

**MARVEL**

**5**

LGY#431

**MacKAY**

**FERRY**

**MOORE**

# DOCTOR STRANGE





**NEW UMARRIA, ANTARCTICA.**  
**THE WEDDING OF**  
**UMAR THE UNRELENTING**  
**AND TIBORO, LORD OF**  
**THE SEETHING VOLCANO,**  
**SPIRIT OF DECAY, ETC.**

NO...

NO, IT  
CAN'T BE  
YOU--





# DOCTOR STRANGE

PREVIOUSLY...

Doctor Stephen Strange was dead!

In his absence, magical threats have grown more bold  
and dangerous.

Now Strange is back, and as the Sorcerer Supreme, he's  
tracking a new threat who has been slowly taking mystical  
players off the board.

But while Stephen and his wife, Clea, are busy defending  
Earth, they receive a peculiar correspondence from  
Clea's mother, Umar the Unrelenting...  
It's a wedding and the Stranges are invited!

## "THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE"

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DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO



# THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM. THAT MORNING.



A DOCTOR IS  
MANY THINGS.

A GAMBLER,  
A MAGICIAN, A  
CONFIDANT.

BUT PERHAPS MOST  
OF ALL, A DOCTOR  
MUST BE A  
**DETECTIVE**, I THINK.

...I CAN  
NEVER TIE THESE  
CORRECTLY...

NIGHTMARE  
BELIEVED **ME**  
THE AUTHOR OF  
HIS MISERY.

PANDORA  
PETERS BELIEVES  
**CLEA** THE  
MURDERER OF  
AGGAMON.

IT IS FULLY  
WITHIN THE  
FIERCENESS  
OF **CLEA'S**  
CHARACTER TO  
KILL AGGAMON.  
OF THAT, I HAVE  
NO DOUBT.

...TCHAH,  
I'LL GO  
WITHOUT.

BUT WHEN SHE  
TELLS ME THAT  
SHE DID **NOT**  
DO IT, I **MUST**  
BELIEVE HER.

AND AS FOR NIGHTMARE,  
I CERTAINLY HAVE NO  
MEMORY OF ASSAULTING  
HIM OR HIS LANDS OR  
IMPRISONING THE ASTRAL  
SOULS OF **CHILDREN**.

SO: **TWO MYSTERIES**,  
WHICH I BELIEVE TO  
BE THE TWIN FANGS  
OF THE SAME SNAKE.

BY THE  
HOARY HOSTS,  
STEPHEN...





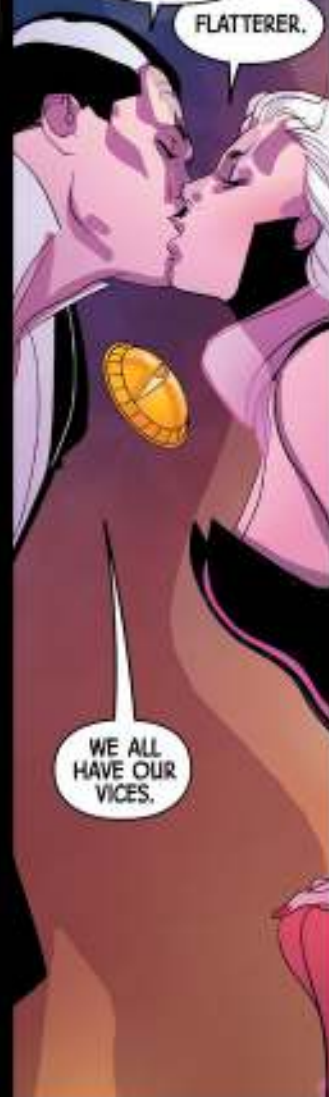
...ARE  
YOU STILL  
FUSSING?

YOUR  
**VANITY**  
REALLY DOES  
KNOW NO  
END.

MERELY  
TRYING NOT TO  
**EMBARRASS**  
YOU, DARLING.

NO ONE  
WILL BE LOOKING  
AT ME, NOT WHEN  
I AM BESIDE THE  
**MOST FASCINATING**  
CREATURE IN **ALL**  
THE WORLDS.

FLATTERER.



WE ALL  
HAVE OUR  
VICES.



ARE YOU CERTAIN  
YOU ARE READY  
FOR THIS, CLEA?

I KNOW THAT  
YOUR RELATIONSHIP  
WITH YOUR MOTHER  
IS **FRACTIOUS**.

PFF.

SAYS THE  
MAN SHE HAD  
A HAND IN  
KILLING.



WELL.

I WON'T  
MENTION IT IF  
**SHE** DOESN'T.





IT IS,  
AFTER ALL, A  
WEDDING.

THE  
SORCERER  
SUPREME OF THE  
DARK DIMENSION!  
THE SORCERER  
SUPREME OF  
EARTH!

WARLORD  
CLEA STRANGE  
AND DOCTOR  
STEPHEN  
STRANGE!

"WARLORD,"  
DARLING?

OH, YOU  
KNOW HOW MY  
MOTHER IS.

HER  
PEOPLE MUST  
ADDRESS ME AS  
SOMETHING.





STRANGE!  
CLEA!

UGH.

IT  
BEGINS...

YOU  
CAME.

SHOWING THE  
PROPER *RESPECT*  
FOR THE SORCERER  
SUPREME OF THE SIXTH  
DIMENSION, I LIKE  
THAT.

SHOULD I  
ADDRESS YOU  
AS *DAUGHTER*,  
THEN, CLEA  
STRANGE?



IF  
YOU LIKE,  
TIBORO. YOU  
WOULD BE IN  
GOOD  
COMPANY.

MY *TRUE*  
FATHER IS A  
*CRAVEN* WHOSE  
NAME I SPIT  
UPON. YOU AND  
HE ARE OF  
A KIND.



YOU DARE  
SPEAK SO TO THE  
LORD OF THE SEETHING  
VOLCANO?! THE SPIRIT  
OF DECAY?

THERE IS  
VERY LITTLE I DO  
*NOT* DARE, YOU  
SWINE--

OH YES,  
NEWS OF  
AGGAMON'S  
DEATH HAS  
REACHED  
US--













THERE IS  
LITTLE ENOUGH  
LOVE BETWEEN US,  
UMAR. BUT HOW  
CAN YOU MARRY  
THAT?

TIBORO IS  
A **BRUTE**, DO  
YOU THINK HE  
WILL MAKE YOU  
**HAPPY**?



**HAPPY?**  
**HAPPY?**

WHEN HAS  
MARRIAGE EVER  
BEEN A THING OF  
**HAPPINESS**  
BETWEEN BEINGS  
OF POWER?



**DAGOTH** IS DEAD.  
**AGGAMON** IS DEAD.  
AS IS **KAECILIUS**,  
OUR CAT'S PAW.

OF YOUR  
HUSBAND'S **FIVE**  
MURDERERS, ONLY  
**TWO** YET LIVE.

THIS IS A  
CONSOLIDATION  
OF POWER, DAUGHTER.  
FOR **SAFETY**.



AND THAT DEATH  
TOLL IGNORES THE  
**OTHERS**.

**BORIS BATHORY**,  
**IGNEO**, DUKE **ARCHOS**,  
THE BASTARD **JASPER**  
**JENIVER**...

HOW LONG  
UNTIL **WHOEVER**  
THIS IS COMES  
FOR **ME**?



DO YOU  
REALLY THINK THAT  
**TIBORO** WILL  
PROTECT YOU FROM  
THIS KILLER?

**HAH.**  
**NO.**



BUT PERHAPS  
HE WILL OCCUPY  
THE KILLER LONG  
ENOUGH FOR **ME**  
TO **ESCAPE**.

THAT IS  
ALL A MARRIAGE  
BETWEEN POWERS  
IS, **CLEA**.









YOUR  
TIME AS MY HEIR  
HAS ENDED.

THIS IS  
THE HEIR TO BOTH  
TIBORO AND MYSELF.  
THE *CHILD* WE  
HAVE CREATED  
TOGETHER.

GESTATED,  
OF COURSE, IN A  
MAGICAL WOMB, AS  
I WILL *NEVER* BIRTH  
ANOTHER FROM MY  
OWN FLESH.



CLEA, THIS  
WILL BE YOUR  
*SISTER*.

AND  
IF I AM  
KILLED...



"...THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR  
HER FALLS TO YOU."

...A  
NEW HEIR?  
A CHILD?

YES.  
I AM TO BE  
A **SISTER**,  
APPARENTLY.



I HAD A  
**SISTER**.

SHE COULD  
BE A JOY TO  
YOU AS DONNA  
WAS TO ME.

WELL, SHE  
IS YET TO BE  
BORN, SO WHO  
CAN SAY.

NOW, WHO  
IS SUPPOSED TO  
BE **OFFICIATING**  
THIS FARCE--?

I  
SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN.

OH  
DEAR.







THE DREAD  
DORMAMMU...

...HAS  
ARRIVED.



I HAVE COME  
HERE, TO SOVEREIGN  
WARLORD TERRITORY, IN  
ORDER TO RECOGNIZE THE  
UNION OF MY SISTER, UMAR  
THE UNRELENTING, AND  
TIBORO, SORCERER  
SUPREME OF THE SIXTH  
DIMENSION.



I SEE MANY  
WHO HAVE COME  
TO PAY TRIBUTE TO  
THE BETROTHED.

WARLORDS,  
CONQUERORS,  
DESPOTS FROM  
ACROSS THE MANY  
WORLDS.

WHY...



...THERE IS  
EVEN A DOCTOR  
IN THE HOUSE.









HOARY  
HOSTS!

WHAT  
COULD--?



AH,  
AN  
EXCELLENT  
START  
TO A DOOMED  
MARRIAGE.

GOODBYE,  
SISTER,  
BROTHER...



"...I BELIEVE  
THIS IS NONE OF  
MY BUSINESS."



THOSE  
WARRIORS--

--LIKE THE  
ONE WE FOUGHT  
WEEKS AGO--  
ENSLAVED ASTRAL  
SOULS!

OH GODS,  
CLEA...

...IT'S THE  
CHILDREN.















DEFENDING  
THESE INTERLOPERS--

--THIS IS  
YOUR DOING, CLEA  
STRANGE! YOU AND  
YOUR DAMNED  
HUSBAND!

NO,  
IT'S--

CLEA,  
QUICKLY!

CHILDREN OR  
NOT, THIS IS MY  
TERRITORY.

CLAIMED  
BY RIGHT OF  
CONQUEST.

ALL  
TRESPASSERS  
WILL DIE.





YAIIEEE!

SHRAKK

NO, I  
THINK NOT,  
UMAR.



YEARRGHI!

SHRAKK

NOR YOU,  
TIBORO.

BUT SEEING  
AS HOW I HAVE  
WHAT I HAVE COME  
FOR, I SHALL SHOW  
THE TWO OF YOU  
**MERCY**, TODAY, ON  
YOUR WEDDING  
DAY.



NO...

NO, IT  
CAN'T BE  
YOU--

AH, YOU  
REMEMBER.  
FINALLY.

I WASN'T  
SURE IF YOU  
WOULD.

STEPHEN,  
WHO--?





A GOOD QUESTION, ISN'T IT, STEPHEN?

I HAVE BEEN GIVEN *MANY* NAMES. *FIVE THOUSAND* YEARS OF WAR WILL DO THAT.

WAR-HOUND OF THE VISHANTI.

BUTCHER OF THE WAR OF THE SEVEN SPHERES.

THE BLOODY-HANDED BASTARD OF THE SCREAMING LABYRINTHS.

FRIENDKILLER.

PEACEBREAKER.

ORPHAN-LORD.

BUT I WANT TO HEAR IT FROM YOU, DOCTOR. THE ONE WHO *STOLE* MY LIFE.

SAY MY TRUE NAME.

STRANGE.

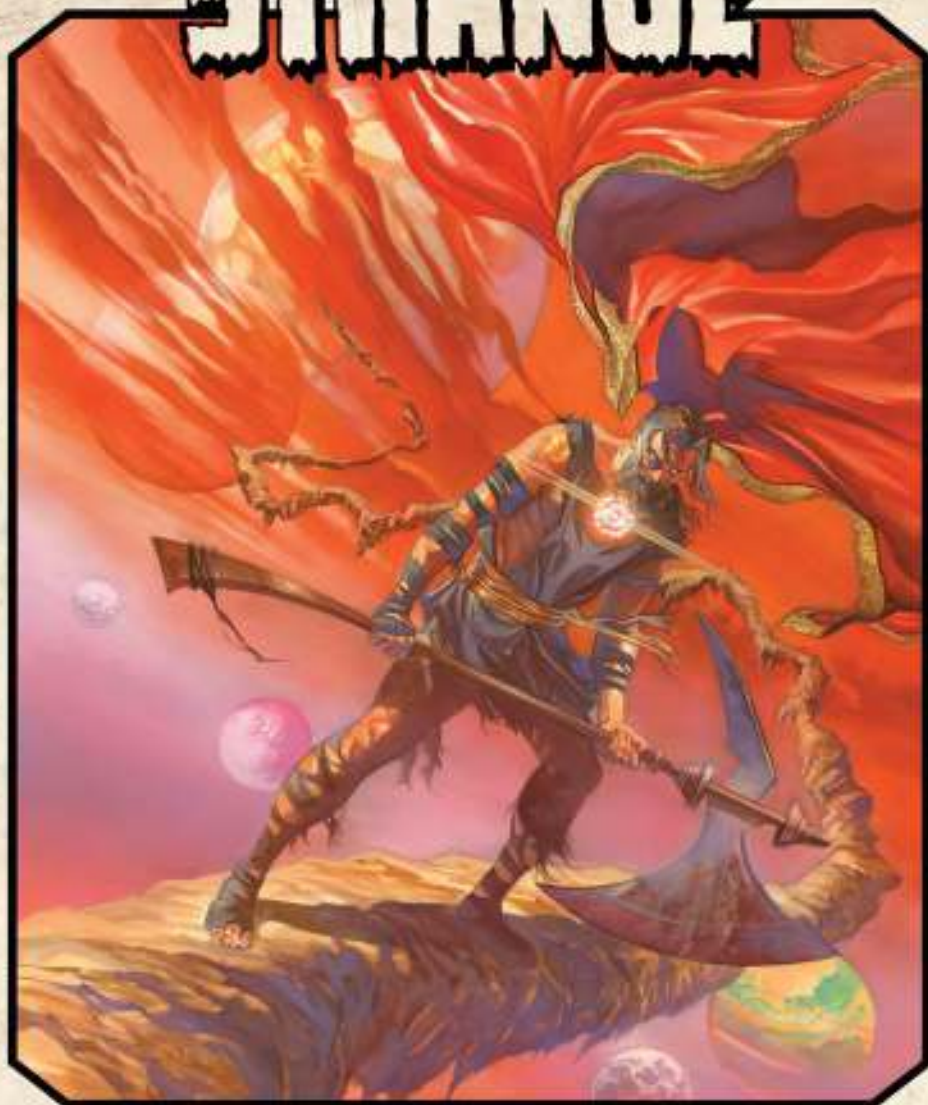
GENERAL STEPHEN STRANGE.

**NEXT: THE ORIGIN OF GENERAL STRANGE!**



NEXT:

# DOCTOR STRANGE #6



Many years ago, Doctor Strange fought in a five-thousand-year battle called the War of the Seven Spheres. But what was it? And how did it create the mysterious threat who plagues Strange today?

**PLUS:** A bonus page written by Jonathan Hickman –  
**WHO ARE THE G.O.D.S.?**

EMAIL US AT [MHEROES@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MHEROES@MARVEL.COM) AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT!"

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