

THOR

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THE MIGHTY

THOR



TROLL
VS.
THUNDER GOD
UPON THE
SEA OF
DEATH!

BATTLE IN THE
WORLD BELOW!

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

GERRY CONWAY * JOHN BUSCEMA * JOE SINNOTT * JOHN COSTANZA, letterer * LEN WEIN
AUTHOR * ARTIST * FINISHED ART * DON WARFIELD, colorist * EDITOR

NIGHT OF THE TROLL!



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: IN OUR LAST INSTALLMENT, WE WITNESSED THE INVASION OF MANHATTAN BY ULIK AND HIS ARMY OF TROLLS. WE WATCHED AS THOR RESISTED ULIK'S ATTACK-- AND WE WATCHED THE THUNDER GOD'S SUBSEQUENT DEFEAT, WHEN ULIK'S MINION'S KIDNAPPED THOR'S BELOVED, JANE FOSTER.

NOW, WE OBSERVE THE AFTERMATH-- AS A VICTORIOUS ULIK LEADS HIS CONQUERED FIE INTO THE DARKNESS BENEATH THE EARTH..

--THE DARKNESS WHICH THE TROLLS CALL HOME.

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THE RIVER AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD!



YOUR SILENCE SURPRISES ME, THUNDER GOD. HAS DEFEAT TAKEN YOUR TONGUE?

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR CURIOSITY AS WELL AS YOUR HONOR?

'T WAS NO DISHONOR IN THIS DEFEAT, ULIK-- FOR 'T WAS DEFEAT CAUSED BY BASE 'T REACHERY.



TREACHERY? ARE YOU CLAIMING I *STOLE* MY VICTORY, THUNDER GOD? THAT MY TRIUMPH WAS NOT DESERVED?

'T IS NO CLAIM, TROLL -- 'T IS PLAIN REALITY.

THOU DOST KNOW THE LIMIT OF THY STRENGTH.. AND I WILL REMIND THEE, THOU HAST BEEN BEATEN BY ME THRICE BEFORE. *

* NO PRIZE TO THE READER WHO TELLS US WHEN. --LEN



ENOUGH! I WON'T LISTEN TO YOUR LIES, ASGARDIAN!

IF ANYONE EVER STOLE A VICTORY, IT WAS YOU!

I AM ULIK, THUNDER GOD--



ULIK, THE INVINCIBLE!



THOU ART ALSO ULIK THE QUICK-TEMPERED TROLL. 'TIS A FAILING WHICH WILL BETRAY THEE SOME DAY.



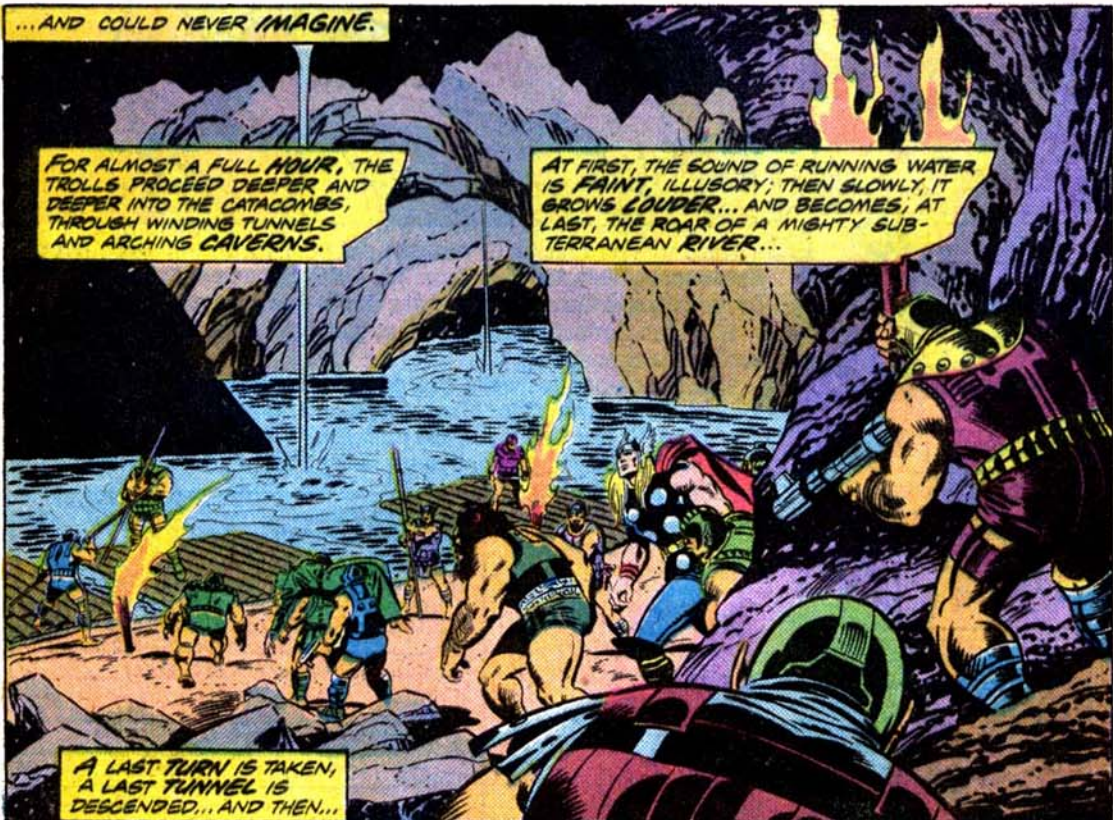
PERHAPS, THUNDER GOD-- BUT BY THAT DAY, YOU'LL BE LONG DEAD. WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME ON THESE CHILDISH GAMES. I'VE A WORLD TO CONQUER--



--AND YOU HAVE A WOMAN'S LIFE TO SAVE.

THOR'S REPLY IS HIS SILENCE, AS HE QUIETLY FOLLOWS THE HULKING TROLL INTO THE DEPTHS BENEATH MANHATTAN ISLAND, TO A DESTINY WHOSE NATURE HE CANNOT GUESS...

...AND COULD NEVER IMAGINE.



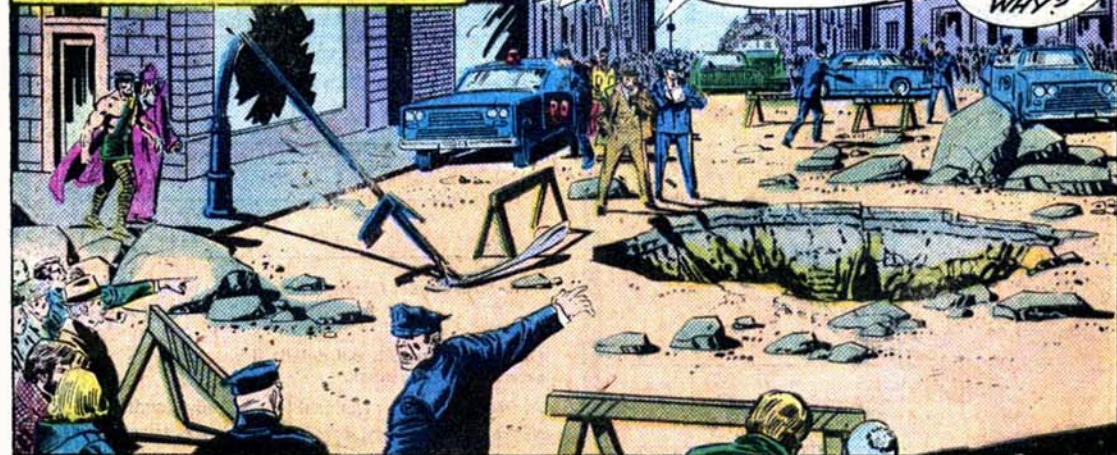
FOR ALMOST A FULL HOUR, THE TROLLS PROCEED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CATACOMBS, THROUGH WINDING TUNNELS AND ARCHING CAVERNS.

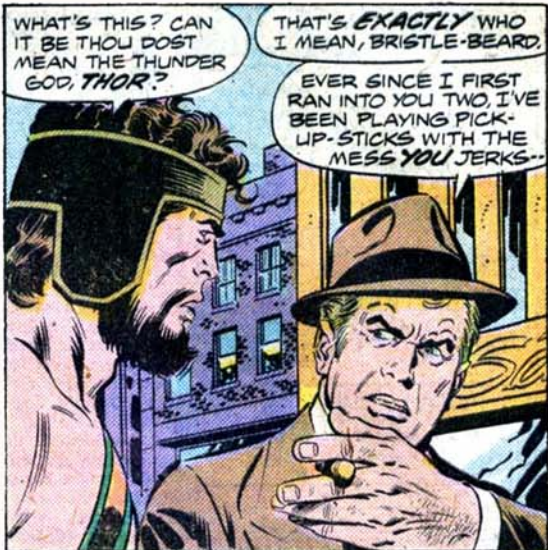
AT FIRST, THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER IS FAINT, ILLUSORY; THEN SLOWLY, IT GROWS LOUDER... AND BECOMES, AT LAST, THE ROAR OF A MIGHTY SUBTERRANEAN RIVER...

A LAST TURN IS TAKEN, A LAST TUNNEL IS DESCENDED... AND THEN...



MEANWHILE, FAR ABOVE, AN ANNOYED SERGEANT OF DETECTIVES SURVEYS THE SCENE OF THOR'S RECENT BATTLE-- AND EMITS A ROAR OF DISGUST...





WHILE HERCULES STARES GLOOMILY INTO THE DARK AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL, WE'LL LOOK ELSEWHERE, WHERE THE SUN STILL SHINES:

SAN GERALDO, CALIFORNIA:
NOT FAR FROM THE COAST, A SMALL FARMING COMMUNITY SPECIALIZING IN THE GROWTH OF GRAPES.

NORMALLY, IT'S A QUIET, SLEEPY TOWN SEVENTY-EIGHT MILES FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER... A TOWN KNOWN FOR ITS PRODUCTION OF FINE WINES...

...AS WELL AS FOR ITS SIX-YEAR OLD GRAPE PICKERS STRIKE.

NOW AND THEN, THE STRIKE ERUPTS INTO VIOLENCE.

IT IS ABOUT TO ERUPT INTO VIOLENCE NOW.

YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I WANT, CONNERS? NO DEATHS-- JUST A FEW **BROKEN BONES.**

YOU'VE GOT IT, MR. COMBACH. I'VE TALKED TO THE BOYS-- THEY UNDERSTAND.

WELL THEN-- DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, CONNERS--

--AND CALL ME AT THE HOUSE WHEN IT'S DONE.

ORRIN... I THINK THOSE PICKETERS ARE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE.

SO 'TWOULD SEEM, JUDITH.

STOP THE CAR, PLEASE...

CHAPTER TWO:

THE SONG OF BATTLE!

TOMAS CHAMARO IS A BRAVE AND LONELY MAN. FOR SIX LONG YEARS, HE'S FOUGHT A FIGHT HE KNOWS HE CANNOT WIN: A BATTLE IN WHICH THERE ARE OTHER

WARRIORS, TRUE--
--WARRIORS WHO HAVE MUCH TO LOSE--
--BUT NOT SO MUCH TO LOSE AS TOMAS CHAMARO.



WE INTEND TO PICKET THIS FARM, SEÑOR CONNERS-- AND YOU CANNOT STOP US.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, CHAMARO.



I CAN DO ANYTHING I PLEASE!

WHONK!

BODIES COLLIDE WITH STUNNING FORCE; FISTS CONNECT WITH JAWS, KNEES THRUST TOWARD GROINS; MEN CRY OUT WITH SUDDEN PAIN--



--THEN SWALLOW THE CRY--

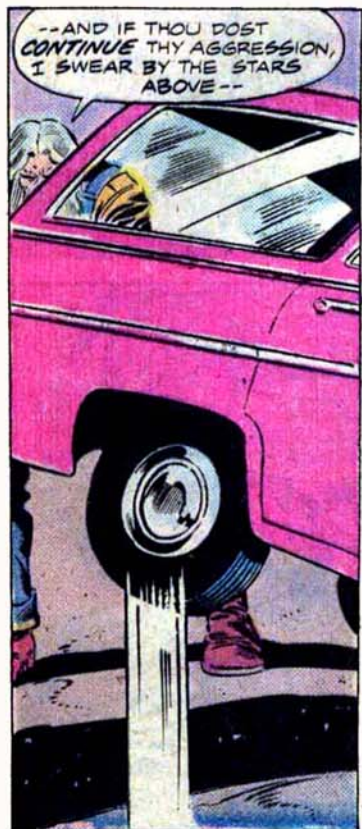
--AND THROW THEMSELVES FORWARD INTO THE FRAY, FOR AN INSTANT THERE IS UNCONTROLLED FURY--



AND THEN...

ENOUGH.
I SAID...







THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT WAY, ORRIN. WE CAN'T SOLVE ANYTHING WITH VIOLENCE.

WHEN I ASKED YOU TO GET INVOLVED WITH THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD, I MEANT FOR YOUR STRENGTH TO HELP PEOPLE*..

* SHOWN LAST ISSUE. -- LEN.



--NOT HURT THEM.

I--I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY.

METHINKS THOU ART TOO TRUSTING, JUDITH. BUT IF IT WILL RELIEVE THEE--

I WILL DO AS THOU DOST SAY.

SLOWLY THEN, THE MAN JUDITH CALLS ORRIN, THE MAN WE KNOW TO BE THE AMNESIAC ODIN ALL-FATHER OF ASSGARD, TURNS AWAY...



HE ISN'T ALONE.

COME, AMIGOS. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH THAT MAN...



YOU WANT WE SHOULD GO AFTER THEM, CONNERS?

NAH... THEY'LL BE BACK. AND WHEN THEY DO COME BACK WE'LL GET THEM.

WE'LL GET THEM GOOD.



WE'LL LEARN MORE ABOUT ORRIN AND JUDITH NEXT ISSUE; FOR NOW WE MUST RETURN TO OUR MAIN PROTAGONIST... THOR, GOD OF THUNDER!

I'D THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE GUESSED BY NOW, ASSGARD-IAN.

WHO IS THIS CREATURE THOU DOTH CALL ZOTARR, ULIK? AND WHY DOST THOU BRING ME TO HIM?

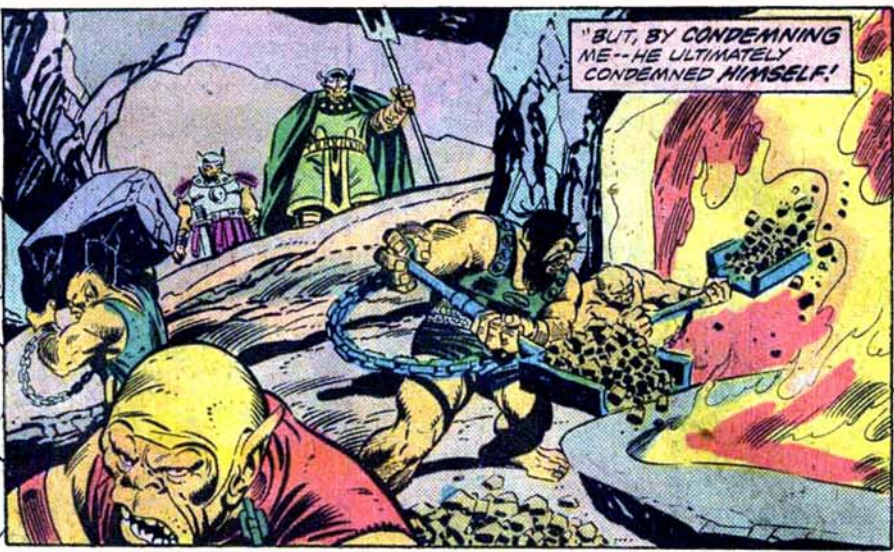
ZOTARR IS AN ALLY OF GIERRODUR, HE WHO CALLS HIMSELF KING OF THE TROLLS--!



GIERRODUR, WHO--
AFTER MY LAST
BATTLE WITH YOU--
CONSIDERED ME TO
THE DARKEST PITS
OF OUR UNDERGROUND
WORLD--

--WHERE I WAS TO
SPEND ETERNITY
STOKING THE FURN-
ACE WHICH FED HEAT
TO OUR MIGHTY
FORGE.

HE CONSIDERED
THIS A FIT PUNISH-
MENT FOR MY
PLOT TO STEAL
HIS KINGDOM--



"BUT, BY CONDEMNING ME-- HE ULTIMATELY CONDEMNED HIMSELF!"

"WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY
AROSE TO ESCAPE, I SEIZED
THE OPPORTUNITY--
KNOCKED OUT A GUARD--



--AND FLED DEEPER
INTO THE EARTH THAN
ANY TROLL HAD EVER
GONE BEFORE.



"AFTER MANY DAYS OF AIMLESS WANDER-
ING, I CAME UPON A HIDDEN CAVERN
FAR BELOW THOSE LEVELS INHABITED BY
THE TROLLS OF GIERRODUR..



"THERE I DISCOVERED
A LOST TRIBE OF TROLLS,
WHO ACCEPTED ME AS
THEIR LEADER AFTER
I DISPOSED OF THEIR
CHIEF.

"I ALSO DISCOVERED
THIS RIVER.."

...WHICH WILL BRING
US TO GIERRODUR, WHERE
I WILL FINALLY TAKE
MY REVENGE!

I THINK I
UNDERSTAND.

THOU DOOTH PLAN
TO USE ME AGAINST
THIS ZOTARR--



--WHILE I
ATTACK THE TROLL-
KINGS! EXACTLY,
THOR.



THOR OPENS HIS MOUTH TO RESPOND, BUT BEFORE HE CAN SPEAK, THERE IS A SNARLING ROAR--

AAARROO

--AN ERUPTION OF FERID WATER--

FIRES OF HELL! A SEA-DEMON!!



--AND WHERE THERE WAS CALM A MOMENT BEFORE, THERE IS SUDDENLY CHAOS!

WITHOUT THOUGHT, THE THUNDER GOD SPRINGS FORWARD.



HIS HAMMER ARCS THROUGH THE MURKY AIR--

WAM!

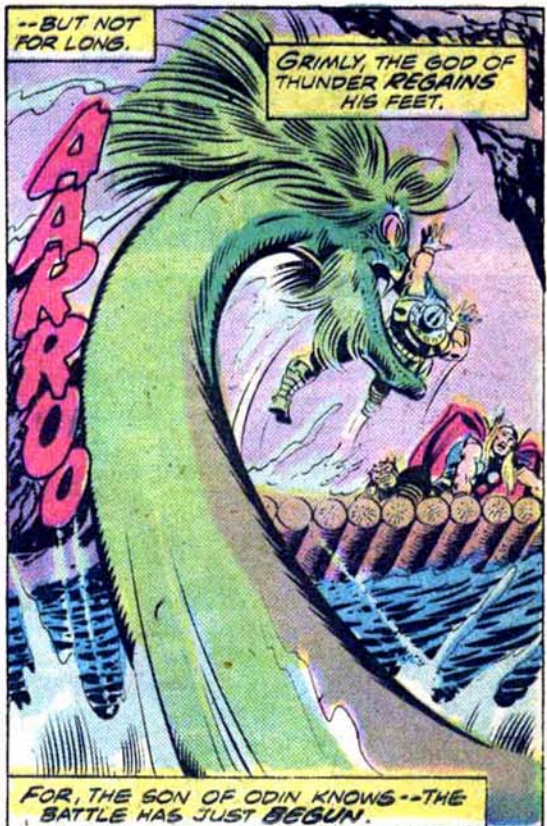
--IT CONNECTS--

--YET THE CREATURE LUNGES ON, UNINJURED!



OFF-BALANCE, THE BLOND-HAIRED ASGARDIAN IS UNABLE TO AVOID THE MONSTER'S THRUST.

HE'S FLUNG BACKWARD, STUMBLING--



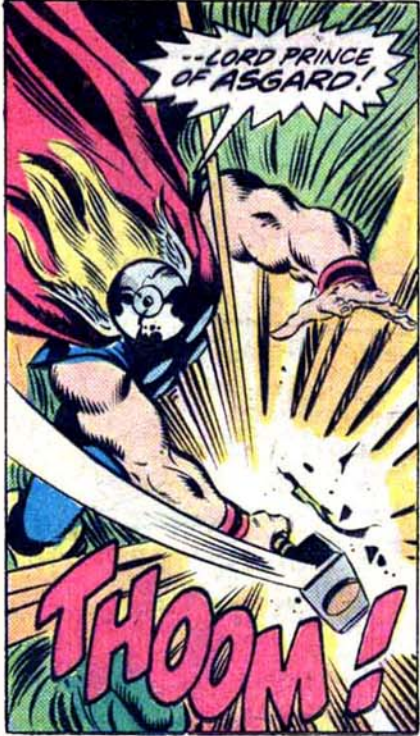
-- BUT NOT FOR LONG.

GRIMLY, THE GOD OF THUNDER REGAINS HIS FEET.

AAARROO

FOR, THE SON OF ODIN KNOWS--THE BATTLE HAS JUST BEGUN.

THE TROLL SUPREME





WELL DONE, ASGARDIAN! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH FORM-- SUCH FIGHTING BRAVERY! WHY, 'T WAS ALMOST AS GREAT AS MY OWN--

SO-- YOU'VE CHOSEN TO RETURN, HAVE YOU, TRAITOR?

GIERRODUR! I HADN'T EXPECTED TO ENCOUNTER YOU SO SOON, TROLL-KING.



THAT IS OBVIOUS, PERFIDIOUS ONE. HOWEVER, YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED ME.

IN POINT OF FACT, YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON LAND BELONGING TO MY KINGDOM.

TO REQUEST AN EXPLANATION WOULD BE SUPER-FLUOUS--



--SINCE YOUR AMBITIONS HAVE ALREADY BEEN RECOGNIZED!

ZOTARR, DISPOSE OF THIS TRAITOR AND HIS ACCOMPLICES--INCLUDING THAT BLOND-HAIRED DEVIL!

THOR!

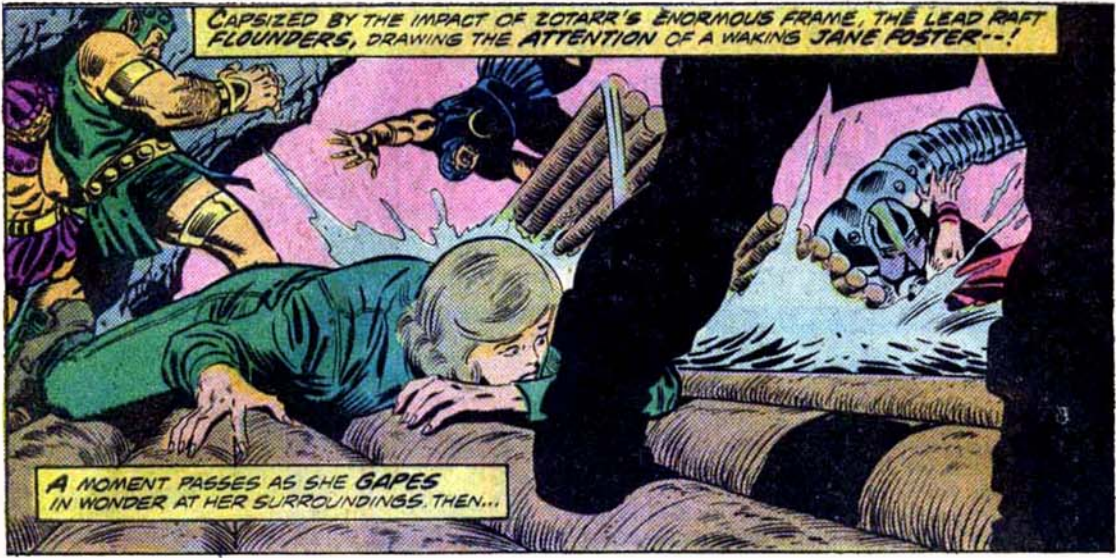


IF YOU HAVE A GOD, PRAY TO HIM, BLOND-HAIR.

SOON--YOU WILL BE IN HIS ARMS!

BEWARE! THE GIANT JUMPS-- UHHHHHH!

CAPSIZED BY THE IMPACT OF ZOTARR'S ENORMOUS FRAME, THE LEAD RAFT FLOUNDERS, DRAWING THE ATTENTION OF A WAKING JANE FOSTER--!



A MOMENT PASSES AS SHE GAPES IN WONDER AT HER SURROUNDINGS. THEN...



THOR!

WE'RE IN SOME SORT OF CAVERN--! THESE CREATURES-- I'VE HEARD THOR SPEAK OF THEM--



THEY'RE TROLLS!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP THOR-- BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING AS LONG AS I'M A PRISONER. SO--



THOU ART AN ARROGANT GIANT, TROLL-- AND AN IGNORANT ONE!

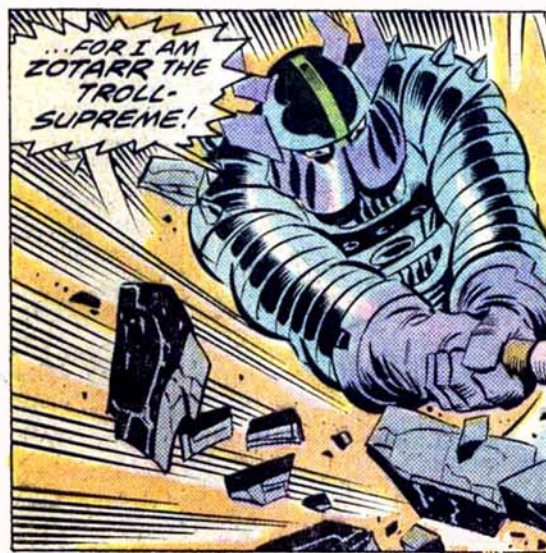
THOR DOETH NEED NO GODS FOR PRAYER. VERILY--

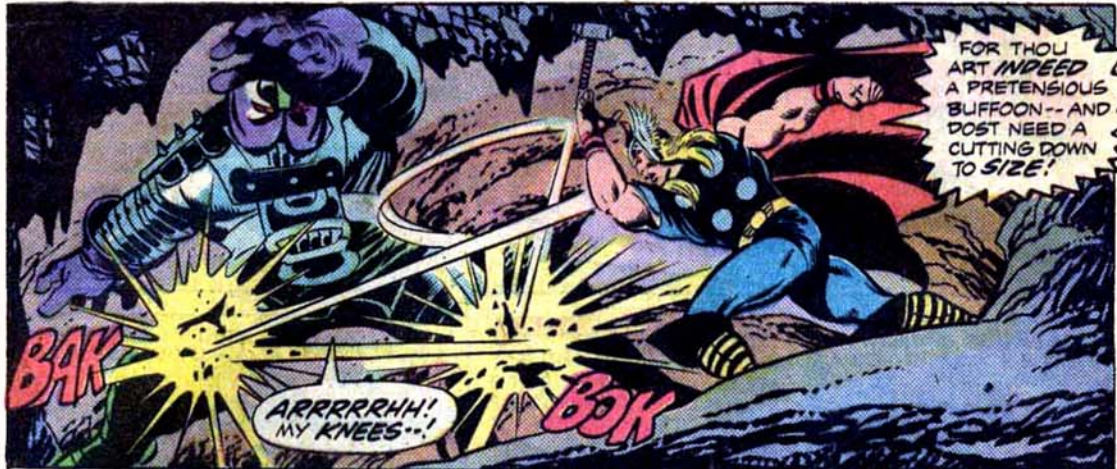


-- THOR IS A GOD HIMSELF!

KEEP FIGHTING, ASGARDIAN! I'M ALMOST UPON HIM--!

THAMM!





FOR THOU ART *INDEED* A PRETENSIOUS BUFFOON-- AND DOST NEED A CUTTING DOWN TO SIZE!

BAK

ARRRRRH!
MY KNEES--!

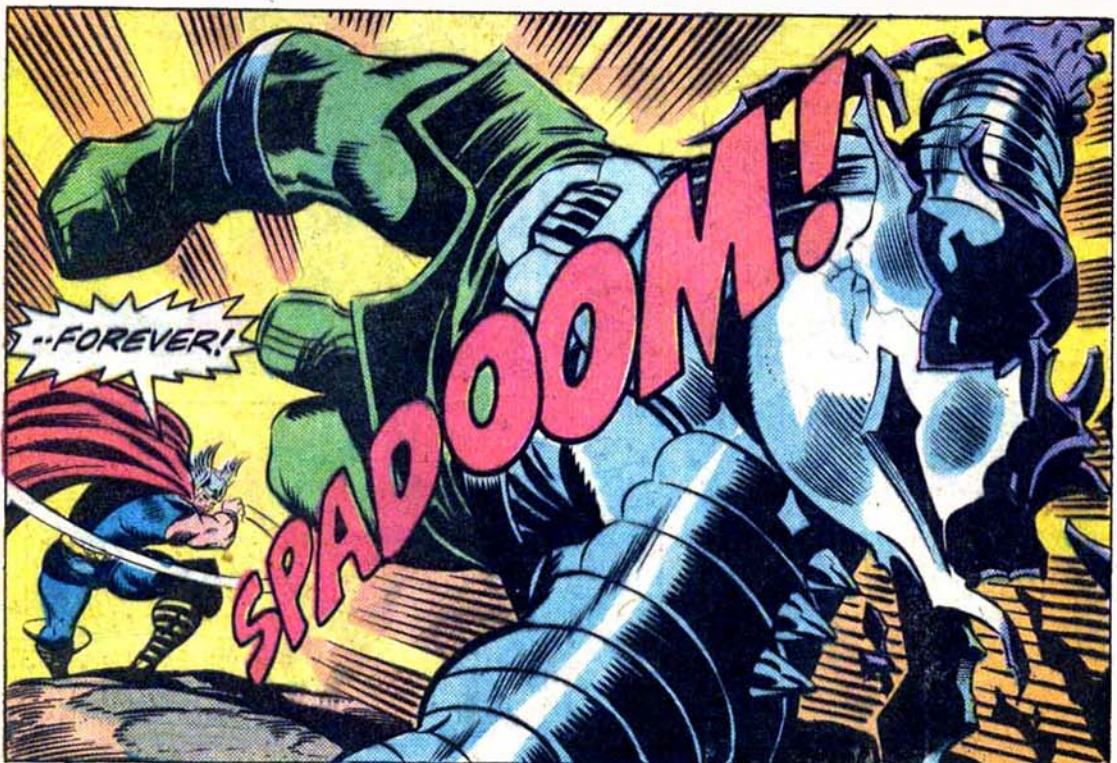
BOK



THOU ART NOW A PERFECT HEIGHT, TROLL.

THY PAIN WAS FOR THE BEST, SINCE IT HAS GIVEN THEE A NEW PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE.

LET THIS ALSO BE FOR THE BEST-- AND MAY IT TEACH THEE TO ACCEPT THY STATUS--



--FOREVER!

SPADOOOM!



NEXT ISSUE!

MORE ON ODIN'S ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA; MORE ON JANE FOSTER; AND THE RETURN OF A FORGOTTEN FOE. ALL YOURS IN:

ODINSONG!