

YEARS AGO.

YOUR FINGERS ARE BEAUTIFUL, STEPHEN. SO LONG AND FLEXIBLE, LIKE A GUITAR PLAYER'S.

PLEASE. GUITARISTS HAVE CALLUSES.

DR. STRANGE!

I'M DR. OTTO OCTAVIUS, WITH THE ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTER. I WAS INTRIGUED BY YOUR PRESENTATION AT THE SYMPOSIUM.

I'VE DEVELOPED ARTIFICIAL ARMS FOR HANDLING HAZARDOUS MATERIALS, AND I HAVE SOME EXCITING THEORIES ABOUT A NEUROLOGICAL LINK.

I'D BE INTERESTED TO GET YOUR INPUT--

YES, OF COURSE, OCTAVIAN. CALL MY OFFICE, SET UP AN APPOINTMENT.

I THINK I'M FREE ON THE TWELFTH OF NEVER.

OH, STEPHEN. YOU'RE SO BAD.



ONE YEAR LATER.

OTTO?
IS SOMETHING
WRONG?

THAT
DERELICT...I
RECOGNIZE
HIM.

HE'S
FALLEN FAR. BEFORE
HIS ACCIDENT, HE WAS
A BRILLIANT SURGEON.
I EVEN APPROACHED HIM
TO COLLABORATE ON A
NEURAL LINK FOR MY
METAL ARMS.

HE DISMISSED
ME OUT OF HAND. AS
IF I WERE BENEATH
HIS NOTICE.

WELL, HE CERTAINLY LOOKS
DOWN ON HIS LUCK. I BET IF
YOU ASKED HIM NOW, HE'D
APPRECIATE THE
OPPORTUNITY.

I'M SURE HE *WOULD*,
MARY. HOWEVER, STRANGE
WAS BROUGHT TO THIS
SORRY STATE BY HIS
OWN ARROGANCE,
CARELESSNESS AND
IRRESPONSIBILITY.

MY WORK IS TOO IMPORTANT TO ENTRUST TO
SUCH A MAN. THERE IS NO ONE EQUAL TO THE
TASK BUT *ME*. BEFORE I'D ASK THE HELP
OF A MAN LIKE STRANGE...

...I'D DEAL
WITH THE *DEVIL*
HIMSELF.

20
TWENTY DOLLARS
20

NOW.

FWOAAARR

THIS IS
SCIENTIFICALLY
IMPOSSIBLE!

YES. BUT
MAGICALLY, VERY
POSSIBLE.

MASTER
PANDEMONIUM'S
BODY HAS ALWAYS BEEN
COMPOSED OF DEMONS.
HE'S JUST ADDED A
FEW THOUSAND
MORE.





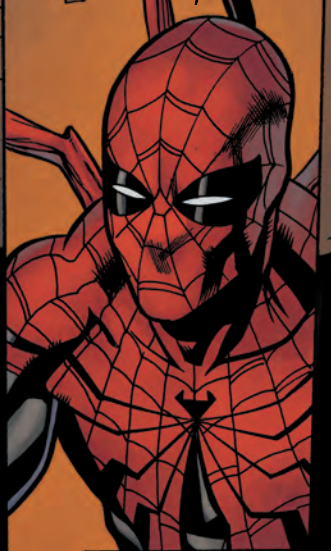
YOU **MUST** HAVE SOME SPELL THAT CAN SEPARATE HIS BODY INTO ITS COMPONENT DEMONS!

MUST I?

I DO HAVE A FEW. BUT THESE AREN'T ORDINARY DEMONS. THEY'RE POSSESSED HUMANS... **INNOCENTS.**

ANY MAGIC POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SEPARATE THEM WOULD LIKELY **KILL** THEM AS WELL.

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU ARE **USELESS** AS EVER.
BUY ME A MOMENT TO ANALYZE THIS MONSTROSITY.



SINCE YOU ASKED SO NICELY...



HMM... INTERESTING.



I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CARE TO **SHARE** YOUR FINDINGS?