

NOW.

BLGRRRGGGH!

URK.

WHOOOSH





NEVER STOP PUNCHING.

OH GOD, DOC, DON'T TELL ME YOU WERE THROWING UP IN THERE AGAIN.

LAST TIME IT TOOK SOME PRETTY SERIOUS MAGIC TO CLEAN OUT THE PLUMBING.

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAVE YOU BEEN EATING?




BELIEVE ME, CHONDU, YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW.

GIVE ME A LUMINIFEROUS PAINKILLER. MAKE IT A DOUBLE.



THAT BAD, HUH? OH WELL...

AT LEAST THE END OF THE WORLD IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR BUSINESS.



THE BAR WITH NO DOORS IS BURIED DEEP BENEATH NEW YORK CITY. ONLY A TRUE MAGICIAN CAN FIND THE WAY INSIDE.

TONIGHT, THEY'VE ALL COME. FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THEY'VE COME BECAUSE THEY CAN FEEL IT. THE SENSE OF DREAD IN THE AIR. THEY'VE COME TO HEAR THE BAD NEWS.

AND I DON'T DISAPPOINT.

SINCE YESTERDAY...I'VE BURIED SEVENTEEN SORCERERS SUPREME.

EACH ONE WAS THE GREATEST MAGICIAN OF THEIR OWN DIMENSION. SOME I KNEW. MANY I DIDN'T.

BUT NONE OF THEM DESERVED TO DIE LIKE THEY DID.

THEY WERE BURNED ALIVE. AFTER ENDURING WHAT APPEARED TO HAVE BEEN MANY HOURS OF TORTURE.

THEY WERE **MURDERED**. NO QUESTION ABOUT IT. EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.

AND LEFT IN THE SHADOWS, WHERE ONLY SOMEONE LIKE ME WOULD FIND THEM.

THEIR HOME DIMENSIONS ARE CUT OFF FROM ME NOW. AS IF THE LINES OF MAGIC HAVE SOMEHOW BEEN SEVERED...OR ERASED ALTOGETHER.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHO COULD DO THAT. OR HOW. EVEN THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF AGAMOTTO CANNOT TELL ME.

BUT WHOEVER THEY ARE, I CAN ONLY ASSUME THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE...

AND THEY'RE COMING.

