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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



THE MIGHTY

# THOR



HANNIGAN  
+ JENSON  
82



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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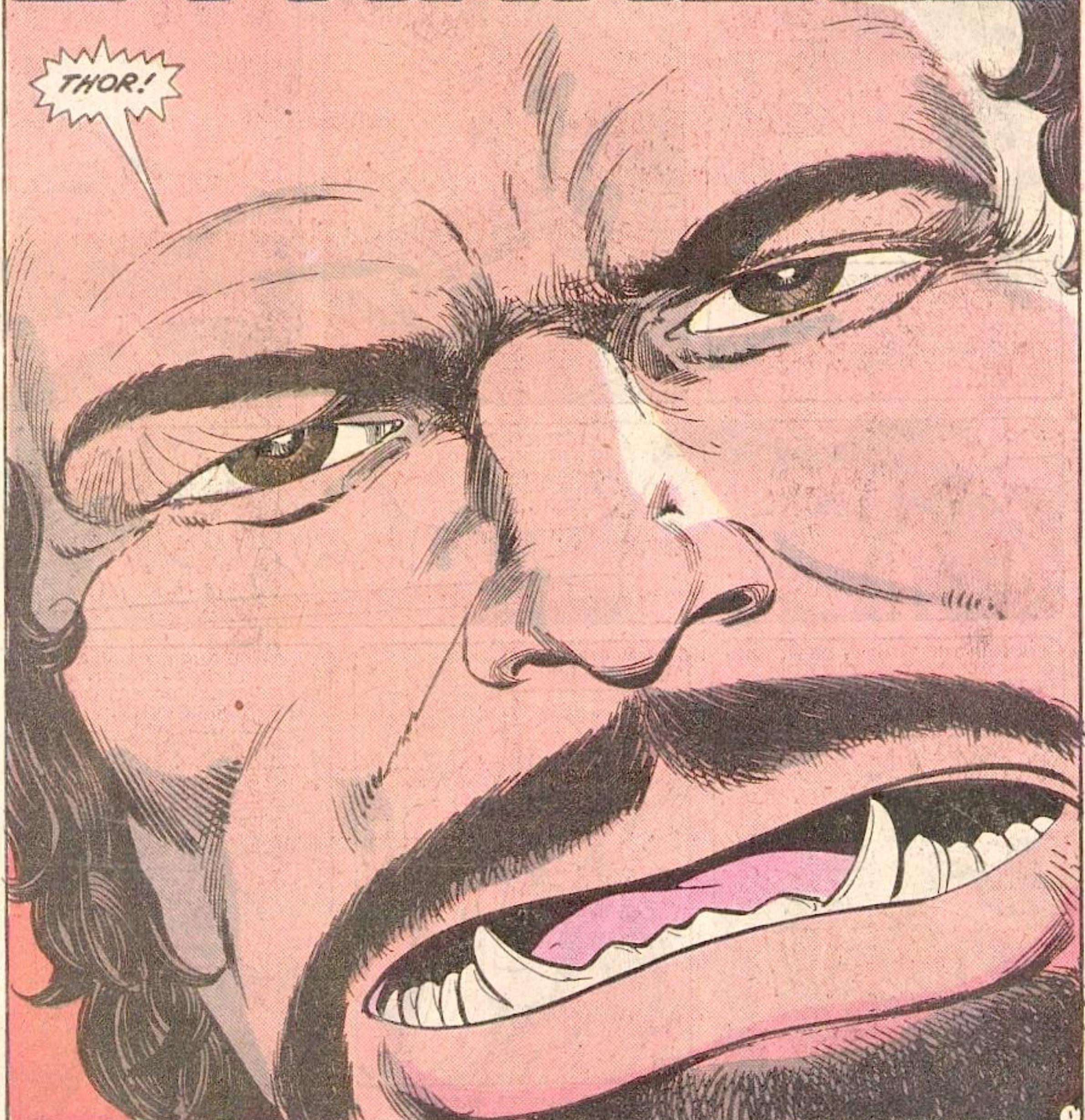
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# STRANDED

THOR!



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'T WAS NO DREAM! I AM ABANDONED ON **MIDGARD**, THE PLANET HUMANS CALL **EARTH** AND THE REALM **THOR** HAS ADOPTED AS HIS OWN.

THOUGH THE THUNDER GOD AND I BE SWORN ENEMIES, HE ALONE CAN AID ME IN MY FLIGHT.



DESPITE THE THROBBING PAIN OF A DEEP WOUND IN HIS SIDE, THE STORM GIANT **HRUNGNIR** LIFTS HIMSELF AT LAST FROM THE FEVERISH SLEEP IN WHICH HE HAS LAIN THESE LAST TWENTY HOURS...

... AND SURVEYS HIS SURROUNDINGS, A TRUCK-LOADING ZONE AT **STARK INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX** ON **LONG ISLAND**.



ABANDONED, AYE!

BUT YESTERDAY, MY FELLOW REBELS, LED BY **TYR** AND **LOKI**, FOUGHT **ODIN** AND THE LEGIONS OF **ASGARD** WITHIN THESE EARTHLY WALLS. FALLEN IN THE SHADOWS, I WAS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN AS **ODIN** GATHERED THE VANQUISHED FOR THEIR RETURN TO **ASGARD**.

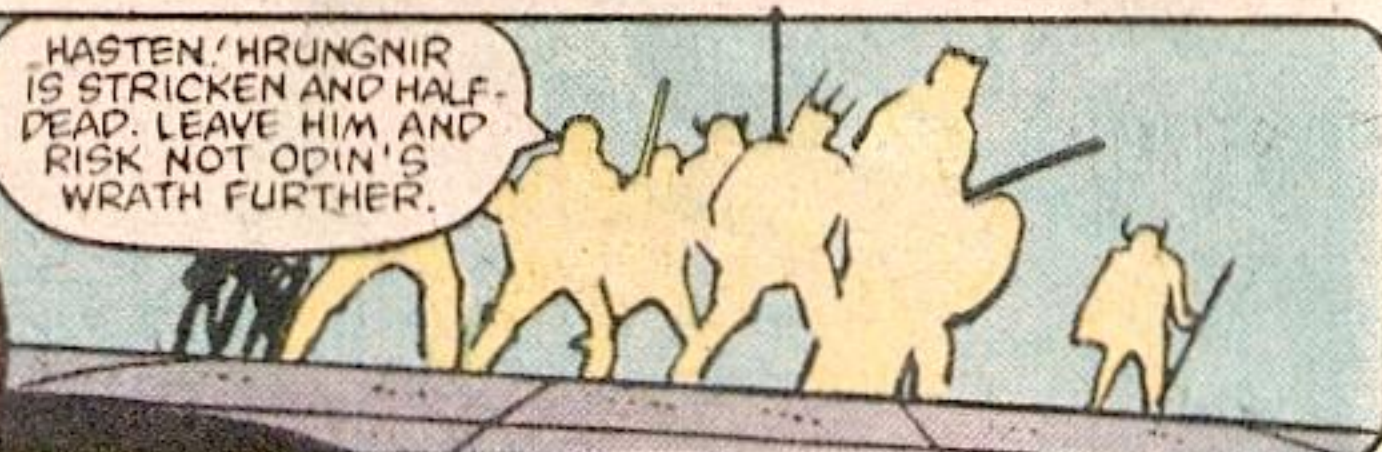


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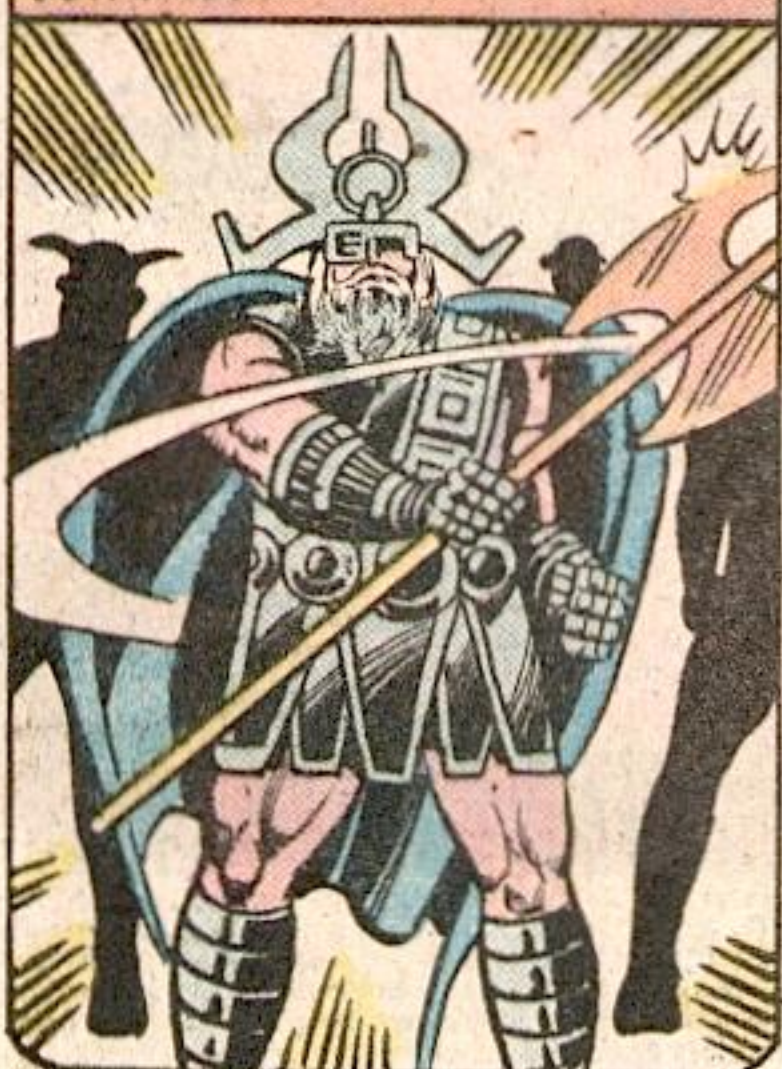
NOO!



HASTEN! **HRUNGNIR** IS STRICKEN AND HALF-DEAD. LEAVE HIM AND RISK NOT **ODIN'S** WRATH FURTHER.



"NOR IN THE TUMULT OF VICTORIOUS CELEBRATION DID **ODIN** DETECT MY PRESENCE BEFORE HE AND HIS FELLOW GODS DEPARTED.



"NOW ONLY **THOR** REMAINS..."



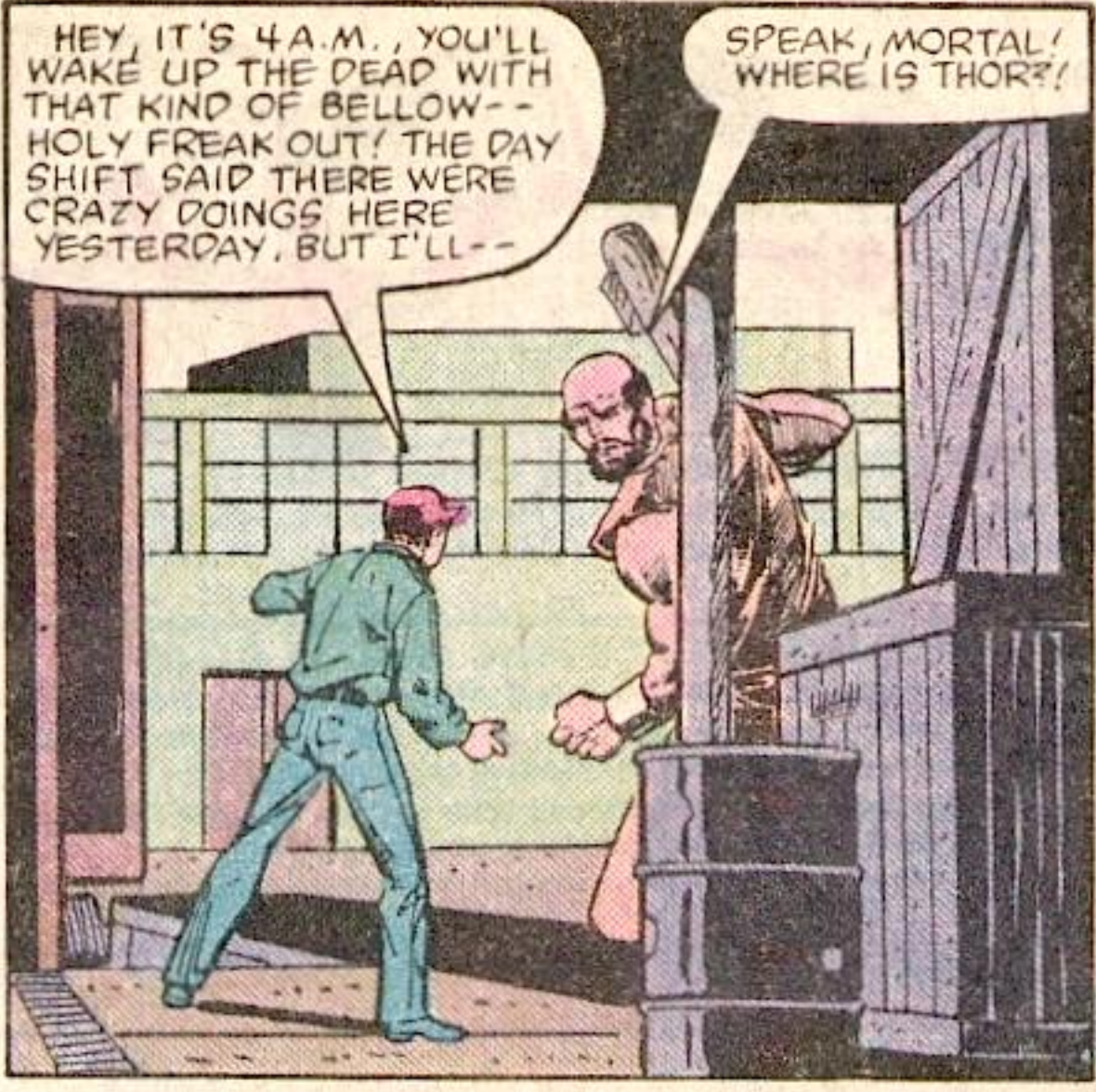
"... WHOSE HAMMER **MJOLNIR** IS MY LAST DESPERATE HOPE. FOR IT ALONE CAN RESTORE ME BEYOND THIS EARTHLY DIMENSION TO MY PROPER REALM OF **JOTUNHEIM** IN **ASGARD**, THERE TO RECOVER..."

... OR BE BURIED BENEATH THE WALLS OF **UTGARD** AS BEFITS THE GREATEST OF THE STORM GIANTS.



AAARGH! THE PAIN!





HEY, IT'S 4 A.M., YOU'LL WAKE UP THE DEAD WITH THAT KIND OF BELLOW-- HOLY FREAK OUT! THE DAY SHIFT SAID THERE WERE CRAZY DOINGS HERE YESTERDAY, BUT I'LL--

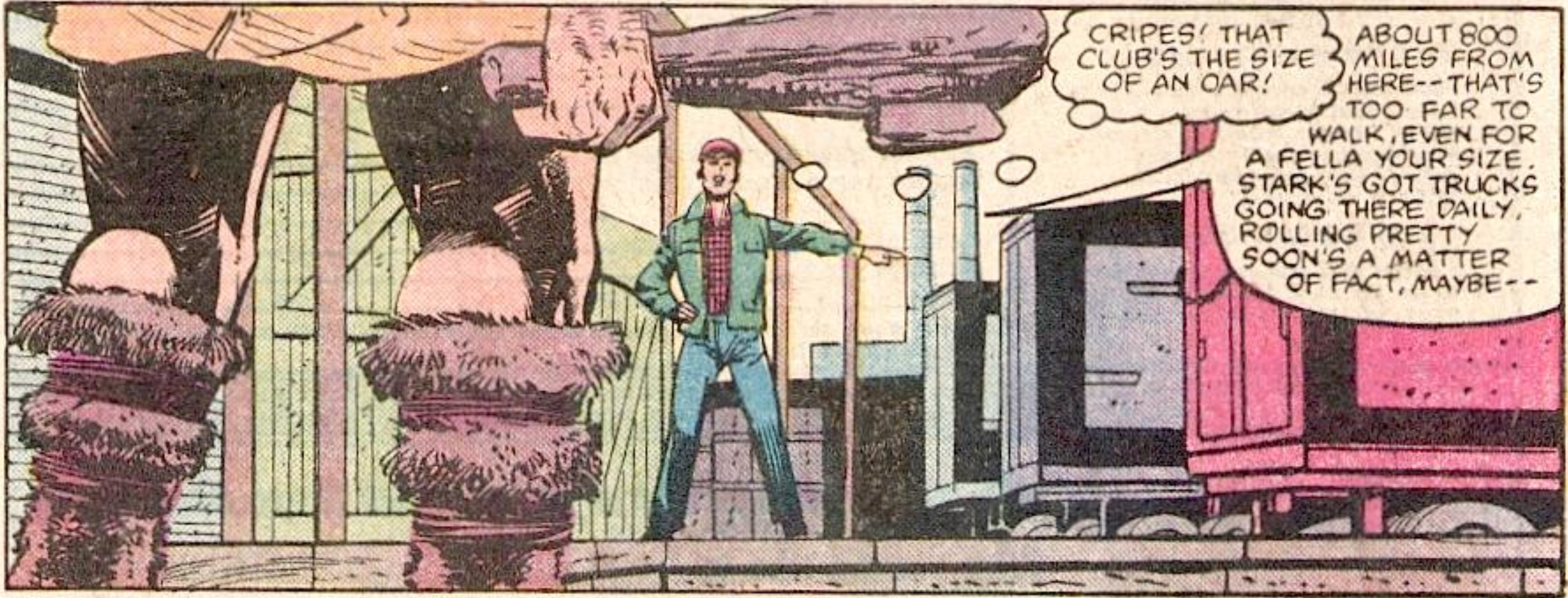
SPEAK, MORTAL! WHERE IS THOR?!



GULP! BETTER PLAY THIS SLOW AND EASY.

THOR? HE CHECKED OUTTA THE BIG APPLE FOR CHICAGO ABOUT A MONTH AGO.

CHI... CAGO??



CRIPES! THAT CLUB'S THE SIZE OF AN OAR!

ABOUT 800 MILES FROM HERE-- THAT'S TOO FAR TO WALK, EVEN FOR A FELLA YOUR SIZE. STARK'S GOT TRUCKS GOING THERE DAILY, ROLLING PRETTY SOON'S A MATTER OF FACT, MAYBE--



HEY! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN BLEEDIN'! WAIT RIGHT THERE, AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T SCARE UP A FIRST AID KIT OR SOMETHIN'

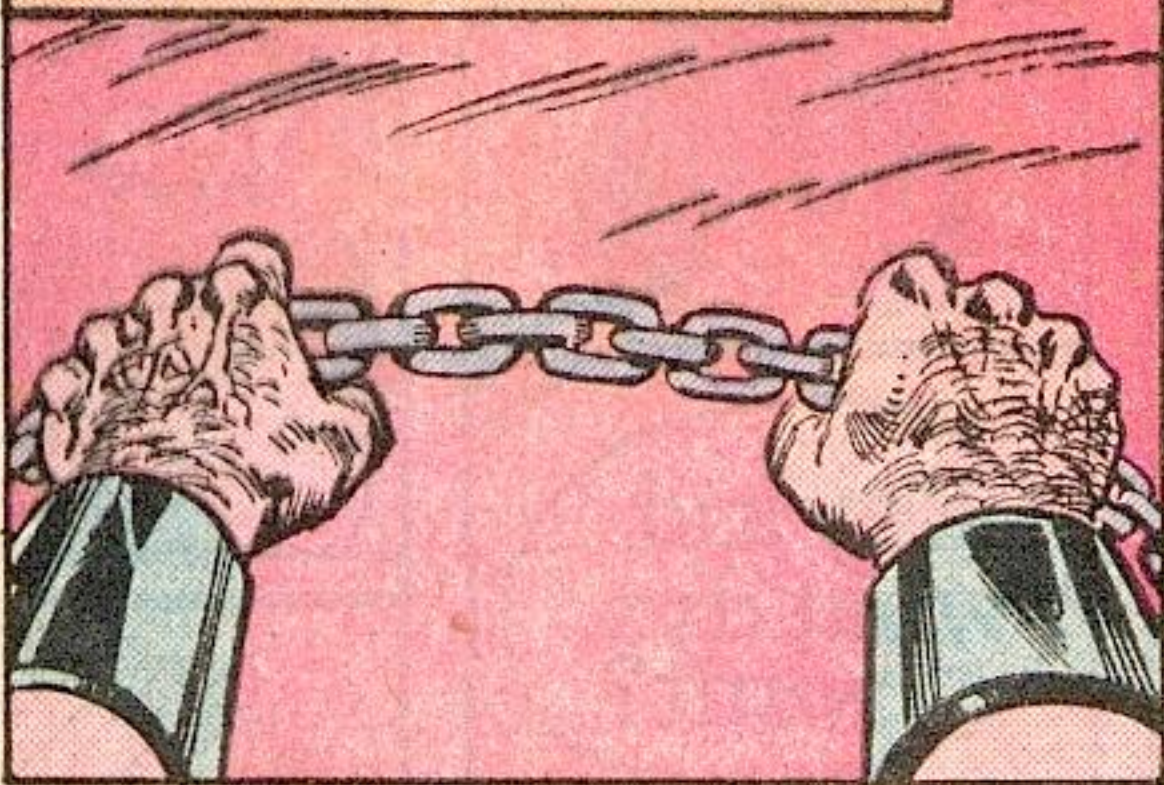


I MUST FIND THOR SOON, FOR MY SIDE CAUSES ME GREAT AGONY!

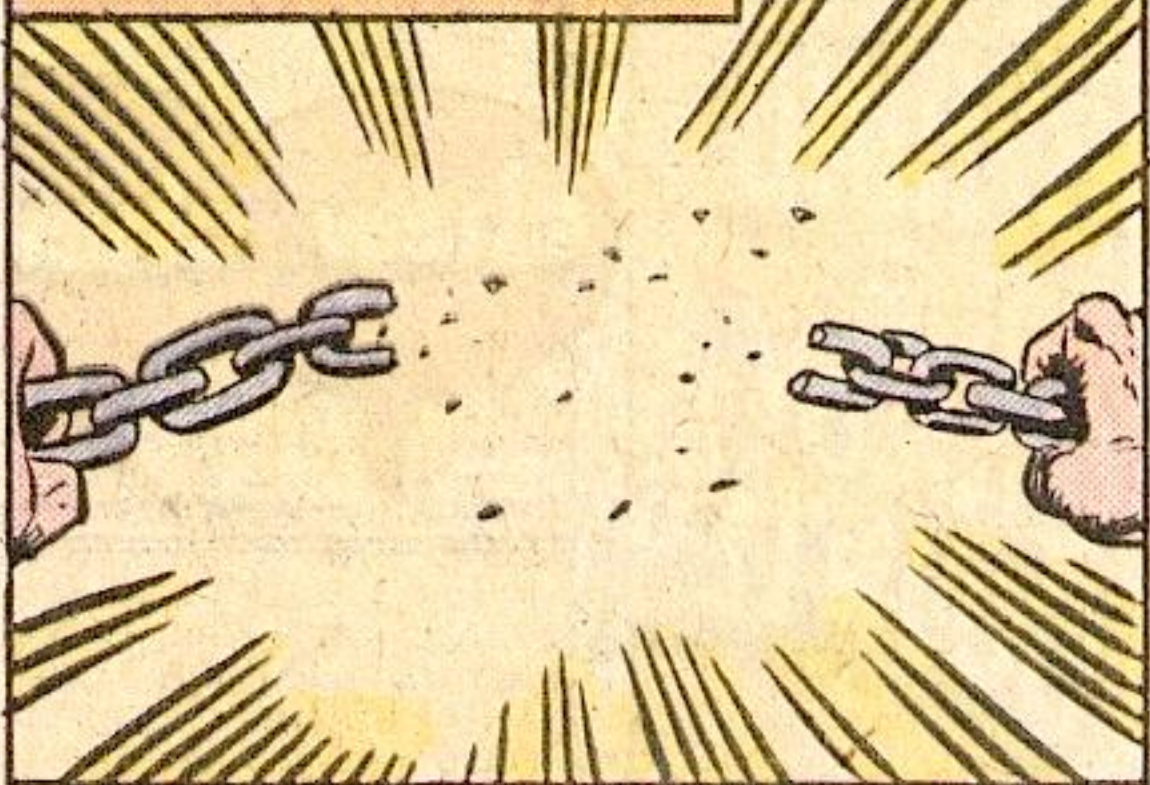
RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE, TEDDY!



YET, EVEN IN HIS WEAKENED STATE...



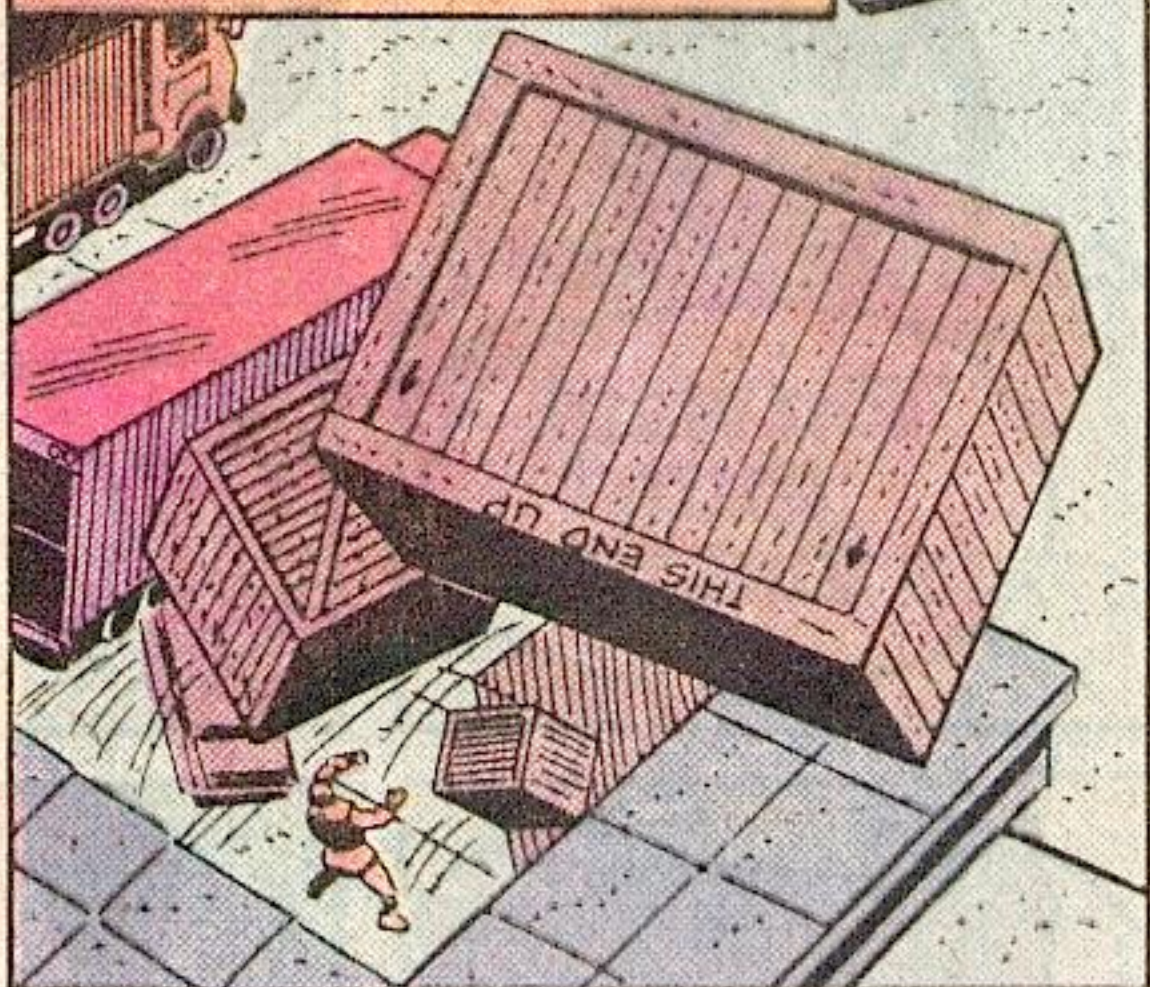
... HRUNGNIR'S STRENGTH...



... IS CLEARLY...



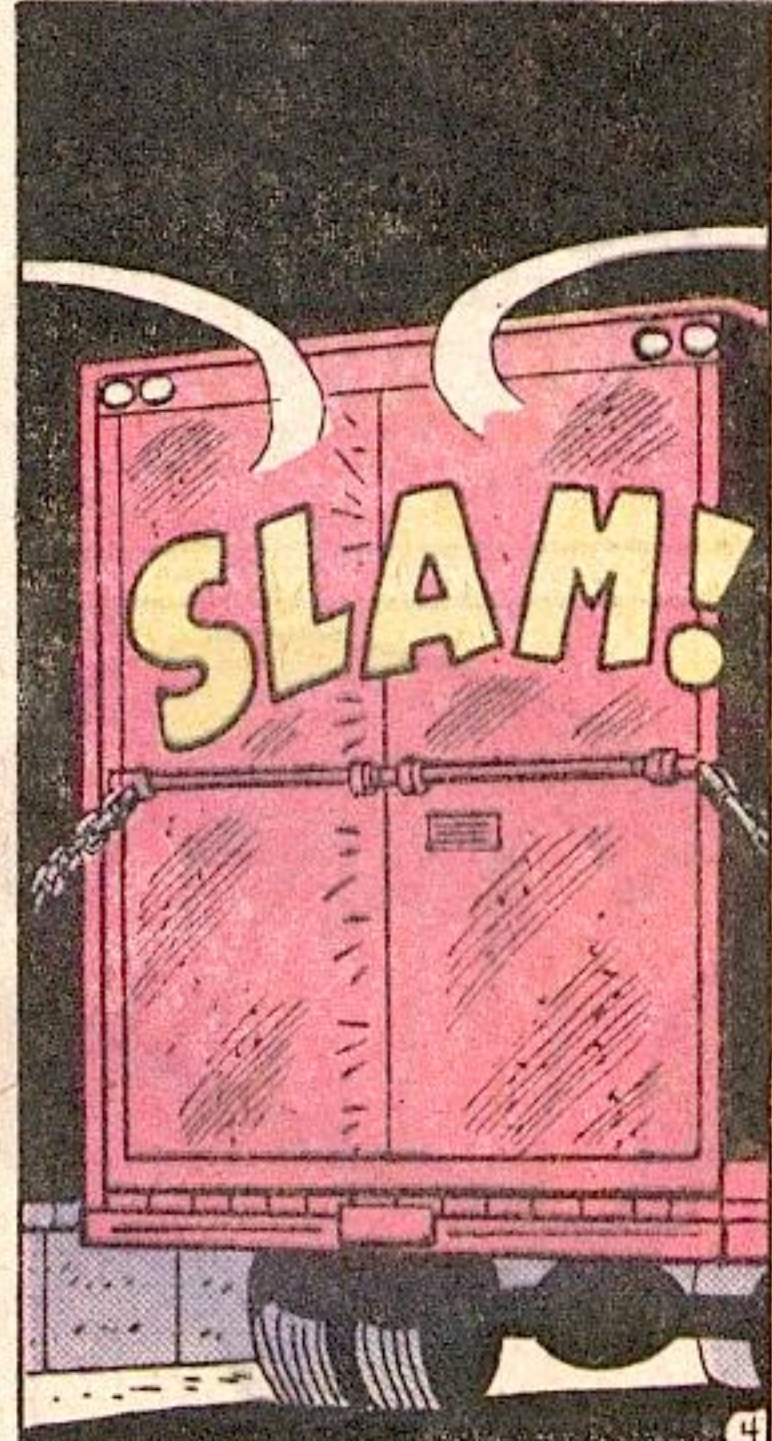
... AWESOME, AS HE TOSSES CRATES OF COMPUTER HARDWARE LIKE SO MANY BEACHBALLS...



... UPONTO A WAREHOUSE ROOF.



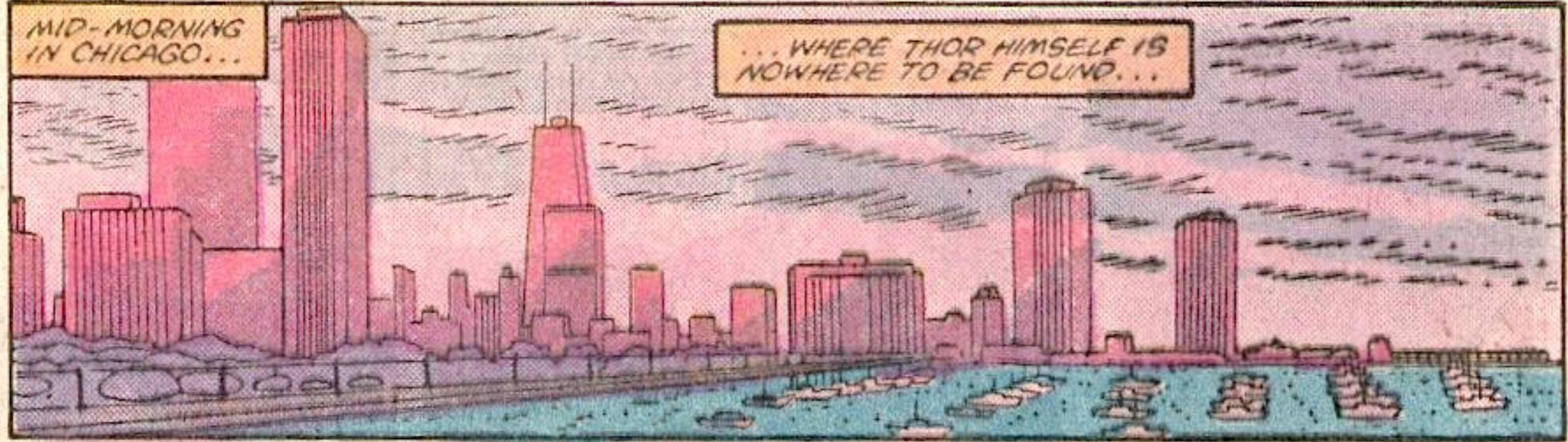
OH, I SUFFER! BUT WHILE I TAKE REST HEREIN, THIS WHEELED CONVEYANCE WILL CARRY ME TO THE CITY OF THOR.



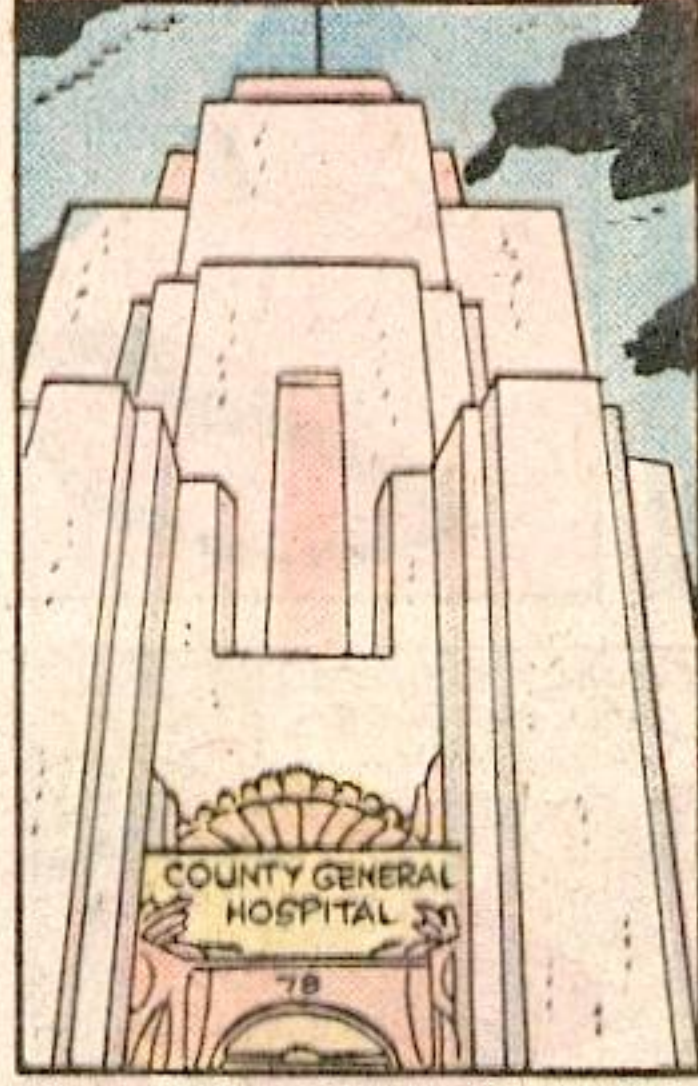


MID-MORNING  
IN CHICAGO...

... WHERE THOR HIMSELF IS  
NOWHERE TO BE FOUND...



... FOR, AT THAT MOMENT,  
ON THE SIXTH FLOOR OF  
COMMUNITY GENERAL  
HOSPITAL...



... HE IS COMPLETING A  
DELICATE OPERATION IN  
HIS MORTAL GUISE OF  
DR. DONALD BLAKE.

ALRIGHT, DR. WEINBERG.  
REMOVE THE HEMOSTAT AND  
CLOSE UP THE PATIENT,  
PLEASE.



BLAKE IS THE CONSUMMATE  
SURGEON, BUT HIS THOUGHTS  
NOW DWELL LESS ON HIS  
LATEST BRILLIANT SUCCESS  
AT THE OPERATING TABLE THAN  
ON THE GODDESS...

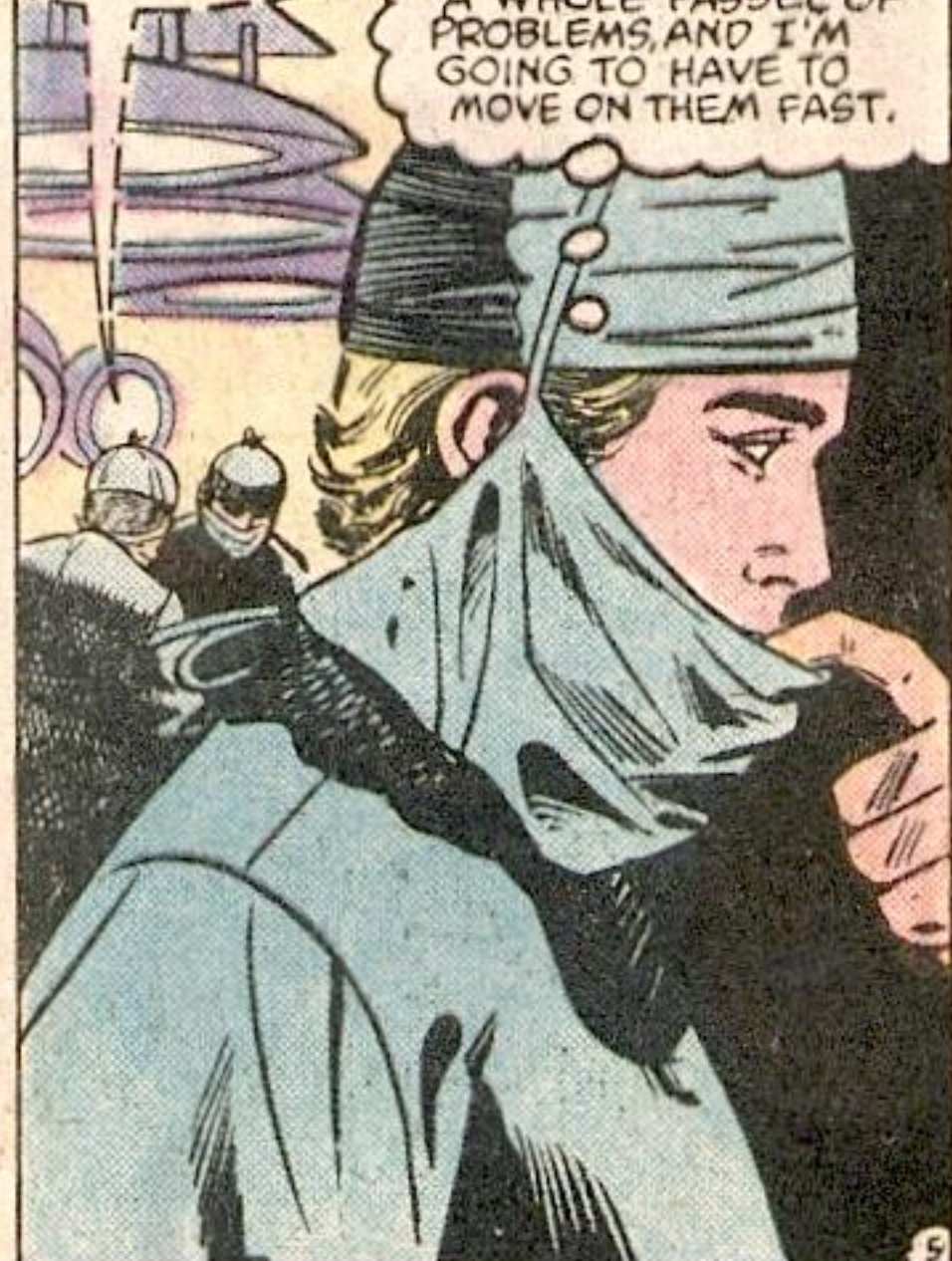


SIF! SHE'S RETURNED TO  
EARTH FROM ASGARD,  
AND I STILL CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND WHY SHE HASN'T  
TRANSFORMED TO JANE  
FOSTER WHOSE LIFE SHE  
ONCE SAVED BY FUSING HER  
OWN DIVINE SPIRIT WITH  
JANE'S MORTAL BODY.



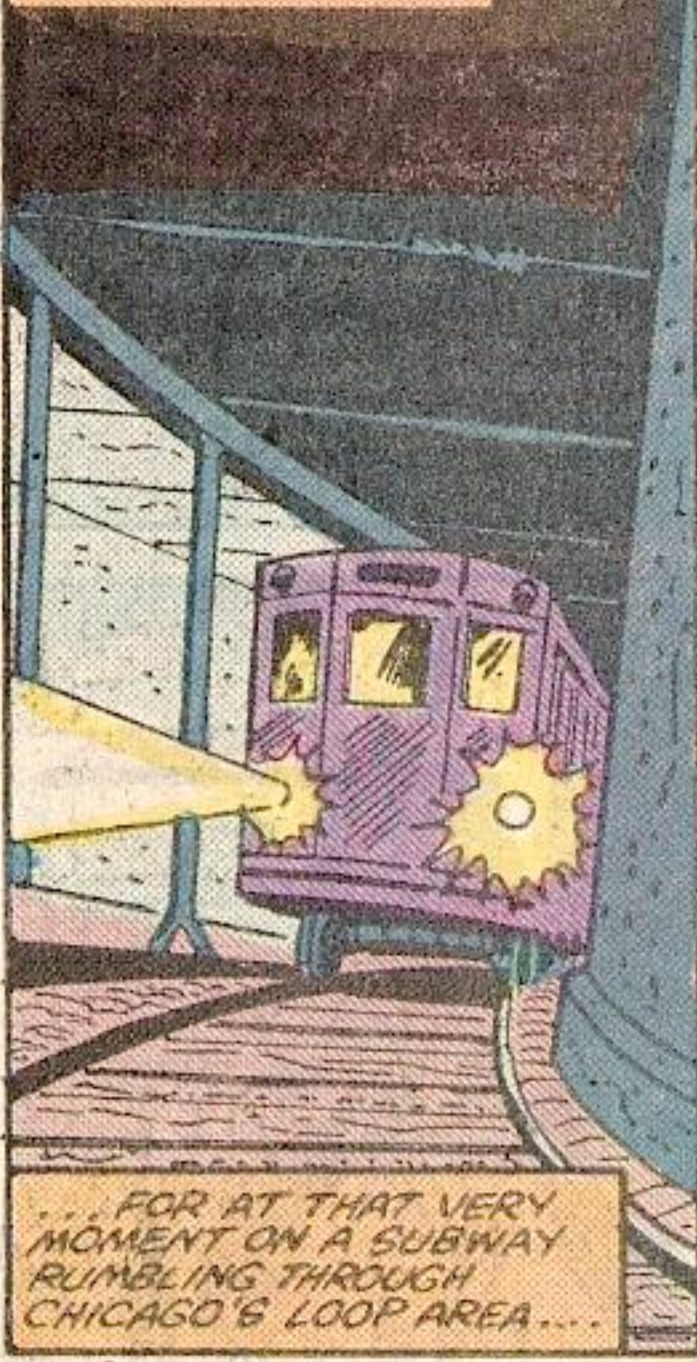
WHAT'D I TELL  
YOU, JERRY-- IS  
THIS BLAKE GUY  
GOOD OR IS HE  
GOOD?!

IN ANY CASE, SIF'S  
ATTEMPT TO RESIDE  
ON EARTH WITH MY-  
SELF AS THOR HER  
BETROTHED IS RAISING  
A WHOLE PASSEL OF  
PROBLEMS, AND I'M  
GOING TO HAVE TO  
MOVE ON THEM FAST.





NOT FAST ENOUGH,  
DR. BLAKE...



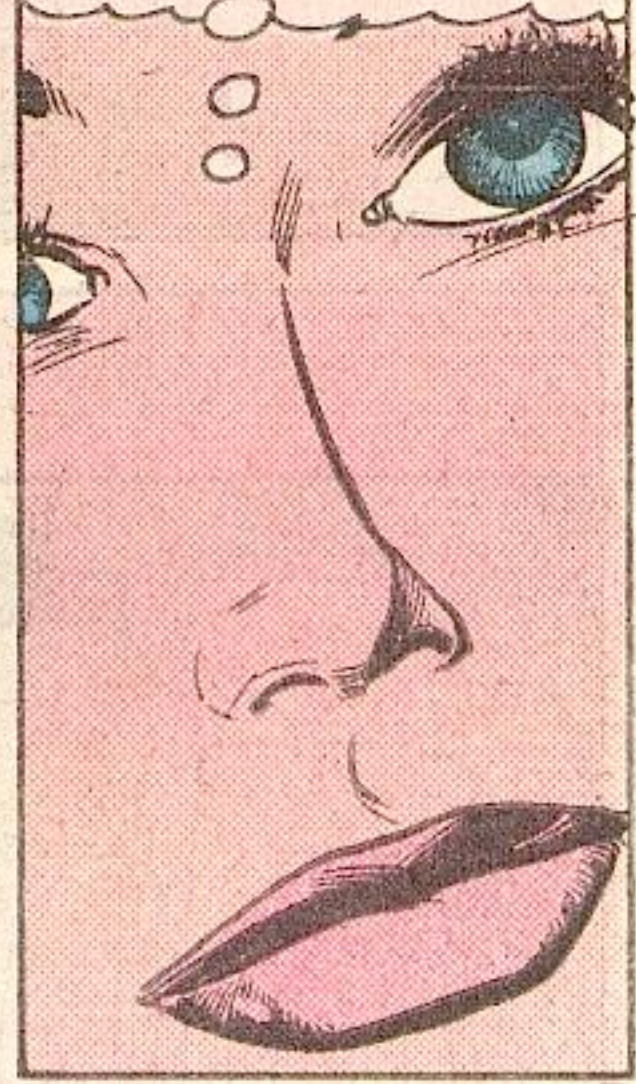
... FOR AT THAT VERY  
MOMENT ON A SUBWAY  
RUMBLING THROUGH  
CHICAGO'S LOOP AREA...

WOW! WHAT A  
BEE-YOO-TEE-FUL  
CHICK!

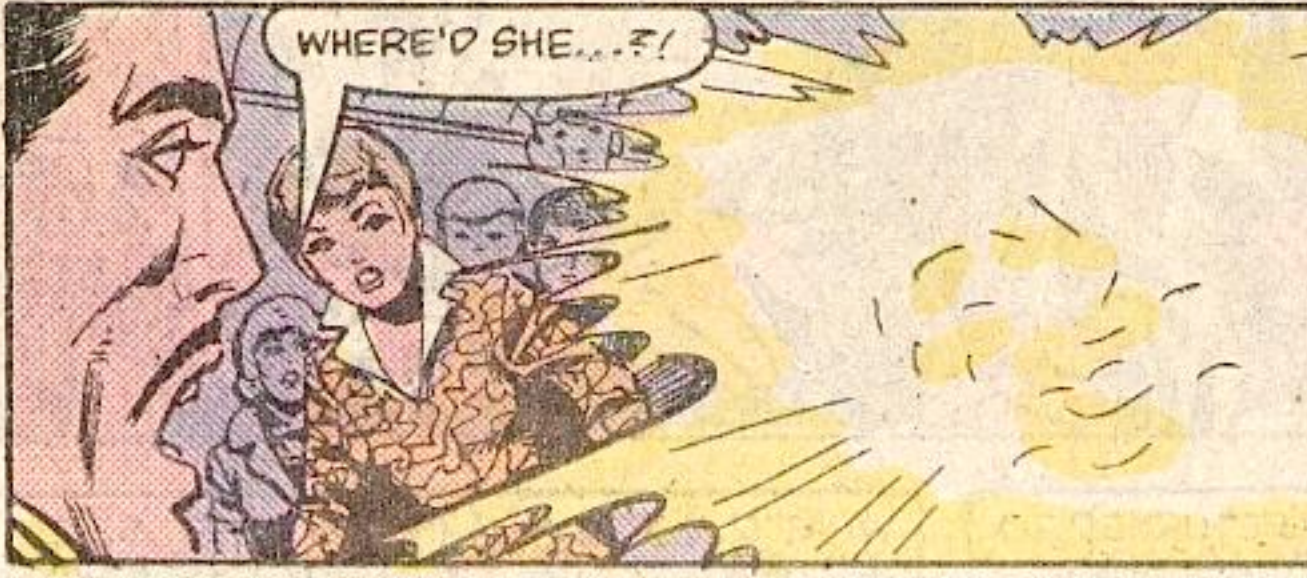


THOR BADE ME  
STAY WITHIN DONALD  
BLAKE'S QUARTERS,  
BUT 'TIS NIGH  
IMPOSSIBLE, FOR A  
GODDESS CANNOT BE  
SO CONSTRAINED!

STILL, THIS MIDGARD  
VEHICLE THAT TRAVELS  
TROLL-LIKE UNDERGROUND  
IS NO BETTER. IT IS SO  
CRAMPED AND HOT THAT,  
THOUGH THOR FORBADE  
ME TO USE MY GODLY  
POWERS GRANTED BY  
ODIN'S ENCHANTMENT...



WHERE'D SHE...?!



... I CANNOT PAY HEED.  
I SHALL INSTEAD BY-  
PASS SPACE...



... AND, THUS, WITH THE  
SPEED OF THOUGHT  
AM I ARRIVED AT  
THOR'S HOSPITAL!



AND SO, GENTLEMEN, AS YOU  
BEGIN YOUR INTERNSHIPS,  
REMEMBER THAT... AHM...



... DESPITE THE  
GLAMOR OF SUCH  
TELEVISION CHA-  
RACTERS AS GONZO  
AND TRAPPER  
JOHN, A PHYSICIAN'S  
LIFE IS... OH!

OH YEAH?  
WHERE DO YOUR  
NURSES HERE  
GET THEIR  
UNIFORMS,  
DR. CARLIN?!

I KNEW,  
I KNEW, I  
KNEW  
MEDICAL  
SCHOOL  
WOULD BE  
WORTH THE  
EXPENSE!



WOO-  
HOO!!

VA VA VA VOOM--  
LET'S GET PHYSICAL,  
PRETTY LADY!

OOPH!  
HEY, WATCH  
IT!



CRASH





WHA'S GOIN' ON HERE?

I SEEK DR. DONALD BLAKE...

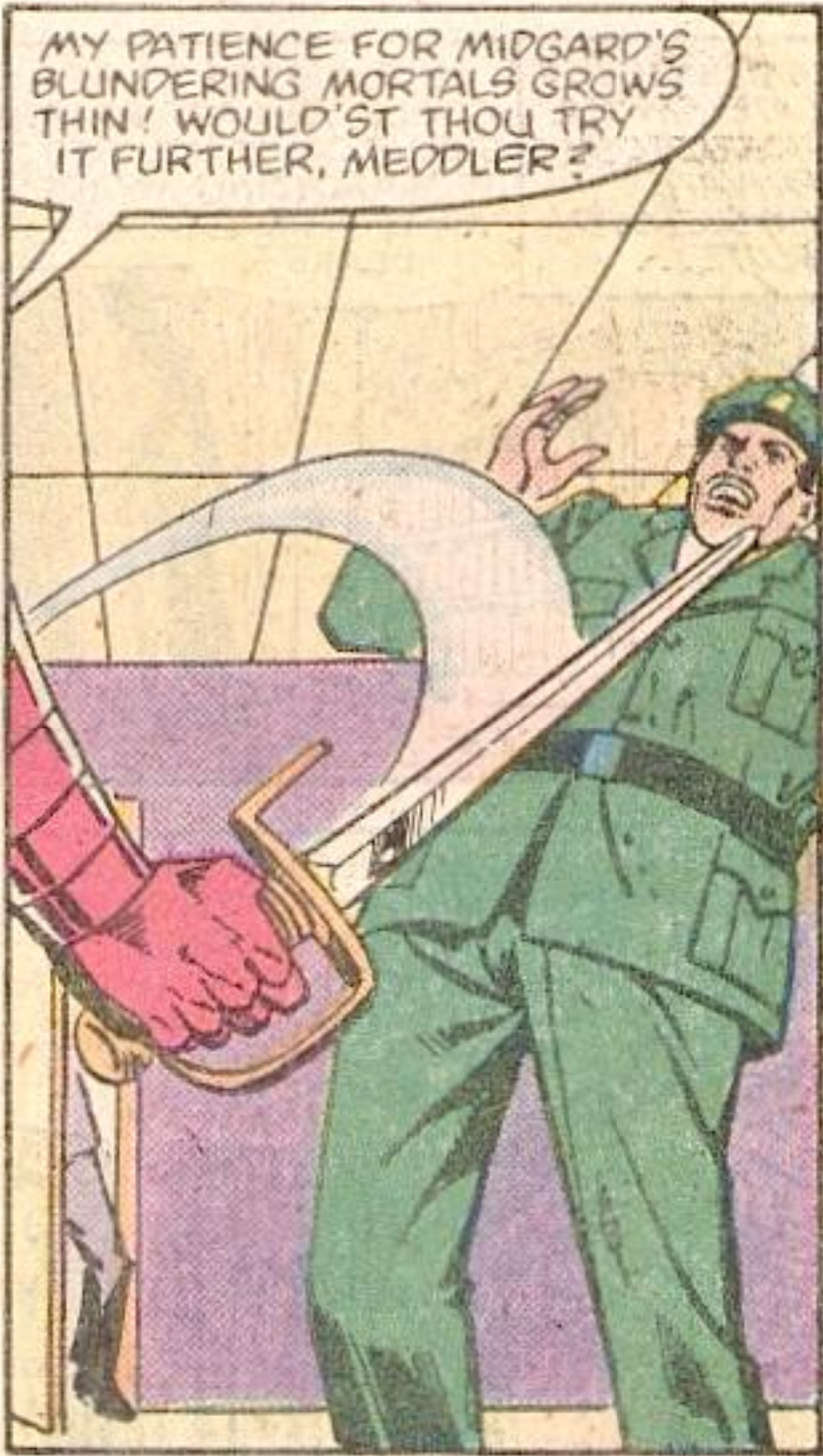
I'M SORRY, MA'AM, BUT YOU CAN'T PARADE THROUGH THIS LOBBY IN A BATHING SUIT. IF YOU'LL JUST COME A--



-- LOOONG! WOOPH!

CRA-ACK

'EY, LADY?!



MY PATIENCE FOR MIDGARD'S BLUNDERING MORTALS GROWS THIN! WOULD'ST THOU TRY IT FURTHER, MEDDLER?



OKAY, LADY, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO USE THIS. JUST DROP THAT BLADE, NICE AND EASY-LIKE.



WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS-- OH, NO!

SIF!?!  
LEAVE HER, GUARDS! I'LL HANDLE THIS! SHE'S AN... UH...



...PATIENT OF MINE.

PATIENT?!

I WISH YOU LUCK, DOC. YOU'VE GOT SOME NUT JOB ON YOUR HANDS THERE.



NO NUT JOB, FELLA. JUST A STUNNING ASGARDIAN GODDESS DIMENSIONS OUT OF HER ELEMENT, I'M AFRAID.



AND, MINUTES LATER IN THE HOSPITAL'S PRIVATE PHYSICIAN'S SUITE...

SIF, LISTEN TO ME. HOW COULD YOU ACT SO IRRESPONSIBLY? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOU'RE JEOPARDIZING MY IDENTITY AND MY ENTIRE CAREER AS DONALD BLAKE?

THEN 'TIS A MASQUERADE THAT OUGHT BE ENDED!

SUCH IS THY FATHER ODIN'S TRUE SENTIMENT. AYE, AND OPINION OF ALL THY TRUSTED COMPANIONS ON HIGH...THOUGH ALL DO SUFFER THINE ABSENCE IN RESPECTFUL SILENCE.

OH, DOST THOU NOT UNDERSTAND? ART THOU NOT, THOR--MY BELOVED AND BETROTHED, THE NOBLEST PRINCE OF ALL CELESTIAL ASGARD? WHY MUST THOU PERSIST TO PLAY THIS LOWLY MORTAL ROLE WHEN THOU ART MIGHTIEST AND MOST GLORIOUS OF ALL WHO LIVE!?

I REMAINED ON MIDGARD TO BE WITH MY TRUE LOVE, BUT HALF THY WAKING HOURS THOU DOST WEAR HUMAN GUISE TO LEAD A TIRESOME LIFE I COULD NEVER SHARE.

NO! IT IS NOT DONALD BLAKE I LOVE, BUT GALLANT THOR! WHERE IS MY BELOVED?

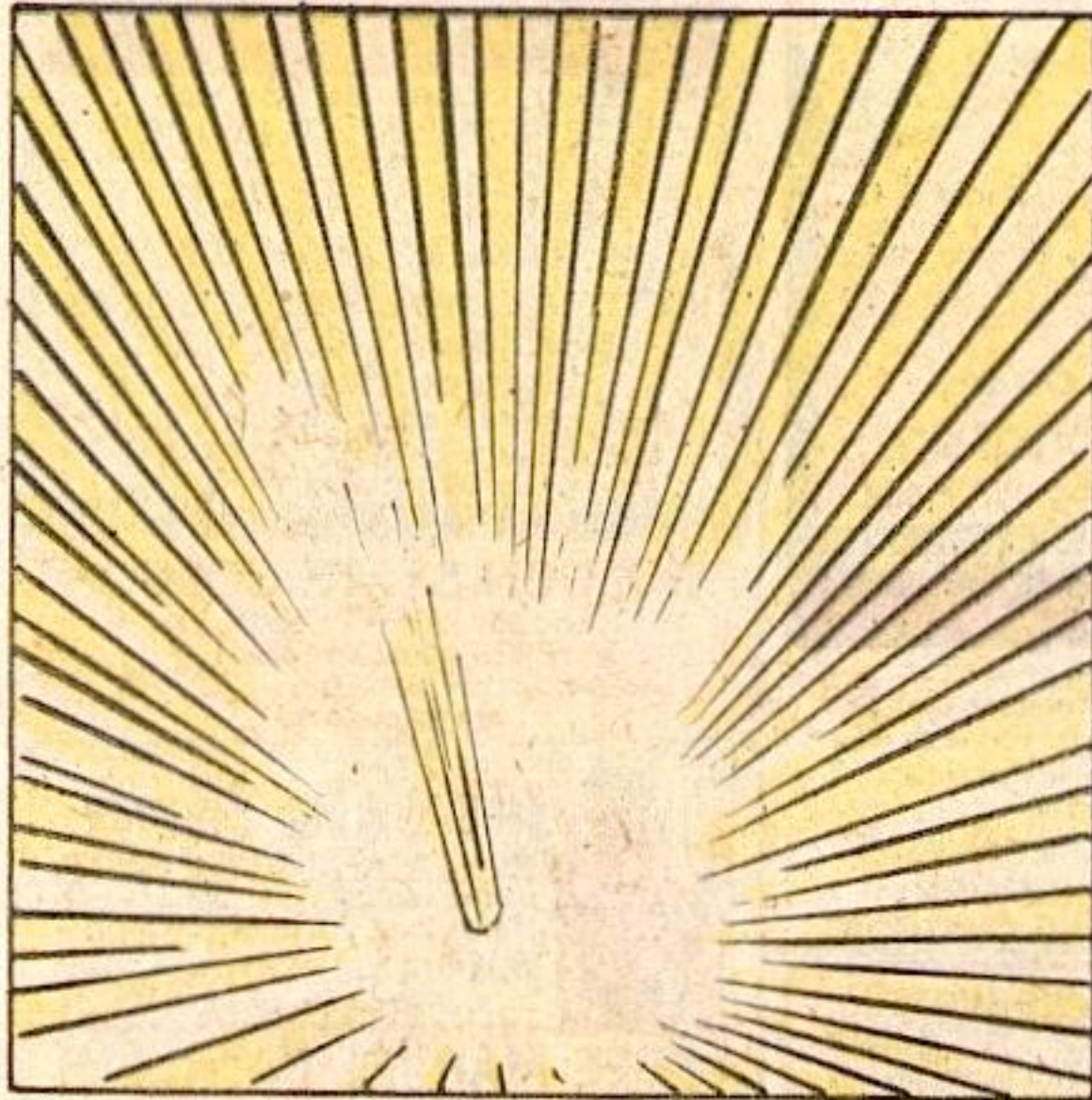


ALRIGHT, THEN, SIF, BUT I'D LIKE TO JUST DOUBLECHECK THAT THIS DOOR IS LOCKED...

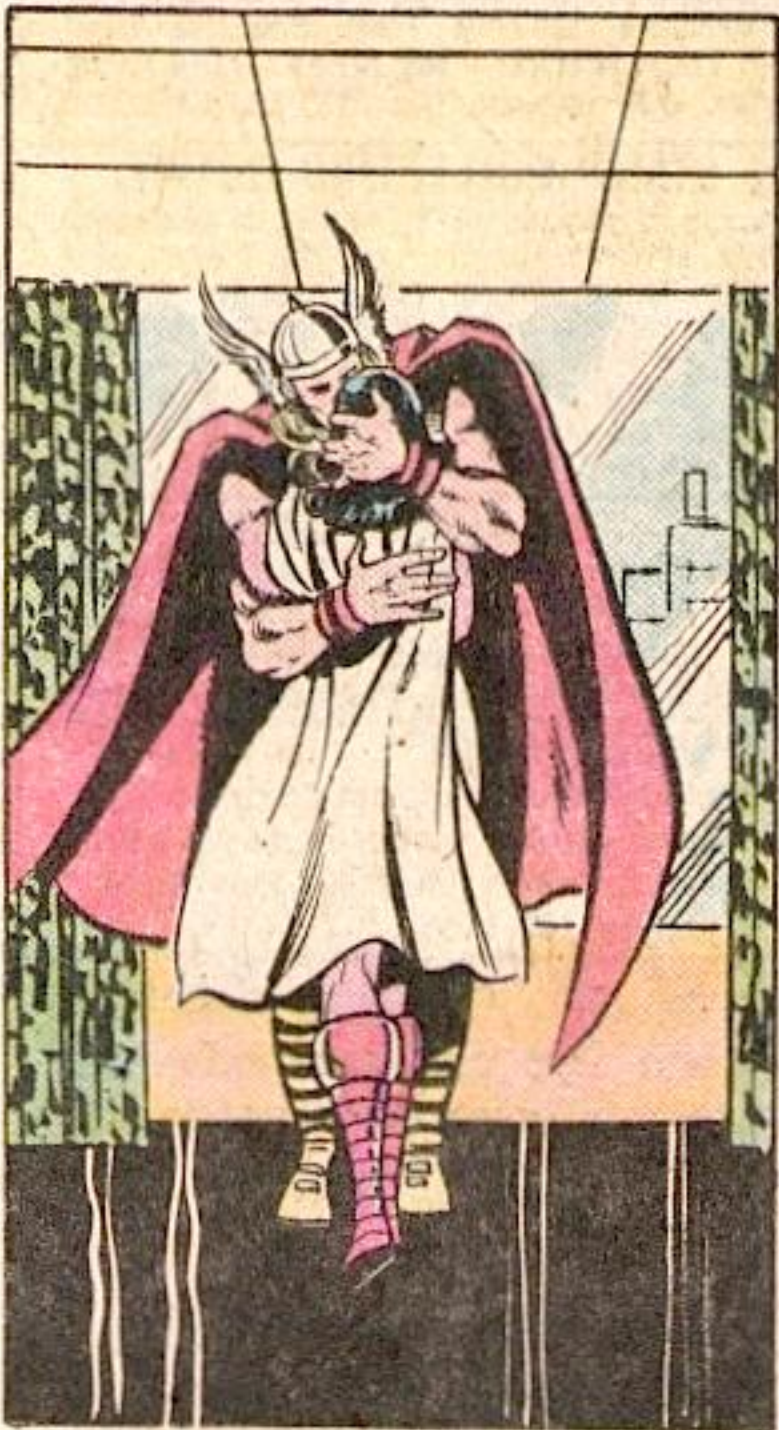
... AND THEN, BY STAMPING MY CANE ONCE...



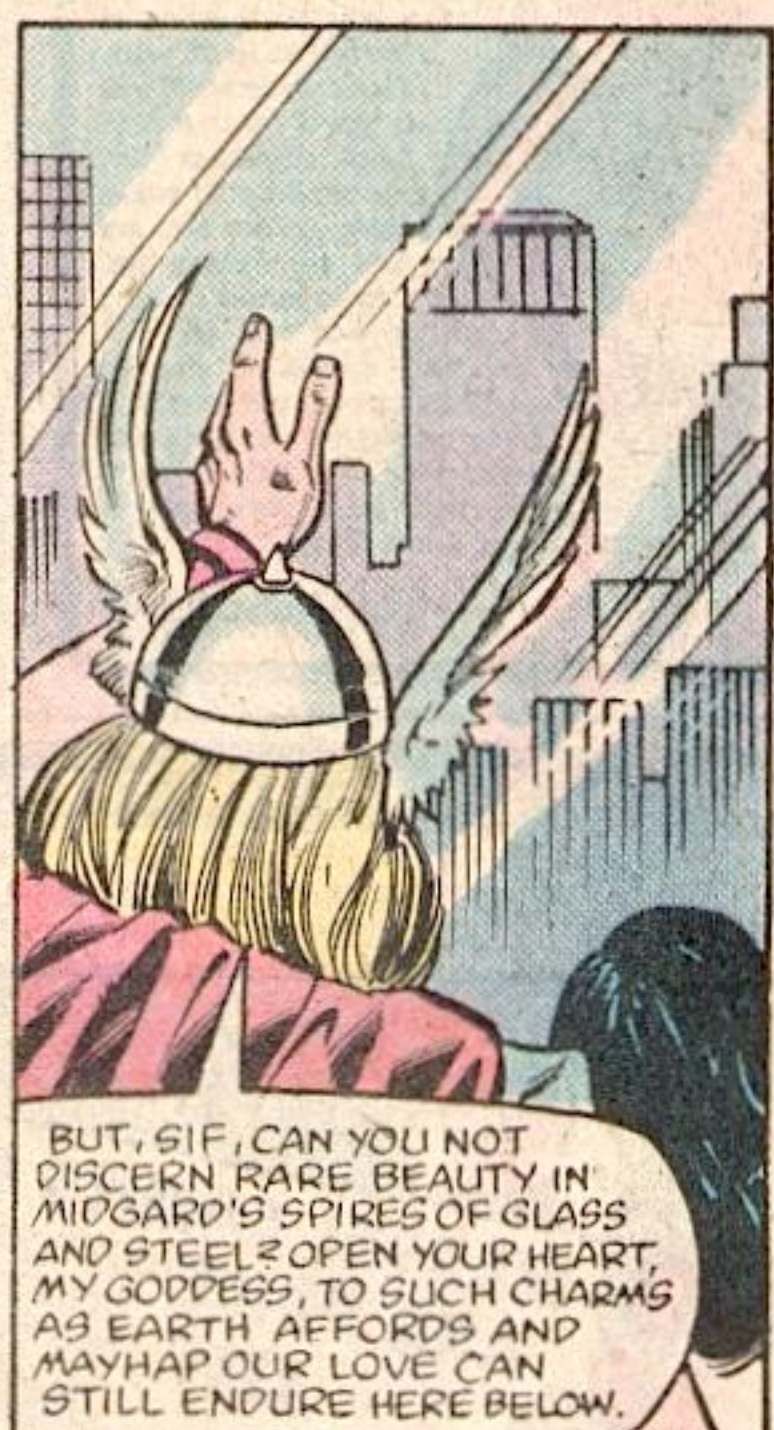




... I AM TRANSFORMED TO THOR!

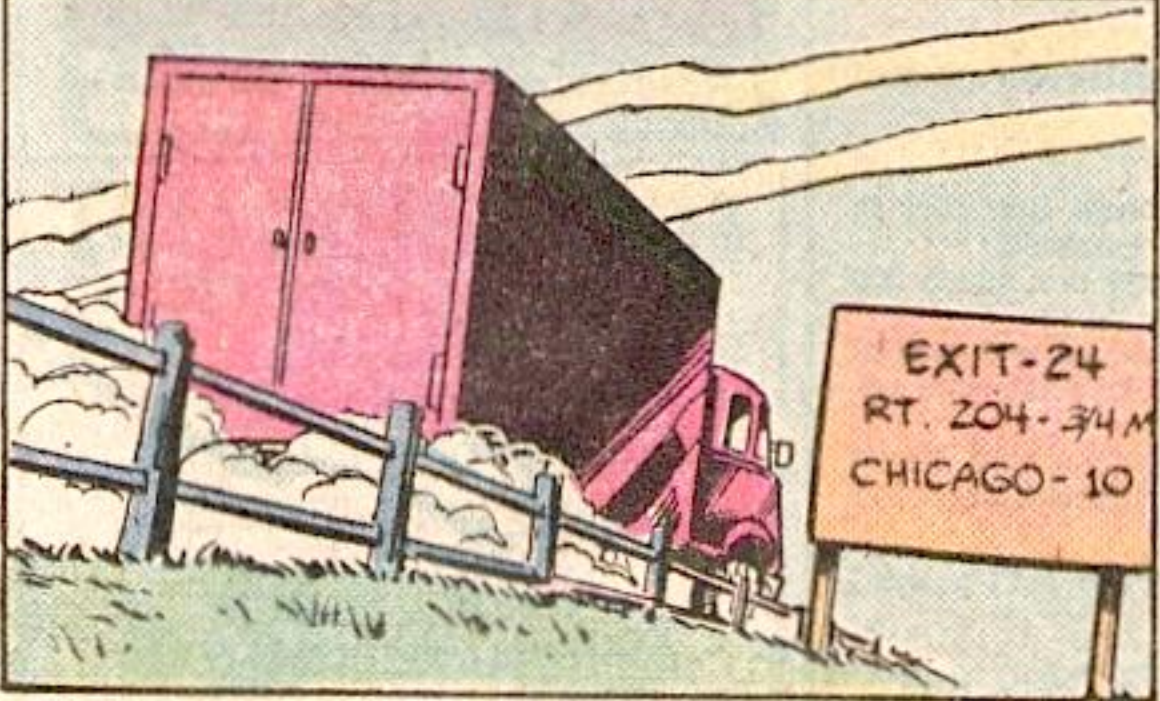


AT LAST! YOUR KISS IS COMFORTING, MY LOVE! NOW COULD WE HASTEN TO GOLDEN-SPIRED ASGARD, THEN WOULD I POSSESS ALL I HAD EVER DREAMED!



BUT, SIF, CAN YOU NOT DISCERN RARE BEAUTY IN MIDGARD'S SPIRES OF GLASS AND STEEL? OPEN YOUR HEART, MY GODDESS, TO SUCH CHARMS AS EARTH AFFORDS AND MAYHAP OUR LOVE CAN STILL ENDURE HERE BELOW.

ELSEWHERE, ON ROUTE FROM THE EASTERN SEABOARD, A STARK INTERNATIONAL TRAILER TRUCK ROARS DOWN THE TURNPIKE...



... ITS CARGO, A WOUNDED GIANT, OBLIVIOUS TO THE CLATTERING AND BACKFIRING OF THE RIG...

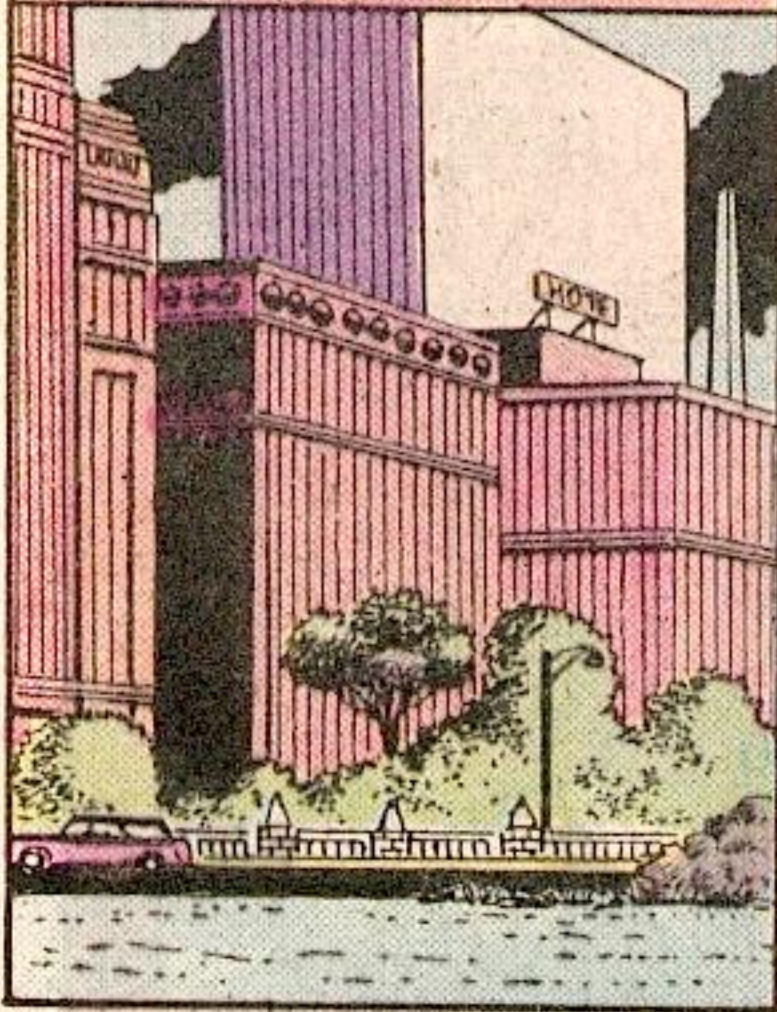


... FOR HRUNGNIR'S PAIN IS EXTREME, AS EARTHLY BACTERIA PLAY HAVOC WITH ASGARDIAN PHYSIOLOGY, AND AS HE TOSSES FEVERISHLY, HIS PURPOSE GROWS CONFUSED IN HIS DELIRIUM.

THOR... I MUST FIND... THOR. WHY? I MUST KILL THOR!



LATER THAT AFTERNOON, ON FASHIONABLE MICHIGAN AVENUE WHERE DONALD BLAKE MAINTAINS HIS APARTMENT AND PRIVATE PRACTICE...



'HA! I OWE ONE TO THE HOSPITAL LAUNDRY CLERK, BUT YOU CERTAINLY MAKE THE PRETTIEST NURSE I'VE EVER SEEN, SIF. STILL, YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOURSELF SOME REAL CLOTHING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



YET REMEMBER-- I HAVE PROMISED NOUGHT BUT AN ATTEMPT TO ADJUST TO MIDGARD, AND FOR THE TIME BEING ALONE.

I'LL REMEMBER.



HERE'S THE KEY. WHY DON'T YOU LET YOURSELF INTO THE APARTMENT WHILE I CHECK IN WITH THE OFFICE?



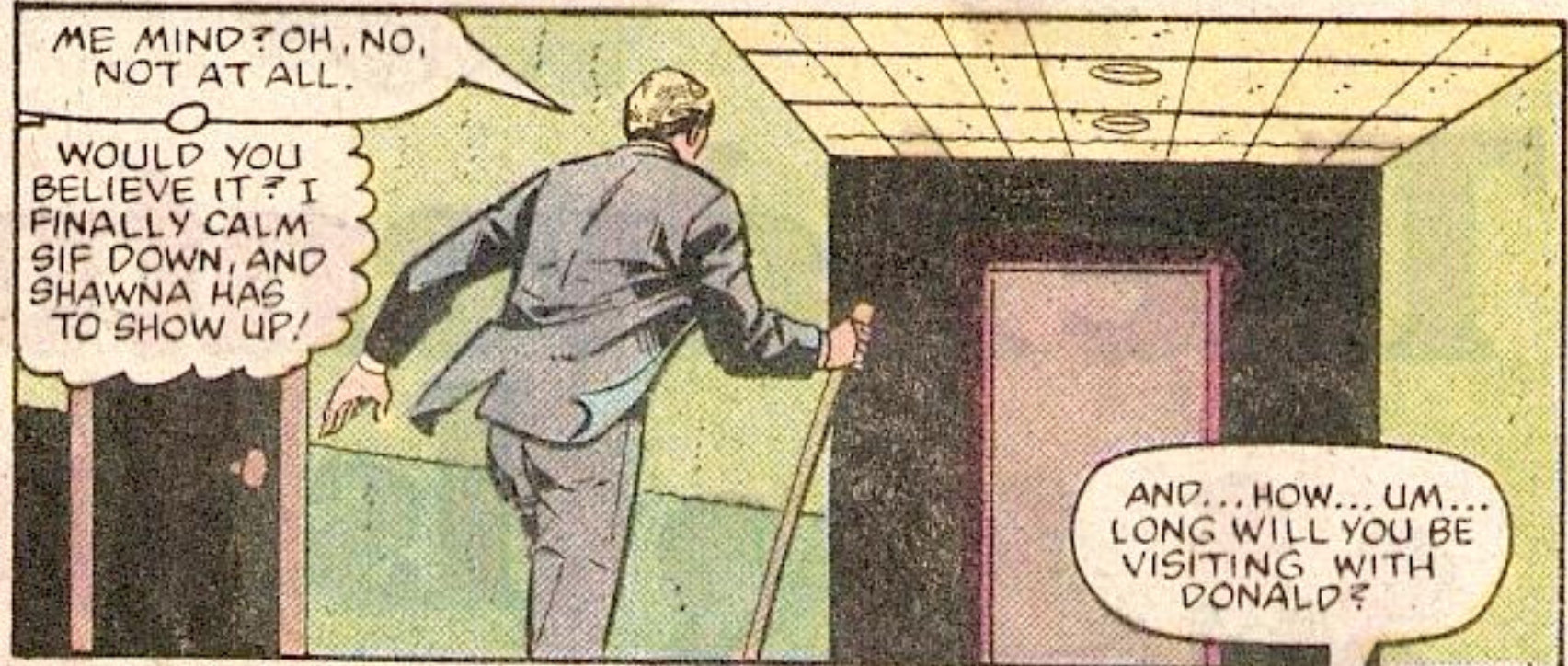
... AND MRS. CHASKY SAYS LITTLE JUDAH'S DOING FINE. HIS FEVER BROKE LIKE YOU SAID IT WOULD. I GUESS THAT'S IT FOR THE DAY.

TERRIFIC. NOW WHY DON'T YOU SURPRISE YOUR HUSBAND AND BEAT HIM HOME THIS EVENING?



OH-- JUST ONE THING BEFORE YOU GO, NURSE STEVENS. COULD YOU PLEASE CALL DR. LYNDE AND TELL HER I'M REALLY SORRY, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP OUR DINNER APPOINTMENT BECAUSE--

HOW SILLY OF ME! DR. LYNDE IS WAITING IN YOUR APARTMENT. SINCE THE TWO OF YOU HAVE BEEN, WELL, KEEPING COMPANY, I ASSUMED YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I LET HER IN.



ME MIND? OH, NO, NOT AT ALL.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? I FINALLY CALM SIF DOWN, AND SHAWNA HAS TO SHOW UP!

AND... HOW... UM... LONG WILL YOU BE VISITING WITH DONALD?



UH... HELLO THERE!



I SEE YOU'VE MET MY COUSIN, UH, SYBIL, SHAWNA?

OH, SYBIL-- I HADN'T CAUGHT HER NAME. YES, SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, DON. I'VE AN IDEA-- MAYBE SYBIL WOULD LIKE TO JOIN US FOR DINNER. I CAN CALL UP GLEN DAVIS, THAT HANDSOME NEW NEUROSURGEON. I THINK THE TWO OF THEM WOULD REALLY HIT IT OFF.



BOY, I FEEL LIKE A FIRST-CLASS HEEL, SHAWNA, BUT I'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN SYBIL WAS ARRIVING THIS WEEK, AND IN ALL THE CONFUSION I MADE PLANS TO SHOW HER THE TOWN TONIGHT. CAN WE POSTPONE?



OH... WELL... SURE, DON. I DON'T THINK KING ARTHUR'S PUB WILL BE RUNNING OUT OF BEEF AND ALE IN THE NEAR FUTURE. ANOTHER NIGHT, THEN.



YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL.

YOU KNOW, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING, SHAWNA. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIND THE TIME TO TAKE MY COUSIN SHOPPING FOR SOME WINTER CLOTHES AT MARSHALL FIELD'S? SHE TRAVELED... WELL... VERY LIGHTLY...



MY PLEASURE. HOW ABOUT TOMORROW, SYBIL, SAY TWO-ISH?



NO, THANK YOU. IT IS NOT NECESSARY.

OH, WELL, IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, DON'S GOT MY PHONE NUMBER.

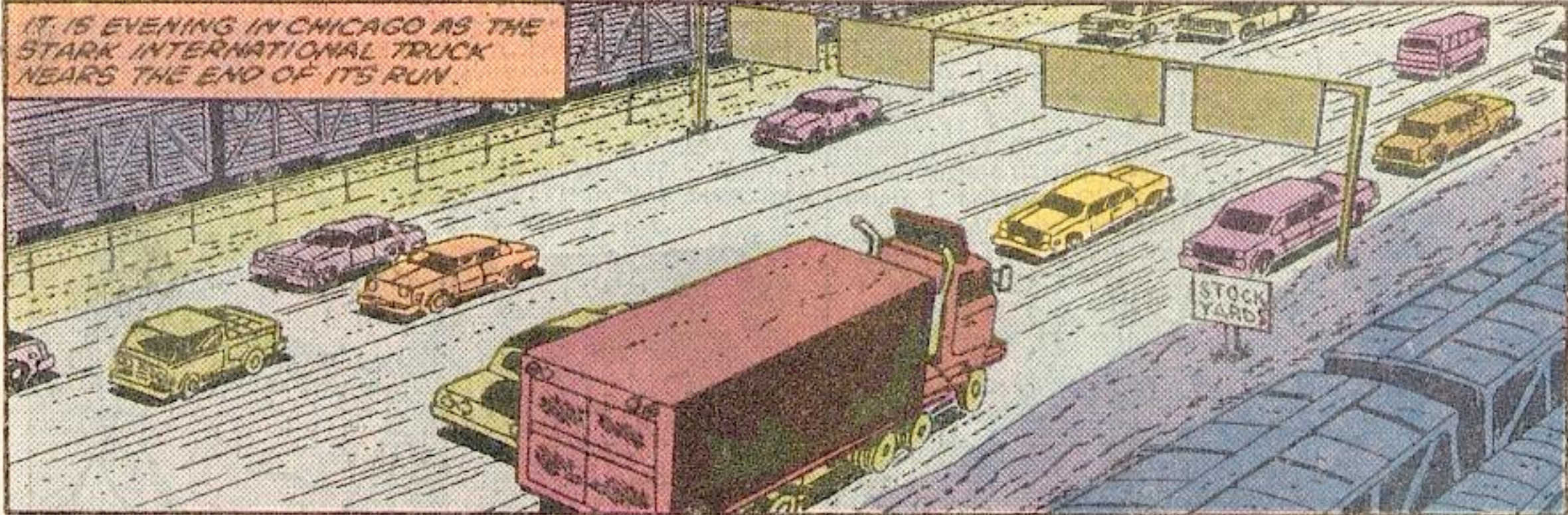


AND HE'D BETTER USE IT SOON, OR I MAY JUST HAVE TO RING UP DR. DAVIS FOR MYSELF. HINT, HINT. MMM, BYE NOW.





IT IS EVENING IN CHICAGO AS THE STARK INTERNATIONAL TRUCK NEARS THE END OF ITS RUN.



IN THE TRAILER, THOUGH HRUNGNIIR'S BODY BURNS WITH FEVER AND HIS BRAIN THROBS WITH PAIN HE RESPONDS TO AN ANIMAL SCENT IN THE AIR. AND NOW AN AWESOME HUNGER THAT ONLY A GIANT MIGHT KNOW OVERWHELMS HIM.

I FAMISH! I MUST EAT... THEN FIND THOR AND... KILL HIM!

SNIF! SNIF!



INCOHERENT AND UNREASONING, THE GIANT PUSHES OPEN THE METAL DOORS...



... AND THERE, A CATTLE CAR RESTS IN THE RAILYARD ACROSS THE ROAD, LOADED FOR DELIVERY TO KANSAS CITY.

NUMBED NOW TO HIS PAIN, HRUNGNIIR LEAPS FROM THE MOVING VEHICLE WITH THE DESPERATE STRENGTH OF DELIRIOUSNESS AND THE FRENZY OF A WILD MAN.



THERE IS MEAT HERE!



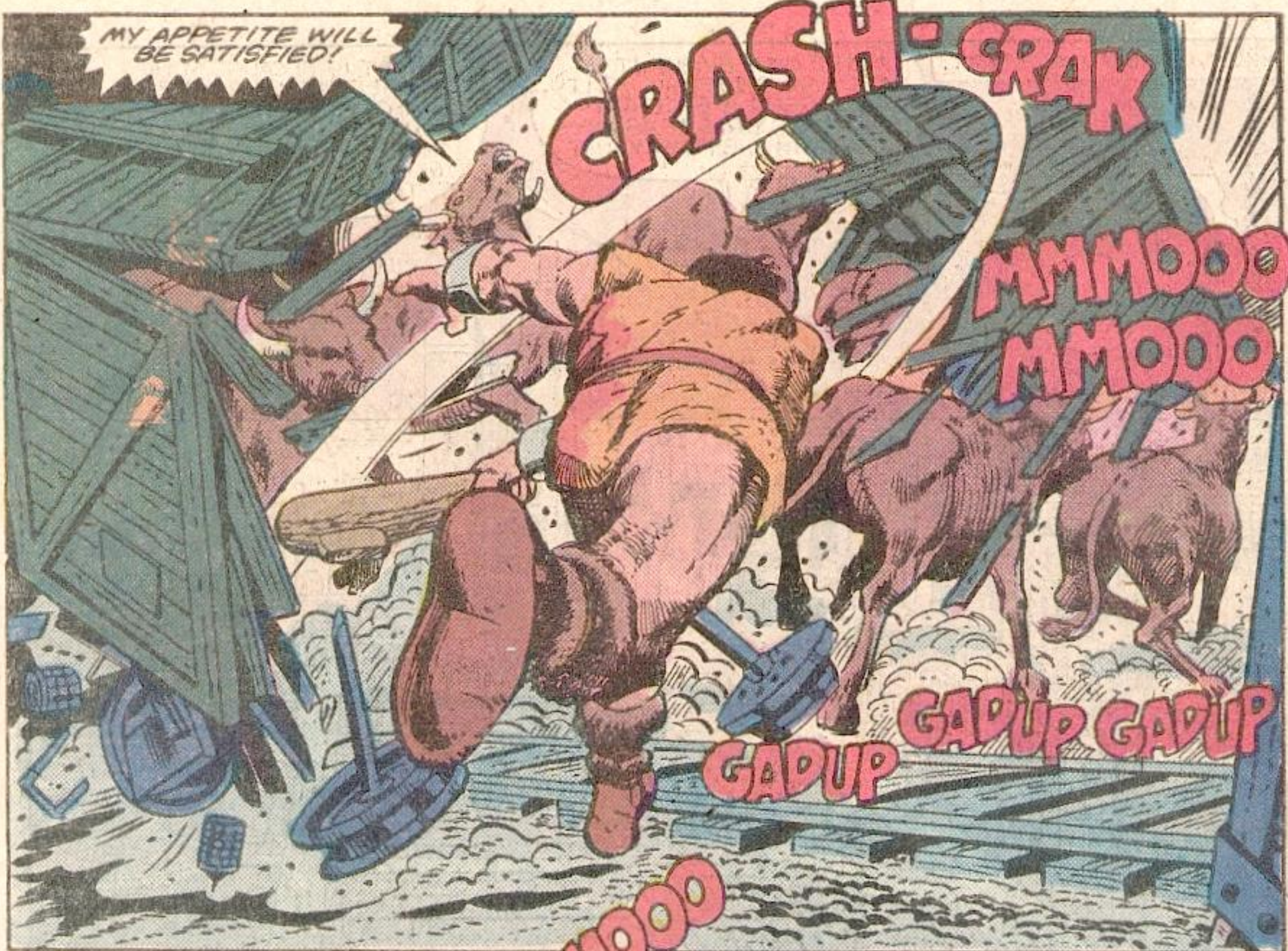
BOB, WHAT IS THAT THING?

I DON'T KNOW, LEA, BUT SIT BACK-- I'M FLOORING THE PEDAL!

MY STOMACH'S PIT IS LIKE THE FLAMING CHASM AT JOTUNHEIM'S EDGE! I WOULD FILL IT WITH NOURISHMENT!







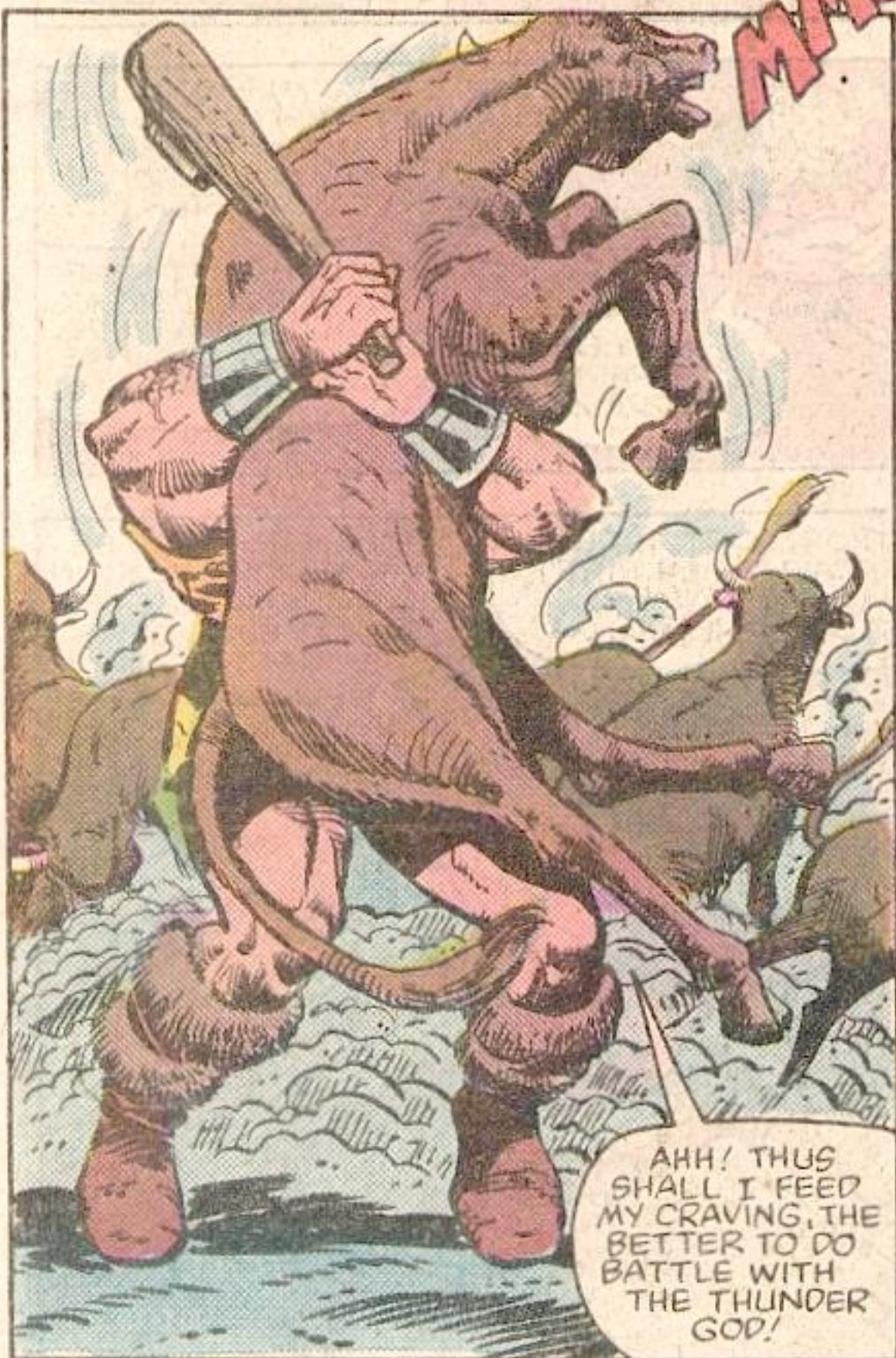
MY APPETITE WILL BE SATISFIED!

CRASH - CRACK

MMMOOO  
MMMOOO

GADUP GADUP  
GADUP

MMMOOO



MMMOOO

AHH! THUS SHALL I FEED MY CRAVING, THE BETTER TO DO BATTLE WITH THE THUNDER GOD!



SHAKE A LEG, ROSNER! ONE THING THIS TOWN DON'T NEED IS ANOTHER COUPLE'A MRS. O'LEARY'S COWS KICKIN' THINGS OVER!

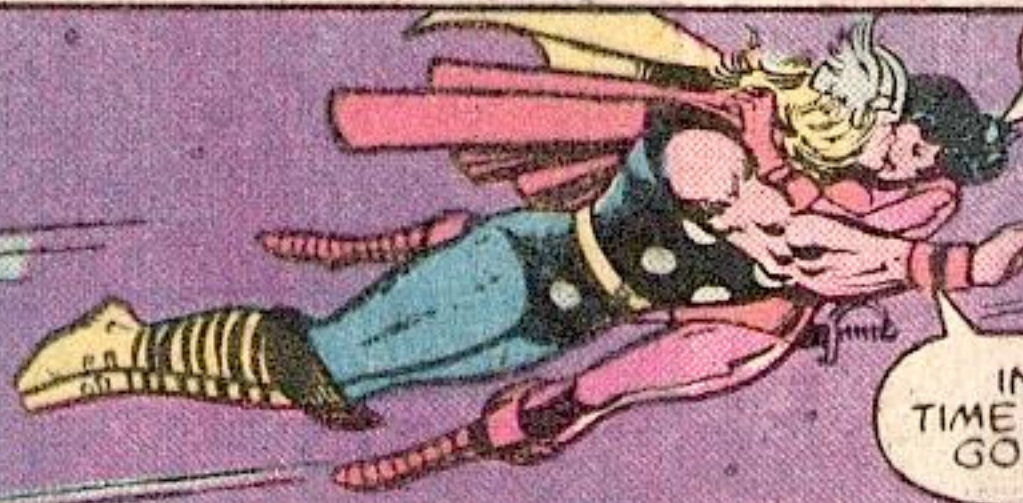
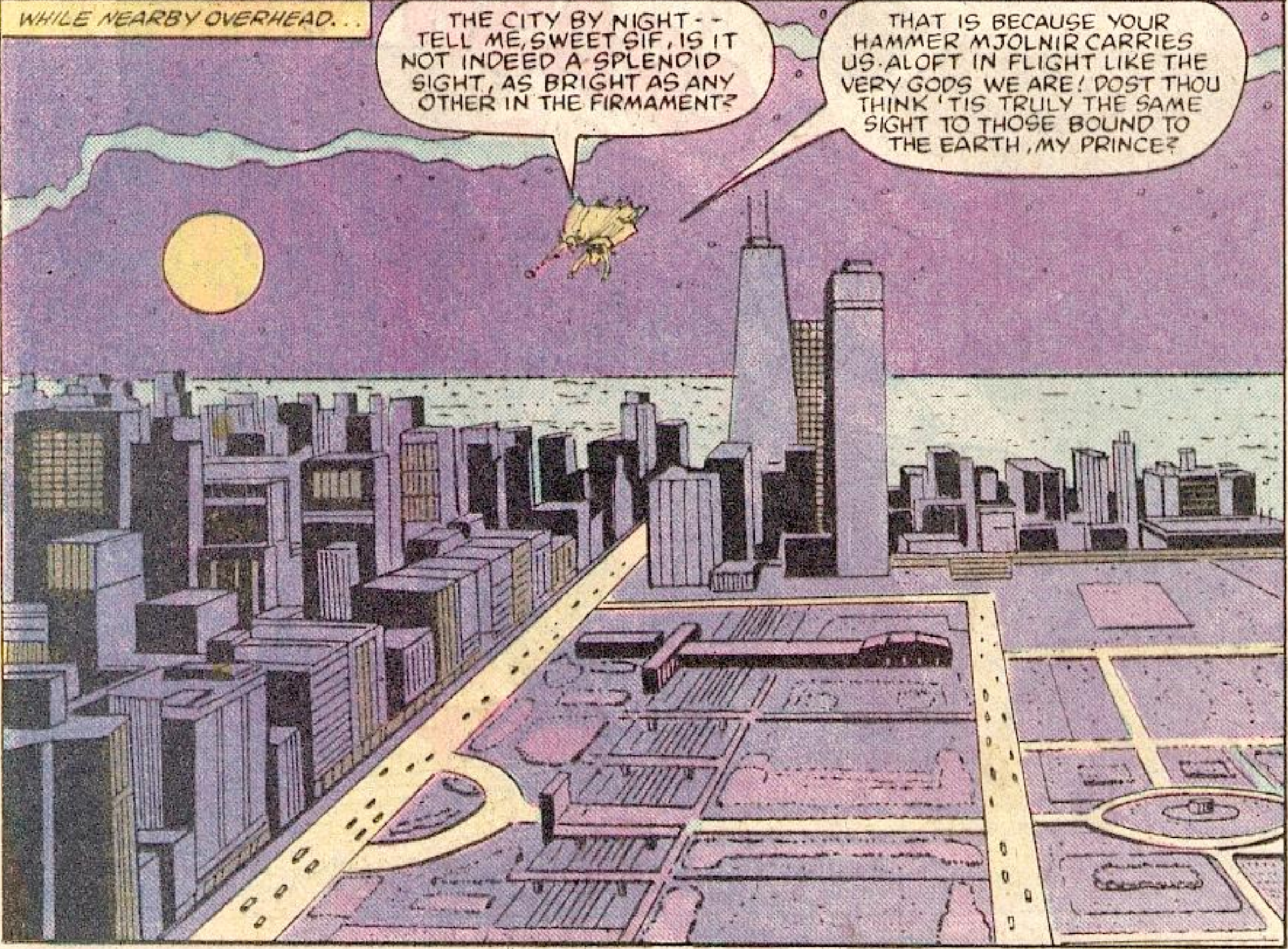
YESSIR! BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT MONSTER? LOOKS LIKE HE FELL OFF A BEAN-STALK!?



WHILE NEARBY OVERHEAD...

THE CITY BY NIGHT -- TELL ME, SWEET SIF, IS IT NOT INDEED A SPLENDID SIGHT, AS BRIGHT AS ANY OTHER IN THE FIRMAMENT?

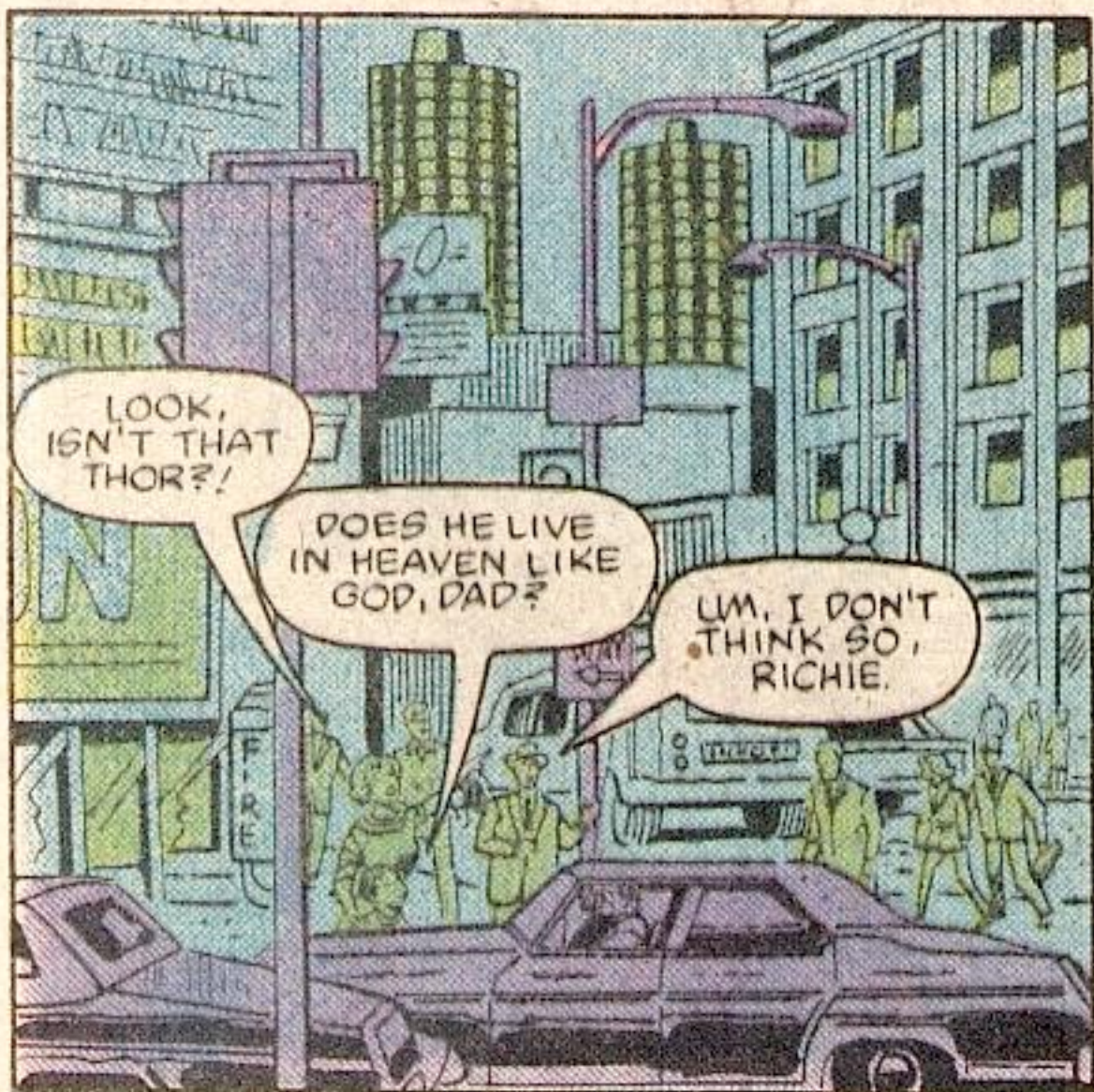
THAT IS BECAUSE YOUR HAMMER MJOLNIR CARRIES US ALOFT IN FLIGHT LIKE THE VERY GODS WE ARE! DOST THOU THINK 'TIS TRULY THE SAME SIGHT TO THOSE BOUND TO THE EARTH, MY PRINCE?



MMM, HOW I HAVE MISSED YOU THESE LONG MONTHS! NEVER SHALL ANOTHER SHARE THY LOVE AS ONCE JANE FOSTER DID.

IN DUE TIME, RADIANT GODDESS.

THOU MUST KEEP THY WORD AND SPEAK WITH SHAWNA LYNDE. SHE MUST KNOW WE ARE BETROTHED.



LOOK, ISN'T THAT THOR?!

DOES HE LIVE IN HEAVEN LIKE GOD, DAD?

UM, I DON'T THINK SO, RICHIE.



THOR, DOST THOU RECALL WHEN FIRST WE MET? HA! MY BROTHER HEIMDALL--

HOLD, SIF, THERE BE GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE RAILYARD BELOW-- A STAMPEDE OF CATTLE!





BY FRIGGA'S HEARTH,  
THOR, 'TIS HRUNGNIR,  
MOST BRAZEN OF  
ASGARD'S STORM  
GIANTS!

DAREST  
THOU TO  
STING ME  
WITH THY  
HAND-HELD  
ARMS? I'LL  
DASH THY  
BRAINS  
UPON THE  
GROUND!



NAY, HRUNGNIR!  
I KNOW NOT WHY  
THOU HAST REMAINED  
BEHIND AFTER THY  
DEFEAT AT THE HANDS  
OF ALL-FATHER ODIN,  
BUT NEVER SHALT  
THOU CAUSE HARM  
TO ANY MORTAL!



THOR! NOW THAT  
I HAVE FOUND THEE,  
THOU MUST DIE!



SIF, THOU ART GODDESS OF  
THE HUNT! HERD THE BULLS  
WHILE I DO SETTLE WITH  
THIS BRUTAL GIANT!



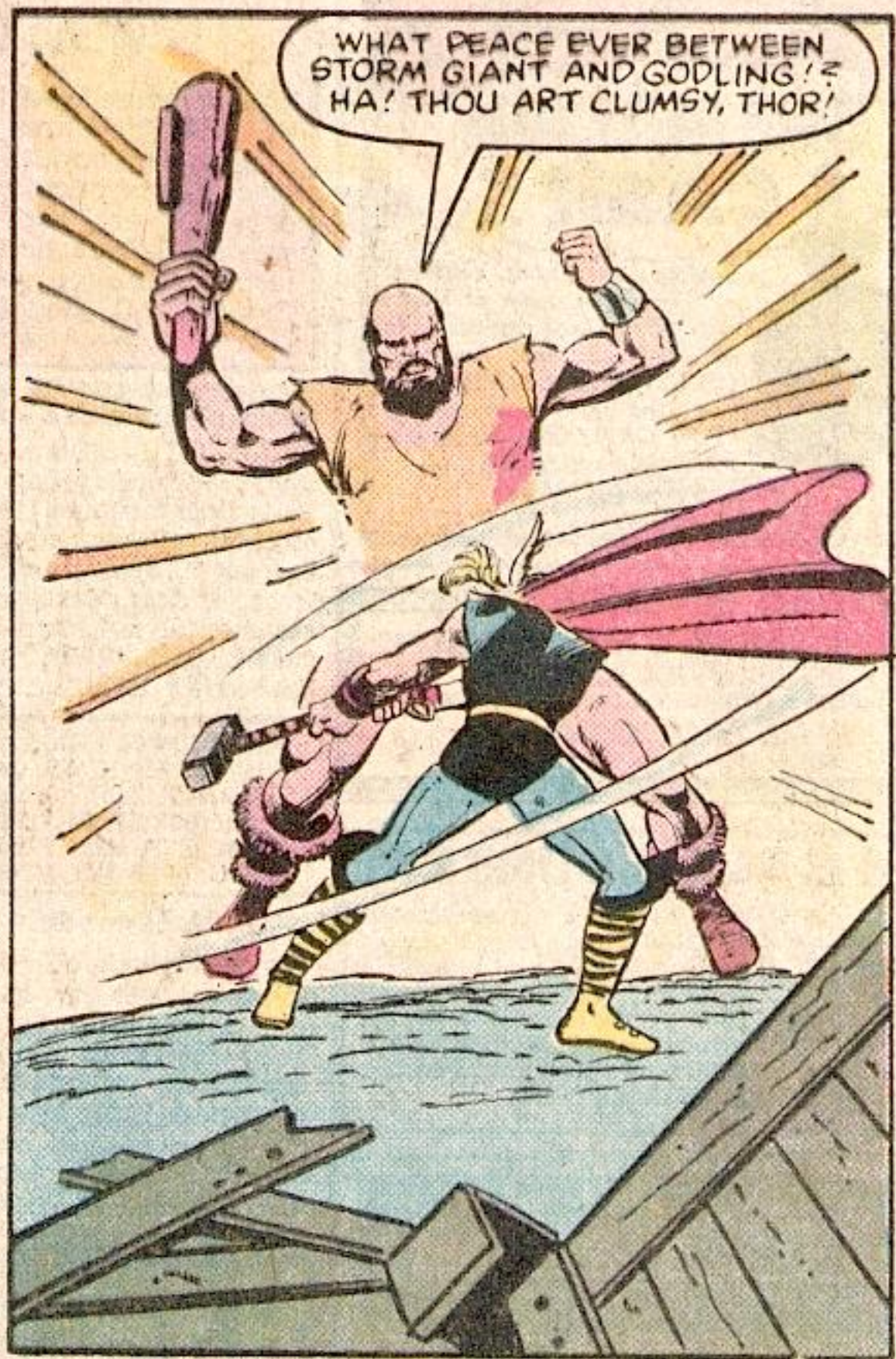
AYE, MY  
PRINCE! ONLY  
GUARD WELL  
'GAINST  
HRUNGNIR'S  
UNEARTHLY  
MIGHT!



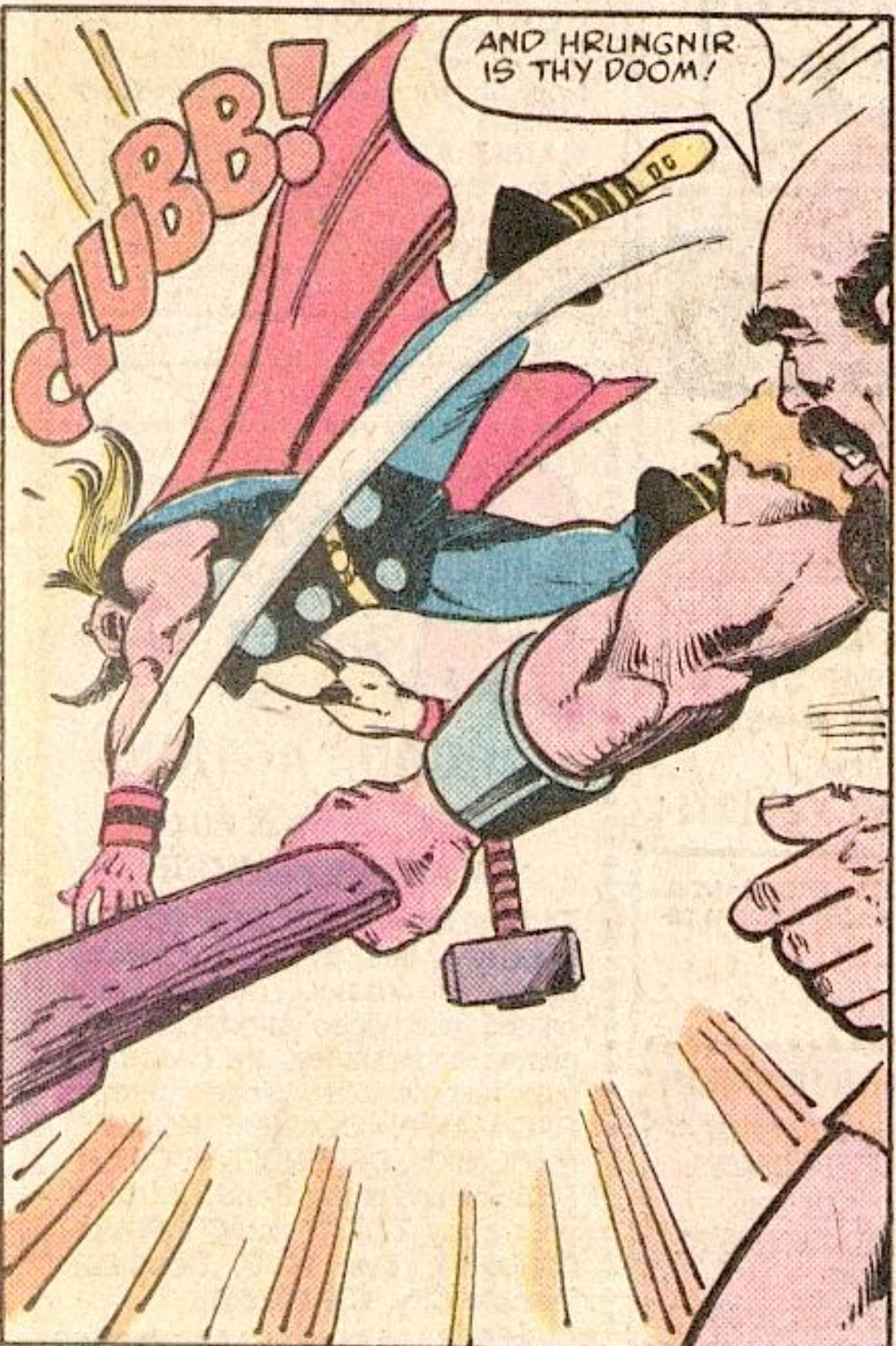


NOW HAVE AT THEE, THUNDER GOD!

WHY DOST THOU PERSIST IN WAR AND CHAOS, GIANT? DOST THOU NOT RECOGNIZE THE TRUCE AGREED UPON BY THY COMPANIONS ONLY TWO DAYS PAST?



WHAT PEACE EVER BETWEEN STORM GIANT AND GODLING! HA! THOU ART CLUMSY, THOR!



AND HRUNGNIR IS THY DOOM!

CLUBB!



NO GIANT SHALL SPELL DOOM TO THOR, SCION OF ODIN'S LOINS, WHO HATH FELLED LEGIONS OF THY KIND!

HUNH!



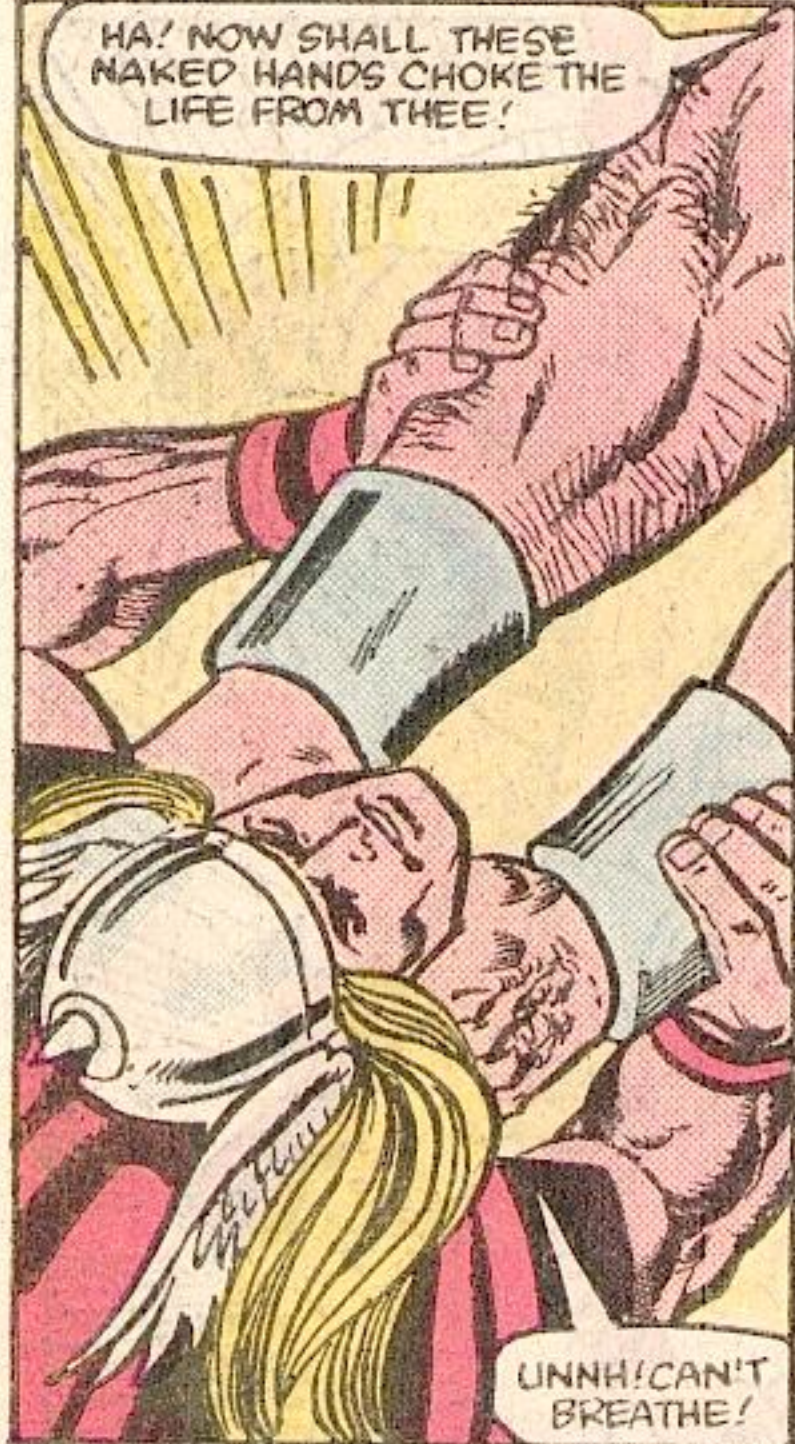
UNHAND THY CURSED  
MALLET, HATED  
ASGARDIAN!

HIS STRENGTH IS  
AS GREAT AS MY  
ERSTWHILE FOE THE  
ABSORBING MAN,  
STILL -

-- I GIVE  
FAIR WARNING,  
HRUNGNIR, TO  
DESIST --





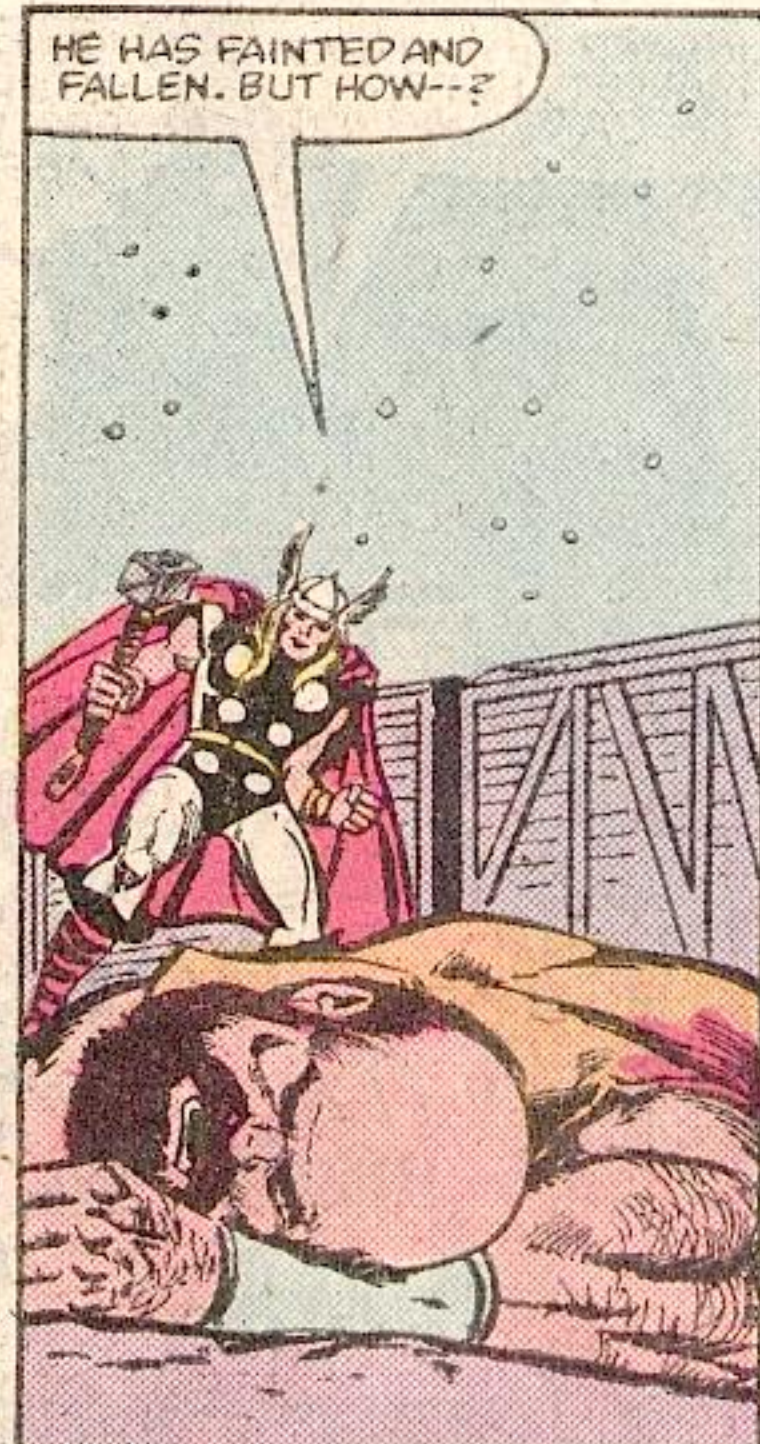


HA! NOW SHALL THESE NAKED HANDS CHOKE THE LIFE FROM THEE!

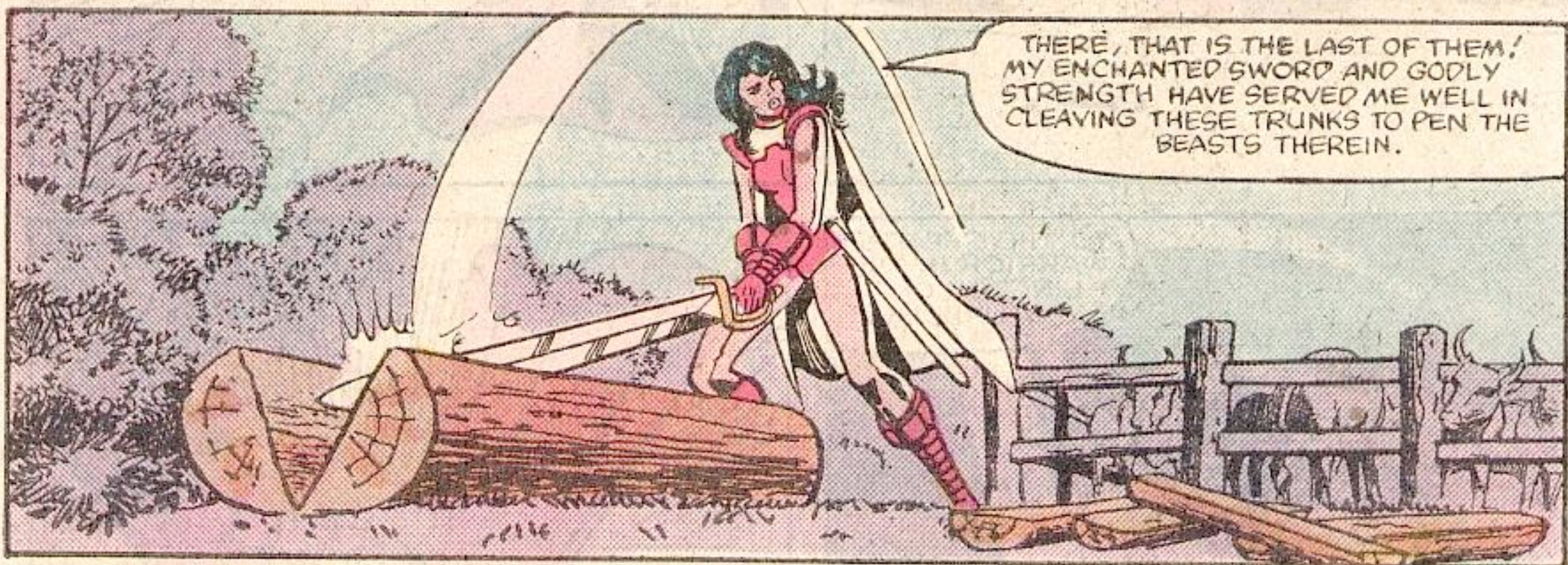
UNNH! CAN'T BREATHE!



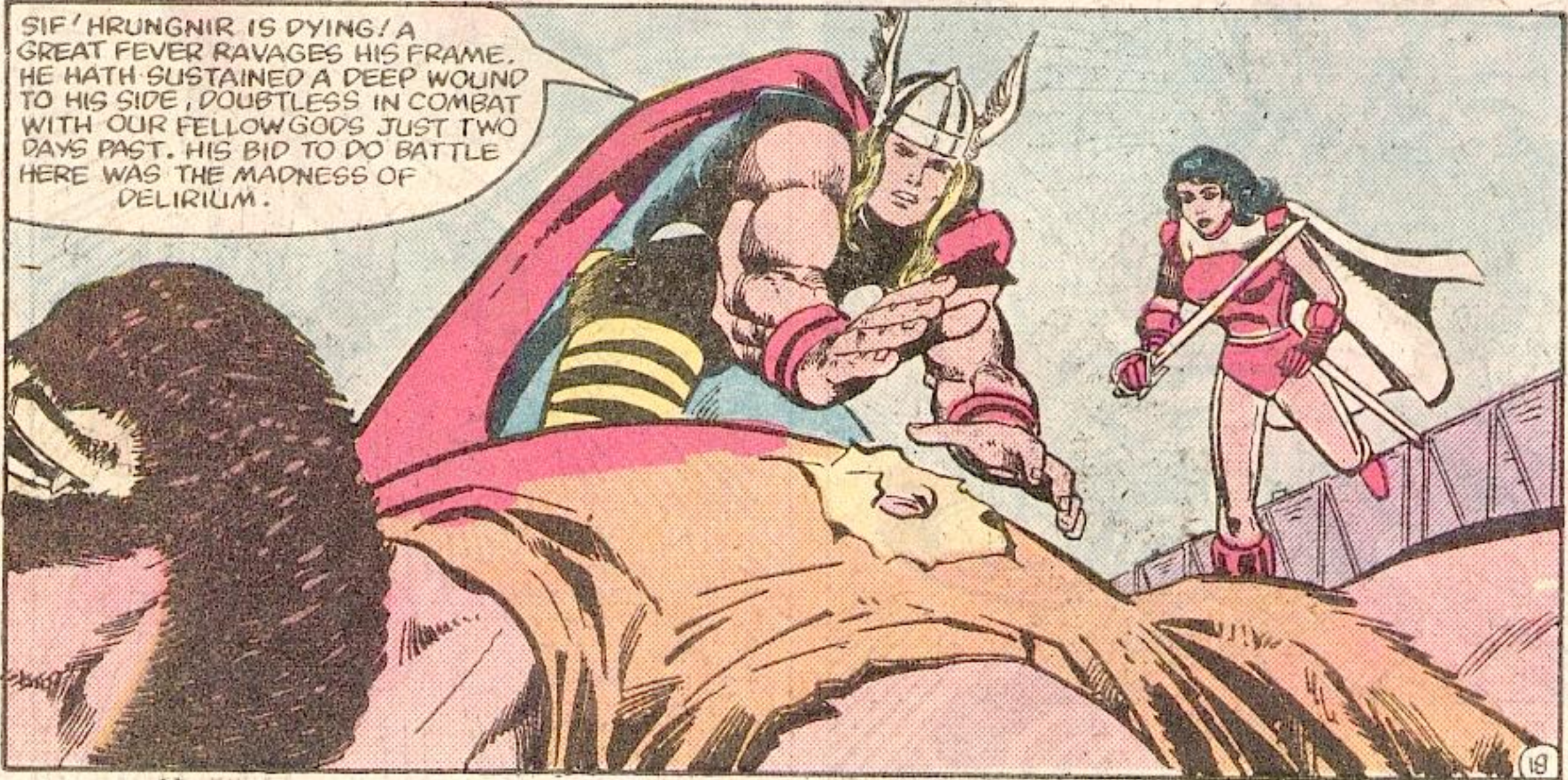
ARGHH!



HE HAS FAINTED AND FALLEN. BUT HOW--?

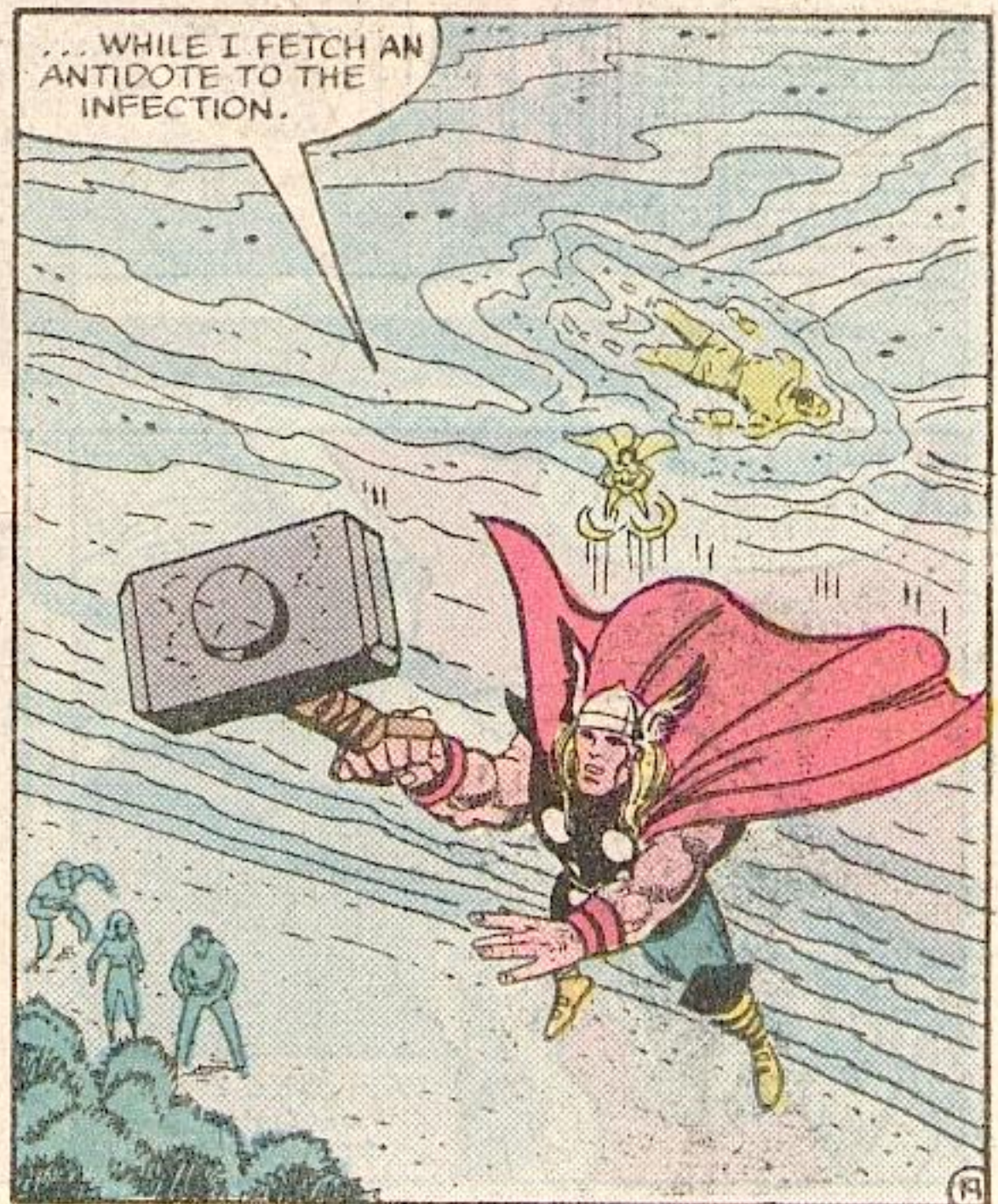
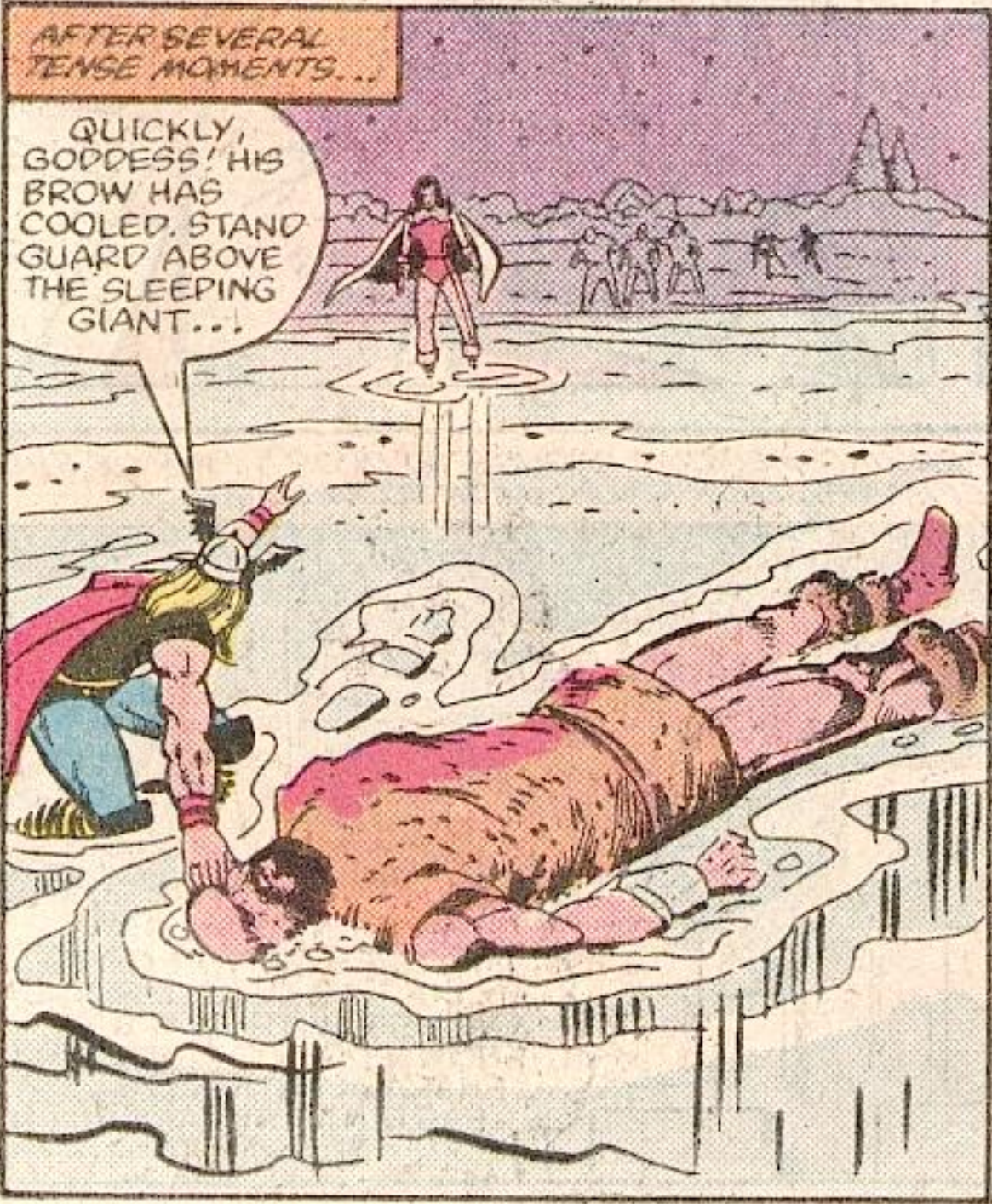
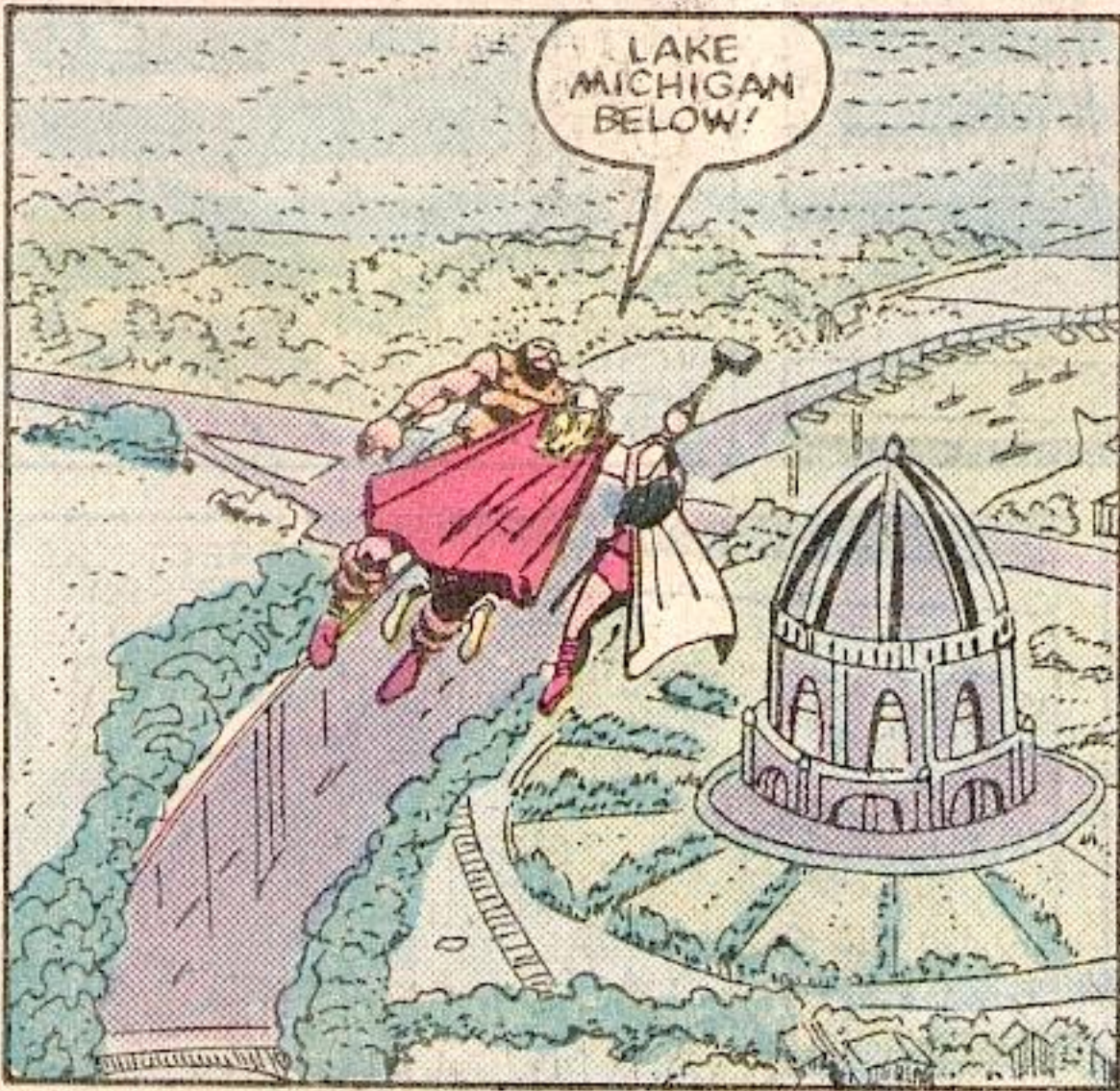
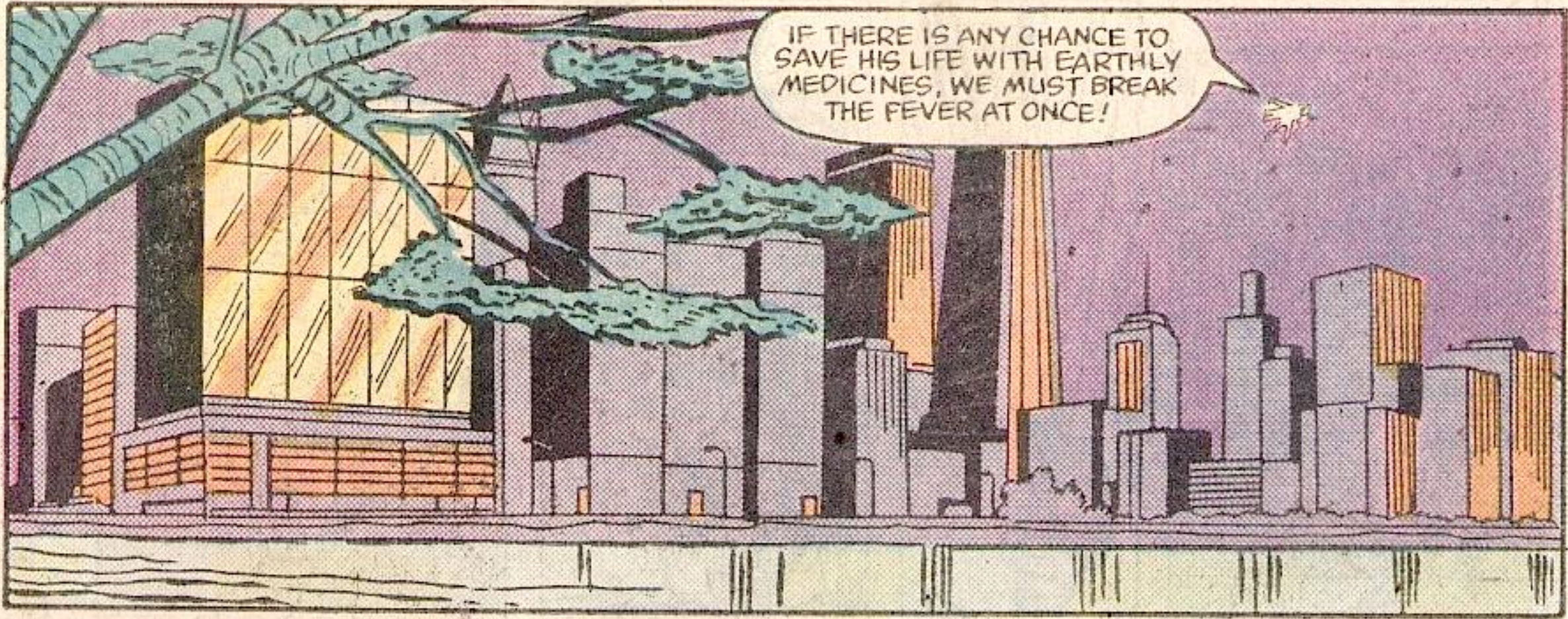


THERE, THAT IS THE LAST OF THEM! MY ENCHANTED SWORD AND GODLY STRENGTH HAVE SERVED ME WELL IN CLEAVING THESE TRUNKS TO PEN THE BEASTS THEREIN.



SIF' HRUNGNIR IS DYING! A GREAT FEVER RAVAGES HIS FRAME. HE HATH SUSTAINED A DEEP WOUND TO HIS SIDE, DOUBTLESS IN COMBAT WITH OUR FELLOW GODS JUST TWO DAYS PAST. HIS BID TO DO BATTLE HERE WAS THE MADNESS OF DELIRIUM.







AND IN MERE SECONDS...

NOW I MUST ENTER THE OFFICE BELOW...



... AS DONALD BLAKE.



THE ONLY POSSIBILITY IS AN ANTIBIOTIC, SOME MASSIVE DOSE OF PENICILLIN.

WHILE BLAKE HURRIES, HE IS UNAWARE THAT NEARBY HE HIMSELF IS THE SUBJECT OF A HUSHED CHICAGO TO NEW YORK TELEPHONE CONVERSATION...



YES, YES, OF COURSE I'M QUITE SURE. I'VE BEEN DOING THIS SORT OF SKIP-TRACING FOR TWENTY YEARS NOW.

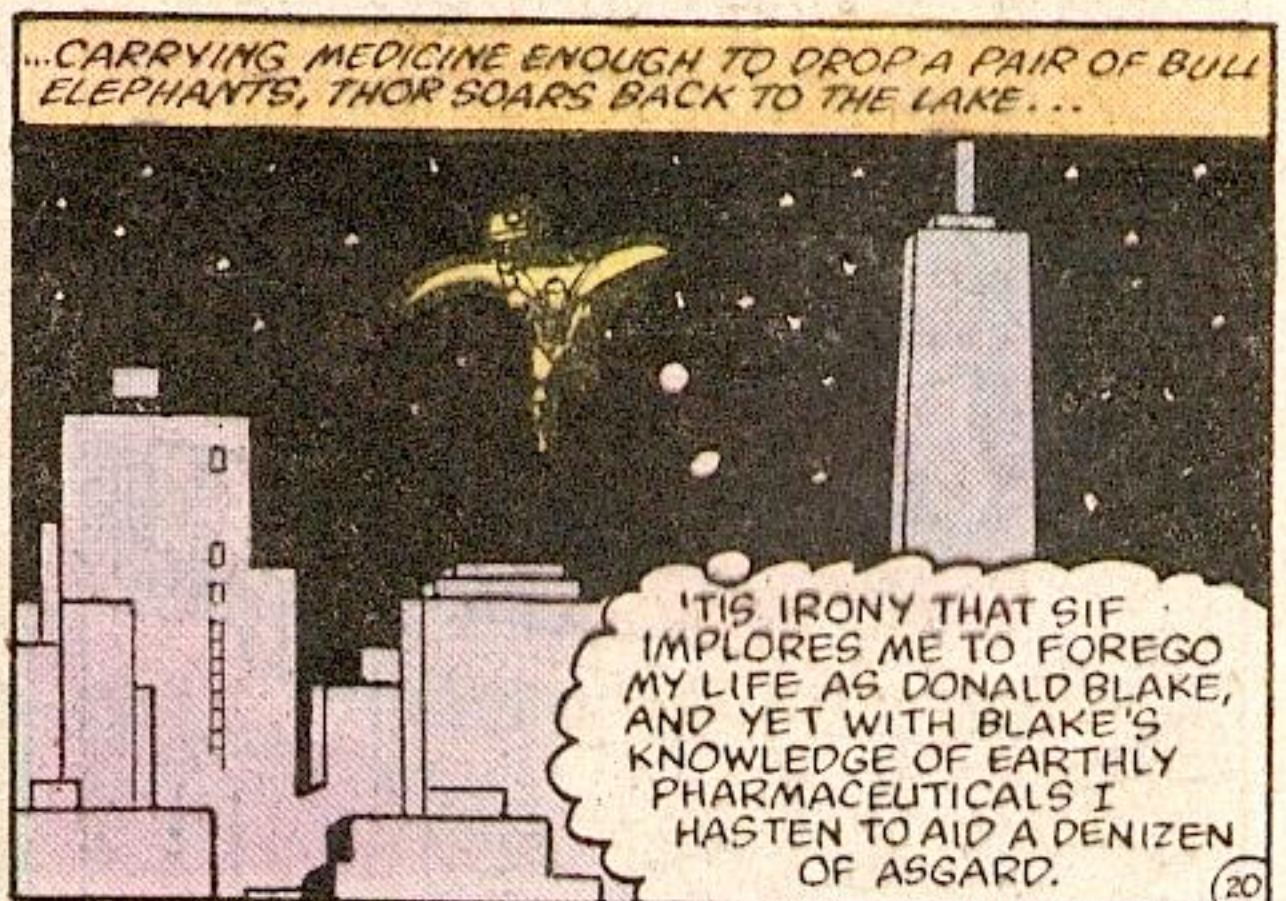


CORRECT. THE SAME PERSON WHO USED TO PRACTICE IN MANHATTAN.



FINE. AND WE'LL PROCEED FROM THERE.

THE CALL ENDS ON AN OMINOUS NOTE, MEANWHILE.



...CARRYING MEDICINE ENOUGH TO DROP A PAIR OF BULL ELEPHANTS, THOR SOARS BACK TO THE LAKE...

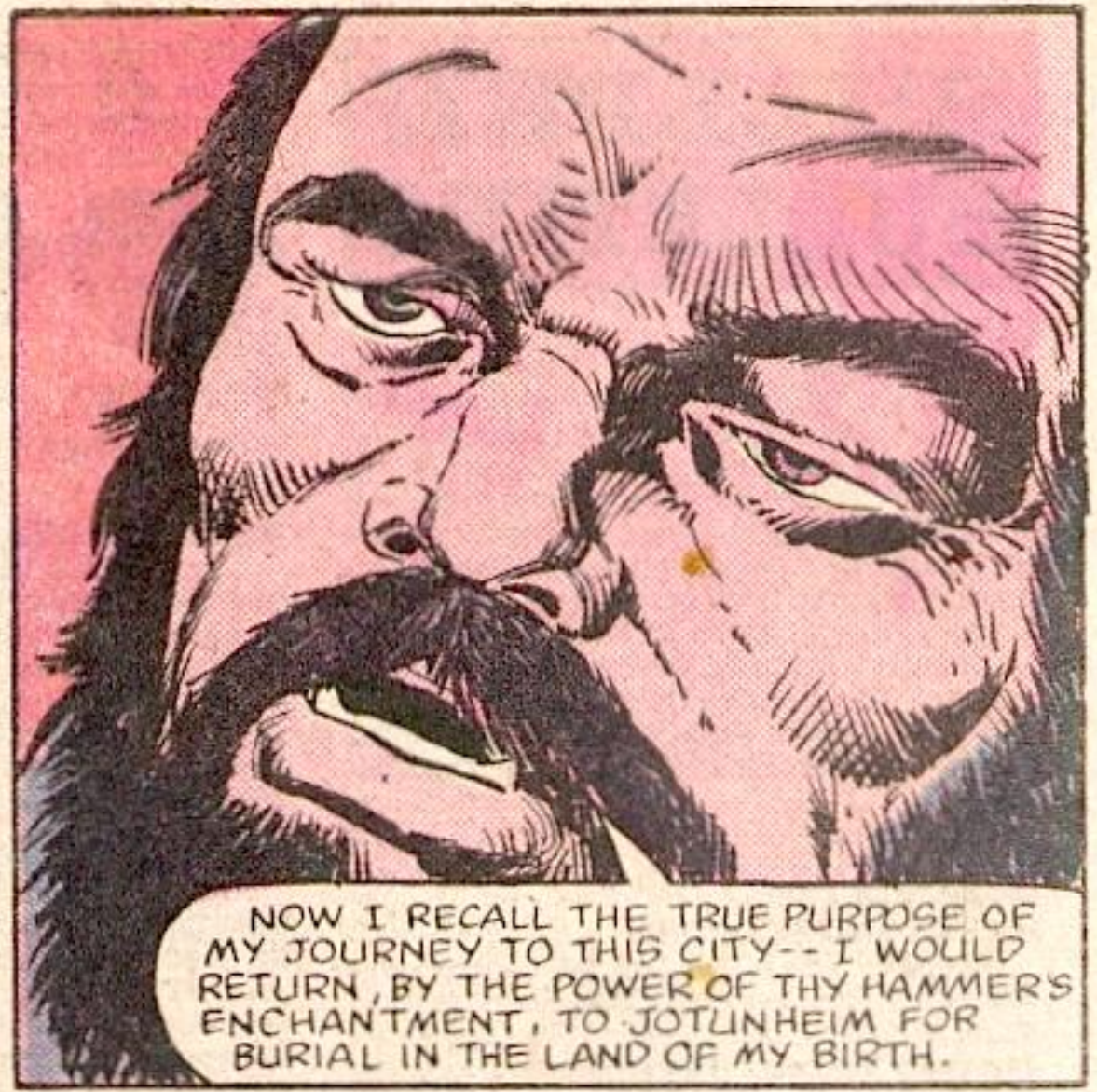
'TIS IRONY THAT SIF IMPLORES ME TO FOREGO MY LIFE AS DONALD BLAKE, AND YET WITH BLAKE'S KNOWLEDGE OF EARTHLY PHARMACEUTICALS I HASTEN TO AID A DENIZEN OF ASGARD.



AS ONLY THE STRENGTH OF GODS COULD WOUND THEE, HRUNGNIR, SO SUCH STRENGTH IS NECESSARY TO PIERCE THY STONE-HARD SKIN WITH THIS NEEDLE.



THOU HAST ASSUAGED MY GREAT PAIN, THUNDER GOD, AND FOR THAT I THANK THEE.



NOW I RECALL THE TRUE PURPOSE OF MY JOURNEY TO THIS CITY-- I WOULD RETURN, BY THE POWER OF THY HAMMER'S ENCHANTMENT, TO JOTLINHEIM FOR BURIAL IN THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.



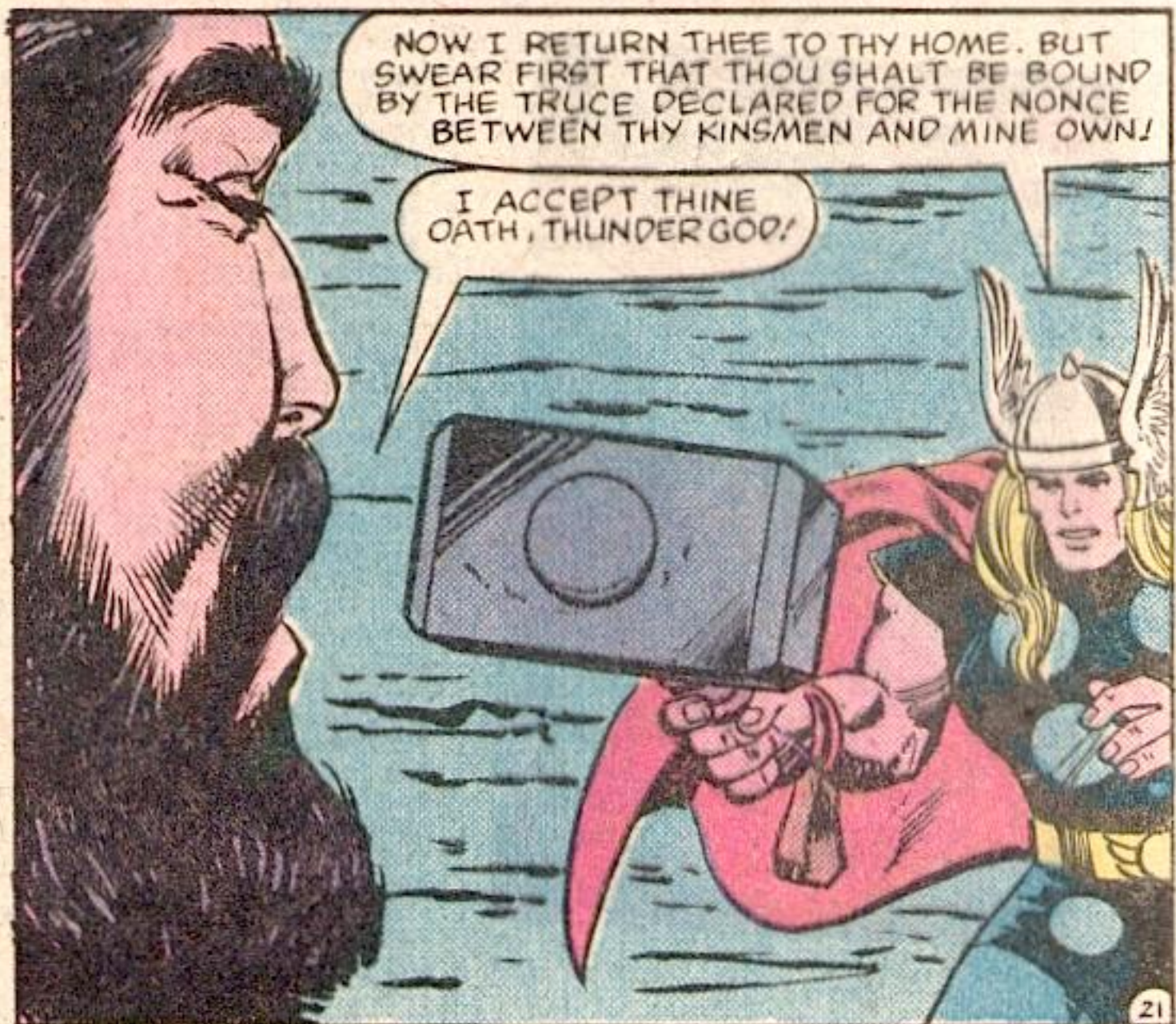
BURIAL, GIANT? NAY, THOU SHALT LIVE! THIS EARTHLY MEDICINE I HAVE ADMINISTERED HATH REACTED INSTANTANEOUSLY WITH THY ASGARD BLOOD. THY BODY IS ALREADY PURGED OF ITS FOUL INFECTION.



SEE, HRUNGNIR, THOU STANDEST OF THINE OWN POWER!

AYE, MY LEGS NO LONGER TREMBLE AND MY TEMPLES CEASE TO THROB. THOUGH THOU BE MY GODLY FOE, STILL ART THOU A MOST GALLANT WARRIOR, THOR.

WHO IS THAT WOMAN?



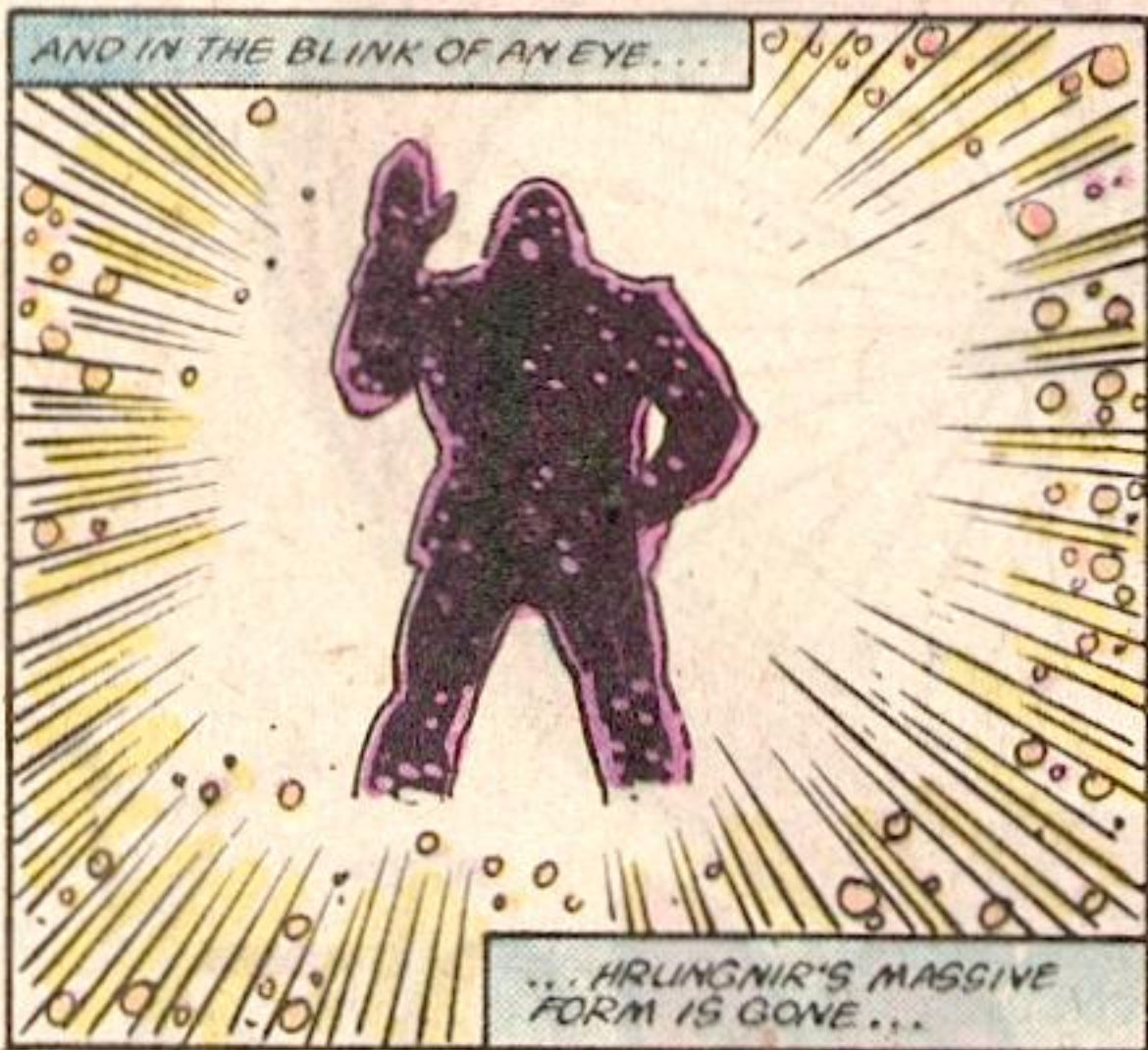
NOW I RETURN THEE TO THY HOME. BUT SWEAR FIRST THAT THOU SHALT BE BOUND BY THE TRUCE DECLARED FOR THE NONCE BETWEEN THY KINSMEN AND MINE OWN!

I ACCEPT THINE OATH, THUNDER GOD!



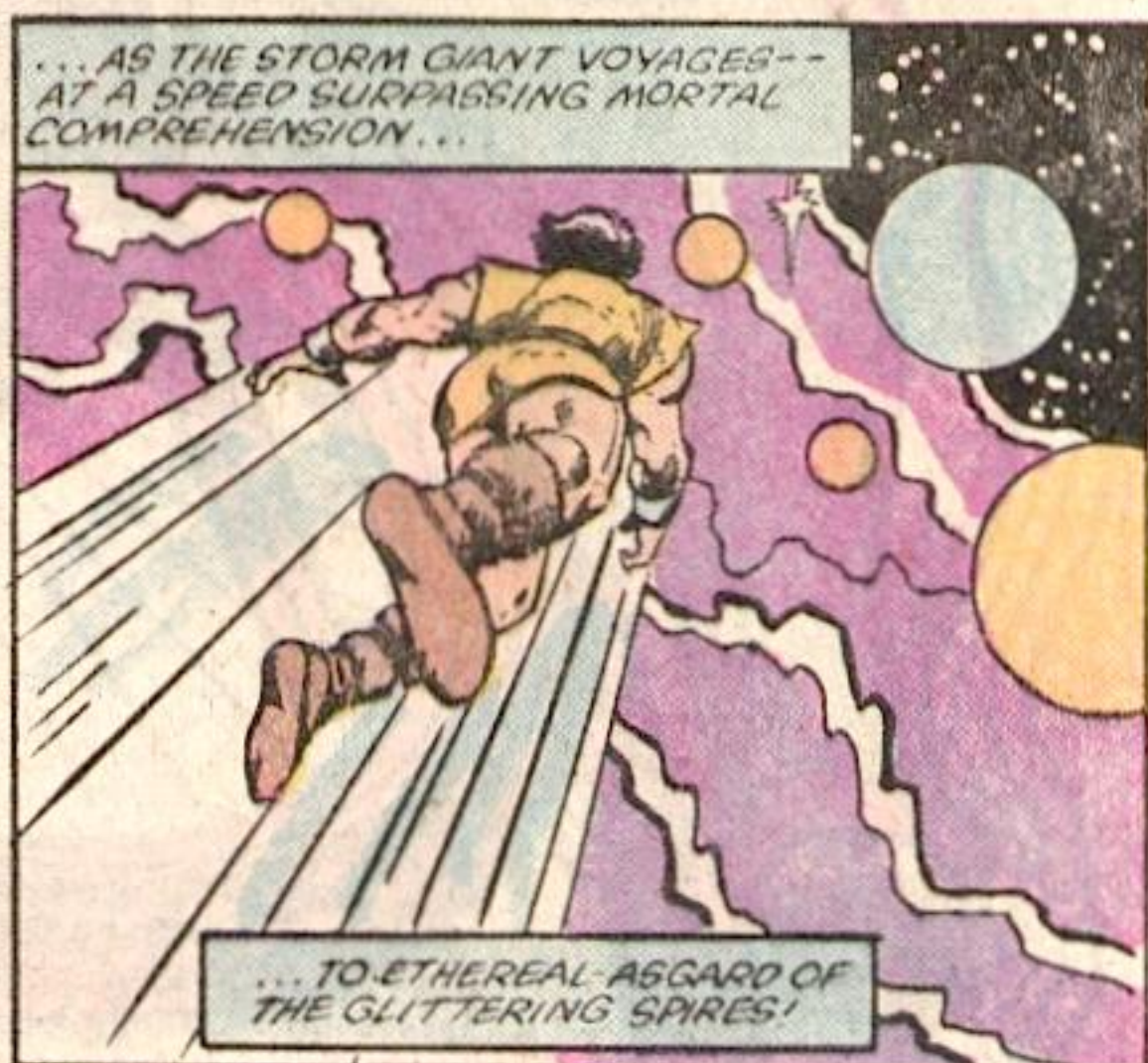


THEN LET MJOLNIR'S WHIRLWIND SPAN ALL TIME AND SPACE TO CARRY THEE BACK TO THY CELESTIAL DIMENSION! FAREWELL, GIANT!



AND IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE...

... HRUNGNIR'S MASSIVE FORM IS GONE...



... AS THE STORM GIANT VOYAGES-- AT A SPEED SURPASSING MORTAL COMPREHENSION...

... TO ETHEREAL ASGARD OF THE GLITTERING SPIRES!



BECAUSE I HAVE PROMISED THEE, PRINCE, I SHALL NOT SPEAK MY ENVY OF HRUNGNIR'S RETURN TO THE GOLDEN REALM.



SWEET SIF, I PRAY THAT THOU SHALT FIND THINE HEART'S CONTENTMENT UPON MIDGARD.

STILL, HOW SAD-- FOR THOUGH I STAND WITH MY BELOVED'S ARM ABOUT ME AT LONG LAST, YET I AM STRANDED ON A WORLD I SHALL NEVER CALL MY OWN.



NEXT

CALL HIM THE CRUSADER!