

THOR

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# THE MIGHTY THOR



IF AN INHUMAN MONSTER CAN CRUSH HERCULES, PRINCE OF POWER--

-- CAN EVEN A THUNDER GOD PREVAIL AGAINST HIM??



THIS IS--THE DAY OF THE DESTROYER!

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

GERRY CONWAY / JOHN BUSCEMA / MIKE ESPOSITO / JOHN COSTANZA / G. ROUSSOS / ROY THOMAS  
WRITER / ARTIST / INKER / LETTERER / COLORIST / EDITOR

THEY CALL HIM  
THE GOD OF  
THUNDER, BUT  
SOMETIMES  
BEING A GOD  
ISN'T ENOUGH...

AS ANOTHER GOD DISCOVERED TWO  
THOUSAND YEARS AGO, A TIME  
COMES WHEN THE  
GOD MUST GIVE  
WAY TO THE MAN...

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES,  
FOR THOR, THE GOD  
OF THUNDER...

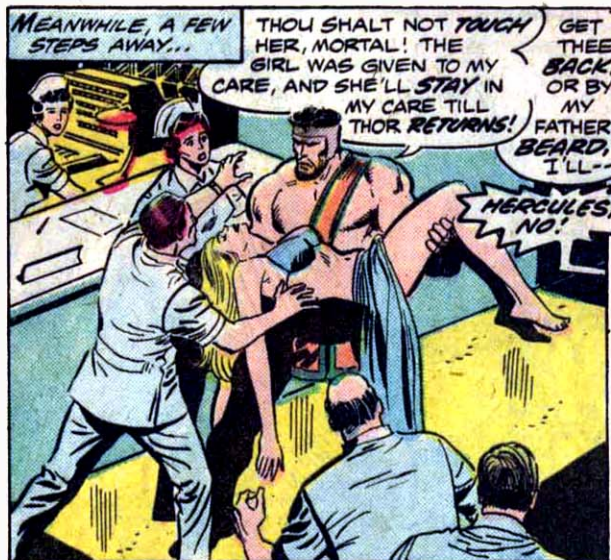
**EMERGENCY**

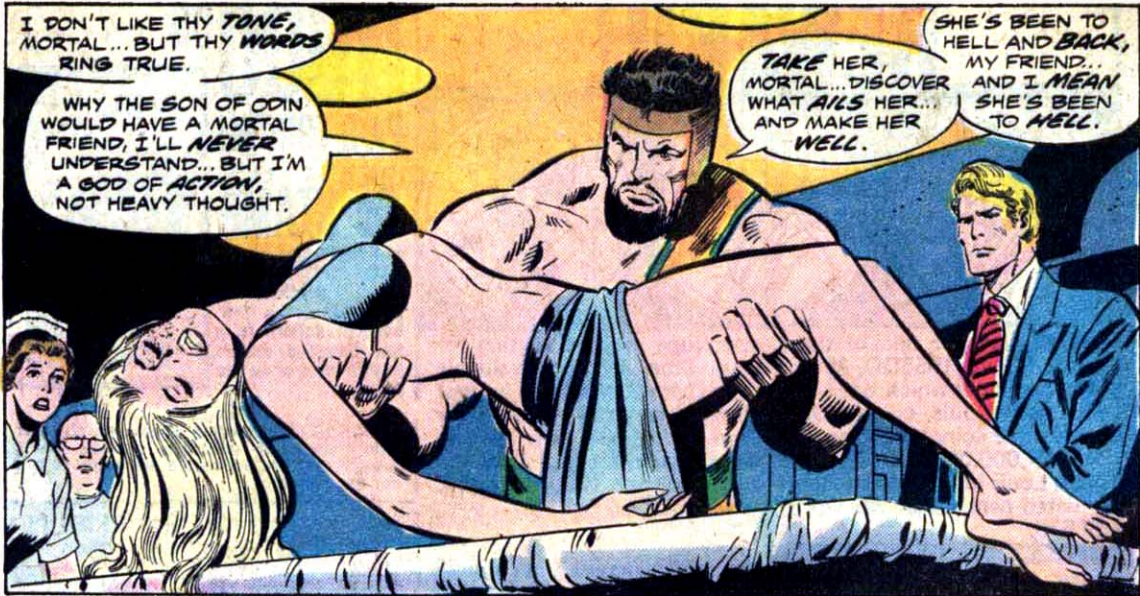
...WHO MUST BECOME  
DOCTOR DONALD  
BLAKE, THE MAN!

**NO ONE  
CAN STOP...  
THE DESTROYER!**



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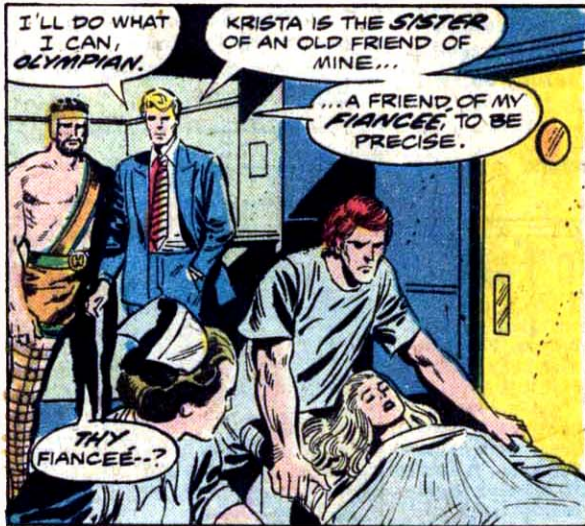


I DON'T LIKE THY *TONE*, MORTAL... BUT THY *WORDS* RING TRUE.

WHY THE SON OF ODIN WOULD HAVE A MORTAL FRIEND, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND... BUT I'M A GOD OF ACTION, NOT HEAVY THOUGHT.

TAKE HER, MORTAL... DISCOVER WHAT AILS HER... AND MAKE HER WELL.

SHE'S BEEN TO HELL AND BACK, MY FRIEND... AND I MEAN SHE'S BEEN TO HELL.

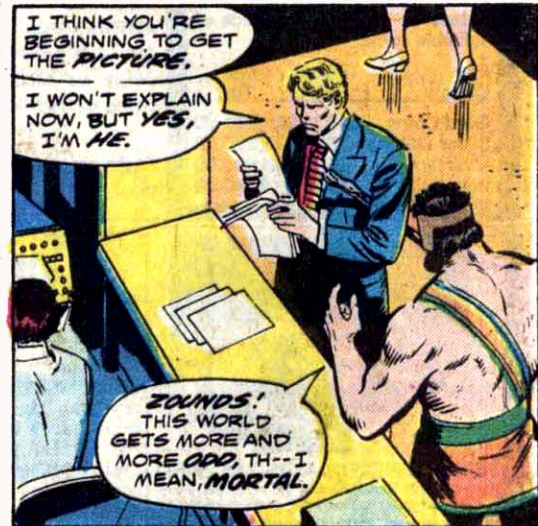


I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, OLYMPIAN.

KRISTA IS THE *SISTER* OF AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE...

...A FRIEND OF MY FIANCEE, TO BE PRECISE.

THY FIANCEE--?



I THINK YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET THE PICTURE.

I WON'T EXPLAIN NOW, BUT YES, I'M HE.

*ZOUNDS!* THIS WORLD GETS MORE AND MORE ODD, TH-- I MEAN, MORTAL.



ODDER THAN YOU *THINK*, HERCULES.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A LOOK AROUND FOR A FEW HOURS-- YOU CAN'T BE ANY HELP HERE--

--AND I'M GOING TO BE TIED UP SAVING KRISTA'S LIFE.

I'LL DO THAT, ASSGARDIAN...



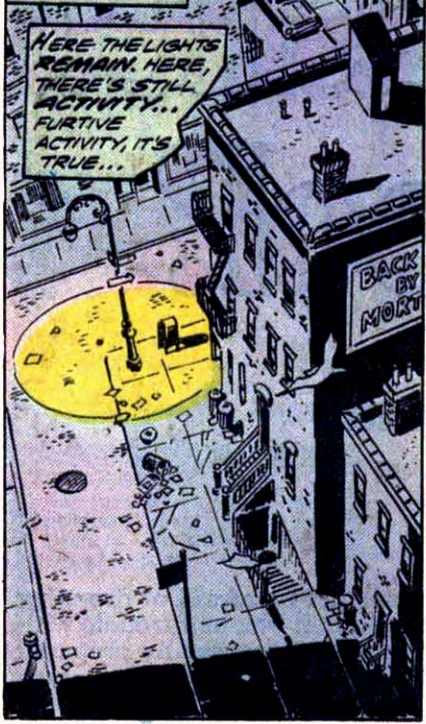
IT HATH BEEN LONG SINCE I LAST WALKED AMONG MORTAL MEN...

...AND AT THE MOMENT, I CAN USE THE ENTERTAINMENT.

I WISH MY HEART WERE AS LIGHT... BUT I'M NOW A DOCTOR...

...AND MY PATIENT'S WAITING...!

THE HOUR'S LATE, AND ALL ACROSS THIS ISLE OF MANHATTAN, LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT... EVERYWHERE, THAT IS, BUT HERE...



HERE THE LIGHTS REMAIN. HERE, THERE'S STILL ACTIVITY... FURTIVE ACTIVITY, IT'S TRUE...

...BUT ACTIVITY NONETHELESS!

CLEMENT, I STILL DON'T LIKE IT... THIS RUNDOWN LABORATORY OF YOURS, ALL THIS SECRECY...

PROFESSOR CLEMENT HOLMES IS NO MAN'S FOOL, OTTO.

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?



EVER SINCE I FIRST DISCOVERED THIS ARTIFACT, I'VE KEPT SILENT ABOUT IT--



--KNOWING IT WAS A FIND OF SUCH MAGNITUDE, MY FELLOW SCIENTISTS WOULD TRY TO STEAL IT FROM ME-- AS THEY'VE STOLEN THE CREDIT FOR MY OTHER DISCOVERIES!

THE SOUTH AMERICANS WHO LED ME TO THIS ARTIFACT CALL IT THE DESTROYER...

... BUT I SHALL CALL IT... MY SALVATION.

ACCORDING TO THEIR LEGENDS, THE DESTROYER CAN BE ACTIVATED SOMEHOW... AND IF I CAN ACTIVATE IT, THEN MY FAME WILL BE ASSURED... FOR ALL TIME!



YOU ASKED MY HELP--

--NOW I ASK YOU-- GIVE UP THIS MADNESS, CLEMENT. GIVE UP!

YOU FOOL, I'LL NEVER GIVE UP-- NOT UNTIL I'VE REGAINED MY TARNISHED REPUTATION!

NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!



THE OTHERS WERE RIGHT-- YOU'RE INSANE, CLEMENT.



I'LL HAVE NOTHING MORE TO DO WITH THIS, GOOD-BYE!

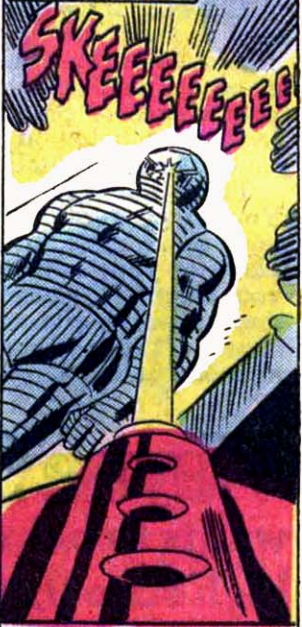
BITTER WORDS; A SLAMMED DOOR; AND THEN, BREAKING THE ENSUING SILENCE, THE HUM OF A DELICATE MACHINE...



I WAS FAMOUS, ONCE...

AFTER TONIGHT, THAT FAME WILL BE MINE AGAIN!

FOR SEVERAL SECONDS, ENERGY BUILDS WITHIN THE LASER DEVICE; BUILDS, AND FINALLY, IS RELEASED IN A BEAM OF INCREDIBLE BRILLIANCE...



SKEEEEEEEEEE!

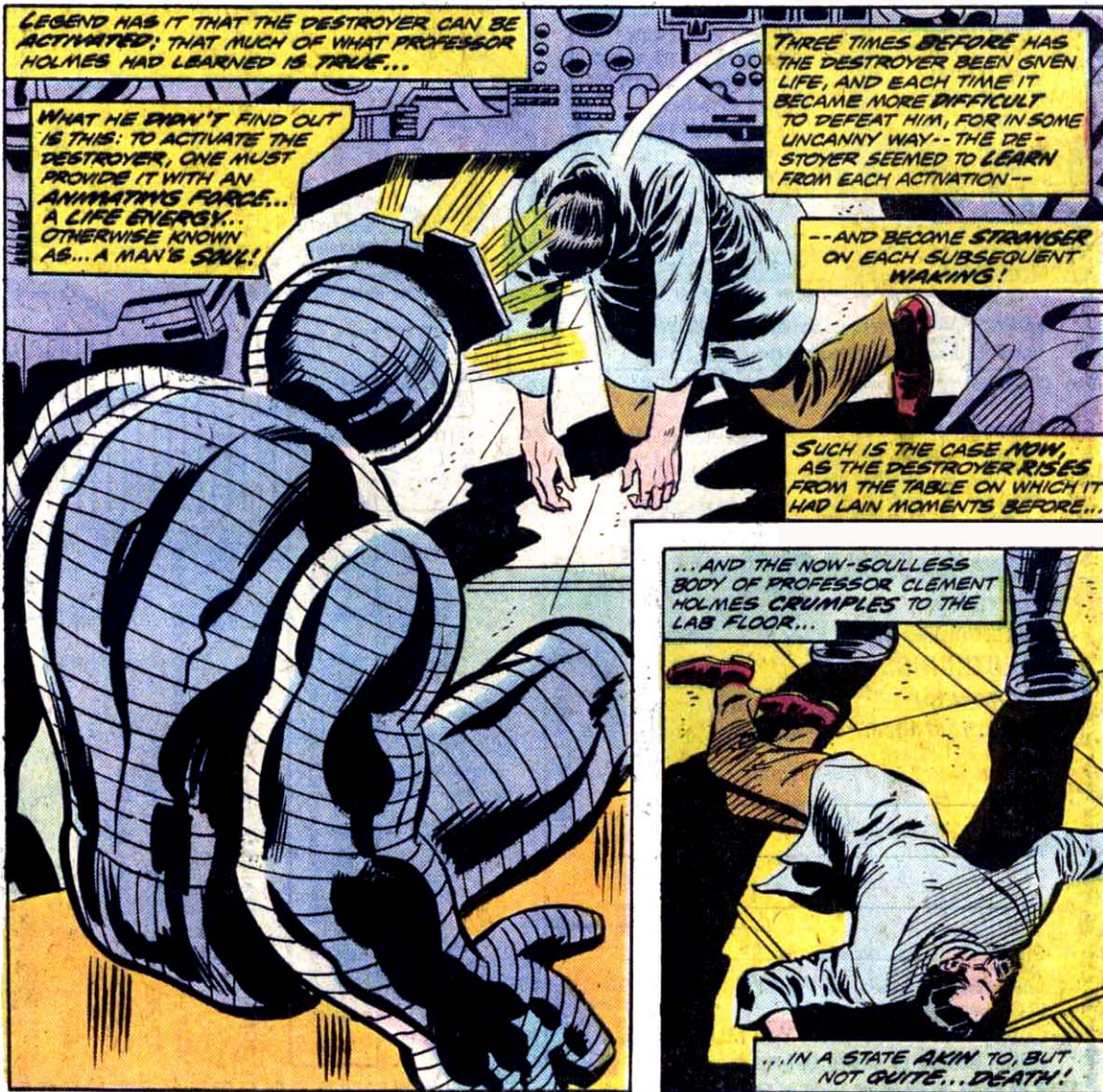
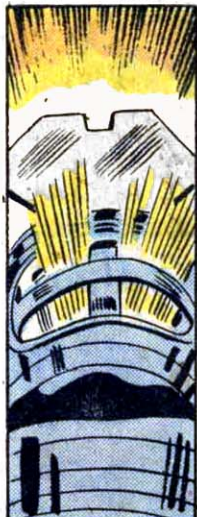
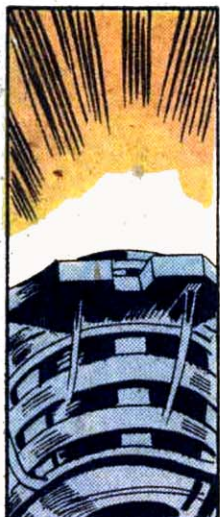
... A BEAM DIRECTED TOWARD THE LOWERED VISOR PLATE ATOP THE INERT FIGURE'S ARMORED SKULL...

THE VISOR  
PLATE...

...WHICH ABRUPTLY  
LIFTS...

...AND BEGINS,  
WEIRDLY...

...TO GLOW.



LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE DESTROYER CAN BE ACTIVATED; THAT MUCH OF WHAT PROFESSOR HOLMES HAD LEARNED IS TRUE...

WHAT HE DIDN'T FIND OUT IS THIS: TO ACTIVATE THE DESTROYER, ONE MUST PROVIDE IT WITH AN ANIMATING FORCE... A LIFE ENERGY... OTHERWISE KNOWN AS... A MAN'S SOUL!

THREE TIMES BEFORE HAS THE DESTROYER BEEN GIVEN LIFE, AND EACH TIME IT BECAME MORE DIFFICULT TO DEFEAT HIM, FOR IN SOME UNCANNY WAY-- THE DESTROYER SEEMED TO LEARN FROM EACH ACTIVATION--

--AND BECOME STRANGER ON EACH SUBSEQUENT WAKING!

SUCH IS THE CASE NOW, AS THE DESTROYER RISES FROM THE TABLE ON WHICH IT HAD LAIN MOMENTS BEFORE...

...AND THE NOW-SOULLESS BODY OF PROFESSOR HOLMES CRUMPLES TO THE LAB FLOOR...

...IN A STATE AIN TO, BUT NOT QUITE... DEATH!

FOR A MOMENT, THE DESTROYER IS IMMOBILE, ORIENTING ITSELF: WHEN LAST IT WAS AWAKE, IT WAS IN ANOTHER PART OF THIS CITY, FIGHTING THOR.\*

IT WILL GO THERE...

**WHOMP!**

\* THAT WAS IN THOR #152...RT.



...AND IT WILL FIND THE THUNDER GOD, OR ONE LIKE HIM...



...AND IT WILL DESTROY.

MEANWHILE, SEVERAL DOZEN BLOCKS SOUTH, IN THAT PART OF MANHATTAN KNOWN AS MIDTOWN...

THOR WOULD HAVE ME WANDER THE STREETS LIKE A MINSTREL... A COMMON TRAVELER...



... BUT SUCH HAS NEVER BEEN HERCULES' WAY.

LIGHTS, MUSIC, WINE... THAT'S WHAT I SEEK...



... AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THESE MORTAL ARISTOCRATS, 'TIS WHAT I'VE FOUND!

IT'S A TAVERN OF SOME KIND... A BIT MORE ELEGANT THAN MY TASTES, BUT, BY HERA, 'TWILL DO. WE'LL SEE HOW MORTAL STYLES HAVE CHANGED SINCE LAST I TROD THIS MUDDY WORLD...



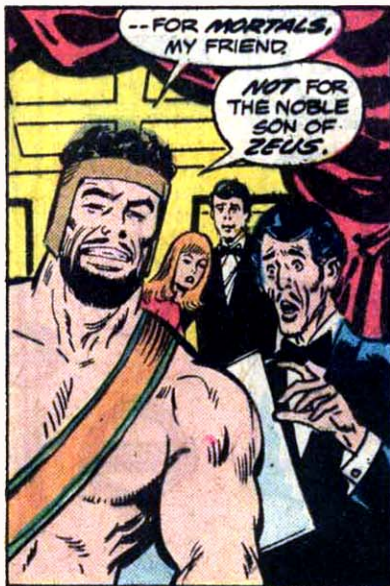
THE WENCHES, AT LEAST, SEEM THE SAME.

BUT...



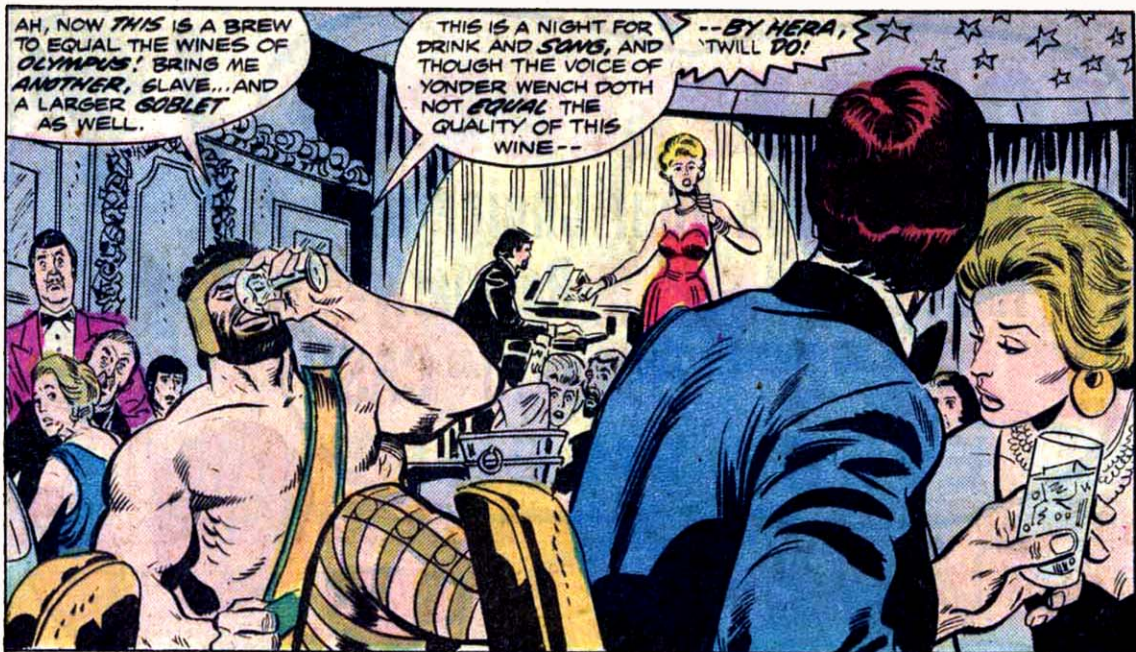
...AHM...

I'M SORRY, SIR-- BUT A TIE AND JACKET ARE REQUIRED DRESS FOR--



--FOR MORTALS, MY FRIEND

NOT FOR THE NOBLE SON OF ZEUS.



AH, NOW THIS IS A BREW TO EQUAL THE WINES OF OLYMPUS! BRING ME ANOTHER, SLAVE... AND A LARGER GOBLET AS WELL.

THIS IS A NIGHT FOR DRINK AND SONGS, AND THOUGH THE VOICE OF YONDER WENCH DOTH NOT EQUAL THE QUALITY OF THIS WINE--

--BY HERA, 'T WILL DO!



WE'LL RETURN TO HERCULES SHORTLY; RIGHT NOW, WE'VE SOME CATCHING UP TO DO... PRIMARILY, WITH DOCTOR BLAKE, WHO'S JUST COMPLETED A FATEFUL PIECE OF SURGERY...

ODD... MY HANDS HAVEN'T LOST THEIR SKILL, EVEN AFTER SO LONG...



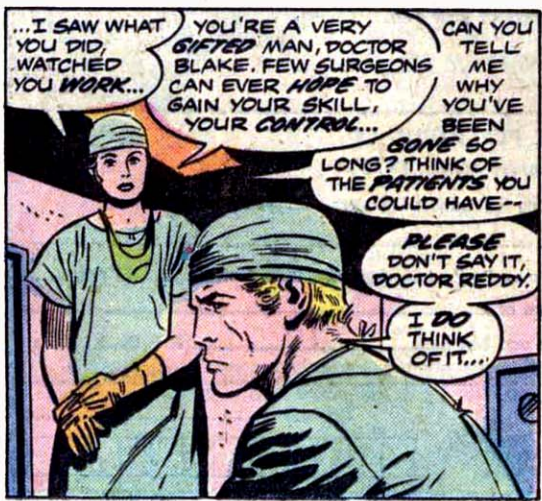
...AND BECAUSE MY HANDS WILL LIVE, IT MAKES ONE THINK, DOESN'T IT?

WE WERE ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN HER...



...AND DEATH.

DOCTOR BLAKE? I WAS IN THE OPERATING ROOM... I'M DOCTOR REDDY... LOIS REDDY.



...I SAW WHAT YOU DID, WATCHED YOU WORK...

YOU'RE A VERY SIFTED MAN, DOCTOR BLAKE. FEW SURGEONS CAN EVER HOPE TO GAIN YOUR SKILL, YOUR CONTROL...

CAN YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'VE BEEN GONE SO LONG? THINK OF THE PATIENTS YOU COULD HAVE--

PLEASE DON'T SAY IT, DOCTOR REDDY.

I DO THINK OF IT...



...AND MAY HEAVEN HELP ME... I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO.

EMERGENCY



NATURALLY, NOT EVERYONE HAS DON BLAKE'S PROBLEM OF DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY; SOME GODS DEAL WITH LIFE'S DIFFICULTIES AS THEY ARISE... SUCH AS THE GOD CALLED HERCULES...

...FROM THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS HIMSELF!

OF COURSE, THERE WAS ALSO THE MATTER OF THOSE STABLES--!

OH, DO TELL US! I COULD LISTEN TO YOU ALL NIGHT!

HERCULES' REPLY IS LOST, HOWEVER, AS...

**KRUMP!**

SOMETHING'S SHAKING THE ENTIRE BUILDING!

GREAT SCOTT, WHAT'S HAPPENING--? FIRST THAT MAD-MAN SHOWS UP, AND NOW--?

**RUMBLE!**

GOOD LORD! IT'S GETTING WORSE-- LIKE A BULL-DOZER'S OUT THERE!

HOLD, MORTALS!

WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

THOU DOST FORGET-- HERCULES DOTH STAND! AMONG THEE!

GET THEE BACK, WITLING.

WE'LL SEE WHO DARES DISTURB MY FEAST. ZOUNDS, I'LL--

**KRASH!**

EEEEEEEEE!

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HUMAN MEMORY...

**KRIPPPP**

...THE BOISTROUS PRINCE OF OLYMPUS... IS STRUCK DUMB.

**RRRIIPPP**

**KRASH!**

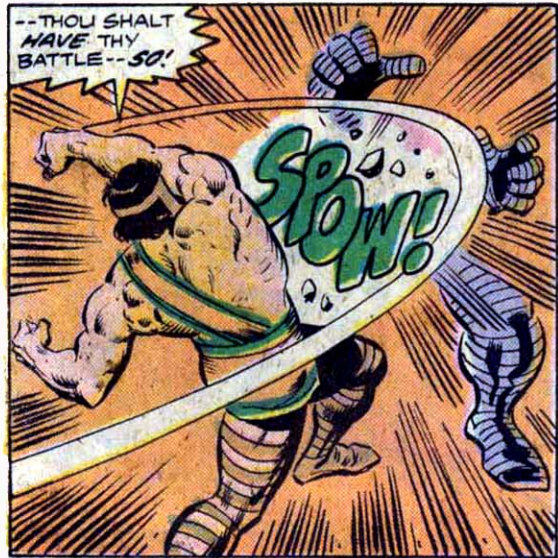
BY THE  
STAFF OF  
MY FATHER,  
**HOLD!**

(CASUAL ASIDE TO JOLTIN' JIM  
STARLIN AND CAPTAIN MARVEL, RE:  
THE DESTROYER: WE HAD THE  
NAME FIRST, GUYS! MOOHAH!  
-- MERRY GERRY, JOLLY  
JOHNNY, AND THOR.)



I KNOW NOT THY NAME, VARLET, BUT THINE INTENTION IS PLAIN.

IF THOU DOST SEEK A FIGHT, THEN IN THE NAME OF OLYMPUS-- AND BY THE BELT ABOUT MY LOINS--

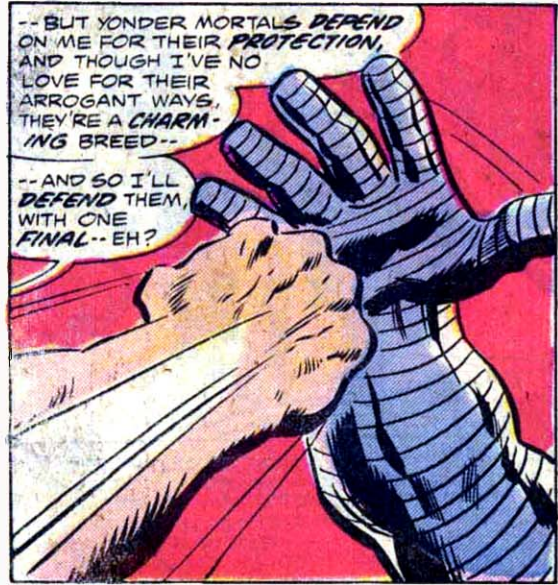


--THOU SHALT HAVE THY BATTLE--SO!



WHAT? AFTER SUCH A SLOW, THOU STILL CAN STAND?

THOU ART A WORTHY FOE, SILENT ONE--



-- BUT YONDER MORTALS DEPEND ON ME FOR THEIR PROTECTION, AND THOUGH I'VE NO LOVE FOR THEIR ARROGANT WAYS, THEY'RE A CHARMING BREED--

-- AND SO I'LL DEFEND THEM, WITH ONE FINAL--EH?



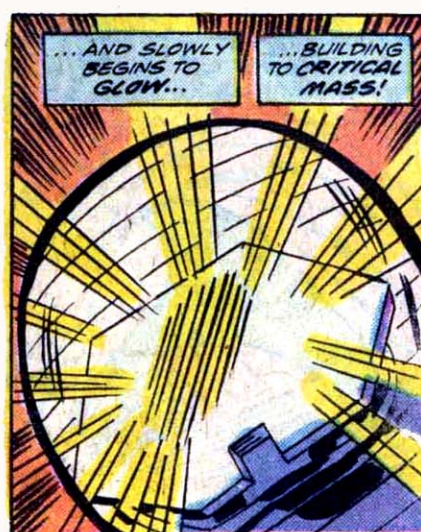
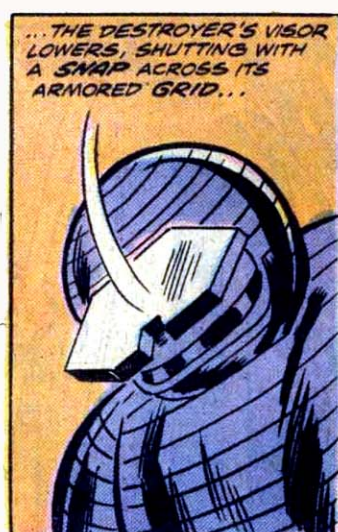
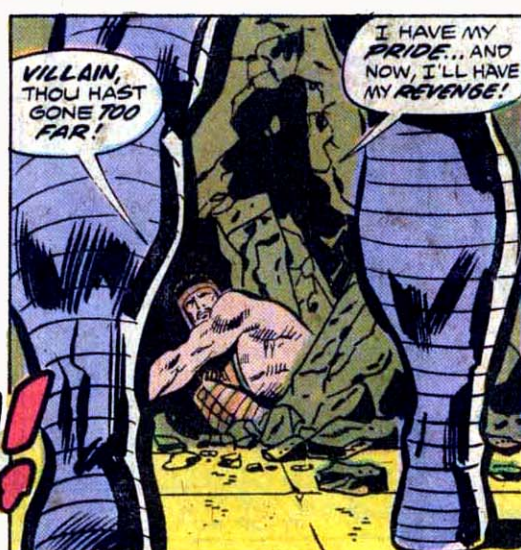
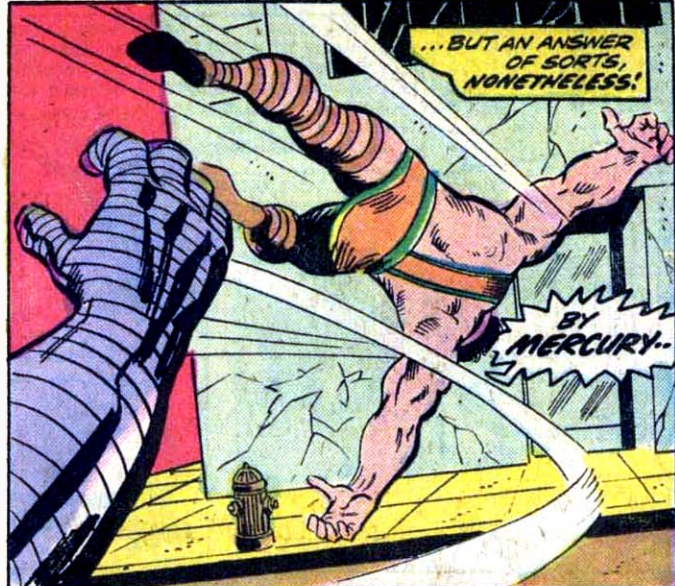
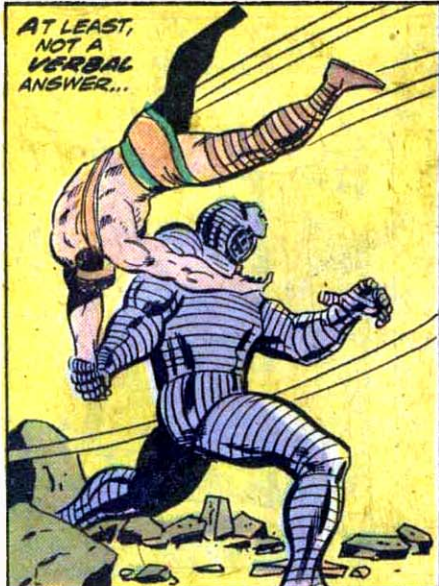
FATHER ZEUS!

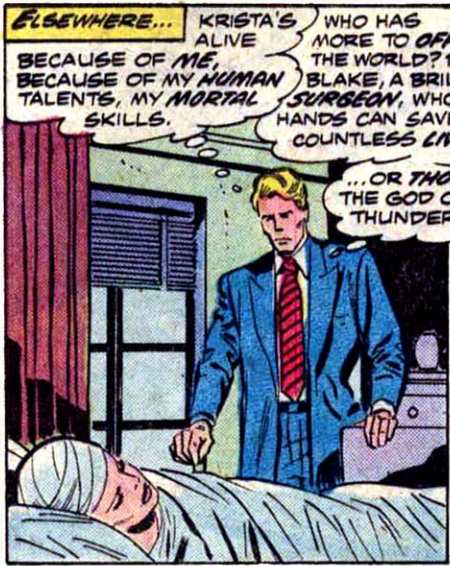
THOU DOST LIFT ME LIKE A BABE!

WHAT SORcery IS THIS? ART THOU A WIZARD-- A GOD?

ANSWER ME!

BUT THE DESTROYER GIVES NO ANSWER--





ELSEWHERE...

BECAUSE OF ME, BECAUSE OF MY HUMAN TALENTS, MY MORTAL SKILLS.

KRISTA'S ALIVE

WHO HAS MORE TO OFFER THE WORLD? DON BLAKE, A BRILLIANT SURGEON, WHOSE HANDS CAN SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES...

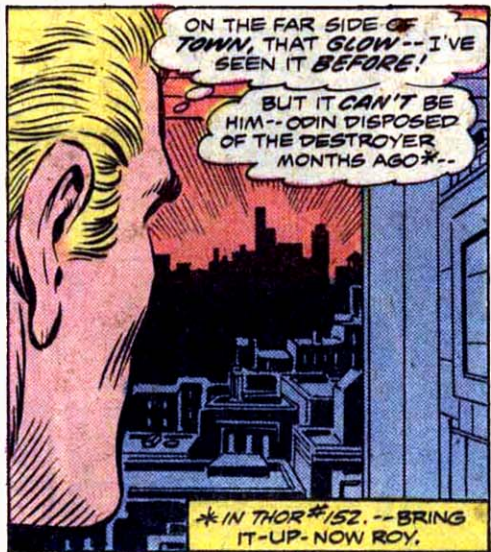
...OR THOR, THE GOD OF THUNDER...



...WHOSE LIFE OF VIOLENCE ALMOST DESTROYED THIS YOUNG GODDESS...



...AS IT MAY HAVE ALREADY DESTROYED MOST OF WHAT'S HUMAN AND GOOD IN DON BLAKE! I JUST DON'T KNOW-- IT'S ALL SO COMPLICATED, SO-- HUH?



ON THE FAR SIDE OF TOWN, THAT GLOW-- I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE!

BUT IT CAN'T BE HIM-- ODIN DISPOSED OF THE DESTROYER MONTHS AGO\*--

\*IN THOR #152. --BRING IT-UP- NOW ROY.



--YET IF HE'S BACK, HE'LL BE MORE DANGEROUS-- MORE DEADLY THAN BEFORE!

THE CHOICE IS OUT OF MY HANDS NOW...



...I MUST DO WHAT I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN I'D HAVE TO DO...



...BECOME THOR, SON OF ODIN... MASTER OF THE WORLD'S WINDS!



THUS, A FEW SECONDS LATER...

ONCE AGAIN, THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE.

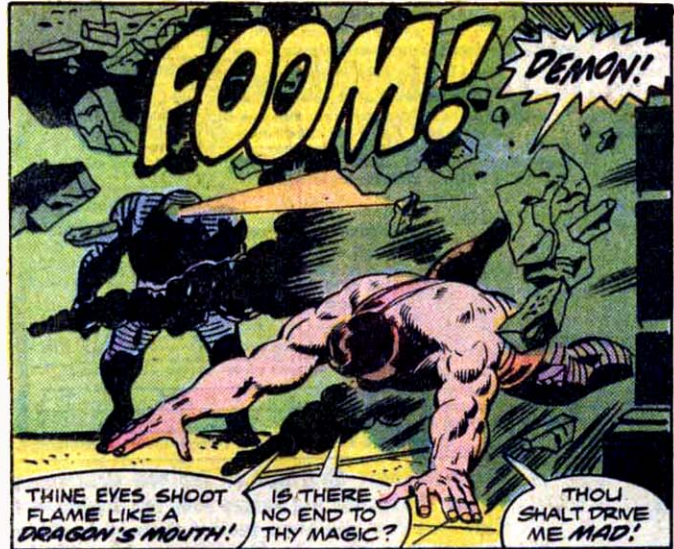
ONCE AGAIN, THE HAMMER GIVEN ME BY MY FATHER HAS DONE ITS WORK--

-- ALL HUMAN QUESTIONS OF IDENTITY HAVE BEEN QUELLED -- FOR THE SCION OF ASSGARD DO TH LIVE ONCE MORE!

DOUBTLESS, HERCULES HAS SPOTTED YON DISTURBANCE... OR THE DIN OF BATTLE WOULD NOT SOUND SO LOUDLY BELOW!

-- AND MY MALLET WILT CARRY ME TO HIS SIDE --

-- WHERE MORE BASIC QUESTIONS OF LIFE AND DEATH AWAIT OUR FINAL ANSWER!



**FOOM!**

**DEMON!**

THINE EYES SHOOT FLAME LIKE A DRAGON'S MOUTH!

IS THERE NO END TO THY MAGIC?

THOU SHALT DRIVE ME MAD!



AT THAT MOMENT, A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, THE STAR OF OUR STORY ENTERS THE SCENE, AS...


THOR! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM--

THEY'RE CRAZY-- INSANE!



NOT INSANE, MORTAL... THE DESTROYER IS BEYOND MADNESS, BEYOND SANITY.

'T WAS CREATED BY ODIN FOR A PURPOSE, TO DEFEAT THE ENEMIES OF MANKIND--



-- BUT THREE TIMES HAS THAT PURPOSE BEEN PERVERTED; THREE TIMES HAS THE DESTROYER BEEN AWAKENED BEFORE HIS HOUR HAD COME --

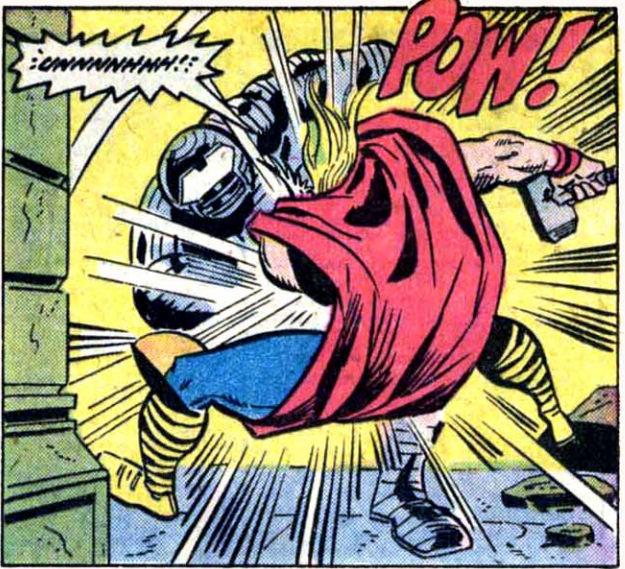
-- AND THREE TIMES HAVE I FACED HIM -- TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE!

TURN, DESTROYER! HE WHOM THOU DOST SEEK -- HATH COME!

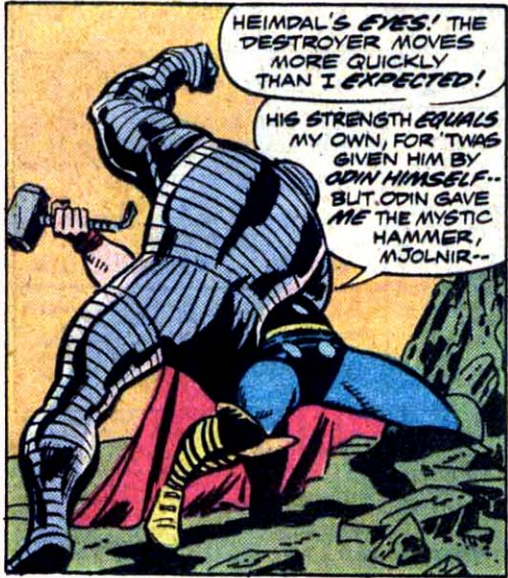
**WHAM!**



STAY BACK, HERCULES. THIS IS MY BATTLE. MY FATHER'S HAND FORGED THIS ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION-- AND SO IT MUST BE MY HAND WHICH HALTS ITS ATTACK, NOW AND FOR ALL TIME--!

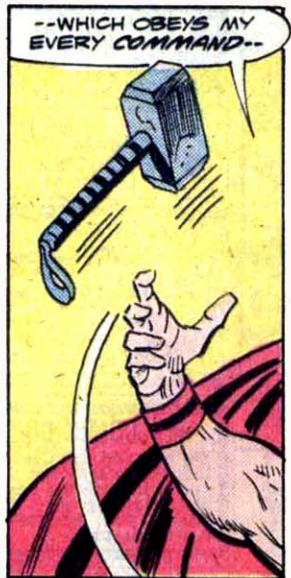


POW!  
:OMMMMMHHH!!:

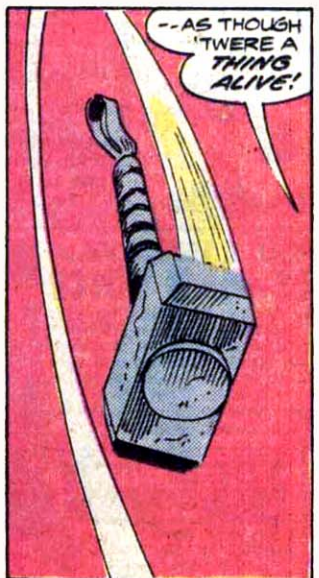


HEIMDAL'S EYES! THE DESTROYER MOVES MORE QUICKLY THAN I EXPECTED!

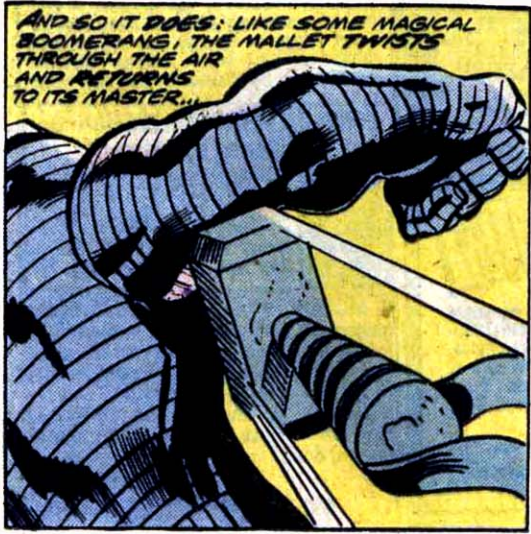
HIS STRENGTH EQUALS MY OWN, FOR 'T WAS GIVEN HIM BY ODIN HIMSELF-- BUT ODIN GAVE ME THE MYSTIC HAMMER, MJOLNIR--



--WHICH OBEYS MY EVERY COMMAND--



--AS THOUGH 'T WERE A THING ALIVE!



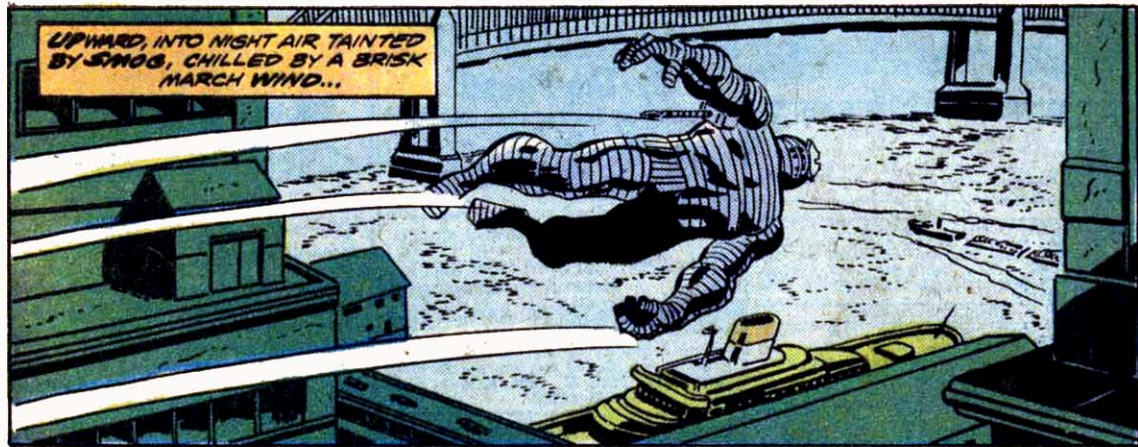
AND SO IT DOES: LIKE SOME MAGICAL BOOMERANGS, THE MALLET TWISTS THROUGH THE AIR AND RETURNS TO ITS MASTER...



... BUT INSTEAD OF REACHING THOR...

--IT STRIKES THE DESTROYER...

... AND BEARS HIM UPWARD...



UPWARD, INTO NIGHT AIR TAINTED BY SMOG, CHILLED BY A BRISK MARCH WIND...



UPWARD...

OVER...

AND DOWN!

**SPLASH!**



THEN, AS A BIRD RETURNS TO ITS ROOST...



... SO TOO DOES MJOLNIR RETURN TO ITS MASTER.



'TIS DONE AND OVER SO QUICKLY? ZOUNDS!

VERILY, THOU DOST PUT ME TO SHAME, THUNDER GOD. I--

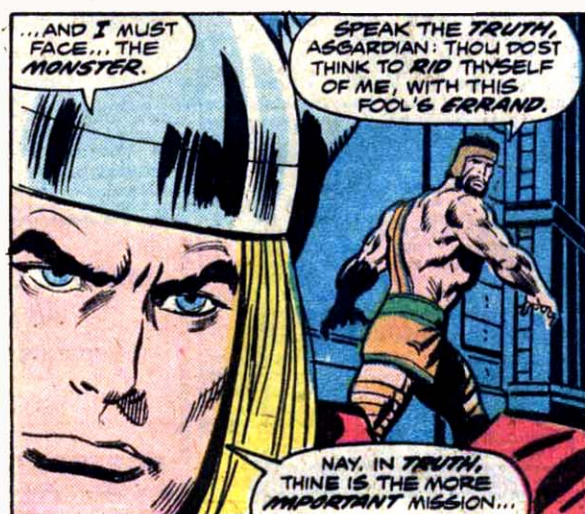
FEAR NOT, HERCULES-- THE DESTROYER IS NOT SO EASILY DISPATCHED.



WE'VE MERELY GAINED A MOMENT'S RESPITE-- THAT THOU MUST USE, TO FIND THE MORTAL WHOSE SOUL THE DESTROYER DOTH NOW POSSESS.

TO LIVE, HE MUST STEAL A MAN'S LIFE...

THOU MUST FIND THAT MAN, IF WE ARE TO ULTIMATELY SURVIVE...



... AND I MUST FACE... THE MONSTER.

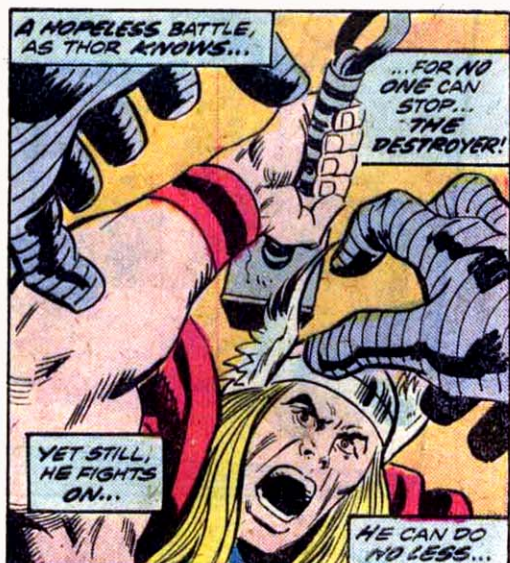
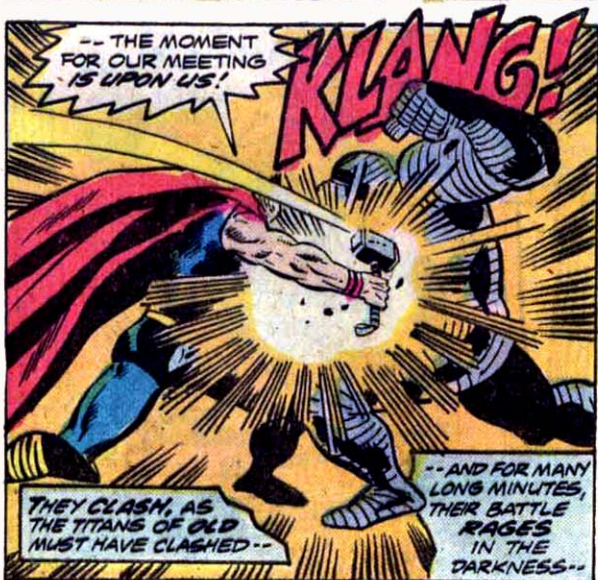
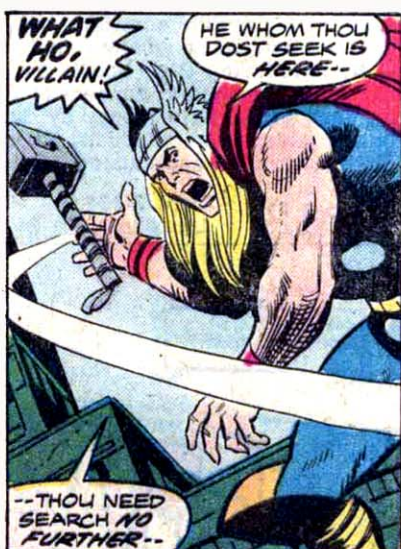
SPEAK THE TRUTH, ASGARDIAN: THOU DOST THINK TO RID THYSELF OF ME, WITH THIS FOOL'S ERRAND.

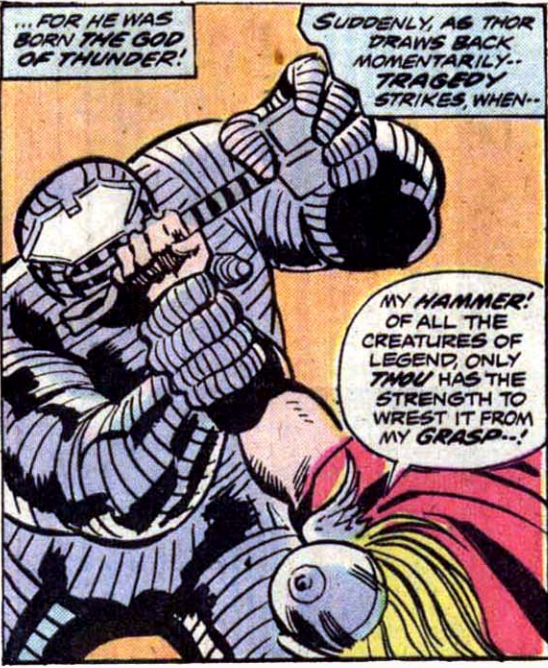
NAY, IN TRUTH, THINE IS THE MORE IMPORTANT MISSION...



"... FOR, AGAINST ONE SUCH AS THE DESTROYER, NEITHER THEE NOR I MAY HOPE TO PREVAIL!"

AND SO, TEN MINUTES LATER...





... FOR HE WAS BORN THE GOD OF THUNDER!

SUDDENLY, AS THOR DRAWS BACK MOMENTARILY-- TRAGEDY STRIKES, WHEN--

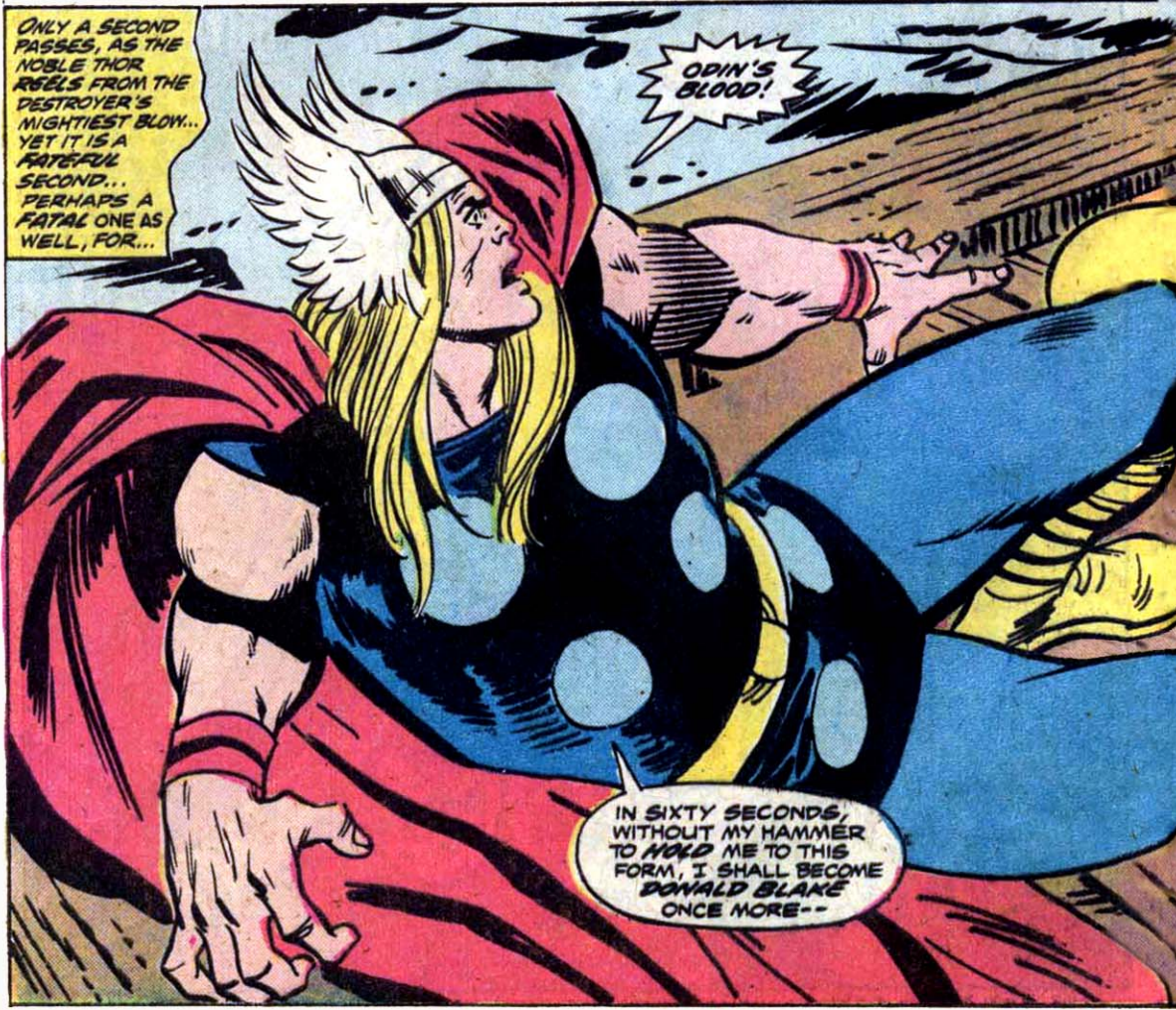
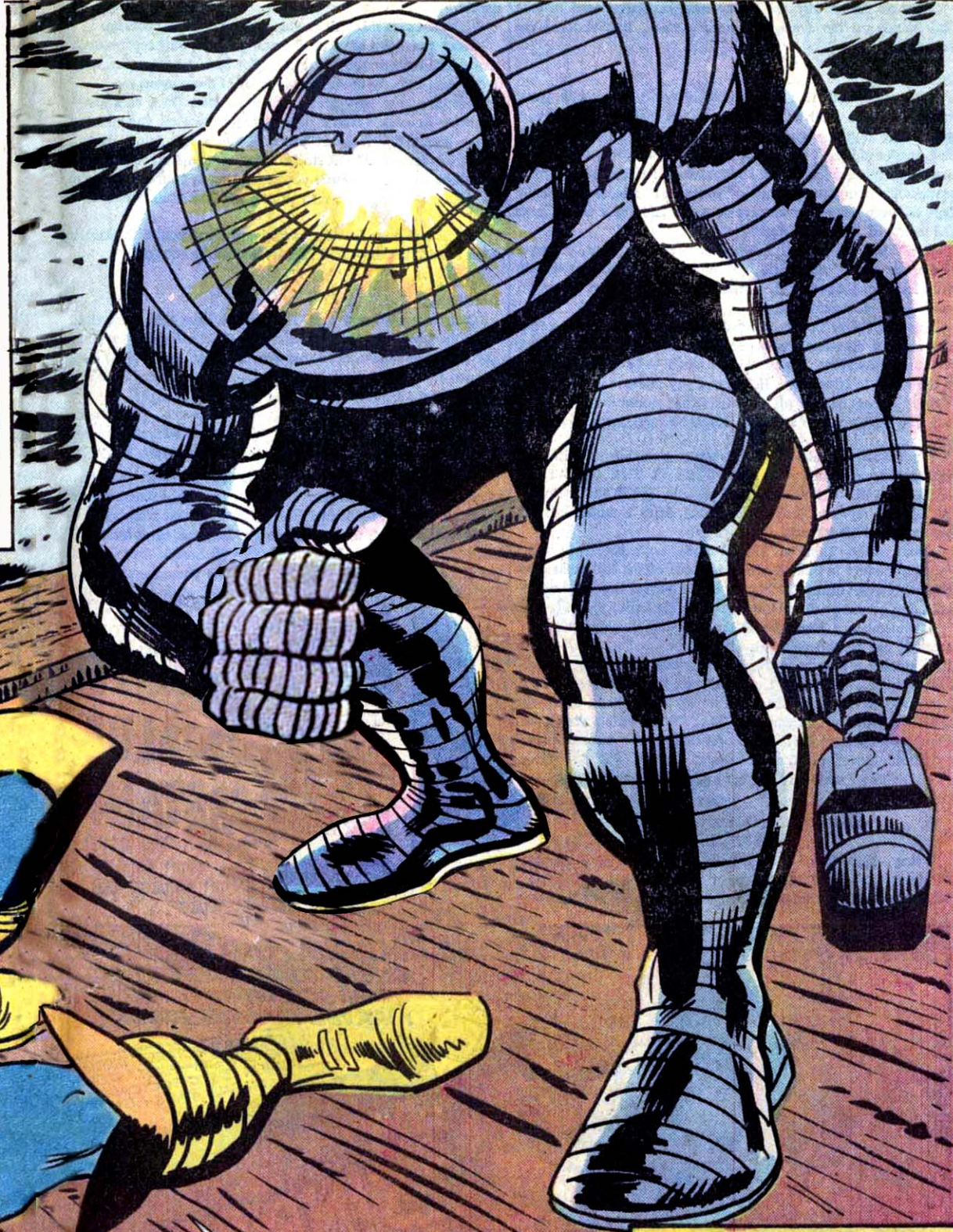
MY HAMMER! OF ALL THE CREATURES OF LEGEND, ONLY THOU HAS THE STRENGTH TO WREST IT FROM MY GRASP--!



BY ODIN, THIS SHALL NOT BE! I'LL NOT--

**KRAK!**

UHHH!



ONLY A SECOND PASSES, AS THE NOBLE THOR REELS FROM THE DESTROYER'S NIGHTIEST BLOW... YET IT IS A FATEFUL SECOND... PERHAPS A FATAL ONE AS WELL, FOR...

ODIN'S BLOOD!

IN SIXTY SECONDS, WITHOUT MY HAMMER TO HOLD ME TO THIS FORM, I SHALL BECOME DONALD BLAKE ONCE MORE--

-- A MORTAL, HELPLESS TO DEFEND MYSELF--

AND THOR WILL BE DESTROYED!

**NEXT ISSUE:  
THE STORY WE CALL  
DEATHBLOWS**