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THE MIGHTY

THOR



THE THUNDER GOD ON...
THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH!

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!**

THIS IS CARYN WISE, WBBM NEWS, REPORTING FROM CHICAGO'S CIVIC CENTER...

HOLY WAR!

... FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE JUST TUNED IN, THOR, THE SUPER-HERO AND SELF-PROCLAIMED GOD OF THUNDER, WAS TO HAVE RECEIVED THE KEYS TO THE CITY OF CHICAGO HERE THIS EVENING...

... WHEN-- JUST MOMENTS AGO-- THE CEREMONY WAS INTERRUPTED BY A MAN CALLING HIMSELF THE CRUSADER, AND DRESSED, IN FACT, IN MEDIEVAL ARMOR.

DECLARING THOR TO BE A PAGAN INFIDEL, THIS CRUSADER HAS CHARGED INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE HERO AND HAS, INDEED, DRAWN BLOOD WITH A SWORD SLASH ACROSS THOR'S CHEEK!

FHWIT!

IN THE NAME OF GOD, BLASPHEMER, NOW I'LL CONSIGN YOUR BLACK SOUL TO THE CHARRING FLAMES OF ETERNAL PERDITION!

ALAN ZELENETZ BOB HALL VINCE COLLETTA JANICE CHIANG GEORGE ROUSSOS MARK GRUENWALD JIM SHOOTER
SCRIPTER PENCILER/PLOTTER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

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THERE'S NO QUESTION THAT THOR IS GIVING THIS FIGHT HIS ALL -- BUT HE SEEMS STUNNED BY THE STRENGTH OF HIS FOE...

... AND I MIGHT ADD, TED, THAT THIS MYSTERIOUS CRUSADER, WHOEVER HE IS, IS AWESOMELY STRONG--

CLANG!



... HERE WE HAVE A CLOSE UP OF THE CRUSADER FOR THE VIEWERS AT HOME...



AND AMONG THOSE VIEWERS, THE GODDESS SIF, THOR'S BETROTHED, WHO IS JUST THIS VERY MINUTE LEARNING OF HER BELOVED'S PLIGHT...

-- WE'VE ALREADY SEEN HIM HURL AN AUTOMOBILE THROUGH THE AIR... OH... OKAY...

... AS SHE WATCHES THE NETWORK COVERAGE IN THE APARTMENT OF THOR'S ALTER EGO, DR. DONALD BLAKE --



I FAIL TO COMPREHEND-- WHERE ARE THE FORMAL PROCEEDINGS TO HONOR MY NOBLE AND GLORIOUS PRINCE--

-- THOR!?



... AS YOU CAN SEE, THOR IS HURT, HE'S BLEEDING!"

MY LOVE, WHAT BASE INIQUITY HAS BEFALLEN THEE?!



IS THIS SOME MORTAL PERFDY?!

LITTLE MATTER! SIF, THY WARRIOR GODDESS, SHALL AVENGE THIS BLACKEST VILLAINY!

I HASTEN TO THINE AID, MY PRINCE!

PERHAPS NO ONE IS MORE SURPRISED AT THE SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS THIS EVENING THAN...

"... A VISIBLY SHAKEN MAYOR BYRNE HERSELF WHO IS RIGHT NOW BEING HUSTLED TO SAFETY INTO A WAITING LIMOUSINE..."

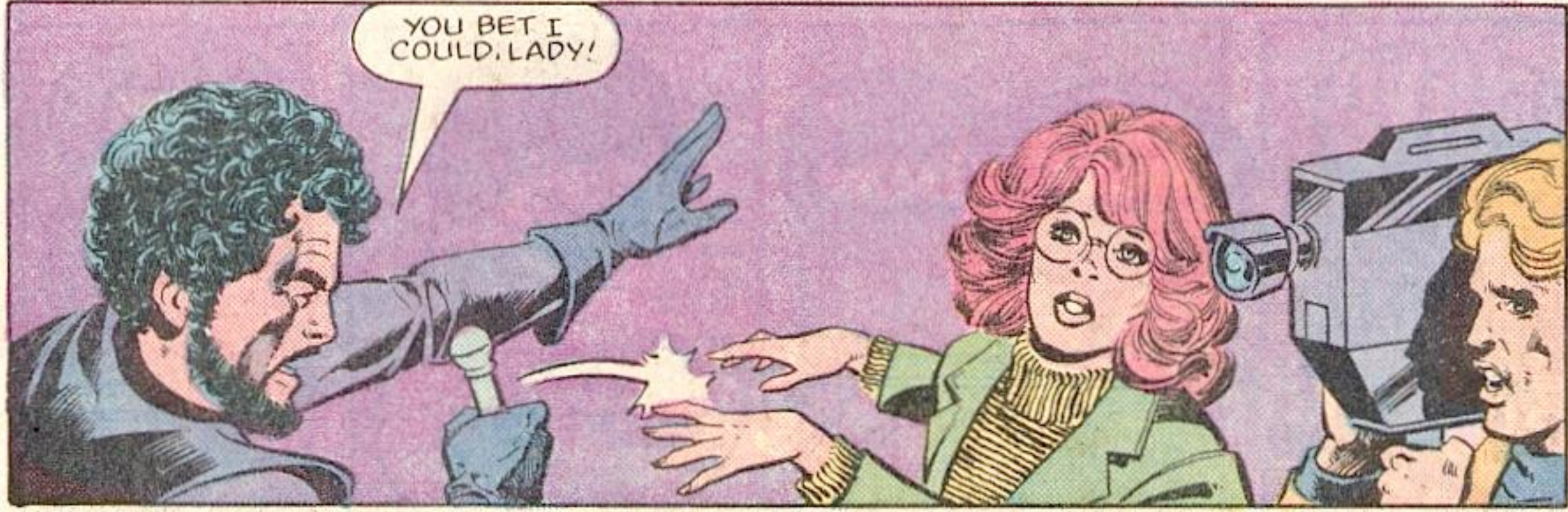
... BUT THE CROWD REMAINS -- MISS, YOU WERE RESCUED BY THOR YESTERDAY, WEREN'T YOU, AFTER YOU'D JUMPED --

THOR! DEFEAT HIM! DEFEAT HIM, MY SAVIOR, THOR!

"THAT YOUNG WOMAN, AS YOU HEARD, IS A MEMBER OF THE THOR CULTISTS WHO ARE OUT IN FORCE TONIGHT"

"BUT THERE ARE STILL MANY HERE WHO FEEL QUITE DIFFERENTLY -- THAT THOR REPRESENTS A HEATHEN IDEOLOGY DANGEROUS TO --"

--OH! HERE IS THE MAN WHO... UM... ACCOMPANIED THE CRUSADER ON HIS ARRIVAL -- SIR? SIR, COULD YOU --?



YOU BET I COULD, LADY!



MY BOSS IS STRONGER THAN THOR! HE'S GOT THE REAL FAITH, THAT'S WHAT WE NEED THESE DAYS-- MORE TRUE RELIGION LIKE, Y'KNOW, THE TEN, WHATCHAMA--



--COMMANDMENTS, YEAH, AN'--

--UH OH!



NOW, TREACHEROUS MORTAL, I KNOW NOT BY WHAT WIZARDRY THOU HAST DRAWN THOR'S IMMORTAL BLOOD, BUT...

BUMP!

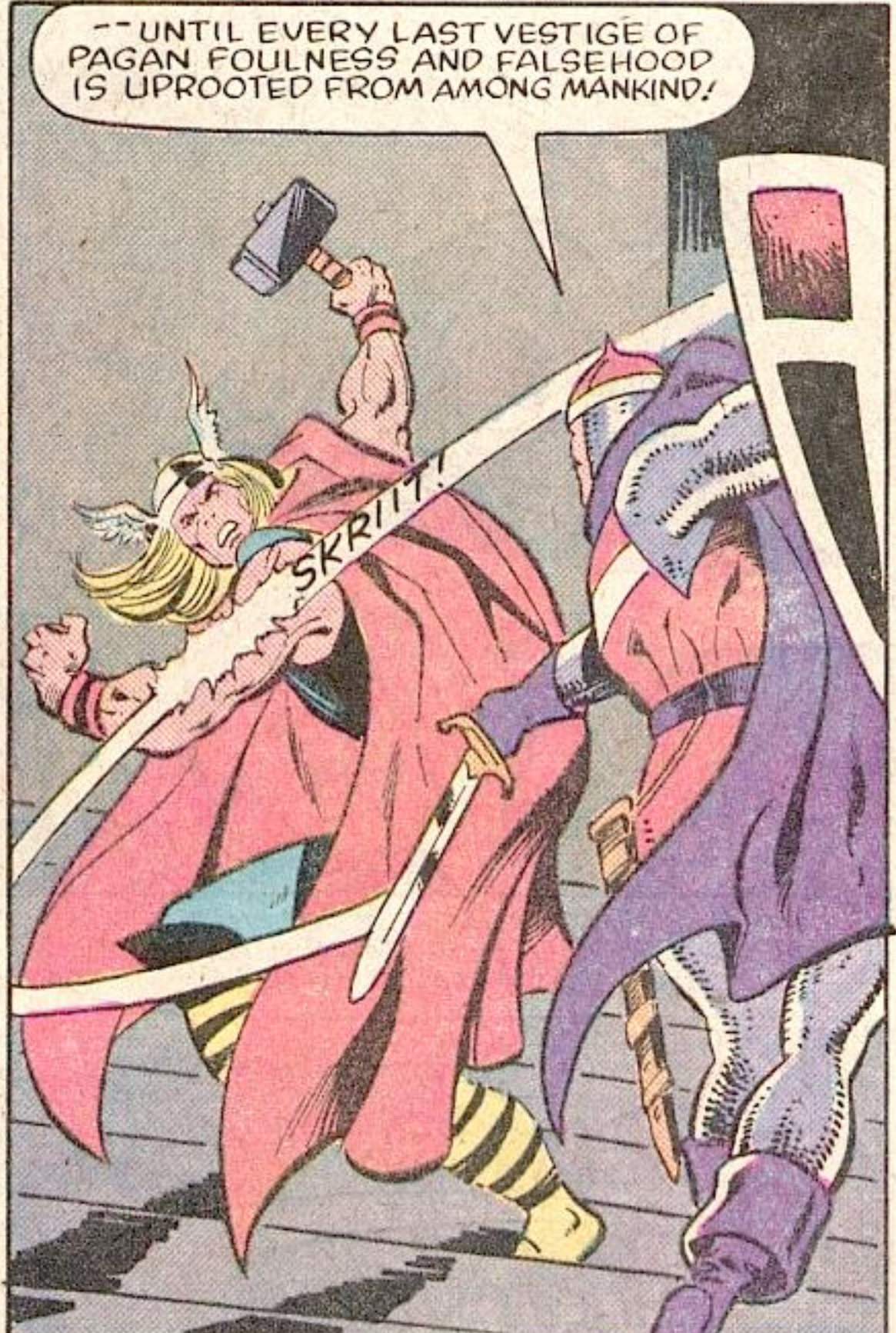


...NEVER AGAIN, NOT IF RAGNAROK SHOULD RISE AND CARRY ALL CELESTIAL ASGARD TO ITS DOOM, SHALT THOU LIFT THY SORCEROUS BLADE TO THOR!



NEVER LIFT MY BLADE?!!?

THIS TRUE WARRIOR OF THE LORD, WHOSE FAITH IS EVER PURE, SHALL NEVER SHEATHE HIS SWORD--



-- UNTIL EVERY LAST VESTIGE OF PAGAN FOULNESS AND FALSEHOOD IS UPROOTED FROM AMONG MANKIND!

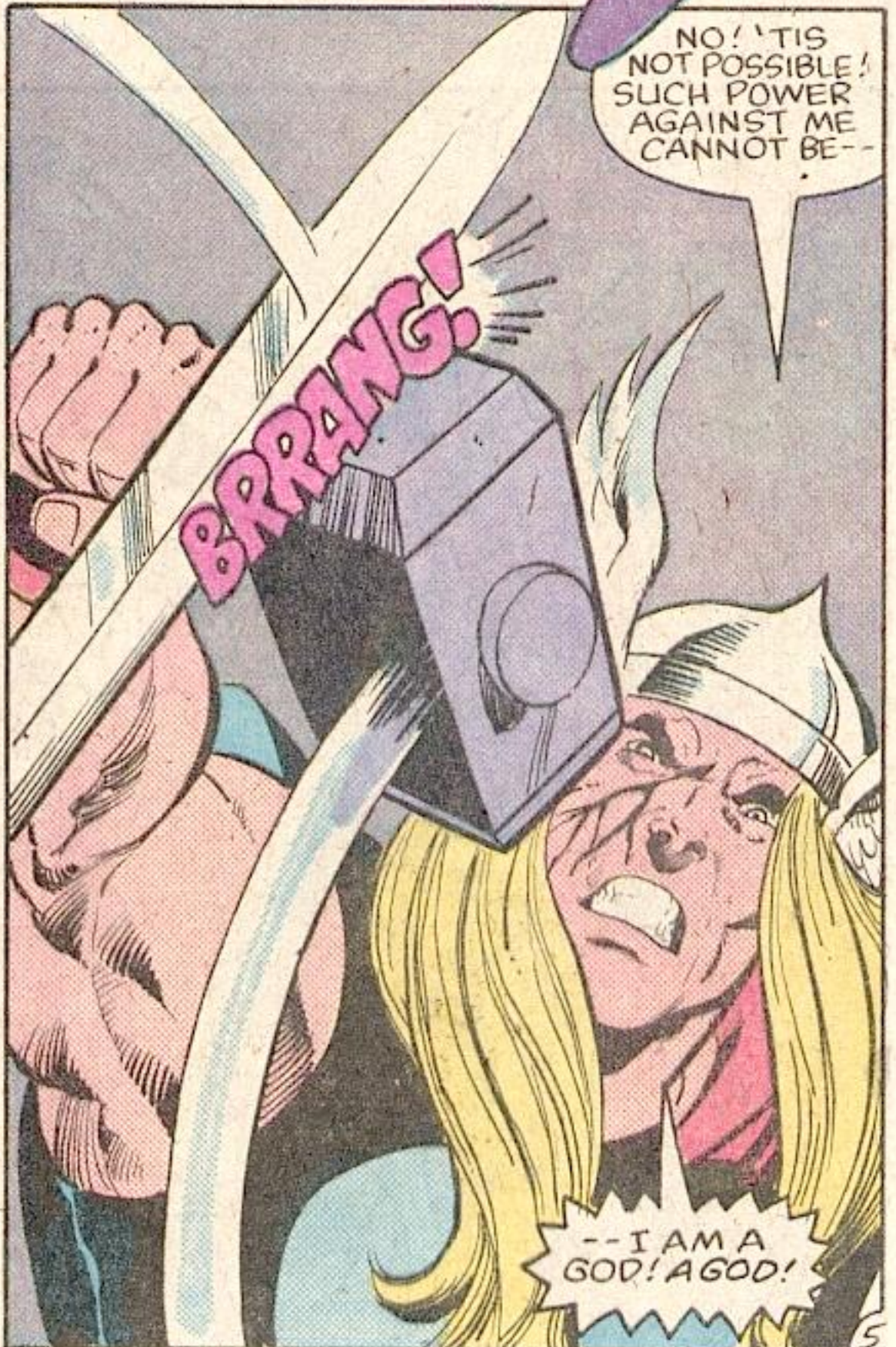
SKRIT!



THE SWORD OF FAITH CUTS DEEP, DOES IT NOT, DOG?!

I... I HURT!

HA! BACK SATAN, BACK I SAY!



NO! 'TIS NOT POSSIBLE! SUCH POWER AGAINST ME CANNOT BE--

BARRANG!

-- I AM A GOD! A GOD!



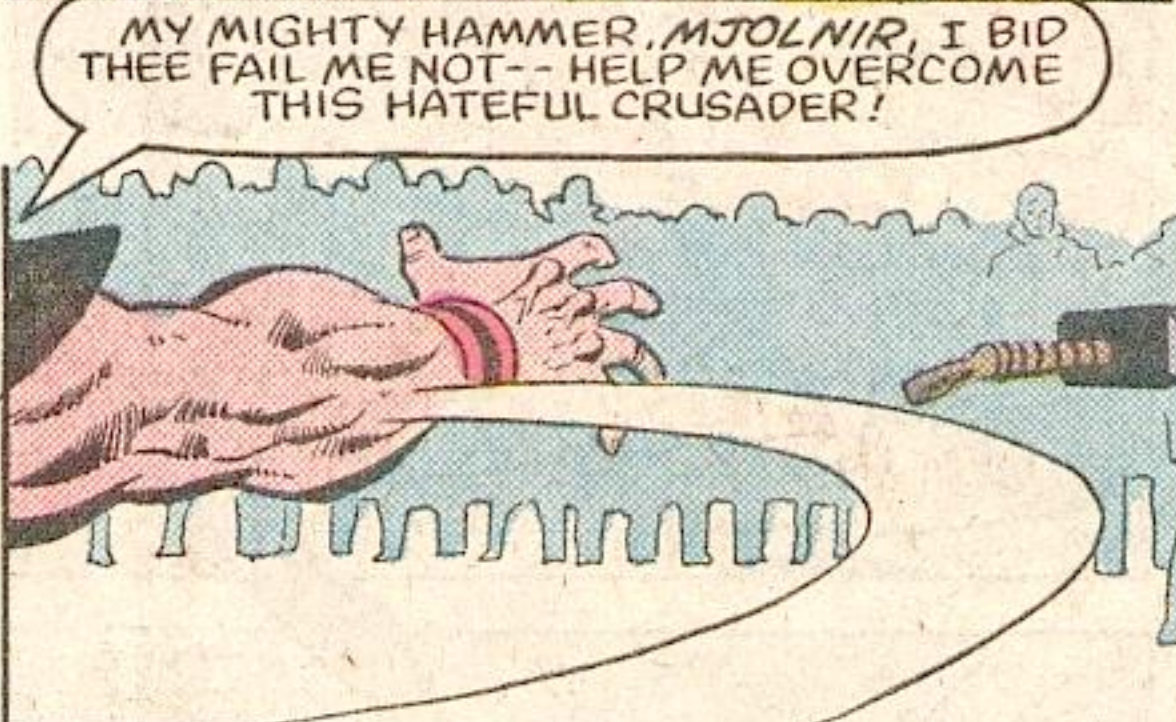
YOU ARE A HERETIC!

SLANGG!

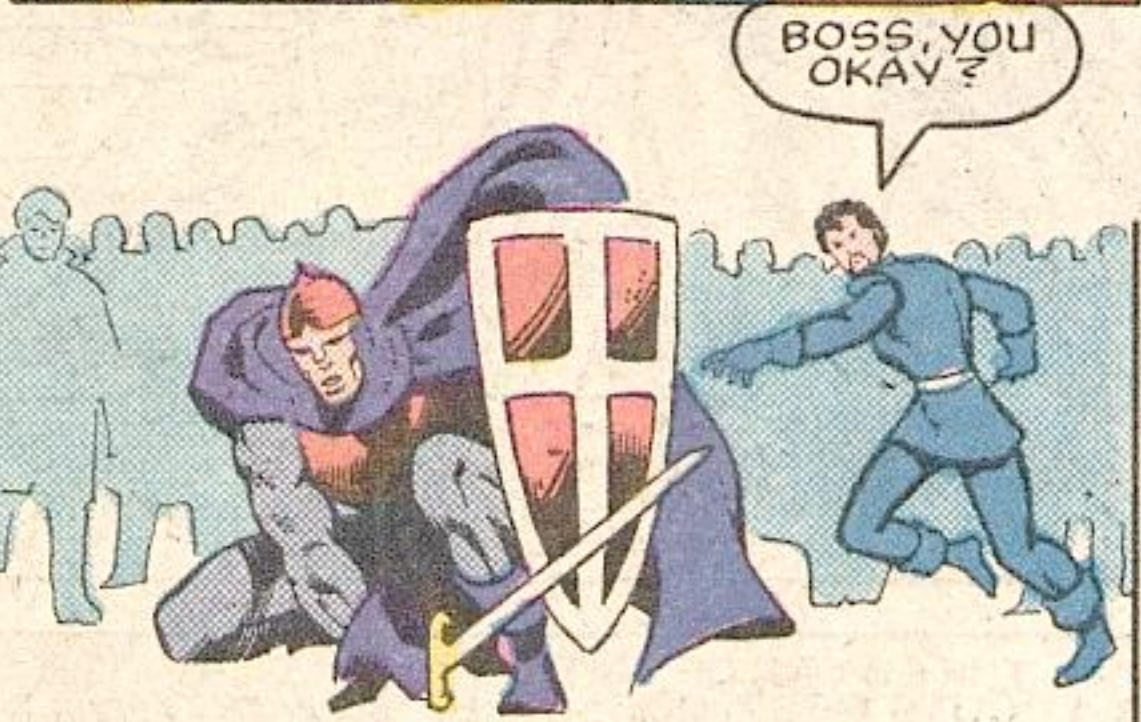


OFF OF ME, I SAY!

THUNK



MY MIGHTY HAMMER, MJOLNIR, I BID THEE FAIL ME NOT-- HELP ME OVERCOME THIS HATEFUL CRUSADER!

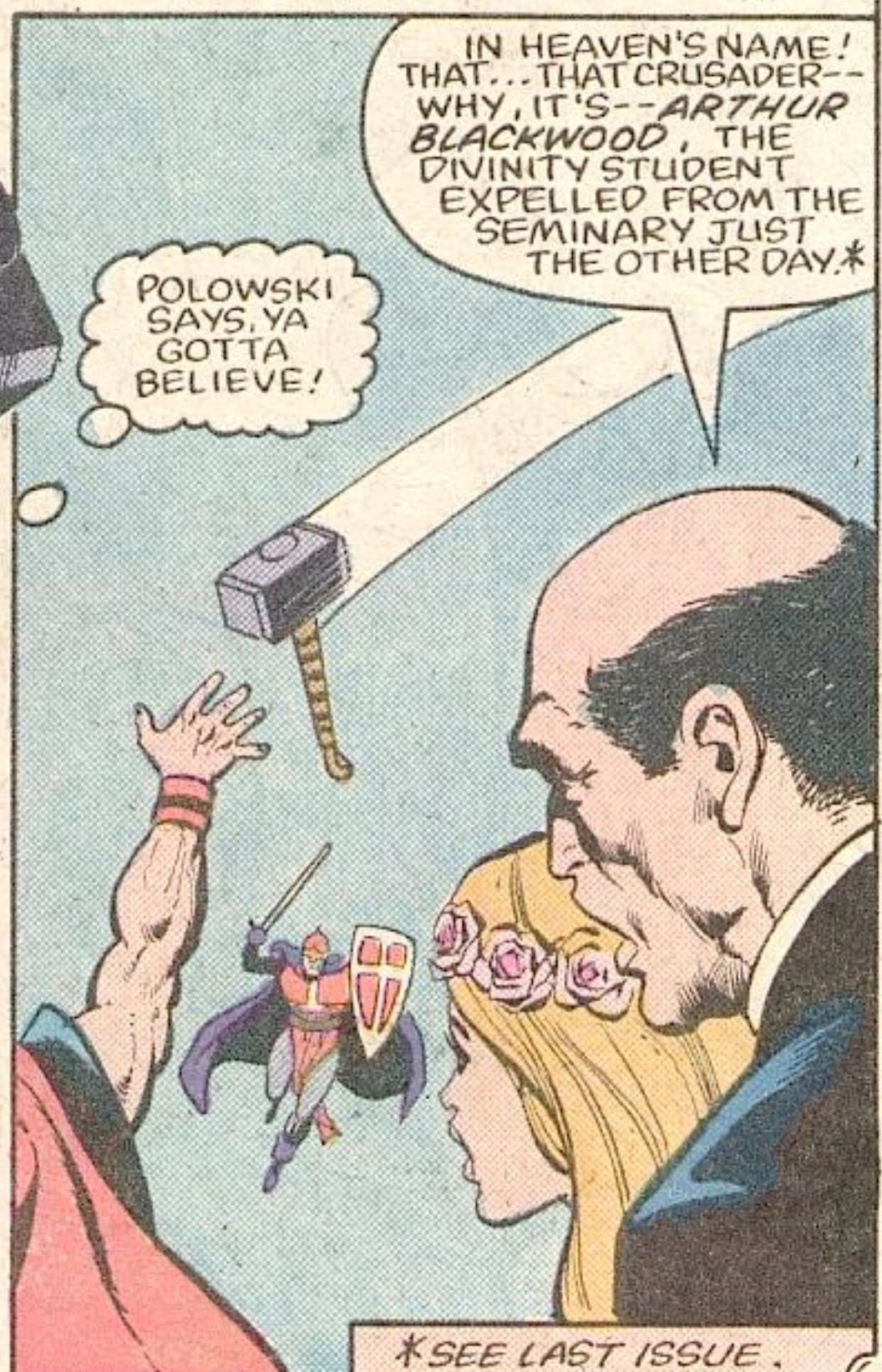


BOSS, YOU OKAY?



THE SHIELD OF FIRM BELIEF CANNOT BE SHATTERED.

FLAANNG!



POLOWSKI SAYS, YA GOTTA BELIEVE!

IN HEAVEN'S NAME! THAT... THAT CRUSADER-- WHY, IT'S-- ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, THE DIVINITY STUDENT EXPELLED FROM THE SEMINARY JUST THE OTHER DAY.*

*SEE LAST ISSUE. 6

SELDOM HAVE I FACED SUCH BRUTAL FORCE NOR SUFFERED SUCH GREAT PAIN AMONG EARTH'S MORTALS HERE ON MIDGARD!

PERHAPS 'TIS TIME TO TURN FROM THIS BATTLE, FOR MY WOUNDS DO ACHIE.

NO-- I SHALL FIGHT ON...

...TILL DEATH DO COUNT ME...

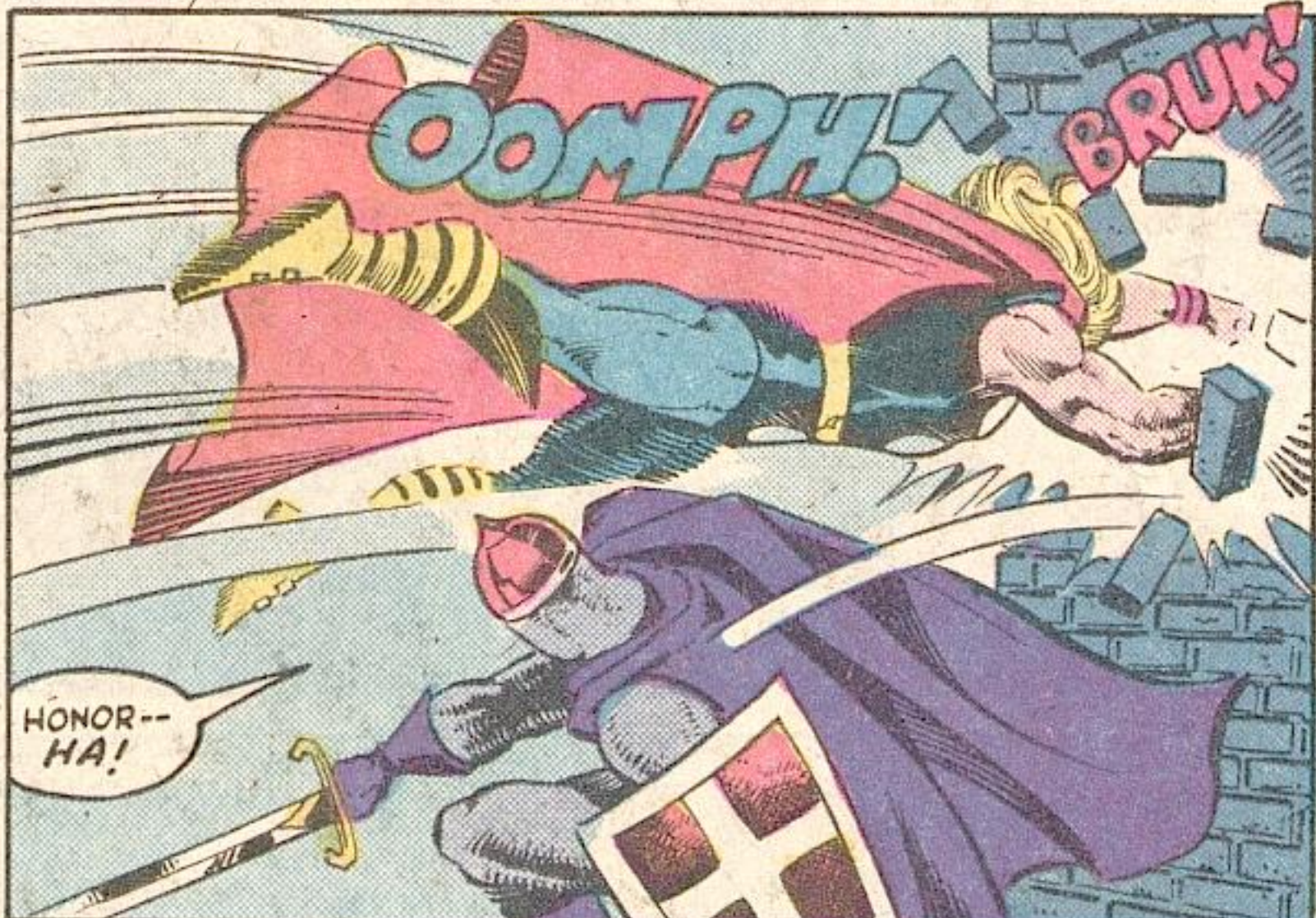
...AMONG THE LIFELESS WARRIOR SPIRITS OF VALHALLA!



BUT I AM ODIN'S FLESH, CROWN PRINCE OF IMMORTALS! HOW CAN I EVER YIELD?



FOR ASGARD AND HONOR!



HONOR-- HA!



GAWON AN' FINISH HIM OFF ALREADY, CRUSADER!

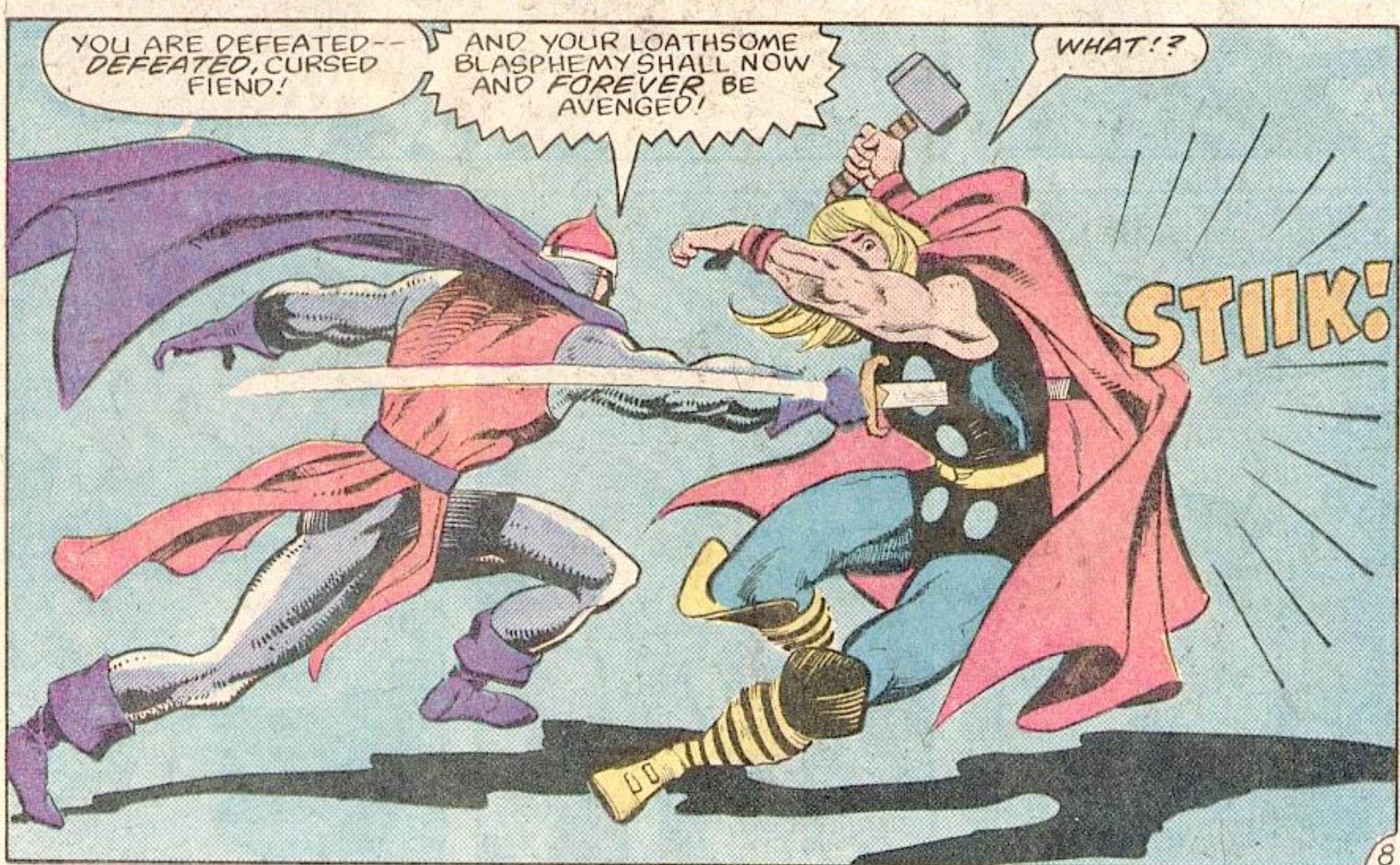
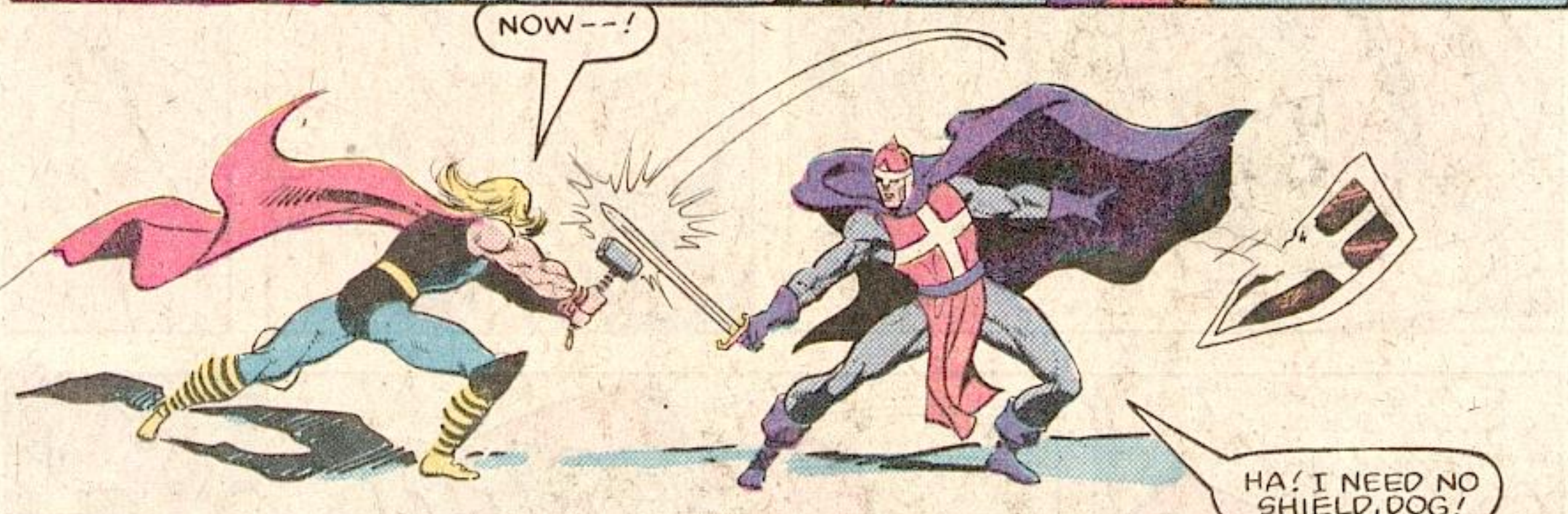
KEEP THE FAITH!

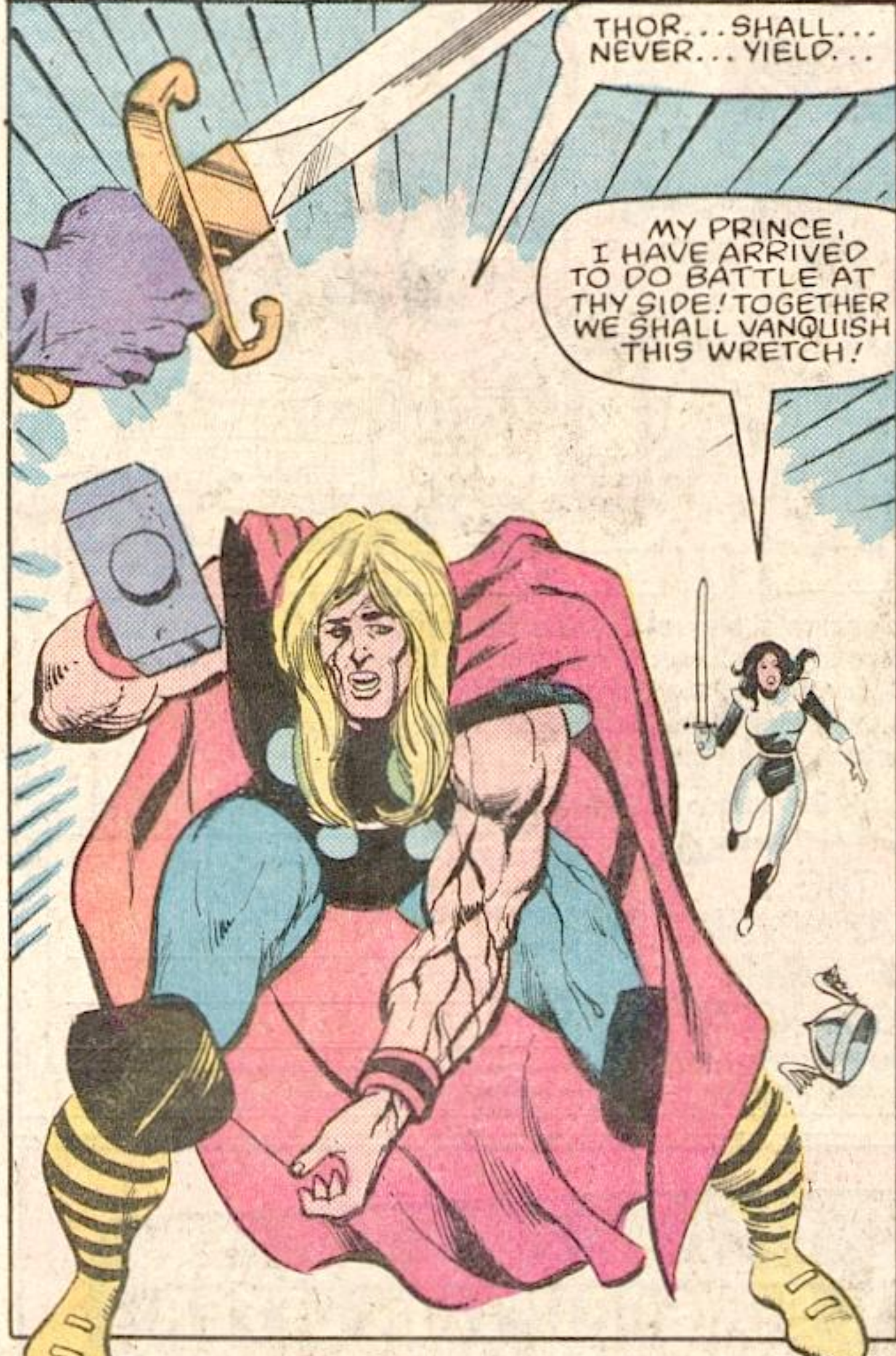


SURRENDER, DEVIL!



NE...VER!





THOR... SHALL... NEVER... YIELD...

MY PRINCE, I HAVE ARRIVED TO DO BATTLE AT THY SIDE! TOGETHER WE SHALL VANQUISH THIS WRETCH!



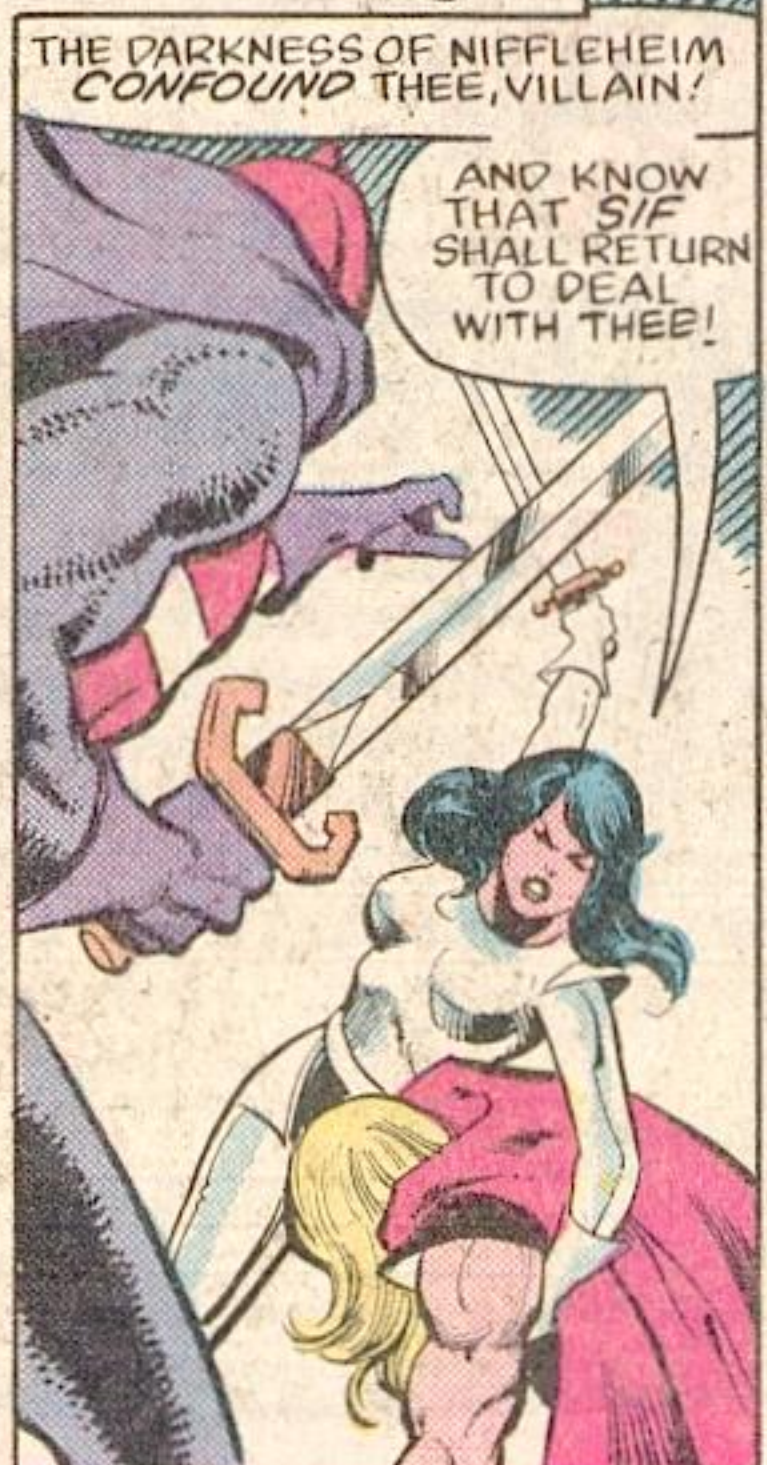
GOD CANNOT CONDONE SUCH A DEED, ARTHUR BLACKWOOD... THIS IS COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

THOR! YOU CAN'T BE BEATEN LIKE THIS. YOU JUST CAN'T--



MY LADY, SIF... THIS NIGHT, I HAVE... FAILED THEE...

NO! NO! DEAREST THOR, THOU ART WOUNDED DEEPLY, AND THY LIFEBLOOD WELLS FROM THY SIDE!



THE DARKNESS OF NIFFLEHEIM CONFOUND THEE, VILLAIN!

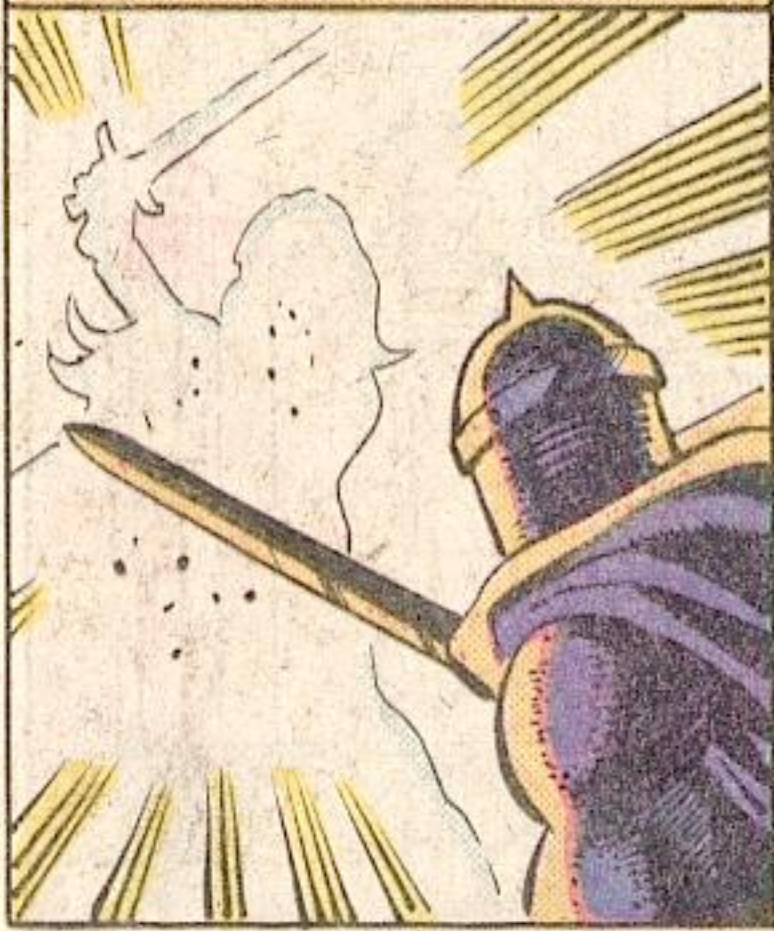
AND KNOW THAT SIF SHALL RETURN TO DEAL WITH THEE!



BUT FIRST MY BELOVED MUST BE BROUGHT TO ASGARD BEFORE THE THRONE OF THE ALL-FATHER.

FOR ONLY ODIN MAY YET HEAL HIM AND SAVE HIS NOBLE SOUL SO WORTHY BEYOND MEASURE!

THUS, USING DIVINE ENCHANTMENT, SIF TRANSPORTS HER WOUNDED WARRIOR BEYOND THE SPACE OF EARTH'S DIMENSION.



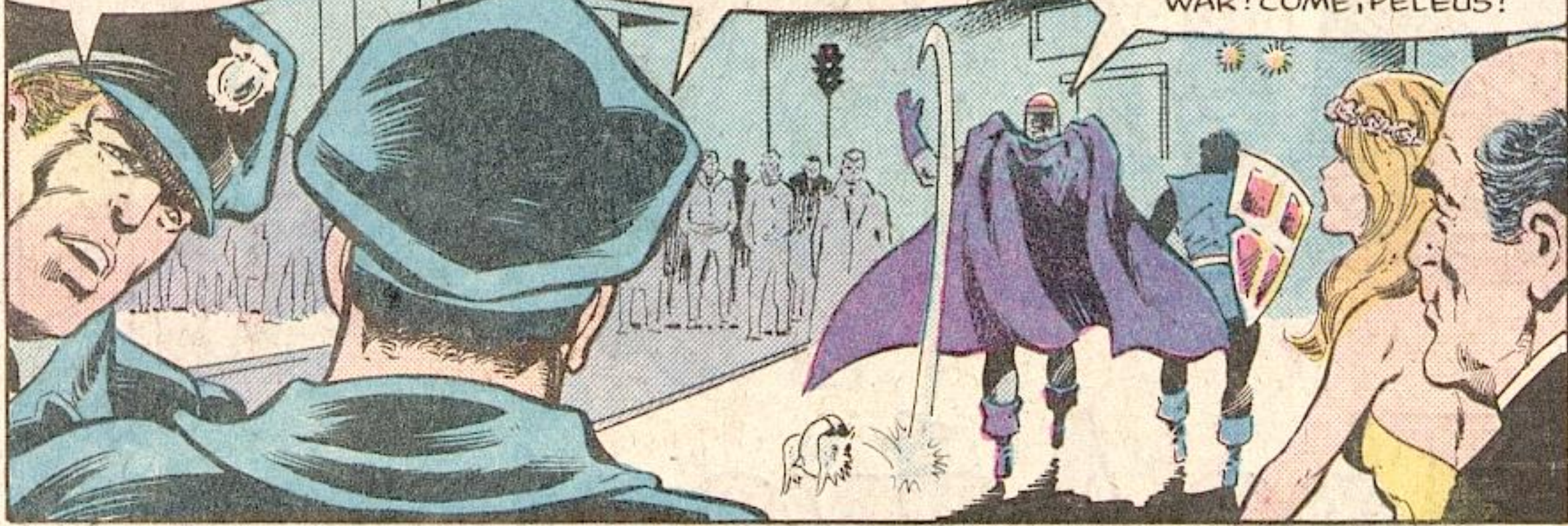
WELL, WHY DO YOU JUST STAND THERE?! GET TO YOUR KNEES, AND THANK THE LORD FOR REDEEMING YOU THIS HOUR FROM THE VERY TEETH OF HERESY!



WHAT D'YA SAY, FRANKIE? DO WE ARREST HIM OR WHAT?

I'LL TELL YA', ED, I KINDA THINK THIS GUY'S WAY OUTTA OUR LEAGUE. I SAY LET'S CALL THE CAPTAIN.

THEN PRAY THAT YOU BE GIVEN STRENGTH AND FAITH ENOUGH TO MERIT JOINING THE CRUSADER IN HIS HOLY WAR! COME, PELEUS!



ASGARD, HOME OF THE MIGHTY NORSE GODS!

HERE STAUNCH HEIMDALL, GUARDIAN OF THE SACRED REALM, STANDS TIRELESSLY UPON THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

AND THOUGH THE STALWART SENTRY PASSES ENDLESS LONESOME HOURS HERE IN LIMITLESS MUSINGS...



...NOT AN INFINITY OF IMAGINING COULD HAVE LED HIM TO SUPPOSE THAT HE WOULD EVER KNOW A MOMENT SUCH AS THIS--

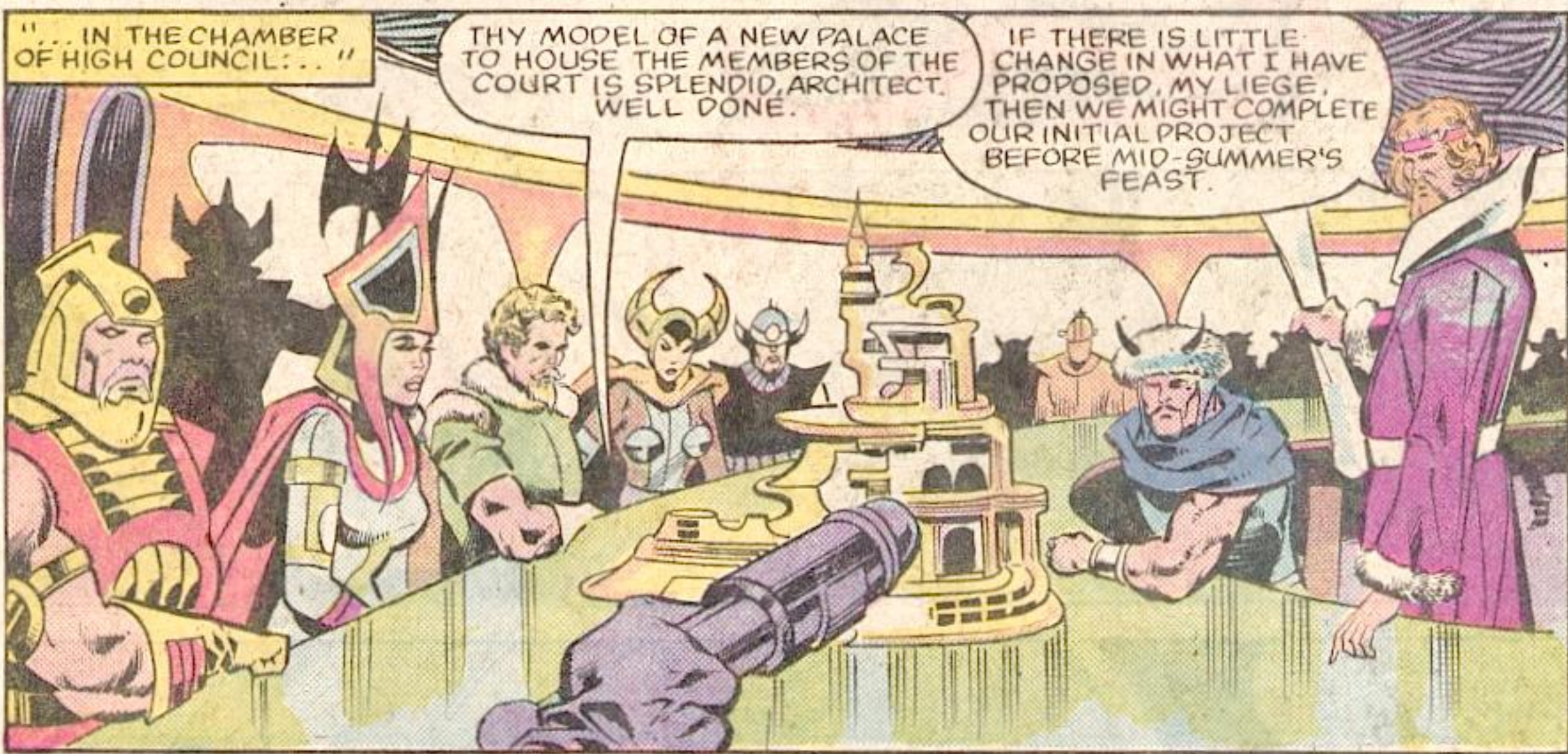
SIF!



HEIMDALL, MY BROTHER!

THOR HAS SUFFERED GRAVE WOUNDS AT THE BLADE OF SOME MIDGARDIAN FOE!

PASS QUICKLY, SWEET SIF, THE ALL-FATHER MEETS WITH HIS ASSEMBLY...



"... IN THE CHAMBER OF HIGH COUNCIL:..."

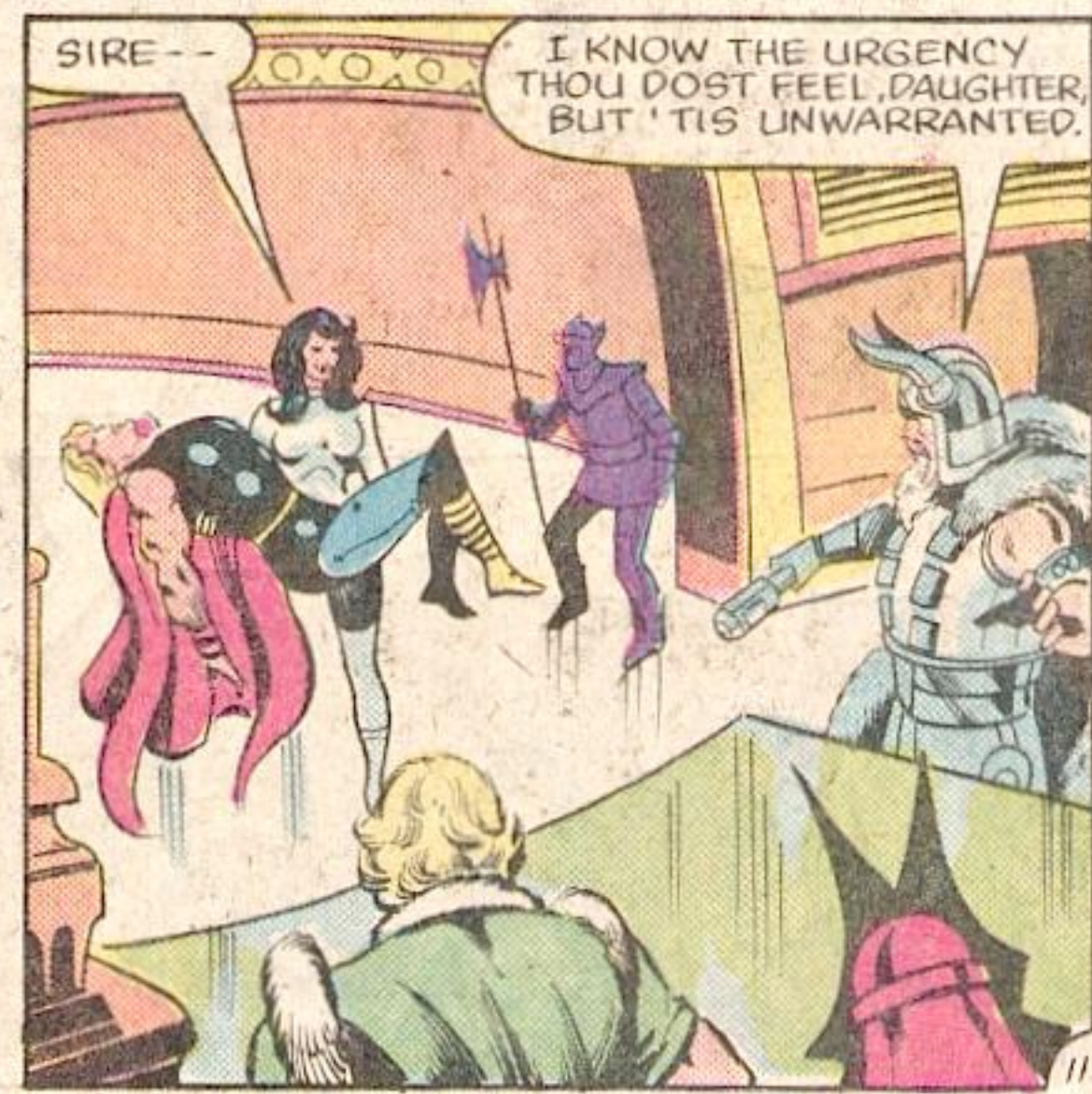
THY MODEL OF A NEW PALACE TO HOUSE THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT IS SPLENDID, ARCHITECT. WELL DONE.

IF THERE IS LITTLE CHANGE IN WHAT I HAVE PROPOSED, MY LIEGE, THEN WE MIGHT COMPLETE OUR INITIAL PROJECT BEFORE MID-SUMMER'S FEAST.



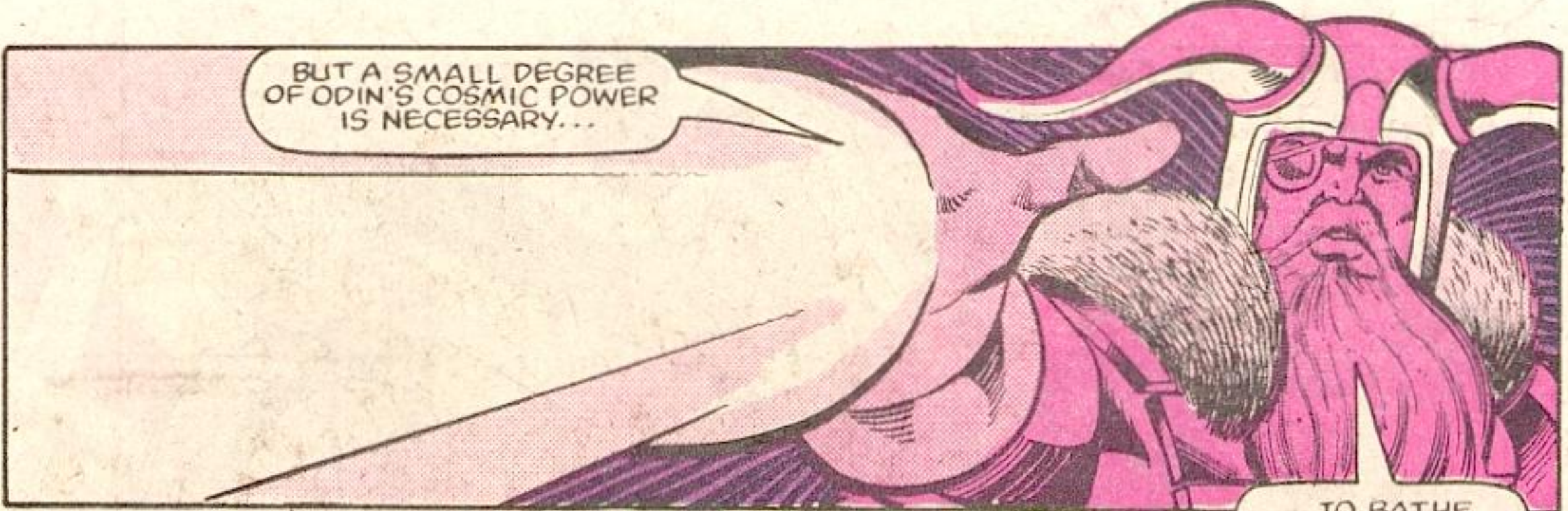
WHO ENTERS ODIN'S CHAMBERS IN THE MIDST OF--?

NAY, GIVE THEM WAY. I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THESE.

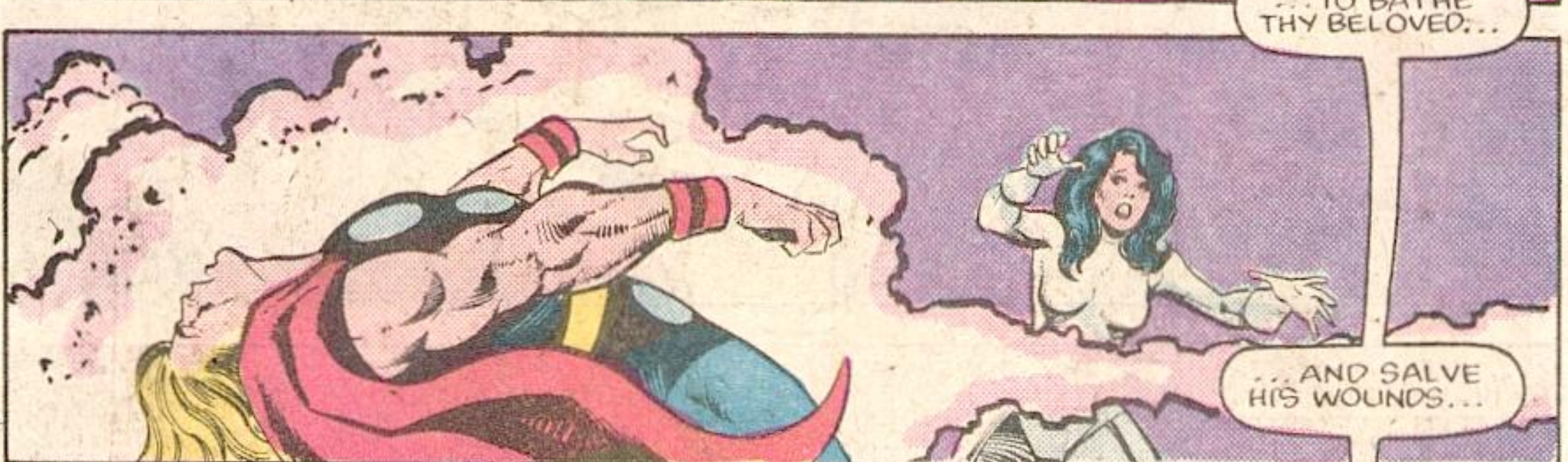


SIRE--


I KNOW THE URGENCY THOU DOST FEEL, DAUGHTER, BUT 'TIS UNWARRANTED.




BUT A SMALL DEGREE
OF ODIN'S COSMIC POWER
IS NECESSARY...




... TO BATHE
THY BELOVED...




... AND SALVE
HIS WOUNDS...



... RESTORING HIM
TO HIS FORMER
MIGHT!



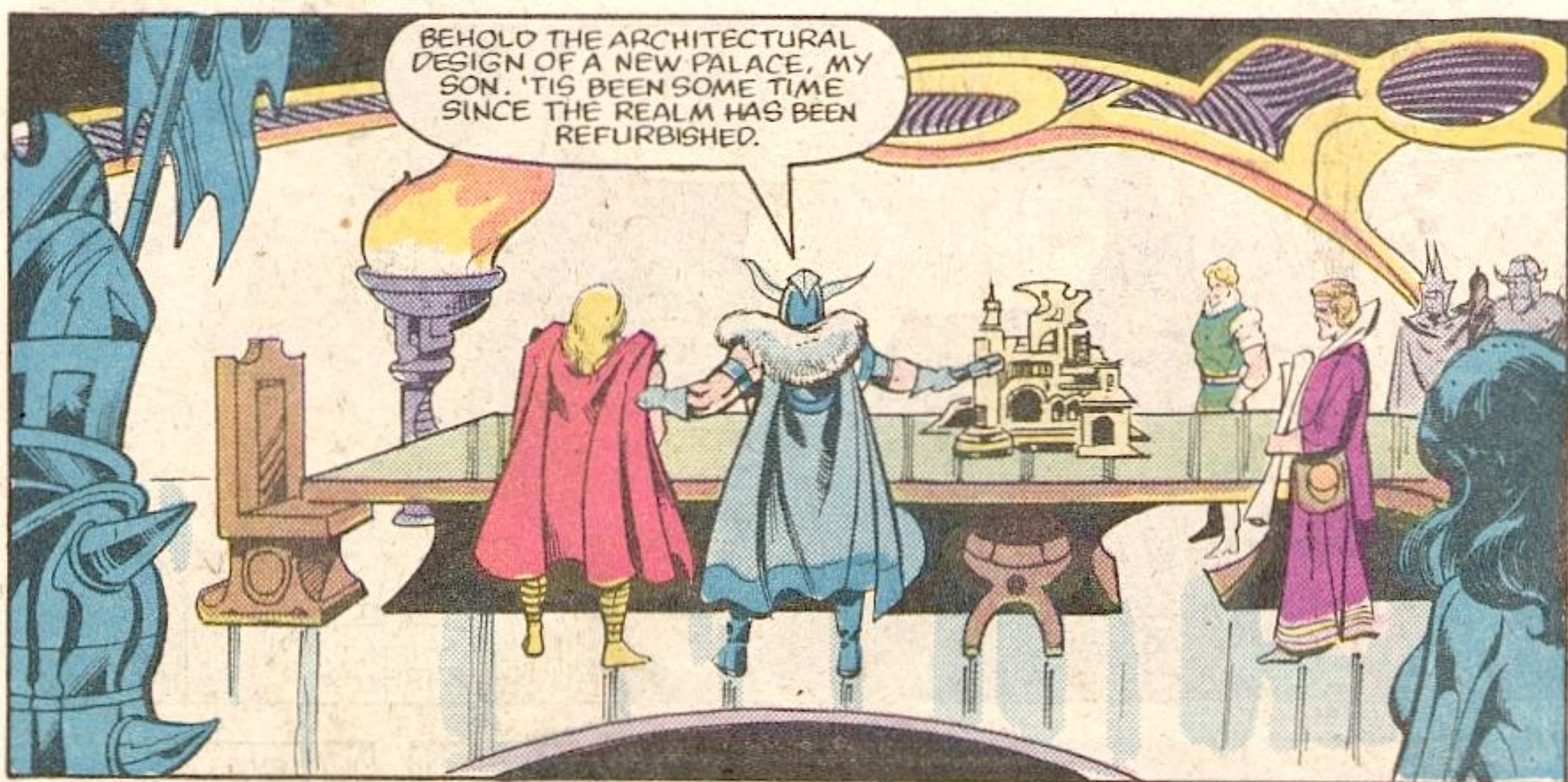
THOR... SHALL...
NEVER... YIELD...
NAY! I AM IN
ASSGARD!



ALL-FATHER! THEN
THOU HAST HEALED
MY WOUNDS! BUT WHAT
MANNER OF ADVERSARY
IS THE CRUSADER
THAT HE CAN CAUSE
ME--?

MY SON, I HAVE OTHER
MATTERS TO ATTEND
TO THIS DAY.

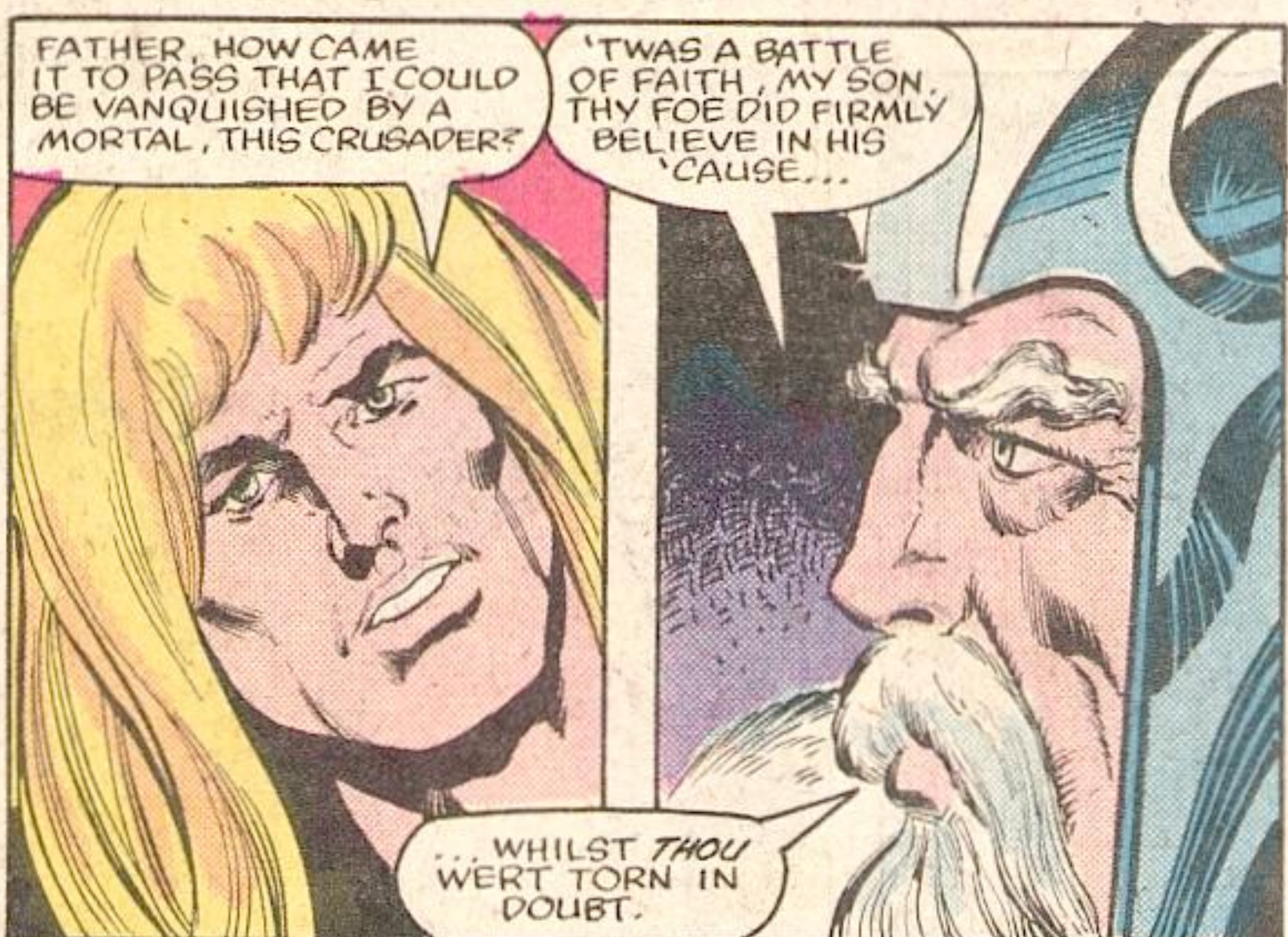
THY QUESTIONS
MUST WAIT.



BEHOLD THE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN OF A NEW PALACE, MY SON. 'TIS BEEN SOME TIME SINCE THE REALM HAS BEEN REFURBISHED.



BUT I SEE THY THOUGHTS ARE FOREVER ON MIDGARD. WHAT IS IT THEN?



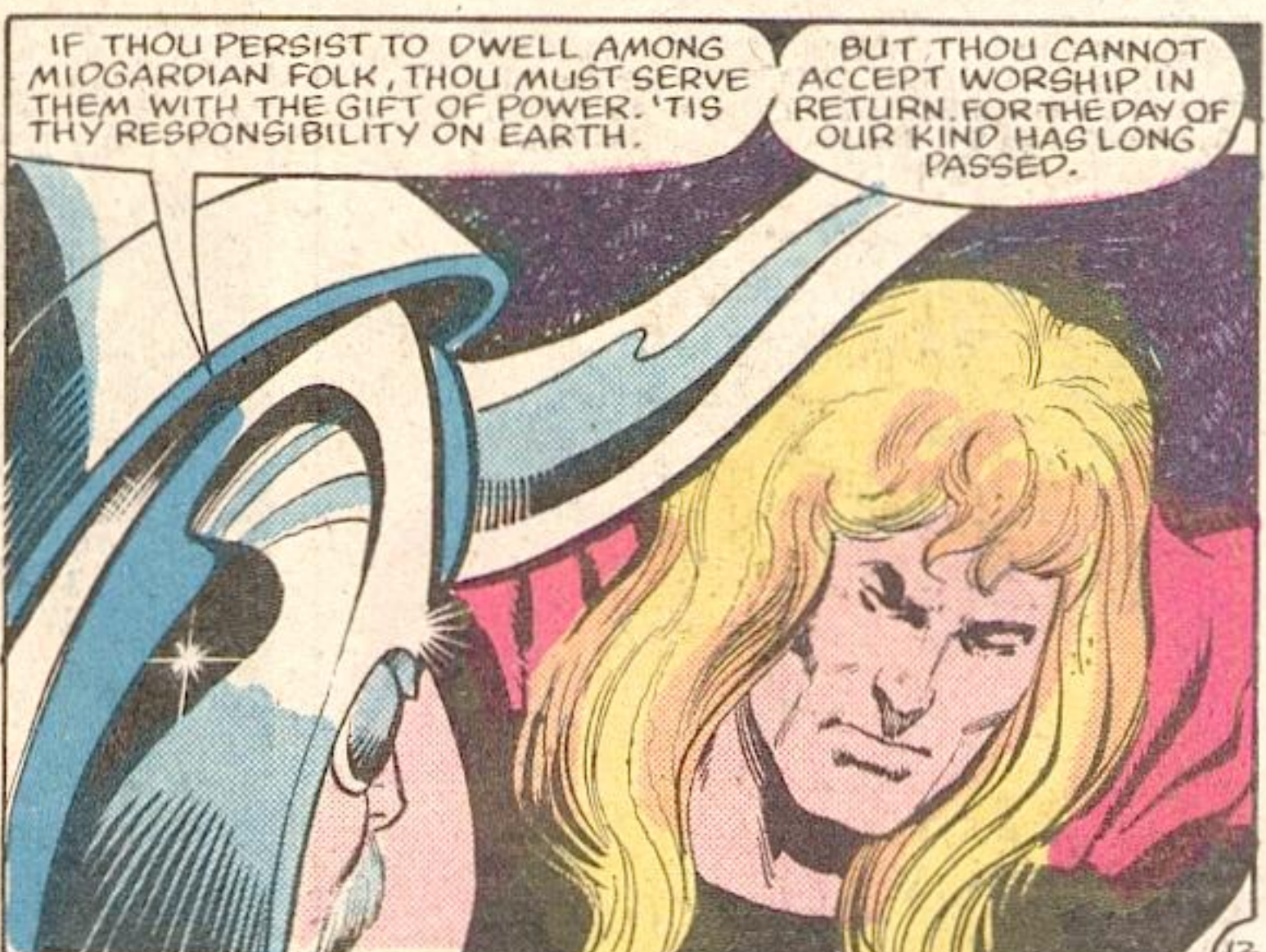
FATHER, HOW CAME IT TO PASS THAT I COULD BE VANQUISHED BY A MORTAL, THIS CRUSADER?

'T WAS A BATTLE OF FAITH, MY SON. THY FOE DID FIRMLY BELIEVE IN HIS 'CAUSE...

... WHILST THOU WERT TORN IN DOUBT.



TO BE WORSHIPPED ANEW BY MORTALS DID CONFOUND THEE, MAKING THEE HESITANT TO ACT.



IF THOU PERSIST TO DWELL AMONG MIDGARDIAN FOLK, THOU MUST SERVE THEM WITH THE GIFT OF POWER. 'TIS THY RESPONSIBILITY ON EARTH.

BUT THOU CANNOT ACCEPT WORSHIP IN RETURN. FOR THE DAY OF OUR KIND HAS LONG PASSED.

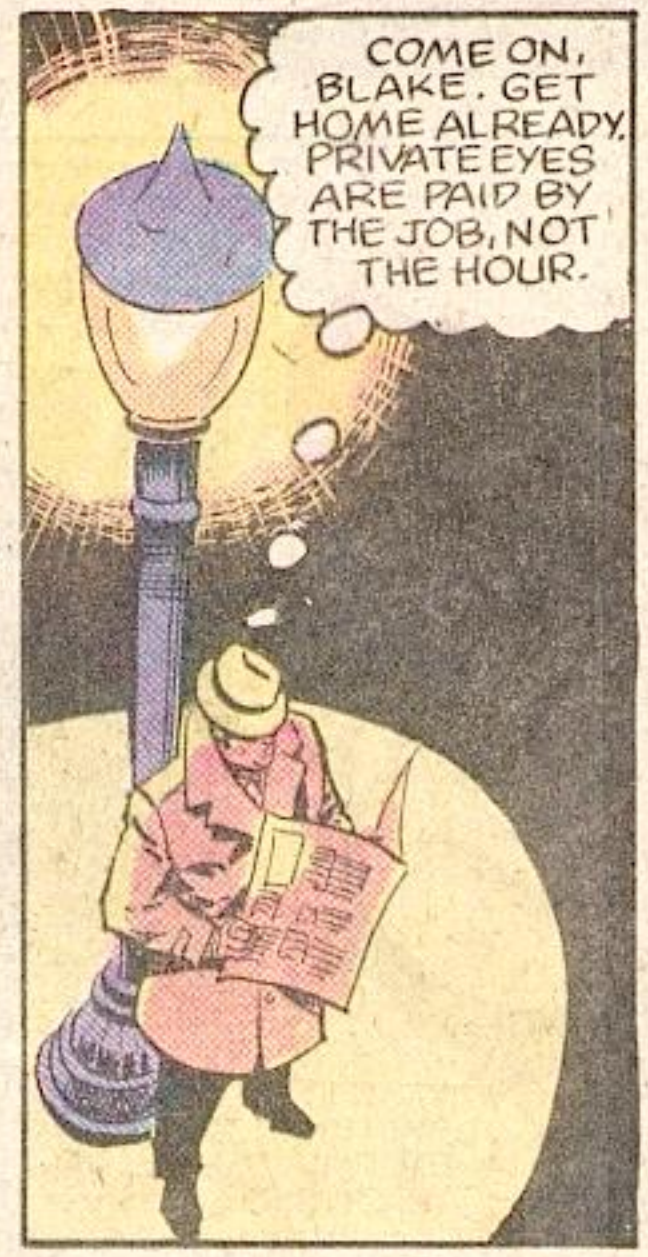
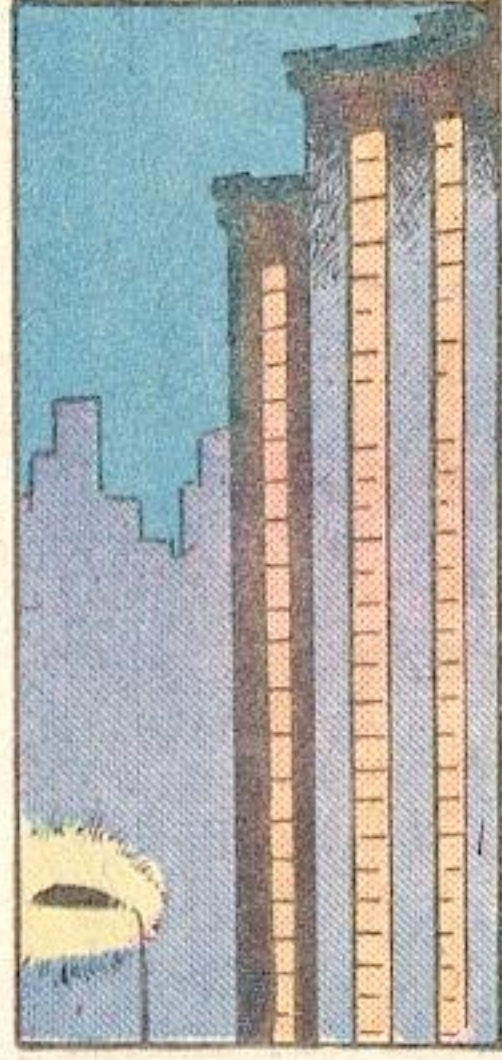
I HAVE MUCH TO MEDITATE UPON. THANK THEE FOR THY TIME. I MUST RETURN TO MIDGARD.

AND I TOO, SIRE, THOUGH IT BREAK MY VERY HEART IN TWAIN TO ABANDON THIS GOLDEN REALM, MY TRUE HOME.

BUT WHITHER MY BELOVED THOR GOES, THERE SIF SHALL FOLLOW.

THEN... FAREWELL

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN EARTH'S DIMENSION...



COME ON, BLAKE. GET HOME ALREADY. PRIVATE EYES ARE PAID BY THE JOB, NOT THE HOUR.



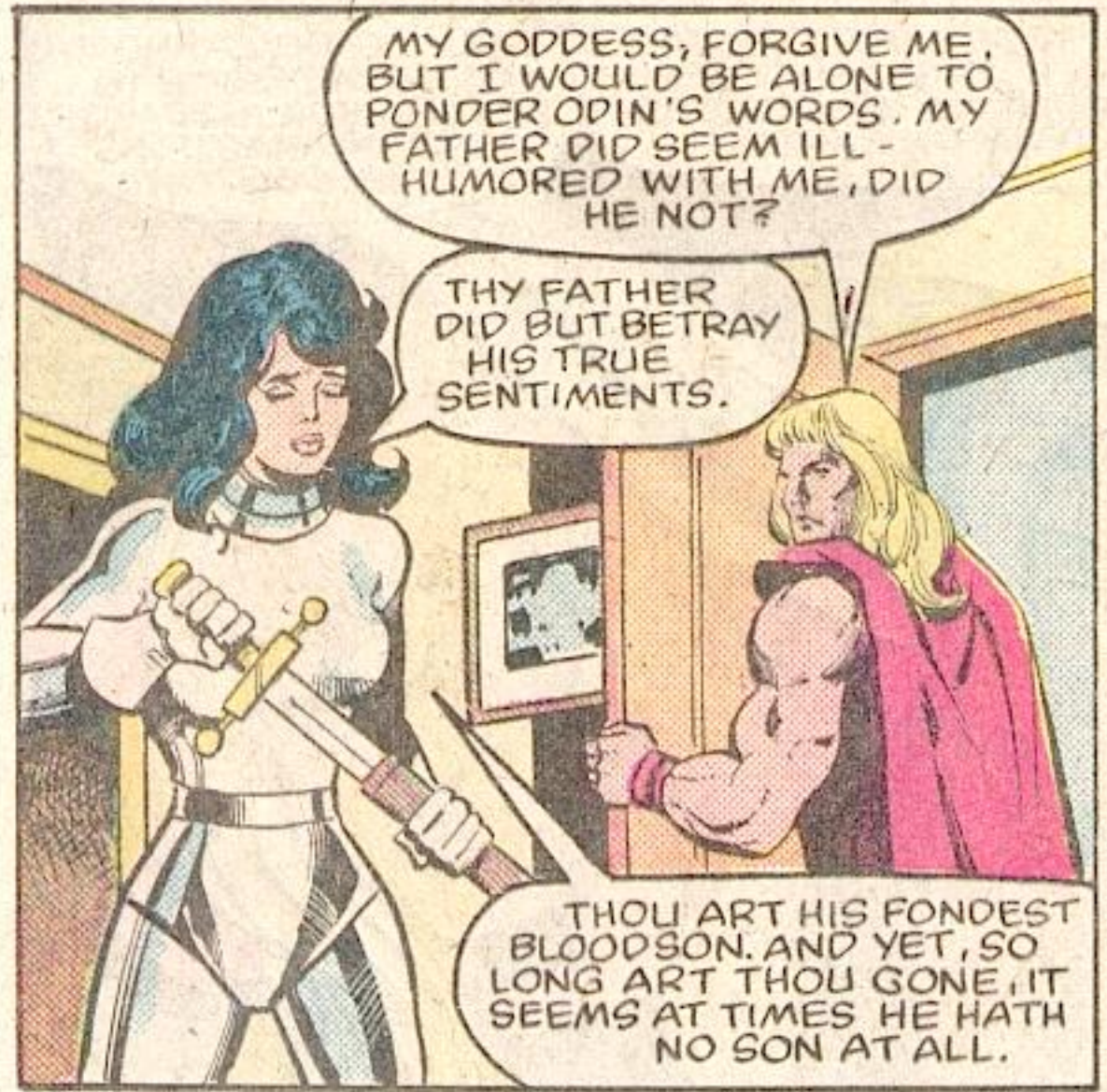
MY SWORD TRANSPORTS US BACK TO MIDGARD, MY LOVE.

HEY, IS THAT A LIGHT ON IN HIS APARTMENT?



NO. EYES MUST BE ACTING UP. I HOPE NOBODY SPIKED THE VISINE.

WELL, COME ON ALREADY, BLAKE, DON'T MAKE THIS AN ALL-NIGHT AFFAIR...



MY GODDESS, FORGIVE ME, BUT I WOULD BE ALONE TO PONDER ODIN'S WORDS. MY FATHER DID SEEM ILL-HUMORED WITH ME, DID HE NOT?

THY FATHER DID BUT BETRAY HIS TRUE SENTIMENTS.

THOU ART HIS FONDEST BLOODSON. AND YET, SO LONG ART THOU GONE, IT SEEMS AT TIMES HE HATH NO SON AT ALL.



NOR I A LOVER. STILL, 'T WAS MY OWN CHOICE-- AND MINE ALONE-- TO RETURN TO EARTH.

'TIS FOLLY, I KNOW, TO HAVE FOLLOWED THEE, MY PRINCE. BUT THEN THE HEART HATH ITS OWN REASONS, WHICH REASON ITSELF CANNOT HOPE TO UNDERSTAND.

"SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED IN SO LITTLE TIME.



"NOT FIVE DAYS PAST, MY GODDESS SIF JOINED ME HERE AND PLEADED I FORSWEAR MY MORTAL GUISE OF DONALD BLAKE AND RETURN WITH HER TO CELESTIAL ASGARD.

"THEN ONLY TWO DAYS GONE A BAND OF YOUTHS SOUGHT THOR AND BOWED THEIR KNEES TO HIM, AS ONCE DID MEN OF OLD. THEY WOULD HAVE ME STAY ON EARTH AND BE THEIR OBJECT OF DEVOTION.

"BUT NOW THIS VERY NIGHT CAME THE CRUSADER TO SLAY THOR AS ABHORRENT TO MANKIND!



"NOR AM I CERTAIN ANY LONGER OF MY OWN ROLE HERE ON EARTH. I'VE YET TO CONVINCE SIF TO REMAIN, BECAUSE, IN TRUTH, I'VE NOT CONVINCED MYSELF.

"DID I TRULY EXPECT A GODDESS TO BE SWAYED BY EARTHLY SPIRES OF STEEL AND GLASS?"



"CERTAINLY MANKIND HAS MANY HEROES AND GODS-- I'D NOT BE MISSED.

"NOR IS DONALD BLAKE'S IDENTITY NECESSARY TO ME, FOR IF I SHOULD SEEK RESPITE FROM THOR'S RESPONSIBILITIES THERE ARE COUNTLESS GALAXIES AND DIMENSIONS WHERE I MIGHT FIND SOLITUDE AND PEACE.

"AND YET I STILL HAVE FAITH THAT MY MISSION ON EARTH IS JUST.



"I NEED NEITHER WORSHIP NOR HONOR TO JUSTIFY THE GOOD I DO.

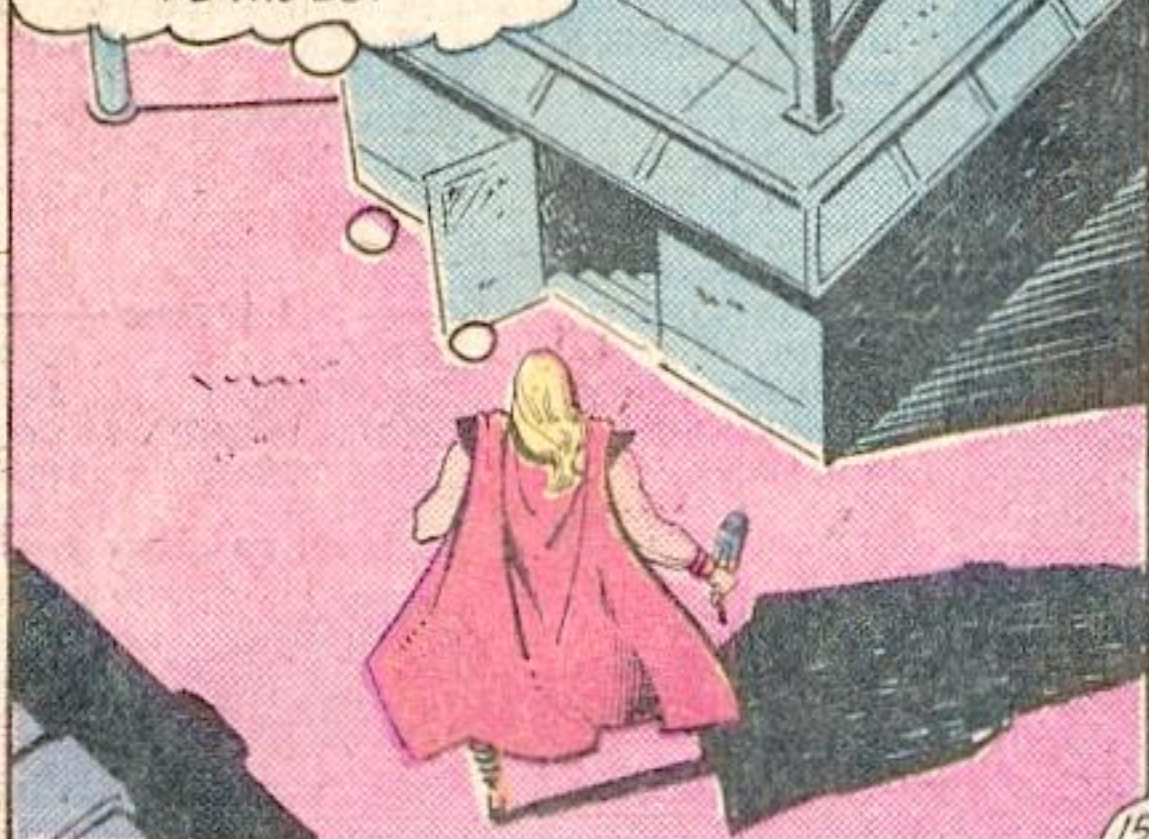
"'TIS ENOUGH I POSSESS THE POWER AND FAITH TO DO SUCH GOOD AT ALL.



"THIS CRUSADER PREYED UPON MY WAVING SELF-CONFIDENCE. HE SHALL NOT DO SO AGAIN.

AYE, NOW WILL I SEEK THE CRUSADER ONCE AGAIN, FOR HE KNOWS ONLY HATRED, AND HIS SENTIMENT BESMIRCHES THE BENEVOLENT GOD BEHIND WHOSE NAME HE HIDES!

TO DEFEAT HIM WILL BE A TRUE EXAMPLE OF MY ROLE ON EARTH!



DAWN... AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO'VE LINGERED AT THE CIVIC CENTER THROUGH THE CHILL OF THE NIGHT...



READ THE TRUTH, SINNERS, AND REPENT!

SOME ARE CONFUSED BY EVENTS...



WHERE CAN OUR BELOVED THOR HAVE GONE?

... OTHERS ANGERED BY THEM...



WHY YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED TO CALL YOURSELF A MAN OF THE CLOTH, HANGING OUT WITH THESE HEATHENS!

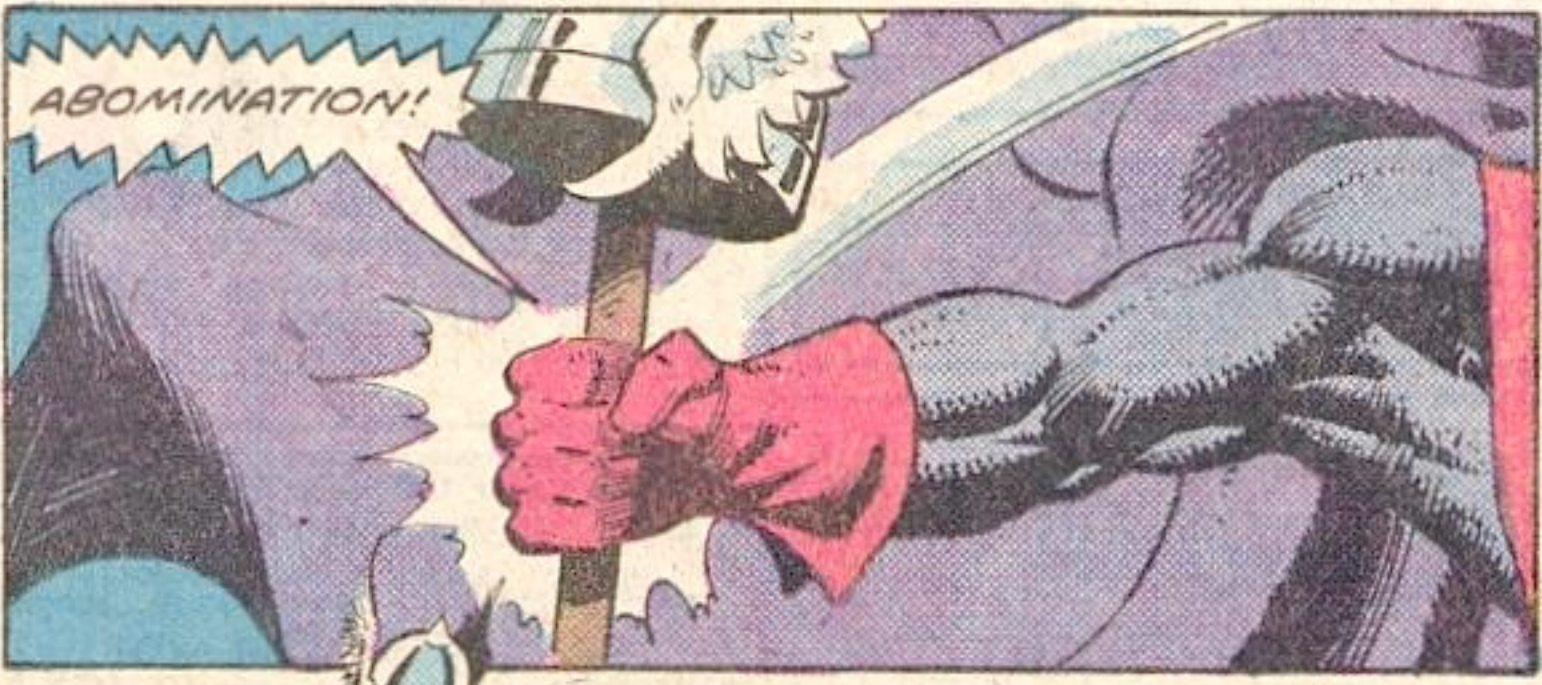


PLEASE, MISS, DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE TO THE BENEFIT OF ALL IF THIS CROWD BROKE UP JUST NOW. I'M SURE THOR WOULD WANT YOU TO AVOID ANY FURTHER...



SACRILEGE!

...CONFRONTATION. WHAT---!?



ABOMINATION!



AND YOU, FALSE PRIEST, YOU CONSPIRE WITH THIS PAGAN WITCH AGAINST THE TRUE CHURCH! IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED!



HAVEN'T YOU CAUSED ENOUGH ANGUISH FOR ONE NIGHT, ARTHUR BLACKWOOD?!

WHAT--? FATHER WILLIAM!



THE GOD YOU PURPORT TO WORSHIP IS LORD OF LOVING KINDNESS. THERE IS NO GREATER BLASPHEMY THAN THE HATRED YOU'VE BEEN SPEWING--

YOU, LIAR!



YOU HYPOCRITE!

SLAM!



HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO A PRIEST! I'LL SETTLE THIS SCORE FOR YOU, FATHER!

NO! THE BOY'S TO BE PITIED!



WHAT?!

NEVER AGAIN, CRUSADER!



NEVER AGAIN SHALL YOUR SWORD SMITE ANOTHER!



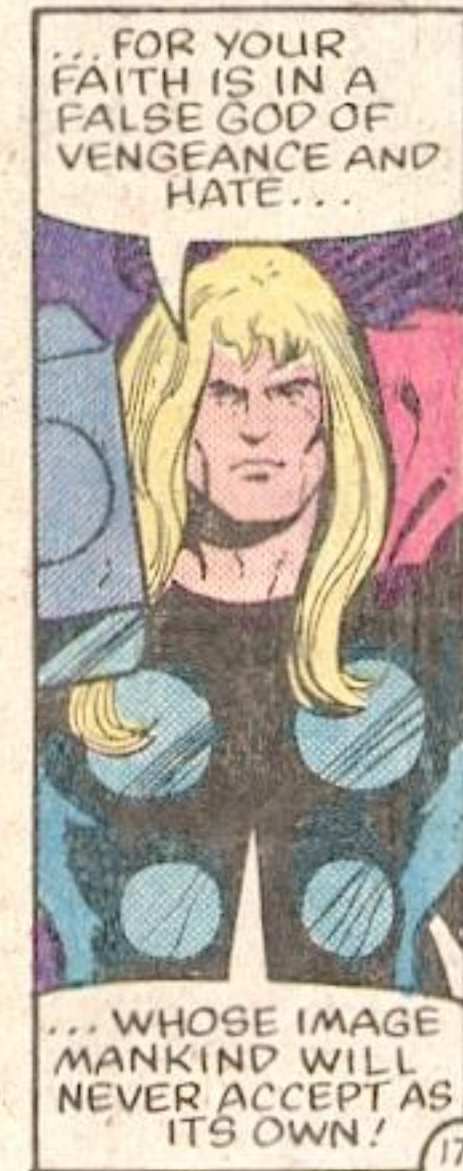
THOR--! YOU'RE NOT BLEEDING! WELL, THIS TIME YOU DIE, PAGAN!



NO, IT IS OVER. YOU ARE MISGUIDED...



STAND BACK!



... FOR YOUR FAITH IS IN A FALSE GOD OF VENGEANCE AND HATE...

... WHOSE IMAGE MANKIND WILL NEVER ACCEPT AS ITS OWN!

WOULD YOU TASTE
HELLFIRE, THEN--



NAY! MY HAMMER'S
WHIRLWIND HURLS
THIS FLAMING
BARREL...

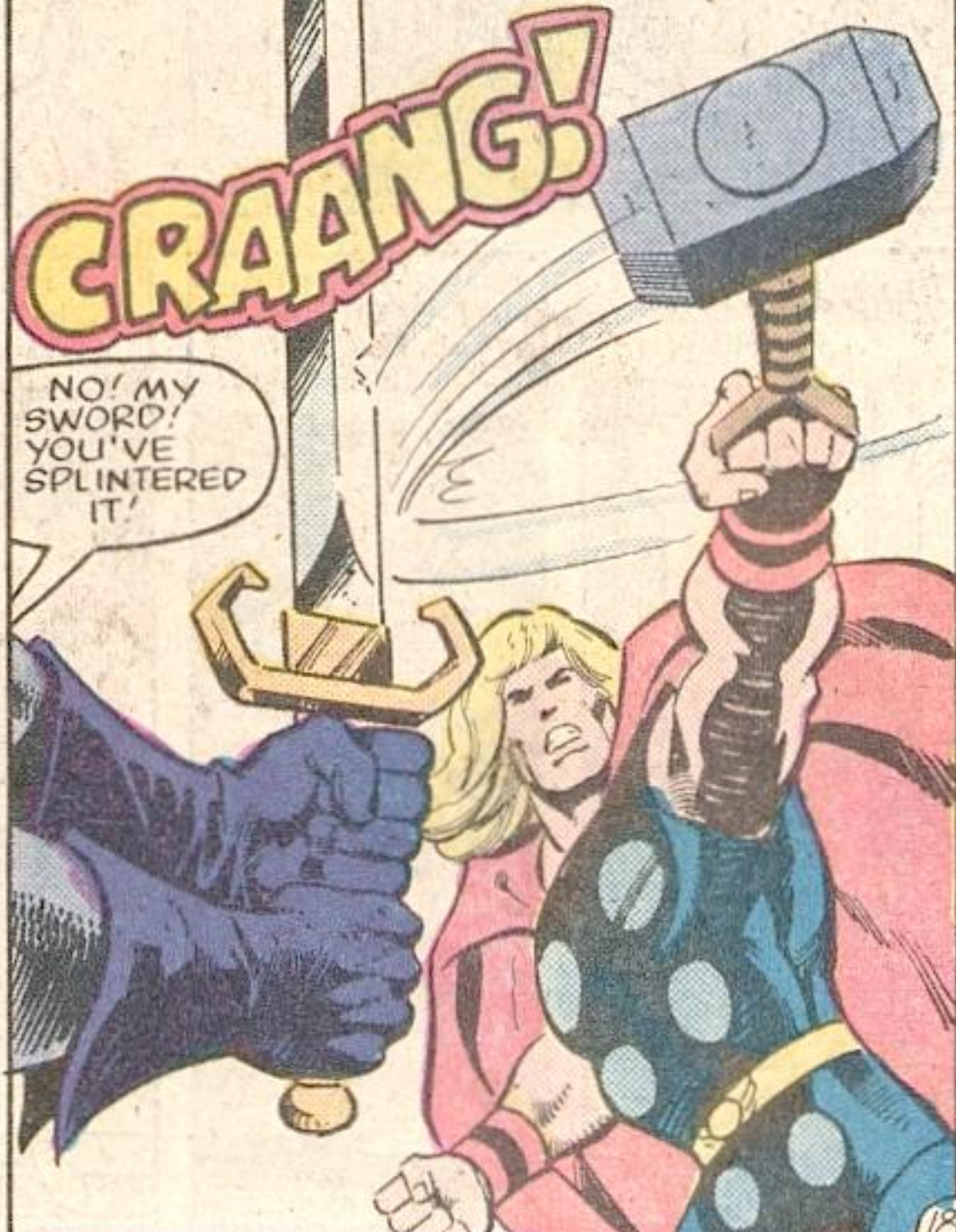
FSWOOOSH!



THEN I'LL CLEAVE
YOUR FALSE HEART
FROM YOUR RIBS!



...INTO
THE WATERS
OF LAKE
MICHIGAN!



CRAANG!

NO! MY
SWORD!
YOU'VE
SPLINTERED
IT!



DO YOU YIELD?

THWAM!



YIELD?!
FIEND! THE LORD'S
APPOINTED AGENT
SHALL NEVER
YIELD!



GET HIM, THOR!

NO! LADY, THAT'S
MY BOSS!

DIDN'T YOU SEE
HIM HIT THAT PRIEST?
YOUR BOSS? BOO!



BOO!

I NEED NO APPROVAL
FROM SINNERS TO CARRY
GOD'S STANDARD INTO
BATTLE!

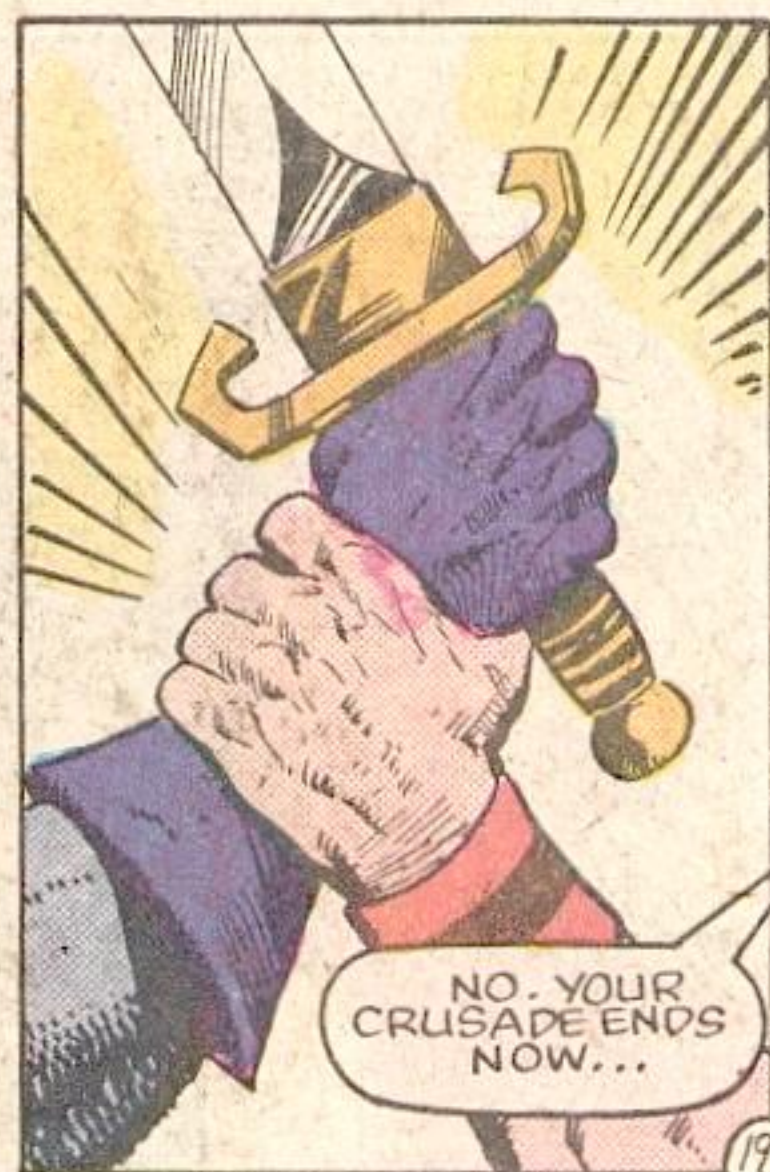
BOOO!



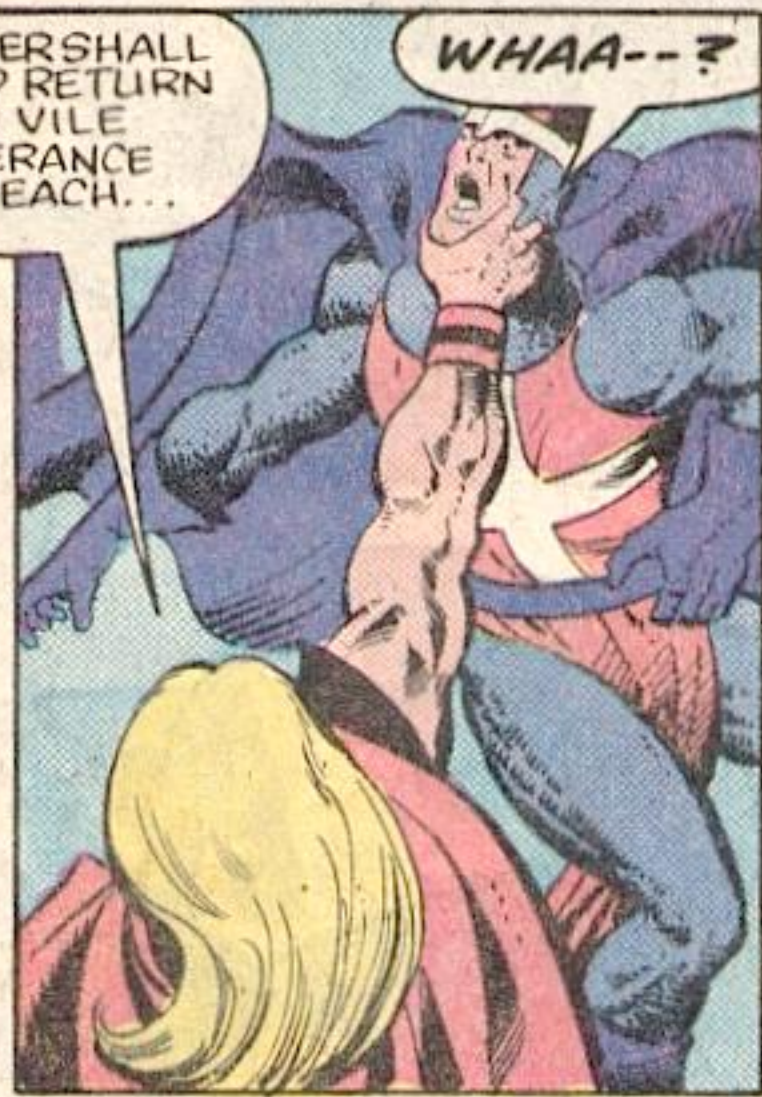
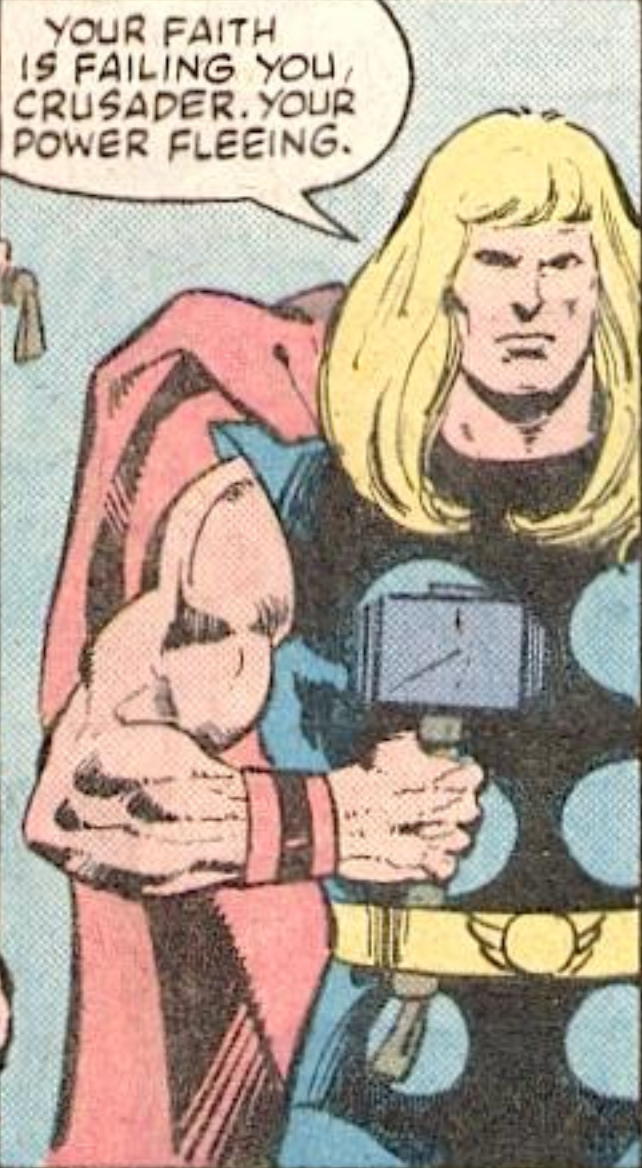
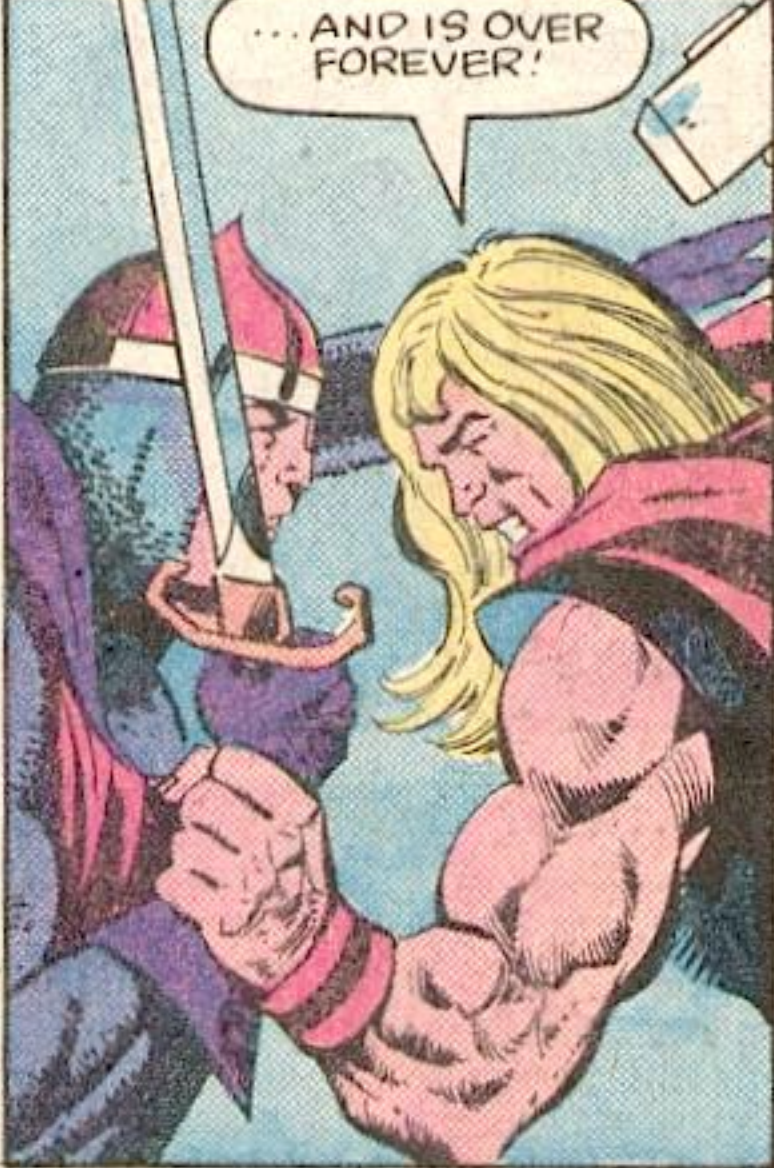
THEY NEED YOU NOT!
THEIR GOD IS NOT
YOURS!



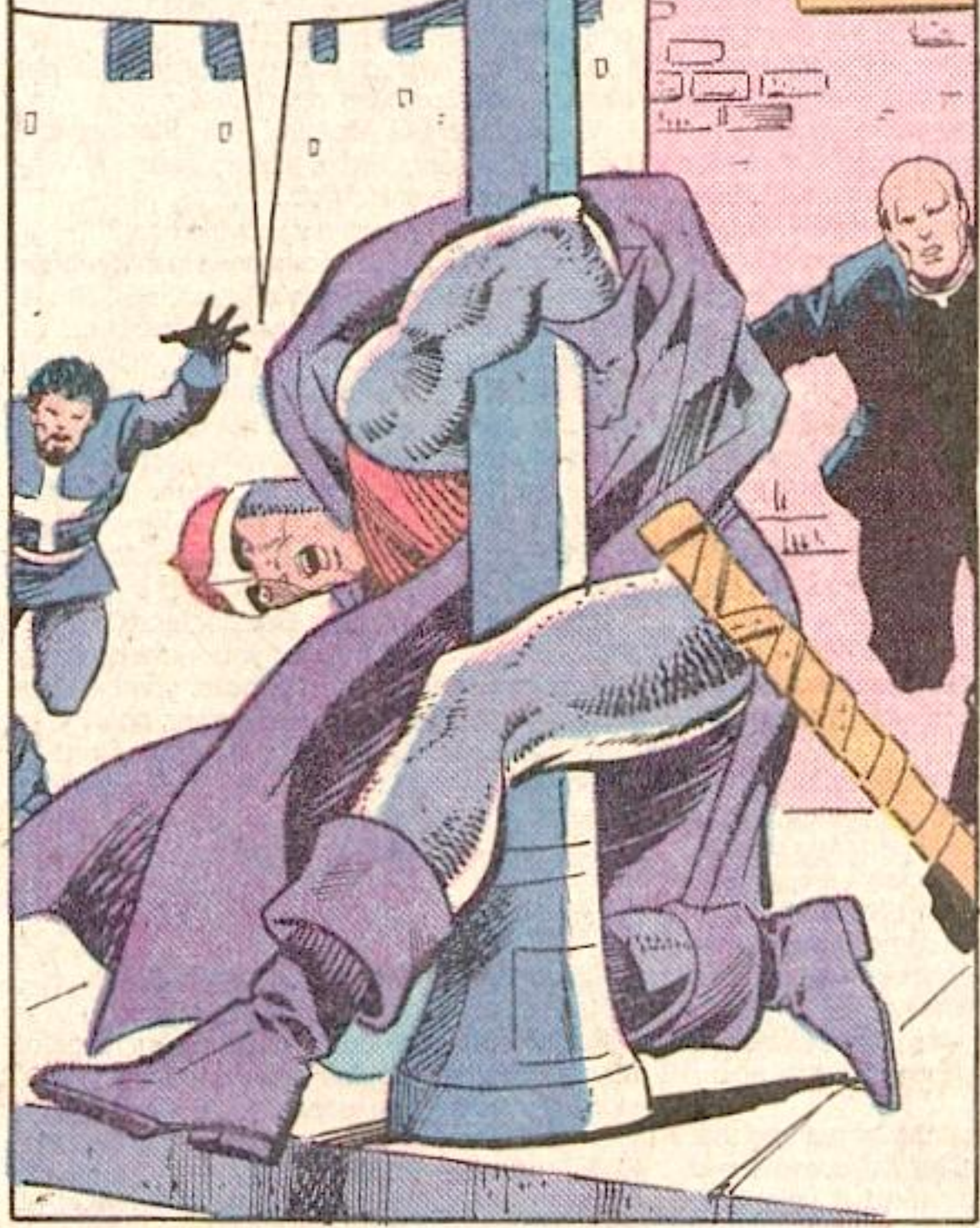
MAY A THOUSAND
DEVILS GOUGE YOUR
FLESH FOR ALL
ETERNITY!



NO. YOUR
CRUSADE ENDS
NOW...



I... I... CALL UPON THEE, LORD... I... I...
WHAT IS HAPPENING? MY STRENGTH DOES NOT AVAIL ME!



NO GOD WILL SUCCOR THEE TILL THOU HAST LEARNED MERCY, BEGONE PRETENDER TO FAITH!



BOY, THAT THOR'S SOME SPOILSPORT!

ARTHUR... LET ME--



WELL, POLOWSKI SAYS, EASY COME EASY GO. I'LL GET HIM TO AN EMERGENCY ROOM, AND THEN CRAWL OVER TO THE CEMETERY AN' BEG 'EM TO LEMME HAVE MY OL' JOB BACK.

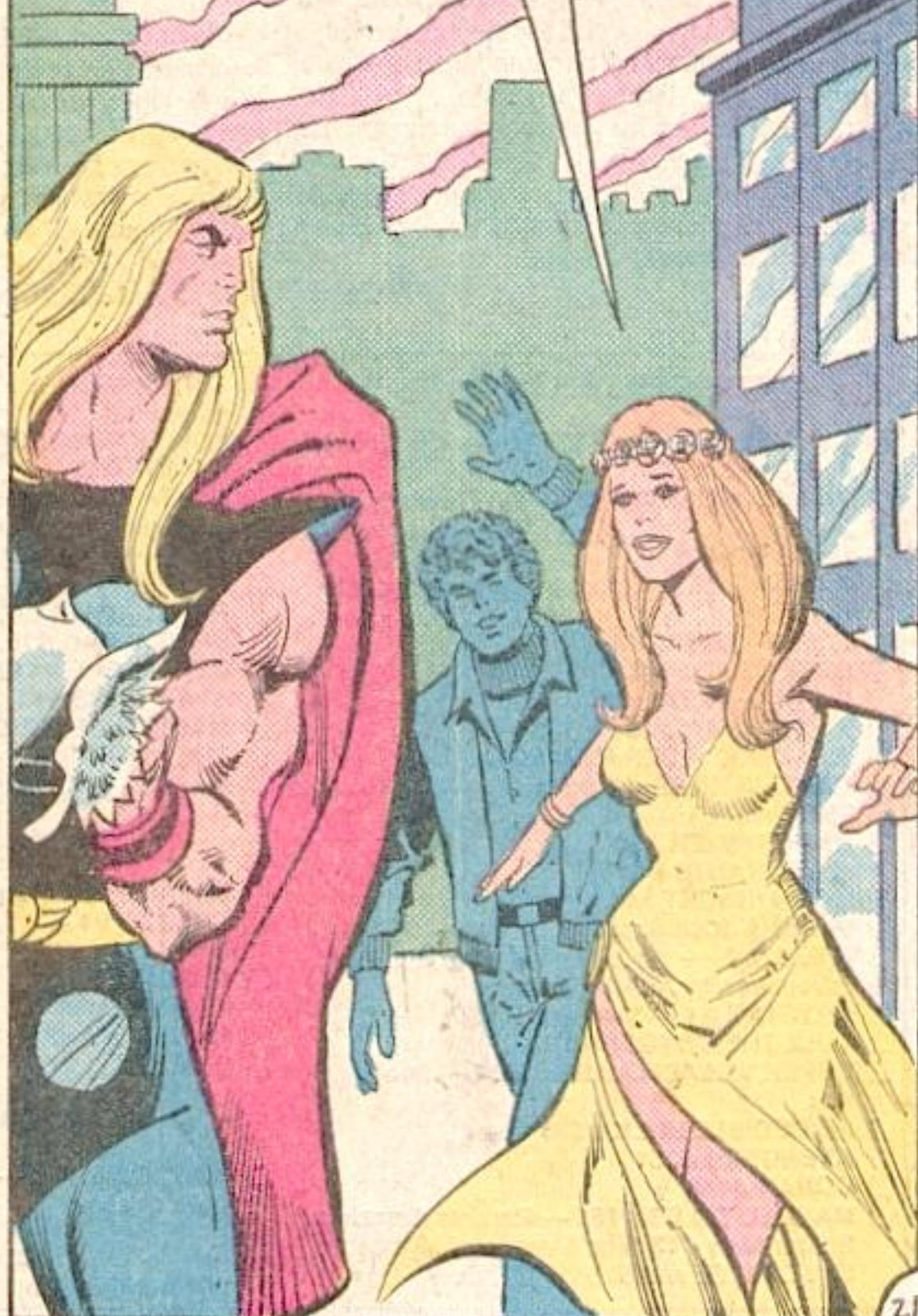
AWAY-- LEAVE ME BE.



THOR!



WE TRUSTED IN YOU ALL ALONG!

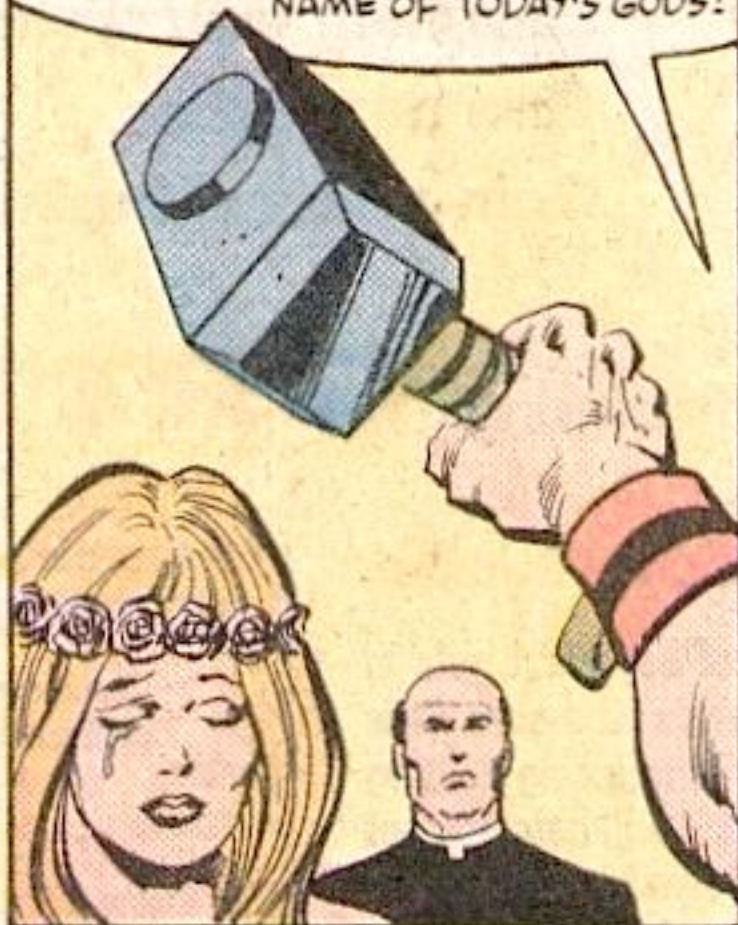


THEN IT IS GOODNESS ALONE IN WHICH YOU HAVE PLACED YOUR TRUST AND WHICH HAS WON THIS DAY'S VICTORY.

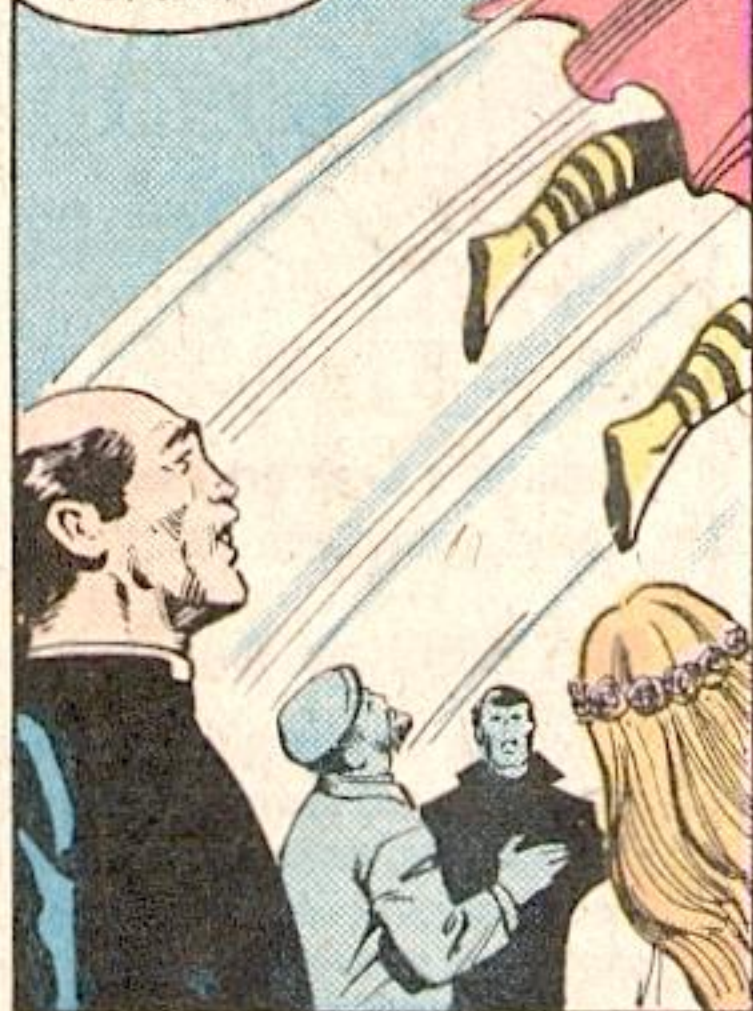


THAT IS ALL THOR CAN TEACH THEE.

SEEK MORAL UNDERSTANDING AND SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE, IF YOU WILL, FROM THOSE WHO ARE WISE ENOUGH TO INSTRUCT THE MORTALS OF THIS AGE IN THE NAME OF TODAY'S GODS!



I AM NOT A GOD FIT FOR WORSHIP.



I AM STILL TROUBLED, MY LADY. THE CRUSADER IS DEFEATED, BUT QUESTIONS AND CONTRADICTIONS REMAIN.



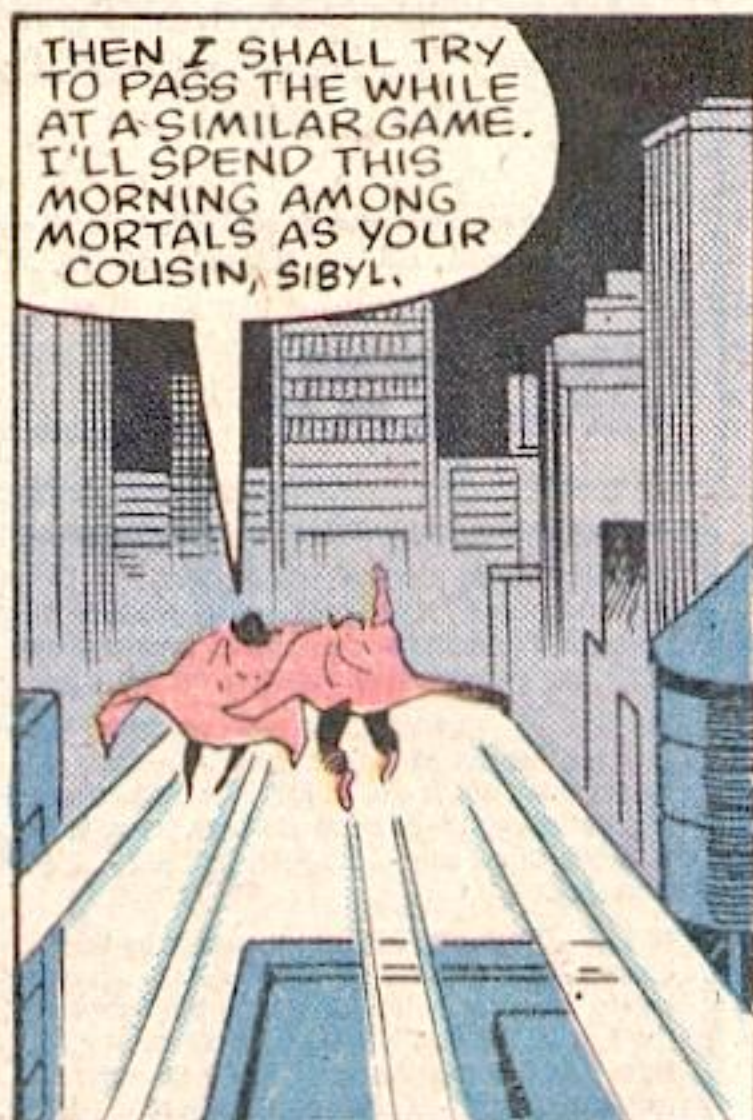
MY SPIRITS ARE ANXIOUS AS WELL, DEAR THOR. I WOULD EMBRACE THEE AND SHARE MY CONFUSED THOUGHTS--

BUT FIRST, AS DONALD BLAKE, I MUST MEET MY PATIENTS.



AND FOR A TIME, PERHAPS, ESCAPE THE CONCERNS OF THOR.

THEN I SHALL TRY TO PASS THE WHILE AT A SIMILAR GAME. I'LL SPEND THIS MORNING AMONG MORTALS AS YOUR COUSIN, SIBYL.



AND SO, THOR IS TRANSFORMED TO DONALD BLAKE BY STAMPING THE ENCHANTED HAMMER MJOLNIR ON THE GROUND...



MORNING, NURSE STEVENS. MMM, YOU'VE GOT THE COFFEE UP. SMELLS GOOD.

UM, DOCTOR BLAKE, THERE ARE--

-- TWO GENTLEMEN TO SEE YOU--!



OFFICER, THERE'S THE MAN OUR PRIVATE INVESTIGATION HAS IDENTIFIED...

DONALD BLAKE? WOULD YOU KINDLY ACCOMPANY US DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS?



ER... WHAT FOR?

WE'D LIKE TO QUESTION YOU ABOUT...



... THE MURDER OF JANE FOSTER!