

The Collector's Planet...um... "Collector"? Yeah that sounds ok I guess.

WALIGHHH!!



Would you >huff< please >puff< shut up already??

It's an indignity! A travesty of cosmic justice! I demand to speak to this "Collector" yahoo!

Look, pal...

FIFTY SHADES OF GAMMA RAY

...I like you. You've got, u'know, murderous levels of spunk--



--What I've got is **ducknapped** and trapped in a cage with a blue drug addict and a little werewolf that's into physical fitness--

--Rocket. The name's **Rocket**. And I need you to shut up. Just trust me, OK?

Nuh-uh, pal! I don't trust *anyone* anymore!

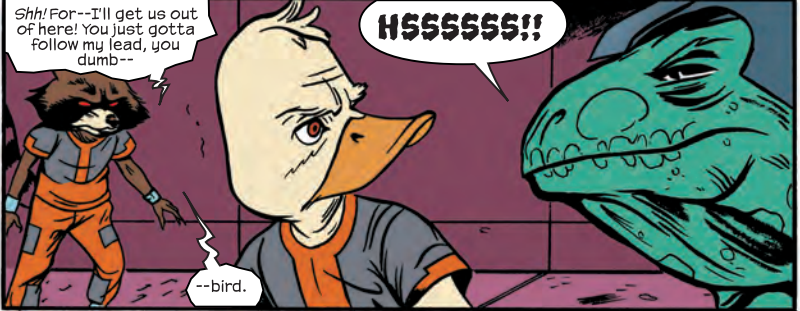
I'm getting out of here using good old-fashioned **righteousness and noise!**



CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG

Hey! Guard! I wanna speak to the guy in charge of this freakshow!!

Shh! For--I'll get us out of here! You just gotta follow my lead, you dumb--



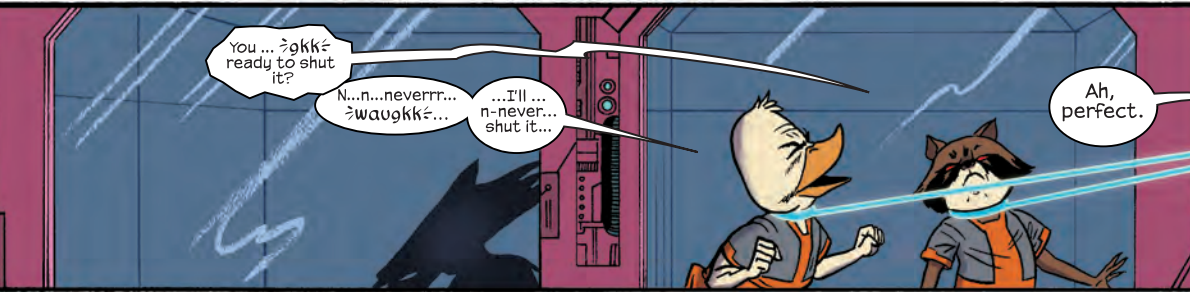
HSSSSSS!!

--bird.

About time! When do I get my phone call? Who's in charge here? I wanna file a--

Bird! Shut up! Just--





Thank you, guards. This shouldn't take too long.

gkk= Great. Just great. I'm gonna be frankenducked to a werewolf.

I'm not a gakk=--!

gkk= Sorry-- gakk= space-werewolf.

Nothing so intrusive.

You are on the world of *The Collector*, who is ensuring the continuation of all the unique objects and creatures and societies this marvellous universe has to offer.

This part's not so bad, guys!

gkk=...what's with the...sexy gun?...

It's an anti-grav restraint. Quiet or I'll fling you into a wall.

You ... gkk= ready to shut it?

N...n...neveerrr... gwaugkk=...

...I'll ... n-never... shut it...

Ah, perfect.



My designation is *Gatherer X20* and I simply need some material from you to properly create mates.

Waugh! Why not just make copies of us *and* some mates and let us go! Or just get some shape-changing Skrulls to pretend to be us?

We need the genuine articles to pass along your rich oral histories, your family tales, what makes you and your "people" unique.



What?? I gotta spend the rest of my life here so I can tell my kid about how my dad liked to fall asleep watching golf on TV--*Ahhh!*

It will be a comfortable life. When was the last time you experienced the touch of one of your species?



I...I object to this line of questioning, Your Honor!

You're just one sample away from a life of luxury.

Sure. Here's some DNA:



Gah! You--

*PTOO*



I... ah--ah--  
**AHHHH--!!**

X20?...



You okay?  
Should we call  
Sandra?

Are  
you just  
sad? I get  
sad.



Wh--  
hey! You  
little--

Gkk!



PFD

GKK



Geez, guy. You're  
why they ticket for  
spitting.

Azalian Acid  
capsules.



The acid bonds with  
you when you burst the  
capsule, making you  
resistant to it.

Ptoo!

Hey!  
Careful there,  
Rocket Rabies!



I appreciate the, u'know, partial  
freedom, but tell me ya got a better  
plan than "spit on everything you see."

Look, Feathers, there's  
an item tucked away in The  
Collector's "recent acquisitions"  
that I need to retrieve.  
It's why I'm here.

Yeah, well, it looks  
like they pocketed my  
client's necklace too, so I'm in.  
Did you, uh, stow a cellphone  
or something with  
a map on ya?

Yeah...



...something like that.

good god an actual treasure trail



So, we're here, and the item I need is ...

Ugh, here.

Look...



...many Bothrans died to bring us this information.

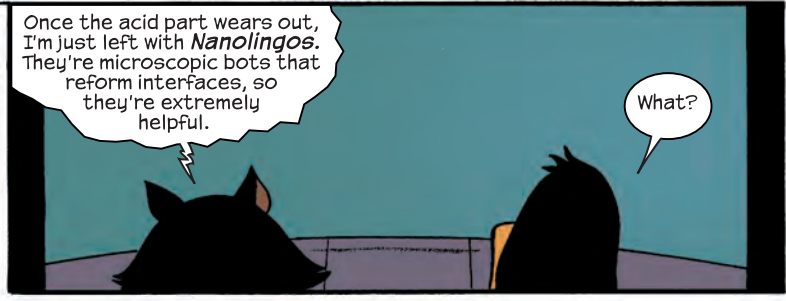
Oh. Uh, sorry, pal, I didn't mean to be glib or--

--It's not actually that big a deal. They're like tinier versions of earth squirrels. Super-dumb.

Just a sec.



What is wrong with your mouth??



Once the acid part wears out, I'm just left with *Nanolingos*. They're microscopic bots that reform interfaces, so they're extremely helpful.

What?



HEY, WHAT'S UP??

Not much. Could you shut down the protective forceweb around the planet?