



I WAS A SURGEON.

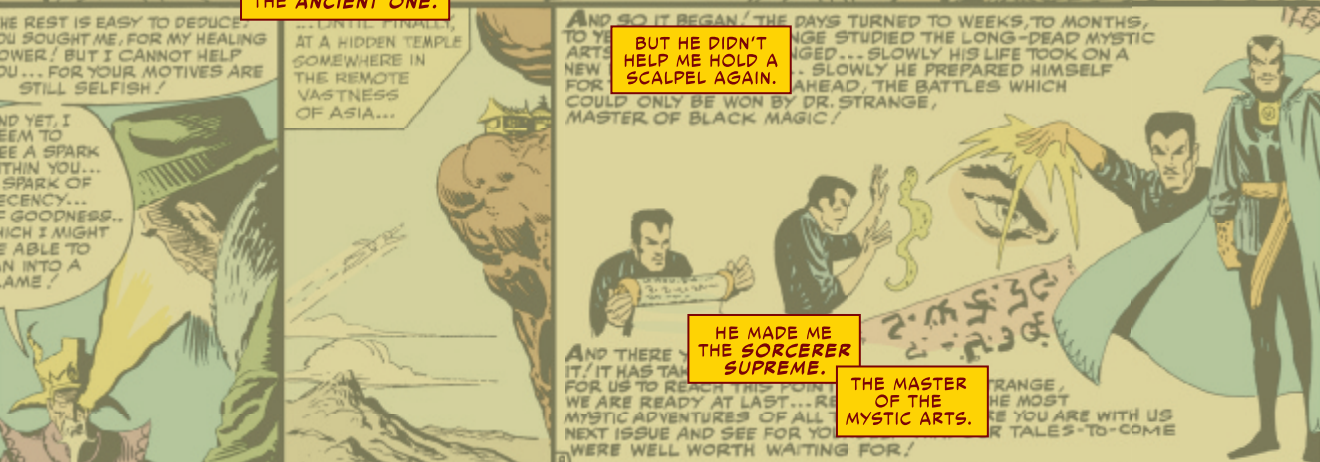
WHOSE TALENT WAS ONLY EXCEEDED BY HIS EGO.

UNTIL AN ACCIDENT DAMAGED THE NERVES IN MY HANDS AND SENT ME SEARCHING THE FAR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE FOR A MIRACLE CURE.



WHAT I FOUND WAS A MYSTERIOUS WIZARD CALLED THE ANCIENT ONE.

BUT HE DIDN'T HELP ME HOLD A SCALPEL AGAIN.



...UNTIL I FINALLY, AT A HIDDEN TEMPLE SOMEWHERE IN THE REMOTE VASTNESS OF ASIA...

HE MADE ME THE SORCERER SUPREME.

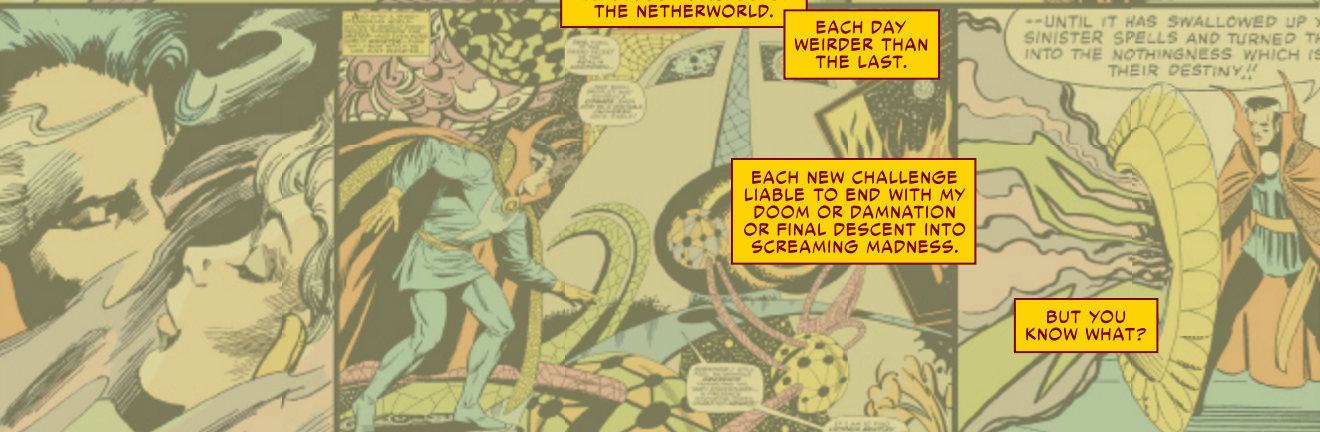
THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS.



EARTH'S FIRST DEFENSE AGAINST ALL MANNER OF MAGICAL THREATS.

SO NOW I WALK ALONE THROUGH THE NAMELESS REACHES OF THE NETHERWORLD.

EACH DAY WEIRDER THAN THE LAST.



EACH NEW CHALLENGE LIABLY TO END WITH MY DOOM OR DAMNATION OR FINAL DESCENT INTO SCREAMING MADNESS.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?





I'D BE LYING LIKE HELL IF I SAID I DIDN'T LOVE THIS.



