

JUNE #308 50c

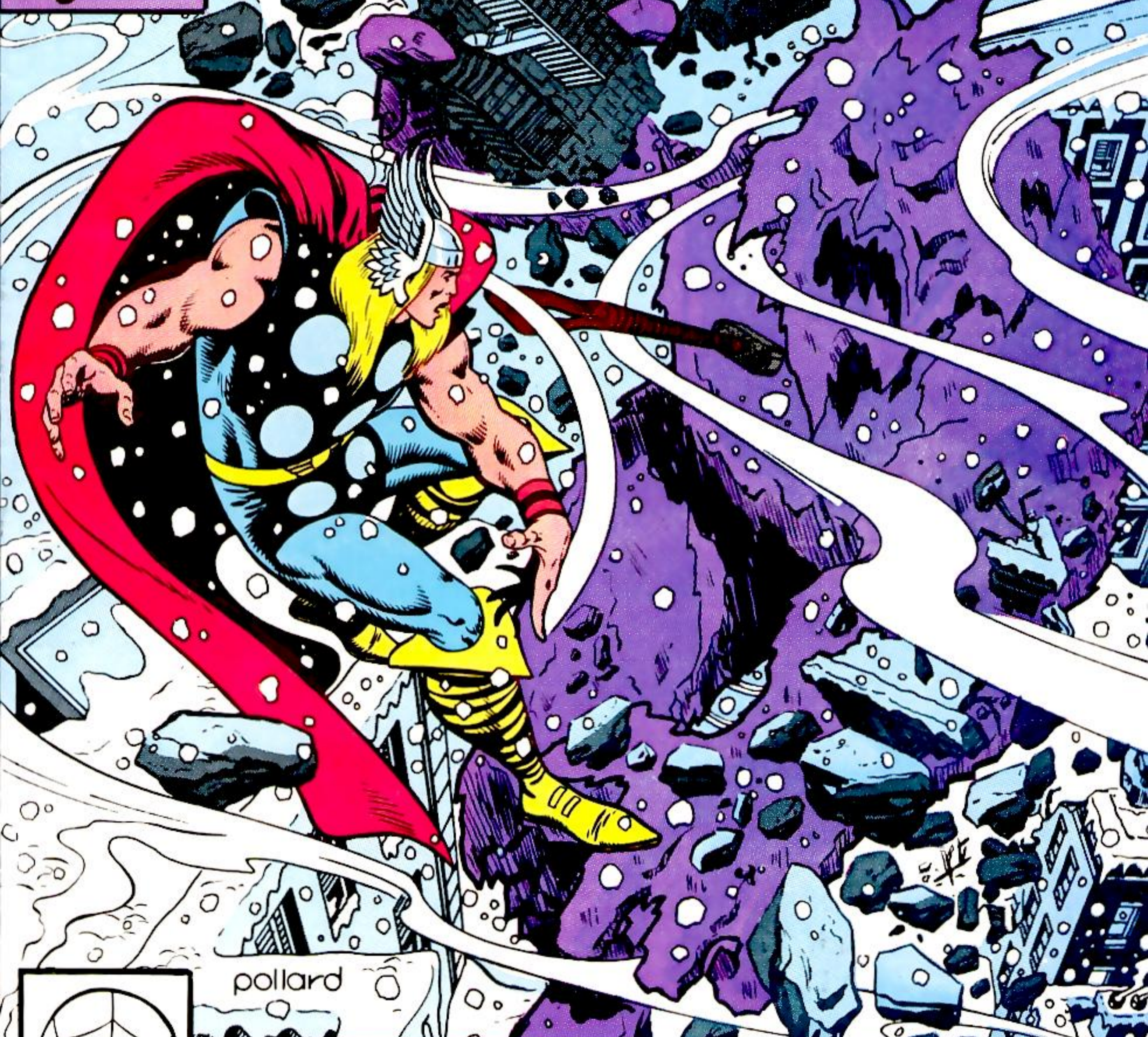
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THE MIGHTY THOR



pollard

WHEN SNOW GIANTS WALK THE EARTH!

When DR. DONALD BLAKE strikes his wooden waking-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....

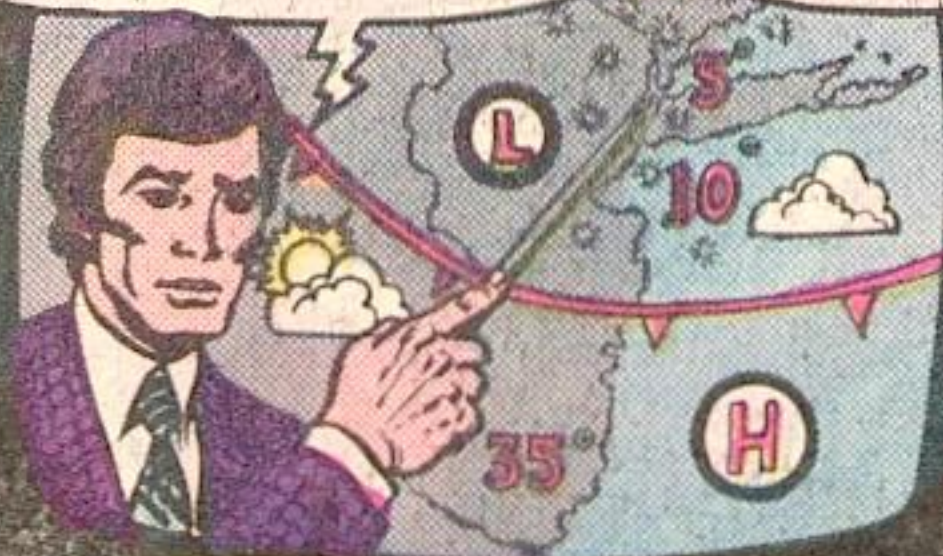
STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE MIGHTY THOR!

PROLOGUE:

IT'S OFFICIAL! WE'RE NOW EXPERIENCING THE LONGEST SUSTAINED SNOWFALL IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF METEOROLOGICAL RECORD-KEEPING, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT...

SO LET'S GO TO SOME ACTION-CAM SHOTS SHOWING HOW TYPICAL NEW YORKERS ARE COPING WITH THE BLIZZARD.

IF YOU TRIED DRIVING THIS MORNING, CHANCES ARE YOU'VE LONG SINCE LOST YOUR CAR UNDER SEVERAL TONS OF WHITE STUFF. TRAFFIC IS SIMPLY NONEXISTENT, UNLESS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE SLED, SKI, AND SNOWSHOE VARIETY.



RESOURCEFUL PEDESTRIANS FOUND THAT USING THE TRUNKS, ROOFS, AND HOODS OF PARKED OR STALLED CARS WAS THE EASIEST WAY OF SLOGGING THROUGH THE STREETS.

LEAVING FOR WORK BY THE WINDOW IS ODD ENOUGH, BUT HERE'S THE CAPPER—HE LIVES ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

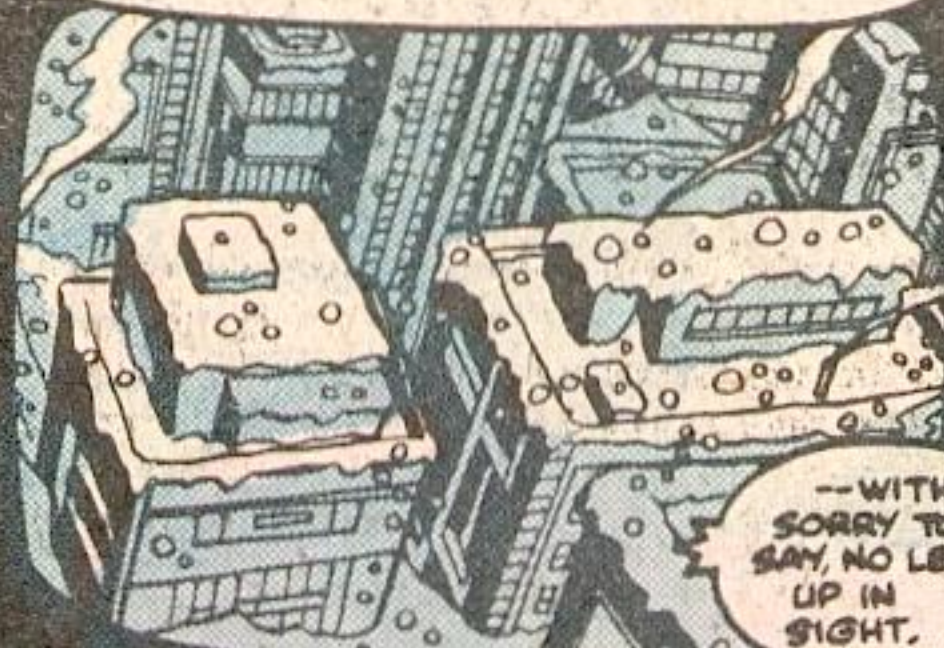


HIS OCCUPATION, BY THE WAY—OPERATOR OF ONE OF THE CITY'S FLEET OF SNOW-PLOWS.



IN CENTRAL PARK THEY GREETED THE SNOW WITH SMILES AND PROMPTLY USED IT AS A PLAYTHING. INCREDIBLY ELABORATE SNOW SCULPTURES HAVE SPRUNG UP ALL OVER THE SHEEP MEADOW.

BUT NOW THE WORST PART, FOLKS—OUR EXTENDED FORECAST CALLS FOR NOTHING BUT MORE AND EVER MORE OF THE WHITE STUFF IN SUPER-RECORD ACCUMULATIONS—



--WITH, SORRY TO SAY, NO LET-UP IN SIGHT.

The SNOW GIANT

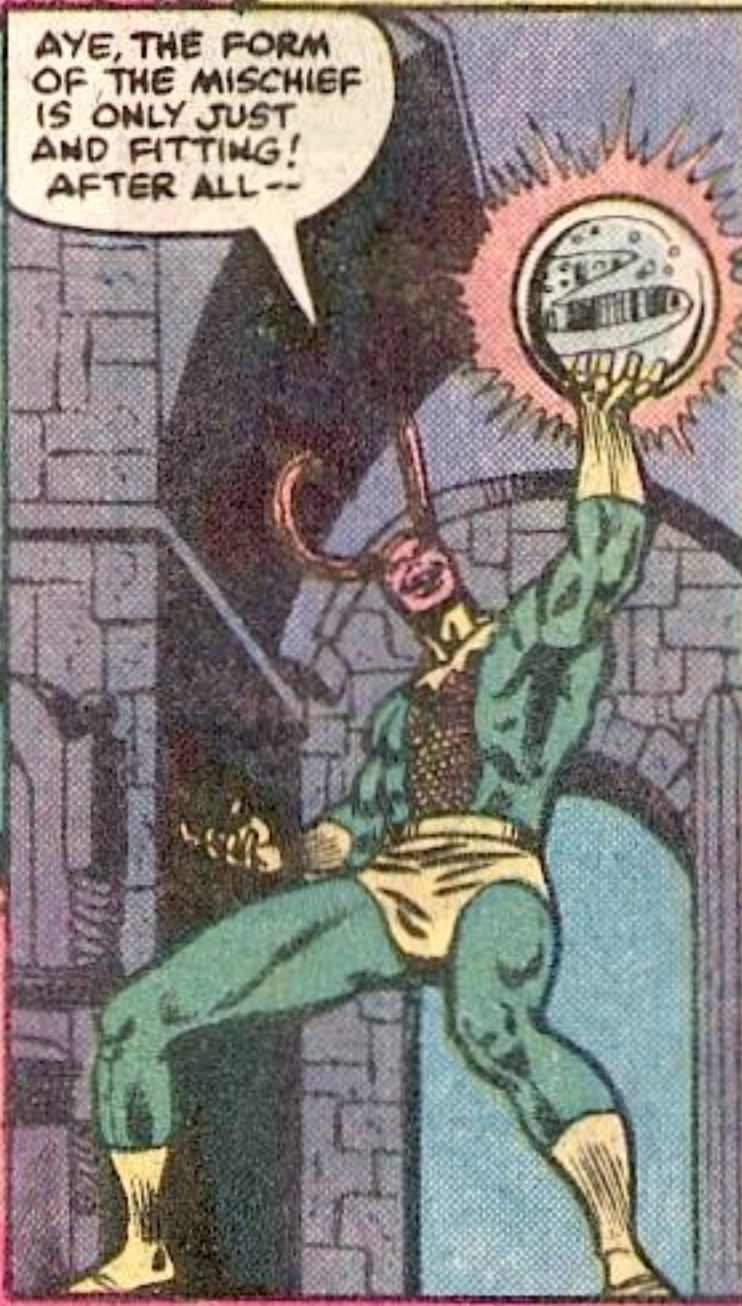
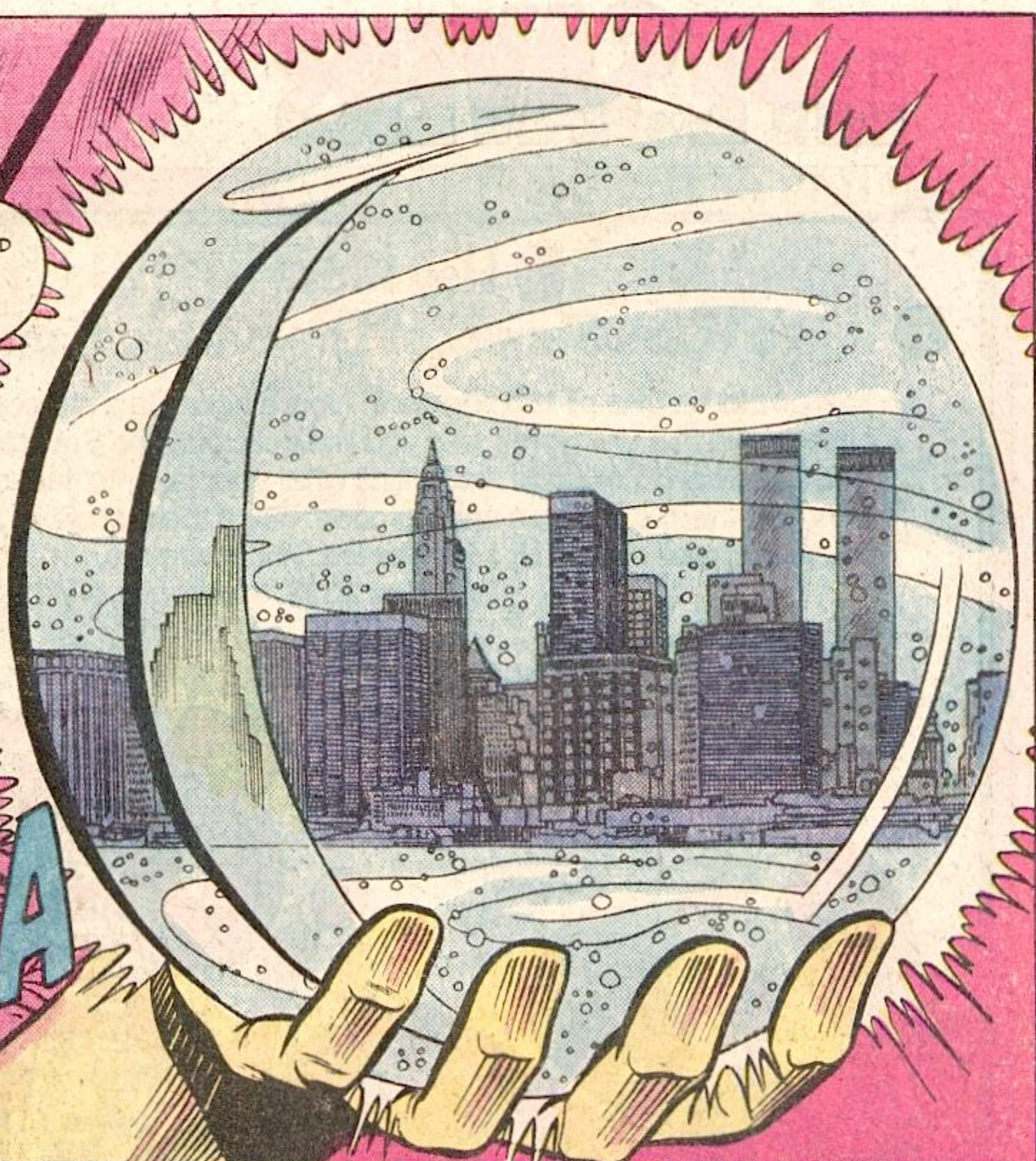
THE LAUGH OF LOKI, RESOUNDING THROUGH THE EMPTY OUTPOST'S HALLS, IS ONE PART MANIA, ONE PART RAGE, AND THREE PARTS CRUEL AMUSEMENT...

SO... MY FATHER ODIN THINKS HE CAN END MY THIRST FOR MISCHIEF BY ENFORCING A MONTH-LONG EXILE FROM THE COURT OF ASGARD! 'TIS THE SUPREME JEST!

INDEED, THOUGH I BE HIS ADOPTED SON, ODIN DOES NOT KNOW ME WELL IF HE THINKS I CAN REMAIN IDLE THROUGH AN ENTIRE MONTH OF SOLITUDE!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

AND WHAT, I WONDER, WOULD ODIN THINK OF THIS, MY LATEST MISCHIEF--?!



AYE, THE FORM OF THE MISCHIEF IS ONLY JUST AND FITTING! AFTER ALL--



--IF I MUST ENDURE THE FRIGID ISOLATION OF THIS FORSAKEN OUTPOST--



-- THEN WHY SHOULD MY BROTHER-- THE NOBLE, FAVORED SON -- NOT ENDURE THE SAME FOUL WEATHER IN HIS ADOPTED REALM OF MIDGARD?!

DOUG MOENCH and KEITH POLLARD
 WRITER LAYOUTS
 STONE, SEVERINE MILGROM, INKERS | JOE ROSEN, LETTERER | GEORGE ROUSSOS, COLORIST | JIM SALICRUP, EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

AND UNTIL I CONCEIVED OF USING THIS ENCHANTED CRYSTAL TO HARASS THOR--



--THE ONLY SOLACE IN MY PRESENT LOT WAS THAT IT TOOK ME AWAY FROM THE STIFLING YOKE OF MY WIFE SAGYR, AT LEAST TEMPORARILY...

EH--THE DOOR! BUT WHO COULD BE HERE-- IN THE REMOTE FASTNESS OF SUCH ISOLATION?!



A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE ENTERING AMIDST THE SWIRL OF STORM, BUT WHO COULD IT--



THE NORN QUEEN KARNILLA! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!



I HAVE COME, DEAR LOKI, TO PROPOSE AN ALLIANCE OF VENGEANCE.

AND IF I HAVE NO APPETITE FOR IT?

BUT YOU DO. IS NOT THOR THE BANE OF YOUR EXISTENCE?



HAS NOT ODIN BANISHED THEE HERE? AND HAVE I NOT GOOD CAUSE FOR REVENGE AS WELL?

'TIS NOT THE IDEA OF VENGEANCE I REJECT, KARNILLA, BUT THE NOTION OF ALLIANCE WITH THEE.



OH? AND WHAT SCHEME ARE YOU NURSING ON YOUR OWN?

THAT SNOW GLOBE--?

IT AMUSES ME.



HAH! TRIFLING MISCHIEF-- BUT MISCHIEF WHICH CAN BE CONVERTED TO A TRUE BLOW OF REVENGE.

THIS IS, I TAKE IT, A CRYSTAL OF TRANSFERENCE? WHATEVER YOU CAUSE TO OCCUR WITHIN THE GLOBE--



--ALSO OCCURS TO THE REALITY ON WHICH THE GLOBE'S SETTING IS MODELED?

WITHIN THE LIMITS OF MY SORCERY-- WHICH ODIN HAS CURTAILED.



THE IMAGINATION HAS NO LIMITS, LOKI, AND WITH PROPER IMAGINATION THE CRYSTAL MAY BE COMBINED WITH A RESOURCE AT MY DISPOSAL...

...TO SPELL DOOM FOR THOR, AND TO PLACE ALL OF ASGARD UNDER OUR JOINT COMMAND. HAVE YOU HEARD OF... THE PLAGUE CASK?



THE PLAGUE CASK?! I BEGIN, KARNILLA, TO WARM TO THE NOTION OF ALLIANCE.

"THEN WE MUST BEGIN A JOURNEY, LOKI-- TO THE ICE CAVES."



AND THE SNOW CONTINUES TO FALL ALL THAT NIGHT...



STILL THE HEAVENS RELEASE THEIR COLD, SILENT FURY...



AND STILL THE CITY SUFFERS UNDER THE MANTLE OF GLISTENING OPPRESSION.

THE MORTALS HERE ACCEPT IT WITH THE RIGHT SPIRIT, AND FOR THAT THEY ARE TO BE ADMIRER.



YET I FEAR THAT EVEN THEIR SPIRIT WILL SOON BE BURIED--AND THEN NONE WILL BE ABLE TO SMILE, OR SUCCEED AT EVEN THE SIMPLEST TASK.

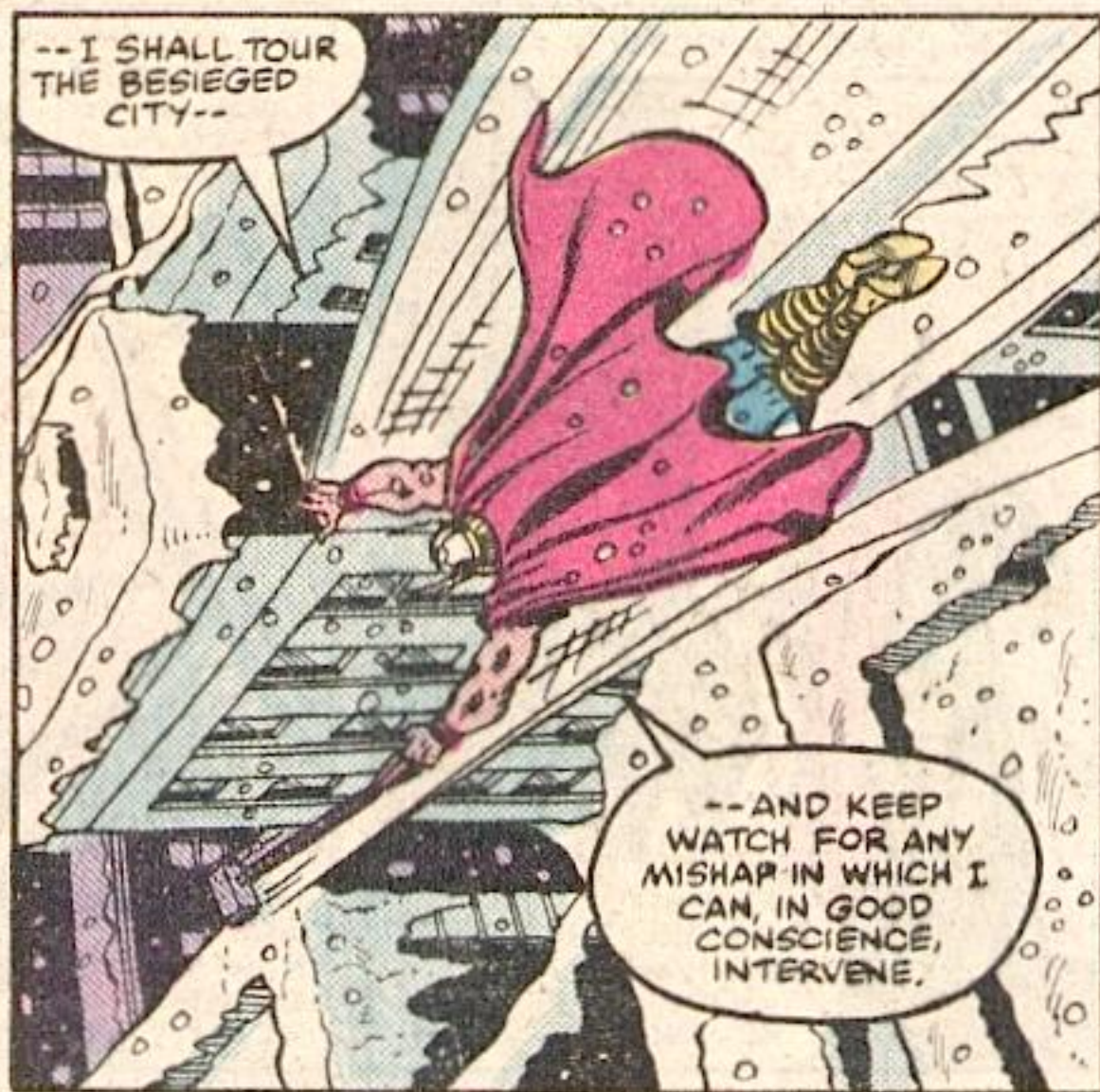
AS MIGHTY THOR, LORD OF STORMS, I COULD EASILY END IT, BANISHING THE BLIZZARD--



-- BUT IT IS NOT MY PLACE TO DO SO.

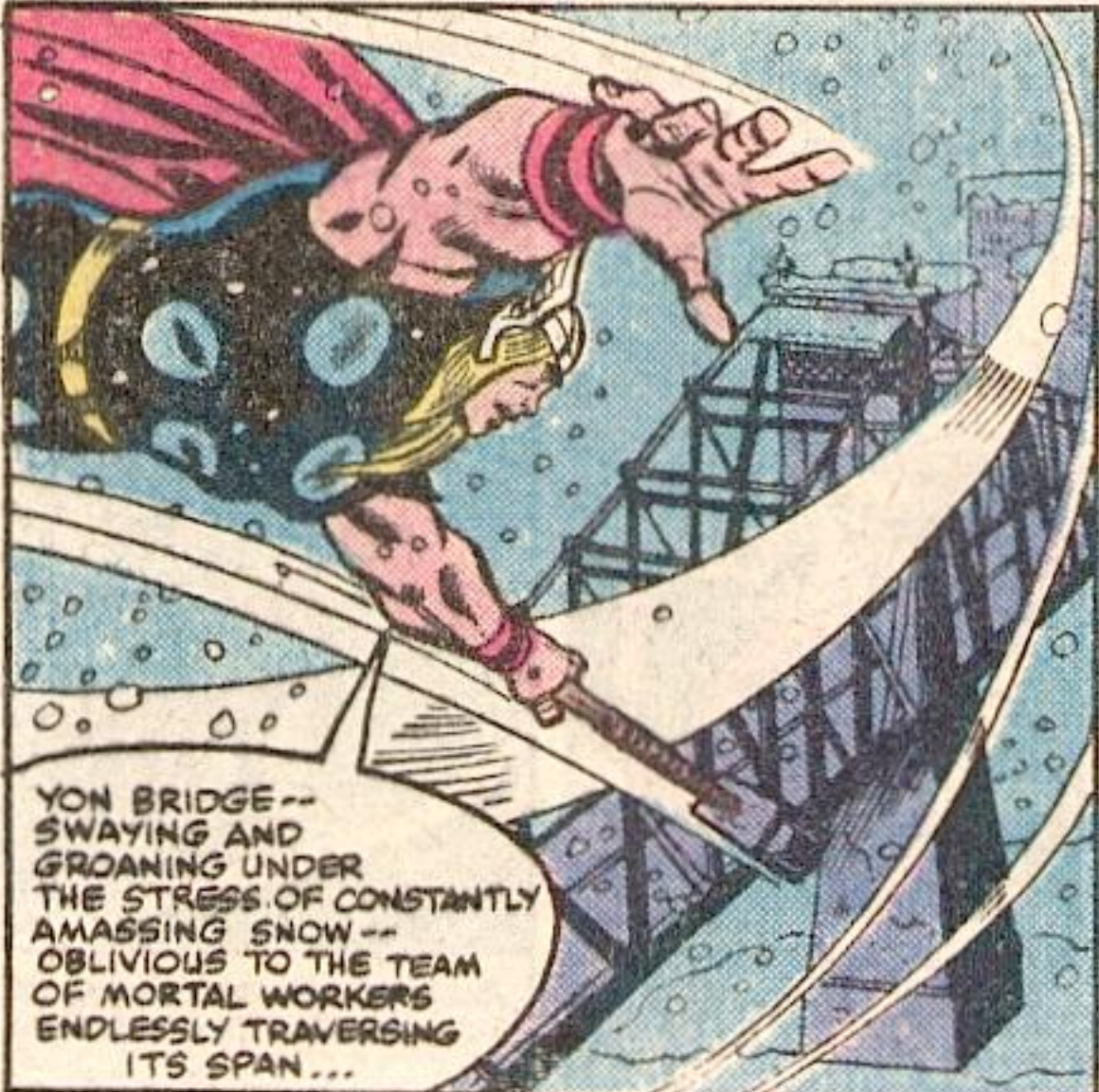
NATURE MUST BE ALLOWED TO RUN ITS ORDAINED COURSE WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM MY HAND.

INSTEAD, BY THE POWER OF MYSTIC Mjolnir, MINE ENCHANTED URU HAMMER--



-- I SHALL TOUR THE BESIEGED CITY--

-- AND KEEP WATCH FOR ANY MISHAP IN WHICH I CAN, IN GOOD CONSCIENCE, INTERVENE.

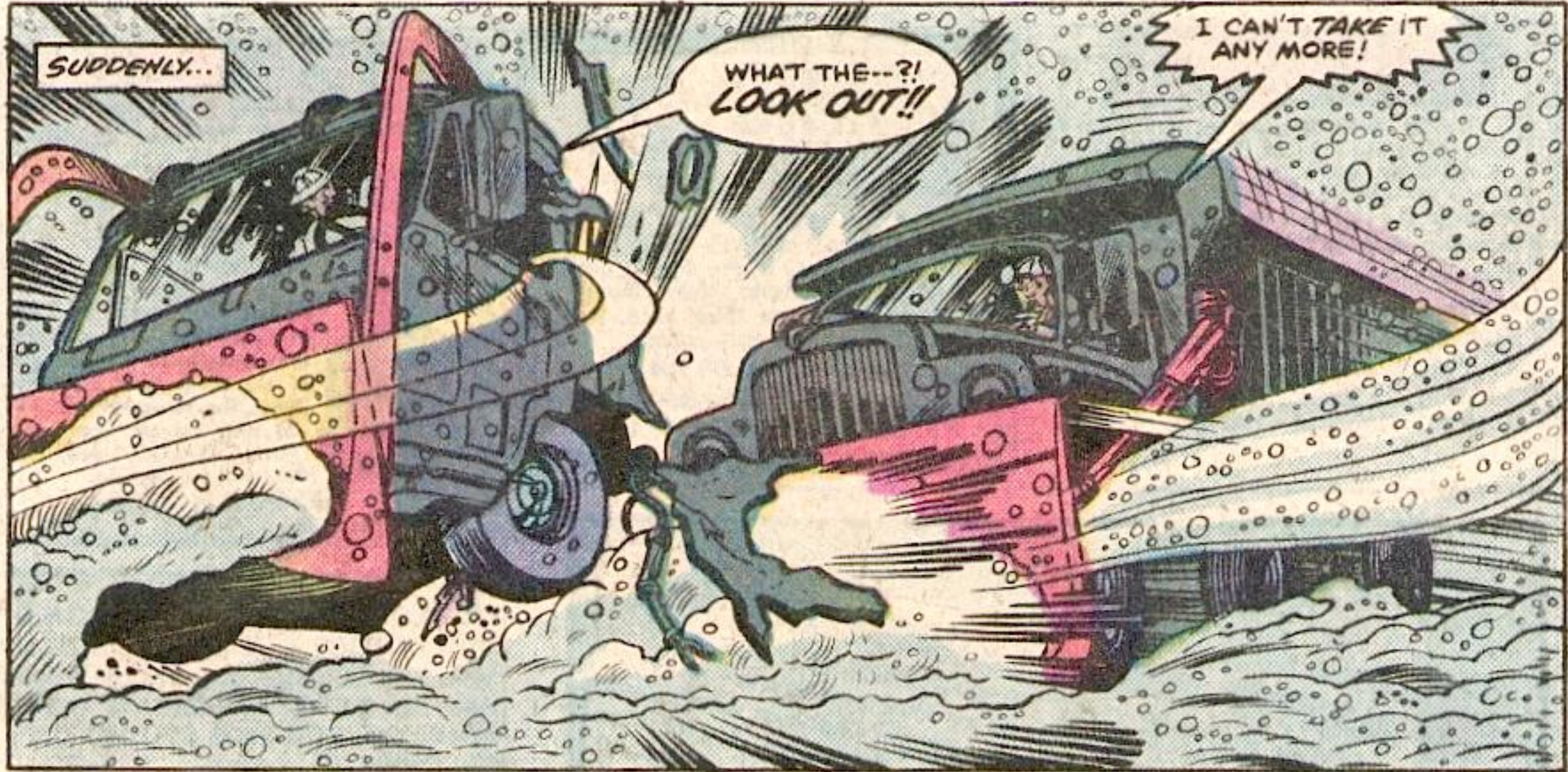


YON BRIDGE-- SWAYING AND GROANING UNDER THE STRESS OF CONSTANTLY AMASSING SNOW-- OBLIVIOUS TO THE TEAM OF MORTAL WORKERS ENDLESSLY TRAVERSING ITS SPAN...



INDEED, THEIR TASK SEEMS LESS THAN FUTILE-- AS THEIR PLOWS DESPERATELY MAINTAIN A STASIS OF DEFEAT. NO VEHICLES CAN PASS THE PLOWS THEMSELVES, NOR CROSS THE BRIDGE...

"...BUT AT LEAST THE STRUCTURE WILL NOT COLLAPSE!"



SUDDENLY...

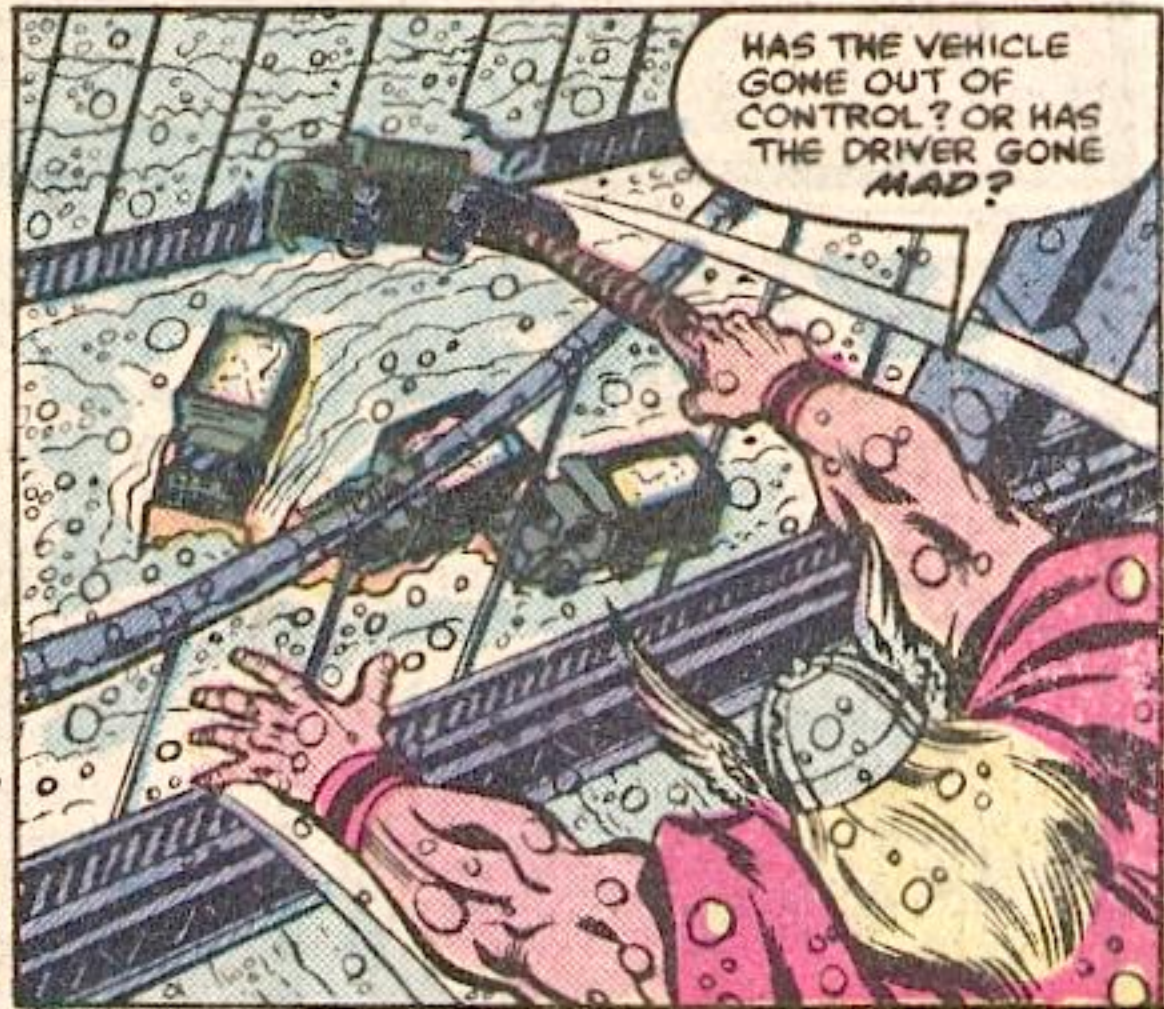
WHAT THE--?!
LOOK OUT!!

I CAN'T TAKE IT
ANY MORE!



TOO MUCH SNOW! IT'S DRIVIN' ME CRAZY! IT JUST
KEEPS PILIN' UP! I'LL NEVER BEAT IT-- NEVER
FINISH THE JOB! I'LL NEVER GET HOME!

I CAN'T
TAKE IT!!



HAS THE VEHICLE
GONE OUT OF
CONTROL? OR HAS
THE DRIVER GONE
MAD?



MEANWHILE, FAR
ACROSS THE
DIMENSIONAL VOID
NEAR LOKI'S HOME
IN BANISHMENT...

HERE,
LOKI, AT
LAST, THE
OBJECT
OF OUR
TREK--

THE
ICE
CAVES...



HERE, THE **PLAGUE
CASK**, CONTAINING
ALL THE CAPTURED
EVILS OF ASGARD,
WAS BOUND BY MY
SPELLS AGES PAST.
HERE IT IS
CACHED STILL.



BUT NOW THE ICE HAS CLAIMED IT,
AND IT WILL REQUIRE OUR COMBINED
POWERS OF SORCERY TO **FREE** IT.

SO, KARNILLA, PERHAPS
THIS IS THE **TRUE**
REASON FOR YOUR
PROPOSAL OF
ALLIANCE...

...BECAUSE YOU
NEED MY AID TO
FREE YOUR PRECIOUS
BOX OF EVIL?



REFUSE TO AID
ME, LOKI, AND
YOU WILL NEVER
KNOW THE ANSWER.



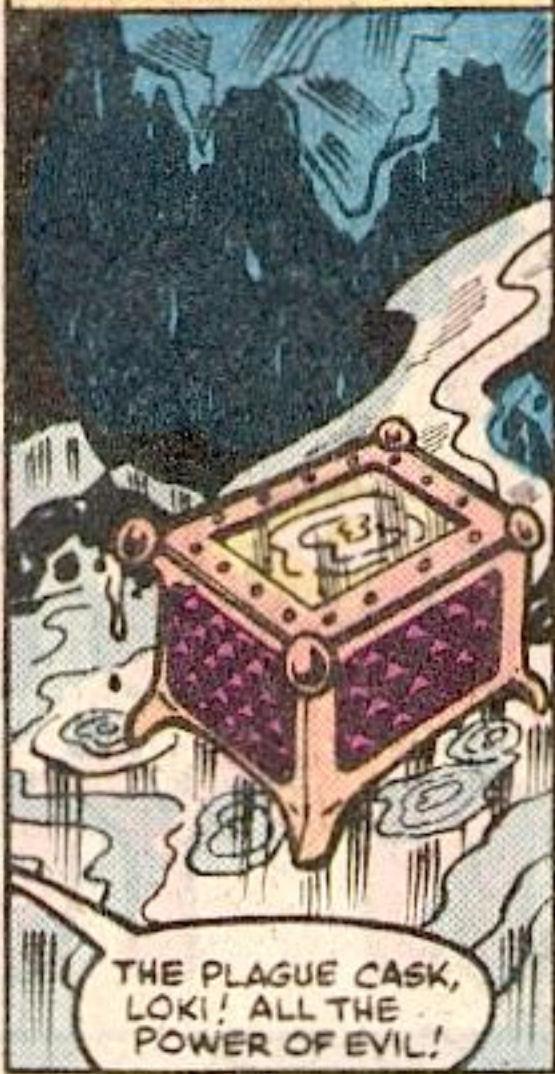
VERY WELL, NORN
QUEEN. LET US
FREE THE CASK.

AND SO, EXERTING THEIR SORCEROUS POWERS IN TANDEM, LOKI AND KARNILLA DIRECT MAGIC FIRES AT THE WALL OF ICE...



AT FIRST, THE RIME SEEMS TO ENCASE NAUGHT BUT AN OPAQUE SHADOW OF PROMISE...

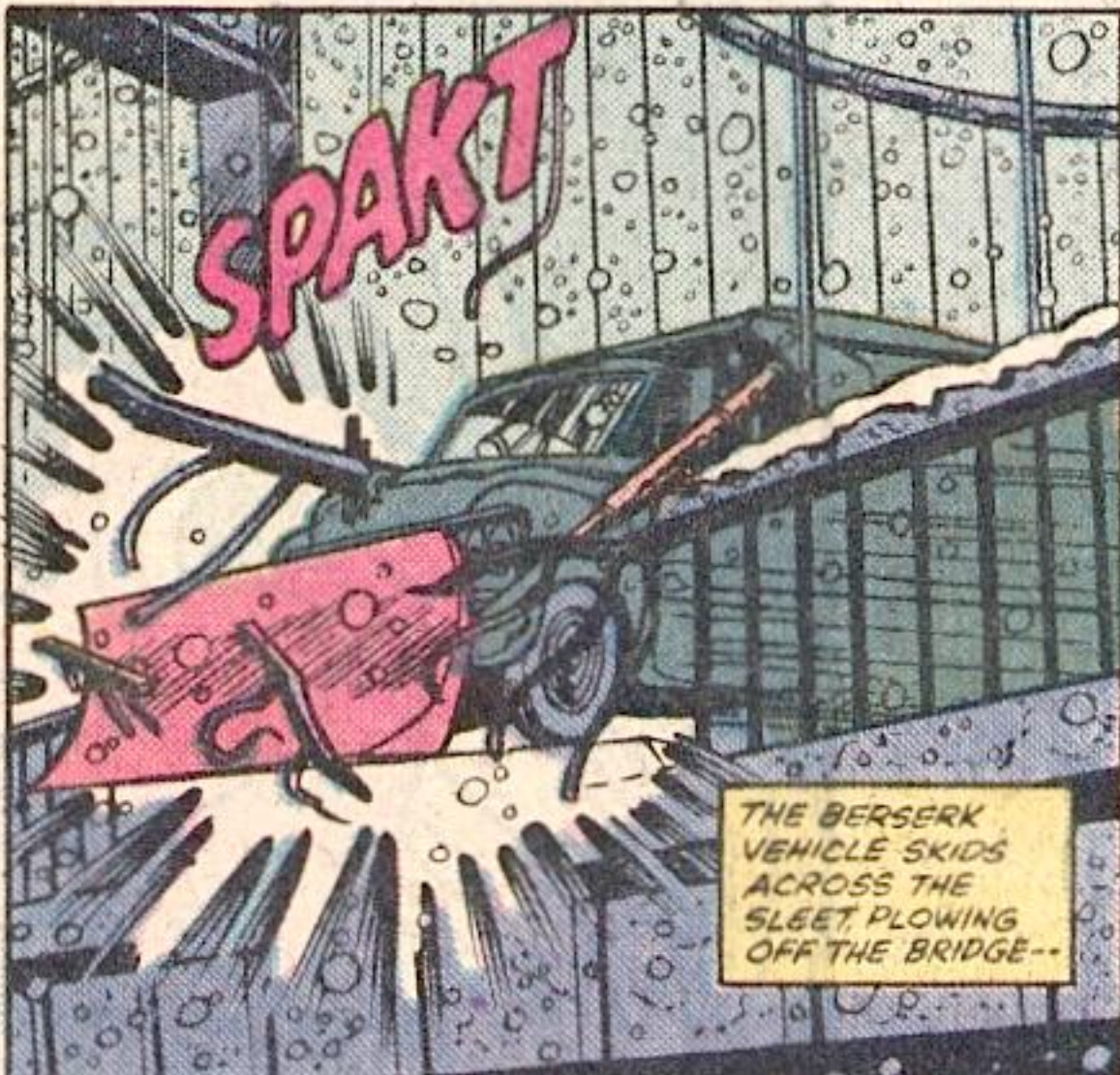
...UNTIL THE ICE SLIPS WETLY FREE, REVEALING--



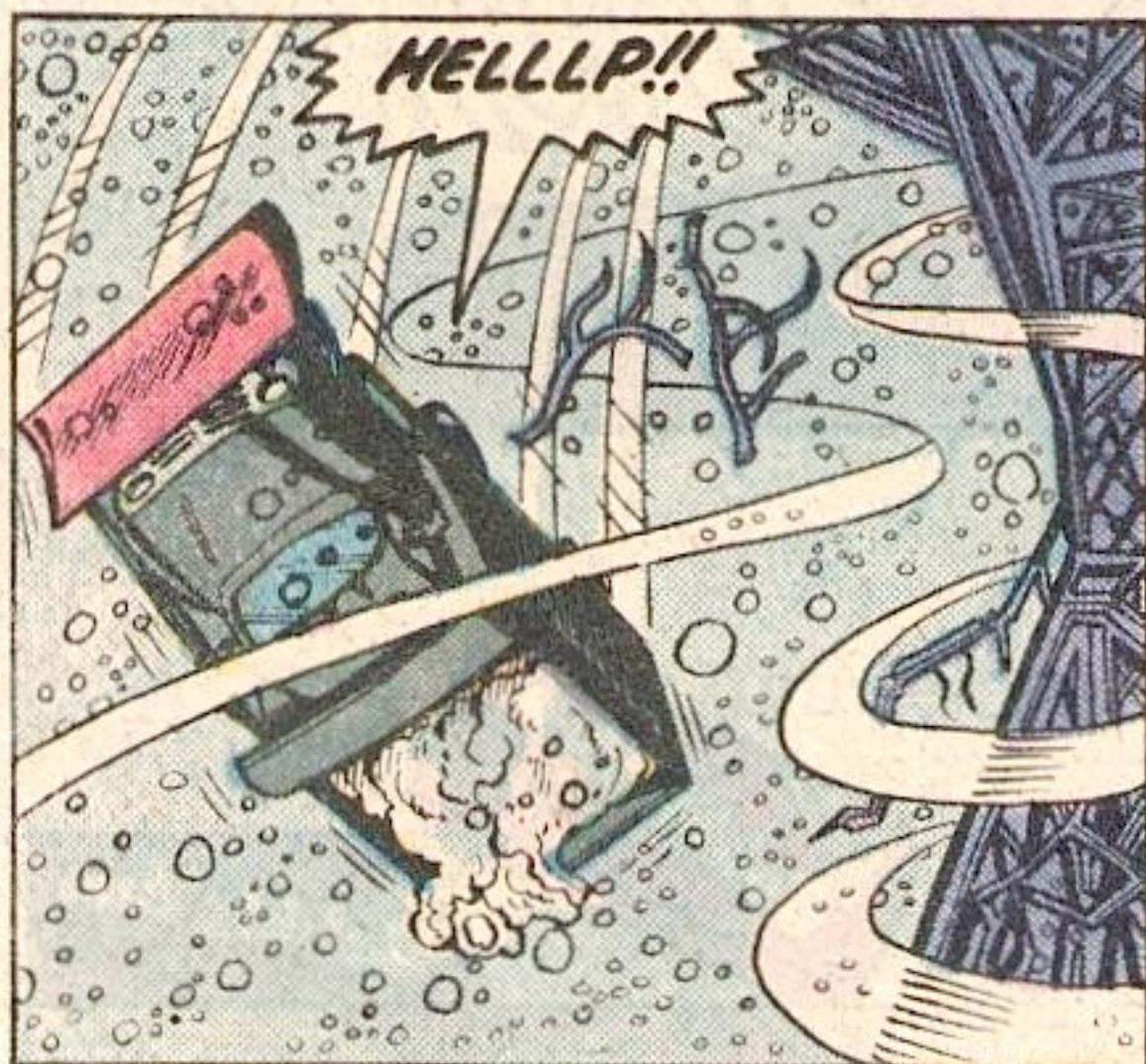
THE PLAGUE CASK, LOKI! ALL THE POWER OF EVIL!



IT IS OURS.



THE BERSERK VEHICLE SKIDS ACROSS THE SLEET, PLOWING OFF THE BRIDGE--



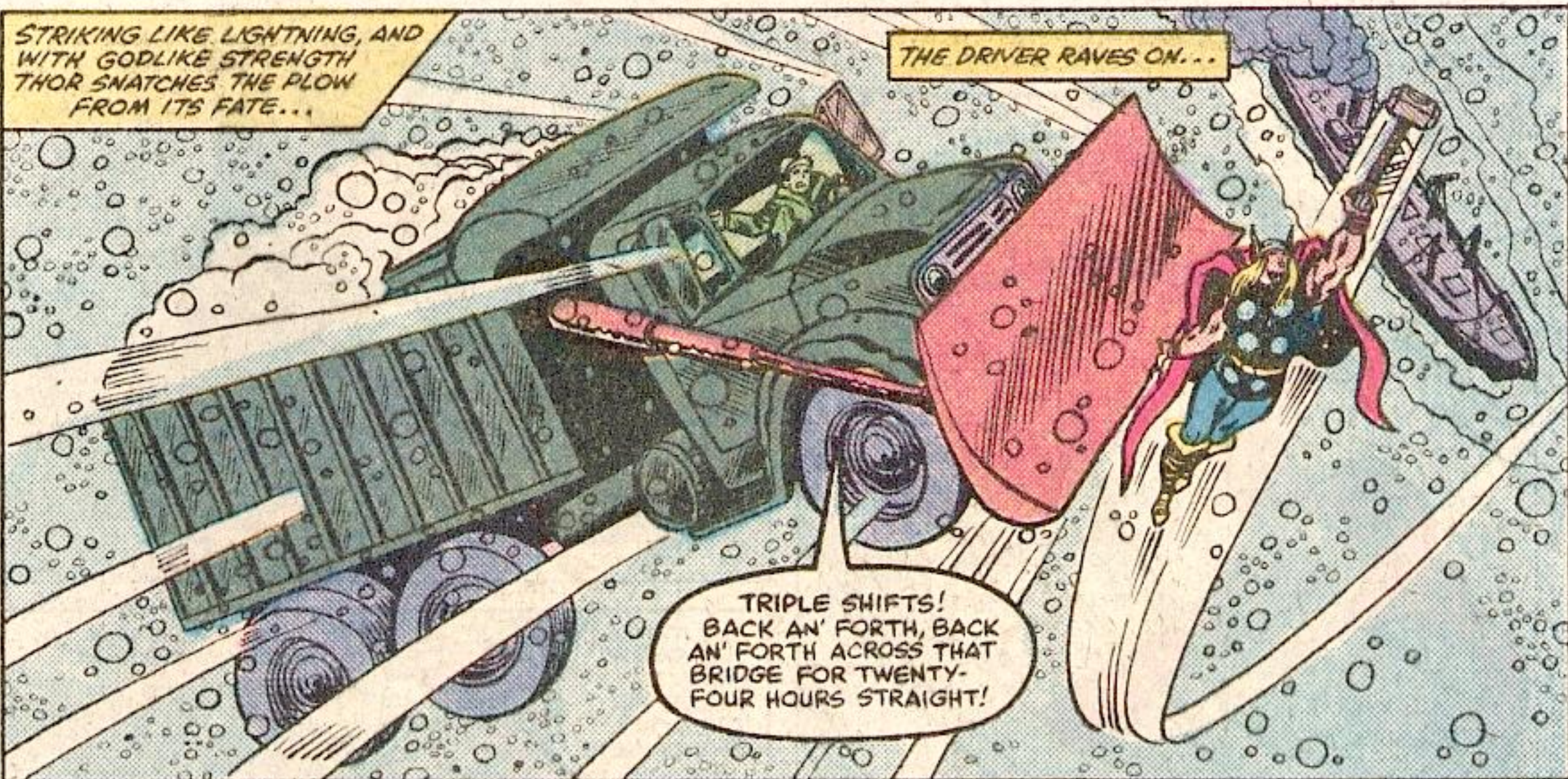
-- AND PLUNGES TOWARD THE ICY SURFACE OF THE RIVER FAR BELOW.



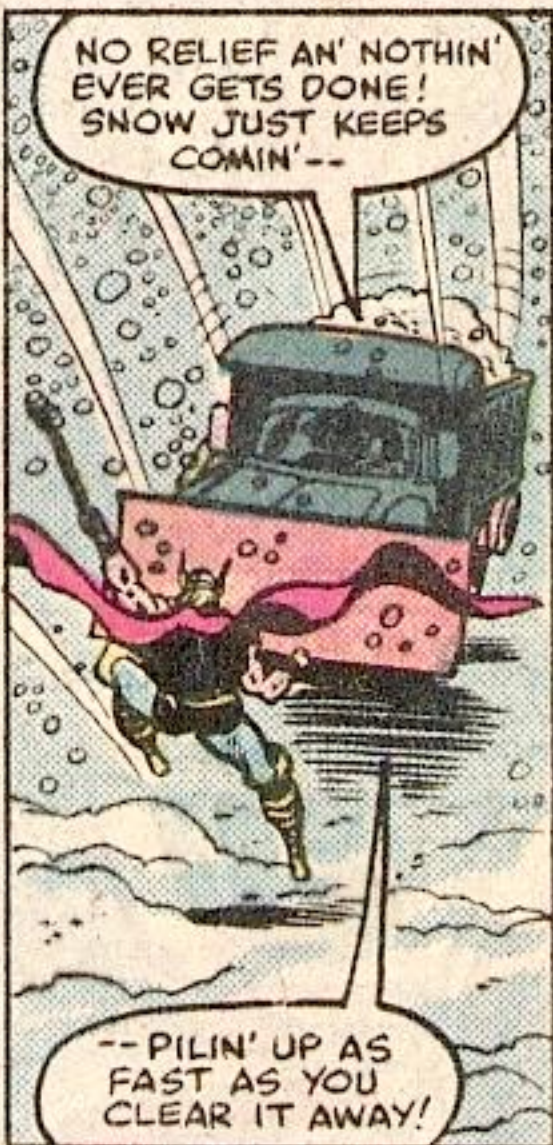
HERE INDEED IS A GRAVE MISHAP IN WHICH I MAY READILY INTERVENE!

STRIKING LIKE LIGHTNING, AND WITH GODLIKE STRENGTH THOR SNATCHES THE PLOW FROM ITS FATE...

THE DRIVER RAVES ON...



TRIPLE SHIFTS! BACK AN' FORTH, BACK AN' FORTH ACROSS THAT BRIDGE FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS STRAIGHT!



NO RELIEF AN' NOTHIN' EVER GETS DONE! SNOW JUST KEEPS COMIN'--

--PILIN' UP AS FAST AS YOU CLEAR IT AWAY!



THE SNOW'S EVIL, I TELL YA! IT'S GONNA KILL US ALL!



WHILE ABOVE, THE CABLE TO THE TRAMWAY-- WHICH CONNECTS MANHATTAN TO ROOSEVELT ISLAND-- SNAPS!



YA SEE?! THE ICE SNAPPED THAT CABLE! THAT EMPTY TRAM CAR'S FALLIN'! IT'S GONNA HIT THOSE PEOPLE!

NAY, MORTAL. NOT IF MYSTIC MJOLNIR--



-- HITS THE CAR FIRST!



BUT THY MOMENTARY MADNESS, MORTAL, HAS MAYHAP CHANCED UPON SOME TRUTH. THE SNOW BOTH BECOME MALEVOLENT.

'TIS TIME TO HALT THE UNENDING STORM.

HEAR ME, ELEMENTS OF THE STORM! THE GOD OF THUNDER CALLS UPON THEE!

CEASE THY FURY! CALM THY WINDS! END THY FROZEN TEARS!



WHAT THE...? HEY YOU-- YOU'RE THOR!

MY-- MY LIFE WAS JUST SAVED BY-- BY THOR--?!

MEANWHILE...

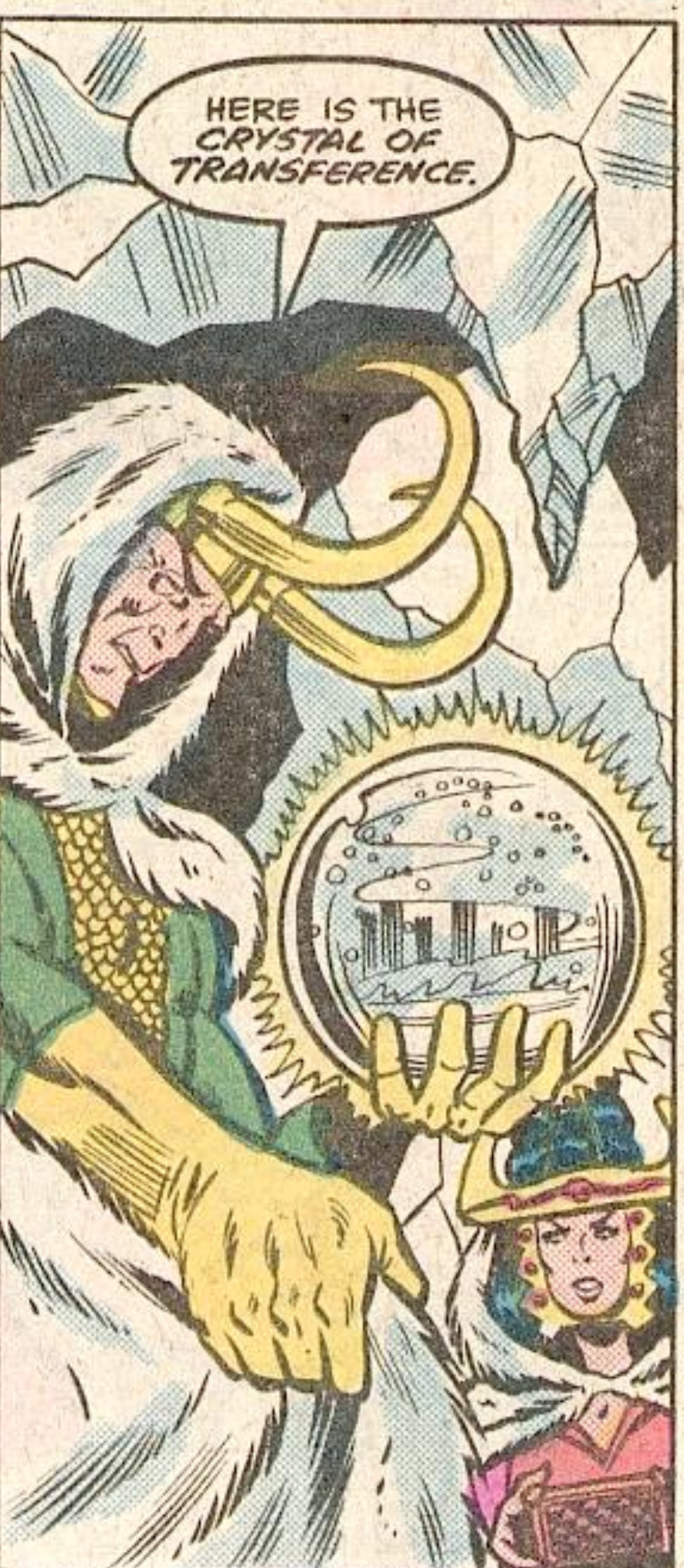


AH, HERE WE ARE. CONSIDERING THE NATURE OF THE MISCHIEF YOU'VE ALREADY BEGUN, LOKI...



... I THINK THE SNOW GIANT WOULD BE THE MOST APPROPRIATE CHOICE.

INDEED, KARNILLA, A CUNNING CHOICE.



HERE IS THE CRYSTAL OF TRANSFERENCE.



LET THE SNOW GIANT PENETRATE ITS ENCHANTED GLOBE--



-- TRANSFERRING HIM TO THE REALITY OF THE SCENE DEPICTED WITHIN.



AYE, LOKI, AND SOON YOUR BROTHER THOR WILL FACE MORE-FAR MORE THAN THE MERE NUISANCE OF FALLING SNOW.

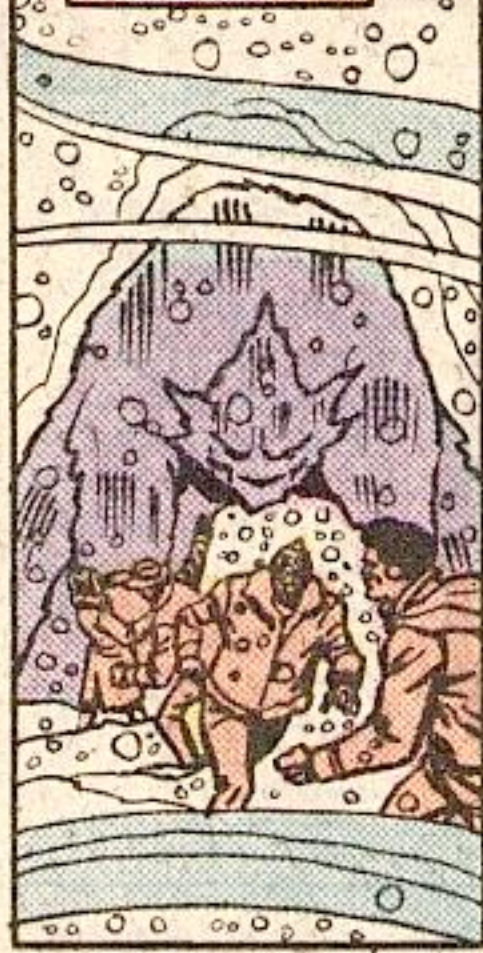
"THE SNOW-- IT'S STILL FALLS! BUT HOW?! HAVE I NOT COMMANDED IT TO STOP? CAN IT BE THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I AM POWERLESS OVER THE ELEMENTS?"



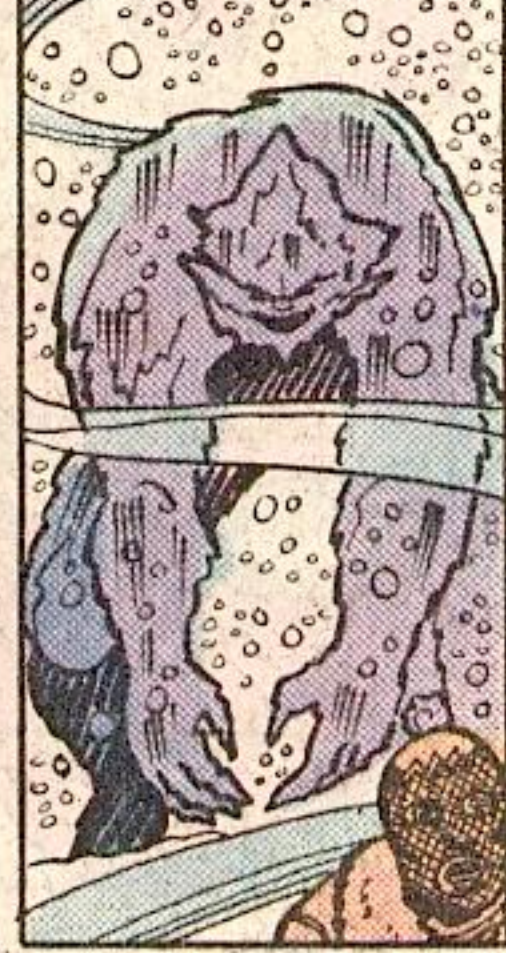
"BUT WHY? WHY AM I UNABLE TO EXERT THE CONTROL WHICH IS MY BIRTHRIGHT?"



"IS THERE A HIGHER HAND AT WORK?"

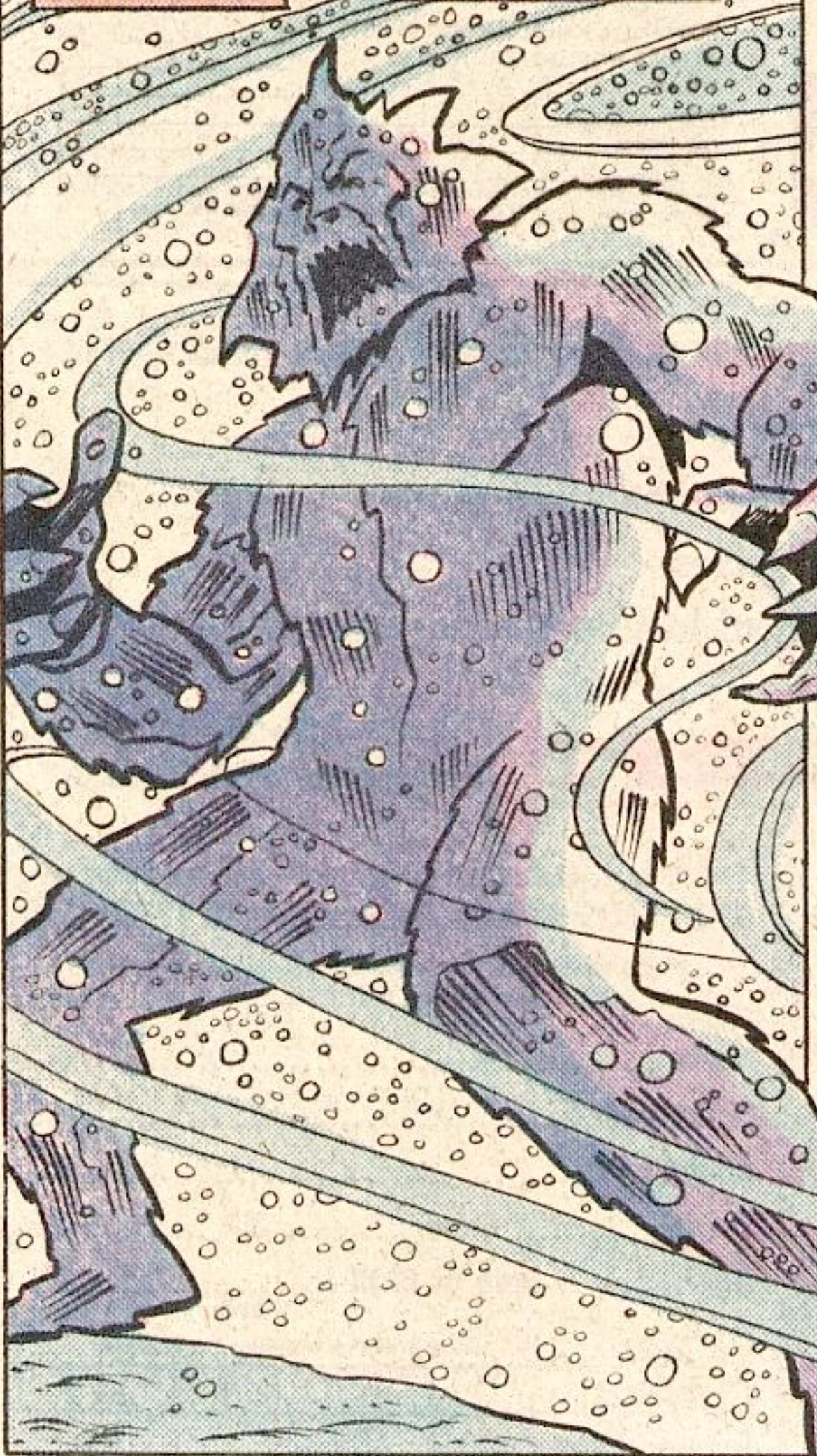


"CAN IT BE THAT ALL-FATHER ODIN HATH--"

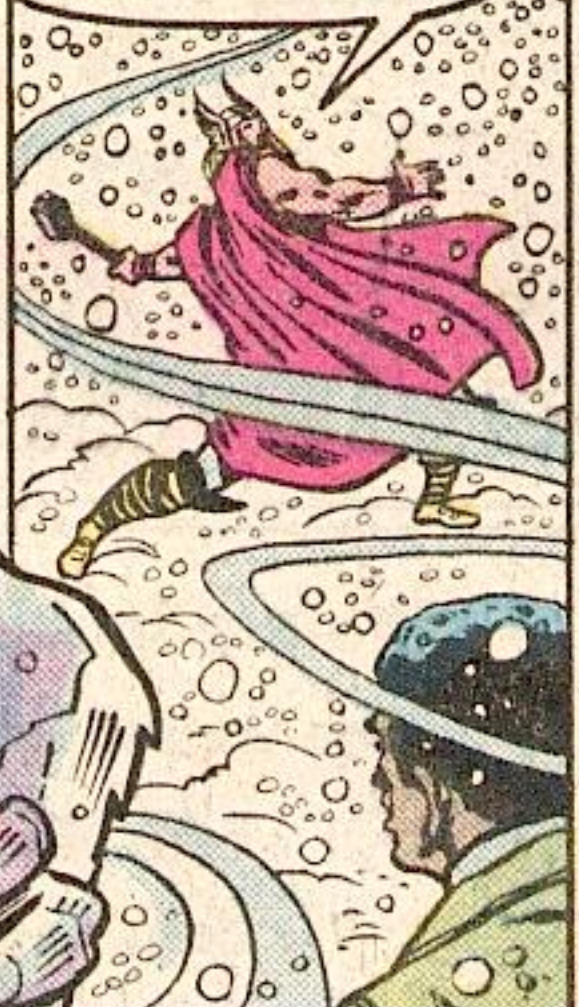


"NAY, NOT ODIN! FOR WHAT PURPOSE WOULD HE WORK SUCH DEVILTRY?"

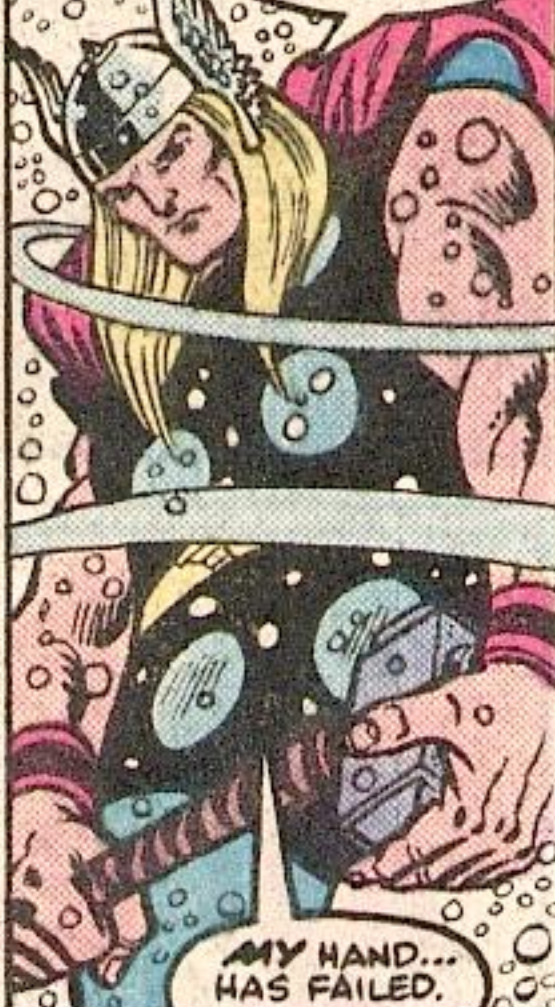
"BUT THERE IS ONE OTHER POSSIBILITY-- THE MISCHIEVOUS HAND OF LOKI!"



BUT WHETHER 'TIS LOKI'S HAND, OR THE HAND OF SOME OTHER AGENT--



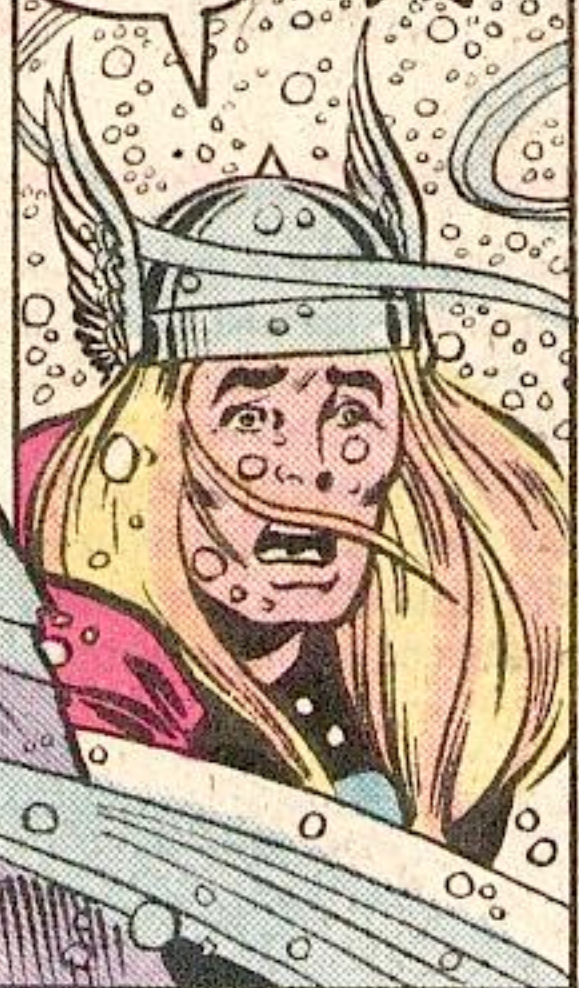
--I MUST FACE A BITTER TRUTH.



MY HAND... HAS FAILED.

YET, THIS I VOW, I'LL NOT REST UNTIL--

BY MY FATHER'S EYE!



'TIS THE SNOW GIANT-- THE NORTHLANDS OGRE IMPRISONED IN THE PLAGUE CASK BY ODIN AGES AGONE E'EN BEFORE I WAS Sired!



COME, MORTAL, I WILL TAKE THEE TO A HOSPITAL BEFORE--

NO! IT WAS THE MONOTONY--

--LIKE BEIN' HYPNOTIZED-- SNOWBLIND-- BUT I'M OKAY NOW! I WANNA *HELP!*

A WHILE AGO, YOU WERE BENT ON DESTRUCTION.

I TOLD YA, I WAS SNOW-CRAZY! I JUST NEED A JOLT OUT OF IT!

NEW YORK'S MY CITY! IT JUST GOT TO ME WHEN I WASN'T GETTIN' ANYWHERE CLEANIN' IT UP, BUT I'M OKAY NOW!

VERY WELL, THOU MAYEST AID THY FELLOW MORTALS...

...BUT MARK THIS! I ALONE CAN DEAL WITH YON CREATURE! DO NOT INTERFERE!

I'M A CITY-WORKER, PAL! I AIN'T NO HERO.

AND SO, AS THE SNOWPLOW DRIVER BEGINS CLEARING PEOPLE FROM THE AREA, THOR CONFRONTS THE BIZARRE SNOW GIANT...

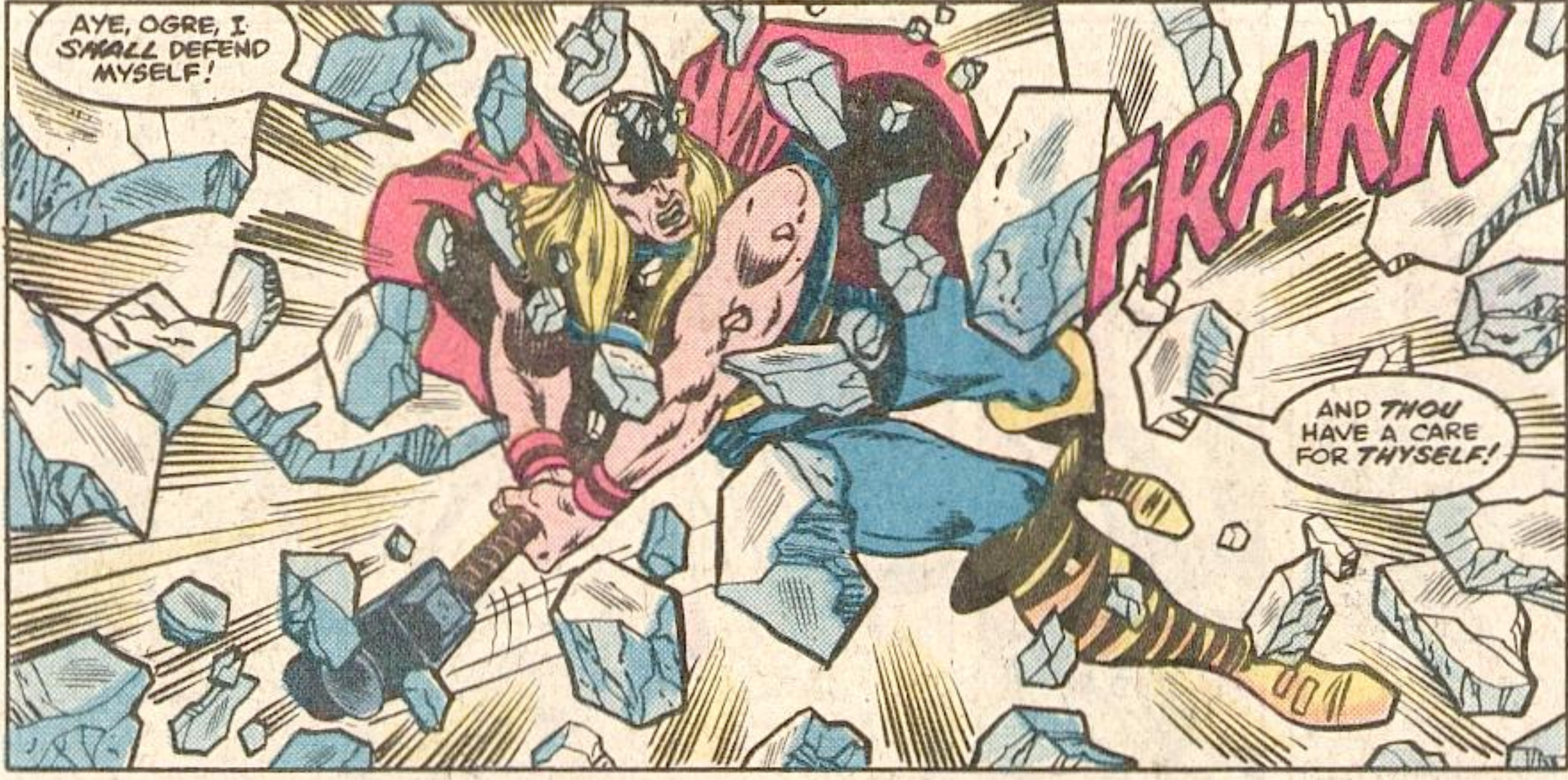
I KNOW NOT WHY YOU HAVE APPEARED, OGRE, BUT I CANNOT LET THEE WORK THY RUIN ON MIDGARD!

I AM THOR, GOD OF THUNDER AND STORMS, AND SON OF THE ALL-FATHER ODIN.

MIDGARD, IS IT? I'VE NEVER JOURNEYED TO THE LOWER REALM BEFORE. SMALL WONDER, THEN, THAT IT ALL SEEMS SO STRANGE TO ME. AND WHILE EVEN I KNOW NOT WHY I AM HERE, LITTLE ONE, WHO ART THOU TO CHALLENGE ME IN SUCH A MANNER?

ODIN?! 'T WAS ODIN WHO IMPRISONED ME IN THE DARKNESS OF THAT CURSED BOX! IF YOU ARE HIS SON, PUNY GODLING--

-- THEN DEFEND THYSELF!



AYE, OGRE, I SHALL DEFEND MYSELF!

FRAKK

AND THOU HAVE A CARE FOR THYSELF!



HAH! THE FIGHT HAS BEGUN, KARNILLA! THOR IS SORELY BESET!

INDEED, LOKI?

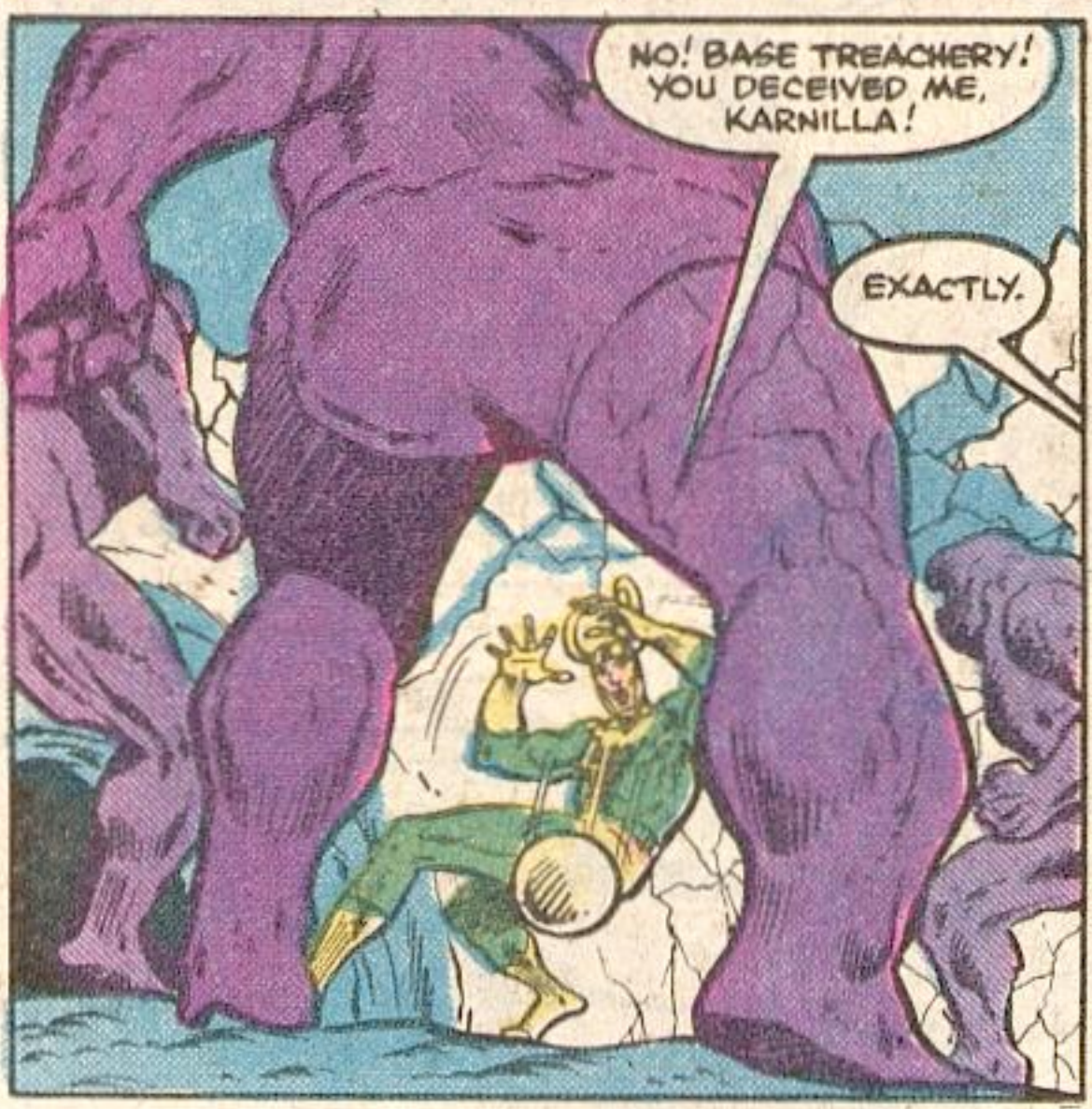


MUCH AS YOU ARE.



EH--?

TAKE HIM!



NO! BASE TREACHERY! YOU DECEIVED ME, KARNILLA!

EXACTLY.



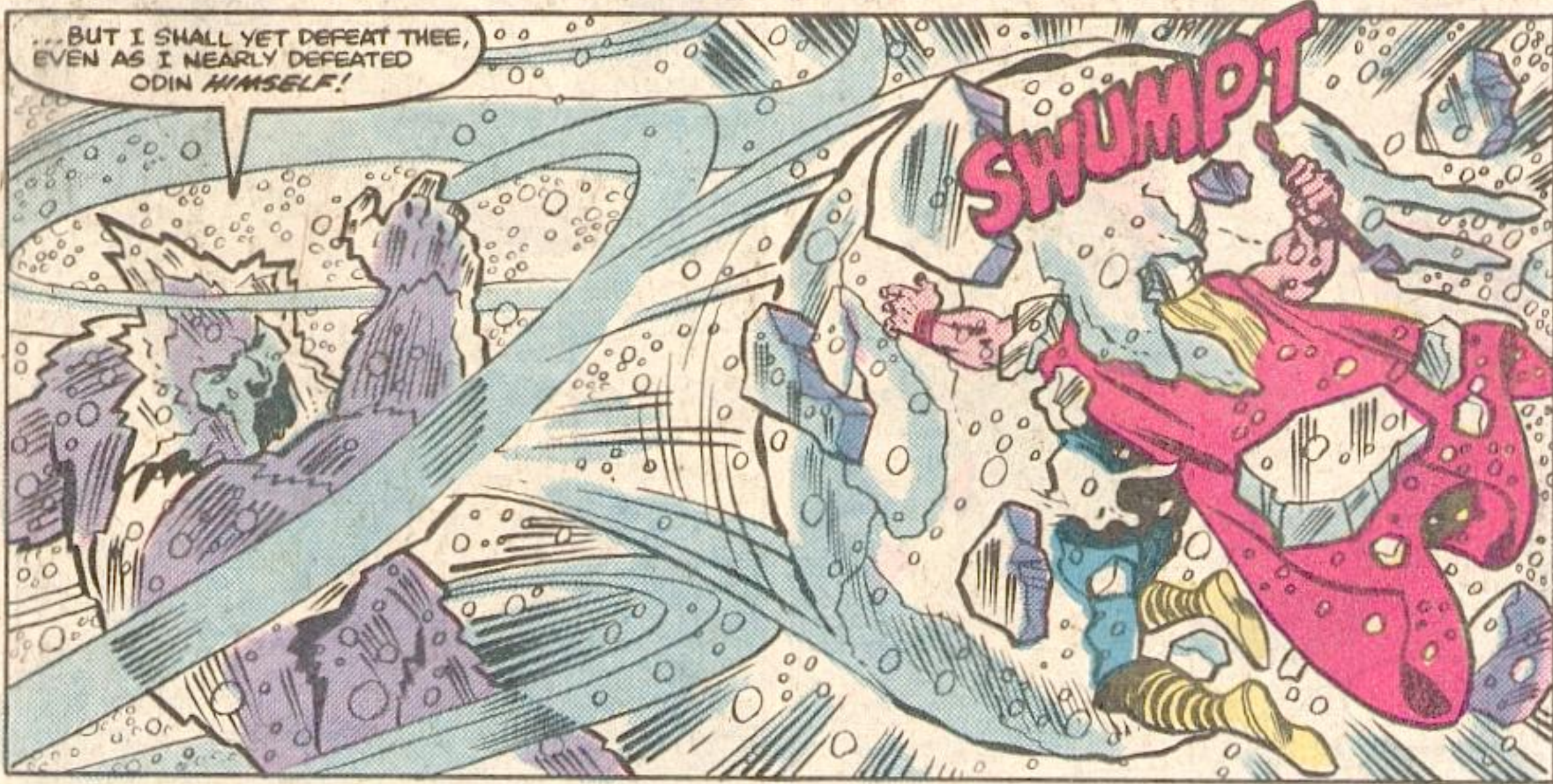
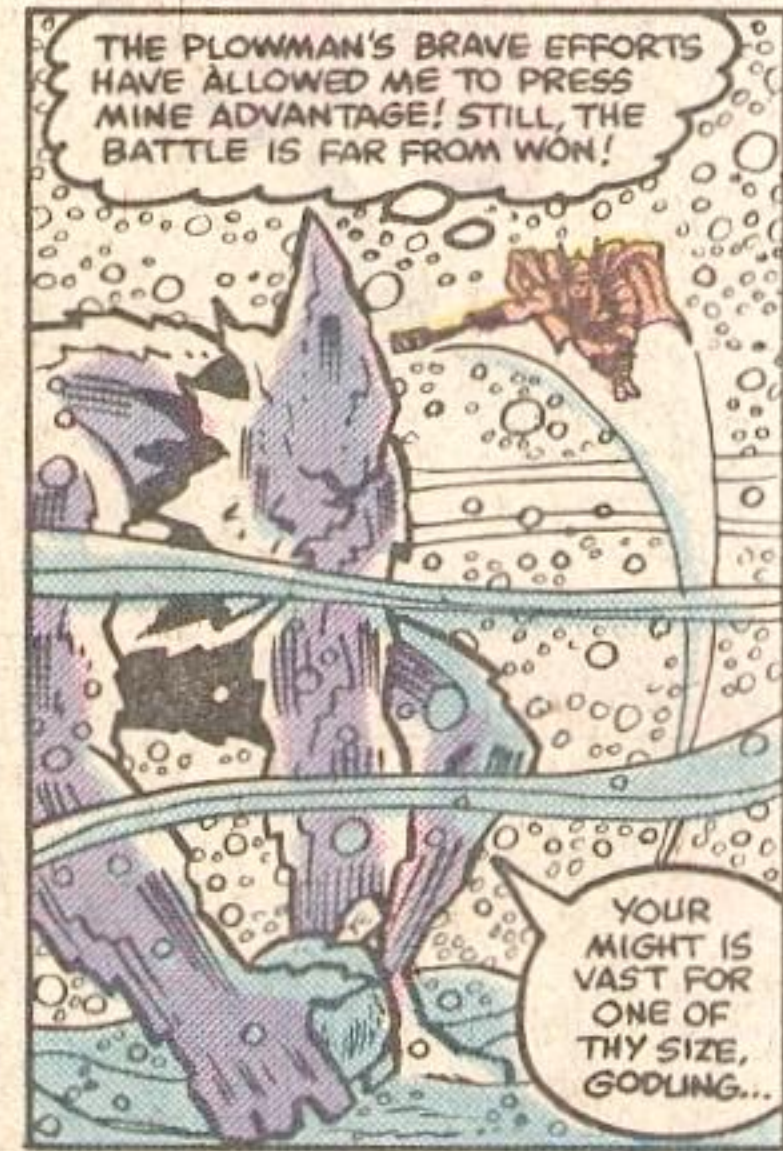
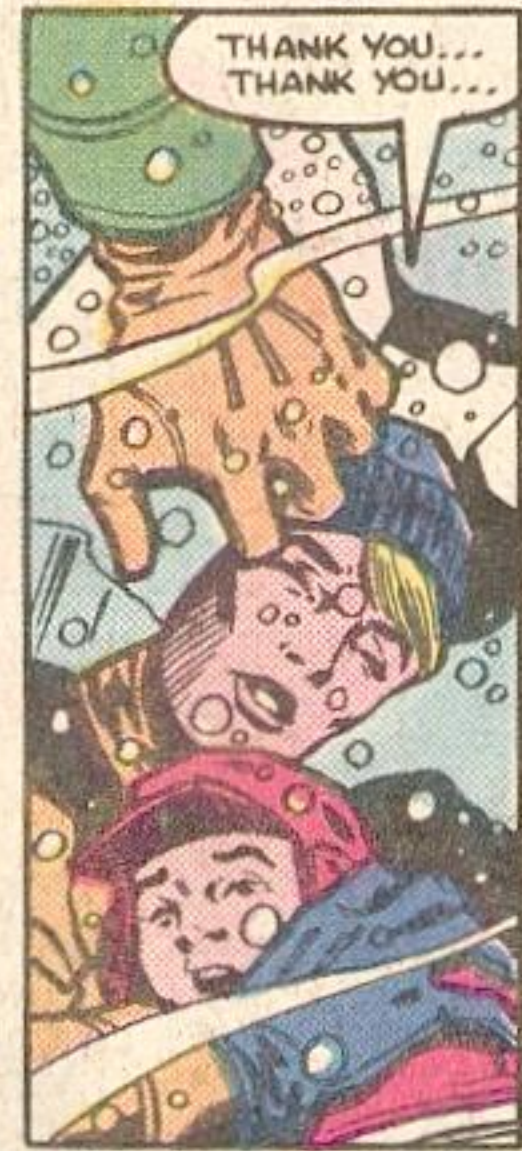
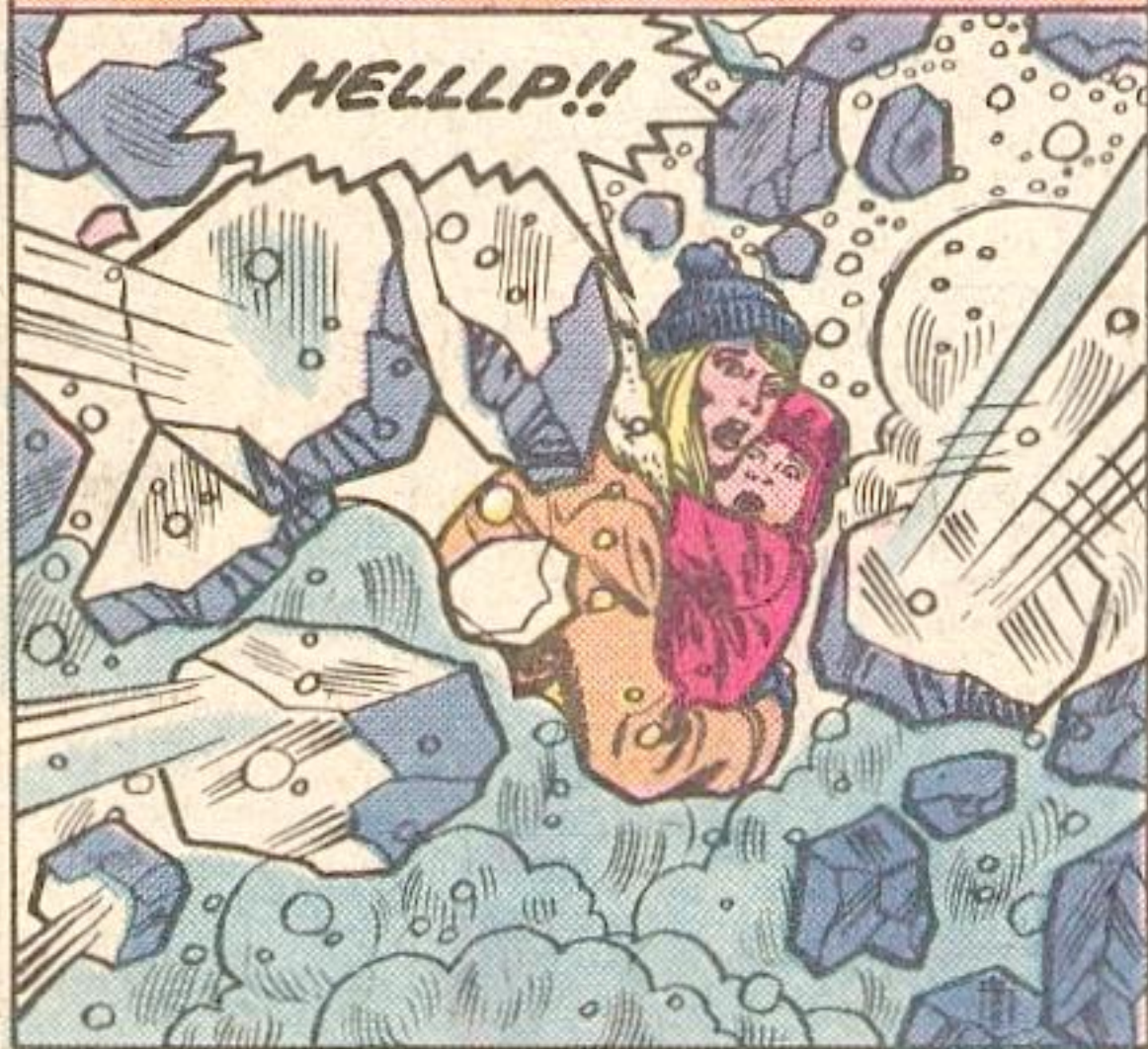
AND YOU ARE HARDLY ONE TO COMPLAIN.

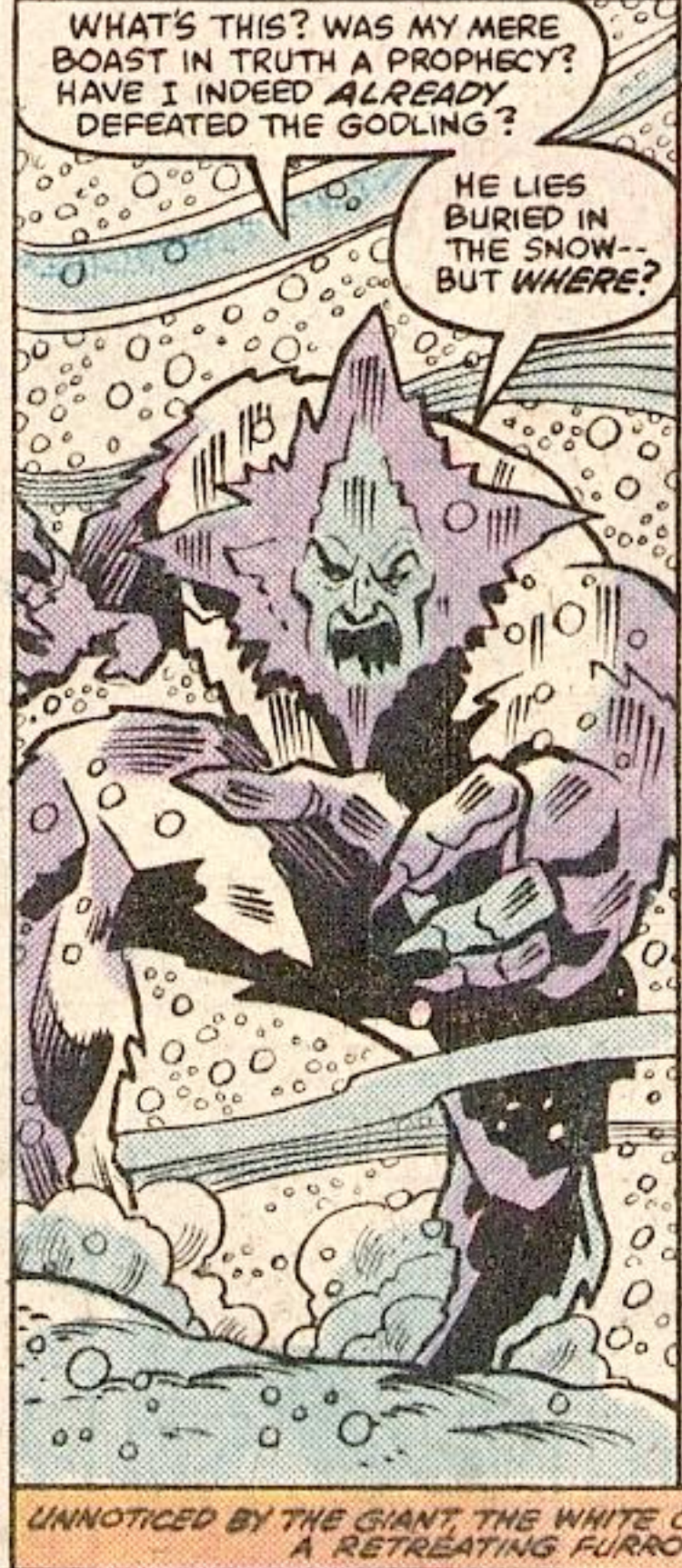
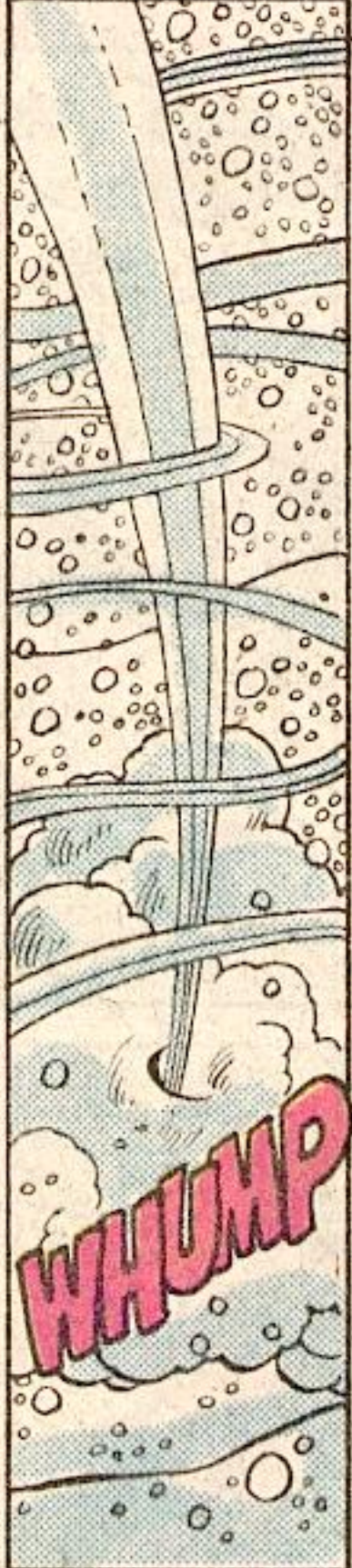
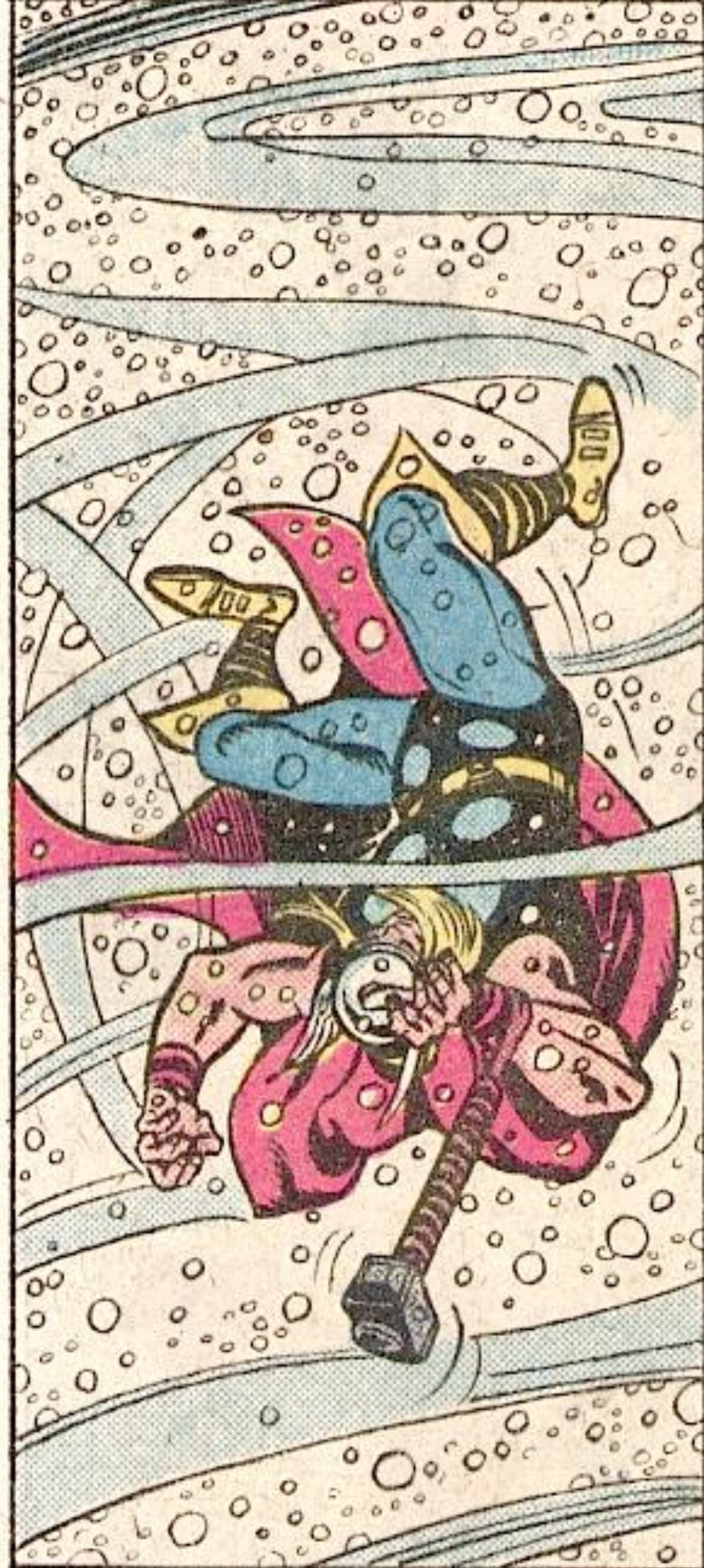
AGH!

AND ON EARTH, AS THOR MOMENTARILY GAINS THE UPPER HAND, TRAGEDY STRIKES! AN ELABORATE SNOW SCULPTURE TOPPLES--



--TRAPPING TWO HAPLESS VICTIMS UNDER ITS TUMBLING WEIGHT.

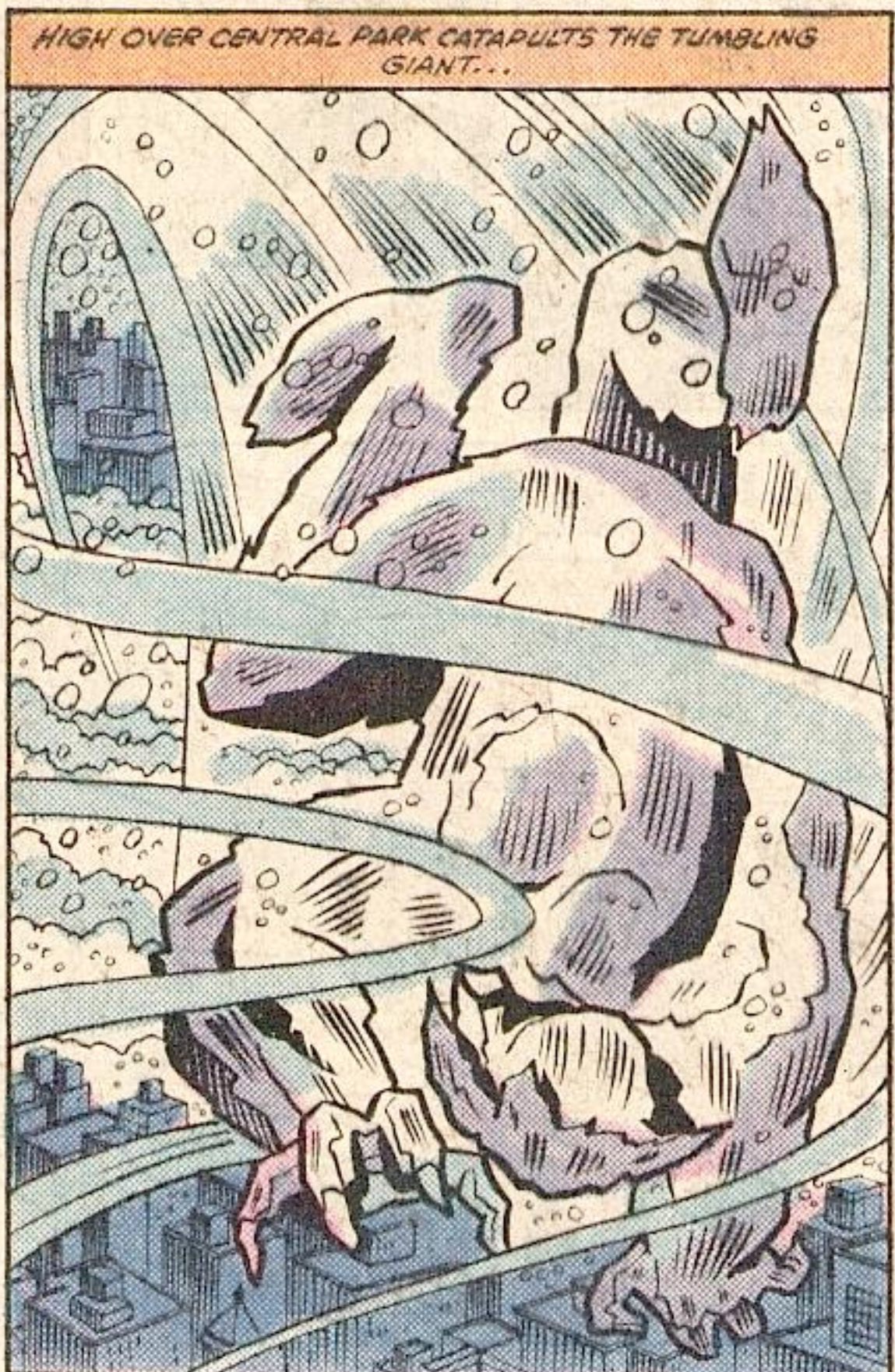
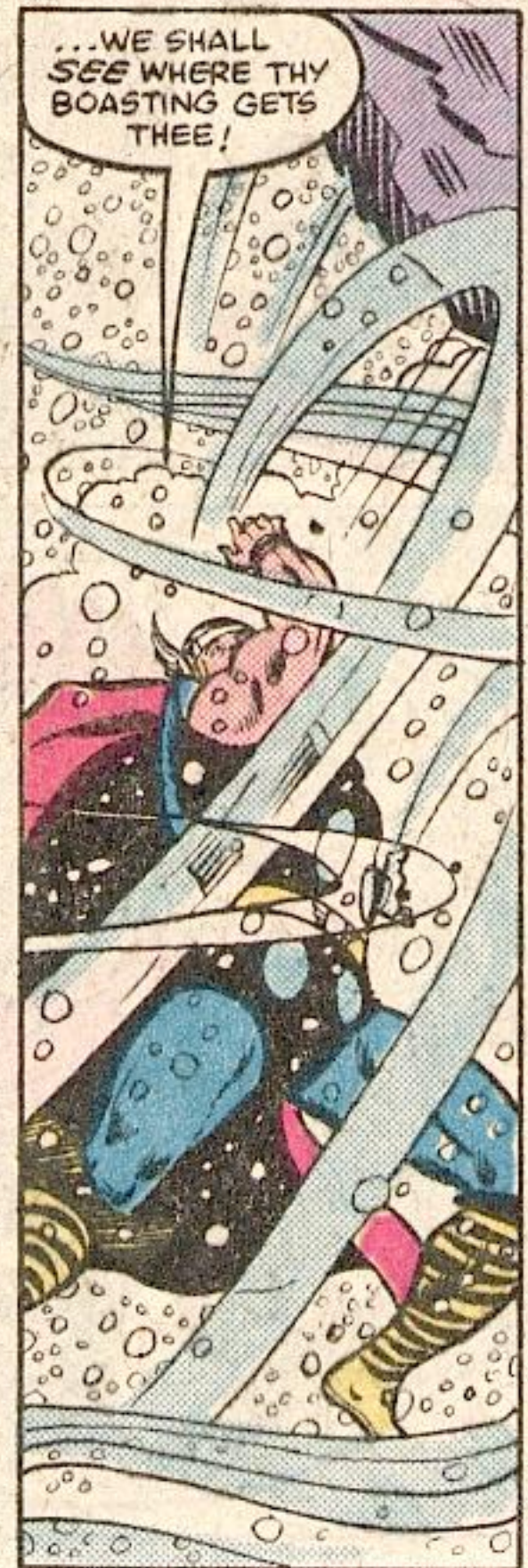




WHAT'S THIS? WAS MY MERE BOAST IN TRUTH A PROPHECY? HAVE I INDEED *ALREADY* DEFEATED THE GODLING?

HE LIES BURIED IN THE SNOW-- BUT *WHERE?*

UNNOTICED BY THE GIANT, THE WHITE CARPET RISES IN A RETREATING FURROW...



...WHICH POPS OPEN BEHIND HIM.

...WE SHALL SEE WHERE THY BOASTING GETS THEE!

HIGH OVER CENTRAL PARK CATAPULTS THE TUMBLING GIANT...

NOW, OGRE...

...SLAMMING TO A STOP
SPRAWLED ACROSS
PARK AVENUE.



BUT BEFORE THOR CAN PURSUE...



THE POLICE --
GOING AFTER
THE OGRE
IN THEIR
HELICOPTERS.

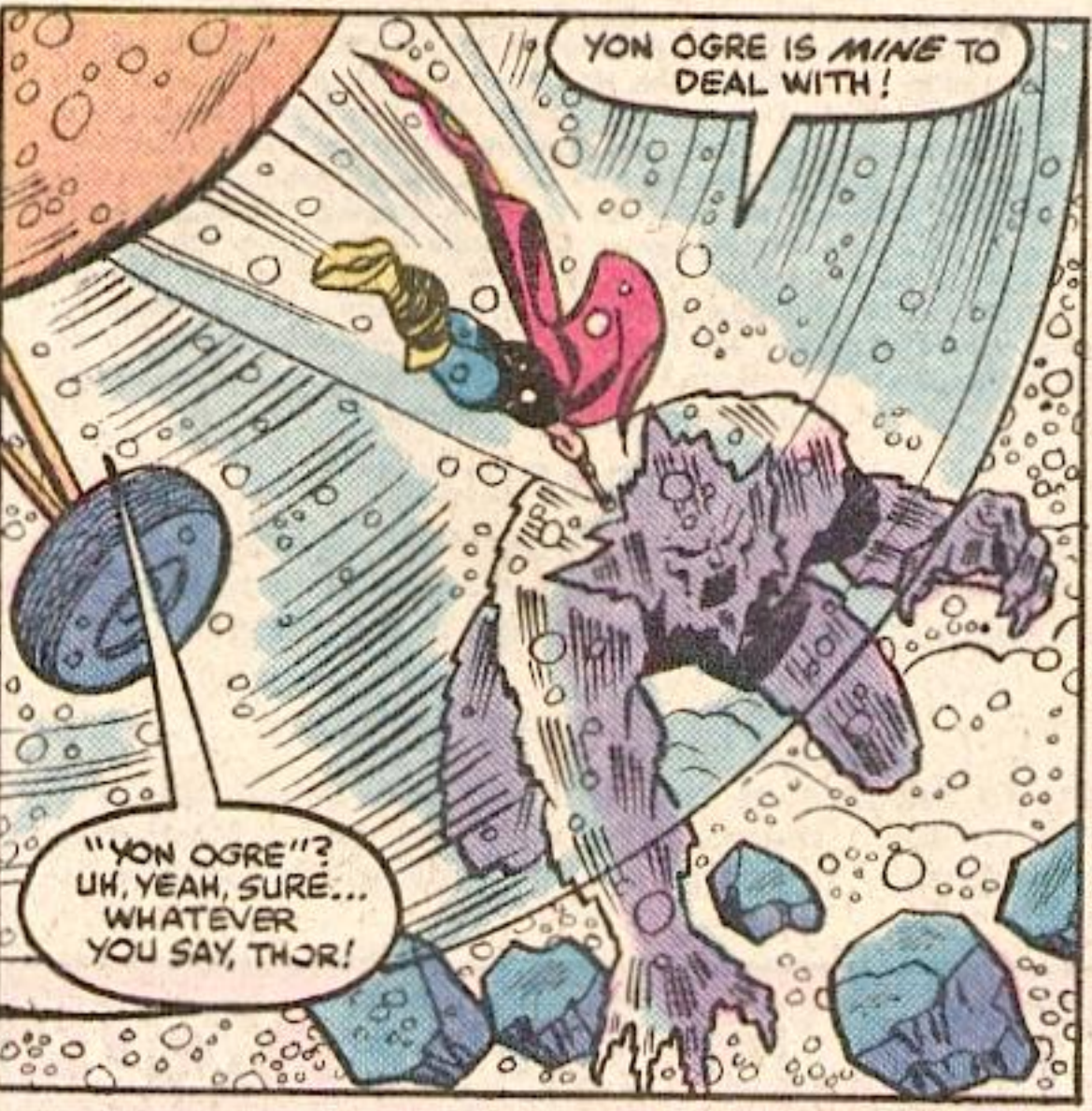


THEIR WEAPONS
WILL HAVE NO
EFFECT UPON THE
GIANT. I MUST
STOP THEM!



HOLD! YOUR EFFORTS WILL ONLY EN-
DANGER THY FELLOW CITIZENS!

CRIPES!
IT'S
THOR!



YON OGRE IS MINE TO
DEAL WITH!

"YON OGRE"?
UH, YEAH, SURE...
WHATEVER
YOU SAY, THOR!



AND SO THE THUNDER GOD RENews
THE DESPERATE BATTLE...

WHILE...
HAVE NO FEAR, LOKI.
THE DEMONS ARE BACK INSIDE THE CASK.

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, WITCH?!

WHEN YOUR BANISHMENT HAS ENDED, DEAR LOKI--

--ODIN SHALL MAGICALLY TRANSPORT YOU BACK TO COURT!

BUT IN YOUR PLACE I SHALL GO...AND WITH ME, THE CASK'S ARMY OF DEMONS!

FOOL! YOU CANNOT HOPE TO DEFEAT ODIN!

PERHAPS NOT... BUT IF I TAKE ENOUGH OF THE OTHER GODS HOSTAGE BEFORE ODIN IS AWARE OF MY PRESENCE... PERHAPS HE WILL SEE MATTERS MY WAY.

AND NOW, I THINK I SHALL SAMPLE THE AMENITIES OF YOUR QUANT OUTPOST.

IN THE MEANTIME--

"--YOU MAY AMUSE YOURSELF WITH THE VIEW INSIDE THE CRYSTAL--THE SPECTACLE OF THOR'S ULTIMATE DEFEAT."

NO! THOR'S GETTIN' WASTED!

THAT GIANT'S JUST LIKE THE SNOW-- IT WON'T QUIT!

AND AGAIN THE DRIVER SNAPS-- BUT THIS TIME, WITH A MEASURE OF CONTROL...

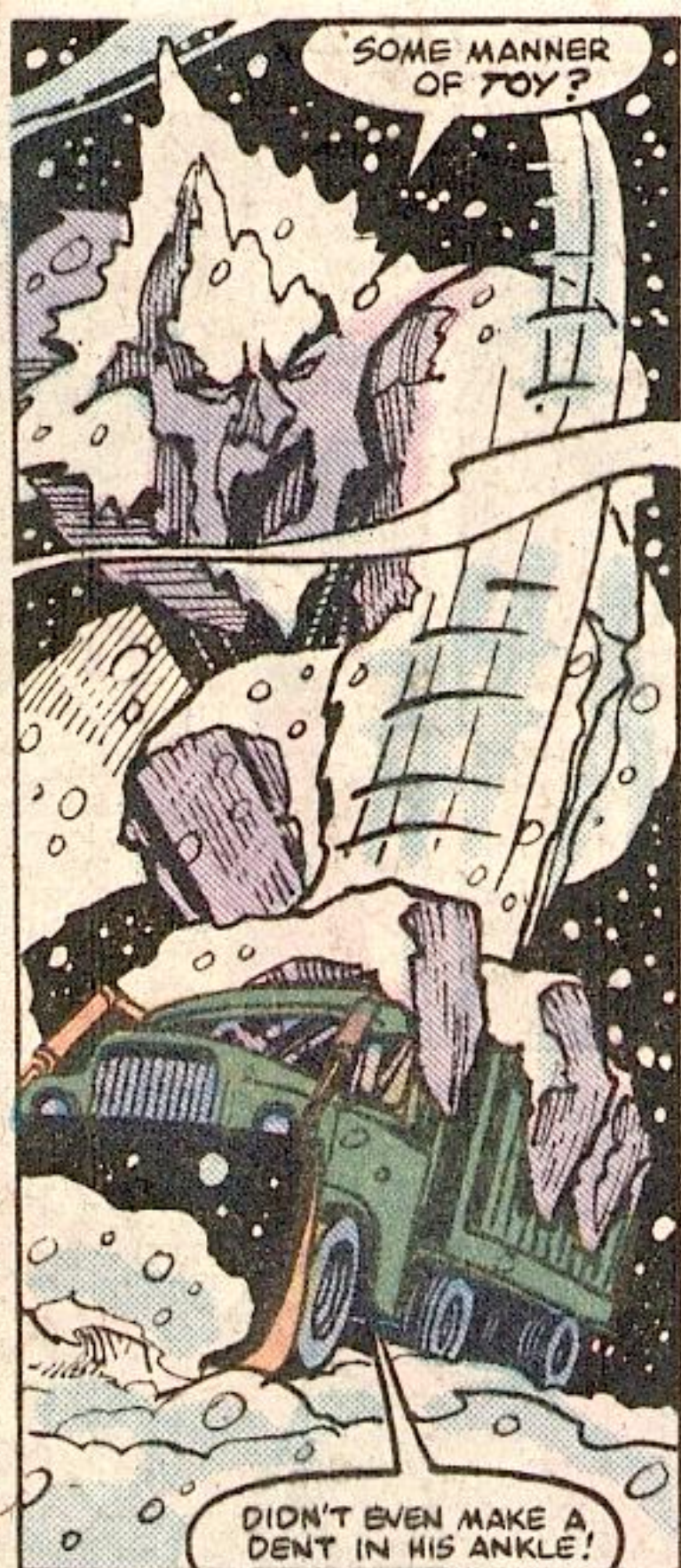
I GOTTA HELP! THAT SNOWPLOW--!

SORRY, PAL--

HEY!

-- BUT RIGHT NOW, I NEED THIS BABY MORE THAN YOU!

I SAID I WAS A CITY-WORKER, NOT A HERO, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO PROVE MYSELF A LIAR!





WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FATHER?

I USED THE STRENGTH OF MINE ARM TO BEAT HIM BACK CEASELESSLY, YES-- BUT I USED MY WIT TO PUSH HIM EVER SOUTH, SO THAT HE WEAKENED MORE AND STILL MORE AS THE CLIME WARMED.



'T WAS AN EPIC BATTLE, ENDURING WEEKS, BUT IT FINALLY ENDED IN THE HEAT FAR TO THE SOUTH, WHERE THE GIANT EVENTUALLY COLLAPSED IN DEFEAT. FOR, YOU SEE, MY SON--

--A SNOW GIANT IS NOTHING AT ALL... WITHOUT SNOW.



VERY WELL, OGRE. YOU HAVE MY WORD AND OATH. RELEASE THE MORTAL--

--AND I WILL NOT STRIKE ANOTHER BLOW AGAINST THEE.



MEANWHILE...

HOW TO ESCAPE? KARNILLA'S SORCERY IS EQUAL TO MINE OWN. THE BARS WILL NEITHER BEND NOR MELT. THUS, THERE SEEMS NO WAY OUT...NONE AT ALL...

UNLESS... YES! OF COURSE!



'TIS THE ONLY WAY!



AND THOUGH IT WILL PAIN ME TO SO DEBASE MYSELF, I MUST DESCEND TO MIDGARD, EVEN AND THOR IF NEED BE...

... FOR THE CRYSTAL IS MY ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE!



AND THOR WILL BE MY ONLY MEANS OF RETURN TO ASGARD!

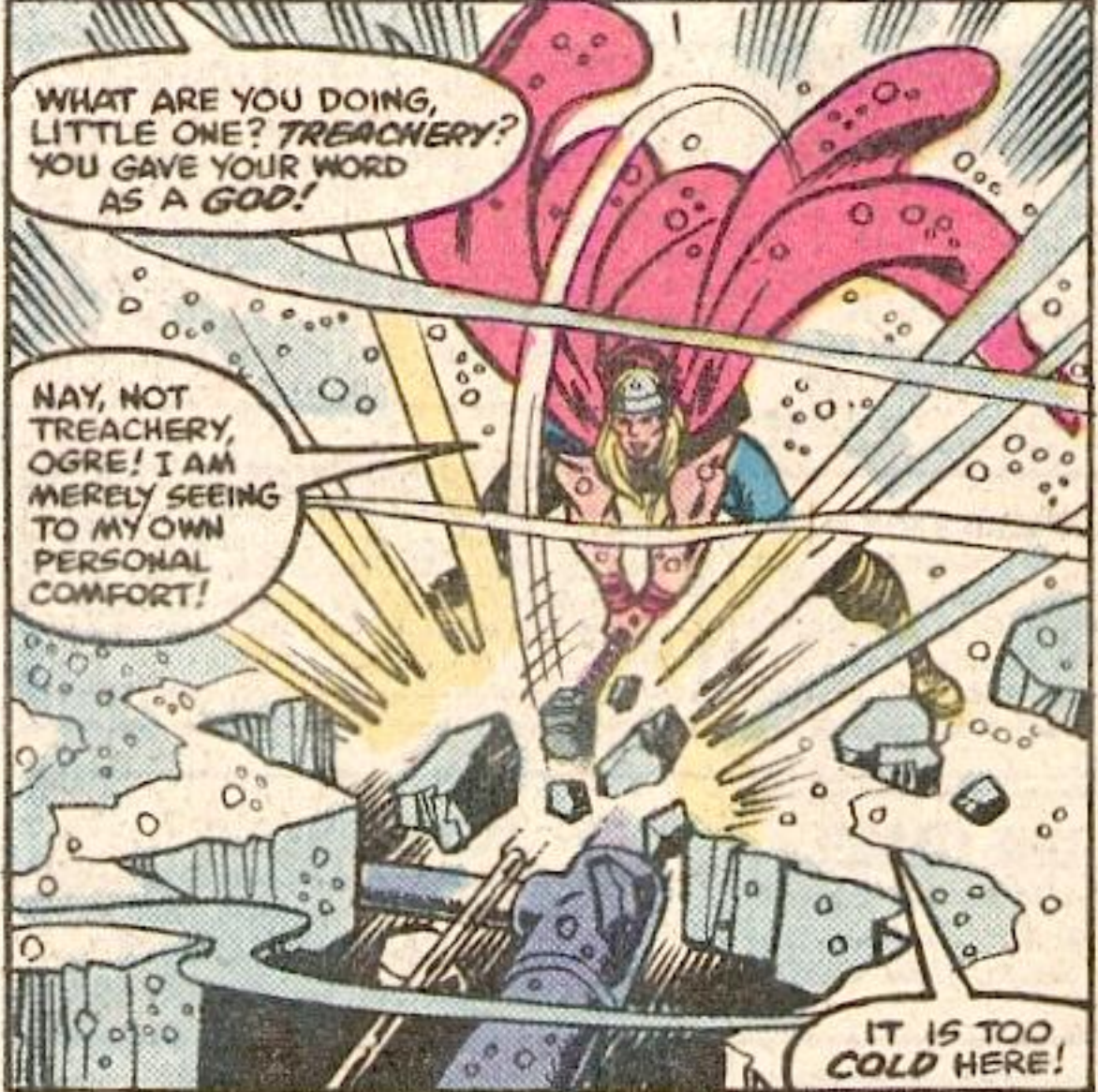


WHY'D YA DO IT, THOR? YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BUCKLE UNDER! I TOLD YA I WAS WILLIN' TO--

STAND THEE BACK, MORTAL...



...WHILST THOR THE MIGHTY UNLEASHES THE WISDOM OF ODIN!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, LITTLE ONE? TREACHERY? YOU GAVE YOUR WORD AS A GOD!

NAY, NOT TREACHERY, OGRE! I AM MERELY SEEING TO MY OWN PERSONAL COMFORT!

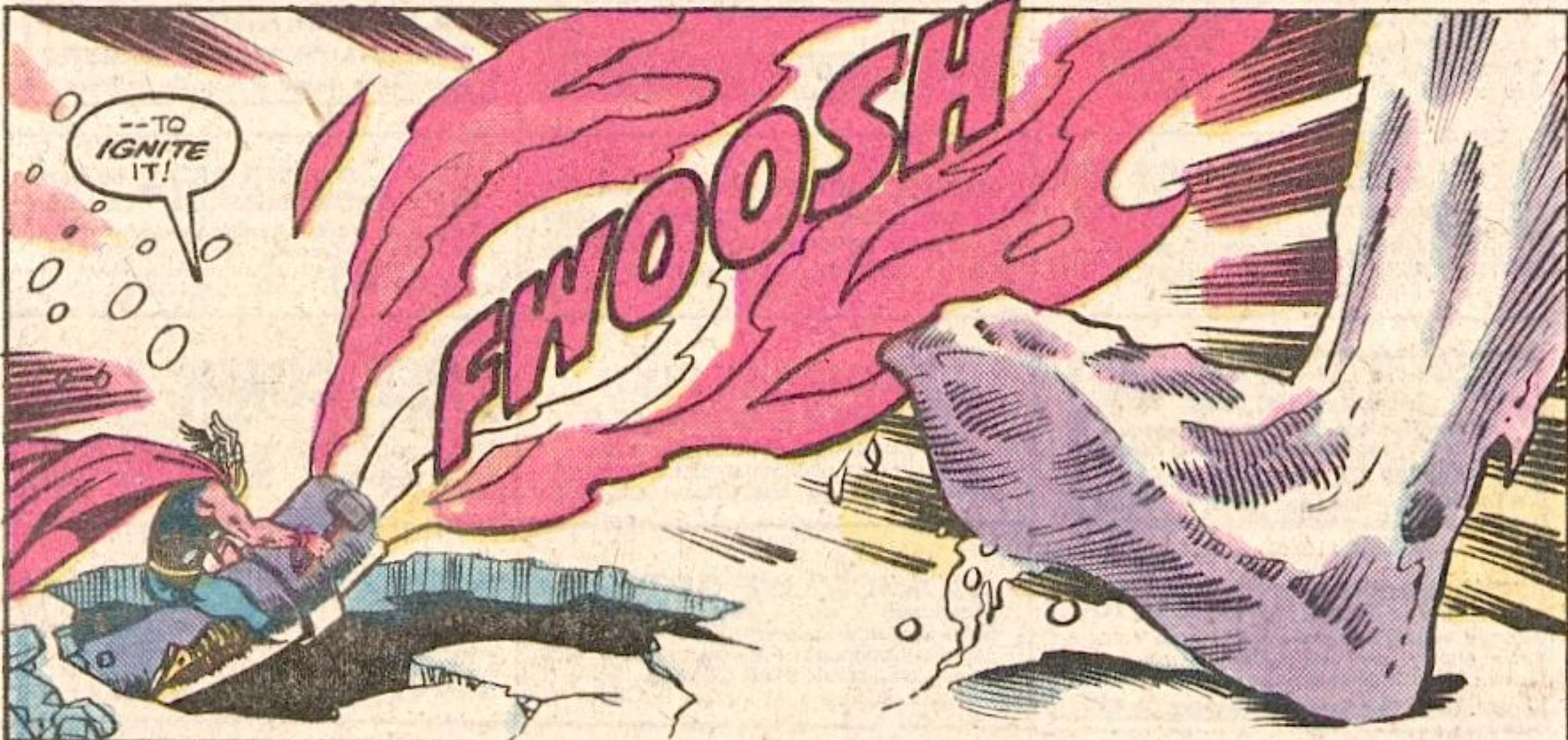
IT IS TOO COLD HERE!



THEREFORE, I SEEK ONLY TO WARM MYSELF!

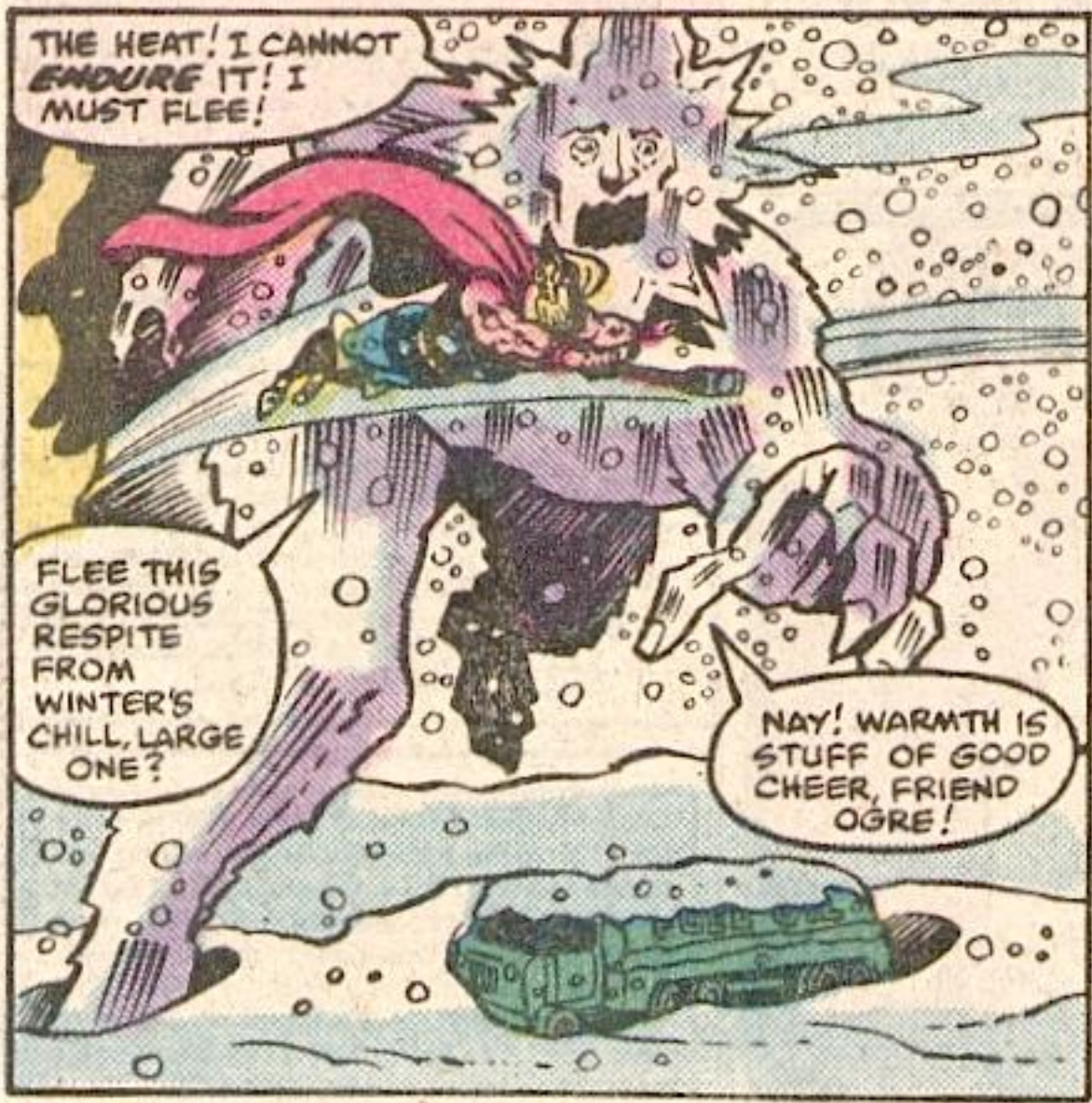
HEY! TH-THAT'S A GAS MAIN!

AYE! IT SHALL PROVIDE FUEL TO BURN...AND I, LORD OF THE LIVING LIGHTNING, SHALL PROVIDE THE SPARK--



--TO IGNITE IT!

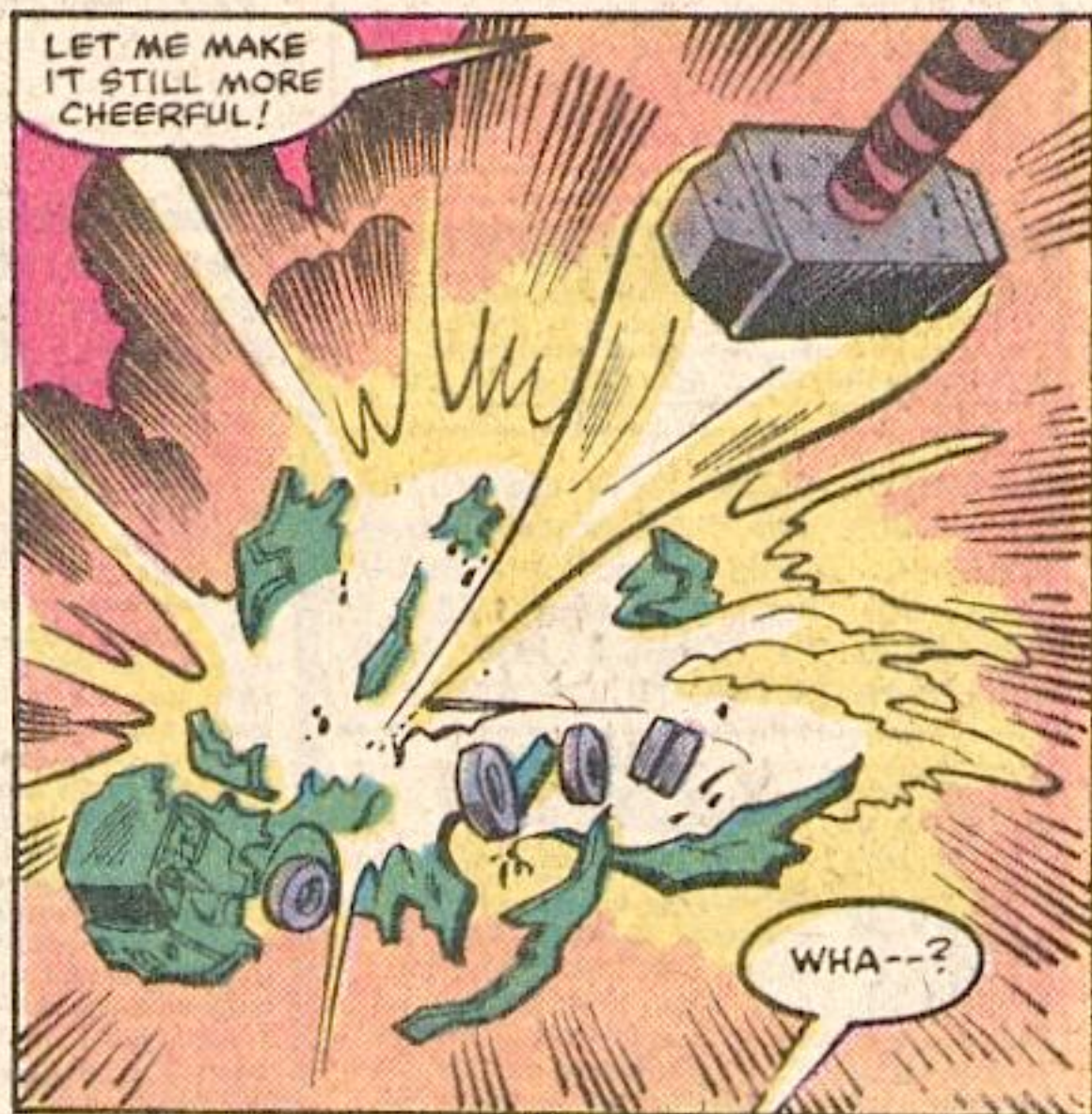
FWOOOSH



THE HEAT! I CANNOT ENDURE IT! I MUST FLEE!

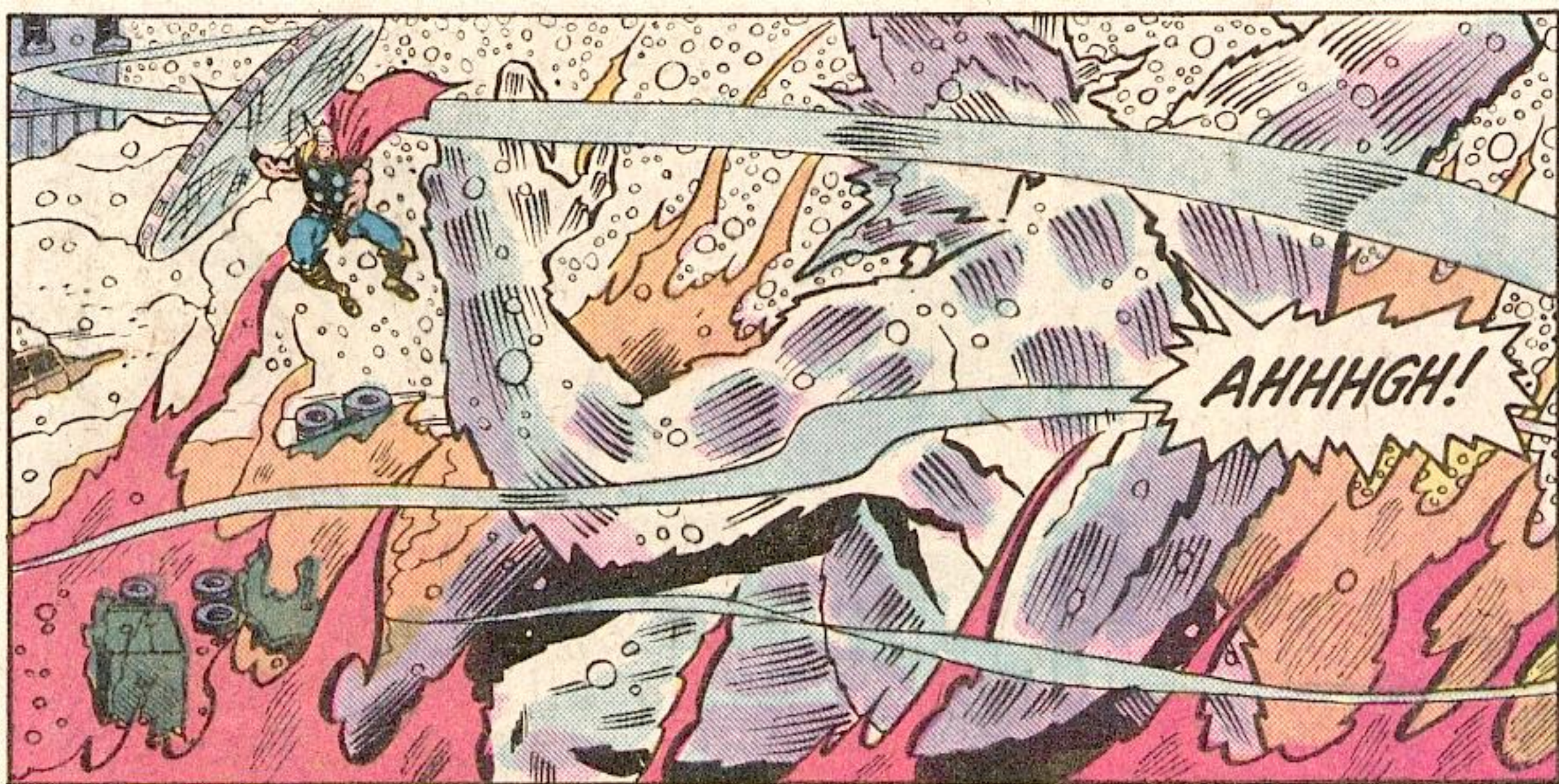
FLEE THIS GLORIOUS RESPITE FROM WINTER'S CHILL, LARGE ONE?

NAY! WARMTH IS STUFF OF GOOD CHEER, FRIEND OGRE!

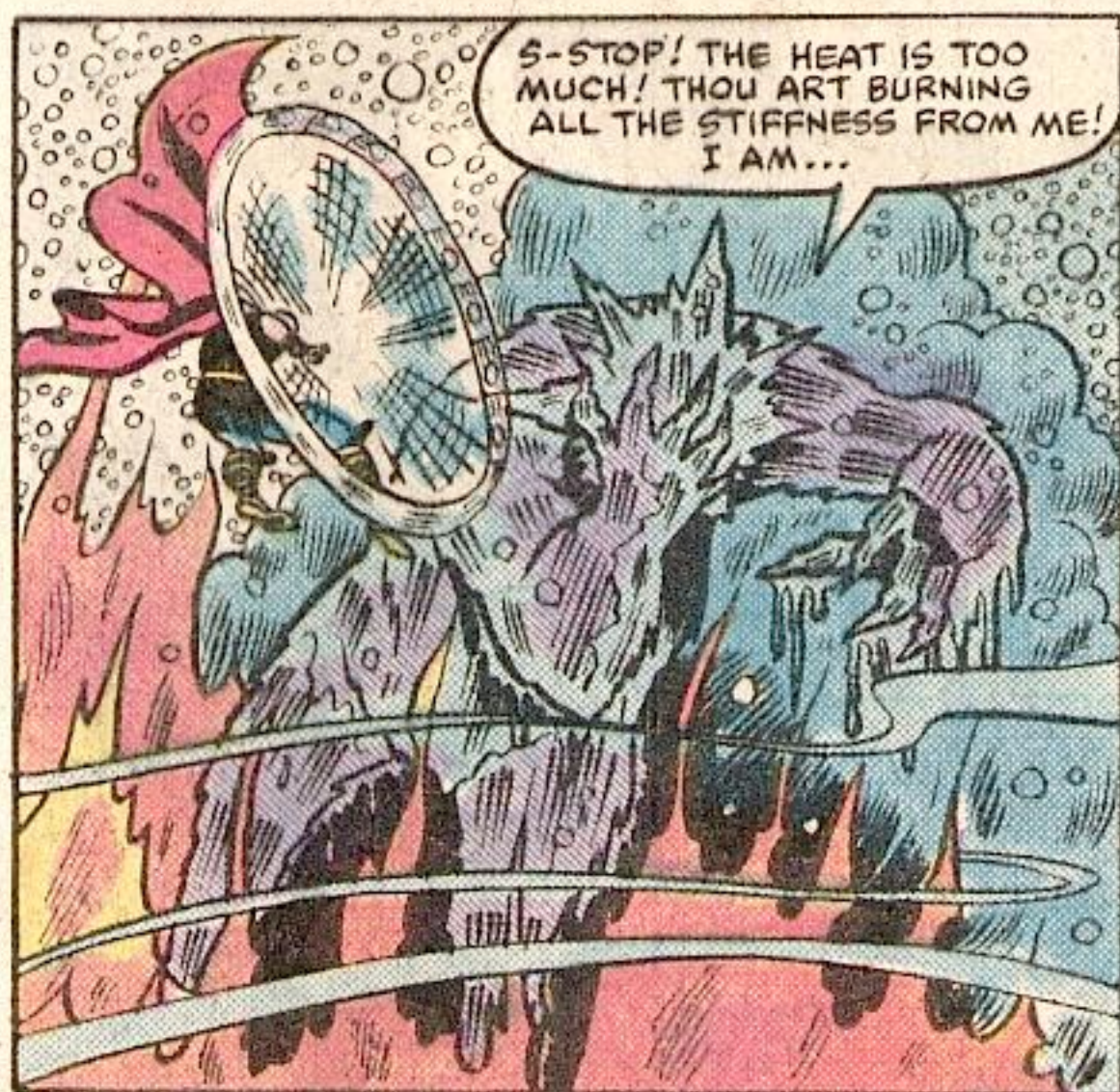


LET ME MAKE IT STILL MORE CHEERFUL!

WHA--?



AHHHGH!



S-STOP! THE HEAT IS TOO MUCH! THOU ART BURNING ALL THE STIFFNESS FROM ME! I AM...



...MELTING!

WHUMP

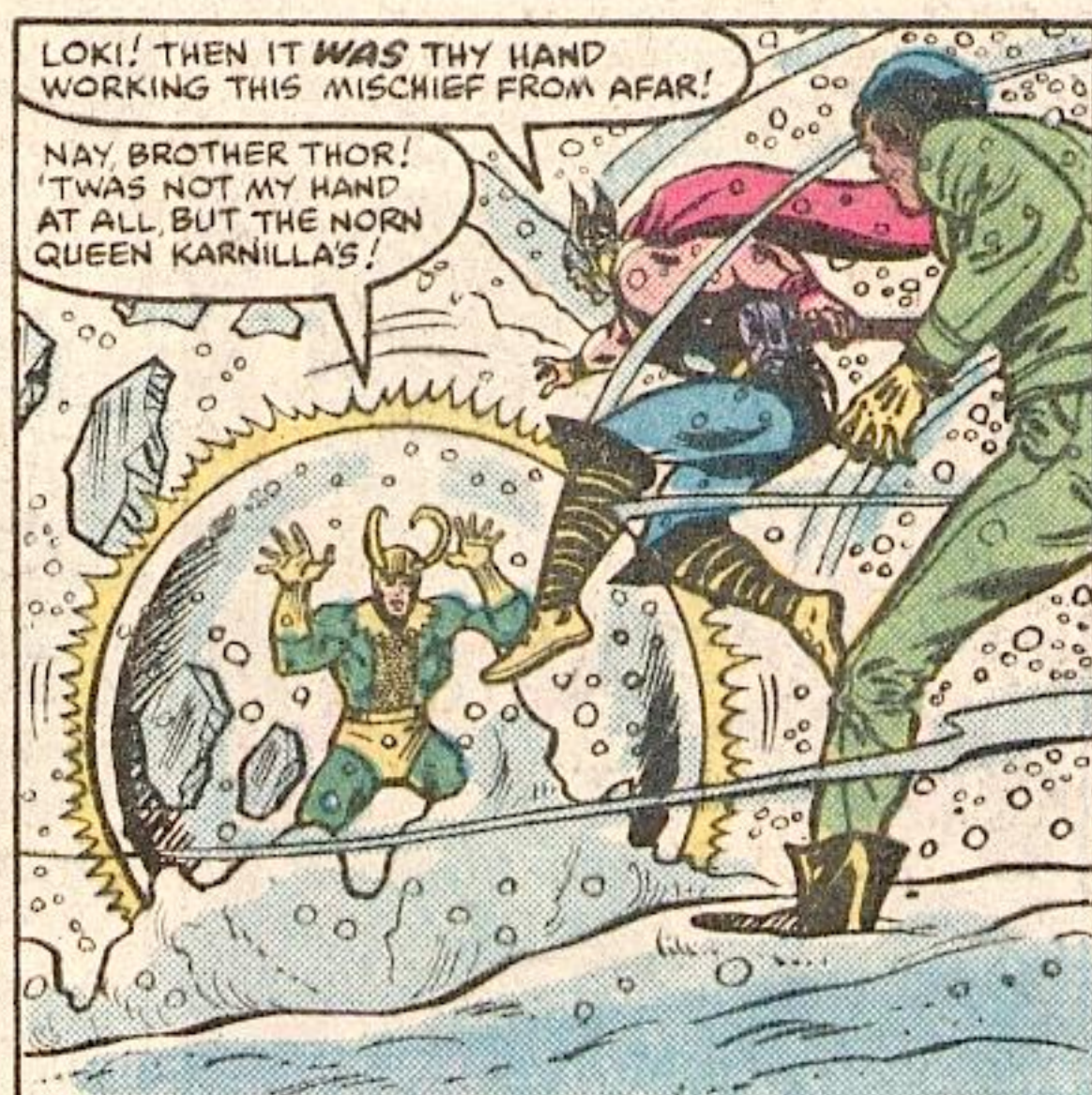


YOU DID IT, THOR!

AYE, MORTAL, THE BATTLE IS ENDED...FOR NOW!

BUT THE SILENT SNOW CONTINUES TO FALL AND ITS COLD WILL SOON REVIVE THE OGRE, IF...

EH? WHAT'S THIS?



LOKI! THEN IT WAS THY HAND WORKING THIS MISCHIEF FROM AFAR!

NAY, BROTHER THOR! 'T WAS NOT MY HAND AT ALL, BUT THE NORN QUEEN KARNILLA'S!

SHE HOPES TO CONQUER ALL ASGARD!
I HAVE COME TO ENLIST THY AID IN
THE COMMON CAUSE OF STOPPING HER!



BY HEIMDALL'S
TEETH, HOW
KARNILLA
SHALL PAY
FOR THIS
HUMILIATION!

I BELIEVE THEE FULLY NOT FOR AN
INSTANT, BUT I CAN BELIEVE THAT
THY REAL PLAN HAS GONE AWRY, FOR
NOTHING LESS COULD FORCE THEE TO
SEEK MY AID. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE
ME DO?



SIMPLY RETURN ME TO
MY NORTHERN OUTPOST IN
ASGARD, BROTHER THOR,
WHERE I MAY PUT AN END
TO KARNILLA'S SCHEME.

I SEE NO HARM IN RETURNING YOU
TO YOUR OUTPOST. BESIDES, I WILL
SOON RETURN TO ASGARD MYSELF,
TO SEE THAT ALL IS WELL. BUT FIRST
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING FOR ME.

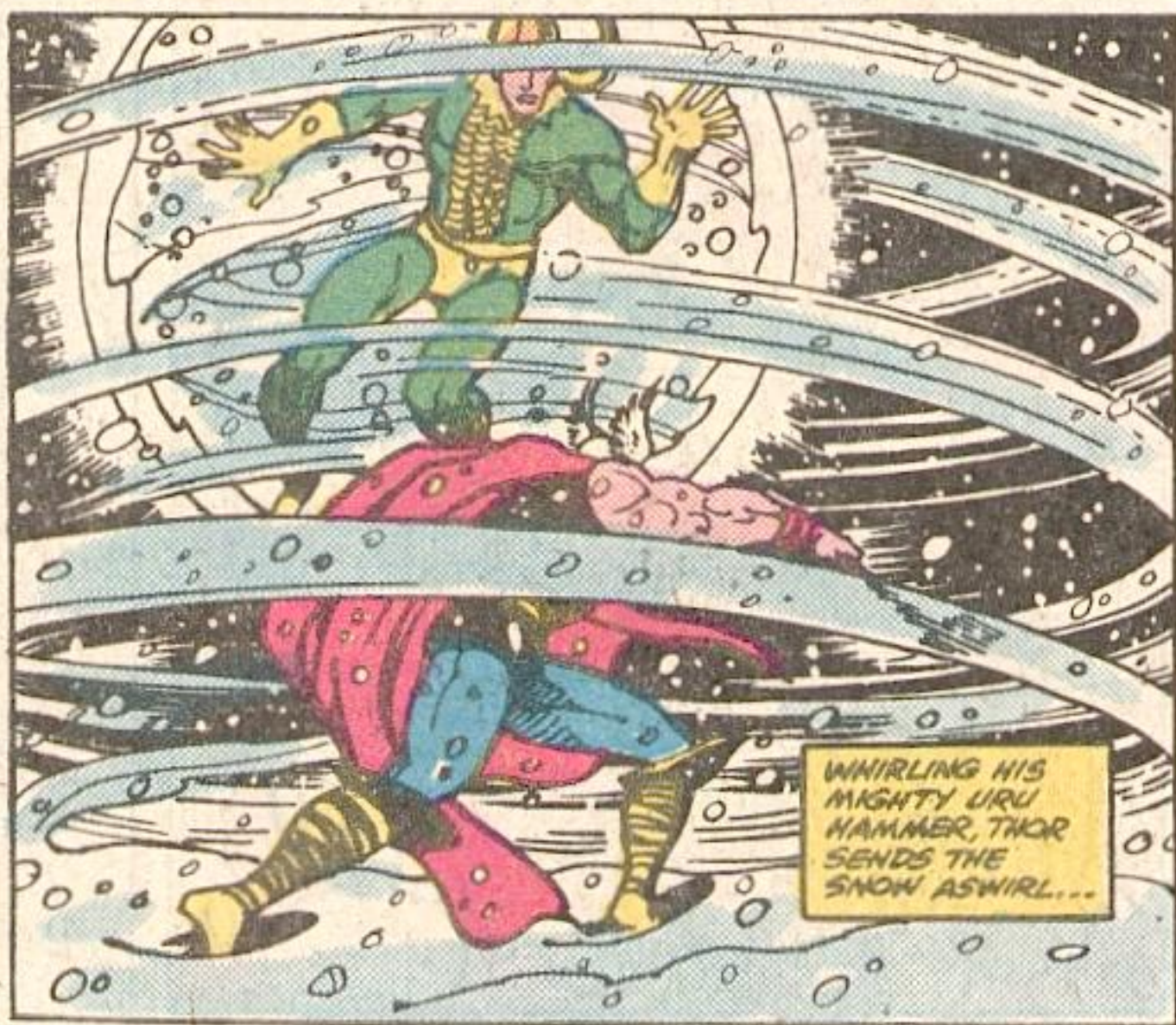


RID MIDGARD OF YON OGRE BEFORE
HE REVIVES TO WREAK HAVOC ANEW.



GLADLY, GOOD
BROTHER. WATCH AS
MY SORCERY FIRST
SHRINKS THE GIANT
DOWN IN SIZE...

... AND THEN DRAWS HIM INTO THE ENCHANTED
CRYSTAL WITH ME. NOW, 'TIS TIME FOR THY
END OF THE BARGAIN. TAKE ME TO BIFROST,
THE RAINBOW BRIDGE LEADING TO ASGARD.



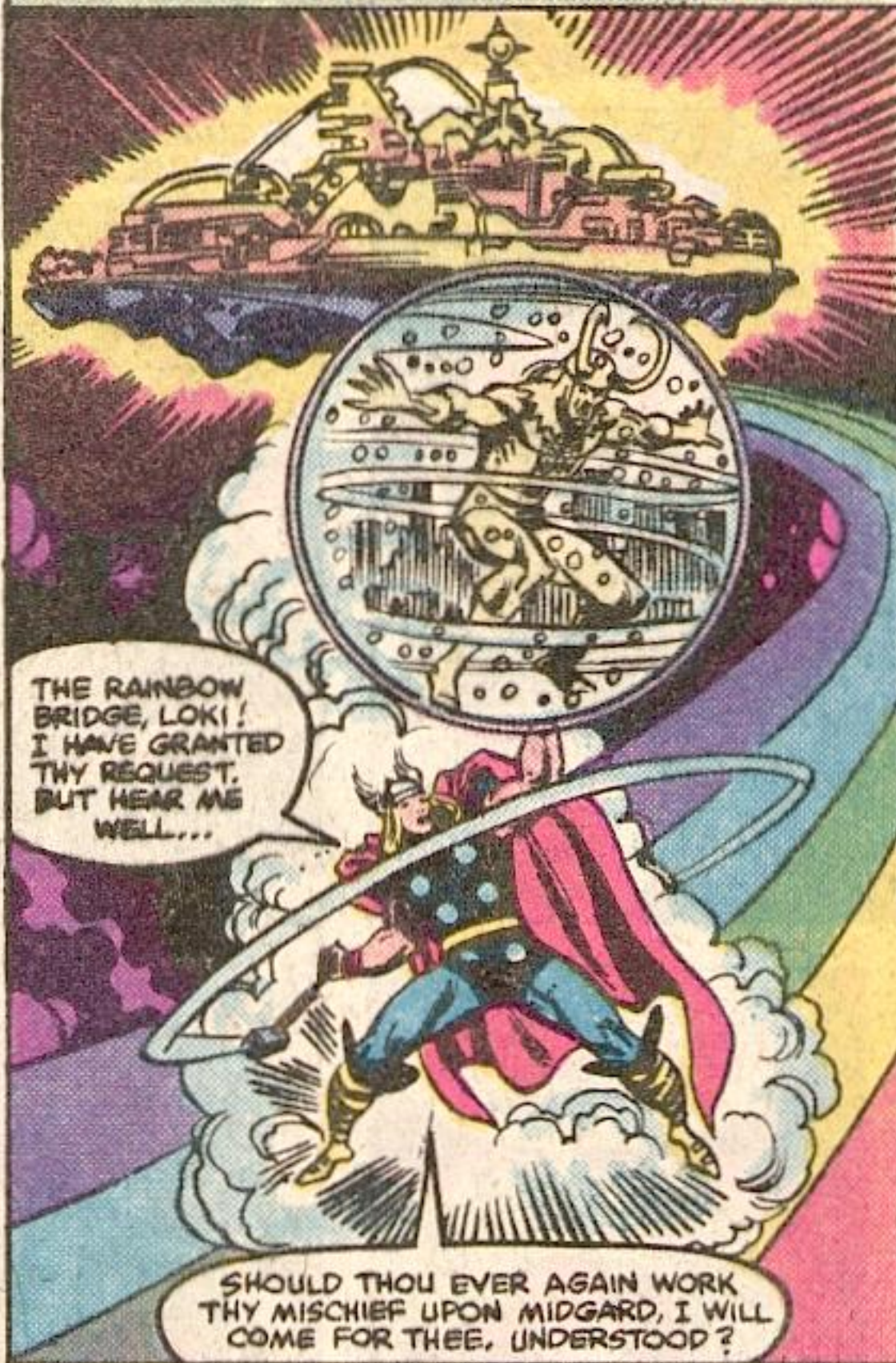
WHIRLING HIS
MIGHTY URU
HAMMER, THOR
SENDS THE
SNOW ASWIRL...

...AND THEN...



HOLY SHAKES!
THEY'RE GONE!

AND, IN A NEVERLAND DEEP IN THE COSMOS...

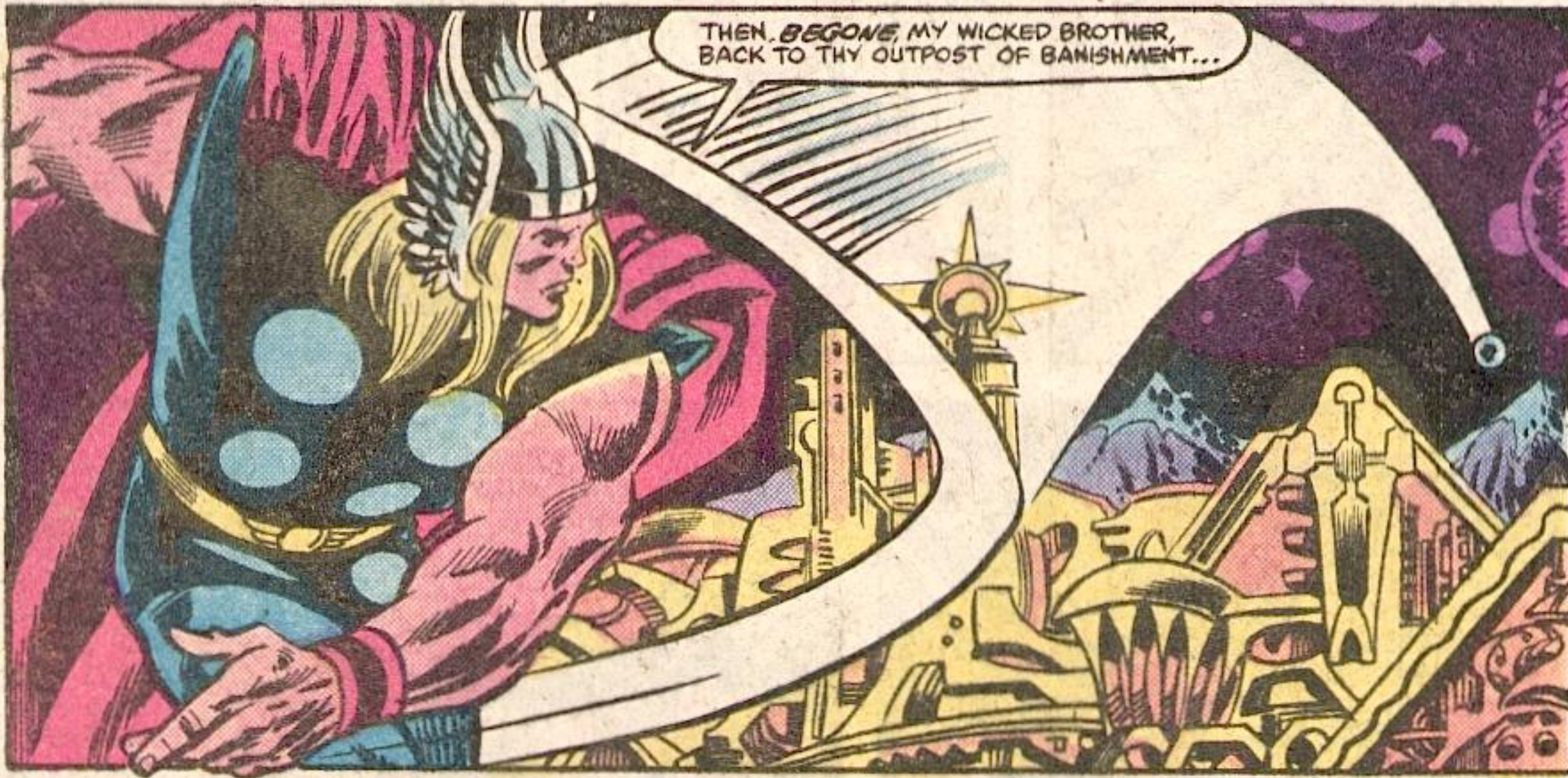


THE RAINBOW
BRIDGE, LOKI!
I HAVE GRANTED
THY REQUEST,
BUT HEAR ME
WELL...

SHOULD THOU EVER AGAIN WORK
THY MISCHIEF UPON MIDGARD, I WILL
COME FOR THEE, UNDERSTOOD?



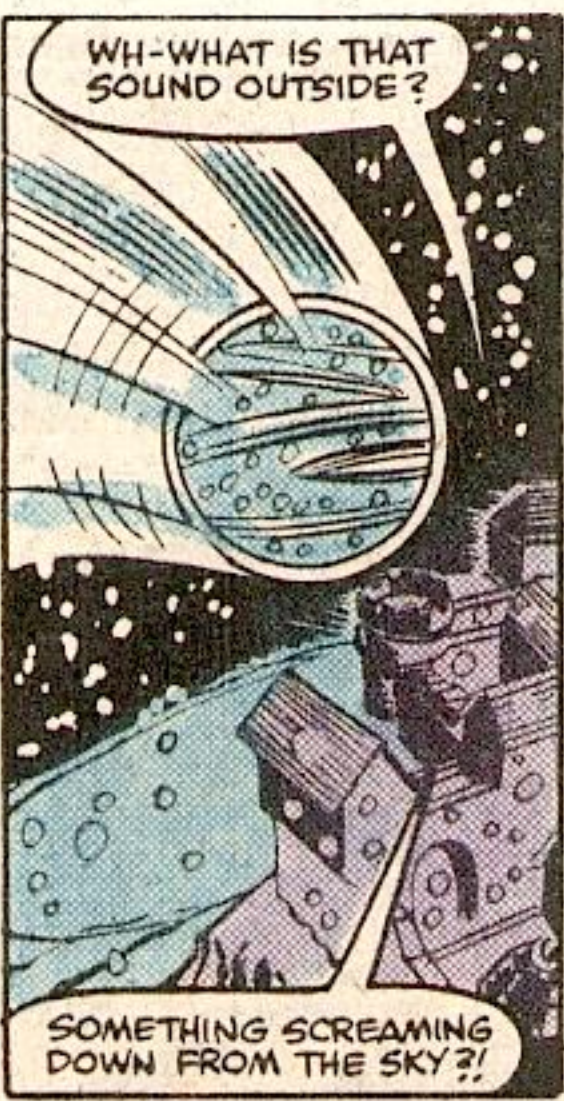
AYE, BROTHER,
UNDERSTOOD.



THEN, *BEGONE*, MY WICKED BROTHER,
BACK TO THY OUTPOST OF BANISHMENT...

"...IN THE FAR MOUNTAINS
OF ICE!"





WH-WHAT IS THAT SOUND OUTSIDE?

SOMETHING SCREAMING DOWN FROM THE SKY?!



KRASH

LOKI! BUT HOW?!

BY ENTERING THE CRYSTAL, DEAR KARNILLA, AND BY PULLING THE CRYSTAL AFTER ME, INTO ITSELF... AND BY DEBASING MYSELF BEFORE WRETCHED THOR! YOU HAVE MUCH TO ANSWER FOR...



WERE IT NOT FOR OUR COMMON GOAL, I SHOULD DESTROY YOU RIGHT NOW!

AS IT IS--



-- I'M OF A MIND TO UNLEASH THE PLAGUES UPON THEE--

-- UNLESS YOU LEAVE ME TO THE PEACE OF MY BANISHMENT AT ONCE!



NO, LOKI! I'LL GO! I MEANT TO RELEASE YOU, TO MAKE YOU MY CONSORT, IN FACT, AFTER I HAD CONQUERED ODIN AND--

BEGONE, WITCH!



AND SO, THANKS TO LOKI'S RETURN, ODIN IS SPARED AN ATTACK UPON HIS AUTHORITY...



AND, WITH THE SHATTERING OF THE CRYSTAL...

THE SNOW HAS STOPPED! FINALLY!

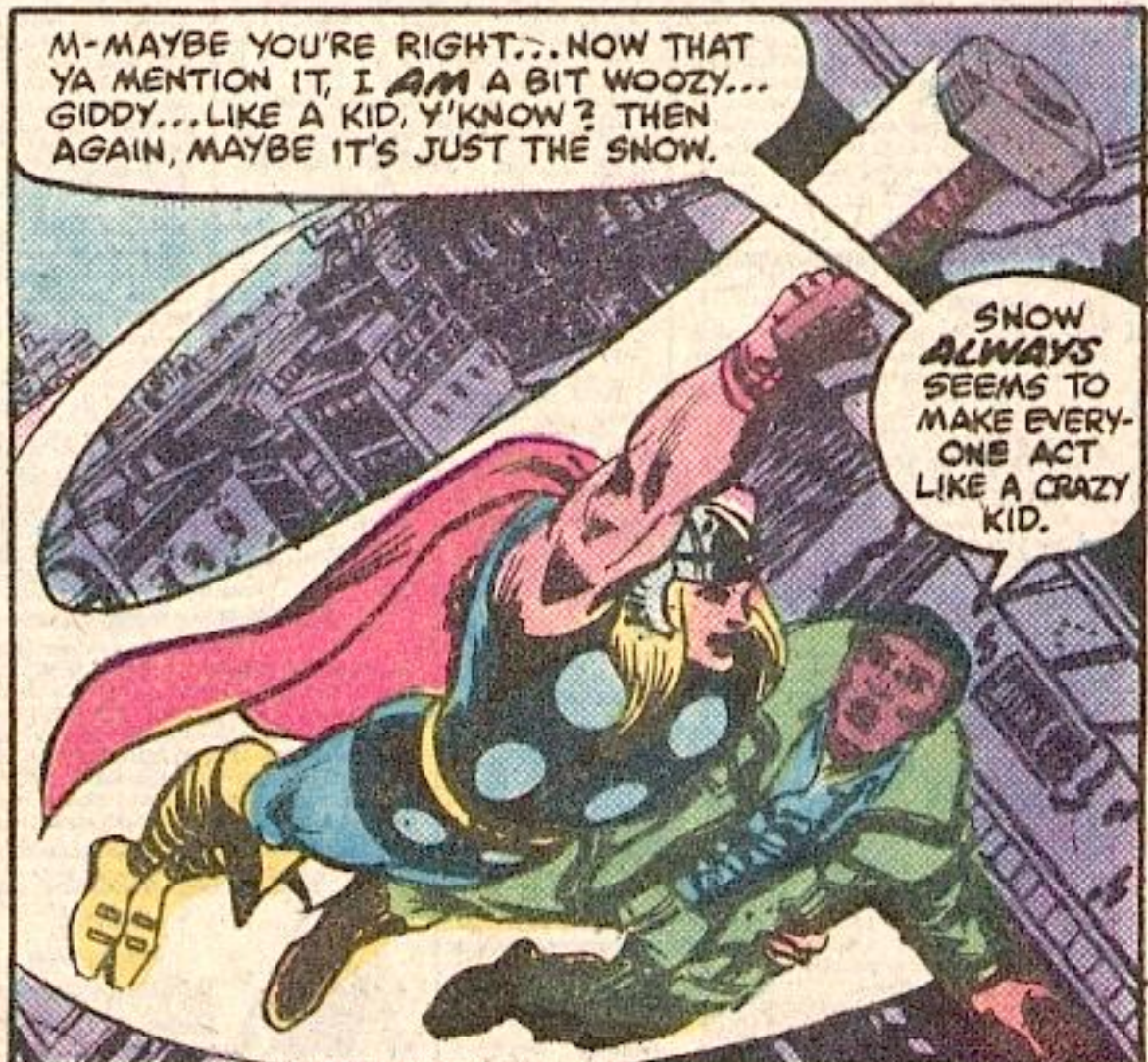


YOU... YOU DID IT, THOR! IT'S OVER!

GUESS I BETTER GET BACK TO MY BRIDGE. THEY'LL BE WONDERIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO--

NAY, NOT TO THE BRIDGE, MORTAL...

... TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THEE IN THE FIRST PLACE.



M-MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... NOW THAT YA MENTION IT, I AM A BIT WOOLY... GIDDY... LIKE A KID, Y'KNOW? THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT'S JUST THE SNOW.

SNOW ALWAYS SEEMS TO MAKE EVERYONE ACT LIKE A CRAZY KID.

NEXT **BEWARE the BOMBARDIERS!**