

MARVEL

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DOCTOR STRANGE

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BONUS DIGITAL EDITION — DETAILS INSIDE!

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

WHEN GALACTUS, THE DEVOURER OF WORLDS, WAS THREATENING HIS PLANET, A SORCERER NAMED ZOLOZ STOLE SOME OF DOCTOR STRANGE'S POWERFUL ARTIFACTS AND BANISHED GALACTUS TO THE MYSTIC REALMS! STRANGE, KNOWING THE DANGER, ARRIVED TOO LATE TO STOP GALACTUS FROM INGESTING A STRANGE PLANET, TRANSFORMING GALACTUS INTO A HYBRID OF EXTREME SCIENCE AND EXTREME MAGIC! STRANGE'S FINAL GAMBIT—SACRIFICING HIS FELLOW HEROES TO THE POWER-HUNGRY GALACTUS—ALLOWED STRANGE TO SHATTER GALACTUS... BUT ALSO ALL OF REALITY!

**"HERALD
SUPREME"**
PART SIX

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TIME PASSES IN THE VOID.
MINUTES? YEARS? I'VE NO
WAY TO MEASURE IT...

...UNTIL *ETERNITY*
APPEARS, THERE TO
ASK A *QUESTION*:

DO YOU
THINK YOURSELF
A *GOD*, STEPHEN
STRANGE?





OF
COURSE
NOT.

NO? THANKS
TO YOUR *ACTIONS*,
YOU ARE *ALL THAT IS*.
DOES THAT NOT, BY
DEFINITION, *MAKE*
YOU A GOD?



YOU, I, AND
ONE OTHER ARE
ALL THAT REMAIN
OUTSIDE OF A
COLLAPSED
UNIVERSE.



COLLAPSED...?



REDUCED
TO A SINGULARITY.
EXISTING EXACTLY AS
IT DID AT THE INSTANT
OF ITS *BIRTH*...

...PREPARED,
IF NECESSARY,
TO BECOME
SOMETHING
NEW.



THERE. BEFORE
YOU. AS YOU
PERCEIVE IT TINY
AND FRAGILE.

AND FROZEN.
WHY? AND WHY
DO I STAND
OUTSIDE IT?



I AM BUT
THE EMBODIMENT
OF UNIVERSAL
SENTENCE. THUS,
IN THIS MOMENT,
I KNOW NO
MORE THAN DO
YOU.



...
MEPHISTO.
HE DID THIS.

HE'S
CALLING IN
HIS *DEBT*.

EXPLAIN.



"I CHOSE MY MOMENT--THE ONLY SPLIT SECOND DURING WHICH GALACTUS, FULLY SATIATED, WOULD BE VULNERABLE TO THE TOTALITY OF MY ELDRITCH ENERGIES.

"I EXPECTED HIM TO *EXPEL* ALL THAT HE HAD CONSUMED, RESTORING REALITY.



"INSTEAD, HE *IMPOLED*...IN THE PROCESS, DRAWING INTO HIM THOSE FEW BITS OF EXISTENCE STILL *REMAINING*."



I SURVIVED BECAUSE I WASN'T *THERE*.




THERE WAS NOWHERE ELSE *BUT* THERE.

IN *OUR* REALITY, NO.

BUT THERE IS *ANOTHER*, TANGENTIAL TO OURS BUT NOT OF IT.



"HELL.



"WHEN MY MACE
SHATTERED, SO DID
GALACTUS' PHYSICAL
INTEGRITY.

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?

YOUR
EFFORTS HAVE
DESTROYED
EVERYTHING
UPON WHICH I
DEPEND!

"BEFORE I COULD
WITNESS THE RESULT,
I FELT MYSELF
WRENCHED
FROM CHAOS--

"--AND BEFORE
A VERY ANGRY
MEPHISTO.

WHAT GOOD
IS MY **KINGDOM**
WITHOUT A STEADY
SUPPLY OF **FRESH**
SOULS? WHAT **BECOMES**
OF **HADES** WITHOUT AN
INFINITE NUMBER
UPON WHICH TO
FEAST?

BELIEVE ME,
STEPHEN STRANGE,
IF I'VE NO INCOMING SOULS
LEFT BUT **YOURS...** THEN **WOE**
BETIDE YOU FOR WHAT
YOU'VE **COST** ME!

UNLESS...



"HE WENT SILENT."

"HE THOUGHT."

"NOTHING GOOD
COULD COME
FROM THAT..."

"...BUT, I REASONED,
WHAT COULD BE
WORSE THAN WHERE
WE ARE *NOW*?"

"AND THEN
HE CALLED
IN HIS
FAVOR. MY
VOW TO
PERFORM
ONE TASK
OF HIS
ASKING."

YOU
CONSIDER
YOURSELF A
SURGEON.
I BELIEVE.

WHAT REMAINS
OF THE UNIVERSE IS A
TIGHTLY WOUND MASS OF
CIRCUMSTANCE AND
PREDESTINATION.

UNDER SKILLED
HANDS, THERE IS THE
POSSIBILITY ITS THREADS
CAN BE METICULOUSLY
UNRAVELED AND
REKNIT.

THEN YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU
MUST DO.

WERE YOU
GIVEN A CHANCE TO
USE YOUR MAGIC TO
REPAIR--TO HEAL--
WHAT YOU HAVE
SHATTERED, WOULD
YOU TAKE IT?

ABSOLUTELY.