

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. A group of misfits--*Drax the Destroyer*, *Gamora*, *Rocket Raccoon*, *Groot*, and *Flash Thompson*, a.k.a. *Venom*--joined together under the leadership of *Peter Quill*, *Star-Lord*. With new members *Kitty Pryde* and *Ben Grimm*, a.k.a. *The Thing*, they serve a higher cause as the...

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY

Hala, named for the Kree Empire's home planet, is the last surviving Accuser. Thus, she must bring justice to the perpetrators of the last crime against the Kree: the immolation of Hala's home and namesake, for which she holds the Guardians responsible. She's pledged to punish them by razing both of Peter Quill's homeworlds: Spartax and Earth. She handily beat the Guardians and stranded Peter in orbit around Spartax, helpless to stop his planet's destruction.

In the Negative Zone, Annihilus and the Brood Queen realized that with the Kree Supreme Intelligence and J'Son of Spartax gone, there was no one left on the Galactic Council to rein in their devious ambitions.

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KNOWHERE.
THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE.
LOCATED INSIDE THE
DECAPITATED HEAD OF A CELESTIAL.
THE RENT IS INSANE.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU WANT
FROM ME.

SURE
YOU DO.

THE MARKETPLACE.
WE TOLD YOU NOT TO EAT AT THE STREET
VENDOR GLARKIN AND YOU NEVER LISTEN.

I-I
REALLY
DON'T.

I
DON'T
KNOW
YOU.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU WANT.



GET THE
FLARK OUT OF
MY STORE BEFORE
I CALL THE COSMO
DOG ON YOU!

OR BETTER
YET, IF YOU DON'T
GET OUT OF HERE I'M
GOING TO GIVE YOU A
VERY PERSONAL
DEMONSTRATION
OF MY LATEST WEAPONS
SYSTEM...

AND SEE HOW
YOU LIKE SUCKING
GLREEDO OUT
OF A STRAW FROM
YOUR HOSPICE
HOLO-BED.

FRUNTA'S HOUSE OF SELF-DEFENSERY.
HE HAS ONLY A TWO-STAR RATING IN DROGON'S MARKET GUIDE.
HE THINKS IT'S BECAUSE HIS COMPETITION ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE MARKET IS SPAMMING HIM WITH NEGATIVE
REVIEWS, BUT IT IS REALLY HIS SISTER.
SHE DRINKS.



I MEAN
IT!

DRAX, THE
DESTROYER.

DON'T
KNOW HIM.

EVERYONE
KNOWS HIM.

WHAT
ABOUT
HIM?





I AM YOTAT.
THE DESTROYER
OF DESTROYERS.

YOU SUPPLY
DRAX THE
DESTROYER WITH
HIS WEAPONS.

NO, I
DON'T.

STOP
LYING TO
ME.

I FIND IT
DISRESPECTFUL.

EVERY LIE
YOU TELL FROM
NOW ON WILL
MEAN ONE LESS
APPENDAGE
FOR YOU.



I S-SELL
HIM WEAPONS.
I DON'T SUPPLY
HIM WEAPONS.

I SELL.

I SELL
A LOT OF
WEAPONS TO
A LOT OF
SPECIES.



I WANT
DRAX.

I-I WANT
YOU TO NOT
BE HERE.



WHERE IS
DRAX? WHERE
ARE THE
GUARDIANS?

I DON'T--
I DON'T LEAVE
MY SHOP.

I LIVE HERE.
I SLEEP BACK
THERE.

SPECIES
COME IN, I
SELL, SPECIES
LEAVE.

UH,
YOTAT...



I'LL ASK
ONE MORE
TIME.

DEAR
GALACTUS...JUST
TAKE A WEAPON
OF YOUR CHOICE
AND LEAVE.

I HAVE
NOTHING ELSE
FOR YOU.

SERIOUSLY,
YOTAT, LOOK
AT THIS...