

The mysterious **DR. STRANGE!** The vibrant **VALKYRIE!** The high-flying **NIGHTHAWK!** The incredible **HULK!** Evil-doers **TREMBLE** at the names—for these four form the crux of the greatest **NON-TEAM** in history, heroes called together only when the need arises—to battle **MENACES** that threaten the security—or the very **LIFE**—of the planet **EARTH!**

**Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!**

**STEVE GERBER** \* **SAL BUSCEMA & KLAUS JANSON** \* **I. WATANABE** \* **DON WARFIELD** \* **MARY WOLFMAN**  
WRITER ARTISTS LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR

# EXILE TO OBLIVION!

WHEN WE LAST SAW DR. STRANGE, POWER MAN, AND THE RED GUARDIAN, THEY WERE LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR OF NEW YORK'S ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL. OBVIOUSLY, THINGS HAVE CHANGED!

HEAR ME, DR. STRANGE!  
YOU HAVE DISRUPTED MY PLANS FOR THE LAST TIME!

MY DIMENSION-SPANNING POWERS HAVE DEPOSITED YOU IN AN ENVIRONMENT SO HOSTILE TO LIFE--YOU'LL BE TOO OCCUPIED WITH SURVIVAL EVEN TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE!

AW, COME OFF IT, MAN! AIN'T NO PLACE MORE HOSTILE THAN FORTY-SECOND STREET!



WHO IS THIS TURKEY, ANYWAY, DOC? WHAT'S HIS BEEF WITH YOU?

HE IS CALLED NEBULON, THE CELESTIAL MAN, MR. CAGE--AND THE DEFENDERS HAVE INCURRED HIS WRATH--

--BY FRUSTRATING HIS ATTEMPTS TO CONQUER THE EARTH!

IT PLEASES YOU, DOESN'T IT, STRANGE-- TO PAINT SO NOBLE A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF? BUT YOU AND I ARE BOTH AWARE THAT IT IS A MEGALOMANIACAL LIE, THAT MY MISSION TO YOUR EARTH...

... IS NOT CONQUEST, BUT SALVATION!

HE SPLIT!

WHAT WAS THAT "SALVATION" RAP HE WAS LAYIN' DOWN?

A LONG STORY, MR. CAGE ... ONE I SHALL RELATE TO YOU IN FULL, AFTER I'VE CAST THE SPELL WHICH WILL TAKE US HOME.

THE SORCERER SUPREME SPEAKS SOME ESOTERIC INCANTATION. MYSTICAL ENERGIES CRACKLE IN THE AIR BETWEEN HIS HANDS...

AND, A MOMENT LATER...

... EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY SPASMS AT ONCE...

HE IS THROWN SCREAMING TO THE GROUND.

MAGICAL FORCES ... ATTRACTED LIGHTNING... FROM THE ATMOSPHERE...!

ENCHANTMENTS ... USELESS... ELECTRIC STORM... CONSTANT ON THIS WORLD!

SWEET CHRISTMAS, MAN-- YOU TRYIN' T' OUTDO BEN FRANKLIN, OR WHAT?!

HERE, LEMME HELP YA! AW, CRIPES-- RAIN!! YOU GET YOUR CHOICE HERE-- YA CAN BURN OR DROWN!

YOU CONCEDE, THEN, MR. CAGE, THAT OUR LOCALE MAY BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOUR TIMES SQUARE?

ONLY 'CAUSE I DON'T KNOW THE RULES YET, SISTER.

PERMIT ME TO ENLIGHTEN YOU, MY RELUCTANT COMRADE.

THAT AIN'T SO DIFFERENT FROM HOME, LADY--

--'CEPT IT'S USUALLY HUMAN NATURE WEARS A GUY DOWN ON THE STREETS.

OUR FIRST CONCERN MUST BE SHELTER FROM THE ELEMENTS--A CAVE FORMATION SUCH AS THIS ONE.

OUR PRIMARY "ENEMY" HERE IS IGNORANCE--AND OF COURSE, THE FORCES OF NATURE.



BUT IT'S DIFFERENT ENOUGH THAT I'M ALREADY RECONSIDERIN' MY DEAL WITH YOU JOKERS.

MURDERERS, HYPSTERS, HIT MEN-- THEM CREEPS I UNDERSTAND.



BUT WHEN YA START BRINGIN' AROUND WEIRDOS WHO WANNA CONQUER THE WORLD--!

THEY DIFFER ONLY IN DEGREE, MR. CAGE.



THEIR MOTIVES--GREED, POWER, SELF-AGGRANDIZEMENT, REVENGE--

--ARE AS BASIC AS OUR NEED FOR HEAT AND LIGHT.



STEPHEN-- YOUR POWERS SEEM TO PERFORM MORE THAN ADEQUATELY WITHIN THESE WALLS. WHY CAN'T--?

BECAUSE, TANIA, MY METHOD OF TRANSPORT INVOLVES FUSION OF OURSELVES WITH MYSTIC ENERGY, AND--



GOTCHA! ONCE THAT ENERGY PASSES OUTTA THE CAVE, IT'S BLAMMO AGAIN.

THEN WE TRULY ARE TRAPPED IN THIS BARREN, DESOLATE--

APPARENTLY, YES. NEBULON SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN ALL THE FACTORS INTO--



HUH?! WHA--?!

TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A STRING OF POWER MAN'S MOST UNPRINTABLE EXCLAMATIONS, IT COMES LUMBERING OUT OF THE SHADOWS--THE FROTHING, WHITE-FURRED MONSTROSITY WHICH DWELLS IN THIS GROTT.

YOU TWO GOT ANY PRETTY PHILOSOPHIES THAT'LL SNUFF THAT THING?!

THE MAGE MAKES NO REPLY.

NOR DOES HE ALLOW THE CONSTERNATION HE FEELS TO EXHIBIT ITSELF UPON HIS FEATURES. CONTROL IS OF THE ESSENCE.

WITH FORCED CALM, HE RECITES A SPELL--EVEN AS JACK NORRIS RELATES THE TALE OF THE TRIO'S ABDUCTION TO KYLE RICHMOND BACK ON EARTH.

THEY GAVE ME A WHIFF OF KNOCKOUT GAS, TOO.

BUT I GUESS I WASN'T IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO RATE BEING CARTED OFF!

THEY CALLED THEMSELVES THE EEL AND THE PORCUPINE--THE KIDNAPPERS--BUT THEY MENTIONED CELESTIAL MIND CONTROL, AND--

CELESTIAL WHAT--?

OBOY, I FORGOT--YOUR BRAIN WAS STILL IN A DISH WHEN--

KYLE--WAIT! YOU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH YET TO BLOW THE HOSPITAL! JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO, AND--

NO! I'M PART OF A TEAM, NORRIS! AND RIGHT NOW--WITH YOUR WIFE STILL IN ABSENTIA--

I'M THE ONLY MEMBER OF THAT TEAM WHO CAN COME TO THE RESCUE! LET'S MOVE!

IT SHOULD BE DULY NOTED THAT MRS. NORRISS' ABSENCE IS HARDLY VOLUNTARY.



NO, VALKYRIE, TOO IS PRESENTLY A PRISONER--

--A CAPTIVE OF THAT SUPER-POWERED ENTITY KNOWN AS THE STATE.

C'MON-- WE'RE CELL-MATES! YOU CAN SHARE YOUR SECRETS WITH ME! I'M DYING TO KNOW IF THE GRAPEVINE BUZZ IS TRUE!

"BUZZ?"

PRISON CAFETERIA



THEY SAY YOU WERE HAULED IN FOR WRECKING A RESTAURANT WITH YOUR SWORD!

I MEAN-- I'VE SEEN HOW STRONG YOU ARE. I CAN ALMOST BELIEVE IT, BUT--

ARE WE PERMITTED TO CONVERSE AT MEALS, SHIRLEY?



SILENCE

OH, HECK, YEAH! THOSE "SILENCE" SIGNS ARE ANTIQUES! THEY DON'T ENFORCE 'EM.

C'MON, LAY THE WHOLE STORY ON ME!

SHIRLEY'S GETTIN' AWFUL PALSY-WALSY WITH BLONDIE, AIN'T SHE?

SOMEBODY OUGHTTA REMIND HER WHO 'ER FRIENDS ARE, DON'TCHA THINK?



KINDA KEEPIN' YOUR DISTANCE TODAY, HUH, KID? EATIN' WAY DOWN HERE, I MEAN-- INSTEAD O' WITH YOUR OLD CHUMS.

WE DO SOMETHIN' TO OFFEND YOU? OR YOU JUST PREFER OTHER COMPANY? OR WHAT?

N-NO... REALLY... I...



ENOUGH! I FIND THIS CRUDE TACTIC OF INTIMIDATION BOTH OFFENSIVE AND BORING. I SHALL ASK YOU POLITELY AND ONLY ONCE-- TO GO AWAY.

YOUR ASSUMPTION WAS CORRECT. YOUR COMPANY IS UNWANTED.



OH, I SEE! WELL, SURE! IN THAT CASE I'LL JUST MOSEY ALONG--

SOON AS I PUT OUT MY SMOKE, SWEET-CHEEKS.





SHUCKS; IT'S ONE O' MY RULES TO LIVE BY-- NEVER STAY WHERE YOU'RE NOT--

ONE MOMENT.



YOU SEEM TO HAVE MISLAID SOMETHING IN MY STEW. I SHOULD THINK YOU'D WISH TO RETRIEVE IT.

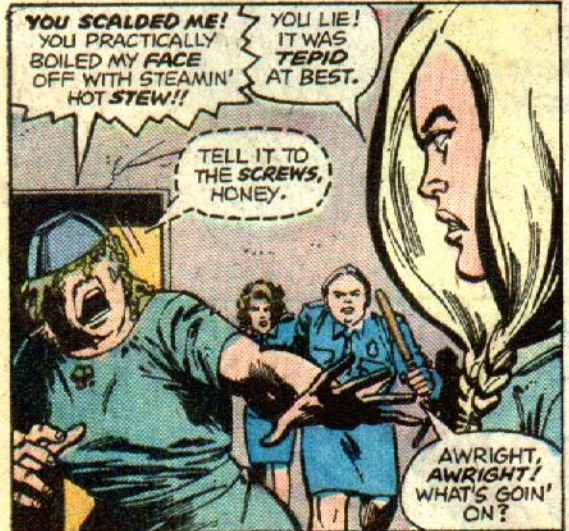
MMM...AN' IF I REFUSE?



THE ANSWER COMES GENTLY-- WITH ALMOST LOVING RESTRAINT-- FOR VAL IS MAGICALLY PROHIBITED FROM EXERCISING HER POWER ON OTHER WOMEN.

I DO HOPE I HAVEN'T HURT YOU.

YOU KIDDIN'?

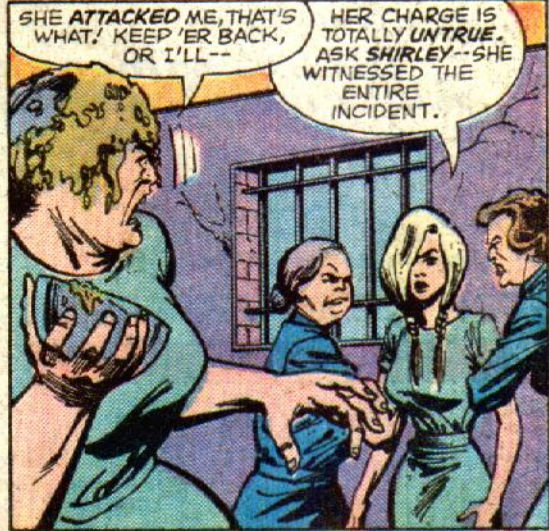


YOU SCALDED ME! YOU PRACTICALLY BOILED MY FACE OFF WITH STEAMIN' HOT STEW!!

YOU LIE! IT WAS TEPID AT BEST.

TELL IT TO THE SCREWS, HONEY.

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



SHE ATTACKED ME, THAT'S WHAT! KEEP 'ER BACK, OR I'LL--

HER CHARGE IS TOTALLY UNTRUE. ASK SHIRLEY-- SHE WITNESSED THE ENTIRE INCIDENT.



WELL, KID-- HOW 'BOUT IT? WHO'S LEVELIN' AND WHO'S LYIN'? SPEAK UP!

TELL THEM, SHIRLEY, YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR.

YEAH, SHUR-LEE-- SPIT IT OUT!

I... DIDN'T SEE...

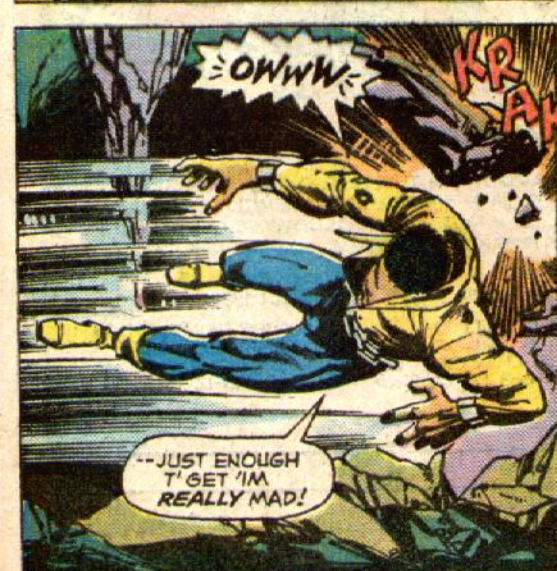
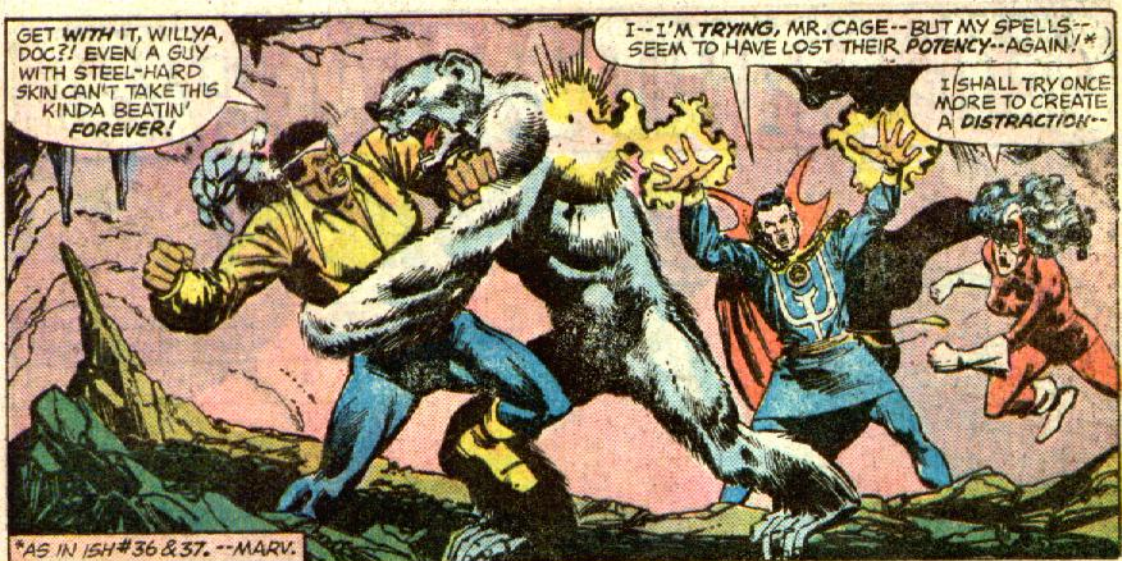


AW, NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! SHE MUST'A NOT BEEN WATCHIN'!

GUESS THAT MEANS YOU MISS DIN-DIN TO NIGHT, SWEET-CHEEKS. CATCH YA LATER.!

I SPOTTED THIS ONE AS A TROUBLE-MAKER-- DIDN'T I WARN YOU?

YEAH, YEAH...



AN' WHEN THIS PARTICULAR DUDE GETS T' FEELIN' THAT NASTY--

--AIN'T NOthin'!--  
--BUT NOthin'--  
STANDS IN HIS WAY!

PRaise THE VISHANTI! I WOULD'VE THOUGHT ONLY THE HULK CAPABLE OF SUCH A FEAT!

THAT YOU ACCOMPLISHED IT WITHOUT KILLING THE BEAST IS ALL THE MORE REMARKABLE!

HATE T' DISILLUSION YA, DOC-- BUT I WANTED TO. I SURELY DID!



GOT THAT?



I SUPPOSE YOU CAN HARDLY BE **BLAMED**--AND YET, WE ARE THE INTRUDERS HERE, NOT HIM.

AND THE PAIN HE SUFFERED WOULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED ENTIRELY IF MY **SORCERY** HAD--!

IT'S AS IF SOME PART OF MY **BRAIN** WERE UNABLE TO--

UUNH!  
MY KNEE--  
WHAT--?



SHE ASSUMES AT FIRST SHE'S SIMPLY KNEELED ON SOME JAGGED BIT OF ROCK, SOME BED OF LOOSE GRAVEL. BUT WHEN SHE GLANCES DOWNWARD, HER ANNOYANCE TURNS TO HORROR.

no...!



MOONS OF MUNNOPOR-- SHE'LL BE EATEN ALIVE!

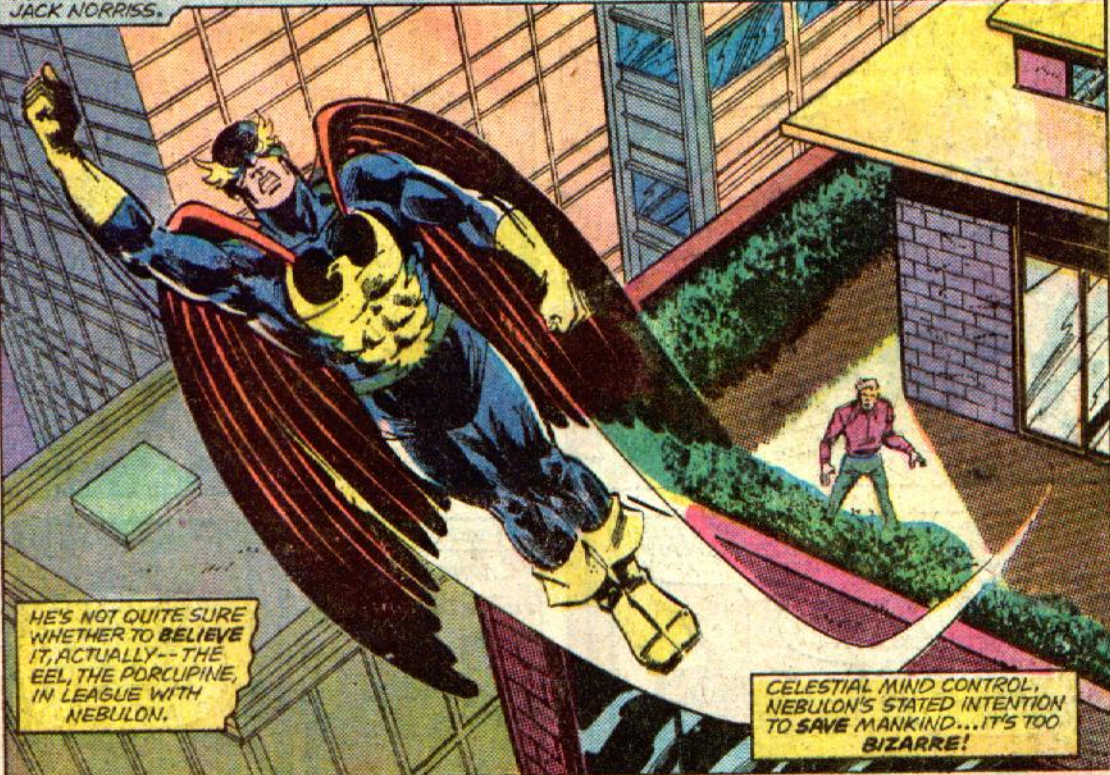
THEY'RE ALIVE!! THOUSANDS OF THEM--CRAWLING OUT OF THE CRACKS IN THE ROCK!!

CAGE-- OVER HERE! HELP ME!





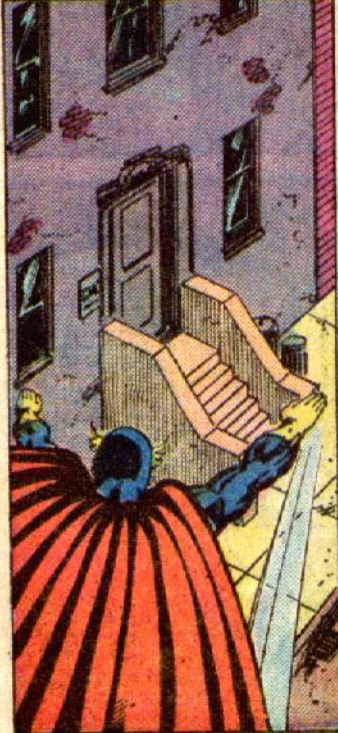
**MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WHAT SEEMS TO HIM AN ETERNITY, KYLE RICHMOND DONS THE DRAMATIC GARB OF NIGHTHAWK AND TAKES TO THE SKY, HIS MIND REELING AT THE TALE TOLD HIM BY JACK NORRIS.**



HE'S NOT QUITE SURE WHETHER TO BELIEVE IT, ACTUALLY-- THE EEL, THE PORCUPINE, IN LEAGUE WITH NEBULON.

CELESTIAL MIND CONTROL, NEBULON'S STATED INTENTION TO SAVE MANKIND...IT'S TOO BIZARRE!

AND YET, THE ADDRESS NORRIS GAVE HIM DOES HOUSE SOMETHING CALLED THE "CMC FOUNDATION."



AND, SURE ENOUGH, ON ENTERING IN HIS OVERBAGER FASHION, HE DOES FIND A PARLORFUL OF BOZO MASKS...!

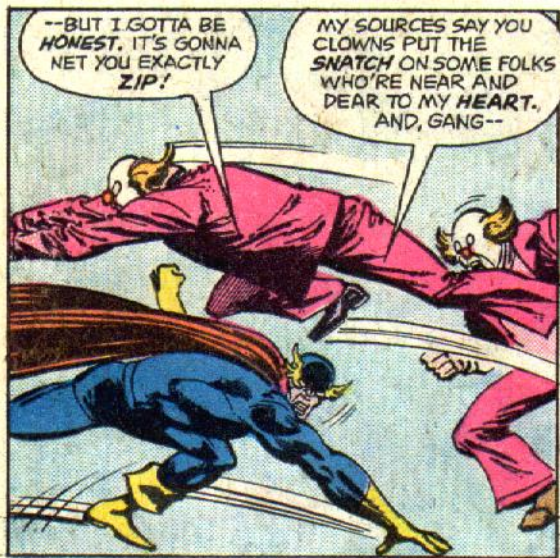


IT'S UTTERLY INSANE-- BUT IT MUST BE TRUE!  
INTERESTING-- THAT I CAN STILL MANAGE SURPRISE AT THIS SORT OF THING.

HE IS AN ENEMY OF THE MASTER! SEIZE HIM!!



I CAN ADMIRE YOUR DEDICATION, FELLAS 'N' GALS--



--BUT I GOTTA BE HONEST. IT'S GONNA NET YOU EXACTLY ZIP!

MY SOURCES SAY YOU CLOWNS PUT THE SNATCH ON SOME FOLKS WHO'RE NEAR AND DEAR TO MY HEART. AND, GANG--



--THAT'S A NO-NO!



VERY IMPRESSIVE, NIGHTHAWK--AND TOTALLY UNNECESSARY. WE'RE ALL CIVILIZED HUMAN BEINGS HERE, YOU KNOW.

IF IT'S INFORMATION YOU REQUIRE, THE BEST WAY TO OBTAIN IT IS TO ASK.

I TAKE IT YOU'RE THE KEEPER OF THIS ASYLUM?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE?



UH-HUH. YEAH. YOU MAY.

WHERE ARE THE DEFENDERS??

IS THAT WHAT ALL THIS FUSS IS ABOUT?! TCH, TCH. THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND THAT DOOR.



YOU DON'T TRUST ME, DO YOU?

GO ON. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

I WILL!



AND IF THIS IS ANY KIND OF TRICK OR TRAP, I'LL ALSO--

HOLY--

SLAM!



I'LL BE GOING NOW, NIGHTHAWK. I'VE A LECTURE DATE TO KEEP. BUT I PRESUME YOU'RE SATISFIED...

I'VE BEEN VERY HONEST WITH YOU.

VERY, MORE SO, IN FACT, THAN THE WING-CAPED DEFENDER CARES TO THINK ABOUT.

DOC! CAGE!  
WHAT ON  
EARTH--?!

FOR A MOMENT THAT NOTION COMFORTS HIM ...UNTIL HE CONSIDERS ITS ATTENDANT QUESTIONS--

WHOSE ILLUSION? HIS? THEIRS? THE BALD MAN'S? ARTIFICIALLY INDUCED? ORGANICALLY?

SUDDENLY, HIS BRAIN FEELS DETACHED AGAIN, SENSELESS. HE TREMBLES.

AN ILLUSION--  
THAT'S IT--  
IT MUST BE!

SUDDENLY, IT BECOMES IMPERATIVE TO ESTABLISH THE PHYSICAL REALITY OF THE MACABRE TABLEAU. IF HE CANNOT, HE MUST CONCLUDE HE IS MAD, AND EVEN THIS IS PREFERABLE....!

DOC!  
DOC!!

SNAP OUT OF IT, MAN!  
YOU'VE GOT TO--PLEASE--  
I--

I need to know I'm okay...  
KYLE...  
KYLE...  
KYLE?!

EYES OF OSHTUR!  
WHERE--HOW  
DID YOU--I  
DO NOT--!

NEITHER DO I, FRIEND. ALL I KNOW IS...I CAME BY WAY OF THE DOOR!

DOOR??

WHAT DOOR?  
WHERE?

TWO WORDS I NEVER, EVER FIGURED I'D BE SAYING TO YOU, DOC--CALM DOWN.

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SO FLAT-OUT FRANTIC!

IS THIS THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF THE DOOR YOU SPOKE OF?

RIGHT.  
BUT, DOC--

LATER, MY FRIEND.

SUFFICE IT TO SAY MY COMPOSURE HAS RETURNED.

AND WITH IT, MY EFFECTIVENESS--  
FOR NOW, AT LEAST.

ONE QUICK FLICK OF THE MYSTIC'S WRIST LATER...

BUT BEFORE THE AWED ADEPT CAN STEP BACK INTO OUR WORLD...

DEMONS OF DENAK! THE DOOR IS A DIMENSIONAL PORTAL!

PULL IT SHUT! AND HOLD IT THAT WAY!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY DIDN'T THE MASTER LOCK--?

YOURS IS NOT TO QUESTION, BUT TO ACT--BOZO!

HURRY UPSTAIRS! ROUSE THE HELP!

THE REST OF YOU MAINTAIN YOUR PULL ON THAT DOOR! THE MAGICIAN MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE!

PHYSICAL FORCE IS HARDLY MY BAILIWICK, BUT WITH MY SPELLS BEHAVING SO ERRATICALLY...

NO NEED FOR APOLOGIES, DOC. WE'RE READY WHEN YOU ARE.

RIGHT ON, MAN. YOUR SHOULDER'S GOOD AS THE NEXT CAT'S.

NO FURTHER VERBIAGE IS NECESSARY. TOGETHER, THEY BEGIN THEIR CHARGE.

TOGETHER, THEY ACHIEVE THEIR OBJECTIVE.

KRAK

THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH!!

FOR ALL THE GOOD IT WILL DO THEM!

YOU SEE, DR. STRANGE, NOT EVERY DISCIPLE OF CELESTIAL MIND CONTROL IS MERELY HUMAN.

SOME--LIKE THE EEL, AND MYSELF, THE PORCUPINE--ARE MORE THAN YOUR EQUALS IN POWER AS WELL AS ENLIGHTENMENT.

SOUNDS 'T ME LIKE THAT WALKIN' HAYSTACK WANTS A RUMBLE.

BACK IN A SEC, R.G.



THAT'S ALL IT'LL TAKE TO SETTLE THE SCORE!

PAIN SUBSIDING... INSECTS... DROPPING FROM MY BODY...



...DEAD! THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL MUST'VE... OVERTAXED THE LITTLE DEARS!

YOU NEEDN'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH ME, MR. CAGE.



I'VE JUST BECOME ANOTHER WORRY FOR OUR FOES!



HEH! LISTEN TO THEM, EEL-- THEIR SUPREME ARROGANCE, THEIR SELF-PROCLAIMED HEROISM.

GET THIS STRAIGHT, CHUMS--WE'RE NOT THE SLOBS WE USEDTA BE! OUR OLD BOZO-SELVES ARE KAPUT!



AND BESIDES... WE'RE NOT THE ONLY TROUBLE YOU GOT ON YOUR HANDS!



STEPHEN! THE DOORWAY! LOOK!

MEANWHILE, IN THE GRAND CANYON...

SORT OF A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, ISN'T IT, STU-- TWO TRAIL GUIDES TAKING THE CANYON MULEBACK?

BUT THIS TIME IT'S JUST YOU 'N' ME, SALLY. NO TOURISTS' "OOH'S" AND "AH'S".

WE'RE ALL ALONE-- TOGETHER.

OR SO IT SEEMS UNTIL THEY ROUND A BEND OF THE NARROW TRAIL...

...AND DISCOVER--

HOW!

WH-WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? LOOK HOW COARSE AND WEATHERED HIS SKIN IS! HE MUST BE A HUNDRED-YEARS OLD!

I--DON'T THINK SO--I MEAN--

I THINK HIS AGE IS IRRELEVANT. HE'S DEAD!

THAT STYLE OF HEADDRESS WAS WORN ONLY BY THE CHIEFS OF THE EXTINCT WAPPIDI CRAFTI TRIBE!

SO YOU-- YOU'RE A VISION AREN'T YOU?

I AM ...WHAT I AM.

I KNEW IT! THIS IS A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE! I-- YOU'RE GONNA IMPART SOME ANCIENT PRIMITIVE WISDOM TO ME!

YOU'LL BE WISER FOR THIS EXPERIENCE, YES.

SPROING

Y-YOUR HEAD!!

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND --WHAT'S THE MYSTICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF-- WAIT!--YOU--

YOU'RE NOT AN INDIAN--

"--YOU'RE AN ELF!"

AW, SHUCKS! BLEW MY COVER! GUESS THAT MEANS YOU WIN YOUR MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE!

'BYE, STU!

B  
L  
A  
M



MY SPELLS... SOME ESSENTIAL INGREDIENT IS MISSING FROM THEM... OR FROM ME.

CAN IT BE... MY ONENESS WITH THE UNSEEN WORLDS IS NO MORE?

WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION IS THERE ... FOR MY INABILITY TO EFFECT MORE THAN MERE PYROTECHNICS?



MAN, I WOULD HATE TO SEE YOUR CON ED BILL!

YOU ALREADY TOSSED AROUND ENOUGH 'LECTRICITY TO LIGHT UP BROADWAY FOR A WEEK.



BUT, SEE-- I AIN'T IMPRESSED BY PIZZAZZ. I WANT FLASH, ALL I GOTTA DO IS STEP OUT MY DOOR AN' GET BLINDED BY THE SEQUINS!

WHAT COUNTS IS WHETHER YOU CAN SIDESTEP THE STYLE AN' LATCH ONTA THE NITTY-GRITTY!



SURPRISE, CAGE-- YOUR STREET-SMARTS DON'T CUT IT IN THE BIG LEAGUES!

I'M CALLED THE EEL, REMEMBER-- AND I'M ELECTRIFIED HEAD TO TOE! YOU GOT ME, OKAY-- BUT CAN YOU LET GO?



YOU PICKED UP A LIVE WIRE, FOOL-- AND YOU'LL HOLD IT 'TILL IT KILLS Y-- UNNGH!

PERHAPS, EEL-- IF HE WERE ALONE IN HIS STRUGGLE.



YOU DID IT, WOMAN. HE SWITCHED OFF HIS-- HUH?!

BLAST! HE'S SLIPPERY AS A REAL EEL, TOO!



I'D HOPED YOUR GROUP WOULD PROVIDE MORE OF A **CHALLENGE** NIGHT-HAWK--AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EEL AND I TO UTILIZE OUR NEWLY-ACQUIRED **SELF-AWARENESS**.

INSTEAD OF EXERCISING YOUR NON-STOP **MOUTH**, YOU MEAN? GO AHEAD! UTILIZE! IT'D BE A **RELIEF!**



JUST DON'T EXPECT **ME** TO STAND AROUND AND **SWOON** WHILE YOU FLEX YOUR **EXPANDED CONSCIOUSNESS**.

NOT WHILE I CAN PUT MY TIME TO **BETTER USE--**

**THUNT**



-- BY SENDING YOU CAREENING BACK INTO YOUR **SELF-ACTUALIZED CRONY!**

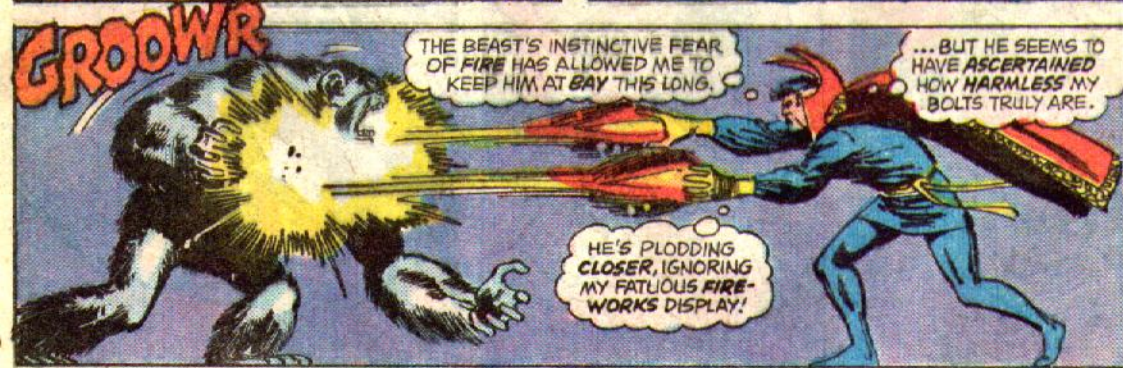
"IT'S THE OLD 'TWO-BIRDS' ROUTINE. YOUR WEIGHT ZONKS HIM, HIS ELECTRICITY SHORTS OUT YOU."



**BINGO, FEATHER-FACE!** YOU'RE A **HERO!**

AND A CREDIT TO MY **SURGICAL EXPERTISE**. THE BRAIN I REPLACED IN YOUR SKULL FUNCTIONS **MORE** THAN ADEQUATELY, I'D SAY.

YEAH, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO **THANK YOU** FOR THAT!



**GROOWR**

THE BEAST'S INSTINCTIVE FEAR OF FIRE HAS ALLOWED ME TO KEEP HIM AT **BAY** THIS LONG.

... BUT HE SEEMS TO HAVE **ASCERTAINED** HOW **HARMLESS** MY BOLTS TRULY ARE.

HE'S PLODDING **CLOSER**, IGNORING MY **FATUOUS FIREWORKS DISPLAY!**



MY FELLOW-DEFENDERS SEEM TO UNDERSTAND, WITHOUT MY HAVING SPOKEN IT, THAT I MUST MEET THIS CHALLENGE ALONE...

... THAT MORE IS AT ISSUE HERE THAN THE DEFEAT OF A SINGLE ADVERSARY.



MORDO, UMAR, DORMAMMU, NIGHTMARE... I FEEL ALL THEIR EYES ON MY BACK, WATCHING, CALCULATING...

...WONDERING IF THIS BE THE MOMENT WHEN EARTH IS NO LONGER PROTECTED FROM THEIR MYSTIC ASSAULTS BY DR. STRANGE!

I MUST DEMONSTRATE NOW, FOR ALL TIME, IT IS NOT SO!



BEHOLD--THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK-- AND THE REAFFIRMATION OF DR. STRANGE AS SORCERER SUPREME!

PRETTY SLICK, DOC. NICE TO KNOW YOUR POWERS STILL COME THROUGH IN A PINCH, AIN'T IT?..

I POSSESS NO "POWERS", MR. CAGE-- MERELY CERTAIN SENSITIVITIES AND BITS OF INFORMATION WHICH OTHER MEN--

BUT NO MATTER. THESE ARE CONCERNS TO BE DEALT WITH IN THE PRIVACY OF MY SOUL.



WHATEVER YOU SAY, DOC. ANY WAY YOU SLICE IT, WE WOW.

ONLY THE BATTLE, MR. CAGE. THE WAR GOES ON.



YEAH... BUT AT LEAST WE CAN CATCH SOME Z'S BEFORE WE HIT THE TRENCHES AGAIN.

RIGHT. WE CAN CALL THE COPS TO MOP UP AROUND HERE.

AGREED.



"I DOUBT THEY'LL FIND ANYTHING INSIDE BEYOND THEIR MEANS TO GOPE WITH."

**NEXT > RIOT IN A WOMEN'S PRISON! (OR: "B-MOVIES LIVE!!")**

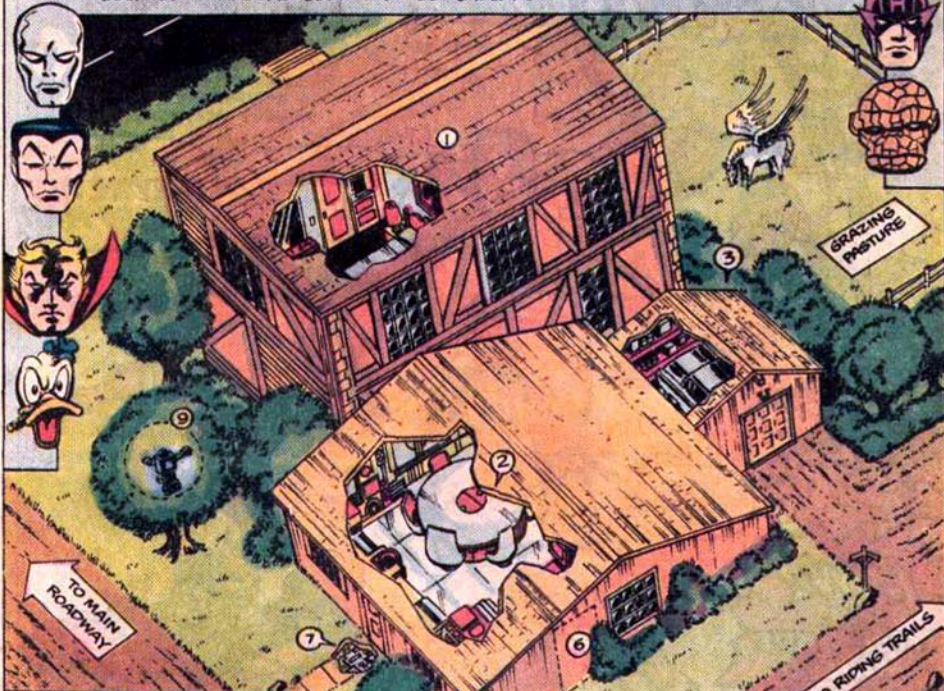


# THE DEFENDERS?

## LONG ISLAND HANG-OUT

(OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THEIR NON-HEADQUARTERS!)

A CONVERTED EQUESTRIAN ACADEMY BELONGING TO KYLE RICHMOND, LOCATED IN NASSAU COUNTY ON LONG ISLAND.



### GADGETRY GUIDE

- (1) LIVING QUARTERS AND ACADEMY PROPER
- (2) DEFENDERS NON-H.Q. GARAGE
- (3) UNDERGROUND PASSAGE TO:
- (4) BARN, WHICH CONTAINS ARAGORN'S STALL (AS WELL AS GENERATORS TO PROVIDE EMERGENCY POWER)
- (5) CONCEALED SLIDING PANEL
- (6) WARNING MECHANISM
- (7) HIDDEN MONITOR, TRIPPED BY ADVANCED ELECTRIC EYE BEAM
- (8) ARTIFICIAL TREE, MONITORING DRIVE VIA ELECTRIC EYE

**\*WARNING\***  
THIS SPECIAL 50TH ISSUE FEATURE IS NOT TO BE SCRUTINIZED BY UNSCRUPULOUS SUPER-VILLAINS!