

THOR

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THE
MIGHTY

THOR



RELEASE MY FATHER
FROM THY **BONDAGE**,
HORUS, OR FACE THE
WRATH OF THOR!

NAY, THUNDER-GOD!
WITHOUT REGAL ODIN
TO **LEAD** THEM
THIS DAY--

--ALL THE LEGIONS
OF ASGARD SHALL
PERISH!

**WHEN GODS
MAKE WAR!**

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

WHEN THE GODS MAKE WAR!

HARKEN YE, BELIEVERS, TO A TALE THAT ONLY RASCALLY ROY THOMAS COULD HAVE PLOTTED, SAL BUSCEMA AND KLAUS JANSON COULD HAVE DRAWN, JOHN COSTANZA COULD HAVE LETTERED, PHIL RACHELSON COULD HAVE COLORED...

...AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE EMBATTLED BILL MANTLO GOT HANDED THE JOB TO SCRIPT. SO BE IT!

THE SON OF ODIN HATH BEEN TOO LONG GONE FROM THE REALM ETERNAL!

YET, IN MY HEART, I KNOW THAT 'TIS IN ASGARD THOR MUST SEEK THE KEY TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ODIN!

'TIS TIME THE GOD OF THUNDER RETURNED HOME!

EDITED BY: ROY THOMAS,
MARV WOLFMAN & LEN WEIN,
TRIUMVIRATE OF TAMPERERS.

ASGARD! MANY HATH
BEEN THE TIMES MINE
EYES DID REJOICE TO
SEE ONCE MORE YON
GLEAMING SPIRES!

YET NOW A PALL DOTH
SEEM TO SIT HEAVY OVER
ALL! NOWHERE DOTH THOR
HEAR THE CRASH OF ARMS
-- THE SOUNDS OF IMMORTALS
AT PLAY--

-- MY EARS
DO PERCEIVE
NO HINT OF JOY
WITHIN THE
REALM!

AND 'TIS MOST
PASSING
STRANGE THAT
THOR BE NOT
GREETED
BY FAITHFUL
HEIMDALL! 'TIS
UNTHINKABLE
THAT THE
GUARDIAN OF
THE RAINBOW
BRIDGE SHOULD
EVER BE ABSENT
FROM HIS
STATION!

WAIT! 'TIS
THE LOYAL
ONE HIMSELF THAT
DOTH E'EN NOW
TURN TOWARDS ME!

HEIMDALL! THE
GOD OF THUNDER
HATH RETURNED!

DOTH SOMEONE
CALL? HAST SOME-
ONE A SERVICE
TO BE ASKED OF
HEIMDALL?

'T WILL BE A
SMALL SERVICE,
INDEED-- FOR
THE GUARDIAN
IS NOT WHAT
ONCE HE WAS!

WHAT JEST IS THIS, LOYAL ONE?
THOU, WHO CANST HEAR A BABE
CRY IN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS
ACROSS THE COSMOS-- WHO
CANST SEE THE BEAT OF AN
INSECT'S WING THRU SPACE--

-- SURELY THOU
DOST JEST
NOW WITH
THOR!

I DO
RECOGNIZE
THY VOICE,
DIM THOUGH IT
BE ERE IT DOTH
REACH MY EARS!

THOU ART TRULY
THOR-- SON OF OUR
DEPARTED LIEGE!

NOW MAY
THERE BE
HOPE FOR
THE GOLDEN
CITADEL!

MY LORD
PRINCE!
FORGIVE ME!

FORGIVE THEE
FOR WHAT, NOBLE
HEIMDALL? HAST
THOU SHIRKED
THY POST THAT THOU
MUST NEEDS NOW
ASK ME
FORGIVENESS?

THOU WOULDST
HAVE IT-- FOR
NE'ER WOULD I
BELIEVE THAT THOU
WOULDEST DO SUCH
A THING! RISE,
FAITHFUL ONE!

RISE AND
SPEAK!



AYE-- I WILL
SPEAK, MY
PRINCE! BUT
I PRAY
THEE--

--REMEMBER THAT
HEIMDALL ONCE WAS A
FIT GUARDIAN-- WHOSE
STRENGTHS OF OBSERVANCE
DID MAKE THE WAY TO ASGARD
SAFE FROM THE FOES OF THE
ETERNAL REALM!

* EARTH--
THE GANG.

THOU ART KNOWN THROUGHOUT
ASGARD AND MIDGARD * ALIKE FOR
THY PROWESS, NOBLE ONE! 'T WAS
FOR THY SKILLS AS WELL AS FOR
THY COURAGE THAT LORD ODIN DIDST APPOINT
THEE GUARDIAN OF BIFROST!

HATH SOMETHING
CHANGED THAT
THOU SHOULDST
DOUBT THYSELF?

THOU SHOULD
ASK WHETHER
ANYTHING
HATH REMAINED
THE SAME,
MY PRINCE!
LOOK THEE--



BY THE BRISTLING
BEARD OF ODIN!
THOU CANST NOT
LIFT THY HORN!

AYE, THOR! THE
VERY CONCH WHICH
ONCE I DID SWING
EASILY TO MY LIPS
--TO WARN THY
FATHER OF FRIEND
OR FOE BEFORE
THE GATES OF
HIS CITY!

I CAN
LIFT IT NO
LONGER!



WHAT PERFDY
HATH STRIPPED
THEE OF THY
MIGHT, FAITH-
FUL ONE?

WHAT GOD
WOULD DARE
IN THE
ABSENCE OF
ODIN--?

'T WAS NO GOD,
MY PRINCE-- FOR
ALL ASGARD
IS THUS AFFLICTED!
'T IS A MALADY
THAT SPARES NONE,
GOD OF THUNDER!



I WAS TO HAVE TOLD
HEIMDALL OF THE FATE
OF HIS MOST BELOVED
SISTER-- MY LADY
SIF-- AND THAT
SHE IS NO
LONGER!

BUT SUCH A
BLOW WOULD
ONLY SERVE TO
CRUSH HIS EBBING
SPIRIT! NO-- 'T IS
BETTER THAT MY
NEWS WERE SAVED TILL
SENSE BE MADE OF THIS
INSANITY THAT DOTH
PLAGUE THE HALLS OF
ASGARD!

* SEE THOR
236-237--EDITOR.



STAND THEE READY AT THY
POST, MOST FAITHFUL HEIMDALL!
WHEN AN ACCOUNTING IS
MADE OF THE GODS-- ON
THAT DAY THY NAME
WILL RANK AMONG
THE HIGHEST!

FARE THEE WELL,
GOD OF THUNDER!
I WILL PRAY TO ODIN
THAT THE DAY OF WHICH
THOU DOST SPEAK
COMES NOT EARLIER
THAN THOU MAYEST
THINK!

AND ONCE AGAIN THE SON OF ODIN WALKS THE GLEAMING STREETS OF GOLDEN ASGARD, HOME OF THE IMMORTAL GODS!

ALL IS AS HEIMDALL DID SAY I WOULD FIND IT! DEATHLY SILENCE DOTH REIGN OVER ALL!

'TIS AS IF SOME GREATER POWER DOTH TOY WITH THE FLOWER OF ASGARD--DRAINING IT SLOWLY OF THE NECTAR OF ITS GLORY!

HOLD! CAN YON DRAWN AND LISTLESS FIGURE BE TYR-- HE WHOM MY FATHER DID NAME GOD OF WAR?

TYR! 'TIS I-- THOR!

I DO BID THEE GREETINGS!

HE DOTH NOT ANSWER! NOR DOTH HE TURN! HATH ODIN'S SELF-INFLECTED AMNESIA BEEN PASSED TO ALL THE GODS?

THE SIGHT IS THE SAME WHEREVER THE THUNDER GOD GOES. GODS AND GODDESSES STAND IDLY BY AS THE PRINCE OF THE REALM PASSES

IF HEADS TURN AT ALL... THEY JUST AS QUICKLY LOSE INTEREST IN THE STRIDING FIGURE OF THOR... AND TURN BACK AGAIN, STARING ENDLESSLY AT NOTHING AS IF NOTHING WAS ALL.

THE OPPRESSIVENESS DOTH GROW AS I DRAW NIGH THE ROYAL PALACE!

AND 'TIS THERE THAT THE POWER OF ODIN IS MOST STRONGLY FELT!

IT DOTH SEEM THAT MY FATHER'S VANISHMENT DOTH LIE AT THE ROOT OF THIS PUZZLE! BUT WHETHER IT BE THE CAUSE OR THE EFFECT IS YET TO BE KNOWN!

'TIS THAT WHICH I MUST DISCOVER IF I AM TO CAST FREE THE DUL DRUMS THAT DO HOLD FAST THE SHIP OF ASGARD!





HAST THOU NO EYES
THAT THOU DOST NOT
PERCEIVE, NOBLE
WARRIORS?

DOST THE **DECLINE**
OF ASGARD PASS
HERE, TOO, **UN-**
NOTICED BY ALL
SAVE **THOR**?

THY WORDS DO
TROUBLE THE
HEART OF VALIANT
VOLSTASS, ODIN-
SON! 'TIS AS IF THEY
DO STIR A **VEIL** THAT
HATH BEEN DRAWN
BEFORE MY **EYES**!

'TIS NAUGHT
BUT **HUNGER** STIR-
RING WITHIN THEE,
PONDEROUS ONE!

YET **MANY**
HAVE COMPLAINED
TO ME OF LATE
OF AN OVERRIDING
FATIGUE! IF ONLY MY
THOUGHTS WOULD
CEASE FLITTING LIKE
IRREPRESSIBLE
INSECTS I WOULDST
PRESCRIBE A **POTION**..



'ERE NOW 'T'WAS
ONLY A **SUSPICION**
I DID ENTERTAIN--
THAT MY LIEGE-
LORD'S **DEPAR-**
TURE WAS
DRAINING ALL
ASGARD OF
ITS WILL!

NOW 'TIS
PLAIN
THAT
'TIS
MORE
THAN
SUSPICION!
'TIS **FACT**!



THE NEST IS SURELY
BEING **ROBBED**--
AND THE **COSMIC**
JEST OF IT IS--

--THAT THOSE
LEFT TO **GUARD**
THE ROOST KNOW
NOT OF THE
PLUNDER TAKING
PLACE BEFORE
THEIR **HOOD-**
ED EYES!

'TIS A **JEST**
THAT **ENDETH**
NOW!



SO SAYETH
THOR--

SO SHALL
IT BE!

HAST THOU
TAKEN LEAVE
OF THY **SENSES**,
THUNDER GOD?

THY **HAMMER** DOETH
FLY AT YON SACRED
IMAGE OF THY
FATHER!

'TIS NOT MY
SENSES THAT
HAVE TAKEN
LEAVE, FAIR
FANDRAL--



--'TIS **THINE**! THAT THOU
CANST NOT SEE THE **DANGER**
IN THY PRESENT STATE OF
MIND **ATTESTS** IT!



YOU TOY WITH WORDS,
THUNDER GOD! BUT
THY **ACTIONS** BREATHE
BLASPHEMY!

--AND NOT SOME
DAMNABLE **TRICK** OF
THY BROTHER
LOKI!

IN **TRUTH**, I DO BEGIN TO
QUESTION WHETHER THOU
ART **THOR**--

'TIS **THOR**, **FANDRAL**-- OF
THAT THERE CAN BE NO
DOUBT. COULD ANY BUT
THE SON OF ODIN WIELD
MIGHTY **MJOLNIR**?

REST YOUR THOUGHTS
ON THAT ACCOUNT,
GRIM ONE! VERILY, 'TIS
THOR WHO STANDS
READY BEFORE THEE!

THEN, IF THOU ART THOR-- 'TIS **MADNESS** THAT WE **FACE!** ONLY SOME EVIL **SPELL** COULDST CAUSE THEE TO **ATTACK US--** WE WHO ART THY **FRIENDS!**

AND, IN THE FACE OF **MAGIC**, VOLSTAGG IS **POWERLESS!** I'LL STAND ME **BACK**, BROTHERS-- AND CONCEIVE **NEWER STRATEGIES** FOR RETURNING OUR PRINCE TO HIS **RIGHT MIND!**

STAND THEE **FAR BACK**, QUIVERING ONE! THY **SHADOW** DULLS THE **GLEAM** OF FANDRAL'S **BLADE!**

HOGUN'S **POUNDING MACE** WILL TAKE THY PLACE, THOU **OVERSTUFFED CABBAGE!**

THOU DOST **ATTACK??**

CLEARLY, THEN, THO' THY ALERTNESS HATH BEEN SAPPED BY WHATEVER **POWER** DOTH DRAIN THE **LIFE-FORCE** FROM WEAKENING **ASGARD--**

--THY **STRENGTH** HATH NOT BEEN **IMPAIRED!** IT DOTH **PAIN ME** TO STRIKE AT THEE, **WARRIOR--**

KHAM!

--BUT I **FEAR 'TIS** THE **ONLY** WAY TO OPEN THINE **EYES** TO THAT WHICH IS **BEFORE** THEM--

--BUT THAT WHICH THEY DO **NOT SEE!**

THOU DOST CLUTCH AT THINE **HEADS**, AS IF THE **SICKNESS** HAD CHOSEN **THERE** TO LODGE!

MY THOUGHTS DO **WHIRL** AS IF CAUGHT IN THE **GRIPS** OF A **MAELSTROM--**

--MY **HEAD** DOTH **SCREAM!**

AND WHEN THE **WHIRLING STOPS**.

THOR! MY LORD!

FORGIVE US! WE DID NOT KNOW--!

I'LL NOT OFFER FORGIVENESS AGAIN THIS DAY--AND THOU HAST NO NEED OF IT, LOYAL ONES! MUCH HATH CHANGED IN THE REALM--

--AND

METHINKS I HAVE BEEN GONE TOO LONG.



WHAT OF THE LADY SIF, MILORD? HATH SHE RETURNED AS WELL?



AYE, PRINCE! AS THOU DOST WELL KNOW--

--TO TEACH HIMSELF THAT E'EN THE LORD OF ALL MUST NEEDS KNOW HUMILITY--

THE GOD OF THUNDER DOESN'T ANSWER--AND HIS THOUGHTS FLOW BACK TO THE CEREMONY WHEREIN SIF TRANSFERRED HER LIFE-ESSENCE INTO THE DYING FORM OF JANE FOSTER--



--AND WHEN THE CEREMONY WAS DONE, THE GODDESS SIF WAS NO MORE.*

*THOR #236-238--US AGAIN.

NAY, FANDRAL! MILADY SIF HATH NOT RETURNED! SHE HATH CHOSEN--ANOTHER PATH!



BUT 'TIS NOT NOW THE TIME TO SPEAK OF THAT! WHAT OF ODIN? IS ANYTHING KNOWN OF MY FATHER?

--OUR LIEGE DID CAST A SPELL OF FORGETFULNESS UPON HIMSELF THAT HE MIGHT WALK AMONG HUMANITY WITHOUT THE PRIDE OF A GOD!



ALL THIS I DO KNOW, VIZIER--AND KNOW I ALSO THAT IF ODIN BE NOT FOUND--



--'T'WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE ASSGARD'S FOES DO SENSE OUR WEAKNESS AND RISE UP AGAINST THE REALM ETERNAL!

AND THO' WE MAY FACE TROLLS--E'EN THE FIRE-DEMON SURTUR HIMSELF--

--'TIS MY EVIL HALF--BROTHER LOKI WHOM I DO FEAR ABOVE ALL! THOU CANST BE SURE HE WILL NOT LONG O'ERLOOK OUR PRESENT PERIL--AND HE WILL BE SWIFT TO TURN IT TO HIS OWN DESIGNS!

"AND WHERE THAT MAY LEAD, NONE CAN YET SAY! BUT TO THIS WILL THOR SWEAR--"

"THE DAY MY BROTHER DOTHT SIT UPON THE THRONE OF ASSGARD-- 'TIS THAT DAY THAT WILL HERALD THE COMING OF RAG-NAROK!"

"THE END OF GODS AND MAN ALIKE!"

NEVER! AS LONG AS THERE BE LIFE IN FANDRAL-- **SUCH EVIL WILL NOT BE!**

THY WORDS ECHO THE CRY THAT DOTHT LEAP TO VOLSTAGG'S TONGUE!

'TIS MORE THAN LIKELY INDIGESTION, THOU BLIMP!

YET, HOGUN ALSO STANDS READY, THUNDER GOD! IF ASSGARD FALLS HER ENEMIES WILL PAY A PRETTY PRICE!

THOU HAST SUCCEEDED, AS I DID PRINCE! THEY DO THROW OFF THEIR UNNATURAL LETHARGY AND PREPARE, AS OF OLD, TO MEET WHATE'ER FOE DOTHT THREATEN THE REALM!

YET, UNLESS ODIN BE FOUND-- I FEAR THEY WILL LAPSE AGAIN!

I DO SENSE TRUTH IN THY WORDS, MY LORD! 'TIS PLAIN TO ME NOW THAT, IN SOME UNFORE-SEEN MANNER, THE POWER OF THE REALM DOTHT HANG IN BALANCE--

--WITH THE POWER OF THY FATHER! HIS WHERE-ABOUTS MUST BE ASCERTAINED!

STAND THEE BACK, WARRIORS! 'TIS NOT THE STRENGTH OF THY SINEWS THAT THE REALM DOTHT CALL UPON NOW!

'TIS ANOTHER STRENGTH! ONE FOR-BIDDEN LEST THERE BE DIRE DANGER THREATENING THE VERY REIGN OF THE ALL-FATHER HIMSELF!

BACK! BACK WHILST I DO CALL UPON THE FAR-SEEING HEAD OF MIMIR!

'TIS NOT LIGHTLY CALLED UPON, GODLINGS--AND HE HATH NOT ANSWERED A SUMMONS FROM ANY SAVE ODIN FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL!



'T WAS AT THE ROOT OF THE TREE OF THE WORLD--YGDASIL-- THAT ODIN DID KNEEL BEFORE THE MIMIS-BRUNNEN-- THE WELL OF WISDOM-- AND BARTER FOR KNOWLEDGE FROM THE GIANT WHO DID GUARD THE WELL!

AND KNOWLEDGE WAS GIVEN HE WHO WAS TO BE FATHER OF US ALL--

--BUT OF THE FEARFUL PRICE NONE MAY KNOW OR SPEAK-- FOR THAT IS ODIN'S WISH! WATCH-- WARRIORS--



--HE DOTHT APPEAR!

MY PRINCE! SOMETHING STIRS IN THE FLAMES!

'TIS RAGNAROK! IT COULDN'T NOT WAIT FOR ME TO DIE IN BATTLE!



THAT THOU NEED NEVER FEAR!

'TIS A FACE! YET IT DOTHT BURN WITH THE LIGHT OF A THOUSAND STARS!

WHO DARES SUMMON THE GUARDIAN OF THE WELL?



WHO DARES SUMMON MIMIR?

'TIS THOR-- GOD OF THUNDER-- WHO DARES! THOU DIDST GIVE KNOWLEDGE TO MY FATHER AT THE DAWN OF TIME!



NOW 'TIS THE SON OF ODIN WHO DOTHT ASK THEE FOR THY GIFT AGAIN-- THAT ASGARD MAY NOT PERISH IN FLAMES!

MIMIR DOES KNOW THEE, SCION OF GREATNESS!

ASK AND THOU SHALT HAVE THAT WISDOM THOU DOST DESIRE!

TELL US THEN OF ODIN, GREAT ONE!

WHAT HATH BEFALLEN MY FATHER?

PRAY THAT HE TELL THEE QUICKLY, MY PRINCE!



"SILENCE, TOAD! GAZE THEE WITHIN MY FLAME, SON OF ASSGARD! THERE THOU WILL SEE THY FATHER!"

THE FLAME GIVES WAY TO AN IMAGE OF CALIFORNIA, AND THE BEGINNINGS OF UNIONIZED LABOR IN THE VINEYARDS OF THE WEST COAST.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, JUDITH! THESE MEN WORK FOR OTHER MEN-- YET THEY BE NOT REPAID WHEN 'TIS TIME TO GIVE THEM THEIR DUE!

IT'S CALLED CAPITALISM, ORRIN! THAT'S THE ONLY ANSWER I CAN GIVE YOU!

IT IS THE VINEYARDS TO WHICH ODIN HAS COME, HIS GODHOOD FORGOTTEN--AND IT IS THERE THAT HE SEES THAT THE PASSIONS OF MEN--

--ARE NOT VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE PASSIONS OF GODS!

THOU DOST SEEK TO HARM THY FELLOW FOR CLAIMING THAT WHICH BE RIGHTFULLY HIS--

--THOU ART TRULY MAD!

WAY TO GO, ORRIN! COMBACH'S GOONS ARE ON THE RUN!

STRIKE

BUT IT WASN'T THE WORKERS THAT CAUSED THE STRIKE--BREAKERS TO FLEE! IT WAS SOMETHING MORE--

--SOMETHING TOTALLY UNBELIEVABLE!

HOLY SMOKES! IT--IT'S A PYRAMID GROWIN' LIKE VESUVIUS IN THE MIDDLE O' THE GROVES!

MY FATHER! WHAT HATH BECOME OF ODIN?

'TIS MADNESS-- YET, THERE HE BE NOW!

CLIMBING THE STEPS OF YON PYRAMID AS IF HE BE ENTRANCED!

FOLLOWING THREE FIGURES WHO E'EN NOW DOTH TURN AND BID HIM ENTER AS THEY DISAPPEAR WITHIN!

THOU HATH EXPLAINED NOTHING, MIMIR!

HAVE A CARE, ODIN-SON! 'TIS NOT MY PART TO EXPLAIN-- MERELY TO OFFER WISDOM, THAT OTHERS MAY PARTAKE OF THAT WHICH THEY WISH!

OFFER ON THEN! THOR MUST NEEDS KNOW MORE!



--OF
OTHER
GODS!

AS THOU DOST
WISH,
THUNDER-GOD--

--'T'WILL BE
GIVEN!
LEARN THEE
NOW--



"T'WAS IN A PLACE CALLED EGYPT THAT MEN
DID GIVE BIRTH TO GODS--AND GODS TO
MEN!"

"OSIRIS DID REIGN O'ER
ALL--HIS LADY ISIS BESIDE HIM--
AND THEIR FALCON-SON HORUS
DID WALK PROUD AS PRINCE OF
THE GOLDEN REALM--
HELIOPOLIS!"

"AND IN THE SHADOWS DID
WALK SETH--HALF-BROTHER TO
HORUS AND SERPENT-GOD OF DEATH!"



"TIS TOLD THAT SETH DIDST SLAY HIS
FATHER--HACKING OSIRIS INTO FOURTEEN
PIECES WHILE HE DID SLEEP--



--AND CASTING
THE PIECES ABOUT
THE LAND OF
EGYPT FROM
WHENCE DID COME
THE FLOOD AND
THE GROWTH
THAT DID MAKE
OSIRIS FOR-
EVERMORE THE
GOD OF VEG-
ETATION!"

"LONG DID HIS LADY SEARCH FOR
HIM--AND AT LAST WAS OSIRIS
FOUND AND REVIVED BY MAGIC OF
WHICH THE GODS NO LONGER KNOW!"



SETH MUST
BE FOUND.
MY SON! THE
TASK IS
THINE!

IT IS A TASK I DO NOT
WELCOME, FATHER--
BUT NEITHER DO I
SHIRK FROM IT!

THE FALCON WILL FIND
HIS BROTHER! THE PRINCE
OF HEAVEN WILL BATTLE
THE LORD OF DEATH!

"LONG DID HORUS SEEK FOR
SETH--AND IN THE END SETH
WAS FOUND!"

WELCOME, BROTHER!
WHY DO YOU SEEK
DEATH SO FERVENTLY?

KNOW YOU NOT
THAT HE COMES
TO ALL IN TIME?

I HAVE NO
WORDS
FOR YOU, MY
BROTHER!

I COME
ONLY FOR
YOUR HEAD!

"LONG DID HEAVEN AND
HELL DO BATTLE--

"--YET EVER DID HORUS WIN
OVER THE DOOM THAT WAS
HIS BROTHER!

"DYNASTIES CAME AND WENT!
KINGDOMS ROSE AND FELL--
YET STILL DID LIFE AND
DEATH MAKE HOLY WAR
UPON EACH OTHER!

"TILL AT LAST SETH TRIUMPH--THRU
BASE TREACHERY-- AND THE LAND OF
EGYPT DID FALL TO RUINS BEFORE THE
MIGHT OF CONQUERING ROME AT A SEA-
PORT NAMED ACTIUM!

"AS OCTAVIUS CAESAR DEFEATED ANTHONY
-- AND THE ASP DID SINK ITS DRIPPING
FANGS INTO CLEOPATRA--

"--SO TOO DID
HORUS FALL
BENEATH THE
FINAL ATTACK
OF SETH!"

YOU ARE DONE,
MY FAMILY! DEATH
NOW REIGNS
SUPREME!

YET IT IS DEATH'S WISH THAT
YOU LIVE-- FOREVER SEALED
WITHIN THE PYRAMID OF KINGS,
FAR BELOW THE BURNING
DESERT SANDS!

UNTIL THE DAY WHEN
ATUM-RE-- THE FATHER
OF THE GODS RETURN
TO EARTH! AND THAT
DAY-- I PROMISE
YOU--

-- WILL
NEVER
COME!

I CAN SAY NO MORE!
THERE IS THAT ABOUT
THE PYRAMID WHICH
E'EN THE EYES OF
WISDOM CANNOT
PENETRATE!

BUT 'TIS THERE THOU MUST
NEEDS GO TO SEEK THY
FATHER!

THOR
THANKS
THEE,
GUARDIAN!
THOU HAST
FUL-
FUL-
FILLED
ALL I DID
ASK OF
THEE!





AYE, MORTAL! THE UNKNOWN DOTH EVER GO UNPREPARED FOR!

AS TO THEE, JANE FOSTER! THERE BE OTHER MEANS OF COMMUNICATION FAR SURPASSING TELEVISION!

YOU'RE HERE, THOR! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!



NOT TO ME IT AIN'T! I KNOW YOU GOT AN A-I AVENGER'S PRIORITY, GOLDBLOCKS! BUT THIS IS MY SHOW AND IT'S GONNA BE RUN IN TIGHT MILITARY FASHION!

THOU KNOWEST NOT WHEREOF THOU DOST SPEAK MORTAL!

AND THY TONE DOST SMACK OF DISRESPECT!

WHAT MUST NEEDS BE DONE, MILADY!

MY FATHER BE NOT HIS TRUE SELF-- 'TIS EVIDENCED BY THE MANNER IN WHICH HE DID ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE ENTRANCED!



THOR! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?!

HEY--!



SO THOR MUST ACT FOR ODIN!

THO' THIS EDIFICE BE OF SOLID STONE AND ITS ROOTS SUNK THRU THE EARTH--

WHROOM!

-- 'TIS WITHIN IT THAT MY LORD WILL BE FOUND!



THUS 'TIS WITHIN THAT THOR MUST GO TO SEEK HIM OUT!

MJOLNIR HATH DONE ITS WORK! A PORTAL DOST APPEAR NEAR THE APEX OF THE STRUCTURE! A FIGURE DOTH EMERGE!



MY ENEMY DOTH REVEAL HIMSELF!

OUR PRISON RESOUNDS FROM THE FORCE OF YOUR BLOW, WARRIOR!

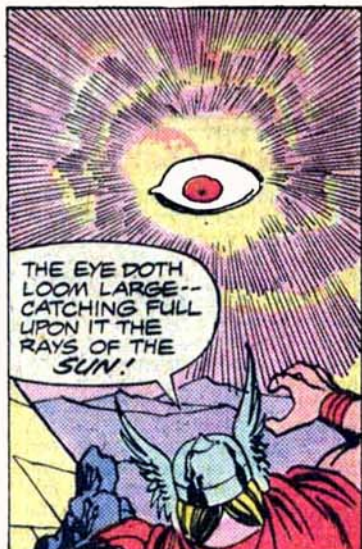
WE MEANT NO HARM-- YET WE ARE ATTACKED WITHOUT REASON! I CANNOT ALLOW ANOTHER SUCH INTERRUPTION AT THE PRESENT TIME!



GAZE INTO THE EYE OF HORUS, WARRIOR! KNOW IN TIMES GONE BY THAT ITS POWER IS THAT OF DISTURBANCE!

IT HAS BEEN MANY CENTURIES SINCE THE EYE HAS BEEN EMPLOYED--

--BUT I THINK ITS POWER HAS NOT DIMINISHED!



THE EYE DOTH LOOM LARGE-- CATCHING FULL UPON IT THE RAYS OF THE SUN!



MY LIMBS DO TREMBLE-- THEY REFUSE TO OBEY THE COMMANDS OF MY WILL!

ALL IS CHAOS WITHIN MY MIND!



I LACK E'EN THE STRENGTH TO GRASP MJOLNIR--



--AND IF MY URU HAMMER BE DROPPED--THEN IN A MINUTE'S TIME I REVERT TO MY MORTAL GUISE AND ALL WILL BE LOST!

NAY! IT MUST NOT BE!



THOR IS THOR-- AND MAY NOT BE TOYED WITH IN SUCH A MANNER!

THOR IS GOD OF THUNDER!

KRAK T!



AND HIS WILL IS HIS OWN!

YOUR STRENGTH IS AMAZING, WARRIOR! CLOUDS DO COVER THE EYE--

--AND IT RETURNS TO HORUS! YOU HAVE PACIFIED THE TEMPEST I SOUGHT TO IMPOSE UPON YOU!

BUT HORUS IS NOT YET DONE!

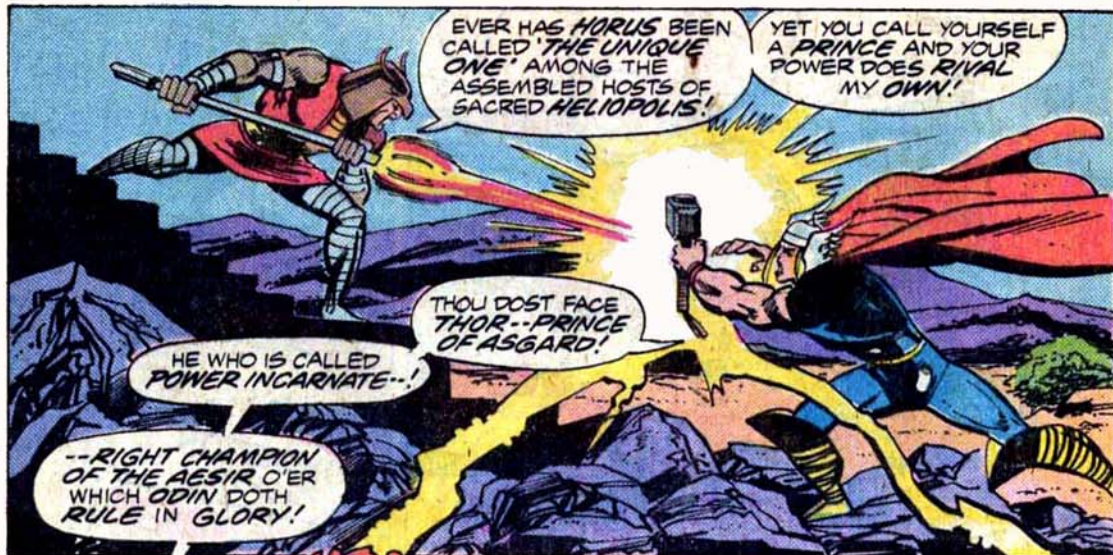


THE CEREMONY WITHIN MUST NOT BE HALTED!



TASTE NOW THE POWER OF THE FALCON-PRINCE! DRINK OF THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN!

'TIS MY ENCHANTED MALLET THAT WILL DRINK OF THY WEAPON'S RAYS!



EVER HAS HORUS BEEN CALLED 'THE UNIQUE ONE' AMONG THE ASSEMBLED HOSTS OF SACRED HELIOPOLIS!

YET YOU CALL YOURSELF A PRINCE AND YOUR POWER DOES RIVAL MY OWN!

THOU DOST FACE THOR--PRINCE OF ASGARD!

HE WHO IS CALLED POWER INCARNATE--!

--RIGHT CHAMPION OF THE AESIR O'ER WHICH ODIN DOTH RULE IN GLORY!



AND 'TIS ODIN THOU HAST IMPRISONED WITHIN THY TOMB!

WHATE'ER YOUR PURPOSE! WHATE'ER YOUR PLAN!

SUCH AN ACT OF INFAMY SHALL NOT GO UNRIGHTED!

THY WEAPON IS DESTROYED, PRINCE OF EGYPT! WILT THOU NOW GIVE WAY BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THOR?

I FEAR WE MUST BATTLE, FELLOW PRINCE, THOUGH MY HEART IS NOT IN THE STRUGGLE!



I MAY NOT LET YOU ENTER--EVEN IF YOUR QUEST BE A JUST ONE! THERE IS TOO MUCH AT STAKE!

THOU ART A NOBLE FOE, FALCON-LORD! 'TIS NOT MY WISH TO SEE THEE THROWN DOWN--

--YET 'TIS MY WISH TO SEE MY FATHER FREED FROM WITHIN THAT WHICH THOU DOST CALL THY PRISON!



HOLD, INTRUDER! STAY THY HAND!

I DO KNOW THAT VOICE!

OSIRIS! ISIS! THEN THE CEREMONY IS OVER!

YES, PRINCE! IT IS OVER!



FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT, PILGRIMS, TUNE IN NEXT MONTH WHEN--

THE DEATH-SHIP SAILS THE STARS!