

THOR

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THE
MIGHTY

THOR

GOD OF THUNDER,
NIGHT OF DOOM!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE MIGHTY THOR!**™

"WHERE DARKNESS DWELLS, DWELL I!"



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YET, EVEN AS THE THUNDER GOD, THOR, VIEWS THE WORLD BELOW HIM WITH KINDLY AMUSEMENT--



--HIS OLYMPIAN FRIEND, THE GOD CALLED HERCULES, STARES AT THE CITY STREETS-- FILLED WITH AN EMOTION MUCH LIKE DEE-PAIR!



BY MY FATHER'S BEARD, THIS IS MADNESS!

EVERYWHERE I LOOK, THERE IS PAIN AND SORROW.

DO MORTALS ENJOY THIS LIFE? ARE THEY MAD--

-- OR ARE THEY ACCURSED?



CHILDREN GRY FOR THEIR MOTHERS... MEN WEEP FOR DREAMS LOST OR ABANDONED ... THERE IS POVERTY, DIRE POVERTY.

POVERTY.. IN A WORLD FILLED WITH WEALTH.

EITHER I'M MAD--OR THEY ARE.

AND I THINK IT MUST BE THEY.

BUT, BEFORE HERCULES' MUSINGS CAN GO ANY FURTHER...



A CRY--! SOMEONE IN DANGER--!

HE'S A BRUSQUE MAN, THIS OLYMPIAN GOD-- BUT HIS COARSENESS CONCEALS A WARM INTERIOR--



-- AND A RAGING SENSE OF JUSTICE--



POW!!

-- THAT TAKES A VERY VIOLENT FORM!



THE DOOR IS LOCKED-- BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER.

THE DOOR HASN'T BEEN BUILT WHICH CAN WITHSTAND THE SON OF ZEUS--

RRIPPP!



--ESPECIALLY NOT WHEN HE'S ANGRY.

THE CRIES HAVE STOPPED.



IF I'M TOO LATE-- SOMEONE WILL PAY.

I SWEAR IT!



I'M TELLIN' YA, OLD MAN-- LET GO OF ME.

THE MONEY'S ALL I WANT, AN' I GOT THAT NOW-- SO I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU, SEE--?

BUT IF YOU DON'T LET GO--



--I WILL!

DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO... I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE... NOT WITH HIM ON MY SIDE...

HE PROMISED ME... PROMISED ME I'D LIVE IF I DIED...

SO KILL ME-- I'M NOT AFRAID! I'M NOT A-

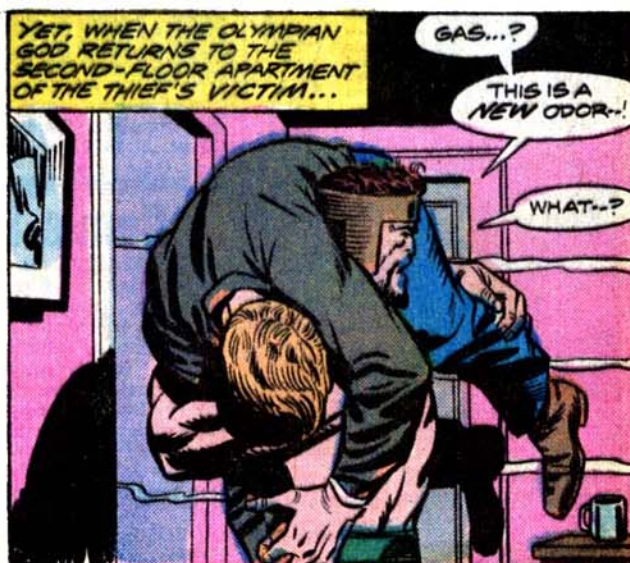
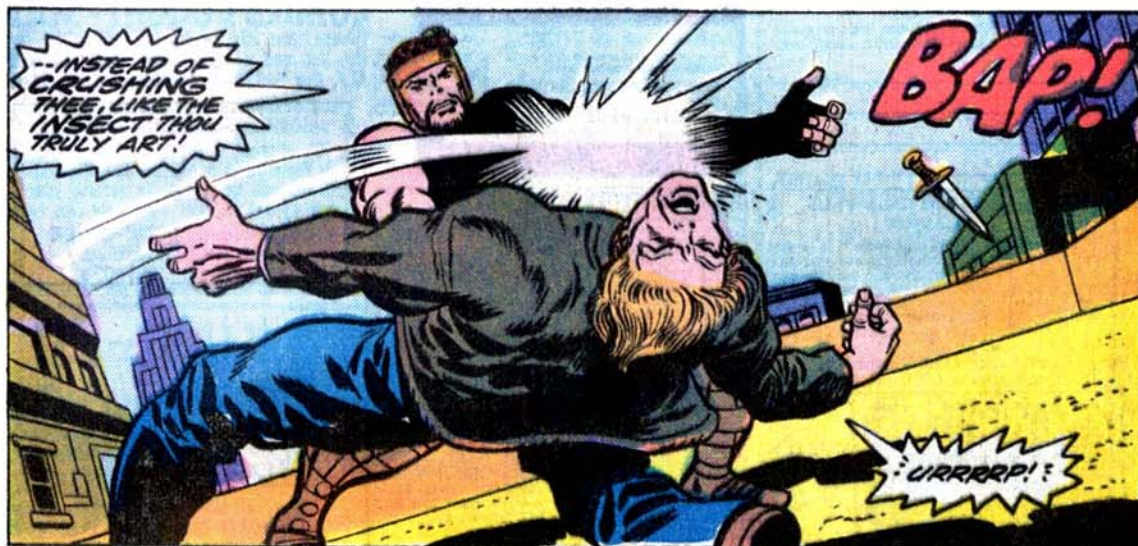


-AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH

CRAZY OLD COOT! I WARNED YA-- BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!

YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!





CONFUSED AND UNCOMPREHENDING, HERCULES SIMPLY STARES AT THE SCENE BEFORE HIM.

THE OLD MAN, IN HIS KITCHEN, TURNING UP THE GAS IN HIS OVEN...

...THEN, CALMLY-- SO INCREDIBLY CALMLY-- STRIKING A WOODEN MATCH--

--AND BEFORE HERCULES CAN MOVE TO STOP HIM--

--PLACING IT AT THE MOUTH OF THE STOVE.

WHOOOM

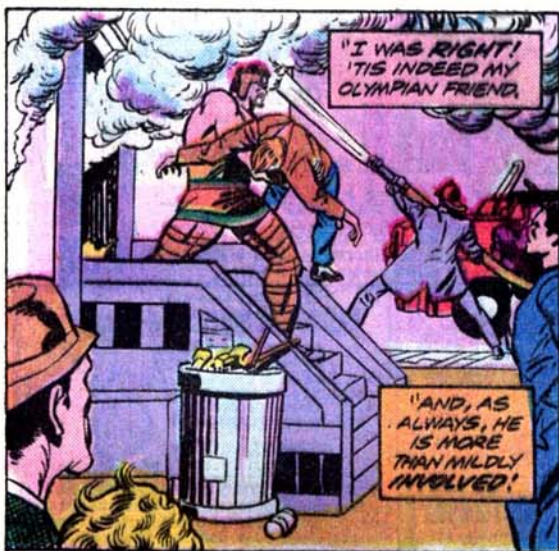
AS EXPLOSIONS GO, IT'S NOT A PARTICULARLY LOUD ONE.

BUT FOR SOME REASON IT ATTRACTS THE GOD OF THUNDER.

--KNOWING THAT HE IS NEEDED!

HE-- ESPECIALLY HE.

--AND HE SWEEPS SOUTHWARD ACROSS THE CITY--

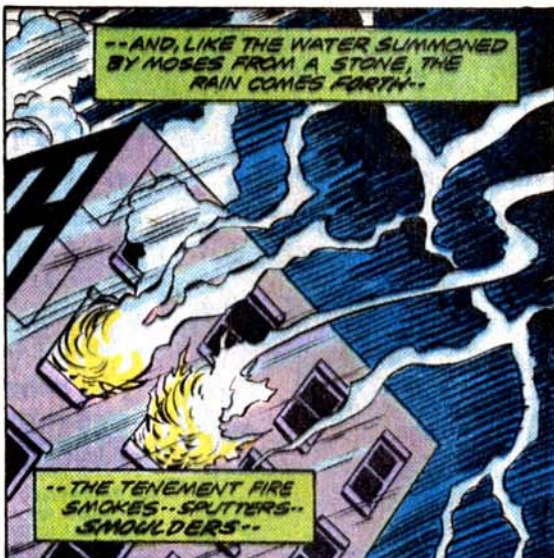




--WHOSE MYSTIC
MALLET MAY
SUMMON RAIN
AND WIND--

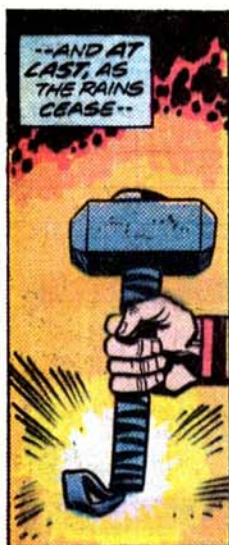
--AND DROWN
THE FIRE IN A
STORM!

TWO RAPE
OF THE
HAMMER UPON
THE GROUND--



--AND, LIKE THE WATER SUMMONED
BY MOSES FROM A STONE, THE
RAIN COMES FORTH--

--THE TENEMENT FIRE
SMOKES--SPUTTERS--
SMOULDERS--



--AND AT
LAST, AS
THE RAINS
CEASE--



--THE FIRE
GOES OUT.



PRETTY NEAT
TRICK YOU'VE
GOT THERE,
MISTER.

I WAS JUST
TELLING YOUR
FRIEND--



IF WE HAD COPS LIKE
YOU GUYS ON THE
FORCE, CROOKS
WOULDN'T STAND
A CHANCE.

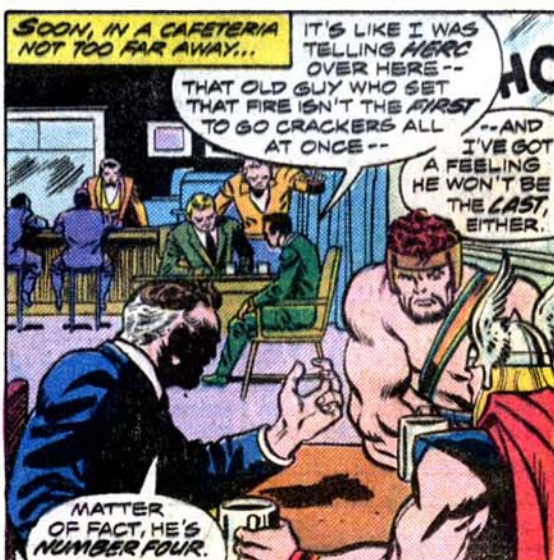
ON THE
OTHER
HAND, JOES
LIKE ME
WOULD BE OUT
OF A JOB--

SO MAYBE
IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU'RE
NOT WORKING
FOR THE MAYOR
AFTER ALL.

IN CASE I
DIDN'T MENTION
IT--MY NAME'S
BLUMKENN.

DETECTIVE
SERGEANT
BLUMKENN.

LET'S US
HAVE A LITTLE
TALK.



SOON, IN A CAFETERIA
NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

IT'S LIKE I WAS
TELLING **HERC**
OVER HERE--

THAT OLD GUY WHO SET
THAT FIRE ISN'T THE FIRST
TO GO CRACKERS ALL
AT ONCE--

--AND
I'VE GOT
A FEELING
HE WON'T BE
THE LAST,
EITHER.

MATTER
OF FACT, HE'S
NUMBER FOUR.

"NUMBER ONE WAS A COLLEGE CHEMISTRY INSTRUCTOR NAMED THERESA MENDELL. ACCORDING TO HER STUDENTS, SHE'D BEEN ACTING KIND OF WEIRD FOR A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THE INCIDENT--



"--THOUGH NOT AS WEIRD AS SHE ACTED WHEN SHE MUMBLED SOME SORT OF CRAZY INCANTATION--

IN HIS HANDS, I LIVE--



IN HIS HEART, MY LIFE GOES ON FOREVER.

"--AND-- WELL-- SET HERSELF ON FIRE.

"SHE DIED IN THE BLAZE-- HER BODY WAS NEVER FOUND.



"NUMBER TWO WAS A HARD-HAT CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER--ARNE HARTWELL. NOBODY NOTICED ANYTHING STRANGE ABOUT HIM-- TILL THAT DAY ON THE SITE--

IN DEATH I'LL GET LIFE.



"THE BLAST WIPED OUT THE SITE, A BLOCK OF ABANDONED TENEMENTS-- AND, OF COURSE, THIS GUY CALLED ARNE.



"BY THIS TIME, I'D BECOME INVOLVED-- HEARD THE STORIES ABOUT WHAT THESE PEOPLE SAID BEFORE THEY DIED--AND WAS BEGINNING TO PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER--

"--WHEN WE RAN ACROSS NUMBER THREE, ON A JET INTO LA GUARDIA AIRPORT.

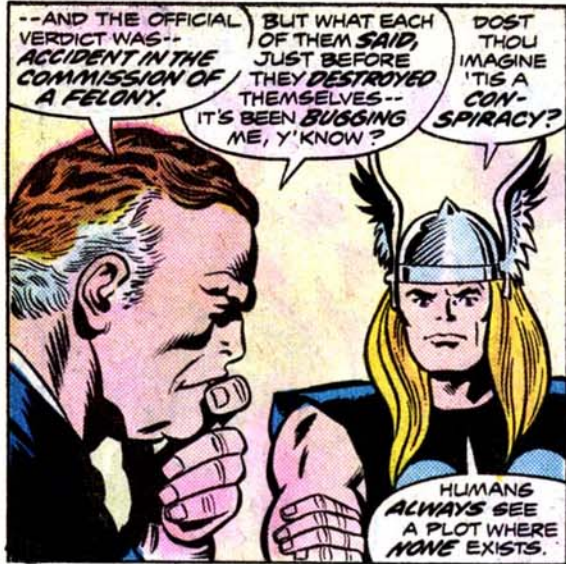


I'LL LIVE IF I DIE-- THAT'S WHAT HE SAID--



"THE FLIGHT CONTROLLER HEARD IT ALL OVER THE RADIO.





THUNDER ROARS AND LIGHTNING FLARES; AND WHEN THE HEAVENS CEASE TO STIR-- ODIN APPEARS--!

MY SON, WHAT I GIVE THEE IS LESS THAN THOU SHALT NEED!



THERE IS ONE WHO CAN HELP THEE, HOW-- EVER--



--AND SO I SEND HER TO THEE--

SPAZ!



THERE IS ANOTHER CRACK OF POWER, AND THE IMAGE OF ODIN IS GONE!

YET THE IMAGE OF ODIN'S GIFT REMAINS-- SIF, LADY OF ASGARD-- BELOVED LADY OF THOR!

MILORD, WE ARE REUNITED! BUT WHAT DID ODIN MEAN-- THAT I WOULD BE MORE AN AID TO THEE THAN EVEN THE ALL-FATHER HIMSELF?



MY LADY, I KNOW NOT--! I KNOW ONLY THAT MY HEART IS FULL WITH THE SIGHT OF THEE--



AND YEA, 'TIS ENOUGH!

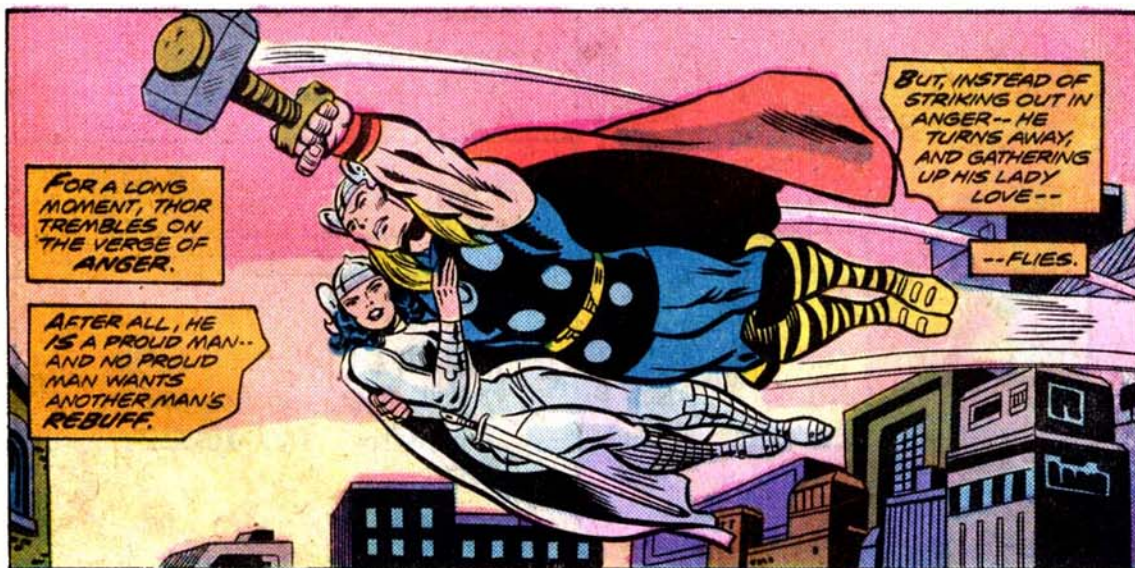


PERHAPS 'TIS ENOUGH FOR THEE, THOR-- BUT NOT FOR ME.

THERE IS A MYSTERY AFOOT IN THIS CITY--

--THOU MAY IGNORE IT, IF THOU MUST-- BUT I HAVE HONOR, AND--

CANNOT.



FOR A LONG MOMENT, THOR TREMBLES ON THE VERGE OF ANGER.

AFTER ALL, HE IS A PROUD MAN-- AND NO PROUD MAN WANTS ANOTHER MAN'S REBUFF.

BUT, INSTEAD OF STRIKING OUT IN ANGER-- HE TURNS AWAY, AND GATHERING UP HIS LADY LOVE--

--FLIES.

FOR HERCULES, THE MOMENTARY ANGER QUICKLY PASSES. HE WAS ANNOYED WITH THE THUNDER GOD--NO MORE.



STILL, HE TOO IS A PROUD MAN-- AND PROUD MEN DO NOT APOLOGIZE WITH UN-SEEMING HASTE.

WHICH IS WHY WE FIND HIM HERE--

--WANDERING BACK THROUGH THE SIDE-STREETS OF THIS RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD... SEARCHING UNCONSCIOUSLY FOR A CLUE TO UNDERSTANDING THE MYSTERY WHICH SO FASCINATES HIM--



--A MYSTERY WHICH WILL SOON BE ABANDONED--

--WHEN HERCULES REALIZES THAT HE'S BEING--

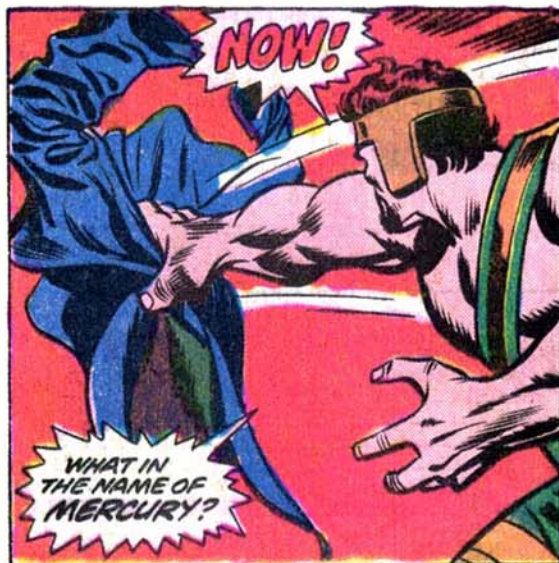
--FOLLOWED?

FOR TWO BLOCKS NOW, SOMEONE HAS BEEN BEHIND ME--



--AND AS I PALISE AT THIS CORNER, I CAN HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS-- APPROACHING.

WE SHALL SEE WHO IT IS THAT DARES PURSUE THE SON OF ZEUS--AND WE SHALL SEE IT--



NOW!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF MERCURY?



AN EMPTY SUIT OF CLOTHES?

'TIS IMPOSSIBLE-- AN UTTER MADNESS!

I SENSE SORCERY HERE--A VILE, BLACK SORCERY! 'TIS ALMOST AS IF--



NOT MANY BLOWS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO DROP THIS GOD OF OLYMPUS.

THIS BLOW WAS... AND AS HE LOOKS UP... ONLY SLIGHTLY DAZED, HERCULES DOES NOT KNOW WHETHER TO BE MORE SURPRISED BY THE STRENGTH OF THE BLOW...



--OR BY ITS WELDER!

THY SKIN--'TIS ALL BUT COMPLETELY OPAQUE! THOU ART ALMOST A SHADOW--A FIGURE FORMED OF DARKNESS ITSELF!

IS THAT HOW THOU DIDST APPEAR SO SUDDENLY--AS THOUGH FROM NOWHERE--

--BY MELTING INTO THE SHADOWS? WELL? WILT THOU ANSWER?

NO? THEN-- WILT THOU FIGHT?



AYE--IT SEEMS THOU WILT!



UNNNHH! THOU ART STRONG INDEED, MY SILENT FRIEND-- BUT PERHAPS-- NOT STRONG ENOUGH!



--AND IS DRAWN
BY A HUNDRED
CLAWING HANDS--

--FROM
THE
NIGHT--

--INTO THE
PITS OF
DARKNESS.

MORE THAN AN HOUR LATER, IN A HOSPITAL
SUITE NOT FAR FROM THE MIDTOWN LOCATION
OF THE AVENGERS MANSION...

MILORD, CHEER THYSELF.
WHEN HERCULES RETURNS,
THOU WILT MAKE AMENDS,
THE HARSH WORDS WILL
BE FORGOTTEN--

AND THOU WILT BE
FRIENDS, AS ALWAYS.

YEA, I
KNOW
THIS--
AND YET--

AND YET, THOU
ART SORRY FOR
THY ANGER--AS
HERCULES, NO
DOUBT IS SORRY
FOR HIS ANGER.

PLEASE, MILORD
--ABANDON THESE
THOUGHTS. COME, LOOK
AT HOW WELL KRISTA IS--

--WALKING
ONCE MORE,
THANKS TO
THEE.

'TWAS HE
WHO OPERATED
UPON ME, AFTER
MY ADVENTURE
WITH PLUTO.*

THANKS TO THY
HUMAN HALF,
DOCTOR
DONALD
BLAKE, WE
SHOULD SAY.

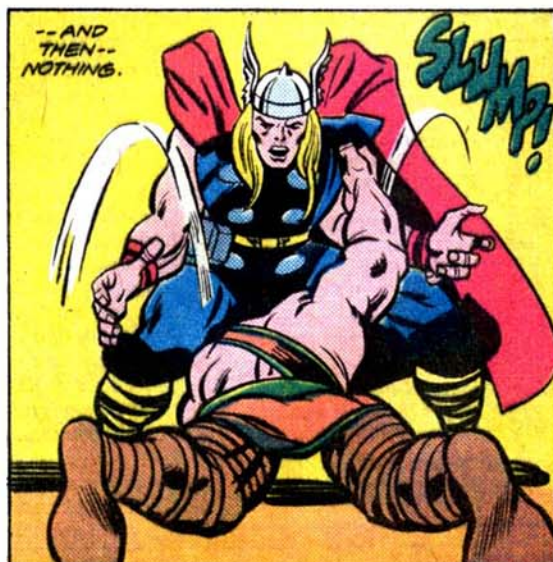
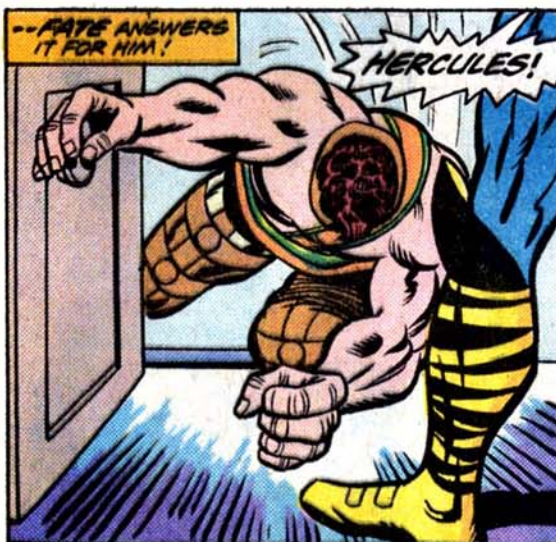
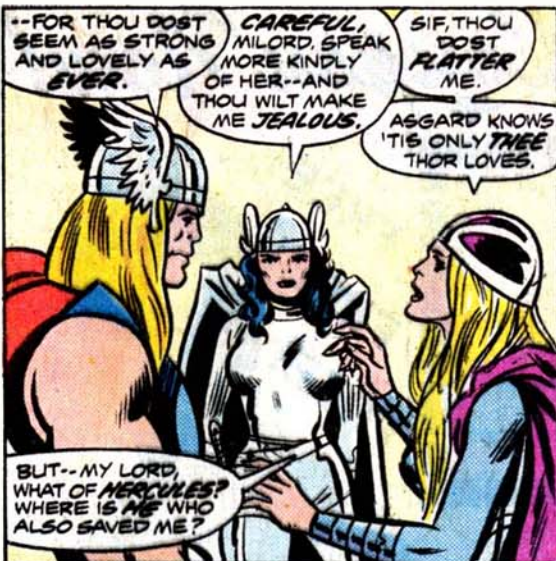
AND
APPARENTLY
HE OPERATED
WELL--


* WAY BACK IN
THOR #224--RO!

NOW, AS MEN AND
WOMEN THROW OPEN
WINDOWS, CURIOUS
ABOUT THAT BLOOD-
CHILLING SCREAM--

--THE SILENT
ATTACKER
LAUGHS--

--SILENTLY.





MILORD, IS HE
ALL RIGHT?
WHAT DID HE SAY
TO THEE?--HE
SPOKE SO SOFTLY,
I COULD NOT--

HE SAID--
"WHERE
DARKNESS
DWELLS,
DWELL I!"

I KNOW
NOT NOW
WHAT IT
DOETH MEAN--

--BUT BY ALL THE
LEGIONS OF
ASSARD, I SWEAR
ON MY HONOR
I WILL LEARN
ITS SECRET--

AND
HERCULES
WILL BE
AVENGED!

THE SKY ABOVE, THE PIT BELOW!