

THOR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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THE MIGHTY

THOR



KEEP BACK, MATES!

IF THAT BLINKIN' GIANT'S KILLED THOR--THERE'S NOTHING ON EARTH CAN STOP HIM!

THE DAY
of the
DEADLY
DRUID!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE MIGHTY THOR!**™

GERRY CONWAY, // JOHN BUSCEMA, // WINNIE COLLETTA, // JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER // ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
SCRIPTER ARTIST INKER P. GOLDBERG, COLORIST

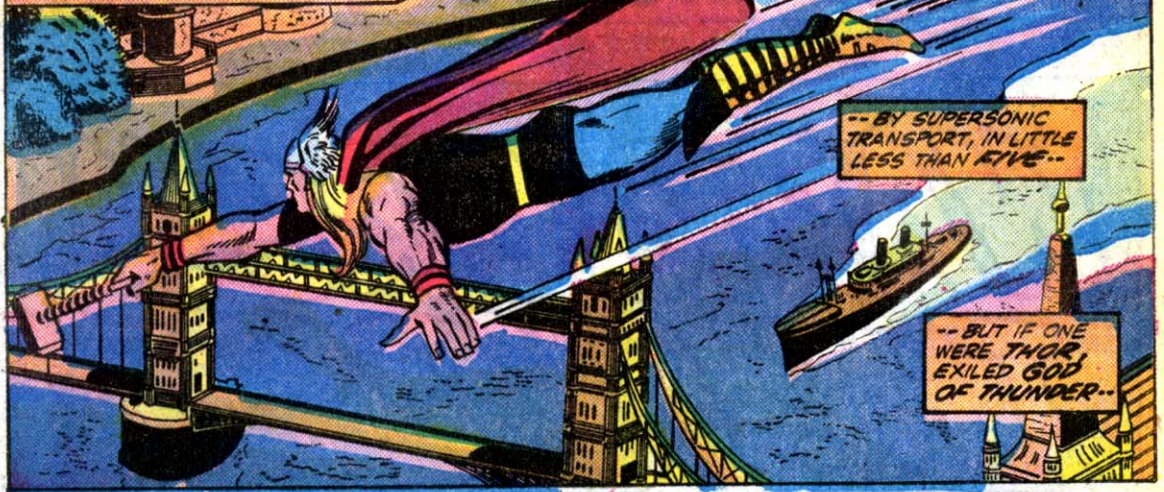
WARRIORS IN THE NIGHT!

LONDON: CITY BY THE THAMES-- ONCE, THE SEAT OF EMPIRE--

--NOW THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT ALONE, AND LIKE ALL SUCH SEATS, IT'S A CITY BESIEGED--

--THOUGH NEVER IN SUCH A MANNER--
--OR BY WARRIORS SO STRANGE!

BY COMMERCIAL JET, ONE MAY CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN LITTLE MORE THAN SEVEN HOURS--



-- BY SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT, IN LITTLE LESS THAN FIVE--

-- BUT IF ONE WERE THOR, EXILED GOD OF THUNDER--



-- IT WOULD TAKE ALMOST NO TIME AT ALL!



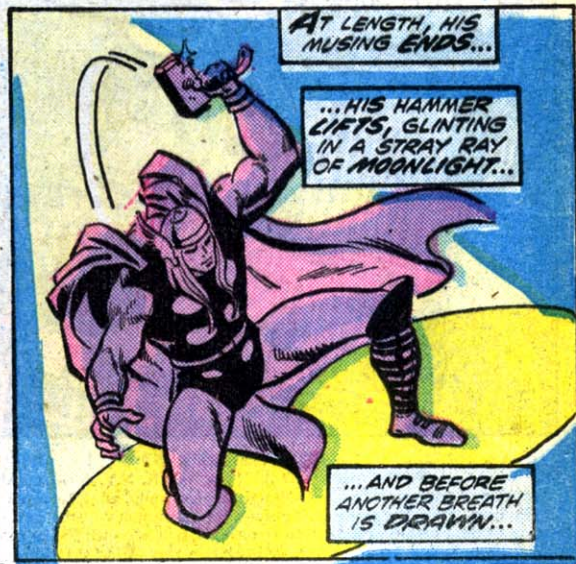
THE CITY IS SILENT NOW-- SAVE FOR THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF BUSES, THE FAR-OFF WHISPER OF MOVING CARS.



SILENT ALSO, THE GOD CALLED THOR STANDS LISTENING...

...WONDERING IF HE'LL END HIS QUEST HERE, IN THIS ANCIENT CITY, SO LIKE THE MANHATTAN HE KNOWS...

... AND SO UNLIKE, AS WELL!



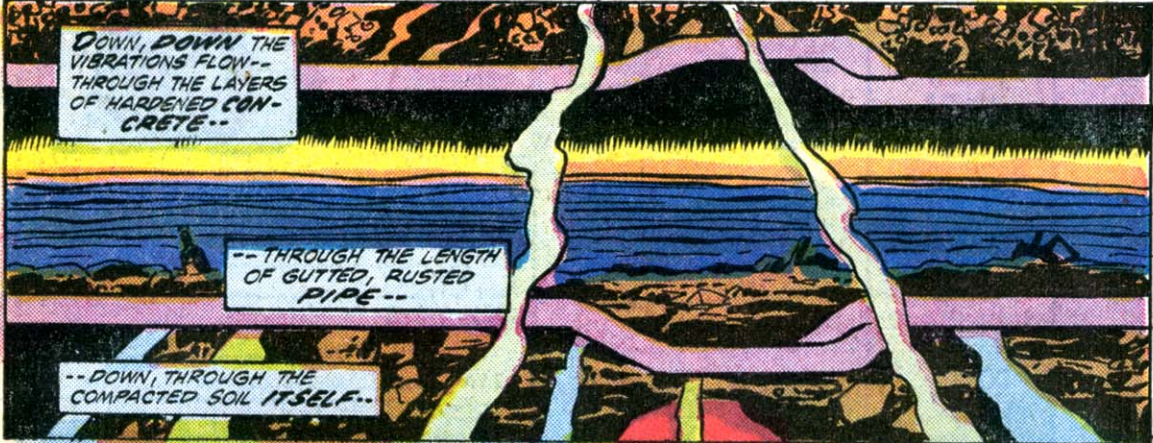
AT LENGTH, HIS MUSING ENDS...

... HIS HAMMER LIFTS, GLINTING IN A STRAY RAY OF MOONLIGHT...

... AND BEFORE ANOTHER BREATH IS DRAWN...



**...THE HAMMER
STRIKES!**



**DOWN, DOWN THE
VIBRATIONS FLOW--
THROUGH THE LAYERS
OF HARDENED CON-
CRETE--**

**-- THROUGH THE LENGTH
OF GUTTED, RUSTED
PIPE--**

**-- DOWN, THROUGH THE
COMPACTED SOIL ITSELF--**



**-- BUILDING, DISPERSING
AS ALL VIBRATIONS DO--
SPREADING OUTWARD,
EVER OUTWARD--**

**-- UNTIL,
UNEXPECTEDLY--**

**-- SOMETHING--
INTERCEPTS
THEM!**

STRANGE SIGILS GLOW AS
THE VIBRATION JARS THIS
MAN-LIKE FORM--

SOFTLY, AN ANSWERING
VIBRATION BEGINS, WITHIN
THE ALIEN SHELL--

--AND GRADUALLY,
THE SLEEPING
OBJECT-- WAKES.

YET ON THE SURFACE ABOVE,
THE EVENTS BELOW ARE
UNKNOWN--

--AS, MIDST A
SEETHING BURST OF
LIGHT, AN UNCANNY
TRANSFORMATION
IS COMPLETED--

--AND THOR IS GOD OF
THUNDER NO MORE.

INSTEAD, IT'S
DOCTOR DONALD
BLAKE WHO LIMPS
ACROSS THE DARKENED
STREET, TOWARD THE
LIGHTS AND SOUNDS
OF AN ENGLISH
TAVERN--

--IT'S DOCTOR BLAKE WHO CATCHES THE
STARING EYES-- THE MUTTERED WHISPERS--
THE HUSHED SPECULATIONS.

CATCH 'IM, WILL YOU?
BLOODY AMERICANS ACT
LIKE THEY OWN THE
WORLD.

SOME
BLOODY
CHEEK, THEY
HAVE.

HERE NOW,
DON'T GET
ON
HIM, SO.

CAN'T YOU
SEE 'E'S LAME?

BLOODY
CHEEK, I SAY.

WHAT'LL IT BE,
GOV'NER? A PINT
OR A HALF?

DO YOU HAVE
SANDWICHES?
PERHAPS A HAM
AND CHEESE?

AND A
BEER--AH--
A PINT.

RIGHT TO
YOU, MATE.



I'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF-- FEEL SO WEAK, I CAN HARDLY STAND.

HOW MANY DAYS SINCE I'VE EATEN LAST--?



TOO MANY! THOR MAY NOT NEED MUCH FOOD, BUT DON BLAKE'S QUITE ANOTHER MATTER. IF I'M GOING TO SEARCH FOR SIF-- I'VE GOT TO DO IT ON A FULL STOMACH--



-- EVEN IF IT MEANS WASTING TIME IN --EH?

GOOD EVE TO THEE, MILORD...



VIZIER -- WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN ARE YOU DOING HERE, ON EARTH?

IF ANYONE SEES YOU--

THEY SHALL NOT, M' LORD--



-- FOR, TO ALL OTHER EYES, I SEEM BUT A HARMLESS MORTAL --

-- VISIBLE IN MY TRUE NATURE TO THEE, ALONE!

I SEE...



DOST THOU, YOUNG LORD?

OR HAST THOU ALREADY FORGOTTEN ODIN'S WRATH-- THAT MADE HIM EXILE THEE ON THIS PLANET--?

WHY ELSE BE THEE HERE--

-- RATHER THAN AT THE GATES OF ASSGARD-- BEGGING FORGIVENESS?



IT STARTED SEVERAL DAYS AGO-- DURING THOR'S BATTLE WITH HIS HALF-BROTHER, LOKI--

-- A BATTLE HE SEEMED TO BE LOSING --



-- UNTIL THE NORN-QUEEN, KARNILLA, APPEARED ON A NEARBY MOUNTAIN PEAK-- AND SPOKE TO THOR'S BELOVED, SIF--

"KARNILLA PLEDGED HER AID TO THOR-- IN RETURN FOR A PROMISE OF SIF'S UNDYING ALLEGIANCE IN KARNILLA'S SEARCH FOR BALDER--



"KARNILLA GAVE THAT AID--

"-- AND USING THE POWER OF THE STORM SHE BREWED, THE THUNDER GOD WON OVER LOKI!--



"-- THOUGH WHEN HE LEARNED THAT SIF HAD LEFT-- IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE VICTORY HAD BEEN WON IN VAIN--



"-- AND ALL OF LIFE'S PURPOSE HAD FLED."

A TRAGIC TALE, MY LORD... AND NOW, THOU DOST SEARCH FOR THY LADY FAIR?

FOR THE PAST TEN DAYS.

AND THOU HAST FOUND--?



NOTHING, MY FRIEND... NOTHING.

ABOUT TO REPLY, THE VIZIER PAUSES--



-- AND DURING THAT PAUSE--

-- ALL HELL BRAKES LOSS!

EARTH--QUAKE!

NAY, MILORD--

'TIS SOMETHING FAR MORE, I FEAR.



I DARE NOT REMAIN-- IF ODIN TAKES NOTICE, MY PLIGHT WOULD BE GRAVE.

DONALD BLAKE HARDLY IS AWARE OF THE OLD MAN'S LEAVING--

-- AS HE STUMBLES FORWARD, STARING WITH THE OTHERS THROUGH THE TAVERN DOOR--



SAINTS ABOVE-- I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN!

THE ENTIRE BLOCK'S EXPLODING--

IT'S A NIGHT-MARE, I TELL YOU!



RUMBLE RUMBLE

**A FREAKIN'
BLOODY
NIGHTMARE!**

RADOOM!

THE MAN'S NEXT
FRIGHTENED CRY IS
LOST -- CONSUMED
IN THE STAGGERING
ROAR OF ENERGY
SPENT AND POWER
RELEASED --

-- NOR WOULD HE HAVE
WANTED HIS OUTCRY
HEARD --

-- FOR IT IS NOT COMMON --
FOR A STRONG MAN TO
PRAY!



DID YOU SEE THAT, MATE? OUT OF THE BLOOMIN' GROUND--

MUST BE A **MOVIE** PROMO--!

LIKE SOME SORT OF DRINKIN' **GEYSER!**

NOT BLEEDIN' LIKELY.



I'M AFRAID I **AGREE--** IF THAT'S A BIT OF **PUBLIC RELATIONS** WORK, IT'S SOMETHING MADISON AVENUE SHOULD GRAB A **PATENT** ON--

--I THINK IT'S A MATTER MORE **REASONABLY** SUITED TO--



--BUT SINCE IT PROBABLY **ISN'T--**



--**BLESSED SAINT THOMAS!**

THE BREW MUST BE AFFECTIN' ME **MIND**. WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT **YANKEE** GENT?

AND WHO IN **MONTY'S** NAME IS THAT?



'T WAS ODIN WHO DID NAME ME **THOR--**

-- AND THOUGH HE HATH TAKEN ALL **ELSE--** THAT HE MAY **NEVER** STEAL.

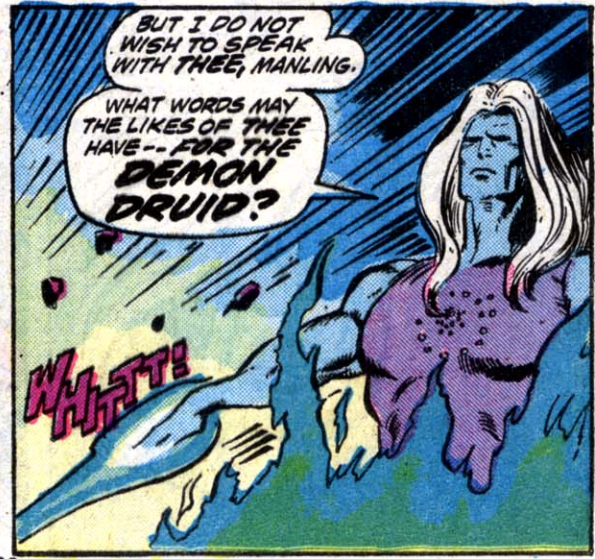
STAND THEE **ASIDE!**



STUNNED, THE MEN FALL BACK--

--AND WITHOUT A FURTHER WORD, THE **THUNDER GOD** STEPS WITHOUT, WHERE--

DEMON! COME THEE DOWN. I WOULD **SPEAK** WITH THEE.



BUT I DO NOT WISH TO **SPEAK** WITH THEE, **MANLING.**

WHAT WORDS MAY THE LIKES OF THEE HAVE-- FOR THE **DEMON DRUID?**

WHITT!

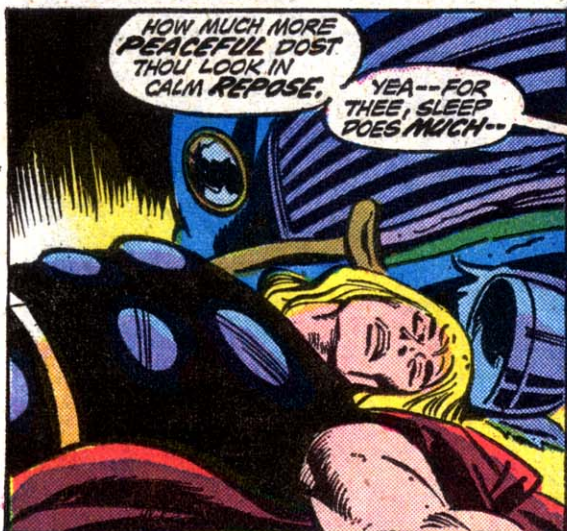


WHUNT!



THRASH!

PING!



HOW MUCH MORE PEACEFUL DOST THOU' LOOK IN CALM REPOSE.

YEA-- FOR THEE, SLEEP DOES MUCH--



-- YET FOR SUCH AS I, SLEEP HAS BEEN BUT A PRISON--

-- A CELL FROM WHICH I HAVE AT LAST FOUND SWEET RELEASE.

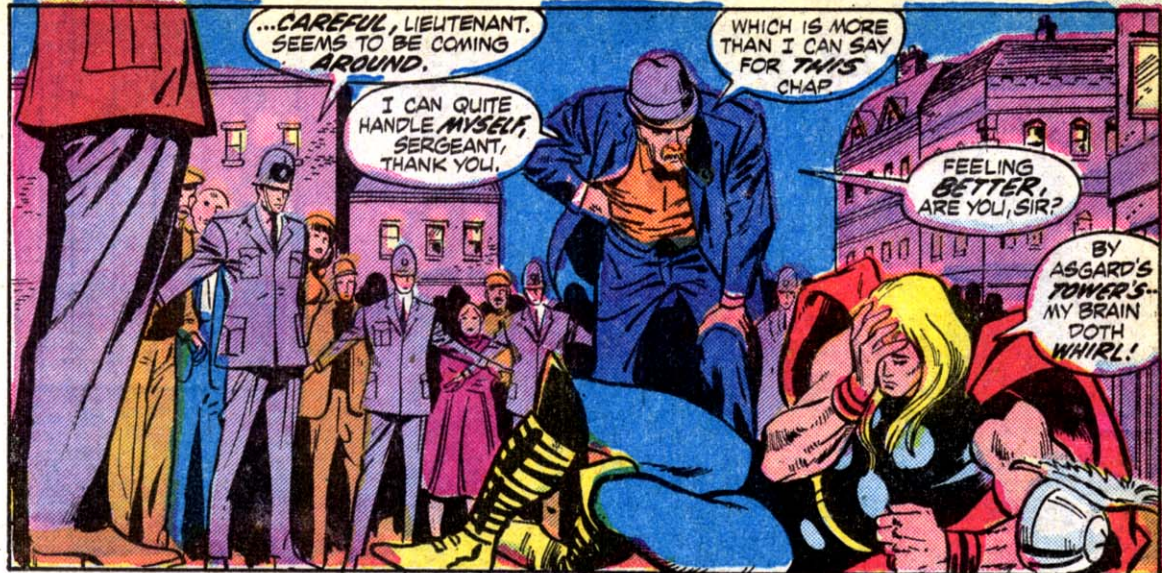


NOW MUST I RESUME MY LIFE AT THE POINT WHEN 'T WAS MOST BRUTALLY INTERRUPTED--

-- DOING WHAT MUST NEEDS BE DONE-- FOR MY MISSION 'PON THIS PLANET EARTH TO BE COMPLETE--



-- SO THAT I MAY REST-- AS HE DOTH REST-- ONCE MORE.



...**CAREFUL**, LIEUTENANT. SEEMS TO BE COMING **AROUND**.

WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR **THIS** CHAP

I CAN QUITE HANDLE **MYSELF**, SERGEANT, THANK YOU.

FEELING **BETTER**, ARE YOU, SIR?

BY **ASGARD'S** **TOWER'S**-- MY BRAIN **DOTH** WHIRL!



WELL IT **MIGHT**, MY FRIEND, HE **KNOCKED** YOU QUITE A **SMASHER**, DIDN'T HE?

HOW LONG HAVE I **SLEPT**-- WHILST **DEMON** STALKED **FREE**?

NOT MORE THAN **FIFTEEN** **MINUTES**-- BUT **WAIT** A **MINUTE**--



YOU'RE NOT PLANNING TO GO **AFTER** HIM, ARE YOU?

IF SO-- THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD **SEE**, BEFORE YOU **RUSH** OFF--!



LIEUTENANT **PRICHARD**-- WE SEEM TO HAVE **LOCATED** HIM, SIR.

HE'S HEADING **SOUTHWEST**-- PASSING THROUGH **LAMBETH**!

GOOD **SHOW**, LAD.

HE'S ONE OF OUR **BEST**, YOU KNOW.



THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL TRY TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH OUR **LAMBETH** **MOBILE** **TRANSMITTER**--

I THINK YOU'LL FIND THIS **INFORMATIVE**, MY FRIEND.

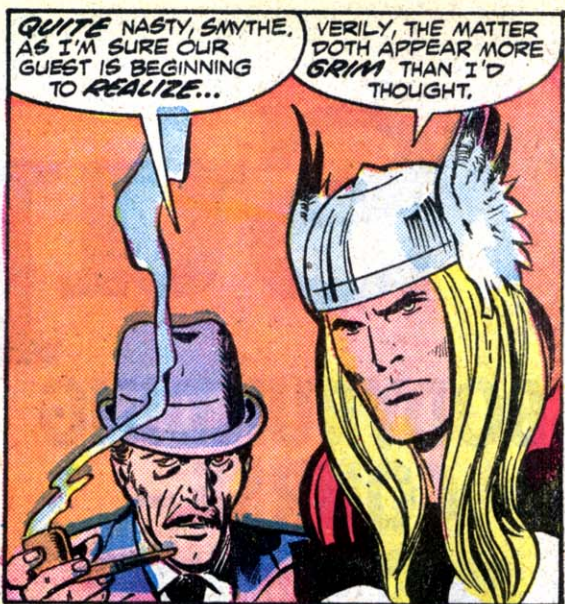
AH-- THERE'S THE **BLIGHTER**!



AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS DRUID FELLOW POSSESSES SOME FORM OF FORCE FIELD.

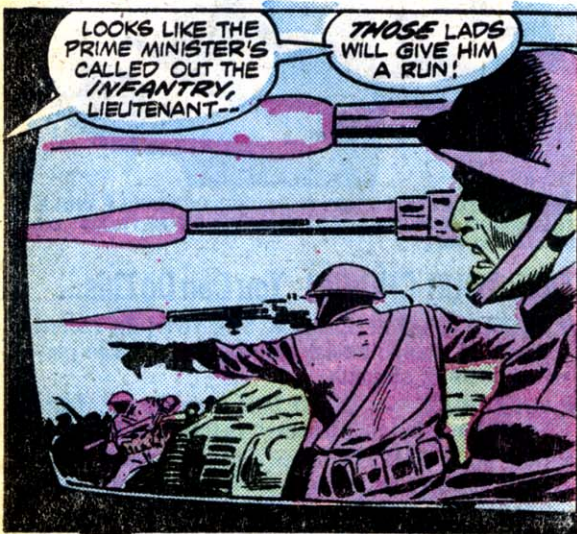
WE NOTICED IT SOON AFTER HE-- AH-- LEFT YOU.

RATHER A NASTY ROTTER, WHAT?



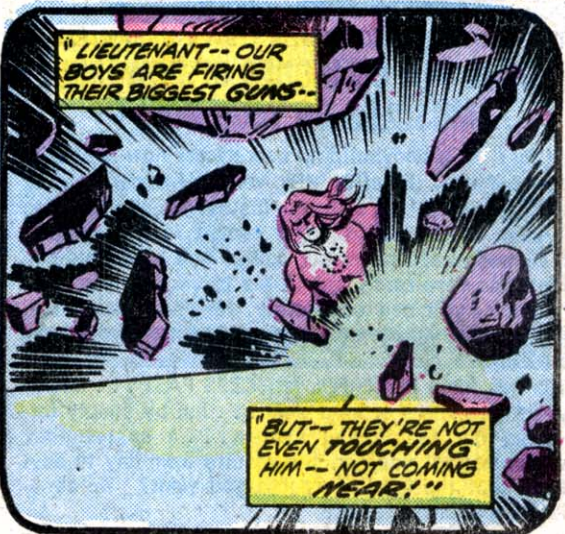
QUITE NASTY, SMYTHE. AS I'M SURE OUR GUEST IS BEGINNING TO REALIZE...

VERILY, THE MATTER DOTH APPEAR MORE GRIM THAN I'D THOUGHT.



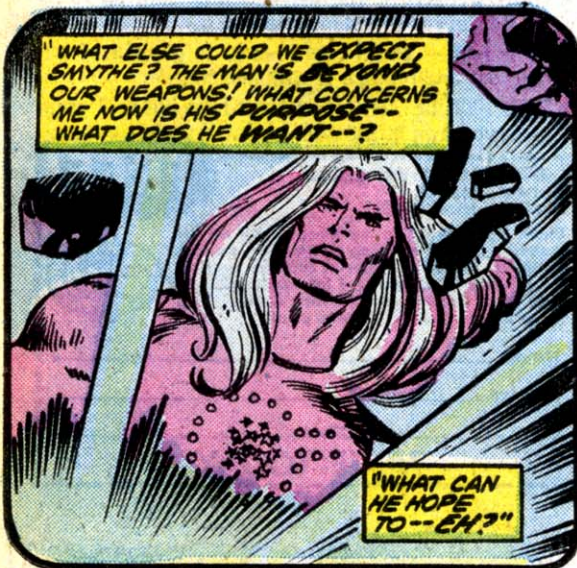
LOOKS LIKE THE PRIME MINISTER'S CALLED OUT THE INFANTRY, LIEUTENANT--

THOSE LADS WILL GIVE HIM A RUN!



"LIEUTENANT-- OUR BOYS ARE FIRING THEIR BIGGEST GUNS--

"BUT-- THEY'RE NOT EVEN TOUCHING HIM-- NOT COMING NEAR!"



"WHAT ELSE COULD WE EXPECT, SMYTHE? THE MAN'S BEYOND OUR WEAPONS! WHAT CONCERNS ME NOW IS HIS PURPOSE-- WHAT DOES HE WANT--?"

"WHAT CAN HE HOPE TO-- EH?"



THOU DOST SEEM STUNNED, MORTAL?

WHAT DIDST THOU SEE?

I CAN'T BE SURE-- FOR AN INSTANT, I THOUGHT--

NO! IT COULDN'T BE!



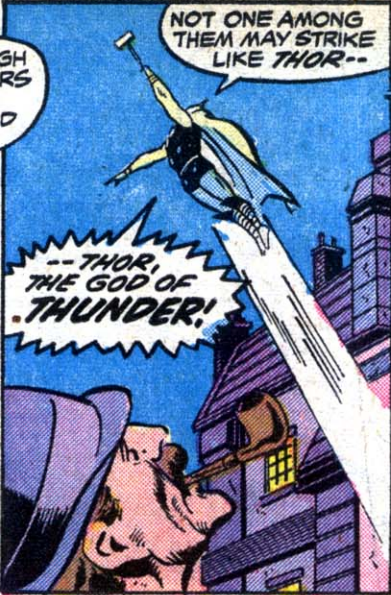
BUT--I SAY, OLD BOY-- SURELY YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF GOING AFTER THAT FELLOW?

THE WAY HE CUT THROUGH HER MAJESTY'S INFANTRY--!

YEA, I SAW IT WELL--



--YET THOUGH THY SOLDIERS DID BATTLE BRAVELY AND TRUE--



NOT ONE AMONG THEM MAY STRIKE LIKE THOR--

--THOR, THE GOD OF THUNDER!



COLORFUL CHAP, THAT, UM...?

PARDON ME--ARE YOU IN CHARGE HERE?

QUITE.

LOOK HERE, THEN--



ONE OF YOUR LADS SAID I NEED PERMISSION TO TAKE THIS CARVED ROCK--

I'M A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW.

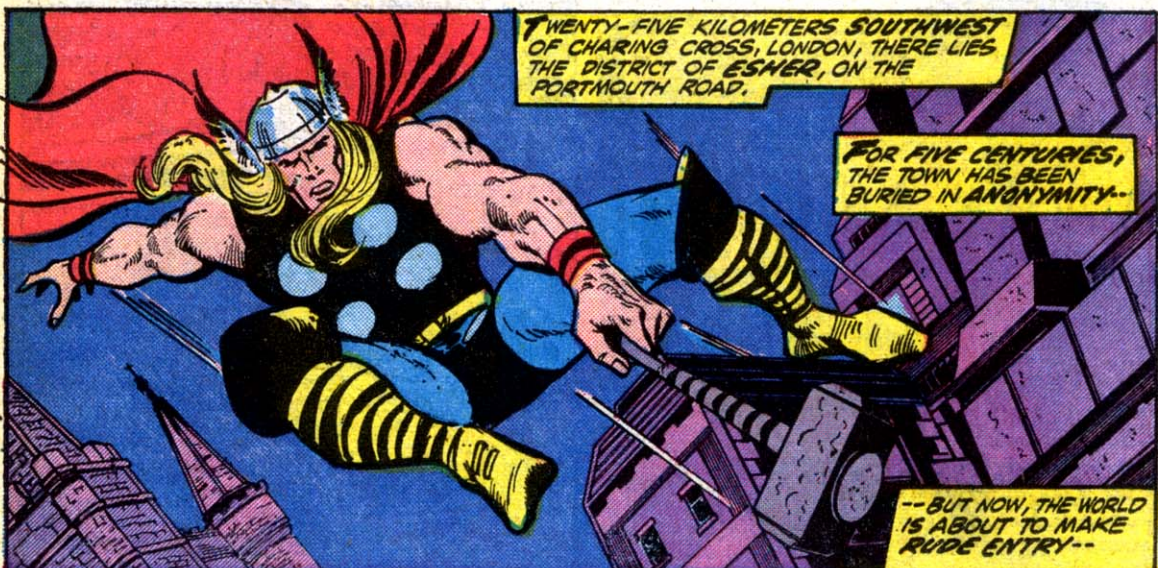
ROCK--?



FOUND IT IN THE RUBBLE-- QUITE RARE, QUITE RARE.

UNLESS I'M GREATLY MISTAKEN--IT'S OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

IN THE RUBBLE, YOU SAY? ODD...!



TWENTY-FIVE KILOMETERS SOUTHWEST OF CHARING CROSS, LONDON, THERE LIES THE DISTRICT OF ESHER, ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

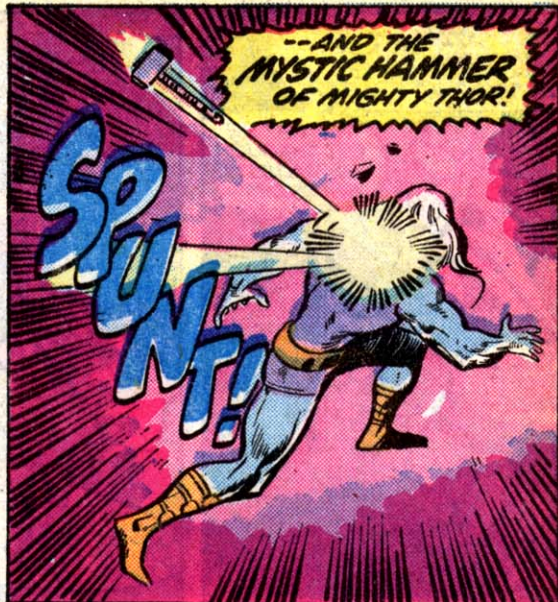
FOR FIVE CENTURIES, THE TOWN HAS BEEN BURIED IN ANONYMITY--

-- BUT NOW, THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO MAKE RUDE ENTRY--

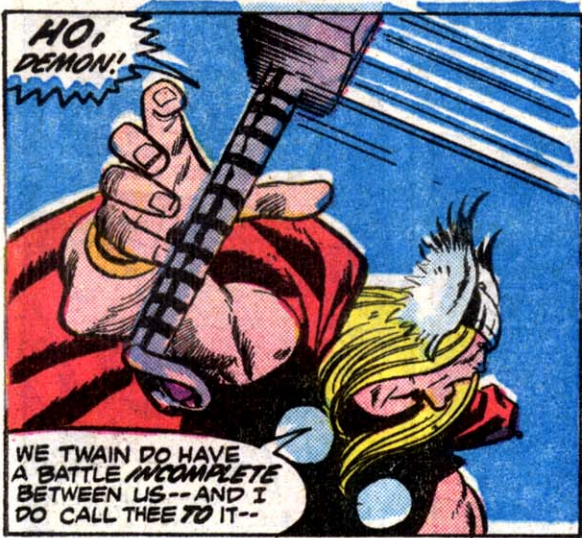
--IN THE FORM OF THE DEMON DRUID--



--AND THE MYSTIC HAMMER OF MIGHTY THOR!

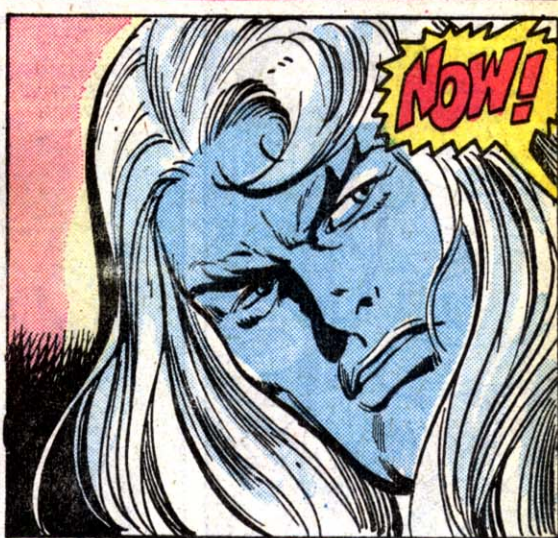


HO, DEMON!



WE TWAIN DO HAVE A BATTLE INCOMPLETE BETWEEN US--AND I DO CALL THEE TO IT--

NOW!



WITHOUT A WORD, THE SELF-STYLED DRUID SEEMS TO REACH OUT--

--POWER DRAINS FROM THE EVENING SKY--

--AND LIKE A PILLAR OF EMERALD FLAME--



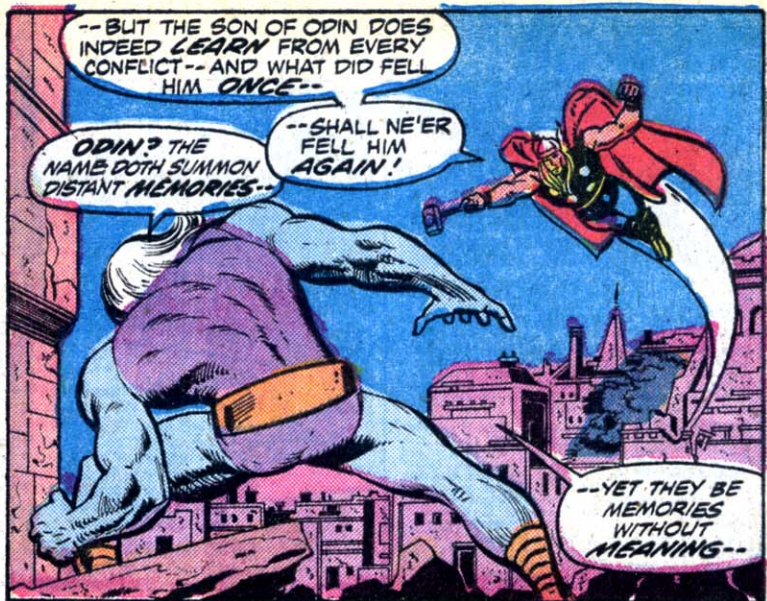
--THE POWER STRIKES!





ALMOST, THAT BLOW DID STUN ME--

-- AND WERE I A FOOL, WELL IT MIGHT HAVE--

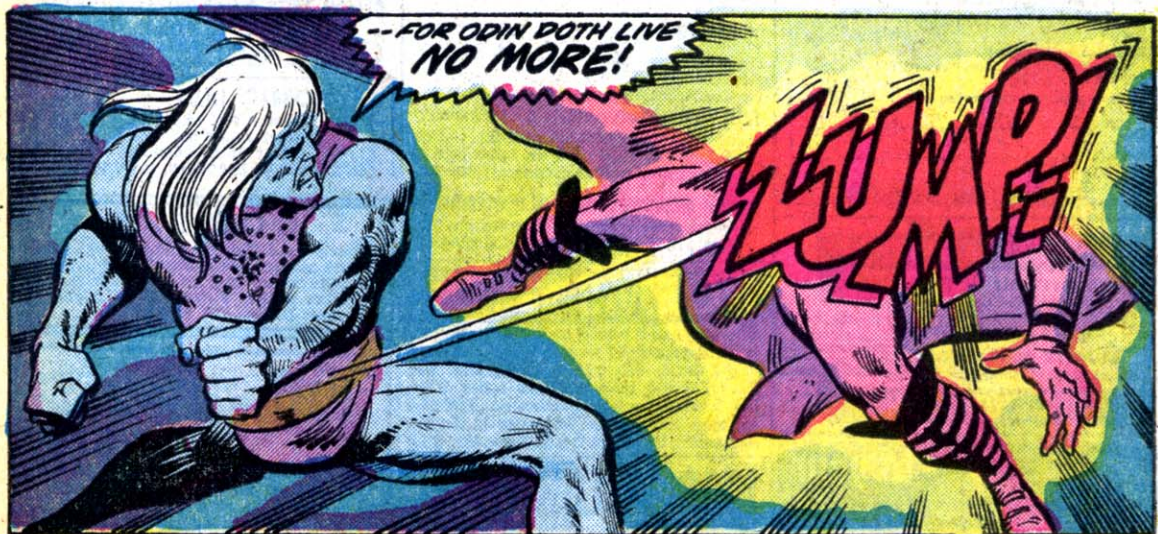


-- BUT THE SON OF ODIN DOES INDEED LEARN FROM EVERY CONFLICT-- AND WHAT DID FELL HIM ONCE--

ODIN? THE NAME DOTH SUMMON DISTANT MEMORIES--

-- SHALL NE'ER FELL HIM AGAIN!

-- YET THEY BE MEMORIES WITHOUT MEANING--



-- FOR ODIN DOETH LIVE NO MORE!

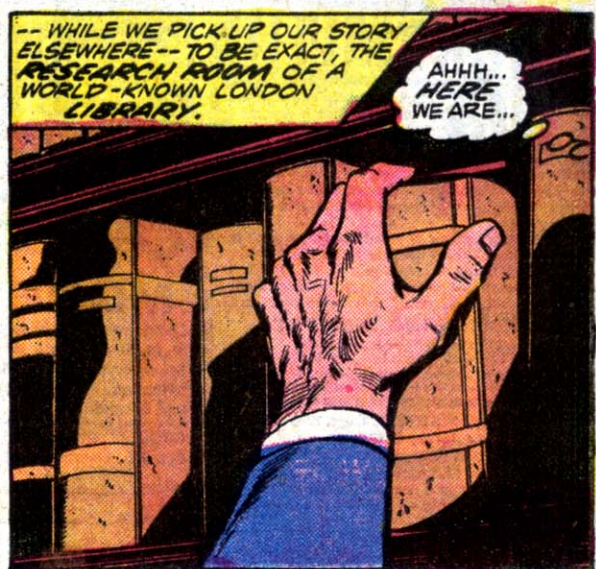
ZUMPF!



AND BEFORE THE MYSTERIOUS MEANING OF THE DRUID'S WORDS CAN BE DISCERNED--

THRAK!

-- THE THUNDER GOD IS REMOVED FROM ACTIVE PARTICIPATION--

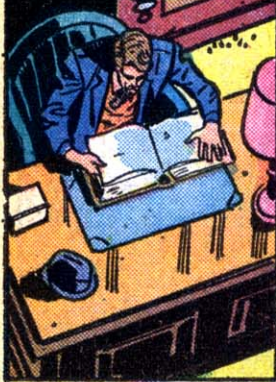


-- WHILE WE PICK UP OUR STORY ELSEWHERE-- TO BE EXACT, THE RESEARCH ROOM OF A WORLD-KNOWN LONDON LIBRARY.

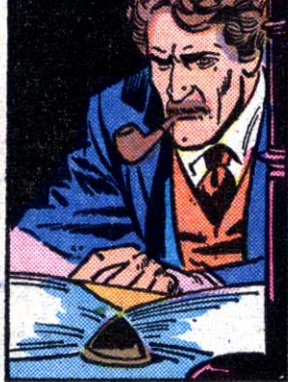
AHHH... HERE WE ARE...

...PERHAPS NOW I'LL FIND THE ANSWERS I SEEK ... ASSUMING I KNOW THE PROPER QUESTIONS.

HMM. BUILT IN 1500 B.C....



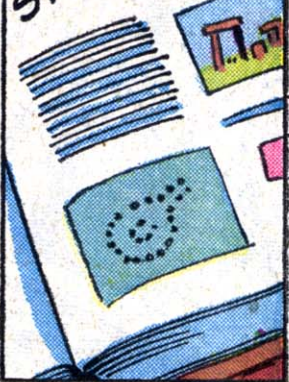
YES, THAT WOULD FIT THE AGE OF OUR PROFESSOR'S RUDDY ROCKS...
... THAT AND THIS LINCANNY DESIGN...



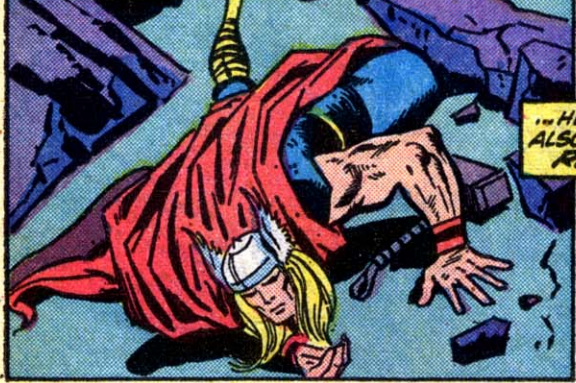
... BOTH ON HIS CHEST... AND WITH THOSE STONES. IT HAS TO BE...



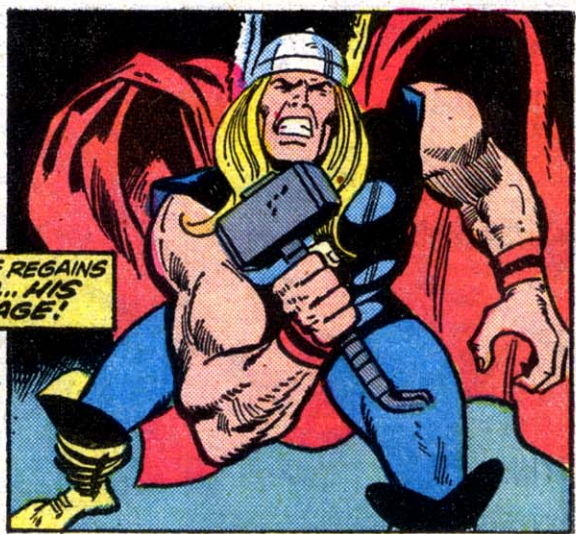
...IT JUST HAS TO BE!



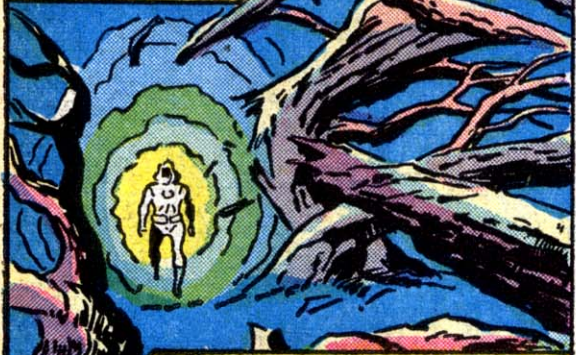
AN HOUR PASSES... THEN TWO. AND WHEN, FINALLY, THE STUNNED GOD OF THUNDER REGAINS PAINFUL CONSCIOUSNESS...



... HE REGAINS ALSO... HIS RAGE!

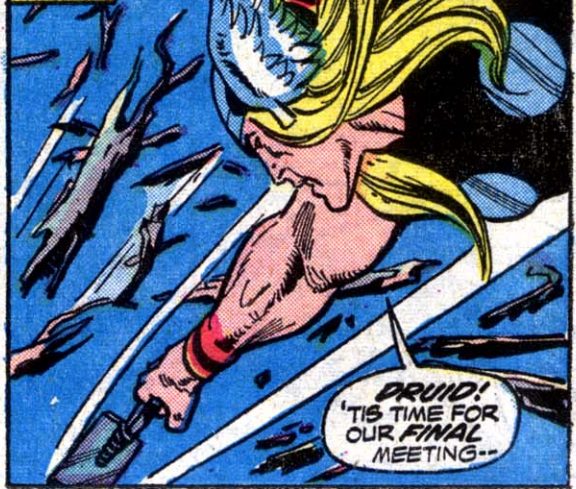


MILES DISTANT, ON THE EDGE OF THE SALISBURY PLAIN, IN THE COUNTY OF WILTSHIRE, A GOD-LIKE FIGURE STRIDES THROUGH A FOREST OF ROTTING TREES--

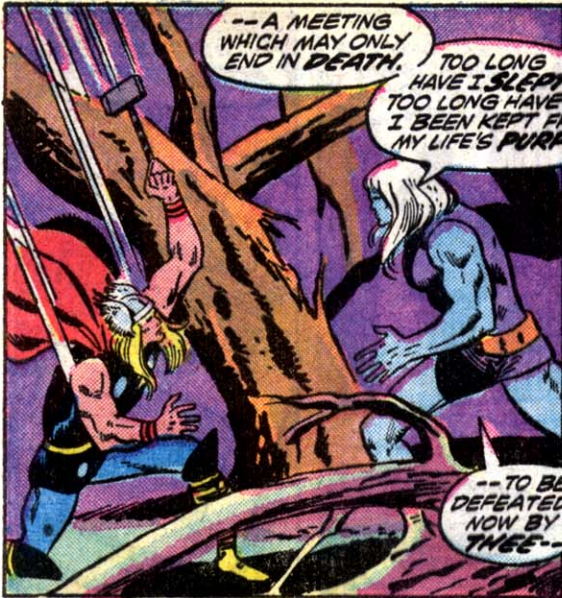


-- TREES WHICH BEND AND WHIRL AWAY 'GAINST THE UNRESTRAINED MIGHT OF AN INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD--

-- ULTIMATELY ATTRACTING THE SEARCHING, ANGERED THOR!



DRUID! 'TIS TIME FOR OUR FINAL MEETING--



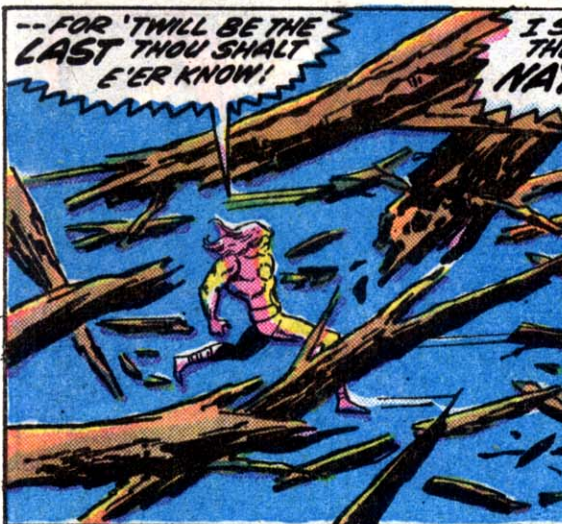
-- A MEETING WHICH MAY ONLY END IN DEATH.

TOO LONG HAVE I SLEPT-- TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN KEPT FROM MY LIFE'S PURPOSE--

-- TO BE DEFEATED NOW BY THEE--



-- SO LET THEE ATTACK, BLOND-HAIR-- AND MAKE THY MOVE AN ELOQUENT ONE--



-- FOR 'T WILL BE THE LAST THOU SHALT E'ER KNOW!

I SAY THEE NAY!

WHILE MY HAND THIS HAMMER DOTH HOLD--

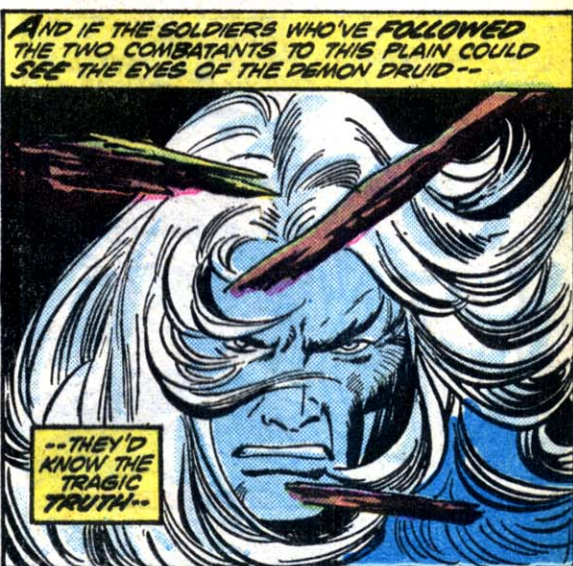
-- I WILL REMAIN-- MASTER OF THE WORLD'S WIND!



BACK, LADS-- THE BLIGHTERS ARE AT IT AGAIN!

LORD, AND THIS TIME THEY'VE GONE FULL CRACKER--

NOTHING CAN STOP THEM! NOTHING!



AND IF THE SOLDIERS WHO'VE FOLLOWED THE TWO COMBATANTS TO THIS PLAIN COULD SEE THE EYES OF THE DEMON DRUID--

-- THEY'D KNOW THE TRAGIC TRUTH--

-- THAT THE END-- THE ONLY POSSIBLE END-- IS NEAR-- SO VERY NEAR!

FALL, IMPOSTOR--

IN THE NAME OF WODEN, WHY DOST THOU NOT FALL?

NO TIME DOES THE SON OF ODIN HAVE TO QUESTION THE DRUID'S WORDS--

-- HE HAS ONLY A MOMENT TO ACT--

-- TO REACH--

-- TO GRASP--

-- AND SO TO HALT HIS BACKWARD FLIGHT--

-- AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT-- REVERSE THE EVENING'S EVENTS--

-- WITH ONE ALL-CONSUMING BURST-- FROM THE MALLET NAMED MJOLNIR!

SINCE ARRIVING IN THIS FOREIGN LAND, THE GOD OF THUNDER HAS SOUGHT BUT ONE THING--

-- TO REVERSE WHATEVER ACT OF HIS AWOKE THIS RAMPAGING DEMON--

-- AND THIS HE NOW DOES--

-- TO THE SOUND OF FURY--

-- AND YEA, TO THE SOUND OF FIRE!

BLONDHAAAARRR!

THOU SHALT PAY FOR THINE ARROGANCE--

-- I PROMISE THEE --



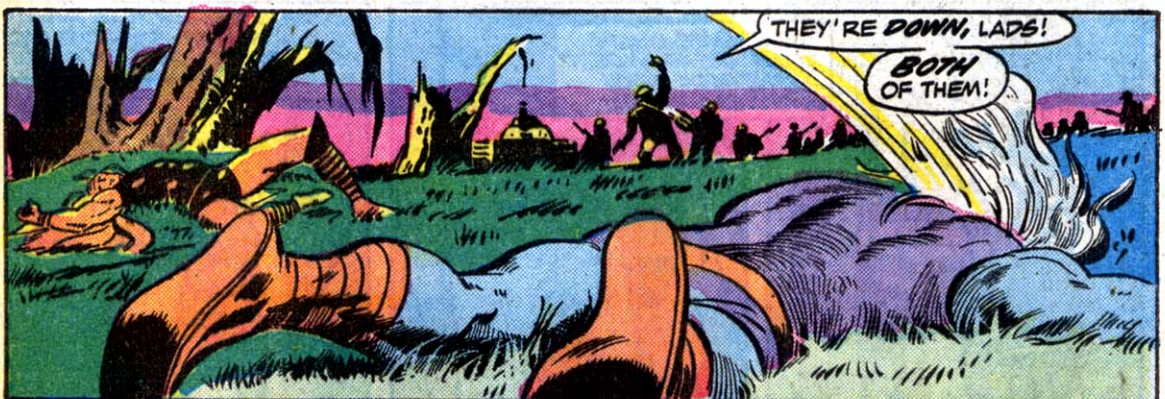
--THOU SHALT PAY MOST DEAR!



ZZZZZ



WHUAP!



THEY'RE DOWN, LADS!

BOTH OF THEM!



CAREFUL, NOW-- THIS BLOKE'S A MITE DANGEROUS.

GENTLE WITH THAT NETTING..!



ONE MOMENT, SERGEANT-- YOU'LL BE MAKING A BIT OF A MISTAKE IF YOU TRY TO HOLD THAT--AH--MAN.

I HAVE FULL AUTHORITY IN THIS MATTER-- THE NAME'S PRICHARD, OF SCOTLAND YARD.

I DARE SAY, SIR-- WE CAN HANDLE HIM.



I'VE NO DOUBT OF IT, SERGEANT-- THE POINT IS, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO!

E'S AWAKE AGAIN, SERGEANT!

COVER HIM, HAWKINS--



HOLD YOUR FIRE-- CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S NOT A THREAT?

BLIMEY, ARE YOU MAD?

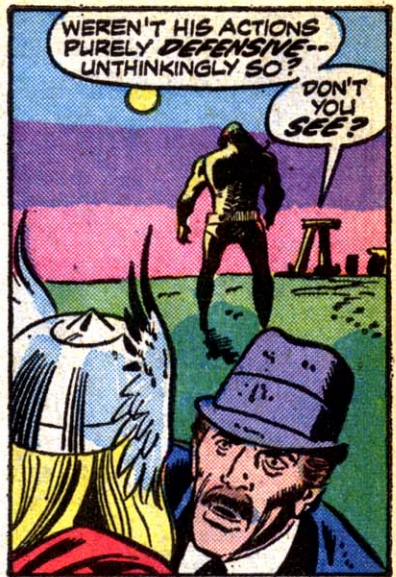
AFTER WHAT HE'S DONE--?



SILENCE, MORTAL-- HIS WORDS DO INTRIGUE ME.

WHAT DOST THOU MEAN-- NOT A THREAT?

THINK, ASGARDIAN-- DID HE EVER ATTACK YOU?



WEREN'T HIS ACTIONS PURELY DEFENSIVE-- UNTHINKINGLY SO?

DON'T YOU SEE?

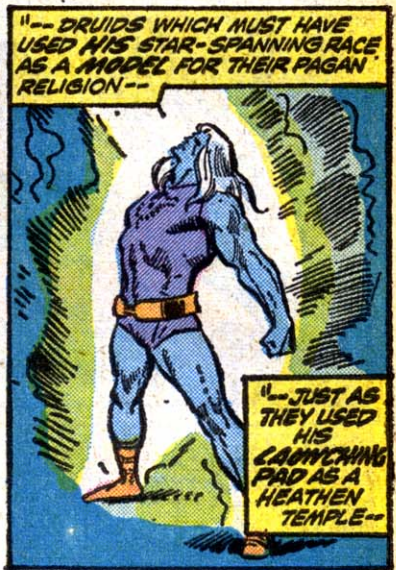


"HE WANTED ONLY TO GET HERE-- TO STONEHENGE--"

"STONEHENGE, WHOSE RUINS ARE AS ANCIENT AS THE ROCK WHICH INCISED HIM--"

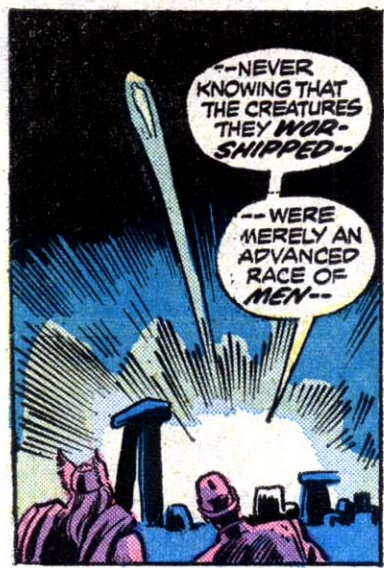


"STONEHENGE, FROM WHICH THE ANCIENT DRUIDS CAME--"



"-- DRUIDS WHICH MUST HAVE USED HIS STAR-SPANNING RACE AS A MODEL FOR THEIR PAGAN RELIGION --"

"-- JUST AS THEY USED HIS LAMENING PAD AS A HEATHEN TEMPLE --"



"-- NEVER KNOWING THAT THE CREATURES THEY WORSHIPPED --"

"-- WERE MERELY AN ADVANCED RACE OF MEN --"



-- AND THAT ONE OF THAT RACE HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND -- PERHAPS AS A SCOUT -- PERHAPS PURELY BY ACCIDENT.

A GOD WHO'S SLEPT OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS -- AND NOW, AT LAST --

-- IS GOING HOME.



AND, SILENT, THE GOD OF THUNDER LOOKS TO THE SKY...

... AND DOES NOT ANSWER --

... FOR HIS THOUGHTS ARE BUT OF SIF... --

... AND OF THE GUILT THAT WILL COME -- TOMORROW.

NEXT ISSUE: **ULIR!**