

STAR-LORD

Before he was the Legendary Star-Lord, Peter Quill was going through the same stuff every young man does: stealing a spaceship from family friend Lisa, Commander of the *Asterion One* (the ship built to establish Earth's first off-planet colony), using warp drive to fly far away from Earth in an attempt to find the aliens that killed his mother, getting stranded in space-middle-of-nowhere then hijacked by space pirates—ugh, youths these days, am I right? Luckily, space pirate Yondu agreed to keep Peter around...as a janitor.

YEAR ONE, CHAPTER THREE: INTO THE GREAT WIDE OPEN

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IT'S MORE
BEAUTIFUL THAN
I THOUGHT.

I BUSTED MY
ASS FOR THIS VIEW.
I GOT OFF EARTH,
FOUND A NEW CREW.
ALL BY MYSELF.

NOW I NEED TO
FIGURE OUT HOW
TO STOP PUSHING
A VACUUM
CLEANER...

SOMEBODY'S
SLEEPIN'.



YONDU!

SOMEBODY'S TAKIN' A LITTLE NAP. INSTEAD OF CLEANIN' MY FLOORS.

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN MY FLOORS, PETEY?

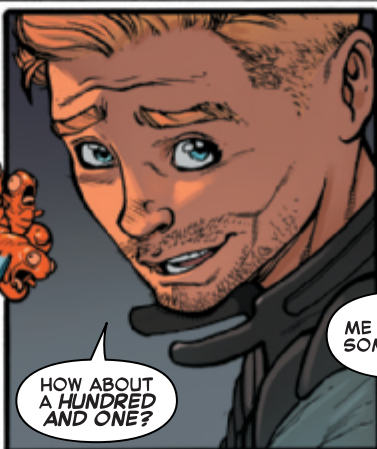
YEAH-- I MEAN-- NO!

I WAS JUST CLEANING THE GLASS. CZAR KEEPS LEAVING SMUDGES ALL OVER-- I MEAN--



AH, OF COURSE. THE BADOON SHIP YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. THE ONE YOU ASKED ME TO FIND FOR YOU.

A HUNDRED TIMES.



HOW ABOUT A HUNDRED AND ONE?



LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING, KID.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU EVEN FOUND IT?



SHOOT IT OUT OF THE SKY.

THROW IT INTO THE SUN.

PEE ON THE ASHES.

DANCE ON ITS GRAVE.

PETEY, YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURSELF KILLED THINKING STUPID LIKE THAT.



HERE'S THE THING ABOUT SPACE, EARTH BOY-- IT AIN'T COMPLICATED. IT'S ALL JUST THE BIG NOTHING OUT THERE.

VERY OCCASIONALLY PUNCTUATED BY SOMETHING OF INTEREST. COULD BE TREASURE...

OR IT COULD BE SOMETHING THAT THREATENS TO TAKE THE AIR OUTTA YOUR LUNGS.



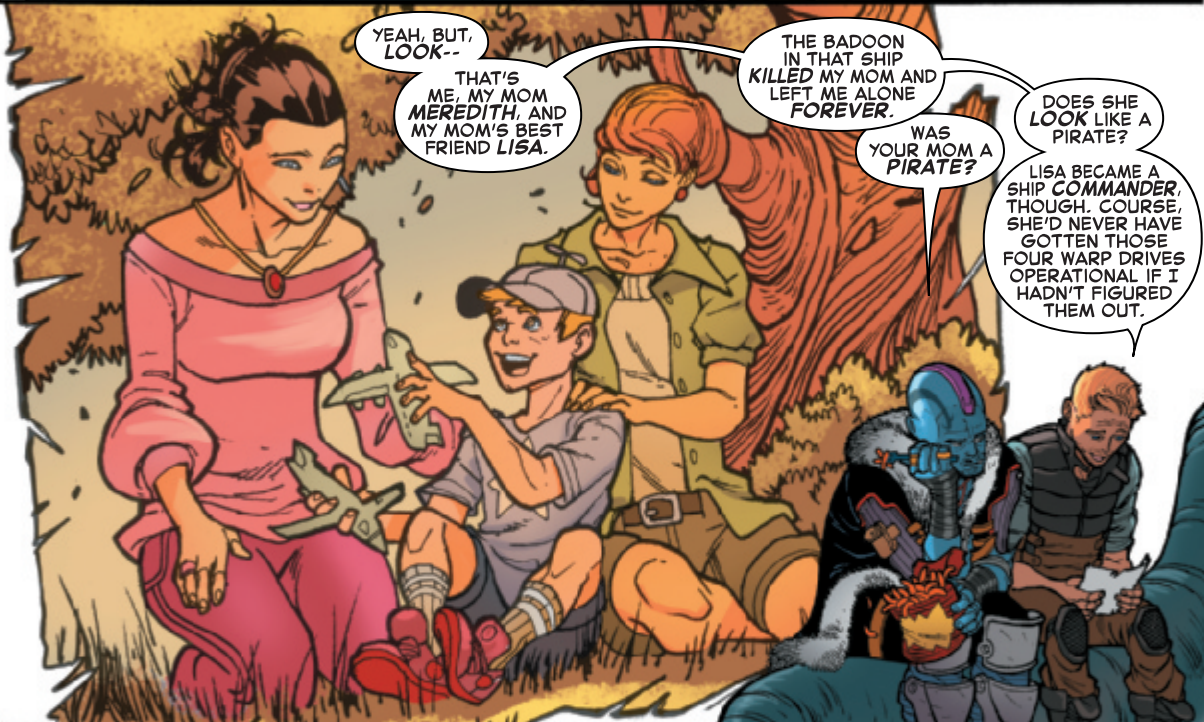
STEAL ONE, AVOID THE OTHER.

BUT--

THAT'S IT. THAT'S THE BIG SECRET ABOUT SPACE.

BUT--

NO BUTS!



YEAH, BUT, LOOK--

THAT'S ME, MY MOM MEREDITH, AND MY MOM'S BEST FRIEND LISA.

THE BADOON IN THAT SHIP KILLED MY MOM AND LEFT ME ALONE FOREVER.

WAS YOUR MOM A PIRATE?

DOES SHE LOOK LIKE A PIRATE?

LISA BECAME A SHIP COMMANDER, THOUGH, COURSE, SHE'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THOSE FOUR WARP DRIVES OPERATIONAL IF I HADN'T FIGURED THEM OUT.



AN EARTHER SHIP WITH FOUR WARP DRIVES?



HELL YEAH! REVERSE ENGINEERED FROM THE KREE, AND I CRACKED 'EM. I KNOW ALL THE INS AND OUTS. ALL THE SECRETS.

I MAKE A MUCH BETTER MECHANIC THAN A JANITOR, YOU KNOW!

OR MAYBE... A PIRATE?



YOU DON'T SAY...



BUT I HATE THE ASTERION'S CREW. THEY TREATED ME LIKE A *CHUMP*. SAID THEY'D NEVER LET ME BE AN *ASTRONAUT*. SAID I COULD NEVER CUT IT IN SPACE.



EASY NOW, PAL, THOSE DAYS ARE LONG GONE! YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS!

I AM?

AS FAR AS I UNDERSTAND THE *CONCEPT*! NOW LISTEN, YOUNG TIGER--

MAYBE YOU'RE *RIGHT*. MAYBE YOU DO HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A *PIRATE*!

YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED UP IN HERE *MOPPING FLOORS* FOR TOO LONG.

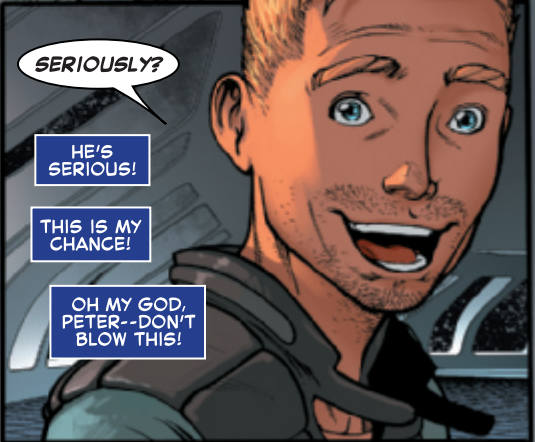


IS HE SERIOUS?



WHAT SAY WE GET OFF THIS SHIP, SEE THE *GALAXY*, CAUSE SOME *TROUBLE*?

THAT IS, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE READY... FOR *SPACE*.



SERIOUSLY?

HE'S SERIOUS!

THIS IS MY CHANCE!

OH MY GOD, PETER--DON'T BLOW THIS!