

From The Pages Of **The BOYS**

HEROOGASM



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2008

From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

HEROGASM™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

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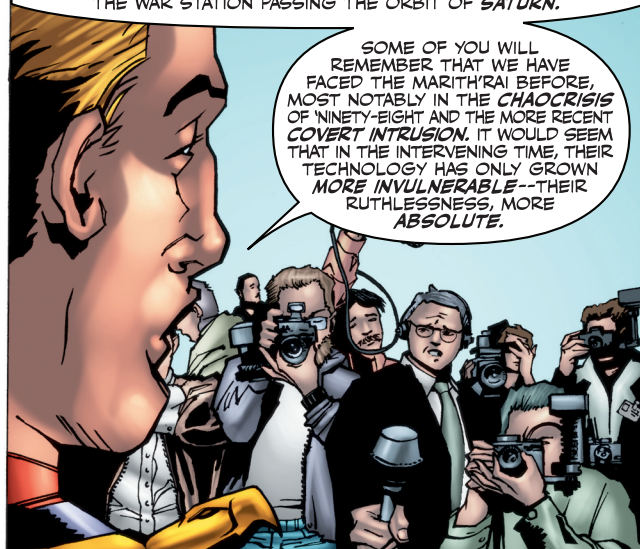
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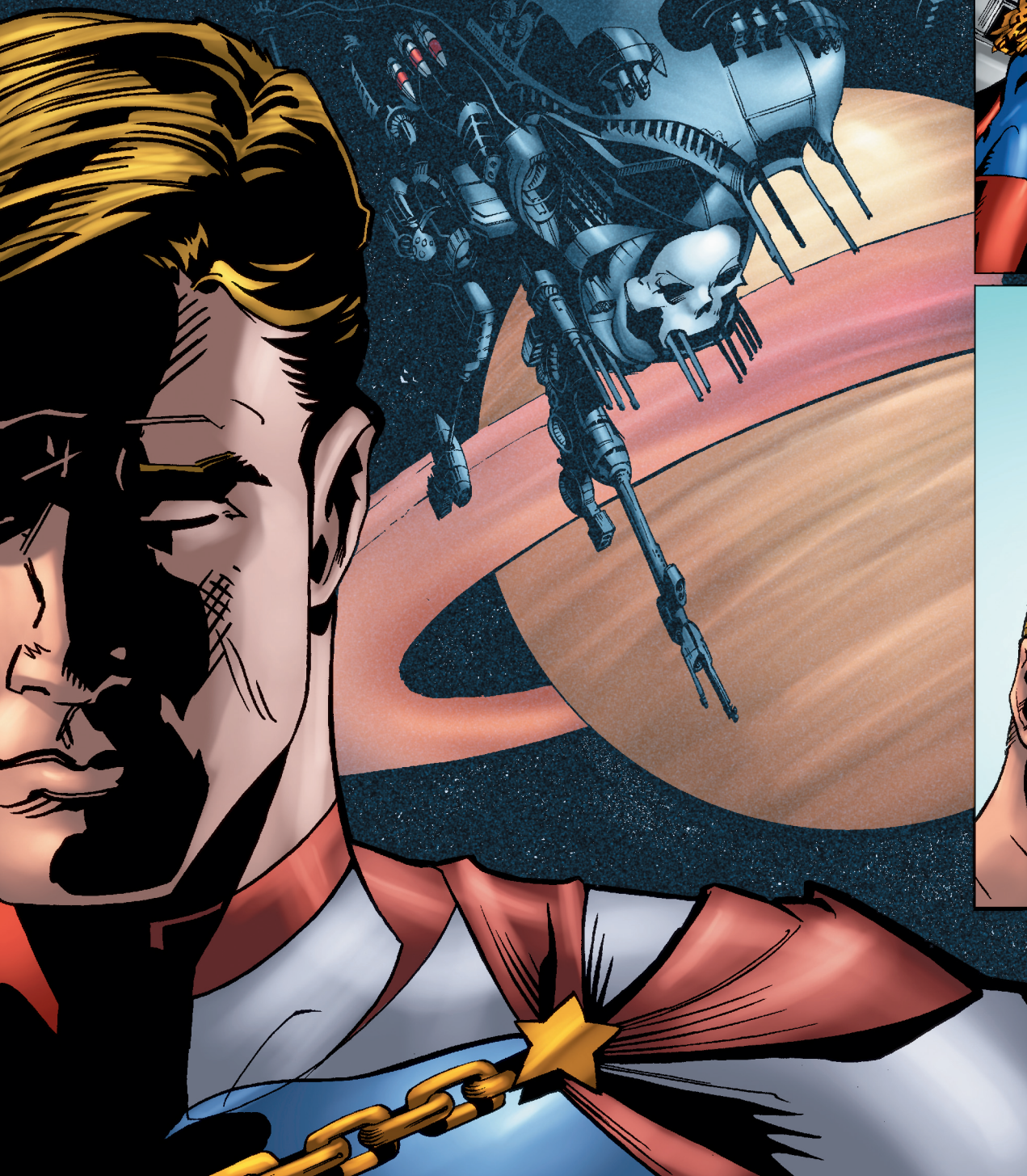
THE *BATTELITE* OF THE *MARITH'RAI* IS NOW CONFIRMED AS HAVING ENTERED OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. THESE IMAGES, CAPTURED BY THE HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE ONLY THIS MORNING, CLEARLY REVEAL THE WAR STATION PASSING THE ORBIT OF *SATURN*.

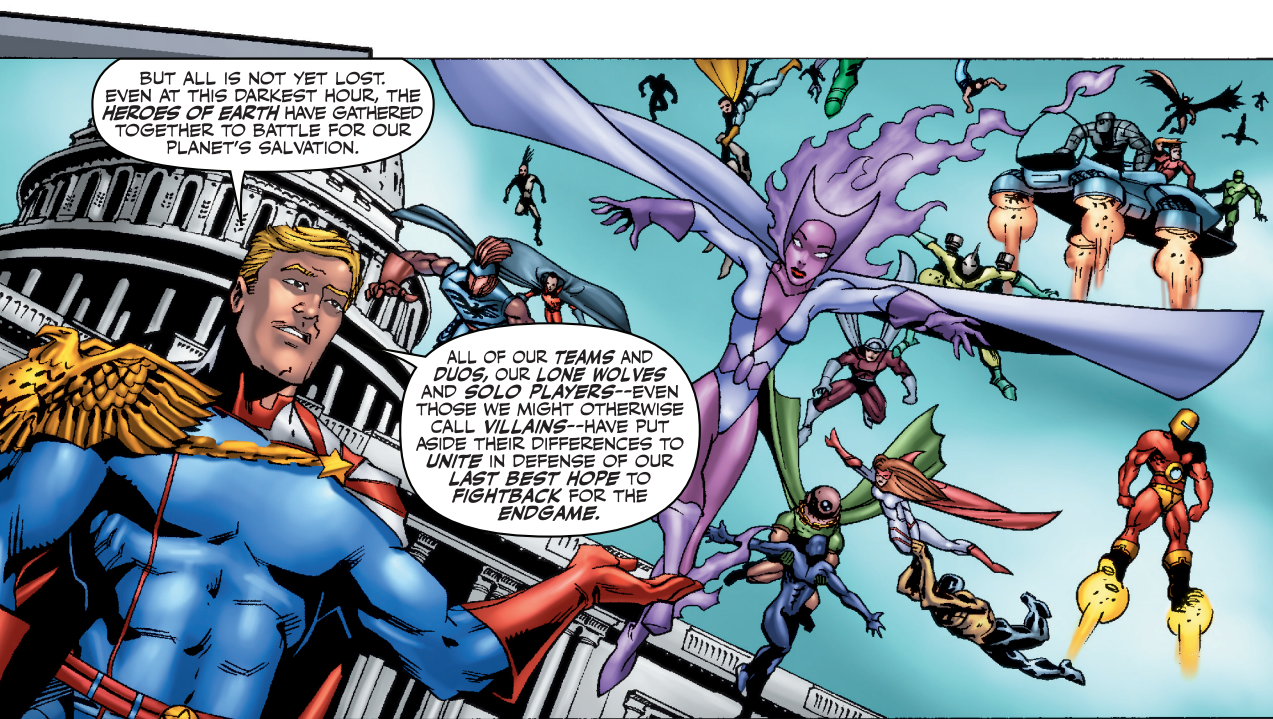


WE'VE
HEARD THAT...
THE G-MEN...

THAT OUR COMRADES,
THE *G-MEN*, HAVE
BEEN TARGETED IN A
PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE
BY THE INVADERS...

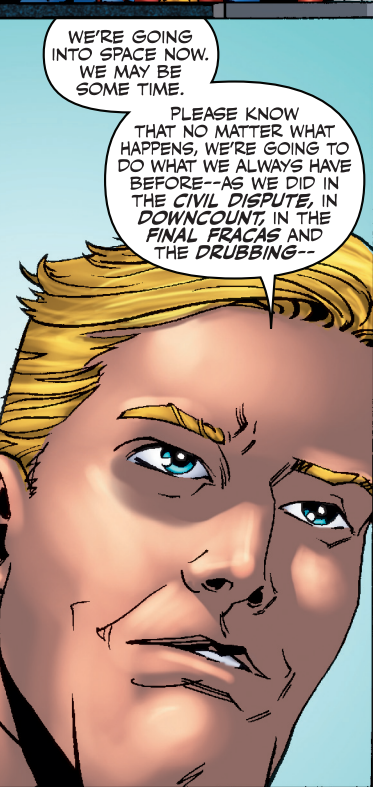
AND
HAVE NOT
BEEN SEEN
SINCE.





BUT ALL IS NOT YET LOST. EVEN AT THIS DARKEST HOUR, THE **HEROES OF EARTH** HAVE GATHERED TOGETHER TO BATTLE FOR OUR PLANET'S SALVATION.

ALL OF OUR **TEAMS** AND **DUOS**, OUR **LONE WOLVES** AND **SOLO PLAYERS**--EVEN THOSE WE MIGHT OTHERWISE CALL **VILLAINS**--HAVE PUT ASIDE THEIR DIFFERENCES TO **UNITE** IN DEFENSE OF OUR **LAST BEST HOPE** TO **FIGHTBACK** FOR THE **ENDGAME**.



WE'RE GOING INTO SPACE NOW. WE MAY BE SOME TIME.

PLEASE KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, WE'RE GOING TO DO WHAT WE ALWAYS HAVE BEFORE--AS WE DID IN THE **CIVIL DISPUTE**, IN **DOWNCOUNT**, IN THE **FINAL FRACAS** AND THE **DRUBBING**--

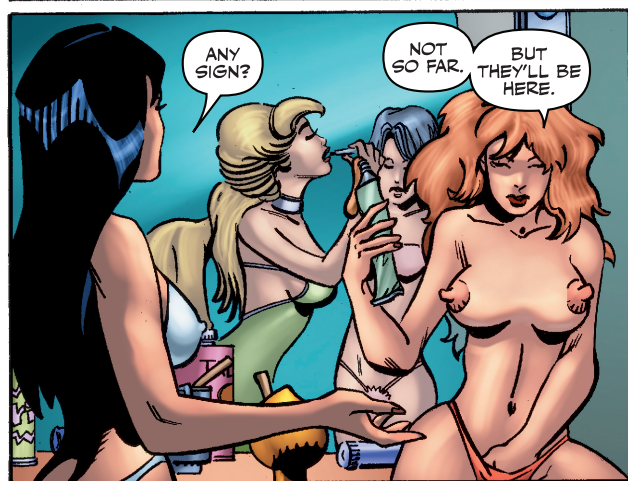


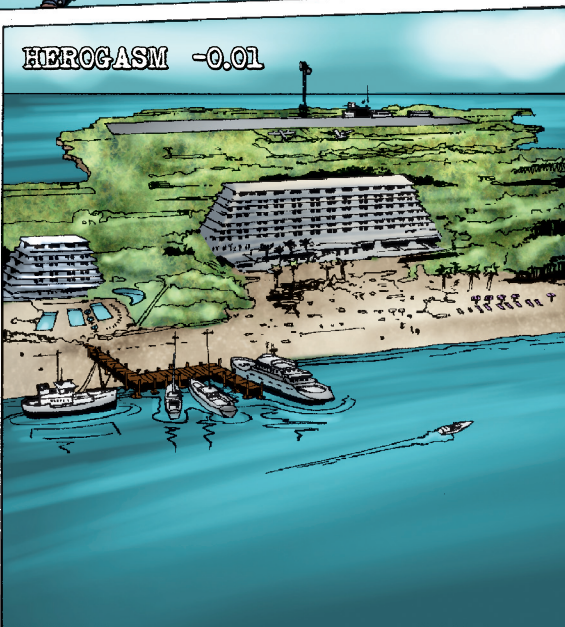
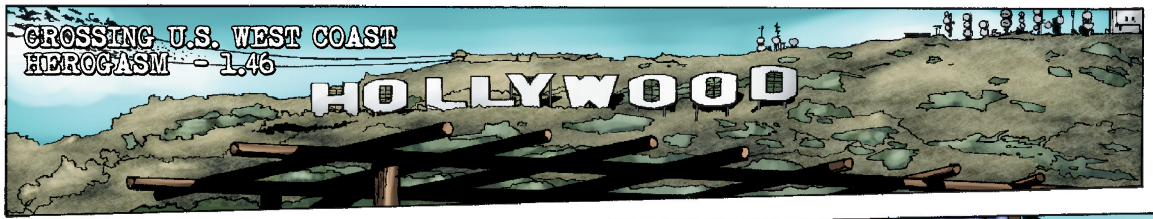
AND THAT'S OUR **VERY BEST**.

THANK YOU.



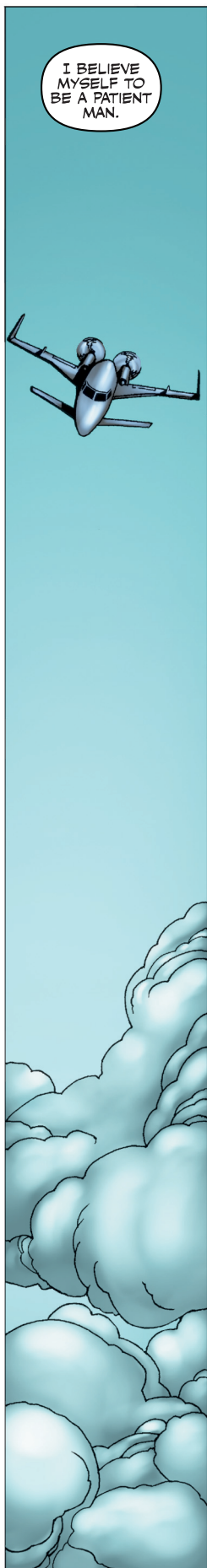
ISLA MCFARLANE, 1131 MILES DUE WEST COSTA RICA
HEROGASM - 4.02







One: BABYLON



I BELIEVE MYSELF TO BE A PATIENT MAN.



I'D SAY THAT WAS THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE--

PLEASE LET ME FINISH.



I DEAL WITH THE SEVEN ON A REGULAR BASIS, SO I'M MORE THAN FAMILIAR WITH EXTREMES OF EGO. THE HOMELANDER IN PARTICULAR IS A TANGLED WEB OF CONCEIT AND INSECURITY THAT WOULD TRY THE PATIENCE OF A SAINT, AND YET I SOMEHOW PREVAIL.

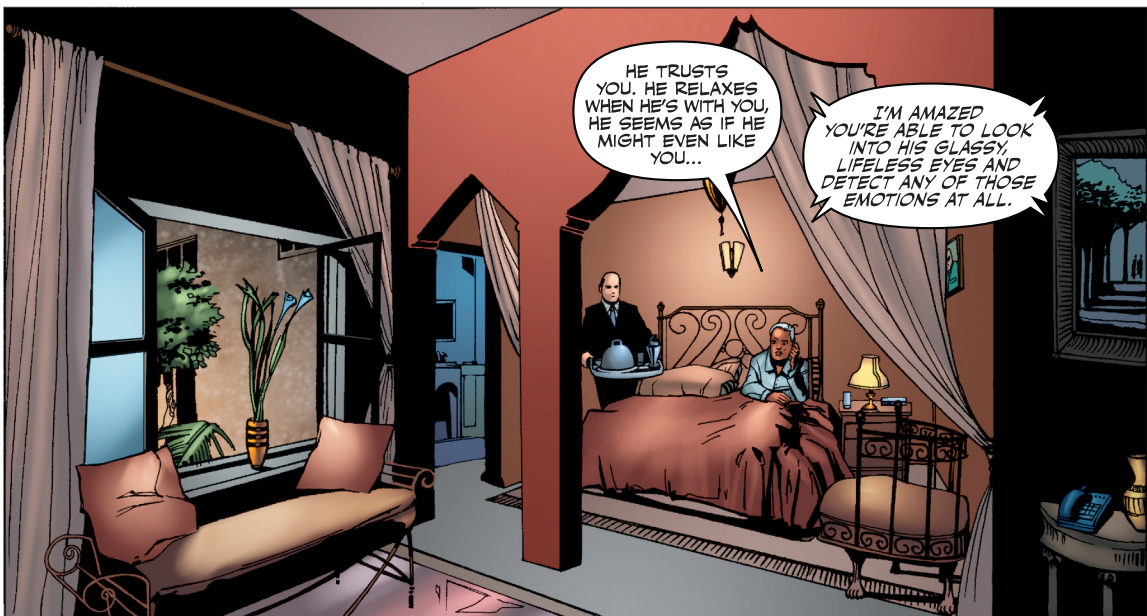
NEITHER AM I ANY STRANGER TO THE NOTION OF LOW INTELLECT. IT WAS ME, AFTER ALL, WHO CONVINCED SOLDIER BOY TO REFORM PAYBACK AFTER THE HUGO QUEER INCIDENT-- A CONVERSATION NOT WITHOUT ITS PITFALLS, I ASSURE YOU.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FRUSTRATION.

BUT IT SIMPLY HAS TO BE YOU...

THANK YOU.



HE TRUSTS YOU. HE RELAXES WHEN HE'S WITH YOU, HE SEEMS AS IF HE MIGHT EVEN LIKE YOU...

I'M AMAZED YOU'RE ABLE TO LOOK INTO HIS GLASSY, LIFELESS EYES AND DETECT ANY OF THOSE EMOTIONS AT ALL.



BUT THEN, OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO...

FAIR POINT.

BUT THERE SIMPLY ISN'T ANY WAY AROUND IT, YOU'VE GOT TO BITE THE BULLET AND TALK TO HIM. WE'RE MOVING INTO THE NEXT PHASE; WE CAN'T LEAVE IT ANY LONGER OR HIS CHANCES IN OH-EIGHT WILL BE MINIMAL.



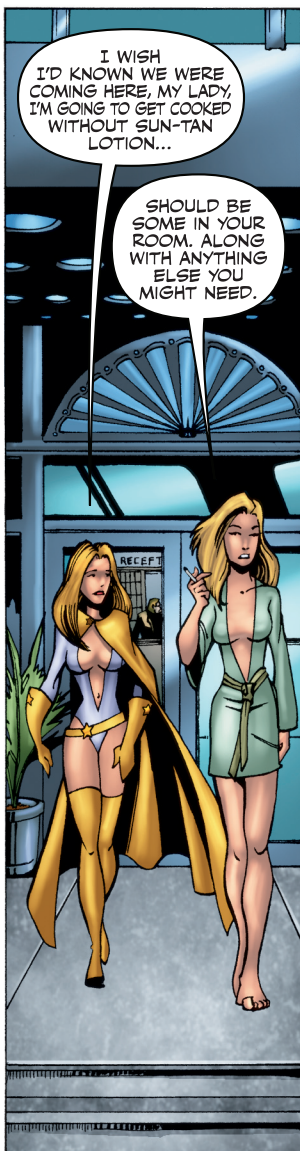
I KNOW. IT'S NOT AS IF I'M GOING TO TURN THE 'PLANE AROUND.

BUT...WELL. I CAN HANDLE THE SEVEN. I CAN HANDLE PAYBACK. I HANDLED JOHN GODOLKIN, AND WE BOTH KNOW WHAT A RAVING LUNATIC HE WAS.

I JUST CAN'T DEAL WITH... WITH...



THAT MAN.





UNNNHHH

HHNNNGGHH

AAAAHHHHH...!

OH,
THAT'S IT,
KEEP--

FUCK
ME, YOU--

SWALLOW
IT ALL--

OH JESUS,
USE YOUR
STRETCHING
POWERS--!

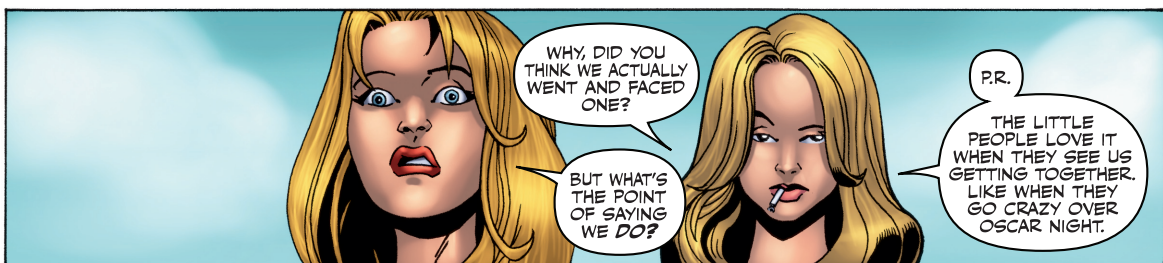
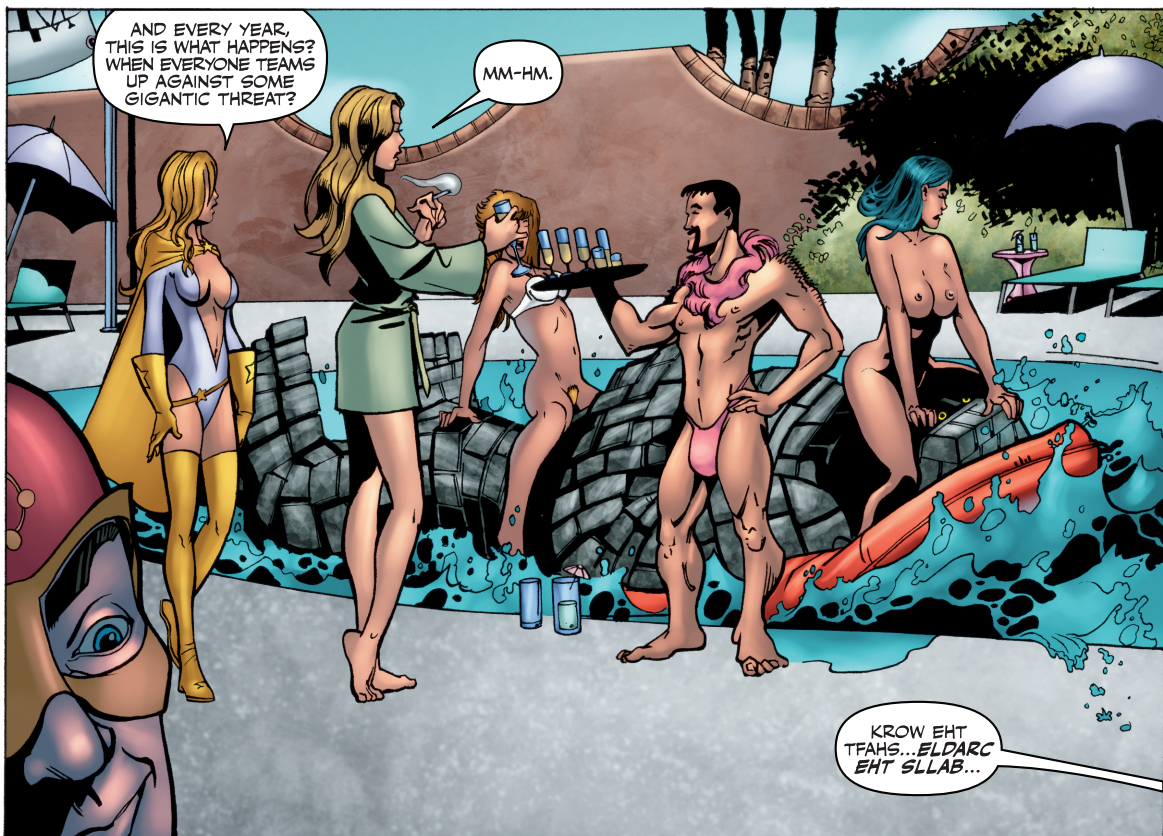
KCUS YM
KCOC!

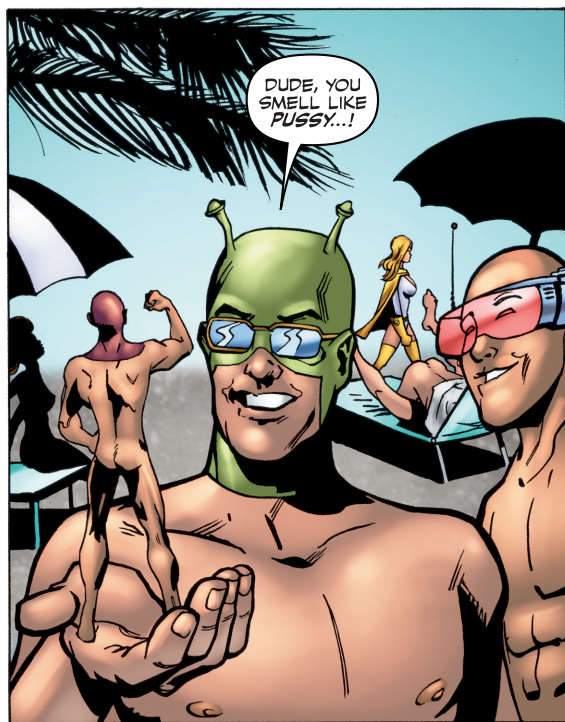
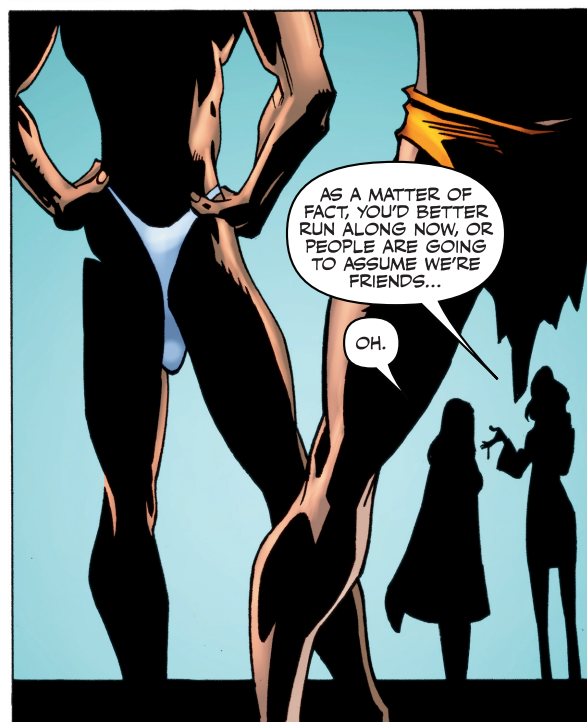
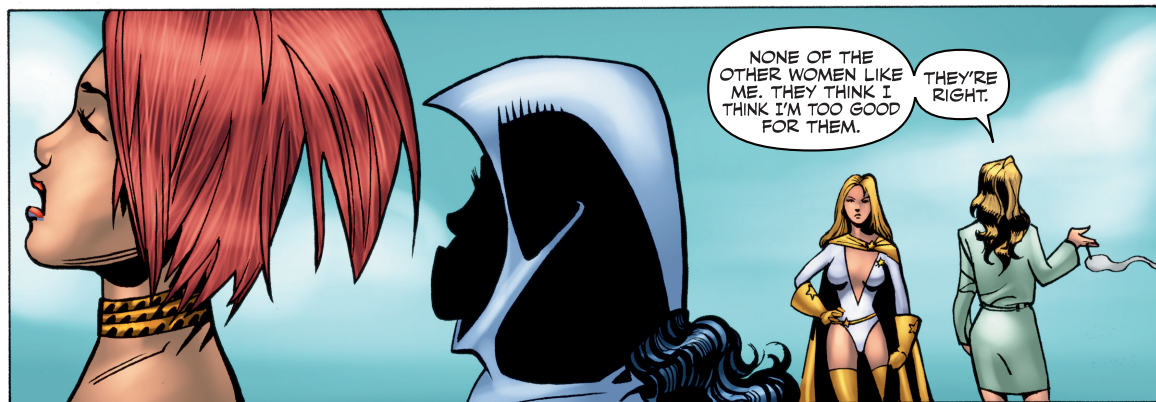
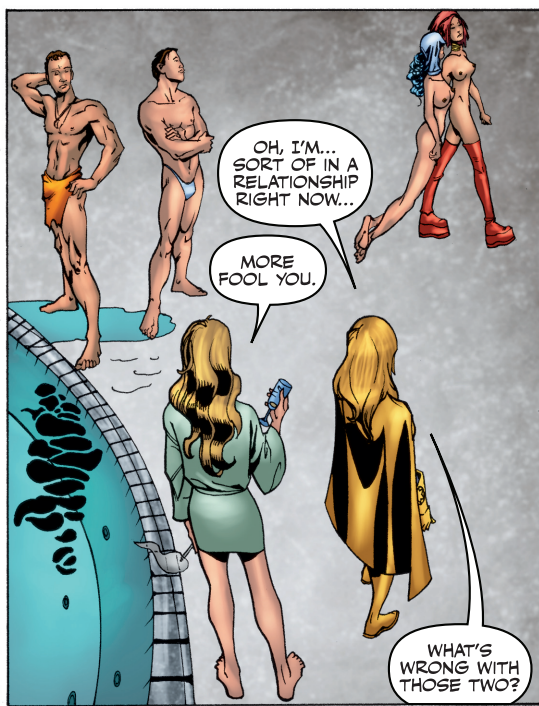
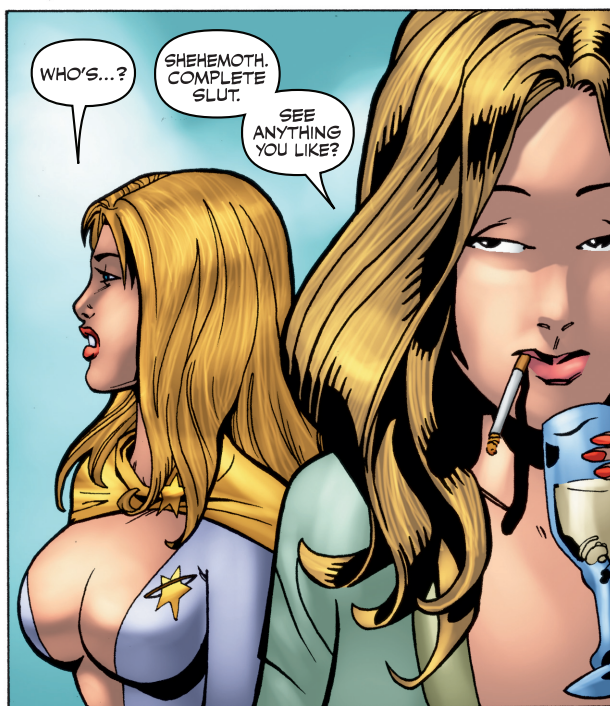


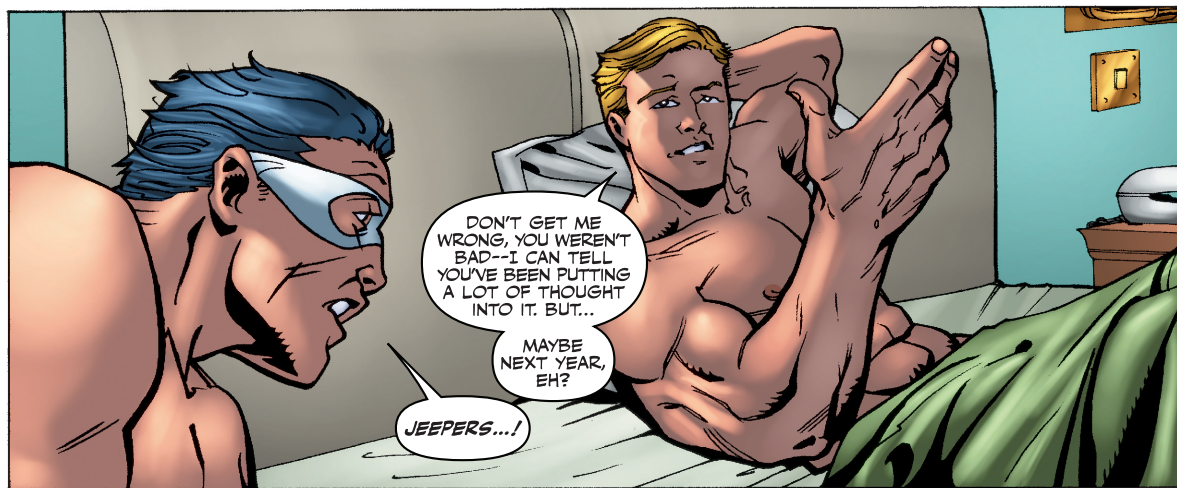
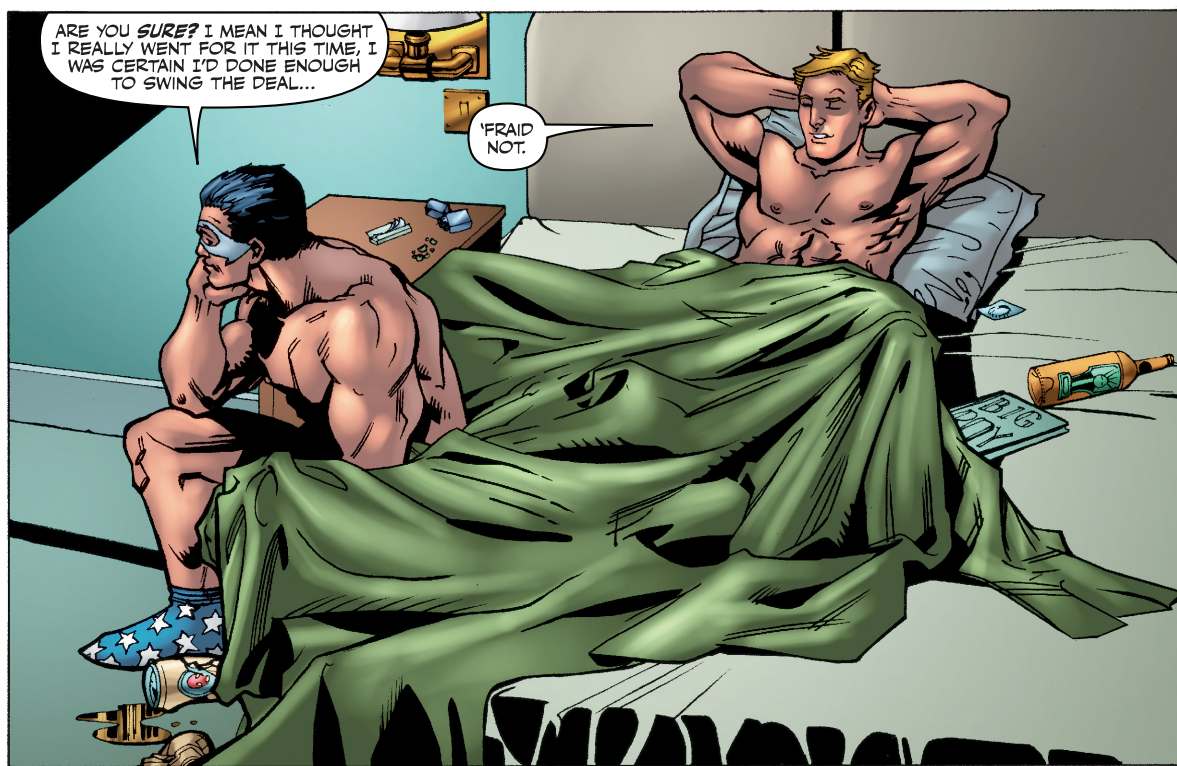
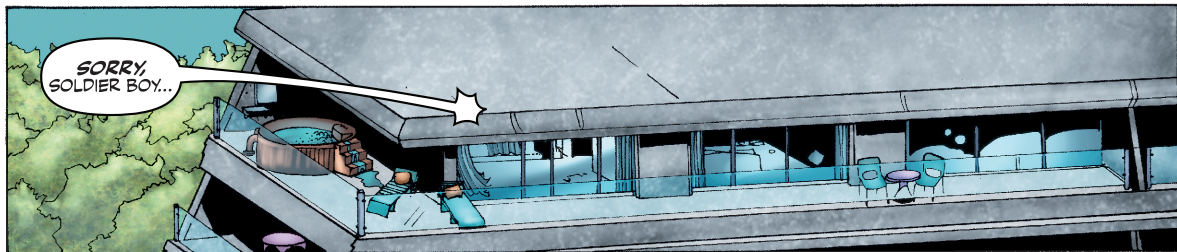
WELCOME TO
HERO GASM!
XIIV

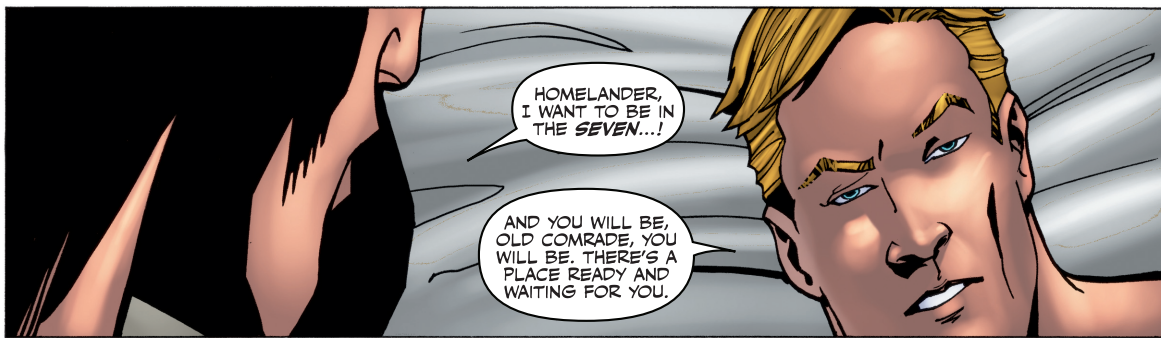
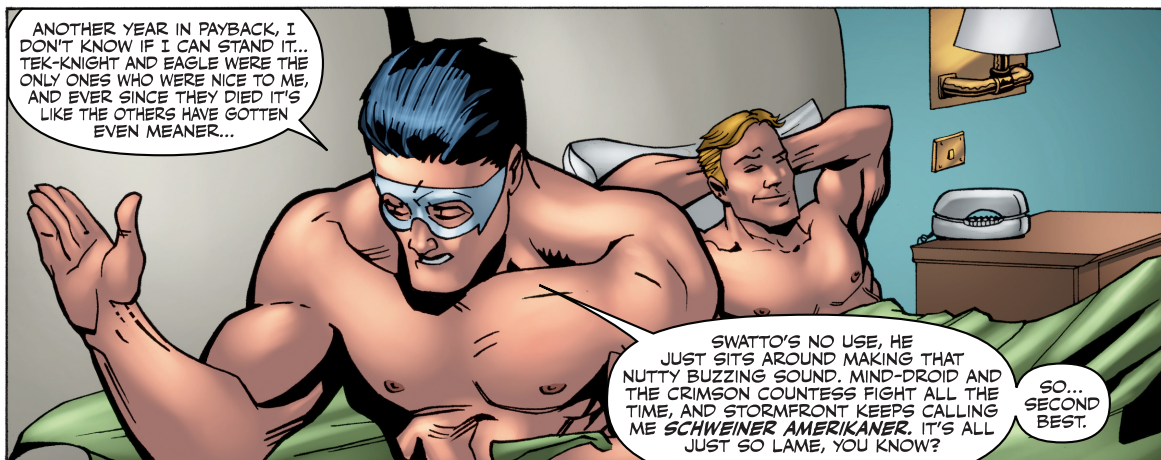
...I MEAN YOU
SEE WHAT A SWEET FUCKING
DEAL WE'VE GOT HERE, STORMFRONT?
THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE GOING TO
TELL ME YOU GOT PUSSY LIKE THIS
WHEN YOU WERE A VILLAIN--I MEAN
LOOK AT YOU NOW, YOU'VE GOT THE
FUCKING CRIMSON COUNTESS
SUCKING YOUR DICK...!

HE HAS?











HOMELANDER?

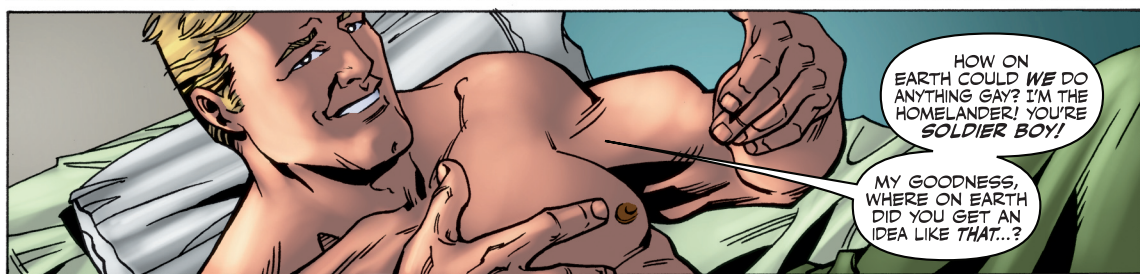
MM?

I WANTED
TO, TO ASK YOU
SOMETHING.



THERE'S
NOTHING...*GAY*
ABOUT ANY
OF THIS, IS
THERE...?

GAY--?



HOW ON
EARTH COULD *WE* DO
ANYTHING *GAY*? I'M THE
HOMELANDER! YOU'RE
SOLDIER BOY!

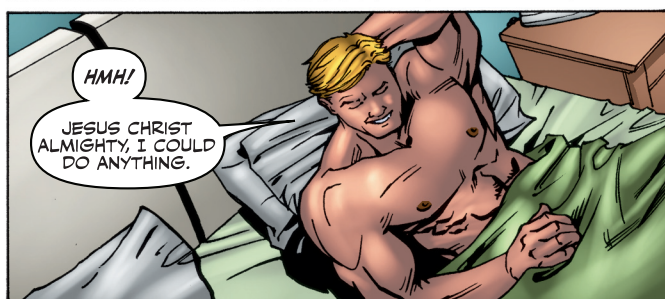
MY GOODNESS,
WHERE ON EARTH
DID YOU GET AN
IDEA LIKE *THAT*...?



OH, OKAY.
I JUST--

OKAY,
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER.

OF
COURSE.

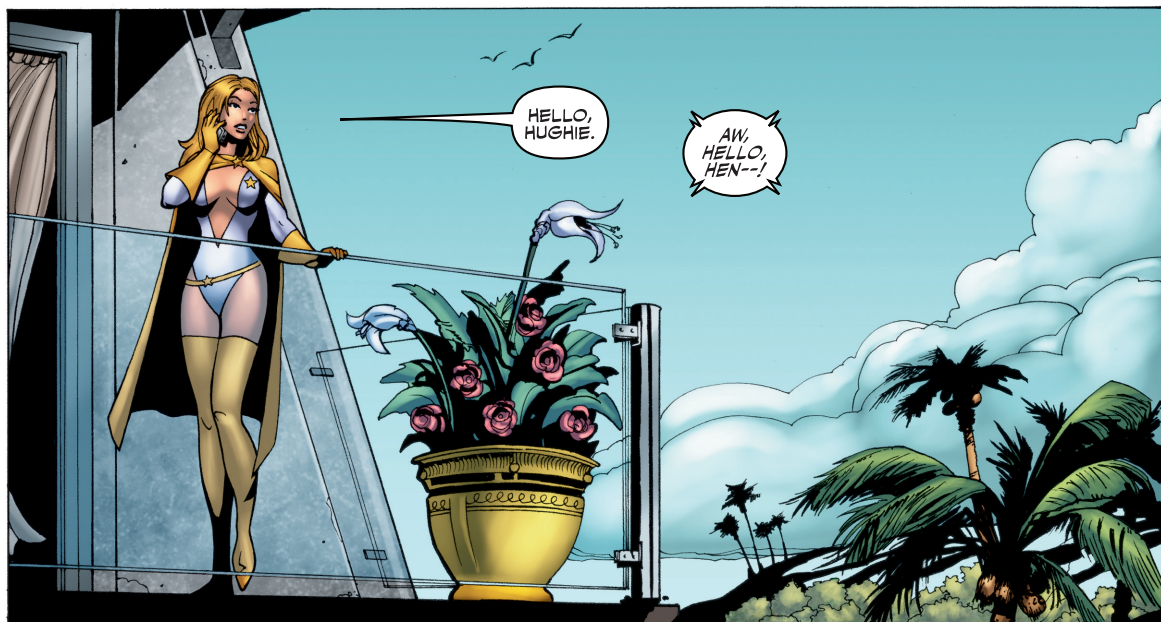


HHH!

JESUS CHRIST
ALMIGHTY, I COULD
DO ANYTHING.

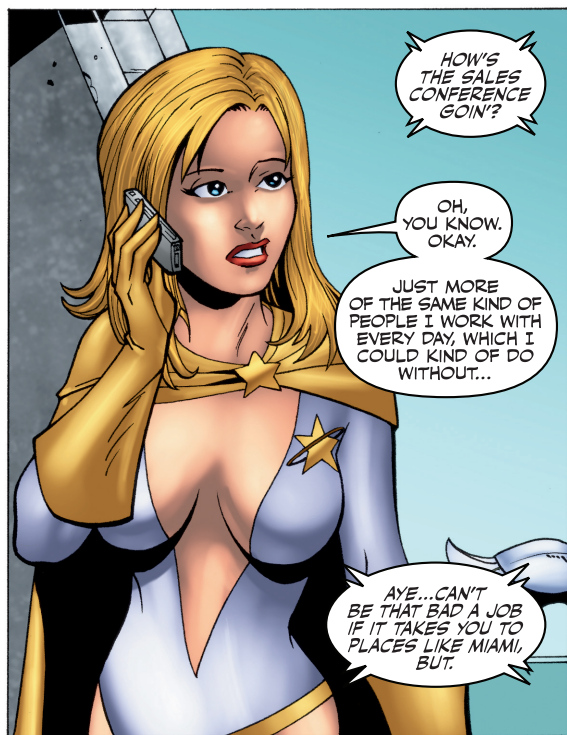


I COULD DO
ANYTHING.



HELLO,
HUGHIE.

AW,
HELLO,
HEN--!

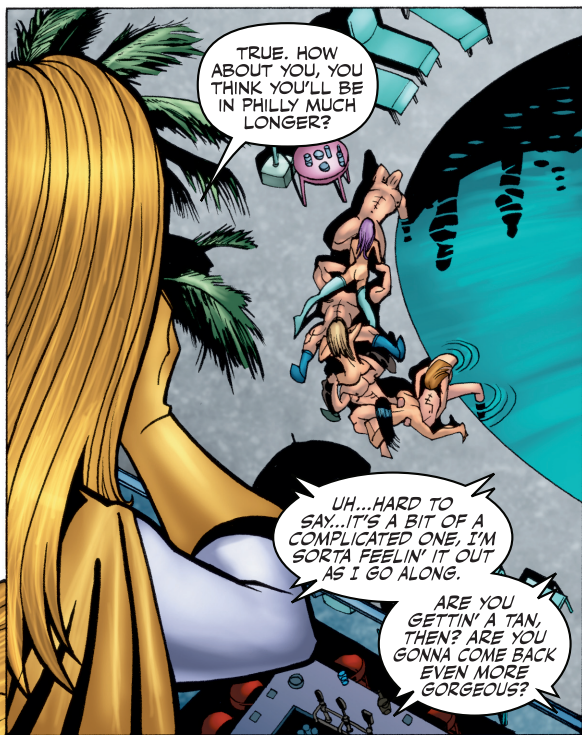


HOW'S
THE SALES
CONFERENCE
GOIN'?

OH, YOU KNOW.
OKAY.

JUST MORE
OF THE SAME KIND OF
PEOPLE I WORK WITH
EVERY DAY, WHICH I
COULD KIND OF DO
WITHOUT...

AYE...CAN'T
BE THAT BAD A JOB
IF IT TAKES YOU TO
PLACES LIKE MIAMI,
BUT.



TRUE. HOW
ABOUT YOU, YOU
THINK YOU'LL BE
IN PHILLY MUCH
LONGER?

UH...HARD TO
SAY...IT'S A BIT OF A
COMPLICATED ONE, I'M
SORTA FEELIN' IT OUT
AS I GO ALONG.

ARE YOU
GETTIN' A TAN,
THEN? ARE YOU
GONNA COME BACK
EVEN MORE
GORGEIOUS?

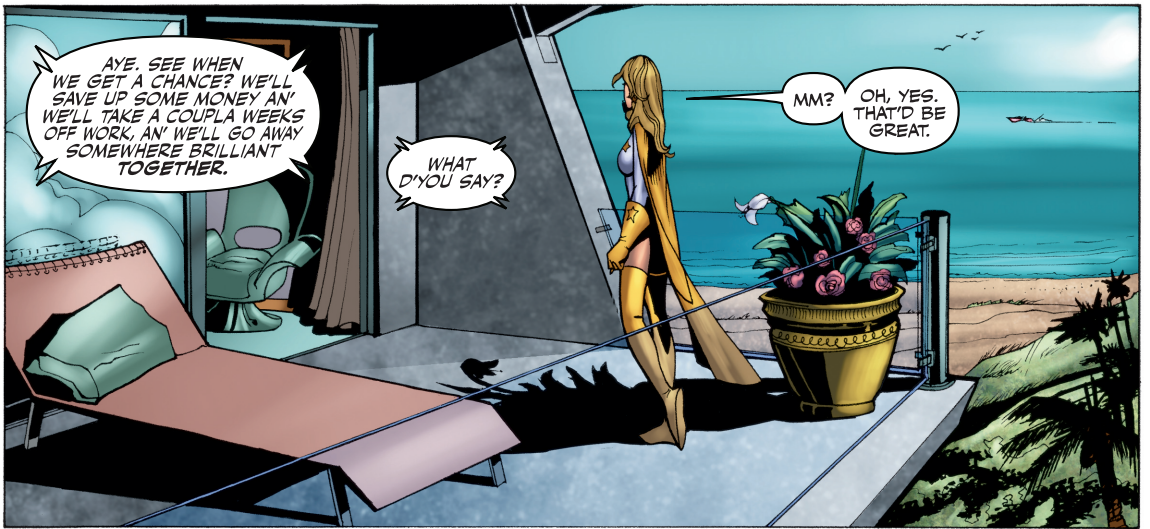


UM...

YES.
YES, A TAN.
UM, I SUPPOSE
I OUGHT
TO BE...



WORKING
ON THAT...



AYE. SEE WHEN
WE GET A CHANCE? WE'LL
SAVE UP SOME MONEY AN'
WE'LL TAKE A COUPLA WEEKS
OFF WORK, AN' WE'LL GO AWAY
SOMEWHERE BRILLIANT
TOGETHER.

WHAT
D'YOU SAY?

MM?

OH, YES.
THAT'D BE
GREAT.



WE'LL LOOK,
I'D BETTER AWAY ON HERE,
I'VE TO WRITE A REPORT
FOR THE MORNIN'. GIVE
US A SHOUT AGAIN
TOMORROW, AYE?

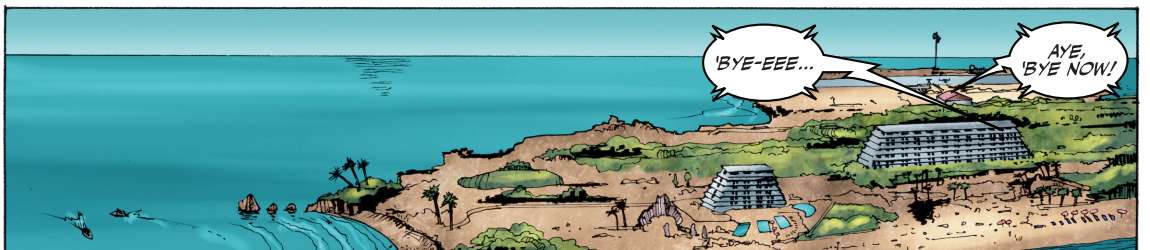
I WILL.

TAKE CARE,
HUGHIE. I
MISS YOU.



I MISS
YOU TOO, ANNIE.
TAKE CARE, ALL
RIGHT?

I WILL.

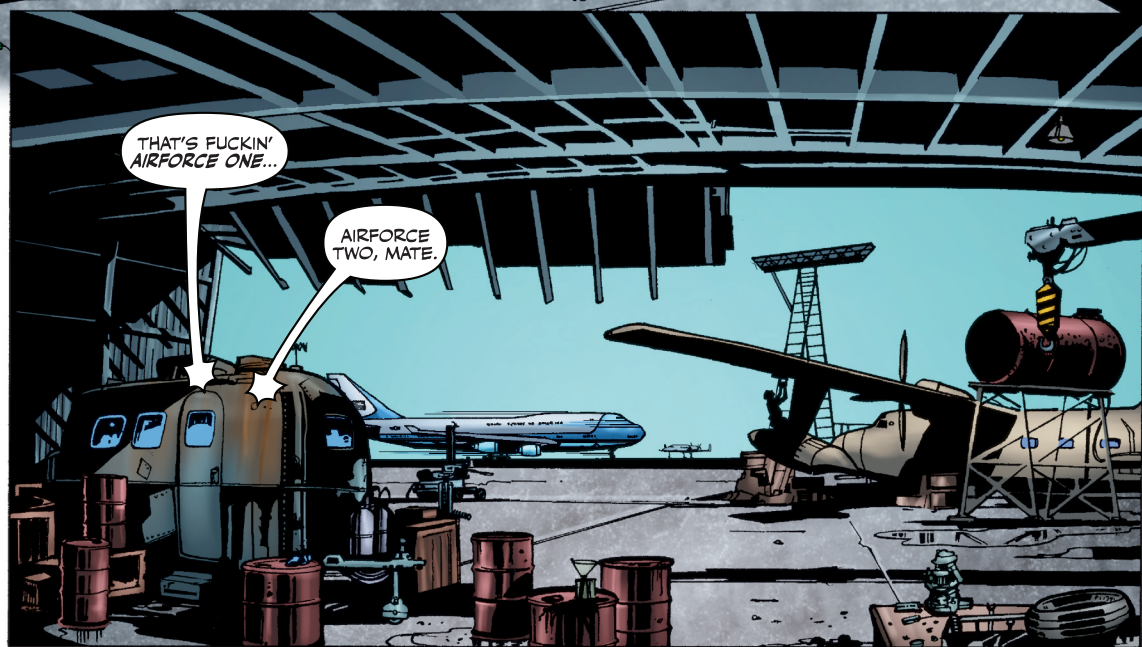


'BYE-EEE...

AYE,
'BYE NOW!

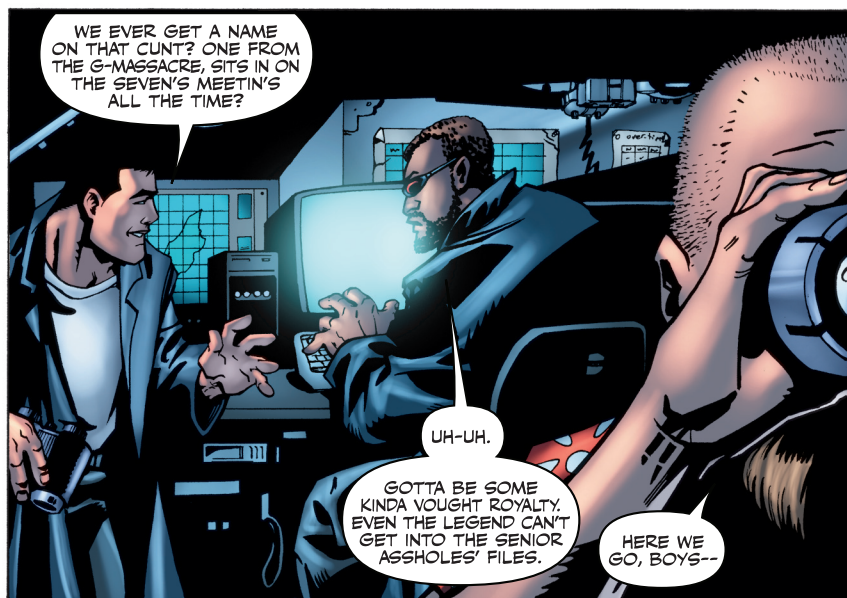
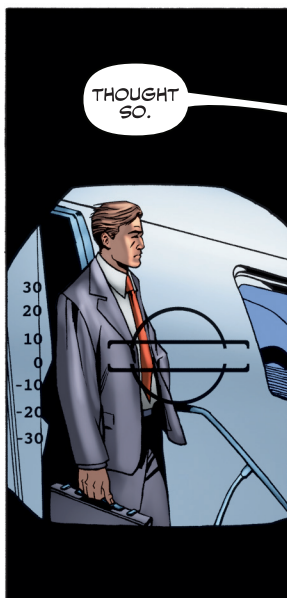
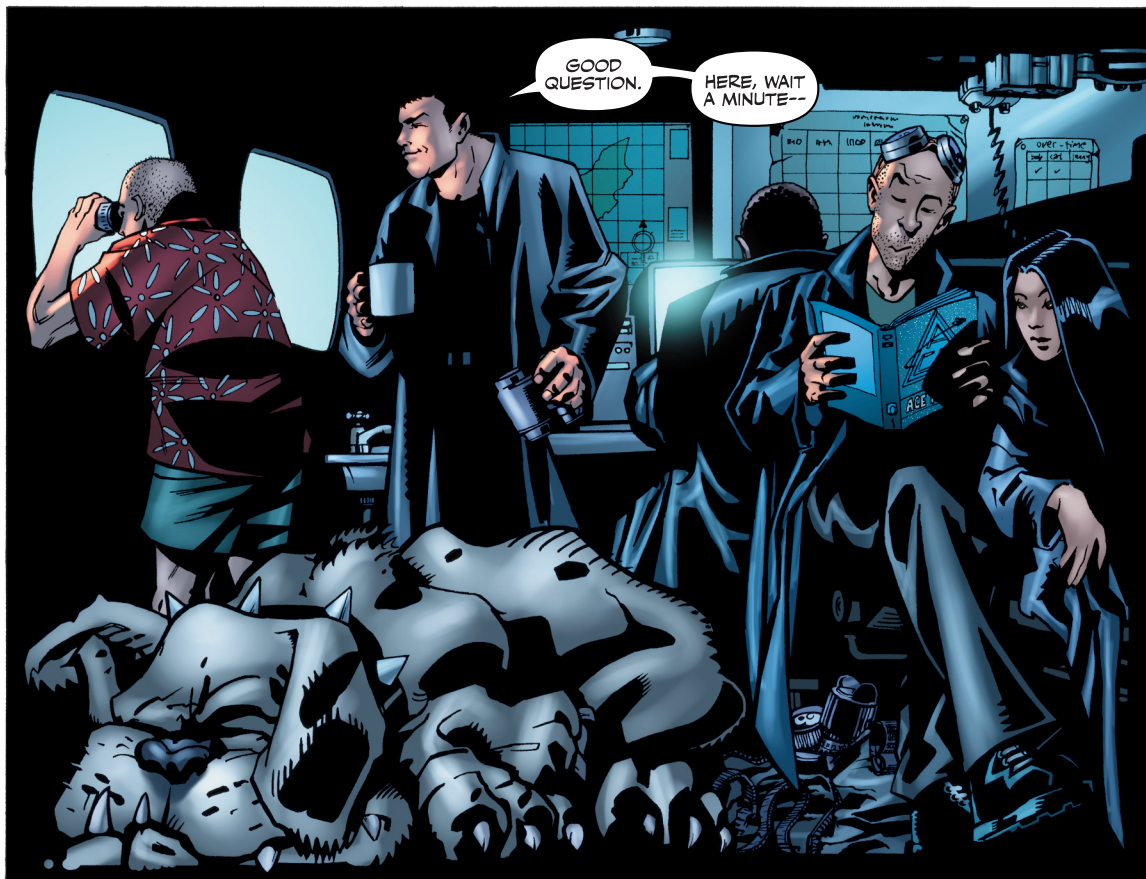


JINGS...!



THAT'S FUCKIN' AIRFORCE ONE...

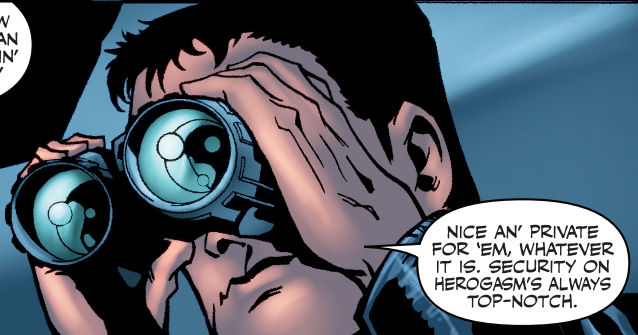
AIRFORCE TWO, MATE.





I DON'T GET IT. I KNOW VIC'S A VOUGHT-AMERICAN MAN, BUT WHAT'S HE DOIN' AT A GIGANTIC FUCKIN' SUPE ORGY?

AN' WHY'S OUR PAL IN THE OTHER PLANE HERE TOO, COME TO THAT...?



NICE AN' PRIVATE FOR 'EM, WHATEVER IT IS. SECURITY ON HEROGASM'S ALWAYS TOP-NOTCH.



OR IT IS IF YOU DON'T HAVE MATES LIKE OURS, I S'POSE.

SO WHO'S THE TARGET?

