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THE MIGHTY

# THOR

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY



ODIN IS DEAD, THUNDER GOD--

AND YOU SHALL BE NEXT TO DIE!!



## WHEN DIES THE IMMORTAL!



# THE MIGHTY THOR!

## And Odin DIES!

WEAKENED BY THE STRAIN OF TRANSPORTING ASGARD OUT OF NORMAL SPACE, ALL-FATHER ODIN HATH FALLEN PREY TO THE RAMPAGING MANGOG... AND THOR, BUT RECENTLY RETURNED FROM HIS QUEST FOR THE WELL AT WORLD'S END, DOTH TRULY SEEM HELPLESS TO SAVE HIM--

MILORD--  
PRITHEE *SPEAK!*  
GIVE THY SON A SIGN THAT STILL THOU DOST LIVE!!

MONSTER, HE BE SILENT--AND IF THAT SILENT BETOKENS DEATH--

--NOT ALL THY POWER WILL PROTECT THEE!

WORDS!!  
MERE FATUOUS WORDS!

MANGOG HATH NO FEAR OF VAGUE PRONOUNCEMENTS!  
HIS IS THE STRENGTH--  
HIS, THE GLORY!

8302

STAN LEE, EDITOR / GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER / JOHN BUSCEMA, ARTIST / VINCE COLLETTA, INKER / JON COSTA, LETTERER

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FOR--IF THOU DAREST ATTACK ME--

--THEN THY FATHER DIES-- MORE QUICKLY THAN I PLANNED!

WHAT SAY THEE, THUNDER GOD?



WHAT CAN I SAY, FOUL DEMON?

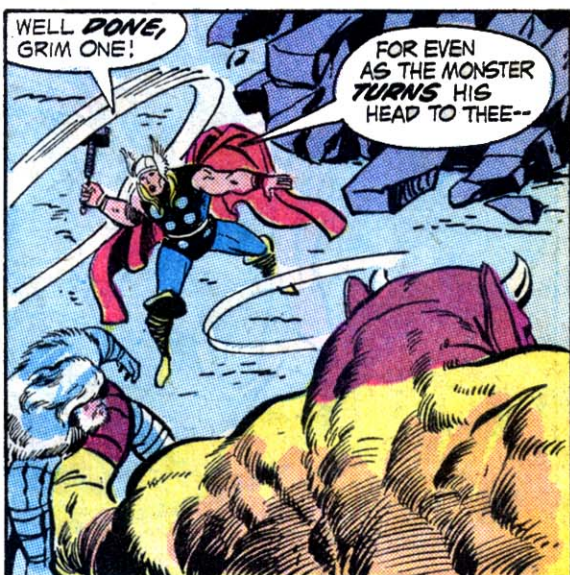
MY HANDS BE TIED!



NOT SO HOGUN'S, MILORD! WHILST THOU TOOK HIS ATTENTION IN FRONT--

**SAK**

--HOGUN DID STEAL THE REAR!



WELL DONE, GRIM ONE!

FOR EVEN AS THE MONSTER TURNS HIS HEAD TO THEE--



--THOR DOTH LET FLY HIS MYSTIC MJOLNIR--



--AND TO HIS FATHER'S SIDE DOTH SPEED!

**TRICKERY!**

FOR THAT THOU SHALT PAY, GNAT--!

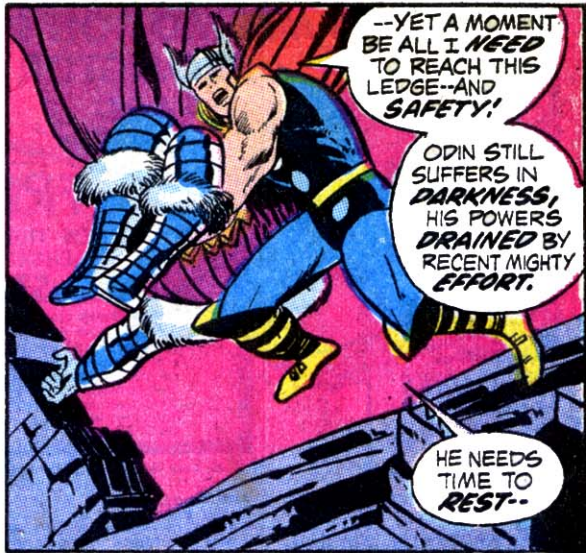




NAY, MANGOG-- 'TIS THOU SHALT PAY--

--AND PAY *PEARLY*--FOR E'ER DARING TO TOUCH LORD ODIN'S SACRED FORM!

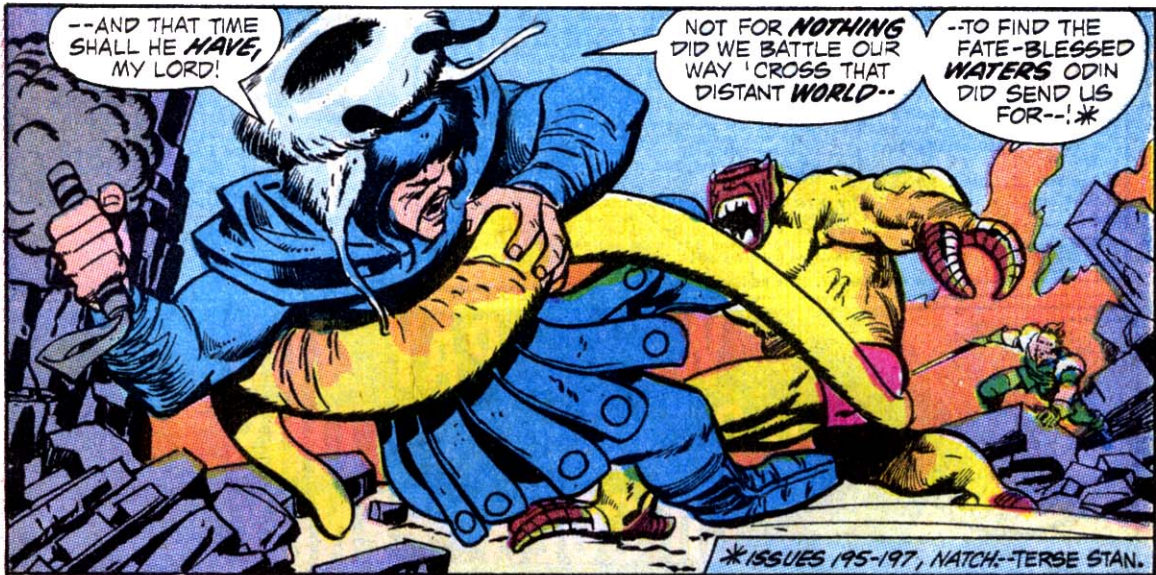
MY HAMMER DOETH BUT *STUN* THEE FOR A MOMENT--



--YET A MOMENT BE ALL I NEED TO REACH THIS LEDGE--AND *SAFETY!*

ODIN STILL SUFFERS IN DARKNESS, HIS POWERS DRAINED BY RECENT MIGHTY EFFORT.

HE NEEDS TIME TO *REST*--



--AND THAT TIME SHALL HE *HAVE*, MY LORD!

NOT FOR *NOTHING* DID WE BATTLE OUR WAY 'ROSS THAT DISTANT *WORLD*--

--TO FIND THE FATE-BLESSED *WATERS* ODIN DID SEND US FOR--!\*

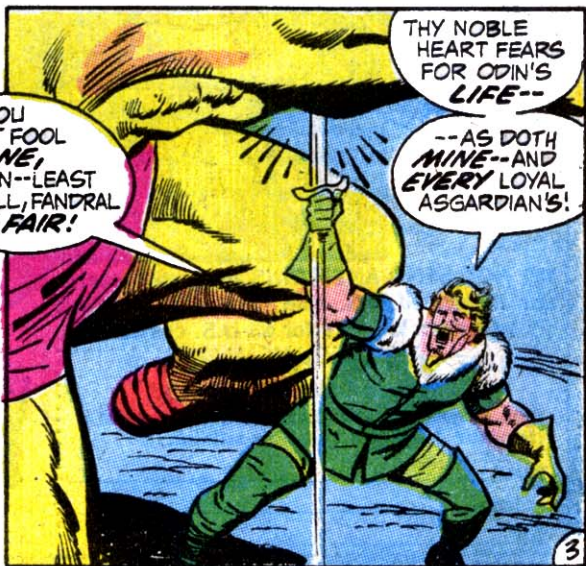
\*ISSUES 195-197, NATCH-TERSE STAN.



ONLY *HE* KNOWS THEIR TRUE *USE*--

AND FOR THIS, AND OTHER THINGS, MUST ODIN *SURVIVE!*

THOU DOST FOOL *NO ONE*, HOGUN--LEAST OF ALL, FANDRAL THE *FAIR!*



THY NOBLE HEART FEARS FOR ODIN'S *LIFE*--

--AS DOETH *MINE*--AND *EVERY* LOYAL ASSGARDIAN'S!



THEY DO TALK TO HIDE THEIR **FEAR**... THE TRUEST SIGN OF **BRavery!**

FOR HOW MAY WE FEW **PREVAIL**-- 'GAINST A DEMON WHOSE LIFE BLOOD BE PUREST **HATE?**

METHINKS THIS DAY... ASGARD MAY **FALL!**



BLIT **NO**-- WHO BE **THIS?**



'TIS **I**, MILORD... THE NOBLE **VOLSTAGG**.

IT SEEMS MY PATH LED **AWAY** FROM BATTLE...!

YEA, SO IT **SEEMS**, RED-BEARD.

COME **CLOSER**. I'VE A **TASK** FOR THEE.



FOR **VOLSTAGG**, MILORD? THOU DOST NOT **JEST?**

MY LORD... I BE... **HONORED**.



**FORGET** THINE HONOR, VOLSTAGG. I ASK MORE OF THEE THAN **WORDS**.

TAKE THIS **SHEEPSKIN**. IT DOTH HOLD THE LAST **DREGS** OF THE **MYSTIC WATER** FOR WHICH WE **SOLIGHT**...

YEA, MILORD?



I CHARGE THEE WITH **THIS**, FAT ONE:

AND **THEE**, MILORD?

BRING IT TO THE COURT **VIZIER**-- TELL HIM WHAT THOU DOST **KNOW!**



I...?

I GO **OFF**... TO **FIGHT!**

AND, BEHIND THE RUNNING THUNDER GOD, VOLSTAGG **TREMbles**. 'TIS HIS **MOMENT**... PERHAPS THE **SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT** MOMENT... OF HIS **LIFE!**

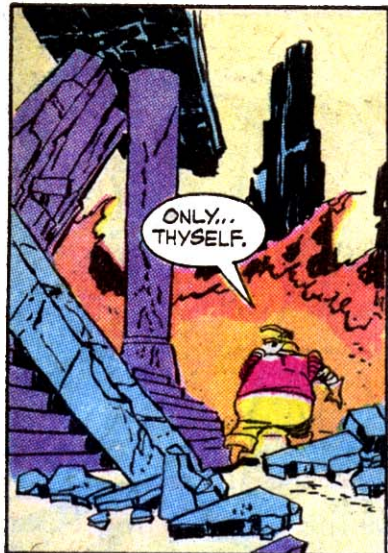


WHAT **NOW**, LOUD VOICE?

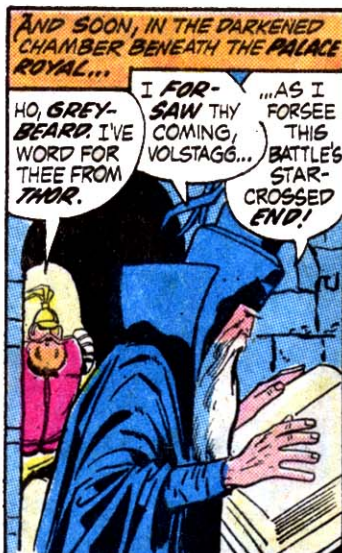
WHERE BE THY **MIGHTY BOASTING NOW?**

THERE BE NONE TO **HEAR** THEE... ONLY **THYSELF**...





ONLY...  
THYSELF.



AND SOON, IN THE DARKENED  
CHAMBER BENEATH THE PALACE  
ROYAL...

HO, GREY-  
BEARD, I'VE  
WORD FOR  
THEE FROM  
THOR.

I FOR-  
SAW THY  
COMING,  
VOLSTAGG...

...AS I  
FORSEE  
THIS  
BATTLE'S  
STAR-  
CROSSED  
END!



THY WORDS  
MEAN NAUGHT,  
OLD ONE. ONLY  
ACTIONS NOW  
MAY SPEAK.

HERE... TAKE  
THEE THESE  
MAGIC WATERS,  
AND KNOW  
THEE...

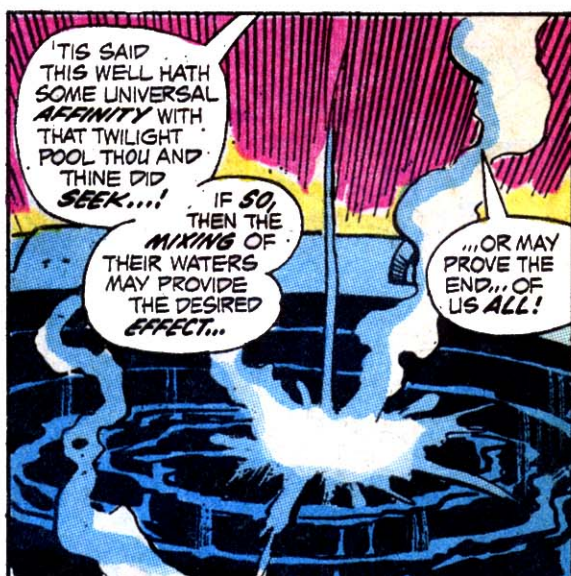
...THEY  
BE A GIFT  
OF THE  
NORNS!



AHHH,  
THEN  
LEGENDS  
BE  
TRUE?

MANGOG MAY  
YET BE DISPATCHED  
WITH THE AID OF  
THE FATES?

COME, VAST  
ONE. WE'VE WORK  
TO DO BELOW... ON  
THE BRINK OF  
ODIN'S COSMIC  
WELL!



'TIS SAID  
THIS WELL HATH  
SOME UNIVERSAL  
AFFINITY WITH  
THAT TWILIGHT  
POOL THOU AND  
THINE DID  
SEEK...!

IF SO,  
THEN THE  
MIXING OF  
THEIR WATERS  
MAY PROVIDE  
THE DESIRED  
EFFECT...

...OR MAY  
PROVE THE  
END... OF  
US ALL!



AND ELSEWHERE, THE BATTLE DOETH NOT MOVE WELL...

STILL THOU DOST  
STAND?

STILL THOU DOST  
THREATEN THE POWER  
OF THE GODS?

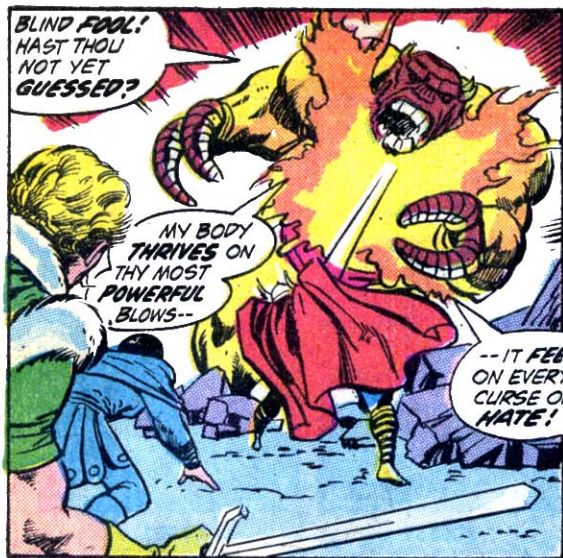
THEN  
THOU HAST  
CAST  
THY LOT--



--AND THOU  
MUST TAKE THY  
DUE!

FEEL THE  
LIVING LIGHTNING,  
MONSTER--FEEL,  
AND DIE!

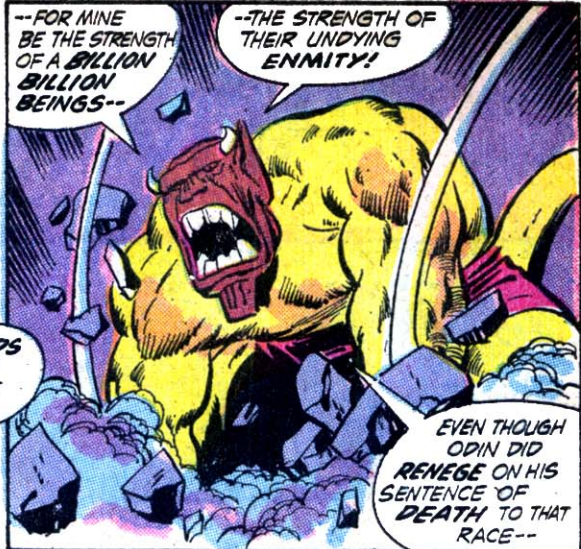




BLIND FOOL! HAST THOU NOT YET GUESSED?

MY BODY THRIVES ON THY MOST POWERFUL BLOWS--

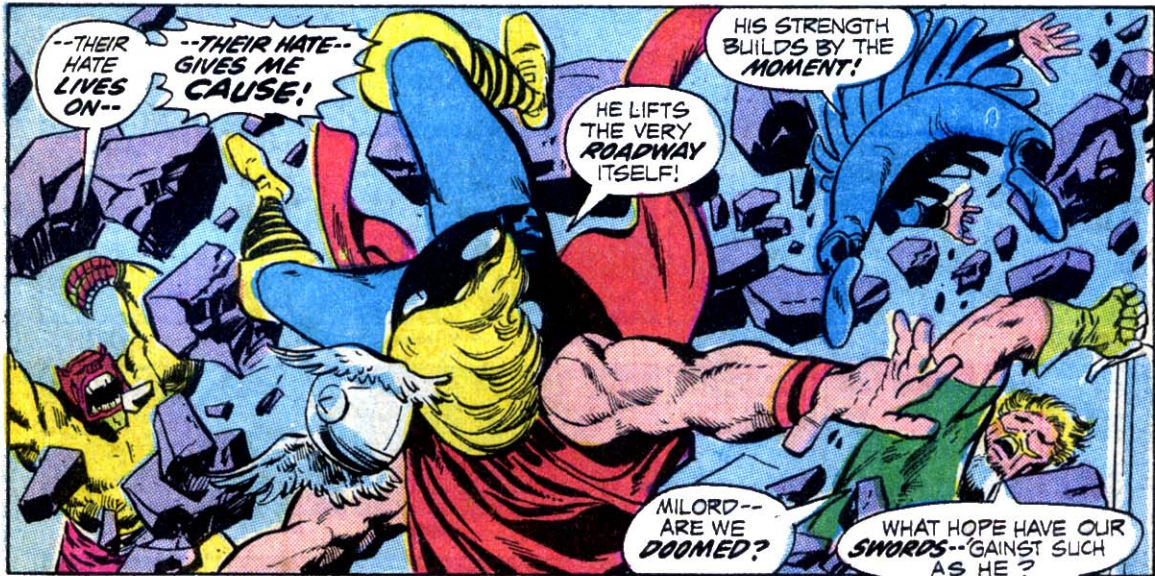
-- IT FEEDS ON EVERY CURSE OF HATE!



--FOR MINE BE THE STRENGTH OF A BILLION BILLION BEINGS--

--THE STRENGTH OF THEIR UNDYING ENMITY!

EVEN THOUGH ODIN DID RENEGE ON HIS SENTENCE OF DEATH TO THAT RACE--



--THEIR HATE LIVES ON--

--THEIR HATE-- GIVES ME CAUSE!

HIS STRENGTH BUILDS BY THE MOMENT!

HE LIFTS THE VERY ROADWAY ITSELF!

MILORD-- ARE WE DOOMED?

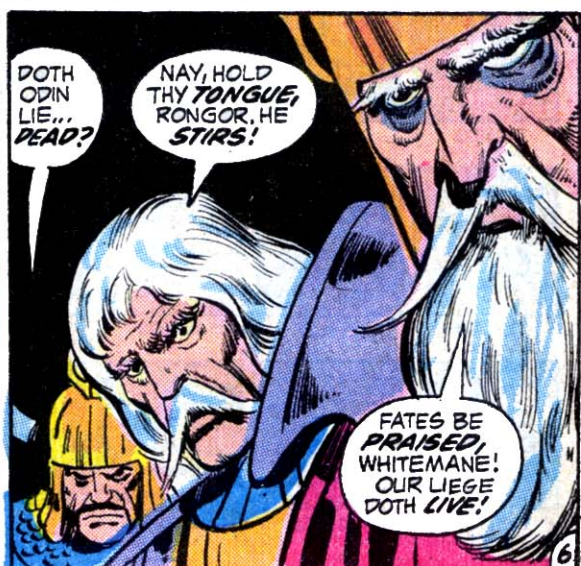
WHAT HOPE HAVE OUR SWORDS-- GAINST SUCH AS HE?



WHAT HOPE INDEED? 'TIS A QUESTION PONDERED BY THREE ELDER GODS AS THEY APPROACH THEIR LORD AND MASTER...

HE LIES MOST STILL.

CAN OUR WORST FEARS BE TRUE?

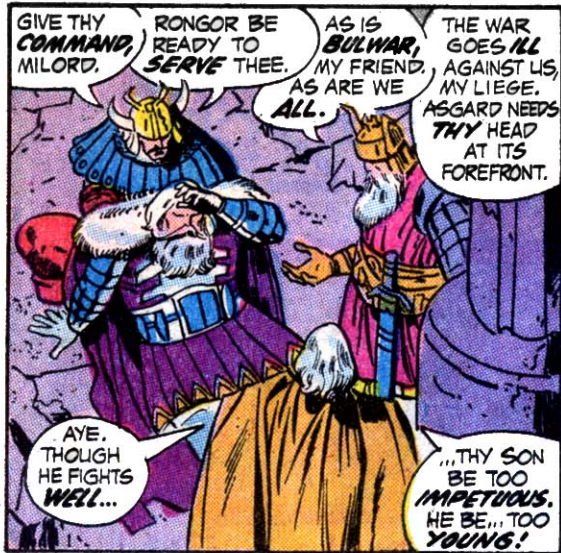


DO TH ODIN LIE... DEAD?

NAY, HOLD THY TONGUE, RONGOR, HE STIRS!

FATES BE PRAISED, WHITEMANE! OUR LIEGE DO TH LIVE!





GIVE THY **COMMAND**, MILORD.

RONGOR BE READY TO **SERVE** THEE.

AS IS **BULWAR**, MY FRIEND, AS ARE WE **ALL**.

THE WAR GOES **ILL** AGAINST US, MY LIEGE. **ASGARD** NEEDS **THY** HEAD AT ITS **FOREFRONT**.

AYE, THOUGH HE FIGHTS **WELL**...

...**THY** SON BE TOO **IMPETUOUS**. HE BE... TOO **YOUNG**!



**UNHAND** ME, THEN.

**ODIN** NEEDS **NO AID**. HIS **STRENGTH**, THOUGH **WEAKENED**, MAY **YET** **SUSTAIN** HIM!

A **MOMENT**, MY **LORD**... THOU ART **POORLY** **RESTED**.



YEA, EVEN THE **BOLDEST** WARRIOR MUST TAKE HIS TIME TO **REGAIN** HIS **STRENGTH**!

WE **DID** NOT **MEAN**--

I **KNOW** THY **MEANING**, **WHITEMANE**.

**ASGARD** SUFFERS **WITHOUT** ME--AND **SO**, MUST **SUFFER** **NO LONGER**!

I SAID **UNHAND** ME, **RONGOR**--THOU **GOEST** TOO **FAR**!

MILORD, **PLEASE**--



**SILENCE!**

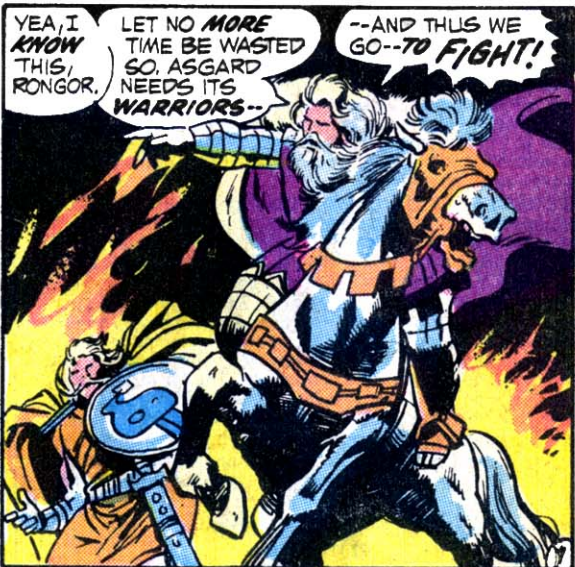
WHAT **MANNER** OF **KING** MIGHT I BE-- IF I ANSWERED **NOT** THE **CALL** TO **ARMS**?

**BOW** **BEFORE** THY **LIEGE**-- **LEST** THOU **DOST** **FORGET** THY **PLACE**!



**LORD** **ODIN**-- **FORGIVE** US, THY **FRIENDS**.

IN OUR **WAY**, WE **BUT** **SOUGHT** TO **SERVE** THEE.



YEA, I **KNOW** THIS, **RONGOR**.

LET **NO MORE** **TIME** BE **WASTED** **SO**. **ASGARD** NEEDS ITS **WARRIORS**--

--AND **THUS** WE **GO--** TO **FIGHT**!



HORSE HOOVES POUND THE SHATTERED COBBLES--AS GREY HAIR BORNE BACK BY AN ANGRY WIND, ODIN LEADS HIS MEN FORWARD--

--TO WHAT MAY WELL BE THEIR FINAL BATTLE--!

THERE BE THE BEAST!

TO HIS FLANK-- AND ATTACK!

SO,, THE BLOND-HAIR DOTH FALL AT LAST!

I'LL SUFFER HIS PASSING-- BUT NOT TOO GREATLY, I THINK--

--NO MORE GREATLY THAN I'LL SUFFER HIS FATHER'S DEATH!

THEN TAKE THY WISH MONSTER--

--TAKE IT IF THOU CAN!

WHAT--NO ANSWER?

AFRAID TO SPEAK, THEN?

MAY, ODIN--

--I BIDE MY WORDS 'TILL I'VE AUGHT TO SAY!

FOR, WHEN MANGOG SPEAKS-- THE UNIVERSE TREMBLES!

MAYHAP THE UNIVERSE DOES, FOUL CREATURE--

--BUT NO FEAR FOR WORDS DOTH RONGOR HOLD!

TREACHERY!

ALWAYS THEY STRIKE FROM BEHIND!

I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF IT.

FOR YOUR IMPUDENCE, YOU DIE!

THY TAIL-- ENCIRCLES ME!

OH, FOUL-- FOUL!



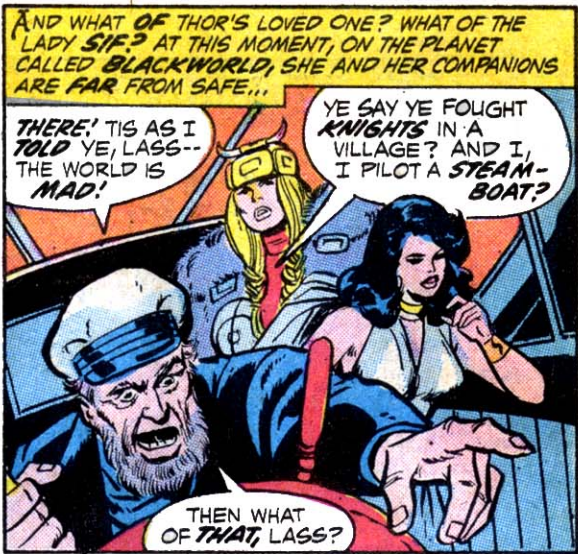


FOUL? NO LESS FOUL A DEED DID ODIN COMMIT--WHEN HE SENT HIS SON AWAY!\*

NAY--NO LESS FOUL WHEN HE BANISHED THE BLONDHAIR'S LOVED ONE AS WELL! HOW THEN BE MANGOG FOUL?

HE SOUGHT TO SAVE-- AND I--? I SEEK TO KILL-- TO KILL YOU ALL!

\*IN #195--S.



AND WHAT OF THOR'S LOVED ONE? WHAT OF THE LADY SIF? AT THIS MOMENT, ON THE PLANET CALLED BLACKWORLD, SHE AND HER COMPANIONS ARE FAR FROM SAFE...

THERE! 'TIS AS I TOLD YE, LASS-- THE WORLD IS MAD!

YE SAY YE FOUGHT KNIGHTS IN A VILLAGE? AND I, I PILOT A STEAM-BOAT?

THEN WHAT OF THAT, LASS?



TELL SILAS GRANT WHAT YE MAKE OF THAT!

NAY--I'LL NOT BELIEVE IT! 'TIS A CITY HARBOR--BUT NOT LIKE THOSE HARBORS I'VE SEEN ON EARTH!

SOMEHOW-- IT SEEMS SO PRIMITIVE-- AS THOUGH IT WERE LIKE THOSE CITIES OF THE EARTH'S DEPRESSION YEARS!

STUNNED, THEIR MINDS NOT BELIEVING WHAT THEIR EYES DO SEE, THE THREE FELLOW WANDERERS DEPART THEIR ANCIENT VESSEL...AND STEP FOOT ON A WHARF WHERE, BEFORE-- THERE'D BEEN NO WHARF.



THESE PAST DAYS 'AVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE, THEY 'AVE!

--AND IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, IT ALL CHANGED! I CAN'T--

BUT HOURS AGO, THE LAND WAS GREEN, AND I OWNED BUT A MEASLEY SAILBOAT--

THEY DO RUN-- AS DID THOSE KNIGHTS WE FOUGHT!\*

MY LADY, I UNDERSTAND IT NOT. HOURS AGO, THIS CITY DID NOT EXIST... 'T WAS ALL A TAVERNED VILLAGE!

WAIT! LOOKEE THERE, LASSIES!

\*ISSUE #196.--STAN.



AYE--AND COUNTRYSIDE AS WELL.

'TIS ALL "HIS" DOING, LASS. HE'S CHANGED US ALL FROM SAVAGES--

--AND HE'S DRIVEN US MAD, TOO!



"LOOK AT THEM--RUNNING FROM SOMETHING LIKE SCARED RABBITS!"



"DON'T KNOW WHAT THOSE CONTRAPTIONS ARE--BUT MAYBE ONE 'A THOSE BLOKES CAN TELL US--!"

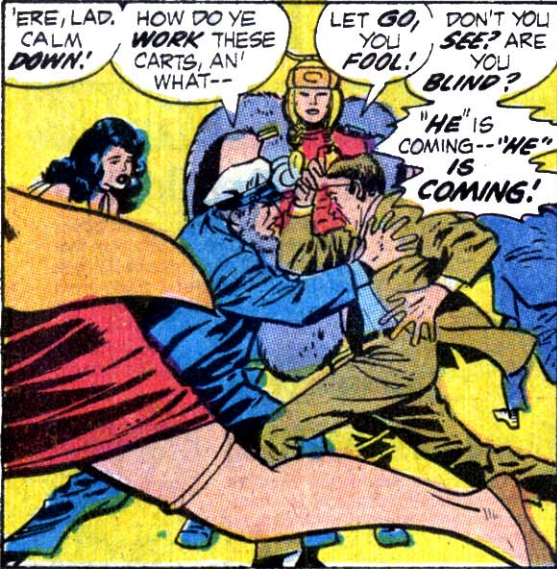
'ERE, LAD. CALM DOWN!

HOW DO YE WORK THESE CARTS, AN' WHAT--

LET GO, YOU FOOL!

DON'T YOU SEE? ARE YOU BLIND?

"HE" IS COMING--"HE" IS COMING!



SILAS, WHAT DOTH IT MEAN?

UNLESS MAYBE "HE" IS HERE, AFTER ALL!

YE'VE GOT ME, LASS.

THOLI HAST NEVER SAID, MY FRIEND-- WHO IS "HE"?



AH, HILDEGARDE-- THERE'S THE RUB. TELL OF IT!

AIN'T NO ONE WHO'S EVER SEEN "HIM", AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT!

LOOKS LIKE YOU LASSIES SURE CHOSE THE WRONG TIME TO VISIT OUR LITTLE LAND--!

WE HAD NO CHOICE, SILAS.

ALL WAS DECIDED FOR US BY ODIN-- HOLD!

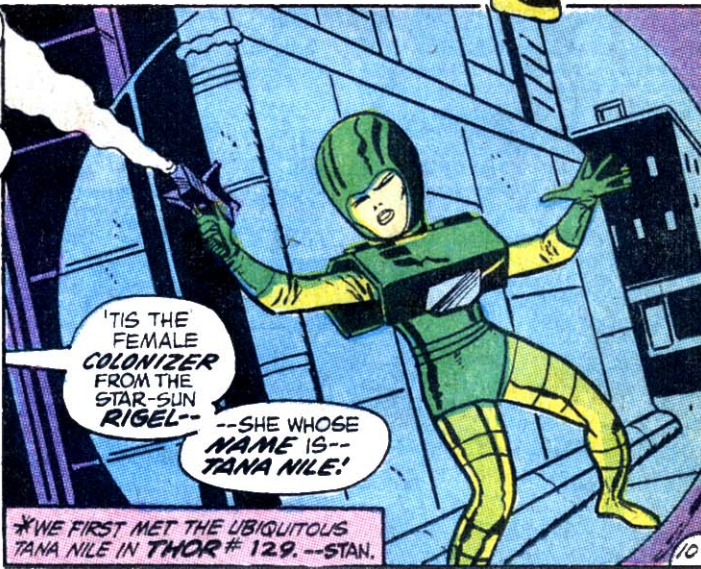
LOOK THEE YONDER!



'TIS THE FEMALE COLONIZER FROM THE STAR-SUN RIGEL--

--SHE WHOSE NAME IS-- TANA NILE!

\*WE FIRST MET THE UBIGUITOUS TANA NILE IN THOR # 129. --STAN.







QUICKLY, ASGARDIANS-- INTO THE FORCE BUBBLE--!

TAKE THE MORTAL WITH YOU--LEST HE FALL PREY TO "HIM"!

COLONIZER, WHAT MEANS ALL THIS?



THOR SPOKE TO ME OF THY MEETING--

--YET NEVER DID WE THINK TO MEET THEE HERE!

I'D NOT HAVE PLANNED IT THIS WAY--



--BUT IT APPEARS "HE" HAS TAKEN THE CHOICE FROM ME!

ALL OF YOU-- INTO THE SHIELD!



WHAT ART THOU DOING HERE, RIGELIAN?

DIDST NOT THY PEOPLE PROMISE THOR TO ABANDON ALL HUMAN SPACE--AND NO LONGER ATTEMPT TO COLONIZE THESE CIVILIZED WORLDS?

THAT WE DID, ASGARDIAN... BUT I'VE NO TIME TO EXPLAIN THE DEADLY MISTAKE WE MADE...!

IF YOU WILL LOOK ABOVE YOU, YOU'LL SEE WHY I FIRE THIS NEAR-USELESS ENERGY GUN-- AND PERHAPS YOU'LL BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING HERE THESE PAST FEW DAYS--!

LOOK, ASGARDIAN! LOOK-- INTO THE FACE OF "HIM"!

BY THE STARS! IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T BEEEEEEE!

AND BEFORE THAT SECRET IS REVEALED, WE'VE ANOTHER STORY TO ATTEND TO, AND SO MUST RETURN TO A DARKENED CHAMBER IN FAR-OFF ASSGARD, WHERE...

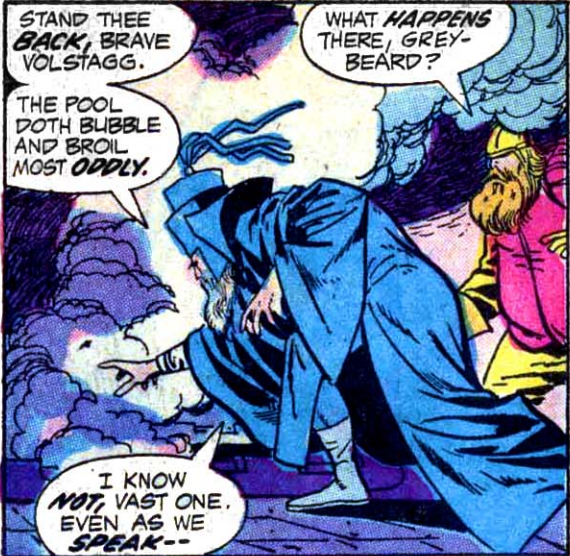


STAND THEE  
BACK, BRAVE  
VOLSTAGG.

WHAT HAPPENS  
THERE, GREY-  
BEARD?

THE POOL  
DOETH BUBBLE  
AND BROL  
MOST ODDLY.

I KNOW  
NOT, VAST ONE.  
EVEN AS WE  
SPEAK--



AND, AS THE VIZIER COMPLETES HIS SENTENCE,  
THE WORDS ARE LOST--

--AS, SUDDENLY,  
THE WELL  
EXPLODES!

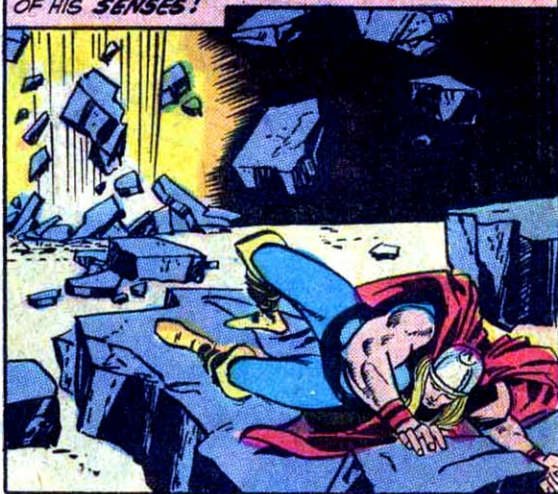


RAW POWER CHURNS UPWARD, UNLEASHED BY  
FORCES OUR MINDS CANNOT BEGIN TO COM-  
PREHEND--

THE VERY  
EARTH AND STONE  
OF ASGARD ITSELF  
BEGIN TO  
TREMBLE--



--WHILE, SHORT YARDS FROM THE ROARING GEYSER,  
A WAKING THUNDER GOD STRUGGLES TO  
AWARENESS, ALREADY DOUBTING THE MESSAGE  
OF HIS SENSES!



THE WORLD  
SHAKES--  
TORN FROM  
WITHIN AND  
WITHOUT!

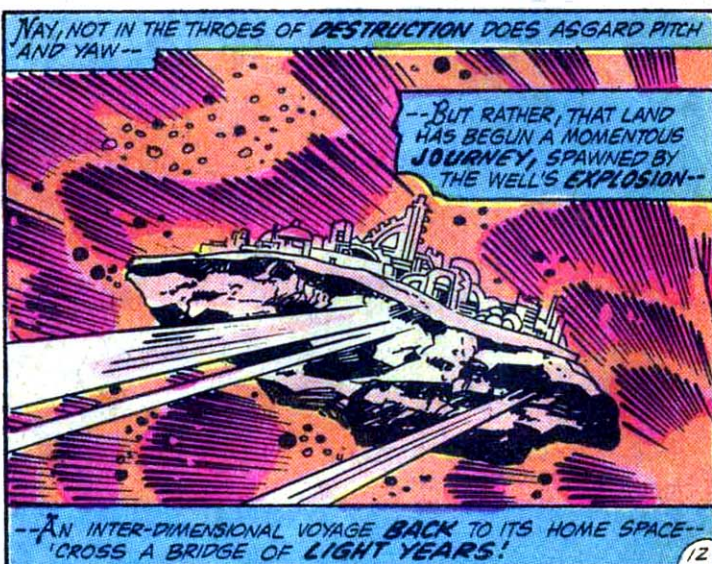
WHAT FURY HAVE I  
UNWITTINGLY RE-  
LEASED?

WHAT IF THOR'S  
ORDERS HAVE  
NOT SAVED  
ASGARD FROM  
ITS FATE--BUT  
MERELY SEALED  
THAT AWFUL  
DOOM?



YAY, NOT IN THE THROES OF DESTRUCTION DOES ASGARD PITCH  
AND YAW--

--BUT RATHER, THAT LAND  
HAS BEGUN A MOMENTOUS  
JOURNEY, SPAWNED BY  
THE WELL'S EXPLOSION--



--AN INTER-DIMENSIONAL VOYAGE BACK TO ITS HOME SPACE--  
CROSS A BRIDGE OF LIGHT YEARS!



AND, E'EN AS THOR REALIZES THIS  
E'EN AS A KNOWING SMILE DOTH  
LIGHT HIS FEATURES...



...E'EN THEN, THE SEEDS OF  
TRAGEDY ARE SOWN!



MY SON... THOU  
HAST MADE  
THY FATHER  
**PROUD!**

**MILORD!**

BY FINDING  
THE WELL,  
AND BY  
TAKING ITS  
WATERS...



... THOU  
HAST  
RETURNED  
TO ASGARD  
... ITS  
**DESTINY!**



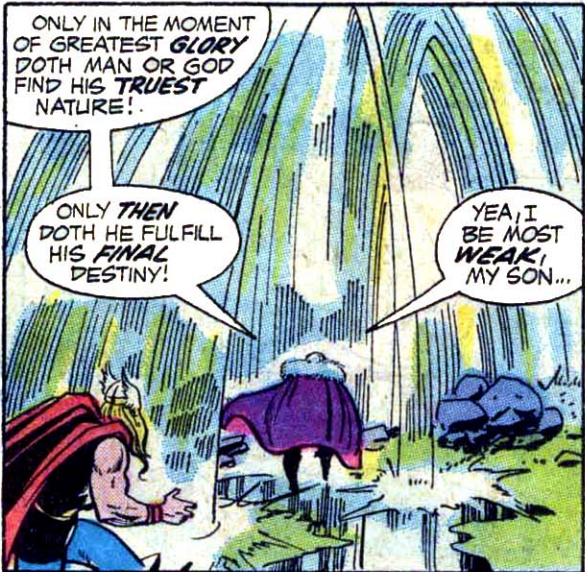
FATHER, THOU  
DOST LOOK  
**UNWELL.**

PERHAPS  
I SHOULD...

NA, SAY  
**NO MORE,**  
MY SON.  
THOU DOST  
SPEAK THE  
**TRUTH.**

THIS BATTLE  
HATH WORN  
MY **WILL...**  
HATH STOLEN  
MY  
**STRENGTH.**

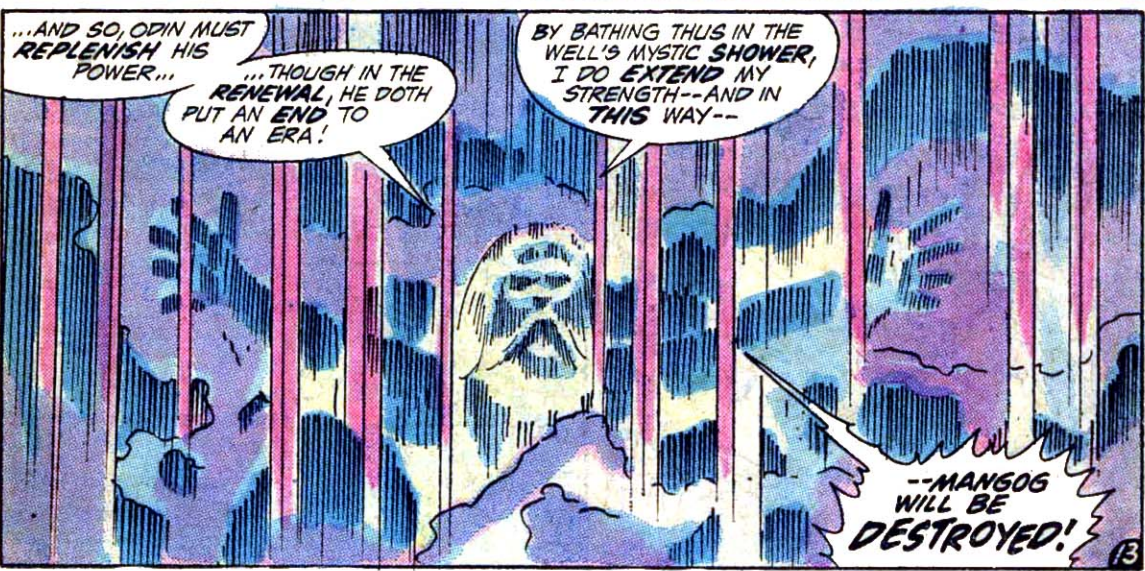
**BARELY,**  
I SURVIVE...  
YET WHAT  
**MEANS**  
BARE  
SURVIVAL?



ONLY IN THE MOMENT  
OF GREATEST **GLORY**  
DOTH MAN OR GOD  
FIND HIS **TRUEST**  
NATURE!

ONLY **THEN**  
DOTH HE FULFILL  
HIS **FINAL**  
DESTINY!

YEA, I  
BE MOST  
**WEAK!**  
MY SON...



... AND SO, ODIN MUST  
**REPLENISH** HIS  
POWER...

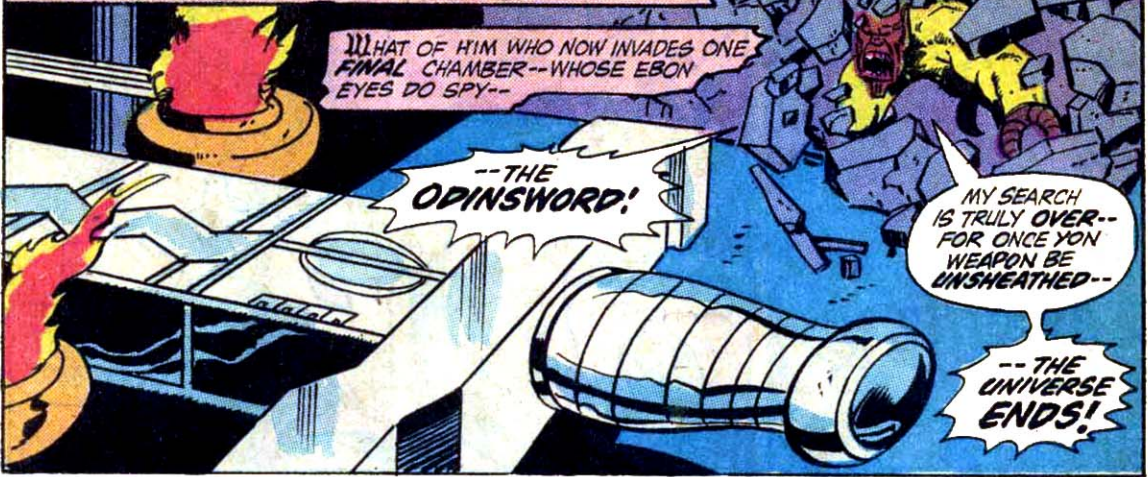
... THOUGH IN THE  
**RENEWAL,** HE DOTH  
PUT AN END TO  
AN ERA!

BY BATHING THUS IN THE  
WELL'S MYSTIC **SHOWER,**  
I DO **EXTEND** MY  
STRENGTH-- AND IN  
**THIS WAY--**

--MANGOS  
WILL BE  
**DESTROYED!**



**YET, WHAT OF THAT REINCARNATED DEMON? WHAT OF HIM WHOSE STRENGTH IS BORN OF HATRED-- WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE LIES STEEPED IN THAT MOST BASE EMOTION?**

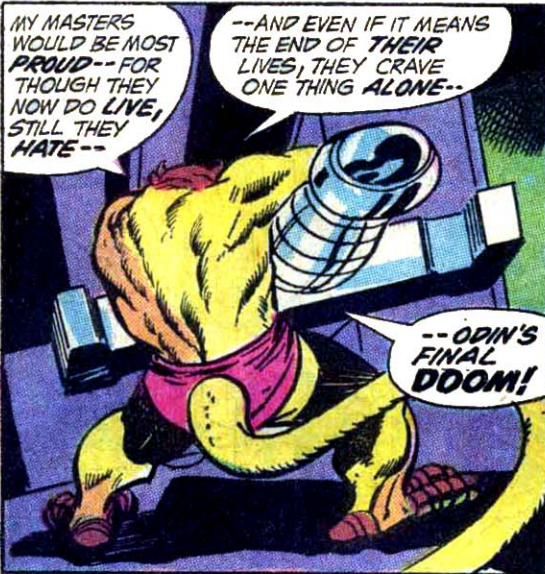


**WHAT OF HIM WHO NOW INVADES ONE FINAL CHAMBER-- WHOSE EBON EYES DO SPY--**

**MY SEARCH IS TRULY OVER-- FOR ONCE YON WEAPON BE UNSHEATHED--**

**-- THE OPINSWORD!**

**-- THE UNIVERSE ENDS!**



**MY MASTERS WOULD BE MOST PROUD-- FOR THOUGH THEY NOW DO LIVE, STILL THEY HATE--**

**-- AND EVEN IF IT MEANS THE END OF THEIR LIVES, THEY CRAVE ONE THING ALONE--**

**-- ODIN'S FINAL DOOM!**



**BUT WHAT MADNESS BE THIS? THE SWORD BE FREE-- YET THE WORLD REMAINS!**

**AIIIEEE! FOOL THAT I BE-- I FORGET WE BE BEYOND NORMAL SPACE AND TIME!**

**ODIN'S GAMBIT HATH SAVED THE UNIVERSE--**



**-- YET NEVER WILL IT SAVE ASGARD--**

**-- NOR WILL IT SAVE HIM!**

**THE POWER OF THE SWORD IS MINE-- AND WITH IT--**



**-- I'LL DESTROY IT ALL!**

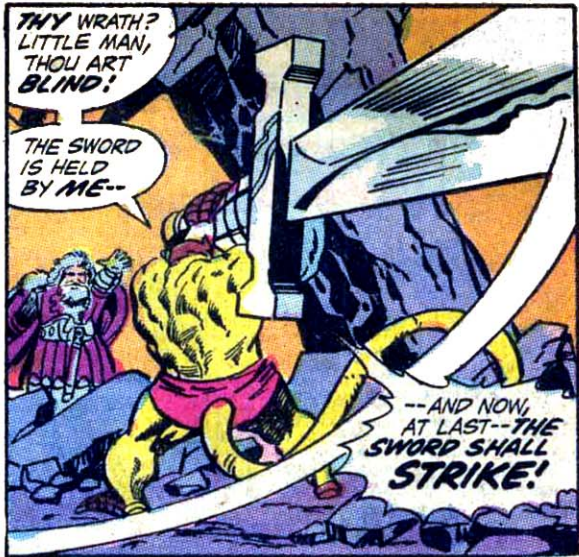




**I SAY THEE NAY!**

NEVER WHILE ODIN STANDS-- WILL ASGARD FALL!

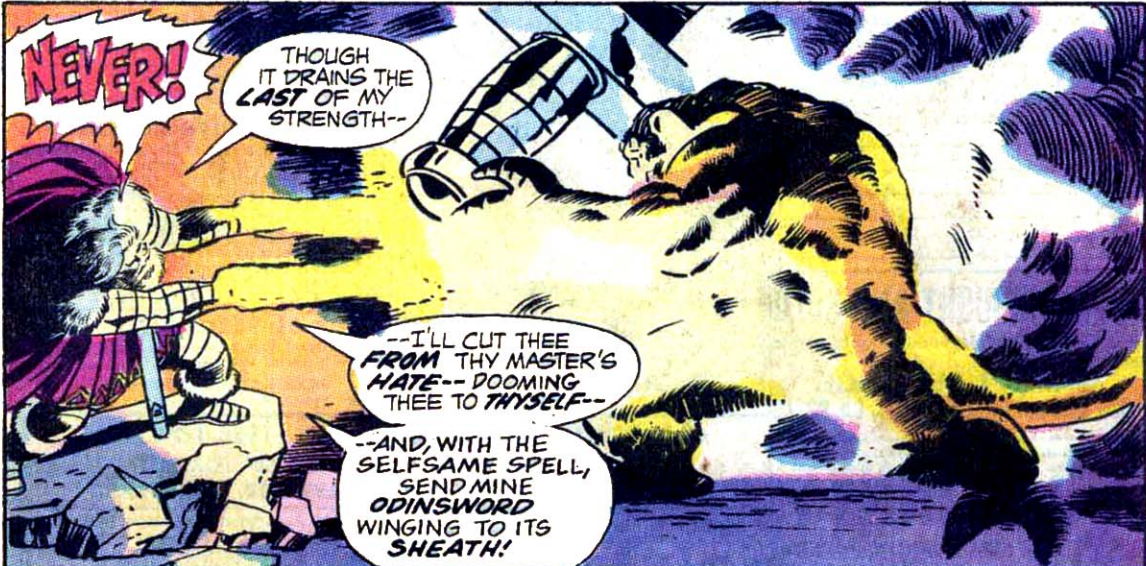
STAY THEE BACK, DEMON--LEST THOU FACE MY WRATH!



THY WRATH? LITTLE MAN, THOU ART BLIND!

THE SWORD IS HELD BY ME--

--AND NOW, AT LAST--THE SWORD SHALL STRIKE!



**NEVER!**

THOUGH IT DRAINS THE LAST OF MY STRENGTH--

--I'LL CUT THEE FROM THY MASTER'S HATE-- DOOMING THEE TO THYSELF--

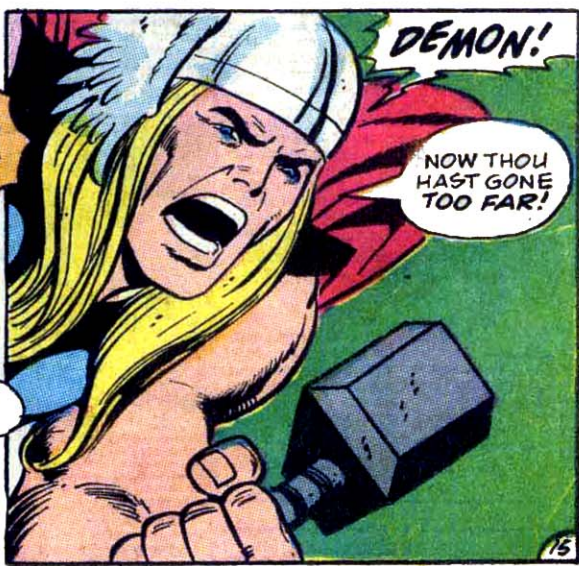
--AND, WITH THE SELFSAME SPELL, SEND MINE ODINSWORD WINGING TO ITS SHEATH!



FOR ONE MADDENING INSTANT, THE CHAMBER QUAKES--

--AND THEN THE POWER FADES, THE ROARING DIES--AND WITH A FADING SIGH, THE MIGHTY ODIN DOTH COLLAPSE!

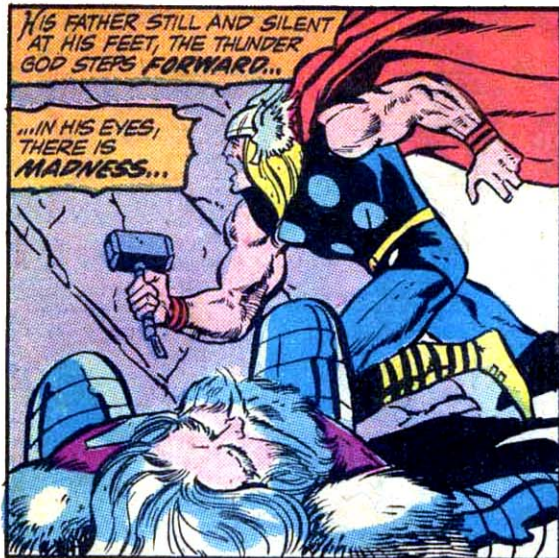
FAAAATHERRR!



**DEMON!**

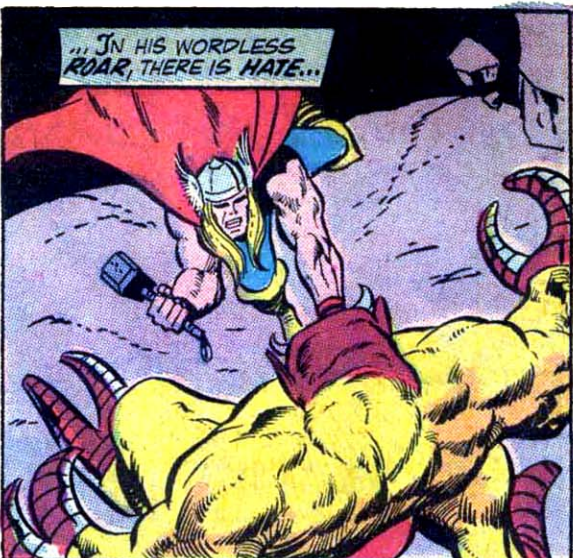
NOW THOU HAST GONE TOO FAR!



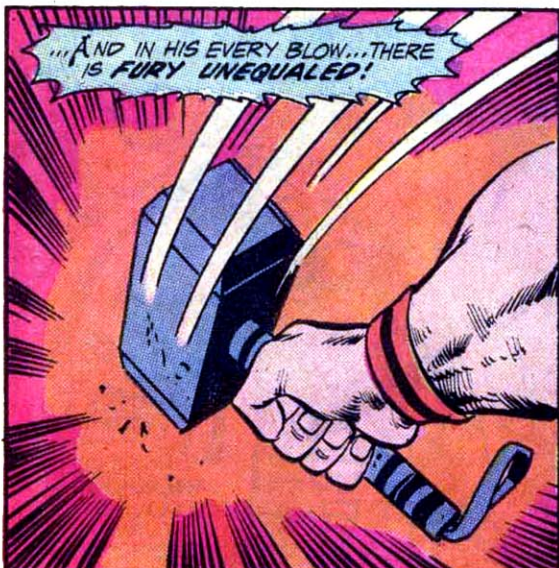


HIS FATHER STILL AND SILENT AT HIS FEET, THE THUNDER GOD STEPS FORWARD...

...IN HIS EYES, THERE IS MADNESS...



... IN HIS WORDLESS ROAR, THERE IS HATE...



... AND IN HIS EVERY BLOW... THERE IS FURY UNEQUALLED!



SCREAMING, MANGOG KNOCKS HIM BACKWARD, A BACKHAND BLOW THAT BETRAYS THE MONSTER'S SUDDEN PANIC...



FOR EVEN HE CAN SEE, THAT THIS TIME... THE THUNDER GOD WILL SHOW NO QUARTER...

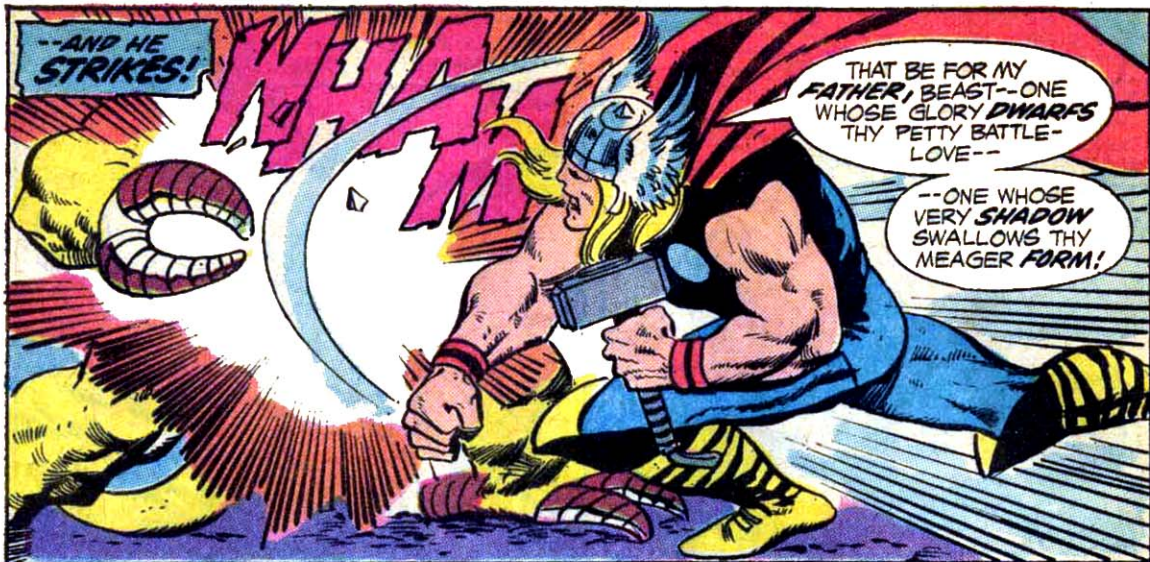
THIS TIME, THERE CAN BE BUT ONE ENDING TO THE BATTLE...



... AND THE ENDING IS DEATH!

THE BLONDBLAIR'S MUSCLES TENSE, HIS ARM MOVES BACK-- WITH A SNARL, HE THROWS HIMSELF FORWARD--





--AND HE STRIKES!

THAT BE FOR MY FATHER, BEAST--ONE WHOSE GLORY DWARFS THY PETTY BATTLE-- LOVE--

--ONE WHOSE VERY SHADOW SWALLOWS THY MEAGER FORM!



SOK

AND THAT TOO BE FOR MY FATHER, FILTH--

--HE WHOM THOU DARED TOUCH--

--WHOSE LIFE THOU DARED THREATEN!



BUT WHAT INSANITY IS THIS?

WITH MINE EVERY BLOW-- THE MONSTER GROWS SMALLER--

--HIS SIZE DIMINISHING, DWINDLING IN STATURE AND STRENGTH--!



BY HELA'S DARK HAND--

--CAN MY EYES DECEIVE ME SO? THOU ART THE SIZE OF A CHILD--!

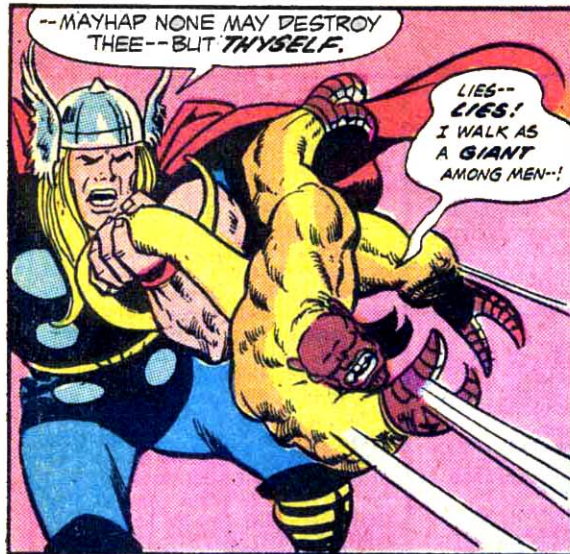
'TIS A TRICK--AN EVIL TRICK! I BE MANGOG--



--MANGOG, WHO NONE CAN DESTROY!

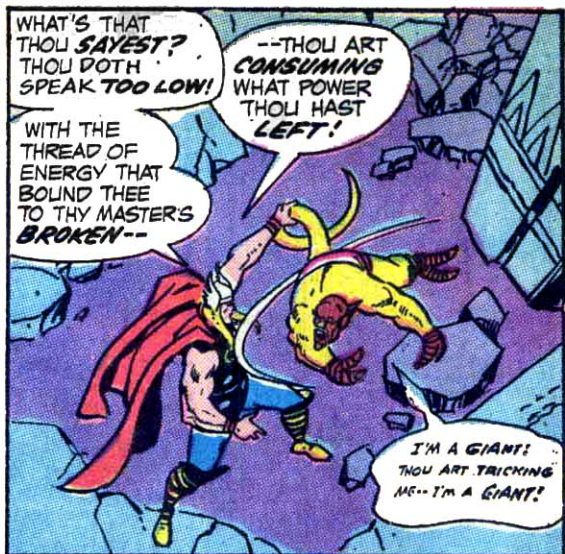
MAYHAP WHAT THOU DOST SAY BE TRUE--





--MAYHAP NONE MAY DESTROY THEE--BLT *THYSELF.*

LIES-- LIES! I WALK AS A GIANT AMONG MEN--!

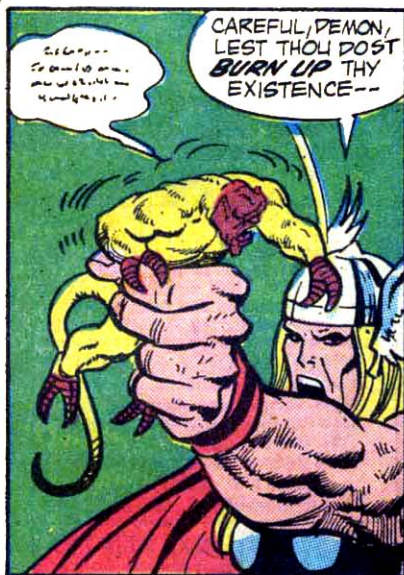


WHAT'S THAT THOU SAYEST? THOU DOTH SPEAK TOO LOW!

--THOU ART CONSUMING WHAT POWER THOU HAST LEFT!

WITH THE THREAD OF ENERGY THAT BOUND THEE TO THY MASTERS BROKEN--

I'M A GIANT! THOU ART TRICKING ME-- I'M A GIANT!



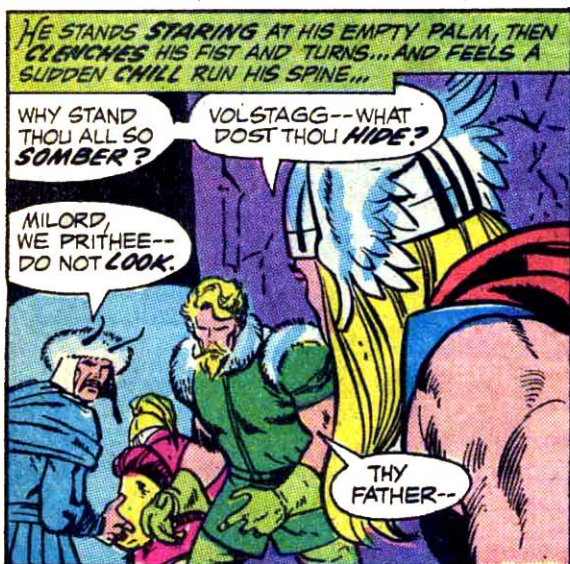
CAREFUL, DEMON, LEST THOU DOST BURN UP THY EXISTENCE--



--AND BY SO DOING--



--VANISH AWAY.



HE STANDS STARING AT HIS EMPTY PALM, THEN CLENCHES HIS FIST AND TURNS... AND FEELS A SUDDEN CHILL RUN HIS SPINE...

WHY STAND THOU ALL SO SOMBER?

VOLSTAGG--WHAT DOST THOU HIDE?

MILORD, WE PRITHEE--DO NOT LOOK.

THY FATHER--

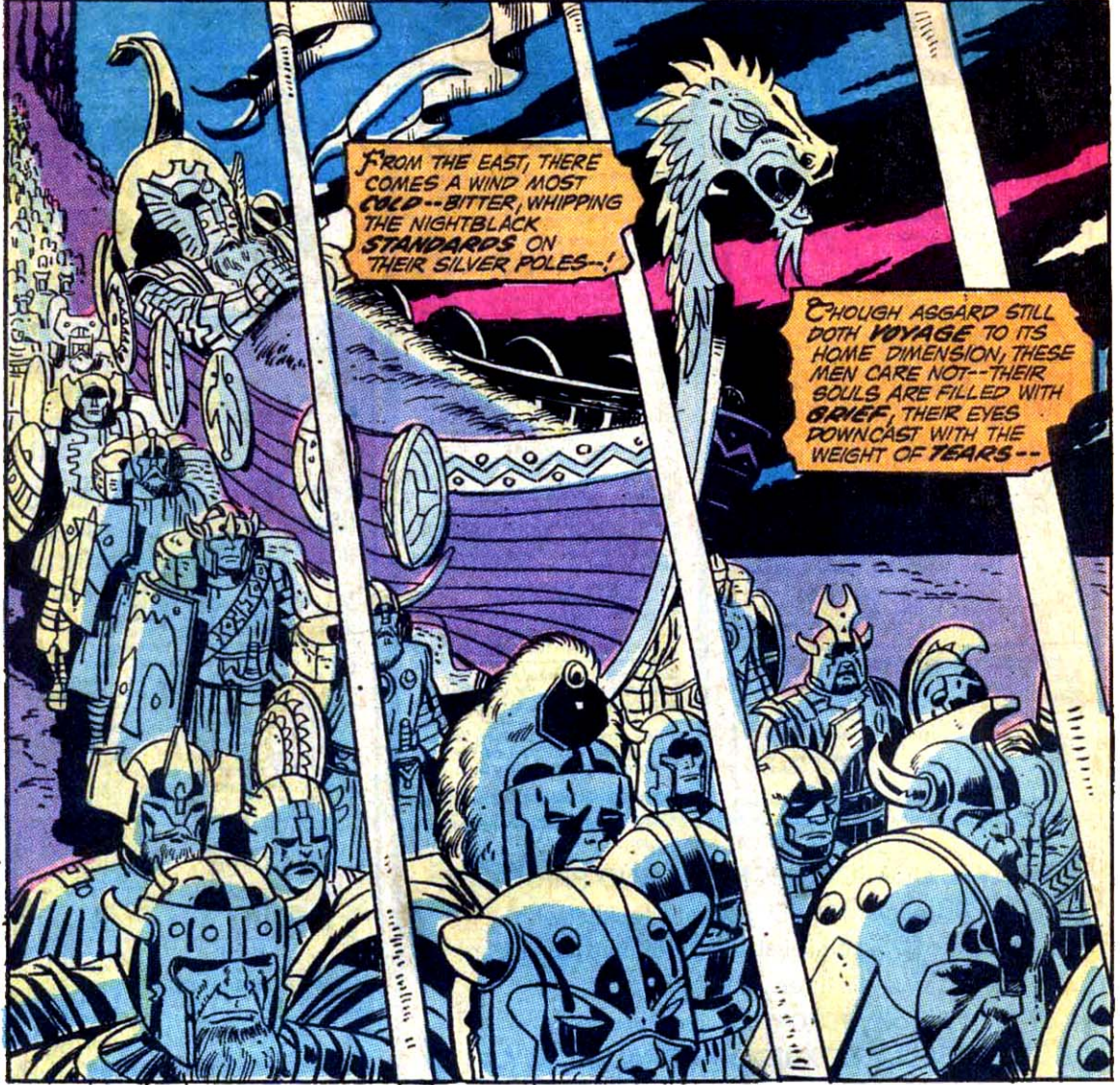


HE BE DEAD.

ODINNNNNNN!

AND FOR MANY MOMENTS, HIS VOICE ECHOES, AND FINALLY, MERCIFULLY, FADES.





FROM THE EAST, THERE COMES A WIND MOST COLD--BITTER, WHIPPING THE NIGHTBLACK STANDARDS ON THEIR SILVER POLES--!

THOUGH ASGARD STILL DOETH VOYAGE TO ITS HOME DIMENSION, THESE MEN CARE NOT--THEIR SOULS ARE FILLED WITH GRIEF, THEIR EYES DOWNCAST WITH THE WEIGHT OF TEARS--



AND WHEN THE TOMB IS SEALED, AND ODIN LIES WITHIN...

MILORD, I KNOW THY PAIN. 'TIS NOT EASY...

'T WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE A TIME OF JOY.

THOU DOST SPEAK MOST SMOOTHLY, HOGUN.

TOO SMOOTH, I THINK.



THINKEST THOU MY WORDS TOO GLIB?

THUNDER GOD, THOU ART NOT THE ONLY SON WHOSE FATHER MUST NEEDS LIE DEAD--!



FROM THE EAST, THERE COMES A WIND MOST COLD--BITTER, WHIPPING THE NIGHTBLACK STANDARDS ON THEIR SILVER POLES--!

THOUGH ASGARD STILL DOTH VOYAGE TO ITS HOME DIMENSION, THESE MEN CARE NOT--THEIR SOULS ARE FILLED WITH GRIEF, THEIR EYES DOWNCAST WITH THE WEIGHT OF TEARS--

THEIR LIEGE IS DEAD. THE NIGHT IS GRIM.

THEY MOVE TO A SILENT CADENCE, THE ONLY SOUND THE RUSTLE OF MOVING CLOTH, THE SOFT SHIFTING OF EBON SHIELDS.

ALL ARE THERE. ALL ARE SILENT. THEIR GRIEF IS MUCH TO BEAR.

AND WHEN THE TOMB IS SEALED, AND ODIN LIES WITHIN...

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THINKEST THOU MY WORDS TOO GLIB?

THUNDER GOD, THOU ART NOT THE ONLY SON WHOSE FATHER MUST NEEDS LIE DEAD--!

DEAD? NAY, NOT TILL THE SUNS DIE IN THE HEAVENS--

--NE'ER WILL ODIN BE DEAD, SO LONG AS ONE THERE LIVES WHO REMEMBERS HIM!

BLIT WAIT--! ARE WE FOOLS ALL? BY MY FATHER'S SACRED SCEPTRE--WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

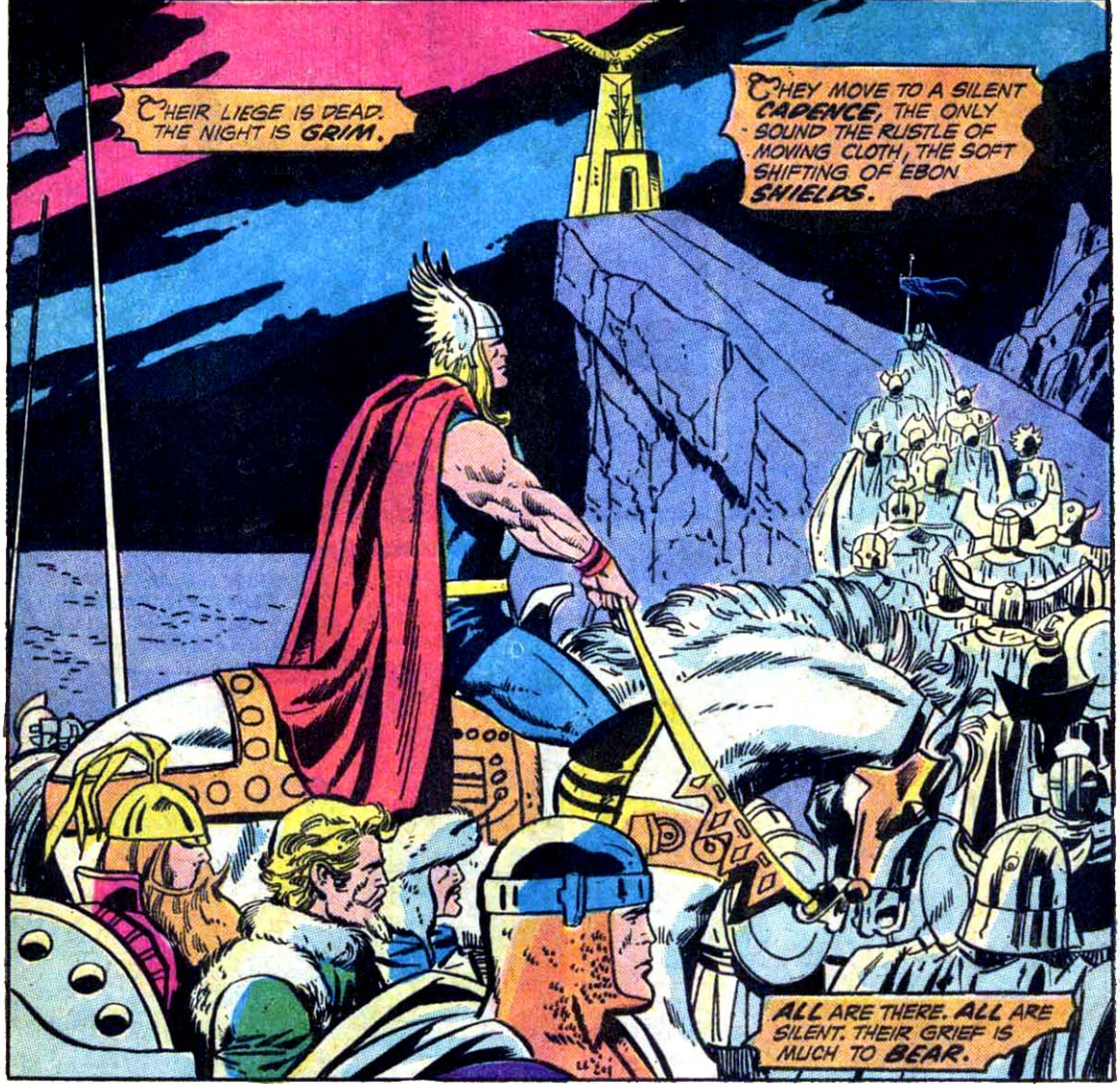
WHERE BE THE GODDESS OF DEATH-- HATH SHE CLAIMED HIS BLESSED SOUL?

NAY, FOR WE STILL DO JOURNEY 'TWINX THE WORLDS OF TIME AND SPACE--



THEIR LIEGE IS DEAD.  
THE NIGHT IS GRIM.

THEY MOVE TO A SILENT  
CADENCE, THE ONLY  
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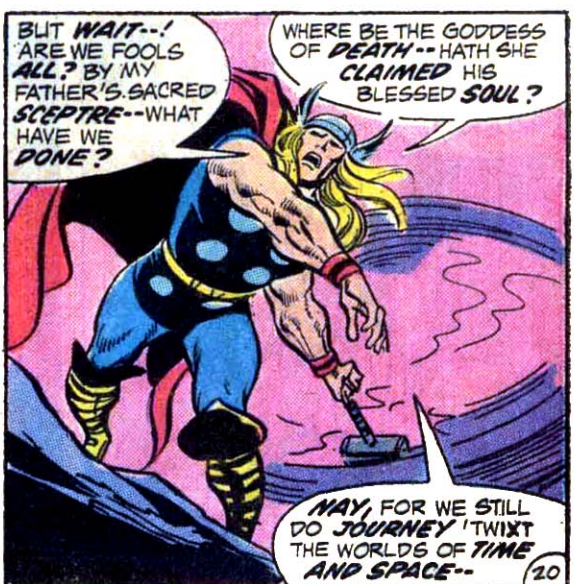
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BUT WAIT--!  
ARE WE FOOLS  
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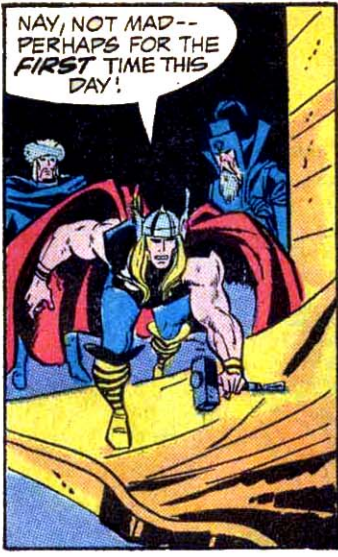




--AND UNTIL THAT JOURNEY BE ENDED-- ASGARD IS CLOSED TO HELA'S GRIM PASSAGE!

OPEN THE DOORS! I SAY THEE-- OPEN!

MILORD-- ART THOU MAD?

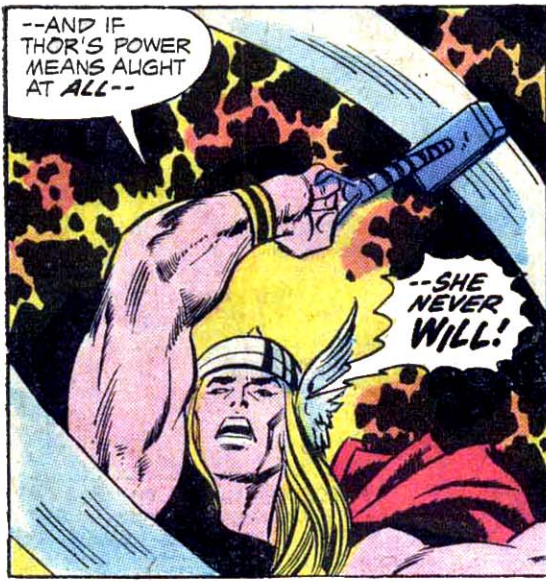


NAY, NOT MAD-- PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS DAY!



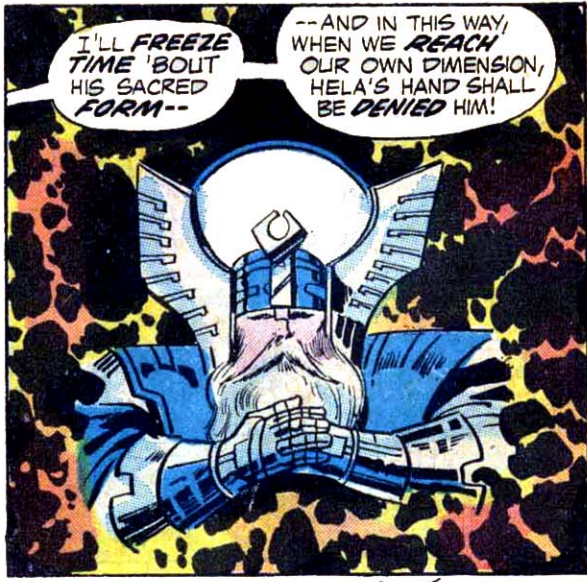
ODIN IS DEAD, IN TRUTH-- BUT STILL HIS SOUL REMAINS!

HELA HATH NOT CLAIMED IT, NOR HIS BODY--



--AND IF THOR'S POWER MEANS ALIGHT AT ALL--

--SHE NEVER WILL!



I'LL FREEZE TIME 'BOUT HIS SACRED FORM--

--AND IN THIS WAY, WHEN WE REACH OUR OWN DIMENSION, HELA'S HAND SHALL BE DENIED HIM!



I ONLY PRAY MINE OWN HAND BE STRONG AND FIRM...

...FOR, UNLESS IT DOTH MAINTAIN THAT SHIELDING TIME-FREEZE...



...ODIN SHALL BE TAKEN...

...AND I MAYHAP WITH HIM... THOR!

FINIS?

Next Issue:  
DEATH'S DARK DOMAIN