

194
DEC
02450

20¢
EE

THE MIGHTY THOR™

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY



LOKI!
I SAY THEE
NAY! THOU
SHALT NE'ER
WED THE FAIR
SIF--

ALL
NEW!
"THIS
FATAL
FURY!"

-- THOUGH
THE LEGIONS
OF ASGARD
BE HURLED
AGAINST ME!

LOKI TRIUMPHANT!

THE MIGHTY THOR!

THIS FATAL FURY!

LOKI HATH THE ODIN-RING! ALL ASGARD DOTH TRULY TREMBLE-- FOR WITH SAID RING, LOKI BE SUPREME! EVEN NOW, THE LAND'S LAST TRUE DEFENDER STRUGGLES WITH FADING POWER--POWER QUICKLY DRAINING, FOR THOR IS BEREFT OF HIS MYSTIC HAMMER-- AND IN LESS THAN SIXTY SECONDS, THE THUNDER GOD MUST BECOME MORTAL ONCE MORE!

SO, BROTHER--
THOU WOULDST
REBEL?

WHAT USE YOUR
WORDS OF FIRE
NOW--AS YOU
STRAIN 'GAINST
THE GRIP OF
YONDER STORM
GIANT?

AYE! THE SON
OF ODIN IS BUT
A GNAT--

--AN INSECT--
TO BE
CRUSHED!

MILORD
LOKI--
THIS
CANNOT
BE!

ONLY THY
HAND MAY
STOP IT--
AND THOU
MUST!

NAV!
ON THIS DAY--
THOR
DIES!

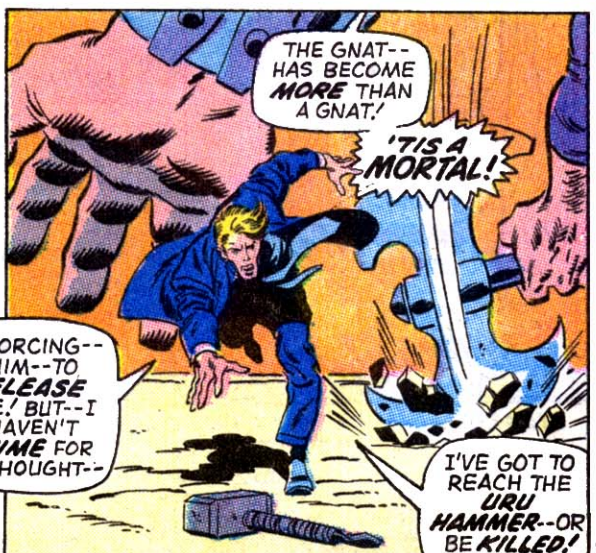
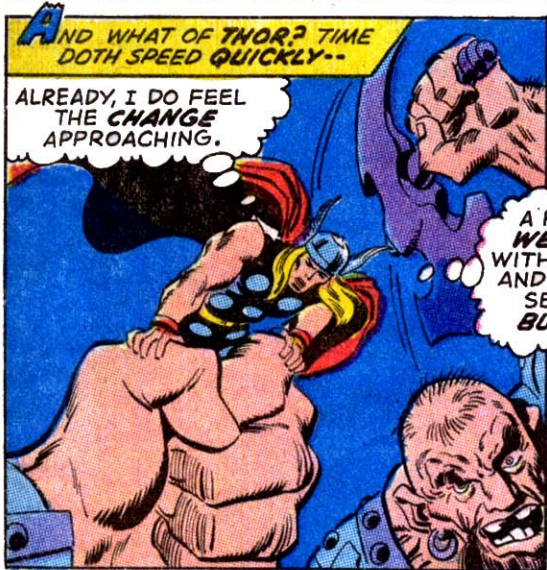
STAN LEE, EDITOR

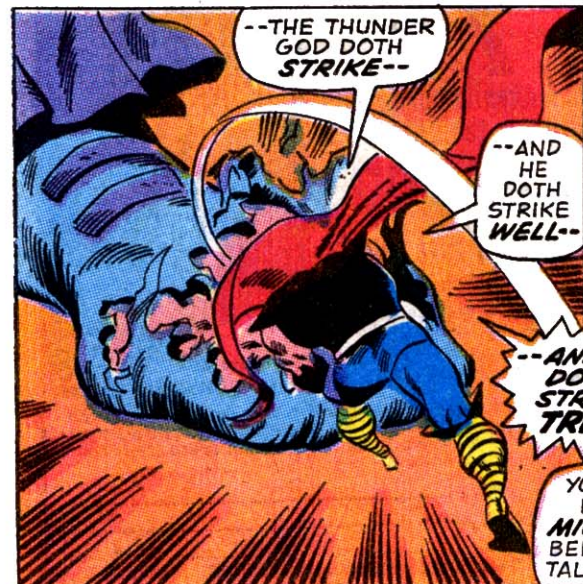
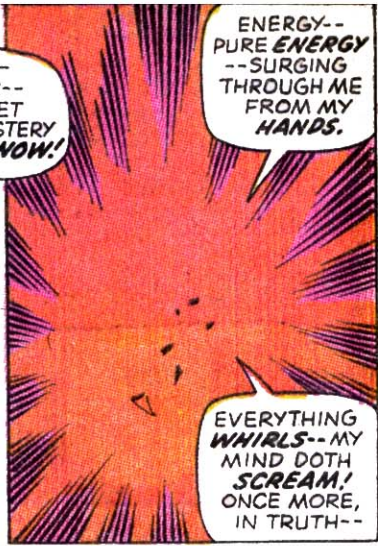
GERRY CONWAY, WRITER

JOHN AND SAL BUSCEMA, ARTISTS

ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER

THOR is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 625 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly except July, semi-monthly. Copyright (C) 1971 by Magazine Management Co., Inc., Marvel Comics Group, all rights reserved 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 1, No. 194, December, 1971 issue. Price 20¢ per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. by World Color Press, Inc., Sparta, Illinois 62286. Subscription rate \$3.00 for 13 issues including 25¢ King Size Special. Canada \$3.50. Foreign subscriptions \$4.75.







METHINKS 'TIS TIME TO CLEAR THAT AIR--

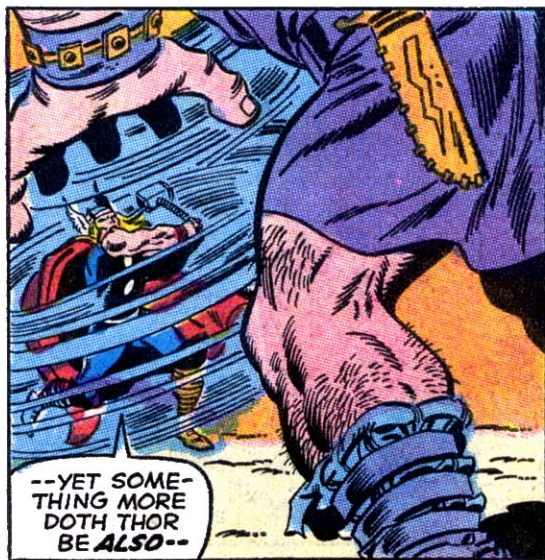
-- AND CLEAR IT SHALL BE-- AT ONCE!

CHUNK!

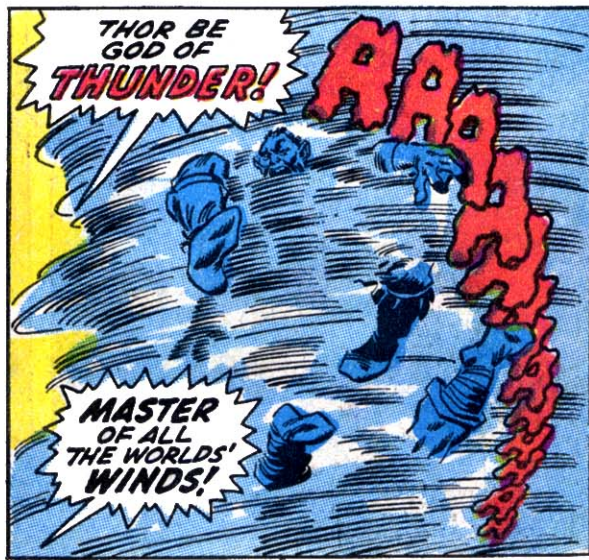


NOW SHALL YE ALL KNOW WHY THIS HAMMER BE MINE--

-- AND MINE ALONE. AYE, THOR BE THE SON OF ODIN--

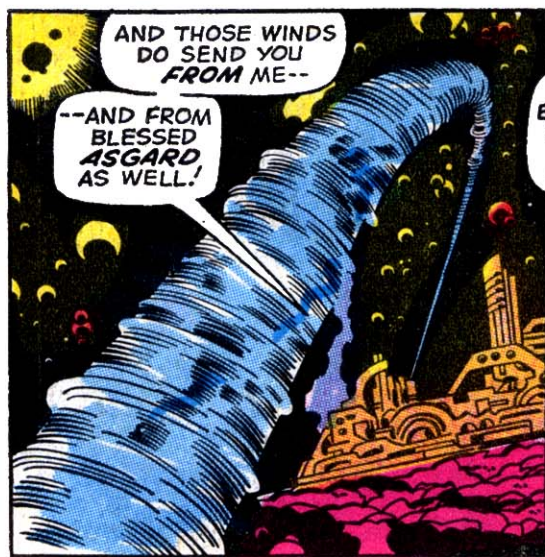


-- YET SOMETHING MORE DOTH THOR BE ALSO--



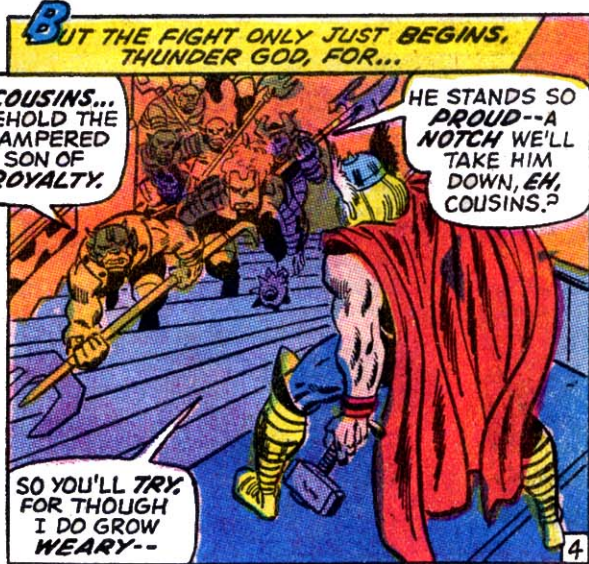
THOR BE GOD OF THUNDER!

MASTER OF ALL THE WORLDS' WINDS!



AND THOSE WINDS DO SEND YOU FROM ME--

-- AND FROM BLESSED ASGARD AS WELL!



BUT THE FIGHT ONLY JUST BEGINS, THUNDER GOD, FOR...

COUSINS... BEHOLD THE PAMPERED SON OF ROYALTY.

HE STANDS SO PROUD-- A NOTCH WE'LL TAKE HIM DOWN, EH, COUSINS?

SO YOU'LL TRY FOR THOUGH I DO GROW WEARY--



--STILL I FIGHT!

FOR ODIN!
FOR--

'TIS A MADMANNNN!!



ASGARRRR!

SWAK!

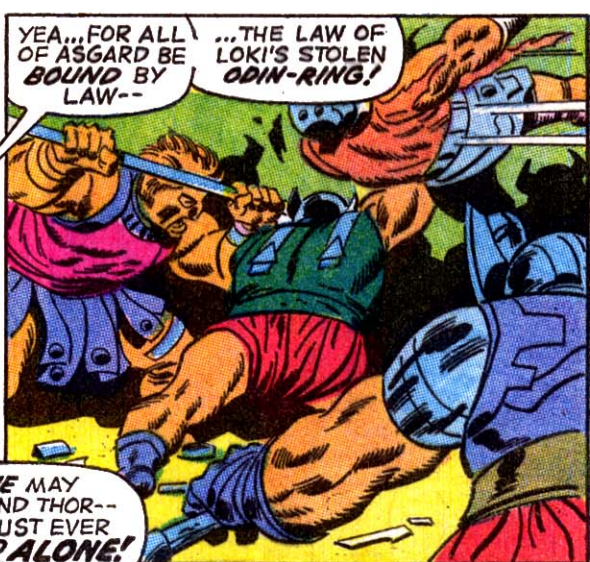


THOR FIGHTS WELL...AND BRAVELY.

WELL MIGHT WE WISH TO SMITE AT HIS SIDE-- BUT WE CANNOT.

YET...IS NOT HIS FIGHT IN VAIN?

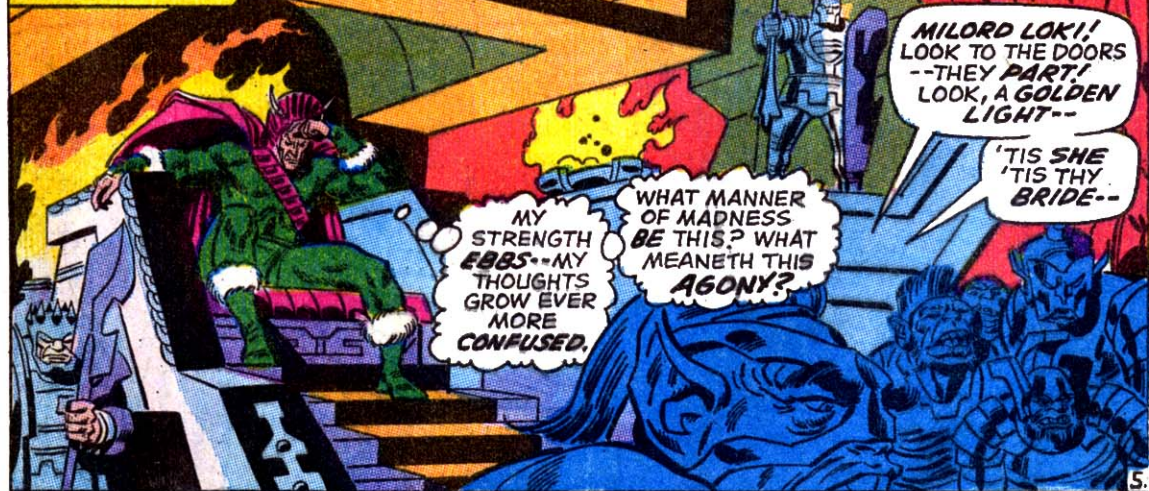
NONE MAY DEFEND THOR-- HE MUST EVER STAND ALONE!



YEA... FOR ALL OF ASGARD BE BOUND BY LAW--

...THE LAW OF LOKI'S STOLEN ODIN-RING!

AND WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES, YET ANOTHER WAR BOILS WITHIN THE SOUL OF AN UNEASY GOD...



MILORD LOKI!! LOOK TO THE DOORS --THEY PART! LOOK, A GOLDEN LIGHT--

'TIS SHE 'TIS THY BRIDE--

MY STRENGTH EBBS--MY THOUGHTS GROW EVER MORE CONFUSED.

WHAT MANNER OF MADNESS BE THIS? WHAT MEANETH THIS AGONY?

--THE LADY SIF ARRIVES!

FOR BUT A MOMENT, HER SHOULDERS BOW... BUT THE LADY'S PRIDE DOES STRAIGHTEN HER FRAME AND FIRM HER STRIDE...

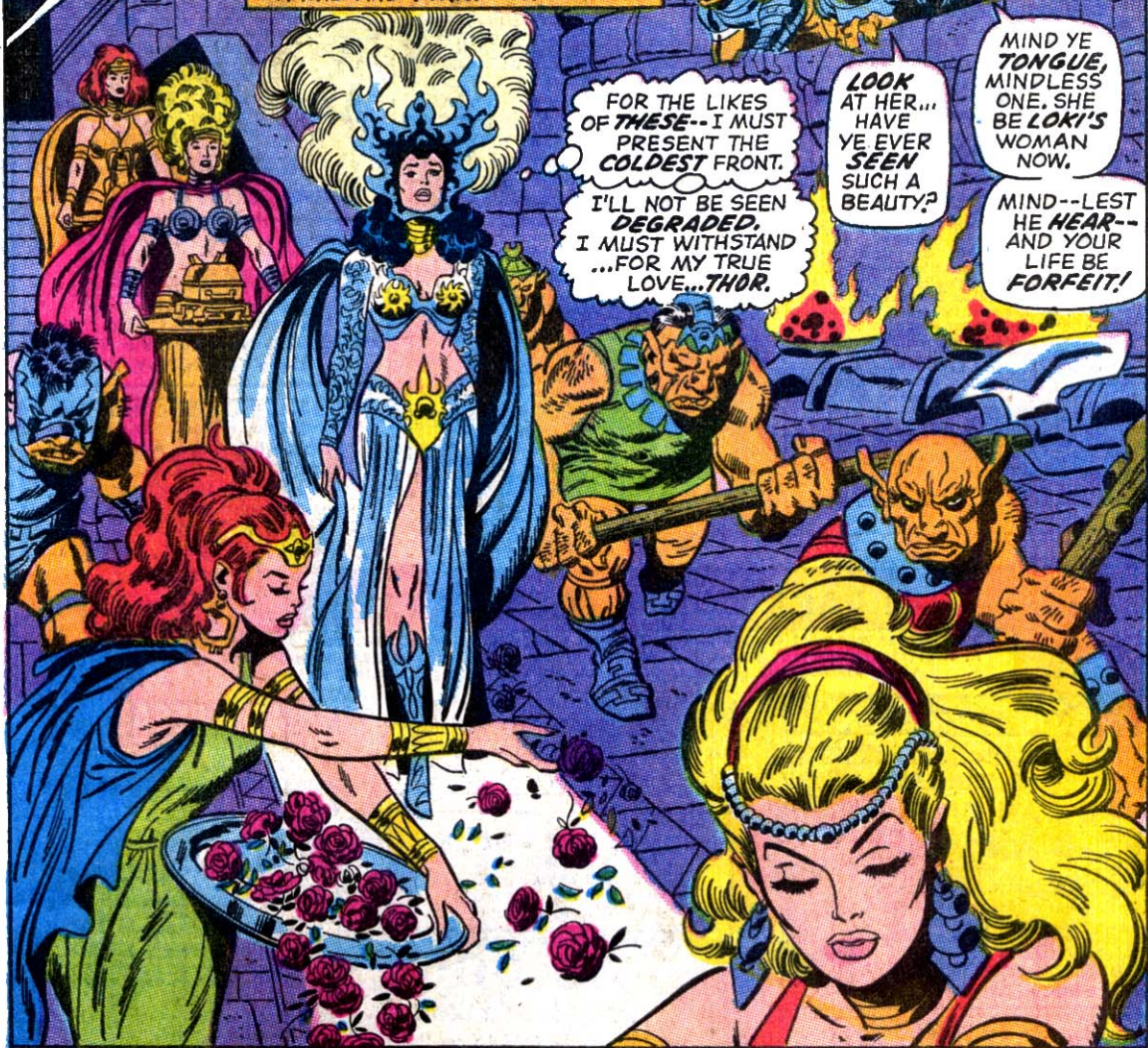
FOR THE LIKES OF THESE-- I MUST PRESENT THE COLDEST FRONT.

I'LL NOT BE SEEN DEGRADED. I MUST WITHSTAND... FOR MY TRUE LOVE... THOR.

LOOK AT HER... HAVE YE EVER SEEN SUCH A BEAUTY?

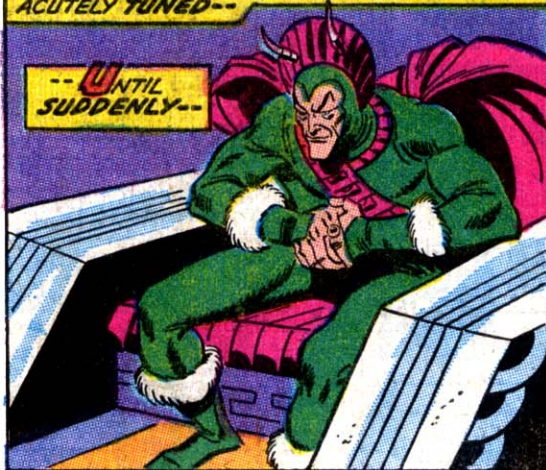
MIND YE TONGUE, MINDLESS ONE. SHE BE LOKI'S WOMAN NOW.

MIND--LEST HE HEAR-- AND YOUR LIFE BE FORFEIT!



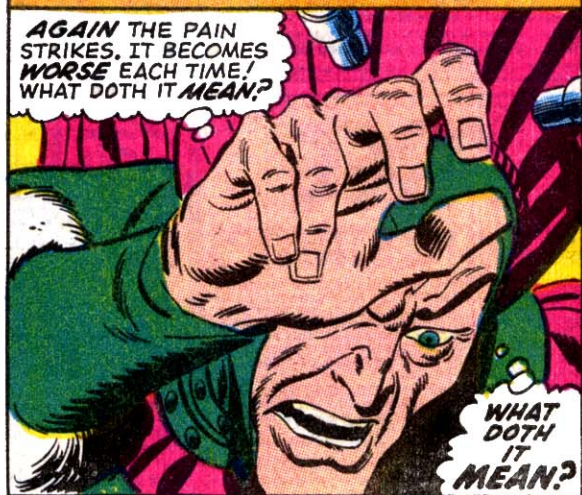
BUT LOKI HEARS NAUGHT. HIS SENSES ARE MOST ACUTELY TUNED TO THE VISION THAT SLOWLY DOETH APPROACH HIM. AYE, ACUTELY TUNED--

--UNTIL SUDDENLY--



--A BLINDING PANG THRUSTS STRAIGHT INTO HIS HATE-BLACKENED SOUL.

AGAIN THE PAIN STRIKES. IT BECOMES WORSE EACH TIME! WHAT DOETH IT MEAN?



WHAT DOETH IT MEAN?

AND WHILE THE GOD OF MISCHIEF SILENTLY WONDERS, LET US TURN TO THREE MORE MEMBERS OF OUR CAST...

NO MORE. MY STOMACH TURNS WITH THE THOUGHT OF THAT BLACK WEDDING.

YEA, FRIEND HOGUN, METHINKS WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH.

'TIS TIME WE PARTED --AND FOUND OUR WAY TO ODIN'S SIDE.

THINK AGAIN, DASHING FANDRAL. WE'VE ORDERS ABOUT YOU THREE.

YOU'LL NOT STEP A PACE INTO THIS HALL--AND LIVE.

TROLLS!

THOU GOEST TOO FAR!

FANDRAL MOVES-- WHERE FANDRAL WILL!

AND NONE MAY SAY HIM NAY!

YOU SPEAK FOR HOGUN, TOO, MY FRIEND!

LET THE BLACK-GUARDS TASTE MY MACE!

AS FOR VOLSTAGG--HE WILL BRAVELY GUARD THE REAR--~~URR!~~

THROD!

WORK WELL DONE, FAT ONE--

NOW SEE IF THOU MAY LEAD US FROM THIS HALL--

--WHILE THIS BILLINGWING CURTAIN ATTENDS TO OUR EAGER ATTACKERS!

HAVE DONE WITH THY SPORT, FANDRAL.

OUR PLACE BE WITH ODIN, COME!

AND IN THE CENTRAL PALACE, THE DISTURBANCE GOES UNNOTICED, AS...

MILORD... MAY I NOT PLEAD WITH YOU...?

FOR THOR'S LIFE?

WHAT USE, WOMAN? EVEN AS WE SPEAK--

--THE GOD OF THUNDER MUST NOW LIE DEAD!

COME. YOUR PLACE IS AT MY SIDE!

NO SOONER SAID-- THAN THE WORDS ARE SHATTERED BY A FAMILIAR CRY--

I SAY THEE NAY!

NOT WHILE I LIVE-- NOT WHILE MY HAND THIS HAMMER HOLDS!

THOU HAST SURVIVED I KNOW NOT HOW--

THOU!

--YET THOU WILT NOT --MUCH LONGER!

WORDS, VILE ONE... MEANINGLESS WORDS THROWN 'GAINST ME!

COME DOWN FROM THY THRONE, BROTHER--

COME DOWN--AND BATTLE THOR!

YOU HEAR?

HE DARES CHALLENGE LOKI!!

YEA!

THOOM!

'TIS A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

PREPARE THYSELF, BROTHER-- FOR THY MOST TIMELY END!

WOULD THAT I COULD BUT GO TO HIM--!

--BUT I CANNOT. I AM SWORN-- AGAINST HIM.

NAY, FAIR BALDER-- NOT AGAINST THOR--

'TIS NOT YOUR DOING THAT I BE ODIN'S FATED ENEMY--

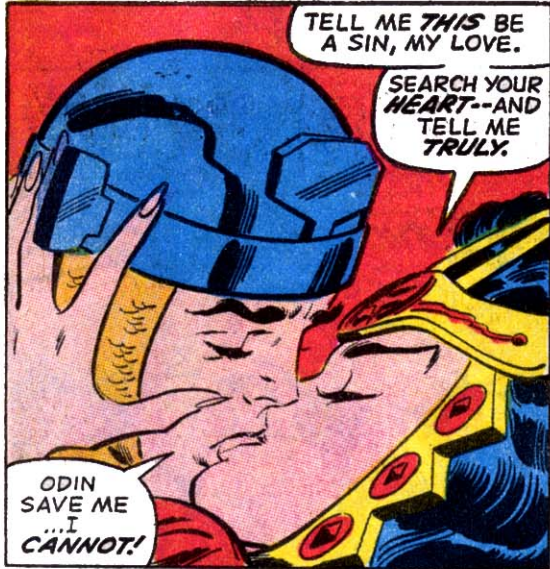
--NOT YOUR DOING THAT I FIND YOU-- ONE TO LOVE.

YEA... BUT IT IS MY PLEDGE, MILADY.

MY EVER-LASTING SIN!

--THOU ART BUT SWORN TO ME.

A SIN?



TELL ME *THIS* BE A SIN, MY LOVE.

SEARCH YOUR *HEART*--AND TELL ME *TRULY*.

ODIN SAVE ME ...I CANNOT!



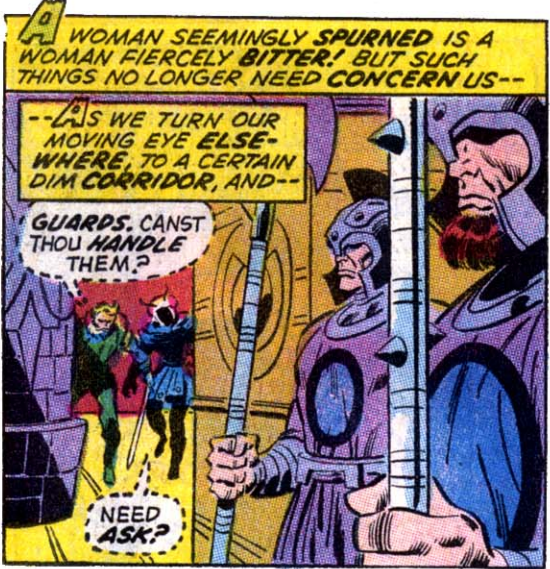
THY LIPS ARE *SWEET*, MY QUEEN.

YET STILL MY SOUL IS *HEAVY* --FOR THIS BALDER KNOWS--

--HE BE *TRAITOR*--
EVERMORE!

THEN BALDER BE A *FOOL!*

--AND DOTH *DESERVE* HIS LOVELESS *AGONY!*



A WOMAN SEEMINGLY SPURNED IS A WOMAN FIERCELY BITTER! BUT SUCH THINGS NO LONGER NEED CONCERN US--

--AS WE TURN OUR MOVING EYE ELSEWHERE, TO A CERTAIN DIM CORRIDOR, AND--

GUARDS. CANST THOU HANDLE THEM?

NEED ASK?



AND-- HERE, THIS BE THE CHAMBER FOR WHICH WE SEARCH.

WITHIN, THE ALL-FATHER DOTH SLEEP--

--A SLEEP NONE HATH EVER DARED DISTURB!

'TILL NOW, MY FRIEND.



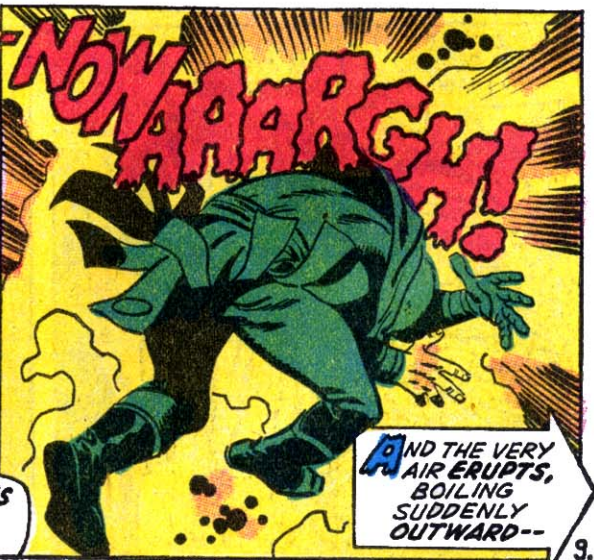
ART THOU NOT AFRAID OF ODIN'S WRATH?

THOUGH THE WRATH BE LEGEND--

--HOGUN THE GRIM HATH NE'ER BEEN ONE TO FAVOR TALES.

HE MUST BE AWAKENED--

--AND HOGUN'S HAND--WILL DO IT--



NOW AARGH!

AND THE VERY AIR ERUPTS, BOILING SUDDENLY OUTWARD--



SOUNDS! EVEN MIGHTY VOLSTAGG MUST NEEDS TURN HIS HEAD--

--FROM SUCH A SOUND! SUCH A SOUND!

WHO DARES?

NEVER DID I DREAM--!

FRIENDS, WHAT HAVE WE UNLEASHED?



DARE ASK? THOU WOULDST CAST NEW BLASPHEMIES?

PRAY THAT THY PURPOSE IS GRAVE, FOOLISH ONES...

...MOST GRAVE, THAT THOU HAST AWOKEN ME TO HEAR IT!

ART DEAF? SPEAK!



ALL-FATHER... WE BUT SEEK THINE AID.

THOR FIGHTS A FAILING BATTLE--AND LOKI DOTTH CLAIM THE LADYSIF!

WE BEG--THINE INTER-CESSION!

SO.



THOU DOST BEG IN VAIN, FANDRAL.

NOTHING WILL ODIN DO--NOTHING!

THOU HAST DISTURBED THE ODIN-SLEEP... FOR NAUGHT.

THOUGH THOR MAY FALL...MY HANDS BE TIED!



WHAT?

LORD ODIN--THOU CANNOT MEAN WHAT THOU DOST SAY!

PERHAPS OUR EARS BE YET STUNNED?

EVEN NOBLE VOLSTAGG'S?

NAY!'TIS GHASTLY TRUE.

ODIN BE HELPLESS--AND WE ALL--STAND DOOMED!



IT'S WELL THAT THE THUNDER GOD CANNOT HEAR YOUR WORDS, HOGLIN--

--FOR EVEN NOW, HE SEEKS TO THWART THAT NEARING FATE!

IF THOU HAST HONOR--FACE ME.

THY GUARDS BE DEAD, LOKI.

FIGHT ME!

STRIVING TO FORGET THE PAIN THAT ONLY NOW HAS PASSED, LOKI SNARLS HIS ANGER--

HONOR? LOKI DID **CREATE** THE TERM. MY HAND HOLDS THE ODIN-RING, THUNDER GOD... ...AND BY MY WILL, I'LL SHOW THEE HONOR ENOW--



UNNNH! THE RING!

RED AGONY FILLS MY HAND--WHAT MADNESS--?

MORE TRICKS, BROTHER?



LOKI NEEDS NO TRICKS! HE NEEDS NO RING!

WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED GODS--

--LOKI CAN KILL!



MERE TALK, LOKI. THOU ART NO WARRIOR!

NAY? BLOCK ME ALL THOU WILT--

--THE POWER I DRAW FROM THE RING--

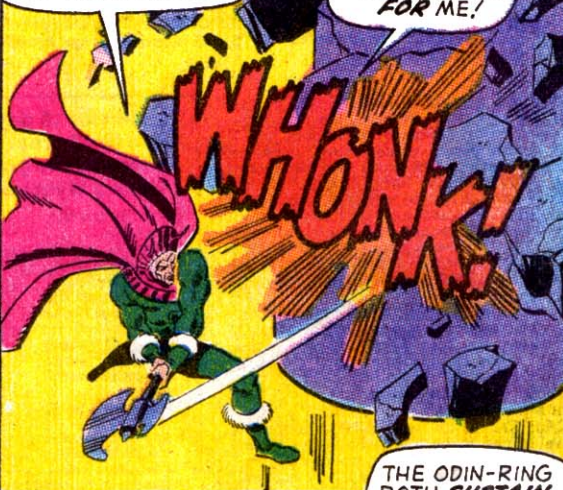


KLANG!

--WILL YET BREAK THEE!

FOR-- IF I CANNOT END THEE MYSELF--

--I'LL SEND A MESSENGER FOR ME!

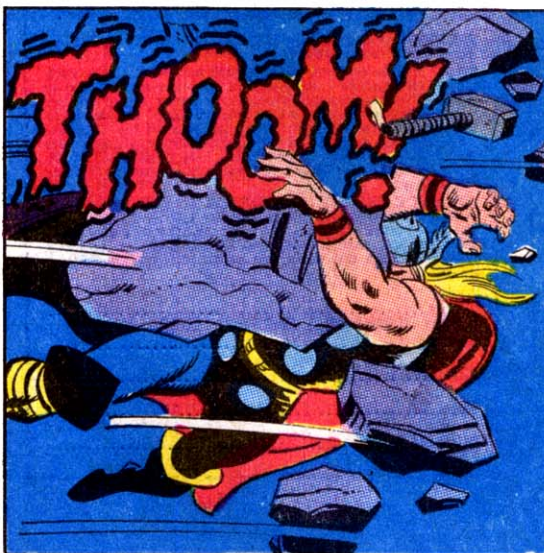


WHONK!

THE ODIN-RING DOTH SUSTAIN ME--EVEN AS YOUR BATTLE-WEARINESS DOTH MAKE THEE FALL.

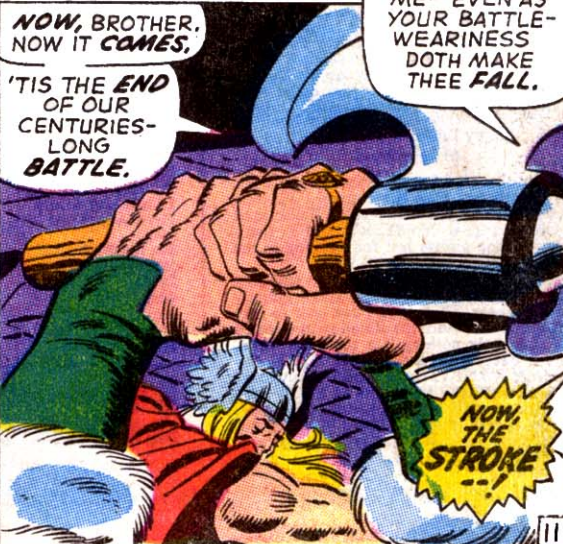
NOW, BROTHER. NOW IT COMES.

'TIS THE END OF OUR CENTURIES-LONG BATTLE.



THOOM!

NOW, THE STROKE--!



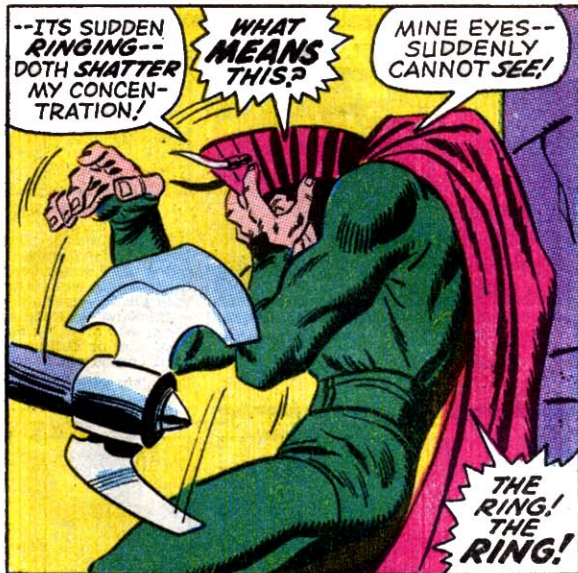


LOKI, NO! I'LL BE THY BRIDE-- I'LL DO WHAT THOU WILL!

BUT HARM HIM NOT! SPARE HIM, LOKI--

PLEASE!

THAT VOICE--



--ITS SUDDEN RINGING-- DOETH SHATTER MY CONCENTRATION!

WHAT MEANS THIS?

MINE EYES-- SUDDENLY CANNOT SEE!

THE RING! THE RING!



BUT HOLD-- MINE EYES SEE-- AND SEE TOO CLEARLY!

MY BODY DOETH GROW WITHERED-- AND THE PAIN DOETH INCREASE!

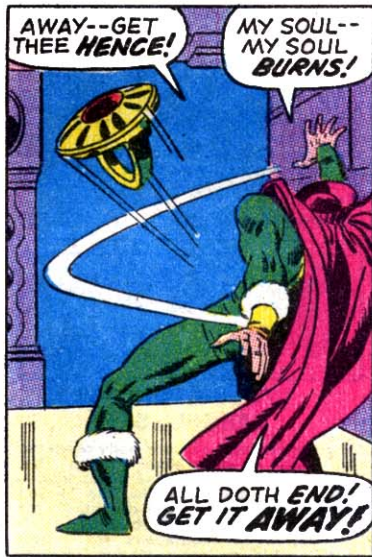
PLEASE!



NOW DO I SEE! 'TIS ALL-- IN THE RING!

CURSED JEWEL-- THOU ART KILLING ME!

NOOOOO!



AWAY--GET THEE HENCE!

MY SOUL-- MY SOUL BURNS!

ALL DOETH END! GET IT AWAY!



GEM CLATTERS AGAINST STONE, SPARKLES AND SETTLES. ALL GROWS MOST SILENT...SILENT... AND THEN...

IT IS DONE.



THAT FOR WHICH I HAVE WAITED--

--HATH COME TO PASS!

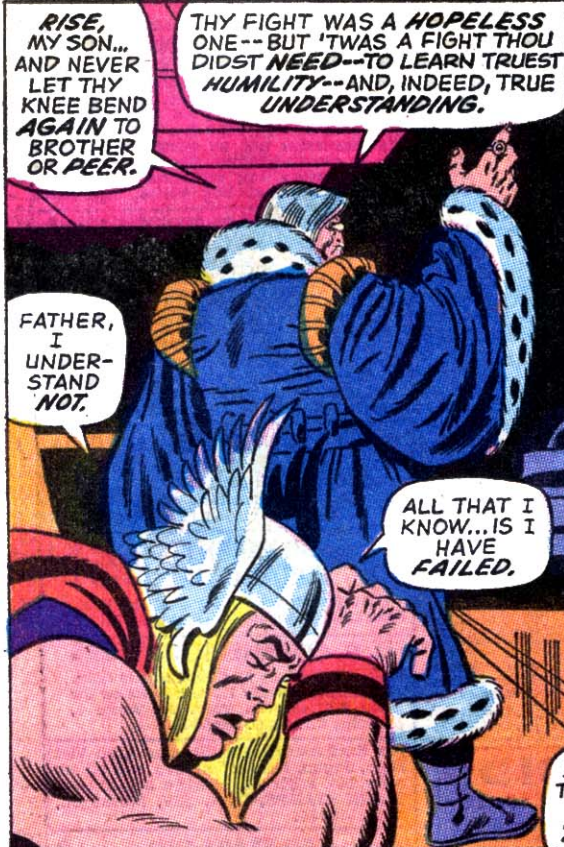
ONCE MORE--



--THE RING IS ODIN'S RING. THE HAND--

-- IS ODIN'S HAND, AND THE POWER... AND THE GLORY... BE ODIN'S ALONE!

ALL...AS I EXPECTED.



RISE, MY SON... AND NEVER LET THY KNEE BEND AGAIN TO BROTHER OR PEER.

THY FIGHT WAS A HOPELESS ONE-- BUT 'T WAS A FIGHT THOU DIDST NEED-- TO LEARN TRUEST HUMILITY-- AND, INDEED, TRUE UNDERSTANDING.

FATHER, I UNDERSTAND NOT.

ALL THAT I KNOW... IS I HAVE FAILED.



NAY, ODIN SHALL BE VICTORY'S JUDGE.

YET NOW BE NOT THE TIME FOR LAURELS-- BUT FOR PUNISHMENT MOST SWIFT!

BE THEE GONE, LOKI--

--AND BE SEEN IN THIS HOUSE-- NE'ER-MORE!

MY LORD ODIN--

--LET ME SPEAK--!

I'LL NOT HEAR THY WORDS OF FOULEST TREACHERY!

LEAVE ME! NOW!



WITH STATELY GRACE, LORD ODIN DOES RETAKE HIS THRONE, AND LOOKS OUT ONCE MORE UPON HIS SUBJECTS...

... FOREMOST, TWO VERY SPECIAL SUPPLICANTS.

MILORD... I DIDST TRULY FEAR THY DEATH.

DOTH EVEN A GOD WALK WITHOUT FEAR?

WERE THOU NOT AFRAID?

YEA, I FELT THAT PAIN, AND ANOTHER PAIN, MY LADY...



SPEAK NOT, I KNOW THAT PAIN THAT PAIN ONLY TOO WELL.

TO ME, MY LOVE... TO ME, AND NEVER LEAVE MY ARMS!

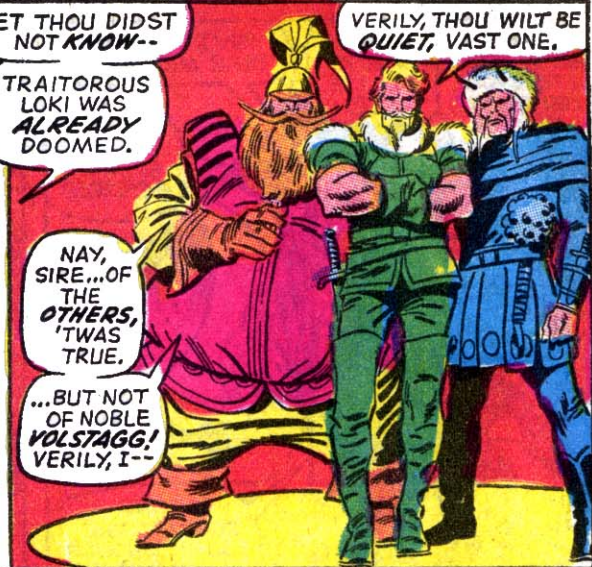


I SEE THE **WONDER** IN THINE EYES.

NOW...THERE SHALT BE...AN **ANSWER**.

I SEE THE **QUESTIONS** YE ALL DO YEARN TO ASK.

THREE CAME TO ME...FOR AID I DEIGNED NOT **GIVE**...



YET THOU DIDST NOT **KNOW**--

VERILY, THOU WILT BE **QUIET**, VAST ONE.

TRAITOROUS **LOKI** WAS ALWAYS DOOMED.

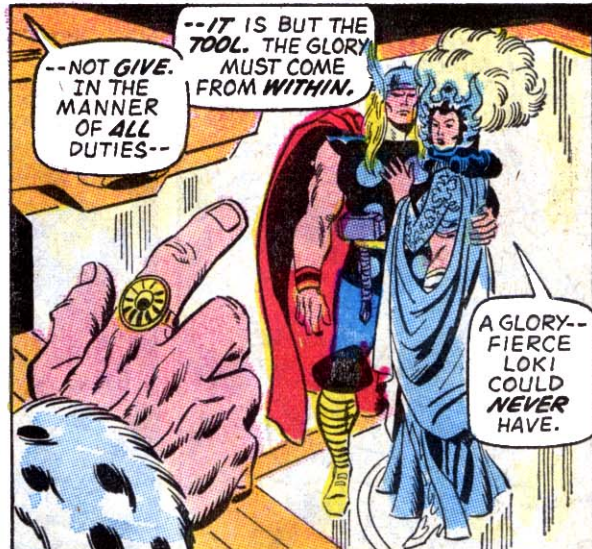
NAY, SIRE...OF THE **OTHERS**, 'T WAS TRUE.

...BUT NOT OF NOBLE **VOLSTAGG!** VERILY, I--



YEA, **DOOMED**--FOR ONLY **ONE** HATH THE STRENGTH TO BEAR THE **ODIN-RING**--

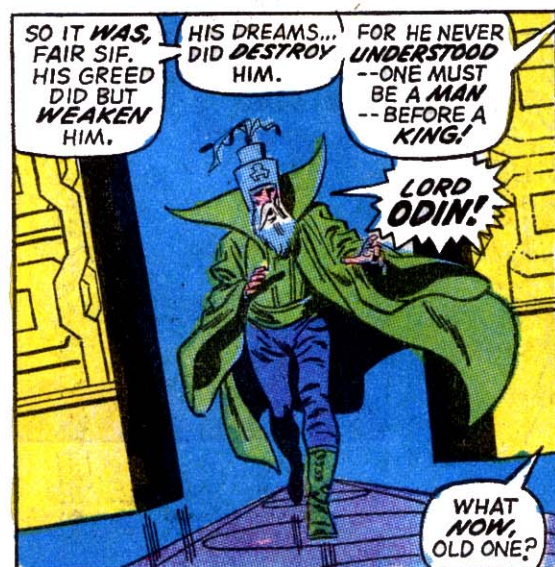
--AND **ODIN** BE THAT ONE. THE RING DOTH TAKE **POWER**--



--NOT **GIVE**. IN THE MANNER OF ALL DUTIES--

--IT IS BUT THE **TOOL**. THE GLORY MUST COME FROM **WITHIN**.

A **GLORY**--**FIERCE** **LOKI** COULD **NEVER** HAVE.



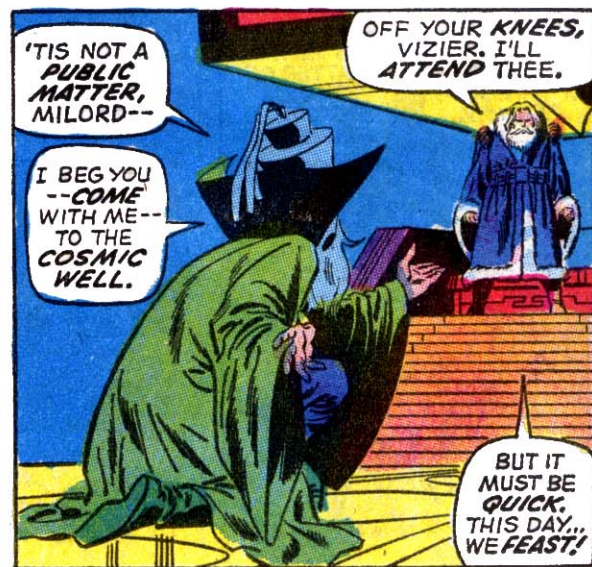
SO IT WAS, FAIR SIF. HIS **GREED** DID BUT **WEAKEN** HIM.

HIS DREAMS... DID **DESTROY** HIM.

FOR HE NEVER **UNDERSTOOD** --ONE MUST BE A **MAN** --BEFORE A **KING!**

LORD ODIN!

WHAT **NOW**, OLD ONE?



'TIS NOT A **PUBLIC** MATTER, MILORD--

OFF YOUR **KNEES**, VIZIER. I'LL **ATTEND** THEE.

I BEG YOU --**COME** WITH ME-- TO THE **COSMIC** WELL.

BUT IT MUST BE **QUICK**. THIS DAY... WE **FEAST!**



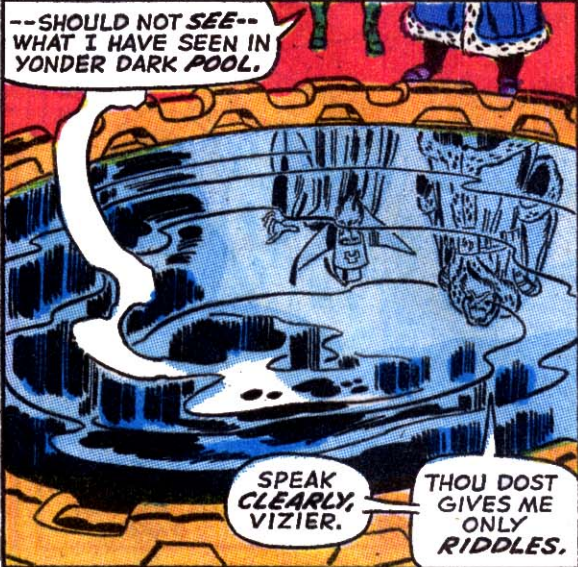
THOU WILT HAVE LITTLE STOMACH FOR FEASTS, MILORD.

PLEASE WAIT, PLEASE SEE.

WHY DOST THOU TAKE ME HERE?

AND WHY NOT SPEAK BEFORE?

MILORD-- PERHAPS THE YOUTHS SHOULD NOT KNOW--



--SHOULD NOT SEE-- WHAT I HAVE SEEN IN YONDER DARK POOL.

SPEAK CLEARLY, VIZIER.

THOU DOST GIVES ME ONLY RIDDLES.



LOOK, MILORD-- THE FACE OF LOKI--

--A FACE BROKEN WITH MIRTH, DOST THOU SEE WHY HE LAUGHS?

SUNS! WHAT HATH I DONE?



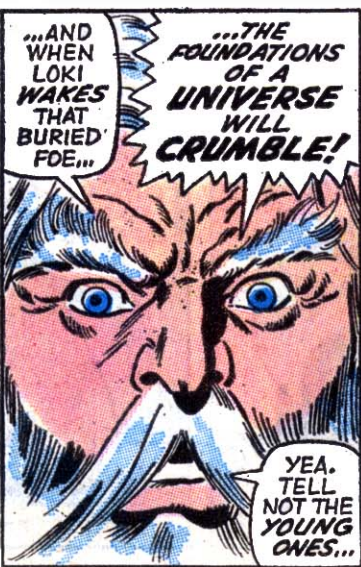
"NOW DO I UNDERSTAND... IN MY HASTE TO BE RID OF EVIL LOKI... I DID SEND HIM TO THAT MOST FEARED WORLD..."

"...AND HE KNOWS! HE KNOWS WHO BE ENTOMBED BENEATH THAT NIGHTMARE SURFACE..."



YEA, LOKI LAUGHS... WITH GOOD REASON.

'TIS BUT A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE FINDS HIM...



...AND WHEN LOKI WAKES THAT BURIED FOE...

...THE FOUNDATIONS OF A UNIVERSE WILL CRUMBLE!

YEA, TELL NOT THE YOUNG ONES...



SOON ENOUGH, THEY WILL LEARN...

...ODIN HATH DAMNED ASGARD--

--HATH DAMNED US ALL!

NEXT: The WELL AT WORLD'S END!