

THOR

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# THE MIGHTY THOR



FATHER AGAINST SON!  
**ODIN AGAINST THOR!**  
**GOD VS. GOD!**

TO THE WINNER:  
**ASGARD!**



**AND TO THE LOSER--DEATH!**



# STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE MIGHTY THOR!

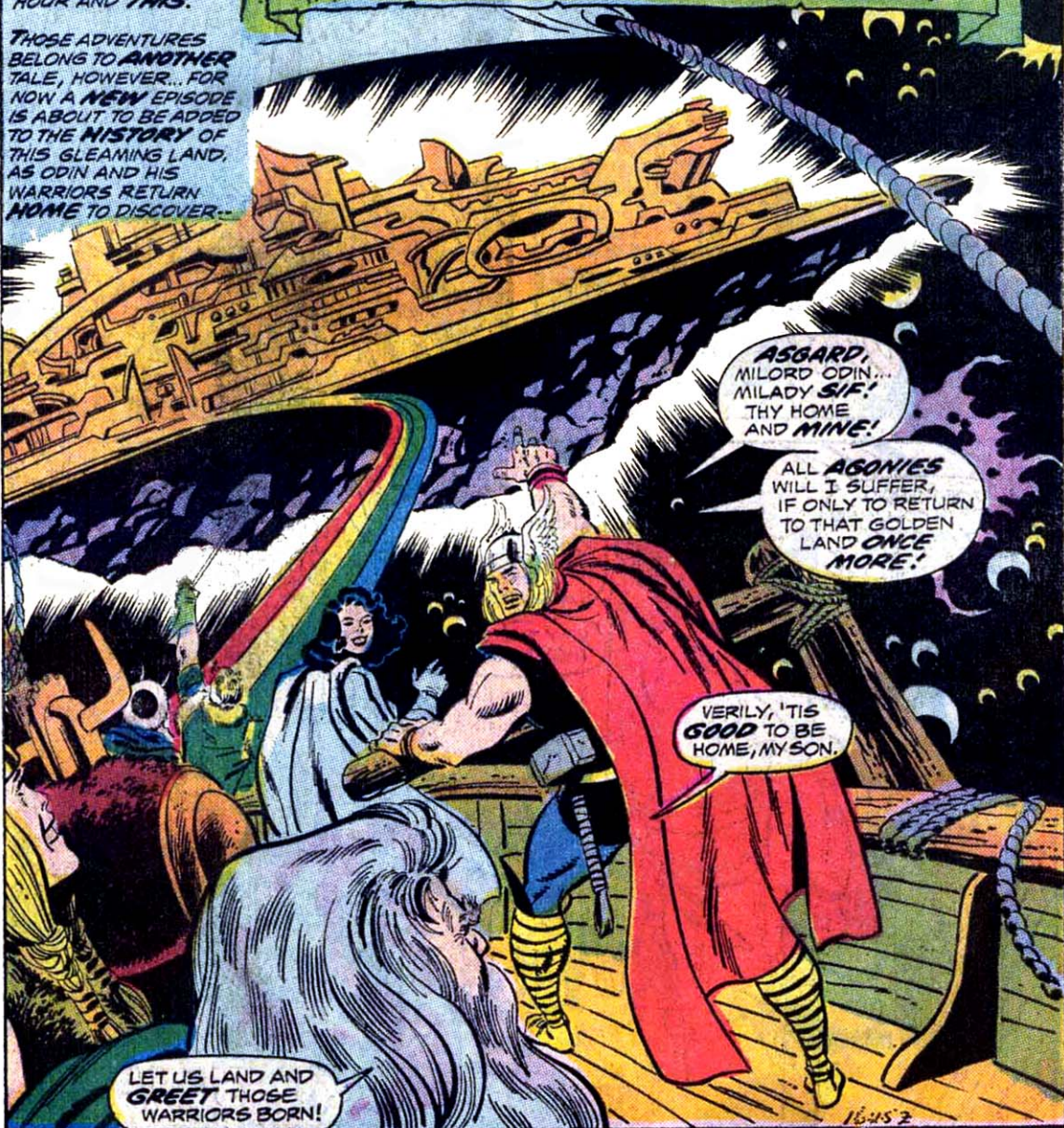
GERRY CONWAY / JOHN BUSCEMA & SAL BUSCEMA / J. COSTANZA, LETTERER / ROY THOMAS,  
SCRIPTEUR ARTISTS EXEMPLAR P. GOLDBERG, COLORIST EDITOR

LO, THE GOLDEN  
GATES OF  
ASGARD!

LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE  
THE EYES OF THESE  
HARRIED WARRIORS  
LAST BEHELD THE  
ETERNAL REALM--  
AND MANY THE BATTLES  
THEY'VE FOUGHT IN  
THE DAYS SINCE THAT  
HOUR AND THIS.

THOSE ADVENTURES  
BELONG TO ANOTHER  
TALE, HOWEVER... FOR  
NOW A NEW EPISODE  
IS ABOUT TO BE ADDED  
TO THE HISTORY OF  
THIS GLEAMING LAND.  
AS ODIN AND HIS  
WARRIORS RETURN  
HOME TO DISCOVER--

## ALL SWORDS AGAINST THEM!



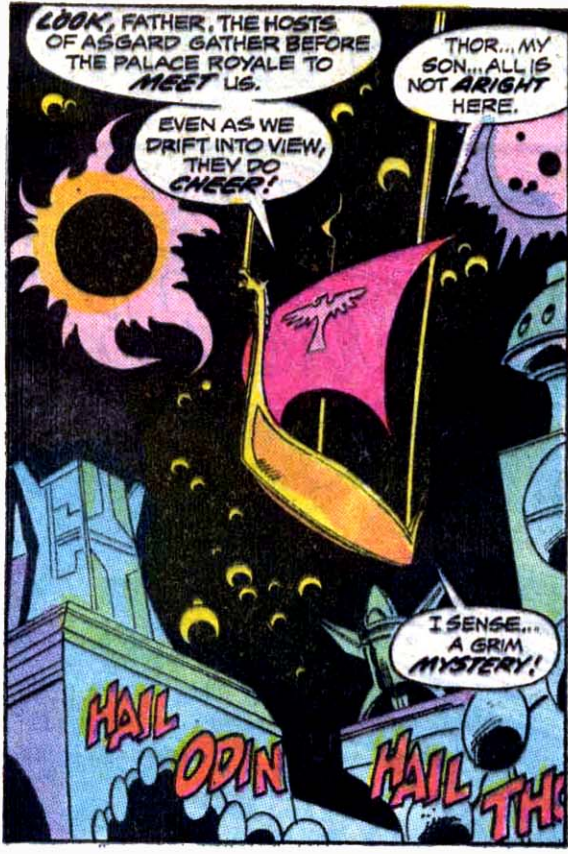
ASGARD,  
MILORD ODIN...  
MILADY SIF!  
THY HOME  
AND MINE!

ALL AGONIES  
WILL I SUFFER,  
IF ONLY TO RETURN  
TO THAT GOLDEN  
LAND ONCE  
MORE!

VERILY, 'TIS  
GOOD TO BE  
HOME, MY SON.

LET US LAND AND  
GREET THOSE  
WARRIORS BORN!





LOOK, FATHER, THE HOSTS OF ASGARD GATHER BEFORE THE PALACE ROYALE TO MEET US.

EVEN AS WE DRIFT INTO VIEW, THEY DO CHEER!

THOR... MY SON... ALL IS NOT ARIGHT HERE.

I SENSE... A GRIM MYSTERY!

HAIL ODIN

HAIL THOR



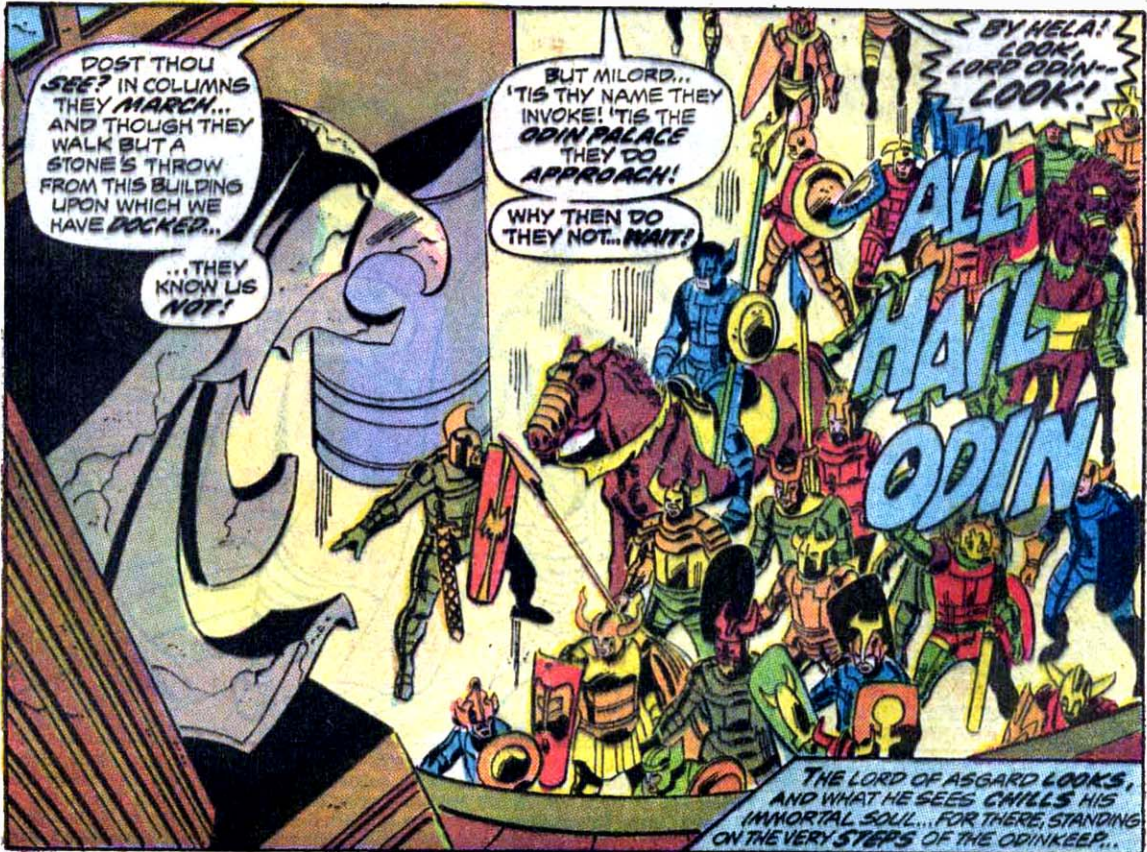
THERE, MY SON... DO YOU SEE? THEY PASS BELOW US, UNSEEING...

INDEED, THEY MARCH LIKE MEN UNAWARE OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS, LIKE MEN ENTRANCED!

BUT, FATHER... IS IT NOT OUR NAMES THEY PRAISE? HOW THEN...?

LET US WATCH, THOR.

THE MYSTERY IS YET UNFOLDING!



DOST THOU SEE? IN COLUMNS THEY MARCH... AND THOUGH THEY WALK BUT A STONE'S THROW FROM THIS BUILDING UPON WHICH WE HAVE DOCKED...

...THEY KNOW US NOT!

BUT MILORD... 'TIS THY NAME THEY INVOKE! 'TIS THE ODIN PALACE THEY DO APPROACH!

WHY THEN DO THEY NOT... WAIT!

BY HELA! LOOK! LORD ODIN-- LOOK!

ALL HAIL ODIN

THE LORD OF ASGARD LOOKS, AND WHAT HE SEES CHILLS HIS IMMORTAL SOUL... FOR THERE, STANDING ON THE VERY STEPS OF THE ODINKEEP...



-- IS ODIN, AND ALL THE LORDS OF ASGARD!

**HAIL ODIN!**

**HAIL THOR!**

**HAIL ASGAAAAAARD!**



AND THEN, LIKE A COLD BLADE SLICING THROUGH A BLOCK OF STEEL, A MIGHTY VOICE RINGS OUT, ECHOING THROUGH THE STREETS, FILLING THE VAST COURTYARD-- A VOICE FILLED WITH IMPERIOUS FURY!

IN THE NAME OF THE REALM ETERNAL... I SAY THEE NAY!  
THIS GAME SHALL GO NO FURTHER...



SO SAYS ODIN... LIEGE OF ALL ASGARD, THY LORD MOST HIGH!

GET THEE HENCE, IMPOSTOR-- LEST THOU DO TH FEEL MY REGAL WRATH!

AND THE WRATH OF THOSE WHO STAND WITH ODIN!







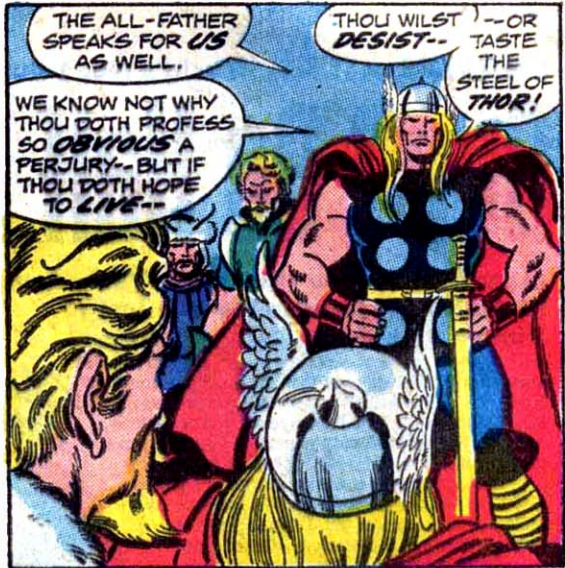
WHO ART THOU TO ORDER ME? RATHER, 'TIS I WHO COMMANDS THESE...

I SAY THESE BEGONE CHARLATAN!

WHOEVER THOU ART, TAKE THYSELF AWAY FROM MINE EYES... LEST I DESTROY THEE FOR MOCKING ME SO!

THERE IS ONLY ONE LORD GOD IN ASSGARD...

AND I AM HE!



THE ALL-FATHER SPEAKS FOR US AS WELL.

THOU WILST --OR TASTE THE STEEL OF THOR!

WE KNOW NOT WHY THOU DOTH PROFESS SO OBVIOUS A PERJURY-- BUT IF THOU DOTH HOPE TO LIVE...



AY, 'TIS THOU WHO ART THE IMPOSTER!

ALL ELSE MAY THOU COPY-- BUT NOT THOR'S MYSTIC MALLET, THE HAMMER CALLED MJOLNIR!

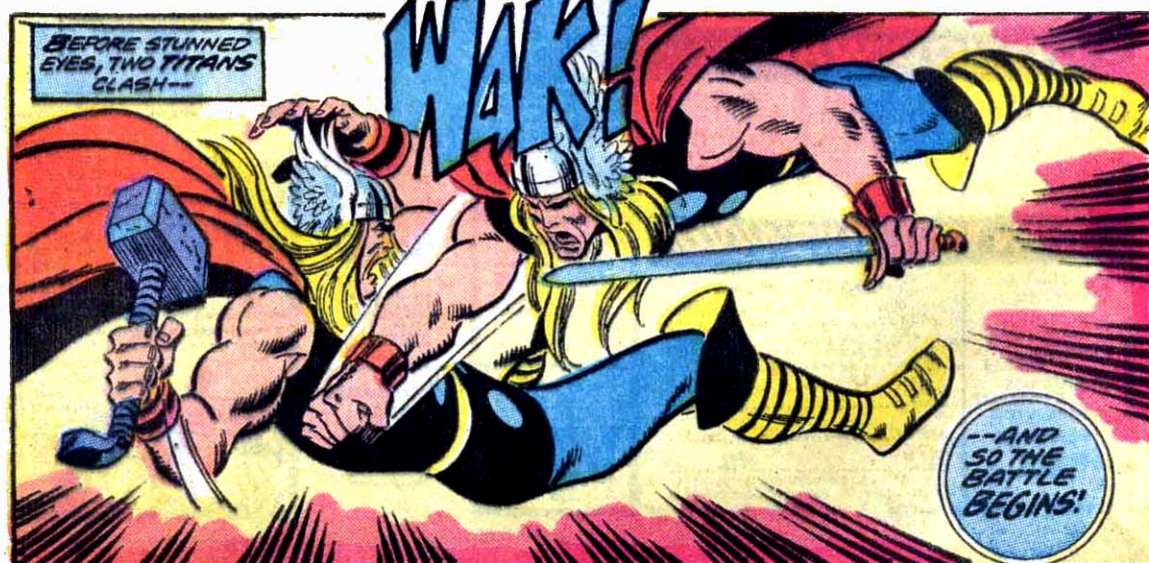
'TIS THIS WHICH PROVES THE LIE--

--CHALLENGE IT IF THOU DOTH DARE!



I DARE, INTRUDER!

AND THOU DOT DARE-- DEATH, AT THE BLADE OF THE THUNDER GOD!



BEFORE STUNNED EYES, TWO TITANS CLASH--

WAK!

--AND SO THE BATTLE BEGINS!





**VILLAIN! THOU DOST AVOID MY EVERY THRUST!**

**VERILY, IMPOSTOR-- THOU DOST THINK ME A FOOL?**

**DOST THOU DREAM I'D WAIT ON THEE--**

**--LIKE A LAMB AT THE SLAUGHTER?**



**AFTER THEM, NOBLE LORDS! FIGHT THEM AS WE'VE FOUGHT TOGETHER THESE PAST DAYS, IN THE VOID BETWEEN THE STARS!**

**FIGHT THEM FOR ODIN--**



**--FOR THOR, AND YEA-- FOR ASGARD!**

**KLANG!**

**SWISH!**

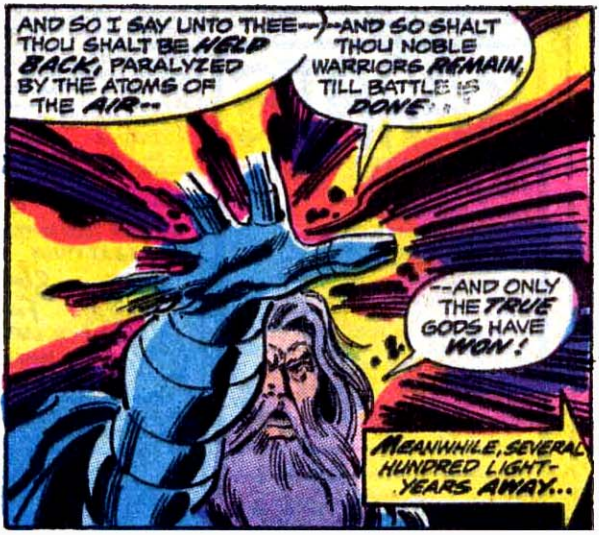
**TWAK!**



**THEN, AS THE SOLDIERS OF THE ETERNAL REALM BURGE FORWARD TO AID THEIR LIEGE-- A LORD THEY THINK IS ODIN-- THE TRUE ALL-FATHER BELLOWS AN IMPERIAL COMMAND!**

**NAY-- THOU SHALT GO NO FURTHER!**

**NO INNOCENT BLOOD SHALL BE SHED THIS DAY--**



**AND SO I SAY UNTO THEE-- THOU SHALT BE HELD BACK, PARALYZED BY THE ATOMS OF THE AIR--**

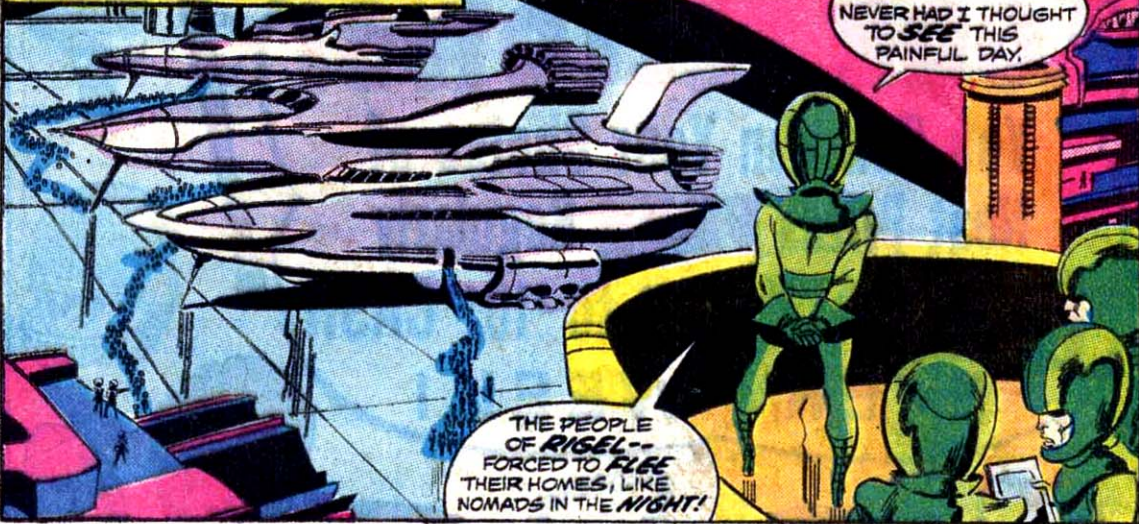
**--AND SO SHALT THOU NOBLE WARRIORS REMAIN, TILL BATTLE IS DONE!**

**--AND ONLY THE TRUE GODS HAVE WON!**

**MEANWHILE, SEVERAL HUNDRED LIGHT-YEARS AWAY...**



IN THE CONSTELLATION RIGEL, ON A WORLD KNOWN AS THE COMMAND PLANET, HOME OF THE UNCANNY RACE CALLED THE COLONIZERS, A BONE-WEARY FIGURE STANDS WATCHING THE END OF HIS PEOPLE'S HISTORY.



NEVER HAD I THOUGHT TO SEE THIS PAINFUL DAY.

THE PEOPLE OF RIGEL-- FORCED TO FLEE THEIR HOMES, LIKE NOMADS IN THE NIGHT!



FOR SIX DAYS HAVE I WATCHED THE MULTITUDES BOARD THE GIANT VESSELS OF OUR FLEET...

...AND FOR SIX DAYS HAVE I PRAYED THAT THE HORROR WHICH MAKES US RUN MIGHT TURN ASIDE...

THAT WE MIGHT BE SPARED THIS TERRIBLE HUMILIATION.



PERHAPS WE WOULD DO BETTER TO FACE THE TERROR WHICH APPROACHES OUR WORLD FROM THE DEPTHS OF INTER-GALACTIC SPACE.

IT WOULD NOT BE SUCH A PAINFUL THING AS THIS.

TO DIE NOBLY, STANDING PROUD UPON THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS-- THE WORLD OF OUR ANCESTORS--

BUT NO...



I HAVE NO RIGHT TO THINK OF HONOR. I AM THE GRAND COMMISSIONER--

--UPON MY SHOULDERS RESTS THE SURVIVAL OF MY RACE. WE MUST SURVIVE... AND LEAVING OUR HOMEWORLD IS NOT SO TERRIBLE A THOUGHT...

...FOR ARE WE NOT... THE COLONIZERS?

IS IT NOT OUR INBORN DESTINY TO WANDER-- TO COLONIZE --TO RULE?



EXCELLENCY, A REPORT ON THE BLACK STARS.

THEY WILL REACH RIGEL WITHIN A FORTNIGHT. WE MUST--

AWAY WITH YOU.

I KNOW WHAT WE MUST DO--AND I'LL HEAR NO MORE!

CURSE YOUR SOUL-- LET RIGEL DIE IN PEACE.





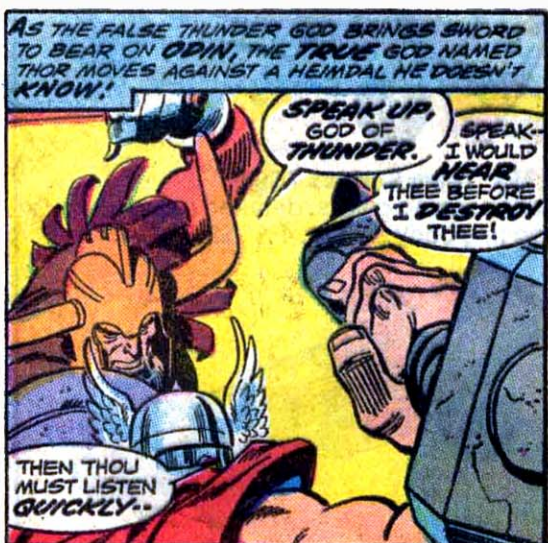
WE'LL LEARN MORE ABOUT THE MENACE FACING RISEL NEXT ISSUE... FOR NOW, FAR MORE IMMEDIATE MATTERS CLAIM OUR ATTENTION... LIKE SO!

THOU WOULDST RAISE THY HAND AGAINST THE TRUE ODIN?

IN TRUTH, IMPOSTOR-- THOU SHALT REGRET THY-- UNNNNNH!

NAY... 'TIS THOU WHO SHALT REGRET E'ER MEETING...

...THE MIGHTY BLADE OF THOR!



AS THE FALSE THUNDER GOD BRINGS SWORD TO BEAR ON ODIN, THE TRUE GOD NAMED THOR MOVES AGAINST A HEMDAL HE DOESN'T KNOW!

SPEAK UP, GOD OF THUNDER.

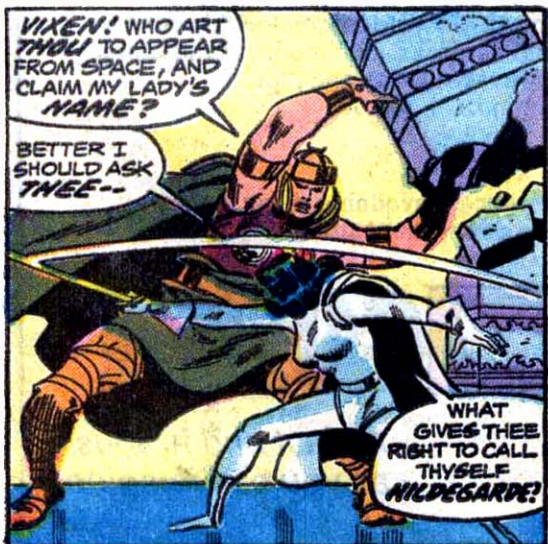
SPEAK-- I WOULD HEAR THEE BEFORE I DESTROY THEE!

THEN THOU MUST LISTEN QUICKLY--



-- FOR THEE, THE END IS NEAR!

WHUNK!



VIXEN! WHO ART THOU TO APPEAR FROM SPACE, AND CLAIM MY LADY'S NAME?

BETTER I SHOULD ASK THEE--

WHAT GIVES THEE RIGHT TO CALL THYSELF HILDESARDE?



KRUMP!

THIS, FALSE LADY SIF!

THIS!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN A GLADE NOT FAR FROM THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE...

THIS FIGHTING FRIGHTENS ME... I UNDERSTAND NOT ITS MEANING!

IS IT NOT MADNESS ENOUGH WHEN ENEMY BATTLES WITH ENEMY?

HOW MUCH MADDER IS IT--

--WHEN FATHER FIGHTS WITH SON?

'TIS MORE THAN THE MIND OF KRISTA CAN COMPREHEND-- MORE, I THINK, THAN EVEN MY FATHER COULD EXPLAIN!

I MUST HIDE TILL 'TIS OVER...

PERHAPS HERE IN THE WEST WOODS I MAY... BUT HOLD.

WHAT MIRACLE IS THIS?

BEFORE ME ON THE SLOPE... A GLOWING STONE.

NAY, 'TIS MORE THAN A STONE, 'TIS UNLIKE ANY STONE KRISTA HAS EVER SEEN...

PATTERNS: THERE ARE PATTERNS AND PLANS IN ALL THINGS, THOUGH PERHAPS NOT IMMEDIATELY APPARENT. SO TOO THERE IS A PURPOSE IN THE SCENE WE HAVE JUST WITNESSED-- WHICH WILL BECOME CLEAR AT SOME OTHER TIME.

FOR NOW, LET'S RETURN TO OUR HEROES-- AND ONE HERO IN PARTICULAR: FANDRAL, HE OF THE FLASHING BLADE!

HAVE AT YE, VARLETS!

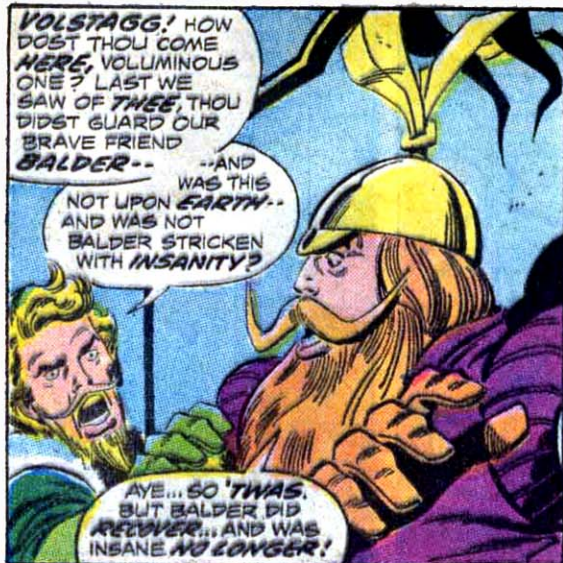
PRESS ME BACK ALL THOU WILT, UNTIL I MAY STRIKE-- SO!

EH? SOME MOUNTAINOUS FORM BEHIND ME?

THOU TOO SHALT FACE FANDRAL'S STEEL, OAF--!

'TIS A PROMISE I MEAN TO-- WHAT IN THE NAME OF HADES?





**VOLSTAGG!** HOW DOST THOU COME HERE, VOLUMINOUS ONE? LAST WE SAW OF THEE, THOU DIDST GUARD OUR BRAVE FRIEND **BALDER**--

--AND WAS THIS

NOT UPON **EARTH**-- AND WAS NOT **BALDER** STRICKEN WITH **INSANITY**?

**AYE... SO 'T WAS,** BUT **BALDER** DID RECOVER... AND WAS **INSANE NO LONGER!**



MY FRIEND, 'TIS A **MIRACLE** I STAND BEFORE THEE TODAY-- A FINE FIGURE OF **COURAGE** AND **LOYALTY!**

AGAINST MY **BETTER JUDGEMENT,** I FOLLOWED OUR **BROTHER-IN-ARMS HOME** TO **ASSGARD**-- FOR HE SOUGHT THEE AND **THOR,** TO AID IN THY HUNT FOR **SIF**--

\* THOR #213, --RT.



"AT FIRST WE THOUGHT THE REALM **STILL EMPTY**-- FOR WHEN LAST **BALDER** WALKED THE **GOLDEN STREETS,** THEY WERE **DESERTED** \*--

"THEN, WE HEARD VOICES FROM THE **PALACE**--

\* THOR #212, --RT.



"--AND UPON **INVESTIGATION,** WE DISCOVERED THAT **IMPOSTORS** HAD SEIZED ALL **ASSGARD!**

THOU DOTH DARE TO ACCUSE **BALDER** OF **FAKERY?**

UNSHEATHE THY **SWORD,** IMPOSTOR!

'TIS **THOU** WHO ART THE **LIAR**--



--AND 'TIS **THOU** WHO SHALT PERISH BY **BALDER'S** BLADE!



"HE WAS SORELY **OUTNUMBERED** BY THE **IMPOSTORS,** AND QUICKLY **BEATEN.**

"IN ORDER TO-- AH-- **SAVE** HIM AT SOME LATER DATE, I **FLED**--

"--AND HAVE BEEN **AWAY** E'ER SINCE!"



AND THOU HAST DONE NOTHING TO SAVE HIM THIS PAST FORTNIGHT?

VERILY, 'T WAS ALL I COULD DO TO RESTRAIN MYSELF.

THOU HAST SUCCEEDED ADMIRABLY, FAT ONE. WHERE IS OUR COMRADE?

IN THE DUNGEONS BELOW. I WAS ABOUT TO HIE TO HIS RESCUE WHEN THOU--

ENOUGH TALK, MY LARGE FRIEND.

'TIS TIME WE ACTED INSTEAD!

STAY BEHIND ME, FRIEND VOLSTAGG. I'LL NOT HAVE THY SHADOW BLOCKING MY--

STARS OF THE DARK NEBULA!

DEMON HOUNDS OF HELL!

BACK, VILE ONES--OR TASTE COLD STEEL!

HA! DANCE, MY LADS--

DANCE ON FANDRAL'S SWORD!

BRAVE WORK, FAIR FANDRAL!

WHILST THOU DOST DISPATCH THESE BEASTS, IT FALLS TO ME TO PROTECT THE REAR--

A CHARGE I MOST WILLFULLY--

YAAAAAAH!!

HOUNDS! I'M STRUCK!

KRUMP!





AND IT APPEARS THOU DOST STRIKE WELL IN TURN, VAST ONE.

DIDST THOU THINK I WOULD DO OTHER-WISE?

NOT FOR NAUGHT AM I KNOWN AS VOLSTAGG-- THE TRIUMPHANT!

AH, I SEE OUR LITTLE SEARCH IS OVER--

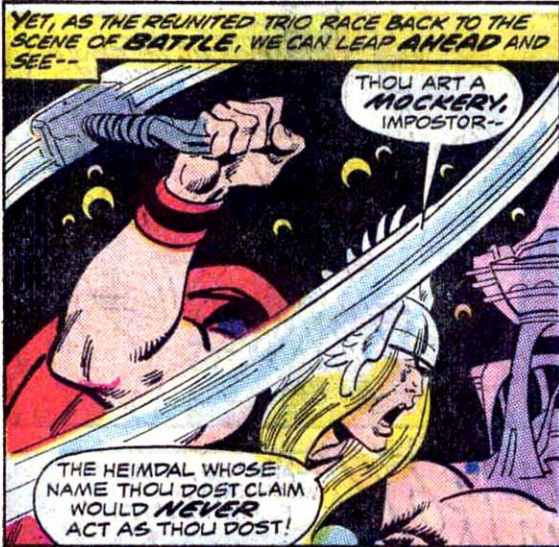


BALDER! THOU ART FREED.

THEN LET US JOIN IT--

TAKE UP THY SWORD-- THE BATTLE AWAITS THEE!

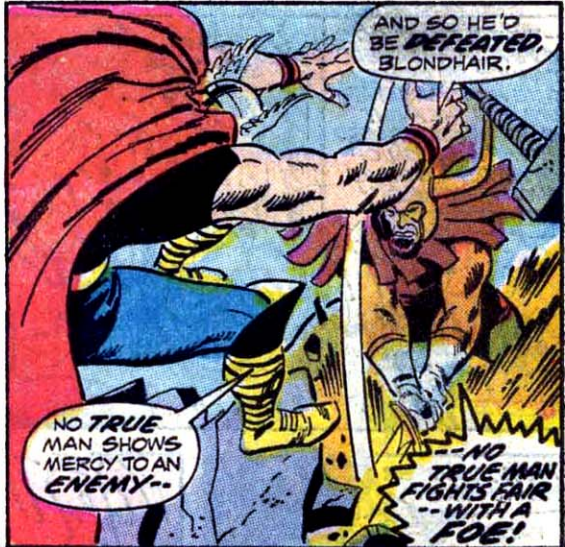
THERE'LL BE TIME ENOUGH FOR SPEECHES WHEN FIGHTING IS DONE-- AND OUR HOLY CAUSE IS WON!



YET, AS THE REUNITED TRIO RACE BACK TO THE SCENE OF BATTLE, WE CAN LEAP AHEAD AND SEE--

THOU ART A MOCKERY, IMPOSTOR--

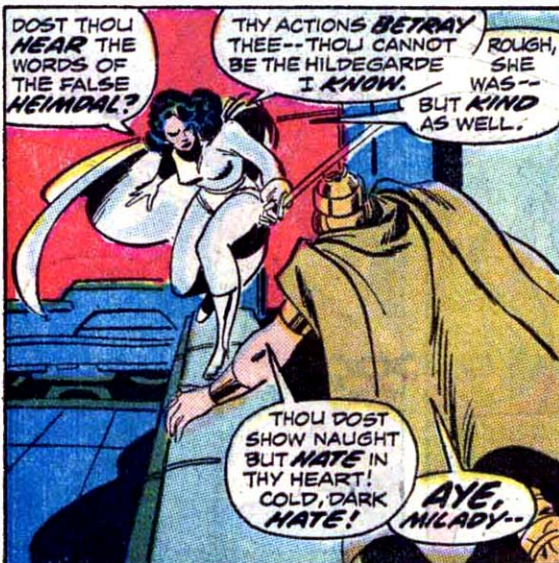
THE HEIMDAL WHOSE NAME THOU DOST CLAIM WOULD NEVER ACT AS THOU DOST!



AND SO HE'D BE DEFEATED, BLONDHAIR.

NO TRUE MAN SHOWS MERCY TO AN ENEMY--

---NO TRUE MAN FIGHTS FAIR-- WITH A FOE!



DOST THOU HEAR THE WORDS OF THE FALSE HEIMDAL?

THY ACTIONS BETRAY THEE-- THOU CANNOT BE THE HILDEGARDE I KNOW.

ROUGH, SHE WAS-- BUT KIND AS WELL.

THOU DOST SHOW NAUGHT BUT HATE IN THY HEART! COLD, DARK HATE!

AYE, MILADY--



RRRRRIIPP

---BUT ALSO I SHOW STRENGTH-- AND 'TIS STRENGTH WHICH WILL PREVAIL!





PERHAPS NOT, WITCH-IMPOSTOR!

WIT MAY ALSO WIN-- WHEN WIT IS TURNED AGAINST THE LIKES OF THEE!

FATHER ODIN-- RELEASE THY RESTRAINING BARRIER!



LET THE BATTLE-BOLD WARRIORS OF ASGARD IN!

AT ONCE, THE LIEGE OF ASGARD COMPREHENDS THE LADY'S MEANING--



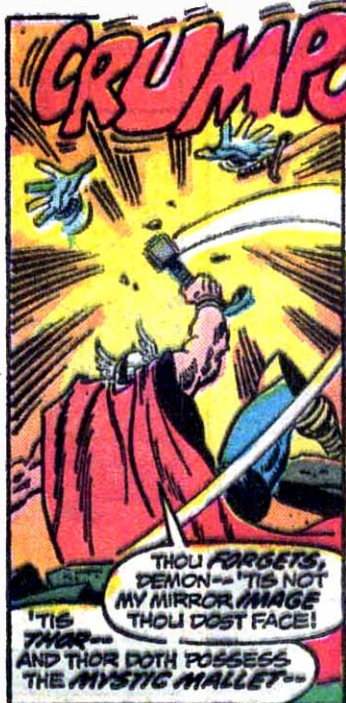
-- THAT A FIGHT SO EVENLY MATCHED CANNOT BE WON BY ONE PARTY ALONE-- UNLESS THE FIGHT IS MADE CONFUSED BY THE ADDITION OF OTHERS-- SUCH AS THESE!

WITH A SHOUT, THE BEWILDERED WARRIORS SURGE THROUGH THE COLLAPSING BARRIER-- CHARGING TO THE AID OF-- WHOM?



NOW, USURPER FROM SPACE!

FACE HEIMDAL'S WRATH AS--



**GRUMPO!**

THOU FORGETS, DEMON-- 'TIS NOT MY MIRROR IMAGE THOU DOST FACE!

'TIS THOR-- AND THOR DOTH POSSESS THE MYSTIC MALLET--



-- AND 'TIS Mjolnir WHICH HATH BROUGHT FORTH THY DOOM!

NO! I DRIFT FROM THE RAINBOW BRIDGE!

ALREADY, I FEEL THE CHANGE BEGINNING!





"TIS AS THE WIZARD WARNED! IF E'ER WE STEP FROM THE REALM OF ASGARD-- THE SPELL BINDING US WILL SURELY DISSOLVE!

HELP ME, THOR-- I ADMIT THY TRUE IDENTITY!

HELP ME--



HELP ME, BEFORE I FADE-- AND CAN WALK THE WORLDS OF GODS AND MEN-- NO MORRRRREEEE!!!



SPELLS AND WIZARDS? THEN 'TIS INDEED TRICKERY-- AND MAYHAP TREASON AS WELL!

I MUST RETURN TO THE STREETS OF THE REALM--



KRUNCH!

-- FOR ONLY THERE WILL I FIND SHE WHO HOLDS MY HEART, SHE WHO MUST ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS MOST IMPORTANT SEARCH--



MILADY SIF! ART THOU WELL?

I AM A WOMAN, MILORD--

I FEARED THOU WOULDST FARE BADLY!

--NOT A WEAKLING. I WOULD HAVE SURVIVED, I THINK.



'TIS GOOD TO HEAR, MILADY. IT DOTH CLEAR MY MIND FOR OTHER THINGS-- BUT WAIT!

IS THAT NOT BALDER UPON YON ROOF?

AND SHOULD NOT BALDER BE ON EARTH?







IT BEGAN WHEN LOKI BECAME DISPLEASED WITH MY AMBITION-- AND DETERMINED TO "REWARD" ME WITH A FATE MOST FOUL, AS SLAVE TO THE DARK-HEARTED TROLLS! \*

FOR MONTHS THAT SEEMED TO BORDER ON YEARS, I LABORED UNDER THEIR CRUEL COMMAND...

...AND AS I SLAVED, I PLOTTED... AND SEETHED WITH A BURNING RAGE!

\* IT HAPPENED IN THOR #179 --RT.

AT LAST, MY MOMENT TO ESCAPE ARRIVED-- IN A MANNER MOST IRONIC. 'T WAS WHEN THOU DIDST BATTLE ULRIK, THEN-LEADER OF THE TROLL ARMIES-- TRYING TO STOP HIM FROM ATTACKING EARTH.

\* THOR #210, 211 --RT.

"SEIZING UPON MY CAPTORS' MOMENTARY DISTRACTION, I WORKED A SPELL UPON MY BONDS-- A SPELL WHICH IT HAD TAKEN ME MANY WEEKS TO DEVISE.

"NATURALLY IT SUCCEEDED... AND I WAS FREE...

"WITHIN THE HOUR, I RETURNED TO ASSGARD, HOPING TO MAKE USE OF MY MANY MONTHS OF PLANNING...

"I DISCOVERED MYSELF ALONE; FOR IT WAS DURING THAT TIME THAT ODIN AND THE WARRIORS OF ASSGARD WERE CAPTURED! \*

\* #212, 213 --RT.

"DAYS PASSED... FINALLY, THE WARRIORS APPEARED... WITHOUT THEE OR THY FELLOW NOBLES.

"I LATER LEARNED THOU WERT ELSE-- WHERE--"

\* 214-216 --RT.

"-- BUT AT THE MOMENT IT SCARCELY MATTERED. I HAD A NEW PLAN-- A FAR MORE DIABOLICAL ONE.

"I ACTED IMMEDIATELY--"



"IN ALL MEN AND ALL GODS, THERE IS A NEED TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING GREATER-- A POWER ABOVE OUR OWN. THAT NEED TO BELIEVE IS A WORTHY ENERGY, MY LORD THOR--"



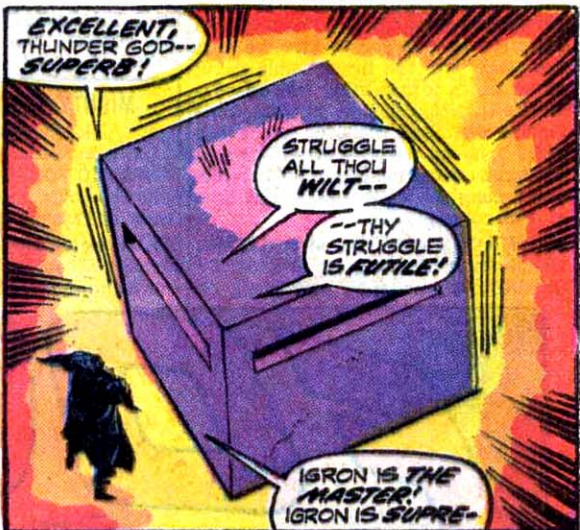
"--AN ENERGY SURPASSING ANY FORCE KNOWN TO GOD OR MAN!"

"TAPPING THAT POWER THAT WILL TO BELIEVE IN THE WARRIORS OF ASGARD, I CREATED MY OWN LORDS AND LADIES OF ASGARD-- AND AS LONG AS THEY REMAINED ON ASGARD, AND REMAINED OBEDIENT TO ME-- I GAVE THEM LIFE AND BREATH!"



FOR HAS NOT A MORTAL SAGE OF EARTH WRITTEN-- "IF GOD DID NOT EXIST, MAN WOULD CREATE HIM?!" AND IS THIS NOT WHAT I HAVE DONE-- I, IGRON THE INVINCIBLE!

MASTER OF ASGARD-- AND SOON LORD OF THE DARK DOMAN!



EXCELLENT, THUNDER GOD-- SUPERS!

STRUGGLE ALL THOU WILT--

--THY STRUGGLE IS FUTILE!

IGRON IS THE MASTER! IGRON IS SUPRE-



HEEEEEEE!

KLANK!



WELL STRUCK, BRAVE BALDER, IT APPEARS OUR FRIEND SPOKE TOO MUCH--

AND LISTENED BEHIND HIM ALL TOO LITTLE!



MY FRIENDS, THOU ART A HAPPY SIGHT... AND THOU HAST ARRIVED AT JUST THE PROPER MOMENT.

LATER SHALL WE TALK-- AND BALDER MAY REVEAL WHY HE HAST COME TO ASGARD.

NOW, HOWEVER-- THE WIZARD'S SPELL CRUMBLES--





--AND SO 'TIS TIME WE DO RETURN TO BATTLE, AND SOMEHOW USE WHAT KNOWLEDGE WE'VE GAINED-- TO DISPATCH OUR MIRRORED FOES!

SO WE SHALL, MILORD--

--IF E'ER VOLSTAGG DOTH REMOVE HIS BULK FROM MY SHOULDER!

OFF ME, THOU BLOODY OAF!



FANDRAL, BALDER AND VOLSTAGG-- HIE THEE TO THE SIDE OF TANA NILE AND SILAS GRANT!

I SHALL SEEK OUT THE FALSE ODIN--

THIS DAY-- JUSTICE SHALL BE MET AND DONE!



THEN LET IT BE DONE QUICKLY, MILORD THOR!

THE SOLDIERS OF ASSGARD THINK US THE IMPOSTORS--AND FIGHT LIKE DEMONS AT BAY!



SO! THOU DOTH THINK TO BATTLE ODIN--

ODIN, WHOSE STRENGTH EXCEEDS THY OWN-- WHOSE POWER IS GREAT ENOUGH TO TOPPLE WORLDS!

SUCH IS TRUE OF MY FATHER...

BUT NAY, NOT TRUE OF THEE!



THE TRUE ODIN DIDST GIVE ME THE MALLET MJOLNIR-- DIDST BLESS IT WITH HIS HAND AND IMPART TO IT HIS STRENGTH!

NONE BUT HE MAY TRULY STAND AGAINST IT--!

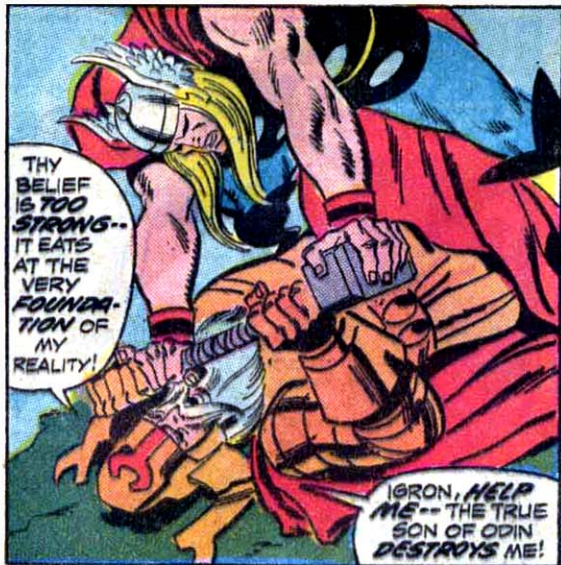


FOR ITS HOLDER IS THOR, GOD OF THUNDER--

PROTECTOR OF THE ETERNAL REALM!

SPAK!





THY BELIEF IS TOO STRONG-- IT EATS AT THE VERY FOUNDATION OF MY REALITY!

IGRON, HELP ME-- THE TRUE SON OF ODIN DESTROYS ME!



SEEK NO SUCCOR THERE, IMPOSTOR.

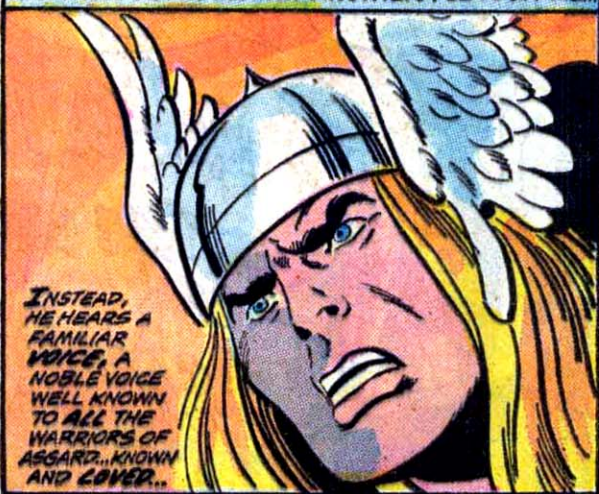
THE WEASEL IGRON IS GONE.

THEN SO AM I, THUNDER GOD--



SO TOO AM I!!!

NEARLY, THE YOUNG LORD OF ASGARD LIFTS HIS HEAD, AND CASTS ABOUT FOR YET ANOTHER Foe TO BATTLE...



INSTEAD, HE HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE, A NOBLE VOICE WELL KNOWN TO ALL THE WARRIORS OF ASGARD... KNOWN AND LOVED...



...FOR THE SPEAKER IS BALDER, CALLED THE BRAVE!

FELLOW ASGARDIANS... I BEG THEE, DESIST!

THIS BATTLE IS OVER...

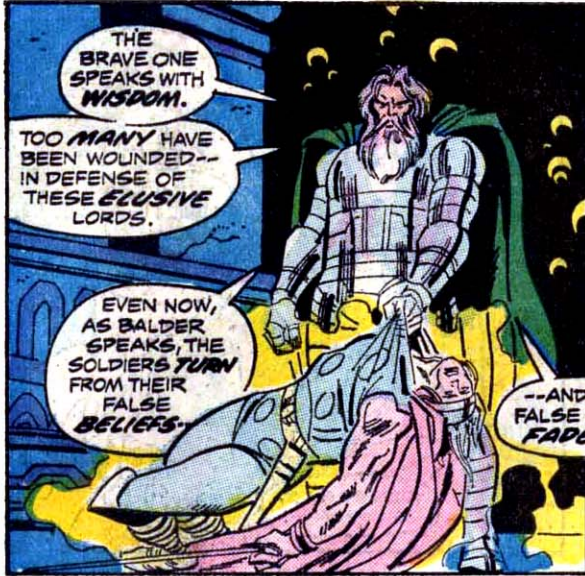


NO LONGER MUST WE RAISE SWORD AGAINST BROTHER, AXE AGAINST LORD!

LOOK ABOUT THEE, AND THOU SHALT SEE--

THY GODS HAVE RETURNED-- AND THOSE THOU DIDST HONOR IN THEIR ABSENCE-- HAVE PASSED!





THE BRAVE ONE SPEAKS WITH WISDOM.

TOO MANY HAVE BEEN WOUNDED-- IN DEFENSE OF THESE ELUSIVE LORDS.

EVEN NOW, AS BALDER SPEAKS, THE SOLDIERS TURN FROM THEIR FALSE BELIEFS.

--AND THE FALSE GODS FADE--



--AS THOUGH THEY NEVER WERE.

LET THIS BE THE LESSON WE HAVE HERE LEARNED:

BE WARY WHAT GODS THOU DOST GIVE THY LIEGANCE TO--



--FOR BELIEF IS ALL TOO EASILY USED AGAINST THEE--

--AND FAITH CAN SEED A MOST BLOODY FRUIT!

HAIL OVIN THE TRUE LORD OF ASGARD!



AND SO ONE BATTLE ENDS... BUT IN THE AFTERMATH, A FEW SHORT HOURS LATER, ANOTHER BATTLE FINDS A GRIM BEGINNING...

WHY DOES HE SEND FOR US?

ARE YOU SURE HE WANTED SILAS AND I AS WELL AS YOU AND LADY SIF?

SO THE MESSAGE SAID.

IN A MOMENT-- WE SHALL KNOW WHY.



MY SON, I HAVE GRIM NEWS.

IT AFFECTS ASGARD--AND ALL THE CIVILIZED PLANETS IN THIS GALAXY.



WHILE WE STRUGGLED TO REGAIN OUR LAND, A MENACE HAS BEEN APPROACHING FROM THE DEPTHS OF SPACE--

--A MENACE WHICH SHALL DESTROY THE WORLD OF THE COLONIZERS--



--AND THEN... ALL THE WORLDS OF MEN!

NEXT: THE MENACE FROM BEYOND!