

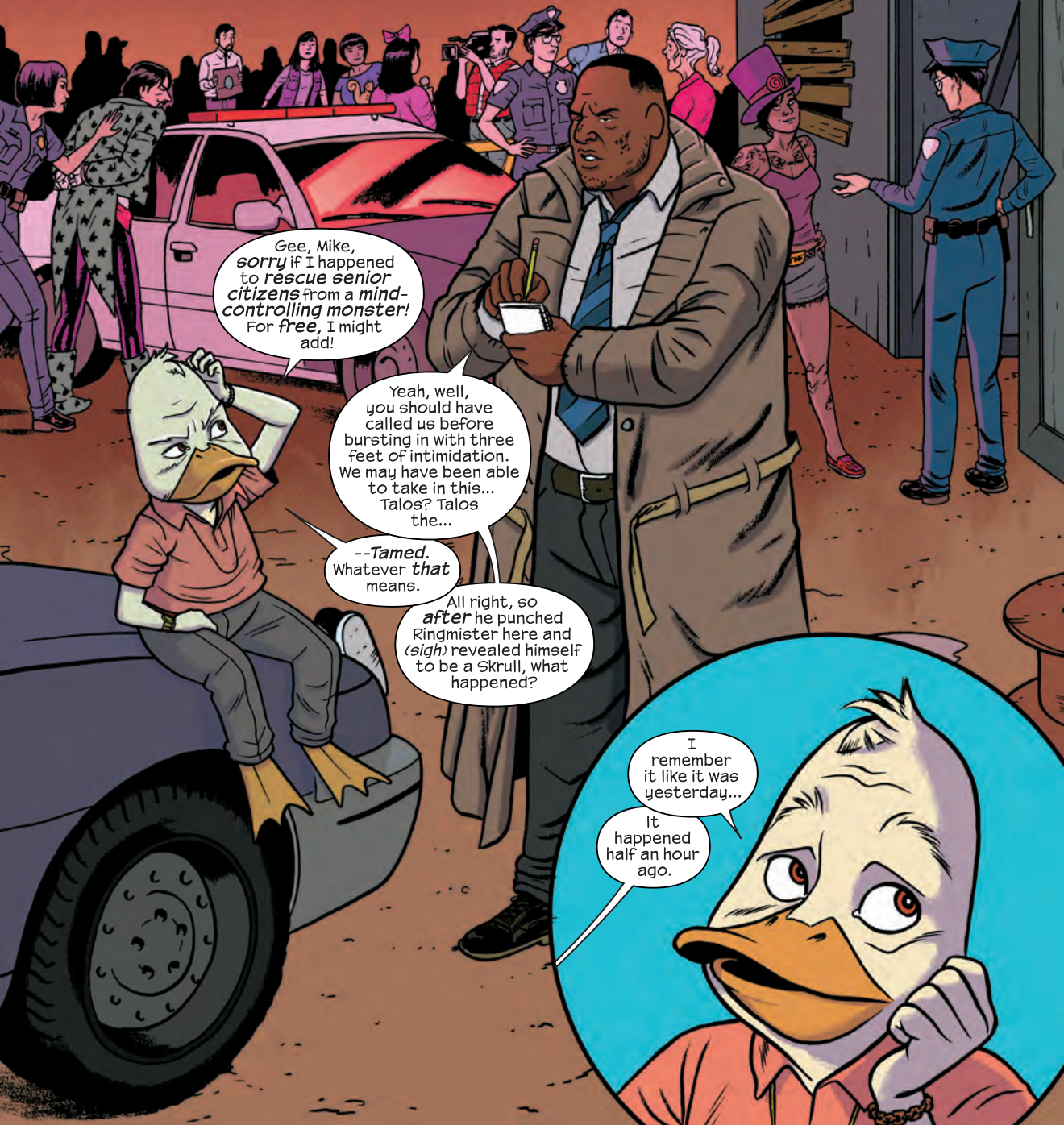


I hate you.

DR. STRANGER in a DR. STRANGE LAND

BROUGHT TO YOU BY...

CHIP "STAN LEE" ZDARSKY: WRITER
JOE "STANLEY LIEBER" QUINONES: ARTIST
JOE "THE MAN" RIVERA: ADDL. INKS
RICO "EXCELSIOR" RENZI &
RACHELLE "FACE FRONT" ROSENBERG: COLOR ARTISTS
TRAVIS "TRUE BELIEVER" LANHAM: LETTERER



Gee, Mike, sorry if I happened to rescue senior citizens from a mind-controlling monster! For free, I might add!

Yeah, well, you should have called us before bursting in with three feet of intimidation. We may have been able to take in this... Talos? Talos the...

--Tamed. Whatever *that* means.

All right, so *after* he punched Ringmaster here and (*sigh*) revealed himself to be a Skrull, what happened?

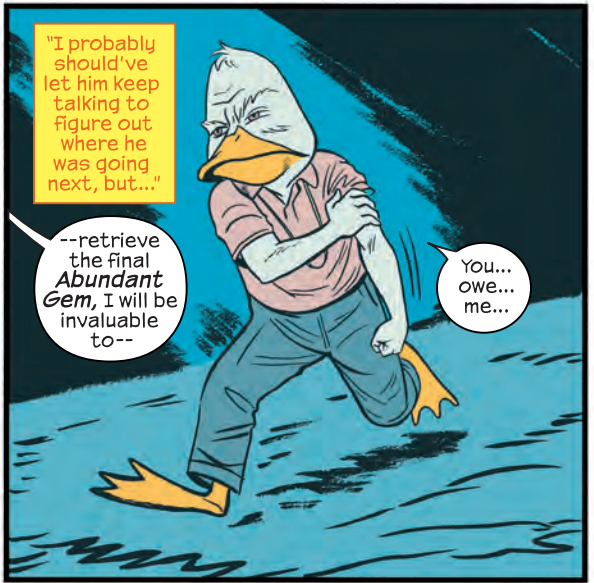


I remember it like it was yesterday... It happened half an hour ago.



"He just started blatherin' that 'super villain' blather, y'know? Telling us who he is, what he's doing, why he's doing it, blah, blah, blah..."

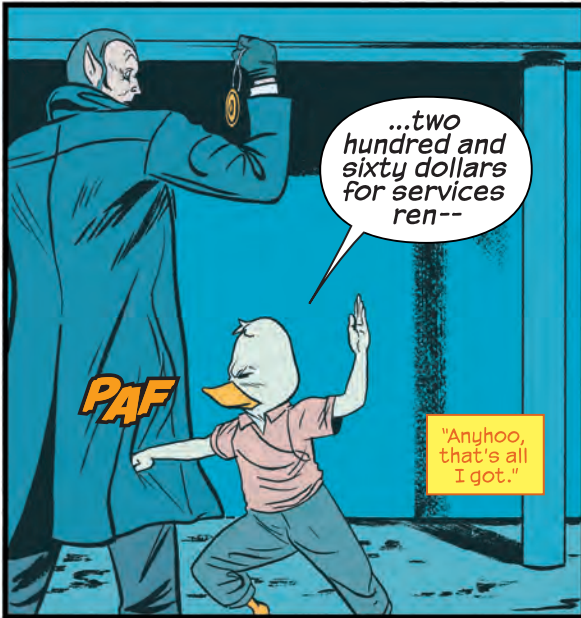
--and, unlike my Skrull brethren, I am unable to shapeshift! But I shall prove my worth to the Empire soon! Once I--



"I probably should've let him keep talking to figure out where he was going next, but..."

--retrieve the final *Abundant Gem*, I will be invaluable to--

You... owe... me...



...two hundred and sixty dollars for services ren--

PAF

"Anyhoo, that's all I got."



And since I didn't break any *laws* and *saved some lives*, I'm outta here, Corson.



See ya--



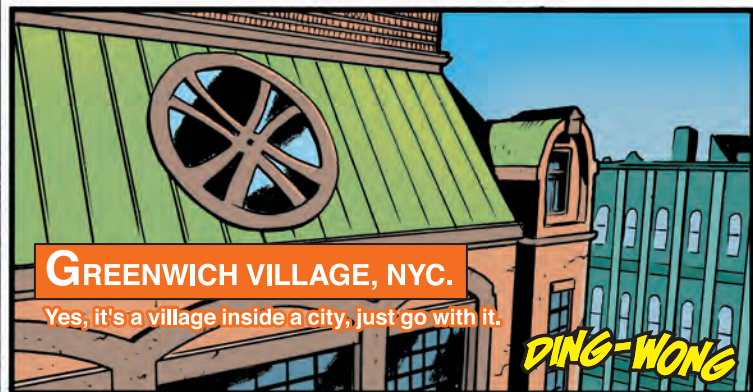
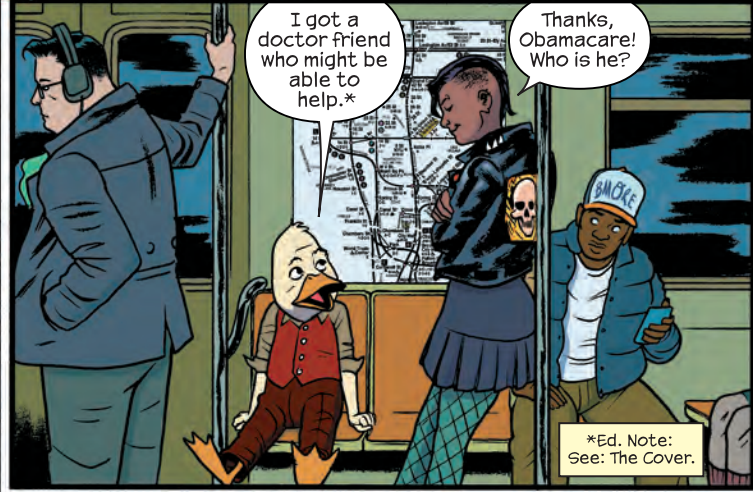
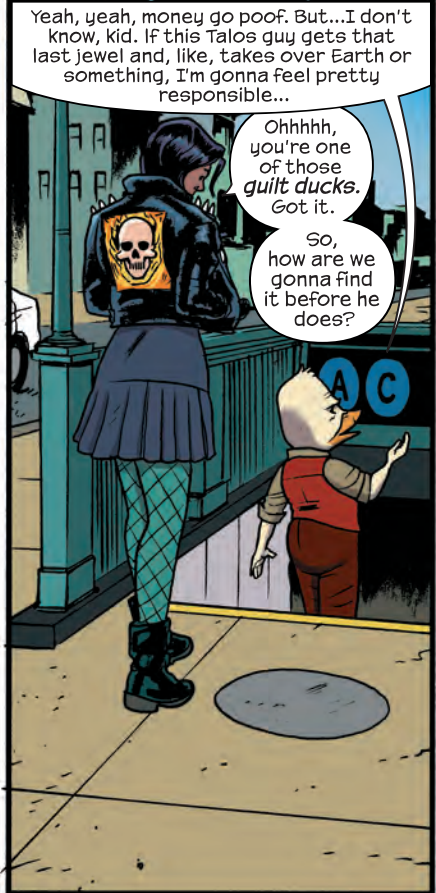
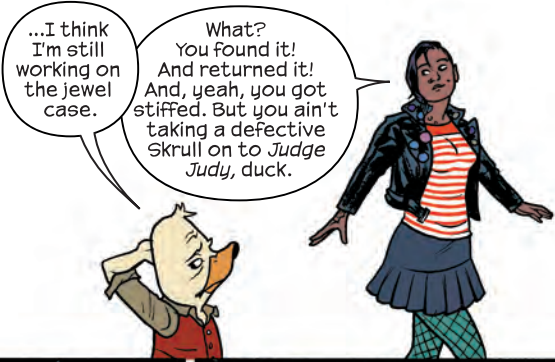
...later.

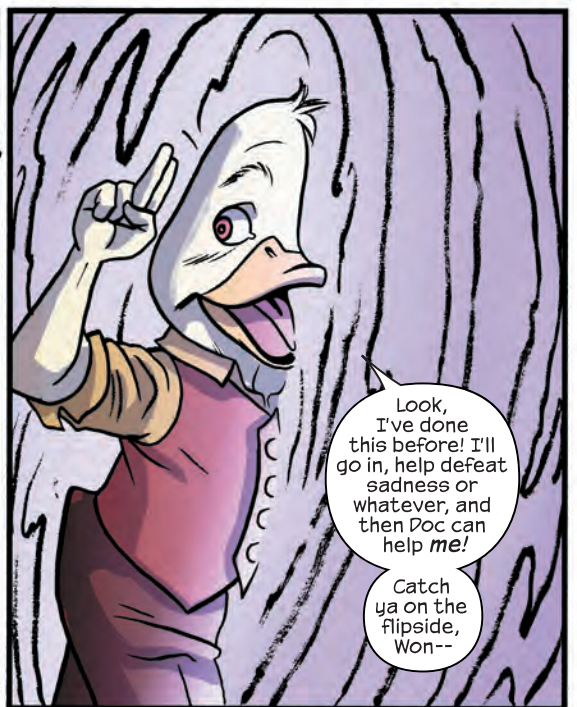
Tara, what's that guy's problem?

Who cares?

Talk to ya later, Aunt May!

THE NEXT DAY IN NEW! YORK! CITYYYYYY!







--g.

O-Okay, Howard. Just get your...your bearings, and find your man. Simple stuff. Just...just ignore the crumbling reality.

Sheesh, you really appreciate the grid-like nature of NYC when you're floating in another dimension--

ARE YOU HERE FOR...THE GAME?