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US

# **SUPERGIRL**

**THE TRUTH ABOUT  
KRYPTON!**



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M.A. ASRAR

**MICHAEL  
GREEN**

MIKE

**JOHNSON**

MAHMUD  
**ASRAR**

BILL

**REINHOLD**



THE MAN WEARING MY  
FAMILY'S CREST TELLS ME  
IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.

THIS MAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE  
INFANT COUSIN I WAS HOLDING IN  
MY ARMS THREE DAYS AGO.

ON KRYPTON.

MY HOME.

NOW HE'S  
TELLING ME  
IT'S GONE.

HE'S TELLING ME THAT  
EVERYONE I LOVED,  
EVERYONE I KNEW,  
EVERYTHING I'VE EVER  
KNOWN...IS GONE.

HE'S TELLING ME THAT  
SOMEHOW YEARS HAVE  
PASSED, THAT I'VE LOST  
TIME THAT I CAN NEVER  
GET BACK...

I WANT TO  
LAUGH.

BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING IN HIS  
VOICE. LIKE HE  
CAN ONLY EVER  
TELL THE TRUTH.

IT'S HIS VOICE THAT  
SCARES ME THE MOST.





*(YOU CAN HAVE IT.  
I'M GOING TO FIND MY POD AND  
GET OUT OF HERE.)*

*(DON'T TRY  
TO STOP ME.)*

*(WAIT--!)*

*(KARA...)  
(IF YOU  
SHARE ALL MY  
POWERS...)*

*(...THEN I KNOW  
YOU CAN STILL HEAR  
ME, NO MATTER HOW  
FAR YOU FLY.)*

*(YOU ARE MAKING  
A MISTAKE. YOU  
WILL ONLY BE SAFE  
WITH ME.)*

*(WITH YOUR NEW  
POWERS, YOU ARE A  
DANGER TO YOURSELF  
AND EVERYONE  
YOU MEET.)*

*(I WILL NOT  
FIGHT YOU. I CANNOT  
STOP YOU. I CAN ONLY  
WARN YOU...)*

*(YOU ARE  
NOT PREPARED  
FOR THIS  
WORLD.)*

SIBERIA.

THE CRATER'S EMPTY.  
WHOEVER ATTACKED ME TOOK  
THE POD I ARRIVED IN.

BUT THAT POD'S THE ONLY  
CLUE TO WHAT HAPPENED TO  
ME. HOW AM I GOING TO...

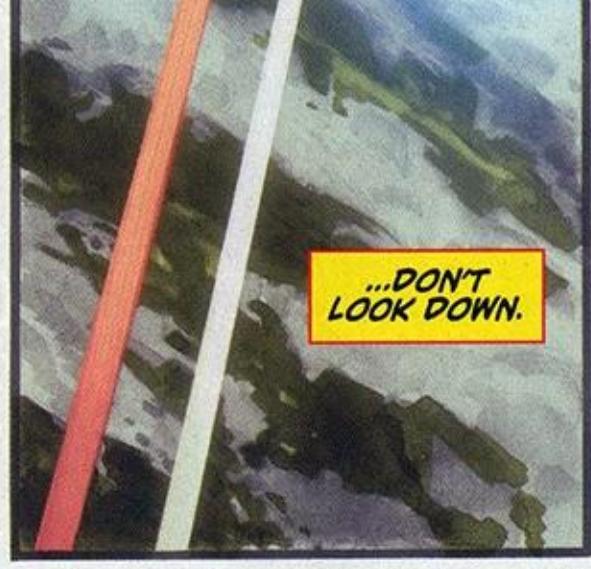
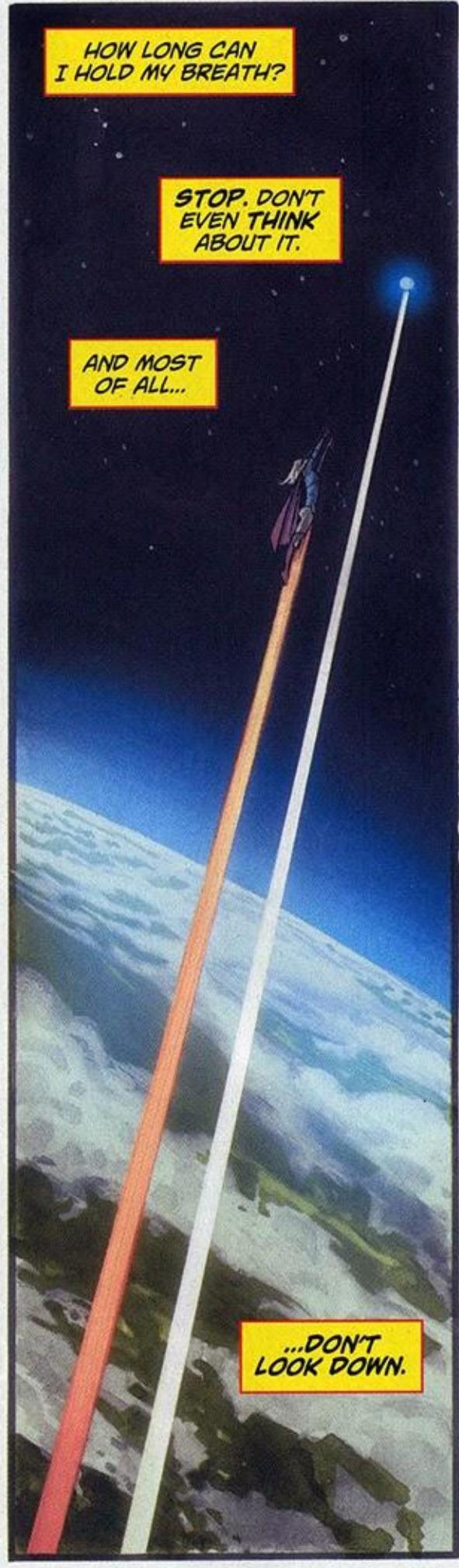
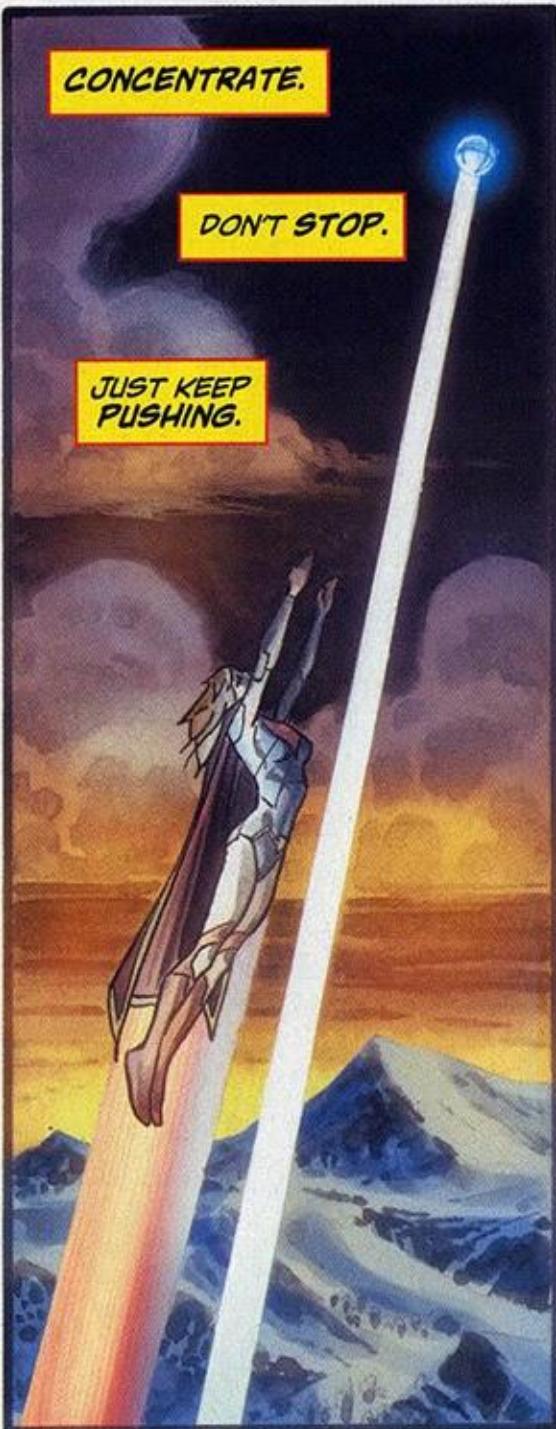
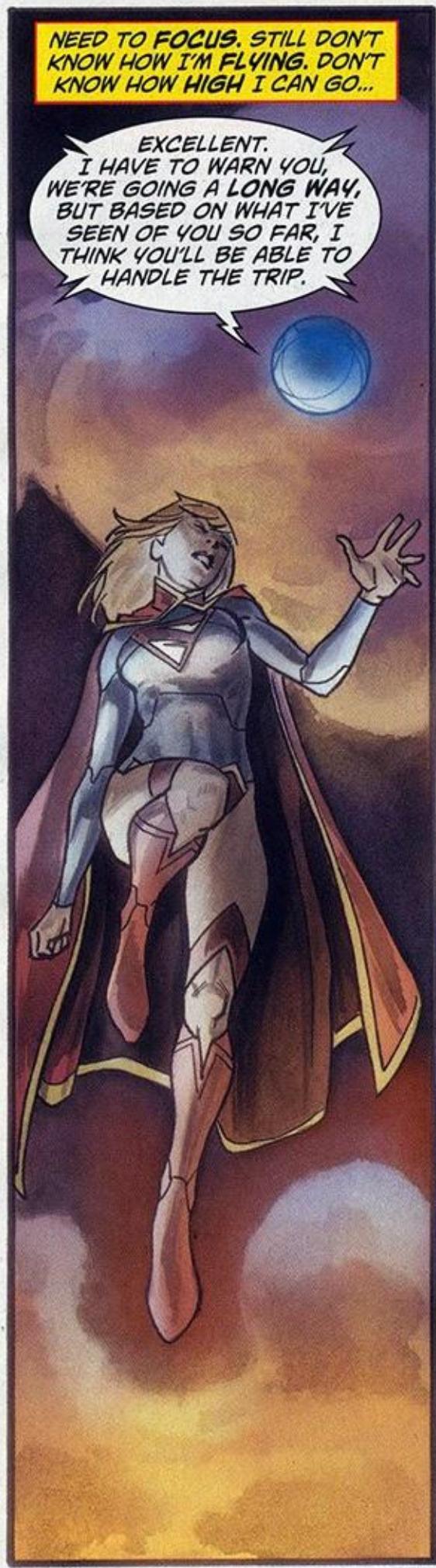


MICHAEL GREEN & MIKE JOHNSON: WRITERS MAHMUD ASRAR & BILL REINHOLD: ARTISTS

PAUL MOUNTS: COLORIST ROB LEIGH: LETTERER  
MAHMUD ASRAR & DAVE McCAGG: COVER  
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INTELLIGENCE



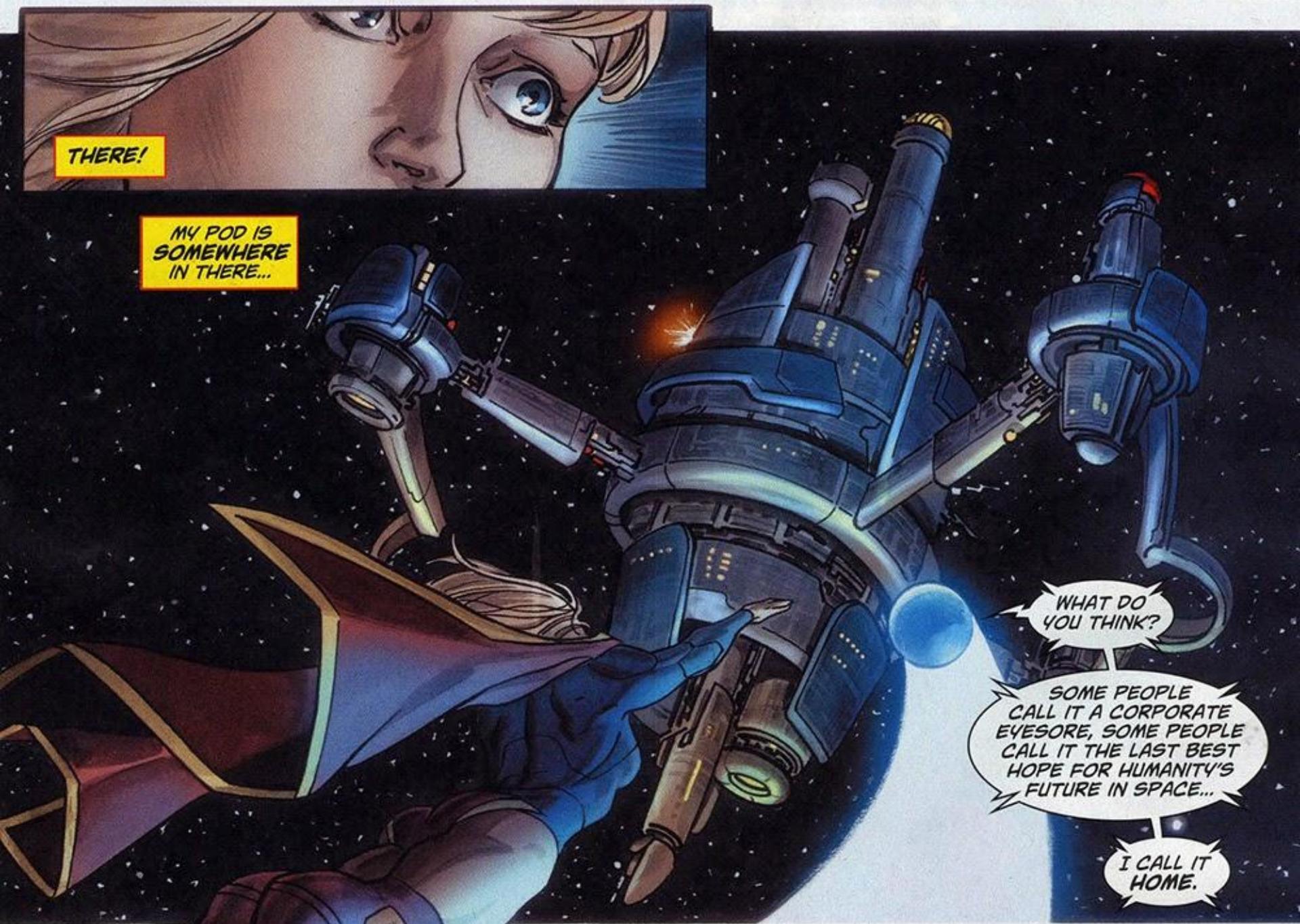


...DON'T  
LOOK DOWN.



THERE!

MY POD IS  
SOMEWHERE  
IN THERE...



WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

SOME PEOPLE  
CALL IT A CORPORATE  
EYESORE, SOME PEOPLE  
CALL IT THE LAST BEST  
HOPE FOR HUMANITY'S  
FUTURE IN SPACE...

I CALL IT  
HOME.



ISN'T  
SHE AMAZING,  
MISS THORN?

SHE LOOKS  
HUMAN...BUT HUMANS  
LEFT EXPOSED TO THE  
WONDERS OF ORBIT ARE  
USUALLY FROZEN MEAT  
CHUNKS BY NOW.

I'M STARTING TO THINK THE SYMBOL SHE'S WEARING ISN'T A COINCIDENCE.

IS SHE RELATED TO SUPERMAN SOMEHOW? SISTER? MAYBE AN EX-GIRLFRIEND? SEEMS A LITTLE YOUNG FOR THAT.

WHATEVER THE CONNECTION, SHE DIDN'T SEEM TOO HAPPY TO SEE HIM.

HUB THREE IS PREPARED, MR. TYCHO.

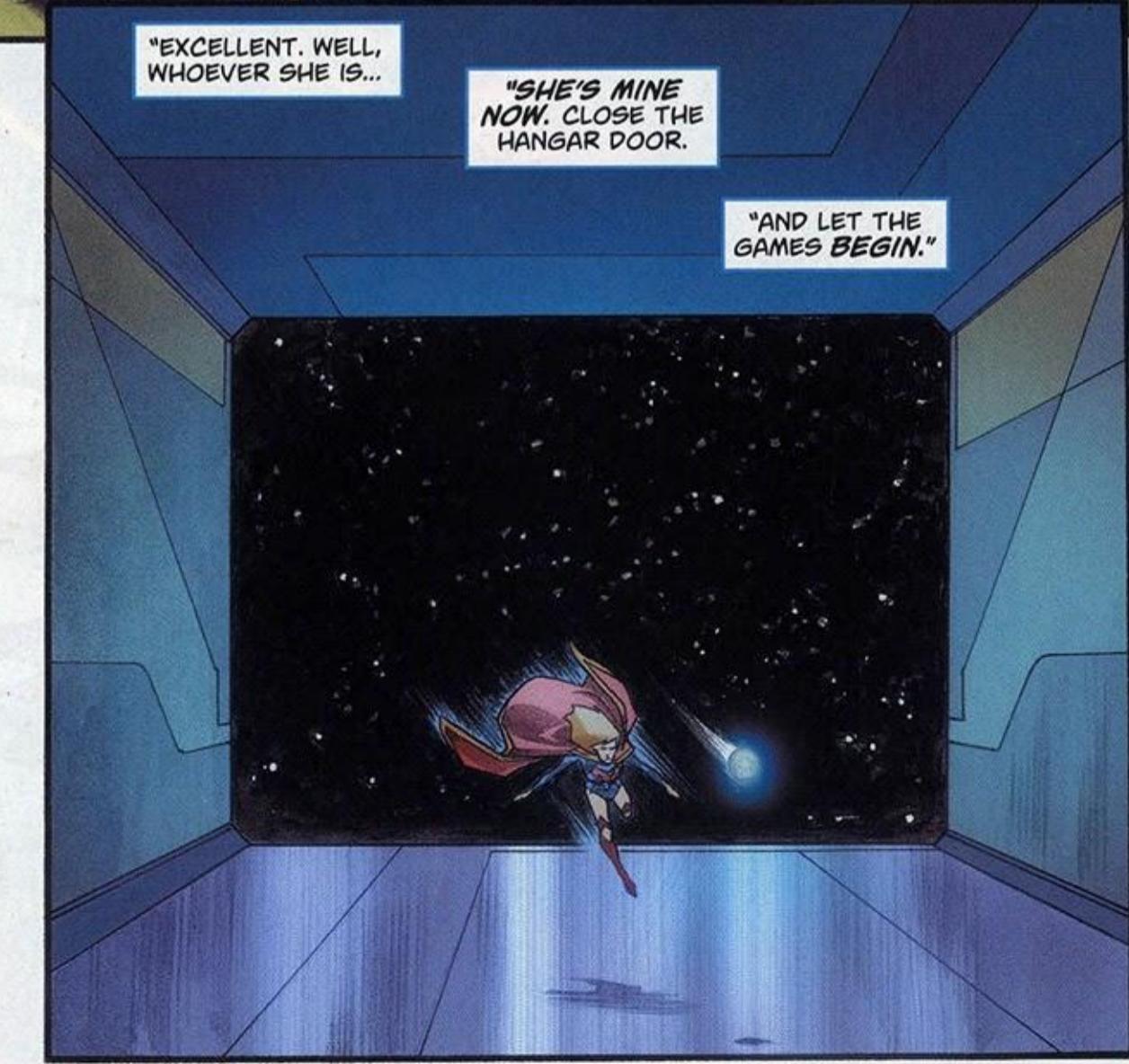


"EXCELLENT. WELL, WHOEVER SHE IS..."

"SHE'S MINE NOW. CLOSE THE HANGAR DOOR."

"AND LET THE GAMES BEGIN."

WHERE'S IT GOING--?



"START WITH THE BUTTERFLIES."



WISH I COULD SEE  
THROUGH THINGS  
LIKE I DID BEFORE.

BUT HOW DID I DO  
IT THE FIRST TIME?

WHAT  
NOW--?

TINY METAL  
CREATURES...

THEY LOOK  
HARMLESS ENOUGH

CHKOW

AAAGH!!





"CALL OFF  
THE BUGS."

I'M...  
I'M ALIVE...

BARELY...

FELT LIKE I WAS  
BURNING UP...

LIKE I WAS  
GOING TO  
EXPLODE!

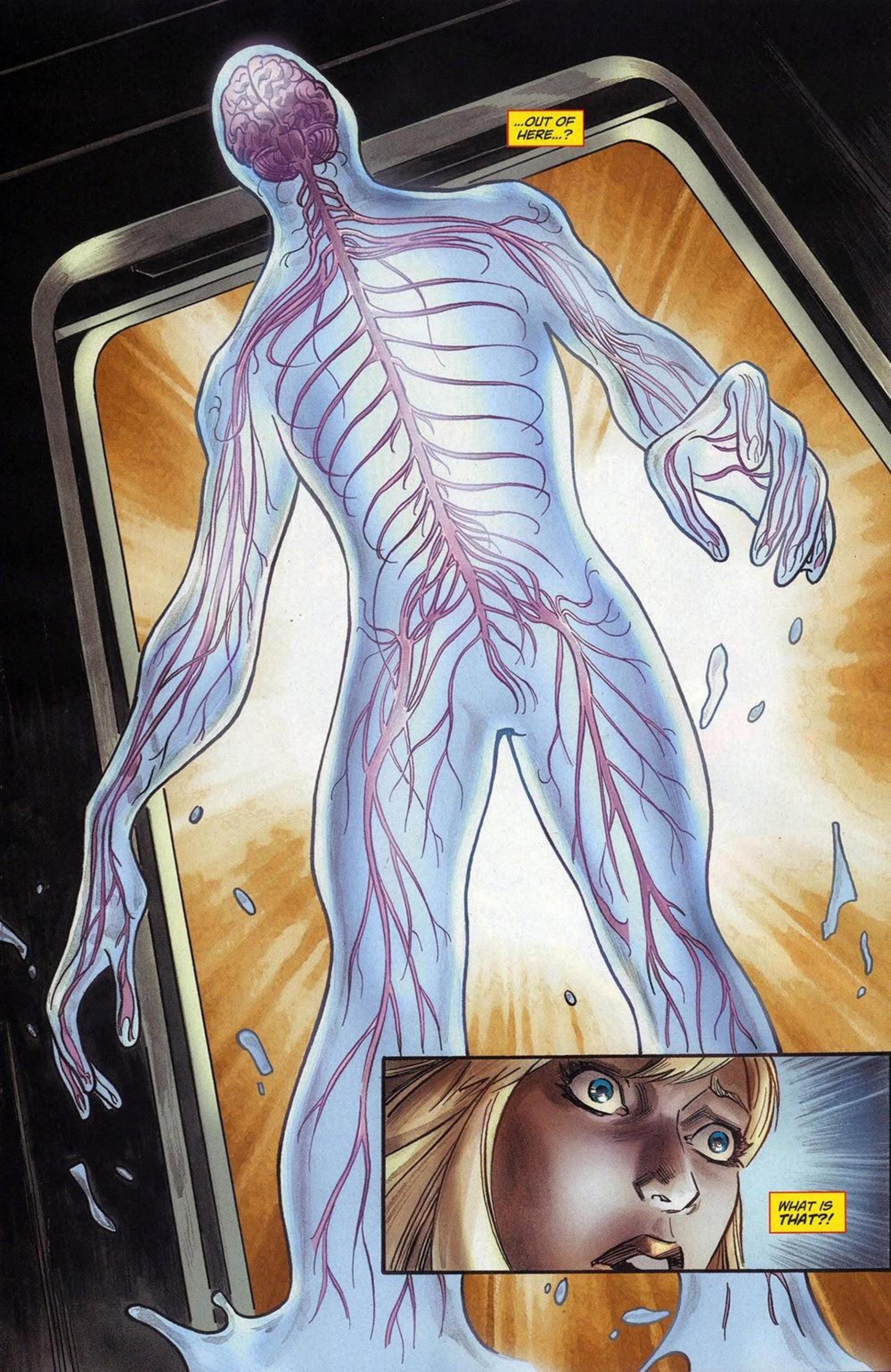
INCREDIBLE...  
SHE'S COOLING  
OFF IN A MATTER  
OF SECONDS...

TIME TO RAISE  
THE BAR. SEND IN  
THE BRAIN.

THE BRAIN IS STILL  
IN THE EXPERIMENTAL  
PHASE. THE BASE  
POLYMER LOGARITHM  
HASN'T--

SEND.  
IN.  
THE. BRAIN.

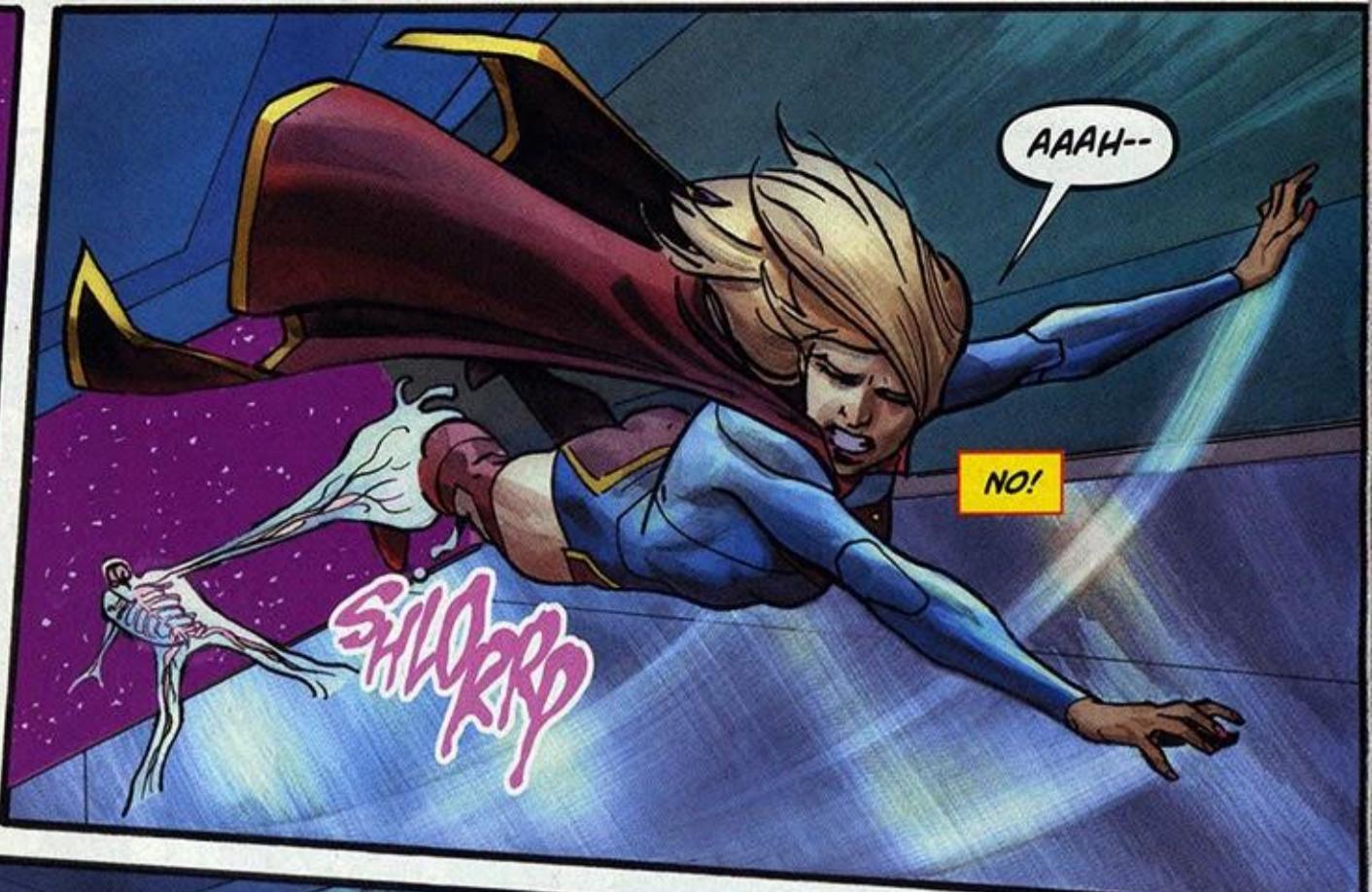
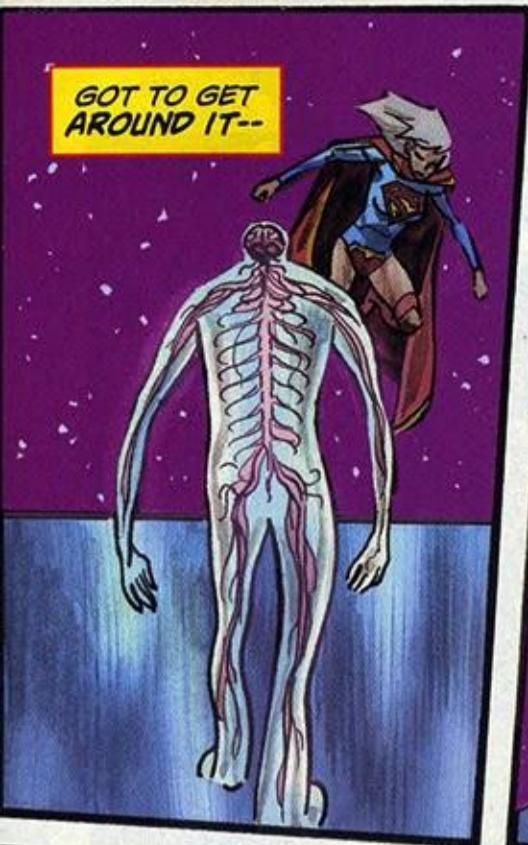
FINALLY,  
A WAY...

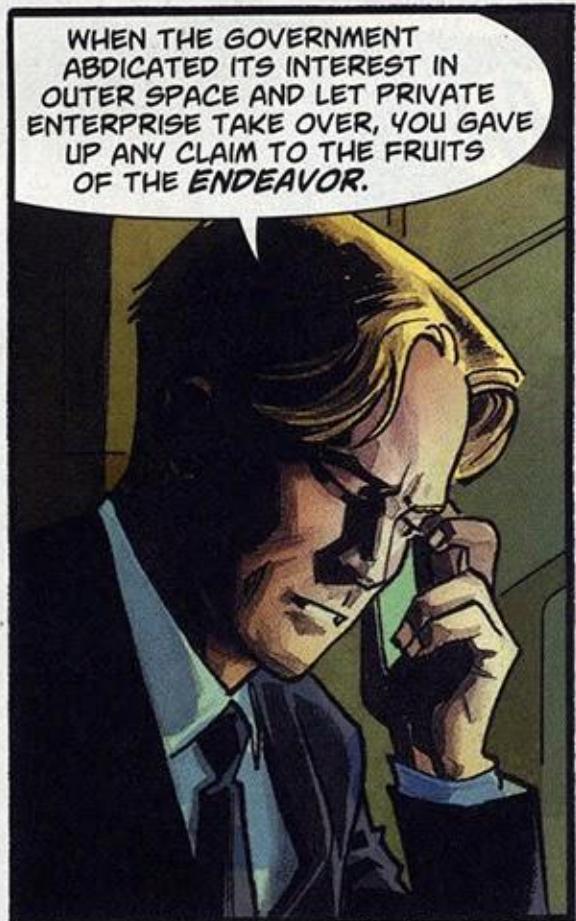
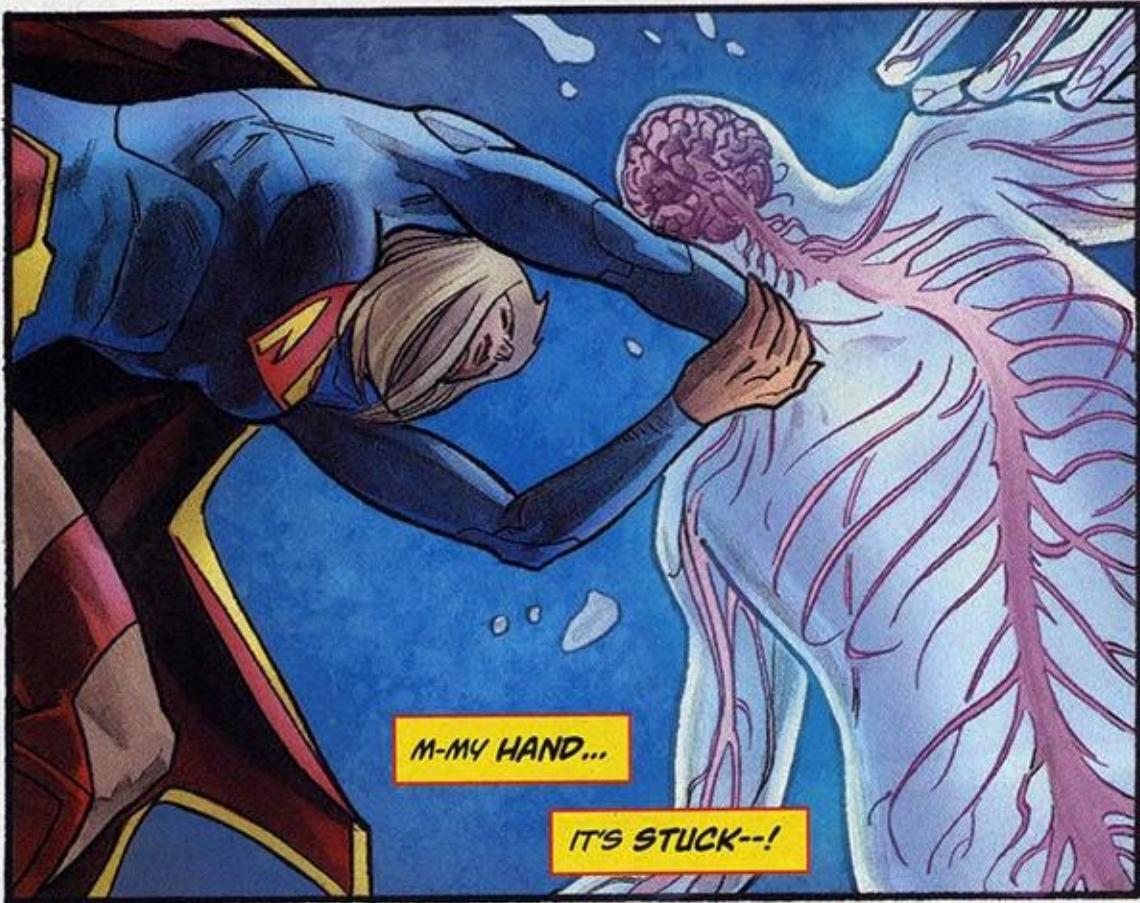


...OUT OF  
HERE...?

WHAT IS  
THAT?!

GOT TO GET  
AROUND IT--





GOD,  
AMERICA'S  
ANNOYING.

THEY STILL  
MAINTAIN A SIGNIFICANT  
NUCLEAR ARSENAL.  
PERHAPS YOU  
SHOULD--

I DIDN'T BECOME  
A TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-  
OLD TRILLIONAIRE BY  
BEING DEFERENTIAL,  
MISS THORN.

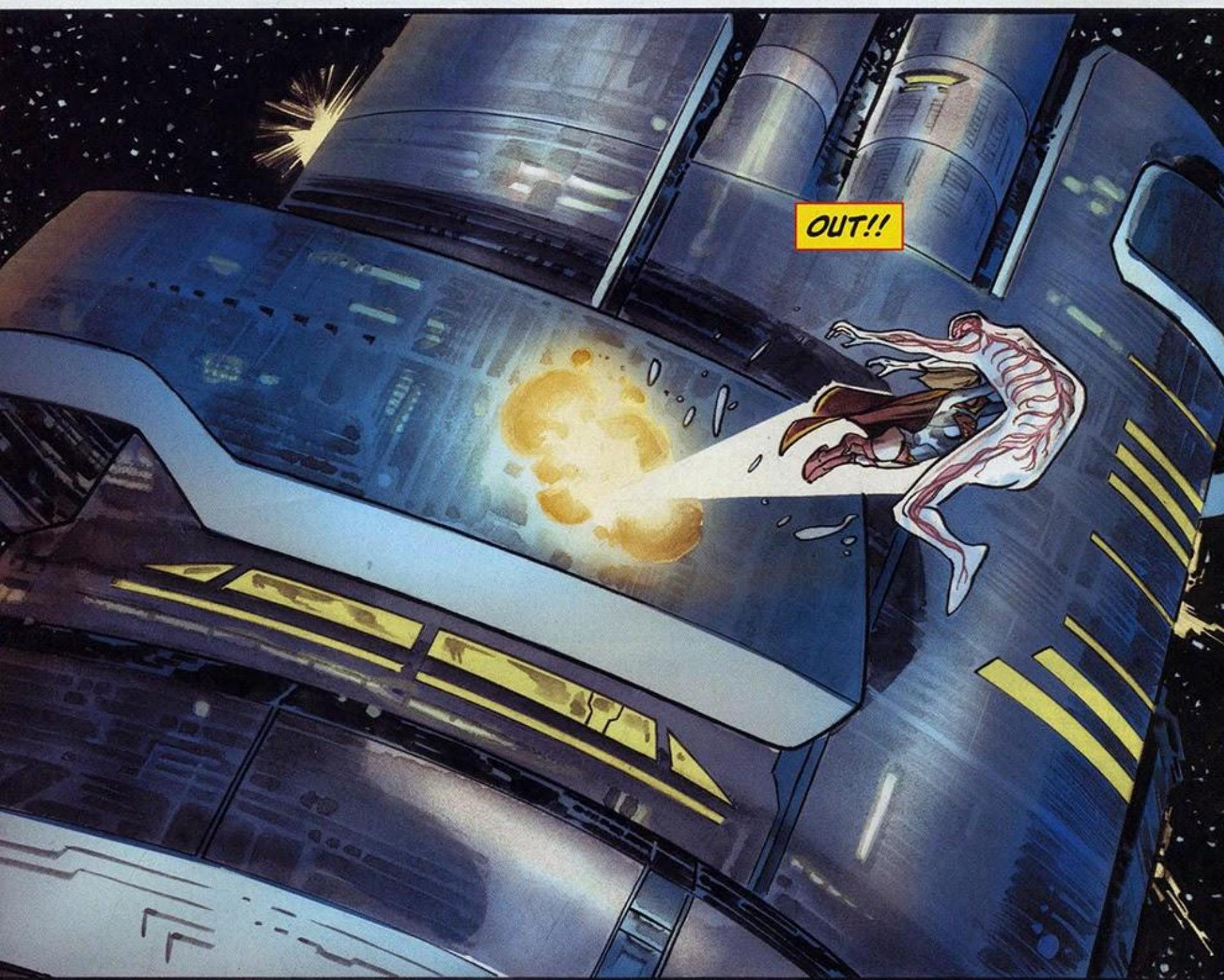
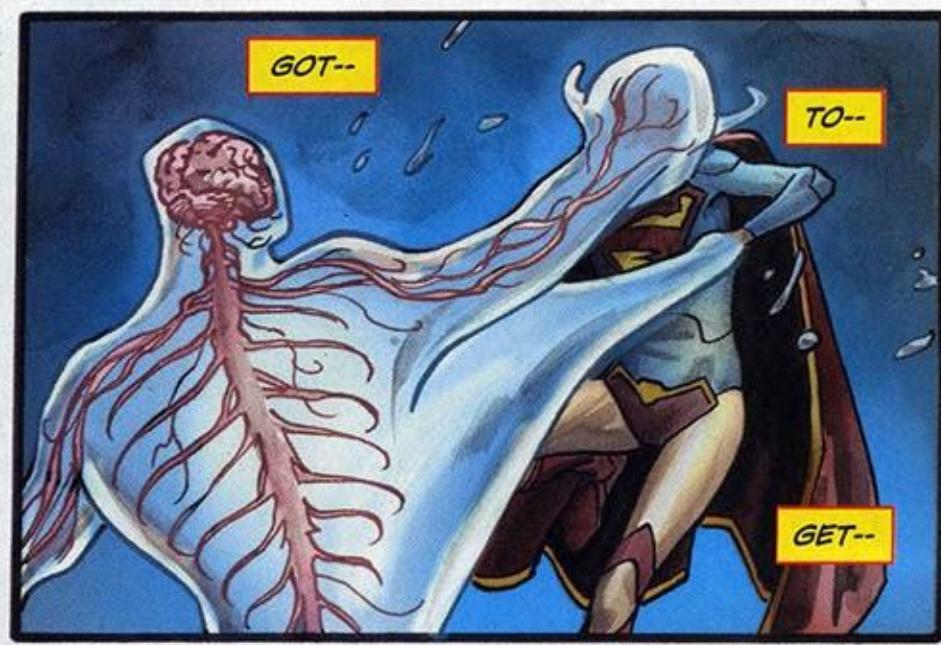
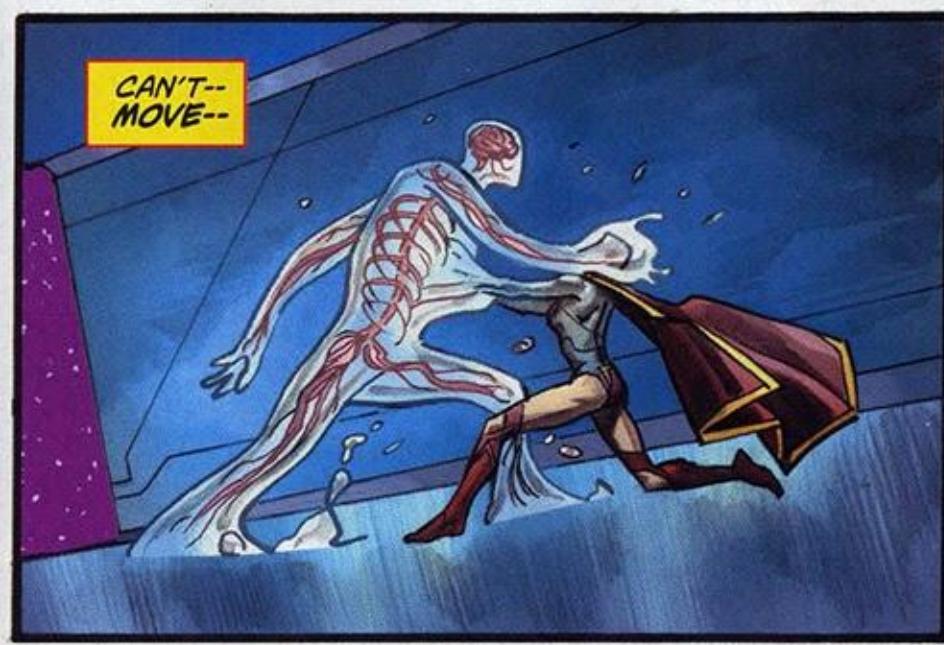
SIR, IT APPEARS  
THE BRAIN IS HOLDING  
ITS OWN.

"...I'M DISAPPOINTED IN  
OUR CUTE NEW FIND."

THAT'S A  
SHAME...

HHKK--!

**ZHLOPK**



YES!!!



NOW...

WHERE IS  
MY POD?

TRY TO  
RELAX...

FEEL THAT  
TINGLING  
BEHIND MY  
EYES...

PEEL BACK THE  
LAYERS. SEE PAST IT  
ALL. SEE INSIDE...

THERE.







NEXT: **HOSTILE TAKEOVER**