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THE MIGHTY THOR

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STAND YE FIRM AGAINST THE TROLLS' ATTACK--

--OR ASGARD FALLS--AND THEN THE EARTH!!



THE WELL AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD!

THE MIGHTY THOR!

IN THE SHADOW OF MAN GOG!

FESTIVAL IN ASGARD! WITH THE DEFEAT AND DISPATCHING OF THOR'S TREACHEROUS HALF-BROTHER LOKI, ALL SEEMS JOYOUS IN ASGARD ONCE MORE... LIGHT MUSIC FILLS THE HALLS, MOVEMENT AND COLOR REIGN WHERE AGONY ONCE STALKED...



...AND ALL SEEMS CALM... AND YET...

TELL ME, WOMAN--IF NOT FAIR SIF, THEN WHO BE LOVELIEST OF ALL?

AND IF NOT NOBLE THOR--THEN WHO THE GREATEST FLATTERER BE?

MILORD... THOU DOST TREAT ME LIKE A QUEEN.

HO, VOLSTAGG-- HAST THOU NOT YET DRUNK THY FILL?

AS MELODIOS AS A BULLFROG'S, I'LL WAGER.

NEXT THOU SHALT BE SINGING FOR US, FAT ONE!

AND WHY NOT?

IS NOT VOLSTAGG'S THE MOST MELODIOS OF TONGUES?

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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. 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. 195, January, 1972 issue. Price 20c 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 \$2.75 and \$3.25 Canada for 12 issues including postage. Foreign subscriptions \$4.50.

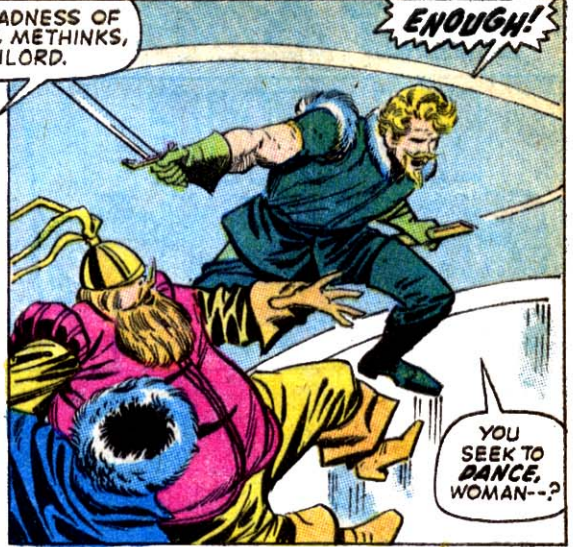


A QUEEN? MILADY, IN BUT A FORTNIGHT--

--I'LL MAKE THEE A ROYAL BRIDE!

BUT HOLD-- WHAT MADNESS STEALS YON FANDRAL'S MIND?

THE MADNESS OF WINE, METHINKS, MILORD.



ENOUGH!

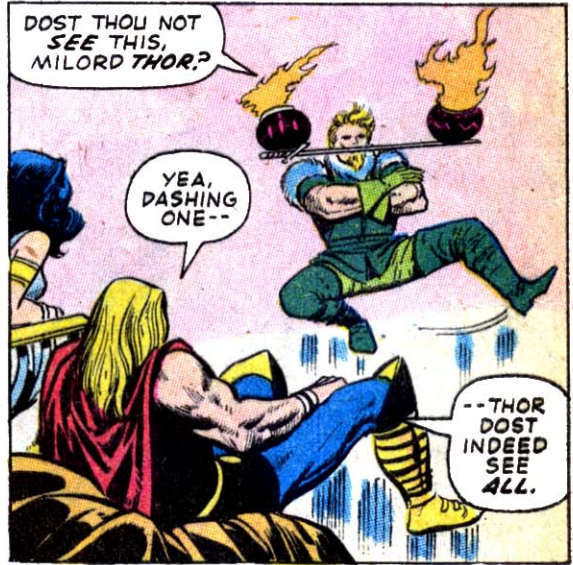
YOU SEEK TO DANCE, WOMAN--?



--THEN KNOW THAT FANDRAL'S FEET--

--THOSE FEET WHICH, IN BATTLE, HAVE BEEN OF AGILE USE--

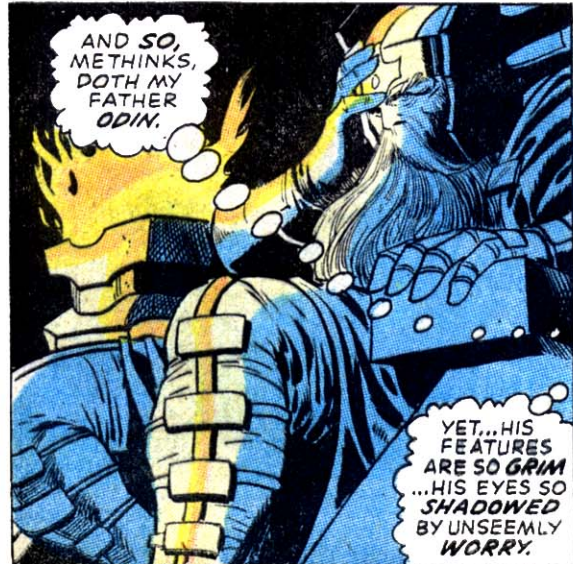
--ARE FASTER FEET THAN YOURS!



DOST THOU NOT SEE THIS, MILORD THOR?

YEA, DASHING ONE--

--THOR DOST INDEED SEE ALL.



AND SO, METHINKS, DOTH MY FATHER ODIN.

YET...HIS FEATURES ARE SO GRIM ...HIS EYES SO SHADOWED BY UNSEEMLY WORRY.



'TIS NOT MY FATHER'S WAY TO SIT SO DARKLY.

MAYHAP... 'TIS MORE HERE THIS DAY THAN FIRST WOULD MEET A REVELER'S EYE!

FATHER, IF THAT LIBERTY I MAY TAKE--

--I WOULD ASK WHAT THING BE **WRONG?**

YEA, THOU MAYEST ASK, MY SON...

...BUT ODIN MAY NOT SAY THIS EVE, MY HEART GROWS **HEAVY--**

--FOR I MUST **SEND** THEE FROM ASGARD--

--MAYHAP FOR **ALL TIME!**

MY LORD-- WHAT HAVE I **DONE** TO DESERVE SUCH **BANISHMENT--?**

DONE? THOU ART **INNOCENT** OF ALL **BLAME**, MY SON.

SUFFICE IT TO SAY-- THOU MUST **FOLLOW** ODIN'S WISHES--

--AND, AS **ALWAYS**-- FOLLOW THEM WITHOUT **QUESTION!**

FATHER, IF IN TRUTH THAT BE THY **WISH--**

--THOR CAN DO NO MORE-- THAN **BOW** TO THAT **COMMAND!**

YEA, MY WISH IT **BE--**

--AS ALSO I **COMMAND--** --LET THE THREE WHOSE **LIVES** ARE BOUND WITH THINE--

--ACCOMPANY THEE ON THY **FATEFUL QUEST!**

A **QUEST?**



AYE! MY HAND WILL SEND THEE TO **WORLD'S END**, THOR--

MY LORD--THOU CANST NOT **MEAN** THIS THING!

NONE COULD BE SO **CRUEL!**

CRUEL? BE WARY OF THY **WORDS**, LADY SIF--

--FOR THEY DO BORDER ON **BLACK TREASON!** DOST THINK I WOULD HURT MINE OWN SON?

--WHERE THOU MUST **WREST** THE SECRET OF THE **TWILIGHT WELL** FROM HIM WHO DOTH HOLD IT **FIRM--**

--KARTAG --THE KEEPER!

ODIN HATH **REASON** FOR ALL HE DOTH--

--REASON HE **CANNOT--** AND **NEED** NOT-- **REVEAL!**



AS ALWAYS, MY LIEGE SPEAKS **TRUTH.**

AND IF THOR MAY SPEAK FOR HIS **COMRADES--**

--MILORD --WE STAND READY!

DO WITH US-- AS THOU WILT!



THEN LET MY HAND BE **SWIFT--**

--THAT MY **HEART** MAY NOT-- **OVER-TAKE** IT.



RISE, LADY SIF. THERE BE NO **NEED** FOR TEARS.

WHAT ODIN HATH DONE... HE HATH DONE TO **SAVE** THOR...

...NOT TO HARM HIM.



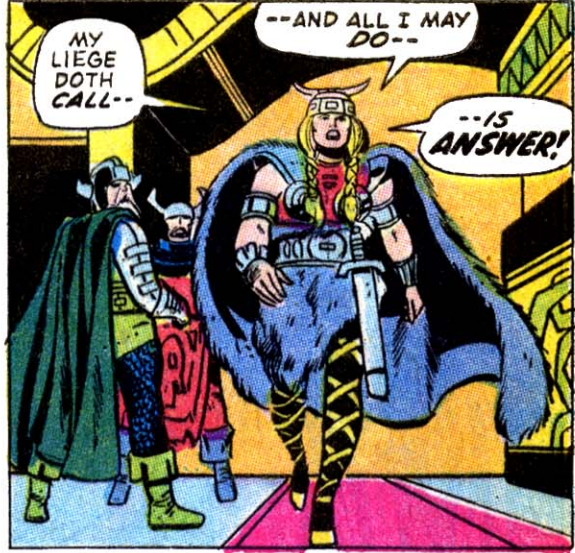
ALL-FATHER--
BE THAT TRUE?

WILL THOR
SURVIVE--AND
TO MINE ARMS
RETURN?

ONLY THE FATES MAY
TELL US THAT, GIRL.

'TILL
THEN--

HILDEGARDE
--STEP
FORTH!



MY LIEGE
DOTH CALL--

--AND ALL I MAY
DO--

--IS
ANSWER!



ODIN, BOTH I--AND MY
SWORD--ART FOREVER
YOURS!

THEN
DO MY
WILL--



--AND TAKE THIS
WOMAN FROM
THESE HALLS--

--TO THAT PLACE OF WHICH
WE SPOKE--

--BLACKWORLD!

MY LORD
ODIN--
NO!



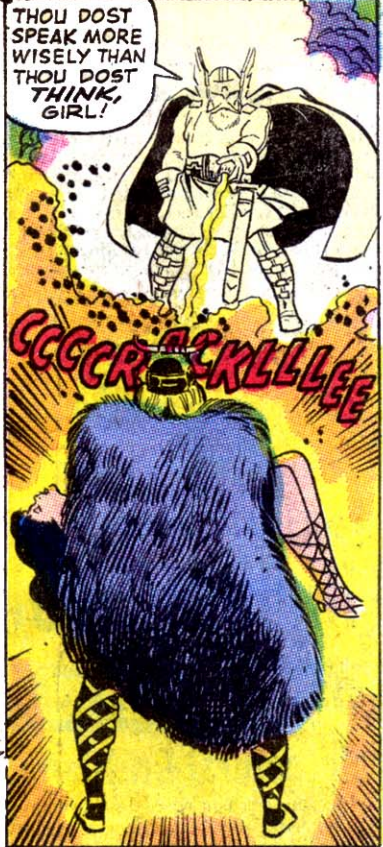
HUSH,
WOMAN--



--FOR IS NOT
ODIN'S WORD
LAW?

I'LL
FOLLOW
THAT WORD,
MY LORD...

...YEA, EVEN
TO THE
GALAXY'S
FURTHEST
END!



THOU DOST SPEAK MORE WISELY THAN THOU DOST THINK, GIRL!

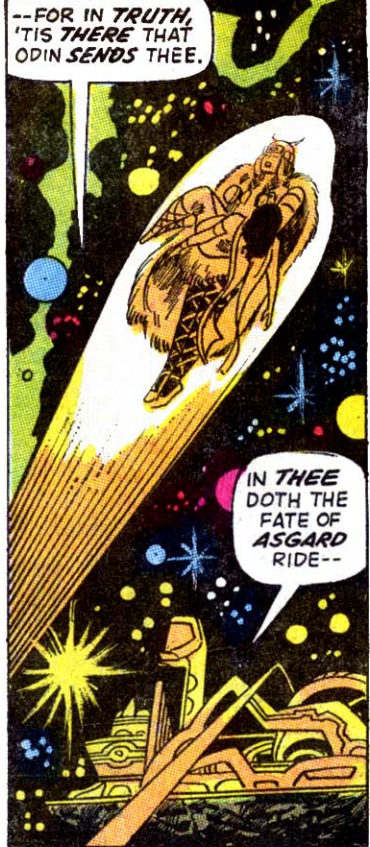
CCCCR--SKLLLEE



--AS THEY ARE NOTHING TO THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND!

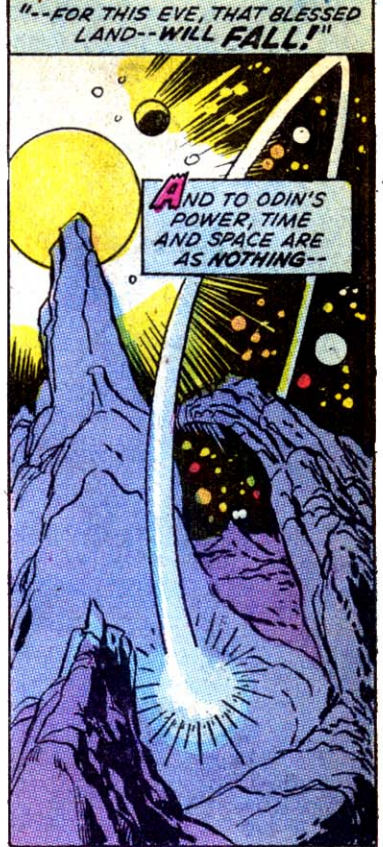
--MY LORD-- MY LORD THOR--!
--WHERE--?

EASE YOURSELF, WARRIOR.



--FOR IN TRUTH, 'TIS THERE THAT ODIN SENDS THEE.

IN THEE DOTH THE FATE OF ASGARD RIDE--



"--FOR THIS EVE, THAT BLESSED LAND--WILL FALL!"

AND TO ODIN'S POWER, TIME AND SPACE ARE AS NOTHING--

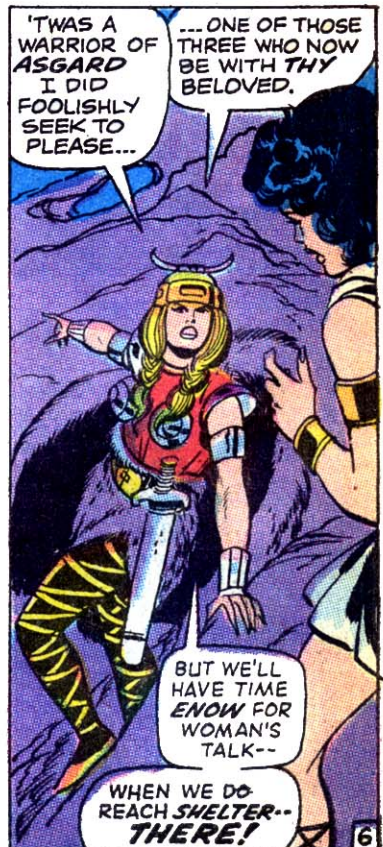


THOU DOST KNOW...THOU MUST OBEY THE ALL-FATHER'S WILL.

YEA--BUT DOTH THAT RELIEVE ME OF MY GRIEF--?

--THAT, FROM MY BETROTHED'S ARMS--THE FATES HAVE TAKEN ME?

THINKEST THOU--THOU ART ALONE?



'T WAS A WARRIOR OF ASGARD I DID FOOLISHLY SEEK TO PLEASE...

...ONE OF THOSE THREE WHO NOW BE WITH THY BELOVED.

BUT WE'LL HAVE TIME ENOW FOR WOMAN'S TALK--

WHEN WE DO REACH SHELTER-- THERE!

AND, HALF A UNIVERSE AWAY, THREE WONDERING GODS DO PLANETFALL MAKE...

THOR--WHAT BE OUR PURPOSE HERE?

NAY--IT APPEARS I BE NOT MY FATHER'S CONFIDANT--

DOST EVEN THOU KNOW ODIN'S SECRET?

--WHICH MAY BE JUST, THOUGH THOR BE NOT THE ONE TO JUDGE.

THEN WHO SHALL JUDGE, MILORD?

THOSE WHO SING OUR BATTLE SONGS? YEA...I THINK SHE'D FIND THAT FITTING...

AND WHO BE THE SHE, GRIM HOGUN?

AHH... 'TIS MINE TO KNOW, MILORD.

THEN KNOW THIS AS WELL--

LEGENDS HAVE I HEARD ABOUT THIS CRUEL KEEPER--

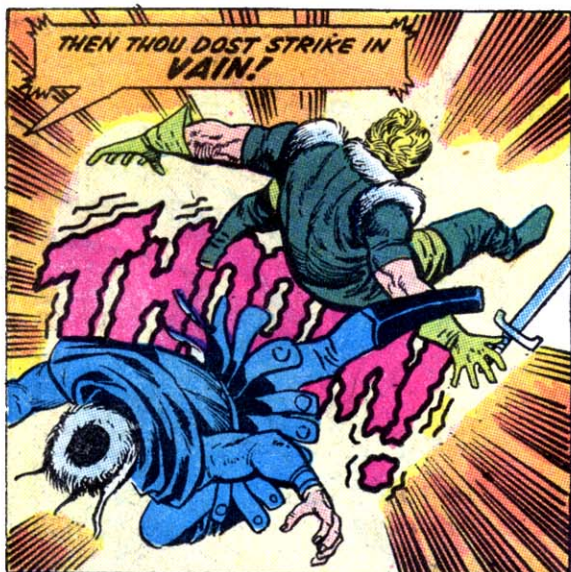
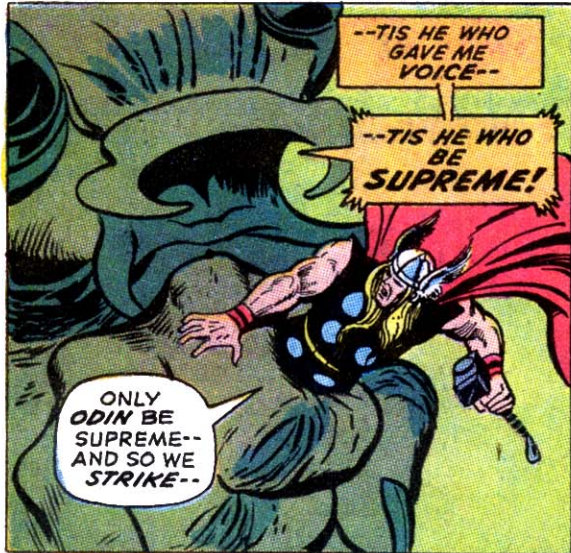
--AND ENOUGH DO I KNOW-- TO GUESS HOW TO FIND HIM--!

THERE--THE ENCHANTMENT OF MJOLNIR DOTHT POINT THE WAY!

TO THE SOUTH MUST WE GO, MY FRIENDS--

--AND THERE--

--FIGHT HIM WHO SLEEPS!

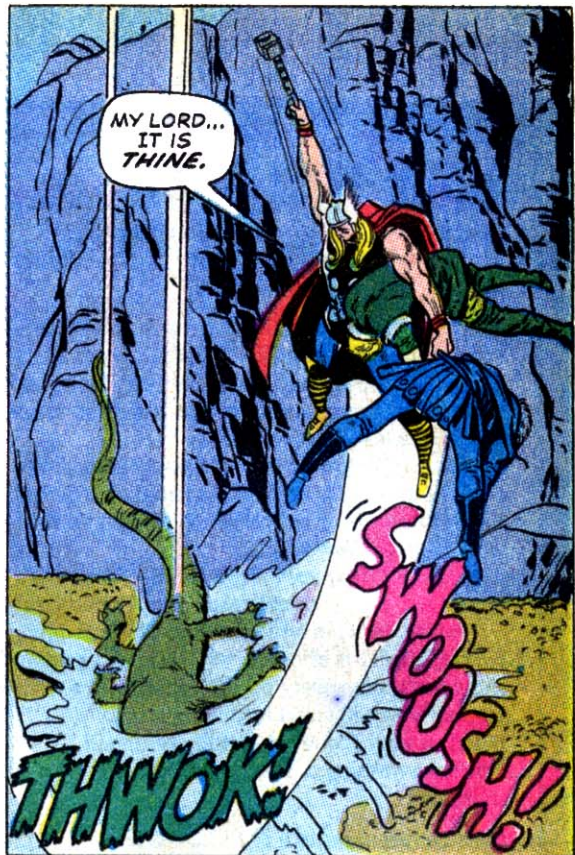




NOW MUST THOR MOVE SWIFTLY--

--AND LET HIS HAMMER DRAW HIM-- BENEATH HIS PLUNGING FRIENDS!

FANDRAL-- THY HAND!



MY LORD... IT IS THINE.

SWOOSH!

THWOK!



AND WHERE WERT THOU, MY FRIEND?

I? WHY, MILORD--

--VOLSTAGG HELD THE REAR!

THAT WE SEE, FAT ONE.

THAT WE SEE!



STAY THY BICKERING, FANDRAL. THE WELL WE SEEK BE STILL MILES AWAY...

...JUST AS ITS MYSTIC DOUBLE BE BUT A MIND'S LEAP DISTANT--



"--IN GLORIOUS ASGARD!"

THOR'S QUEST DOTH PROCEED AS I EXPECTED.

MAYHAP... IF HE DOTH INDEED FIND THE WELL IN TIME...

...MY LIEGE... WHY DREAM?



MAN-GOG!



AYE--AND WHO ARE YOU --WHO HAVE DISTURBED MY ENDLESS REST?

LOOK THEE LONG, MY FRIEND-- AND DEEP!

SEE BEFORE THEE A KINDRED SOUL--AND KNOW THAT LOKI HATH COME--TO ASSIST THEE!



ASSIST? YOU ARE A MOST PRESUMPTUOUS LOT, YOU IMMORTALS--

EACH PLACES HIS OWN DESTINY ON A LEVEL-- WITH THAT OF TRUE GODS!

ASSIST ME?



GNAT--BE GRATEFUL I DO NOT MAKE YOU DIE--

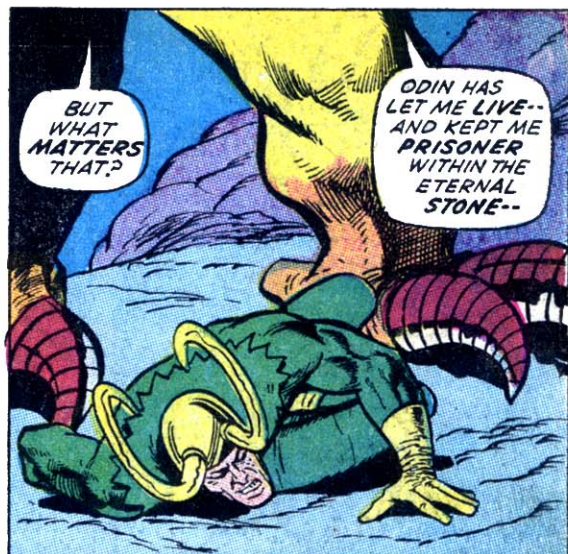
INSTANTLY!



I KNOW NOT HOW OR WHY THIS COIL I SPORT IS STILL ALIVE--

--FOR I THOUGHT MYSELF TRULY DOOMED--WHEN THE RACE WHOSE HATRED SPAWNED ME--

--RETURNED TO THE LAND--OF THE LIVING.



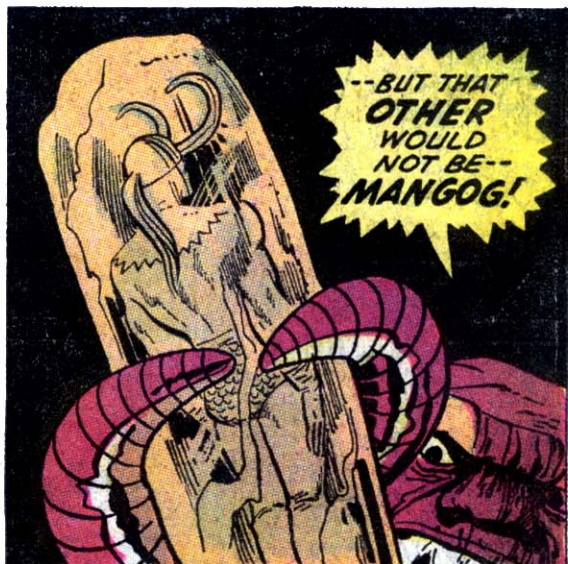
BUT WHAT MATTERS THAT?

ODIN HAS LET ME LIVE-- AND KEPT ME PRISONER WITHIN THE ETERNAL STONE--



--AND ONLY YOUR IMPUDENCE HAS SET ME FREE!

PERHAPS ANOTHER MIGHT BE GRATEFUL, GNAT--



--BUT THAT OTHER WOULD NOT BE-- MANGOG!



LET YOU BE GRATEFUL THOUGH, MY FRIEND--

--THAT I KILLED YOU NOT--

--BUT INSTEAD SEALED YOU WITHIN THAT BLOCK OF COOL DARK AMBER!



WORDLESS NOW, THE TOWERING CREATURE DOTH TAKE HIS LEAVE OF ANGUISHED LOKI...

...AND WHERE HE STEPS, THE WORLD DOTH TREMBLE... AND HEAVE.



YEA, I KNOW THY QUESTIONS.

MANGOG SURVIVED-- EVEN AFTER THE NEED WHICH FORMED HIM-- VANISHED.

FOR...HIS BE A MOST PERSISTENT EVIL...



...ONE THAT *MUST* NEEDS EXIST, AFTER A TIME...OF ITS OWN WILL.

I COULD BUT IMPRISON HIM... AND LOKI HATH SET HIM FREE.

MILORD, SAY NO MORE.

AYE. TO THE DEATH--



--FOR ASGARRRRRD!

--WE FIGHT FOR ODIN--



...BLISTERS LARGER THAN MY VERY TOES.

HO, FRIENDS-- ARE WE NOT NEAR OUR DESTINATION-- YET?



LEST THOR DEMANDS ...WE PUSH ON?

NEAR ENOUGH FOR A REST, I SUPPOSE.

NAY, FRIEND HOGUN--



--THE SON OF ODIN HATH ANOTHER PLAN...!



YONDER DOTH FEED THE WILD YRRL-BEASTS.

--AND WEARY VOLSTAGG SHALL FIND HIMSELF A STEED!

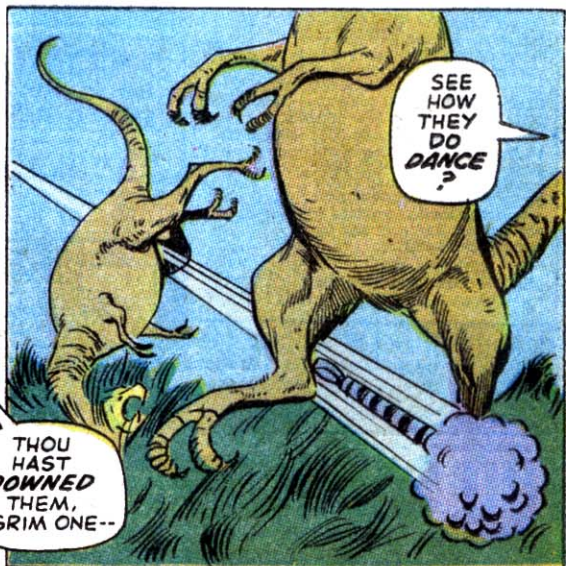
MAKE THEM OUR SLAVES--

WISE, MILORD--

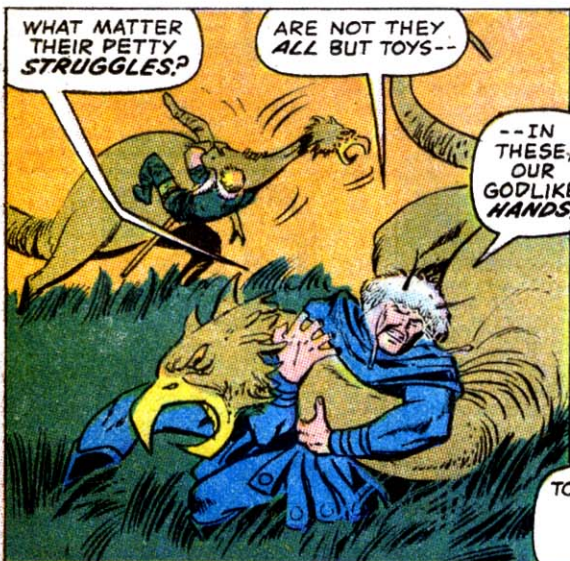


--AND HOGUN BE THE GOD-- TO DO IT!

THOU HAST DOWNED THEM, GRIM ONE--



SEE HOW THEY DO DANCE?

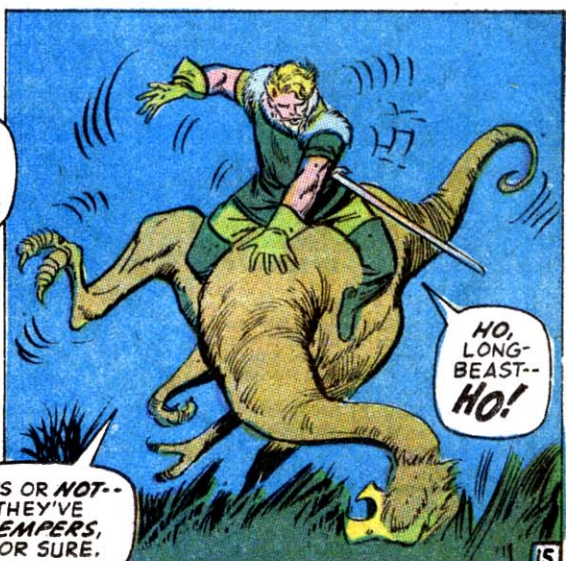


WHAT MATTER THEIR PETTY STRUGGLES?

ARE NOT THEY ALL BUT TOYS--

--IN THESE, OUR GODLIKE HANDS?

TOYS OR NOT-- THEY'VE TEMPER, FOR SURE.



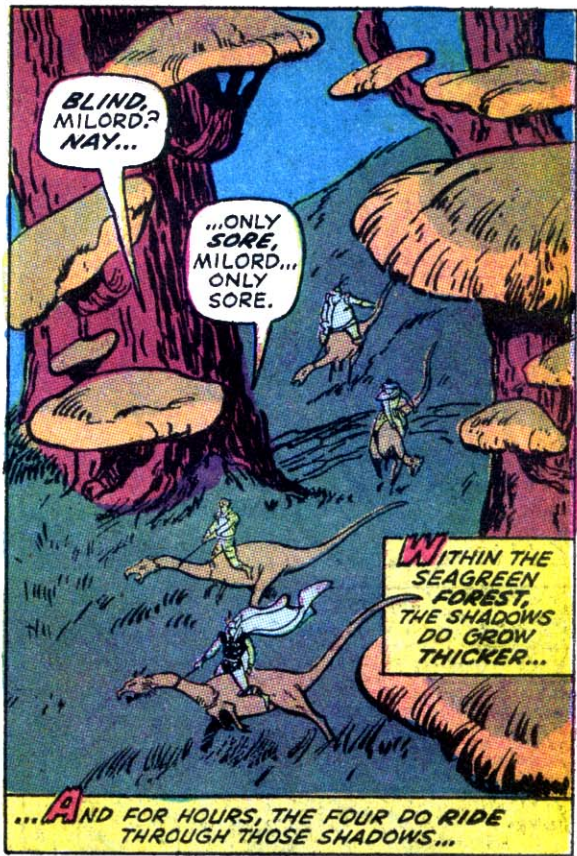
HO, LONG-BEAST-- HO!



CALM THYSELF, FANDRAL. SUCH EFFORTS WILL BUT EXHAUST THEE.

THESE ARE DOCTILE BEASTS, FOR SURE--

--OR ART THOU BLIND TO THAT, MY FRIEND?



BLIND, MILORD? NAY...

...ONLY SORE, MILORD... ONLY SORE.

WITHIN THE SEAGREEN FOREST, THE SHADOWS DO GROW THICKER...

...AND FOR HOURS, THE FOUR DO RIDE THROUGH THOSE SHADOWS...



...UNTIL ONE SUCH SHADOW... MOVES.

ZYGAR--LOOK THEE DOWN, TREE-CRAWLER.

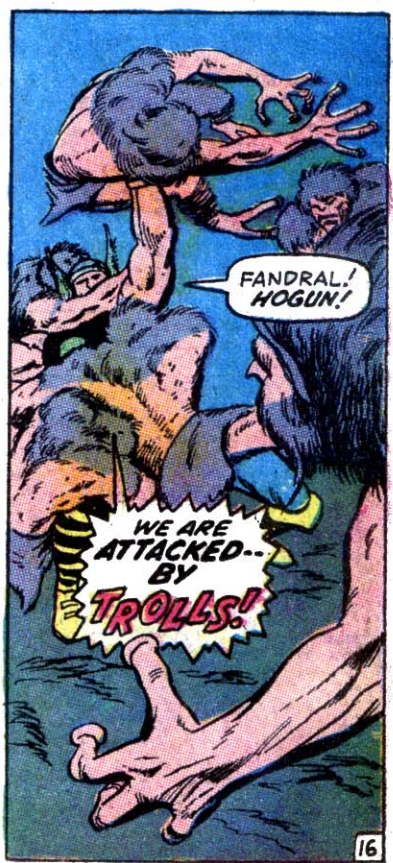
'TIS AS I ALWAYS TELL THEE--

--THE FOOLISH ONES-- EVER RIDE BELOW!



AYE! AND THESE BE THE MOST FOOLISH ONES OF ALL!

WHAT--?



FANDRAL! HOGUN!

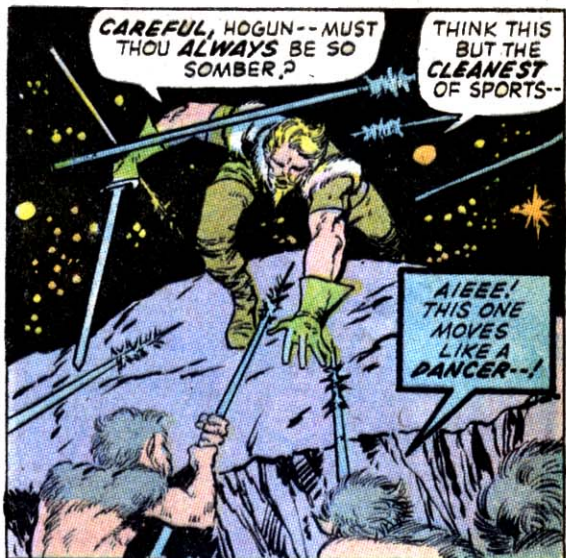
WE ARE ATTACKED-- BY TROLLS!



ART SURE, MY LORD--?

HOW DIDST THOU EVER GUESS?

WAK!



CAREFUL, HOGUN-- MUST THOU ALWAYS BE SO SOMBER?

THINK THIS BUT THE CLEANEST OF SPORTS--

AIEEE!
THIS ONE MOVES LIKE A DANCER--!



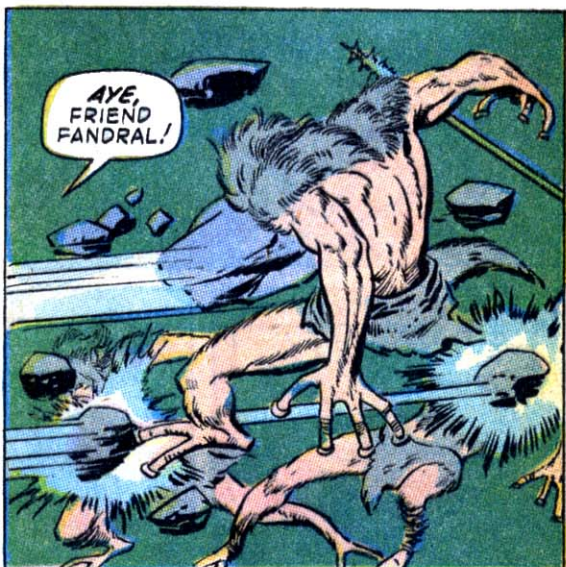
--FOR THOSE WE ATTACK--

--ARE ANYTHING BUT SPARRING PARTNERS--

AIE, FRIEND HOGUN?

SWAK!

THE FIGHT DOTH GO STRANGELY, BROTHERS--



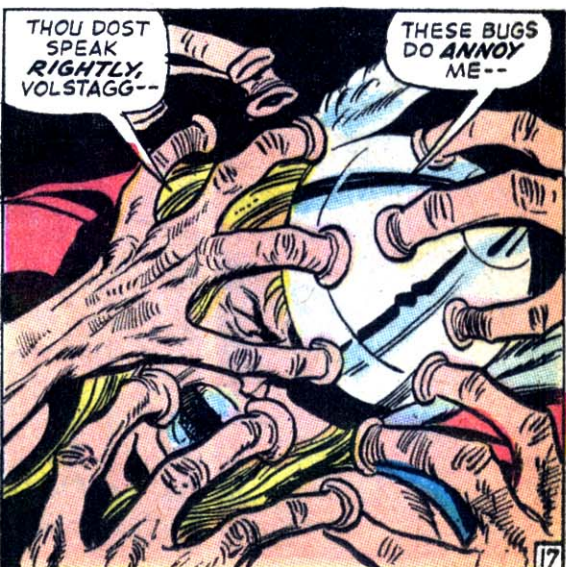
AIE, FRIEND FANDRAL!



THE OTHERS STRUGGLE LIKE MADMEN--

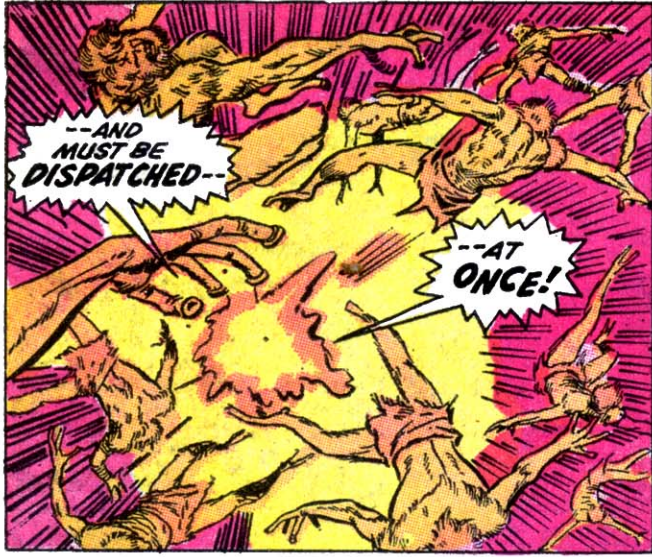
YET--THIS ONE FIGHTS BY SITTING DOWN!

AND WHAT--MORE NOBLE-- THAN THIS?



THOU DOST SPEAK RIGHTLY, VOLSTAGG--

THESE BUGS DO ANNOY ME--



--AND MUST BE DISPATCHED--

--AT ONCE!

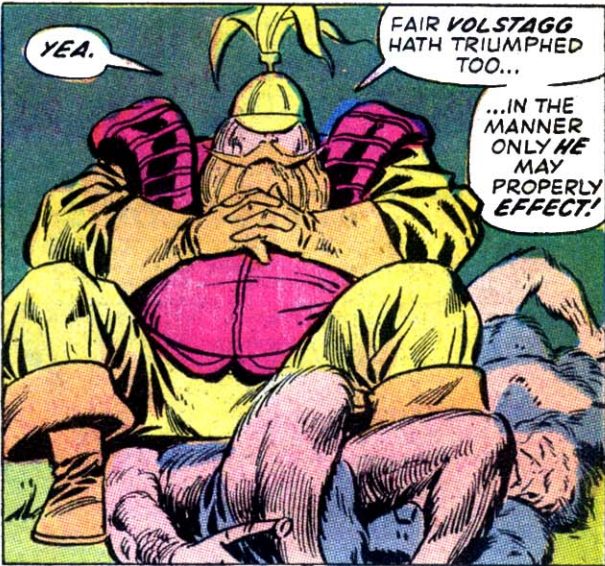


SO DOTH THOR FARE...AND THEE, MY FRIENDS?



THOUGH WE'D EACH NO HAMMER, MILORD--

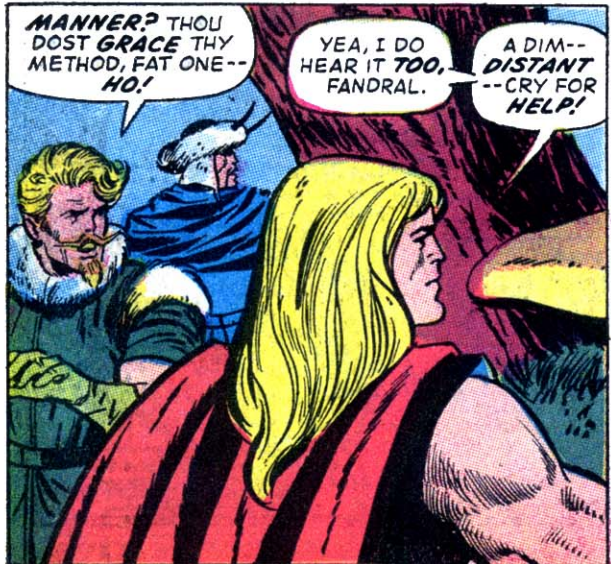
--WE DID WELL ENOUGH, I SUPPOSE.



YEA.

FAIR VOLSTAGG HATH TRIUMPHED TOO...

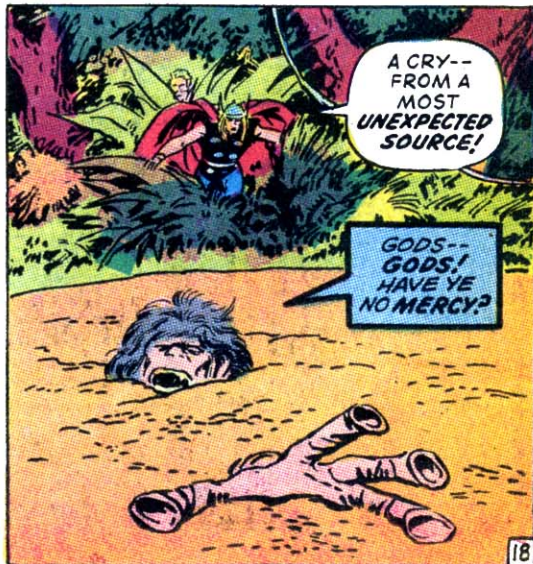
...IN THE MANNER ONLY HE MAY PROPERLY EFFECT!



MANNER? THOU DOST GRACE THY METHOD, FAT ONE-- HO!

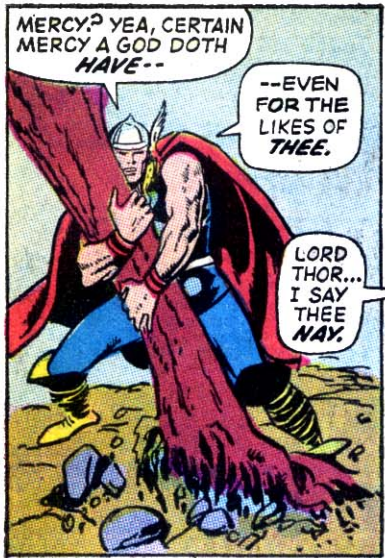
YEA, I DO HEAR IT TOO, FANDRAL.

A DIM--DISTANT --CRY FOR HELP!



A CRY-- FROM A MOST UNEXPECTED SOURCE!

GODS-- GODS! HAVE YE NO MERCY?



MERCY? YEA, CERTAIN MERCY A GOD DOTH HAVE--

--EVEN FOR THE LIKES OF THEE.

LORD THOR... I SAY THEE NAY.



WAS NOT THIS BEAST OUR ENEMY?

WHAT SANITY BE THERE IN SAVING HIS WORTHLESS HIDE?

CAREFUL, FRIEND.

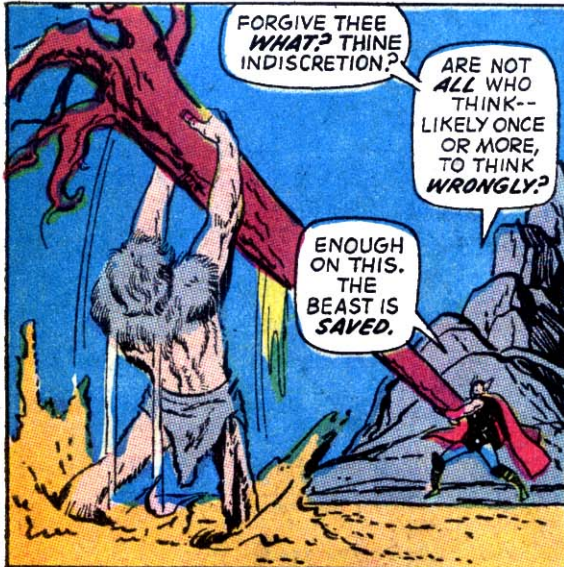


ART WE WARRIORS--OR MURDERERS?

THERE BE NO GLORY IN THE DEATH OF A DEFENSELESS FOE.

THOU KNOWEST THAT.

YEA, MILORD, FORGIVE ME.



FORGIVE THEE WHAT? THINE INDISCRETION?

ARE NOT ALL WHO THINK-- LIKELY ONCE OR MORE, TO THINK WRONGLY?

ENOUGH ON THIS. THE BEAST IS SAVED.



THOR BE KIND. THOR BE JUST.

KYGAR WILL SERVE THOR... AND BE HIS SLAVE... E'ERMORE!



NAY, FRIEND. GODS NEED NO SLAVES.

LIKE ALL WHO ARE WITH BODY CURSED... 'TIS FRIENDSHIP WE NEED, NOT HATE.



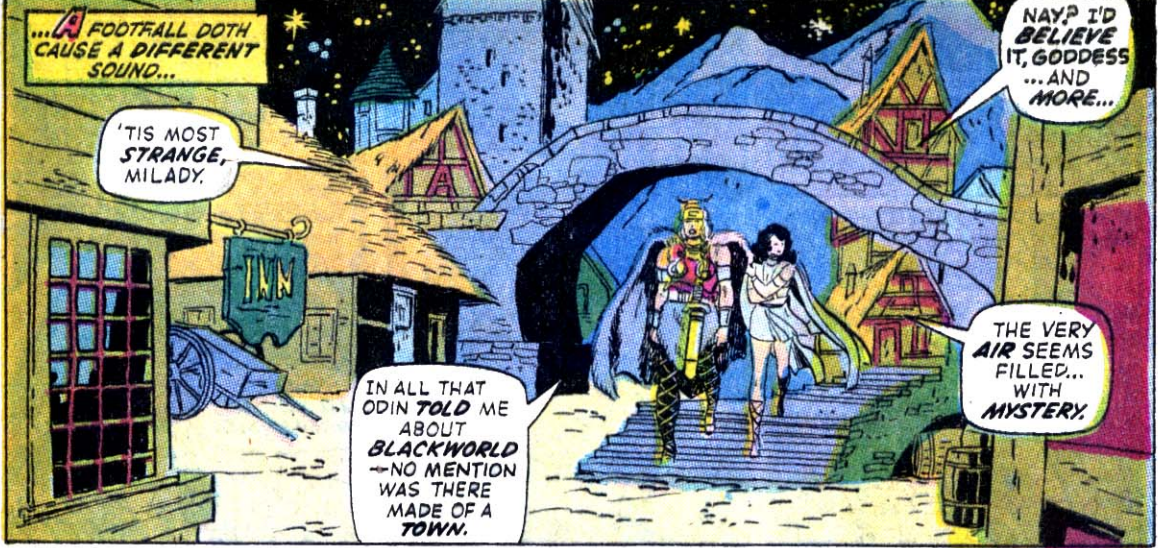
BUT TELL ME, MAN-- WHERE BE THE TWILIGHT WELLS?

IN SUCH JUNGLE... MY HAMMER BE NOT ABLE TO POINT THE MYSTIC WAY.

THEN LET MY HAND BE GUIDE, MILORD.

THAT WHICH YOU SEEK... LIES IN THIS DIRECTION.

UNDERFOOT, LEAVES AND TWIGS MAKE SMALL SOUNDS, WHILE ELSEWHERE...



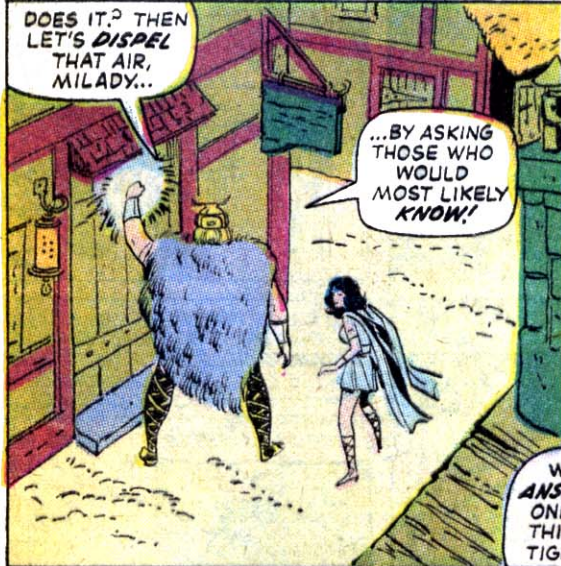
...A FOOTFALL DOETH CAUSE A DIFFERENT SOUND...

NAY? I'D BELIEVE IT, GODDESS ...AND MORE...

'TIS MOST STRANGE, MILADY.

IN ALL THAT ODIN TOLD ME ABOUT BLACKWORLD --NO MENTION WAS THERE MADE OF A TOWN.

THE VERY AIR SEEMS FILLED... WITH MYSTERY.



DOES IT? THEN LET'S DISPEL THAT AIR, MILADY...

...BY ASKING THOSE WHO WOULD MOST LIKELY KNOW!



WHO BE YE? WHAT DO YE WANT?

ART THOU BLIND? THIS PLACE IS CLOSED!

WE WANT ANSWERS, OLD ONE. WHY IS THIS TOWN SO TIGHTLY SHOWN?



YE BE FOOLS, THEN--FOR ONLY THOSE DAFT WOULD ASK SUCH THINGS!

HE IS COMING. AND ANY WHO SEEK TO SAVE THEIR LIVES--

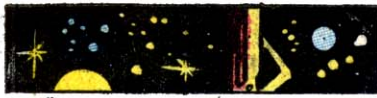
--DO WELL TO HIDE THEMSELVES --OR DIE!



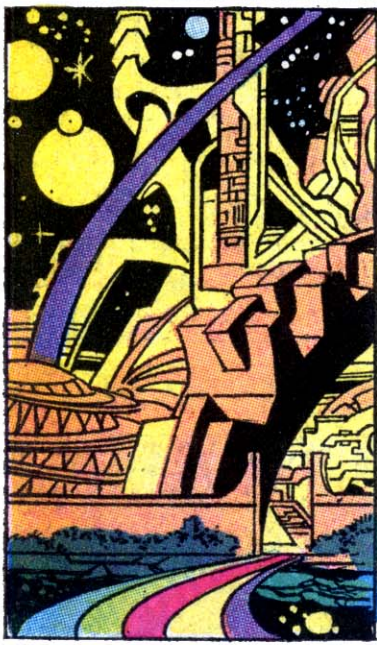
SLAM!

AN ODD ONE, THAT. METHINKS WE'D BEST FIND SHELTER.

THE NIGHT SEEMS DESTINED TO BE MOST COLD.



AYE, A BITTER NIGHT...ONE WHICH THREATENS TO SINK ITS ICY CLAWS INTO EVERY NOBLE HEART...



...EVEN THE HEART OF ODIN!

'TIS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM, I'M SURE.

OH, THAT SUCH PEACE WOULD FOREVER LAST. AND WHOSE FAULT THAT IT DOES NOT?

ODIN'S FAULT... ONLY HIS.



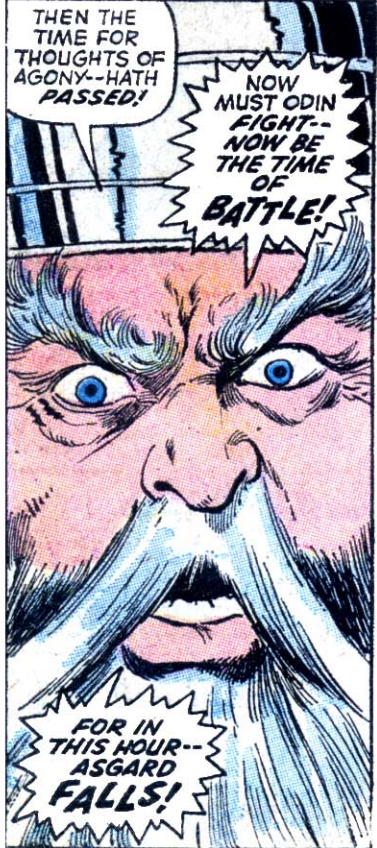
AND SO THIS EVE, I TAKE UP SWORD ONCE MORE--

--'GAINST A FOE I CANNOT DEFEAT!

EH?

MILORD LIEGE--'TIS HAPPENING!

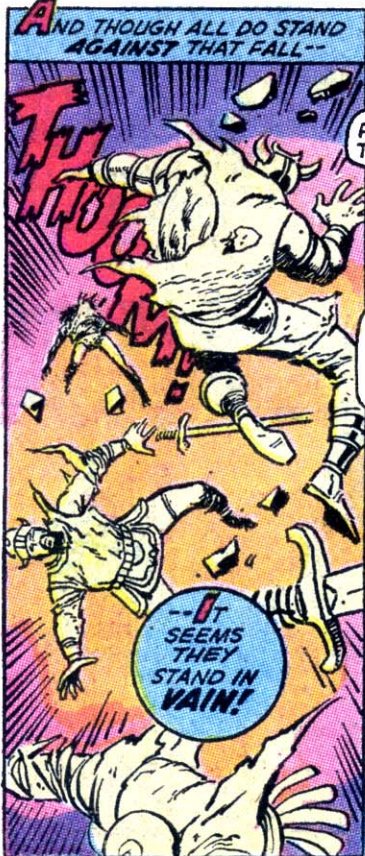
HE IS HERE!



THEN THE TIME FOR THOUGHTS OF AGONY--HATH PASSED!

NOW MUST ODIN FIGHT-- NOW BE THE TIME OF BATTLE!

FOR IN THIS HOUR-- ASGARD FALLS!



AND THOUGH ALL DO STAND AGAINST THAT FALL--

TU THOU!

--IT SEEMS THEY STAND IN VAIN!



...FOR ON THE NORTHERN WALLS OF THAT ONCE-BLESSED CITY, A HUNDRED SOLDIERS RAISE THEIR BATTLE CRY...AND A HUNDRED SOLDIERS DIE...!

FATE...WHERE BE THE LORD AND MASTER?

WHERE BE MIGHTY ODIN? DO TH HE... IGNORE...OUR DYING PLEAS?

FATHER-- ONLY **THY** HAND MAY STOP HIM NOW--

**...OR
MANGOG
REIGNS
SUPREME!**



NEXT ISSUE: WHEN ASGARD ENDS!