



SUPRGIRL®

5 JAN 97

DAVID
FRANK
SMITH

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CODE
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AUTHORITY

**BAD
CHEMISTRY!**



AF 6/2



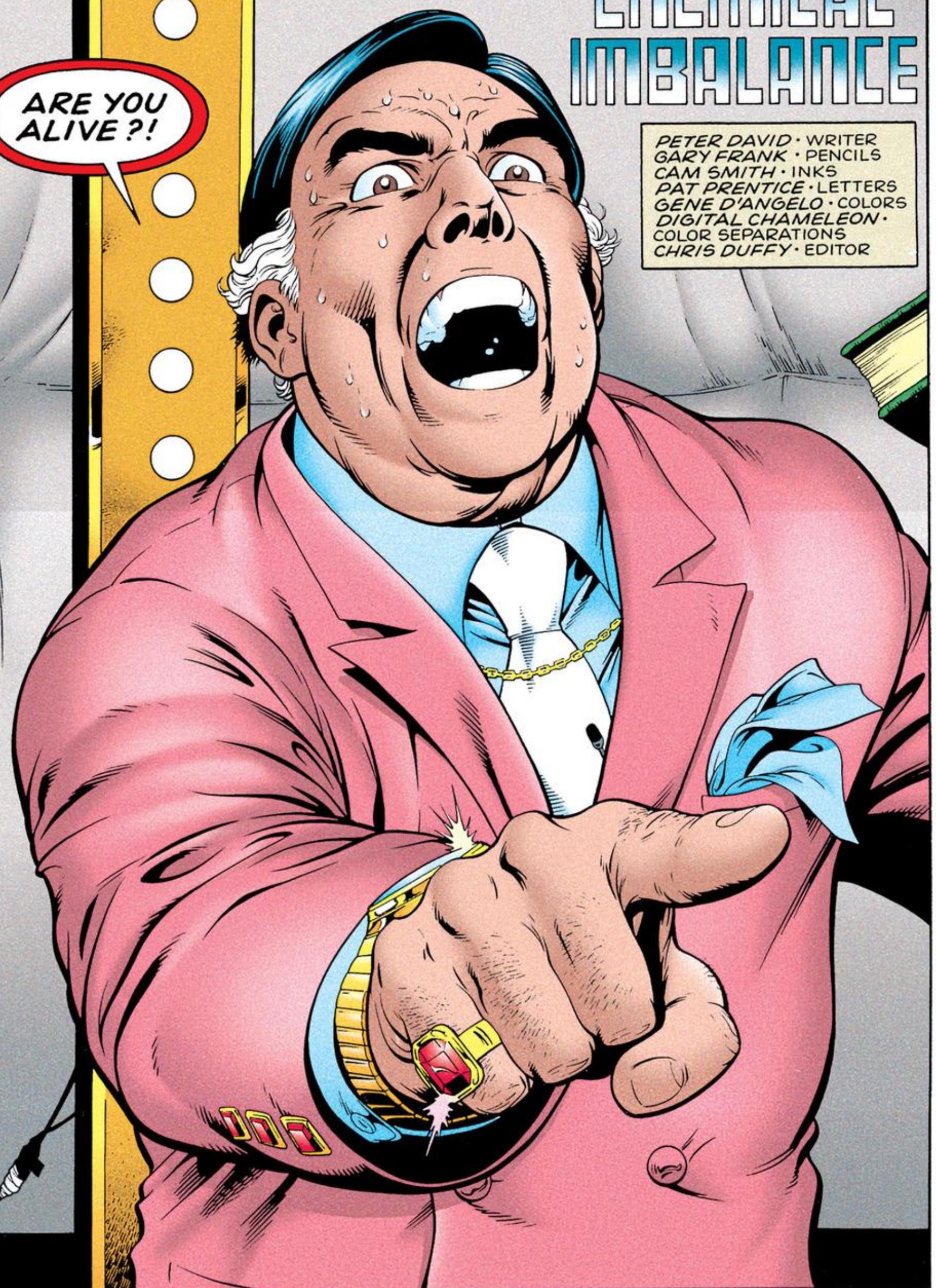
KANSAS,
TODAY.

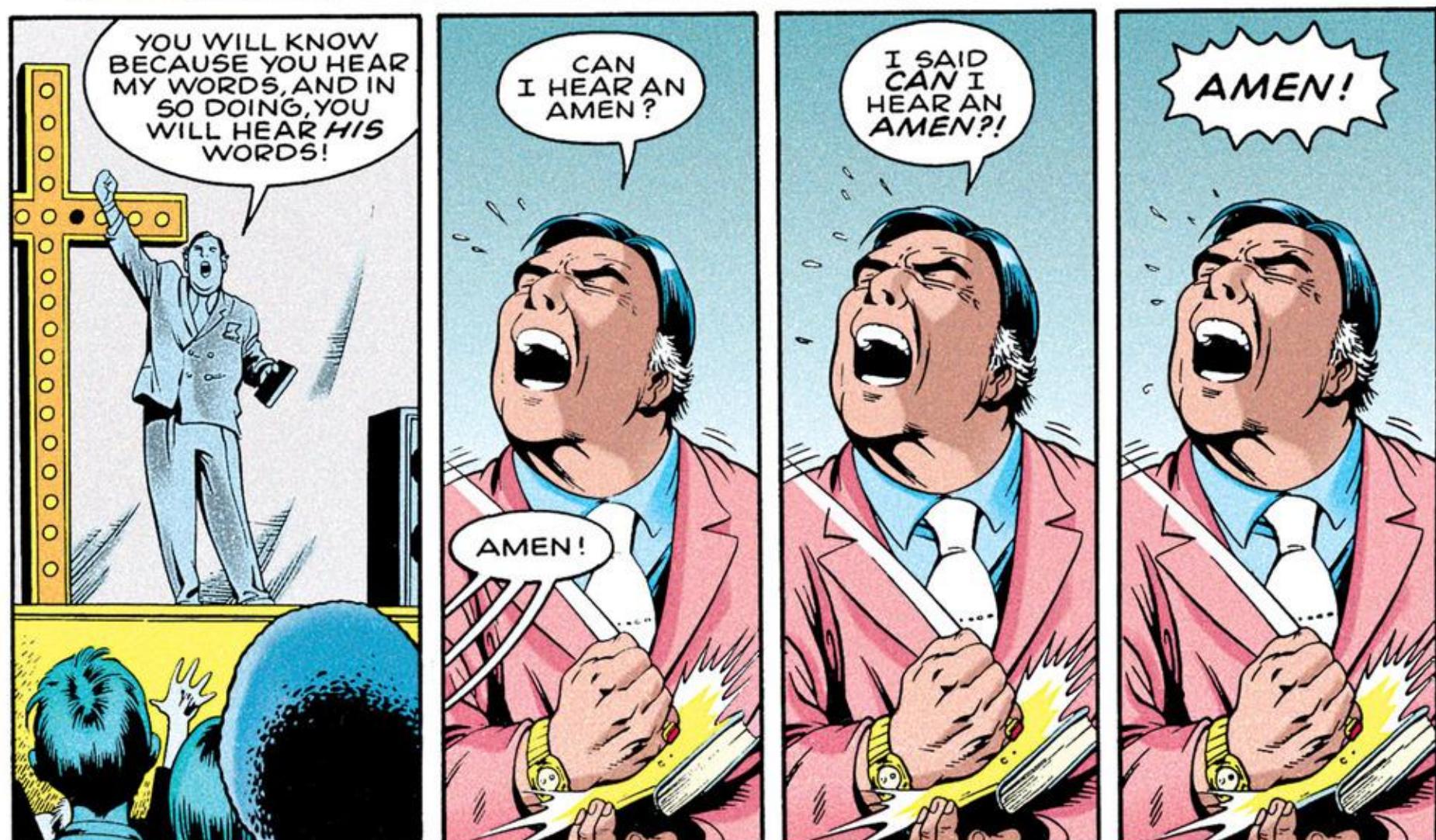
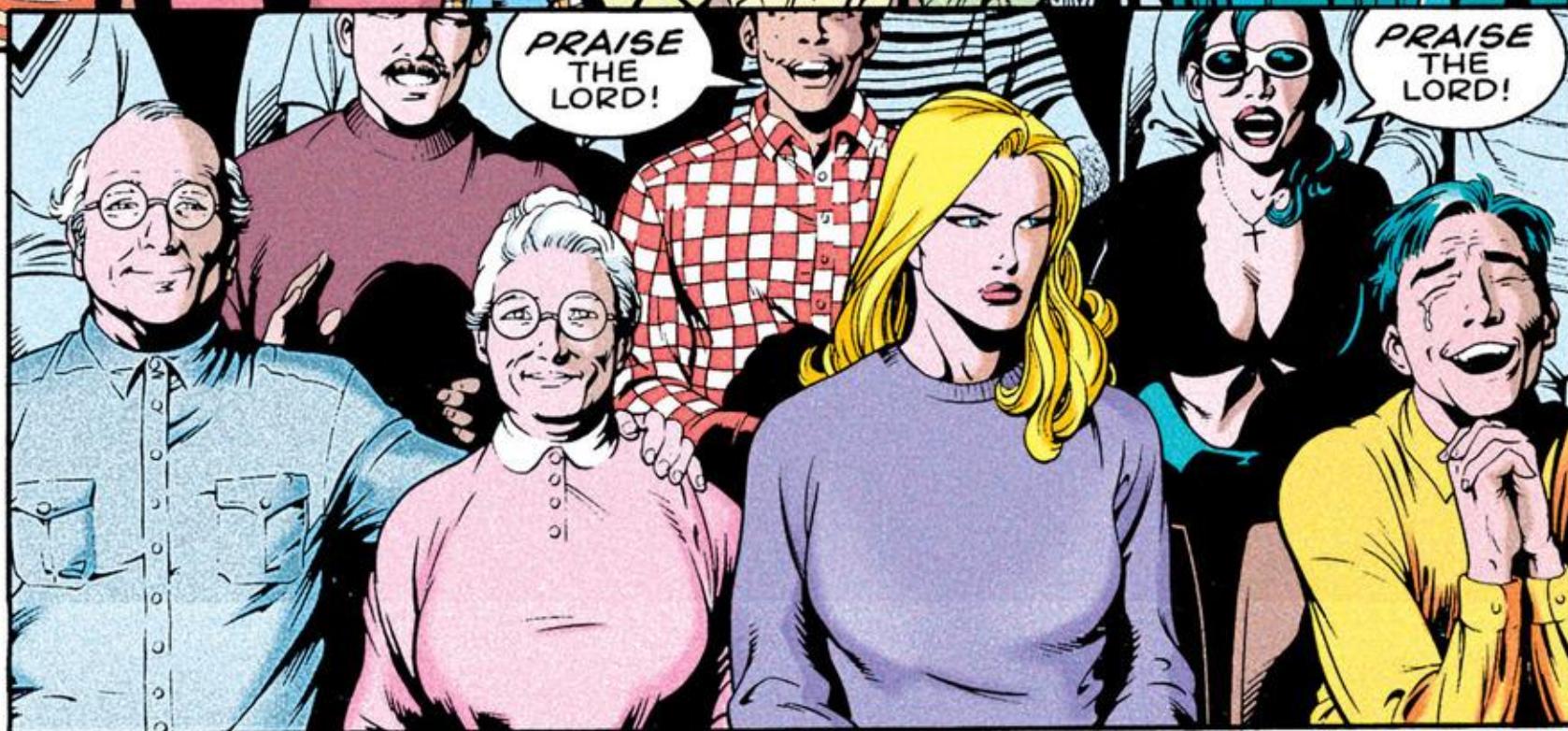
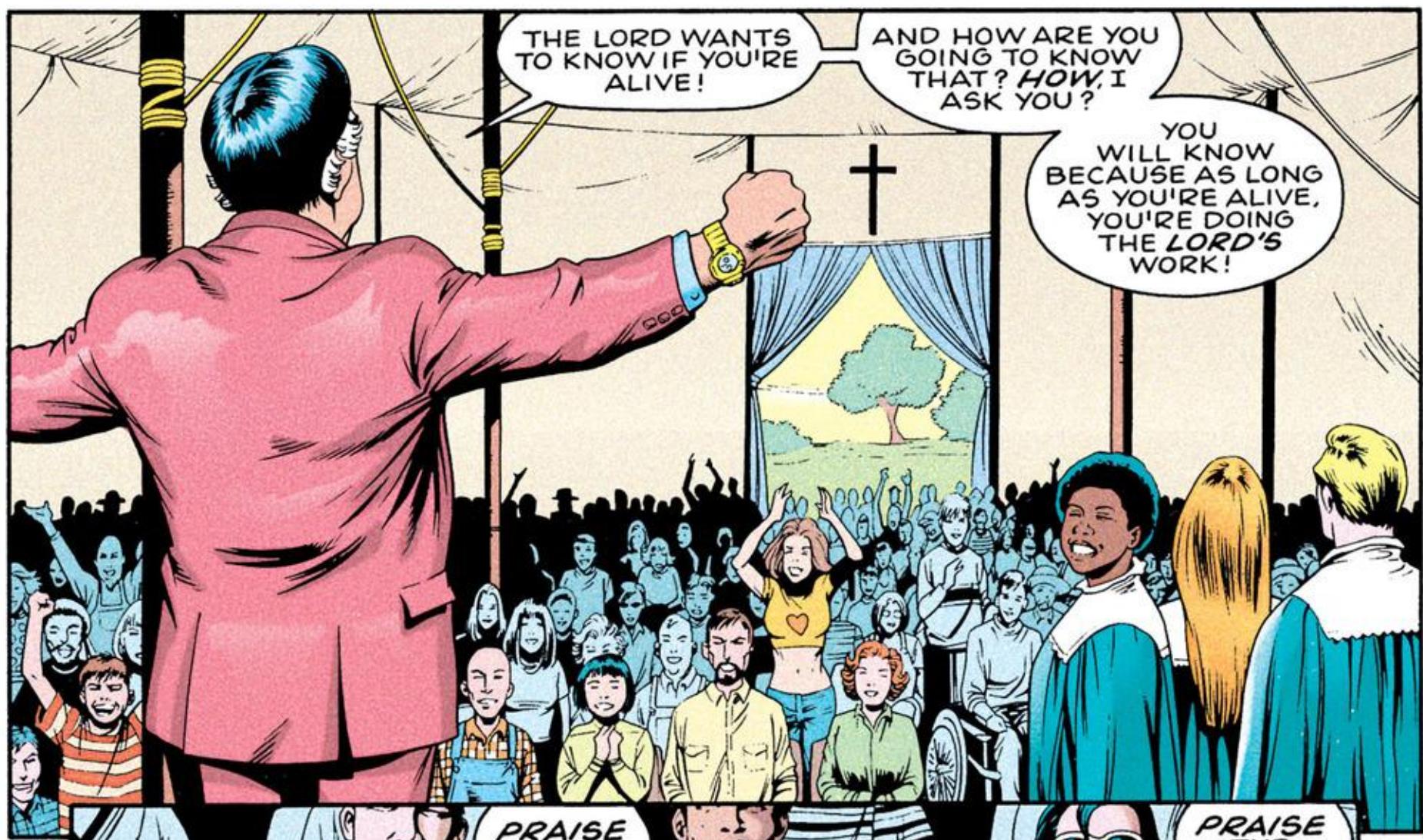
ARE YOU
ALIVE?!

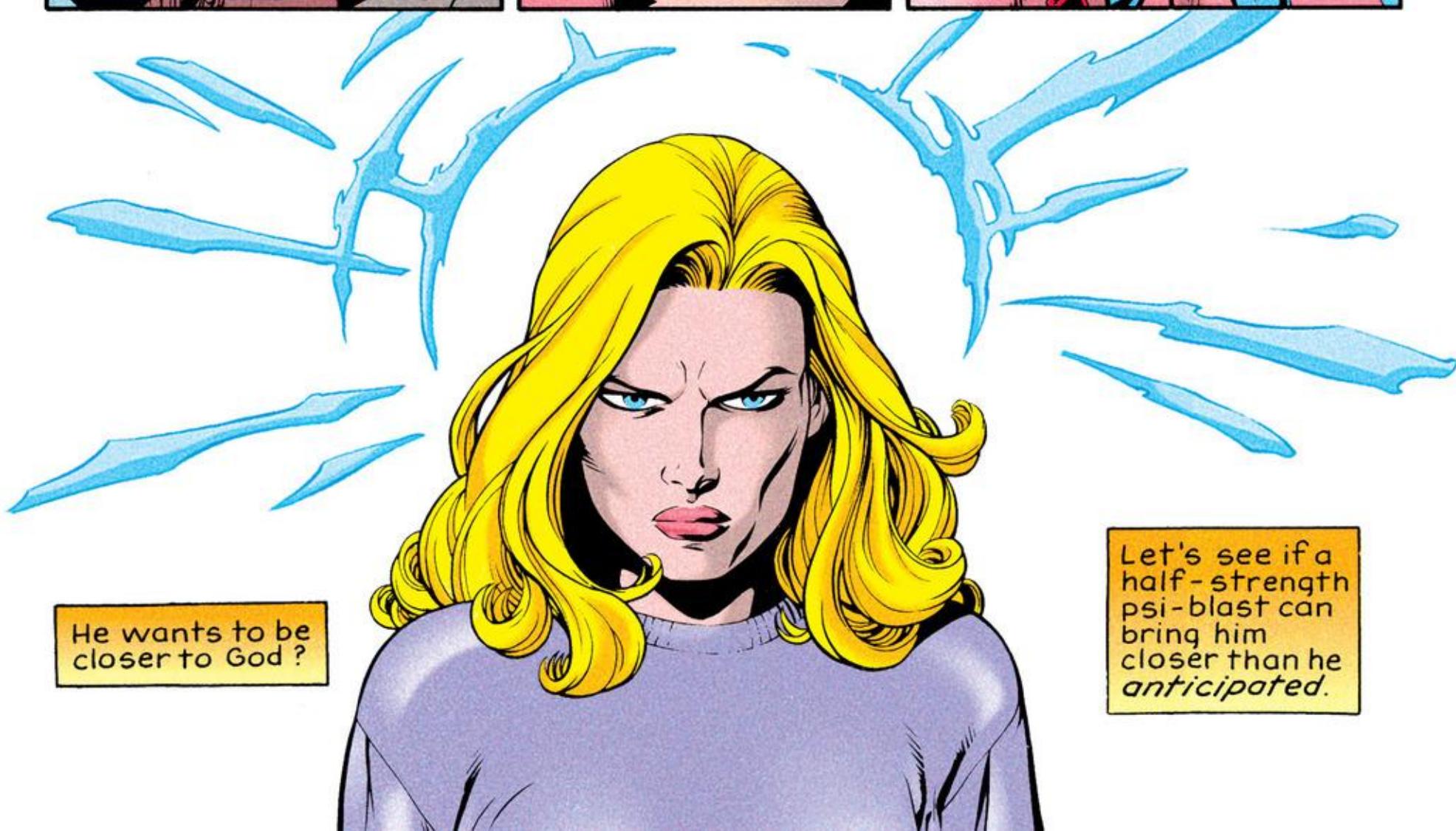
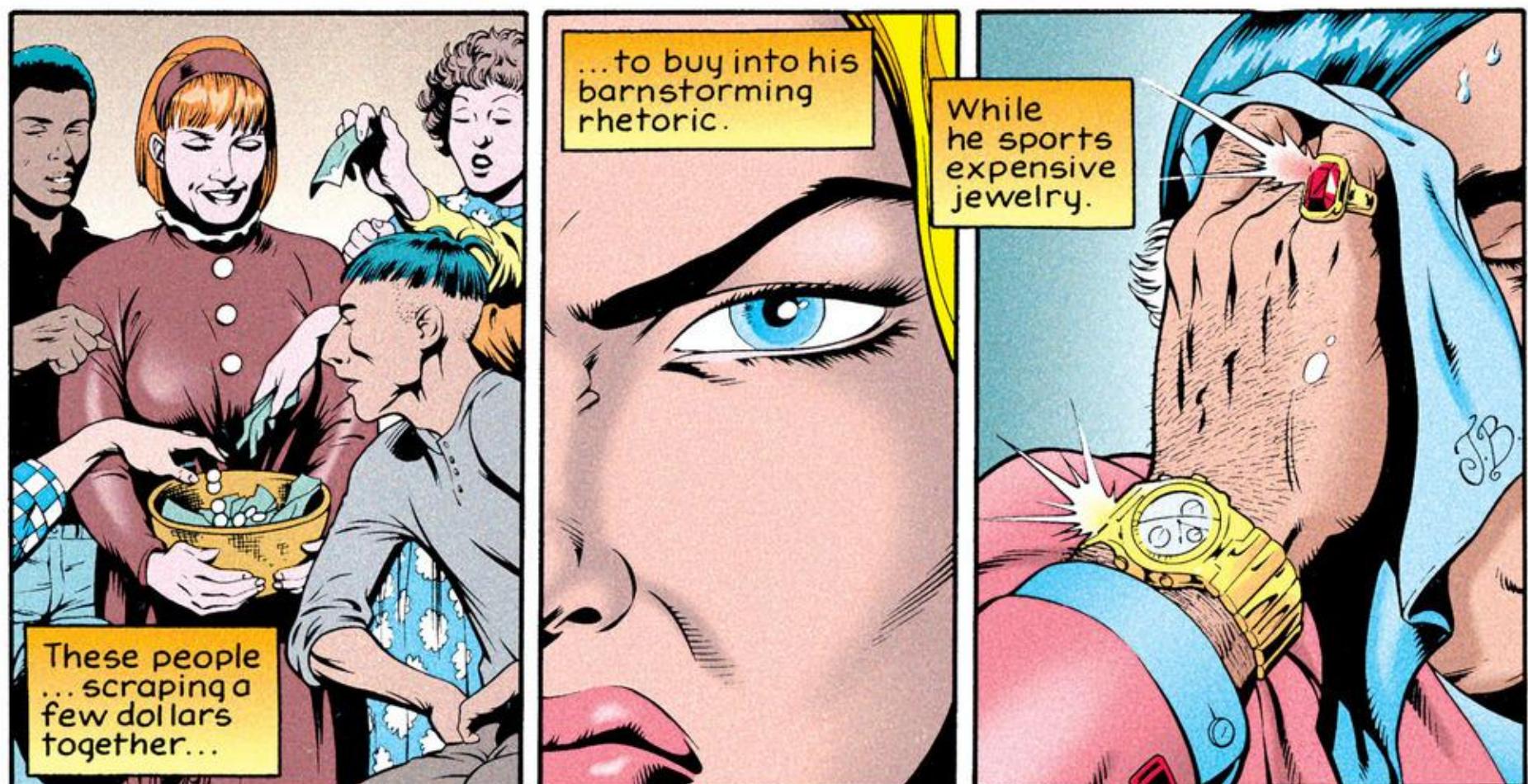
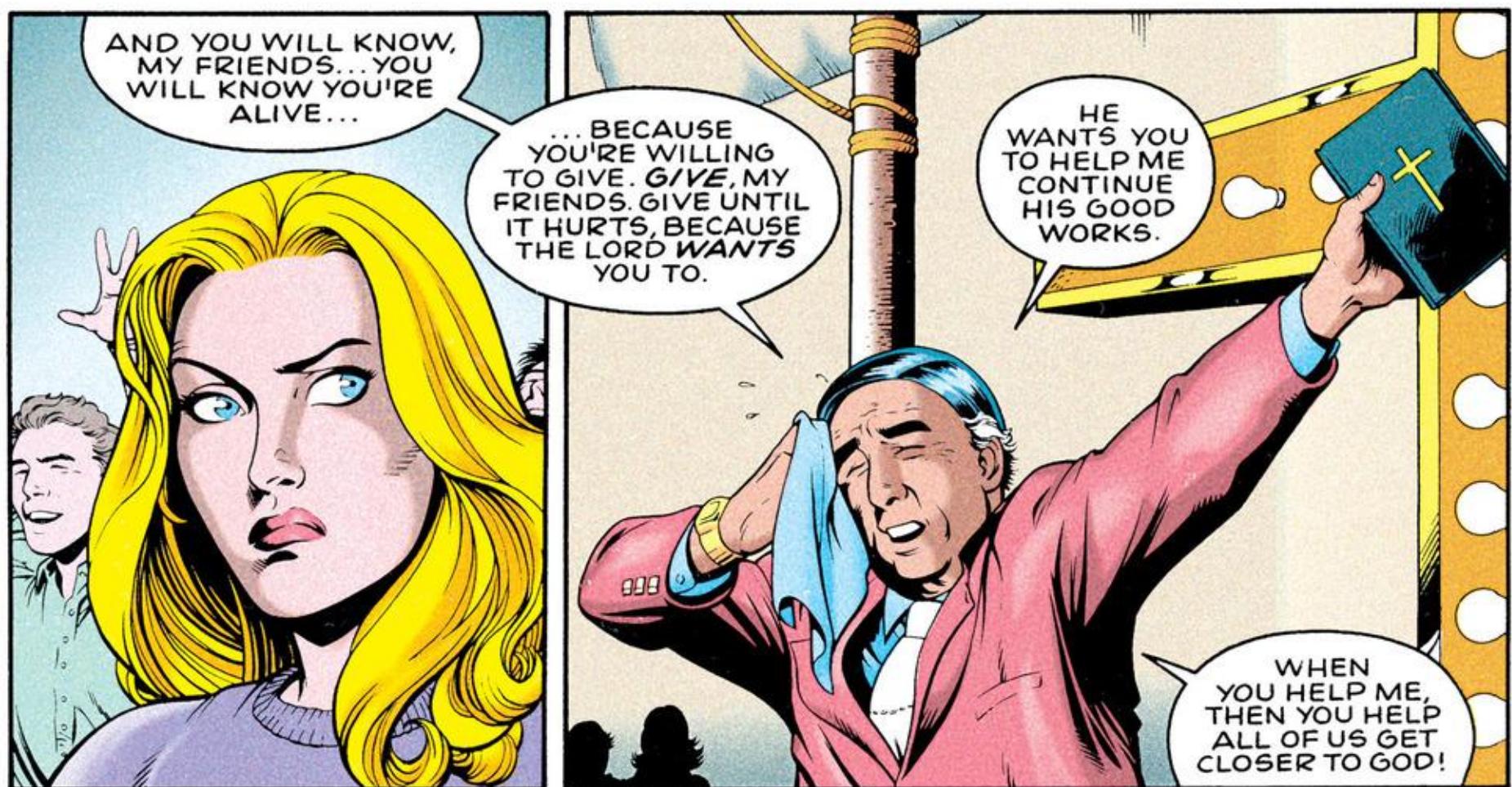
SUPERRGIRL

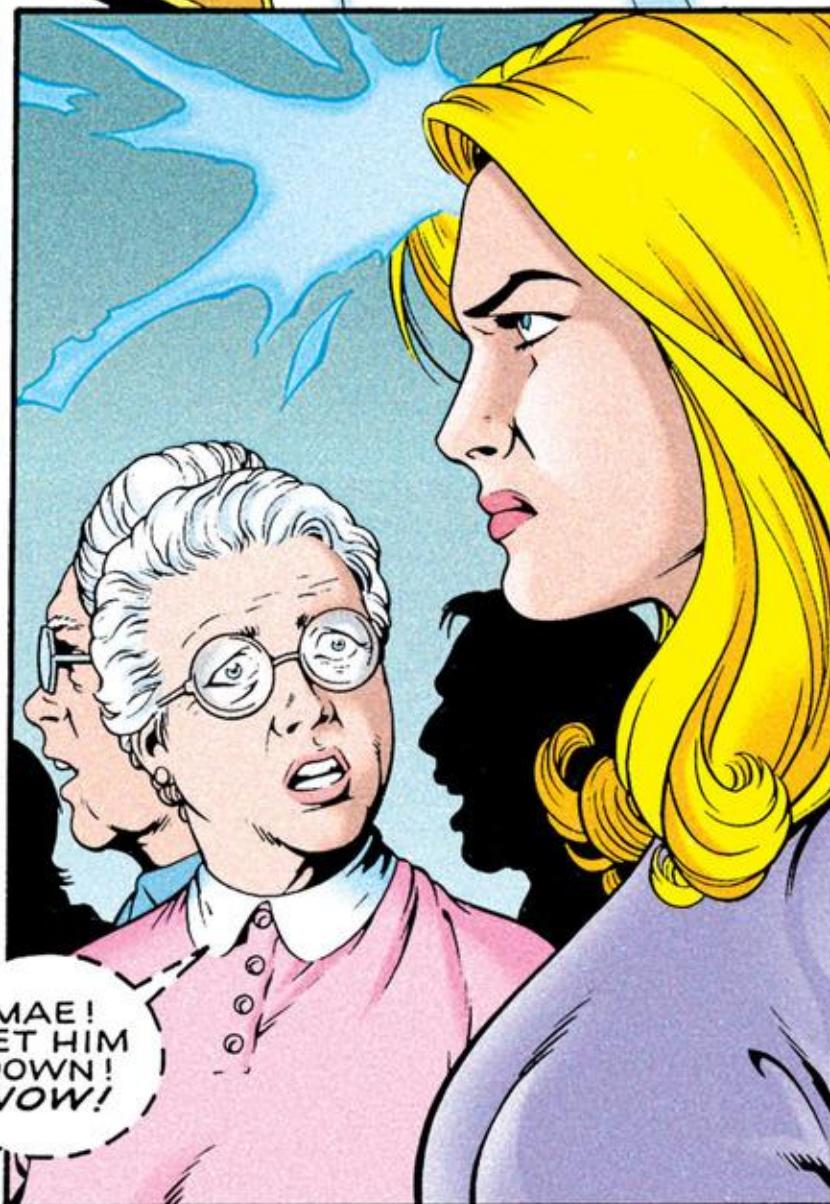
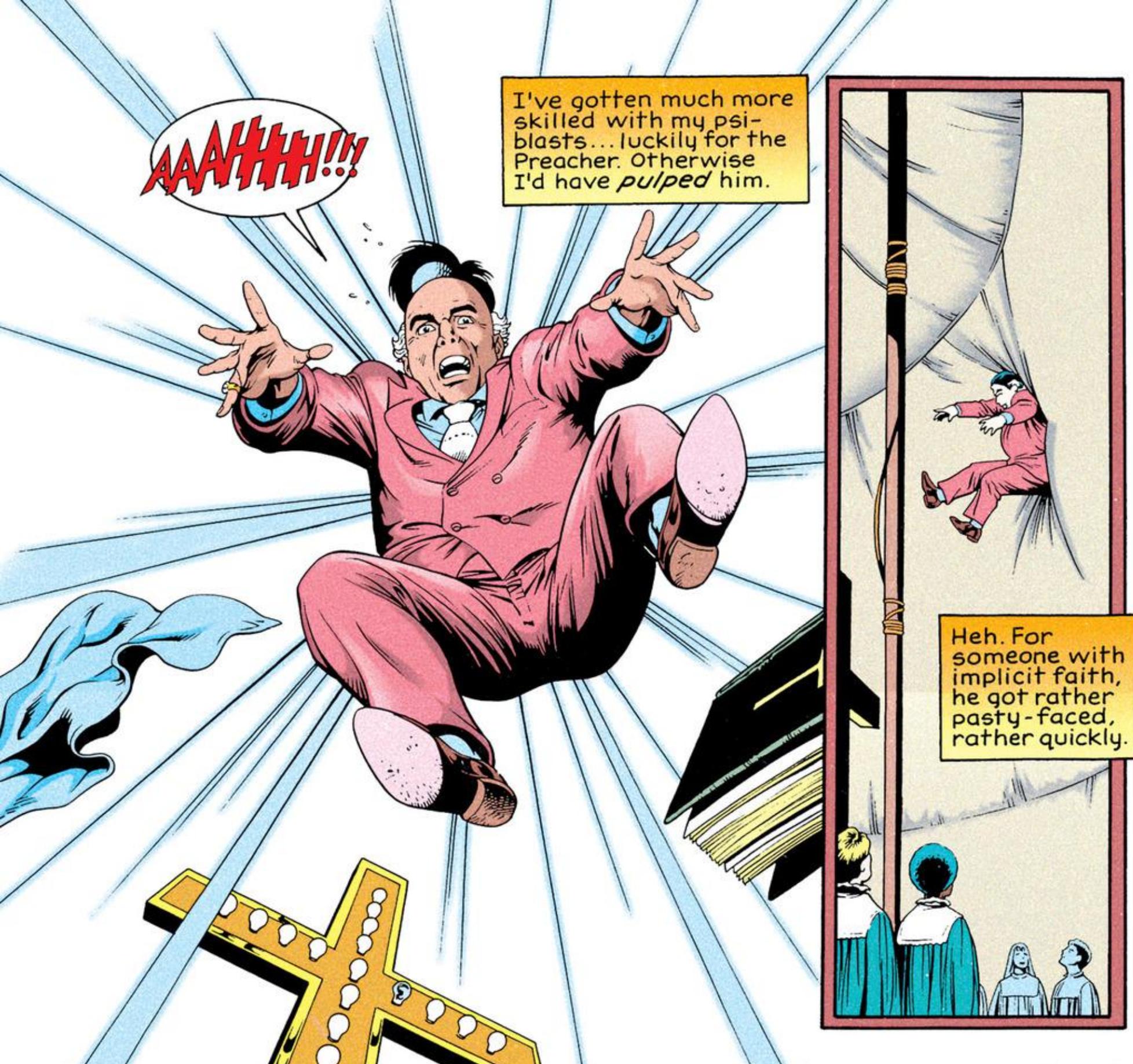
IN CHEMICAL IMBALANCE

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





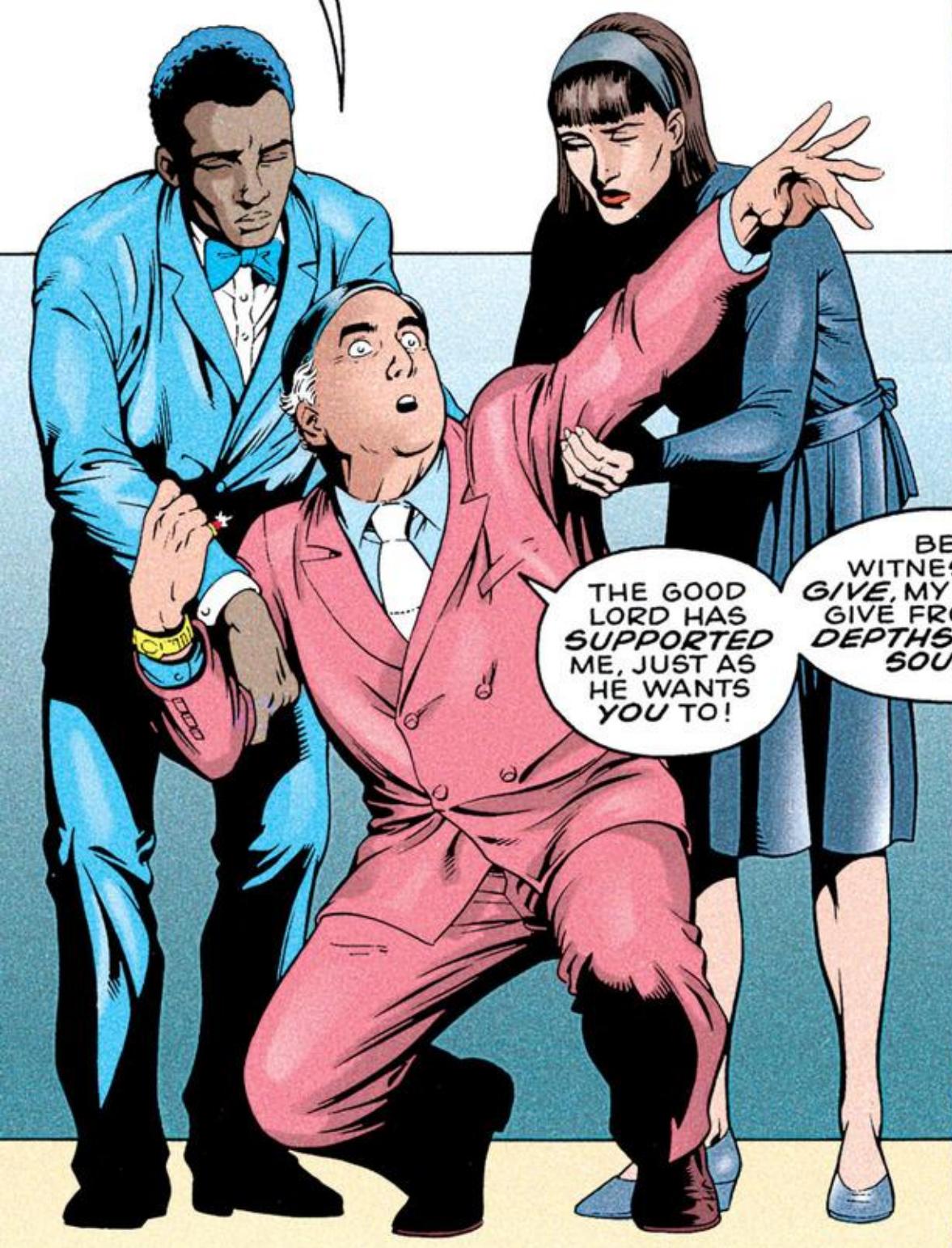




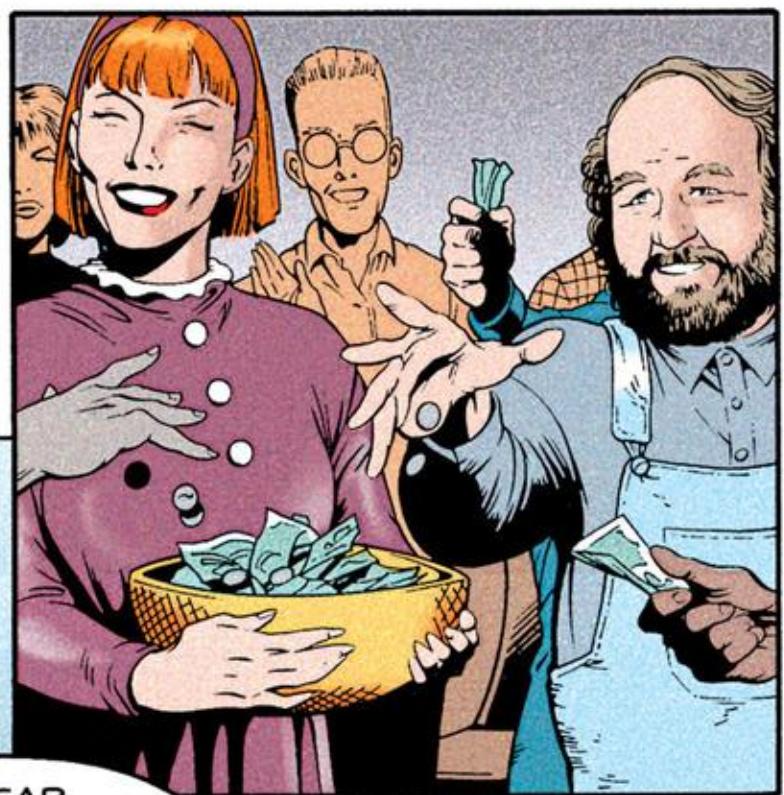


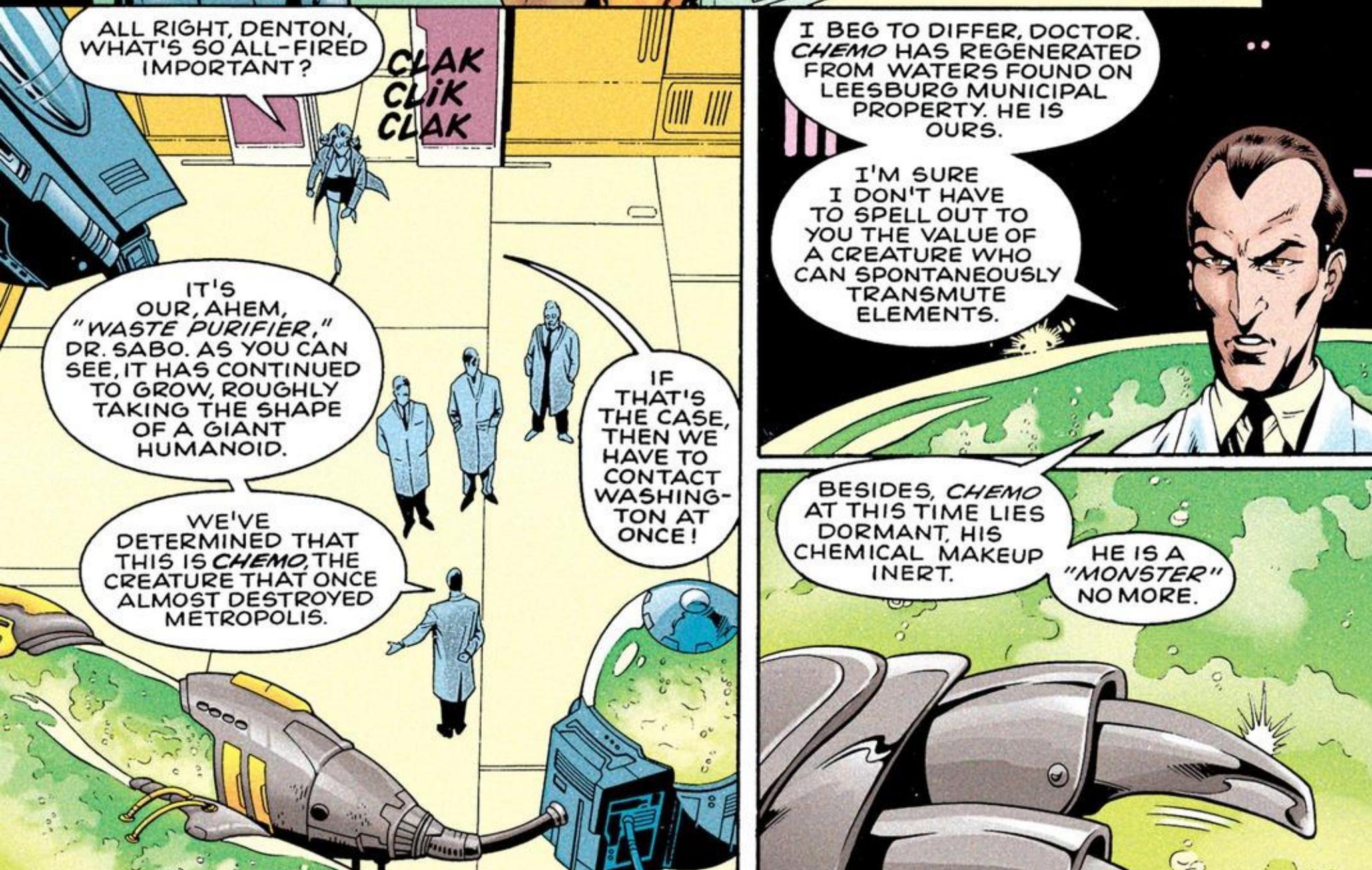
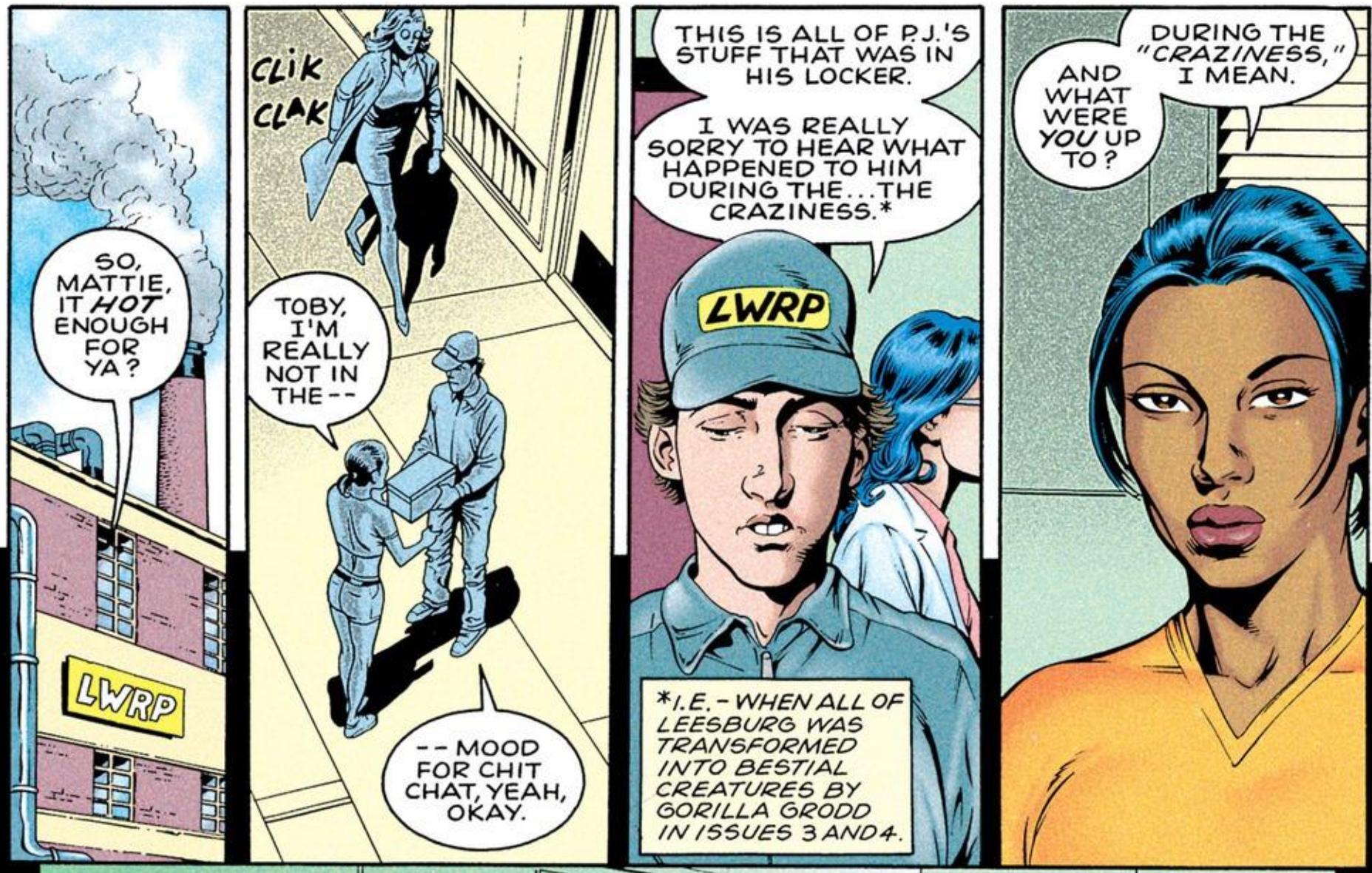
Hallelujah, it's
a MIRACLE!

A BLESSED MIRACLE,
RIGHT BEFORE
YOUR EYES!

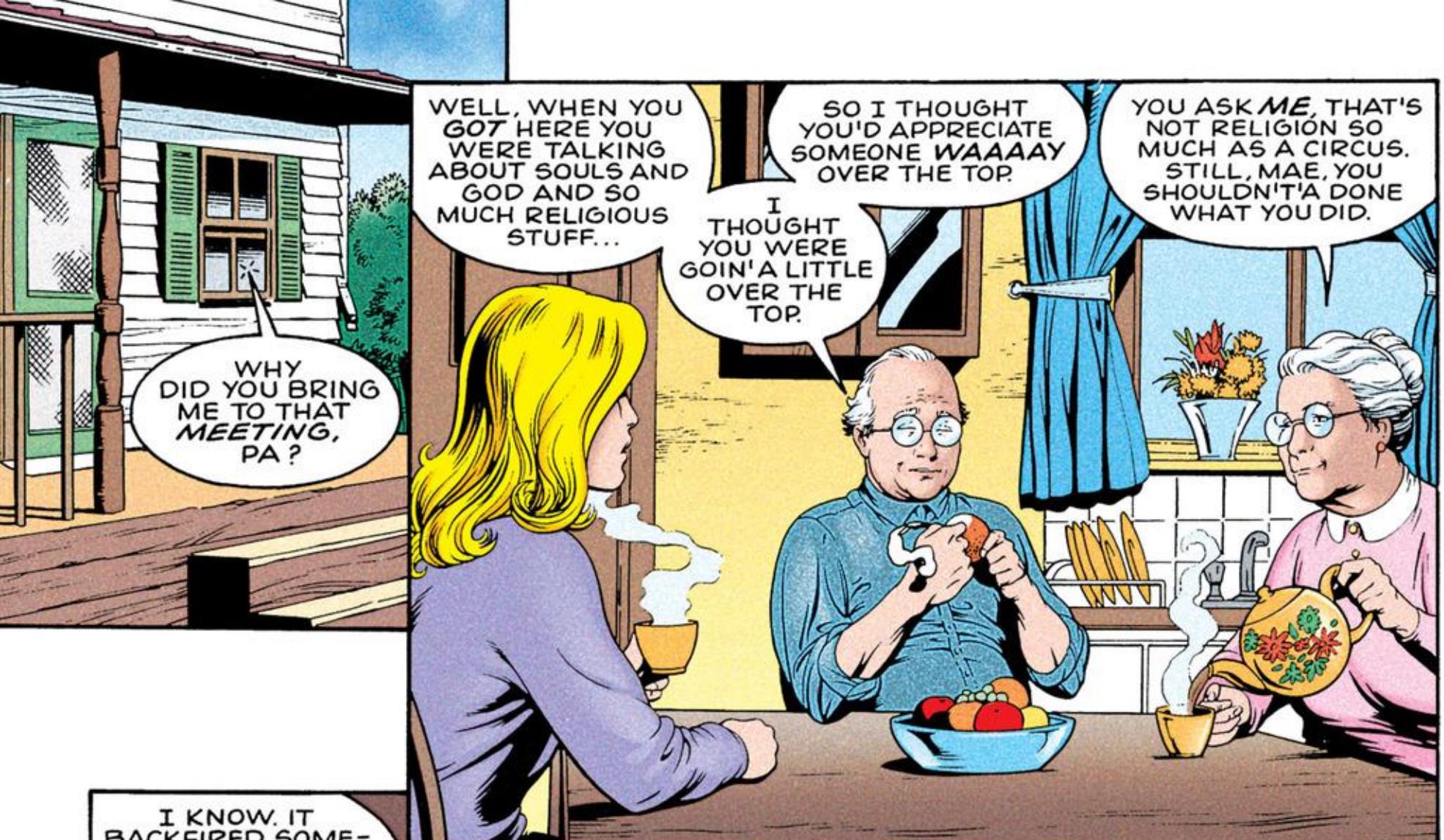


BEAR WITNESS AND GIVE, MY FRIENDS! GIVE FROM THE DEPTHS OF YOUR SOULS!





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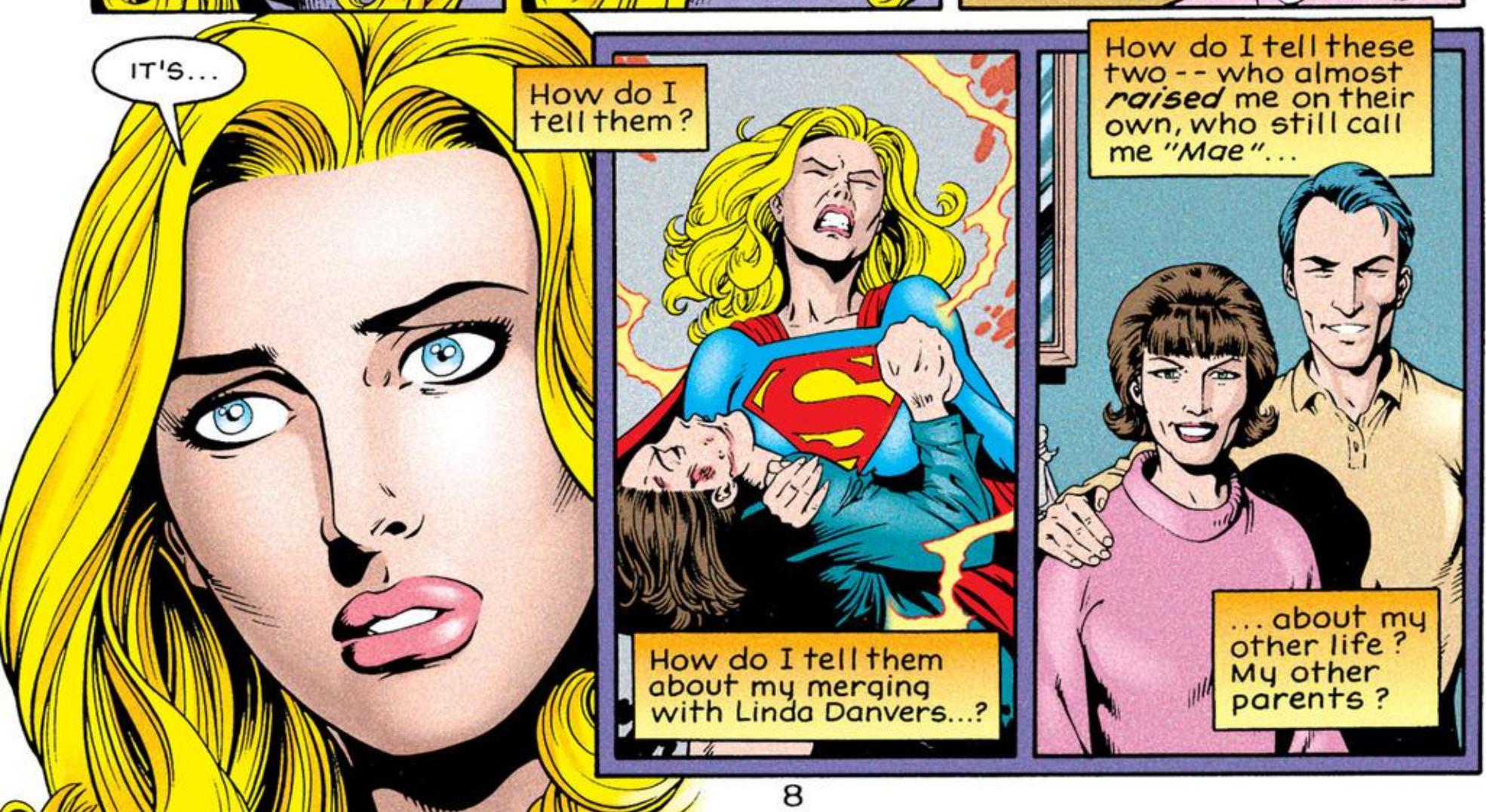


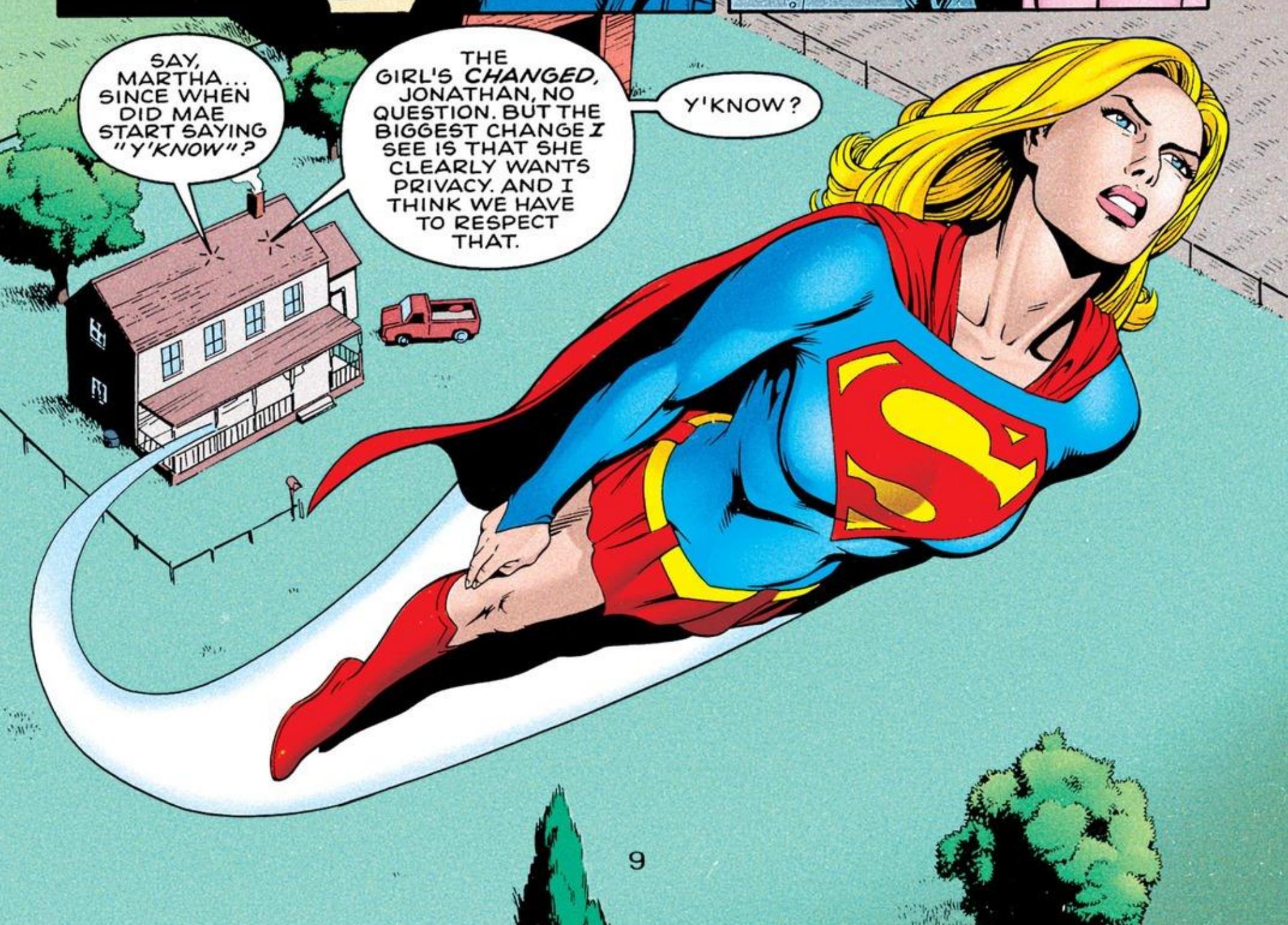
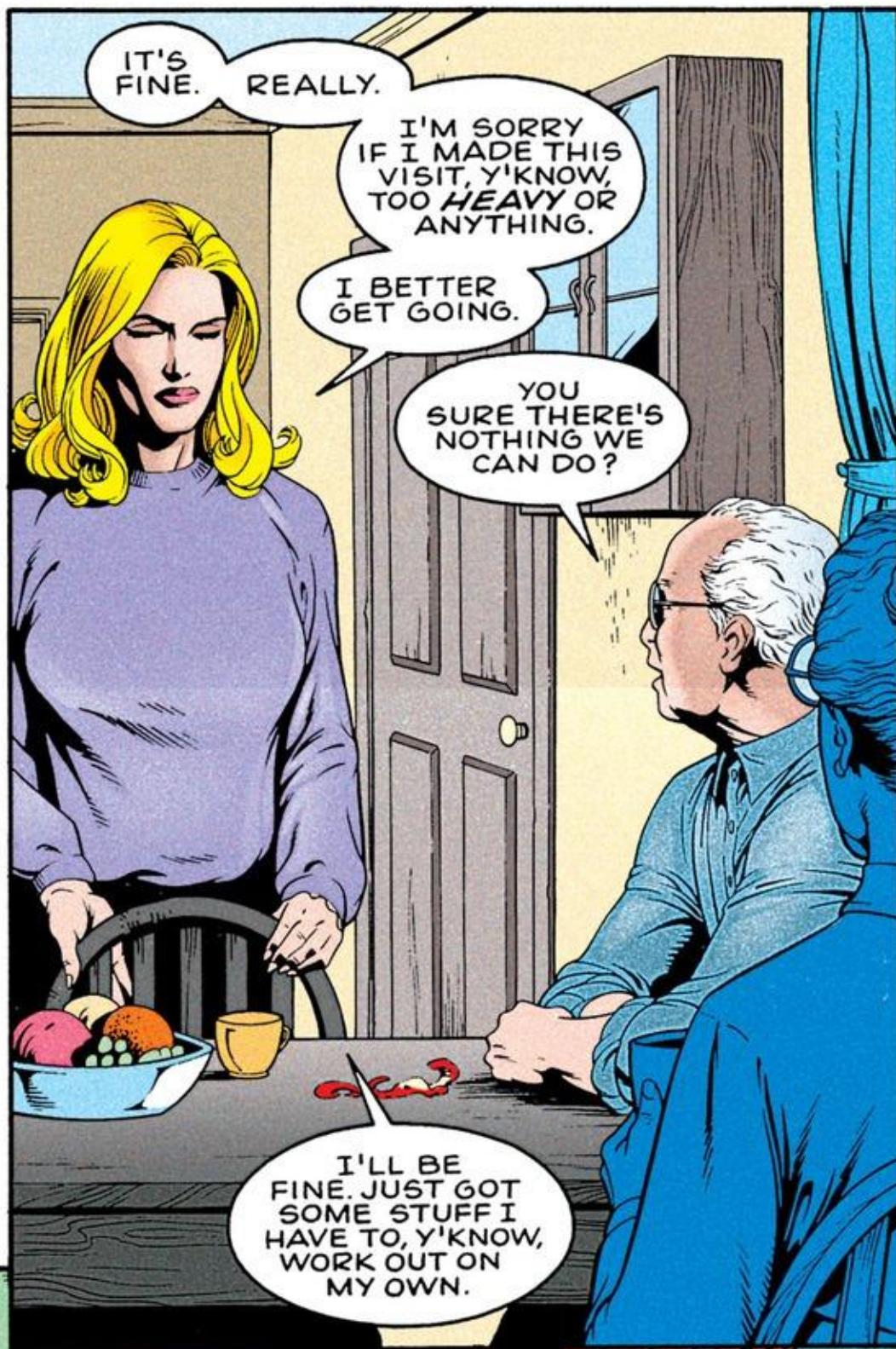
I KNOW. IT BACKFIRED SOMETHING FIERCE. BUT HE JUST, LIKE, GOT TO ME WITH THAT STUFF ABOUT BEING ALIVE.

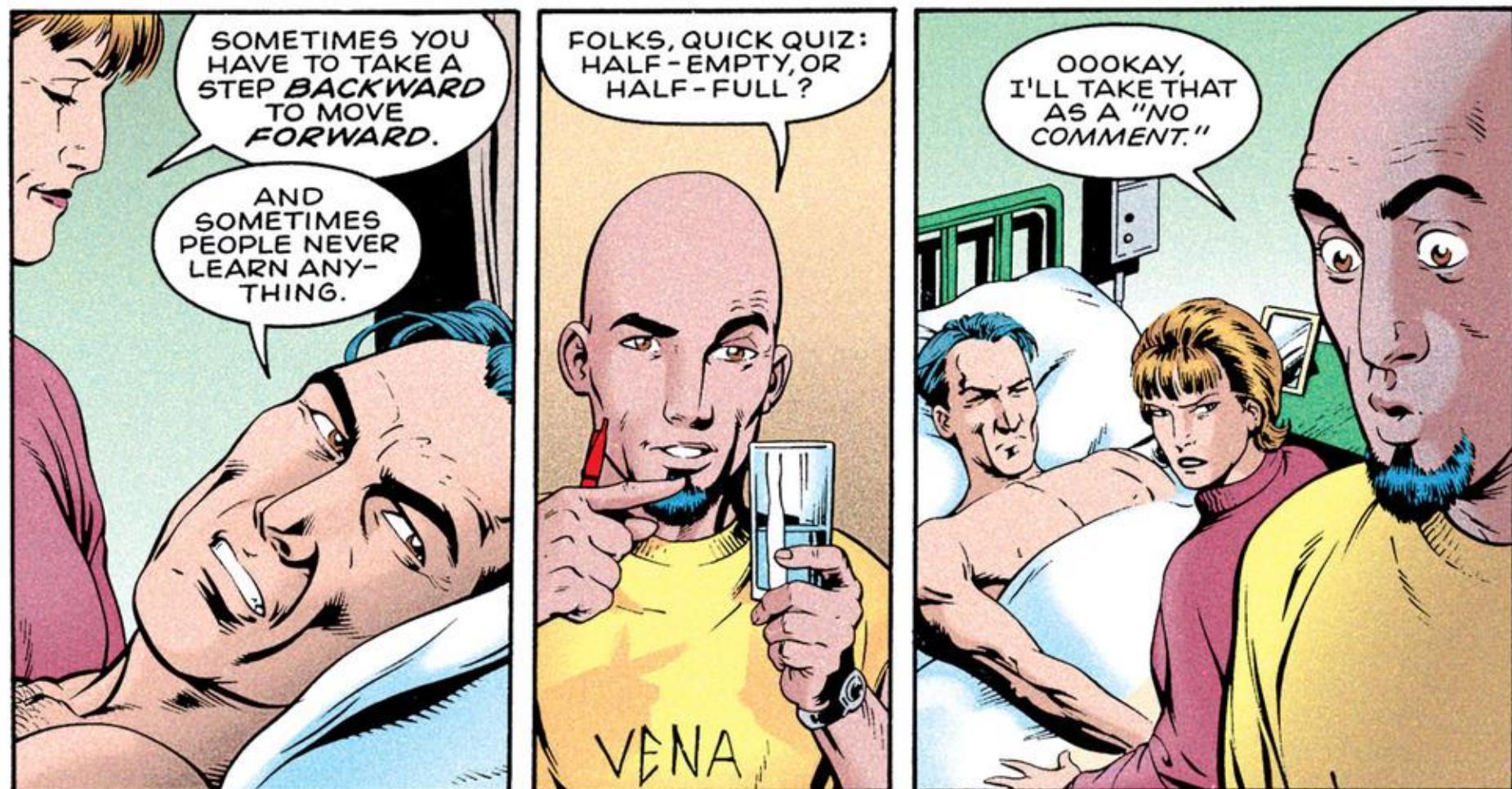
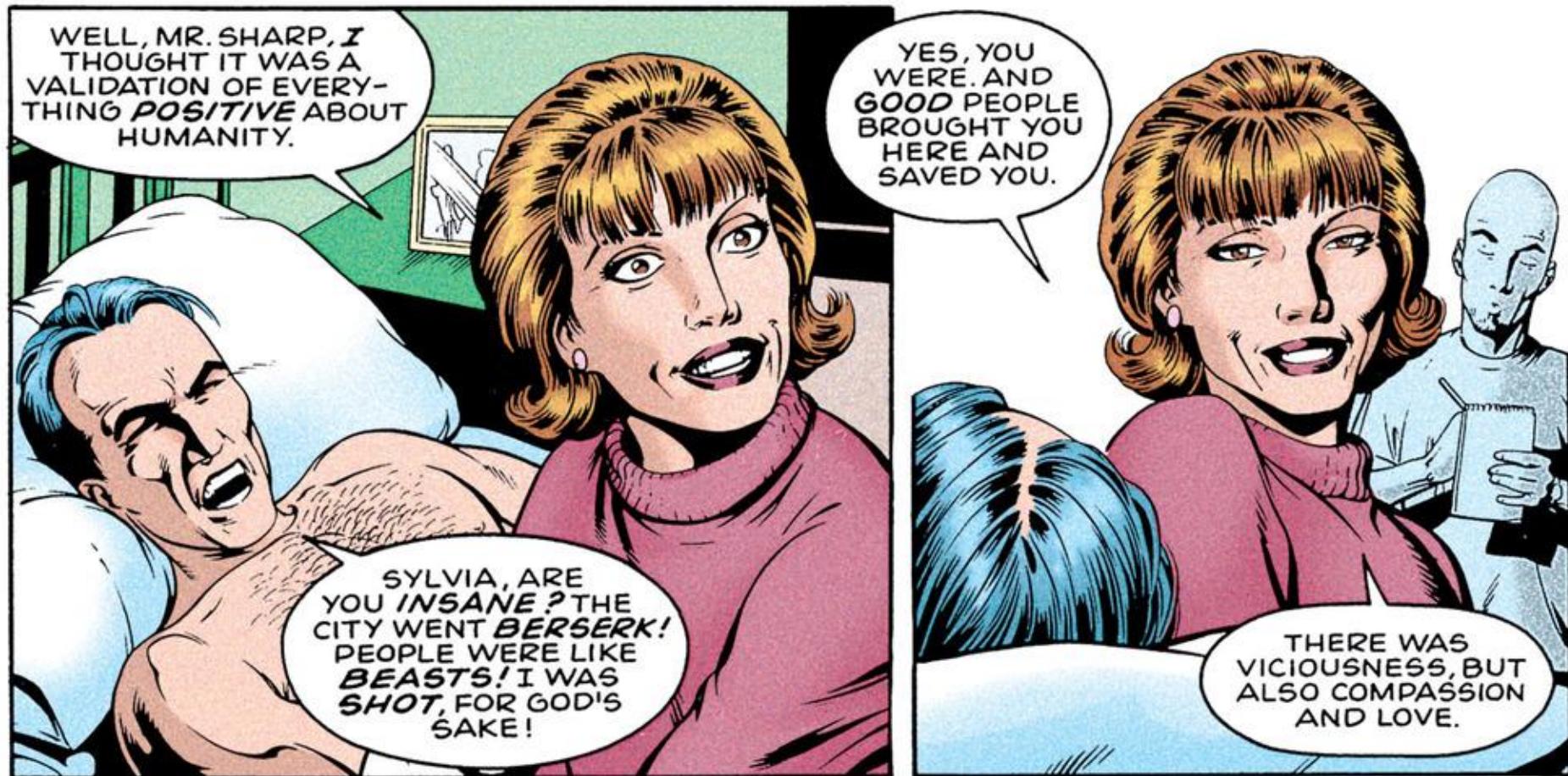
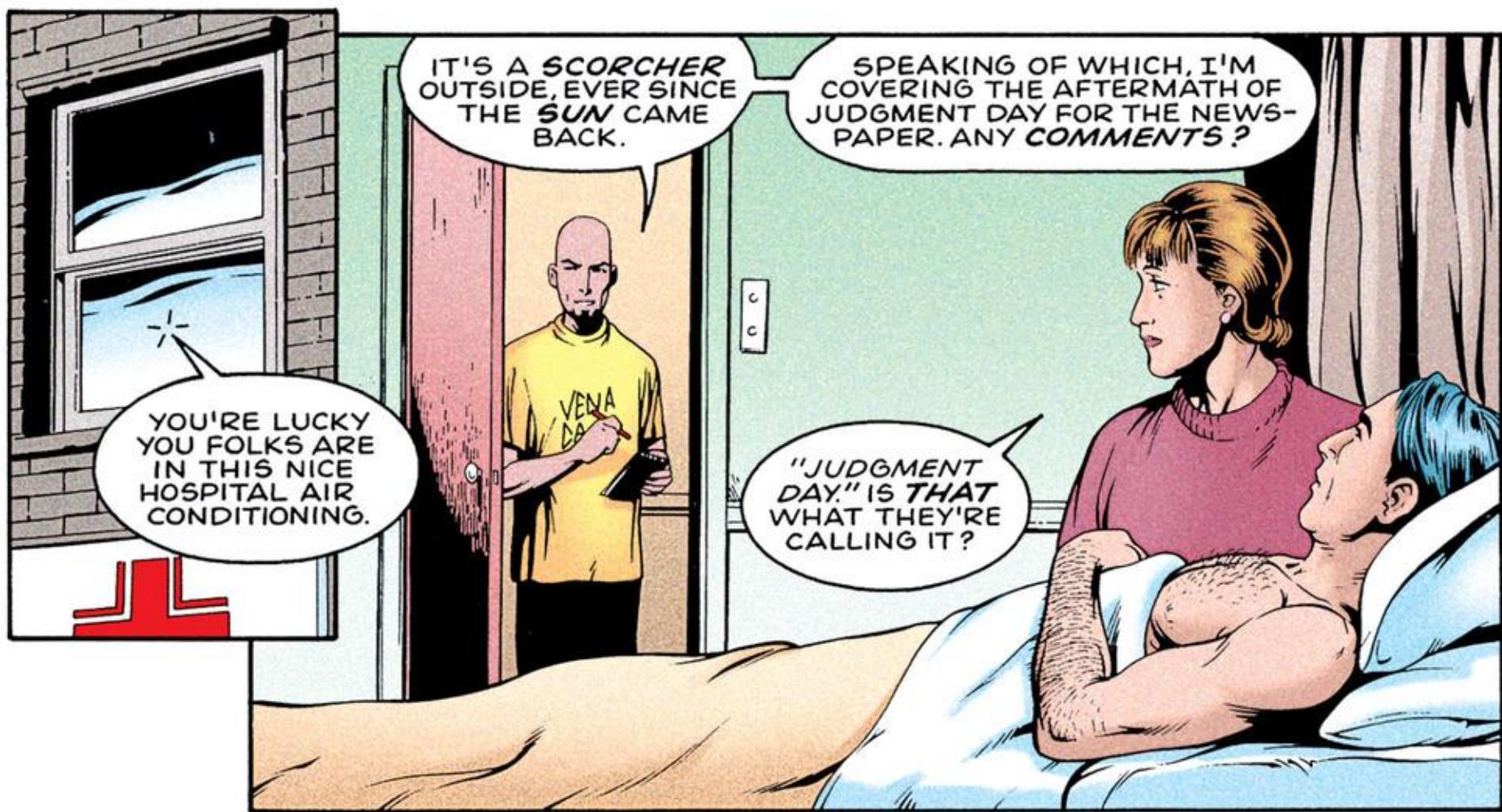
HE JUST USED IT TO MAKE MONEY, BUT IT'S, Y'KNOW, A SERIOUS SUBJECT TO ME.

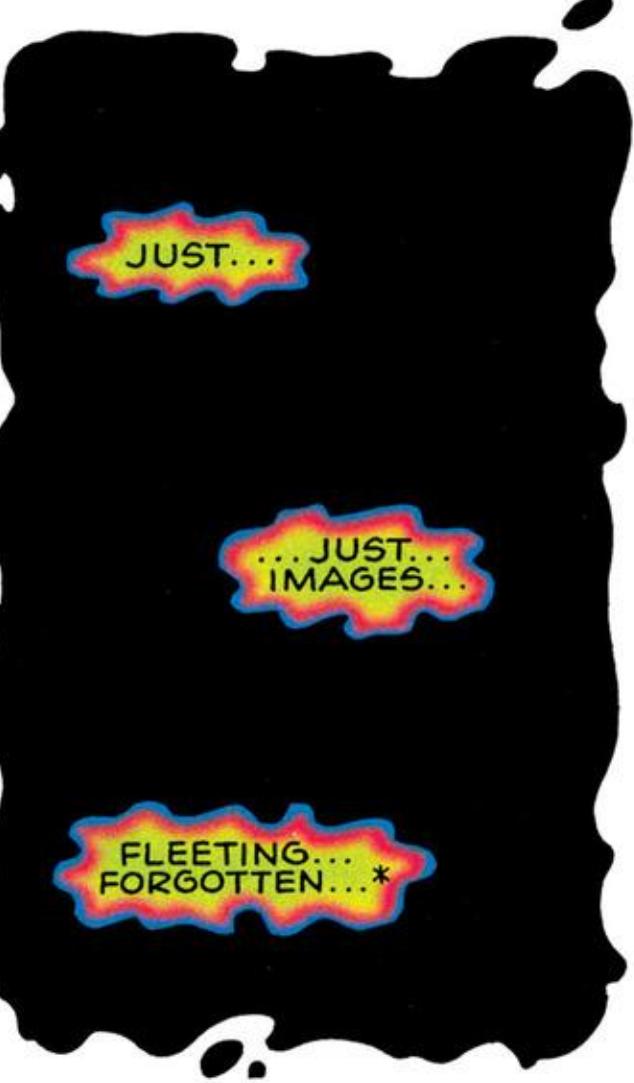
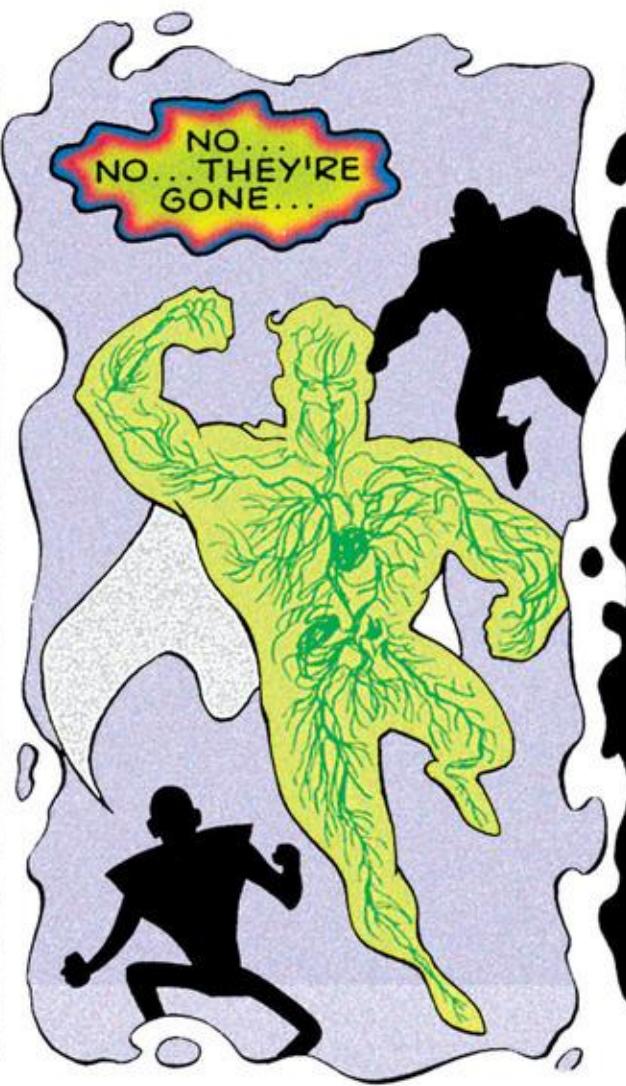
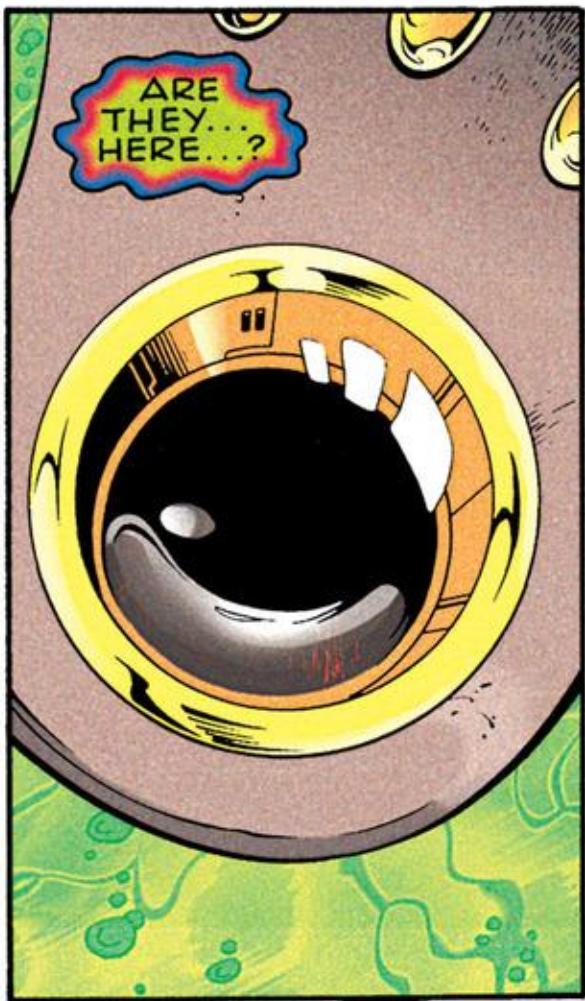
IS THAT WHY YOU'VE BEEN ASKING US ABOUT GOD AND SOULS AND SUCH? DID THAT SUN BUSINESS CAUSE THIS?

OR IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE?

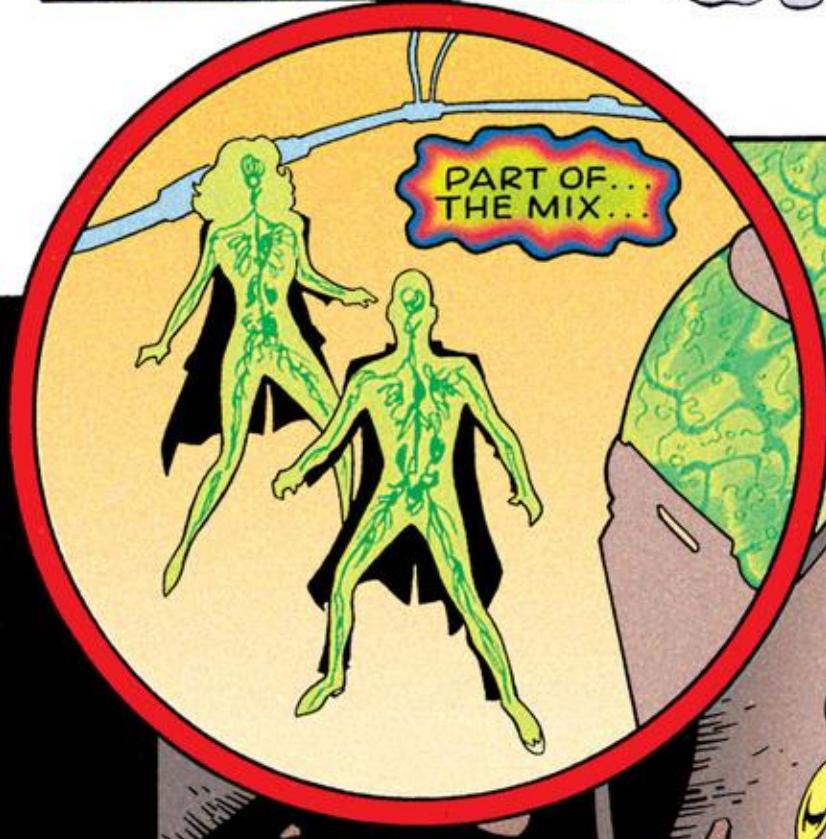


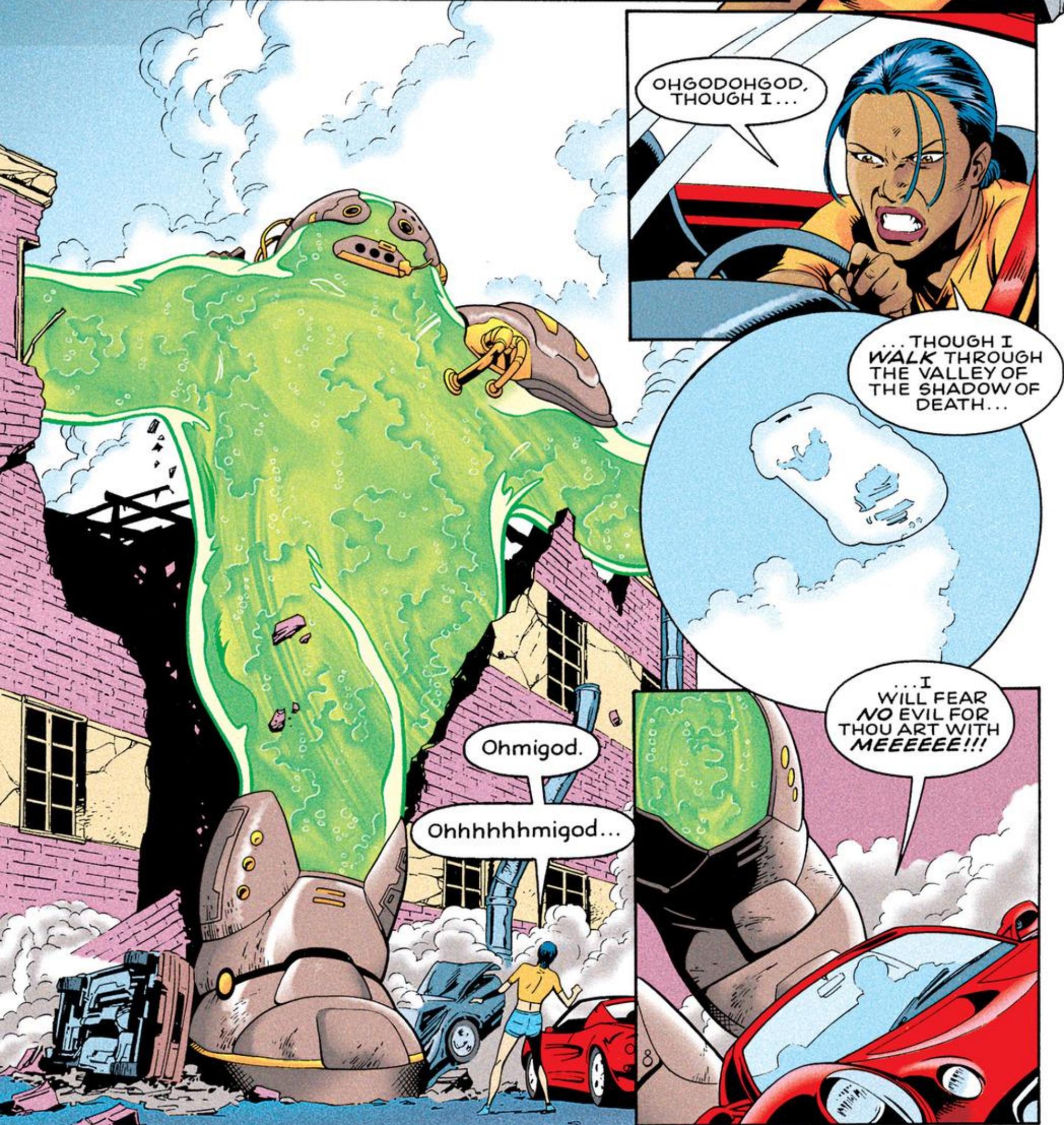
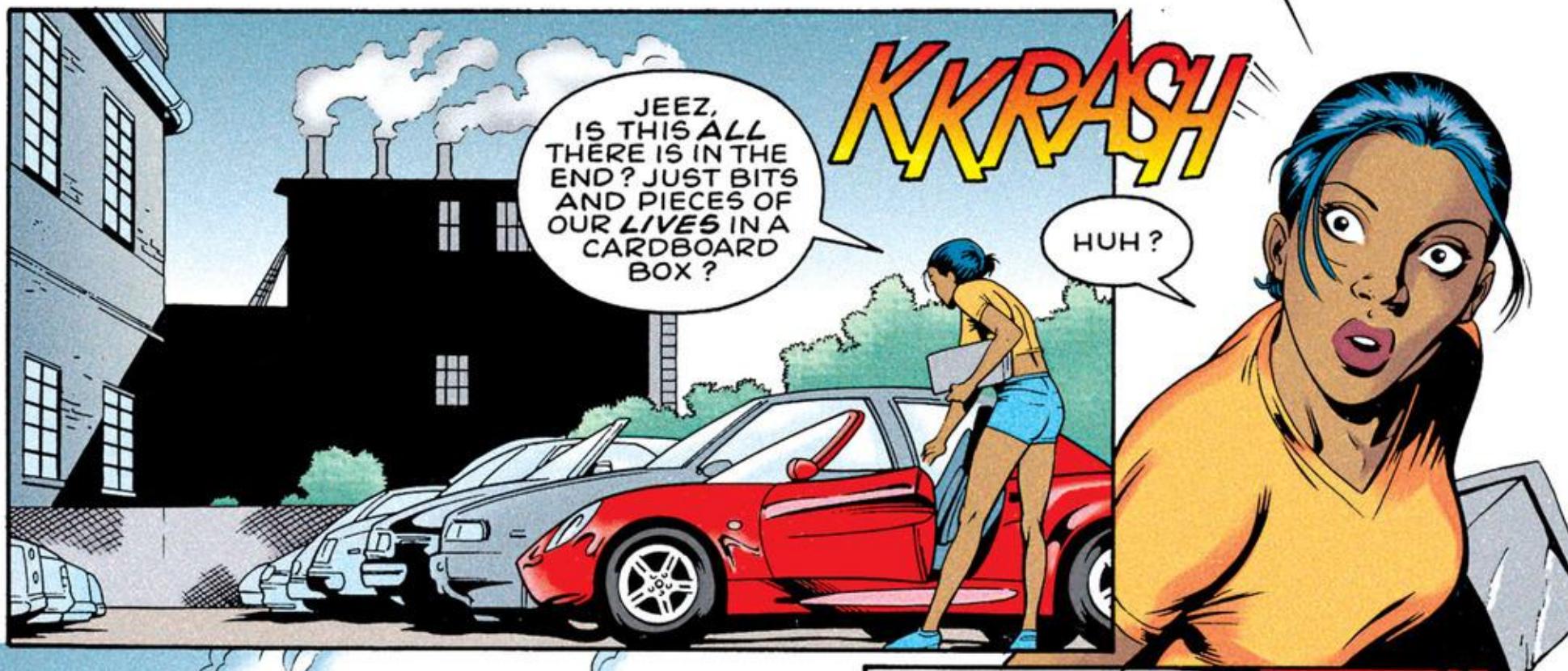


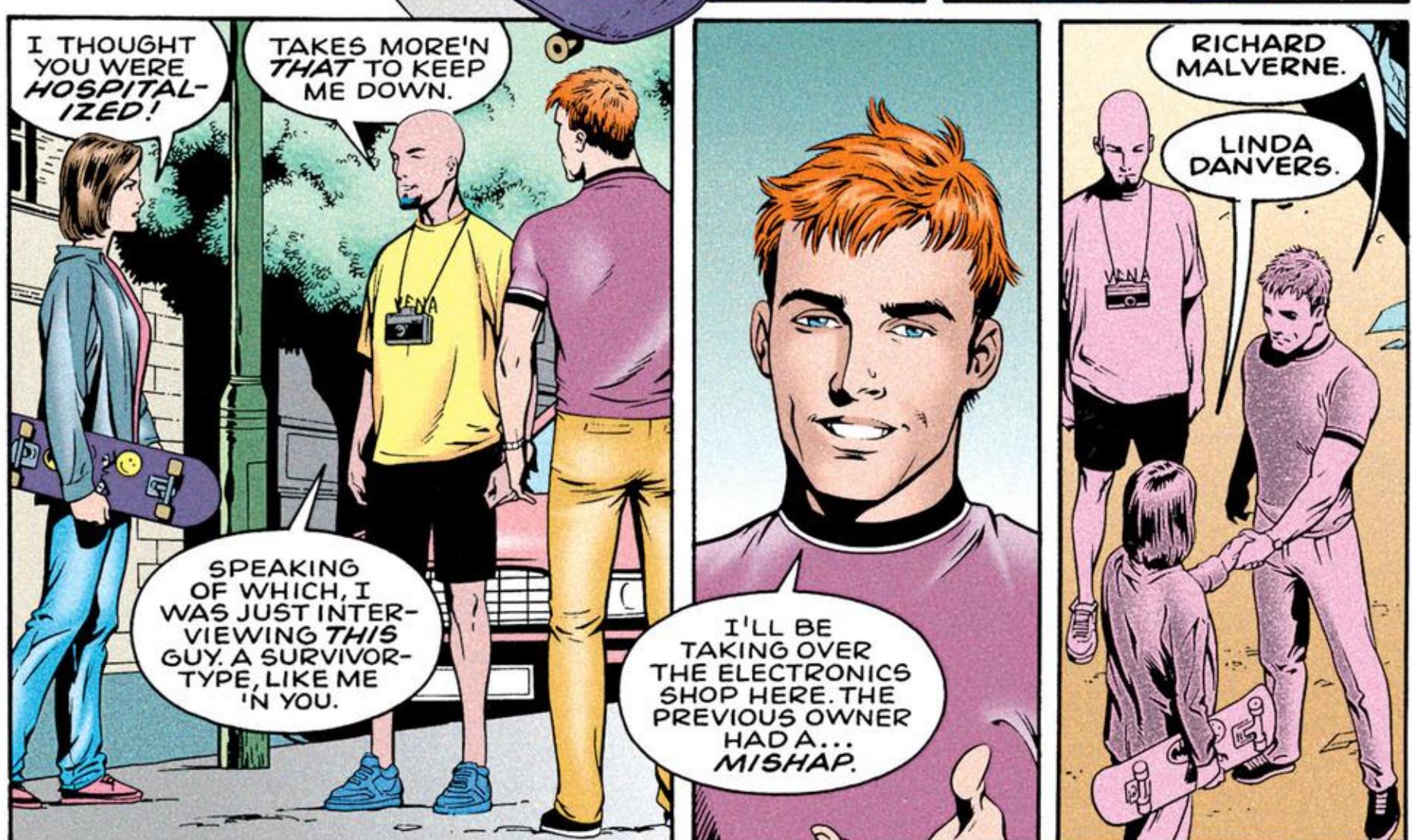
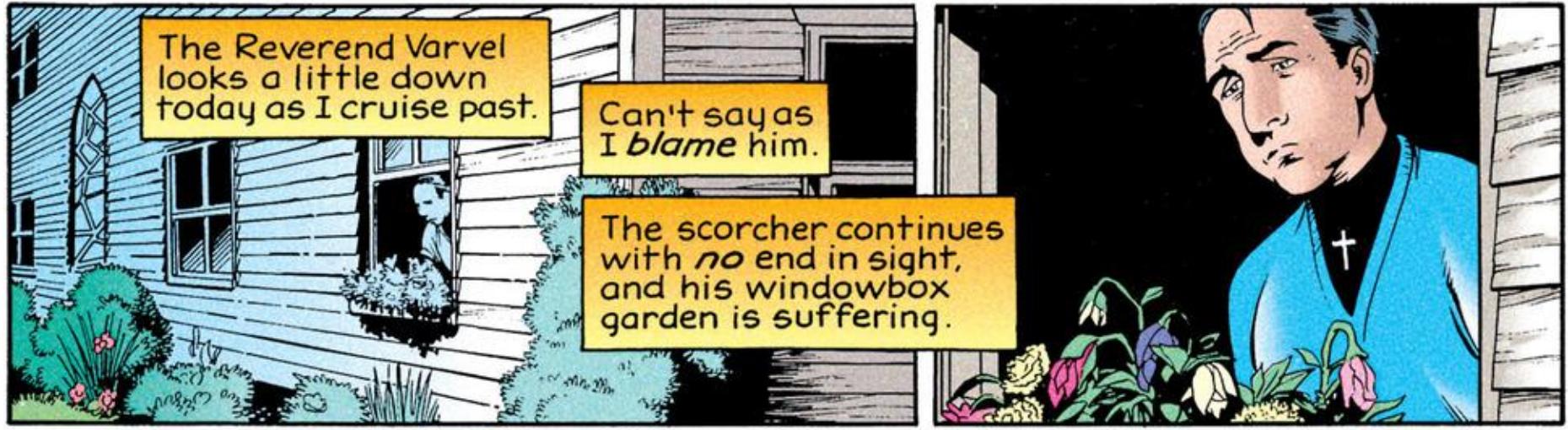


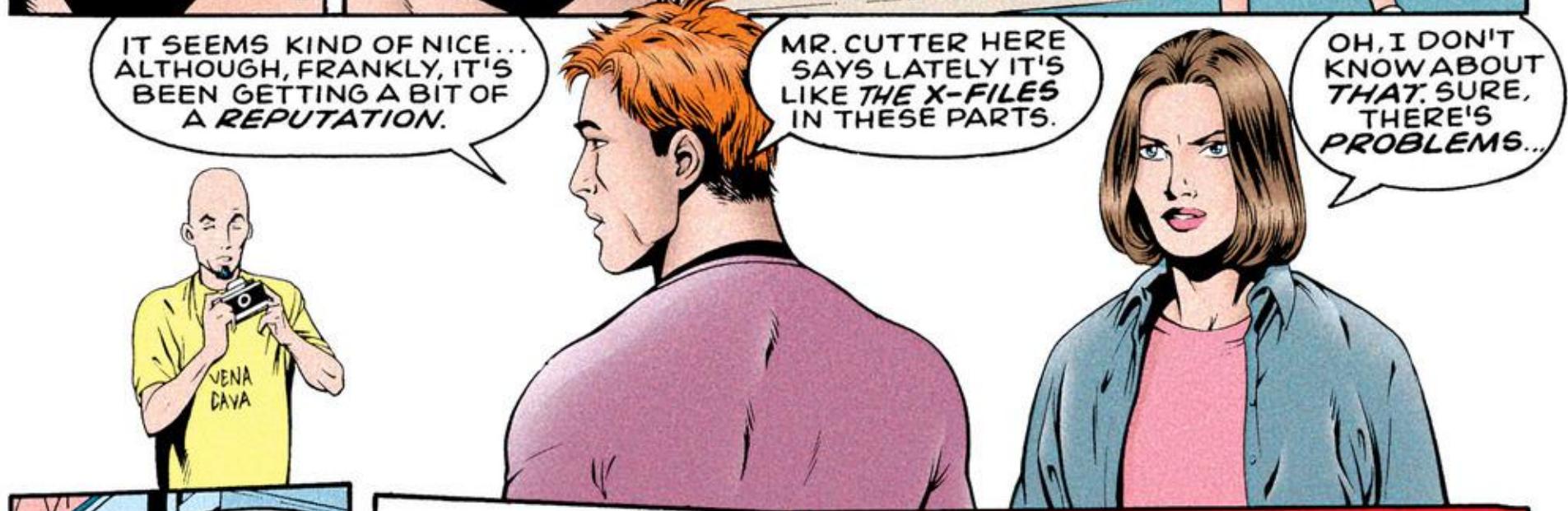
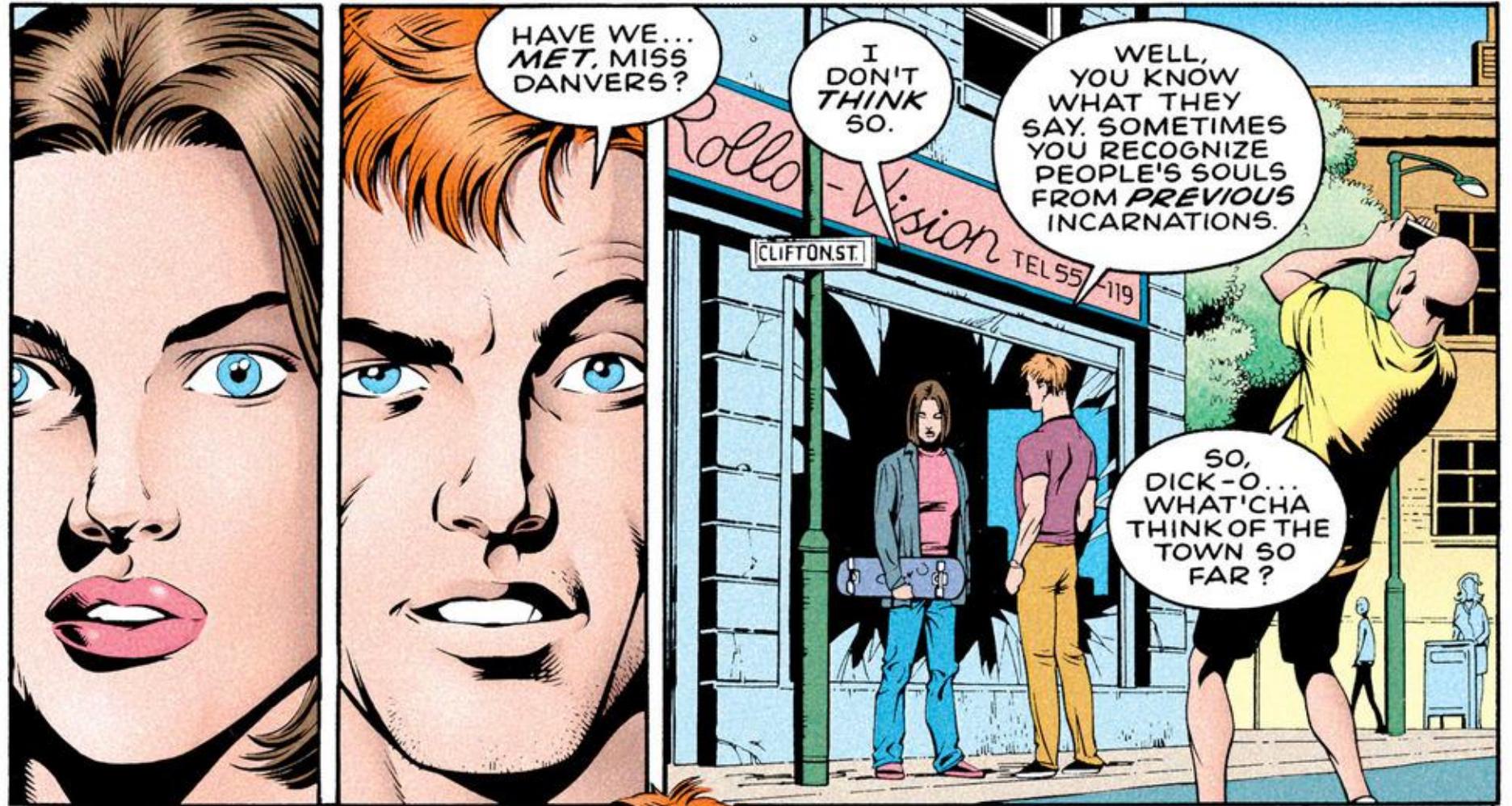


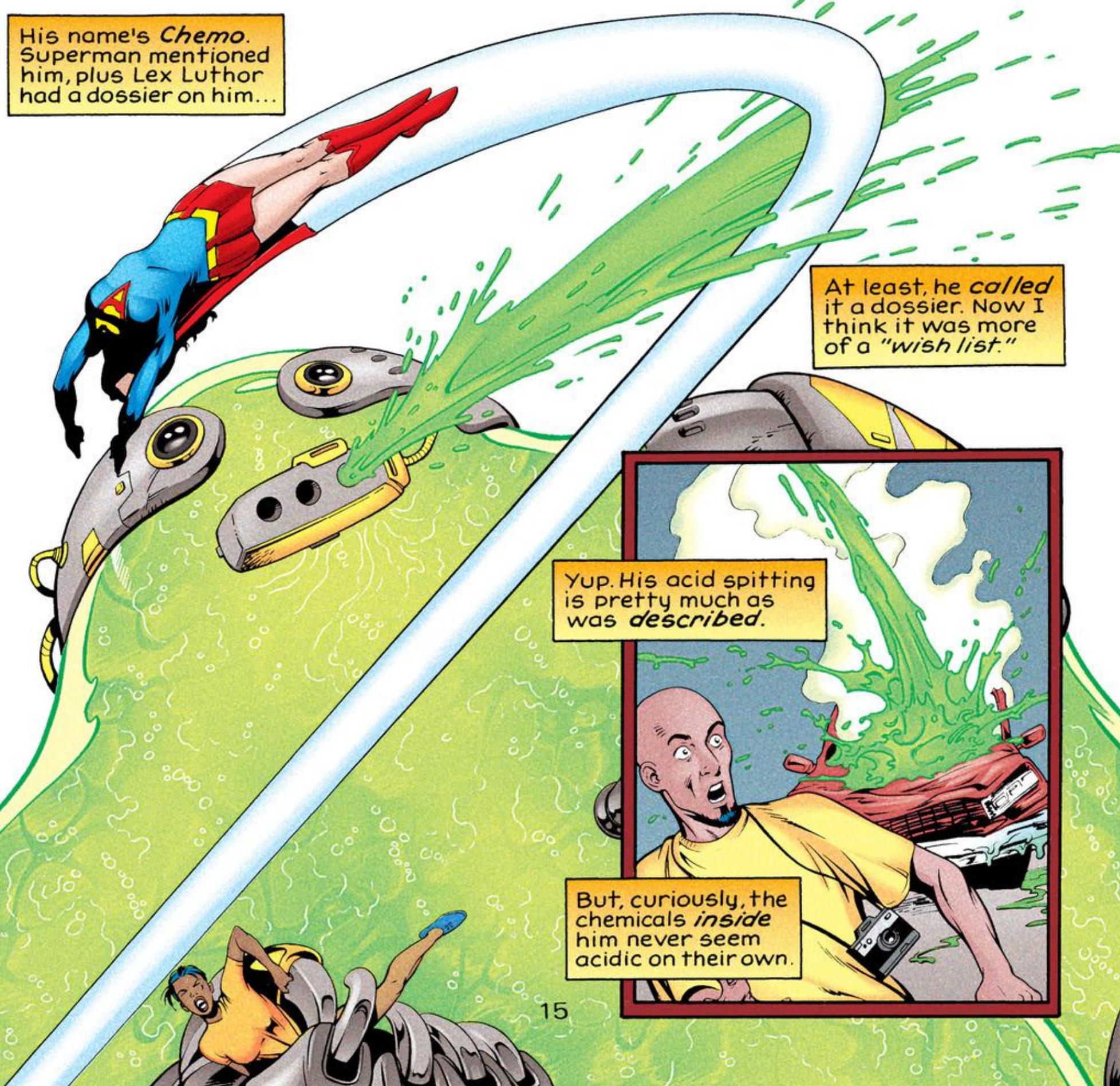
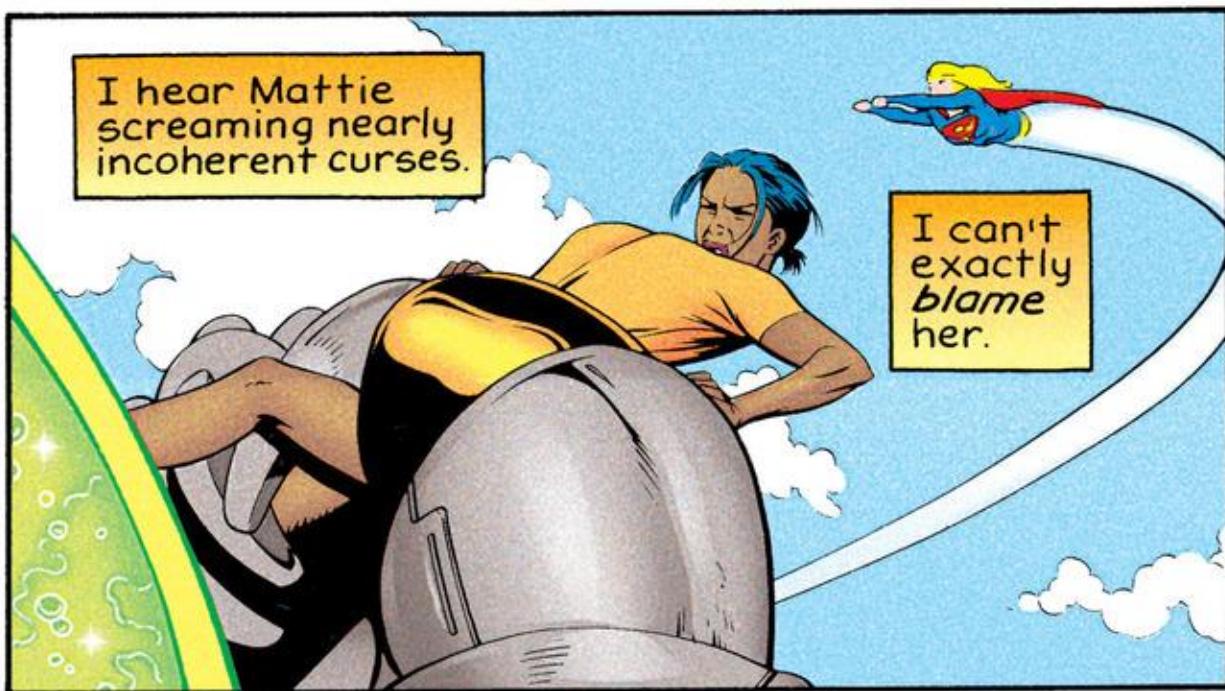
*A VERY SKEWED RECAP OF
ACTION COMICS # 590.

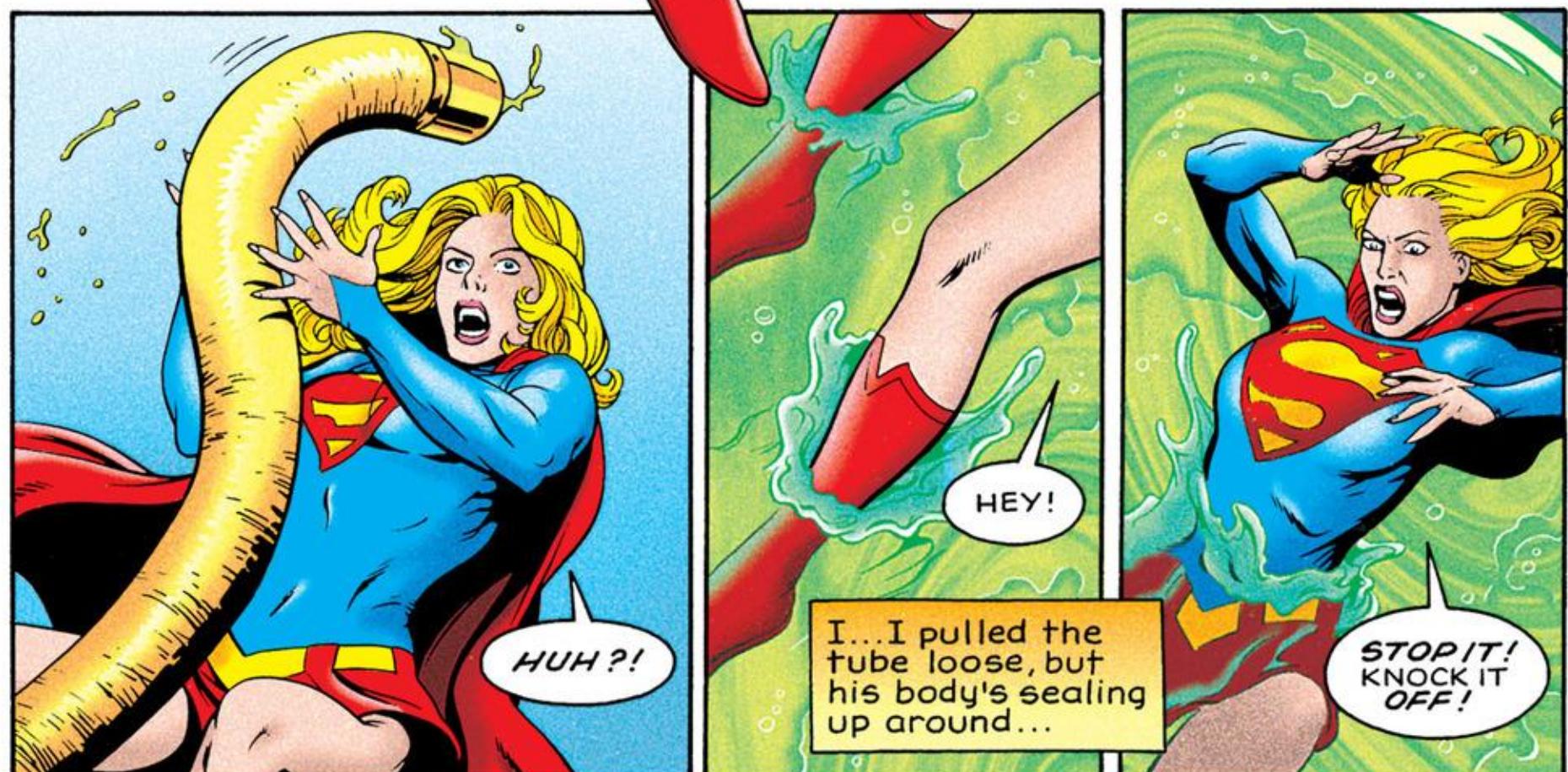
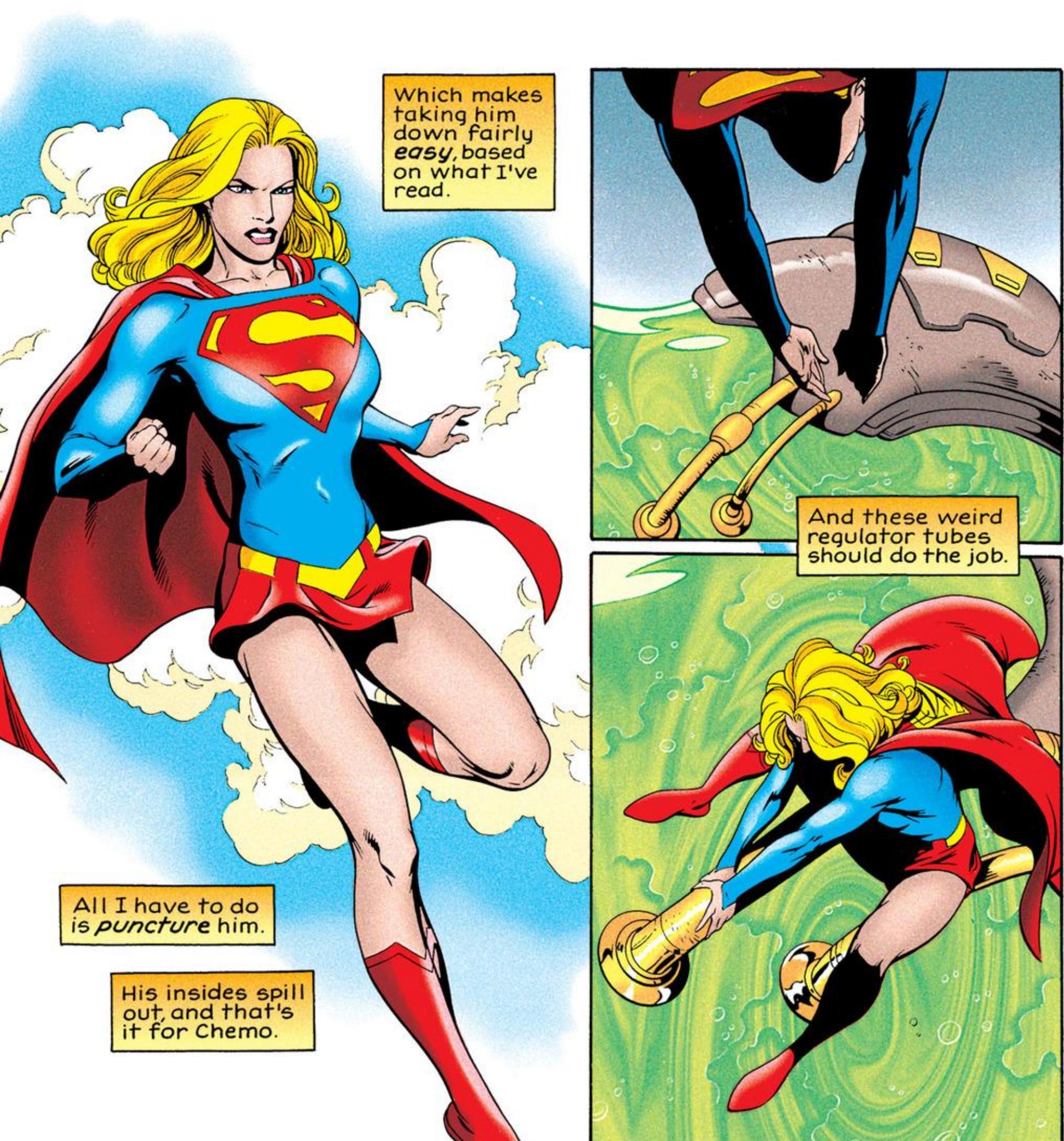




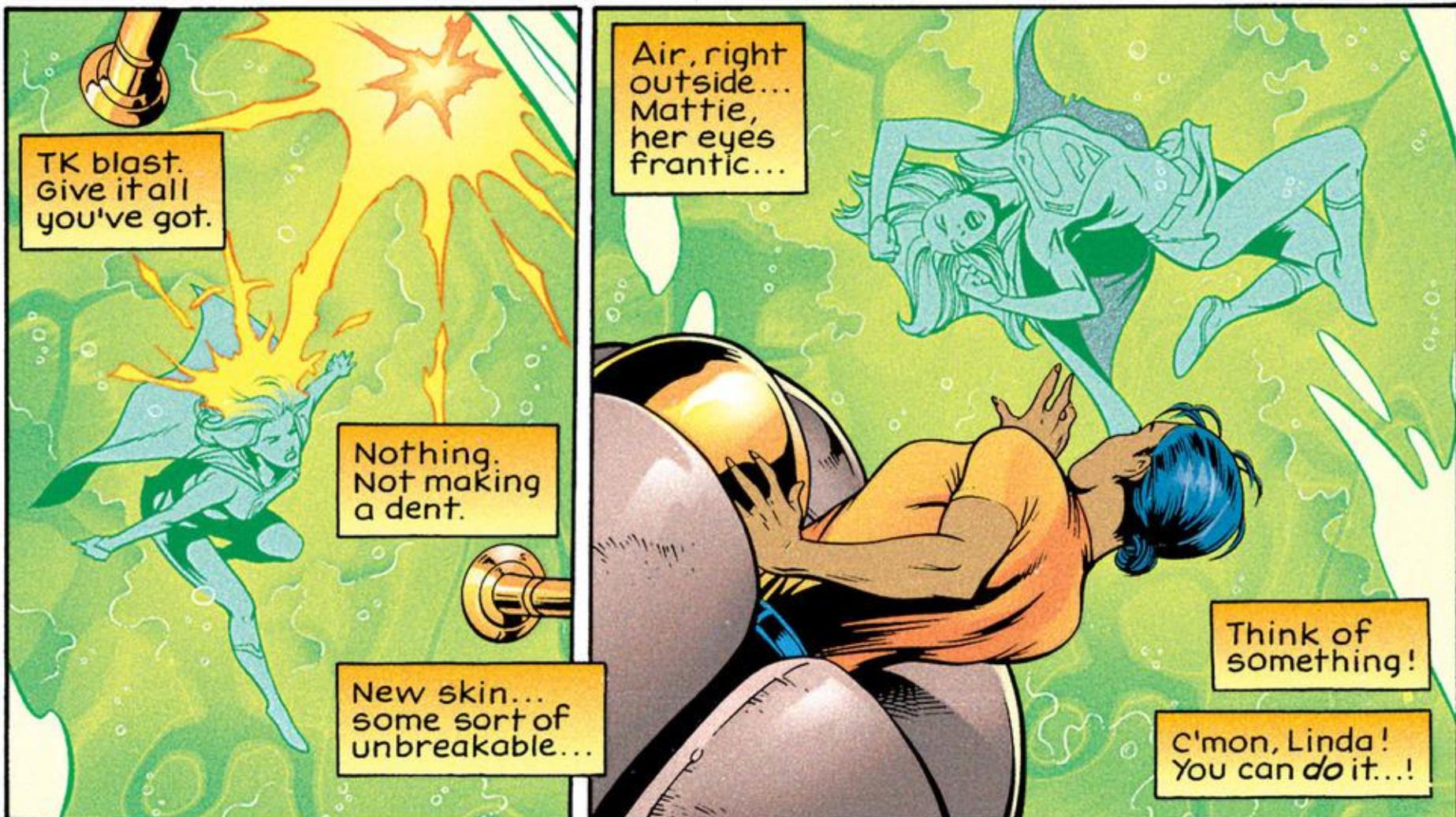
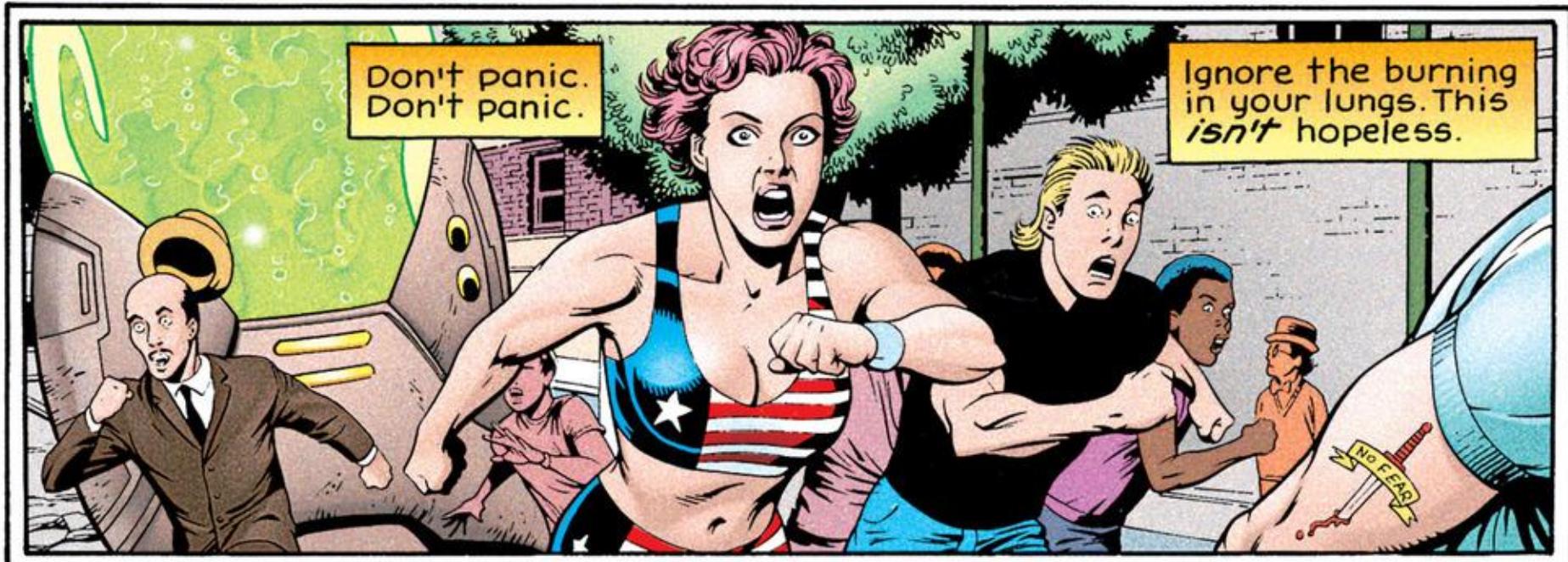












Yes... I ...

I am.

YOU ARE... DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS. THEY ALL MIX... COMBINE INTO TWO TYPES... HUMAN MACHINE, METAL MACHINE...

...BUT YES... YOU ARE DIFFERENT

AND I... AM DIFFERENT.

MAYBE WE ARE ALIKE... IN OUR DIFFERENCE.

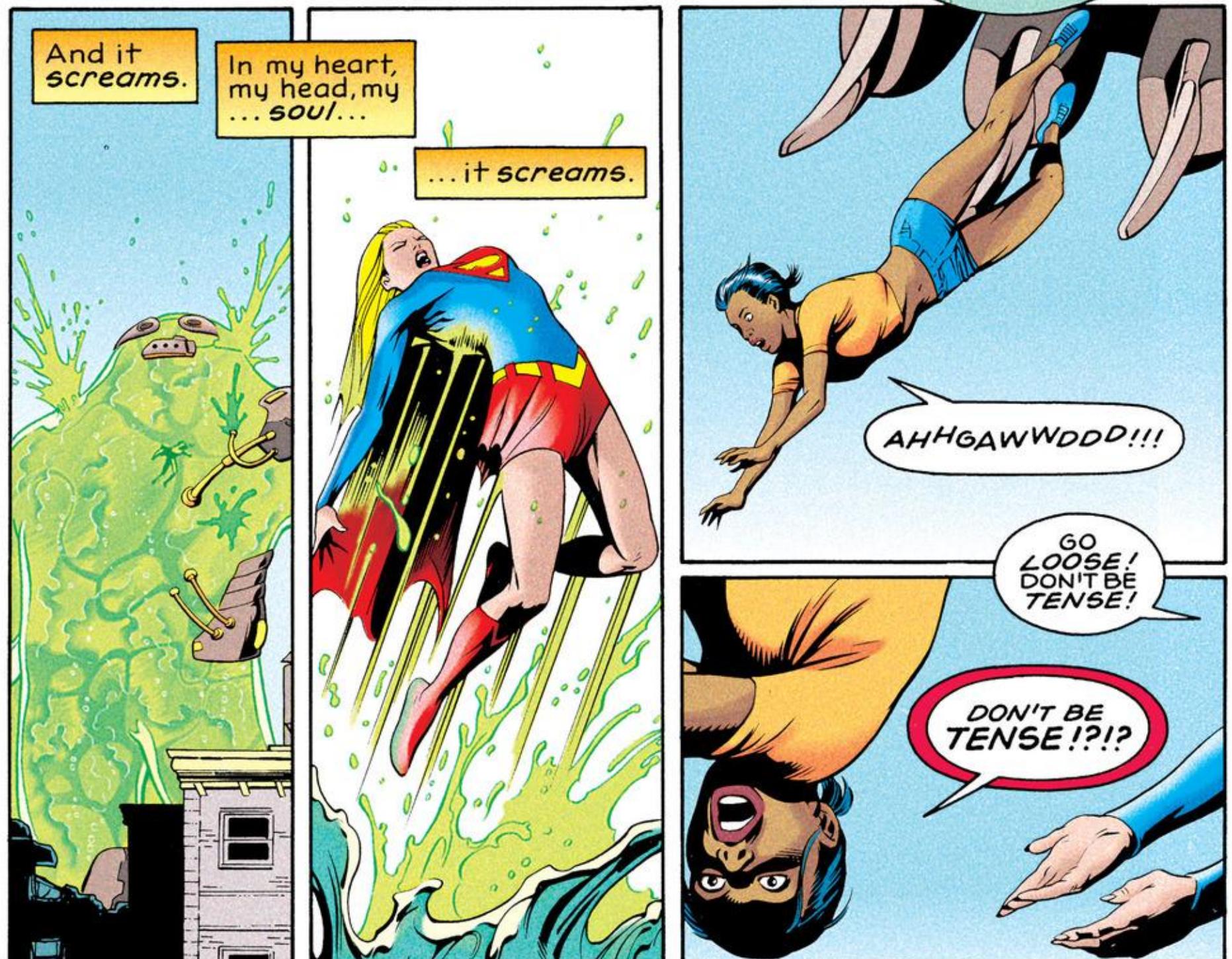
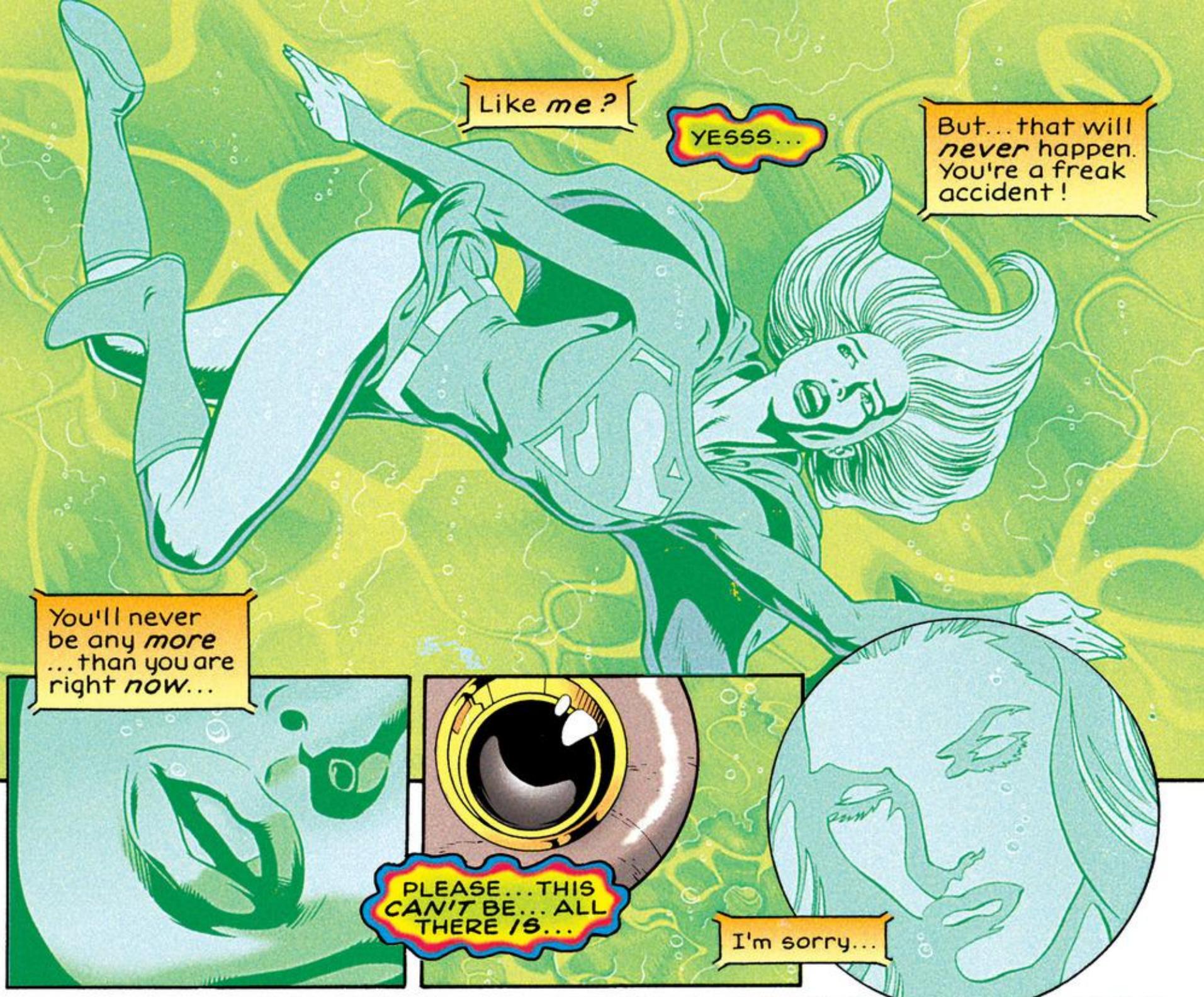
AM I... LIKE YOU? AM I... ALIVE?

No! You're just a... a collection of chemicals!

SO ARE... HUMANS...

No, they're more than that! They... they don't have to ask if they're alive! They know!

BUT I WANT TO BE ALIVE... TO BE LIKE... LIKE...



I feel something rush
past me... something
like a great rushing of
wings that chills me...

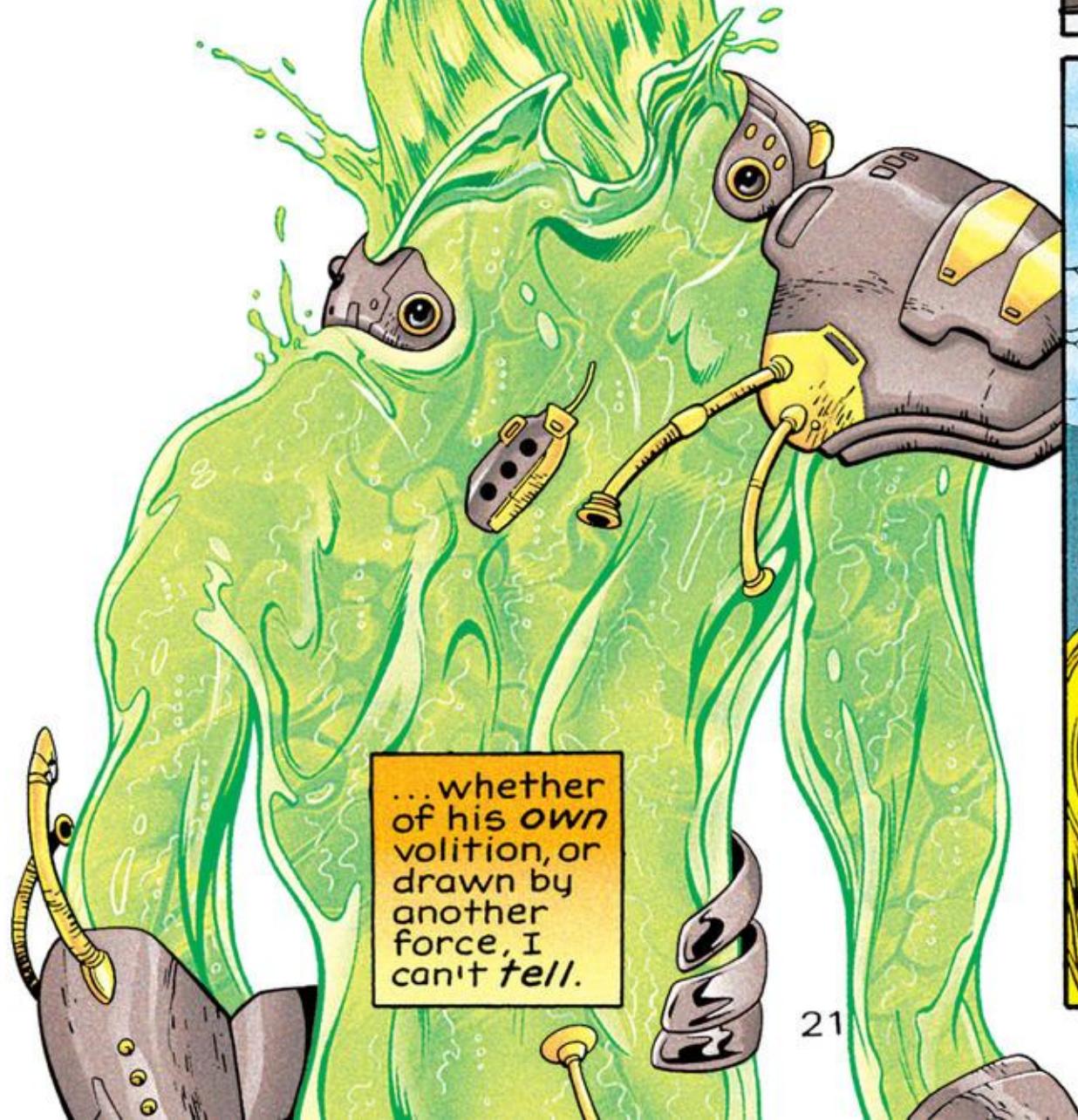
And as I
observe it
happen,
one aching
truth hangs
over me.



And I watch
in astonish-
ment as
Chemo
hurtles
upward...



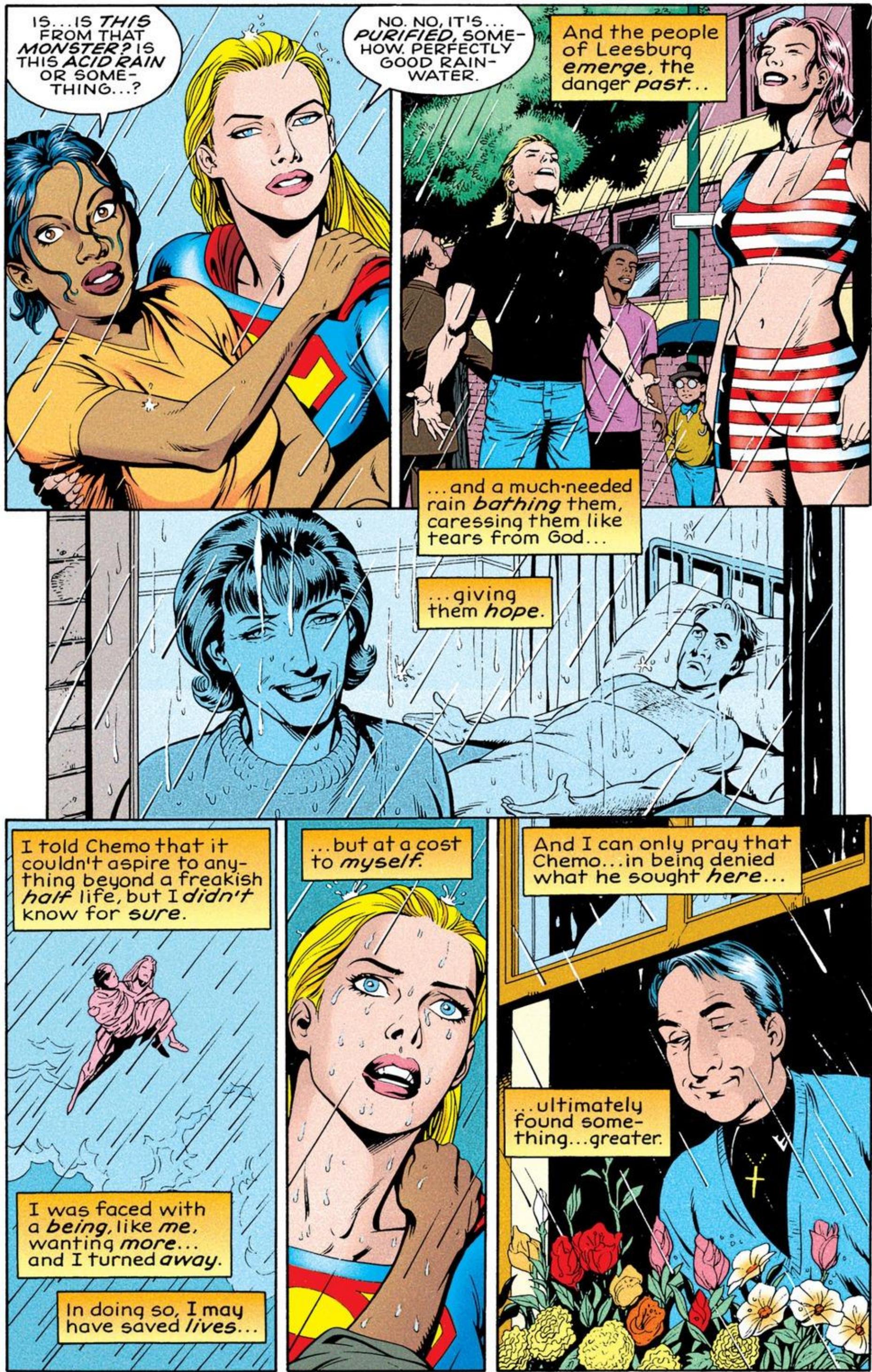
I lied.



...whether
of his own
volition, or
drawn by
another
force, I
can't tell.

I lied to
a creature
in need.





NEXT: RAMPAGE!

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