



Ultimate Supergirl #4
James Steel

Published: 2008

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): Comics DC3 Supergirl "Kara Zor-El" "Linda Danvers" Livewire
Calculator Toyman Parasite

“And don’t forget that tomorrow all of you will have the honor of seeing *me*, Leslie ‘Livewire’ Willis, live and in person at the Golden Gate Park, for the Tenth Annual Firefighter’s Charity Drive! That’s right come out and help some *real* heroes, not like that Supergirl chicky everyone’s talk—”

“What a horrid woman,” Martha Kent said, turning off the radio with a click. “Why do you even listen to her?”

“The station plays good music,” was Linda’s replied as she, Kara and Jonathan sat around her kitchen table, Martha having insisted on cooking. ‘Make sure you two are fed properly,’ had been her exact words.

“Speaking of Supergirl...” Jonathan said as he looked over at Kara.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” the blonde replied. “I mean I’m obviously not her because I wear glasses and... has anyone ever told you that you look like that guy on that Dukes of Hazard show?” she added quickly, trying to change the subject.

“Do you really think people won’t recognize you because you wear glasses?” Jonathan asked her.

“Well... I’ve got a wig too?”

“That’s good dear,” Martha said with a smile as she placed supper on the table, turning her attention to Linda. “Why don’t you tell us how Kara got here?”

“Well I was driving along in my jeep and the ship she was in just fell from the sky,” Linda said.

“Seriously?” Martha asked.

“Seriously.”

Kara banged her head on the table. “So much for my secret,” she sighed.

“Don’t worry, dear,” Martha told the young woman with a smile. “If our daughter trusts you, that’s good enough for us.”

Ultimate Supergirl
#4: Toys, Toys, Toys
Written by James Steel
Cover Art by Trevor Yarmovich

“Please don’t touch that Rudy.”

“Oh! I’m sorry, Dr. O,” Rudy Jones said, taking his hand away from the large glass container in the center of the lab. “I didn’t mean any harm. It just looked so pretty.”

“I know Rudy,” Dr. Okamura replied with a sigh, the elderly Asian man taking off his glasses to clean them. Rudy was a good janitor but he certainly wasn’t the brightest bulb in the package. “It’s just that this chemical is still experimental, and I wouldn’t want you to get hurt. And please stop calling me Dr. O.”

“Of course Dr. O... Okamura,” Rudy replied, turning the head back to work, taking one last look at the canister in the center of the room.

It was just after noon when Kara stepped out of her car, taking a moment to check her blouse and smooth out her black, knee-length skirt before walking across the street and into Malverne and Son’s Auto Repair. Walking up to the receptionist at the main desk, she introduced herself and stated that she was here for an interview.

The receptionist nodded, politely asking Kara to take a seat while she made a phone call. About ten minutes later a young man, in his early twenties and dressed in overalls, entered the room, cleaning his hands on a rag.

“Clara Danvers?” he asked, looking down at her. “I’m Richard Malverne.”

“Hmm... Oh right me,” Kara said, at first not recognizing the name that she and Linda had worked out for her. Linda had gotten the idea from Martha’s maiden name, Clark. “Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Malverne,” she said, holding her hand out.

Richard made sure his hands were clean before shaking Kara’s, the young man noticing her strong grip (unaware that Kara was actually holding back). “So now, Miss Danvers,” he said as the two of them took a seat on either side of the desk in the center of the office. “You’re interested in a job as a mechanic.”

Kara nodded. “Ever since I was a child. I use to be one of those kids that’d take things apart to see how they worked. It caused no end of grief for my parents.”

Richard smiled. “Indeed. Normally we don’t hire someone just out of high school, but Linda’s a friend of mine and she speaks highly of your skills. Although I don’t remember her ever talking about a younger sister before.”

“Well I’m sort of the black sheep of the family,” Kara joked. “You should have seen her face when I first showed up.”

Richard chuckled a bit, and they spent the next half an hour going over the requirements of the job, along with other details.

Calulator paced back and forth in his underground headquarters, pausing every now and then to look over Toyman’s shoulder. “Are they there

yet?"

"They're just coming out of the water now, Mr. Calculator," Toyman replied. "Only a few minutes more."

"Good," Calculator grumbled, "Corben is already in place."

"Don't worry," Toyman said. "My toys will provide the perfect distraction for him."

"Let's see what we've raised so far!" Leslie Willis shouted to the crowd as she turned to the board behind her. She stood upon a stage in the middle of Golden Gate Park. Her short black hair hung limply as it framed her face, her clothing dark and baggy, almost 'goth-like', hiding her figure, a wide smile on her face.

While the numbers lit up on the board, the sound of a toy plane, make that two, no three toy planes, filled the air. As the crowd looked towards the noise, Leslie growled under her breath. How dare a bunch of punk kids ruin her show?

It was then that the planes opened fire. Small, yet still deadly bullets smashed into the board, causing the electronics to spark and short-out. The crowd screamed and started to scatter in all directions.

"Everyone remain calm!" Leslie shouted, though her words fell on deaf ears as she tried to keep the crowd from panicking. She watched one of the planes as it started to loop back towards the stage. "The police will make sure that—ack!" Her voice was cut off as one of the stagehands tackled her to the ground, just seconds before the plane she'd been watching made an attack run on where she had stood.

"Get off me you idiot!" Leslie growled as she attempted to untangle herself from the man. Glancing over at her side, she noticed more toys, tanks, jeeps, helicopters, even soldiers, all moving towards the stage area, while the crowd continued to push and shove to escape, those that had fled in that direction stumbling back into the mob.

“Well, everything looks good,” Rich finally said. “Of course I still have a few other interviews to see, but you’ll be receiving a call from us next week as to whether you’ve been hired or not. Is there anything else you wish to know?”

Kara was about to respond when a number of screams came over the radio in the background, along with the voice of Leslie Willis shouting for calm and ranting about what was going on.

“Sorry about that,” Rich frowned as he turned off the radio with a click.

Kara sat deep in thought, before looking up at Richard. “Hmm... Oh... Yeah, no questions,” she told him, standing. Kara gave Richard a final handshake as he showed her to the door.

Kara quickly hopped into her car and drove off, parking it in a nearby alley. Making sure that no one was watching Kara jumped out of the vehicle and started to head down the alley in the direction of Golden Gate Park.

“This looks like a job for Supergirl!” she said to herself as she pulled her blouse open, revealing the ‘S’ symbol on her shirt beneath.

“Look! Up in the sky!”

Turning her head upwards and expecting more bad news, Leslie saw a streak of red and blue headed toward the stage; it slowed and took the appearance of a blond woman who hovered above the crowd. The woman was dressed in a blue t-shirt and skirt, along with red boots, gloves and cape, a pair of short red shorts just visible underneath her fluttering skirt. And on her chest, a large ‘S’.

“Supergirl!” Someone yelled.

“Great,” Leslie muttered. “Just what we need now. A showoff.”

“Just relax!” Kara called out over the crowd. “Everyone please leave in a calm manner!” Leslie fumed as the crowd listened to the very instructions that they had ignored from her earlier.

As the crowd followed her orders, Kara flew down and landed in front of the oncoming toys. She picked up one of the marching soldiers and looked at it. The toy was dressed as an old English Redcoat, rifle over its shoulder. While Kara held it, it stopped its marching motion, lowered its rifle into an aiming position and fired. A puff of black soot filling the air in front of Kara’s face. The ash faded to reveal Kara unharmed, although with powder marks on her face. “Cute,” Kara muttered, her free hand wiping her face off while the other one easily crushed the toy.

As the broken pieces of metal and plastic fell to the ground, the other toys opened fire. Kara instinctively covered her face as the bullets connected with her body, the attack feeling like little more than tiny little pokes over her body, doing no real damage, save for a few tiny holes to her cape.

John Corben sat in his car, the two men he’d hired for this job sitting in the back seat, all of them listening to the chaos happening at the park over the radio. As soon as they heard that Supergirl had arrived, John looked back at the other two. “That’s our cue! Let’s go!”

The three exited the vehicle and walked across the streets and into STAR Labs, the receptionist standing to meet them.

“Excuse me!” the woman said as they started walking past the desk. “But I can’t let you back there without an appointment or a security pass.”

Corben responded by turning, and quickly jabbing out with his hand. The woman crumpled to the ground, gasping for breath as she clutched at her crushed throat.

The two other men chuckled evilly as Corben led them past the woman and towards the main lab. He only paused for a moment to attach a device to the security panel that quickly overrode the defenses, before the three entered the lab area.

Dr. Okamura looked over at the three men as they entered. "What are you doing here?" he asked, a touch of confusion and anger in his voice. "Do you have a security pass?"

"I've got your pass right here, old man," Corben replied as he pulled a pistol out of his jacket, pointing it at Okamura's forehead. "Now don't do anything stupid and you won't get hurt."

The older man held up his hands and nodded. "I don't want any trouble."

"Good," Corben replied. "That experimental metal you're working on here. I want it. Where is it?"

"How did you know about that?"

"I ask the questions here!" Corben said, pointing his gun back at Okamura.

It was then that Rudy entered the room. Seeing the three men threatening the professor, but none noticing him yet, he dove under a desk, reaching up and slowly grabbing a phone.

Cowed by the three men, Okamura walked towards the large safe in one corner of the room and opened it. "It's in there," he said.

"Joe, Dan, go get it," Corben told his hired goons. The two men entered the safe and exited a moment later carrying a large case full of the metal in question.

"Got it boss!" Joe said.

"Good, get it into the car. I'll finish up here."

“Easiest job ever!” Dan announced as the two started carrying the case out of the lab.

“Indeed it is Dan,” Joe replied. “It’s gonna be like a brand new day for us after we get paid.”

Meanwhile Rudy had gotten through to 911. “This is Rudy Jones,” he whispered to operator. “I’m the janitor at STAR labs and we’re being robbed...”

Corben watched the two men leave with the case and turned back to Okamura. “Remember how I said no one would get hurt if you follow orders?”

The Asian man nodded.

“Well I lied,” Corben pulled the trigger on his pistol. Okamura slumped to the ground dead, bullet hole in his forehead.

“NO!” Rudy shouted, dropping his phone and jumping up from under the desk at the sight of one of the kindest men he knew being murdered right before him.

“Well well,” Corben said, turning to aim at Rudy. “What have we here?”

“I was...” Rudy raised his hands, face going pale, eyes focused on his gun as he backed away, finding himself with his back to the large container he’d been admiring before. “Please don’t shoot me,” he begged.

Corben looked at him, eyes flickering to the container for a second. “Sure,” he said finally. “I won’t shoot you.”

“Thank you...” Rudy started when a shot rang out. He ducked, taking a second to realize he hadn’t been shot. The young man sighed in relief when he felt a drop of ooze land on his shoulder, looking up just in time to see the container shatter, its contents pouring out over him.

Corben laughed as he watched the man covered in the substance before turning and heading out of the lab.

Kara had just finished destroying most of the small toy army when she was distracted by shouts. The three planes from before were back, this time diving towards the few remaining people present. Kara took to the air, her heat vision disabling one plane while she knocked the second away with her hand.

The young woman stood her 'ground' as she floated between the crowd and the final plane, it's bullets hitting her body before falling harmlessly to the ground below as it continued to dive. Kara prepared for what she expected to be a minor impact. What she got instead was an explosion as the plane crashed into her chest, the blast knocking her to the ground. She stood, unharmed, her outfit having only suffered a few minor tears from the blast.

"Great... I just finished this thing this morning," She muttered, leaping into the air and using her heat vision to finish off the remainder of the toys. As she surveyed the damage the crowd cheered loudly. There were fortunately few injuries despite the attack and panic. Kara couldn't help but smile at the cheers from those still present. Soon enough, sirens began to drown out the cheers as police, firefighters and ambulance personnel arrived on the scene. Kara stayed long enough to help with the clean up and make sure that there was no further threat. Before she left, the young woman glanced around a last time, wondering about the purpose of the attack as she flew off.

"Corben here. I've got the object and I'm on my way."

"Good," Calculator said over the phone, hanging up as he looked over Toyman's shoulder at the remains of the battle at the part. "Looks like your plan worked," he told the eccentric man. "There will be a nice bonus next time you get paid."

"Thank you, Mr. Calculator," Toyman replied. "And I got some interesting info on our heroic friend out there during the battle."

“Excellent!” Calculator said. “The last thing I need is a caped kook flying around and possibly blundering onto my operation. That’s why I moved here in the first place. The sooner we get rid of her, the better.” Calculator turned and started to head out of the room. “Oh and inform me when Corben gets here,” he told Toyman as he headed back to his computers.

“Yes sir, Mr. Calculator sir,” Toyman replied, smiling beneath the huge doll head he wore.

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more alternate universe tales of your favorite DC heroes at [DC3 Multiverse](#).

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comics and graphic novels.

From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Supergirl #2 (2008)

Ultimate Supergirl: Little Girl Lost, Part 2 (of 2)

Ultimate Supergirl #7 (2008)

Ultimate Supergirl: Marvelous.

It's the ultimate catfight as Supergirl goes toe to toe with Mary Marvel!

Wait. What?

Ultimate Supergirl #1 (2008)

Ultimate Supergirl: Little Girl Lost, Part 1 (of 2).

Ultimate Supergirl #3 (2008)

Ultimate Supergirl: First Day.

A shopping trip turns into a series of tests for Kara's new abilities, learning to help those in need and establishing a place in this brave new world she's found herself trapped in!

Ultimate Supergirl #5 (2008)

Ultimate Supergirl: World's Finest, Part One.

Fresh from his appearance in Ultimate Batman and Robin, it's Nightwing!

Dick Grayson follows a trail of smugglers from Gotham to San Francisco, where he comes face to face with the city's own heroine. However dark forces are at work which will lead directly into Kara's first real challenge as a hero.

Ultimate Supergirl #6 (2008)

Ultimate Supergirl: World's Finest, Part 2.

While Nightwing faces down Houngan, Supergirl has her hands full with Amalgamax. But how can the maid of might triumph when her opponent has the combined powers of the Justice Society?

Ultimate Supergirl #8 (2008)

Ultimate Supergirl: Mxyzptlked.

Kara finds she has to use her brains instead of brawn as she takes on that mischievous imp Mr. Mxyil... Mr. Mixal... Mr. Mxypt... Oh just read the issue.



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind