



VALIANT

QUANTUM AND WOODY MUST DIE!

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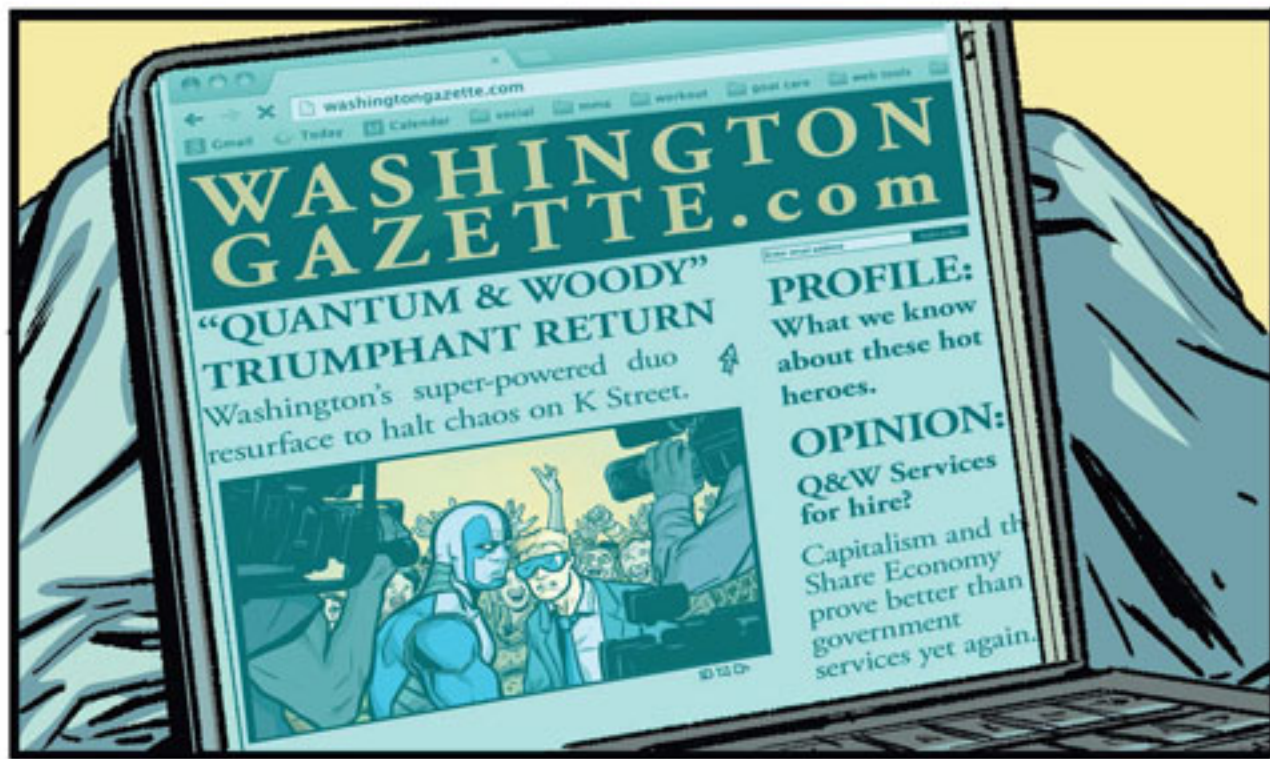
The story so far..



An accident at the lab of the late Derek Henderson imbued his sons—Eric and Woody, foster brothers and total opposites—with fantastic power. Now Woody fires energy blasts and Eric projects force fields...but they're bound by metal wristbands they have to KLANG together every 24 hours, or they dissolve into atoms. And their late father? A backup of his mind was accidentally copied by his own experimental technology into the brain of a pregnant, super-powered goat. That's right.

The brothers Henderson became QUANTUM!...and Woody...ersatz superheroes. But the good they've managed to do has come at a cost—Quantum and Woody have made enemies. Now a seemingly innocuous psychotherapist called Dr. Henrik Skinner (in the guise of giving Eric and Woody couples' counseling) is hypnotizing the brothers, drugging them to the gills, implanting them with post-hypnotic triggers, and surrounding them with a web of phony friends to carry out his devilish plan. His ultimate goal? To expose Quantum and Woody for the frauds and forces of destruction they are.

Under the influence of Skinner's hypnotic suggestion, Quantum and Woody stopped an armed car robbery WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE!...causing grievous injury to the getaway driver. The truck had been loaded with experimental substances from Z-Nyth Pharmaceuticals, being seized by the F.D.A. for random inspection. But before Quantum and Woody's intervention, the Domino twins—two burglars hired by Z-Nyth's director, LyAnn Quell—succeeded in retrieving the one sample Quell wanted to keep out of the F.D.A.'s hands...an illegal experimental medication designed to give people super-powers...



News
Of The
Weird.





GOOD LORD, LYANN! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SKEET-SHOOTING!

THE ONLY THING WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO, SENATOR... IS DEAL.

AND YOU'RE IN THE UNIQUE POSITION OF CARRYING MAJOR WEIGHT WITH THE DEFENSE COMMITTEE AND THE F.D.A.

PRECISELY WHY I SHOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH A WOMAN WHOSE COMPANY IS UNDER INQUIRY FOR NUMEROUS RECENT BLOW-UPS!

HOLD YOUR HORSES, BUCKAROO!

LET'S ALL REMEMBER THAT THE DEFENSE LOBBY MR. MILLER HERE REPRESENTS IS YOUR BIGGEST CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTOR...



...AND THOSE SAME COMPANIES RELY HEAVILY ON MY WORK AT Z-NYTH PHARMACEUTICALS.

ACTUALLY, MS. QUELL--I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN WE CAN'T TALK ABOUT MOST OF THE PROJECTS YOUR DIVISION HAS BEEN DEVELOPING FOR MY FRIENDS.



TROT TROT TROT TROT TROT



OF COURSE. "PROFESSIONAL ETHICS."

THEN I SUPPOSE I'LL TAKE THE "DEMONSTRATION" APPROACH.



THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU, WOMAN?!

WHY-- ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

W-W-GRRLL--?



AND IN A MOMENT...

...THE SAME WILL BE SAID FOR OUR FRIEND HERE.

OHH-- GOD, IT BURNS!!

THAT JUST MEANS IT'S WORKING, YOU TWIT.

BACK TO SLOWLY DYING OF HEART DISEASE AND CHLAMYDIA LIKE A NORMAL SENATOR.



Y-YOU'RE NOT GONNA SHOOT ME, ARE YOU?

PLEASE. I'D NEVER SHOOT THE GUY WITH ACTUAL POWER.

I MEAN TO BARTER.

YOU CAN TAKE THE FORMULA FOR THIS LITTLE MIRACLE WORKER TO WHATEVER MILITARY CONTRACTOR YOU SEE FIT. KEEP THE CASH.

IN EXCHANGE, YOU GET YOUR SENATOR PUPPET HERE TO DROP THE F.D.A. INVESTIGATION INTO MY R-AND-D DIVISION.

IS THAT ALL?



NO. I'D ALSO LIKE A HAND THAT CAN REACH INTO THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT...

I'm Sorry. Your Time Is Up.

