

THOR

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THE MIGHTY THOR

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TM



THE END OF THE WORLD!

THE MIGHTY THOR!

NIGHT: AND BENEATH A STARLESS SKY, ON A BARREN MOOR COUNTLESS LIGHT-YEARS FROM THIS WORLD OF GODS AND MEN, THREE GRIM SISTERS STARE BLINDLY INTO THE STILL-BORN DEPTHS OF THE TIMELESS TWILIGHT WELL...

STILL THINKEST THOU OF THE MIGHTY THOR, KLOTHOS? LO, HE HAS BEEN GONE FROM OUR LAND THESE TWELVE ASSGARDIAN DAYS--

WHY DOES HE RETAIN THY SILENT ATTENTION?

HIS TIME IS NOT YET DONE, SISTER... AND YET...

...AND YET, I SENSE HE BE MOST HORRIBLY THREATENED!

LET US LOOK! LET US SEE HOW FARES THE NOBLE THUNDER GOD...!

AAHHEE! HE LIES MOTIONLESS--AS ONE DEAD! AND ABOVE HIM--!

--THE NIGHTGOD MEN CALL PLUTO!

IT APPEARS THY CONCERN WAS WELL TAKEN, KLOTHOS.

DESTINY SEEMS TWISTED ON ASSGARD THIS DAY!

WHAT MEANS THOU, LAECILUS?

MY MEANING IS CLEAR, IF THOU WOULD LOOK MORE DEEPLY INTO THE WELL, DEAR SISTER--

FOR, THOR'S TRUE FATE LIES NOT UNDER PLUTO'S DEADLY AXE--

NAY, IT LIES IN A MORE CRUCIAL FUTURE--ON A DAY COUNTLESS DAYS HENCE!

LOOK, DEAR SISTER--LOOK THEE INTO THE TWILIGHT WELL!

BEWARE! IF THIS BE... **RAGNAROK!**

LOYAL
HEIMDALL,
GUARDIAN
OF THE
RAINBOW
BRIDGE--

WHY HATH
LORD ODIN,
MY REGAL
FATHER,
SUMMONED
US?

I KNOW *NOT*
THE ANSWER,
THUNDER
GOD-- BUT
PASS YE ALL,
IN SAFETY.

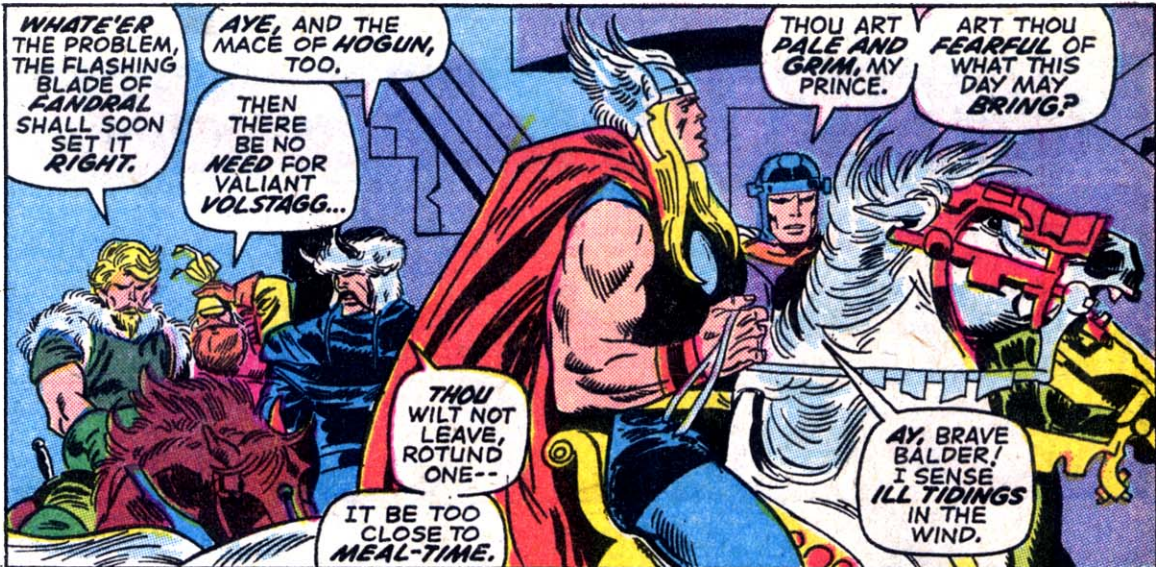
STORY & ART
BY
STAN (THE MAN) LEE
and
BIG JOHN BUSCEMA

J. VERPOORTEN
EMBELLISHING

ARTIE SIMER
LETTERING

NOTE TO BIBLIOPHILE:
PROLOGUE & EPILOGUE BY
GERRY CONWAY - JOHN BUSCEMA
WRITER ARTIST

RAGNAROK!
THE MOST
TERRIFYING
WORD IN ALL
THE COSMOS--
AND THIS TALE
SHALL TELL
THEE WHY!



WHATE'ER
THE PROBLEM,
THE FLASHING
BLADE OF
FANDRAL
SHALL SOON
SET IT
RIGHT.

AYE, AND THE
MACE OF HOGUN,
TOO.

THEN
THERE
BE NO
NEED FOR
VALIANT
VOLSTAGG...

THOU
WILT NOT
LEAVE,
ROTUND
ONE--

IT BE TOO
CLOSE TO
MEAL-TIME.

THOU ART
PALE AND
GRIM, MY
PRINCE.

ART THOU
FEARFUL OF
WHAT THIS
DAY MAY
BRING?

AY, BRAVE
BALDER!
I SENSE
ILL TIDINGS
IN THE
WIND.



ODIN WOULD NOT SUMMON
US, FROM THE LENGTH AND
BREADTH OF THE ETERNAL
REALM--

--UNLESS THE
REALM ITSELF BE
THREATENED, BY
DANGER MOST
DEADLY!

ASGARDIANS,
COME
FORTH!



I HAVE AWAITED THEE
OUT HERE-- WITHIN THE
ROYAL ARBOR.

FOR, WHAT NEEDS
BE DONE, CAN
BE DONE--
BENEATH THE
SHELTERING SKY.



BUT HOLD!
THERE BE ONE
MISSING
STILL!

BRING
LOKI TO
THE
PRESENCE!

LOKI--
MY EVIL
HALF-
BROTHER.

WOE
UNTO
ASGARD
IF HE BE
NEEDED,
TOO.



LET ALL STAND
BACK! LOKI
DO TH
APPROACH.

THE SON
OF ODIN
NEEDS
NO
ESCORT.



WHERE
WE DID
BOW, MY
BROTHER
MERELY
BENDS.

I STAND
BEFORE
THEE,
SIRE--AND
AWAIT THY
PLEASURE.



NOW BE
SILENT,
ALL.

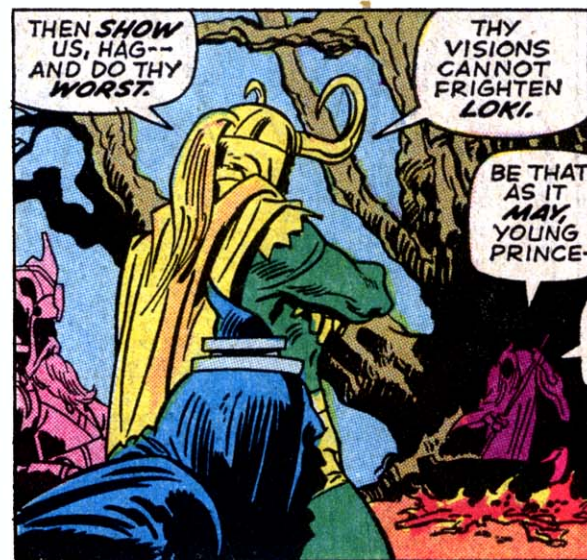
THE TIME
HATH COME
FOR **VOLLA.**
THE
PROPHETESS,
TO REVEAL
WHAT THE
FUTURE HATH
IN STORE.

AND,
SHE
SHALL
TELL
OF--



RAGNAROK!

RAGNAROK--
WHEN ALL
THE WORLD
SHALL
END!



THEN **SHOW**
US, HAG--
AND DO THY
WORST.

THY
VISIONS
CANNOT
FRIGHTEN
LOKI.

BE THAT
AS IT
MAY,
YOUNG
PRINCE--



RAGNAROK!
NO--NO!

BUT, THERE
BE THOSE
WHO
TREMBLE.



LET ALL
STAND
FIRM--OR
INCUR THE
ROYAL
WRATH!

ODIN
HATH SPOKE!
REVEAL THY
VISIONS,
VOLLA.



VAPORS OF TIME,
NOW RISE ABOUT
ME! LET THY
MYSTICAL MISTS
ENGULF US ALL.

I COMMAND THEE,
BY THE POWER OF
PROPHESY, WHICH
ALL-MIGHTY ODIN
DIDST BEQUEATH
ME, MANY AGES
PAST.

MAY THE
FUTURE
STAND
REVEALED.



NOW LET
PLANETS
COME TO
VIEW--

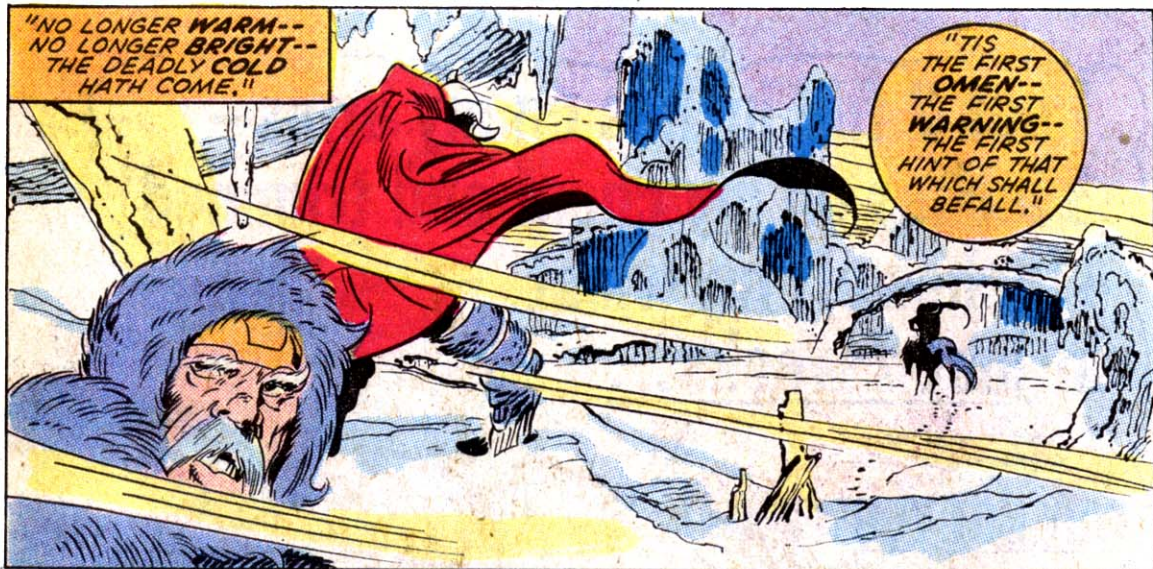
COLD AND
DISTANT, BLEAK
AND DOOMED
--SPINNING IN
AN ENDLESS
NIGHT.



'TIS THE
FUTURE
I DO
SHOW--

BUT, IT BE
DIFFERENT--
IT BE
CHANGED.

AND NOW,
BEHOLD
ETERNAL
ASGARD...



"NO LONGER WARM--
NO LONGER BRIGHT--
THE DEADLY COLD
HATH COME."

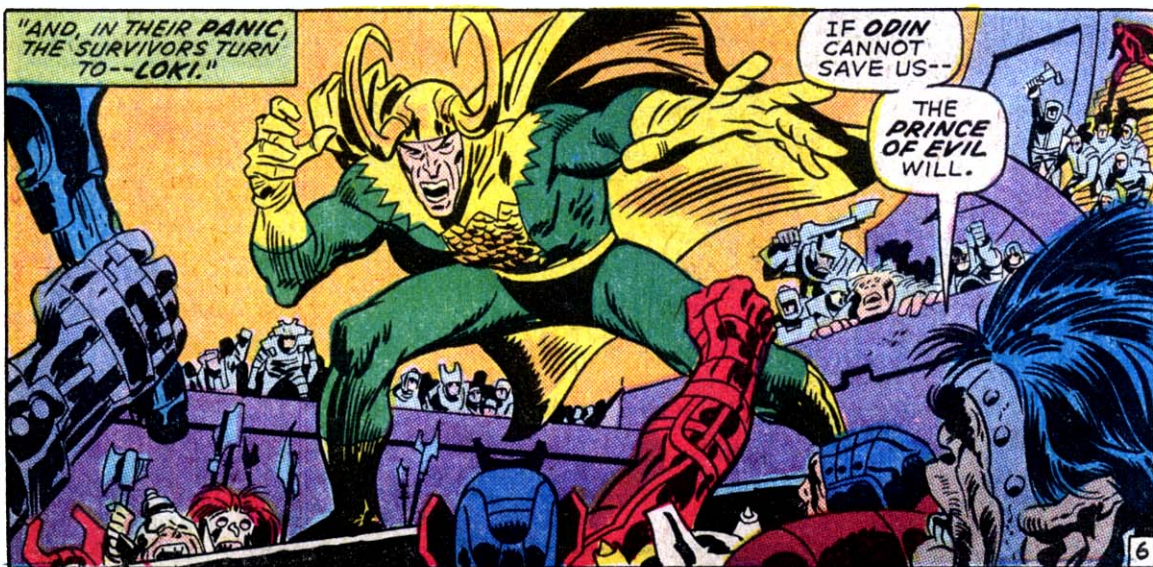
"TIS
THE FIRST
OMEN--
THE FIRST
WARNING--
THE FIRST
HINT OF THAT
WHICH SHALL
BEFALL."



"THEN, GOADED
BY NAMELESS
FEAR--BY GROW-
ING DREAD--
FRIEND BATTLES
FRIEND, BROTHER
TURNS 'GAINST
BROTHER, IN AN
ENDLESS ORGY
OF SAVAGE
COMBAT."



"ALL ARE DRIVEN
BY THE HINT OF
RAGNAROK
A'COMING."



"AND, IN THEIR PANIC,
THE SURVIVORS TURN
TO--LOKI."

IF ODIN
CANNOT
SAVE US--

THE
PRINCE
OF EVIL
WILL.



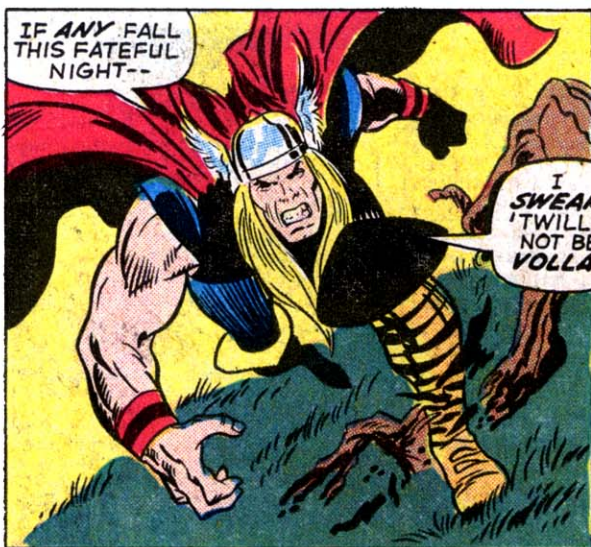
I'LL HEAR NO MORE! THE SEERESS LIES!

'TIS BUT A PLOT TO DEFAME THE INNOCENT LOKI!

NAY! NAY! THE MISTS CANNOT LIE.



ADMIT THOU ART A FRAUD-- OR DIE!



IF ANY FALL THIS FATEFUL NIGHT--

I SWEAR 'T WILL NOT BE VOLLA!



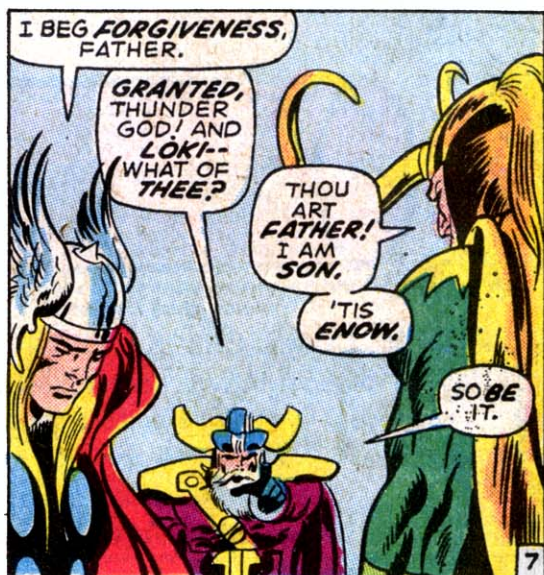
WE WILL LEARN THE PROPHECY, EVIL ONE--

NOT ALL THY THREATS SHALL STEM IT.



DESIST!

IN ODIN'S NAME, LIFT NOT THY HANDS, ONE AGAINST THE OTHER!



I BEG FORGIVENESS, FATHER.

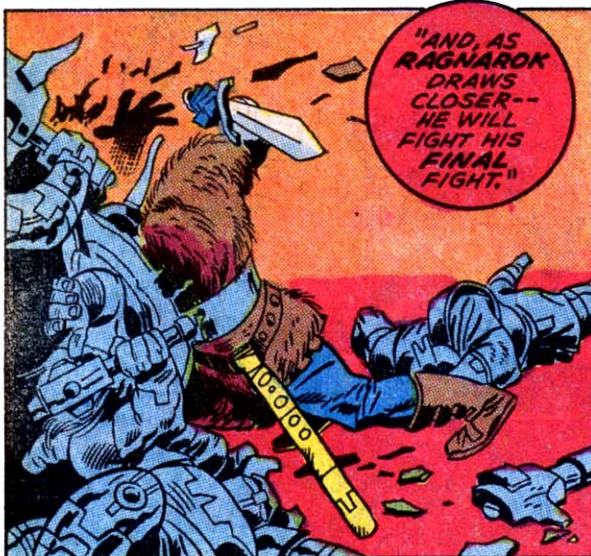
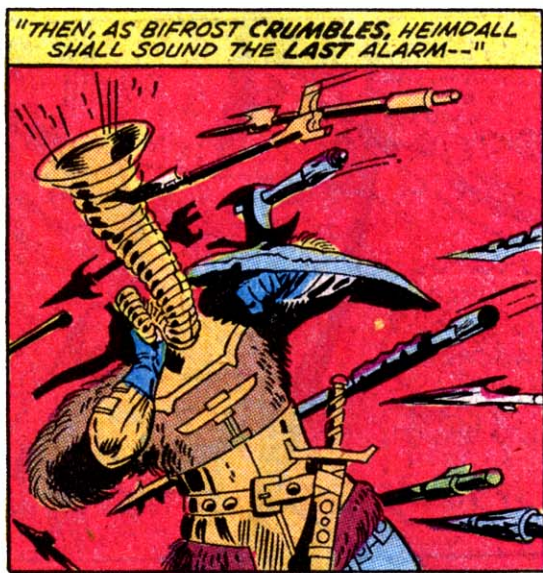
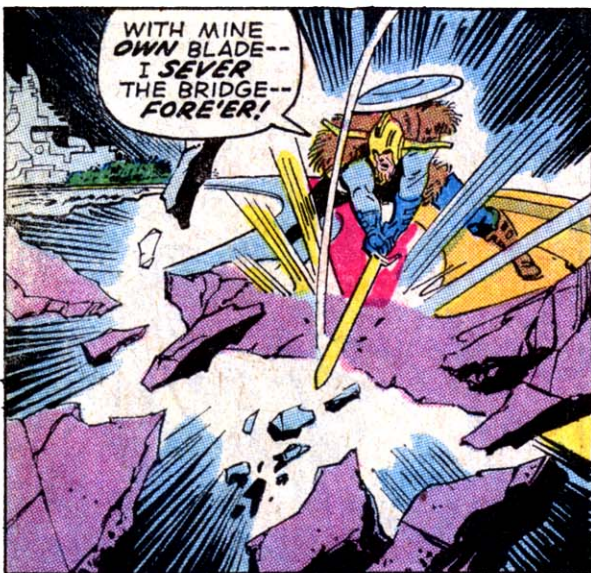
GRANTED, THUNDER GOD! AND LOKI-- WHAT OF THEE?

THOU ART FATHER! I AM SON.

'TIS ENOW.

SO BE IT.



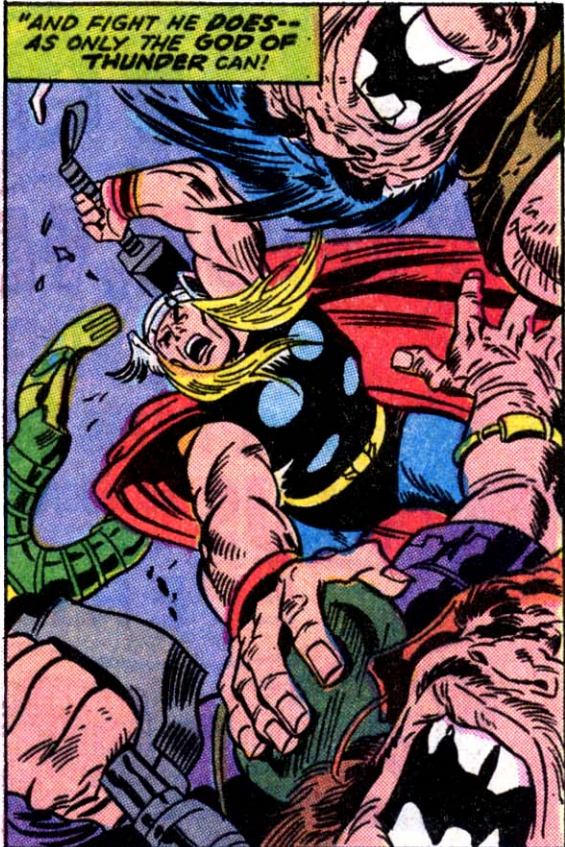


"BUT, TWO SONS HATH
ODIN SIRE! THOUGH
ONE HATH COMMITTED
THE ULTIMATE
TREASON--"

"THE
OTHER
PREPARES
TO FIGHT TO
THE DEATH
FOR LIBERTY,
LAND, AND
LIEGE."



"AND FIGHT HE DOES--
AS ONLY THE GOD OF
THUNDER CAN!"



"WITHOUT CEASE--WITHOUT LET--THE
CATACLYSMIC BATTLE RAGES--"



"--AS THE ONCE-
HALCYON REALM
BECOMES A SEA OF
FLAME."

"BUT, AS MULTITUDES FALL, ONE MERCILESS
HEART IS HAPPY--ONE SINISTER SOUL
DOTH REJOICE--"

LET ASGARD
TOPPLE! LET
THEM WHO
HAVE
OPPOSED ME
NOW BE SLAIN!

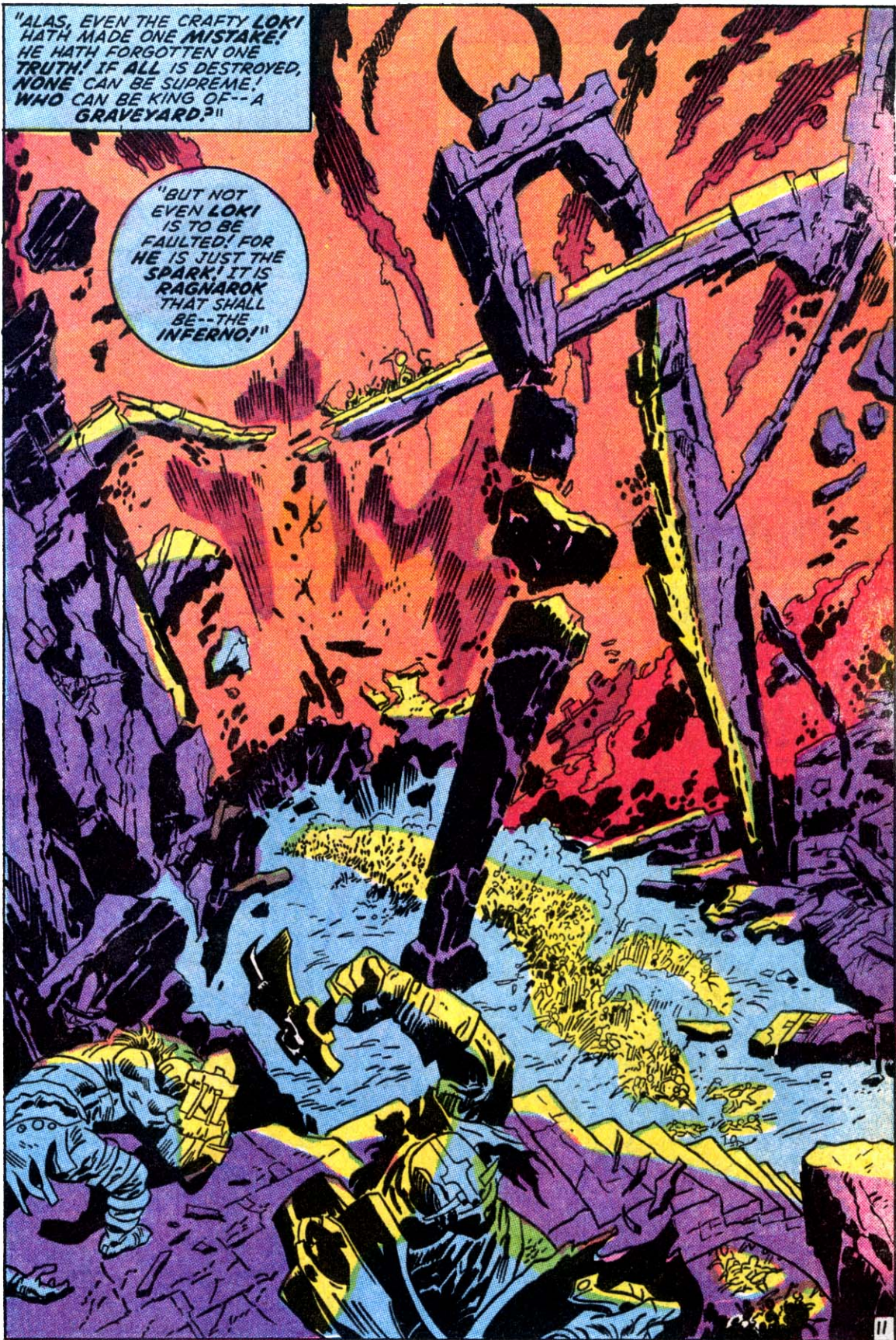
MY POWER LIVES--
WHILE THEIRS IS
DESTROYED!

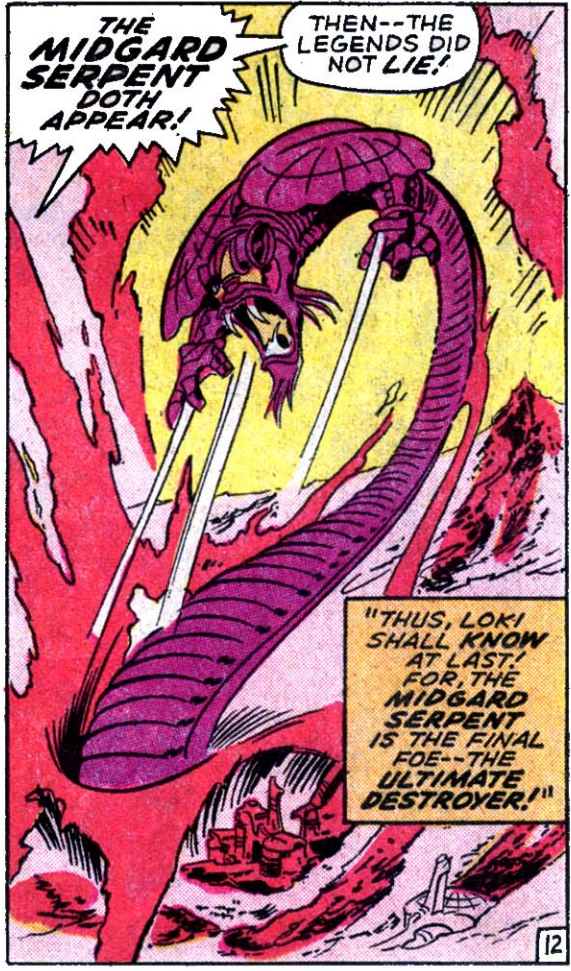
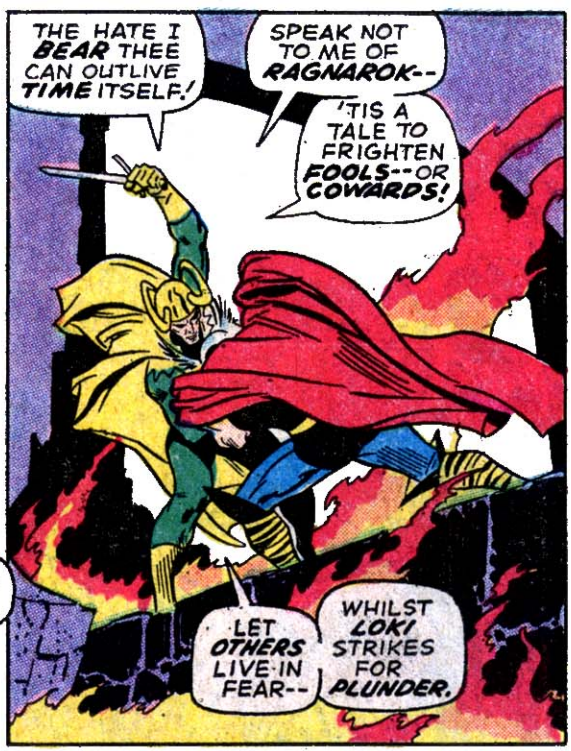
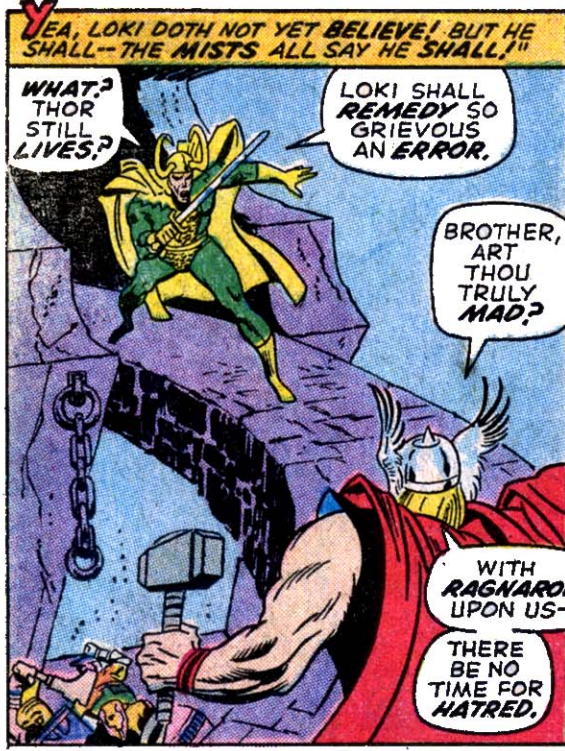
WHEN IT
HATH ENDED,
LOKI WILL
BE THE
MASTER!
LOKI WILL BE
--SUPREME!



"ALAS, EVEN THE CRAFTY LOKI
HATH MADE ONE MISTAKE!
HE HATH FORGOTTEN ONE
TRUTH! IF ALL IS DESTROYED,
NONE CAN BE SUPREME!
WHO CAN BE KING OF-- A
GRAVEYARD?"

"BUT NOT
EVEN LOKI
IS TO BE
FAULTED! FOR
HE IS JUST THE
SPARK! IT IS
RAGNAROK
THAT SHALL
BE--THE
INFERNO!"







MY BROTHER HATH
FLED-- BUT THOR
MUST EVER STAND
HIS GROUND.

AND SO
STAND
WE,
O PRINCE!



NOT *SWORD*
NOR *MACE*
CAN SAVE
US NOW.

BUT, MAYHAP,
ENCHANTED
MJOLNIR--

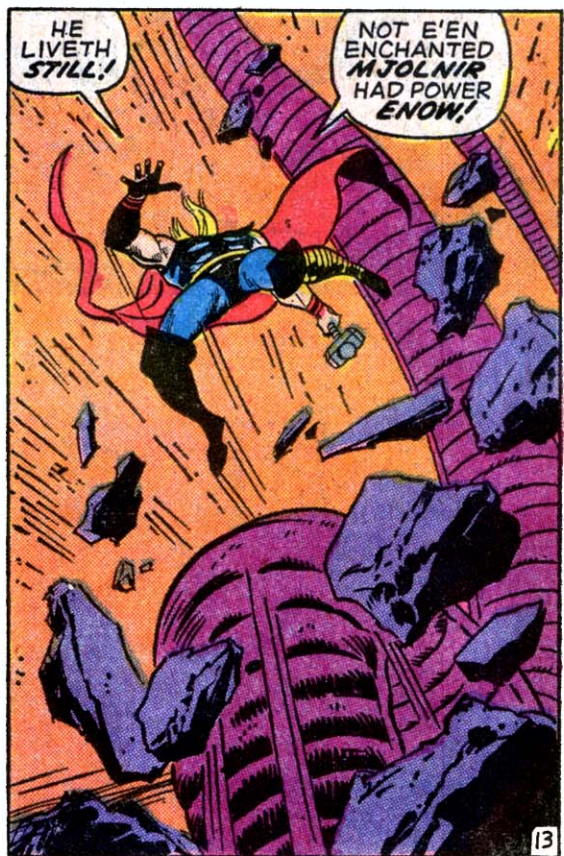
IF THY
HAMMER
FAIL
THEE,
THUNDER
GOD--

THEN
WE SHALL
STRIKE,
WHILST
LIFE
ENDURES!



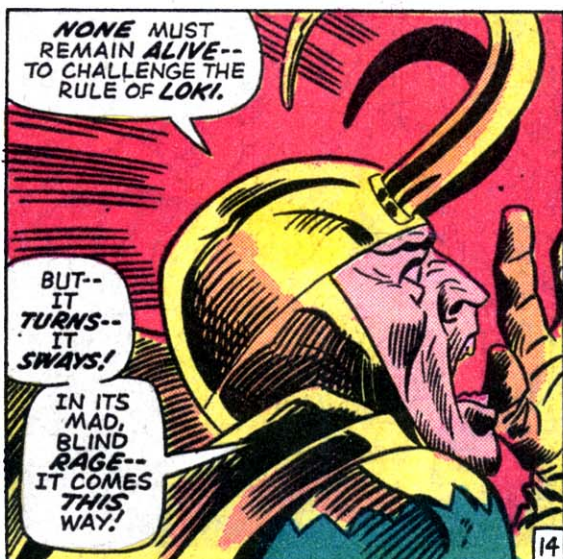
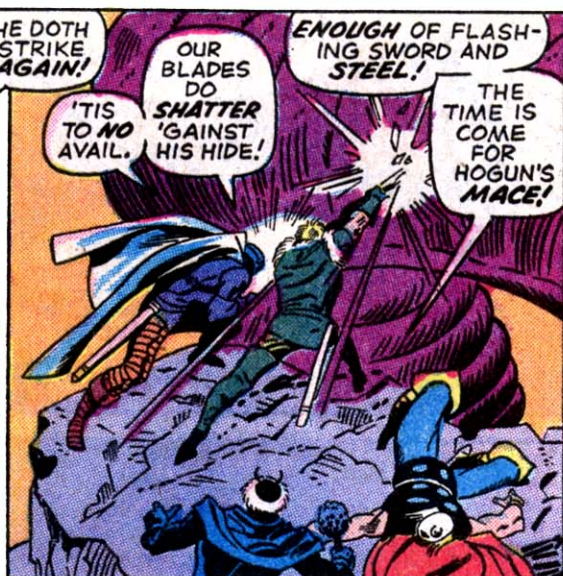
SLRAKK!

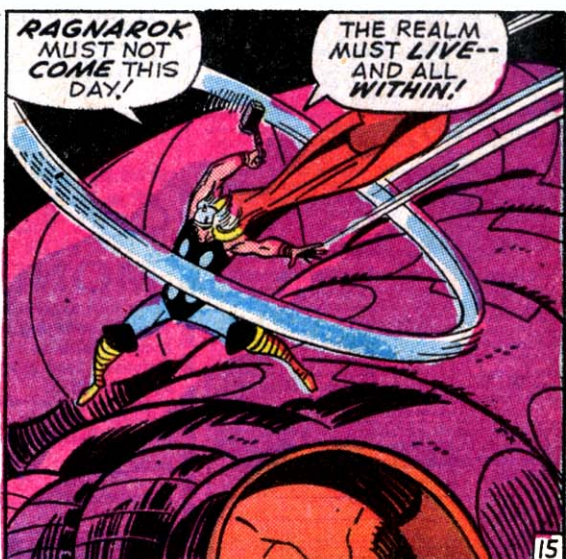
BACK
TO THE
SLIME
FROM
WHICH
THOU
DIDST
COME!

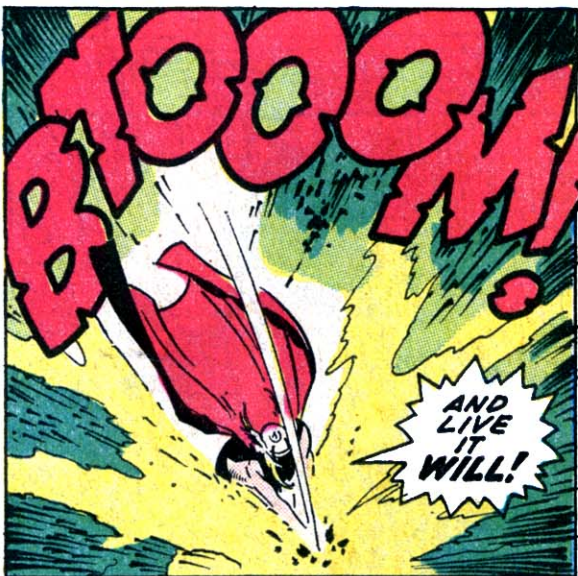


HE
LIVETH
STILL!

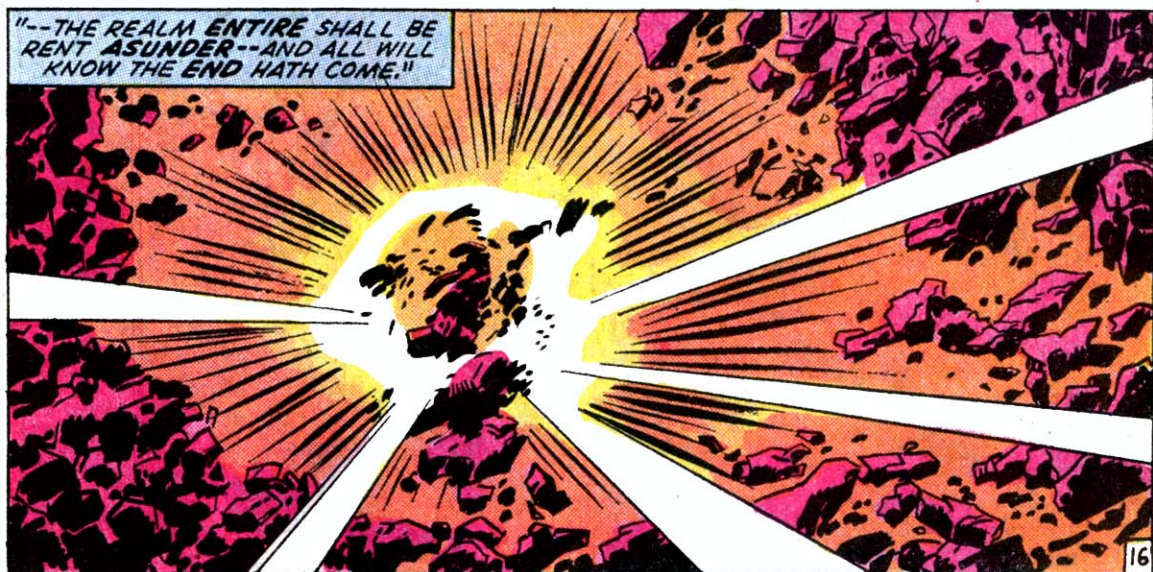
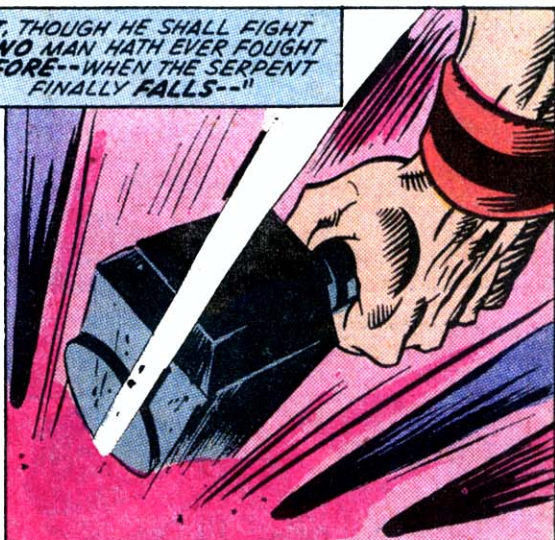
NOT E'EN
ENCHANTED
MJOLNIR
HAD POWER
ENOW!



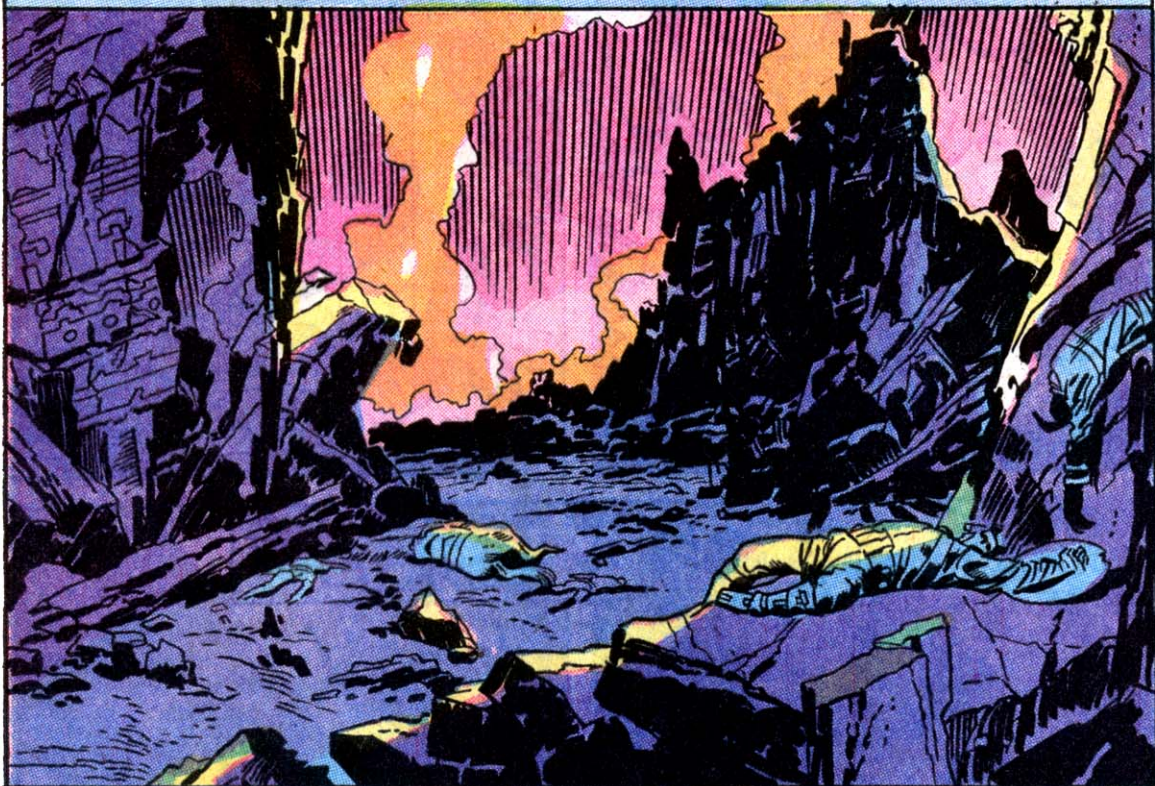




"BUT, THOUGH HE SHALL FIGHT
AS NO MAN HATH EVER FOUGHT
BEFORE--WHEN THE SERPENT
FINALLY FALLS--"



"NOTHING SHALL REMAIN--BUT SILENCE! SILENCE--AND THE GRIM, LIFELESS LITTER...THE ETERNAL DESOLATION...THAT GIVE MUTE EVIDENCE OF AN AGE, A GLORY, THAT HATH FOREVER FADED FROM THE MEMORY OF MAN.



"AND SO, THE STAGE SHALL BE SET AT LAST--
SET, FOR THE COMING OF SURTUR, THE
MERCILESS GOD OF FIRE--"



"SURTUR, WHO LIVES TO KILL-- WHO LIVES
FOR DEATH! SURTUR, WHO HATH
AWAITED THIS MOMENT SINCE THE VERY
DAWNING OF TIME."



"SURTUR,
WHOSE
MOLTEN TOUCH
CAN SEAR A
WORLD--AND
LEAVE IT
CHARRED AND
ASHEN!"

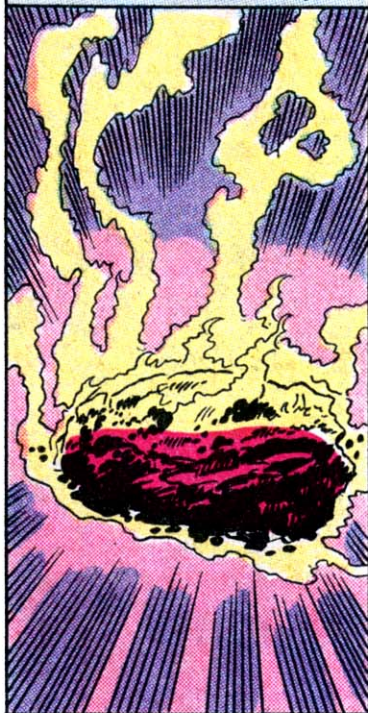
"THIS DO THE MISTS REVEAL,"



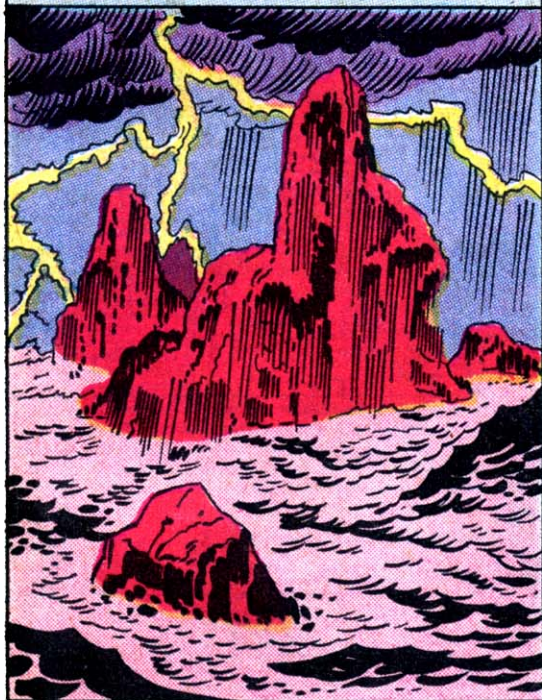
"THIS DO THE PROPHECIES
FORETELL,"



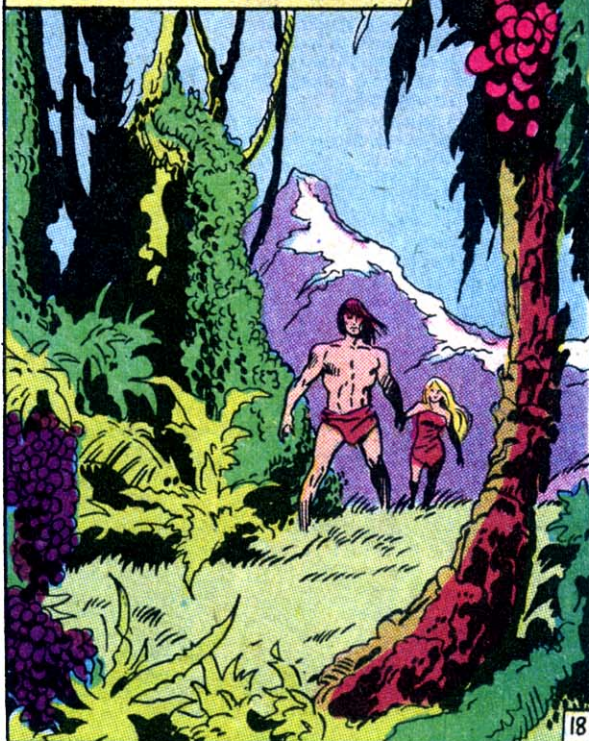
"AND THEN, AT LAST--
NAUGHT SHALL REMAIN
OF THE GOLDEN REALM,
SAVE A FIERY, FLAMING
EMBER--A SMOLDERING,
CELESTIAL CINDER IN THE
FABRIC OF ETERNITY,"



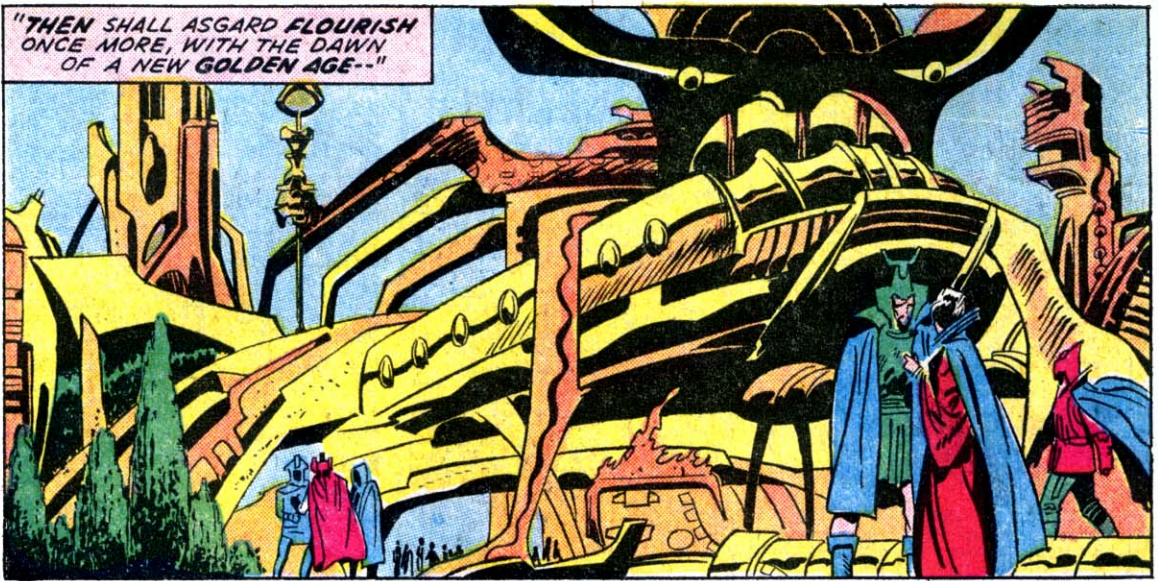
"BUT TIME ROLLS ON, WITHOUT BEGIN-
NING-- AND WITH NO END! THE CEN-
TURIES SHALL TURN TO AGES, THE AGES
TO EONS, AS THE WORLD SHALL COOL--
AND NEW LAND SHALL RISE, FROM
BENEATH THE RESTLESS SEAS..."



"AND, AS IT EVER WAS-- AND
AS EVER IT MUST BE-- NEW
LIFE SHALL COME A'BORNING--
AND GODS SHALL RISE AGAIN!"



"THEN SHALL ASGARD FLOURISH
ONCE MORE, WITH THE DAWN
OF A NEW GOLDEN AGE--"



FOR *SUCH* IS THE
DESTINY OF GOD
AND MAN ALIKE--

AND *SUCH*
IS THE
LESSON
SUPREME--

ALL THAT *LIVE*
MUST SURELY
DIE! BUT, ALL
THAT *DIE--*
SHALL *LIVE!*



THE PROPHECY
IS ENDED!

WE HAVE
MUCH TO
THINK
UPON.



A SAGA OF *DEATH*
HATH BEEN REVEALED--
AND A HOPE OF NEW
REBIRTH.



WHY LOOKEST
THOU AT *ME*
THAT WAY?

CAN LOKI BE
BLAMED FOR WHAT
HATH NOT YET
OCCURRED?



'TWAS BUT
THE HOLLOW
CACKLING
OF A
WORTHLESS
HAG! FATHER,
THY SON IS
BLAMELESS!

TRUE
IT IS,
THOU
ART
MY SON--



BUT **BLAMELESS**
THOU SHALT
NEVER BE!

YET, 'TIS
OF
LITTLE
MOMENT
NOW.



FOR
RAGNAROK
IS NOT
THY
DOING.

IF HE BE
BLAME-
LESS,
THEN
WHO--?



ODIN
HATH
ORDAINED
IT!

NOT **ASGARD** ALONE,
BUT ALL THE **WORLD**,
HATH NEED OF FIERY
CLEANSING.



A TIME MUST COME WHEN
ALL SHALL FALL--BUT
ONLY **SOME** WILL RISE
AGAIN.



ONLY THOSE DEEMED--
WORTHY!



"LET ALL WHO LIVE
NOW THINK UPON
IT."



"EACH MAN MUST FACE HIS
RAGNAROK! AND, IN HIS SOUL,
EACH MAN DOETH KNOW, IF HE WILL
BE FOUND-- **WANTING!**"

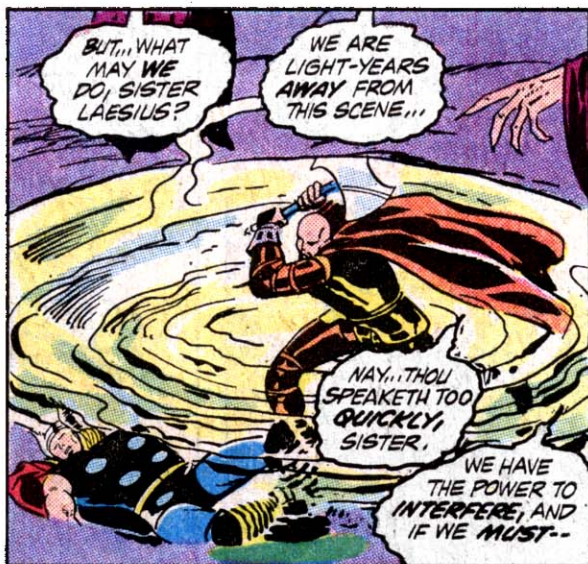




AND SLOWLY, THE VISION **FADES**,
AND THE THREE SISTERS REGAIN
THEIR BATED **BREATHS**...

SO, THAT IS THE
WAY OF THE
FUTURE,
THEN?

AY, KLOTHOS...
THOR MUST **NOT**
DIE THIS DAY...
OR THE WEB
OF DESTINY WILL
BE PERMANENTLY
WARPED.

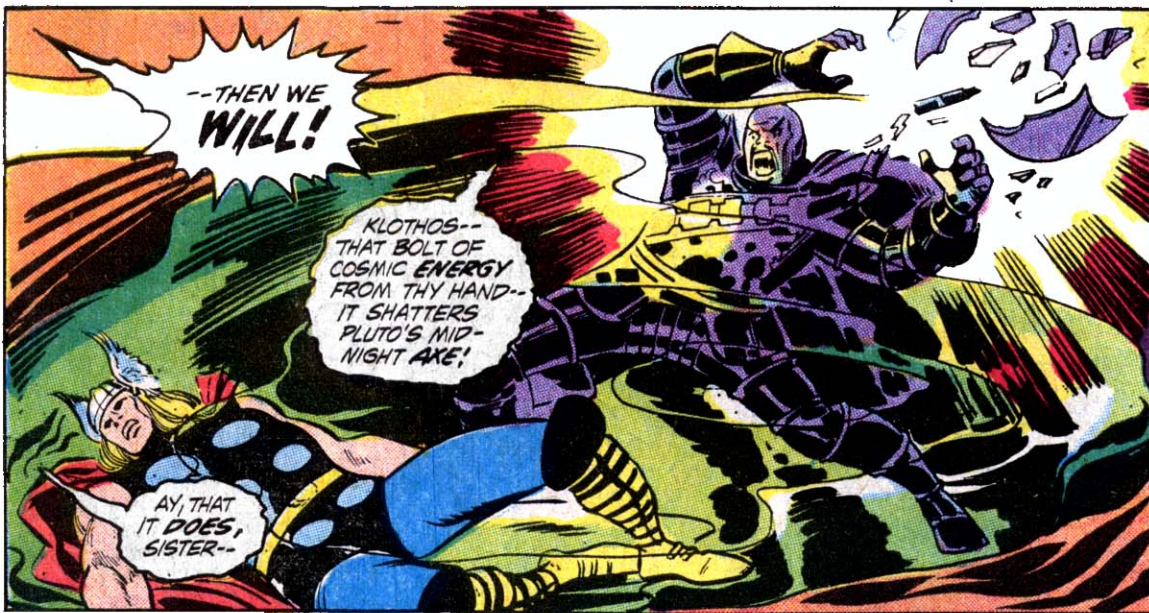


BUT... WHAT
MAY WE
DO, SISTER
LAESIUS?

WE ARE
LIGHT-YEARS
AWAY FROM
THIS SCENE...

NAY... THOU
SPEAKEST TOO
QUICKLY,
SISTER.

WE HAVE
THE POWER TO
INTERFERE, AND
IF WE **MUST**--



--THEN WE
WILL!

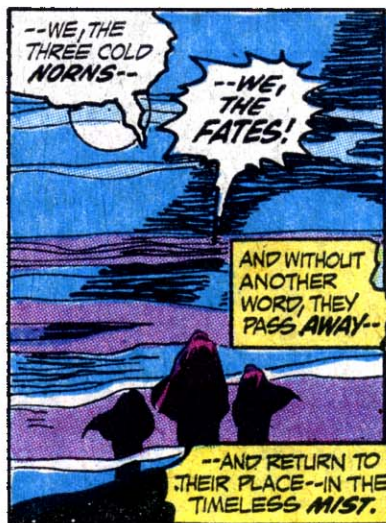
KLOTHOS--
THAT BOLT OF
COSMIC ENERGY
FROM THY HAND--
IT SHATTERS
PLUTO'S MID-
NIGHT AXE!

AY, THAT
IT DOES,
SISTER--



--AND THUS, THOR'S POTENT
DESTINY IS **RETURNED**
TO HIM--

--RETURNED
BY THE ONLY
ONES WHO CAN--
AND WHO **DARE**--



--WE, THE
THREE COLD
NORNS--

--WE,
THE
FATES!

AND WITHOUT
ANOTHER
WORD, THEY
PASS AWAY--

--AND RETURN TO
THEIR PLACE--IN THE
TIMELESS MIST.

**NEXT
ISSUE
ONCE
MORE,
AN
ENDING!**