

THE MILANO. DEEP SPACE.

MORNIN' GAMMIE. HOW'S SPACE?



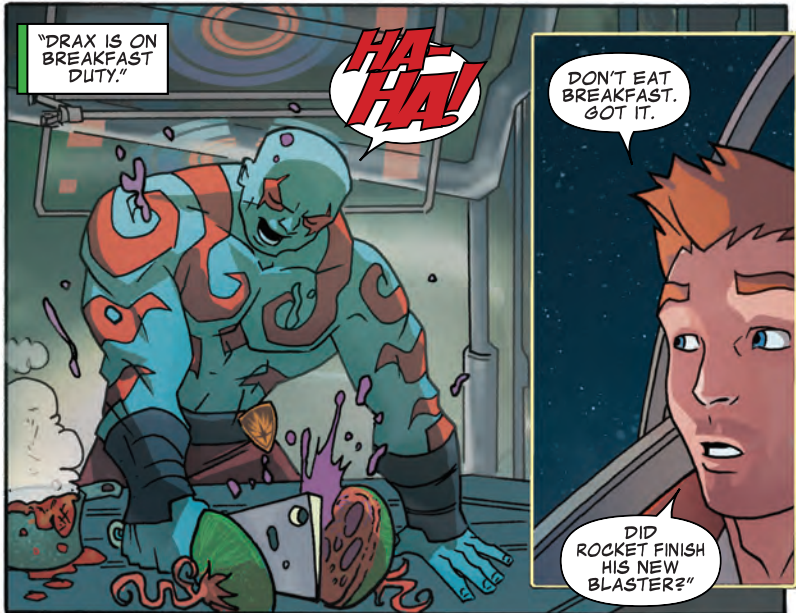
SPACE CONTINUES TO BE AN INFINITE VOID OF SILENCE AND DESTRUCTION. AND DON'T EVER CALL ME THAT AGAIN, PETER QUILL.



FAIR ENOUGH. HOW'S EVERYTHING ELSE?

"DRAX IS ON BREAKFAST DUTY."

HA-HA!



DON'T EAT BREAKFAST. GOT IT.

DID ROCKET FINISH HIS NEW BLASTER?"

"YES. HE'S NOW OBSESSING OVER COLOR CHOICES."

I AM GROOT.

I KNOW, BUT I'M GOING FOR MORE OF A "PURE AGONY" KINDA VIBE.



TCK Zz

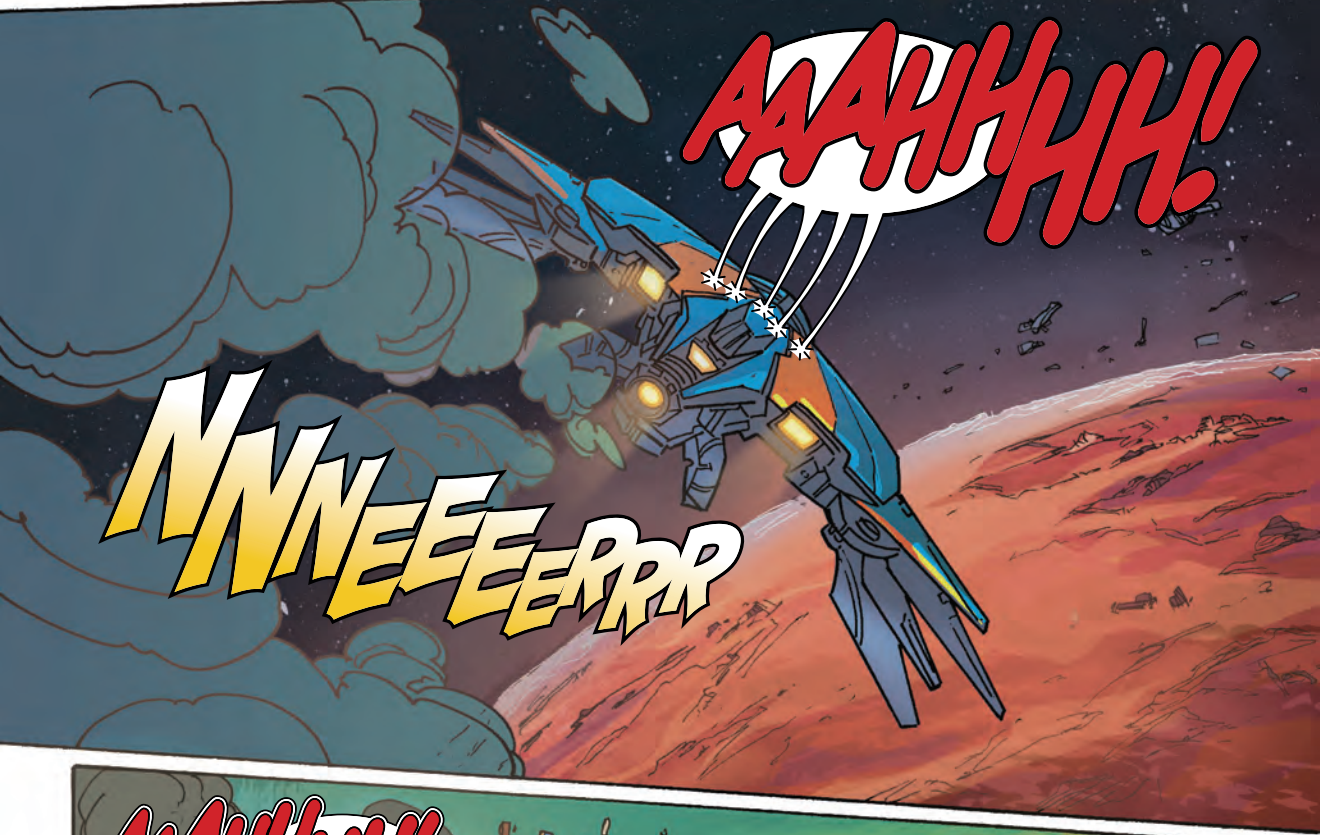
THAT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THE ENGINES GOING OUT...





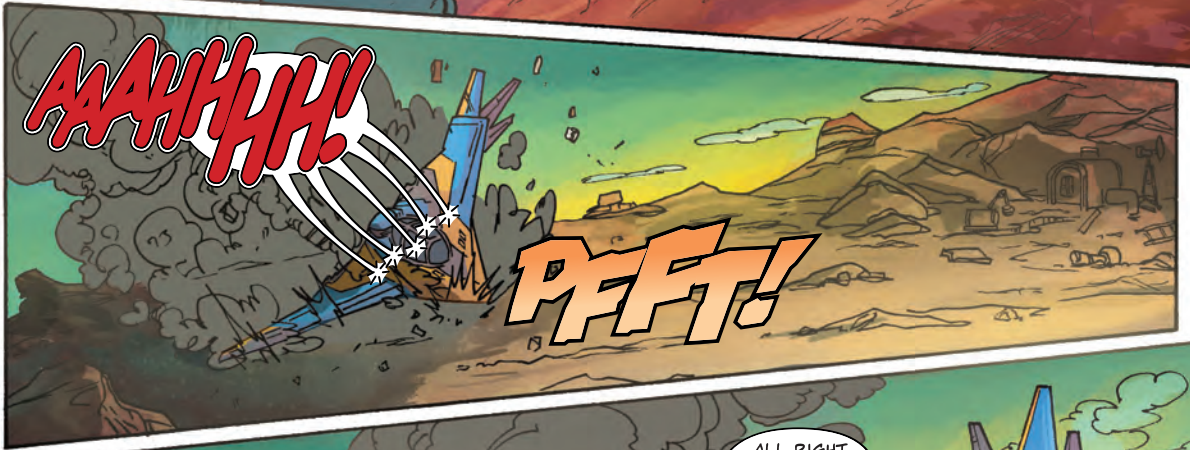
THERE GOES THE OTHER ONE!

WHRRRRRRR



AAAHHHH!

NNNEEEERRR



AAAHHHH!

PEFT!



...ALL RIGHT, WHO WANTS TO LOOK FOR SPARE PARTS?





JUST GET DOWN, DRAX!

**BZZ
BZZZ**



**BZZZ
BZZBZZ**

TIME'S UP, BRATS!
WE WANT OUR UNITS!
NOW!



UNITS? WHO SHAKES DOWN KIDS FOR MONEY?

FOOLS.



YOU WILL LEAVE, VANDALS.
THESE CHILDREN
ARE UNDER THE
PROTECTION OF THE
GUARDIANS OF
THE GALAXY!



IS THAT SUPPOSED TO SCARE ME? GIVE US OUR CASH BY SUNDOWN OR WE TORCH THE ORPHANAGE.