

THOR

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

35¢

273

©

02450

# THE MIGHTY THOR



©1978 MARVEL COMICS GROUP

**THE MONSTER WHOSE MAMMOTH COILS CAN CRUSH THE EARTH!! THE MIDGARD SERPENT!**

STRIKE, O' DEVOURER OF WORLDS!

EITHER THOU OR THOR SHALL DIE THIS DAY!



When DR. DONALD BLAKE strikes his wooden walking-stick upon the ground, it becomes the mystic hammer MJOLNIR—and the lame physician is transformed into the Norse God of Thunder, Master of the Storm, Lord of the Living Lightning—and heir to the throne of eternal Asgard...

# STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE MIGHTY THOR!

ROY THOMAS  
WRITER / EDITOR

JOHN BUSCEMA & TOM PALMER  
ARTISTS / STORYTELLERS

JOE ROSEN, LETTERER  
G. ROUSSOS, COLORIST

JIM SHOOTER  
CONSULTING  
EDITOR

## SOMEWHERE--OVER THE RAINBOW BRIDGE!

BY ODIN'S SACRED SCEPTRE!  
DID MINE EARS  
HEAR THEE A'RIGHT,  
HARRIS HOBBS?

THOU DOST DESIRE  
TO JOURNEY ONCE  
MORE TO ETERNAL  
ASGARD--TO FILM  
A TELEVISION  
PROGRAM!?

YOUR  
EARS ARE  
DARN NEAR  
AS GOOD AS  
YOUR PAL  
HEIMDALL'S,  
OLD BUDDY!

LIKE I SAID  
I'VE PROMISED  
MY NETWORK  
THAT I'D SHOOT  
THE FIRST TV  
SPECIAL EVER  
MADE OF THE  
REAL-LIFE  
NORSE  
GODS...

...AND  
NATURALLY,  
I INTEND TO  
DO IT ON  
LOCATION!

TV NEWSMAN  
HARRIS HOBBS  
LAID THIS VERBAL  
BOMBHELL ON OUR  
HALCYON HERO  
LAST ISN. --ROY.

THOR® is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President; Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright ©1978 by Marvel Comics Group. A Division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Vol. 1, No. 273, July, 1978 issue. Price 35¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$4.50 for 12 issues. Canada, \$5.50. Foreign, \$6.50. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. THOR (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP.



INTEND WHATE'ER THOU WAKT, MAN OF MIDGARD,

NO MAN DOTH COMMAND THE GOD OF THUNDER -- NAY, NOT E'EN WHEN HE HATH PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF MY EARTHBOUND SECRET IDENTITY.\*

NOW THAT'S HITTING BELOW THE BIBLE BELT, THOR! I PROMISED TO DESTROY THAT PHOTO, AFTER YOU TOOK ME TO ASGARD YEARS AGO...

...AND I DID!

\*ISSUE #123 WAY BACK WHEN. --R.T.



THIS ISN'T BLACKMAIL, MAN -- JUST A HEARTFELT REQUEST FROM A GUY YOU USED TO KNOW, AND WHO NEEDS A FAVOR.

A FAVOR NOT WHOLLY MINE TO GRANT.

DOST THOU TRULY THINK THAT ALL FATHER ODIN WOULD GIVE HIS CONSENT TO SUCH A SCHEME?!



HE JUST MIGHT -- IF YOU PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME!

LOOK, EVER SINCE I HEARD YOU WERE BACK ON EARTH, I'VE HAD A CAMERA-MAN AND SOUND-MAN STANDING BY, AND --



UH OH! GETTING CROWDED AROUND HERE.

ISN'T THERE SOMEPPLACE WE COULD GO -- SOMEPPLACE MORE PRIVATE?!

FURTHER CONVERSATION WILL AVAIL THEE NAUGHT, FRIEND HOBBS.

STILL, MY CURIOSITY DOTH URGE ME TO HEAR THEE OUT, THUS...



STAND YE BACK, MORTALS OF MANHATTAN!

THOR MUST TAKE HIS LEAVE.

BLACKOUTS -- SNOWSTORMS -- AND NOW THIS!

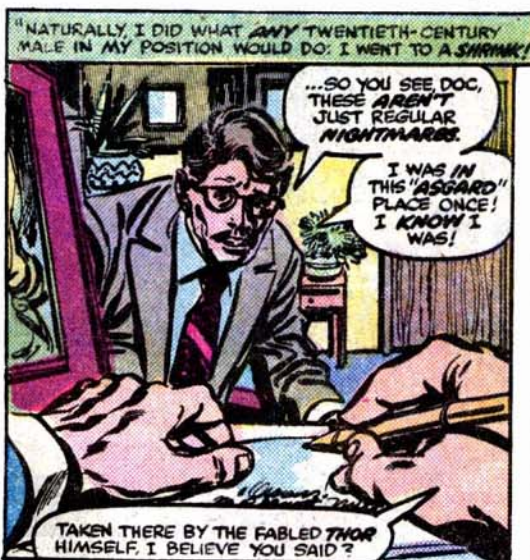
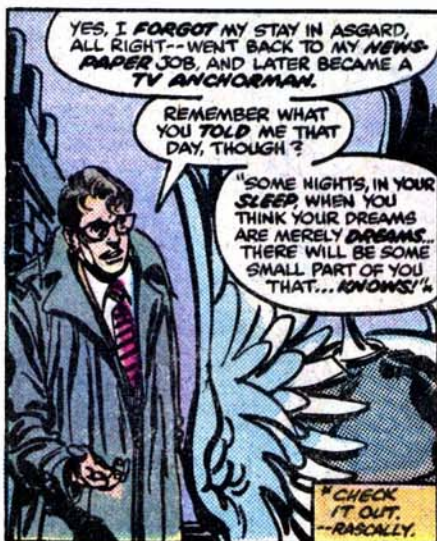
OH MY --!

AS SOON AS I CATCH MY AGGT I'M HOT-FOOTIN' IT BACK TO DES MOINES!



NOW COME, HARRIS HOBBS!

MINE ENCHANTED HAMMER WILL PROPEL US TO A MORE SECLUDED CORNER OF THIS O'CROWDED CITY.





...SLEEP, HARRIS HOBBS... YOU ARE GETTING DROWZY... SLEEP...

NOW, TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE IN THESE RECURRING NIGHTMARES, THAT YOU CAN ONLY HALF-RECALL WHEN YOU AWAKEN!

YES... SLEEP...

I SEE... THE SKY-GOD CALLED ODIN... AND ONE OTHER.

HE... IS CALLED... CRUSHER CREEL... ALSO THE ABSORBING MAN...



WHO DARES INVADE THE SANCTUM OF ODIN, THE ALL-WISE?

SO YOU'RE THE GUY I CAME HERE TO OVERTHROW?

"I SEE IT SO CLEARLY, THOR-- EVEN NOW--"

YOU DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH TO ME!



"CREEL COULD GROW-- AND ABSORB THE POWER INHERENT IN ANYTHING HE TOUCHED, RIGHT?"

"LATER, THOUGH, IT TURNED OUT YOUR OLD MAN WAS JUST TOYING WITH HIM AND HIS PAL LOKI."

"ONLY, I'M NOT TOO SURE ABOUT THE DETAILS..."



"...BECAUSE, NEXT THING I KNOW, YOU WERE DIGGING ME OUT OF THE RUINS, AND --"

THOU WERT RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE FORCE OF THE ABSORBING MAN'S CYCLONIC BOLTS, HARRIS HOBBS.

Y-YOU MEAN-- IT'S OVER?? I MISSED THE WHOLE THING!?"

"NEXT, I REMEMBER BIG-DADDY ODIN ORDERING YOU TO GET ME OUT OF ASGARD..."



"...WHICH YOU END WITH THAT NUTTY CROQUET BULLET OF YOURS."

"MEAN! SUDDENLY ON THE SHRINK'S COUCH, I REMEMBERED IT ALL! THE IRONBOW BRIDGE, THE IMMORTALS OF ASGARD-- EVERYTHING!"

"I'D BEEN SITTING ON THE SCROOP OF THE CENTURY-- FOR MORE THAN A DECADE."



"BACK AT THE NET-WORK LATER THAT DAY, MY SUPERVISORS WERE PRETTY SKEPTICAL AT FIRST-- BUT, WITH US RUNNING A POOR THIRD IN THE NIELSENS, THEY WERE READY TO LISTEN TO ANYTHING...!"

"...AND IF A PRIME-TIME SPECIAL FILMED IN ASGARD DOESN'T GIVE US A CLEAN SWEEP DURING RATINGS WEEK, THEN YOU CAN GET YOURSELF A NEW ANCHORMAN!"

THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING, HARRIS, OLD CHUM.

YOU GET US ASGARD-- AND WE FORGET OUR PLAN TO ASK ROSACYN AND BILLY CARTER TO BE OUR NEW ANCHORPERSONS!

SO THAT'S WHAT IT'S COME TO, THOR.

IF YOU CAN'T GET ME INTO ASGARD WITH A CAMERA CREW, I'M ALL WASHED UP IN BROADCASTING.

THY WORDS AROUSE MY PITY, HARRIS HOBBS...

BUT, AGAIN-- THY WISH BE NOT MINE TO GRANT! AND NOW--

THEN--YOU WON'T LIFT A FINGER FOR MY PROJECT?

I SHALL SPEAK OF IT TO THE ALL-FATHER WHEN NEXT I TREAD THE REALM ETERNAL.

YET, HE DOUBTLESS SHALL SAY THEE NAY.

NOW, THERE BE A MISSION I MUST UNDERTAKE.

THOU SHALT HEAR FROM ME ANON...PERHAPS.

WAIT!

WAIT...

HE'S GONE--AND WITH HIM, MY LAST CHANCE.

NOBODY ELSE WILL EVEN BELIEVE I WAS EVER IN ASGARD.

I BELIEVE, HARRIS HOBBS.

HUH? WHO IN BLAZES--?

FORGET MY NAME, FOR NOW!

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE; LET THAT BE ENOUGH FOR YOU.

HOW DID YOU GET UP HERE, WITHOUT THOR SENSING--?

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, EVEN IF THE HAUGHTY THUNDER GOD DID NOT.

IT HAD THE RING OF TRUTH TO IT.

IT WAS TRUE-- EVERY WORD OF IT.

BUT, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

THERE'S NOBODY ON EARTH THAT CAN POSSIBLY HELP ME... NOBODY BUT THOR.



I CAN.



STILL, I SENSE THERE IS MORE TO YOUR STORY-- SOMETHING THOR DID NOT TAKE THE TIME TO HEAR.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT HOW DID YOU--?

SIMPLY TELL IT TO ME, BEFORE I LOSE MY PATIENCE.

WHY NOT?

I'M THRU ANYWAY, SO WHAT CAN IT HURT?

LATELY, I HAVE A DREAM EVERY NIGHT-- JUST AS WILD AS THE OTHER--



"I KEEP SEEING THOR ON THE OCEAN SHORE, FACING A GIANT..."

WELL, NYMIR? WHAT SAYEST THOU?

THOU HAST A WISH TO GO FISHING, DOST THOU?

VERY WELL, THEN-- BUT WHAT WILT THOU USE AS BAIT?



LET THIS BE MY LURE, GIANT-- TO DRAG FORTH THE LARGEST, MOST FEARSOME CREATURE IN ALL THE SEA!

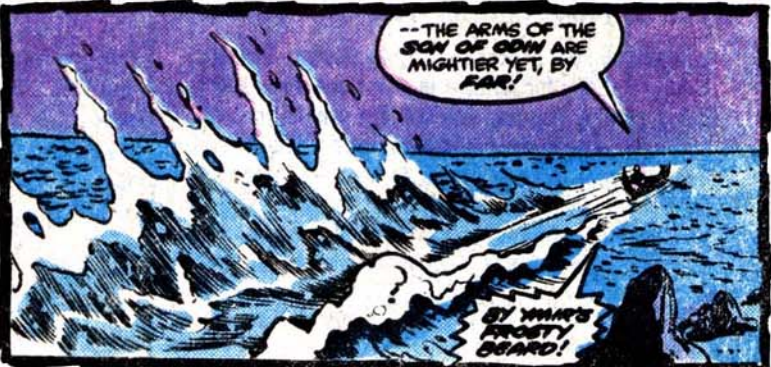
THE HEAD OF THY MOST HUGE OX!



AND WHY DOST THOU TAKE THE OARS-- IN NYMIR'S BOAT?

BECAUSE TIME IS FLUTING TALL ONE-- THE SHADOWS GROW LONG.

AND, MORTY THOUGH THINE OWN ARMS MAY BE--



--THE ARMS OF THE SON OF ODIN ARE MIGHTIER YET, BY FAR!

BY WHOM'S FROSTY BOARD!



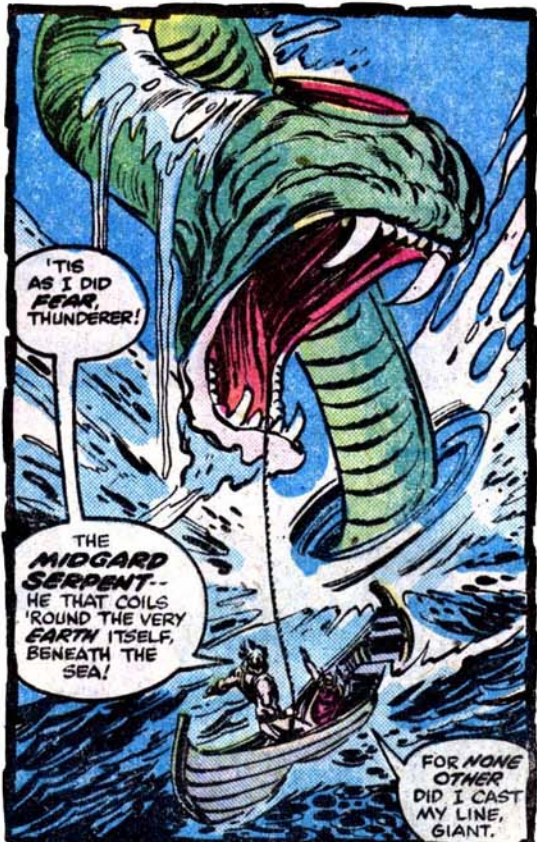
TOO FAR OUT HAST THOU ROWED, GOOLING.

LET THAT BE THOR'S WORRY.

SIMPLY LOWER THE LINE AND SWAY IN THIS SPOT--



--AND WE SOON SHALL SEE WHAT MANNER OF SEA-THING DO TH TAKE IT.



'TIS AS I DID FEAR, THUNDERER!

THE MIDGARD SERPENT-- HE THAT COILS 'ROUND THE VERY EARTH ITSELF, BENEATH THE SEA!

FOR NONE OTHER DID I CAST MY LINE, GIANT.



THOU ART MAD, THEN!

THE MIDGARD SERPENT IS TOO HUGE AND STRONG E'EN FOR THREE!

SO IT BE SAID IN ASGAR.

I DID JOURNEY HERE-- TO PROVE MY FELLOW GODS WRONG.



THEN PROVE IT WITH ANOTHER ON BOARD-- NOT NYMIR!

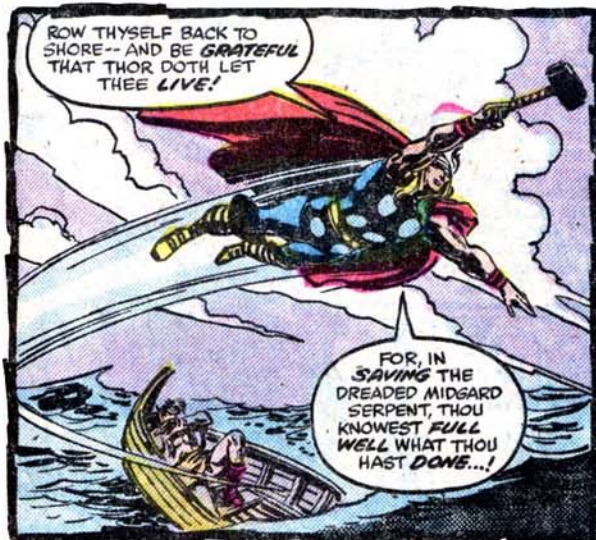
HALT, GIANT!

WAY! WHEN THIS ENCHANTED LINE BE CUT, THE SERPENT SHALL RETURN TO HIS BRINY LAIR--



AND, I PRAY WE SHALL SEE HIM NO MORE!







MERELY GATHER UP THE OTHER MORTALS THOU DIDST SPEAK OF BEFORE, AND REJOY ME HERE.

CHECK!

HARRIS HOBBS-- BACK IN ASGARD AGAIN!

THIS'LL BE THE SHOW OF THE CENTURY!



THOU ART A DOLT MIDGARDIAN-- THY MIND TOO SMALL TO KNOW THE TRUE IMPLICATIONS OF THINE ACT!

"THE 'SHOW' YOU SHALL WITNESS WILL BE THY LAST--"



--THINE, AND THE UNIVERSE'S!

THERE BE THE STRUCTURE I SEEK--



STARK INTERNATIONAL.

BUT, HOLD! WHO ART THOU?

BE THIS NOT THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF ANTHONY STARK? "

I--IT SURE IS...

\*ALLAS IRON AVAR! --ROY.



...AND I DON'T NEED A SCORECARD TO TELL WHO YOU ARE, THUNDER GOD-- OR MAY I CALL YOU THOR?

THOU MAYEST.

THE BOSS-MAN WAS CALLED AWAY ON BUSINESS-- HE AND HIS PERSONAL BODYGUARD, IRON MAN.

I'M WILSON TRAVERS. I'M NEW HERE, BUT HE ASKED ME TO SHOW YOU TO...IT.



HE DIDN'T FILL ME IN, THOUGH, ON JUST ~~WHERE~~ WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE THING.

TO A PLACE ~~NEARER~~ NEARER THAN THY HEART'S OWN BEATING...YET FARTHER THAN THE MOST DISTANT STAR.

I SEE... I GUESS.



WELL, ANYWAY, HERE WE ARE-- THE MOST RESTRICTED PART OF STARK INTERNATIONAL.

COME ON IN-- AND BELIEVE ME, WE'LL BE GLAD TO BE RID OF--



--THIS COMPUTER MADE MOSTLY OF ADAMANTIUM, THE WORLD'S MOST INDESTRUCTIBLE SUBSTANCE.

AYE-- THE LAST LEGACY OF THE ENTITY KNOWN AS FAUST!

AS I UNDERSTAND -IT, YOU TOLD MR. STARK YOU'D TAKE IT TO "PERHAPS THE ONE PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE WHERE IT WILL BE COMPLETELY SAFE."

\* SEE # 270-271. --R.T.



IS THAT, BY ANY CHANCE, THE SAME PLACE YOU WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT?

THE SAME.

GREAT! ONLY THING IS, HOW'LL YOU TRANSPORT IT THERE-- WHEREVER "THERE" IS.

EVEN WITH SOME INTERNAL COMPONENTS REMOVED FOR STUDY HERE, IT STILL WEIGHS--



--SEVERAL... TONS.

I DID NOT HEAR THEE, MY FRIEND.

WERT THOU SAYING SOMETHING?



UH-- YEAH! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO--

GUARD! OPEN THE BIG DOOR-- AND HURRY UP ABOUT IT!

WE'RE COMING THRU!



HOLY COW! I'VE SEEN THE BOSS' PAL IRON MAN LIFT SOME PRETTY HEAVY STUFF-- BUT THIS--!

HEY! ALLUVA SUDDEN, HE STOPPED SHORT.

LET'S JUST BE GLAD HE'S TAKING THAT BAD-NEWS HUNK OF METAL OFF OUR HANDS.

G53-02

WHAT'S UPONS, BIG FELLA? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE JUST SEEN A GHOST.



NAY, MORTAL! MINE EYES DO FALL UPON THAT WHICH BE DEADLIER FAR THAN ANY PALLID SPIRIT.

LOOK THEE SKYWARD AND BEHOLD--



--THE DREADED MIDGARD SERPENT!

JEOSEPHAT.

TH-THAT THING-- IT'S FILLING THE WHOLE SKY--

--AND NOW IT'S SWOOPING DOWN-- STRAIGHT AT US!



JORMUNGAND, <sup>44</sup> ONCE BEFORE, IN TIME'S DAWN, THOU DIDST FACE THE WRATH OF THOR.

I FAILED TO SLAY THEE THAT DAY--

AND, IT BE WRITTEN THAT ON THE DREADED DAY OF RAGNAROK, 'T WILL BE THEE WHO WILL SLAY ME!

<sup>44</sup>ANOTHER NAME FOR THE ANGGARD SERPENT. --RESEARCHIN' ROY.



BUT THIS DAY I SHALL ATONE FOR THINE EARLIER ESCAPE--

--AND STAVE OFF THE TIME OF THE GOD'S DEATH MAYHAD FOREVER.



SO SAYETH THE FIRSTBORN OF ODIN!



BY THE LEGIONS OF VALHALLA! WHAT SORT OF MONSTER GOES "ZAP" WHEN STRUCK BY ALL-DESTROYING MJOLNIR?

I SEEMED TO GO THRU THE CREATURE-- AND STILL IT COILS THERE.



THEN, SOMEHOW, I DID MISS THE MARK.

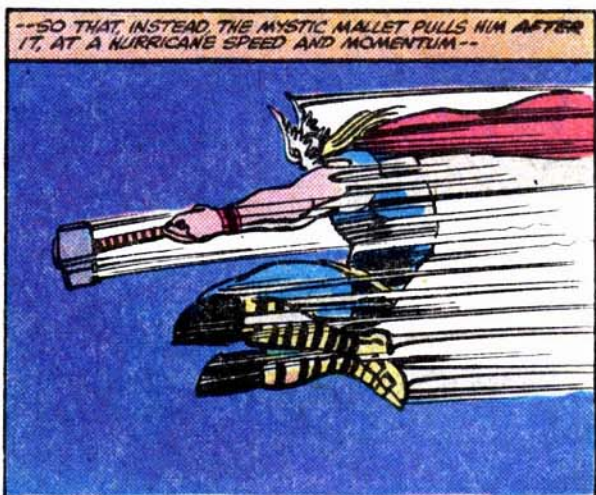
I SHALL NOT DO SO AGAIN!

HAVE AT THEE, NETHER-DEMON-- ONE LAST TIME!

WITH UNBELIEVABLE FORCE, THE THUNDER GOD HURLS HIMSELF HEADLONG AT THE LOOMING SPECTRE--



--ONLY TO HAVE IT WAGGON OFFERLY AT THE SELFSAME INSTANT THAT HIS FAST-HURLING BIRD WAGGONER WOULD STRIKE ITS GAPING MAW--



--SO THAT, INSTEAD, THE MYSTIC MALLET PULLS HIM AFTER IT, AT A HURRICANE SPEED AND MOMENTUM--



--WITH RESULTS NOT UNEXPECTED BY THOSE FAMILIAR WITH THE ASGARDIAN'S PAST EXPLOITS!

THRAK!

THRAK!



I WOULD SUSPECT **LOMY'S** FINE HAND IN THIS, GAVE ONLY THAT HE WAS LATELY STRIPPED OF ALL HIS POWERS BY THE **ALL-FATHER...**

...AND SENT TO WANDER THE EARTH AS A HOMELESS DERELICT. \*

\*15H \*267 --R.T.



AT LEAST, THIS **SECOND** TIME, JORMUNGAND DID NOT RE-MATERIALIZIZE.

WHenever THAT GODZILLA-TYPE WENT, HE SHOULD ONLY STAY THERE!

MAYHAP THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR QUESTIONS WILL BE FOUND IN HOLY **ASGARD.**



THUS, THERE BE **TWO** PURPOSES NOW TO MY HOMEWARD JOURNEY...

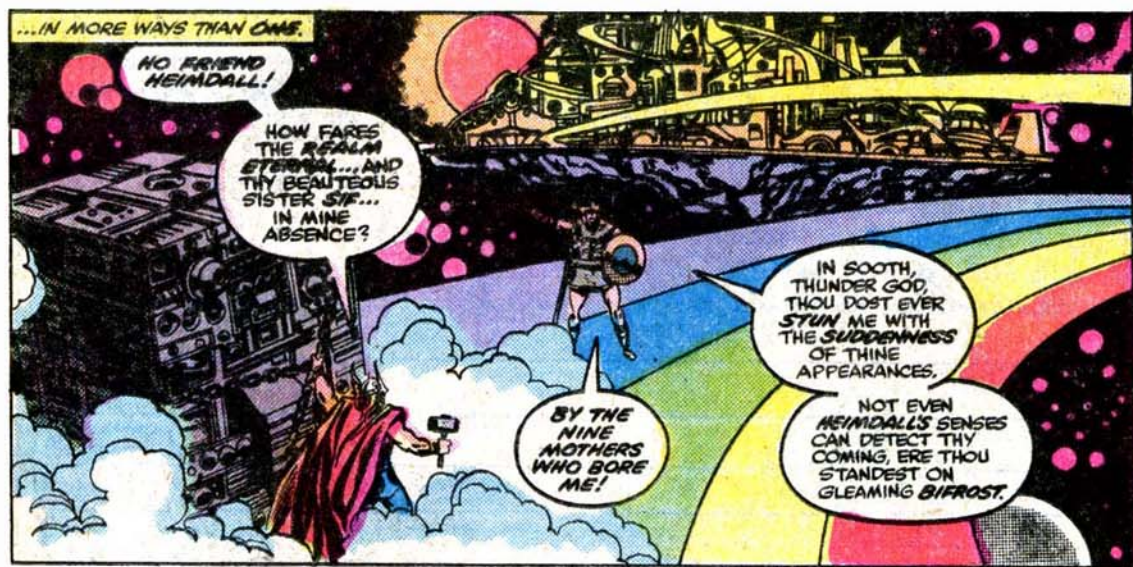
...OR **THREE**, SINCE 'TIS MY FERVENT DESIRE TO GAZE ONCE MORE UPON THE FACE OF MY BE-LOVED **SIF.**

ONE MOMENT A PERFECTLY-DEVELOPED SPECIMEN ATTICED IN PRIMARY COLORS STANDS BEFORE THE GAPING OFFICIALS OF **STARK INTERNATIONAL...**



THE NEXT, BOTH ME AND ADAMANTINE COME STREAK INTO THE CLOUD-LESS SKY-- THEN OUT OF SIGHT ENTIRELY--

--AS THE TRANS-DIMENSIONAL BARRIER WHICH SEPARATES EARTH FROM THE GODLY REGIONS IS BRIDGED...



...IN MORE WAYS THAN **ONE.**

NO FRIEND **HEIMDALL!**

HOW FARES THE REALM **ETERNAL...** AND THY BEAUTEIOUS SISTER **SIF...** IN MINE ABSENCE?

BY THE **NINE** MOTHERS WHO BORE ME!

IN SOOTH, THUNDER GOD, THOU DOST EVER **STUN** ME WITH THE **SURDENESS** OF THINE APPEARANCES.

NOT EVEN **HEIMDALL'S** SENSES CAN DETECT THY COMING, ERE THOU STANDEST ON GLEAMING **BIFROST.**



THAT IS **FLATTERING** INDEED, YET, WHAT OF RAVEN-TRESSED **SIF**...AND OF MY **FATHER**?

BOTH HAVE **ABSENTED** THEMSELVES FROM THE REALM SOME **DAYS SINCE**.

I SHALL MERELY BE HERE, THEN, TO **HAIL** THEIR **RETURN**.



**AYE**, BUT THERE BE **MORE** I PERHAPS SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEE, **SCION** OF **ODIN**.

FOR, THERE WERE **TROUBLED** LOOKS UPON THE **FACES** OF **BOTH**, AS THEY WENT THEIR **SEPARATE** **WAYS**...

...A **GRIMNESS** WHICH, I FEAR, **DOETH** FORETELL **DARK** **DAYS** FOR THE **HOME** OF THE **GODS**!



SO DEEP IS **HEIMDALL'S** CONCERN THAT HE DOES NOT EVEN COMMENT UPON THE **HUGE** **MODERN** **APPARATUS** WHICH **THOR** SO EASILY **HOISTS**...

...AND CARRIES INTO THE **VERY** **CENTER** OF **ASSARD** ITSELF.



**FANDRAL**? **HOGUN**? AT WHAT DO YOU TWO **STARE** SO LONG AND **HARD**?

IF THINE EYES COULD LOOK BEYOND THY **AUTTON**, GREAT **VOLSTAGG**, THOU **WOULDST** SEE WHAT **GLADDENS** EVEN MY **HEART**.

'TIS **THOR**-- COME **HOME** AGAIN!



DID **BALDER** HEAR SOMEONE SAY THE **NAME** OF--

**THOR!** 'TIS **TRULY** **THEE!**

DID I NOT **SAY** I WOULD RETURN **ERE** LONG?

AND WHAT **MARVELS** DIDST THOU PERFORM ON **EARTH** THESE **PAST** **WEEKS**, **EH**?

**FEW** **DASHING** **ONE**... AND THOSE **TRIFLING**!

\*THOR, OF COURSE, IS BEING OVERLY **MODEST**... FOR, HE SAVED THE PLANET FROM THE **TWIN** **SCOURGES** OF **FAUST** AND THE **MADMAN** **DAMOCLES**.

--ROY



BUT, WHERE BE MY SIRE... AND MY BELOVED?

BOTH GONE FROM ASGARD. I FEAR... LEAVING FANDRAL, VOLSTAGG AND MYSELF IN TEMPORARY COMMAND.

GONE? BUT WHITHER?

WOULD THAT THEY HAD TOLD US, MY FRIEND.



THIS I MUST SAY, HOGUN.

I WAS THE LAST TO BID THE ALL-FATHER FAREWELL AS HE MOUNTED HIS EIGHT-HOOVED STEED... AND HE LOOKED TO BE SORE TROUBLED.

I LIKELY KNOW THAT, OF LATE, HE HATH HAD DREAMS...



DREAMS, BALDER? WHAT KIND OF--?

VOLSTAGG! KEEP THEE BACK FROM YONDER DEVICE, VOLUMINOUS ONE!

I-- WAS BUT INSPECTING IT-- TO BE CERTAIN IT HARBORED NO THREAT TO THE REALM ETERNAL.

BUT, TRUTH TO TELL--



FOR CRISP'S SAKE--!

**SPRING!**

UH OH!

--I STILL DO NOT KNOW!

BY ODIN'S FLOWING BEARD!



HARRIS HOBBS-- SECRETED WITHIN A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT OF THE COMPUTER!

UH-- HI THERE, THOR, OL' BUDDY.

N-NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, FELLA.

SAVE THY HONEYED WORDS!



WHO BE THESE TWO-- AND, IF THINE ANSWER BE WHAT I SUSPECT--!

I'M AFRAID I GUESSED IT, CHUM, THAT'S RED AND JOEY.

THEY'RE MY CREW FOR THAT SPECIAL WE, UH, DIS-CUSSED...!

CHARMED.

H'LO.





THERE BE BUT ONE THING MIGHTIER FAR THAN THE DECREES OF THE ALL-FATHER:

THE PROPHECIES OF VOLLA-- WHO ALONE DOTH KNOW AND HATH PREDICTED THE DIRE SECRET OF RAGNAROK!\*

AYE, RAGNAROK-- THAT HOUR EVEN WHEN THE GODS SHALL DIE, BENEATH THE COMBINED FORCES OF GIANTS, TROLLS, MIDGARD SERPENT-- AND LOKI!

NOW DO YE SEE, DOLTS?

HARRIS HOBBS SAW VISIONS OF THOR'S LONG-AGO BATTLE WITH THE MIDGARD SERPENT-- VISIONS HE COULD NOT HAVE SEEN, E'EN IN DREAMS, EXCEPT HE BE DIVINELY INSPIRED BY THE SPIRIT OF MAD VOLLA!

THUS I BROUGHT HIM TO ASGARD BOTH TO PROVE TO YE ALL THAT THE PROPHECIES OF DOOM DO SPEAK THRU HIM--

--AND SO THAT HE MAY FEAR HIS OWN DEATH, AND THAT OF THE UNIVERSE!

OFTTIMES HATH IT BEEN SAID THAT "RAGNAROK IS COMING"-- AND THE NIGHTMARE NE'ER HATH COME TRUE.

BUT THIS TIME, FEAR NOT--

**RAGNAROK DOTH COME!!**

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS-- THE END OF ALL THAT IS!

THEN, LOKI STANDS SILENT, AND NO ONE SPEAKS... FOR A VERY LONG TIME...!

\* SEE ISSUE #200. --ROY.

BUT FIRST: **DEATH COMES FOR BALDER!**