

7
MAR 97



SUPERGIRL

WHO
IS LINDA
DANVERS?

GARY FRANK • PETER DAVID • CAM SMITH

ART HISTORY

The world of Linda Danvers is a strange one.

I should know.

It's my world now.

PLOT + PENCILS by
GARY FRANK
DIALOG by
GARY FRANK +
PETER DAVID
INKS by
CAM SMITH
LETTERING by
PAT PRENTICE
COLORING by
GENE D'ANGELO
SEPARATIONS by
DIGI. CHAM.
EDITED by
CHRIS DUFFY

But a part of her still feels *separate* from me -- like it's hiding in some dark corner.

Maybe by studying her old art I can drag that part of her into the light, get a good look at it...

... and hope it's not too weird.

LINDA?
HONEY?
YOU DOWN
THERE?

UH...
MOM! YEAH,
I'M HERE.

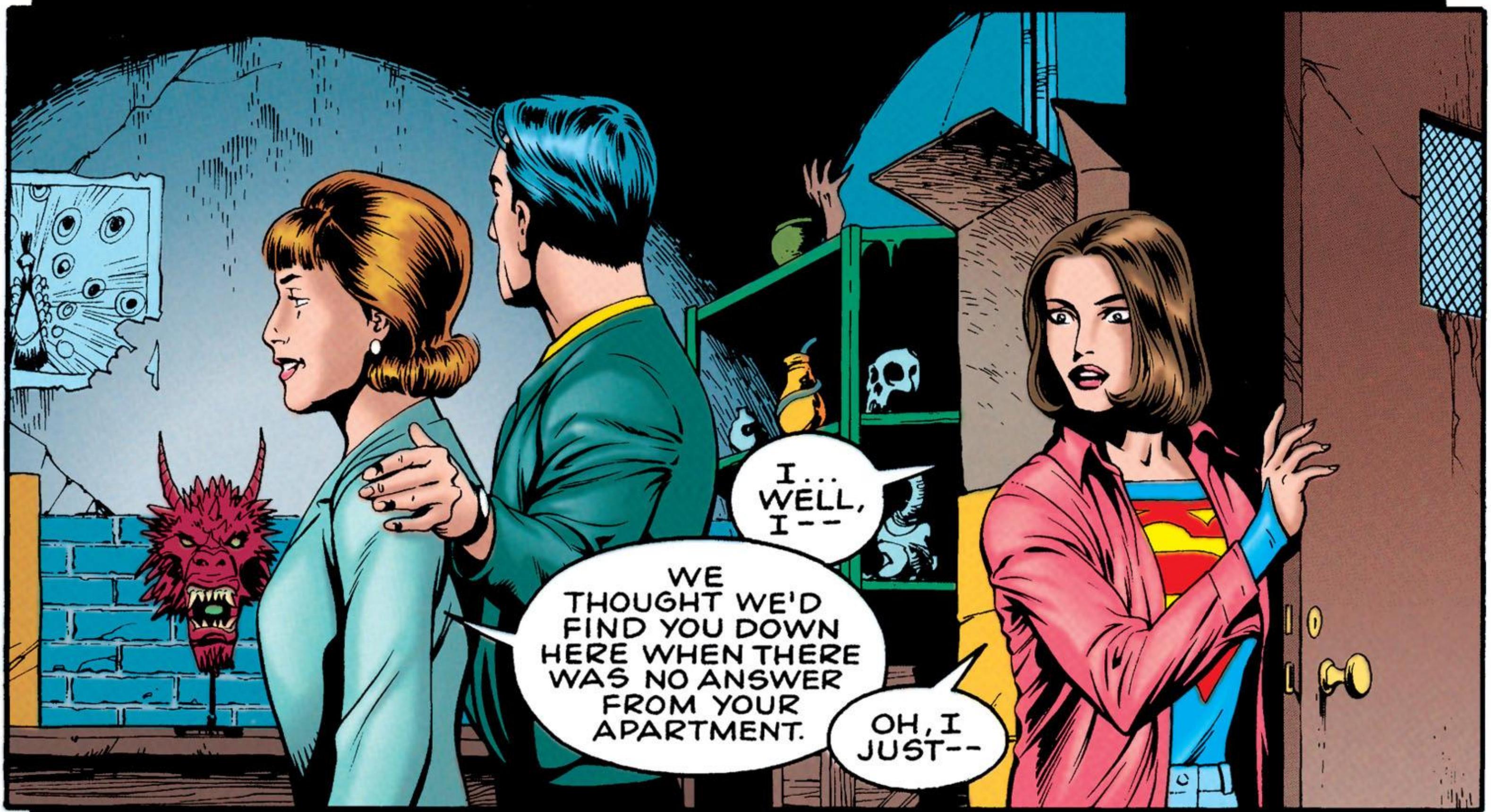
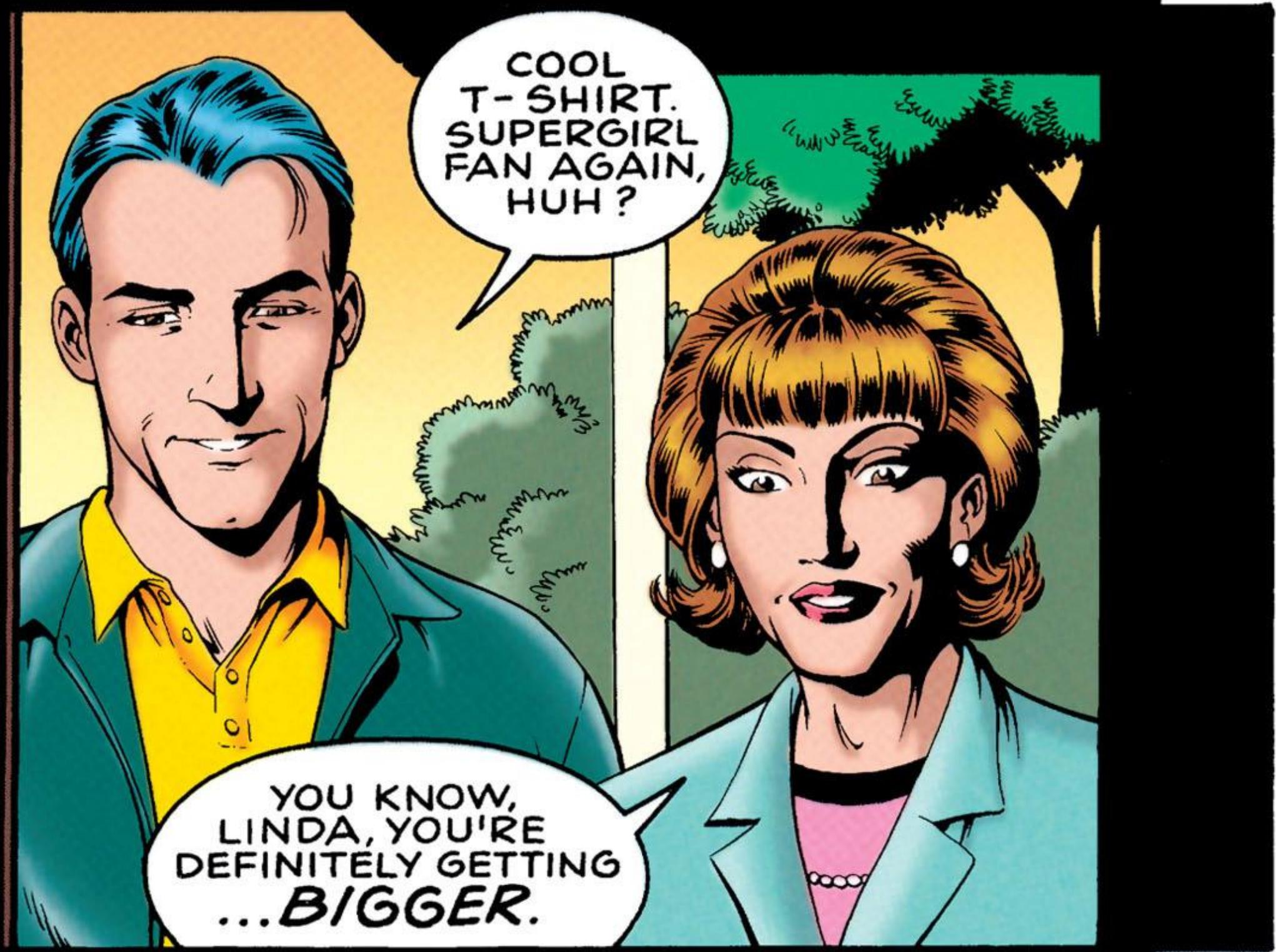
The morph to Linda gets *easier* each time. Wonder if that's good or bad.

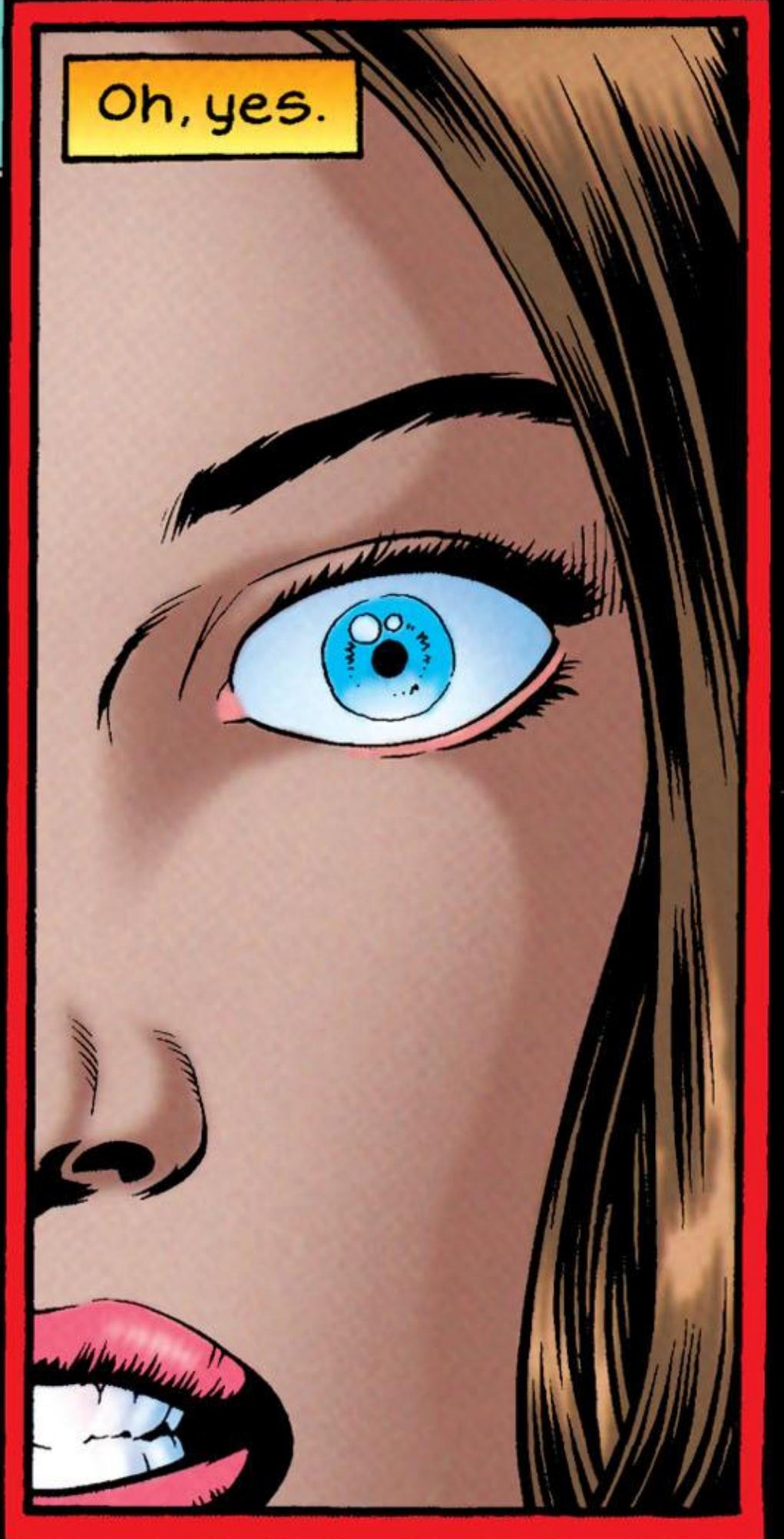
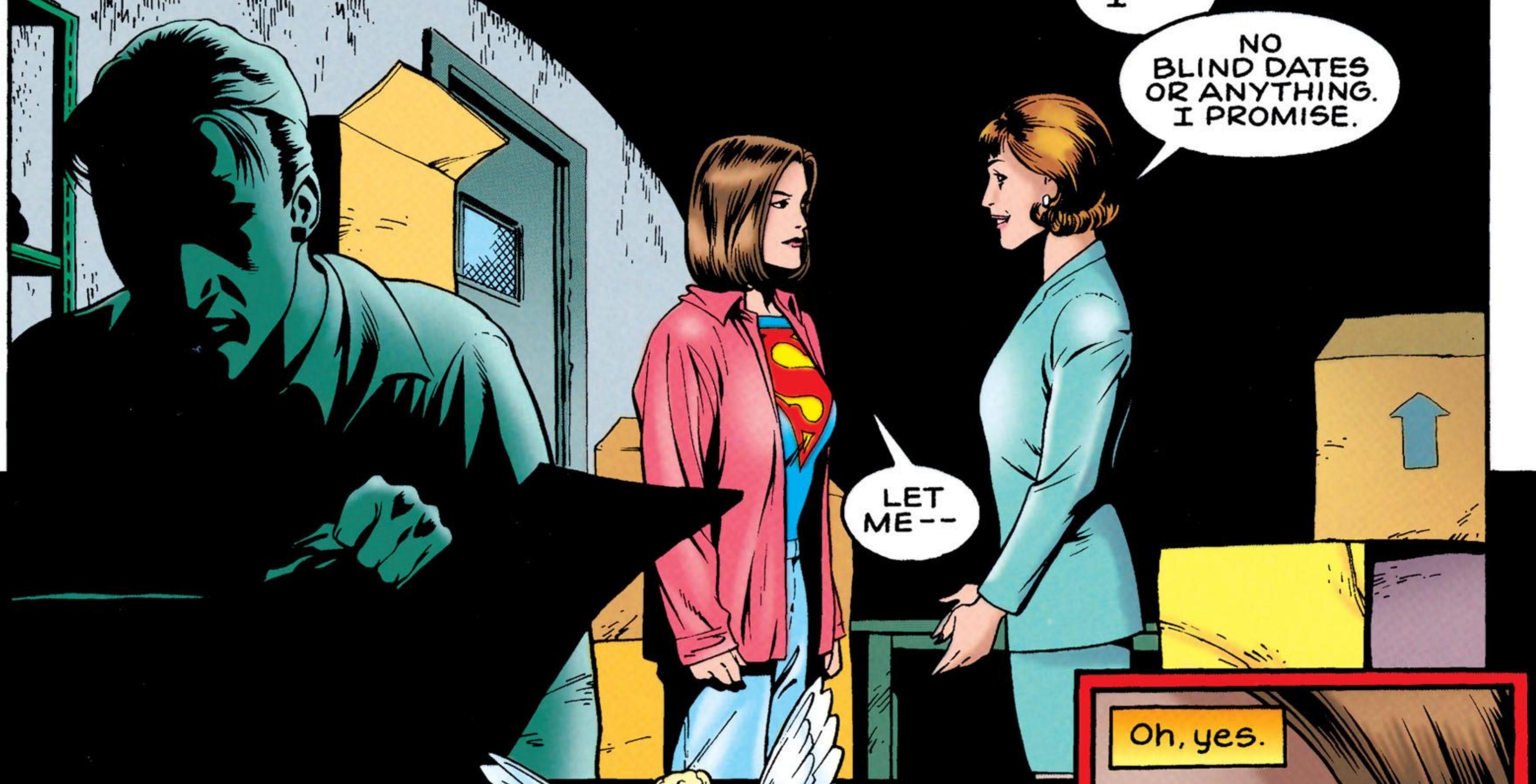
LINDA!

HI,
MOM.DAD.
WHAT'S...

... UP?

No! oh, no!
stupidstupid-
stupidstupid.





Memories of Reverend Meeke leading the congregation in applause...

...and of Mrs. Meeke, his wife.

My... Linda's friend.

OH, LINDA, IT
REALLY IS A BEAUTIFUL
PIECE. IF YOU CAN BEAR
TO PART WITH HER, I'M
SURE SHE'D BE VERY HAPPY
ON MY MANTLEPIECE.

I feel Linda's happiness the next day. I feel her anticipation, her...

YOU DIRTY COW!

I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR LIES!

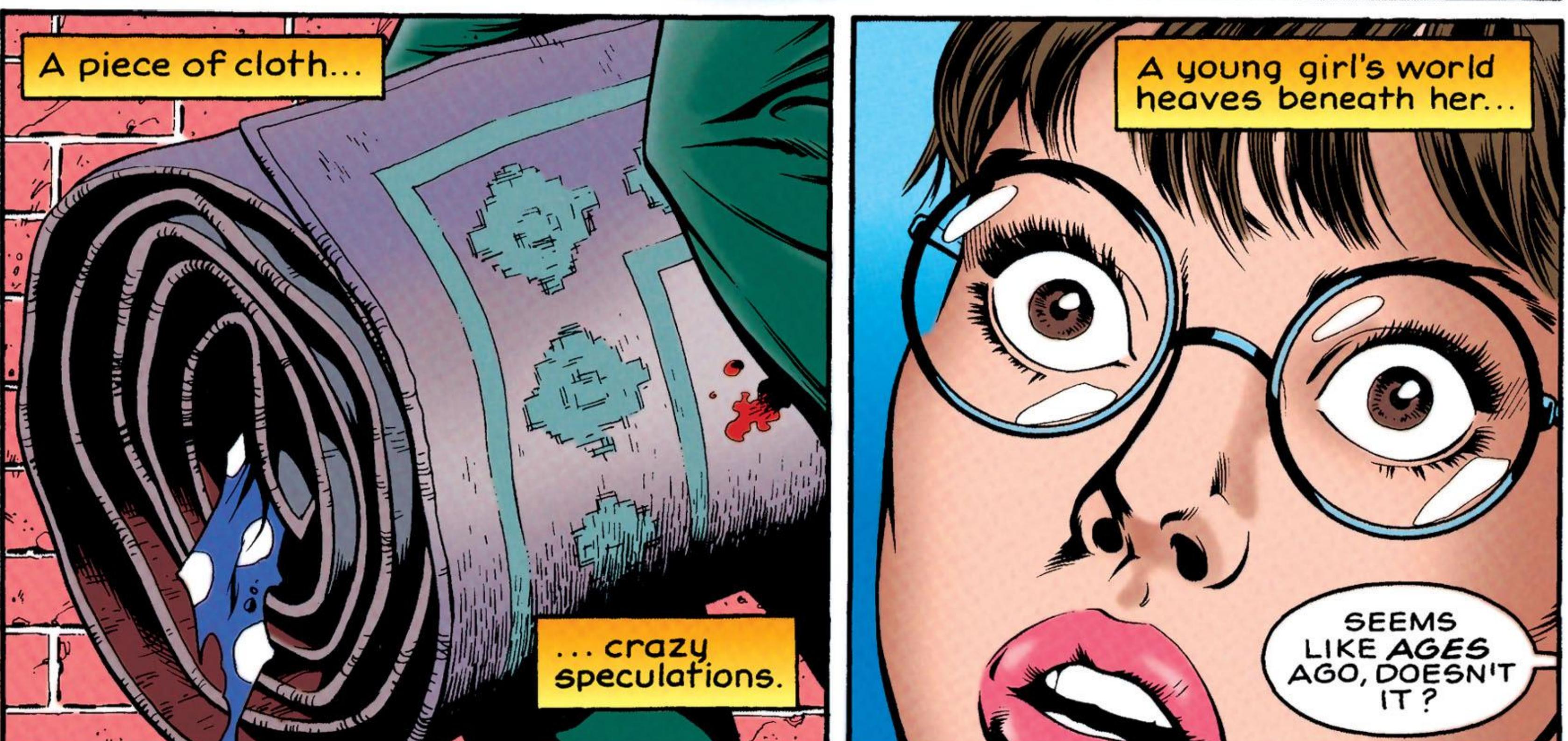
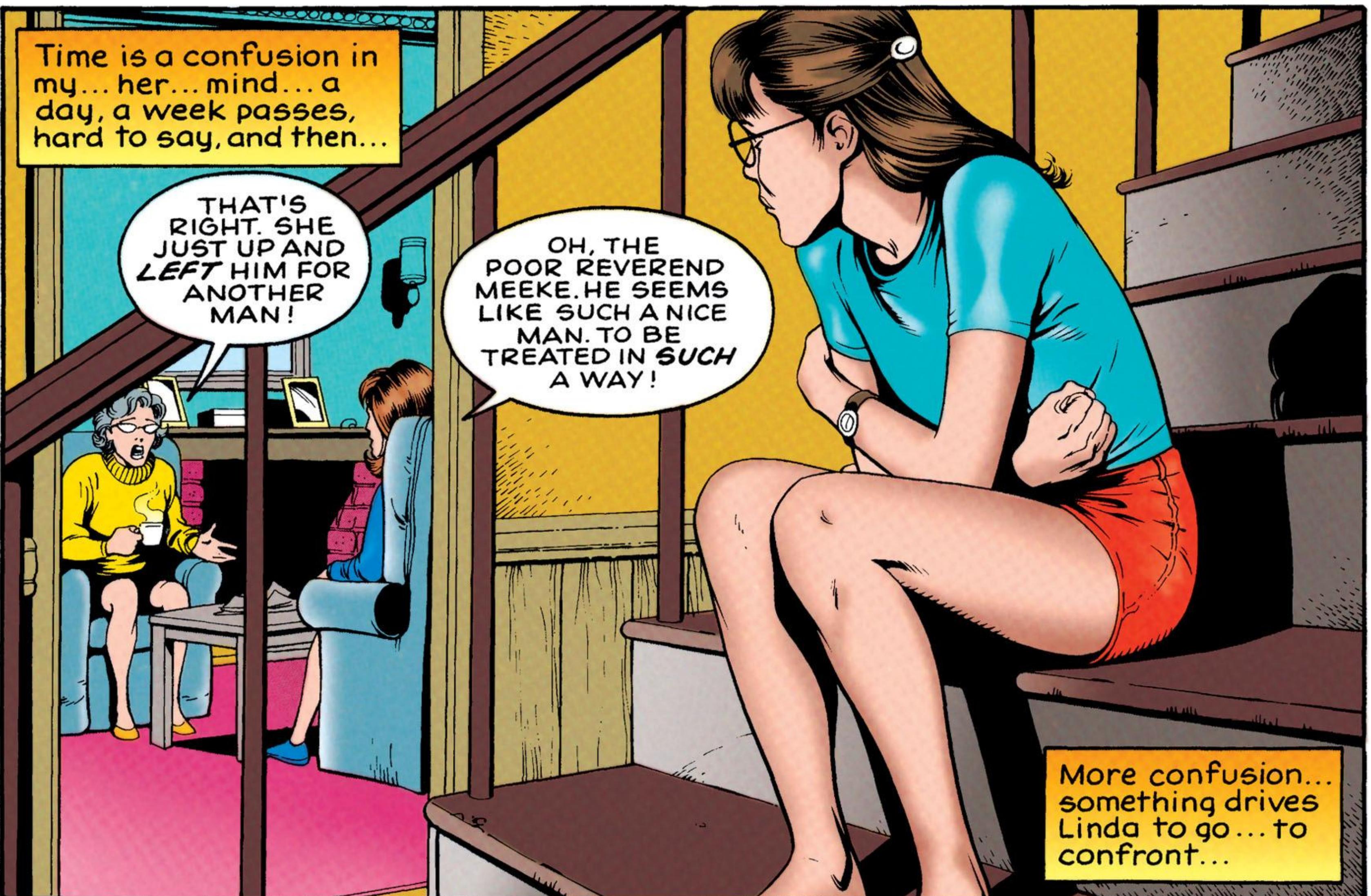
DO YOU HEAR ME?

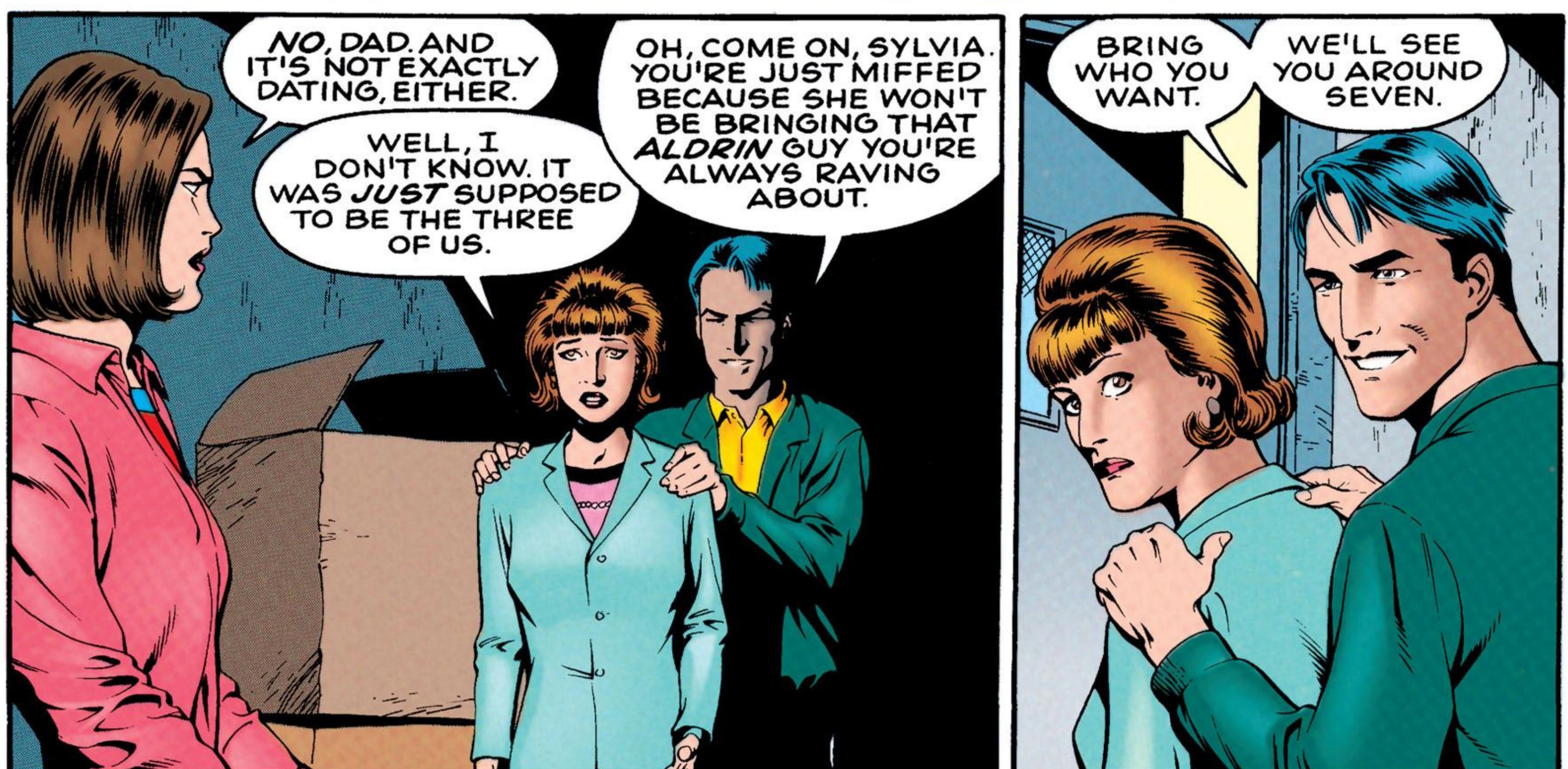
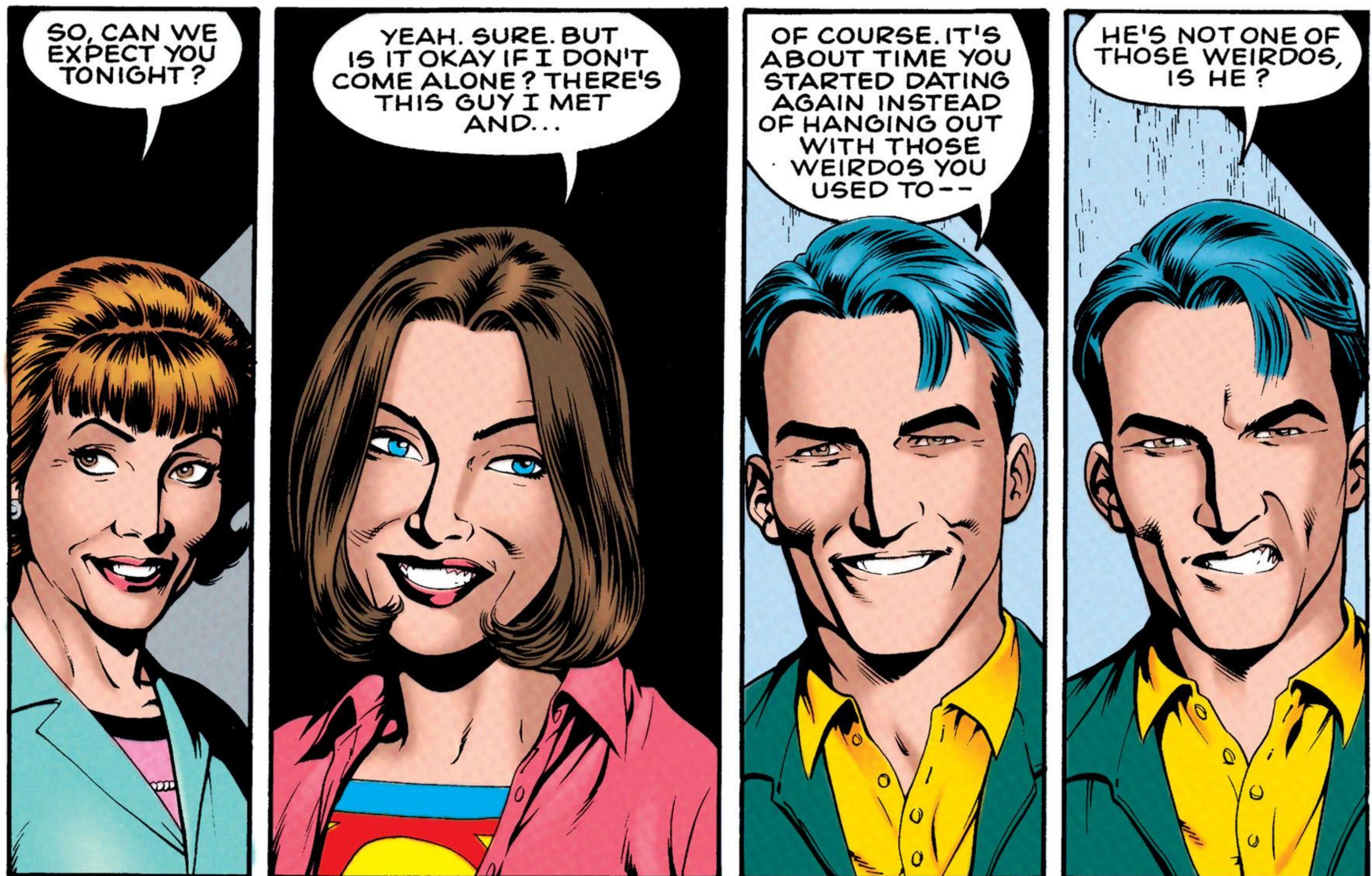
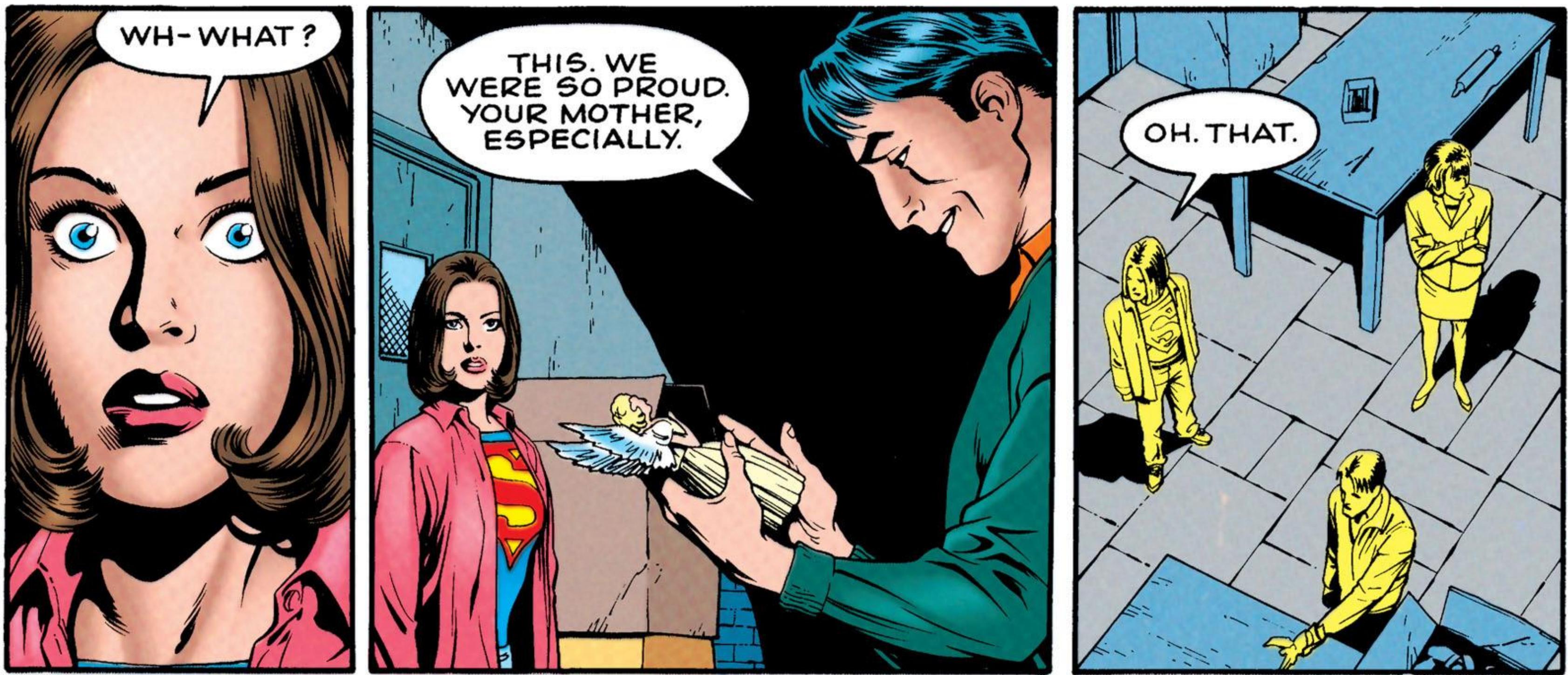
NO...

...MORE...

...LIES!

...her fear.





I'm almost relieved to get out of Linda's skin as I switch back to Supergirl...

...except I feel myself still in her skin, even more than before.

I had thought I could redeem a life gone wrong... bring light to a *darkened* soul... and benefit us both.

But perhaps that's *arrogant*. As if I'm so perfect that making Linda more like me automatically brings her soul closer to heaven.

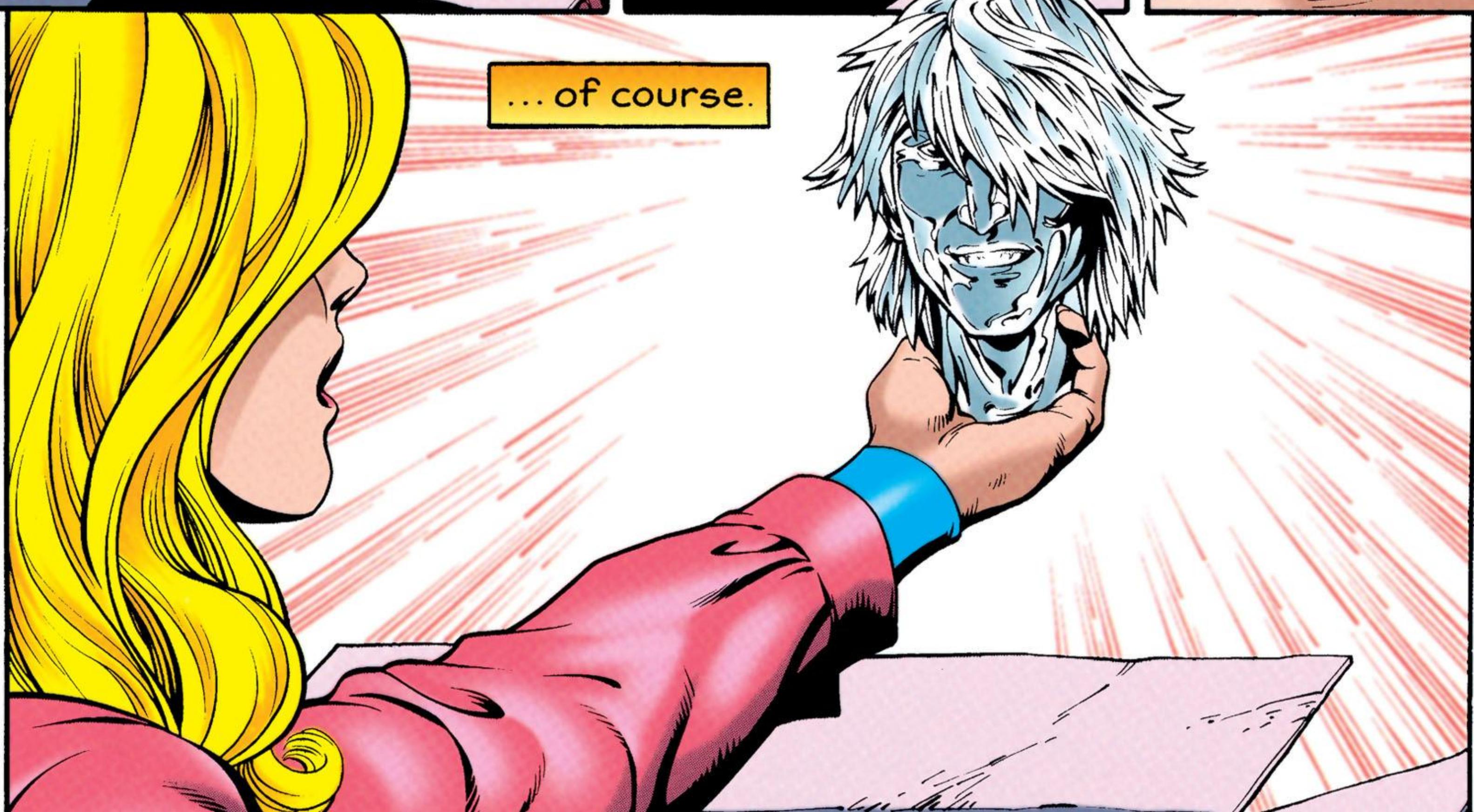
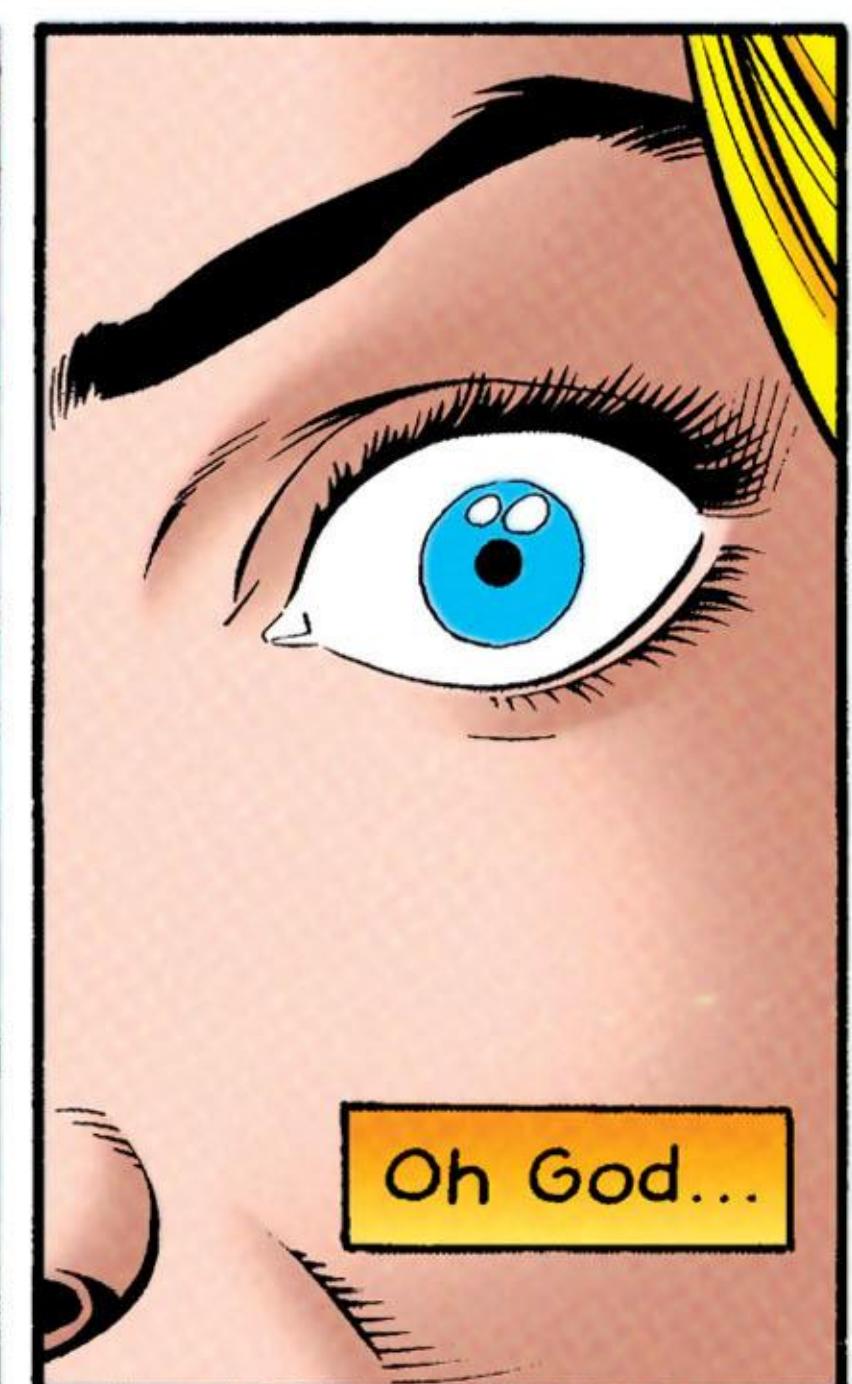
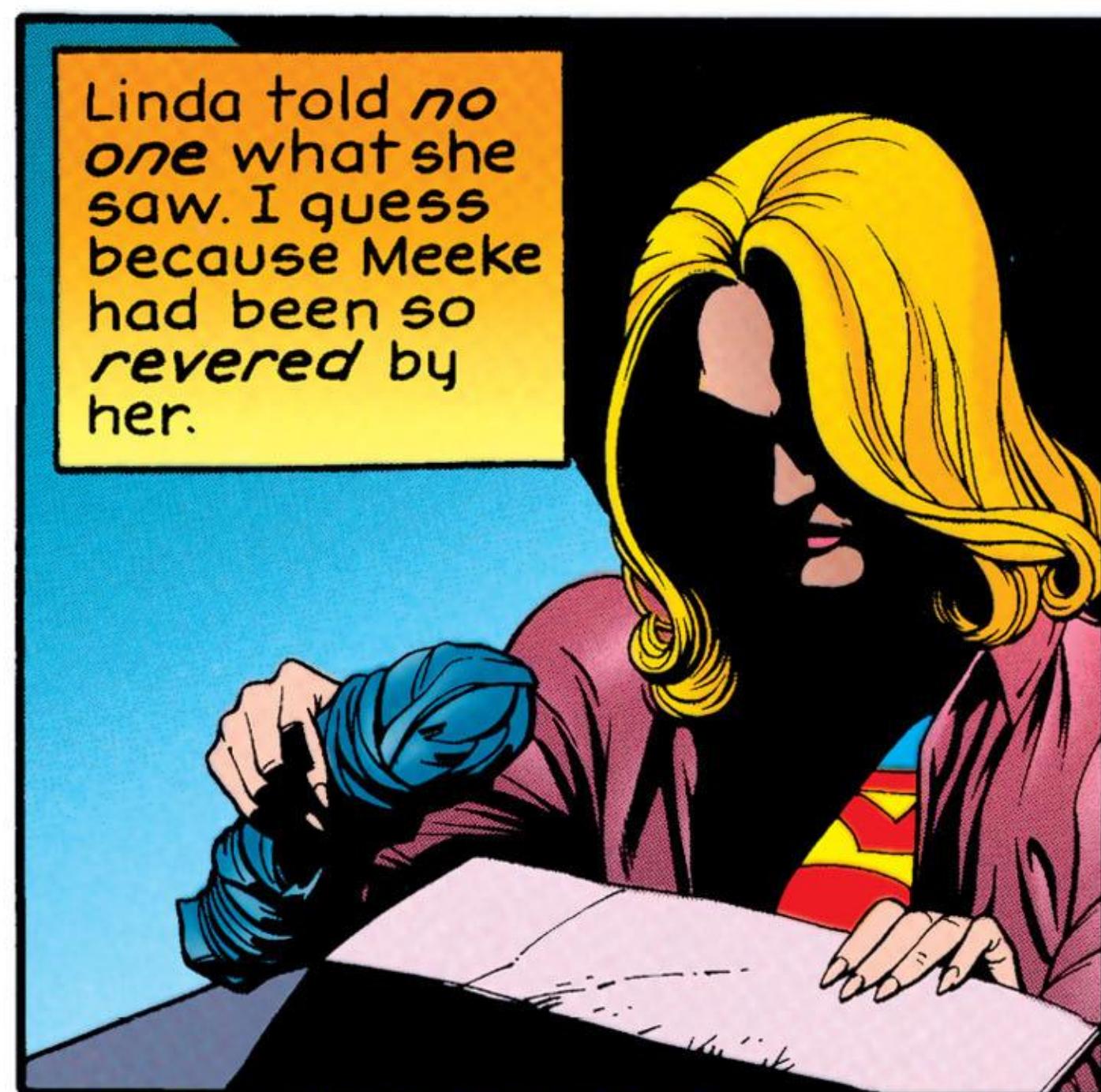
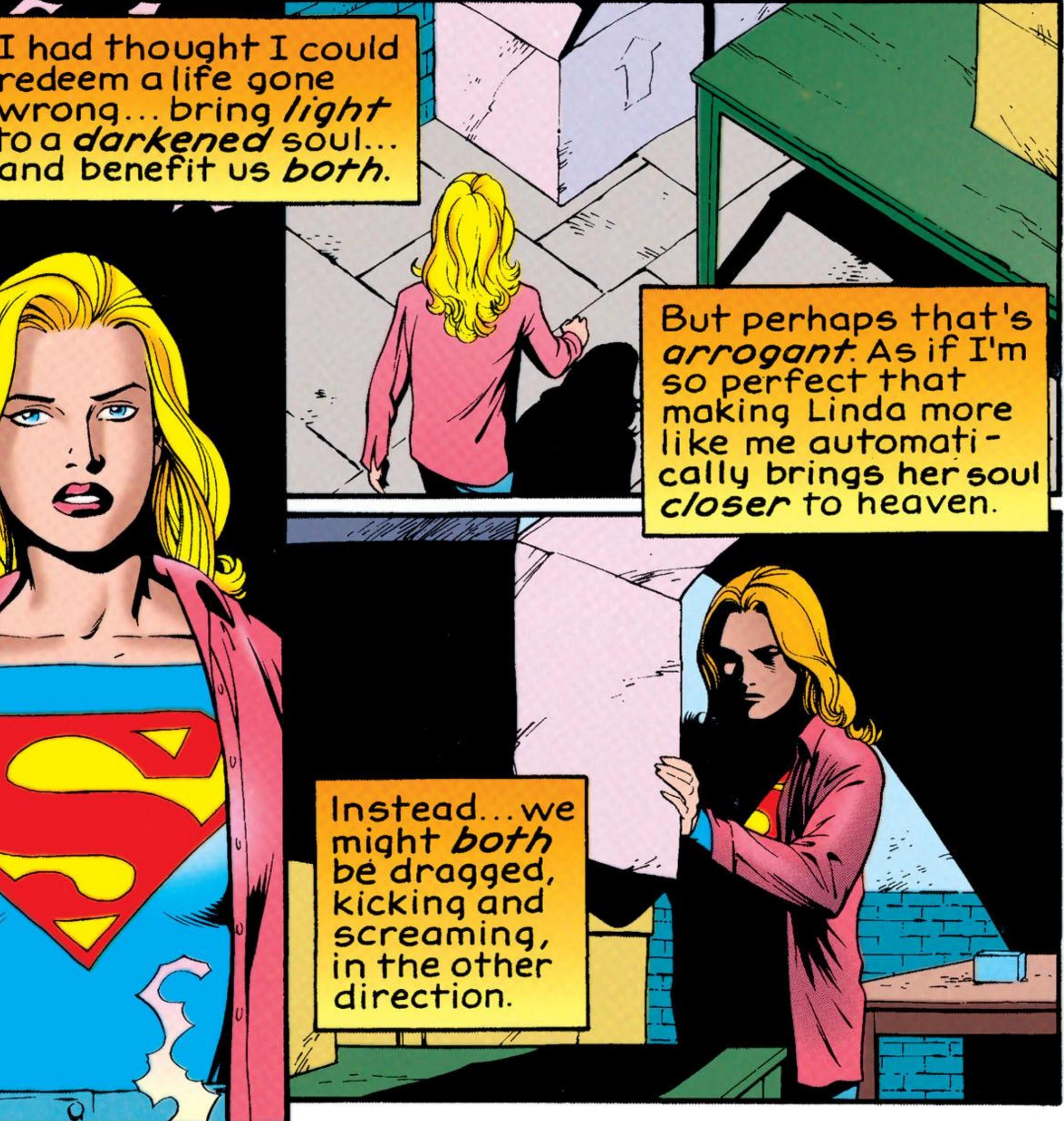
Instead... we might *both* be dragged, kicking and screaming, in the other direction.

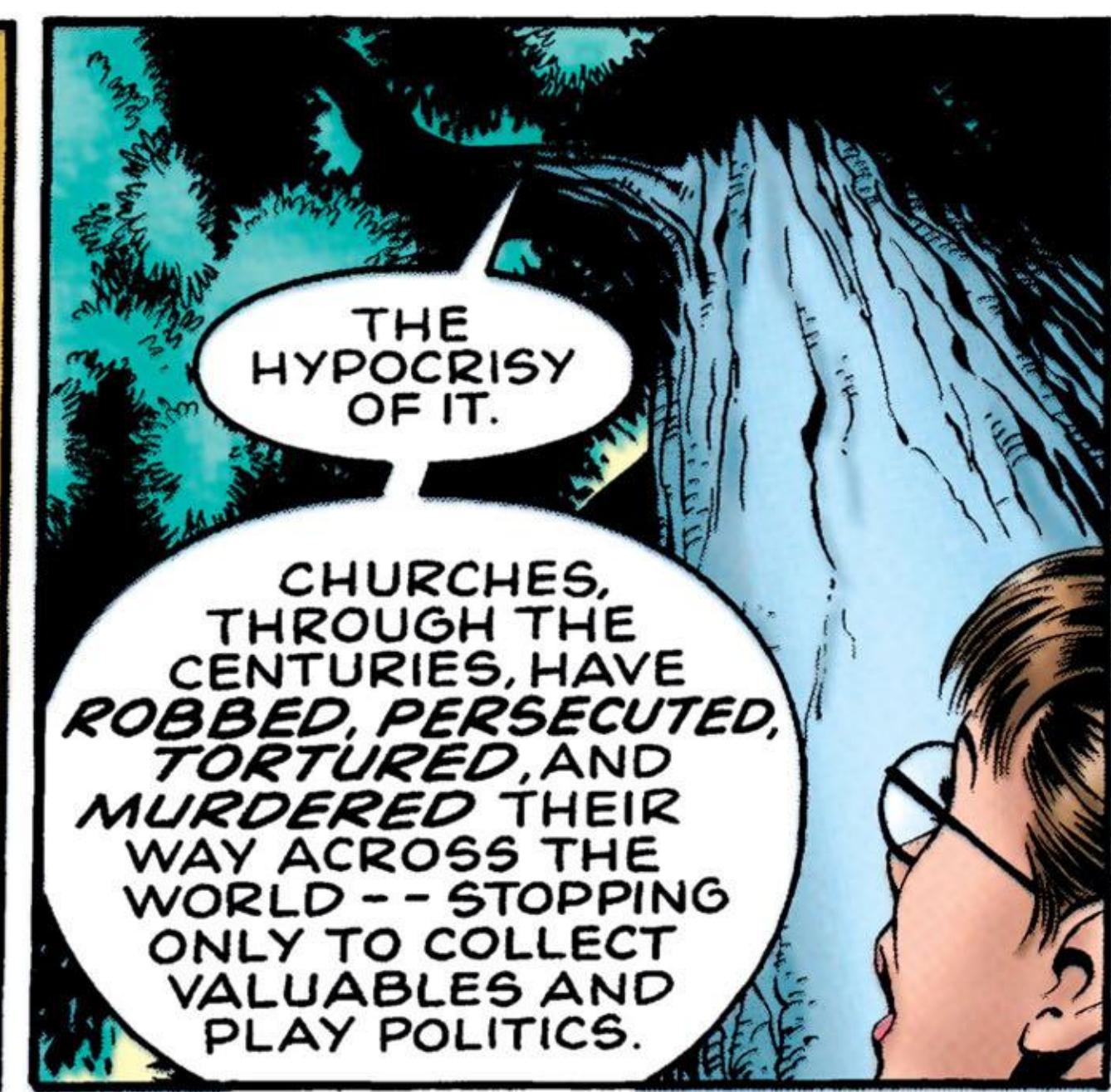
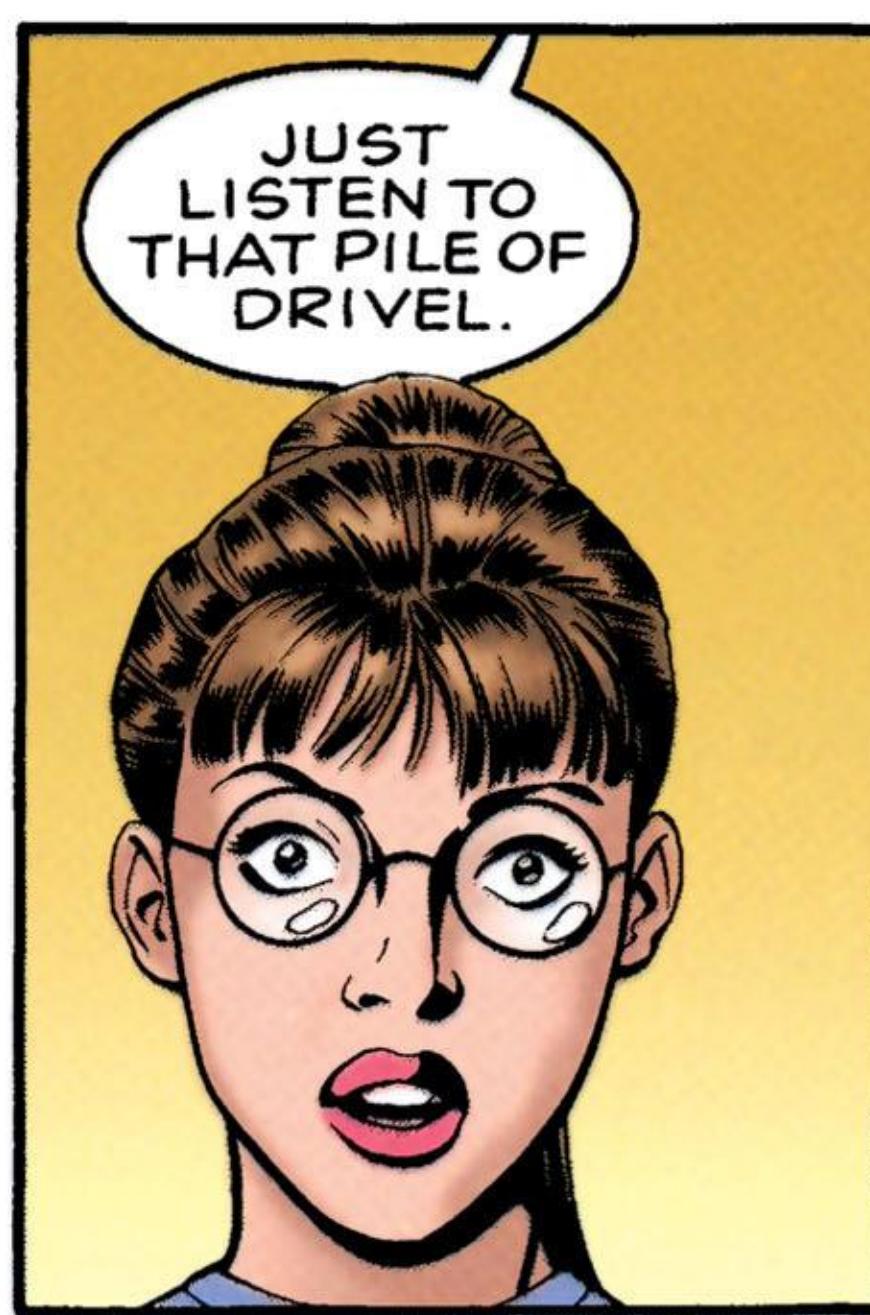
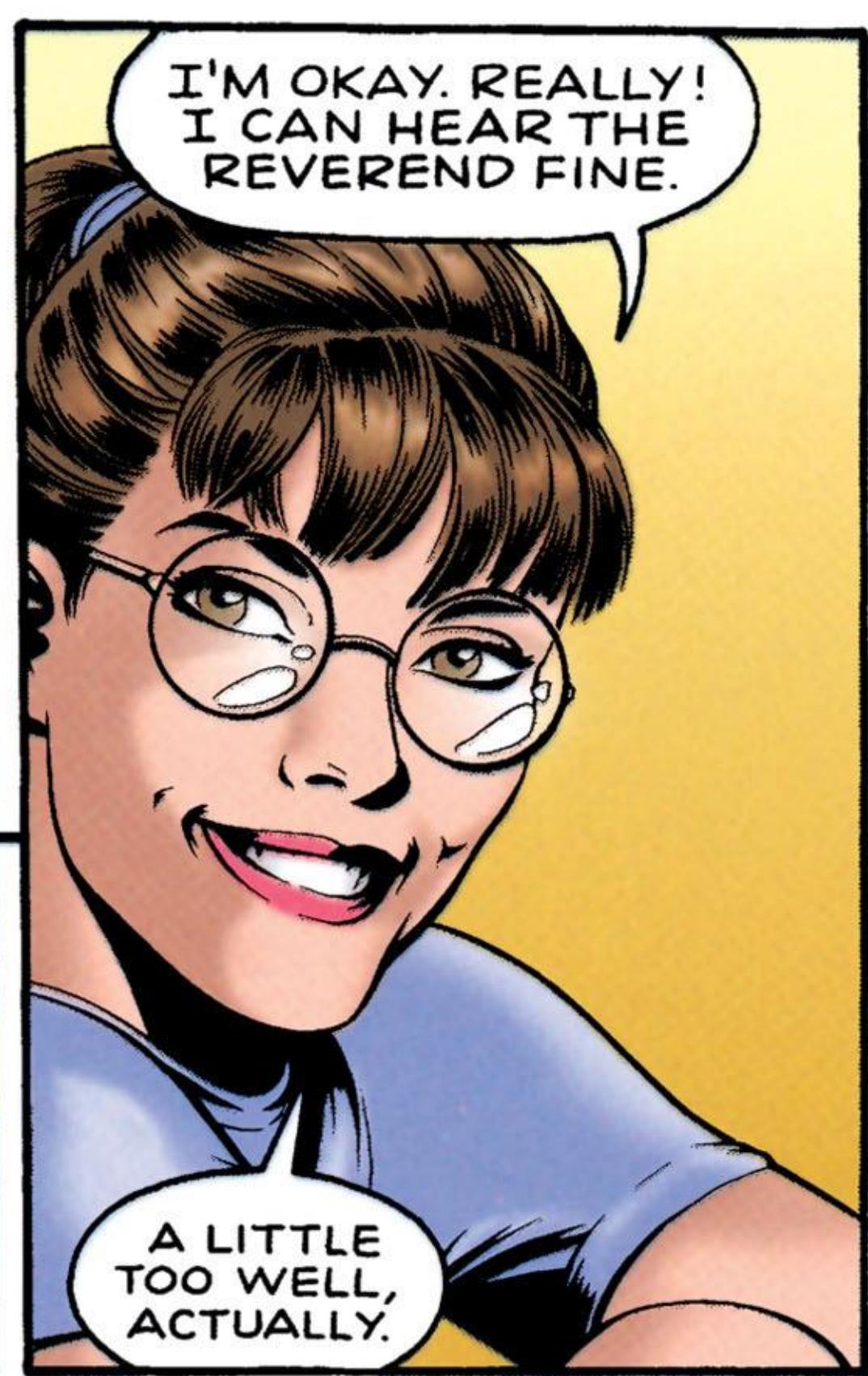
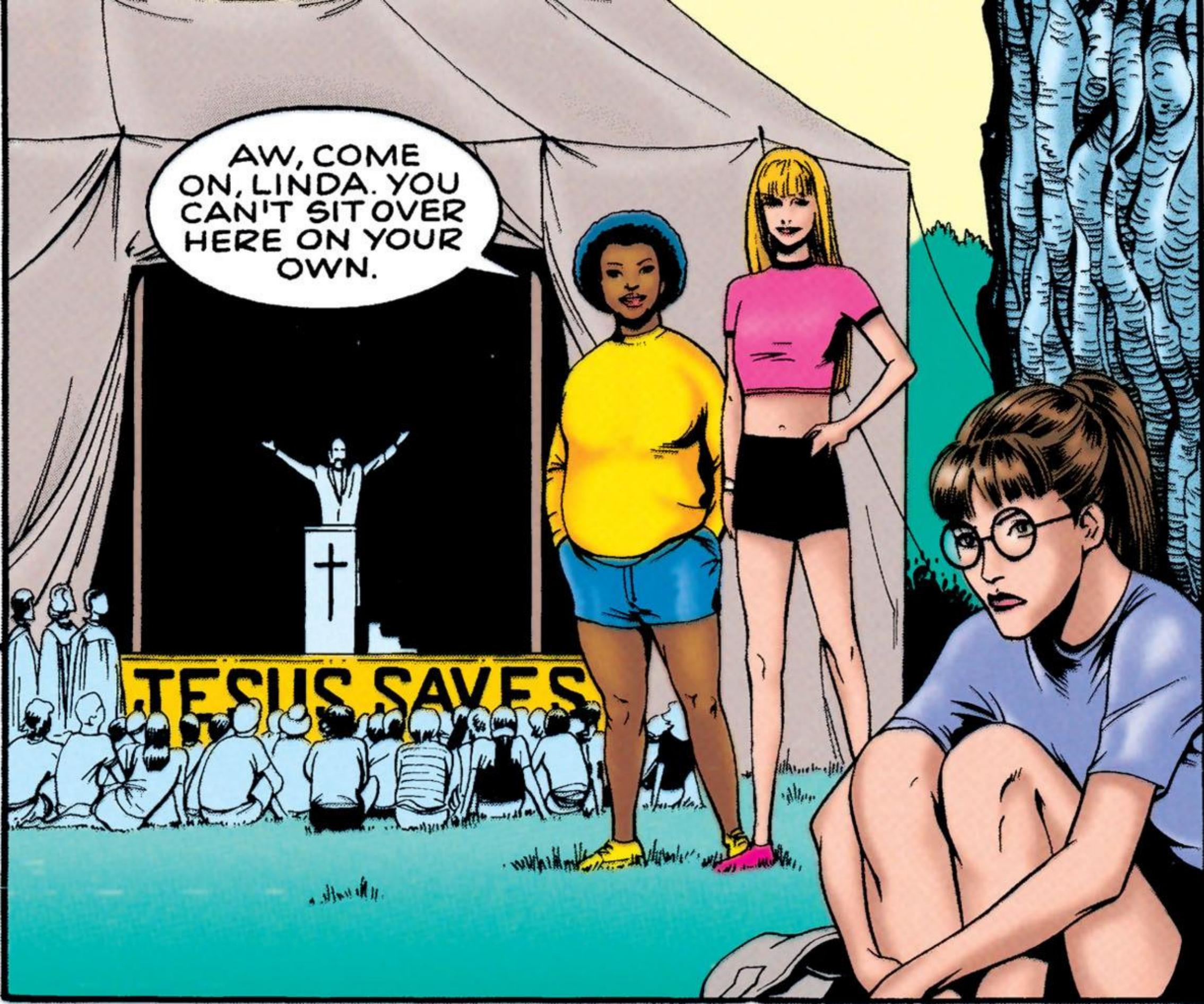
Linda told *no one* what she saw. I guess because Meeke had been so revered by her.

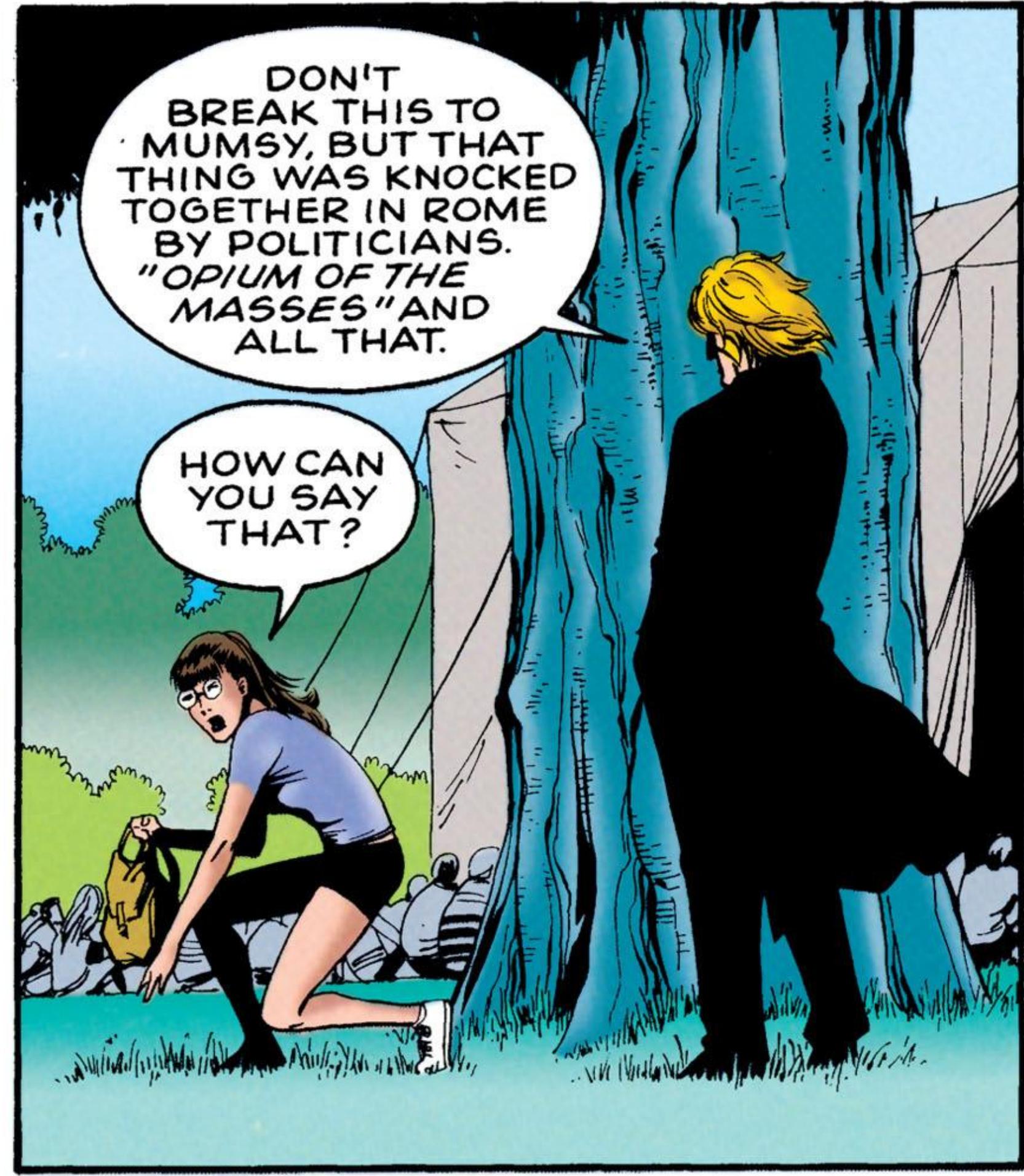
Or maybe someone *kept* her silent. Not her parents. Certainly not Mattie.

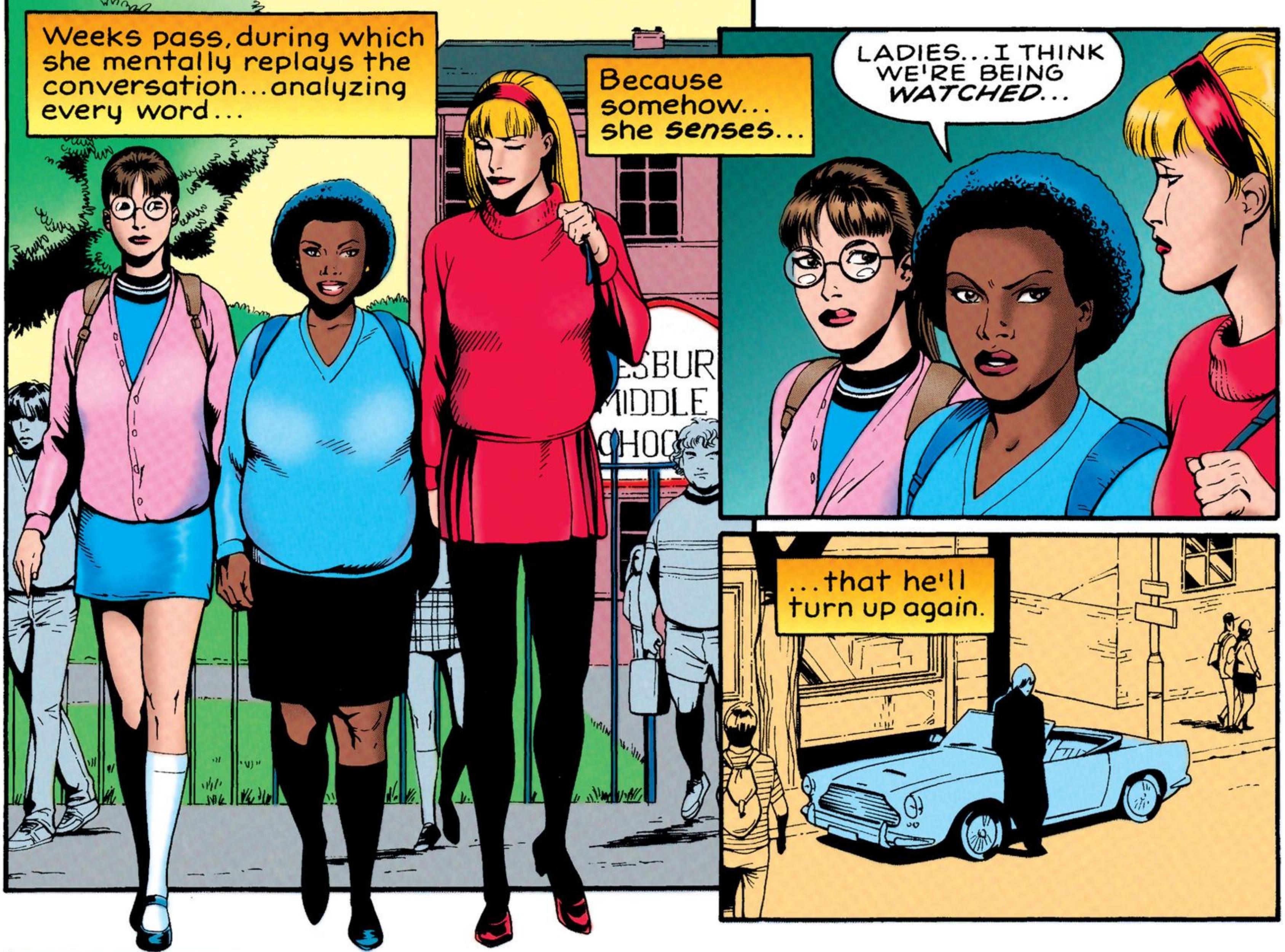
Oh God...

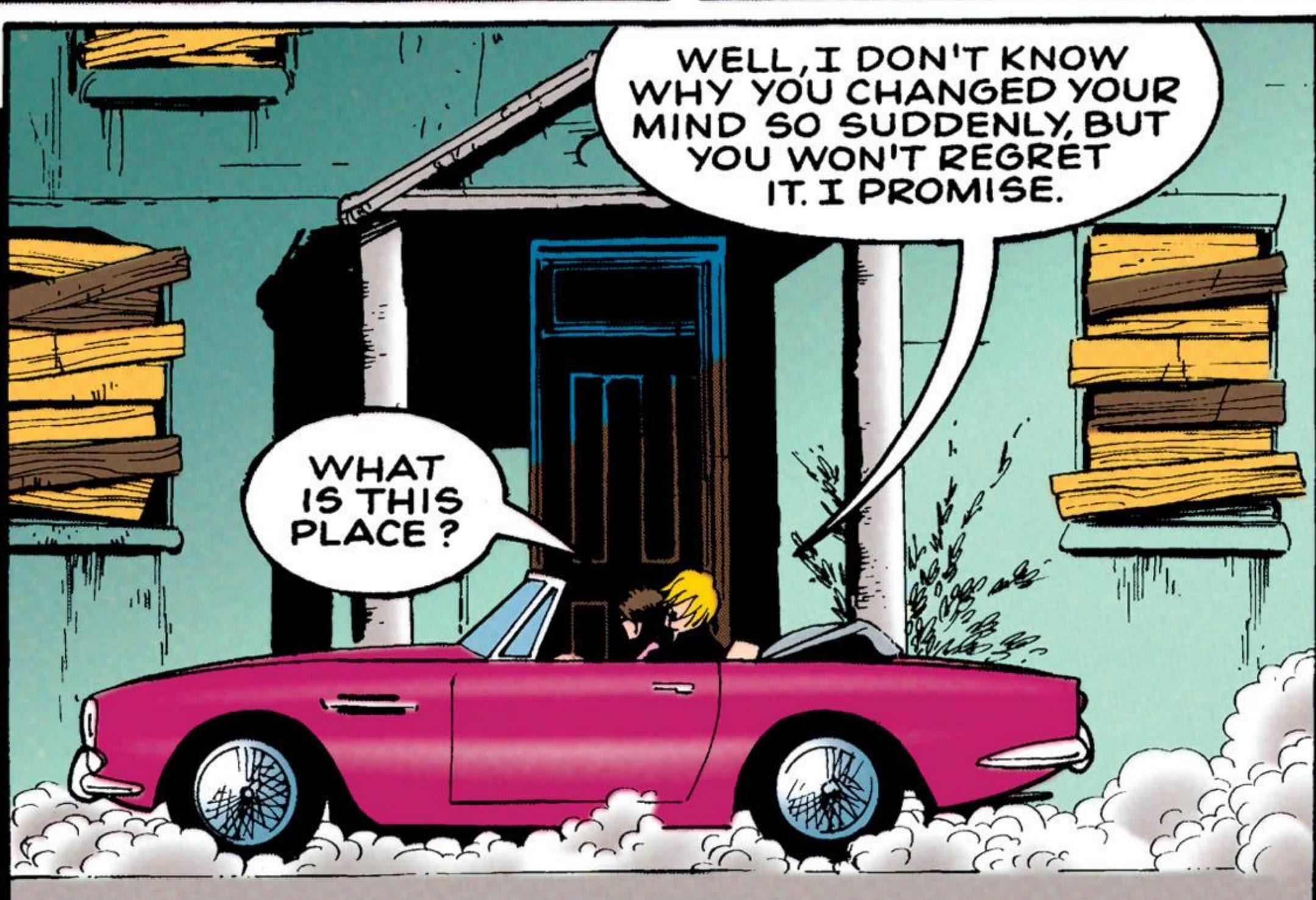
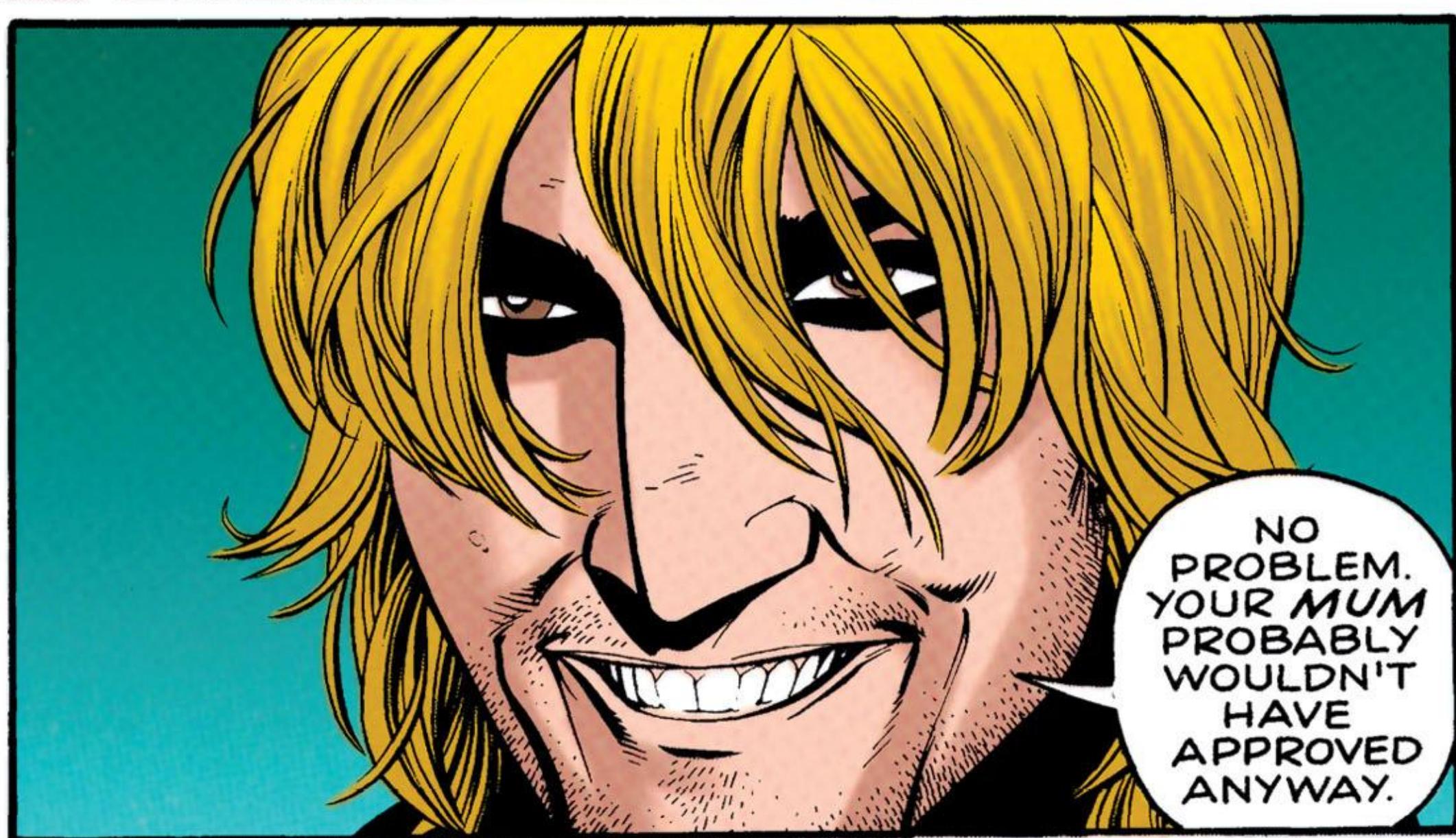
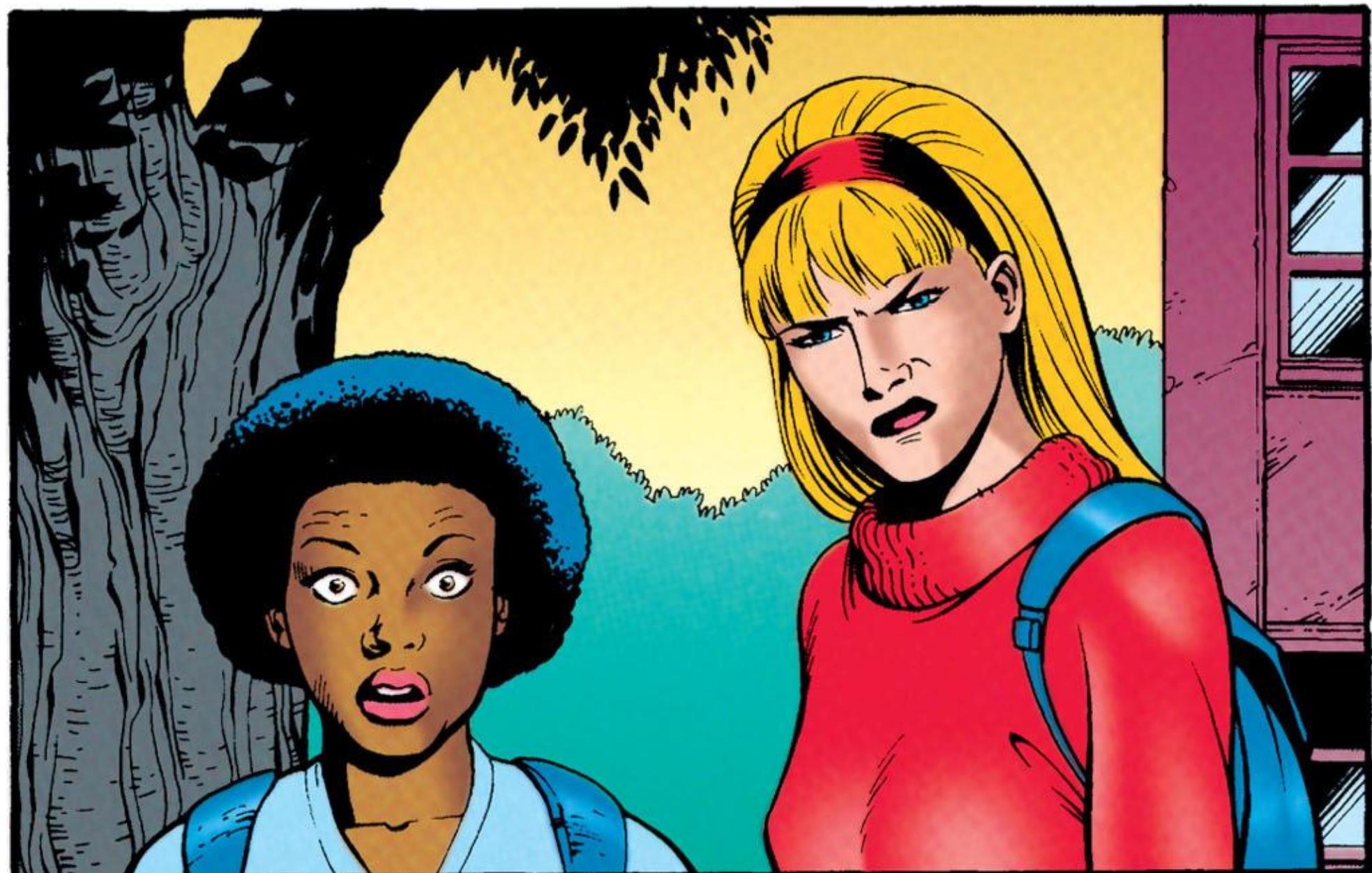
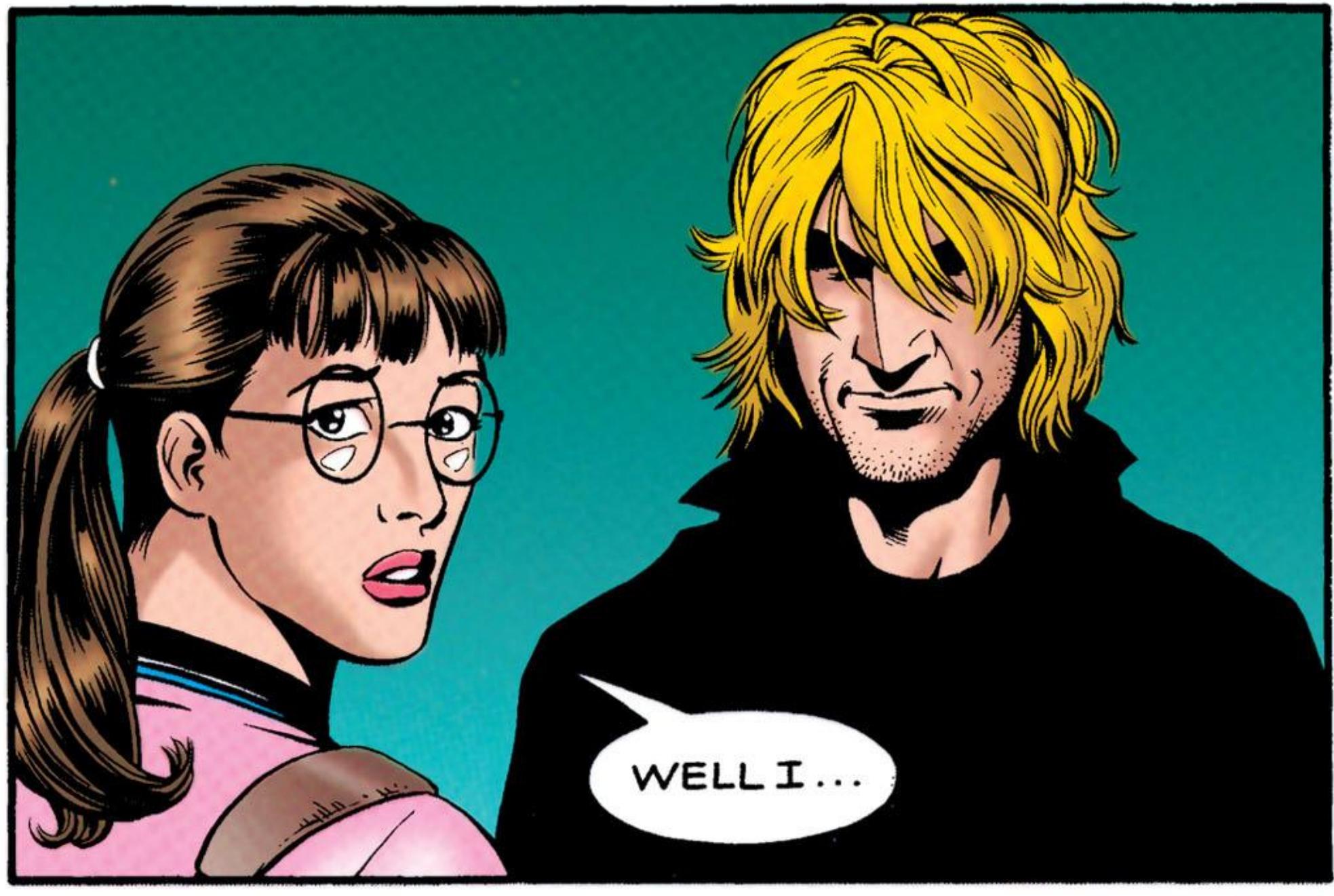
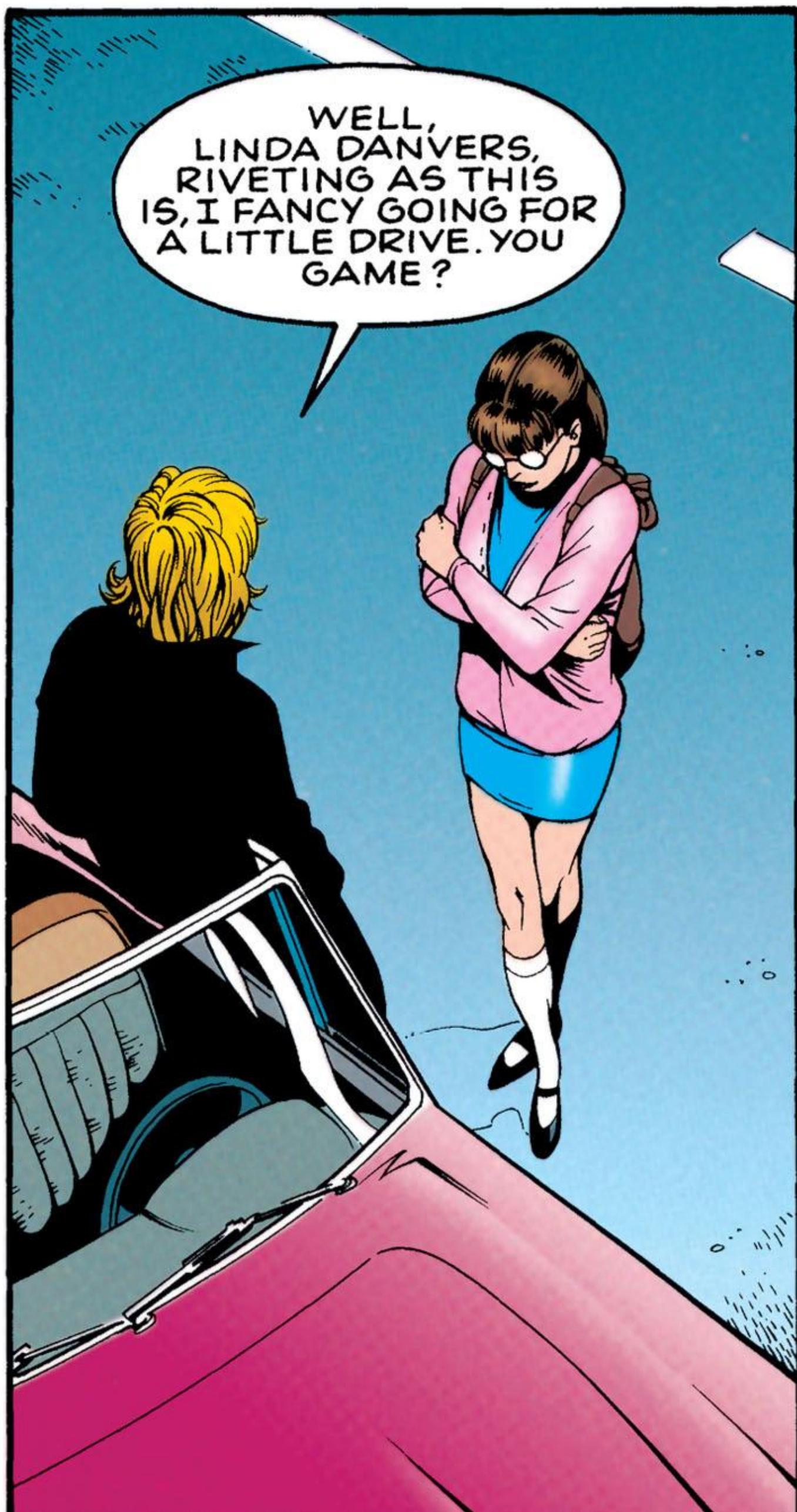
...of course.

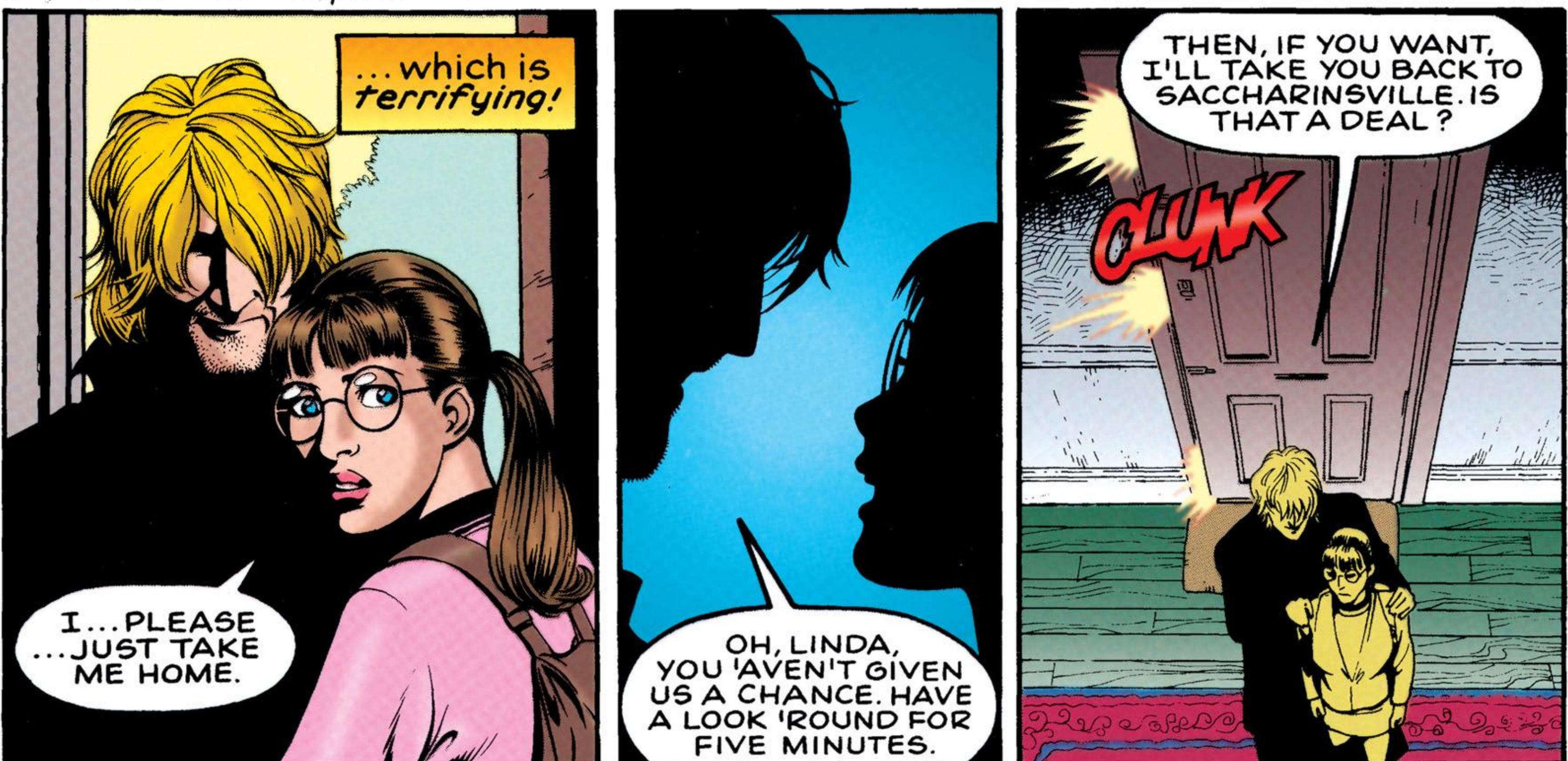
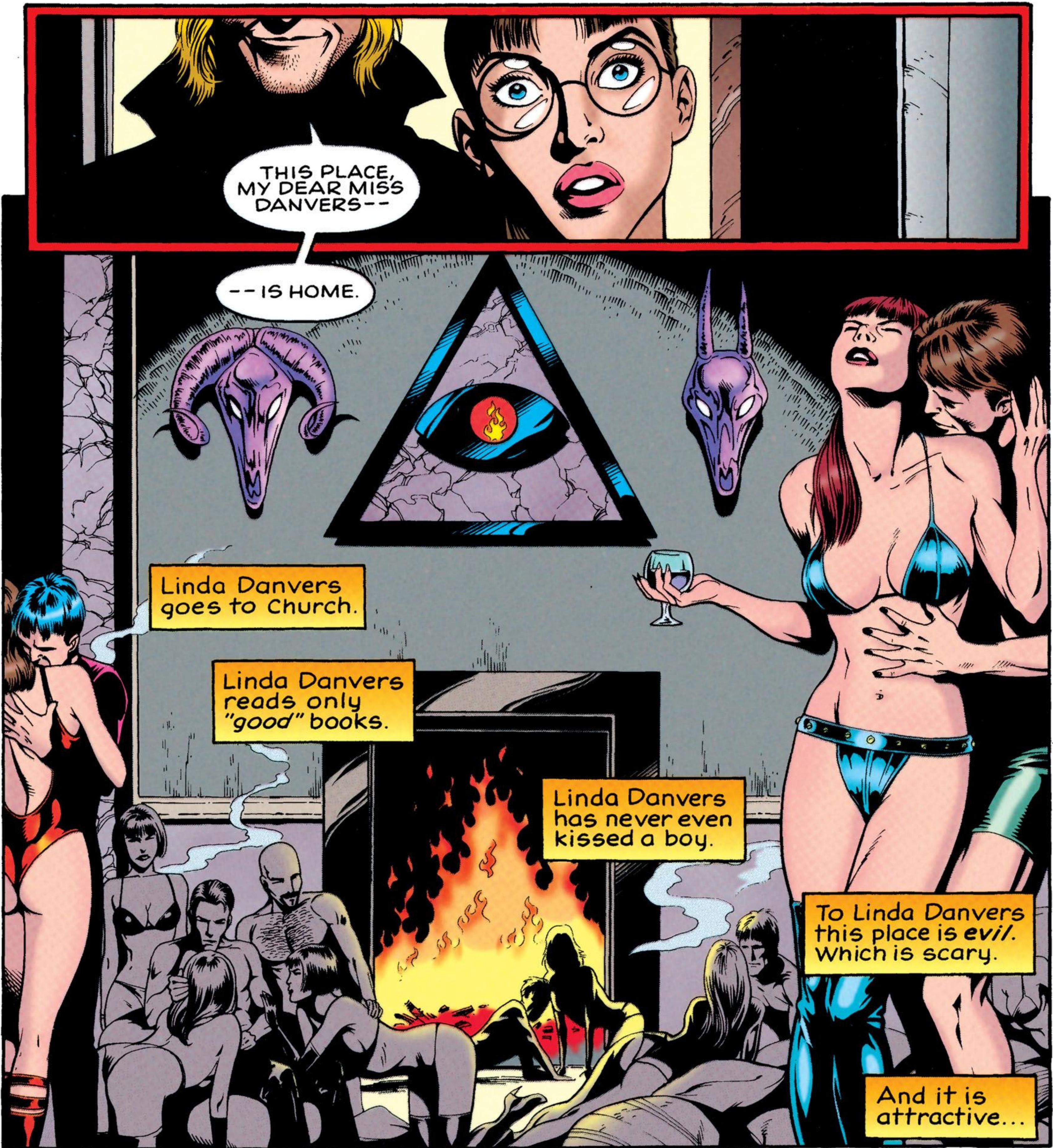












And so begins Linda's initiation into a darker world.

A world which grows darker still as the years pass, as new secrets were revealed. Gradually the macabre becomes commonplace.

And the horrific ... well, that was a laugh.

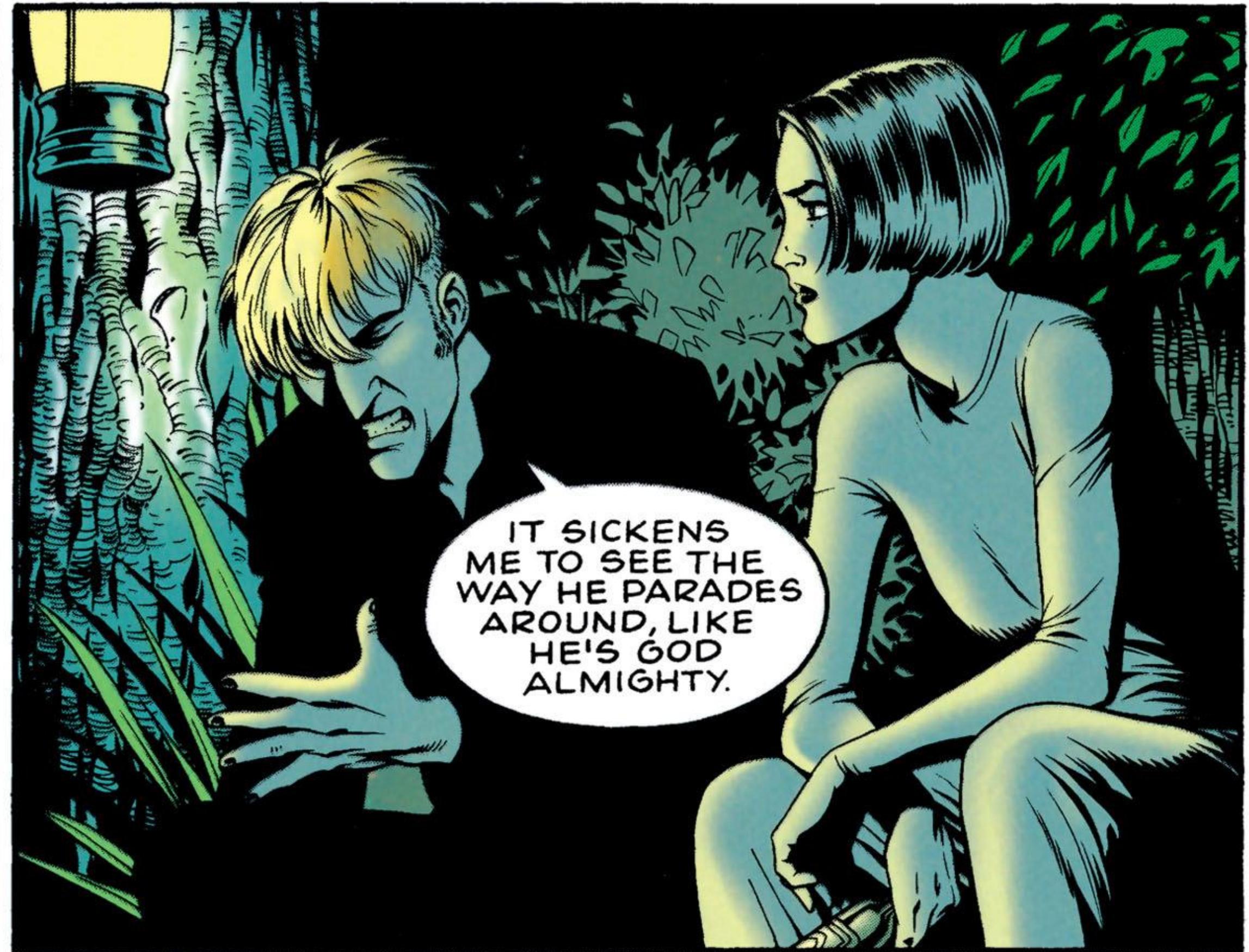
... SO SHE'S COVERED IN BLOOD AND FUR AS SHE MAKES FOR THE DOOR.

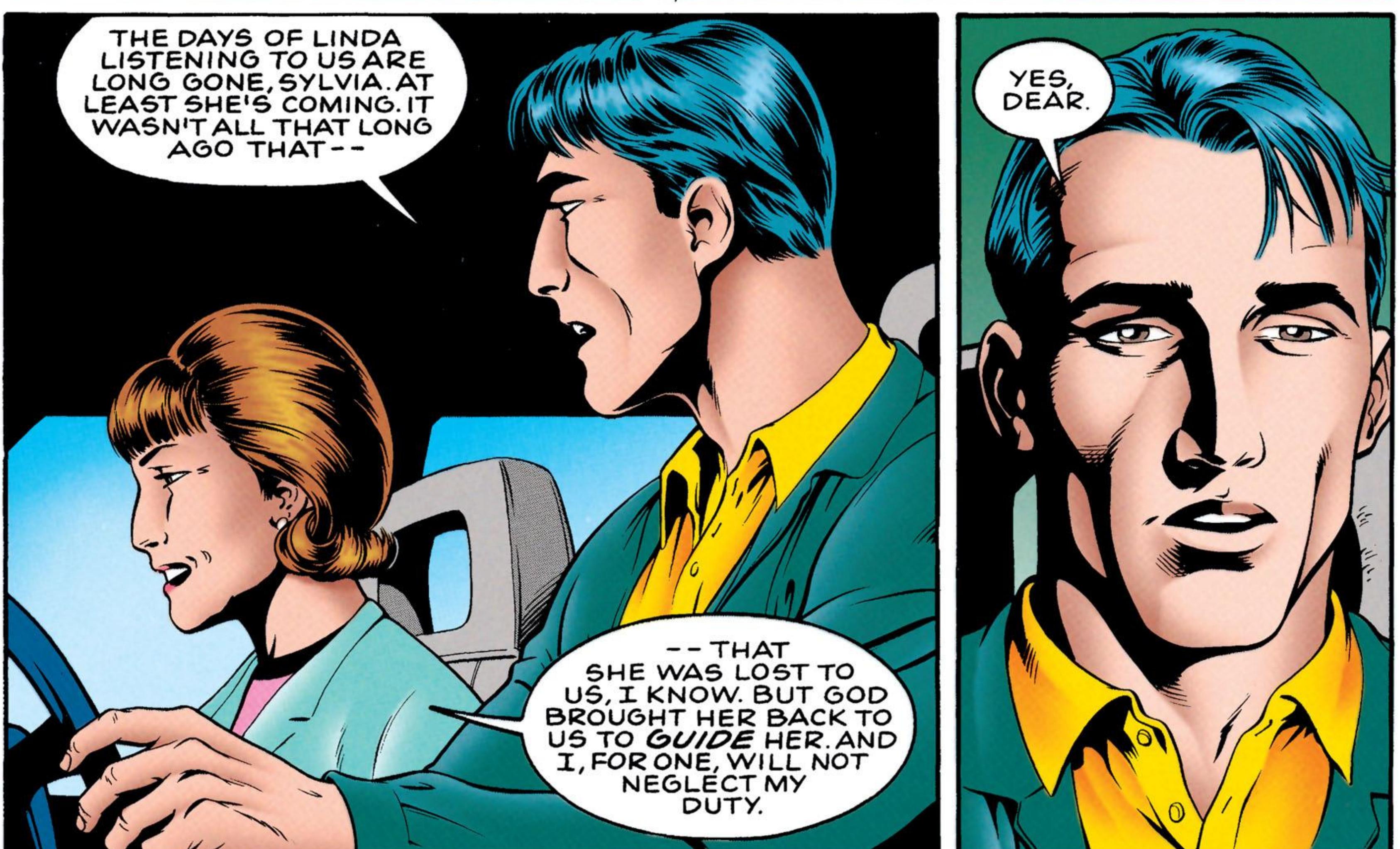
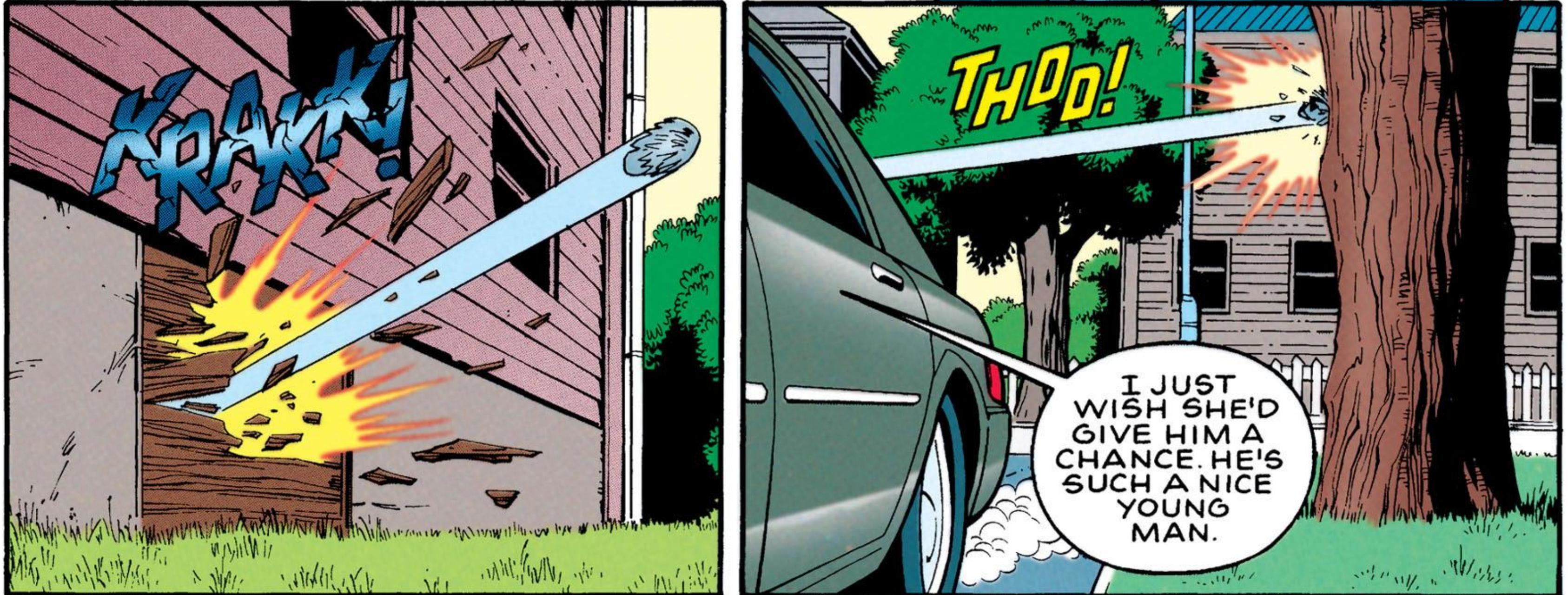
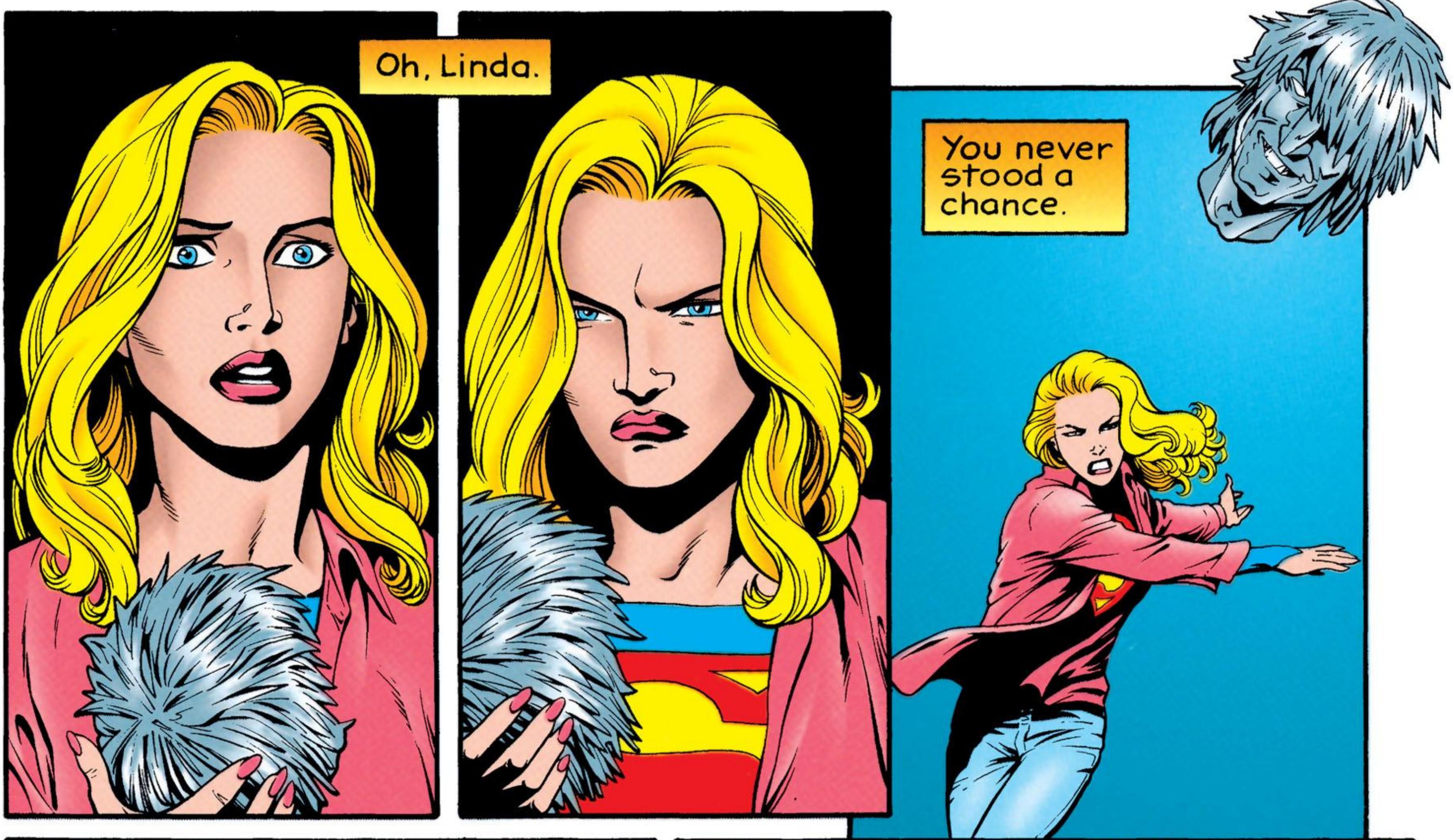
AND HUMBERT SAYS "I SHOULDN'T GO OUT THERE, LOVE. IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS."

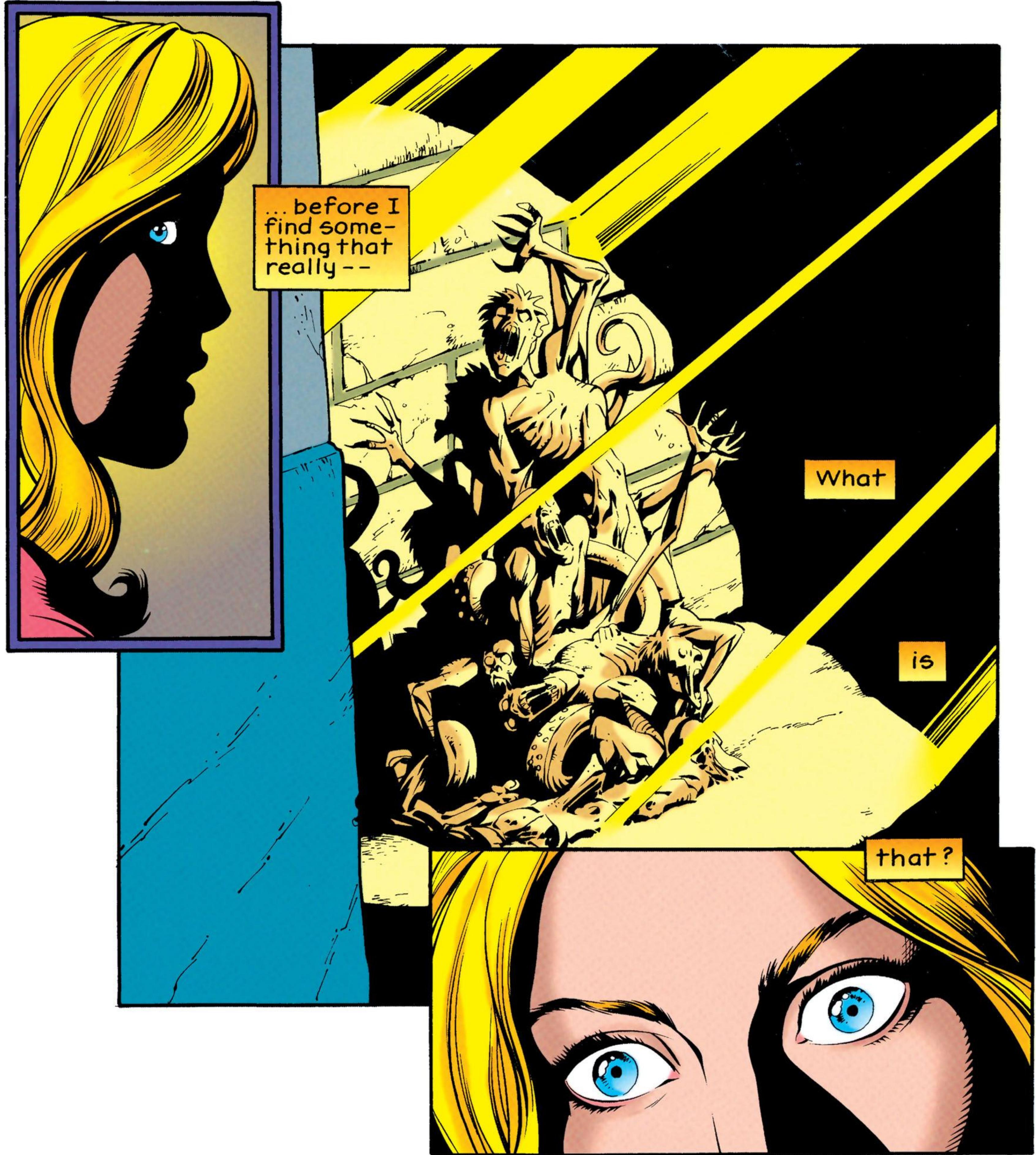
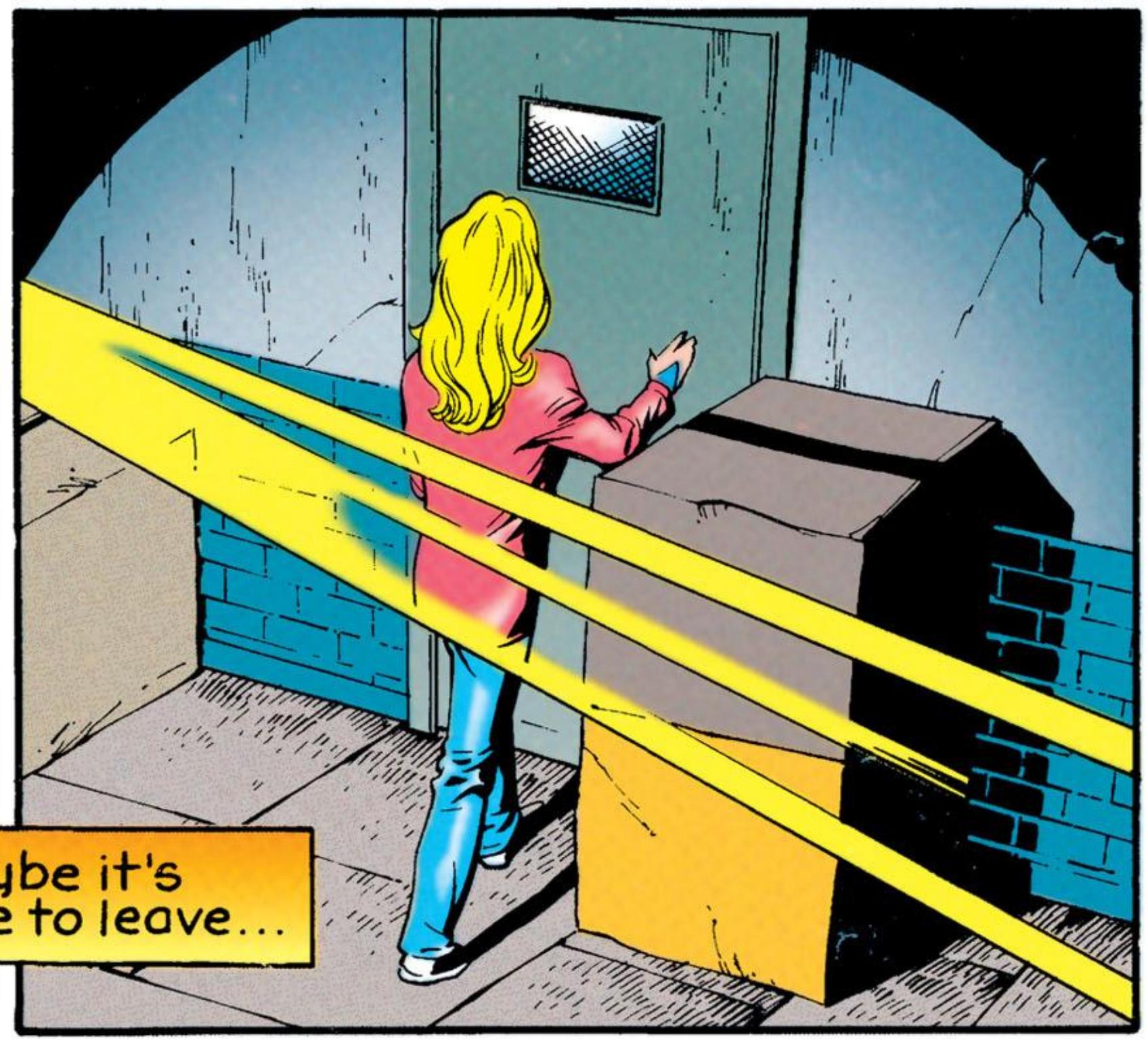
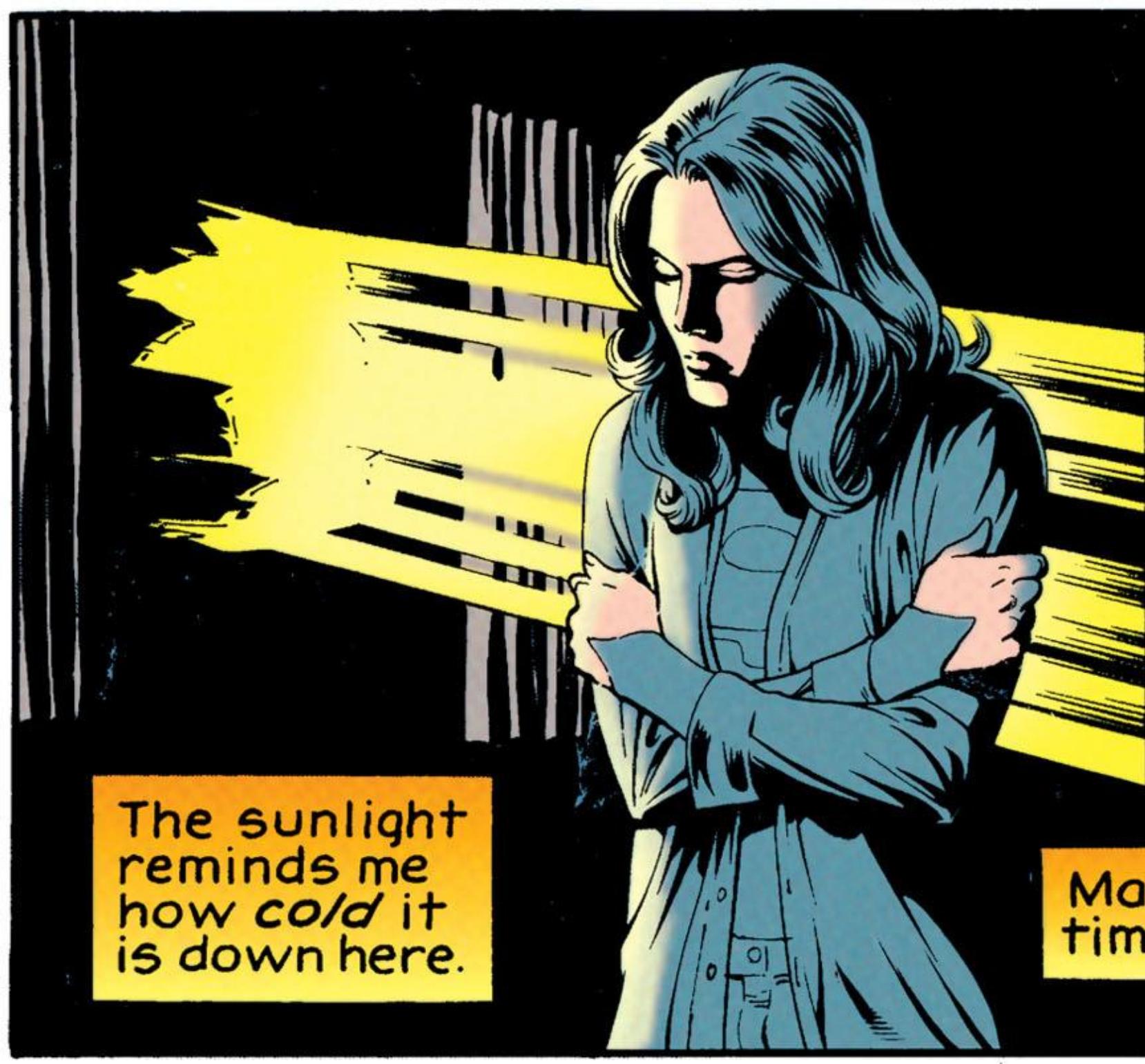
HA HA HA HA

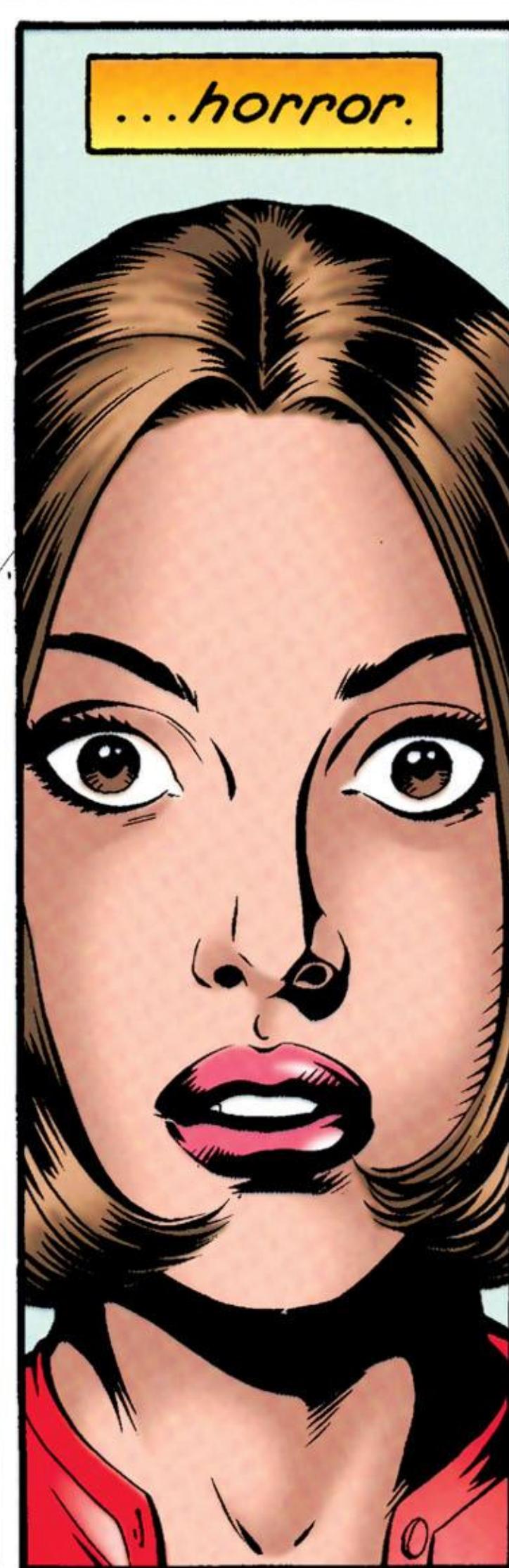
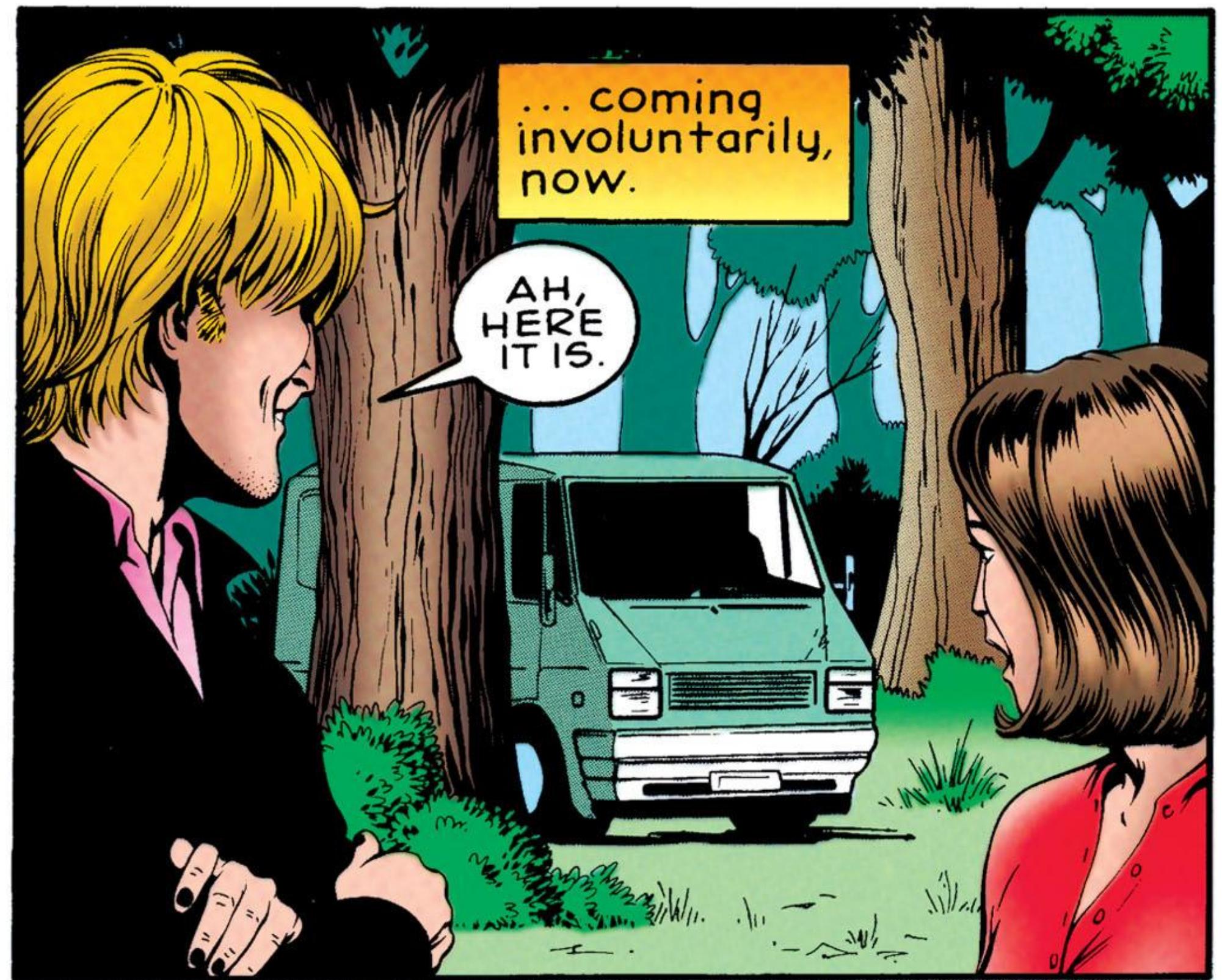
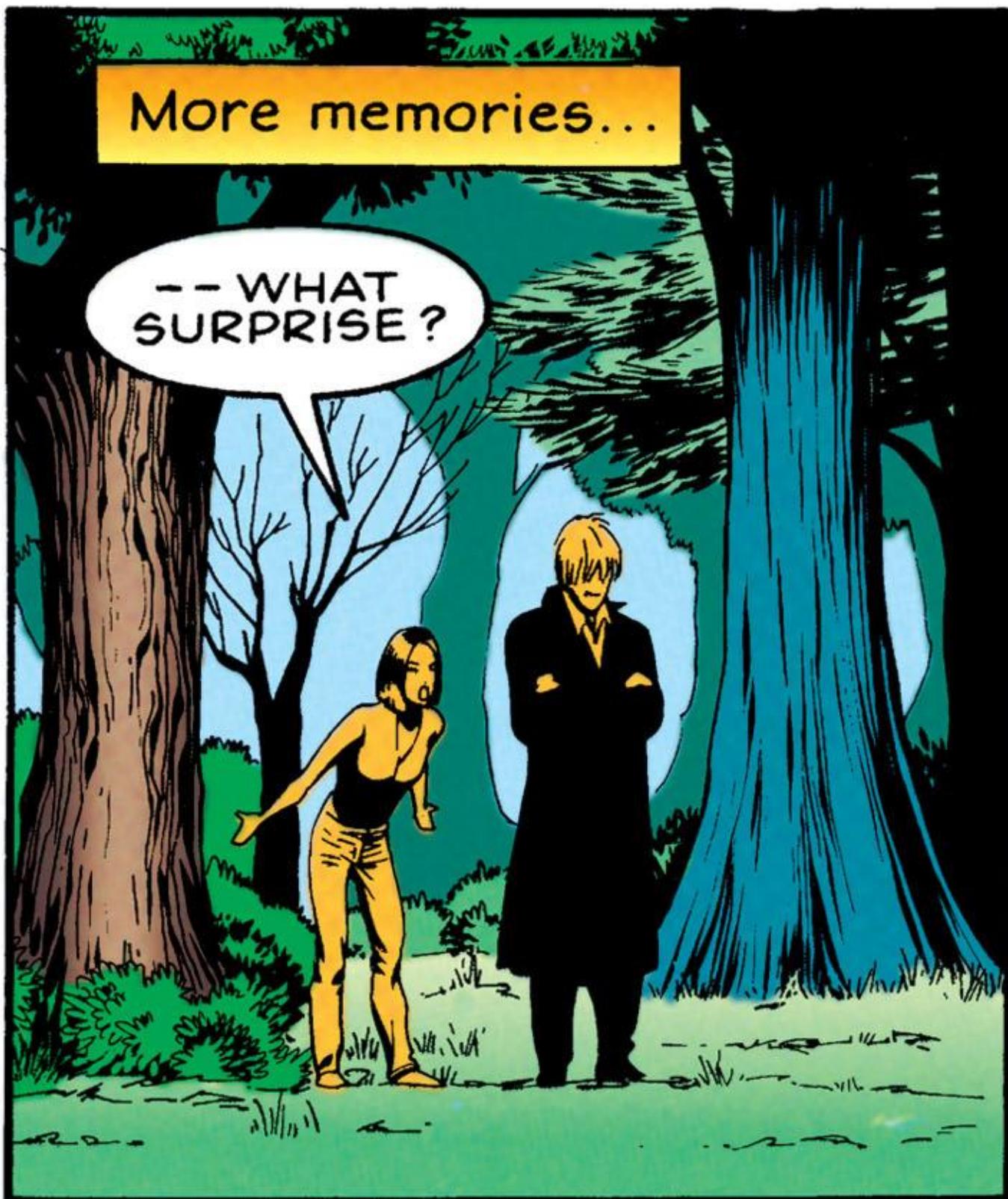
GLG! GLG!

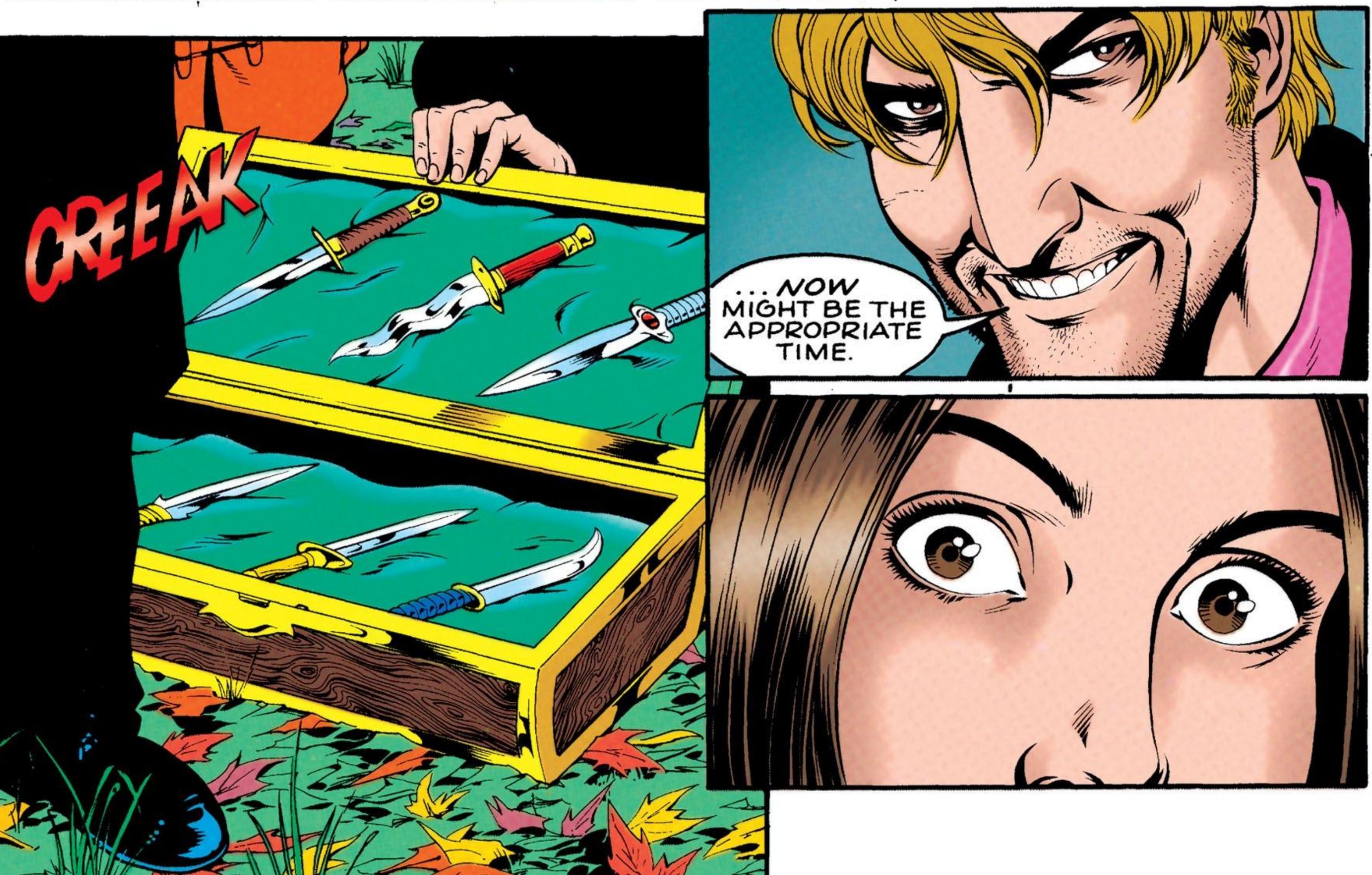
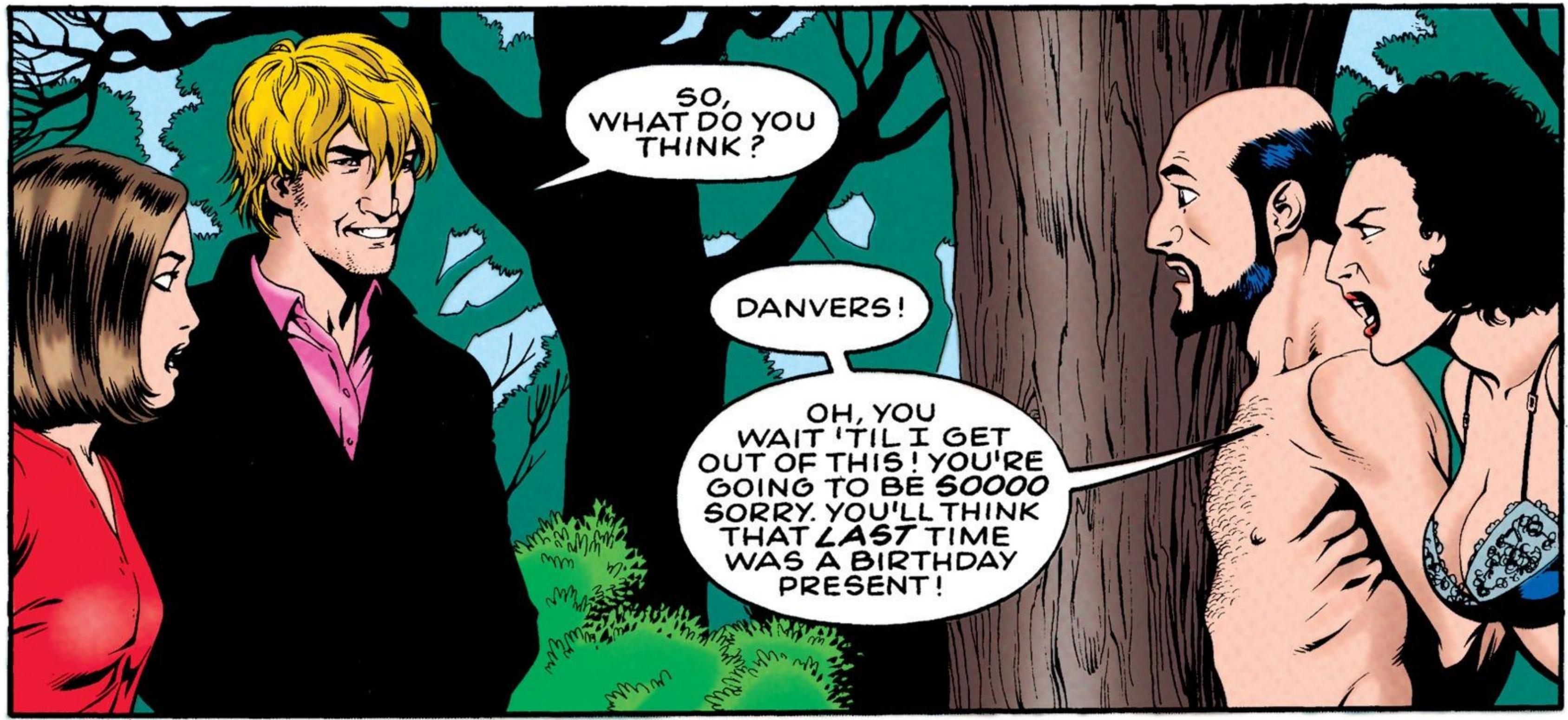
BURPE I SAW MEEKE TODAY.



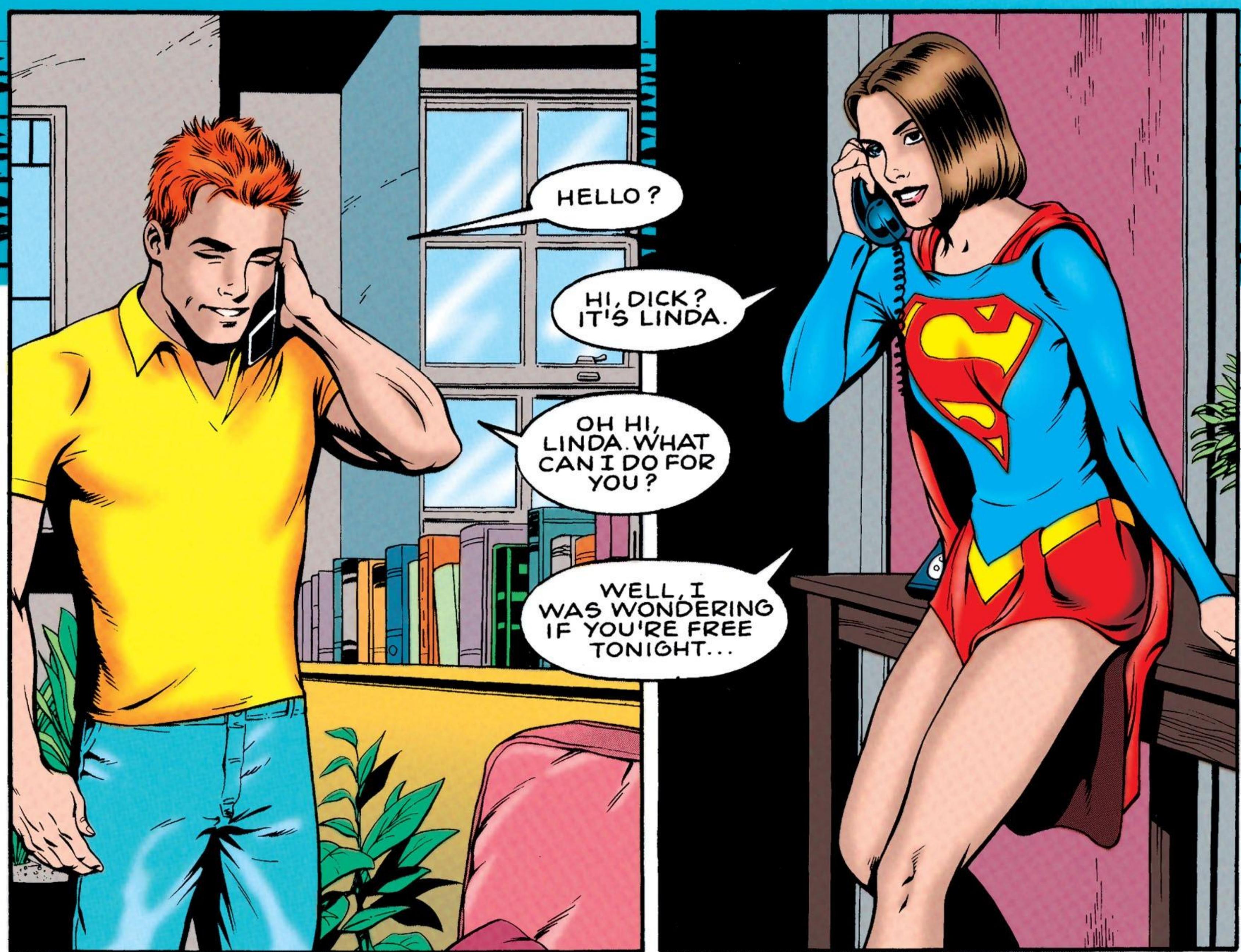
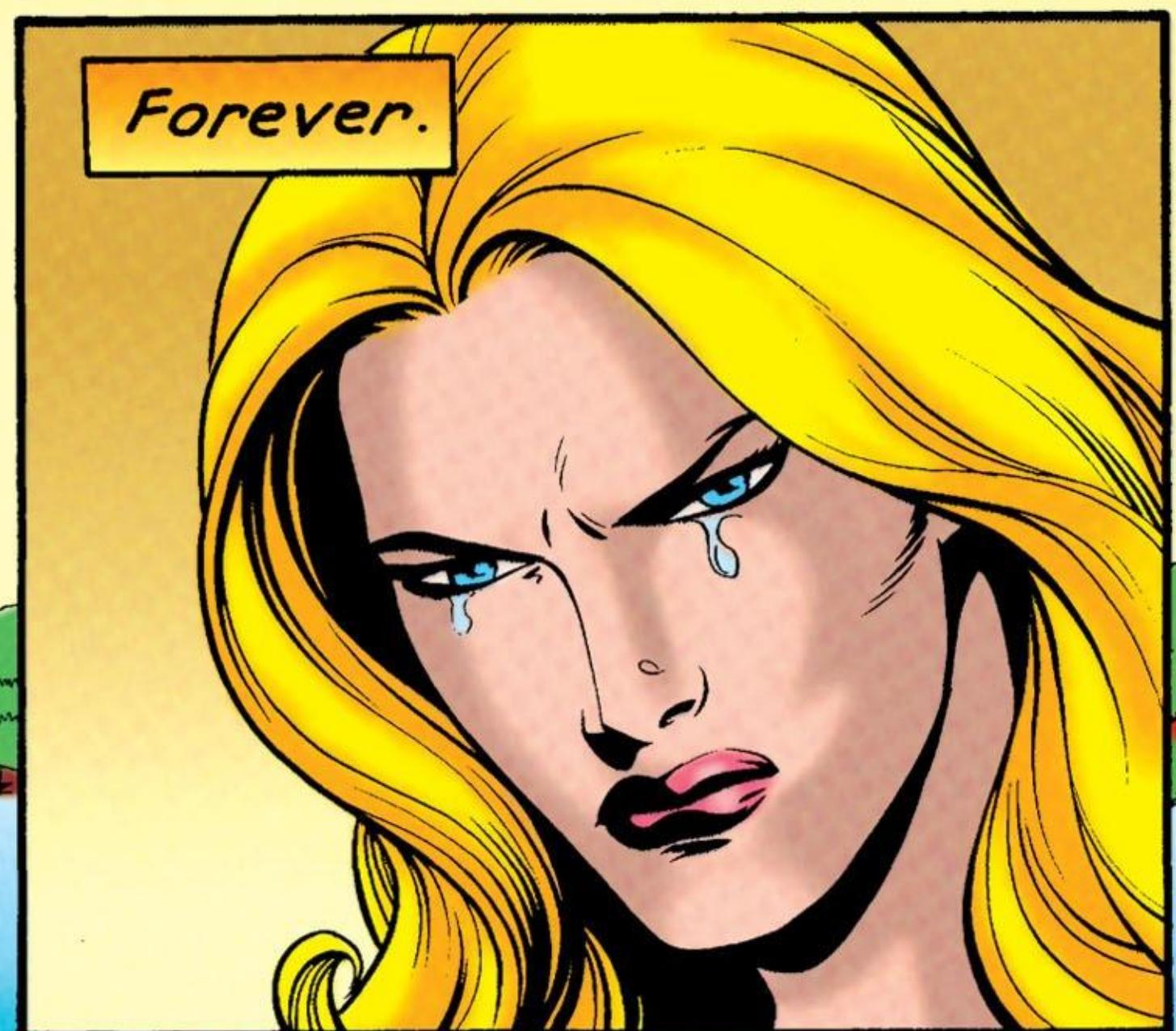
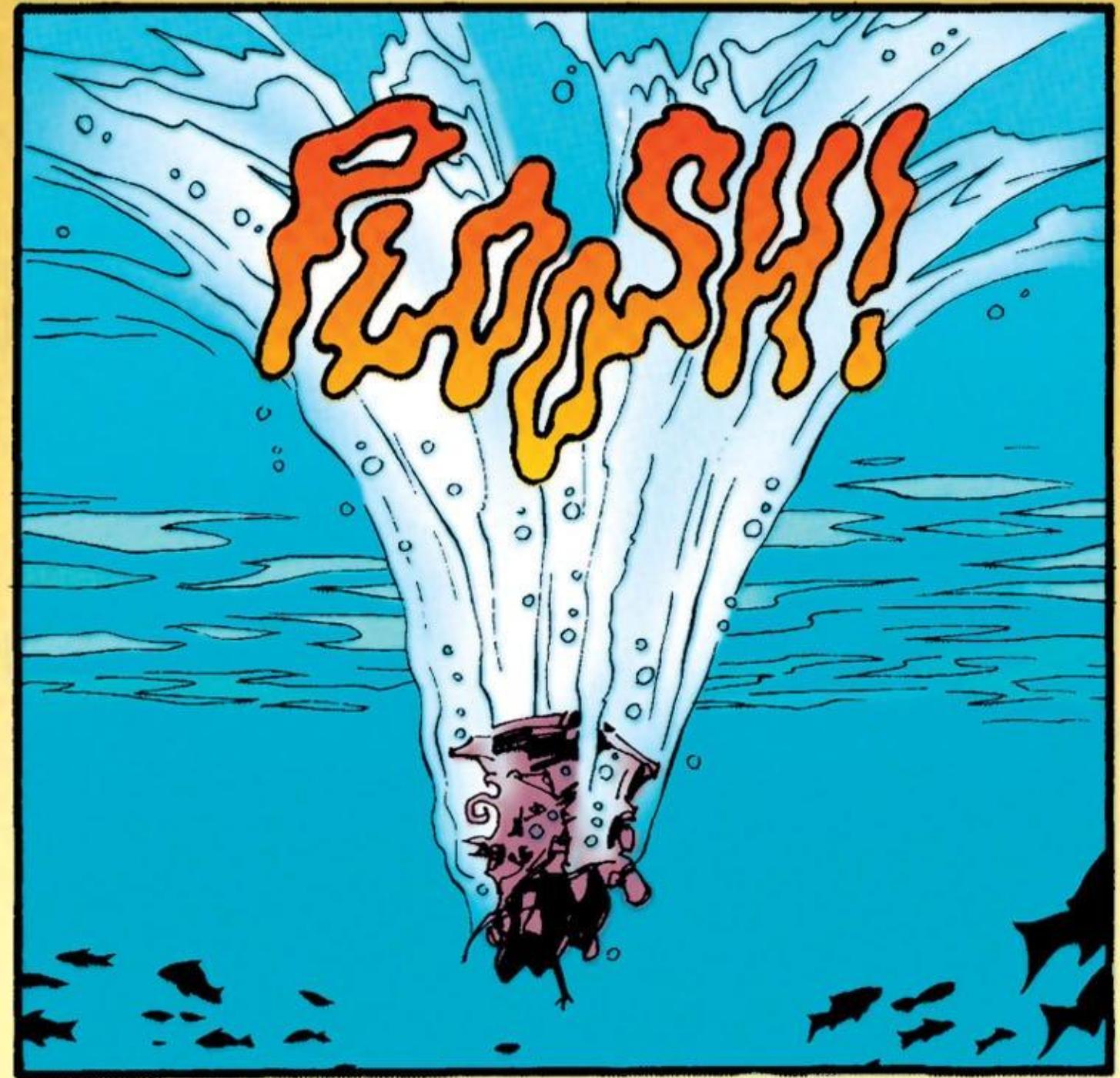


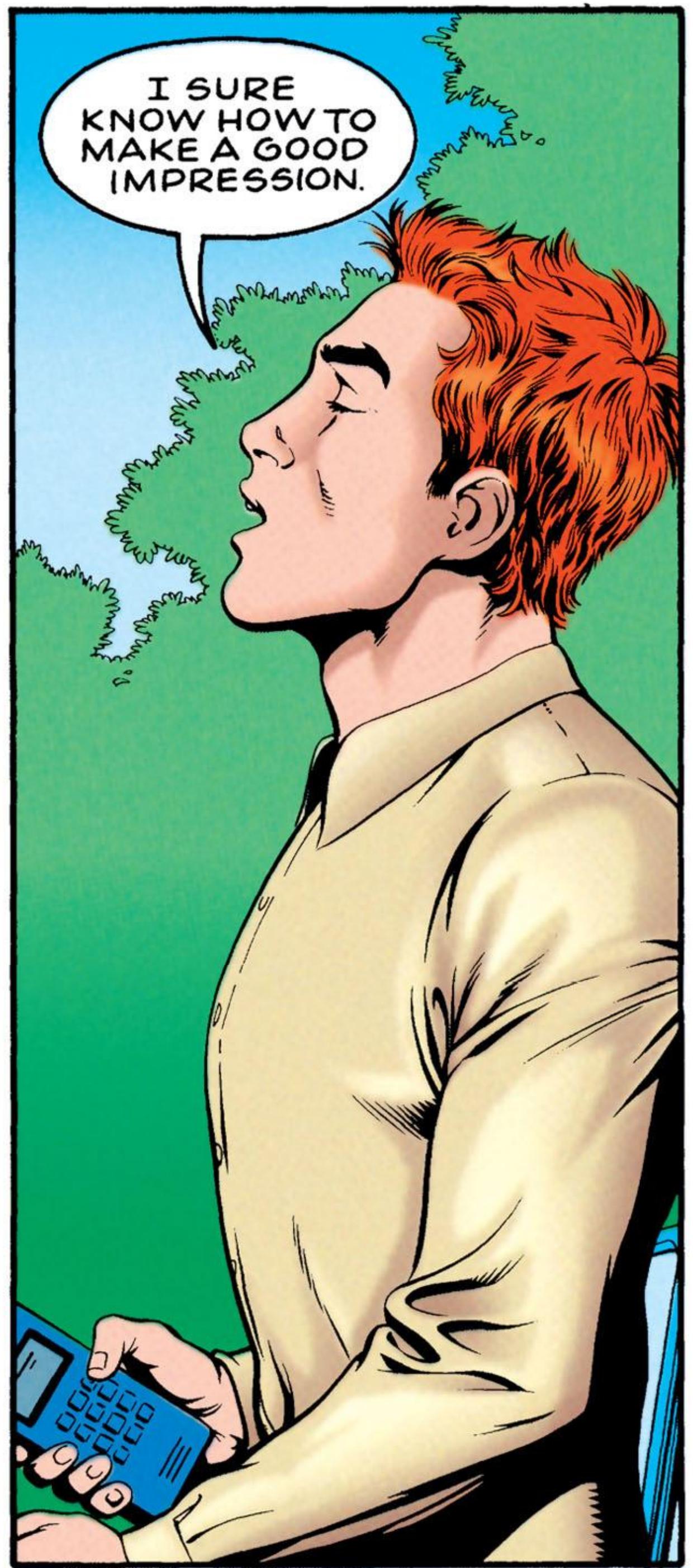






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