

THOR

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THE MIGHTY THOR

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FLEE, THUNDER GOD! THERE IS NO HOPE OF DEFEATING OUR ARMORED FOES!!



NAY, MY FRIEND! THE SON OF ODIN SHALL STAND HIS GROUND-- OR PERISH LIKE A WARRIOR BORN!!

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DOOMSDAY STAR!



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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THEY HAVE COME FAR, THESE VALIANT SOULS—PAST WORLDS BEYOND NUMBERING, TO THE FURTHEST EDGES OF THE UNIVERSE, IN SEARCH OF THE LONG-MISSING ODIN, MONARCH OF IMMORTAL ASGARD!

WE ARE BESIEGED, GOOD COMRADES—BY A BATTERY OF PHOTON-BLASTERS!

OH, WOULDST THAT VALOROUS VOLSTAGG WERE NOT SUCH A TEMPTING TARGET!

NOW, AT LAST, IT SEEMS THEIR LENGTHY QUEST MAY SOON BE OVER—FOR THERE IS BUT ONE FINAL OBSTACLE WHICH STANDS BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR GOAL!

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS MONSTROUS
OBSTACLE IS...

THE WALL AROUND THE WORLD!

CANST THOU
NOT DO SOMETHING
TO AVERT THE
DISASTER BURSTING
ABOUT US, GRIM
HOGUN?

NAY VAST
ONE! THERE BE
NAUGHT AMONGST
ALL OUR NEWFOUND
WEAPONRY* THAT
CAN PROTECT THE
STARJAMMER
AGAINST SUCH AWE-
SOME POWER!

* WEAPONRY OBTAINED
FROM THE PIRATE
STARSHIP BIRD OF
PREY LAST ISSUE.
--LIVELY LEN.



THEN WE MUST RELY ON THAT WHICH HAS SERVED US WELL, MY FRIENDS--

--THE STRENGTH OF OUR IMMORTAL SINEWS!!

THRAK!



SWIFTLY, GRIM HOGUN--TO THE HELM! IF WE CANNOT PASS THRU YON BARRICADE...

...MAYHAP WE CAN PASS ABOVE IT!

AS THOU COMMANDEST, NOBLE THOR!



EXPERTLY, THE DOUR ASGARDIAN TAKES THE MYSTIC STAR-JAMMER'S STILLER--

--AND THE REMARKABLE STARCRAFT STREAKS THRU THE PHOTON FUSILLADE, OVER THE GREAT GOLDEN WALL...



...AND STRAIGHT INTO THE HEART OF A SOUL-SHATTERING CATACLYSM!

HEIMDALL'S EYES! THE AREA ABOVE THE BARRIER IS PROTECTED BY PERPETUAL METEOR STORMS!



HARD ABOUT, HOGUN!

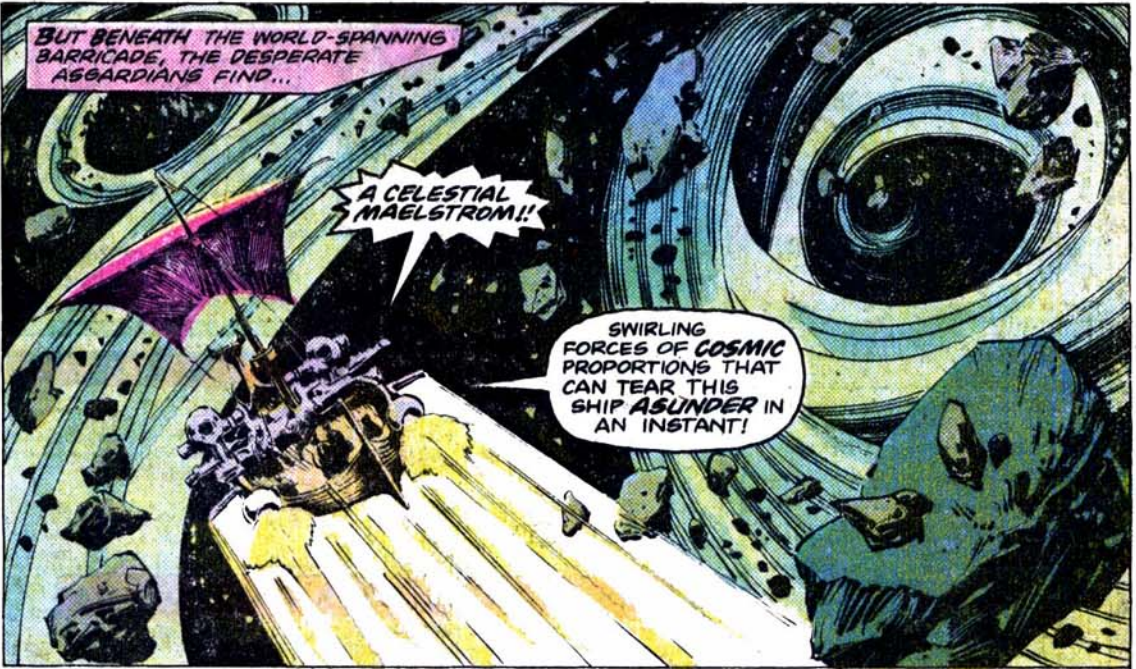
TO REMAIN HERE IS TO INVITE OUR OWN DESTRUCTION!

MAYHAP WE WILL FIND SAFER PASSAGE BELOW THE WALL!

BUT BENEATH THE WORLD-SPANNING BARRICADE, THE DESPERATE ASSGARDIANS FIND...

A CELESTIAL MAELSTROM!!

SWIRLING FORCES OF **COSMIC** PROPORTIONS THAT CAN TEAR THIS SHIP **ASUNDER** IN AN INSTANT!



AS THEY ALREADY **WOULD** HAVE, FRIEND **THOR**, HAD DASHING **FANDRAL** NOT STRAINED OUR WEAPONRY TO ITS **LIMITS**--

--BY PROTECTING A **TEMPORARY FORCE-FIELD** ABOUT OUR VESSEL UNTIL WE CAN SAIL IT TO **SAFETY!**



AND WHEN THE **STAR-JAMMER** ONCE MORE **HOVERS** BEFORE THE **GOLDEN WALL**...

SINCE THERE DOETH BE **NO SAFE PASSAGE** ABOVE THIS BARRICADE OR **BENEATH** IT--

--THEN, IN **ODIN'S** NAME, WE MUST GO **THRU** IT!!



FOR THERE IS NOTHING IN ALL THE **UNIVERSE** THAT SHALL **STAY** US FROM FINDING MY **FATHER!**

OBSERVATION: NEVER HAVE I SEEN THE **THUNDER GOD** MORE **DETERMINED**, MORE **FILLED** WITH **RIGHTEOUS FURY!**

CONCLUSION: I WOULD NEVER WISH TO BE THE **ENEMY** OF THE **MIGHTY THOR!**

AYE, **RECORDER**. IN ALL THE **REALM** **ETERNAL**, THERE BE **NO ONE** MORE **GENTLE** THAN **HE...**



...OR MORE **DANGEROUS!**

THEN, HIS JAW GRIMLY SET, THE GOLDEN-HAIRED GOD OF THUNDER STRIKES THE MYSTIC MALLET MJOLNIR TWICE UPON THE STAR-JAMMER'S DECK, RAISES HIS MIGHTY WEAPON OVER HIS HEAD...

... AND HIS COMPANIONS WATCH IN STUNNED SILENCE AS THE COSMIC FORCES WHICH, MOMENTS BEFORE, HAD SOUGHT TO DESTROY THEM, SEEMINGLY BEND TO THE MIGHTY THOR'S COMMAND!

HEAR ME, THOU HOWLING STELLAR WINDS! NEED THE VOICE OF THY GIVEN LORD AND MASTER!

FOR, THOUGH THOU ART TOO POWERFUL FOR EVEN THOR TO TAME--

-- STILL CAN I TAP THY LIMITLESS ENERGIES, AND FEED THEM TO THIS HAMMER IN MY HAND--

-- UNTIL THE ENCHANTED MJOLNIR DO TH POSSESS CELESTIAL STRENGTH ENOUGH --

"-- TO DESTROY THIS CURSED BARRICADE!! "

KRAKA-BOOM!

BY ASGARD'S GLEAMING SPIRES! NE'ER BEFORE HAVE I STRUCK A BLOW SO POTENT--



--YET YON BARRIER HATH BARELY BEEN BREACHED!

THEN I MUST NEEDS CONTINUE MINE ASSAULT, STRIKING AGAIN, AND YET AGAIN, UNTIL...



BUT THE THUNDER GOD'S SENTENCE GOES UNFINISHED...



... FOR HE AND HIS COMPANIONS HAVE SOMEHOW VANISHED IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE!

WHILE, A UNIVERSE AWAY, A HOODED FIGURE WITNESSES THE VALIANT BAND'S DISAPPEARANCE -- AND SMILES A CONTENTED SIMIRK.



IT APPEARS EVERYTHING IS GOING PRECISELY AS PLANNED!

WITHIN MINUTES, THOR AND HIS COMRADES WILL HAVE PERISHED...

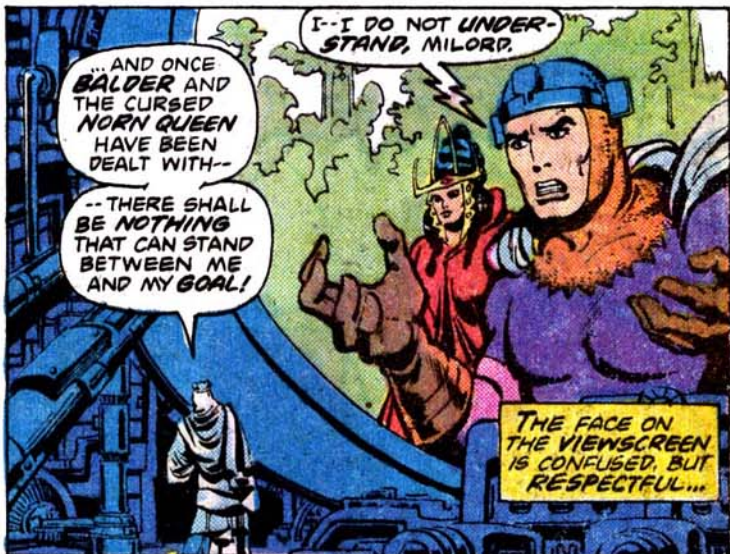


... ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THEY HAVE NOT BEEN SLAIN ALREADY...

I--I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, MILORD.

... AND ONCE BALDER AND THE CURSED NORN QUEEN HAVE BEEN DEALT WITH--

-- THERE SHALL BE NOTHING THAT CAN STAND BETWEEN ME AND MY GOAL!



THE FACE ON THE VIEWSCREEN IS CONFUSED, BUT RESPECTFUL...

...WHICH IS ONLY PROPER, WHEN ONE STANDS BEFORE THE PRINCE OF IMMORTAL ASGARD!

WHAT IS THERE TO UNDERSTAND, BALDER?

I DID CHARGE THEE TO PROTECT THE REALM ETERNAL...

...AND THOU HAST FAILED IN THY GIVEN TASK!



BUT, MILORD, DID THE NORN QUEEN AND I NOT DEFEAT THE DREADED ENCHANTRESS AND EXECUTIONER, THEY WHO LED THE SILENT ARMY THAT HAD THREATENED THE REALM?*

SO IT WOULD APPEAR, BALDER -- UNTIL THOU DOST STUDY THY VICTIMS MORE CLOSELY.

*LAST ISH, RIGHT? -- LEN.



FOR THEN THOU WOULDST SEE THOU HADST DEFEATED NO MORE THAN MERE PHANTASMS!

BY ODIN! OUR FOES HAVE VANISHED!

AYE, BALDER, AS IF THEY HAVE NEVER BEEN-- FOR, IN TRUTH, THEY NEVER WERE!



MILORD, I AM SUCH A FOOL!

NAY, BRAVE ONE...

...THOU WERT MERELY A VICTIM OF FORCES BEYOND THY KEN.



THERE BE SOMETHING MOST ODD HERE!

HAD OUR FOES BEEN MERELY ILLUSIONS, I WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE SENSED IT!

METHINKS THERE IS MORE TO THIS THAN EASILY MEETS THE EYE!



AND, AS THE SORCERESS CALLED KARNILLA CONTINUES HER MUSINGS...

NOW COME SWIFTLY, MY FRIENDS! THE TRUE FOE AWAITS WITHIN THE CITY GATES!



FURIOUSLY, THE THUNDER GOD AND HIS COMPANIONS RACE TOWARDS THE GLEAMING GOLDEN SPIRES OF ASGARD'S CITY IMPERIAL...

... WHILE, MYRIAD LIGHT-YEARS DISTANT, ANOTHER THUNDER GOD AND HIS COMPANIONS LIE SPRAWLED UPON A CRUMBLING ROOFTOP, IN THE VERY HEART OF A CITY WHOSE GOLDEN SPIRES HAVE LONG SINCE GROWN RUTTED AND RUINED--

--A CITY THAT SEEMS TO STRETCH ON WITHOUT ENDING, TO THE HORIZON AND BEYOND, UNTIL IT HAS COVERED THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THE WORLD THAT HAS COME TO BE CALLED THE DREADED--

DOOMSDAY STAR!

FOR A TIME, THE ADVENTUROUS ASGARDIANS LIE UNCONSCIOUS, UNMOVING...

... THEN, IN AN INSTANT, THEY ARE AWAKE ONCE MORE!

ART THOU WELL, MILADY SIF?

AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED, MY LOVE-- CONSIDERING OUR CIRCUMSTANCES!

WHERE IS THE STARJAMMER, THOR? AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHERE ARE WE?

STANDING DEEP WITHIN SOME VAST DESERTED CITY, IT DOTH SEEM.

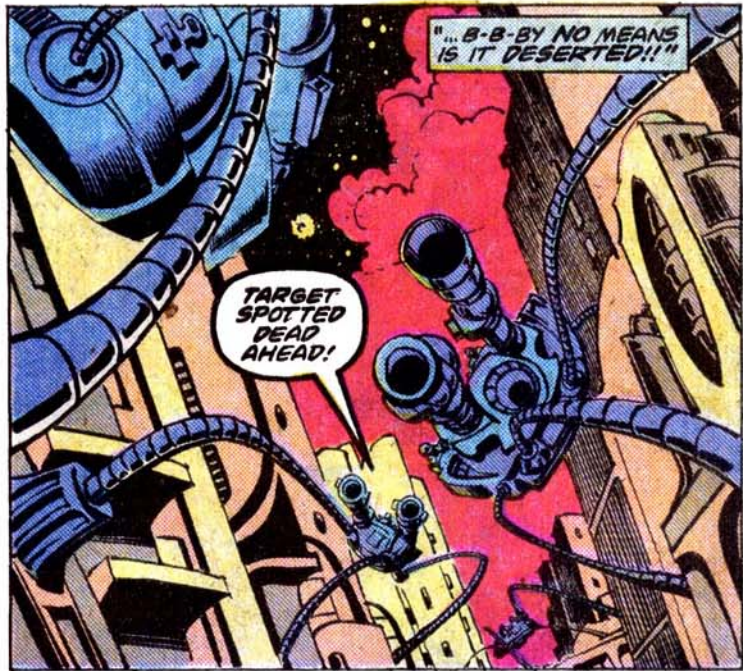
AND WHAT IS MORE, MY FRIENDS-- STANDING BEHIND THE TOWERING WALL AROUND THIS WORLD!



AYE, DASHING FANDRAL—
WITH THAT CAN VALIANT
VOLSTAGG HEARTILY
AGREE!

EVEN AS I FEAR I
MUST DISAGREE WITH
THE WORDS OF THE
NOBLE THOR!

FOR, THOUGH
THIS ANCIENT
CITY MAY
INDEED BE
DEEP AND WAST...



"...B-B-BY NO MEANS
IS IT DESERTED!!"

TARGET
SPOTTED
DEAD
AHEAD!



DO YOU FEEL IT,
BROTHER? THE
NOBILITY THEY
RADIATE? THE
SHEER POWER?

THEY CERTAINLY DO SEEM TARGETS
WORTHY OF OUR WORSHIP, BROTHER!

BUT THERE
IS ONLY ONE
WAY TO PROVE
THEIR WORTH!

AT MY
COMMAND,
BROTHERS...



FIRE!!

WHOOON!

WHOOON!



DEFEND THYSELVES, GOOD WARRIORS!

YON ARMOR-CLAD INTRUDERS DOTH SEEK TO DESTROY US!

KRA-RAWH!



BELOVED, OUR LOFTY PERCH DOTH CRUMBLE ABOUT US!!

THEN GIVE ME THY HAND, FAIR ONE--

--AND I SHALL CARRY THEE TO SAFETY!



QUERY: ARE YOU INJURED, MY FRIENDS?

NAY, RECORDER, THIS STURDY LEDGE--PLUS MINE OWN FABLED AGILITY--DID SERVE TO BREAK THE FALL.

AYE, VAST ONE--BUT IT ALSO SERVED TO SEPARATE US FROM OUR COMRADES!



BUT MAYHAP 'TIS FOR THE BEST, GRIM HOGUN! THIS WAY, PERCHANCE, WE CAN TRAP THE ENEMY BETWEEN US!

AND SINCE OUR ARMORED ADVERSARIES DOTH DRAW FAR TOO THREATENINGLY NEAR, METHINKS THE TIME HATH COME...



"... TO STRIKE!!"

THRA-KOOM!

NE'ER MATH HOGUN'S
BLUDGEONING MACE
REQUIRED AN INVITA-
TION TO BATTLE,
THUNDER GOD!

IT DOTH SEEK NO
MORE THAN THE BITTER
TASTE OF BLOOD--AND,
ERE THIS CONFLICT IS
DONE, IT SHALL
HAVE IT!

DECLARATION:
IT IS MY TASK
MERELY TO RECORD WHAT
EVER I OBSERVE--

--BUT I CAN-
NOT ALLOW SUCH
VALIANT ALLIES
TO BATTLE
ALONE!

QUERY: WILL
YOU NOT FACE
OUR FOES WITH
ME, VOLSTAGG?



THRAK!

WHAT? AND
DENY THEE THE
SWEET TASTE OF
VICTORY,
RECORDER?

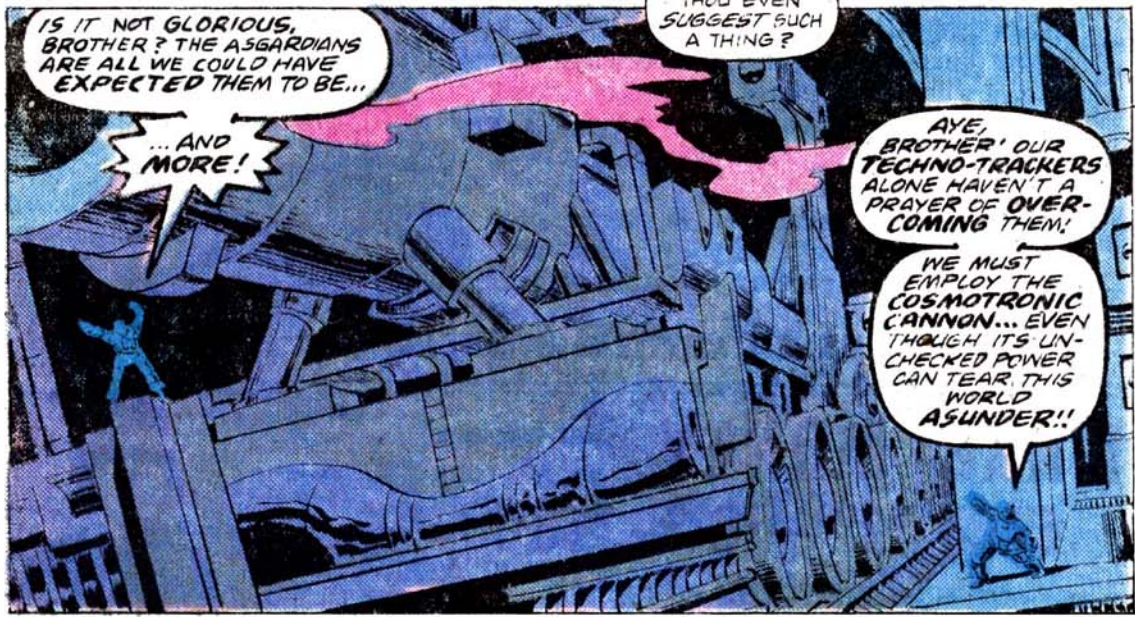
HOW COULDEST
THOU EVEN
SUGGEST SUCH
A THING?

IS IT NOT GLORIOUS,
BROTHER? THE ASGARDIANS
ARE ALL WE COULD HAVE
EXPECTED THEM TO BE...

...AND
MORE!

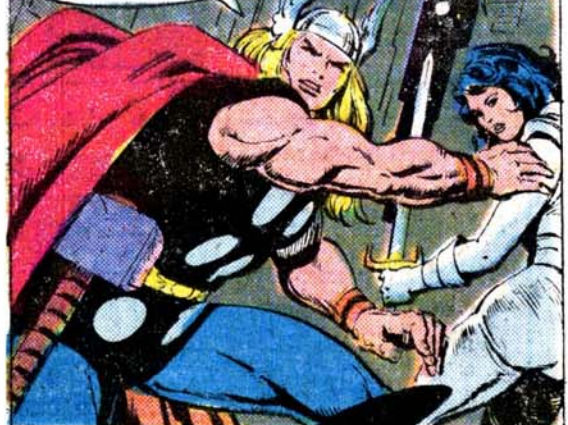
AYE,
BROTHER! OUR
TECHNO-TRACKERS
ALONE HAVEN'T A
PRAYER OF OVER-
COMING THEM!

WE MUST
EMPLOY THE
COSMOTRONIC
CANNON... EVEN
THOUGH ITS UN-
CHECKED POWER
CAN TEAR THIS
WORLD
ASUNDER!!



SWIFTLY, MILADY--HIE
THYSELF TO SHELTER!
OUR FOES DOTH WIELD
WEAPONRY FAR MORE
MONSTROUS THAN I
COULD E'ER HAVE
IMAGINED!

NAY, MY LOVE! I TOO
AM AN ASGARDIAN
BORN-- AND I SHALL
FIGHT LIKE ONE!



BUT EVEN AS THE FIERY-EYED GODDESS
WHIRLS TO FACE HER ARMORED
OPPONENTS, THE COSMOTRONIC
CANNON IS AIMED...



... AND FIRED!

THE RESULT OF THAT INCREDIBLE WEAPON'S SINGLE OUTBURST IS MOST AWESOME TO BEHOLD!

FOR COUNTLESS MILES IN EVERY DIRECTION, THE GROUND TREMBLES LIKE SOME FRIGHTENED CHILD--

--THE CITY'S TOWERING STRUCTURES ALL SHUDDER, THEN SWAY LIKE HELPLESS REEDS CAUGHT IN A STORM...

...UNTIL, AT LAST, UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE STRAIN ANY LONGER, GREAT FISSURES OPEN IN THE BUILDINGS' SIDES...

...AND THEY FALL!

BY HELA!
WE ARE
UNDONE!

TIME STOPS! FOR THERE IS NOWHERE THESE BOLD ADVENTURERS CAN RUN, NOTHING THEY CAN POSSIBLY DO TO SAVE THEMSELVES!

IN AN INSTANT, THEY ARE LOST BENEATH THE THUNDERING AVALANCHE THAT PLUNGES DOWN, DOWN--PAST LEVEL AFTER LEVEL OF THE DYING CITY...

...UNTIL IT FINALLY COMES TO REST IN SMOKING RUINS IN THE CITY'S MOST DISMAL DEPTHS--

--A SHATTERED PILE OF RUBBLE AND ROCK THAT IS NOT AT ALL A FITTING TOMB FOR SUCH BOLD AND DARING MEN!



VOLSTAGG! HOBLIN! RECORDER! FRIEND THOR, ARE THEY...?

AYE, FANDRAL-- BUT THERE IS NAUGHT THAT WE CAN DO FOR OUR FALLEN COMRADES...



...SAVE TO MAKE THE FIENDS RESPONSIBLE PAY MOST DEARLY FOR THEIR DEATHS!!



"NOT LIGHTLY IS THE MYSTIC MALLET MJOLNIR CALLED ALSO THE DESTROYER--"

KROOOM!

"--AND ONCE MY FAITHFUL WEAPON DOTHT RETURN TO MINE HAND, I SHALL..."



BY THE NORNS! 'TIS NOT POSSIBLE--!!

MY HAMMER DID NOT RETURN TO ME!!



I KNOW NOT WHAT SORCERY THOU DIDST EMPLOY, KNAVES, TO KEEP MIGHTY MJOLNIR FROM ME!

BUT IF THOU DIDST THINK THUS TO DEFEAT ME--



--THOU WERT SADLY MISTAKEN!!

ALL THINE ARMORED POWER IS NO MATCH FOR THE INCOMPARABLE STRENGTH WHICH IS THOR'S BIRTH-RIGHT!

AND NOW, WITH MY HAMMER ONCE MORE IN HAND, THERE IS...

HELP ME, THOR!!

BY ODIN! THAT DOTHT BE MILADY'S VOICE!



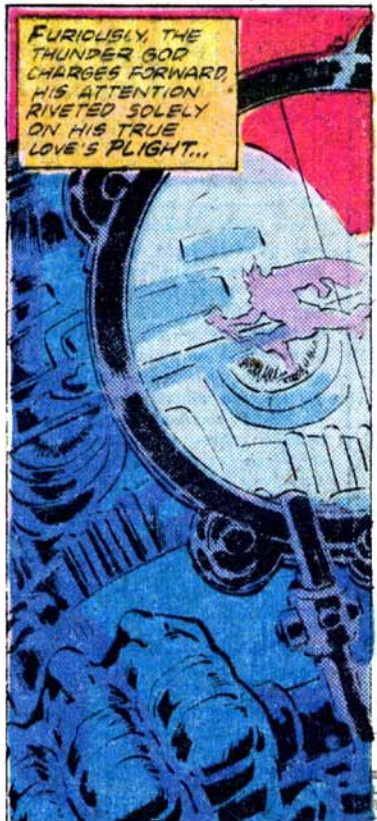
BEWARE, MY LOVE! FOR DASHING FANDRAL HATH BEEN LAID LOW, AND I AM BUT A HELPLESS PRISONER!

THE FATE OF OUR NOBLE QUEST GOOD THOR, DO TH REST NOW IN THINE HANDS ALONE!



PRITHEE, MILADY, HAVE FAITH FOR BUT A MOMENT...

...AND THE HAMMER OF THOR SHALL FREE THEE FROM THY MONETROUS IMPRISONMENT!



FURIOUSLY, THE THUNDER GOD CHARGES FORWARD, HIS ATTENTION RIVETED SOLELY ON HIS TRUE LOVE'S PLIGHT...



...WHICH IS, IN ITS FASHION, REALLY MOST UNFORTUNATE!

FSZAK!

AARRGGH!!



THOR? I PRAY THEE BELOVED-- SPEAK TO ME!

THE THUNDER GOD IS BEYOND SPEECH NOW!

THEN THE BATTLE AT LAST IS OVER!

DARKNESS SWELLS AND EBBS LIKE A SHADY TIDE, CARRYING THE SON OF ODIN ACROSS AN ETERNAL SEA-- UNTIL, AT LAST, HE IS WASHED UP ON THE LONELY SHORE CALLED CONSCIOUSNESS...

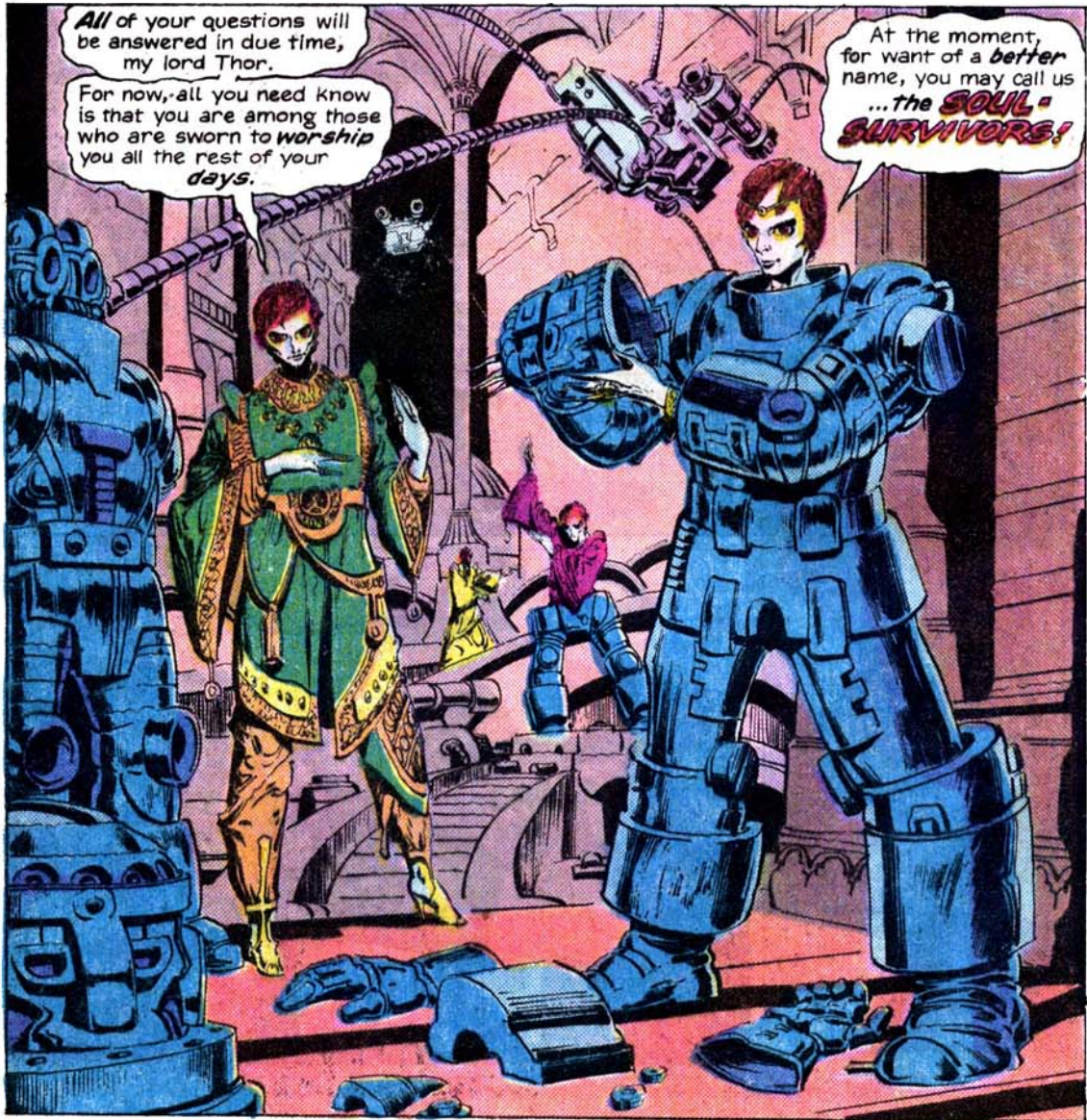


WH-WHERE...
AM... I?



WHAT HAST THOU DONE TO ME-- AND TO MY FAITHFUL COMRADES?

SPEAK,
I COMMAND
THEE--
ANSWER
ME!



All of your questions will be answered in due time, my lord Thor.

For now, all you need know is that you are among those who are sworn to worship you all the rest of your days.

At the moment, for want of a better name, you may call us ... **THE SOUL-SURVIVORS!**



AMID THE RUINS OF BATTLE, ALL IS SILENT FOR A TIME...



... UNTIL A GREAT STONE SLAB ABRUPTLY HEAVES...

... AND TOPPLES FORWARD!



OBSERVATION: WE HAVE SURVIVED OUR SEEMING DEATH-PLUNGE!

AYE, RECORDER! BUT HARST THOU NOT CALCULATED THE SINGLE SPOT WHERE WE WOULD BE PROTECTED FROM THE FALLING RUBBLE, 'TWOULD NOT BE SO!



AYE, MY FRIENDS-- FOR THEN VALOROUS VOLSTAGG WOULD HAVE BEEN FORCED TO REVEAL HIS OWN INGENIOUS PLAN FOR OUR SALVATION!

DECLARATION: IT IS FORTUNATE THAT WAS NOT NECESSARY.

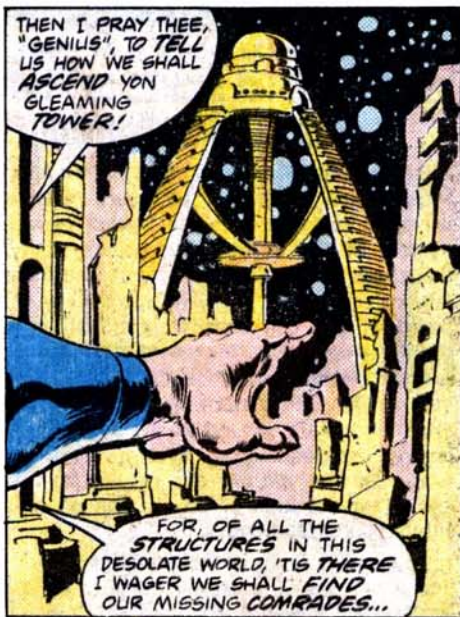
INDEED, RECORDER... INDEED.



NOW COME, VAST ONE! OUR FRIENDS AND OUR FOES HAVE ALL VANISHED--

--AND 'TIS UP TO US TO PROVIDE OUR COMRADES RESCUE!

BE PATIENT, GRIM ONE, GENIUS CANNOT BE HURRIED.



THEN I PRAY THEE, "GENIUS", TO TELL US HOW WE SHALL ASCEND YON GLEAMING TOWER!

FOR, OF ALL THE STRUCTURES IN THIS DESOLATE WORLD, 'TIS THERE I WAGER WE SHALL FIND OUR MISSING COMRADES...



... OR ELSE WE SHALL SURELY FIND OUR DEATHS!!

NEXT ISSUE:

THE QUEST FOR ODIN ENDS IN UNEXPECTED TRAGEDY! THE STORY IS CALLED...

EVEN AN IMMORTAL CAN DIE!
NEED WE SAY-- BE HERE!