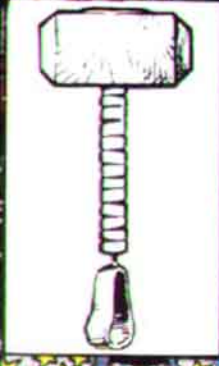


MARVEL
25th
ANNIVERSARY

the mighty THOR

75c
U.K. 40p
CAN. 95c

373
NOV



STAN LEE
PRESENTS

the MIGHTY THOR

FAR BEYOND THE MORTAL REALM OF TIME AND SPACE LIES ASGARD, HOME OF THE MIGHTY NORSE GODS.

HERE DWELL THE STORIED
FIGURES OF ANCIENT
LEGEND... THOSE WHO
WERE OLD WHEN THE
UNIVERSE WAS YOUNG,
OR SO THE MINSTRELS
TELL US.

AND THE MIGHTIEST
WARRIOR OF ALL THOSE
TALES IS THOR, THE
THUNDERER, WHOSE
MAGIC HAMMER,
MJOLNIR, CARRIES
HIM INTO THE STARRY
FIELDS OF NIGHT.

AT LAST
THE TIME
HAS COME
FOR ME TO
RETURN TO
MIDGARD.*

TOO LONG
HAVE I
TARRIED FAR
FROM THE GREEN
HILLS OF
EARTH.

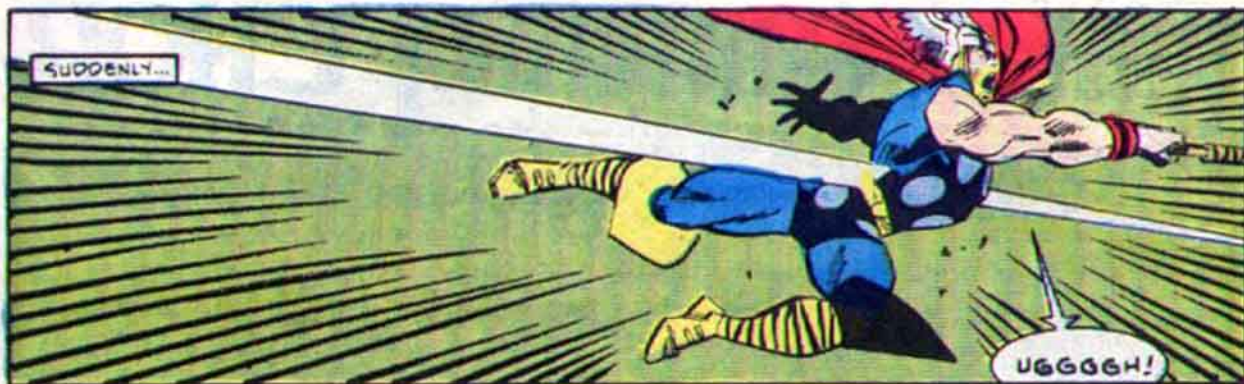
THE GIFT OF DEATH

*EARTH

WRITING-WALTER SIMONSON ART-SAL BUSCEMA LETTERING-JOHN WORKMAN
COLORING-MAX SCHELE EDITING-RALPH MIBCCIO EDITING IN CHIEF-JIM SHOOTER

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SUDDENLY...



UGGGGH!

WHAT WEAKNESS IS THIS THAT ASSAILS MY LIMBS? MY HANDS SHAKE AS THOUGH WITH THE PALSY OF AGE!

IS THIS THE ATTACK OF SOME UNSEEN FOE?



YET ALREADY THE EFFECT FADES AND IS GONE.

AND AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE, THE HEAVENS ARE DEVOID OF LIFE!



NOT AN ENEMY TO BE SEEN!

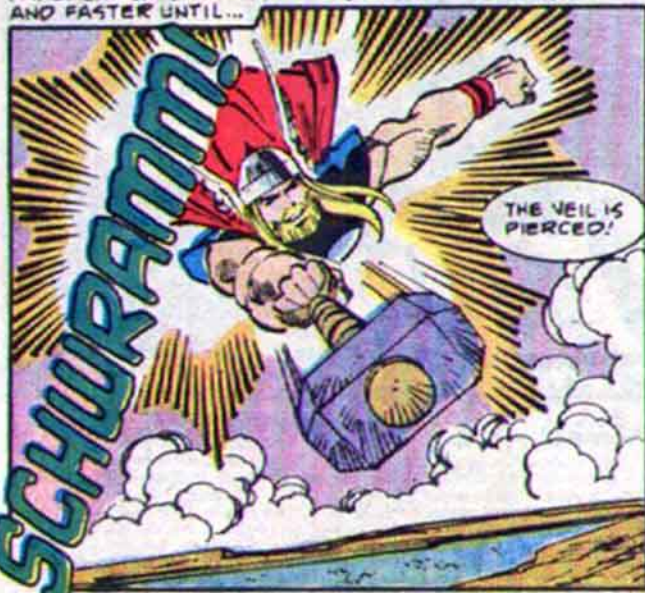
PERHAPS THE IMAGINATION OF THOR HAS BECOME A TOO RESTLESS SPIRIT...



...AND THE SON OF ODIN MIGHT FIND BENEFIT IN LESS TIME SPENT FIGHTING FOES AND MORE TIME SPENT IN DULLER PURSUITS.

THE COSMIC STORMS THAT RAGE BETWEEN ASGARD AND EARTH SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RAINBOW BRIDGE HAVE GROWN EVER MORE FIERCE OF LATE, BUT THE HAMMER OF THOR WILL PROVE THEIR MASTER.

A MOMENT LATER THOR SPINS HIS HAMMER FASTER AND FASTER UNTIL...



THE VEIL IS PIERCED!

BEFORE ME LIES THE GREAT METROPOLIS OF NEW YORK!



AND IN THE BAY RIDGE SECTION OF BROOKLYN IS THE APARTMENT WHERE IN THOR RESIDES UNDER THE NAME SIGURD JARLSON.

MJOLNIR HAS BROUGHT ME HOME!



NO ONE APPEARS TO BE ABOUT THIS EVENING.

THEN THE TIME HAS COME AT LAST FOR ME TO DO WHAT I HAVE LONG WISHED TO DO.

IT SEEMS AN AGE NOW SINCE ODIN AND FIERY SURTUR, LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, FELL INTO THAT GREAT CREVASSE.*

I HAVE SOUGHT MY LERGE IN HEL, ON EARTH, AND EVERYWHERE BUT IN SURTUR'S OWN REALM OF MUSPELHEIM!

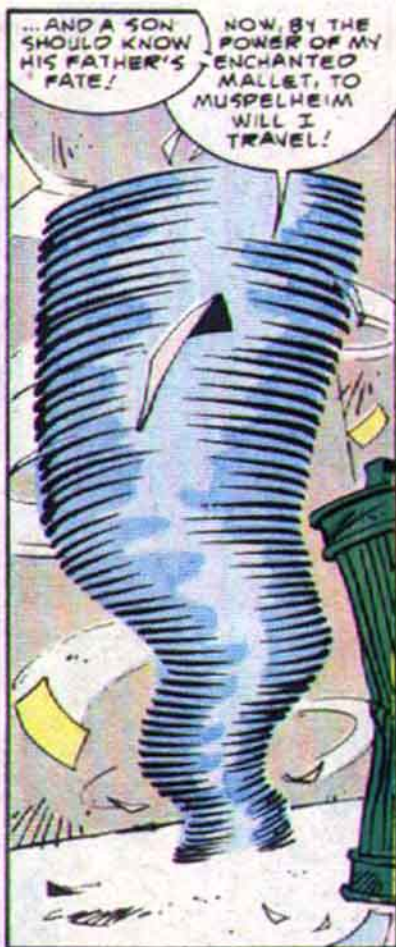


*Way back in Thor 353!!
--Raif-gth

IN ASGAR, MY FRIENDS WOULD SURELY TRY TO PREVENT MY GOING, FOR FEAR OF SOME KASH ACT THAT MIGHT SHATTER THE BARRIERS BETWEEN THE WORLDS...

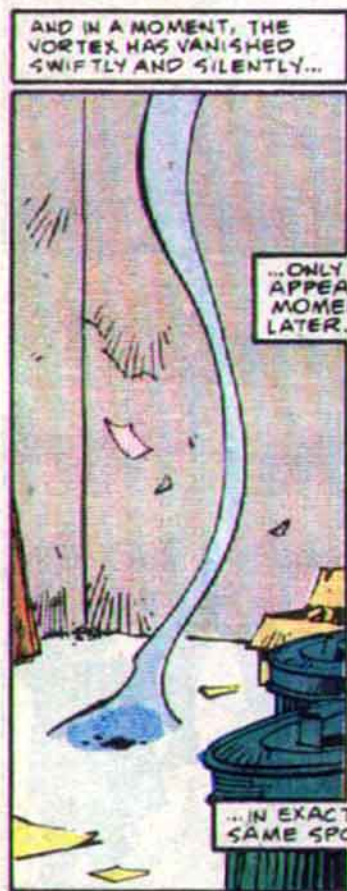


... BUT MY HEART TELLS ME I MUST GO...



... AND A SON SHOULD KNOW HIS FATHER'S FATE!

NOW, BY THE POWER OF MY ENCHANTED MALLET, TO MUSPELHEIM WILL I TRAVEL!



AND IN A MOMENT, THE VORTEX HAS VANISHED SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY...

... ONLY TO RE-APPEAR A MOMENT LATER...

... IN EXACTLY THE SAME SPOT!



INCREDIBLE! THE WAY TO MUSPELHEIM IS CLOSED!!

EVEN Mjolnir WHOSE POWER CAN CONQUER THE RAGING COSMIC STORMS, CANNOT BREACH THE BARRIERS OF SURTUR'S REALM!

IS THIS THE END OF IT? SHALL THOR NEVER KNOW THE FATE OF HIS ROYAL SIRE?

ODIN, MY FATHER, AM I ABANDONED FOR ALL TIME?



TIME. I MUST HAVE TIME TO THINK.



HERE WITHIN THE APARTMENT, ALL IS EXACTLY AS I HAVE LEFT IT.



I NEVER REALLY ESTABLISHED SIGURD JARLSON'S IDENTITY ON MIDGARD, AND NOW THE EMPTINESS HEREIN MOCKS THE VERY HOLLOWNESS OF MY HALF-HEARTED ENDEAVOR.

'TIS BUT THE SKELETON OF A HOME, NOT A HOME ITSELF.

I CANNOT REMAIN HERE!



THE AVENGERS' MANSE AND ITS INHABITANTS WOULD WELCOME ME WITH OPEN ARMS, BUT COMPANIONSHIP IS NOT MY NEED...

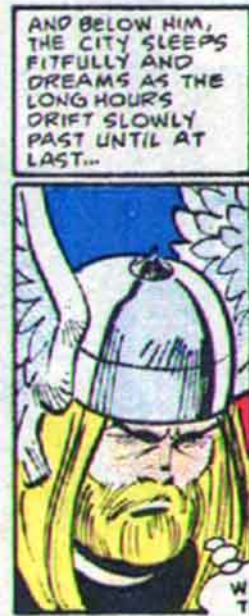
...AND I WOULD NOT BE FIT COMPANY FOR ANYONE AT THIS MOMENT.



WHAT BOOTS PRIDE IN A POWER THAT CAN SHAKE THE UNIVERSE WHEN THAT POWER CANNOT DISCLOSE THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF MY FATHER'S FATE?



PERHAPS THE NIGHT AIR WILL CLEAR MY HEAD AND GIVE ME RESPIRE FROM SUCH ENDLESS THOUGHTS.



AND BELOW HIM, THE CITY SLEEPS FITFULLY AND DREAMS AS THE LONG HOURS DRIFT SLOWLY PAST UNTIL AT LAST...



DONATION TIME, POPS!

LET'S SEE YOU GIVE EVERY CENT YOU GOT TO A WORTHY CAUSE.

WHAT'S THIS?



NOT BAD, DAD, BUT YOU KNOW I AIN'T HAD ENOUGH FUN FOR ONE NIGHT YET.

HOW ABOUT IF WE BEGIN WITH YER KNEE-CAPS AND WORK OUR WAY UP???



oh...

no...



AND, SHORTLY— THANKS AGAIN, THOR. WE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE PARK PROWLER FOR SOME TIME.

GLAD YOU WERE ON THE JOB!

SEE YOU AROUND.

LET'S MOVE IT, BUSTER.



THESE MORTALS RISK THEIR LIVES EVERY DAY THEY WALK THE STREETS OF THEIR CITY!

IN THE END, DEATH IS ALWAYS THE ANSWER TO EVERY QUESTION.

AND MORTALS BEAR IT BECAUSE THEY MUST.

BUT DEATH IS NOT THE ANSWER FOR A GOD!

AND I WILL NOT REST TILL I HAVE FOUND THE ANSWERS I SEEK!



MEANWHILE, IN ASGARO...

THE SUPER-STRUCTURE IS NEARLY FINISHED, HEIMDALL.

THE GREAT SHEATH WILL SOON BE READY FOR ITS TREASURE.



AND NONE TOO SOON. I, FOR ONE, SHALL BE THANKFUL WHEN A WEAPON OF SUCH INCALCULABLE POWER IS SECURED, SAFE FROM EITHER HARM OR MEDDLING.

"THE GREAT SWORD OF SURTUR WILL REST HERE UNTIL THE END OF TIME WHEN ITS MASTER SHALL COME TO RECLAIM IT..."



"...IF THE ANCIENT PROPHECIES ARE TRUE!"

AND AS THE WORK TO CLEAR THE SWORD CONTINUES...

... IN A GREAT HALL SOME DISTANCE AWAY, TWO SMALL BOYS ARE FINDING THEMSELVES IN UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS...



MICK!
WAKE UP!
LOOK!

HUH?

WHERE ARE WE?
WHO'S THAT?



IT SURE ISN'T OUR ROOM!

HE LOOKS LIKE... IT CAN'T BE, CAN IT, KEV?

SANTA CLAUS? IS THAT YOU?

NO, BOYS, I AM NOT THAT GOOD SAINT, I AM CALLED VOLSTAGG.

BUT I AM A FRIEND OF ALL CHILDREN, AND I AM A FRIEND OF THOR'S.

OH, YEAH! THOR WAS WITH US! HE WAS VISITING MOM!

THOR 371--R.M.

INDEED, AND THOR BROUGHT YOU HERE TO ME.

BUT... WHAT ABOUT MOM?

CHILDREN, THIS IS THE TIME FOR COURAGE.

YOUR MOTHER WAS KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN. THOR SLEW THE ASSASSIN HIMSELF, BUT TOO LATE TO SAVE YOUR MOTHER.



SHE CANNOT CARE FOR YOU ANY LONGER, SO THOR HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE TO STAY WITH ME FOR A WHILE UNTIL YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO CARE FOR YOURSELVES.

KEV?



AND IN ONE SMALL CORNER OF ASGARD, THERE IS NOT ENOUGH SUNSHINE IN ALL THE GOLDEN REALM THAT CAN LIGHTEN THE SORROW IN THE HOUSE OF VOLSTAGG!

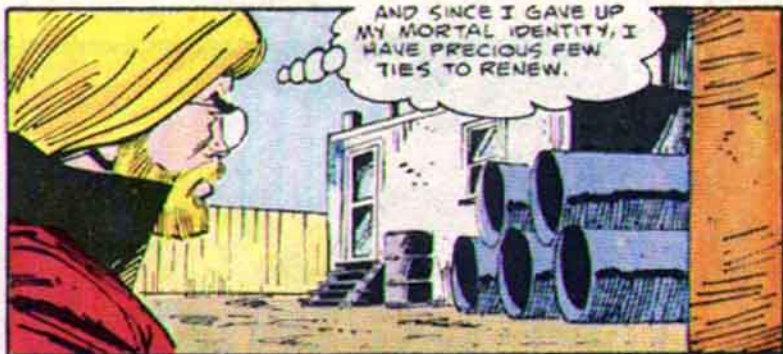
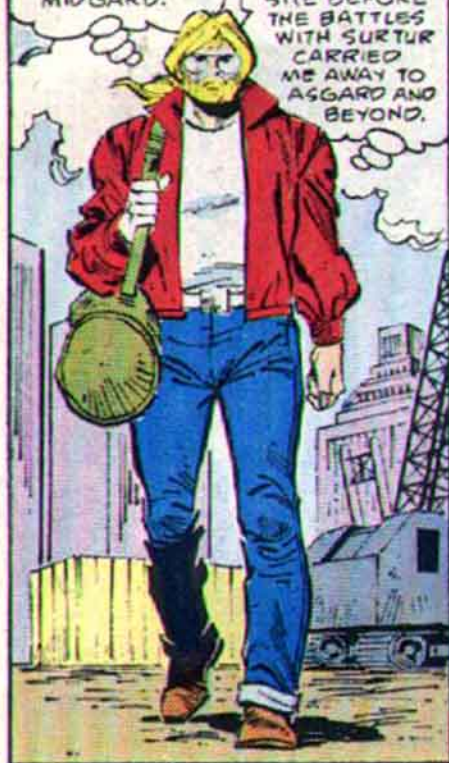
WHERE IS SHE, REALLY? MOM! MOM! WHERE ARE YOU?!!

YOU'RE LYING! MOM WOULDN'T LEAVE US! WE DIDN'T SEE HER DIE!

ELSEWHERE, ON THE WEST SIDE OF LOWER MANHATTAN...

THE TIME HAS COME TO RENEW OLD TIES WITH MIDGARD.

I WORKED BRIEFLY AT THIS CONSTRUCTION SITE BEFORE THE BATTLES WITH SURTUR CARRIED ME AWAY TO ASGARD AND BEYOND.



AND SINCE I GAVE UP MY MORTAL IDENTITY, I HAVE PRECIOUS FEW TIES TO RENEW.

I WONDER IF THE FOREMAN, JERRY, WILL EVEN REMEMBER--

SIGURD JARLSON! YOU SON OF A GUN!

GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHERE THE HECK HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF?

YOU LOOKIN' FOR WORK AGAIN? WE COULD USE A GOOD STEEPLE-JACK!

YOU SURE WENT UP THE LADDER IN A HURRY BEFORE WHEN THAT DRAGON KNOCKED US BACK TO SQUARE ONE*!



*THOR 341, old-timers!--Old Raif.

YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MADE MUCH PROGRESS SINCE I WAS LAST HERE.

LISTEN, BUSTER, IF YOU'D HAD A BUILDING KNOCKED DOWN AS MANY TIMES AS THIS ONE...

...YOU'D COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY THAT THE INSURANCE COMPANIES'D EVEN LET YOU IN THE FRONT DOOR, LET ALONE COVER YOU!

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE LOOKIN' A LITTLE PEAKED, SIGURD. LIKE MAYBE YOU LOST SOME WEIGHT.



AND THE BEARD IS NEW, TOO. DOESN'T LOOK BAD, ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S YOU!

FINE, JERRY, FINE. I REALLY JUST DROPPED BY TO SAY HELLO.

ON ACCOUNT OF US BEIN' OLD BUDDIES? C'MON, SIGURD, SPILL IT.

YOU OKAY?



WELL, ACTUALLY, MY FATHER... PASSED AWAY RECENTLY. I--I GUESS...

NOBODY... NEARBY.

IT'S TOUGH TO GET LEFT ALONE, IS THAT IT? YOU GOT ANY OTHER FAMILY?

WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL YOU SAVED**?



*THOR 341--R.M.

THAT...UH...
DIDN'T
EXACTLY
WORK
OUT.

NO CLOSE FRIENDS
EITHER, I'LL BET. YOU
LIVE OUT IN BAY RIDGE
BY YOURSELF,
RIGHT?

JERRY, I HADN'T
MEANT TO BRING
MY TROUBLES TO
YOU, TRULY. IT'S
GOOD TO SEE YOU,
BUT I THINK I
SHOULD...

HEY, LISTEN,
SIGURD. IT'S JUST
AFTER FIVE,
WE'RE SHUTTIN'
DOWN FOR
THE DAY.

WADDYA
SAY YOU COME
HOME WITH ME
AND GRAB A
BITE?



WELL,
REALLY,
I DON'T
THINK--

AH, BALONEY! THE OLD
LADY LOVES TO HAVE COM-
PANY! BESIDES, I RUN
THE SHIP!



SHORTLY...

COBBLE HILL'S
A NICE PLACE,
BUT MAYBE A
LITTLE TOO
FANCY THESE
DAYS.

WE WERE
LIVIN' HERE WHEN
ALL THESE
YUPPIES WERE
JUST BABY
BOOMERS.

GOOD THING,
TOO! WE SURE
AS HECK COULDN'T
AFFORD THE
RENTS THEY'RE
PAYIN'.



"BOUTIQUES"
INSTEAD OF
WOOLWORTH'S,
"CUISINE" IN-
STEAD OF
COFFEE
SHOPS.

GETTIN'
TOO RICH
FOR MY
BLOOD.

THEY
MUST
ALL BE
NUTS!



TINA,
HONEY, I'M
HOME! GOT
A FRIEND
WITH ME!



JERRY?

HI, SUGAR. SAY HELLO TO SIGURD, KIDS. HE'S A FRIEND AND HE'S GONNA BE HAVING DINNER WITH US TONIGHT.

THAT'S ERNESTO, PIETRO, GIOVANNI, MARIA, ROSA, AND GABRIELLA.

GOD BLESS OUR HOME

YOU CAN MEMORIZE 'EM LATER. I STILL DON'T THINK I GET 'EM ALL RIGHT.

MMM. I REALLY LIKE PONY TAILS.

WOW, DAD NEVER BROUGHT ANY FRIENDS LIKE THIS HOME BEFORE!

YOU GIRLS MIND YOUR MANNERS! THINK YOU WERE RAISED ON THE STREET!

JERRY, WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? BRINGING GUESTS OUT WITH- A WORD

C'MERE A SECOND, TINA. LISTEN TO ME.

SIGURD'S OLD MAN JUST DIED, HE'S GOT NO FAMILY AND NO FRIENDS...



AND THE HOUSE NOT EVEN STRAIGHTENED UP!



PERHAPS, JERRY, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF...

HOLD IT, SIG.



...AND HE'S A HECK OF A NICE GUY.

AND HE ISN'T MARRIED.

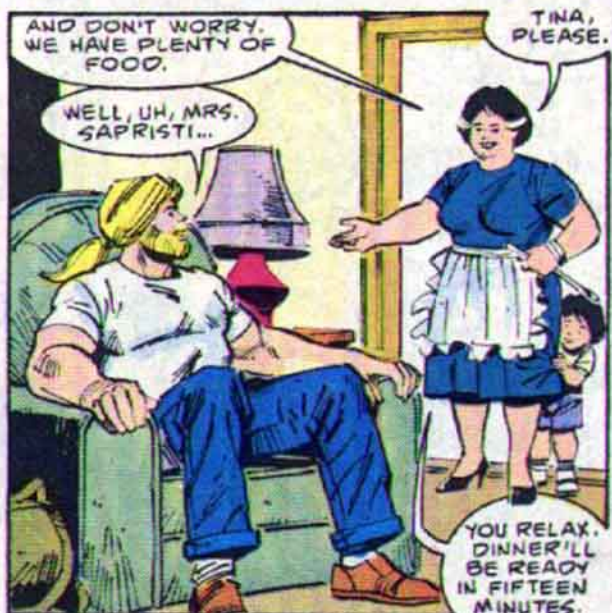
PIG!



JERRY, I REALLY THINK I'D--

YOU NEVER MIND WHAT I SAID, SIGURD! WE'D BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU FOR DINNER!

I CLOBBER JERRY LATER.

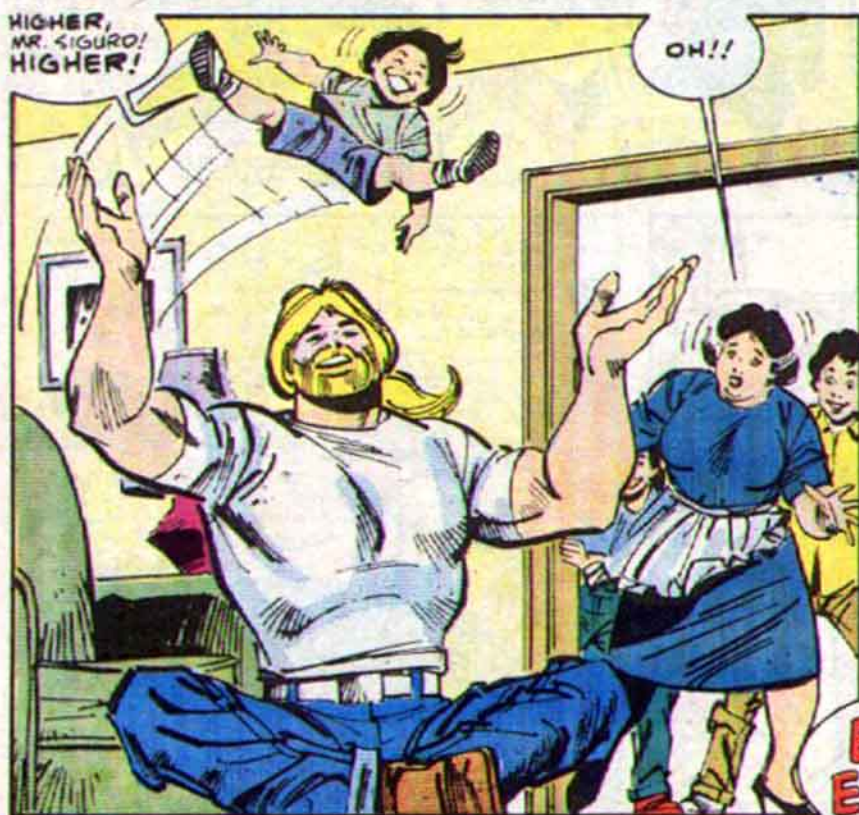


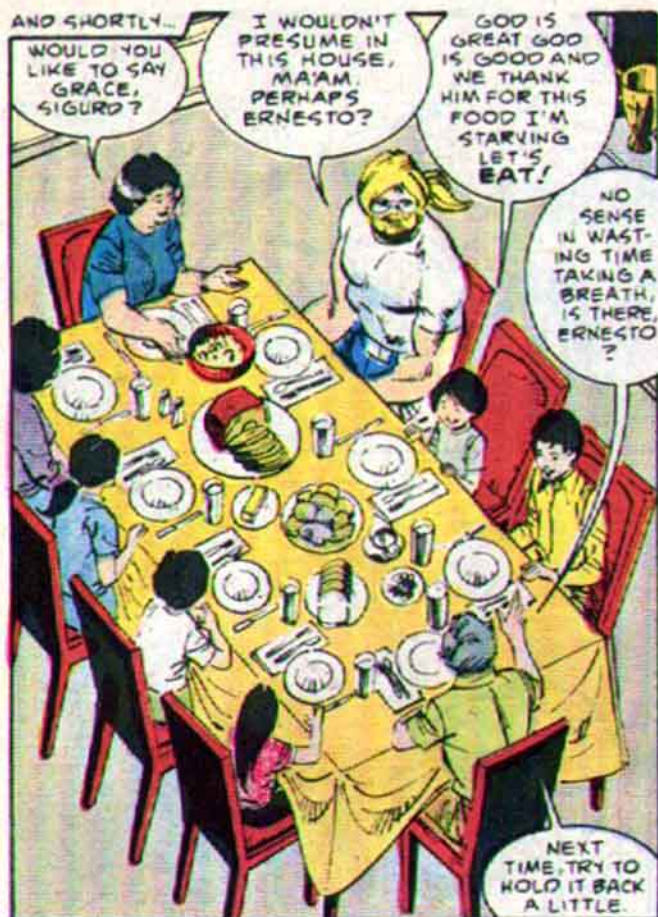
AND DON'T WORRY. WE HAVE PLENTY OF FOOD.

WELL, UH, MRS. SAPRISTI...

TINA, PLEASE.

YOU RELAX. DINNER'LL BE READY IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.





YOU GUYS REALLY MADE SOME TIME HERE.

BUT IT'S STILL GETTING KINDA LATE.

LISTEN, SIG, WHY DON'T YOU STAY THE NIGHT? WE'VE GOT AN EXTRA ROOM UP-STAIRS. BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU.

OH, PLEASE, SIGURD. WE'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU.

WELL, I REALLY THINK...

VERY WELL. YOU ARE ALL VERY KIND!

HOORAY! HOW 'BOUT A BEDTIME STORY, SIG?

YES! TELL US A STORY.

I'M TOO TIRED TO THINK OF ANY GOOD ONES RIGHT NOW, RASCALS!

BUT IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOUR PARENTS, I'LL TAKE YOU, AND ANYONE ELSE WHO WANTS TO GO, OVER TO CENTRAL PARK TO-MORROW.

WE'LL VISIT THE ZOO, AND IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF, I'LL TELL YOU A STORY THEN.

AND WHILE BEDTIME CONTINUES TO BE POSTPONED THROUGH A VARIETY OF STRATAGEMS, FAR FROM BROOKLYN IN ODIN'S HALL IN ASGARD...

WHAT IS IT, MUNINN?

YOU SAY YOU HAVE BROUGHT A GIFT FOR ME?



A SINGLE BLACK FEATHER AND I DO NOT NEED THE OMNISCIENCE OF ODIN TO KNOW TO WHOM THIS FEATHER BELONGED.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, AND THERE MAY BE A HELP FOR US.



SUMMON HEIMOALL, MUNINN, QUICKLY.

I HAVE COME, BALDER. WHAT CHARGE HAVE THEE FOR ME?

WATCH OVER ASGARD AS YOU ONCE WATCHED OVER THE RAINBOW BRIDGE, HEIMOALL.



MUNINN HAS SET A TASK BEFORE ME THAT ONLY I HAVE ANY HOPE OF ACHIEVING.

"AND IF THE FATES ARE GENEROUS, I MAY SUCCEED."



THE NEXT DAY IN CENTRAL PARK...

WE HAVE GIVEN YOUR PARENTS AN AFTER-NOON TO THEMSELVES...

...SO PERHAPS THEIR KINDNESS TO ME HAS BEEN REPAID.

THANK YOU, ERNESTO. I'M SAD BECAUSE MY FATHER VANISHED AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

MAYBE SO. I GUESS I STILL HAVE HOPE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

THEN MAYBE HE'LL COME BACK.

ARE YOU STILL SAD ABOUT YOUR FATHER, SIGURD? WE'RE VERY SORRY.

IT'S LIKE A STORY WITHOUT AN END.



CAN WE HAVE OUR STORY NOW?

SURELY, GABRIELLA.

THIS SHALL BE A STORY OF OLD GODS WHO ONCE ROAMED THE EARTH AND ALL THE REALM OF ENCHANTMENT THAT SURROUNDED IT.

OUR HERO IS A STRAPPING YOUNG GOD WHO WALKED TALL IN THE PRIDE OF HIS YOUTH.



HAS HE GOT A NAME? DOES HE HAVE A SWORD?

"HIS NAME, ERNESTO, WAS THOR.

"AND INSTEAD OF A SWORD, HE CARRIED A MIGHTY HAMMER WITH WHICH HE FOUGHT AND SLEW HIS ENEMIES, THE FROST GIANTS.



"HE HAD BEEN OUT KILLING GIANTS AND WAS HEADING HOME.

"IT WAS DUSK WHEN HE CAME TO THE RIVER...



"...AND ON THE FAR SIDE IN THE SHADOWS, HE COULD JUST MAKE OUT THE FERRY AND THE FERRYMAN."

HO, FERRYMAN, COME AND CARRY ME ACROSS THIS WIDE RIVER. I'LL PAY YOU WELL.



HUMPH! BEGGAR'S RAGS. TATTERS. I DOUBT YOU HAVE A PLACE TO CALL YOUR OWN!

NEITHER THIEVES NOR ROBBERS, BUT ONLY THE DESERVING DO I CARRY ACROSS THE WIDE RIVER. TELL ME WHO YOU ARE IF YOU WANT TO CROSS!

I AM THE SON OF ODIN, STRONGEST OF THE GODS! MJOLNIR IS MY WEAPON AND THOR, THE THUNDERER IS MY NAME! WHO ARE YOU? ARE YOU SOME OUTLAW?



HARBARD THEY CALL ME; I HIDE NOT MY NAME, AND I CAN HOLD MY OWN AGAINST A WINDBAG LIKE YOU!

WHAT?! YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE OF WADING AND GETTING WET, BUT I'LL REPAY YOU WHEN I'VE CROSSED!

BAH, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU. YOU HAVEN'T FOUGHT ANYONE AS STRONG AS ME SINCE YOU MET HRUNGIR THE GIANT!

I LAID HIM OUT LIFELESS WITH A SINGLE BLOW, FERRYMAN. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I'VE MAgICKED WOMEN AND SET PRINCE AGAINST PRINCE! WAR IS WHAT I'VE CAUSED, THOR. AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I SLEW THE GIANTS! WOMEN WHO WOULD HAVE SLAIN MANKIND! NOW COME! ROW ME ACROSS!

NEVER. WHO WOULD TRUST THOR OATH-BREAKER?

WHAT, YOU LYING FELLOW?! THE WORD OF THOR IS HIS BOND!

THEN SWEAR TO SOMEONE ELSE. I'M NOT ROWING YOU ACROSS TODAY.

THIS WAS THOR THE HERO FORCED TO WALK THE WEARY WAY ROUND THE RIVER AND LONG WAS HE IN HIS HOMECOMING.

AND WHEN HE REACHED HIS HALLS, HE FOUND THE FERRYMAN BEFORE HIM, HIS OWN FATHER, ODIN, WHO HAD BEEN DISGUISED AS HARBARD.

HIS OWN FATHER!?

BUT WHY WOULD HE DO SUCH A MEAN THING?

I'VE NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT MYSELF UNTIL NOW.

PARTLY, IT WAS THE GAME. ODIN LOVED TO ROAM ABOUT THE NINE WORLDS, AND HE LOVED TO PUT ON DISGUISES AND FOOL PEOPLE.

BUT PERHAPS HE ALSO WANTED HIS SON THOR TO KNOW THAT IN THE END, YOU HAVE ONLY YOURSELF TO RELY ON.

NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE, NO ONE CAN CARRY YOU ACROSS THE RIVER. NOT YOUR FATHER, NOT YOUR MOTHER, NOT YOUR GIRL OR BOY FRIEND.

YOU HAVE TO WALK THROUGH THE SHADOWS ON YOUR OWN.

HOW 'BOUT
'NOTHER
STORY?

YES.
ONE WITH
DRAGONS!

AND
ELVES!

YOU
CHILDREN
ARE WORSE
THAN SMALL
TROLLS!

VERY WELL.
HOW ABOUT A
STORY OF A
LONELY
MOUNTAIN
--?

ICK!
FROGS!
SHOO!
SCAT!

NAY, HOLD, ROSA. I
THINK MY OLD FRIEND
PUDDLEGULP HAS
RECOGNIZED ME
EVEN THOUGH I... I
WAS NOT WEARING
A BEARD WHEN
LAST WE MET*.

I DOUBT IF
THEY WOULD
CARE TO
LEAVE THE
RESERVOIR
HERE IN
THE PARK,
ERNESTO.

BUT WE CAN
SAY HELLO
TO THEM.
COME, PUDDLE-
GULP, COME,
BUGEYE!

RIBBIT!
RIBBIT!

*HE SURE WASN'T! THOR WAS A FROG THEN,
TOO--THOR 364/365--Recappin' Rait.

YOU'RE
KIDDIN'!
WOW! DO
YOU REALLY
KNOW SOME
FROGS? CAN I
TAKE 'EM TO
SCHOOL?

RIBBITTY!

I DIDN'T
KNOW FROGS
WOULD DO
THAT!!

CHUG-CHUG!!
RIBBIT!

A-RUMPH!!
A-RUMPH!!

WOW!
ARE THEY
TALKING
TO YOU?

DON'T
BE SILLY,
ERNESTO!
FROGS
CAN'T
TALK!

PERHAPS NOT
ANY FROG WOULD,
BUT I DID SAY
THESE ARE FRIENDS!

WHAT??
AND WHEN
DID THIS
HAPPEN?

NEEDEEEEP!
NEEDEEEEP!

VERY WELL,
PUDDLEGULP YOU
AND BUGEYE GET
BACK TO THE OTHERS
AND STAY UNDER
COVER FOR A
WHILE.

THEN
AGAIN,
MAYBE
FROGS
CAN
TALK.

I'LL
TRY TO
DISCOVER
THE TRUTH OF
THE MAT-
TER

SIGURD?

TESTING!
TESTING!
EARTH TO
SIGURO!

WHAT? OH,
I AM SORRY,
PIETRO. I WAS
THINKING OF
SOMETHING
ELSE.

LISTEN,
-CHILDREN,
I AM
GOING TO
HAVE TO
SEND YOU
HOME.

SOMETHING
TERRIBLE
SEEMS TO
BE HAPPENING
AND I MUST
LOOK
INTO IT. I'M...
I'M A SORT OF
UNDERCOVER
POLICEMAN--

WHO
TALKS TO
FROGS?

YES. WELL, THERE
ARE MANY KINDS OF
POLICEMEN. YOU
SEE--

DON'T
WORRY,
THOR. YOUR
SECRET'S
SAFE WITH US.

WHAT?

POPPA ONCE THOUGHT
YOU WERE SPIDER-MAN,
BUT YOU'RE TOO BIG
FOR THAT. AND WITH
YOUR HAIR, THOR
SEEMED LIKE A
GOOD GUESS.

BESIDES, WE
SNUCK A LOOK
INSIDE YOUR
BAG LAST
NIGHT WHILE
YOU WERE
WASHING
DISHES.

ARE YOU
REALLY THE
ONLY ONE WHO
CAN LIFT YOUR
HAMMER?

ALMOST.

WELL, I'VE
READ A LOT
ABOUT NORSE
MYTHOLOGY
AND PROBABLY
KNOW EVERYTHING
YOU KNOW. ALMOST.

THEN YOU KNOW THAT I AM THE GUARDIAN OF MANKIND AND WHEN DANGER THREATENS, I MUST GO.

BUT FIRST I MUST SEND YOU HOME.

OH, YEAH?! HOW?
MAGIC.

REALLY? AWESOME!!

NOW HOLD TIGHTLY TO EACH OTHER AND DON'T MOVE UNTIL YOU'RE IN COBBLE HILL.

THOR, YOU MAY HAVE TO WALK ALONE, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ALONE. WILL YOU COME SEE US AGAIN?

WAIT A MINUTE, I'VE READ THE STORIES, ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO DIE WHEN YOU FIGHT THE MIDGARD SERPENT?

PROMISE, ROSA.

NOT EVERY OLD STORY IS TRUE, PIETRO

A SIMPLE DIMENSIONAL VORTEX WILL SPIRIT YOU HOME IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

SHOOORRAM!

HARBARO, MY SLY FATHER, I MAY YET RECONCILE MYSELF TO BOTH HOPE AND IGNORANCE.

NOW LET THE ENCHANTMENT WITHIN MJOLNIR BE RELEASED...

AND MAYBE NOT EVERY OLD STORY TELLS A LIE EITHER.

BAAAAAH!



...THAT THE GOD OF THUNDER MAY ONCE AGAIN WALK THE EARTH!

FAR BENEATH THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN IS A NETWORK OF TUNNELS INHABITED BY STRANGE BEINGS.



I MYSELF HAVE MET AT LEAST ONE OF THE INHABITANTS, A PIPER WHOSE ENCHANTED PLAYING COULD COMMAND ANIMALS SUCH AS HIS PET ALLIGATORS*

*Thor met Piper in THOR 365--R.M.

HE WAS A STRANGE BUT HONORABLE MAN.

AND APPARENTLY, THERE WERE MANY OTHER DWELLERS IN THE DARK AS WELL.



THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE HERE BESIDE THE GREAT LAWN WILL TAKE ME BENEATH THE CITY TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE.



PUDDLEGULP SAYS THAT THE ALLIGATORS HAVE BEGUN TO DIE AND TERRIBLE SCREAMING HAS BEEN HEARD.



IF HE IS RIGHT, THEN SOMETHING DEADLY STALKS THE TUNNELS.

AND FAR AWAY FROM EARTH, THE GODDESS HELA, RULER OF THE REALM OF THE DEAD, WATCHES THOR MOVE DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE DARKNESS...



SO YOU STILL HAVE HOPE, THOR. I SHALL CURE THAT.



LITTLE DO YOU SUSPECT THAT YOUR MOMENTARY WEAKNESS AS YOU RETURNED TO EARTH WAS A GIFT FROM ME.



SHORTLY, THE POTENT SPELL WILL BEGIN TO TAKE EFFECT...

...AND YOU SHALL BEGIN TO LEARN WHAT HOPELESSNESS REALLY IS.

THERE ARE NO SHADOWS WHEN THERE IS NO LIGHT!



BUT WE MUST WAIT A LITTLE LONGER BEFORE LEARNING MORE ABOUT HELA'S GIFT AS THOR BEGINS TO DISCOVER THE TUNNEL'S SECRETS...

EVERYWHERE I LOOK I FIND DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! HELA HAS WIELDED A FREE HAND IN THIS DOMAIN!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS LOOSE IN THESE TUNNELS, SLAYING THE INHABITANTS RUTHLESSLY.



AND NOT FAR AWAY...

AE EEEEE!



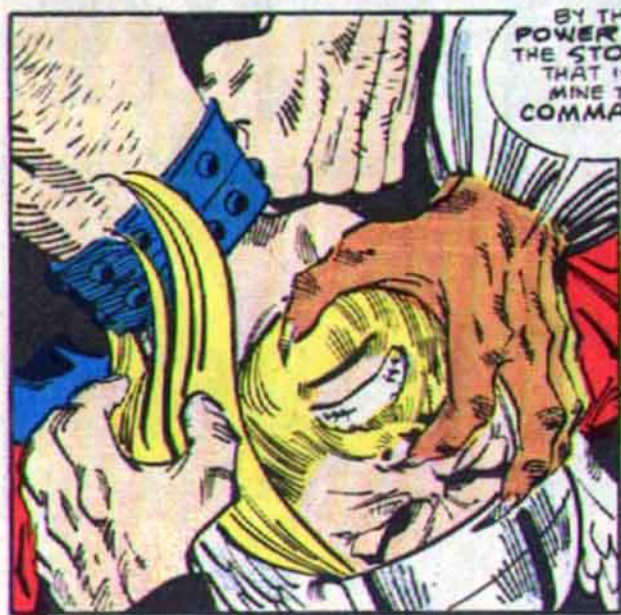
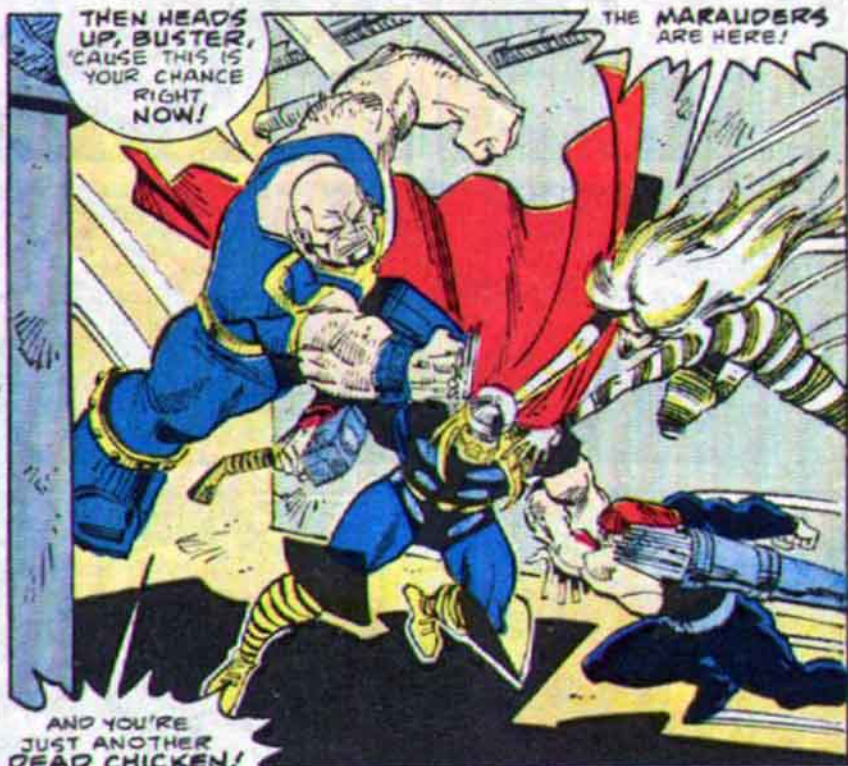
THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS, FLYBOY!

YOU SING JUST LIKE A BIRD!

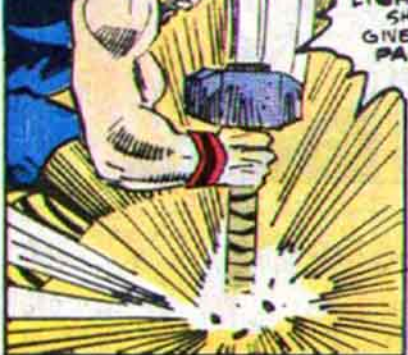
THERE IS YET SOME POOR SOUL IN THESE TUNNELS OF EVIL...

...AND HIS TORMENTORS HAVE NOT YET SLAIN HIM!





SHAKKATHOOM!



THE LIVING LIGHTNING SHALL GIVE THEE PAUSE!



HOLY--!! I CAN'T SEE!

BACK OFF!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



FLEE, CRAWNS! THE TUNNELS ARE NOT LARGE ENOUGH TO HIDE YOU FROM THE WRATH OF THOR!



YET WHO ARE THESE KILLERS AND WHY SHOULD THEY SEEK THE DEATH OF THE DWELLERS HERE IN THE DARKNESS?



BEHIND ME! SOME PRESENCE I DID NOT SENSE BEFORE!

WHAT NEW MENACE THREATENS THE GOD OF THUNDER?

IS IT THE ANGEL OF DEATH HIMSELF?



BUT NO. 'TIS INDEED AN ANGEL, BUT ONE WHO SEEMS VERY LIKELY DEAD ALREADY.

ANOTHER VICTIM, NO DOUBT, OF THESE SO-CALLED MARAUDERS.



Next Issue: **FIRES OF THE NIGHT!**

GUEST-STARRING
X-FACTOR!!!
OR WHAT'S LEFT
OF THEM!
BE HERE!!!