

THE ENTIRE GALAXY IS A MESS. WARRING EMPIRES AND COSMIC TERRORISTS PLAGUE EVERY CORNER. SOMEONE HAS TO RISE ABOVE IT ALL AND FIGHT FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NO ONE TO FIGHT FOR THEM.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY ARE PETER QUILL A.K.A. STAR-LORD, GAMORA, THE MOST DANGEROUS WOMAN IN THE UNIVERSE, DRAX, THE DESTROYER, THE MYSTERIOUS WARRIOR ANGELA, VENOM, CAPTAIN MARVEL, ROCKET RACCOON AND GROOT.

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY

LET'S FACE IT. IN SOME PART OF YOUR LIZARD BRAIN, THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED. MORE THAN A PET BUNNY, OR STEAK-FLAVORED ICE CREAM, OR A KIDD VIDEO REUNION. DEADPOOL! THE MERC WITH A MOUTH! HE OF MANY HOT TOPIC T-SHIRTS! ROCKET RACCOON! LEGENDARY RODENT MERCENARY! THE BREAK-OUT STAR OF A MOVIE THAT MADE IT COOL TO KNOW WHAT A "GROOT" WAS!

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME, UNITED BY A PAIR OF CREATORS WHO DO THAT ONE ZOMBIE COMIC THAT ISN'T THE WALKING DEAD! TWO GUYS WHO CANNOT WAIT FOR THE ROYALTY CHECKS FROM THIS ISSUE!

SO DIVE IN, FRIEND, AND SEE THE FUR, BULLETS AND JOKES ABOUT YOUR MOM FLY!



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SPECIAL THANKS TO **DAVE STOKES**

GUARDIANS TEAM-UP No. 10, October 2015. Published Monthly except in March, July, and August by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2015 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032652) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO GUARDIANS TEAM-UP C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALAN FINE, President, Marvel Entertainment; DAN BUCKLEY, President, TV, Publishing and Brand Management; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Operations & Procurement, Publishing; C.B. CEBULSKI, VP of International Development & Brand Management; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Print, Sales & Marketing; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Jonathan Rheingold, VP of Custom Solutions & Ad Sales, at jrheingold@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 07/24/2015 and 08/04/2015 by R.R. DONNELLEY, INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.

UH-UH!
NOOOO
WAY. EL NO
HAPPENO!

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
OPENING ON A
SPLASH PAGE
HERE, WADE.
WE HAVE A
CROSSOVER TO
GET TO.



NO, NO WE
DON'T. SEE, I HAVE
A COPY OF MY CONTRACT
RIGHT HERE, AND IT
SPECIFICALLY SAYS THAT DUE
TO MY CURRENT IMMENSE
POPULARITY, I NO LONGER
HAVE TO DO CROSSOVERS
WITH CHARACTERS THAT ARE
LESS POPULAR THAN ME
FOR THEIR BENEFIT.



SO NO SHARED
BOOK WITH CABLE,
NO EVENT COMICS WITH
POWER PACHYDERMS.
AND NO SQUIRREL
GIRL!

SQUIRREL GIRL?
DEADPOOL, THAT'S
ROCKET RACCOON.

JERKBAGSAYSWHAT?



SQUIRREL GIRL IS
A GIRL WITH THE
ABILITY TO
COMMUNICATE
WITH SQUIRRELS.
SHE BEAT YOU
ONCE IN A FIGHT.

ROCKET RACCOON IS AN
INTELLIGENT, ANTHROPOMORPHIC
RACCOON AND MEMBER OF
THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.

OOOOH.
I SEE. ONE
IS A GIRL.



A FILM BASED ON THE
GUARDIANS COMIC WAS A HUGE
BLOCKBUSTER, AND WAS BELOVED
BY PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE,
INSPIRING A MASSIVE DELUGE OF
ROCKET RACCOON MERCHANDISE.

DEADPOOL, A
CROSSOVER WITH
ROCKET WOULD
ACTUALLY
BENEFIT YOU.

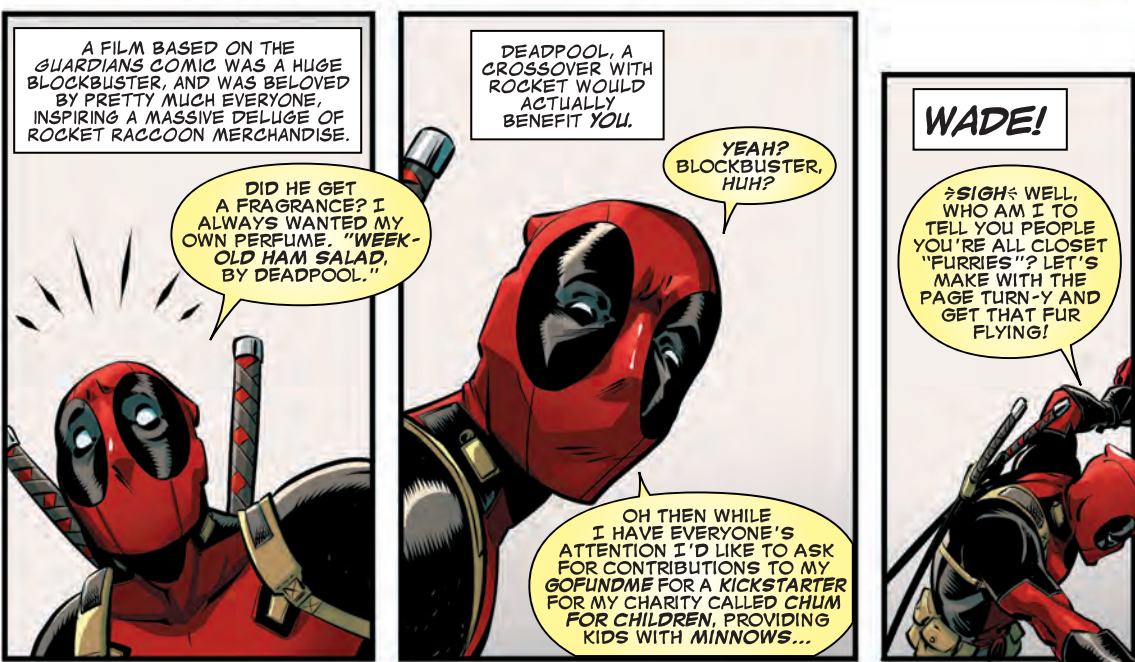
YEAH?
BLOCKBUSTER,
HUH?

WADE!

»SIGH« WELL,
WHO AM I TO
TELL YOU PEOPLE
YOU'RE ALL CLOSET
"FURRIES"? LET'S
MAKE WITH THE
PAGE TURN-Y AND
GET THAT FUR
FLYING!

DID HE GET
A FRAGRANCE? I
ALWAYS WANTED MY
OWN PERFUME. "WEEK-
OLD HAM SALAD,
BY DEADPOOL."

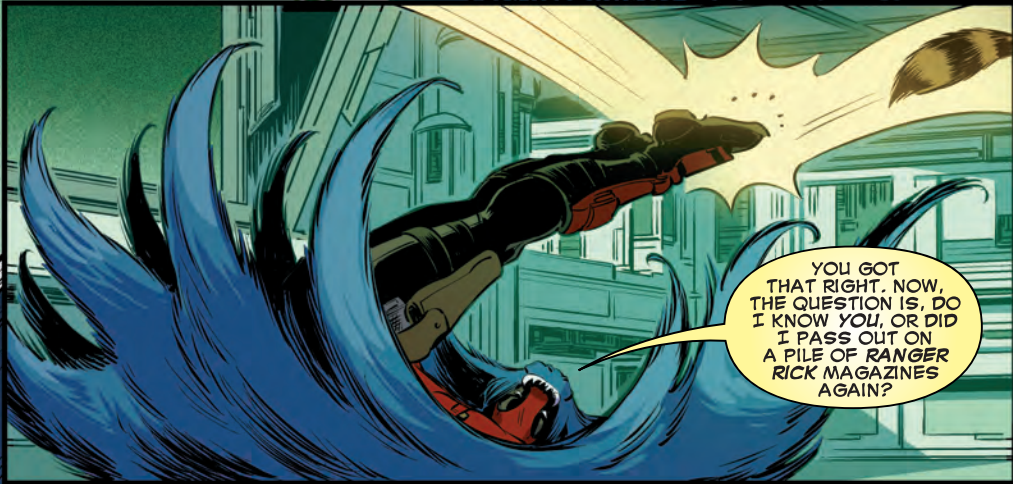
OH THEN WHILE
I HAVE EVERYONE'S
ATTENTION I'D LIKE TO ASK
FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO MY
GOFUNDME FOR A KICKSTARTER
FOR MY CHARITY CALLED CHUM
FOR CHILDREN, PROVIDING
KIDS WITH MINNOWS...



SECRET UNDERGROUND WEAPONS CACHE SOMEWHERE IN COLORADO.
DOES NOT BELONG TO THIS GUY.



RRAAAAH!



YOU GOT THAT RIGHT. NOW, THE QUESTION IS, DO I KNOW YOU, OR DID I PASS OUT ON A PILE OF RANGER RICK MAGAZINES AGAIN?



...IF IT WASN'T FOR THE FACT THAT DRAKILLARS ARE TELEPATHIC AND RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER BY BRAINWAVES, USING ONE YOU ALREADY KILLED AS A DISGUISE WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD IDEA.

UH-HUH. YEAH...A DISGUISE.

"SWEAR TO ME!"



HEY, WHAT NOW, ANGRY SMALL BEAR?!

HUH?! DEADPOOL?!



NAME'S ROCKET. WE HANG OUT IN SIMILAR CIRCLES.

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU. THEY SAY YOU'RE CRAZY, BUT I GOTTA ADMIT...



SO, I'M GUESSING YOU ALSO GOT THE CALL TO COME HERE FOR A CHANCE TO PUT THE HURT ON MACHO GOMEZ, BEFORE THE PLACE GOT OVERRUN BY THESE DRAKILLARS?

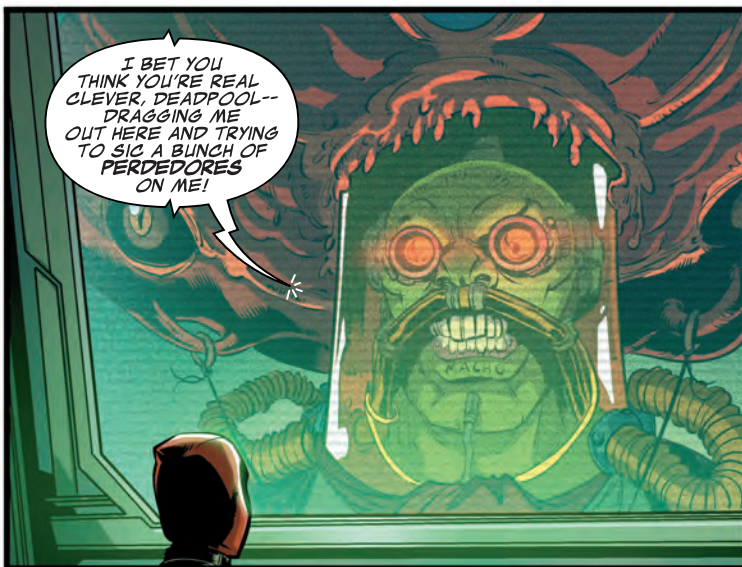
I DID. ALSO I MADE THE CALL. I PUT OUT AN INVITE ON THE INTERSTELLAR MERC WIRES FOR ANYONE WITH MACHO GOMEZ BEEF TO COME HERE AND THROW HIM A "HURT PARTY."

BUT I DID NOT INVITE ANY DRAKILLARS. WHAT'S A DRAKILLAR?

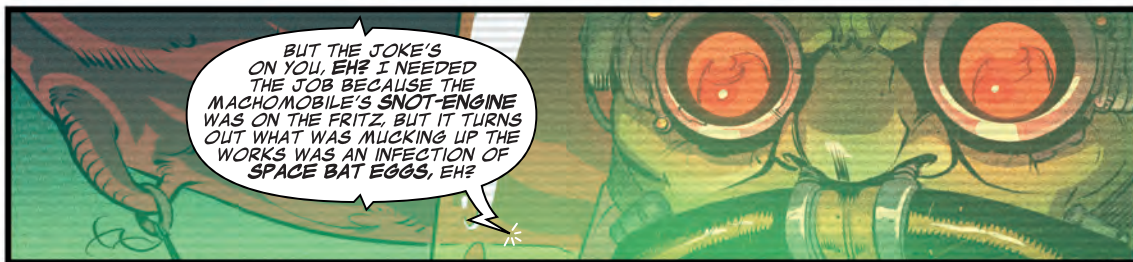


FZZT!

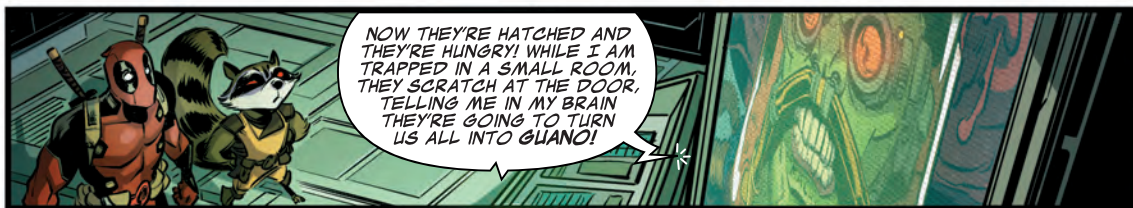
MY EARS ARE RINGING! SOMEBODY MUST BE TALKING ABOUT ME, MACHO!



I BET YOU THINK YOU'RE REAL CLEVER, DEADPOOL-- DRAGGING ME OUT HERE AND TRYING TO SIC A BUNCH OF PERDEPORES ON ME!



BUT THE JOKE'S ON YOU, EH? I NEEDED THE JOB BECAUSE THE MACHOMOBILE'S SNOT-ENGINE WAS ON THE FRITZ, BUT IT TURNS OUT WHAT WAS MUCKING UP THE WORKS WAS AN INFECTION OF SPACE BAT EGGS, EH?



NOW THEY'RE HATCHED AND THEY'RE HUNGRY! WHILE I AM TRAPPED IN A SMALL ROOM, THEY SCRATCH AT THE DOOR, TELLING ME IN MY BRAIN THEY'RE GOING TO TURN US ALL INTO GUANO!



SCRATCH

SO, I MAKE YOU A DEAL, BOYS! YOU COME RESCUE MACHO, AND HE WILL DO YOU A FAVOR...

OH, GOSH.



...AND MAYBE HE DOESN'T FEED OUR FRIEND OBB HERE TO HIS MICO-SHEATH ARMOR.

AW, OBB. WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?