

MAY #307 50c

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THE MIGHTY

# THOR



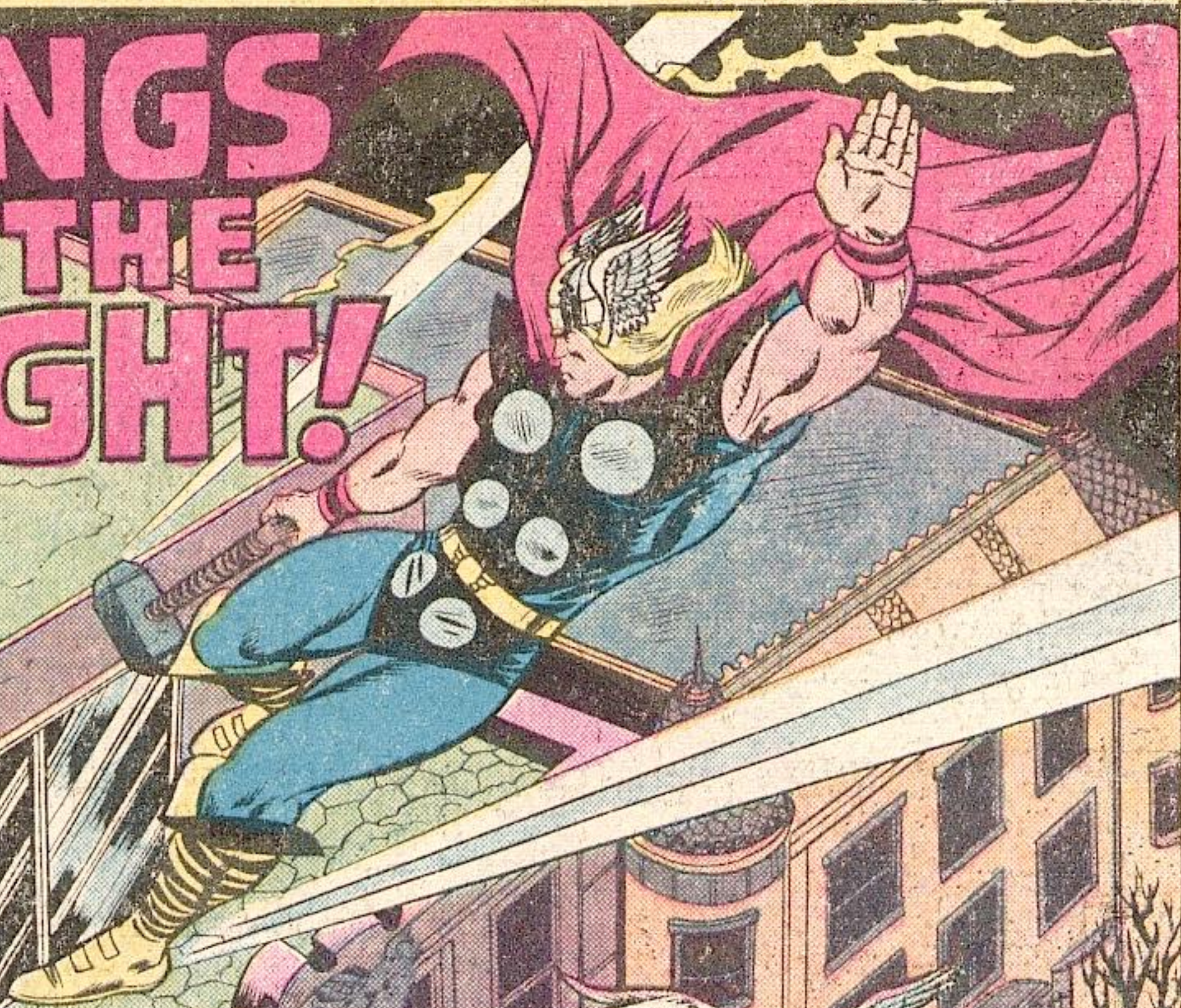
CAN THOR'S ALTER EGO -- DOCTOR DONALD BLAKE SURVIVE  
**THE DREAM DEMON?!**

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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!**

**WINGS  
IN THE  
NIGHT!**



'TWOULD SEEM THE CITY IS SLUMBERING WELL THIS NIGHT... NOTHING HAVE I SEEN TO CLAIM THE ATTENTION OF THE GOD OF THUNDER.

NOW, 'TIS TIME FOR THOR HIMSELF TO SEEK THE BALM OF SLEEP, CONTENT THAT MY PRESENCE IS NOT NEEDED THIS EVE.

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GRACEFULLY, HE ALIGHTS UPON THE SNOW-CRESTED ROOFTOP OF HIS UPPER WESTSIDE BROWNSTONE.

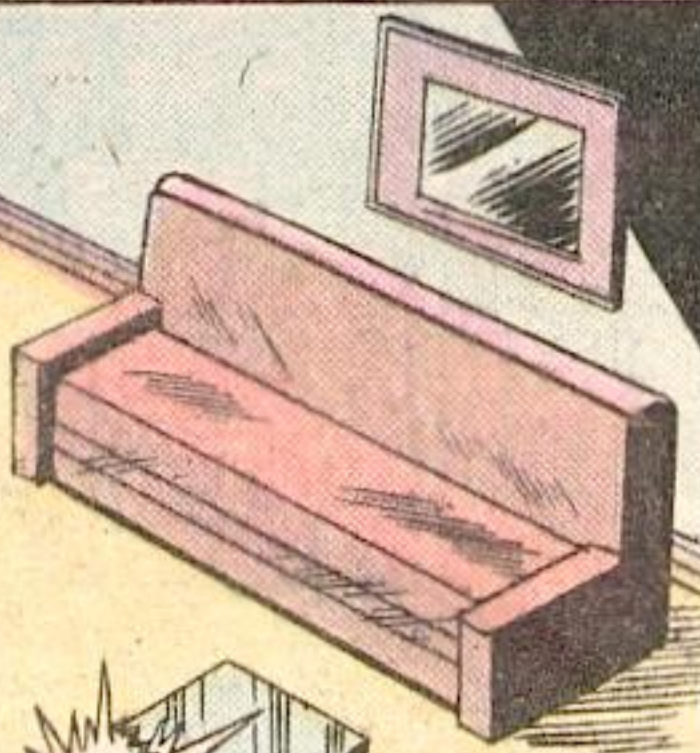


AT LAST MY MORTAL HALF... THE LAME PHYSICIAN DONALD BLAKE HAS SET UP PERMANENT RESIDENCE HERE. 'TIS GOOD TO HAVE A HOME AT--



--EH? THE TELEPHONE RINGING. THERE BE NO TIME TO ALTER IDENTITIES, THOR SHALL ANSWER.

brrrrring



YES...THIS IS DONALD BLAKE.



DON, I MUST HAVE GOTTEN YOU UP. YOUR VOICE SOUNDS A BIT HUSKY. SORRY.

LISTEN, I KNOW YOUR NIGHT SHIFT ISN'T UNTIL TUESDAY BUT WE'RE A BIT UNDERSTAFFED AND A WEIRD PROBLEM HAS COME UP.



I WILL BE THERE SHORTLY, RAMON.

THANKS, AMIGO.

THOUGH I CRAVE REST AND NOURISHMENT, THIS "WEIRD PROBLEM" IS INTRIGUING.

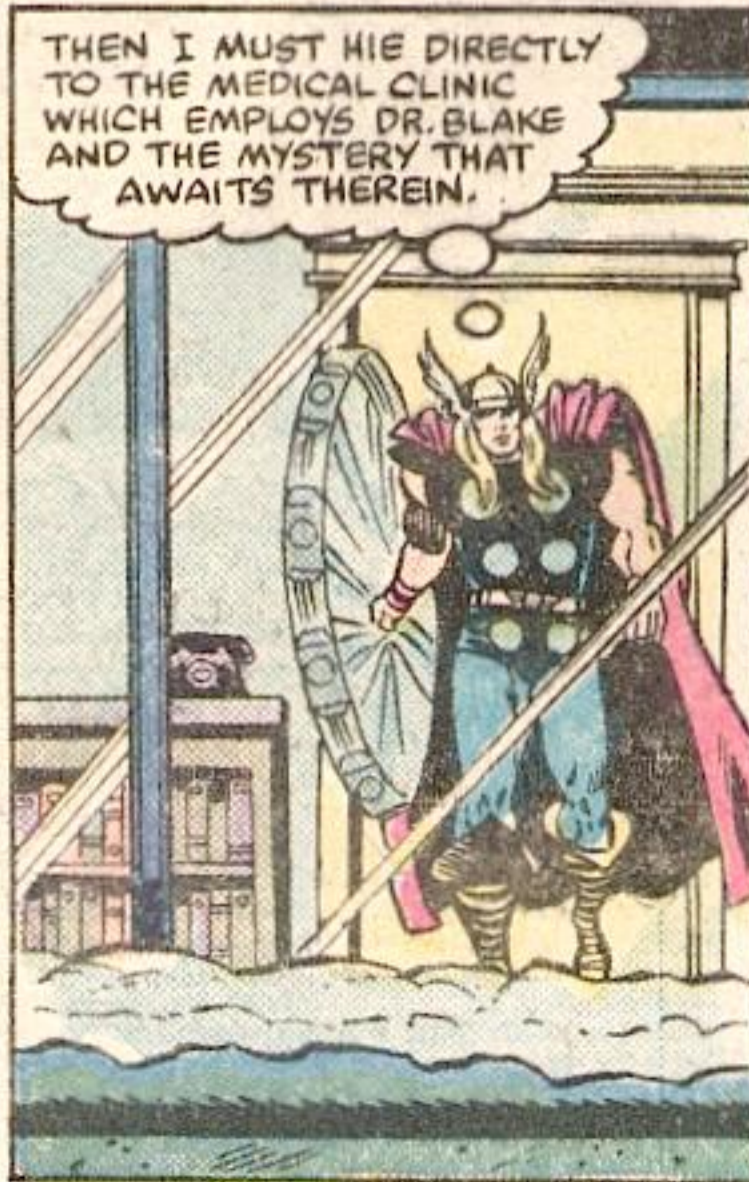


STILL, IT MAY BE BEST TO SEEK SUSTENANCE BEFORE LEAVING.

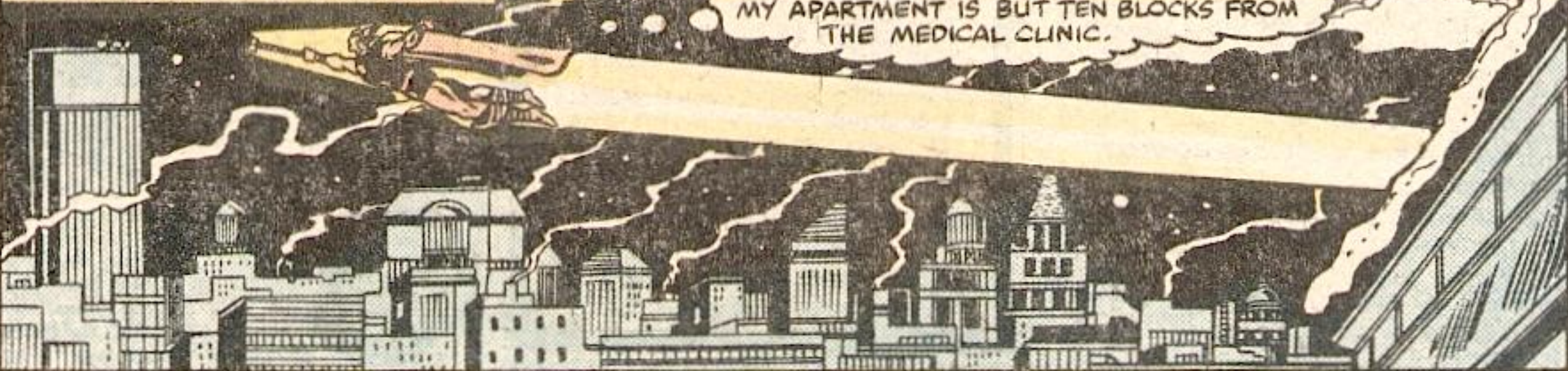
NAY, THERE BE LITTLE HERE TO SATISFY THE HUNGER OF A GOD.



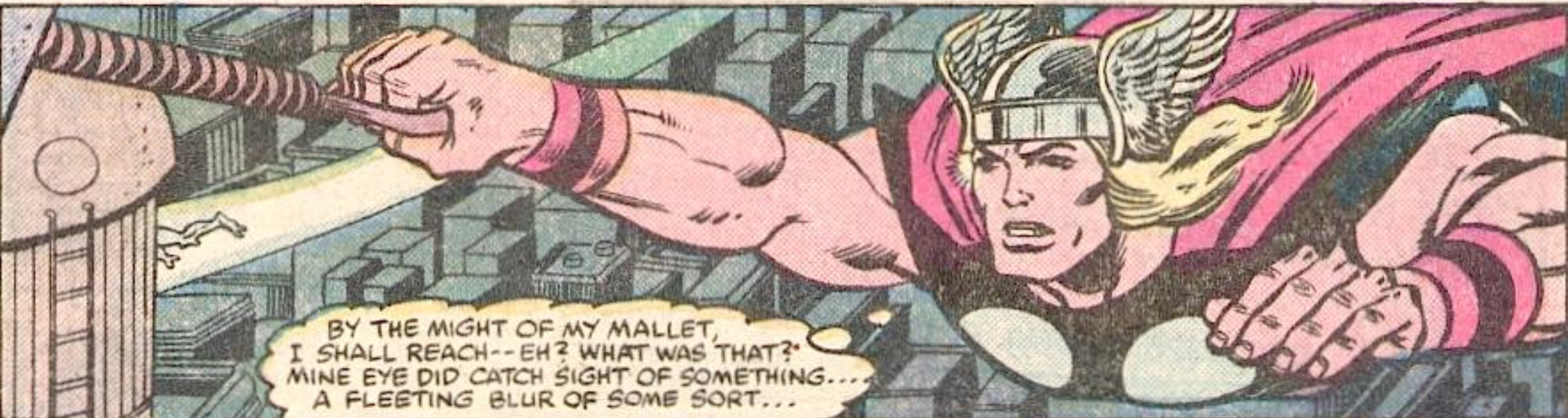
THEN I MUST HIE DIRECTLY TO THE MEDICAL CLINIC WHICH EMPLOYS DR. BLAKE AND THE MYSTERY THAT AWAITS THEREIN.



WITH A WHIRL OF HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER MJOLNIR, THE MIGHTY THOR LAUNCHES HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN OVER THE FAMOUS SKYLINE OF MANHATTAN.



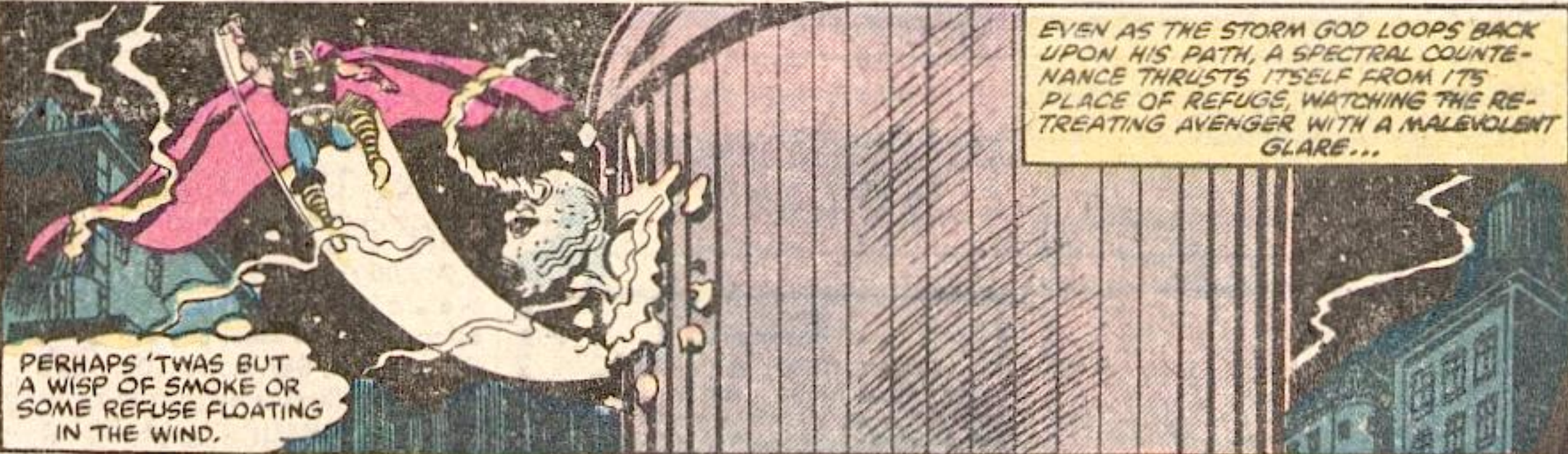
MY APARTMENT IS BUT TEN BLOCKS FROM THE MEDICAL CLINIC.



BY THE MIGHT OF MY MALLET, I SHALL REACH--EH? WHAT WAS THAT? MINE EYE DID CATCH SIGHT OF SOMETHING... A FLEETING BLUR OF SOME SORT...

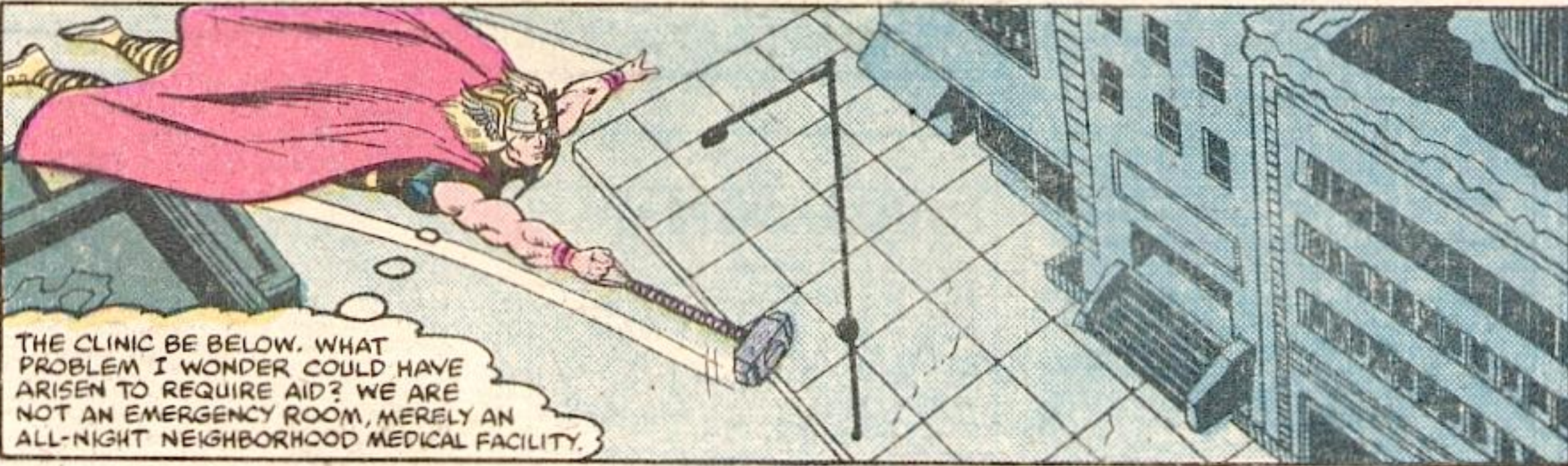


...OR SO IT DID SEEM. NOW I DETECT NOTHING.



EVEN AS THE STORM GOD LOOPS BACK UPON HIS PATH, A SPECTRAL COUNTERPART THRUSTS ITSELF FROM ITS PLACE OF REFUGE, WATCHING THE RETREATING AVENGER WITH A MALEVOLENT GLARE...

PERHAPS 'T WAS BUT A WISP OF SMOKE OR SOME REFUSE FLOATING IN THE WIND.



THE CLINIC BE BELOW. WHAT PROBLEM I WONDER COULD HAVE ARISEN TO REQUIRE AID? WE ARE NOT AN EMERGENCY ROOM, MERELY AN ALL-NIGHT NEIGHBORHOOD MEDICAL FACILITY.



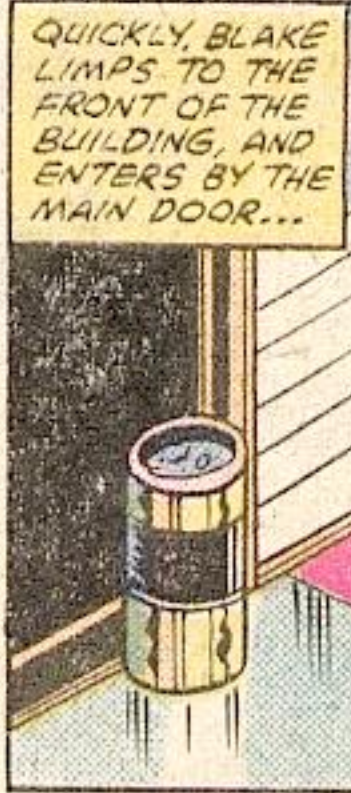
LANDING IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE CLINIC, THOR KNEELS...



...AND STRIKES HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER ON THE GROUND, WITH A MIGHTY THUNDERCLAP.



WHEN THE BLINDING BRILLIANCE FADES, THOR HAS BEEN BODILY TRANSFORMED INTO THE LAME DR. DONALD BLAKE...



QUICKLY, BLAKE LIMPES TO THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING, AND ENTERS BY THE MAIN DOOR...



HEY, AMIGO, THAT WAS FAST.

FOR A GUY WITH A BUM LEG, YOU SURE GET AROUND.



SO WHY'S BUSINESS SO GOOD TONIGHT?

SEE FOR YOURSELF. THE EXAM ROOM'S OVERFLOWING WITH 'EM.

INCREDIBLE! IT APPEARS THEY'RE ALL SUFFERING FROM SHOCK. BUT WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAVE CAUSED THIS TO HAPPEN TO SO MANY PEOPLE AT ONCE!



THAT'S JUST IT. I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA. NONE OF THESE FOLK EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER

HEY, MR. BANKS, COME HERE AND TELL MY ASSOCIATE WHAT YOU TOLD ME.



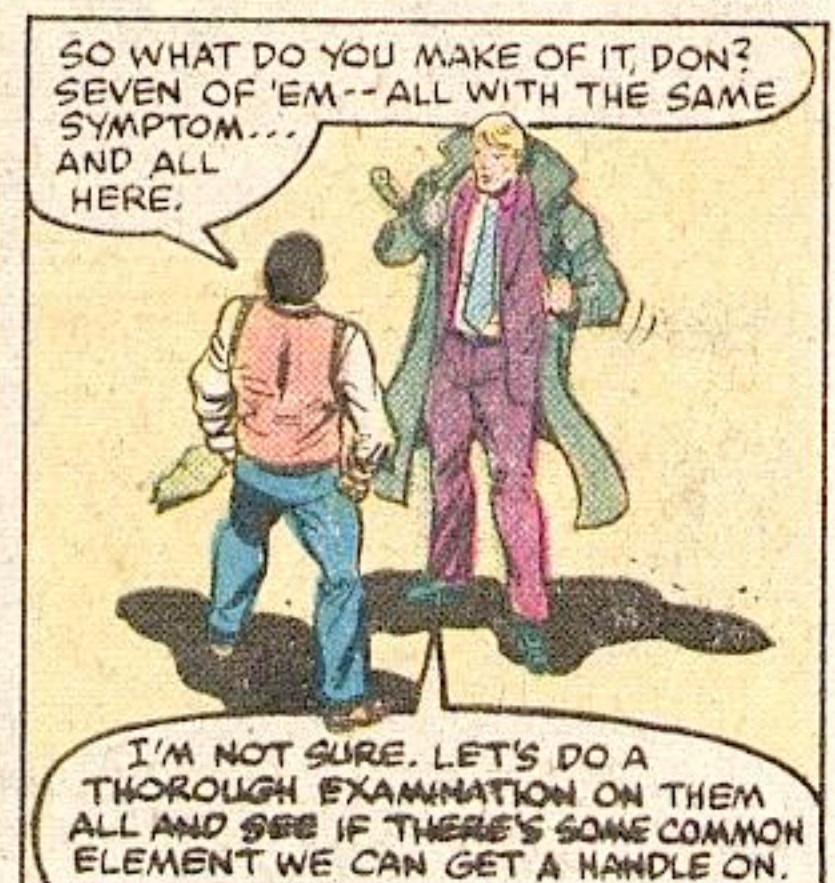
WELL, MY BOY WILLIE HERE WENT TA BED TONIGHT, SAME AS USUAL. SUDDENLY I HEAR HIM SCREAM AN' RUN IN HIS ROOM TO FIND HIM SITTIN' IN BED LIKE A ZOMBIE.



I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO SNAP 'IM OUTTA THE TRANCE HE'S IN.

TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE WAS YOUR SON TAKING ANY KIND OF DRUG?

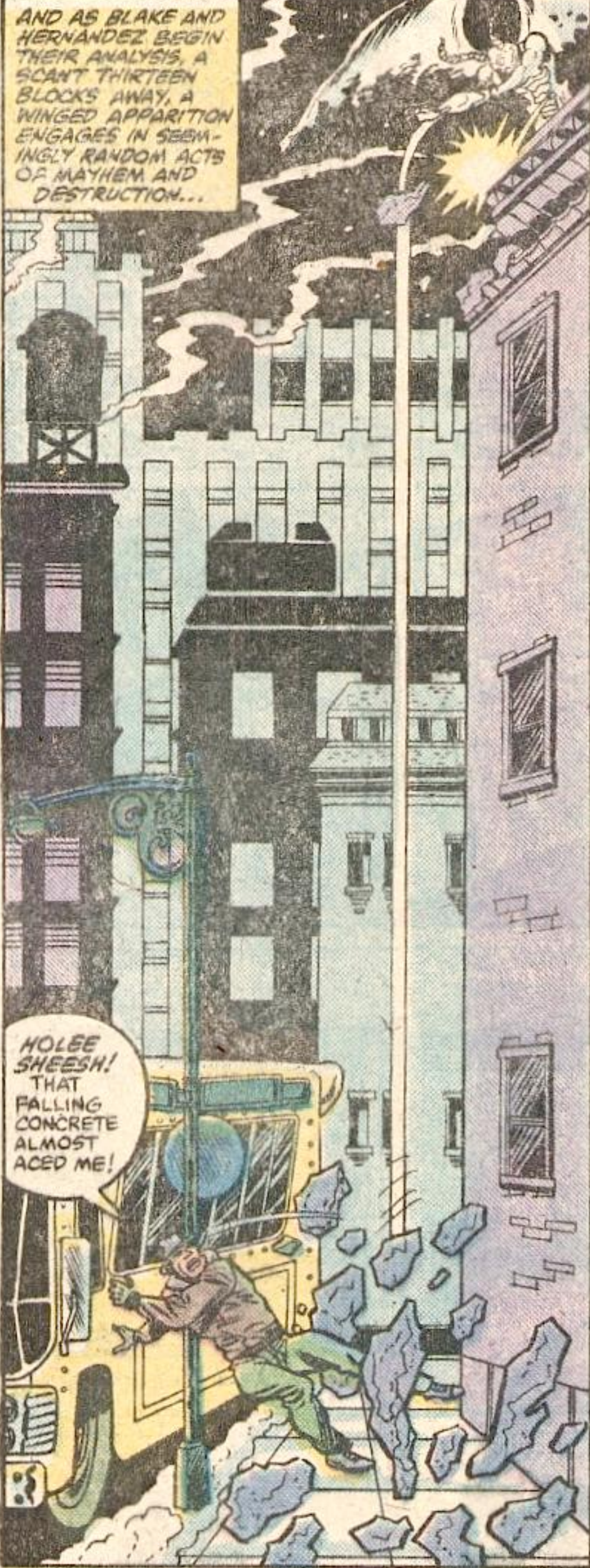
NOSSIR. MY BOY DON'T TOUCH THAT JUNK.



SO WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, DON? SEVEN OF 'EM-- ALL WITH THE SAME SYMPTOM... AND ALL HERE.

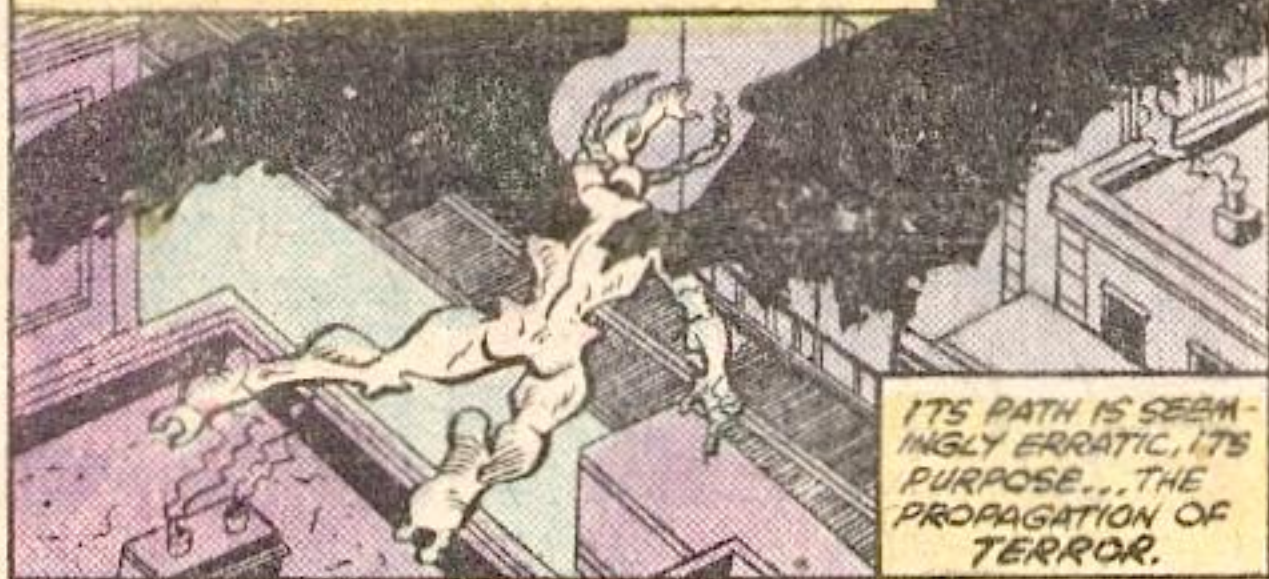
I'M NOT SURE. LET'S DO A THOROUGH EXAMINATION ON THEM ALL AND SEE IF THERE'S SOME COMMON ELEMENT WE CAN GET A HANDLE ON.

AND AS BLAKE AND HERNANDEZ BEGIN THEIR ANALYSIS, A SCANT THIRTEEN BLOCKS AWAY, A WINGED APPARITION ENGAGES IN SEEMINGLY RANDOM ACTS OF MAYHEM AND DESTRUCTION...



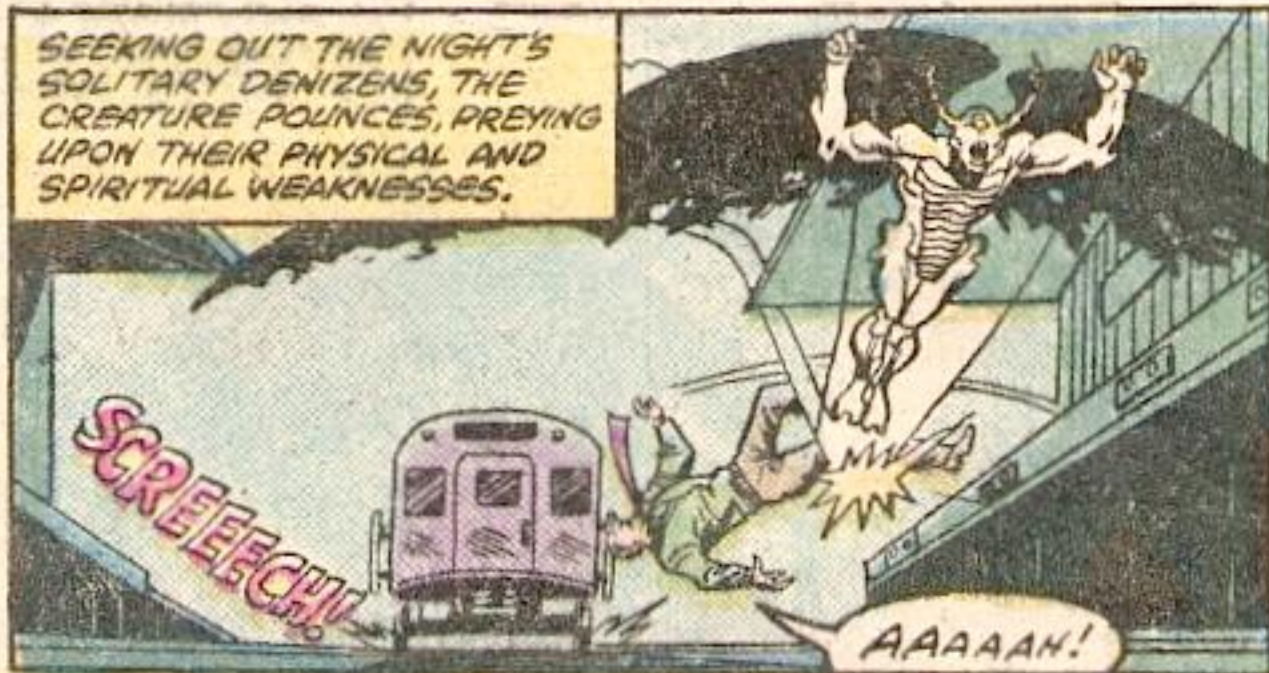
HOLEE SHEESH!  
THAT  
FALLING  
CONCRETE  
ALMOST  
ACED ME!

THE CREATURE TAKES FLIGHT, FLITTING FROM ROOFTOP TO STREET TO BUILDING LIKE SOME MONSTROUS MOTH...



ITS PATH IS SEEMINGLY ERRATIC, ITS PURPOSE... THE PROPAGATION OF TERROR.

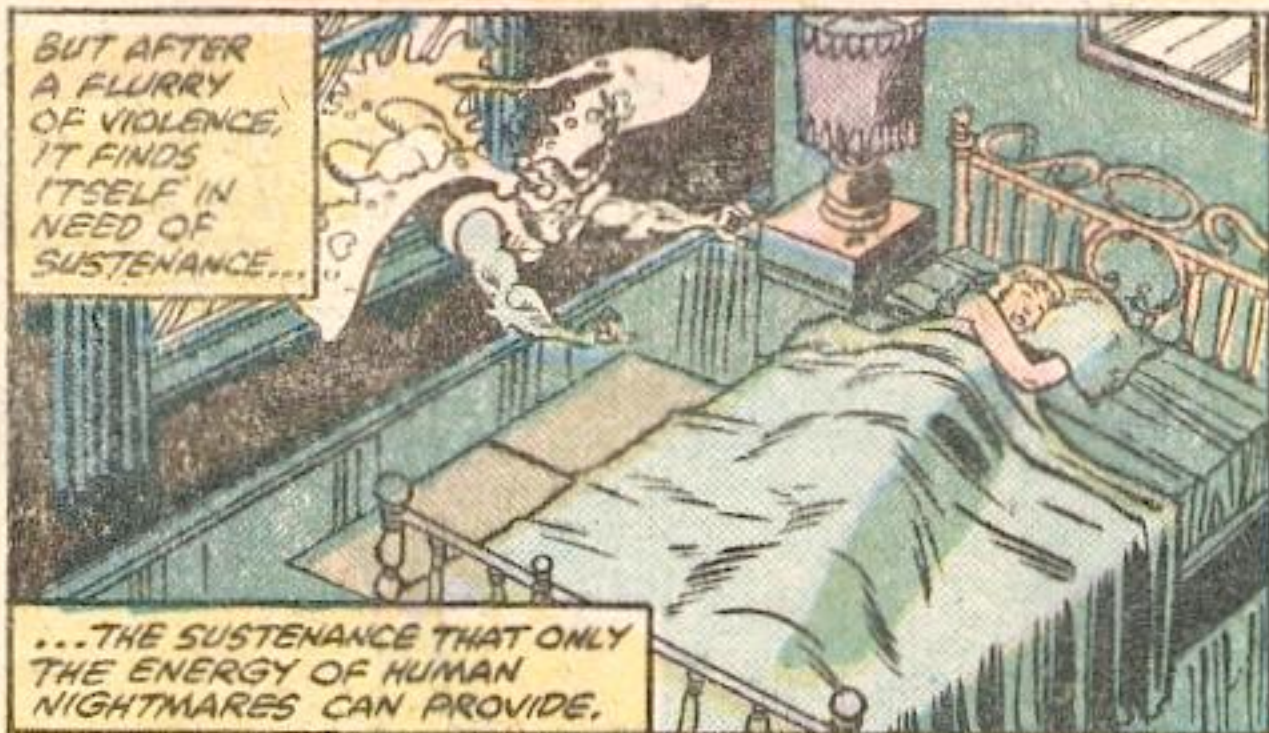
SEEKING OUT THE NIGHT'S SOLITARY DENIZENS, THE CREATURE POUNCES, PREYING UPON THEIR PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL WEAKNESSES.



SCREEECH!

AAAAAH!

BUT AFTER A FLURRY OF VIOLENCE, IT FINDS ITSELF IN NEED OF SUSTENANCE...



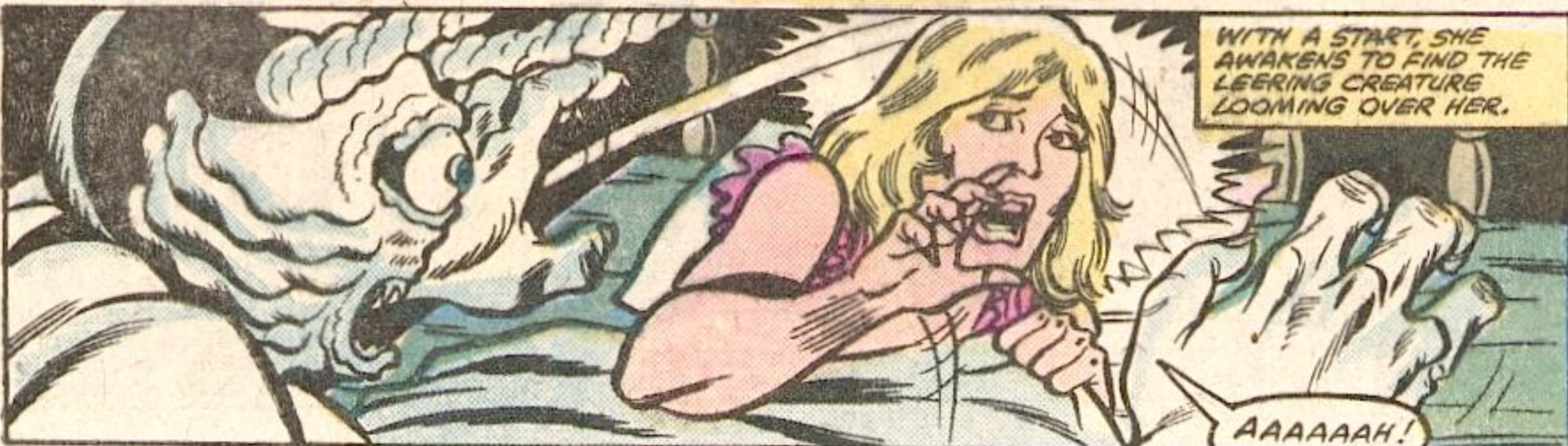
...THE SUSTENANCE THAT ONLY THE ENERGY OF HUMAN NIGHTMARES CAN PROVIDE.

A WOMAN SLEEPS FITFULLY, BUFFETED BY DREAMS OF DESPAIR AND PAIN. THE DEMON REACHES OUT TO HER...



ITS TOUCH IS COLD AND CLAMMY-- LIKE THE HAND OF DEATH.

WITH A START, SHE AWAKENS TO FIND THE LEERING CREATURE LOOMING OVER HER.



AAAAAAH!

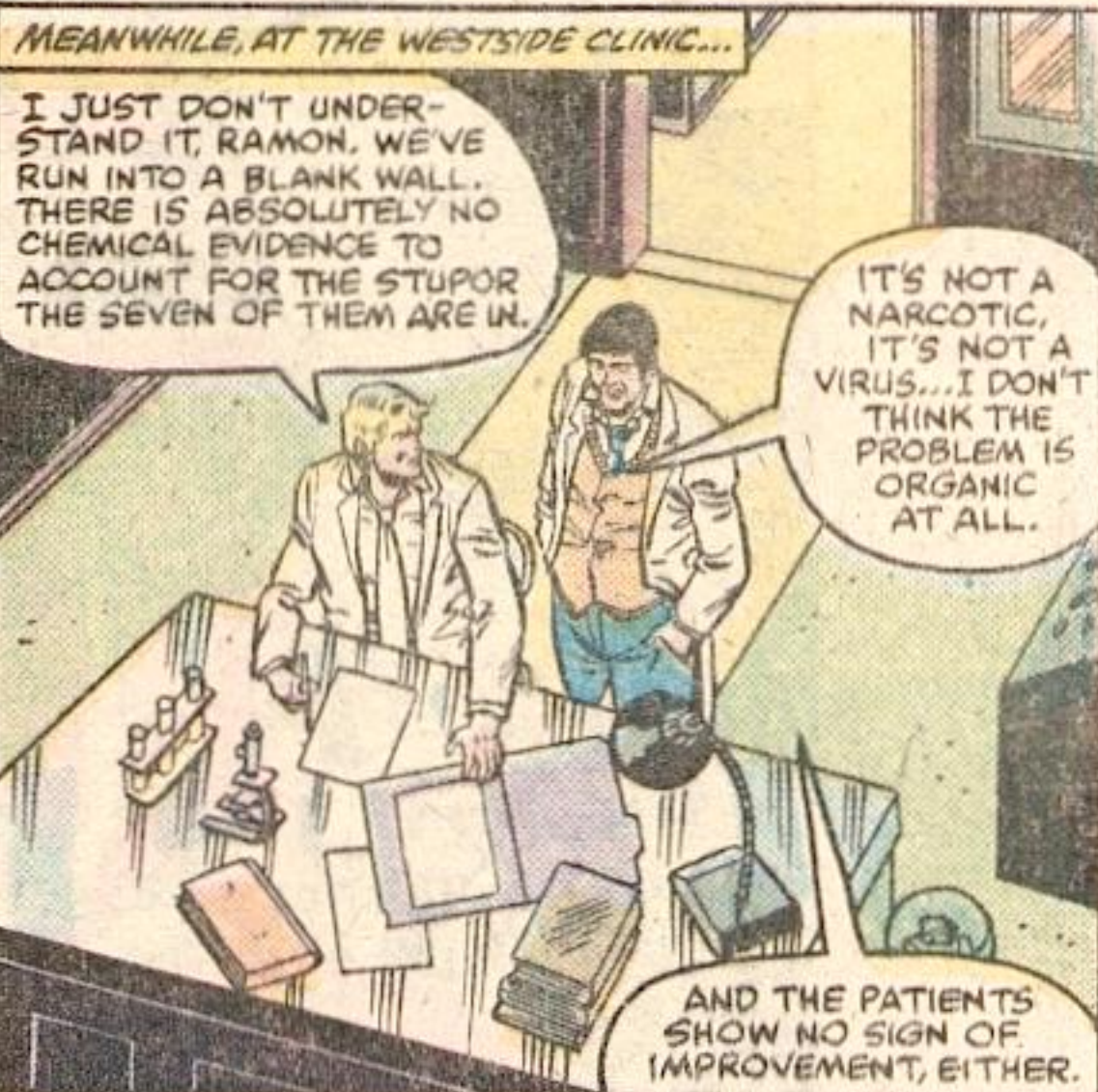
THE WOMAN'S SHRIEK OF HORROR INUNDATES THE RAPACIOUS PHANTASM. IT PIVOTS, SEEKING ASYLUM IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT.



SHE COLLAPSES, HER MIND TRAPPED SOMEWHERE BETWEEN WAKEFULNESS AND SLEEP. HER NIGHTMARES HAVE VANISHED... SUCKED FROM HER AS A VAMPIRE WOULD TAKE BLOOD--BRUTALLY, WITH NO REGARD FOR THE VICTIM.



THE DREAM DEMON GLIDES AWAY, SAVORING THE FLAVOR OF THE WOMAN'S NIGHTMARES, DRAWING NEW STRENGTH FROM THEIR INTENSITY...



MEANWHILE, AT THE WESTSIDE CLINIC...

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, RAMON. WE'VE RUN INTO A BLANK WALL. THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO CHEMICAL EVIDENCE TO ACCOUNT FOR THE STUPOR THE SEVEN OF THEM ARE IN.

IT'S NOT A NARCOTIC, IT'S NOT A VIRUS... I DON'T THINK THE PROBLEM IS ORGANIC AT ALL.

AND THE PATIENTS SHOW NO SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT, EITHER.

Y'KNOW, DON, I WAS THINKING OF WHAT THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT THEM IN SAID. MOST OF 'EM REPORTED HEARING THE PATIENT SCREAM.

BESIDES PAIN, THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES YOU SCREAM IS FEAR.



IS IT POSSIBLE THEY COULD HAVE ALL BEEN FRIGHTENED BY SOMETHING?

WELL, LOOK, IT'S 4 A.M. AND YOU HAVE TO BE IN TOMORROW AT 10. WHY DON'T YOU CALL IT A NIGHT?



I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL IF ANYTHING BREAKS.

RIGHT. G'NIGHT, RAMON.

OUTSIDE...

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLY BIZARRE! I'VE NEVER COME ACROSS ANYTHING LIKE IT IN ALL MY CAREER. I'M CONVINCED THOSE POOR PEOPLE ARE SOMEHOW BEYOND THE REACH OF MEDICINE.



WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO BE MUCH USE TO ANYONE UNLESS I GET SOME SLEEP. NOW TO HUNT UP A CAB...



WHAT? FLYING OVER THOSE BUILDINGS-- I THINK THAT'S WHAT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF EARLIER!

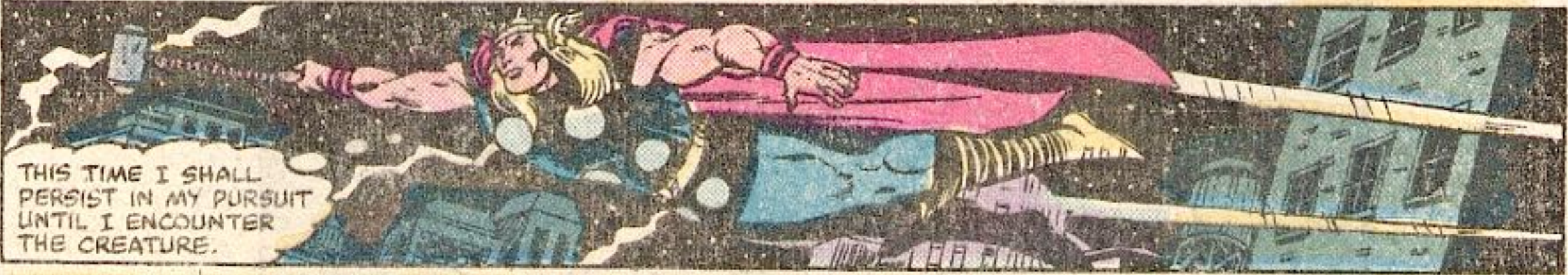


LOOKS LIKE DON BLAKE'S BEAUTY SLEEP IS GOING TO HAVE TO BE UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED.

WHATEVER THAT THING IS, IT'S PIQUED THE CURIOSITY OF--



--THOR!



THIS TIME I SHALL PERSIST IN MY PURSUIT UNTIL I ENCOUNTER THE CREATURE.

CRISSCROSSING THE CITY STREETS, THE THUNDER GOD EVENTUALLY SPOTS HIS QUARRY...

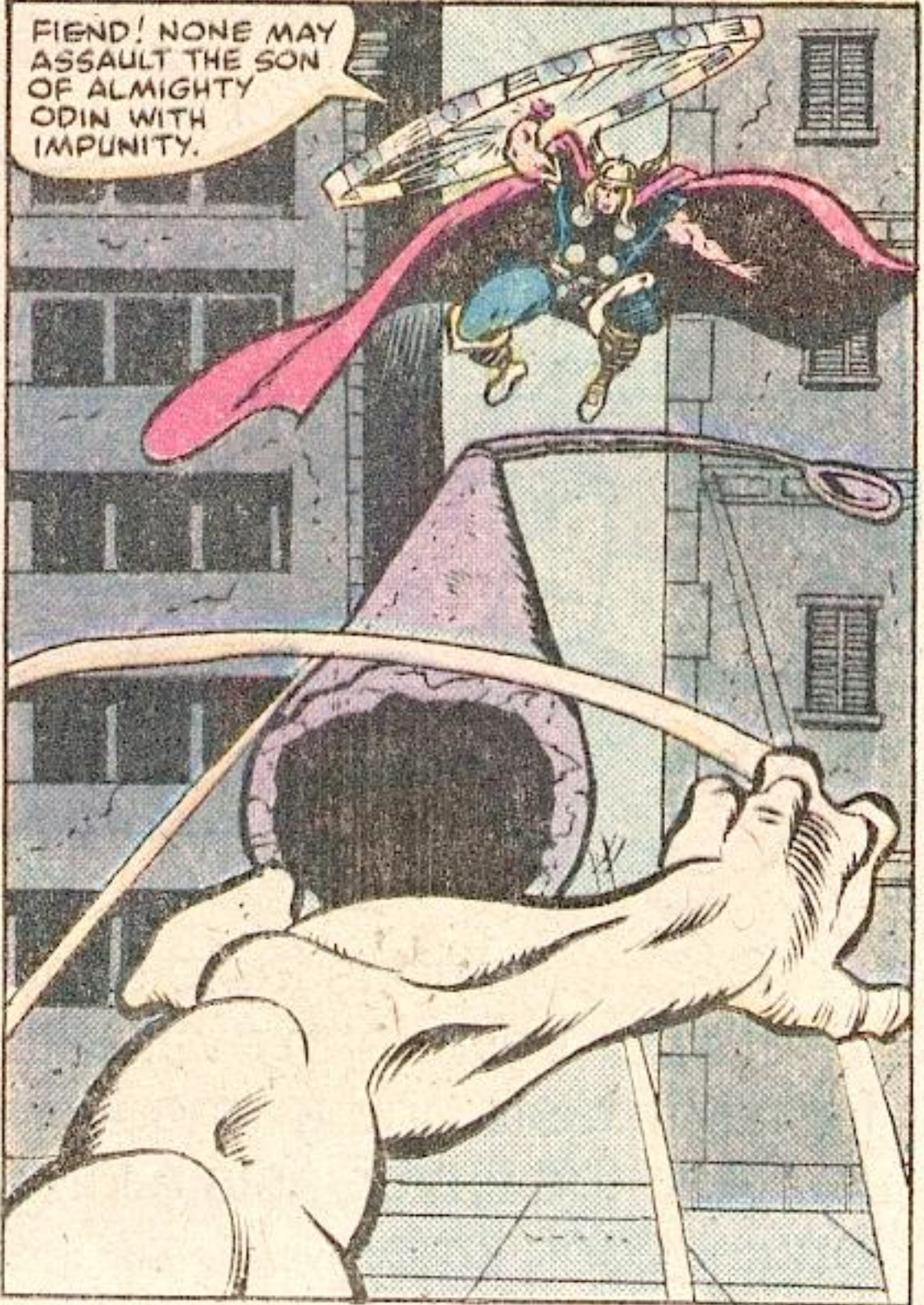
'TIS A WINGED DEMON-- LIKE SOMETHING GLIMPSED IN THE SHADOWY PITS OF NIFFLEHEIM. 'TWOULD APPEAR MY SUSPICIONS WERE JUSTIFIED.



BUT WHAT MANNER OF BEING IS IT TO SO ENGAGE IN RAMPANT DESTRUCTION?

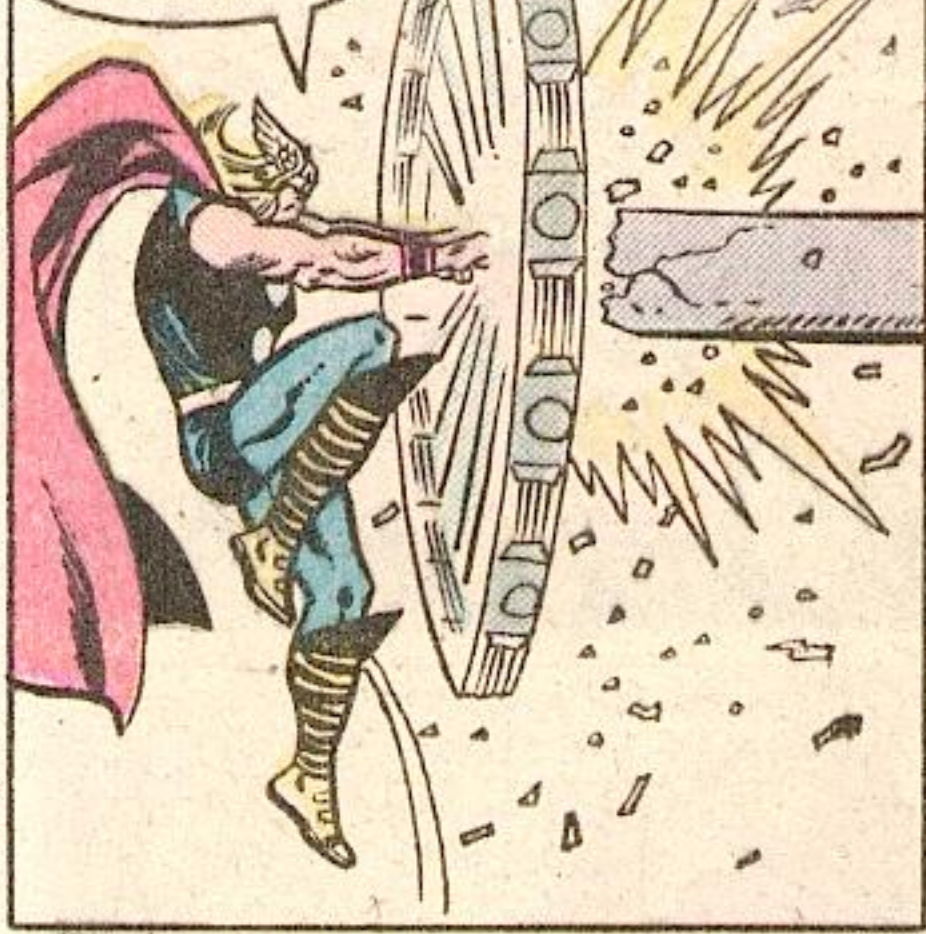
MAKING NOT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND, THE MINDLESS DEVOURER OF NIGHTMARES ACKNOWLEDGES THE ASGARDIAN AVENGER'S PRESENCE WITH AN ATTACK...

FIEND! NONE MAY ASSAULT THE SON OF ALMIGHTY ODIN WITH IMPUNITY.

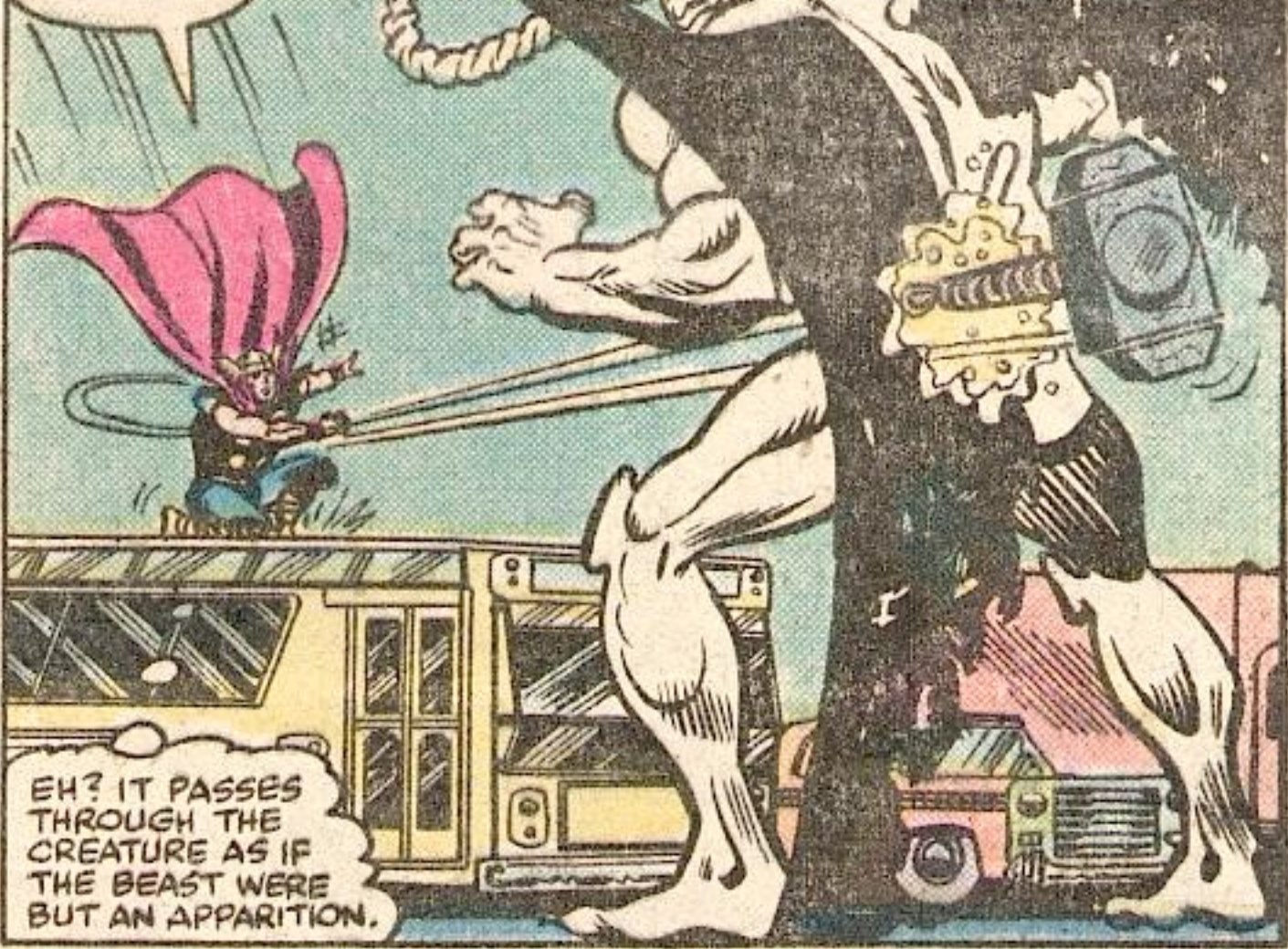




--YOUR MAKE-SHIFT PROJECTILE IS USELESS AGAINST ONE WHO POSSESSES MAGNIFICENT MJOLNIR--

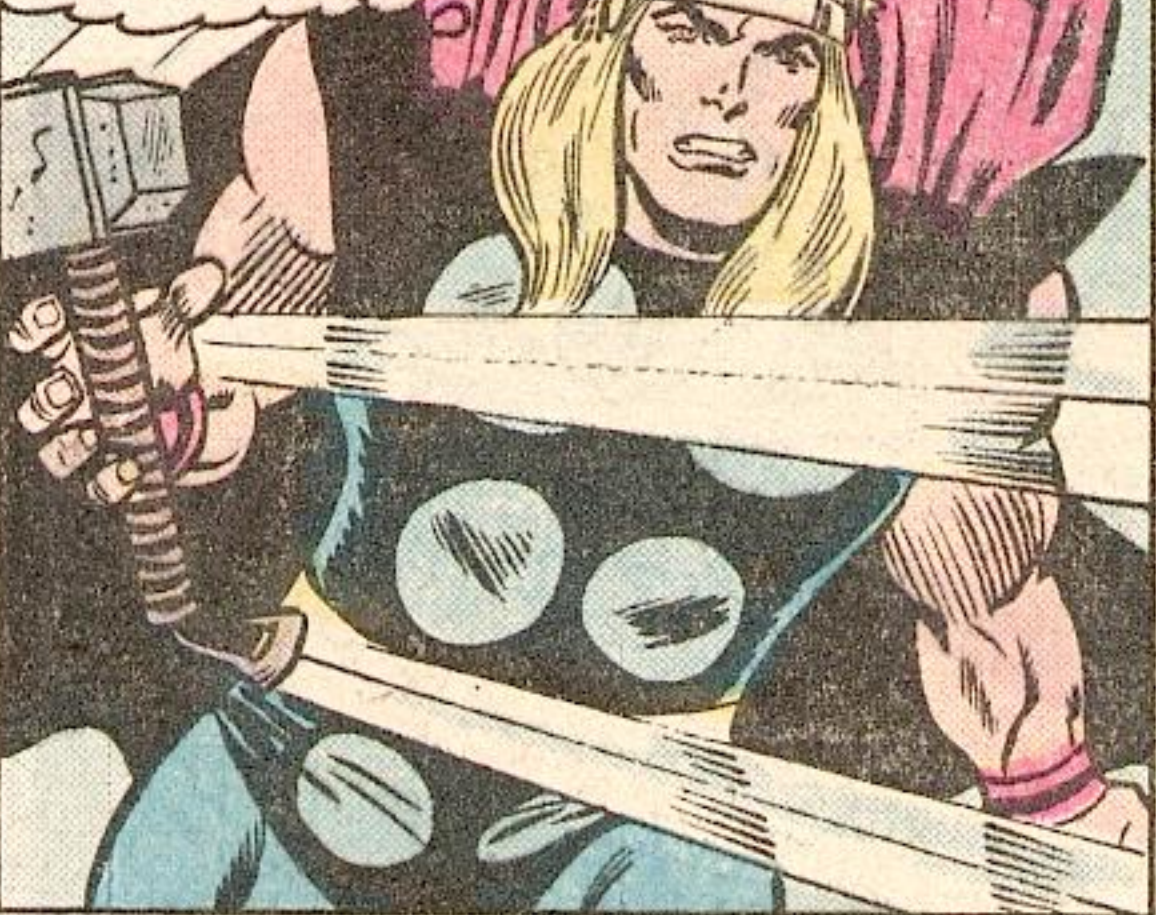


--THE WEAPON SUPREME!

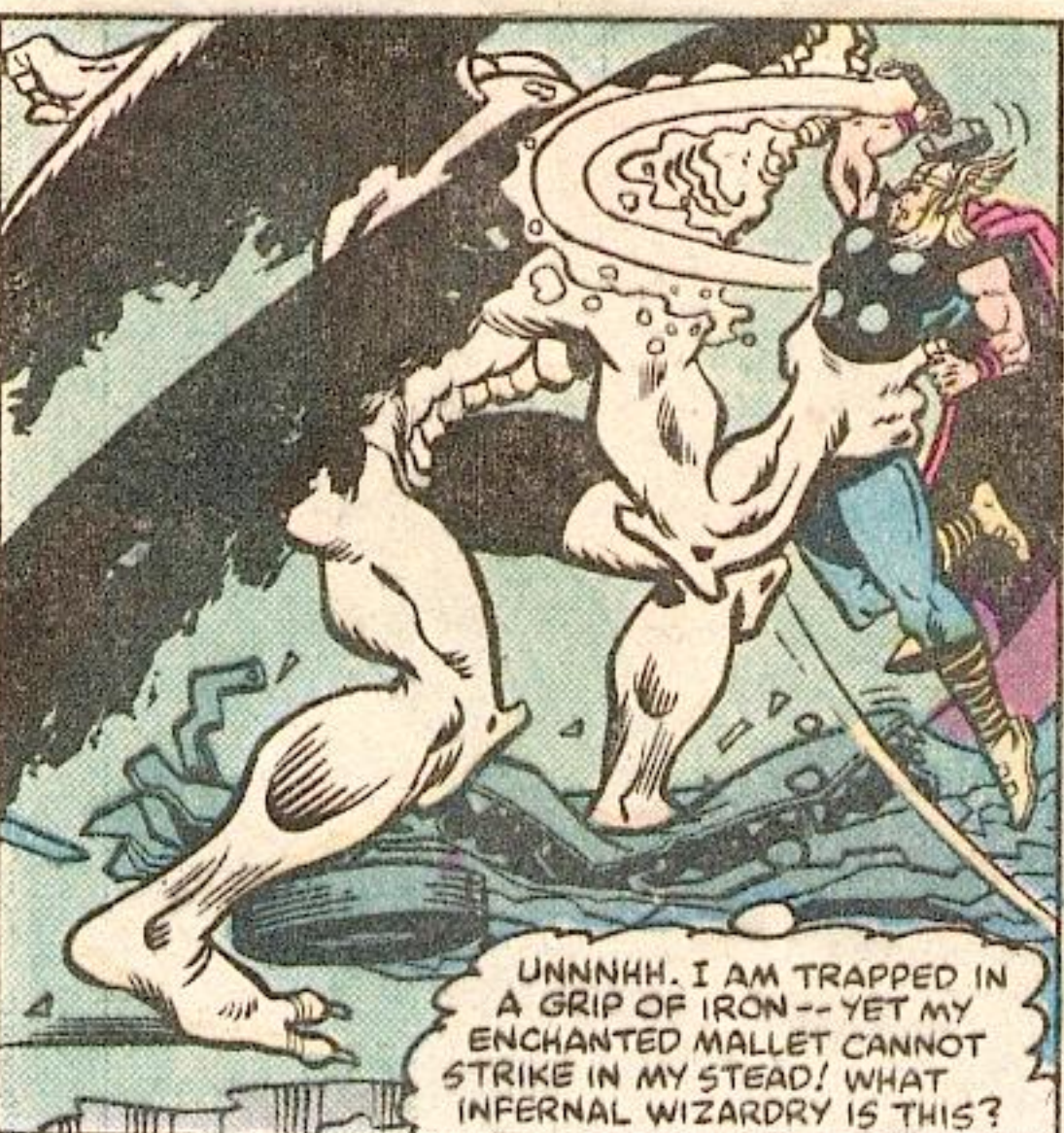


EH? IT PASSES THROUGH THE CREATURE AS IF THE BEAST WERE BUT AN APPARITION.

BUT HOW CAN IT GRASP MATERIAL THINGS IF ITS OWN SUBSTANCE IS IMMATERIAL?

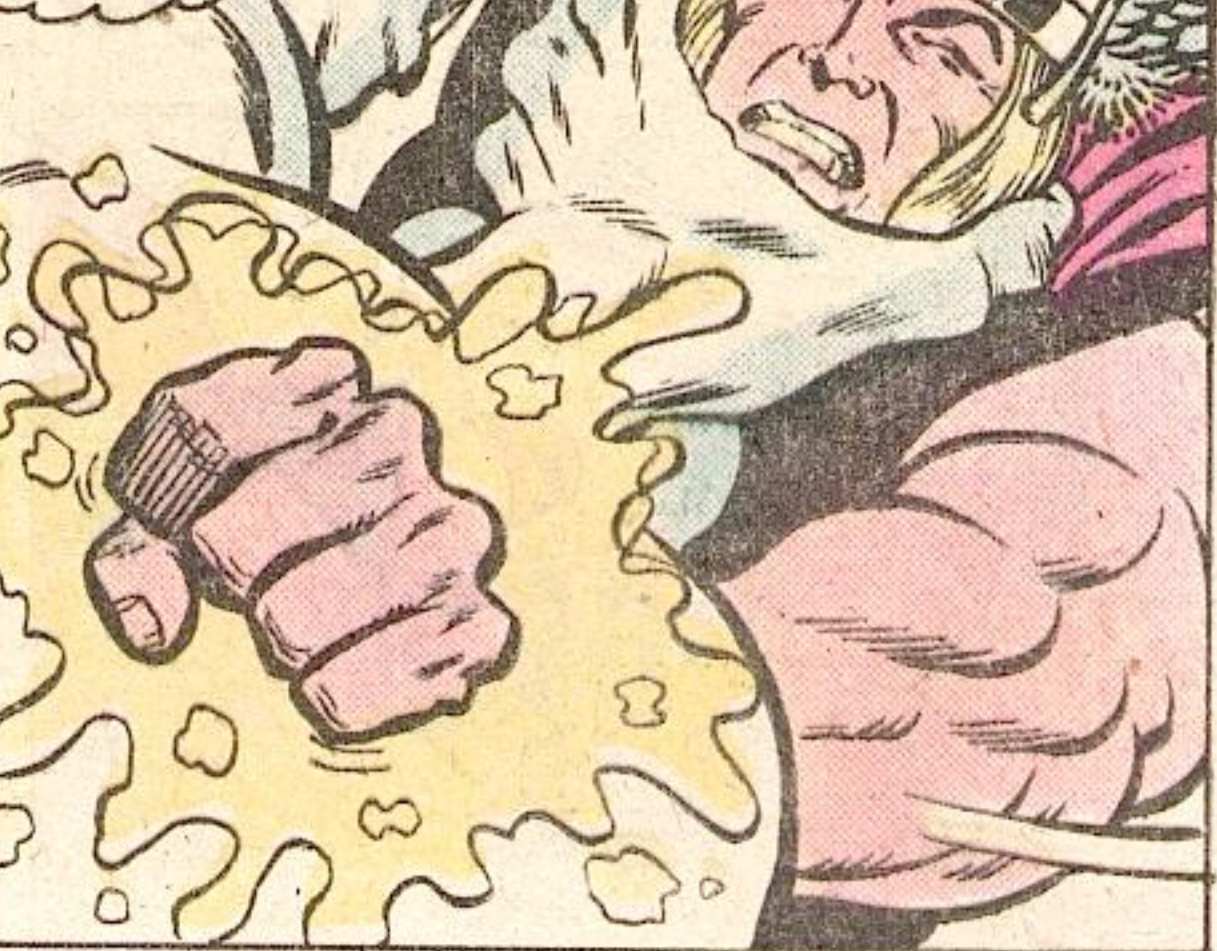


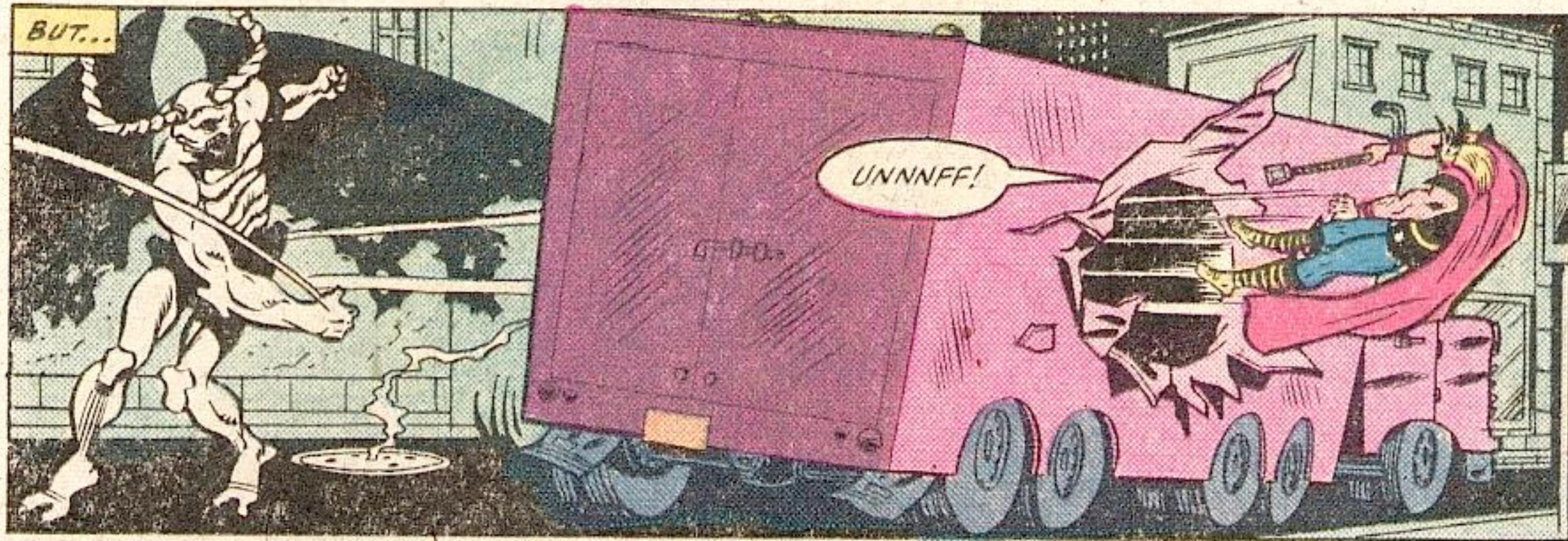
I SHALL DETERMINE THE DEMON'S SURFACE PROPERTIES BETTER AT CLOSER QUARTERS!



UNNNHH. I AM TRAPPED IN A GRIP OF IRON--YET MY ENCHANTED MALLET CANNOT STRIKE IN MY STEAD! WHAT INFERNAL WIZARDRY IS THIS?

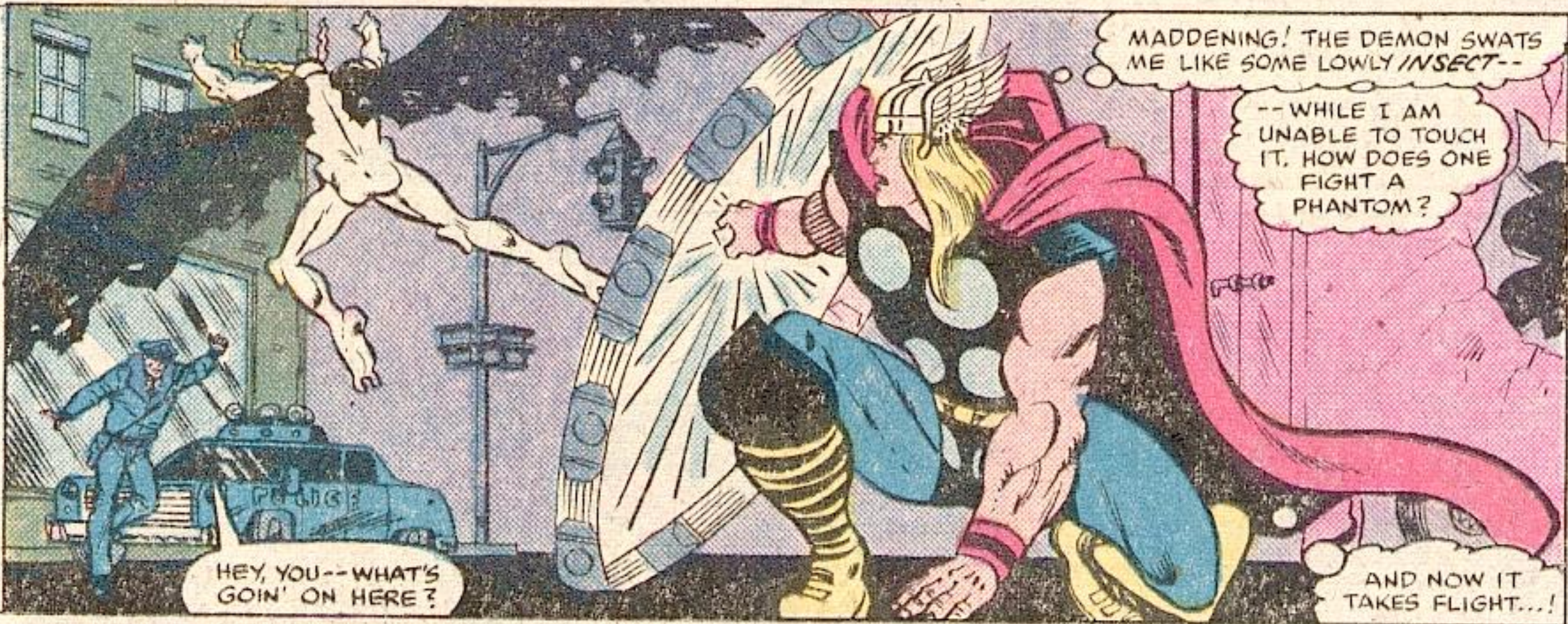
MAYHAP MUSCLE MAY SUCCEED WHERE URU METAL HAS FAILED!





BUT...

UNNNFF!



MADDENING! THE DEMON SWATS ME LIKE SOME LOWLY INSECT--

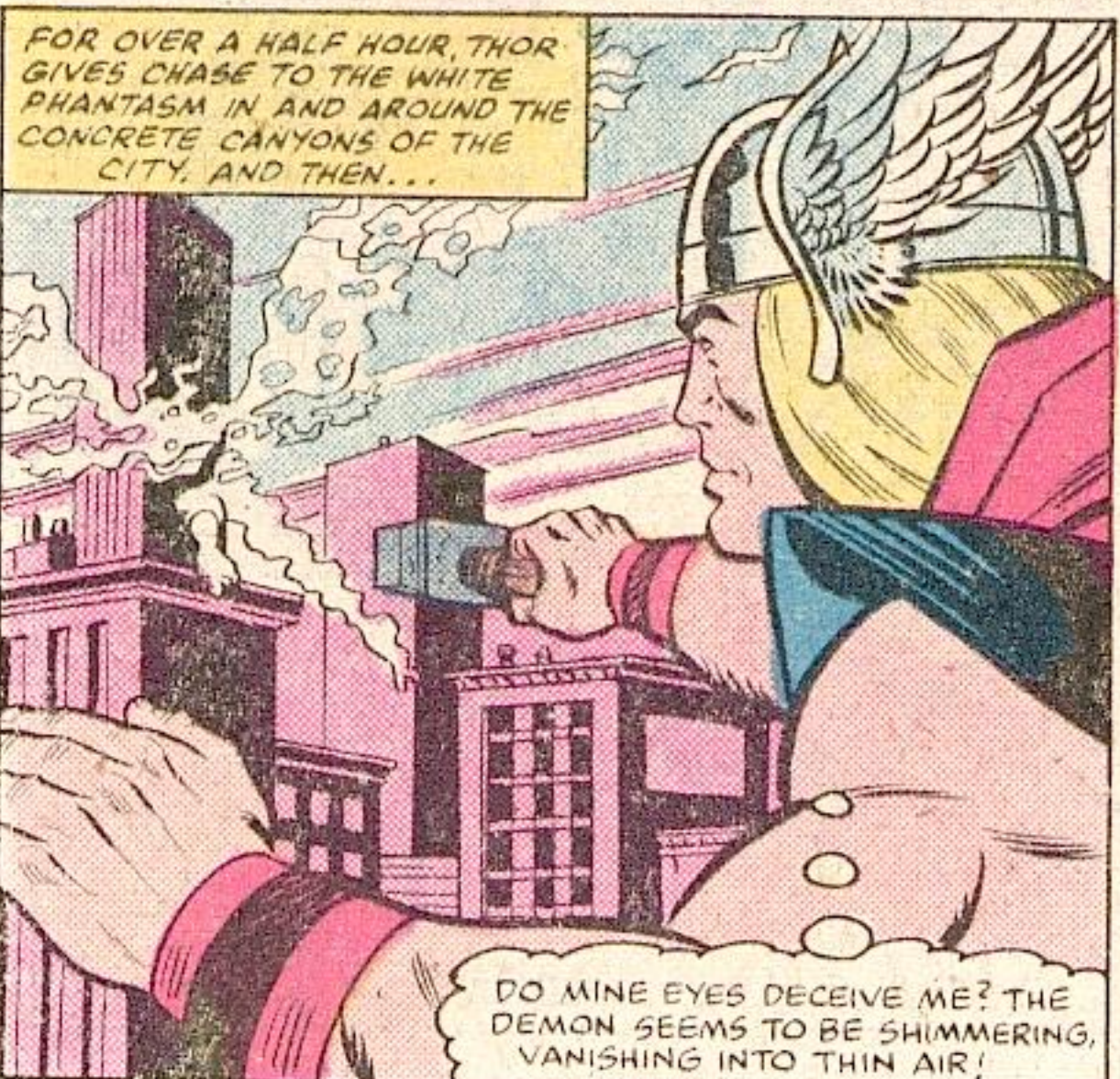
-- WHILE I AM UNABLE TO TOUCH IT, HOW DOES ONE FIGHT A PHANTOM?

AND NOW IT TAKES FLIGHT...!

HEY, YOU-- WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

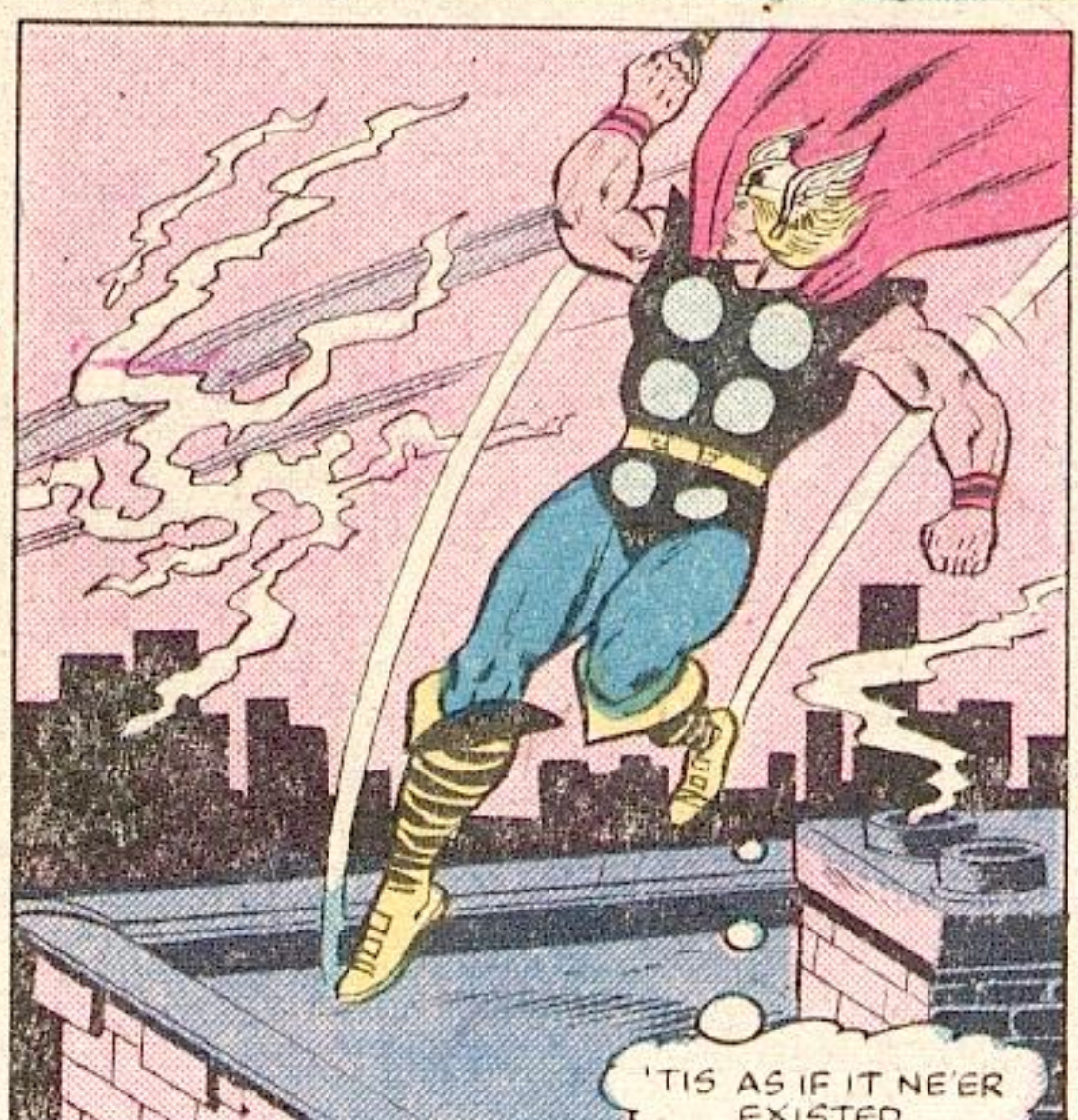


BY ODIN'S SACRED SPEAR-- IT SHALL NOT ELUDE ME, NO MATTER HOW FAST AND FURIOUS IT FLIES.



FOR OVER A HALF HOUR, THOR GIVES CHASE TO THE WHITE PHANTASM IN AND AROUND THE CONCRETE CANYONS OF THE CITY, AND THEN...

DO MINE EYES DECEIVE ME? THE DEMON SEEMS TO BE SHIMMERING, VANISHING INTO THIN AIR!



'TIS AS IF IT NE'ER EXISTED.

DAWN BREAKS... AND I HAVE YET TO SLEEP THIS NIGHT.



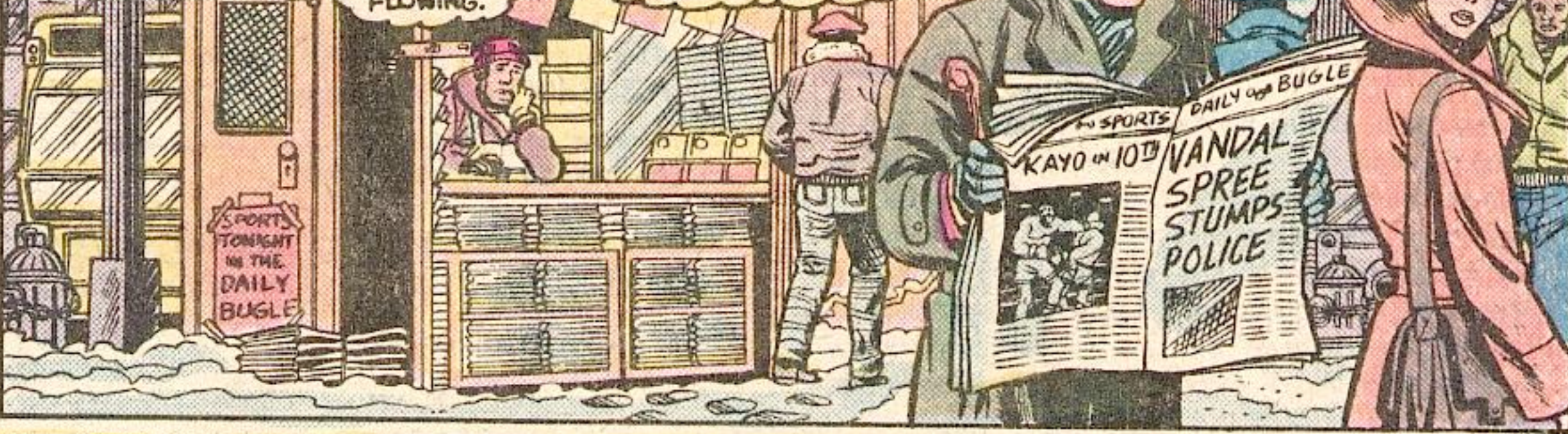
E'EN IMMORTALS NEED THE SWEET BLISS OF SLUMBER, THOUGH 'TIS MY HUMAN SELF WHOSE ENDURANCE WILL BE TAXED IN THE DAY AHEAD.

AND, AFTER AN ALL-TOO-BRIEF NAP, THOR'S MORTAL SELF TRUDGES THROUGH THE FEBRUARY FROST ON HIS WAY BACK TO WORK...

THANK HEAVEN FOR A STIFF MUG OF COFFEE TO GET THE JUICES FLOWING.

HMMM, IT SEEMS THAT DEMON THOR RAN INTO LAST NIGHT WAS MORE ACTIVE THAN I THOUGHT. IT LEFT A WAKE OF DESTRUCTION FROM 72ND STREET ALL THE WAY UP TO 150TH.

ODD... IT SEEMS TO BE CONFINED TO THE WEST SIDE.



SOON, AT THE CLINIC...

GOOD MORNING, DR. BLAKE.

THE SHOCK VICTIMS WE GOT IN LAST NIGHT-- HAS THERE BEEN ANY CHANGE?

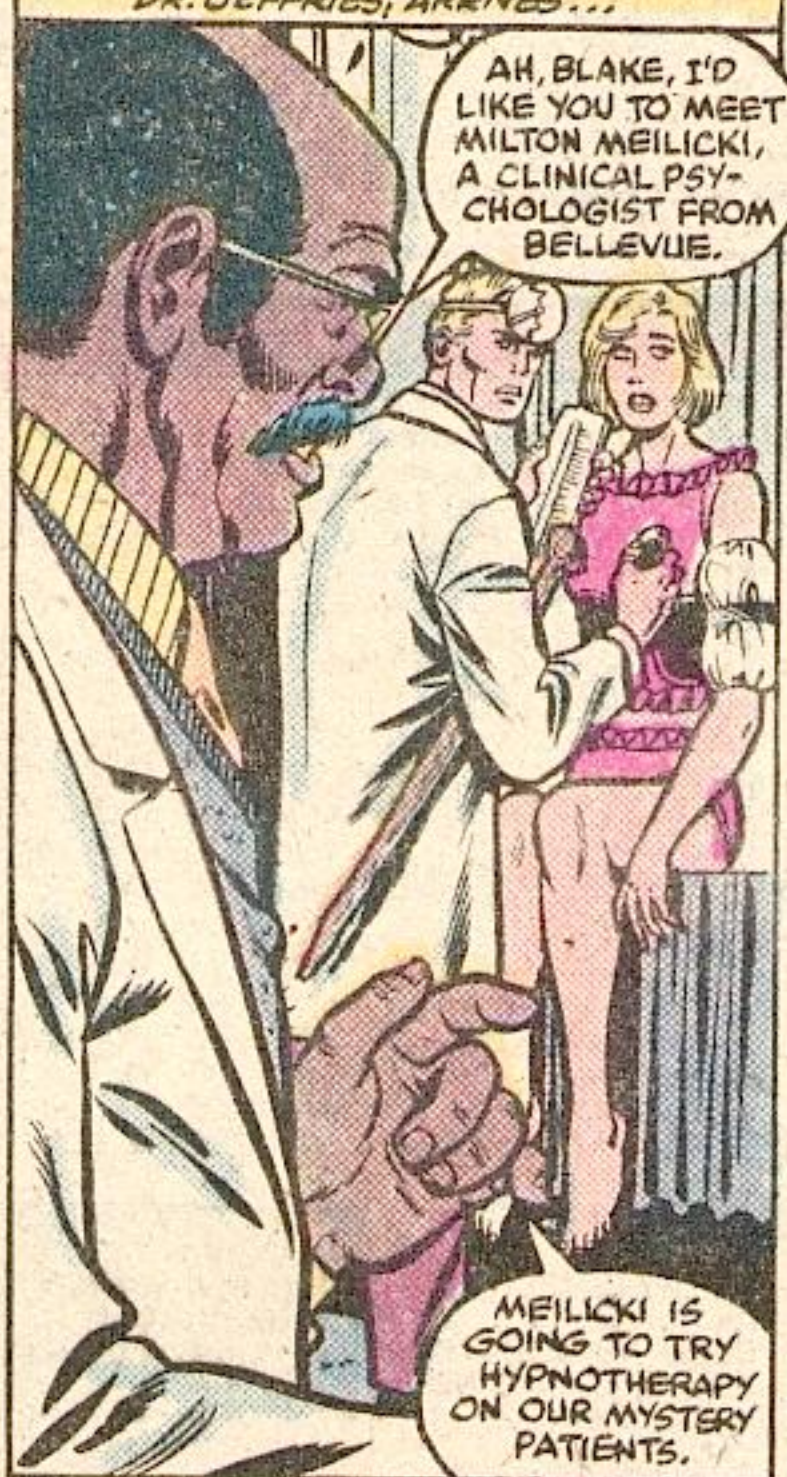
NO, BUT TWO MORE OF THEM HAVE BEEN ADMITTED THIS MORNING, SAME SYMPTOMS AS THE REST. DR. JEFFRIES IS BRINGING IN A SPECIALIST TO LOOK AT THEM.



MINUTES LATER, BLAKE'S SUPERIOR, DR. JEFFRIES, ARRIVES...

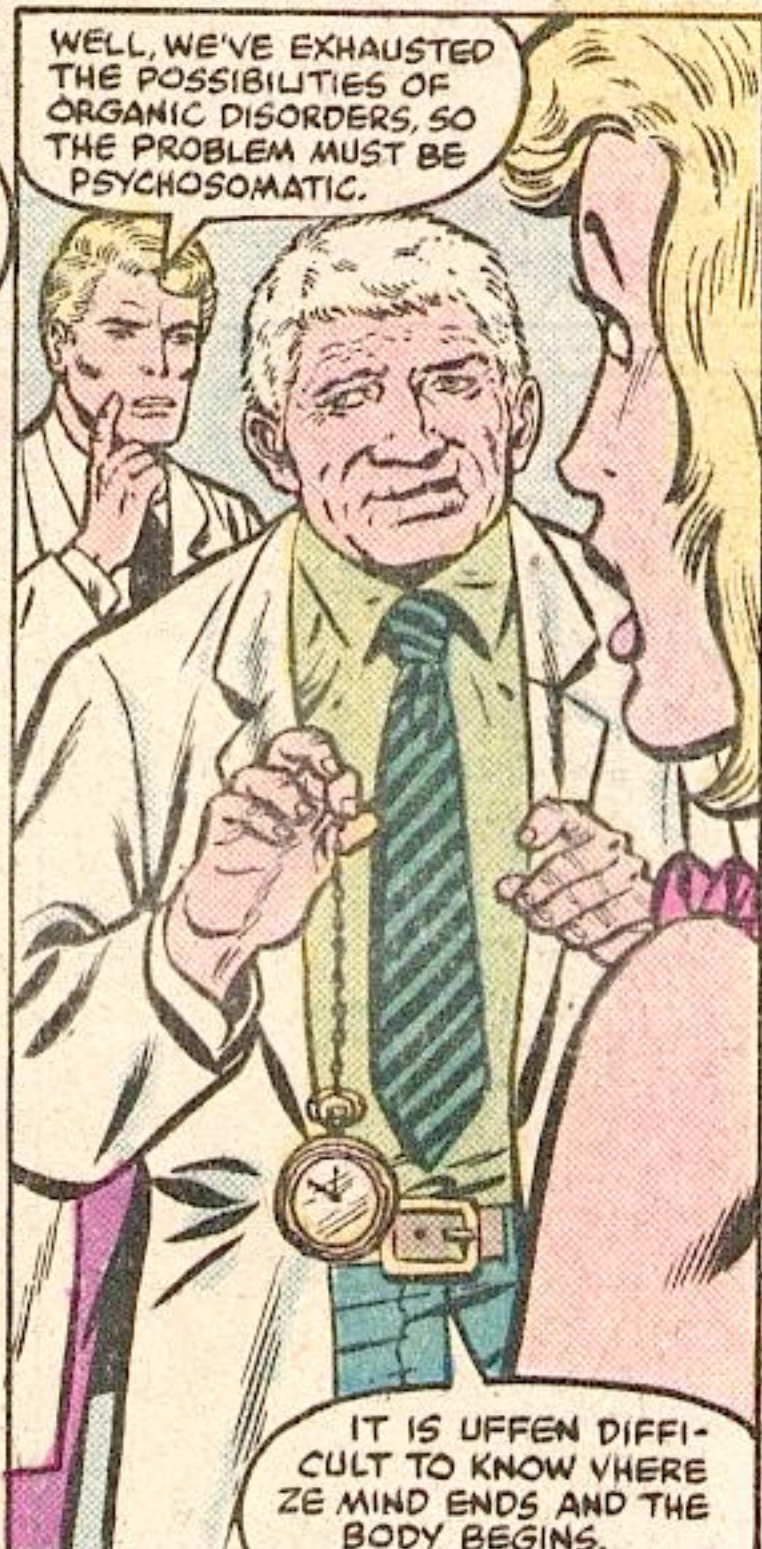
AH, BLAKE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MILTON MEILICKI, A CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST FROM BELLEVUE.

MEILICKI IS GOING TO TRY HYPNOTHERAPY ON OUR MYSTERY PATIENTS.



WELL, WE'VE EXHAUSTED THE POSSIBILITIES OF ORGANIC DISORDERS, SO THE PROBLEM MUST BE PSYCHOSOMATIC.

IT IS UFFEN DIFFICULT TO KNOW WHERE ZE MIND ENDS AND THE BODY BEGINS.



GAZE AT MY VATCH, YOUNG WOMAN. OBSERVE AS IT SVINGS BACK AND FORTH...



SOME TIME LATER...

I AM SORRY, GENTLEMEN. IT DOES NOT WORK. THE PATIENTS RESIST MY EVERY ATTEMPT.

IT IS AS THOUGH ZEY ARE ALREADY IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE. I AM UNABLE TO BRING ZEM OUT BY CONVENTIONAL HYPNOSIS.

DO YOU STILL BELIEVE THEIR CONDITION TO BE THE RESULT OF SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA?

MY INTERVIEWS WITH THE PATIENTS' FAMILIES BRINGS UP BUT VUN CONNECTION-- ZEY ALL COMPLAINED OF BAD DREAMS. I KNOW OF A PSYCHIATRIST AT THE UNIFERSITY WHO IS QVITE AN AUTHORITY ON DREAMS. I SUGGEST YOU CONTACT HIM.

THANKS FOR COMING, MILTON.

LATER THAT DAY, BLAKE HAS SECURED HIS SUPERIOR'S PERMISSION TO TAKE LEAVE OF HIS MEDICAL CHORES IN ORDER TO FOLLOW UP THEIR ONLY LEAD...

INSTITUTE FOR ONEIROLOGICAL RESEARCH

"INSTITUTE FOR ONEIROLOGICAL RESEARCH"... FASCINATING, A WHOLE FACILITY DEVOTED TO STUDY DREAMS.

I'M EUGENE BEAUMONT, DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE. IF IT'S BAD DREAMS YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT, DR. BLAKE, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

I'M TOLD YOU TAKE QUITE A REVOLUTIONARY APPROACH TO PSYCHOTHERAPY HERE, DR. BEAUMONT.

MY WORK IN TREATING MENTAL DISORDERS HAS BEEN QUITE CONTROVERSIAL. I'VE BEEN DUBBED THE "NIGHTMARE EXORCIST" BY SOME OF MY LESS-THAN-CHARITABLE COLLEAGUES.

COME, LET ME SHOW YOU MY FACILITIES.

THIS CONTRAPTION HERE IS THE KEY TO MY TREATMENT. IT IS A COMPUTER TERMINAL THAT MONITORS AND RECORDS THE BRAIN ACTIVITY OF THE SLEEPING MIND.

THROUGH BIOFEEDBACK, IT ENABLES THE SLEEPER TO DRIVE OUT THE GUILT, FEARS AND FRUSTRATIONS THAT TORMENT HIM.

I HAVE A GROUP OF EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED PATIENTS BROUGHT IN HERE EVERY NIGHT FOR DREAM THERAPY. THE RESULTS SO FAR HAVE BEEN INCREDIBLE. MY MACHINE HAS INCREDIBLE POTENTIAL FOR BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.

WHAT KIND OF RESULTS HAVE YOU BEEN GETTING?

SO FAR VERY ENCOURAGING. HOWEVER, IT HAS BEEN JUST THIS WEEK THAT THE MACHINE YOU SEE HERE HAS BEEN IN OPERATION. UP UNTIL NOW, I'VE ONLY HAD SMALL PROTOTYPE "DREAM MACHINES" AS THEY'VE BEEN NICKNAMED.

IT MUST HAVE TAKEN YEARS OF RESEARCH TO DEVELOP ALL THIS, DR. BEAUMONT--

--SO I WOULD ASSUME THAT YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF DREAM PHENOMENA IS VAST. TELL ME, CAN BAD DREAMS CAUSE SUCH EMOTIONAL TRAUMA AS TO INDUCE A CATATONIC STATE OF WITHDRAWAL?

IT IS WELL WITHIN THE REALM OF POSSIBILITY, DR. BLAKE.

THE HUMAN MIND HAS VAST, UNTAPPED POTENTIAL.

I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOME PATIENTS OF MINE, DR. BEAUMONT...

DESCRIBING HIS PATIENTS' PLIGHT TO THE DREAM RESEARCHER, BLAKE ARRANGES TO BRING THEM TO THE INSTITUTE THE NEXT DAY.

AND AT LAST, HE RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT...

WITH ANY LUCK, DR. BEAUMONT'S DREAM THERAPY WILL SUCCEED WHERE MEDICINE HAS FAILED.

AND IF I DON'T GET A LITTLE SLEEP INTO MY SYSTEM, I'LL BE READY TO GO CATATONIC MYSELF.

I KNOW THAT THINGS GOING TO STRIKE AGAIN, BUT I HAVE TO GET SOME REST FIRST. I HAVE TO...

WITH A DEEP SIGH, THE FRAIL PHYSICIAN TRIES TO BANISH THE DAY'S TENSIONS FROM HIS THOUGHTS...

...AND BEFORE LONG HE SLIPS INTO THE DEPTHS OF A MUCH NEEDED SLEEP.

BUT THE PREOCCUPATIONS OF WAKEFULNESS DO NOT CEASE...

INSTEAD, THEY JOIN THE JUNGLE OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND BLAKE SHARES WITH AN ABBAYDIAN ALTER EGO. THERE, THE FEARS AND ANXIETIES OF TWO LIVES INTERMINGLE IN NIGHTMARE...

ODIN!

LOKI!

SIF!

THOU HAST FORSAKEN ASGARD FOR THE MUDBALL EARTH, OFFSPRING... TURNING THY BACK ON THY FATHER.

AYE, ODIN! NOW THOU SEE 'TIS LOKI WHO BE MOST LOYAL OF THY SONS-- LOKI WHO SHOULD BE HEIR TO THY THRONE!

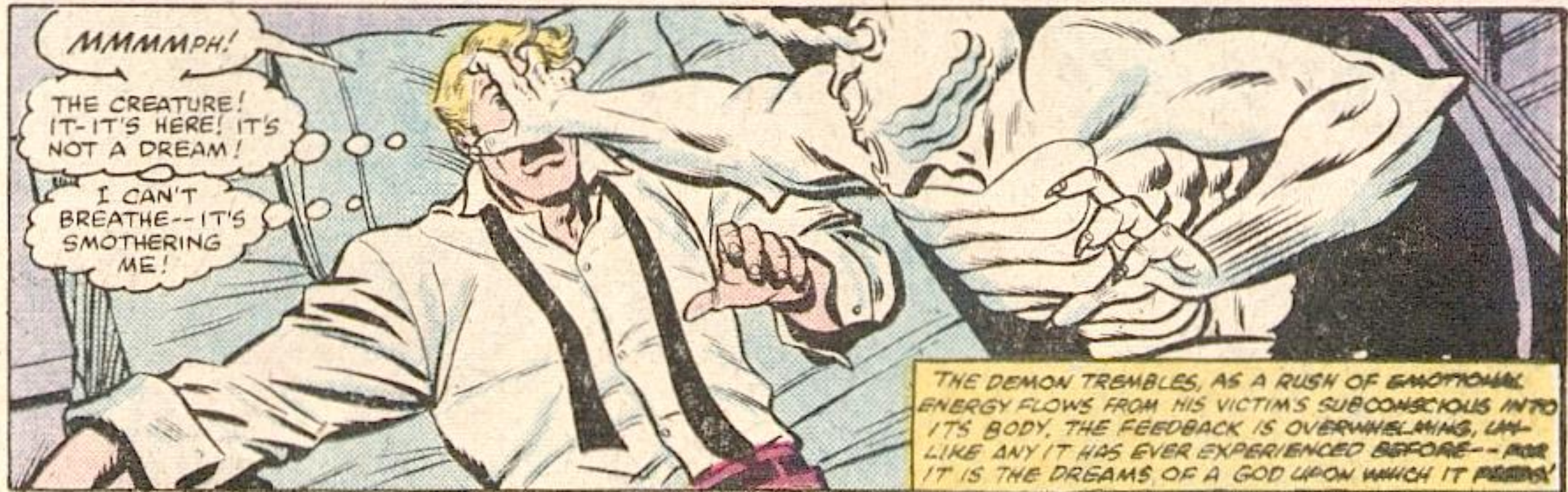
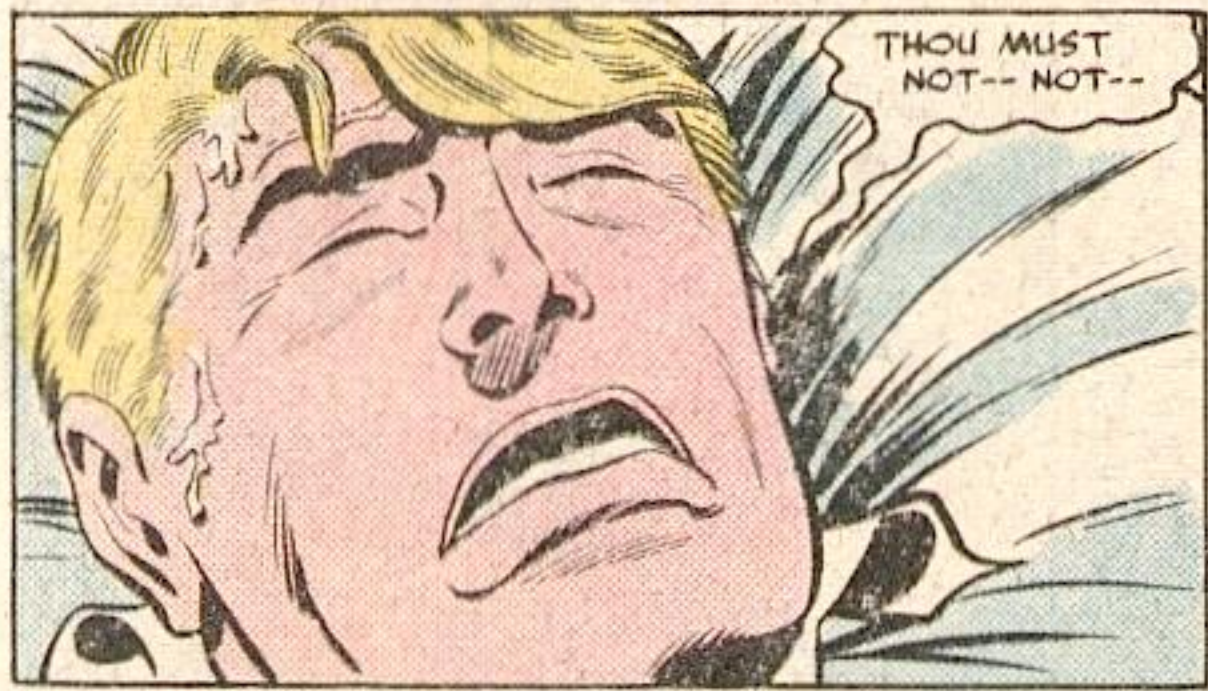
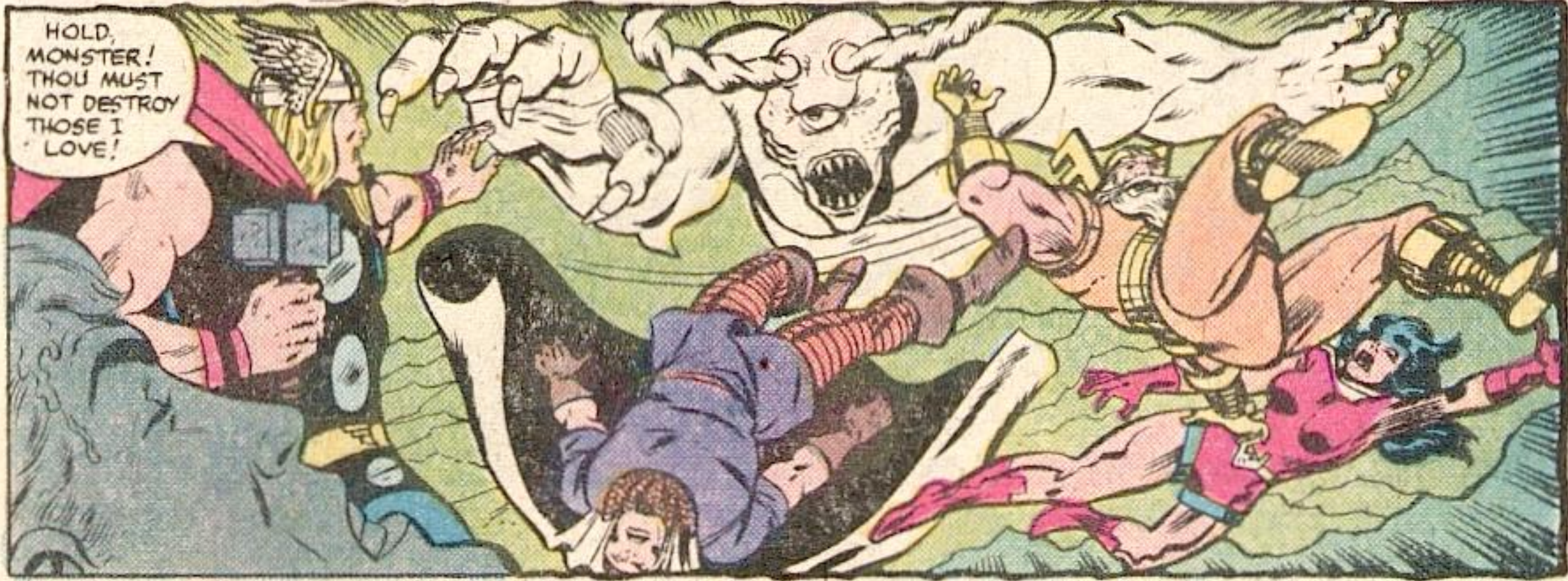
I BEG OF YOU, THOR-- DON'T MAKE ME LIVE ON EARTH! I DETEST IT THERE!

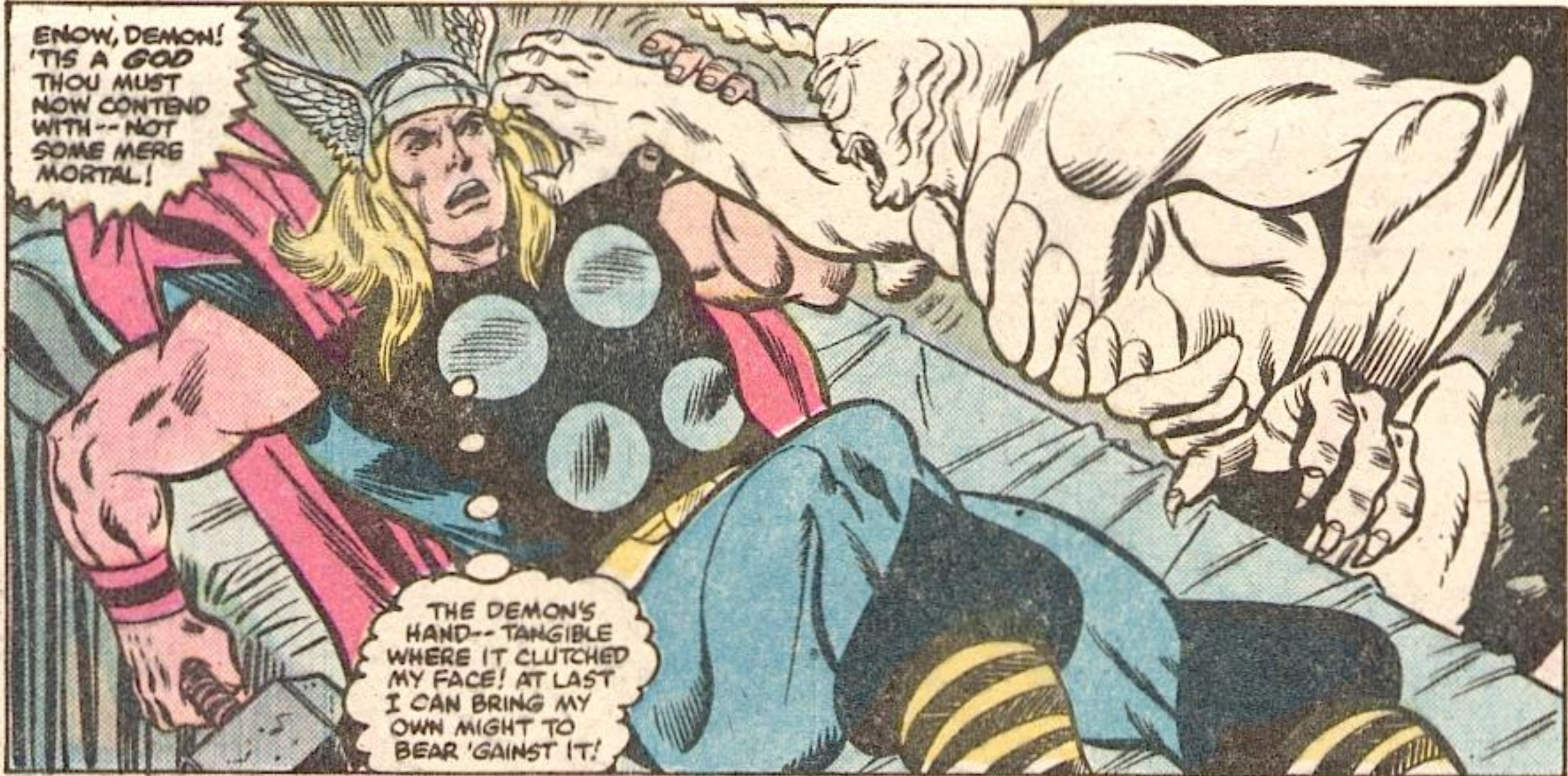
NO ONE LIKES YOU AT THE CLINK, BLAKE. GET LOST!

I'M JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO FOUL UP, BLAKE, SO I CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF FIRING YOU!

AND AS DON BLAKE  
WRESTLES WITH THE  
DEMONS OF HIS PSYCHE,  
HIS SUBCONSCIOUS  
TURMOIL EMANATES  
THROUGH THE NIGHT  
LIKE A CURRENT  
THROUGH THE ETHER...

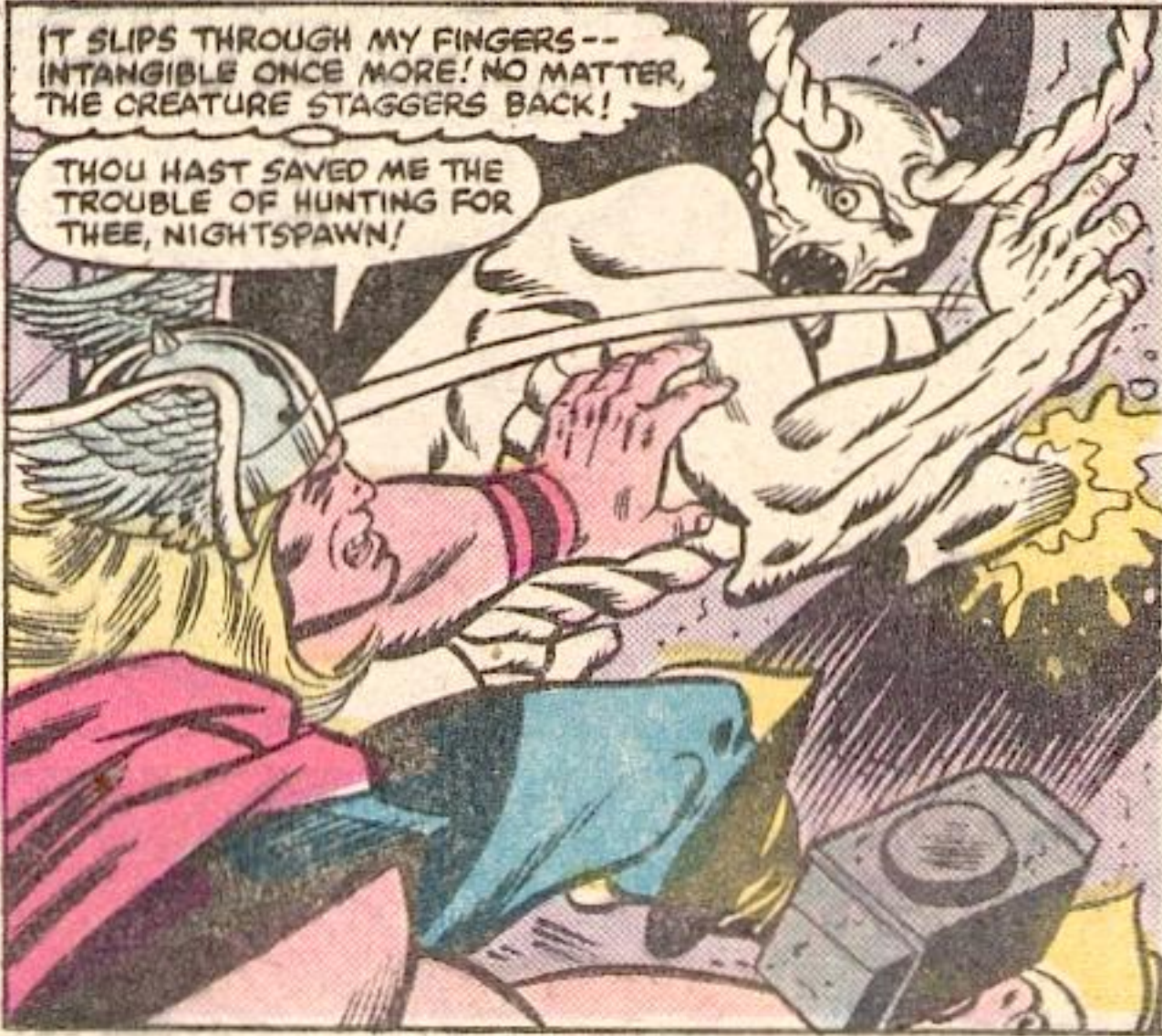
...ATTRACTING A DEMON OF ANOTHER STRIPE...





ENOW, DEMON!  
'TIS A GOD  
THOU MUST  
NOW CONTEND  
WITH-- NOT  
SOME MERE  
MORTAL!

THE DEMON'S  
HAND-- TANGIBLE  
WHERE IT CLUTCHED  
MY FACE! AT LAST  
I CAN BRING MY  
OWN MIGHT TO  
BEAR 'GAINST IT!

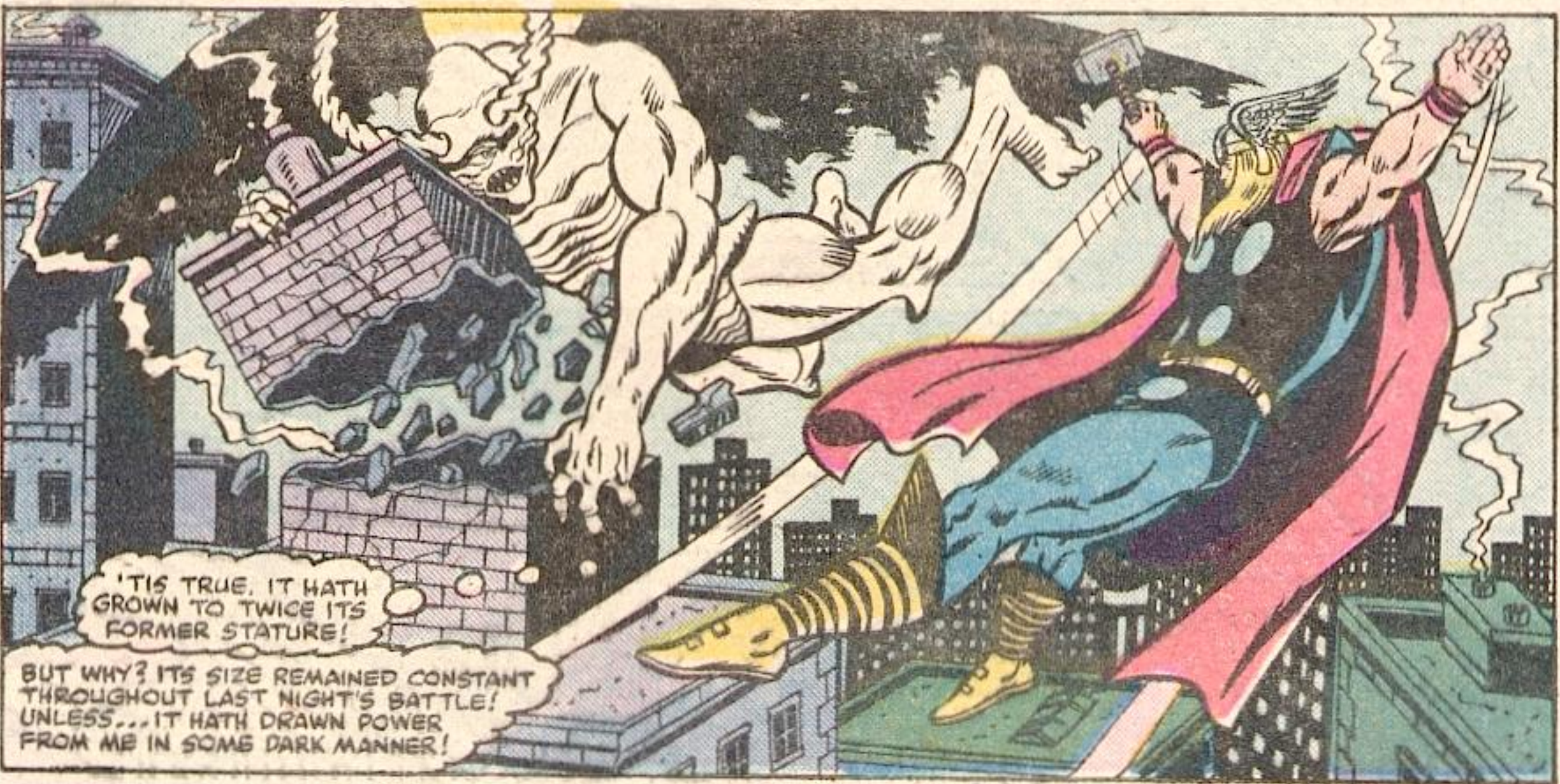


IT SLIPS THROUGH MY FINGERS--  
INTANGIBLE ONCE MORE! NO MATTER,  
THE CREATURE STAGGERS BACK!

THOU HAST SAVED ME THE  
TROUBLE OF HUNTING FOR  
THEE, NIGHTSPAWN!



ARE MINE EYES DECEIVED?  
THE MONSTER SEEMS TO  
BE GROWING E'EN AS  
IT FLEES!

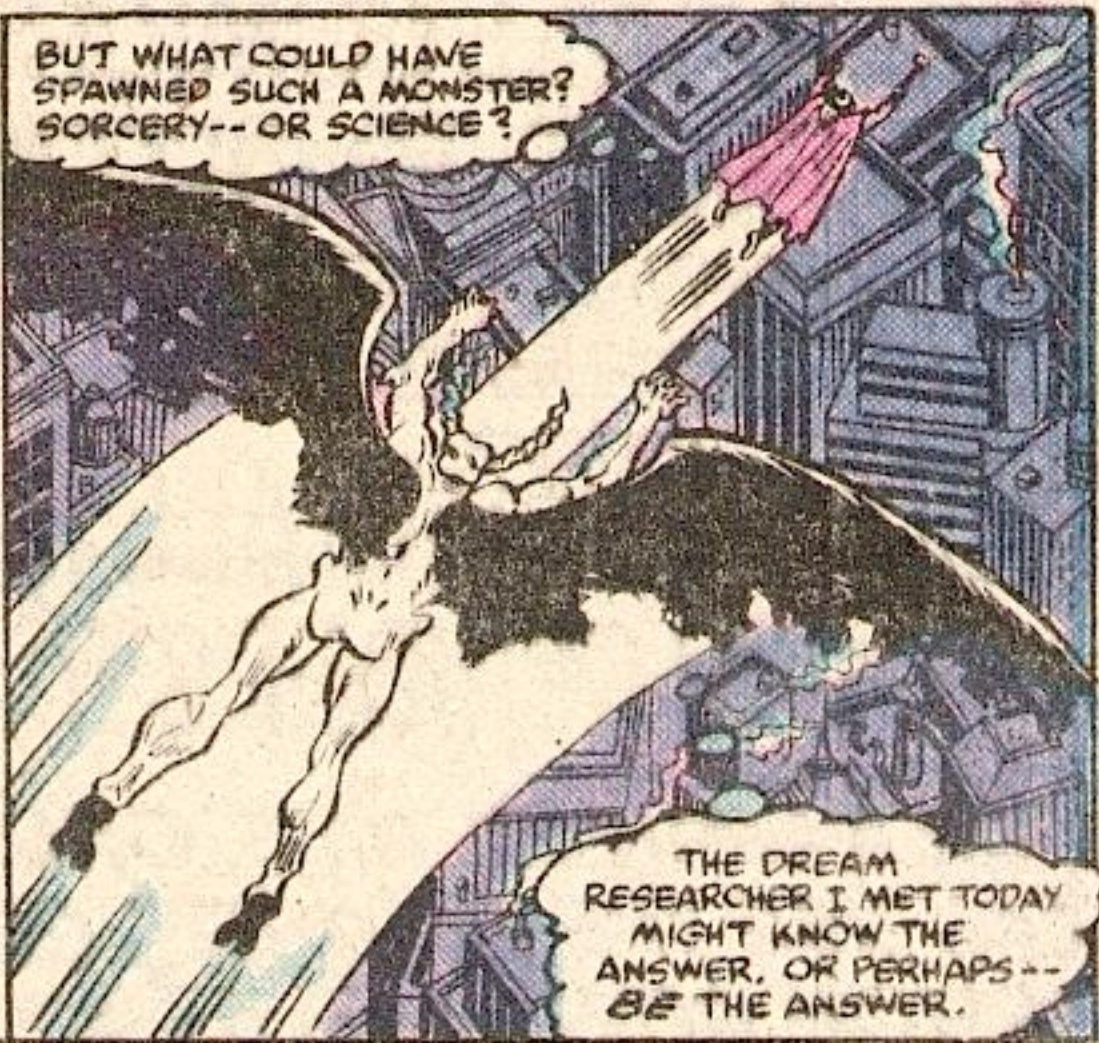
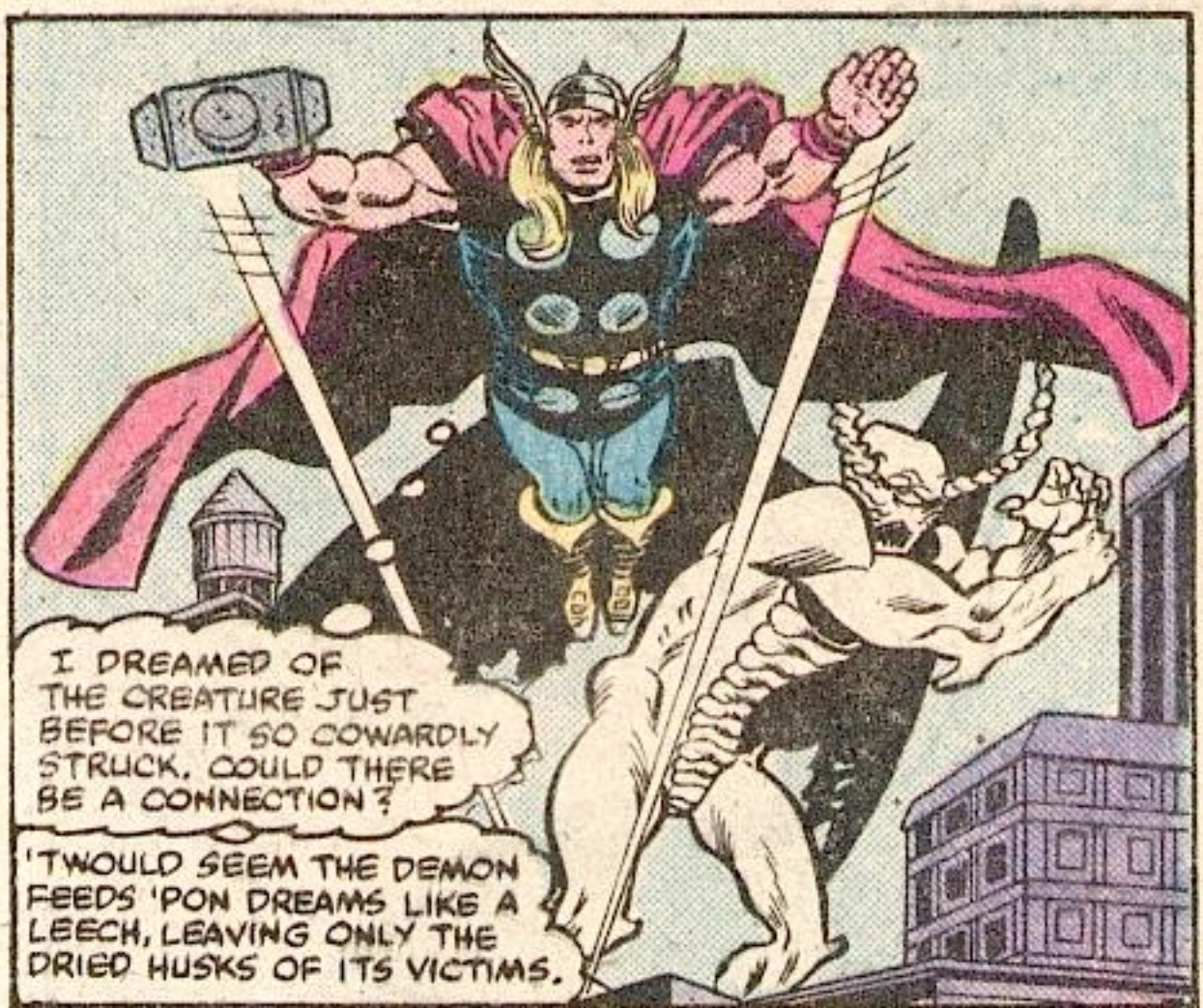


'TIS TRUE, IT HATH  
GROWN TO TWICE ITS  
FORMER STATURE!

BUT WHY? ITS SIZE REMAINED CONSTANT  
THROUGHOUT LAST NIGHT'S BATTLE!  
UNLESS... IT HATH DRAWN POWER  
FROM ME IN SOME DARK MANNER!

BUT POWER OF WHAT NATURE?  
IT HAS SAPPED NONE OF MY GODLY  
STRENGTH! WHAT THEN COULD IT  
HAVE BEEN FEEDING 'PON?

IT ATTACKED ME  
WHILST I SLEPT. HAD  
I NOT BECOME THOR,  
WHAT FATE WOULD HAVE  
BEFALLEN ME? BY ODIN'S  
OUTCAST EYE, THIS MUST  
HAVE BEEN THE CREATURE  
THAT ATTACKED DR.  
BLAKE'S PATIENTS!



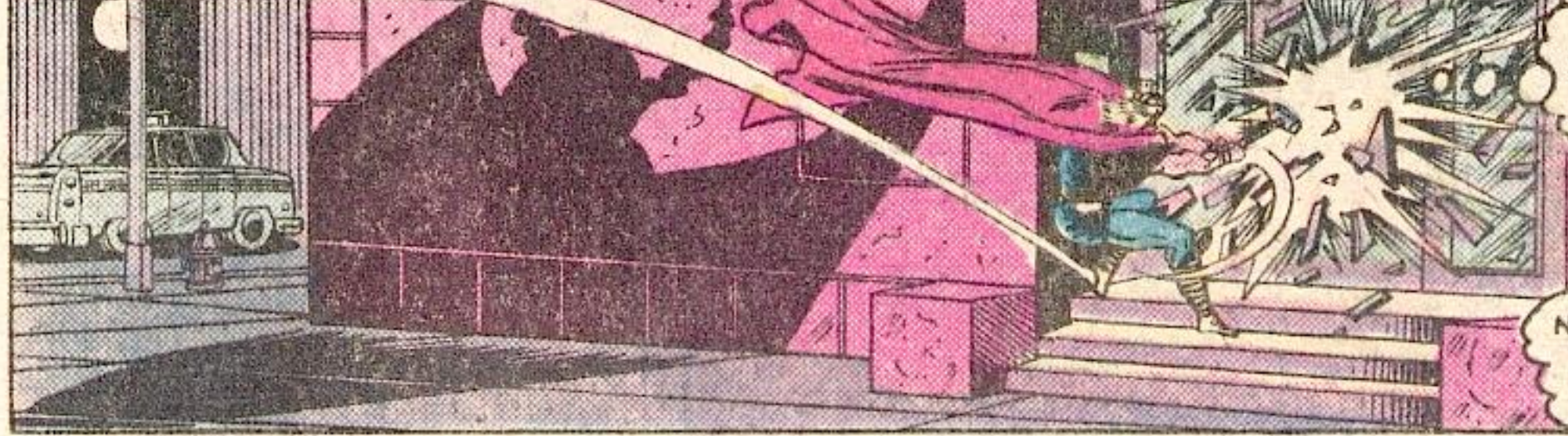
I DREAMED OF  
THE CREATURE JUST  
BEFORE IT SO COWARDLY  
STRUCK. COULD THERE  
BE A CONNECTION?

'TWOULD SEEM THE DEMON  
FEEDS 'PON DREAMS LIKE A  
LEECH, LEAVING ONLY THE  
DRIED HUSKS OF ITS VICTIMS.

BUT WHAT COULD HAVE  
SPAWNED SUCH A MONSTER?  
SORCERY-- OR SCIENCE?

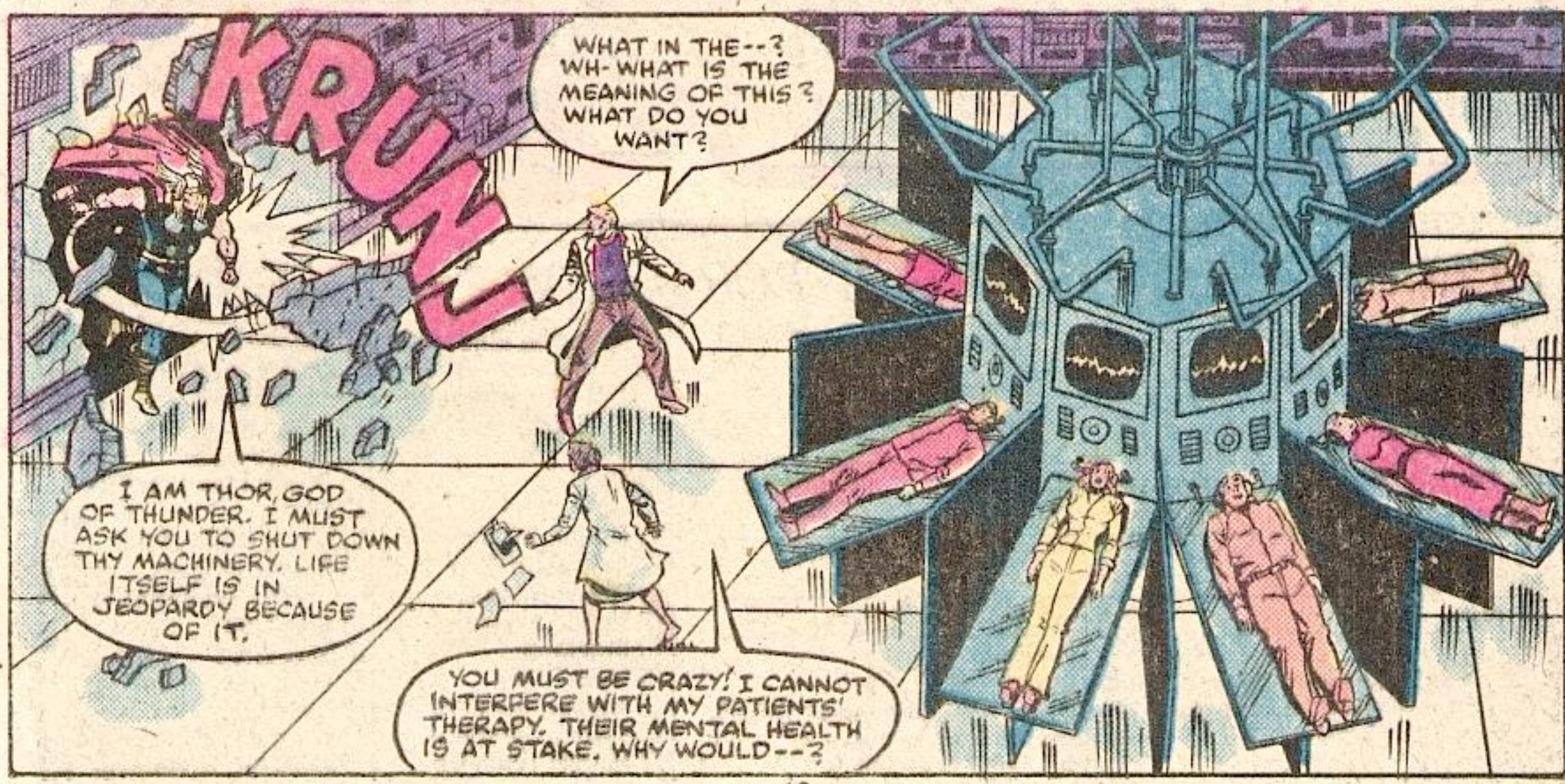
THE DREAM  
RESEARCHER I MET TODAY  
MIGHT KNOW THE  
ANSWER. OR PERHAPS--  
BE THE ANSWER.

WITHIN MOMENTS, UPTOWN...



THE DEMON  
PURSUES ME  
MADLY AS IF I  
POSED A THREAT  
TO ITS VERY  
EXISTENCE.

NO TIME TO WASTE.  
I CAN MAKE  
REPARATIONS  
LATER.



WHAT IN THE--?  
WH-WHAT IS THE  
MEANING OF THIS?  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?

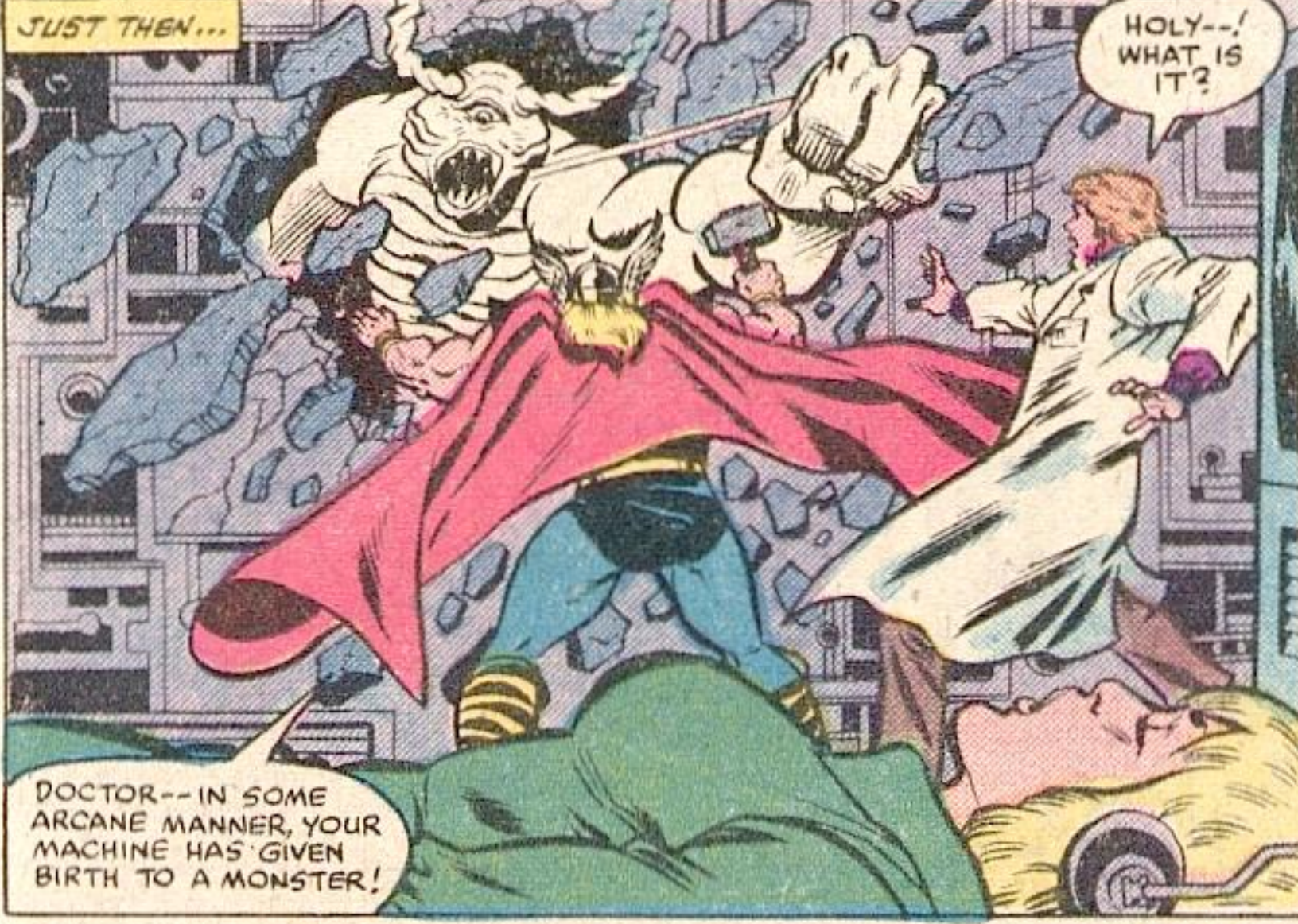
I AM THOR, GOD  
OF THUNDER. I MUST  
ASK YOU TO SHUT DOWN  
THY MACHINERY. LIFE  
ITSELF IS IN  
JEOPARDY BECAUSE  
OF IT.

YOU MUST BE CRAZY! I CANNOT  
INTERFERE WITH MY PATIENTS'  
THERAPY. THEIR MENTAL HEALTH  
IS AT STAKE. WHY WOULD--?

**KRUZZ!**



JUST THEN...



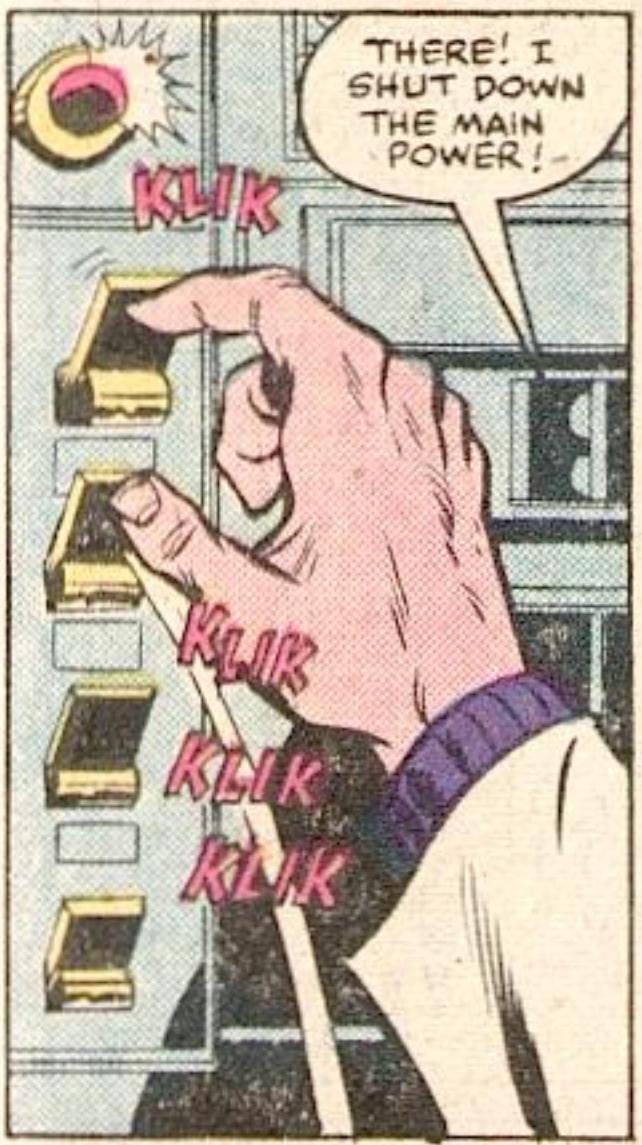
HOLY--! WHAT IS IT?

DOCTOR-- IN SOME ARCAINE MANNER, YOUR MACHINE HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A MONSTER!



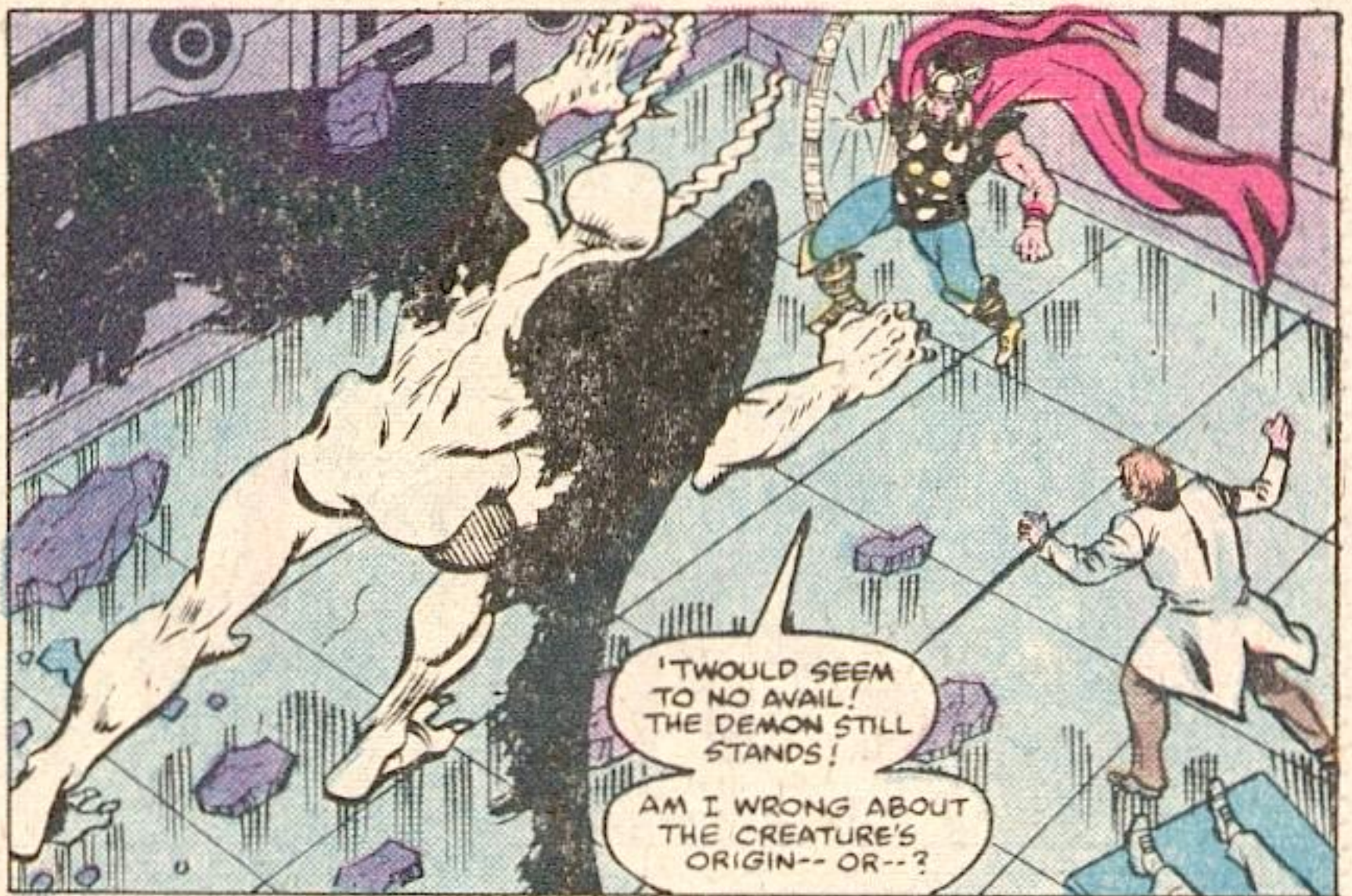
THOU MUST DEACTIVATE THY MACHINE-- NOW!

A-ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY.



THERE! I SHUT DOWN THE MAIN POWER!

KLIK  
KLIK  
KLIK  
KLIK



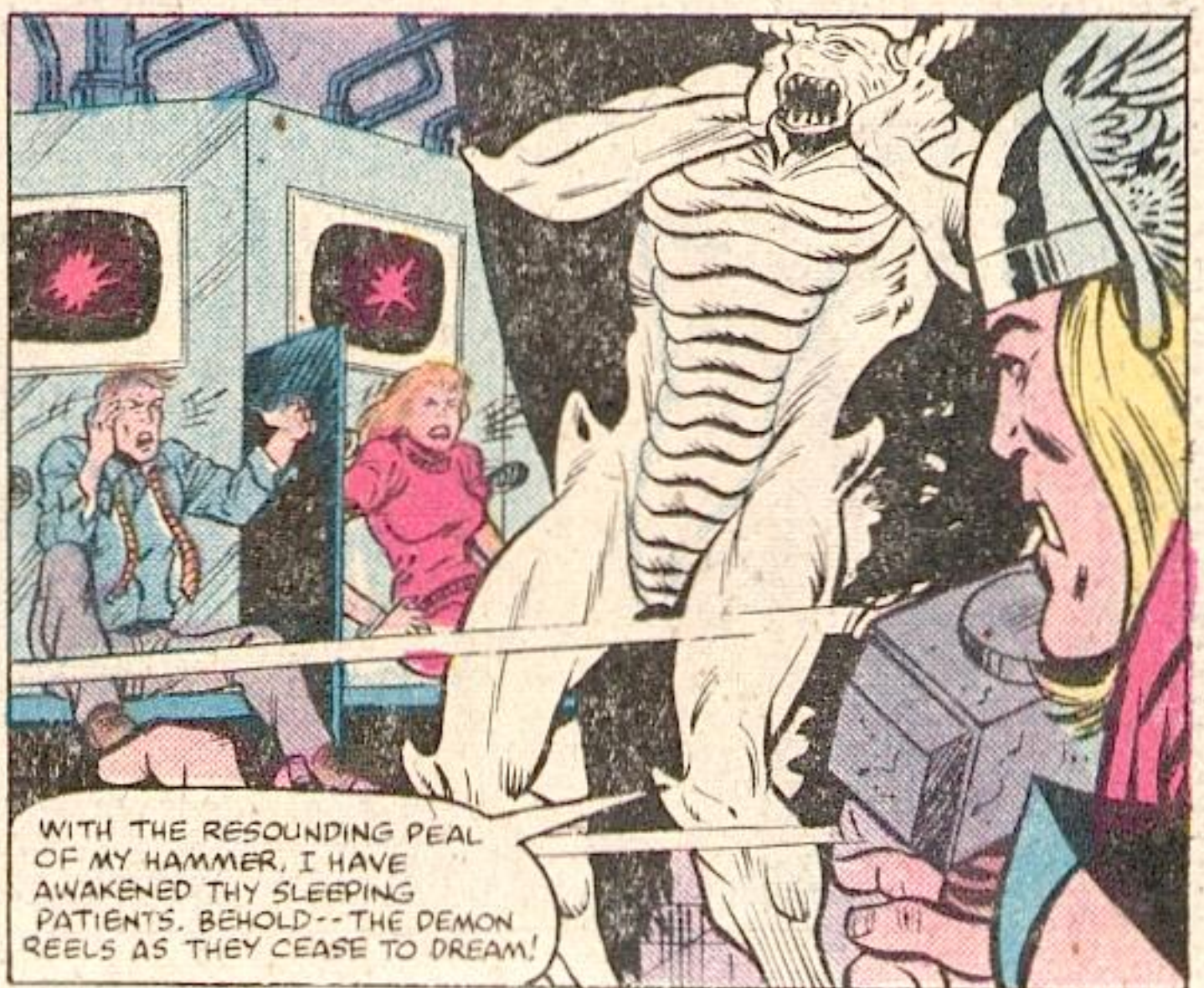
'TWOULD SEEM TO NO AVAIL! THE DEMON STILL STANDS!

AM I WRONG ABOUT THE CREATURE'S ORIGIN-- OR--?



KTANG

NAY! 'TIS NO MAN-MADE DEVICE THAT EMPOWERS THE DEMON-- 'TIS THE DREAMERS.



WITH THE RESOUNDING PEAL OF MY HAMMER, I HAVE AWAKENED THY SLEEPING PATIENTS. BEHOLD-- THE DEMON REELS AS THEY CEASE TO DREAM!



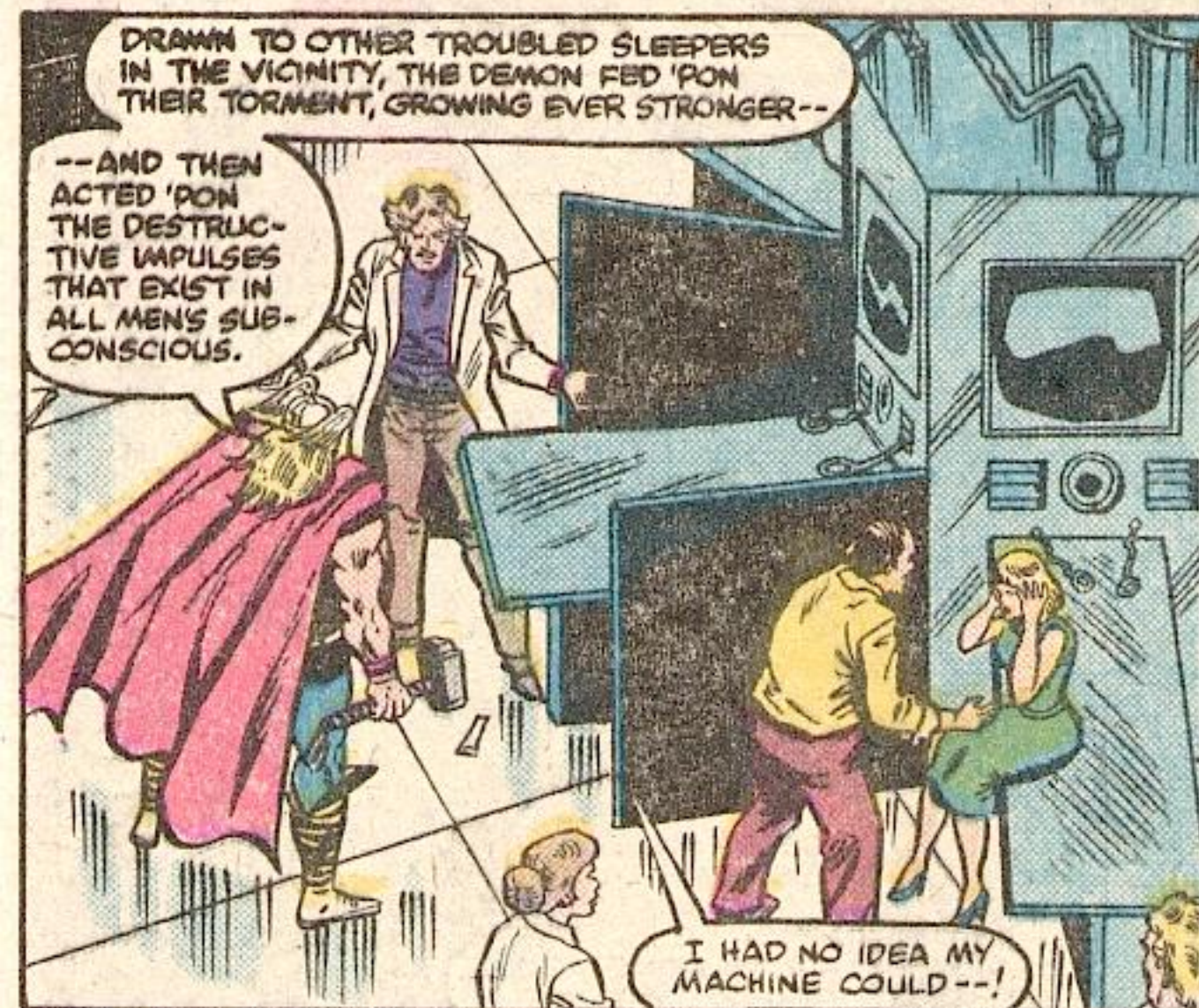
MY STRATAGEM WORKED! THE DEMON DISSIPATES INTO NOTHINGNESS!



WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND HERE? WHAT WAS THAT THING?

A NIGHTMARE COME TO LIFE.

IN SOME UNKNOWABLE MANNER, AS YOUR MACHINE RID YOUR PATIENTS OF THEIR DARK VISIONS, THE EXPELLED ENERGIES FUSED INTO A MALICIOUS ENTITY.



DRAWN TO OTHER TROUBLED SLEEPERS IN THE VICINITY, THE DEMON FED 'PON THEIR TORMENT, GROWING EVER STRONGER--

--AND THEN ACTED 'PON THE DESTRUCTIVE IMPULSES THAT EXIST IN ALL MEN'S SUB-CONSCIOUS.

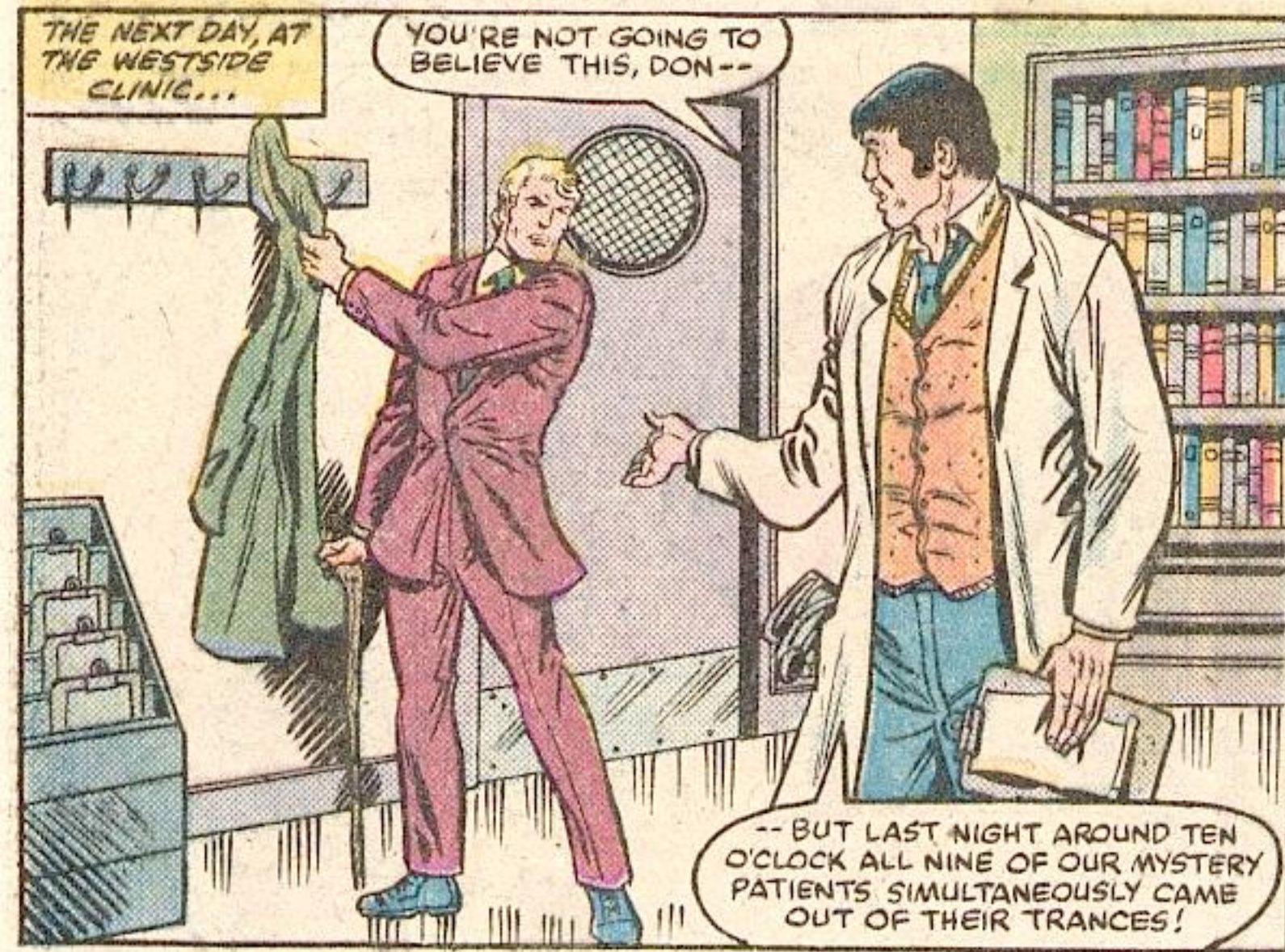
I HAD NO IDEA MY MACHINE COULD--!



VERILY, DOCTOR, THOU ART BLAMELESS OF WRONGDOING.

THOU SOUGHT ONLY TO HELP THY FELLOW MAN BY EASING HIS MENTAL SUFFERING.

BUT OFTIMES THE CURE BE MORE DEADLY THAN THE DISEASE. PERHAPS MAN MUST LEARN TO LIVE WITH HIS NIGHTMARES, NOT CAST THEM OUT...



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE WESTSIDE CLINIC...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, DON--

-- BUT LAST NIGHT AROUND TEN O'CLOCK ALL NINE OF OUR MYSTERY PATIENTS SIMULTANEOUSLY CAME OUT OF THEIR TRANCES!



NOT ONLY THAT-- NONE OF 'EM REMEMBERS A THING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM! HOW ARE WE GOING TO EXPLAIN THAT TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH?

BEATS ME.

# THE CHAINS THAT BIND!

**T**HOUGH IT IS OFTEN SPOKEN OTHERWISE, ALL IS NOT BLISS AMONG THE GODS. WITNESS: THE FARAWAY REALM OF ASGARD, WHERE EVIL LOKI, HALF-BROTHER TO THOR, ENGAGES IN A SCENE OF EXPLOSIVE DISCORD...

MARK GRUENWALD AND RALPH MACCHIO  
WRITERS

KEITH POLLARD AND CHIC STONE  
ARTISTS

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERER

GEORGE ROUSSOS  
COLORIST

JIM SALICRUP, EDITOR  
JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ENOUGH, SIGYN! ENOUGH!  
IS E'EN THE LUXURY OF CHOOSING MINE OWN RAIMENT NOW DENIED ME?! AM I TO BE CLOTHED AND CODDLED LIKE SOME HELPLESS INFANT?!

I- I HAVE IT HERE, MILORD. 'T WAS THE NEXT ARTICLE I WOULD HAVE OFFERED.

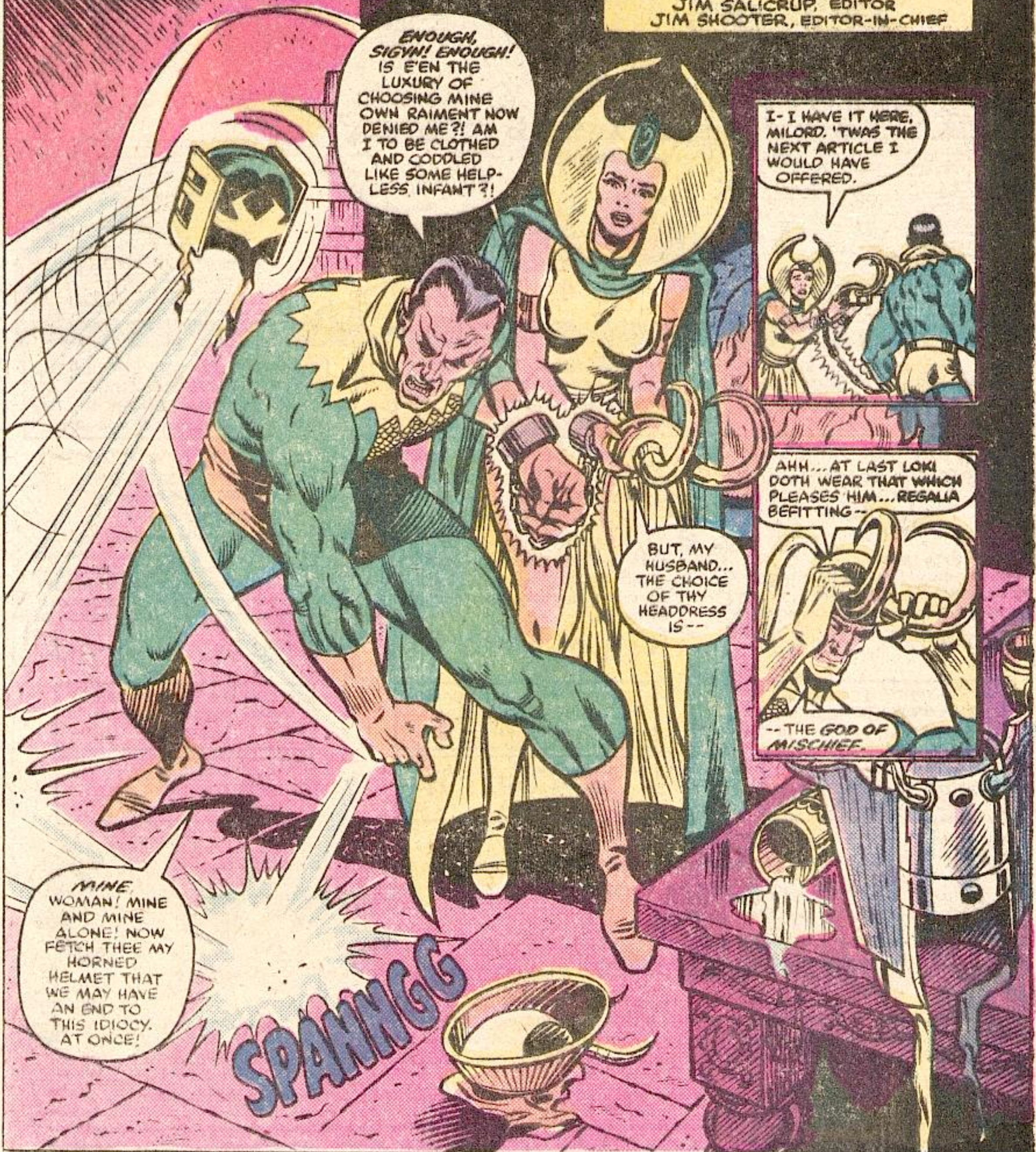
AHH... AT LAST LOKI DOTH WEAR THAT WHICH PLEASES HIM... REGALIA BEFITTING--

BUT, MY HUSBAND... THE CHOICE OF THY HEADRESS IS--

-- THE GOD OF MISCHIEF.

MINE WOMAN! MINE AND MINE ALONE! NOW FETCH THEE MY HORNED HELMET THAT WE MAY HAVE AN END TO THIS IDIOCY. AT ONCE!

SPANNGG





WOMAN, THOU DOST SORELY TRY MY PATIENCE. I BE SICK OF THY INCESSANT, INFERNAL CONCERN FOR MY WELL-BEING.

CAN THOU NOT LEAVE ME ALONE... FOR E'EN AN INSTANT?

I WOULD DO WHATE'ER WOULD PLEASE THEE, LOKI, BUT WHAT YOU ASK IS MOST DIFFICULT-- CONSIDERING WE BE CHAINED AS ONE.



THEN WE SHALL BE CHAINED NO LONGER! LORD ODIN DID CREATE THIS UNNATURAL ATTACHMENT AS PENALTY FOR MY CONSPIRACY 'GAINST THE REALM ETERNAL...

... AND ODIN MAY END IT. AND BY ALL THE DREAD DEMONS I CALL BRETHREN-- END IT HE MUST-- NOW!

\*THOR\* 275.  
-- J. S.



BUT THE ALL-FATHER HAS DECREED THY SENTENCE-LENGTH ALREADY... AND 'TIS EXPECTED OF SIGYN THAT SHE WATCH-O'ER THEE 'TIL IT BE DONE. THAT IS A WIFE'S DUTY.

A WIFE'S DUTY, INDEED.



I DO WONDER IF THY CONCERN WOULD BE SO GREAT IF THOU WERE AWARE OF THE MANY BAWDY EPISODES I DID PARTAKE IN, WHEN THOU WERE ABSENT FROM ASGARD FOR MANY MONTHS ON A MISSION FOR ODIN.



THE STUNNING ENCHANTRESS AND RAVEN-HAIRED KARNILLA-- BOTH DID OFFER ME THEIR AFFECTIONS. AND I DID ACCEPT WITH THE PRACTICED EASE OF ONE ACCUSTOMED TO FEMININE ATTENTIONS.



SPARE ME THY TALES OF INFIDELITY, MY HUSBAND. DOUBTLESS THEY ARE BUT FABRICATIONS SPOKE ONLY TO HURT ME. WHY-- I MAY ONLY GUESS.

SEE IT AS THOU WILL, SIGYN.



BUT KNOW THEE THIS... NO LONGER WILL I BE BOUND TO THEE IN THIS MANNER.

NOW WE BE OFF TO THE PALACE ROYAL WHERE I MAY CONFRONT ODIN AND DEMAND THE REMOVAL OF THESE CHAINS THAT HAVE CAUSED ME SO MUCH AGONY. COME... AND NOT A WORD 'PON THE WAY.

AND, AT THE PALACE IMPERIAL...



A BIT HIGHER, KNAVE, THOU HAST MISSED A SPOT.

'TIS NOT MY DESIRE TO SUPERVISE THY ARMOR-POLISHING, BUT I'LL NOT HAVE MY LIEGE LOOKING LESS THAN HIS BEST AT THE PROCESSION-VIEWING ON THE MORROW.



A THOUSAND PARDONS, MY QUEEN. BUT I DESIRE AUDIENCE WITH ALL-MIGHTY ODIN...

...AND WAS JUST REFUSED ENTRY TO THE ROYAL THRONE ROOM BY HIS GUARDS.



MY HUSBAND WISHES NOT TO BE DISTURBED.

PLEASE, MILADY. IT BE OF THE LUTMOST IMPORTANCE.

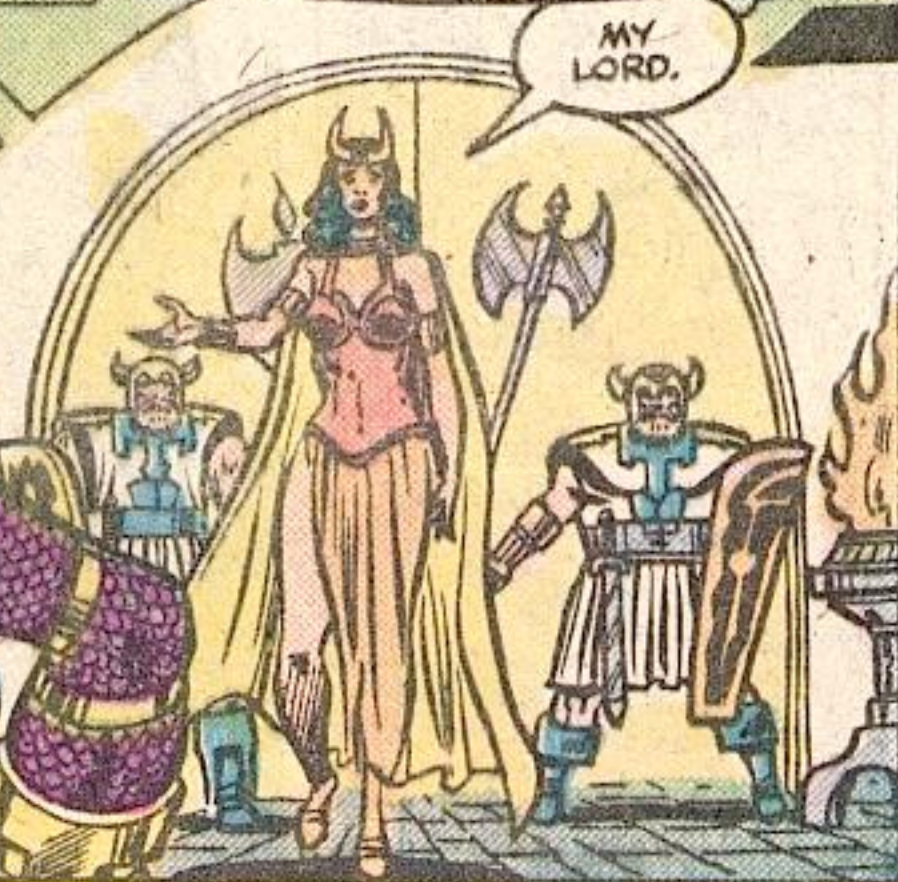
VERY WELL.

HEH! THEN BEING GOD OF THE TRACKLESS SEAS IS NOT THE SOLITARY HARDSHIP I DID THINK, EH, AEGIR?



AYE, ODIN. I COULD REGALE THEE FOR AN AGE WITH TALES OF THE OCEAN-NYPHS AND THE COMPANIONSHIP--AMONG OTHER THINGS--THEY HAVE BROUGHT ME IN THE WINE-DARK DEPTHS, 'TIS A GOOD LIFE, MINE OLD FRIEND.

MY LORD.



I WOULD HAVE A WORD WITH THEE.

NOT NOW, FRIGGA. CANST THOU NOT SEE I AM IN THE MIDST OF MERRIMENT?



IT CONCERNS LOKI. HE WISHES TO SEE THEE AT ONCE.

HE DOES?

AT ONCE?



SIRE, FORGIVE THIS UNSEEMLY INTRUSION. BUT I COULD WAIT NO LONGER.

LOKI, PLEASE!



YOUR SON, ODIN?

ALAS, YES.





THOU HAST NOT BEEN GIVEN LEAVE TO ENTER THE ROYAL CHAMBER, LOKI.

ART THOU NOT SATISFIED WITH THE PUNISHMENT ALREADY THINE?



THOU DOST INCUR MY WRATH AT A MOST TERRIBLE PRICE!

NAY, SIRE-- DON'T!



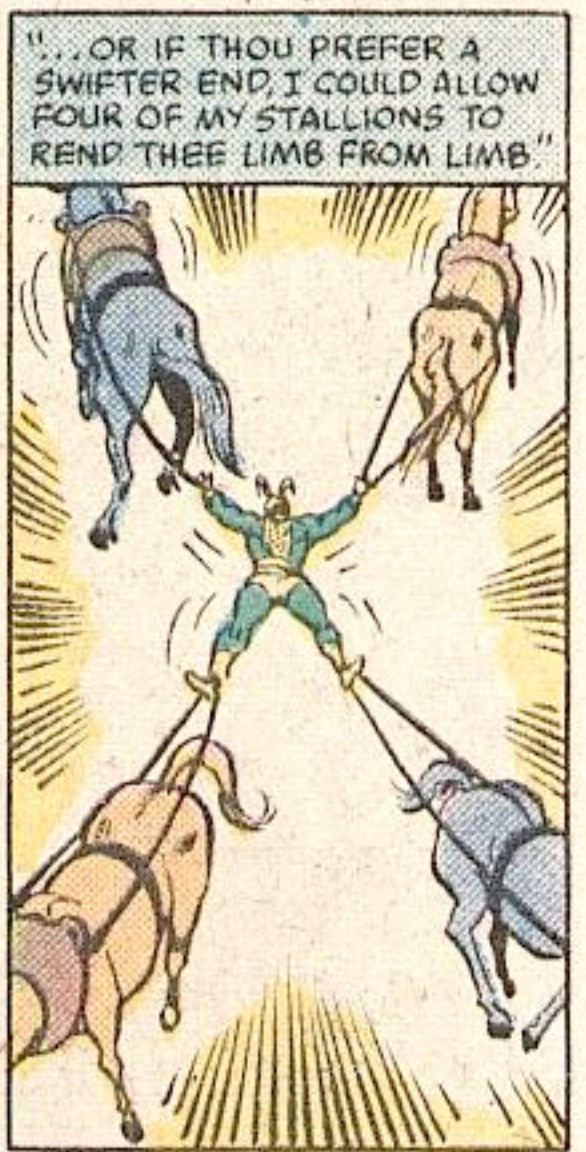
"WITH THE MEREST THOUGHT, I COULD HAVE THEE TIED TO A BLAZING SPIT TO ROAST FOR ETERNITY IN THE DEATH-GODDESS' DOMAIN OF NIFFLEHEIM..."



"...OR CHAIN THEE TO A METEOR HURLING THROUGH BLACKEST SPACE, THERE TO FREEZE, BECOMING AS ROCK THYSELF.



"MAYHAP IF AEGIR WOULD PERMIT, I COULD OFFER THEE BOUND, AS SLOWLY CONSUMED SUSTENANCE FOR SEA-DWELLING CREATURES..."



"...OR IF THOU PREFER A SWIFTER END, I COULD ALLOW FOUR OF MY STALLIONS TO REND THEE LIMB FROM LIMB."



SIRE, PLEASE... SHOW ME NO MORE. I CANNOT BEAR IT FURTHER.

BEFORE CASTING ME OUT, HEAR WHAT LOKI HAS TO SAY TO THEE.



I BESEECH THEE, ODIN, FREE ME FROM THIS UNHOLY BONDAGE TO SIGYN. I BEG THEE!

AND WHY SHOULD I COMMUTE THY SENTENCE, PRINCE OF MISCHIEF?

BECAUSE I AM THY SON... ADOPTED THOUGH I BE. AND I HAVE SUFFERED ENOUGH, AS HATH SIGYN. IF THOU HAST NO PITY FOR ME, SIRE, AT LEAST BE MERCIFUL WITH HER WHO DOTHS SHARE MY FATE.



SUFFERED?! THOU HAST BROUGHT ONLY SUFFERING AND SHAME SINCE FIRST I DID CLAIM THEE AS A BABE FROM THAT SLAIN STORM GIANT.



I RUE THAT DAY, LOKI.

AYE, ODIN, ALWAYS HAVE I BEEN LITTLE IN THY EYE BECAUSE I WAS NOT A TRUE BLOOD-SON...



...ALWAYS IN THE SHADOW OF THOR.

THE THUNDER GOD IS GALLANT WHILE THOU ART COWARDLY... NOBLE WHILE THOU ART DECEITFUL.



THAT HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH BLOOD.

THINK THOU THOSE WORDS DO NOT WOUND... THAT I AM UNTOUCHED BY THY SCORN? I AM WHAT I MUST BE.



FATHER...

MY SON... IN THE PAST THOU HAS COMMITTED GRIEVOUS SINS-- ENOUGH TO WARRANT PUNISHMENT FOR AN ETERNITY. BUT THIS DAY, THY WORDS HAVE TOUCHED MY HEART. I AM FATHER AS WELL AS LIEGE...



...AND I AM A FORGIVING FATHER.

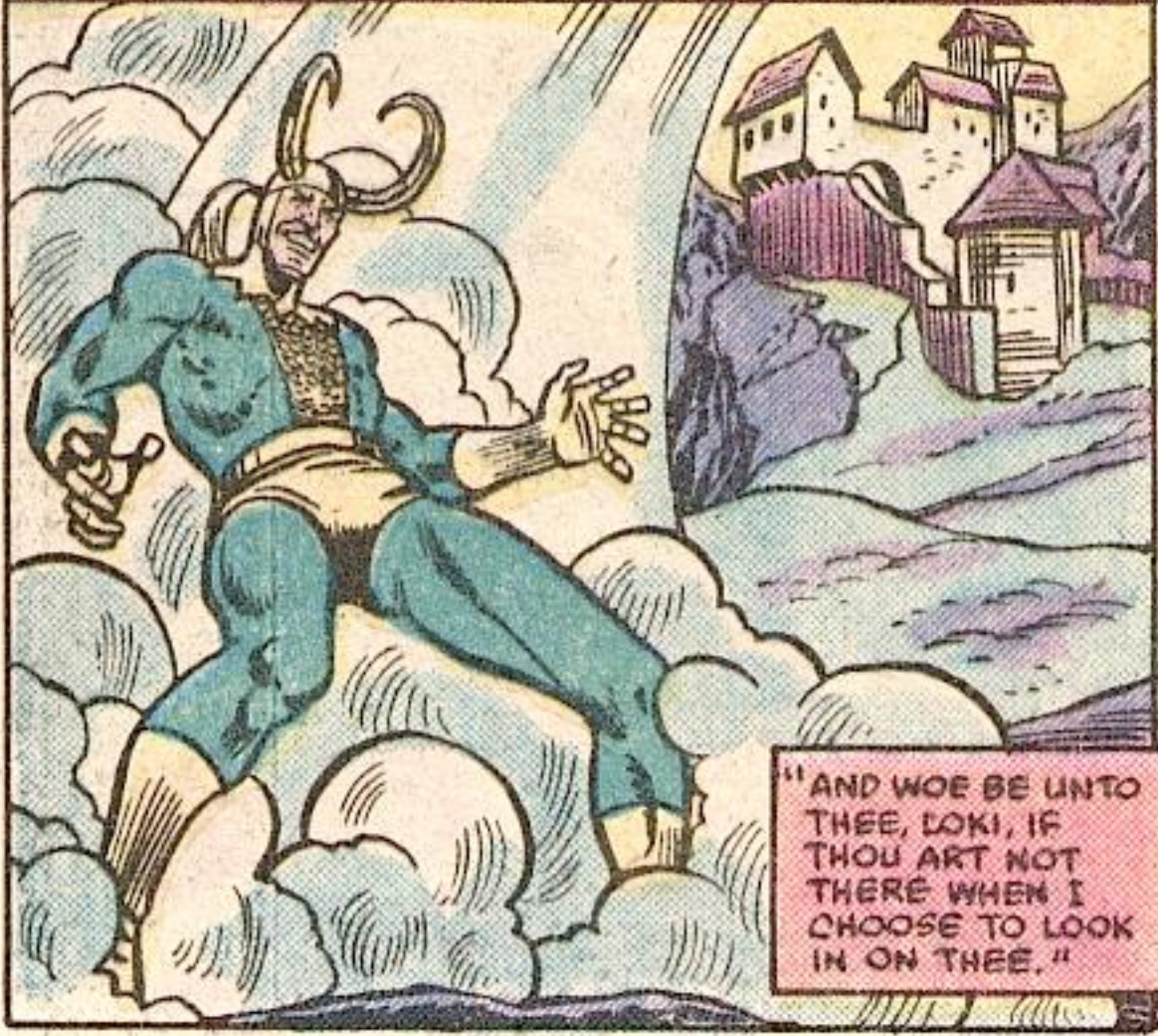
THE CHAINS-- THEY HAVE VANISHED! I BE FREE AT LAST! I BE FREE!



BUT THY PENANCE IS NOT YET COMPLETE. BECAUSE THE SIGHT OF THEE STILL PAINS ME, I DO BANISH THEE FROM ASGARD--



"-- TO AN OUTPOST AT THE REALM'S FURTHEST BORDER. THERE WILL THOU REMAIN, AT MY COMMAND, TO CONTEMPLATE THY MISDEEDS UNTIL RELEASED.



"AND WOE BE UNTO THEE, LOKI, IF THOU ART NOT THERE WHEN I CHOOSE TO LOOK IN ON THEE."

SIRE, LET ME THANK THEE FOR THY MERCY ON BEHALF--

AWAY, SIGYN. THOU, TOO, ART REMINDER OF THE PAIN LOKI BRINGS... THOUGH I HAVE SERARATED THEE FROM HIM.



I WOULD BE ALONE FOR A TIME... ALONE TO KNOW THE SORROW AND REGRET THAT IS THE LOT OF A FATHER...

...WHEN HE HAS LOST A CHILD.