



MARVEL®



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TM
65¢
U.K. 30p
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355
MAY

the mighty

THOR

11-26-84

THE ICY HEARTS (or My Dinners with Thor!)

IN THE NORTHERN REACHES OF ASGARD, THE HOME OF THE MIGHTY NORSE GODS, THE WIND WHIPS ABOUT THE FROZEN LANDSCAPE SINGING WINTRY SONGS TO THE SCULPTED PEAKS.

'TIS SAID THAT NO LIVING BEING DWELLS WITHIN THAT ICY REALM, FOR THE DEADLY COLD WOULD SLAY BOTH GODS AND MORTALS ALIKE.

AND YET, NOT EVEN THE GLEEMEN OF OLD, STORYTELLERS TO KINGS AND EARLS, CAN SEE CLEARLY INTO THOSE DEBATABLE LANDS...

...AND MANY ARE THE STORIES THAT COULD BE TOLD OF THAT REALM OF ENDLESS WINTER IF ONLY THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN.

THIS IS SUCH A STORY.

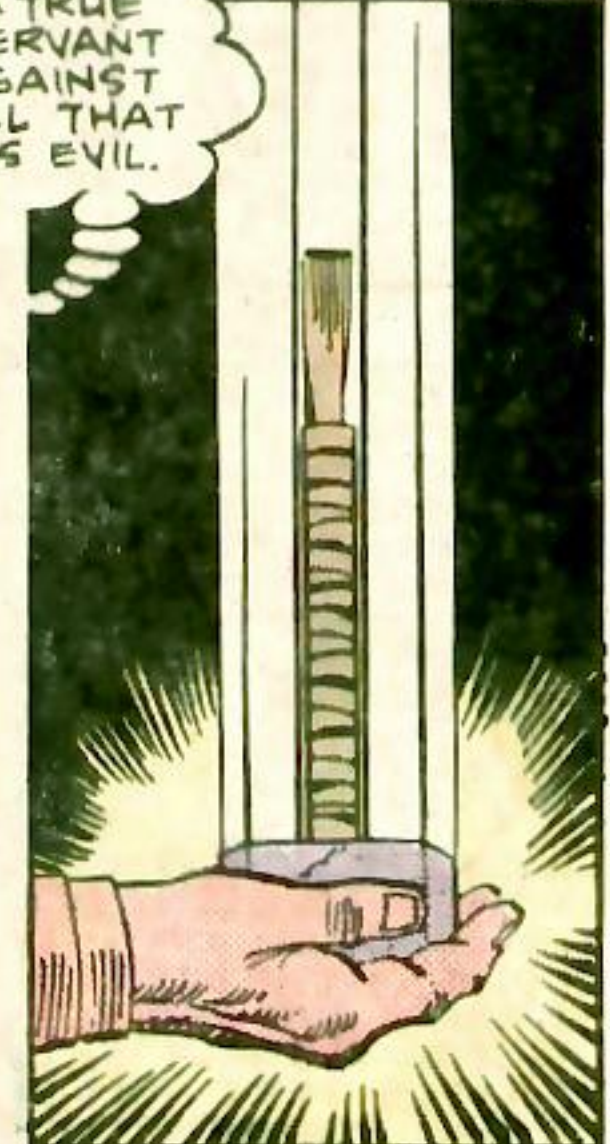


'TIS A GOODLY MALLET, MJOLNIR.

THE DWARFS MADE WELL THIS MAGIC HAMMER.



A TRUE SERVANT AGAINST ALL THAT IS EVIL.



UHHH.



MY GUEST AWAKENS.



chunck



UHHH. THE AVALANCHE!

FATHER, I'M COMING! I'M COMING!

I---I---



I RE-MEMBER!

I FELL BEFORE THE ROARING AVALANCHE AND SHOULD HAVE DIED!

BUT WHO ARE YOU?!!

AM I TRULY DEAD AND THIS SOME CORNER OF VALHALLA?

NAY, LITTLE ONE, THE GOLDEN HALLS OF VALHALLA BASK IN THE WARMTH OF THE GLOWING SUN FAR FROM HERE.



BUT FOR ALL THE LEAGUES BETWEEN US AND THAT GREAT DWELLING PLACE OF HEROES, YOU SHALL NOT FIND THE HOSPITALITY OF MY HOME LACKING.

I BID YOU WELCOME.



MY THANKS.

BUT WHO CAN MY HOST BE? NO WORD HAS COME TO ASGARD OF ANY LIVING THING INHABITING THIS DESOLATE REGION.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW MUCH LIKE THIS BEING MIGHT HAVE LEFT LED ME BENEATH THE AVALANCHE.

SURELY HE MUST HAVE SAVED MY LIFE AND YET...

*THOR 354



BE AT PEACE, LITTLE ONE. I DO NOT SEEK YOUR DEATH.

FOR IF I DID, I SHOULD HAVE LEFT YOU BENEATH THE SNOW.

YET HELA TO WHOM YOU SPOKE RASHLY * WOULD SEE YOU DEAD.

*LAST ISSUE, LATECOMERS.



THE DEATH GODDESS CANNOT HIDE HER MOTIVES ANYMORE THAN THE SUN CAN HIDE ITS LIGHT.

BUT NOW, YOU YOUNG SIR, RISE UP. FOR IF YOU WOULD HAVE YOUR SUPPER TONIGHT, YOU MUST WRESTLE ME.

I FEEL AS THOUGH I CAN HARDLY STAND AND YET, MY HOST WOULD FIGHT BEFORE DINNER?



VERY WELL. THE GUEST MUST ACKNOWLEDGE HIS RESPONSIBILITIES TO HIS HOST.

YET LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM!!

COME, LITTLE ONE. BE NOT SHY! BUT BE WARNED. ONLY TWO BEFORE YOU HAVE EVER BESTED ME IN COMBAT!



AND A MOMENT LATER...

THUD!

WE MUST BUILD YOUR STRENGTH UP AGAIN, MY YOUNG DRAKE!

YOUR HEART IS VALIANT BUT YOUR FLESH HAS BEEN WEAKENED BY THE ORDEAL OF THE PAST FEW DAYS.



DETAILS CAN BE FOUND ALL THROUGH THOR 350-354.

COME, MY FRIENDS. BRING OUR GUEST SUCH NOURISHING BROTH AND BREAD AS CAN BE FOUND IN OUR ABODE.

YOU WERE FORTUNATE, LITTLE ONE.



HAD YOU NOT BEEN FOUND BENEATH THE ICE AND SNOW, HELA WOULD EVEN NOW BE GREETING YOU WITH OPEN ARMS.



PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER SO.

THE NINE WORLDS HAVE BEEN MADE SAFE FROM SURTUR AND HIS DEMONS, BUT AT A TERRIBLE COST.



"MY FATHER, ODIN, FELL WITH HIM INTO THE FIERY CREVASSE AND DID NOT RETURN. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITHOUT HIM?"

IS THIS THE NOBLE SON OF ODIN, THOR THE THUNDERER, WHO SHARES MY BREAD AND WHINES AT MY TABLE?

YOUR FATHER WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT OF YOU.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW FOR MY FATHER AND HIS FASHION! HE WAS THE SON OF BOR, SON OF BURI AND A GREATER WARRIOR THESE WORLDS HAVE NEVER SEEN!



SURELY YOU CAN HONOR HIS MEMORY IN SOME MORE GRACEFUL FASHION.



AND NOW HE IS GONE. EVERY LIVING THING SHOULD WEEP FOR SHAME.

YOUNG GOD, I
KNEW YOUR FATHER
BEFORE YOU WERE
BORN.

OLD
FRIENDS
WERE
ODIN
AND I.



YOU MIGHT
EVEN SAY I
WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR GETTING HIM
HIS FIRST JOB.

LET THERE BE NO
TALK OF SHAME
AT HIS PASSING,
FOR HE DID HIS
WORK WELL.



PFOOOOF!

BUT THE HOUR
GROWS LATE AND
YOU NEED YOUR
REST. WE WILL
TALK AGAIN ON
THE MORROW.

SLEEP
WELL, MY
LITTLE
ONE.

AND THOUGH A
MILLION QUES-
TIONS RUN THROUGH
HIS MIND...

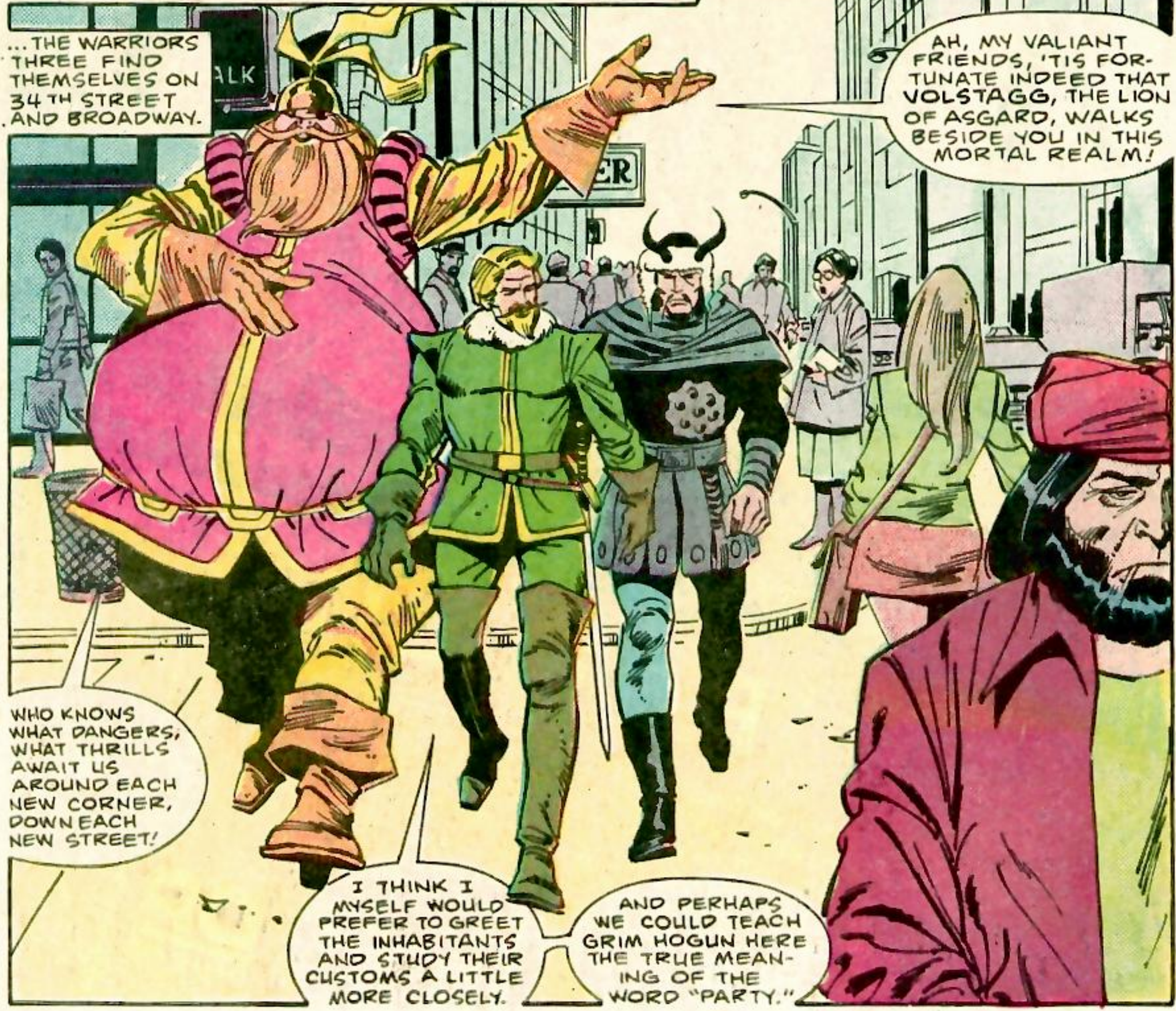


...THOR IS
ALMOST
INSTANTLY...

...ASLEEP.

MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK CITY, WHERE THE ASGARDOIAN WARRIORS TAKE A WELL DESERVED BREAK AFTER THE FIGHTING OF THE PAST FEW DAYS...

... THE WARRIORS
THREE FIND
THEMSELVES ON
34TH STREET
AND BROADWAY.



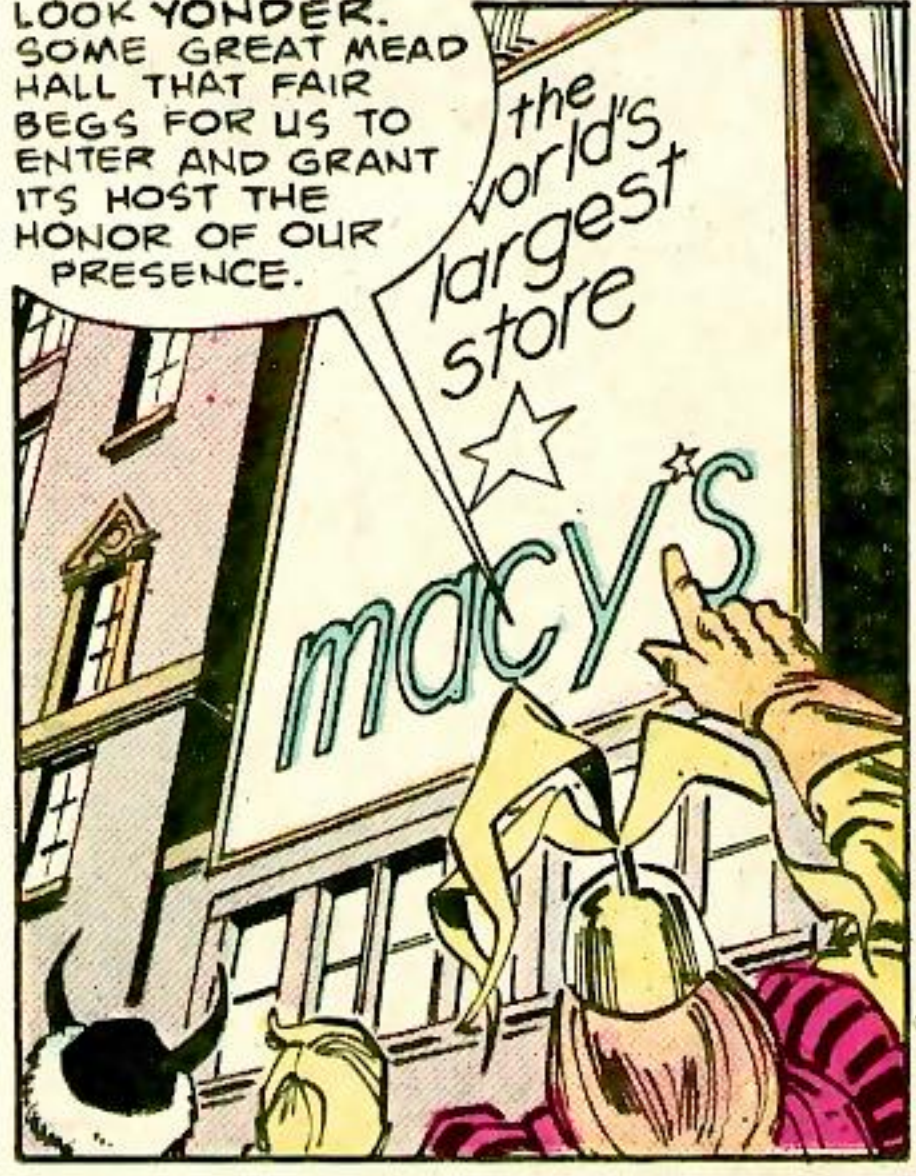
AH, MY VALIANT
FRIENDS, 'TIS FOR-
TUNATE INDEED THAT
VOLSTAGG, THE LION
OF ASGARD, WALKS
BESIDE YOU IN THIS
MORTAL REALM!

WHO KNOWS
WHAT DANGERS,
WHAT THRILLS
AWAIT US
AROUND EACH
NEW CORNER,
DOWN EACH
NEW STREET!

I THINK I
MYSELF WOULD
PREFER TO GREET
THE INHABITANTS
AND STUDY THEIR
CUSTOMS A LITTLE
MORE CLOSELY.

AND PERHAPS
WE COULD TEACH
GRIM HOGUN HERE
THE TRUE MEAN-
ING OF THE
WORD "PARTY."

LOOK YONDER. SOME GREAT MEAD HALL THAT FAIR BEGS FOR US TO ENTER AND GRANT ITS HOST THE HONOR OF OUR PRESENCE.



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HOW STRANGE THAT THE HALL'S CELLAR SHOULD BE LINED WITH POTS AND COOKING UTENSILS ALONG ITS ENTIRE LENGTH...



...AND YET NOWHERE DO I SEE A SIGN OF FOOD!

FEAR NOT, LION. THERE ACROSS THE HALLWAY I SEE VICTUALS ENOUGH EVEN FOR THEE.



FANDRAL! HOGUN! OBSERVE! A COOKING POT SO CONSTRUCTED THAT IT CLAIMS COOKED FOOD WILL NE'ER STICK TO IT!

A WELL HONED BLADE, BUT BADLY BALANCED FOR THROWING.



PING

MAYHAP I SHOULD BRING MY WIFE HERE!

WHY, WITH COOKWARE SUCH AS THIS IN MY HOUSE, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE HOME AGAIN TO AVOID WASHING THE DISHES!

ELSEWHERE AS THE LADY SIF AND BETA RAY BILL TOUR THE CITY...



WHY THIS LONG FACE, MY LADY? THE VICTORY WAS OURS.

IF YOU BEAR A BURDEN, IT WILL BE LIGHTER IF YOU SHARE IT.

I HOPE, BILL, THAT I SHALL NEVER HAVE TO KEEP SECRETS FROM YOU.



INTELLIGENT JEWELRY EXCHANGE

BUT YOU ARE RIGHT. HERE ON MIDGARD, ONLY I KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE GOLDEN REALM.

AND THOUGH I HAVE KEPT THE NEWS FROM OUR WARRIORS, I SHALL NOT KEEP THE NEWS FROM YOU.

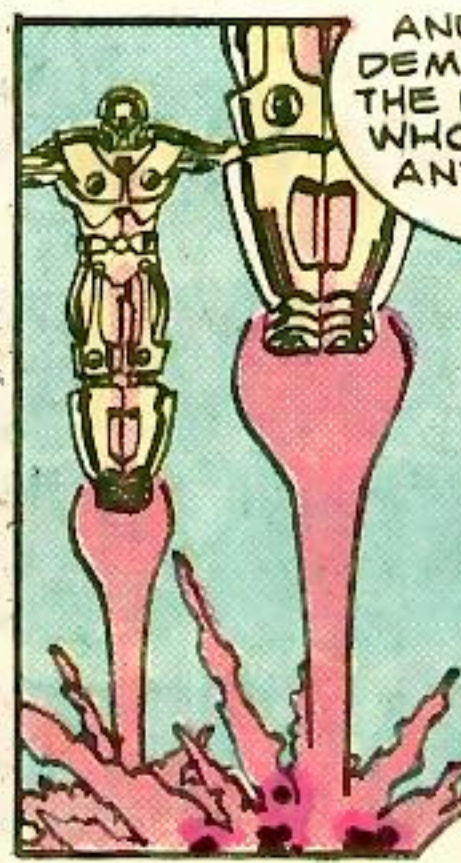
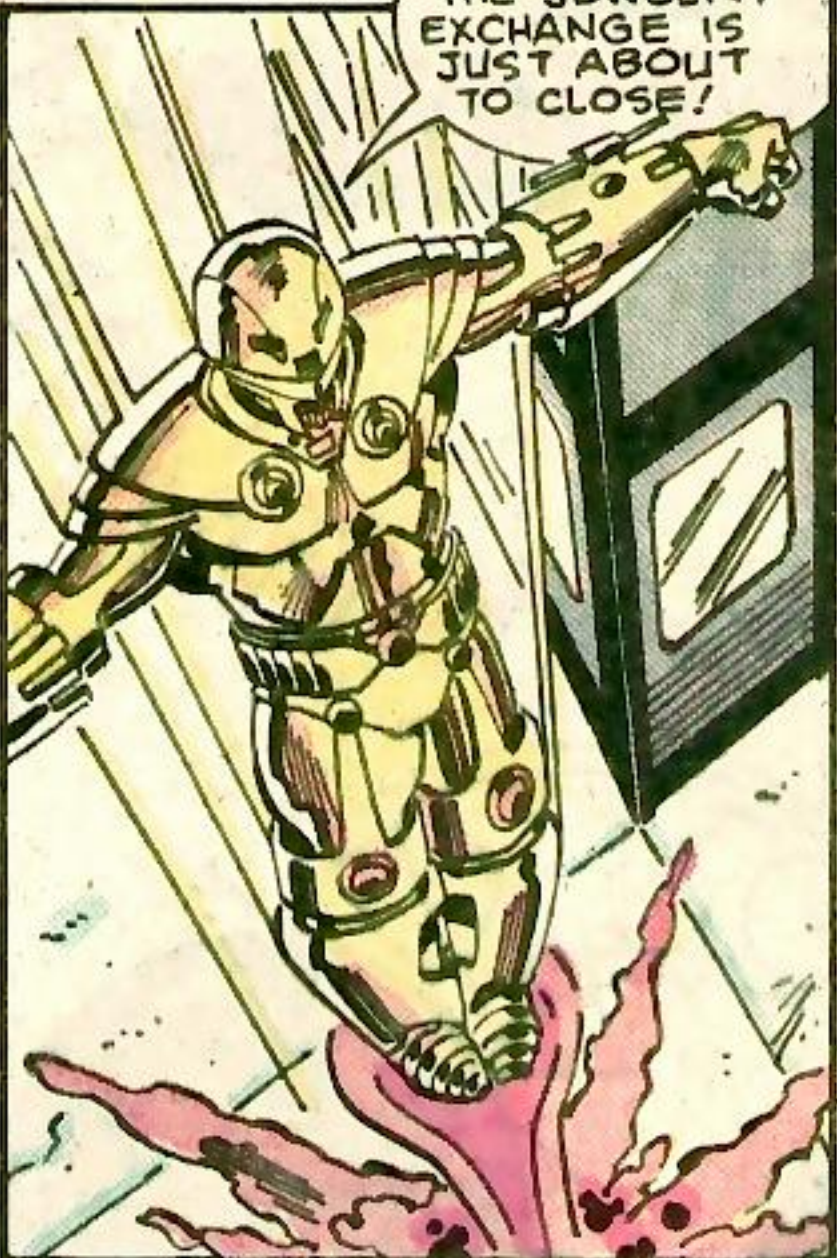
FOR WHO KNOWS NOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US ALL?

*EARTH.

SO DEEP IN CON-
VERSATION ARE
THEY THAT NEITHER
SIF NOR BILL
NOTICE THE
SCENE THAT IS
UNFOLDING BE-
HIND THEM ON
47TH STREET,
ALSO KNOWN AS
"DIAMOND ROW!"

THE
JEWELRY
EXCHAN

TIMING'S
PERFECT!
THE JEWELRY
EXCHANGE IS
JUST ABOUT
TO CLOSE!

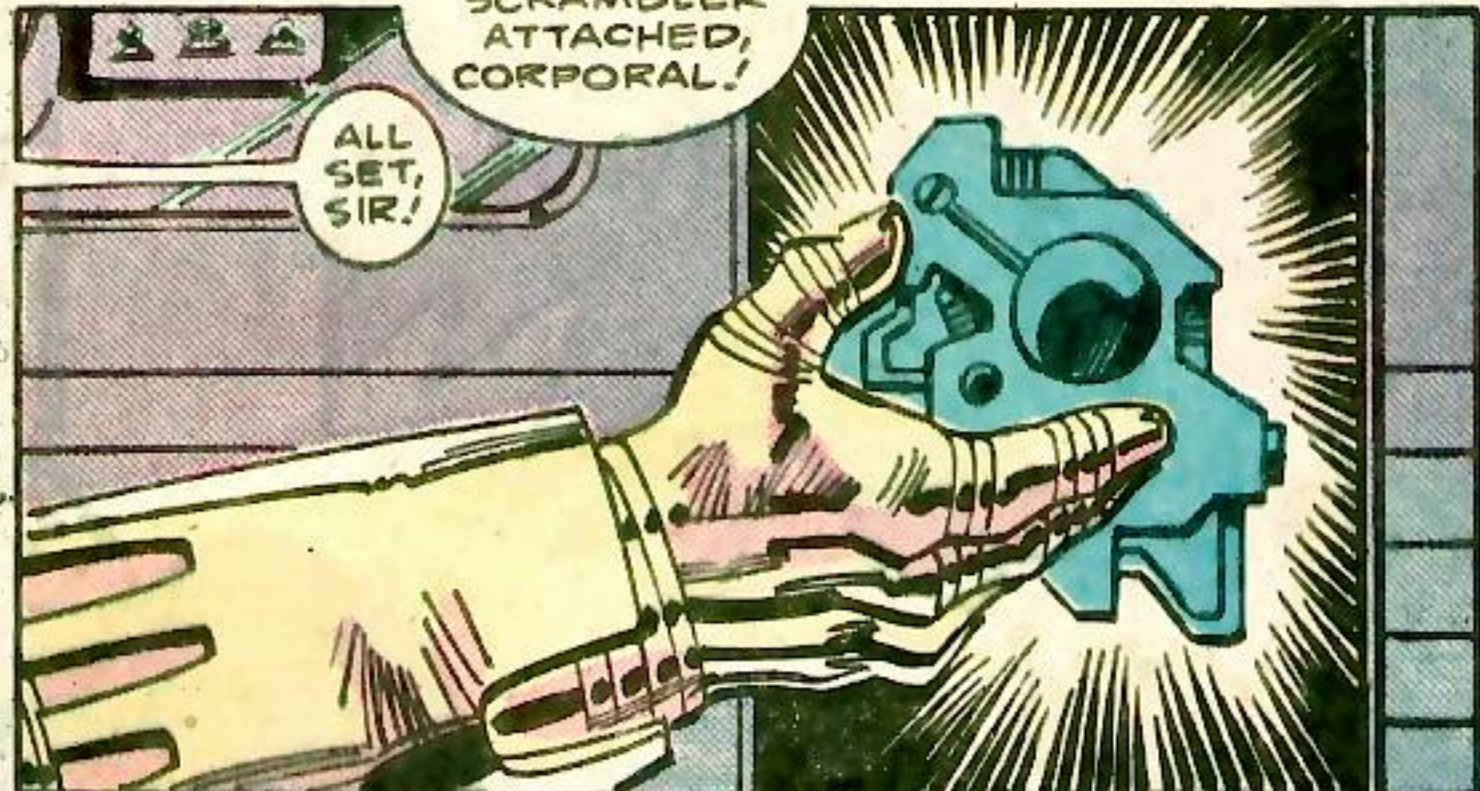


AND AFTER THE
DEMON ATTACKS OF
THE PAST FEW DAYS,
WHO'S GONNA PAY
ANY ATTENTION
TO US?

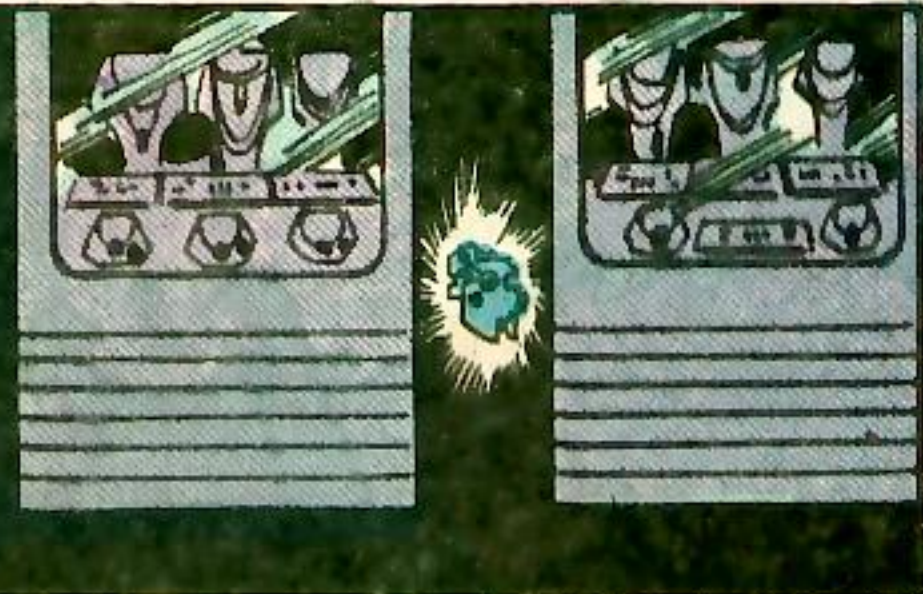
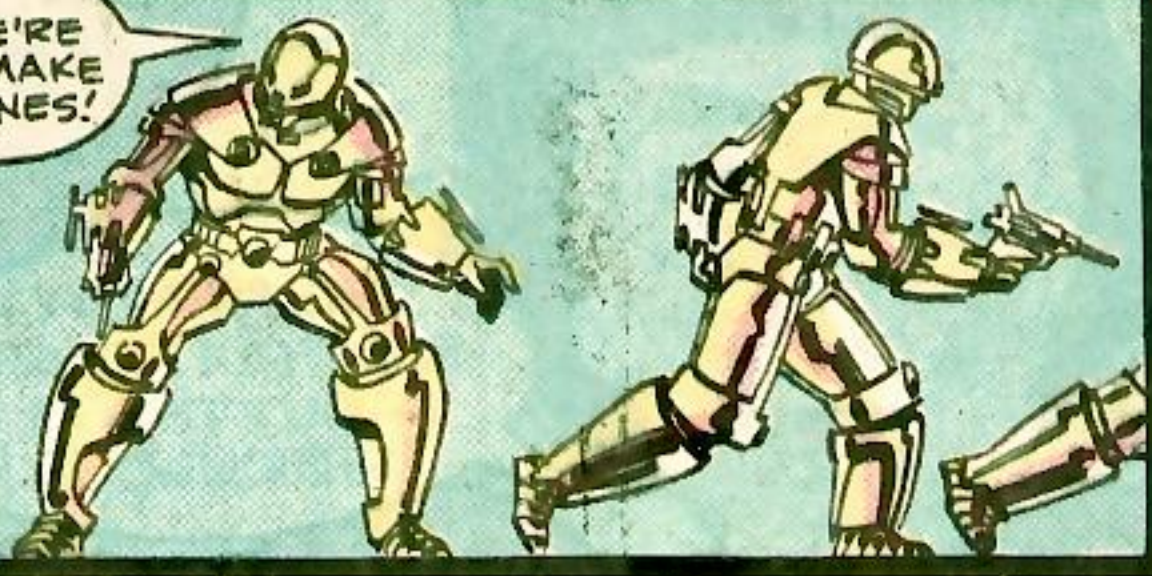
ESPECIALLY
WHEN WE WON'T
BE OUT HERE FOR
MORE THAN A FEW
SECONDS.

GET THAT
ALARM
SCRAMBLER
ATTACHED,
CORPORAL!

ALL
SET,
SIR!



THEN LET'S
MOVE IT. WE'RE
ABOUT TO MAKE
OUR FORTUNES!



MORNING IN
THE ICY
WASTES OF
ASGARD...

AWAKE, YOUNG SLEEPY-
HEAD! THE BIRDS ARE UP,
ALL OF NATURE IS STIRRING,
AND STILL YOU LIE
ABED?



COME AND JOIN ME FOR A WALK!
THE SUN IS ALREADY WELL UP
IN THE SKY!

AND THERE IS MUCH TO SEE.



MY HOME, YOUNG THOR.
THE SCULPTED ICE CANYONS,
THE TOWERING GLACIERS, ALL THESE
ARE MY DOMAIN.

A WORLD UNTO ITSELF.

OH, I KNOW THE TALES
IN THE GOLDEN REALM.
THAT THE LANDS TO THE
NORTH ARE BARREN
AND LIFELESS.



BUT LOOK AROUND YOU.
EVEN HERE,
LIFE HAS EVERYWHERE GAINED A
FOOTHOLD.

AND WHERE THERE IS LIFE,
THERE ALSO... IS DEATH.



TODAY, THE POLAR BEAR
SLAYS THE SEAL.

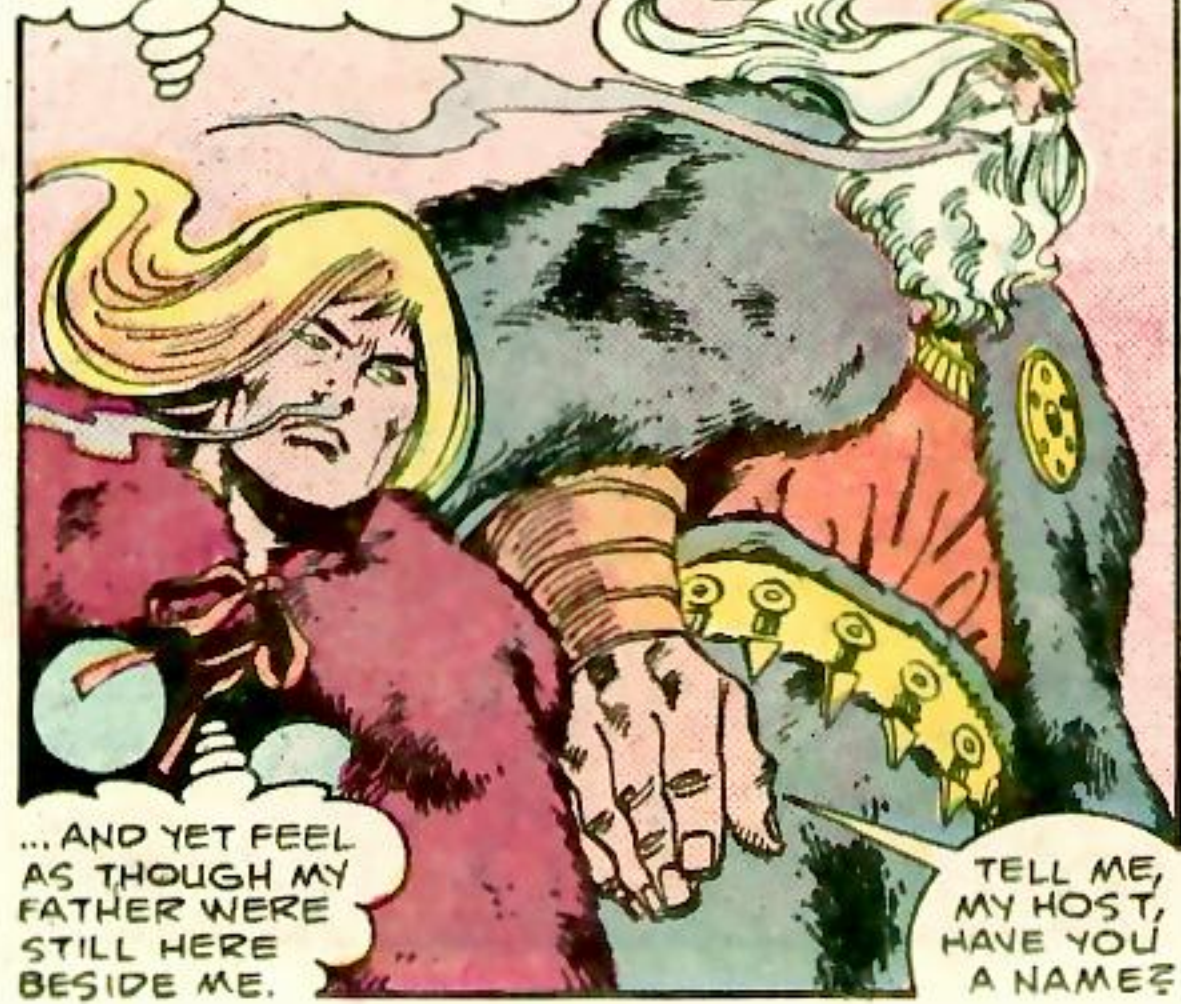
TOMORROW, THE BEAR IN
ITS TURN MAY FALL PREY TO
THE HUNTER.

AN ANCIENT CYCLE, YOUNG THOR.



THERE IS NO SHAME IN LIVING.
THERE SHOULD BE NONE IN DYING.

HOW STRANGE IT IS TO STAND
HERE WITH SOMEONE COMPLETELY
UNKNOWN IN ASGARD...

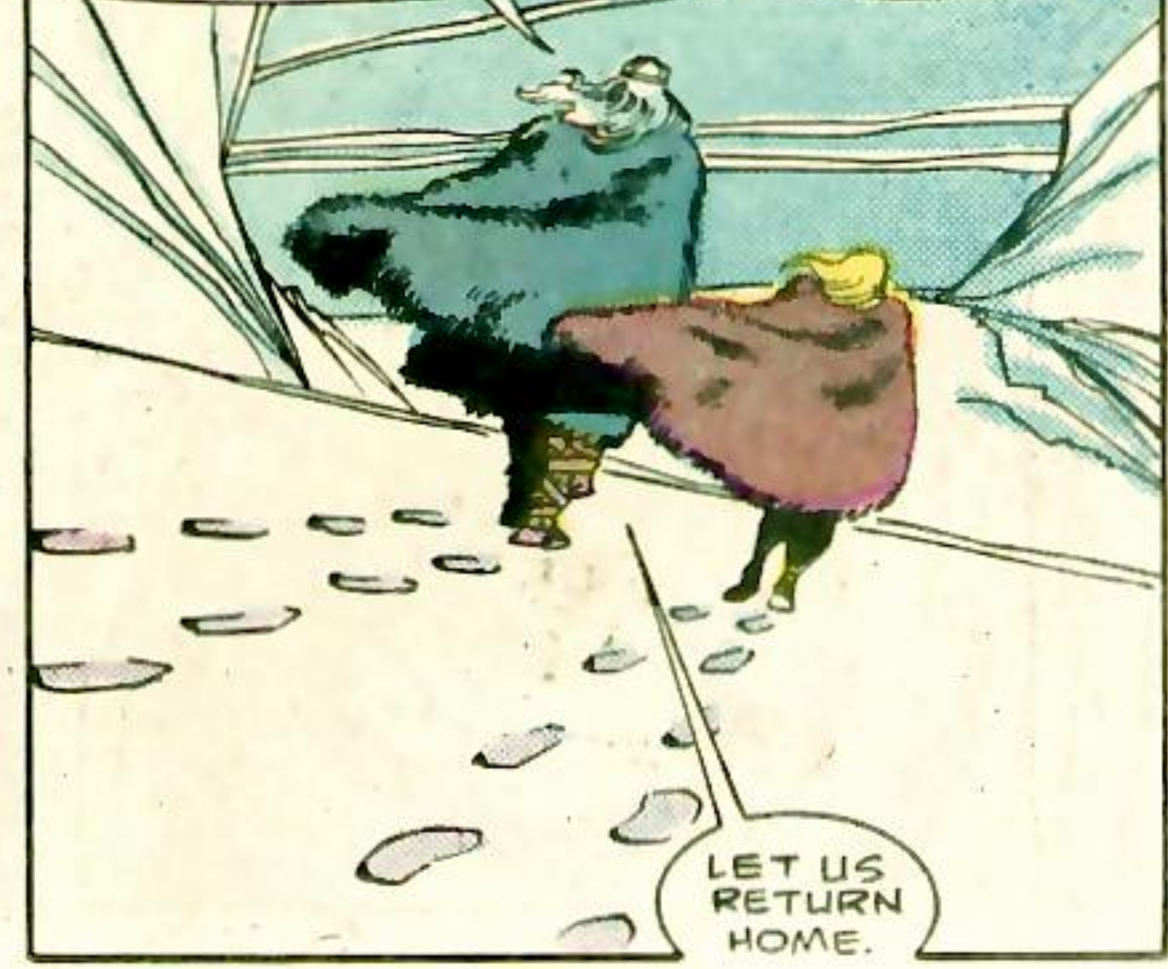


... AND YET FEEL AS THOUGH MY
FATHER WERE STILL HERE
BESIDE ME.

TELL ME, MY HOST,
HAVE YOU A NAME?

I'VE HAD MANY NAMES,
YOUNG LORDLING. TIWAZ
WAS ONE THAT HAS SERVED AS WELL
AS ANY.

COME. ANOTHER CYCLE IS COMPLETE.
THE SUN IS SETTING.



LET US RETURN HOME.



AH, NOTHING CAN EQUAL THE WARMTH OF THE BECKONING HEARTH AFTER A DAY'S JOURNEY, EH, THOR?

THOR?



MY HAMMER. NEXT TO MY BED. BUT IT MUST HAVE FALLEN WITH ME IN THE AVALANCHE!

HOW CAME IT HERE?

UNLESS--!!



TIWAZ! YOU! ONLY YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT IT HITHER. AND NO ONE CAN LIFT MJOLNIR IN THE GOLD-EN REALM SAVE ONLY MY FATHER...

MY FATHER WHOSE LOVE OF DISGUISES IS LEGEND-ARY!



I HAVE HEARD MANY THINGS ABOUT YOUR FAMOUS WEAPON, THOR.

I HAVE HEARD THAT AMONG LIVING BEINGS, ONLY THOSE WHO ARE WORTHY CAN LIFT IT.

AND MY SERVANTS, THOR, ARE NOT LIVING BEINGS BUT SIMULACRA OF ICE.



YOU I COULD CARRY MYSELF. BUT MY SERVANTS WERE THE ONES WHO FOUND YOU AND YOUR HAMMER AFTER THE AVALANCHE AND BROUGHT YOU HERE.

IN TRUTH, I HAD FOR-GOT THEM!

JUST WHEN ONE THINKS HE HAS SEEN ALL THE WONDERS THAT THERE ARE TO SEE IN THE NINE WORLDS...



NOW, COME, THOR. WRESTLE ME AGAIN FOR YOUR SUPPER.

AND THIS TIME, SHOW ME YOUR METTLE!

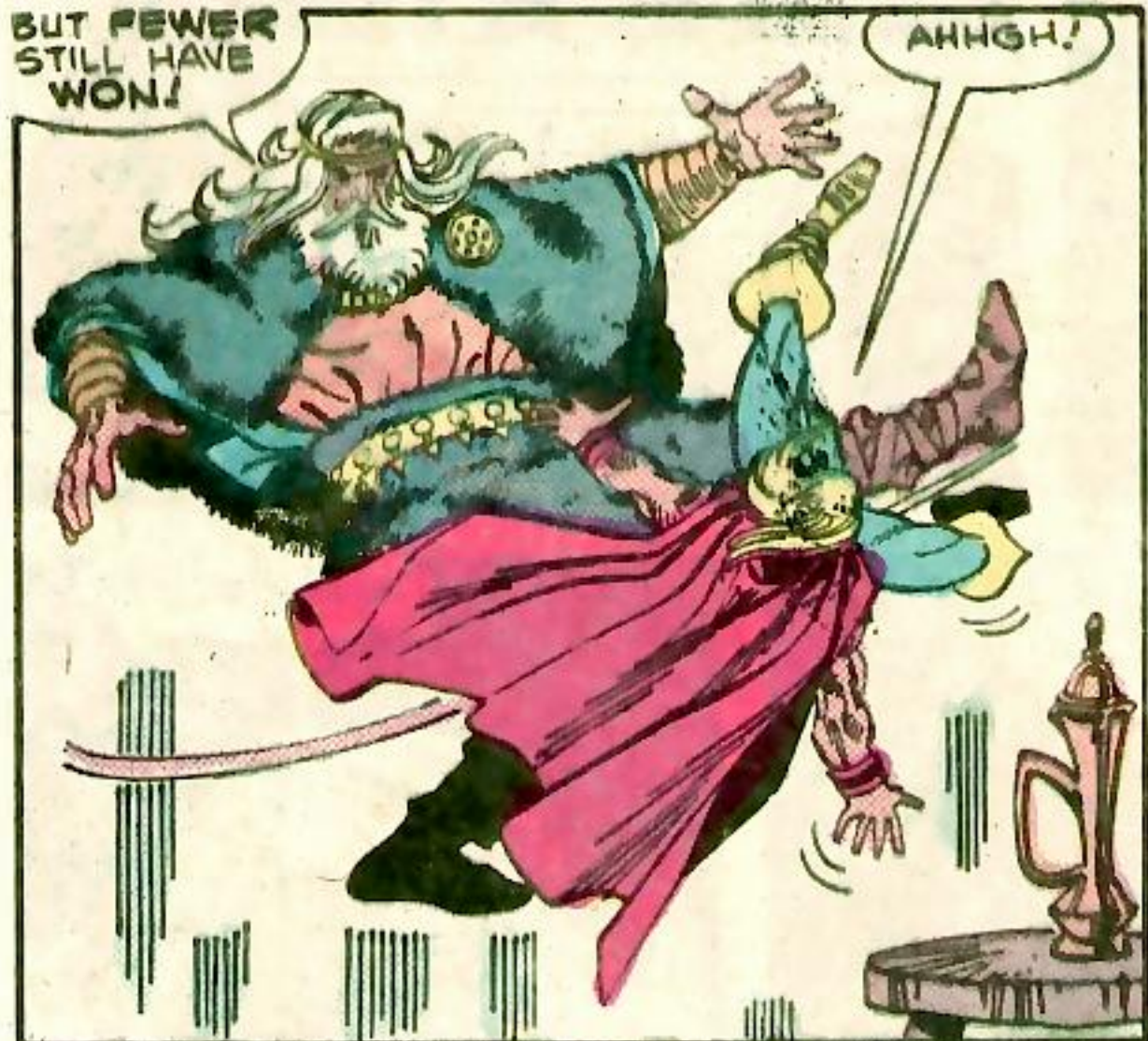


NOT A BAD GRIP FOR SUCH A LITTLE GOD!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!



YOU GROW STRONGER. FEW HAVE PUSHED ME BACK AS YOU ARE DOING NOW!



BUT FEWER STILL HAVE WON!

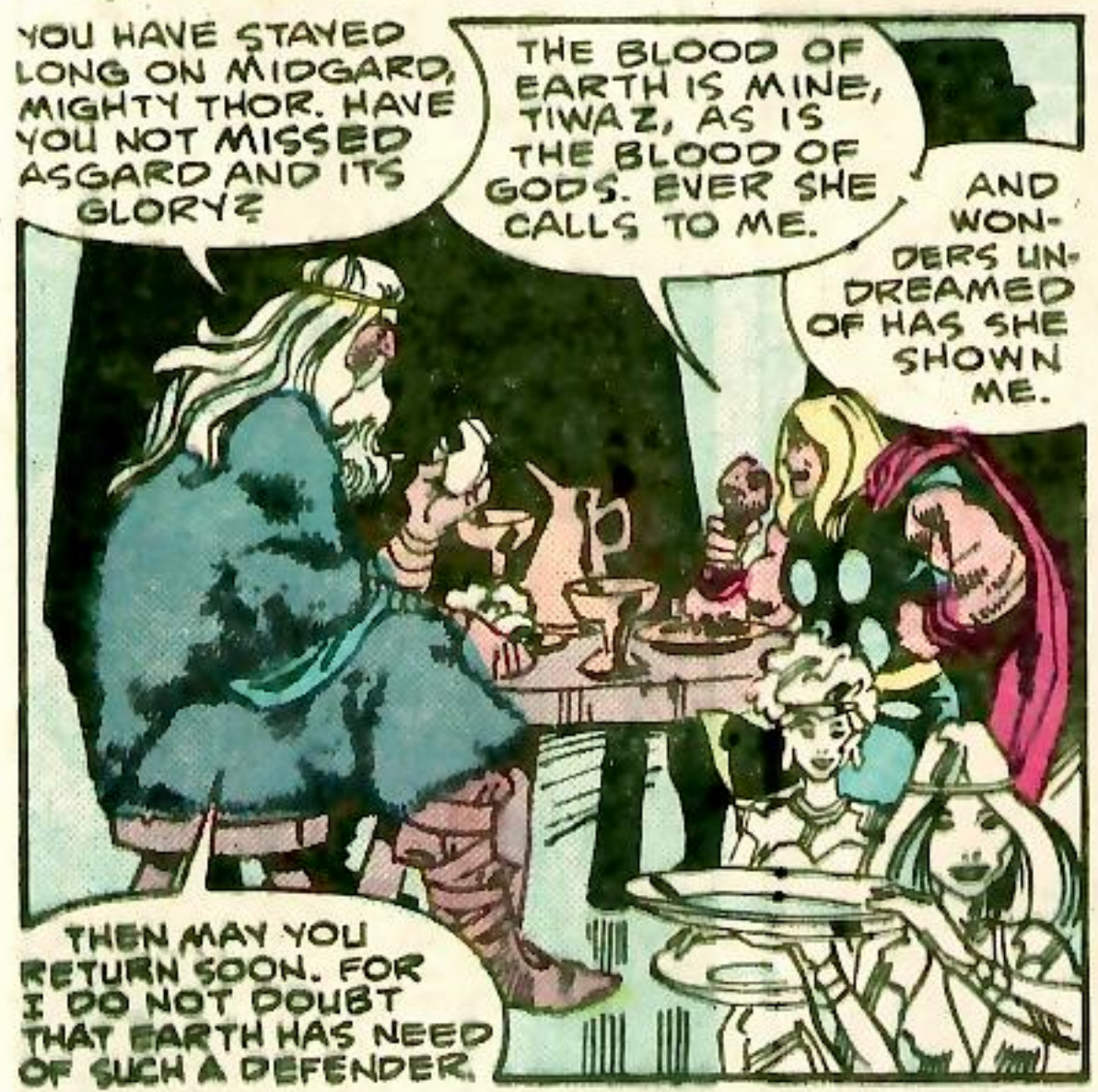
AHHGH!



MUCH BETTER, MY THOR!

BUT WE MUST WORK STILL TO RESTORE THE STRENGTH THAT YOUR ORDEAL HAS TAKEN FROM YOU.

SUPPER AWAITS US. WE NEED YET TO PUT SOME MEAT ON THOSE BONES.



YOU HAVE STAYED LONG ON MIDGARD, MIGHTY THOR. HAVE YOU NOT MISSED ASGARD AND ITS GLORY?

THE BLOOD OF EARTH IS MINE, TIWAZ, AS IS THE BLOOD OF GODS. EVER SHE CALLS TO ME.

AND WONDERS UN-DREAMED OF HAS SHE SHOWN ME.

THEN MAY YOU RETURN SOON. FOR I DO NOT DOUBT THAT EARTH HAS NEED OF SUCH A DEFENDER.



AND NOW, MY BRAVE, TO BED.

THOR IS ASLEEP EVEN BEFORE THE CANDLE IS QUENCHED.

MEANWHILE, FAR AWAY ON THE EDGE OF ASGARD IN THE FOR-TRESS OF LOKI...



WE HAVE ARRIVED, LORELEI!

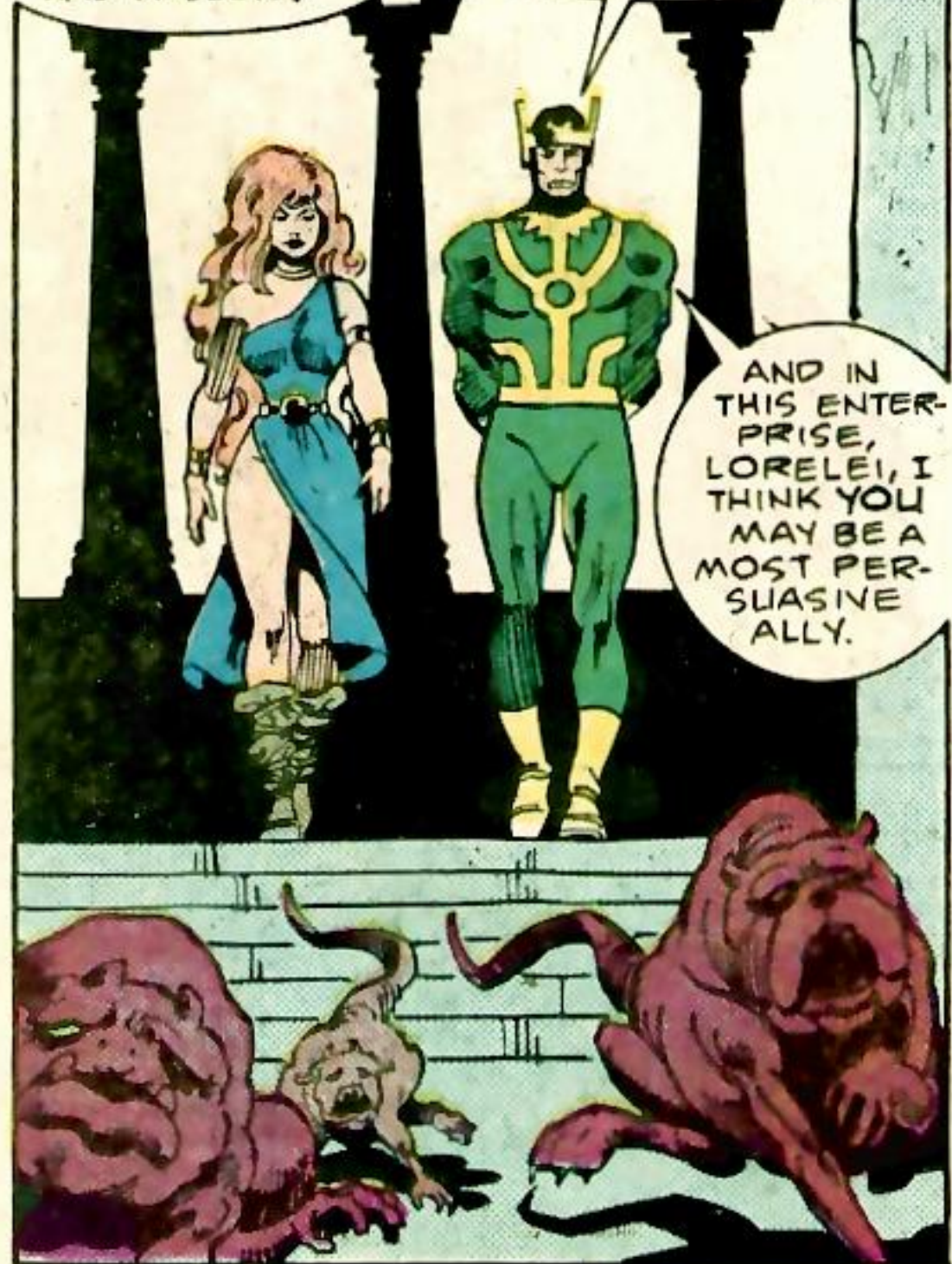
IT IS TRUE THEN? ODIN REALLY IS GONE?



YES, AND AT LAST THE WAY IS CLEAR TO THE THRONE OF ASGARD!

NO DOUBT, MY FELLOW ASGARDIANS WOULD PREFER A DULL AND PREDICTABLE FELLOW SUCH AS MY STEP-BROTHER TO RULE THEM.

BUT AM I NOT THE GOD WHO STOOD BETWEEN SURTUR AND THE FLAME WHEN ALL OTHERS HAD FALLEN?



IF THOR WERE TO SUPPORT MY EFFORT, WHY WHO THEN COULD SAY ME NAY?

AND IN THIS ENTERPRISE, LORELEI, I THINK YOU MAY BE A MOST PERSUASIVE ALLY.

MORNING IN THE WINTRY WASTES...

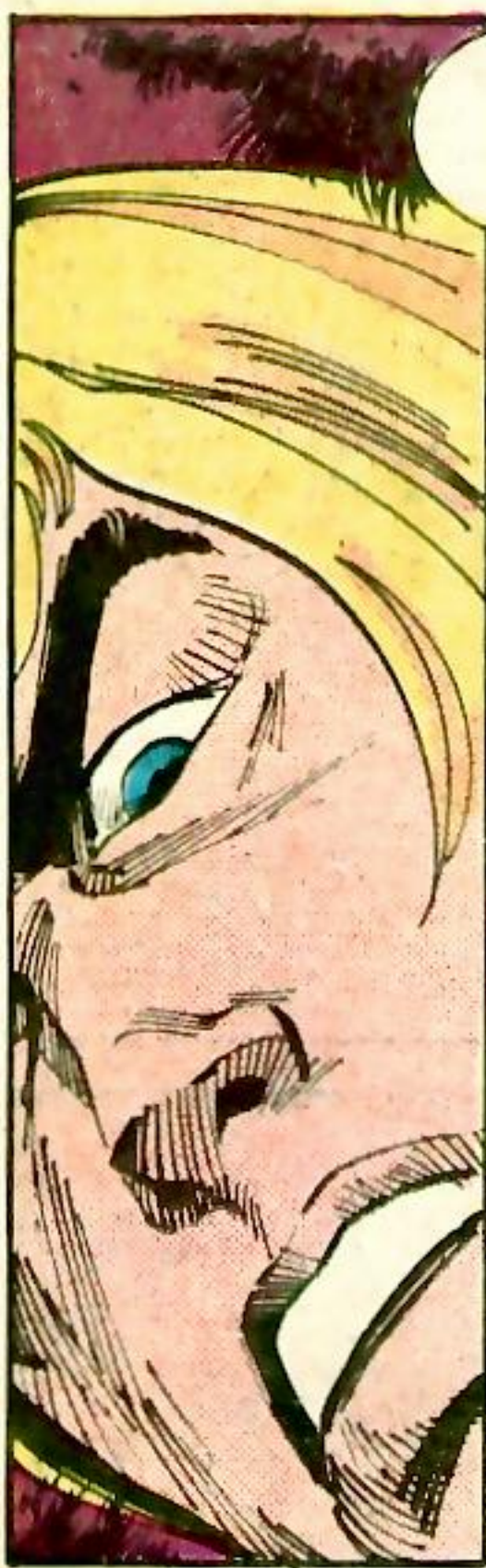


AND NOW, MY FINE LADY, 'TIS TIME FOR YOU TO DANCE, IS IT NOT?

ANOTHER FIGURE IS COMPLETE.



WOOOOOFF



oh.



SUCH BEAUTY BECOMES THE SUNRISE, DOES IT NOT, THOR?

YOU... YOU BROUGHT HER TO LIFE!



DID I?

PERHAPS I BUT RELEASED THE LIFE THAT WAS ALREADY WITHIN THE FIGURINE.

ONLY MY FATHER HAS THE POWER TO DO SUCH WONDERS.



NOT EVEN LOKI, FOR ALL HIS SORCERY, CAN BREATHE ANIMATION AT WILL!

YOU MUST BE ODIN! YOU MUST!



COME, THOR.

CLIMB WITH ME TO THE BALCONY AND LET US TALK A BIT.

THIS IS MY KINGDOM, THOR. THE KIND OF WORLD I WAS BORN IN LONGER AGO THAN YOU CAN KNOW.

THE HOWLING WINDS AND THUNDERING AVALANCHES ARE TO ME THE MUSIC OF THE DAWN OF TIME.

'TIS TRUE. ONCE, I WAS A SKY GOD, ONE ABOVE MANY. THERE WAS EVEN A TIME WHEN I WAS CALLED ALLFATHER.

BUT I AM NOT ODIN.

YOU ARE RIGHT. YOUR FATHER LOVED DISGUISES. HE LOVED TO FOOL PEOPLE AND SURPRISE THEM.

AND NO ONE WAS HIS EQUAL AT IT.

AND I SEE YOU WITH TWO.

THEN WHY DID MY FATHER NEVER SPEAK OF YOU IF ONCE YOU WERE A SKY GOD? DID HE DEFEAT YOU IN COMBAT?

BUT ULTIMATELY I RETIRED. WEARIED OF THE JOB, YOU KNOW.

I FOUND THAT I LIKED WIDE OPEN SPACES AND FREEDOM BETTER THAN SERVITUDE.

AND SERVITUDE WAS WHAT YOUR FATHER'S JOB WAS, NO MATTER HOW YOU VIEW IT.

STILL, FOR ALL THAT HE HID HIS LIGHT BENEATH A BUSHEL, HIS DISGUISES SHARED ONE COMMON TRAIT.

THEY SAW WITH BUT A SINGLE EYE.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE DID ONCE. AS DID HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM.

YOUR FATHER SERVED, A DIFFICULT TASK THAT HE DID BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.

HE WAS BORN TO IT!

BUT TIWAZ, THERE IS SO MUCH ABOUT MY FATHER THAT IS HIDDEN FROM ME.

IN TRUTH, I AM NOT EVEN SURE ABOUT HIS ORIGIN...

... AND WHO AM I IF I DO NOT KNOW MY FATHER?

WHAT BOOTS IT WHERE YOUR FATHER CAME FROM?

OH, I KNOW YOU HAVE HEARD DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF ODIN'S BEGINNINGS.

YOU LOVED HIM.



"DID NOT A GREAT EYEBALL WITH A GRUDGE ONCE TELL YOU THAT YOUR FATHER WAS THE FUSION OF FOUR EARLIER GODS*?"



"AND DID NOT ODIN HIMSELF TELL YOU OF HIS YOUNGER DAYS WITH HIS TWO BROTHERS?"

*THOR 294 IF YOU'RE KEEPING SCORE.

IN TRUTH, WERE I TOLD CONFLICTING STORIES BY MY FATHER AND A FLOATING EYEBALL...



... I KNOW WHICH I SHOULD BELIEVE.

BUT NONE OF THIS CAN TELL YOU MORE ABOUT YOUR FATHER THAN YOU ALREADY KNOW YOURSELF...

...BECAUSE NO MATTER WHERE HE CAME FROM... OR WHERE HE WENT...

...HE WAS THE FATHER YOU LOVED AND NO TALE OF HIS BEGINNINGS CAN CHANGE THAT.

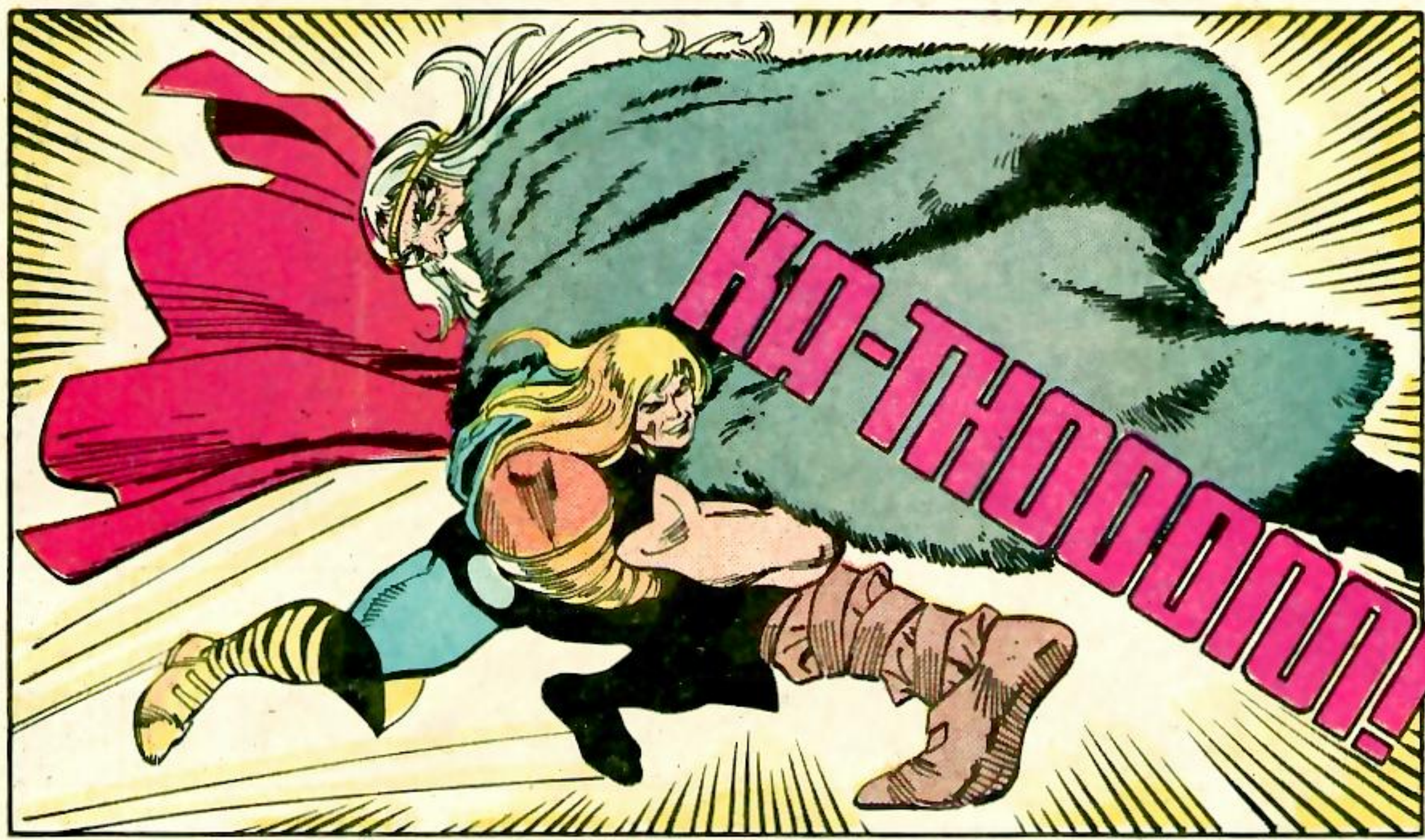
NOW COME, 'TIS NEARLY NOON. LET US WRESTLE AGAIN BEFORE WE EAT!



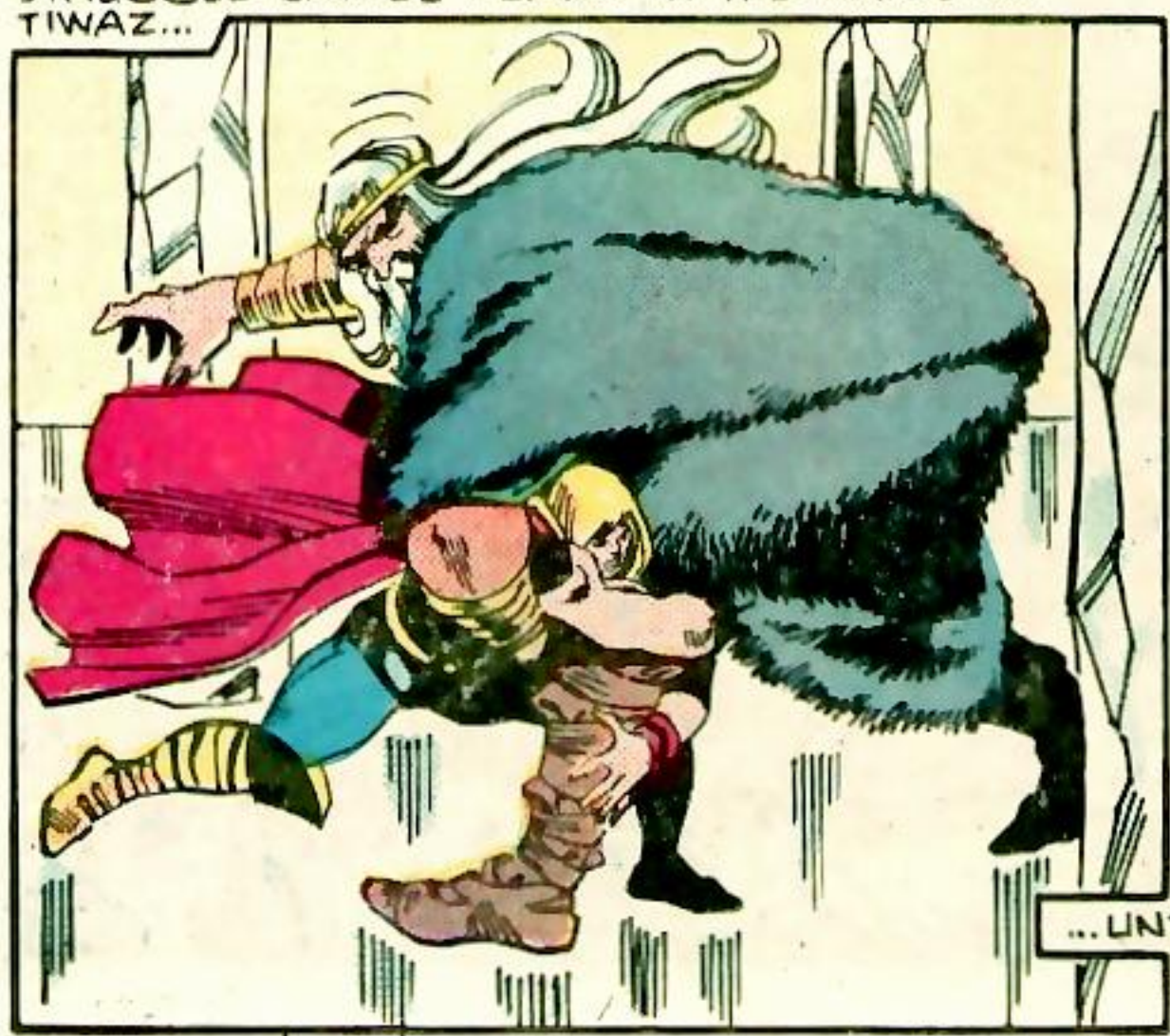


COME, THOR ODINSON!

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH!



FOR LONG MOMENTS, ONLY THE SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE CAN BE HEARD IN THE HALLS OF TIWAZ...



...UNTIL...



MY HEART IS NEARLY BURSTING. IF EVER I AM TO ACHIEVE VICTORY, IT MUST BE...



D NOW!



SLAM!



ANHAHAHAHAHAH!

WELL THROWN, MY MIGHTY POPPET!

AS GOOD A MATCH AS I'VE HAD IN MANY AND MANY A YEAR!

AND NOW, ONE LAST TIME, YOU SHALL TAKE A MEAL WITH ME.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TIWAZ, WHEN YOU SAY "ONE LAST TIME"?

I MEAN, MIGHTY THOR, THAT YOU ARE READY NOW TO LEAVE MY HUMBLE ABODE AND RETURN HOME, WHERE YOU BELONG.

THE BLOOM HATH RETURNED AGAIN TO YOUR CHEEKS.



AND THERE SHALL BE GREAT NEED OF THEE IN ASGARD, NOW THAT YOUR FATHER IS GONE.

I KNOW, TIWAZ, AND YET, I AM LOATHE TO LEAVE.

I FEEL MORE AT HOME HERE THAN I HAVE FELT IN MANY A DAY.

AND... MY FATHER'S LOSS STILL WEIGHS HEAVILY UPON ME. IF ONLY I HAD FOUGHT HARDER, BEEN STRONGER...

CONSIDER, THOR, THE WORDS OF A WONDERFUL POET OF MIDGARD.

HE SPOKE THROUGH A GREAT BOOK LONG TIME AGO, YET HIS WORDS RING TRUE EVEN NOW.

"TO EVERYTHING, THERE IS A SEASON, AND A TIME TO EVERY PURPOSE UNDER THE HEAVEN. A TIME TO BE BORN, AND A TIME TO DIE..."

"A TIME TO KILL AND A TIME TO HEAL... A TIME TO MOURN, AND A TIME TO DANCE..."

WISE WORDS.

BUT WHAT DO MORTALS KNOW OF THE SORROWS OF GODS?

THOUGH WE MAY LIVE A LONG TIME, WE ARE BOUND TO THE SEASONS AS SURELY AS THOUGH WE WERE MORTALS OURSELVES.

AND THEY KNOW MORE THAN WE OF DEATH, THOR. THEY STRUGGLE AGAINST IT EVERY DAY OF THEIR LIVES.

CAN WE DO LESS?

PLEASE, FORGIVE MY OUTBURST.

I... I STILL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO REALIZE THAT WHEN I GO HOME, I WILL NOT SHARE ANOTHER SUNRISE WITH MY FATHER.

THEN CONSIDER US, MILORD.

YOU CAN SPEAK?

WE LIVE ONLY FOR THE DAY WE ARE MADE. WITH THE NIGHT, WE MELT EVEN AS WE DANCE BEFORE THE FIRE.

BUT WE LIVE AND ENJOY THE COLD AND THE WARMTH EVEN IN OUR BRIEF SPAN.

WHEN THERE IS SOMETHING TO SAY, MILORD.

SURELY YOUR FATHER, FOR ALL HIS CARES, ENJOYED THE COLD AND THE WARMTH AND MANY SUNRISES?

MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS BELONG HERE, BUT NOT YOU.

ARE YOU NOT THE GUARDIAN OF MID-GARD?

EVEN WHEN YOU WERE HEARTSICK AND WOUNDED, DID YOU NOT SEND A FRIEND TO COMFORT SOME MORTALS YOU MIGHT JUST AS EASILY HAVE FORGOTTEN?

DO YOU THINK, MILORD, THAT NOW YOU CAN TURN AWAY FROM ALL YOUR CHARGES SO EASILY?

AND DID YOU NOT SWEAR AN OATH TO SAVE THE MORTALS THAT HELA HAS STOLEN?



SHE... SHE'S GONE.

*THOR 348

*THOR 354

THE HEAT OF MY HAND, LORD THOR, OR THE HEAT OF THE FIRE.

YOU WILL NOT FORGET YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES, EVEN FOR GRIEF.

NOR WOULD YOUR FATHER, WHO CARRIED SO MANY BURDENS, HAVE WISHED IT.

YET HE HAD JOY AS WELL IN THE LIVING.

AS YOU WILL AGAIN WHEN TIME HAS HEALED YOUR HURT.

WYRD AND HER FATES RULE US ALL IN THE END.



I BELIEVE YOU. AND I AM READY TO GO.

WILL YOU NOT COME WITH ME TO ASGARD, TIWAZ? YOU WOULD BE TREATED WITH HONOR.

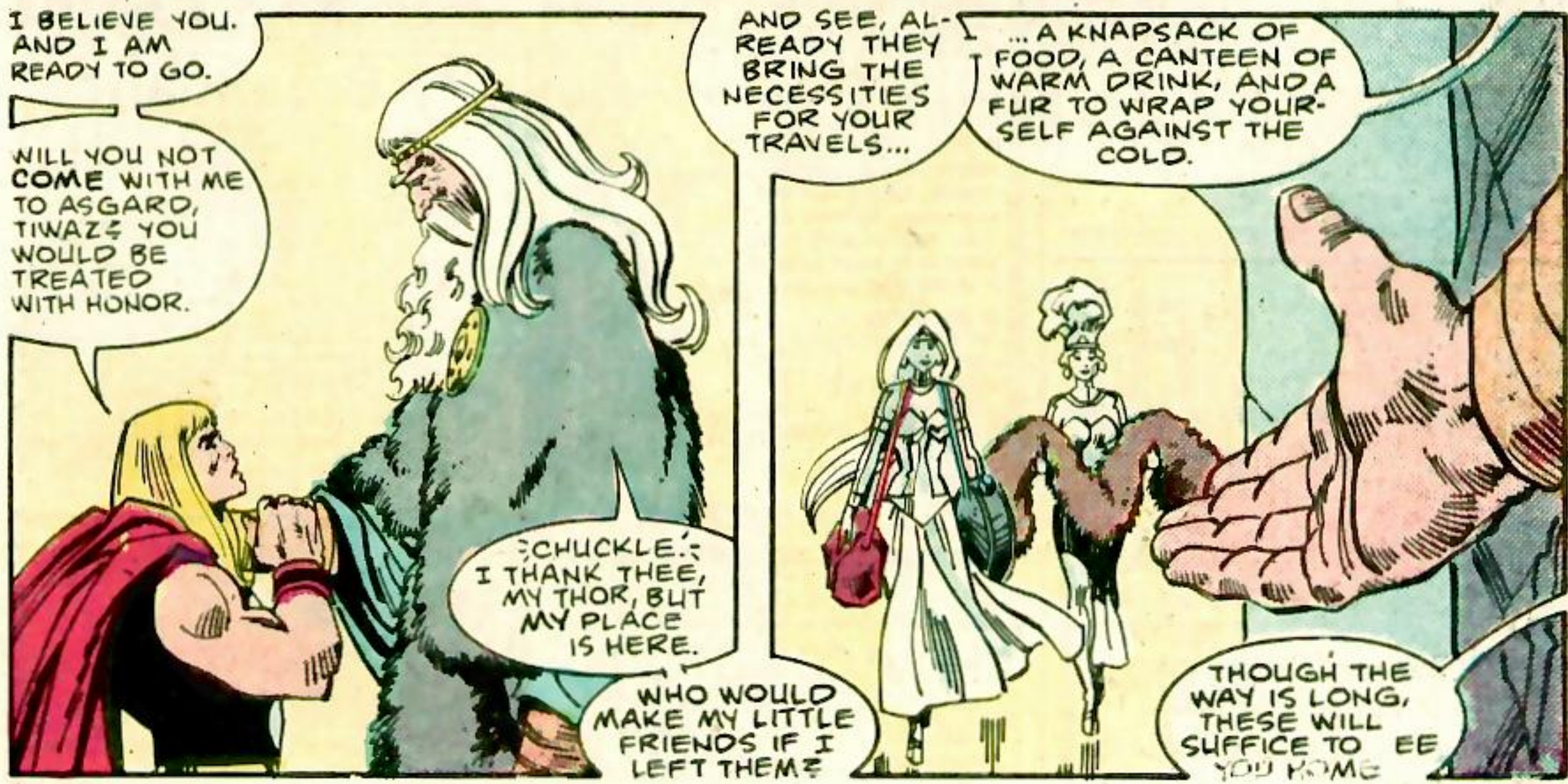
AND SEE, ALREADY THEY BRING THE NECESSITIES FOR YOUR TRAVELS...

... A KNAPSACK OF FOOD, A CANTEN OF WARM DRINK, AND A FUR TO WRAP YOURSELF AGAINST THE COLD.

CHUCKLE: I THANK THEE, MY THOR, BUT MY PLACE IS HERE.

WHO WOULD MAKE MY LITTLE FRIENDS IF I LEFT THEM?

THOUGH THE WAY IS LONG, THESE WILL SUFFICE TO SEE YOU HOME.



YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE AND HOWEVER MUCH IT PUZZLES ME, THERE IS STILL SOMETHING OF MY FATHER IN YOU.

LIKE HIM, YOU HAVE GIVEN ME NEW HOPE.

I WISH, MY HOST, THAT SOMEHOW YOU WOULD LET ME RE-PAY YOUR GENEROSITY...

...AND YET, I HAVE SO LITTLE TO GIVE.

I WANT ONLY TO REMAIN UN-DISTURBED, MY THOR, THOUGH I WOULD WELCOME YOUR PRESENCE ANYTIME YOU WISH TO RETURN.

BUT I NO LONGER DESIRE TO BE A GOD. I HAVE RETIRED... TO WATCH THE SUNRISSES, THE BIRDS, THE STORMS UPON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

BUT THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME IF YOU WOULD.

NAME IT!

I HAVE HAD MY EYE ON SOME WANDERERS OVER IN A MOUNTAIN HOSTEL YONDER, JUST MAKING CERTAIN THAT THEY CAME TO NO HARM.

PERHAPS YOU MIGHT SEE THAT THEY, TOO, RETURN HOME SAFELY NOW THAT ALL DANGER HAS PASSED.

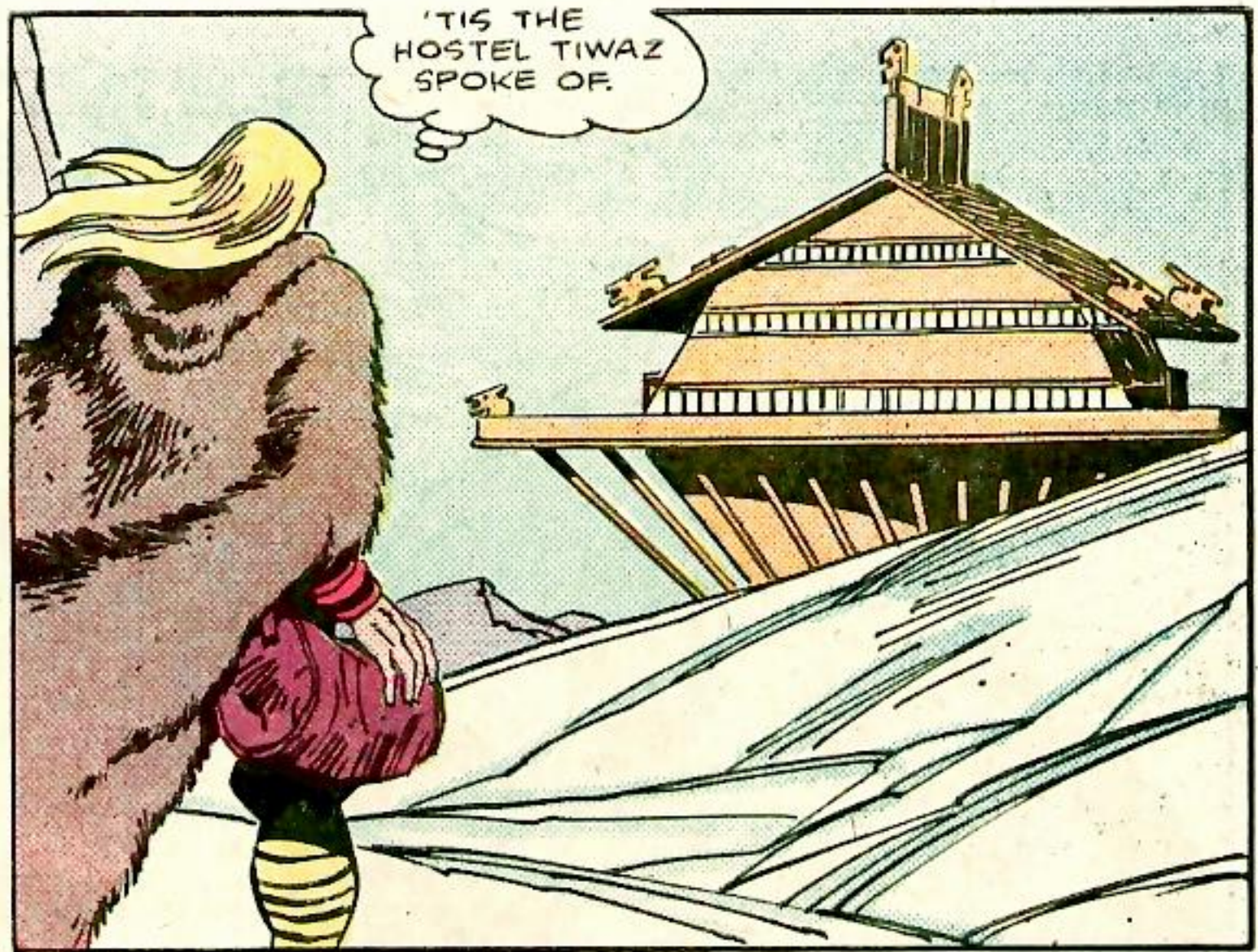
IT SHALL BE DONE!

THEN FAREWELL, MY THOR. GO IN PEACE.

FAREWELL, TIWAZ. I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

NOR I YOU, THUNDERER.

AND SO, THE NEXT MORNING, AS THOR ROUNDS A BEND IN THE TRAIL...



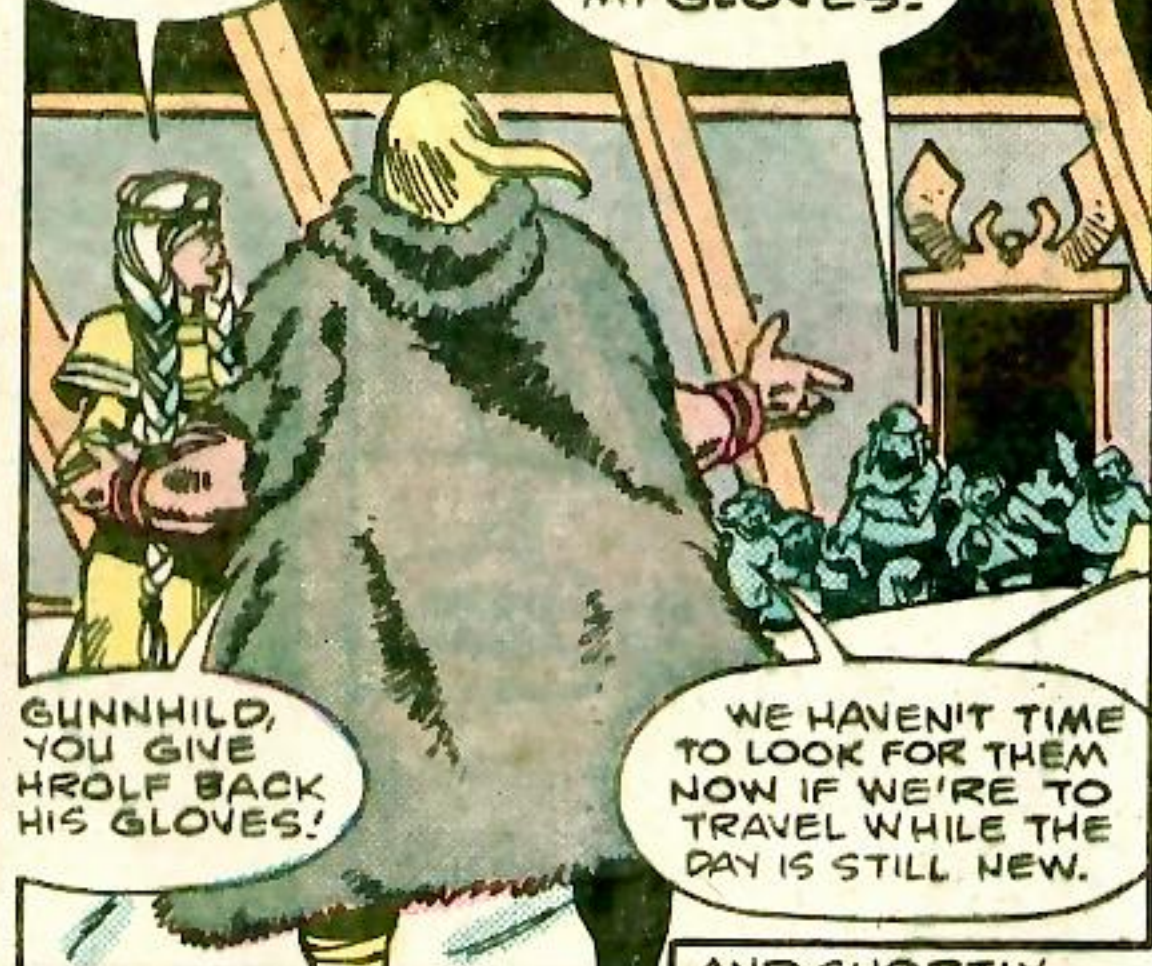
HOLD ME FOR A MOMENT, MY CHILD.

FOR I FEEL YOUR FATHER'S WARMTH IN YOU AND I SHALL MISS HIM SO.



THERE. I AM READY NOW.

FRIGGA! I CAN'T FIND MY GLOVES!



GUNNHILD, YOU GIVE HROLF BACK HIS GLOVES!

WE HAVEN'T TIME TO LOOK FOR THEM NOW IF WE'RE TO TRAVEL WHILE THE DAY IS STILL NEW.

AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, WHEN THE GLOVES HAVE MAGICALLY MATERIALIZED...

WHO KNOWS A GOOD HIKING SONG?



A HUNDRED BOTTLES OF GLOG ON THE WALL, A HUNDRED BOTTLES OF GLOG...



YES, WHITEFACE. THOR IS A FINE LAD, IS HE NOT?



I AM GLAD I LEFT MY FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW THAT HE MIGHT BE DRAWN HERE TO EASE HIS GRIEF.

WHEN LAST I SAW HIM, HE WAS BUT A NEW-BORN, YELLING AS LUSTILY AS ANY BABE I'D EVER HEARD!



AND NOW, HE HAS A WARRIOR'S SOUL, YOUNG AND PROUD, SO LIKE HIS FATHER.

BUT I WOULD EXPECT NO LESS...

...FROM MY GREAT-GRAND-SON.

MAY HE WALK IN HONOR.

WALT SIMONSON
SCRIPTER

SAL BUSCEMA
GUESTARTIST

JOHN WORKMAN
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