



THE MIGHTY THOR

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"..IF THE
THUNDER
BE GONE!"

THE MIGHTY THOR!™

**"--IF THE
THUNDER
BE GONE!"**

HIS THUNDER GOD
POWER TAKEN FROM
HIM BY AN ANGRY
ODIN, MIGHTY THOR
FINDS EMPLOYMENT
AS--A CIRCUS
STRONG-MAN!

--BUT, THE NOBLE
ASGARDIAN, ALAS,
DOES NOT SUSPECT
THAT HE HAS BEEN
HIRED BY AN EVIL
ARCH-FIEND,
WHO IS PLANNING
ONE OF THE
GREATEST CRIMES
OF ALL TIME!

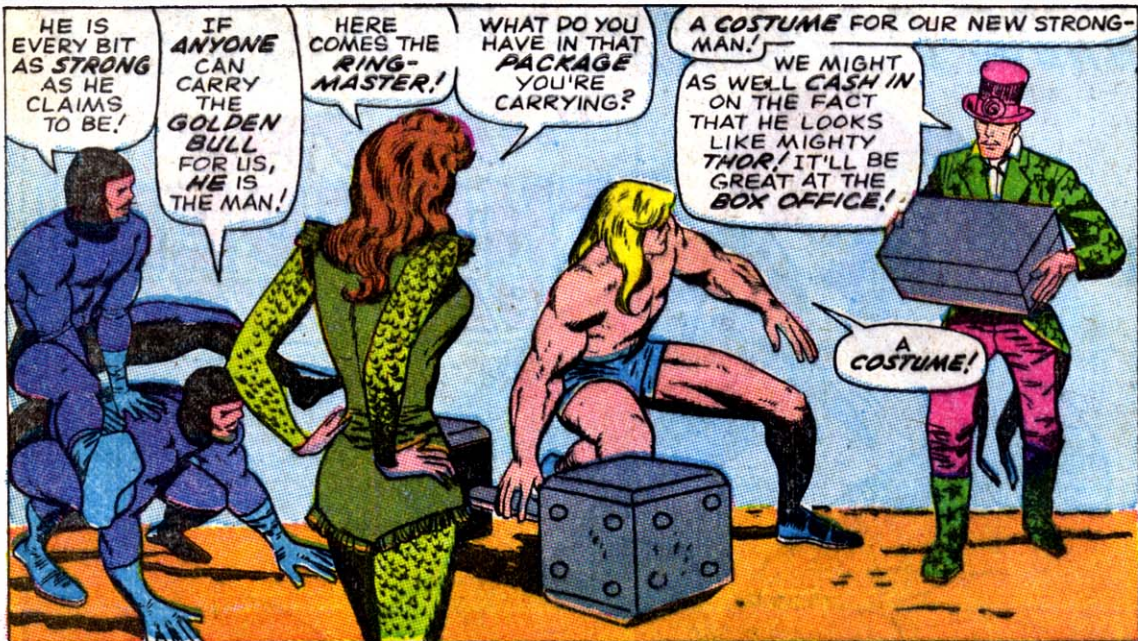
AND NOW, LET'S JOIN OUR
COLORFUL CAST AS THEY PRE-
PARE FOR THE DRAMATIC THEFT
OF THE GOLDEN BULL--

STAN (THE MAN) LEE and JACK (KING) KIRBY
FESTIVAL OF FABULOUS FANTASY!

DELINEATION:
VINCE COLLETTA

LETTERING:
ARTIE SIMEK

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HE IS EVERY BIT AS **STRONG** AS HE CLAIMS TO BE!

IF **ANYONE** CAN CARRY THE **GOLDEN BULL** FOR US, HE IS THE MAN!

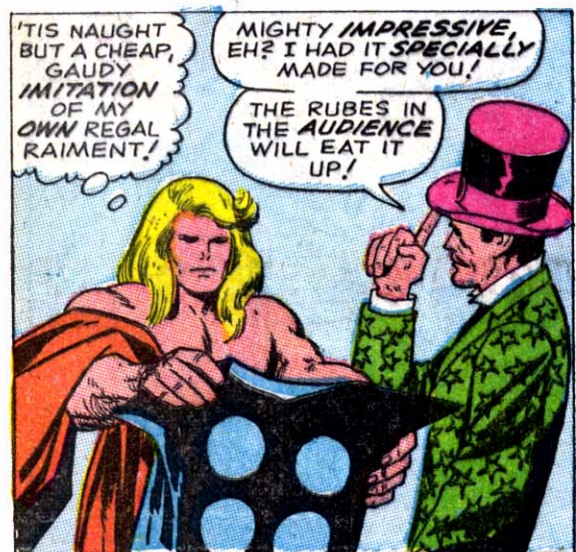
HERE COMES THE **RING-MASTER!**

WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THAT **PACKAGE** YOU'RE CARRYING?

A **COSTUME** FOR OUR NEW **STRONG-MAN!**

WE MIGHT AS WELL **CASH IN** ON THE FACT THAT HE LOOKS LIKE **MIGHTY THOR!** IT'LL BE GREAT AT THE **BOX OFFICE!**

A **COSTUME!**



'TIS NAUGHT BUT A **CHEAP, GAUDY IMITATION** OF MY **OWN** REGAL RAIMENT!

MIGHTY IMPRESSIVE, EH? I HAD IT **SPECIALLY** MADE FOR YOU!

THE **RUBES** IN THE **AUDIENCE** WILL EAT IT UP!

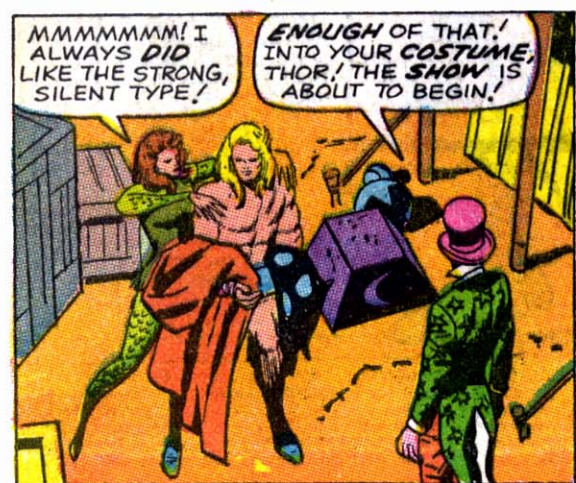


ALL THAT IS **LEFT** ME IS MY OWN **NATURAL STRENGTH!**

STRIPPED OF MY **IMMORTAL POWER**, I **MYSELF** AM AN **IMITATION--** OF THE **REAL THUNDER GOD!**

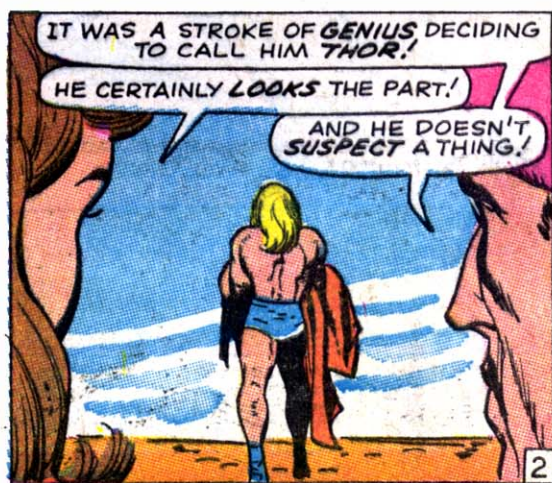
WHY DON'T YOU **SAY** SOMETHING, **HAND-SOME?**

THERE IS-- **NOTHING** --LEFT TO **SAY--!**



MMMMMMM! I ALWAYS **DID** LIKE THE **STRONG, SILENT TYPE!**

ENOUGH OF THAT! INTO YOUR **COSTUME, THOR!** THE **SHOW** IS ABOUT TO **BEGIN!**



IT WAS A **STROKE** OF **GENIUS** DECIDING TO CALL HIM **THOR!**

HE CERTAINLY **LOOKS** THE **PART!**

AND HE DOESN'T **SUSPECT** A **THING!**



OKAY--
TO
WORK!
ALL
OF
YOU!

I WANT YOU TO
KEEP REHEARSING
UNTIL I'M SURE
THERE'LL BE NO
SLIP-UPS!

POOR THOR!
HE KNOWS LESS
ABOUT WHAT
WE'VE PLANNED
FOR HIM THAN
MY LOYAL
PYTHON DOES!



FORGET ABOUT
THOR!

THE GOLDEN
BULL IS WORTH
AT LEAST
TWENTY
MILLION
DOLLARS!
CONCENTRATE
ON THAT!

DO NOT WORRY! WHEN THE
TIME COMES, PRINCESS
PYTHON WILL DO HER
PART!

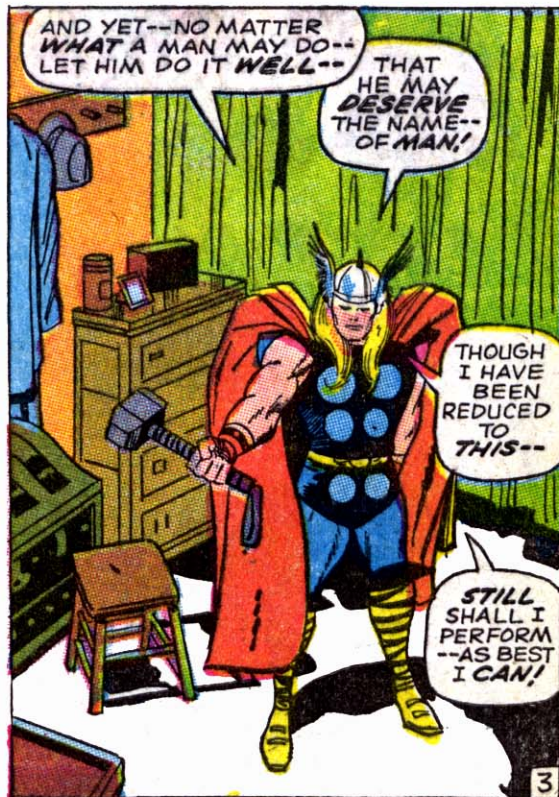
FEMALES AND
SNAKES!! I DON'T
TRUST ANY OF
THEM!



WHILE, WITHIN A NEARBY TENT--

TO THINK THAT I--
MIGHTY THOR--SON
OF OMNIPOTENT ODIN--
GOD OF THUNDER--
IMMORTAL OF ASGARD--
SHOULD BE REDUCED
TO THIS--!

NAUGHT
BUT A PAID
PERFORMER--
CALLOUSLY
EXHIBITING MY
ONCE-GODLY
STRENGTH!



AND YET--NO MATTER
WHAT A MAN MAY DO--
LET HIM DO IT WELL--

THAT
HE MAY
DESERVE
THE NAME--
OF MAN!

THOUGH
I HAVE
BEEN
REDUCED
TO THIS--

STILL
SHALL I
PERFORM
--AS BEST
I CAN!

MINUTES LATER, THE *SHOW* BEGINS, AS THE COSTUMED TROUPE MAKES ITS *GRAND ENTRANCE* PAST THE CHEERING THROGS, NONE OF THE WIDE-EYED SPECTATORS IS AWARE THAT HE IS REALLY BEHOLDING--THE RING-MASTER'S *CIRCUS OF CRIME--!!*



BUT THEN, THE OLDER MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE BEGIN TO CRY OUT IN DERISIVE DISBELIEF--

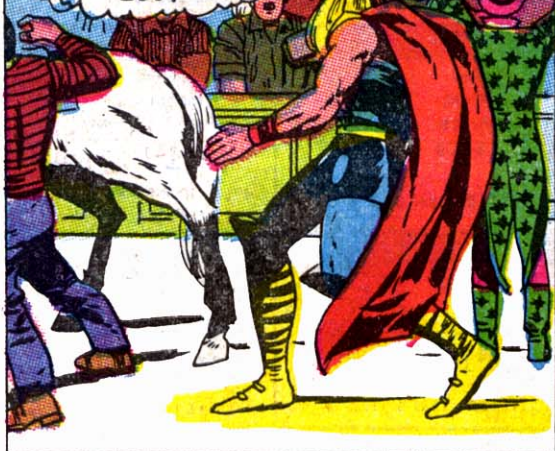
MIGHTY THOR WOULDN'T BE ACTING IN ANY TWO-BIT CIRCUS!

HE'S A PHONY!! WHO NEEDS 'IM?

BOOO!! THROW THE BUM OUT!

QUIET! QUIET!! HE'LL PROVE HE'S THE REAL THOR!

IT DISPLEASES THEM THAT ANY WOULD DARE IMPERSONATE THE TRUE THUNDER GOD!

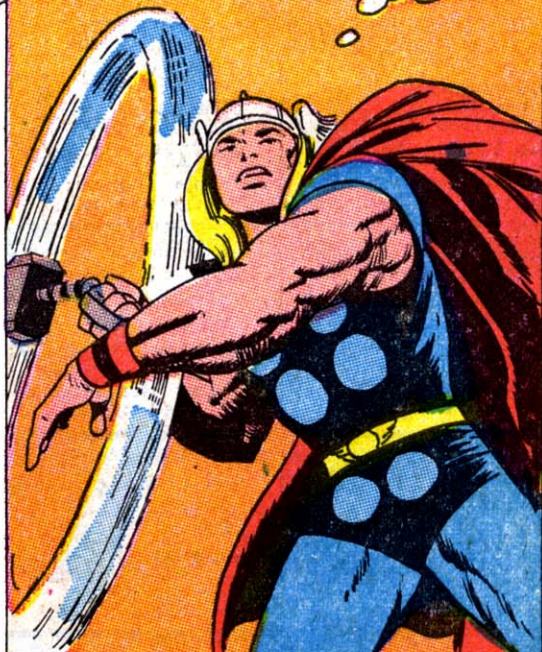


HURL YOUR HAMMER, THUNDER GOD!

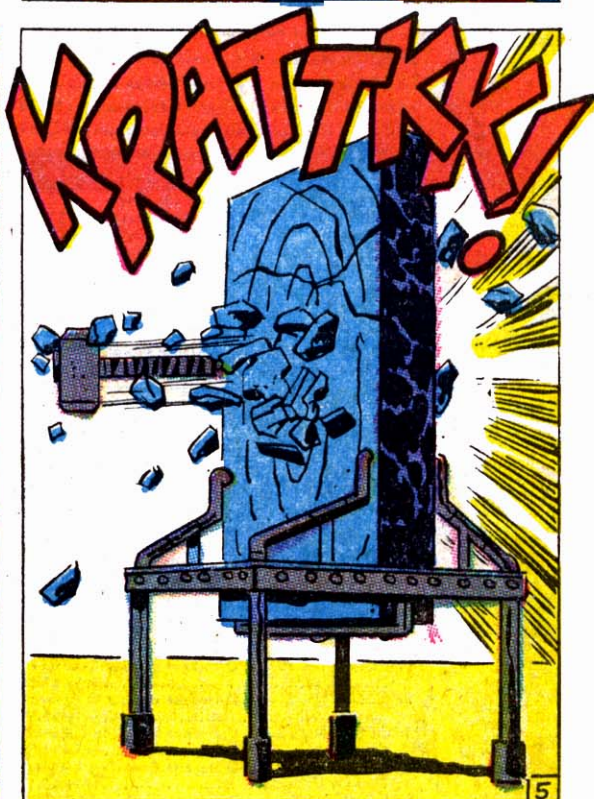
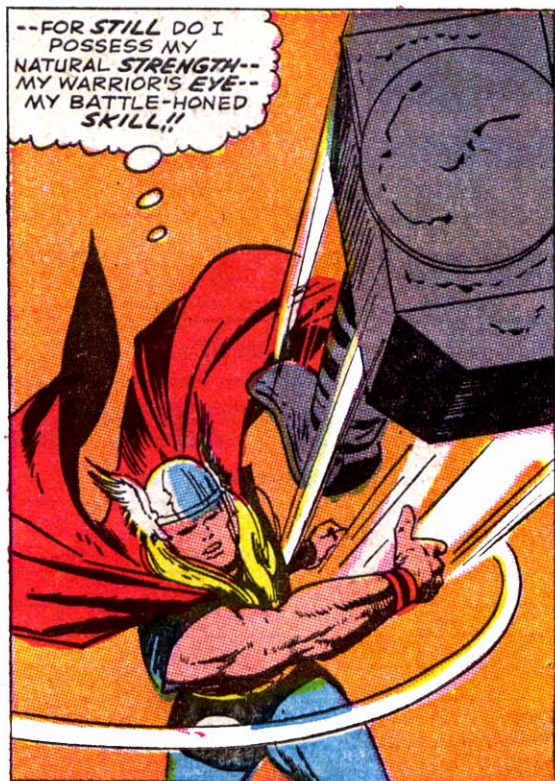
HURL IT AS ONLY THE SON OF ODIN CAN--!!

HE HAS PLACED A GRANITE TARGET UPON A PLATFORM YONDER!

ALTHOUGH MY MIGHTY MALLET HAS LOST ITS AWESOME ENCHANTMENT-- STILL I SHALL NOT FAIL!



--FOR STILL DO I POSSESS MY NATURAL STRENGTH-- MY WARRIOR'S EYE-- MY BATTLE-HONED SKILL!!



BUT EVEN AFTER THE DRAMATIC FEAT IS ACCOMPLISHED--

WHAT DOES THAT PROVE??

IF HE'S THE REAL THOR-- WHY DOESN'T THE HAMMER RETURN TO HIM??

ANYONE MIGHT HAVE TOSSED THAT THING!

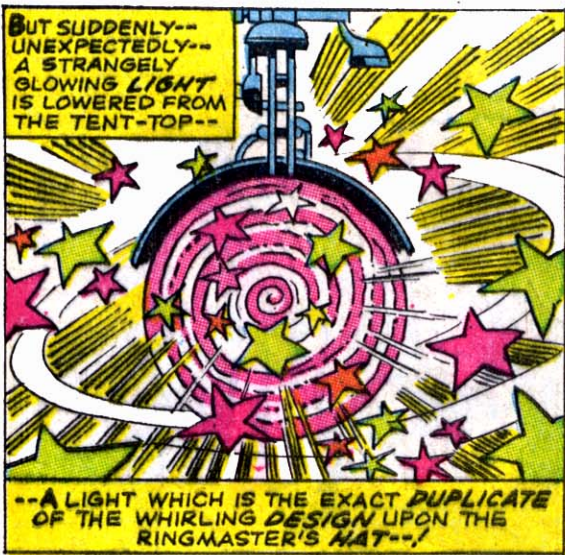
KEEP WATCHING!! IT WILL RETURN!

HE KNOWS NOT WHAT HE SAYS!

MY REGAL FATHER, IN HIS ALL-CONSUMING WRATH, HAS REMOVED THE ENCHANTMENT FROM ONCE-MAGICAL MJOLNIR!

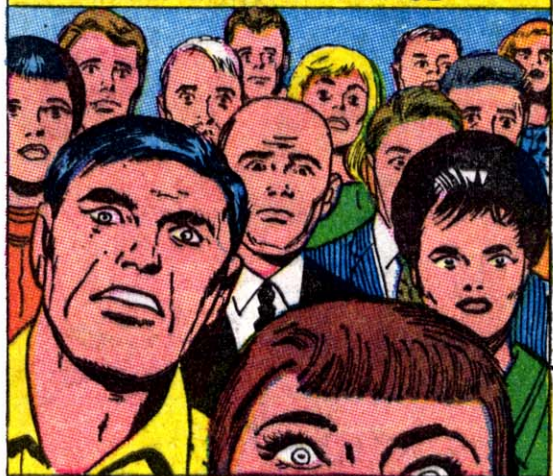
THUS, IT CAN NO LONGER RETURN TO ITS DEPOSED MASTER!

BUT SUDDENLY-- UNEXPECTEDLY-- A STRANGELY GLOWING LIGHT IS LOWERED FROM THE TENT-TOP--



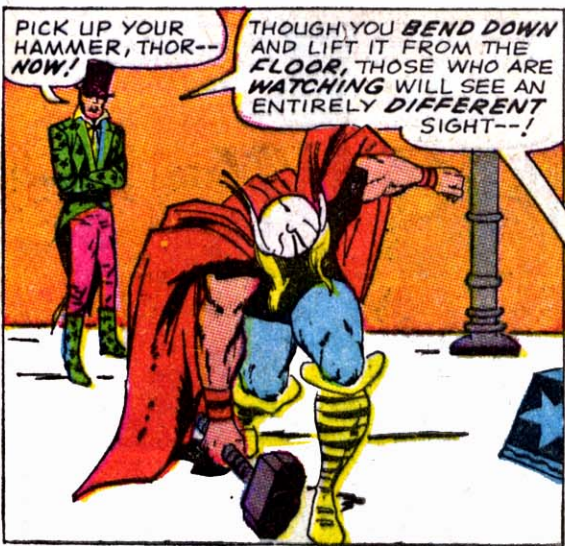
--A LIGHT WHICH IS THE EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE WHIRLING DESIGN UPON THE RINGMASTER'S HAT--!

AND, WITHIN SECONDS, EVERY MEMBER OF THE VAST AUDIENCE IS SUBJECT TO A STRANGE HYPNOTIC TRANCE--



PICK UP YOUR HAMMER, THOR-- NOW!

THOUGH YOU BEND DOWN AND LIFT IT FROM THE FLOOR, THOSE WHO ARE WATCHING WILL SEE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SIGHT--!

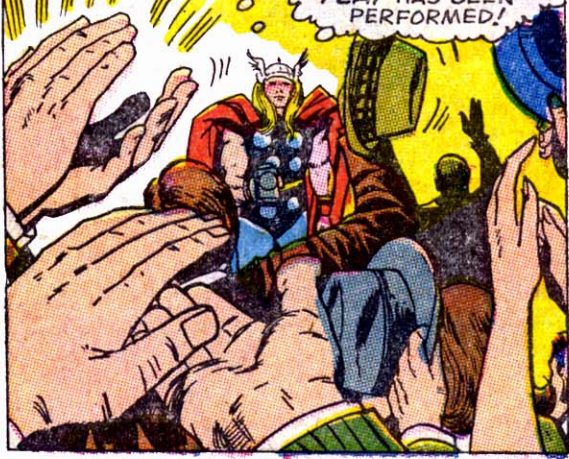


THEY WILL SEE EXACTLY WHAT THE RINGMASTER WISHES THEM TO SEE!!

THUS, SCANT SECONDS LATER...

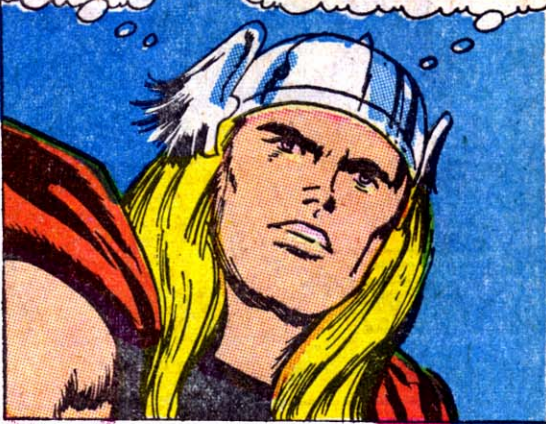
'TIS MOST PASSING STRANGE!

THOUGH I DID MERELY STOOPE TO PICK UP MY HAMMER... THEY CHEER AS THOUGH A WONDROUS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED!



NEVER SHALL I TRULY FATHOM THE ODD BEHAVIOR OF EARTHLY MORTALS!

BUT, STAY! WHAT IS THIS?!! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?!!
HAS THE LOSS OF MY POWER AFFECTED MY VISION? DO I SEE WHAT IS NOT THERE?



NO! BY ASGARD'S GOLDEN GATES-- 'TIS SHE!

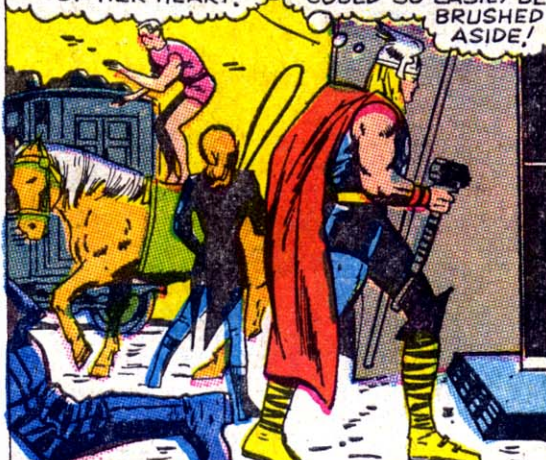
'TIS JANE FOSTER, WHOM I DID ONCE LOVE!

BUT NOW, MY HEART REJOICES TO SEE THAT SHE HAS FOUND ANOTHER!



ODIN, IN HIS REGAL WISDOM, HAS MANAGED TO EASE THE ACHING OF HER HEART!

AAAAH--WOULD THAT THE TRIBULATIONS OF MIGHTY THOR COULD SO EASILY BE BRUSHED ASIDE!



YOU WERE A REAL SMASH, THOR!

BUT I FEEL FOOLISH CALLING YOU THOR! HOW ABOUT LEVELING WITH ME, HAND-SOME--?

WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?

C'MON, PRINCESS-- LOOK ALIVE!

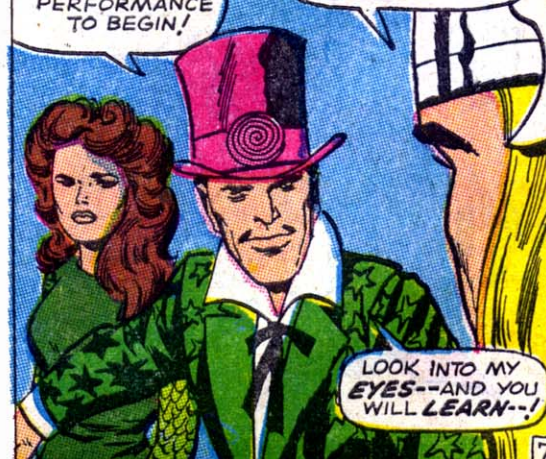
THE SHOW JUST ENDED!



SOME THINGS THERE ARE WHICH 'TIS BEST TO LEAVE UNSAID!

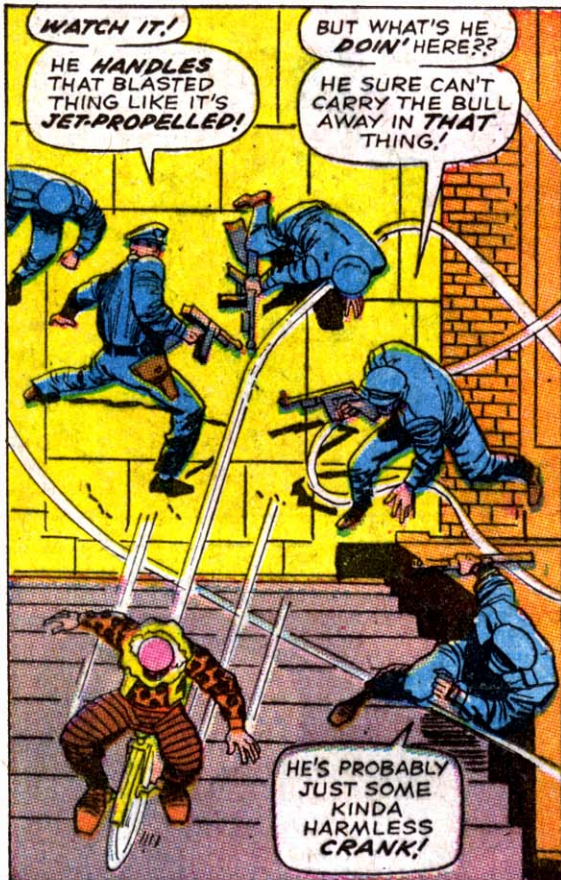
WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR THE REAL PERFORMANCE TO BEGIN!

OF WHAT REAL PERFORMANCE DO YOU SPEAK?



LOOK INTO MY EYES--AND YOU WILL LEARN--!





WATCH IT!

HE HANDLES
THAT BLASTED
THING LIKE IT'S
JET-PROPELLED!

BUT WHAT'S HE
DOIN' HERE??

HE SURE CAN'T
CARRY THE BULL
AWAY IN THAT
THING!

HE'S PROBABLY
JUST SOME
KINDA
HARMLESS
CRANK!



GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN! I TRUST
WE'RE NOT TOO LATE FOR THE
FESTIVITIES!

FOR THE
LUVVA
PETE!
HERE'S
ANOTHER
COSTUMED
NUT!

NO!! THERE
ARE TWO
OF 'EM!

HOW
ABOUT
SOME
APPLAUSE,
RUBES?

WHAT'S
GOIN'
ON HERE,
ANYWAYS?



C'MON, YOU GUYS!
WE'VE GOTTA CLOSE
IN ON 'EM!

WE CAN'T USE
OUR GUNS,
'CAUSE THEY
HAVEN'T DONE
ANYTHING--
BUT WE
GOTTA GET
RID OF 'EM!

ALAS, YOU WILL FIND
THAT EASIER SAID
THAN DONE!

YOU HAVE NEITHER
THE SPEED--NOR
THE SKILL TO
KEEP UP WITH US!



FASTER!
THEY ARE
GAINING
ON US! WE
HAVE MADE
THEM
ANGRY!

IT'S PROBABLY SOME
KINDA COLLEGE
INITIATION--

BUT THOSE TUMBLIN'
TINHOOPS STILL
HAVETA BE
STOPPED!

HURRY!
WE'LL GET
THEM
WHEN THEY
REACH THE
END
OF THE
TERRACE!

EVERYTHING IS GOING LIKE **CLOCKWORK!**

THE **GAMBONOS** AND THE **CLOWN** HAVE DECEYED THE GUARDS AWAY FROM THE ENTRANCE!

NOW **QUICKLY--** GET TO THE **TRUCK!**

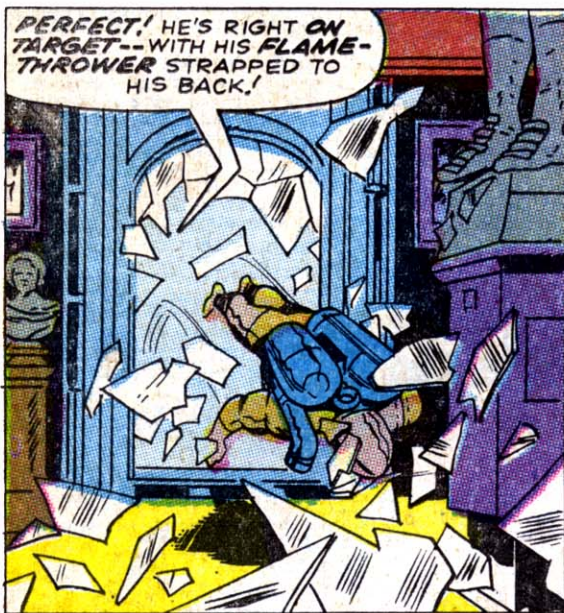
ALERT **CANNONBALL** TO ACTIVATE THE **CATAPULT!**



PERFECT! HE'S RIGHT ON **TARGET--** WITH HIS **FLAME-THROWER** STRAPPED TO HIS **BACK!**

OKAY, **PRINCESS--** NOW IT'S **YOUR** **TURN!**

STAY BACK! YOUR **VOICE** MAY MAKE MY **SERPENTINE** **PET** **NERVOUS!**

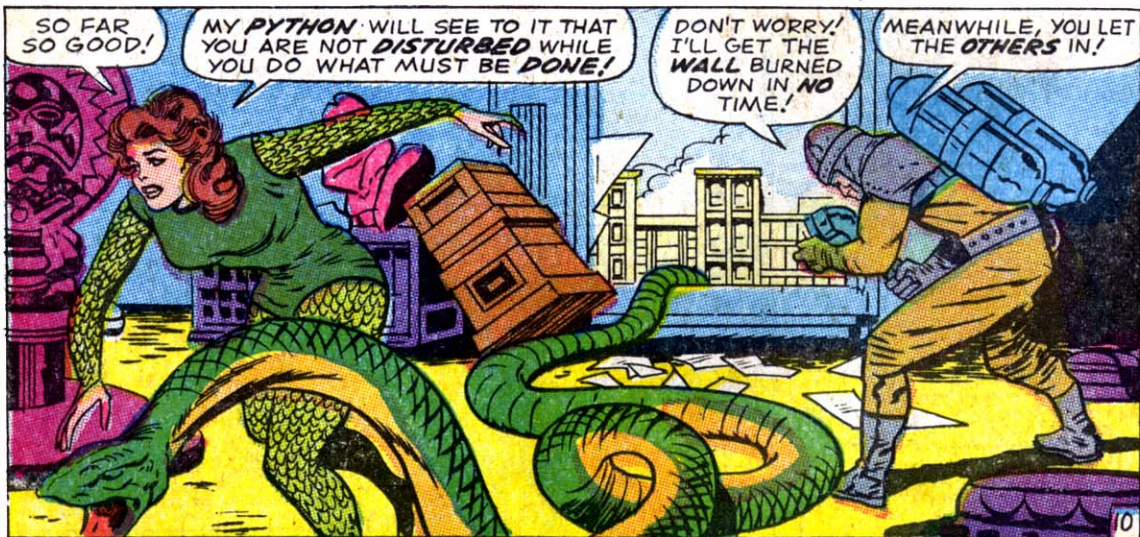


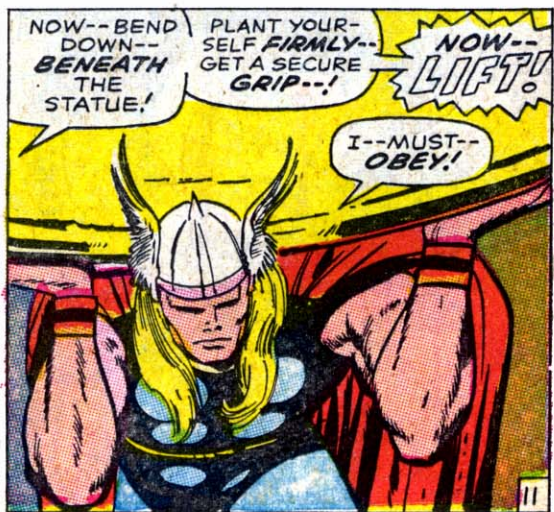
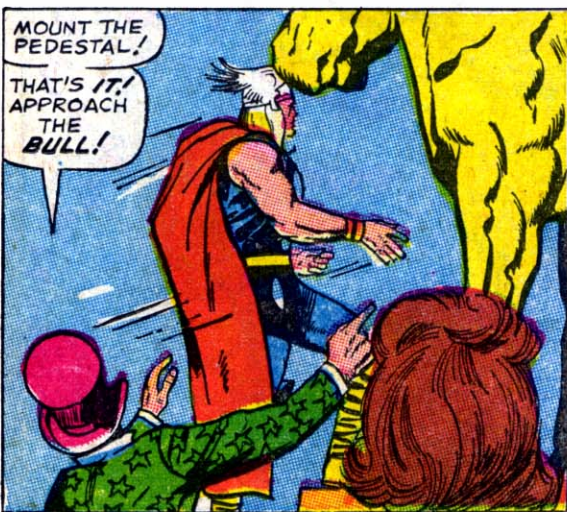
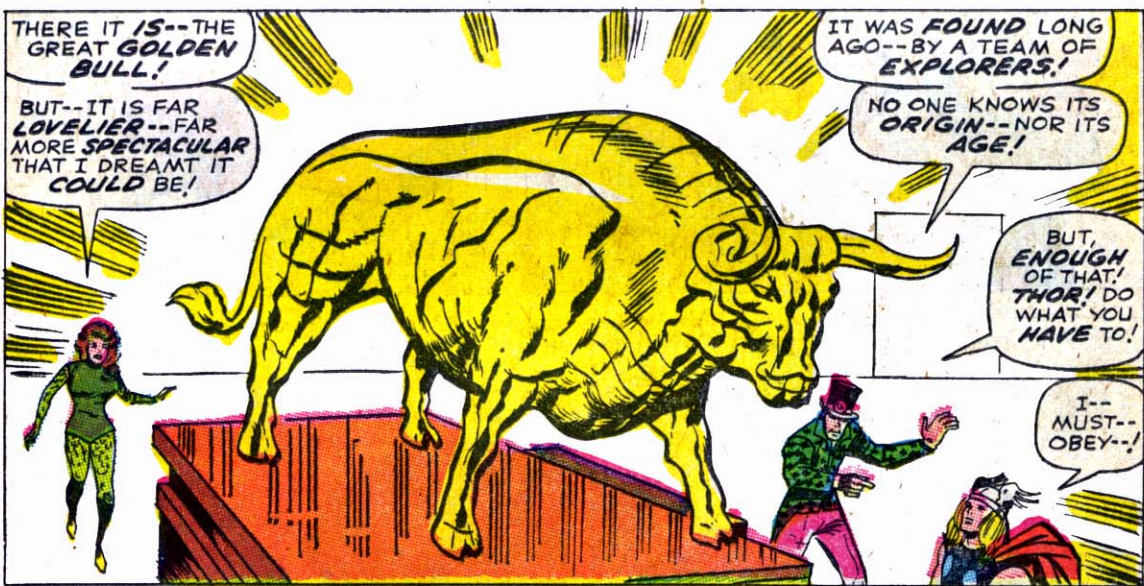
SO FAR SO **GOOD!**

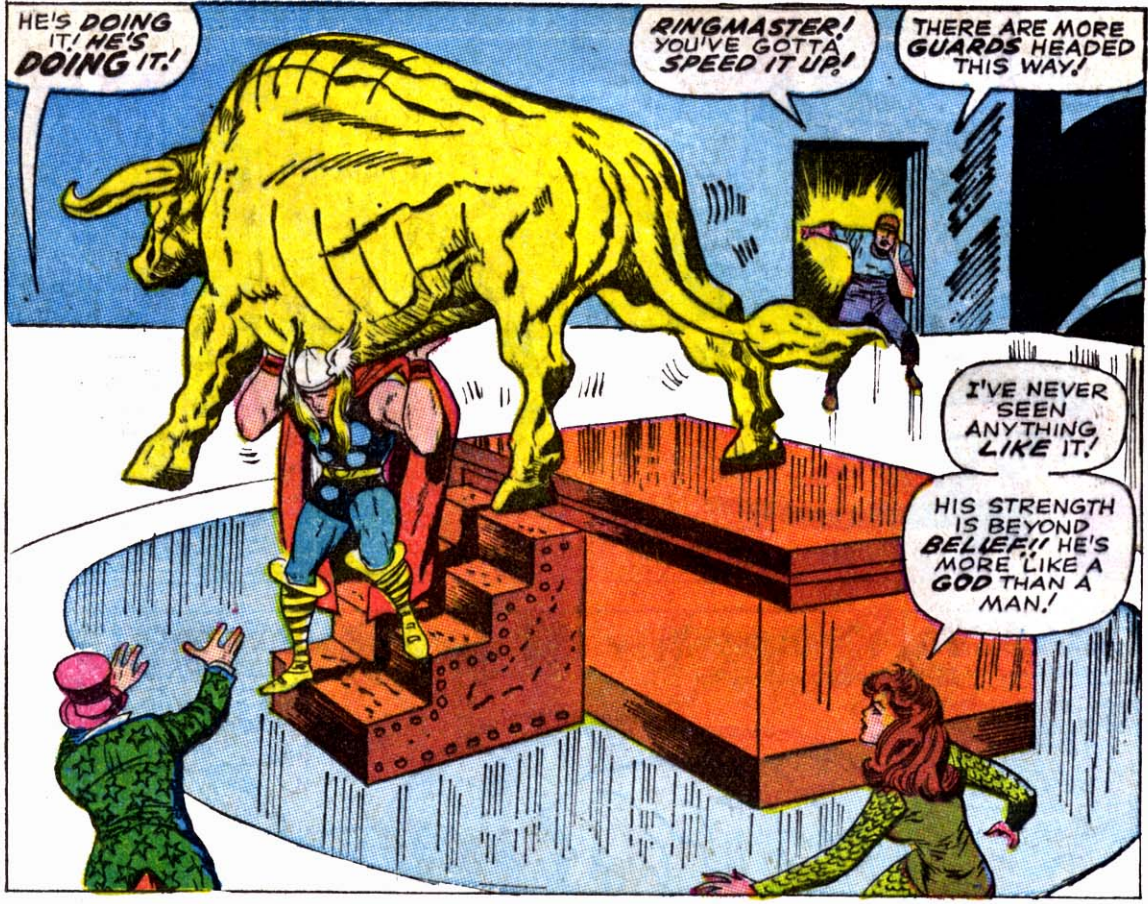
MY **PYTHON** WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE NOT **DISTURBED** WHILE YOU DO WHAT MUST BE **DONE!**

DON'T **WORRY!** I'LL GET THE **WALL** **BURNED** **DOWN** IN **NO** **TIME!**

MEANWHILE, YOU LET THE **OTHERS** **IN!**







HE'S DOING IT! HE'S DOING IT!

RINGMASTER! YOU'VE GOTTA SPEED IT UP!

THERE ARE MORE GUARDS HEADED THIS WAY!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

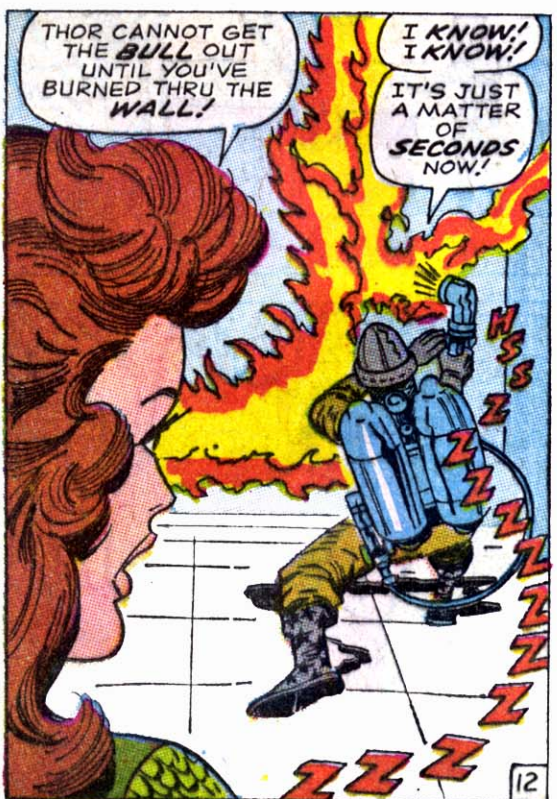
HIS STRENGTH IS BEYOND BELIEF! HE'S MORE LIKE A GOD THAN A MAN!



FASTER, THOR-- FASTER!

FROM HERE ON-- EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

CANNON-BALL! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU SHOULD BE FINISHED BY NOW!



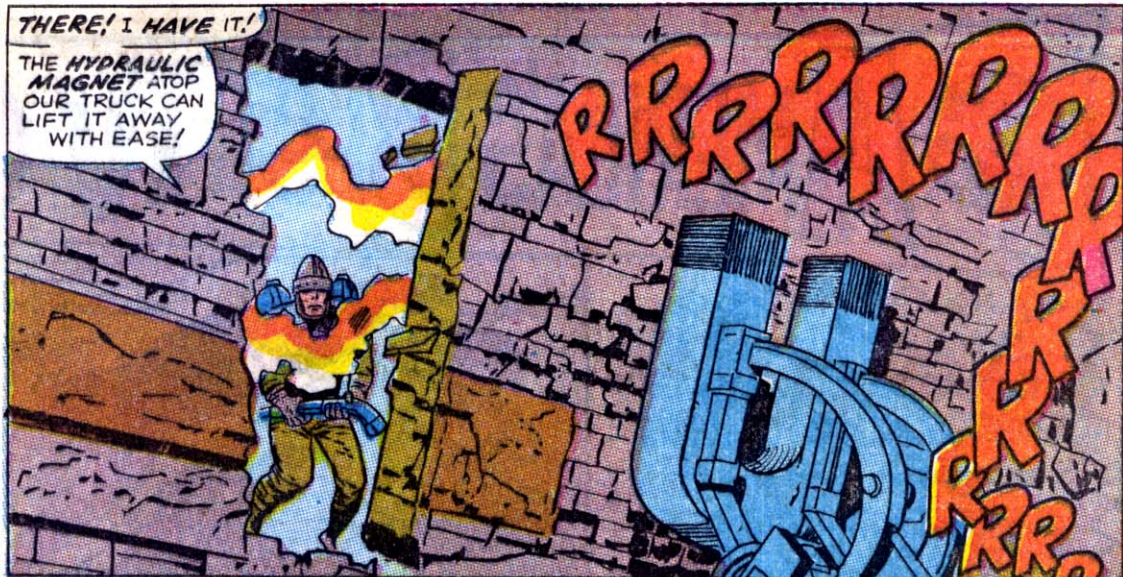
THOR CANNOT GET THE BULL OUT UNTIL YOU'VE BURNED THRU THE WALL!

I KNOW! I KNOW!

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF SECONDS NOW!

THERE! I HAVE IT!

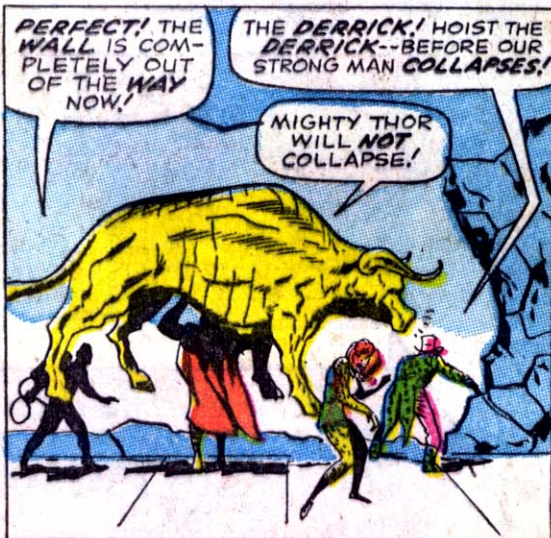
THE **HYDRAULIC**
MAGNET ATOP
OUR TRUCK CAN
LIFT IT AWAY
WITH EASE!



PERFECT! THE
WALL IS COM-
PLETELY OUT
OF THE WAY
NOW!

THE **DERRICK!** HOIST THE
DERRICK--BEFORE OUR
STRONG MAN **COLLAPSES!**

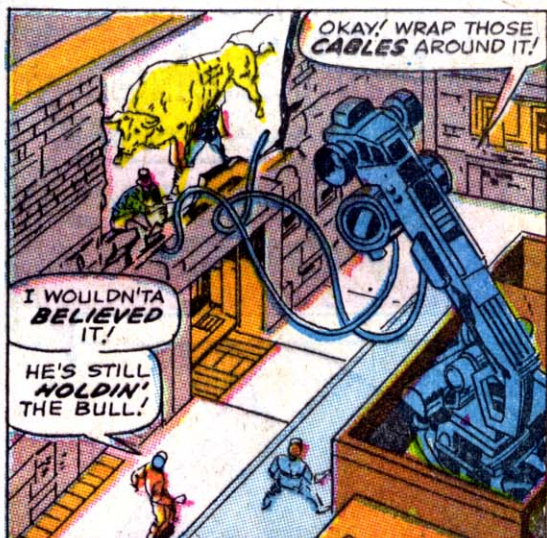
MIGHTY THOR
WILL NOT
COLLAPSE!



OKAY! WRAP THOSE
CABLES AROUND IT!

I WOULDN'TA
BELIEVED
IT!

HE'S STILL
HOLDIN'
THE BULL!



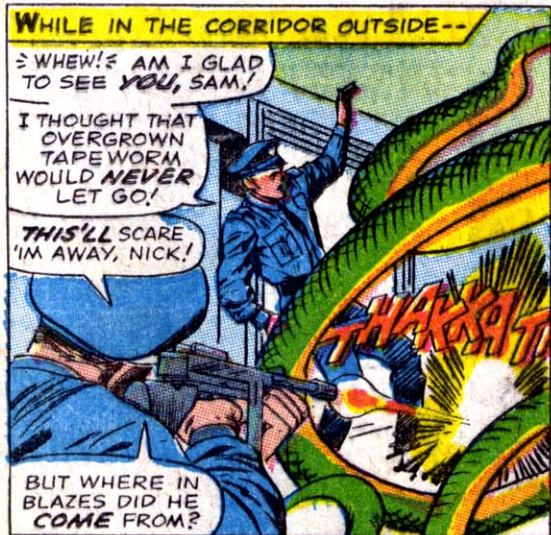
WHILE IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE--

≥ **WHEW! I AM I GLAD**
TO SEE YOU, SAM!

I THOUGHT THAT
OVERGROWN
TAPE WORM
WOULD NEVER
LET GO!

THIS'LL SCARE
'IM AWAY, NICK!

BUT WHERE IN
BLAZES DID HE
COME FROM?



HEY! HE'S ESCAPING
DOWN THAT AIR VENT!

FORGET 'IM!
WE GOT A LOT
MORE
TRUBLE--!

SOMEONE'S
AFTER THE
GOLDEN
BULL!

QUICK!
SOUND
THE ALARM!



THEN, WITHIN A MATTER OF SECONDS--

WHY THE RUSH? NOBODY CAN MOVE ANYTHING AS BIG AS THE GOLDEN BULL!

THEY CAN'T, EH? TAKE A LOOK AHEAD OF US-- WHAT DO YOU SEE OVER THERE?

OR MAYBE I SHOULD ASK WHAT YOU DON'T SEE--!

THE BULL!! IT--IT'S BEEN MOVED--!

LOOK! THOSE GUYS AHEAD OF US-- THEY MUST HAVE DONE IT! ONE OF 'EM HAS A GUN!

HE'S FIRING! LET 'IM HAVE IT!

BUT, AS SOON AS THE RINGMASTER'S EYES BEGIN TO BLAZE INTO THEIRS, THE ONRUSHING GUARDS FIND THEMSELVES FIRING HARMLESSLY IN THE WRONG DIRECTION--!

RUN! MAKE GOOD YOUR ESCAPES!

NONE OF THEIR SHOTS WILL BE ABLE TO HIT YOU! I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THAT!

YOU GOT 'EM UNDER HYPNOTIC CONTROL!

BUT HOW LONG CAN YOU KEEP IT UP??

UNTIL WE'RE ALL SAFELY OUT OF HERE!

HURRY, THOR! JUST A FEW FEET FURTHER! WE'RE ALMOST SAFE--!

THIS IS WHY THOSE WHO SERVE THE RINGMASTER WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED!

YOU SHOULD HAVE HYPNOTIZED THEM INTO NOT FIRING AT ALL!

THERE WASN'T TIME! BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

TAKE A LOOK! --THAT'S WHY IT MATTERS!

THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE IS SNAPPING THOR OUT OF HIS SPELL!

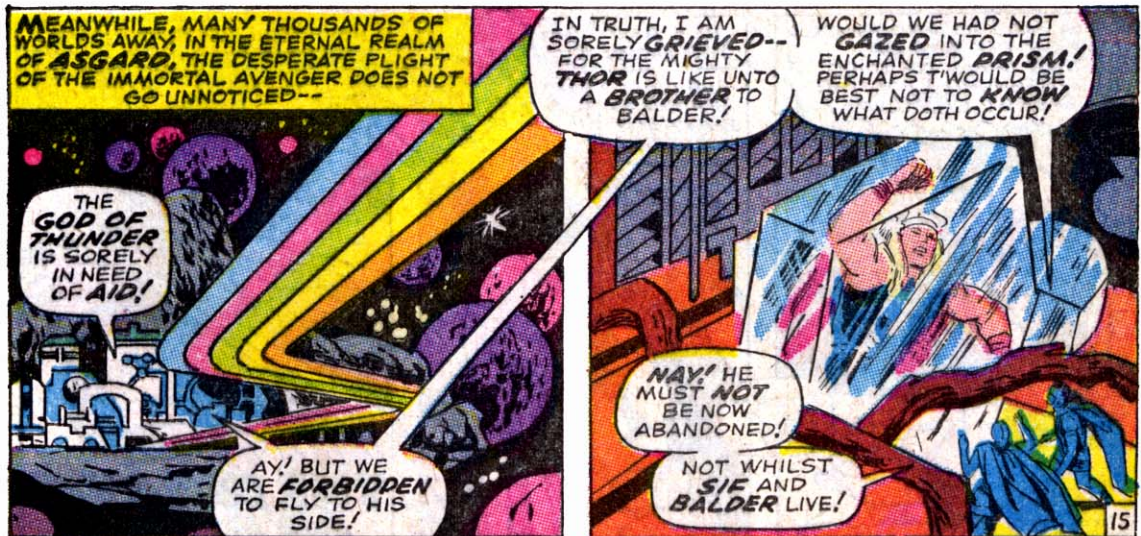
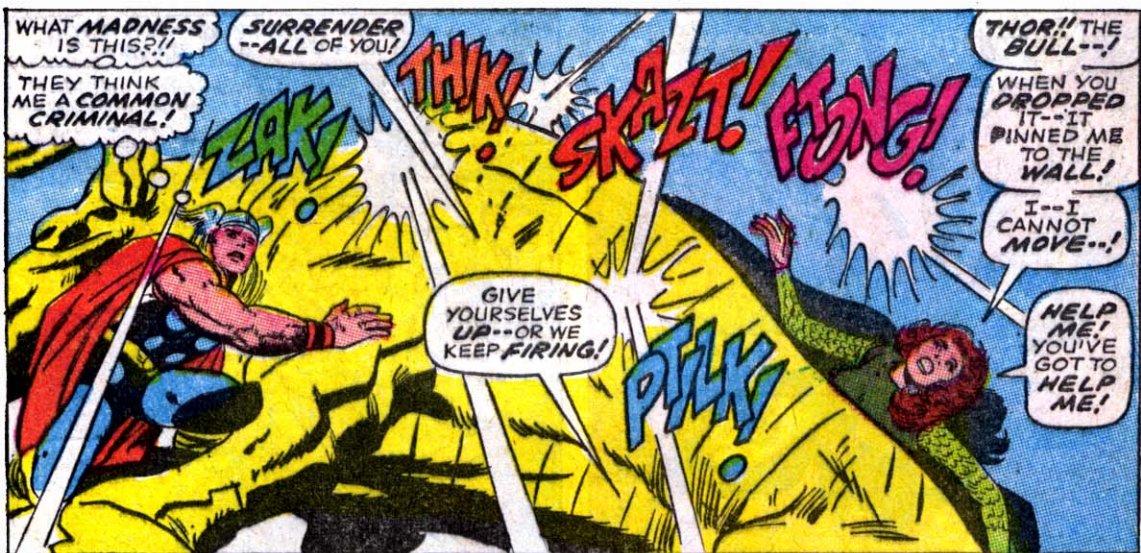
PTANG!

FUNG!

TRNG!

THOSE SHOTS! WHAT IS HAPPENING??

WHAT-- AM I-- DOING??



THE HEART OF **BALDER** DOTH ECHO THY WORDS, FAIR SIF!

BUT, WE DARE NOT **DEFEY** THE WILL OF IMPERIAL **ODIN!**

BUT, THOUGH THE **ALL-FATHER** IS AGGRIEVED WITH HIS WARRIOR SON-- **STILL** IS THE THUNDER GOD FLESH OF HIS FLESH--AND BLOOD OF HIS BLOOD--!

AND, EVEN AS THE HEARTSICK MAIDEN TURNS HER THOUGHTS TO THE **OMNIPOTENT ONE**-- WE FIND REGAL **ODIN** ABSORBED IN HIS **OWN MAJESTIC MUSINGS**--

THOUGH HE BE **DEARER** TO ME THAN A THOUSAND **WORLDS**--

'TIS **I** WHO AM THE **FATHER!** 'TIS **HE** WHO MUST BE EVER THE DUTIFUL **SON!**

NOT EVEN MIGHTY **THOR** MAY BE PERMITTED THE **SIN SUPREME**-- THE **SIN OF IMPERIAL DISOBEDIENCE!**

THUS HE BE SENTENCED TO **EARTH**--

AND **THERE** SHALL HE **REMAIN**--STRIPPED OF ALL **ASGARDIAN POWER**--TILL HIS **PENANCE** SHALL BE DONE!

AND, SPEAKING OF **PENANCE**--HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IN A SPOT LIKE **THIS**--?

THOR! THIS IS OUR **LAST WARNING!**

GIVE YOURSELF **UP**--OR WE **CLOSE IN!**

AND WE ALL KNOW HOW **POWERFUL** YOU ARE--!

SO THAT MEANS--WE'LL COME IN **SHOOTING!**

IF I SUBMIT TO **IGNOMINIOUS CAPTURE**, THE **GOD OF THUNDER** SHALL BE TRIED AND SENTENCED LIKE THE **BASEST CRIMINAL!**

YET--HOW CAN I **BATTLE** THOSE WHOM I AM SWORN TO **PROTECT!**

THOR--HELP ME!

HE'S **NOT YIELDING!**

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO **WAIT ANY LONGER!**

BOOM

I HAVE DALLIED **TOO LONG!** THE **DIE IS CAST!**

NEXT: THE WRATH OF ODIN!

EXISTING APART FROM THE **KNOWN** WORLD, VENTURING FORTH ONLY RARELY FROM BEHIND THEIR IMPREGNABLE WALLS, THE **INHUMANS** REMAIN A TOTAL MYSTERY. BUT WHENCE **CAME** THIS RACE OF ENIGMAS? LEARN NOW THE AWESOME **ANSWER**--!

"THE **ORIGIN** OF ... **THE INCOMPARABLE** **INHUMANS!**"

TM

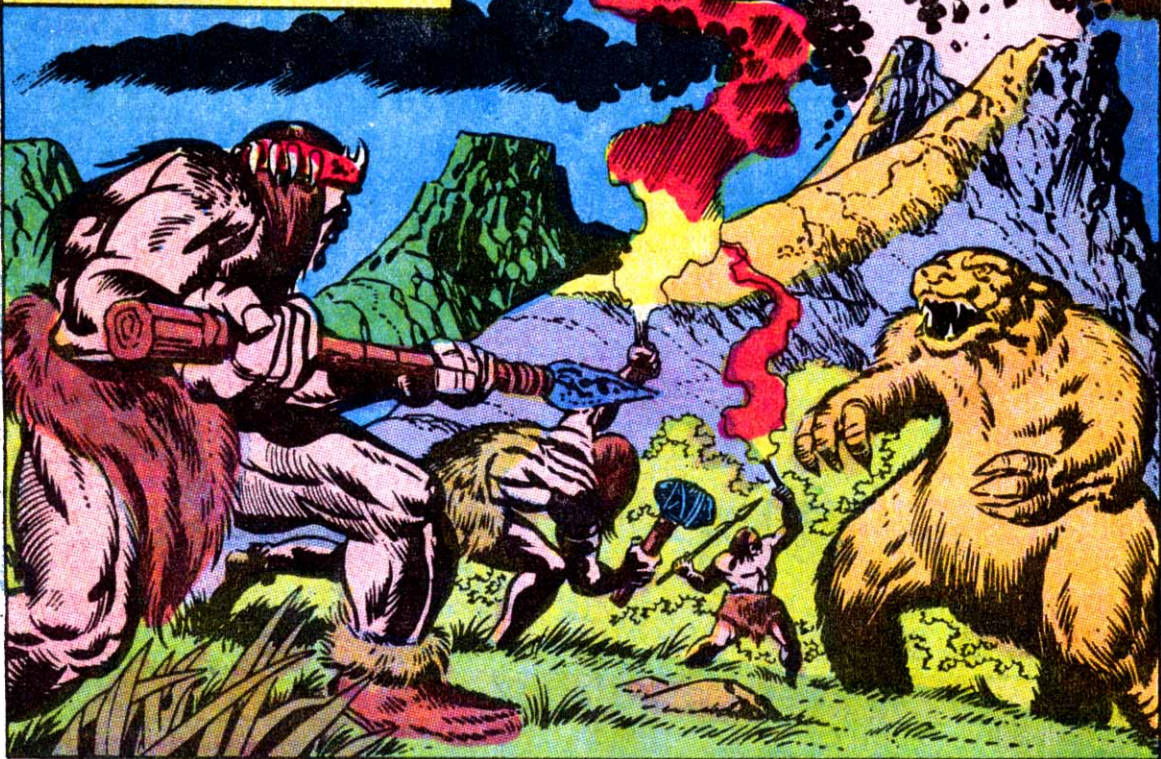
CONCEIVED AND CREATED BY MARVEL'S MIGHTY MASTERS OF MYTHOLOGY--

STAN (the MAN) **LEE** and **JACK** (KING) **KIRBY**

INKING: JOE SINNOTT LETTERING: ARTIE SIMEK

AND NOW, LET
US LEAD THEE
TO THE WONDROUS
REALM WHERE
LEGEND
LIES
A'BORNIN'--

AGES AGO, WHEN THE LAST OF THE DINOSAURS WERE BEGINNING TO VANISH FROM THE FACE OF EARTH, MAN BEGAN THE LONG, FATEFUL CLIMB TOWARDS MASTERY OVER ALL WHO SHARE HIS WORLD--

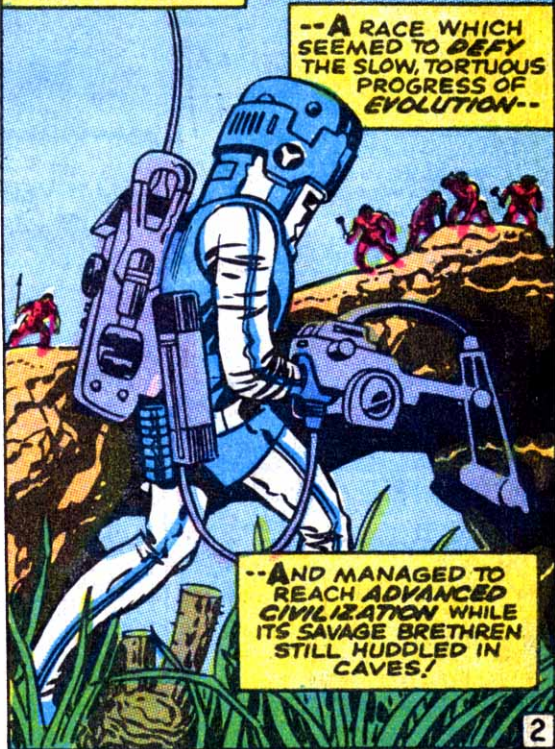


AS THE DECADES SLOWLY PASSED, *HOMO SAPIENS* LEARNED TO MAKE FIRE HIS SLAVE--BUT STILL FOUND HIMSELF HELPLESS BEFORE THE MYSTERIOUS FURY OF THE ELEMENTS THEMSELVES!



YET, ONE RACE THERE WAS--LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN BY THE CHRONICLERS OF HUMAN HISTORY--

--A RACE WHICH SEEMED TO DEFFY THE SLOW, TORTUOUS PROGRESS OF EVOLUTION--



--AND MANAGED TO REACH ADVANCED CIVILIZATION WHILE ITS SAVAGE BRETHREN STILL HUDDLED IN CAVES!

POSSESSING WEAPONS WHICH COULD STUN A DEADLY SABER-TOOTH IN MID-LEAP, OR DROP A MONSTROUS MASTODON IN ITS TRACKS--

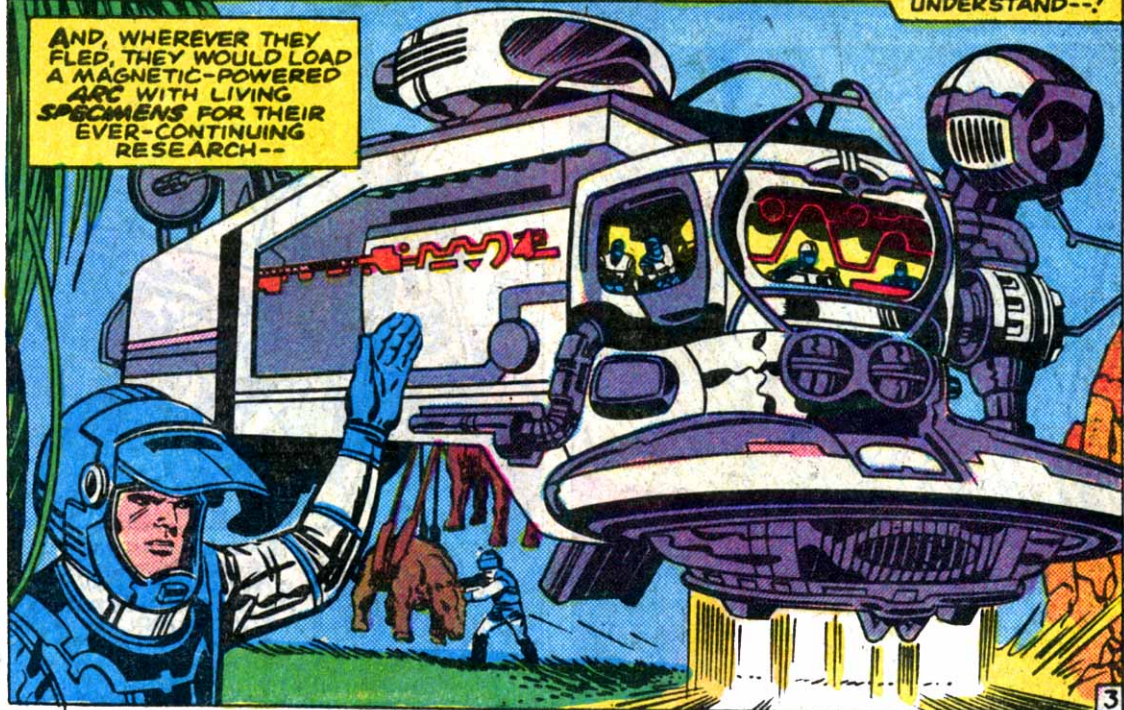


--THEY WERE REGARDED AS SUPERNATURAL DEMONS BY THE PRIMITIVE, BESTIAL BEINGS WHO WATCHED THEIR ACTIONS WITH BALEFUL, UNCOMPREHENDING EYES!

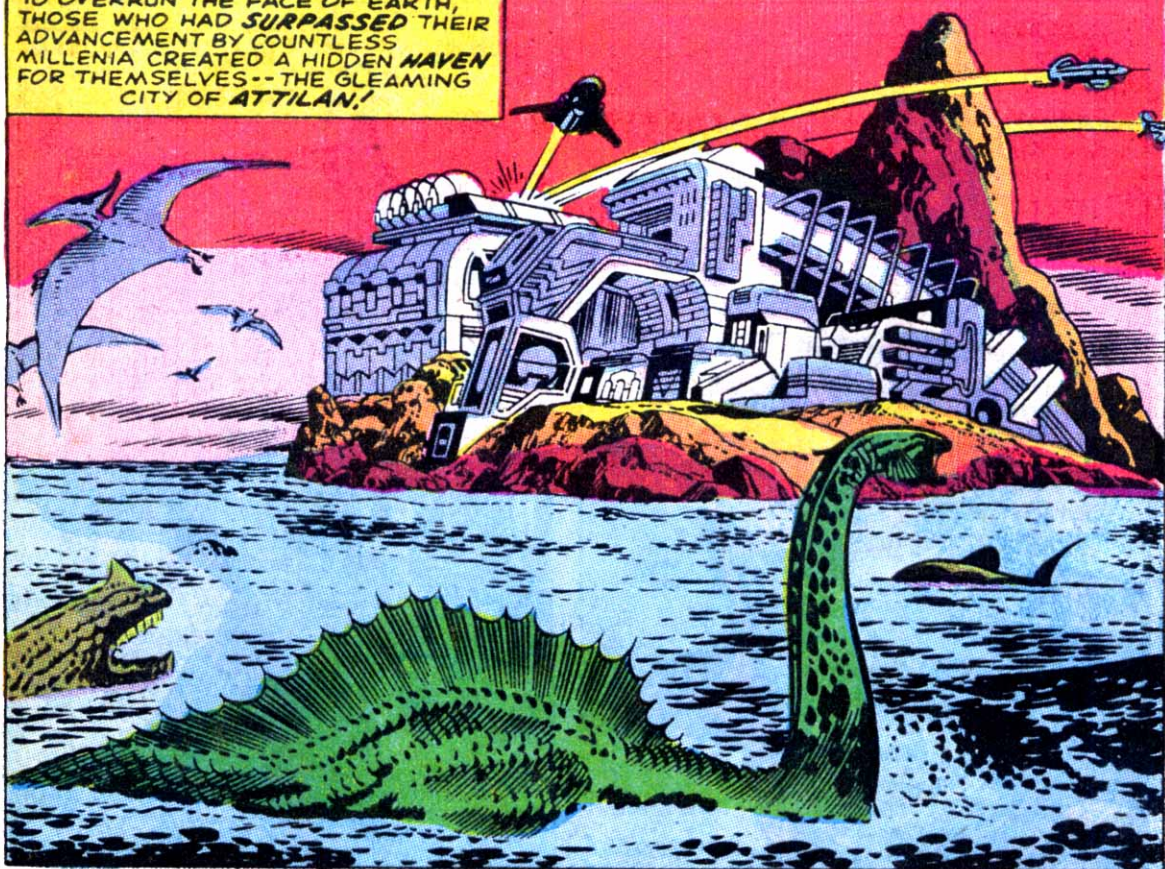


WITH THE PASSAGE OF TIME, AS THE PRIMITIVES GREW EVER MORE NUMEROUS, THOSE WHO HAD ADVANCED AGES BEYOND THEM WERE CONSTANTLY FORCED TO SEEK NEW REFUGE--AWAY FROM THE SAVAGES WHO SOUGHT TO SLAY WHAT THEY COULD NOT UNDERSTAND--!

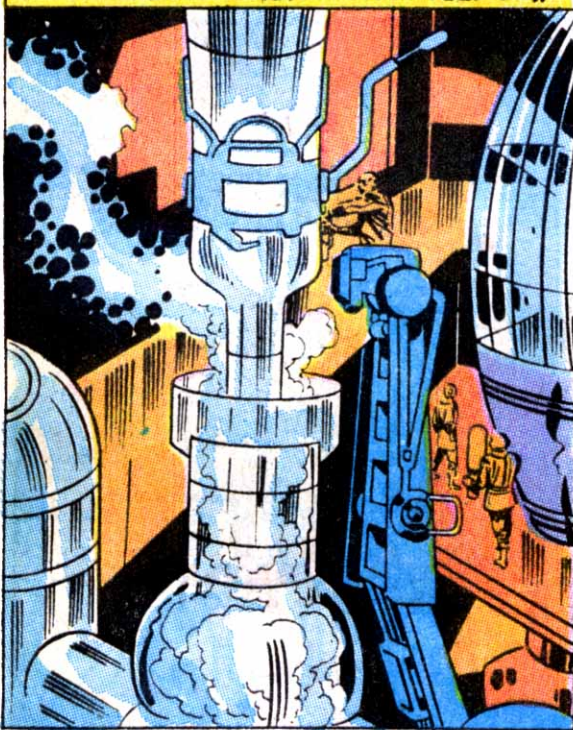
AND, WHEREVER THEY FLED, THEY WOULD LOAD A MAGNETIC-POWERED ARC WITH LIVING SPECIMENS FOR THEIR EVER-CONTINUING RESEARCH--



FINALLY, AS *HOMO SAPIENS* CONTINUED TO OVERRUN THE FACE OF EARTH, THOSE WHO HAD **SURPASSED** THEIR ADVANCEMENT BY COUNTLESS MILLENIA CREATED A HIDDEN **HAVEN** FOR THEMSELVES-- THE GLEAMING CITY OF **ATTILAN!**



ATTILAN-- WHERE EVERY WAKING MOMENT, EVERY IOTA OF PHYSICAL ENERGY WAS DEDICATED TO **ONE GOAL ALONE--** THE ADVANCEMENT OF **HUMAN KNOWLEDGE!!**



UNTIL, AT LAST, THEY MADE A DISCOVERY SO **AWESOME** AS TO MAKE A **TURNING POINT** FOR ALL OF LIFE UPON THIS PLANET--!

WE **DARE NOT** USE THE POTENT **TERROGEN MIST** UPON ANY LIVING BEING!

THE POSSIBLE **RESULT** MIGHT BE TOO **FANTASTIC** TO IMAGINE!

WHAT SAYS **RANDAC**, OUR SOVEREIGN SUPREME?

I SAY IT **MUST** BE TESTED! ELSE WE SHALL NEVER KNOW FOR **CERTAIN!**



TRUE, THE
TERROGEN
MIST
MIGHT
UNLEASH A
DEADLY
PLAGUE
UPON THE
EARTH--!

BUT, ITS MYSTERIOUS POWER
MIGHT ALSO **ERASE** THE
NATURAL, BASIC **WEAKNESSES**
IN MAN--ALLOWING US TO
BECOME **MORE** THAN
HUMAN--ALLOWING US TO
ADVANCE A STEP **BEYOND**
HOMO SAPIENS--

IN THIS FATEFUL
MOMENT--THIS TIME
OF DECISION--WE DARE
NOT **FALTER**--WE MUST
BE **TRUE** TO OUR
DESTINY!

I MYSELF
SHALL
PARTAKE
OF THE
TERROGEN!

NO, SIRE!
YOU ARE
MONARCH
OF US ALL!
IF ANY
HARM
SHOULD
BEFALL
YOU--!

THEN IT SHALL BE THE **WILL**
OF HIM WHO RULES THE
UNIVERSE!

RANDAC ASKS NONE
TO DO WHAT **HE** WILL
NOT DO!

NOW--STAND
YOU BOTH
ASIDE--!

I MUST
ENTER
THE
CHAMBER
OF **MIST!**

NO
MATTER
WHAT
THE
NEXT
MOMENT
MAY
BRING--

HISTORY
SHALL NE'ER
FORGET THE
NAME OF
RANDAC--
THE FIRST TO
BRAVE THE
TERROGEN
MIST!

AND THERE--IN THE DIM, DESOLATE,
LONG-DEAD PAST, WAS TRULY BORN--
THE **FIRST ANCESTOR** OF--

**NEXT: --THE
INHUMANS**