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THOR

THE MIGHTY

# THOR

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KEEP OUTTA MY WAY, YELLOW HAIR!

THIS IS A JOB FOR **THOR**, THE REAL GOD OF THUNDER!

AND NOW.. **RAGNAROK!**

BASCENI-MITCHELL



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!**™

AT LONG LAST...<sup>TM</sup>

**RAGNAROK?!<sup>TM</sup>**



THE GODS OF ASGARD!  
THEY STAND UPON THE  
RAINBOW BRIDGE--AND  
THEY MAKE READY TO  
FIGHT FOR THEIR REALM  
ETERNAL!

YET, HOW SHALL  
THEY FARE BEFORE  
THE POWER OF  
GREAT ODIN--  
AND OF MJOLNIR,  
THE SACRED  
HAMMER OF THOR?

TRULY EVEN AS GODS  
AND TROLLS HURL  
ANGRY EPITHETS  
AT EACH OTHER,  
THIS MUST BE THE  
QUESTION UPPER-  
MOST IN EVERY  
MIND--!

ROY THOMAS \* JOHN BUSCEMA & CHIC STONE  
WRITER/EDITOR ILLUSTRATORS  
GLYNIS WEIN COLORIST JOE ROSEN LETTERER  
JIM SHOOTER, CONSULTING EDITOR

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AND WHAT  
FOES  
THESE  
GODS DO  
FACE:

TROLL-GIANTS AND TROLL-DWARVES...  
THE DEADLY FENRIS-WOLF... AND, AMID THEM  
ALL, HELA, GODDESS OF DEATH!

A  
THOUSAND  
THOUSAND  
YEARS HATH  
THIS DAY  
BEEN COMING,  
YE DOOMED  
ONES!

--IT SHALL  
HAVE BEEN  
WELL  
WORTH THE  
WAITING!

YET, WHEN YON GLEAMING  
SPIRES TOPPLE-- WHEN THE  
FLOWER OF ASGARD FALL SCREAM-  
ING DOWN TO HELA'S REALM--

STRIKE WITH THY  
SPEARS, THEN, HELA--  
AND NOT WITH THY  
TONGUE ONLY!

E'EN  
DEPRIVED OF  
MINE ENCHANTED  
HAMMER, I SHALL  
BE GLAD TO FACE  
ANY OF THY  
MURDEROUS  
MINIONS IN  
SINGLE  
COMBAT--

--WITH FULL  
VICTORY  
GOING TO  
THE WINNER,  
AND OBLITER-  
ATION TO THE  
LOSER!

THAT DOETH NOT SUIT  
MY PURPOSE, SON  
OF ODIN.

WHY BE CONTENT  
WITH ONE GOD--  
EVEN THEE,  
THUNDERER--  
WHEN MY SCYTHE  
SHALL CUT DOWN  
MANY THIS DAY?

WE BUT  
AWAIT THE  
COMING OF  
THE MIDGARD  
SERPENT--  
WHICH HATH  
CERTAIN  
DESIGNS ON  
THEE, O THOR--

AND  
THEN, THE  
MOMENT  
SHALL HAVE  
COME-- TO  
STRIKE!

THOU SHALT TRAMP DOWN ASGARD'S  
GOLDEN STREETS *ONLY* O'ER THE  
BODY OF MATCHLESS VOLSTAGG!

ALAS, MY FRIEND--  
THY BELATED VALOR  
SHALL PROVE INSUF-  
FICIENT TO DRIVE  
BACK HELA'S HORDES.

YET, 'TIS  
PROUD  
I'LL BE  
TO DIE  
HERE--

--AMID MY  
FRIENDS,  
E'EN IN A  
UNIVERSE  
GONE MAD!



WHEN THE COMBAT BEGINS, BLIND HODER, IT SHALL BE I, **SIGYN**, WHO SHALL GUIDE THINE **ARCHER'S** HAND, TO KEEP IT **SURE**.

MY THANKS, MILADY **SIGYN**! BUT, WHAT OF THINE **HUSBAND**? WHAT OF **LOKI**?

I SHALL RETURN TO HIM, IF AND WHEN I **MAY**, **HODER**...

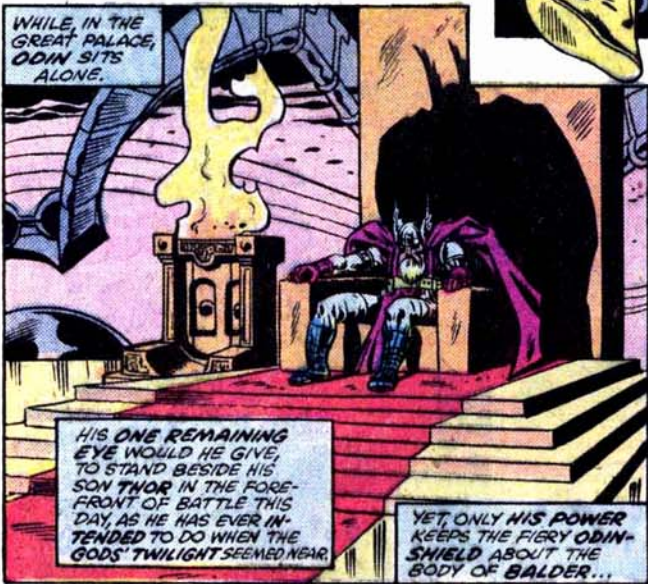


BUT MEANWHILE, THERE SHALL BE **NONE** TO CATCH THE **SERPENT'S** VENOM WHICH DROPS UPON HIM, TO **SCORCH** LIKE **HELLFIRE**.

**STRANGE!** 'T WAS PROPHESED THAT **LOKI** WOULD BE **FREED** ON THE **DAY** OF **RAGNAROK**.

MAYHAP, AT ANY MOMENT, I SHALL SEE HIM **JOIN** THOSE **FORCES** WHICH **OPPOSE** US--

--AND, IN THAT MOMENT, THE **LADY SIGYN** SHALL PERISH OF **SHAME!**



WHILE, IN THE GREAT PALACE, **ODIN** SITS ALONE.

HIS ONE REMAINING EYE WOULD HE GIVE, TO STAND BESIDE HIS SON **THOR** IN THE FOREFRONT OF BATTLE THIS DAY, AS HE HAS EVER INTENDED TO DO WHEN THE GODS' **TWILIGHT** SEEMED NEAR.

YET, ONLY HIS POWER KEEPS THE **FIERY ODIN-SHIELD** ABOUT THE BODY OF **BALDER**...



AND ALL DO KNOW THAT, IN THE MOMENT THAT **FIRE** DIES-- **RAGNAROK** SHALL BE **IRREVERSIBLY**, **INESCAPABLY** HERE!

ALREADY, THAT **FLAME** IS **DIM** INDEED--

--GROWING EVER **DIMMER**, MOMENT BY MOMENT.



WHILE, NEARBY, WE FIND **MARRIS HOBBS**...

IT'S **BEYOND** ALL BELIEF!

MY SOUND-MAN **JOEY**-- DEAD -- KILLED BY MY OWN **CAMERA-MAN!**

AND **RED** HIMSELF-- TURNED SOMEHOW INTO AN **EVIL, POWER-MAD** VERSION OF **THOR** HIMSELF!



ALL I WANTED-- WAS TO BE **FIRST** WITH A **TV SPECIAL** FROM **ASGARD!**

NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE **FIRST-- AND LAST!**

DON'T KNOW IF **EARTH** WILL FALL, TOO-- WHEN **ASGARD** DOES --

BUT **WHATEVER** HAPPENS-- I JUST WANT TO **DIE**--!

AS, IN ANOTHER PART OF THIS COSMOS BEYOND TIME AND SPACE...



WELL, MISSIE? YOU WANTED TO SEE YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND, AND SONUVAGUN IF I DIDN'T MANAGE TO GET HIM ON CLOSED CIRCUIT!

THOU DOST MOCK E'EN THE POWER THOU HAST USURPED FROM THE RIGHTFUL THOR!?

RIGHTFUL, SHMIGHTFUL! YOU YOURSELF TOLD ME I'VE GOT SOMETHING CALLED THE "ESSENCE OF THOR" IN ME--

--SOMETHING BIG DADDY ODIN RIGGED UP AS A FAILSAFE DEVICE AGAINST RAGNAROK HAPPENING WHEN HIS LITTLE BOY WAS OUT OF TOWN!\*

THE WAY I SEE IT, THAT MEANS I WAS CHOSEN TO BE THOR, IN A WAY.



AYE, THE ALL-FATHER WAS CARELESS IN HIS ANXIETY NOT TO HAVE PROVIDED MORE SAFE-GUARDS 'GAINST SUCH A VILLAIN AS THEE GAINING THE POWER OF THOR!

I LOVE YOU, LADY. HOW COME YOU'VE GOTTA HATE ME SO MUCH?

\*AS EXPLAINED LAST ISSUE. --ROY.



HATE THEE? I CANNOT FIND IT IN MY HEART TO HATE THEE-- BUT ONLY TO PITY THEE.

STILL, THOU ART A FOOL, TO THINK I LOVED THOR MERELY FOR HIS MJOLNIR-WIELDING ARM OR HIS VAUNTED MIGHT.

LOVE IS A POWER THAT DOTH PERMEATE ALL; IT CANNOT BE TRADED ABOUT BY AN EXCHANGE OF HAMMERS!

EVIDENTLY... NOT.



BUT, AS LONG AS YOUR HEART-THROBS DONE FOR ANYWAY, WHY NOT TAKE UP WITH ME?

MERELY TO ASK SO BASE A QUESTION IS TO KNOW THE ANSWER.

YEAH, I GUESS... I JUST BEEN FOOLIN' MYSELF.

I COULDN'T HELP IT, THOUGH.

I'VE BEEN BATTY OVER YOU, SIF, EVER SINCE I FIRST LAID EYES ON YOU.



AND BECAUSE OF THY LUST, MUST ASGARD BE HURLED TO OBLIVION BY THE HORDES OF HELA?

IS THAT THE LEGACY THOU WOULDST LEAVE TO THINE OWN WORLD-- IF INDEED IT SURVIVES THE HOLOCAUST TO COME?

IS IT??

BUT "RED" NORVELL, A.K.A. THOR, DOES NOT RESPOND.

MEANWHILE, BOTH IN THE ENCHANTED POOL OF ALHEIM AND IN THE STARK REALITY OF ASGARD, THE FORCES OF DARKNESS AT LAST ASSAULT THE KINGDOM'S DEFENDERS-- AS IF SOME UNSSEEN BARRIER HAS SUDDENLY FALLEN!

THOR! THIS CAN ONLY MEAN-- THE ODINSHIELD FIRE HATH DIED--

-- AND SO HATH BALDER!

WASTE NO WORDS, FANDRAL, BUT FIGHT ON!

WHETHER WE TRIUMPH OR PERISH, LET IT EVER BE SAID THAT THIS WAS ASGARD'S SHINING MOMENT!

AND INDEED, MORE THAN ONE OF THE TOWERING TROLLS GOES DOWN BEFORE THE THUNDER GODS' SLASHING ATTACK--

-- FINDING THAT, IN THOR'S RIGHT HAND, A SWORD MAY BE AS DEADLY A WEAPON ALMOST AS A HEAVENLY HAMMER!

STILL, ONE BY ONE, IT SEEMS THE PROPHECIES OF VOLLA\* COME TRUE--

AND MORE THAN ONE ASGARDIAN RECALLS THOSE LONG-AGO WORDS OF THE SEERESS:

-- AS HEIMDALL, GUARDIAN OF THE RAINBOW BRIDGE, FALLS BENEATH THE PRESS OF GROTESQUE BODIES-- TO BE SEEN NO MORE ALIVE!

"WITHOUT CEASE-- WITHOUT LET THE CATAclySMIC BATTLE RAGES, AS THE ONCE-HALCYON REALM BECOMES A SEA OF FLAME!!"



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING-- A FACE BOTH FIENDISH AND FAMILIAR APPEARS AMONG THE EMBATTLED THROG-- TO ENACT A DRAMA OLD AS TIME...



WHAT? THOR STILL LIVES?

LOKI SHALL REMEDY SO GRIEVOUS AN ERROR!



BROTHER-- ART THOU MAD?

I KNOW NOT HOW THOU WERT FREED-- BUT WITH BAGNAROK UPON US--

-- THERE BE NO TIME FOR HATRED!



THE HATE I BEAR THESE CAN OUTLIVE TIME ITSELF!

LET OTHERS LIVE IN FEAR-- WHILST LOKI STRIKES FOR PLUNDER!

THEN LET THY HATE SUSTAIN THEE NOW-- FOR NOTHING ELSE CAN SAVE THEE!



WHEN VOLLA SPOKE THESE WORDS, HER VOICE CRACKING, SHE SPOKE OF A GOD OF EVIL WHO FACED A THOR ARMED WITH MAGNIFICENT Mjolnir, NOT A MERE BLADE.



THUS, NOW, THE SCENARIO IS CHANGED--

-- AND LOKI'S SWORD, WHICH HAS LONG BEEN PREPARED FOR THIS DAY--



-- SUCCEEDS, WHERE SHEER PROWESS NEVER COULD!

THOU DIDST SHATTER THE AXE OF YMIR WITH THINE HAMMER, BUT THAT BLADE WILL NOT STAND 'GAINST THIS SWORD OF SURTUR!

PREPARE TO DIE-- AT THE HAND OF LOKI!

YET, IN HIS BATTLE-MADNESS, THE BETRAYER SEEMS TO FORGET ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF VOLLA'S FORETELLINGS--







THERE BE ALSO--

--THE SHEER STRENGTH OF HIS MIGHTY ARM!



STRONG IS THAT ARM-- BUT STILL THE DEATH-WIELDING EYES OF THE MID-GARD SERPENT CAN MELT MERE ROCK--

--AS EASILY AS THOUGH IT WERE BUTTER, HURLED INTO A FIERY FURNACE.



THEIR EYES WILL NOT PROTECT THEE FOREVER, MONSTER!

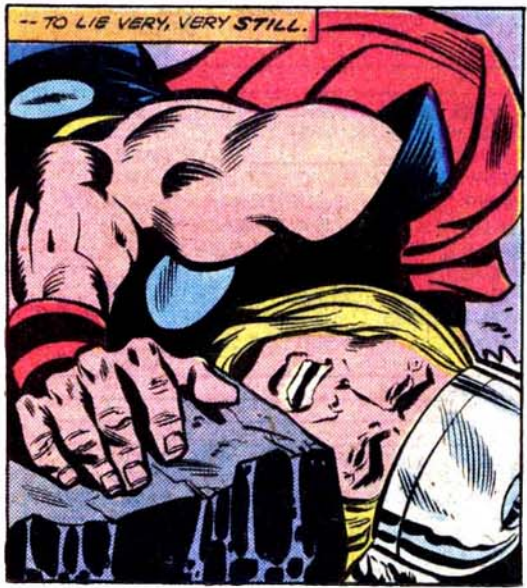
AND THEN--



AT THAT MOMENT, THE THUNDER GOD IS STRUCK BY JORMUNGAND'S HUGE THRASHING TAIL!

**THRAK!**

THE SECOND BOULDER FALLS FROM HIS ARMS-- AND THOR HIMSELF IS TOPPLED--



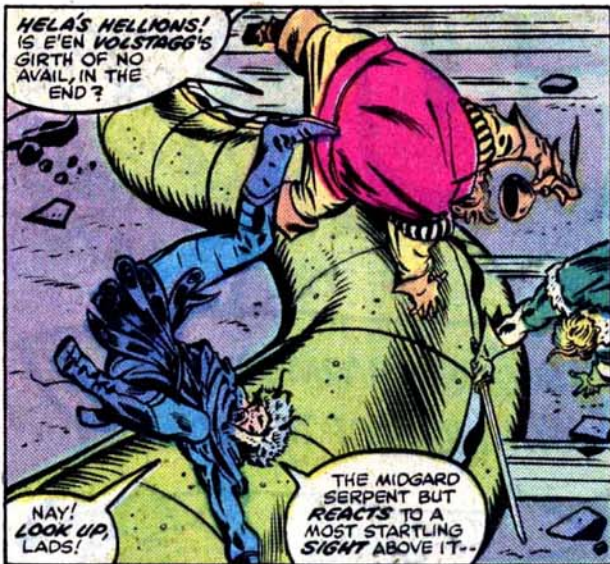
-- TO LIE VERY, VERY STILL.



HOGUN! VOLSTAGG! WHILST LASHING OUT, THE SERPENT'S TAIL DID FELL OUR PRINCE!

THEN TO HIM-- ERE THE HATED ONE CAN DEVOUR HIM!

ASIDE, FRIENDS! LET ME SIT UPON HIS TAIL, THAT IT MAY NOT--



HELA'S HELLIONS!  
IS E'EN VOLSTAGG'S  
GIRTH OF NO  
AVAIL, IN THE  
END?

NAY!  
LOOK UP,  
LADS!

THE MIDGARD  
SERPENT BUT  
REACTS TO A  
MOST STARTLING  
SIGHT ABOVE IT--



--THE SIGHT OF  
THE MORTAL WHO  
DOTH CALL HIMSELF  
THE **NEW THOR**!!

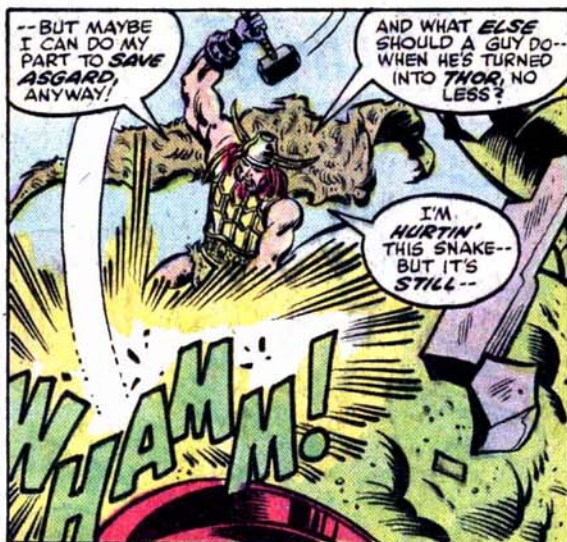
NOBODY  
**BUT**,  
LOSERS!

THE  
LITTLE  
LADY  
HERE  
HAS A  
THING FOR  
THE **ORIGI-  
NAL**--AND  
IT TURNED  
OUT TO BE  
**NON-  
TRANSFER-  
ABLE**--



SO, I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL  
**PLAY HERO**, TO MAKE UP FOR  
ALL THE **HARM** I'VE CAUSED.

I CAN'T  
BRING **JOEY**  
BACK TO LIFE--



--BUT MAYBE  
I CAN DO MY  
PART TO **SAVE**  
**ASGARD**,  
ANYWAY!

AND WHAT **ELSE**  
SHOULD A GUY DO--  
WHEN HE'S TURNED  
INTO **THOR**, NO  
LESS?

I'M  
**HURTIN'**  
THIS SNAKE--  
BUT IT'S  
**STILL**--

**WHAMM!**



**BELOVED!**  
THEN, THOU  
DOST **LIVE**,  
AFTER ALL?

AYE, BUT  
NOT LONG SHALL  
**ASGARD**  
SURVIVE THE  
SERPENT'S  
**THRASHINGS!**

THE **RED-  
HAIR**  
MORTAL HATH  
STRENGTH TO  
**WIELD** GREAT  
**MJOLNIR**-- BUT  
HE HATH NOT MY  
**SKILL** WITH IT.



YOU'RE  
**DEAD ON**  
**TARGET**,  
BLONDIE!

SO **HERE!** TAKE  
THE **HAMMER!** IT  
WAS ALWAYS  
**YOURS**, ANYWAY--  
NO MATTER  
**WHAT!**

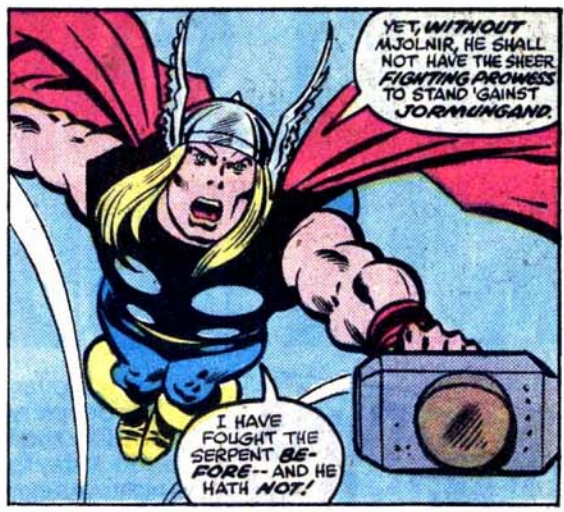
AS FOR YOU,  
LADY-- AS A  
**WISE MAN**  
ONCE SAID--

"HERE'S  
LOOKIN'  
AT YOU,  
KID!"



MILORD! HE HATH RETURNED TO THEE-- TWINE HAMMER!

"TWOULD SEEM THERE BE SOME HUMAN SPARK STILL LEFT WITHIN THE CREATURE THAT 'RED' NORVELL BECAME.



YET, WITHOUT MAJOLNIR, HE SHALL NOT HAVE THE SHEER FIGHTING PROMESS TO STAND 'GAINST JORMUNGAND.

I HAVE FOUGHT THE SERPENT BEFORE-- AND HE HATH NOT!

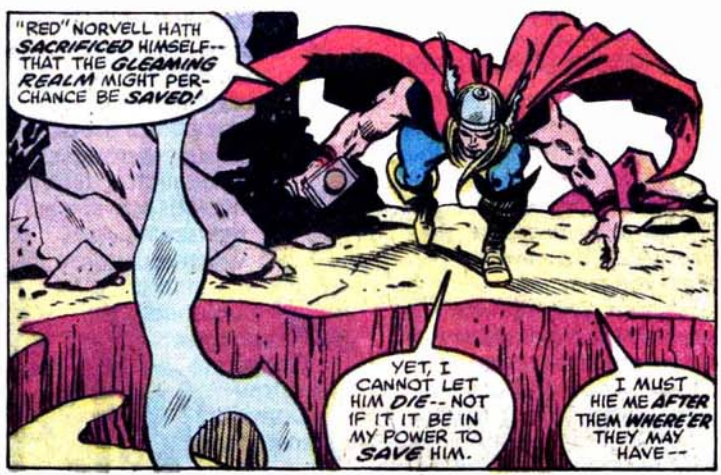


WHATEVER THE REASON, THOR ARRIVES AT THE SITE JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS--

BY MIMIR'S WELL OF WISDOM!

THE MIDGARD SERPENT, WOUNDED, DOTHT RETREAT INTO THE DEPTH 'NEATH ASGARD--

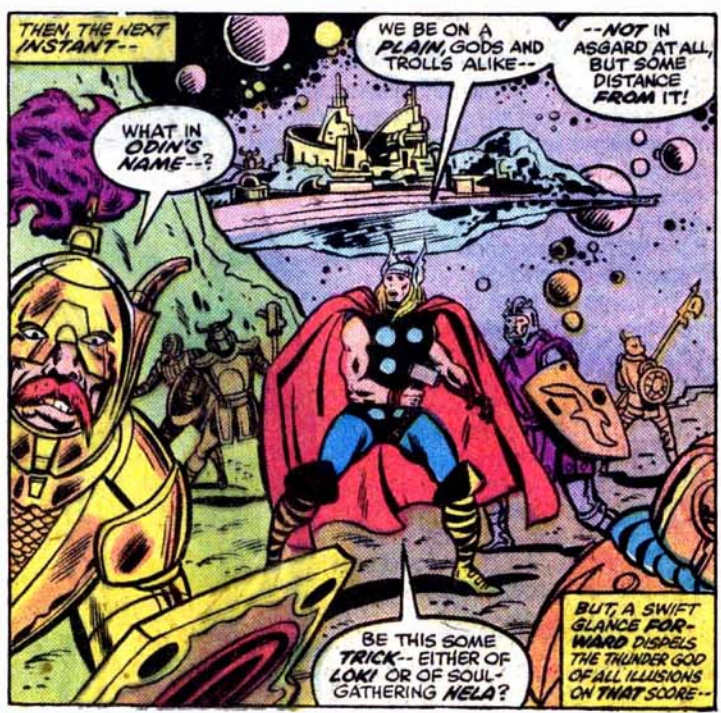
--BEARING THE TRANSFORMED MORTAL WITH HIM!



"RED" NORVELL HATH SACRIFICED HIMSELF-- THAT THE GLEAMING REALM MIGHT PERCHANCE BE SAVED!

YET, I CANNOT LET HIM DIE-- NOT IF IT BE IN MY POWER TO SAVE HIM.

I MUST HIE ME AFTER THEM WHEREVER THEY MAY HAVE--



THEN, THE NEXT INSTANT--

WE BE ON A PLAIN, GODS AND TROLLS ALIKE--

--NOT IN ASGARD AT ALL, BUT SOME DISTANCE FROM IT!

WHAT IN ODIN'S NAME--?

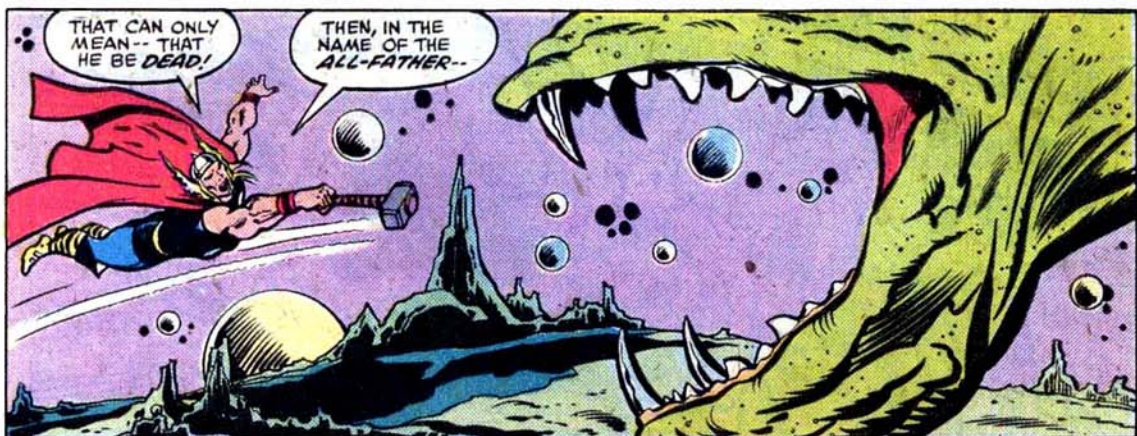
BE THIS SOME TRICK-- EITHER OF LOKI OR OF SOUL-GATHERING NELA?

BUT, A SWIFT GLANCE FORWARD DISPELS THE THUNDER GOD OF ALL ILLUSIONS ON THAT SCORE--

FOR, THE WEAPON-WIELDING TROLLS SEEM AS CONFUSED AS THOR HIMSELF BY THIS EERIE TURN OF EVENTS!



THOR, HOWEVER, HAS OTHER INTERESTS MORE PRESSING THAN THE DEATH-GODDESS' ANSWER...



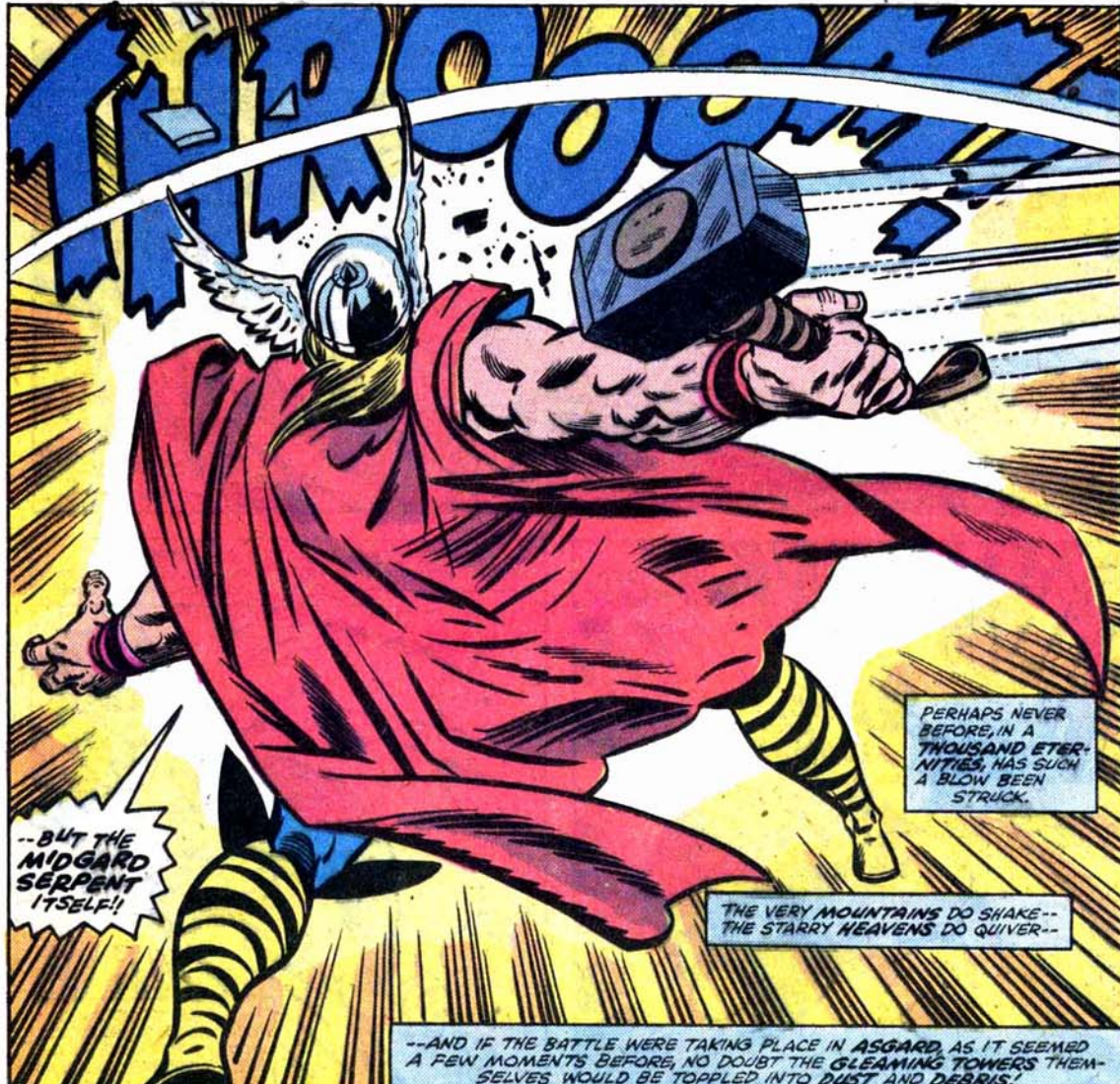
--AND NOW, ONCE MORE,  
WITH THE TRUE FIRST-  
BORN OF ODIN!

YMIR'S  
FROSTY  
BEARD!

AGAIN THE GREAT  
REPTILE DO TH REAR  
ITS SCALY HEAD--  
YET MUCH MORE  
WEAKLY THAN  
BEFORE!

THEN, MAYHAP  
THE PROPHECIES  
OF VOLLA  
BE *WRONG*,  
AFTER ALL!

MAYHAP 'TIS NOT  
THOR WHO SHALL  
PERISH IN THE CRUCIBLE  
CALLED RAGNAROK--



--BUT THE  
MIDGARD  
SERPENT  
ITSELF!!

PERHAPS NEVER  
BEFORE, IN A  
THOUSAND ETER-  
NITIES, HAS SUCH  
A BLOW BEEN  
STRUCK.

THE VERY MOUNTAINS DO SHAKE--  
THE STARRY HEAVENS DO QUIVER--

--AND IF THE BATTLE WERE TAKING PLACE IN ASGARD, AS IT SEEMED  
A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE, NO DOUBT THE GLEAMING TOWERS THEM-  
SELVES WOULD BE TOPPLED INTO DUST AND DEBRIS!



YET, WITH EVERY BLOW OF MYSTIC MJOLNIR, IT GROWS WEAKER-- WEAKER--



--TILL SUDDENLY--

BY THE GIRTH OF VOLSTAGG!

THE SERPENT HAS VANISHED-- DEFEATED!

THE PROPHECIES OF VOLLA STAND AT LAST DISPROVED!



COME, MINIONS MINE! HELA DOTH CALL THEE BACK TO HEL AND JOTUNHEIM!

THIS DAY, BY SOME TRICKERY, WE HAVE BEEN DENIED THE VICTORY THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OURS.

WE SLEW HEIMDALL-- TRAMPLED THE RAINBOW BRIDGE UNDERFOOT-- INVADDED ASGARD ITSELF-- ONLY TO FIND OUR SELVES UPON THIS BARREN PLAIN.

IF THIS BE RAGNAROK-- THEN ALL WE KNOW BE FALSE!

COME! WE MUST FLEE!



OH, MY BELOVED THOR-- I DO NOT UNDERSTAND ALL THIS-- BUT THANKS BE TO ODIN THAT THOU, AND ASGARD, BE SPARED!

THANKS TO ODIN, O SIF?

AYE... PERHAPS!



IT-- IT'S OVER! THE NIGHTMARE HAS ENDED, THANK GOD!

AND RED-- WHAT HE DID CAN'T BRING JOEY BACK TO LIFE AGAIN--

BUT AT LEAST-- HE TRIED TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT HE DID!



THE SMILE ON HARRIS HOBBS' FACE DIES A-BORNING, HOWEVER, AS HE BEHOLDS A SOMBER SIGHT:

ONE THOR BEARING ANOTHER-- INTO THE REALM ETERNAL HE PERISHED IN SAVING.

AND, THOUGH HE WAS, FOR SO BRIEF A TIME, A GOD WHO WIELDED THE POWER OF THE LIGHTNING-BOLT, THE RUMBLING OF THE THUNDER...



...STILL, HE NEVER SEEMED SO TRUE IN ASPECT...



...AS WHEN HE NOW BECOMES AGAIN THE MAN CALLED "RED" NORVELL... FOR THE FINAL TIME.



AND, IN THAT SEEMING MOMENT, A BLAZING LIGHT IS SEEN IN ASGARD--

--AS THE FIERY ODINSHIELD ABOUT THE BIER OF BALDER FLARES ANEW--



--SIGNIFYING THAT ALL IS WELL ONCE MORE IN THE HOME OF THE GODS.

BUT SOME, NOT EVEN THE AWESOME MIGHT OF ODIN...



...CAN BRING BACK FROM THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

AND NOT ALL THE TEARS THE WORLD SHED FOR DYING BALDER CAN RESTORE OF LIFE TO A CHEEK WHERE-FROM IT WAS FLED.



THEN, STILL PUZZLED, THOR AND HIS COMPATRIOTS TURN TO THE ONLY ONE WHO MAY, PERCHANCE, ENLIGHTEN THEM ON THE DAY'S STRANGE EVENTS...

NOW, GREAT ODIN RISES FROM HIS THRONE-- NO LONGER THE WEARY OLD MAN WHO COULD SCARCELY KEEP BRAVE BALDER FROM HELA'S CLUTCHES--

ALL-FATHER ODIN! THE LADY SIF HATH TOLD ME, E'EN IN DEFIANCE OF THY DECREE, OF THE DODDLE-GANGER THOU DIDST CREATE OF ME, TO HOLD IN STORE AGAINST THE DAY OF RAGNAROK.

AT LAST I UNDERSTAND WHY THE RED-HAIRED MORTAL WAS ABLE TO WREST Mjolnir FROM ME.

BUT, NAUGHT ELSE DO WE FULLY COMPREHEND, O FATHER.

WAS IT RAGNAROK WE SURVIVED THIS DAY-- OR WAS IT NOT??

...BUT ONCE MORE, THE MIGHTY KING OF THE GODS!

THE TRUTH BE THERE, MY SON-- FOR ANY WITH E'EN ONE EYE TO SEE.

I KNOW, FULL WELL AS LOKI AND HELA, THE FULL RANGE OF THE PROPHECIES OF VOLLA--

--AND THAT THEY TWO WOULD STRIVE WITHOUT CEASING TO USE THEM AGAINST THE REALM, TILL THEY WERE FULFILLED!

THUS DID I CAUSE MANY OF THE PROPHECIES TO BE FULFILLED:

THE "DEATH" OF BALDER-- THE FREEING OF LOKI--

--AYE, E'EN THE DEATH OF THOR, THOUGH NOT OF THE TRUE THOR--

-- THAT THE DIRE PROPHECIES MIGHT BE ACCOMPLISHED, YET NOT THE END OF ASGARD!

I-- THINK I'M STARTING TO GET IT!

THEN PRAY THEE, EXPLAIN IT TO VOLSTAGG, MORTAL!

ODIN KNEW THAT EVEN HIS POWERS COULDN'T FULLY OVERTURN THE ANCIENT PROPHECIES--

-- SO HE SET ABOUT TO MAKE THEM HAPPEN-- WITHOUT REALLY HAPPENING-- TO THROW HELA AND HER CREW OFF BALANCE!

THAT, THEN, IS WHY WE WERE WHISKED TO THE PLAIN: BECAUSE THE BATTLE NE'ER TRULY REACHED ASGARD AT ALL!

AND MY BROTHER HEIMDALL-- AND ALL WHO PERISHED IN THE HOLOCAUST--?

ALL SAVE THE FALSE THOR WERE BUT IMAGES, FORMED OF THE BRAIN OF ODIN!

THY TRUE SIBLING LIVES, AND STANDS ONCE MORE AT HIS POST--



"...AND VILE LOKI,  
FOR WHOM I CREATED  
STILL ANOTHER  
DOPPELGÄNGER TO  
DO BATTLE WITH THOU,  
BE STILL CHAINED  
OUTSIDE THESE LOFTY  
SPIRES..."

"...NOT TO BE  
FREED UNTIL  
THE REAL  
RAGNAROK  
DOETH COME  
TO PASS..."

"... IF  
E'ER IT  
DOETH!"



FOR, WE HAVE SEVERELY  
WEAKENED THE FORCES  
OF HELA THIS DAY-- SET  
BACK THE WORK OF MANY  
MORTAL LIFETIMES, FROM  
WHICH SHE'LL NOT SOON  
RECOVER!

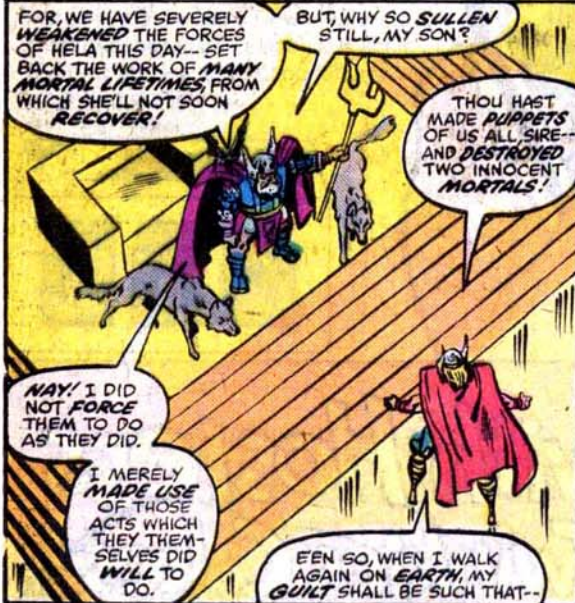
BUT, WHY SO SULLEN  
STILL, MY SON?

THOU HAST  
MADE PUPPETS  
OF US ALL, SIRE--  
AND DESTROYED  
TWO INNOCENT  
MORTALS!

NAY! I DID  
NOT FORCE  
THEM TO DO  
AS THEY DID.

I MERELY  
MADE USE  
OF THOSE  
ACTS WHICH  
THEY THEM-  
SELVES DID  
WILL TO  
DO.

EEN SO, WHEN I WALK  
AGAIN ON EARTH, MY  
GUILT SHALL BE SUCH THAT--



THEN THOU SHALT  
NOT WALK AGAIN  
ON MIDGARD!

FROM THIS MOMENT  
FORTH, THOU SHALT  
GO NO MORE TO  
THE WORLD CALLED  
EARTH!

TOO LONG  
HATH THAT HAPLESS REALM  
DEPRIVED ASGARD ITSELF  
OF THY FULL PROWESS--  
THIS TIME, WITH NIGH  
FATAL IMPACT!

WHAT--?



I LOVE THEE, MY FATHER...  
THOUGH THY WAYS BE NOT MINE,  
AND I REVERE THEE, AS EVERY  
SON SHOULD HIS SIRE.

BUT NEITHER  
THOU NOR ANY  
OTHER SHALL  
COMMAND THE  
GOD OF  
THUNDER!



THOU SHALT OBEY ME  
IN THIS, MY SON--

--OR ELSE  
ASGARD  
SHALL BE  
FORE'ER  
FORBIDDEN  
TO THEE!



THEN SO BE IT!

MILADY--  
WILT THOU  
COME WITH  
ME?

I-- I WANT TO COME WITH  
THEE, MY BELOVED-- BUT MY  
PLACE IS HERE NOW!

PLEASE--  
FOR MY SAKE--  
FOR THINE  
OWN-- DO NOT  
DEFEY THE  
ALL-FATHER  
IN THIS!

SOME PART OF  
THEE BE STILL  
JANE FOSTER-- AND  
THAT PART DOETH  
BELONG ON EARTH--!

I... MUST!



GO THEN-- AND NO HAND IN ASGARD SHALL BE RAISED AGAINST THREE--

--UNLESS EVER THOU DOST SEEK TO RETURN!

THAT SHALL I NEVER DO, SIRE-- THAT-- WAS!

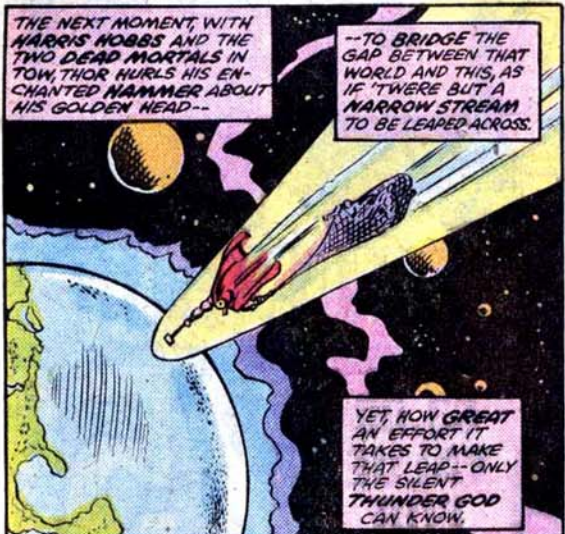
FROM THIS DAY I RENOUNCE MY PLACE IN THE REALM ETERNAL--



--AND WOE TO ANY WHO E'ER WOULD STRIVE TO BRING ME BACK!

THE NEXT MOMENT, WITH HARRIS HOBBS AND THE TWO DEAD MORTALS IN TOW, THOR HURLS HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER ABOUT HIS GOLDEN HEAD--

--TO BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN THAT WORLD AND THIS, AS IF 'TWERE BUT A NARROW STREAM TO BE LEAPED ACROSS.



YET, HOW GREAT AN EFFORT IT TAKES TO MAKE THAT LEAP-- ONLY THE SILENT THUNDER GOD CAN KNOW.

THEN, BACK ON A ROOFTOP IN MANHATTAN...



SEE TO THY PERISHED FRIENDS, HARRIS HOBBS!

I HAVE OTHER AFFAIRS THAT SORELY NEED TENDING.

THOR... I-- I'M SORRY FOR CAUSING--

'T WAS NOT THOU WHO DIDST BRING THESE THINGS ABOUT, MORTAL-- BUT THE GROWING SCHISM TWIXT MY FATHER AND ME!

NOR HAVE I TIME TO GROW MORBID DWELLING ON THEM--

--NOT WHILE THE FATE OF THE EARTH HANGS IN THE BALANCE--



--AND THE JUDGMENT OF THE CELESTIALS DRAWS EVER NEARER, HOUR BY HOUR!

"THE CELESTIALS"?

NEVER HEARD OF THEM!

BUT THEN, I OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW THAT THE GODS KNOW THINGS THAT WE DO NOT!

DO THEY EVER HARRIS HOBBS!

OH, DO THEY EVER!



NEXT ISSUE: **WHILE THE ETERNALS WAIT!**