

**MARVEL**

**#4**

EWING  
GORHAM  
GARLAND

# Rocket



**BONUS**  
**DIGITAL**  
**CONTENT**  
see inside for details

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**MARVEL**

**#4** VARIANT EDITION

# ROCKET



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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 PENDANT FOR FINDING TROUBLE - WHETHER HE'S LOOKING FOR IT OR NOT.

PREVIOUSLY...

ROCKET'S EX, OTTA, WALTZED RIGHT INTO ROCKET'S FAVORITE DINE BAR AND BACK INTO HIS LIFE - ONLY TO BRING IT ALL DOWN AROUND HIS EARS AFTER SHE MISLED, FRAMED AND SAW HIM LOCKED UP FOR A CRIME HE DIDN'T INTEND TO COMMIT. AFTER GATECRASHER, THE LEADER OF THE TECHNET - THE TIME-TRAVELING BOUNTY HUNTERS WHO CAPTURED ROCKET - VISITS, INTENDING TO BREAK ROCKET OUT TO RE-COLLECT HIS BOUNTY, ROCKET IS FORCED TO SPEED UP HIS ESCAPE PLANS. LUCKILY, NO PRISON HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO HOLD HIM FOR LONG. NOW, ROCKET SITS IN THE SAME BAR WHERE IT ALL STARTED - A FUGITIVE, BROKE, AND FACE-TO-FACE WITH ANOTHER OLD ACQUAINTANCE - DEADPOOL. HOPEFULLY THIS GOES BETTER THAN THE LAST TIME...

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So this is called the "prose gutter."

Kind of a stylistic choice. The rule is, there's no jokes in here--it's all played straight.

No funny in the gutter.

I'm the guy in red, by the way. **Deadpool.**

And the reason I'm here is because... well, I needed a vacation. Ideally, somewhere I wasn't hated by everyone around me... like **deep space.**

See...back on Earth, I killed some people. On the orders of my good friend, **Captain America.** Funny story, when you think about it.

Okay, so maybe it's not such a funny story. But that's okay.

No funny in the gutter.

Anyway. When I took a holiday in space I teamed up with a space raccoon and then I jumped out of a space cake.



... AM I ALLOWED TO SAY "SPACE CAKE"?



OKAY. LET'S RECAP.  
I'M ON THE RUN FROM THE LAW IN THIS SECTOR, BUT THAT'S NOT A BIG PROBLEM. I CAN WORK AROUND THAT.

THE BIG PROBLEM RIGHT NOW IS THE **TECHNET**.



TECHNET?

**BOUNTY HUNTERS**. WITH A WARRANT ON MY HEAD. A **PERPETUAL WARRANT**.



SO THEY CAN BREAK ME OUT OF **JAIL**, THEN **CATCH** ME ONE SECOND LATER-- FOR THE SAME **PAYOUT**.

THEY CAN DO THAT **OVER** AND **OVER**--AND EVERY TIME, I'M THE SUCKER TAKING THE RAP.

GOTCHA. SO.



HOW MANY TIMES D'YOUSE SUPPOSE DAT IS?

HAH? PALLY?

CUZ EVERY TIME...EVERY TIME, DAT **IRON HOTEL'S** GOT A LITTLE MORE **ROOM SERVICE** TO IT, YOU CATCH?



SO HOW DEEP CAN DEY BURY YOUSE?

... ARE YOU DOING A FUNNY VOICE?



I'M BEING HARD-BOILED.

I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOUR THING NOW.

WHAT, LIKE AN EGG? DO HUMANS EVEN LAY EGGS?

WE... DO NOT. LOOK, I WAS GOING FOR A KIND OF WILLIAM BENDIX THING, A LITTLE EDWARD G. ROBINSON--

AND THEY'RE CHEFS, RIGHT? THEY COOK HUMAN EGGS?

HOLD ON, IS THERE A CHICKEN INVOLVED? I HEAR EARTH HUMOR DOES A LOT WITH CHICKENS.



LOOK, JUST--WAIT, YOU HAVE CHICKENS IN SPACE?

WHY WOULDN'T WE?

THE POINT IS-- THERE IS A CEILING TO THIS CON.



THERE'S A MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF MONEY THEY CAN MAKE BEFORE THEIR RESOURCE-- THAT'S YOU--IS DRAINED.

THAT FIGURE IS HOW MUCH YOU'RE WORTH TO THEM DEAD.



SO BE WORTH MORE ALIVE. PAY 'EM OFF.

CAN I DO THAT? DON'T THEY HAVE TO... I DON'T KNOW, HONOR THE CONTRACT?



EXCELLENT QUESTION. YOU EVER HEAR OF THE WADE WILSON SPECIAL THEORY OF MERC MOTIVATION?

The *Wade Wilson Special Theory of Merc Motivation* goes as follows:

A merc--like, a costumed player--is one of two things: **Loyal** or **Flexible**.

The client knows from the first meeting. Either you will **never** betray his cause--on pain of death--

--or you will **always** be open to a sweaty fistful of cold cash.

Now, you'd think every client would want the **first**. And a lot of them do. They're cheaper, since you don't need to keep bribing them to stay with you.

That's because for Type One, money's just the **excuse**. They want pride, or adrenaline, or just sick thrills, or...

...or they want to **belong**.

So. The real clients, the heavy players, they go for **Type Two**. Because if you'll betray your employer for the highest bidder, you're either **really good...**

...or you're **really dead**.

And it's not like they can't afford the extra.



LOYALTY

THE BENJAMINS

