

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...

LONG AGO, A DAME NAMED OTTA BROKE ROCKET'S HEART AND LEFT HIM FOR THE FUZZ, BUT WHEN SHE RESURFACED NEEDING HELP, ROCKET COULDN'T TURN HER AWAY. NOW HE'S LEADING A BREAK-IN TO STEAL DEEDS TO LAND ON OTTA'S HOMETOWN, SCATTERBRAIN, NUMBERS, FERROZ, AND HARD-BOILED HENRY--ALL OF THE RECENTLY SPLIT BOUNTY-HUNTING-GROUP THE TECHNET--CRASHING THE MOST SECURE VAULT ON DIGRIZ WAS NO SWEAT...UNTIL THEY HIT THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE--THE OTHER HALF OF THE TECHNET.

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When he saw the jury, Rocket knew it was in the bag. A lead-pipe cinch.

He didn't need the fancy lawyers. He didn't need the judge on his side. He didn't even need the suit--if it didn't look so damned good on him.

A jury like this, they'd see him for what he was. A good guy. A Guardian of the Galaxy, sticking up for the little people.

Sure, technically, he'd committed a crime or two--but who hasn't? You never datastreamed a free holo-vid in your life? C'mon.

Rocket grinned, showing teeth. He *had* this.

Finally, something was going his way.

Not like before...



It was meant to be a simple job--rob the vault, steal the deeds to the land on Tarka's World, prevent environmental catastrophe, yadda yadda.

Rocket had used his contacts--found half the Technet to help. Together, they'd busted into the tightest vault on Digriz.

That's where they'd found the **other** half of the Technet.





GATE-CRASHER?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE...?

I HAVE MY WAYS, CHINA DOLL.

The Technet--Rocket found out later--had a bad habit of running into their own future iterations.

Which meant transtemporal gossip.



...AND AFTER THEY PULLED THAT HEIST ON DIGRIZ...

≡SPLUK≡

OH, THAT HASN'T HAPPENED YET?

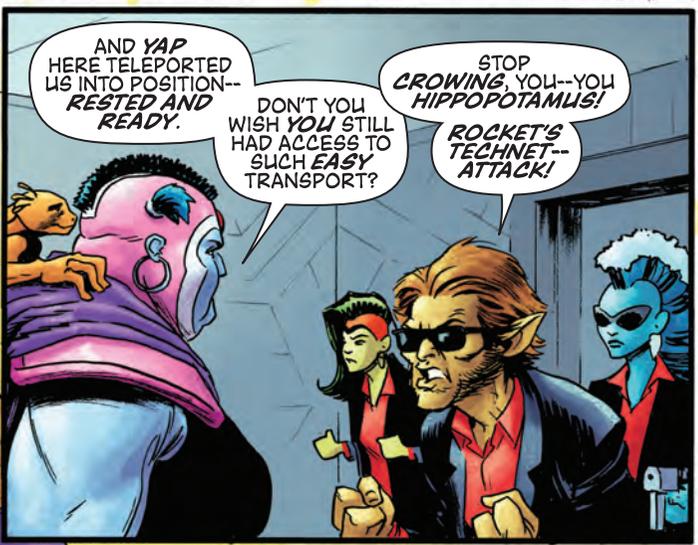
JELLY BABY?

THE SEKURIMAX PEOPLE TOOK MY WARNING SERIOUSLY ENOUGH TO LET US PROVIDE ADDITIONAL SECURITY.

A NICE LITTLE EARNER FOR MY LOYAL UNDERLINGS...



Cash in hand. Snee, snee, snee.



AND YAP HERE TELEPORTED US INTO POSITION--RESTED AND READY.

DON'T YOU WISH YOU STILL HAD ACCESS TO SUCH EASY TRANSPORT?

STOP CROWING, YOU--YOU HIPPOPOTAMUS!

ROCKET'S TECHNET--ATTACK!