



PETER.

CAPTAIN GROOT, I BELIEVE THE STAR-LORD IS BEYOND OUR--

NAH, HE'S FINE.

GROOT, HONEY, HE'S NOT--



PETER, QUIT BEING A BABY AND GET UP.

PETER!

I AM STAB!

KICK



AHH!



SEE? HE'S FINE.

ALL OF MY RIBS ARE BROKEN.

IT'S A MIRACLE!



IT'S ~~COUGH~~ BODY ARMOR ACTUALLY...

SINCE WHEN DO YOU WEAR ARMOR?

YOU GET STABBED THROUGH THE CHEST WITH A SWORD ENOUGH TIMES YOU LEARN A FEW THINGS...



WHAT HAPPENED, GROOT?

DID WE...

IS GAMORA...



GROOT... IS SHE DEAD?



WE DON'T KNOW.



COME ON, LET'S ROLL. BILL, FIND US A WAY OFF THIS ROCK.

RICHARD, SEE IF YOU CAN TAP INTO THE NOVA CORPS AND--

PETER...



...WE'RE IN THE WIND HERE...

PHYLA-VELL'S RIGHT, MAN. I'M COMPLETELY CUT OFF FROM THE CORPS. WE HAVE NO SHIP. WE HAVE NO IDEA IF GAMORA'S EVEN ALIVE, AND EVEN IF SHE WERE, WE HAVE NO WAY OF TRACKING HER.

NO. THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY.



I AM WAR-BOUND TO A POWERFUL ALLY THAT I MAY CALL IN TIMES OF DIRE NEED.

I BELIEVE THIS IS SUCH A TIME.



WAIT...WHAT? YOU COULD HAVE CALLED THOR THIS ENTIRE TIME! BILL, THAT'S AMAZ--



HA! AND WHAT WOULD THOR DO THAT BETA RAY' BILL CANNOT, STAR-LORD?

NAH, WE HAVE WARRIORS. GAMORA IS LOST SOMEWHERE AMONG THE STARS.

WHAT WE REQUIRE NOW...



...IS A
BLOODHOUND.

BWAMFF

