



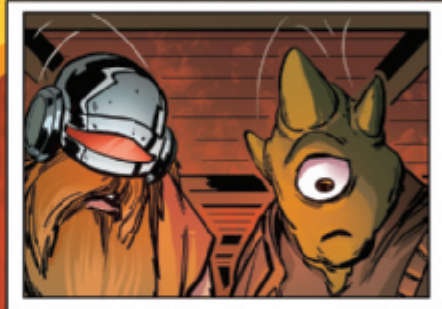
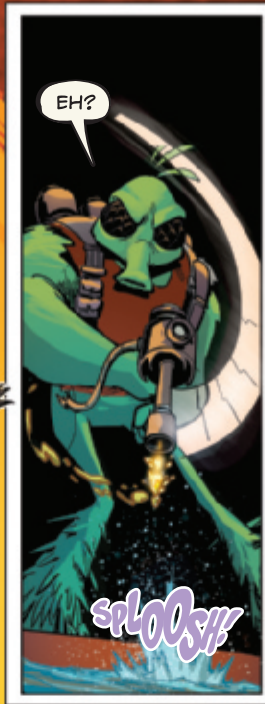
WHAT
ARE WE LOOKING
FOR, AGAIN?

BOSS
SAID... A
TREE?

GROOT: ALONE!

A TITANTIC TALE OF ADVENTURE,
FEATURING EVERYONE'S FAVORITE
SPACE-FARING SAPLING, BROUGHT
TO YOU IN GLORIOUS PRINTED
COLOR BY

JEFF LOVENESS - Writer
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"I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GOING TO DIE NEXT TO YOU."



A BLINCHA FLARKIN' LOSERS.

AT LEAST THE MANTRON SHALL DIE SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS!

... DID YOU NOT HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID?



NO.
THE MANTRON WAS... DISTRACTED.



SO... UH... ARE THEY GOING TO KILL LIS NOW? IS THAT WHAT'S HAPPENING?

LAZ, AT LEAST PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR OWN EXECUTION. DIE WITH HONOR.

AREN'T YOU SOME SORT OF GLOWING SPACE GOD? FREE LIS!

IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY. I EMPOWER OPPORTUNITY. WONDER. CHANCE. BUT...



... I THINK WE'RE OUT OF LUCK.

YOU GONNA GIVE ME HICCLIPS AGAIN?



WHAT HAPPENED TO JUST TAKING BOUNTIES?

HATE TO BREAK IT TO YA, BUT YOU AIN'T WORTH AS MUCH AS YOU THINK.

AND HONESTLY, I'D PAY MONEY TO KILL YOU.



I'VE GOT FRIENDS. THEY'LL COME LOOKING FOR--

DON'T COUNT GROOT OUT...

YEAH, YOUR TREE PAL TURNED OUT TO BE A WINNER.

OH, I'M NOT... I KNOW HIS LITTLE TRICK. I'VE GOT MY BOYS DOWN THERE BURNING EVERYTHING. TRUST ME...



"...THEY CAN HANDLE A TWIG."

KILL IT!

SKOOM!

SKOOM!

SKOOM!



WHERE'D HE GO?



FIND HIM!



I AM GROOT!

PCHK

UHH...



RRRCH

SSZZAARRK