

THOR

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THE MIGHTY THOR



WHEN MY LEFT HAND TOUCHES YOU, YOU FREEZE!

AND WHEN MY RIGHT HAND CONNECTS--EVEN A THUNDER GOD CAN DIE BY FIRE!



NEVER BEFORE--SUCH BLUDGEONING BATTLE!
GOD OF THUNDER VERSUS MECURIO! THE MAN FROM THE DEATH DIMENSION

THE FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL MAN!

*"...and if men are gods, then what are gods...?"
...19th Century Saying*

**HIGH OVER MANHATTAN, THEY FLY
--LIKE GREAT WINGLESS EAGLES
IN THE AUTUMN SKY.**

**THEY ARE SILENT, THESE
EXILED ASGARDIANS--SILENT
WITH A GRIEF TOO DEEP TO
BRING INTO MERE, MORTAL
WORDS--**



**--AND SO THEY DO NOT
EVEN ATTEMPT SPEECH
--BUT SUFFER QUIETLY
IN A MORE NOBLE STYLE.**

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WITHIN MOMENTS, THEY HAVE COVERED THE CONCRETE-COATED LENGTH OF THE ISLAND BOROUGH, AND DROP TO A GENTLE LANDING ON A FAMILIAR EAST SIDE ROOF--

-- THE TOWNHOUSE MANSION WHICH HOUSES A WORLD-FAMOUS BAND OF ADVENTURERS CALLED THE AVENGERS--

-- OF WHOM THE MOST POWERFUL IS THOR--

THOR, GOD OF THUNDER!

THY THOUGHTS, MILORD?

THE BLACKEST I HAVE EVER KNOWN, HILDEGARDE.

YEAH--AND THE MOST BITTER AS WELL!

BRMMMM

THE ALARMS! SOMEONE'S ON THE ROOF--

-- SOMEONE WHO HASN'T ACTIVATED THE PASSAGE CODE!

IT'S AFTER FOUR A.M.-- THE PERFECT TIME FOR AN UNEXPECTED ASSAULT, I SHOULD THINK!

AND YET-- I DON'T THINK SO. THERE ARE NO SOUNDS OF HEAVY MACHINERY-- NO TREMORS--!

STILL, I CAN'T IGNORE MY DUTIES. I HAVE CERTAIN RESPONSIBILITIES TO MY EMPLOYERS, AFTER ALL.

THE HALL MONITOR WILL TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW.

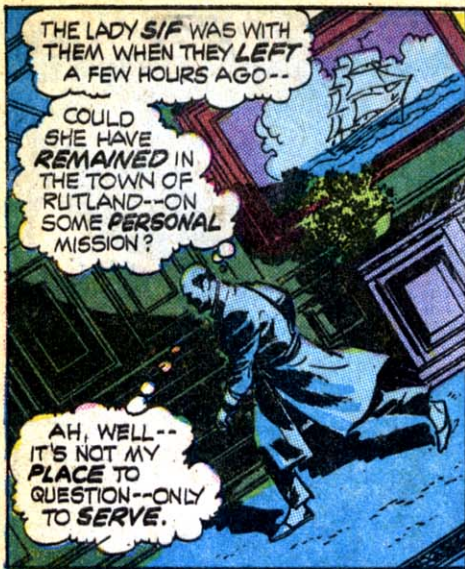
AHH... IT'S MASTER THOR... AND THE GODDESS CALLED HILDEGARDE.

THEY MUST BE RETURNING FROM THEIR EXCURSION IN SEARCH OF THE ABSORBING MAN.*

HMM... THAT'S ODD...

*LAST ISSUE---R.

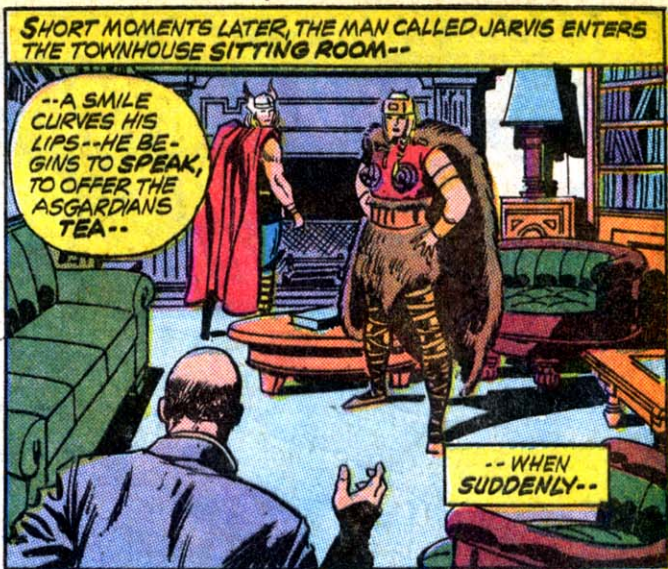
YOU ASKED FOR IT! WE DID IT!



THE LADY SIF WAS WITH THEM WHEN THEY LEFT A FEW HOURS AGO--

COULD SHE HAVE REMAINED IN THE TOWN OF RUTLAND--ON SOME PERSONAL MISSION?

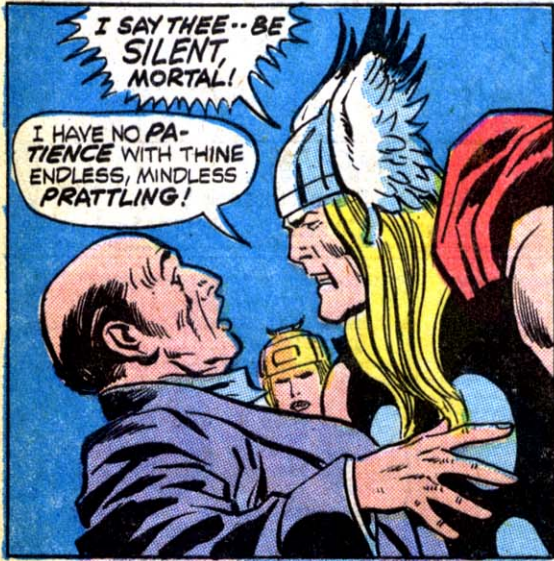
AH, WELL-- IT'S NOT MY PLACE TO QUESTION--ONLY TO SERVE.



SHORT MOMENTS LATER, THE MAN CALLED JARVIS ENTERS THE TOWNHOUSE SITTING ROOM--

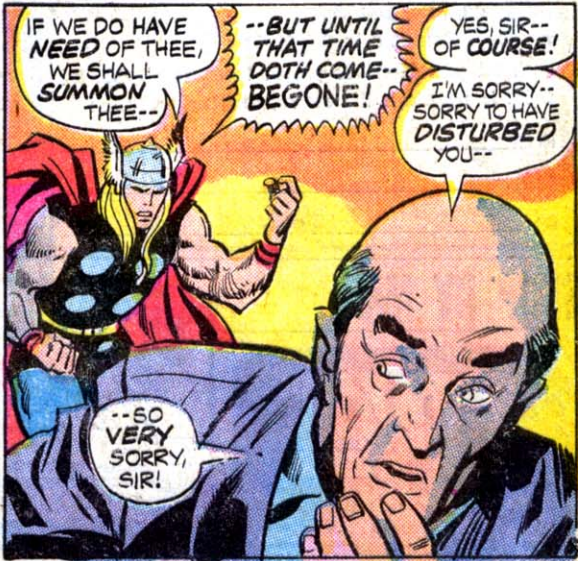
--A SMILE CURVES HIS LIPS--HE BEGINS TO SPEAK, TO OFFER THE ASGARDIANS TEA--

-- WHEN SUDDENLY--



I SAY THEE--BE SILENT, MORTAL!

I HAVE NO PATIENCE WITH THINE ENDLESS, MINDLESS PRATTLING!



IF WE DO HAVE NEED OF THEE, WE SHALL SUMMON THEE--

--BUT UNTIL THAT TIME DO TH COME-- BEGONE!

YES, SIR-- OF COURSE!

I'M SORRY-- SORRY TO HAVE DISTURBED YOU--

--SO VERY SORRY, SIR!



WAIT, MILORD-- I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THEE!



'TIS NO GREATLY NOBLE THING TO SUFFER--'TIS KNOWN TO GOD AND MAN, TO RICH AND POOR ALIKE.

THOU THINKEST THYSELF A SPECIAL CASE--A PRIVATE CASE--

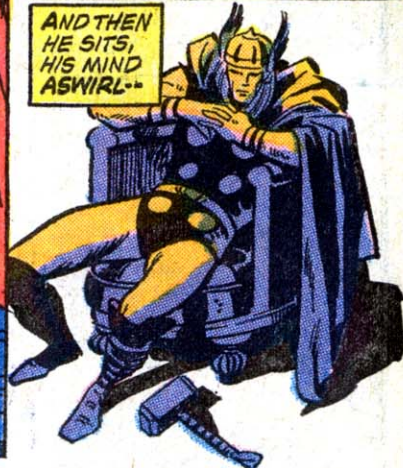
--AND BECAUSE OF IT, THOU HAST GREATLY INJURED A MAN WHO MEANT THEE NO HARM--

WHO SOUGHT ONLY THY GOOD--

--AND THUS, IS A FAR BETTER AND MORE NOBLE MAN THAN THEE--

FOR SEVERAL LONG AND THOUGHTFUL SECONDS, THE GODLING CALLED THOR STANDS STARING, SWEEPED WITH HEATED GUILT.

AND THEN HE SITS, HIS MIND ASWIRL--



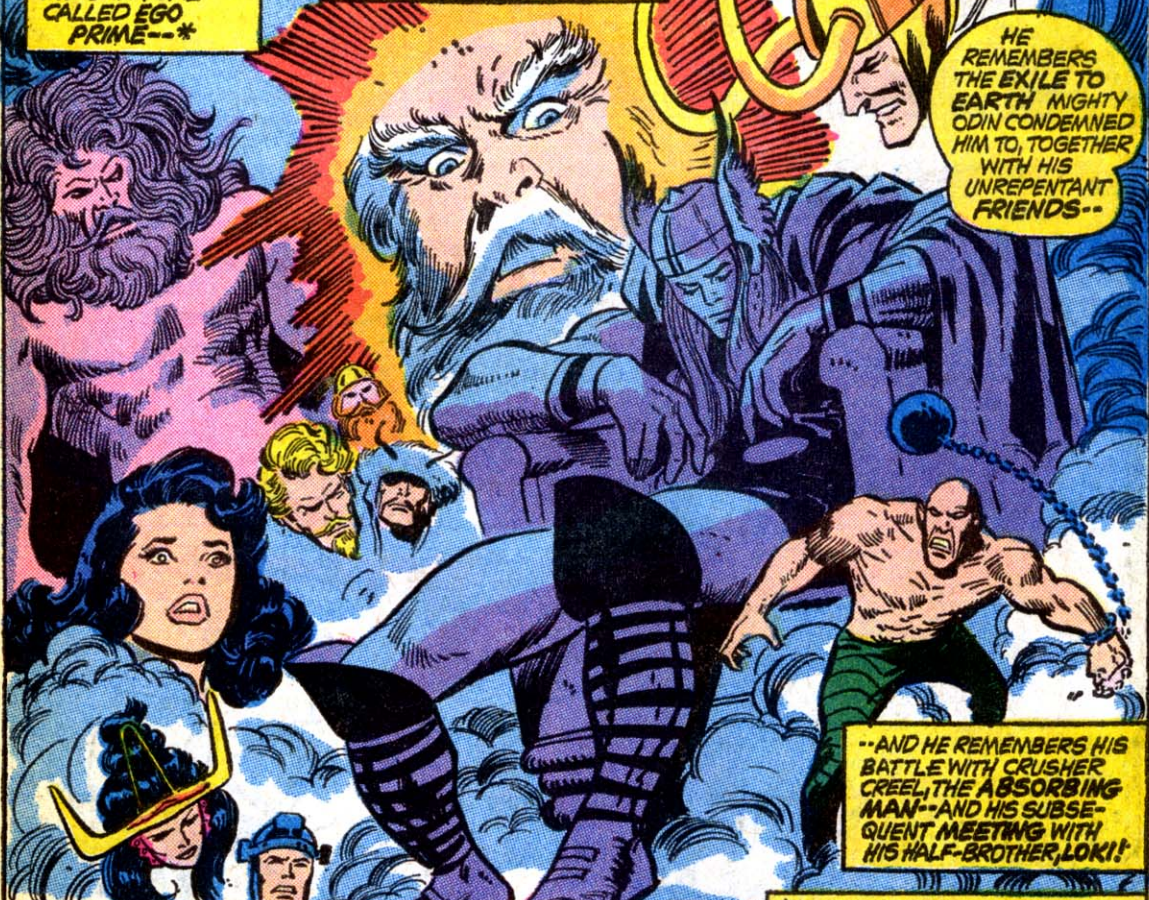
--AND GRADUALLY-- HE FALLS ASLEEP!

HE DREAMS OF MANY THINGS--OF HIS BATTLE 'GAINST THE CREATURE CALLED EGO PRIME--*

--OF HIS DISCOVERY OF ODIN'S MASTER PLAN TO CREATE A NEW RACE OF GODS, USING EGO'S NEAR-LIMITLESS POWER--USING IT AT EARTH'S EXPENSE--

AYE, HE REMEMBERS THIS, IN HIS DREAM--HE REMEMBERS HIS FATHER'S ANGER WHEN THE GOD OF THUNDER REJECTED THIS COSMIC SCHEME--

HE REMEMBERS THE EXILE TO EARTH MIGHTY ODIN CONDEMNED HIM TO, TOGETHER WITH HIS UNREPENANT FRIENDS--



--AND HE REMEMBERS HIS BATTLE WITH CRUSHER CREEL, THE ABSORBING MAN--AND HIS SUBSEQUENT MEETING WITH HIS HALF-BROTHER, LOKI!

HE REMEMBERS IT ALL--AND MOST OF ALL--HE REMEMBERS SIF--

--SIF, WHO TRADED THOR'S LIFE FOR HER ALLIGENCE TO KARNILLA, THE NORN QUEEN--

--SIF, WHO BEGGED KARNILLA TO AID THE THUNDER GOD IN HIS STRUGGLE 'GAINST LOKI--

--SIF, HIS BE-LOVED--WHO ABANDONED HIM--WHO--

--AND SUDDENLY --HE WAKES.

I SEE NOW HOW I DID BLAME MYSELF FOR MILADY'S DIRE DECISION--

KNOWING 'T WAS I WHO HAD FAILED HER--BY PROVING TOO WEAK TO WIN 'GAINST LOKI ALONE.

--AND AT LAST, I TRULY KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.

IN MY ANGER--AND YEA, MY GUILT-- I DID WALLOW IN SELF-PITY--

OH--MASTER THOR!

I HOPE I HAVEN'T WAKENED YOU, SIR-- I WAS MERELY SETTING BREAKFAST--

FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND-- I HAVE NOT COME TO REPRIMAND THEE--

--BUT RATHER, TO BEG THY FORGIVENESS.

I HAD NO RIGHT TO ACT AS I DID. 'T WAS A MADNESS --BUT 'T IS OVER, NOW.

THINK NOTHING OF IT, SIR--

--I'M SURE I'VE QUITE FORGOTTEN!

A FEW HOURS LATER, AS THE EARLY MOMENTS OF RUSH HOUR REACH THEIR CONGESTED PEAK, ONE MAN CHOOSES WALKING OVER THE MORE POPULAR FORMS OF TRANSPORTATION--

'MORNING, MR. SARRON.



GOOD MORNING, LOUIS. I'M GOING UP TO DOCTOR BLAKE'S OFFICE--

PLEASE, SEE TO IT I'M NOT DISTURBED.

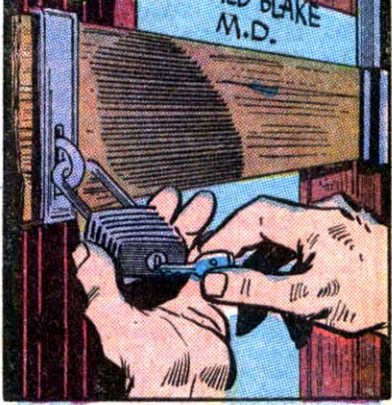


YOU'RE THE BOSS, MR. SARRON.

QUITE TRUE, YOU ABYSMAL INCOMPETENT.

...I AM INDEED 'THE BOSS'!

DONALD BLAKE M.D.



...AND SOON...VERY SOON...I SHALL BE MORE THAN THE MERE OWNER OF THIS OVER-PRICED OFFICE BUILDING....

...I SHALL BE OWNER OF THIS PATHETIC PLANET, AS WELL!

AHH... BLAKE'S PRIVATE OFFICE. THE EMANATIONS SHOULD BE VERY STRONG HERE...



...MORE THAN STRONG ENOUGH FOR THE NEEDS OF THIS DIMENSIONAL OSCILLATOR.

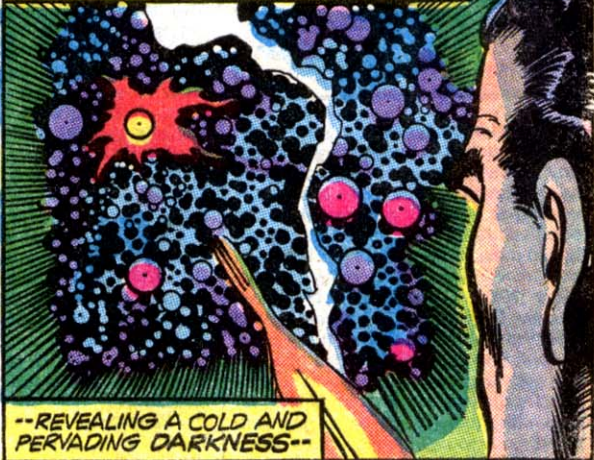
ALREADY IT GLOWS... AS THOUGH WITH A LIFE OF ITS OWN...



...WHICH, IN A WAY NO SELF-IMPORTANT EARTHLING COULD EVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND...IT DOES INDEED POSSESS!



AND THEN, LIKE THE RIND ON AN OVER-RIPE FRUIT, THE VERY FABRIC OF SPACE SEEMS TO PEEL BACK--



--REVEALING A COLD AND PERVAING DARKNESS--

--A DARKNESS UNLIKE THE NORMAL BLACK OF INTERSTELLAR SPACE--A DARKNESS SOMEHOW HIDEOUSLY ALIVE!

HIS FACE COMPOSED, KARL SARRON WATCHES AS THE MYRIAD GALAXIES RUSH TOWARD HIM--

--UNTIL ONE MASSIVE PLANET GROWS EVER LARGER--

--AND FINALLY FILLS THE GAPING TEAR IN SPACE!

IT'S AN ODD WORLD--THE SKY IS A BRILLIANT WHITE, THE STARS PITCH BLACK--

--AND WHEN THE VIEW SHIFTS, AND TOUCHES ON ONE PARTICULAR HUMANOID FORM--THE ULTIMATE DIFFERENCE BECOMES CLEAR:

--FOR THE CREATURE'S SKIN IS A PURE, UNREFLECTING BLACK.

קל הולך כל
הנהגה המלכה
ממך וקולך

NOBLE ONE, I NO LONGER COMPREHEND THE HIGH SPEECH--

MY TRANSLATION TO THIS EARTHLING'S BODY IS COMPLETE--INCLUDING THE ASSIMILATION OF HIS LANGUAGE.

I SEE, MERCURIO--MOST INTERESTING.

VERY WELL, I WILL SPEAK THIS THING YOU CALL 'ENGLISH'.

TIME GROWS SHORT, MERCURIO. SINCE WE PLANTED YOUR MIND IN THE BODY OF THIS SARRON CREATURE, OUR WORLD HAS GROWN WEAKER--

WE NEED THE ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD OF EARTH MORE THAN EVER--

--AND THUS, THE SUCCESS OF YOUR MISSION IS OUR ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL!

DO NOT FAIL US, MERCURIO.

USE THE OSCILLATOR YOU HAVE BUILT AND CHARGED.

--AND IN THE NAME OF GRAMOS... USE IT WELLLLL

THE INVISIBLE MAN STALKS THE STREETS ONCE MORE!



AND SO I SHALL, NOBLE ONE...

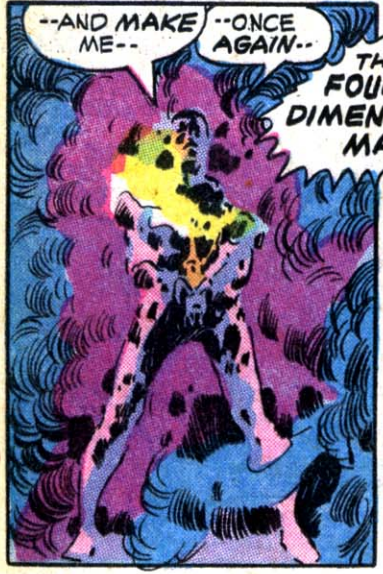
IN THE PAST MONTHS, THE OSCILLATOR HAS ABSORBED THE BASIC ENERGIES IN THIS ROOM--

-- ENERGIES IMPARTED BY DOCTOR DONALD BLAKE-- DURING HIS TRANSFORMATIONS INTO THE GODLING, THOR--



-- ENERGIES WHICH SHALL NOW AID MY OWN TRANSFORMATION--

-- A TRANSFORMATION WHICH WILL RETURN ME TO MY NATURAL STATE--



-- AND MAKE ME--

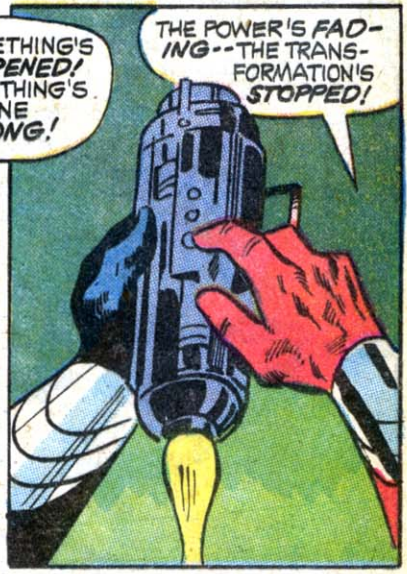
-- ONCE AGAIN--

THE FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL MAN!



NO!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!



THE POWER'S FADING-- THE TRANSFORMATION'S STOPPED!



BUT--IT CANNOT STOP NOW--I'M ONLY PARTIALLY TRANSFORMED!

IT MUST CONTINUE-- IT MUST!

BUT NO FURTHER CHANGE OCCURS-- AND AFTER SEVERAL INCREASINGLY FRUSTRATING ATTEMPTS--



-- THE CREATURE CALLED MERCURIO COMES TO A COLD AND GRIM DECISION.

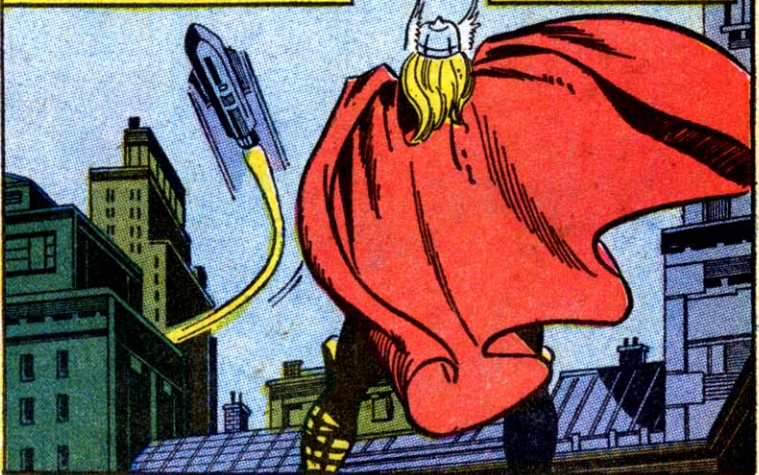
WE SHALL LEARN OF THAT DECISION IN A MOMENT--

-- BUT FOR NOW, WE MUST RETURN TO THE GOD OF THUNDER--



-- AS HE STANDS BROODING, GAZING AT THE MORNING SUN.

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE WESTERN SKY COMES THE ROAR OF MIGHTY ENGINES--



-- AND THE BLAST OF A BOOMING JET!



FANDRAL, HOGUN-- VOLSTAGG! THOU HAST AT LAST RETURNED FROM THY SOJOURN--

-- AND YET-- I SEE NOT BRAVE BALDER AMONG THEE. BE HE WITHIN?

NAY, MILORD--



BALDER JOURNEYS NOW AT HIS OWN DIRECTION.

WE THOUGHT TO EASE HIS PAIN-SWELLED HEART BY TAKING THIS SHORT 'VACATION'-- BUT HIS SOUL WOULD NOT BE LIGHTENED.

STILL HE DREAMS OF DARK KARNILLA--

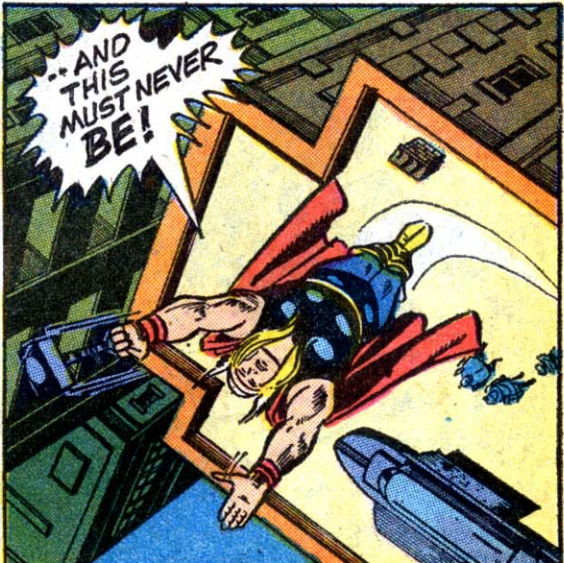
-- AND WANDERS ALONE-- TO EXORCISE THAT DREAM.



THEN THOR MUST JOURNEY ALSO--

-- FOR UNTIL KARNILLA AND BALDER ARE REUNITED--

-- SIF MUST REMAIN HER WILLING SLAVE--



-- AND THIS MUST NEVER BE!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

RAPIDLY, HE RISES THROUGH THE SMOG-LADEN SKY--

HE HEADS WEST, ACROSS THE PARK CENTRALLY LOCATED ON THE GRANITE-ROOTED ISLE--

--AND THEN, PASSING A FAMILIAR BUILDING NEAR THE HUDSON SHORE --HE FEELS A SUD-DEN CHILL--

--AND DROPS TO A GREY STONE LEDGE.

THE OFFICE OF DOCTOR DONALD BLAKE... MY EARTHLY ALTER EGO ...

WHAT BRINGS ME HERE--WHY DO I FEEL THIS SOMBER APPREHENSION --EH?

A LIGHT--?

BY ODIN'S SILVER MAME! THE FURNITURE DOTH SEEM TO GLOW--

WHAT MANNER OF MADNESS IS THIS?

-- TO PULSATE WITH AN ARCAINE WARMTH!



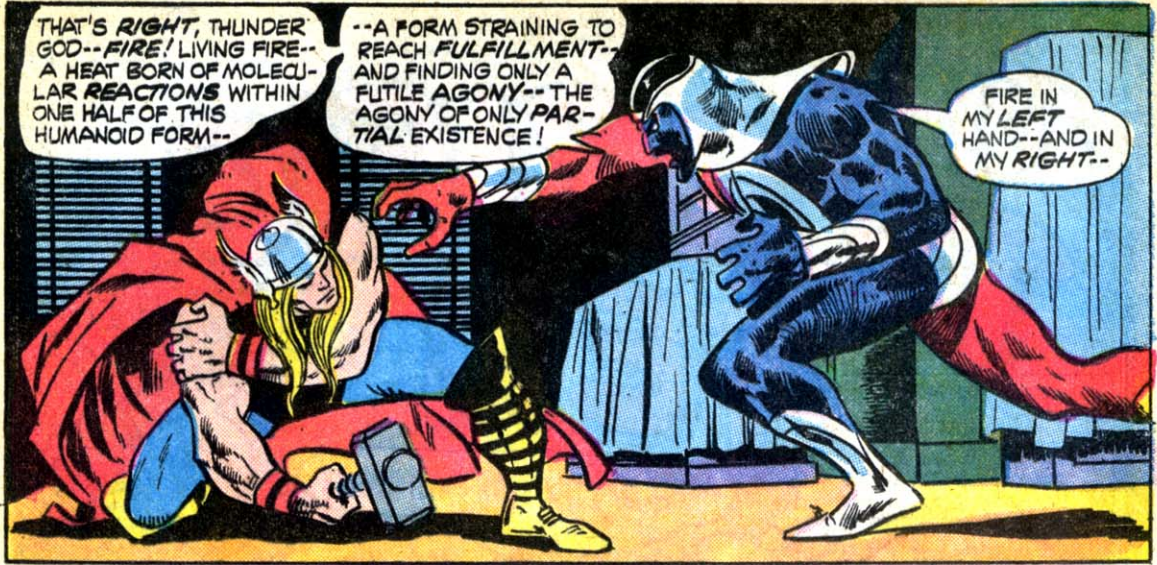
HEAT--BLISTERING, UNBEARABLE HEAT--

AND WHEN THE MOMENT FINALLY PASSES, THE TERROR HAS ONLY BEGUN!

HEIDMAL'S EYES!

MY SHOULDER DOTH SEETHE WITH LIVING FIRE!

THEY'RE BACK! THEY STRIKE AGAIN!



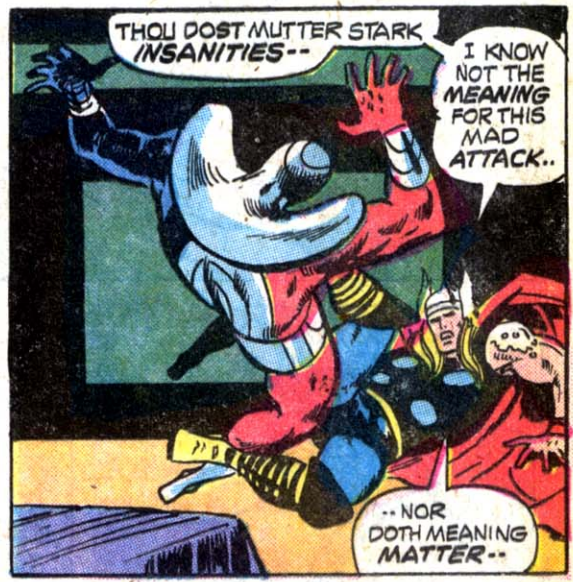
THAT'S RIGHT, THUNDER GOD-- FIRE! LIVING FIRE-- A HEAT BORN OF MOLECULAR REACTIONS WITHIN ONE HALF OF THIS HUMANOID FORM--

--A FORM STRAINING TO REACH FULFILLMENT-- AND FINDING ONLY A FUTILE AGONY-- THE AGONY OF ONLY PARTIAL EXISTENCE!

FIRE IN MY LEFT HAND-- AND IN MY RIGHT--



ICE!



THOU DOST MUTTER STARK INSANITIES--

I KNOW NOT THE MEANING FOR THIS MAD ATTACK..

-- NOR DOTH MEANING MATTER--

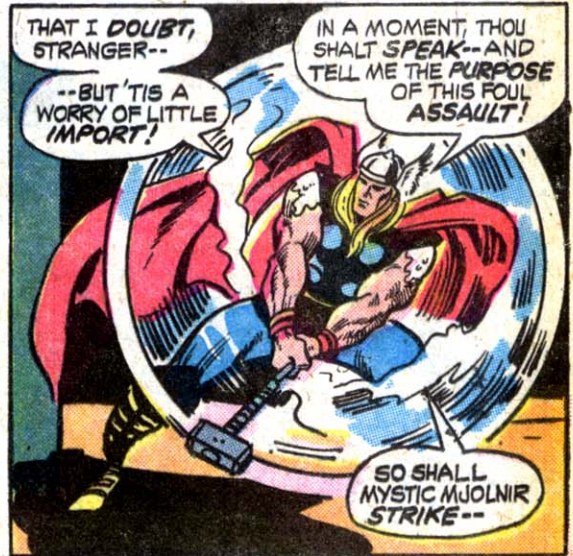


--FOR ONCE STRUCK-- THOR DOTH STRIKE IN TURN!

EXCELLENT!

YOU'LL MAKE MY TASK EASIER, THUNDER GOD--

--EASIER THAN YOU KNOW!

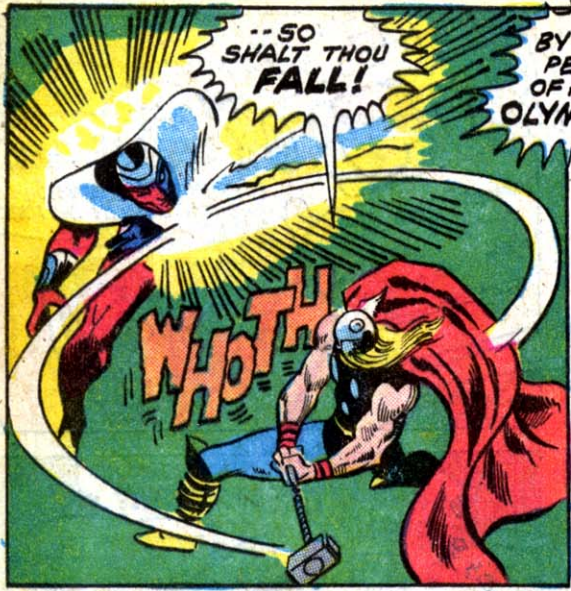


THAT I DOUBT, STRANGER--

--BUT 'TIS A WORRY OF LITTLE IMPORT!

IN A MOMENT, THOU SHALT SPEAK-- AND TELL ME THE PURPOSE OF THIS FOUL ASSAULT!

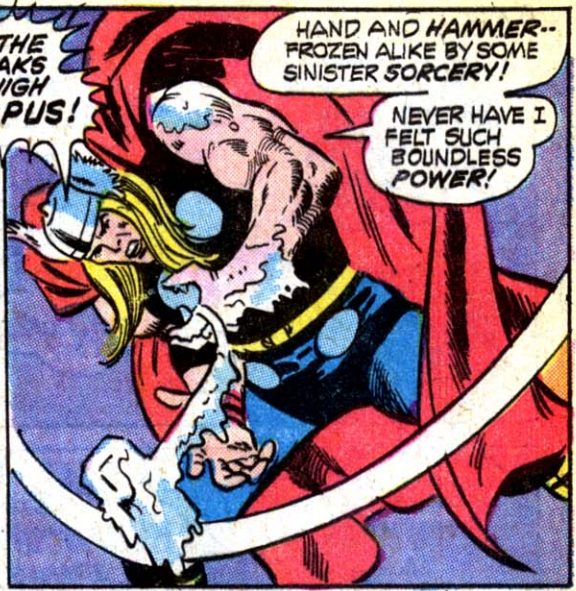
SO SHALL MYSTIC MJOLNIR STRIKE--



-- SO SHALT THOU FALL!

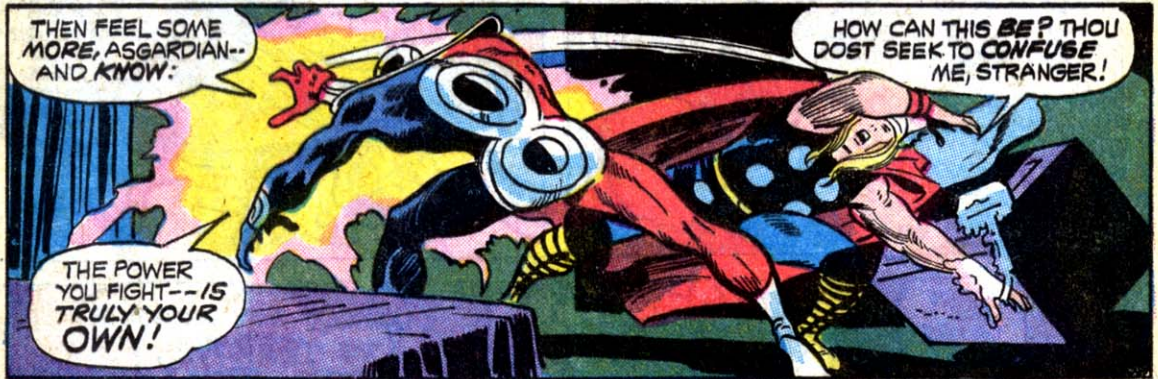
BY THE PEAKS OF HIGH OLYMPUS!

WHOTH



HAND AND HAMMER-- FROZEN ALIKE BY SOME SINISTER SORCERY!

NEVER HAVE I FELT SUCH BOUNDLESS POWER!



THEN FEEL SOME MORE, ASGARDIAN-- AND KNOW:

HOW CAN THIS BE? THOU DOST SEEK TO CONFUSE ME, STRANGER!

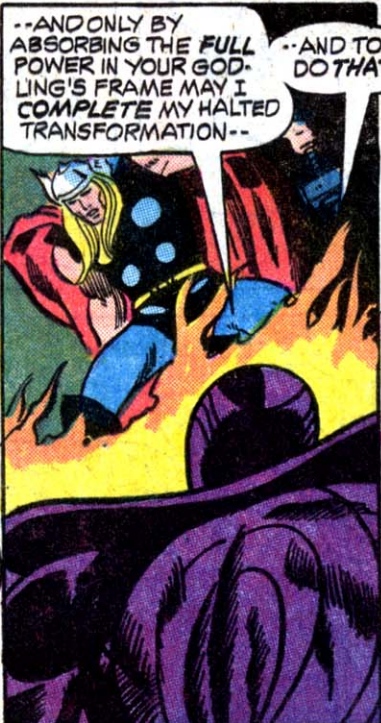
THE POWER YOU FIGHT-- IS TRULY YOUR OWN!



NOT TRUE, THOR-- BEHIND THE RIDDLE LIES A SIMPLE TRUTH!

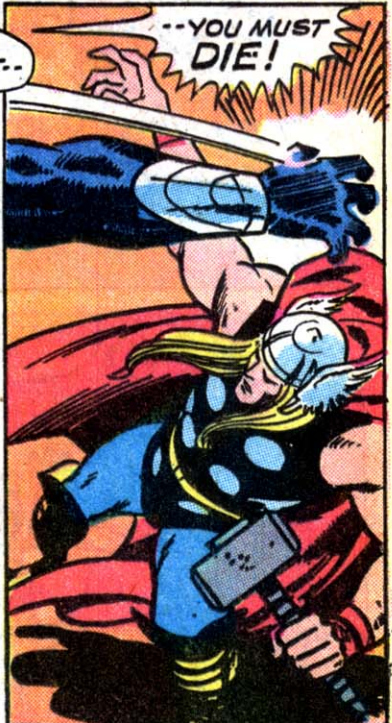
ENERGY DRAWN FROM THE THINGS YOU'VE TOUCHED-- THAT ENERGY HAS BROUGHT ME TO YOUR WORLD--

-- OR RATHER, PARTLY TO YOUR WORLD--



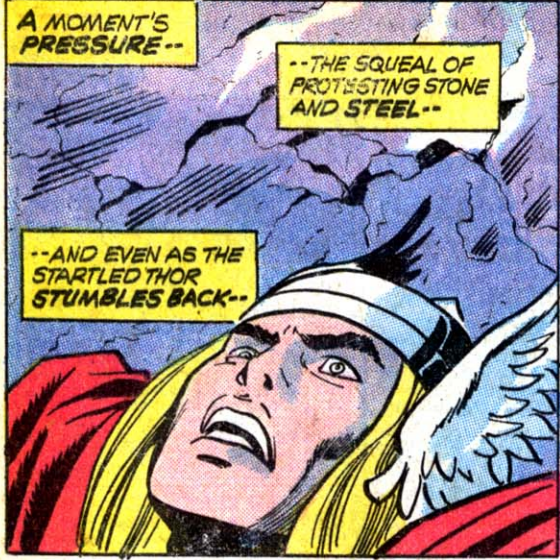
--AND ONLY BY ABSORBING THE FULL POWER IN YOUR GOD-LING'S FRAME MAY I COMPLETE MY HALTED TRANSFORMATION--

--AND TO DO THAT--



--YOU MUST DIE!

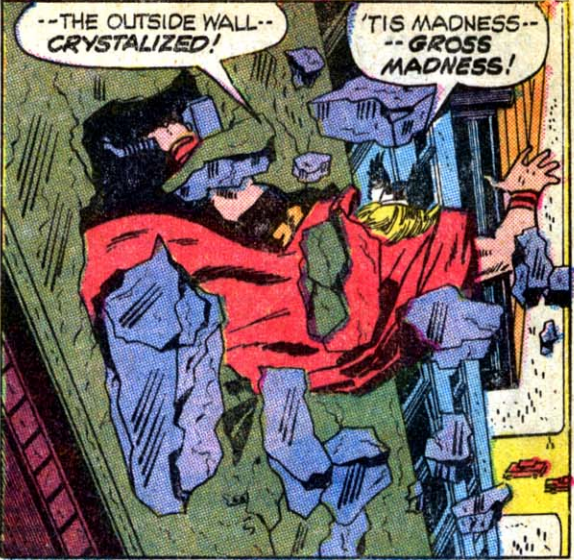
FOLLOW US INTO THE VAULT OF EVIL!



A MOMENT'S PRESSURE--

--THE SQUEAL OF PROTESTING STONE AND STEEL--

--AND EVEN AS THE STARTLED THOR STUMBLES BACK--



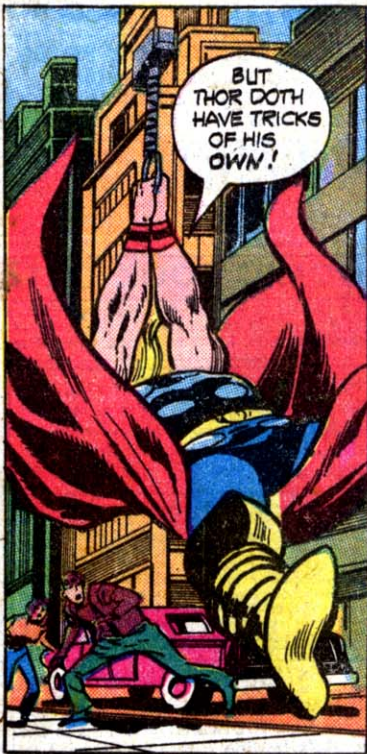
--THE OUTSIDE WALL-- CRYSTALIZED!

'TIS MADNESS-- --GROSS MADNESS!



NO, THUNDER GOD-- MERELY A SCIENCE BEYOND YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS MENTALITY!

A SCIENCE OF MAGICIAN'S TRICKS, 'TWOULD SEEM--



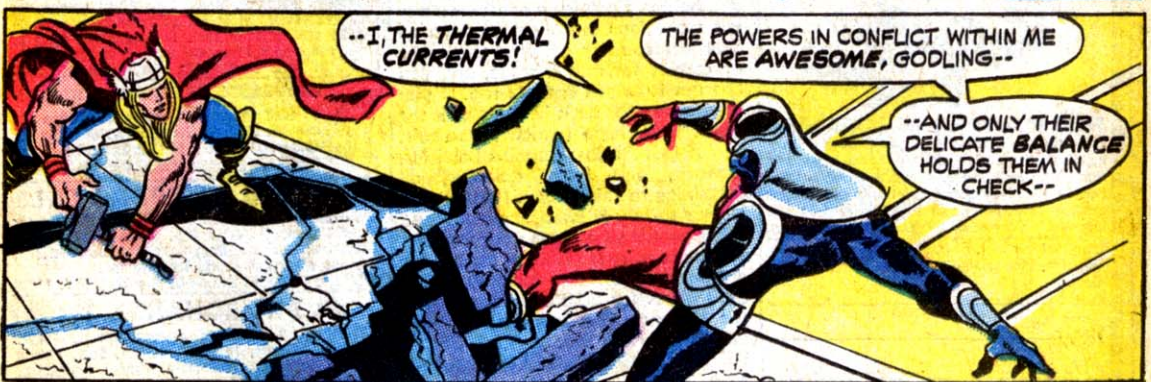
BUT THOR DOTH HAVE TRICKS OF HIS OWN!



A MOST INGENUOUS MOVE, ASGARDIAN!

YOUR HAMMER HAS PROPERTIES PREVIOUSLY HIDDEN --OR MERELY UNUSED.

WE EACH HAVE OUR MODES OF TRANSPORTATION: YOU, YOUR HAMMER--



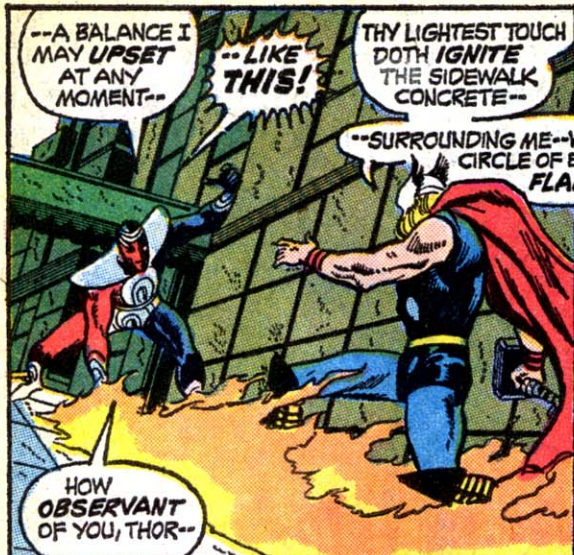
--I, THE THERMAL CURRENTS!

THE POWERS IN CONFLICT WITHIN ME ARE AWESOME, GODLING--

--AND ONLY THEIR DELICATE BALANCE HOLDS THEM IN CHECK--

- BUT DON'T FORGET TO BRING YOUR OWN SHOVEL!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



--A BALANCE I MAY UPSET AT ANY MOMENT--

--LIKE THIS!

THY LIGHTEST TOUCH DOTH IGNITE THE SIDEWALK CONCRETE--

--SURROUNDING ME--WITH A CIRCLE OF EAGER FLAME!

HOW OBSERVANT OF YOU, THOR--



--NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'LL ATTEMPT MORE WIZARDY WITH THAT MALLET OF YOURS?

A FUTILE PLOY, MY FRIEND--AS YOU'LL SOON LEARN--MOST PAINFULLY!



I THINK NOT, STRANGER!

'TIS THOU WHO WILL LEARN-- WHY THOR IS TRULY GOD OF THUNDER!



OFFICER, YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!

IT'S THAT GUY, THOR-- AND SOME OTHER CREEP! THEY'RE BUSTIN' UP THE ENTIRE STREET!

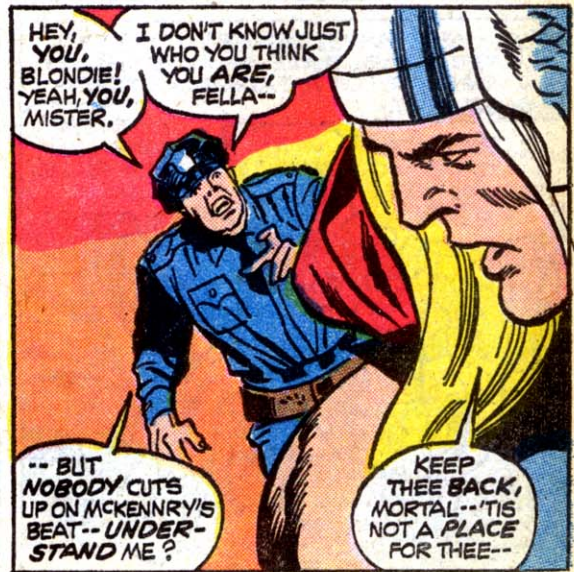
I'LL GET RIGHT BACK TO YOU, SARGE!

SOMETHIN' CRAZY'S GOING ON UP HERE--



--AND I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT!

DON'T LIT!



HEY, YOU, BLONDIE! YEAH, YOU, MISTER.

I DON'T KNOW JUST WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE, FELLA--

-- BUT NOBODY CUTS UP ON MCKENRY'S BEAT-- UNDERSTAND ME?

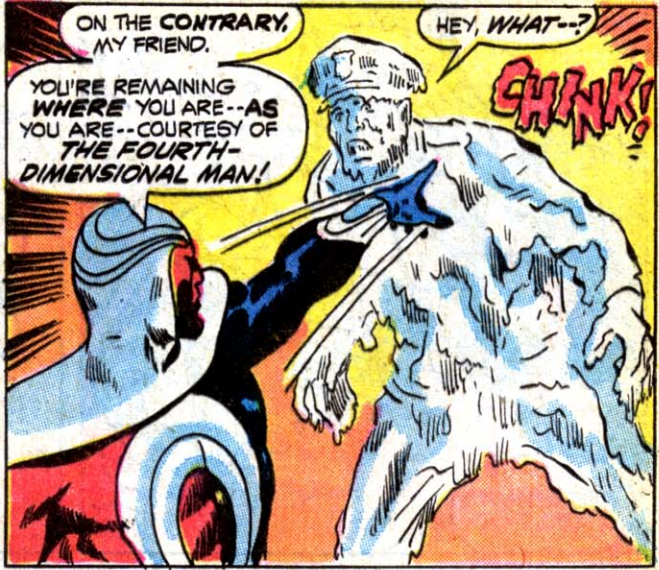
KEEP THEE BACK, MORTAL-- 'TIS NOT A PLACE FOR THEE--



'NOT A PLACE FOR--'?
LOOK, BUSTER-- I MAY
BE NEW TO THIS BURG,
BUT ONE THING I DO
KNOW--

NO ONE TALKS
THAT WAY TO A
COP--

--NOT YOU OR
SOME CLOWN IN
A HALLOWEEN
COSTUME. I'M
TAKIN' BOTH
OF YOU IN,
NOW.

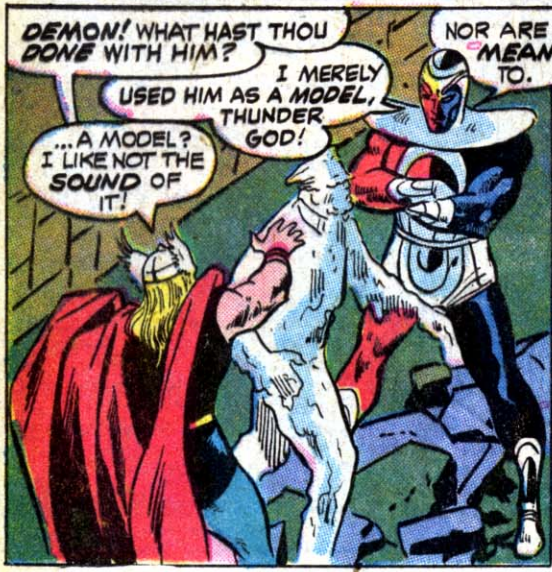


ON THE CONTRARY,
MY FRIEND.

HEY, WHAT--?

YOU'RE REMAINING
WHERE YOU ARE--AS
YOU ARE--COURTESY OF
THE FOURTH-
DIMENSIONAL MAN!

CHUNK!



DEMON! WHAT HAST THOU
DONE WITH HIM?

NOR ARE YOU
MEANT TO.

I MERELY
USED HIM AS A MODEL,
THUNDER
GOD!

...A MODEL?
I LIKE NOT THE
SOUND OF
IT!



I SAID YOU COULDN'T
DEFEAT ME, ASGARDIAN
--AND I SINCERELY
MEANT THAT.

UNLESS YOU SUR-
RENDER YOURSELF
TO ME IMMEDI-
ATELY-- I WILL
FREEZE EVERY LIVING
CREATURE IN THIS
CITY--

--AND YOU
CANNOT STOP
ME--

**NO ONE
CAN!**



ELSEWHERE--AND ELSEWHEN-- TWENTY
MINUTES BEFORE, THREE MEN MOVE THROUGH
THE CORRIDORS OF THE AVENGER'S TOWN-
HOUSE, UNTIL--

HO, VISION! BY
THY COUNTENANCE,
THOU DOST NEED
CHEERING!

WHAT
TROUBLES
THEE,
FRIEND?

NOTHING,
FANDRAL... YOU
SEE BOREDOM,
NOT GRIEF.



BOREDOM?
AHH... VERILY, I
UNDERSTAND.

TELL ME-- CAN THIS MACHINE
VIEW MORE DISTANT SCENES--

--SUCH AS FAR-OFF
ASGARD?

'TIS THY TURN TO
STUDY YON MONITOR
...AND THE WORK DOTH
HOLD LITTLE INTEREST
FOR THEE.

PERHAPS...
PERHAPS.

ANDROID FINGERS TOUCH SILVER
BUTTONS; TWIST GOLDEN DIALS...

--A PULSING, INVISIBLE
BEAM REACHES SKY-
WARD, TO A SPINNING,
ORBITAL SATELLITE...



...WHICH EXTENDS, IN TURN, ITS
OWN QUESTIONING BEAM...

...TO THE DISTANT
LAND KNOWN BY
SOME...AS THE
ETERNAL
REALM.



'TIS A FINE
DEVICE.

...A FINE
DEVICE...
INDEED.

YEA!



FOR ONE MOMENT MORE, THE
GODLING CALLED FANDRAL STARES
AT THE IMAGE ON THE SCREEN...
AND THEN HIS HEAD BOWS, HIS
EYES CLOSE...



...AND A GLOVED HAND
MOVES TO CHANGE
THE PAINFUL SCENE...



MY APOLOGIES, FRIEND...
I HAD NO IDEA THE VIEW
WOULD SO AFFECT YOU.



BUT WAIT--IT SEEMS
YOUR FRIEND THOR
HAS DIFFICULTIES
OF HIS OWN--!

ENOUGH OF THIS
SELF-PITY---
WE SEE OUR
DUTY CLEAR
BEFORE US,
FANDRAL!

YEAH--A
DUTY PLAIN--
AND MORE--

A DUTY
PLEASANT!



--AS ARE ALL
WHICH CLAIM THE
WORK--OF A MOV-
ING SWORD!

HO! YONDER
CAB SHALL
PROVE
PROVIDENT!

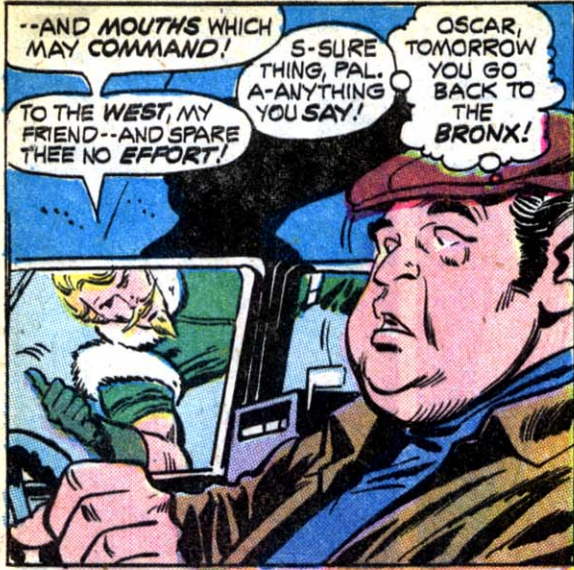


IF ITS
DRIVER
DOETH
STOP--!

WHAT, AND SLOW
ITS GAINED
MOMENTUM?

'TIS NEEDLESS
WHEN WE'VE
LEGS TO LEAP
WITH--



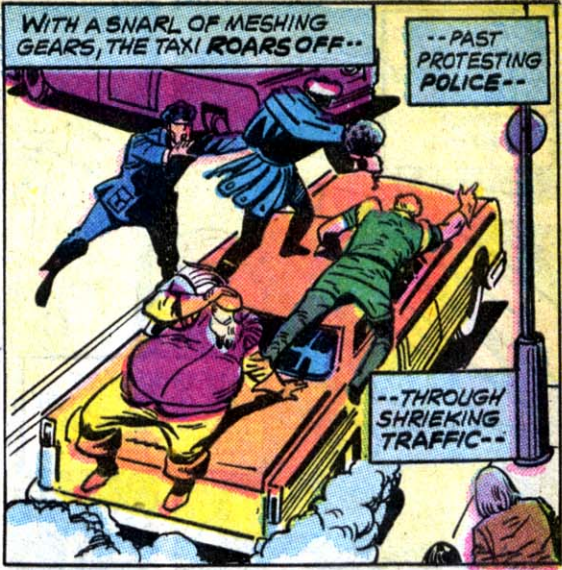


--AND MOUTHS WHICH MAY COMMAND!

S-SURE THING, PAL. A-ANYTHING YOU SAY!

OSCAR, TOMORROW YOU GO BACK TO THE BRONX!

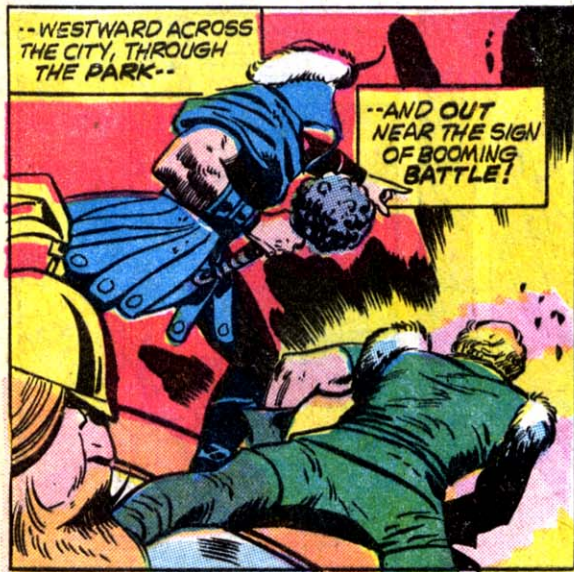
TO THE WEST, MY FRIEND--AND SPARE THEE NO EFFORT!



WITH A SNARL OF MESHING GEARS, THE TAXI ROARS OFF--

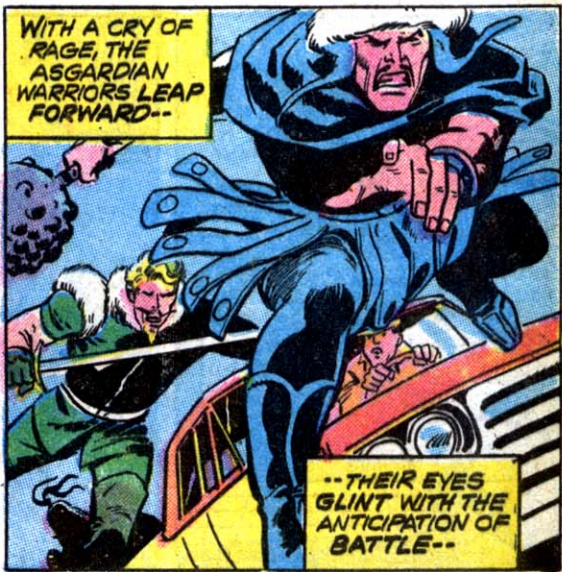
--PAST PROTESTING POLICE--

--THROUGH SHRIEKING TRAFFIC--



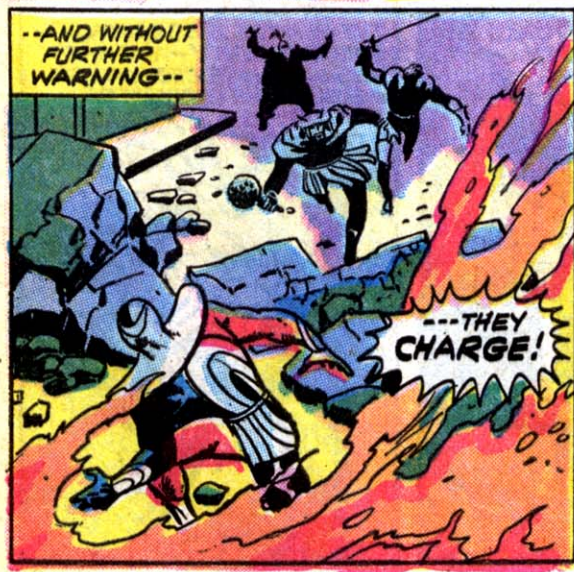
--WESTWARD ACROSS THE CITY, THROUGH THE PARK--

--AND OUT NEAR THE SIGN OF BOOMING BATTLE!



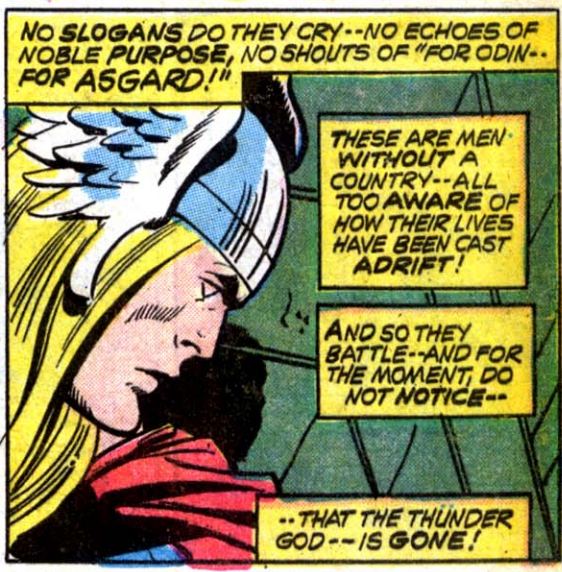
WITH A CRY OF RAGE, THE ASGARDIAN WARRIORS LEAP FORWARD--

--THEIR EYES GLINT WITH THE ANTICIPATION OF BATTLE--



--AND WITHOUT FURTHER WARNING--

---THEY CHARGE!



NO SLOGANS DO THEY CRY--NO ECHOES OF NOBLE PURPOSE, NO SHOUTS OF "FOR ODIN--FOR ASGARD!"

THESE ARE MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY--ALL TOO AWARE OF HOW THEIR LIVES HAVE BEEN CAST ADRIFT!

AND SO THEY BATTLE--AND FOR THE MOMENT, DO NOT NOTICE--

--THAT THE THUNDER GOD--IS GONE!

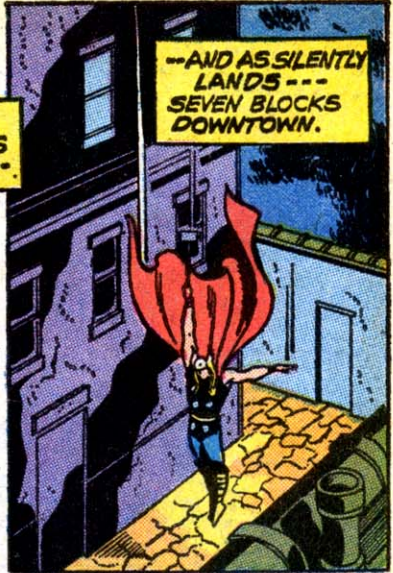


NO SOONER HAVE THEY ARRIVED, THAN HE HAS SLIPPED AWAY--

--AS THOUGH HE FELT IT SAFE, NOW THAT OTHERS HAD COME TO BATTLE.



SILENTLY, HE DRIVES UPWARD--



--AND AS SILENTLY LANDS --- SEVEN BLOCKS DOWNTOWN.



THE HAMMER PULLS BACK, PAUSES-- THRUSTS.



--AND THOR IS GOD OF THUNDER NO MORE.

I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

I'VE GOT TO MAKE CERTAIN-- DEAD CERTAIN-- I'M RIGHT



FOR, THOUGH THOR KNOWS THE EXTENT OF HEAVEN AND EARTH--

---AND DOCTOR DONALD BLAKE KNOWS THE PHYSICAL FORM OF MAN--



--WHAT I NEED COULD BE BEYOND BOTH OUR CAPACITIES.

AND IN THAT CASE-- THE THUNDER GOD MAY BE DOOMED!



THE MINUTES PASS QUICKLY-- BECOME THIRTY--AND WHEN FIVE MORE HAVE BEEN SWEEP ASIDE BY THE CURRENT OF THE BATTLE--

HOGUN!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



APPARENTLY YOUR FRIEND FOUND MY FIRST TOUCH-- TOO COLD.

PERHAPS MY LEFT HAND CAN REVERSE THE DAMAGE OF THE RIGHT--



--THOUGH I FEAR THE SUDDEN HEAT MIGHT PRODUCE A COMPLETELY UNDESIRABLE EFFECT--

-- POSSIBLY EVEN -- DEATH!

MONSTER! YOU'LL CAUSE NO FURTHER AGONY!



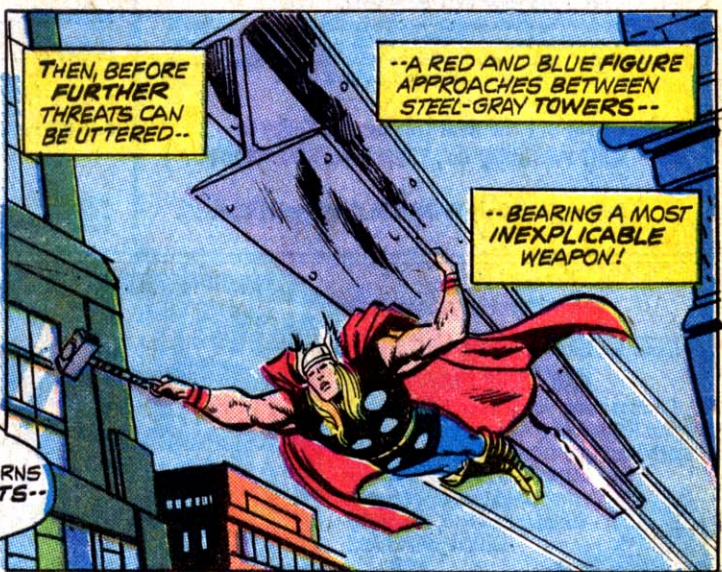
YOU DELUDE YOURSELF, FRIEND--



THE BALANCE OF THE FORCES WITHIN ME PROTECTS ME FROM OUTWARD HARM.

BUT NO SUCH BALANCE PROTECTS YOU-- AND THIS, YOU WILL DIE--

--UNLESS THE GOD OF THUNDER RETURNS --AND SUBMITS-- AT ONCE!



THEN, BEFORE FURTHER THREATS CAN BE UTTERED--

--A RED AND BLUE FIGURE APPROACHES BETWEEN STEEL-GRAY TOWERS--

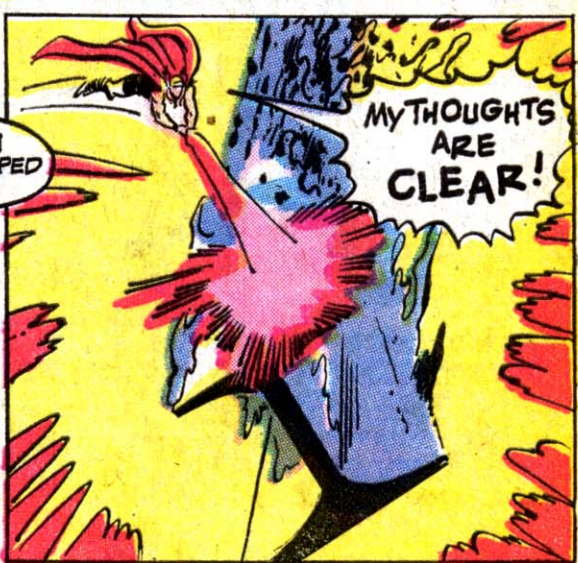
--BEARING A MOST INEXPLICABLE WEAPON!



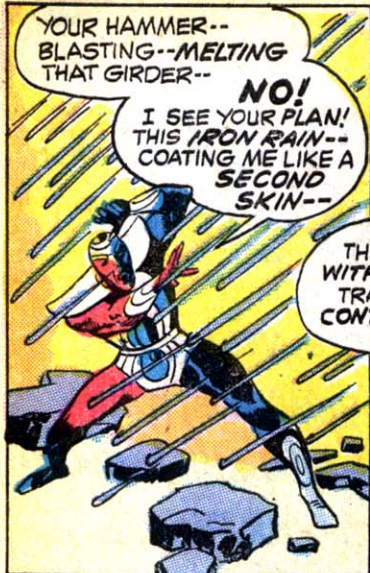
A CONSTRUCTION GIRDER? WHAT GAME IS THIS, ASGARDIAN?

HAS THE STRAIN OF BATTLE SNAPPED YOUR MIND?

NAY, VILLAIN -- BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME --



MY THOUGHTS ARE CLEAR!



YOUR HAMMER--
BLASTING--MELTING
THAT GIRDER--

NO!
I SEE YOUR PLAN!
THIS IRON RAIN--
COATING ME LIKE A
SECOND
SKIN--

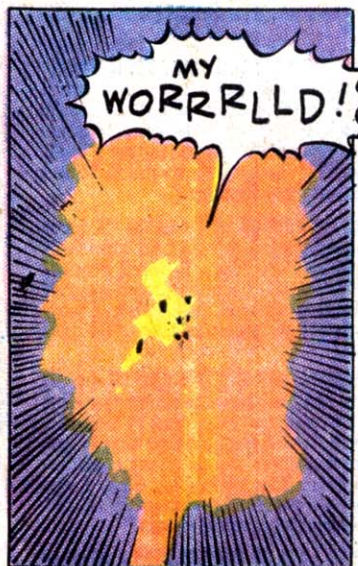
THE FORCES
WITHIN ME--
TRAPPED--
CONTAINED--



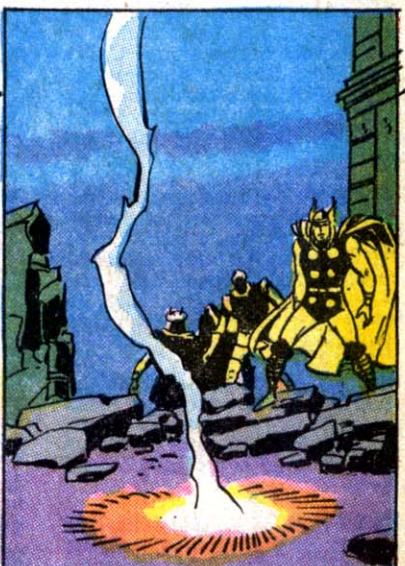
THUNDER
GOD--DO YOU
REALIZE
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE???



BY
DESTROYING
ME-- YOU
DESTROY
ALSO--



MY
WORRRLLD!



'T WAS
A MOST
POWERFUL
MAGIC,
MILORD!

NAY...MERELY A
POTENT USE OF
SCIENCE,
HOGUN.



THE BALANCE
OF FORCES--OF
TERRIBLE HEAT
--OR VIOLENT
COLD--

WITHOUT
RELEASE,
THE FORCES
BUILT
WITHIN
HIM--

--'T WAS A
PRECARIOUS ONE--
AND ONE EASILY CON-
TAINED BY A CON-
DUCTING METAL--
SUCH AS THE
IRON IN THAT
GIRDER.

ULTIMATELY--
CONSUMING
HIM.



--AS OTHER
FORCES
CONSUME
US ALL--

FORCES SUCH AS BOUND-
!ESS BITTERNESS--
AND THE PAIN OF
SEEKING--BETRAYAL!

NEXT: THE SEARCH FOR SIF!