

20¢ 206 DEC 02450

THE MIGHTY

THOR



THE HAMMER OF THOR HAS SUPERNATURAL POWER! BUT, ALAS, SO DOES THE SAVAGE BALL AND CHAIN OF THE ABSORBING MAN!

YOUR OWN STRENGTH WILL DESTROY YOU, THUNDER GOD!

FOR MINE IS THE POWER TO ABSORB YOUR MIGHT-- AND TO TURN IT AGAINST YOU!



THE POWER OF THE ABSORBING MAN!

Stan Lee presents: *The*

Amazingly Thor

RUTLAND, VERMONT:
LATITUDE 43.36° N,
LONGITUDE 72.59° W.

THE SECOND LARGEST CITY IN THE STATE, RUTLAND IS A QUIET TOWN--A PEACEFUL TOWN, THESE LAST LATE DAYS OF SUMMER.

AND YET, AS IN THE PAST, FATE HAS A SPECIAL USE FOR RUTLAND THIS CRISP, CALM EVENING--

FATE MAKES OF IT A STAGE-- AND THESE--THE OPENING CHARACTERS.

HEY, JACK-- LOOKIT THE SKY!

IT'S A SHOOTIN' STAR, JACK! A CRAZY SHOOTIN' STAR!

SO WHAT? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND! HANK?

THE SUMMER'S OVER, MAN. NUTHIN' MATTERS...NUTHIN' AT ALL.

GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER * JOHN BUSCEMA, ARTIST * V. COLLETTA, INKBY * J. COSTANZA, LETTERBY * ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

THOR is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1972 by Magazine Management Co., Inc., Marvel Comics Group, all rights reserved 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 1, No. 206, December, 1972 issue. Price 20¢ 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 for 12 issues. Canada \$3.25. Foreign \$4.50.

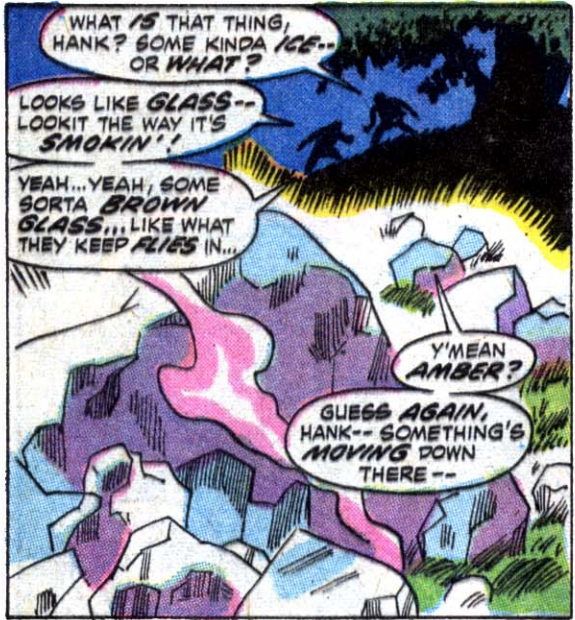


YEAH? WELL, WHATABOUT THAT, JACK?

YOU TELLIN' ME THAT DON'T MATTER-- IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TRYIN' TO SAY?

HOOLEEEEE SPIT,

BADDOOM!



WHAT IS THAT THING, HANK? SOME KINDA ICE-- OR WHAT?

LOOKS LIKE GLASS-- LOOKIT THE WAY IT'S SMOKIN'!

YEAH...YEAH, SOME SORTA BROWN GLASS... LIKE WHAT THEY KEEP FLIES IN...

Y'MEAN AMBER?

GUESS AGAIN, HANK-- SOMETHING'S MOVING DOWN THERE--



-- AN' WHATEVER IT IS-- IT AIN'T A FLY!



AN INSTANT PASSES... TWO... AND THEN, PANIC SETS IN...

ANCIENT REFLEXES SEIZE CONTROL OF YOUTHFUL LIMBS--

LESS STRETCH, BODIES LUNGE--



-- AND HALT, STUNNED INTO STATUESQUE IMMOBILITY.

THACK!

A DEEP, HEAVY SILENCE FILLS THE MOONLIT CLEARING.

LONG MOMENTS PASS, AS ONE SHADOW SEPARATES FROM THE REST, AND STANDS STARING AT TWO FLEEING FIGURES...

APPARENTLY SATISFIED WITH WHAT IT SEES, THE SHADOW STEPS TO A NEAR CLIFF...

... AND, ARCING LIKE A TAUT BOW, RAISES STIFF ARMS TO A MIDNIGHT SKY...

FOLLOWING THE SUN WEST ACROSS THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT, A LINE OF ELEMENTAL POWER REACHES TO A DISTANT DESERT MOUNTAIN--

FOR THE SPACE OF A HALF DOZEN HEARTBEATS, IT PLAYS OVER THE NEVADA CLIFFSIDE--

-- AND WHEN, AT LAST, THE DUST CLEARS, SOMETHING STIRS UNDER THAT LOOSENED TONNAGE OF ROCK AND RUBBLE--

--SOMETHING HUMAN-- SOMETHING ALIVE!

FREE--I'M FREE! THEY THOUGHT I WAS FINISHED--

--THOUGHT THAT MOUNTAIN'D CRUSHED ME--

--BUT THEY WAS WRONG! THEY LEFT ME FOR DEAD--*

--BUT NUTHIN' CAN KILL CRUSHER CREEL--

--CRUSHER CREEL-- THE ABSORBING MAN!

* IN HULK #125. --ROY.

COUNT THE MINUTES--THE HOURS--TO A MOMENT SOMEWHAT LATER THIS SAME EVENING --

AND TURN WITH US TO YET **ANOTHER** STAGE, THE CONCRETE-COVERED ISLE OF MANHATTEN--YET ANOTHER **PLAYER**--

--AN EXILED GOD OF ASGARD--**THOR!**

SEVEN DAYS HAVE I STRODE THESE BLACKENED **ROOFTOPS**--

SEVEN DAYS HAVE I SEARCHED MY INNERMOST **SOUL**--
--AND STILL, STILL I DO FIND NO BITTER **REMORSE**--

-- ONLY A WEARY **SADNESS**--

--AND 'TIS NOT **THIS** MY FATHER SEEKS, NO LESS THAN FULL **CONTRITION** WILL ODIN ACCEPT--

-- SO I MUST **REMAIN** ON THIS MADMAN'S WORLD--WAITING, EVER **WAITING**--

--YEARNING FOR THE 'DAY WHEN ODIN SHALL **REALIZE** HIS GRAVE ERROR, AND **LIFT** THIS GUILTY BURDEN.

TO THINK I DID RENOUNCE THE GLORIES OF ASGARD... FOR **THIS**.

AND YET... WHAT **OTHER** CHOICE WAS THERE...?

FOR SOME **COSMIC PLAN**, THE ALL-FATHER DID **JEOPARDIZE** THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS **EARTHFOLK***--

--AND WHEN I DID **BERATE** HIM FOR THIS **CRUELTY**--

--HE TURNED **AWAY**--AND HAS **KEPT** FROM ME, E'ER SINCE.

AYE, MY CHOICE, BUT 'T WAS NO CHOICE... AT **ALL**.



YOUR PARDON, SIR... DO YOU WANT SUPPER AT THE USUAL TIME?

IF YOU WISH, I CAN SERVE IT NOW... THE OTHERS SEEM TO HAVE LEFT FOR THE WEEKEND.

AND THE AVENGERS, JARVIS?

HAVE OUR MOSTS DEPARTED AS WELL?

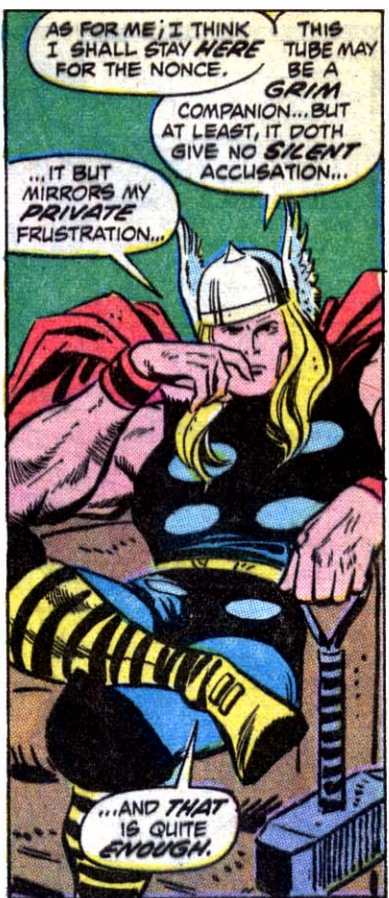


QUITE SO, SIR. THEY LEFT SOON AFTER MASTER FANDRAL AND THE REST.

I BELIEVE MASTER FANDRAL SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A...A CAMPING TRIP.

I SEE, THAT WILL BE ALL, JARVIS.

THOU MAYEST SERVE SUPPER AT THE NORMAL HOUR.



AS FOR ME; I THINK I SHALL STAY HERE FOR THE NONCE.

THIS TUBE MAY BE A GRIM COMPANION... BUT AT LEAST, IT DOTHS GIVE NO SILENT ACCUSATION...

...IT BUT MIRRORS MY PRIVATE FRUSTRATION...

...AND THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH.



MILADY, MAY WE GO BACK, NOW?

THE STENCH OF THIS RIVER HUDSON... IS NIGH OVER-POWERING.

TAKE HEART, HILDEGARDE...

WE'LL ONLY STAY A MOMENT LONGER...



...A MOMENT, AND THEN, PERHAPS, I'LL TRULY UNDERSTAND MY FEELING FOR HIS LAND.

DOST THOU *SENSE* IT, HILDEGARDE...? A TENSION... THE PULSE OF SOMETHING STRIVING, SOMETHING ALMOST ALIVE...?

'TIS THE CITY, HILDEGARDE... IT DOTHS LIVE, E'EN AS WE LIVE...



PERHAPS 'TIS THIS WHICH DOTHS ATTRACT THE ENDLESS THROGS... WHICH KEEPS THE PEOPLE HERE, WHEN 'TWOULD BE BETTER THEY LEAVE...

METHINKS 'TIS MORE LIKELY THE LACK OF MONEY WHICH KEEPS THEM SO, MILADY SIF.

PERHAPS... PERHAPS.

SILENT, THE WISTFUL GODDESS
TURNS HER EYES WESTWARD,
GAZING IDLY AT THE CLIFFS OF
THE NEW JERSEY SHORE...

SUDDENLY, SHE
GASPS-- AND
POINTS A TREMB-
LING FINGER AT
THE TWILIT SKY--

FOR A MOMENT, THE HORIZON
SEEMS EMPTY-- THEN, A
DARK SPECK APPEARS
FRAMED AGAINST THE STARS;
THE SPECK GROWS, DESCENDS--
AND REBOUNDS FROM THE
PALISADE WALL--

A MAN!
MILADY, WHAT DO TH
IT MEAN?

I KNOW
NOT, HILDEGARDE
-- BUT LOOK--!

NEW YORK! IT'S
BEEN MONTHS
SINCE I SEEN THIS
BLASTED CITY--

BUT SOMEHOW--
SOMEHOW I HADDA
COME HERE--

--SOMTHIN'
MADE ME
COME HERE--
A VOICE IN
MY HEAD--

AAARRRRHHH!!

IT'S BACK-- IT KEEPS
COMIN' BACK! WANTS
TO MAKE ME DO
SOMTHIN'--

-- MAKE ME
FIND SOMTHIN'--
SOMEONE--

THOR!
I GOTTA
FIND THOR--
AND WHEN
I DO--

I GOTTA
KILL HIM! I
GOTTA KILL!

WORDLESS, THE TWO ASGARDIANS
RACE TO THE NEARBY HOVERCRAFT
THEY'VE BORROWED FROM THE
AVENGERS.

THEIR EYES ARE BRIGHT
WITH ANTICIPATION, FOR
MANY DAYS HAVE PASSED
WITHOUT THE RELEASE OF
BATTLE--

-- AND IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES,
THEY WELCOME THIS UNEX-
PECTED DISTRACTION--

LITTLE REALIZING THE
DREAD DANGER TO
COME!

FOR, AS THEY GIRD THEMSELVES FOR THE COMING ENCOUNTER, MAD CHAOS ERUPTS A SCANT HUNDRED YARDS AWAY--

BADOOOM!



--CHAOS IN THE FRENZIED FORM OF A PAIN-WRACKED CRUSHER CREEL!

CHEST HEAVING, HE STANDS GLARING IN THE MOON-LIGHT--HIS BODY GLISTENING WITH THE SHEEN OF MOLTEN METAL--



ALREADY, THE PROCESS HAS BEGUN--THE UNCANNY POWER WHICH HAS MADE HIM, IN TRUTH--

--THE ABSORBING MAN!

WHY DON'T IT STOP? WHY'S IT KEEP HURTIN'?

I GOTTA STOP THE PAIN-- I GOTTA!



THOR! CRUSHER CREEL'S LOOKIN' FOR YA, THUNDER GOD-- HE'S GONNA TEAR THIS CRUMMY TOWN TO PIECES, YA HEAR ME?

I'M GONNA WRECK THIS PLACE TILL I FIND YA--

I'M GONNA WRECK IT ALL!



CAP'N, THERE ISN'T ANYTHING WE CAN DO!

HE KEEPS YELLIN' FOR THOR--

THEN DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MAN--

CALL AVENGERS HQ-- LET THEM KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE --



--BECAUSE, IF THE THUNDER GOD DOESN'T SHOW UP SOON--

--WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM--

BATANG!





--AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS ONE PROBLEM WE CAN'T HANDLE ALONE!

MOVE, MISTER--

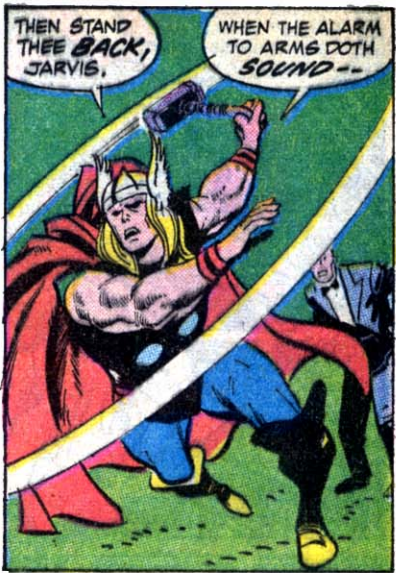
MOVE!



SIR! AN EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION FROM THE POLICE--

SOMETHING ABOUT A DISTURBANCE ON THE WEST SIDE--AND A MOST UNUSUAL CREATURE--

--A MAN CALLED CREEL!



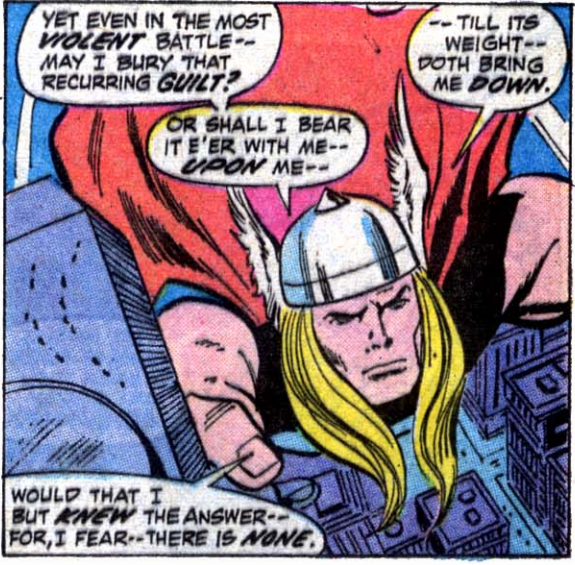
THEN STAND THEE BACK, JARVIS.

WHEN THE ALARM TO ARMS DOTH SOUND--



--THOR MUST EVER ANSWER CLEAR!

KRASH!

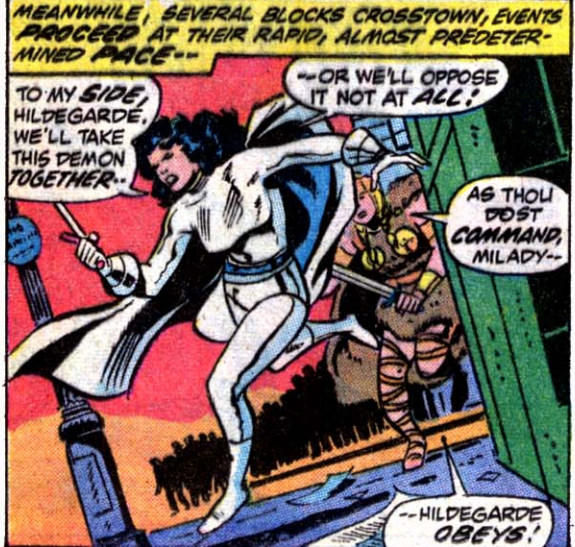


YET EVEN IN THE MOST VIOLENT BATTLE-- MAY I BURY THAT RECURRING GUILT?

-- TILL ITS WEIGHT-- DOTH BRING ME DOWN.

OR SHALL I BEAR IT E'ER WITH ME-- UPON ME--

WOULD THAT I BUT *RENEW* THE ANSWER-- FOR, I FEAR-- THERE IS NONE.



MEANWHILE, SEVERAL BLOCKS CROSSLTOWN, EVENTS PROCEED AT THEIR RAPID, ALMOST PREDETERMINED PACE--

TO MY SIDE, HILDEGARDE, WE'LL TAKE THIS DEMON TOGETHER--

--OR WE'LL OPPOSE IT NOT AT ALL!

AS THOU DOST COMMAND, MILADY--

--HILDEGARDE OBEYS!



WHAT'RE YOU, CRAZY? YOU THINK THOSE TINFOIL SWORDS ARE GONNA HURT ME--

G'WAN BACK TO YOUR KIDDIES-- I DON'T FIGHT WITH GIRLS!

--ME, THE ABSORBING MAN?

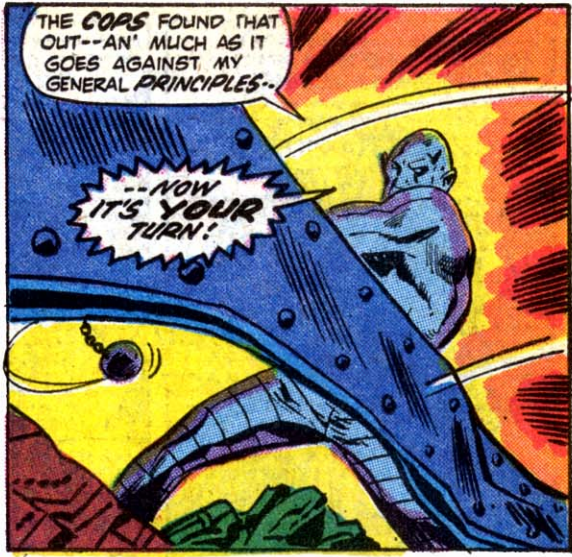
THEN THOU WOULDST DO WELL TO FLEE--



--FOR THESE "GIRLS" WOULD FIGHT WITH THEE!

YOU'RE NUTS, LADY-- THERE AIN'T NOBODY ALIVE WHO CAN STOP ME!

SWAKE!



THE COPS FOUND THAT OUT--AN' MUCH AS IT GOES AGAINST MY GENERAL PRINCIPLES--

--NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!



PERHAPS 'TIS THOU WHO WILL DO THE LEARNING, MY FRIEND--

--FOR, INDEED, THERE IS MUCH OF WHICH THOU ART BARELY IGNORANT!

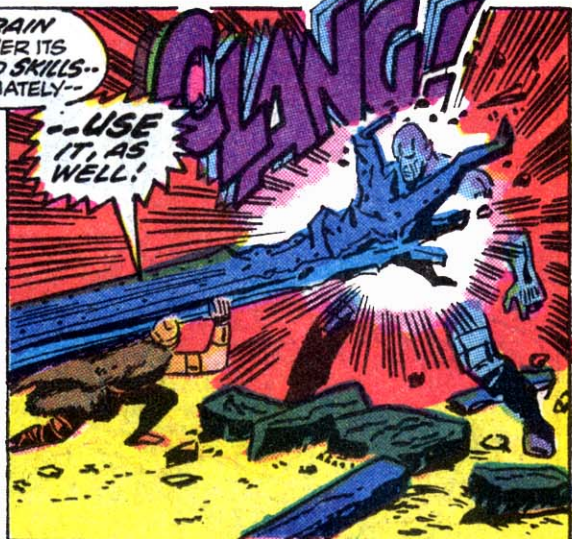


MAN IS NOT ALONE IN STRENGTH--

NAY, OTHERS ALSO MAY POSSESS IT--



--MAY TRAIN IT, DISCOVER ITS LIMITS AND SKILLS-- AND ULTIMATELY--



--USE IT, AS WELL!

CLANG!

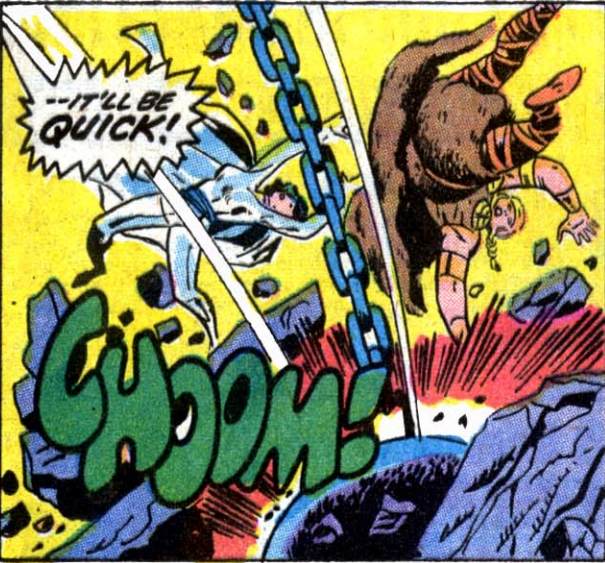
YA DID THAT REAL WELL, BLONDIE, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT YOU PROVED?

NOTHIN'!

I ABSORBED THE POWER OF THAT BLOW-- JUST LIKE I ABSORBED THE STRENGTH OF THAT GIRDER--

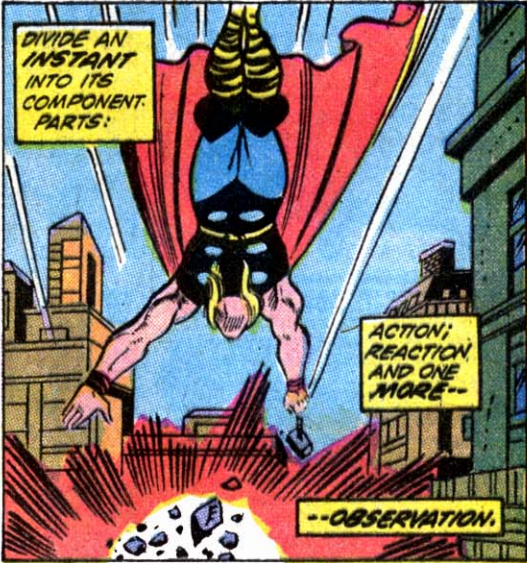
--AN' NOW, LITTLE LADIES-- I'M GONNA SHOW YOU JUST WHAT THAT POWER CAN DO!

IT AIN'T GONNA BE PRETTY-- BUT I PROMISE YA--



--IT'LL BE QUICK!

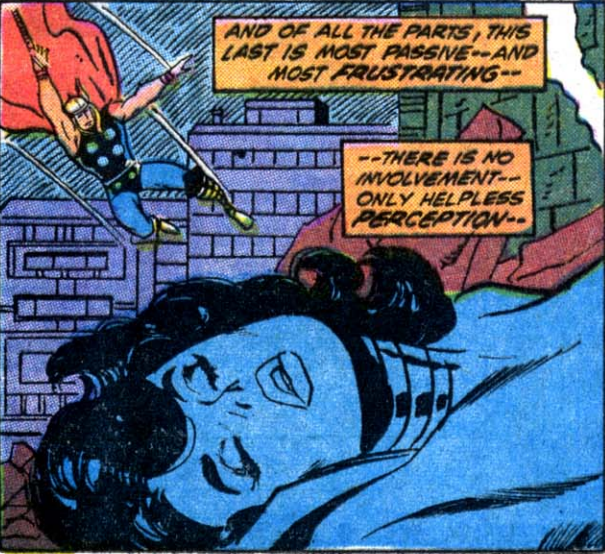
GHOOM!



DIVIDE AN INSTANT INTO ITS COMPONENT PARTS:

ACTION; REACTION AND ONE MORE--

--OBSERVATION.



AND OF ALL THE PARTS, THIS LAST IS MOST PASSIVE-- AND MOST FRUSTRATING--

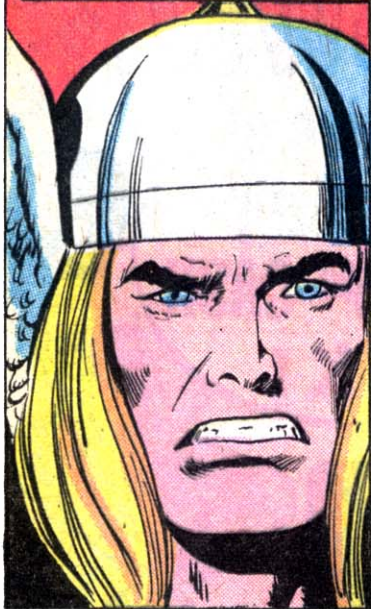
--THERE IS NO INVOLVEMENT-- ONLY HELPLESS PERCEPTION--



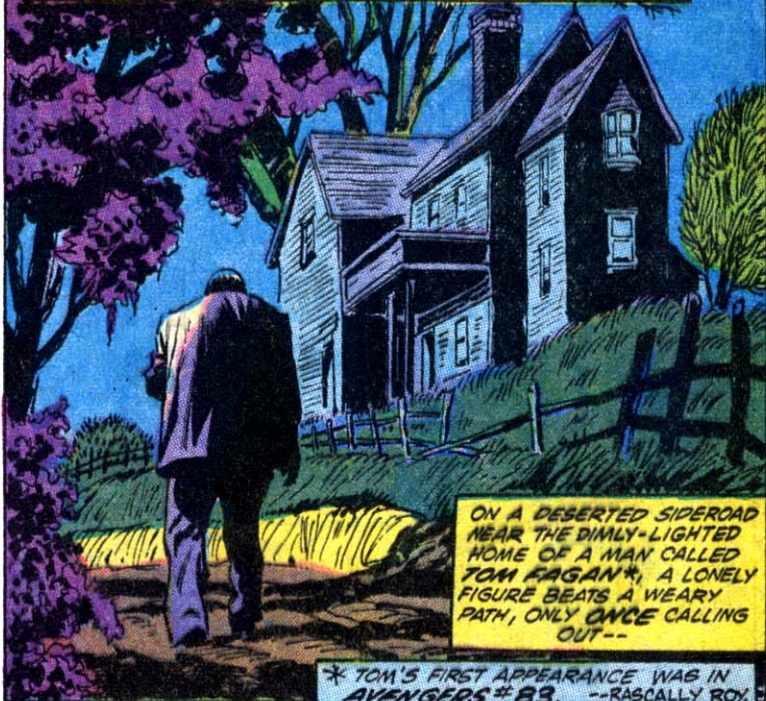
-- AND AN AGONIZING AWARENESS OF ONE'S UTTER UNIMPORTANCE IN THE EYES OF BLIND DESTINY!

OF SUCH FRUSTRATION IS GRIM DETERMINATION FORGED--

AND IT IS THIS DETERMINATION WHICH LIFTS THE THUNDER GOD'S BOWED HEAD, WHICH LIGHTS HIS FACE WITH AN EXPRESSION OF THE BLACKEST HATE--AND HIS SOUL WITH A REMORSELESS FIRE.



BUT WE'VE GONE TOO LONG WITHOUT THE BEGINNINGS OF AN EXPLANATION--AND THOUGH THE FINAL REVELATION IS NOT YET FORTHCOMING, PERHAPS A MOMENTARY EXCURSION TO THE MOONLIT HILLS OF VERMONT MIGHT PROVIDE THE WATCHFUL READER WITH A TELLING CLUE



ON A DESERTED SIDEROAD NEAR THE DIMLY-LIGHTED HOME OF A MAN CALLED TOM FAGAN*, A LONELY FIGURE BEATS A WEARY PATH, ONLY ONCE CALLING OUT--

* TOM'S FIRST APPEARANCE WAS IN AVENGERS # 83. --RASCALLY ROY.

-- AND RECEIVING HARSH WELCOME IN RETURN!



BACK--I SAY THEE, STAY BACK.

THOU WILT NEED FIND OTHER MEAT--

POOR AS IT IS, MY SKIN IS MINE ALONE.

WHINE!

RRRRR!



SATAN! DIABLO! GET AWAY FROM THERE!

FIRST VISITOR IN THREE MONTHS, AND YOU TRY TO DRIVE HIM AWAY--

CRAZY ANIMALS-- DON'T KNOW WHY I KEEP 'EM.

WELL. ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU, MISTER?



I-I WAS HOPING THOU WOULDST HELP ME, KINDLY SIR.

I SEEM-- TO HAVE LOST MY WAY.



WELL NOW, THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT-- RUTLAND'S NOT EXACTLY OFF THE BEATEN TRAIL, YOU KNOW.

FACT IS, SOME FOLKS'LL BE DROPPING BY IN A FEW DAYS FOR A LITTLE PARTY--



--AND FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, MY FRIEND, YOU COULD USE SOME OF THE FOOD WE'VE LAID IN!

MY THANKS, GOOD STRANGER.

I ASSURE THEE-- THOU WILT BE REWARDED MOST-- HANDSOMELY.



ONLY A CLUE, AND NOTHING MORE.

TO GAIN FURTHER INSIGHT, LET US RETURN TO THE STREETS OF NEW YORK--

WHAM!

--AND A BATTLE ALREADY IN PROGRESS!



LITTLE MAN, I'M GONNA CRUSH YOU!

MAYBE THAT'LL MAKE THE PAIN GO AWAY-- AND RIGHT NOW, THAT'S ALL I WANT--

--JUST TO MAKE THE PAIN GO AWAY!



THEN THOU HAST MADE A MISTAKE MOST DEAR--

--FOR THY PAIN-- HATH ONLY BEGUN!



THERE AIN'T A SINGLE THING YOU CAN DO TO ME, THUNDER GOD!

ONCE YOU TOUCH ME, YOUR POWER'S MINE--

I'LL ALWAYS BE ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU-- ALWAYS!



METHINKS THOU DOTH ASSUME TOO MUCH, CRUSHER CREEL.

THOU DOTH THINK I BE A FOOL-- TO EXPEND MY STRENGTH IN ONE FUTILE THRUST--



--YET THOR HATH NEVER PLAYED THE JESTER--NOR WILL HE NOW!

RATHER, I DO CONSERVE THE BULK OF MY POWER-- AND WHEN THE MOMENT DOTH COME TO STRIKE--



BROW!

--THEN SHALL I TRULY STRIKE-- AND NOT BEFORE!



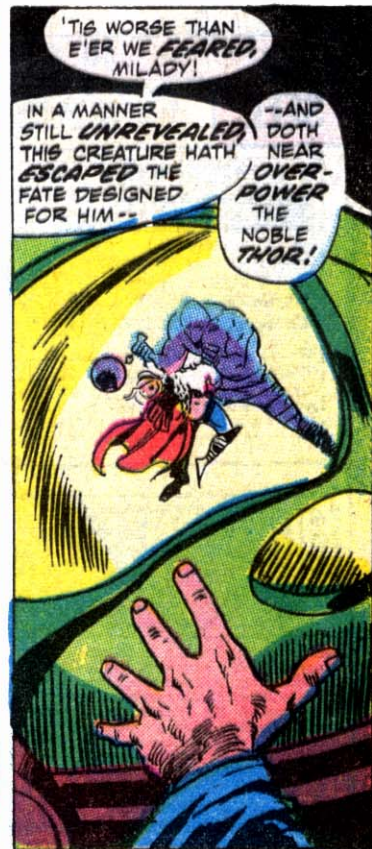
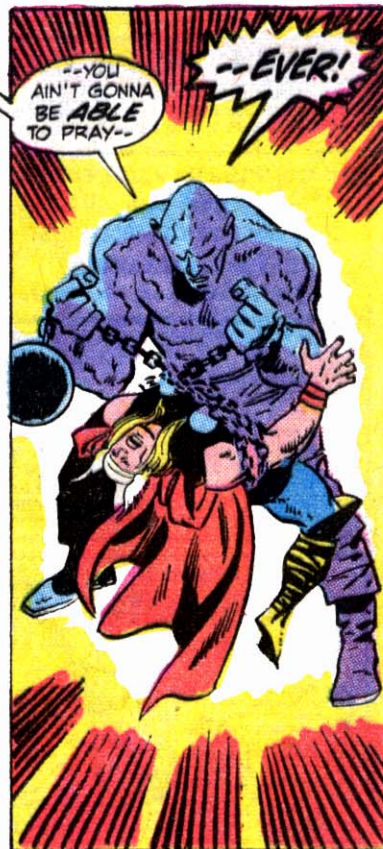
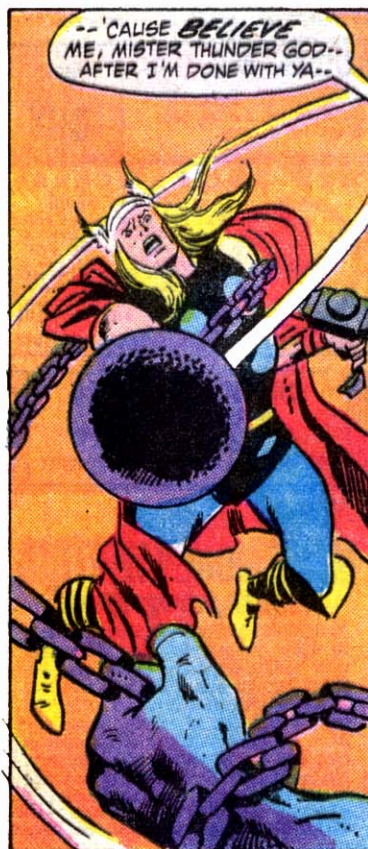
MILORD THOR, STAY THY HAND-- I PRITHEE, LOOK HERE.

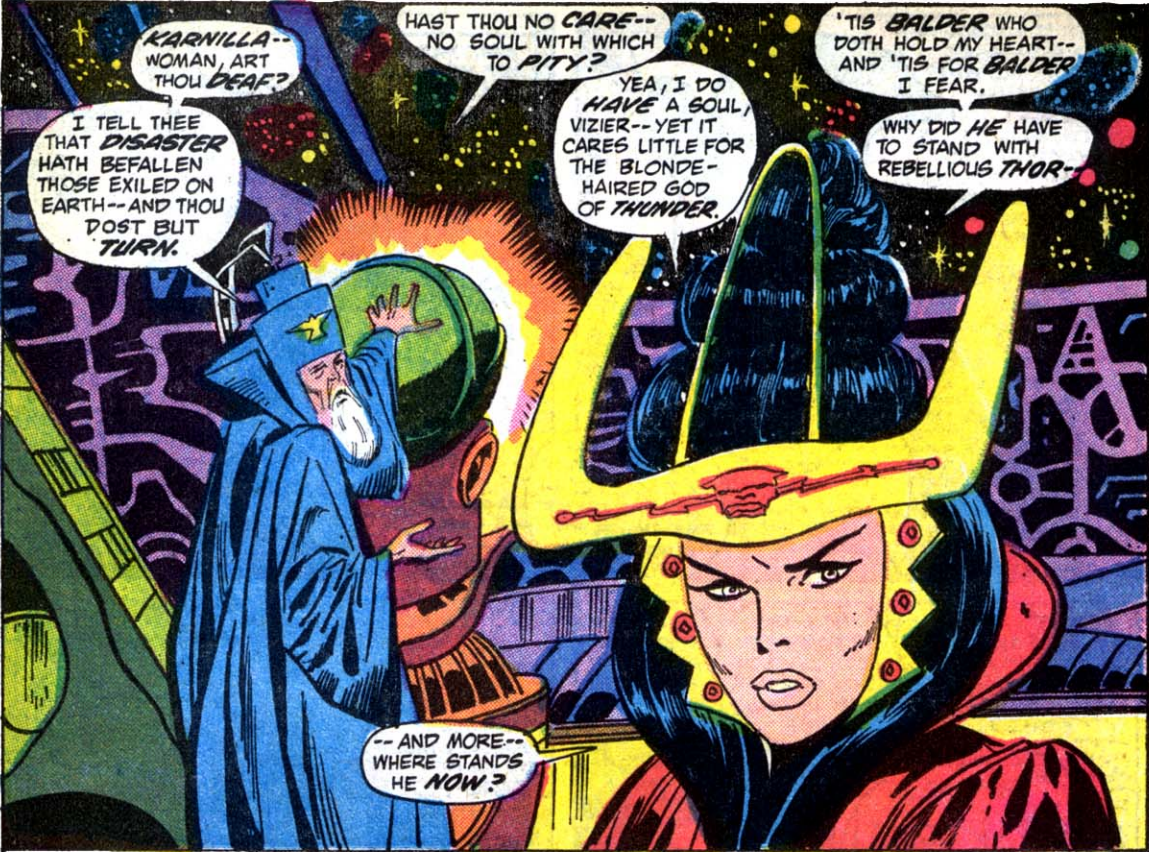
NAY, HILDEGARDE-- SAY NO MORE.

MILADY DOTH LIVE, GOD OF THUNDER-- THE PURPOSE OF THY ANGER HATH BEEN REMOVED!

CANNOT THOU SEE HIS EYES? PURPOSE HATH ALREADY LEFT HIM--AND NOW--

-- ONLY BATTLE REMAINS!





KARNILLA--
WOMAN, ART
THOU DEAF?

HAST THOU NO CARE--
NO SOUL WITH WHICH
TO PITY?

'TIS BALDER WHO
DOETH HOLD MY HEART--
AND 'TIS FOR BALDER
I FEAR.

I TELL THEE
THAT **DISASTER**
HATH BEFALLEN
THOSE EXILED ON
EARTH--AND THOU
POST BUT
TURN.

YEA, I DO
HAVE A SOUL,
VIZIER--YET IT
CARES LITTLE FOR
THE BLONDE-
HAIRCED GOD
OF THUNDER.

WHY DID HE HAVE
TO STAND WITH
REBELLIOUS THOR--

-- AND MORE--
WHERE STANDS
HE NOW?



AH, MILADY--
IF ONLY I
KNEW--

EACH DAY ODIN
DOETH GROW MORE
BITTER--
VERILY, I DO
FEAR HIS
IMPERIAL
WRATH.

ALMOST IT
SMACKS OF..
MADNESS.

MADNESS,
OLD ONE?
PLEASE... THOU
MUST SPEAK
MORE
CLEARLY.



IT IS NOT **ALREADY**
CLEAR, NORN QUEEN?
EACH DAY, A NEW
EDICT--

THE NAME OF
THOR SHALL NOT BE
MENTIONED-- NOR
THE NAMES OF FANDRAL,
HOGUN, BALDER-- NOR
THE **OTHERS--**

--AND
MORE--

--NEVER
AGAIN MAY GOD
GIVE LIEGIANCE
TO GOD--NAY,
LIEGIANCE ONLY
TO **ODIN--**

--A LIEGIANCE
PLEGED BY **DAY--**
A LIEGIANCE SWORN
BY **NIGHT.**



THEN 'TIS TRUE-- THE NIGHTMARE HATH ONLY NOW BEGIN.

OH, BRAVE BALDER-- WHY DIDST THOU TURN FROM ME? WHY DIDST THOU HAVE ME UNSEAL THY PLEDGE--?

DOST THOU HATE ME SO? AM I SO EVIL-- THAT THOU MUST VISIT THIS BLACK CRUELTY 'PON ME?

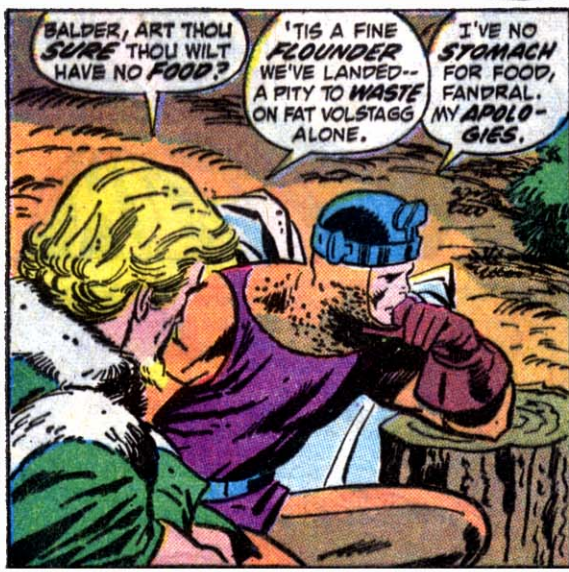


"HAST THOU NO ANSWER? OR DOST THOU NOT YET SEE-- THE SWELLING LOVE I HOLD FOR THEE-- ONLY FOR THEE?"

HE SEEMS YET GRIM, FANDRAL.

PERHAPS THY PLANS HAVE FAILED.

WE SHALL SEE, HOGUIN.



BALDER, ART THOU SURE THOU WILT HAVE NO FOOD?

'TIS A FINE FLOUNDER WE'VE LANDED-- A PITY TO WASTE ON FAT VOLSTAGG ALONE.

I'VE NO STOMACH FOR FOOD, FANDRAL. MY APOLOGIES.



TO HELA WITH THINE APOLOGIES!

THOU ART ACTING LIKE A MAN DEAD-- THINKEST THOU WE CANNOT CARE?

I KNOW, FANDRAL...



...BUT I CANNOT CHANGE MY HEART.

'TIS A FINE THING, THIS EMOTION LOVE.

IT BEGS NO LEAVE... IT DOTH COME AS IT PLEASE...

...AND NEITHER GOD NOR MAN MAY TURN IT ASIDE.



ELSEWHERE ON THE PLANET EARTH, EVENTS BUILD TO A WORLD-SHATTERING CLIMAX--

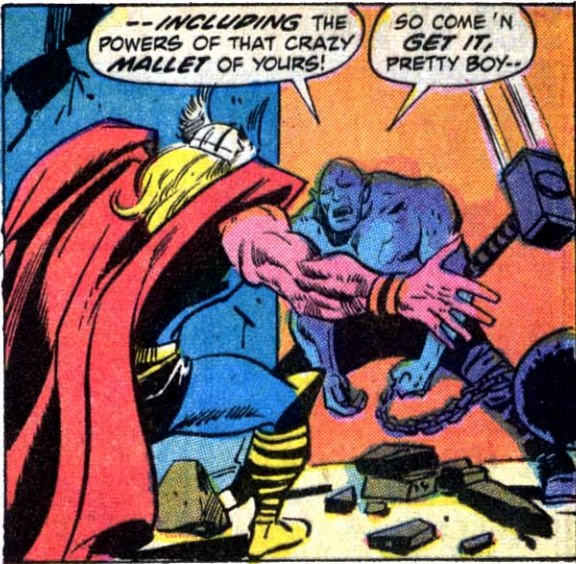
-- A CLIMAX BEGUN WITH A CRY OF RAGE--

-- AND THE FLINGING OF A MYSTIC HAMMER!



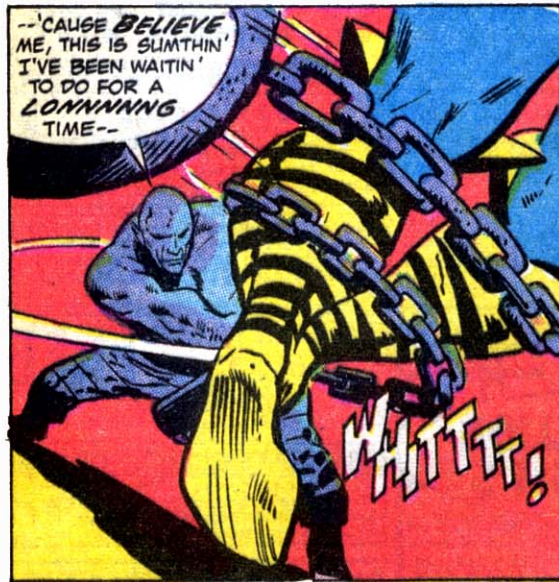
YOU DON'T LEARN VERY FAST, DO YA, THUNDER GOD--?

MAYBE YOU STILL DON'T GET THE PICTURE. ANYTHING ME OR MY BALL AN' CHAIN TOUCH, WE ABSORB ITS POWER--

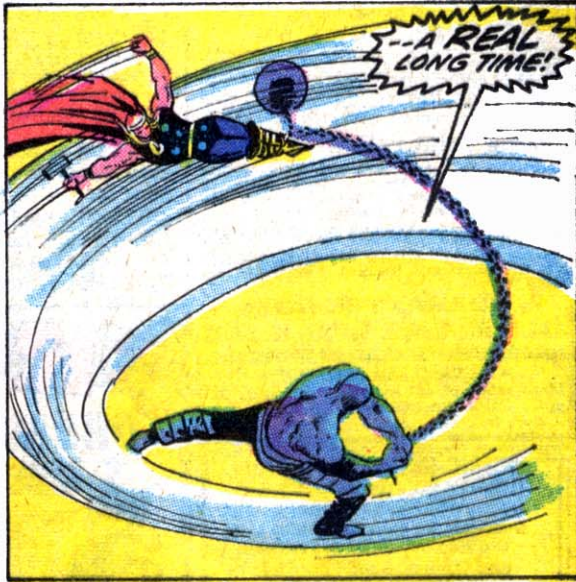


--INCLUDING THE POWERS OF THAT CRAZY MULLET OF YOURS!

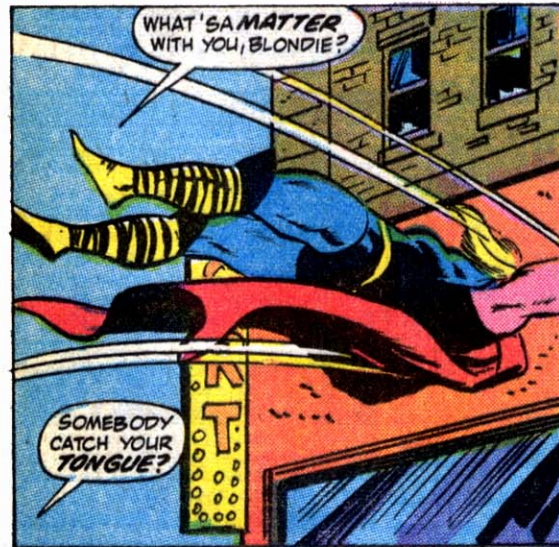
SO COME 'N GET IT, PRETTY BOY--



--'CAUSE BELIEVE ME, THIS IS SUMTHIN' I'VE BEEN WAITIN' TO DO FOR A LOANNING TIME--



--A REAL LONG TIME!

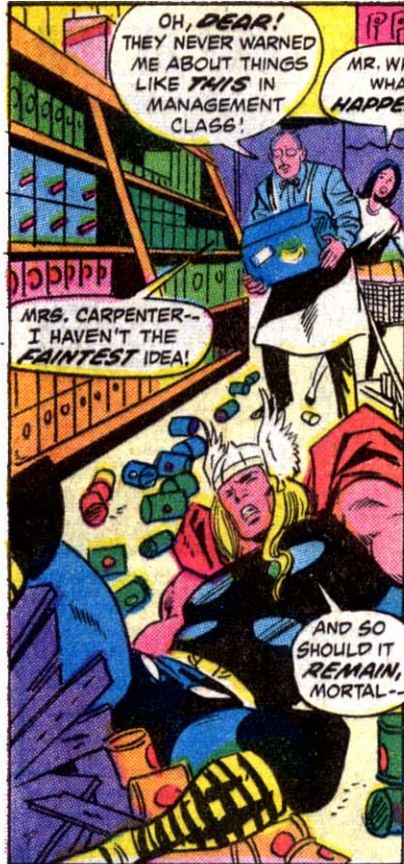


WHAT'S A MATTER WITH YOU, BLONDIE?

SOMEBODY CATCH YOUR TONGUE?



KRASH!



OH, *DEAR!* THEY NEVER WARNED ME ABOUT THINGS LIKE *THIS* IN MANAGEMENT CLASS!

MR. WHIMPLE WHAT'S HAPPENING?

MRS. CARPENTER-- I HAVEN'T THE *FAINTEST* IDEA!

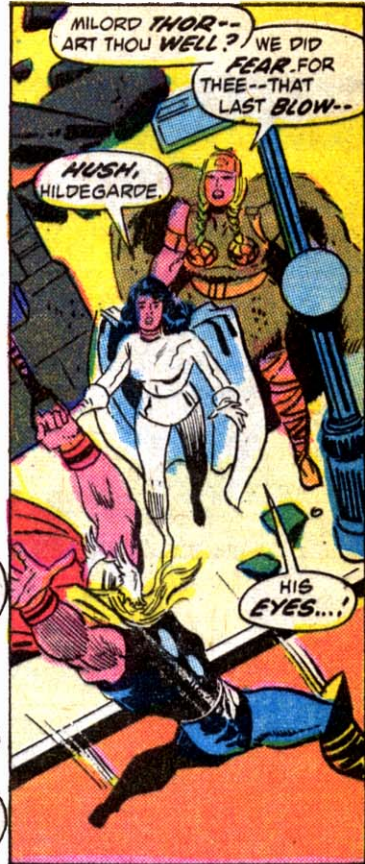
AND SO SHOULD IT *REMAIN*, MORTAL--



-- THE WARS OF GODS ARE NOT FOR MEN TO SEE!

WAIT! WAIT, YOU CAN'T JUST--

OH, FORGET IT. I'M *INSURED*.



HUSH, HILDEGARDE.

MILORD THOR-- ART THOU WELL? WE DID *FEAR* FOR THEE-- THAT LAST *BLOW*--

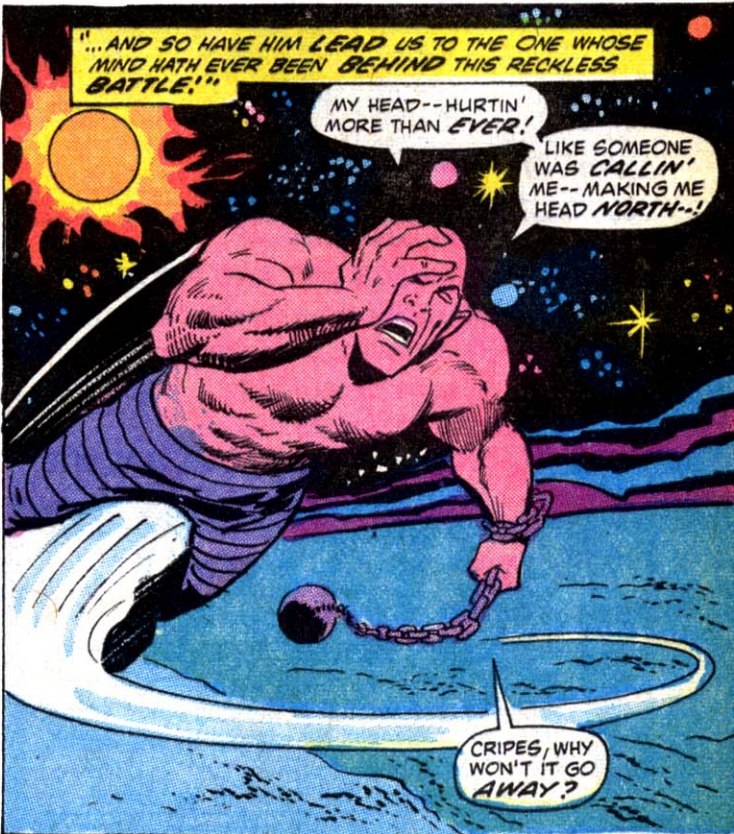
HIS EYES...



LOOK NOT IN MINE *EYES*, FAIR LADY... FOR THE SIGHT THERE IS TOO *COLD* FOR THEE TO SEE.

AT LAST, I DID *SENSE* WHAT HAD LAIN HIDDEN SO LONG... AND SO DID ALLOW THE CREATURE A MOMENT TO *ESCAPE*...

...THAT WE MAY *FOLLOW*...



"... AND SO HAVE HIM *LEAD* US TO THE ONE WHOSE MIND HATH EVER BEEN *BEHIND* THIS RECKLESS *BATTLE*!"

MY HEAD-- *HURTIN'* MORE THAN *EVER!*

'LIKE SOMEONE WAS *CALLIN'* ME-- MAKING ME HEAD *NORTH*--!

CRIPES, WHY WON'T IT GO *AWAY?*



THAT HOUSE BELOW--

THE VOICE'S CALLIN' FROM THERE. I CAN FEEL IT.



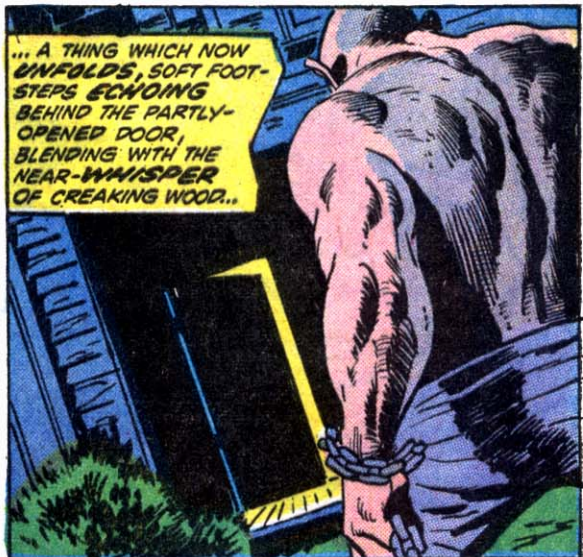
THE MAN CALLED CRUSHER CREEL PAUSES BEFORE THE DARKENED HOUSE, FEELING THE BREATH HEAVING IN HIS CHEST, THE BLOOD POUNDING IN HIS VEINS...

SLOWLY, HE STEPS FORWARD...



... AND STOPS AGAIN... SENSING, PERHAPS, AN AURA OF EVIL ABOUT THIS LONELY VERMONT WOODLAND...

... AN EVIL CENTERED IN THE SHADOWED HOUSE BEFORE HIM, CURLED LIKE A LIVING THING WITHIN ITS WOODEN WALLS...



... A THING WHICH NOW UNFOLDS, SOFT FOOTSTEPS ECHOING BEHIND THE PARTLY-OPENED DOOR, BLENDING WITH THE NEAR-WHISPER OF CREAKING WOOD...



YOU! I KNOW YOU-- YOU'RE THE GUY WHO MADE ME THIS WAY--

WELCOME, MY FRIEND... WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEE.

--THE CREEP WHO GAVE ME ALL MY POWERS!

INDEED,
CRUSHER CREEL--
AND LET THEE
NOT FORGET--

WHAT LOKI!
HATH GIVEN--
LOKI MAY ALSO
TAKE AWAY!

NOW ENTER,
CRUSHER CREEL--
AND BE QUICK
ABOUT IT. I HAVE
NO DESIRE TO
ENTRANCE THEE
AS I HAVE THIS
HAPLESS
HUMAN--

--PLANS
WHICH SHALL
TRULY SEAL
THE DEATH
OF THOR--

FOR, WE'VE
PLANS TO MAKE,
THOU AND I--

--AND YEA,
THE END OF
THE PLANET.
EARTH!

**NEXT:
'A NIGHT OF
TERROR'**