



**Ultimate Supergirl #1**  
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**Published:** 2008

**Categorie(s):** Fiction, Fan Fiction

**Tag(s):** Comics DC3 "Kara Zor-El" "Zor-El" Supergirl "Linda Danvers"

*“Do you know what the scariest thing is? To not know your place in this world, to not know why you’re here. That’s...That’s just an awful feeling.”*

\* \* \* \* \*

**Ultimate  
Supergirl**

The ball of flame roared through the sky above the city of San Francisco, citizens of all paths of life looking upwards at the falling star that had appeared in the middle of the day. It zoomed over the city, before finally slamming into the ground in the nearby forests of Southern California.

Linda Danvers was already reaching for the radio in her jeep when it squawked, coming to life. “Echo Three to Echo Seven. Linda good buddy, do you read me?”

“Yes, Jim, I read you loud and clear,” the brunette sighed while she answered. “This is the last time I let you pick our call signs.”

There was a chuckle from across the line as Jim replied. “Just checking to see if you noticed the light show we just had.”

“Yeah, I saw it,” Linda replied. “Probably just a meteorite. It hit not that far from here, I’ll check it out, shouldn’t take long.”

“Good. Keep in touch, Jim out.”

“At least he didn’t say ‘May the Force be with you,’ this time,” Linda muttered to herself as she started her jeep back up, the park ranger driving along dirt paths until got close to where the crash site appeared to be. Grabbing her walkie-talkie and rifle, Linda hopped out of the jeep, some thin wisps of smoke from the crash wafting through the trees. She didn’t expect any danger as she slung the rifle over her shoulder. Most of the animals from the area would have scattered shortly after the crash, but

one could never be too careful.

Her biggest fear at the moment was another wildfire. Something California had seen far too much of during the last year. She continued picking her way forward, until she reached the crash site. *No fires. Thank goodness.* But what she did find amazed her even more. A metallic craft, about the size of a fighter jet, but in a design she'd never seen before. What was even more amazing was that despite being at the end of a near hundred foot long scar in the dirt, trees thrown aside from the blast, it seemed almost unharmed. As Linda watched, the only sign of damage to the strange craft was a small fire that quickly burned itself out

Linda cautiously approached the craft, concerned for the most part about the health of whoever might be inside. As she got nearer, part of the top opened and Linda took a step back as seams appeared in what had been smooth metal a second ago. The hatch came to a stop and a young blond woman pulled herself up out of the craft, one hand rubbing her head. She turned to look at Linda, a small smile forming on her face.

"Tb... Yg Fycqc!"

*#1: Little Girl Lost, part 1*

Written by James Steel

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"{Where is she? " \* Zor-El muttered to himself as he walked through the corridors of the starship known as the Kandor. He turned towards an officer walking towards him. "{Officer, " he asked, "{have you seen my daughter? "

"{Yes... yes I have, Zor-El... sir, " the other man replied. "{She was repairing a power coupling in corridor twenty-seven. "

"{Thank you, " Zor-El replied, nodding towards the man before continuing through the ship. The large vessel was Zor-El's crowning achievement, designed to save the last of his people, the last of the Kryptonian civilization.

Finally he reached the corridor he sought. At first it seemed empty. However, as he walked down its length, he noticed a young blond woman, dark goggles over her eyes, hanging upside down from the ceiling, welding something behind a panel. He watched her for a moment before he spoke. "{What are you doing? "

"{Hello, father! " the young woman replied. "{Just a second. " She did some more welding before turning the torch off and dropped from the pipe she was hung off to land feet first before Zor-El. "{I was just fixing that power coupling, " she explained.

"{By hanging upside down, " Zor-El responded.

The young woman shrugged. "{It's an easy way to access the panel, " she explained in return. "{I **could** have used the hoverlift but you've told everyone not to use more energy than necessary. And this way was more fun, " she added with a smile.

Zor-El shook his head. "{It is a good thing your mother was not here to see that, Kara. She would have had a heart attack. "

"{Good thing she's not here then, " Kara-El replied.

Zor-El just shook his head. "{Come on, " he told her. "{If you're finished here I have something to show you back home. "

Kara nodded. "{Just have to return this equipment. I'll meet you at the main airlock. "

**(\*Translated from Kryptonese)**

Zor-El was nearly prepared to leave the ship when Kara arrived at the

airlock. Kara quickly got ready, placing on the large winter coat, pulling the hood over her head as her and her father stepped out into the freezing cold. Less than two decades ago this part of Argo had been a near tropical paradise, now it was covered in snow over half the year.

It had happened the day Kara was born. Remnants of Krypton, Argo's sister planet which had exploded a few years previous, slammed into her world, throwing up enough dust to severely alter the planet's ecosystem. As if that hadn't been enough, the meteorites were found to be radioactive, deadly to any Kryptonian life forms that had prolonged exposure to them. With the only locations still capable of supporting life within a hundred miles of the equator, the once-great Kryptonian civilization now numbered less than half a million.

Kara followed her father through the deep snow as they headed toward their house. Once inside they removed their coats and Zor-El led his daughter to his large workshop. "{It's finally ready, " he told Kara as he stepped towards a large cloth-covered object.

"{Your 'secret project'? " Kara asked. Her father nodded as he pulled the cover away, revealing a small metal ship. "{It's a scout craft, " she commented, looking at the one manned craft used by her people to explore the rest of their star system.

"{Not just a scout ship, " Zor-El told her. "{But one with an operable version of your uncle's wormhole generator. Or at least I hope it's operable. " It had been the project Kara's uncle was supposedly working on when he was killed in Krypton's destruction. While her people had generators capable of creating small wormholes, big enough to send unmanned probes through, the power required to create one grew exponentially with the wormhole's size. If her father had created a working version, her people would finally be able to travel vast distances, far faster than light could.

"{And that's not the best part, " Zor-El added. "{I've been able to pull a few strings and got **you** to pilot the official test run. "

"{Me! " Kara said, shocked and happy surprise in her voice. "{How? Why? What about Mom? "

"Between your decent pilot skills and your expert mechanical skills, you're one of most suitable pilots for this mission, " he explained, a proud smile on his face. "And it's taken me a while, but I've finally convinced your mother to let you go. "

"Thank you! You're the best, Dad! " Kara cried, a huge grin on her face as she gave her father a hug.

Kara sat in the scout ship, in orbit around the planet of Argo, as she ran a final check of the systems, the generator not able to create a wormhole within large gravity fields. "So what's the name of this planet we're checking out? " she asked the ship's computer.

"The natives call it Earth, " replied the computer. "It's slightly smaller than Krypton and Argo, and orbits a yellow sun as oppose to our red. However, it's days and years are comparable to Krypton's and the atmosphere has a very similar composition to ours. In addition the native intelligent life forms appear to have evolved into a form very similar to our own. At least externally. Your father thinks we can land there without being noticed and insert ourselves into their various societies. "

"That's rather convenient, and rather unlikely, " Kara commented.

"Indeed, " The computer said. "It certainly implies some other force besides evolution at work. Of course with the amount of life-supporting planets theorized to exist, there's always the chance of parallel evolution. "

"So we test out the generator, scan the planet to make sure our satellite readings were right and come back home. Sounds like a nice and simple plan. My favorite kind. " Kara ran a few final checks before radioing Argo's main control tower, informing them she was ready to leave. Upon getting confirmation she warmed up the generator, eyes widening in awe as a large 'hole' in space formed in front of her ship. "Here we go, " she said to no one in particular as she kicked in the main engines entering the wormhole.

The ship shook and shuddered as it passed through the wormhole before finally being shot out the other end. “{Good thing I don’t have motion sickness, ” Kara joked, looking over the instruments. “{Everything looks to be oh... Frell! ” Kara hissed as she jerked the ship’s controls to one side, the craft just missing an asteroid.

“{It appears we’ve arrived in system in the middle of their asteroid belt, ” the ship’s computer commented. “{The generator’s coordinates must be off slightly. ”

“{Really. You think?! ” Kara muttered as she kept tight control of the craft, dodging huge chunks of solid stone. She was nearly through when the right wing was clipped, causing a number of the ship’s systems to short out.

“{Status! ” Kara called out as she attempted to regain control. She cursed again as she looked over the damage report. “{Let’s hope we can make it to this Earth. We’ll have to land there so I can make repairs. ”

The next few hours were the longest ones in Kara’s life as the scout ship flew through the black void of space heading to Earth, systems temporarily cutting out if not failing all together. Finally she made it to the planet, activating the craft’s stealth systems as she began to make her decent.

Flame filled the view screen, licking across the craft as it entered the atmosphere, alarms screaming as the ground came closer and closer, blue water, then the gray of buildings and finally green forests. Doing all she could to bring the craft in safely, Kara closed her eyes, whispering a prayer to Rao as the craft finally crashed, skidding along the ground for the better part of a hundred feet before finally coming to a stop.

Kara slowly opened her eyes, letting out the breath she just realized she was holding as she looked around, most of the systems dark. “{Guess I’d better get out and take a look around. ”

“{Do not forget the translator, ” the computer told her. “{I’ve programmed it for English, the language many of the natives around here

“speak.”

“{Ugh... hate this thing, ” Kara muttered as she took the two-piece device. One simple piece slipped into one of her eyes (ears maybe?), translating any sounds from the programmed language programmed into Kryptonese. The other part, the part Kara hated, fit in her mouth and was activated and deactivated with two quick clicks of her teeth. When activated it would change anything she spoke into the proper language.

With the translator in place she hit the button to open the canopy and pulled herself out of the ship and looked around, eyes falling on a brunette woman staring right at her.

“{Um... Hi there! ” Kara said.

“{The translator, ” the ship’s computer hissed through the device in her ear.

“{Oh right, ” Kara replied, clicking the device on before greeting Linda again.

“And that’s pretty much what happened,” the Kryptonian explained, having a bite to eat, her left arm in a sling as the two women sat around a campfire during the dying light of the day. She had tried to bluff the other woman but Linda had figured out right away that she was an ‘alien’ and to Kara’s surprise seemed fine with it.

“You’re lucky all you got were a few scratches and bruises,” Linda commented.

“Yeah,” Kara agreed. “I thought I wasn’t going to make it for a moment there.”

“I never doubted your skills for a moment,” came a reply from the ship, which sat, still half-buried, just twenty feet away.

“Who...?” Linda started, confused.

"Oh, that's just B3," Kara replied.

"Brainiac Artificial Intelligence Operating System, Version 3.4, to be precise. Designed specifically for use as the craft's onboard computer."

"Cool!" Linda said, walking over to examine the ship. "So what's your plan?"

"I'm hoping to find a safe place to stash my ship until I can fully repair it. Fortunately the stealth systems are still working."

"Well I do have a nice large garage at my house," Linda mentioned. "And a spare bedroom. Just the thought of a real life extraterrestrial at my house would be 'payment' enough, even if I could never tell anyone."

Kara beamed. "Thank you, Linda!" she said.

"Yes, you are not at all like the greedy and fearful humans your media often portrays."

"B3!" Kara exclaimed, as Linda chuckled.

"It's okay," She told Kara. "And he is right, we'll have to keep your presence here on the hush-hush. Not everyone will be so laidback about what you are as I will," Kara nodded in agreement as Linda continued. "My shift's over in an hour, you can follow me home in your ship then. Okay?"

"Works for me," Kara said.

"Good," Linda responded. "I should check in. I'll see you soon."

As the brunette headed back into her vehicle, Kara returned to check out the ship's systems. Kara's attitude dropped as she learned exactly how extensive the damage was, her thoughts turning to how in the universe would she ever get home.

**To be continued...**

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