

THOR

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THE
MIGHTY

THOR



BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER
IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH...



AND HE WHO SURVIVES
MUST STILL FACE
THE FURY OF

FIRELORD!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MIGHTY THOR!

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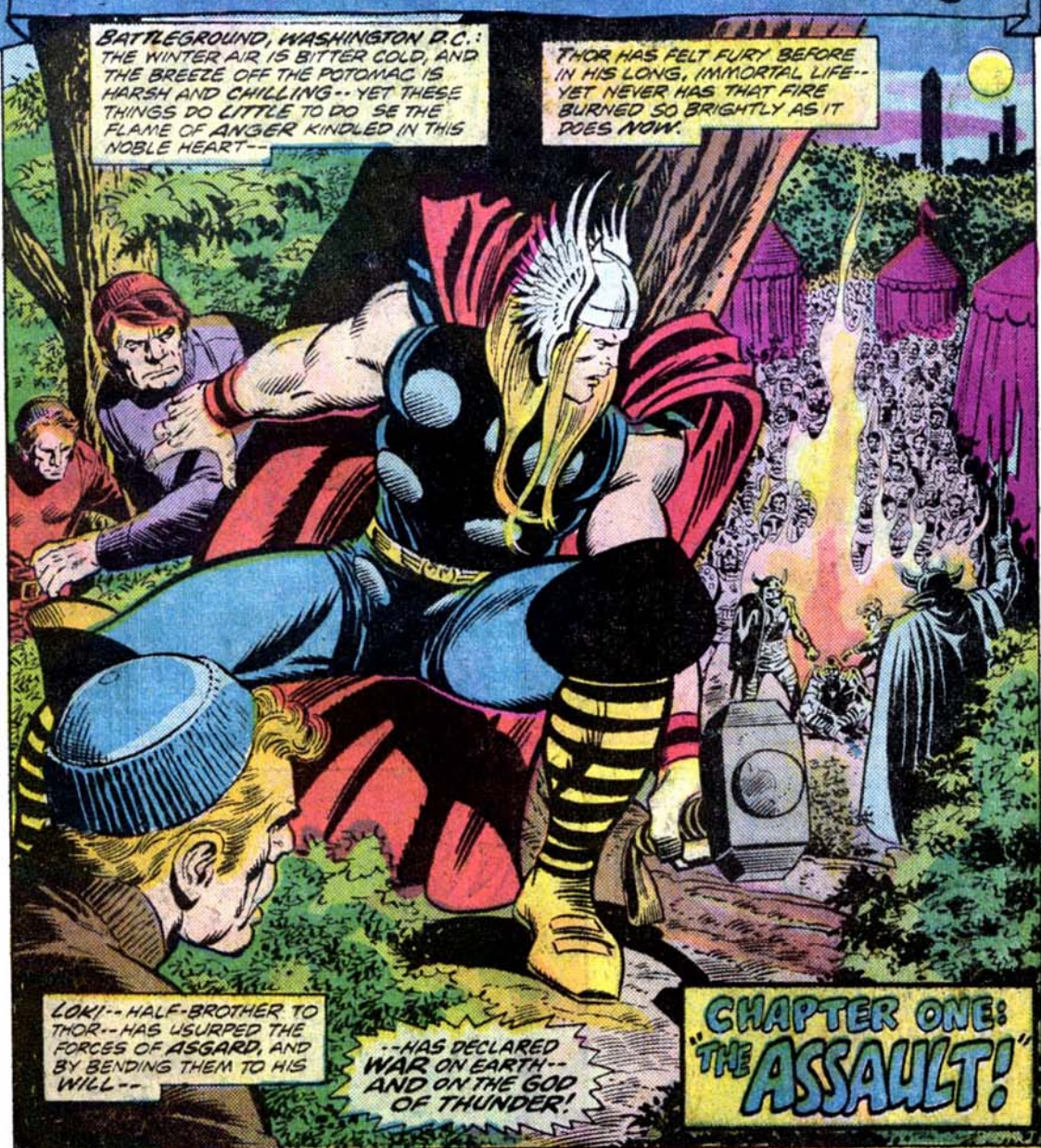
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O, BITTER VICTORY!

BATTLEGROUND, WASHINGTON D.C.:
THE WINTER AIR IS BITTER COLD, AND
THE BREEZE OFF THE POTOMAC IS
HARSH AND CHILLING-- YET THESE
THINGS DO LITTLE TO DO SE THE
FLAME OF ANGER KINDLED IN THIS
NOBLE HEART--

THOR HAS FELT FURY BEFORE
IN HIS LONG, IMMORTAL LIFE--
YET NEVER HAS THAT FIRE
BURNED SO BRIGHTLY AS IT
DOES NOW.



LOKI-- HALF-BROTHER TO
THOR-- HAS USURPED THE
FORCES OF ASGARD, AND
BY BENDING THEM TO HIS
WILL--

--HAS DECLARED
WAR ON EARTH--
AND ON THE GOD
OF THUNDER!

CHAPTER ONE:
"THE ASSAULT!"

THIS AFTERNOON, A BATTLE RAGED UPON THESE GRASSY SLOPES-- A BATTLE FOUGHT TO AN UNCERTAIN STAND-- STILL BETWEEN THE FORCES OF EARTH--



--AND THE LEGIONS OF VALHALLA.*

* LAST ISSUE. --LEN.

NIGHT FELL; THE ARMIES DREW BACK, TO AWAIT THE COMING OF DAWN-- WHEN THE QUESTION MIGHT BE POSED ANEW-- FOR A MORE FINAL ANSWER.



YET, WHILE SOME SLEEP-- OTHERS ACT.

AND UPON THOSE ACTIONS MIGHT YET REST THE ULTIMATE JUDGEMENT OF DEFEAT...OR VICTORY...



HEY, THOR--
HEY, WAIT--!

GENERAL SAWYER SAID WE WERE TO MAKE THIS MISSION AS A TEAM, THUNDER GOD.



IT'S TOO IMPORTANT FOR ONE OF US TO GO OFF HALF-COCKED... --EVEN YOU.

I DO APOLOGIZE TO THEE, WARRIOR-- BUT METHINKS THOU DOTH PRESUME TOO MUCH.

'TIS MY BROTHER WHO DOTH COMMAND YON LEGION. 'TIS LOKI, LORD OF MISCHIEF.

IF HE IS TO FALL-- IT MUST BE BY MY HAND.

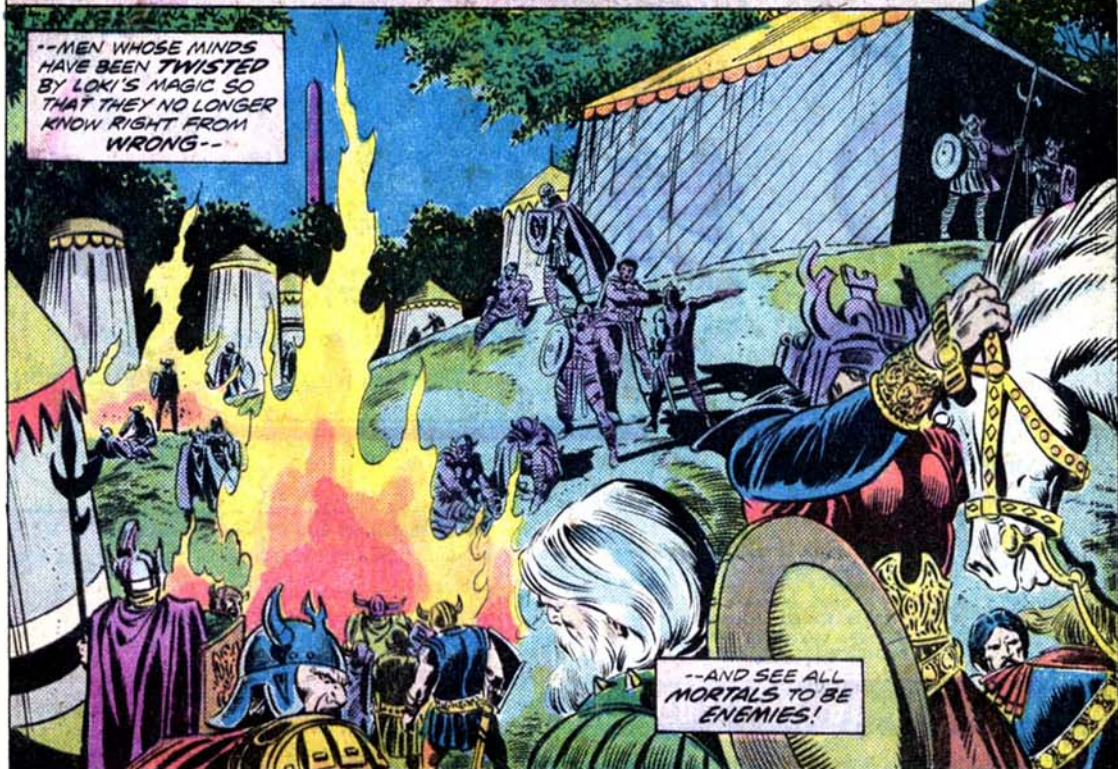
I TRUST MY MEANING IS CLEAR?

UH, SURE, THOR, SORRY I ASKED.

WITH A NOD, THOR RETURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE ENEMY CAMP--

ONCE MORE, HE FEELS A PANG OF SORROW THAT HIS LIFE SHOULD COME TO THE TURNING-- THAT HE MUST FIGHT HIS FRIENDS AND FELLOW-ASSGARDIANS, MEN HE'S KNOWN ALL HIS LIFE--

--MEN WHOSE MINDS
HAVE BEEN TWISTED
BY LOKI'S MAGIC SO
THAT THEY NO LONGER
KNOW RIGHT FROM
WRONG--



--AND SEE ALL
MORTALS TO BE
ENEMIES!

LOKI: AS SO MANY TIMES
BEFORE, THIS NIGHTMARE
IS OF LOKI'S CONSTRUCTION.



HIS EYES BLURRED
BY HATE, THOR CAN
BARELY SEE THE
TENT TOWARD WHICH
HE'S LEADING HIS
COMMANDO TEAM...

IT IS LOKI'S TENT--AND THE
GUARDS OUTSIDE IT ARE LOKI'S
GUARDS.



MOVING SO SILENTLY HE CAN
SCARCELY HEAR HIMSELF BREATHE,
THOR APPROACHES THE TALLER,
OF THE TWO RENEGADE WARRIORS--

--AND WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING--



STRIKES!





--SUCH AS--
THIS!

ZZZAACH!

BRIGHT EMERALD FIRE
ARROWS ACROSS THE DIM-
LIT ROOM, FRAMING THOR
AND HIS COMPANIONS IN
A BURST OF SHEER MYSTIC
ENERGY--

-- A BURST WHICH SLOWLY
FADES, TO REVEAL:

A DIAMOND!



WE'RE
TRAPPED IN
A GIANT
DIAMOND!

WHILE HIS FELLOW-WARRIORS GAPE IN HOR-
ROR, THOR REMAINS SILENT...

AND, SILENT, HE GREET'S HIS BROTHER WITH
A FROZEN GLARE...



WHAT BROTHER--
NO COMMENT? NO HEATED
WORD? NO THUNDEROUS
CURSE?

CAN IT BE YOU
ARE STUNNED--
MUTE WITH AWE
--STRICKEN WITH
SHEER AMAZE-
MENT?

FOOL! WITLING!
CHILD!

AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS, YOU ARE
STILL AS IGNORANT
OF MY TRUE POWER
AS YOU EVER
WERE--



I AM
LOKI, HALF-
BROTHER... LOKI,
SON OF THE STORM
GIANTS, LORD HIGH
KING OF ASGARD!

AND SOON, MY BROTHER--
SOON, MY MOST HATED
SIBLING-- I WILL BE LORD
HIGH KING OF YOUR PRE-
CIOUS MIDGARD, AS WELL.



AT DAWN,
MY ARMY WILL
STRIKE--
AND NONE
MAY STOP
ME, THOR--

"--LEAST OF
ALL, YOU!"



TOSSING BACK HIS HEAD, THE GOD OF MISCHIEF LAUGHS-- AND HIS LAUGHTER REVERBERATES THROUGHOUT HIS CAMP, REACHING ACROSS THE STILL WATERS OF THE POTOMAC--

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

--ARRIVING AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE AMERICAN CAMP LIKE THE WAIL OF A DISTANT GHOST--

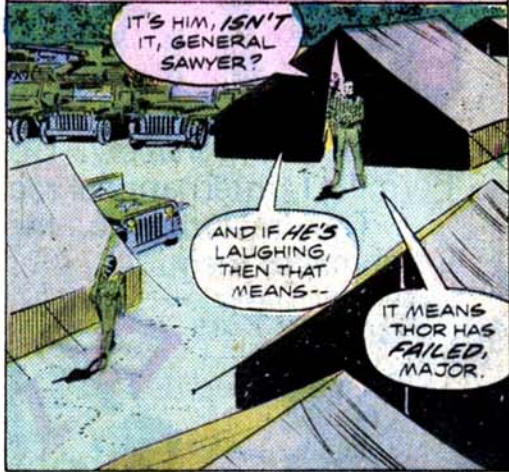


--AND ECHOING THROUGH THE CAMP, DISTURBING ALL WHO HEAR IT-- ESPECIALLY THOSE WITH THE BURDEN OF COMMAND:

IT'S HIM, ISN'T IT, GENERAL SAWYER?

AND IF HE'S LAUGHING, THEN THAT MEANS--

IT MEANS THOR HAS FAILED, MAJOR.



I KNEW IT WAS A LUNATIC MISSION WHEN I SENT HIM OFF-- BUT WE HAD TO TAKE THE CHANCE. WITH THOR'S FATHER OFF SOMEWHERE WITH AMNESIA, UNABLE TO STOP LOKI-- WE'RE HELPLESS!

IF THOR COULD HAVE REACHED HIS BROTHER -- CAPTURED HIM -- SOMEHOW, WE MIGHT HAVE AVOIDED CERTAIN OTHER MEASURES--



--MEASURES WHICH ARE NOW-- UNAVOIDABLE.

YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE END, DON'T YOU, MAJOR? EVEN IF WE MANAGE TO DESTROY LOKI'S FORCE -- THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT FOR CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT.



SURELY YOU'RE EXAGGERATING, SIR...

AM I? "END OF THE WORLD" SOUNDS A LITTLE TOO STRONG FOR YOU, EH, MAJOR?

TELL ME, THEN--



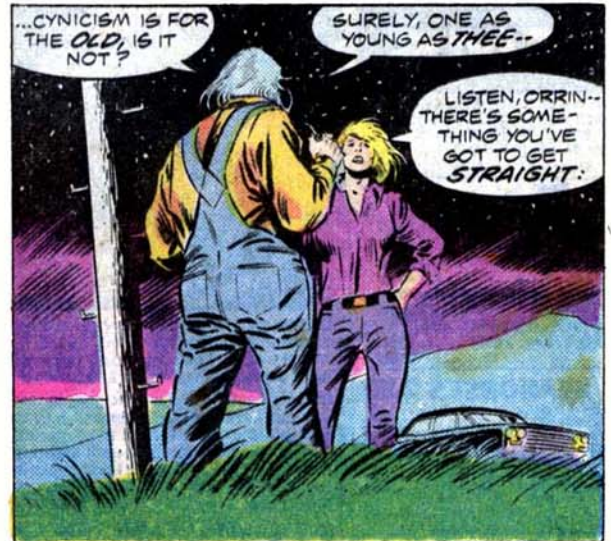
HOW ELSE WOULD YOU DESCRIBE MAN'S FIRST-- ATOMIC WAR?



AND VERY QUICKLY, THE QUIET IN THE COMMAND TENT BECOMES ALMOST DEAFENING.

CHAPTER "TWO: DECISION AT DAWN!"

ELSEWHERE THIS NIGHT, OTHERS ALSO SEARCH THE STARLIT SKY FOR ANSWERS... AND FOR SOME OF THOSE WHO SEARCH, IN PARTICULAR THIS MAN STANDING IN A FIELD OUTSIDE A CALIFORNIA COMMUNE FARMHOUSE, EVEN THE QUESTIONS... ARE MYSTERIES...



--AND IF WE HAPPEN TO BECOME A LITTLE CYNICAL BECAUSE OF WHAT WE HEAR--

--IT ISN'T OUR FAULT--

--IT'S BECAUSE THE INFORMATION TELLS US--



JUDITH--



SCREEECHRRASH!

LOOK OUT!

HEY--!

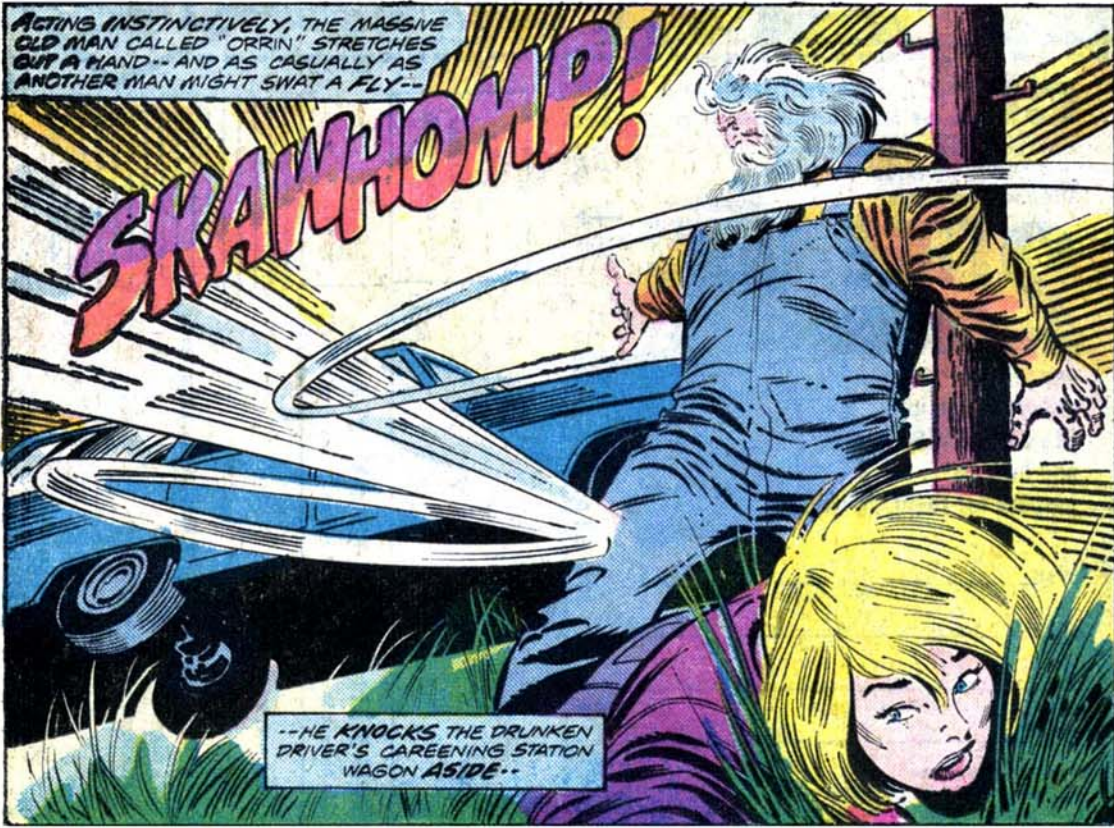
BLASSHTED JUNKHEAP! SHHSHOULD'VE TRADED HER IN WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

HEY, GRAMPA-- LOOKOUT WHERE'S YA GOIN'--!



ACTING INSTINCTIVELY, THE MASSIVE OLD MAN CALLED "ORRIN" STRETCHES OUT A HAND-- AND AS CASUALLY AS ANOTHER MAN MIGHT SWAT A FLY--

SKAWHOMP!



--HE KNOCKS THE DRUNKEN DRIVER'S CAREENING STATION WAGON ASIDE--

--AND WATCHES, ALMOST IN AMAZEMENT, AS THE CAR JERKS TO A SCREECHING STOP!



WOW! I COULD'VE BEEN-- HE COULD HAVE--

I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE, NEVER.



ORRIN...?

YOU LOOK KINDA FUNNY, YOU GRAY?

I WILL BE FINE, JUDITH... IN A WHILE...



BECAUSE EVENTS SOMETIMES OCCUR SIMULTANEOUSLY, WE MUST NOW LOOK FROM EARTH TO A DISTANT STAR--



--THE STAR WHOSE SOLE PLANET IS THE HOME-WORLD OF A BEING CALLED KAMO THARNN!

FROM OUT OF THE ENDLESS NIGHT
ENCIRCLING THIS COLD, DEAD WORLD--
A BOLT OF COSMIC ENERGY COMES
ARROWING TOWARD THE PLANET'S
SURFACE--

--WHERE IT
TRANSFORMS
INTO TWO
FAMILIAR
FIGURES--

--THE GODDESS
SIF, LADY OF
ASGARD--AND
HERCULES,
PRINCE OF
OLYMPUS!



BY MY SOUL,
MILADY-- 'TIS A MOST
PASSING STRANGE
WORLD THOU HAST
BROUGHT US TO--

--A LAND AS
DEAD AS LORD
PLUTO'S SOUL!

AYE, HERCULES--
BUT 'TIS HERE
THAT KAMO
THARNN HAS
CHOSEN TO
LIVE.

AND 'TIS HERE
WE SHALL FIND
HIM--AND HIS
MYSTIC RUNE-
STAFF! *

* THEY STARTED ON THEIR QUEST
TWO ISSUES AGO. --LEN.



THERE,
HERCULES--
DOST THOU
SEE IT?

YONDER LIES
THE ETERNAL
BEACON-- THAT
WHICH MARKS
THE PALACE
OF KAMO THARNN.



TELL ME, GIRL--
DOST THOU TRULY
BELIEVE THIS RUNE-
STAFF CAN SAVE
THE MORTAL FEMALE--
JANE FOSTER?

I KNOW
ONLY
THIS,
OLYMPIAN:

THOR IS MY BELOVED--
AND JANE FOSTER IS HIS
BELOVED--AND SHE IS
DYING--!



IF ANYTHING I CAN DO MAY
SAVE HER LIFE-- THEN I AM
BOUND TO DO IT--

--EVEN IF THE
SAVING DOETH
COST ME THOR--

--FOR SUCH
IS THE
NATURE--

--OF
LOVE!

SIMULTANEITY: THE EFFECT BY WHICH TWO INCIDENTS OCCUR AT THE SAME INSTANT.

YOU'RE WITNESSING THAT EFFECT NOW-- FOR, AT THE SAME MOMENT DURING WHICH OUR PREVIOUS TWO SCENES OCCURED--

FFFOOOSSH!

--THIS SCENE ALSO OCCURS, HERE, OUTSIDE THE AVENGERS MANSION IN NEW YORK--

--WHERE AN EXTREMELY ANGRY FIRELORD TRIES TO BURN THROUGH THE FORCE-FIELD WITH WHICH LOKI HAS SEALED OFF THE AVENGERS FROM HIS EARTH/ASGARD WAR--!

UNHAND ME! NO ONE MAY TOUCH ME, AVENGER-- NOT EVEN YOU.

I SWEAR'S EASY, FRIEND-- THIS IS IRON MAN YOU'RE TALKING TO, NOT SOME FOURTH-GRADE FLUNKY.

I WILL BREAK THROUGH THIS BARRIER! IN THE NAME OF GALACTUS, MY FORMER MASTER--

YOU WON'T BREAK THROUGH THE BARRIER ALONE-- BUT IT'S JUST POSSIBLE, IF WE WORK AS A TEAM--

STOP IT, FIRELORD-- I SAID, STOP IT!

TRIES-- AND FAILS--!

A TEAM?

HASTILY, A PLAN IS FORMED; AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, TWO MIGHTY POWERS JOIN TOGETHER--

--REPLUSOR RAYS ADD THEIR FORCE TO COSMIC FLAMES--



--AND THE TWO POWERS
FLARE, UNTIL--

THEN--USE
IT--FIRELORD--!

REPULSOR
RAYS--DRAINED
TOO MUCH--
POWER--

--CAN'T--
EVEN--STAND
UP--TOO
WEAK--!

STAR WINDS!
WE'VE DONE IT,
AVENGER--THE
BARRIER IS
BREACHED!

THEN I MUST
FIGHT FOR BOTH
OF US, MY
FRIEND.

I PROMISE
YOU, I'LL NOT
FAIL--



--NOT IF ALL
THE FORCES OF
HELL RISE
AGAINST
ME!



THEY JUST
MIGHT,
FIRELORD.

THEY
JUST...MIGHT...

AS THE ASSGARDIAN FEMALE CALLED KRISTA SUP-
PORTS THE WEAKENED IRON MAN, THE MOMENTARY
GAP IN THE FORCE FIELD SLAMS SHUT--

--AND WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO TURN
SEVERAL HOURS AHEAD, TO A COLD WHITE
DAWN IN WASHINGTON, D.C.... WHERE A FATAL
COMMAND IS ABOUT TO BE GIVEN BY--

GENERAL SAWYER-- WE
HAVE THE PRESIDENT'S
AUTHORIZATION.

IT'S UP TO YOU, SIR. DO WE
DROP THE BOMB ON THE
ASSGARDIAN
ARMY, OR--
WHAT?

MAJOR,
THERE'S NO
OTHER
CHOICE:
WE DROP.

AND MAY
GOD HAVE
MERCY ON
US ALL.

CHAPTER "SIXTY SECONDS TO DIE!" THREE:

THE DAWN STILLNESS IS COMPLETE; IN THE HUSH FOLLOWING GENERAL SAM SAWYER'S WORDS, ALL MEN PRESENT FEEL A PRESSURE ON THEIR SHOULDERS--ALMOST A PHYSICAL PRESSURE, AS THOUGH THE WEIGHT OF A UNIVERSE WERE THRUSTING DOWN ON THEM.

EACH MAN LOOKS INWARD AT HIMSELF--AND SOME OF THE MEN DON'T QUITE LIKE WHAT THEY SEE.



BUT, BEFORE ANY MAN PRESENT CAN REACT FULLY TO THE UTTER DRAMA OF THE MOMENT--THE STILLNESS IS RUDELY EXPLODED, AS--

EXPLANATIONS ARE OFFERED; AND WHEN FIRELORD HAS FINISHED IDENTIFYING HIMSELF, AND RELATING THE DETAILS OF HIS ESCAPE--

GREAT GUNS, FIRELORD--YOU'RE A BLASTED MIRACLE!

WITHOUT A POWER LIKE YOURS, WE'D BE HELPLESS AGAINST LOKI'S LEGIONS-- BUT WITH YOUR POWER--



NO EARTH-MEN!

I HAVE COME TO OFFER ASSISTANCE-- AND BY YOUR EXPRESSIONS-- I THINK ASSISTANCE IS NEEDED.

AM I CORRECT?

SAY NO MORE!



SOMEWHERE IN THAT CAMP, THOR LIES PRISONER. IF HE CAN BE FREED, AND HIS POWER JOINED TO MINE, EARTH MAY YET SURVIVE--



--AND EVEN TRIUMPH!

HOWLING LIKE MEN GONE MAD, THE AMERICAN FORCES CHARGE ACROSS THE ARLINGTON BRIDGE--

--FOLLOWING A CREATURE SO BIZARRE HE WOULD NORMALLY BE CALLED A NIGHTMARE--



--THOUGH TODAY HE IS ANYTHING BUT THAT:

TODAY, HE IS THAT MOST TRANSIENT OF THINGS--



--A HERO!

NAY, 'TIS AN ILLUSION!

THE BEING WHOM I USED AS BUT A MESSENGER TO CARRY MY PLAN TO THOR*-- NOW ATTACKS ME--

* IN THOR #232.--LEN.



--AND SENDS MY MEN TO ROUT!

BACK, FOOL! YOU APPROACH THE PRESENCE IMPERIAL!

YOU ATTACK LOKI!--



CAUGHT OFF-BALANCE, THE GOD OF MISCHIEF HAS NO TIME TO CAST A RESTRAINING SPELL--

--YET SUCH A SPELL MAY NOT BE NEEDED, SINCE FIRELORD, FOR ALL HIS COSMIC POWER, IS STILL BUT FLESH AND BLOOD--



--AND LOKI IS A STORM-GIANT BORN!

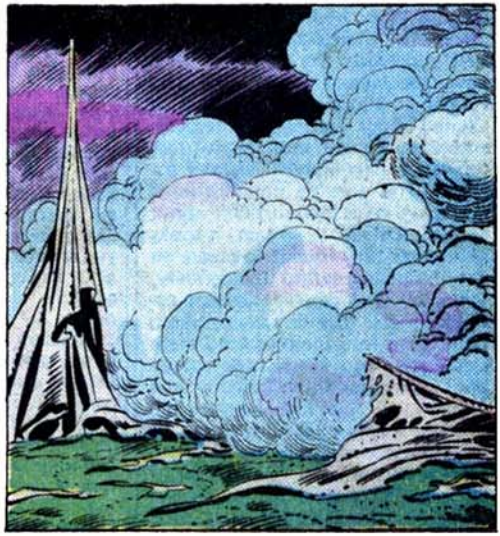
FAAKKK!



NOW, STAR-BORN FREAK--WE'LL MEASURE THE TRUE EXTENT OF THY STRENGTH, AND THEN--



KATHOOM!



NAY! IT CANNOT BE! THE SPELL WAS IMPERVIOUS-- UNBREACHABLE!

IT CANNOT BEEEEEE!



EVERYBODY'S THE DIAMONDS-SELL TODAY AND I'M BUYING!

--BUT THAT WAS ONLY WHEN THE SPELL RETAINED LOKI'S FULL CONCENTRATION!

AND DURING HIS BRIEF SKIRMISH WITH FIRELORD-- LOKI'S CONCENTRATION WAS SOMEWHAT--

BROKEN.

POW!



I DARE THEE, LOKI-- I DARE THEE, THIS ONCE, TO MEET ME IN COMBAT UNADORNED!

IN THE NAME OF THE BROTHERHOOD WE ONCE SHARED--

--I COMMAND THEE TO FIGHT-- WITHOUT SPELL OR WEAPON--



--OR DECLARE THYSELF A COWARD FOR ALL TO HEAR-- NOW, AND EVERMORE!



VERY WELL, BROTHER MINE...

I'LL FIGHT.



AND SOON, ALMOST TOO SOON, IT SEEMS TO SOME--THE FINAL BATTLE BEGINS!

AS YOU TOLD ME, THOR-- WHEN YOU SET DOWN YOUR HAMMER, YOU WILL HAVE SIXTY SECONDS BEFORE YOU REVERT TO YOUR HUMAN FORM.

SIXTY SECONDS TO WIN FOR US ALL--

OR TO LOSE.

THOSE SIXTY SECONDS BEGIN--



NOW!

THE FIRST BLOW IS MINE, DEAR BROTHER!

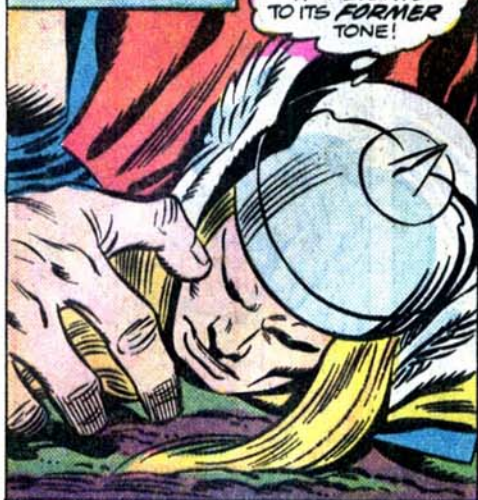
AND I SWEAR TO THEE-- SO ALSO WILL BE THE LAST!

THAKK!



TIME: FIFTY-SEVEN SECONDS.

LOKI'S VOICE-- IT REVERTS TO ITS FORMER TONE!



FIFTY-FOUR.



CAN IT BE-- HE IS LOSING THE POWER HE GAINED FROM DORMAMMU?

FIFTY. AYE! HE IS-- AND THOR MAY YET WIN THIS DAY!



Forty-six.



Forty-one.

SPOW!

THIRTY-NINE.

THIRTY-FOUR.

THIRTY.

TWENTY-SIX.

AND THE FIGHT-- GOES ON.

TWENTY.

EIGHTEEN.



THIRTEEN.

KRUMP!





TEN.

NINE.

EIGHT.



SEVEN.

BROTHER--I WILL REMEMBER THIS DAY THROUGHOUT ETERNITY--!



"THE DAY LOKI TRIUMPHED--"

SIX.



--FOR ALL TIMMMM--
EEEEEE--
EEEEEEYAH!

KRABLAM!



TWO.

ALL AT ONCE--IT'S OVER, THE GOD OF MISCHIEF CRUMPLES, AND THE SPELL WITH WHICH HE HELD THE ASGARDIAN ARMY IN THRALL--

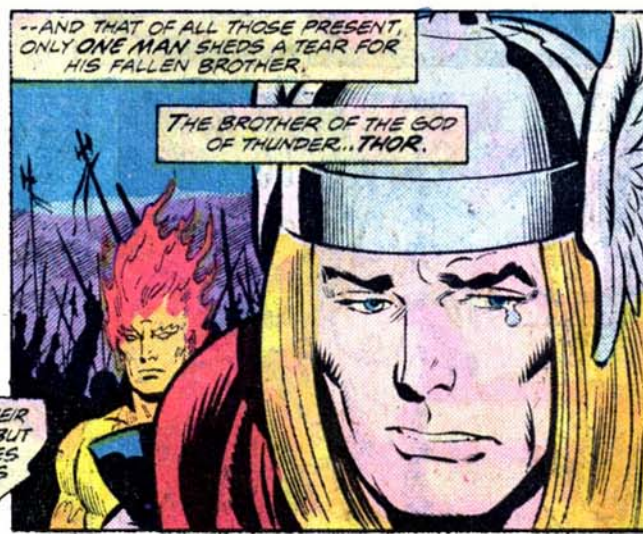
--FADES.



YET, EVEN IN THIS MOMENT OF VICTORY-- THE VICTOR FEELS NO TRIUMPH.

HAH, THOR! THE SON OF OPIN!

THE ARMIES ROAR THEIR CRY OF APPROVAL-- BUT ONLY FIRELORD SEES THAT THE CRY GOES UNNOTICED--



--AND THAT OF ALL THOSE PRESENT, ONLY ONE MAN SHEDS A TEAR FOR HIS FALLEN BROTHER.

THE BROTHER OF THE GOD OF THUNDER...THOR.

NEXT ISSUE:

THE STARTLING CONCLUSION TO SIF'S QUEST TO SAVE JANE FOSTER, IN A STORY TITLED: **WHO LURKS WITHIN...THE LABYRINTH?**