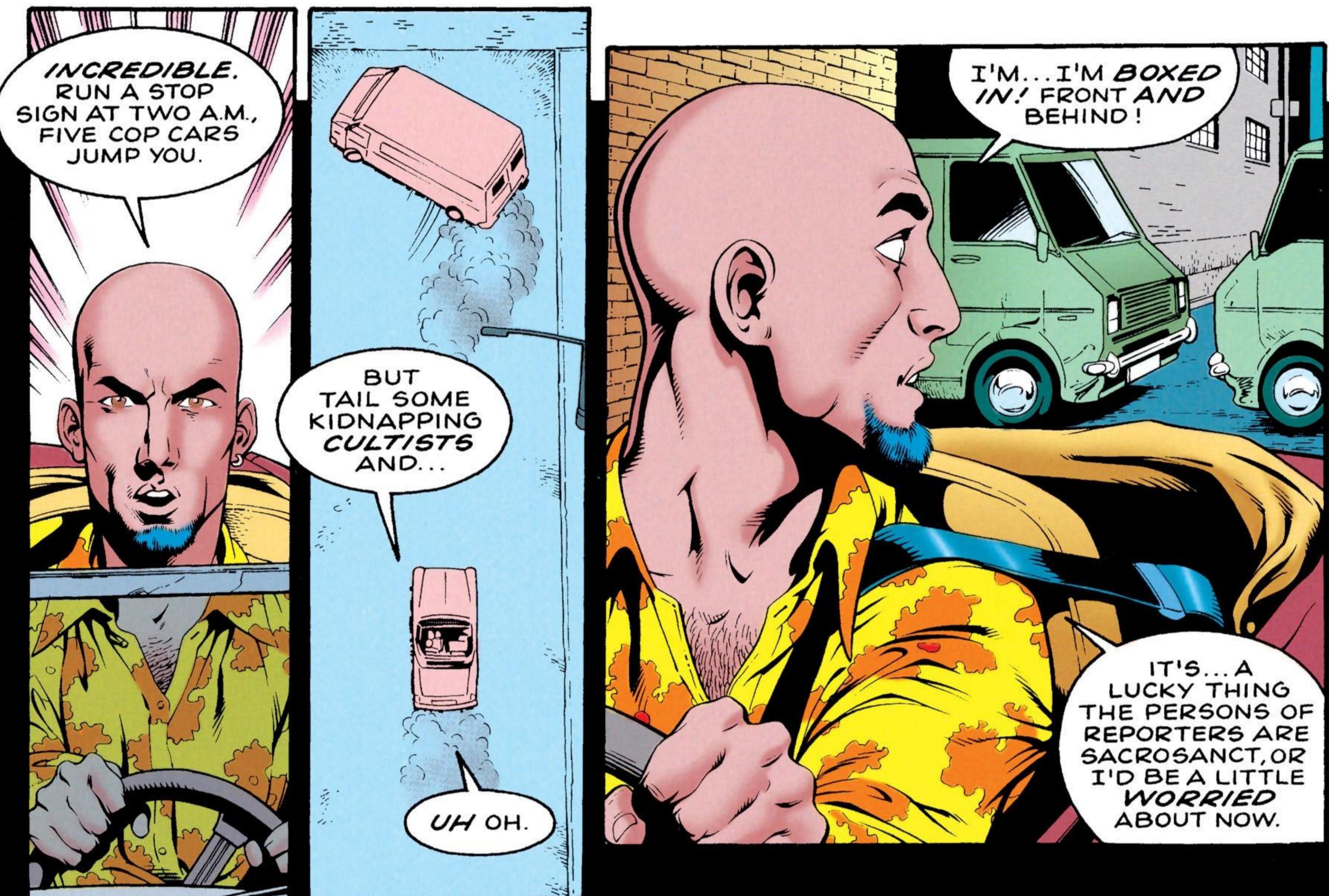
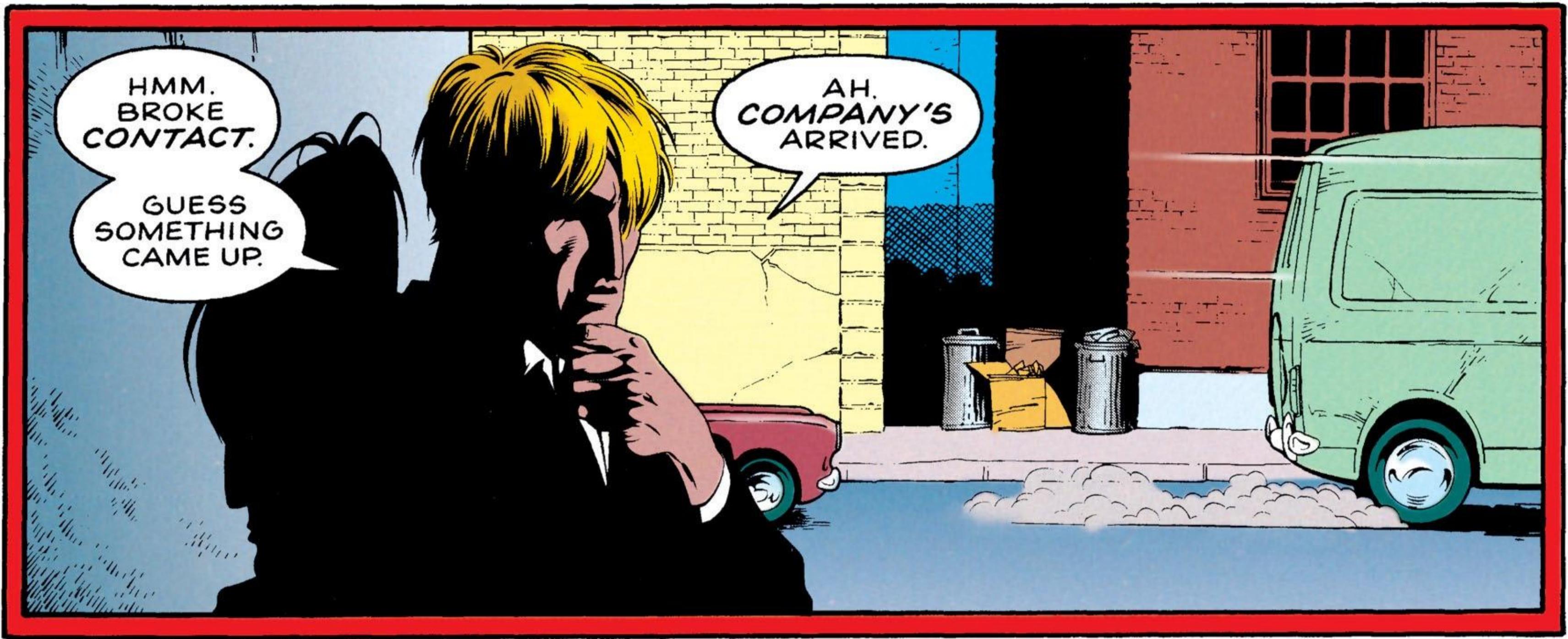


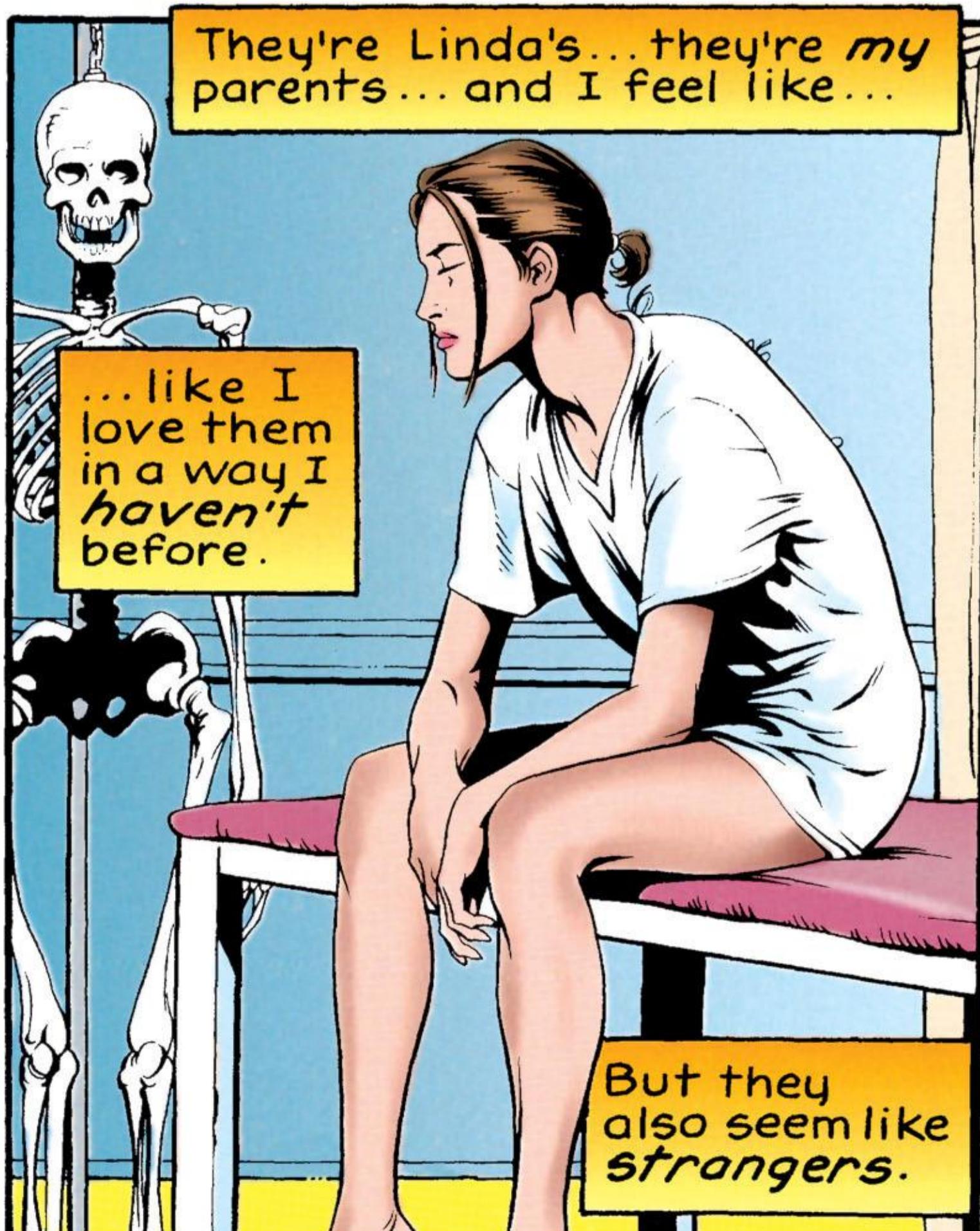
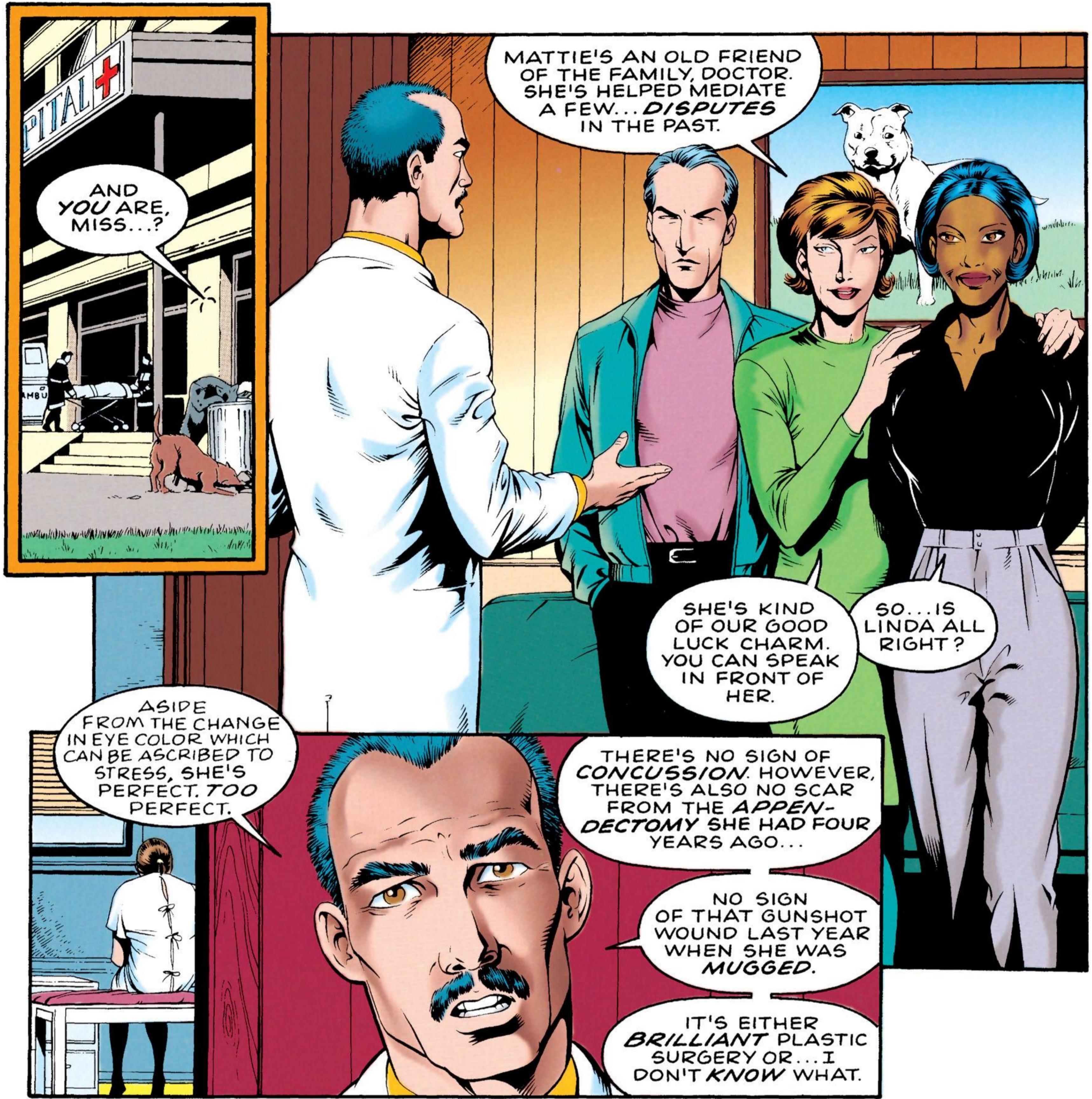


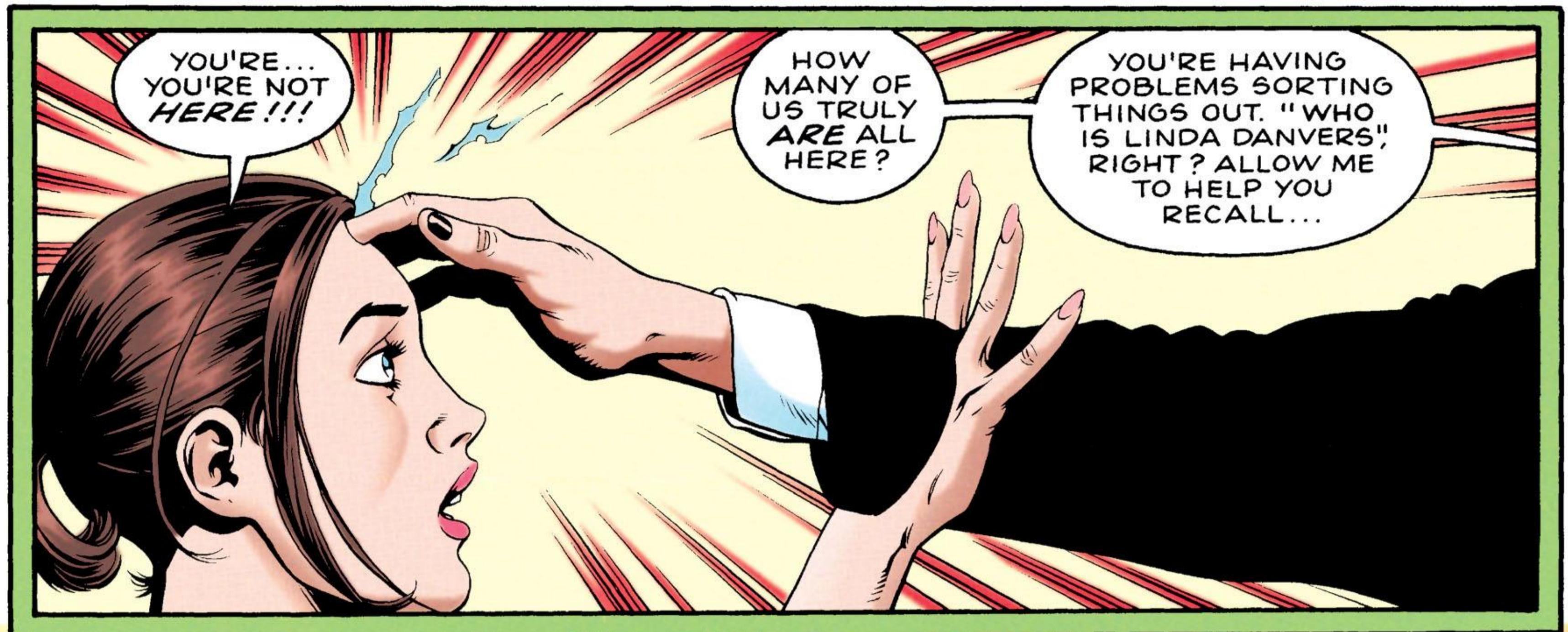


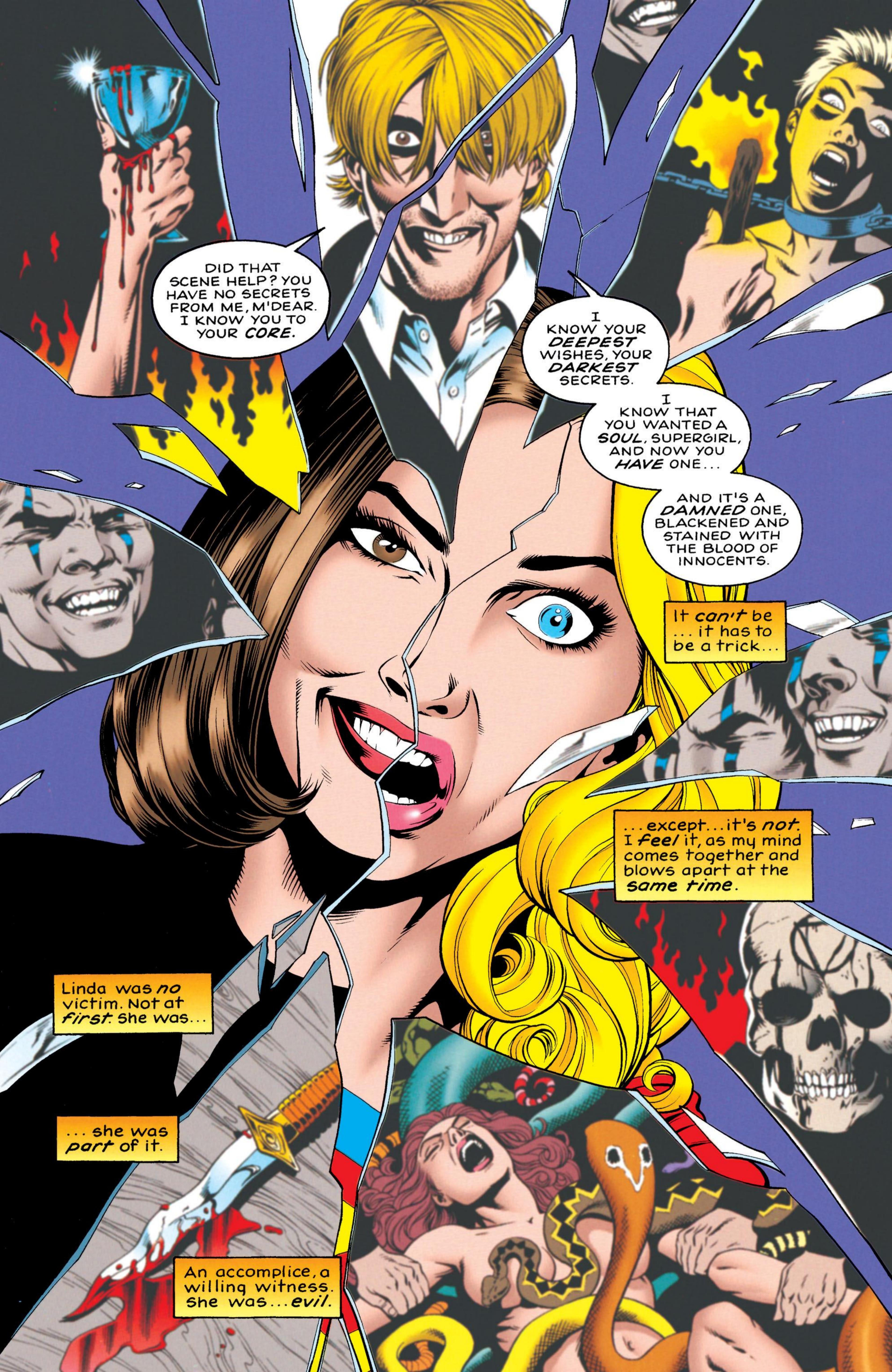












DID THAT SCENE HELP? YOU HAVE NO SECRETS FROM ME, M'DEAR. I KNOW YOU TO YOUR CORE.

I KNOW YOUR DEEPEST WISHES, YOUR DARKEST SECRETS.

I KNOW THAT YOU WANTED A SOUL, SUPERGIRL, AND NOW YOU HAVE ONE...

AND IT'S A DAMNED ONE, BLACKENED AND STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS.

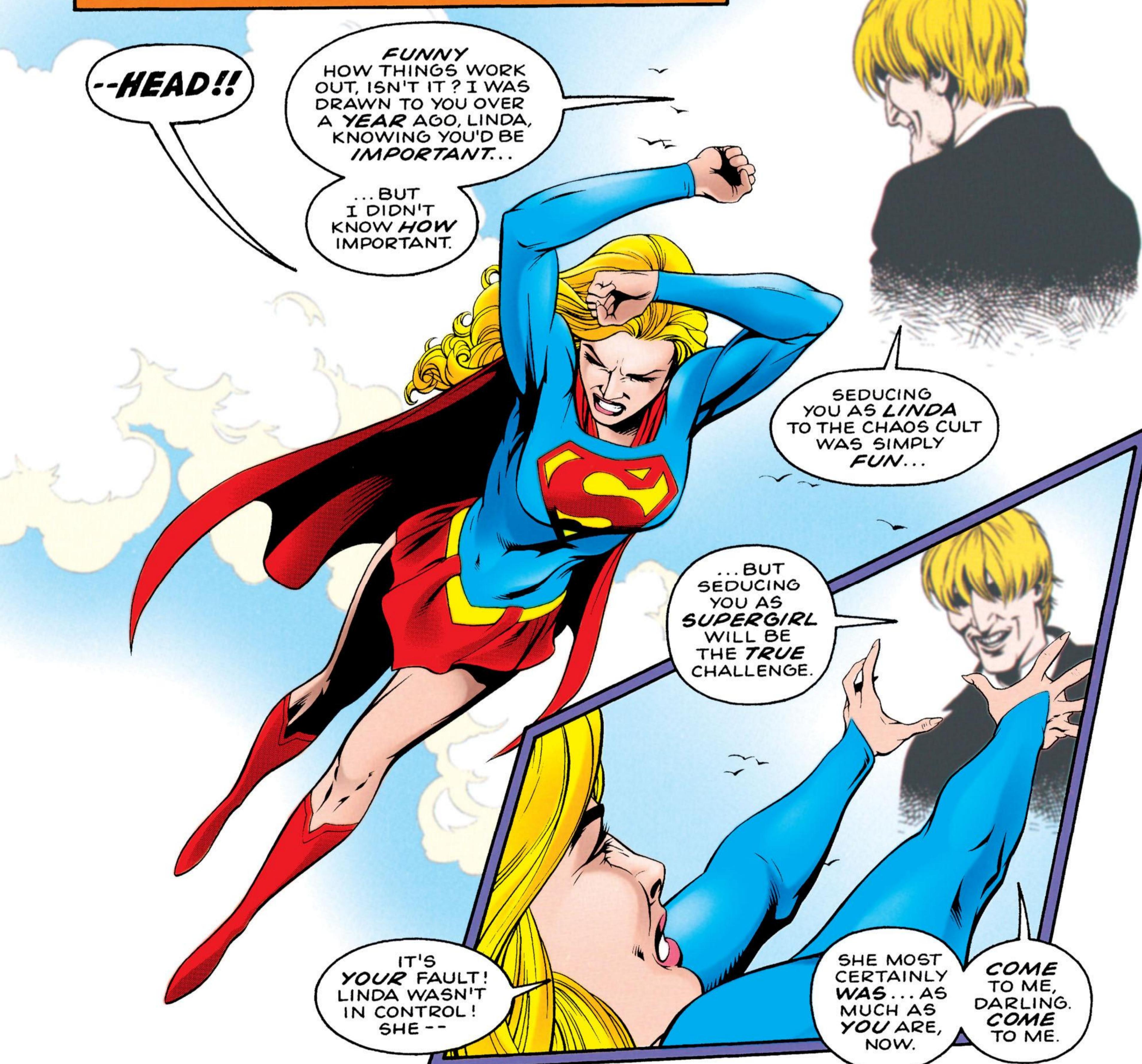
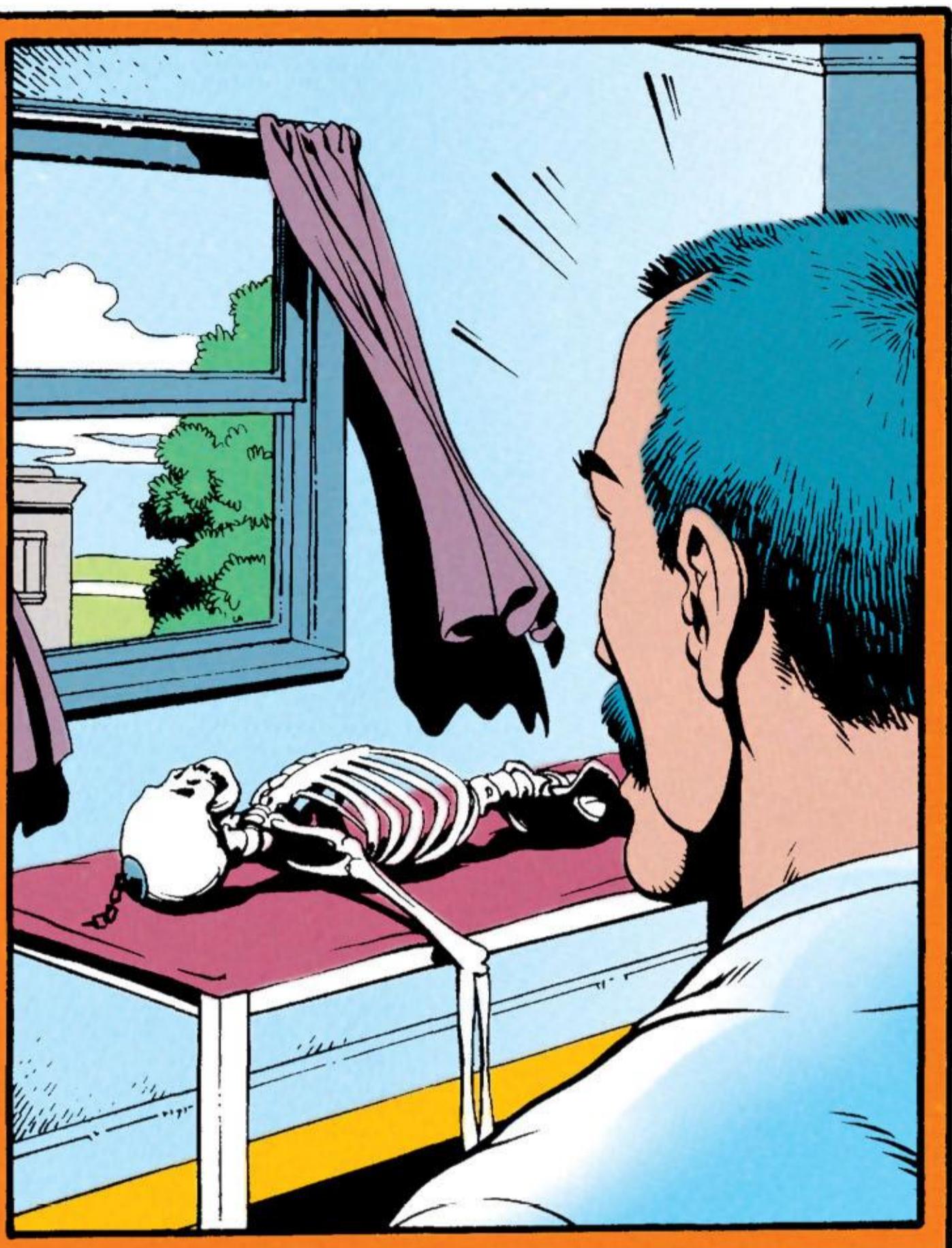
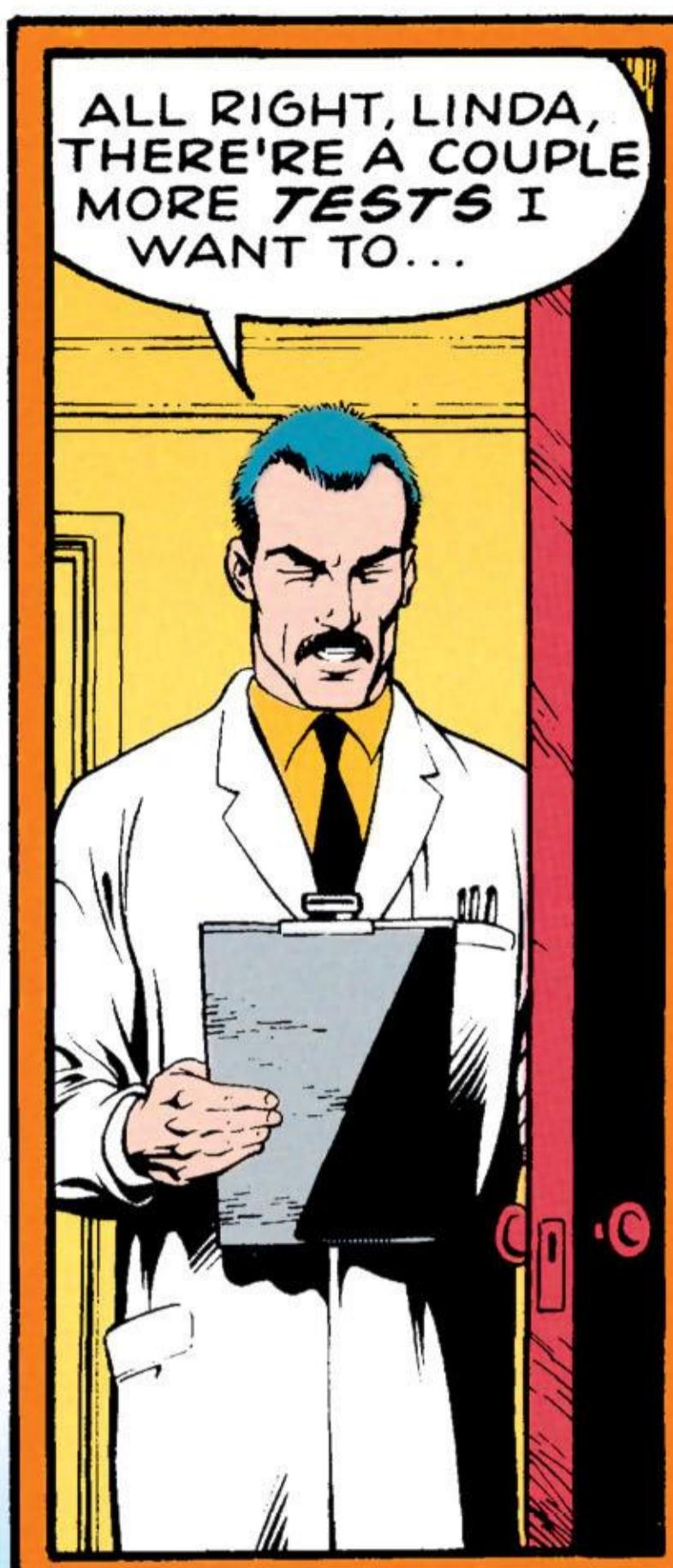
It can't be... it has to be a trick...

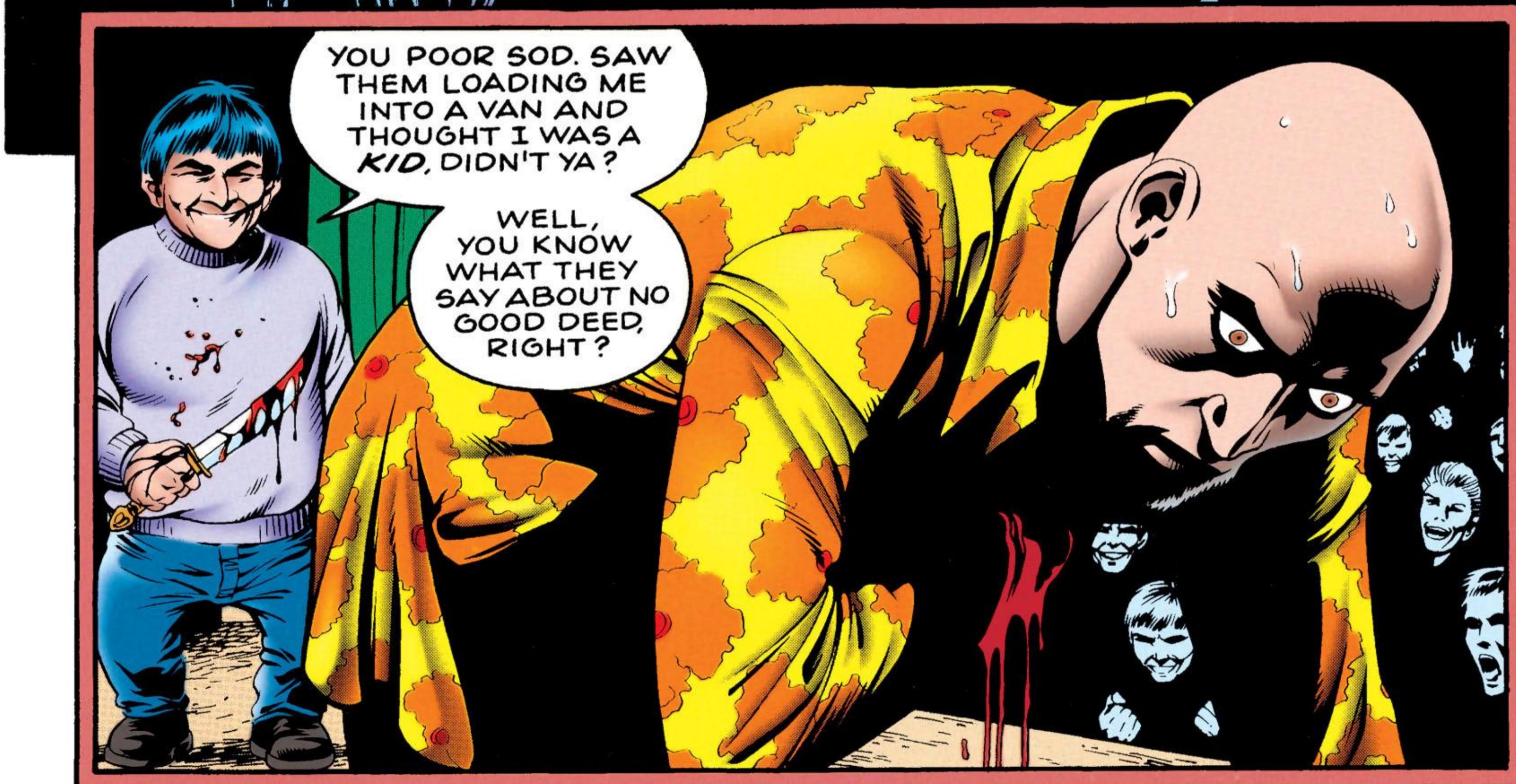
...except... it's not. I feel it, as my mind comes together and blows apart at the same time.

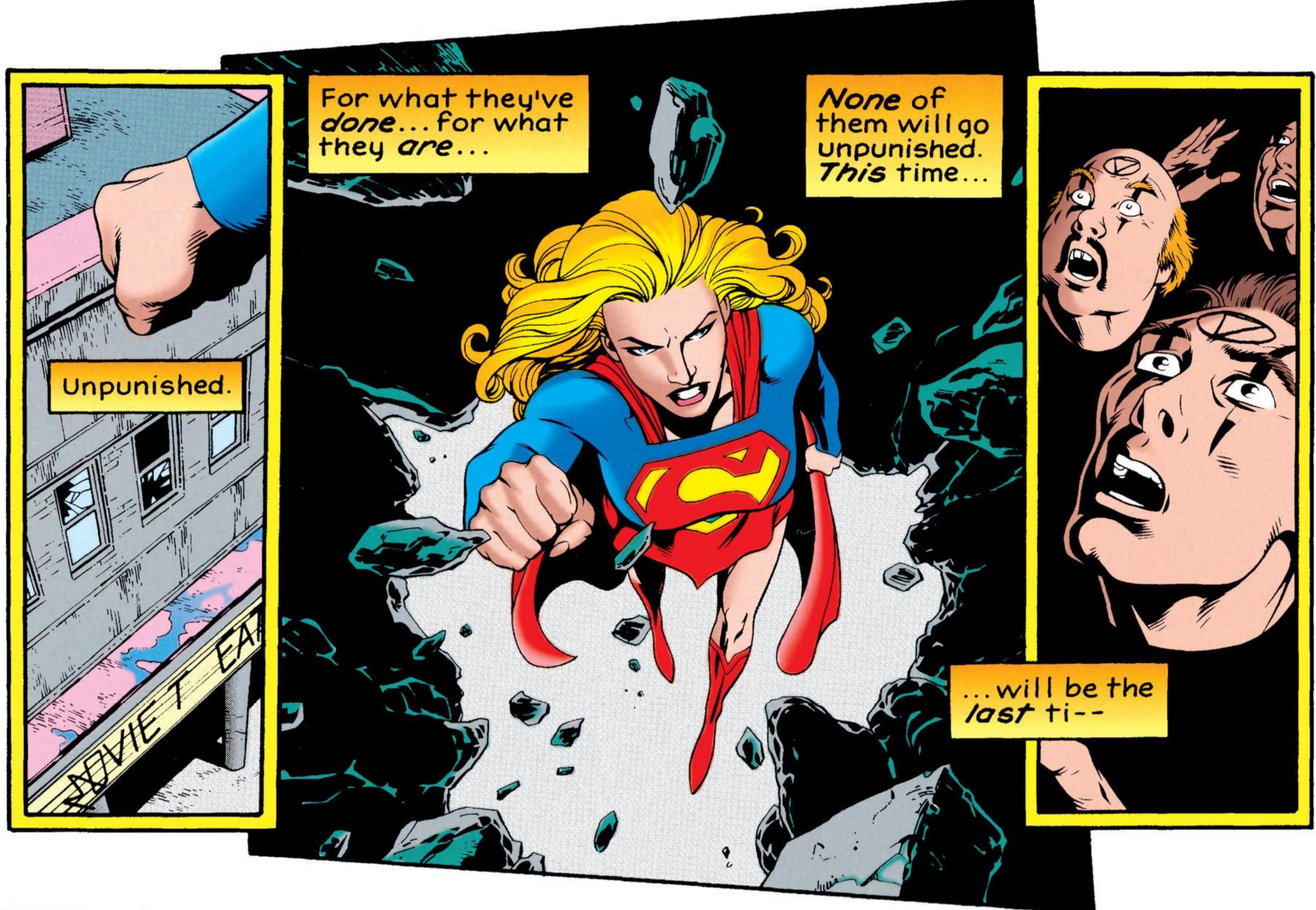
Linda was no victim. Not at first. She was...

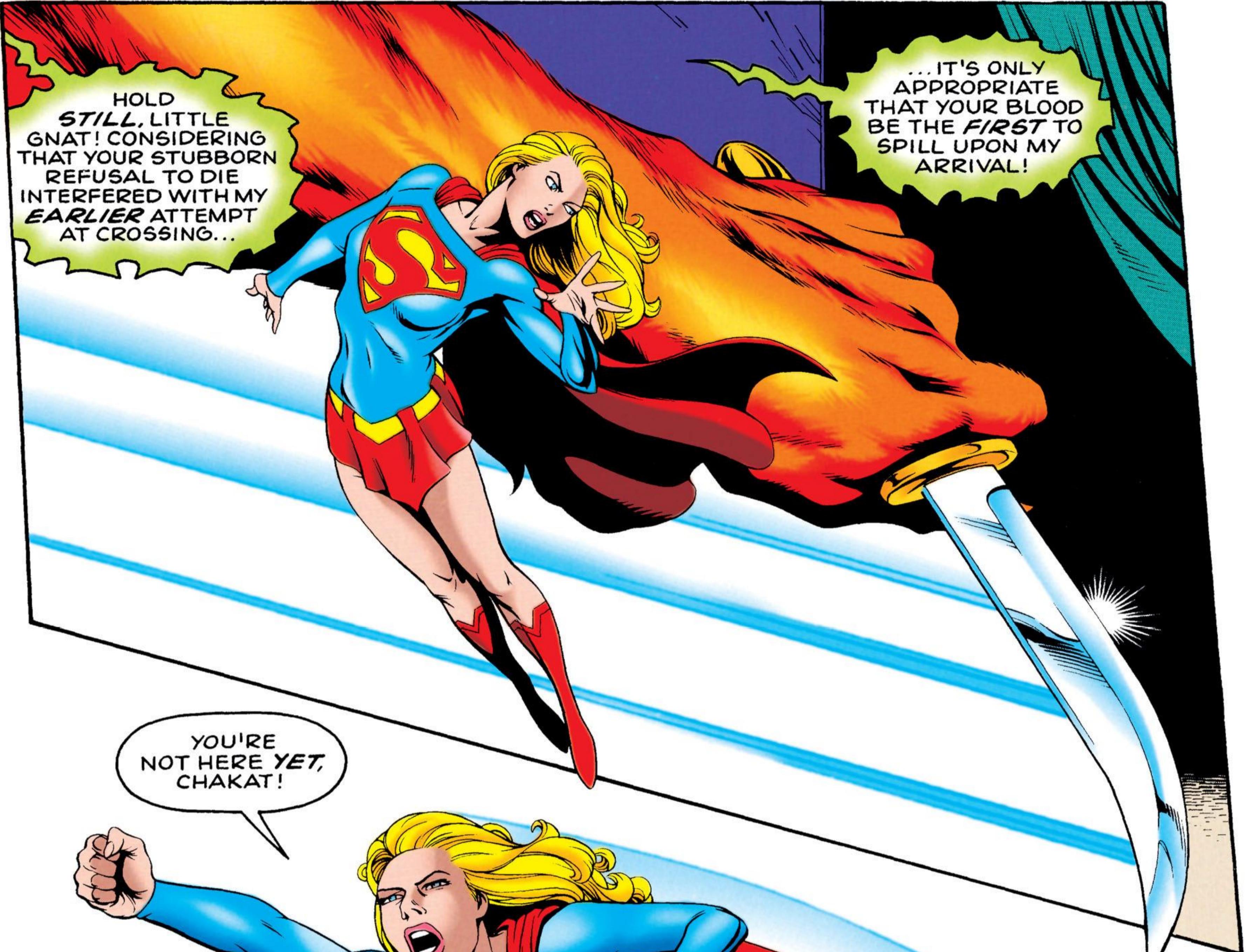
...she was part of it.

An accomplice, a willing witness. She was... evil.







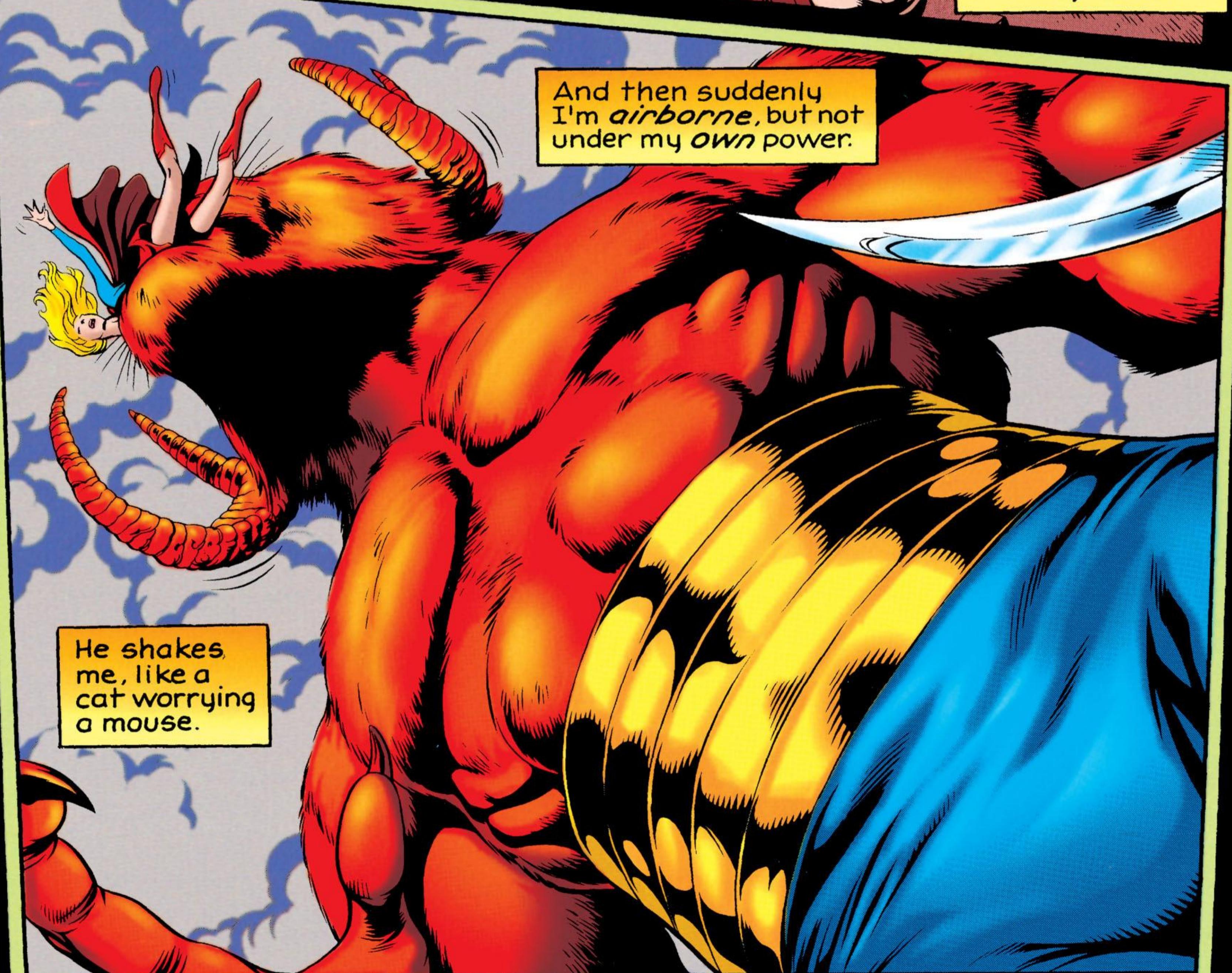


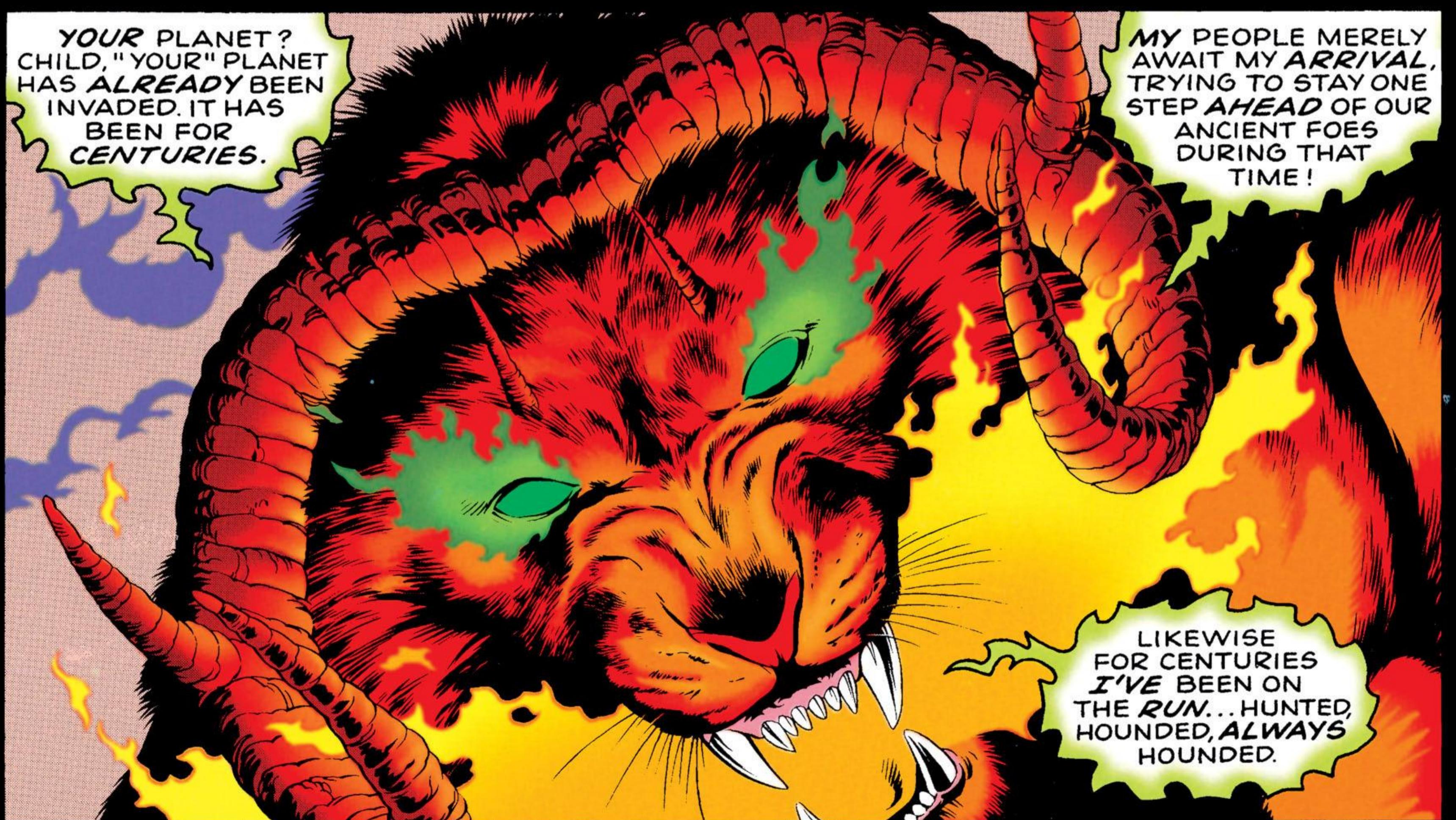
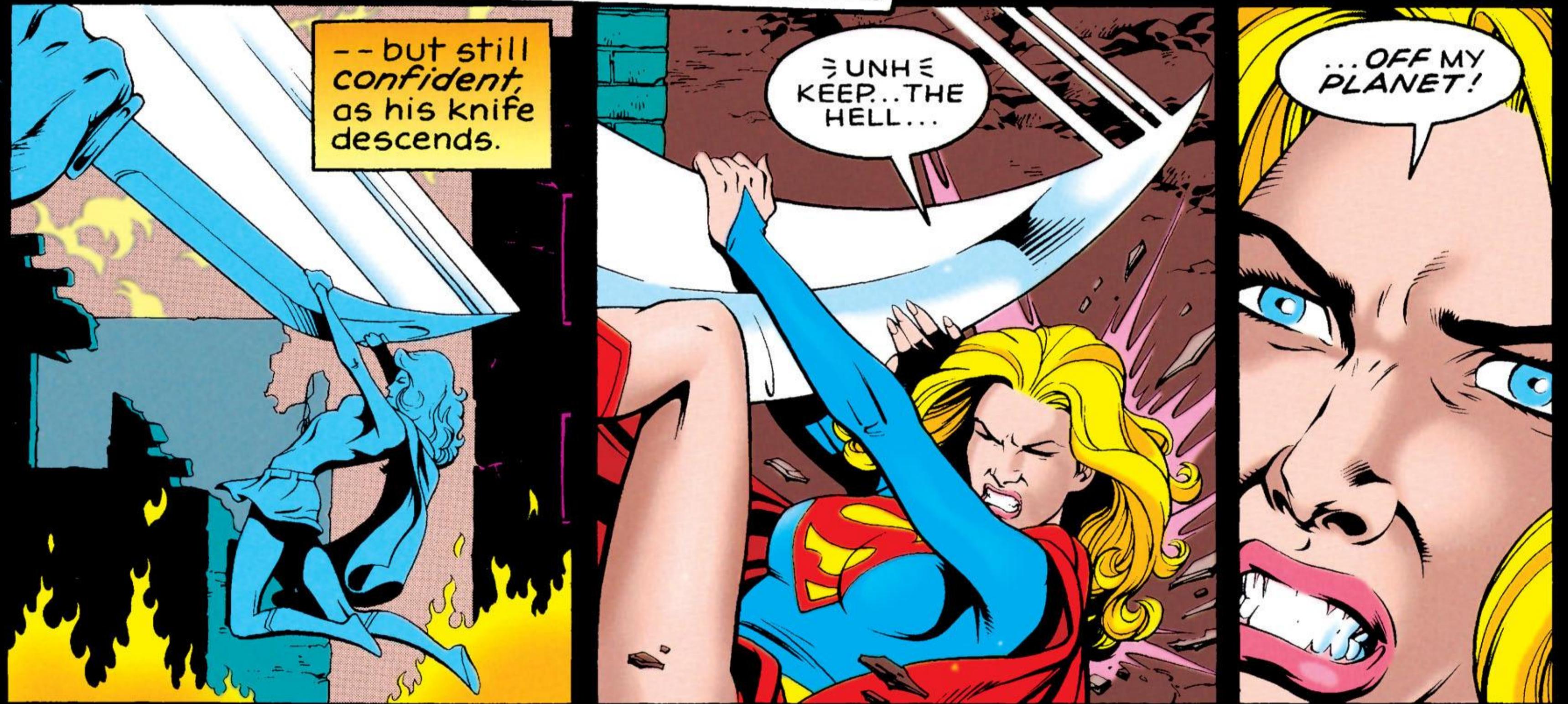
Space seems to *implode*
around me and just like that
... I'm in *another* realm.

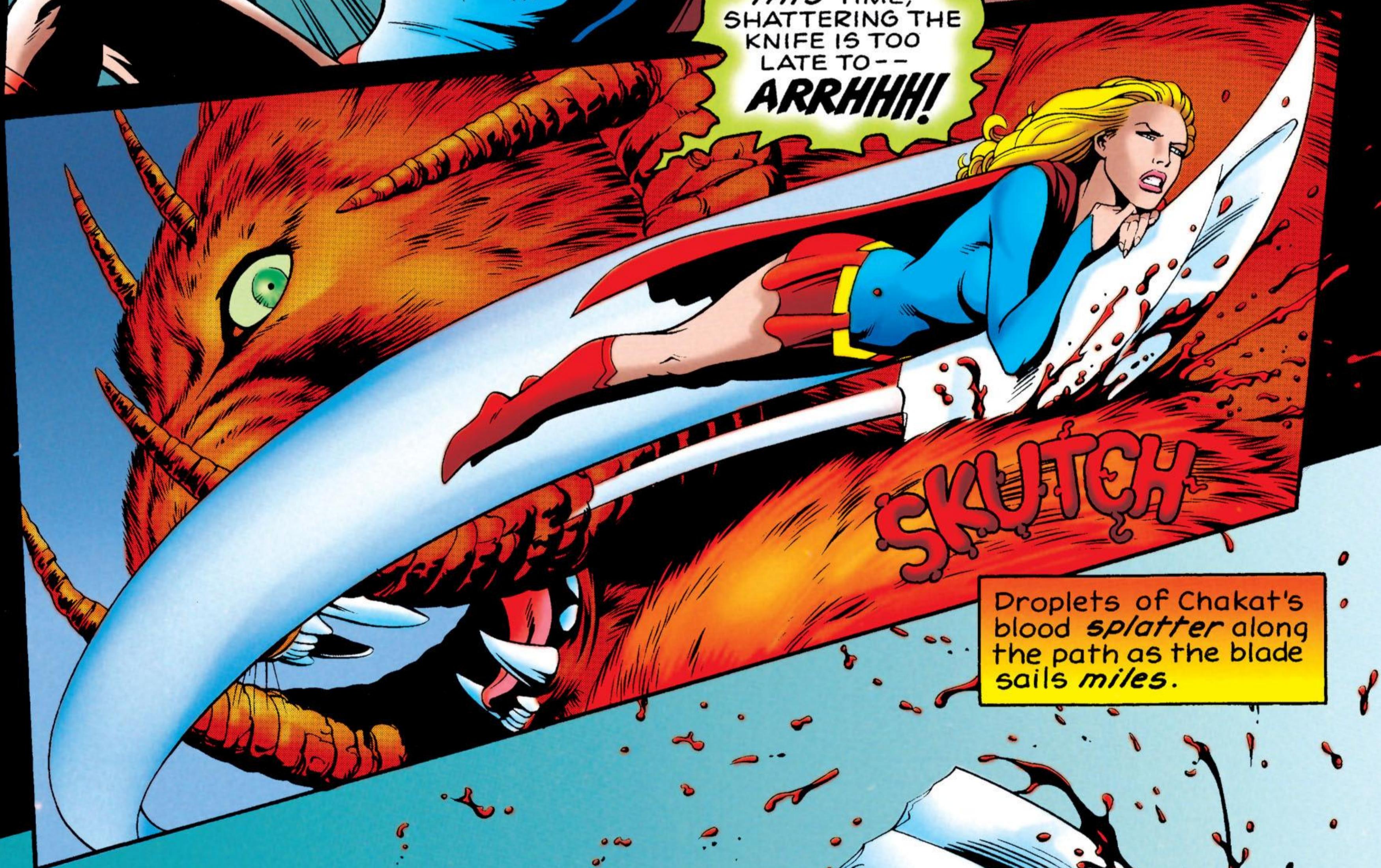


And then suddenly
I'm *airborne*, but not
under my own power.

He shakes,
me, like a
cat worrying
a mouse.











My strongest punch only knocks him back about ten yards...

...and, he lands on his blasted feet.

WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN IN THIS BATTLE? YOU MUST KNOW YOU CANNOT DEFEA--

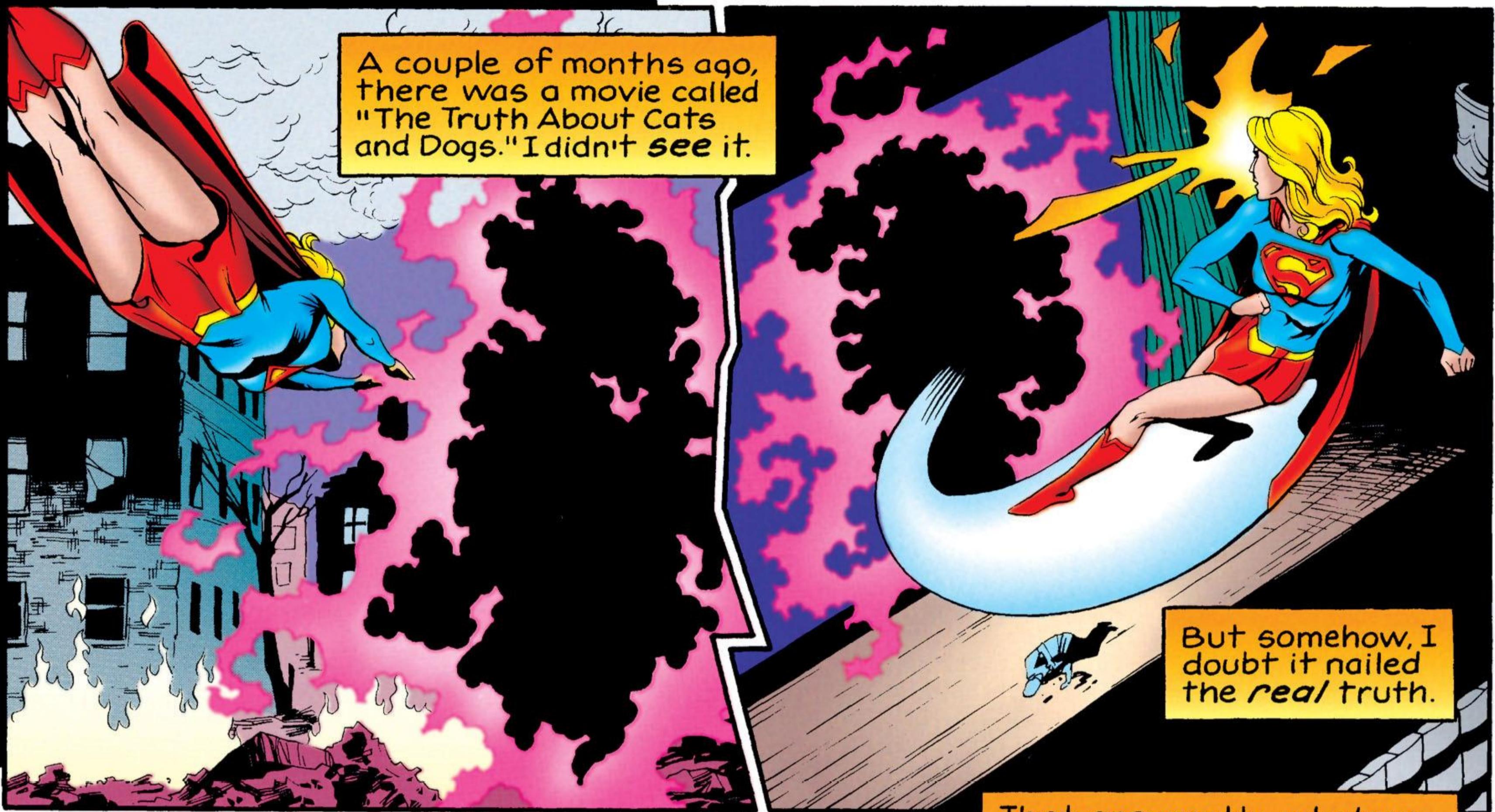
VERY WELL. I'LL SATISFY YOUR "CURIOSITY"... BUT YOU'LL SUFFER THE APPROPRIATE CONSEQUENCES.



YOU SAID YOU'D BEEN HOUNDED... AND I TOOK THE GUESS THAT YOU MEANT IT LITERALLY. BY SENDING YOUR BLOOD FLYING AROUND...







But somehow, I doubt it nailed the *real* truth.

That apparently, what we see on *our* world is merely the tip of an iceberg...

...barely hinting at a war that crosses realities.



And as for me... I'd love to believe Buzz was lying about Linda... but deep down in my... soul... I sense its truth.

...and I was chosen to be the instrument of that salvation.

He didn't manufacture the darkness in Linda... he merely exploited it.

Linda Danvers was a horrible, twisted person. God knows what atrocities she committed, and she'd be dead if I hadn't saved her.

But maybe... somehow she was chosen to be saved for some higher purpose...

I'm bonded with her. Her essence, her consciousness is a part of me.

If there is some greater plan... I cannot rest until I find out what it is.

OKAY, PEOPLE, MOVE ALONG. NOTHING MORE TO SEE.

I HEAR SICKOS WERE BEHIND THIS. I SWEAR, THIS TOWN IS GOING STRAIGHT TO HELL.

OH... NOT STRAIGHT, LUV. THERE'S DETOURS PLANNED.

AFTER ALL, GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN, RIGHT?

WELCOME TO LEESBURG...



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