

GLIOBLASTOMA IS THE DEADLIEST OF BRAIN CANCERS, MR. MILLER. THE WAY THE TUMOR'S INFESTING YOUR TEMPORAL LOBE, YOU'LL BE DEAD WITHIN A MONTH.

I'M SURE YOUR ONCOLOGIST HAS EXPLAINED THIS TO YOU. THAT'S WHY SHE REFERRED YOU TO ME.

AND YOU'RE... WHAT? GOING TO PUT ME THROUGH MORE CHEMO? OR ZAP MY BRAIN MORE? GOD, PLEASE, NO. I'M SO TIRED...

I'M NOT A RADIOLOGIST, MR. MILLER.

I'M A SURGEON. LET'S GET YOU IN TODAY.



YOU'RE A SUR--

DO YOU REALIZE HOW LITTLE TIME I HAVE LEFT?

WHY ARE YOU WASTING IT WITH THIS?!



I'M SORRY, I'M JUST...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I WAS TOLD THAT NO SURGEON CAN REMOVE A TUMOR THIS AGGRESSIVE!



I CAN.



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

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

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



SICKNESS.

DISEASE.

SPECTRAL ECHOES OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED.

INVISIBLE DEMONS WHO FEED ON GRIEF AND SUFFERING.



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



NEHPETS ERABEB





DIVIDING MY ENERGIES LIKE THIS DEMANDS A DELICATE BALANCE.

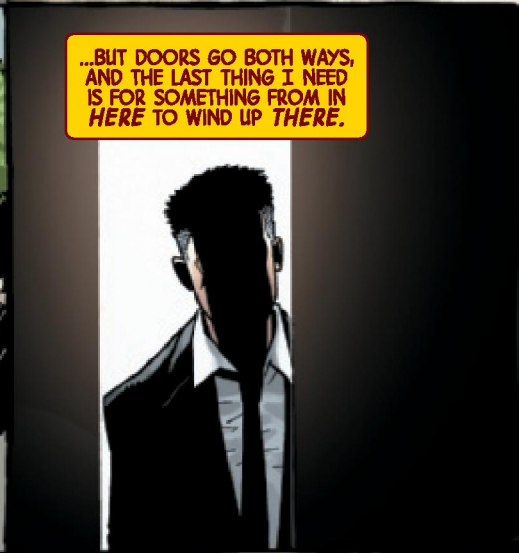
EVERY HOUR SPENT AT MCCARTHY IS TIME NOT SPENT DEFENDING EARTH FROM SHUMA-GORATH OR BARON MORDO, AND VICE VERSA.



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.



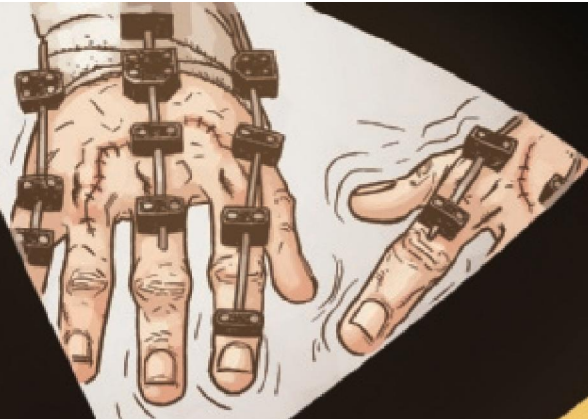
IT'S NOT JUST MY VOW THAT KEEPS ME BARRELING FORWARD. I'D FORGOTTEN HOW EXHILARATING SURGERY IS.



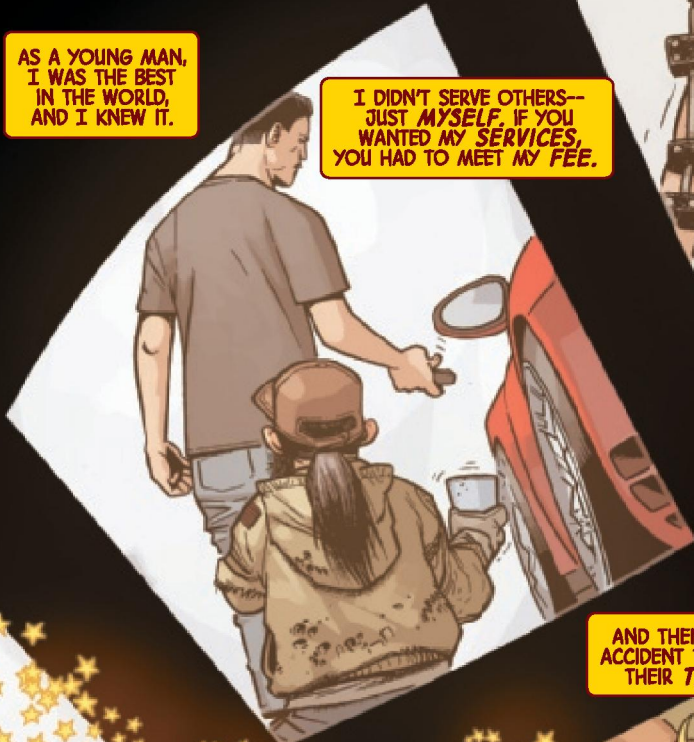
AND HOW DRAINING.

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*.



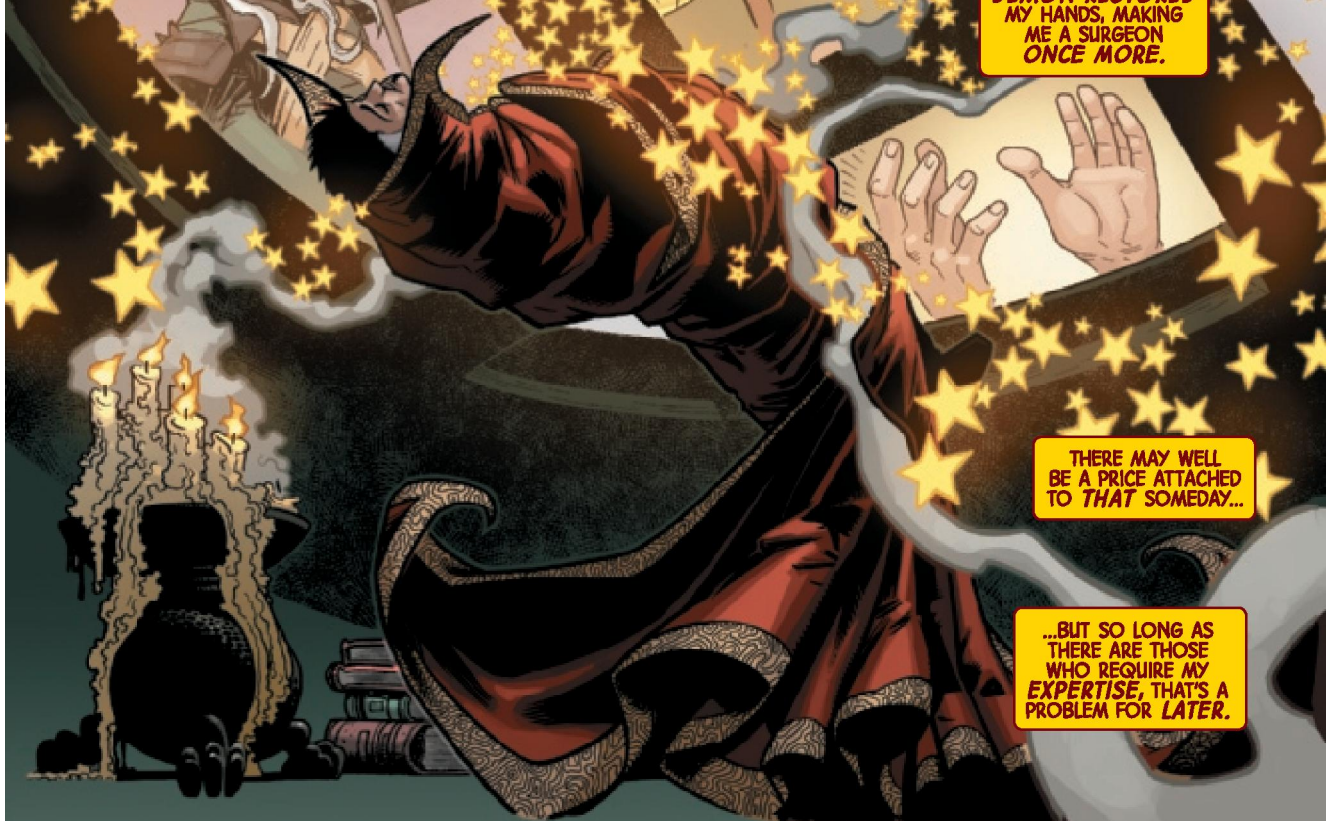
DESTITUTE, SEARCHING
THE WORLD FOR SOME
SORT OF *CURE*, I
ENCOUNTERED AN
ANCIENT CONJURER.

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*.