

MARVEL  
1  
LGY#391

MARK WAID • JESÚS SAÍZ

# DOCTOR STRANGE



STEPHEN STRANGE WAS A PREEMINENT SURGEON UNTIL A CAR ACCIDENT DAMAGED THE NERVES IN HIS HANDS. HIS EGO DROVE HIM TO SCOUR THE GLOBE FOR A MIRACLE CURE. INSTEAD, HE FOUND A MYSTERIOUS WIZARD CALLED THE ANCIENT ONE WHO TAUGHT HIM THE MYSTIC ARTS AND OPENED HIS EYES TO THE MAGIC BEHIND REALITY. THESE LESSONS ENABLED STEPHEN TO BECOME THE SORCERER SUPREME, EARTH'S FIRST DEFENSE AGAINST ALL MANNER OF MAGICAL THREATS. HIS PATIENTS CALL HIM...

# DOCTOR STRANGE

AFTER SOME TIME AWAY, DOCTOR STRANGE RETURNED TO THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK CITY, READY TO FULFILL HIS ROLE AS OUR REALM'S LEAD DEFENDER AGAINST ALL THREATS OCCULT AND ARCANAE.

"SORCERER SUPREME  
OF THE GALAXY"  
PART ONE

WRITER  
MARK WAID

ARTIST  
JESÚS SAIZ

LETTERER  
VC's CORY PETIT

COVER ARTIST  
JESÚS SAIZ

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS  
CHRIS BACHALO & TIM TOWNSEND; GABRIELE DELL'OTTO

DESIGNER ANTHONY GAMBINO ASSISTANT EDITOR KATHLEEN WISNESKI EDITOR NICK LOWE

EDITOR IN CHIEF C.B. CEBULSKI CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER JOE QUESADA

PRESIDENT DAN BUCKLEY EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ALAN FINE

DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

YOUR LEGEND  
EXALTS YOU,  
STEPHEN  
STRANGE.

IT PAINTS  
A PICTURE OF A  
SORCERER SUPREME.  
A MASTER OF THE  
MYSTIC ARTS. A  
MIGHTY DEFENDER OF  
EARTHSPEACE.

WELL,  
"MASTER"...WHAT  
HAVE YOU TO SAY NOW?  
WHAT LAST WORDS  
HAVE TO YOU AMUSE  
THE ELDER GOD  
X'AXAL?

JUST  
ONE.  
"SURRENDER."

DELIGHTFUL.

YOUR WIT  
EARNS YOU MY  
GREATEST HONOR,  
STEPHEN STRANGE. I  
HAVE SEVEN BILLION  
EARTHFORMS TO  
SLAUGHTER IN THE  
HOURS AHEAD.

YOU  
SHALL BE THE  
FIRST.











## SEVEN YEARS LATER



The magician took to his library, rifling helplessly through tome after tome.



The pages from which he had drawn countless spells were now indecipherable to him.

Ever since he had taken up the mantle of sorcerer, he'd felt ley lines as unconsciously as you or I might notice a slight breeze.

By Friday, his tools, too, had become useless. Wands were now sticks, amulets jewelry.

The aether was as still as a tombstone.

The things he took completely for granted simply... weren't anymore.

The magician's despair began to double, then triple.

At first, he had refused to panic. Magic demands its price when used, and this--he presumed--was a bill come due. But what had he done to create such a catastrophic debt? He could not recall.

For forty-six hours, he became lost in his own house, a building charged with magic from roof to basement, an ever-shifting Byzantine maze to those without the wizardry necessary to navigate it.

when he awoke on Sunday, it had reverted to ordinary brick and mortar.



From time to time, whenever he clawed forth in desperation an artifact or talisman sputtering its last, he could still sense the barest hint of things once familiar.

Shifting bulges in the walls. The weird scraping noise that the Mindless Ones made whenever they enter our world.

The hideous neigh of the steed upon which Nightmare rode in the Dream Dimension. He could hear echoes of both.



Or could he? Were they real or were they paranoid hallucinations? The magician couldn't tell.

All he knew for certain about the sounds was that they grew marginally louder every night.

That there were creatures out there, unspeakable monsters, who were beginning to sense that the Sorcerer Supreme was no longer the former nor the latter.

There were other wizards, other mages, friends. He considered calling them for help, then stopped. Best to keep even those closest to him at bay.

The loss of magic around him... suppose he was its cause rather than its victim? What if his condition were transmittable somehow? Contagious?

Cancerous?



Throughout his career, he had seen his magic wax and wane, but never vanish altogether.

Now it was gone.

And the magician had no idea where to find it.



## ONE MONTH LATER

He consulted with other wizards, but none could help. He traveled the world in search of answers, to no avail. With no alternative, the magician slowly settled into mortal life.

The solitude was the worst part. Once, his magic served as a connection to others' souls. It allowed him to instantly diagnose their pain.

He resigned himself to a new form of loneliness.

Nevertheless, he pushed himself out into society. Gradually, his frustrations eased. Hope kindled that he could actually live life as an ordinary man.

Years ago, before he'd learned mystic healing, he was a surgeon whose hands were damaged beyond repair, unable to cradle even the simplest of objects.

His powers had mitigated his terrible suffering somewhat.

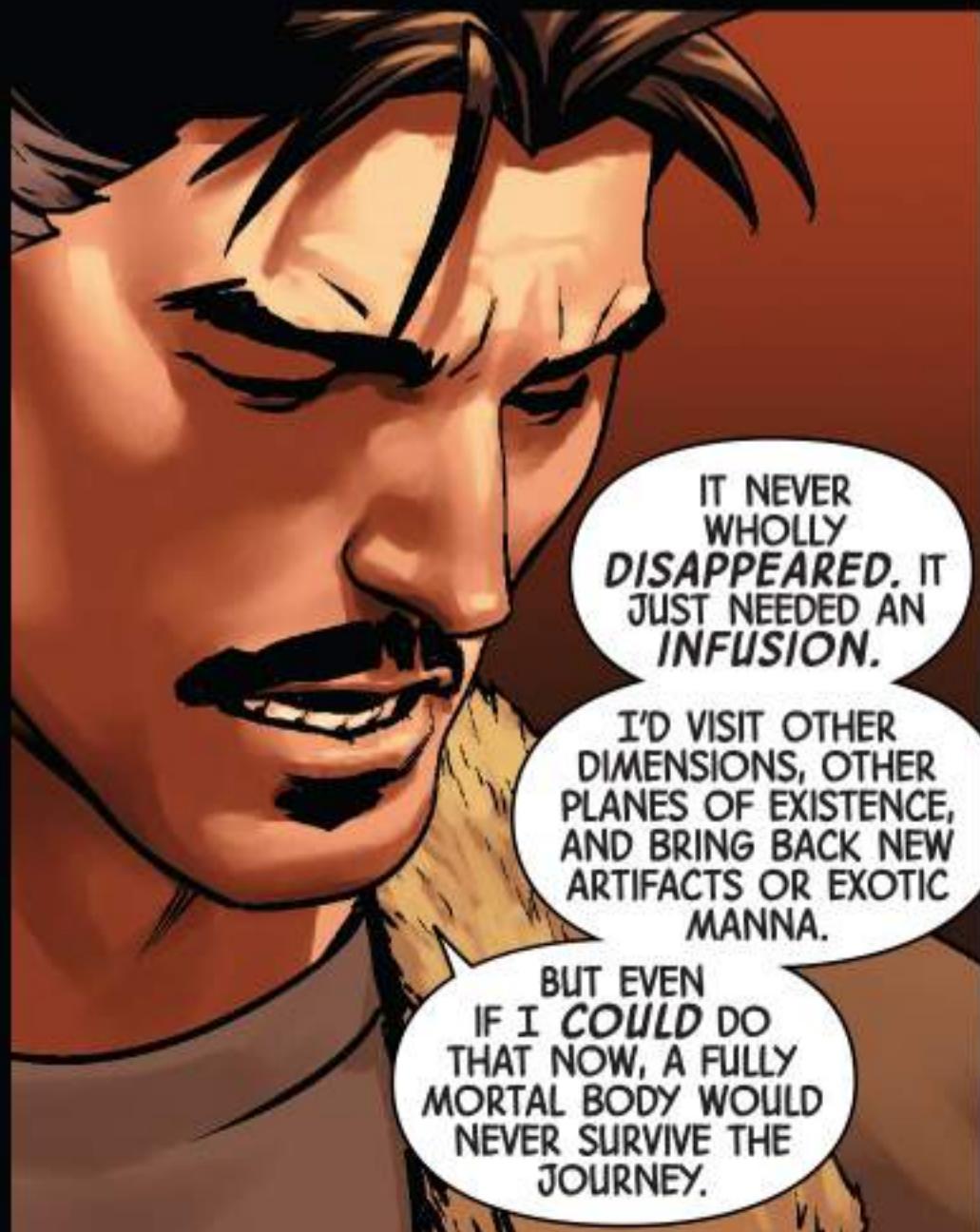
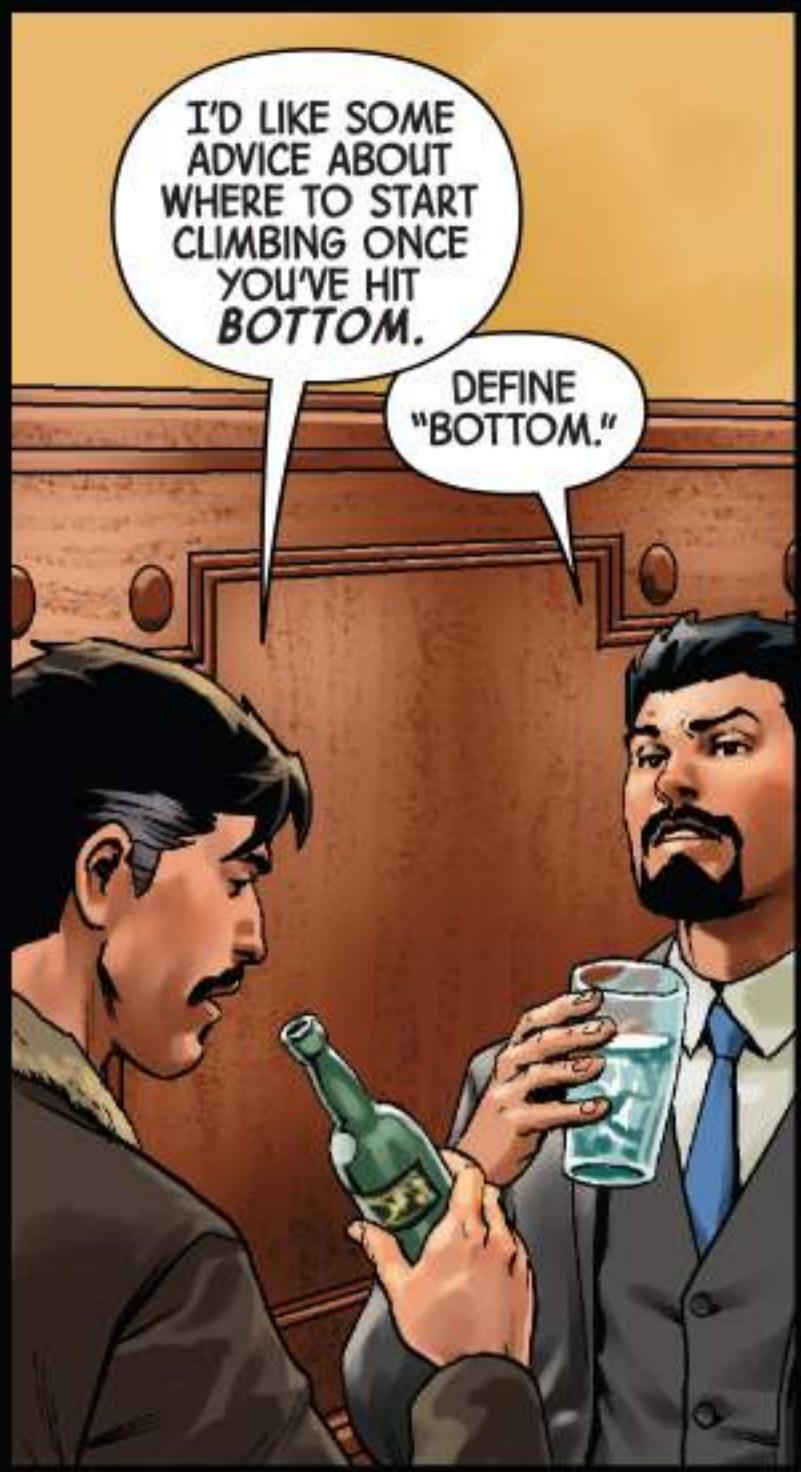


It was then that the  
magician elected to  
visit the iron man.

## McHALE'S BAR &amp; GRILL

251





THERE'S A WHOLE *COSMOS* OUT THERE FULL OF OTHER PLANETS, OTHER GALAXIES.

OTHER TALISMANS, OTHER EXOTIC RELICS. WOULDN'T YOU IMAGINE?

THERE **MUST** BE OTHER SORCERERS SUPREME OUT THERE, EACH GUARDING HIS/HER/ITS OWN TERRITORIES.

GO KNOCK ON THEIR DOORS. SEE WHAT THEY HAVE TO VOLUNTEER.

ARE YOU OFFERING TO TAKE ME TO THE STARS?

HOW MUCH TIME ON MY HANDS DO YOU THINK I HAVE? YOU WOULD GO. I WOULD **SEND** YOU.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A SMALL WORMHOLE JUMPSHIP. IF YOU CAN DRIVE A CAR, YOU CAN PILOT IT.

TO THE STARS. I'M NOT *ROCKET RACCOON*, TONY. THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.

SUIT YOURSELF. BUT LET ME ASK YOU THIS:

IF YOU'RE OUR FIREWALL THAT GUARDS US FROM "MAGICAL" INVASION...IF YOU'VE TRULY EXHAUSTED ALL OTHER OPTIONS...

...THEN CAN YOU REALLY AFFORD NOT TO TAKE ANY CHANCE THERE MIGHT BE TO PROTECT BILLIONS OF PEOPLE?

WHERE IS THIS SHIP?

The magician, uneasy with his choice but seeing no other, packed his things.

Of course he could drive. He simply hated doing so.

The accident that cost him his medical career had happened while driving.

The iron man joked about giving a caveman a Ferrari as he walked the magician through the controls.

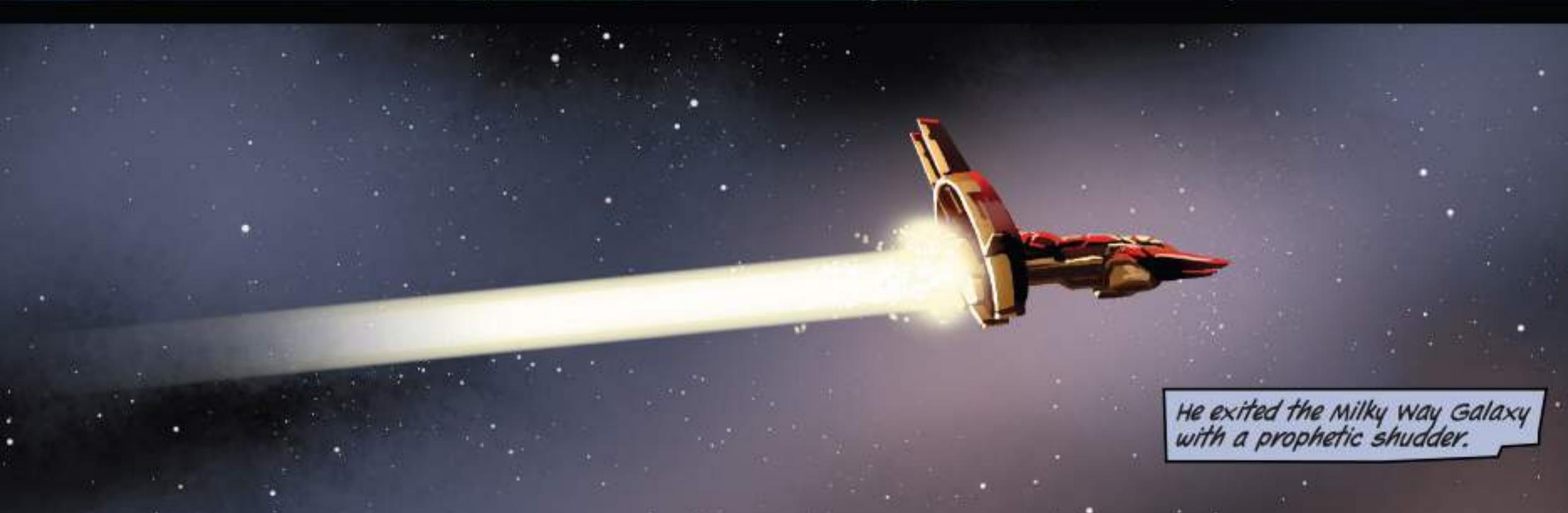
The magician laughed to ease his own tension.



The magician thrived in an organic environment. Since discovering the ways of mysticism, the coldness of technology made him uneasy, uncomfortable.



He had been to space before, but he had never enjoyed it.



He exited the Milky Way Galaxy with a prophetic shudder.



His initial destination was an Earth-sized world in the Shi'ar system.

The iron man claimed to have encountered humanoid life there and suggested it might make a good first stop.



He had even plotted the course for the magician.



Piloting a starship was an exacting science.



It left no room for chance.



The magician's immediate reaction was justifiable terror. The crippled ship plummeted toward an uncharted planet far from his destination.



Even if by some miracle he managed to survive the landing...



*...he would be at the mercy  
of a technological wonderland  
trillions of miles from Earth.*



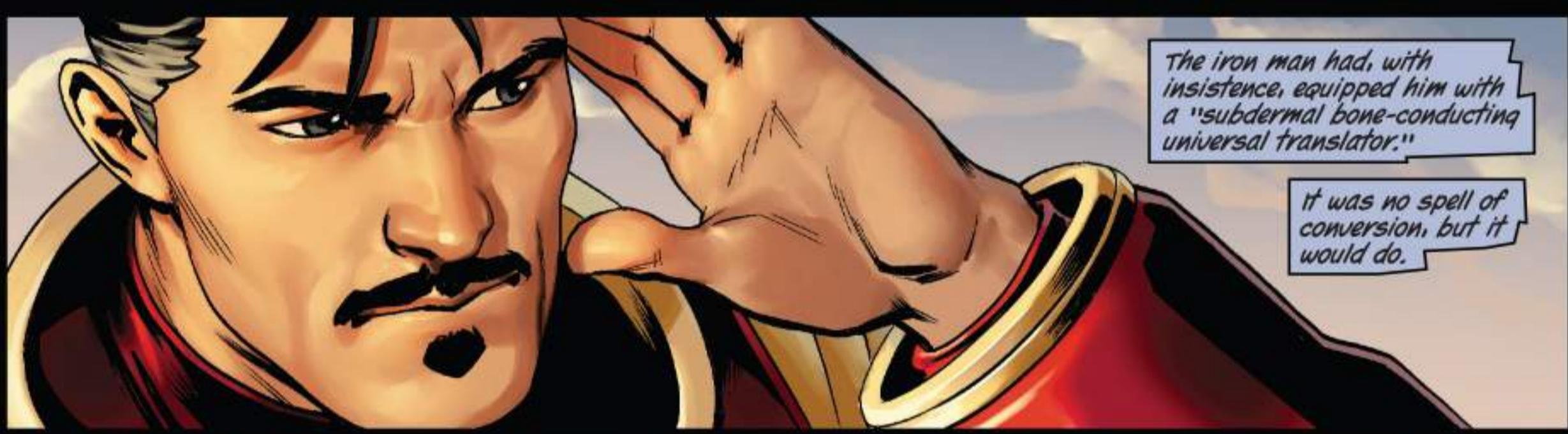


His transport captured, his immediate future uncertain, the magician confronted the indigenous species.



The iron man had, with insistence, equipped him with a "subdermal bone-conducting universal translator."

It was no spell of conversion, but it would do.



His only hope would be to seek out a fellow sorcerer who could replenish him. One versed in the ancient crafts, the dark and shadowy arts of mysticism.



THANK YOU  
FOR RESCUING ME.  
I'M HAPPY TO MAKE  
GOOD IF YOU CAN  
JUST DIRECT ME TO  
A FELLOW MAGIC-  
WIELDER.

...  
WHAT IS  
"MAGIC"?





AH, FAIR READERS, THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME, THE EVER POWERFUL, IMMORTAL DEMON **KADAVUS!** MY BELLY IS FULL FROM DEVOURING ANOTHER CREATIVE TEAM (DONNY, GABRIEL, JORDIE, NIKO AND FRAZER WERE ALL DELICIOUS, QUITE LIKE THEIR PREDECESSORS) AND WHAT DID I FIND TWENTY PAGES AGO? A NEW CREATIVE TEAM TO PREPARE FOR THE FEAST! AND WHAT A CREATIVE TEAM...

**MARK WAID**, YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD ESCAPE MY GRASP. YOU DABBLED ON A MINISERIES AND I TURNED ALL THIRTY-SEVEN OF MY EYES AWAY FOR JUST A MOMENT AND YOU SLIPPED AWAY. WELL, NOW YOU WILL BE MINE. YOUR BLIND LITIGATOR CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW. YOUR KINGDOM CAN'T COME AND SAVE YOU. YOUR AVENGERS WILL ONLY COME FOR ME AFTER YOUR DEMISE, SO IT'S A BIT MOOT. THRILL ME WITH WHATEVER IMAGINATION CANDY YOU HAVE, IT SHALL BE BUT APPETIZER FOR THE MAIN COURSE.

OH, **JESÚS SAIZ**, YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE AGREEING TO BE DEMON FOOD WHEN YOU SIGNED ON TO SHARE YOUR WONDERFUL GIFTS. **HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA**, IT'S SOMEHOW BETTER THAT WAY. YOUR ARTWORK IS NEAR THE PINNACLE OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT, SO BRAVO. YOU WILL OFFER MANY WONDERFUL ISSUES BEFORE I BASTE AND GRILL YOU UPON THE FLAMING FIRES OF ETERNITY.

THEN THERE'S **CORY PETIT**, WHOM I'VE BEEN MARINATING FOR MANY ISSUES THUS FAR, AND STILL HE COMES BACK ISSUE AFTER ISSUE. I, THE MIGHTY KADAVUS, AM BEGINNING TO THINK HE WANTS TO BE DEMON FOOD. AND THESE POOR EDITORS... SORRY, I JUST FELL ASLEEP THINKING ABOUT THEM. DID ANYONE SLIP AWAY WHILE I SLEPT? THEY BETTER NOT HAVE! AND YOU BETTER NOT SLIP AWAY EITHER, HUMAN READER (AND OUR ONE EVOLVED GOAT). I EXPECT YOU BACK HERE NEXT MONTH WHEN WE MEET AN IMPORTANT NEW CHARACTER THAT WE WILL EVENTUALLY USE TO BREAK YOUR HEART AND SOUL.

WRITE IN WITH YOUR PALTRY THOUGHTS AND YOU, TOO, MAY JOIN ME AT THE FEAST (AS A DISH). GRANT THE INSIPID EDITORS PERMISSION TO PRINT YOUR MESSAGE BY MARKING IT "OKAY TO PRINT," AND SEND IT TO THIS CURSED EMAIL ADDRESS: [MHEROES@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MHEROES@MARVEL.COM)

YOUR IMMORTAL FRIEND-LIKE DEMON GOD,  
**KADAVUS!**

NEXT: ESCAPE FROM PLANET GRYNDA!  
**DOCTOR STRANGE #2** ON SALE 6.20.18!



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS & QUERIES FOR KADAVUS ARE WELCOME AT [MHEROES@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MHEROES@MARVEL.COM). MARK YOUR MISSIVES "OKAY TO PRINT."

**FOR more  
MARVEL E-COMIC BOOKS**

**CONTACT: 0700528782  
OR  
TELEGRAM: T.me/MARVELBOOKS**

**ZONE**