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THE MIGHTY THOR



ASSAULT ON OLYMPIA!



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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!**

ASSAULT ON OLYMPIA!

LET THE BIRDS OF THE AIR SCATTER, AND THE VERY CLOUDS DISPERSE-- FOR, THIS DAY, IT IS **THOR**, GOD OF THUNDER WHO SOARS IN THEIR MIDST, PROPELLED BY HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER, **MJOLNIR--!**

STAND
YOU READY,
ETERNALS!
HERE HE
COMES!

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UTILIZED IN THIS AND NEAR FUTURE ISSUES

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IT'S ABOUT TIME! HE'S GOT A LOT OF GALL ASKING US TO CIRCLE ABOUT UP HERE WHILE HE TOOK THAT **MORTAL WENCH** BACK TO SERSI'S APARTMENT.

AND WHEN IT COMES TO **GALL**, REJECT...



...I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHEREOF YOU **SPEAK!**

MINE APOLOGIES FOR THE UNSEEMLY DELAY, ETERNALS... AND MUTATES.

NO HARM DONE, ASGARDIAN.

EVEN THOUGH MARGO DAMIAN HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE, WE ALL AGREED THAT **OLYMPIA** IS NO PLACE FOR A **HUMAN**.



IF THE HUMANS ARE SO WEAK THEN WHY THE DEVIL DID YOU ETERNALS EVEN BOTHER TRYING TO FORM AN **ALLIANCE** WITH THEM? *

PHYSICAL PROWESS ISN'T **EVERYTHING**, REJECT...

*ETERNALS #16...R.T.



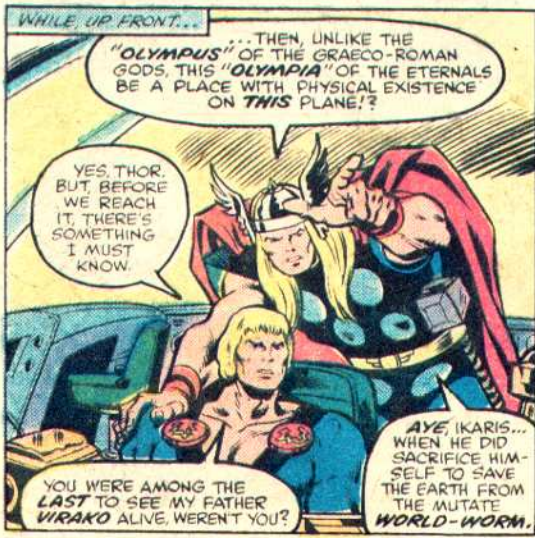
BUT THEN THAT'S SOMETHING YOU **WOULDN'T** KNOW ABOUT!
HA HA HA

I BEAT YOU ONCE, YOU OVER-GROWN CARROT--



--AND I'LL DO IT **AGAIN**, IF YOU--
HALT! THIS IS THE PERSONAL FLAHSHIP OF **FATHER ZURAS**.

I'LL NOT TOLERATE THIS BICKERING 'TWTX **MUTATES!**



WHILE, UP, FRONT...

...THEN, UNLIKE THE "**OLYMPUS**" OF THE GRAECO-ROMAN GODS, THIS "**OLYMPIA**" OF THE ETERNALS BE A PLACE WITH PHYSICAL EXISTENCE ON **THIS** PLANE!?

YES, THOR. BUT, BEFORE WE REACH IT, THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST KNOW.

YOU WERE AMONG THE **LAST** TO SEE MY FATHER **WIRAKO** ALIVE, WEREN'T YOU?

AYE, IKARIS... WHEN HE DID SACRIFICE HIMSELF TO SAVE THE EARTH FROM THE **MUTATE WORLD-WORM**.



THIS MAY SOUND STRANGE, SINCE HIS DEATH OCCURRED A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, BUT... DID HE SPEAK ANY **FINAL WORDS** YOU CAN RECALL?

HE'D NO NEED OF ANY ETERNAL. 'T WAS HIS **ACTIONS** THAT DID SPEAK FOR HIM... AND THEY MOST **LOUDLY**.

THANKS, AS THE MORTALS SAY... I **NEEDED** THAT.



NOW, HANG ON TO YOUR **HELMETS**, KIDDIES.

NEXT STOP: OLYMPIA!



THEN, WHEN THE SHIP HAS BEEN PUT ON AUTO-MATIC PILOT...

I KNOW THIS IS A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, THUNDER GOD... WE'RE GOING SCARCELY **TWICE** THE SPEED OF SOUND, BUT...

OH, IKARIS-- WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LET YOUR HAIR DOWN AND **RELAX** A LITTLE?

WE COULD HAVE A **PARTY** WHILE WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO EUROPE.



SERSI, WE'VE NOT FORGOTTEN THAT YOU HELPED **SAVE** US ALL FROM THE **DEVIANTS**, BUT MUST YOU REALLY SNAP BACK INTO YOUR FRIVOLOUS SELF SO **TOTALLY**?

FRIVOLOUS!?! WHAT'S SO SHALLOW ABOUT MERELY WANTING TO **CHEER** THINGS UP A BIT?

* LAST ISSUE. -- ROY.



WH--?

NOW, YOU TAKE THAT TV-AND-WASHING-MACHINE CONSOLE THAT SISTER **TAINIA** WAS PLAYING WITH, FOR INSTANCE...



THERE! ISN'T IT MUCH NICER TO SEE THIS DREARY FLAGSHIP DECORATED WITH A FEW **POSIES**?

SERSI...!

BRING THE **GYOTRONIC** COORDINATOR **BACK**, WITCH, OR I'LL--



OH, ALL RIGHT-- BUT MY **ROSES** WERE FAR PRETTIER!

...EVEN IF THEY BE MERE **ILLUSION**.

BESIDES YOU MUST ADMIT I'VE HELPED THE **TIME** PASS QUICKLY...

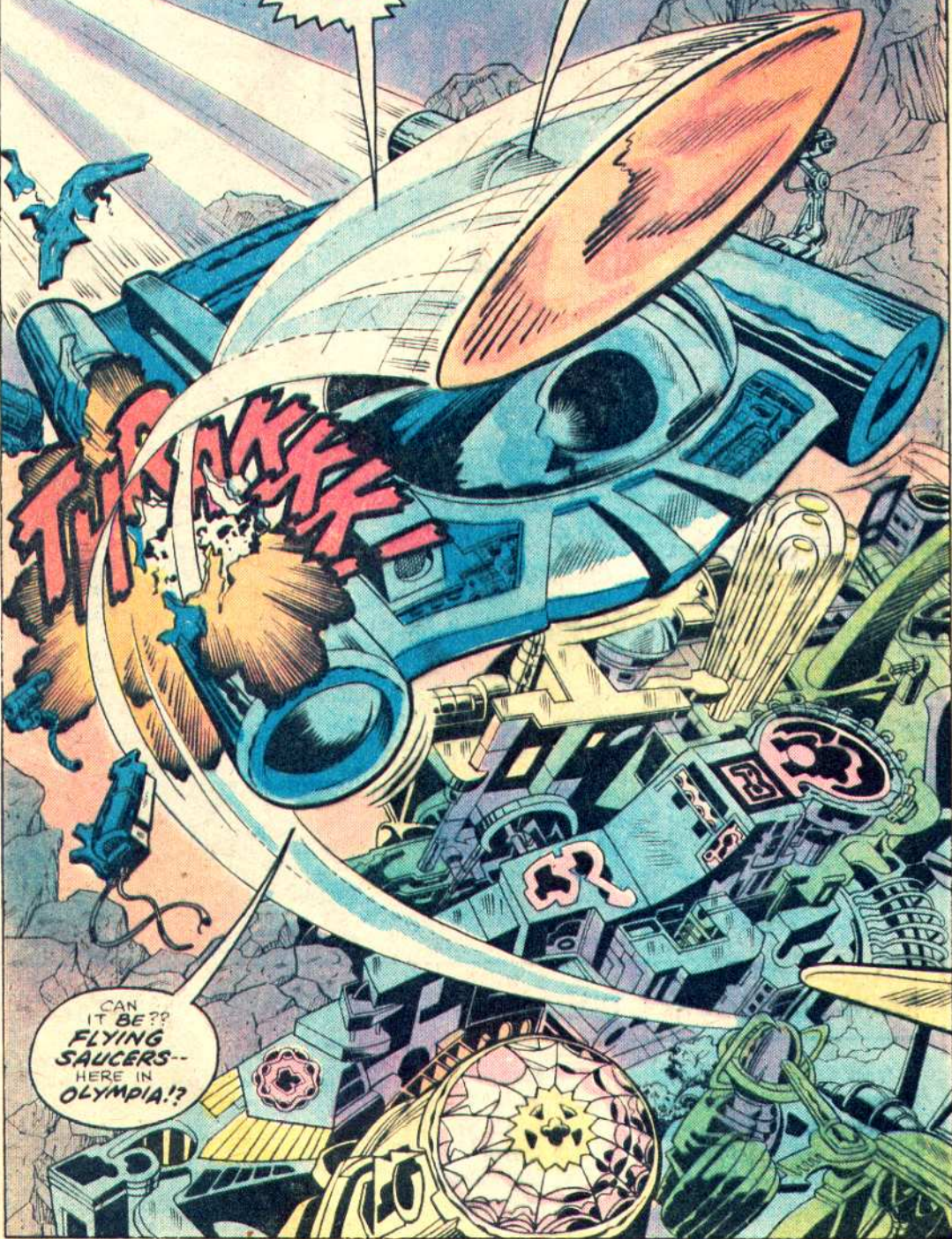


...AND NOW, HERE WE ARE IN **OLYMPIA** ALREADY!

NEXT MOMENT-- WITHOUT WARNING--!

BY THE
POLAR
WINDS!

THAT SHINY GOLDEN
DISC! IT STRUCK THE
SHIP-- SHATTERED THE
RIGHT GRAY ROCKET!
BUT-- WHAT IN THE
NAME OF ALL THE
CELESTIAL HOSTS
WAS IT?



CAN
IT BE??
FLYING
SAUCERS--
HERE IN
OLYMPIA!?





GOLD-LOCKS MEANT NO HARM, THENA.

BUT WHO EVER ATTACKED US SURELY DID!

I THINK NOT, REJECT.



AH, I SEE NOW WHAT IKARIS MEANS: THE GOLDEN DISC CAME FROM THAT STADIUM-LIKE STRUCTURE OVER THERE -- THE ONE FROM WHICH A CHORUS OF SCREAMS SEEMS TO BE EMANATING.

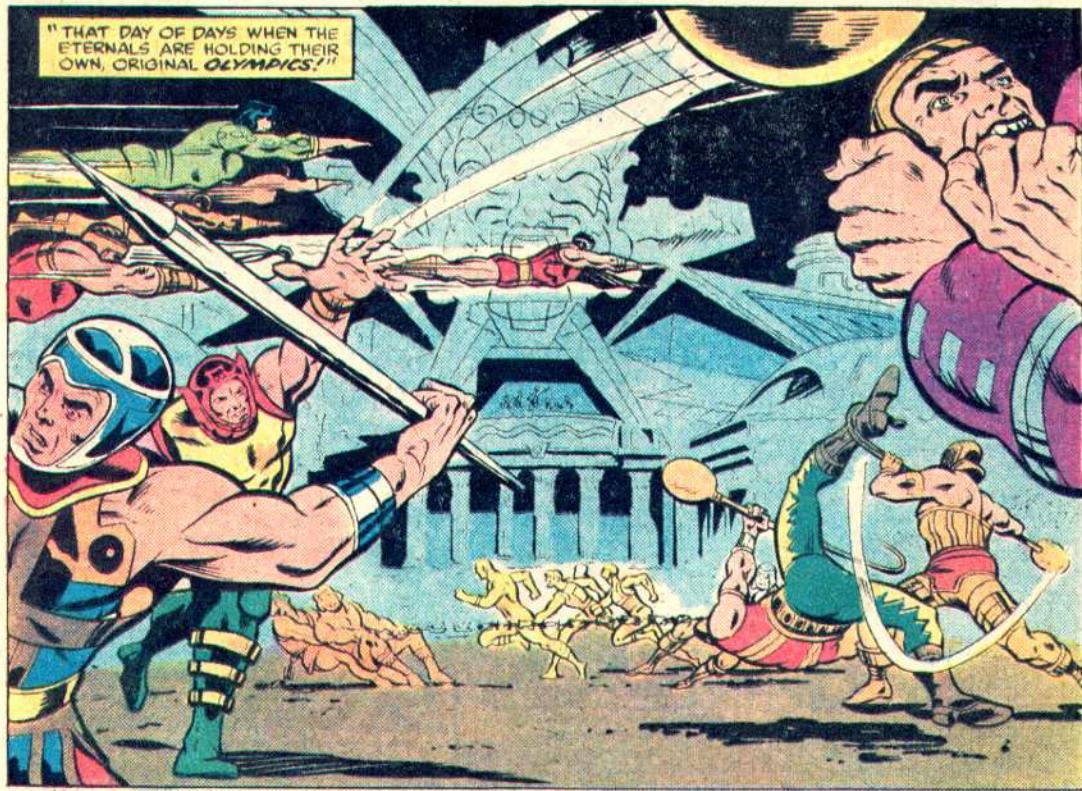
THE YELLS ARE NOT UNLIKE THOSE HEARD WHEN I FACED REJECT IN THE DEVIANTS' ARENA OF COMBAT.

YET, ALREADY, I DO SUSPECT YOU SHOUTS BE OF A FAR DIFFERENT NATURE, MUTATE.

YOU'VE GUESSED IT, THEN, THOR...



WE HAVE COME, UNEXPECTEDLY AT A MOMENT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO THE DENIZENS OF DIVINE OLYMPIA:



"THAT DAY OF DAYS WHEN THE ETERNALS ARE HOLDING THEIR OWN, ORIGINAL OLYMPICS!"



MIGHTY ZURAS! BEHOLD SOME RETURNING PRODIGALS--

-- AND AN UNINVITED GUEST OR TWO!

ALL WHO COME IN PEACE ARE WELCOME IN OLYMPIA WHEN THE GAMES ARE AFOOT, MAKKARI.

STILL YOU DID WELL TO BRING THEM TO MY ATTENTION WITH YOUR USUAL SPEED.



HEAR ME, ETERNALS!

PLEASE PRIME ONE--WE MUSTN'T.

ZURAS SPEAKS! EVERYONE LISTEN!

IKARIS, THENA, AND SERS! HAVE RETURNED, NOR HAVE THEY COME ALONE.

I WONDER WHOM THEY COULD BRING TO MATCH THEIR OWN SPLENDOR.



GREAT ZURAS, THIS IS THOR, GOD OF THUNDER.

HE HELPED US DESTROY THE DEVIANTS' NEW STRONGHOLD.

GOOD! BUT IF THIS GOLDHAIR IS TRULY THE SON OF ODIN--

--MY SOURCES TELL ME HE WAS EXILED FROM HIS GLEAMING HOMETLAND.



AYE, MASTER OF OLYMPIA... THOUGH 'T WAS MOSTLY BY MYNE OWN HAND, I--

UP ASGARDIAN, YOU OWE ME NO EXPLANATION.

YOU ARE WELCOME HERE.



SIRE--THE GAMES--! IN A MOMENT, DOMO.

YOU SEE, THOR, MAJOR DOMO'S JOB IS TO KEEP OLYMPUS RUNNING SMOOTHLY... AND ANY DELAY UPSETS HIM TERRIBLY.

I SEE... AND I'VE NO WISH TO INTERFERE.



THEN, DOMO, YOU MAY RECOMMENCE THE CONTESTS... AND THOR, WE'LL TALK LATER.

AS YOU WISH, ZURAS.

WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME!

LET THE GAMES BEGIN ANEW!



HOW ABOUT IT, IKARIS? YOU FLY FAR TOO WELL FOR ANY OF US TO COMPETE WITH YOU, BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR ENTERING THE DISCUS THROW?

SO IT WAS A STRAY DISCUS THAT FELLED OUR CRAFT, WAS IT?

I'LL SAVE THAT INFORMATION TO REGALE THE PRIME ONE-- WHEN I RELATE PRECISELY WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FAVORITE FLAGSHIP.

BUT NO, I THINK I'LL JUST WATCH TODAY.

'TIS PASSING STRANGE THAT SUCH A RACE OF GODLIKE BEINGS COULD HAVE EXISTED SO LONG ON MIDGARD...

...AND YET ESCAPED, IT SEEMS, THE EYE OF BOTH ODIN AND MYSELF.



OR, MAYHAP **NOT** SO STRANGE... FOR, DID NOT THE INCOMPARABLE **INHUMANS** OF THE HIMALAYAS LIKEWISE ELUDE E'EN OUR NOTICE FOR UNTOLD MILLENNIA?

THESE ETERNALS BE A **NOBLE** RACE, METHINKS...

BUT 'TIS NOT FOR **THOR** TO JOIN IN THEIR NOISOME FROLICS.



ZURAS' WORDS-- BESPEAKING KNOWLEDGE OF EVENTS HE **SHOULD NOT** KNOW-- HAVE GREATLY FIRED MINE **IMPATIENCE** TO LEARN MORE.

YET, I SENSE THE CHIEF ETERNAL WILL BE HURRIED NO MORE THAN THE **ALL-FATHER** HIMSELF WOULD BE.



TO THINK OF **ASGARD** IS TO THINK OF **MILDADY SIE**-- SHE WHO HATH BEEN MY TRUE LOVE, PREDESTINED DOWN THE AGES.

MISS HER THOUGH I MAY I DARE HOPE SHE DOTH NOT PINE **O'ERMUCH** FOR ME IN IMMORTAL **ASGARD**...



NOT EXACTLY **THUNDER** GOD, TO WIT:

WHAT A **DESOLATE** PLACE THIS IS TO WHICH ODIN HATH SENT ME!



STILL, WHAT **BETTER** SPOT BE THERE TO HIDE THAT WHICH I DO SEEK...



...THAN AMONG YONDER MOLDERING, MONUMENTAL **RUINS** OF A LONG-FALLEN RACE OF **TITANS**!

FALLEN WE MAY BE, **ASGARDIAN** WITCH--



-- BUT WE SHALL **RISE** AGAIN, ONE DAY TO MAKE OF **ASGARD** A FAR MORE DESOLATE PLACE THAN THIS!

A **STORM** GIANT!

ODIN DID NOT **TELL** ME THERE WOULD BE--



MAYHAP HE KNOWS NOT **EVERYTHING** WENCH!

NOW-- PREPARE TO **PERISH**!

I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED **NOT** TO DO BATTLE WITH THIS **GIANT**...



YET, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THE **ENMITY** TWIXT THY KIND AND MINE BE **OLDER** AND **DEEPER** THAN E'EN THE GODS' OWN MEMORY

ON GUARD!

THE NEXT INSTANT HOW-
EVER, IT IS THE NAMELESS,
TOWERING STORM GIANT
WHOSE COLOSSAL AXE
STRIKES THE FIRST
MIGHTY BLOW--

-- AND THE
LADY SIF
SUDDENLY
FINDS HER-
SELF FIGHT-
ING FOR HER
IMMORTAL
LIFE!

* CLEARLY IN THE
CASE OF THE
ASGARDIANS, "IMMORTAL"
MEANS IMMUNITY FROM
NATURAL DEATH, NOT
FROM COMBAT.
-- RAGNAROKIN' ROY.

WHILE, ON STILL
ANOTHER WORLD
WHICH IS TOO MUCH
WITH US, LATE AND
SOON...

FORSOOTH!
IT BE OVERLY
WARM HERE,
FELLOW
ASGARDIANS.

WOULD THAT
THE ALL-
FATHER HAD
ENSOONED US
TO A MORE
TEMPERATE
CLIME!

THOU WOULDST BE
COOLER, VOLSTAGG,
IF THOU DIDST NOT
CARRY AROUND SO
MUCH **BLUBBER**.

ONLY ONE OF
VOLSTAGG'S
POWER COULD CARRY
IT AT ALL, FRIEND
FANDRAL.

KEEP YE
SILENT,
BOTH...

FOR, WE DO ENTER
THAT SELFNAME
CAVERN WHICH
ODIN HATH
DESCRIBED
TO US.

I DO WISH IT HAD BE-
HOVED OUR LORD TO
INFORM US OF WHAT
WE DO SEEK HERE.

IT MATTERS
LITTLE WHAT YE
SOUGHT PUNY ONES!
IT MATTERS ONLY
WHAT YE HAVE
INSTEAD FOUND--

-- WHICH IS
DEATH!

ZOUNDS!
'TIS THE
DRAGON
FAENIR!

M-MAYHAP
THIS BE THE
WRONG CAVERN,
THEN... SINCE
'TIS C-CLEARLY
ALREADY
OCCUPIED!

NAY, 'TIS THE VERY
CAVE RIGHT ENOW!
FORWARD, HOGUN!

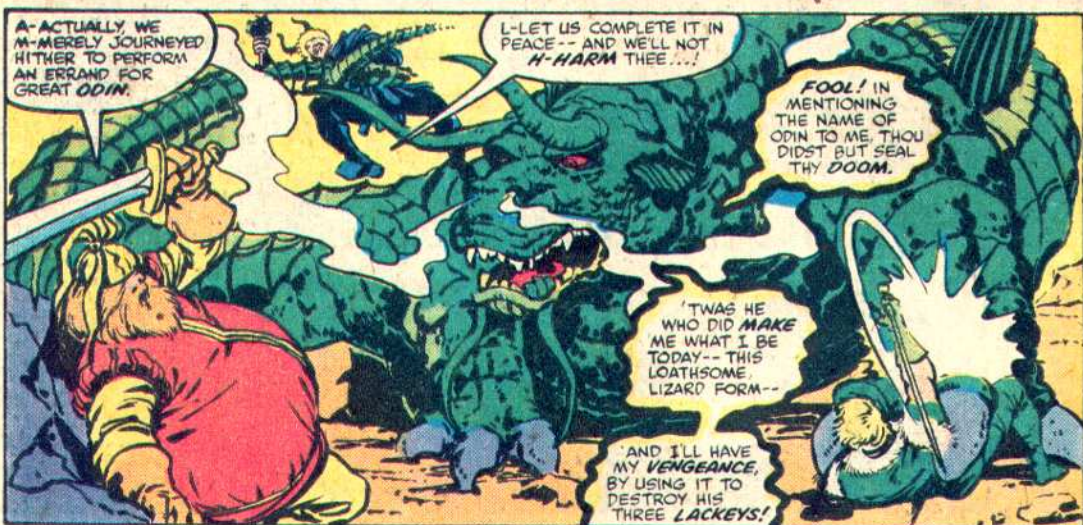
I PRAY THEE
DO NOT **OUT-
STRIP** ME, LEST--

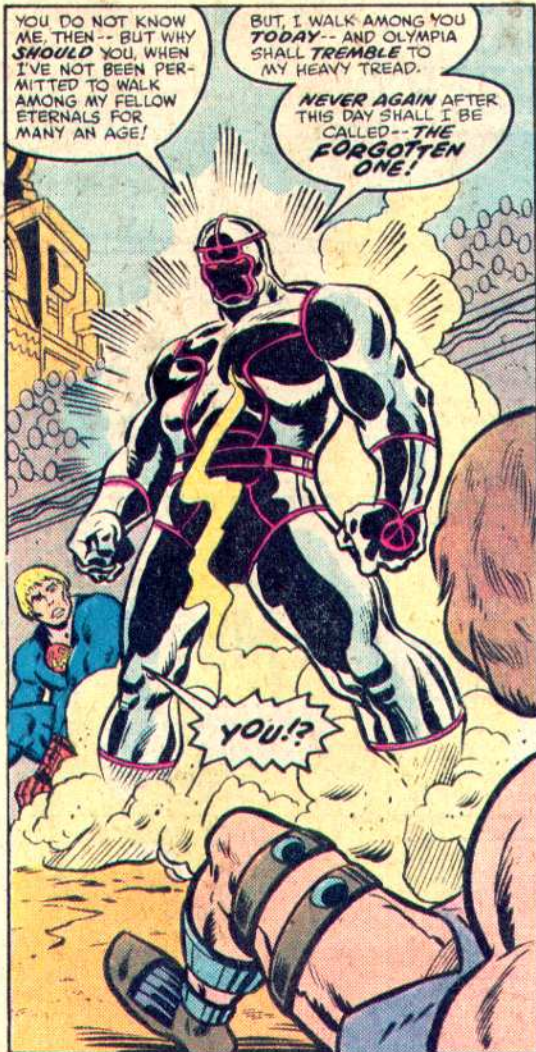
LEST
WHAT
GRIM
ONE?

LEST THIS,
THOU OFFAL
OF ASGARD!

MMMPF!

WHOMP!





YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, THEN-- BUT WHY SHOULD YOU, WHEN I'VE NOT BEEN PERMITTED TO WALK AMONG MY FELLOW ETERNALS FOR MANY AN AGE!

BUT, I WALK AMONG YOU TODAY-- AND OLYMPIA SHALL TREMBLE TO MY HEAVY TREAD.
NEVER AGAIN AFTER THIS DAY SHALL I BE CALLED-- THE FORGOTTEN ONE!

YOU!?



ZURAS! DID YOU HEAR?

STRIKE, PRIME ONE! HE MEANS TROUBLE, FROM THE SOUND OF HIM.

NO! HE LOOKS STRANGELY ALTERED NOW FROM WHAT HE WAS BEFORE-- AND I WOULD HEAR HIM OUT.

SPEAK, FORGOTTEN ONE!



THAT I WILL, ZURAS... THOUGH YOU WON'T LIKE MY STORY.

YOU BANISHED ME, EONS AGO, TO THE LONELIEST DWELLING IN ALL OLYMPIA-- BECAUSE EARTH, YOU SAID, HAD NO MORE NEED OF HEROES SUCH AS I HAD BEEN IN AGES PAST.

ONE THERE WAS, HOWEVER, WHO DISOBEYED YOUR LINKIND EDICT...



... AND INDUCED ME TO END MY HOUSE ARREST... EVEN GAVE ME THIS METALLIC LOOK YOU SEE.

... THEN, INTO SPACE I WENT... TO THE GIANT MOTHERSHIP OF THOSE YOU CALL THE CELESTIALS...



... TO DESTROY A DEVIANT-SET BOMB WHICH HAD BEEN SECRETED THERE!

... I ACCOMPLISHED MY PERILOUS TASK...



... BUT ONLY AT A GRAVE COST TO MYSELF.

... IT SEEMED I WOULD FLOAT THROUGH SPACE, EXCHANGING MY FORMER ALONENESS ONLY FOR EVEN LONELIER DEATH.

"MY BODY HOWEVER, FLOATED INTO THE NEARBY GIGANTIC MOTHERSHIP OF THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE **CELESTIALS**...

"AND OVER ME FELL THE LOOMING SHADOW OF THE **ONE ABOVE ALL**... HE WHO COMMANDS THE **FOURTH HOST**."

*SEE ETERNALS #13--ROY.

"WHILE **YOU** ZURAS, DID NOT EVEN NOTICE I WAS GONE FROM OLYMPIA, HE RESTORED ME TO **LIFE**... MADE ME FAR **MIGHTIER** EVEN THAN BEFORE.

"NO LONGER AM I TO BE CALLED THE **FORGOTTEN ONE**-- FOR HE HAS NOT FORGOTTEN ME --

-- BUT HAS SENT ME HERE AS HIS **EMISSARY!**

TO WHAT PURPOSE, **NAMELESS** ETERNAL?

NAMELESS OR ETERNAL **NO LONGER**, ZURAS!

I, WHO WAS ONCE THE ESSENCE OF SO MANY MYTHICAL HEROES ON EARTH, NOW HAVE BUT **ONE** NAME!

I AM-- HERO!

HERO?! A SORRY NAME FOR ONE WHO **OPPOSES** US!

WHY DON'T YOU **SMASH** HIM, SIRE, BEFORE HE CAN DO US MISCHIEF?

YOU KNOW **PART** OF THE REASON, DOMO.

MORE: I SHALL NOT STRIKE HIM DOWN, UNLESS HE COMMITS SOME **HOSTILE ACT**.

AGAIN THEN-- **'HERO'**-- **WHY** HAVE YOU RETURNED TO OLYMPIA??

THE **ONE ABOVE ALL** SENT ME, TO DELIVER THIS MESSAGE TO ALL ETERNALS!

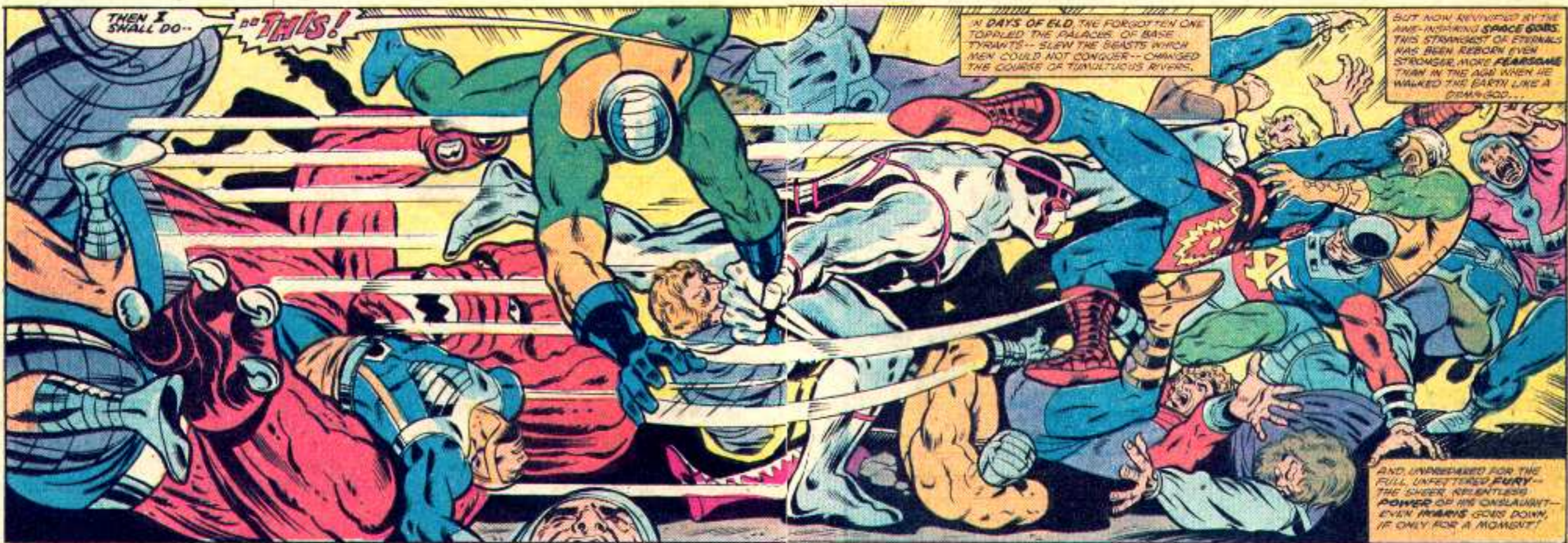
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO INTERFERE WITH THE **FIFTY-YEAR JUDGMENT** OF THE CELESTIALS-- ELSE, YOU'LL FACE FIRST **MY WRATH**, THEN **THEIRS!**

I'VE NOT SAID I **WOULD** INTERFERE-- BUT NO MAN OR ETERNAL TELLS **ZURAS** WHAT TO DO-- **NAY**, NOT EVEN--

WE'LL SAVE YOU WASTING FURTHER BREATH ON THIS INGRATE GREAT ZURAS-- BY TOSING THIS SO-CALLED **'HERO'** BACK TO HIS NEW CELESTIAL-MASTERS!

(KARIS, ALL OF YOU-- I **WARN** YOU--!)

AND WHAT WILL YOU DO IF WE'LL **NOT** BE WARNED?



THEN I SHALL DO--

DO THIS!

IN DAYS OF OLD, THE FORGOTTEN ONE TOPPLED THE PALACES OF BASE TYRANTS-- SLEW THE BEASTS WHICH MEN COULD NOT CONQUER-- CHANGED THE COURSE OF TUMULTUOUS RIVERS.

BUT NOW REVIVIFIED BY THE AWESOME-INSPIRING SPACE GODS, THIS STRANGEST OF ETERNALS HAS BEEN REBORN EVEN STRONGER, MORE FEARSOME THAN IN THE AGE WHEN HE WALKED THE EARTH LIKE A GOD-GOD...

AND UNREMEMBERED FOR THE FULL, UNFETTERED FURY-- THE SHEER, RESENTLESS POWER OF HIS ONSLAUGHT-- EVEN THOR'S GODS DOWN, IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT!



THEN, AS THE AMAZED ONLOOKERS WATCH, WIDE-EYED...

THE ETERNALS WERE CREATED TO SERVE THE CELESTIALS... NOT TO STAND ASTRIDE THEIR PATH.

GIVE ME YOUR VOW JURAS... AND I WILL GO MY WAY!

REFUSE-- AND I SHALL TOPPLE OLYMPIA LIKE A TRADERMAN'S CART!



PRIME ONE-- GIVE THE OATH! WE ARE THE CELESTIALS' CREATION, AFTER ALL, AND--

I WILL DECIDE WHAT WE OWE THE SPACE GODS. DO, REMEMBER THAT!

Y-YES, PRIME ONE.



NEARBY, THE CLAMOR GOES NOT UNHEARD...



THEN AS STARTLED ETERNALS LOOK ON IN HORROR...

...THE ONE CALLED "NERO" RUSHES TOWARD THE THICK PILLARS WHICH SUPPORT THE ARCH!



IKARIS! WHAT, I PRAY THESE--

THAT ONE, AS GARDIAN-- HE HAS COME TO CHALLENGE OLYMPIA ITSELF!



CHALLENGE, LEVITATOR!? NO-- CONQUER!

ONCE, I WAS ONE OF YOU-- BUT NO MORE!

NOW I AM HERO! HERO!



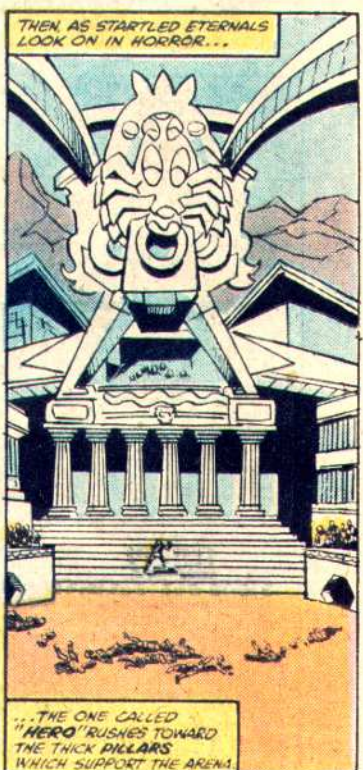
HERO? MAY-- VILLAIN, RATHER--

WHRRR!

UHHN--!

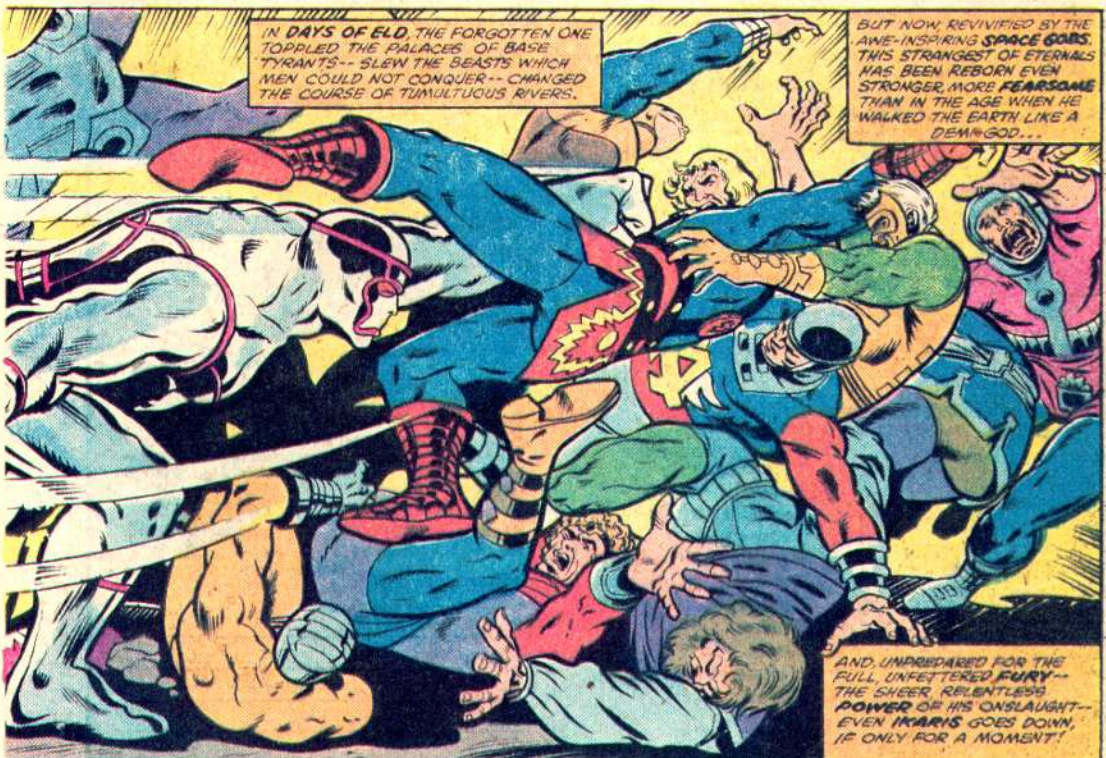


--AND THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, KNOWS FULL WELL HOW TO DEAL WITH VILLAINS!



IN DAYS OF OLD, THE FORGOTTEN ONE
TOPPLED THE PALACES OF BASE
TYRANTS-- SLEW THE BEASTS WHICH
MEN COULD NOT CONQUER-- CHANGED
THE COURSE OF TUMULTUOUS RIVERS.

BUT NOW, REVIVIFIED BY THE
AWE-INSPIRING **SPACE GODS**,
THIS STRANGEST OF ETERNALS
HAS BEEN REBORN EVEN
STRONGER, MORE FEARSOME
THAN IN THE AGE WHEN HE
WALKED THE EARTH LIKE A
DEMI-GOD...



AND, UNPREPARED FOR THE
FULL UNFETTERED FURY--
THE SHEER, RELENTLESS
POWER OF HIS ONSLAUGHT--
EVEN IKARIS GOES DOWN,
IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT!



IKARIS!
WHAT I
PRAY THEE--?

THAT ONE,
ASGARDIAN--
HE HAS COME
TO CHALLENGE
OLYMPIA
ITSELF!



CHALLENGE, LEVITATOR!?
NO--
CONQUER!

ONCE,
I WAS ONE
OF YOU--
BUT NO
MORE!

NOW I
AM HERO!
HERO!



HERO? NAY--
VILLAIN,
RATHER--

UHNN--!



--AND THOR,
GOD OF THUNDER,
KNOWS FULL WELL
HOW TO DEAL
WITH VILLAINS!



SEE TO HIM, SON OF ODIN. I MUST SAVE THE ARENA FROM TOTAL COLLAPSE!

THE ARENA ENTIRE!?

SURELY, ETERNAL, THAT BE BEYOND E'EN THY CONSIDERABLE CAPABILITIES.



BOTH YOU AND EVEN THE FORGOTTEN ONE MAY BE **STRONGER** THAN I, THOR-- BUT IF SO, IT IS THE VARIANCE BETWEEN TWO MIGHTY **MASTODONS**, NOT THAT BETWEEN A MAMMOTH AND A MINNOW!

WHAT ANY ETERNAL-- EVEN ONE TRANS-MOGRIFIED BY THE CELESTIALS-- CAN DESTROY-- **KARIS** CAN RAISE AGAIN!

THERE! **NOW** WHAT SAY YOU OF MY PROWESS, SON OF ODIN?



THE THUNDERER, HOWEVER IS A WEE BIT PREOCCUPIED AT THE MOMENT...

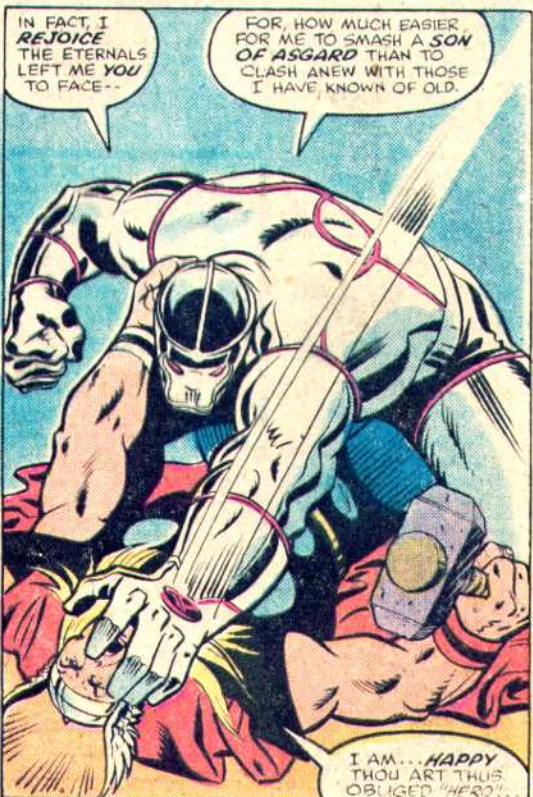
HEAR ME, ASGARDIAN! I DO NOT LIKE CLOSING IN BATTLE WITH MY FORMER COMPANIONS.

YET THEY **ABANDONED** ME-- EVEN **CONVINCED** ME-- WHILE THE ONE ABOVE ALL **RESTORED** ME!

SKOK!

LUNGH

ALL THAT I NOW AM, I OWE TO **HIM**, NOT TO **FATHER ZURAS**, WHO BANISHED ME FOR MY SUPPOSED **PRIDE**.



IN FACT, I **REJOICE** THE ETERNALS LEFT ME **YOU** TO FACE--

FOR, HOW MUCH EASIER FOR ME TO SMASH A **SON OF ASGARD** THAN TO CLASH ANEW WITH THOSE I HAVE KNOWN OF OLD.

I AM... **HAPPY** THOU ART THUS OBLIGED "HERO"!



... THOUGH, IN SOOTH, I KNOW NOT **WHY** THOU WOULDST DESTROY OLYMPIA... OR WHY WE MUST FIGHT AT ALL!

GNAR R

FRAP!



SPEAK! WHAT QUARREL HAST THOU WITH OLYMPIA, THAT I MUST DEFEND MINE HOSTS?

THEN FROM NEARBY-- THE VOICE OF **IKARIS!**

HE COMES FROM THE **CELESTIALS**. THOR-- TO ORDER US TO NOT TO STAND IN THE WAY OF THE FIFTY-YEAR JUDGMENT, EVEN IF IT MEANS **EARTH'S END!**

AH! GLAD AM I THAT THOU HAST TOLD ME THIS, ETERNAL...



PHROK!

NOW, I'VE NO QUALMS MORE 'GAINST CRUSHING THIS ARROGANT, STRUTTING BRAGGART!

BY THE FOURTH HOST! A MIGHTY BLOW, THAT!

I CAME TO LEVEL OLYMPIA, ASGARDIAN-- NOT YOU--



BUT, IF YOU OPPOSE ME, THEN I'LL CRUSH YOU--

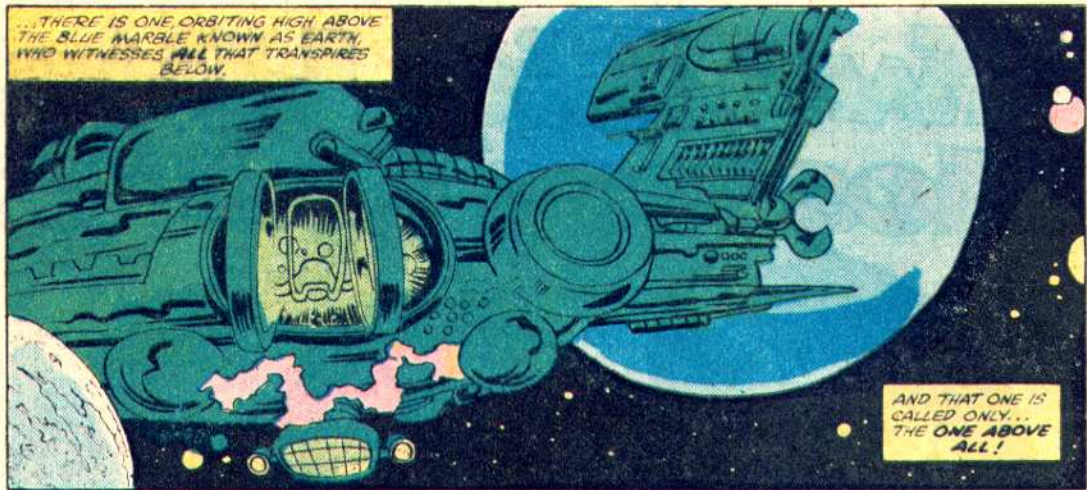


-- LIKE THE SHELL OF THE VERIEST EGG!

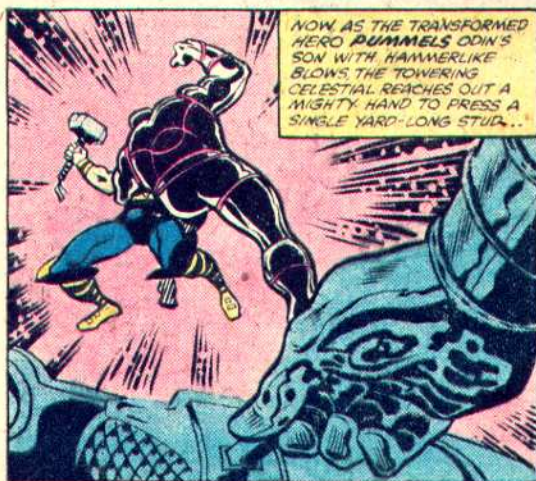
MY EYES... I CANNOT SEE...!

YET, IF THE GOD OF THUNDER IS MOMENTARILY BLINDED...

...THERE IS ONE ORBITING HIGH ABOVE THE BLUE MARBLE KNOWN AS EARTH, WHO WITNESSES ALL THAT TRANSPIRES BELOW.



AND THAT ONE IS CALLED ONLY... THE ONE ABOVE ALL!



NOW, AS THE TRANSFORMED HERO PUMMELS ODIN'S SON WITH HAMMERLIKE BLOWS, THE TOWERING CELESTIAL REACHES OUT A MIGHTY HAND TO PRESS A SINGLE YARD-LONG STUD...



THEN--

PRIME ONE! BOTH THE ASGARDIAN AND THE FORGOTTEN ONE-- ARE FADING FROM SIGHT!

BUT-- HOW? AND TO WHERE??

BUT ZURAS DOES NOT ANSWER... BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT ANSWER ALL TOO WELL.



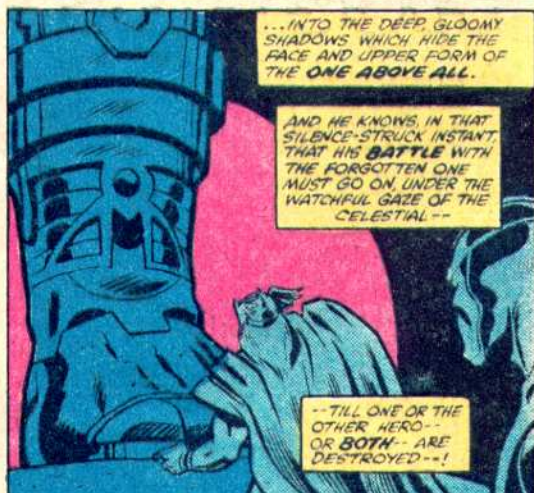
AS, IN THE SELF-SAME MICROSECOND...

WHERE IN THE NAME OF IDUNN'S APPLES--?

WE ARE BACK ON BOARD THE CELESTIALS' MOTHERSHIP, THUNDER GOD.

BEHOLD!

FOR A LONG LINGERING MOMENT THOR LOOKS UP... AND UP...



...INTO THE DEEP, GLOOMY SHADOWS WHICH HIDE THE FACE AND UPPER FORM OF THE ONE ABOVE ALL.

AND HE KNOWS, IN THAT SILENCE-STRUCK INSTANT, THAT HIS BATTLE WITH THE FORGOTTEN ONE MUST GO ON, UNDER THE WATCHFUL GAZE OF THE CELESTIAL--

--TILL ONE OR THE OTHER HERO-- OR BOTH-- ARE DESTROYED--!

NEXT ISSUE: **THE BATTLE ABOVE THE STARS!**

Dear Roy,

I really think you overdid the Spanish dialogue in THOR #283. If, as the narrator's note on page 2 indicates, a translation was not needed for "some things," a translation was needed for the many things you had Mexicans saying in the first four pages of the story: I don't know why you chose not to employ the usual method with foreign languages, the ballooned dialogue between carats (< >) with an initial footnote that the words were being translated. I don't object to foreign languages entering into a story when appropriate, and even appearing untranslated if not extensively used; but I didn't feel that the narration alone was adequate to convey what was being said. Some of the phrases spoken were not very similar to English, and I felt cheated that I didn't get more of what they were saying.

Kent Roberts
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Actually, Kent, instead of feeling vaguely cheated, we feel you and your fellow Thorophiles should be quite flattered that Roy didn't feel he had to condescend to translate what were obviously the most basic Spanish phrases, being spoken by criminals robbing a bank. His point was that such scenes are so common as openings for comicbooks (and have been for more years than even he can recall) that the phrases uttered by the criminals of the moment are almost totally interchangeable... except perhaps for the particular references to Thor and his hammer. Trust us on this: There wasn't one single line or sentence that would have added substantially to your store of general knowledge if it had been translated!

Dear Roy, John, and Chic,

You're some of Marvel's— and thus, the comics industry's— top talents. But no matter how much style you bring to "Thor Meets the Eternals," I'm not going to like it. And I'll tell you why.

Marvel, for all the super-powered heroes and villains it's created over the years, is still based on our real world, where the vast majority of people have no super powers and where just about everything that happens in the newspapers happens too in the Marvel Universe. And the gods of Asgard and Olympus could exist as gods, plural, —mighty beings perhaps once taken for gods, but not almighty, and not the creators of the earth, whatever they may think.

Now we have the Eternals. Besides the fact that I never liked them to begin with, they bring with them the Celestials, who are said to have created man on earth. Evolution may not contradict the Bible, but the Celestials do, and their existence I can't accept as a Christian. If the Marvel Earth is to stay the same as the real earth, you cannot go along with this, or else you contradict every Christian in your reading audience, which is most of that audience. Only atheists can buy this and— you can edit this out, but I do want this letter's point brought up in print— I don't give a damn for them. So if you *have* to use Kirby's Creations, you'd better disprove the Celestial theory in the pages of THOR. You're gonna have more than one very mad reader if you don't!

Matt Kaufman
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Actually, Matt, we hope to have more than one surprise for you as we rocket along in the current THOR saga. And we'd love to hear what your fellow Marvelites (of every, any, and no religious faith) have to say about your point. We'll just mention in advance, though, that at the very least we sincerely

feel that no one who can reconcile the Creation account in the Bible with Darwinian Evolution should be offended by anything in the pages of this magazine. After all, even the Celestials—mighty as they may be, and guiders of the world as they may have been in the past— must be themselves the products of some Higher Power, must they not? At the most, they were hurrying Evolution along, right? Certainly we don't mean to dispute anyone's ideas on how the universe was truly created—but we're in the entertainment business in our own nutty way, and we've gotta come up with these stories from *somewhere*. don't we?

Dear Roy and John,

THOR #283 was an excellent issue, segueing from the False Ragnarok to the Celestials storyline, comfortably and smoothly, as if all those fill-ins were never there (which would have been a good idea). All through the issue, Thor was... Thor, pure and simple. And sensational.

First off, Thor stomps some common crooks. That's always fun, and demonstrates his immense power by having him effortlessly defeat some clowns. Side note: Thor said, "Thy tongue is not one spoken in distant Asgard, villain!" No, they don't speak Spanish in Asgard. They speak English. Huh?

Then Thor pulls a chat with Odin in the sky, which is usually fun. This issue it was more so, because the chat both filled us in on what had gone before, in the False Ragnarok epic, and gave us Thor's reason for seeking the Celestials, in case we forgot. Or never knew. By the way, Odin looks wise! and more impressive than ever with the eyepatch, and with John's excellent artwork. (Chic Stone I could grumble about, but not John Buscema.)

Then, the airplane: Thor is in an earthly setting, which suddenly, changes to otherworldly as Garmmon shows up. The abrupt switch is devastatingly effective, as it introduces us to the power of the Celestials. Then, a quick THROOM! and the issue is over. I await the next installment with pleasant anticipation.

This sort of thing makes me believe that Roy Thomas is the guy who wrote those fantastic X MEN (numbered in the 20's and 30's, as well as in the 50's and 60's) and not CONAN, RED SONJA, and other boring barbarians.

Kurt Busiek
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"Boring barbarians," Kurt? Hmmm... you'd best not let a few zillion CONAN-boosters hear you say that! (Besides, since the latter mag recently passed its 100th issue in color, its 40th in a \$1 black-and-white format, *somebody* out there must find Roy's rendition of Robert E. Howard's swashbuckling Cimmerian of more than passing interest. But, onward...)

Our most humble thanks for the kind kudos on ish #283 of THOR. As you guessed, we felt the heart-to-heart with big daddy Odin was necessary to bring everybody up to date— especially those deprived souls who may have missed THOR ANNUAL #7. As for the fill-ins, Roy says he rather enjoyed reading them himself (even the one he wrote with guest artist Wayne Boring)— and besides, he freely admits that his own deadline problems made them necessary if he weren't going to give up THOR once and for all.

After that purposely slow start, however, we hope you agree that things have heated up somewhat these past few issues— and now, neo-artist Keith Pollard having an ish or two under his belt, wonder should start piling upon wonder! Be here next month and check us out, okay? We think you'll find near-future issues fraught with importance for the very Marvel Universe— in what we hope will be some very surprising ways!