

**JUST OUTSIDE OF TEETERING ROCKS,
IDAHO.**

BY THE
VAPORS OF
VALTORR!

LET
THE CLOUDS
CONGEAL!

GAH!
AGAIN
WITH...

SHIELD OF
THE SERAPHIM,
SEAL THIS
RIFT!





AGAMOTTO
AID ME.

WHAT IS IT
I'M MISSING
HERE?

DOCTOR
STRANGE!
HELLO!



HANK
MCCOY...THE
YOUNGER.

SO
SORRY TO
INTRUDE BUT...
I REALLY NEED
YOUR HELP.

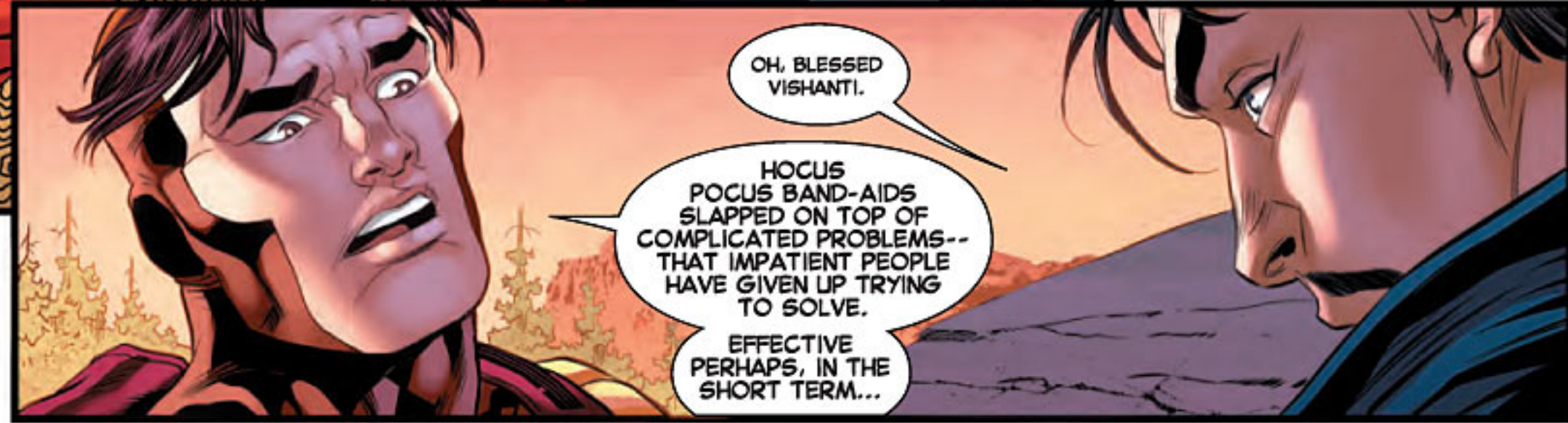


AND I'D BE MORE
THAN HAPPY TO
ASSIST YOU--

OH,
FANTASTIC.

BUT IT
HAPPENS I'M
RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF--

YOU KNOW,
I'VE ALWAYS
CONSIDERED
MAGIC A DIRTY
CHEAT.



OH, BLESSED
VISHANTI.

HOCUS
POCUS BAND-AIDS
SLAPPED ON TOP OF
COMPLICATED PROBLEMS--
THAT IMPATIENT PEOPLE
HAVE GIVEN UP TRYING
TO SOLVE.

EFFECTIVE
PERHAPS, IN THE
SHORT TERM...



...BUT
ALSO LAZY AND
IRRESPONSIBLE.

NO
OFFENSE.

OF
COURSE
NOT.

THE POINT
IS I DON'T LIKE
MAGIC. TRUST IT
EVEN LESS.

GOT
THAT.



BUT... SCIENCE HAS FAILED ME.

OR PERHAPS I'M SIMPLY NOT AS SMART AS I ONCE BELIEVED.

EITHER WAY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET US BACK HOME.

SO WE'RE TALKING ABOUT TIME TRAVEL?



EXACTLY THAT.

THIS AWFUL, BROKEN WORLD IS KILLING MY FRIENDS.

LITERALLY, FIGURATIVELY AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN.

I SEE.

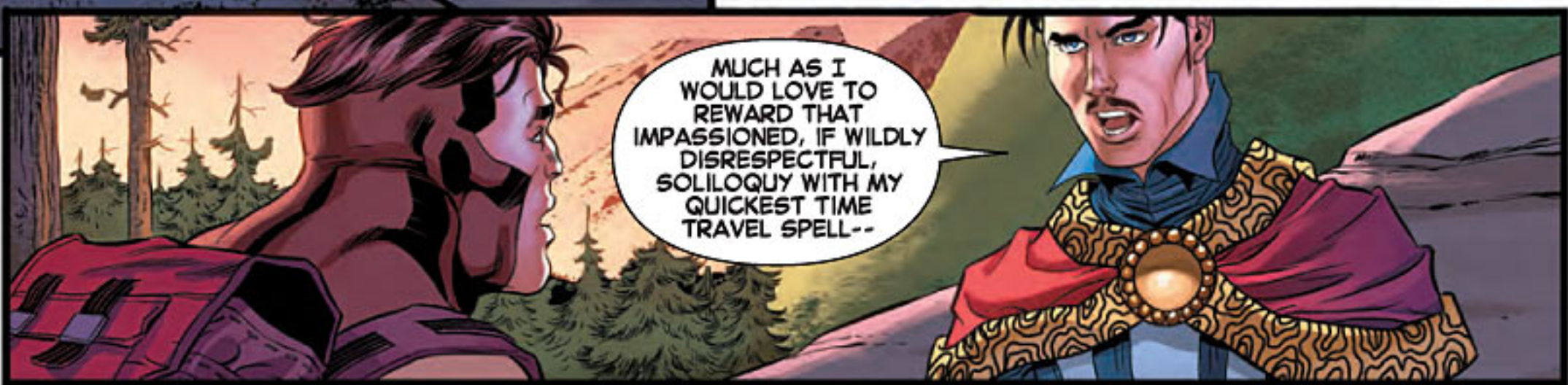


MY ARMS ARE IN THE AIR, DOCTOR STRANGE. I GIVE UP. SOUL FOR SALE.

TAKE YOUR POUND OF FLESH OR WHATEVER IT IS AND SHOW ME WHERE TO SIGN.

LET'S CHEAT.

WELL...



MUCH AS I WOULD LOVE TO REWARD THAT IMPASSIONED, IF WILDLY DISRESPECTFUL, SOLILOQUY WITH MY QUICKEST TIME TRAVEL SPELL--



--NO WAY. NOT HAPPENING.

WHAT?

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I AM STILL QUITE BUSY.



WAGHH?!



I TOLD YOU I WAS QUITE--

HEEERRGHH!