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LGY#392

MARK WAID • JESÚS SAIZ

DOCTOR STRANGER



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STEPHEN STRANGE WAS A PRE-EMINENT 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...

LAST
TIME...

DOCTOR STRANGE

THOUGH THE DRAGON LINES WERE RESTORED AND MAGIC ON EARTH WAS SAFE FROM EXTERNAL THREATS, DOCTOR STEPHEN STRANGE COULD ONLY WATCH IN HORROR AS HIS CONNECTION TO IT VANISHED. AFRAID HIS CONDITION COULD BE CONTAGIOUS TO OTHER SORCERERS, STRANGE SOUGHT HELP FROM TONY STARK--A MAN OF SCIENCE WITH EXPERIENCE REBUILDING HIMSELF FROM NOTHING. STARK'S SOLUTION: A ONE-MAN SPACECRAFT, A UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR, AND A CAREFULLY PLOTTED COURSE INTO THE STARS. IF TERRESTRIAL POWER WAS UNREACHABLE, THERE MUST BE MAGIC SOMEWHERE IN THE INFINITE UNIVERSE STRANGE COULD GRASP. BUT BEFORE HE REACHED HIS DESTINATION, A COMET STRANDED STRANGE ON A PLANET WITH HOSTILE RESIDENTS WHO HAD NO NATIVE WORD FOR "MAGIC."

"SORCERER SUPREME
OF THE GALAXY"
PART TWO

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*Once upon a time, before the sorcery,
the entire world knew the magician
by his hands.*

*They were more than bone and flesh.
They were world-renowned, capable
of performing surgeries undreamed
of by medical science.*



*They were
instruments.*



His captors called their world Grynda.

A homogenous race of scientists and inventors, they practiced the most advanced disciplines in the galaxy.



Even among his allies, the magician had never seen technology as advanced as Grynda's. It seemed, ironically, like wizardry.




The Gryndans hadn't much experience with alien life-forms. Smug and arrogant, they had little interest in offworld travel.

This said nothing about their overall level of curiosity, however, which was by any measure remarkable.

Insatiable.



Endless.



Plumbing his memory, the magician drew symbol after symbol, every one he could recall, aching to find one that might tap into even the barest glimmer of eldritch energy.


There was none to be found.



Nor was there food. He was offered a nutrient paste once each day.


It tasted vaguely like a certain sweetfruit he'd once been offered by a man with silver skin.

That was a thousand years ago.



They were a cruel race, the Gryndans. Or perhaps they simply saw him as a crude primate, an amusing play toy. The magician couldn't tell and didn't care.

He ate his paste and dreamed of home.



He'd known many spacefarers. Perhaps someday, among all the trillions of planets in the universe, one of them might alight on Grynda.

One night, he was in fact visited by a former lover with snowy hair and eyes like starlight.

Then he awoke.



And then...

...on the seventy-third day of his confinement...

...he was no longer alone.

HEY!

WATCH THAT HAND!

THE LEFT ONE!

NO, THE OTHER LEFT!



SOME GENIUSES...!

HWUFF!



HELLO...?

HI. DO YOU HAVE ANY PRASEODYMIUM ON YOU? COPPER? NO CHANCE YOU BREATHE ARGON, IS THERE?