

THOR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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THE MIGHTY

THOR



**ODIN
IN EXILE!**

**ULIK
AT BAY!**

**DON BLAKE
AND
JANE FOSTER
--TOGETHER
AGAIN!!**



AND NOW--
STAR-QUAKE!



TIME-QUAKE!

THE BATTLE BENEATH THE EARTH IS ENDED!
AND, AIDED BY A MOST UNWILLING THUNDER
GOD, THE MONSTROUS ULIK NOW STANDS
SUPREME IN THE TROLL NETHERWORLD--
AT LEAST TO HEAR HIM TELL IT--!

THUS ENDS THE
REIGN OF THE
TROLL-KING
GEIRRODUR!*

AND, ERE LONG,
THE SURFACE
WORLD AS WELL
SHALL CRINGE
BEFORE THE UN-
MATCHED MIGHT
OF ULIK
THE INVINCIBLE!

*AND, WITH THAT CORRECTED SPELLING OF
THE TROLL-KING'S NAME, WE BEGIN A NEW
ERA OF RAGNAROKIAN WONDERMENT WITH:

ROY THOMAS • SAL BUSCEMA • JOE SINNOTT
WRITER / EDITOR ARTIST EMBELLISHER
PHIL RACHE, COLORIST • JOHN COSTANZA, letterer

AS FOR THE PART THOR
AND JANE FOSTER ARE
DESTINED TO PLAY IN ALL
THIS--WELL, READ ON,
MCGUFFEY--!

NOW, AS GARDIAN, LET US MAKE HASTE TO COMBINE THE TWO TROLL ARMIES, THAT THE WORLD OF MORTALS SHALL FALL TO US ALL THE SOONER!

WE'LL ATTACK BEFORE THIS DAY IS--

I SAY THEE NAY, ULIK!

WHAT? YOU DARE TO DEFY ME--?

THOU BASEST, MOST BRUTISH OF FOOLS!

DIDST THOU TRULY THINK THE SON OF ODIN COULD ALLY HIMSELF WITH THE LIKES OF THEE?

FOR SO LONG AS YOUR ROLLS HELD MY BELOVED JANE A HOSTAGE--

--FOR JUST SO LONG COULD OUR ILL-STARRED ALLIANCE ENDURE!

NOW, JANE IS FREE--AND OUR COMRADESHIP AT AN END!

OR DOST THOU FEAR TO FACE ME, LACKING AN ARMY AT THY BACK?

JANE--THE TROLL IS A FOE MOST FORMIDABLE. FLEE THOU TO THE OUTER CAVERNS, WHILST I--

I SNATCHED GEIRRODUR'S OWN SPEAR AWAY AND HELD IT TO HIS THROAT, DARLING.

STEP FORWARD, DOLT, AND YOU SHALL SEE!

DO YOU THINK I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW?

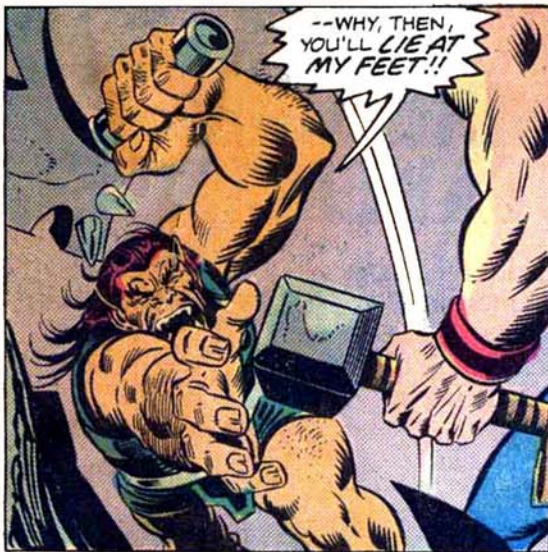
THOU SPEAKEST A 'RIGHT. 'T WAS A REQUEST UNWORTHY.

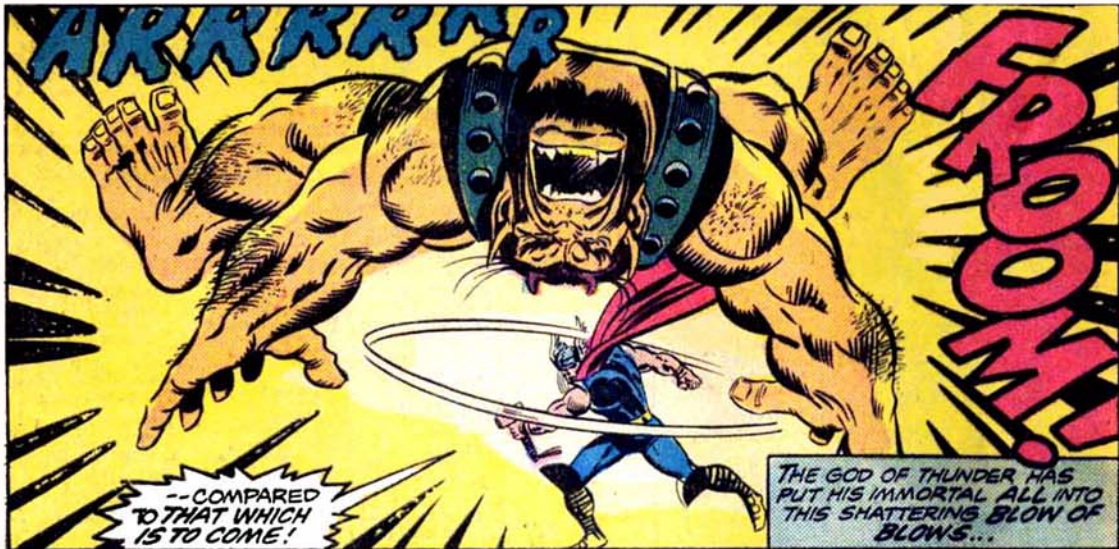
NOW, HAVE AT THEE, DEVIL--

THE GOD OF THUNDER STANDS READY!

IN YOUR OWN OFT-USED WORDS--SO BE IT!

BY THE SEVEN RINGS, IF YOU'LL NOT MARCH AT MY SIDE--





ARRRRRR

FRUM!

-- COMPARED TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME!

THE GOD OF THUNDER HAS PUT HIS IMMORTAL ALL INTO THIS SHATTERING BLOW OF BLOWS...



... WITH THE RESULT THAT EVEN ULIK'S MASSIVE BULK IS HURLED, LIKE A LEAF BEFORE A STORM, INTO THE WINDING UNDERGROUND RIVER...

KUH-SPLASH!



... TO BE SWIFTLY LOST FROM SIGHT!

TROLL SHOULD RULE WHERE TROLL DOETH BELONG, NOT BRAVE THE WRATH OF AN ASGARDIAN BORN.

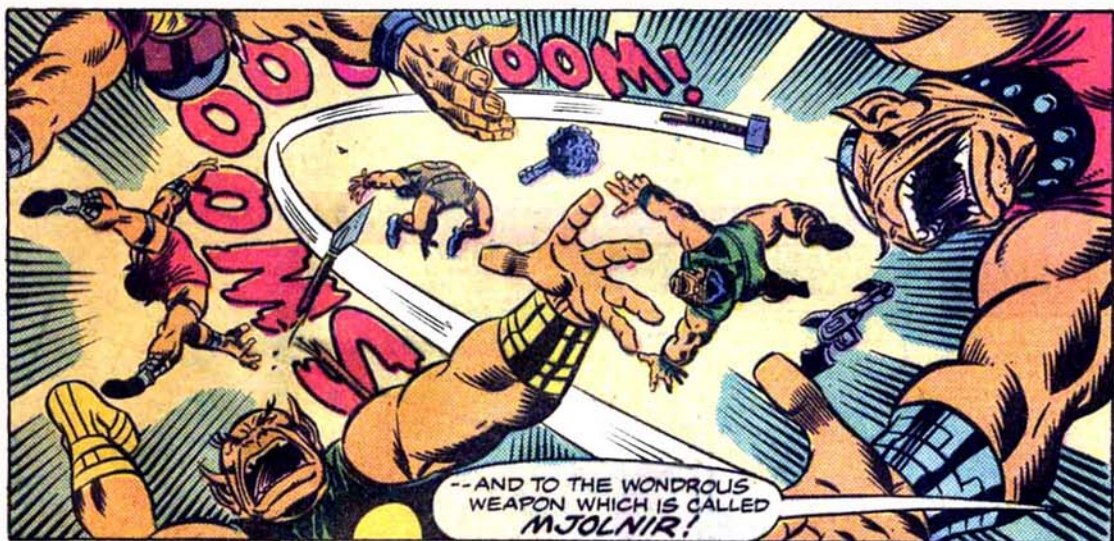
THIS WAS IT WRITTEN, THUS SHALL IT EVER BE!

THOR-- LOOK OUT!



BY THE GIRTH OF VOLSTAGG!

ULIK'S HORDES RETURN--



JANE!
THE SPEAR--
QUICKLY!

HERE! BUT, I
STILL DON'T
SEE WHAT--

THAT,
BELOVED, IS
BECAUSE
THOU DOST
LOOK WITH
MORTAL EYES
UPON THAT
WHICH IS
OLDER THAN
THE WORLD.

JUST AS MINE
OWN URU
HAMMER DOTH
YIELD UP
POWER
BEYOND
RECKONING--

--SO THE
SHAFT OF EVEN
A TROLL-KING
MAY BE POSSESSED
OF CERTAIN
MAGICAL PROP-
ERTIES--

--WHICH, MINGLING
MADLY WITH THE MURK-
FILLED WATERS OF A
SORCEROUS STREAM--



AND, UNPREDICTABLE THEY MOST ASSUREDLY ARE!

FOR, EVEN AS THE EARTH-SHAKING ROAR RESOUNDS THRU THE DEPTHS, THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER ITSELF SEEMS TO CATCH FIRE--

--TILL THE CAVERN WALLS THEMSELVES BEGIN TO MELT AND FLOW!

JANE FOSTER STARES ON, HOWEVER, IN TRANSFIXED HORROR-- AS THE WHOLE OF THE VAST NATURAL LABYRINTH BECOMES A BLAZING INFERNO BEFORE WHICH THE TERRIFIED TROLLS FLEE PELL-MELL...

BUT, WHITHER THEY FLEE, AND IF THEY SHALL SURVIVE, EVEN A GOD KNOWS NOT.

AND ONE THEY LEAVE BEHIND, FORGOTTEN...

COME BACK, YOU FILTHY--

COME BACK!

PLEASE--!

BUT, THUNDER GOD AND HIS LADY FAIR HEAR NOT, AS A HARD-HURLED MALLET PROPELS THEM INSTANTLY UPWARD--

--OUT OF THE RAGING, ALL-ENGULFING NIGHTMARE BELOW--

STAND THEE BACK, MY BELOVED--AND AVERT THINE EYES!

BRAVE THOU TRULY ART--YET, I'D NOT HAVE ANY MORTAL BEAR WITNESS TO WHAT MUST FOLLOW!

--AND TOWARD A DIFFERENT BRAND OF MADNESS, FAR ABOVE--!

AWRIGHT, EVERYBODY--
STAND BACK,
I SAID!

NOBODY GETS
NEAR THAT HOLE
IN THE STREET,
NOT EVEN IF HE'S
GOT A PRESS
PASS.

IN FACT,
ESPECIALLY
IF HE'S GOT
A PRESS PASS!

THAT INCLUDES YOU, TOO, WHISKERS, SO--

I'VE BEEN CALLED
BY MANY NAMES,
HERAKLES AMONG
THEM...

... AND
HERCULES,
PRINCE OF
POWER, BY
MOST.

BUT, BY ALL
THE GODS OF
MINE OWN
OLYMPUS--

--"WHISKERS" IS
NOT A NAME
TO MY LIKING!

UH
OH!

FTAK!

S-SO YOU'RE
THOR'S GREEK
BUDDY, HUH?
WELL, WHY
DIDN'T YOU
SAY SO?

THEY DON'T
TELL US
ROOKIES
NUTHIN'!

THOU DOST
THE TASK
THAT HATH
BEEN APPOINTED
THEE.

METHINKS
I SHOULD
EXPECT
NO MORE.

STAND
ASIDE,
THEN, AND
LET ME PASS.

ANY SIGN OF
LIFE DOWN
THERE YET,
RILEY?

NONE. WE
TRIED LOWERING
AN ELECTRIC
LANTERN DOWN
THERE--

AND WE RAN
OUT OF
CABLE,
BUT NOT OUT
OF HOLE.

I SUSPECT, MORTAL,
THAT THIS BE ONE
TUNNEL AT THE END
OF WHICH THOU
SHALT NE'ER
SEE LIGHT.

YOU AGAIN, HERCULES? CRIPES, AND HERE I DON'T EVEN KNOW YET IF I BELIEVE IN YOU GOD-GUYS OR NOT!

THOU WOULDST DO WELL TO BELIEVE, SERGEANT BLUMMKIN.

IT'S LIEL-TENANT. I GOT A PROMOTION THE OTHER DAY. FORGOT TO TELL YOU. *

MY BEST WISHES TO THEE.

* OR US, FOR THAT MATTER. --RASCALLY.

THANKS...

BUT, I'LL BE BACK POUNDIN' A BEAT IF I DON'T EITHER CLOSE THIS CRATER, OR GET TO THE BOTTOM OF--

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU LOOK- IN' AT?

SOMETHING STIRS BELOW-- RISES TOWARD US, AS IF--

CENTAURS AND SATYRS!

'TIS THOR HIMSELF-- WITH HIS LADY JANE!

AYE, OLYMPIAN. AND BE GLAD THAT WE TWO ARE ALL YOU BEHOLD!

THE TROLLS BENEATH LOOK NOW TO THEIR OWN HIDES, NOT TO CONQUEST.

LET THEM COME, ODINSON! WE'D SEND THEM HOWLING, JUST THEE AND I! WE--

I'M-- SORRY, THOR. I FEEL-- SO DIZZY--!

THOU'RT BRAVE, DEAREST JANE ... BUT STILL ART THOU MORTAL BORN...

ZOUNDS! WHAT--?

... AND HATH BEEN THIS DAY THRU HELL OF A SORT.

I'LL TAKE THEE HOME...

NOW HOLD IT! THAT'S GREAT FOR YOU, GOLDLOCKS... BUT I'VE STILL GOT A KING-SIZE DOUGHNUT HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF--

AH... THAT!

STANDEST THOU READY, DEMI-GOD?

AYE, ASGARDIAN.

THEN LET BE DONE-- THAT WHICH MUST!

GREAT CHUNKS OF DEBRIS HAVE PILED UP, WHERE THE TROLLS HAD COME POURING OUT OF THE DARK NETHER-WORLD INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY.



NOW, AS THOR WHIRLS HIS MYSTIC MJOLNIR FASTER, EVER FASTER ABOUT HIS REGAL HEAD--

--THE MIGHTIEST OF GRECO-ROMAN MAN-GODS SENDS FRAGMENT AFTER JAGGED FRAGMENT BACK INTO THE ENFOLDING BLACKNESS BELOW--



--EVEN AS HAMMER-SUMMONED LIGHTNING-BOLT STRIKES FROM A SKY WHICH WAS CLOUDLESS, MERE MOMENTS ASONE--



--FUSING CONCRETE AND EARTH AND AIR ITSELF INTO ONE INDIVISIBLE MASS!



WELL, I GUESS WE WON'T HAVE ANY POT-HOLES ON THIS STREET FOR A WHILE.

AN AMPLE EPITAPH, LIEUTENANT.

NOW, IF THE DANGER BE ENDED, THUNDER GOD, I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE AND--

NO-- WAIT, UH, HERCULES! DON'T LEAVE! I'VE COME SO FAR-- TO SPEAK WITH YOU--!



THEN CATCH THY BREATH, WHO'E'R THOU BE--

--AND SPEAK!

AYE! HERCULES IS TURNED TO HEAR.

I--I REPRESENT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES-- U.C.L.A.--AND I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO INVITE YOU TO LECTURE AT OUR COLLEGE OF ANCIENT STUDIES--

--ON THE TRUTH BEHIND THE OLD GREEK MYTHS!



IN SOOTH, 'TWOULD BE AN HONOR, MORTAL...

BUT, WHY DOST THOU NOT ASK THE INCOMPARABLE THOR TO SPEAK, AS WELL?

WELL, UH-- TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, ER-- FROM WHAT LITTLE WE CAN GATHER, THE ASSGARDIAN PANTHEON ISN'T EXACTLY ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

WHAT I MEAN IS-- NOBODY IN MY DEPARTMENT EVER HEARD OF VOLSTAGG-- OR HOGUN THE GRIM, OR--

THY POINT BE WELL MADE, MY FRIEND.

HANG ON MIGHTILY TO THINE ILLUSIONS.

COME, MILADY...

BUT DOES THAT MEAN-- YOU'LL COME, HERCULES?

AVE, MORTAL. FOR, 'TIS FABLED THAT CALIFORNIA BE AS FAIR AND GOLDEN AS FAR-OFF OLYMPUS ITSELF.

LIKE ALL FABLES, 'TIS MOST LIKELY OVER-EMBROIDERED.

BUT, WE'LL SEE...!

I PRAY THEE, KEEP WATCH FOR A MOMENT, JANE.

'T WILL BE SIMPLER FOR THOR...

...TO WALK AMONG MEN...

F TOOM!

...AS A MAN!

MEANWHILE, IN A RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA...

...AND I REPEAT, AMIGOS-- MY FELLOW WORKERS-- THAT WE MUST EXERCISE OUR GOD-GIVEN RIGHT TO STRIKE... TO PICKET... UNTIL THE VICTORY IS OURS!

NO, WE HAVEN'T RESURRECTED SAMUEL GOMPERS, FRANTIC ONE. THE SPEAKER IS YOUNG TOMAS CHAMARO, LEADER OF AN UNRECOGNIZED GRAPE-PICKERS' UNION...

...AND HE'S ANGRY!

TELL ME--ARE WE GOING TO LET ANTHONY COMBACH AND HIS LACKEY CONNERS FRIGHTEN US AWAY?

NO!

ARE WE GOING TO CONTINUE TO PICKET HIS VINE-YARDS???

YES!

VERILY, JUDITH-- LITTLE THOUGH I COMPREHEND OF WHAT THIS MAN CHAMARO DOTH SAY, STILL DO I SENSE HIS GOOD WILL.

CANNOT THE MAN COMBACH DO LIKEWISE, AND PAY THESE MEN THEIR WORTH, IN COIN OF THE REALM?

IT--DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK THAT WAY, ORRIN.* BUT--SHHH--!

*"ORRIN," OF COURSE, IS IN REALITY ODIN, LORD OF ASGARD-- BUT VERILY, ALL MEMORY BE FLED FROM HIM. --ROY.

ALL RIGHT, AMIGOS. NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOUR QUESTIONS. ARE THERE ANY--?

NONE, CHAMARO!

WHO--?

MATTER 'A FACT, I THINK YOU HAD A WHOLE BUNCH 'A MUTES LISTENIN' TO YER PURTY LITTLE SPEECH!

AN' IF ANYBODY SAYS DIFFERENT, HE CAN TAKE IT UP WITH MY BOYS HERE!

CONNERS!

THAT'S MY NAME, "AMIGO." DON'T WEAR IT OUT!

THIS MEETIN' IS ADJOURNED, AS OF NOW!

EVERYBODY MOVE IT-- AN' I MEAN PRONTO!

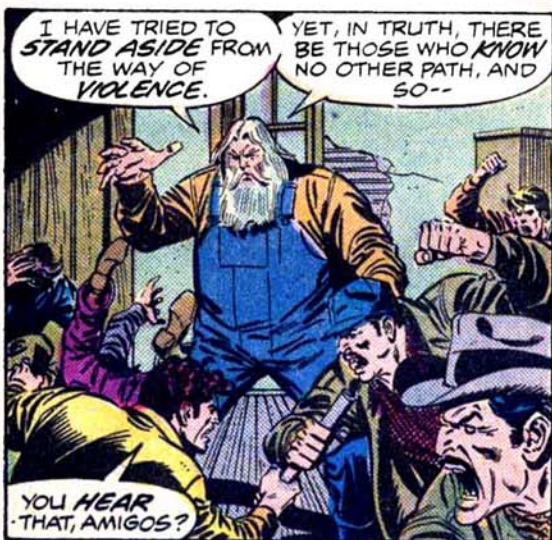
NO! THIS IS STILL A FREE COUNTRY, CONNERS-- EVEN IF YOUR KIND EXIST IN IT-- YOU AND YOUR BOSS, COMBACH!

THESE MEN HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO--

YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHTS, WET-BACK, 'LESSEN I SAY SO--

--IZZAT CLEAR???

BOX!





NOTHING SHALL HARM A FRIEND OF ORRIN!

KAK!

TH-THANKS!



NOW, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, AND SEE IF THEY'RE RE-MAKING "EARTH-QUAKE" ALREADY, AND WE JUST BECAME VICTIMS OF SENSURROUND--



--OR IF THIS WAS THE REAL THING, AND--

ASSUREDLY, THOU DOST KNOW THE FORM, JUDITH.

GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT??

'TIS ONLY THE SANITY OF IT THAT DOTHS ELUDE THEE!



SKRUTTTCH!

VERILY, 'TIS A GIGANTIC PYRAMID-- ARISING FROM OUT THE VERY EARTH ITSELF!

YES, I KNOW-- BUT WHAT'S IT DOING HERE, ORRIN?

ORRIN...?

BUT THE MAN WHOM JUDITH CALLS ORRIN NO LONGER HEARS.

RATHER, HE SEEMS TO REMEMBER... DIMLY, DARKLY...

THEN, WITH A STEADY, MEASURED TREAD, HE STEPS FORWARD...

ORRIN-- STOP! WHAT ARE YOU--?

ORRIN-- IN THE NAME OF GOD--!

BUT, THOUGH SHE CANNOT KNOW IT, ORRIN ALREADY IS A GOD, ALBEIT IN THE FORM OF A MAN...

AND, IF SUCH AS HE IS IN HELPLESS THRALL-- WHAT CAN MORTAL WOMAN DO?

MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER END OF A SPRAWLING CONTINENT...

IT'S NO USE!

I'D HOPED TO TAKE DON'S MIND OFF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ODIN FROM ASSGARD, OF WHICH THE VIZIER TOLD HIM...*

* IN BETWEEN ISSUES #236-237. --ROY.

BUT, THOUGH HE SWEARS HE WANTS TO BE WITH ME-- TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THE LONG MONTHS WE'VE BEEN APART--

--THE SOUL OF HIM IS STILL THE SON OF ODIN-- AND HE GRIEVES FOR HIS FATHER!

OKAY, JANIE-- ONLY ONE THING TO DO--

DON-- DARLING, THIS ISN'T EASY TO SAY--

BUT, YOU CAN'T DENY YOUR ASSGARDIAN BLOOD ANY LONGER.

YOU'VE GOT TO GO SEARCH FOR YOUR FATHER-- NO MATTER WHAT!

SO I'M THAT TRANSPARENT, AM I?

FIRST YOU WERE THE PERFECT NURSE-- NOW, THE PERFECT LADY LOVE-- AND, MAYBE ONE DAY SOON--

YES, WHEN THE TIME COMES...

WELL, WE CAN TALK ABOUT THAT WHEN THE TIME COMES...

NOW, HOWEVER...



...IT'S TIME TO TRADE A SEMI-CRIPPLE'S WOODEN CANE--

BTOOM!



--FOR MJOLNIR, HAMMER FORGED BY ALL-FATHER ODIN-- AND WIELDED BY HIS FIRST-BORN!



WOULD THAT I COULD TAKE THEE WITH ME, DEAREST JANE--YET, THOU KNOWEST WELL THAT ASSGARD BE FORBIDDEN TO--

YES. TO.. MORTALS.

I...REMEMBER.

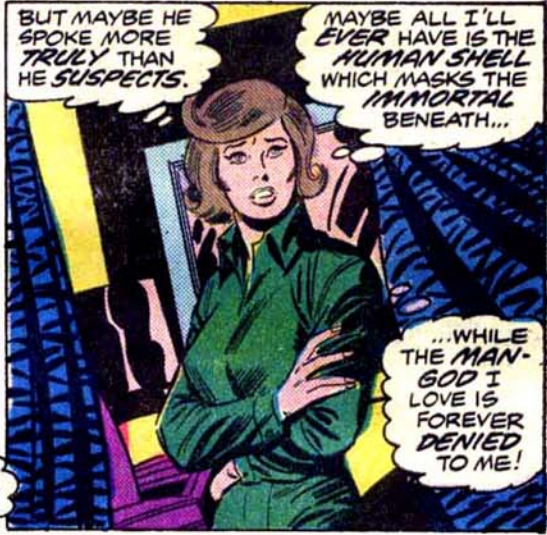
FARE THEE WELL TILL I DO RETURN...



AND KNOW THEE THIS: IN THE VERY MOMENT THAT MINE APPOINTED QUEST BE FULFILLED--

--IN THAT SELFSAME INSTANT SHALL DR. DON BLAKE BE RESTORED TO THY SIDE!

HE MEANT THAT TO CHEER ME UP..



BUT MAYBE HE SPOKE MORE TRULY THAN HE SUSPECTS.

MAYBE ALL I'LL EVER HAVE IS THE HUMAN SHELL WHICH MASKS THE IMMORTAL BENEATH...

...WHILE THE MAN-GOD I LOVE IS FOREVER DENIED TO ME!



WELL, AS SOMEBODY WITTY ONCE SAID:

"I'LL THINK ABOUT THAT TOMORROW. AFTER ALL, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY!"

MAYBE A RE-RUN OF "RHODA" WILL--



WAIT! THERE'S SOME SORT OF NEWS SPECIAL ON--!

...PYRAMID WHICH APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE...

AND-- THAT MAN ON THE TV SCREEN-- I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE--!



IT'S-- ODIN!! WHAT--?

...TROOPS TRYING TO GET THE STRANGE, BEARDED MAN TO TURN BACK...



THIS IS AMAZING, FOLKS! HE'S SHUNTED THEM ASIDE LIKE RAG DOLLS-- OUR ON-THE-SPOT CAMERAMAN, AS WELL--



NO ONE KNOWS WHAT CONNECTION THAT MAN HAS TO THIS EERIE PYRAMID ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SAN DIEGO, BUT--

HOLD IT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING--!



GOOD LORD! WHAT SEEMED A MOMENT AGO TO BE SOLID STONE--

-- IS SUDDENLY OPENING, AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRWAY!

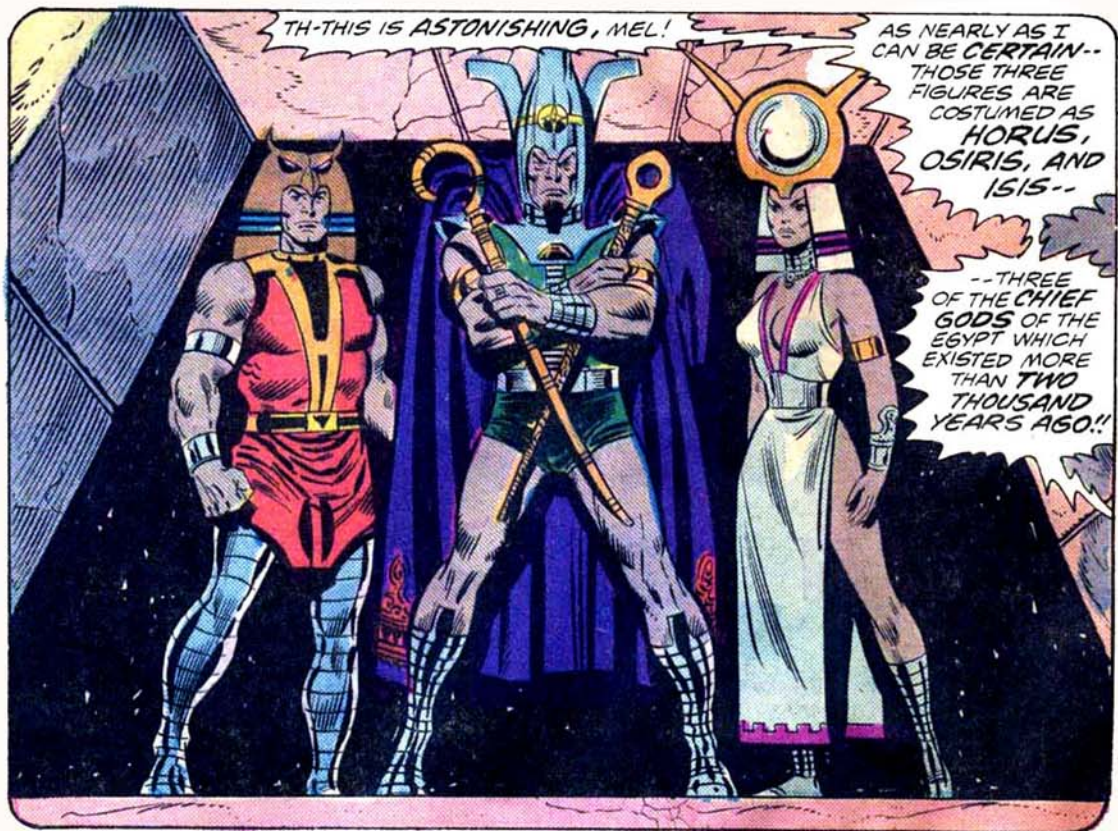


AND-- CAN YOU SEE THEM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN?-- THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMEONE INSIDE--!

WE TURN YOU OVER NOW TO PROFESSOR DANVILLE, EGYPTOLOGIST AT STATE UNIVERSITY...

DOES THEIR DRESS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, PROFESSOR?

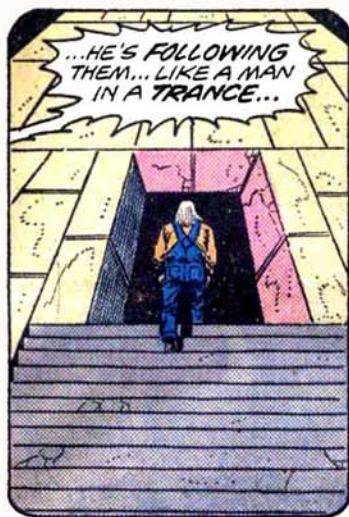
YES! THREE FIGURES-- COMING FORWARD-- THEY'RE GAUDILY COSTUMED--



TH-THIS IS ASTONISHING, MEL!

AS NEARLY AS I CAN BE CERTAIN-- THOSE THREE FIGURES ARE COSTUMED AS HORUS, OSIRIS, AND ISIS--

--THREE OF THE CHIEF GODS OF THE EGYPT WHICH EXISTED MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO!!



NEXT: WHEN THE GODS MAKE WAR...