

FEB #304 50c

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# THE MIGHTY THOR™



DOLLARD RUBINSTEIN

THIS IS IT, BOYS!!  
**WASTE HIM!**

IT HAD TO HAPPEN! THOR TACKLES THE COMBINED MIGHT OF BULLDOZER, PILEDRIVER, WRECKER AND THUNDERBALL --

## THE WRECKING CREW!

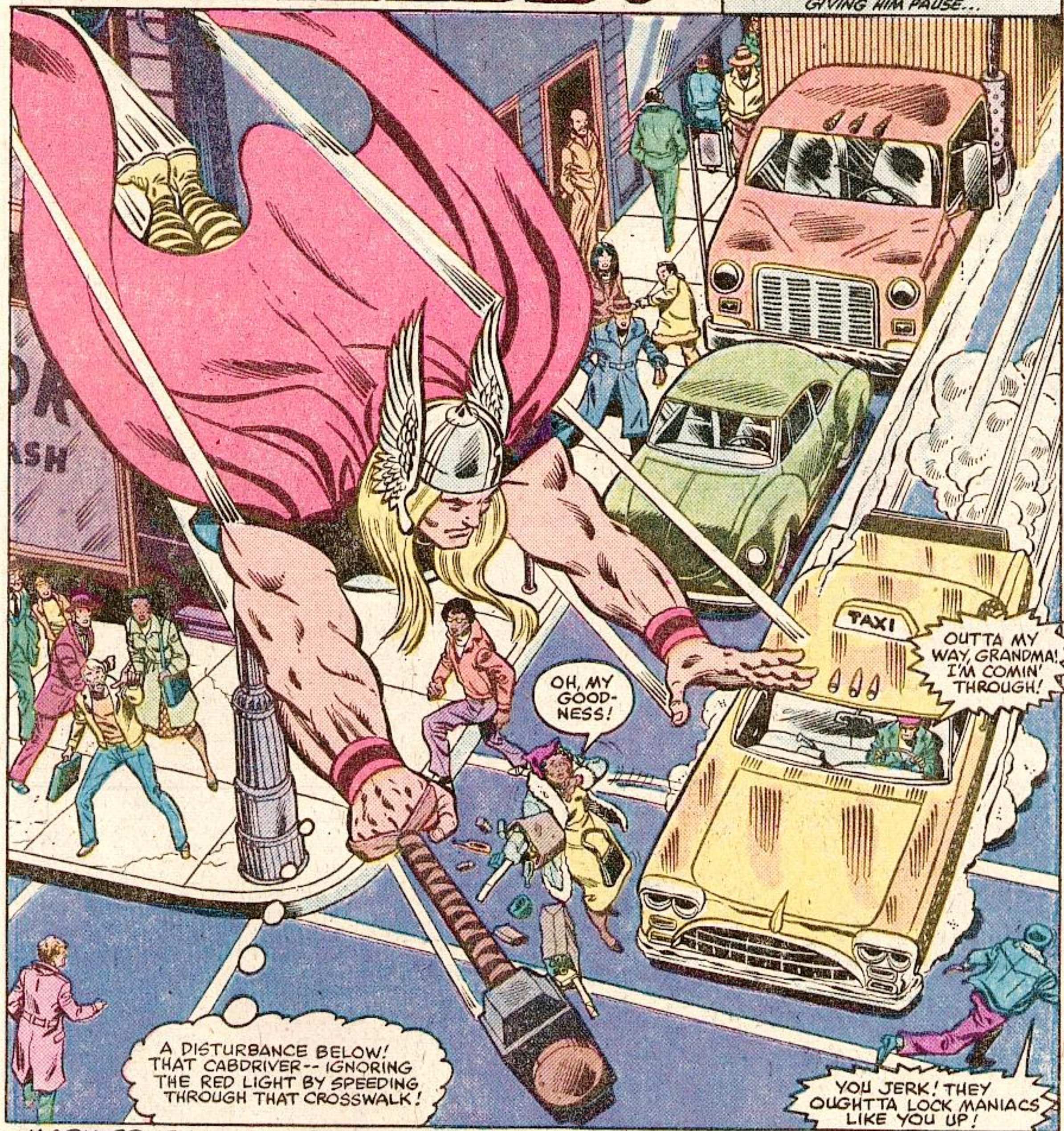


When DR. DONALD BLAKE strikes his wooden walking-stick upon the ground, it becomes the mystic hammer MJOLNIR—and the lame physician is transformed into the Norse God of Thunder, Master of the Storm, Lord of the Living Lightning—and heir to the throne of eternal Asgard...

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE MIGHTY THOR!**

## **RECKLESS!**

THE MAJESTIC FIGURE OF MIGHTY THOR STREAKS OVER MANHATTAN, AN OBJECT OF WONDER TO COUNTLESS PASSERSBY BELOW--UNTIL THE LOUD SQUEAL OF SPINNING TIRES UPSTAGES THE THUNDER GOD'S DRAMATIC FLIGHT, GIVING HIM PAUSE...



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NORMALLY, SUCH PLEAS OF PEDESTRIANS GO UNHEEDED, BUT ON THIS OCCASION, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT-- A RECKONING IS IN ORDER.

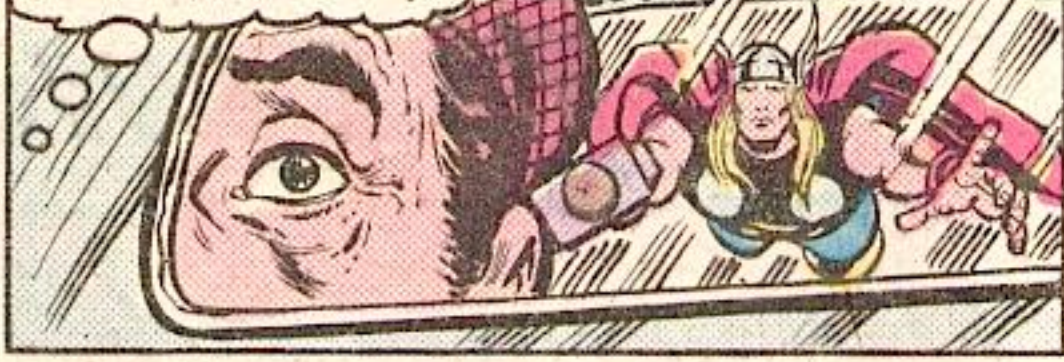
CRAZY BROAD! WHAT'S SHE COMPLAININ' ABOUT? THAT'S PROBABLY THE MOST EXCITIN' THING THAT'S HAPPENED TA THE OLD BAG IN YEARS!



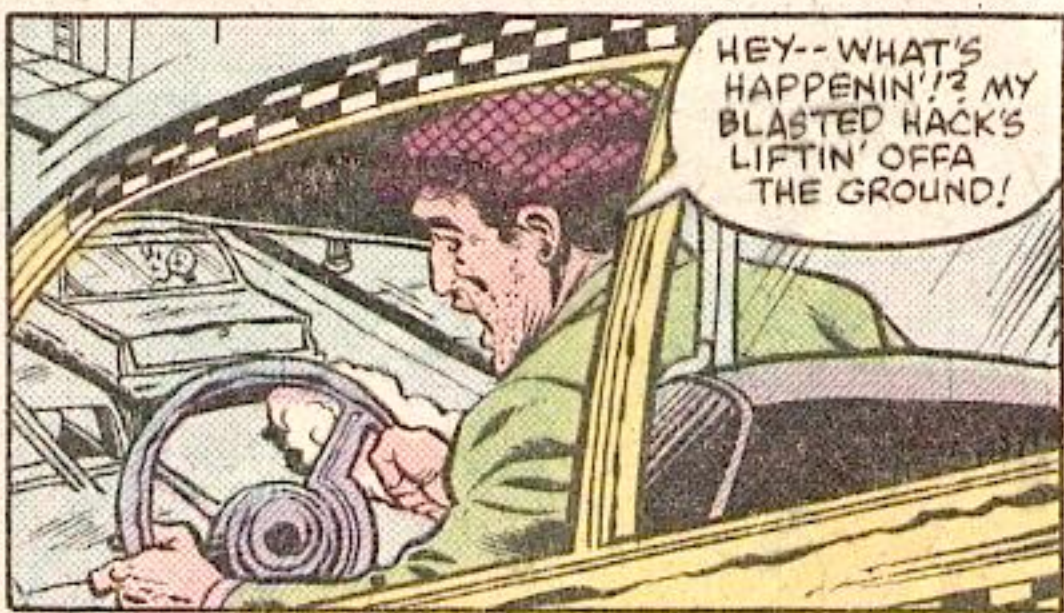
BESIDES, WHATTA I CARE ABOUT PEDESTRIANS! THE WHOLE BUNCH OF 'EM ARE NUISANCES-- ALWAYS GETTIN' IN MY WAY!



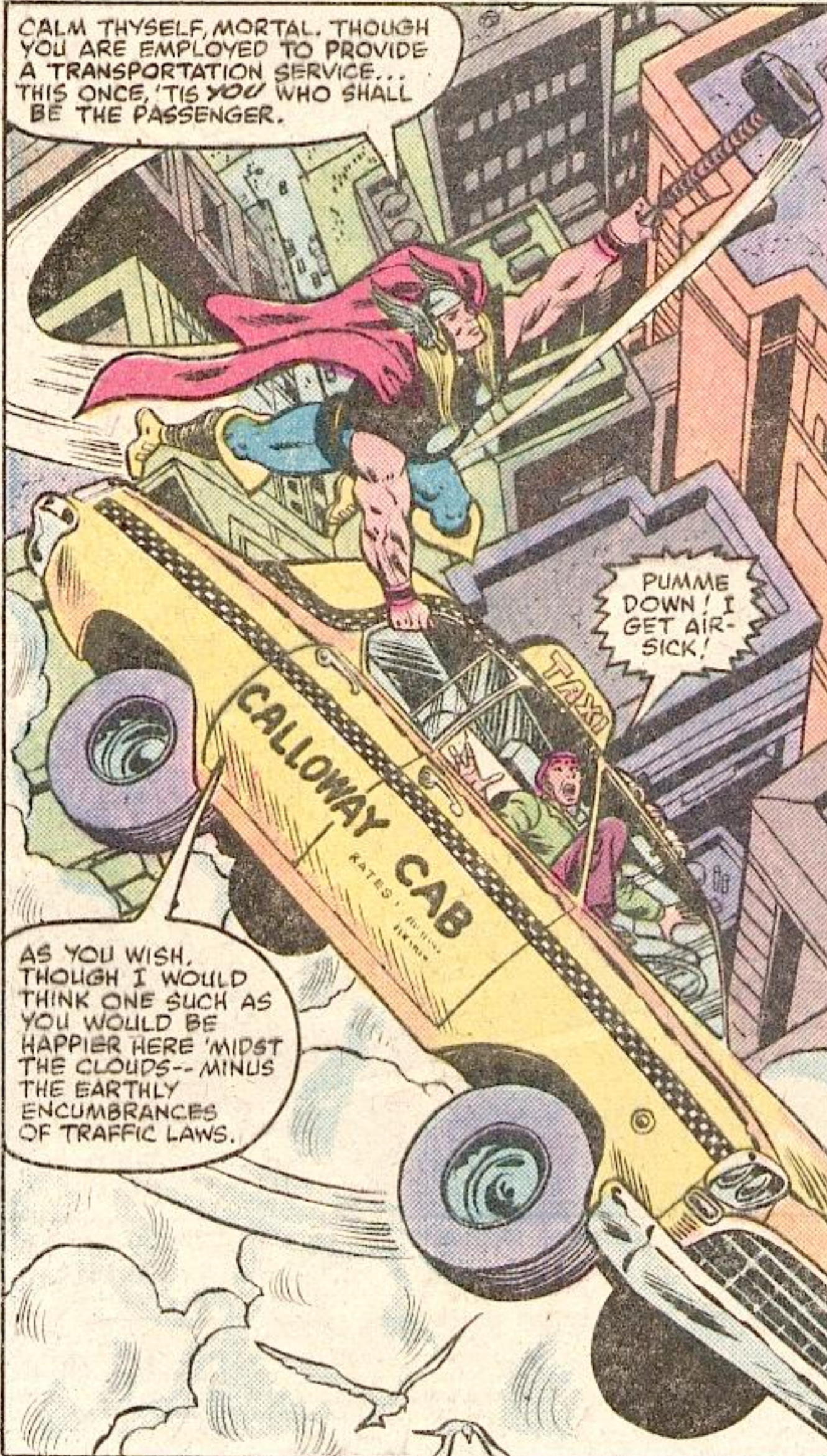
UH OH! I BEEN CHASED BY ALL KINDA NUTS IN MY DAY... BUT I AIN'T NEVER HAD NOBODY COME FLYIN' AFTER ME!



HEY-- WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!? MY BLASTED HACK'S LIFTIN' OFFA THE GROUND!



CALM THYSELF, MORTAL. THOUGH YOU ARE EMPLOYED TO PROVIDE A TRANSPORTATION SERVICE... THIS ONCE, 'TIS YOU WHO SHALL BE THE PASSENGER.

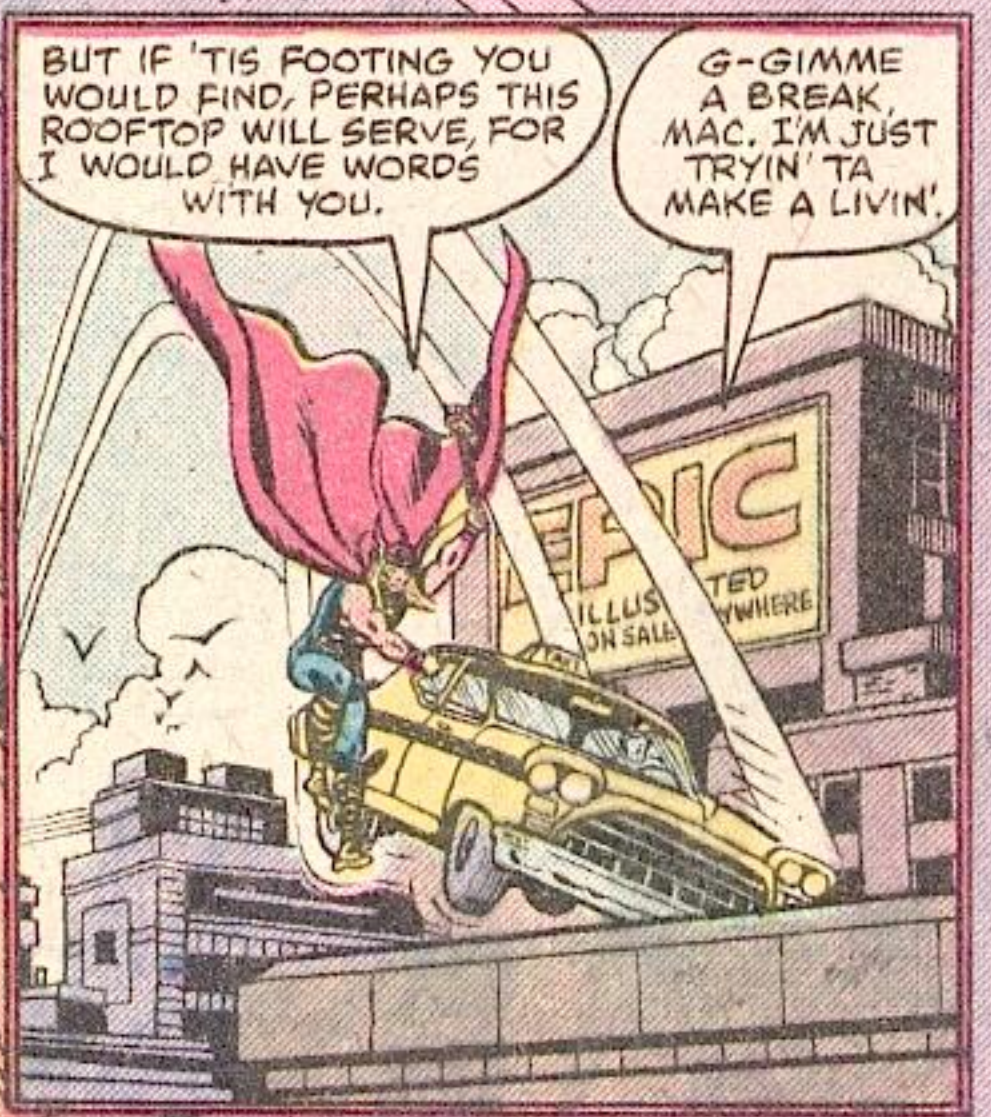


PUMME DOWN! I GET AIR-SICK!

AS YOU WISH, THOUGH I WOULD THINK ONE SUCH AS YOU WOULD BE HAPPIER HERE 'MIDST THE CLOUDS-- MINUS THE EARTHLY ENCUMBRANCES OF TRAFFIC LAWS.

BUT IF 'TIS FOOTING YOU WOULD FIND, PERHAPS THIS ROOFTOP WILL SERVE, FOR I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU.

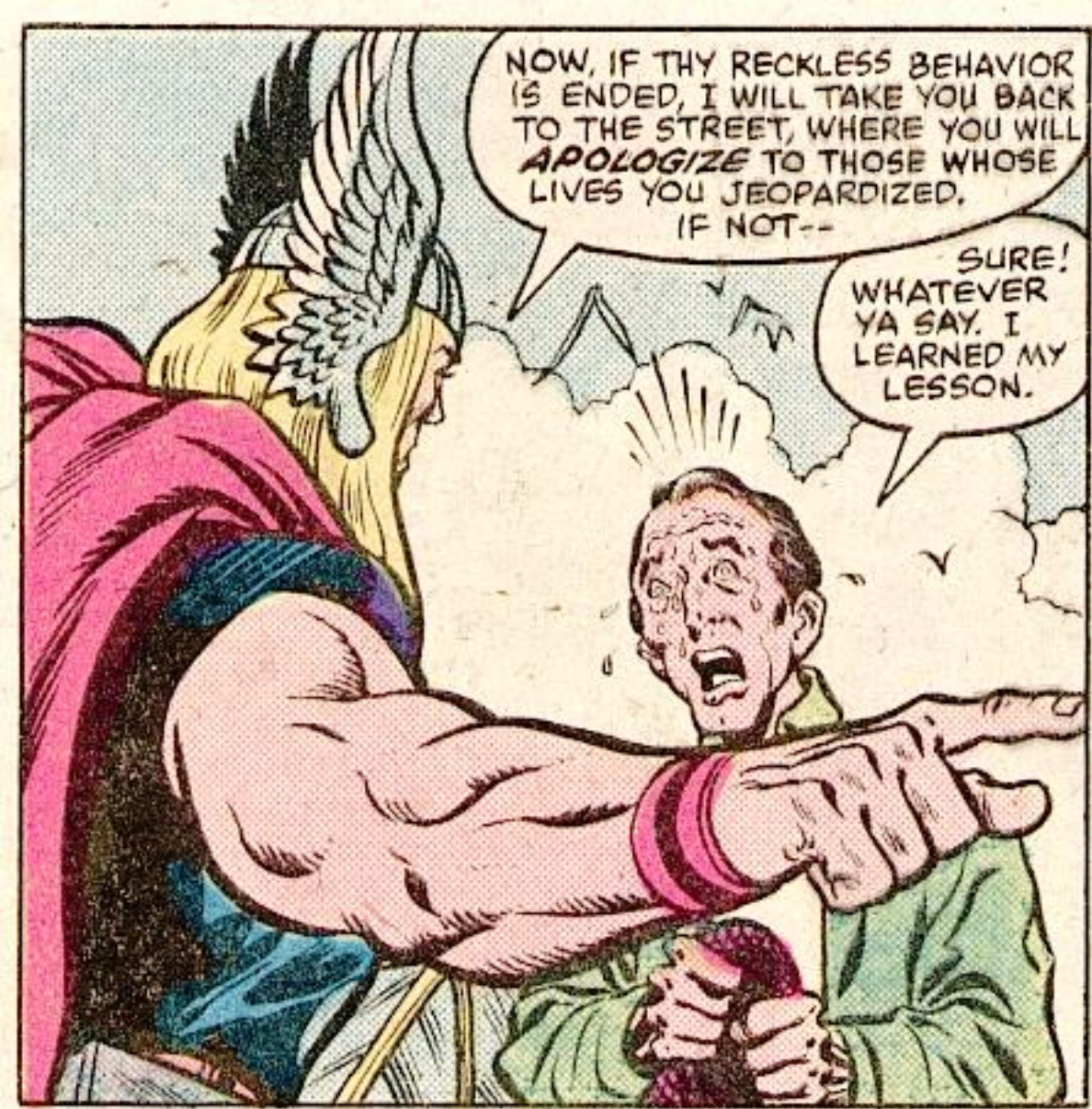
G-GIMME A BREAK, MAC. I'M JUST TRYIN' TA MAKE A LIVIN'!



MAKE A LIVING?! HOW-- BY CAUSING INJURY TO THOSE YOU WOULD SERVE... BY ENDANGERING LIVES IN PURSUIT OF PROFIT?

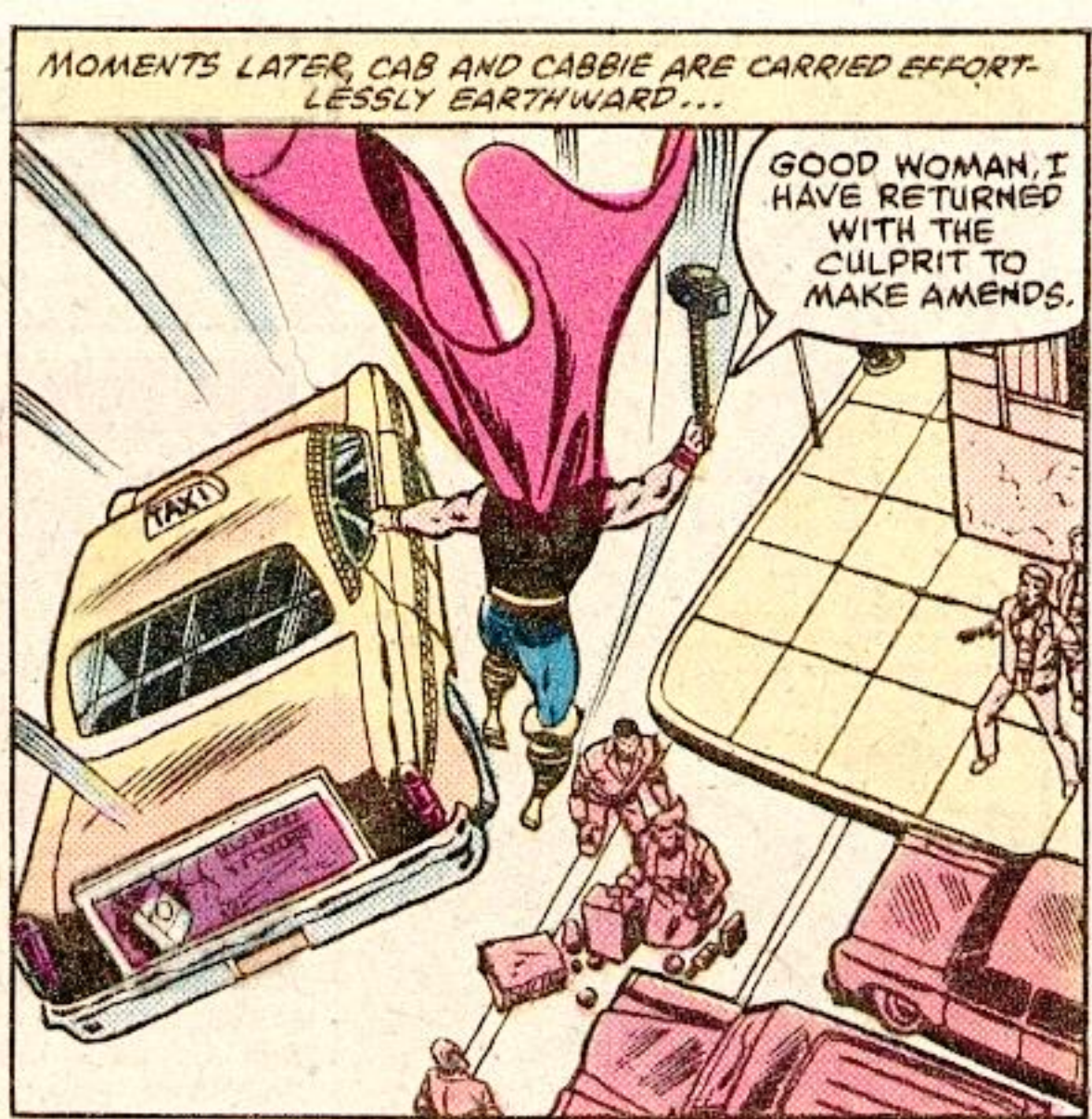


Y-YEAH... I-I MEAN NO! NO!



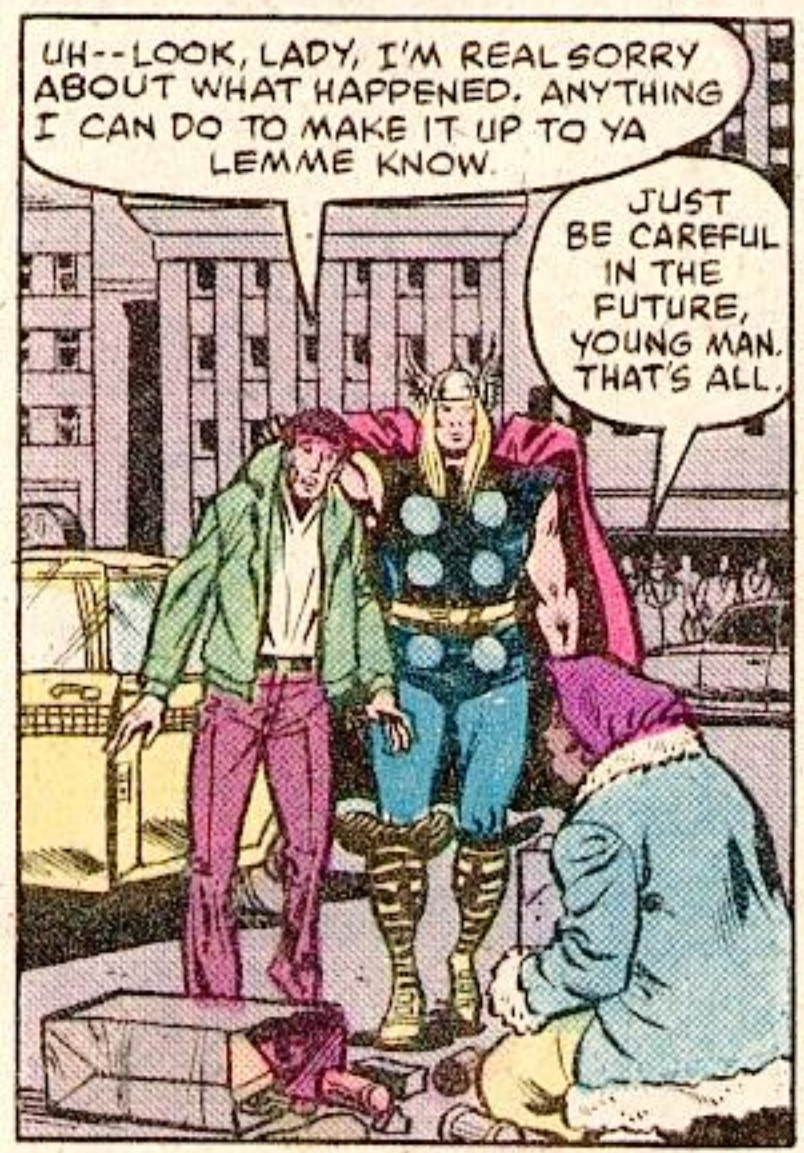
NOW, IF THY RECKLESS BEHAVIOR IS ENDED, I WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE STREET, WHERE YOU WILL **APOLOGIZE** TO THOSE WHOSE LIVES YOU JEOPARDIZED. IF NOT--

SURE! WHATEVER YA SAY. I LEARNED MY LESSON.



MOMENTS LATER, CAB AND CABBIE ARE CARRIED EFFORTLESSLY EARTHWARD...

GOOD WOMAN, I HAVE RETURNED WITH THE **CULPRIT** TO MAKE AMENDS.



UH--LOOK, LADY, I'M REAL SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. ANYTHING I CAN DO TO MAKE IT UP TO YA LEMME KNOW.

JUST BE CAREFUL IN THE FUTURE, YOUNG MAN. THAT'S ALL.

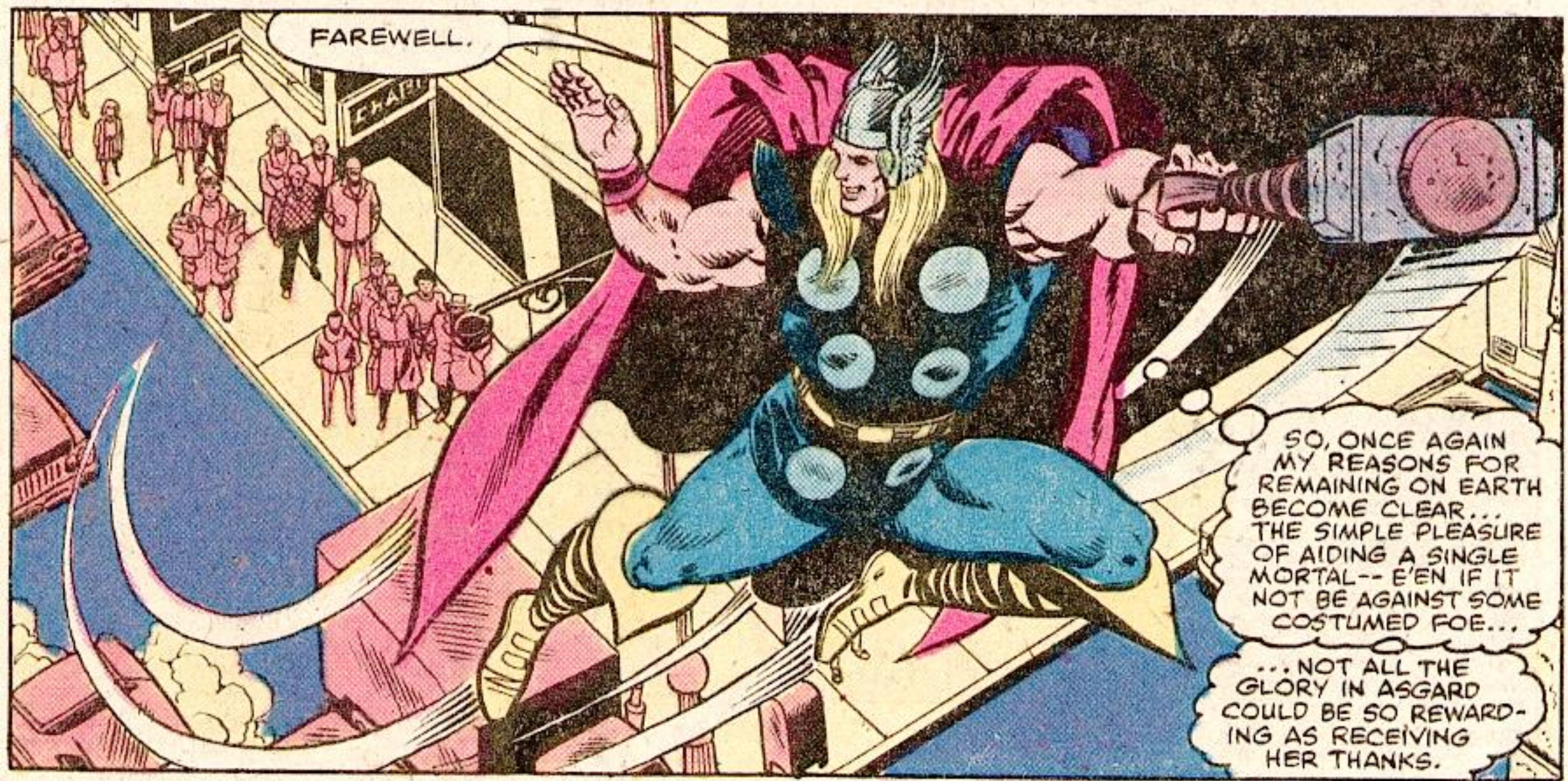


THANK YOU, MISTER THOR. BUT IT REALLY WOULDN'T MATTER EVEN IF I WAS STRUCK AND KILLED. I'M ALONE--NO HUSBAND OR RELATIVES...THE WORLD WOULDN'T MISS ONE LESS OLD LADY.



MADAME, I WOULD. AGE DOES NOT DIMINISH ONE'S WORTH. EACH LIFE IS PRECIOUS BEYOND ALL UNDERSTANDING. YOU **ARE** IMPORTANT.

REMEMBER THIS ALWAYS.



FAREWELL.

SO, ONCE AGAIN MY REASONS FOR REMAINING ON EARTH BECOME CLEAR... THE SIMPLE PLEASURE OF AIDING A SINGLE MORTAL-- E'EN IF IT NOT BE AGAINST SOME COSTUMED FOE...

...NOT ALL THE GLORY IN ASGARD COULD BE SO REWARDING AS RECEIVING HER THANKS.

BUT NOW, 'TIS TIME FOR THE GODLY VISAGE OF THOR--



--TO BE REPLACED BY THAT OF HIS MORTAL COUNTERPART, THE LAME PHYSICIAN, DR. DONALD BLAKE.

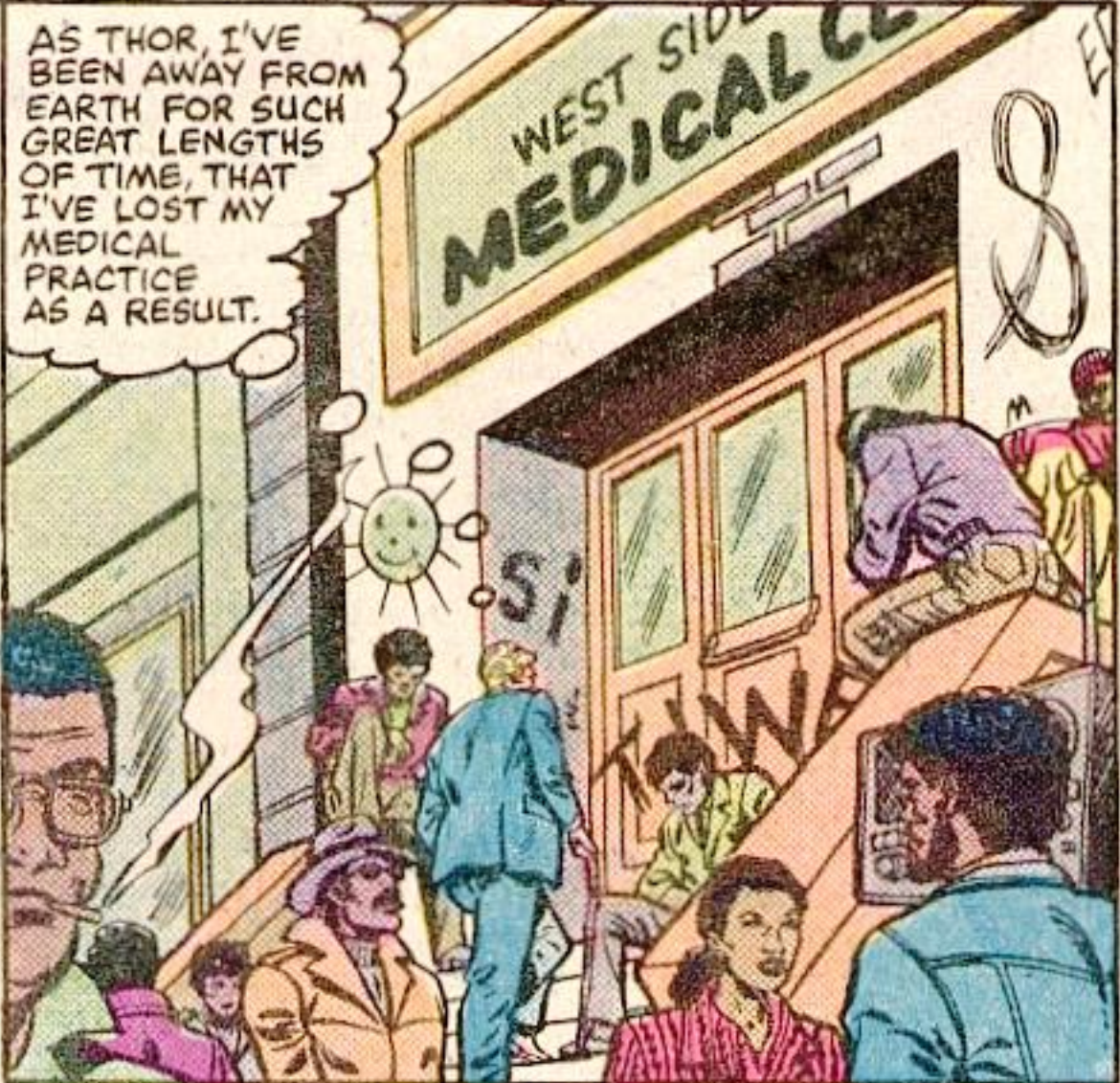
THE DRAMATIC FIGURE STAMPS HIS ENCHANTED MALLET ONCE UPON THE GROUND, CAUSING A MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION.



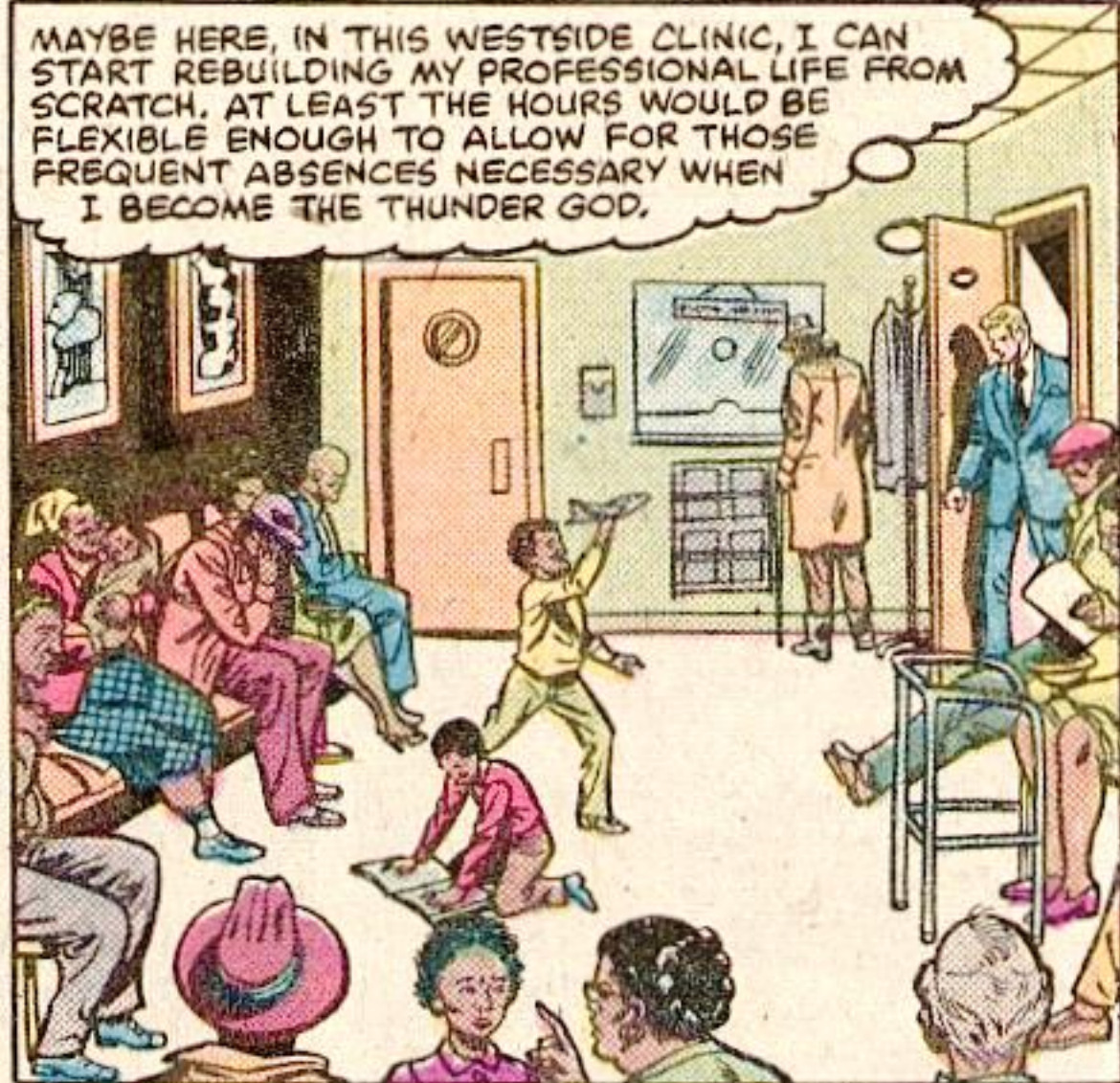
WHA--? I BEEN STANDIN' HERE AN HOUR AND I DIDN'T SEE THIS GUY WALK IN THE ALLEY, WHERE'S HE COMIN' FROM?



AS THOR, I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM EARTH FOR SUCH GREAT LENGTHS OF TIME, THAT I'VE LOST MY MEDICAL PRACTICE AS A RESULT.



MAYBE HERE, IN THIS WESTSIDE CLINIC, I CAN START REBUILDING MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE FROM SCRATCH. AT LEAST THE HOURS WOULD BE FLEXIBLE ENOUGH TO ALLOW FOR THOSE FREQUENT ABSENCES NECESSARY WHEN I BECOME THE THUNDER GOD.



MY NAME IS BLAKE, I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DR. JEFFRIES.



YES, GO RIGHT IN.

I'M LIONEL JEFFRIES. WHAT BRINGS YOU UP THIS WAY, BLAKE?

A PROFESSIONAL FRIEND OF MINE SUGGESTED I TRY FOR A POSITION HERE SOME TIME AGO. \*



\*THOR #267--J.S.

I HAD A PRIVATE PRACTICE FOR SOME YEARS-- BUT I UK, BEGAN TRAVELING, AND KEEPING IT BECAME MORE THAN I COULD HANDLE.



SO YOU LOST YOUR PRACTICE--

--RAN OUT OF MONEY, AND NOW WANT TO START AT THE BOTTOM AGAIN. FRANKLY, I'M SKEPTICAL, DR. BLAKE.



BUT WHEN A PHYSICIAN OF YOUR PAST REPUTATION AND SKILL COMES KNOCKING AT MY DOOR, I WILL MOST CERTAINLY GIVE YOU SOME CONSIDERATION.



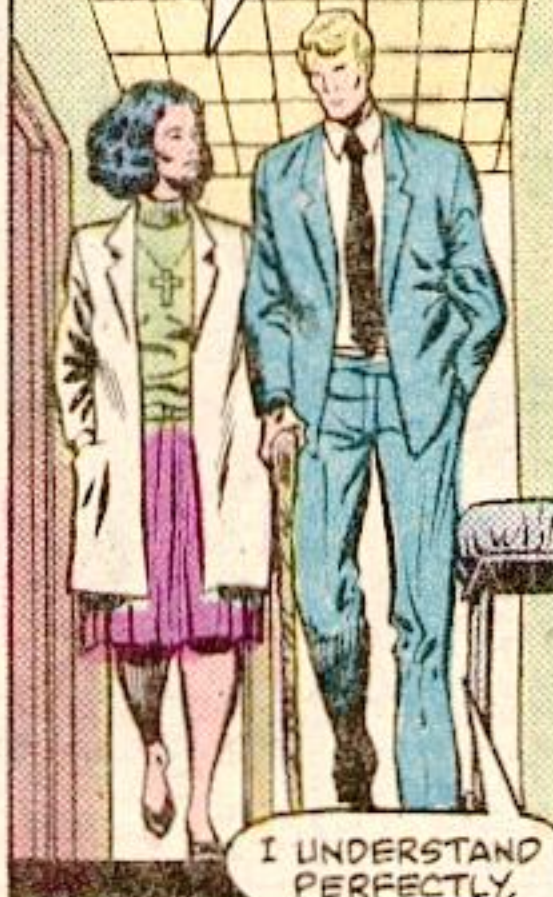
THAT'S FINE, DOCTOR. I'VE LEFT A HOTEL NUMBER I CAN BE REACHED AT.

YOU SHOULD HEAR FROM ME BY THE END OF THE WEEK. IF YOU'D LIKE, CARLA WILL SHOW YOU THE FACILITY.



COME RIGHT THIS WAY, DOCTOR.

I HOPE HE WASN'T TOO ROUGH ON YOU. HE HAS A LOT ON HIS MIND, JUST KEEPING THE CLINIC ABOVE WATER.



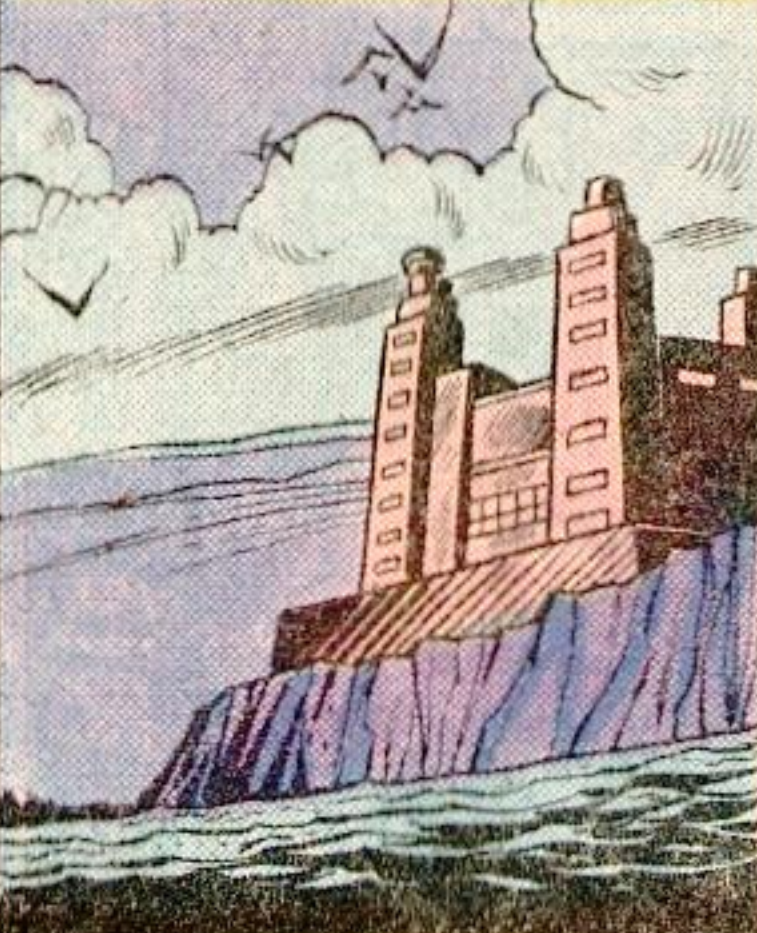
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY.

THIS IS OUR NEW X-RAY LAB. I'M SURE IF YOU'RE TAKEN ON, YOU'LL BECOME QUITE FAMILIAR WITH IT.



XRAY

AND AS ONE TOUR BEGINS, ANOTHER IS REACHING ITS CONCLUSION-- THIS ONE AT MANHATTAN'S RYKERS ISLAND PRISON.



NOW LISSEN UP, HEINTZ. THIS IS THE IMPOUNDED WEAPONS ROOM, WHERE WE KEEP JUNK CONFISCATED FROM THOSE SUPER-POWERED CRIMINALS WE GOT COOLING IN CELL BLOCK 8.



SOMETIMES WE HANG ONTO THE STUFF, OTHER TIMES IT GETS TRANSFERRED ELSEWHERE FOR STUDY. DEPENDS ON WHAT THE FEDS WANT TO DO.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT-- YOUR JOB IS JUST TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON THINGS TILL YOU'RE RELIEVED, AND KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THE MERCHANDISE-- I MEAN IT. SOME OF IT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS.



THIS PLACE IS A DISORGANIZED MESS. I DON'T SUPPOSE IT WOULD HURT TO STRAIGHTEN IT UP A BIT.



MIGHT EVEN PICK UP A FEW EXTRA POINTS AT THE FRONT OFFICE.

I WONDER WHAT IN HECK THIS CROWBAR IS DOING HERE WITH ALL THIS SCIENTIFIC STUFF.



UH OH. IT'S STARTING TO GLOW.

I-IT'S CRAZY, I CAN HEAR SOME VOICE IN MY HEAD TELLING ME TO WALK OUT OF HERE.



I CAN'T RESIST...CAN'T HELP MYSELF, I'M BEING FORCED TO OBEY.



HEY! AM I SEEING THINGS, OR IS THAT HEINTZ--GLOWING?!

HE'S GOT THE WRECKER'S CROWBAR! WE'D BETTER STOP HIM--FAST!

CAN'T LET THEM GET IN MY WAY, NOTHING MUST STOP ME FROM REACHING MY GOAL...



...THE PRISON'S MAXIMUM SECURITY SECTION.



JUST TRY TO WING HIM.

OUR BULLETS ARE BOUNCING OFF THAT NUTTY AURA HE'S GOT AROUND HIM.

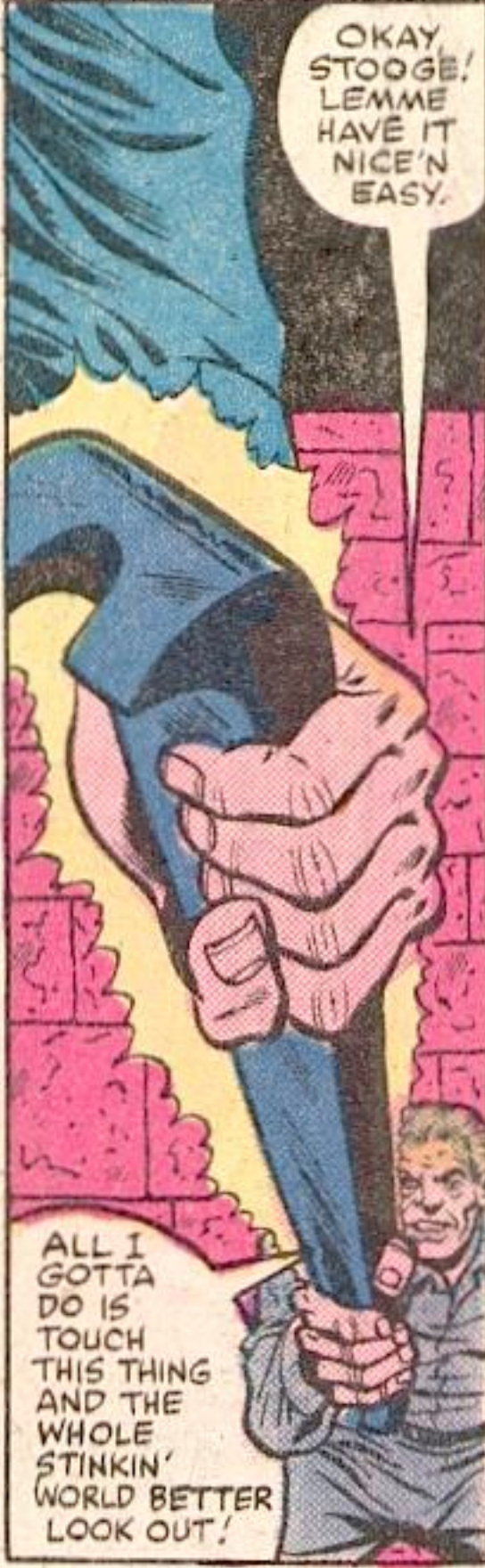
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE ENTRANCED FIGURE HAS DISPOSED OF ALL OPPOSITION AND SMASHED HIS WAY INTO ONE VERY SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED CELL...HOUSING AN EAGERLY AWAITING OCCUPANT.

GREAT! I KNEW THAT CROWBAR WAS REALLY A PART OF ME! I KNEW IF I KEPT TRYING TO MAKE MIND CONTACT WITH IT DAY AFTER DAY...TO MAKE IT COME TO ME...



...SOMEHOW, 'CAUSE'A THE POWER IT'S GOT--IT'D FIND A WAY, AND NOW IT'S MINE!

OKAY STOUGE! LEMME HAVE IT NICE'N EASY.



ALL I GOTTA DO IS TOUCH THIS THING AND THE WHOLE STINKIN' WORLD BETTER LOOK OUT!

THE WRECKER LIVES AGAIN!



AND EVEN MY WRECKIN' DUDS CAME ON SOON AS I GRABBED MY CROWBAR.

OH! I CAN MOVE AGAIN. THAT VOICE IS OUT OF MY HEAD. IF I--



SHADDUP, PUNK! I DON'T WANNA HEAR YER LIFE STORY!

CASE YOU DON'T KNOW--YER A HOSTAGE! NOBODY'S DOIN' ANYTHING TA ME AS LONG AS I GOT YOU, PIPSQUEAK.



AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME WHERE THEY'RE KEEPIN' THE REST OF MY MOB-- IF YOU WANNA KEEP YOUR HEAD ON STRAIGHT!



A- ANYTHING YOU SAY.

THEY'RE HERE-- IN THIS CELLBLOCK.

I SEE 'EM, KID, CLAM UP!



WE KNEW DAT YUD COME FER US, WRECKAH.

STAND BACK, FRANKLIN, I'M MAKIN' AN ENTRANCE!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THE WRECKER WAS JUST A SMALL-TIME BURGLAR UNTIL SOME ASGARDIAN SORCESS CAME DOWN TO EARTH AND ACCIDENTALLY ZAPPED HIM FULL OF MAGICAL ENERGY, THINKING HE WAS SOMEONE ELSE.

BUT SEVERAL YEARS BACK, THOR WHIPPED HIM AND PUT HIM IN JAIL. A FEW OF US HELPED HIM ESCAPE AND HE MADE US INTO SUPER-POWERED PARTNERS TO HELP HIM FIND THOR.

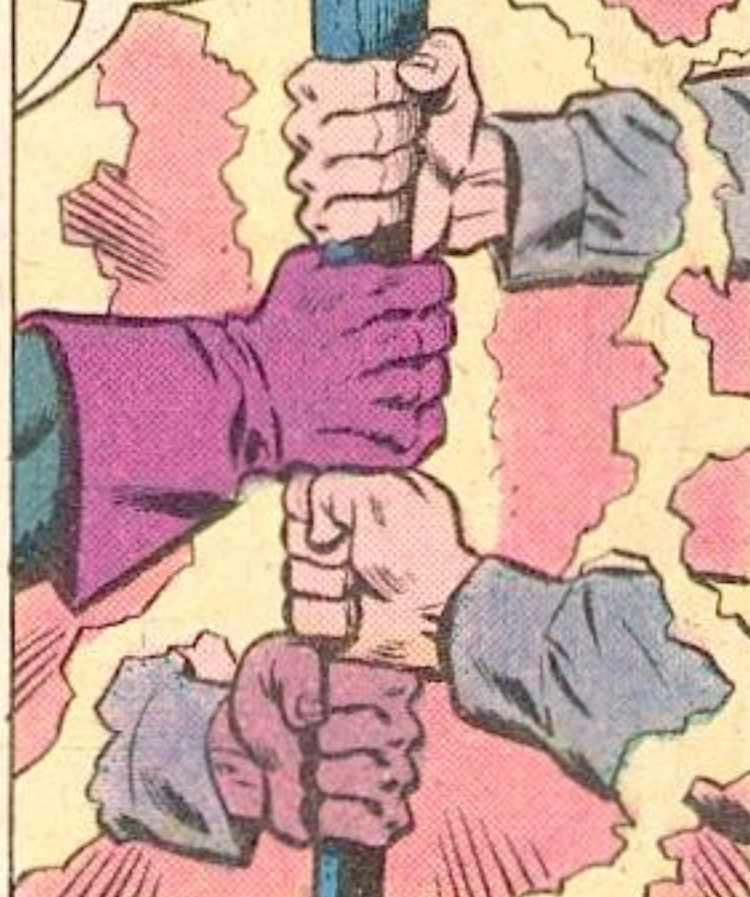
THEN WE GOT CAPTURED BEFORE WE COULD FIND HIM AND WERE DUMPED BACK IN PRISON. NOW I'VE GOT A HUNCH OUR STAY'S JUST BEEN SHORTENED.

\*THOR #148-- J. S.

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE, YA ALL KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.



GRAB ONTO THE CROWBAR AND CONCENTRATE-- CONCENTRATE!



OUTSIDE, THUNDERHEADS MASS, THE SKY CRACKLES IN ELEMENTAL ANTICIPATION, AS WITHIN THOSE FOREBODING PRISON WALLS A MIRACLE OCCURS... A MIRACLE THAT TRANSFORMS FOUR ORDINARY CRIMINALS INTO THE MATCHLESS MENACE OF--





--THE WRECKING CREW!



THUNDERBALL!

BULLDOZER!

PILEDRIVER!

DON'T STAND THERE ADMIRIN' YERSELVES... WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!



WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON YET, SO HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE ORDER.



FREEZE! YOU HAND OVER OUR MAN AND WALK QUIETLY BACK TO YOUR CELLS.

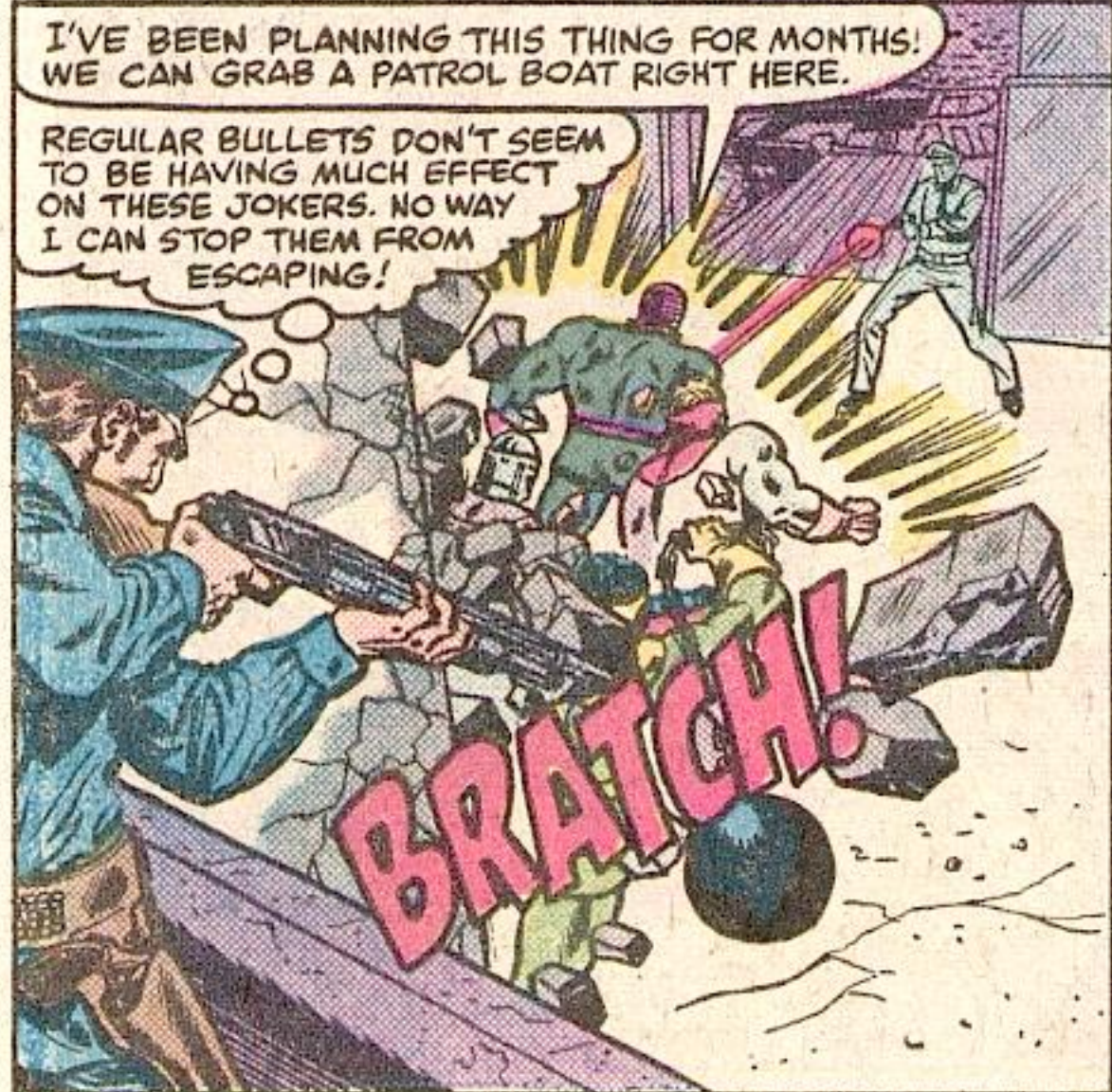
OR YEZ ARE GONNA MAKE US, RIGHT? HAW! LET'S NAIL DEM!



NOW! FIRE! FI--UGGHHH!

TOO LATE, POPS! THE WRECKING CREW'S COMIN' THROUGH! LIKE OLD TIMES, RIGHT, BOYS?

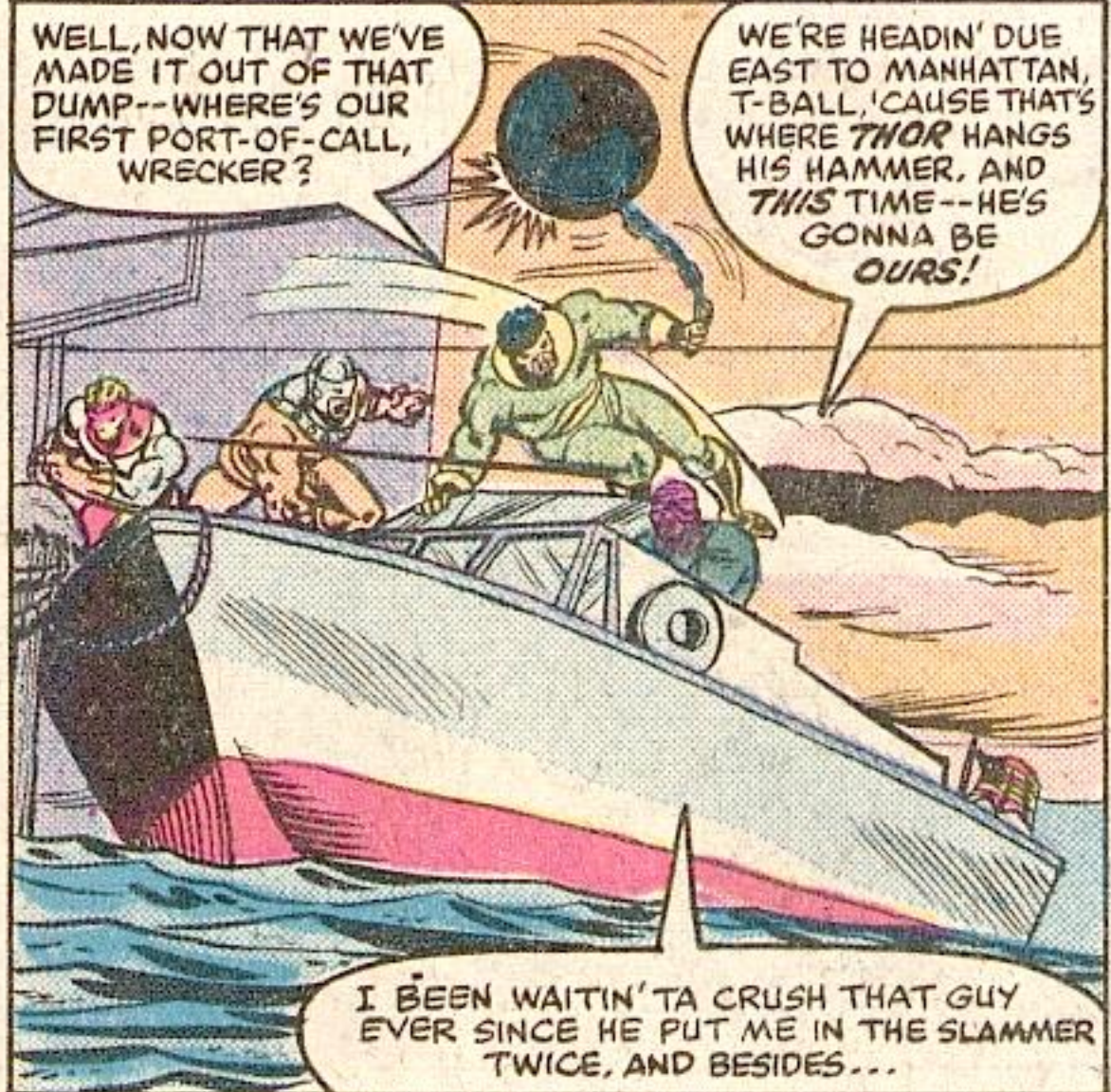
YUP! YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, BOSS.



I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS THING FOR MONTHS! WE CAN GRAB A PATROL BOAT RIGHT HERE.

REGULAR BULLETS DON'T SEEM TO BE HAVING MUCH EFFECT ON THESE JOKERS. NO WAY I CAN STOP THEM FROM ESCAPING!

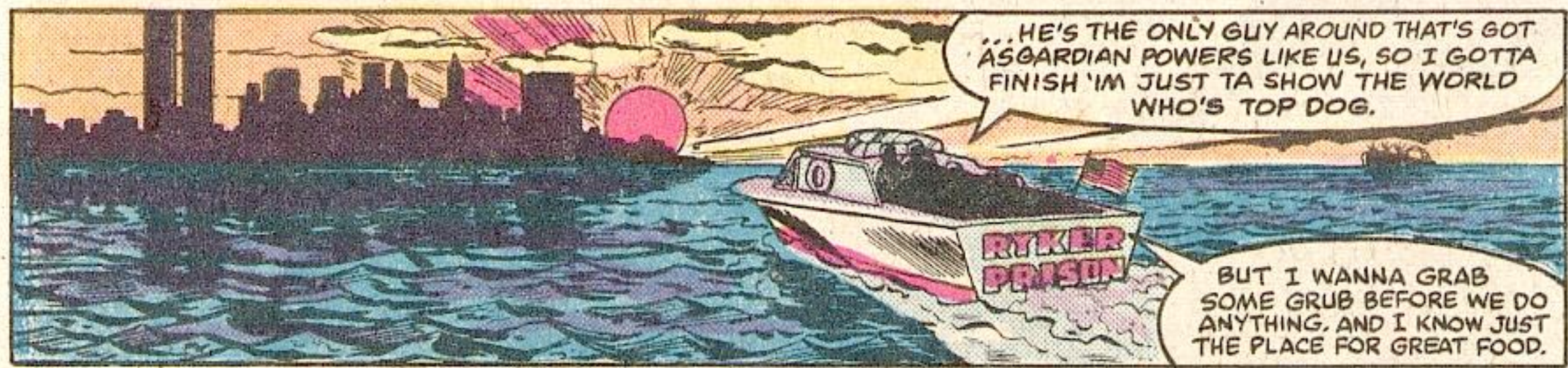
**BRATCH!**



WELL, NOW THAT WE'VE MADE IT OUT OF THAT DUMP--WHERE'S OUR FIRST PORT-OF-CALL, WRECKER?

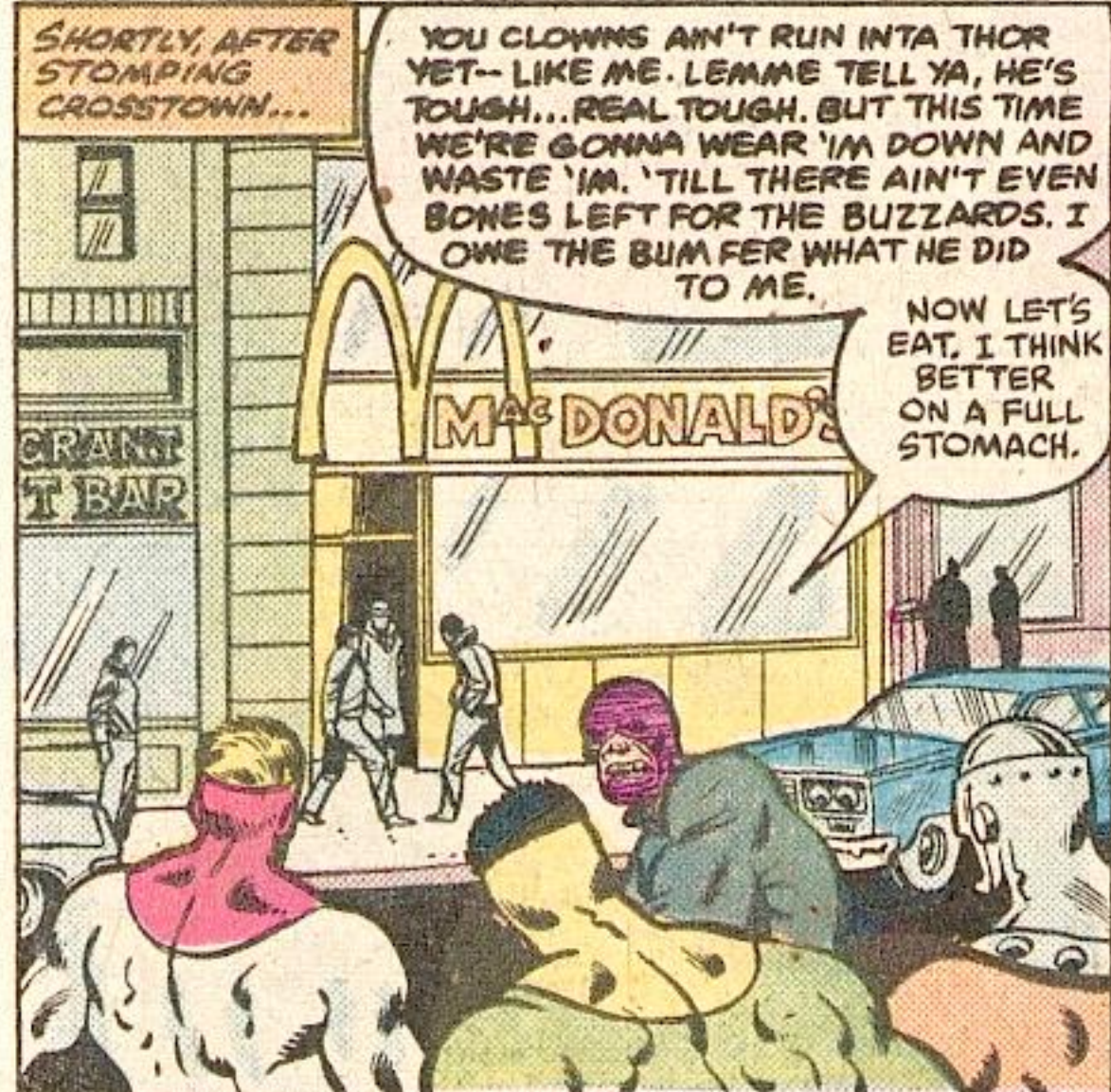
WE'RE HEADIN' DUE EAST TO MANHATTAN, T-BALL, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE THOR HANGS HIS HAMMER, AND THIS TIME--HE'S GONNA BE OURS!

I BEEN WAITIN' TA CRUSH THAT GUY EVER SINCE HE PUT ME IN THE SLAMMER TWICE, AND BESIDES...



... HE'S THE ONLY GUY AROUND THAT'S GOT ASGARDIAN POWERS LIKE US, SO I GOTTA FINISH 'IM JUST TA SHOW THE WORLD WHO'S TOP DOG.

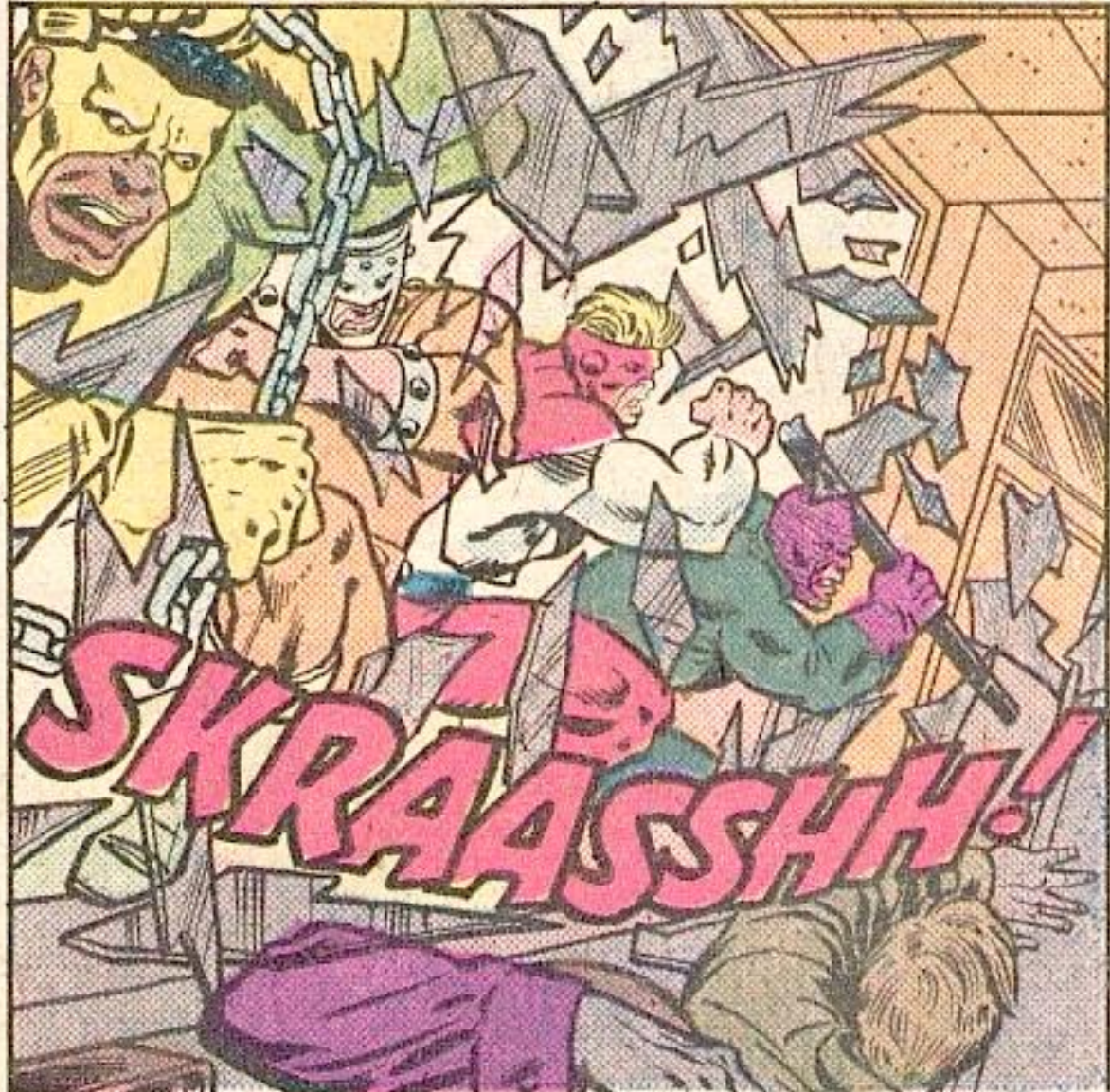
BUT I WANNA GRAB SOME GRUB BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING, AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE FOR GREAT FOOD.



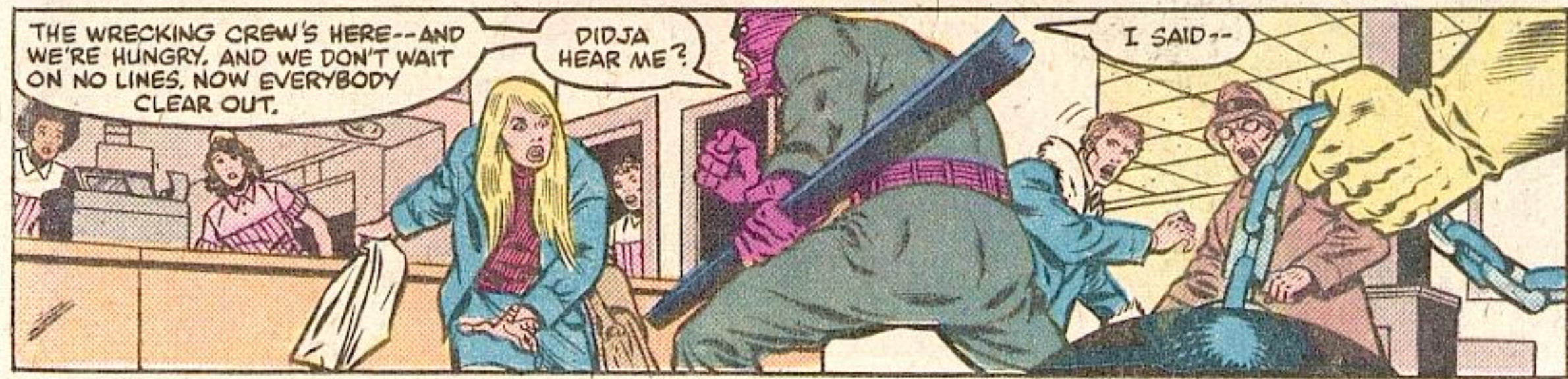
SHORTLY, AFTER STOMPING CROSTOWN...

YOU CLOWNS AN'T RUN INTA THOR YET-- LIKE ME. LEMME TELL YA, HE'S TOUGH... REAL TOUGH. BUT THIS TIME WE'RE GONNA WEAR 'IM DOWN AND WASTE 'IM. 'TILL THERE AIN'T EVEN BONES LEFT FOR THE BUZZARDS. I OWE THE BUM FER WHAT HE DID TO ME.

NOW LET'S EAT, I THINK BETTER ON A FULL STOMACH.



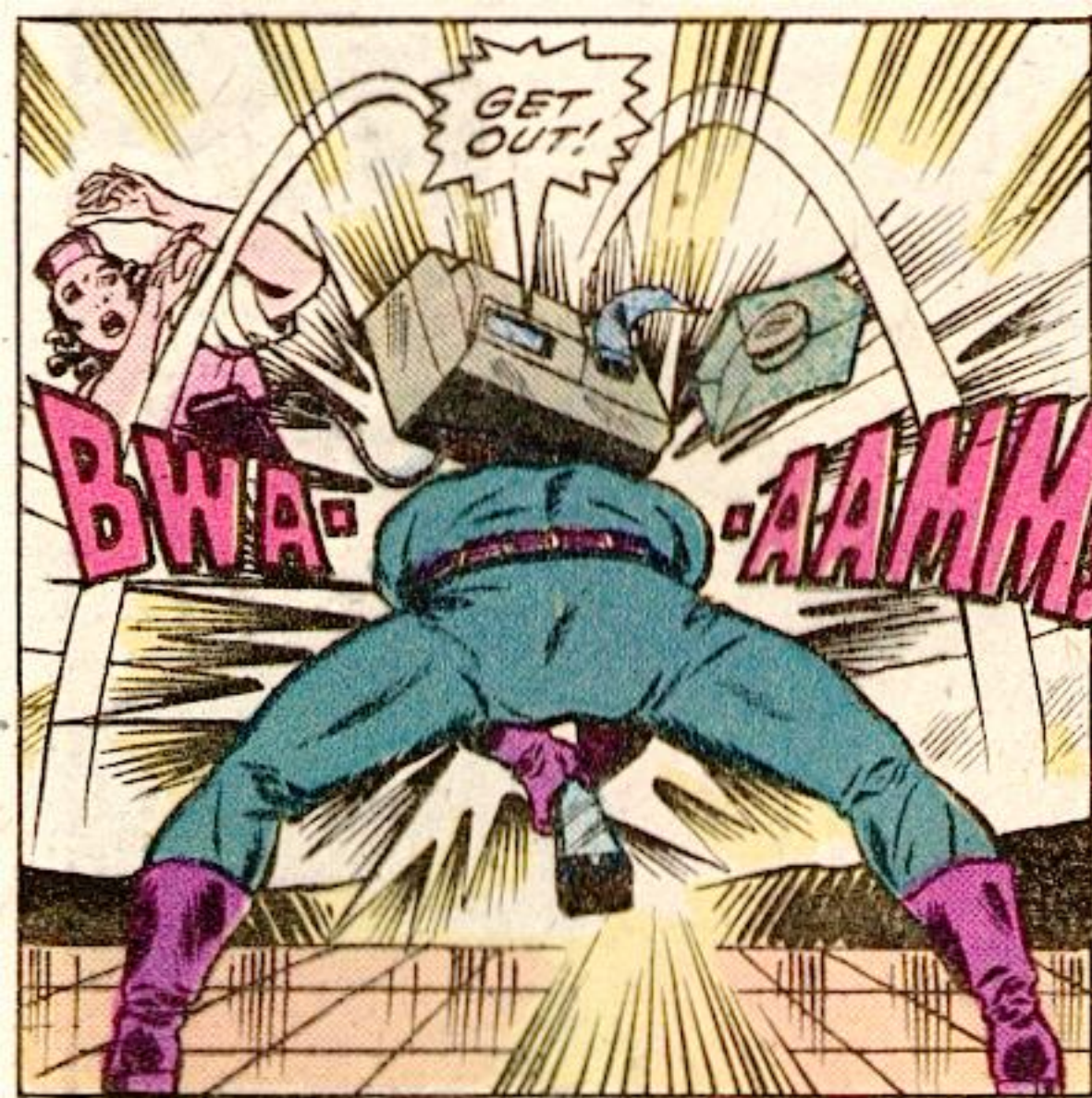
**SKRAASSHH!**



THE WRECKING CREW'S HERE-- AND WE'RE HUNGRY, AND WE DON'T WAIT ON NO LINES, NOW EVERYBODY CLEAR OUT.

DIDJA HEAR ME?

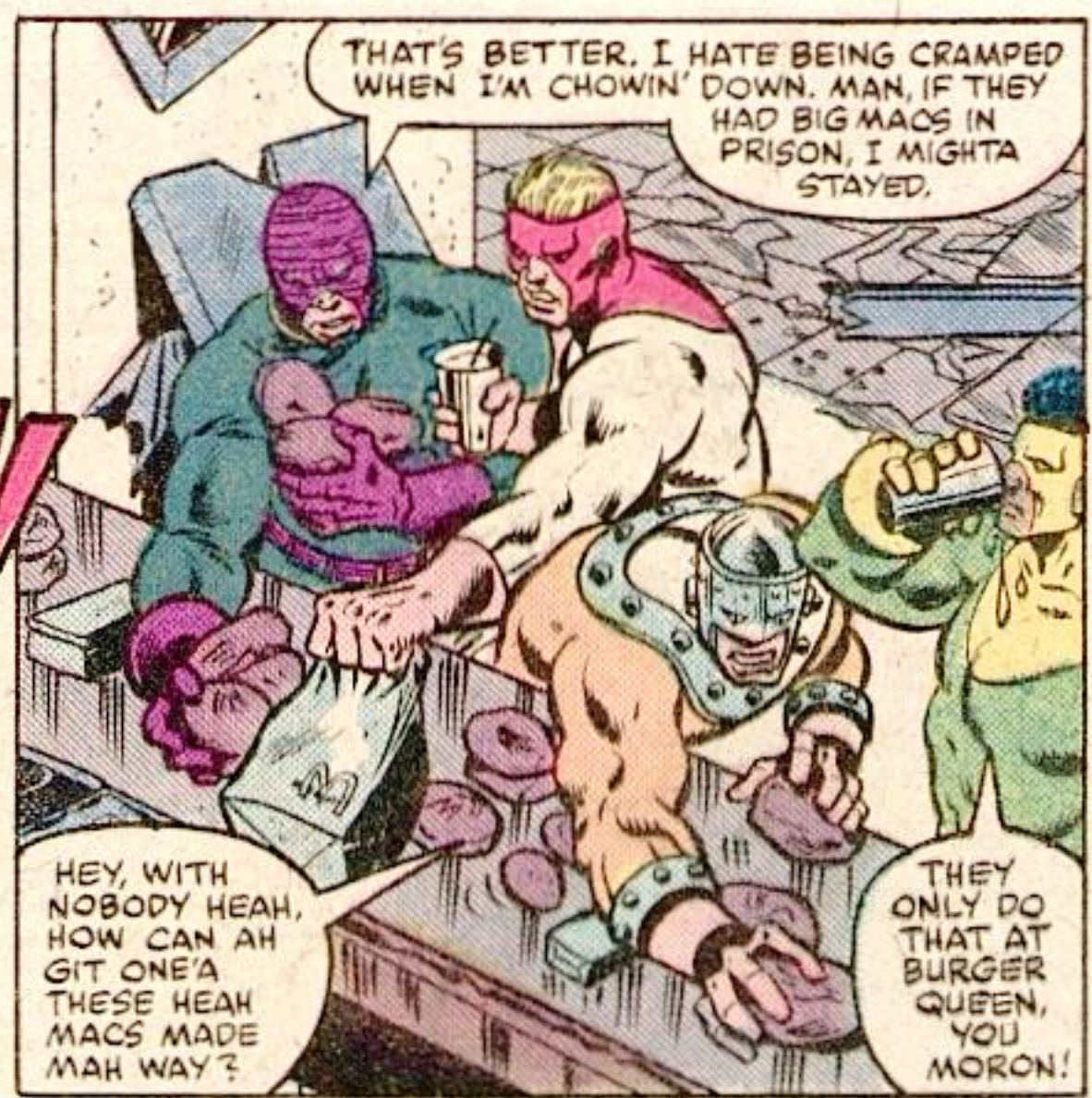
I SAID--



GET OUT!

BWA

AAHH!



THAT'S BETTER. I HATE BEING CRAMPED WHEN I'M CHOWIN' DOWN. MAN, IF THEY HAD BIG MACS IN PRISON, I MIGHTA STAYED.

HEY, WITH NOBODY HEAH, HOW CAN AH GIT ONE'A THESE HEAH MACS MAH WAY?

THEY ONLY DO THAT AT BURGER QUEEN, YOU MORON!



LET'S US GET DOWN TA CASES. HOW'S WE GONNA GET GOLDILOCKS OUT IN DE OPEN, SOS WE CAN TRASH 'IM?

NO SWEAT. WE'LL FLATTEN SOMETHING REAL BIG AND IMPORTANT. WHEN HE HEARS THE WRECKER DID IT-- HE'LL COME RUNNIN'!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, WRECKER.



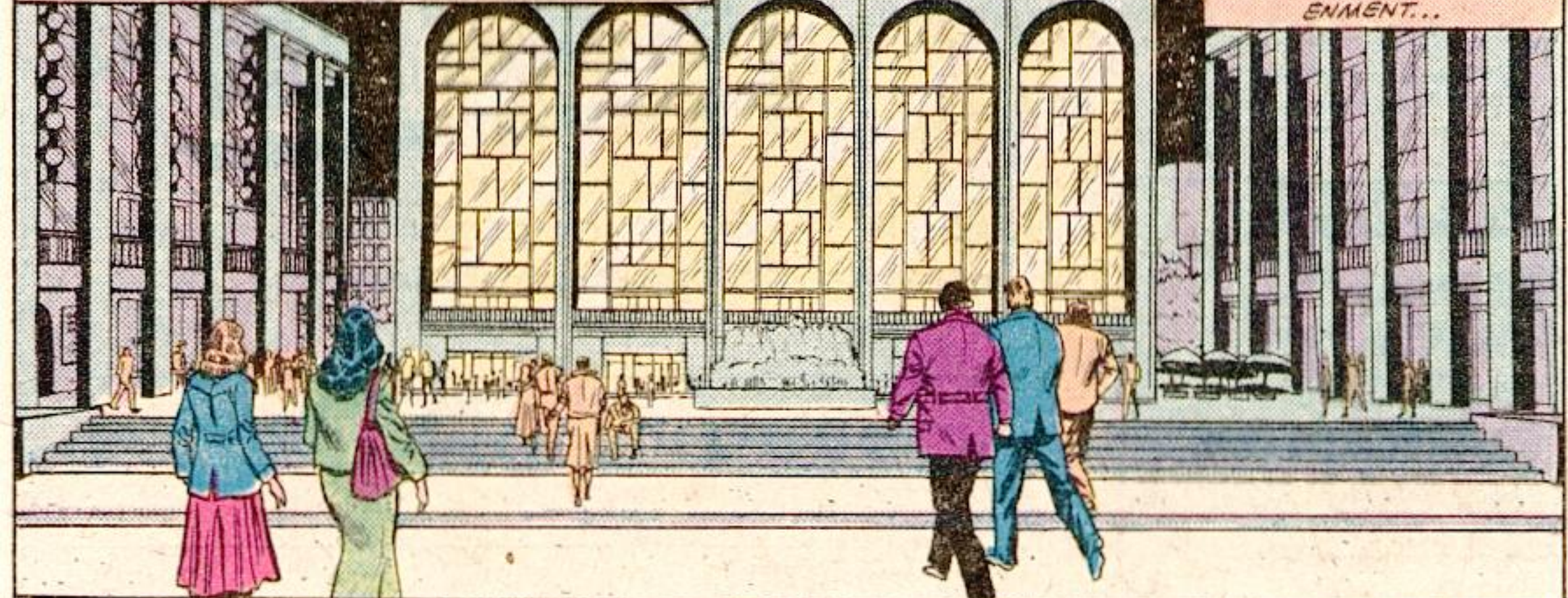
NO ONE'S EVER LAID A GLOVE ON LINCOLN CENTER. WE COULD HAVE A FIELD DAY THERE WITH ALL THOSE FANCY BUILDINGS! AND THOR'S SURE TO SHOW UP IF WE DARE HIM IN PUBLIC.



YEAH! I LIKE IT! I LIKE IT! ALL THEM PRETTY BUILDIN'S... ALL THEM NICE STUFFED SHIRTS GOIN' TO SHOWS. IT'LL BE A RIOT. LET'S GO.

LINCOLN CENTER, CONSTRUCTED IN 1959, COVERING FOUR BLOCKS OF REHABILITATED REAL ESTATE... THE CULTURAL CAPITAL OF NEW YORK CITY'S PERFORMING ARTS, IT'S HOME TO THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC, AND THE JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

AND THIS EVENING, THE PRIDE OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE WILL PLAY HOST TO FOUR VISITORS WHOSE GOAL IS SOMETHING LESS THAN CLASSICAL ENLIGHTENMENT...



YUH ALL JUST LISSEN UP, FORE YUH HEAD INSIDE. WE GOT A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TUH SAY.



DON'T WORRY, HONEY. THE GUY WITH THE CROWBAR MUST BE ONE OF THOSE ARTSY ORCHESTRA LEADERS. JUST SMILE.

YOU FOLKS JUST KEEP ON HAVIN' FUN, THIS IS JUST OUR WAY OF INVITIN' THAT YELLA SKUNK THOR TA A LITTLE MEETIN' THE MINDS WE WANNA HAVE WITH HIM.



AND WE WANNA HAVE IT HERE AND NOW. OR ELSE! BOYS...?

YEEHAAAAH! I HEAH YUH TALKIN', BOSS-MAN. IT'S 'GONNA BE A GAS LEVELIN' THIS HEAH PLACE FUH LAUGHS.



WROOM!

DIS AIN'T FOR LAUGHS, BULLDOZER. DIS IS SERIOUS WOIK. AWWW, YOUSE AIN'T EVEN LISSENIN'.



SKRAK!

YAAAAHH! NEXT TIME I'M STICKIN' WITH SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK!



BAAKKT!

I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THOR SHOWS UP. I'VE OFTEN WONDERED HOW MY BALL AND CHAIN WOULD FARE AGAINST HIS HAMMER.

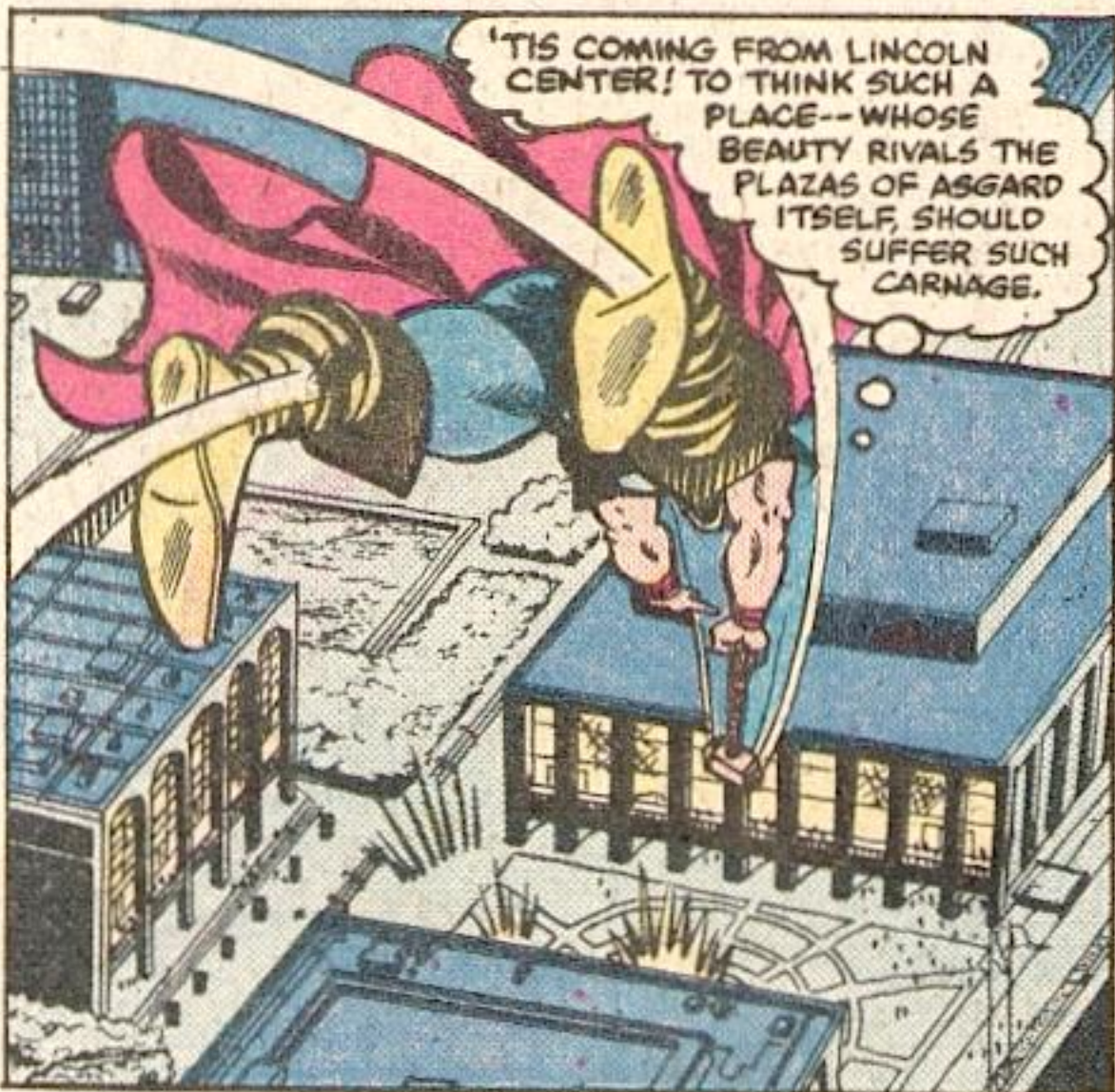
THE CONFLICT WILL COME SOON FOR MERE BLOCKS AWAY, THE MIGHTY THOR STREAKS THROUGH THE TWILIGHT SKY TOWARD THE MIDTOWN HOTEL WHICH IS HIS TEMPORARY RESIDENCE...

AFTER A LONG DAY IN PURSUIT OF EMPLOYMENT AND PERMANENT LODGINGS AS DON BLAKE, 'TIS TIME AGAIN THAT BLAKE'S OTHER SELF SAW THE DWINDLING LIGHT OF DAY...

HERE ABOVE THE CITY STREETS, I CAN--*HOLD!* WHAT ARE THOSE SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION? 'TIS TOO LATE FOR CITY CONSTRUCTORS TO BE AT WORK!



'TIS COMING FROM LINCOLN CENTER! TO THINK SUCH A PLACE--WHOSE BEAUTY RIVALS THE PLAZAS OF ASGARD ITSELF, SHOULD SUFFER SUCH CARNAGE.



*HOLD, VILLAINS!* IF IT IS DESTRUCTION YE CRAVE, THEN ATTEMPT IT UPON ONE WHO MAY STRIKE BACK--AND NOT UPON LIFELESS MASONRY.



IT'S ABOUT TIME DAT DOPE SHOWED!

YOU CALLED IT, GOLDY. BEFORE WE'RE DONE WITH YOU, YER GONNA WISH YA LOOKED AS GOOD AS THIS "LIFELESS MASONRY!"

*THUNDERBALL...* START ROLLIN'!



BETTER SAY YOUR PRAYERS, LONGHAIR, THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE PRETTY.



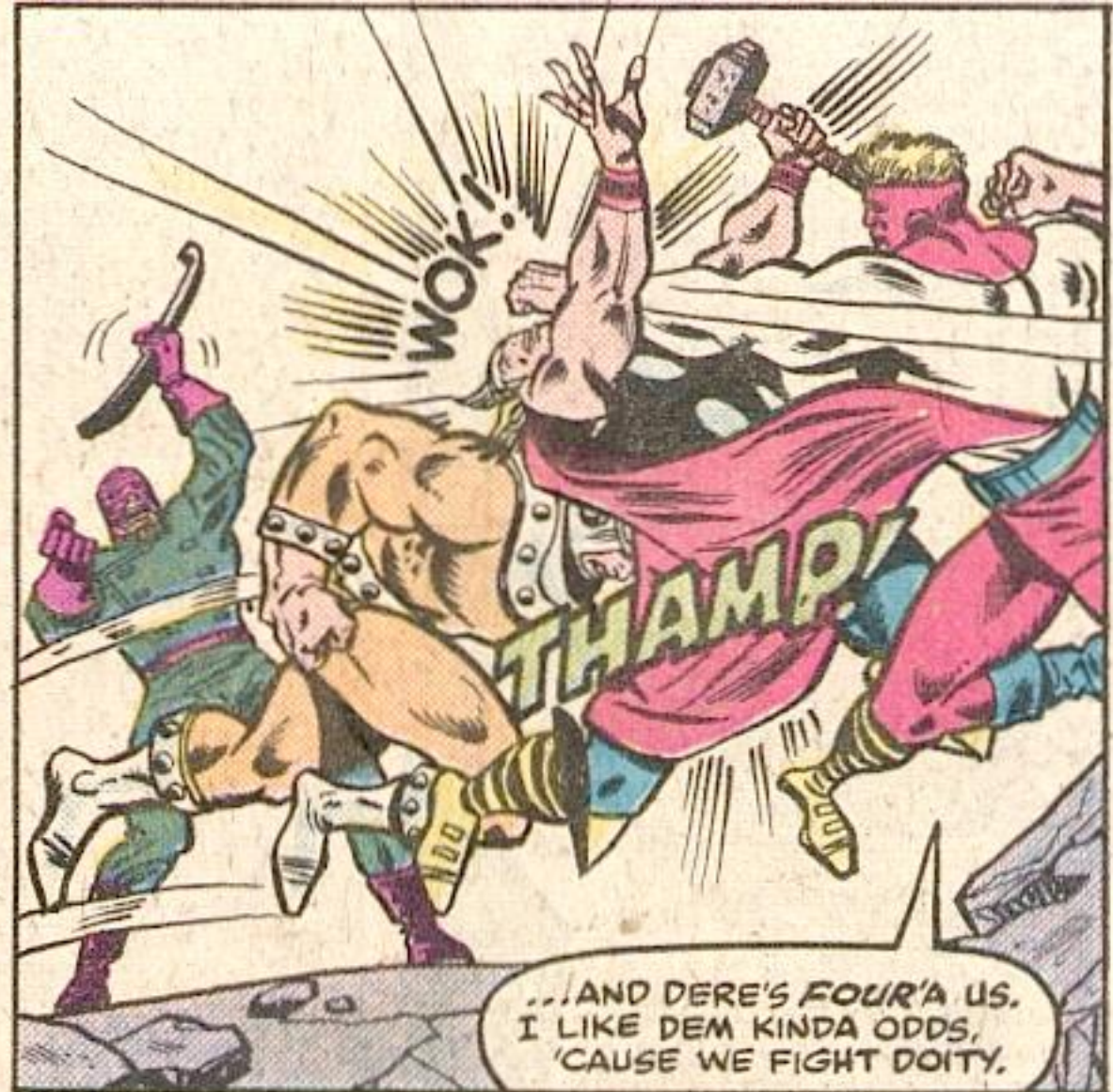
YOUR WORDS MEAN LITTLE TO ME. I HAVE FACED *ANOTHER* WITH BALL AND CHAIN MANY TIMES IN THE PAST!

YOU MUST MEAN CRUSHER  
CREEL-- THE ABSORBING  
MAN, IN PRISON WE HEARD  
ABOUT YOUR BATTLES  
WITH HIM.

AYE, THEN YOU KNOW  
THAT ON EACH OCCASION  
WE FOUGHT-- IT WAS THOR  
WHO EMERGED THE VICTOR,  
AS IT SHALL BE TODAY!



DAT'S WISHFUL THINKIN' JOIK,  
'CAUSE DERE'S ONLY ONE'A DAT  
ABSORBIN' GUY...



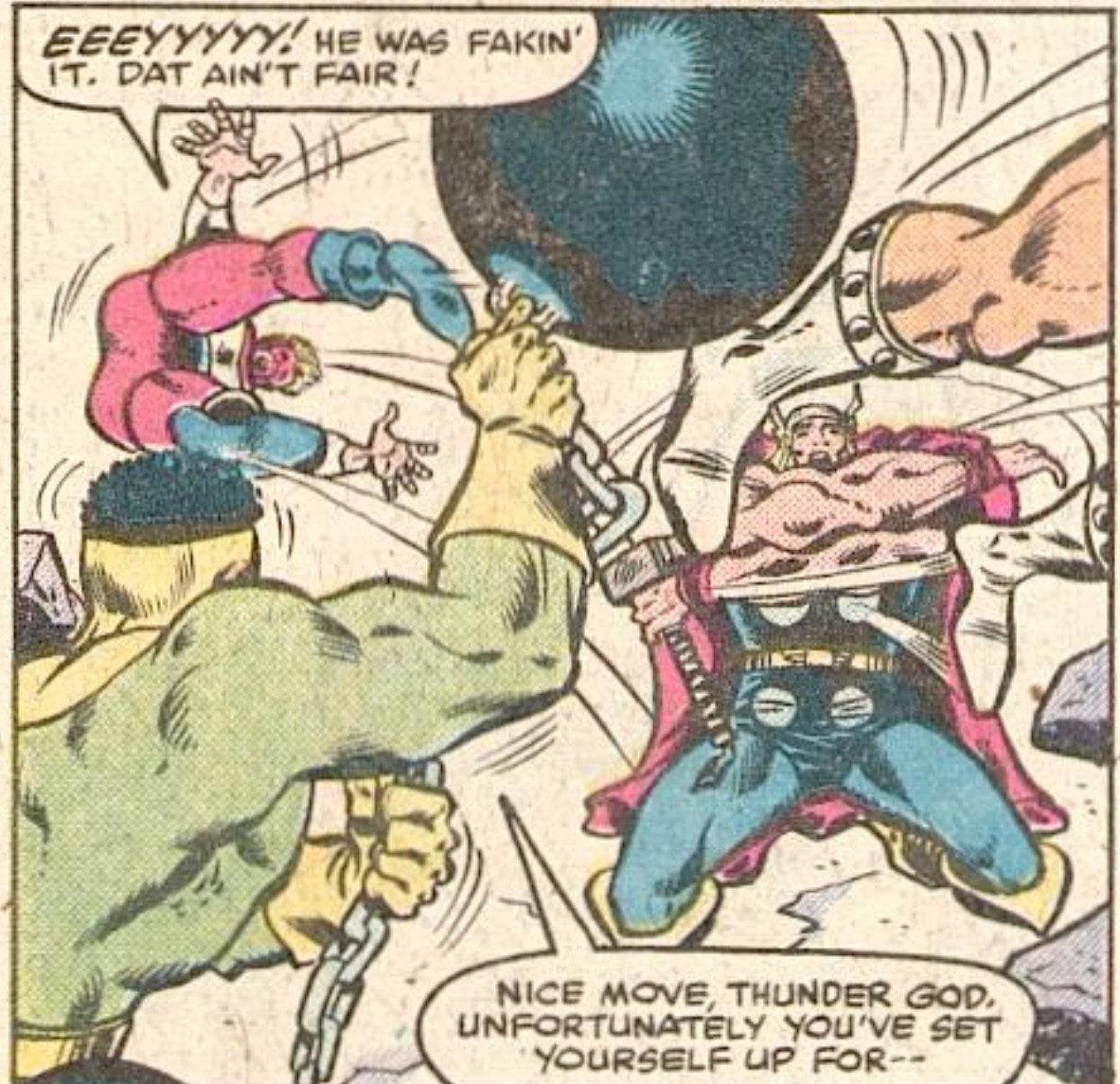
...AND DERE'S FOUR'A US,  
I LIKE DEM KINDA ODDS,  
'CAUSE WE FIGHT DOITY.

I T'INK I'M GONNA SQUEEZE  
HIS BRAINS OUT THROUGH  
HIS EARS, WHAT DUH  
YOUSE T'INK?

THAT'S A NICE IDEA,  
PARDNUH, AND WHILE  
YOU'RE DOIN' THAT...

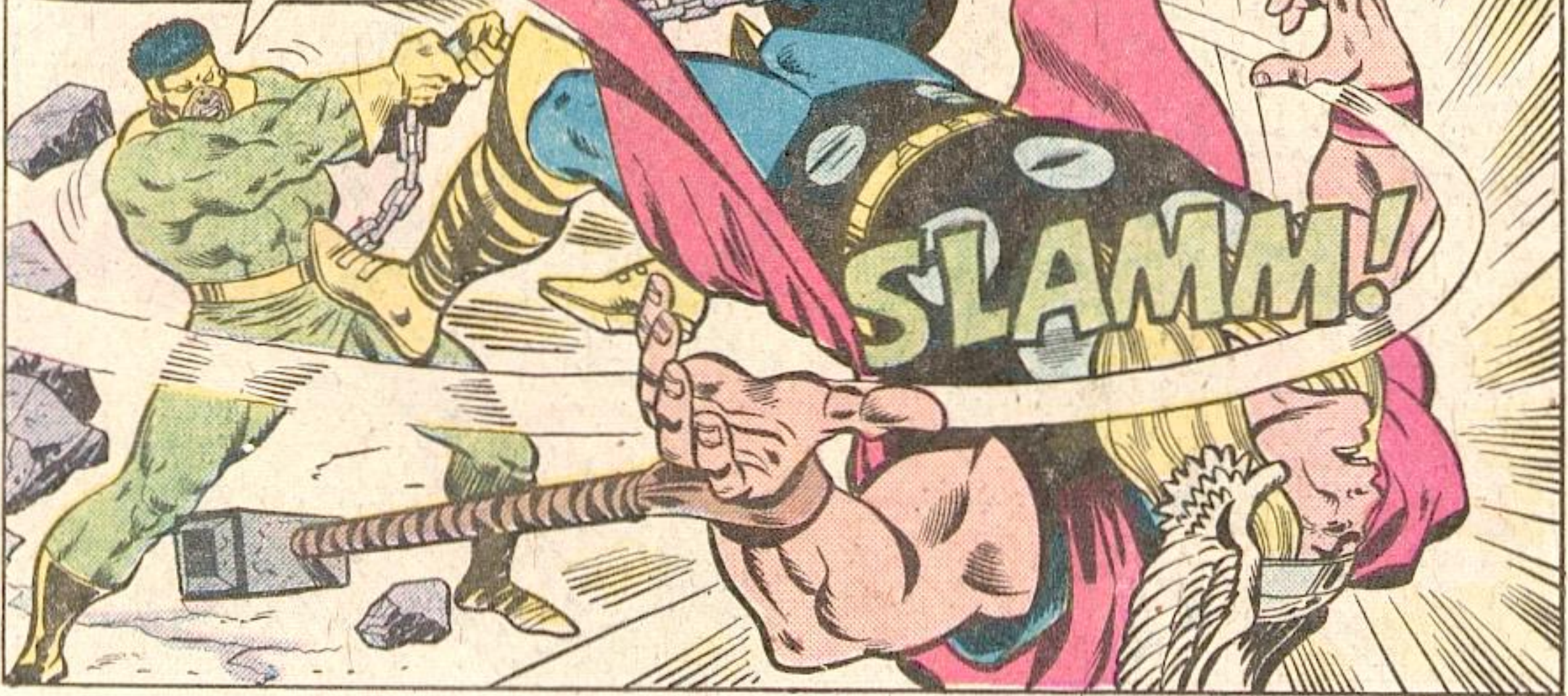


... AH'M GONNA GET ME A LOOK-SEE  
AT THIS FANCY-PANTS HAMMER, MIGHT  
BE GOOD FOAH SHOEN' HORSES.



NICE MOVE, THUNDER GOD,  
UNFORTUNATELY YOU'VE SET  
'YOURSELF UP FOR--

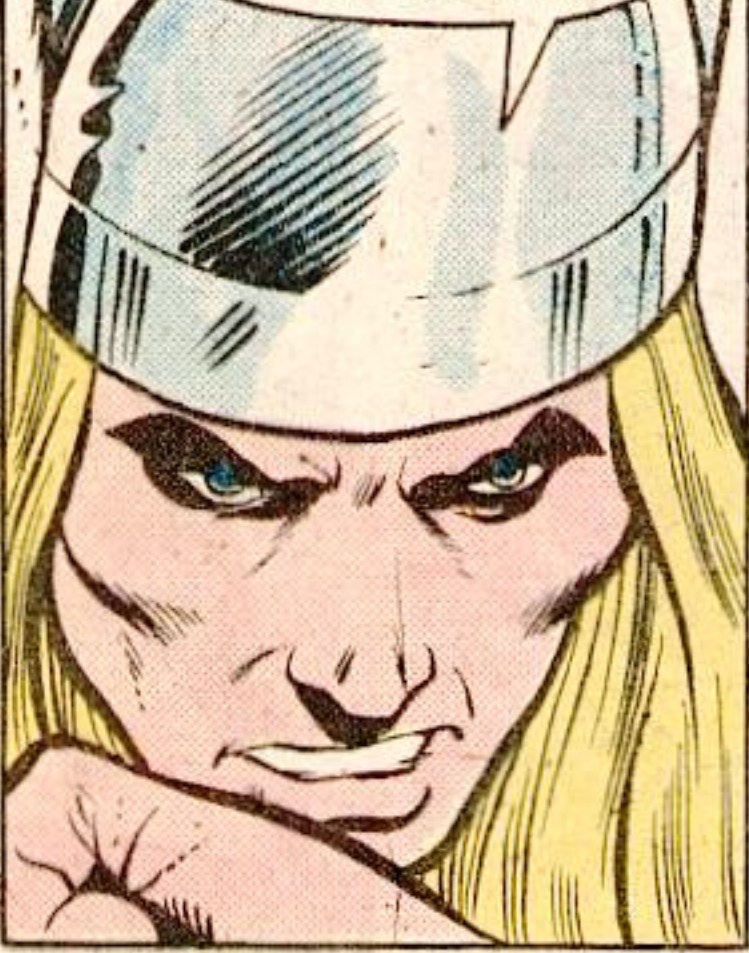
THIS! AHHH-- WHAT CATHARSIS!  
I'VE DREAMED ABOUT THIS IN STIR.



C'MON, CURLY--GET UP! HOW DO YA LIKE HAVIN' YER OWN CRUMMY ASGARDIAN POWERS THROWN RIGHT BACK AT'CHA!



BY YMIR'S BEARD! YOU PROFANE THE VERY WORD ASGARDIAN AS IT PASSES YOUR LIPS, YOU SHALL PAY FOR THAT.



PRETTY TOUGH TALK FROM A GUY LAYIN' FLAT ON HIS BACK. BULLDOZER... PLOW 'IM UNDER!



MUH PLEASURE, WRECKER.



THIS HEAH'D BE A WHOLE LOT EASIER ON YUH, IF YUH JUST STAYED DOWN.

BUT IF YUH WANNAH GIVE THE FOLKS THEAH MONEY'S WORTH-- IT'S RIGHT BY ME.



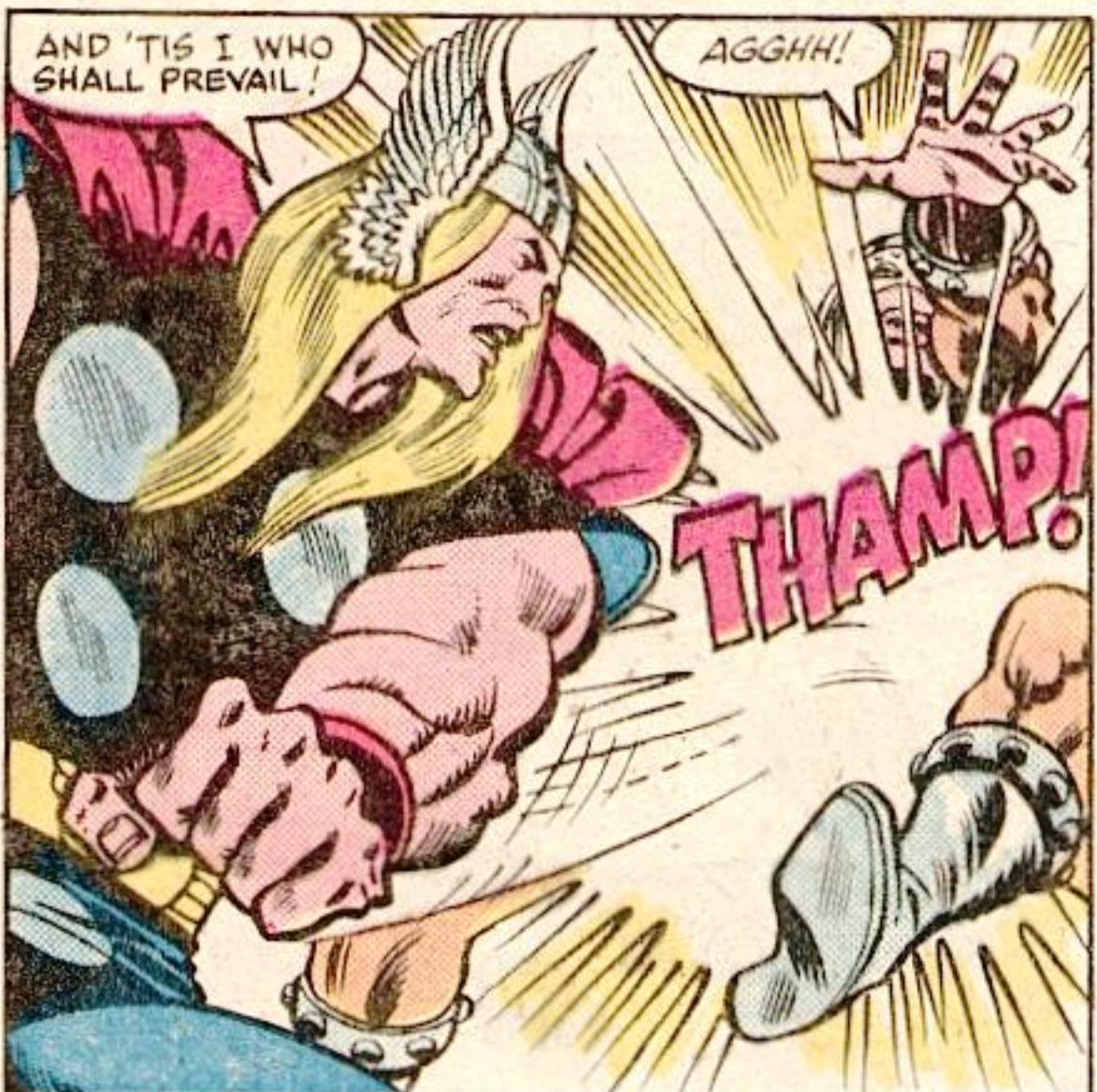
YUH STILL GITTIN' STOMPED INTO THE MIDDLE'A NEXT WEEK.

BOOMP!



I WEARY OF THIS FOOLISH CONTEST, 'TIS THOR WHO IS THE MASTER HERE! 'TIS I WHO WIELD THE POWER OF THE REALM ETERNAL BY RIGHT OF BIRTH-- NOT ACCIDENT.

UUGHH!

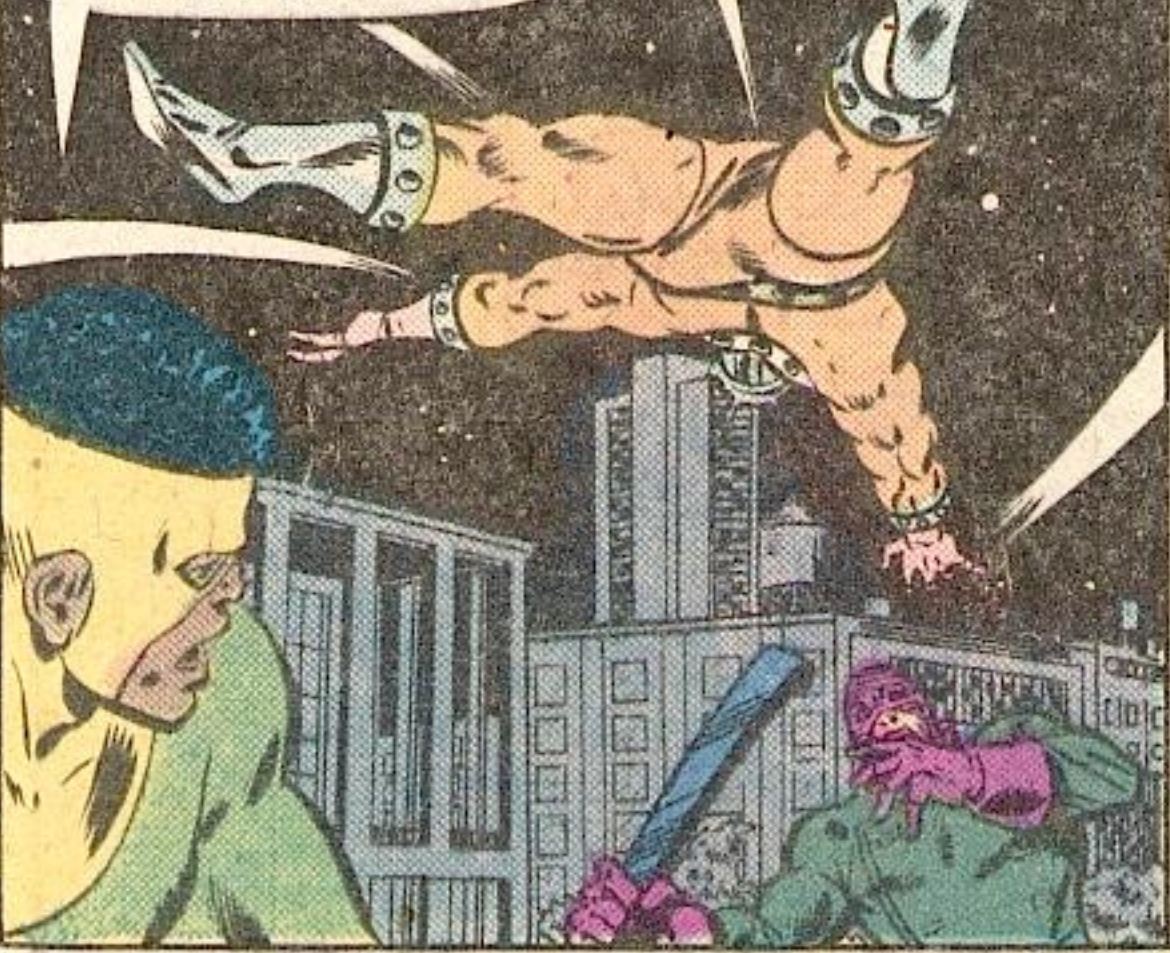


AND 'TIS I WHO SHALL PREVAIL!

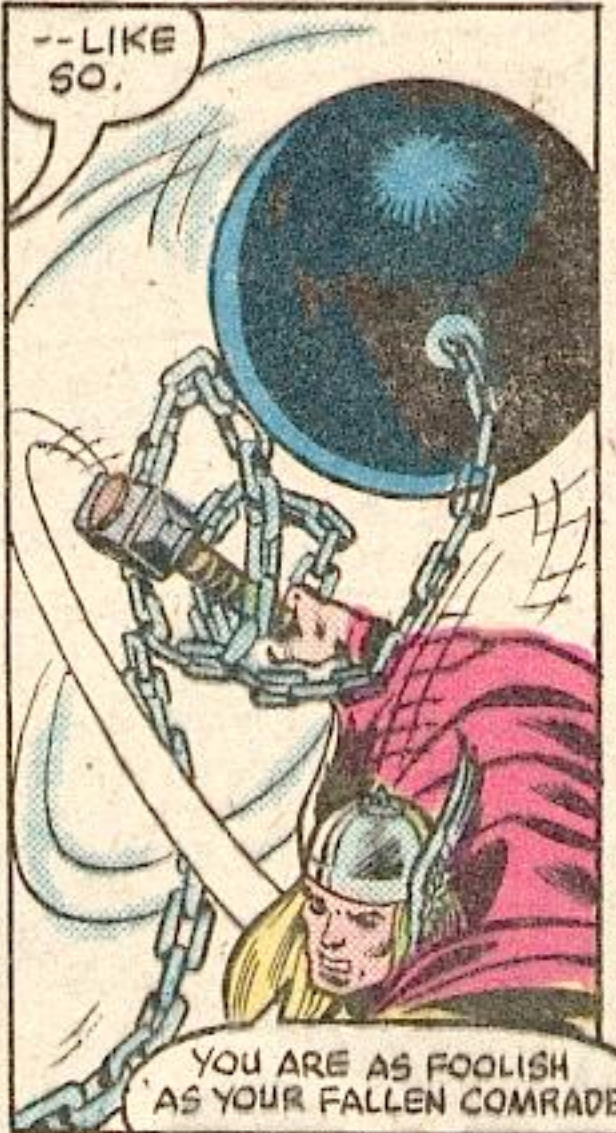
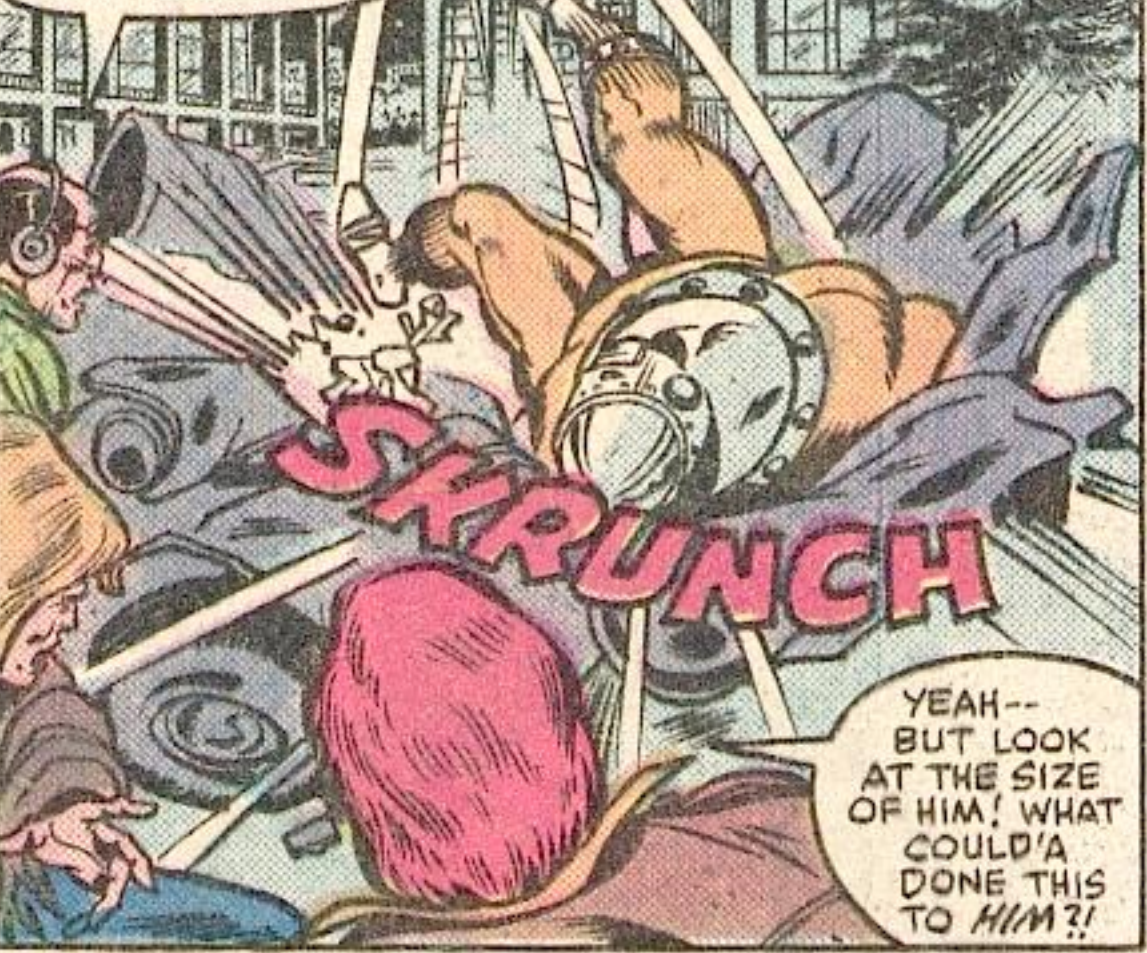
AGGHH!

THAMP!

HOOLLEEE SPIT! WHAT A PUNCH!  
I THINK I'LL GIVE THIS SLUGGEST  
ONE MORE TRY--AND THAT'S ALL  
SHE WROTE, I DON'T WANT TO  
END UP LIKE THAT.



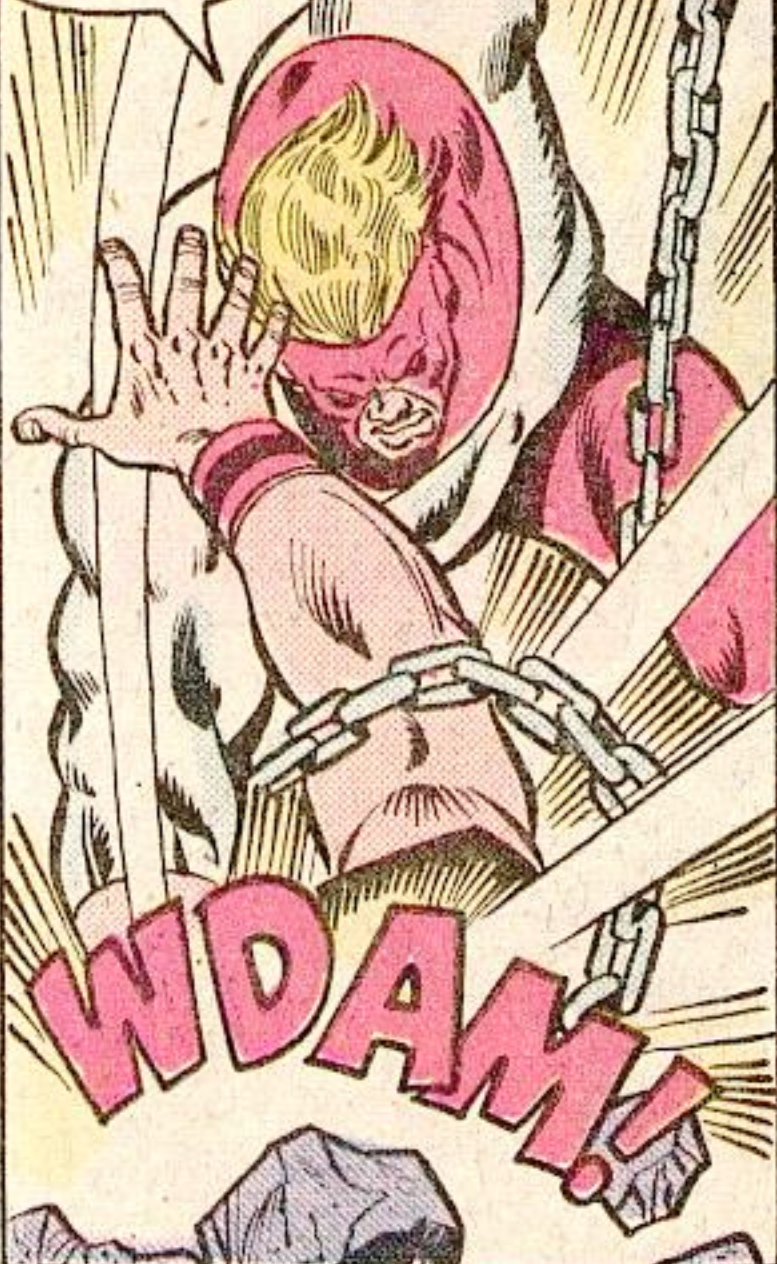
MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!  
THAT'S A HUMAN BEING  
THAT JUST CAME  
FLYING OUT OF  
LINCOLN CENTER.





FOIST, I'M GONNA USE MY MITTS TA POUND DAT POINTY LITTLE HEAD'A YEZ SO FAR DOWN 'TWEEN DEM SHOULDERS...

...YOUSE IS GONNA HAVE TO LOOK THROUGH YA BELLYBUTTON TA SEE DAYLIGHT.



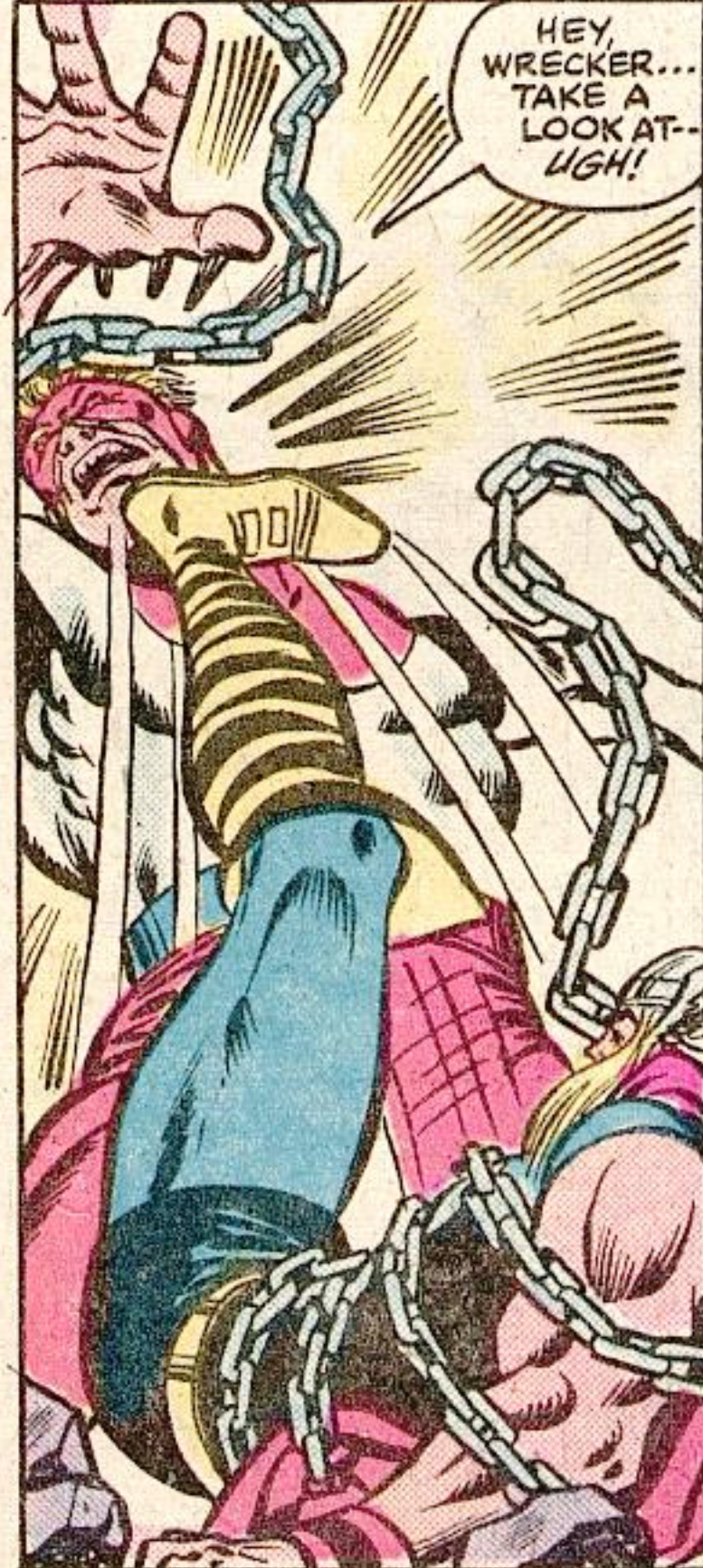
**W D A M!**

DEN I'M GONNA USE T-BALL'S CHAIN TA SQUEEZE YEZ SO HARD, YA NOGGIN'S JEST GONNA POP UP AGAIN.

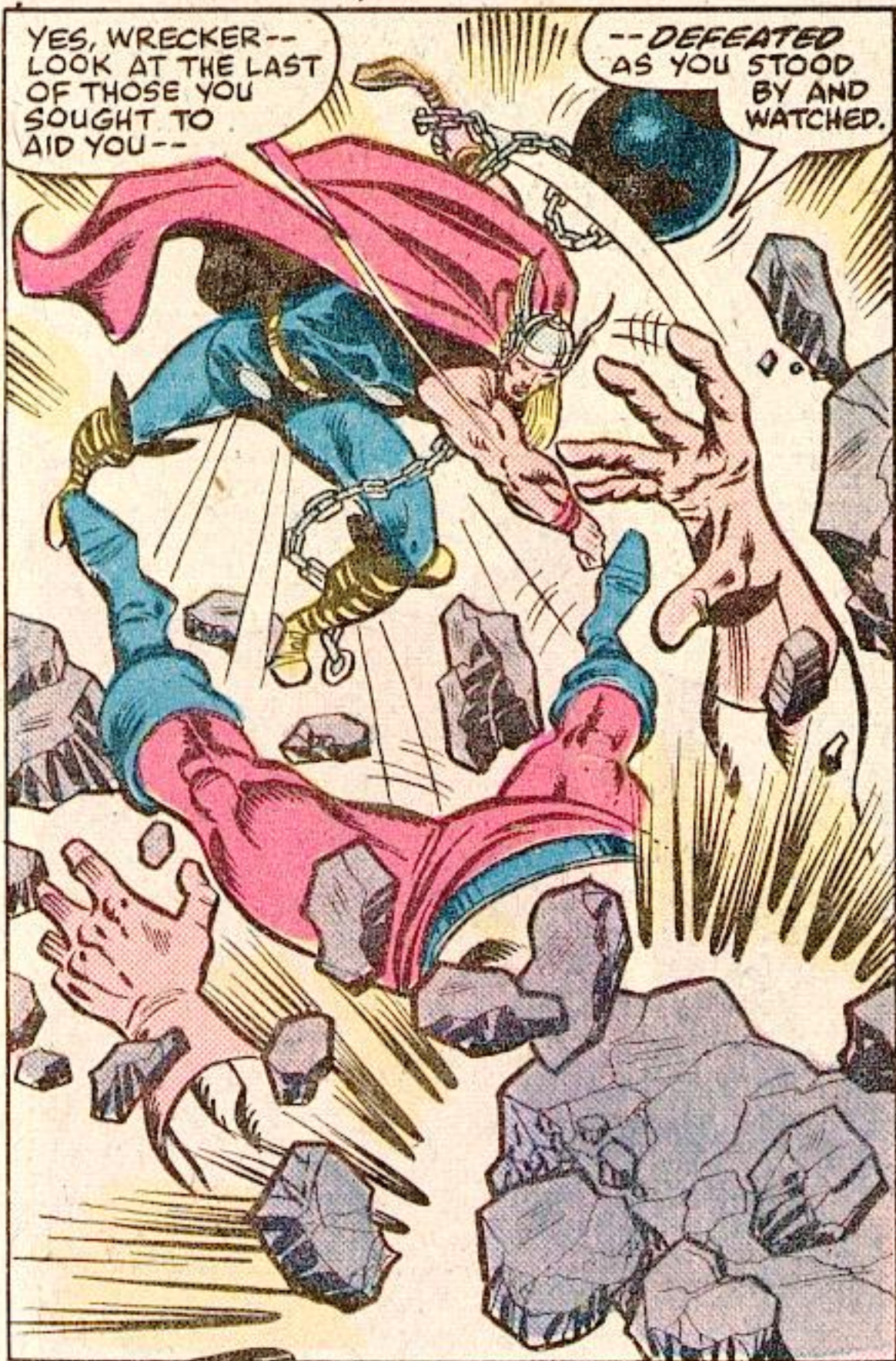
DIS IS GREAT. I BET YOUSE DON'T DIE NO DIFFERENT DAN US-- DO YA? DO YA!?!



ULLGGHH!!!

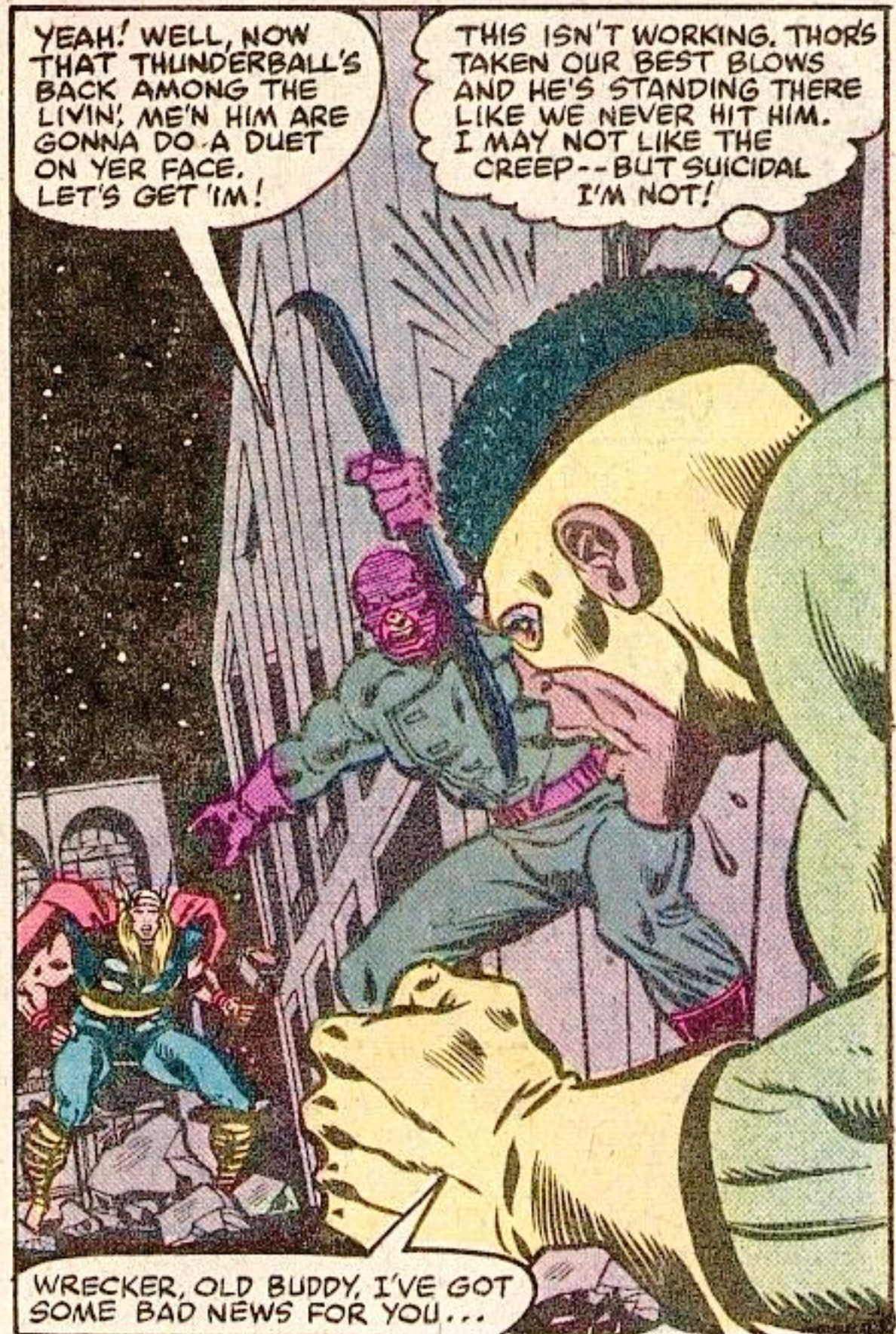


HEY, WRECKER... TAKE A LOOK AT UGH!



YES, WRECKER-- LOOK AT THE LAST OF THOSE YOU SOUGHT TO AID YOU--

--DEFEATED AS YOU STOOD BY AND WATCHED.



YEAH! WELL, NOW THAT THUNDERBALL'S BACK AMONG THE LIVIN', ME'N HIM ARE GONNA DO A DUET ON YER FACE. LET'S GET 'IM!

THIS ISN'T WORKING. THORS TAKEN OUR BEST BLOWS AND HE'S STANDING THERE LIKE WE NEVER HIT HIM. I MAY NOT LIKE THE CREEP-- BUT SUICIDAL I'M NOT!

WRECKER, OLD BUDDY, I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU...



...DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR--ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE LOSING. LOTS OF LUCK! BYE!

I DON'T NEED THAT GOOD-FER-NOTHIN' BUM! BLONDIE--AFTER ALL THIS TIME, IT'S NOW GONNA BE MY PLEASURE--

--WATCHIN' YOU EAT THIS ROD AS I CRAM IT DOWN YER SCRAWNY THROAT.



COURSE I'LL LETCHA WHET YER APPETITE WITH A LITTLE SNACK OF A FEW MILLION PIECES A GLASS!

CHANKK!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT GETTIN' ANY STUCK IN YER SKIN-- 'CAUSE I'LL JUST PRY 'EM OUT REAL DAINTY-LIKE WITH MY CROWBAR.

SKASSHHH!



MOMENTARILY TURNING HIS BACK ON HIS PUGNACIOUS OPPONENT, THOR RUSHES TO VIEW THE DAMAGE DONE TO HUMAN LIFE.



MOST SEEM UNHARMED-- BUT A WOMAN HAS BEEN STRICKEN BY THE FRAGMENTS.

OH, THAT POOR OLD LADY! SHE WAS HIT IN THE NECK BY THE GLASS!

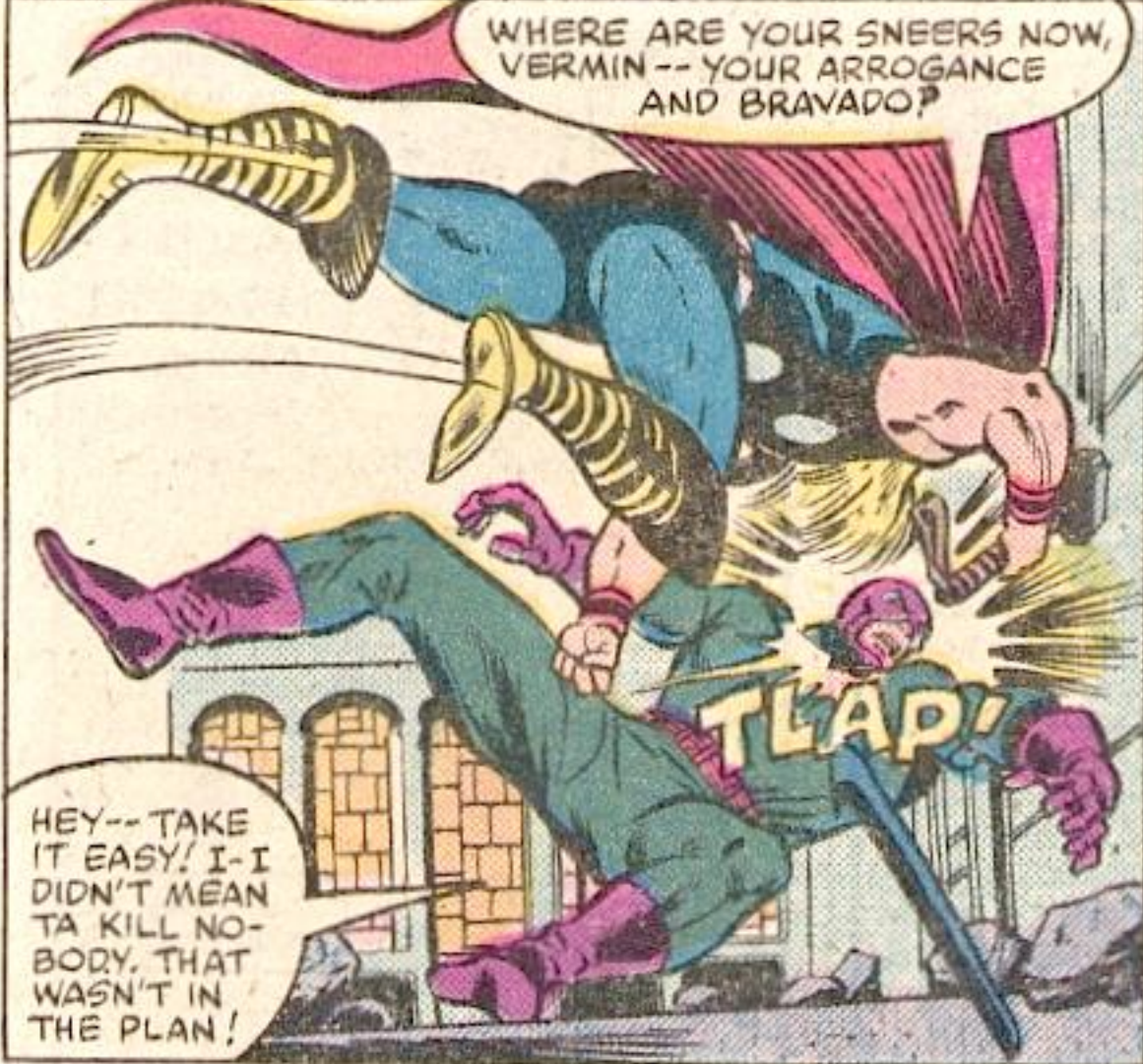


NO--! 'TIS THE SAME WOMAN I SPOKE WITH AT THE CROSSWALK THIS MORN!

AND NOW HERE SHE LIES -- WITH NO PULSE... DEAD. WHY? WHY!?!



'TIS YOU WHO ARE THE CAUSE-- WRECKER! YOU WHO WOULD SLAY EVEN INNOCENTS IN YOUR MADNESS!



WHERE ARE YOUR SNEERS NOW, VERMIN-- YOUR ARROGANCE AND BRAVADO?

HEY-- TAKE IT EASY! I-I DIDN'T MEAN TA KILL NO-BODY. THAT WASN'T IN THE PLAN!



ALL I WANTED WUZ TA GET BACK AT YA-- AND PROVE I WAS STRONGER... EVEN THOUGH YER A REAL ASGARDIAN.

BY BEATIN' YOU, I WUZ GONNA SHOW I WAS THE MOST POWERFUL GUY WALKIN' AROUND. YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME!



SO BE IT! IF 'TIS POWER YOU SEEK-- THEN THOR SHALL SEE TO IT YOU POSSESS MIGHT BEYOND MEASURE.

Y-YOUR HAMMER, IT'S STARTIN' TA GLOW. I CAN'T LET GO OF IT. WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TA ME!?

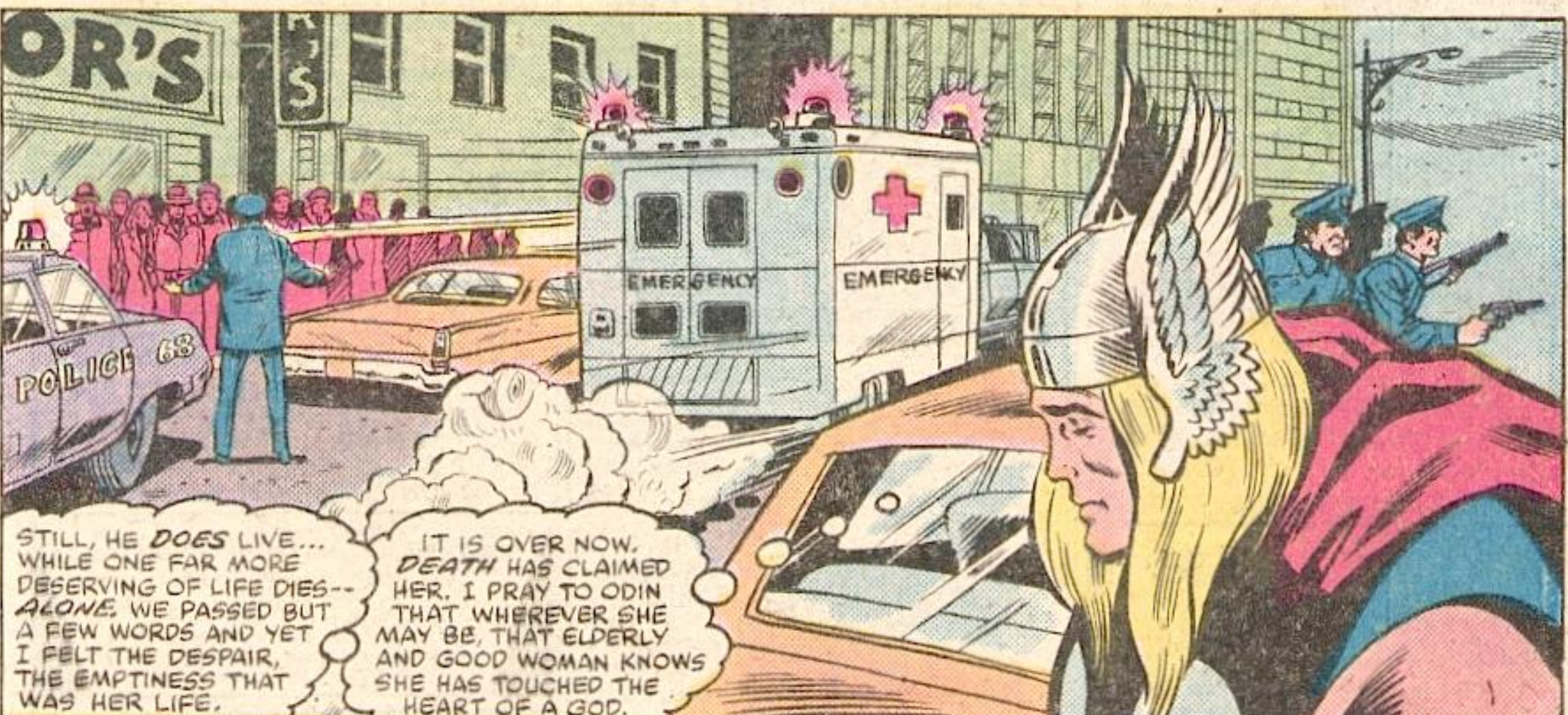


YOU CRAVED POWER! NOW ALL THAT MJOLNIR MAY IMPART WILL COURSE THROUGH YOU. REVEL IN IT, WRECKER... FOR YOU SHALL KNOW THE POWER OF A GOD!

NO-- NO! I'M BURNIN' UP! NO MORE! STOP! AAAHHHHHHH!!!



HE LIVES... THOUGH HIS MORTAL FORM COULD NOT CONTAIN THE EXCESSIVE ENERGIES HE WAS SUBJECT TO.



STILL, HE DOES LIVE... WHILE ONE FAR MORE DESERVING OF LIFE DIES-- ALONE. WE PASSED BUT A FEW WORDS AND YET I FELT THE DESPAIR, THE EMPTINESS THAT WAS HER LIFE.

IT IS OVER NOW. DEATH HAS CLAIMED HER. I PRAY TO ODIN THAT WHEREVER SHE MAY BE, THAT ELDERLY AND GOOD WOMAN KNOWS SHE HAS TOUCHED THE HEART OF A GOD.

# THE RETURN OF AN ANGEL OF DEATH!

# LOVE'S LABORS LOST

IN A TRANQUIL GARDEN IN THE CITY OF ASGARD, DIMENSIONS FROM EARTH, BALDER THE BRAVE, GOD OF LIGHT, CONTEMPLATES THE LOWLY MISTLETOE, WHOSE PRICK DELIVERED HIM INTO A DEATH-LIKE STATE UNTIL BUT A FEW DAYS AGO. NOW, HIS SOBER THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE APPROACH OF THE EVIL KARNILLA, QUEEN OF THE NORNS...

THERE YOU ARE, MY BRAVE ONE. I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEE. I HAVE HAD AFFAIRS OF GREAT IMPORT TO ATTEND TO, ELSE I WOULD HAVE SPOKEN WITH THEE EARLIER.



SPEAK THEN, NO DOUBT YOU WOULD ASK WHY I DID TURN AWAY FROM THEE AT THE RECENT FEAST, CELEBRATING ASGARD'S SURVIVAL OF RAGNAROK.\*

\* IT HAPPENED IN THOR #301 -- J.S.

SUCH A MINOR MATTER WE WILL NOT MENTION, BE-LOVED. LET US INSTEAD TALK OF OUR FUTURE TOGETHER, OF--



NAY. THERE BE BARRIERS BETWEEN US NOW.

WHATE'ER THEY MAY BE, LET ONE EMBRACE MELT THEM, LIKE SUNLIGHT ON FALLEN SNOW.



ART THOU *BLIND* WOMAN? CAN THOU NOT SEE I HAVE *CHANGED*?



*CHANGED*? I NOTE ONLY THAT THY HAIR BE WHITE, WHERE ONCE 'T WAS BROWN. WHAT ELSE BE THERE? PERHAPS THOU SHOULD EXPLAIN.



FOR ODIN TO FULFILL THE PROPHECIES OF RAGNAROK, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR THE BLIND GOD HODER--



-- TO *SLAY* ME WITH A MISTLETOE ARROW.

"BUT AT ODIN'S COMMAND, THE TINIEST SPARK OF LIFE REMAINED... THOUGH FOR ALL APPEARANCES, I HAD DIED. THUS, THE *PROPHECY* OF MY DEATH WAS FULFILLED. RAGNAROK WOULD COME.



"AND AS I LAY ON MY FUNERAL BIER, MY SPIRIT WANDERED THE HALLS OF *VALHALLA*--



--THE ASGARDIAN LAND OF THE DEAD, A PLACE WHICH ONCE DID RING WITH THE JOYOUS SOUNDS OF THOSE DEPARTED IN ETERNAL BATTLE.

"YET NOW IT HAD BEEN *USURPED* BY THE DEATH GODDESS *HELA* WHO TRANSFORMED IT INTO A BLEAK REALM OF SPIRITS IN TORMENT. WHEN RAGNAROK PASSED-- I RETURNED TO LIFE... DIFFERENT FOR MY EXPERIENCE THERE."

BUT WHAT DID THY JOURNEY AMONG THE DEAD DO TO THEE, BELOVED?



MY PERCEPTIONS ARE ALTERED. NO LONGER MAY I BE CALLED *WARRIOR*, NO LONGER MAY I SLAY ANY FOE...

...KNOWING THAT HE WILL SPEND ETERNITY IN HELA'S DREADED SHADOW-LAND, *VALHALLA* IS LOST TO US!

I UNDERSTAND THY FEELINGS OF REGRET, BALDER. BUT WHY DOES THIS COME BETWEEN US? SURELY ODIN WILL MOVE TO RECLAIM HIS *VALHALLA* WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT.



'TIS NOT ONLY WAR WHICH I SEE DIFFERENTLY NOW, NORN QUEEN... 'TIS *THEE* AS WELL.



I SEE THEE FOR WHAT THOU **TRULY** ART... AN ALLURING THOUGH **EVIL** BEING WHO HAS MASQUERADED AS ONE **BENEVOLENT**--

--SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU BELIEVED THAT IS HOW BEST TO WIN MY **FAVOR**.



**NAY**, BALDER. THAT IS NOT TRUE! MY LOVE FOR THEE HAS **CHANGED** ME. HAVE I NOT ACTED IN **ASGARD'S** CAUSE IN THE PAST?

THOU DID AID THE REALM **ETERNAL** ONLY WHEN IT DID ULTIMATELY **BENEFIT** THEE...

...OR WHEN **ASGARD'S** COLLAPSE WOULD HAVE PRECIPITATED THINE **OWN** THOU ART THE SAME AS **EVER**.



HAST THOU NEVER IMAGINED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO RULE THE **NORN** KINGDOM BY MY SIDE-- AS MY **KING**? DOES THIS VISION NOT PLEASE THEE?



I DESIRE NOT A **KINGDOM**-- OR A **QUEEN**. THOU ACT THE **TEMPTRESS** TO SWAY ME... BUT THINE EFFORTS HAVE **FAILED**.

"**TEMPTRESS!**" THOU WOULD REDUCE MY LOVE TO SO **BASE** A LEVEL? THOU HAST **SPURNED** AND **INSULTED** THE **QUEEN** OF THE **NORNS** FOR THE **LAST** TIME!



AND FOR THINE **EFFRONTERY**, I SHALL MAKE THEE **PAY**, **BRAVE** ONE-- WITH THY **VERY** **LIFE**.



BY THE **POWER** OF THE **NORNS**, I DO SUMMON FROM THE **DEPTHS** OF MY **DOMAIN**-- THE **DREADED** **BARBARIC!**

THERE, LOYAL ONE! THERE IS YOUR VICTIM... ONE WHO HAS MADE A MOCKERY OF KARNILLA, AT MY COMMAND -- **SLAY HIM!**



'TIS MY PLEASURE, MY QUEEN



ART THOU FROZEN IN FEAR, VICTIM-- OR IS THY PLACID POSE SOME FORM OF TRICKERY? 'TIS NO MATTER...

...FOR YOU SHALL BE DESTROYED WHERE YOU STAND! EH? MY FIRST BLOW-- AND HE STANDS UNHARMED?!

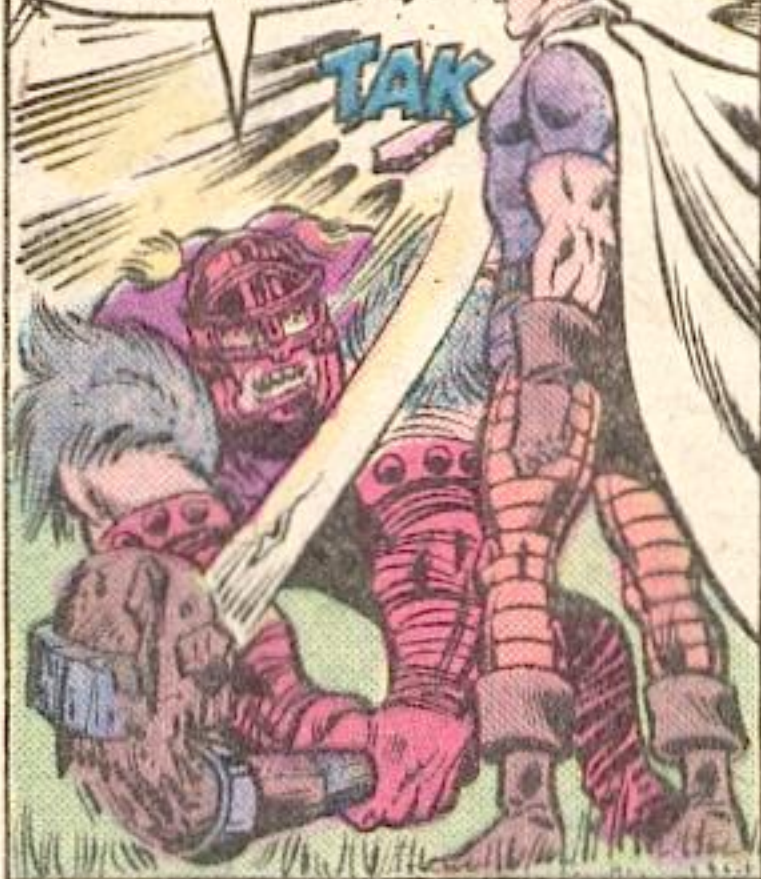


BOK



SPRAK

'TIS BEYOND BELIEF! THOUGH I STRIKE WITH ALL THE POWER I POSSESS-- NOT THE SMALLEST WOUND DO I INFLICT!



TAK

I BEG FORGIVENESS, MY QUEEN, BUT THINE ENEMY SEEMS BEYOND INJURY. PUNISH ME AS THOU WILL!

ARISE! 'TIS NOT THY FAULT... FOR DESPITE HIS "DEATH," BALDER MUST STILL BE UNDER THE LONG-SINCE CAST SPELL OF QUEEN FRIGGA...



...WHICH PROTECTS HIM FROM HARM BY ANY LIVING THING--

--SAVE ONE, THE MISTLE-TOE WAS BEYOND FRIGGA'S ENCHANTMENT. BALDER MAY STILL BE SLAIN BY IT.





NOW ARMED WITH THAT WHICH MAY DESTROY THEE-- I'LL PIERCE THY HEART AND SEE THEE DEAD!



STILL YOU REFUSE TO FLINCH, THOUGH DEATH APPROACHES. AT LEAST RAISE THY HAND IN DEFENSE, THAT I MAY NOT BE CALLED A SLAUGHTERER OF LAMBS.



DO AS THOU DOST WISH. I AM NO LONGER A WARRIOR AND I WILL NOT DEFY THEE. MINE IS THE WAY OF THE LAMB, TO STRIKE NOT 'GAINST MINE ENEMY.

A FITTING EPITAPH, FOOLISH ONE!



WHAT BE THIS? I'M FADING BEFORE KILLING THEE. I HAVE FAILED!!

BEGONE, FAITHFUL ONE! BACK TO THE NORN REALM, 'TIS KARNILLA WHO HAS FAILED. THOUGH IN SUCH A WRATH--

-- I HAVE DESTROYED OTHERS FOR FAR LESS OFFENSE... 'TIS NOT IN MY HEART TO SLAY MY BELOVED.



DOES THAT REFUSAL NOT SHOW HOW DEEPLY MY LOVE FOR THEE RUNS, BALDER?

THAT THOU WOULD E'EN THREATEN THE LIFE OF ONE SO "BELOVED," MILADY SPEAKS MORE TRUTHFULLY OF THY CHARACTER.

NOW, I WOULD BE ALONE.



MY RUSE TO WIN THEE BACK HAS BUT TURNED THEE FURTHER FROM ME. BUT 'TIS NOT OVER BETWEEN US THIS EASILY, MY BRAVE ONE.

I'LL NOT QUICKLY RELEASE WHAT SHOULD BE KARNILLA'S! WITH ALL THE SORCEROUS MIGHT AT MY COMMAND, I'LL HAVE THEE BEGGING TO BE MINE!

NEXT: The ABDUCTION OF BALDER!