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THE MIGHTY THOR

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SUDDENLY--
THE
STORM GIANTS!

BEGINNING--
THE QUEST FOR THE
RING OF POWER!

pollard



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

KEITH POLLARD & CHIC STONE
ARTISTS / ILLUMINATORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERER
GAFF
COLORIST

JIM SHOOTER
CONSULTING
EDITOR

THE PRICE... AND THE PRIDE!

IN HIS OWN MIND'S EYE, THROUGH THE POWER OF THE ENTITY WHICH WAS THE EYE OF ODIN, THOR BEHOLDS-- HIMSELF.

HIMSELF, BEFORE THE NEWLY-BUILT WALLS OF VALHALLA, FENDING OFF A HARD-DEALT BLOW FROM A TOWERING STORM-GIANT...

BEWARE, FASOLT!

SKRAK!

THEN I'LL STRIKE YOU AGAIN-- AND YET AGAIN-- TILL YOU ARE FOREVER FALLEN!

THY PUNY SMITINGS DO BUT SERVE TO ROUSE MY WRATH, NOT TO QUENCH IT!

LF79

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A FINAL TIME DO I COMMAND THEE, THOR-- STAY THINE HAND!

ELSE, THOU WILT FIND THAT OF ODIN HIMSELF RAISED AGAINST THEE!

--AND ONLY THEN, THUNDER GOD, DID YOU CEASE YOUR PUMPELLING OF THE EMBATTLED STORM-GIANTS.

EYE OF ODIN-- TRULY, THIS BE MADNESS BEYOND ALL MEASURE!

IF ALL THIS HAPPENED IN THE DIM DAWN OF THE GODS' OWN CREATION--



--WHY DO I REMEMBER NAUGHT OF IT?

BECAUSE LORD ODIN WILLED IT SO! WATCH ON...



...AS YOUR FORMER SELF ALSO ASKS:

WHY, FATHER? WHY DO YOU SHIELD YON FIENDS FROM MY RIGHTFUL WRATH?

THAT WRATH BE NOT SO RIGHTFUL AS THOU DOST IMAGINE, ALAS.

WHAT?--



--WHEN THEY WOULD HAVE DRAGGED FRAIL IDUNN OFF TO THEIR HELLISH ABODES?

THY WORDS DO THEE CREDIT, MY SON-- AND YET--

WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM, LORD OF ASGARD-- TELL YOUR OVER-ZEALOUS OFF-SPRING THE TRUTH!

AYE-- THAT IT WAS YOUR OWN GREED AND FOLLY WHICH COST YOUR KIND THE GOLD-HAIRED GODDESS NOW CRADLED IN YOUR WIFE'S ARMS.



TELL HIM HOW YOU PROMISED HER TO US, IF WE RAISED THE WALLS OF VALHALLA IN A SHORT SPAN OF TIME!

YOU THOUGHT WE'D NOT DO IT, BUT WE DID-- AND NOW WE DEMAND OUR LOVELY WAGE!

GIVE HER TO US!



FATHER-- TELL ME THAT YON MOUNTAINOUS VILLAINS DO LIE!

SWEAR TO ME THAT THEY DO BASELY LIE!

BUT ODIN'S SILENCE SPEAKS UNTOLD WORLDS.

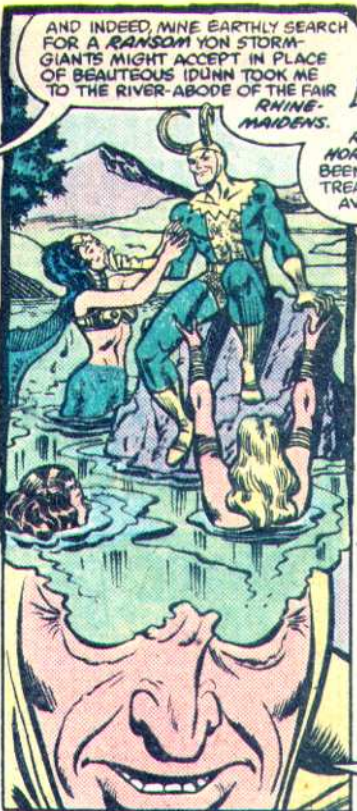


NOW HE TURNS TO SNEERING LOKI...

THOU--MINE ADOPTED SON, THOUGH HALF GIANT BY BIRTH...

THOU DIDST SWEAR TO FIND ME RELEASE FROM MY BARGAIN

NAY, SIRE... I SWORE ONLY TO TRY...



AND INDEED, MINE EARTHLY SEARCH FOR A RANSOM YON STORM-GIANTS MIGHT ACCEPT IN PLACE OF BEAUTEOUS (DUNN) TOOK ME TO THE RIVER-ABODE OF THE FAIR RHINE-MAIDENS.

THE RHINEGOLD HORDE HAD BEEN SUCH A TREASURE, THEY AVOWED...



BUT 'T WAS STOLEN FROM THEM BY VILE ALBERICH, HIM OF THE HATED NISGELUNG CLAN. *

*LAST ISSUE. --ROY.

THEY PRAY DAILY THAT THOU, ALL-FATHER, AVENGE THEIR LOSS, AND RETURN THE GOLD TO THEM.



I PROMISED TO SPEAK OF THIS TO THEE... AND I HAVE KEPT MY WORD.

THOU ART EITHER FOOL OR DECEIVER TO ASK HELP OF ONE WHO HATH FOGS ENOUGH TO TROUBLE A COSMOS!

ARE WE GNATS, SIRE, TO ASK HELP OF THIS TRICKSTER GOD?



I SAY--LET MJOLNIR LAY THESE STORM-GIANTS LOW--

--AND BOTH ASSGARD AND VALHALLA SHALL BREATHE THE EASIER FOR IT!



THOU KNOWEST FULL WELL THAT CANNOT BE, MY SON.

I BE BOUND BY MINE OATH TO THEM, SWORN UPON MY SACRED SPEAR-- AND YE OTHER GODS BE BOUND, IN TURN, BY MY VOW.

ENOUGH OF THIS TALK, LORD ODIN!

AYE! GIVE US LOVELY (DUNN) AND WE'LL BE OFF TO JOTUNHEIM.



REVENGE, LORD ODIN, THAT THE GIANTS WILL SETTLE FOR IDUNN ALONE!

WHAT MEANST THOU?

THE RHINEGOLD WAS BUT A PRETTY TOY, BEFORE...



BUT NOW, FASHIONED INTO A RING BY ALBERICH, 'T WILL GIVE ITS LOATHESOME OWNER SUPREME POWER O'ER EARTH AND THE GODS ALIKE!



'T WAS A SIMPLE THING FOR HIM TO MAKE... ONCE HE HAD RENOUNCED ALL LOVE!

BY YMIR'S BREATH-- I MUST HAVE THAT RING OF POWER!

FATHER-- NO!



TRUE, WE SHOULD PERHAPS WREST THAT RING FROM THE ONE CALLED ALBERICH-- LEST WE ALL BECOME HIS SLAVES, ONE DAY SOON.

BUT, TIME NOW FOR THAT-- WHEN WE HAVE FREED IDUNN FROM YON GIANTS!

LORD ODIN-- HEAR NOW OUR WORDS!



EH? WHAT SAY YOU, FAFNIR AND FASOLT?

YOUR PLIGHT HAS MOVED US-- AND WE'LL ACCEPT A LESSER GIFT THAN IDUNN.

AYE! WE'LL ACCEPT INSTEAD-- THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG!

BE YE MAD, BOTH?



THOU MUST SAVE IDUNN, MIALORD!

HOW CAN I GIVE YON GIANTS WIFE, WHAT I MYSELF HAVE NOT?

IF THEY WANT THE RING, LET THEM GO AFTER IT THEMSELVES!



ALAS, CUNNING IS CALLED FOR HERE-- NOT MIGHT ALONE, WHICH IS ALL WE POSSESS.

STILL, HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY! FASOLT?...

YES, FAFNIR...



COME GIRL! YOU'RE IN OUR POWER NOW!

IDUNN--!

NO!

KEEP BACK, FREY! ODIN HATH DECREED IT!



AND SHE'LL WARM OUR HEARTH FOREVER-- UNLESS THE NIBELUNG RING TAKES HER PLACE!

I HOPE THEY DON'T GET IT! IT'S IDUNN'S FAIR FACE I'D RATHER LOOK AT.

ALL-FATHER, CAN YOU NOT--?

I... CANNOT, FREY.



THEN LET BLOOD-SON DARE WHAT FATHER HATH NOT HEART FOR!!

BY THE ELDER GODS, THOU GOLD-HAIRED WHELP--



MUST I RAISE GUNGNIR ITSELF TO PREVENT THEE?

HEIMDALL'S HORN!



THE GIANTS ARE GONE--AS IS THE GODS' OWN HONOR.

THEY'RE NOT ALL THAT'S FLED.

EH? WHAT SAYEST THOU?

ODIN KNOWS WHEREOF I SPEAK... EH, MILORD?

AYE, CURSE THEE...



IDUNN E'BR HATH TENDED THE GOLDEN APPLES OF YOUTH-- WITHOUT WHICH WE'LL SOON SEE THAT E'EN GODS MAY GROW OLD-- AND PERISH!

SEE ISSUE #114 --2



SIRE... WHAT CAN WE DO?

ONE THING, AND ONE THING ONLY!

WE MUST INVADE THE DOMAIN OF THE NIBELUNGS--

WELL SAID, SIRE!

-- THAT WE MAY CAPTURE ALBERICH'S RING, TO TRADE FOR POOR IDUNN!



ABIDE YE OTHERS HERE!

LET ONLY THOR AND LOKI COME WITH ME--

-- THE ONE, FOR HIS DEVIOUS MIND-- THE OTHER, FOR HIS GOOD RIGHT ARM!



WHILE, IN THE NIGHT-DARK SUB-TERRANEAN REGIONS OF NIBELNEUM, LAND OF THOSE WHOM MEN CALL GNOMES, AND THE GODS NIBELUNGS.

P-PLEASE, GREAT ALBERICH-- HAVE I NOT DONE ALL THAT YOU DEMANDED OF ME?

MUST YOU NOW EN-SLAVE YOUR BROTHER GNOMES, AS WELL?

POWER HAS NO KITH OR KIN, POOR SHIVERING NIME... THANKS IN PART TO YOUR CLEVER SMITHWORK!

AND SOON, THE MEN OF MIDGARD** WILL BREAK THEIR BACKS FOR ME AS READILY AS THE REST OF YOU.

*MIDGARD = EARTH. -- ROY.



AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR DISTANT, A SECTION OF CAVERN CEILINGS QUIVERS A MOMENT--



-- THEN SNATTERS!

'TWOULD SEEM THERE BE SOME VIRTUE IN THEE YET, LOKI-- E'EN IF IT BE ONLY FEAR OF MINE HAMMER.

THOU HAST INDEED LED US TO NIBELNEUM.



SOFTER, THUNDER GOD-- IF THOU WOULDST COME UPON THE GNOMELINGS UNAWARES!

BEHOLD--!



HOW I ENJOY PLAYING WITH MY NEW TOYS!

AGAIN I RECITE THE SPELL--

"NIGHT AND DARKNESS, HIDE FROM ME NOW!"

PLEASE-- I ALREADY KNOW WHAT--



OWWWW! MASTER-- IT'S NOT FAIR!

YOU SMITE ME-- WHEN I CANNOT SEE YOU!



FOOL! NO ONE CAN SEE ME WHEN I DON THE GOLDEN TARN-HELM!

BUT, I'LL REMOVE IT-- THUS.

AND EVEN ITS POWER IS DWARFED BY THAT OF THIS GREAT GLOWING RING, WHICH--

HOLD! WHO'S THERE??

COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!



ONLY THREE WANDERERS, GREAT ALBERICH-- WHO HAVE HEARD OF THY GROWING POWER AND WEALTH-- AND ARE COME TO DO THEE HOMAGE.

COME IN ENVY, RATHER... LOKI!



OH YES, I KNOW YOU THREE-- BUT NOT THOR, NOR EVEN ODIN HIMSELF, MAY OVERCOME ME--

--WHILE I HOLD THIS GLEAMING CIRCLET OF POWER!



MOCKS, WILT THOU NIBELUNG? BY VALHALLA, I'LL--

PATIENCE, MY SON.

WE ARE COME TO LEARN, NOT TO TEACH.



LEARN, ALL-FATHER? WHAT CAN THE IMMORTALS OF ASGARD LEARN FROM SNIVELING GAOMES? HOW TO MINE GOLD?!

YON HOARD IS BUT THE WEALTH OF A DAY'S WORK TO ME, DULLARD...



I'LL NOT EVEN NEED THE RING TO TEACH YOU WHEN I CAN DON MY TARNHELM--



--SAY THE WORDS, "GIANT REPTILE, WITH COILS TO CRUSH!"--



--AND HAVE FAR MORE THAN INVISIBILITY TO FIGHT WITH!

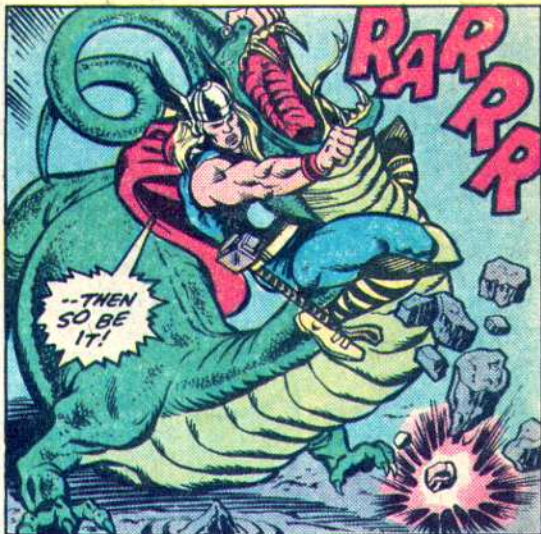
ALL-FATHER! HE'S TURNED INTO A MONSTROUS THING--



--AND HE SPRINGS JAWS AGAPE-- FOR ME!

THOR--!

'TWOULD SERVE HIM JUSTLY TO BE DEVOURD, GIRE--





YOU ARE STRONG, THOR-- BUT SLAYING YOU WAS **NOT IMPORTANT** TO ME.

I MERELY WISHED TO SHOW YOU THAT YOU CANNOT OVERCOME ME-- NOT WHILE I WEAR THE **TARNHELM!**

THINK'ST **NOT**, GNOME? THEN WATCH, WHILST I--

NAY, THUNDERER-- THOU WOULDST LAY **ALL NIBELHEIM** A-WASTE, AND STILL BE FIGHTING FOR AN **ETERNITY.**

AND ETERNITY IS JUST WHAT WE DO NOT **HAVE**, JUST NOW.

YOU ARE **DOOMED**, YE GODS-- IF NOT TODAY, THEN TOMORROW, OR AN EON FROM NOW!

SOON OR LATE, I'LL BRING THE **TWILIGHT OF THE GODS** TO YOUR VERY PORTALS!



I'VE NO DOUBT OF IT NOW, ALBERICH... NO DOUBT AT ALL.

YET, IF THOU CANST GROW LARGE-- CANST THOU ALSO GROW **SMALL?**

OR IS THAT QUITE **BEYOND** THY POWERS?



IT'S NOT MY WAY NOW TO **HIDE** FROM MY FOES, GOD OF MISCHIEF, BUT I NEED MERELY SAY--

"**'CREEPING TOAD**, MOTTLED AND SMALL--"



--AND IT WOULD TAKE A KEENER EYE THAN **YOURS** TO SPY ME CRAWLING AMONG THE GRAY ROCKS, EH?

'**TWOULD INDEED**, GNOME--



-- IF THOU COULDST **REACH** THEM!

AND NOW, THOU SHALT **PERISH**-- UNLESS WE HAVE A **RANSOM!**

Y--YOU **TRICKED** ME!



VERY WELL, ASGARDIAN-- THE **TARNHELM** IS YOURS.

NOW, YOU MUST LET ME GO **FREE!**

HARDLY! THE TARNHELM BOUGHT THY **LIFE**, MERELY--



—THY FREEDOM IS YET TO BE BARGAINED FOR!

BRING HIM ALONG, MY SON.

GLADLY, SIRE.

THE FREED GNOMES REJOICE AT THEIR FORMER MASTER'S FORCED DEPARTURE



AND, IN LESS THAN THE SPACE OF A WINKING EYE, ALBERICH IS TAKEN BOUND, TO THE TOP OF MIDGARD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN—!



AH, GOOD ALBERICH... HERE WE CAN BARGAIN IN PEACE CAN WE NOT?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR MY RANSOM?

ALL THAT GOLDEN HOARD YOU GATHERED BELOW!

I... AGREE. BUT YOU MUST LOOSEN MY HANDS.



AND WHY NOT-- FOR THINE OATH BE FULL AS BINDING ON THEE AS EVER MINE ON ME!

RELEASE HIM, LOKI.

YOU ARE... GRACIOUS, MILORD ODIN.



THEN, HIS EYES STAINED WITH TEARS, THE EVIL MISBLINDING KISSIES HIS GLEAMING GIMLET-- YET HE'S NOT SO DESPAIRING AS HE PRETENDS, YOU KNOW.

FOR, SO LONG AS HE RETAINS THAT SINGLE RING-- HE CAN REPLENISH HIS LOSS IN A SINGLE DAY!



THUS, NEXT MOMENT-- WITH A BLINDING BURST OF LIGHT--

LOOK THEE, FATHER! 'TIS SURELY GOLD ENOW TO SLAKE E'EN THE GREEDY THIRST OF THE STORM-GIANTS!

AYE... ALMOST!



THOU HAST GIVEN UP THY GOLD--
AYE, AND E'EN THE PUISSANT
TARNHELM--

BUT, I'LL STILL HAVE--
THE **RING!**

I MIGHT
HAVE
KNOWN--
YOU'D NOT
OVERLOOK
IT!

I GIVE IT
UP THEN,
HAVING
NO CHOICE--



YET WITH IT RECEIVE YOU THIS
NIABELUNG CURSE:-

NO MAN OR GOD
SHALL REJOICE
IN POSSESSING
THIS RING--

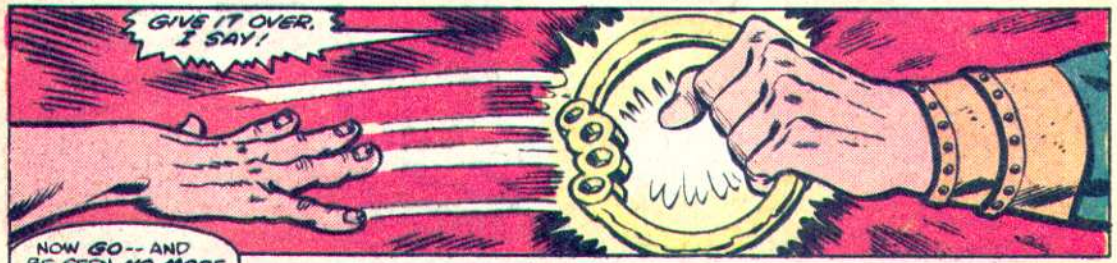
--THOUGH
ALL IN HEAVEN
OR EARTH SHALL
LUST FOR IT!



THIS CURSE
SHALL STAND,
TILL IT BE
BACK IN
ALBERICH'S
RIGHTFUL
HAND!

THE RIGHTFUL HAND
OF A ROBBER OF
MERMAIDS!

THOU HAST
HAD THY
SAY; NOW
GIVE OVER
THE RING!



GIVE IT OVER,
I SAY!

NOW GO-- AND
BE SEEN NO MORE
WHERE ODIN HOLDS
SWAY!



I DEPART, LORD OF
ASSGARD-- BUT
YOU'LL REMEMBER
MY WORDS ONE
DAY--

--AND CURSE
YOURSELF,
FOR YOUR
IMPUDENT
FOLLY!



THE PRATTLINGS OF A
FOOL, ALL-FATHER.

MAYHAP SIRE, THE RING
SHOULD BE DESTROYED--
LEST THE NIBELUNG'S
CURSE BE FULFILLED!

I FEAR NO
GHOEWELINGS
RE, MY SON.



NOW, LET US RETURN IN HASTE
TO THE REALM ETERNAL--

--WITH HOARD
AND GLEAMING **TARNHELM**
FOR THE MONSTROUS
BRETHREN OF JOTUNHEIM!



ANOTHER HEARTBEAT, AND--

LOOK THEE, FREY! ODIN AND THE OTHERS--!

AND WITH A TREASURE IT DOETH HURT THE EYE TO BEHOLD!

WE OURSELVES RETURNED, LORD ODIN, BECAUSE WE SENSED YOUR TRIUMPH... AND THUS OURS.

ODIN BE THE POWER AS WELL AS THE PRIDE, FAFNIR.

FORGET NOT THAT, OR 'T WILL BE THY SORROW!



HERE LIES THE NIBELUNGS' GOLDEN HOARD-- NOR WOULD I KEEP E'EN THE TARNHELM FROM YE.

TAKE IT, AND BEGONE FROM MY SIGHT, TILL WE DO MEET AGAIN ON THE DAY OF RAGNAROK--

--AND I CAN GLADLY RAISE MY SPEAR 'GAINST YE BOTH!



FAFNIR-- THE PILE IS ALMOST AS TALL AS IDUNN HERSELF, BUT--

DON'T HOLD BACK, ASGARDIAN!

GIVE US THAT FINAL BAUBLE--



--YON RING FORGED BY MIM, GREATEST OF SMITHIES!

THE... RING...?



NOY! ASK WHAT THOU WILT-- BUT ALL THE WORLD CANNOT MAKE ME GIVE UP THIS RING!

SIRE-- THY VOICE BE SO STRANGE--

--AS IF 'TIS THEE WHO ART POSSESSED, AND NOT THE RING!



WHILE WE'VE NOT THE RING, OUR FORMER BARGAIN STANDS.

WE'LL KEEP FAIR IDUNN, TILL THE RAIN-BOW BRIDGE BE FALLEN AND FADED!

ALL-FATHER-- I DO BEG OF THEE--

I DESIRE THY RETURN, GODDESS-- FOR ALL OUR SAKES, ANY YET--



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, AN EERIE FIGURE APPEARS, AS IF FROM DEEP WITHIN THE EARTH ITSELF...

YIELD UP THE RING, LORD ODIN!

ONLY DESPAIR AND DREAD DESTRUCTION E'ER SHALL MARK ITS OWNER'S END!

'TIS ERDA-- IMMORTAL SISTER TO! VOLLA THE PROPHET-ESS!

*ERDA IS A PRIMEVAL EARTH-GODDESS, AND A SYMBOL OF FATE ITSELF. --ROY.

AYE, BUT WHAT VOLLA KNOWS BY LOOKING OUTWARD, I DO PERCEIVE WITH MINE INNER EYE.



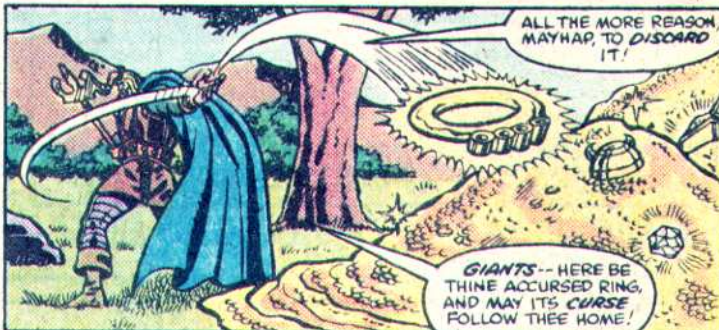
AND I SAY-- GIVE UP THE RING, ODIN--

--OR A MOURNFUL DAY SHALL DAWN FOR VALHALLA, LONG BEFORE ITS TIME!

THE ALL-FATHER IMPORTUNES HER TO STAY, BUT--

I HAVE WARNED THEE WELL-- AND NOW MUST GO.

THIS RING STILL TEMPTS ME SORE...



ALL THE MORE REASON MAYHAP, TO DISCARD IT!

GIANTS-- HERE BE THINE ACCURSED RING, AND MAY ITS CURSE FOLLOW THEE HOME!



YOU... ARE FREE, GOLDEN ONE...

...THOUGH I'LL MISS YOU, WHEN ICY WINDS SLICE THROUGH JOTUNHEIM.

OH, THOR-- 'T WAS A PLACE MOST TERRIBLE--!

REST EASY NOW, FAIR IDUNN.

THE DANGER BE ENDED.



NAH! BY MAGIC OR DESIGN, THE RING OF POWER PRECISELY FITS MY FINGER!

EH? AND WHAT OF ME?

WE'LL SPLIT THE REST OF THE HOARD-- THOUGH I SHALL HAVE THE GREATER PORTION-- AND THE TARNHELM, AS WELL.

NOT WHILE FASOLT LIVES!



THEN LIVE NO LONGER, WHIMPERER!

THE RING, AT LEAST!

I'LL HAVE THE RING--

--OR ELSE I'LL--
YAAAAA!



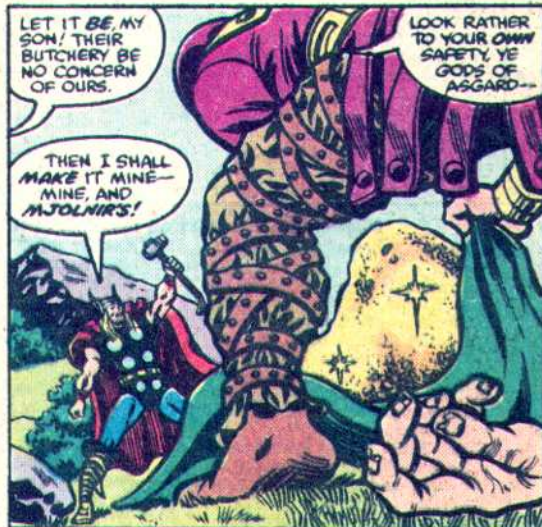
FOOL! YOU WERE NEVER MY EQUAL IN STRENGTH. THE BEST DAY YOU DID BREATHE--



--AND IN DEATH YOU ARE ONLY EQUAL TO THE WORMS!

ALL-FATHER--!

YAAAAA



LET IT BE MY SON! THEIR BUTCHERY BE NO CONCERN OF OURS.

LOOK RATHER TO YOUR OWN SAFETY, YE GODS OF ASGARD--

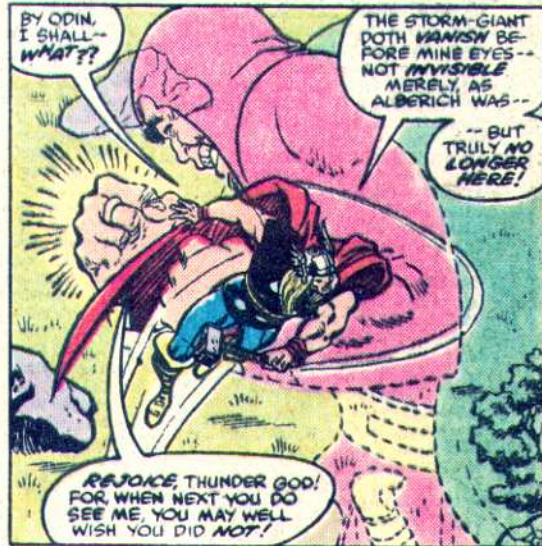
THEN I SHALL MAKE IT MINE-- MINE, AND M-JOLNIR'S!



FOR ONE DAY FAFNIR SHALL KNOW THE FULL SECRET OF MIMES GOLDEN RING--

AND ON THAT DAY YOU'LL LEARN THAT EVEN IMMORTALS MAY PERISH-- AT RAGNAROK!

THOU DOST DARE TO POSTURE THUS WITH A PURLOINED TALISMAN!?



BY ODIN, I SHALL--
WHAT??

THE STORM-GIANT DOTH MIMISW BEFORE MINE EYES-- NOT INVISIBLE MERELY, AS ALBERICH WAS--

-- BUT TRULY NO LONGER HERE!

REJOICE, THUNDER GOD! FOR WHEN NEXT YOU DO SEE ME, YOU MAY WELL WISH YOU DID NOT!



THEN, WHEN FAFNIR HAS QUITE DISAPPEARED...

WHAT FEARFUL FORCE RESIDES IN THE CURSE OF ALBERICH!

FORTUNATE FOR US THAT ONE OF THE GIANT'S DULLNESS DOUBTLESS NEVER WILL FATHOM THE RING'S FULL POWER.

SO WE MUST HOPE AND PRAY...



BUT AT LEAST FAIR IDUNN'S FREE, AND WE NO LONGER CRINGE UNDER THE SHADOW OF OLD AGE, AS WELL.

FREY, BELOVED BROTHER...

AYE.



THOU HAST OTHER PROBLEMS, SIRE... FOR, THERE BE NO PATHWAY 'TWIXT ASGARD AND THY NEWLY-BUILT VALHALLA, FOR WHICH THOU NEARLY DID PAY SO DEAR.

TRUE, MY SON...?

'T'WILL BE MY PLEASURE, FATHER.



FOR FULL MANY A YEAR HATH MULTI-HUED BIFROST SPANNED THE COSMIC VOID 'TWIXT ASGARD AND MIDGARD--

--E'EN THOUGH WE GODS BUT RARELY DO TREAD UPON THE LATTER.

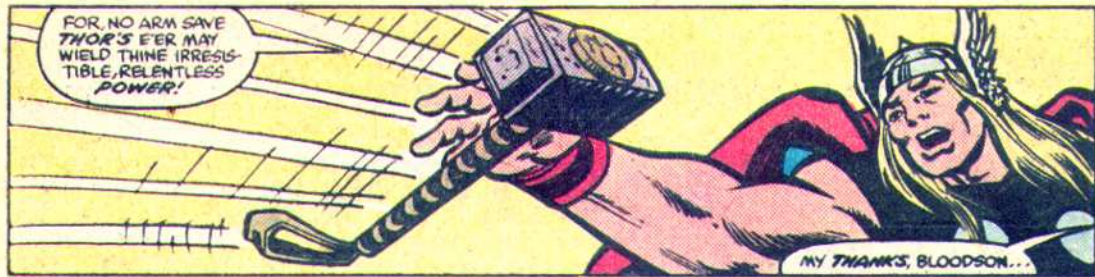


YET NOW, LET THE RAINBOW BRIDGE GAIN NEW BANDS OF COLOR-- BANDS HEWN BY MINE ENCHANTED LIRU HAMMER--



--THAT VALHALLA MAY BE JOINED, FOR ALL TIME, TO THE GLEAMING REALM!

'TIS DONE! AND NOW, RETURN TO ME, MIGHTY MJOLNIR--



FOR NO ARM SAVE THOR'S EER MAY WIELD THINE IRRESISTIBLE, RELENTLESS POWER!

MY THANKS, BLOODSON...



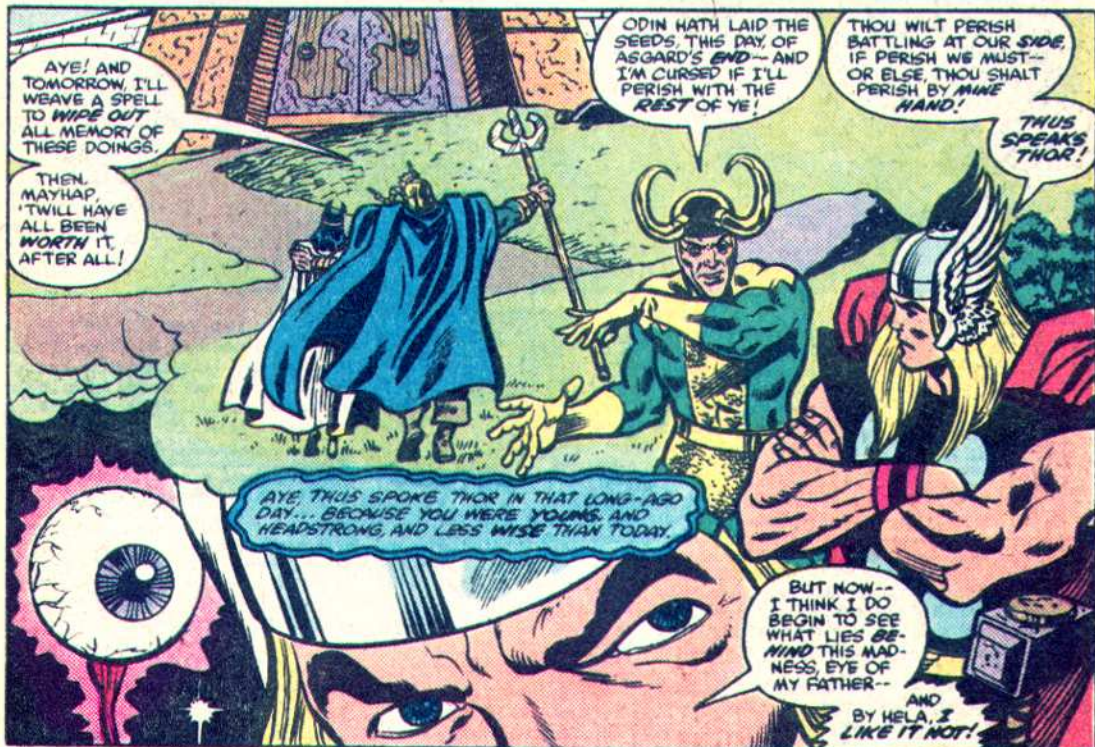
AND NOW WIFE FRIGGA, WILT THOU JOIN ME IN VALHALLA, MY HALL OF HEROES?

ERE LONG, THOSE HALLS SHALL RING WITH THE SHOUT OF THE VALIANT SLAIN WARRIORS I SHALL PLUCK, IN THE MOMENTS OF THEIR DEATHS, FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS OF MIDGARD.

BUT FOR NOW, WE TWO SHALL BE THE ONLY ONES THERE.

THEN, I'LL JOIN THEE MOST GLADLY, MINE HUSBAND.

'T WILL BE A WELCOME RESPITE FROM THIS DAY'S SAD VIOLENCE.



AYE! AND TOMORROW, I'LL WEAVE A SPELL TO WIPE OUT ALL MEMORY OF THESE DOINGS.

THEN, MAYHAP, 'T WILL HAVE ALL BEEN WORTH IT, AFTER ALL!

ODIN HATH LAID THE SEEDS, THIS DAY, OF ASGARD'S END-- AND I'M CURSED IF I'LL PERISH WITH THE REST OF YE!

THOU WILT PERISH BATTLING AT OUR SIDE, IF PERISH WE MUST-- OR ELSE, THOU SHALT PERISH BY MINE HAND!

THUS SPEAKS THOR!

AYE, THUS SPOKE THOR IN THAT LONG-AGO DAY... BECAUSE YOU WERE YOUNG, AND HEADSTRONG, AND LESS WISE THAN TODAY.

BUT NOW-- I THINK I DO BEGIN TO SEE WHAT LIES BEHIND THIS MADNESS, EYE OF MY FATHER--

AND BY HELA, I LIKE IT NOT!

NEXT ISSUE • ARE YOU READY FOR...

THE MORTAL THOR?

-also- THE RETURN OF OUR LEGEND-LADEN LETTERS PAGE!