

CIVIL WAR II

ROCKET RACCOON & GROOT PART I OF THE BAD SOUTHERN PUN TRILOGY: "GEORGIA O'THIEF"

ROCKET RACCOON AND GROOT ARE BEST FRIENDS ALL THE TIME.
THEY ARE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY MOST OF THE TIME.
THEY ARE HEROES...LET'S SAY...AT LEAST HALF THE TIME. SOMETIMES THEY'RE BOUNTY HUNTERS, WHICH IS KIND OF A GRAY AREA.

EARTH'S HEROES PREVENTED A CATAclySMIC EVENT THANKS TO A NEW INHUMAN NAMED ULYSSES, WHO SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO PREDICT THE FUTURE. NOW, EARTH'S GREATEST CHAMPIONS ARE FORCED TO MAKE A CHOICE: **PROTECT** THE FUTURE...OR **CHANGE** IT?

FORMER GOTG TEAMMATE AND CURRENT COMMANDER OF ALPHA FLIGHT CAPTAIN MARVEL WANTS TO **CHANGE** THE FUTURE TO **PROTECT** THE STUFF IN IT. SHE'S ASKED ALL HER ALLIES TO HELP RESPOND TO ULYSSES' PREDICTIONS, INCLUDING THE GUARDIANS. ROCKET PILOTS THEIR SHIP, AND CAROL COULDN'T JUST ASK HIM AND GROOT TO WAIT OUTSIDE.

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OKAY, LISTEN UP, THIS IS IMPORTANT. ULYSSES PREDICTED THAT IN TWO DAYS THERE WILL BE AN INVASION OF <BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH>

PSST. I'M A LITTLE SHAKY ON EVERYBODY'S NAME. WHO'S THIS BALD GUY?

THAT'S PLUCK.

WHAT'S HIS STORY?

HE'S GOOD AT CART-WHEELS.

THAT'S IT? HE SMELLS LIKE GARBAGE.

DON'T RACCOONS LIKE GARBAGE?

I'M NOT A RACCOON!





YOU TWO... WANT TO GO TO RURAL GEORGIA... TO STOP A BABY POWDER THIEF?

UH... YEAH.

WHY?



WHY???

TO STOP CRIME! ISN'T THAT WHAT WE DO?

IF WE JUST STAND IDLY BY IN THIS BABY POWDER FACTORY'S TIME OF NEED... WHY, WE'RE JUST AS GUILTY AS THE THIEF HIMSELF--

RIGHT. AND WHAT'S THE ACTUAL REASON?

...THE WHAT?



WHAT'S THE SECRET SELF-SERVING REASON YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO TAKE THIS?

WHAT? I'M INSULTED! WHY DOES THERE HAVE TO BE SOME--

WHATEVER. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. GO STOP THE THIEF, DO THE SECRET THING YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO DO, BUT BE BACK BEFORE THE INVASION OF-- <BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH>

...ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?!

YEAH! INVASION SOMETHING. WHICH SHIP DO WE TAKE?



NONE. YOU CAN FLY COMMERCIAL. COACH. KEEP YOUR RECEIPTS AND WE'LL REIMBURSE.

COACH?!

I'LL NEED TO REACH YOU IN CASE WE NEED HELP WITH SOMETHING ACTUALLY IMPORTANT INSTEAD OF YOUR STUPID SECRET PLAN.

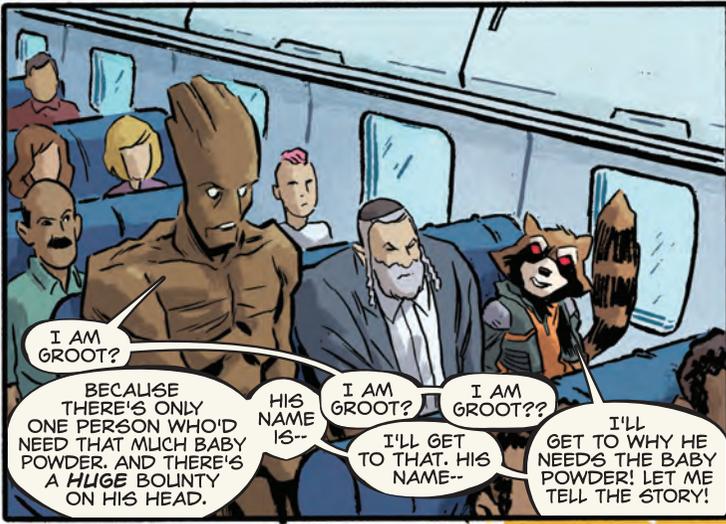
AND KEEP THESE COMMUNICATORS ON YOU AT ALL TIMES.

THERE'S NO--



I KNOW THERE'S A SECRET SELF-SERVING PLAN.

"OF COURSE THERE'S A SECRET SELF-SERVING PLAN!"



I AM GROOT?

BECAUSE THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO'D NEED THAT MUCH BABY POWDER. AND THERE'S A **HUGE** BOUNTY ON HIS HEAD.

HIS NAME IS--

I AM GROOT?

I AM GROOT??

I'LL GET TO THAT. HIS NAME--

I'LL GET TO WHY HE NEEDS THE BABY POWDER! LET ME TELL THE STORY!



HI. I'M A LOSER.

"HIS NAME'S CHAMMY. HE'S A LOW-LEVEL LOSER SPACE SMUGGLER FROM SOME NOSELESS ALIEN RACE."

"HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST BOUNTIES I EVER TRIED TO COLLECT."



"SO YOUNG ME CATCHES HIM IN A DESERT..."

FREEZE, SLICKA!



"...OR MAYBE IT WAS LINDER-WATER? I FORGET..."

FREEZE, SLICKA!



AFTER AN EPIC BATTLE, I THROW HIM IN THE BRIG AND FLY HIM TO--

I AM GROOT?

I'M GETTING TO IT! ANYHOW--

WHY DID YOU GO INTO SO MUCH DETAIL ABOUT YOUR MUSCLES?

MIND YOUR BUSINESS. ANYHOW...



"WHEN I GO TO GET CHAMMY OUT OF THE BRIG--"

"HE'S GONE!"

"THE CELL'S EMPTY. NO TRACE OF ANYTHING BUT A PUDDLE OF WATER."

"IT WAS SUPER EMBARRASSING."