

**EIGHT DAYS AGO.
THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.**

HERE'S AN IDEA. THE NEXT TIME A WIZARD FROM THE VILLAGE ASKS YOU TO ORGANIZE HIS LIBRARY...

...RUN THE OTHER WAY, ZELMA STANTON.

RUN ALL THE WAY TO THE BRONX AND DON'T LOOK BACK.

→SIGH←

GOOD EVENING, MS. STANTON. I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME REFRESHMENTS. DO YOU PREFER A SQUIRT OF LEMON WITH YOUR TENTACLE TEA?

NO OFFENSE, WONG, BUT THE ONLY THING THAT SCARES ME MORE THAN THESE BOOKS IS WHATEVER COMES OUT OF YOUR KITCHEN.

UGH, TOUCHING THIS BOOK MAKES MY GLOVES MELT.

HEY, DID A DEMON JUST RUN THROUGH HERE?

NO! GET OUT, DOC! STAY AWAY FROM THESE STACKS! I'M SORTING!

OKAY, JUST SHOUT IF YOU SEE IT. OR IF IT POSSESSES YOU.



OKAY, THIS BOOK IS DEFINITELY GIVING ME A RASH. GONNA FILE YOU UNDER "O" FOR "OH, HELL NO."

JUST KIDDING. I'D NEVER SHELF SOMETHING SO ARBITRARILY. IT CAN STAY ON THE "TO BE DETERMINED" PILE.

ALL RIGHT, SO WHO'S NEXT?



"EL MEDICO MISTICO"...?

WHO THE EVER-LOVING HECK IS DOCTOR MYSTICAL?



NOW.
DEEP IN THE LACANDON
JUNGLE OF MEXICO.

THE ACRID FETOR OF SORCERY HANGS HEAVY UPON THIS PLACE.

UNLEASH THE WITCHFINDER WOLVES.

THEN.

HMM. THIS BOOK SMELLS LIKE GUMBO.

FEEL LIKE I'VE HEARD OF DOCTOR VOODOO BEFORE...

NOW.

STEPHEN, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, I NEED TO APOLOGIZE.

I CAN'T KEEP THIS FIGHT UP. NOT LIKE THIS.

I NEED TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY WITHDRAWAL FROM MY ARMORY. I THINK I HAVE TO DEPLOY A SPELL YOU WON'T LIKE.

AN IRISH EXIT.

WONK



ALWAYS NICE
TO RETURN TO
NEW ORLEANS.

HEY,
MR. MARQUAND!
SEEN ANYBODY
POKING AROUND
MY ARMORY?

THEN.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ZELMA?...

...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE A HEADACHE.

AH, THE *MEDICO MISTICO*.

THIS "CATALOGUE" OF MAGES AND WIZARDS GOES ON AND ON.

WITCHES, TOO--

MY HEAD'S A WHIRL, WONG, BUT I'M OKAY, NO NEED FOR ASPIRIN...YET.

I'M JUST BLOWN AWAY BY EVERYTHING I'M READING HERE.

--ONE WITCH WHO I'M READING ABOUT NOW IS RELATIVELY NEW TO THE GAME OF MAGIC.

HER NAME IS ALICE GULLIVER.

AND, INTERESTINGLY, HER ORIGIN IS LINKED TO STEPHEN...TO SOME DEGREE, ANYWAY.

BACK WHEN SHE WAS YOUNGER, OF COURSE...

...AND HER HAIR WAS STILL THE COLOR OF NIGHT.

NOW.

THE PAST.

DARK, LIKE THAT NIGHT IN THE STREETS OF HONG KONG, I IMAGINE...

BACK WHEN STEPHEN WAS HUNTING FOR A WAY TO REACH DORMAMMU...

ALL THE WHILE, HIMSELF HUNTED BY DORMAMMU'S ACOLYTES.



STRANGE IS HERE! WE HAVE HIM!

KILL HIM! HIS DEATH WILL HONOR OUR LORD!

I GUESS STEPHEN'S TALENTS BACK THEN WEREN'T WHAT THEY ARE NOW.



FEWER SPELLS AND LESS SKILL CASTING THEM.

FIGHTING SO MANY, WINNING WAS NOT A SURE THING.



UNTIL MAGICAL BOLTS OF PINK AND ORANGE TURNED THE TIDE.

