

After Thanos took his family and his life, the man now known as Drax was remade into a being of great strength with a thirst for revenge. His pursuit of justice has taken him throughout the universe and displayed his incredible courage and heroism, which led Peter Quill to invite him into the Guardians of the Galaxy. Though he found a new home with the Guardians, true peace remains elusive for the warrior called...

DRAX



At the beginning of this detour from hunting for Thanos, Drax defeated Fin Fang Foom, who wanted to "baptize" old dragon eggs in blood from gladiatorial battles. When the eggs crumbled to dust, he surrendered. Drax got souvenirs — an uncrumbled egg, a robot (Torgo), a robot head (Robot Head), and a bartender (Ora) — and Foom got to mourn his species' extinction with former Galactus Herald Terrax for company. But Drax's egg hatched! It bore a baby ice dragon that imprinted on Drax... and drew attention. Namely, bounty hunters: Cammi, Planet Terry, and Pip the Troll became allies, but Killer Thrill beat Ora bloody, then mind-controlled/kidnapped Pip to teleport away. So Drax was down two team members when six space dragons arrived... to take the baby!

**CM PUNK
& CULLEN BUNN**
WRITERS

**SCOTT
HEPBURN**
ARTIST

**ANTONIO
FABELA**
COLOR ARTIST

VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER & PRODUCTION

SCOTT HEPBURN & MATT MILLA
COVER ARTISTS

KATHLEEN WISNESKI
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**JAKE
THOMAS**
EDITOR

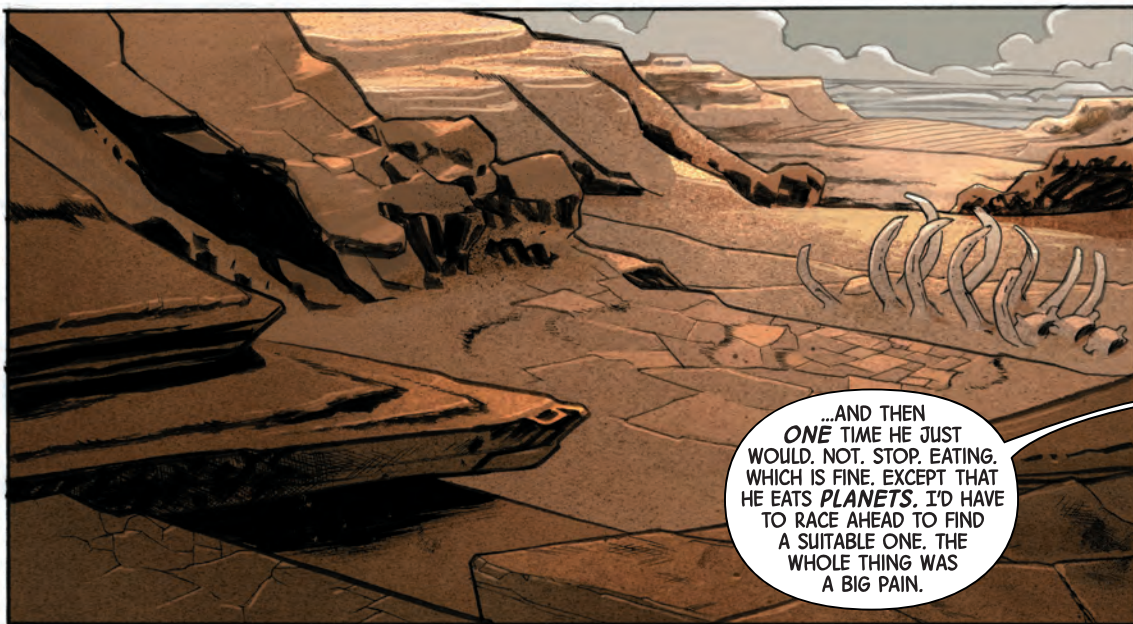
**AXEL
ALONSO**
EDITOR IN CHIEF

**JOE
QUESADA**
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

**DAN
BUCKLEY**
PUBLISHER

**ALAN
FINE**
EXEC. PRODUCER

DRAX No. 10, October 2016. Published Monthly 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. © 2016 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 #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40688537. 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 DRAX, 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 & Brand Management; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Operations, Publishing & Partnership; C.B. CEBULSKI, VP of Brand Management & Development, Asia; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Sales & Marketing, Publishing; JEFF YOUNGQUIST, VP of Production & Special Projects; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; ALEX MORALES, Director of Publishing Operations; SUSAN GRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Viki DeBellis, Integrated Sales Manager, at vdeb@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 07/29/2016 and 08/08/2016 by FRY COMMUNICATIONS, MECHANICSBURG, PA, USA.



...AND THEN ONE TIME HE JUST WOULD. NOT. STOP. EATING. WHICH IS FINE. EXCEPT THAT HE EATS **PLANETS**. I'D HAVE TO RACE AHEAD TO FIND A SUITABLE ONE. THE WHOLE THING WAS A BIG PAIN.



WAS HE A BIG DRINKER? MANDARIN WOULD ALWAYS BINGE-EAT LIKE THAT WHEN HE HAD TOO MUCH RICE WINE.

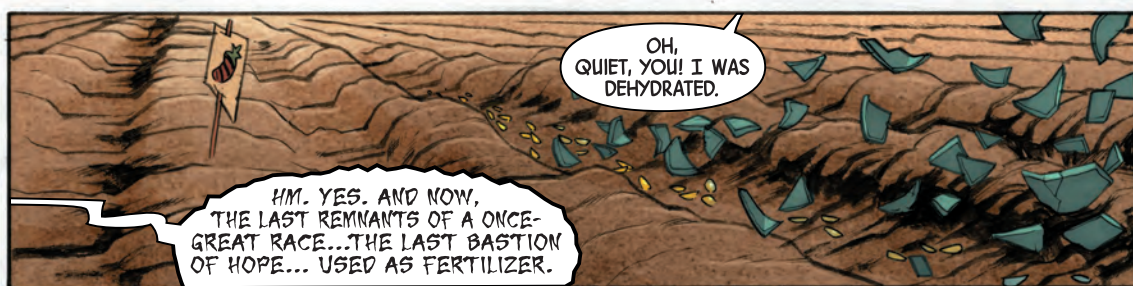
BY THE WAY, THIS KOMBUCHA YOU BREWED IS WONDERFUL.



OH, THANK YOU! I'M SO GLAD YOU LIKE IT.

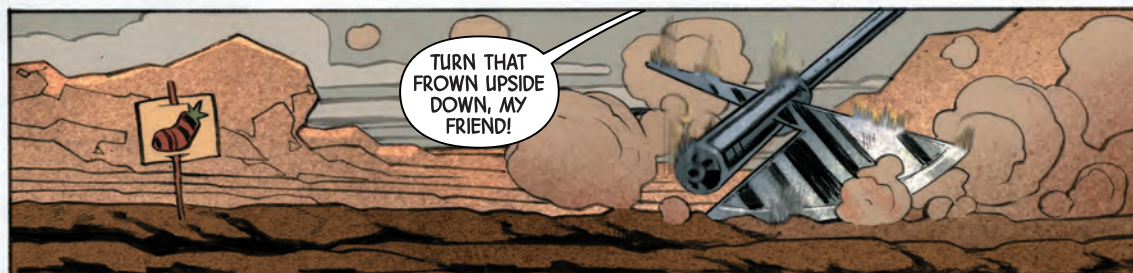
HE WOULD NEVER DRINK. QUITE A BORE, ACTUALLY. NEAR THE END, THOUGH, I'D BE SEEING DOUBLE EVERY DAY!

HA! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN YOUR CUPS WHEN WE FOUND THE LAST REMAINING TREE TO HARVEST THESE SEEDS FROM! YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A MIRAGE!



OH, QUIET, YOU! I WAS DEHYDRATED.

HM. YES. AND NOW, THE LAST REMNANTS OF A ONCE-GREAT RACE...THE LAST BASTION OF HOPE... USED AS FERTILIZER.



TURN THAT FROWN UPSIDE DOWN, MY FRIEND!



LET'S ADMIRE OUR WORK!



HMM?

WHAT IS IT, MY FRIEND? WHAT TROUBLES YOU?



DID YOU NOT HEAR THAT? A CRY CARRIED THROUGH THE VASTNESS OF SPACE.

AN INFANT'S CRY.



ANOTHER EGG! THERE WAS ANOTHER EGG IN THE MINES! AND IT HAS HATCHED!



UM...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WANT TO GO BATHE IT IN BLOOD OR ANYTHING, ARE YOU?

REMEMBER WHAT WE HAVE BUILT HERE, MY FRIEND. NO MORE BLOOD RITUALS. JUST LIFE.



NO, NO, NO. I WAS WRONG BEFORE, BUT WHEREVER THE INFANT IS, IT IS IN ITS FORMATIVE STAGES.

WHATEVER IT FEEDS UPON NOW WILL MOLD IT INTO WHAT IT IS TO BECOME. IF IT IS BLOOD AND VIOLENCE IT SEES, THEN IT WILL GROW COLD AND MERCILESS.

WHAT IT NEEDS...IS LOVE.



BUT I WORRY...

"...IT MAY BE TOO LATE ALREADY!"

WHOSE **GENIUS** IDEA WAS IT TO FIGHT A BUNCH OF SPACE DRAGONS?

THE IDEA WAS MINE, PLANET TERRY!
YOU WERE RIGHT HERE WITH ME WHEN I THREW THE FIRST PUNCH!

BUT THANK YOU FOR ACKNOWLEDGING MY KEEN STRATEGIC MIND!

