



**Ultimate Supergirl #7**  
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Toyman "Linda Danvers"

“Good afternoon, Mr. Jones.” Gail said, entering the room. The nurse looked towards him, sighing slightly at the sight of the comatose man. It had been nearly a month and Rudy Jones was still here, STAR labs paying the hospital bills. Gail went about her daily routine, tidying up the room, changing the bed sheets and all the rest. All the while, she chatted pleasantly with Rudy. She didn’t expect an answer, but she’d heard some people say that coma patients could still hear you speak, and she wanted the young man to know somebody cared.

Finishing her job, she turned back to him, a sad smile on her face. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Mr. Jones,” she said and left the room.

### *Ultimate Supergirl*

*#7: Marvelous*

Written by James Steel

Edited by Samantha Chapman

Mary Marvel flew through the skies of California towards San Francisco, her thoughts going back to the day before. The wizard Shazam had appeared to them, informing them that someone else had used the power he’d granted Billy. After a discussion between them, and a short rock-paper-scissors contest, Mary was the one chosen to go. “Poor predictable Billy,” she chuckled as she flew. “The wisdom of Solomon and he still always picks rock.”

As she neared the city, Mary kept her eyes open for this Supergirl who had been in the news the last couple months. She suspected that the battle Supergirl had been in a few days ago was connected to the reason she was here, and if not, then this new hero might be able to help her in her quest.

She was flying low over the city, smiling and giving the odd wave to those present who looked up at her, when something slammed into her back and sent her crashing down into a fruit stand. “What...?” she muttered, pulling herself from the wreckage.

“I am Supergirl!” came a far too cheery reply. “I can do anything!” As Mary stood, Supergirl turned and took off, flying away down the street.

“Oh no,” Mary said. “You’re not getting away that easily. We’re gonna have a chat.” With that she rose into the air, taking off after the other woman.

Supergirl had already disappeared, but it only took Mary a few moments to track her down to the remains of a burnt out building, chatting to some firefighters.

Despite the voice in her mind urging her to think the situation through first, The young woman flew down, returning the favor from earlier by knocking Supergirl into the building.

“Thanks for the help, Supergirl!” the fire chief said to Kara as she stood smiling at a job well done. While they hadn’t saved the building, with her help the firefighters had managed to get everyone out alive, and as far as Kara was concerned that was the important thing. Objects could be replaced; people couldn’t.

She had just finished shaking the chief’s hand when she heard a sound. Kara turned just in time to see Mary coming towards her, unable to do anything as the other woman’s fist sent her flying through the remains of the building.

“I don’t know where you come from, but here it’s polite to say hello!” Kara heard Mary’s voice as she picked herself up. “Now how about you come out of there and we talk!”

“Oh, I’m coming out!” Supergirl shouted as she burst from the building, her body ramming into Mary and the two women skidding across the street, tearing up pavement. “And if that’s how you say hello—” Kara didn’t get to finish her sentence, as Mary nailed her with a chunk of pavement— the fight was on.

Unbeknownst to either of them, ‘Supergirl’ sat up on a nearby rooftop

watching the fight.

“This is great!” Calculator laughed from his chair, watching the battle on his computer screen with Toyman sitting next to him. “You know, I had real doubts when you suggested making a Supergirl robot, but it looks like your idea’s already starting to pay off.”

“Thank you, Mr. Calculator,” Toyman replied from beneath his mask. “It certainly helped that your satellites spotted Mary Marvel’s approach.”

Calculator nodded. “Using your robot to get them to fight each other is genius. With any luck we’ll take care of two problems for the price of one, and if not... well, it’ll help with your master plan. Not to mention the money we’ll make selling the video of the fight, I know Cold and his pals up in Keystone will love this.”

“Of course,” Toyman nodded.

“And I’m very impressed at how realistic she looks.”

“As far as I can tell she is completely accurate to the original, Mr. Calculator,” Toyman told him.

“Completely accurate?” Calculator replied. “No, wait. Don’t answer that. I **really** don’t want to think about that.”

Kara rolled across the street, dodging Mary’s next attack and hopping back to her feet. She grabbed Mary’s arm and tossed her, but the brunette used her flight to recover in mid-air and land on her feet.

Mary quickly turned, charging back towards Supergirl as Kara let loose a blast of her heat vision. Mary shouted in pain when the beams connected with her hand, but she kept coming. Supergirl had just enough time to notice that Mary had chosen to block the blast with her hand instead of

dodging it, before Mary nailed her with another punch and sent her tumbling backwards.

While she fell, Kara lashed out with her legs to trip Mary, and both women fell to the ground. Both got back to their feet just as quickly. The two moved towards each other, this time each of them dodging the other's attacks before Kara finally managed to connect, or so she thought.

Mary rolled with the blow, grabbing Supergirl's arm and quickly moving around to pin it behind her. Mary's other arm wrapped around Supergirl's neck, legs entangled.

"Hey! Watch where you put those hands!" Supergirl shouted. Her words distracted Mary just long enough for Kara to ram the back of her head into Mary's forehead. Both women clutched their heads, as Mary released the hold and they moved apart. "Ow! Good move, Kara!" Supergirl hissed to herself.

Leslie Willis has just finished her radio show for the day and was getting a coffee when she heard the commotion outside. She quickly moved to the window and looked out, looking down at the fight in the street where a crowd was already gathering. "This is great," she said with a grin as she quickly headed down and out of the building.

"Hey kid!" she called out to some teenage boy, holding up his cell phone to snap pictures of the battle. "I'll give you... three hundred for that phone!" she told him, putting the money in the young man's hand and grabbing the phone before he could say anything. She moved around to get a better view, taking a few more pictures.

*'This is gonna be great for the station's website,' she thought to herself while continuing to take pictures. 'And I have a feeling my ratings are about to go up.'*

Kara slammed into a nearby telephone pole, hissing in pain. She ducked under Mary's next attack, leaving Mary's hand to punch a hole in the post. Supergirl quickly grabbed Mary by the waist and took to the sky.

Supergirl ignored the pain as Mary brought her fists down on her captor's back. She picked up speed, ramming Mary into a nearby wall, ten stories off the ground. She released Mary to attack her quickly, but Mary was faster. Kara's fist only connected with the brick wall where she had just been.

Supergirl yanked her hand away and turned towards Mary, but quickly looked back at the wall as she heard a loud noise, and saw the bricks start to break away from the hole the two had made.

"That can't be good," Kara muttered, a crack forming and moving upwards, causing a stone gargoyle to tumble from the roof. Supergirl cursed silently, breaking away from Mary and diving to the ground. She passed the gargoyle in the air and grabbed the two citizens who stood below it, flying them to safety. She turned back, expecting to find the statue smashing to the pavement but instead saw that Mary had caught it and was now gently lowering it to the ground.

Supergirl lowered the two people she has rescued safely to the street before simply staring at Mary.

Linda was in her barn, feeding Comet when Brainiac 3 called out from his ship. "Linda! I have been following your local broadcasts and I think you'd better turn on the news. Right now."

Linda nodded, headed to the radio she kept in the barn and turned it on, tuning into one of the city's news stations.

"... If you're just joining us, we're still not sure what has caused this battle, but Supergirl and Mary Marvel have been battling in the middle of downtown San Francisco," she heard an announcer say.

"Can you tell us what's going on now, Otto?" another voice asked.

“They’ve just saved a number of civilians from falling debris caused by their battle and now they seem to be staring each other down.”

“Brainiac!” Linda called out, turning towards the small spacecraft. “Can you get in touch with her?”

“I can,” Brainiac replied. “The translation device she wears can also be used as a receiver.”

“Do it!”

Mary moved first, her body crashing into Supergirl’s and yanking her into a nearby shop. “Just listen for a second!” Mary said quickly as Kara got ready to fight back. “We’re obviously on the same side! Why did you attack me today?”

“Me?!” Kara replied. “You hit me first!”

“What are you talking about?” Mary said. “You attacked me from behind as soon as I arrived in town!”

“I did not!” Kara told her.

“Did too!”

“Did not!”

“Did...” Mary stopped, taking a breath before continuing. “Someone that looked like you hit me from behind just before I found you at that fire.”

“I was there for nearly half an hour,” Supergirl told Mary.

Mary frowned. “It appears I may owe you an apology. It also appears someone has set us up. I suspect they’re watching us somehow, which is why I dragged you in here so that we could talk.”

“KARA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?”

“Arrrggg!” Kara yelled, grabbing her ear. Mary stepped toward her, looking concerned, before Kara waved her back. “Brainy? Volume!” she hissed.

“Sorry Kara,” he replied. “But Linda wanted to make sure you heard me. She is concerned about what’s going on between you and this Mary Marvel.”

“Brainy?” Mary started.

“It’s a long story,” Kara said to both of them. “I’ll tell you later. For now I want you to do a scan of the area near me. Tell me what you find.”

“Scanning,” Brainiac replied.

“Who’s Brainy?” Mary asked again.

“He’s my ship’s computer,” Kara explained.

“Your ship?”

Kara nodded. “I’ll explain later.”

“Scan complete,” Brainy announced. “Other than yourself and Mary Marvel I am detecting some kind of advanced mechanical device nearby.”

Supergirl frowned, using her x-ray vision to search the area nearby. After a few seconds she gasped in shock.

“What is it?” Mary and Brainiac both asked her at the same time.

“On one of the nearby roofs,” Supergirl told her. “It’s... me?” She looked again. “No... It’s a robot... that looks like me,” she said, her voice turning into a growl.

Mary nodded, thinking for a few seconds. “I’ve got an idea,” she finally

said.

Calculator frowned, him and Toyman watching the screen before them. The Supergirl robot was still looking at the store that Kara and Mary had disappeared into.

“What are they doing in there?” he wondered. “I don’t like it.”

“Do you think we should abort, Mr. Calculator?” Toyman asked.

“Maybe,” Calculator replied, speculation running through his head, when Mary and Supergirl came flying out of the shop, engaged in battle. They watched as the two took to the sky, moving away from the area.

“Follow them,” Calculator told Toyman. “But make sure the robot doesn’t get too close.”

“Of course, Mr. Calculator,” Toyman nodded, pressing some buttons on his control panel.

The two continued their battle in the air, their fight taking them away from the city. Or at least, that’s what Kara and Mary wanted anyone watching to think. They were hoping to lure the robot away from the city so they could deal with it safely, and so far the plan was working.

“It’s still behind us,” Kara said, her next punch just missing Mary’s face.

“Good,” Mary said, as the two finally reached a good spot. “Ready? Now!” She took Kara’s arm, spun around and threw Supergirl at the robot. Kara used Mary’s strength and her own speed to slam into the machine before it could react. Kara grabbed the robot, slightly adjusted her angle and zoomed downwards. She let go at the last second, and a pile of dirt burst into the air as the machine crashed into the ground below.

“Great plan,” Kara told Mary with a grin as the younger woman joined up with her.

“Thanks,” Mary replied. “I just figured that—” Her sentence was cut off as the robot burst from the still settling cloud of dust, nailing each of the heroes with a punch. The robot was trashed, its clothing and ‘skin’ torn, the metal easily visible beneath.

“Oh she is **not** getting away!” Supergirl growled as she flew off after the robot version of herself.

“Try not to damage her too much,” Mary told her, catching up to Supergirl. “If we examine her, we might be able to find some clue as to who sent her.”

Kara nodded, putting on a burst of speed to catch up with the robot. She grabbed its leg and pulled it back towards her, her fist connecting with the machine’s chest.

The android tried to fight back but was soon overwhelmed when Mary joined the battle, the two women taking turns pummeling the robot. It looked around, trying to find a way out, finally spotting something and managing to break away from the two at full speed.

“Oh no. No!” Mary gasped, looking towards where the machine was flying: a jumbo jet in the air. The two took off after the robot but were too late— it slammed through one of the jet’s wings, causing it to fall from the sky.

Supergirl swore, her heat beams lashing out and raking over the fleeing robot’s back before she turned her attention to the jet. Mary was already attempting to save the jet, holding onto the damaged wing. “No, not there!” Kara told her. “Over here!” she pointed towards part of the main jet.

Mary nodded. The two women strained as they lifted the jet out of its decent, managing to bring it in for a safe landing at the San Francisco International Airport. As the plane touched down gently, a huge cheer rose from the crowd of rescue workers present.

Kara couldn't help but grin listening to the cheers, a tired but happy smile on her face. Then she turned to look at Mary and fought down a tinge of jealousy. While Kara was dirty, tired, sore, her outfit torn in a few places and her hair a rat's nest, Mary looked perfect. As if she had just finished getting ready for a date.

"Good job, Supergirl," the female Marvel told Kara, stepping over to shake her hand while a number of cameras flashed behind them.

"You too, Mary Marvel," Supergirl replied, smiling again.

"What a mess," Calculator said as he looked over the robot lying on Toyman's table, the damage from its fight apparent.

"That experimental alloy you got for me is amazing though," Toyman told him, looking up from where he was working on one of his many toys. "Other metals would not have survived the force from either woman's attacks. Once I've produced enough of it, I intend to make nearly all my toys from it."

Calculator nodded, looking around the room. It was filled with toys: dolls, tanks, helicopters, any kind of toy imaginable. "How long before the robot is repaired?" he asked.

"Not long, Mr. Calculator," Toyman told him. "A week, tops."

"Good," Calculator replied. "I'll leave you to your work."

"And he's so busy looking at me that he crashes into a lamppost, knocked himself right out," Kara told Mary, the younger woman laughing. The two were sitting at Linda's kitchen table, both in 'civilian clothes' and Kara having cleaned up. They were enjoying some ice cream and swapping stories, after having explained to Linda what had happened.

Finally Mary stood, smiling. "It's been great meeting you, Kara," she told the blonde. "We'll have to do this again sometime."

"Yeah," Kara nodded. "But next time let's leave the fighting each other out of it."

"Agreed," Mary laughed, and the two walked outside. Mary stepped away from the other girl. "**Shazam!**" The now familiar bolt of lightning appeared from the cloudless sky, striking the young woman and changing her back into Mary Marvel. She smiled and said goodbye to Kara before taking off into the sky, quickly disappearing from view.

It was late at night when nurse Whitfield went to check on Rudy Jones. "Don't know why we're wasting a bed for you," she muttered as she went about her work. "Doctors say you're not gonna wake up, might as well just pull the plug and get it over with."

She was busy checking a syringe, when the machines monitoring Rudy went off. She turned her head quickly towards the bed, eyes widening at what she saw.

Gail found her the next morning, comatose in the hospital bed. Rudy Jones was nowhere to be found.

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