

**NEW YORK CITY.
NOW.**

This is
my city.



**THE SANCTUM
SANCTORUM.**

And this is
my home.



My name
is *Doctor
Stephen
Strange*.

I have a unique position
in the realm of magic. A
burden and responsibility so
great it cannot be shared
with any living entity.

I am the greatest
practitioner of mystical
arts in this or any
other dimension.

*Sorcerer
Supreme*
for short.



But
lately...



...I've been coming up short as the Supreme.

AT LAST, DOCTOR STRANGE DIES!
DIES AT THE WHIM OF
Q'UVIN THE
MALEVOLENT!



ALSO, "WHIM"? REALLY?



RESPECTFULLY, YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF A WHIMSICAL CREATURE.

That's right, Stephen. Keep talking. Keep him distracted.



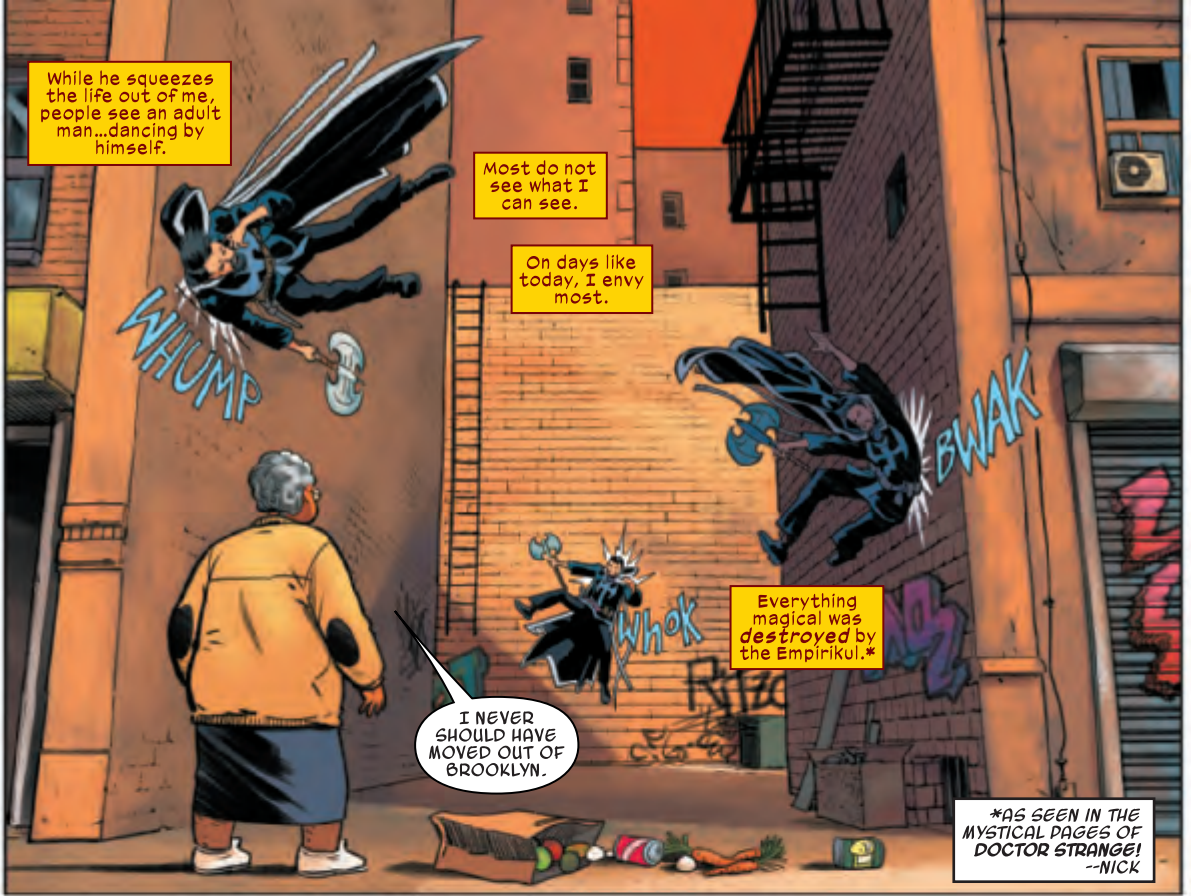
If you're lucky, maybe he won't get close enough to find out you have little to no magic in your bones.

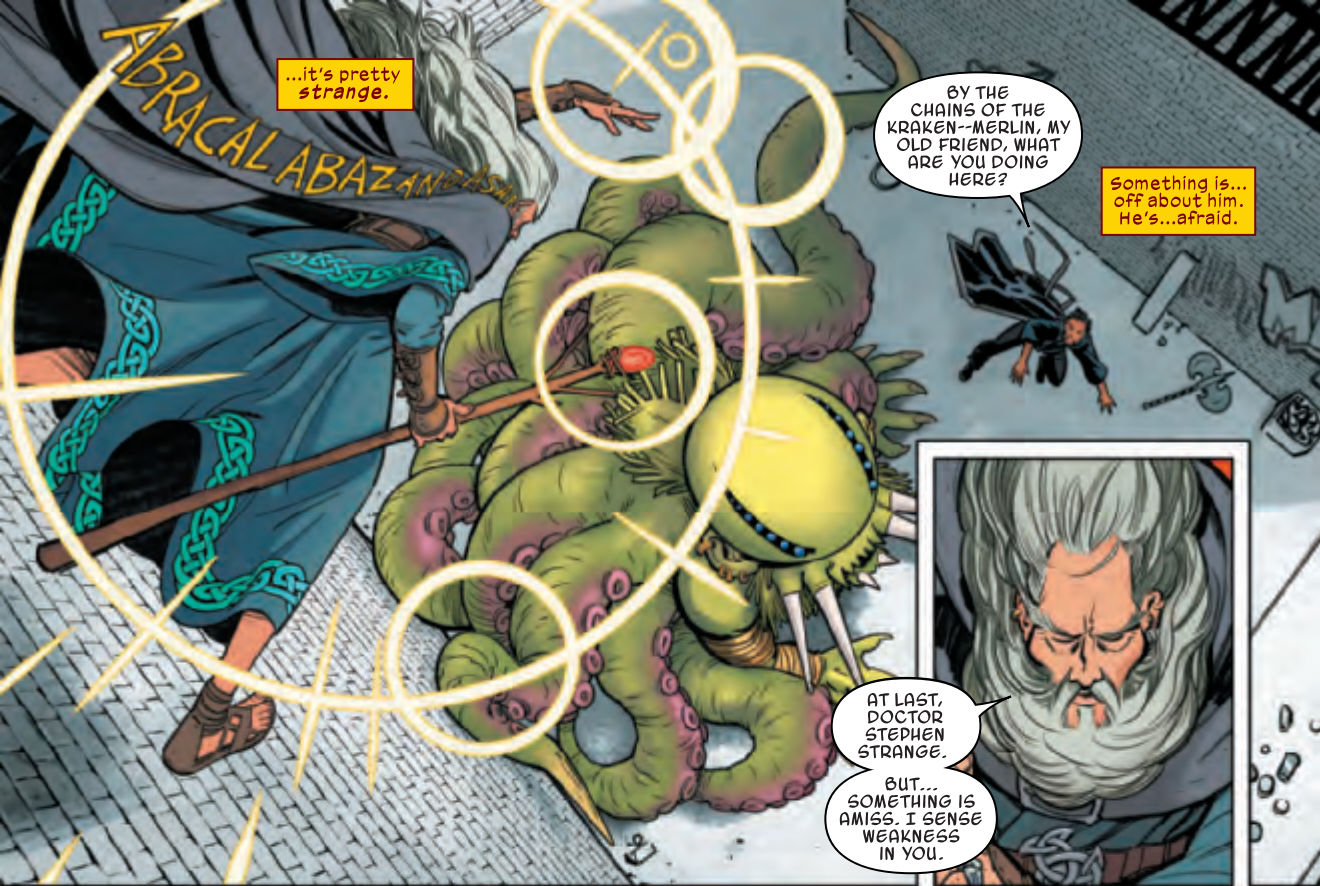


Not looking very lucky, am I?



WHAT IN--





...it's pretty strange.

BY THE CHAINS-MERLIN, MY OLD FRIEND, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

Something is... off about him. He's...afraid.



AT LAST, DOCTOR STRANGE.

BUT... SOMETHING IS AMISS. I SENSE WEAKNESS IN YOU.



GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO, MERLIN.



SKREEE!



THE LOST BONES OF EH-YUH. THIS NEVER BELONGED IN YOUR TENTACLES, Q'UVIN.



STRANGE, I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU AT ONCE.

OF COURSE, JUST LET ME--

HERE YOU GO, MA'AM. SORRY TO HAVE FRIGHTENED YOU. I WAS JUST...A PERFORMANCE PIECE.

MAN, I HATE THEATER.

BROOKLYN, HERE I COME...