



QUANTUM AND WOODY MUST DIE!

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QUANTUM AND WOODY MUST DIE!® #3 (of 4)

MARCH 2015

VALIANT ENTERTAINMENT LLC.

Office of publication:

424 West 33rd Street,

New York, NY 10001

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Printed in the USA.

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First Printing.

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■ The story so far...



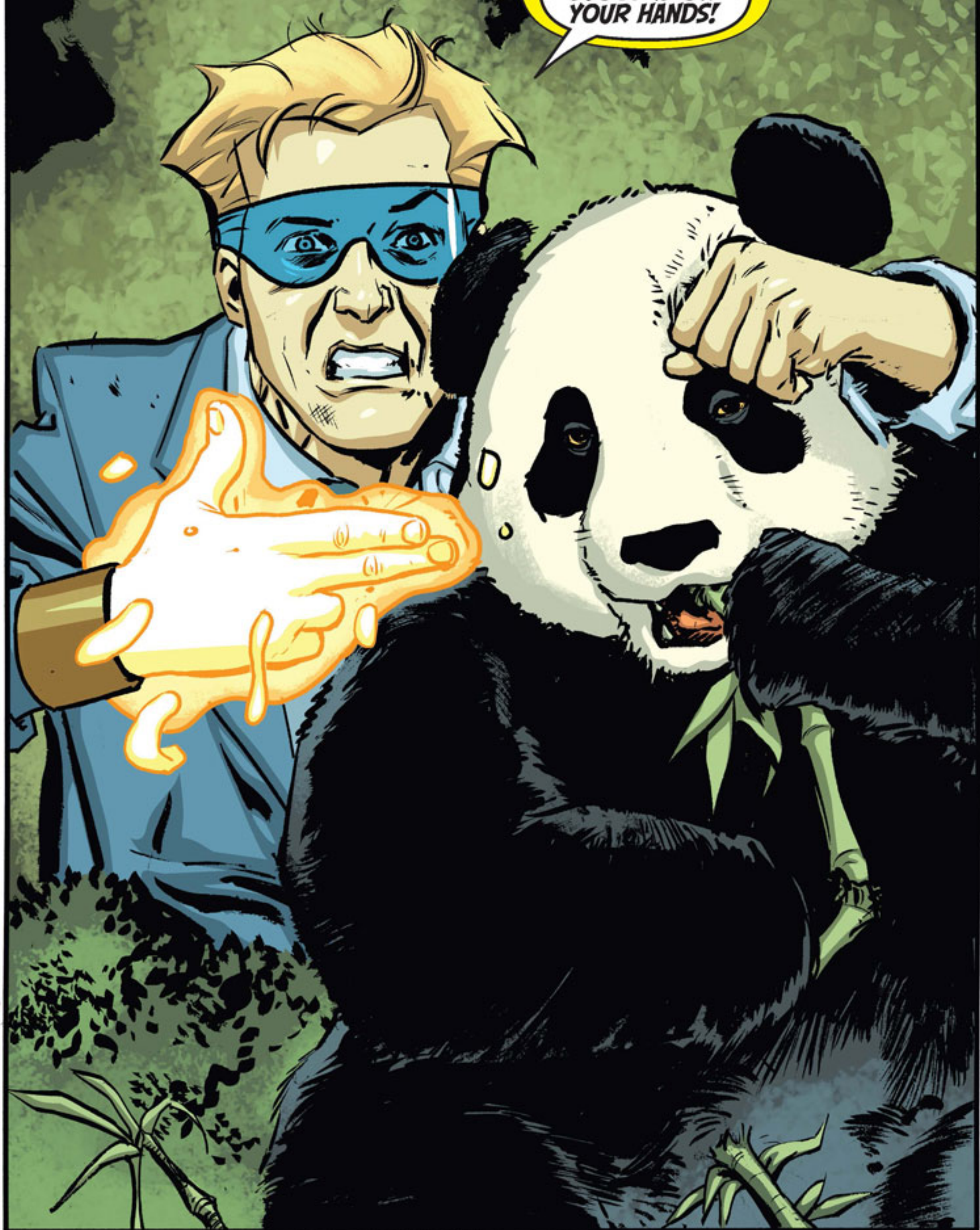
An accident at the lab of the late Derek Henderson imbued his sons—Eric and Woody, foster brothers and total opposites—with fantastic power. Now Woody fires energy blasts and Eric projects force fields...but they're bound by metal wristbands they have to KLANG together every 24 hours, or they dissolve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

The brothers Henderson became QUANTUM!...and Woody...ersatz superheroes. But in their heroing, Quantum and Woody 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 gathered from months of the brothers' collateral damage. His ultimate goal? To expose Quantum and Woody for the frauds and forces of destruction they are. But that wasn't revenge enough for the members of Skinner's "Grudge League"...when their attempts to ruin the heroes unwittingly made them more beloved, the renegade therapy group decided...Quantum and Woody must die!

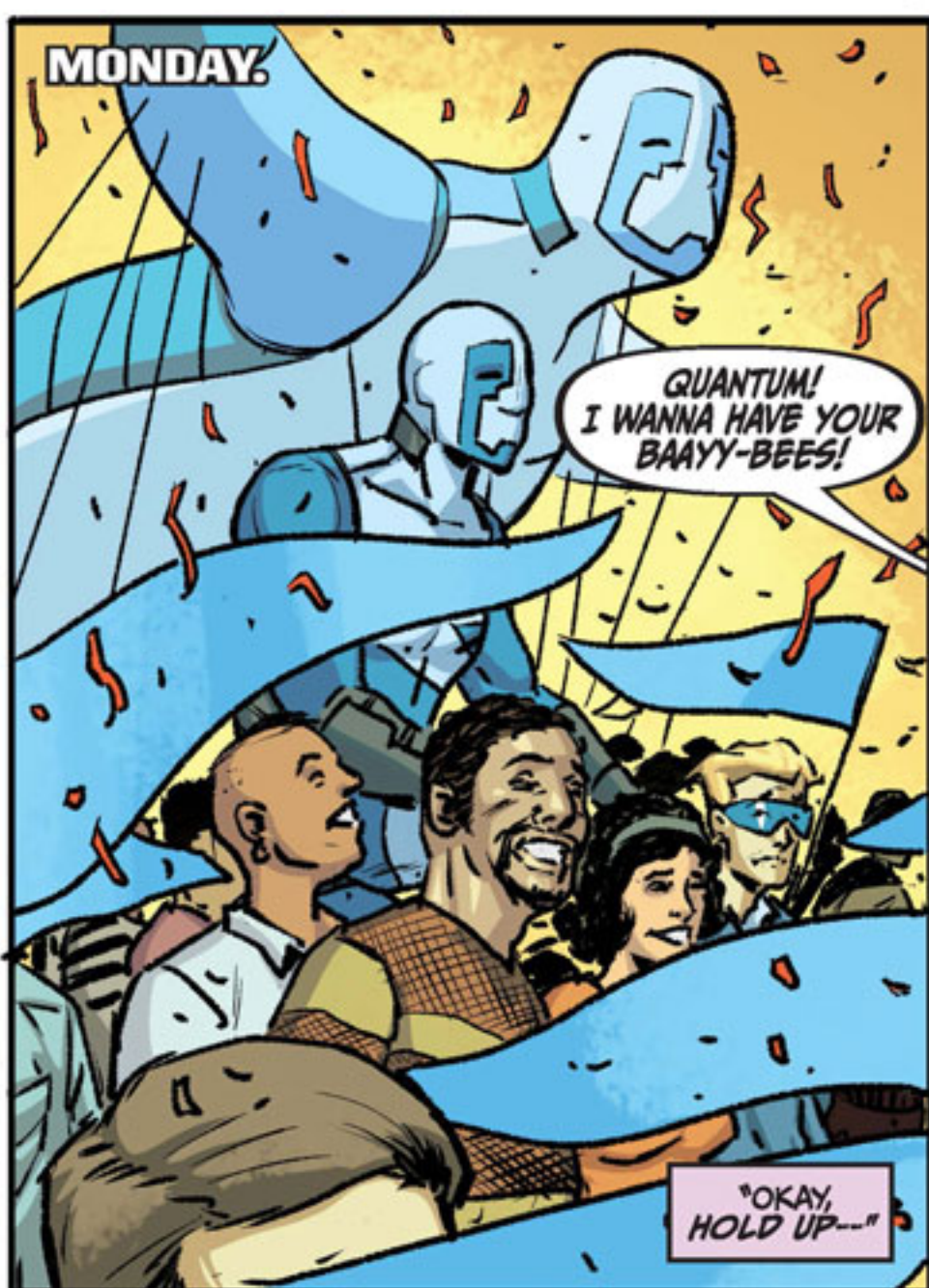
Under the influence of Skinner's hypnotic suggestion, Quantum and Woody had stopped an armored FDA truck (full of seized experimental Z-Nyth Pharma medications) from being robbed...WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE!...causing grievous injury to the mercenary getaway driver. LyAnn Quell, the Z-Nyth director, sought out the now-terminal mercenary and offered to save his life with cutting-edge performance-enhancing drugs...in exchange for getting his revenge and killing Quantum and Woody for her. Failing in his first attempt to kill the brothers, the super-powered merc—now code-named Terminal—has enlisted the help of Skinner's renegade Grudge League!

TODAY.

HEAR ME OUT
OR THIS PANDA'S
BLOOD IS ON
YOUR HANDS!



Pride Parade Goeth Before the Fall.





BACK TO TODAY.
(But before the panda thing!)

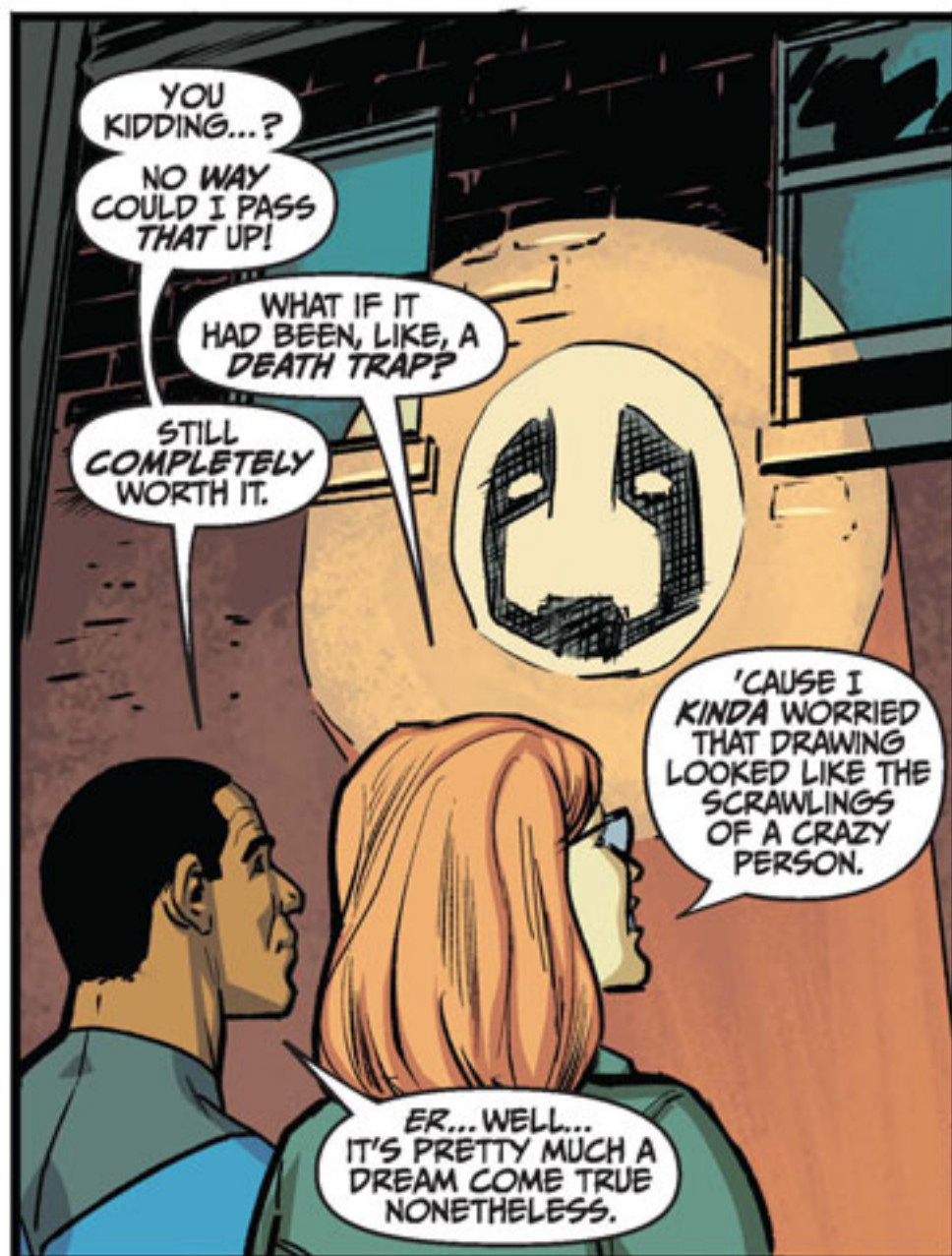
--BUT I HAVE TO CALL ON THAT LAST ONE.

MS. QUELL MAKES ME CHECK TRAFFIC ALERTS, LIKE, TEN TIMES A DAY--

--I WOULD'VE KNOWN IF THINGS SHUT DOWN FOR A PARADE.

HEY, I WAS SAYING THAT'S HOW IT FELT, AT LEAST...

WELL, THIS IS NO PARADE, SO I'M DOUBLY APPRECIATIVE YOU TOOK THE TIME TO SWING BY.



YOU KIDDING...?

NO WAY COULD I PASS THAT UP!

WHAT IF IT HAD BEEN, LIKE, A DEATH TRAP?

STILL COMPLETELY WORTH IT.

'CAUSE I KINDA WORRIED THAT DRAWING LOOKED LIKE THE SCRAWLINGS OF A CRAZY PERSON.

ER... WELL... IT'S PRETTY MUCH A DREAM COME TRUE NONETHELESS.



GOOD! BECAUSE, UM...

...WELL, I REALIZED I DIDN'T DO A GREAT JOB OF THANKING YOU FOR SAVING ME WHEN WE RAN INTO EACH OTHER.

WHAT?! SHEILA, YOU-- YOU WERE... GREAT ABOUT IT!



I CALLED YOU A PERVERT, SEXUALLY ASSAULTED YOU, AND THEN TOOK OFF FOR MY BOSS.

WELL...



...ACTUALLY, YOU CALLED ME A FETISHIST.

OH, GOOD, I CAN BE ABOUT TEN PERCENT LESS EMBARRASSED, THEN.



ANYWAY... ALL OF THIS IS JUST TO SAY... THANK YOU.

AND NOT JUST FOR STOPPING A... C.H.U.D. FROM EATING ME AT WORK.

BUT FOR MAKING ME OPTIMISTIC ABOUT PEOPLE AGAIN.

WHOA. WHEN DID I DO THAT?

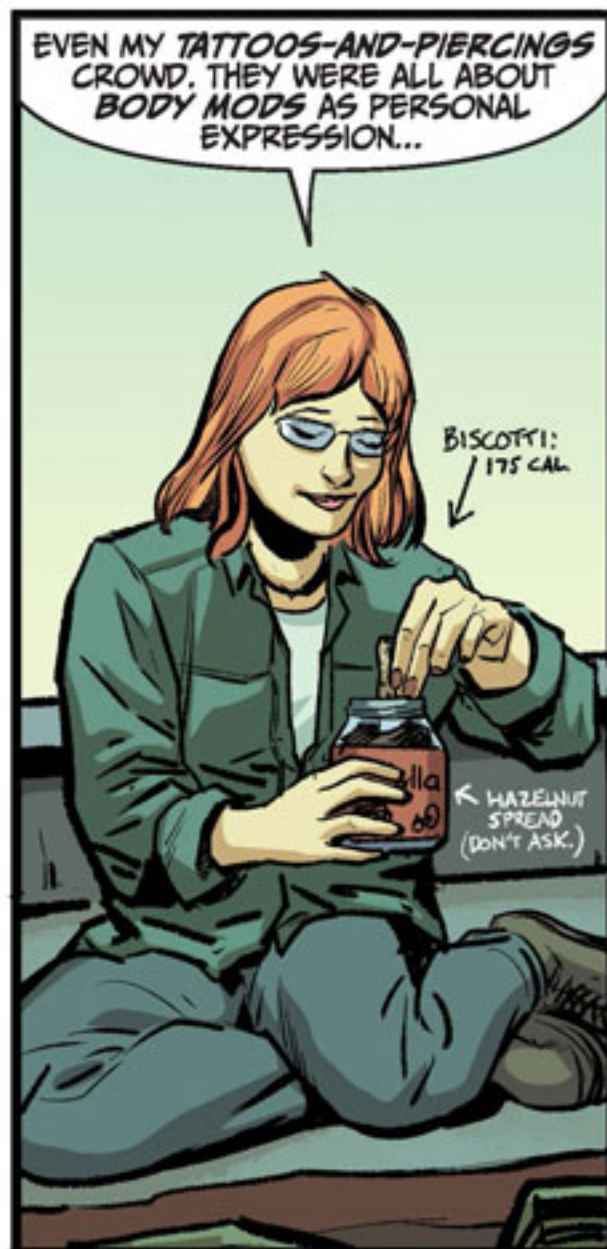
WHAT YOU SAID AT THE COFFEE PLACE.

ABOUT BECOMING THE PERSON YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE. I... UM...



THAT JUST REALLY STRUCK A CHORD WITH ME. AND... I'VE HAD A LOT OF TOXIC PEOPLE IN MY LIFE.

SO, Y'KNOW, MOVING TO D.C. PROBABLY WASN'T A GOOD CALL.



EVEN MY TATTOOS-AND-PIERCINGS CROWD. THEY WERE ALL ABOUT BODY MODS AS PERSONAL EXPRESSION...

BISCOTTI: 175 CAL

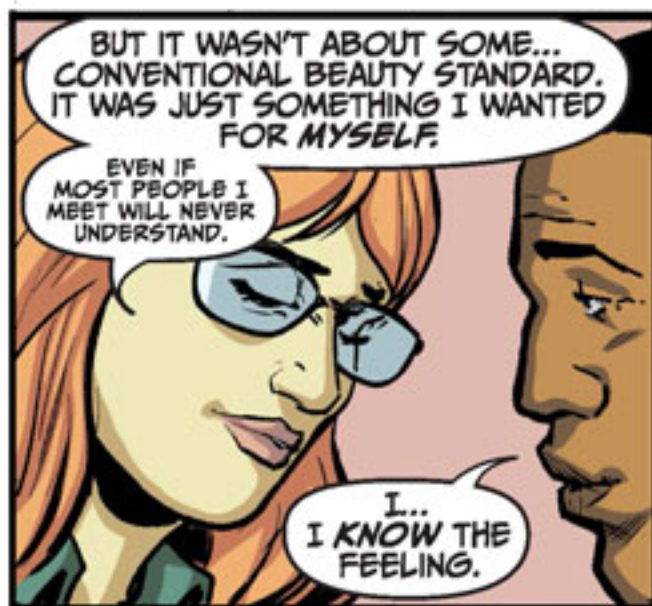
HAZELNUT SPREAD (DON'T ASK.)



...BUT THE MINUTE I GOT THESE INSTEAD OF A SPLIT TONGUE...

OH. UH...

...ALL THE SNIDE BARBIE COMMENTS MADE IT CLEAR THEY DIDN'T REALLY GIVE A CRAP WHO I SAW MYSELF AS. THEY JUST KNEW I WASN'T "THEM."



BUT IT WASN'T ABOUT SOME... CONVENTIONAL BEAUTY STANDARD. IT WAS JUST SOMETHING I WANTED FOR MYSELF.

EVEN IF MOST PEOPLE I MEET WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND.

I... I KNOW THE FEELING.



CRUNCH



OH! CRAP!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO RUIN A... MOMENT!

BUT I CAN BE A HUNGRY, HUNGRY HIPPO.

I LIKE A GIRL WITH A HEALTHY APPETITE.



SORRY, BUT I SHOULD-- HI! DR. SHAY? WHAT'S--?

OH, GOD!

WHAT? WHAT'S WRONG?

MY DAD! HE'S...!

--GOING INTO LABOR!

BZZT BZZT

