

THOR

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THE MIGHTY THOR

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TM

FIGHT ON,
YE WARRIORS
OF ASGARD!

FIGHT ON--
FOR THE
SOUL OF
ODIN!!



DEATH TO THE LEGIONS OF PLUTO!

THE MIGHTY THOR!

IF THIS BE DEATH..!

'MIDST VICTORY DWELLS DEFEAT! WORDS MOST TRUE, FOR, EVEN AS THOR DID DULY VANQUISH THE RAMPAGING MANGOG, HIS NOBLE FATHER SUCCUMBED TO FATAL WEAKNESS*-- AND NOW DOTH LIE SEEMINGLY LIFELESS, WHILST ALL ASGARD MOURNS!

THUNDER GOD, IN TRUTH MY HEART GOES OUT TO THEE-- AND YET, I DARE NOT DENY MY DESTINY!

THOUGH KARTAG'S HAND WAS OFFERED THEE FOR BATTLE-- NOW MUST I PART WITH THEE, AND TURN MINE EYES HOMEWARD ONCE MORE!

YEA, FRIEND, HIE THEE BACK TO WORLD'S END, KEEPER--

MILORD, I PRITHEE-- HAVE I THY PERMISSION?

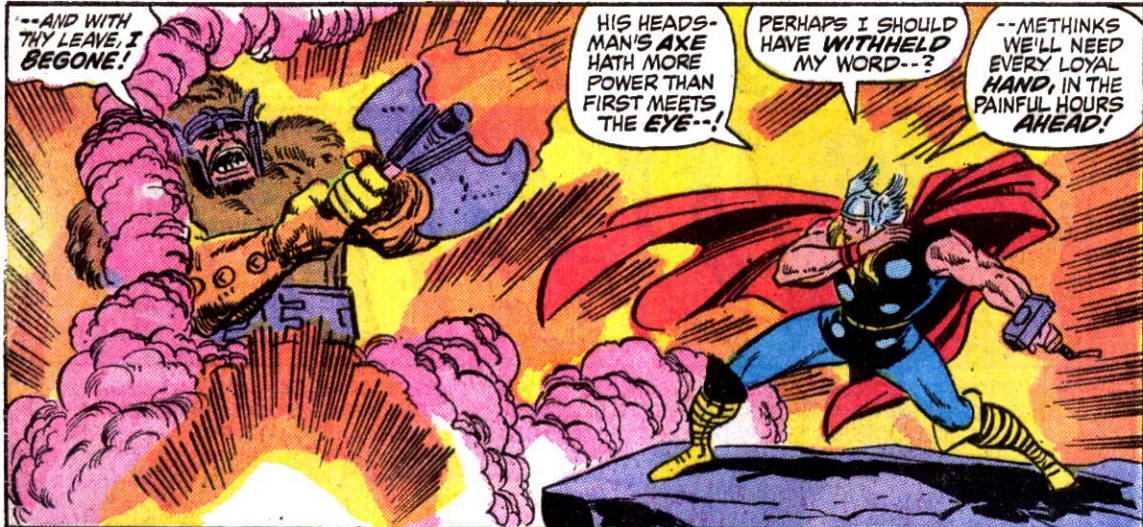
---AND KNOW THEE, THE GOOD WILL OF THOR DOTH TRAVEL WITH THEE!

DEEPEST THANKS, MILORD--

* SHOWN IN ALL ITS TRAGIC MAJESTY LAST ISSUE, FAITHFUL ONES. --STAN.

STAN LEE / GERRY CONWAY / JOHN BUSCEMA / VINNIE COLLETTA / SAM ROSEN
EDITOR WRITER ARTIST INKER LETTERER

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---AND WITH
THY LEAVE, I
BEGONE!

HIS HEADS-
MAN'S AXE
HATH MORE
POWER THAN
FIRST MEETS
THE EYE---

PERHAPS I SHOULD
HAVE *WITHHELD*
MY WORD--?

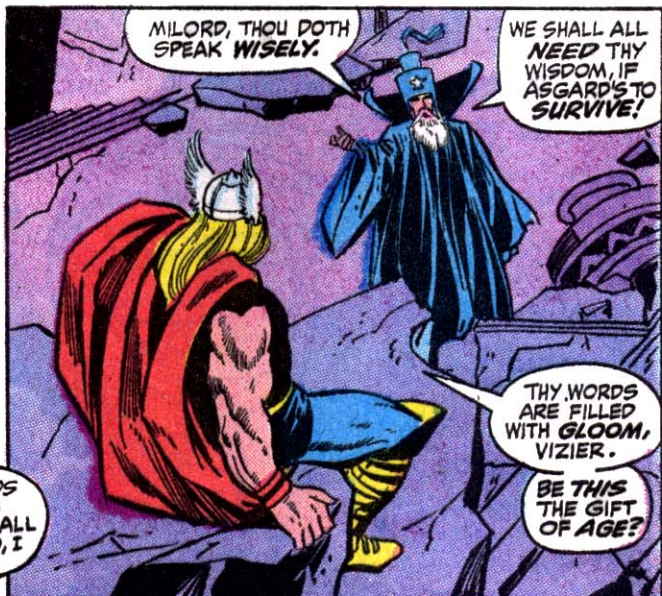
--METHINKS
WE'LL NEED
EVERY LOYAL
HAND, IN THE
PAINFUL HOURS
AHEAD!



NAY, I
SPEAK
TOO
LATE.

BUT, JUST AS
WELL, I SUPPOSE,
HIS PLACE IS
WITH THE LADY
SATRINA--

--SHE NEEDS
HIS LOVE,
AND NOW SHALL
HAVE IT TOO, I
THINK--

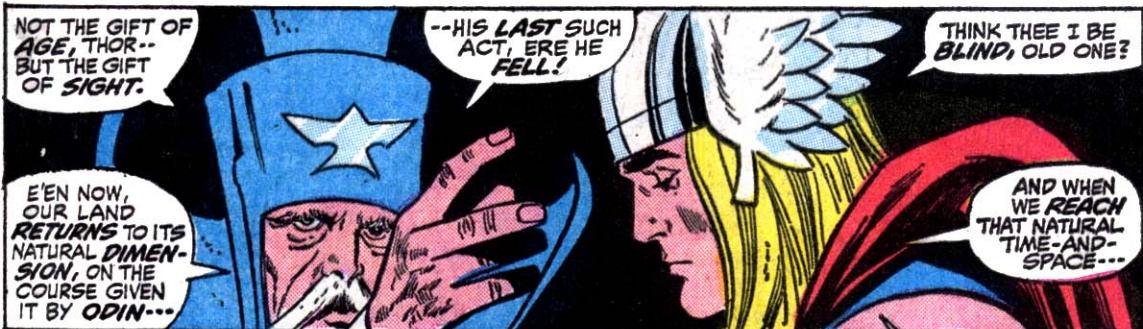


MILORD, THOU DOTH
SPEAK WISELY.

WE SHALL ALL
NEED THY
WISDOM, IF
ASGARD'S TO
SURVIVE!

THY WORDS
ARE FILLED
WITH GLOOM,
VIZIER.

BE THIS
THE GIFT
OF AGE?



NOT THE GIFT OF
AGE, THOR--
BUT THE GIFT
OF SIGHT.

--HIS LAST SUCH
ACT, ERE HE
FELL!

THINK THEE I BE
BLIND, OLD ONE?

E'EN NOW,
OUR LAND
RETURNS TO ITS
NATURAL DIMEN-
SION, ON THE
COURSE GIVEN
IT BY ODIN---

AND WHEN
WE REACH
THAT NATURAL
TIME-AND-
SPACE---



--- WILL NOT
ODIN TRULY
DIE?

I KNOW NOT THY *MEANING*, THUNDER GOD. ODIN BE *DEAD*-- HIS BODY NOW *ENTOMBED*!

WAS NOT MANGOG'S FINAL BLOW THE *FATAL* ONE? WAS NOT THY FATHER TOO *WEAKENED* BY HIS MIGHTY SPELL, TOO *DRAINED* TO WITHSTAND THAT TREACHEROUS *ATTACK*?*

SO IT DOETH *SEEM*, FAITHFUL FRIEND.

MY FATHER DID *FALL*, 'TIS TRUE--

* LAST ISSUE--STAN.

-- YET, HE FELL NOT IN THE *REAL* WORLD, IN THE WORLD OF DEATH AND *ENDURANCE*.

NO TRUE TIME HATH *PASSED* SINCE THAT TRAGIC MOMENT, FOR WE TRAVEL *BETWEEN* THE LAYERS OF TIME--

-- AND FOR THIS *REASON*, I THINK ODIN MAY YET BE *SAVED*.

FOR I *ASK* THEE, OLD ONE-- WHERE BE GRIM HELA?

BUT SEEK ME, THOR-- AND THOU SHALT *FIND* ME.

ACCEPT IT, FAIR ONE--

THE LONG FIGHT-- BE *OVER*.

NAY! NOT TILL THE FINAL BREATH BE *DRAWN*--

-- AND *DRAWN*-- BY THE FINAL *MAN!*

BRAVE WORDS, THUNDER GOD!

SENTIMENTS FAIR FOR THE *LIVING* TO HOLD--

-- YET MOST *UN-SUITABLE* FOR ONES AS DOOMED AS *THEE!*

IN TRUTH, OUR MOMENTS ARE *NUMBERED!*

'TIS *SHE*-- 'TIS HELA, *GODDESS* OF DEATH!

I SAY *THEE* *NAY!*

WE'VE *STILL* OUR COURAGE -- AND OUR *DARING!*

WHAT GOOD *DARING*, THOR?

WITH ODIN *DEAD*, THERE BE NAUGHT 'TWEEN US-- AND *OBLIVION!*

MILORD, WE ARE *UNDONE!*



NOT JUST YET, OLD ONE.

HELA FIRST MUST CLAIM MY FATHER'S SACRED BODY--

--AND THAT SHE WILL NEVER DO!

AHH, THOU ART A BRASH ONE, THOR--



--- THOU SPEAKEST AS THY FATHER DID, IN HIS YOUTH.

THE WORLD WAS YOUNG THEN, THUNDER GOD. ODIN DID PROTEST THE NEED FOR DEATH---

--AND BUT LEARNED THOU CANNOT PROTEST THAT WHICH ONLY IS!



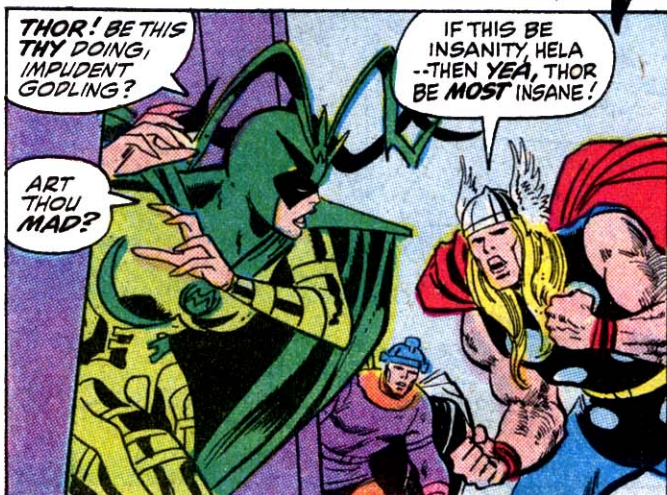
YET THE TIME FOR TALK BE PAST.

NOW MUST ODIN COME--- TO VALHALLA!



WHAT MADNESS--?

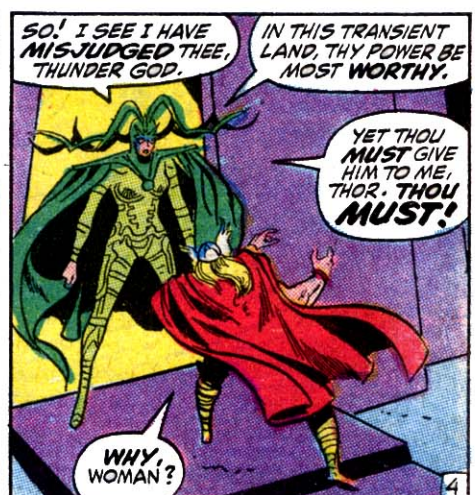
SOME FORM OF COSMIC BARRIER-- STRUCTURED SO EEN MY POWERS CANNOT PIERCE IT!



THOR! BE THIS THY DOING, IMPUDENT GODLING?

IF THIS BE INSANITY, HELA --THEN YEA, THOR BE MOST INSANE!

ART THOU MAD?



SO! I SEE I HAVE MISJUDGED THEE, THUNDER GOD.

IN THIS TRANSIENT LAND, THY POWER BE MOST WORTHY.

YET THOU MUST GIVE HIM TO ME, THOR. THOU MUST!

WHY, WOMAN?



WHAT? HAST THOU NOT YET GUESSED?

I BE HERE TO SAVE NOBLE ODIN, THUNDER GOD-- FROM HIS FOUL TOUCH!

LOOK THEE, GODLING! LOOK!

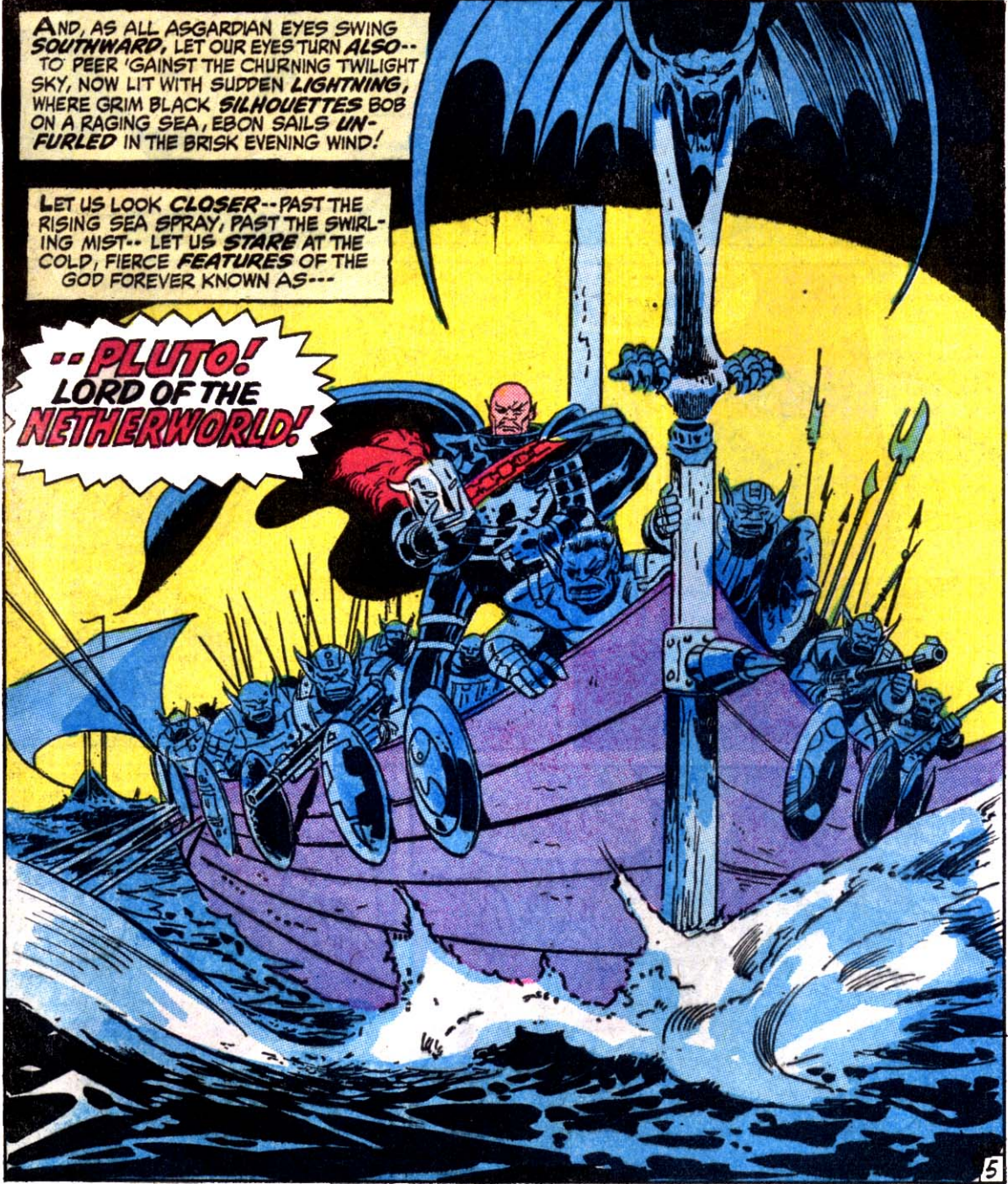
BY ODIN'S SACRED SWORD-- I SWEAR I DID NOT KNOW!

THIS BE THE STUFF-- OF NIGHTMARE!

AND, AS ALL ASGARDIAN EYES SWING SOUTHWARD, LET OUR EYES TURN ALSO-- TO PEER 'GAINST THE CHURNING TWILIGHT SKY, NOW LIT WITH SUDDEN LIGHTNING, WHERE GRIM BLACK SILHOUETTES BOB ON A RAGING SEA, EBON SAILS UN-FURLED IN THE BRISK EVENING WIND!

LET US LOOK CLOSER-- PAST THE RISING SEA SPRAY, PAST THE SWIRLING MIST-- LET US STARE AT THE COLD, FIERCE FEATURES OF THE GOD FOREVER KNOWN AS---

**..PLUTO!
LORD OF THE
NETHERWORLD!**





KEELS GRINDING SAND, THE GRAY SHIPS STRIKE SHORE---

--AND ONE AMONG THEIR CREW STANDS TALL, STANDS STRONG.

SO, THOR, WE MEET AGAIN. THIS TIME, THE CIRCUMSTANCES APPEAR MORE PLEASANT.

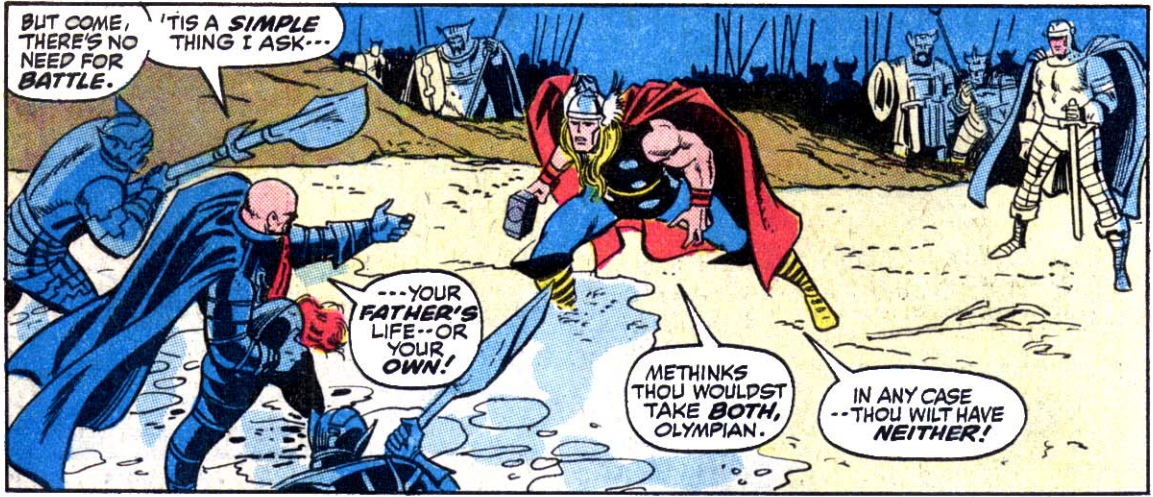


--- I'VE COME FOR YOUR FATHER, THUNDER GOD.

--- AND LEST YOUR STRENGTH HAS INCREASED A THOUSAND-FOLD, I SUGGEST YOU STAND ASIDE.

I GIVE MY WARNING BUT ONCE, GODLING.

AFTER THAT--- PLUTO ATTACKS!



BUT COME, THERE'S NO NEED FOR BATTLE.

'TIS A SIMPLE THING I ASK---

---YOUR FATHER'S LIFE--OR YOUR OWN!

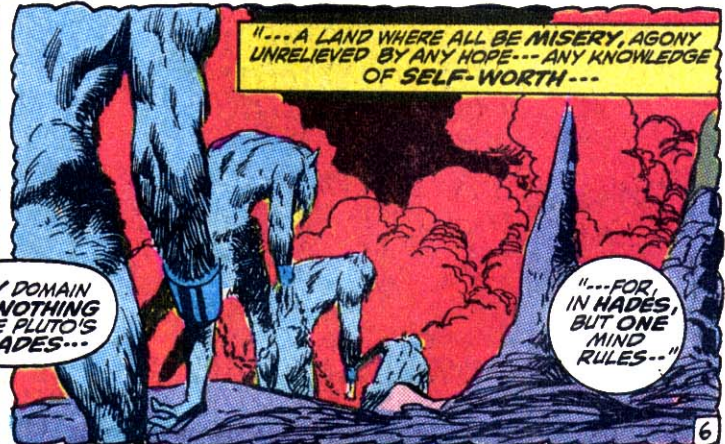
METHINKS THOU WOULDST TAKE BOTH, OLYMPIAN.

IN ANY CASE --THOU WILT HAVE NEITHER!



NOW DOST THOU SEE WHY THY FATHER MUST ACCOMPANY ME, THOR?

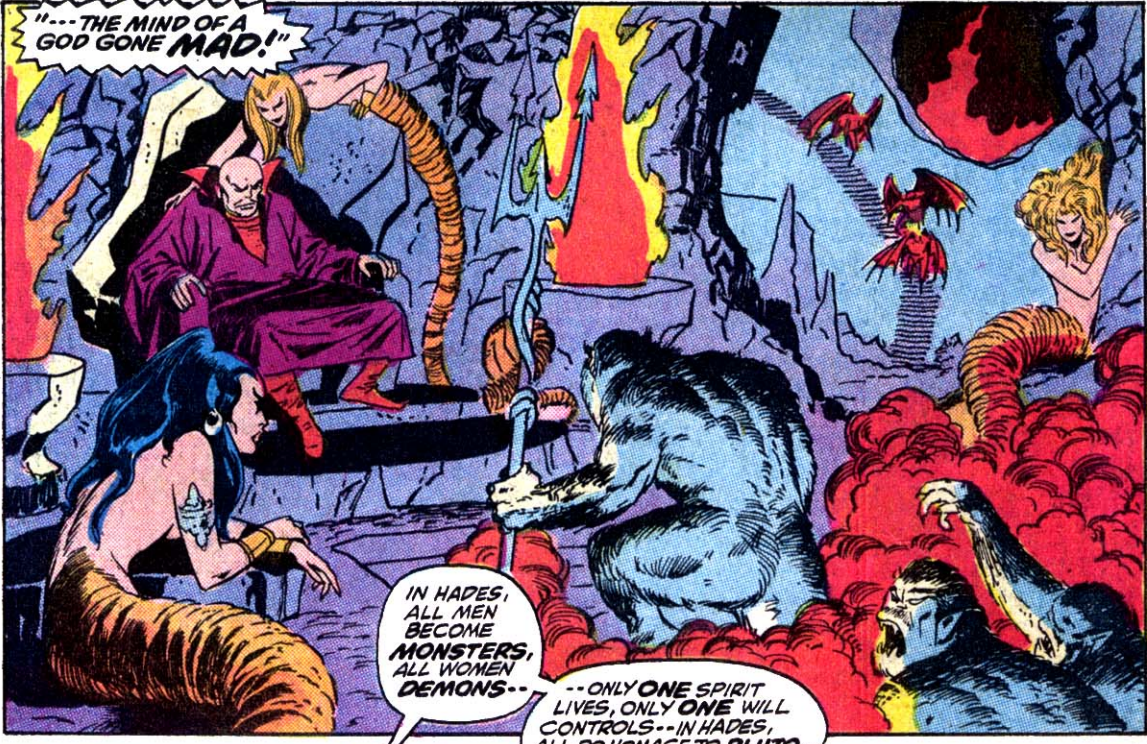
MY DOMAIN BE NOTHING LIKE PLUTO'S HADES---



"--- A LAND WHERE ALL BE MISERY, AGONY UNRELIEVED BY ANY HOPE--- ANY KNOWLEDGE OF SELF-WORTH---

"---FOR, IN HADES, BUT ONE MIND RULES--"

"...THE MIND OF A GOD GONE MAD!"

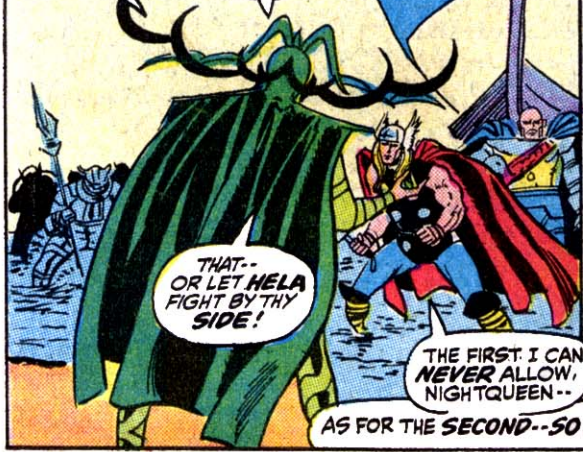


IN HADES, ALL MEN BECOME MONSTERS, ALL WOMEN DEMONS--

-- ONLY ONE SPIRIT LIVES, ONLY ONE WILL CONTROLS-- IN HADES, ALL DO HOMAGE TO PLUTO--

-- THE MOST DREADED GOD OF ALL!

THOU MUST LET ME TAKE THY FATHER, THOR.



THAT-- OR LET HELA FIGHT BY THY SIDE!

THE FIRST I CAN NEVER ALLOW, NIGHTQUEEN--

AS FOR THE SECOND-- SO BE IT!

SO!

I CAME TO YOU IN HONOR, THUNDER GOD-- WITH A REQUEST ANY WOULD DEEM FAIR!

'TIS MY DUE TO GAIN OPIN'S ALL-MIGHTY SOUL--

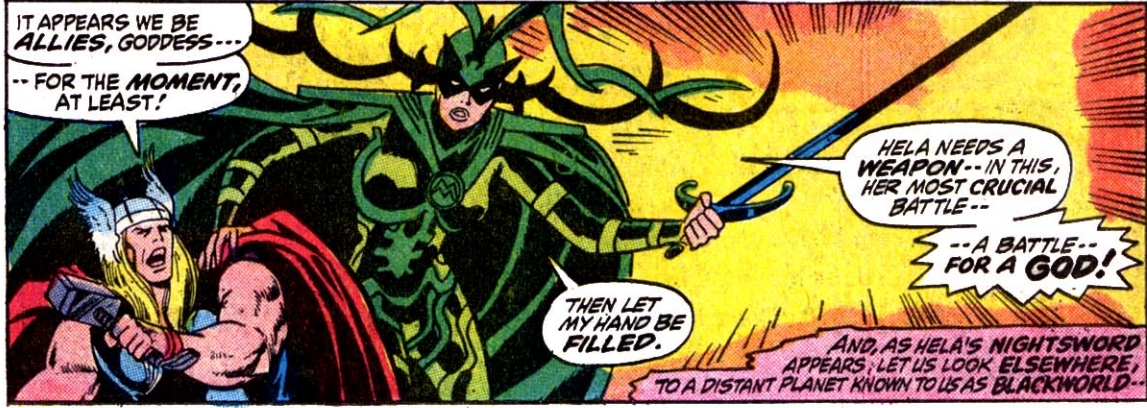
-- BY WORD--



-- OR BY DEED!

IT APPEARS WE BE ALLIES, GODDESS--

-- FOR THE MOMENT, AT LEAST!



HELA NEEDS A WEAPON-- IN THIS, HER MOST CRUCIAL BATTLE--

-- A BATTLE-- FOR A GOD!

THEN LET MY HAND BE FILLED.

AND, AS HELA'S NIGHTSWORD APPEARS, LET US LOOK ELSEWHERE, TO A DISTANT PLANET KNOWN TO US AS BLACKWORLD--

"LOOK AROUND YOU! WHEN YOU ARRIVED IN THIS CITY, THE WORLD SEEMED PRIMITIVE, DID IT NOT, AS THOUGH IN THE EARTH DEPRESSION DAYS---!"



"AND NOW--THE DATE APPEARS TO BE 1940---"

"--YET EVEN AS WE WATCH, THE WORLD IS CHANGED BY THAT CREATURES TOUCH--"



"--CHANGED AS IT HAS BEEN A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE---

"--FROM THE OLD, TO THE NEW. FROM THE PRIMITIVE --TO THE MODERN."



"IN SHORT, EGO PRIME IS CAUSING MANIC EVOLUTION TO WASH OVER THIS BACKWATER WORLD--!"



--AN EVOLUTION I CAN NO LONGER CONTROL---

THE RATE OF CHANGE GROWS FASTER EACH PASSING INSTANT!

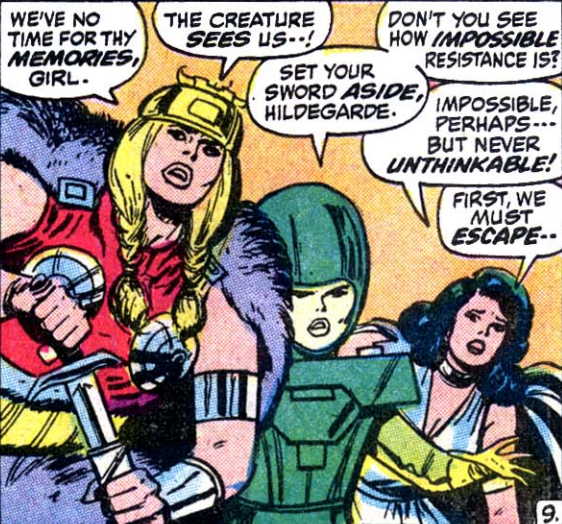
-- RAPID CHANGE, HOPELESSLY OUT OF HAND! MY PLANS HAVE CRUMBED TOTALLY, MY FRIENDS---

DIDST THOU SAY-- EGO?

"YES, LADY SIF--- EGO! NOT THE FAMED LIVING PLANET ITSELF, BUT A MINUTE SECTION OF ITS BIO- GEOLOGICAL SURFACE---



"---A MOBILE ELEMENT OF THE GREATER WHOLE WHICH I HAVE NAMED --EGO PRIME!--"



WE'VE NO TIME FOR THY MEMORIES, GIRL.

THE CREATURE SEES US--!

DON'T YOU SEE HOW IMPOSSIBLE RESISTANCE IS?

SET YOUR SWORD ASIDE, HILDEGARDE.

IMPOSSIBLE, PERHAPS--- BUT NEVER UNTHINKABLE!

FIRST, WE MUST ESCAPE--



-- AND THEN, ONCE FREE, WE'LL FIGHT!

BUT HURRY-- HE MOVES CLOSER... CLOSER!



ODIN SENT US HENCE TO PROTECT US FROM SOME DREAD THREAT... *

-- AND NOW, IT SEEMS THE DANGER BE E'EN GREATER HERE!

PERHAPS THERE'S A PLAN IN IT ALL--

*THOR #195.--S.



FOR I CANNOT HELP BUT THINK ONE CAN FIND A COSMIC PURPOSE IN EVERY TWIST OF FATE---

-- A MEANING TO EACH CATASTRO-- NO!

GO FOR '64

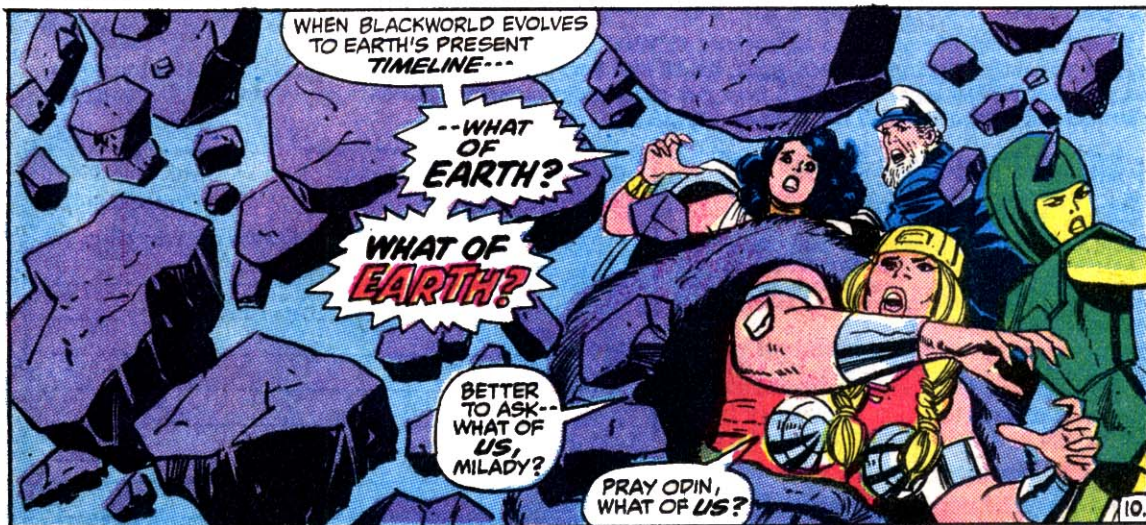
THAT POSTER-- BLACKWORLD MOVES NEARER TO EARTH'S PRESENT!



WHAT MATTERS THAT, MILADY?

EGO COMES! HE COMES!

HILDEGARDE, THOU DOST NOT SEE?



WHEN BLACKWORLD EVOLVES TO EARTH'S PRESENT TIMELINE---

--WHAT OF EARTH?

WHAT OF EARTH?

BETTER TO ASK-- WHAT OF US, MILADY?

PRAY ODIN, WHAT OF US?

BUT NOW, THAT SCARCELY MATTERS--

-- FOR, IN FAR-OFF
ASGARD, THE BATTLE
DOTH BEGIN!

NEVER HAVE
I FELT THE
NEED TO FIGHT
A **WOMAN**,
DARK HELA--

-- YET I'LL
NOT **SHIRK**
THAT NEED, OR
YOUR BESORCERED
NIGHTSWORD,
IF DOING SO SHALL
BRING THE END
I **CRAVE!**

METHINKS
THOU DOTH
SPEAK TOO
SOON,
MILORD.

SURELY THOU DOTH
FORGET-- WHERE
THOU ART LORD--

-- I BE
LADY!

AND PERHAPS
OUR POWERS ARE
TOO **EVENLY**
MATCHED?

I THINK
NOT,
GIRL--

-- AS ALL THE
WORLD-- WILL
SOON
DISCOVER!

LORD
THOR-- THOU
MUST PREPARE
THY **LEGIONS--!**

E'EN AS WE
WATCH THE NIGHT-
GODS **WAR--**

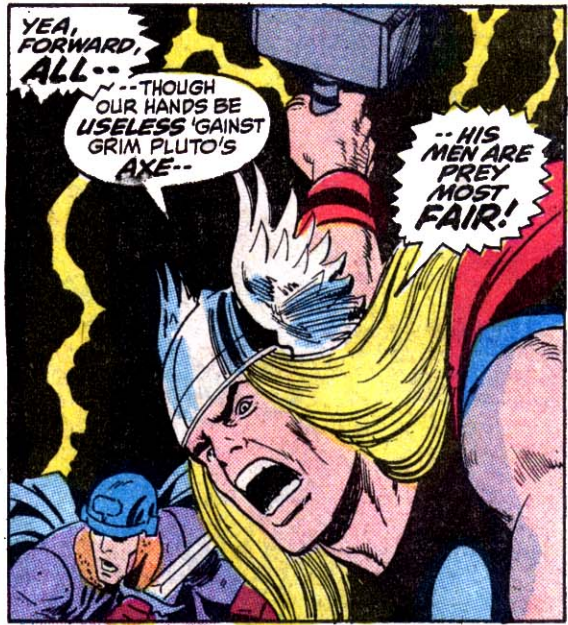


-- BLACK PLUTO'S TROLLS ATTACK!

THE ONE CALLED BALDER HAS ESPIED OUR MOVEMENT--!

STEALTH COMES TOO LATE, BROTHERS!

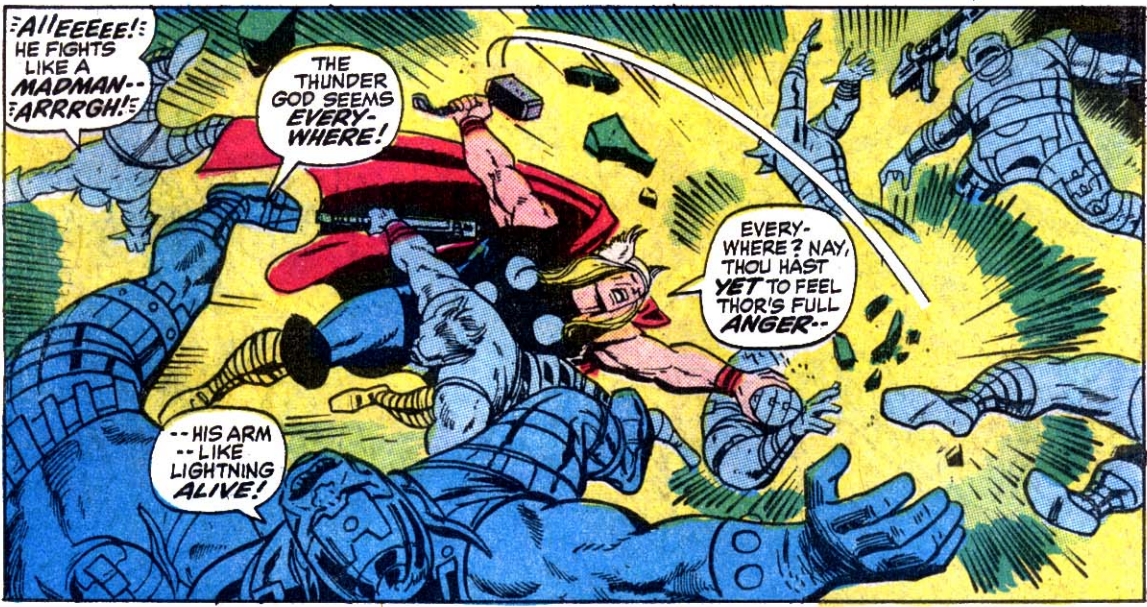
WE HAVE NO CHOICE! FORWARD!



YEA, FORWARD, ALL--

--THOUGH OUR HANDS BE USELESS 'GAINST GRIM PLUTO'S AXE--

-- HIS MEN ARE PREY MOST FAIR!

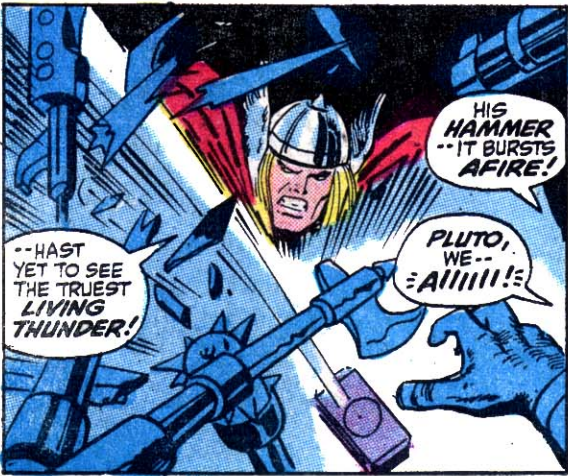


==AIIIEEEEE!! HE FIGHTS LIKE A MADMAN--ARRRGH!!

THE THUNDER GOD SEEMS EVERYWHERE!

EVERYWHERE? NAY, THOU HAST YET TO FEEL THOR'S FULL ANGER--

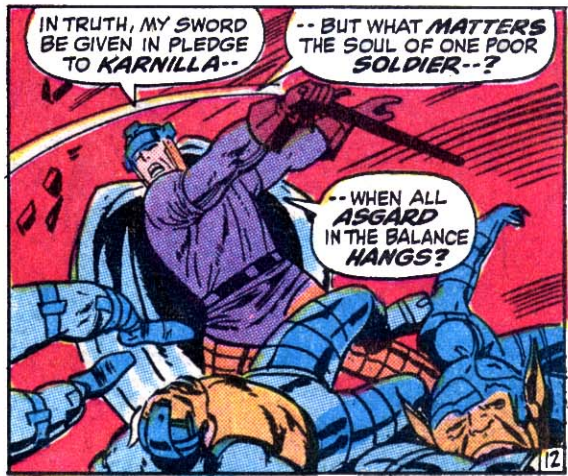
-- HIS ARM -- LIKE LIGHTNING ALIVE!



HIS HAMMER -- IT BURSTS AFIRE!

PLUTO, WE -- AIIIIII!!

-- HAST YET TO SEE THE TRUEST LIVING THUNDER!



IN TRUTH, MY SWORD BE GIVEN IN PLEDGE TO KARNILLA--

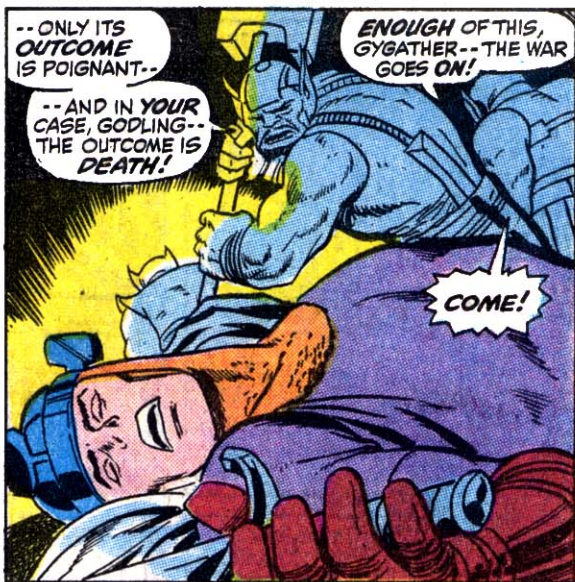
-- BUT WHAT MATTERS THE SOUL OF ONE POOR SOLDIER--?

-- WHEN ALL ASGARD IN THE BALANCE HANGS?



YOU QUESTION THE MEANING, BOLD ONE?

KNOW THEN: THERE IS NO MEANING TO BATTLE--

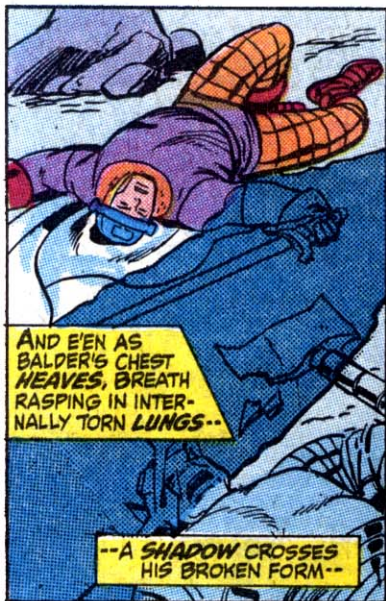


-- ONLY ITS OUTCOME IS POIGNANT--

ENOUGH OF THIS, GYGATHER-- THE WAR GOES ON!

-- AND IN YOUR CASE, GODLING-- THE OUTCOME IS DEATH!

COME!



AND E'EN AS BALDER'S CHEST HEAVES, BREATH RASPING IN INTERNALLY TORN LUNGS--

-- A SHADOW CROSSES HIS BROKEN FORM --



-- FEMALE FINGERS CARESS HIS BROW --



-- AND A FIGURE UNEXPECTED MAKES A MOST TIMELY ENTRANCE --

OH, BRAVE BALDER-- THOU ART SO FOOLISH!

MY HAND COMES NOT A MOMENT PRE-MATURE--



-- AS ONLY THE NORN QUEEN'S SPELL CAN SAVE THEE NOW!

HER EYES CLOSE, HER LIPS MOVE IN SILENT PRAYER-- BUT IS IT PRAYER, OR SOMETHING RATHER MORE EFFECTIVE--?



-- BALDER? ART ALIVE?

YEA, MILADY--

-- BUT BARELY, METHINKS.



-- BUT BY THY LEAVE, I MUST PART WITH THEE--

TO RETURN TO BATTLE?

NAY-- A THOUSAND NAYS!



HAVE I SAVED THEE, TO WATCH THEE DIE?

I HOLD THEE TO THY PLEDGE, ASGARDIAN.



A PLEDGE I CANNOT KEEP, MY LADY.



THOU WOULDST BREAK THY VOW?

ONE I MADE THEE TAKE-- TO SAVE THEE FROM DEATH?



'TIS DEATH, MILADY-- OR DISHONOR.

THEN GO, FOOL.



GET THEE FROM MY SIGHT --AND ATTEND ME, KNAVE--

NE'ER RETURN!



I DO WHAT I MUST, KARNILLA.

--A MAN CAN DO NO LESS!

AND FOR THIS MUST I LOVE THEE?

WOMAN, THOU ART THE ONE GONE MAD!



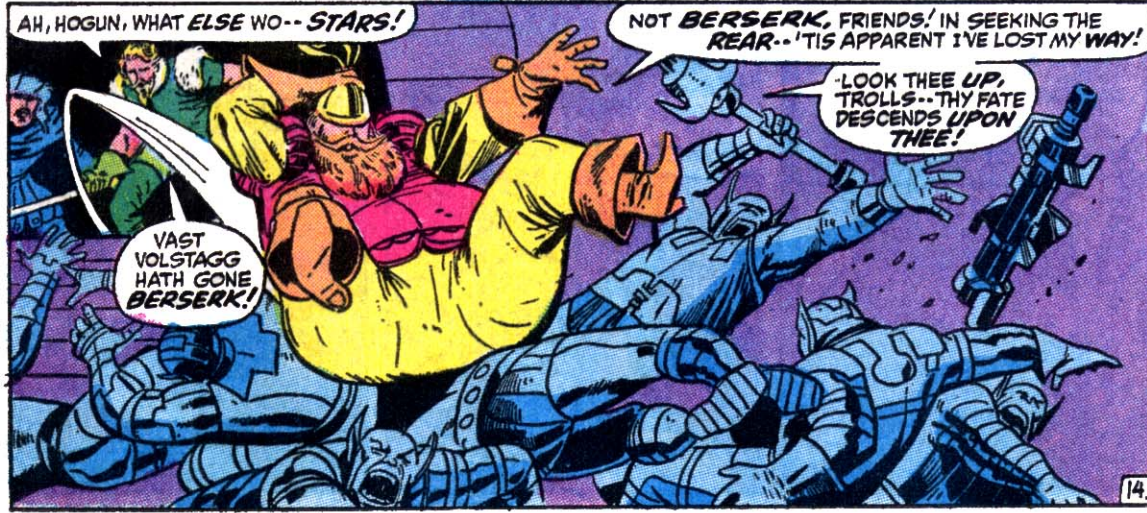
ELSEWHERE, ON THE BARREN KNOLL WHERE ODIN'S SACRED TOMB DOTH REST--

HO, FRIENDS-- AT LAST THE BATTLE DOTH COME TO US!

FOR A TIME I FEARED WE'D BE BUT SPECTATORS--IT SEEMS I FEARED IN VAIN!

MUST THOU ALWAYS TALK, FANDRAL?

WORDS DO PAIN MINE EARS!

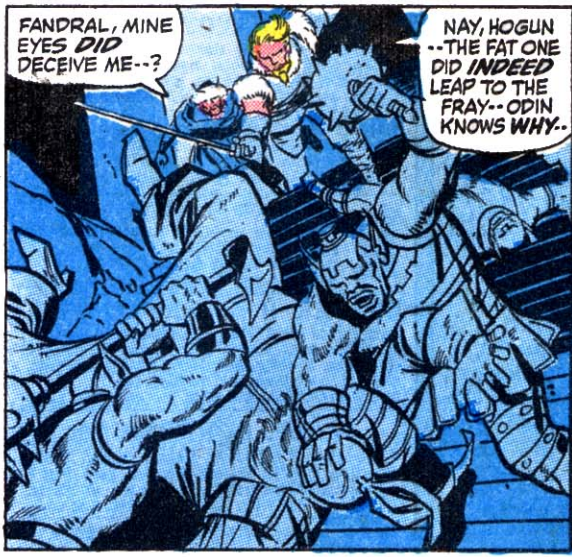


AH, HOGUN, WHAT ELSE WO-- STARS!

NOT BERSERK, FRIENDS! IN SEEKING THE REAR-- 'TIS APPARENT I'VE LOST MY WAY!

LOOK THEE UP, TROLLS-- THY FATE DESCENDS UPON THEE!

VAST VOLSTAGG HATH GONE BERSERK!



FANDRAL, MINE EYES DID DECEIVE ME--?

NAY, HOGUN --THE FAT ONE DID **INDEED** LEAP TO THE FRAY-- ODIN KNOWS WHY..



-- **THOUGH VOLUMINOUS VOLSTAGG HAS BEEN ACTING STRANGELY SINCE DELIVERING THE WATERS OF THE TWILIGHT WELL TO OUR WISE VIZIER!***

MAYHAP HE'S **FOUND HIMSELF**, HOGUN---

-- AND IN **THAT UNLIKELY CASE---**

*** SHOWN LAST ISSUE. --STAN.**



-- HE SHALL NEED OUR HELP--**ALL OF IT!**



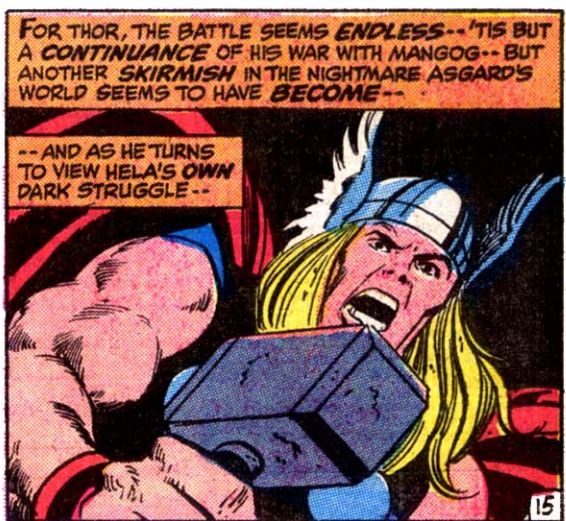
AND WHAT OF **THOR?** WHILST HIS THREE COMPANIONS OF THE ASGARDIAN GUARD PROTECT HIS FATHER'S BLESSED **REST---**

-- THE THUNDER GOD HIMSELF-- DO**TH** LIVE **TRUE** TO HIS NAME!

CHOOOM!



KRAAAAK!



FOR **THOR**, THE BATTLE SEEMS **ENDLESS-- 'TIS** BUT A **CONTINUANCE** OF HIS WAR WITH **MANGOG--** BUT ANOTHER **SKIRMISH** IN THE NIGHTMARE ASGARD'S WORLD SEEMS TO HAVE **BECOME---**

-- AND AS HE TURNS TO VIEW **HELA'S OWN** DARK STRUGGLE--

-- HIS THOUGHTS ARE COUNTLESS DREAMS AWAY--!

'TIS MADD'NING TRUE!
FOR EVERY BLOW I STRIKE--
YOU STRIKE IN **TURN!**

DOETH IT CHANGE
THY MIND, PLUTO?²

HAST NOT
YET SEEN--
THY FIGHT BE
FUTILE?

**NOT SO,
WITCH!**

WHERE PLUTO ALONE
PROVES TOO
BALANCED A FOE--

-- PERHAPS
PLUTO WITH
AID---

-- CAN
YET
TIP THE
SCALES!

THINE AXE--
POWER ARCS
FROM ITS
SILVERED
BLADE--!

-- THE
DEMONS OF
HADES!

NAY! NOT
E'EN THOU
WOULDST
E'ER DARE--!

CRAVEN KNAVE!
WHAT WORTH THY
HOPES FOR **GLORY**--
WHEN BY ACTION
THOU DOETH SOIL
THY NAME?

AND SUCH
ACTION! TO
CALL UP
THESE--

SKRRRAAK!



THE HANDS ART EVERYWHERE--
THEY REED--
THEY TEAR--

-- AND NO RECURSE HAVE I-- SAVE TO HOPELESSLY SMITE THE EARTH ITSELF!

PLUTO!



THOU ART TRULY THE FOULEST GOD OF ALL!

AND WHY, DEAR LADY? BECAUSE I SEEK TO SERVE MYSELF?

YOU OF ALL SHOULD KNOW--THE LORD OF DEATH BENDS KNEE TO NO LIEGE--

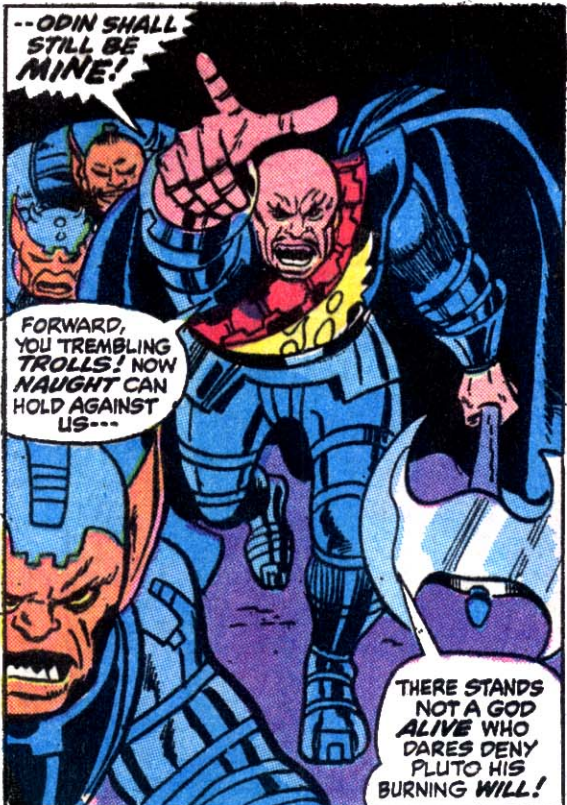
'TIS WHY I CRAVE ODIN'S SACRED SOUL...



-- AND WHY I'LL STEAL YOURS AS WELL--NOO,0000!

THE WITCH ESCAPES! FOR NOW, SHE CHEATS ME OF THAT TREASURE, AT LEAST!

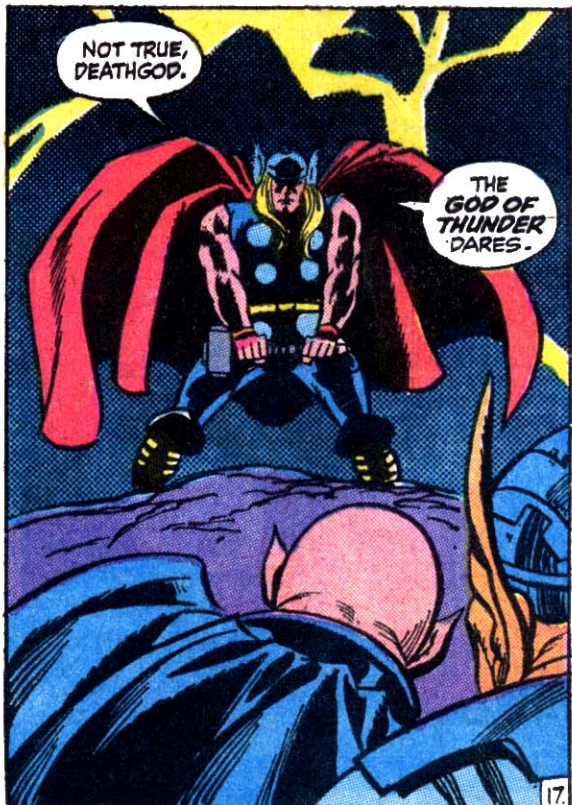
BUT ONLY THAT PRIZE--



-- ODIN SHALL STILL BE MINE!

FORWARD, YOU TREMBLING TROLLS! NOW NAUGHT CAN HOLD AGAINST US--

THERE STANDS NOT A GOD ALIVE WHO DARES DENY PLUTO HIS BURNING WILL!



NOT TRUE, DEATHGOD.

THE GOD OF THUNDER DARES.



YOU!

BATTLE HAS STRAINED YOUR MIND, GODLING--IF THE GODDESS OF DEATH HERSELF WAS UNABLE TO DEFEAT ME--

--WHAT FEEBLE HOPE HAVE YOU?



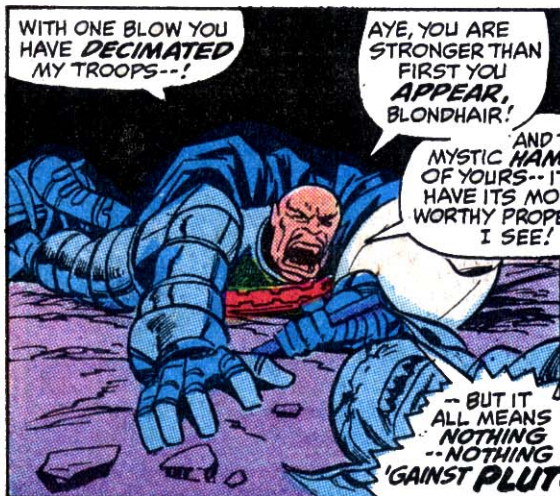
I HAVE MY HAMMER--AND MORE, I HAVE HONOR--

--AND BOTH DO SAY--



--THOU SHALT NOT WIN!

FOR ODIN!
FOR ASGAAAARD!

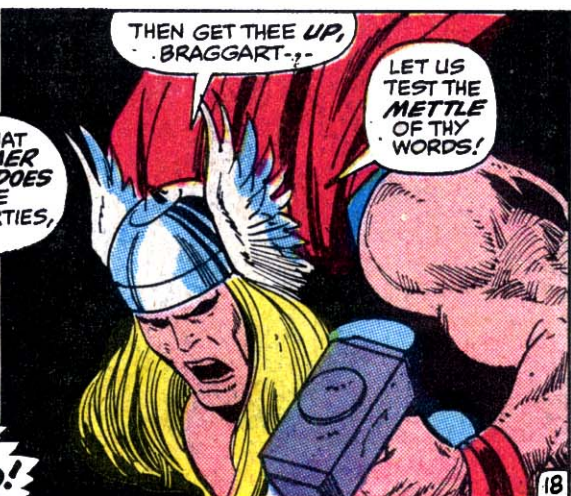


WITH ONE BLOW YOU HAVE DECIMATED MY TROOPS--!

AYE, YOU ARE STRONGER THAN FIRST YOU APPEAR, BLONDHAIR!

AND THAT MYSTIC HAMMER OF YOURS-- IT DOES HAVE ITS MORE WORTHY PROPERTIES, I SEE!

-- BUT IT ALL MEANS NOTHING --NOTHING 'GAINST PLUTO!



THEN GET THEE UP, BRAGGART--!

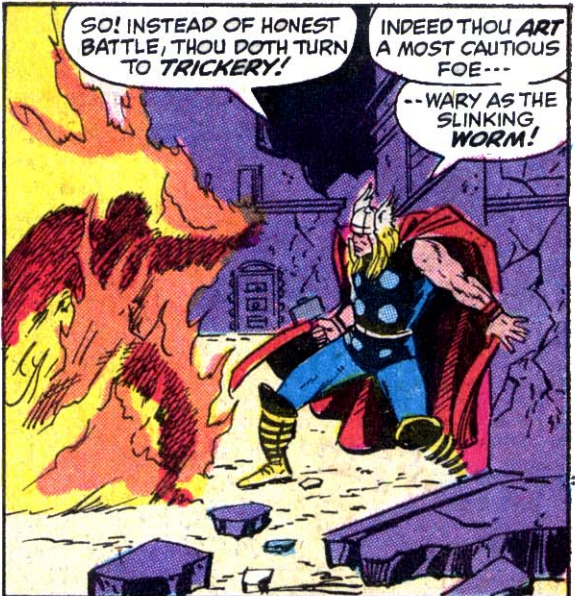
LET US TEST THE METTLE OF THY WORDS!



NOT MY WORDS, THOR--
MY ACTIONS!

THERE ARE POWERS IN
THIS ARMORED FORM
OF WHICH YOU
CANNOT
DREAM!

I WANT YOUR
FATHER,
THUNDER GOD
--AND I MEAN
TO TAKE HIM
--BY ANY
MEANS!



SO! INSTEAD OF HONEST
BATTLE, THOU DOTH TURN
TO TRICKERY!

INDEED THOU ART
A MOST CAUTIOUS
FOE---

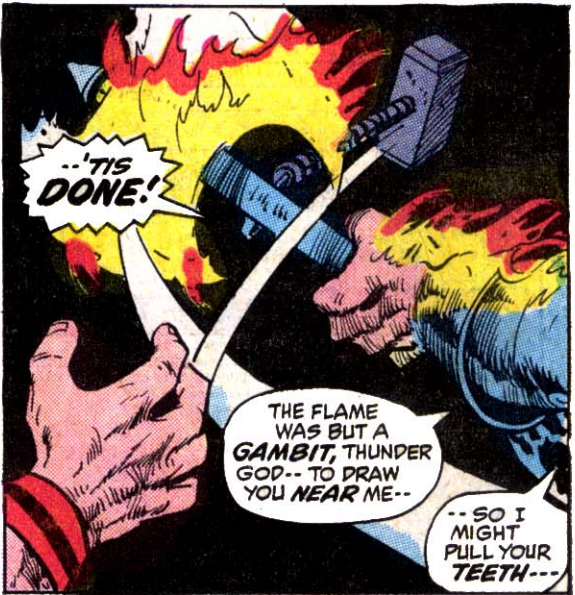
--WARY AS THE
SLINKING
WORM!



THINK THEE I
FEAR THY FIERY
FORM? NAY, 'TIS
NOTHING--

--WITH BUT THE
TURN OF MY
MYSTIC MALLET, I
CREATE A MIGHTY
SUCTION---

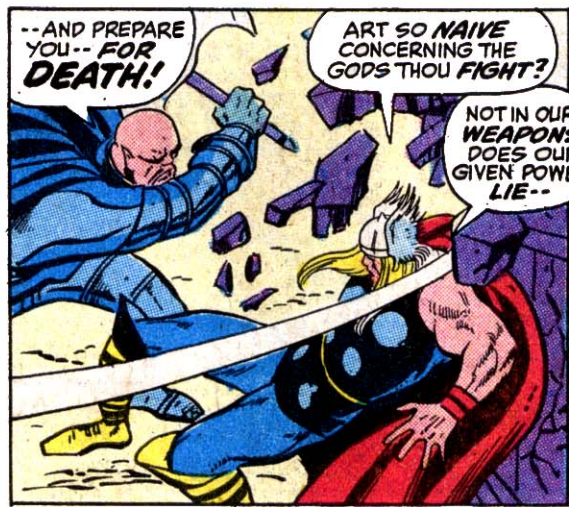
-- THE FIRE
FALTERS
--AND IN A
MOMENT--



'TIS
DONE!

THE FLAME
WAS BUT A
GAMBIT, THUNDER
GOD-- TO DRAW
YOU NEAR ME--

-- SO I
MIGHT
PULL YOUR
TEETH---



--AND PREPARE
YOU-- FOR
DEATH!

ART SO NAIVE
CONCERNING THE
GODS THOU FIGHT?

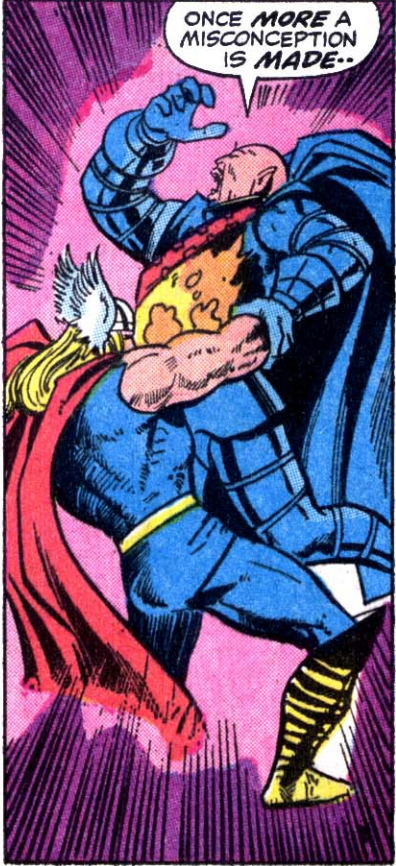
NOT IN OUR
WEAPONS
DOES OUR
GIVEN POWER
LIE--



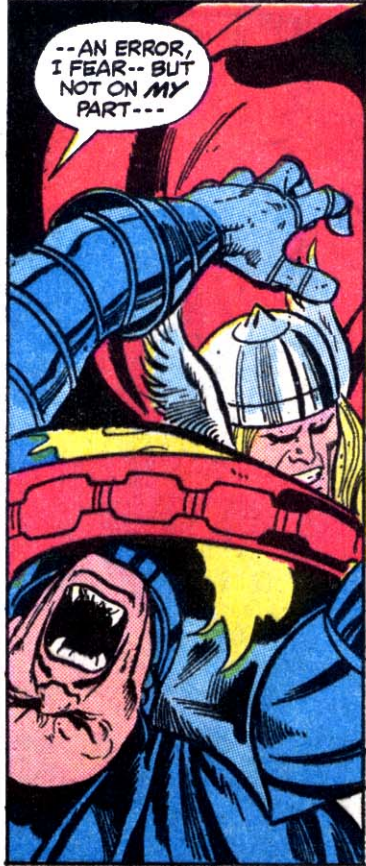
-- BUT IN
OUR EVERY
FIGHTING
BREATH--

-- AND
ONLY WHEN
THOSE END--

-- WILL OUR
GLORY
PASS
AWAY!



ONCE MORE A MISCONCEPTION IS MADE--



--AN ERROR, I FEAR-- BUT NOT ON MY PART---



--NO--THE ERROR IS YOURS!



YOU DARE THINK I'D BE SUCH A MADDENED FOOL?

ALL--ALL WAS WELL-- WROUGHT STRATEGY, THUNDER GOD-- FIRST TO DISARM YOU-- THEN TO BRING YOU CLOSER--

--AND NOW TO DRAIN YOU OF YOUR STRENGTH--

--OF YOUR EVER-LAUDED GLORY!



AT LAST, IT IS OVER.

THE SON LIES AS STILL AS HIS FATHER-- AND SO IT SHOULD BE.

WITH BOTH AS MY SLAVES, MY POWER WILL BE TREBLED--



--AND NO LONGER WILL PLUTO BE THE FOULTEST OF GODS--

NO, ON THIS DAY--

**PLUTO IS
LORD
OVER
ALL!**



NEXT ISSUE: NOW COMES THE NIGHTMARE!