

MARVEL

#5

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Rocket



INHUMANS
SERIES 1, EPISODE 5
ABC SEPT 28

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ROCKET



A GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY AND ONE OF A KIND, ROCKET STANDS ABOUT FOUR FEET TALL AND WEIGHS ABOUT 100 POUNDS - CARRYING 45 POUNDS OF AMMUNITION. HE'S GOT STEADY HANDS, STEELY NERVES, A FLUFFY TAIL, AND A PENCHANT FOR FINDING TROUBLE - WHETHER HE'S LOOKING FOR IT OR NOT.

PREVIOUSLY...
ROCKET RACCOON'S NOT MUCH OF A LOVER AND FOR GOOD REASON, TOO... HIS EX, OTTA, RECENTLY WALTZED BACK INTO ROCKET'S LIFE - ONLY TO BRING IT ALL CRASHING AROUND HIS EARS. HAVING BEEN FRAMED FOR A CRIME HE DIDN'T INTEND TO COMMIT AND WHICH COULD COST THOUSANDS THEIR HOMES, ROCKET FOUND HIMSELF LOCKED IN JAIL. OF COURSE, NO JAIL CAN HOLD A RASCAL LIKE ROCKET FOR LONG.
HIS ESCAPE WAS SHORT-LINED, THOUGH, SINCE THE TECHNET, A TIME-TRAVELING BAND OF BOUNTY HUNTERS WHO CAPTURED HIM, WERE ON HIS TAIL. LUCKILY, WITH THE HELP OF DEADPOOL, ROCKET WAS ABLE TO STEAL ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY TECHNET OFF.
NOW ROCKET'S FOCUSED ON SETTLING THE SCORE...

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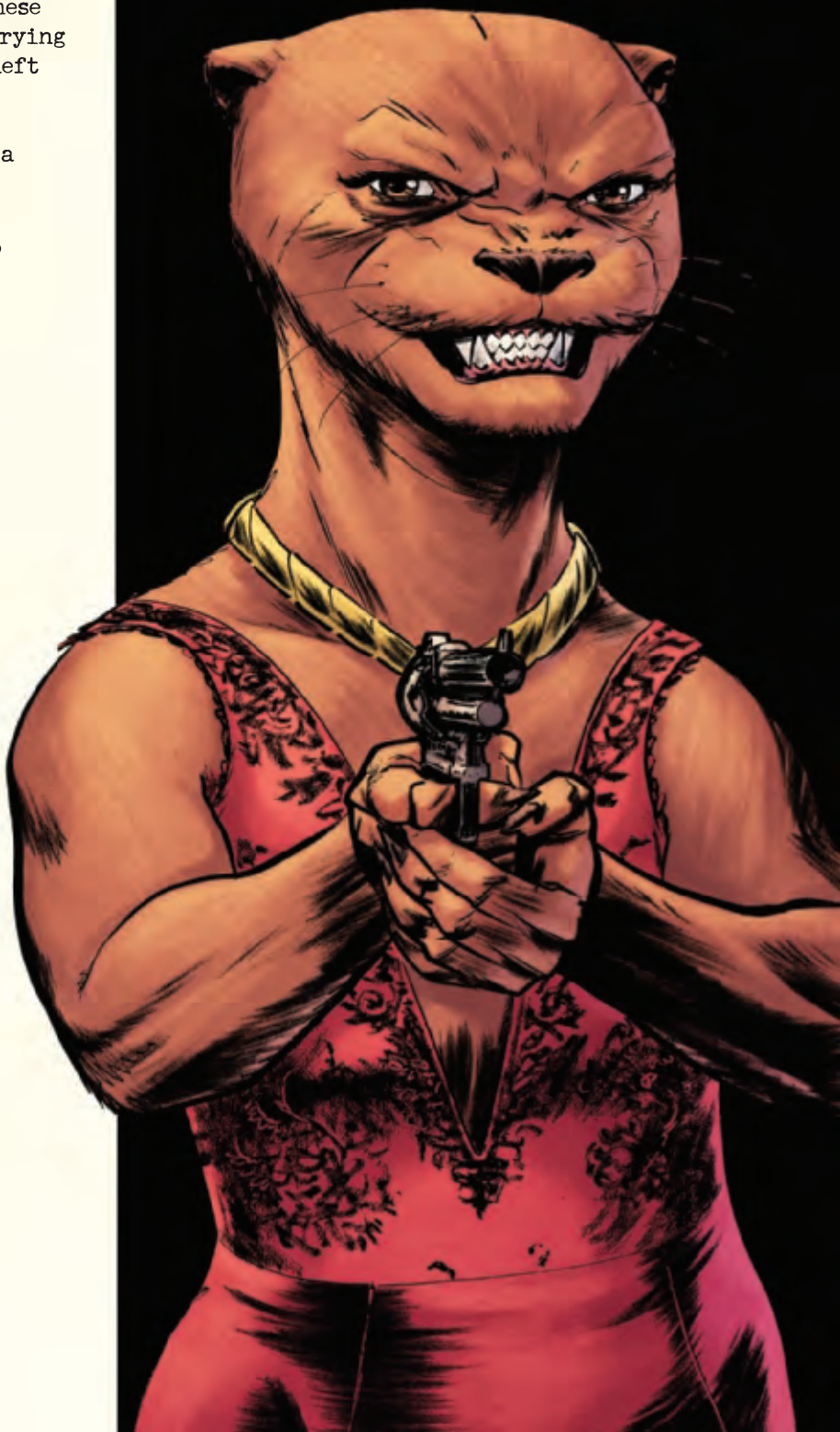
When Otta pulled the trigger,
Rocket thought he saw a tear in
her eye.

The gun was an old-fashioned
projectile job, one step up from
a catapult. No stun
setting--just big, brutal
chunks of lead.

Rocket wondered where you
even got a gun like that these
days. Maybe she'd been carrying
it around since she first left
Tarka's World--keeping it
close, like a cold weight
sitting in her heart. Like a
grudge, or a promise.

Then she fired--two shots,
center mass, then a third
between the eyes--

--and Rocket stopped
wondering.





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But that came later.

When **Castor Gnawbarque III** heard the buzz of the intercom--to tell him his meeting had arrived--he couldn't help glancing at his father's portrait.

Bucktooth Gnawbarque was a beaver of the old school, firm-tailed, hard-toothed and eager, and that's how Castor remembered him. Eager to rise, eager to work... eager to punish.

After Bucktooth died--choking on a piece of wet hickory--Castor had taken over the family company, **Beavertron Incorporated**. Against all expectations, he'd turned it into the system leader in land holdings and energy generation.

Now, with this meeting--a corporate merger with a respected security company--he could make Beavertron a galactic concern at last.

He stared into his father's eyes.

Now, Dad?

Are you proud now?

No response.



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MARVEL LEGACY



PART 1 ON SALE OCTOBER 4TH **MOJO WORLDWIDE** PART 2 ON SALE OCTOBER 11TH

TWO TEAMS OF X-MEN SHARE THE SPOTLIGHT IN THE DEADLIEST SHOW ON EARTH!

But that came later.

When the Elevator Operator got his first look at **Max Sekuri**, he figured at least some of the rumors had to be true.

There were a lot of rumors--but few known facts. Sekuri was head of **Sekurimax Inc.**, and he kept his private life as impregnable as any of his vaults.

Some said "Max Sekuri" wasn't even his name--that he was ex-Kree military, disowned after his part in the Shapeless Ridge massacre.

Competing whispers held that he was a Skrull, or a Space Phantom, or even an Earther who'd gotten off the mudball somehow and slapped on perma-dye to fit in.

The Operator had ways of finding out, of course. But whoever Sekuri was... he certainly had the confidence of a veteran.

And the man knew how to fill out a suit.

