

Dear Barbara,

You should
see the sun.

It's just like dad said
when we were kids.

Brighter than you can
imagine. The heat of it
makes you **stronger**.

I know you'll probably never get
to read this. I know I might
never see you again. I know you
think I'm a killer. But still.

I miss you.

Dear Kara,

You should see
the signal.

They've shown it
every night since Dad
died. Since you left.

Looking for
you. Or your
new friends.

He showed me that
video. I watched you
kill our father in cold
blood. The Bat looked
me in the eye and told
me you did it. But still.

I miss you.

I tried hating you.

On one particularly bad night,
I tore up your illegal comics.
It was only afterward I
remembered they were Dad's.

I tried hating
him, too.

That didn't
work either.

I think you'd dig
this place, Babs.

It's all bad angles and
misfits and sharp edges. Not
an easy life, but the people
make the journey worth it.

Steel reminds me
of Mom. Or what I
remember of Mom.

Banshee's pretty
much silent
unless Zatanna's
around. Then she
moves to smiling
monosyllables,
which is chatty
for her.

And Barda...

Barda's
big.

And she's
unforgiving.

And she says words like
All-Pain and Parademon
and Intergang as if I'm
supposed to know what the
heck any of that means.

But most
of all...

...she's
kind.

TWO Letters

STORY BY **COLLIN KELLY & JACKSON LANZING**

ART BY **CARMEN CARNERO** COLORS BY **TRISH MULVIHILL**

LETTERS BY **WES ABBOTT** COVER BY **GUILLEM MARCH** EDITED BY **KRISTY QUINN**

SUPERGIRL BASED ON THE CHARACTERS CREATED BY **JERRY SIEGEL** AND **JOE SHUSTER**

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY

I tried focusing
on the mission.

I went out with the Bat. Hunted
one of your friends. Thought that
might, I don't know, bring me some
kind of relief. Let me sleep.

But it just gave me more
nightmares. A tiny voice in
the back of my mind. Every
time I saw the Bat. Every
casualty report I wrote up
on the Quinzel attack.

"What if the
clown was right?"

"What if they're
lying about you?"

My ridealongs kept
the voice at bay
for a little while.

Keep me in my routine.
On my route. Correct.

And away from
anything...

ACCESS
DENIED

...that
might prove
me right.

I want you to know that
I didn't want to leave you.
If I could've taken you, I
would. If there was time.
If I hadn't been hunted.

THAT'S
NOT GONNA
WORK.

DRIVESHAFT'S
TOO LONG. THAT
AMAZO THING'S HUGE,
THAT BIKE'S JUST A
LITTLE THING.

I KNOW,
STEEL.

I'LL
MAKE IT
WORK.

Guess I'm lucky
enough that they
brought me into
the fold.

Even if I
still feel
like a kid
sometimes.

WHAT'S
WRONG?

JUST...JUST
THINKING ABOUT MY
FAMILY. THE ONES BACK
IN THE GARDEN.

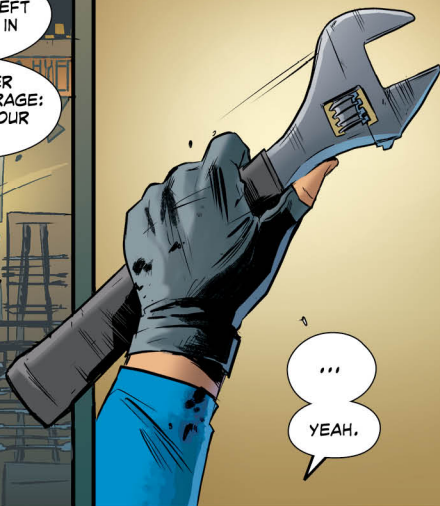
I KNOW
THAT FEELING.
THE LOVED
ONE YOU CAN'T
SHAKE.

IT'S HARD,
BUT YOU GOTTA
REMEMBER...



YOU GOT NEW
FAMILY NOW. THEM YOU LEFT
BEHIND ARE JUST COGS IN
LUTHOR'S MACHINE.

RULE NUMBER
ONE AT THE GARAGE:
WE RIDE FOR OUR
SISTERS.



...
YEAH.

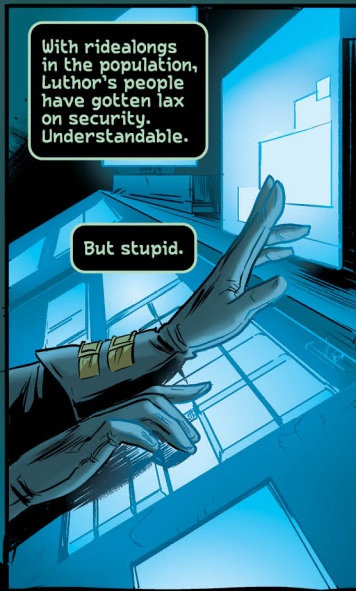
Or worse. I feel
like an imposter.



It didn't take much to
break into the Lexes.
Easier than I thought.



With ridealongs
in the population,
Luthor's people
have gotten lax
on security.
Understandable.



But stupid.

A few broken passwords. A
firewall or two. And a couple
gnarly headaches along the
way as the machines in my
brain fought every keystroke.



But on the
other side...



The truth.