

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.

PREVIOUSLY IN...

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY

AMONGST THE HALLOWED MEMBERS OF THE GUARDIANS IS COSMO, THE TELEPATHIC COSMIC SPACE DOG FROM THE FORMER SOVIET UNION, AND ROCKET, THE RACCOON-LIKE CREATURE WHO LOVES ONE THING MORE THAN THE SOUND OF HIS AUTOMATIC BLASTER FIRING--AND THAT ONE PRECIOUS THING IS BEER.

FORGED IN THE FIRES OF COSMIC CONFLICT, THE PET AVENGERS PROTECT THE EARTH FROM THREATS BOTH COSMIC AND DOMESTICATED. THEY ARE LOCKJAW, ZABU, FURBALL, MS. LION, REDWING AND THROG!

TODAY, THESE TWO COSMIC FORCES WILL MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME. AND MUCH TAUNTING WILL ENSUE...



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THE RIP, AN INTERDIMENSIONAL NEXUS ON THE OUTER EDGE OF SPACE-TIME.

NEITHER HERE, NOR THERE...

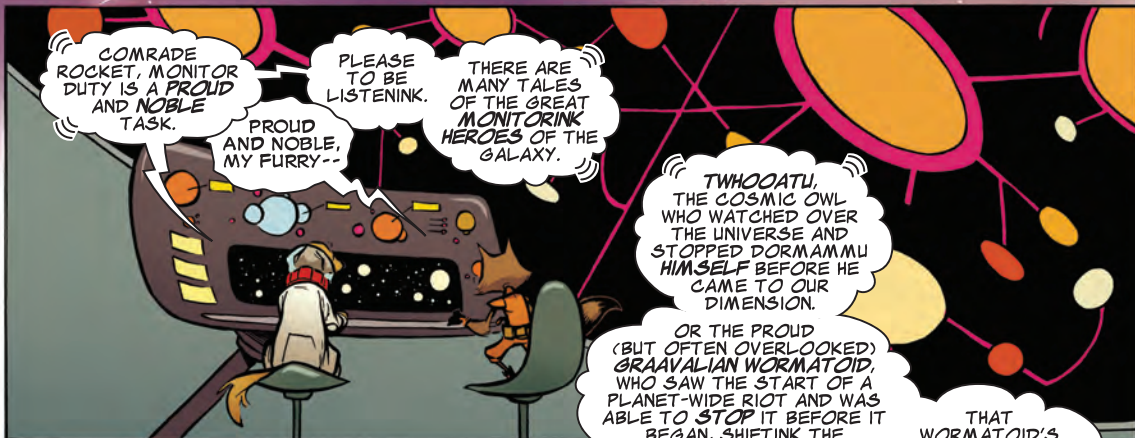
...KNOWHERE.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.



MONITOR DUTY SUCKS!

I MEAN, WE'RE MONITORING SPACE. EMPTY SPACE! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH SPACE THERE IS OUT THERE? A LOT! THAT'S HOW MUCH AND WATCHING IT IS BORING!



COMRADE ROCKET, MONITOR DUTY IS A PROUD AND NOBLE TASK.

PROUD AND NOBLE, MY FURRY--

PLEASE TO BE LISTENINK.

THERE ARE MANY TALES OF THE GREAT MONITORINK HEROES OF THE GALAXY.

TWOOOATI, THE COSMIC OWL WHO WATCHED OVER THE UNIVERSE AND STOPPED DORMAMMMU HIMSELF BEFORE HE CAME TO OUR DIMENSION.

OR THE PROUD (BUT OFTEN OVERLOOKED) GRAAVALIAN WORMATOID, WHO SAW THE START OF A PLANET-WIDE RIOT AND WAS ABLE TO STOP IT BEFORE IT BEGAN, SHIFTING THE COURSE OF GALACTIC HISTORY.

THAT WORMATOID'S VIGILANCE PREVENTED THE GALAXY-WIDE ENSLAVEMENT OF ALL PLANETS TO THE GRAAVALIAN EMPIRE THAT WOULD HAVE EMERGED HAD THE WORMATOID BEEN SNOOZINK THAT DAY!



THIS SEAT ISN'T EVEN MADE FOR A SOMEONE WITH A TAIL-- HOW SPECIESIST IS THAT?!

WELL, COMRADE, YOU WILL JUST HAVE TO, HOW YOU SAY, "SUCK IT UP!"



WELL I KNOW ONE THING I'M GOING TO BE SUCKING UP. ACANTI BLUBBER ALE.

SPECIAL EDITION VINTAGE. ILLEGAL IN FOUR SYSTEMS. GUARANTEED TO MAKE THE TIME FLY BY!



WORMATOIDS!
PAH! THEY CAN
MONITOR ME
WHILE I DOWN
A SIX-PACK!



WHAT?!

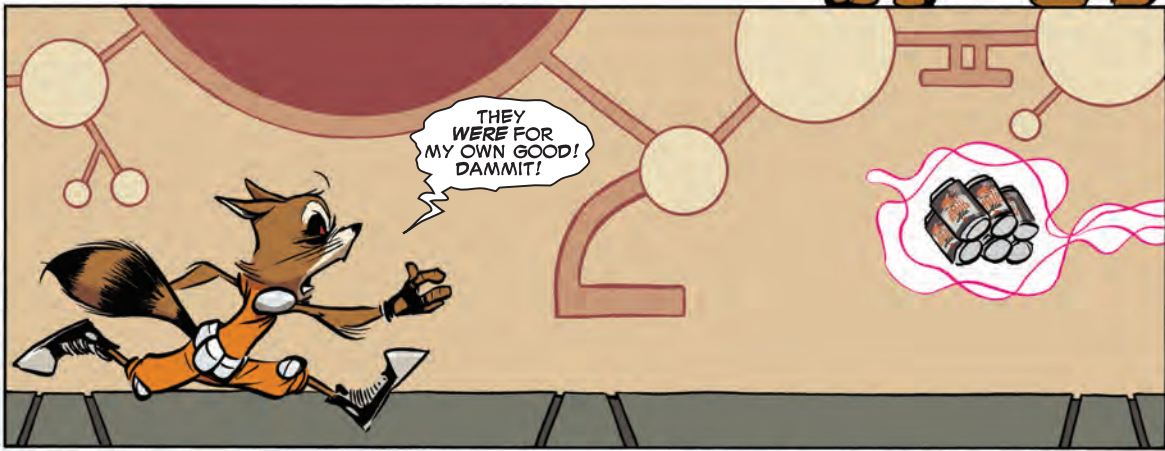


OY! YOU
TELEKINETIC
KILLJOY,
GIMME BACK
MY BEER!



SECURITY
PROTOCOL
#XVT-47: THE IMBIBING
OF INTOXICATING LIQUIDS
WHILST ON OFFICIAL
DUTIES IS STRICTLY
NOT PERMITTED.

COMRADE
ROCKET, I SHALL
BE CONFISCATING
THESE FOR YOUR
OWN GOOD.



THEY
WERE FOR
MY OWN GOOD!
DAMMIT!



IF YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE
ME MONITOR THE
WHOLE FLARKIN'
GALAXY, AT LEAST
LET ME HAVE A
BREWSKI...
WHA'?

WHERE'D
HE GO?

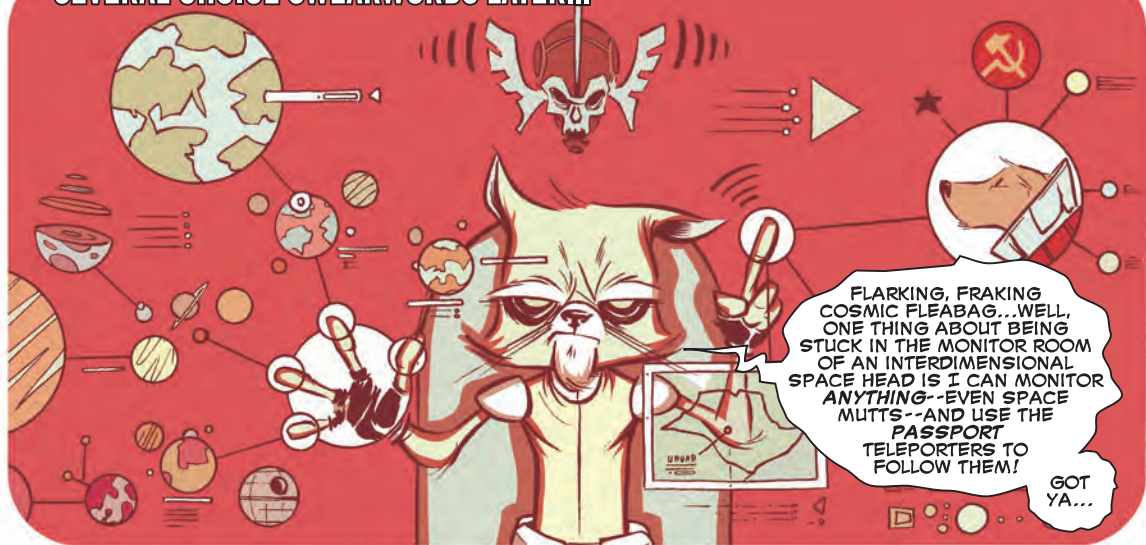
MORE
POINTEDLY,
WHERE'D MY
BEER GO?



Nooooo!!!



SEVERAL CHOICE SWEARWORDS LATER...

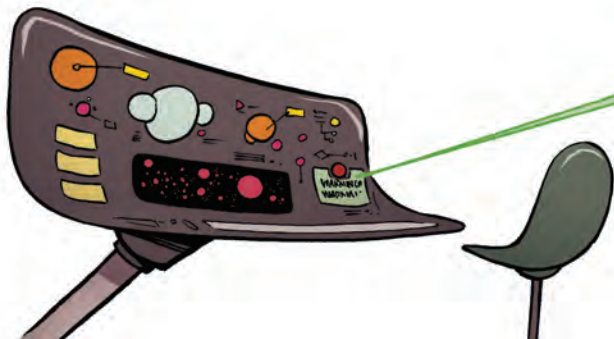


FLARKING, FRACKING COSMIC FLEABAG... WELL, ONE THING ABOUT BEING STUCK IN THE MONITOR ROOM OF AN INTERDIMENSIONAL SPACE HEAD IS I CAN MONITOR ANYTHING--EVEN SPACE MUTTS--AND USE THE **PASSPORT** TELEPORTERS TO FOLLOW THEM!

GOT YA...



...NO ONE GETS BETWEEN A MACHINE GUN-TOTING, PINT-SIZED MASTER OF BUTT KICKERY AND HIS *SUDS*. I'M COMING FOR YOU, YOU LITERAL SONOVA--



**WARNING!
WARNING!**

SOMEWHERE ON EARTH...

