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249 JULY

02450

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THE MIGHTY THOR



EVEN IF THOU CANST REACH ME, THUNDER GOD-- THOU DAREST NOT STRIKE ODIN!



NAY, MY LORD! FOR THE SAKE OF IMMORTAL ASGARD, SON MUST BATTLE FATHER-- EVEN ONTO DEATH!

THE THRONE AND THE FURY!



STAN LEE

When lame Dr. DONALD BLAKE strikes his wooden walking stick upon the ground, it becomes the mystic mallet MJOLNIR—and Blake is transformed into the Norse God of Thunder, Master of the Storm and the Lightning, Heir to the Throne of Immortal Asgard...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MIGHTY THOR!

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THE THRONE AND THE FURY!

HE BESTRIDES THE GLEAMING STREETS OF FABLED ASGARD LIKE THE GOD HE TRULY IS, HIS FACE RESOLUTE, HIS JAW GRIMLY SET, HIS EYES ABLAZE WITH A COLD AZULRE FIRE...

... AND LESSER BEINGS STEP ASIDE TO LET HIM PASS--

-- OR STAND AND CONFRONT HIM AT THEIR PERIL!

STAND YE AWAY, GOOD WARRIORS!

THE MIGHTY THOR DOETH COME TO SEE HIS FATHER!



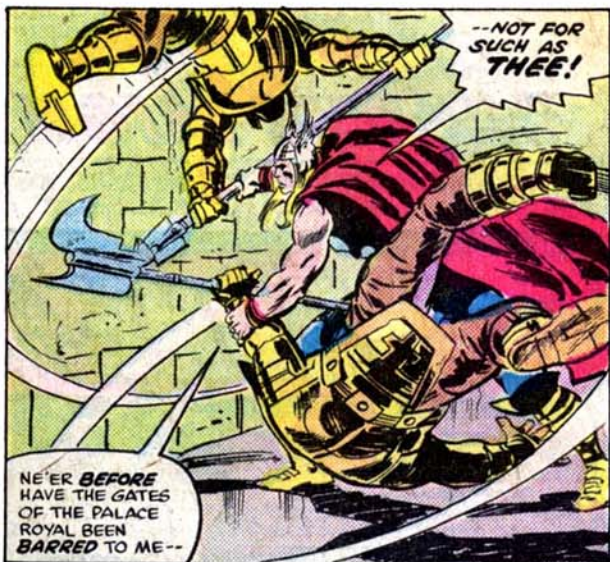
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NAY, THUNDER GOD-- THOU MAYEST NOT PASS!

ALMIGHTY ODIN HATH DECREED HE DOTHT NOT WISH TO SEE THEE!

IF SO, 'TIS FOR HIM TO TELL ME, WARRIOR--



--NOT FOR SUCH AS THEE!

NE'ER BEFORE HAVE THE GATES OF THE PALACE ROYAL BEEN BARRED TO ME--



--AND NEITHER WILL IT BE SO NOW--!

ZOUNDS!!

SOME UNSHEN BARRIER IMPEDES MY PROGRESS!

I CAN DRAW NO CLOSER TO THE ALL-FATHER'S DOMICILE!



NOR SWALT THOU, MOST OFFENSIVE OFFSPRING!

FOR THY MANY SYMS AGAINST THE THRONE OF THE REALM ETERNAL--

--THOU ART NOT WELCOME IN THY FATHER'S HOUSE!



MY LIEGE, DOTHT MY LOVE FOR THE MORTAL JANE FOSTER SO OFFEND THEE THAT THOU WOULDST CAST OUT THINE OWN SON FROM THY HEART--

--AND TURN AGAINST THE VERY SUBJECTS WHO DO WORSHIP THEE?

VERILY, MILORD, THOU ART SUFFERING A GREAT SICKNESS OF THE SOUL!

I PRAY THEE, LET ME IN THAT I MIGHT HUMBLY SPEAK WITH THEE!



NAY, THUNDER GOD-- THERE BE NOT WORDS ENOW IN ALL THE LANGUAGES OF MEN TO MEND THE RIET THAT HATH GROWN BETWEEN US!

THINE AUDIENCE IS DENIED, REBELLIOUS ONE!

BEGONE!!

ALTHOUGH I WANTED NOT TO BELIEVE IT, 'TIS AS BALDER AND THE OTHERS HAVE SAID--

-- MY FATHER BE NOT IN HIS RIGHT MIND!

YET WHETHER ODIN'S MADNESS BE MY DOING OR THE WORK OF THE EVIL IGRON, STILL MUST I ...

EH? THAT SOUND BEHIND ME--!?!

" 'TIS ODIN'S OWN PALACE GUARD-- AND THEIR VISAGE DOTHS SEEM MOST GRIM INDEED! "

LAY DOWN THY HAMMER, THUNDER GOD-- AND SURRENDER!

THOU ART NOW OUR PRISONER!

GOOD WARRIORS, I SHALL SAY THEE THIS BUT ONCE! THOUGH THY COURAGE IS COMMENDED, THE GOD OF THUNDER SUBMITS TO NO MAN!

STAND YE ASIDE AND LET ME PASS, OR BY THE SPIRES OF THE GOLDEN REALM--

-- I SHALL GO RIGHT THRU YE!

EVEN IF WE WANTED TO SET THEE FREE, ODINSON-- WE CANNOT!

WE HAVE BEEN CHARGED WITH THY CAPTURE, AND WE MUST DO AS SO ORDERED--

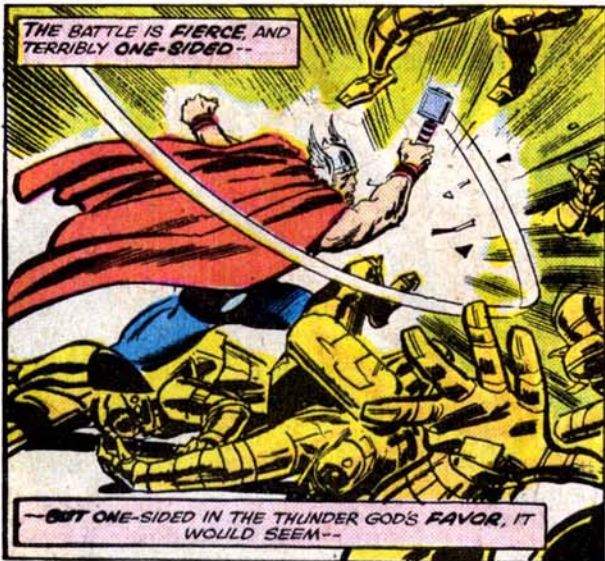
-- OR PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT!

THEN, THOUGH I GAIN NO GREAT SATISFACTION IN RAISING MINE ENCHANTED MALLET AGAINST YE--

SKRAKKT!!

SO BE IT!

THE BATTLE IS FIERCE, AND TERRIBLY ONE-SIDED--



--BUT ONE-SIDED IN THE THUNDER GOD'S FAVOR, IT WOULD SEEM--

--UNTIL A DISTANT MURMUR GROWS TO A NEAR-AT-HAND ROAR, AND THE GOLDEN-MANED ASSGARDIAN WHIRLS TO FIND...



REINFORCEMENTS-- RACING THIS WAY--!

HAD I NO CHOICE, I WOULD STAND AND FACE THEM ALL--

--BUT 'TWOULD SEEM DISCRETION MAY SERVE FAR BETTER HERE THAN UNNECESSARY VALOR!



THOUGH MY VERY SOUL DOETH ACHIEVE FOR COMBAT, THERE BE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO CONCERN ME NOW--



--SO 'TIS TIME I MADE MY EXIT--

--AS ONLY HE WHO WIELDS THE MYSTIC MALLET MJOLNIR CAN--



CHOOM!

"--AN EXIT THAT WILL SWIFTLY SEAL ITSELF BEHIND ME!"



THE THUNDER GOD HATH FLED-- BUT HE HATH LEFT BEHIND HIS MARK!

'T WILL TAKE TIME TO FREE THOSE TRAPPED BY THIS RUBBLE, BUT WHEN WE ARE DONE--



--WE WILL SEEK OUT THE ONCE-NOBLE THOR-- AND SLAY HIM!



VERILY, IT SEEMS MY FATHER'S MADNESS DOETH NOW AFFECT ALL THE REALM ETERNAL!

THERE IS BUT ONE POCKET OF SANITY LEFT IN ALL THIS TROUBLED LAND-- AND 'TIS THERE I MUST HIE ME TO NOW!



WELCOME BACK, MY PRINCE! FROM THE DOWNCAST EXPRESSION 'PON THY FACE, 'THINE AUDIENCE WITH THY FATHER WENT NOT WELL!

IN TRUTH, FRIEND BALDER, IT WENT MOST TERRIBLE! I HAD TO FIGHT MY WAY TO FREEDOM!

AND, WORSE YET, AN UNSEEN BARRIER NOW SURROUNDS THE PALACE ROYAL-- A BARRIER EVEN MINE ENCHANTED MALLET CANNOT PENETRATE!



FORGIVE ME, MY FRIENDS, BUT I KNOW NOT WHAT NEXT TO DO!

IF ALL THY BEST EFFORTS HAVE FAILED THESE, MILORD, 'TIS NO SHAME TO ASK FOR ASSISTANCE



COME WITH ME TO THE DARK CAVERN OF KARNILLA THE NORN QUEEN! LET US TRY TO CONVINCE ALL POWERFUL SORCERERS TO JOIN OUR MOST WORTHY CAUSE!

OUR COMRADES WILL GO OUT ACROSS THE LAND--AND TRY TO RALLY THE PEOPLE TO OUR SIDE!



AS EVER, VIZIER, THOU DOST SPEAK WISELY-- BUT I WOULD HAVE THE NOBLE BALDER ACCOMPANY US ON OUR QUEST!

MAYHAP HER DEEP AFFECTION FOR THE BRAVE ONE WILL HELP TO SWAY THE NORN QUEEN'S HEART!

WHATEVER THOU DOST WISH, MY PRINCE, ALTHOUGH I WOULD HAVE IT OTHERWISE!

AND WHAT ABOUT ME, PARLING?



THOU SHALT GO FORTH TO HELP RALLY THE PEOPLE, JANE FOSTER-- AND, THAT THEY MAY KNOW FOR WHOM THOU DOST SPEAK--

--I GIVE THEE THIS!

DEAR HEAVEN, THAT LOOKS LIKE...

VERILY, BELOVED... 'TIS THE SWORD OF THE LADY SIF!



AYE, AND SINCE THE SPIRIT OF THE GODDESS SIF NOW GIVES THEE LIFE, JANE FOSTER--!

--BY RIGHTS, THIS GLEAMING WEAPON BELONGS TO THEE!

I--IT'S SO HOT TO THE TOUCH... A-AS IF IT WERE SEETHING WITH POWER!



WHILE, IN THE FIERCELY-FORTIFIED PALACE ROYAL...

TREAD WITH UTMOST CARE, GOOD WARRIORS!

IF EVER THE ODINSWORD SHOULD SLIP FROM ITS SCABBARD, THE UNIVERSE ITSELF IS FORFEIT!



MILORD, THINKEST THOU DOST THE PROPER THING? NE'ER BEFORE HATH THE ODINSWORD BEEN MOVED FROM ITS MOST SACRED CHAMBER!

EVEN THY MOST LOYAL SUPPORTERS HAVE NOW BEGUN TO WONDER ABOUT THY VERY SANITY!

THEN LET THEM WONDER, IGRON!

I AM THE WISDOM, THE WILL, AND THE WAY--AND I DO WHAT I MUST TO PROTECT MY THRONE!



BESIDES, SLY ONE, ONCE THE ODINSWORD HATH BEEN INSTALLED WHERE I COMMAND IT, THERE WILL BE NONE IN ALL ASGARD WHO WILL DARE TO OPPOSE ME--

--LEST THEY WISH TO BRING ABOUT THE FLAMING END OF ALL THAT IS!

GENTLY, DOLTS-- LAY THE SWORD DOWN GENTLY!



NOW, ASGARDIANS, BRING THE GOLDEN THRONE ITSELF HERE TO ME--AND SET IT DOWN SOFTLY ATOP THE MIGHTY ODINSWORD!

DO IT SWIFTLY-- LEST YE DESIRE TO FEEL MY WRATH!

SO! NOW I SEE THY PLAN, MILORD-- BUT DOST EVEN THOU DARE SUCH A RISK?



TO ACHIEVE MY PURPOSE, FRIEND IGRON--I WILL DARE ANYTHING!

I WILL RULE IMMORTAL ASGARD-- AND I ALONE--OR I SWEAR BY ALL THE POWERS OF DARKNESS--

--I WILL DESTROY IT!

BUT WHILE THE REALM ETERNAL STILL ENDURES, WHY DON'T WE NOW TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE DESOLATE WASTELANDS BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF THE ROYAL CITY--

THOU HAST HARDLY SPOKEN SINCE OUR JOURNEY BEGAN, MILORD! ARE THY THOUGHTS SO SORELY TROUBLED?

'TIS NOT MY THOUGHTS THAT TROUBLE ME, VIZIER-- 'TIS MY HEART! I'D BELIEVED I HAD LOST IT FOREVER TO THE MORTAL JANE FOSTER--

--BUT SEEING THE LADY SIF ONCE MORE, FEELING HER TENDER HAND UPON MY CHEEK... I SIMPLY DO NOT KNOW!

...AND BRACE OURSELVES FOR ACTION!



THE HEART CAN BE MOST RICKLE INDEED, FRIEND THOR! I THINKS THAT WHY I'D RATHER NOT HAVE ACCOMPANIED THEE HERE!

IN TRUTH, TO LOOK UPON KARNILLA'S TIMELESS BEAUTY AGAIN MAY BE MORE THAN I CAN BEAR!

'TIS A PROBLEM THOU SHALT NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT, LITTLE FLEA!



BYODIN! 'TIS A GIANT BARBARIC--A WARRIOR GUARDIAN OF THE NORN QUEEN'S DOMAIN!

THE DENIZENS OF ACCURSED ASGARD ARE NOT WELCOME HERE, INSECTS!



'TIS NOT THY WELCOME I SEEK, BARBARIC--

--'TIS THE AID OF THY SORCESS MISTRESS!

YOU MAY SEEK KARNILLA, GODLINGS--

-- BUT YOU HAVE FOUND ONLY DEATH!



SKROOM

WE CAME TO THY LAND IN PEACE, ENORMOUS ONES-- BUT STILL DIDST THOU ATTACK US WITHOUT CAUSE, WITHOUT MERCY!



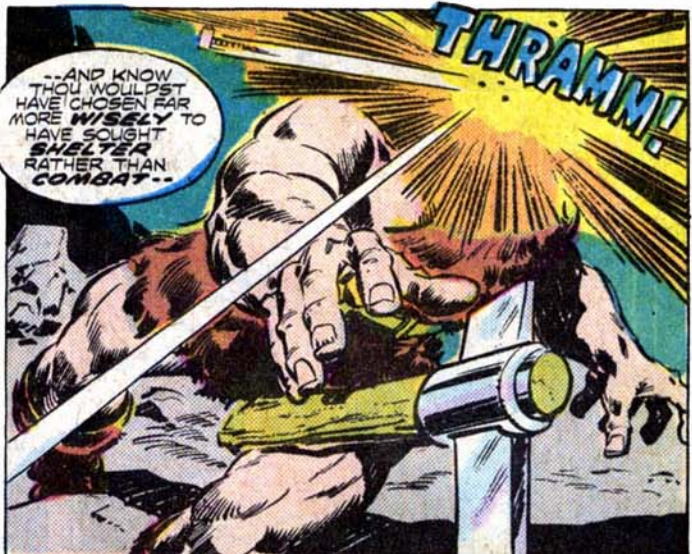
VERY WELL THEN! IF 'TIS BATTLE THOU DOST SEEK--

--THEN BATTLE SHALT THOU HAVE!



THOU HAST MADE THY CHOICE, BARBARICS!

NOW FEEL THE MATCHLESS MIGHT OF THE MYSTIC MALLET M-JOLNIR--



--AND KNOW THOU WOULDST HAVE CHOSEN FAR MORE WISELY TO HAVE SOUGHT SHELTER RATHER THAN COMBAT--



--FOR THOUGH THE GOD OF THUNDER IS RENOWNED FOR HIS MERCY--

--SO TOO IS HE LEGENDARY FOR HIS MOST RIGHTEOUS WRATH!



THUS COME YE HOWLING WINDS AND LIGHTNING!

COME YE FORTH AT THY MASTER'S COMMAND--

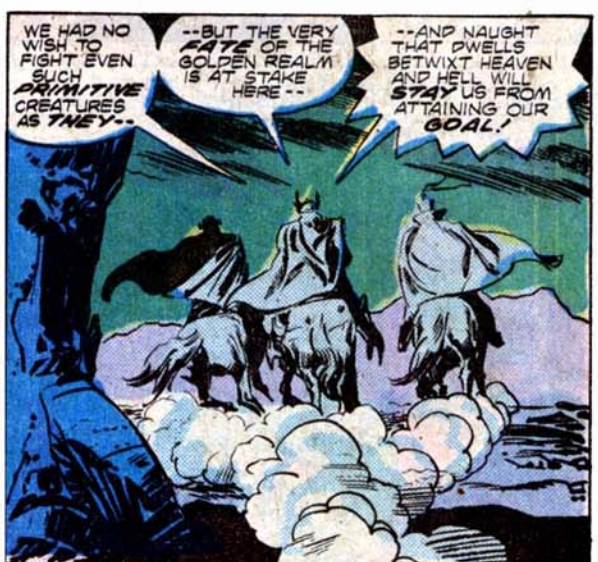


--TO SMITE DOWN THOSE WHO WOULD STAND BEFORE ME IN UNWARRANTED ANGER!



THE BARBARICS FLEE IN BLIND PANIC, FRIEND THOR!

'T WAS THEIR DECISION TO MAKE BRAVE BALDER!



WE HAD NO WISH TO FIGHT EVEN SUCH PRIMITIVE CREATURES AS THEY--

--BUT THE VERY FATE OF THE GOLDEN REALM IS AT STAKE HERE--

--AND NAUGHT THAT DWELLS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL WILL STAY US FROM ATTAINING OUR GOAL!

THE REMAINDER OF THE JOURNEY PASSES IN SILENCE, EACH OF THE BOLD ASSGARDIANS LOST IN CHURNING, TURBULENT THOUGHT:

THOR, TORN BETWEEN SIF AND JANE FOSTER... BALDER, LONGING FOR KARNILLA, YET DREADING HAVING TO FACE HER... THE VIZIER, CAUGHT BETWEEN LOYALTIES TO BOTH HIS LAND AND HIS LIEGE...

THEN, FINALLY...

THERE--
IN THE CRAWLING
SHADOWS
BEFORE US--
THE NORN
QUEEN'S
LAIR!

HOBBLING THEIR FRIGHTENED HORSES, THE THREE GRIM IMMORTALS STRIDE CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE DARKENED CAVERN'S HUNGRY MAW.

DOWN TWISTING PASSAGEWAYS THEY WANDER, DRAWN EVER ONWARD BY AN ALMOST-ETHEREAL SINGING, LIKE SOME LORELEI'S IRRESISTIBLE SIREN CALL.

THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE QUESTING ASSGARDIANS STEP OUT OF THE DARKNESS-- AND INTO THE LIGHT!

NORN QUEEN,
THE GOD OF THUNDER DOH
GIVE THEE GREETINGS!

ENTER THOR--AND THY
COMPANIONS AS WELL!
KARNILLA HATH BEEN
EXPECTING THEE!

IT IS THY
FATHER'S SUPPOSED
MADNESS THAT
BRINGS THEE HERE, IS
IT NOT?

IF THOU KNOWEST
THAT, WITCH WOMAN--
THEN THOU ALSO KNOW
AS WELL THAT WE HAVE
COME HERE TO ASK
THINE AID!

ONLY THEE, OF ALL WHO DWELL WITHIN THE REALM
ETERNAL, POSSESS POWER ENOW TO SUNDER THE
ENCHANTED BARRIER THAT PREVENTS ME FROM
ENTERING MY FATHER'S PALACE!

WILT THOU
ALLY THYSELF
WITH US,
KARNILLA?

I HAVE AWAITED THIS DAY
FOR AGES, THUNDER GOD --
THE DAY WHEN THOU
WOULDEST PROSTRATE
THYSELF BEFORE ME
THUS!

THY PLEA IS
MOST TOUCHING
INDEED, BUT
STILL I SAY
THEE...

MAY!

DOST THOU **KNOW** WHAT THOU DOST SAY, NORN QUEEN? IF ODIN'S MADNESS DOTH CONTINUE **UNCHECKED**, IT WILL SWIFTLY ENVELOPE THINE **OWN** DOMAIN AS WELL!



THINE ONLY **NOPE** IS TO UNITE THY POWERS WITH **OURS** ERE THE ALL-FATHER PASSES BEYOND **REDEMPTION!**

UNITE MYSELF WITH **THEE**? WHY **SHOULD** I?



WHAT HAVE ASSGARDIANS EVER SHOWN THE NORN QUEEN SAVE **HATRED... LOATHING... FEAR...**

...AND **WORST** OF ALL... **SCORN!**

PRITHEE, KARNILLA-- LET NOT THINE ANIMOSITY TOWARDS **ME** TURN THEE AGAINST ALL THE **REALM** ETERNAL!

IT WAS NOT **THEY** WHO DID SPURN THE **LOVE** THOU DIDST SO SELFLESSLY OFFER, 'T WAS **I**!



IF THOU DOST SEEK **VENGEANCE**, KARNILLA-- PRAY SUFFER IT UPON **BALDER** ALONE!

THOU DOST PRESUME **TOO MUCH**, ASSGARDIAN--

--TO EVEN **THINK** THE OMNIPOTENT NORN QUEEN WOULD EVER **DEIGN** TO FEEL AFFECTION FOR SUCH AS **THEE**!



SLAP!

KARNILLA, NOW THAT BALDER'S **HUMILIATION** IS COMPLETE, I PRAY **THEE**-- **LISTEN** TO US!



THOU ART FAR TOO **WISE** TO THROW AWAY THY KINGDOM FOR THE HOLLOW TASTE OF **VENGEANCE!**

CONSIDER WHAT IS AT **STAKE** HERE, WITCH WOMAN-- **CONSIDER!**

I... HAVE ALREADY DONE **PRECISELY** THAT OLD ONE!

THEN THOU MUST **KNOW** WHAT WILL SURELY OCCUR SHOULDST THOU **REFUSE** US THINE AID!



WILT THOU HAVE THE SCRIBES PORTRAY THEE AS HISTORY'S **BLACKEST** BETRAYER?

I...

I CARE NOT **HOW** HISTORY DOTH **PAINT** ME, VIZIER--

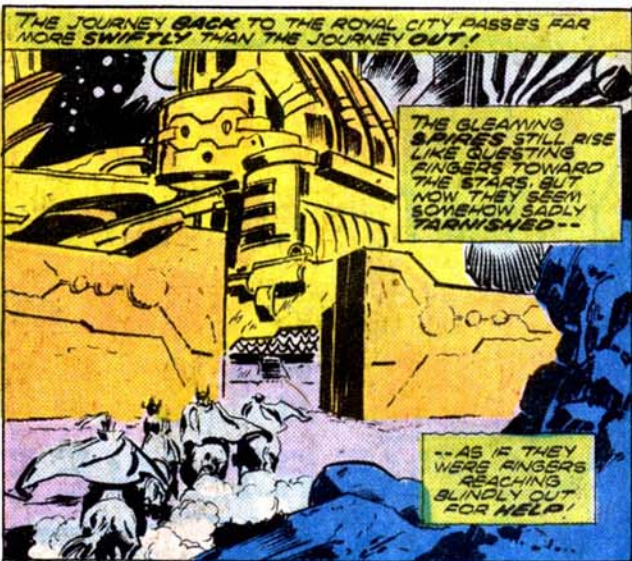


-- BUT STILL, THINE ARGUMENTS HATH MERIT!

AYE, AGED ONE ...FOR HER OWN REASONS, KARNILLA WILL AID THEE!

THEY'VE LET US BURST IN ON YOUR WAY, NORN QUEEN!

TIME GROWS MORE PRECIOUS WITH EVERY PASSING MOMENT!



THE JOURNEY BACK TO THE ROYAL CITY PASSES FAR MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE JOURNEY OUT!

THE BLEAMING BARRIERS STILL RISE LIKE QUESTING FINGERS TOWARD THE STARS, BUT NOW THEY SEEM SOMEHOW SADLY YARNISHED--

-- AS IF THEY WERE FINGERS REACHING BLINDLY OUT FOR HELP!



AND SOON, WITHIN THE DEPTHS OF THE CITY ITSELF...

HOLD MY FRIENDS! IT SEEMS A WELCOMING COMMITTEE POTH AWAIT US!

BUT THE POWER OF MINE MALLETS SHALL SWIFTLY CLEAR A PATH FOR US TO...

THUNDER GOD-- WAIT!



IF I AM TRULY TO BE A PART OF THY REBELLIOUS BAND--

-- THEN IT IS TIME THE NORN QUEEN DID STRIKE HER FIRST BLOW!

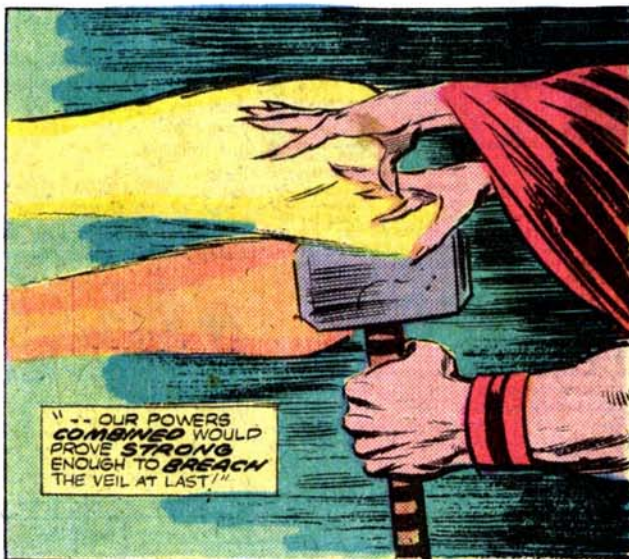
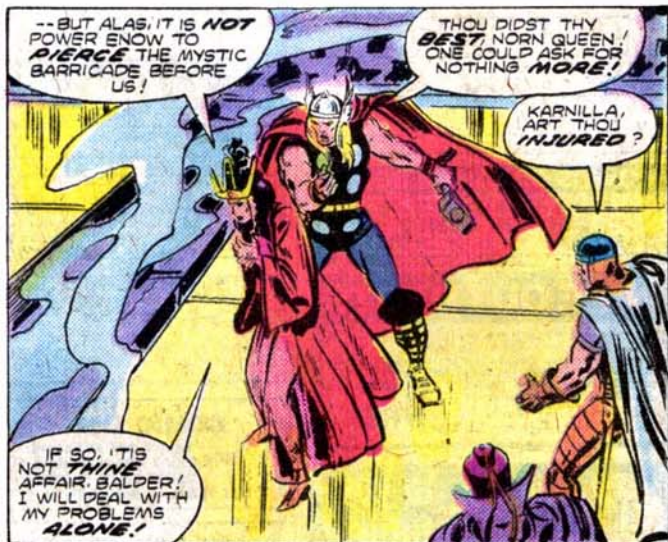


AND IT'S A BLOW VERY WELL STRUCK INDEED!



THOU ART TRULY ONE OF US NOW, KARNILLA!

BUT I FEAR THE NEXT BARRIER BEFORE US WILL NOT BE SO EASILY REMOVED!





MORE POWER, NORN QUEEN-- MORE!
THE BARRIER DOETH BEGIN TO TREMBLE! IT BEGINS TO GIVE WAY--!

BY ASGARD'S GOLDEN GATES!!



A GAPING APERTURE HATH APPEARED IN THE VERY AIR BEFORE US!

FOLLOW ME THRU IT, FRIENDS--AND SWIFTLY!



WE TRY MILORD-- BUT WE CANNOT!

WITHOUT THE ADDED POWER OF THE MYSTIC MALLET TO HOLD IT OPEN, THE BARRIER HATH SEALED ITSELF ANEW!



'TIS UP TO THEE ALONE TO DEAL WITH THY FATHER'S MADNESS, THOR!
GOOD LUCK, MY PRINCE! THE PRAYERS OF ALL THY PEOPLE GO WITH THEE!

VERILY, BRAVE BALDER-- I HOPE I WILL NOT NEED THEM!



SO, THUNDER GOD--

--AGAINST THY FATHER'S IMPERIAL COMMAND, THOU HAST RETURNED!

I COULD DO LITTLE ELSE, MY LIEGE!

A GOOD SON'S PLACE IS BESIDE HIS FATHER IN TIME OF SICKNESS AND NEED!



THEN COME AHEAD IF THOU DOST INSIST, MY INSOLENT SON--

--AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT LITTLE NEED THY SIRE HATH OF THEE!

SOLEMNLY, THE GOD OF THUNDER
FOLLOWS THE ANGRY IMAGE ALONG
THE CASTLE'S WINDING CORRIDORS,
UNTIL HE FINALLY REACHES...



THE ROYAL
THRONE-
ROOM!

WHAT
HAST THOU
DONE TO
IT?



SOMETHING DOETH
TROUBLE THEE,
THUNDER GOD?

MAYHAP THOU
DOST NOT LIKE
THE NEW
DECOR?

A PITY...BUT
CONSIDERING THE
TENOR OF THESE
PEOPLE THESE
DAYS, WE THOUGHT
IT A NECESSARY
ADDITION!

IN TRUTH, ODINSON,
WE HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING THEE
HERE FOR QUITE SOME
TIME!

WE ARE TRULY
AMAZED IT HATH TAKEN
THEE SO LONG TO
FINALLY ARRIVE!



BUT NOW THAT HE
IS HERE, IGRON, THE
QUESTION DOETH
PRESENT ITSELF--

--WHAT ARE
WE TO DO
WITH HIM?

MY LIEGE,
I...I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND!



I RETURNED TO THE REALM ETERNAL
BECAUSE I WAS TOLD A TERRIBLE
MADNESS DID PLAGUE THEE--

--A MADNESS FOSTERED BY
THE DEVIANT IGRON, HE WHO
THOU HAST TAKEN AS THINE
ADVISOR IN PLACE OF THE
WISE VIZIER!



AND IN A MANNER
OF SPEAKING,
ODINSON--THEY TOLD
THEE TRUE!

I AM NOW INDEED
THE GOOD RIGHT
HAND OF HE WHO
DOETH SIT UPON THE
THRONE!

AYE, I AM
THAT...AND
MORE!



THERE, ODINSON--
NOW DO YOU UNDER-
STAND?

IT IS NOT YOUR
ACCURSED FATHER
WHO SITS UPON THE
GOLDEN THRONE
OF ASGARD--

IT IS THE MIGHTY
MANGOG!

AND IF ANYONE
DARES TRY TO
TAKE THIS THRONE
FROM ME, I WILL
KICK THE DREADED
ODINWORD FROM
ITS SCABBARD--

-- AND BRING
THE VERY
UNIVERSE TO
A SWIFT AND
SAVAGE
END!

NEXT

IT'S A BATTLE TO
THE DEATH FOR
THE LIFE OF THE
REALM ETERNAL!
BE HERE FOR...

IF ASGARD SHOULD PERISH....!