



THE DAUGHTER OF A DOOMED SOCIETY.



ONE OF THE FIRST TO ESCAPE HER WORLD.



UNKNOWN TO HER, ONE OF THE LAST.



LEFT STRANDED ON ALIEN SOIL.



THIS IS KARA ZOR-EL.

THIS IS...

SUPERGIRL

IO, A MOON OF JUPITER, ONE OF THE LEAST HABITABLE PLACES IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

AND SO IS THIS.

NATIONAL CITY.

I CAN FLY, ELIZA. WHY DO I HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO DRIVE?

CONTEXT. TO LIVE AS *KARA DANVERS*, RELATABLE HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR, YOU HAVE TO ENDURE THE *CRUSHING* ANXIETY OF YOUR ROAD TEST. SAME AS YOUR CLASSMATES.

THIS TIME, JUST TAKE IT EASY. PARALLEL PARKING IS TRICKY.

IT IS *NOT* TRICKY. IT IS *ANCIENT* TO ME. WITHOUT A HOLOGRAPHIC THOUGHT INTERFACE, IS THIS EVEN A *CAR*?

THEY DO NOT EVEN *TEACH* INTERNAL COMBUSTION ON KRYPTON ANYMORE--



GAH!

AGAIN?!

SMASH

...OKAY. I THINK WE'RE *DONE* FOR TODAY.

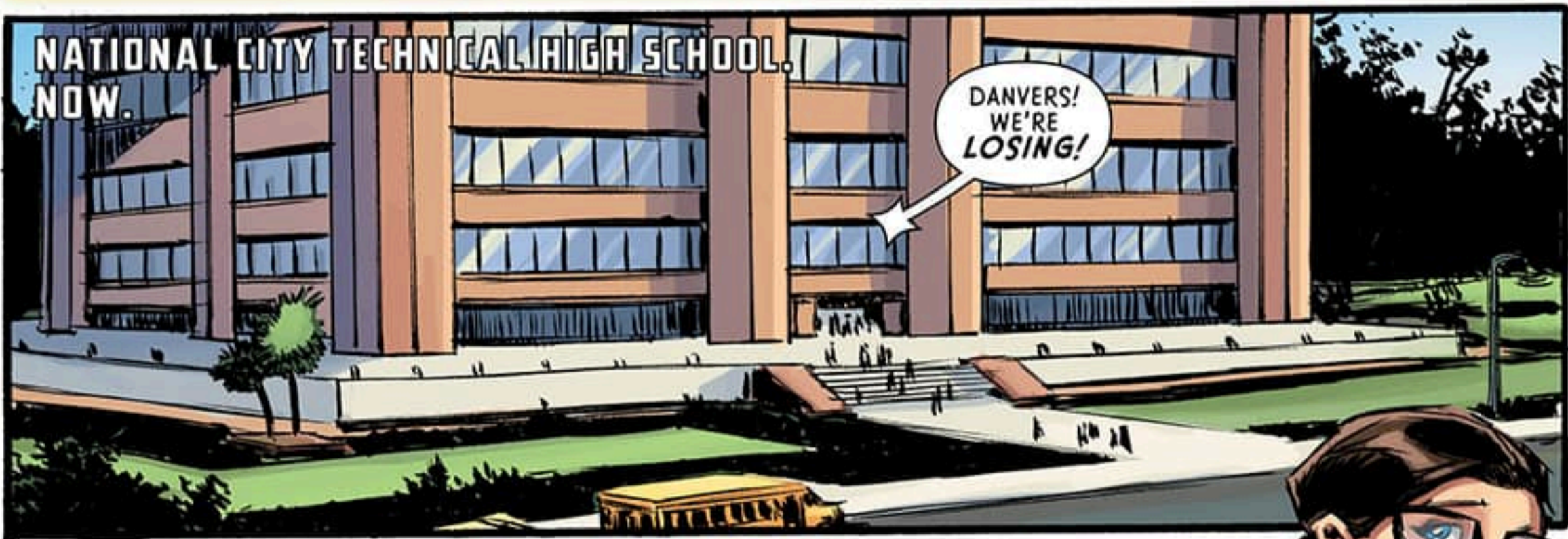
RIGHT NOW, I *GENUINELY* MISS THE COLD, LIFELESS EXPANSE OF SPACE.



KRYPTON BEFORE.

<GO, KARA! SHE'S GAINING!>*

* TRANSLATED FROM KRYPTONIAN. -PAUL



NATIONAL CITY TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL. NOW.

DANVERS! WE'RE LOSING!



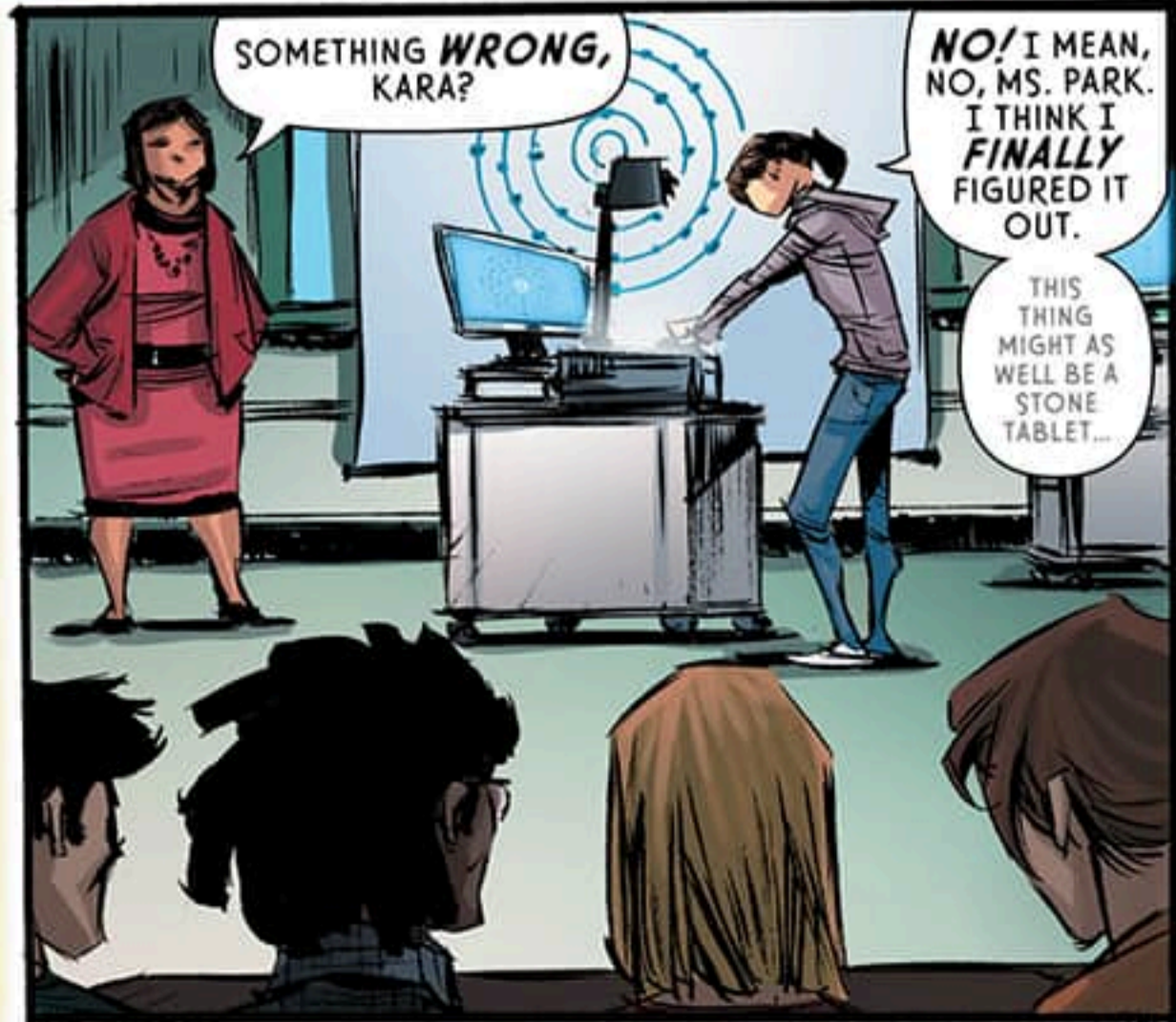
COME ON, KARA! CATCH A BALL AND HIT THEM WITH IT!



WHAT?



<ADMIRABLE WORK, KARA ZOR-EL.>



SOMETHING WRONG, KARA?

NO! I MEAN, NO, MS. PARK. I THINK I FINALLY FIGURED IT OUT.

THIS THING MIGHT AS WELL BE A STONE TABLET...

<DID YOU SEE HER ILLIUM-349 PRESENTATION?>

<THERE'S NO WAY THE COUNCIL **WON'T** ACCEPT KARA INTO THE **SCIENCE GUILD.**>



HOW'D *SHE* GET ACCEPTED INTO A SCIENCE SCHOOL? IS SHE A LEGACY OR SOMETHING?

LISTEN TO THAT ACCENT, YOU CAN BARELY UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE'S SAYING.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEAK ENGLISH TO BE SMART.

WHATEVER, BEN. SHE COULD BARELY HANDLE THAT PROJECTOR IN CLASS. IT WAS PAINFUL.

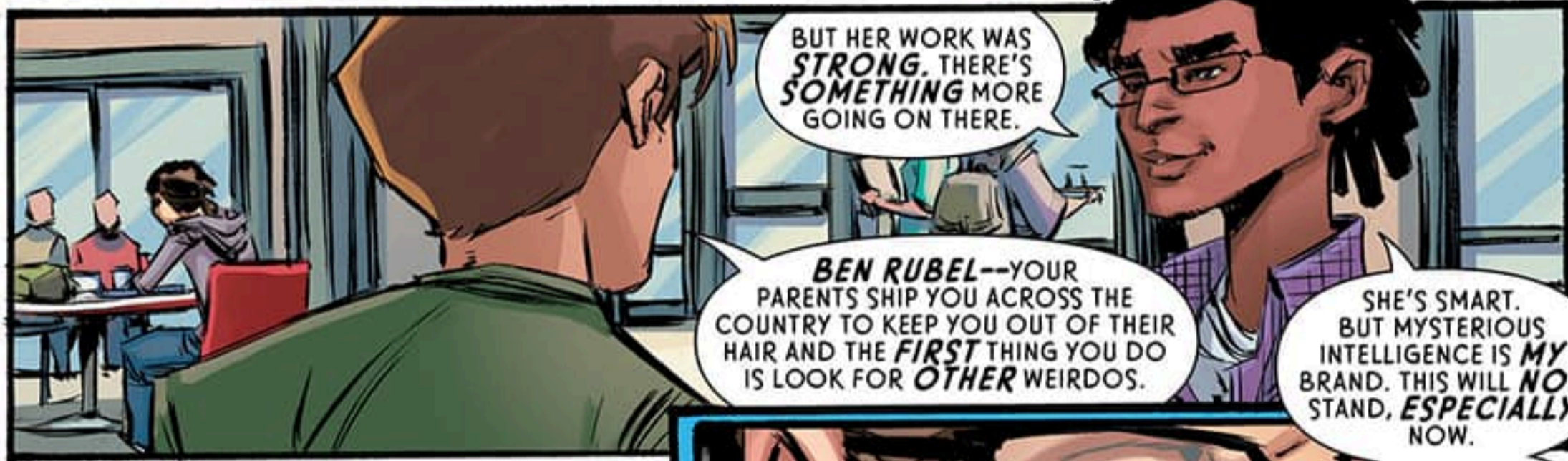


BUT HER WORK WAS STRONG. THERE'S SOMETHING MORE GOING ON THERE.

BEN RUBEL--YOUR PARENTS SHIP YOU ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO KEEP YOU OUT OF THEIR HAIR AND THE **FIRST** THING YOU DO IS LOOK FOR **OTHER** WEIRDOS.

SHE'S SMART. BUT MYSTERIOUS INTELLIGENCE IS **MY** BRAND. THIS WILL **NOT** STAND, **ESPECIALLY** NOW.

CAT GRANT'S YOUNG INNOVATORS CONTEST IS TOMORROW, AND I **DON'T** INTEND TO LOSE.



UNHAND YOUR PANIC BUTTONS, IDIOTS!

WAIT. THERE ARE **THREE** PERIODS LEFT. WHERE THE HELL IS SHE GOING?

