

THOR

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THE
MIGHTY

THOR

SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH ULIK!



**THUNDER
GOD**
and **TROLL--**
TOGETHER AGAINST
THE MOST AWESOME
MONSTER
OF ALL!

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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!** C-120

CHAOS IN THE KINGDOM OF THE TROLLS

THE BATTLE AT LAST IS OVER, ASSGARDIAN-- AND 'TIS ULIK WHO CLAIMS THE FINAL VICTORY!

A MOMENT AGO, HE WAS LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH THE DREAD ULIK, MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL THE SAVAGE TROLLS WHO DWELL BENEATH THE EARTH!

NOW THE GOD OF THUNDER PLUNGES HEADLONG FROM THE ROCK-HEWN BRIDGE THAT SPANS AN ALL-CONSUMING OCEAN OF FLAME--

--AND, SO DOING, IT SEEMS HE HAS SEALED THE FATE OF IMMORTAL ASSGARD!

EXPERIENCE BOUNDLESS WONDERMENT AT THE SIDE OF THESE STALWARTS!

LEN WEIN
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CONDOY • LETTERER

WE PROMISE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED!

YOU FOUGHT WELL, THUNDER GOD-- BUT YOUR GUILTESS GALLANTRY WAS YOUR DOWNFALL!

BY SHOWING ME MERCY WHEN YOU THOUGHT ME DEFEATED, YOU LEFT YOURSELF OPEN FOR MY MOST TREACHEROUS BLOW!



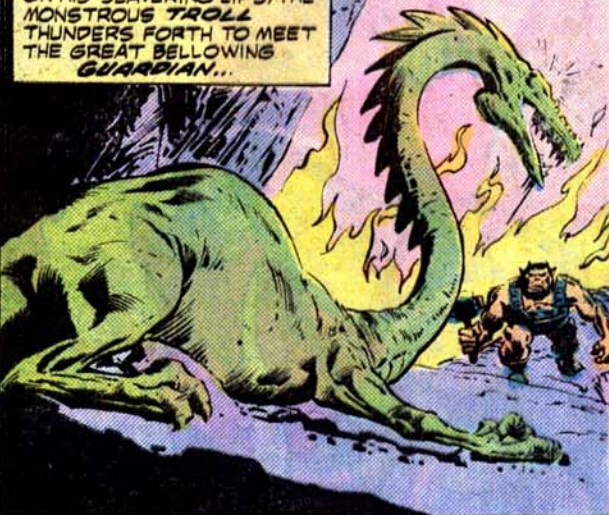
I WARNED YOU IN BATTLE, ASSGARDIAN, THAT ONLY ONE OF US COULD LIVE TO CLAIM THE RUBY EYE OF YON DRAGON--

--HE WHO GUARDS THE GOLDEN GATES TO THE REALM BELOW--



--AND THAT ONE SHALL BE --
ULIK!

A SAVAGE CRY OF BATTLE ON HIS SLAVERING LIPS, THE MONSTROUS TROLL THUNDERS FORTH TO MEET THE GREAT BELLOWING GUARDIAN...



...AND SPEAKING OF THUNDER...!

VERILY, IF THOR DOTH NOW PERISH, 'T WILL MEAN THE END OF THE REALM ETERNAL!



FOR I HAVE SWORN TO PRESENT THE RUBY EYE TO THE ALL-KNOWING MIMIR, THAT HE MIGHT TELL ME THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE LONG-MISSING ODIN--

--AND NOT ALL THE FLAMES OF THE FIERY PIT NOR ALL THE MIGHT OF THE VILE TROLL EMPIRE SHALL STAY ME FROM MY QUEST!



NOT SO LONG AS THE MYSTIC MALLET MJOLNIR IS STILL MINE TO COMMAND!

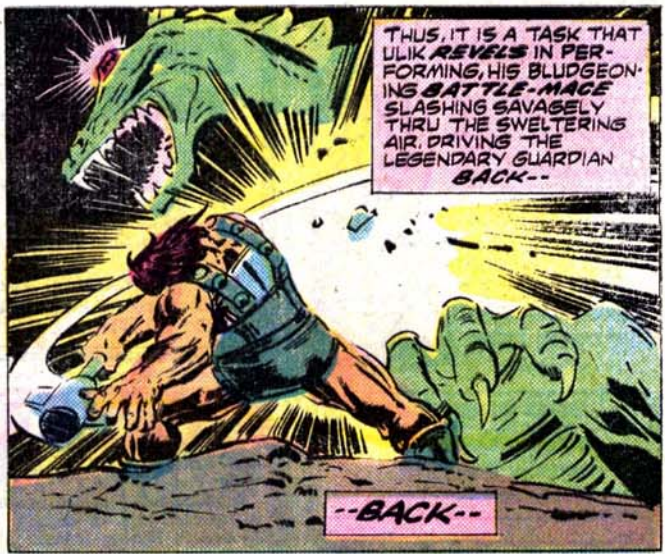


NOT SO LONG AS THOR IS STILL GOD OF THUNDER!!



'TIS AS I SUSPECTED!
THINKING ME DEAD, ULIK HATH
RETURNED TO HIS PRIMARY
TASK--

--AND VERILY,
'TIS A MOST
DISTASTEFUL
TASK INDEED!



THUS, IT IS A TASK THAT
ULIK REVELS IN PER-
FORMING, HIS BLUDGEON-
ING **BATTLE-MACE**
SLASHING SAVAGELY
THRU THE SWELTERING
AIR, DRIVING THE
LEGENDARY GUARDIAN
BACK--

--BACK--



--UNTIL, AT LAST, THE BLOODY-
HANDED CAVE-BRUTE PROVES
THAT EVEN A LEGEND CAN
DIE!

THUS
PERISH
ALL WHO
STAND IN
ULIK'S
WAY!

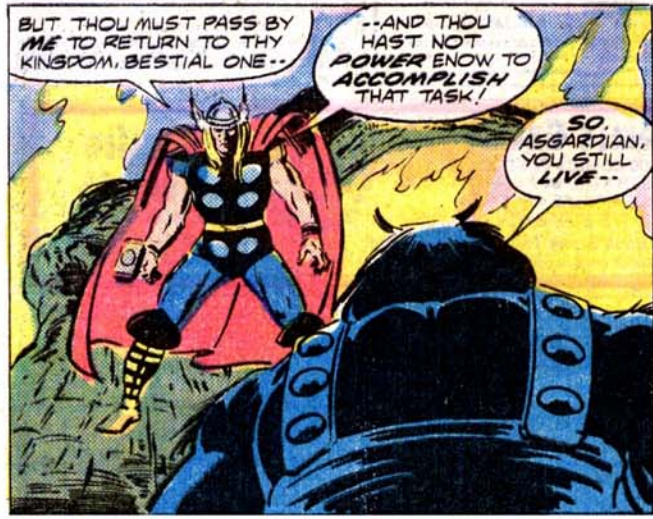
SKROOM!



AND, HIS GRISLY TASK COMPLETED, ULIK
CLAIMS HIS PRIZE!

THERE! THIS
GLITTERING GEM IS
FINALLY MINE!

IN MY HAND, I HOLD
THE FUTURE OF ALL
THE MIGHTY TROLL
EMPIRE!



BUT THOU MUST PASS BY
ME TO RETURN TO THY
KINGDOM, BESTIAL ONE--

--AND THOU
HAST NOT
POWER ENOW TO
ACCOMPLISH
THAT TASK!

SO,
ASGARDIAN,
YOU STILL
LIVE--



--BUT THAT IS AN
OVERSIGHT
THAT CAN QUICKLY
BE CORRECTED!

THOU ATTACKEST
BOLDLY, TROLL!



AARRGGH!!

BROK!

CAN IT BE THOU HAST SO SOON FORGOTTEN THE POWER OF MINE ENCHANTED HAMMER?



OR THE AWESOME STRENGTH OF MINE OWN IMMORTAL SINEWS?

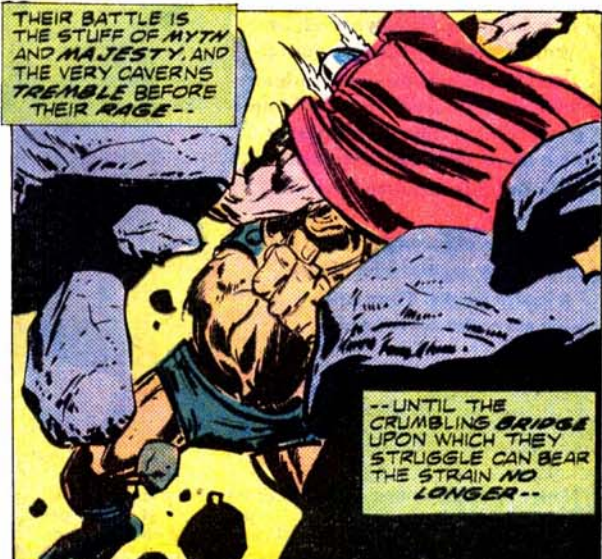
CHUDD!



I SAY THEE, ULIK -- RELEASE THE RUBY EYE!

IN ODIN'S NAME -- IT MUST BE MINE!

ALL THAT WILL BE YOURS HERE, THUNDER GOD, IS A SWIFT AND FLAMING DEATH!



THEIR BATTLE IS THE STUFF OF MYTH AND MAJESTY, AND THE VERY CAVERNS TREMBLE BEFORE THEIR RAGE--

--UNTIL THE CRUMBLING BRIDGE UPON WHICH THEY STRUGGLE CAN BEAR THE STRAIN NO LONGER--



--AND GROANING, IT COLLAPSES!

ODIN'S EYES! WE ARE UNDONE!

THE CURSED BRIDGE FALLS AWAY BENEATH US!

UNLESS MY GRIP IS SURE, MY DOOM IS SEALED!



BUT IT SEEMS ULIK'S GRIP UPON THE JAGGED ROCK IS FAR MORE CERTAIN THAN HIS GRIP UPON ONE SOLITARY GEM...

SURTUR'S FLAMES! I'VE DROPPED THE RUBY EYE!



MAY! IF THE JEWEL DO TH PLUNGE INTO YON HUNGRY FLAMES, 'TIS LOST TO US BOTH!

ONLY MINE ENCHANTED MALLET CAN HOPE TO RETRIEVE IT NOW!



THUS, FOR THE SAKE OF THE REALM ETERNAL, LET MINE ARM BE STRONG--

--LET MINE AIM BE TRUE--



--AND LET THE MYSTIC MJOLNIR DELIVER UNTO ME MY LONG-SOUGHT PRIZE!

IT'S A PRIZE YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO DEPART WITH, ASSGARDIAN!



THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE TROLL EMPIRE HANGS ON MY RETURNING THERE WITH THE RUBY EYE--

--AND I WILL SLAY YOU, THUNDER GOD, OR BE SLAIN MYSELF BEFORE I WILL GIVE IT UP!



THY WORDS ARE HOLLOW ECHOES IN A BLACK AND BITTER WIND, BESTIAL ONE!

WHAT NEED HAVE TROLLS FOR A GEM SUCH AS THIS, WHEN THOU HAST SUCH AWESOME WEAPONRY ALREADY AT THY COMMAND?



BUT 'TIS EXACTLY SUCH WEAPONRY THAT HAS BROUGHT THIS SHADOW OF DOOM UPON US, BLONDHAIR!

FOR CENTURIES UNTOLD, WE TROLLS HAVE TOILED CEASELESSLY BENEATH THE EARTH--

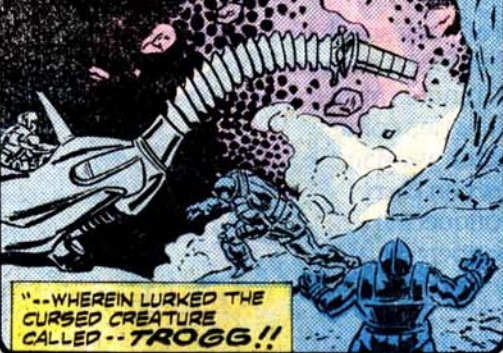


-- TO HELP US ACHIEVE OUR INEVITABLE DOMINATION OVER EVERYTHING THAT LIVES!

--OUR UNMATCHED MACHINERY DIGGING, FOREVER DIGGING--

"WE WERE USING OUR **NEWEST, MOST POWERFUL** DRILLERNAUT WHEN WE BROKE THRU THE TUNNEL WALL--

"--INTO AN **UNKNOWN** CAVERN BEYOND, OR PERHAPS INTO ANOTHER **DIMENSION**--



"--WHEREIN LURKED THE CURSED CREATURE CALLED --**TROGG!!**

"TROLLS BEYOND NUMBER **PERISHED**, ATTEMPTING TO SEAL THE **PORTAL** BETWEEN TROGG'S WORLD AND OURS--

"--BUT, AT LAST, WE CONSTRUCTED A **PROTECTIVE BARRICADE** ACROSS THE PORTAL--



"--A BARRICADE THAT EVEN NOW THREATENS TO **GIVE WAY!!**"



ONLY THE **RUBY EYE** CAN SEAL THE PORTAL **PERMANENTLY**. THUNDER GOD--

--AND I MEAN TO **POSSESS** IT--OR **DIE!**

ODIN'S TRUTH! I BELIEVE THEE, TROLL!

BUT MAYHAP THERE IS A WAY THAT **NEITHER** OF US NEEDS PERISH OVER THAT **GLITTERING JEWEL**.



WHAT IF THOR WERE TO **RETURN** WITH THEE TO THY KINGDOM, ULIK--AND HELP THEE **DEFEAT** THIS TROGG WITH-**OUT** SACRIFICING THE RUBY EYE?

THEN WE WOULD **BOTH** HAVE THAT WHICH WE SO **DESIRE!**



WHAT?!!?

ALLY MYSELF WITH **YOU**--MY MOST BITTER **ENEMY**? I WOULD SOONER--

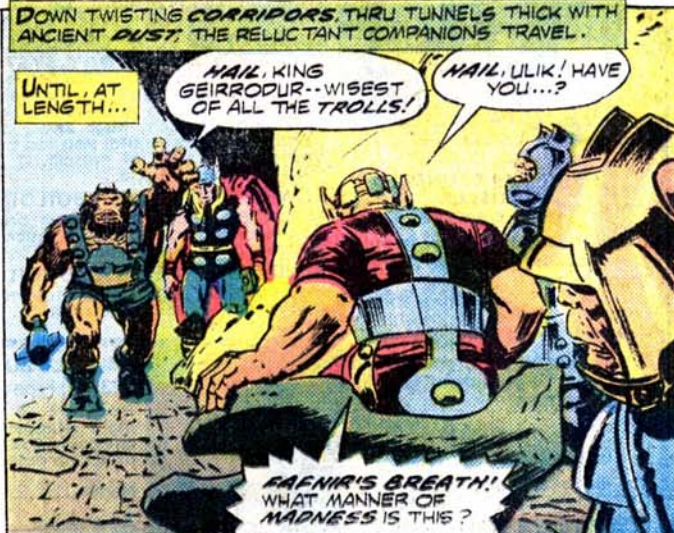
NO.

PERHAPS YOU ARE **RIGHT**, ASGARDIAN. PERHAPS THERE IS NO OTHER **WAY**.



THUS, THOUGH MY VERY SOUL **CURDLES** AT THE THOUGHT, ASGARDIAN--

--YOU MAY ACCOMPANY ME... **HOME!**



DOWN TWISTING **CORRIDORS**, THRU TUNNELS THICK WITH ANCIENT **DUST**, THE RELUCTANT COMPANIONS TRAVEL.

UNTIL, AT LENGTH...

HAIL, KING GEIRRODUR--WISEST OF ALL THE TROLLS!

HAIL, ULIK! HAVE YOU...?

FAFNIR'S BREATH! WHAT MANNER OF **MADNESS** IS THIS?

ARE YOU *INSANE*, ULIK, BRINGING THOR-- THE VERY *AVENGE* OF ACCURSED ASSGARD, WITH WHOM WE HAVE *WARRIED* FOR CENTURIES BEYOND RECKONING-- RIGHT INTO OUR *MIDST*?

BUT THE THUNDER GOD DOES *NOT* COME AS A *FOE*, GEIRRODUR.

HE HAS COME TO BATTLE *TROGG*!

VERILY, GEIRRODUR-- ULIK SPEAKS *TRUE*! I MEAN TO *HARM* TO THEE AND THINE.

ON THAT, THOU HAST THE MOST *SOLEMN* WORD OF THOR!

AND THE *HONOR* OF THE FOOLISH ASSGARDIAN IS *LEGENDARY*, ISN'T IT?

VERY WELL, ULIK-- TAKE THE *GODLINGS* AND DO WHATEVER YOU *MUST*!

THE EVIL SOUND OF THE TROLL KING'S MALEVOLENT *CHUCKLING* FADES INTO THE DISTANCE AS THOR AND HIS BRUTISH *ALLY* MOVE *BOLDLY* THRU THE UNDER-DWELLERS' *DESOLATE* KINGDOM...

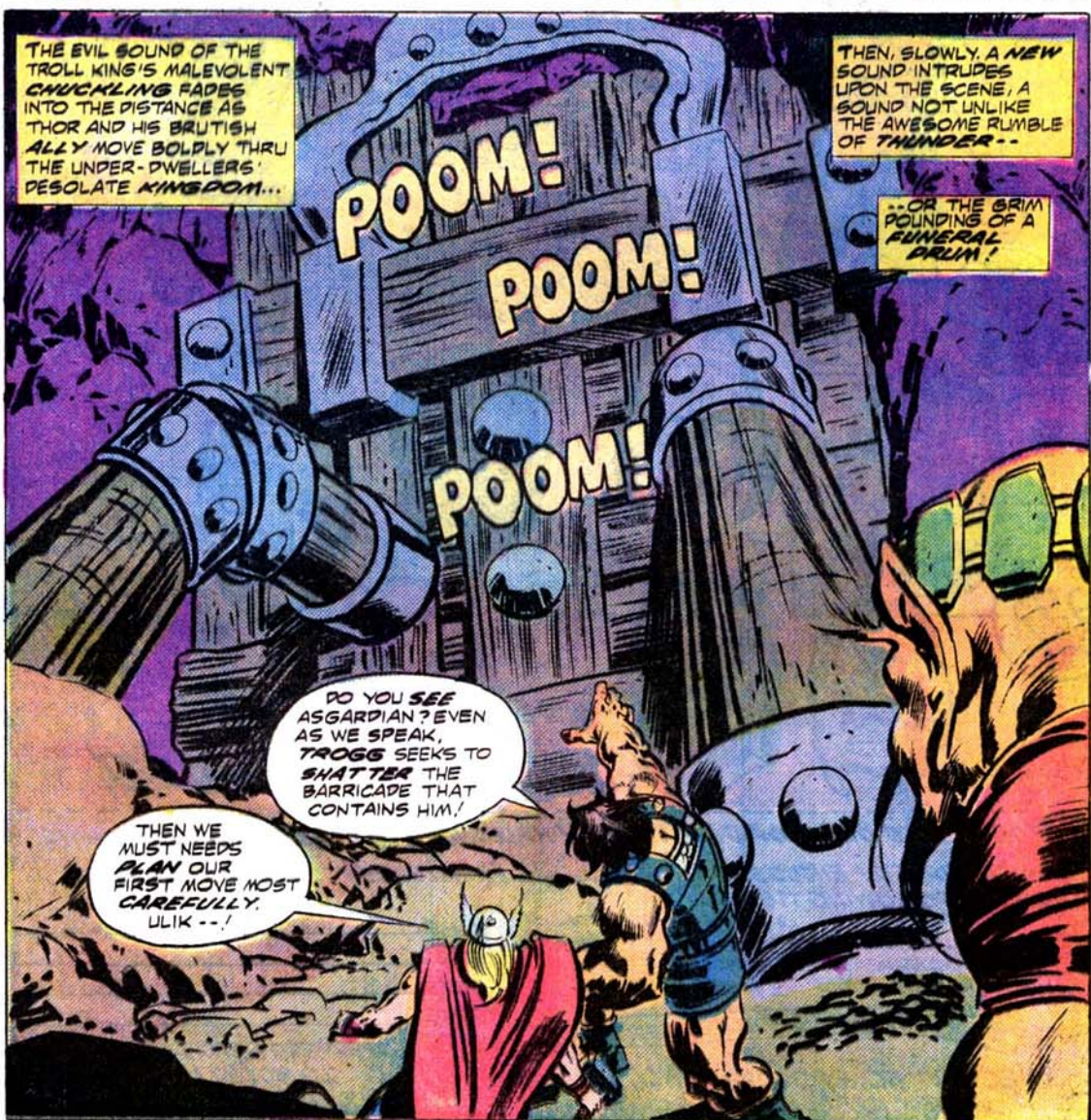
THEN, SLOWLY, A *NEW* SOUND INTRUDES UPON THE SCENE, A SOUND NOT UNLIKE THE *AWESOME* RUMBLE OF *THUNDER*--

--OR THE GRIM *POUNDING* OF A *FUNERAL* DRUM!

POOM!
POOM!
POOM!

DO YOU *SEE* ASSGARDIAN? EVEN AS WE *SPEAK*, *TROGG* SEEKS TO *SHATTER* THE BARRICADE THAT CONTAINS HIM!

THEN WE *MUST* NEEDS *PLAN* OUR *FIRST* MOVE MOST *CAREFULLY*. ULIK --!



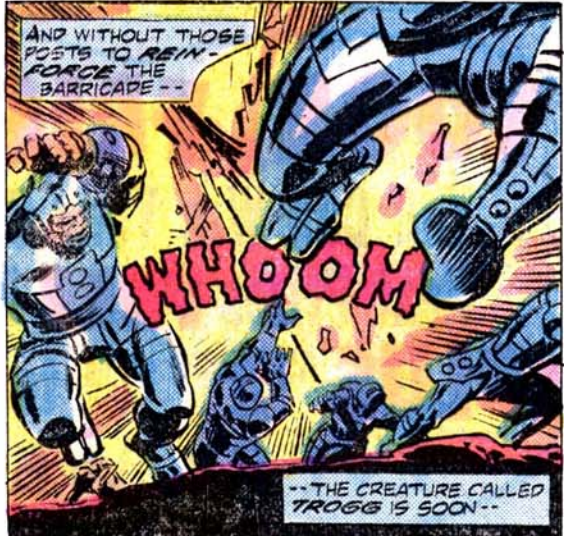


POOM!

NO, GODLING --
IT IS FAR TOO
LATE FOR
PLANNING
NOW!

POOM!

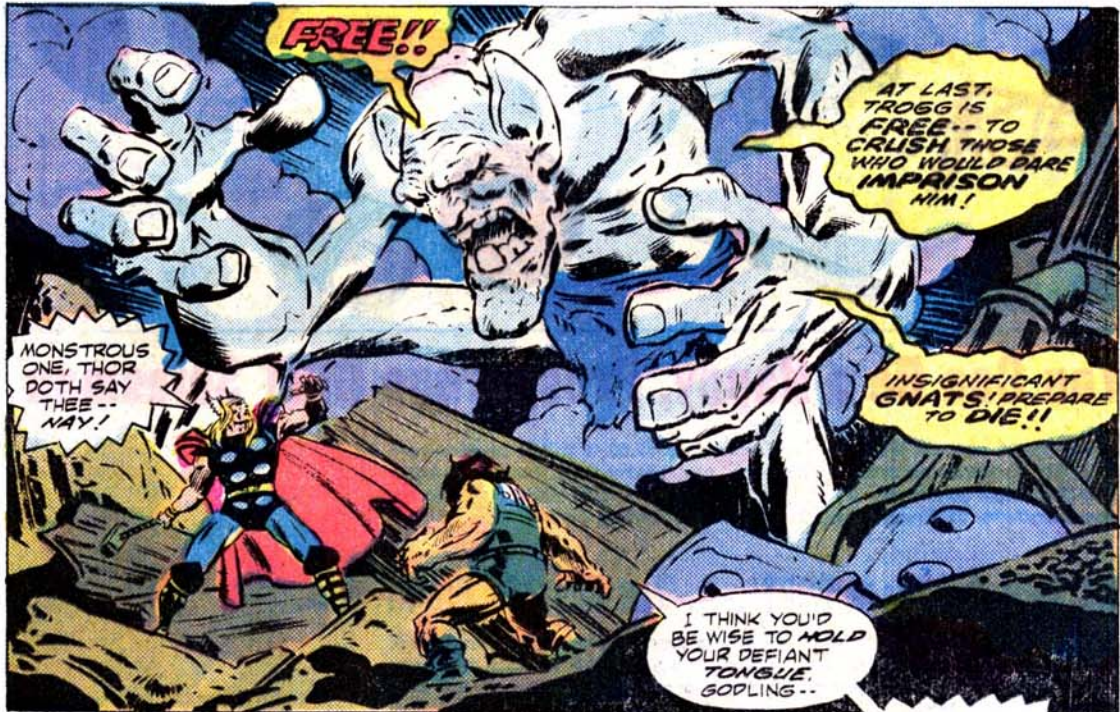
THE MASSIVE
SUPPORT
POSTS HAVE
BEGUN TO
SPLINTER
BEFORE TROGG'S
RELENTLESS
ASSAULT!



AND WITHOUT THOSE
POSTS TO REIN-
FORCE THE
BARRICADE --

WHOOM

--THE CREATURE CALLED
TROGG IS SOON--



FREE!!

AT LAST,
TROGG IS
FREE -- TO
CRUSH THOSE
WHO WOULD DARE
IMPRISON
HIM!

INSIGNIFICANT
GNATS! PREPARE
TO DIE!!

MONSTROUS
ONE, THOR
DOETH SAY
THEE --
NAY!

I THINK YOU'D
BE WISE TO HOLD
YOUR DEFIANT
TONGUE,
GODLING --

--AND MOVE
YOUR MIGHTY
LIMBS -- IN
FLIGHT!



TROOM!



YOU ARE MORE AGILE THAN I IMAGINED, LITTLE GNATS! YOU AVOIDED THE BRUNT OF MY FIRST BLOW!

BUT NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN ELUDE THE INFERNAL POWER THAT IS TROGG'S ALONE!



BEWARE, THUNDER GOD... PROTECT YOUR FLANK!

THE SON OF ODIN NEED NO LESSONS IN THE ART OF BATTLE, TROLL!

THOR IS A WARRIOR BORN!

SHOOOM!



STAND STILL, LITTLE GNATS! CURSE YOU-- STAND STILL!!

I WARN YOU-- THE VENGEANCE OF TROGG IS ALL-CONSUMING!

SWIFTLY, ULIK, WHILST I DRAW THE GIANT'S FIRE--

--ATTACK!!



MY ASSAULT IS ALREADY BEGUN, ASGARDIAN!

THE BATTLE IS JOINED--

--AND THE VICTOR SHALL BE-- ULIK!

BROK!

BUT IT APPEARS THAT SUBJECT IS STILL OPEN TO DISPUTE.

FOR, WITH HARDLY A SNIFF, THE THING CALLED TROGG TOSSES ULIK ASIDE--

SKRAKK!



--AND THIS LEAVES HIMSELF UNGUARDED FOR THE THUNDER GOD'S ATTACK!

I KNOW NOT WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE THOU ART, TROGG--

--BUT, IN TRUTH, IT MATTERS LITTLE!

BTOW!

I KNOW ONLY THAT THOU MUST BE DEFEATED IF I AM TO CLAIM THE RUBY EYE WITH IMPUNITY--



PTROK!

--AND THIS, IN ODIN'S NAME-- I STRIKE!



YOUR HAMMER HAS DONE ITS JOB WELL, ASSGARDIAN!

NOW LEAVE THE REST TO ULIK!

MAY TROLL! TOGETHER WE BEGAN THIS BATTLE--

--AND TOGETHER WILL WE RETURN THIS MONSTROUS ONE TO HIS MYSTERIOUS DOMAIN!



SINCE BEFORE THE DAWN OF TIME HAS TROGG DWELT IN DARKNESS!

BUT NO MORE, LITTLE SNATE-- NO MORE!

NO!!

THAMM!



THE CHOICE IS NOT THINE TO MAKE, MONSTROUS ONE!

THOU CANST NOT BE ALLOWED TO RUN RAMPANT THRU THE KINGDOM OF THE TROLLS--

--AND THEN, MAYHAP, THRU FABLED ASSGARD ITSELF!



CURSE YOU, THUNDER GOD-- HOLD YOUR GROUND!

THE TOWERING TROGG MUST BE KEPT AT BAY A MOMENT LONGER--



AARRGH!!!

--UNTIL ULIK IS IN POSITION TO DO--

THIS!

TRUNCHEON IN HAND, I FORCE THE GIANT BACK-- BACK INTO HIS OWN UNKNOWN WORLD!



NEVER, LITTLE GNAT! TROGG WILL SOON SPLINTER YOUR CRUDE WEAPON--

--AND THEN TROGG WILL SPLINTER YOU!

AYE, TROGG WILL TURN YOUR WORLD TO SMOKING RUINS-- BEFORE HE WILL SURRENDER!!



ZOUNDS!

THOU HAST DRIVEN THE UNGAINLY BEHEMOTH BACK TO THE VERY BRINK OF HIS INK-DARK REALM!

QUICKLY, ULIK-- THRUST HIM BACK THRU THE YAWNING PORTAL!

DON'T YOU THINK I'M TRYING TO, ASSGARDIAN?

THE GIANT'S STRENGTH IS OVERWHELMING!



EVEN I CANNOT HOLD THE GIANT BACK MUCH LONGER, ASSGARDIAN!

YOU'LL HAVE TO USE THE RUBY EYE TO SEAL THE PORTAL-- AND USE IT SWIFTLY!



MAY, TROLL! TO SACRIFICE THE RUBY EYE NOW WOULD BE TO CONDEMN THE REALM ETERNAL!

IN THE NAME OF MERCY, ULIK-- I CANNOT BETRAY MY PEOPLE'S TRUST IN ME!



YES, YOUR PEOPLE ~~PRIDE~~ THEMSELVES ON THEIR MERCY-- DON'T THEY, THOR? THEY CLAIM IT IS THE SINGLE QUALITY THAT SEPERATES THEM FROM THE TROLLS!

USE THE CURSED GEM, THUNDER GOD-- OR, IN TRUTH, YOU ARE NO BETTER THAN ME!



I SAY THEE, TROLL -- ENOUGH!

I'LL HEAR NO MORE!

THOUGH THEE AND THINE STAND FOR ALL THAT IS BASE AND EVIL IN THIS UNIVERSE...

THOUGH THOU HAST OFTEN SOUGHT MY DEATH AND MOCKED ME TO MY FACE...



... STILL WILL I USE THE RUBY EYE TO SAVE THY KINGDOM, ULIK...

...AND MAY ODIN HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL!



A MOMENT MORE-- AND TROGG WILL BE FREE ONCE AGAIN!

A MOMENT MORE-- AND NOTHING WILL STOP ME FROM DESTROYING YOUR GENEE...



THE EXPLOSION IS
INCREDIBLY
BRIEF--

--BUT UNARGUABLY
FINAL!



AND WHEN THE ACRID SMOKE AND SWIRLING DUST
AT LAST HAVE CLEARED...

GONE!

THE CREATURE CALLED TROSS
HAS VANISHED--ALONG WITH
THE GAPING PORTAL THAT
GAVE HIM ENTRY TO THIS
WORLD!



AYE, ULIK--AND
WITH HIM WENT
THE RUBY EYE
OF THE
DRAGON--

--AND MY FINAL HOPE
OF FINDING THE
LONG-MISSING ODIN!



IT IS NO MORE THAN YOU
RESERVE GODLING! ONLY
AN UTTER FOOL SACRIFICES
HIS OWN ENDS FOR THE SAKE
OF HIS MOST BITTER
ENEMY!

THOU DOST DARE SPEAK
THUS TO THE GOD OF
THUNDER, TROLL?

ASSGARD HELP ME,
ULIK... BUT THOU
SPEAKEST
A'RIGHT.



VERILY, WE SHALL
MEET AGAIN, BESTIAL
ONE...

...AND I SHALL
REMEMBER THE
LESSON I LEARNED
HERE TODAY!

THEN, HEAD BOWED, SHOULDERS SLUMPED IN
RESIGNATION, THE PRINCE OF ASSGARD TURNS
AND DEPARTS THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM--

--WHILE THE TAUNTING LAUGHTER OF
THE ASSEMBLED TROLLS CUTS THRU HIM
LIKE A WORN AND RUSTED SWORD!

NEXT ISSUE! WOULD'JA THE BELIEVE... **STONE MEN FROM SATURN!**

TALES OF ASGARD, HOME OF THE MIGHTY NORSE GODS...

FLUSHED WITH YOUTHFUL PRIDE IN HIS NEWLY-WON WEAPON--THE MIGHTY URU HAMMER, MJOLNIR-- THOR HAS RUSHED RECKLESSLY INTO BATTLE WITH A YOUNG STORM GIANT--

--ONLY TO SUFFER A HUMILIATING MAGICAL ENTRAPMENT THAT HAS PLUNGED HIM TO THE VERY BRINK OF DOOM!

LOOK THY LAST, PUNY GODLY, UPON THE GLORIOUS LIGHT OF DAY--

--BEFORE THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF THIS BOULDER SMASHES THEE DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH!

MAY, OGRE! OUR FIGHT IS FAR FROM FINISHED!

THOUGH MY PLIGHT BE TRULY DESPERATE--BY THE BEARD OF ODIN, I SHALL BEST THEE YET!

THIS IS IT! THE CATACLYSMIC CONCLUDING CHAPTER!

DAVID KRAFT, WRITER
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THE WEAPON AND THE WARRIOR!

'T WAS BRASH OVERCONFIDENCE
AND UNTHINKING DEPENDENCE
UPON MY MIGHTY MALLET THAT
DELIVERED ME TO THIS
IGNOBLE FLIGHT.

BUT NOW I
SHALL PROVE THAT
THERE IS FAR MORE
TO MY POWER THAN
ANY MERE
WEAPON!

WITNESS
THE MIGHT
AND THE
MAJESTY
OF THOR!

KRAAAA!

OD'S
BLOOD!!

NOW, TO ME,
MJOLNIR--FOR
YOU GIBBERING
GIANT SHALL
SOON LEARN--

--THAT
THOR, TOO, CAN
BE AN EARTH-
SHAKER!

KLONK!

THE MATCHLESS MIGHT OF MJOLNIR
BREAKS THRU THE CRUST OF THE
MOUNTAINSIDE--

--FREEING THE YOUNG
GOD OF THUNDER--

--AND PLUNGING
BOTH COMBATANTS
INTO A HIDDEN
SUBTERRANEAN
CHASM!



PUNY GODLING, THY NOISOME CHATTER SHALL SOON CEASE-- WHEN MY BARE HANDS MEET AROUND THY THROAT!

BY THE COLD COILS OF NIDHOGG, DARK GNAWER OF YGGDRASIL! THERE IS MURDER IN HIS EYES!



WORDS ARE ONE THING, GIANT-- ACTIONS QUITE ANOTHER!

THERE IS MORE TO BATTLE THAN MERE BOASTING, ELSE MY EVIL HALF-BROTHER LOKI WOULD EASILY BE CHAMPION OF ALL ASGARD!

THY TONGUE RATTLES IN AN EMPTY HEAD! BUT NOT FOR LONG, BOASTFUL WHELP OF ASG--

YIELD NOW TO THE GOD OF THUNDER!



NOOO!

SUCH WEIGHTY WORDS THOU DOST UTTER, UGLY ONE!

'TIS TIME TO LET THY THOUGHTS SOAR--!



AT LAST I HAVE TAKEN HIS MEASURE!

'T WAS THE INSTANT HIS FEET LEFT THE GROUND THAT I FELT HIM SUCCUMB TO MY MASTERY!

DOK-KOOM!

OF COURSE! 'TIS CLEAR AS THE GLEAMING TOWERS OF ASGARD IN THE CRYSTAL LIGHT OF MORNING!

DID HE NOT CONFESS TO ME EARLIER THAT HE DRAWS HIS STRENGTH FROM THE EARTH ITSELF?*

*LAST ISSUE. --LEN.



BUT IT APPEARS THAT THOR'S DISCOVERY MAY HAVE COME TOO LATE!

TAKE THAT, BRASH AND OVERCONFIDENT GODLING!

SMOKK

YET EVEN AS HE REELS BEFORE THE GIANT'S AWESOME BLOW...

JUST AS I THOUGHT!

AS HIS FEET LOSE CONTACT WITH THE GROUND, I CAN FEEL HIS COLOSSAL STRENGTH DRAIN AWAY!

AND THUS, HE BECOMES VULNERABLE TO A THUNDER-CLAP FROM MY FIST!

KAB-
BOM!



THE GIANT'S FIGHTING POWER SURGES ANEW AS HIS HUGE FRAME SOAKS UP STRENGTH FROM THE EARTH--

--WHILE ABOVE, THE YOUTHFUL THUNDER GOD SUMMONS THE SURGING ENERGY OF THE FEARSOME NORTHERN STORMS!

NOW THOU SHALT PAY MOST DEARLY FOR THY TRANSGRESSIONS!

SO, THOU HAST NOT LEARNED THY LESSON YET?!



SOON, THE CAVERN ECHOES AND RESOUNDS WITH THUNDER AS THE HAMMER'S WHIRLWIND STIRS A ROCKY AVALANCHE!

KRACK
BLANG
KLOPP

PLONK



STILL THE FIERCE YOUNG GIANT REFUSES TO ADMIT DEFEAT... NOR HAS THOR LOST HIS BERSERKER'S THIRST FOR BATTLE--

--THOUGH BOTH HAVE SUFFERED SORELY FROM THE FRAY!

FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE TWO GLARE AT EACH OTHER IN TENSE SILENCE...



...AND THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, THE GIANT SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO BELLOWING LAUGHTER!

THOR LIKewise FINDS HIMSELF INFECTED BY THE RIDICULOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION ...AND HE, TOO, ERUPTS IN SAVAGE MIRTH!

ZOUNDS, GODLING-- WE ARE FAIRLY MATCHED! WE COULD GO ON FIGHTING POINTLESSLY FOR DAYS!

AYE! BUT WHY IN THE NAME OF HELA ARE WE TRULY BATTLING?!



AND THUS RELIEVED OF THE ONEROUS DUTIES OF COMBAT...

FARE THEE WELL, GODLING! THOU HAST FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT!

BUT NEXT TIME WE MEET-- BEWARE!

THOU TOO BEWARE, UGLY ONE! WHEN NEXT I TOSS THEE, IT MAY BE DOWN A BOTTOMLESS WELL!



FOR MANY A LONG YEAR, THE YOUNG GOD OF THUNDER WILL REMEMBER THE LESSON HE HAS LEARNED THIS DAY...

MJOLNIR, MY FRIEND, A WEAPON OF THY MATCHLESS MIGHT IS A TREASURE BEYOND PRICE!

YET NEVER AGAIN WILL I RELY SOLELY ON THEE TO DO MY FIGHTING --WITHOUT LOOKING FIRST TO MY OWN BRAINS AND BRAWN!

FOR WELL AND TRULY HATH THE ALL-FATHER ODIN SAID:

"IT IS THE WARRIOR, NOT THE WEAPON THAT WINS BATTLES!"



THE END