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DETAILS INSIDE

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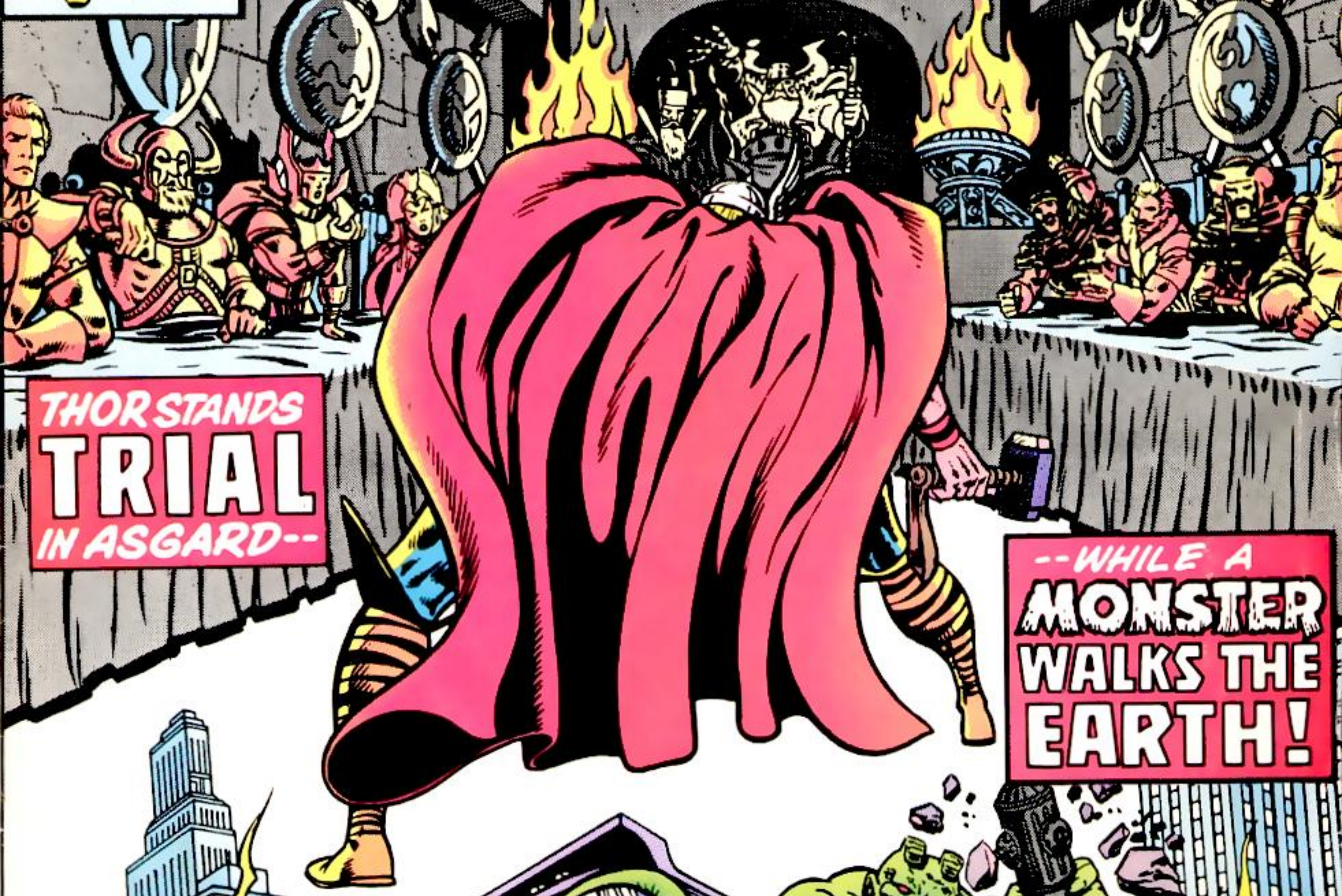


TM

THE
MIGHTY

THOR

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



THOR STANDS
TRIAL
IN ASGARD--

--WHILE A
MONSTER
WALKS THE
EARTH!



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!**

SERPENT FROM THE HEAVENS

IN ALL THE WORLDS REAL OR IMAGINED, THERE IS NO PLACE OF GREATER SPLENDOR OR MAJESTY THAN THE THRONE ROOM OF ODIN, ALL-FATHER OF SHINING ASGARD. IT IS HERE THAT OUR TALE BEGINS...

STAND THEE ASIDE, HERALDS! I BRING THE WAR-GOD TYR-- HE WHO DID COME DOWN TO MIDGARD TO ATTACK ME WITHOUT WARNING AND WITHOUT CAUSE.

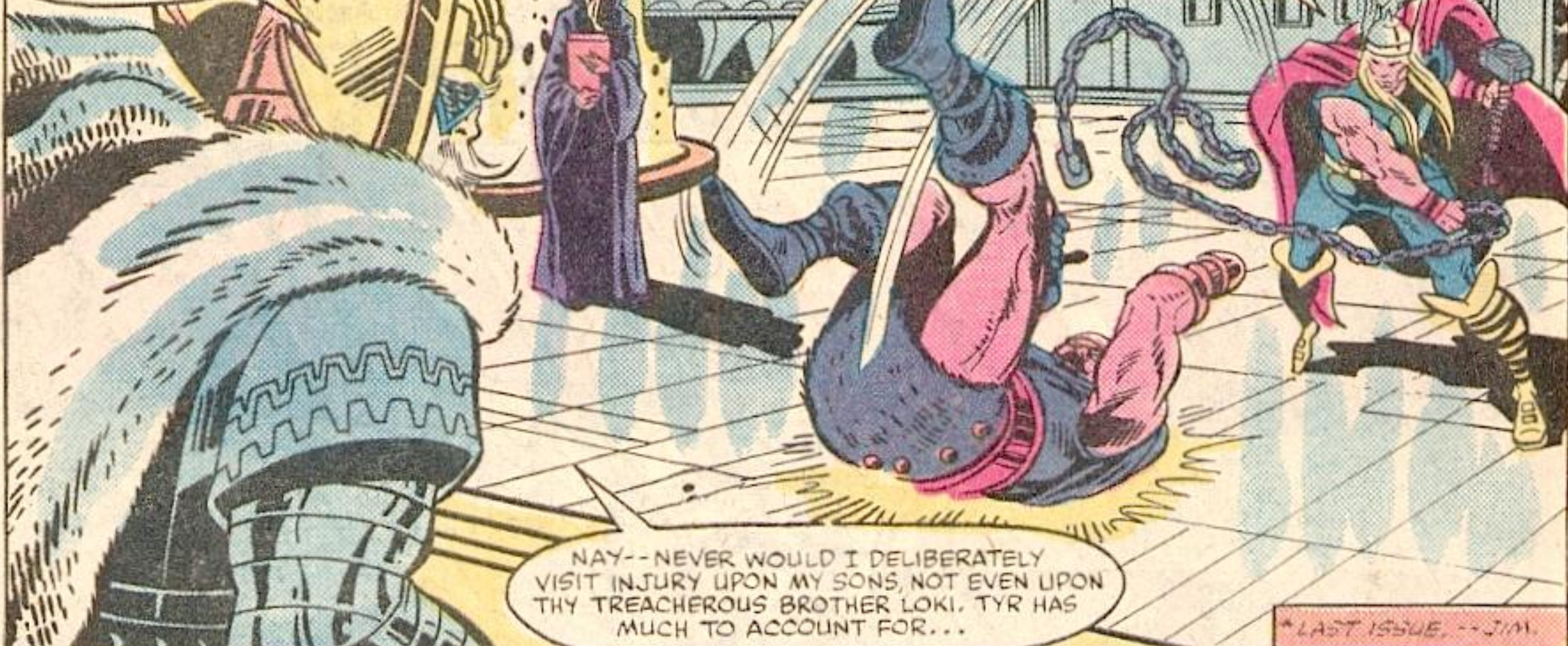
I WOULD LEARN THE MEANING OF HIS TREACHERY AT ONCE!

DOUG MOENCH and **KEITH POLLARD**
WRITER LAYOUT ARTIST

GENE DAY | **JOE ROSEN** | **GEORGE ROUSSOS** | **JIM SALICRUP** | **JIM SHOOTER**
EMBELLISHER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

KNOW THEE, THOR, WHERE THOU ART? EXPLAIN THY ACTIONS!

TYR CLAIMED HE WAS ENLISTED FOR HIS FOUL MISSION BY ODIN HIMSELF! *CAN IT BE TRUE, MY FATHER? DIDST THOU SO DESPATCH HIM?



NAY--NEVER WOULD I DELIBERATELY VISIT INJURY UPON MY SONS, NOT EVEN UPON THY TREACHEROUS BROTHER LOKI. TYR HAS MUCH TO ACCOUNT FOR...

*LAST ISSUE, --JIM.

'TIS A LIE, ODIN! I MERELY SOUGHT TO PERFORM MY CHARGE, TO OBEY THE DICTATES OF THE LAW-- WHEN THOR RESISTED TO THE POINT OF BATTLE!



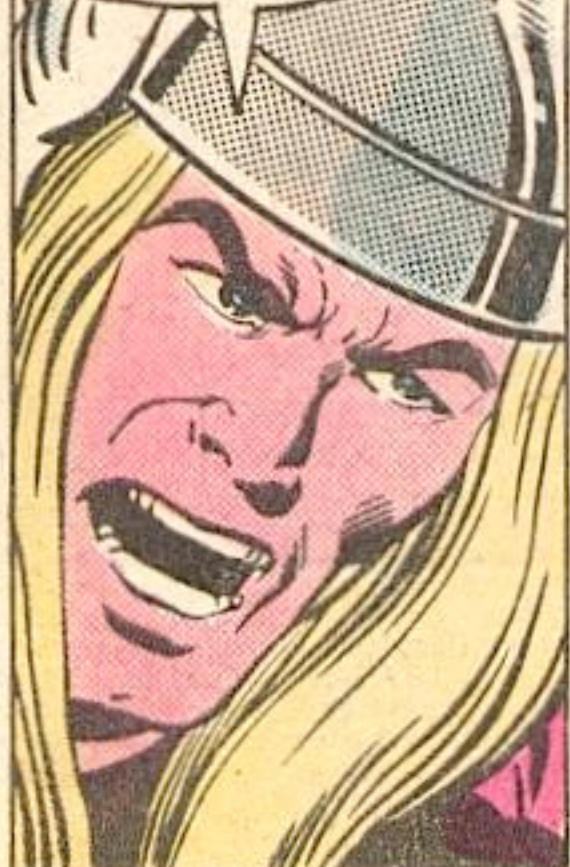
WHAT LAW?

THE LAW IN THE BOOK OF CONDUCT, THOR, WHICH STATES THAT NO GOD MAY DEPART ASGARD WITHOUT A MAJORITY CONSENT OF THE OTHER GODS.



AYE--AND WHEN I SOUGHT TO FETCH THOR BACK TO AN APPROPRIATE TRIBUNAL, HE REFUSED TO COME AND STRUCK AT ME!

BASE LIAR! I KNEW OF NO SUCH LAW, NOR DID TYR EXPLAIN IT TO ME! HE STRUCK AT ME, OUT OF JEALOUSY AND SOME OTHER, UNKNOWN MOTIVE...



NAY! 'TIS HIS WORD 'GAINST MINE!



ENOUGH!

IT SEEMS THAT EVEN THE GODS OFT-TIMES ACT LIKE CHILDREN...

WELL, VIZIER? WHAT DOES THY BOOK SUGGEST WE DO NEXT?

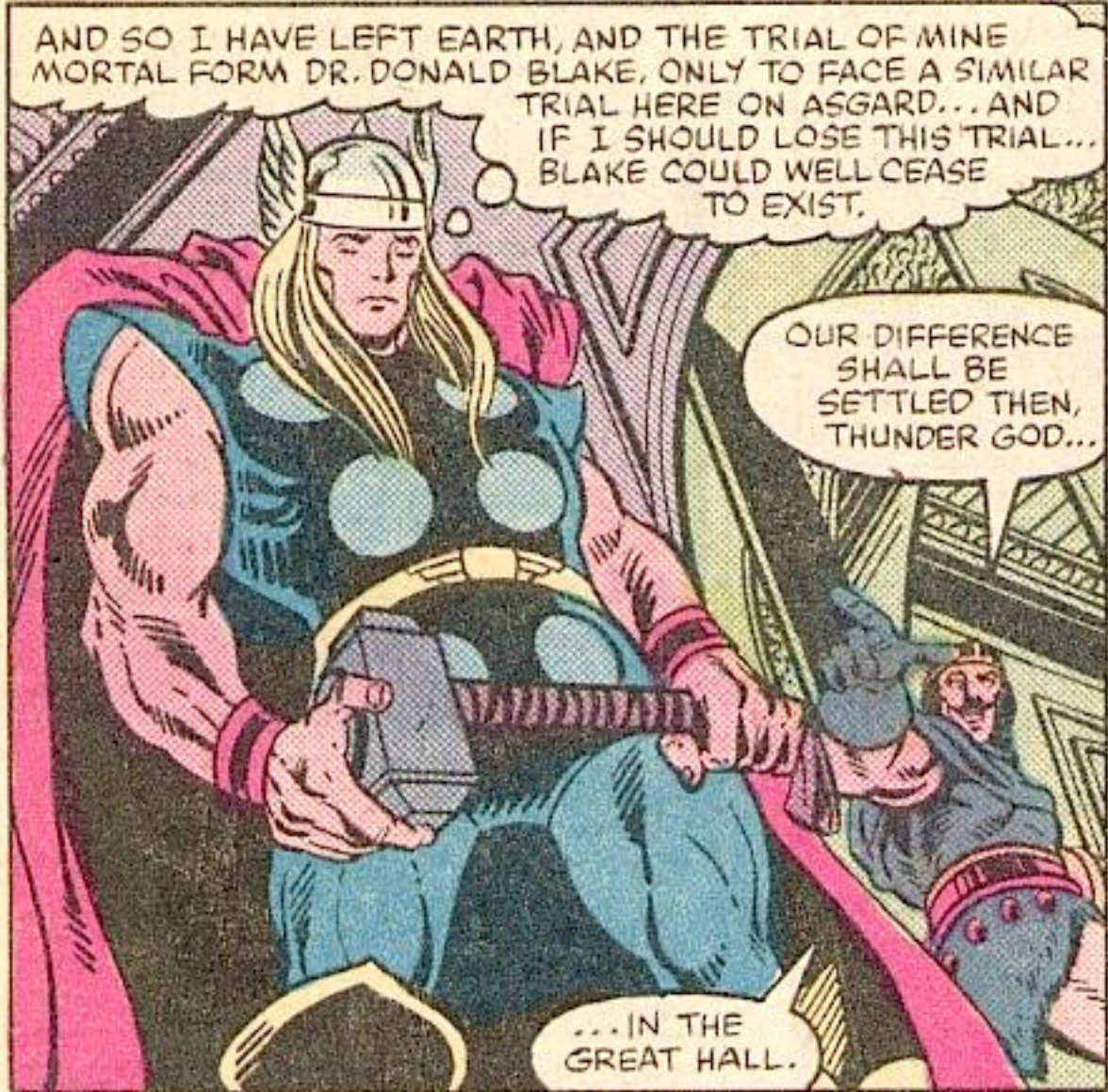


I...WELL, I ASSUME WE SHOULD CARRY IT OUT TO ITS END, ODIN.

VERY WELL, THERE SHALL BE A CONVOCATION OF THE MAJOR GODS IN THE GREAT HALL, MY SON, AND THERE THOU SHALT SUBMIT FOR A VOTE THY APPEAL TO RESIDE ON MIDGARD.



THAT IS ALL.



AND SO I HAVE LEFT EARTH, AND THE TRIAL OF MINE MORTAL FORM DR. DONALD BLAKE, ONLY TO FACE A SIMILAR TRIAL HERE ON ASGARD... AND IF I SHOULD LOSE THIS TRIAL... BLAKE COULD WELL CEASE TO EXIST.

OUR DIFFERENCE SHALL BE SETTLED THEN, THUNDER GOD...

...IN THE GREAT HALL.



AND, IN ANOTHER PLACE ELSEWHERE IN ASGARD...

LOKI, MY HUSBAND, I HAVE NEWS...

SIGYN AGAIN! CURSE MY MARRIAGE TO HER--SHE'S LIKE A WEIGHT ROUND MY NECK! WILL I NEVER BE FREE OF HER SIMPERING INFLUENCE?



I KNOW, LOKI, THAT YOU ARE NOT ALWAYS COMFORTABLE WITH ME, BUT I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO CHANGE THAT. AND KNOWING HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR BROTHER THOR, I THOUGHT THE NEWS--

WHAT NEWS?

THOR IS TO STAND TRIAL...



DEPENDENT ON THE VOTE, HE COULD REMAIN IN ASGARD PERMANENTLY.

WHAT?!-- JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS RID OF HIM FOR GOOD?!

YES, BUT I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE STEPS YOU COULD TAKE, PERHAPS INFLUENCE THE VOTE SOMEHOW, TO ENSURE THAT THOR DOES NOT REMAIN HERE.



IF YOU NEED MORE TIME, I COULD EVEN GO TO THE GREAT HALL ALONE AND VOTE IN THY PLACE...

AYE... THERE MAY INDEED BE A WAY TO SEND THOR BACK TO MIDGARD...



AH... THANK YOU, WIFE SIGYN. YOU HAVE MY... AH... GRATITUDE.

AND, DEAR LOKI? AND...?



AND... MY... MY... LOVE.

OH, LOKI-- THOU HAST KINDLED MY HEART WITH THE BRIGHTEST JOY I HAVE EVER KNOWN!



YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND? IF WE BOTH CHANGE OUR WAYS SLIGHTLY, EACH TO ACCOMMODATE THE OTHER, I KNEW WE COULD BE HAPPY TOGETHER!

DIS-GUSTING.



THUS DOES THE GOD OF MISCHIEF TAKE LEAVE OF HIS LOVING WIFE--

--VENTURING TO A SYSTEM OF FOREBODING CAVERNS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE ASGARDIAN CITY...

MAURGLON!
ART THOU
STILL
IMPRISONED
IN STONE?

I AM, FOUL LOKI-- AS WELL YOU KNOW! HAVE
YOU COME TO TORMENT ME FURTHER, OR SIMPLY
TO REINFORCE THE SPELL BINDING ME?



I HAVE COME
TO SET THEE FREE,
TROLL, PROVIDED
WE CAN COME TO
TERMS...

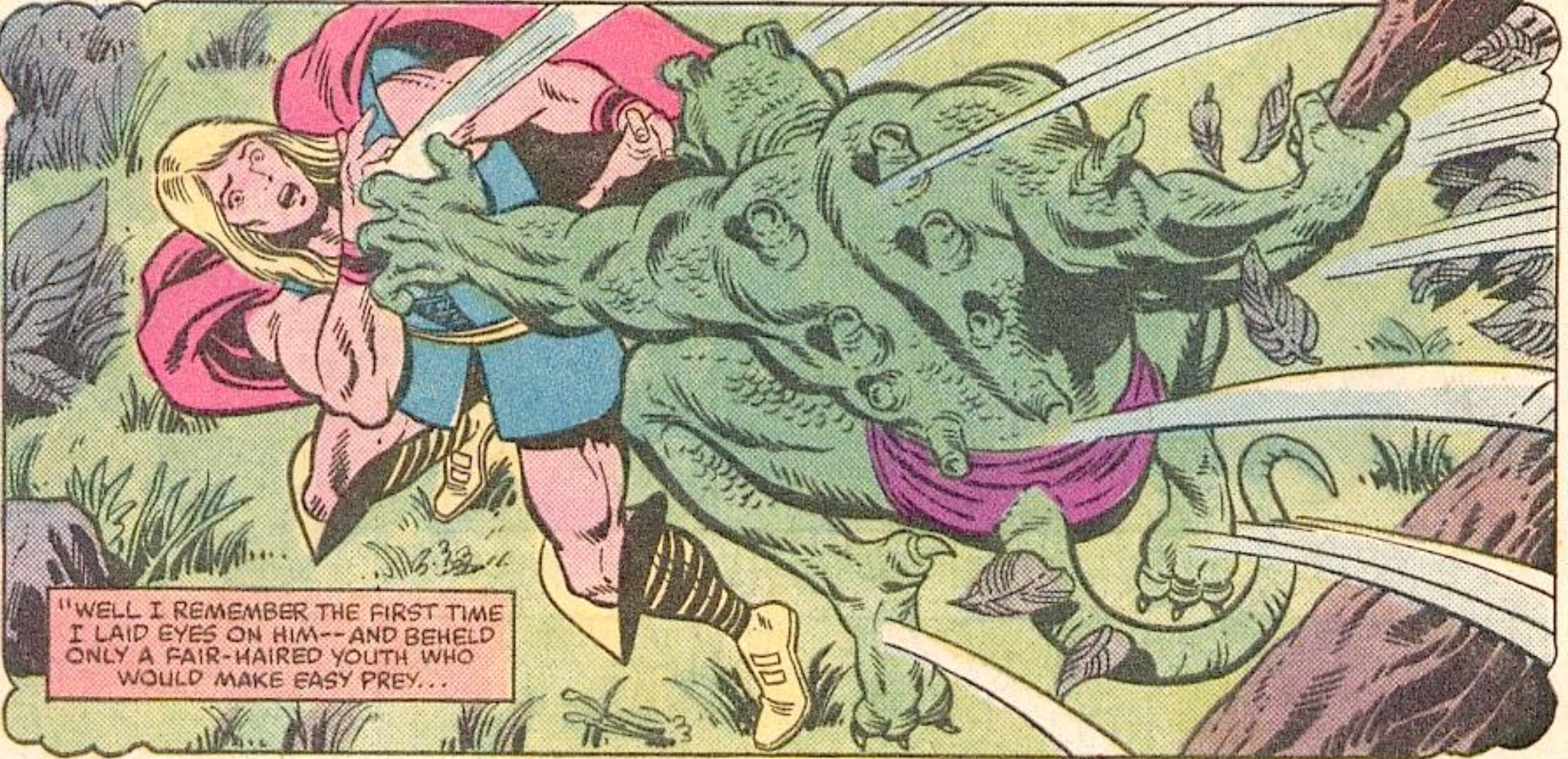
... AND THEY ARE TERMS, I AM SURE,
YOU WILL EMBRACE WITH GLEE.

HOW SO?

IN RETURN FOR YOUR
FREEDOM, YOU MUST
AGREE TO WREAK HAVOC
ON MIDGARD UNTIL SUCH
TIME AS THY ACTIONS
ATTRACT THOR, AND
THEN...

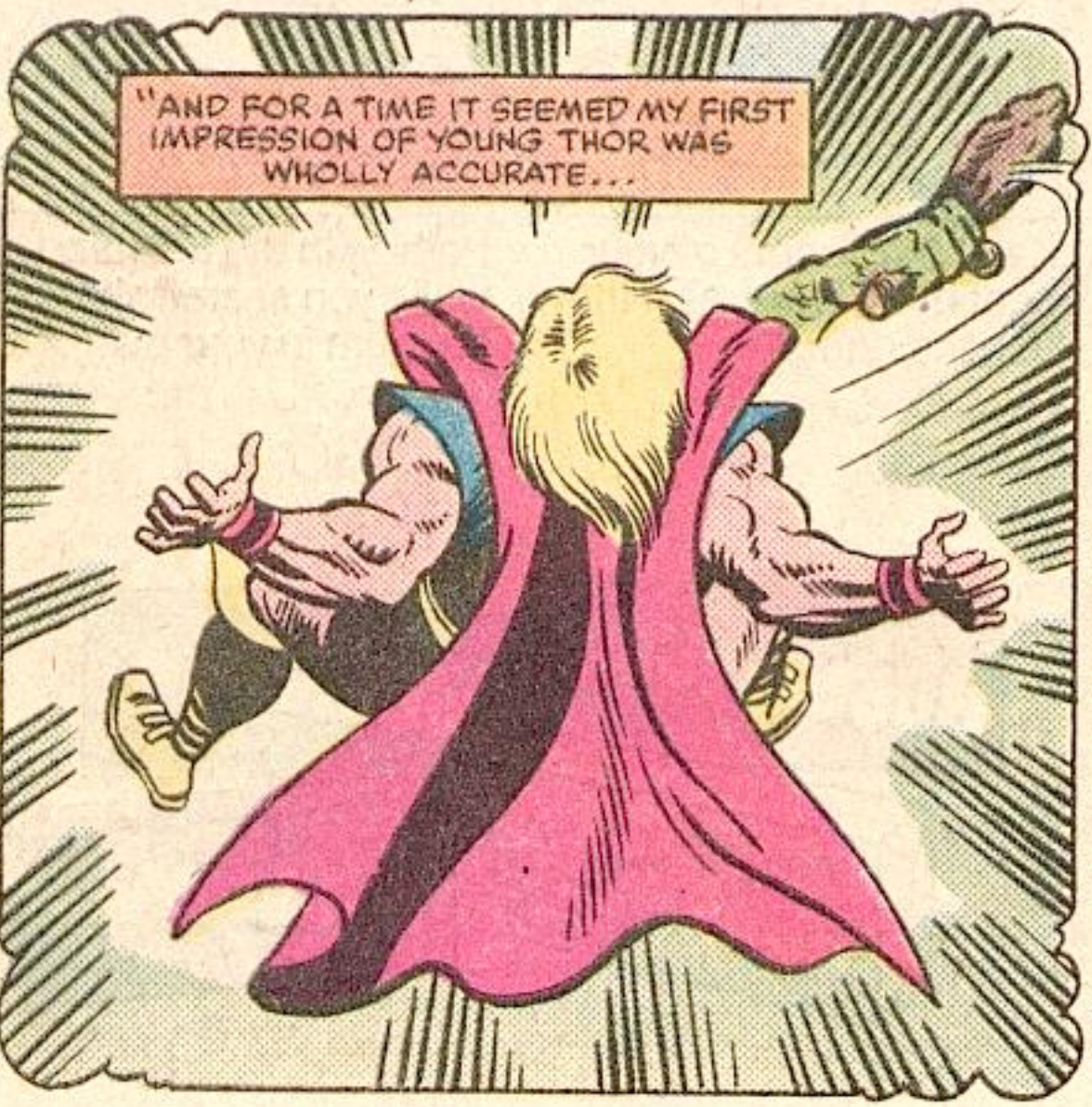


AND THEN I TAKE VENGEANCE
ON THOR! THOR-- THE BANE OF
MY VERY EXISTENCE...

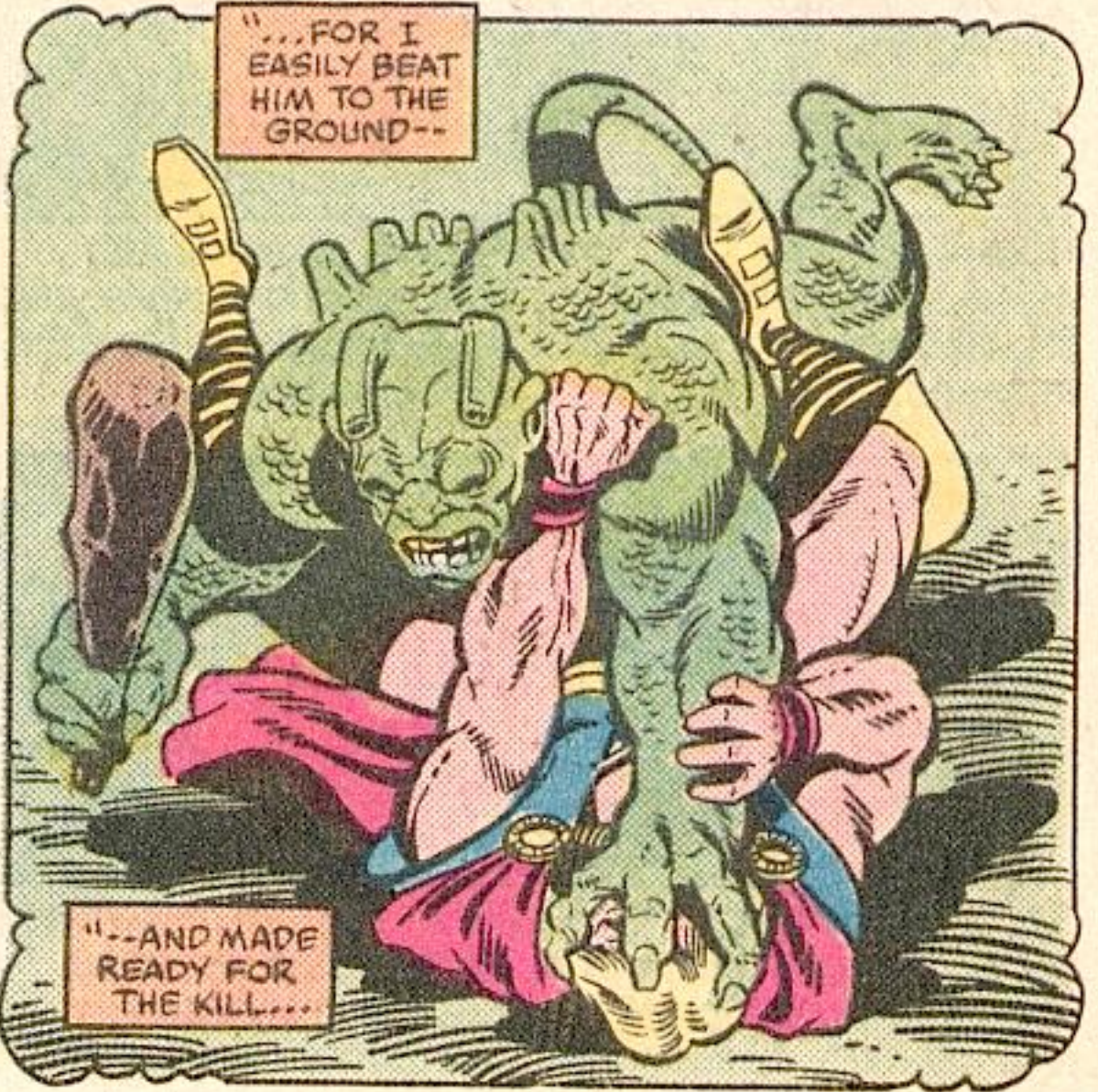


"WELL I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME
I LAID EYES ON HIM-- AND BEHELD
ONLY A FAIR-HAIRED YOUTH WHO
WOULD MAKE EASY PREY...

"AND FOR A TIME IT SEEMED MY FIRST
IMPRESSION OF YOUNG THOR WAS
WHOLLY ACCURATE...



"... FOR I
EASILY BEAT
HIM TO THE
GROUND--

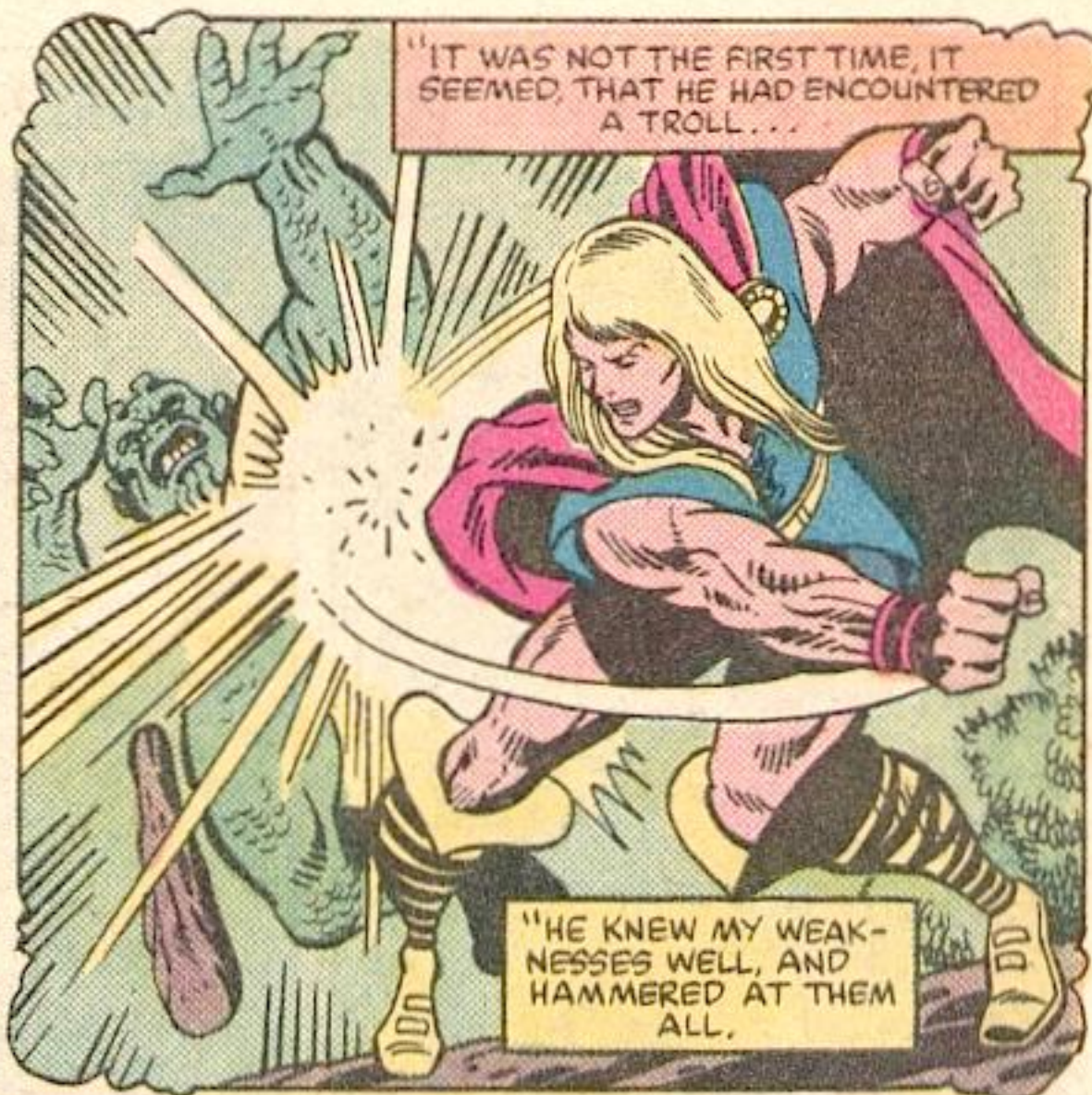


"--AND MADE
READY FOR
THE KILL....

"BUT THEN, LIKE A FURY POSSESSED, HE BEGAN TO STRIKE BACK--AGAIN AND YET AGAIN!"



"IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME, IT SEEMED, THAT HE HAD ENCOUNTERED A TROLL..."



"HE KNEW MY WEAKNESSES WELL, AND HAMMERED AT THEM ALL."

"WHEN IT WAS OVER, HE DID NOT EVEN CONSIDER ME ENOUGH OF A THREAT TO FINISH ME OFF."



"IT WAS NOT UNTIL YOU CAME UPON ME IN MY WEAKENED CONDITION, LOKI, THAT I LEARNED WHOM MY OPPONENT HAD BEEN--A SON OF ODIN HIMSELF."



"BUT I SOON LEARNED THAT YOU WERE HIS EVIL BROTHER, ALSO POSSESSED OF AWESOME POWERS..."



"SORCEROUS POWERS."

"YOU BOUND ME HELPLESS WITH A SPELL--ME MAURGLON THE FIERCE CAVERN TROLL!--AND LED ME OFF AS IF I WERE SOME TAMED PET--"



--TO MY OWN CAVERN, CURSE YOU, WHERE YOU'VE KEPT ME IMPRISONED EVER SINCE!"

AYE, BUT ONLY UNTIL SUCH TIME AS I HAVE NEED FOR YOU--AND THAT TIME IS NOW."



BUT SEEING AS HOW IT WAS THOR WHO LEFT YOU WEAKENED AND SUSCEPTIBLE TO MY SPELL, YOU SHOULD DESPISE HIM ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DO..."



...AND ALMOST AS MUCH AS YOU DESPISE ME, DO YOU AGREE TO THE PACT, MAURGLON?

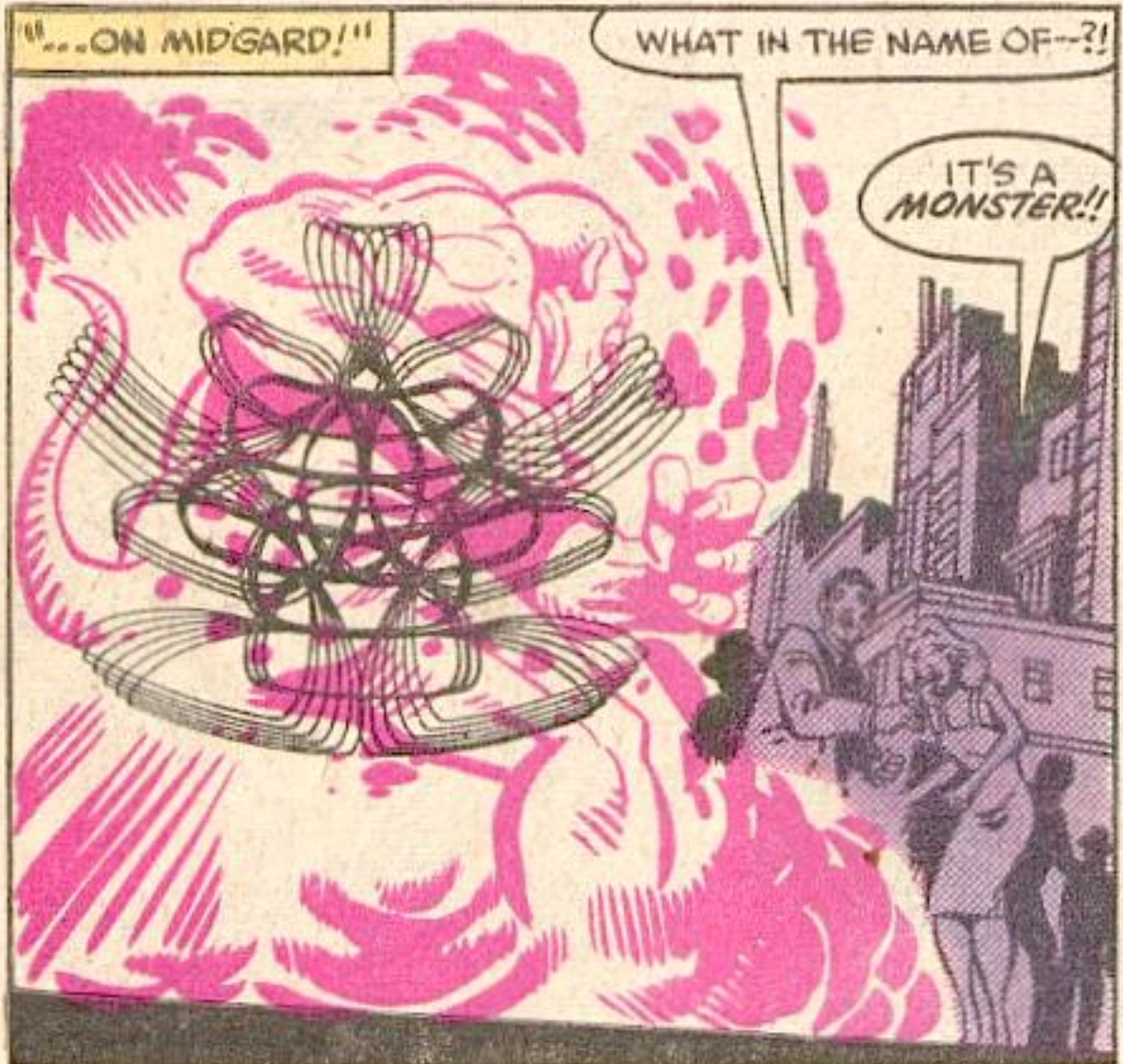
I AGREE, FOUL LOKI.



THEN THOU ART FREE OF MY SPELL, CAVERN TROLL!



BY THE POWER OF MY SORCERY, HIE THEE HENCE TO THE PETTY WORLD OF MY BROTHER'S CHOOSING, AND WORK THY MISCHIEF THERE...



"...ON MIDGARD!"

WHAT IN THE NAME OF--?!

IT'S A MONSTER!!



SAY, IF THIS IS SOME KINDA PUBLICITY STUNT--

WHAM

IT AIN'T NO STUNT, MAN! THE STRENGTH OF THIS THING IS UNREAL! CALL THE COPS! GET SOME HELP!!



MY CAR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY CAR?!

YARK YARK



RUN, MORTALS! RUN FROM THE WRATH OF THE TROLL MAURGLON!

RUN AND HIDE IN YOUR FILTHY BURROWS OF YOUR FILTHY CITY!

SKRASH

MEANWHILE, IN THE GREAT HALL OF ASGARD...

THE GODS ARE CONVENED!
LET THE TRIBUNAL BEGIN!

THOUGH HIS WIFE SIGYN IS
PRESENT, MY BROTHER LOKI
IS NOT-- NOR IS MY LOVE,
THE LADY SIF... THE ONLY
ONE I HAD TRULY HOPED
TO SEE...

AS THOU KNOWEST, THOR
SEEKS PERMISSION TO RESIDE
ON MIDGARD FOR AN UNSPECIFIED
TIME. THE FIRST VOTE, TYR?

THE SCION OF ODIN
AND ROYAL HEIR OF
ASGARD BELONGS IN
ASGARD. I VOTE NAY.

I VOTE
AYE.

THOR HAS
SERVED
ASGARD WELL
AND DESERVES
WHATEVER HE
DESIRES. BE-
SIDES MY
HUSBAND LOKI
IS ALSO SCION
OF ODIN AND
FULLY EQUAL
TO THOR IN
EVERY WAY.

NAY--MORTALS
BELONG ON
MIDGARD, GODS
ON ASGARD.

YET OUR INFLUENCE
ON MIDGARD HAS
GREATLY DE-
CREASED--MAY-
HAP THOR CAN
CHANGE THIS.

AYE.

NAY.

AYE.

AND SO GOES THE VOTING, UNTIL--

WELL, VIZIER?
WHAT IS THE
TALLY?

DEADLOCKED,
SIRE.

AN EQUAL
NUMBER OF AYE
AND NAY VOTES.

IT SEEMS,
ODIN, IT
IS UP TO
THEE TO
BREAK
THE--

ODIN!!

FORGIVE
ME FOR
DISTURBING
THY COUNCIL,
ALL-FATHER
BUT I BRING
DIRE NEWS!

I HAVE BEEN
CHARGED WITH
MONITORING
EVENTS ON
MIDGARD, SIRE,
AND...AND--

GO ON--
SPEAK.

F-FORGIVE ME, SIRE, I KNOW 'T WILL SEEM IMPOSSIBLE, BUT...

WELL, AN UNKNOWN TROLL-- ONE SUCH AS ARE FOUND IN THE CAVERNS-- HAS SOMEHOW ESCAPED ASGARD AND IS EVEN NOW WREAKING HAVOC ON MIDGARD BELOW!



LOKI'S WORK, NO DOUBT, OR EVEN TYR'S-- IN A BID TO FORCE ME BACK TO MIDGARD. BUT I BESEECH THEE, MY FATHER, LET THEIR RUSE SUCCEED!



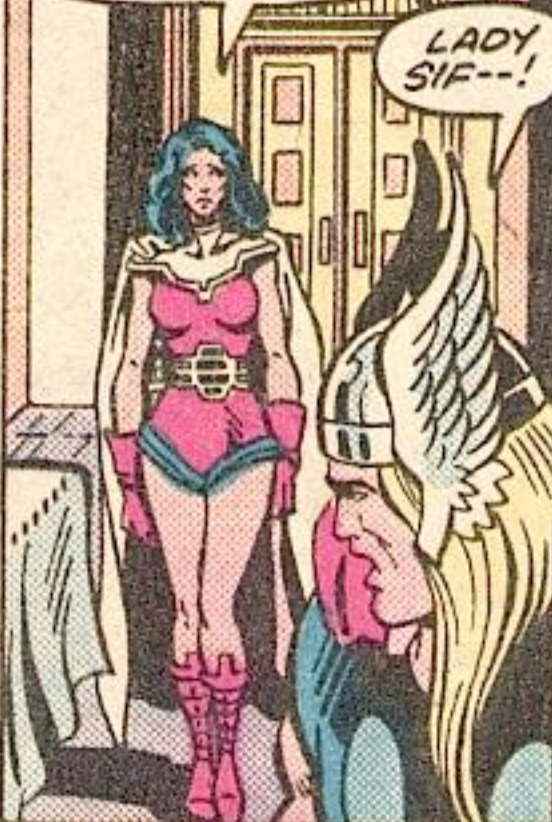
BREAK THE DEADLOCK IN THEIR AND MY FAVOR! I WANT TO RETURN TO MIDGARD!

I HEAR THEE, THOR... YET I AM DIVIDED BETWEEN WANTING MY SON HERE AT MY SIDE AND LETTING HIM FOLLOW HIS HEART'S DESIRE. HOW MAY I BREAK SUCH A PRIVATE DEADLOCK--?



THERE IS NO NEED, ALL-FATHER!

I SHALL BREAK THE DEADLOCK!



LADY SIF--!

AND NOW THOR'S HEART IS ALSO DIVIDED, BETWEEN HIS LOVE FOR SIF AND HIS YEARNING FOR EARTH...

I LOVE THOR MORE THAN ANY OF THEE MAY KNOW, AND MY LOVE GREW EVEN STRONGER YESTERDAY MORN--



--WHEN TYR CAME TO MY CHAMBERS UNBIDDEN AND PLEDGED HIS LOVE TO ME...

SO, TYR-- THE ANCIENT LAW WAS FAR FROM YOUR SOLE REASON FOR THIS CHARADE! THY LOVE FOR SIF-- THAT WAS THE OTHER, UNKNOWN REASON FOR THY ACTIONS!



I SHALL DEAL WITH THEE LATER!

BUT EVEN THOUGH MY HEART CRIES OUT FOR THOR TO REMAIN AT MY SIDE... I KNOW IT IS BUT A SELFISH CRY... AND MY TRUE AND UNSELFISH LOVE WHISPERS TO ME TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE...



KNOWING THAT THE LOVE SHARED BY US BOTH CAN AND SHALL ENDURE ANYTHING.

FOR THESE REASONS I VOTE... AYE. LET THOR'S REQUEST BE GRANTED.



THE DEADLOCK IS BROKEN. THE DECISION IS CLEAR.

AND TYR IS HEREBY BANISHED IN PUNISHMENT OF HIS FOUL DEED...

NAY, FATHER! I BESEECH THEE...

TAKE MERCY ON TYR. IT WAS HIS LOVE FOR FAIR SIF WHICH CAUSED HIS DEEDS--

--AND I, OF ALL THE GODS IN ASGARD, KNOW HOW POWERFUL SUCH A LOVE CAN BE.

VERY WELL, MY SON.

TYR HAS FALLEN FROM FAVOR--

--BUT HE MAY REMAIN IN THE PRESENCE OF GODS, INDEBTED TO MERCY.

AND THOU, THOR...

THOU HAST THY PERMISSION TO JOURNEY TO MIDGARD AND DO BATTLE WITH THE TROLL--

"--THENCE TO FOLLOW WHATEVER PURSUITS THOU DEEMEST NECESSARY. FARE THEE WELL, MY SON, LET ALL ASGARD BID THEE SAFE PASSAGE."

YOU HAVE MY LOVE AS ALWAYS, FAIR SIF, AND MY EVERLASTING GRATITUDE AND RESPECT, AS WELL.

IN THY VOTE, THOU HAST LOST A LOVER, YET GAINED THE MOST THIS DAY...

... IN NOBILITY AND GRACE.

AND NOW, BY THE POWER OF MJOLNIR, MINE ENCHANTED URU HAMMER--

--I TAKE MY LEAVE OF THE SHINING REALM, AND JOURNEY TO MIDGARD!

FAREWELL, BRAVE HEIMDALL! GUARD WELL THE RAINBOW BRIDGE-- AND THE PORTALS TO ASGARD!

AYE, THOR-- WITH MY LIFE!

AND, AS THE GODS RETURN TO THE PALACE...

GOOD NEWS, MY HUSBAND!

THY PLAN WORKED--THOR HAS BEEN SENT BACK TO MIDGARD!

WHAT?! BY THE VOTE?!

YES-- I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE PLEASED, LOKI...

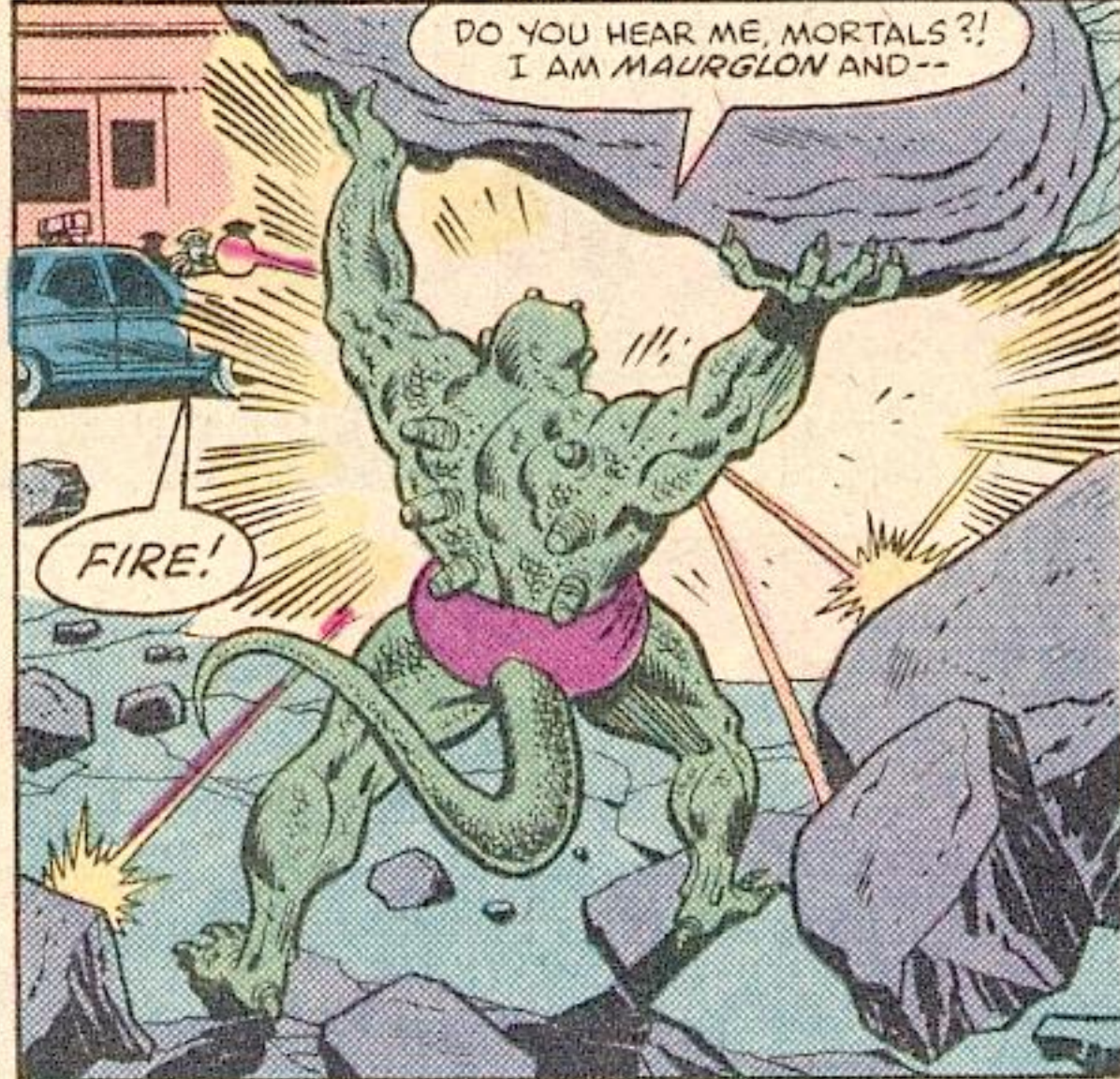
THEN THE TROLL MAURGLON WASN'T EVEN NEEDED! I'VE WASTED A RESOURCE BETTER HELD FOR SOME FUTURE DAY--!

AH, WELL, AT LEAST THERE IS SOME SMALL JOY...

"--KNOWING THAT THE TROLL WILL CAUSE TROUBLE FOR THOR ON EARTH."



HURRY WITH THAT BAZOOKA!



DO YOU HEAR ME, MORTALS?! I AM MAURGLON AND--

FIRE!



EH--?! WHAT MANNER OF SORCERY--?!

BOOM

A THUNDERBOLT-- SHATTERING THE GROUND UNDER MY FEET--



--PLUNGING ME DOWN INTO SOME FOUL-SMELLING CAVERN!

OBOY. LOOKS LIKE THE "A" TRAIN'S GONNA BE DELAYED AGAIN.



MEANWHILE, LIKE A COMET FROM THE HEAVENS, THOR MAKES HIS DESCENT...

NO SIGN OF THE TROLL...



NAUGHT BUT THE CITY'S EVERYDAY BUSTLE OF MADNESS...

'TIS A SIGHT TO GIVE ONE PAUSE--



--AND MAKE ME WONDER WHY I PREFER MIDGARD'S MEANER STREETS TO THE GLORY OF ASGARD'S SHINING AVENUES. PERHAPS 'TIS A MADNESS OF MY OWN, ONE WHICH -- EH?

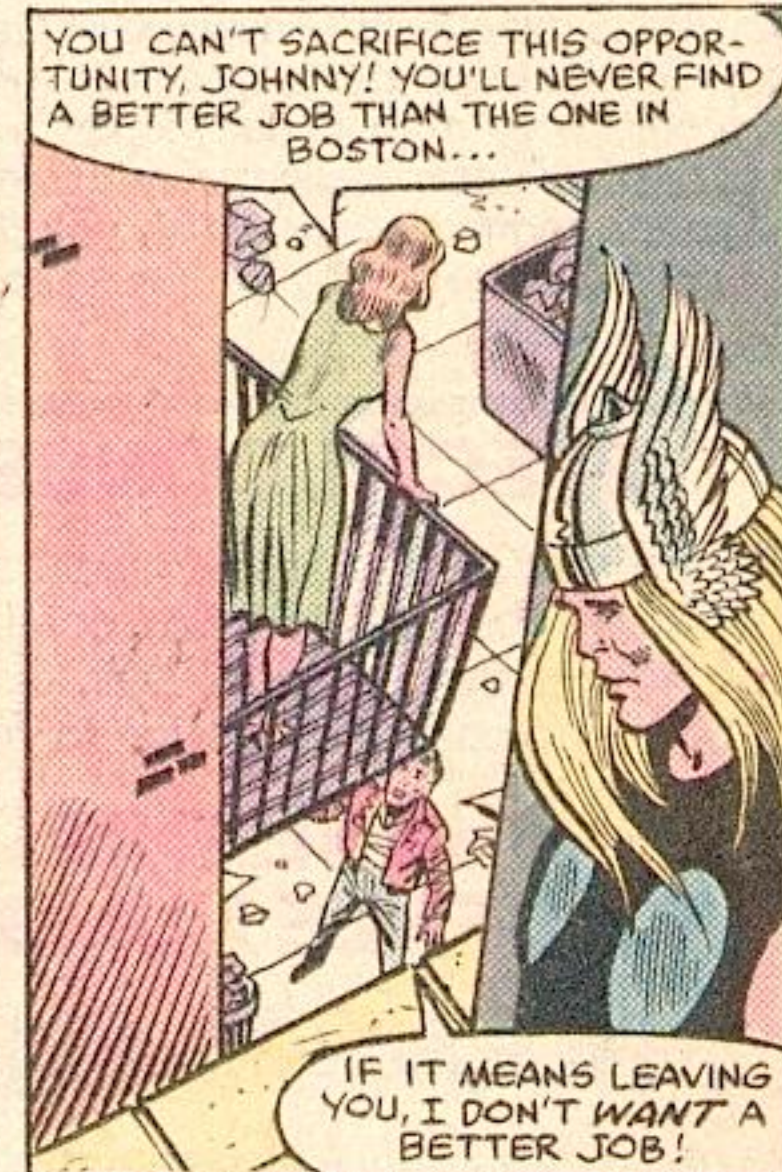
NO! YOU CAN'T!



BUT WHY NOT, LISA? IF YOU CAN'T COME WITH ME, I HAVE TO STAY HERE.

BUT THE JOB, JOHNNY...

I'LL GET A DIFFERENT JOB HERE.



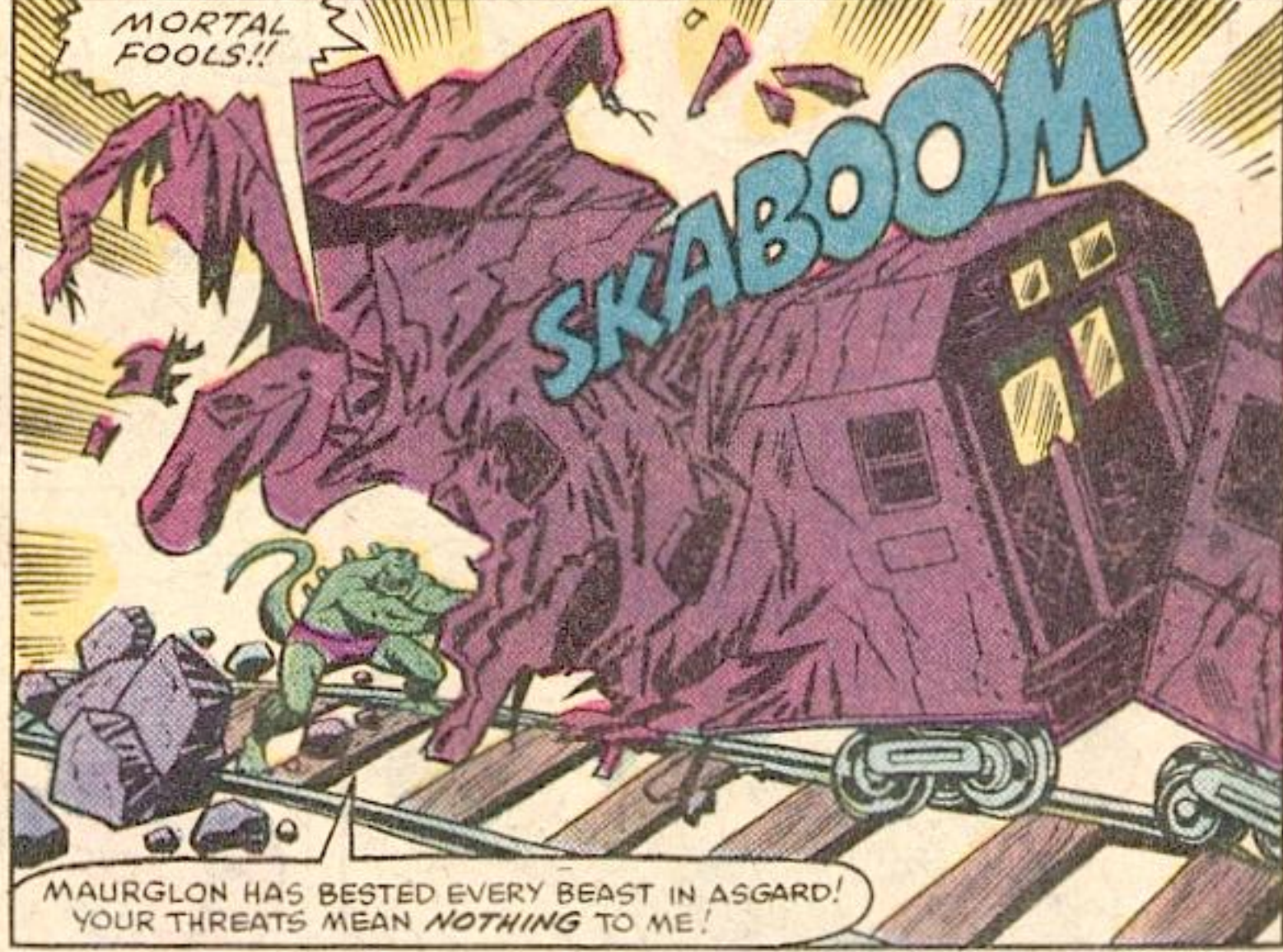
YOU CAN'T SACRIFICE THIS OPPORTUNITY, JOHNNY! YOU'LL NEVER FIND A BETTER JOB THAN THE ONE IN BOSTON...

IF IT MEANS LEAVING YOU, I DON'T WANT A BETTER JOB!



LOOK OUT! THE TRAIN--!

WHAT NOW? THEY SEND SOME GIANT BEAST AT ME--SOME SCREECHING SERPENT?!



MORTAL FOOLS!!

SKABOOM

MAURGLON HAS BESTED EVERY BEAST IN ASGARD! YOUR THREATS MEAN NOTHING TO ME!



LISTEN TO ME, LISA. TAKE EVERY DUMB CLICHÉ YOU'VE EVER HEARD--"I NEED YOU"--"I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU"--"YOU MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME"--"YOU'RE MY ONLY REASON FOR LIVING!"...



TAKE 'EM ALL AND ROLL 'EM UP INTO ONE BIG BALL AND THEY STILL DON'T EVEN COME CLOSE TO PINPOINTING THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU.

MAYHAP THIS IS THE REASON FOR MY MADNESS...



A JOB IS ONLY MONEY, LISA, BUT YOU ... YOU'RE WHAT I WANT...

YOU'RE... LOVE.



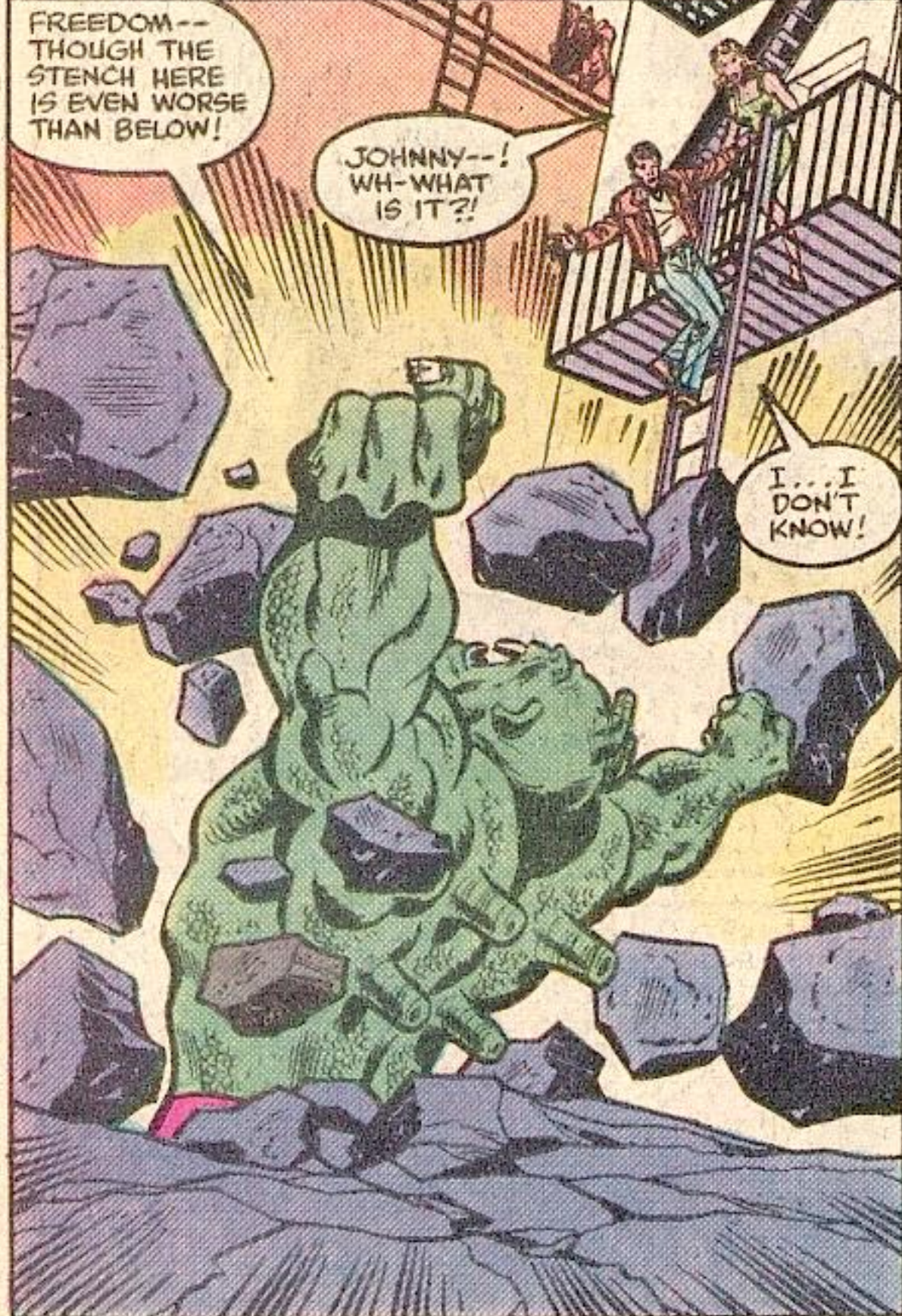
ENOUGH, MORTALS!

EVEN A CAVERN-TROLL SUCH AS ME CANNOT ENDURE THIS FOUL HOLE OF YOURS!



IT'S TIME TO SEEK THE SURFACE-- WHERE THE AIR IS FIT TO BREATHE!

TIME, TOO, TO SEEK MY ENEMY-- THOR!



FREEDOM--
THOUGH THE
STENCH HERE
IS EVEN WORSE
THAN BELOW!

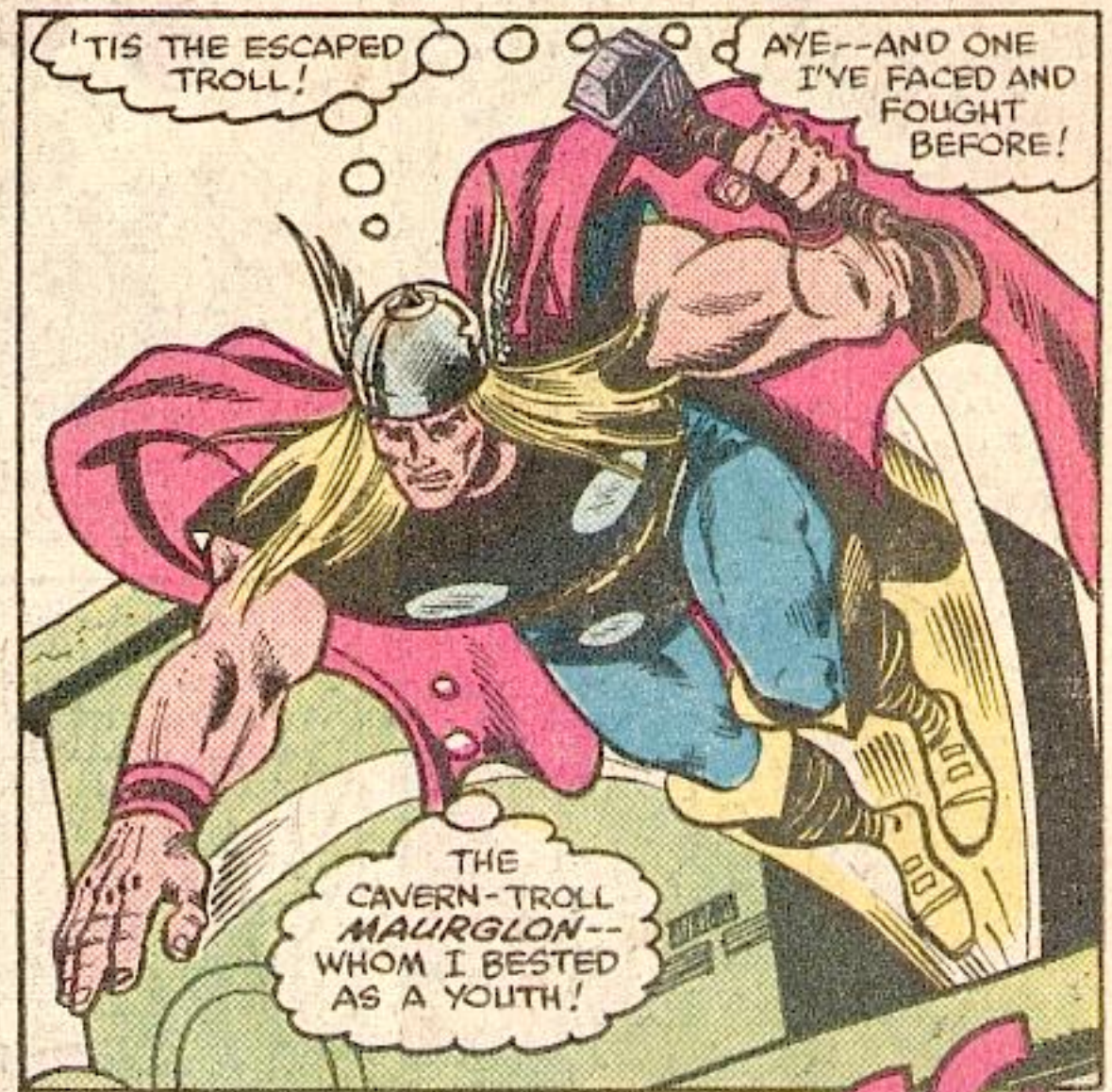
JOHNNY--!
WH-WHAT
IS IT?!

I... I
DON'T
KNOW!



UP HERE, JOHNNY-- WE'LL GO THROUGH MY WINDOW!

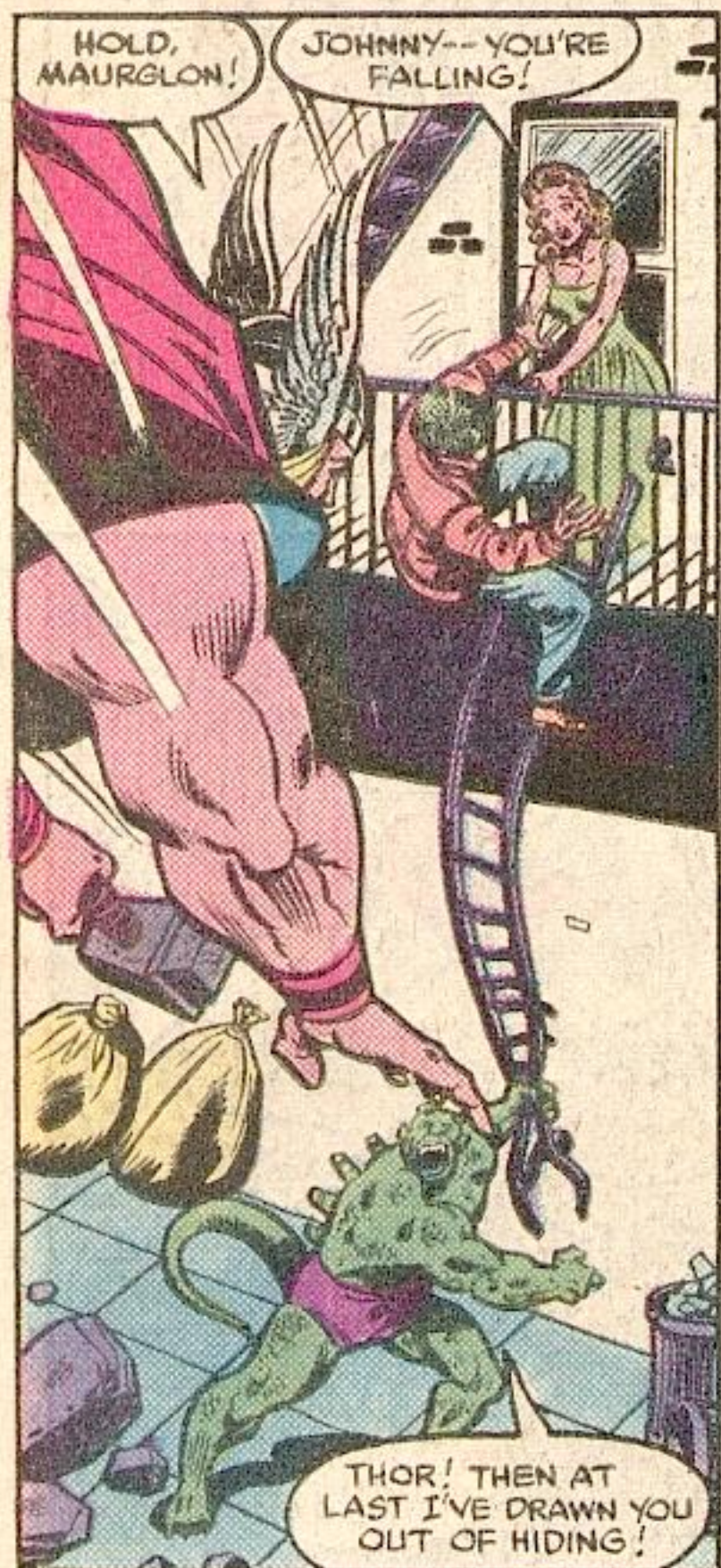
EH--? MORE
MORTAL FOOLS!



'TIS THE ESCAPED
TROLL!

AYE-- AND ONE
I'VE FACED
AND FOUGHT
BEFORE!

THE
CAVERN-TROLL
MAURGLON--
WHOM I BESTED
AS A YOUTH!



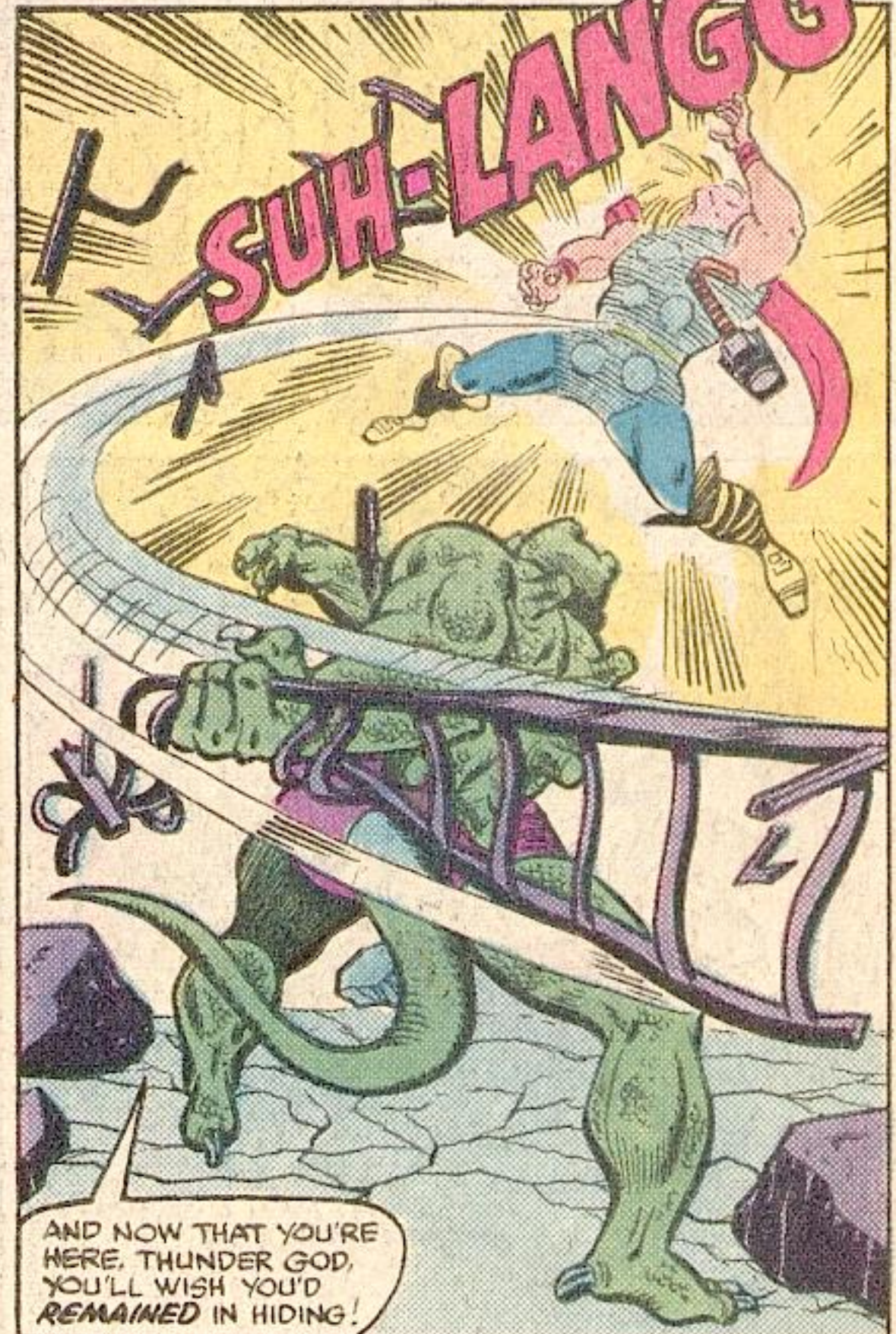
HOLD,
MAURGLON!

JOHNNY-- YOU'RE
FALLING!

THOR! THEN AT
LAST I'VE DRAWN YOU
OUT OF HIDING!



HOLD ON,
JOHNNY--
I'VE GOT
YOU!



AND NOW THAT YOU'RE
HERE, THUNDER GOD,
YOU'LL WISH YOU'D
REMAINED IN HIDING!

DO YOU HEAR ME, SWEET GOLDEN-TRESSED THOR? I'VE COME TO TAKE MY REVENGE ON YOU!

YOU TRICKED ME IN OUR FIRST MEETING--SEEMING TO BE SO YOUNG AND INNOCENT, SO RIPE FOR THE TAKING! YOU CAUGHT ME OFFGUARD!

NAY, MAURGLON! THE DECEIT WAS IN THINE OWN HEART!

SKRASH

YOU SOUGHT HELPLESS PREY, AND FOUND INSTEAD THE BEGINNINGS OF STRENGTH--

--A STRENGTH WHICH HAS NOW COME TO FULL TERM--

--AND WHICH SHALL BE WIELDED AGAINST THEE IN THY FINAL DEFEAT!

HELP ME, THOR! I CAN'T HOLD JOHNNY MUCH LONGER! I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH!

AND AID HER HE WOULD WERE HIS OWN STRENGTH NOT PITTED IN SO FIERCE A TRIAL...

...A TRIAL, TOO, OF WILL AND COURAGE--RAGING UP AND DOWN THIS LONG ALLEY...

SPOOM

...THIS FILTHY PLACE WHOSE LENGTH RECALLS, IN MOCKERY THE GREAT HALL OF HIS EARLIER TRIAL IN ASGARD.

NOW, PRETTY THUNDER GOD--ARE YOU READY TO YIELD AND DIE PAINLESSLY?

NAY, MAURGLON-- FOR I FIGHT FOR A CAUSE NOW, A CAUSE NEARLY FORGOTTEN AND BUT RECENTLY RECALLED.

I FIGHT TO DEFEND MIDGARD!

MEANER AND PLAINER THAN ASGARD THOUGH IT BE, MIDGARD STILL BOASTS SCENES OF NOBILITY AND LOVE...

WHUMP

AND SINCE THE MORTALS HAVE SO MUCH MORE TO LOSE-- THEIR VERY LIVES--

FRAKT

--THE SCOPE OF THEIR NOBILITY AND SACRIFICE BECOMES ALL THE MORE PROFOUND...

AT TIMES, THEY ELEVATE THEMSELVES TO THE QUALITIES OF GODHOOD-- AND SO, FROM THEIR HUMBLE ORIGINS, THEY BECOME GREATER THAN GODS!

WHEREAS SOME SUCH AS THOU, MAURGLON, CAN ONLY REDUCE THE GLORY OF ASGARD TO ASHES!

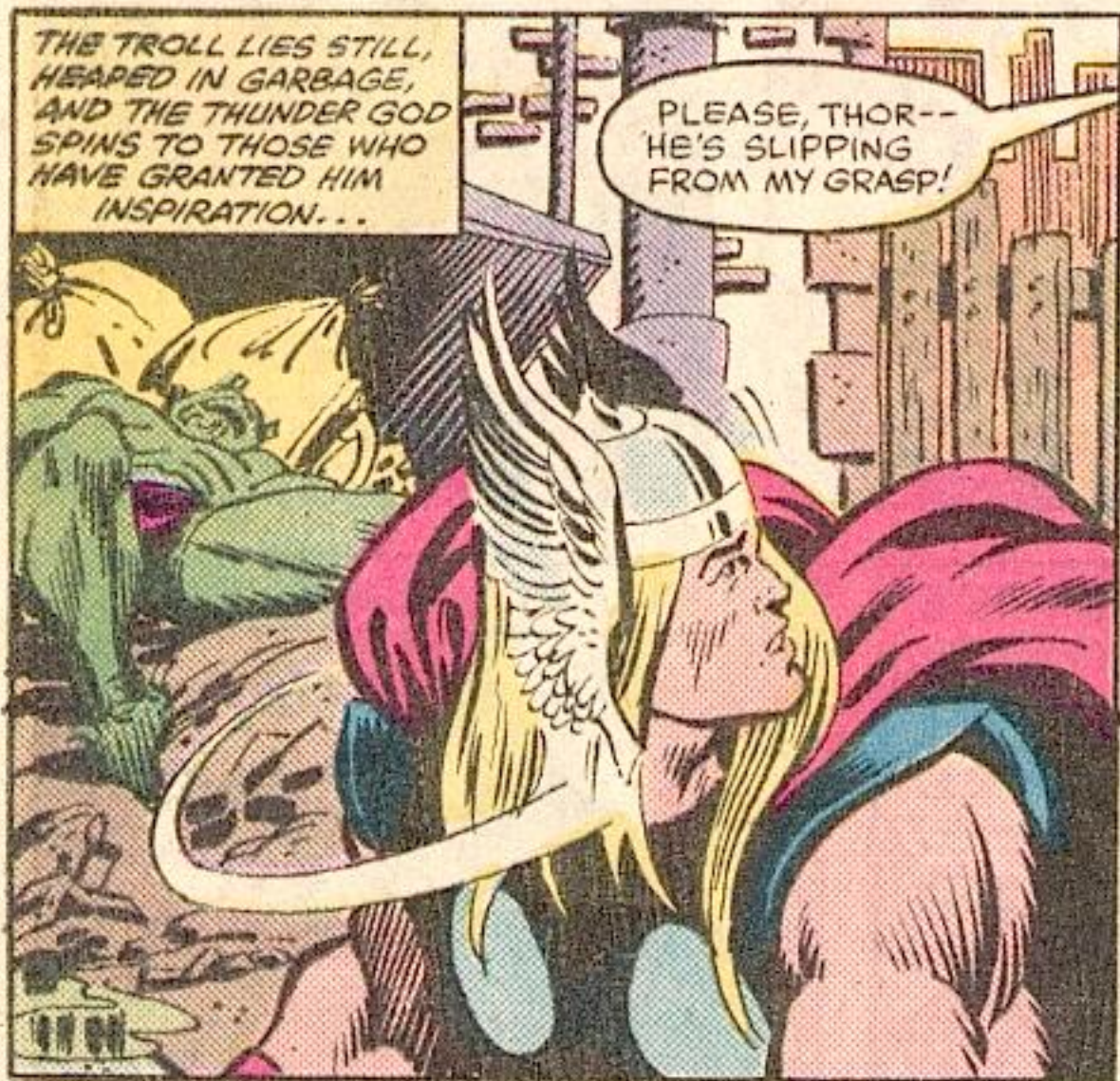


FROM THE MORTALS, I TAKE INSPIRATION!

FROM THEE, NAUGHT BUT SHAME!

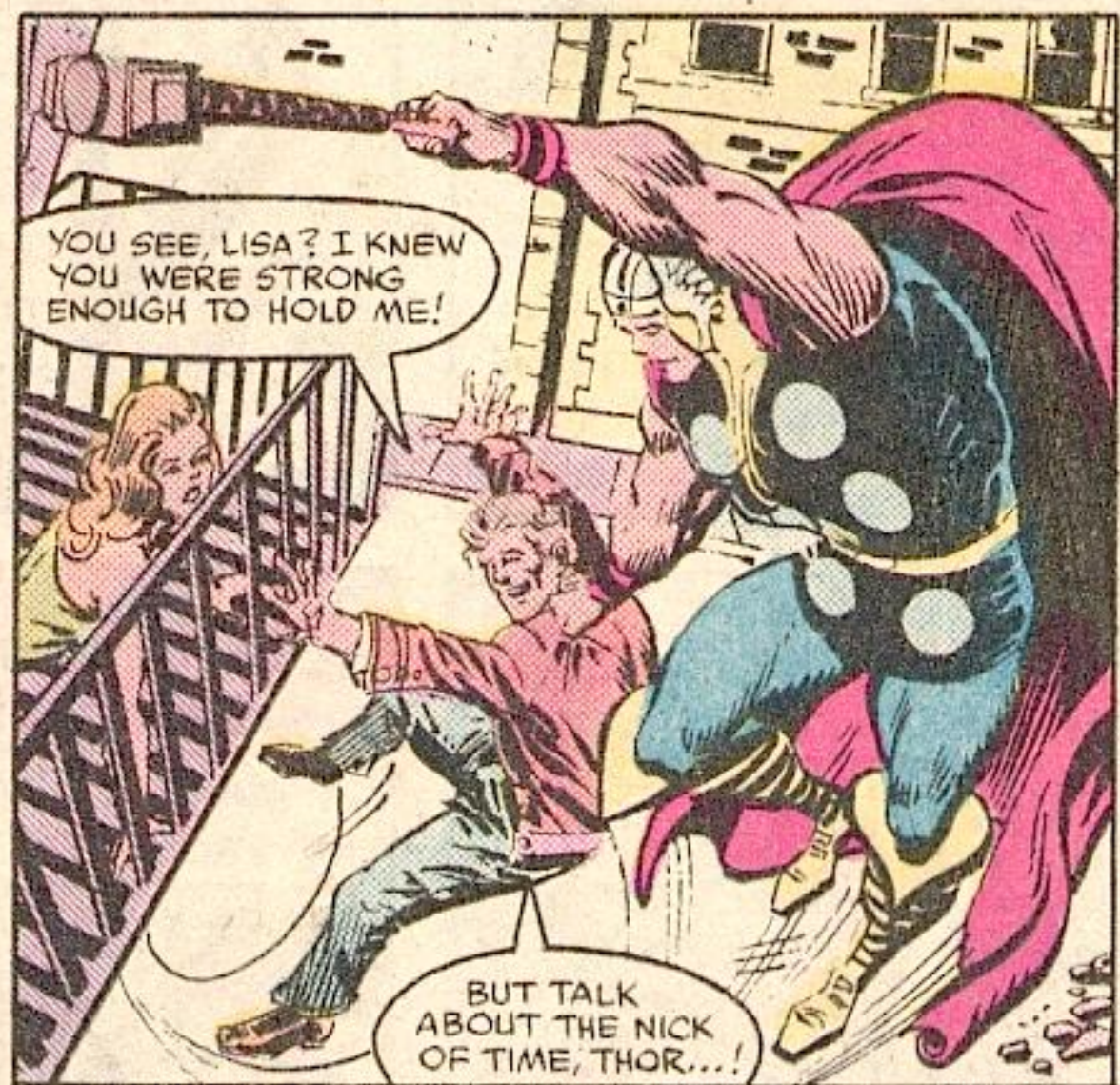
FROOOOM

AND SO LONG AS I BREATHE SWEET LIFE, I SHALL ALLOW NO EVIL FROM ABOVE TO LAY THEM LOW!



THE TROLL LIES STILL, HEAPED IN GARBAGE, AND THE THUNDER GOD SPINS TO THOSE WHO HAVE GRANTED HIM INSPIRATION...

PLEASE, THOR-- HE'S SLIPPING FROM MY GRASP!

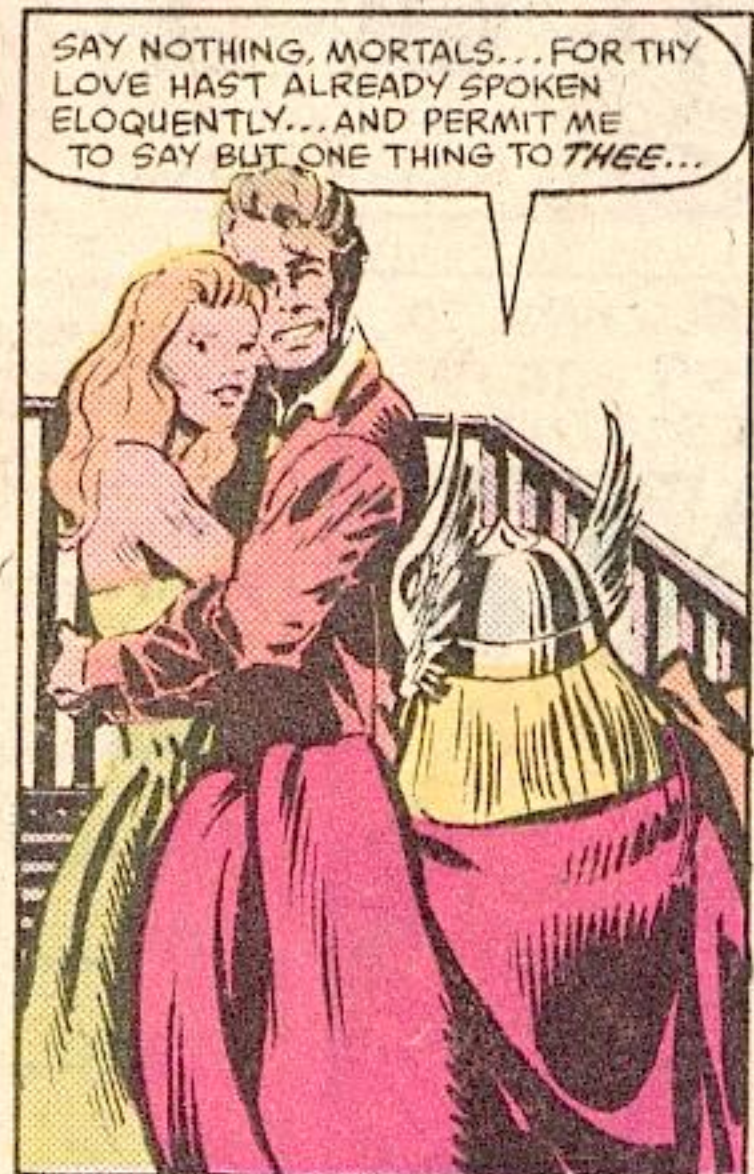


YOU SEE, LISA? I KNEW YOU WERE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD ME!

BUT TALK ABOUT THE NICK OF TIME, THOR...!



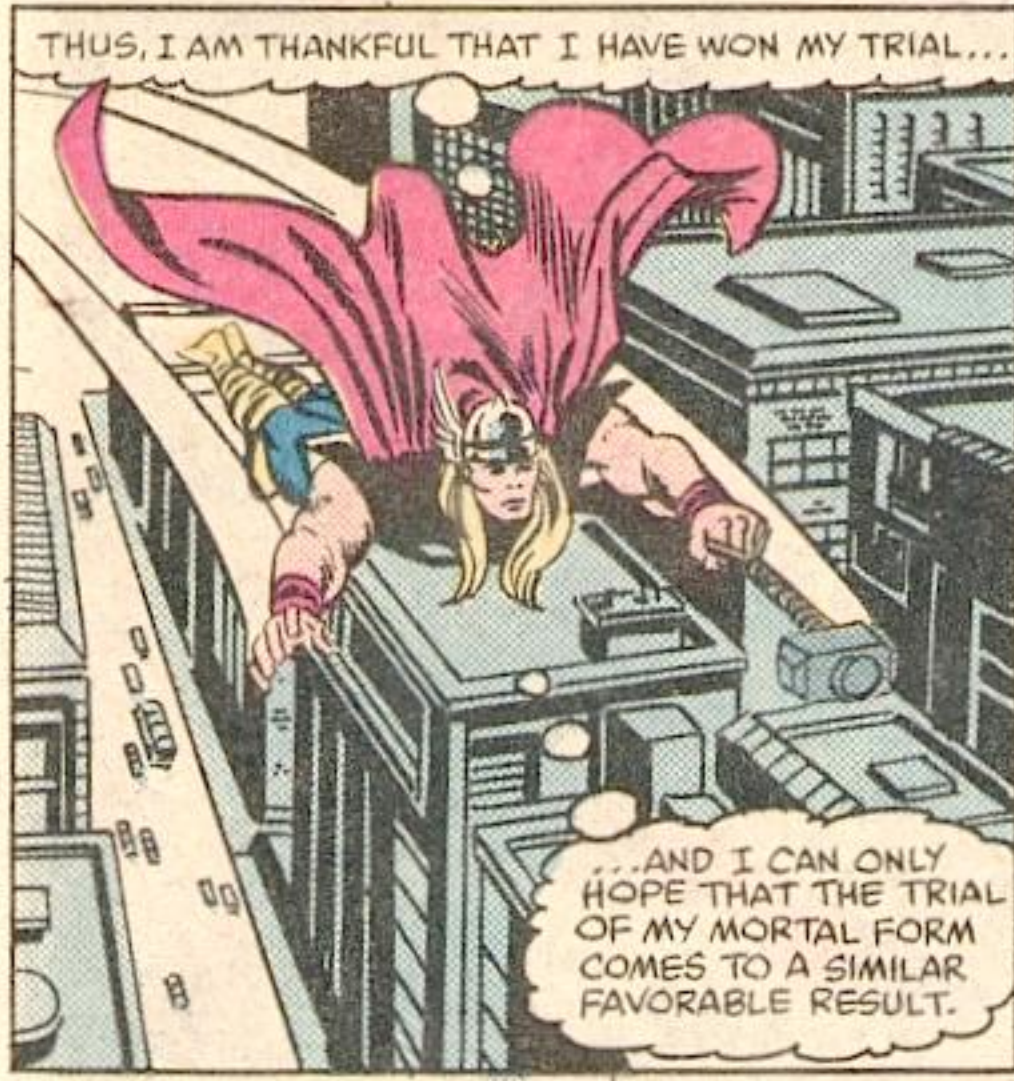
YOU... YOU SAVED OUR LIVES FROM THAT MONSTER, THOR! HOW CAN WE THANK YOU? WHAT CAN WE SAY?



SAY NOTHING, MORTALS... FOR THY LOVE HAST ALREADY SPOKEN ELOQUENTLY... AND PERMIT ME TO SAY BUT ONE THING TO *THEE*...



FOLLOW THY HEART. 'TIS THE ONLY PATH WORTH TREADING.



EPILOGUE



NEXT: DRAX THE DESTROYER!

TALES OF ASGARD, HOME OF THE MIGHTY NORSE GODS™

MARK GRUENWALD
& RALPH MACCHIO
WRITERS

KEITH POLLARD
PLOT and LAYOUT
ASSIST and ARTIST

GENE
DAY
EMBELLISHER

JOE
ROSEN
LETTERER

GEORGE
ROUSSOS
COLORIST

JIM
SALICRUP
EDITOR

JIM
SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

LAST FLIGHT OF THE VALKYRIES!

HALT YE,
MY SISTERS,
THAT WE MAY
SURVEY THIS
AWFUL LAND TO
WHICH WE
HAVE COME...

...COME TO
LIBERATE IN THE
NAME OF OUR
LIEGE, ALL-MIGHTY
ODIN--RULER
OF ASGARD--
WHO E'EN NOW
DOTH FOLLOW
CLOSE BEHIND!

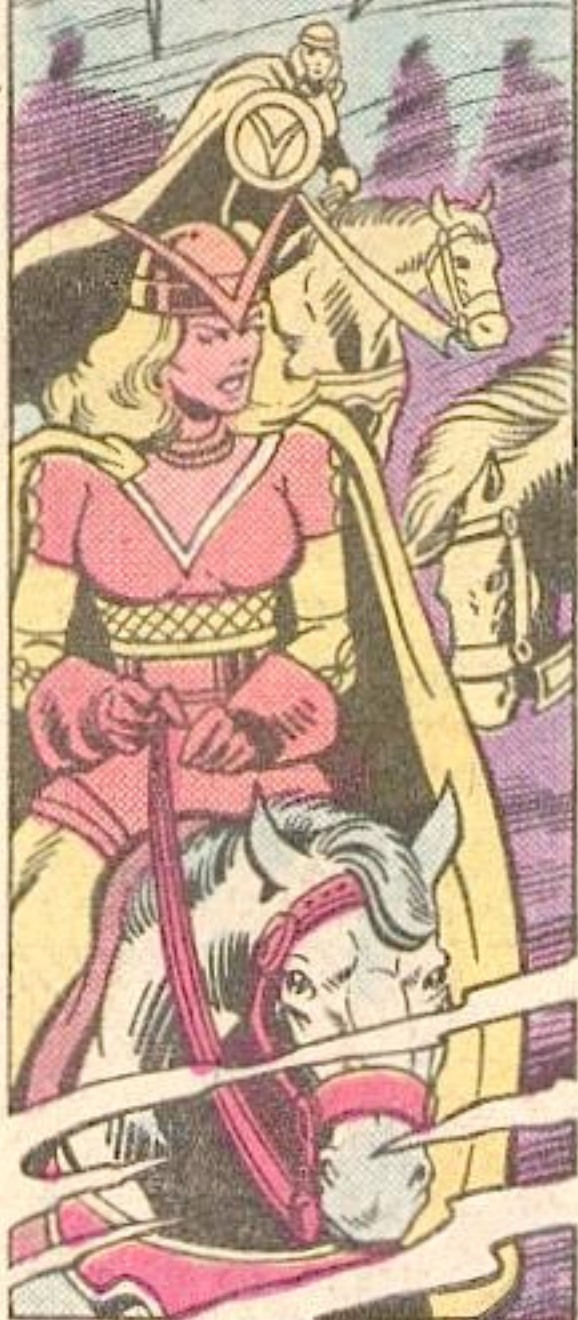
ATOP A ROCKY PRECI-
PICE, NINE WARRIORS
KNOWN AS VALKYRIES
GAZE AT WHAT LITTLE
THEY MAY SEE OF
THE MISTY REALM
AROUND THEM.

ONCE, IT WAS A PROUD AND SUNLIT
DOMAIN NAMED VALHALLA--THE
PLACE WHERE ASGARD'S HONORED
DEAD SPENT A JOYFUL ETERNITY.

NOW, IT HAS BECOME A BLEAK
AND FOREBODING LAND SINCE
CONQUEST BY HELA, NORSE
GODDESS OF DEATH... HELA,
WHO HAS MADE IT ONE WITH
HER OWN DREAD REALM--
NIFLENEIM.

VALKYRIES--ATTEND, HELA MUST SURELY BE AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE AND WILL SOON TEST OUR METTLE, KNOWING WE SEEK TO CONFRONT HER. WE MUST E'ER BE ON OUR GUARD AND--

VALTRAUTA--
LOOK!



ISSUING FROM WHAT WAS ONCE VALHALLA'S HALL OF HEROES-- WINGED DEMONS!



NAY, NOT DEMONS--

"-- BUT MEN, THOSE MOST NOBLE DEAD WE DID BRING HERE AGES AGO FROM A THOUSAND BATTLEFIELDS AS WE TOILED IN THE SERVICE OF ODIN... WHEN SUCH WAS THE PURPOSE OF THE VALKYRIES,



"BUT CURSED HELA HATH TWISTED OUR GOOD WORKS TO HER OWN VILE ENDS-- MAKING THOSE BRAVE AND SELFLESS KNIGHTS REGENTS IN HER CAUSE. YET, WE MUST NOT BE SWAYED FROM OUR MISSION,"

TO SAVE THEIR SOULS WE STRIKE--



-- FOR ODIN AND THE REALM ETERNAL!



VICTORY FOR OUR QUEEN HELA--AND THE NEW VALHALLA! VICTORY!



I BE SURPRISED, LEITA, THAT THOU' COULD LASH OUT AT ONE THOU DID BRING TO VALHALLA ATOP THY WINGED STEED CENTURIES PAST.

CAN IT BE THOU DOST NOT RECOGNIZE HAROKIN THE BRAVE?

THOU SPEAK TRUE, NOW I OWE ALLEGIANCE ONLY TO THE GODDESS HELA-- AND I DO STRIKE SOLELY ON HER BEHALF!

AAGGHH!

DO NOT SEEK TO DISSUADE ME, DECEIVER. FOR THOU ART NOT WHAT ONCE THOU WERE.

THE ENEMY SEEMS ENDLESS IN NUMBER, AND THOUGH THEY WERE NOW BUT EIGHT--

--STILL DO THE VALOROUS VALKYRIES STRIVE IN A MANNER BEFITTING ASGARD'S FINEST.

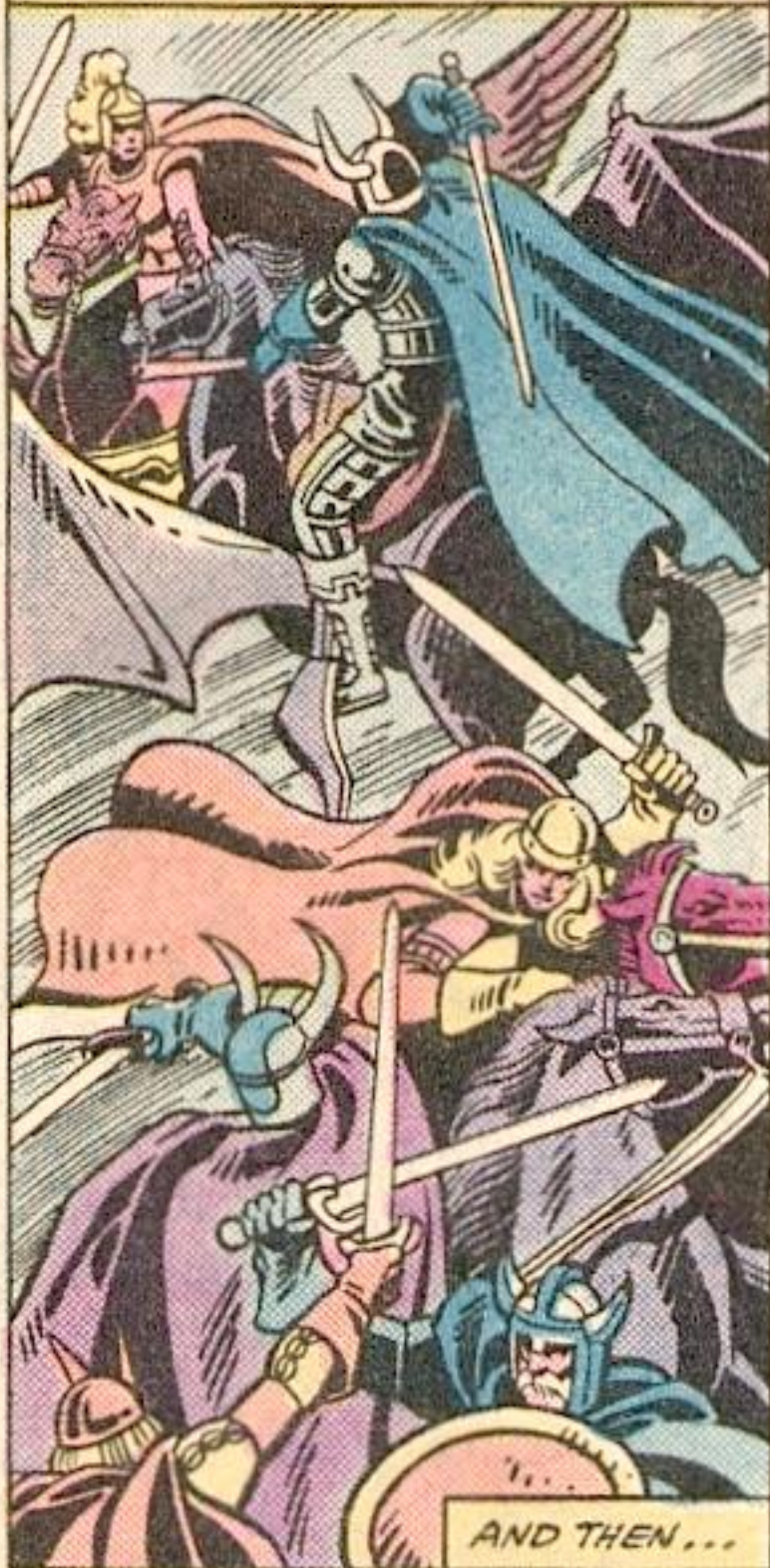
AWAY--AWAY WITH THEE, EVIL ONE! I'LL NOT FALL TO THE LIKES OF THEE!

LET DEATH DISPEL THY ILLUSIONS, GRIM GERDA FOR, IN HELA'S DOMAIN-- WE BE SUPREME!

ULLGHH!

SPAK

THE SOUND OF SWORD ON SHIELD
RESOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE EERIE
LANDSCAPE. FOR A TIME, THE LIVING
HOLD THEIR OWN.



AND THEN...

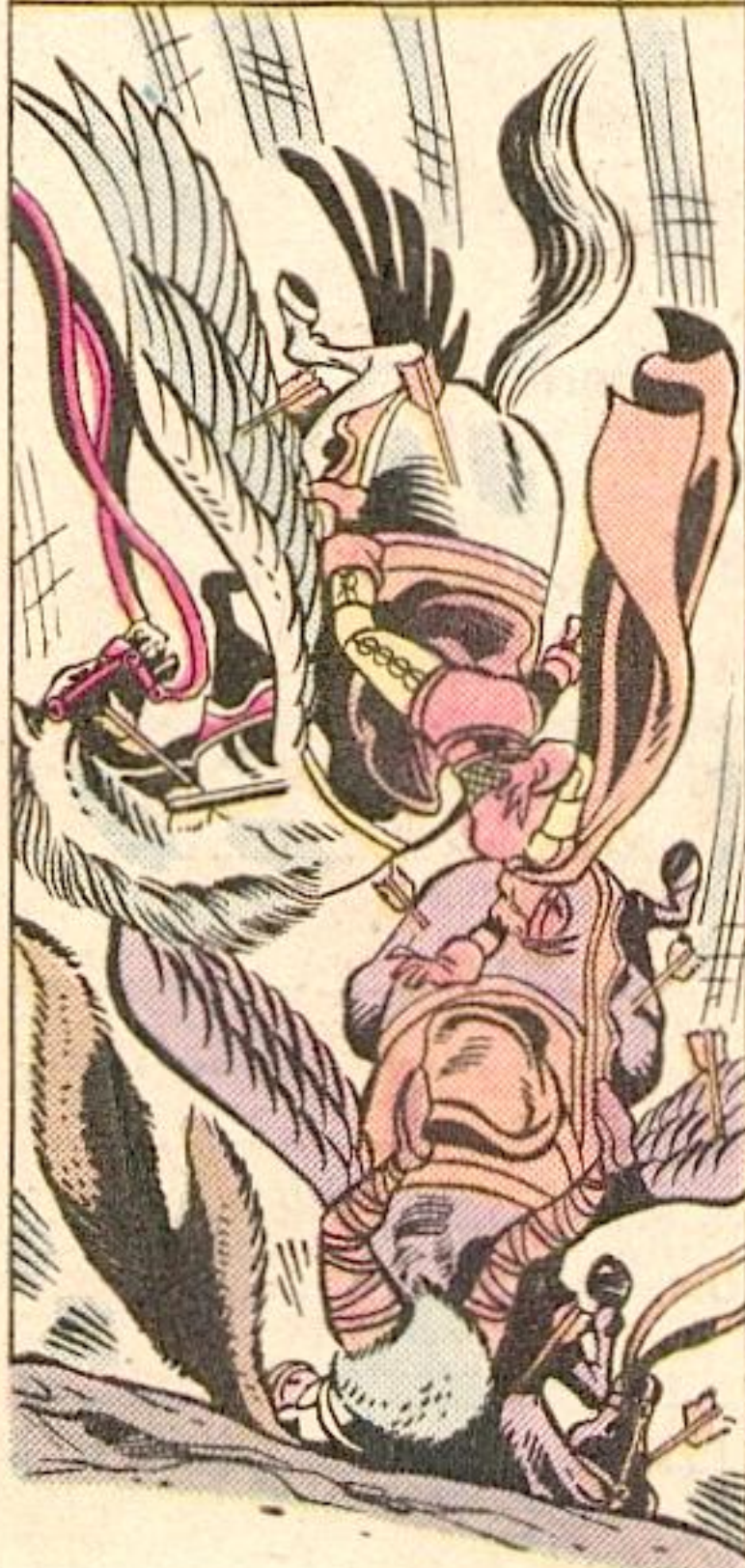
ARCHERS! FIRE AT WILL!
LET THY ARROWS PIERCE
THE HEART OF EVERY FOE!



THE
SHAFTS
STRIKE
TRUE.



AND, IN INSTANTS, LIFELESS RIDERS
AND STEEDS ALIKE TUMBLE
GROTESQUELY GROUNDWARD.



NOW YE BE BUT *FOUR* IN NUMBER.
WILL YE SURRENDER TO SUPERIOR
FORCES OR MUST THE SLAUGHTER
CONTINUE?



E'EN IF BUT
ONE OF US RE-
MAINED, SMUG ONE...

...THE BATTLE
WOULD CONTINUE
TILL THOU ART
DEFEATED,
HAROKIN.

SO SPEAKS
VALTRAUTA!

AS YE WISH! STILL, I AM A GENEROUS
GOD, AND TO REWARD THY SPIRIT,
I OFFER YE THE HONOR OF EXECU-
TION BY VERY SPECIAL ENEMIES.



I CALL 'PON
THE POWER
GRANTED ME BY
QUEEN HELA-- AND
WITH A GESTURE...



--I BID THEM RISE!



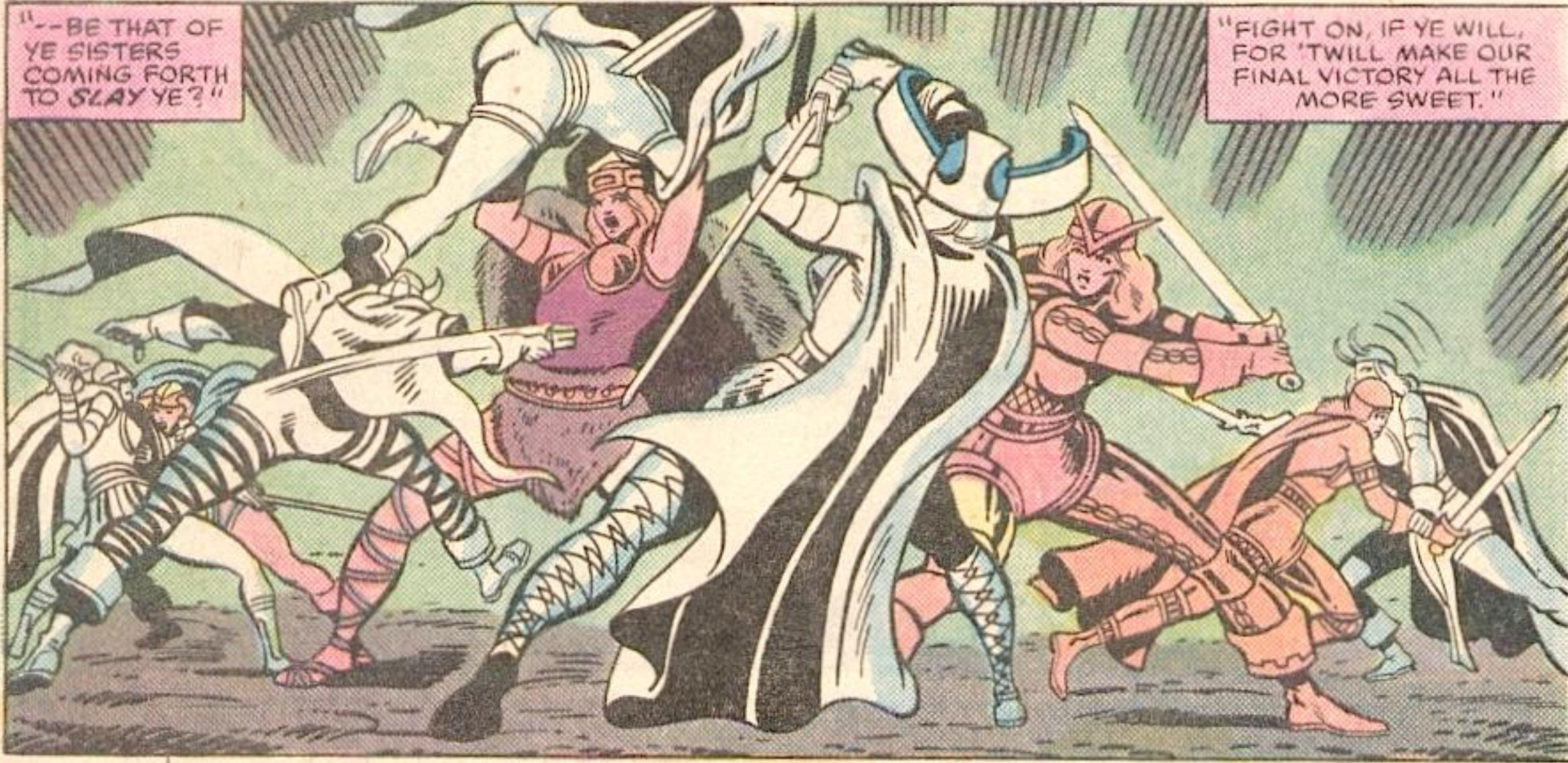
NAY!
NAY IT
CANNOT
BE!



ART THOU
NOT PLEASED,
VALKYRIES--



-- THAT THE LAST SIGHT YE WILL
SEE IN THIS LIFE --



--BE THAT OF
YE SISTERS
COMING FORTH
TO SLAY YE?--

"FIGHT ON, IF YE WILL,
FOR 'T WILL MAKE OUR
FINAL VICTORY ALL THE
MORE SWEET."



ONCE, YE WERE
CALLED "CHOOSERS
OF THE SLAIN" VALKYRIES,
WHEN YE DID THE
BIDDING OF ODIN

AND NOW YE BE COUNTED
AMONG THAT NUMBER
YEESELVES. WHAT WOULD
HE SAY, I WONDER, IF HE
COULD SEE YE NOW.
HAH HAH HAAA...

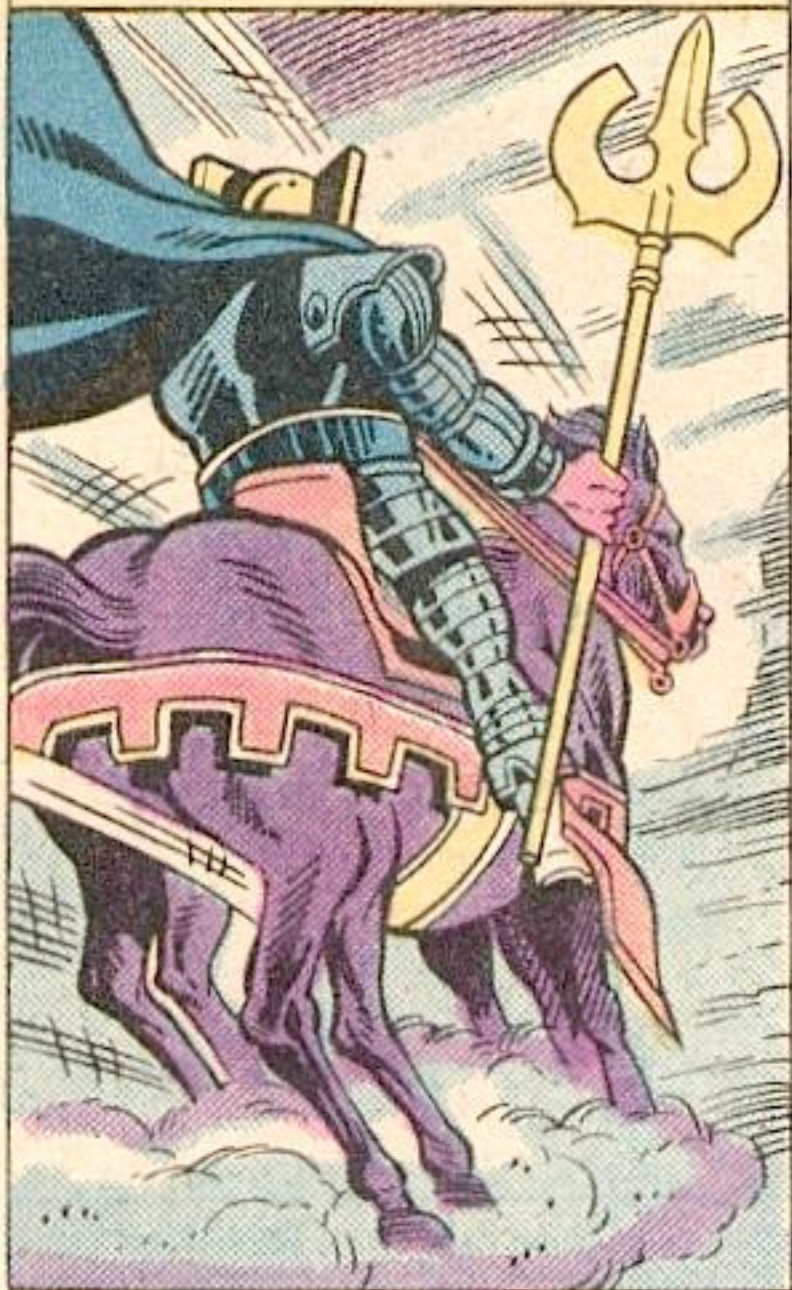


PERHAPS THE MAD HAROKIN WILL SOON RECEIVE HIS
WISH, FOR AT THAT MOMENT, THE KING OF ALL ASGARD
PASSES THROUGH THE WALL OF FLAME INTO VALHALLA.

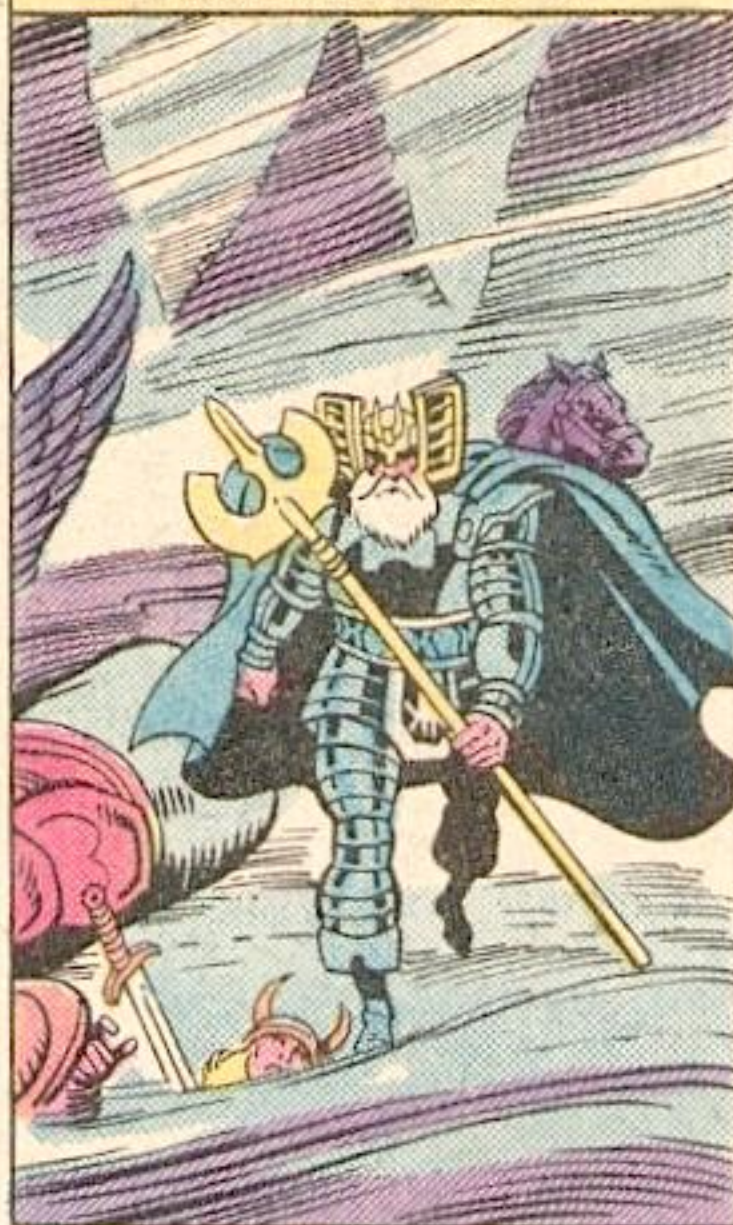
'T WAS NECESSARY
FOR ME TO STAY
BACK FOR AWHILE,
GIRDING MYSELF--
CONSERVING MY
STRENGTH FOR
THE FINAL
BATTLE WITH
HELA.

NOW, 'T IS TIME
TO SEE HOW MY
VALKYRIES HATH
FARED 'GAINST
HELA'S SURROGATES.

UNERRINGLY, THE LORD OF ASGARD MOVES THROUGH THE THICK MIST, DRAWING HIS MOUNT, EIGHT-HOOVED SLEIPNIR, SUDDENLY TO A HALT.



HE STRIDES BOLDLY TOWARDS THE SCENE OF CARNAGE, HIS FEAR OF WHAT WILL BE SEEN NOT SHOWN IN HIS PURPOSEFUL STEP, HIS LONE EYE FALLS ON THE BODIES OF HIS BELOVED VALKYRIES...



... AND THE GOD OF GODS WEEPS.

VALTRAUTA... THY BLOOD NOW STAINS THE VERY GROUND THEE AND THY SISTERS CAME TO RECLAIM.



AND 'TIS ODIN'S FAULT ALONE! I SHOULD HAVE STAYED WITH YE THROUGHOUT THE JOURNEY!

SLEEP NOW. THY LIFE HATH NOT BEEN TAKEN IN VAIN... THIS I SWEAR TO! ODIN WILL DO ALL WITHIN HIS POWER TO END THE RULE OF HELA HERE IN VALHALLA.

AND WHEN THE WAR 'TIS OVER, YE SHALL ARISE AS SUBJECTS OF THE REALM ETERNAL AGAIN.



BUT FOR NOW... SLEEP.



HEAR ME, HELA. WHERE'ER THOU MAY BE!

ODIN HATH LOST MUCH WHICH BE PRECIOUS TO HIM THIS DAY-- AND HE SHALL NOT REST 'TIL THOU HAST PAID IN MEASURE FULL!

BY ALL THE HEAVENS ABOVE-- THOU SHALL SUFFER MY WRATH!

SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE GRIEVING ODIN... THE DEATH-GODDESS SMILES.

NEXT: DAY OF RECKONING!