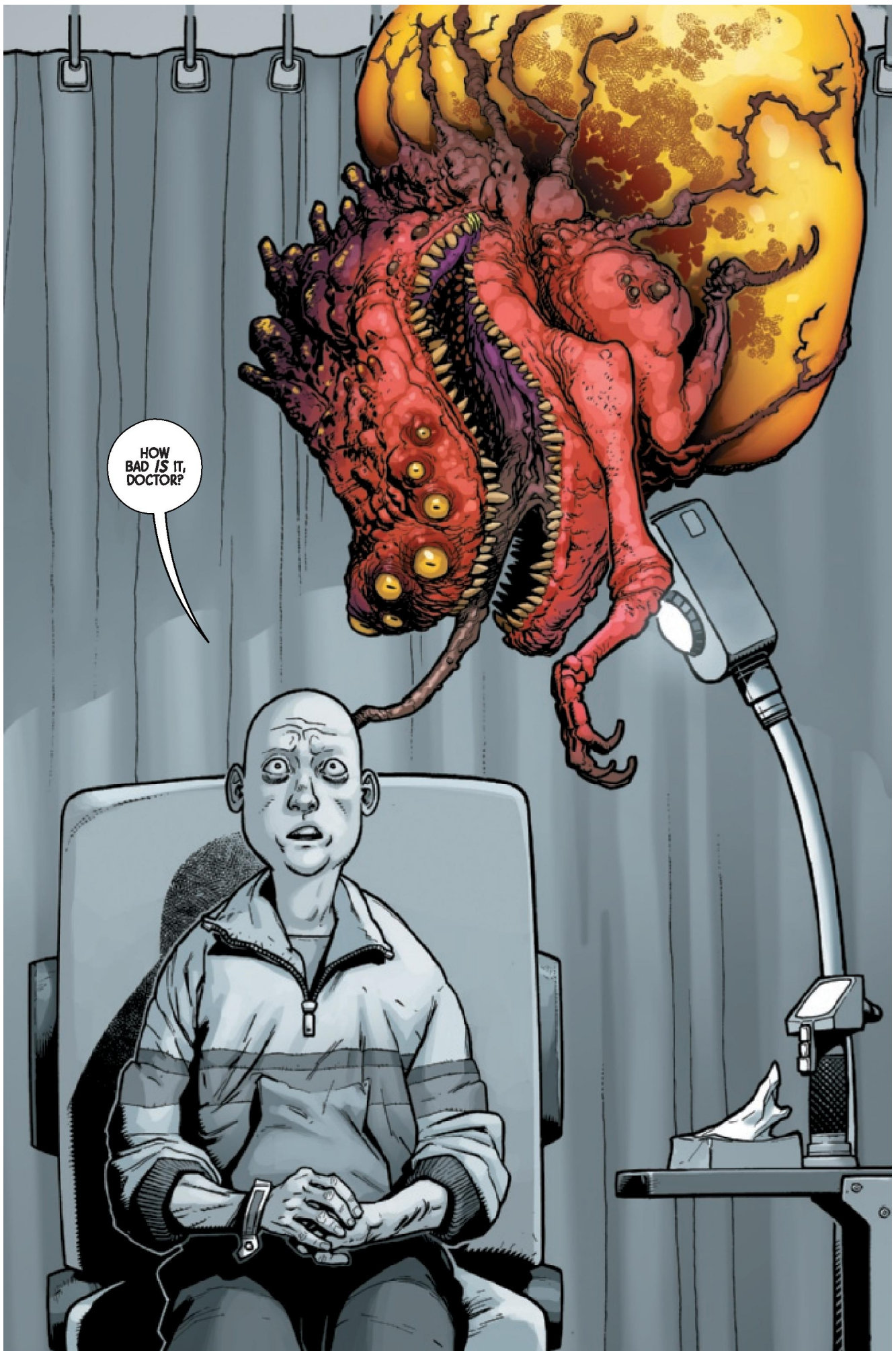
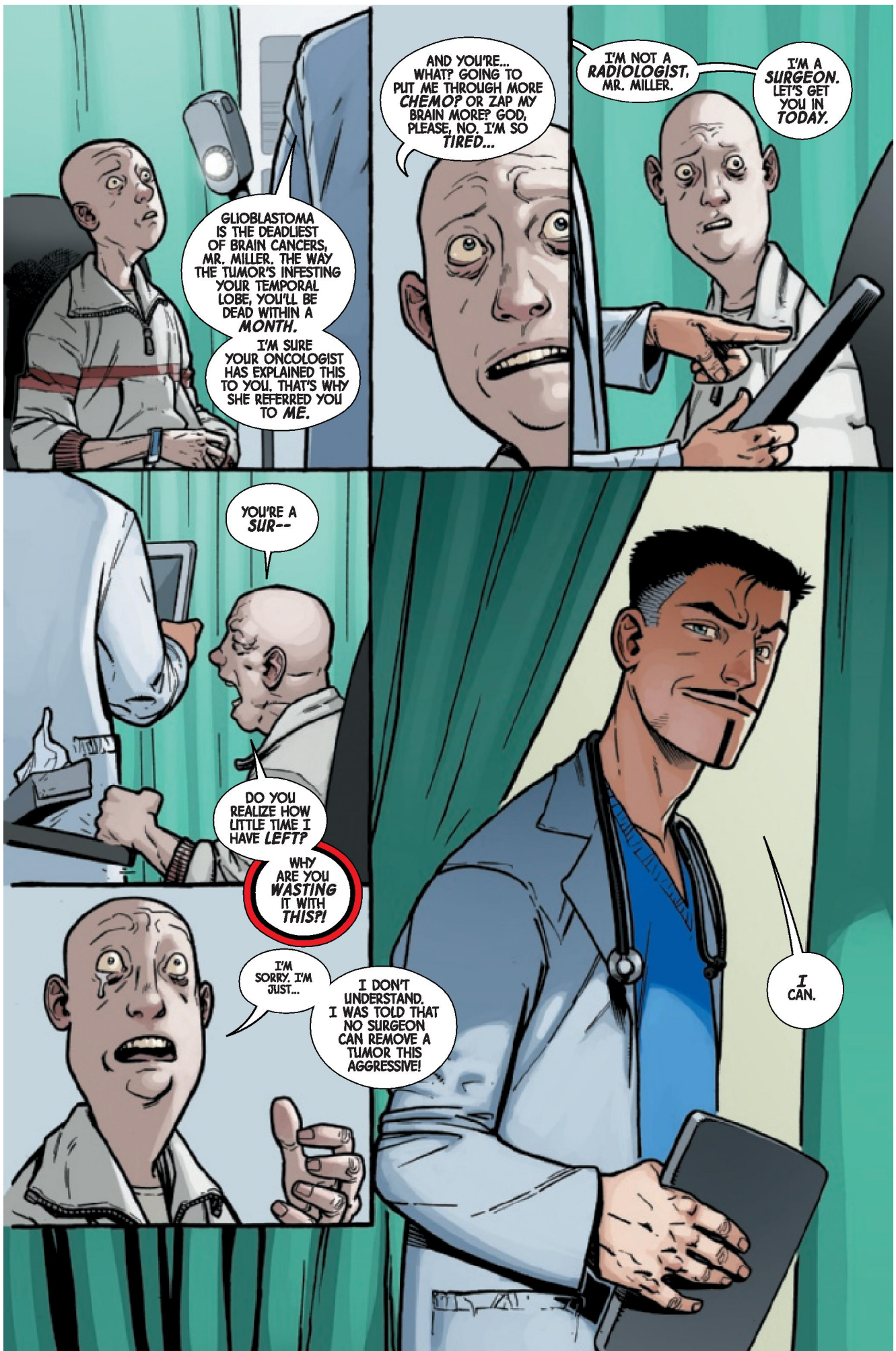
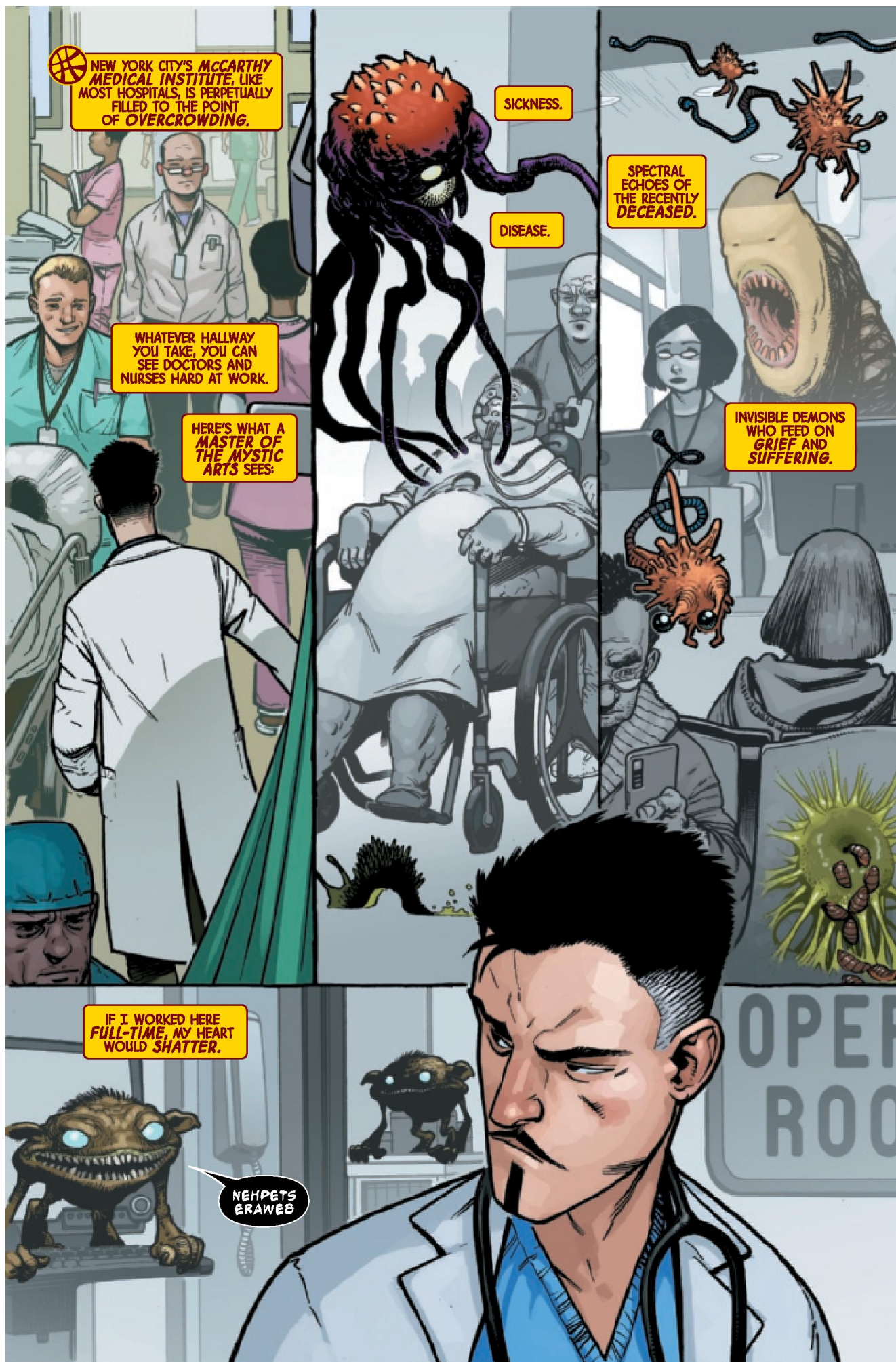








NEW YORK CITY'S MCCARTHY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, LIKE MOST HOSPITALS, IS PERPETUALLY FILLED TO THE POINT OF OVERCROWDING.

SICKNESS.

DISEASE.

SPECTRAL ECHOES OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED.

WHATEVER HALLWAY YOU TAKE, YOU CAN SEE DOCTORS AND NURSES HARD AT WORK.

HERE'S WHAT A MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS SEES:

INVISIBLE DEMONS WHO FEED ON GRIEF AND SUFFERING.

IF I WORKED HERE FULL-TIME, MY HEART WOULD SHATTER.

NEHPETS
ERAWES



MY NAME IS
**DR. STEPHEN
STRANGE.**

AS EARTH'S **SORCERER SUPREME**, I HAVE
A UNIQUE AND DEMANDING RESPONSIBILITY
TO PROTECT IT FROM ANY **MYSTICAL
MENACES** THAT MAY THREATEN IT.

BUT I'M ALSO THE WORLD'S
GREATEST NEUROSURGEON,
AND THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH
IS A **LIFETIME VOW.**

SO I'VE REACHED
AN ARRANGEMENT
WITH THE HOSPITAL:

THEY CALL ME IN ONLY FOR
THE OPERATIONS THAT NO
ONE ELSE—NO ONE ELSE—
HAS THE SKILL TO PERFORM.

THAT SKILL LIES IN MY
HANDS AND IN MY **MIND**,
NOT IN **SORCERY.**

I **NEVER** PERFORM
MAGIC INSIDE THE
OPERATING THEATER.
EVER.

MOREOVER, SPELLCRAFT
REQUIRES **TOTAL
CONCENTRATION.**

MAGIC ALWAYS DEMANDS A **PRICE**,
AND I DARE NOT TAKE THE RISK
THAT THE **PATIENT**, NOT ME, MIGHT
GET TAPPED TO **PAY** IT.

WHEN YOU HAVE A
NEEDLE IN
SOMEONE'S **BRAIN**,
THAT'S NO TIME
TO **MULTITASK.**



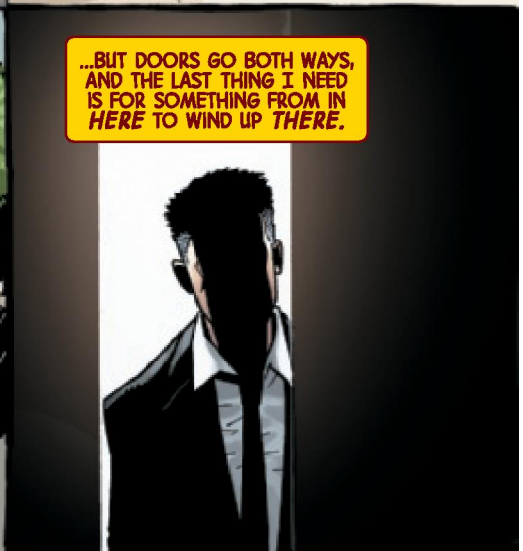
DIVIDING MY ENERGIES
LIKE THIS DEMANDS A
DELICATE BALANCE.

EVERY HOUR SPENT AT
MCCARTHY IS TIME *NOT*
SPENT DEFENDING EARTH FROM
SHUMA-GORATH OR *BARON*
MORDO, AND VICE VERSA.

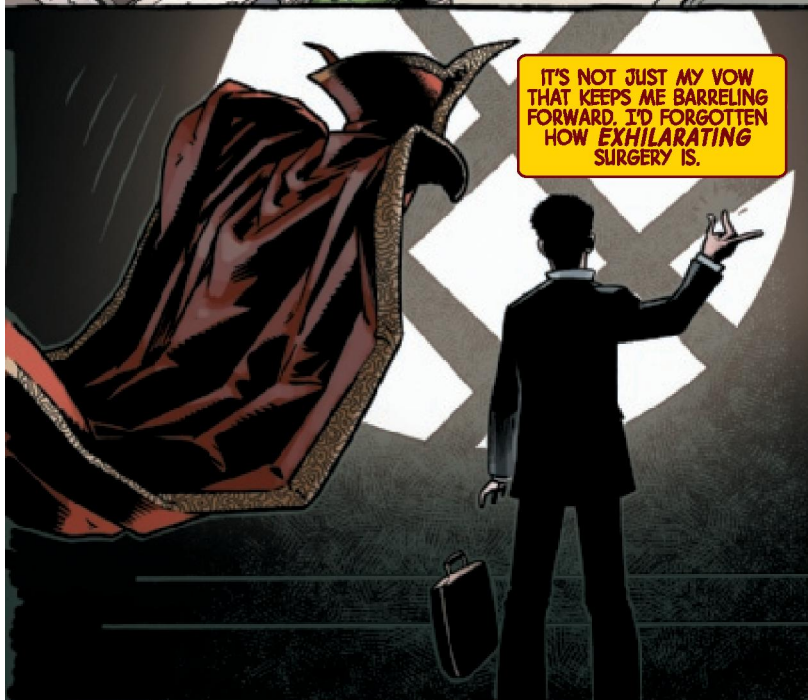
I DEVOTED LAST
WEEKEND TO
FINDING A SPELL
THAT WOULD CREATE
A *30-HOUR*
DAY. DOESN'T EXIST.



LIKewise, TO SAVE TRANSIT
TIME, I ENTERTAINED THE
NOTION OF CREATING A
DOOR THAT LEADS FROM MY
SANCTUM SANCTORUM
DIRECTLY TO MY OFFICE...



...BUT DOORS GO BOTH WAYS,
AND THE LAST THING I NEED
IS FOR SOMETHING FROM IN
HERE TO WIND UP THERE.



IT'S NOT JUST MY VOW
THAT KEEPS ME BARRELING
FORWARD. I'D FORGOTTEN
HOW *EXHILARATING*
SURGERY IS.



AND HOW
DRAINING.



AS A YOUNG MAN,
I WAS THE BEST
IN THE WORLD,
AND I KNEW IT.

I DIDN'T SERVE OTHERS--
JUST *MYSELF*. IF YOU
WANTED MY *SERVICES*,
YOU HAD TO MEET MY *FEE*.

MY HANDS WERE
AS FINE AN
INSTRUMENT AS
HEIFETZ'S *VIOLIN*
OR CLAPTON'S
STRATOCASTER.

AND THEN AN AUTO
ACCIDENT TOOK AWAY
THEIR *TALENTS*.

DESTITUTE, SEARCHING
THE WORLD FOR SOME
SORT OF *CURE*, I
ENCOUNTERED AN
ANCIENT CONJURER.

HE SHOWED ME
A *NEW* PATH TO
FULFILLMENT.

HEALING THE
WORLD THROUGH
SORCERY RATHER
THAN *SCIENCE*.

RECENTLY, HOWEVER,
A BARGAIN WITH A
DEMON RESTORED
MY HANDS, MAKING
ME A SURGEON
ONCE MORE.

THERE MAY WELL
BE A PRICE ATTACHED
TO *THAT* SOMEDAY...

...BUT SO LONG AS
THERE ARE THOSE
WHO REQUIRE MY
EXPERTISE, THAT'S A
PROBLEM FOR *LATER*.