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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



# THE MIGHTY THOR



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A. KUPPERBERG  
AND  
GOLETTA

SIF FIGHTS FOR  
EARTH AGAINST THE  
HIGH-TECH HAVOC  
OF **MEGATAK!**



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!**

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AN OBSOLETE WAREHOUSE AT THE STARK INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX ON LONG ISLAND, WHERE GODS HAVE RECENTLY TRIUMPHED-- AND NOW FEAST ON THE FRUITS OF VICTORY...

## VIOLENCE IN VIDEO

AHHH... AS SUCCULENT AS THE GOLDEN APPLES OF IMMORTALITY MAY BE, METHINKS I'VE DEVOURD ENOUGH TO WARRANT A SWIFT RETURN TO INFANCY.

YAWWWN

AYE, VAST VOLSTAGG-- THINE APPETITE WOULD DO THREE GODS PROUD.

AND NOW THAT WE'VE SO ZEALOUSLY ASSURED OUR YOUTH AND IMMORTALITY, MAYHAP 'TIS TIME FOR US TO DEPART MIDGARD AND RETURN TO OUR PROPER HOME...

AT GOLDEN-HAIRED THOR'S SIDE, THE GODDESS SIF FLINCHES PERCEPTIVELY...

RETURN TO ASGARD, ALL-FATHER ODIN? NOW--? JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO APPRECIATE THIS LOWER REALM?

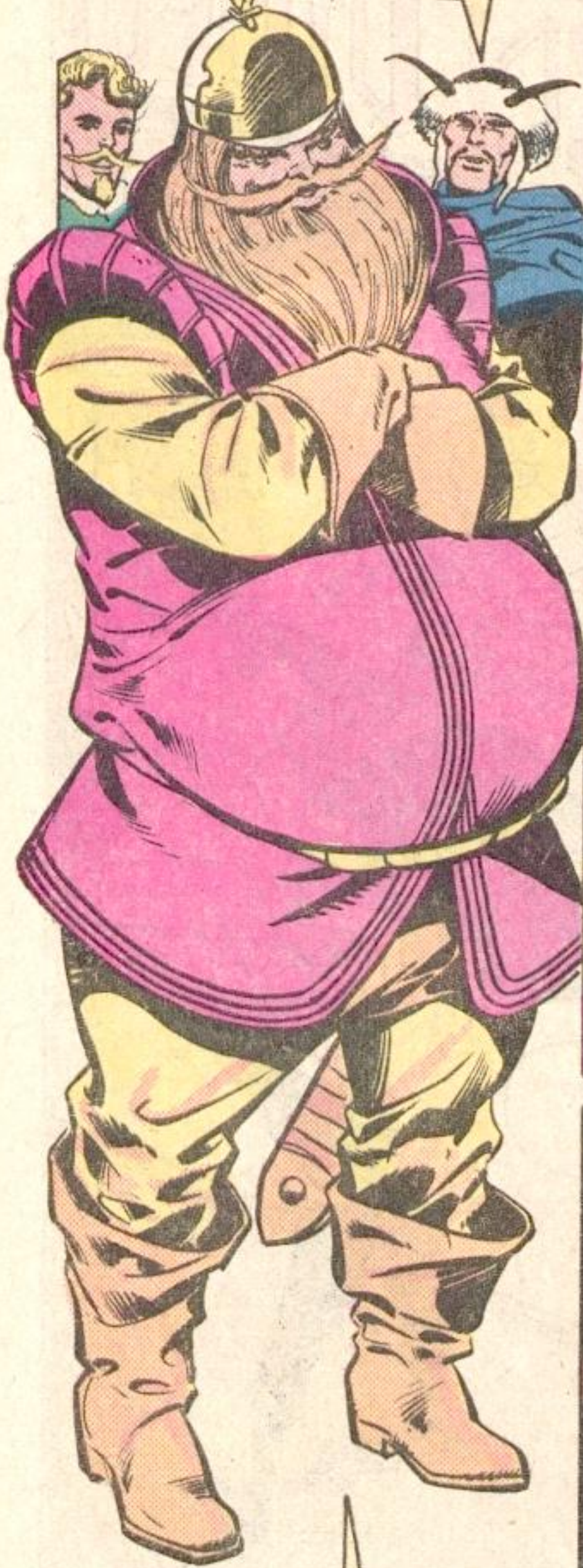
AYE, WHY NOT REMAIN A WHILE--AT LEAST US WARRIORS THREE? WHAT SAY YOU, GRIM HOGUN?

I SAY ONE PLACE IS MUCH LIKE ANY OTHER TO ONE SUCH AS ME, FANDRAL.

I HAVE NO OBJECTIONS, BUT 'TIS THOR WHO--

AND I SAY THEE MAY-- NOT SO SWIFTLY ON THE HEELS OF MY TROUBLES WITH RIMTHURSAR'S MENAGERIE! UNLESS A GOD BE PREPARED TO SUBMERGE HIMSELF IN MORTAL FORM AS THE OCCASION DEMANDS--

ENOW! LET THE DISPUTE BE ENDED! ALL THE GODS SHALL RETURN TO ASGARD--SAVE HIM WHO HATH CHOSEN TO RESIDE HERE!



--MIDGARD IS NO PLACE FOR SUCH AS THEE!



HMPH! 'TIS CLEAR WE'RE NOT WANTED HERE...

AYE--MAYHAP WE'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO SHARE HIS PRIVILEGE...

AH, WELL, IF THOR IS BENT ON PROTECTING US FROM THE SUPREME HAZARDS OF THIS REALM--



'TIS NOT A MATTER OF PROTECTION OR PRIVILEGE! TRUST ME-- NO ASGARDIAN BORN WOULD BE FULLY CONTENT HERE.

PERHAPS NOT--BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, IT SEEMS ONE MUST TRY...



ALONE AMONG US ALL, ONLY MY SON THOR HATH DEMONSTRATED THE AFFINITY WITH MORTALS NECESSARY TO LIVE IN THIS LOWER REALM.

THEN 'TIS SETTLED--WE STAY!



THOU HAST OUR GRATITUDE ONCE AGAIN, MY SON. WITHOUT THEE--

--NE'ER COULD WE HAVE SO SWIFTLY VANQUISHED TYR AND THE SERPENT OF MIDGARD.



AND NOW, FAITHFUL ONES, GATHER ROUND! LET MY POWER, CHanneled THROUGH THE SPEAR GUNGNIR, ENCOMPASS THEE--

--AND TRANSPORT US ALL ALONG THE PATH OF BIFROST, TO SHINING ASGARD BEYOND!

FARE THEE WELL, MY FRIENDS!



BUT THE SMILE, LIKE HIS FELLOW ASGARDIANS, QUICKLY VANISHES...

GONE... AND ONCE AGAIN I STAND ALONE IN THE WORLD OF MORTALS.

WILL MY HEART FOREVER BE HAPPY ONLY IN LONELINESS?

BY ODIN'S BLOOD, HOW I MISS THEM ALREADY! ESPECIALLY THE BEAUTEOUS SIF, SHE WHOSE FACE AND FORM MAKES MY PULSE SOAR...

THY WORDS ARE SWEET MUSIC INDEED, THOR.



I FEARED THY LOVE WAS LOST TO ME... BUT NOW I REJOICE IN MY DECISION TO REMAIN HERE ON MIDGARD-- WITH THEE.

SIF! BUT--



I WILL BROOK NO ARGUMENT, MY LOVE...

... OR HAST THOU FORGOTTEN OUR VOW TO WED?

SIF... NE'ER COULD I FORGET SUCH A VOW-- BUT I... I AM SETTLED NOW, HERE ON MIDGARD...



THEN... DOST THOU WISH TO **BREAK** THY VOW?

**NAY!** 'TIS NOT THAT...

AS I WELL KNEW-- E'EN **BEFORE** I HEARD THY SOLILOQUY. A LOVE SUCH AS OURS COULD NEVER BE SUNDERED.



BUT... IF I REMAIN BOUND TO MIDGARD... HOW--?

I HAVE NEVER CARED MUCH FOR THIS REALM, 'TIS TRUE, BUT IF STAYING HERE IS THE ONLY WAY TO BE NEAR THEE, THEN I SHALL TRY.

ALL I ASK IS THAT THOU FOLLOW THY HEART AND DO THE SAME.

THOR HESITATES... BUT THE SOFT WHISPER OF HER BREATH ON HIS CHEEK IS TOO MUCH FOR EVEN A GOD TO RESIST...



AND WHEN, A LONG TIME LATER, THE KISS IS BROKEN...

AYE-- I SEE NOW THAT I WAS A FOOL EVER TO DENY OUR LOVE.

'T'WILL BE DIFFICULT, STAYING HERE TOGETHER ON MIDGARD...



... BUT TO DO OUR LOVE THE JUSTICE IT DOETH DESERVE, WE CAN ONLY TRY WITH ALL OUR STRENGTH AND RESOLVE.

THEN, GATHERING SIF IN HIS ARM, HE HURLS HIS URU HAMMER MJOLNIR AWAY FROM THE DAWNING SUN, TOWARD CHICAGO...

SOON, IN THE MICHIGAN AVENUE APARTMENT LEASED BY THE MORTAL DR. DONALD BLAKE...



THEN THIS IS WHERE THOU NOW RESIDES...

AYE, SIF, BUT I MUST QUICKLY GO TO THE ADJOINING OFFICES-- WHERE I AM NEEDED AS THE MORTAL DONALD BLAKE.

A TAP OF THE ENCHANTED HAMMER-- AND WHERE GOD HAD KNELT, MORTAL NOW RISES.



YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT HERE UNTIL THIS EVENING WHEN I'M FINISHED SEEING PATIENTS.

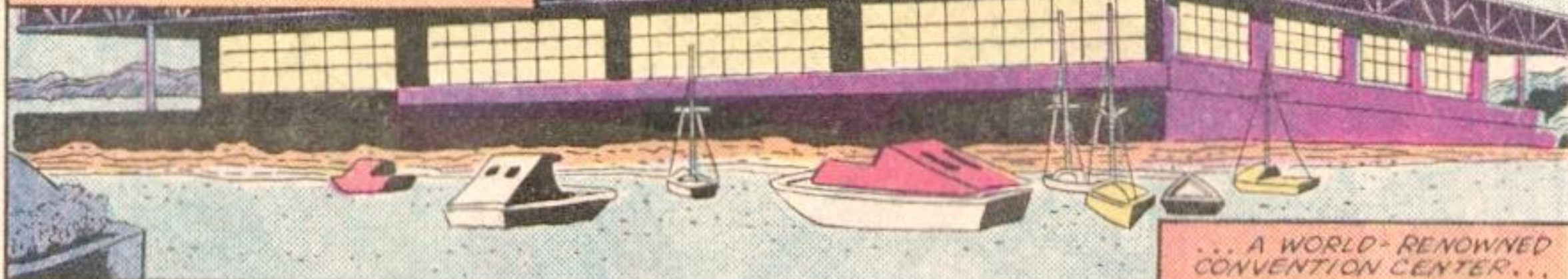
BUT... WHAT SHALL I DO IN SUCH SMALL CONFINES-- ALL DAY LONG?

I REALLY DON'T KNOW, SIF...



...THAT'S ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OUR NEW SITUATION WILL FORCE US TO CONFRONT.

NOT FAR AWAY, ON LAKE MICHIGAN, SPRAWLS THE VAST EDIFICE KNOWN AS MCCORMICK PLACE...



... A WORLD-RENOWNED CONVENTION CENTER...

... AND, TODAY, HOST TO THE TWELFTH ANNUAL ELECTRONICS SHOW.



HERE TO PROUDLY DISPLAY THEIR ULTRA-NEW AND HYPER-SOPHISTICATED WARES ARE MANUFACTURERS OF COMPUTERS, AUDIO AND VIDEO COMPONENTS, ALARM SYSTEMS, HOSPITAL MONITORING DEVICES, COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT...

... AND, LET US NOT FORGET, THOSE NEW DARLINGS OF THE ARCADES, THOSE SLAYERS OF PINBALL MACHINES, THOSE ADDICTIVE ANTIDOTES TO OZZIE AND HARRIET RERUNS-- VIDEO GAMES.

VIDEO GAMES -- WHERE THE REAL MONEY IS...

THAT'S IT, ALL RIGHT -- MEGATAK -- AND THEY'VE MANAGED TO KEEP IT UNDER WRAPS ALMOST TO THE LAST MINUTE.

THIS IS GREGORY NETTLES. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE -- THEY'RE GOING TO DEMONSTRATE IT IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES. MAYBE THERE ARE SOME OTHER PROGRAMS HERE YOU'D LIKE ME TO... AH, OBTAIN?

WE WANT MEGATAK, NETTLES -- UNDERSTAND? PAC-MAN GROSSED IN EXCESS OF THREE BILLION DOLLARS LAST YEAR -- AND MEGATAK STANDS TO MAKE THAT LOOK LIKE PEANUTS!



THE TECHNOLOGY OF THAT GAME IS TWO GENERATIONS AHEAD OF EVERYTHING ELSE ON THE MARKET. WE WANT IT -- AND WE WANT IT NOW!

**megatak**  
COUNTDOWN:  
T MINUS 23  
UNTIL THE MIN  
WORLD PREMIERE  
OF DEMONSTRATION  
OF MEGATAK,  
NOBARI CORP'S  
DAZZLING NEW GAME  
OF ADVANCED FUTURE  
WARFARE

GATHER ROUND, FOLKS! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW -- LESS THAN A HALF-HOUR UNTIL THE GREATEST VIDEO EXPERIENCE EVER SEEN BY HUMAN EYES!

BUT I TELL YOU, THEY'RE GOING TO SHOW IT IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THEN YOU HAVE TWENTY MINUTES TO STEAL THE CRUCIAL CHIPS.

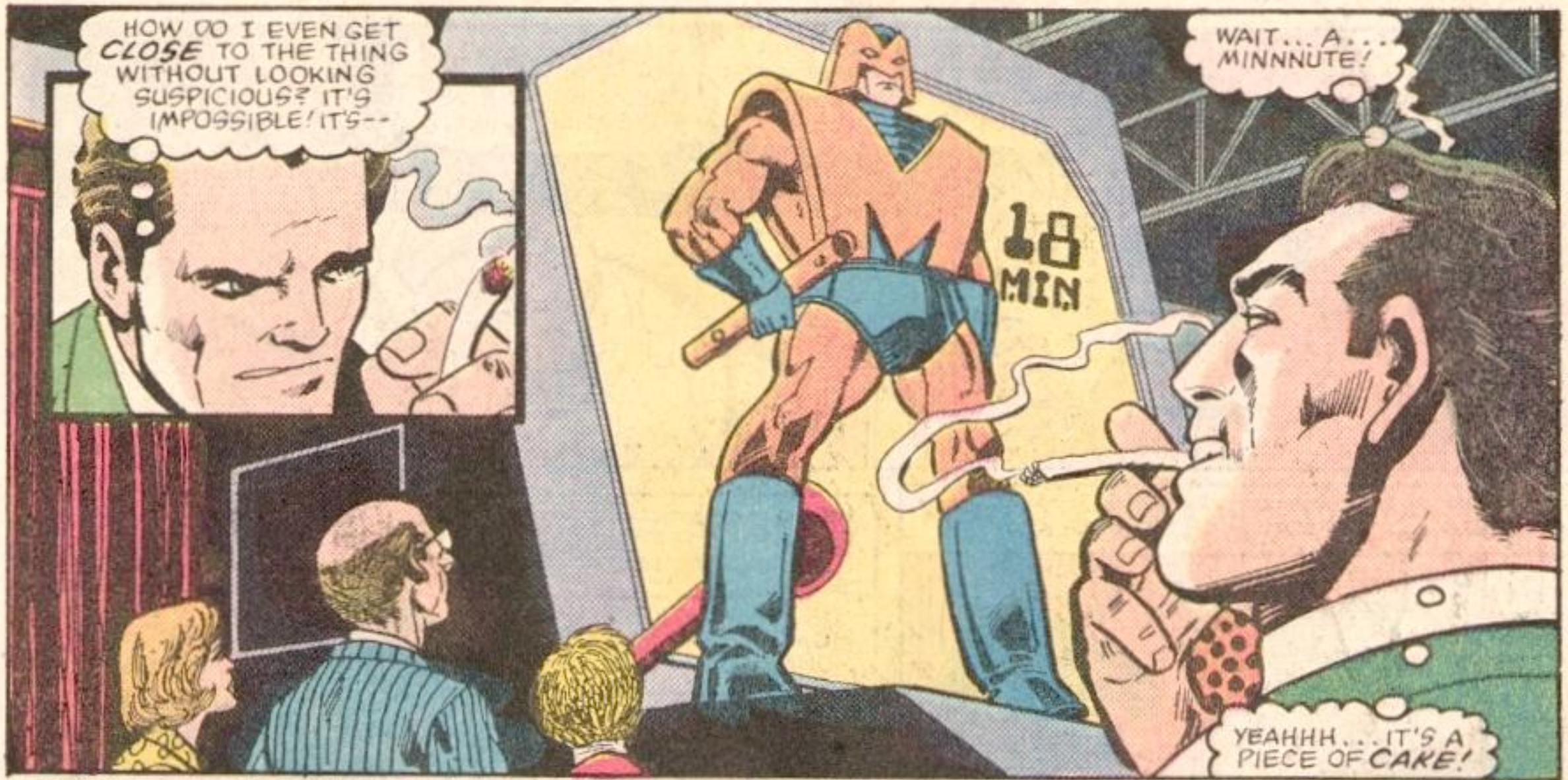
BECAUSE IF THEY DEMONSTRATE THAT GAME TO THE PUBLIC, IT'LL BE WORTHLESS TO US -- AND IF THAT HAPPENS, NETTLES, YOU GET NOTHING!



-- OR YOU'RE FIRED!

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT YOU COULDN'T BUY OFF SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE. NOW YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO STEAL IT YOURSELF, NETTLES--

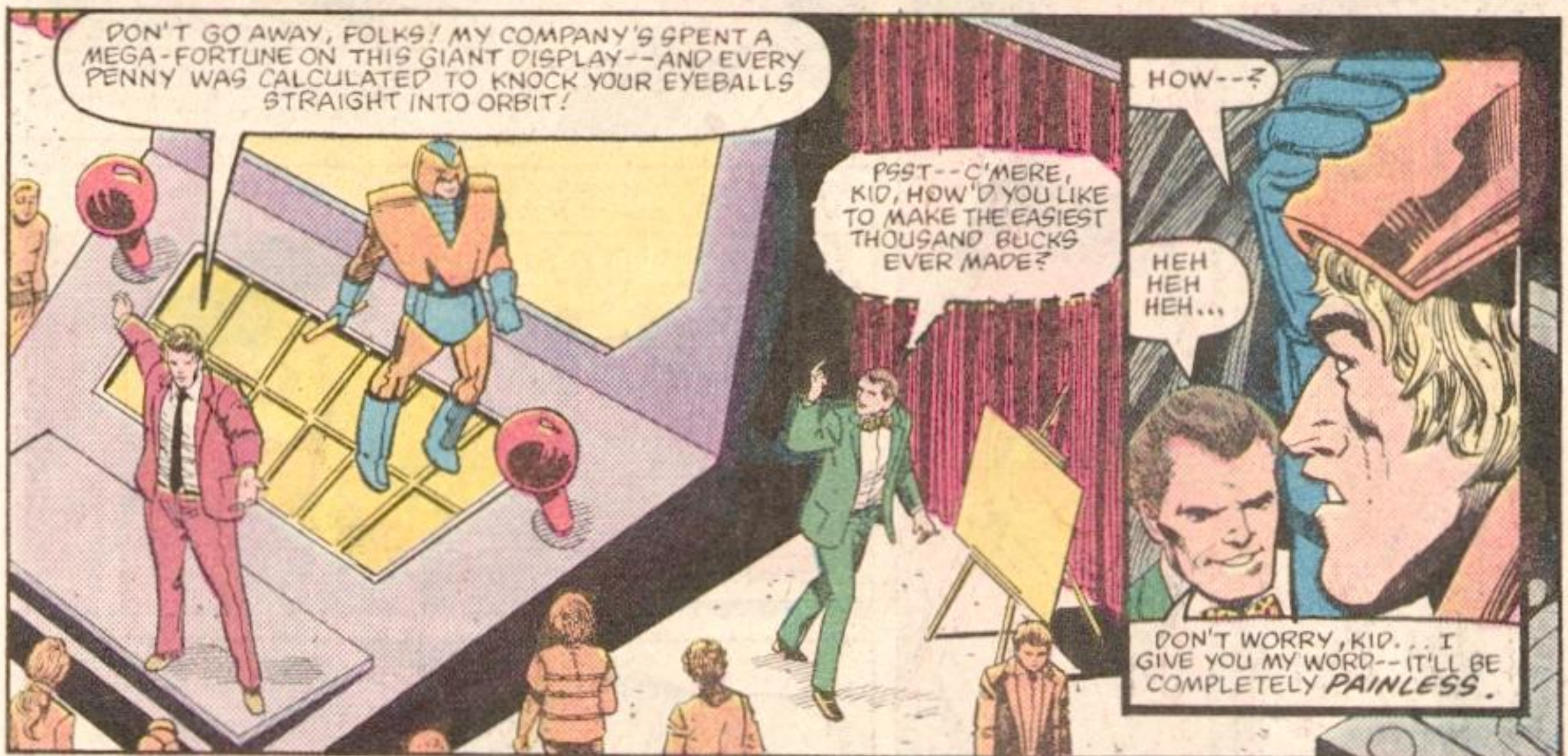
BUT I'VE FOLLOWED THIS THING FOR MONTHS! YOU CAN'T SHUT ME OUT NOW!



HOW DO I EVEN GET CLOSE TO THE THING WITHOUT LOOKING SUSPICIOUS? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S--

WAIT... A... MINNUTE!

YEAHHH... IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE!



DON'T GO AWAY, FOLKS! MY COMPANY'S SPENT A MEGA-FORTUNE ON THIS GIANT DISPLAY--AND EVERY PENNY WAS CALCULATED TO KNOCK YOUR EYEBALLS STRAIGHT INTO ORBIT!

PSST-- C'MERE, KID, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE THE EASIEST THOUSAND BUCKS EVER MADE?

HOW--?

HEH HEH HEH...

DON'T WORRY, KID... I GIVE YOU MY WORD-- IT'LL BE COMPLETELY PAINLESS.



IN THE PAST HOUR ALONE, DONALD BLAKE'S MIND HAS RERUN THE SAME THOUGHTS SEVEN TIMES...

IT'S CRAZY-- WHAT EVER MADE ME THINK IT WOULD WORK? HOW WILL I EVEN EXPLAIN HER PRESENCE IN MY ROOMS?

I CAN'T HIDE HER FOREVER-- AN ASGARDIAN GODDESS WHO LOOKS LIKE...



WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DID SHE REMAIN IN HER GODLY FORM. I ALWAYS ASSUMED SHE WOULD REVERT TO BEING JANE FOSTER HERE ON EARTH...

EVER SINCE THEIR FORMS WERE MAGICALLY MERGED, I THOUGHT SIF'S FORM DOMINATED IN ASGARD. JANE'S HERE!



JUST WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO JANE FOSTER ANYWAY? I LOVED HER ONCE, AS MUCH AS I LOVED SIF...



SOMETHING WRONG, DOC?

YOU'VE BEEN WRAPPING MY WRIST FOR FIVE MINUTES NOW--KINDA THICK FOR A SPRAIN, ISN'T IT?

UH... SORRY, MR. SCHRANSKI... GUESS MY MIND WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE...

HERE--LET ME FIX IT FOR YOU.

AND, AS BLAKE USHERS THE PATIENT FROM HIS OFFICE AMID EFFUSIVE APOLOGIES...

AH--THERE THOU ART! I AM BORED.

SIF! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE!

IN FACT, YOU MUST NEVER ENTER MY OFFICES--NOT DRESSED LIKE THAT, ANYWAY.

WHY?

MUST I LOWER MYSELF TO POSING AS A MORTAL LIKE YOU? AND WHY DOST THOU DO IT? WHAT ATTRACTION CAN IT POSSIBLY HOLD? THOU ART THE GOD OF THUNDER--!

THE ASPIRATIONS OF MORTALS ARE ALL THE MORE NOBLE BECAUSE--

**BRING**

THE PHONE--PLEASE, GET BACK IN MY ROOMS AND STAY THERE UNTIL I COME FOR YOU.

SIF OBEYS, STAMPING HER FEET THE WHOLE WAY, AND AS SHE ENTERS BLAKE'S LIVING ROOM...

ANOTHER SUCH DEVICE, ALSO RINGING... HMMM...

**BRING**

OH, HELLO, SHAWNA-- HOW ARE YOU?

YES, IT DOTH INDEED CONNECT SOMEHOW TO ITS MATING DEVICE IN BLAKE'S OFFICE...

I'M FINE, POK. LISTEN-- I WAS WONDERING...

THERE'S AN ELECTRONICS CONVENTION DOWN AT MCCORMICK PLACE...

...ONE OF THE SURGEONS TELLS ME THEY HAVE DISPLAYS OF THE NEW LIFE-SUPPORT AND HOSPITAL ALARM SYSTEMS...

I THOUGHT WE MIGHT MAKE A DATE TO TAKE IT IN TOGETHER...

UH, I'D LOVE TO, SHAWNA, BUT...

WELL, I'M AFRAID I--UH--HAVE TO BEG OFF THIS TIME.

PRIVATE

MY... UH... COUSIN JUST ARRIVED IN TOWN AND I'VE GOT TO ENTERTAIN HER. SORRY, GOT TO RUN NOW-- PATIENTS WAITING.

OF COURSE, DON-- I UNDERSTAND. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN BY MYSELF. MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME...

"COUSIN", EH?

SIF--? ARE YOU IN THE LIVING ROOM?

I WAS THINKING YOU SHOULD AT LEAST LOOK LIKE A MORTAL.

HERE-- GO OUT ON MICHIGAN AVENUE AND BUY YOURSELF SOME NEW CLOTHES.

AND PLEASE, SIF-- TRY TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.

HUH--?

VERY WELL, "DOCTOR BLAKE".

STAF

OUTSIDE MCCORMICK PLACE...

...NINE-HUNDRED...  
NINE-HUNDRED-  
FIFTY...

...ONE-THOUSAND.

... GREGORY NETTLES STEPS FROM  
THE SHADOWS, TRANSACTION  
COMPLETED.

AND THOUGH HE IS SOME-  
WHAT EMBARRASSED BY HIS  
NEW ATTIRE, HE IS NEVER-  
THELESS DESPERATE.

LOOKING ONCE RIGHT AND  
TWICE LEFT, HE HEADS BACK  
FOR THE ENTRANCE...

... AND STRAIGHT FOR THE BOOTHS  
WHERE THE REAL MONEY IS.

LESS THAN FIVE  
MINUTES, FOLKS, UNTIL  
THE WORLD PREMIERE  
DEMONSTRATION OF  
**MEGATAK!**

GOT TO WORK FAST--  
OR KISS A GRAND RIGHT  
DOWN THE TUBES!

UNBELIEVABLE! THE TECHNOLOGY  
OF THIS GAME IS REVOLUTIONARY!  
IT'S COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM  
ALL PREVIOUS VIDEO GAME  
CIRCUITRY...

OKAY, FOLKS/GATHER ROUND--  
THIS IS IT! TIME TO DEMONSTRATE  
**MEGATAK**-- THE MOST ADVANCED  
VIDEO GAME IN THE GALAXY!

... AND SO NEW THAT THEY HAVEN'T  
EVEN FULLY MINIATURIZED IT YET.  
BUT STILL, THE SILICON CHIPS  
THEMSELVES SHOULD BE SMALL  
ENOUGH... IF I COULD ONLY FIND THEM...



NO! I'M OUT OF TIME-- BUT I CAN'T LET HIM START THE DEMONSTRATION!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM NO MATTER WHAT--

--ANY WAY I CAN!

IN DESPERATION, GREGORY NETTLES BEGINS RIPPING THE CABLED GUTS FROM THE REAR OF THE HOUSING...



... WHILE, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN FRONT OF THE MACHINE...

HERE WE GO!

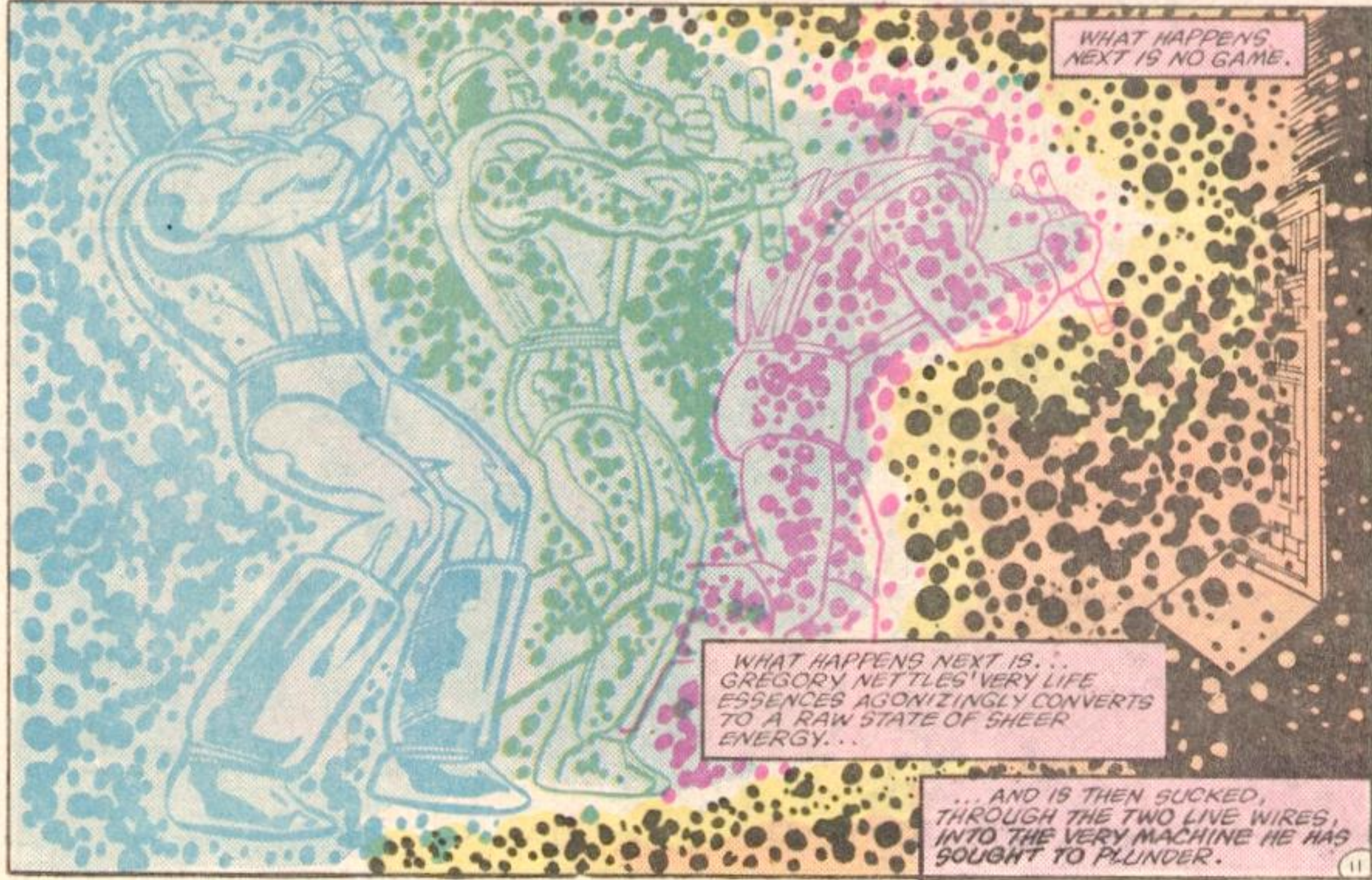
BLAST-OFF!

THE OVERSIZED MEGATAK IS ACTIVATED...



... AND MEGATAK PERSONIFIED, STILL HOLDING THE TWO LIVE WIRES, LIGHTS UP LIKE AN EXPLODING PLANET.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WAS NEVER FORESEEN BY COMPUTER GENIUSES COMPETING FOR KIDS' QUARTERS.



WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS NO GAME.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS... GREGORY NETTLES' VERY LIFE ESSENCES AGONIZINGLY CONVERTS TO A RAW STATE OF SHEER ENERGY...

... AND IS THEN SUCKED, THROUGH THE TWO LIVE WIRES, INTO THE VERY MACHINE HE HAS SOUGHT TO PLUNDER.

NOW WATCH CLOSELY, FOLKS! HERE IT COMES! HERE IT --

**FZZT FUTZZ**  
**SPT POOOSH**

UH... I, UM... THAT IS... UH, SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE GLITCHED ON US, FOLKS...

NOT SURPRISING WITH SOMETHING AS STARTLINGLY NEW AND SPECTACULARLY REVOLUTIONARY AS MEGATAK, OF COURSE...

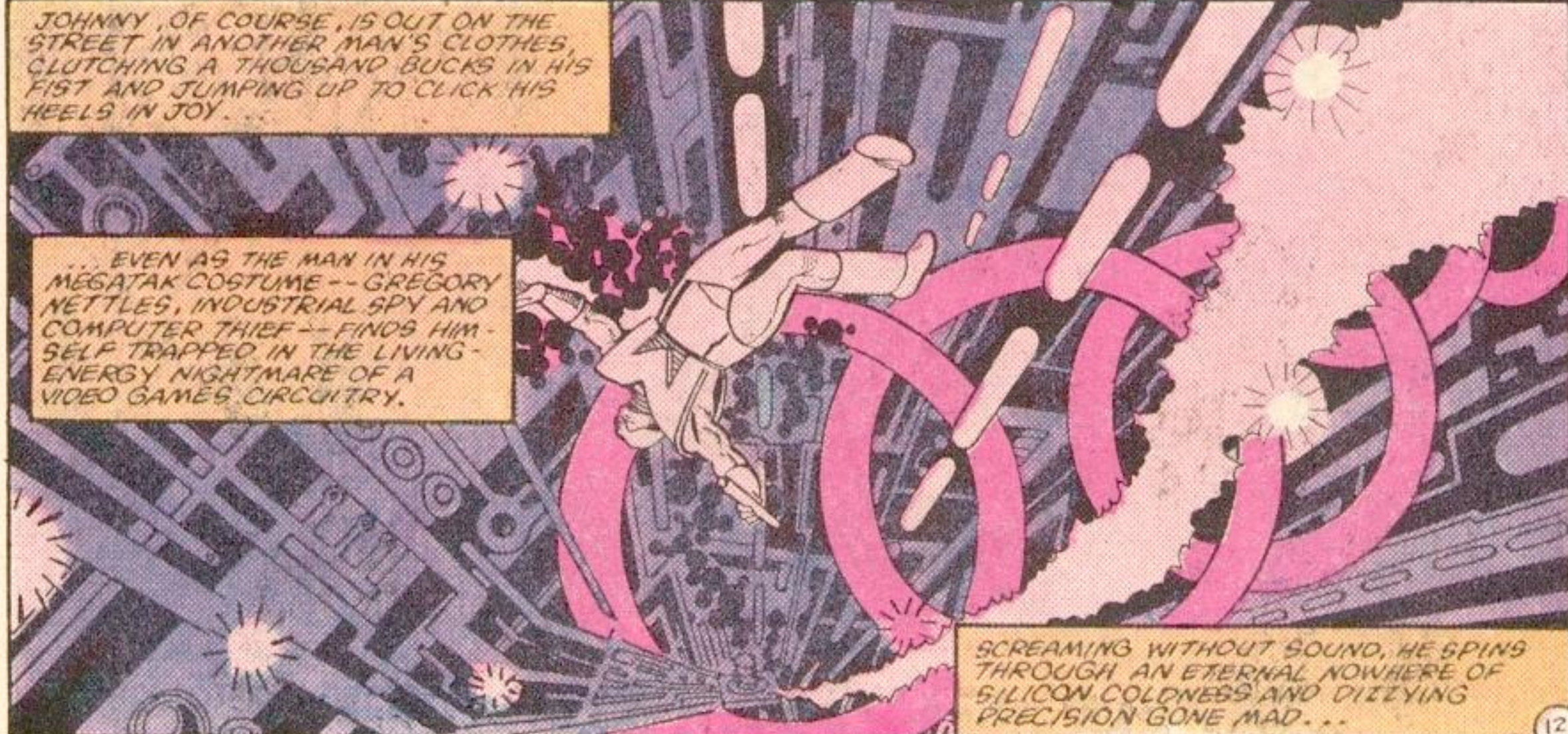
AND I ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE THAT WE'LL HAVE ALL THE LITTLE BUGS AND GREMLINS IRONED OUT IN NO TIME AT ALL...

UH... ANY OF YOU GOOD FOLKS SEEN THAT KID IN THE MEGATAK COSTUME...?



JOHNNY, OF COURSE, IS OUT ON THE STREET IN ANOTHER MAN'S CLOTHES, CLUTCHING A THOUSAND BUCKS IN HIS FIST AND JUMPING UP TO CLICK HIS HEELS IN JOY...

... EVEN AS THE MAN IN HIS MEGATAK COSTUME -- GREGORY NETTLES, INDUSTRIAL SPY AND COMPUTER THIEF -- FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN THE LIVING-ENERGY NIGHTMARE OF A VIDEO GAMES CIRCUITRY.



SCREAMING WITHOUT SOUND, HE SPINS THROUGH AN ETERNAL NOWHERE OF SILICON COLDNESS AND DIZZYING PRECISION GONE MAD...

ONLY SEVERAL MILES AWAY-- BUT A WORLD APART-- ON MICHIGAN AVENUE...



...SIF STILL SIMMERS.

MUST THOU TAKE SUCH LIBERTIES WITH MY FORM, MORTAL?

AH... THINK OF IT NOT AS LIBERTIES, MADAM, BUT MERELY AS A PERSONAL FITTING.



YOU'RE NOT A NEW-WAVER, ARE YOU?

NO, OF COURSE NOT-- PERHAPS A MODEL, THEN, FOR THAT NEW SHOW OVER AT MCCORMICK PLACE? THE REASON I ASK IS YOUR... AH, RATHER UNCONVENTIONAL OUTFIT.

I MEAN, IT'S NOT THE KIND OF APPAREL ONE WALKS THE STREETS IN, IS IT?



NO OFFENSE-- I'M A TREKKIE MYSELF.

BUT NOW HERE-- THIS IS A PERFECTLY LOVELY LITTLE DRESS...

... IF WE JUST TAKE IT IN A LITTLE TIGHTER ACROSS THE BODICE LIKE THIS...



ENOUGH, MORTAL!



OOOPH!

THOU MAY KEEP THY RIDICULOUS GARMENTS TO THYSELF--

-- AND THE TOUCH OF THINE OFFENSIVE HANDS!



AH... WHATEVER YOU SAY, MADAM-- BUT I SUSPECT YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE PUNKS, AFTER ALL.

ODIN BRAND ME A FOOL! 'T WAS NOT THE POOR MORTAL'S FAULT-- 'T IS THOR WHO HATH THUS IRED ME...



CONSTRUCT DANGER

... THOR AND HIS MORTAL FRIEND "SHAWNA"! MAYHAP I SHOULD VENTURE TO THIS MCCORMICK PLACE MYSELF...

... AND SEE WHAT THIS SHAWNA LOOKS LIKE--

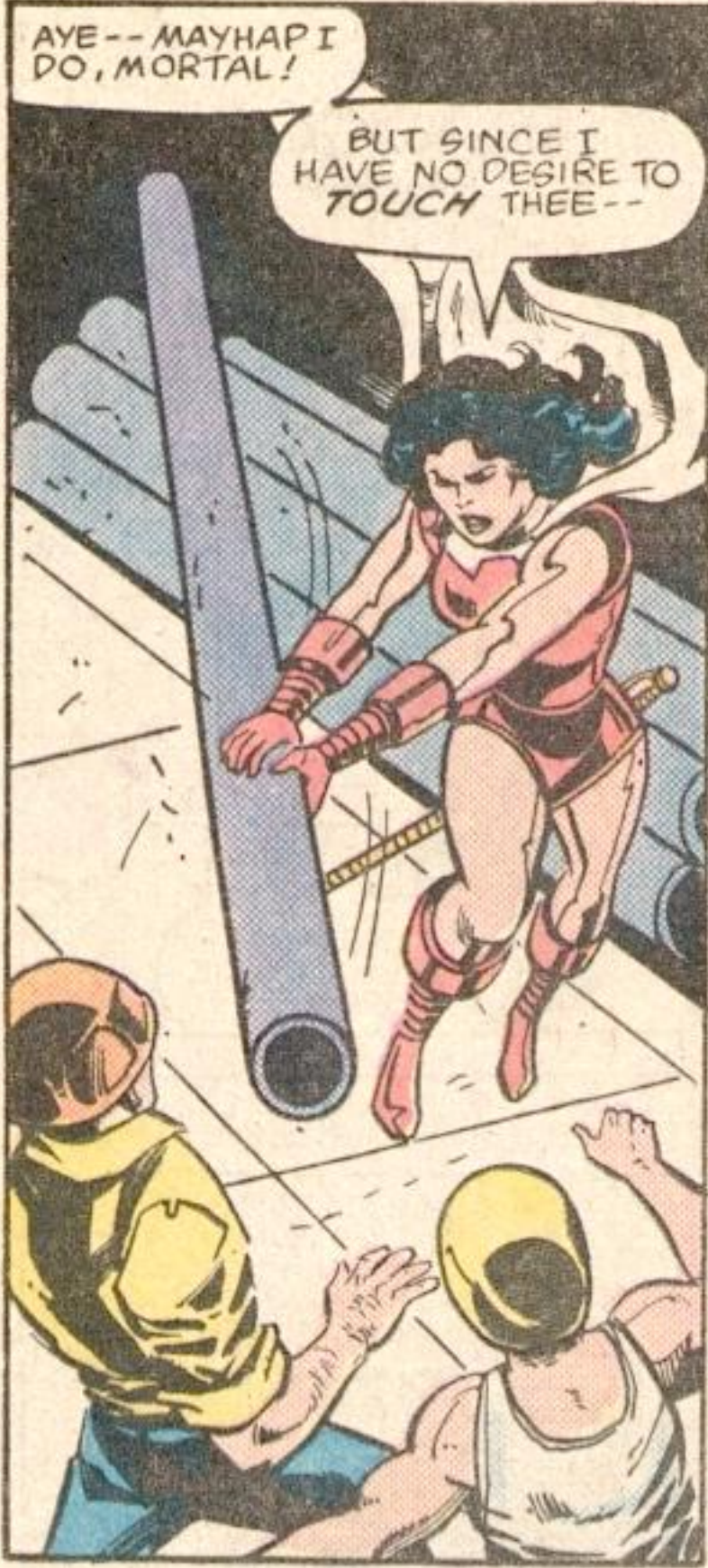


HEY, BABE-- I LOOOVE YOUR OUTFIT!



YER ONE 'A THEM EXOTIC DANCERS, AIN'TCHA?

YA WANNA MAYBE CRUSH ME IN YER ARMS, SWEETIE?



AYE-- MAYHAP I DO, MORTAL!

BUT SINCE I HAVE NO DESIRE TO TOUCH THEE--



-- THE CRUSHING WILL BE DONE BY THESE LITTLE POLES!

ULP! HEY-- I THOUGHT THESE PIPES WAS STEEL!

THEY ARE STEEL--

-- BUT SHE AIN'T NO DAME-- NOT UNLESS THEY MADE HER ON MARS!



NOW-- WHERE IS MCCORMICK PLACE?

M-M-MCCORMICK PLACE--?

ART THOU DEAF AS WELL AS STUPID? WHERE DOTH THE PLACE LIE?



UH... I-IT'S J-JUST OFF LAKE SHORE DRIVE-- THAT WAY...

YOU C-CAN'T MISS IT...

NOR SHALL I, MORTAL!



AND, AHEAD...

THEN YOU, YOU CAN FIX IT?

YEAH, HERE-- SEE? IT WAS JUST THESE TWO WIRES HERE...

SOMEHOW THEY MUSTA COME LOOSE-- BUT WE GOT 'EM REAT-TACHED NOW, SIR.

JUST SWITCH HER ON AND SHE OUGHTTA WORK FINE NOW.

"SHE" HAD BETTER, GENTLEMEN, OR MY HINDQUARTERS GO STRAIGHT TO THE CHOPPING BLOCK.

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS,  
PROBLEM SOLVED--  
AND IT WAS THE WIRING,  
NOT THE GAME ITSELF,  
I HASTEN TO ADD!

GATHER ROUND--  
NO FURTHER DELAYS,  
I PROMISE YOU!

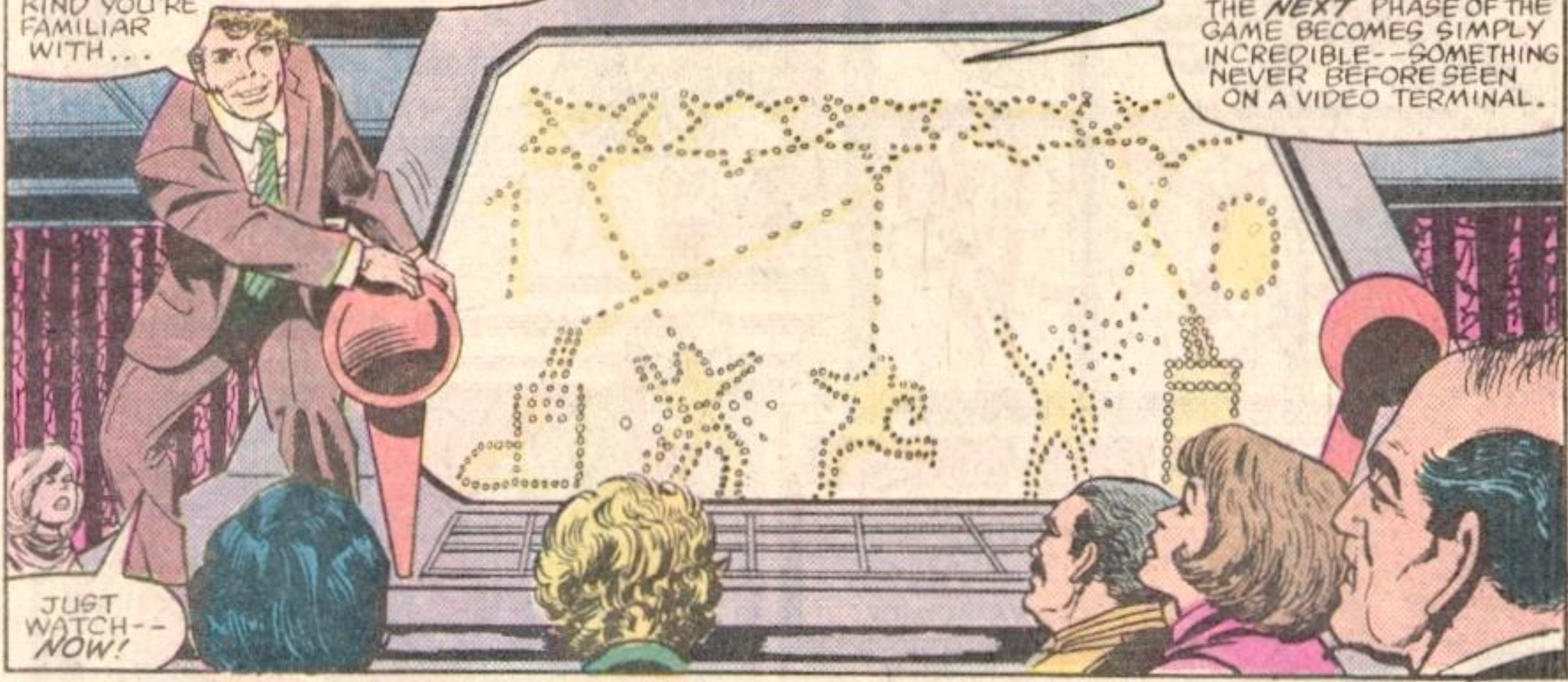
SHEEZ, THIS  
IS AMAZING!



NOW, THE FIRST PART OF THE GAME,  
AS YOU CAN SEE, IS SIMILAR TO THE  
VIDEO GAMES OF THE PAST-- THE  
KIND YOU'RE FAMILIAR  
WITH...

# megatak

BUT ONCE ALL THE  
SPACESHIPS HAVE FIRED  
ALL THEIR MISSILES,  
THE NEXT PHASE OF THE  
GAME BECOMES SIMPLY  
INCREDIBLE--SOMETHING  
NEVER BEFORE SEEN  
ON A VIDEO TERMINAL.



JUST WATCH--  
NOW!



YAHH!  
LOOK  
OUT!!



WHAT THE--? IT LOOKS  
LIKE A REAL GUY IN THERE--  
TRAPPED INSIDE THE  
MACHINE!

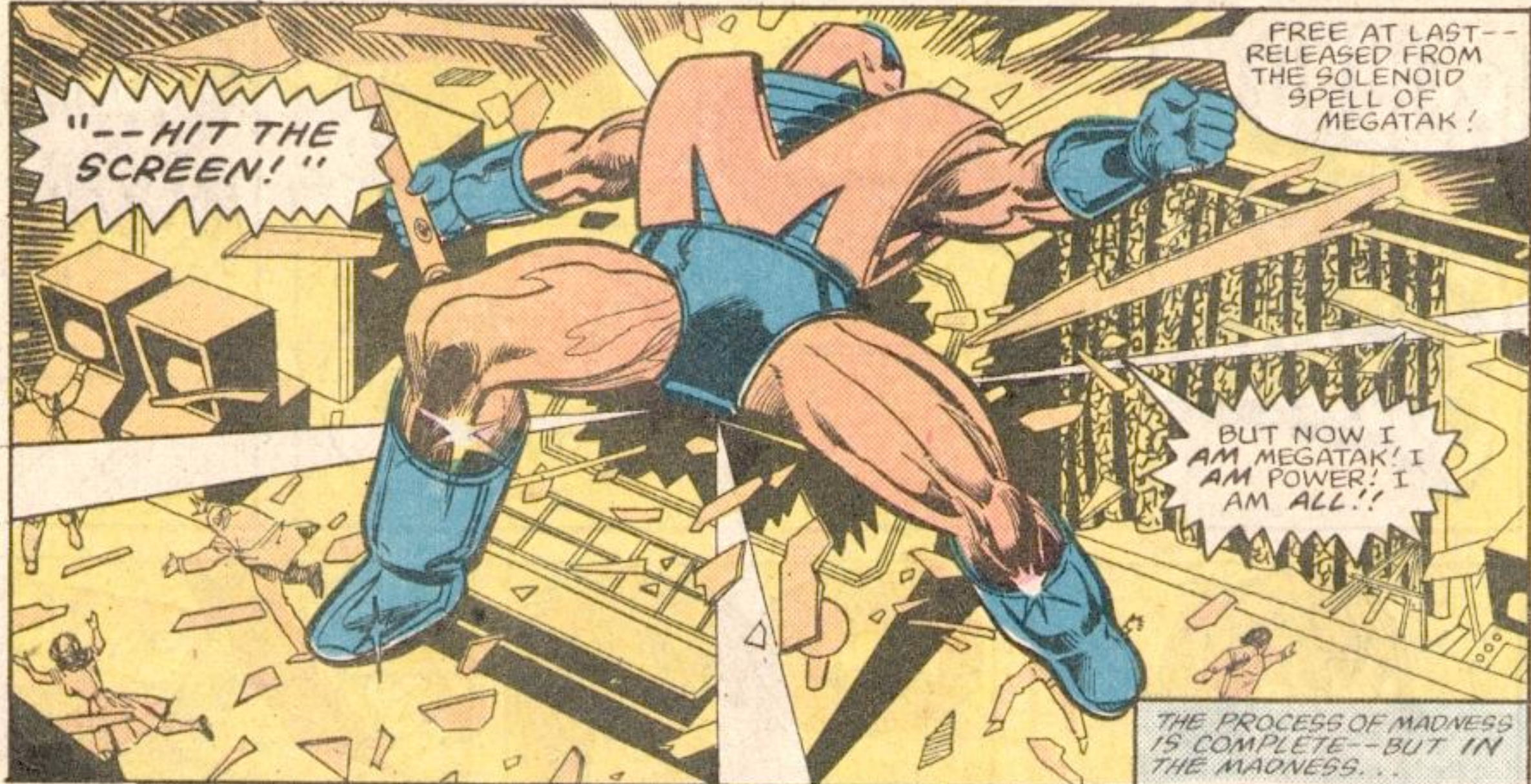


IT IS A REAL  
GUY AND HE... HE  
SEEMS TO BE...  
FALLING  
UPWARD!



HE'S COMING  
CLOSER-- FASTER--  
AND IF HE DOESN'T  
SLOW DOWN, HE'S  
GOING TO--





"-- HIT THE SCREEN!"

FREE AT LAST--  
RELEASED FROM  
THE SOLENOID  
SPELL OF  
MEGATAK!

BUT NOW I  
AM MEGATAK! I  
AM POWER! I  
AM ALL!!

THE PROCESS OF MADNESS  
IS COMPLETE-- BUT IN  
THE MADNESS...



... SEETHES AN INCREDIBLE  
METHOD OF DESTRUCTION.

VREE  
VREE  
VREE  
VREE

I AM ELECTRONIC  
ENERGY PERSONIFIED--



-- AND I COMMAND  
MY BROTHERS!

SKASH  
KASH-BLASH

INDEED, THE SAME PROCESS  
OF IONIZED INTEGRATION WHICH  
HAS DRIVEN GREGORY NETTLES  
INSANE--



-- HAS ALSO CONFERRED UPON HIS MIND A FORM  
OF ELECTRO-KINESIS-- OR THE PSYCHOKINETIC  
CONTROL OF ELECTRICITY AND ELECTRONIC  
COMPONENTS.

MOMMY-- THE GAMES  
ARE COMIN' TO LIFE!  
THEY'RE REALLY TRYIN'  
TO SHOOT US  
DOWN NOW!

MOMMY! IT'S  
REAL!!

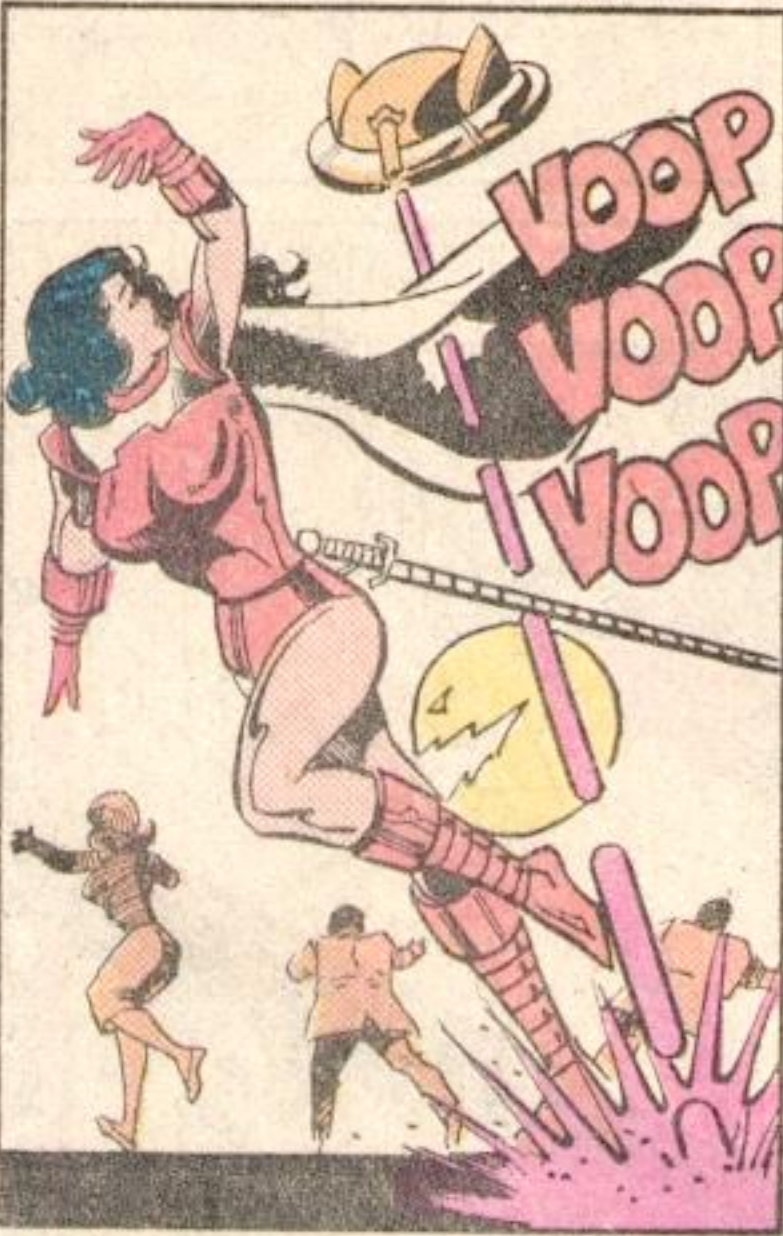
MCCORMICK PLACE IS  
RIPPED BY CHAOS...

AND IT IS INTO THIS SCENE OF WILD PANDEMONIUM THAT THE GODDESS SIF UNWITTINGLY ENTERS...

BY ASGARD'S SHINING SPIRES!

ZREE  
ZNEE OOP

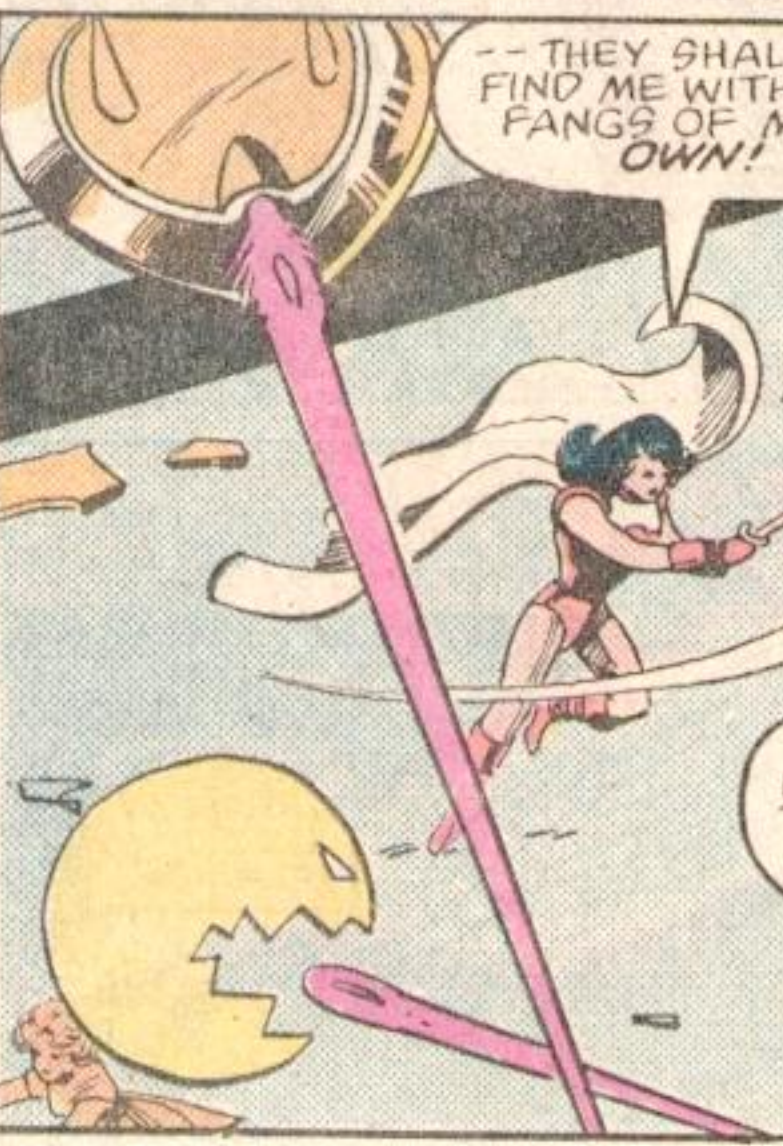
MORTALS FLEEING IN TERROR FROM-- FROM WHAT?!



BUT IF YON BIZARRE CONSTRUCTS ARE BENT ON ATTACKING SIF OF ASGARD--



-- THEN, BY ODIN'S FIERY BLOOD--

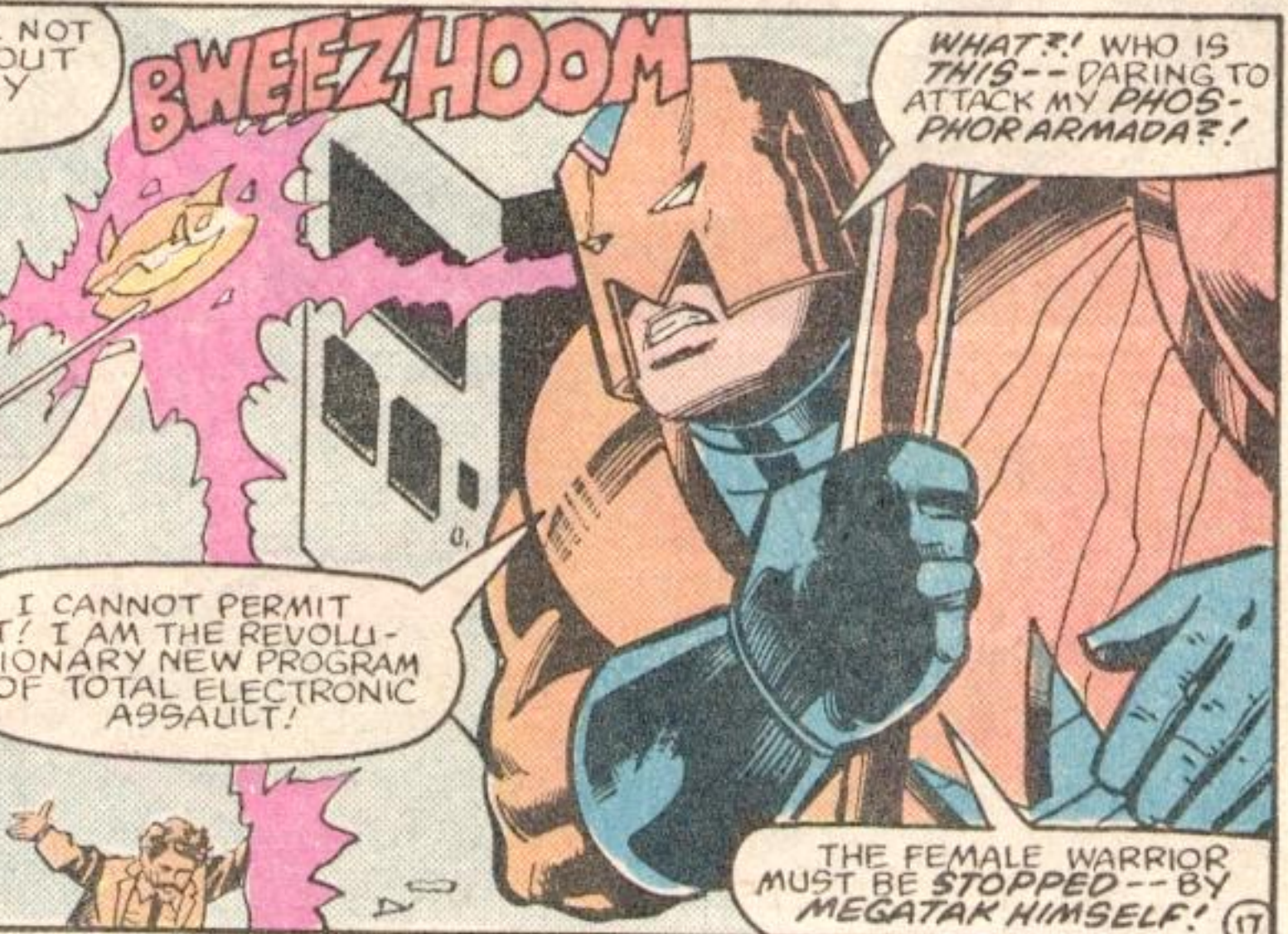


-- THEY SHALL NOT FIND ME WITHOUT FANGS OF MY OWN!

I CANNOT PERMIT IT! I AM THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW PROGRAM OF TOTAL ELECTRONIC ASSAULT!

WHAT?! WHO IS THIS-- DARING TO ATTACK MY PHOSPHOR ARMADA?!

THE FEMALE WARRIOR MUST BE STOPPED-- BY MEGATAK HIMSELF! (17)



ELSEWHERE...

-- INTERRUPT OUR MEDLEY OF JOHNNY MATHIS HITS AS PERFORMED BY THE 101 STRINGS TO BRING YOU THIS NEWS BULLETIN: A NUMBER OF ELECTRONIC MACHINES HAVE REPORTEDLY GONE BERSERK AT THE MCCORMICK PLACE CONVENTION OF--



WHAT?!

UH, I'LL BE UNAVAILABLE FOR A WHILE, NURSE STEVENS-- HOLD MY PATIENTS-- IT'S AN EMERGENCY CASE.

AND IN THE PRIVACY OF BLAKE'S APARTMENT...

SHAWNA SAID SHE MIGHT GO TO MCCORMICK PLACE TODAY!

AND EVEN IF SHE ISN'T THERE...

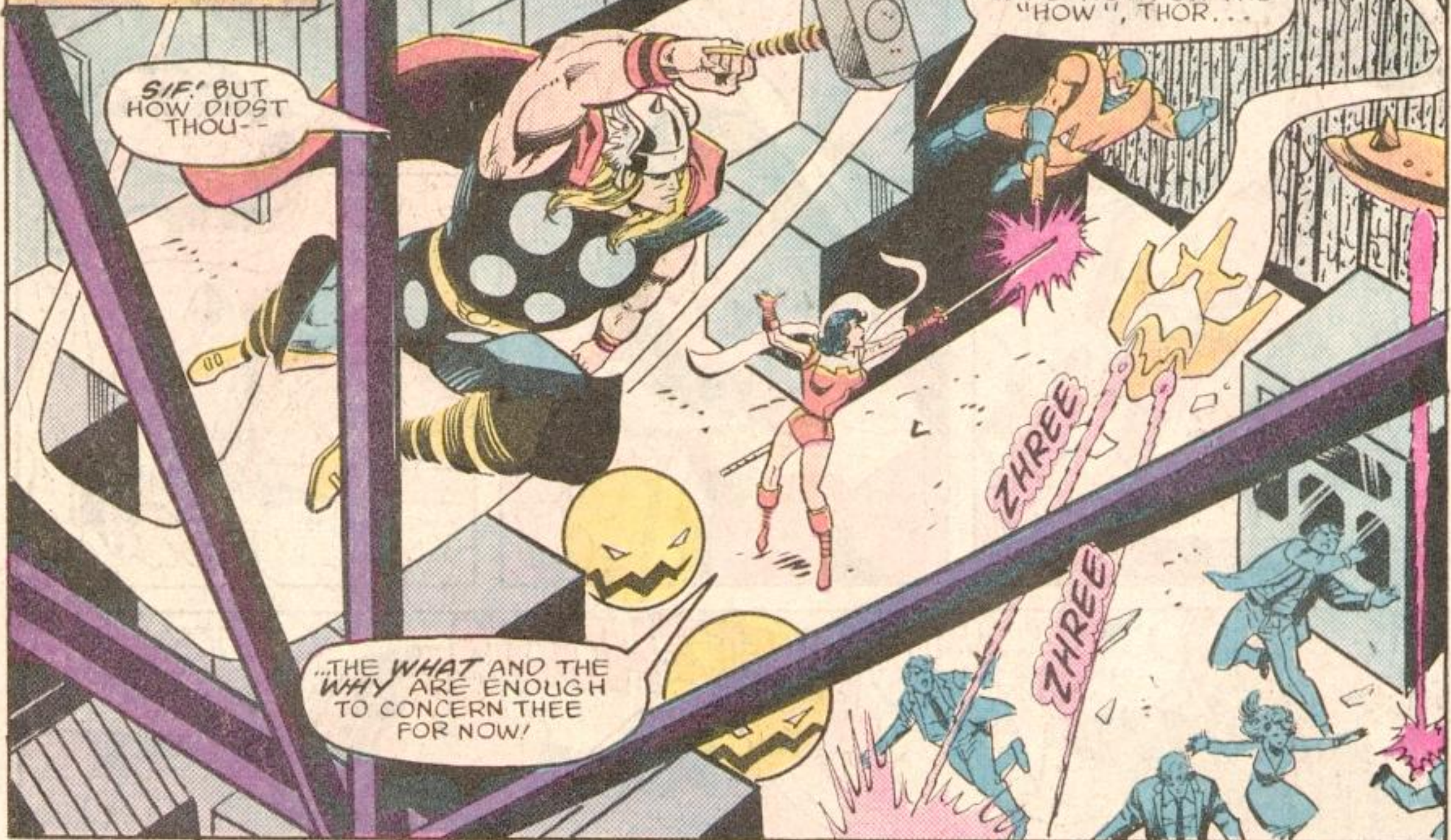


BOOOM

'TIS THOR'S SWORN DUTY TO PROTECT ALL MORTALS FROM HARM!



IN A TWINKLING...



SIF! BUT HOW DIDST THOU--

CARE NOT FOR THE "HOW", THOR...

...THE WHAT AND THE WHY ARE ENOUGH TO CONCERN THEE FOR NOW!

ZHREE

ZHREE

AYE, SIF-- 'TWOULD SEEM SO.

IT'S THOR-- HE'LL SAVE US!

I HOPE.

BRAZZZT

MIGHTY MJOLNIR CUTS THROUGH ZIGGING SAUCERS AND ZAGGING SHIPS LIKE A BUZZSAW...

THEY GO DOWN IN VIDEO FLAMES.





AND THEN, LIKE LIGHTNING, THOR IS ACROSS THE HALL, INTERCEPTING THE NEXT BLAST INTENDED FOR SIF...

NO NEED TO DISPLAY THY AWESOME PROWESS, THOR-- I WAS ACQUITTING MYSELF MORE THAN ABLY!

**FSHSHT**

AYE, SIF-- THAT THOU WERT...



BUT YON MORTALS COULD WELL USE THINE ABLE HAND AT THE MOMENT...

THEY ARE INNOCENT-- AND IN NEED OF THINE AID!

GO TO THEM-- WHILE I HANDLE THIS VILLAIN MYSELF!

VERY WELL, THOR, BUT WE SHALL SPEAK LATER-- ON THE MATTER OF A GODDESS'S ABILITY TO FINISH HER OWN BATTLES!



"THIS VILLAIN," THOR, IS CALLED MEGATAK--

**THRAKK**

-- AND NOT EVEN A SUPER-DUPER LIKE YOURSELF CAN WITHSTAND THAT WHICH I WIELD-- THE RAW POWER OF LIVING ENERGY!



ASIDE, MORTAL-- QUICKLY! I'LL DEAL WITH YON MONSTER!

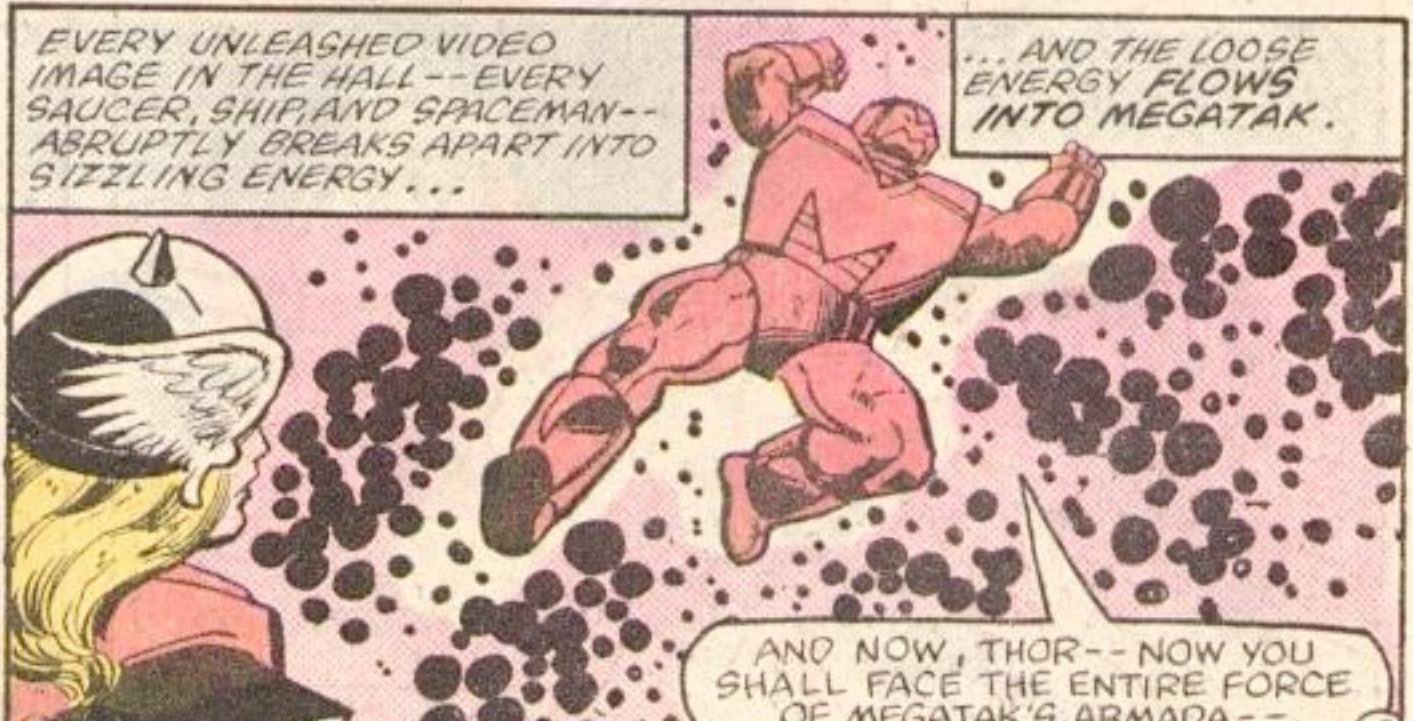
THANK YOU, LADY-- YOU'RE SAVING OUR LIVES! THANK YOU!



THEIR GRATITUDE, THOUGH BORN OF FEAR, IS INDEED HEARTFELT-- AND IT HATH BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE LAST MY MERE PRESENCE WAS THIS APPRECIATED.

PERHAPS THOR SPOKE TRULY OF THEIR NOBLE WORTH...

WAIT! ACROSS THE HALL-- THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF MEGATAK-- HIS POWER... 'TIS GROWING!



EVERY UNLEASHED VIDEO IMAGE IN THE HALL-- EVERY SAUCER, SHIP, AND SPACEMAN-- ABRUPTLY BREAKS APART INTO SIZZLING ENERGY...

... AND THE LOOSE ENERGY FLOWS INTO MEGATAK.

AND NOW, THOR-- NOW YOU SHALL FACE THE ENTIRE FORCE OF MEGATAK'S ARMADA--

-- COALESCED AND FOCUSED INTO A SINGLE UNCONQUERABLE WARRIOR OF THE FUTURE!

**FSHDOOM**

THE SHEER IMMENSITY OF THE BRUTAL ASSAULT TAKES THOR BY COMPLETE SURPRISE...

... AND BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER--



-- MEGATAK ASSAILS HIM AGAIN, INDIRECTLY THIS TIME, SUMMONING DESTRUCTIVE ENERGY FROM EVERY GADGET IN THE HALL.

EVEN THE AUDIO SPEAKERS ATTACK HIM-- WITH THE HYPER-DISTORTION OF SCREECHING ELECTRONIC FEEDBACK.



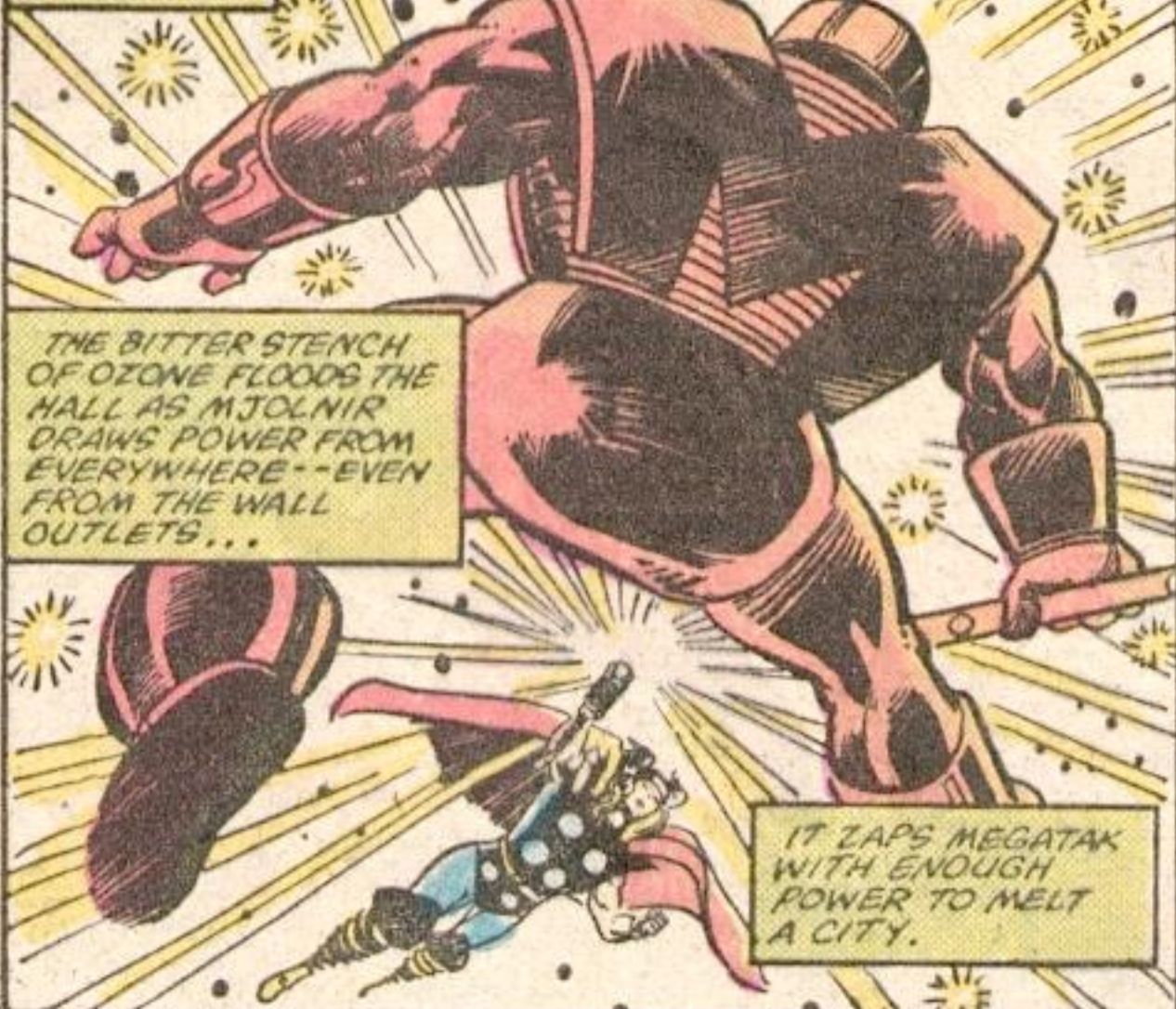
BUT THEN, EVEN IN CONFUSION AND PAIN, THOR'S SAVING GRACE-- AS EVER-- IS HIS VERY IDENTITY...

HE REMEMBERS WHO AND WHAT HE IS-- LORD OF LIGHTNING, GOD OF THUNDER... AND WHAT IS LIGHTNING, IF NOT ELECTRICITY?



MAYHAP, WITH MJOLNIR'S AID-- I TOO CAN EXERT CONTROL OVER THIS UNLEASHED ENERGY...

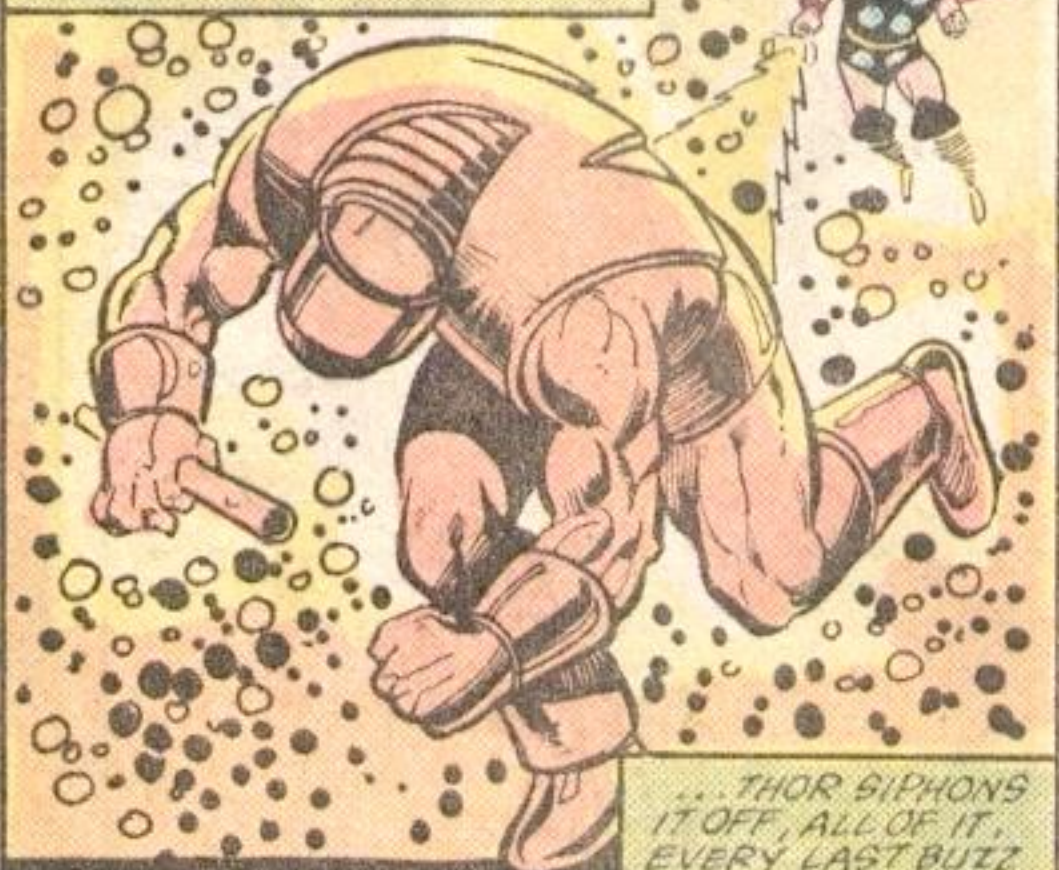
AND SO...



THE BITTER STENCH OF OZONE FLOODS THE HALL AS MJOLNIR DRAWS POWER FROM EVERYWHERE-- EVEN FROM THE WALL OUTLETS...

IT ZAPS MEGATAK WITH ENOUGH POWER TO MELT A CITY.

AND WHEN THE WEIRD, MAD FIGURE HAS SPASMED AND STAGGERED A DANCE OF OVERLOAD FOR THREE HEARTBEATS...



... THOR SIPHONS IT OFF, ALL OF IT, EVERY LAST BUZZ AND HUM OF IT.



THEN HE DISPERSES IT TO THE HEAVENS...

AND GREGORY NETTLES, BRIEFLY A SUPER-MAN NAMED MEGATAK--

-- COLLAPSES, NOW A MERE INDUSTRIAL SPY IN A SILLY COSTUME.



STILL INTOXICATED WITH THE ECSTASY OF BATTLE, SIF RUSHES INTO THE ARMS OF HER LOVE...

THOU WERT GLORIOUS, THOR! AND THIS IS HOW WE SHOULD SPEND THE TIME OF OUR LIVES TOGETHER...!



AYE-- SOME OF THE TIME, SIF... BUT THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN EPIC BATTLES.

THAT IS THE PRIME LESSON I'VE LEARNED HERE ON MIDGARD...



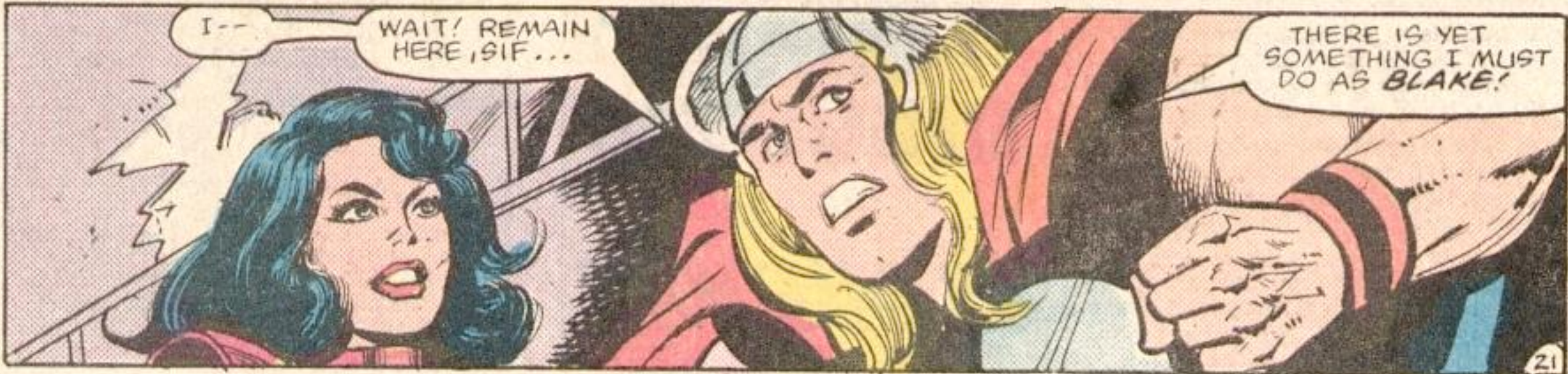
... AND THE PRIME REASON, TOO, I FEEL COMPELLED TO REMAIN.

SO BE IT-- AS LONG AS MIDGARD CAN HOST EXPERIENCES LIKE THIS, 'T WILL SUFFICE TO KEEP ME HAPPY.



AND I TOO LEARNED SOMETHING FROM MORTALS THIS DAY-- THAT AIDING AND PROTECTING THEM IS FAR FROM A DISAGREEABLE TASK.

AYE-- WED ME, THOR, AND THERE IS NOTHING WE MIGHT NOT DO ON THIS LOWLY REALM.



I-- WAIT! REMAIN HERE, SIF...

THERE IS YET SOMETHING I MUST DO AS BLAKE!

BUT SIF HAS ALSO RECALLED A PIECE OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS...



"REMAIN HERE" -- HAH! -- WHILE HE GOES OFF TO SEE HIS "FRIEND"?



LET ME THROUGH -- I'M A DOCTOR! LET ME THROUGH!

YEAH -- WE COULD USE YOU RIGHT NOW, DOC.

SHAWNA -- WHAT IS IT? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT --?

DON! YES... YES... I'LL BE ALL RIGHT -- I DOUBT IT'S ANYTHING MORE SERIOUS THAN A STRAINED BACK...



... BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE GLAD TO SEE A FELLOW DOCTOR IN MY LIFE!

SHAWNA LYNDE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND BLAKE FOR SUPPORT... AND PERHAPS FOR SOMETHING MORE.



THE GESTURE IS NOT LOST ON SIF...



... A PROUD, FIERCE, AND BEAUTIFUL GODDESS WHO PONDS, NOW MORE THAN EVER, THE SHAPE OF HER FUTURE DOWN HERE ON THE WORLD MORTALS CALL EARTH.

END.