



THE ONLY ONE OF HIS KIND, ROCKET IS MANY THINGS: A PILOT, AN EXPERT THIEF, A WEAPONS ENTHUSIAST, A TACTICAL GENIUS, A HERO WHO CHOSE TO USE HIS SKILLS FOR GOOD AS A GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY. HE'S NOT A RACCOON, THOUGH.

# ROCKET RACCOON



AFTER ROCKET LOST HIS BELOVED SHIP IN BATTLE ON EARTH, HE HAD A FALLING-OUT WITH HIS BE-LIKED FELLOW GUARDIANS. NOW HE'S ALONE ON A PLANET HE LOATHES. WANTING TO ESCAPE, ROCKET GOT SOME HELP FROM AN OLD SMUGGLING BUDDY, RA'CHAUN, BUT HE DISAPPEARED JUST AS ROCKET RAN INTO A GANG OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL-HUNTING HUMANS. ANOTHER STRANDED ALIEN, JACK BEAGLE, SEEMED TO HAVE INFORMATION ON THE HUNTERS, BUT HE WAS PRETTY SQUIRRELY FOR A GUY NAMED BEAGLE. AFTER HE RAN, ROCKET TRACKED JACK TO AN ABANDONED BUILDING, WHERE ROCKET WAS CAUGHT IN A BURLAP SACK BY NONE OTHER THAN NOTABLE ANNOYING/MURDEROUS FANCY-PANTS KRAVEN THE HUNTER. SO NOW ROCKET'S GOTTA DEAL WITH THAT GUY...

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HIDING WON'T SAVE YOU FROM KRAVEN THE HUNTER!



I KNOW THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE, MY LITTLE ALIEN FRIEND!

YOU KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME.

RIIP



I ALREADY CAUGHT YOUR FURRY F--

RAAAHHH!!!

CHEW  
CHEW  
CHEW



I TOLD YOU LAST TIME WE MET--YOU ARE VERY TOUGH FOR A RACCOON.

SPLAT!





BUT YOU ARE STILL A RACCOON.



I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A \$%&\*!#@ RACCOON.



...  
IT'S STILL ME, ISN'T IT?



YES. IT IS STILL YOU.



I TRAINED ALL OF THE HUNTERS MYSELF. I WAS IMPRESSED THAT YOU BESTED ONE OF THEM.

AND I ENTERED MY OWN CONTEST BECAUSE OF IT.



BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU RELY TOO MUCH ON YOUR WEAPON, RACCOON.





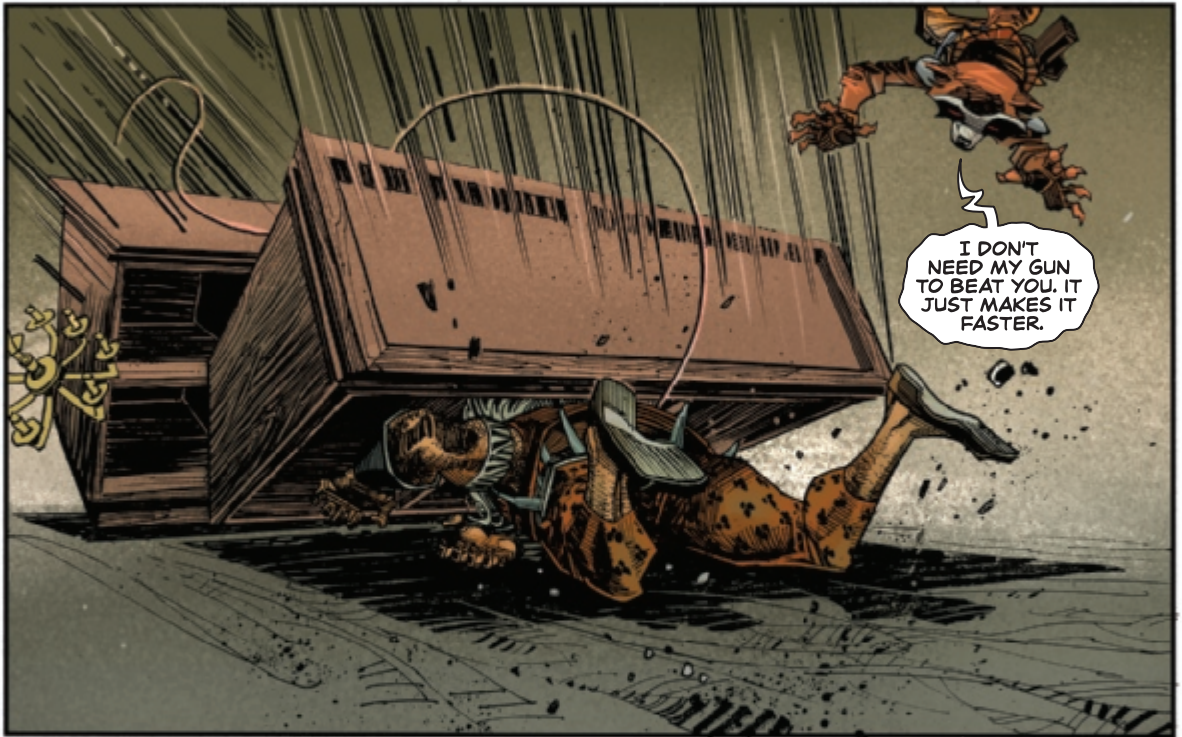
YOU LOST YOUR ANIMAL INSTINCTS...



...DISAPPOINTING.



AH, VERY CLEVER--



I DON'T NEED MY GUN TO BEAT YOU. IT JUST MAKES IT FASTER.



I'M NOT DONE YET, RACCOON.

OH, FOR FLARK'S SAKE.



FZAM  
FZAM