

# AVENGERS

HERCULES



ROCKET RACCOON



HAWKEYE



CLINT BARTON

SCARLET WITCH



WANDA MAXIMOFF

VISION



SPECTRUM



MONICA RAMBEAU

THE HULK



BRUCE BANNER

VOYAGER



VA NEE GAST

## THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT

NYX



MOTHER OF NIGHT

HYPNOS



APATE




DOLOS



OIZYS






When Rocket woke up, he was being born again.

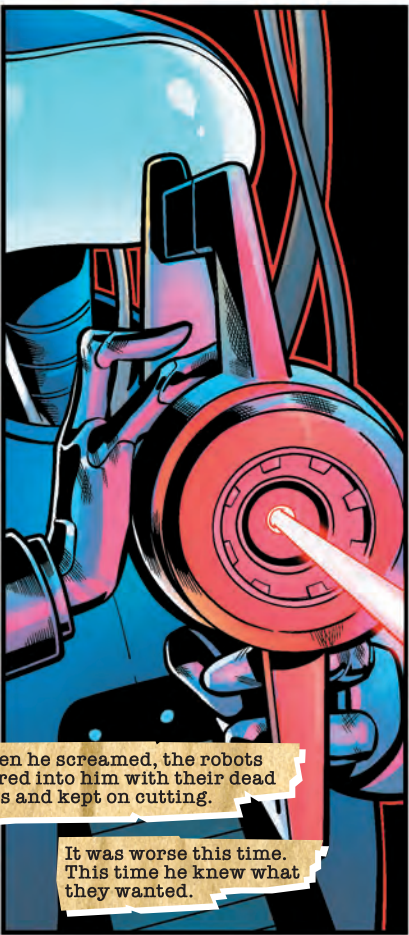
It hurt like Hell.

Maybe it was Hell.




The pain was an old song,  
played from memory.  
Played loud.

A symphony of déjà vu  
with a chorus of razors.




When he screamed, the robots  
stared into him with their dead  
eyes and kept on cutting.

It was worse this time.  
This time he knew what  
they wanted.



They wanted something that  
could take their place. Do the  
job they were bored with.

They wanted to mutate  
a therapy animal into a  
warden for a cosmic  
asylum. Into a Ranger.



"Ranger Rocket."

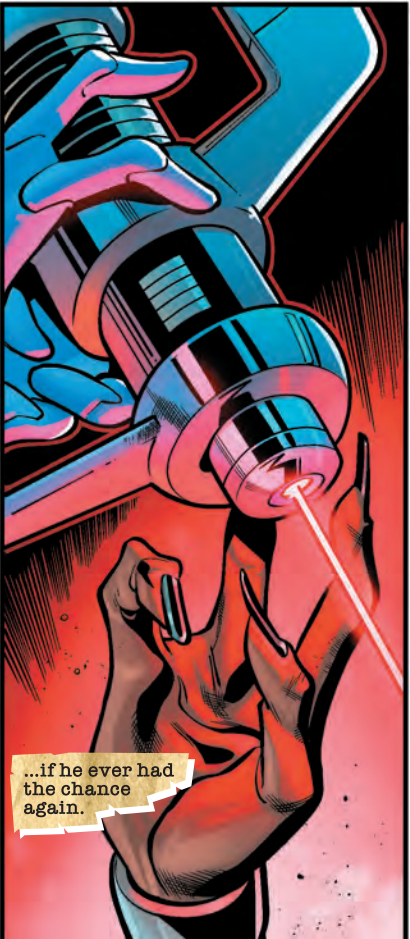
He'd blocked it out, tried  
to forget. But this was  
who he was, under the  
sarcasm and snarls.



This open  
wound.

Even during the happy  
times, it festered  
inside. What was  
done to him.

What he'd  
do back...



...if he ever had  
the chance  
again.



The surgical laser went up to 5,000 degrees if it had to.

Rocket figured it had to.



SUBJECT BEHAVIOR IS NOT--KRZZT--LOGICAL--

WE ARE--FZZT--MAKING SUBJECT BETTER--

YEAH? NICE JOB, TIN MAN.



I FEEL BETTER ALREADY.

Even so, something wasn't right.



Little details shifted and changed around him. Like memories.

And where were the other animals?



Lylla and Wal? Blackjack and Uncle Pyko? His friends?

When had he lost them?

If he could find even one face from those days, maybe he could make sense of this. Just one.



OH FLARK.

Careful what you wish for.

Rocket knew the Hulk from the day—from the day before the day.

Gentle and green as a meadow. A guy with a temper, sure—but he'd never hurt a soul.



ROCKET.

But that guy wasn't this guy.



HERE TO WATCH?

This was no meadow.



This was the lake of fire.

PUT...PUT HIM DOWN, HULK.

I'M ASKIN' NICE HERE.



OKAY?