

THOR

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# THE MIGHTY THOR

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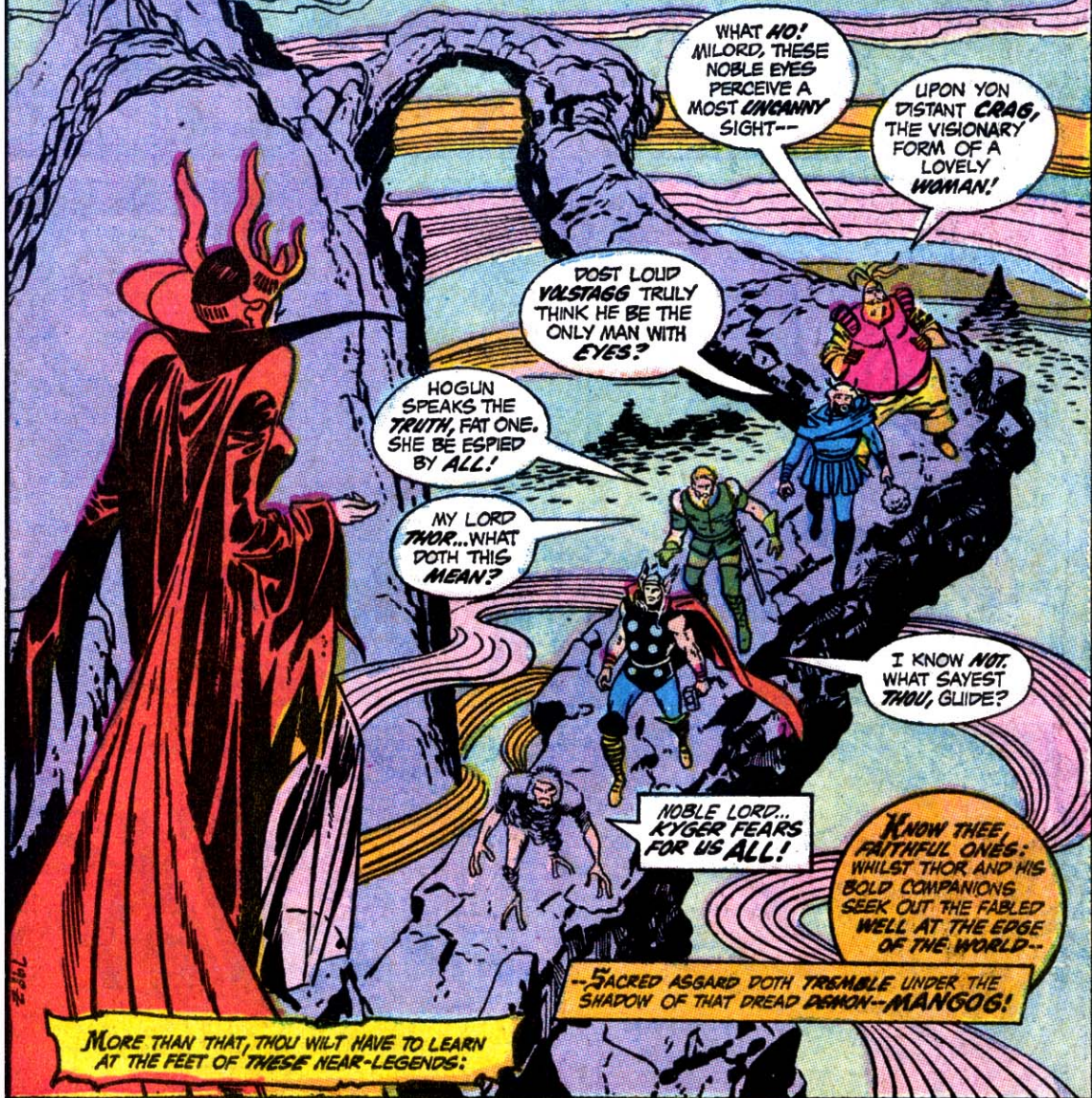
ASGARDIANS  
-- STAND YE  
BACK WHILST I  
DO BATTLE WITH  
KARTAG!

THOR  
STANDS  
OR FALLS  
ALONE!!

## KARTAG--THE KEEPER!

# THE MIGHTY THOR!™

## WITHIN THE REALM OF **KARTAGI!**



WHAT *HO!* MILORD, THESE NOBLE EYES PERCEIVE A MOST *UNCANNY* SIGHT--

UPON YON DISTANT *CRAIG*, THE VISIONARY FORM OF A LOVELY *WOMAN!*

DOST LORD *VALSTAGG* TRULY THINK HE BE THE ONLY MAN WITH *EYES?*

HOGUN SPEAKS THE *TRUTH*, FAT ONE. SHE BE ESPIED BY *ALL!*

MY LORD *THOR*...WHAT DOTH THIS MEAN?

I KNOW *NOT*. WHAT SAYEST THOU, *GLIDE?*

NOBLE LORD...*KYGER* FEARS FOR US *ALL!*

*KNOW THEE, FAITHFUL ONES:* WHILST THOR AND HIS BOLD COMPANIONS SEEK OUT THE FABLED WELL AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD--

--*SACRED ASSGARD* DOTH TREMBLE UNDER THE SHADOW OF THAT DREAD DEMON--*MANGOG!*

*MORE THAN THAT, THOU WILT HAVE TO LEARN AT THE FEET OF THESE NEAR-LEGENDS:*

Stan Lee, editor / Gerry Conway, scripter / John Buscema, artist / Vince Colletta, inker / Jim Costa, letterer

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FEAR? AND PRAY TELL, WHAT SHALL YOU FEAR?

SURELY NOT I?

SURELY NOBLE WARRIORS LIKE YOURSELVES HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR--



--FROM SATRINA!



MIND NOT THE SMALL ONE'S BABBLING, MILADY.

HE IS BUT RECENTLY RESCUED FROM DEATH-- AND HIS NERVES ARE YET FRAYED.

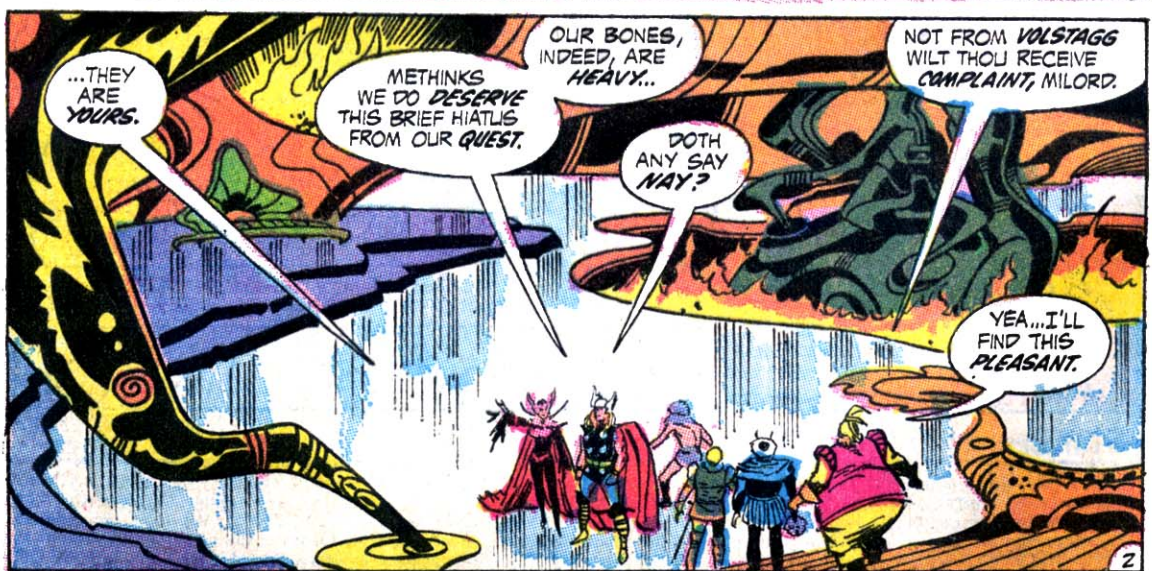
AHH, THAT EXPLAINS IT, THEN!

BUT COME...



YOU MUST ALL BE MOST WEARY.

PLEASE!! ACCEPT THE COMFORTS OF MY HOME, THOUGH THEY BE SPARE, AT BEST...



...THEY ARE YOURS.

METHINKS WE DO DESERVE THIS BRIEF HIATLIS FROM OUR QUEST.

OUR BONES, INDEED, ARE HEAVY...

DOTH ANY SAY NAY?

NOT FROM VOLSTAGG WILT THOU RECEIVE COMPLAINT, MILORD.

YEA...I'LL FIND THIS PLEASANT.



SO WILL I, LARGE ONE. 'TIS NOT OFTEN THERE ARE GUESTS IN DARKHOLD.

LONG HAVE I YEARNED FOR SOMEONE TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE TREASURES...

...SUCH AS THIS BEJEWELED CHARM.

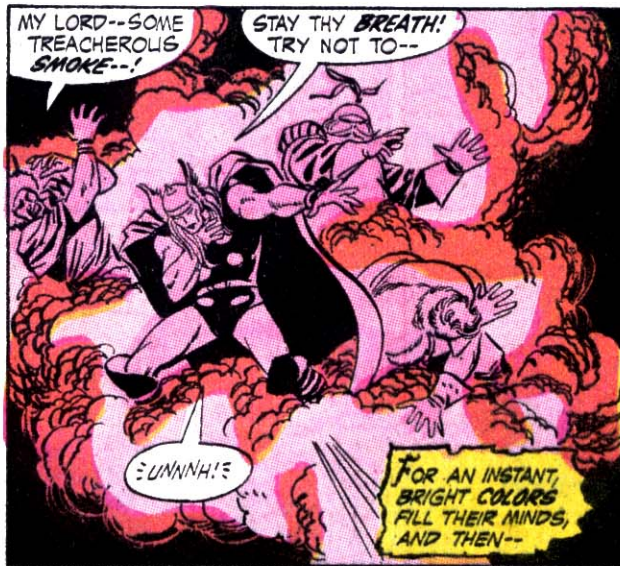


DOES IT NOT HAVE A FINE SHAPE?

LOOK WITHIN, FAIR WARRIORS, AND BEHOLD--

-- THE CRIMSON MIST!

WHAT--??



MY LORD--SOME TREACHEROUS SMOKE--!

STAY THY BREATH! TRY NOT TO--

EUNNNH!

FOR AN INSTANT, BRIGHT COLORS FILL THEIR MINDS, AND THEN--

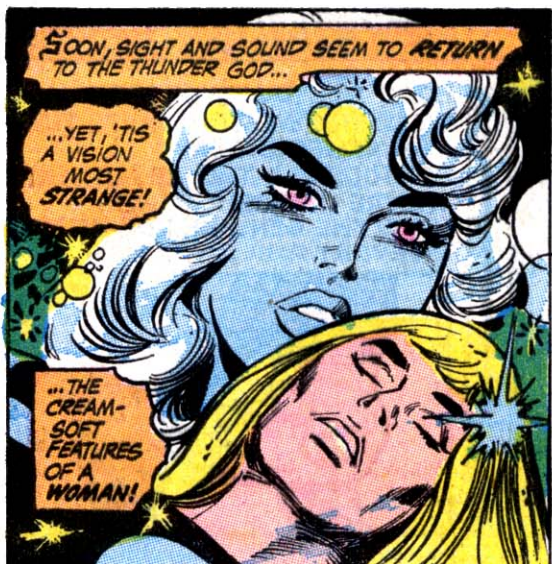


--THEY SINK INTO SCARLET DARKNESS!

SLEEP WELL, FAIR PRINCE..

BECAUSE OF THIS PLOY, THE KEEPER SHALL BE PLEASED...

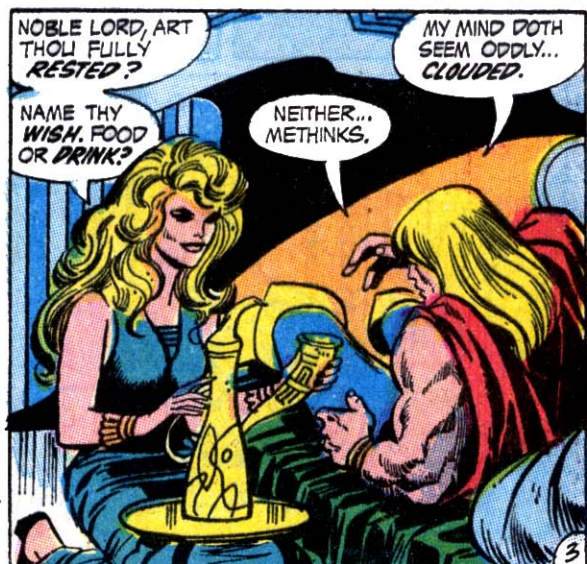
...VERY PLEASED



SOON, SIGHT AND SOUND SEEM TO RETURN TO THE THUNDER GOD...

...YET, 'TIS A VISION MOST STRANGE!

...THE CREAM-SOFT FEATURES OF A WOMAN!



NOBLE LORD, ART THOU FULLY RESTED?

MY MIND DOTH SEEM ODDLY... CLOUDED.

NAME THY WISH, FOOD OR DRINK?

NEITHER... METHINKS.



AND WHY NOT, GOOD MY LORD?

THOU HAST LAIN LIKE ONE DEAD THESE PAST HOURS...

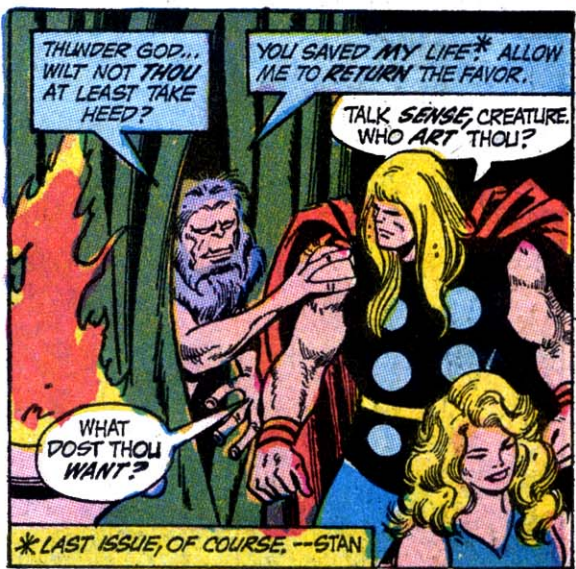
...WHILST WE THREE HATH FOUND OURSELVES MOST ADMIRABLY ACQUITTED! TRUE, VOLSTAGG?

MOST TRUE, FAIR FANDRAL. YEA, MY LOVELY?

EVEN AS A PLEASANT GIDDINESS NEAR OVERCOMES HIM, THOR FINDS HIMSELF WONDERING... WAS THERE NOT SOMETHING ELSE?



SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT... THAN MERE PLEASURE?



THUNDER GOD... WILT NOT THOU AT LEAST TAKE HEED?

YOU SAVED MY LIFE\* ALLOW ME TO RETURN THE FAVOR.

TALK SENSE, CREATURE. WHO ART THOU?

WHAT DOST THOU WANT?

\* LAST ISSUE, OF COURSE, --STAN

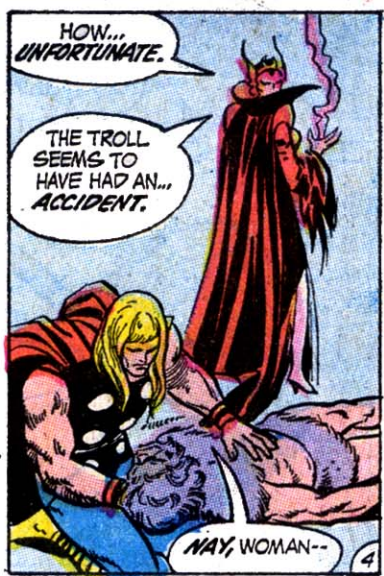


SHE'S SLAVED YOU WITH A SPELL, THUNDER GOD.

BELIEVE THIS ONE WHO CANNOT BE BLINDED--



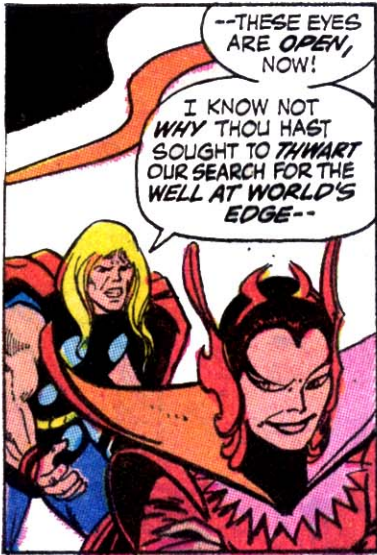
--ALL IS NOT WHAT IT SEEEENHSSS--



HOW... UNFORTUNATE.

THE TROLL SEEMS TO HAVE HAD AN... ACCIDENT.

NAY, WOMAN--



--THESE EYES ARE OPEN, NOW!

I KNOW NOT WHY THOU HAST SOUGHT TO THWART OUR SEARCH FOR THE WELL AT WORLD'S EDGE--



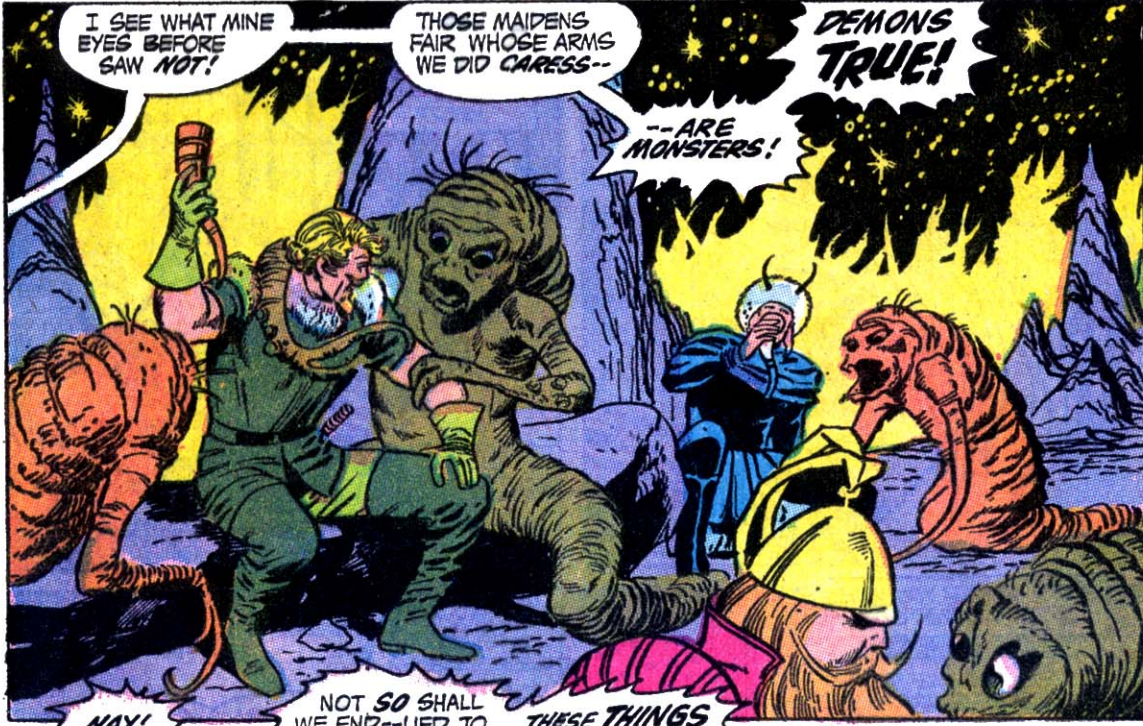
--NOR DO I TRULY CARE.

FOR THE DEATH OF THAT DEFENSELESS ONE, AND FOR OTHER SING--



..NO!

--I'LL SEE YOU BURN IN--



I SEE WHAT MINE EYES BEFORE SAW NOT!

THOSE MAIDENS FAIR WHOSE ARMS WE DID CARESS--

DEMONS TRUE!

--ARE MONSTERS!

NAY!

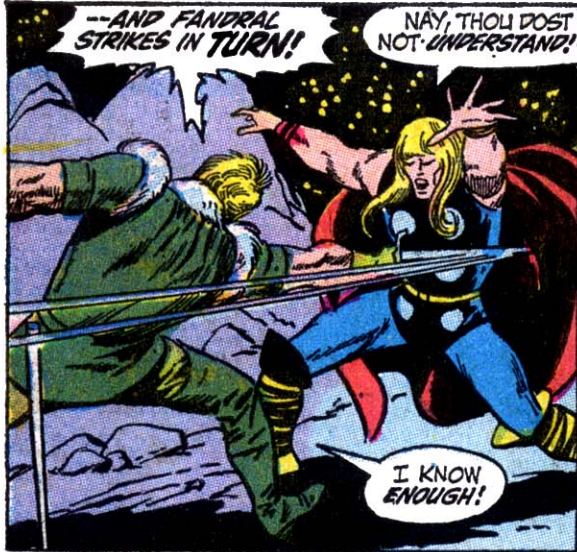
NOT SO SHALL WE END--LIED TO BY OUR VERY SENSES!

THESE THINGS MUST DIE!



ART MAD, THOR?

IT WAS A LADY THOU HAST STRUCK--



--AND FANDRAL STRIKES IN TURN!

NAY, THOU DOST NOT UNDERSTAND!

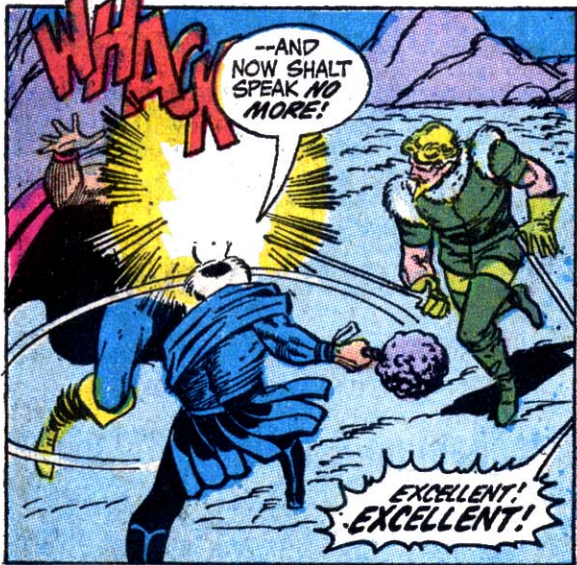
I KNOW ENOUGH!



THY WILL BE SAPPED, FOOL.

THE WOMAN CONTROLS THY MIND!

WOMAN? WHAT WOMAN? THOU SPEAKEST MADNESS!



WHACK

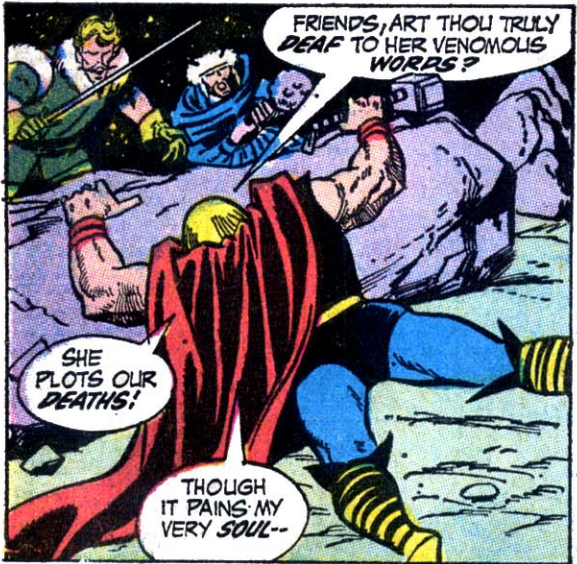
--AND NOW SHALT SPEAK NO MORE!

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!



--FIGHT THUS AMONG YOURSELVES. MY BELOVED KARTAG WILL FIND THIS MOST AMUSING.

...AND PERHAPS WILL LOOK MORE FAVORABLY UPON SHE WHO SEEKS THE BLESSING OF THE WELL!



FRIENDS, ART THOU TRULY DEAF TO HER VENOMOUS WORDS?

SHE PLOTS OUR DEATHS!

THOUGH IT PAINS MY VERY SOUL--



--TO SAVE THEE, MUST I KILL THEE?



NAY, OUR LUCK SEEMS *BETTER*.

THOSE BOLTS WILL HOLD THESE *HELPLESS*--

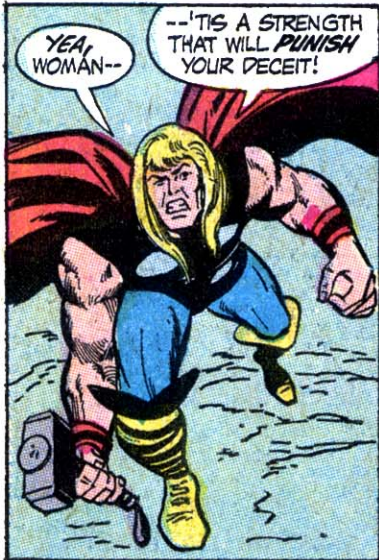
--WHILST I SEEK *FIERY ANSWERS!*



YOU NEED THE *MEANING* FOR MY MOVES?

KNOW THEN, *FUTILE* LITTLE *GOD*--I AM THE *SERVANT* OF *KARTAG*, HE WHO *KEEPS* THE *TWILIGHT* *WELL*.

I *SOUGHT* HIS *FAVOR*, BUT NOW--I SEE YOU ARE TOO *STRONG* FOR MY *CHARMS*.



*YEA*, *WOMAN*--

--'TIS A *STRENGTH* THAT WILL *PUNISH* YOUR *DECEIT!*



I THINK *NOT*, *DEAR* *FRIEND*.

I GO NOW TO *KARTAG*.. BRING YOUR *PUNISHMENTS* TO *HIM!*



*HAHAHAHAHA* *HAHA* *HAHA*



RISE, *OLD* *FRIENDS*, THE *WITCH* BE *GONE*.

'TIS TIME WE *MOVED* *ALONG*.



MILORD, *FORGIVE* ME. 'T WAS LIKE A *DREAM*...

SAY *NO MORE*, *FANDRAL*...



...ALL *ASGARD* *DEPENDS* UPON OUR *QUEST*, AND *FOR* *THEIR* *SAKE*, WE *DARE* *DELAY* *NO* *LONGER!*

*AND* *WHAT* *OF* *ODIN*..?





WHAT OF THE ALL-FATHER?

MY MEN DOTH AWAIT MY WORD, YET...WHAT WORD SHALL IT BE?

THIS BATTLE SEEMS TRULY DOOMED...

...AND SO, WHAT MAY ODIN SAY?



PERHAPS THE TRUTH WILL DO, MILORD.

SHOULD NOT THE LOST KNOW THEIR STAR-CROSSED FATE?

WHO DARES...? YOU!

WHAT MEANS THIS INTRUSION, DARK ONE?



WHY, MILORD... HELA DOTH GO WHERE HELA DOTH PLEASE!

WHAT PLACE BE THERE--WHERE THE GODDESS OF DEATH MAY NOT WALK?

THOU DOST GROW BOLDER, NIGHT QUEEN...



..PERHAPS A BLACK SECRET BE THINE, AND THOU DOST SEEK TO MOCK ME WITH IT.

TELL ME, WOMAN--HOW DOTH FARE MY SON, THE NOBLE THOR?

'TIS A FUTILE QUEST YOU'VE SET HIM ON, ODIN.

YET... THOU KNOWEST THIS, DOST THOU NOT?



YEA, SO IT SEEMS! I BUT BOUGHT TO SAVE HIM.

ASGARD FIGHTS ITS FINAL BATTLE THIS DAY--AND, METHINKS, NONE SHALL SURVIVE!

FROM THIS THOU SENT HIM, MILORD?



THEN... THOU MUST ALSO KNOW, HE'LL NOT FORGIVE THEE FOR THIS UNSEEMING GIFT.

THINKEST THOU I BE BLIND?

GET THEE HENCE, NIGHT QUEEN--LEST MY POWER BE BY MY GRIEF PROVOKED!



AND, WITHOUT THE WALLS OF ODIN-HOLD, THE RESURRECTED MANGOG DOETH WREAK A MOST MIGHTY HAVOC...

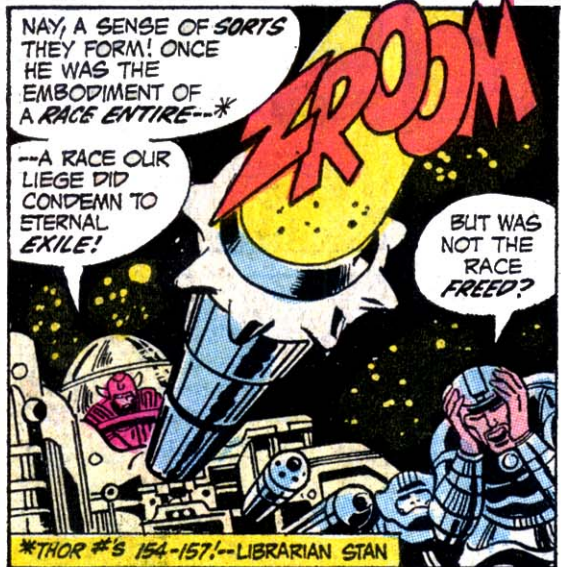
WHERE IS HE?

THE THING BE MAD!

HIS MOUTHINGS MAKE NO SENSE!

SEND HIM TO ME--SEND ODIN TO MANGOG--

LET THE MURDERER TASTE MY FURY!



NAY, A SENSE OF SORTS THEY FORM! ONCE HE WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF A RACE ENTIRE--\*

--A RACE OUR LIEGE DID CONDEMN TO ETERNAL EXILE!

BUT WAS NOT THE RACE FREED?

\*THOR #'S 154-157.--LIBRARIAN STAN



YEA, BUT MANGOG STILL DOETH LIVE!

IN A MANNER MOST MYSTIC, HIS ETHERAL BODY STILL ENCOMPASS THAT DREAD POWER--

--THE HATING STRENGTH OF A BILLION BEINGS!

'TIS TRUE! EVEN THE THUNDER-CANNON CANNOT AFFECT HIM!



BUT THIS SCENE BE MILES AWAY--

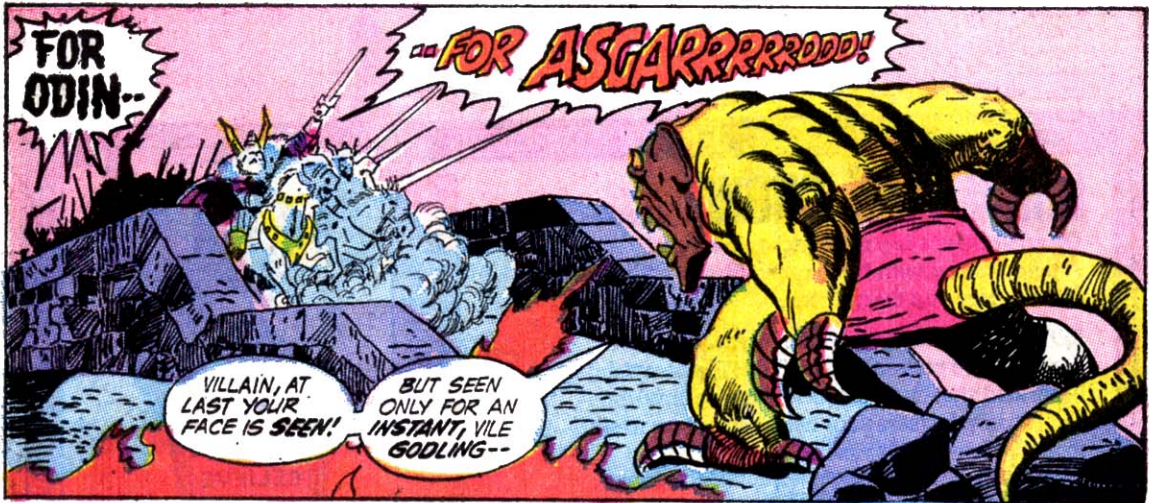
FRIENDS, WE CAN AWAIT MY SON NO LONGER!

IF E'ER HE FINDS THE TWILIGHT WELL, PERHAPS IN TIME HE WILL RETURN--

--AND MAYHAP, THIS DAY WILL END IN VICTORY!

--AND ONLY NOW DOETH ODIN RIDE!

YET--THERE BE NO TIME! NOW, WE MUST NEEDS ATTACK--



**FOR ODIN--**

**FOR ASGARRRRRRRODD!**

VILLAIN, AT LAST YOUR FACE IS SEEN!

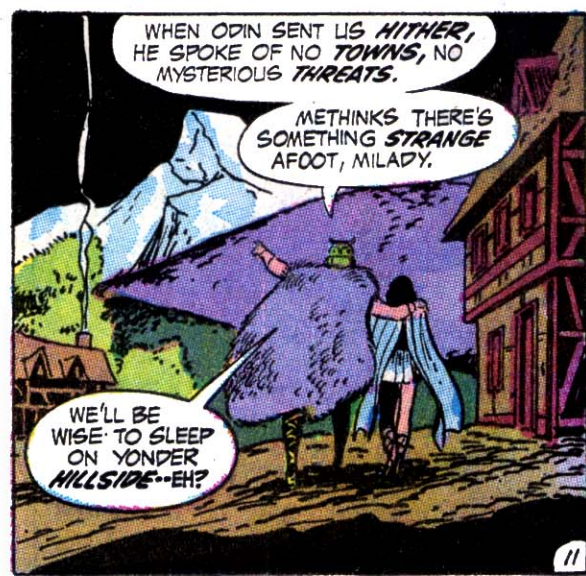
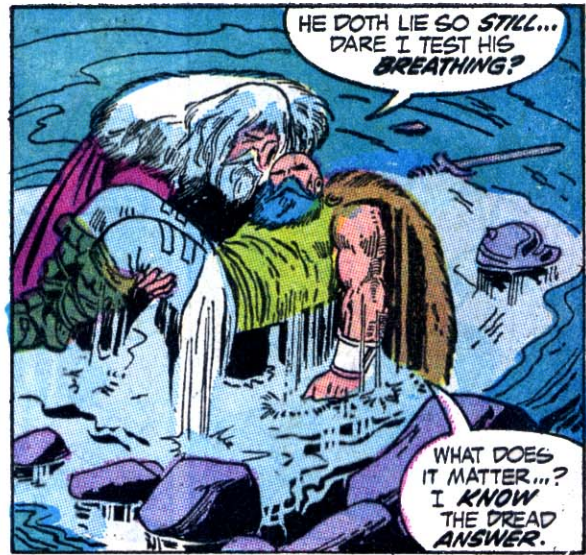
BUT SEEN ONLY FOR AN INSTANT, VILE GODLING--

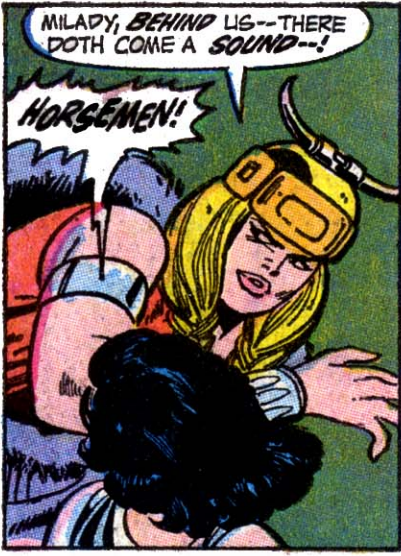


**ONLY 'TILL YOU DIE!**

BANDS OF MUSCLE RIMPLING CROSS STEEL-THEWED SHOULDERS, THE MANGOS HEAVES UPWARD--

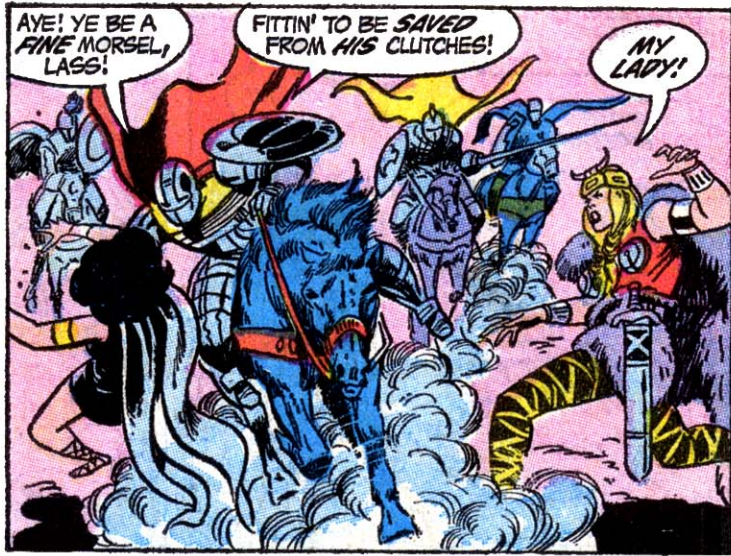
-- AND THE BRIDGE OF STONE BE TORN!





MILADY, BEHIND US--THERE DOETH COME A SOUND--!

HORSEMEN!



AYE! YE BE A FINE MORSEL, LASS!

FITIN' TO BE SAVED FROM HIS CLUTCHES!

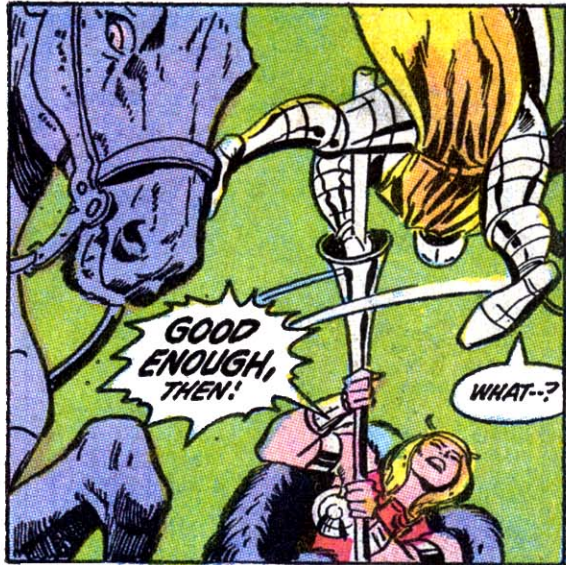
MY LADY!



BUT YEW, FAT ONE--

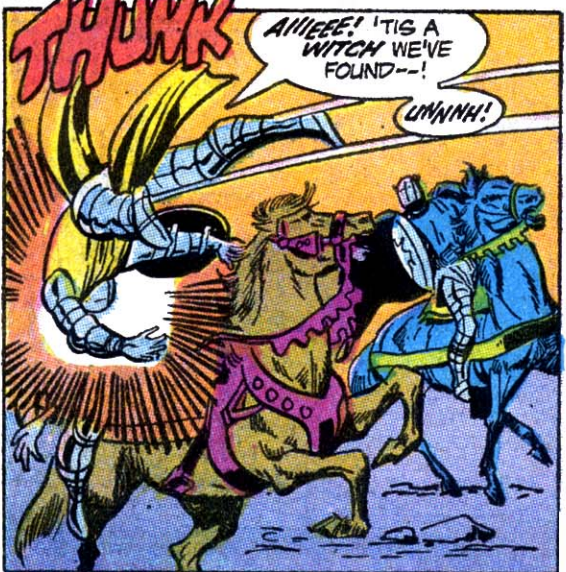
BEST YE DIE, FOR WE'LL NOT STEAL THE LIKES OF YEW!

A BATTLE, IS IT?



GOOD ENOUGH, THEN!

WHAT--?



THUNK

AWHEE! 'TIS A WITCH WE'VE FOUND--!

UMHNN!



A WITCH, SIR GLAYN?

WELL, THEN, LET'S SEE WHAT SHE DOES WITH STEEL--



—WHEN IT'S PUT THROUGH 'ER 'EAD!

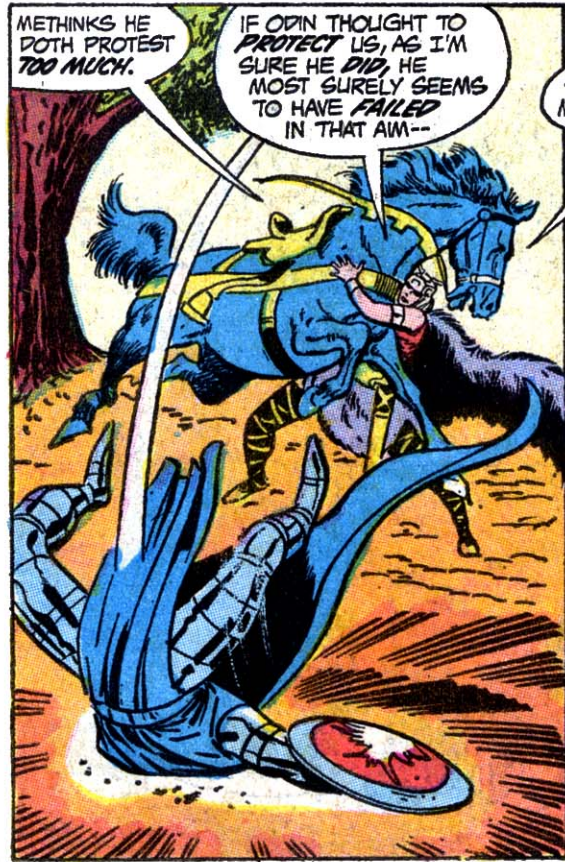


**NO!**

I LIKE THESE TYPES, MILADY. THEY COME FROM OUT OF NOWHERE..

--AND MOST GRACIOUSLY PROVIDE US--

**--WITH FINE SPORT!**



METHINKS HE DOTHTH PROTEST TOO MUCH.

IF ODIN THOUGHT TO PROTECT US, AS I'M SURE HE DID, HE MOST SURELY SEEMS TO HAVE FAILED IN THAT AIM--

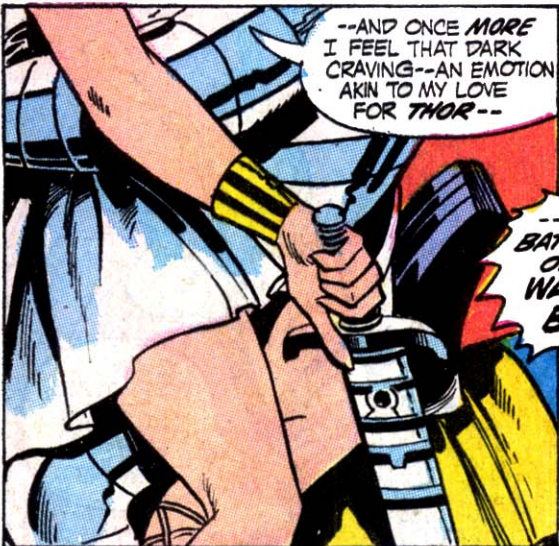
--YEA, MILADY?



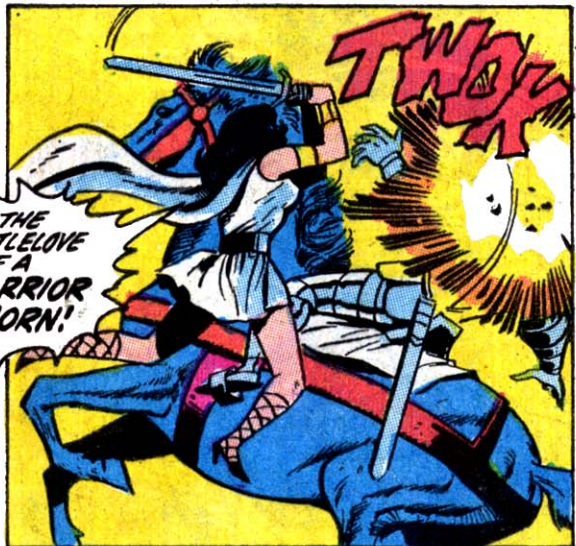
WHY WE'RE ON THIS BLIGHTED WORLD DOTHTH NOT CONCERN ME, HILDEGARDE--

--NAY, NOT NOW, AT ANY RATE!

THIS BATTLE HATH AWOKEN A FLAME WITHIN ME--



--AND ONCE MORE I FEEL THAT DARK CRAVING--AN EMOTION AKIN TO MY LOVE FOR THOR--



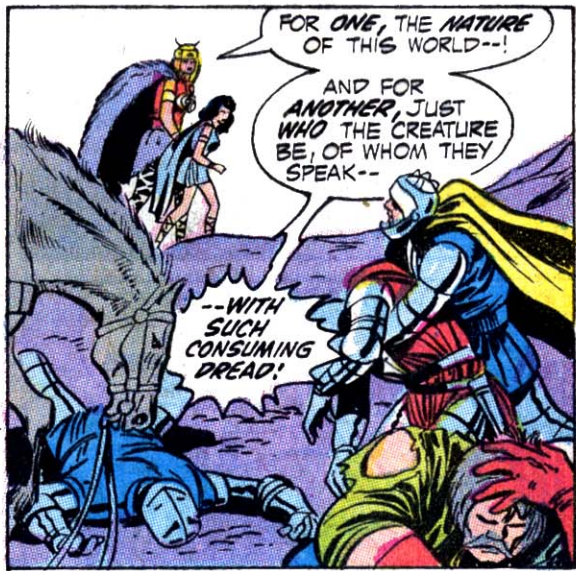
-- THE BATTLELOVE OF A WARRIOR BORN!



CALM THYSELF, GIRL. THEY'RE ALL DISPATCHED.

WE'VE OTHER THINGS TO THINK ON, NOW.

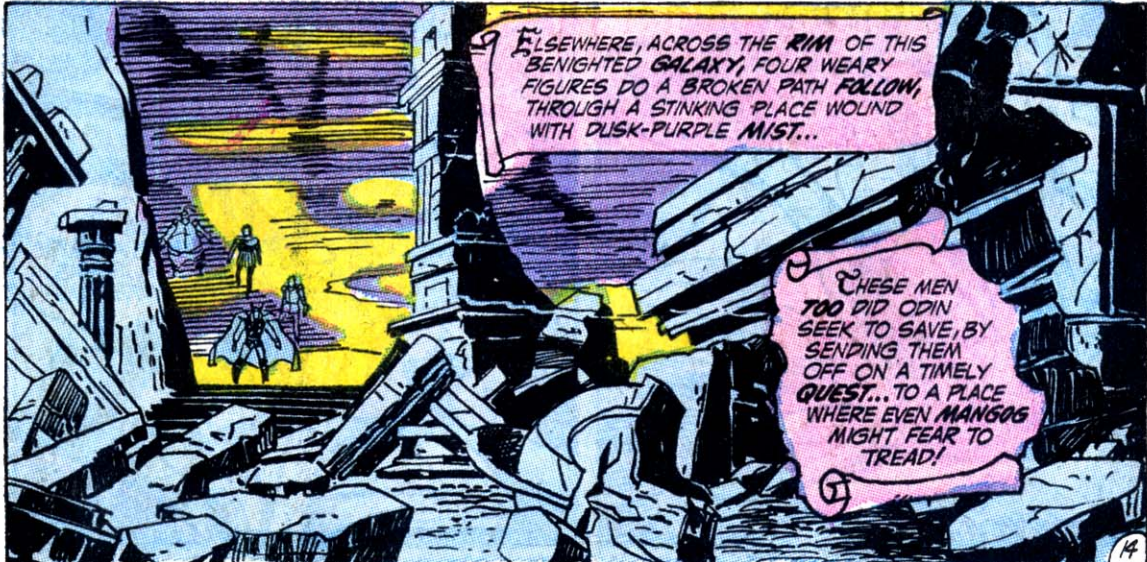
OH? NAME THEM, HILDEGARDE.



FOR ONE, THE NATURE OF THIS WORLD--!

AND FOR ANOTHER, JUST WHO THE CREATURE BE, OF WHOM THEY SPEAK--

--WITH SUCH CONSUMING DREAD!



ELSEWHERE, ACROSS THE RIM OF THIS BENIGHTED GALAXY, FOUR WEARY FIGURES DO A BROKEN PATH FALLOW, THROUGH A STINKING PLACE WOUND WITH DUSK-PURPLE MIST...

THESE MEN TOO DID ODIN SEEK TO SAVE, BY SENDING THEM OFF ON A TIMELY QUEST... TO A PLACE WHERE EVEN MANGOS MIGHT FEAR TO TREAD!



THENCE  
DOETH LIE  
THE WELL.

PERHAPS *NOW* WE'LL TAKE  
OUR REST?

IF I MAY  
SPEAK FOR  
THE OTHERS,  
MILORD--



--I SAY WE  
GO ON, AND--  
MY LORD!

YEA,  
FANDRAL--  
I FEEL  
IT!

BENEATH  
OUR  
FEET--



--THE WORLD  
DOETH SHAKE  
APART!

AND THESE  
VALIANT EYES  
SIGHT THE  
CAUSE,--  
MY LIEGE--



--YON FLAMING  
DRAGON!

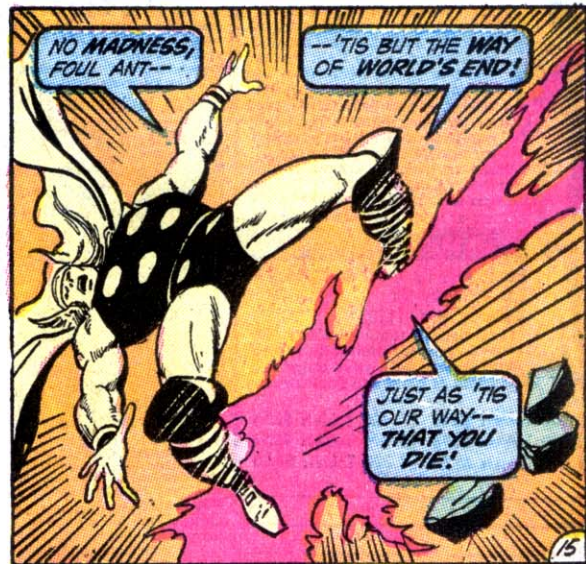
WHO BE THEE,  
WHO WALK THESE  
FORBIDDEN  
LANDS?

KNOW THAT YE STAND WITHIN  
THE REALM-- OF KARTAG!



AND I--I AM  
REDGUARD,  
THE LAST AND  
THE GREATEST  
OF THE KEEPERS  
SLAVES!

WHAT MADNESS  
*THIS*-- THAT A SLAVE  
SHOULD THUS FEEL  
PROUD?



NO MADNESS,  
FOUL ANT--

--'TIS BUT THE WAY  
OF WORLD'S END!

JUST AS 'TIS  
OUR WAY--  
THAT YOU  
DIE!





THOR FALLS!  
DEMON, THY  
NAME BE  
CURSED!

THEY'LL  
CALL THEE BY  
A DIFFERENT  
WORD--



--IN  
HADES!

NAY, GRIM ONE--  
THOU DOST  
TAKE A FALSE  
APPROACH!

NOT EVEN  
THY MOST POWER-  
FUL BLOW CANST  
SHATTER THAT  
STEALY HIDE



THOU DOST  
SPEAK THE  
TRUTH,  
PLINY ONE.

'TIS A GROSS PITY  
THOU SHAN'T LIVE  
TO SPEAK AGAIN!

WHAT INSANITY  
THIS, THAT MONSTERS  
TALK--



--AND BRAVE  
MEN FALL BENEATH  
FOUL AND FETID  
BREATH?

FRIEND  
HOGLIN, HAST  
THOU NOT  
YET GUESSED?

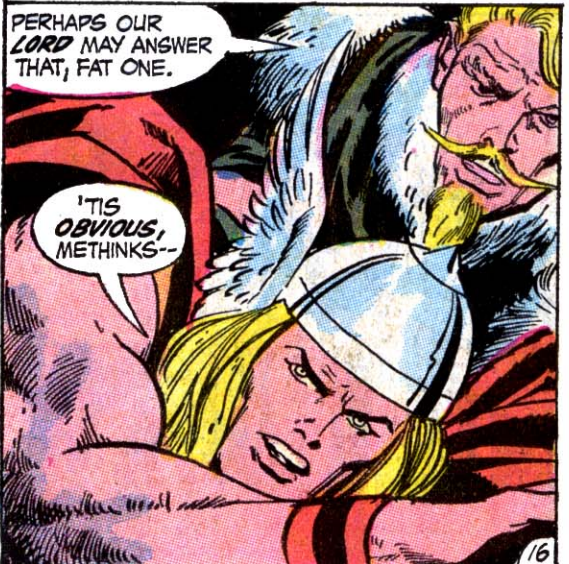
WE'VE EACH  
OUR MOST  
SITTER  
FANTASIES--



--AND THAT CREATURE  
DOTH SEEM, INDEED,  
TO EMBODY THEM  
ALL!

BUT VOLSTAGG  
HATH NO MIDNIGHT  
DEMONS, NO  
NIGHTMARES OR  
BLITHE FEARS.

WHY THEN,  
THIS NEW  
HORROR?



PERHAPS OUR  
LORD MAY ANSWER  
THAT, FAT ONE.

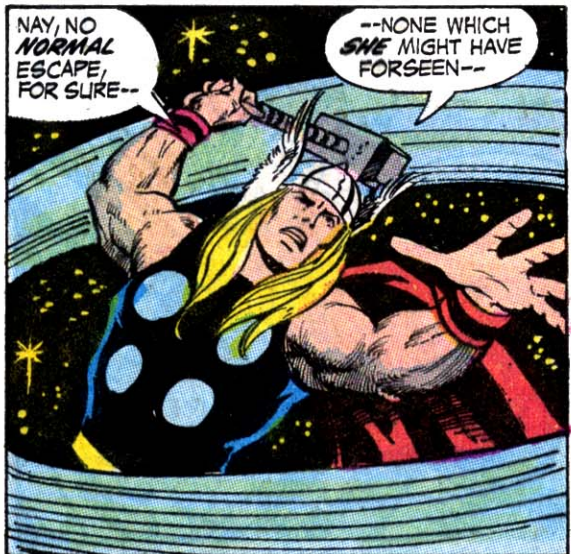
'TIS  
OBVIOUS,  
METHINKS--



--FOR THE CREATURE HATH SURROUNDED US--

--WITH A SEA OF BOILING FLAME!

BY ODIN'S BEARD. BE THERE NO ESCAPE?



NAY, NO NORMAL ESCAPE, FOR SURE--

--NONE WHICH SHE MIGHT HAVE FORSEEN--



--SAVE THE POWER OF MJOLNIR!

LORD THOR, ONE DAY I'LL KISS THAT BLESSED HAMMER!



BLIT, PRAY THEE... WHAT DIDST THOU MEAN BY "SHE"?

SURELY THOU DOTH JEST,

WHO ELSE BLIT--

THUNDER GOD! LIPON YON SHALLOW LEDGE--



--SATRINA!

BUT OF COURSE, BLACKHAIR, 'T WAS MY HAND THAT CREATED REDGUARD--



--MY WORD THAT SENT HIM 'GAINST YOU!

BY WHY, WOMAN? WHAT THREAT ARE WE TO YOUR LORD AND MASTER?

WE BLIT SEEK THE TWILIGHT WELL-- NO MORE, NO LESS.

'TIS ALL?  
WHY, HOW  
GRAND!

CAN IT BE YOU ARE  
TRULY *IGNORANT*  
OF THAT WELL'S  
MYSTERY--?



YES!  
YES!

THAT EXPLAINS IT  
ALL. WELL, MY  
LOVELIES--YOU'VE  
A *SHOCK* OR TWO  
AWAITING YOU--



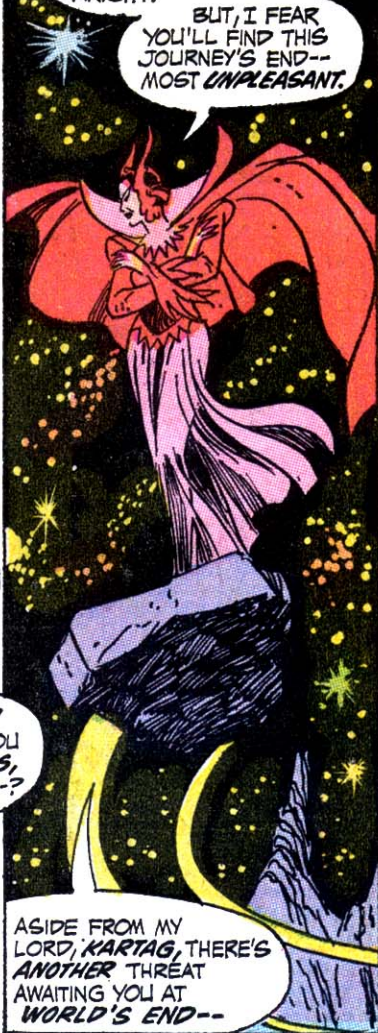
--AND TO  
THAT *END*, I  
MIGHT YET BE  
OF *SERVICE*.

ALLOW ME TO  
BE YOUR *GUIDE*,  
GENTLEMEN...  
IN PLACE OF  
THE *TROLL*  
YOU *LOST*.

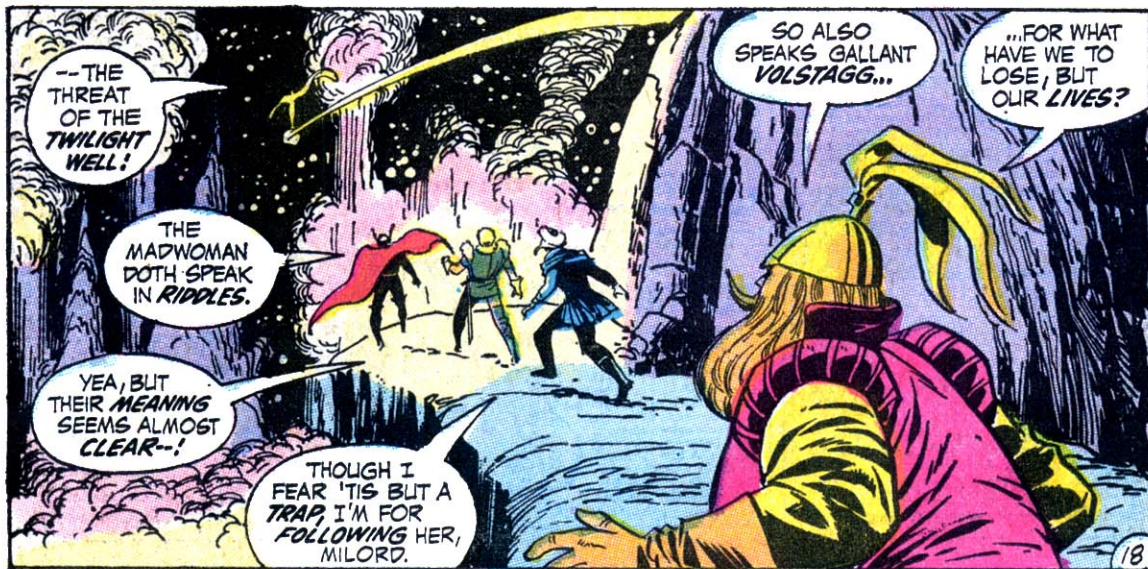
*GUIDE?*  
AGAIN YOU  
*MOCK US*,  
WOMAN--?

NO, NOT *THIS* TIME,  
BLONDHAIR, I'LL  
*LEAD* YOU,  
ARIGHT.

BUT, I FEAR  
YOU'LL FIND THIS  
JOURNEY'S END--  
MOST *UNPLEASANT*.



ASIDE FROM MY  
LORD, *KARTAG*, THERE'S  
ANOTHER *THREAT*  
AWAITING YOU AT  
*WORLD'S END*--



--THE  
THREAT  
OF THE  
*TWILIGHT*  
WELL!

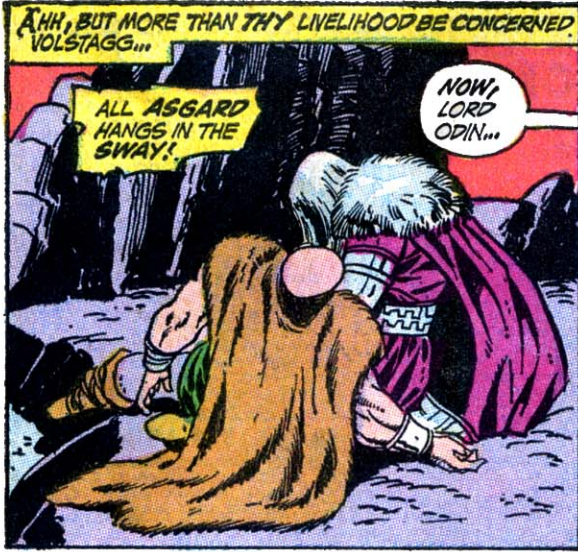
THE  
MADWOMAN  
DOETH SPEAK  
IN *RIDDLES*.

YEA, BUT  
THEIR *MEANING*  
SEEMS ALMOST  
*CLEAR*--!

THOUGH I  
FEAR 'TIS BUT A  
*TRAP*, I'M FOR  
*FOLLOWING* HER,  
MILORD.

SO ALSO  
SPEAKS GALLANT  
*VOLSTAGG*...

...FOR WHAT  
HAVE WE TO  
LOSE, BUT  
OUR *LIVES*?



...AH, BUT MORE THAN THY LIVELIHOOD BE CONCERNED VOLSTAGG...

ALL ASGARD HANGS IN THE SWAY!

NOW, LORD ODIN...



...THOU MUST HAND HIM TO ME, FOR HE IS MINE.

SO SOON? HAVE I REGAINED HIS FRIENDSHIP THESE PAST HOURS, ONLY TO SO QUICKLY LOSE IT?

KHAN WAS THE OLDEST OF MY FRIENDS, WOMAN...



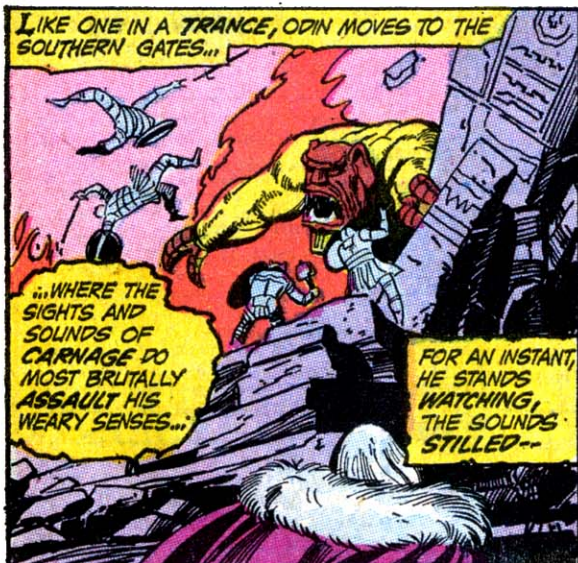
...THE OLDEST AND MOST DEAR.

THOUGH MY DUTY BE PLAIN--

THINK THEE THAT HELA BE UNKNOWING OF THIS?



--IT BE NEVER PLEASANT.



LIKE ONE IN A TRANCE, ODIN MOVES TO THE SOUTHERN GATES...

...WHERE THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF CARNAGE DO MOST BRUTALLY ASSAULT HIS WEARY SENSES...

FOR AN INSTANT, HE STANDS WATCHING, THE SOUNDS STILLED--



AND THEN SOMETHING WITHIN HIS NOBLE SOUL DOTH BREAK, AND THE ALL-FATHER CRIES OUT--

ENOUGH!

TOO MANY GOOD MEN HAVE DIED THIS DAY--

--TOO MANY BOLD THOUGHTS ARE ENDED! I HAVE SEEN ENOW!



NO LONGER CAN WE WAIT FOR THOR TO RETURN WITH THE WELL-WATERS WE SO DESPERATELY NEED!

NOW, THERE MUST COME AN END!

IF NAUGHT ELSE, I BE THE MASTER OF MY OWN DOMAIN--



--MASTER OF ITS LIFE, AND MASTER OF ITS DEATH!

ALL ELSE HATH FAILED, THE MANGOG HATH ALMOST TRIUMPHED--

--AND FOR THE SAKE OF A THOUSAND UNIVERSES--THIS MUST NOT BE!



THIS DAY, BY MY POWER, BY MY GLORY, SACRED WORLD FOREVERMORE PASS AWAY...

THOR



AND FAR DISTANT FROM THAT FATAL SCENE...

LADY, LOOK-- SOME BLAZING STAR HATH BECOME A NOVA.

A STAR?



YEA, MY LADY, MAKE A WISH UPON 'T. 'TIS SUPPOSED TO BRING GOOD FORTUNE.

IF THAT BE TRULY SO, GOOD COMPANION...

...THEN WHY DOTH MY HEART SO RAPIDLY BEAT...

...AND A NAMELESS FEAR DESCEND... UPON ME?



LET THEIRS ARE THE SOLE EYES WITNESS TO THE SCENE, FOR THE ONLY OTHER EYES TO CARE ARE 'NEATH COLD STONE...

HERE, WITCH?



YES, BLONDHAIR.

THAT WHICH YOU SEEK LIES BEYOND...

...IN THAT NIGHT-DARK CAVE.

THOR...

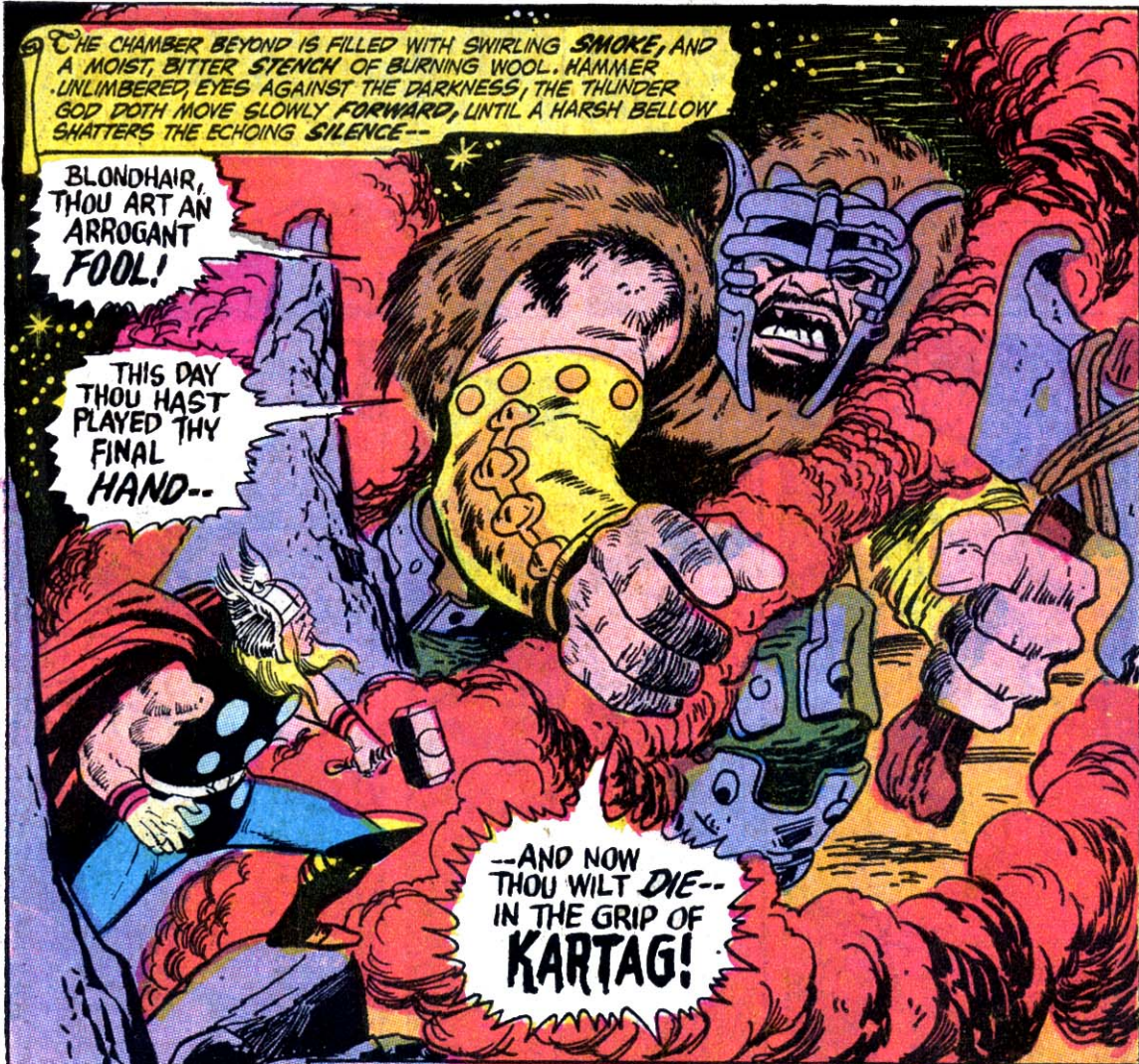


...GO NOT FORWARD. I FEAR FOR THY SAFETY.

NAY, GOOD FRIEND. I DO... WHAT I MUST.

THEN AT LEAST LET US--

NAY! THOR GOES ALONE!



THE CHAMBER BEYOND IS FILLED WITH SWIRLING SMOKE, AND A MOIST, BITTER STENCH OF BURNING WOOL. HAMMER UNLIMBERED, EYES AGAINST THE DARKNESS, THE THUNDER GOD DOTH MOVE SLOWLY FORWARD, UNTIL A HARSH BELLOW SHATTERS THE ECHOING SILENCE--

BLONDHAIR, THOU ART AN ARROGANT FOOL!

THIS DAY THOU HAST PLAYED THY FINAL HAND--

--AND NOW THOU WILT DIE-- IN THE GRIP OF KARTAG!

NEXT ISSUE: THE SECRET OF THE WELL!