



VALIANT

ROBERT VENDITTI | DOUG BRAITHWAITE

#3

# PARADIGMS HUNTERS





MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH.

WHAT IS THAT THING?!

AKKK AKKK AKKK

JUST SHOOT IT!

AKKK AKKK

INSIDE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE MILITARY EXTRATERRESTRIAL RECONNAISSANCE OUTPOST.

AKKK AKKK

YAGGH!

FSSSSS

NOW.

FSSSSS

NGAHH!

DAMN.

POK POK

POK

IN MY LINE OF WORK, I ENCOUNTER A LOT OF WEIRD.

A FIFTH-CENTURY VISIGOTH WEARING ALIEN BATTLE ARMOR? THAT WAS UNEXPECTED.

THE PRISONER! WHERE IS HE?

WHERE IS MALGAM?

FSSSSS

BUT HEARING AN ACID-SPITTING SPACE DRAGON TALK TO ME IN MY OWN FREAKING LANGUAGE? THAT TAKES THE CAKE.

GO, COLONEL. I'LL COVER YOU.

NO TIME TO BE CHIVALROUS, BLOODSHOT. MI-6 SENT YOU HERE FOR EXTRA SECURITY, BUT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO SECURE.

TIME TO GATHER UP ANYONE STILL BREATHING AND ABANDON STATION. WE'RE GETTING OUT.

YOU MISUNDERSTAND, COLONEL.





I DON'T  
WANT TO  
LEAVE.

# ARMOR HUNTERS

## PART III: TRAP

WRITER: ROBERT VENDITTI  
ARTIST: DOUG BRAITHWAITE  
COLORIST: LAURA MARTIN  
LETTERER: DAVE SHARPE  
COVER ARTISTS: DOUG BRAITHWAITE,  
MICO SUAYAN, TREVOR HAIRLINE,  
DIEGO BERNARD, AND  
DONOVAN SANTIAGO  
ASSISTANT EDITOR: JOSH JOHNS  
EDITOR IN CHIEF: WARREN SIMONS

FGSSSS

GO! GO  
NOW!

COLONEL!

WHAT ARE  
YOUR ORDERS? DO  
WE TAKE BACK THE  
COMMAND HUB?

NO. WE'RE  
FALLING BACK  
TO THE LOVE  
BOAT.

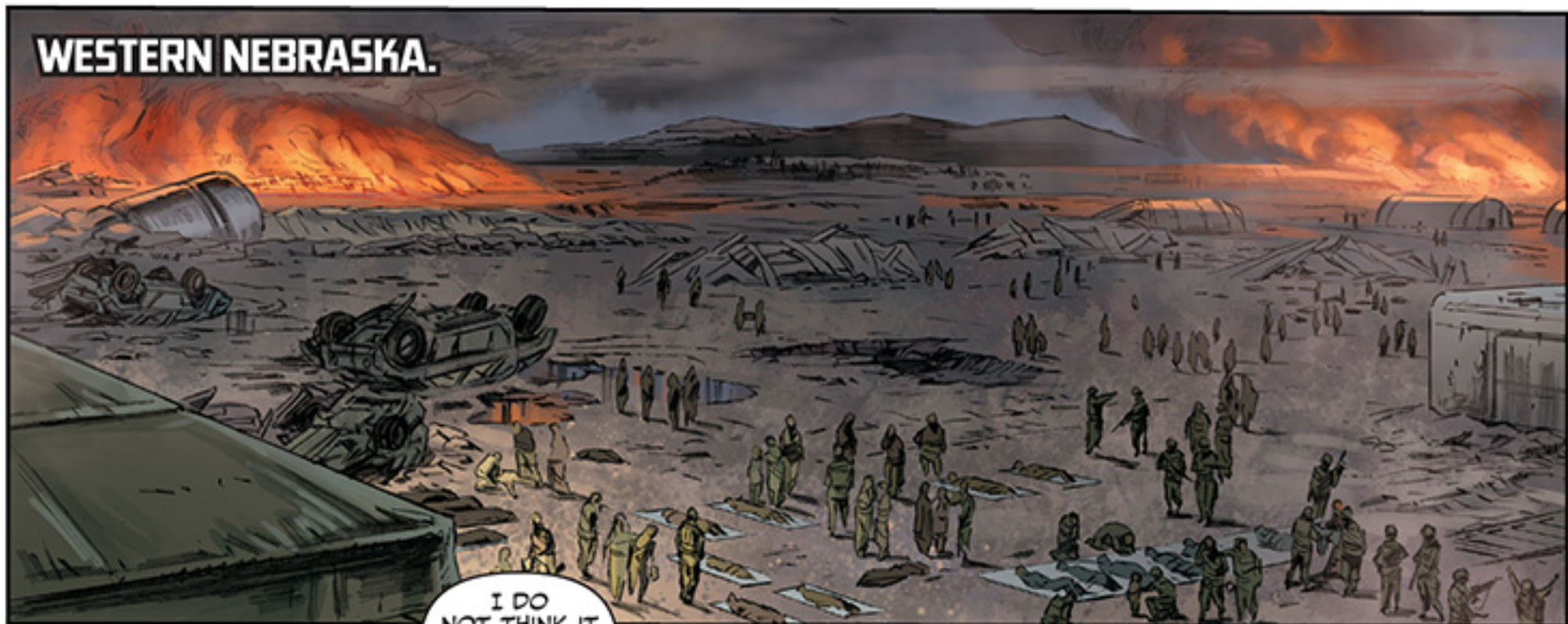
THE  
LOVE BOAT...?  
WE DON'T HAVE  
THE CREW  
TO--

WE  
DON'T NEED A  
CREW. THERE'S A  
TECHNOPATH  
JUGGLING COMMS  
AND SURVEILLANCE  
IN OUR  
BASEMENT.

"TELL LIVEWIRE  
IT'S TIME TO TAKE  
HER SHOW ON  
THE ROAD."



# WESTERN NEBRASKA.



I DO NOT THINK IT IS SAFE TO MOVE THE WOUNDED...



SAFER THAN IF WE STAY HERE, MA'AM.

HE IS RIGHT, SAANA. IF THE HUNTERS DISPATCH A SECOND WAVE OF THEIR FIENDISH HOUNDS, MORE WILL DIE.



MAJOR. IT'S COLONEL CAPSHAW.



COLONEL? COMMS COULDN'T GET M.E.R.O. ON THE LINE. I WAS SURE--

WHAT'S YOUR STATUS, MAJOR?

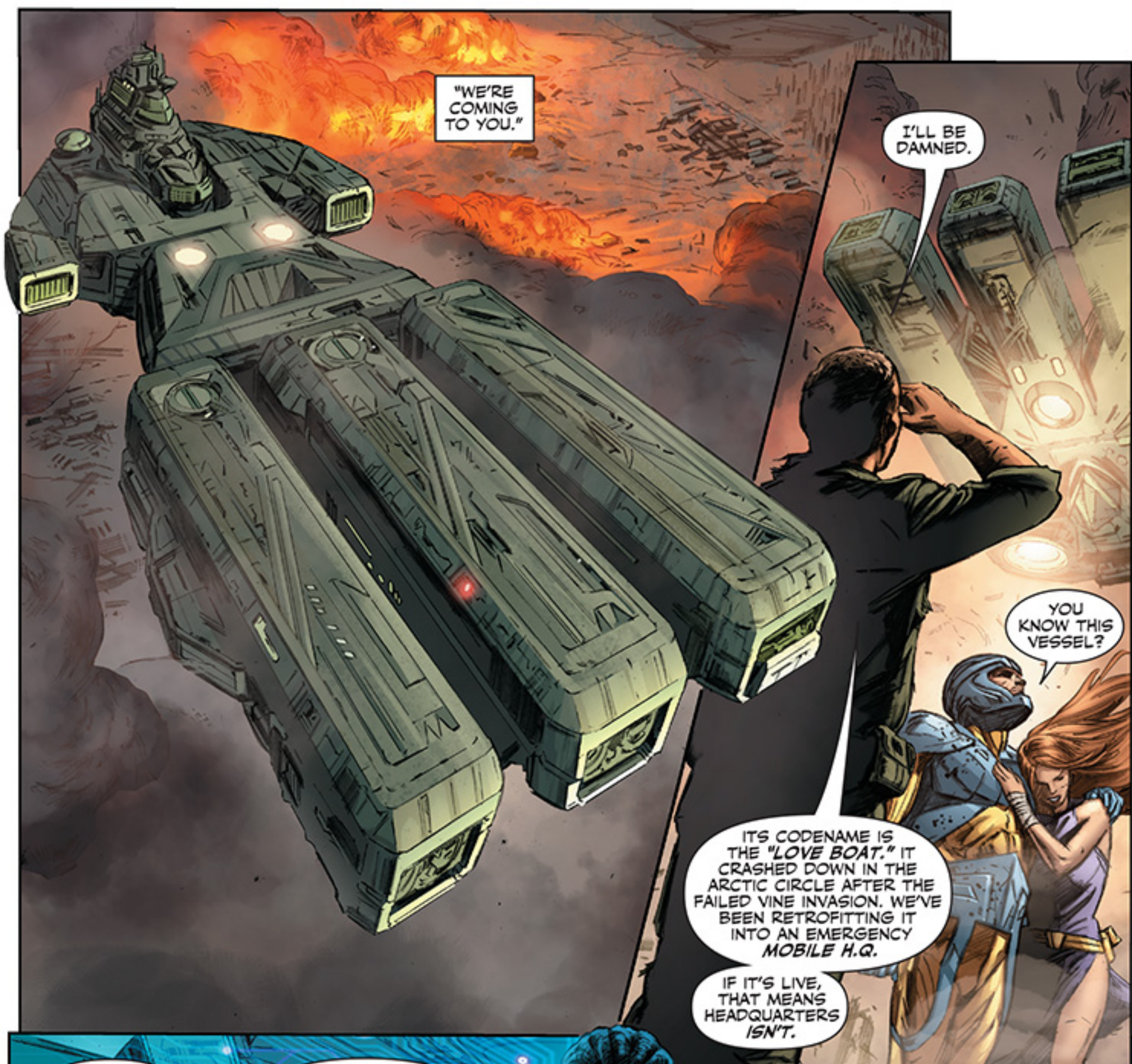
HEAVY LOSSES-- MILITARY AND CIVILIAN. IF ARIC HADN'T SHOWN, WE WOULD'VE BEEN WIPED OUT.

WE'RE LOADING THE WOUNDED FOR EVAC. WE'LL NEED EVERY BED AVAILABLE ONCE WE GET BACK TO BASE.

FORGET BASE, MAJOR. IT'S FUBAR.







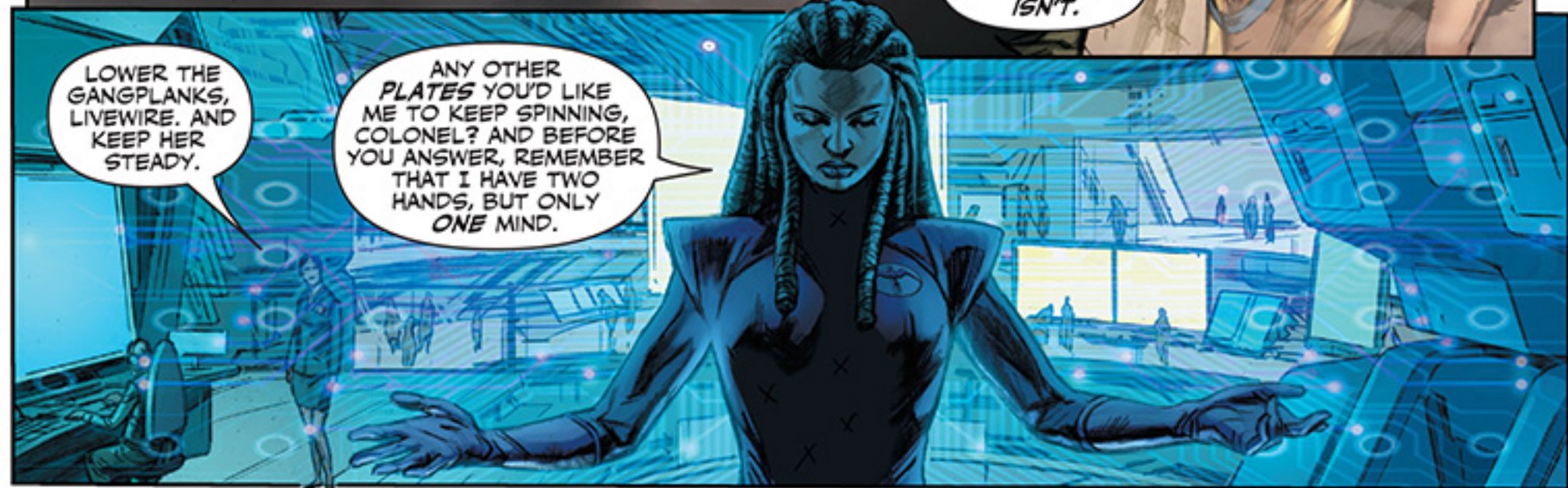
"WE'RE  
COMING  
TO YOU."

I'LL BE  
DAMNED.

YOU  
KNOW THIS  
VESSEL?

IT'S CODENAME IS  
THE "LOVE BOAT." IT  
CRASHED DOWN IN THE  
ARCTIC CIRCLE AFTER THE  
FAILED VINE INVASION. WE'VE  
BEEN RETROFITTING IT  
INTO AN EMERGENCY  
MOBILE H.Q.

IF IT'S LIVE,  
THAT MEANS  
HEADQUARTERS  
ISN'T.



LOWER THE  
GANGPLANKS,  
LIVewire. AND  
KEEP HER  
STEADY.

ANY OTHER  
PLATES YOU'D LIKE  
ME TO KEEP SPINNING,  
COLONEL? AND BEFORE  
YOU ANSWER, REMEMBER  
THAT I HAVE TWO  
HANDS, BUT ONLY  
ONE MIND.



LOAD  
IN!





TRIAGE  
THESE  
WOUNDED!



GET  
THEM TO THE  
INFIRMARY!



THAT'S IT?  
THAT'S ALL THAT  
MADE IT?

THERE WERE  
ONE THOUSAND THREE  
HUNDRED EIGHTY-SEVEN  
OF THEM. PLUS TWENTY-  
TWO PREGNACIES.

NOW...  
THIS.



I'M  
SORRY,  
ARIC.

THEY WERE  
DEFENSELESS. IF  
I HAD NOT GONE TO  
THEM, *EVERY* ONE  
OF THEM WOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
SLAUGHTERED.



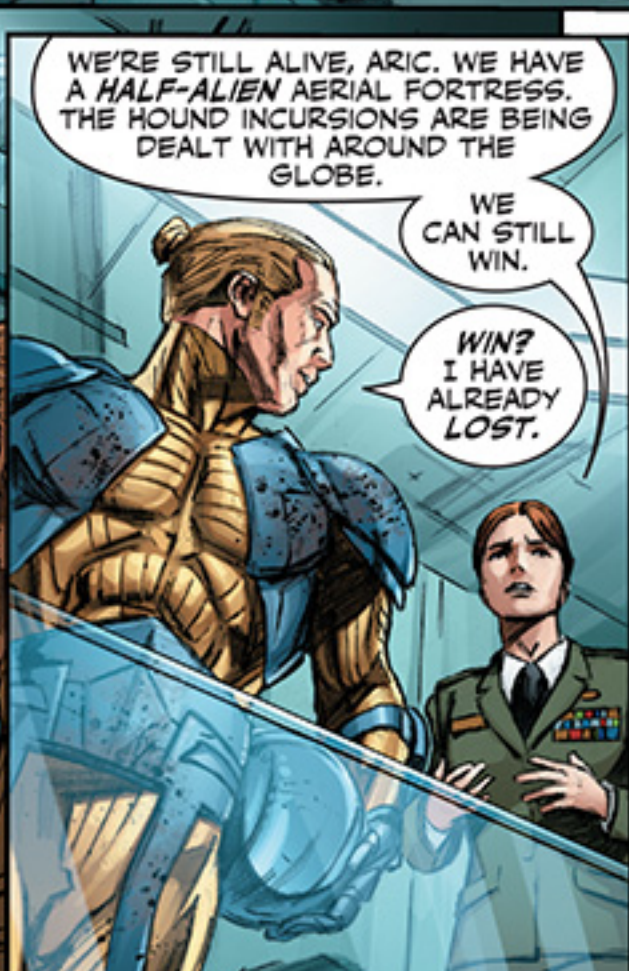
WE DIDN'T  
FARE ANY BETTER.  
M.E.R.O. WAS  
BREACHED BY ONE  
OF THE HUNTERS.  
MALGAM IS LOOSE.  
GOD KNOWS  
WHERE.

BLOODSHOT  
STAYED BEHIND  
TO COVER OUR  
EVACUATION. I  
CAN'T IMAGINE  
HE MADE IT  
OUT.



I FREED MY  
PEOPLE. FOUND THEM  
A NEW HOMELAND AND  
SWORE TO KEEP THEM  
SAFE. I SHOULD NOT  
HAVE LEFT THEM.

THE  
ARMOR IS NOT  
WORTH THIS, LADY  
COLONEL. *NOTHING*  
IS WORTH THIS.



WE'RE STILL ALIVE, ARIC. WE HAVE  
A HALF-ALIEN AERIAL FORTRESS.  
THE HOUND INCURSIONS ARE BEING  
DEALT WITH AROUND THE  
GLOBE.

WE  
CAN STILL  
WIN.

WIN?  
I HAVE  
ALREADY  
LOST.