



"AND THEN BELIEVE SOME MORE."

I NEED A PICKUP!

WHERE?

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE CLIFF AND THE GROUND!

WHAT?! WAIT, YOU CAN'T--

ALREADY DID!

DAMN IT, STEPHEN!

**ELSEWHERE IN TIBET.**





FLYING.

I MISS FLYING  
THE MOST,  
ESPECIALLY  
RIGHT NOW.

I TOOK IT FOR  
GRANTED. I TOOK IT  
ALL FOR GRANTED.  
THAT'S WHY  
THIS HAPPENED.

I GOT COCKY  
AND HAD TO  
BE HUMBLLED.

STORY OF  
MY LIFE.

THAX



THAT WAS STUPID,  
DOC. EVEN FOR  
YOU.

YOU  
WEREN'T  
THE ONE ABOUT  
TO EATEN BY  
MONKEYS,  
JERICO.

MONKEYS?

THEY MUST'VE  
BEEN FEEDING ON  
THE MAGIC OF THE  
TEMPLE FOR  
YEARS NOW.

THEY  
WERE RATHER  
RELUCTANT TO  
GIVE UP THE LAST  
SHREDS OF THAT  
MAGIC.



SO  
YOU GOT  
IT THEN?

YOU MEAN  
DID I JUST **DEFILE**  
THE SACRED RESTING  
PLACE OF THE HOLIEST,  
WISEST MAN I'VE  
EVER KNOWN?



YES. YES, I DID.

HELLO, MASTER.

THE ANCIENT ONE WOULD WANT YOU TO USE EVERY LAST WEAPON AT YOUR DISPOSAL, EVEN IF THOSE WEAPONS WERE HIS OWN BONES. YOU KNOW THAT, STEPHEN.



DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER.

I'M SORRY FOR THIS.



KRKK-POP



WHERE TO NEXT? THE PHANTOM EAGLE'S OLD PLANE STILL HAS A BIT OF GHOST JUICE RUNNING THROUGH IT. WHAT'S THE NEXT ITEM ON THE SHOPPING LIST?

NOTHING. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT.

WE'VE SCAVENGED EVERY TEMPLE, LOOTED EVERY GRAVE, DUG UP EVERY TRINKET. WE HAVE ALL THE MAGIC WE'RE GOING TO GET.



SO, IT'S TIME THEN. TIME TO CALL THE OTHERS. TIME TO MAKE A PLAN.



A PLAN?

WE PUNCH THE *EMPIRIKUL* UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO PUNCH. THAT'S THE ONLY PLAN WE NEED.

YOU'RE SAYING...WE KILL THEM? STEPHEN, WE'RE *DOCTORS*. WE DON'T--

I'M SAYING SOMETIMES THE ONLY WAY TO BEAT A MONSTER...

"...IS TO BRING A  
BIGGER MONSTER."

## GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK. THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

WHY IS THIS  
WRETCHED BUILDING  
STILL STANDING?

IT SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
REDUCED TO ASH  
BY NOW.

AH, YES.  
WELL YOU SEE,  
LORD IMPERATOR,  
WHILE YOU WERE AWAY,  
RECHARGING IN THE  
MOTHERSHIP, THERE,  
AH...THERE AROSE  
A PROBLEM.

THE  
MAGES?

NO, MY LORD.  
WE ARE STILL  
SEARCHING FOR  
DOCTOR STRANGE AND  
HIS RENEGADE  
COMPATRIOTS. THIS...  
IS SOMETHING  
DIFFERENT.

IT CAME  
FROM THE LOWER  
LEVELS. FROM WHAT  
IS CALLED...THE  
CELLAR.

WHAT  
IS IT?

WE DO  
NOT KNOW,  
MY LORD. BUT  
IT...UH...

...HAS  
PROVEN TO  
BE RATHER  
DIFFICULT TO  
CONTAIN.