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#3

EWING
GORHAM
GARLAND

ROCKET



Mayhew

BONUS
DIGITAL
CONTENT
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MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

A Rocket Mystery

Alam Goring



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THE DEAD DON'T FORAGE

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...
OF ALL THE BARS IN ALL THE ARMS OF THE GALAXY'S SPIRAL, ROCKET'S EX, OTTA, HAD TO WALK INTO THE ONE HE WAS IN. SHE SAID SHE NEEDED HELP STEALING DEEDS TO PROTECT HER HOMELAND FROM AN UNSCRUPULOUS CORPORATION, SO ROCKET RECRUITED HALF THE TECHNET--TIME-TRAVELING BOUNTY HUNTERS-- AND GOT OTTA THE DOCS. BUT BEFORE HE ESCAPED, THE REST OF THE TECHNET, AND THEIR LEADER, GATECRASHER, CAUGHT ROCKET AND PINNED THE WHOLE HEIST ON HIM. IN COURT, ROCKET LEARNED THAT OTTA USED HIM TO STEAL THE LAND FOR THE UNSCRUPULOUS CORPORATION. NOW HE'S GOING AWAY FOR A CRIME HE DIDN'T INTEND TO COMMIT.

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When Rocket heard he had a visitor, he figured it was good news.

He was due for a break--hell, after the flarkshow he'd been through, karma owed him a dirty weekend with cocktails on Tropicus VI.

A visitor meant someone knew he was here. Groot, or one of the others. Gamora, maybe--in her line, she had to keep an eye on the news.

Or, hell, maybe even Carol Danvers. She was ambassador for Quill's mudball now, and--for a planet that thought boiling itself to death was good business sense--Earth still had some clout.

And even if the visitor wasn't someone who could get him out, it was **someone**. Someone who **cared**.

So whoever it was, Rocket figured it was good news.

Rocket was wrong.



They'd shipped Rocket straight to the iron hotel--the worst in the sector.

Oh, there were places that were dirtier, places that were rougher, places you didn't want to be stuck in--rehabilitation was never the goal at a private prison--

--but nowhere was tougher to break out of.

The **SecuriMax UltraPen 8000** was the first of its kind--a big, bad ball of unpleasantness designed to crush your dreams.

The walls were Duranium, 40 feet thick. You could throw a sun at it and the perps inside wouldn't even turn up the AC.

It was monitored by a guard station just as big--it had to be, to keep the orbit constant. If you beat one of the screws, there were a thousand more waiting.

The guards got in and out via spacewalk to the only airlock--a sealed door with nothing but vacuum on the other side.

Breaking out that way was **suicide**, even if you could do it--as sure as a blaster to the head. But that was the only way.

Ergo--**no** way.

And like all prisons, it had a nickname...





AND **WHY** ARE YOU IN THE COLON?

BECAUSE YOU'RE **WASTE** MATTER.



EVERY SINGLE **ONE** OF YOU IS A CHUNK OF **WASTE**, STINKING UP OUR NICE, CLEAN GALAXY.

YOU'VE PASSED THROUGH THE **SYSTEM**, AND THE SYSTEM HAS DETERMINED WHAT YOU **ARE**.

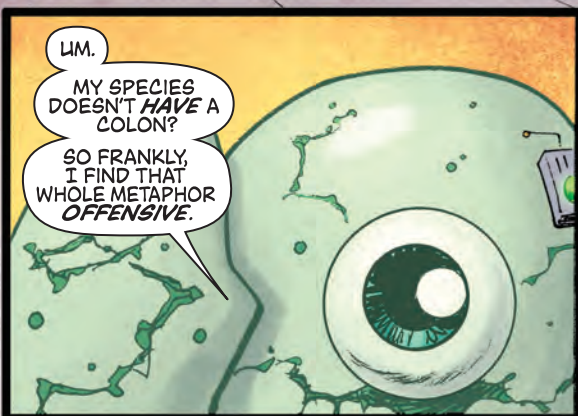
AND WHAT YOU **ARE** IS LIVING, SENTIENT **FILTH**--FROM NOW 'TIL THE DAY YOU **DIE**.

AND WHEN YOU **DO**? WHEN THE SYSTEM IS **DONE** WITH YOU?



WHY, WE'LL JUST **FLUSH** YOU AWAY.

ANY **QUESTIONS**?



UM.

MY SPECIES DOESN'T **HAVE** A COLON?

SO FRANKLY, I FIND THAT WHOLE METAPHOR **OFFENSIVE**.