

THOR

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THE MIGHTY

# THOR

**BALDER THE BRAVE IS DEAD!**

NOW, NO POWER ON EARTH OR IN ASGARD CAN HALT THE DEADLY DAY OF **RAGNAROK!**



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!™

## THE EYE--AND THE ARROW!

THEY'RE JUST A TRIO OF MORTALS FROM MIDGARD--WHO STOWED AWAY INSIDE A COMPUTER SO THEY COULD GET TO ASGARD TO FILM A TV SPECIAL.

BUT, NOW THAT THEY'RE HERE, THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY FINDING THE REALM ETERNAL A BED OF RHINE-MAIDENS....!

HEAR THE WORDS OF LOKI! YE WITLESS ASGARDIAN FOOLS!

RAGNAROK COMES--THAT DAY WHEN E'EN THE GODS SHALL DIE--

-- AND NEITHER MAN NOR IMMORTAL MAY PREVENT ITS COMING!

\* EARTH--R.T.

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INGLORIOUS CHURL!  
CURSED BE THE DAY THAT  
THE ALL-FATHER DID  
UNWISELY TAKE THEE  
TO HIS BOSOM!

IN THAT HOUR, HE DID  
NURTURE THE BASEST  
OF VIPERS!

I BUT  
SPEAK  
THE TRUTH,  
DEAR  
"BROTHER"...



I KNOW FULL WELL THAT RAGNAROK-- THE  
TWILIGHT OF THE GODS-- HATH NEARLY  
OCCURRED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE PAST--

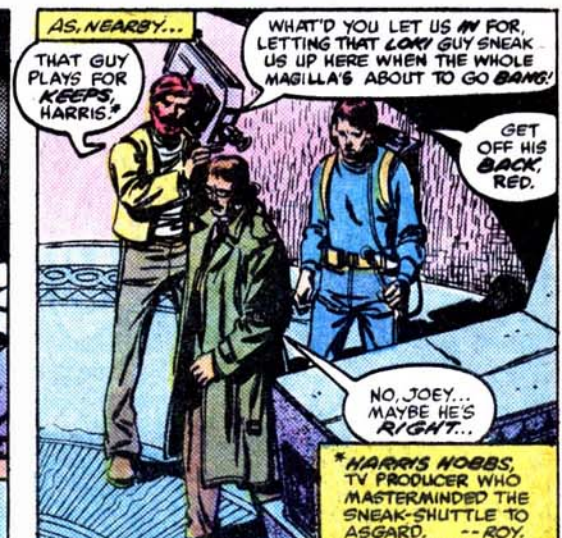
-- WHEN ODIN SLEPT, OR  
VANISHED-- OR THE ODIN-  
SWORD WAS NIGH PULLED  
FROM ITS SCABBARD.

THIS TIME,  
HOWEVER,  
ASGARD BE TRULY  
DOOMED-- I  
FEEL IT IN MY  
MARROW--



--AND, VERILY, NOT ONE OF YE  
WHO STANDS BEFORE ME NOW--  
NOT MIGHTY THOR, OR DASHING  
FANDRAL, OR GRIM HOGUN, OR  
VALIANT BALDER-- SHALL  
SURVIVE ITS HEADLONG FALL!

FOR LONG MOMENTS,  
THE ASGARDIANS STAND  
IN STUNNED SILENCE...



AS, NEARBY...

THAT GUY  
PLAYS FOR  
KEEPS,  
HARRIS.\*

WHAT'D YOU LET US IN FOR,  
LETTING THAT LOKI GUY SNEAK  
US UP HERE WHEN THE WHOLE  
MAGILLA'S ABOUT TO GO BANG!

GET  
OFF HIS  
BACK,  
RED.

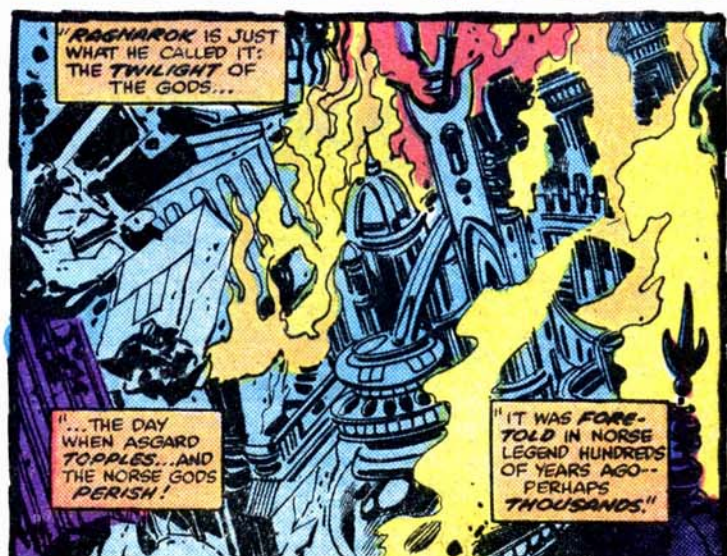
NO, JOEY...  
MAYBE HE'S  
RIGHT...

\*HARRIS NOBBS,  
TV PRODUCER WHO  
MASTERMINDS THE  
SNEAK-SHUTTLE TO  
ASGARD. -- ROY.



I'VE BEEN DOING SOME CRAMMING  
ON NORSE MYTHOLOGY, SO MY  
SPECIAL WOULD BE THE BIGGEST  
THING TO HIT THE TUBE SINCE  
"ROOTS"...

...AND  
I'M AFRAID  
I'M STARTING  
TO GET  
LOKI'S  
DRIFT.



"RAGNAROK IS JUST  
WHAT HE CALLED IT:  
THE TWILIGHT OF  
THE GODS..."

...THE DAY  
WHEN ASGARD  
TOPPLES...AND  
THE NORSE GODS  
PERISH!

"IT WAS FORE-  
TOLD IN NORSE  
LEGEND HUNDREDS  
OF YEARS AGO--  
PERHAPS  
THOUSANDS!"

AND SOMEHOW, MY DREAMING ABOUT THINGS I COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT--SUCH AS THE TRUE STORY OF THOR'S EPIC BATTLE WITH THE MIDGARD SERPENT\*--IS GOING TO HELP BRING RAGNAROK ABOUT!

HUH? BUT HOW COULD YOU CAUSE RAGNA-WHATCHACALLIT, MR. H?

FRANKLY, JOEY-- I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST NOTION.

\*LAST ISSUE-- FOOTNOTE-- HAPPY ROY.

BUT, AS LONG AS WE'RE HERE, LET'S GET WHAT WE CAME FOR.

RED-- KEEP THAT MINI-CAM GOING!

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN NOW THAT THOR'S GOT HIS DANDER UP.

CHECK!

PERHAPS THOU HAST REGAINED THE POWERS OF WHICH ODIN STRIPPED THEE, EVIL ONE...

BUT STILL THOR DOETH POSSESS POWER ENOW TO HURL THEE BODILY FROM ASGARD!

THOU SHALT BEHOLD HOW IMPERFECT BE THY MUCH-VAUNTED MIGHT, THUNDER GOD...

...WHEN LOKI BE NO MORE THAN MIDS OF SHAME, BEYOND THY REACH!

BEYOND THOR'S REACH?

I SAY THEE-- NEVER!

THRAK!

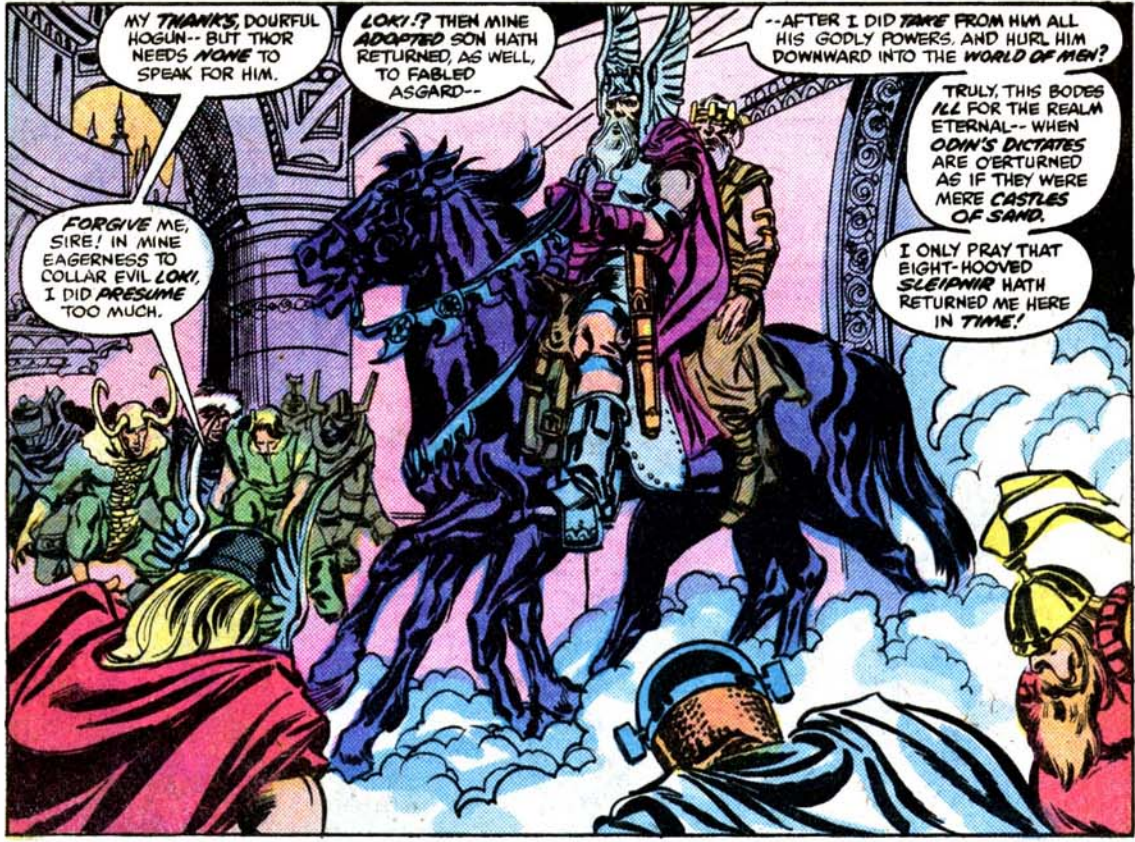
NOT WHILST MYSTIC MJOLNIR MAY SPEED FROM MY HAND AS SWIFT AS LIGHT ITSELF!

MORTAL DOLT! GET THAT CAMERA AWAY FROM ME!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, SMILEY.

I CAN SMELL A NEWS-EMMY IN THE MAKING FOR THE OL' REDHEAD!





MY THANKS, DOURFUL HOGUN-- BUT THOR NEEDS **NOME** TO SPEAK FOR HIM.

**LOKI!**? THEN MINE **ADOPTED** SON HATH RETURNED, AS WELL, TO FABLED ASGARD--

--AFTER I DID **TAKE** FROM HIM ALL HIS GODLY POWERS, AND HURL HIM DOWNWARD INTO THE **WORLD OF MEN?**

TRULY, THIS BODES **ILL** FOR THE REALM **ETERNAL**-- WHEN **ODIN'S** **DICTATES** ARE OVERTURNED AS IF THEY WERE **MERE CASTLES OF SAND.**

I ONLY PRAY THAT **EIGHT-HOOVED SLEIPNIR** HATH RETURNED ME **HERE IN TIME!**

**FORGIVE** ME, SIRE! IN MINE **EAGERNESS** TO COLLAR **EVIL LOKI**, I DID **PRESUME** TOO MUCH.

IS THAT OLD GEEZER FOR REAL? HE'S EVEN WEARIN' AN **EYEPATCH**-- AN' I REMEMBER YOU TELLIN' ME, **HOBBIE**, THAT HE HAD **TWO EYES**, NOT **ONE** LIKE IN THE **STORYBOOKS!**

AND THAT **NOORSE**-- IT'S GOTTA BE A **DINO DE LAURENTIS REJECT**, OR MY NAME **AIN'T--**

**SHUT UP, RED!**

I'M **WARNING** YOU-- DON'T GET **ODIN ANGRY**, OR--!



**THOR!** I SEE **MORTALS** HERE-- ONE OF THEM THE SAME I **CAST OUT** OF ASGARD, YEARS AGONE!

HOW **DAREST** THOU BRING THEM **BACK**-- AGAINST MY **SACRED DECREE?**

**WELL?** HAST THOU **NO DEFENSE** FOR THINE ACTION?

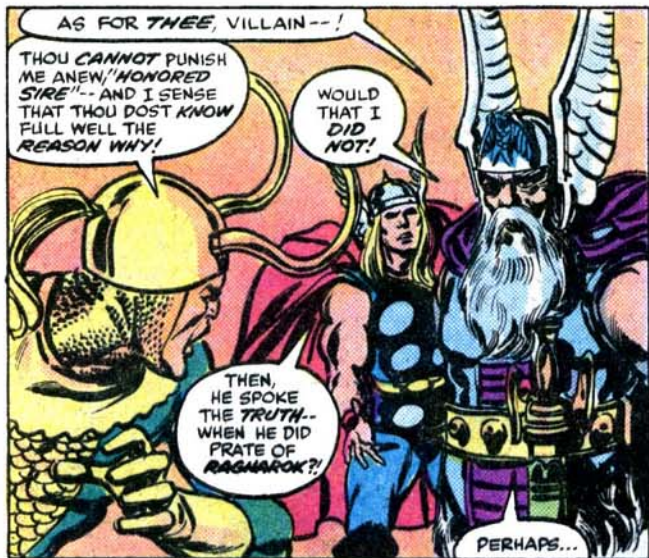


THY **TRUE SON** BE TOO **NOBLE** TO SPEAK FOR HIMSELF, **ALL-FATHER.**

'T WAS **LOKI** WHO BROUGHT THE **MORTAL** HERE-- **CONCEALED** MAGICALLY WITHIN **YONDER COMPUTER.**

**LOKI!** AYE, **BALDER...** I SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN.**

MINE **APOLOGIES**, THOR, FOR MINE OWN **RASHNESS.**



AS FOR THEE, VILLAIN--!

THOU CANNOT PUNISH ME ANEW, 'HONORED SIRE'-- AND I SENSE THAT THOU DOST KNOW FULL WELL THE REASON WHY!

WOULD THAT I DID NOT!

THEN, HE SPOKE THE TRUTH-- WHEN HE DID PRATE OF RAGNAROK?!

PERHAPS...



...AND PERHAPS NOT.

THE TRUTH, ALL-FATHER! THOU KNOWEST I SPOKE THE TRUTH!

MAY! I KNOW, MAYHAP, IN MY WAY-- BUT I DO NOT ACCEPT!

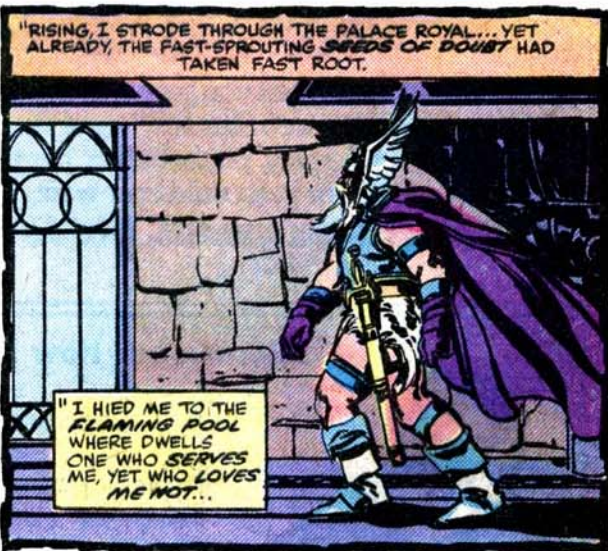
LIST, YE GODS, TO MY TALE...



"WHILE I SAT, DAYS AGO, IN MY GREAT HALL, MY RAVENS MUGIN AND MUNIN" DID COME TO ME, WITH WORDS AND MUSINGS MOST DISTURBING...

WHAT YE SAY FEATHERED ONES, CANNOT-- MUST NOT BE!

\* NAMES MEANING THOUGHT AND MEMORY --R.



"RISING, I STRODE THROUGH THE PALACE ROYAL... YET ALREADY, THE FAST-SPROUTING SEEDS OF DOUBT HAD TAKEN FAST ROOT.

"I HIED ME TO THE FLAMING POOL WHERE DWELLS ONE WHO SERVES ME, YET WHO LOVES ME NOT..."



"...AYE, EVEN MIMIR, THAT FIERY HEAD WHICH DOTH GUARD THE WELL OF WISDOM.

WHY DOST THOU DISTURB THE COSMIC CONTEMPLATION OF MIMIR??

MY RAVENS HAVE TOLD ME, MIMIR, OF EVENTS WHICH MAY FORETELL THE COMING OF RAGNAROK, AT LAST--



--AND I WOULD KNOW WHAT I MAY DO, IF AUGHT, TO PREVENT THAT DAY OF THE GODS' OWN DOOM!

THEN KNOW THOU SHALT-- BUT ONLY FOR A PRICE!

NAME IT, AND IT SHALL BE PAID!

"THEN, THAT CRACKLING VOICE SPOKE A SHUDDERFUL PHRASE..."

"AND THEN I KNEW AT LAST THE FULL DEPTH OF MIMIR'S DEATHLESS RAVEN, ALL BECAUSE I GAVE HIM ONCE AS A HOSTAGE TO THE RIVAL MIMIR, IN THE DAWN OF ASSARD...



"...WHO IN TURN BEHEADED HIM, AND SENT HIS VISAGE BACK TO ME.

"I COMPLIED, AMID PAIN MOST DIRE, WITH MIMIR'S CRUEL DEMAND--

A  
A  
R  
R  
R

"...AND, MY SIGHT HALVED NOW, HURLED HIS WIFE TRIBUTE INTO THE ALL-CONSUMING FIRE!



THOU HAST THINE QUINCE OF FLESH, DESPISED ONE!

NOW THOU MUST TELL ME WHAT I WOULD KNOW!

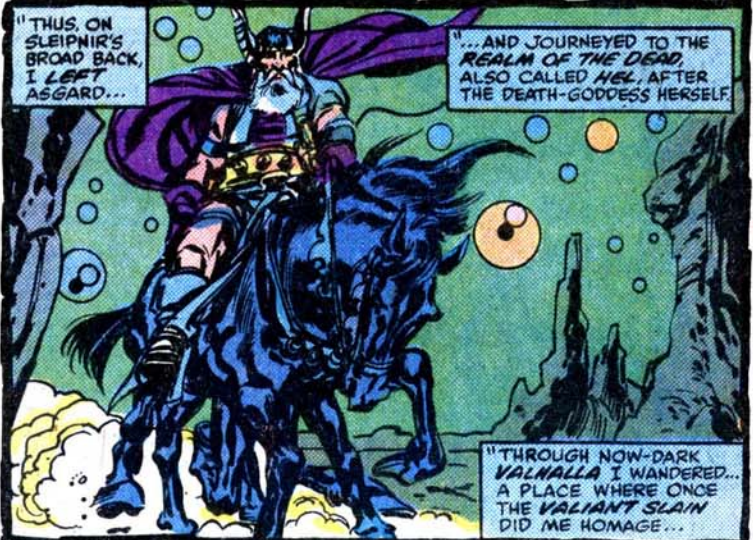
AME, I HAVE MY REVENGE-- THE MORE SO, SINCE WHAT I KNOW BE LITTLE...



...SAVE THAT THOU MUST GO TO THE DOMAIN OF NELA, THERE TO CONSULT WITH THE SNAKE OF VOLLA!

"I WAXED ANGRY AT DECEITFUL MIMIR-- BUT HE IS QUITE BEYOND MY POWER TO HARM.

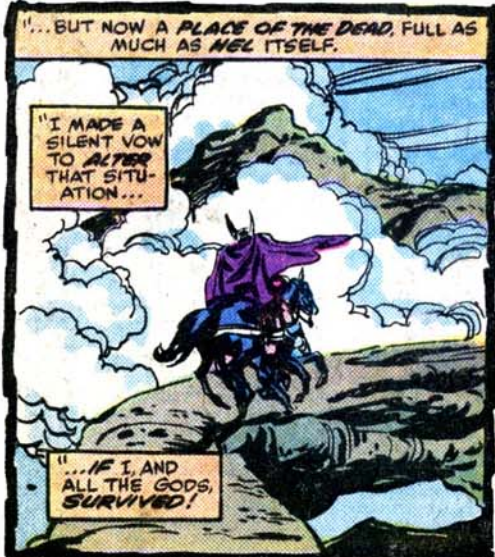
"THUS, ON SLEIPNIR'S BROAD BACK, I LEFT ASSARD...



"...AND JOURNEYED TO THE REALM OF THE DEAD, ALSO CALLED HEL, AFTER THE DEATH-GODDESS HERSELF.

"THROUGH NOW-DARK VALNALLA I WANDERED... A PLACE WHERE ONCE THE VALIANT SLAIN DID ME HOMAGE...

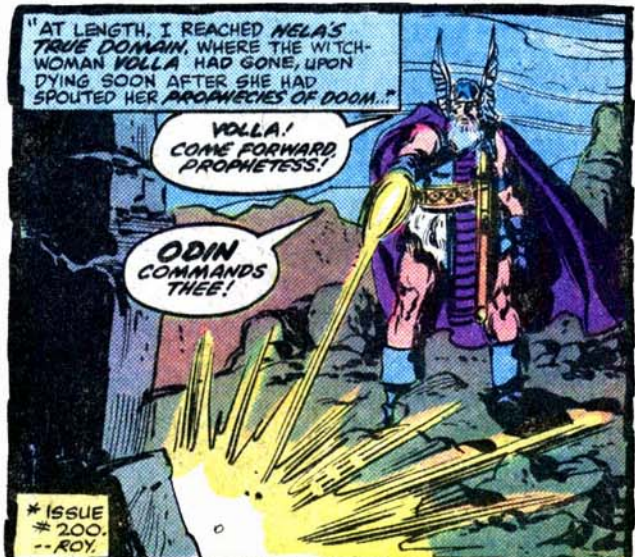
"... BUT NOW A PLACE OF THE DEAD, FULL AS MUCH AS NERL ITSELF.



"I MADE A SILENT VOW TO ALTER THAT SITUATION...

"...IF I, AND ALL THE GODS, SURVIVED!

"AT LENGTH, I REACHED NELA'S TRUE DOMAIN, WHERE THE WITCH-WOMAN VOLLA HAD GONE, UPON DYING SOON AFTER SHE HAD SPOULED HER PROPHECIES OF DOOM..."



VOLLA! COME FORWARD, PROPHECESS!

ODIN COMMANDS THEE!

\* ISSUE # 200. --ROY.





WHY, ALL-FATHER, DOST THOU INTERRUPT MY DREAM-LESS SLEEP?

I SUSPECT THOU KNOWEST.

I WOULD LEARN HOW TO DELAY FOR AN EON, AN ETERNITY, OR THE MEREST MOMENT--

--THE COMING OF RAGNAROK!



WHAT IRONY SUPREME-- WHEN 'T WAS THOU WHO DID ORDAIN ASGARD'S FALL, ONE DAY--

--BECAUSE THE WORLD HATH NEED OF "FIERY CLEANSING," THOU DIDST SAY.

KNOW YE THAT NOT EVEN MIGHTY ODIN MAY O'ERTURN WHAT ODIN HATH DECREED!



AND, THOUGH LOKI SHALL PLAY HIS PART, IT SHALL BE THE DEATH OF THIS ONE WHICH SHALL SIGNAL THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS!

BALDER?!



BUT, HE BE IMMUNE TO--

ENOUGH! I CAN SAY NO MORE!

WHAT! DO NOT RADE, SPIRIT! I--

SO! IT IS FROM THY VISAGE THE PROPHETESS' GHOST DOTH SHRINK IN TERROR!



AS ALL IN THIS REALM SHRINK FROM HELA, GODDESS OF DEATH!

NOR SHALL ODIN DISPUTE THY RULE-- HERE!

BUT, OF LATE, THOU HAST DARED USURP RULE OF VALHALLA, AS WELL--

--TURNING MY HALL OF VALIANT WARRIORS INTO A BARREN PLACE OF GRIEVING SHADOWS!



THOU HAST OTHER MATTERS THAT NEED CONCERN THESE MORE.

I HEARD VOLLA'S WRAITH SAY THAT RAGNAROK WOULD COME--WHEN BALDER ENTERED MY DARK REALM.

I SHALL MAKE READY, THEN--

--TO GREET HIM, WITH TRUMPETS MADE OF SKULLS!



THEN WILL HELA'S DAY SURELY COME--

--AND THE OLD GODS BE SWEEP AWAY, LIKE CHAFF BEFORE THE KILLING WIND!

"NOR DID I RESPOND TO HER WILD-EYED RAVINGS..."

"FOR, I KNEW SHE SPOKE THE TRUTH."



"MY HEART WAS HEAVY AS I RODE FROM HEL... YET, I WAS STILL FAR FROM OUR OWN GATES, WHEN--

HALT SLEIPNIR!

THOU-- SKULKER IN SHADOWS! COME FORTH, OR INCUR THE WRATH OF ODIN!



PARDONS WITHOUT NUMBER, ALL-FATHER! I HEARD THY STEED'S NOOVES, BUT KNEW NOT WHO--

'TIS HODER-- THE BLIND GOD WHO HATH LONG ROAMED FAR FROM THE REALM!

WHAT DOST THOU HERE SIGHTLESS ONE?

I WOULD RETURN TO ASGARD, AFTER MY WANDERINGS--



--THERE TO TAKE MY PLACE AMONG THE GODS!

TAKE MINE ARM AND MOUNT BEHIND ME!

AND SO THOU SWART, FOR SUCH BE THY RIGHT, AS AN ASSGARDIAN BOAK

"AND SO, WITH HODER, I CAME AGAIN ATWER..."



--TO FIND MORTALS MILLING ABOUT, AND LOKI RESTORED TO UNDESERVED GODHOOD!

WELL, BALDER? HOW DOST THOU FEEL ABOUT THE PROPHECY OF VOLLA?

SHE BE A PALE GHOST, SIRE-- HER WORDS AS WEAK AS HER SUBSTANCE.

I FEAR NOT! I BELIEVE NOT!

NOR DID I EXPECT THEE TO-- FOR, THOU ART TRULY CALLED-- BALDER THE BRAVE!

BUT THOR DOTH BELIEVE THE PROPHECY, FATHER--



IF 'TIS TRULY **LOKI** WHO BE DESTINED TO **HERALD** ASGARD'S FALL--

--THEN LET ME **SLAY** HIM WITH ENCHANTED **MJOLNIR**, AND MAYHAP **STAVE** OFF THE DAY OF RECKONING!

SEEK NOT TO BLAME ME, THUNDER GOD--

--FOR WHAT THE **FATES** HAVE WRIT LARGE!



AND SEEK NOT **THOU**, VILE ONE, TO BE HELD **BLAMELESS**, FOR THAT WHICH THOU WILT MOST **GLADLY** DO!

SIRE, I--

**SILENCE!** I ACCEPT WHAT MUST BE.

SEEK NOT **FORGIVENESS**, ALSO, FOR THINE APPROACHING **ACT OF TREACHERY!**



JUST THEN, FROM THE **GLEAMING RAINBOW BRIDGE**--

--THE **GJALLARHORN** OF HEIMDALL IS SOUNDED, LONG AND LOUDLY!



WHAT? DO THE **FORCES OF EVIL** ATTACK ALREADY?

THOU ART TOO **SKITTISH**, THOR.

**AYE!** 'TIS NO **UNWELCOME GUESTS** WHO COME THIS TIME--



-- BUT THE **GOODNESSES OF ASGARD**, GONE FAR TOO LONG FROM THIS **FABLED REALM**--

--LED BACK BY THINE OWN **BELOVED SIF**, WHO FETCHED THEM HITHER BY MY **COMMAND!**

**HAIL, ALL-FATHER!**

THOU HAST **SPOKEN--** AND SIF HATH **OBeyed!**



AS HAVE WE ALL, GREAT ODIN...

...INCLUDING THY LOVING WIFE, WHO HATH EVER LONGED TO STAND AT THY SIDE.

HAIL, FRIGGA-- HEART OF MINE OWN HEART!

BUT, 'TIS NOT MEET THAT WE SHOULD SPEAK HERE.

LET US TO THE PALACE.

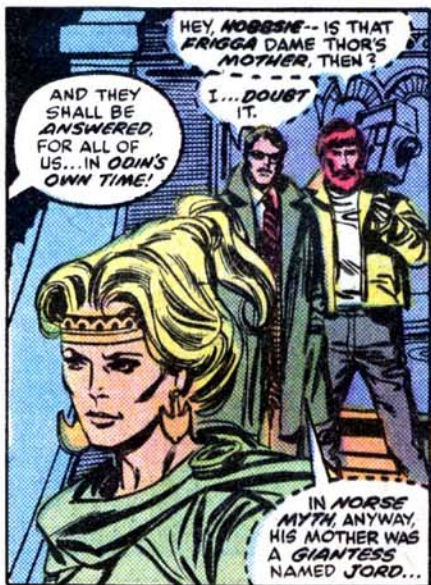
A MOMENT, LORD AND MASTER...



FIRST, I WOULD GREET THIS SPECIAL ONE, WHO HATH NE'ER BEEN FAR FROM MY THOUGHTS.

HOW FARES THE HEIR-APPARENT TO THE REALM ETERNAL?

WELL ENOW, MILDADY... BUT THERE ARE SO MANY QUESTIONS...



HEY, HOBBSIE-- IS THAT FRIGGA DAME THOR'S MOTHER, THEN?

I... DOUBT IT.

AND THEY SHALL BE ANSWERED, FOR ALL OF US... IN ODIN'S OWN TIME!

IN NORSE MYTH, ANYWAY, HIS MOTHER WAS A GIANTESS NAMED JORD...



...BUT I DON'T SEE ANYBODY IN THIS CROWD WHO ANSWERS TO THAT DESCRIPTION, SO--

ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME, RED?

YET LIKE MANY A MORTAL AND IMMORTAL BEFORE HIM, THE BEARDED CAMERAMAN HAS BEEN SUDDENLY STRUCK SPEECHLESS...

...BY CLOSER SIGHT OF THE ARMORED BEAUTY CALLED SIF, THE PERFECT MARRIAGE OF QUIET STRENGTH AND REGAL LOVELINESS...



...AS SHE GREETES THE ONE SHE LOVES.

WHAT WORDS ARE EXCHANGED BETWEEN THEM, AFTER THEIR DAYS APART, THE MAN CANNOT HEAR...



BUT IN THAT MOMENT, ROGER "RED" NORVELL KNOWS THAT NO OTHER WOMAN CAN EVER MEAN ANYTHING TO HIM--

--WHILE THE BURNING MEMORY OF THE LADY SIF THROWS WILDLY IN HIS BRAIN.



ABLE THOR! FRIGGA HATH REQUESTED THY PRESENCE WHILST WE CONVERSE WITHIN.

LIKewise, I WOULD HAVE A FURTHER WORD WITH YOU CONCERNING YONDER MORTALS.

THOU ARTST GO, MY LOVE.

ONLY TO RETURN, ERE LONG.

I WOULD LEARN WHY MY FATHER SENT THEE TO FETCH THE GODDESSES OF ASGARD, AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

AND, WHEN HE LEARNS THE TRUTH, MYTHOPHILE, SO WILL YOU...



BUT, MEANWHILE...  
NANI, BALDER! THOU DOST SEEM IN FINE SPIRITS.

IT JOYS ME TO SEE ALL ASGARD UNITED AGAIN.

STILL, LIKE THOR, I WONDER AT THE PURPOSE OF THINE ODIN-SENT MISSION.



ALAS, HE DID NOT ENLIGHTEN ME, BUT MERELY--

'SCVES ME, TALL-DARK-AND-GORGEOUS, BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING WHAT YOU WERE YAKKIN' ABOUT, AND--

THEN THOU WILT HONOR US, MORTAL, BY STANDING FARTHER OFF.

UH... YEAH, OKAY...



SMERESH! TALK ABOUT A COLD SHOULDER!

WE CAN'T JUDGE THEM BY OUR STANDARDS, RED.

FOR MY TASTE, YOU CAN LEAVE THIS WHOLE GANG O' GODS TO GABBARA WALTERS!

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DON'T TOSS US OUT OF HERE.

WHICH THEY MAY AT ANY MOMENT.

SO GET BUSY SHOOTING FILM OF ANYTHING THAT MOVES--



--WHILE I TRY TO FIGURE OUT A TV SPIEL THAT'LL MAKE SENSE OF THIS PLACE TO SOME NICE BIG NIELSEN NUMBERS.

I MEAN, MOST PEOPLE CAN'T EVEN KEEP THE NAMES OF ALL THE OSMONDS STRAIGHT, LET ALONE--

HUH!?



TAKE NOT VOLLA'S PROPHECY LIGHTLY, FRIEND BALDER.

FIE! HOGUN BE EVEN GRIMMER THAN USUAL, OF LATE.

I'VE NO REASON TO FEAR EITHER MAN, OR IMMORTAL...OR ANY THING IN ALL THE REALM.

ALL YE KNOW THE STORY, NIGH AS WELL AS I MYSELF...



"...HOW LOVING FRIGGA EXTRACTED A SACRED VOW NEVER TO HARM ME FROM EVERY LIVING THING..."

"...AYE, EVEN FROM UNLIVING THINGS, SUCH AS WOOD AND STONE!"

"THIS VOW BE NOT IN FORCE WHEN I WANDER TO MIDGARD BELOW..."



YET, HERE IN ASGARD-- I AM INVULNERABLE TO WARRIOR OR WEAPON!

AYE! IT HATH BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE PUT THAT VOW TO THE TEST, BALDER, I'D NEAR FORGOT IT!

THEN REMIND YOURSELVES, MY FRIENDS...



...BY SENDING YOUR SPEARS AND ARROWS AT ME-- AND BEHOLDING THEM VEER AWAY FROM MINE ENCHANTED FORM!

IN GOD'S NAME-- NO!!

EN? HATH THE FOREMOST OF THE THREE MORTALS GONE MAD?



IT'S YOU WHO'S CRAZY, BALDER-- IF YOU GO THRU WITH WHAT YOU JUST SAID!

DON'T YOU SEE? IT'S LOKI WHO PLANTED THAT THOUGHT IN YOUR MIND, FOR HIS OWN--

I SAID NAUGHT.

FOR ONCE, HE SPEAKS TRUTH.

I THINK THEE, HOWEVER, MORTAL, FOR THY NEED-LESS CONCERN.



DOOMED! THE WHOLE PLACE-- MAYBE THE WHOLE UNIVERSE-- IS DOOMED!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MR. H?

THEY-- WON'T BELIEVE ME! IT'S LIKE ODIN SAID:

ALL THIS IS "WRITTEN" SOMEWHERE...

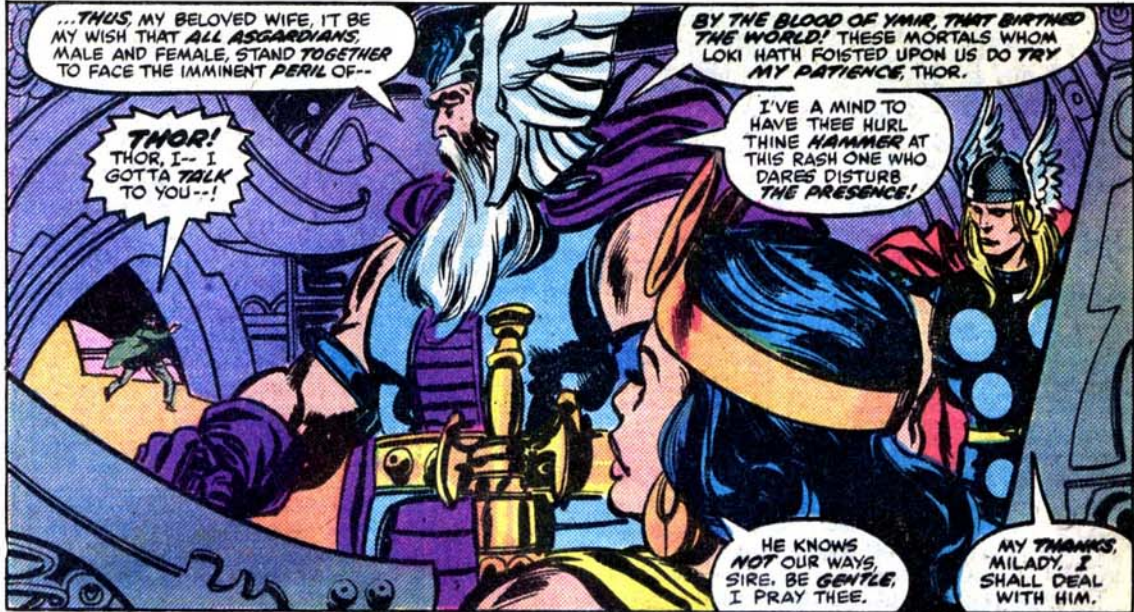


...AND THE GODS ARE JUST ACTING OUT A SCENARIO THAT WAS WRITTEN AN ETERNITY AGO. THEY--

WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE ODIN WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME, DESPITE ALL HE KNOWS--

BUT THOR'S GOT A MORE HUMAN SIDE TO HIM.

HE'LL LISTEN TO ME! HE'S GOT TO!



...THUS, MY BELOVED WIFE, IT BE MY WISH THAT ALL ASGARDIANS, MALE AND FEMALE, STAND TOGETHER TO FACE THE IMMINENT PERIL OF--

BY THE BLOOD OF YMIR, THAT BIRTHED THE WORLD! THESE MORTALS WHOM LOKI HATH FOISTED UPON US DO TRY MY PATIENCE, THOR.

THOR!  
THOR, I-- I GOTTA TALK TO YOU--!

I'VE A MIND TO HAVE THEE HURL THINE HAMMER AT THIS RASH ONE WHO DARES DISTURB THE PRESENCE!

HE KNOWS NOT OUR WAYS, SIRE. BE GENTLE, I PRAY THEE.

MY THANKS, MILADY, I SHALL DEAL WITH HIM.



BEGONE, HARRIS HOBBS, WHILST STILL THOU--

LISTEN TO ME, THOR!

THE OTHER GODS-- THEY'RE OUTSIDE THROWING SPEARS AND THINGS-- AT BALDER!

WHAT?!



THIS CAN ONLY BE LOKI'S DOING-- TO HASTEN THE COMING OF RAGNAROK!

VERILY, SINCE AGES UNTOLD, THE PALACE OF ODIN HATH E'ER STOOD INVIOLEATE TO THE HAND OF GODS AND GIANTS ALIKE...



BUT, THIS DAY, LET ITS WALLS BE SHATTERED ASUNDER--

THA!  
BOOM!



--THAT THOR MAY SAVE THE LIFE OF HIS DEAREST FRIEND AND OF ASGARD ITSELF--

--IF IT BE NOT ALREADY TOO LATE!!



WHAT OF *THEE*, MINE HUSBAND?

THOU DOST KNOW, PERHAPS, THAT BALDER AND ASGARD BE DOOMED DESPITE ALL I COULD DO.

COULDEST THOU HAVE DONE... NOTHING?

BUT, SAD-EYED AND GRIM-VISAGED, ODIN MERELY STARES AT THE COSMOS UNFOLDING BEFORE HIS ALL-SEEING EYE...

...AND KEEPS HIS SILENCE.



AND, WHILE THIS HAS TRANSPIRED--

DO YE SEE, ASGARDIANS?

THE HAND OF THE ANGRY-ARTER TURNS ASIDE THE SPEAR-- THE ARROW-- THE BLADE.

BE THERE ANY OTHER WHO WOULD HONE HIS WEAPON-SKILL WITH BALDER AS HIS TARGET?



LET ME TRY MINE HAND, BOASTFUL ONE!

'TIS NJORD-- HE WHO WAS KING OF THE VANIR-GODS--

--ERE ODIN DEFEATED AND ANNEXED THEIR REALM TO ASGARD!

HE SEEMS JOVIAL ENOW-- YET HE BEARS NO LOVE FOR ANY OF ODIN'S RACE!



HERE BALDER! A PRESENT FROM NJORD-- LORD OF THE VANIR!

NO MYSTIC HAND SHALL DEFLECT MY SPEAR, TRULY AIMED!



THOU SPEAKEST A'RIGHT NJORD AND, WHEN THAT BE SO--

--THEN THE HURLED SPEAR MUST SPLINTER 'TIS A, THIS HONORING ITS AGE-OLD WAY TO FRYGGA!





HAA! BALDER MAKES FINE SPORT WITH US!

THEN LET US ENJOY THIS GAME OF GAMES!

AYE! THE PRACTICE WILL SERVE US IN GOOD STEAD--

-- IF E'ER THE GIANTS AND TROLLS RISE AGAINST US, AS VOLLA FORETOLD.



DO YOUR WORST, ASGARDIANS!

THUS DO TH BALDER THE BRAVE DEFY BOTH THE MOUTHINGS OF DEAD WITCHES--

--AND THE EVIL INTENT OF LOKI!

MORE WEAPONS! MORE!!



HEY, NOW! THOSE GUYS ARE REALLY GETTING INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE THING!

JOEY-- TRY TO PICK UP SOME OF THEIR SWOUTS!

I'LL GET IN CLOSER.

BUT-- WHAT'S HAPPENING OVER THERE--?



ALAS! I HAVE RETURNED TO AN ASGARD REFORMING-- YET CAN TAKE NO PART IN ITS MIRTH.

AH, BUT THOU CANST, FRIEND HODER.

KNOWING THOU WERT ONCE AN ARCHER, I HAVE FASHIONED A SPECIAL BOW FOR THEE.

ARCHER!? AYE-- THE FINEST THAT ASGARD E'ER SAW, BEFORE MY BLINDNESS.



HAIL, HODER! LET THE SOUND OF MY VOICE GUIDE THEE!

MY THANKS, VALIANT ONE.

NOT FOR THE GIFT ITSELF WOULD I SEEK TO HAARM THEE--



WHILE, BEHIND THEM, THE CAMERAS KEEP GRINDING AWAY... TILL THEY RUN OUT OF FILM.

NEXT ISSUE: **THE AWESOME AFTERMATH!**