



## **Ultimate Supergirl #2**

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Jack Spade sat at his work desk, working on the small item in front of him. It was about the size of a playing card, and at first glance indeed appeared to be one. The young man moved slowly and carefully as he ran his soldering gun over a pair of wires contained in the device.

"Hey Jackie," his brother called out as the older of the two entered the room. "How's that thing coming? Gonna be all ready for tomorrow."

Jack looked over at his brother, Rex. "It will be ready in time for your ridiculous plan," he replied.

"My 'ridiculous' plans were good enough for our parents and their parents and **their** parents before them! Plans like these were also good enough to pay for your fancy engineering degree!" Rex shot back.

"And now that I have it we don't need to do this anymore!" Jack told him. "There are other ways, better ways!"

"Well I am the older brother and what I say goes! Now make sure everything is ready. Mary and Gwen will be back soon, and Billy's getting the van tuned up." Rex turned and exited the room.

Jack just sighed, shaking his head and frowning as he turned his attention back to his workbench.

*Ultimate Supergirl*  
#2: *Little Girl Lost, part 2*  
Written by James Steel

Kara frowned as she looked over one of the more damaged panels on her ship, where the small asteroid from the day before had obviously done its damage. She tugged at the panel, attempting to get it open to reach the damaged wires and tubes underneath. For the third time that

morning, Linda's cat jumped up on the wing and rubbed itself against Kara's side, and for the third time she stopped what she was doing and picked up the feline, placing it back on the ground.

"Linda!" she called out. "Can you come over here and take care of your cat. This panel's being a pain and I don't want it getting hurt if it gets in the way when I finally yank this thing open."

"Sure," Linda replied as she moved over to the ship that now filled most of the old barn on her property. Fortunately the barn itself was unused save for her sole horse, which currently stood off in its stall in the corner. "Come here, Streaky," Linda said, picking up her pet cat, and stroking it gently.

"I've been wondering," Kara said, as she went back to work on the ship. "How'd you figure out I was from space?"

"The first clue was your ship," Linda replied. "It came in as a fireball but had little damage, so obviously the fire was from reentry. And of course once I saw your uniform it was pretty obvious you weren't from around here."

"Oh right... this," Kara commented, looking down at the red and blue flight suit, a large 'S' shape on the center of her chest. "Yeah, mom use to be a... clothing designer before the world ended," she explained. "I think this was part of the deal with father to let me go on this mission. At least I managed to convince her the heels would cause problems. Took me the better part of an hour though," she chuckled, tugging at the panel.

The Kryptonian took a second to get a really good grip on the panel. "Why? Won't? You? Come? Off?" she grumbled as she gave it a mighty tug. With a screech of tearing metal the panel tore off of the ship, Kara tumbling off the wing as the panel flew from her grip and crashed right through the barn's main door, flying another couple hundred feet before it crashed to the ground.

"Whoa! Calm down, Comet!" Linda said as she rushed over to calm her horse, Streaky having already fled to a safer part of the barn. "It's okay," she said, stroking it. "It's okay." As Comet relaxed Linda turned to look at the hole in the door, then to Kara, then back at the hole. "How did

you...?"

"I don't know," Kara answered, staring at the hole in amazement herself.

"Inconclusive," Brainiac Three stated after finishing his scans of Kara.

"Inconclusive?" Kara said. "I threw a two foot square piece of metal through a door and all you can say is inconclusive?"

"I do not know where you have gained this strength from, Kara El," the computer replied. "Earth does have a lower gravity than Argo did, but the differences are not this great. And none of my scans show you as anything other than a normal Kryptonian."

"Thanks anyways," Kara sighed. "Now what?" she asked, turning to Linda.

"We'll just have to figure things out the old-fashioned way," Linda replied, motioning for Kara to follow her. She led the younger woman into her house and down into the basement. "My... husband use to use this as a workout room," she explained. "Just never bothered to change things around after..." she sighed, then smiled. "Anyway. We can use it to at least try and get an idea as to how strong you are."

Kara nodded as she lay onto the main weightlifting bench as Linda moved into place to 'spot' her, not that the brunette expected to be able to do much to help as she started putting more and more weight onto the barbell.

The next ten minutes were pretty much the same thing over and over. Kara would lift the barbell a few times, then Linda would add so more weight and Kara would lift it again. After the seventh time Kara placed the weights back on the stand, she looked up at Linda.

"How much did you put on that time?" the blonde asked.

"All of it," was Linda's reply.

Kara sat up, looking at the barbell for a moment, then looked around the room. "What else can we use?"

Kara stood in the kitchen slicing up some tomatoes for her sandwich, the blonde amazed at the vast variety of food present in the house. Back on Argo they had to make due with what little would still grow in the hostile environment.

"So... super-strength. Wonder if you have anything else," Linda commented as she sat at the kitchen table, working on the papers daily Sudoku puzzle.

"No idea," Kara commented, she looked over at Linda for a moment, wincing as the knife slipped while her attention was off her cutting. Linda was already on her feet and halfway to the counter when Kara waved her back. The blonde looked at her finger, only a small cut where there should have been a larger wound, and one that was already healing. "Looks like we can add quick healing and some level of invulnerability to the list," she commented.

The two ate their lunch as they discussed plans for the day, Linda suggesting that they head into San Francisco to get some new clothing for Kara, giving that Linda's didn't quite fit the taller woman, an idea Kara totally agreed with.

"Race you to the truck," the younger woman said as they exited the house and headed towards Linda's vehicle. Kara took off like a shot and suddenly found herself on the far side of the truck, nearly halfway to the forest.

"And super-speed," Linda called out with a laugh, beating Kara to the vehicle as the blonde overshot it a second time before finally getting a handle on her new speed.

“What is it with you and red and blue?” Linda asked as Kara modeled the latest outfit she’d picked out, a simple pair of blue jeans and a red t-shirt. Indeed just over half of the clothing she’d picked was one or both of the two colors.

“They remind me of home,” Kara replied. “Red and blue were the ‘official’ colors of our family crest.”

“Is the ‘S’ part of it too?” Linda asked.

“ ‘S’?” Kara replied confused for a second. “Oh... right. Yeah. Well it’s not really one of ‘your’ ‘S’s’, but I can see how it looks similar. It’s actually an old Kryptonian symbol. It means hope.”

A large van pulled up into an alleyway next to one of San Francisco’s many banks. Inside the five criminals known as the Royal Flush Gang were going over their final preparations. “So everyone knows the plan. Right?” Rex asked.

“Right,” Jack replied. “We steal the golden ‘an’, and put it in this tan van. Then take it to Horace. No wait, that’s not right.”

“Don’t make me come over there and smack you,” Rex growled as he stared at his younger brother, the other man laughing.

“Relax ‘King’,” Jack replied. “We all know our parts. We’re good to go.”

“Good,” Rex muttered as the five of them, King, Jack, Queen, Ace and Ten exited the van.

Linda pulled her truck up to stop across the street from the bank. “I’ll be just a second,” she told Kara. “I’ve got the head in and get some money.”

“Mon-eee?” Kara asked, the translator unfamiliar with the term. “What is that?”

“It’s... um... Well when you work you get these pieces of metal and paper we call money, which we then use to buy clothing, food, whatever we need.”

“Ah... the stuff you gave that woman that assisted us back at the clothing shop,” Kara replied in understanding. “Yeah, history says my people use to use something like that. But we’ve ‘evolved’ beyond that.”

“We’ve evolved beyond that,” Linda replied, rolling her eyes. “You gonna wait here then?”

“Of course not,” Kara replied with a grin. “Your culture fascinates me. Even the parts that don’t make sense.”

Linda rolled her eyes again as the two stepped into the bank.

The two were standing at an ATM, Kara watching Linda press the various buttons as the brunette explained things when three men and two women entered the bank. Two of the men wore suits and all five wore domino masks, white with a black spade and a black letter, or in one case number, on each side. One of the two women lifted a pistol and fired a shot into the air, a number of the customers screaming in response.

“Good day, ladies and gentlemen,” King said in his English accent, as the five entered the bank. “As I’m sure you realize now, this is a robbery. If everyone would be kind enough to lie down, and keep quiet, we’ll get this over with as fast as possible, and you can all go back to your daily routine. Sound good?”

As King finished speaking the security guard moved towards him, going for his holster. King idly tossed what appeared to be a playing card towards the man. As soon as it made contact, it let off an electrical surge and the guard collapsed as if he’d been hit by a taser. “I trust no one else will cause problems?” King commented as the other three moved into

action. Queen and Ace cleaned out the tellers' cash, while Jack and Ten moved to the bank's safe. He had another card in his hand that he pressed against the electronic lock. A few seconds, and it beeped, the vault door opening.

While the five were committing their robbery, Kara stood from where her and Linda were kneeling by the automatic teller. Linda attempted to quietly get Kara's attention and tell her to get back here, and failed miserably.

"You know," the blonde said as she walked up behind King. "I don't think that belongs to you."

King turned, finding himself face to face the young woman. "And who do you think you are?" he said.

"Oh, just a concerned citizen," Kara replied as she grabbed his arm, and tossed him down, King sliding across the floor, and into the main counter, with a crash.

"Get her!" he shouted as he looked up at the blonde. Ace and Ten moved towards Kara, the large man throwing a number of punches her way, while the dark-haired woman lashed out with a kick. Kara dodged their attacks and knocked Ten across the floor and into King with a backhanded smack. She ducked a few more of Ace's attacks before she finally grabbed his fist, squeezing it enough to bring him to his knees, breaking two of his knuckles in the process.

"Let's see you dodge this," Queen shouted as she pulled a handgun, firing at Kara. The blonde woman went down as the bullet connected with her shoulder.

"She's still alive," King muttered as he got to his feet, helping Ten up and looking at a moaning Kara, while sirens filled the air. "Great, the cops!" He grumbled. "Let's go!"

"What about the cash?" Queen asked as King and Ace slipped past Kara, the young woman starting to get up.

"Take what you have and forget the rest," Jack replied. He hopped the

counter, slid by Kara and dashed out of the door, a bag of money in his hand.

Ten and Queen each grabbed as much cash as they could and ran after the others, as Kara finally got to her feet. The Kryptonian growled as she heard a vehicle start up outside and with a flash was out the door. She ran out into the middle of the street as the van tore around the corner, out from the alley by the bank.

King's body slammed against the door as Queen whipped them around the corner. "You guys okay back there, Jack?" King called out. "Jack?" He looked behind him to see only Ace in the back of the van, Jack and Ten nowhere to be seen. The large man just shrugged at his boss' questioning look. King turned his attention back to the road ahead of them, noticing Kara standing before their speeding vehicle. "Is she nuts?!"

"Who cares?!" Queen replied. "She doesn't get out of my way I'm gonna run her over." She pushed the gas pedal down as the van's speed increased.

Kara merely lowered her shoulder, setting herself for impact. The van crashed into her body, coming to a complete stop, the front crumpling around her and knocking Kara a good twenty feet through the air. Inside Queen and King shook their heads to regain their senses, pushing at the airbags that had burst out upon impact.

"Get it going!" King shouted.

"I'm trying!" Queen replied back, the engine whining and sputtering. Suddenly the van shook, lifting into the air. Kara had managed to pick up the entire vehicle and held it above her head, before turning it upside down and gently placing it, roof down, on the road. The blonde then turned and ran off, the police arriving a moment later.

Jack and Ten watched the entire event from the sides, having taken off their masks and blending into a crowd that had formed during the chaos. "I think it's time we head out of town, my dear," Jack commented, a large wad of cash in one of his pockets. "I hear Cuba is nice this time if year."

"Always wanted to visit Cuba," Ten replied as the two disappeared into the crowds.

"I can't believe you did that," Linda said as the two returned to Linda's house, the brunette having picked Kara up a few blocks away from the bank after she gave her statement to the cops.

"I know," Kara replied. "I just... had to do something."

"Like get yourself shot," Linda commented.

"Well okay, not the greatest plan," Kara admitted as she let Linda examine where she had been shot, the bullet falling out of one of Kara's sleeves. "But it felt 'right'. Not the getting shot part of course, but the rest of it."

Linda just nodded, examining the ugly bruise that was the only evidence Kara had been shot in the first place.

Winslow Schott made his way through the well-lit cement passages. The middle-aged man had just seen the news, and was on his way to report what he'd seen to his boss. "Oh this is not good. Not good at all," he muttered to himself as he approached the door, knocking on it before entering. "Mr. Calculator, sir? We've got a problem."

The man who called himself Calculator sat in the center of the room, surrounded by screens and computers. Without turning towards Schott, he lifted a hand, quieting the man as he read the screens. On each one of them was a different newscaster, all giving the same report.

"... bank robbery foiled..."

"... Unknown heroine..."

“...The Royal Flush Gang...”

“...This ‘super girl’...”

Calculator pressed a button and the picture on the biggest screen paused. On it was a blonde woman, dressing in a red shirt and blue jeans, holding a van above her head, the shot having been taken by a kid with a cellphone.

Without looking away from the screen Calculator spoke. “I know.”

*The End... for Now!*

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