

JAN #303 50c

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THE MIGHTY

THOR

WHATEVER GODS THERE BE....!



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 MIRACLE OF STORMS

AND SO ONCE AGAIN I RETURN TO MIDGARD-- THAT TROUBLED REALM OF TURMOIL CALLED EARTH BY ITS MORTAL DENIZENS...

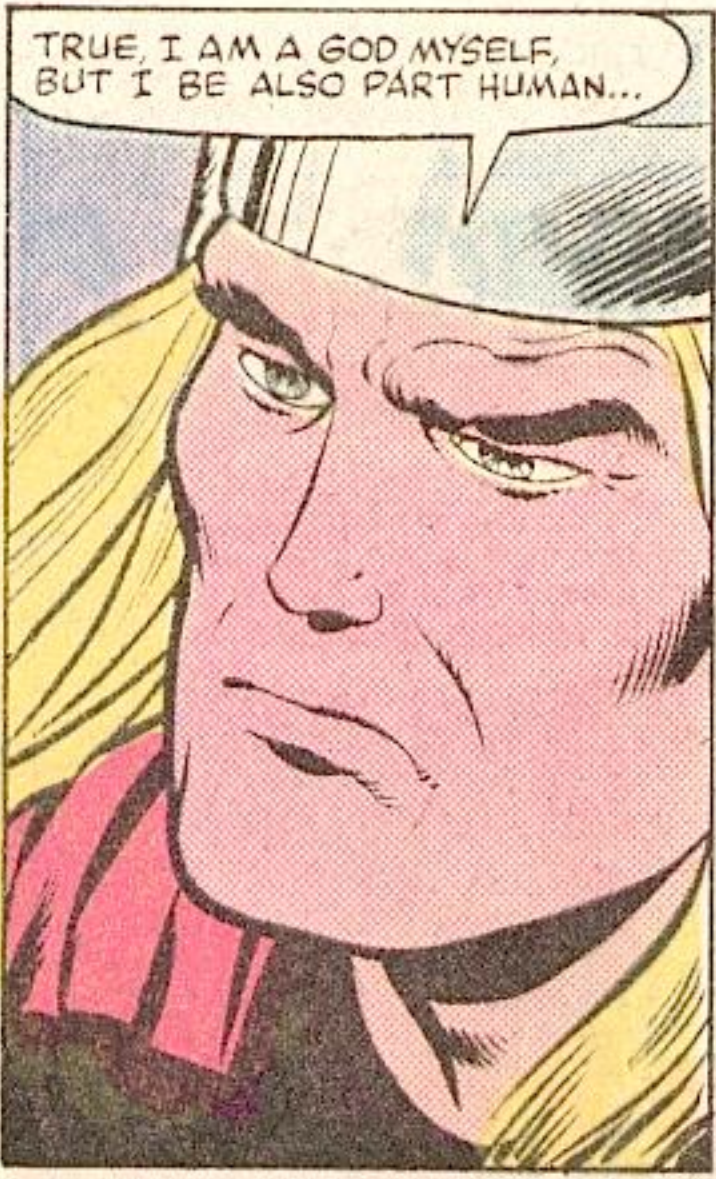
'TIS A STRANGE PLACE, POSSESSED OF A MOOD AND REALITY ALL ITS OWN-- AND ITS STRANGENESS IS PERHAPS BEST EXPRESSED HERE IN THIS CITY OF NEW YORK... SO VERY FAR FROM THE SHINING SPIRES OF ASGARD, MY HOMELAND!

AND YET, FOR ALL ITS MYRIAD DIFFERENCES... IT IS NO LESS FABULOUS, IN ITS OWN WAYS AND MEANS, THAN VAUNTED ASGARD ITSELF!

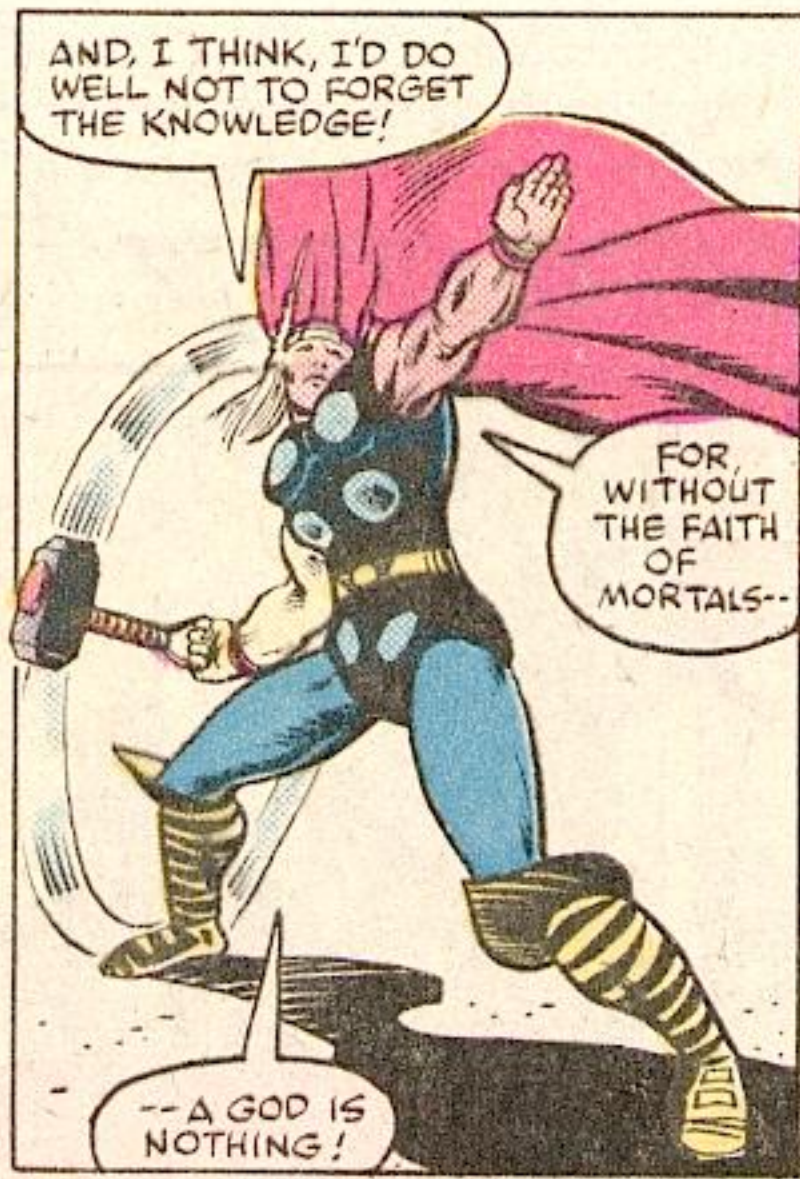
AND I BEGIN TO WONDER... HAVE I DWELT TOO MUCH OF LATE AMONG THE SHINING SPIRES, WITH NO COMPANIONSHIP SAVE THAT OF OTHER GODS AND DEMIGODS?

DOUG MOENCH WRITER RICK LEONARDI & CHIC STONE ARTISTS JOE ROSEN LETTERER GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORIST JIM SALICRUP EDITOR JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THOR® Vol. 1, No. 303, January, 1981 issue. (U.S.P.S. 539-970) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Controlled circulation postage paid at Sparta, Illinois. Published monthly. Copyright ©1980 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$6.00 for 12 issues. Canada, \$7.00. Foreign, \$8.00. Printed in the U.S.A. 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. 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. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



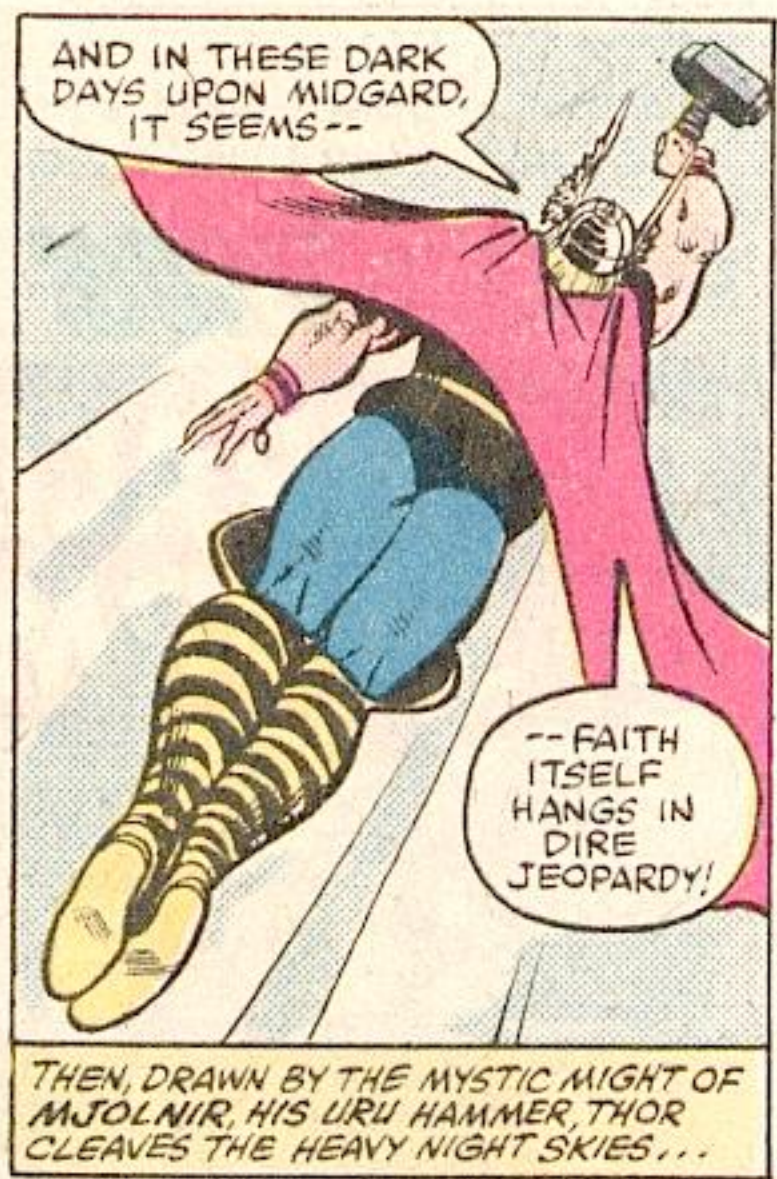
TRUE, I AM A GOD MYSELF, BUT I BE ALSO PART HUMAN...



AND, I THINK, I'D DO WELL NOT TO FORGET THE KNOWLEDGE!

FOR, WITHOUT THE FAITH OF MORTALS--

-- A GOD IS NOTHING!



AND IN THESE DARK DAYS UPON MIDGARD, IT SEEMS--

-- FAITH ITSELF HANGS IN DIRE JEOPARDY!

THEN, DRAWN BY THE MYSTIC MIGHT OF MJOLNIR, HIS URU HAMMER, THOR CLEAVES THE HEAVY NIGHT SKIES...

... THERE TO VIEW THE URBAN SPRAWL OF MANHATTAN AS ONLY A GOD CAN, APPRECIATING THE DARK DENSITY OF THE CITY NOT ONLY FOR WHAT IT IS, BUT WHAT IT CAN BE...



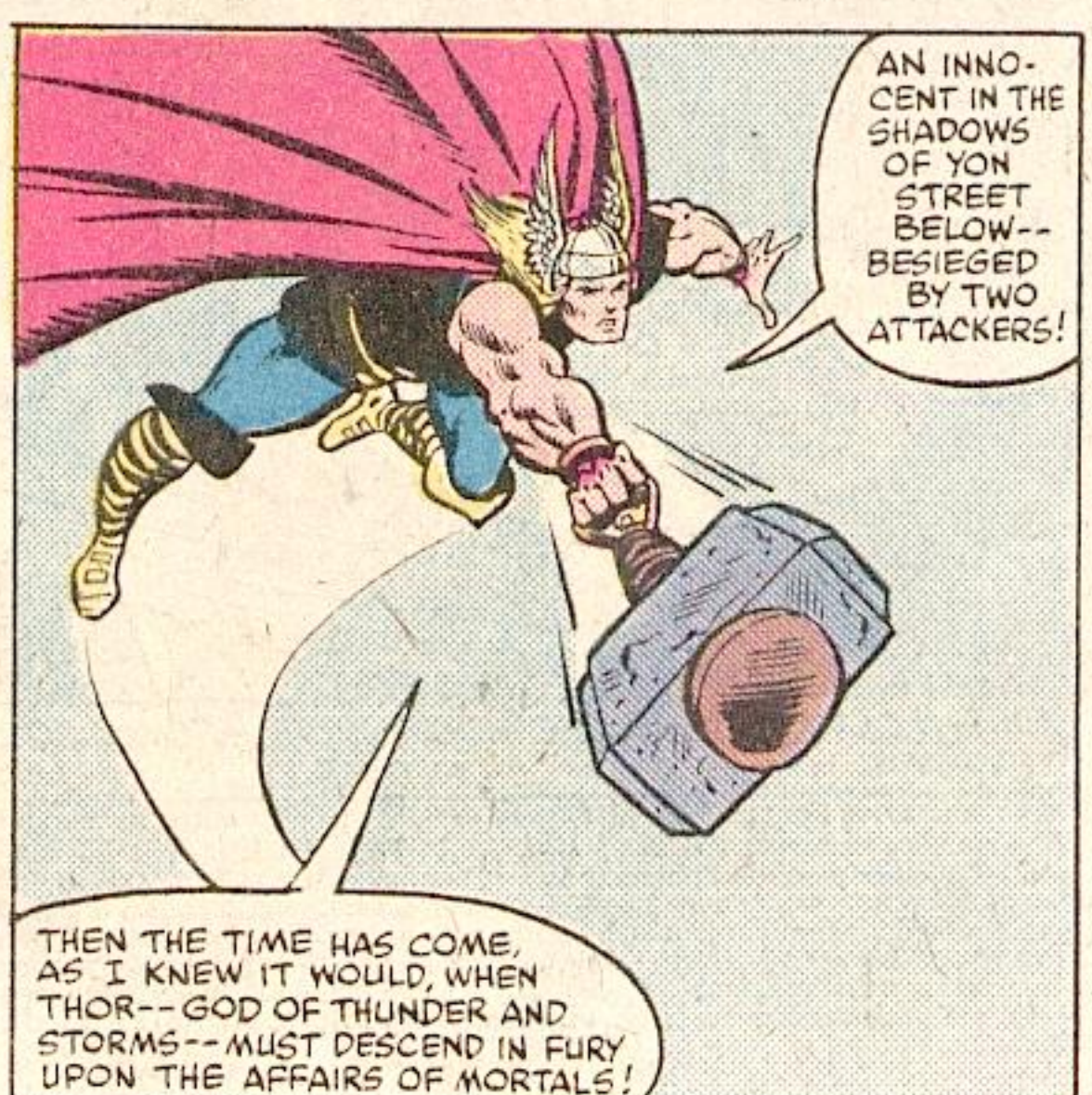
... SOMETIMES GOOD, SOMETIMES BAD, OCCASIONALLY INDIFFERENT...

... BUT ALWAYS HOST TO A CONSTANT STORM OF HUMANITY, EVER STRUGGLING AND STRIVING, EVER VITAL...

... AND OFTEN THE SOURCE OF STORMS OF A DIFFERENT SORT...



STORMS, FOR EXAMPLE... OF VIOLENCE.



AN INNOCENT IN THE SHADOWS OF YON STREET BELOW-- BESIEGED BY TWO ATTACKERS!

THEN THE TIME HAS COME, AS I KNEW IT WOULD, WHEN THOR-- GOD OF THUNDER AND STORMS-- MUST DESCEND IN FURY UPON THE AFFAIRS OF MORTALS!



HALT!

WH-WHAT THE--?!!

HOLY CRIPES!
IT'S THOR--!!
WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!!



NO! PLEASE--
D-DON'T HIT ME!

THOU WOULD PLEAD FOR MERCY-- AFTER DEALING NOTHING BUT PAIN?



BEGONE, SCOUNDREL!

JOIN THE FLIGHT OF THY COMPANION!



THEN, KNEELING OVER THE VICTIM...

BY ODIN'S EYE! THE OBJECT OF THEIR ATTACK--!



'TIS A... PRIEST!

AND HIS INJURIES APPEAR GRIEVOUS...



IF SO, THERE BE NO TIME FOR AN AMBULANCE...



THE SHELTER AND COMFORT OF HIS OWN CHURCH WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE!

THERE! THE LIGHT SHINES MOST BRIGHTLY UPON THE ALTAR!



HERE, I WILL INSPECT THE WOUND.

ALREADY I CAN FEEL THE FRAGMENT OF A KNIFE-BLADE EMBEDDED IN HIS ARM...



IF IT MOVES ANY CLOSER TO THE MAJOR ARTERY--

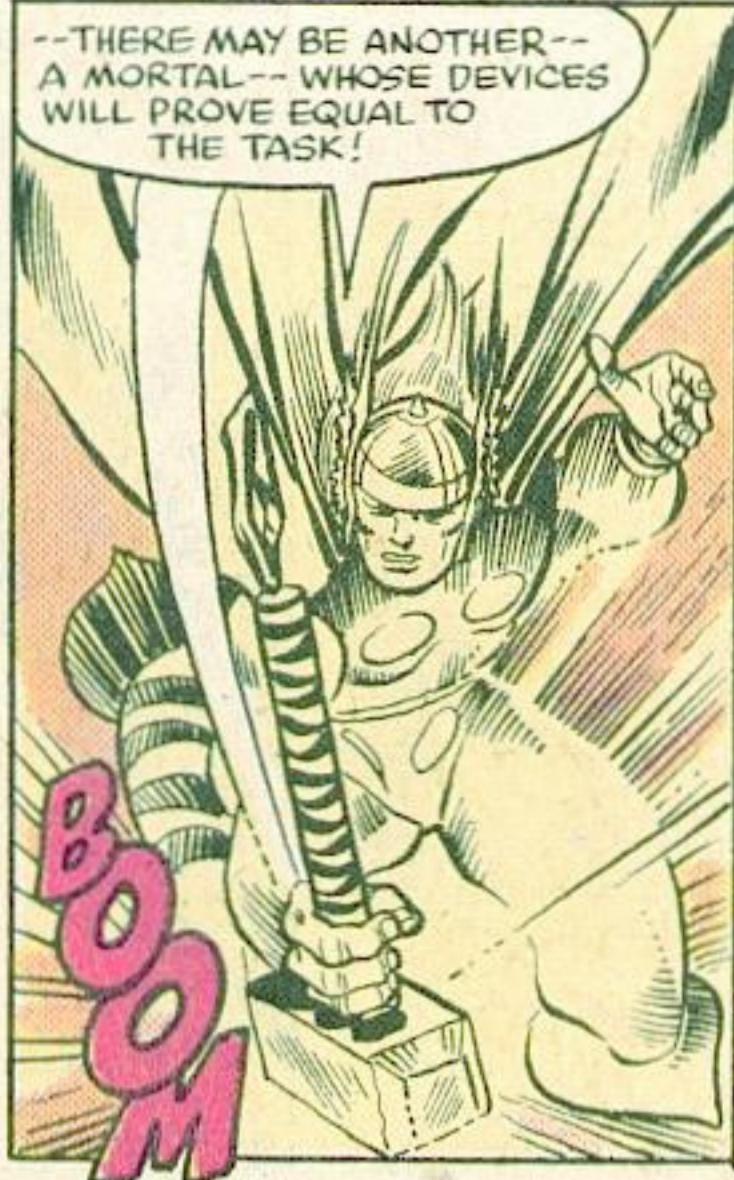


THEN THE BLADE MUST BE REMOVED...

...THE BLEEDING HALTED!



BUT IF EVEN MIGHTY THOR IS POWERLESS AGAINST SUCH A THREAT--



--THERE MAY BE ANOTHER-- A MORTAL-- WHOSE DEVICES WILL PROVE EQUAL TO THE TASK!

BOOM



IT... IT'S DONE, I'M DR. DONALD BLAKE ONCE AGAIN!

NOW... IF I HAVE ANY CHANCE OF SAVING THE MAN, I'LL NEED EQUIPMENT-- MAKESHIFT TO BE SURE...

... SINCE A CHURCH IS DESIGNED TO HEAL THE SPIRIT, BUT HARDLY THE FLESH.



PERHAPS BEHIND THE ALTAR, WHERE THE COMMUNION SUPPLIES ARE KEPT...



YES,-- FRESH TOWELS, A STOVE TO BOIL SOME WATER-- AND EVEN A FIRST-AID KIT OVER THERE... BUT THREAD WILL HAVE TO DO FOR THE SUTURES.



IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY WITHOUT THE PROPER SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS...

... BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO EVEN THINK ABOUT FAILURE!



ONE SLIP AND...



NO-- THE FRAGMENT'S OUT-- AND THE ARTERY'S STILL INTACT!

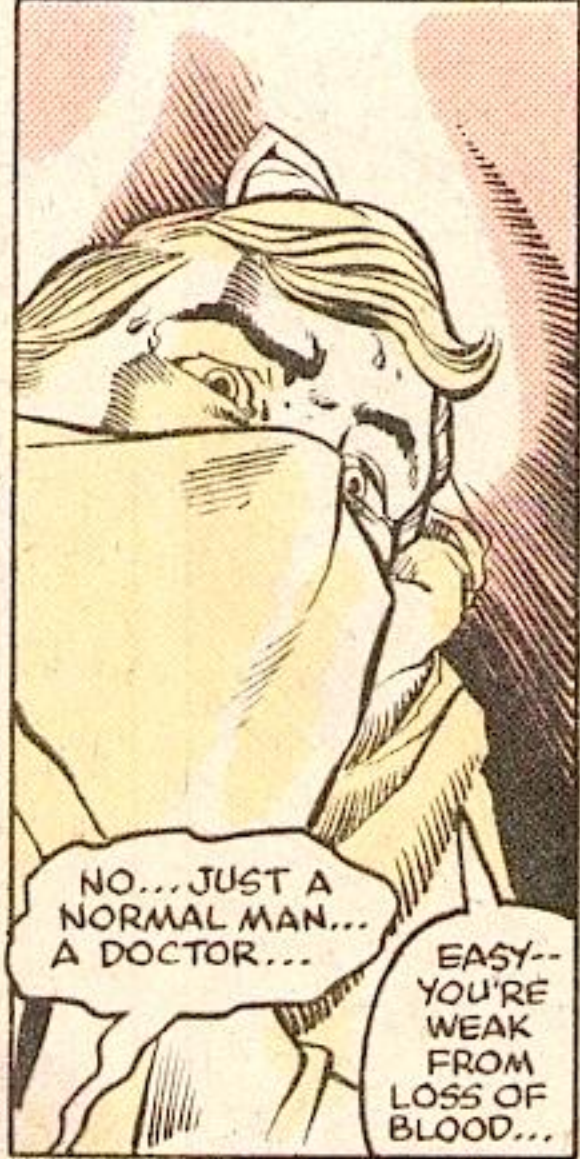
BUT HE'S STEADILY LOSING BLOOD FROM MINOR VESSELS.



GOT TO STEM THE FLOW BEFORE--

OH... OH...

HE'S REVIVING--!



WH-WHO...?
A... A
MIRACLE...?

NO... JUST A
NORMAL MAN...
A DOCTOR...

EASY--
YOU'RE
WEAK
FROM
LOSS OF
BLOOD...

HE'S DELIRIOUS--
PASSING OUT
AGAIN!

THE VAULTED CHURCH EMBRACES AN
HOUR OF SERENE SILENCE... THEN--

FEELING BETTER, FATHER? I FOUND
SOME SOUP
IN YOUR
QUARTERS
BEHIND THE
ALTAR.

TRY TO
GET IT
DOWN--
YOU'LL
NEED
PLENTY
OF FLUIDS
IN THE
NEXT FEW
DAYS.

INTO A STORM
OF DARKNESS.



THANK YOU, BUT... HOW
DID I GET--

TO THE PEW? YOU MUST HAVE
MOVED YOURSELF. YOU WERE
STILL LYING ON THE ALTAR WHEN
I LEFT TO GET THE SOUP.



DO YOU WANT TO LIE DOWN AGAIN? ACTUALLY,
IT MIGHT BE A GOOD--

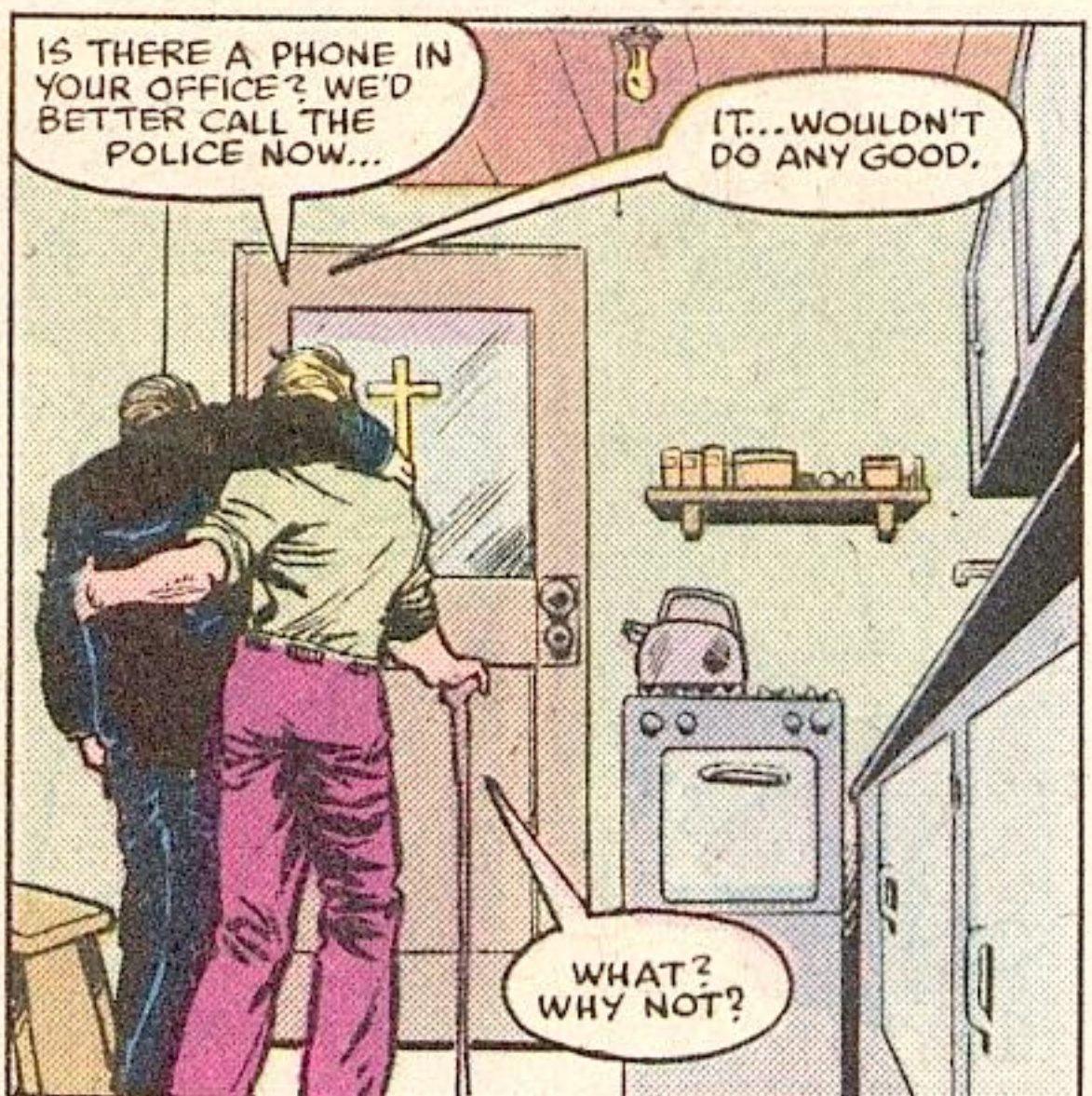
NO, I'M
FEELING BETTER...
STILL A BIT DIZZY,
THOUGH... PERHAPS
I SHOULD GO TO
MY QUARTERS...

THINK YOU
CAN WALK
IF I HELP
YOU? THE
NAME'S DONALD
BLAKE.



EASY NOW...
TAKE IT NICE
AND SLOW...

AFTER THE CLOSE
BRUSH YOU'VE JUST HAD,
THERE'S NO NEED TO
RUSH INTO ANYTHING...



IS THERE A PHONE IN
YOUR OFFICE? WE'D
BETTER CALL THE
POLICE NOW...

IT... WOULDN'T
DO ANY GOOD.

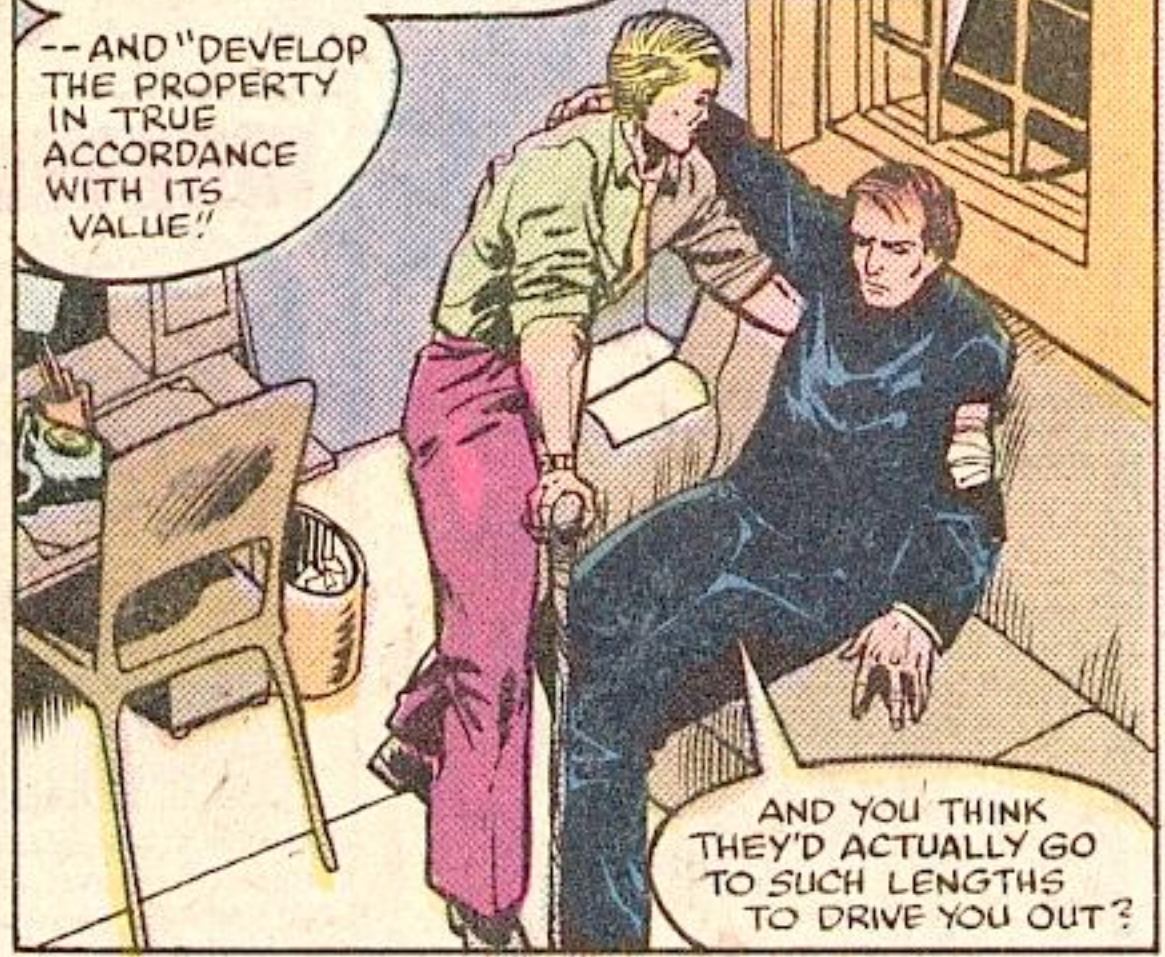
WHAT?
WHY NOT?

THE POLICE REQUIRE EVIDENCE PROVING THAT A CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED BY THEM. SO THEY'RE SAFE-- THEY'LL NEVER STOP!



WHO? THE MUGGERS--?

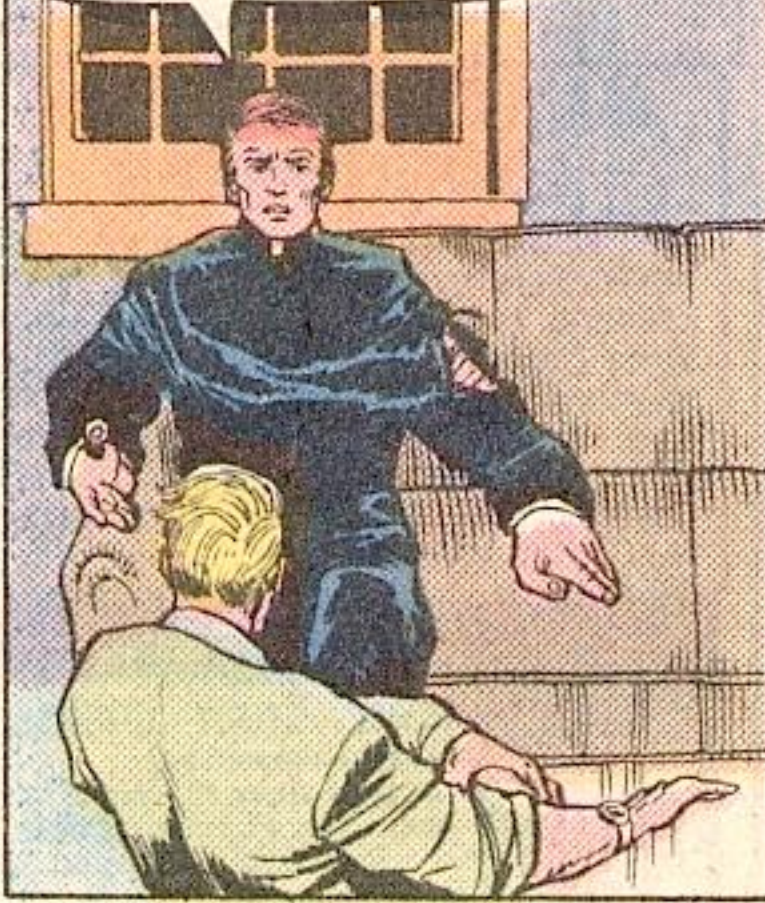
THEY WEREN'T MUGGERS, DR. BLAKE. THEY WERE PAID KILLERS-- HIRED BY SO-CALLED "BUSINESSMEN" WHO HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DRIVE ME OUT OF THIS "PROPERTY" FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS. THEY WANT TO DEMOLISH THE CHURCH--



-- AND "DEVELOP THE PROPERTY IN TRUE ACCORDANCE WITH ITS VALUE!"

AND YOU THINK THEY'D ACTUALLY GO TO SUCH LENGTHS TO DRIVE YOU OUT?

UNTIL TONIGHT, NO-- EVEN THOUGH ONE OF MY PARISHIONERS CLAIMS THEY'RE BACKED BY ORGANIZED CRIME. IN THE PAST THEY'VE TRIED OTHER MEANS--



-- HARASSMENT, PETTY VANDALISM, OBSCENE GRAFFITI, PAINT BOTTLES SMASHED ON THE WALLS, THREATENING PHONE CALLS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... AND NOW THIS!

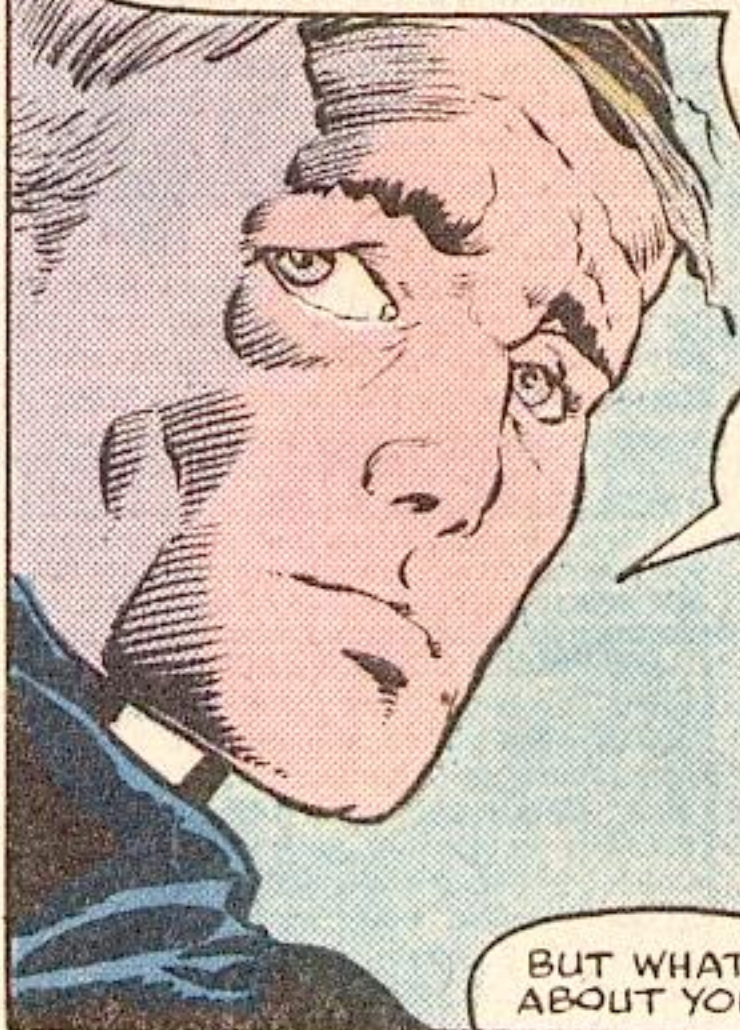


MAYBE IT'S TIME THE CHURCH SIMPLY SOLD OUT.



BUT WHY--? AFTER FIVE YEARS, WHY GIVE UP NOW, FATHER? IF IT'S YOUR PERSONAL SAFETY YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT, THE POLICE--

NO, NOT THAT-- BUT DECLINING ATTENDANCE, FOR ONE THING. FAMILIES HAVE BEEN FLEEING THE CITY FOR THE LAST 20 YEARS-- AND THOSE WHO STILL ATTEND CAN HARDLY AFFORD WHAT THE OFFERTORY PLATE ONCE COLLECTED.

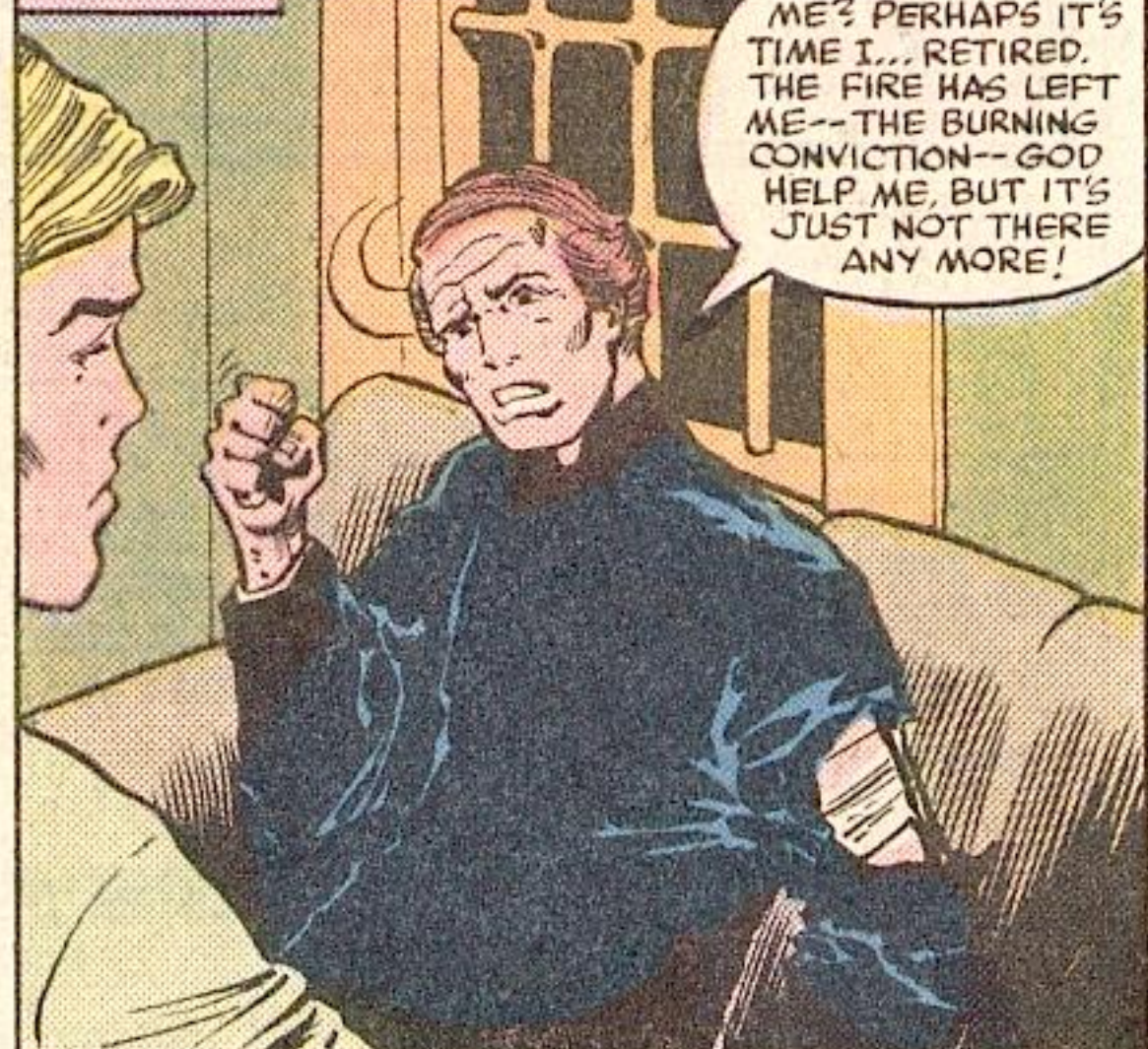


WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN A POOR CHURCH. MAYBE NOW IT'S TIME TO DIE.

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU?



A STORM OF DOUBT CROSSES THE PRIEST'S FACE AS HE REPLIES...



ME? PERHAPS IT'S TIME I... RETIRED. THE FIRE HAS LEFT ME-- THE BURNING CONVICTION-- GOD HELP ME, BUT IT'S JUST NOT THERE ANY MORE!

PERHAPS I LOST FAITH YEARS AGO... AND I'M ONLY NOW REALIZING IT. ONE THING IS CERTAIN-- I'M NO LONGER STRONG ENOUGH TO RUN THIS CHURCH!



WHY DO YOU THINK YOU'RE LOSING YOUR FAITH?

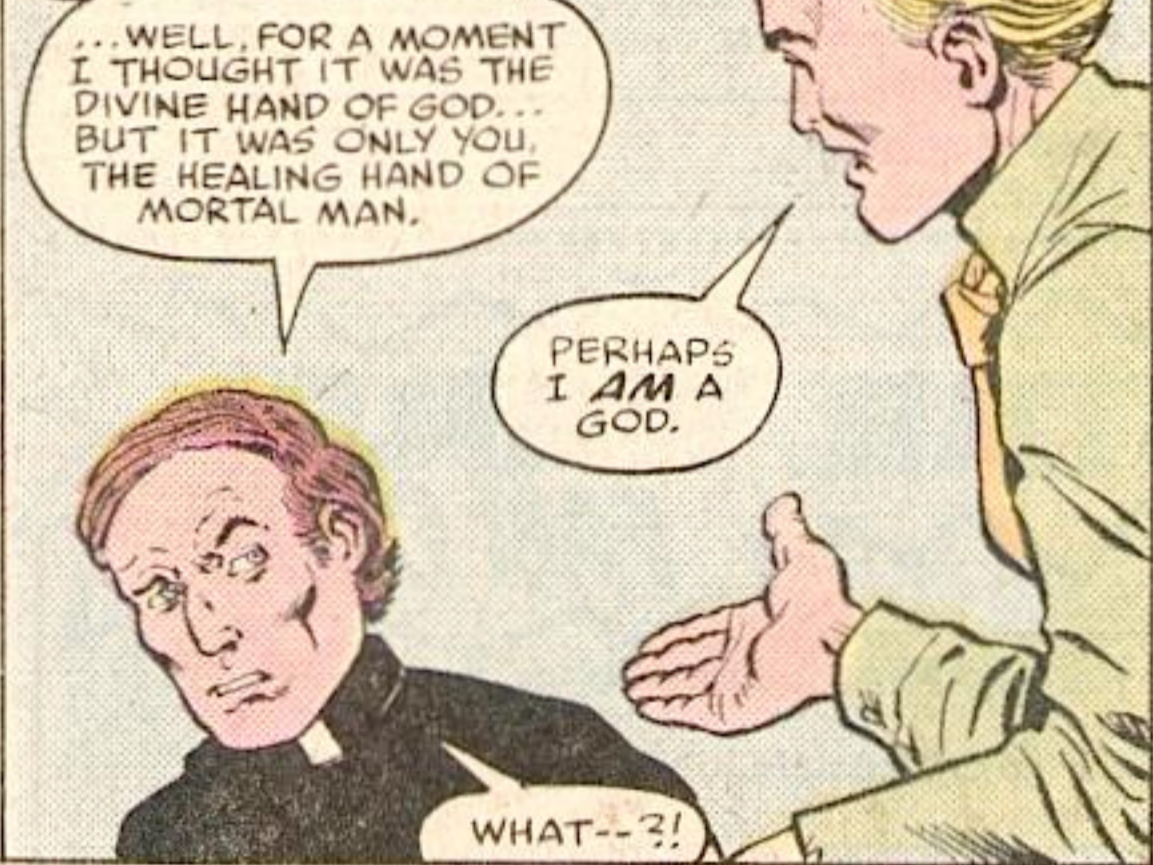
BECAUSE I SEE NOTHING BUT EVIL OR APATHY ALL AROUND ME IN THIS CITY. I NEED PROOF OF SOMETHING GOOD, SOMETHING HIGHER AND NOBLER--AND ONCE ONE NEEDS PROOF... FAITH IS DEAD!



WHAT KIND OF PROOF?

OH, NOT A MIRACLE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...

I'M NOT *THAT* NAIVE. JUST A RAY OF HOPE, I GUESS. FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN I REVIVED ON THE ALTAR-- IN DELIRIUM, THINKING I'D ALREADY DIED-- AND I SAW THE MADONNA STANDING OVER ME, I... I...



... WELL, FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT IT WAS THE DIVINE HAND OF GOD... BUT IT WAS ONLY YOU, THE HEALING HAND OF MORTAL MAN.

PERHAPS I *AM* A GOD.

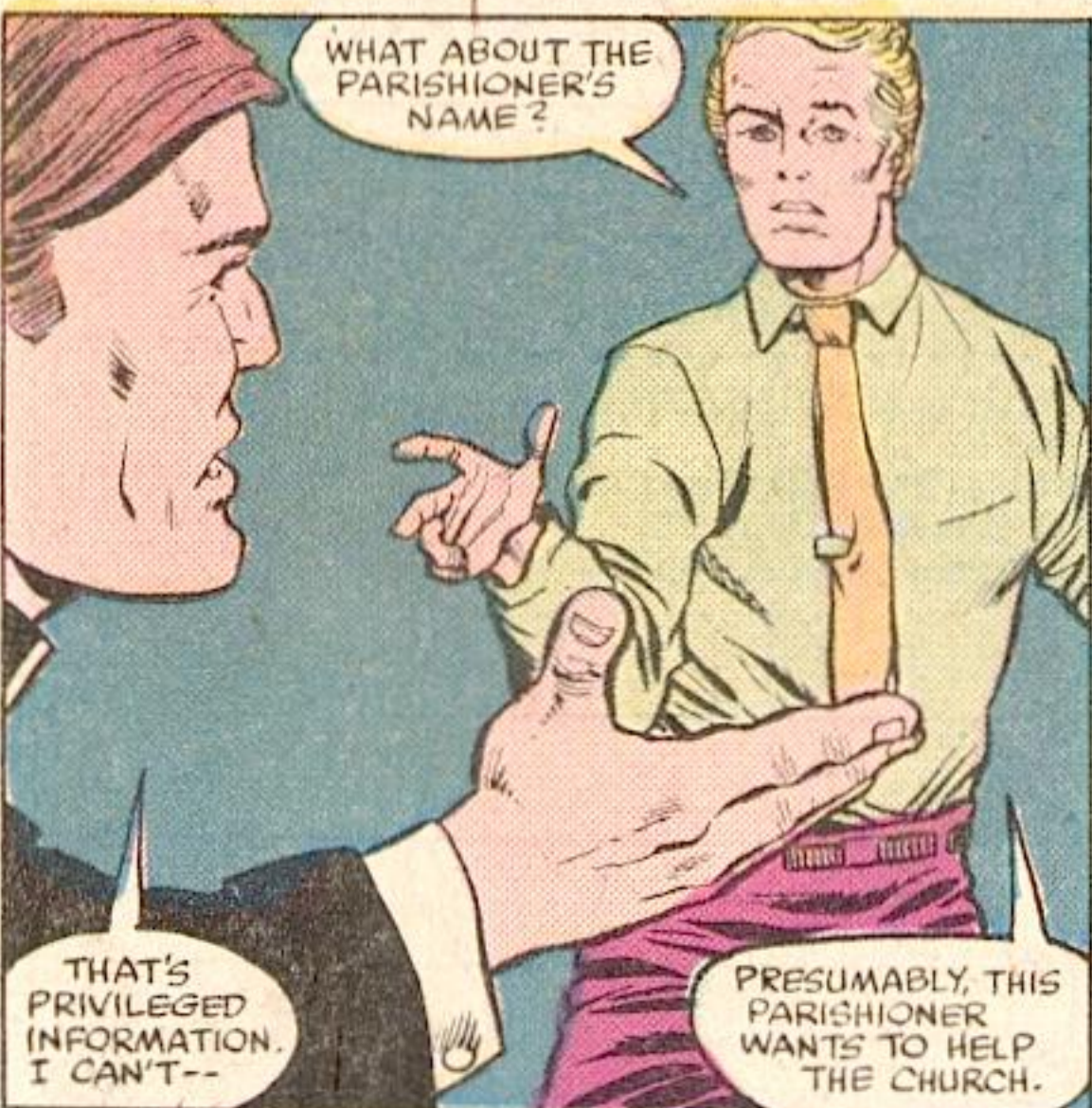
WHAT--?!

AN INSTRUMENT OF GOD. ARE WE NOT ALL TOUCHED WITH DIVINITY?



YES, BUT-- WHO *ARE* THESE MEN WHO WANT YOUR CHURCH, FATHER?

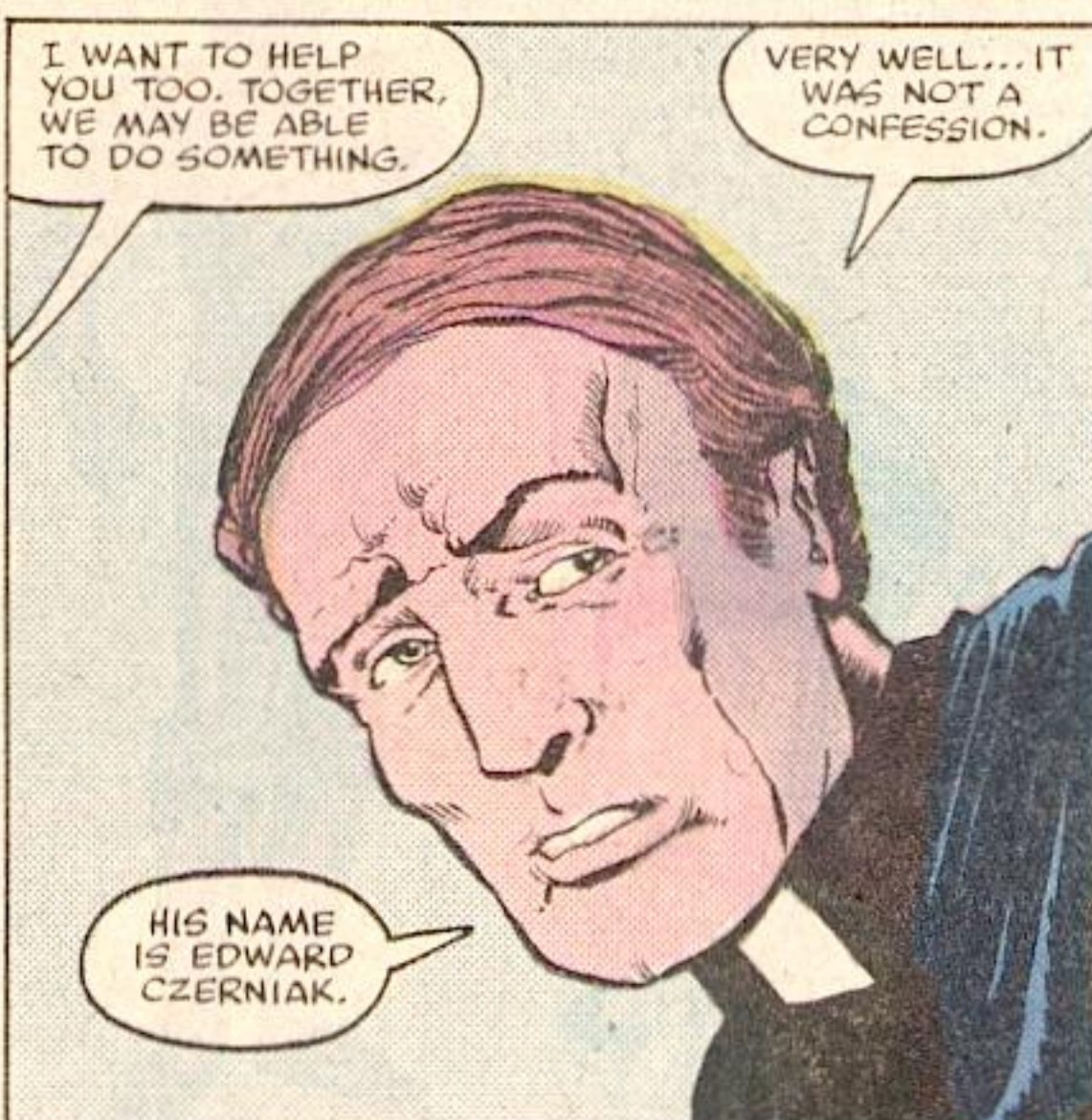
A GROUP CALLED DEVELOPMENT RESEARCHERS, INC. BUT AS I SAID, A PARISHIONER CLAIMS IT'S A FRONT FOR SOME MOB FIGURE. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE NAME...



WHAT ABOUT THE PARISHIONER'S NAME?

THAT'S PRIVILEGED INFORMATION. I CAN'T--

PRESUMABLY, THIS PARISHIONER WANTS TO HELP THE CHURCH.



I WANT TO HELP YOU TOO. TOGETHER, WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING.

VERY WELL... IT WAS NOT A CONFESSION.

HIS NAME IS EDWARD CZERNIAK.

THE NEXT DAY...

WITH THE ANTIBIOTICS I GAVE HIM, THE PRIEST'S PHYSICAL WOUND SHOULD HEAL...

BUT IT'S THE DEEPER SPIRITUAL WOUND THAT CONCERNS ME NOW!

C-Z-E-R-N-I-A-K, EDWARD, HERE IT IS!

YEAH, THIS IS ED CZERNIAK. WHAT? YEAH, SURE...

ANY FRIEND OF FATHER COZA'S IS A FRIEND O' MINE...

YEAH, IT'S ANGELO SIMONI BEHIND THE SCAM... SURE, I'M SURE... HOW DO I KNOW? I JUST KNOW. THAT'S ALL.

...AND I'M FRIENDLY WITH ONE OF SIMONI'S BOYS, THAT'S ALL!

YEAH, SIMONI'S GOT A BIG PLACE OUT ON--

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, SO I PLAY THE PONIES ONCE IN A WHILE, MAYBE A LITTLE NUMBERS ACTION...

"--LONG ISLAND."

WHAT--? WHO YOU TRYIN' TO KID ABOUT THIS THOR BULL? YOU MUCKED IT UP AND THAT'S THAT--NO EXCUSES!

YOU HEARD ME-- I'M GIVIN' YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TONIGHT!

WE'VE RUN OUT OF TIME ON THIS DEAL! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOTTA DO-- AND IF YOU BLOW IT THIS TIME, YOUR CANS ARE IN A CONCRETE SLING! GET ON IT!

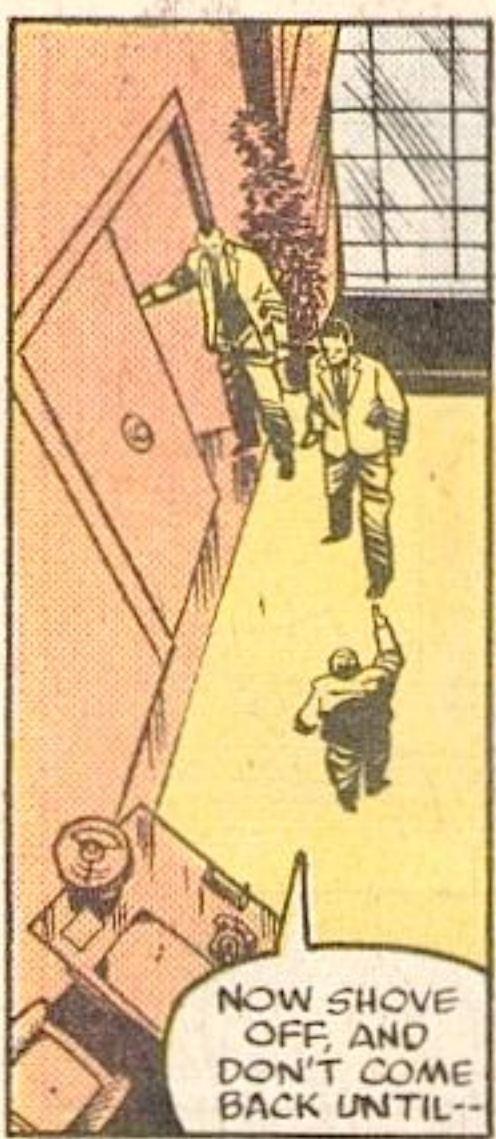


AWRIGHT, NOW YOU MUGS ARE GOIN' TO ATLANTIC CITY TO PUSH THROUGH THE CASINO DEAL, AND NOW WE'RE GONNA BE NEEDIN' SOME FAST CASH TO DEVELOP THE NEW PROPERTY--

--DON'T BLOW IT!



ONCE WE GOT THAT STUPID PRIEST TAKEN CARE OF, WE WANNA MOVE FAST ON TURNIN' THAT CHURCH DUMP INTO AN OFFICE BUILDING WITH NICE FAT, JUICY RENTS!



NOW SHOVE OFF, AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL--



CHOOM

WHAT THE--?! LIGHTNING--!

BUT THE SKY'S CLEAR TONIGHT! HOW COULD--



KRASH

THAT HAMMER--!



IT'S TURNIN' AROUND IN MID-AIR!

THEN SAL AND EDDIE WEREN'T LYIN'--!



THEY REALLY DID MEET UP WITH--

SAPT

OH, NO.



I AM THOR... GOD OF THUNDER.

AND THE ROOM BOILS WITH A STORM OF FEAR.

THE LIGHTNING FLARE
FADES, AND IN THE
RUMBLE OF
ENSUING
THUNDER
ANGELO SIMONI
FINDS HIS
VOICE...



WASTE HIM!

KILL HIM!!

AND SO, A STORM OF VIOLENCE BEGINS...

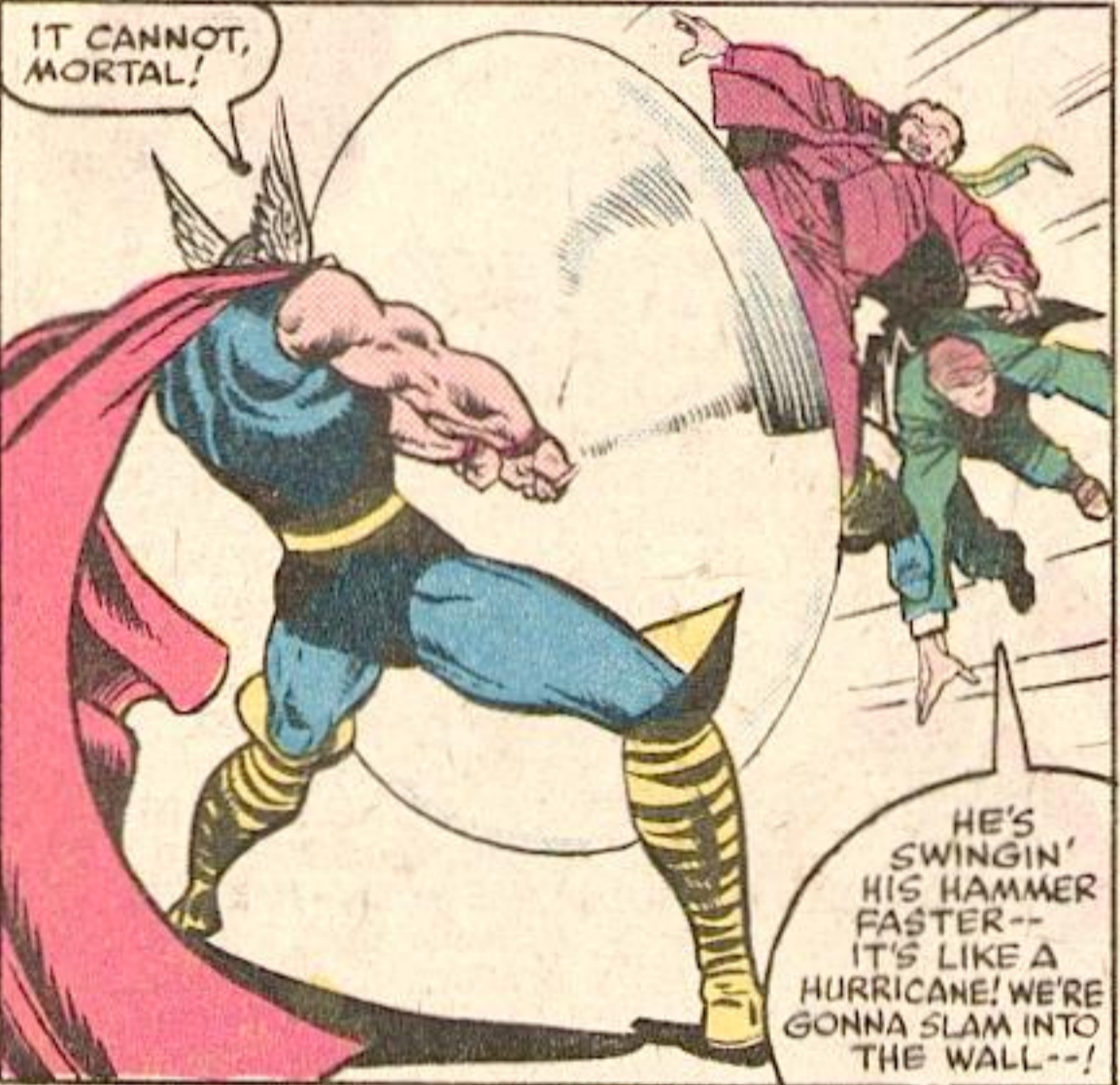


BRAM

BRAM

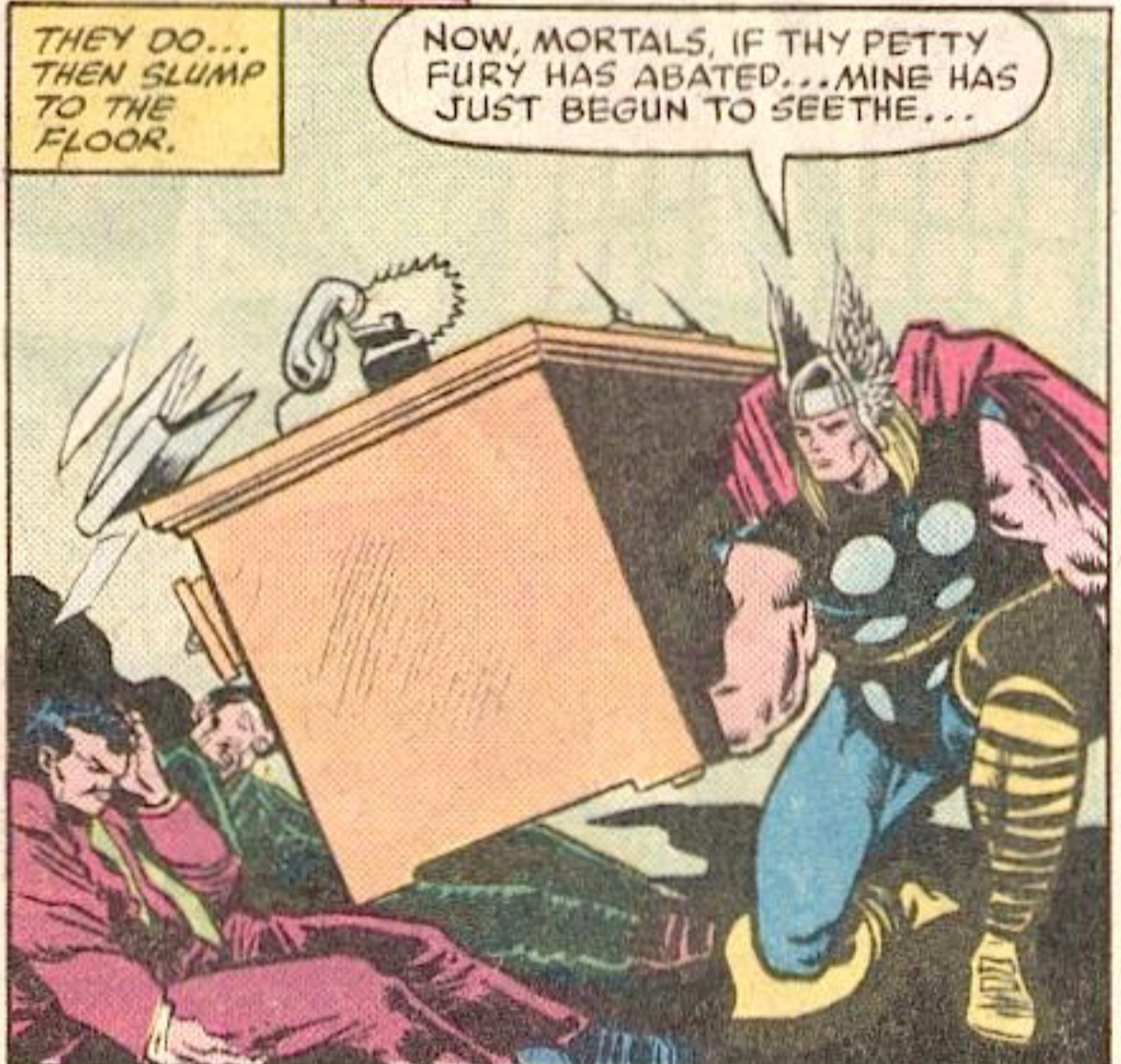


WHAT'RE YA DOIN', FRANKIE?! IF BULLETS DIDN'T STOP HIM, HOW CAN A PUNCH--



IT CANNOT, MORTAL!

HE'S SWINGIN' HIS HAMMER FASTER-- IT'S LIKE A HURRICANE! WE'RE GONNA SLAM INTO THE WALL--!



THEY DO... THEN SLUMP TO THE FLOOR.

NOW, MORTALS, IF THY PETTY FURY HAS ABATED... MINE HAS JUST BEGUN TO SEETHE...



THE STORM OF WRATH...

HEAR ME, ANGELO SIMONI. THOU ART A BASE VILLAIN--

BUT THY VILLAINY NOW COMES TO AN END!



YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN ENDANGER THE CHURCH, NOR THREATEN FATHER COZA'S LIFE OR SAFETY!

S-SURE, SURE-- ANYTHING YOU SAY! THEY CAN KEEP THE CHURCH! WE'LL NEVER GO NEAR IT AGAIN IF YOU ONLY JUST PROMISE NOT TO HURT M--

UH OH, I JUST REALIZED--!

WHAT?!

SPEAK, VILLAIN-- NOW!

DON'T HIT ME-- PLEASE DON'T HIT ME-- BUT IT... IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE! THE CHURCH--! I... I ALREADY SENT SOME GUYS TO--

"--FIREBOMB IT!"

AWRIGHT, LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK-- WE DUMP THE COCKTAILS DOWN THE HATCH AN' SPLIT WITHOUT LOOKIN' BACK!

RIGHT-- LET'S FIRE 'EM UP...

--BUT IF IT IS GOD'S WAY, MRS. SHEEHAN, THEN NEW LIFE MUST BE A SOURCE OF JOY, NOT VEXATION...

EVEN WHEN THERE'S NO WAY TO FEED THAT NEW LIFE, FATHER?

NO WAY TO CLOTHE OR CARE FOR IT--? TELL ME, FATHER-- HOW CAN THAT BE A SOURCE OF JOY?

I... WELL, I...

KRASH

WHAT-- WHAT WAS THAT?!

STAY HERE, MRS. SHEEHAN!

THERE MAY BE DANGER OUT THERE-- I DON'T WANT YOU INVOLVED!

JUST STAY IN THERE, MRS. SHEEHAN-- NO MATTER WHAT YOU HEAR OUTSIDE!

NOW... LORD GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO DEAL WITH THIS NEW TRIAL...

I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU INSIDE THE OFFICE-- YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE! USE MY PHONE TO CALL THE POLICE!

...WHATEVER IT MAY PROVE TO--



NO! THE CHURCH IS ON FIRE--!

BURNING--!!



WITH HIS ONE GOOD ARM, FATHER COZA AWKWARDLY RIPS A TAPESTRY FROM THE WALL AND BEGINS BEATING AT THE SWIFTLY SPREADING FLAMES...

BUT THEN--



KRASH
WHOOH

ANOTHER ONE!

THE SECOND MOLOTOV COCKTAIL BLOSSOMS...



...AND THE INJURED PRIEST FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY A STORM OF HELLFIRE.

IT'S NO USE! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN BEAT OUT THE FLAMES!



GOD HELP ME-- BUT I'VE GOT TO FLEE THE CHURCH!

GOT TO ABANDON IT TO THE FIRE!

THE WHINE AND CRACKLE OF CONFLAGRATION BUILDS--



--DROWNING THE APPROACHING SOUND OF A CLEAN, PURE WIND...

COME ON-- BEFORE SOMEONE TURNS IN THE ALARM!

OR BEFORE WE RUN INTO THAT THOR GUY AGAIN!



THEY ARE NOT EVEN AWARE OF HIM...

ON THIS BUILDING ROYXON OIL INC

SPAK

RAKT

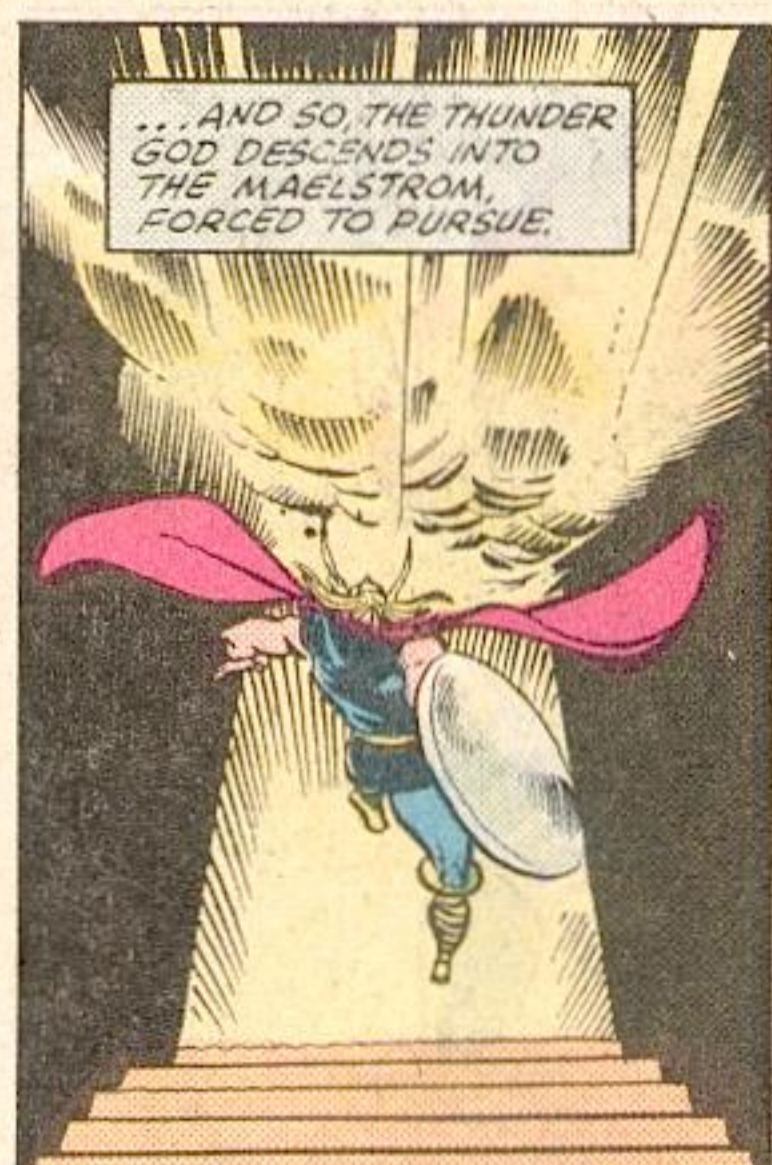
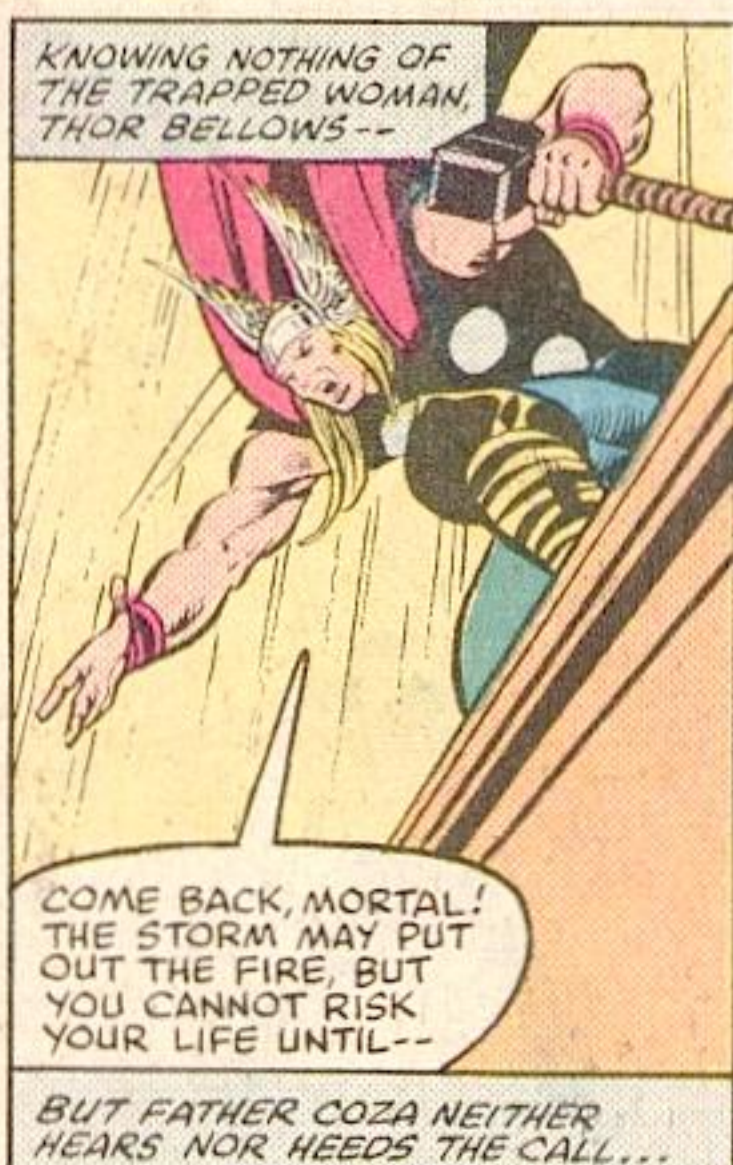
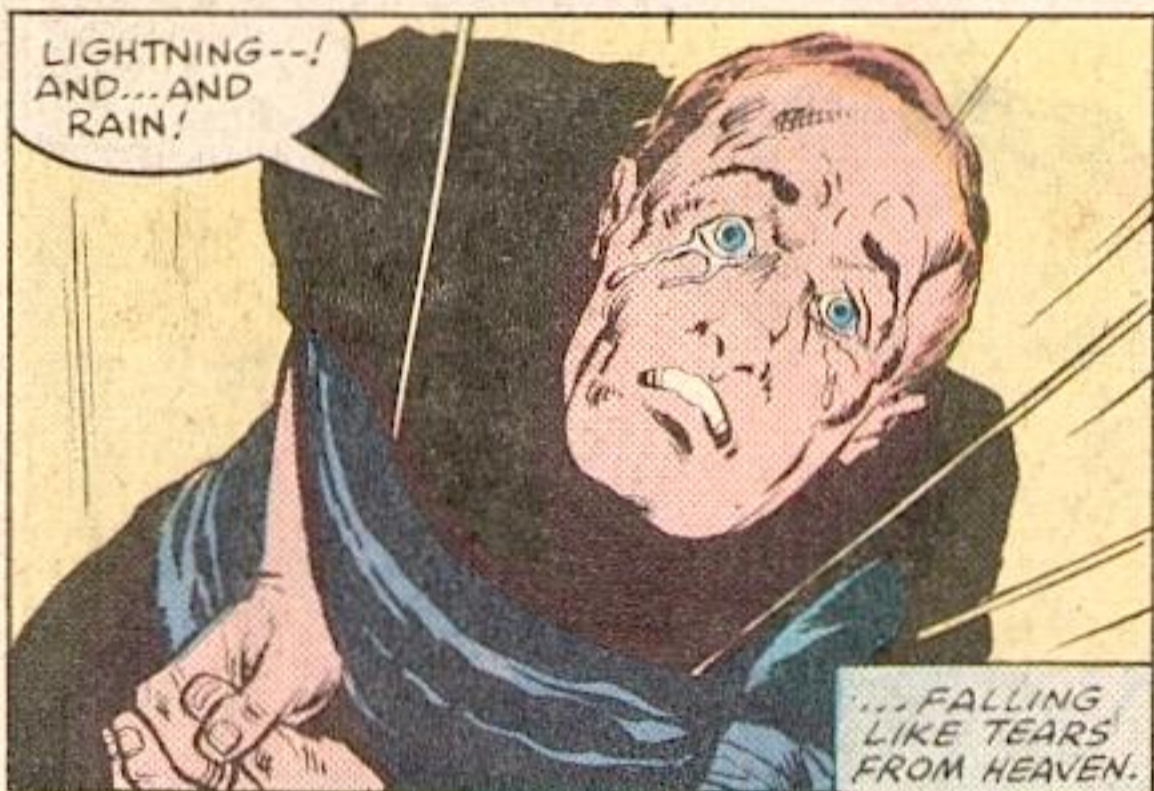
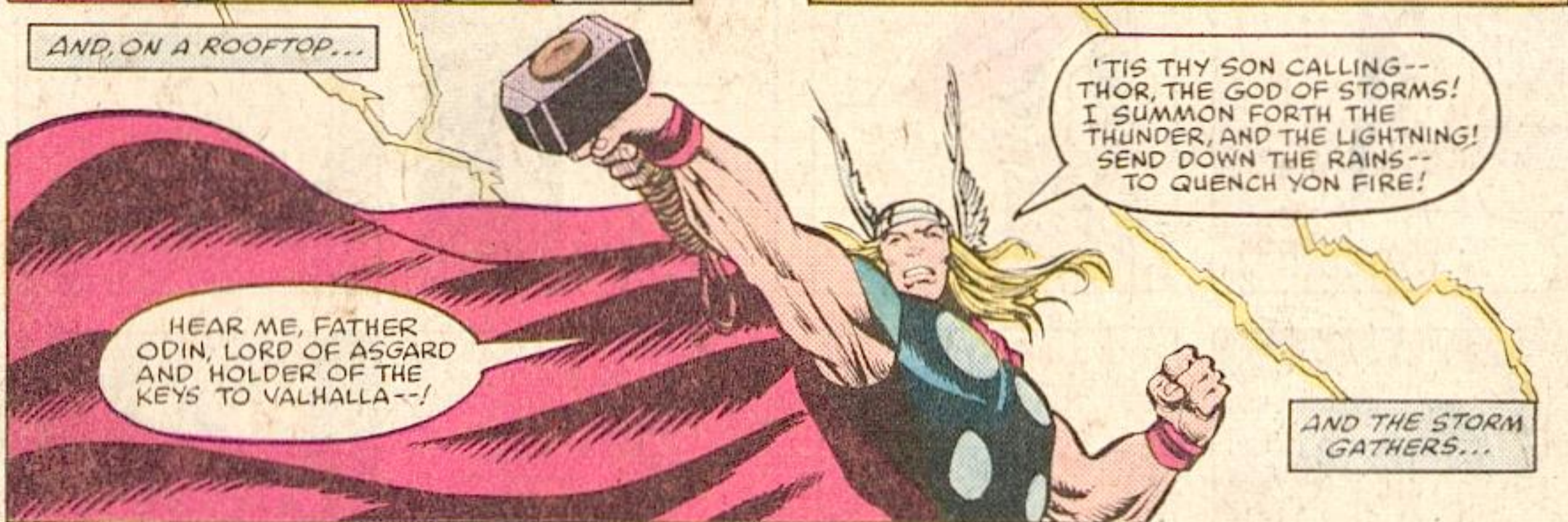
HUH--?!



...UNTIL IT IS FAR TOO LATE.

WAMP

BAMP





INSIDE...

MUST FIGHT MY WAY THROUGH THE CHURCH--

--REACH MY OFFICE IN THE BACK...



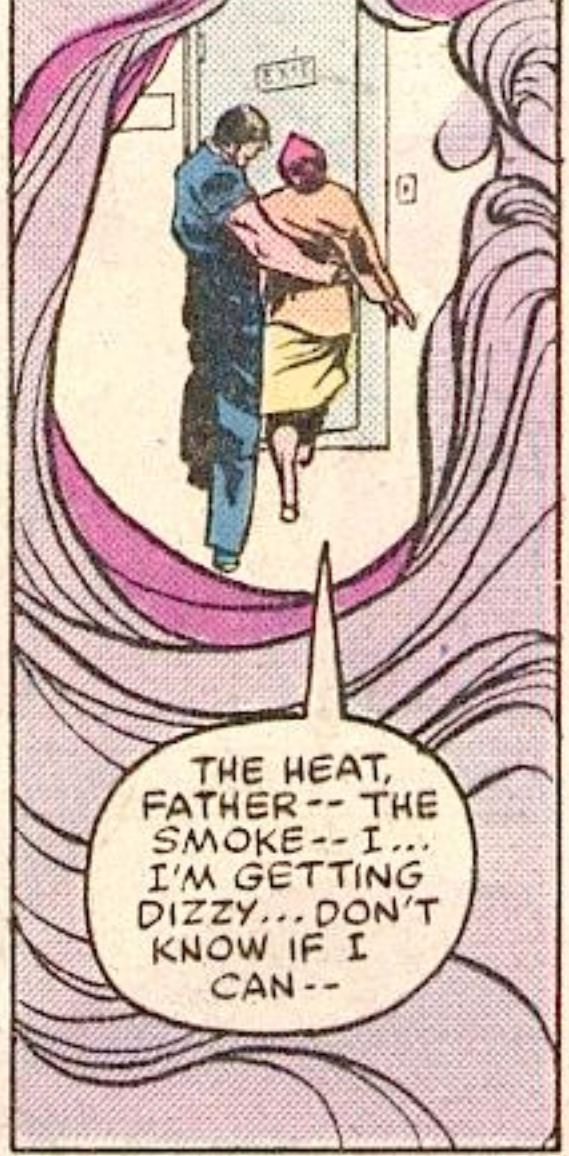
AND WHEN THOR ENTERS...

THE RAIN BEGINS TO DOUSE THE FIRE.

BUT THERE IS STILL GREAT DANGER-- AND THE PRIEST IS GONE!



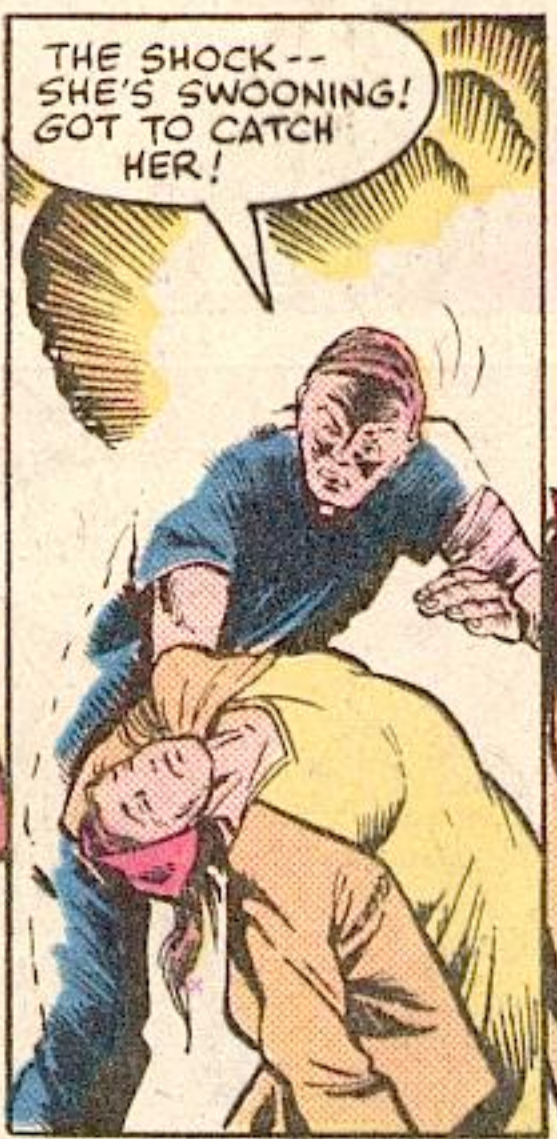
MRS. SHEEHAN-- COME QUICKLY!



THE HEAT, FATHER-- THE SMOKE-- I... I'M GETTING DIZZY... DON'T KNOW IF I CAN--



KRUMPH



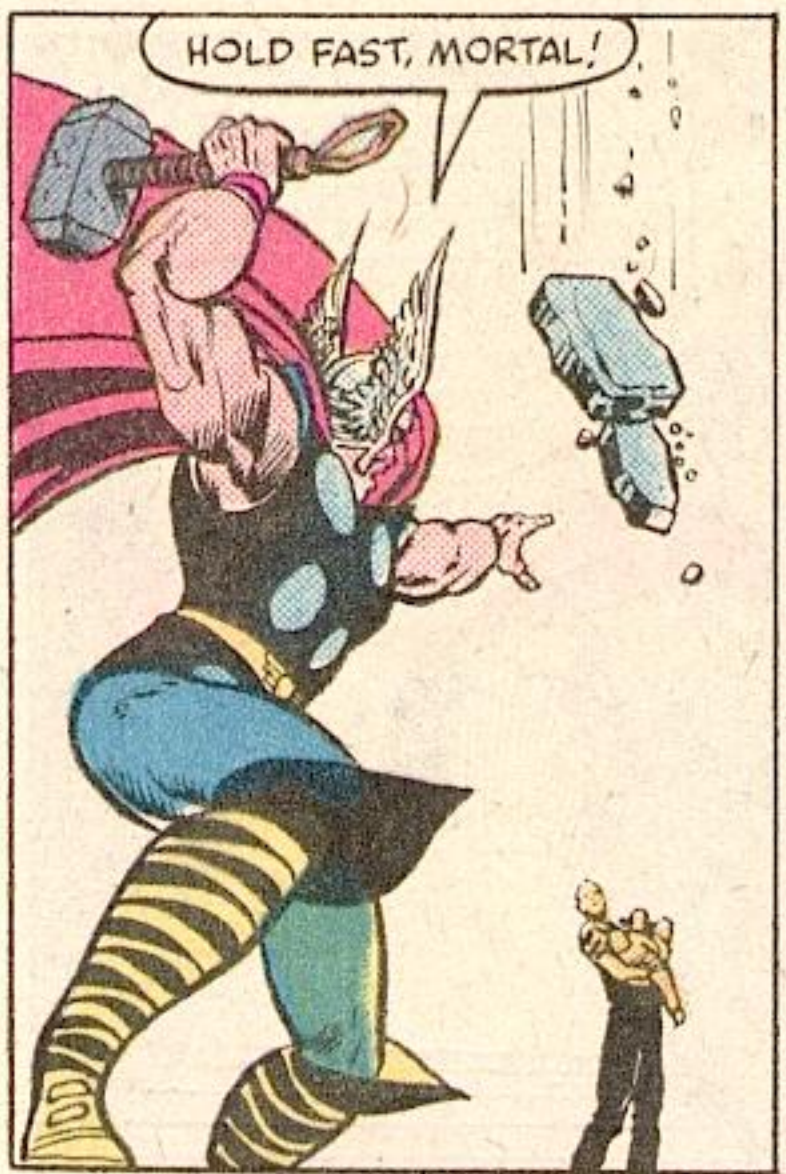
THE SHOCK -- SHE'S SWOONING! GOT TO CATCH HER!



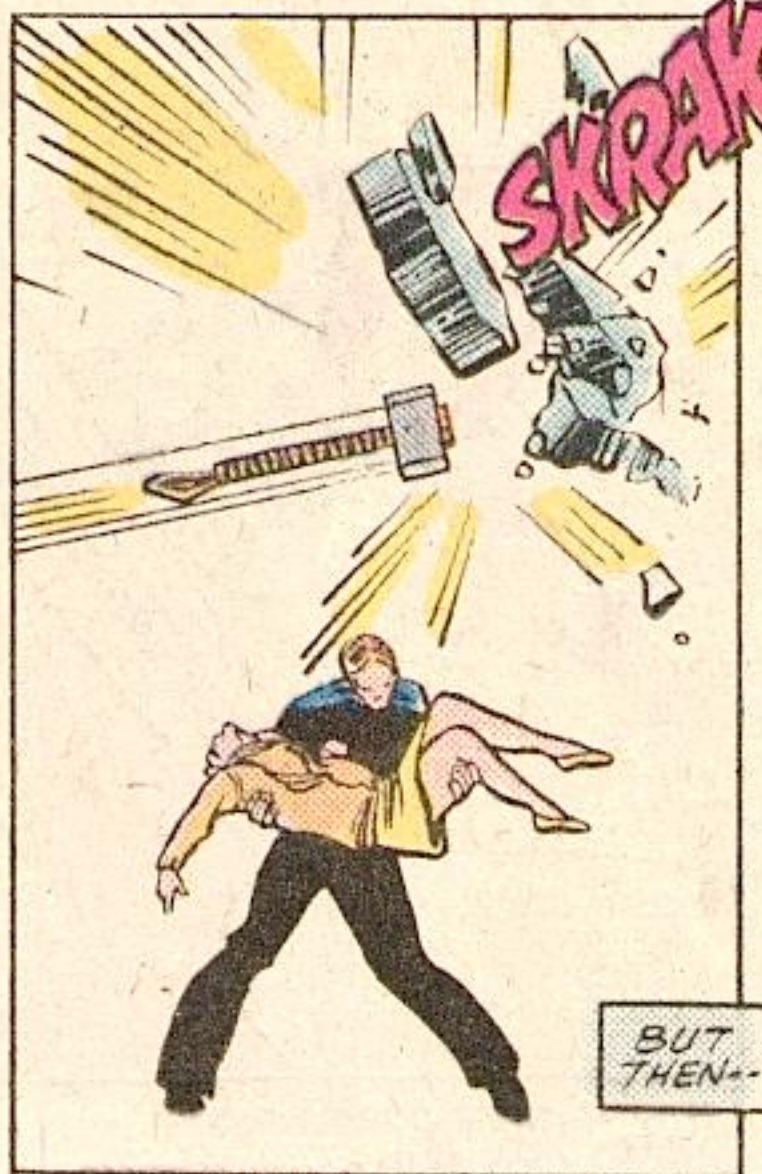
CARRY HER... EVEN THOUGH MY LEFT ARM FEELS LIKE IT'S BURNING... BLEEDING AGAIN!



YON WALL-- ABOUT TO TOPPLE!

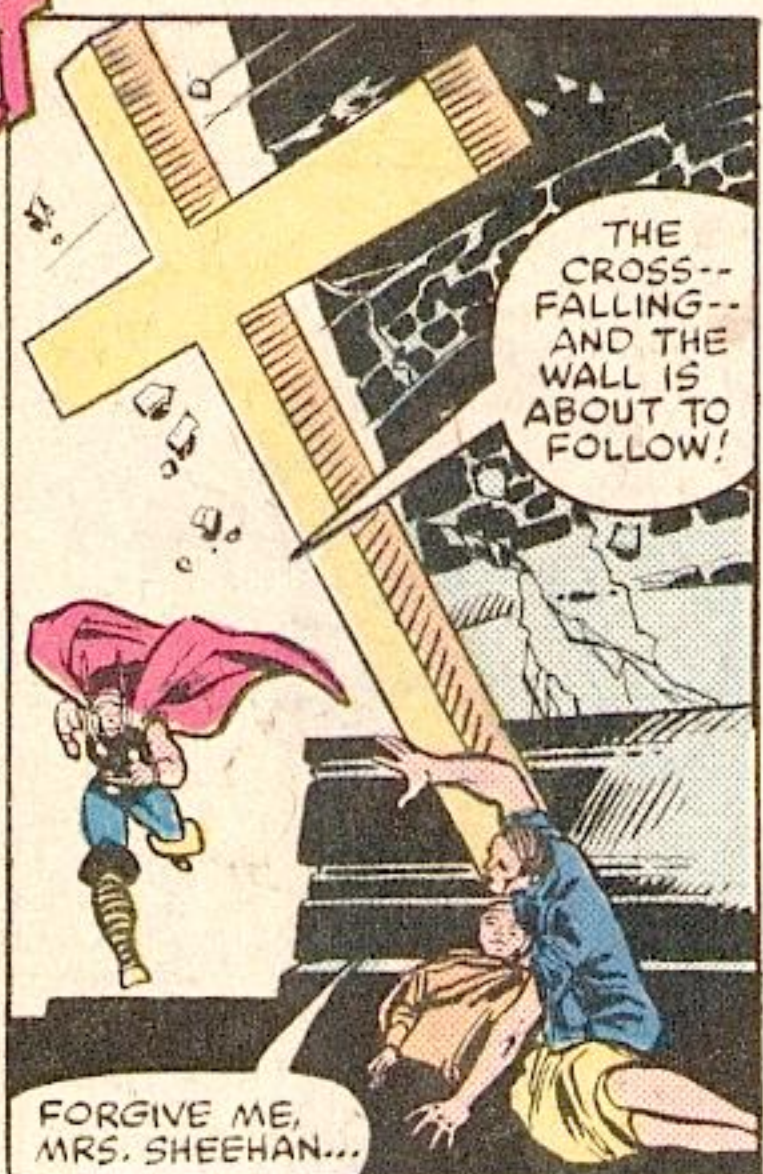


HOLD FAST, MORTAL!



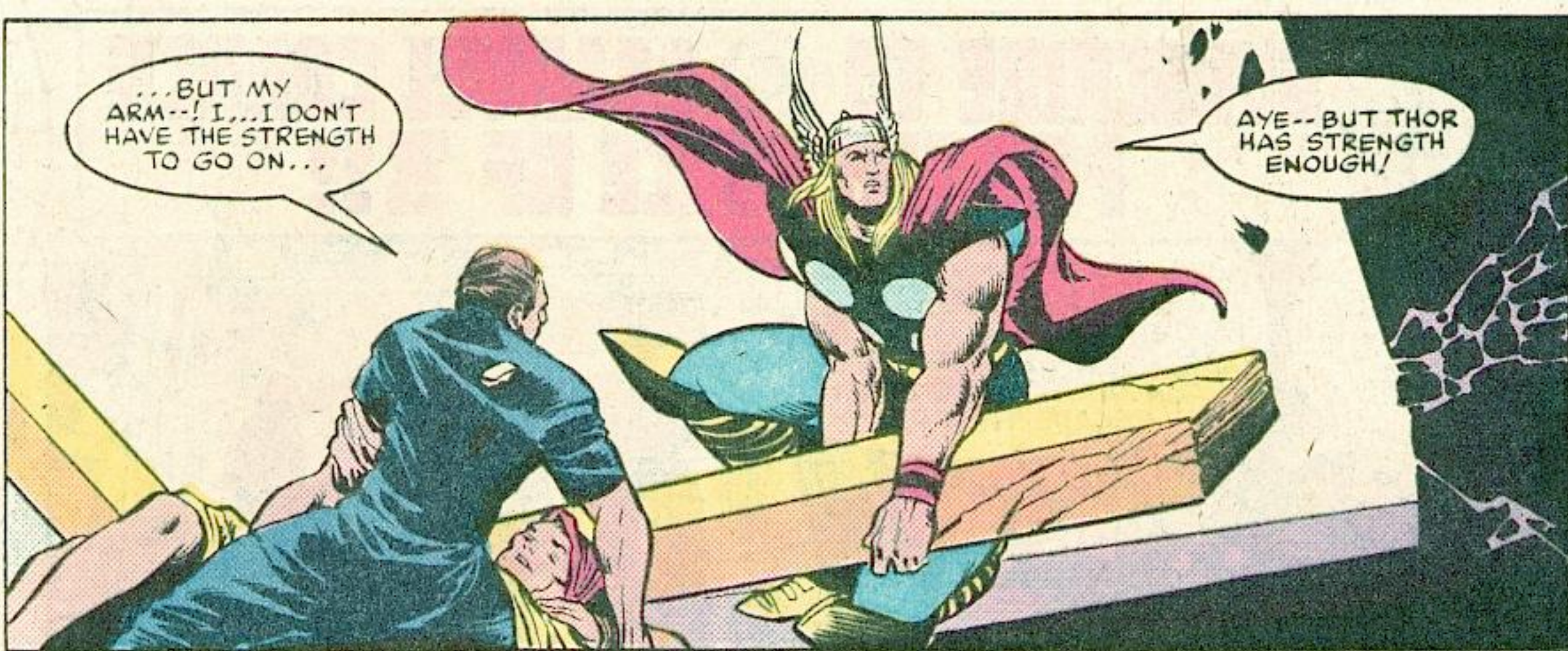
SKRAKT

BUT THEN--



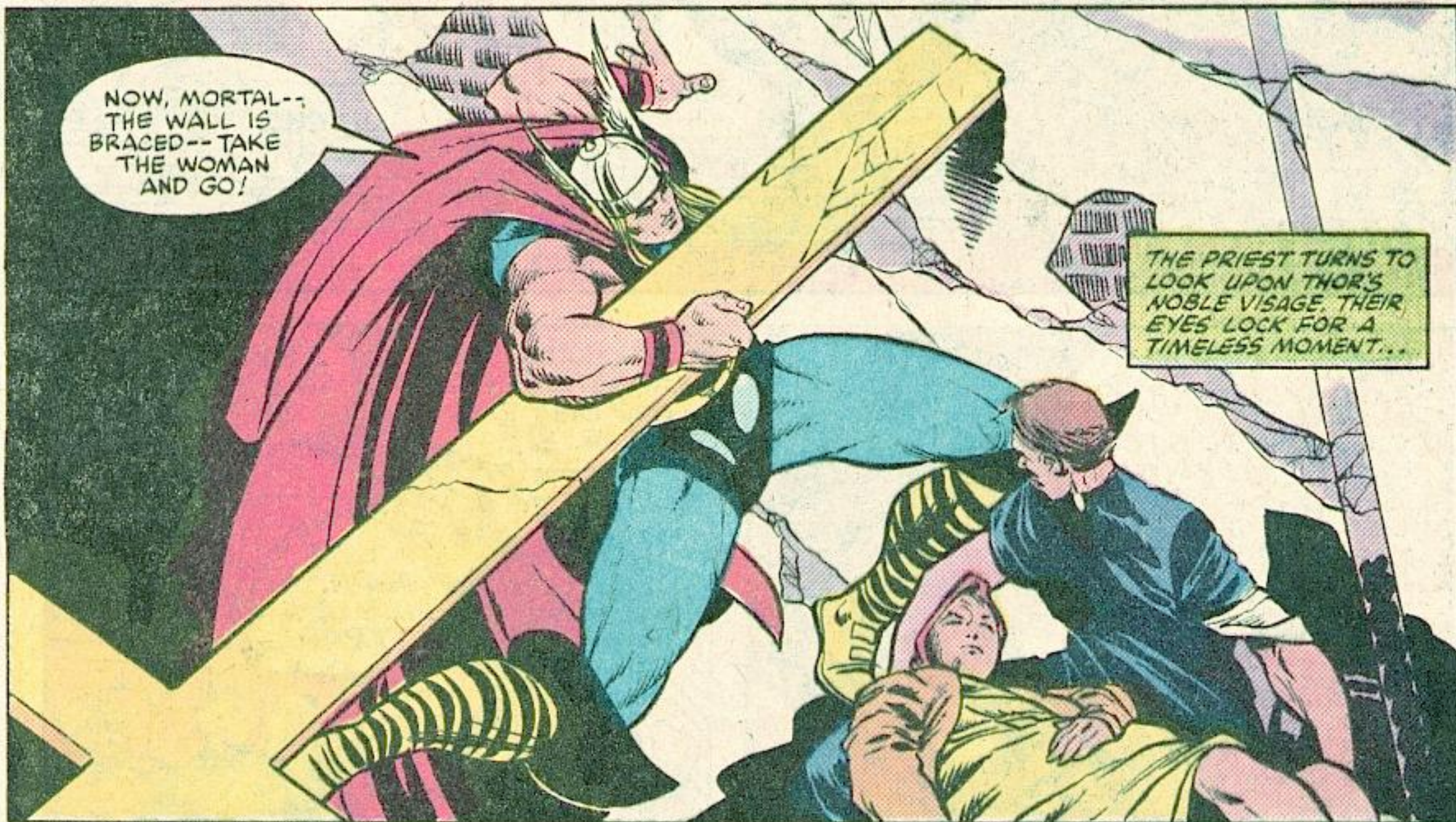
THE CROSS-- FALLING-- AND THE WALL IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW!

FORGIVE ME, MRS. SHEEHAN...



...BUT MY ARM--! I...I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO GO ON...

AYE-- BUT THOR HAS STRENGTH ENOUGH!



NOW, MORTAL-- THE WALL IS BRACED-- TAKE THE WOMAN AND GO!

THE PRIEST TURNS TO LOOK UPON THOR'S NOBLE VISAGE. THEIR EYES LOCK FOR A TIMELESS MOMENT...



...CONJURING A STORM OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS...

YOU... YOU ARE A GOD... BUT THEN, IF YOU... AND NOT HIM... HAS MY FAITH BEEN RESTORED ONLY FOR ME TO FIND THAT IT HAS BEEN... MISPLACED?

THERE BE MANY GODS WORSHIPPED ON THIS EARTH, FATHER COZA, THROUGHOUT THIS UNIVERSE...



THEY ARE GIVEN TRUTH BY THE STRENGTH OF FAITH AND THUS, THROUGH BELIEF AND PRAYER, ALL ARE MADE TRUE...

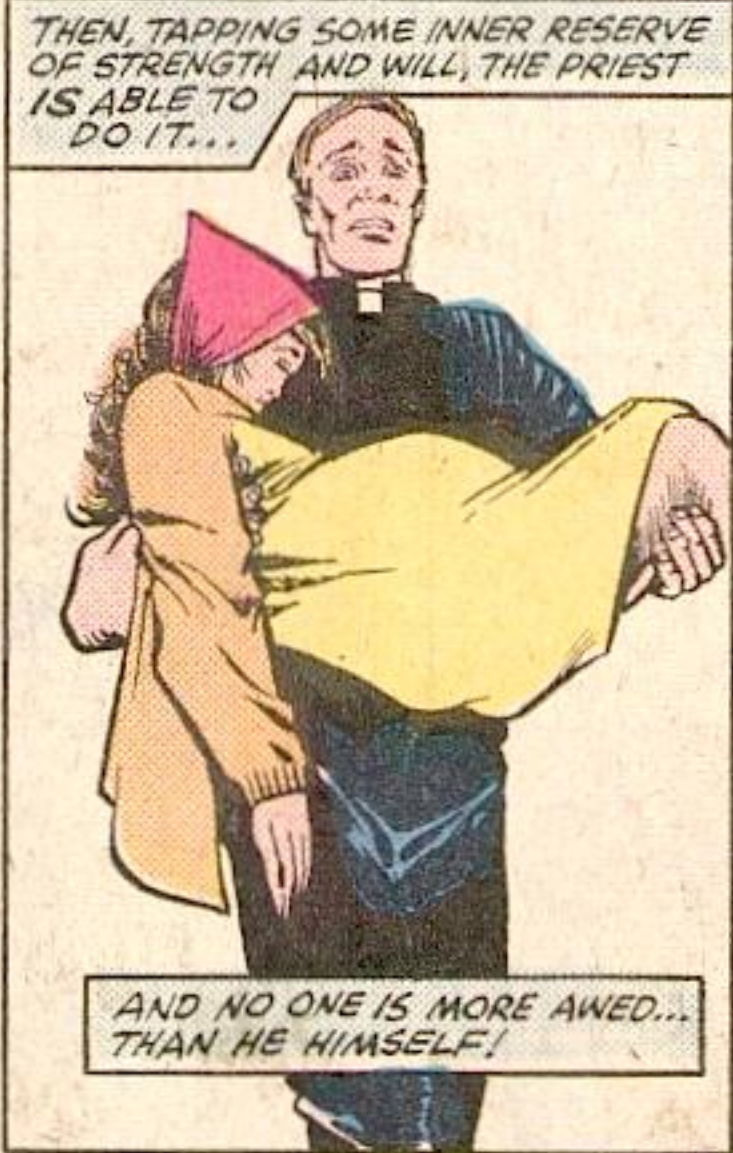
ALL SPRING FROM THE SAME UNIVERSAL HIGHER FORCE. YOUR FAITH IS NOT MISPLACED.



GO-- SAVE YOURSELF AND THE WOMAN!

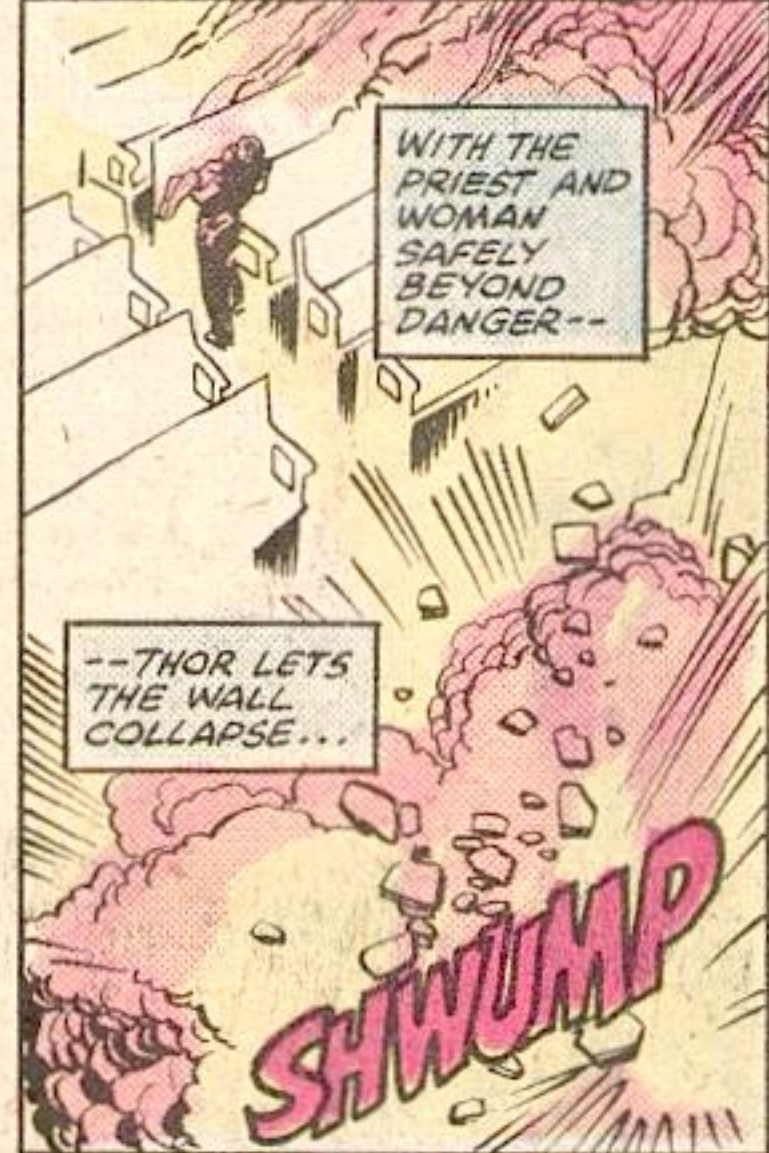
YOU CAN!

YOU HAVE THE FAITH! YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH! GO! DO IT!



THEN, TAPPING SOME INNER RESERVE OF STRENGTH AND WILL, THE PRIEST IS ABLE TO DO IT...

AND NO ONE IS MORE AWED... THAN HE HIMSELF!



WITH THE PRIEST AND WOMAN SAFELY BEYOND DANGER--

--THOR LETS THE WALL COLLAPSE...

SHWUMP

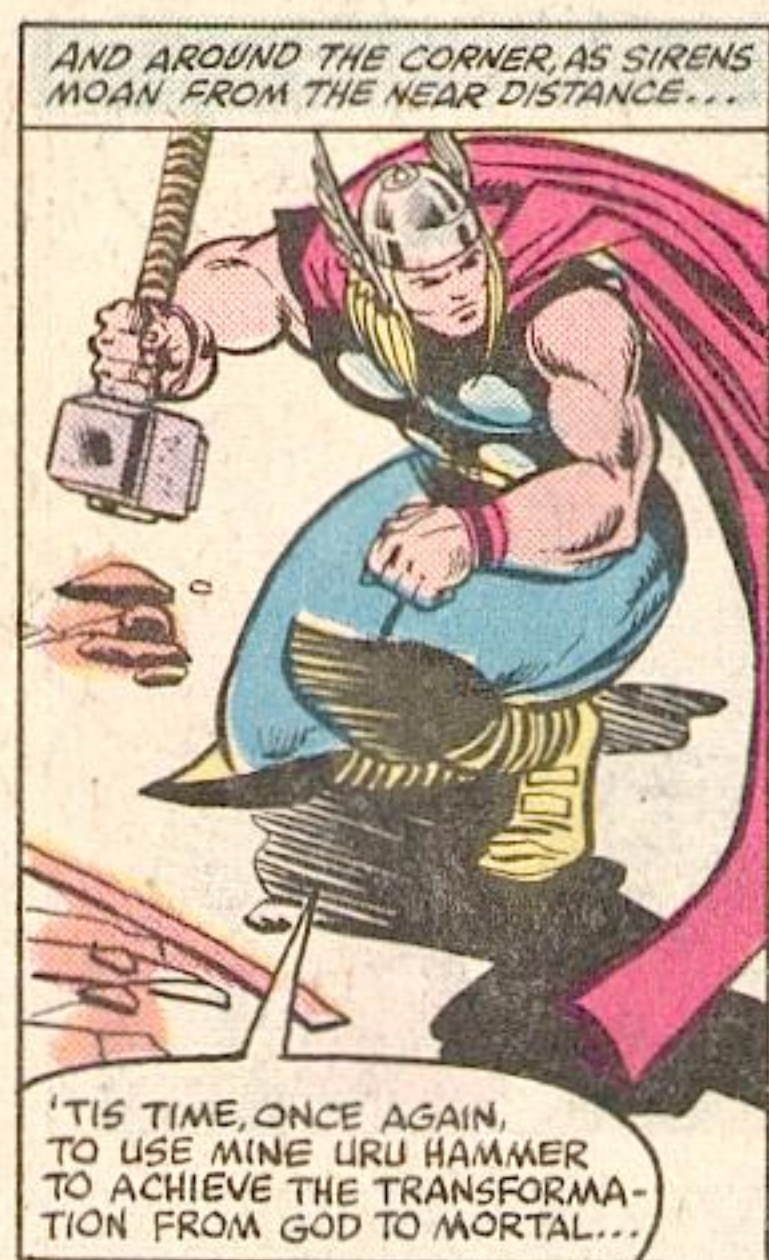


... THEN STRIDES, UNSCATHED, FROM THE RUBBLE!



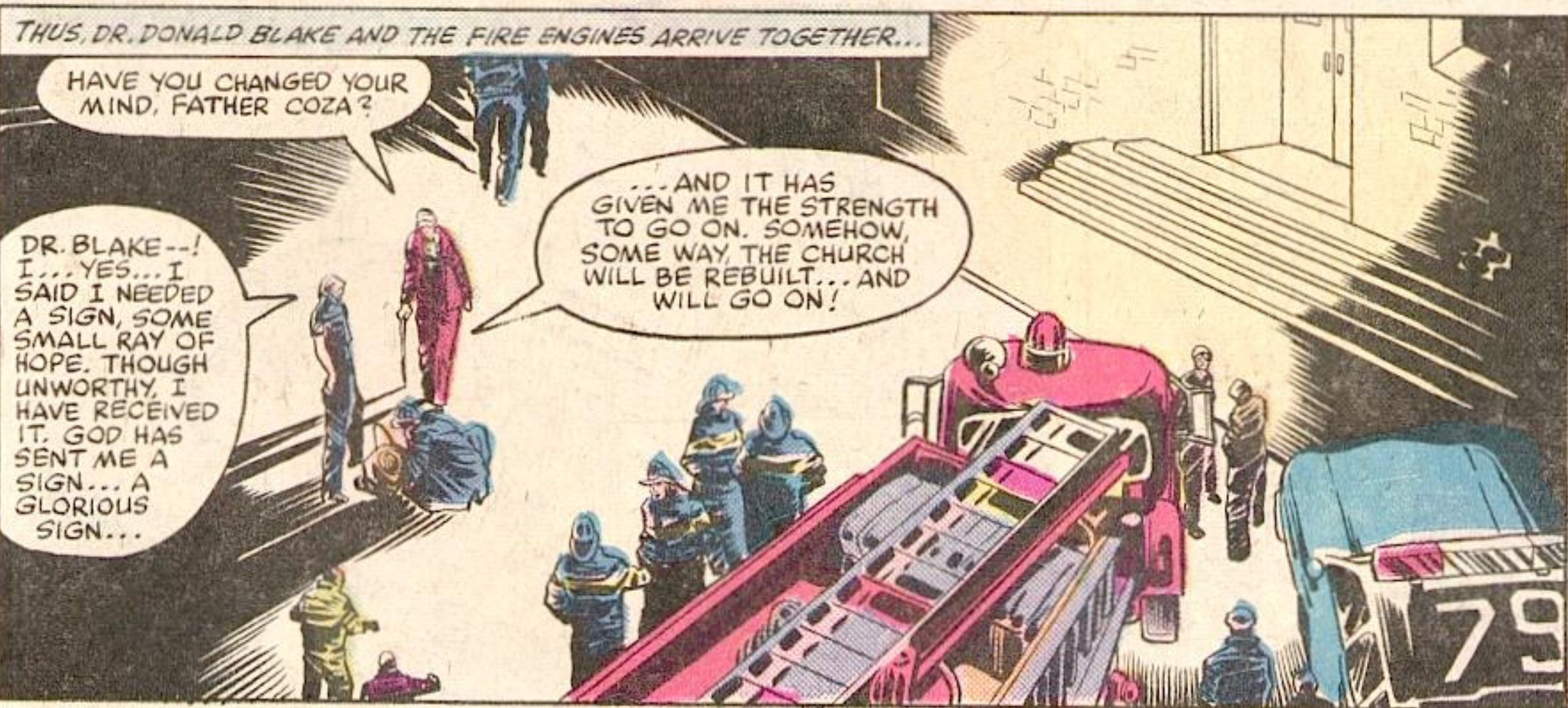
OUTSIDE, AS THE THUNDERSTORM DOUSES THE FIRE--

--A MAN WHO NEEDED COMFORT HIMSELF... NOW FINDS A WAY TO GIVE IT.



AND AROUND THE CORNER, AS SIRENS MOAN FROM THE NEAR DISTANCE...

'TIS TIME, ONCE AGAIN, TO USE MINE URU HAMMER TO ACHIEVE THE TRANSFORMATION FROM GOD TO MORTAL...



THUS, DR. DONALD BLAKE AND THE FIRE ENGINES ARRIVE TOGETHER...

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND, FATHER COZA?

DR. BLAKE--! I... YES... I SAID I NEEDED A SIGN, SOME SMALL RAY OF HOPE. THOUGH UNWORTHY, I HAVE RECEIVED IT. GOD HAS SENT ME A SIGN... A GLORIOUS SIGN...

... AND IT HAS GIVEN ME THE STRENGTH TO GO ON. SOMEHOW, SOME WAY, THE CHURCH WILL BE REBUILT... AND WILL GO ON!

EPILOGUE: THE NEXT DAY'S SUN IS MORE THAN UPLIFTING...



ALL THESE VOLUNTEERS PITCHING IN TO HELP CLEAN UP... PERHAPS I UNDERESTIMATED THE WORTH OF THE CHURCH IN THEIR LIVES. BUT IF SO, THEY CERTAINLY HAVE NOT...

STILL, NO MATTER HOW MANY VOLUNTEERS WE HAVE --



--IT WILL TAKE MONEY TO REBUILD...AND TO GET THE NECESSARY MONEY, IT WILL TAKE A MIRACLE...

FATHER COZA...?



YES? YOU ARE...?

I...UH...I'M A-ANGELO SIMONI, FATHER...



THE MOBSTER KNEELS, KISSES THE PRIEST'S HAND...

I...I JUST WANTED TO...



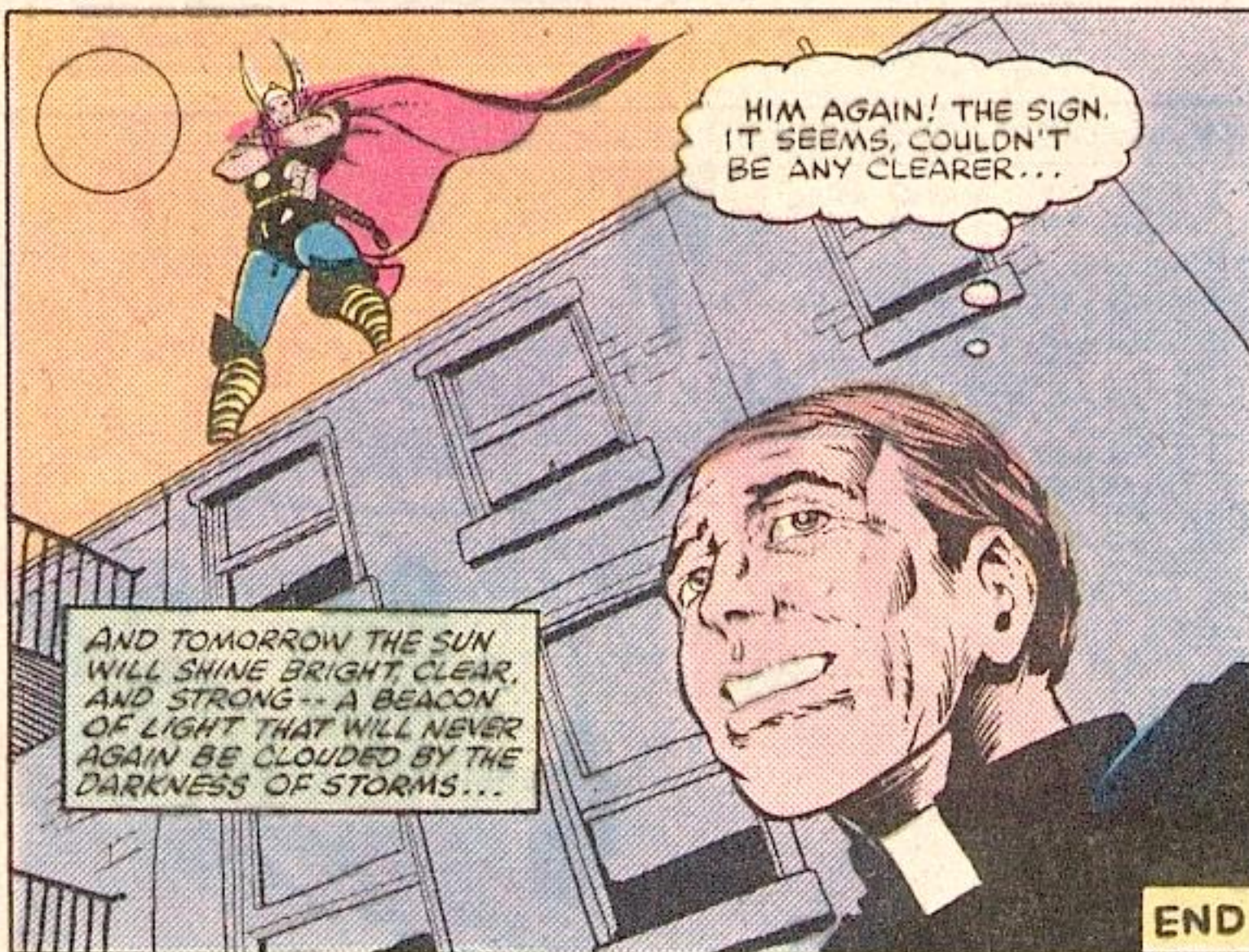
...TO MAKE A DONATION TO THE CHURCH, FATHER... AND PLEASE... FORGIVE ME. I HAVE... SINNED.



AND ALL THE STORMS, ALL OF THEM-- OF FEAR AND HATE AND GREED AND WRATH-- ALL OF THEM ABATE AS ONE...

BUT...HOW? WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED SUCH A CHANGE IN A MAN LIKE THAT?

WAIT-- UP THERE--!



HIM AGAIN! THE SIGN. IT SEEMS, COULDN'T BE ANY CLEARER...

AND TOMORROW THE SUN WILL SHINE BRIGHT CLEAR, AND STRONG-- A BEACON OF LIGHT THAT WILL NEVER AGAIN BE CLOUDED BY THE DARKNESS OF STORMS...

END

**SPECIAL
BONUS
FEATURE**

THE LEGENDARY GODS OF ASGARD

THOR THE GOD OF THUNDER AND WIELDER OF THE INVINCIBLE URU HAMMER-- MJOLNIR... WHICH ENABLES HIM TO SUMMON THE STORM, SOAR THROUGH THE HEAVENS, AND SMITE HIS ACCURSED FOES! BLOODSON OF ODIN AND THE EARTH-GODDESS CALLED JORD, THE MIGHTY THOR IS BOTH PRINCE OF ASGARD AND DEFENDER OF EARTH!

FIRST APPEARANCE: JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY # 83.

SIF GODDESS OF THE HARVEST AND THE HUNT... SISTER OF HEIMDALL, THE GUARDIAN OF THE RAINBOW BRIDGE... AND BELOVED OF THE THUNDER GOD HIMSELF!

FIRST APPEARANCE: JOURNEY IN MYSTERY # 102.



Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
MARK GRUENWALD
scribe
KEITH POLLARD
artist
JOHN COSTANZA, G. ROUSSOS
letters colors
HAVE JOINED FORCES TO
PRODUCE A PANTHEON OF
POWER-PACKED PIN-UPS
TO PULVERIZE YOUR PUPILS
AND TO JUST PLAIN PLEASE
YOU! 'NUFFETH SAID!

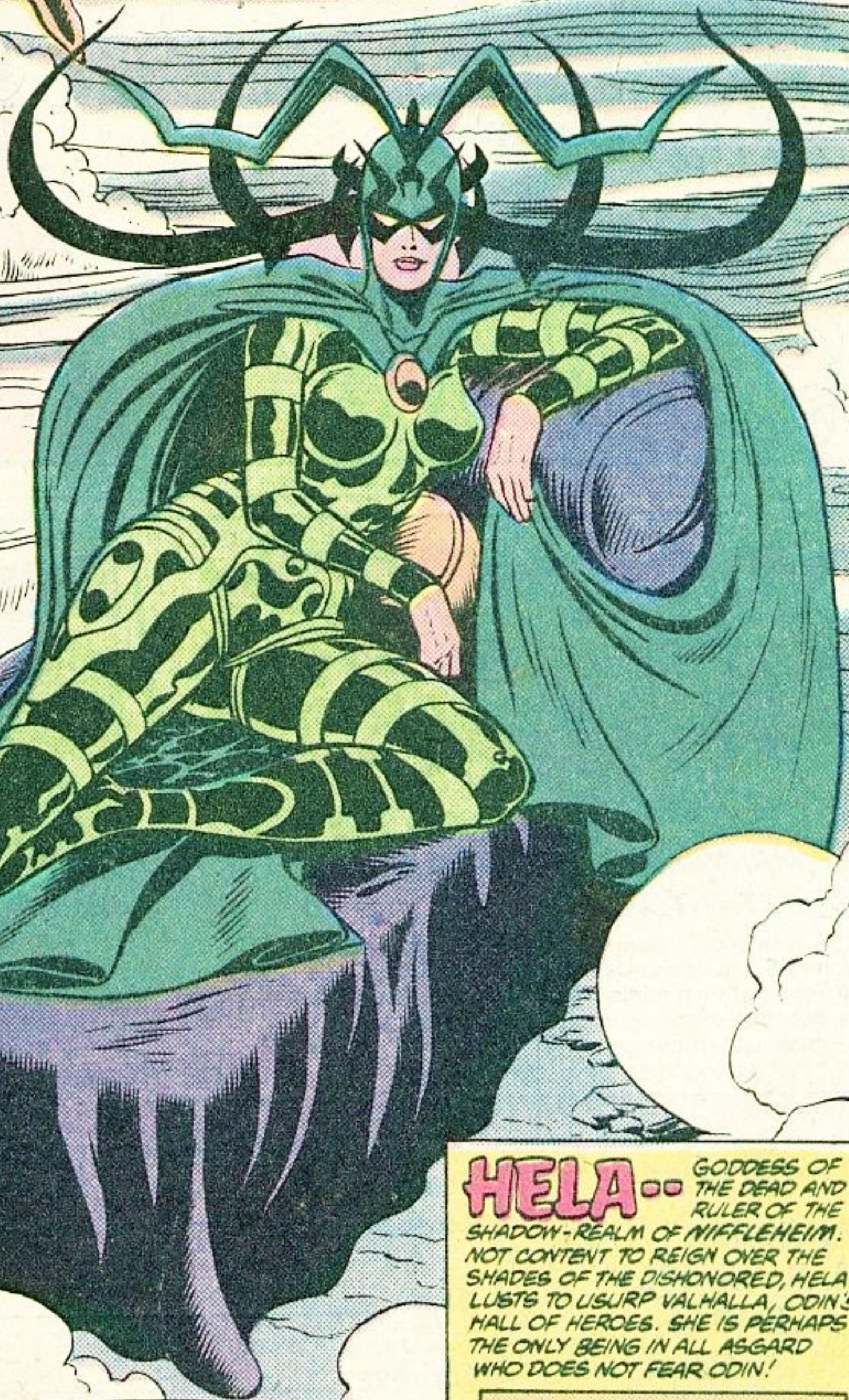


**SPECIAL
BONUS
FEATURE**

THE LEGENDARY GODS OF ASGARD

VOLLA— THE AGED
GODDESS
OF PROPHECY!
A DWELLER IN THE LAND OF SHADES,
SHE IS PERHAPS THE ONLY MEMBER
OF THE RACE OF NORNS THAT ODIN
TRUSTS.

FIRST APPEARANCE: THOR #127.



HELA— GODDESS OF
THE DEAD AND
RULER OF THE
SHADOW-REALM OF NIFFLEHEIM.
NOT CONTENT TO REIGN OVER THE
SHADES OF THE DISHONORED, HELA
LUSTS TO USURP VALHALLA, ODIN'S
HALL OF HEROES. SHE IS PERHAPS
THE ONLY BEING IN ALL ASGARD
WHO DOES NOT FEAR ODIN!

FIRST APPEARANCE:
JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #102.

**SPECIAL
BONUS
FEATURE**

THE LEGENDARY GODS OF ASGARD

LOKI

OD GOD OF MISCHIEF AND STUNTED SPAWN OF THE STORM-GIANTS! ADOPTED BY ODIN SHORTLY AFTER BIRTH, LOKI WAS EVER RESENTFUL OF HIS HALF-BROTHER THOR. USING HIS ABILITIES TO BEND THE LAWS OF NATURE, LOKI HAS BEEN THE SCOURGE OF ASGARD, CONSTANTLY PLOTTING ITS DOWNFALL!

FIRST APPEARANCE: *JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY* #85.

SIGYN

OD DUTIFUL WIFE TO WICKED LOKI AND GODDESS OF FIDELITY. LIKE HER HUSBAND, SHE TOO IS SKILLED IN THE ARTS OF MAGIC, AND ONLY SHE CAN KEEP LOKI FROM INCURRING THE EVERLASTING WRATH OF THE GODS.

FIRST APPEARANCE: *THOR* #275.

pollard

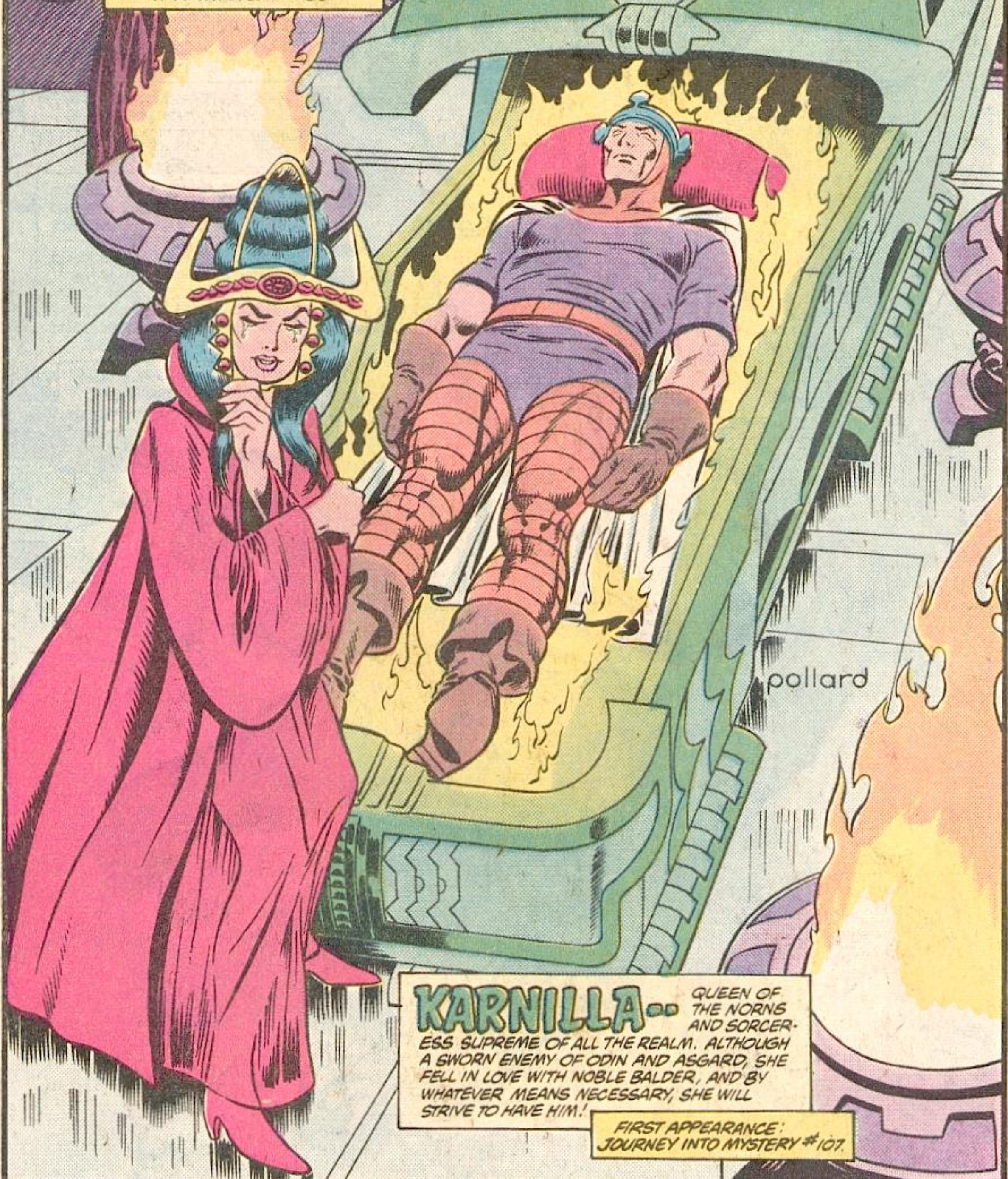
**SPECIAL
BONUS
FEATURE**

THE LEGENDARY GODS OF ASGARD

BALDER

GOD OF LIGHT
AND REBIRTH
AND BELOVED
SON OF FRIGGA. ONCE A VALOROUS
WARRIOR, HE WAS DISPATCHED THROUGH
TREACHERY TO THE REALM OF SHADES!
AFTER CROSSING THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH,
HE HAS MIRACULOUSLY RETURNED!

FIRST APPEARANCE: JOURNEY
INTO MYSTERY # 85.



KARNILLA

QUEEN OF
THE NORNS
AND SORCER-
ESS SUPREME OF ALL THE REALM. ALTHOUGH
A SWORN ENEMY OF ODIN AND ASGARD, SHE
FELL IN LOVE WITH NOBLE BALDER, AND BY
WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY, SHE WILL
STRIVE TO HAVE HIM!

FIRST APPEARANCE:
JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #107.

**SPECIAL
BONUS
FEATURE**

THE LEGENDARY GODS OF ASGARD

ODIN

LORD OF ASGARD AND RULER OF THE REALM OF ETHERNAL! THE EMBODIMENT OF FIVE ELDER GODS, ODIN BESTOWED LIFE UPON ALL THE GODS AND GODDESSES OF ASGARD AT THE DAWN OF THE NEW AGE. HAILED BY THE GODS AS ALL-FATHER, HIS ONLY TRUE BLOODSON IS THOR!

FIRST APPEARANCE: JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY # 85.



FRIGGA

QUEEN OF ASGARD AND FAITHFUL WIFE TO ODIN. THE MOTHER-GODDESS OF HEARTH AND HOME AND MARRIAGE, SHE ALONE CAN TAME ODIN'S RAGES OR ROUSE HIM FROM HIS BROODING.

FIRST APPEARANCE: JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY # 92.

pollard