

THOR

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THE MIGHTY

THOR

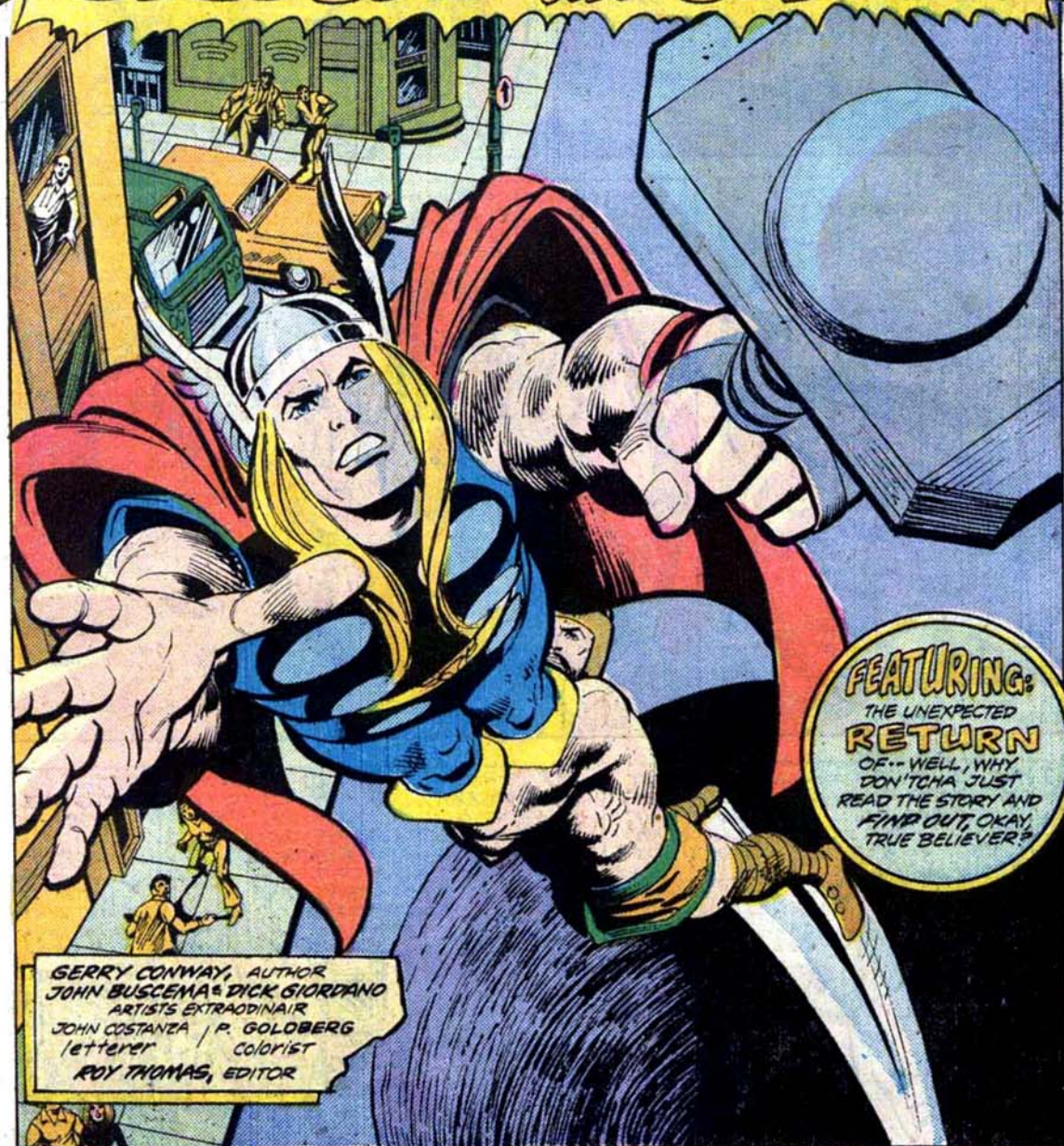


IT'S MAN-MONSTER VS. THUNDER-GOD... FEATURING THE SENSATIONAL RETURN OF THE MOST UNEXPECTED CHARACTER OF ALL!

"A SPECTRE FROM THE PAST!"

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE MIGHTY THOR!**™

A SPECTRE from the PAST!



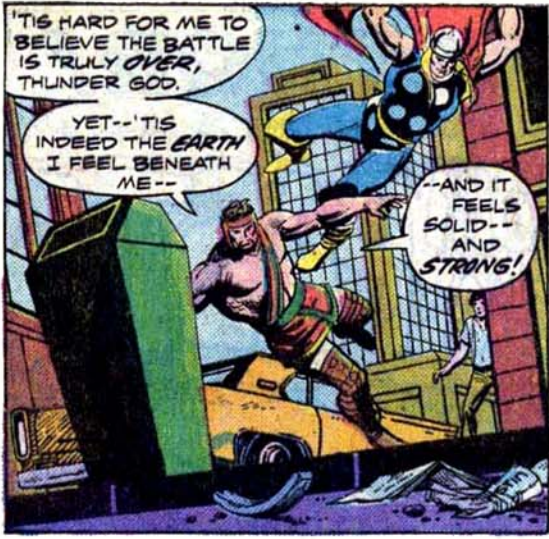
FEATURING:

**THE UNEXPECTED
RETURN**

OF... WELL, WHY
DON'TCHA JUST
READ THE STORY AND
FIND OUT, OKAY,
TRUE BELIEVER?

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'TIS HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THE BATTLE IS TRULY OVER, THUNDER GOD.

YET--'TIS INDEED THE EARTH I FEEL BENEATH ME--

--AND IT FEELS SOLID-- AND STRONG!



I KNOW THY FEELINGS WELL, HERCULES.

AFTER OUR STRUGGLE BENEATH THE EARTH,* 'TIS A PLEASURE TO BE UPON IT ONCE MORE.

HOLD. WE ARE APPROACH-ED, THOR.

HIYA, FELLAS!

* DETAILED LAST ISSUE.--ROY.



GAY, I'VE REALLY GOT TO CONGRATULATE YOU GUYS ON THE JOB YOU DID.

WE HAD A COUPLE OF NUT-CASES IN BELLEVUE, FOLKS WHO WERE ACTING LIKE THOSE OTHER CRAZIES I TOLD YOU ABOUT YESTERDAY*--

* MEANING THOR #229.--ROY



--AND AS SOON AS YOU FELLAS WENT OFF AND STARTED STIRRING THINGS UP, THOSE FOLKS, SEEMED TO STRAIGHT-EN OUT.

INSTEAD OF TRYING TO KILL THEMSELVES, LIKE THOSE OTHERS, THEY BEGAN COMPLAINING--SAYING THEY WERE BEING HELD AGAINST THEIR WILL.



AND IF THAT ISN'T A SIGN THAT THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL, WELL, FRIEND, THEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS.

THOU ART DETECTIVE SERGEANT BLUMKENN, ARE THOU NOT?

SURE, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME RALPH.



HEY, SERGEANT. WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM HERE.

THIS HERE SHAFT YOUR PALS KNOCKED OUT OF THE GROUND--IT'S HOLDING UP TRAFFIC PRETTY BAD.

AND THE WAY THE CITY TAKES IT'S TIME FIXING THINGS--IT COULD BE MONTHS BEFORE--

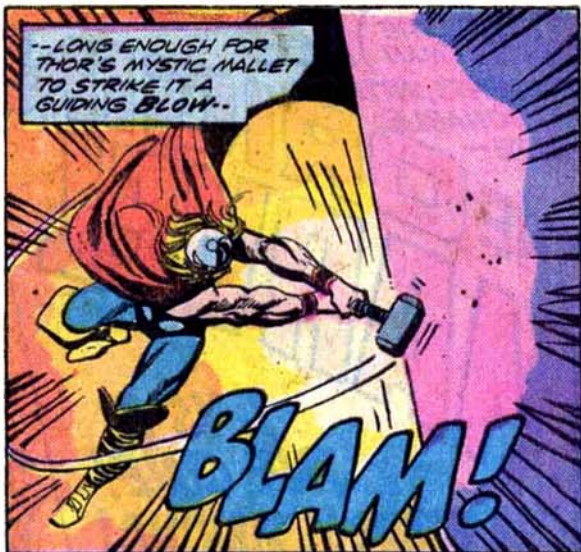
LISTEN, I HATE TO ASK THIS, GUYS...



RISING LIKE A LEVIATHAN FROM THE DEEP, THE GIANT CYLINDER SEEMS TO PAUSE AS IT REACHES THE SURFACE--



--LONG ENOUGH FOR THOR'S MYSTIC HAMMER TO STRIKE IT A GUIDING BLOW--



BLAM!

--AND SEND IT HURLING ACROSS THE MID-DAY SKY!



YET, FAST AS THE CYLINDER FALLS--



--THERE ARE OTHERS WHO MOVE FASTER--

POW!



--TO PROVIDE BUT ANOTHER DIRECTING TAP--

--WHICH SENDS THE PILLAR SLIDING HOME.



Y'KNOW, PAL-- I SEEN IT--

--BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

OUR JOB HERE IS DONE, ASGARDIAN.

YEA, 'TIS BEST WE--

PERHAPS 'TIS TIME WE RETURNED TO THE AVENGERS MANSION, WHERE WE LEFT KRISTA AND SIF, BUT A SHORT HOUR AGO. *



*LAST 154.--ROY.

JUST A SECOND, THOR, SOMETHING I FORGOT TO TELL YOU.

ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO SUICIDE THEMSELVES-- SHE'S BEEN ASKING FOR YOU AT THE HOSPITAL.

A WOMAN... A MORTAL WOMAN...?



HER NAME'S JANE FOSTER--



THAT NAME MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

JANE FOSTER..?



WHERE IS SHE, MORTAL?

ANSWER ME, OR I SWEAR I'LL--



SHE'S AT THE MIDTOWN HOSPITAL--!

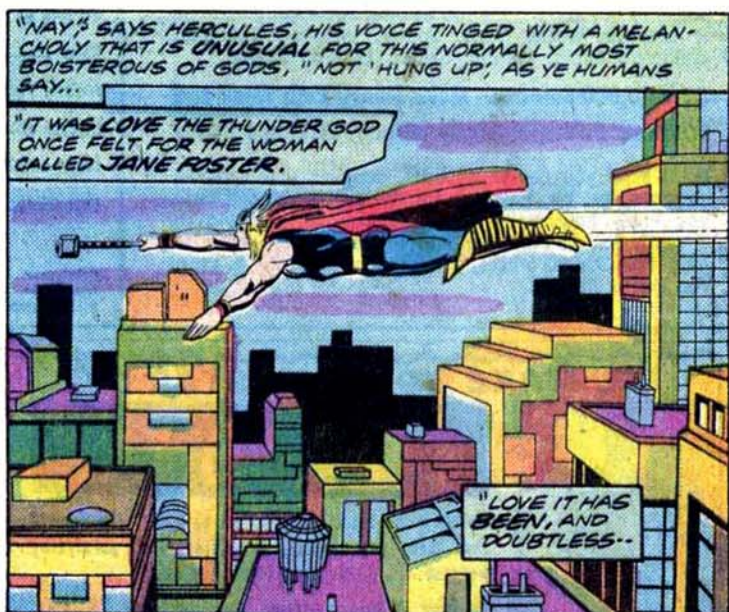
WHAT'S THE BIG--

UMMPH!



CLEARLY, THOU DIDST NOT KNOW, MORTAL,

KNOW WHAT? THAT HE'S HUNG UP ON THIS FOSTER CHICK?



"NAY," SAYS HERCULES, HIS VOICE TINGED WITH A MELANCHOLY THAT IS UNUSUAL FOR THIS NORMALLY MOST BOISTEROUS OF GODS, "NOT 'HUNG UP,' AS YE HUMANS SAY..

"IT WAS LOVE THE THUNDER GOD ONCE FELT FOR THE WOMAN CALLED JANE FOSTER.

"LOVE IT HAS BEEN, AND DOUBTLESS--



"--LOVE 'T WILL ALWAYS BE."



JANE FOSTER, NURSE, WHAT ROOM IS SHE IN?

TELL ME NOW, WOMAN--OR BY ALL THAT THE GODS HOLD HOLY, THOU WILT PAY FOR DELAYING ME!

R-ROOM 672.



YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE HE LAST SAW HER FACE--

--BUT AS HE STALKS THROUGH THESE HOSPITAL CORRIDORS--

--HIS MIND GOES BACK--

--AND HE REMEMBERS.



SHE WAS A NURSE, AND SHE KNEW HIM ONLY AS A DOCTOR--DOCTOR DONALD BLAKE, THE MAN SHE LOVED.



BUT HE WAS MORE THAN A DOCTOR, OF COURSE--

BY SOME STRANGE PARADOX OF FATE, HE WAS TWO MEN: A HUMAN DOCTOR NAMED BLAKE--

AND THE IMMORTAL GOD OF THUNDER, THOR!



TIME AND AGAIN HE'D PLEADED HIS CASE WITH ODIN--

--TILL, AT LAST, ODIN PROMISED TO ACCEPT JANE FOSTER AS AN IMMORTAL IN ASGARD.



--IF SHE COULD PASS A SINGLE TEST--

--BY FACING THE CREATURE WHICH DWELT IN A CORNER OF THE IMMORTAL KINGDOM--THE CREATURE CALLED--THE UNKNOWN!



JANE FOSTER TRIED--

--AND FAILED.

FOR THE SAKE OF HIS SON, ODIN BANISHED JANE FOSTER FROM ASGARD--



--CASTING A SPELL OF FORGETFULNESS, WHICH WOULD ALLOW THOR TO RECOVER FROM THE TORMENT OF THIS TRAGIC LOVE--

--AND FIND SOLACE IN THE ARMS OF THE LADY SIF.*



* REVEALED IN THOR #33-36. --ROY.

YES, THOR REMEMBERS JANE FOSTER-- FINALLY, AFTER HOW MANY YEARS?

HE DOESN'T KNOW.



AND PERHAPS IT IS THIS WHICH PAINS HIM NOW, AS HE ENTERS HER DIM-LIT ROOM--

--TO STARE ONCE MORE ON THE CALM, GENTLE FEATURES OF THE WOMAN HE SO DESPERATELY--



--LOVES.

TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN MANHATTAN'S LOWER WEST SIDE, CERTAIN EVENTS TAKE SHAPE WHICH WILL AFFECT THE REMAINDER OF OUR STORY...



WHAT THOSE EVENTS ARE, WILL BECOME CLEAR VERY SHORTLY...



...AS WE JOIN A CERTAIN SEANCE ALREADY IN PROGRESS...



MOTHER... I THINK I'M BEGINNING... TO SENSE SOMETHING...

THEN RELAX, ARNOLD DEAR, AND LET THE SPIRIT ESSENCE ENTER YOU.

I'M SURE THE CARWELLS WILL BE PATIENT..



AFTER ALL, THEY'VE WAITED SO VERY LONG TO HEAR FROM THEIR DECEASED SON-

A FEW MOMENTS MORE CAN HARDLY MATTER.



MADAME CYNTHIA-- THE CRYSTAL! IT'S BEGINNING TO GLOW--!

DAVID, DARLING-- THIS IS YOUR MOTHER--!

DOES IT MEAN YOUR SON HAS MADE CONTACT WITH OUR BOY? CAN HE SEE HIM?



THERE'S-- SOMETHING WRONG, MOM. I-I'M REALLY BEGINNING-- TO SENSE--ANOTHER PERSONALITY--

NOW, ARNOLD. WE MUSTN'T GET CARRIED AWAY WITH OUR ROLE.



EVEN IF THE CARWELL'S YOUNG DAUGHTER-IN-LAW DOES SEEM ATTRACTIVE, YOU MUSTN'T LOSE CONTROL OF YOUR PROFESSIONALISM.

ARNOLD...?



ARNOLD!



BELATEDLY, MADAME CYNTHIA REALIZES THAT HER SON HAS INDEED BEEN "CARRIED AWAY"-- BUT NOT BY SOMETHING SO FRIVOLOUS AS INFATUATION...

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF PROTFENSE--

--ARNOLD NICOLSON HAS AT LAST MADE CONTACT WITH THE "SPIRIT WORLD"--



OR, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE MORE ACCURATE TO SAY--

LOOK AT HIM! HE'S CHANGING!



--THE SPIRIT WORLD HAS MADE CONTACT WITH HIM!

AFTER THREE MILLION YEARS OF DARKNESS--

--THE LIGHT IS MINE ONCE MORE!



I LIVE!

ARMAK-- FIRST MAN-- STRANGEST MAN EVER BORN -- BREATHES THE AIR--



-- AND FINDS LIFE GOOD!

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE TRANSFORMED ARNOLD NICOLSON PLUNGES THROUGH THE BROWN-STONE WALL. BRICKS AND MORTAR RAIN ABOUT HIM, BUT HE SEEMS TO TAKE NO NOTICE.



THOMM!

WHATEVER HE IS, ONE THING'S CERTAIN -- ARNOLD NICOLSON ISN'T HUMAN --



"AT LEAST, NOT ANY MORE."



MEANWHILE, IN A HOSPITAL ROOM SEVERAL MILES AWAY, A WEARY VIGIL CONTINUES, AS IT HAS FOR THE PAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS...

HE'S ASLEEP, KRISTA, AND SEE? HE STILL HOLDS HER HAND.

I ALWAYS KNEW HE LOVED HER...



...BUT, UNTIL NOW, I NEVER UNDERSTOOD HOW MUCH.

ODIN SHOULD NOT HAVE REFUSED THAT LOVE, KRISTA, HE HAD NOT THE RIGHT.

NOW... IF SHE SHOULD DIE...



FROWNING, SIF GOES IN SEARCH OF A DOCTOR... AND WHEN SHE FINDS HIM...

I'M AFRAID IT'S ALMOST HOPELESS.

WE HAD SO MANY ATTEMPTED SUICIDES -- A PLAGUE OF THEM --

--WE COULDN'T GET TO HER IN TIME.

SHE HAS A WEEK-- MAYBE TWO--!

MUST IT END THIS WAY?



NAY!

STAND THEE BACK, MORTAL. THERE ARE DEEDS TO BE DONE--

--AND ONLY SIF MAY DO THEM!

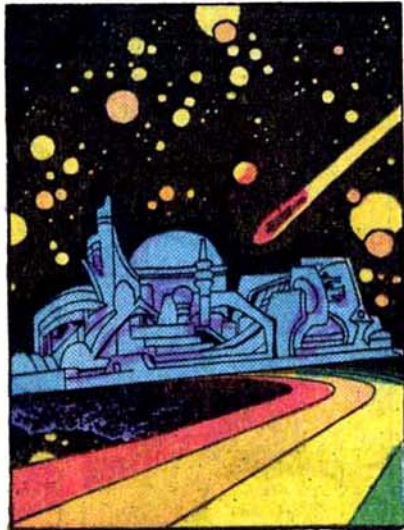


HER FACE GRIM, HER EYES HARD AND DETERMINED, THE GODDESS SWEEPS HER BLADE IN A MYSTICAL ARC-- AND FOR A MOMENT, THE ROOM SEEMS ABLAZE!



THEN-- A BURST OF LIGHT--

--AND AFTER THAT-- DARKNESS.





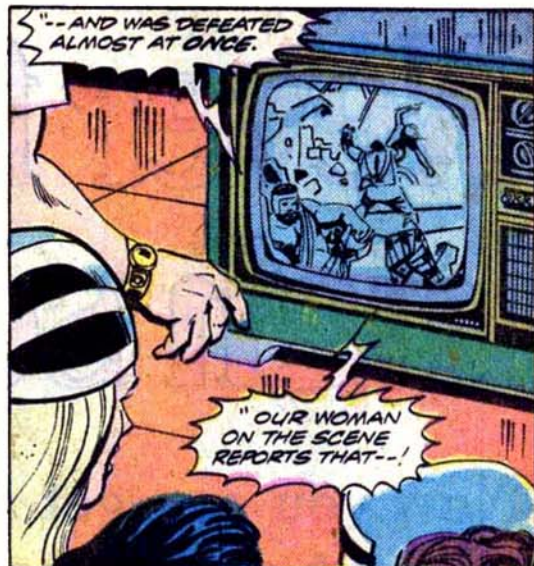


-- INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN:

"A FEW MINUTES AGO, FIGHTING BROKE OUT IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA--



-- AS THE SO-CALLED OLYMPIAN GOD, HERCULES, CONFRONTED A RAMPAGEING GIANT IDENTIFYING HIMSELF AS ARMAK..



-- AND WAS DEFEATED ALMOST AT ONCE.

"OUR WOMAN ON THE SCENE REPORTS THAT--!"



THOR-- LISTEN TO ME, 'TIS THY FRIEND HERCULES-- HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER!

PRAY, KRISTA--

--NOT NOW. NOT NOW.



SLAP!

HEIMDAL'S EYES! LISTEN!



THY FRIEND STANDS AGAINST A MONSTER-- FIGHTING FOR HIS VERY LIFE!

DOST THOU DARE STAND IDLE? I SAY THEE, NAY!

ACT AS THOU MUST--

--ACT AS THOR, GOD OF THUNDER!



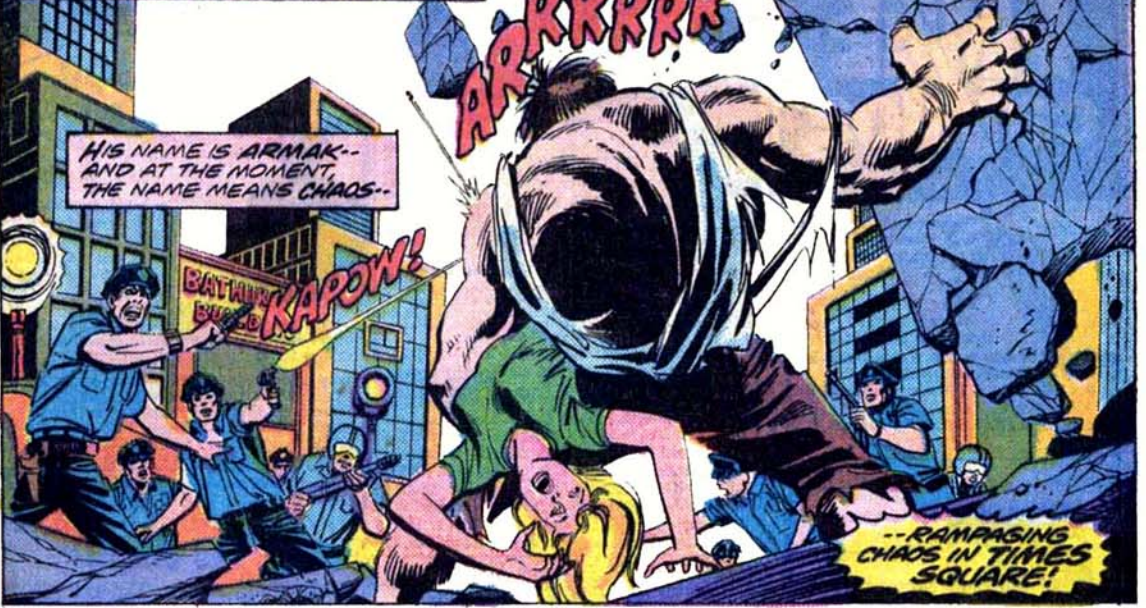
VERY WELL, WOMAN. IF SUCH BE THOR'S DUTY--

--SO BE IT!

BUT SOMEONE WILL PAY FOR TAKING ME FROM JANE FOSTER'S SIDE!

I SWEAR IT!

JUST WHO THAT "SOMEONE" SHOULD BE IS PRETTY CLEAR, THUNDER GOD!



HIS NAME IS ARMAK-- AND AT THE MOMENT, THE NAME MEANS CHAOS--

KAPOW!

--RAMPAGING CHAOS IN TIMES SQUARE!



NO, HERCULES!

I SEE THOU ART RECOVERED!

RECOVERED?

HOW CAN ONE RECOVER -- WHEN HE NEVER FELL?

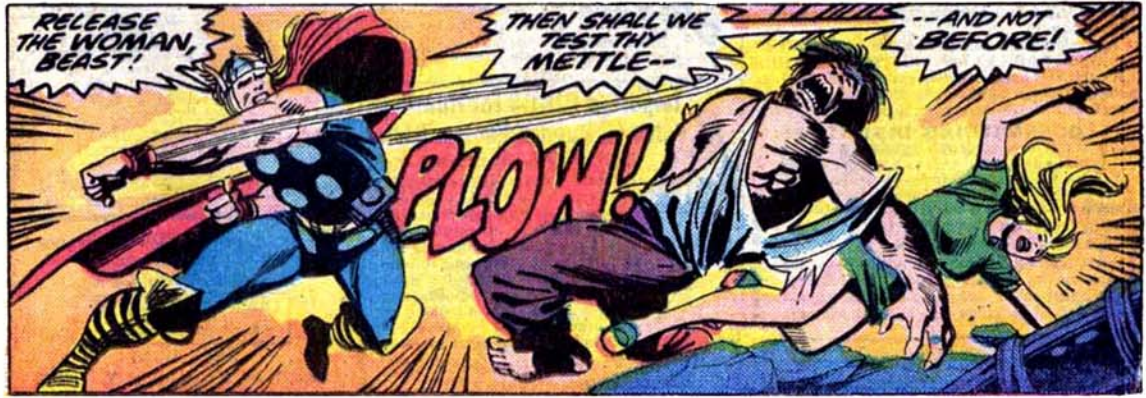


SAY NO MORE, MY FRIEND. 'TIS CLEAR THOU ART WEARY-- AND NO MAN MAY GIVE HIS BEST WHEN THE BEST HE HAS-- HAS ALREADY BEEN GIVEN!

STAY-- GAIN THY BREATH--



--FOR THOR DOTH HAVE ANGER ENOUGH FOR ALL!



RELEASE THE WOMAN, BEAST!

THEN SHALL WE TEST THY METTLE--

-- AND NOT BEFORE!

PLOW!

SNARLING CRIES OF DEFIANCE, THEY CLASH!

AND SO BEGINS WHAT MAY BE THE STRANGEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT--!



FOR, ON THE ONE HAND, WE HAVE ARMAK, THE SELF-STYLED FIRST MAN-- PERHAPS A SYMBOL OF MANKIND'S SHEER ANIMAL BRUTALITY--



AND, ON THE OTHER HAND, WE HAVE THOR-- WHOSE GODLIKE STATUS IS ABOVE SUCH MORTAL ATTRIBUTES--



--YET WHO FIGHTS AS FERCELY AS ARMAK--



--KNOWING ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY THAT FAR MORE IS AT STAKE HERE THAN MERE PHYSICAL VICTORY--!



UP AND UP THEY RISE, HIGHER AND HIGHER OVER THE WORLD OF MEN.



ACCIDENT-- OR FATE-- HAS BROUGHT THEM TO THIS PINNACLE--

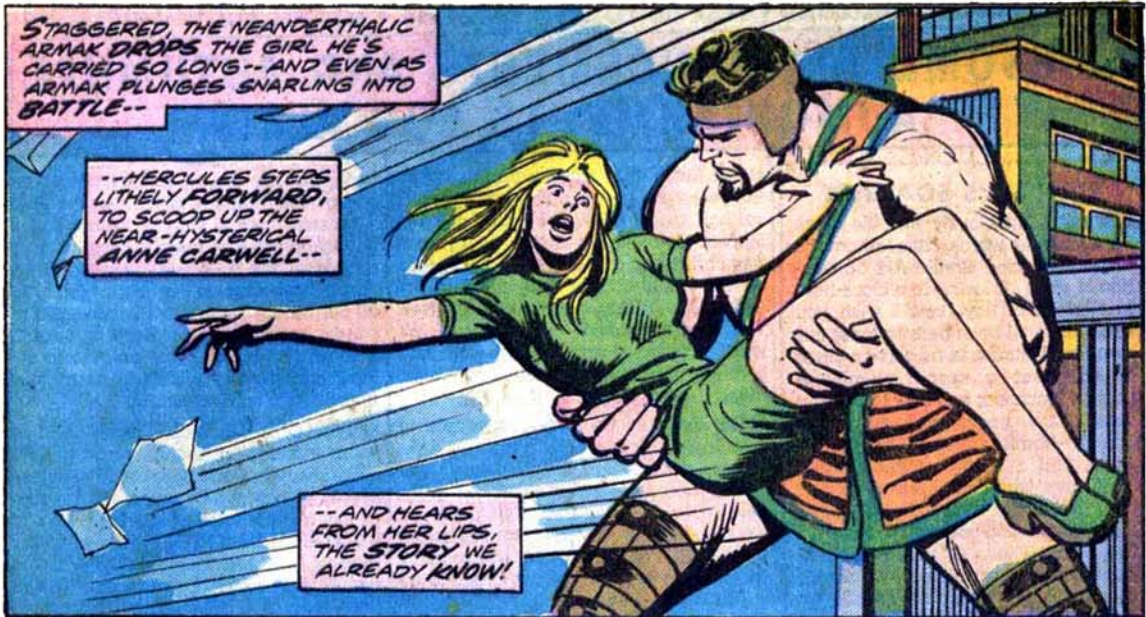
--FROM WHICH THEY BOTH KNOW, ONLY ONE MAY DESCEND-- ALIVE!



STAGGERED, THE NEANDERTHALIC ARMAK DROPS THE GIRL HE'S CARRIED SO LONG-- AND EVEN AS ARMAK PLUNGES SNARLING INTO BATTLE--

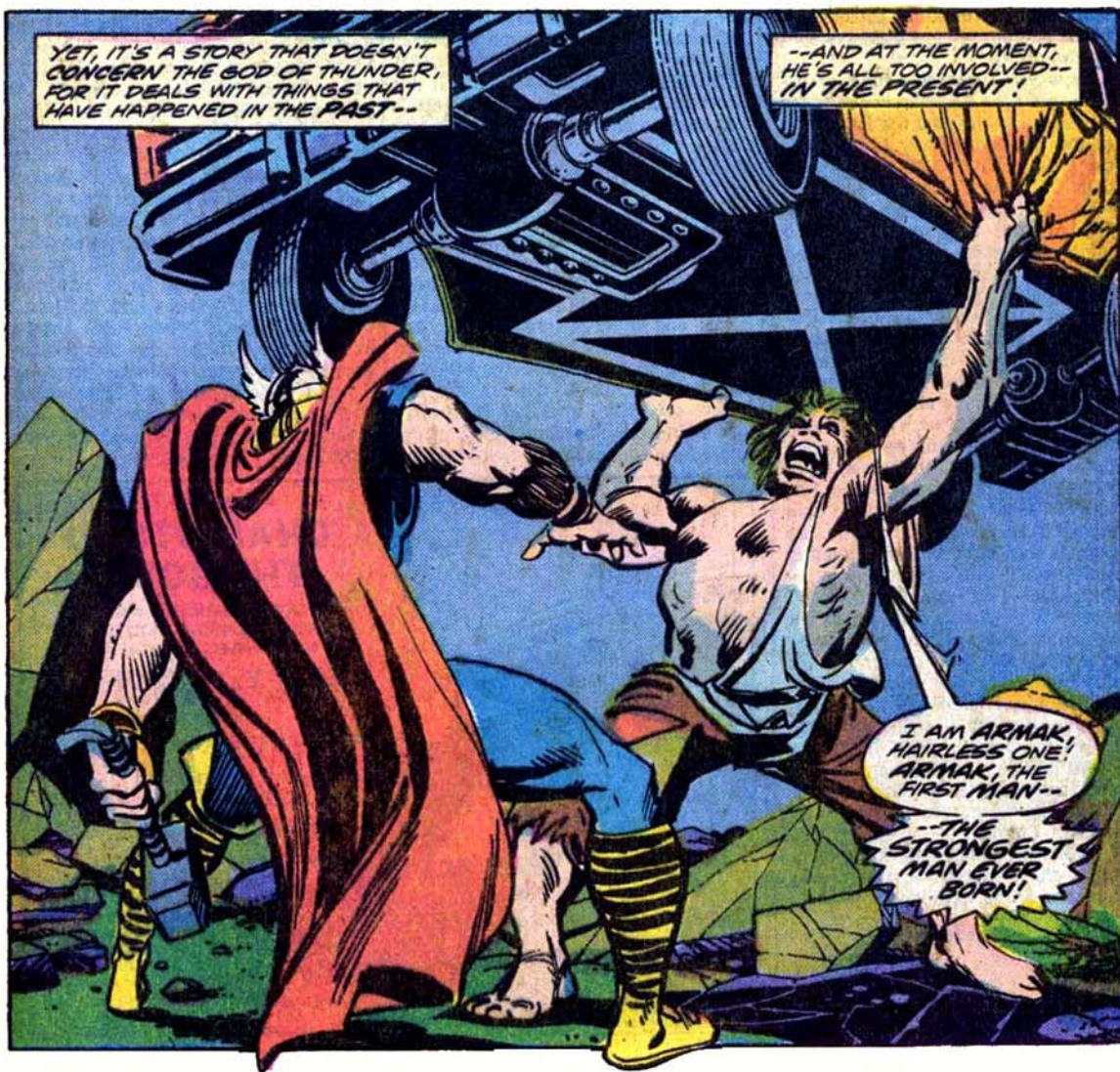
--HERCULES STEPS LITHELY FORWARD, TO SCOOP UP THE NEAR-HYSTERICAL ANNE CARWELL--

--AND HEARS FROM HER LIPS, THE STORY WE ALREADY KNOW!



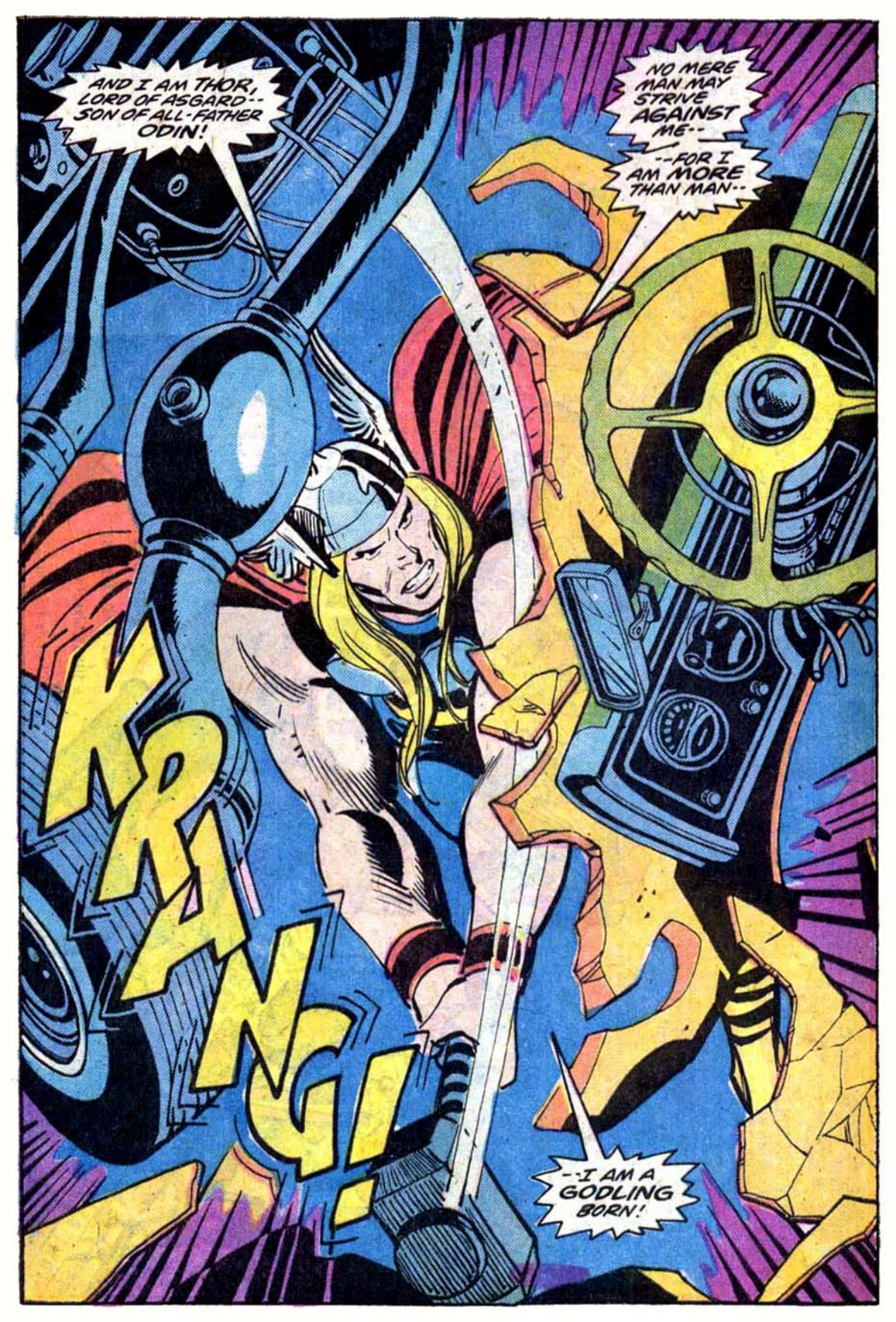
YET, IT'S A STORY THAT DOESN'T CONCERN THE GOD OF THUNDER, FOR IT DEALS WITH THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED IN THE PAST--

--AND AT THE MOMENT, HE'S ALL TOO INVOLVED-- IN THE PRESENT!



I AM ARMAK, HAIRLESS ONE! ARMAK, THE FIRST MAN--

--THE STRONGEST MAN EVER BORN!

A dynamic comic book panel showing Thor in a blue and yellow mechanical suit. He is holding a glowing blue hammer. The background is filled with mechanical parts and a large yellow wheel. The scene is filled with action and energy.

AND I AM THOR,
LORD OF ASGARD--
SON OF ALL-FATHER
ODIN!

NO MERE
MAN MAY
STRIVE
AGAINST
ME--

--FOR I
AM MORE
THAN MAN--

KRANG!

--I AM A
GODLING
BORN!

BUT, NOT ALL BATTLES ARE RESOLVED BY THE BATTLERS...



I-I REALLY-- REALLY DON'T THINK I SHOULD--

MADAME CYNTHIA, HE'S YOUR SON!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HIM--!

ENOUGH ARGUMENT, GIRL. WE NEED ACTION, NOT CONVERSATION.



HERE, MORTAL-- GIVE ME THY TRUMPET, THERE IS A WOMAN WHO MAY STOP THIS SENSELESS STRUGGLE--

--THOUGH, BY MY SOUL, I'VE YET TO UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS BEGUN!

ARNOLD! ARNOLD, PLEASE-- LISTEN!

YOU-- HAVE TO STOP--



YOU CAN'T CONTINUE WITH THIS-- HOWEVER IT HAPPENED-- WHY IT HAPPENED--



ARNOLD, PLEASE-- LISTEN TO ME!



FOR AN INSTANT, ARMAK PAUSES-- HIS BLOOD-SHOT EYES SEEM TO SEARCH THE SIDEWALK BELOW ALMOST FRANTICALLY-- AS THOUGH SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING HE'S MISPLACED AND FORGOTTEN.

THEN--

ZAP POW!



THE FALL IS A LONG ONE, AS THE FALL HAS ALWAYS BEEN THROUGHOUT TIME.



A LONG FALL.

THUMM!

A FATAL ONE.



THE ANSWER TO THAT, AND OTHER QUESTIONS, WILL ALL BE PROVIDED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE, TENTATIVELY TITLED:

LO, THE RAGING BATTLE!

BE THERE, THUNDERPHILE. IT'S SURE TO BE A CLASSIC!