

THOR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP <sup>TM</sup>

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

20¢ 210 APR 02450

THE MIGHTY

# THOR



NEVER SHALL SUCH AS THEE PREVAIL-- 'GAINST THE GOD OF THUNDER!!

STRIKE, GODLING! IT WILL AVAIL THEE NAUGHT!

FOR I BE **ULIK**, KING OF THE TROLLS!!



HELLFIRE--AND THE HAMMER!

# THE HAMMER AND THE HELLFIRE!

LOOK, GIERRODUR!  
SEE HOW WELL YOUR CURSED FORGES HAVE WROUGHT?

BECAUSE OF YOUR WIZARDRY, THE SON OF ODIN IS INVINCIBLE EVEN ON EARTH--

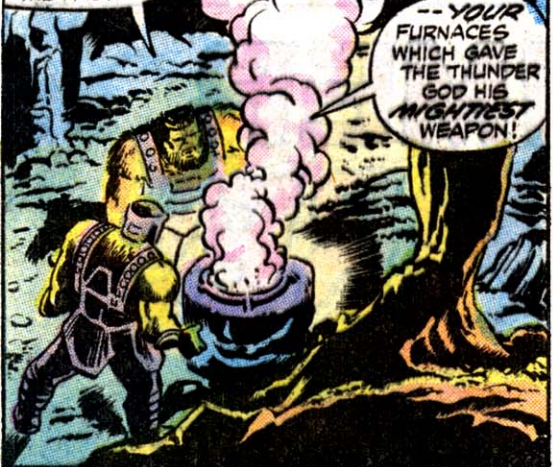
-- THEN ON EARTH WILL IT BE-- THAT THE GOD OF THUNDER DIES!

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EASY WORDS, TROLL-KING... THEY BUT CONCEAL THE FACT.

'T WAS YOUR FURNACES WHICH DID FORM THOR'S GURU HAMMER--

-- YOUR FURNACES WHICH GAVE THE THUNDER GOD HIS MIGHTIEST WEAPON!



WATCH-- EVEN AS WE SPEAK, HE MAKES MOCKERY OF OUR PLOTTING--

-- FOR HOW CAN WE HOPE TO TRIUMPH 'GAINST BOTH ASGARD AND EARTH--



-- WHEN THOR STILL WIELDS HIS MYSTIC Mjolnir!

IN THE SEETHING SMOKE, THE DISTANT FIGURE MOVES, ARM CUTTING THROUGH CRISP MOUNTAIN AIR--

-- WITH DEVASTATING RESULTS--



-- RESULTS GREETED WITH MORE HOSTILITY BY THOSE WATCHING THAN BY THOSE PRESENT.

LOOK, GIERRODUR-- SO WELL HAVE YOU FASHIONED THE ASGARDIAN'S MALLET IT SEEMS ALMOST ALIVE--

-- RETURNING AFTER EVERY FORAY-- RETURNING, ALWAYS, TO ITS MASTER'S GRASP.

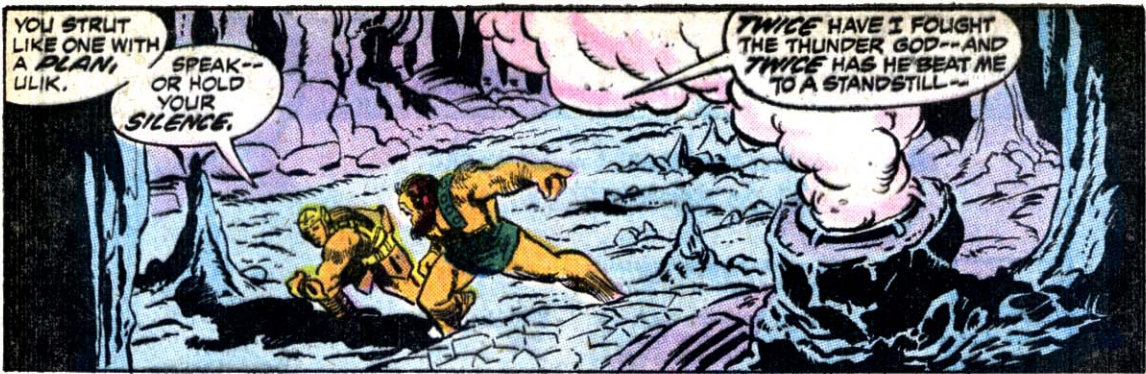


HOW CAN WE DEFEAT SUCH A WARRIOR-- WITH SUCH A WEAPON?

YOU STRUT  
LIKE ONE WITH  
A PLAN,  
ULIK.

SPEAK--  
OR HOLD  
YOUR  
SILENCE.

TWICE HAVE I FOUGHT  
THE THUNDER GOD--AND  
TWICE HAS HE BEAT ME  
TO A STANDSTILL--



-- AND EACH TIME, IT  
WAS BECAUSE OF  
THAT HELL-SPAWNED  
HAMMER.

AS LONG AS THE  
SON OF ODIN CARRIES  
THE WEAPON YOU  
FORGED FOR HIM,  
GIERRODUR, HE WILL  
REMAIN AN ETERNAL  
THREAT--!

WE  
HAVE BUT  
ONE  
CHOICE--



WE MUST  
DESTROY  
THE HAMMER  
OF THOR!

ONLY WHEN THIS IS  
DONE CAN WE  
EVEN BEGIN TO--  
EH?

**THUNK!**

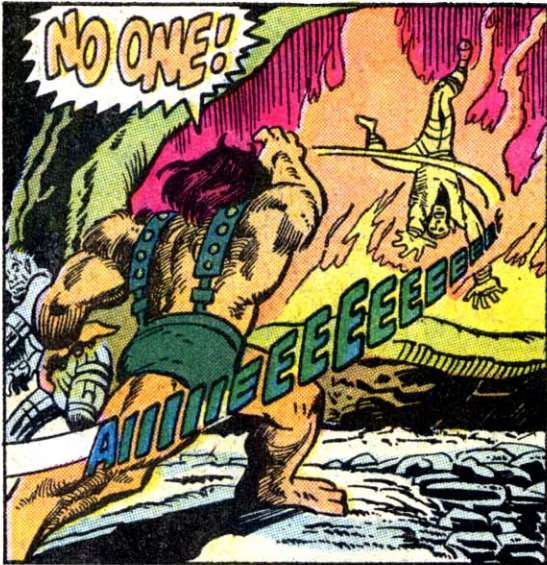
MISCREANT  
DOG!



ARE YOU AS  
BLIND AS YOU  
ARE IGNORANT?

NO ONE  
STRIKES  
ULIK--





**NO ONE!**

**AAAAAAAAAAAA**



UNDERSTAND THIS, TROLL-KING... I MEAN TO CRUSH THE ASGARDIAN CALLED THOR, WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR AID.

NEVER FORGET... YOU MAY HAVE THE HELLFIRE...

...BUT **ULIK** HAS THE POWER!



YET ON THE PLANET EARTH--

**WHUMP!**

-- STILL ANOTHER HAND SHOWS BOTH WILL AND STRENGTH--



-- THE HAND OF MIGHTY THOR!

THE YANKEE MADMAN CONTINUES HIS SENSELESS AGGRESSIONS! INTO OUR HOMELAND!

**KHOW!**

BRING FORTH THE BAZOOKA-- AND WE'LL SEE HOW STRONG THIS INTRUDER TRULY IS!

**PUNT!**



EXCELLENT, COMRADE-- EXCELLENT!

NOT EVEN THAT IMPERIALISTIC DOG CAN SURVIVE SUCH A STRIKE!

**WHUNT!**



AHH... THE SMOKE CLEARS.

LOOK, COMRADES-- SEE HOW THE WEAPONS OF NOBLE KOREA HAVE BURIED THE AMERICAN SPY.



EH?

RUMBLE!

IN THE NAME OF LAO-TSE-- THE GROUND!



IT MOVES! THE AMERICAN SPY LIVES! HE LIVES!



SUCH A CREATURE IS NOT HUMAN!

BETTER TO FACE DEATH-- THAN A MONSTER SUCH AS THIS!

RUN, COMRADES-- RUN!

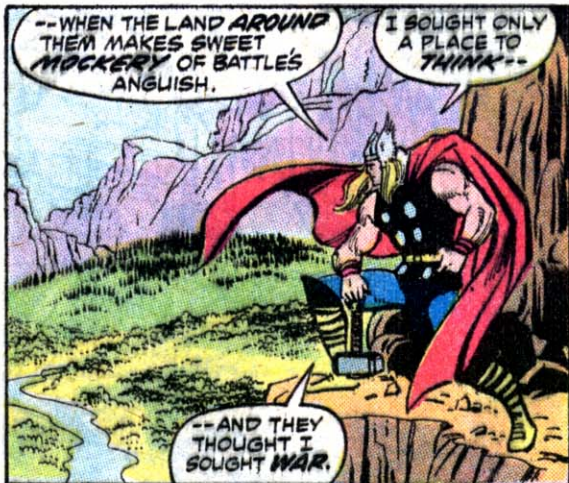
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



NEVER WILL I UNDERSTAND THIS RACE OF MANKIND.

ALWAYS THEY SEEK CONFLICT-- WHERE CONFLICT DOETH NOT EXIST.

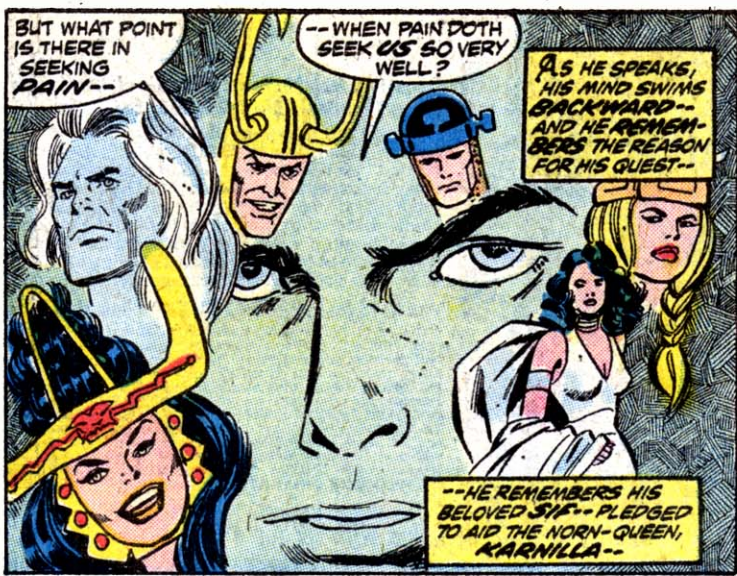
ALWAYS THEY SEEK STRIFE--



--WHEN THE LAND AROUND THEM MAKES SWEET MOCKERY OF BATTLE'S ANGUISH.

I SOUGHT ONLY A PLACE TO THINK--

--AND THEY THOUGHT I SOUGHT WAR.



BUT WHAT POINT IS THERE IN SEEKING PAIN--

-- WHEN PAIN DOTH SEEK US SO VERY WELL?

AS HE SPEAKS, HIS MIND SWIMS BACKWARD-- AND HE REMEMBERS THE REASON FOR HIS QUEST--

-- HE REMEMBERS HIS BELOVED SIF-- PLEDGED TO AID THE NORN-QUEEN, KARNILLA--



-- AND SO SEEMINGLY LOST FOREVER TO THE HEART OF AN ANGLISHED THOR.

WITH THE MEMORIES COMES A CONSUMING WEARINESS--

-- FOR THE QUEST HAS BEEN LONG, AND SO FAR, FUTILE--



-- AND SO, FOR THE MOMENT, THE GOD OF THUNDER SLEEPS--

-- WHILE BELOW-- THE EARTH STIRS--

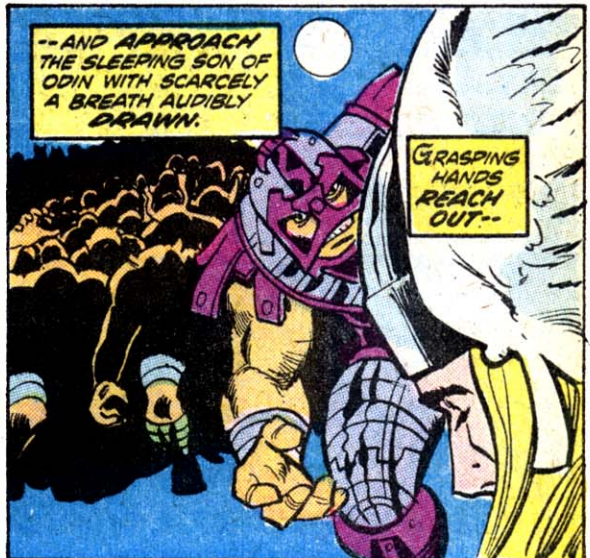


-- AND UNDER A PEARL-GRAY MOON-- IS SPLIT BY A GROPING HAND.



NO SOUND DO THESE NIGHT-CRAWLERS MAKE.

THEY RISE FROM THE DARKNESS ON SILENT FEET--



-- AND APPROACH THE SLEEPING SON OF ODIN WITH SCARCELY A BREATH AUDIBLY DRAWN.

GRASPING HANDS REACH OUT--

--TOUCH--



-- AND IN THE FOLLOWING INSTANT, A GOLDEN GLOW SPRINGS UP ABOUT THE MOONLIT FORMS --

-- AND WHEN THE GLOW IS GONE --



-- GONE ALSO IS THE SUN-HAIRED GOD OF THUNDER!

QUICKLY, BROTHERS, QUICKLY. THE ASGARDIAN STIRS-- IN ANOTHER MOMENT, HE'LL WAKE.

WHO AMONG YOU WOULD FACE ULIK'S WRATH IF THE BLONDBAIR ESCAPES?



QUIET, TREMMIDUR. YOUR MUTTERINGS WILL UNDO US ALL.

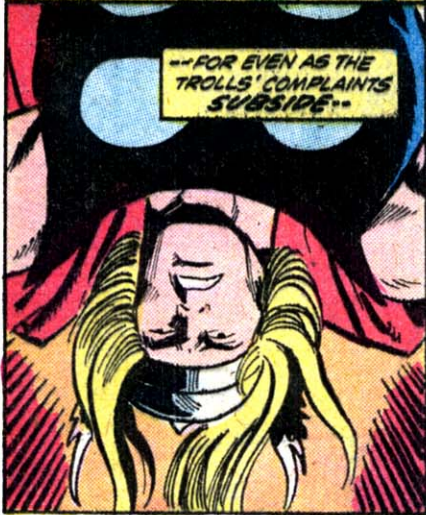
IF ANY WAKES THE ODINSON-- 'T WILL BE YOU-- AND YOUR BLASTED GRANITE VOICE.

SILENCE, ALL OF YOU!

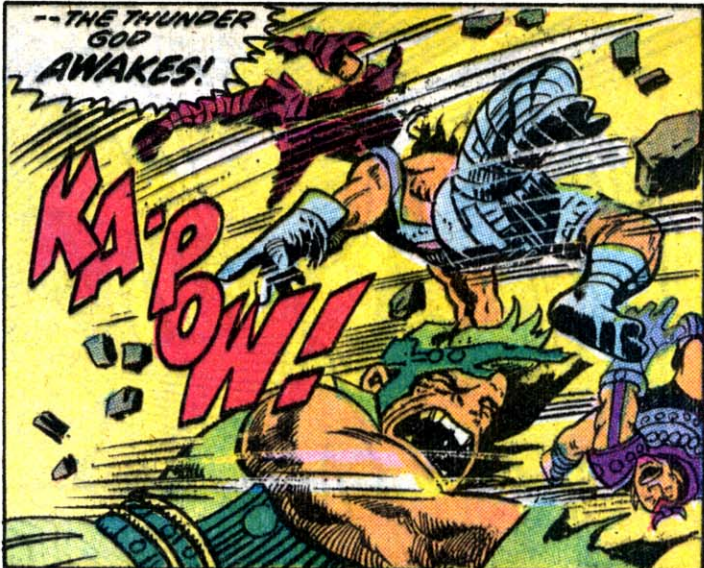
WE APPROACH THE BRIDGE OF WINDS.



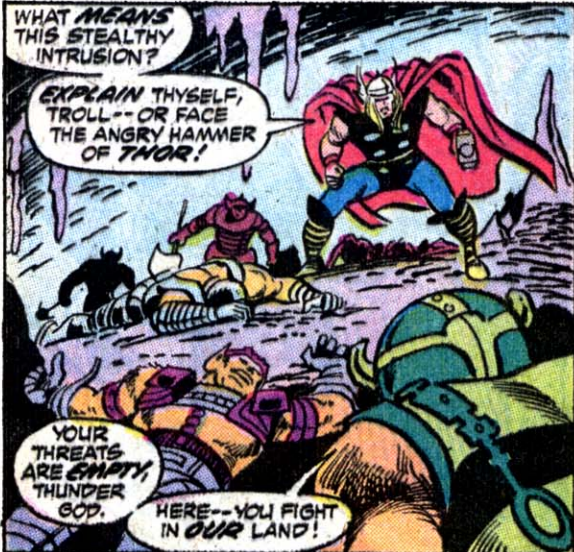
THE EXHORTATION TO SILENCE IS ALREADY TOO LATE, HOWEVER--



--FOR EVEN AS THE TROLLS' COMPLAINTS SUBSIDE--



--THE THUNDER GOD AWAKES!



WHAT MEANS THIS STEALTHY INTRUSION?

EXPLAIN THYSELF, TROLL-- OR FACE THE ANGRY HAMMER OF THOR!

YOUR THREATS ARE SMASHY, THUNDER GOD.

HERE-- YOU FIGHT IN OUR LAND!

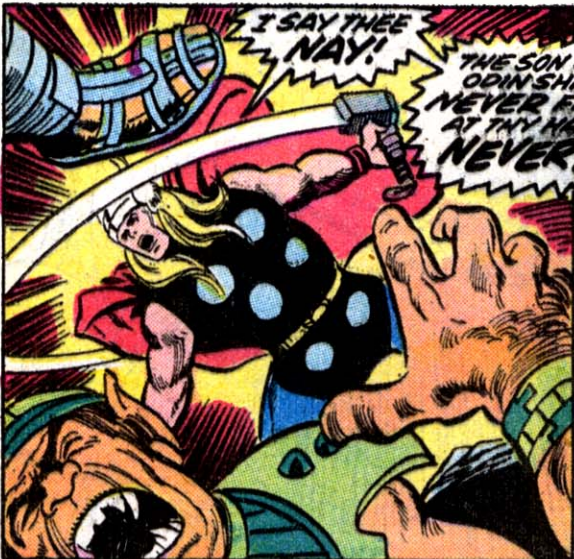


AND FIGHT I SHALL--

--'TILL ONE OF THEE DOTH SPEAK--

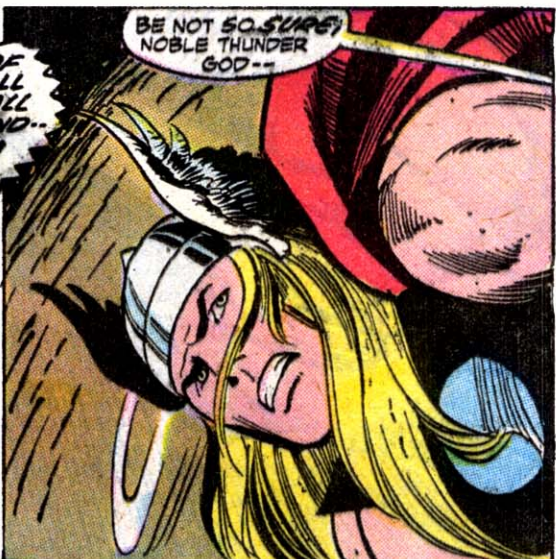
--AND GIVE CLEAR MEANING TO THIS MADNESS!

YOU SHALL FIGHT-- AND DIE, ASGARDIAN!



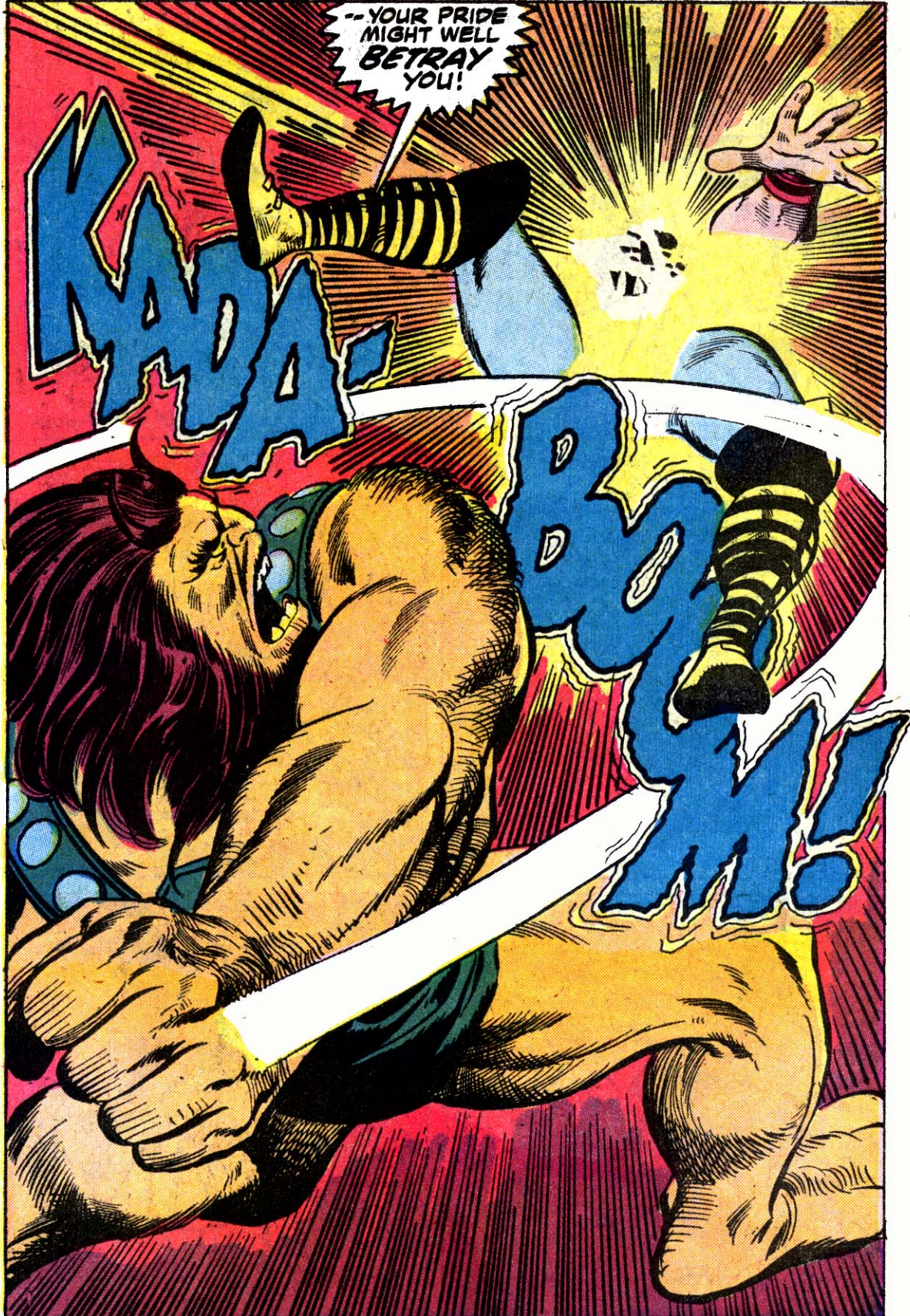
I SAY THEE'S NAY!

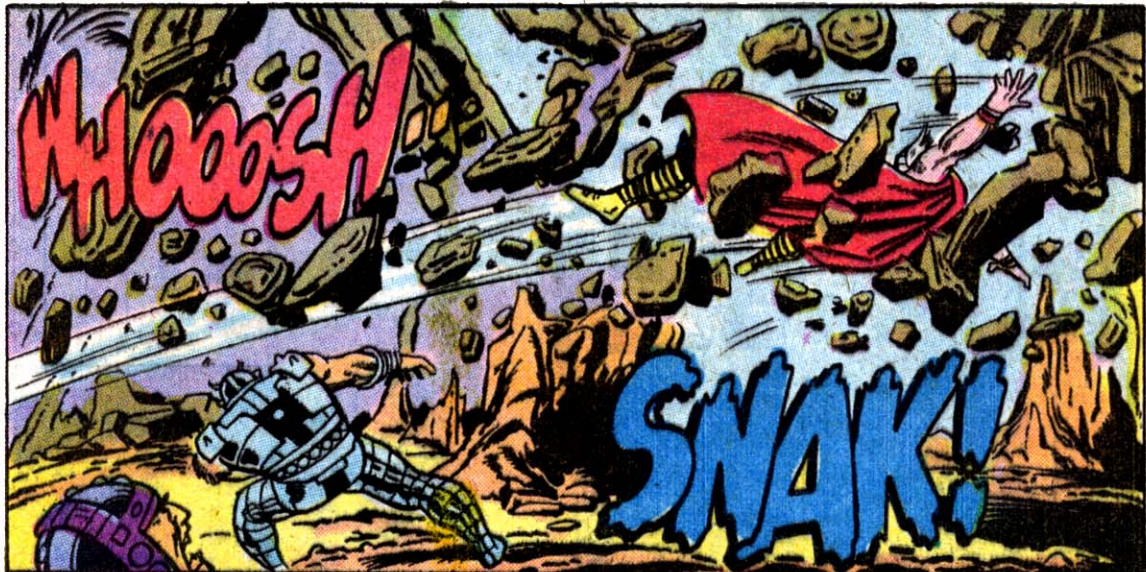
THE SON OF ODIN SHALL NEVER FALL AT THY HAND-- NEVER!



BE NOT SO SURE, NOBLE THUNDER GOD--

-- YOUR PRIDE  
MIGHT WELL  
BETRAY  
YOU!





**WHOOOSH!**

**SNAK!**



OF ALL THOSE WHO WALK BENEATH THE EARTH, *ULIK* IS THE STRONGEST--

--AND YET--  
**THICE** HAVE I SUFFERED HUMILIATION AT THE HANDS OF AN ASGARDIAN--



--TWICE HAVE I FELT THE FLUSH OF FRUSTRATED RAGE-- KNOWING THAT **MINE** WAS THE GREATER STRENGTH--

--YET YOURS THE GREATER WEAPON!



THY WORDS MEAN NAUGHT TO ME, MONSTER.

WHEN I HAVE WON, I HAVE WON BY SKILL AND STRENGTH ALONE!

WHO DARES CLAIM OTHERWISE?



**I DARE, BLONDHAIR!**

**BUNCH!**

**I--ULIK THE INVINCIBLE!**

**ULIK--THE UNCONTROLLED!**



HE LIES OF MOVING--

DO WE ACT NOW, ULRIK?

IS IT TIME?

QUIET, YOU BLATHERING FOOL!

EVEN AS YOU MUTTER-- THE THUNDER GOD STARS. HE SEEKS TO RISE, TO--



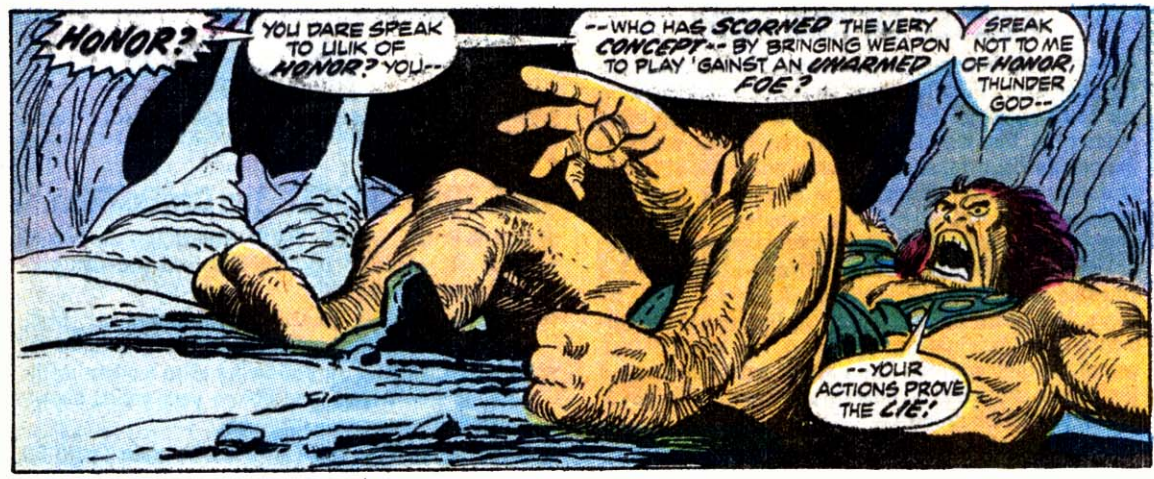
SPANG!



'Twill TAKE MORE THAN THY TREACHERY TO DEFEAT ME, ULRIK.

ONLY IF THOU DOST FIGHT WITH HONOR--

-- MAY THEE EVER SUCCEED.



HONOR?

YOU DARE SPEAK TO ULRIK OF HONOR? YOU--

-- WHO HAS SCORNE THE VERY CONCEPT-- BY BRINGING WEAPON TO PLAY 'GAINST AN UNARMED FOE?

SPEAK NOT TO ME OF HONOR, THUNDER GOD--

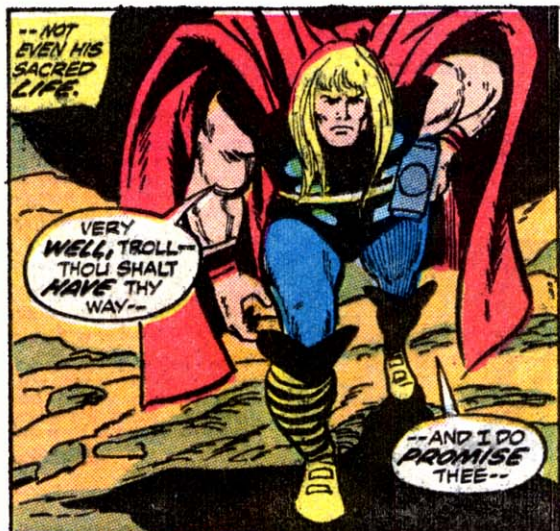
-- YOUR ACTIONS PROVE THE LIE!



ETERNITY WITHIN A HEART-BEAT: SO IT SEEMS, AS THE BLONDEHAIR SON OF ODIN GLARES IN GROWING RAGE-- HIS EYES BRIGHT WITH ANGER--

-- HIS BODY TREMBLING WITH SUPPRESSED FURY.

SINCE CHILDHOOD, HE'S LIVED BY A CODE OF HONOR-- NAUGHT ELSE HAS EVER MATTERED--



-- NOT EVEN HIS SACRED LIFE.

VERY WELL, TROLL-- THOU SHALT HAVE THY WAY--

-- AND I DO PROMISE THEE--

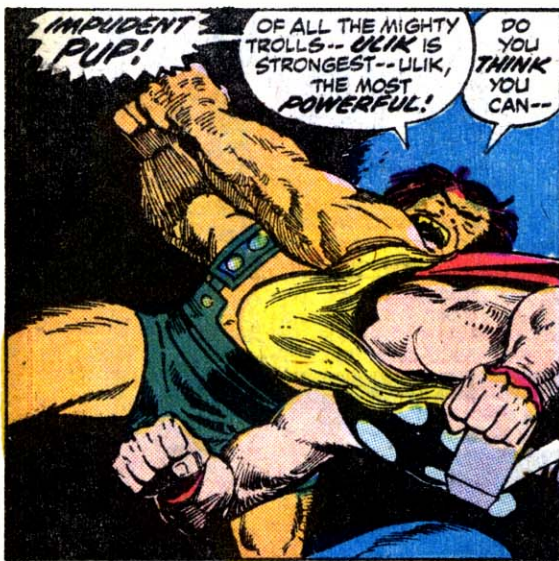


-- THOU SHALT LIVE TO REGRET IT--



--YEA, REGRET IT INDEED!

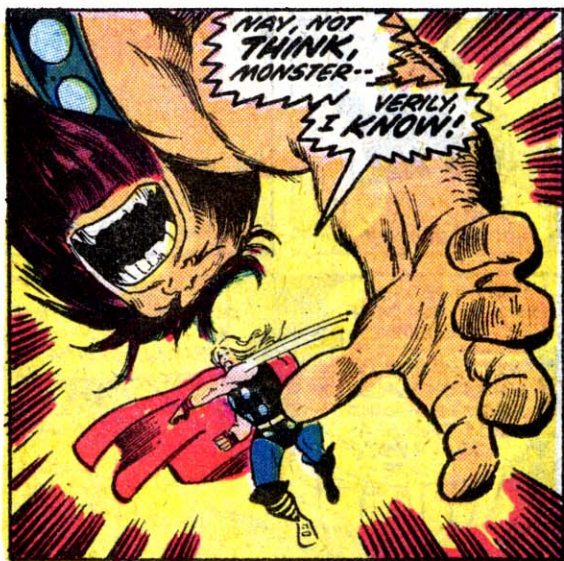
WHACKO!



IMPUDENT PUP!

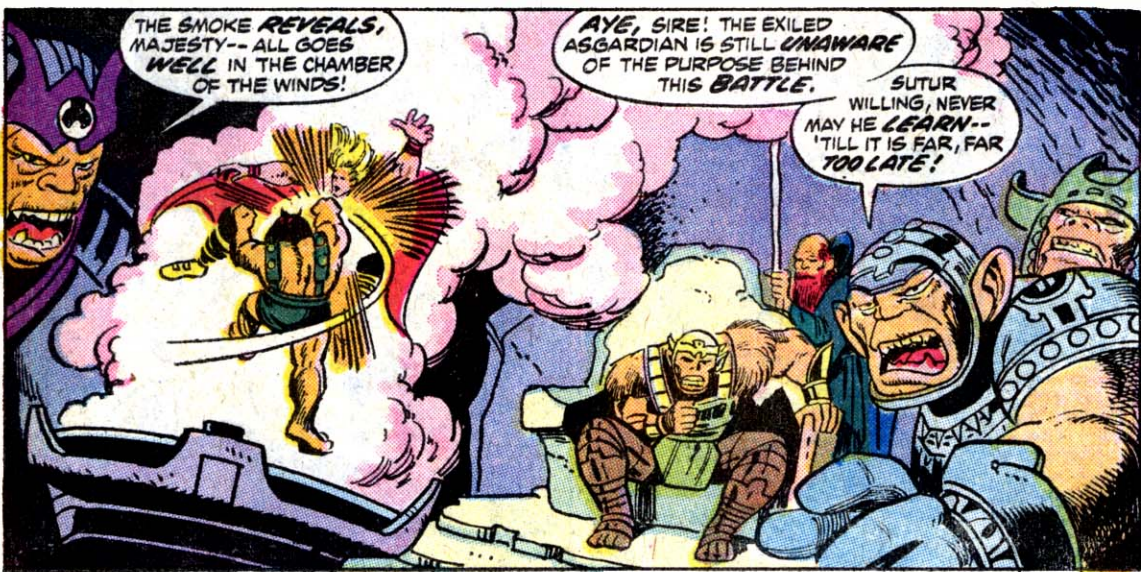
OF ALL THE MIGHTY TROLLS-- ULIK IS STRONGEST-- ULIK, THE MOST POWERFUL!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN--



S MAY, NOT THINK, MONSTER--

VERILY, I KNOW!



THE SMOKE REVEALS, MAJESTY-- ALL GOES WELL IN THE CHAMBER OF THE WINDS!

A YE, SIRE! THE EXILED ASGARDIAN IS STILL UNAWARE OF THE PURPOSE BEHIND THIS BATTLE.

SUTUR WILLING, NEVER MAY HE LEARN-- 'TILL IT IS FAR, FAR TOO LATE!

YOUR MAJESTY--KING GIERROUR--I LIKE NONE OF THIS.

THIS CREATURE--THIS *ULIK*--IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED. THINK, SIRE-- IS HE NOT AMBITIOUS-- IS HE NOT--

BE SILENT, MUTHOS.

DO YOU THINK ME A FOOL-- OR MERELY BLIND?

NO TROLL COULD CALL YOU A FOOL, BELOVED.

THE WISDOM OF GIERROUR THE GREAT IS SURELY LEGEND.

BY THE FIRES-- 'TIS THE QUEEN!

NO EARTHLY MEASURE WOULD MARK HER BEAUTIFUL--YET, BY STANDARDS OTHER THAN OUR OWN--

--SHE IS A COMELY BRIDE--

--A BRIDE WHOSE EYES GLINT IN A STRANGE AND SILENT SMILE.

WELL, MILADY ULLA? WHOM DO YOU FAVOR IN THIS MOCK BATTLE?

WHY-- OUR CHAMPION *ULIK*, OF COURSE!

MY KING-- SHE IS *INDEED* THE WISDEST OF BRIDES!

A WISE BRIDE WHO SEEKS TO PLACATE HER HUSBAND!

YOUR MAJESTY, SHE WANTS ONLY PEACE AMONG US-- AND WHILE THIS IS A CAVALIABLE DESIRE--

--PERHAPS SHE DOES US A DISERVICE BY NOT FULLY SPEAKING HER MIND.

MY LORD, I ASSURE YOU--

NO NEED, MILADY. THE OLD FOOL HAS OVERSTEPPED HIS BOUNDS.

LEAVE ME, MUTHOS, AND BE GLAD I DON'T HAVE YOUR HEAD FOR YOUR TREASON.

THE CHAMBER OF THE WINDS: AND IN THAT FIT FAR BELOW THE EARTH'S FAIR SURFACE, THE DEATH-STRUGGLE CONTINUES--

--A STRUGGLE NOT UNOBSERVED.

NO CRY ESCAPES THESE NOBLE LIPS--NO MOAN TO BETRAY THE GRATING PAIN.

SUCH WOULD NOT BEFIT THE SON OF ODIN--



--EVEN A SON EXILED FOR THE UNPARDONABLE SIN OF ANGER 'GAINST HIS FATHER'S HOUSE\*--

-- AN ANGER NOW FOCUSED ELSEWHERE--

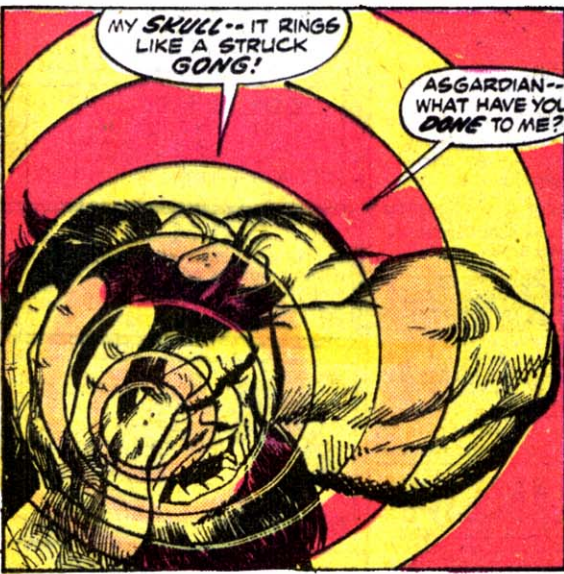


-- AS THE GOD OF THUNDER STRIKES!

\*THOR#203. --ROY.

MY SKULL-- IT RINGS LIKE A STRUCK GONG!

ASSGARDIAN-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

BUT THOR DOES NOT ANSWER.



THE PAIN IS TOO GREAT TO SPEAK-- AND SO HE SAYS NAUGHT.

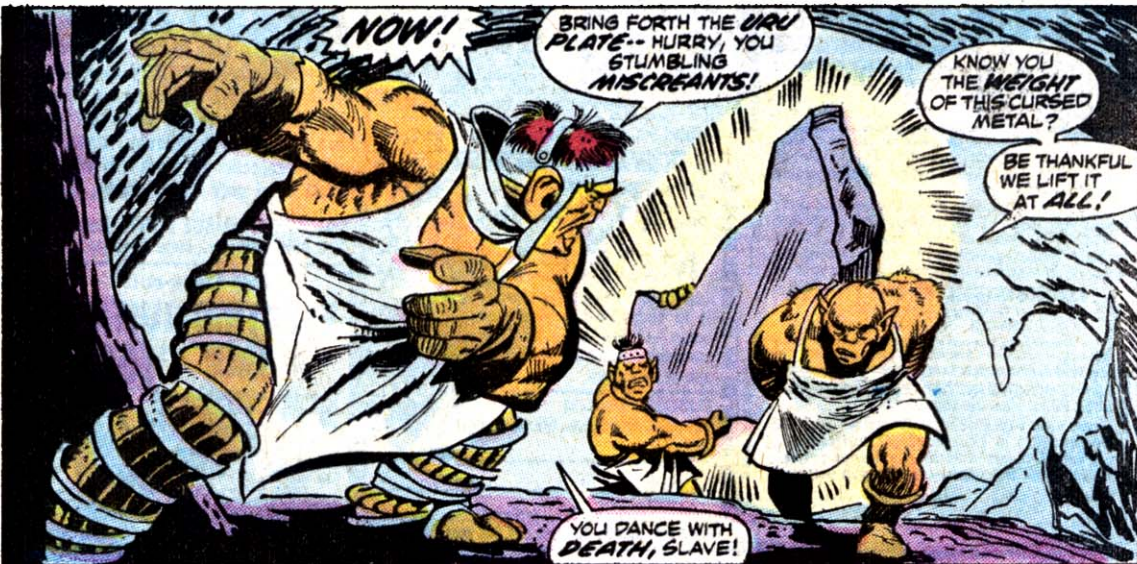
NOW!

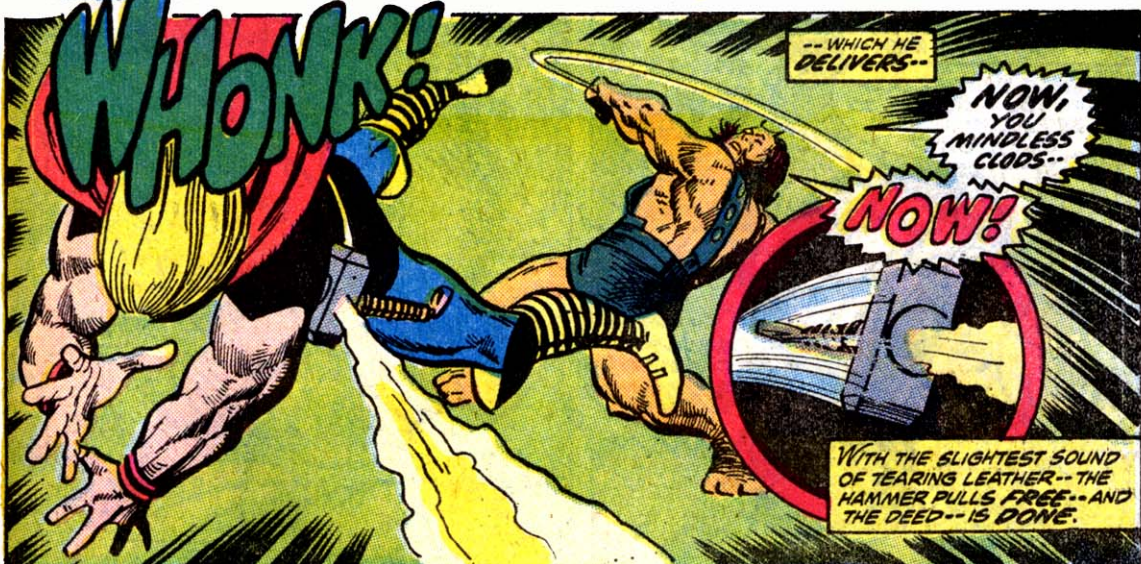
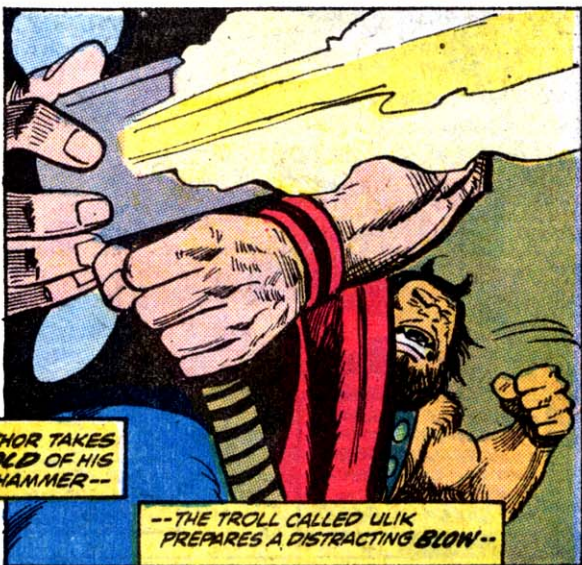
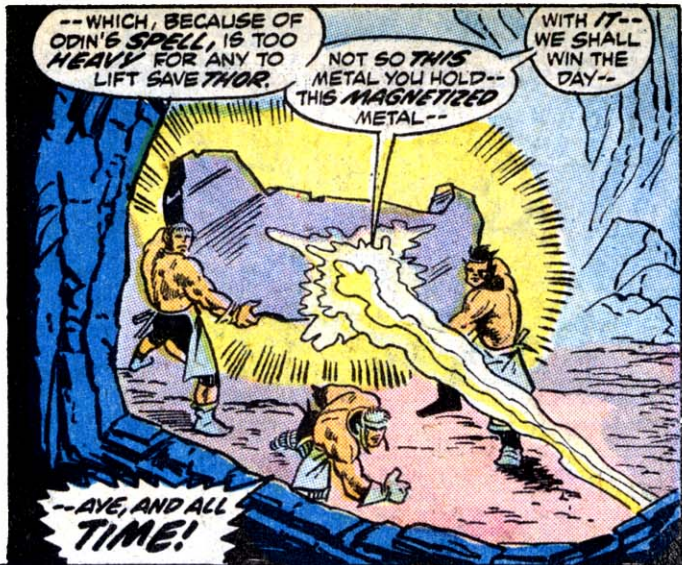
BRING FORTH THE URU PLATE-- HURRY, YOU STUMBLING MISCREANTS!

KNOW YOU THE WEIGHT OF THIS CURSED METAL?

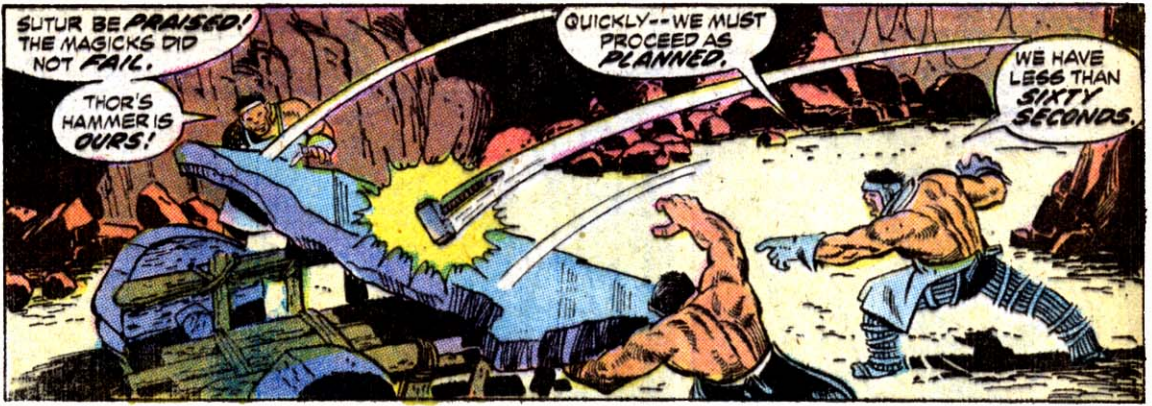
BE THANKFUL WE LIFT IT AT ALL!

YOU DANCE WITH DEATH, SLAVE!







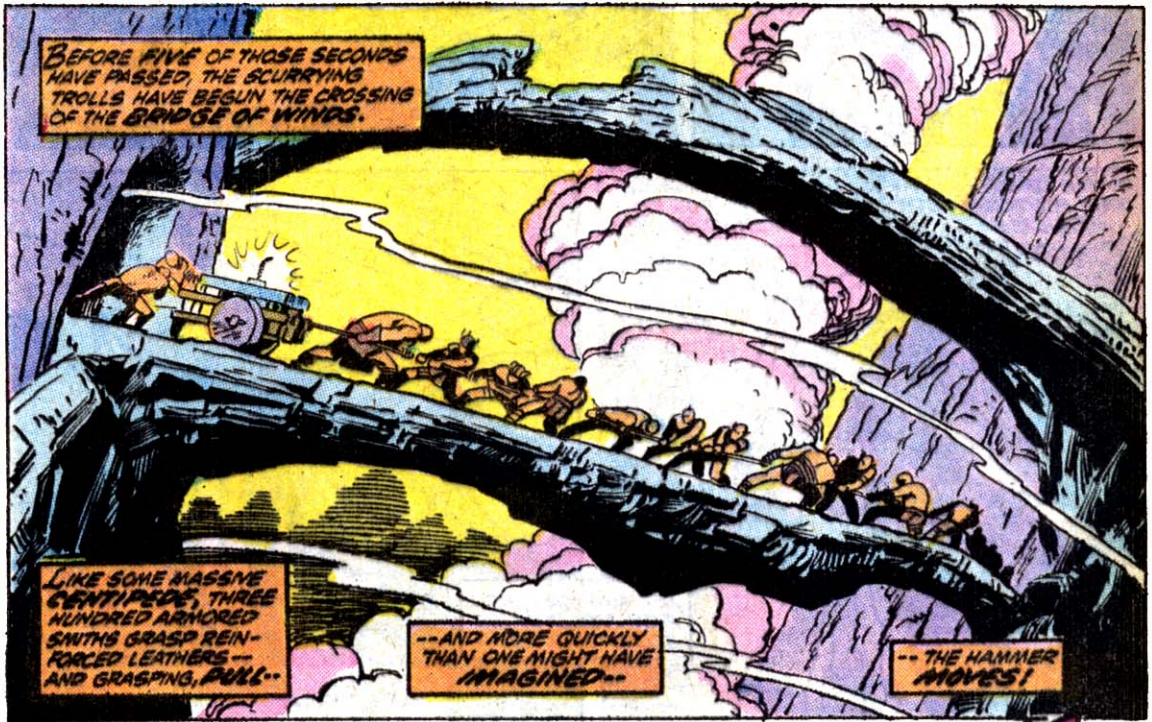


SUTUR BE PRAISED!  
THE MAGICKS DID  
NOT FAIL.

THOR'S  
HAMMER IS  
OURS!

QUICKLY--WE MUST  
PROCEED AS  
PLANNED.

WE HAVE  
LESS THAN  
SIXTY  
SECONDS.



BEFORE FIVE OF THOSE SECONDS  
HAVE PASSED, THE SCURRYING  
TROLLS HAVE BEGUN THE CROSSING  
OF THE BRIDGE OF WINDS.

LIKE SOME MASSIVE  
CENTIPEDE, THREE  
HUNDRED ARMORED  
SMITHS GRASP REIN-  
FORCED LEATHERS--  
AND GRASPING, PULL--

--AND MORE QUICKLY  
THAN ONE MIGHT HAVE  
IMAGINED--

-- THE HAMMER  
MOVES!



YET, SIMULTANEOUS  
WITH THE TROLL'S TREK--

COME, THUNDER GOD--  
ARE YOU A WOMAN, TO  
BE FELLED WITH  
ONE BLOW?

A CHILD-- TO  
WHIMPER WHEN  
STRUCK?

AND YE--  
TO STRIKE FROM  
BEHIND?



WHAT OF YE--  
UNNNNNH!!

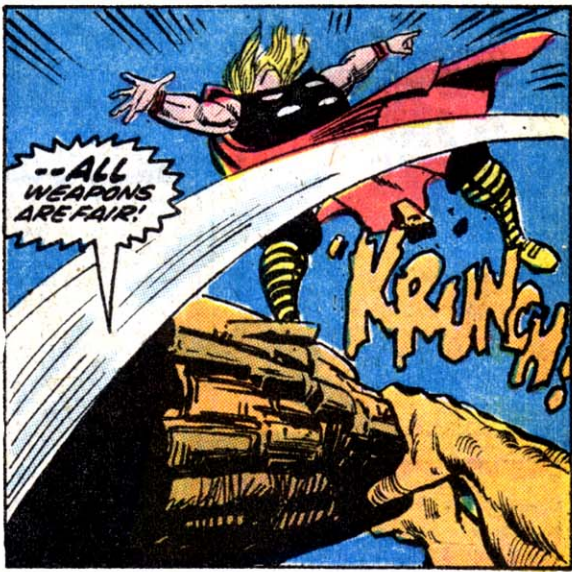
THAK!



I? I AM A WARRIOR BORN, ASGARDIAN!

YOUR KIND AND MINE HAVE FOREVER WARRED-- WILL FOREVER WAR--

--AND IN WARS SUCH AS THIS--



--ALL WEAPONS ARE FAIR!

KRUNG!

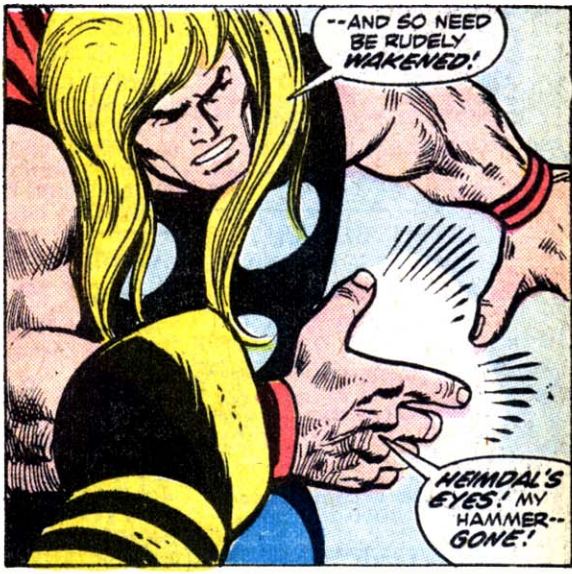


THEN THY POSE OF "HONOR"-- 'T WAS MERELY THAT, A POSE?

AYE, A MOMENT'S POSTURE--

--NO MORE!

THOU MUST THINK THYSELF ABOVE THE FATE OF MEN AND GODS--



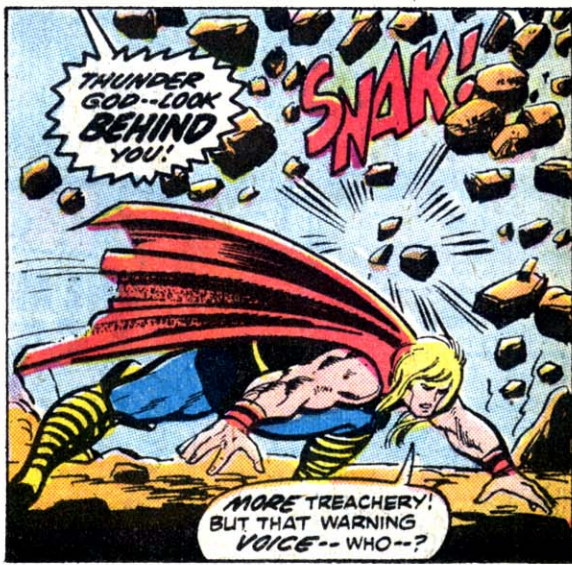
--AND SO NEED BE RUDELY WAKENED!

HEIMDAL'S EYES! MY HAMMER-- GONE!



NOW, ULIK-- WHILST HIS ATTENTION IS ELSEWHERE.

IN ANOTHER THIRTY SECONDS-- 'T WILL BE A MOLLON VICTORY!



THUNDER GOD-- LOOK BEHIND YOU!

SNAK!

MORE TREACHERY! BUT THAT WARNING VOICE-- WHO--?



MILADY--DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE **DONE**?

YOU SAVED THE ASGARDIAN --ARE YOU **MAD**?

THEN-- 'T WAS **TAY** CRY?



AYE, OPINSON-- BUT PRAY, ASK NOT **WHY**--

FOR IN TRUTH-- I DO NOT **KNOW**--

DO NOT **KNOW**?

PERHAPS-- THE THOUGHT OF ONE SO **FAIR**--

--SO **UNFAIRLY** DONE?



WHATE'ER THE REASON, MILADY--

THOU DOTH HAVE THE **GRATITUDE** OF THOR--

--GRATITUDE THINE-- **ETERNAL**.



**ETERNITY?**

**FOOL**-- YOU HAVE LESS THAN A **HEART-BEAT**!

IN BUT ANOTHER **MOMENT**--

-- I SHALL REVERT TO **HUMAN FORM**--

THAT WHICH MUST **EVER** OCCUR, WHEN THOR AND HAMMER **PART**!



NOW I SEE THY PLAN, **TROLL**--

THOU HAST **STOLEN** THAT WHICH DOTH ALLOW ME TO **MAINTAIN** THIS GODLING FORM 'PON PLANET **EARTH**--

--ALREADY, MOST OF A **MINUTE** HAS PASSED--



--MOST, MONSTER-- BUT NOT **ALL**!

**BAKDOM**

AND NOW--  
HE RUNS--

HE RUNS WITH A FERIOR  
NO MORTAL MAN  
COULD MUSTER.

HE RUNS--TO RETAIN  
HIS VERY IDENTITY--

--AN IDENTITY WHICH IS  
ON THE VERGE OF  
SLIPPING AWAY--

--FOR ALREADY--  
FIFTY SECONDS  
HAVE PASSED!

HOLD!

THE GOD OF  
THUNDER  
COMMANDS  
IT!

I SAY THEE--  
**HOLD!**

IGNORE HIM!  
THE INFERNAL FIRE  
BECKONS--

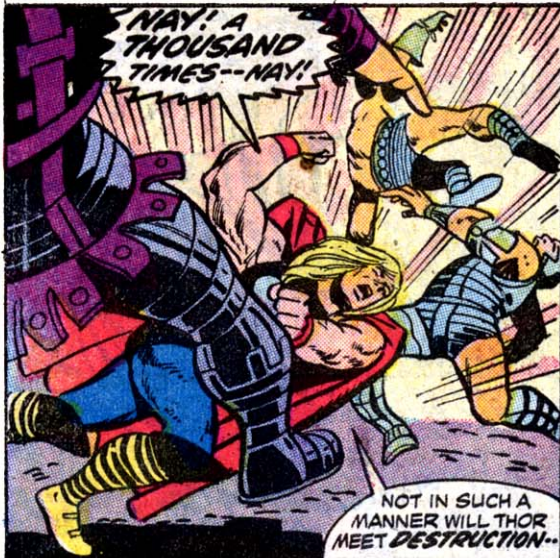
--AND ONCE  
WITHIN--  
NONE MAY SAVE--  
THE HAMMER OF  
THOR!

FOR THE BRIEFEST OF INSTANTS,  
THE HAMMER TREMBLES AGAINST  
THE SHEET OF MAGNETIZED URU  
METAL-- AND THEN--

--IT  
**FALLS!**

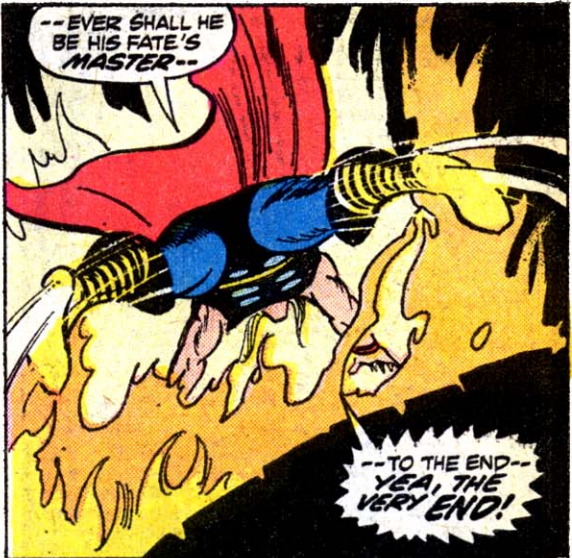
**DONE! DONE!**  
THE THUNDER GOD  
IS DOOMED--

NOTHING  
CAN SAVE HIM  
NOW!



**NAY! A THOUSAND TIMES--NAY!**

NOT IN SUCH A MANNER WILL THOR MEET DESTRUCTION--



--EVER SHALL HE BE HIS FATE'S MASTER--

--TO THE END-- YEA, THE VERY END!



BY THE SEVEN WINDS--

A VICTORY MORE FITTING THAN ANY I DREAMED!

HE'D PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH--

-- JUST FOR THAT MYSTIC HAMMER!



THEN 'TIS OVER--'TIS DONE!

NOW NONE STANDS BETWEEN US AND THE EARTH--

ASGARD, TOO, WILL BE OURS!

OURS!



NO LONGER NEED WE COWER BENEATH THE EARTH--

NO LONGER NEED WE SCURRY FROM EVERY SHADOW--EVERY TWISTED SHAPE!



NOW--THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH IS AT HAND--

--THE MOMENT OF ULTIMATE REVENGE!

STRIKE, BROTHERS--STRIKE, WHILE THE WILL IS STRONG--



--STRIKE--

VENGEANCE IS OURS!