

THOR

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THE  
MIGHTY

# THOR®

FOR DARING  
TO INVADE  
**VALHALLA,**  
THUNDER GOD--  
THY LIFE IS  
**FORFEIT!**

AND  
**HELA,**  
DARK GODDESS  
OF **DEATH,**  
HEREBY CLAIMS  
HER **PRIZE!!**

IF THIS BE  
**DEATH!!**





When lame Dr. DONALD BLAKE strikes his wooden walking stick upon the ground, it becomes the mystic mallet MJOLNIR—and Blake is transformed into the Norse God of Thunder, Master of the Storm and the Lightning, Heir to the Throne of Immortal Asgard...

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

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# TO HELA AND BACK

THERE IS  
A STORM  
BREWING.

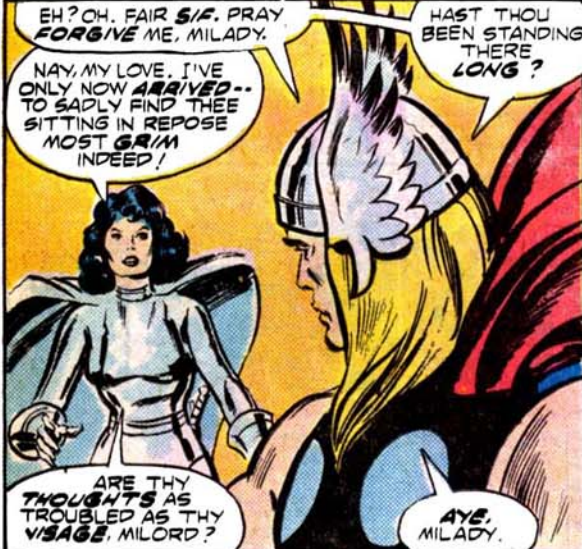
AYE, EVEN THOUGH HE WHO IS  
ITS RIGHTFUL LORD AND  
MASTER SITS BROODING IN  
SOLENN SOLITUDE, THERE IS  
A RAGING TEMPEST BREW-  
ING THAT MAY SOON THREATEN  
TO SWEEP WORLDS AWAY  
BEFORE IT--

--FOR IT IS A  
TEMPEST  
BREWING  
BEHIND THE  
THUNDER  
GOD'S OWN  
ANGRY AZURE  
EYES!

MILORD  
THOR?

MAY I SPEAK  
WITH THEE,  
BELOYED?







HAST THOU  
LOCATED THE  
ALL-FATHER  
YET, VIZIER?

FOR DAYS NOW,  
THUNDER GOD, I  
HAVE STUDIED THE  
STARS, AND SOUGHT  
IN DARK SHADOWS  
FOR THE ANSWER  
THOU DOST DESPER-  
ATELY SEEK--!

AND...?

AND I FEAR I HAVE  
DISCOVERED NAUGHT, MILORD  
UPON ALL THE MANY SPHERES  
AND PLANETS KNOWN TO  
THOSE OF IMMORTAL ASGARD--

NOT A TRACE?  
THEN DOST THOU  
THINK--? COULD  
IT BE--?

IS THE NOBLE  
ODIN TRULY...  
DEAD?

--NO TRACE  
CAN THERE BE  
FOUND OF  
ALMIGHTY  
ODIN!

THOUGH MY VERY SOUL DOTH  
SHRIVEL WITHIN ME AT THE THOUGHT,  
MY PRINCE... AYE, 'TIS POSSIBLE!

BUT WHO MAY  
SAY FOR CERTAIN  
WHEN EVEN MINE  
OWN ARCANES  
POWERS CANNOT  
PIERCE THE VEIL  
THAT HIDES  
VALHALLA--

--THE DREADED  
DIMENSION OF  
DEATH!

THEN, VERILY, I HAVE  
NO CHOICE BUT TO GO  
TO THAT DARK DOMAIN--

--AND LEARN  
THE ANSWER  
FOR MYSELF!

NAY,  
MY LOVE--  
THOU  
SPEAKEST  
MADNESS!

'TIS TRUE, THOR. OFTEN  
HATH THE DEATH-GODDESS  
HELA SOUGHT TO CLAIM  
THEE! WHY OFFER THYSELF  
TO HER NOW?

IF THE ALL-FATHER  
TRULY BE SLAIN,  
MILORD-- THY  
PEOPLE SHALL HAVE  
ALL THE MORE NEED  
OF THEE!

NOT TO MENTION  
THY LOVING LADY  
SIF!

I HAVE NO CHOICE, MY  
FRIENDS! THOR IS  
NAUGHT IF NOT HIS  
FATHER'S SON...

...AND A  
PRINCE MAY  
NOT SHRINK  
HIS APPOINTED  
DUTY!

IT IS A SAD-EYED ASSEMBLAGE THAT GATHERS  
TO BID THE THUNDER GOD FAREWELL...

MERELY SAY THE WORD,  
FRIEND THOR-- AND THE  
MIGHTY SWORD OF  
VOLSTAGG IS  
THINE TO  
COMMAND!

SO SAY WE  
ALL, MIGHTY  
ONE!

THE LIVES  
OF DASHING  
FANDRAL AND  
GRIM HOGUN  
ARE DEVOTED  
TO THY  
SERVICE!





AS EVER, THY  
LOYALTY  
TOUCHES MY  
HEART, FRIEND  
FANDRAL-- BUT  
THIS BE A TASK  
FOR MYSELF  
ALONE!

THE REALM ETERNAL SHALL  
REQUIRE MEN OF THY  
DEVOTION SHOULD I FAIL TO  
RETURN FROM MY QUEST!

THEN GO IN  
GLORY, THUNDER  
GOD--

-- AND  
KNOW THAT  
THE FIGHTING  
HEARTS OF  
THY FRIENDS  
GO WITH  
THEE!



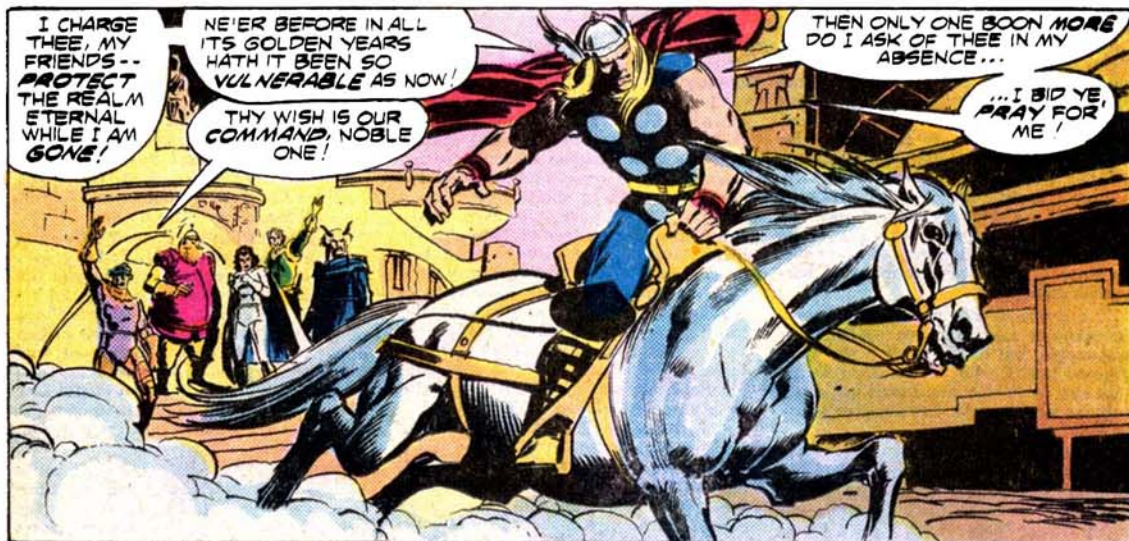
AS DOTH THE BROKEN  
HEART OF SIF, MILORD.

IF THERE DOTH  
BE ANY JUSTICE--  
ANY MERCY-- IN  
THIS COLD UNIVERSE,  
THOU SHALT  
RETURN TO  
ME!

THOU  
MUST  
RETURN  
TO ME!

I SHALL  
TRY,  
MILADY!

BY  
ALL THE  
GODS--  
I SHALL  
TRY!



I CHARGE  
THEE, MY  
FRIENDS--  
PROTECT  
THE REALM  
ETERNAL  
WHILE I AM  
GONE!

NE'ER BEFORE IN ALL  
ITS GOLDEN YEARS  
HATH IT BEEN SO  
VULNERABLE AS NOW!

THY WISH IS OUR  
COMMAND, NOBLE  
ONE!

THEN ONLY ONE BOON MORE  
DO I ASK OF THEE IN MY  
ABSENCE...

...I BID YE,  
PRAY FOR  
ME!



THEN, WITH A SOLEMN PLEDGE UPON HIS  
LIPS, THE GOD OF THUNDER RIDES OUT  
OF THE GOLDEN CITY-- AND INTO THE  
MOUNTAIN MISTS!

VERILY, THE JOURNEY  
TO VALHALLA BE A  
TREACHEROUS ONE--

-- BUT 'TIS A JOURNEY  
THAT MUST BE TAKEN IF  
OMNIPOTENT ODIN IS TO  
BE FOUND!



INDEED, I WOULD RIDE WILLINGLY  
INTO THE FIERY JAWS OF FAENIR  
THE DRAGON IF IT WOULD LEAD  
ME TO THE ONE I SEEK!

FOR 'TIS A  
FORCE FAR  
STRONGER  
THAN DUTY  
THAT DOTH  
URGE ME  
EVER  
ONWARD--

-- 'TIS THE  
ALL-ABIDING  
LOVE OF A  
FAITHFUL SON  
FOR HIS NOBLE  
FATHER!



BEHOLD, BRAVE STEED-- THE MISTS OF MIDNIGHT NOW DOTH SWIRL ABOUT US!

THIS THEN SHALL BE THE TEST OF THE THUNDER GOD'S COURAGE! FOR ONCE I PASS THRU THESE RAVAGING WINDS, THERE IS NAUGHT THAT WILL STAY ME FROM VALHALLA--

--AND FROM A CONFRONTATION WITH DEATH ITSELF!

FEAR NOT THE FEARSOME HOWLING, GOOD HORSE. THOR SHALL LEAD THEE SAFELY THRU THIS SOUND AND FURY.

I PRAY THEE-- MOVE ON! TOGETHER WE WILL GO WHERE NO LIVING MAN OR GOD HATH EVER DARED TO TREAD BEFORE!

THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK NOW, STEED!

BEFORE US STANDS THE GOLDEN BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE WORLDS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD, LINED WITH THE SHIELDS OF THOSE BRAVE WARRIORS FALLEN IN BATTLE, GLEAMING WITH A BRILLIANCE BEYOND MORTAL KEN--!

I EXPECTED ONE DAY TO WALK THIS GLITTERING PATH, NOBLE STEED-- BUT NEVER DID I DREAM IT WOULD BE SO SOON!

LOOK THERE, BRAVE HORSE! THE TOWERING HILLS OF VALHALLA AT LAST LOOM BEFORE US--

IT'S THERE WE MUST TRAVEL, HORSE-- IF WE ARE TO FIND THE NOBLE...

--WHERE THE MOST PARING AND MOST GALLANT WARRIORS OF ALL ARE SAID TO BE MAJESTICALLY MARSHALLED IN ENDLESS ARRAY!

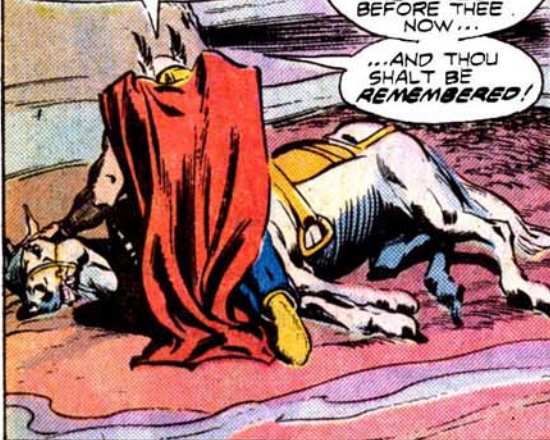
EH? MY STEED TOPPLES--AS IF STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW--!



VERILY, IT DOTTH SEEM  
THE ALL-CONSUMING **FEAR**  
WAS TOO MUCH FOR THIS  
VALIANT BEAST'S STOUT  
HEART TO **ENDURE!**

REST THEE WELL,  
THOU GOOD AND  
FAITHFUL STEED,  
THOU HAST NAUGHT  
BUT VERDANT  
**PASTURES**  
BEFORE THEE  
NOW...

...AND THOU  
SHALT BE  
**REMEMBERED!**



IT  
REMAINS FOR  
THOR **ALONE**  
NOW TO  
CONTINUE THE  
QUEST FOR  
**ODIN--**

--AND  
TRULY DO I  
SWEAR THAT  
NOT EVEN  
**DEATH** SHALL  
STOP ME!



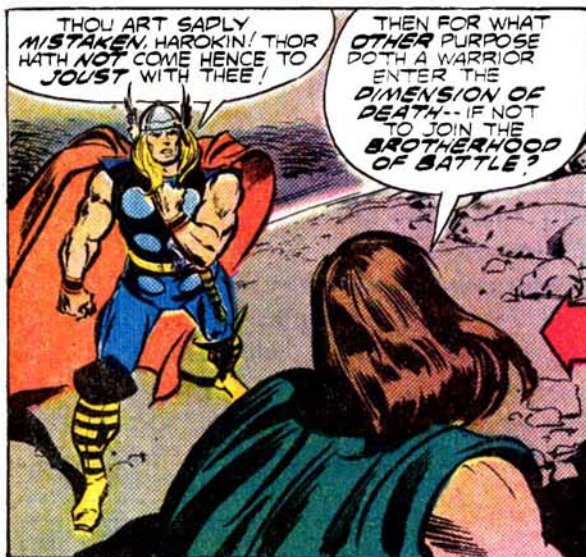
STILL THE SAME  
SOUR-HUMORED  
**THUNDER GOD**, AY?  
ONE WOULD THINK  
THE JOURNEY TO  
VALHALLA SHOULD  
HAVE **RELEASED**  
THEE FROM ALL  
THY WORLDLY  
**WOES!**

**ODIN'S**  
**BLOOD!**  
THOU  
ART...



THOU ART SADLY  
**MISTAKEN**, HAROKIN! THOR  
HATH **NOT** COME HENCE TO  
**JOUST** WITH THEE!

THEN FOR WHAT  
**OTHER PURPOSE**  
DOTH A WARRIOR  
ENTER THE  
**DIMENSION OF**  
**DEATH--** IF NOT  
TO JOIN THE  
**BROTHERHOOD**  
OF **BATTLE?**



I AM **HAROKIN THE**  
**BARBARIAN**, THY ONCE-  
AND- FORMER **FOE**!--

--AND  
GLADLY DO  
I **WELCOME**  
THEE TO THIS  
**BOLD COMPANY**,  
ASGARDIAN!

SOOTH, BUT  
WE SHALL FIGHT  
**BATTLES** BOTH  
WILD AND  
WONDERFUL  
NOW THAT **THOU**  
HAST JOINED  
US!



\*AS WITNESSED BACK IN THOR #129-133.--LEN.











**SURRENDER,  
THUNDER  
GOD? I THINK  
NOT!**

**RATHER WE SHALL  
BATTLE ALL THE MORE  
FIERCELY--**

**FOOL!**

**--UNTIL THOU  
DOST FINALLY  
DEIGN TO JOIN  
US!**

**WHILE WE  
CONTINUE THIS  
SENSELESS COMBAT,  
THE REALM ETERNAL  
DOTH TOTTER ON  
THE VERY  
BRINK OF  
DESPAIR--**

**--FOR WANT OF  
ITS RIGHTFUL LORD  
AND MASTER!**

**BUT THOR HATH  
SWORN TO FIND  
THE MISSING  
ALL-FATHER--**

**--AND NOTHING  
SHALL MAKE ME  
BREAK MY  
SOLEMN VOW!**

**I WARN  
THEE, WARRIORS  
--REMAIN  
WHERE THOU  
HAST FALLEN  
LEST...  
EH?**

**BY THE  
GOLDEN  
SPIRES! IT  
CANNOT  
BE--!**

**"THERE--ATOP THAT  
ROCKY KNOLL--A  
SHADOWY FIGURE  
DOTH SURVEY THE  
FIELD OF BATTLE--**

**"--A FIGURE MY  
POOR TORTURED  
HEART DOTH  
RECOGNIZE--!"**

**ALMIGHTY  
ODIN!**

**BY ALL THE GODS--  
CAN IT TRULY BE  
THEE?**



**B**UT ERE THE GOD OF THUNDER CAN LEARN THE ANSWER TO THAT ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION, WE MUST RETURN FOR A MOMENT TO THE PALACE IMPERIAL OF GOLDEN ASGARD--

--WHERE OTHER QUESTIONS ARE CRYING TO BE ASKED...



DOST THOU THINK THERE BE ANY HOPE FOR THE VALIANT THOR'S SURVIVAL, KARNILLA?

WHERE THERE BE LIFE BALDER-- THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ROOM FOR HOPE!

WE'VE NO RECOURSE BUT TO WAIT AND SEE!

YET WAITING CAN OFTIMES BE THE MOST TERRIBLE TASK OF ALL, NORN QUEEN.

THIS DO I KNOW, BRAVE BALDER... ALL TOO WELL.

VERILY, THE REAL M'ETERNAL OWE THEE THANKS FOR AIDING US IN BATTLE 'GAINST THE MONSTROUS MANGOG-- BUT THY WORK HERE IS DONE, KARNILLA!

WHY DOST THOU REMAIN?

\*THESE THREE ISSUES PAST-- LEN.



THE QUEEN OF THE NORNS NEEDS EXPLAIN HERSELF TO NO ONE, ASGARDIAN! THOU WOULDST DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT!

IN TRUTH, WITCH-WOMAN, I SAY THEE...

STILL, ART THOU TRULY THAT ANXIOUS FOR KARNILLA TO TAKE HER LEAVE?

...NAY!



WHILE, BACK IN VALHALLA...

WHY DOST THOU STAND THUS MOTIONLESS, MY LIEGE? DOST THOU NOT RECOGNIZE ME?

'TIS THOR, THY MOST DEVOTED SON! I HAVE COME TO TAKE THEE AWAY FROM THIS CRUEL AND CURSED LAND!

I HAVE COME TO TAKE THEE... HOME!



NAY, THUNDER GOD!

THOU SHALT DO NOTHING OF THE KIND--

-- NOT SO LONG AS MIGHTY HAROKIN DOTH STAND TO OPPOSE THEE!



ERE THOU CANST HOPE TO LEAVE VALHALLA, THOU MUST EARN THE RIGHT--

THRAK!

--IN SAVAGE COMBAT!





AND IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, THERE BE NONE MORE SAVAGE THAN HAROKIN!

ONCE DID HAROKIN BESEECH THEE TO LEAD THE AWESOME HOSTS OF VALHALLA\*-- BUT NEVER AGAIN!

**BROK!**

\*IN THOR #154 --KNOW-IT-ALL LEN.

NOW, IT DOETH SEEM, THOU ART FIT ONLY TO SERVE ME!



THE SON OF ODIN SERVES NO MAN, BARBARIAN-- SAVE HIS OWN OMNIPOTENT FATHER!

THOU HAST TAKEN CONCERN FOR MY SUFFERING LIEGE AS A SIGN OF WEAKNESS, HAROKIN--



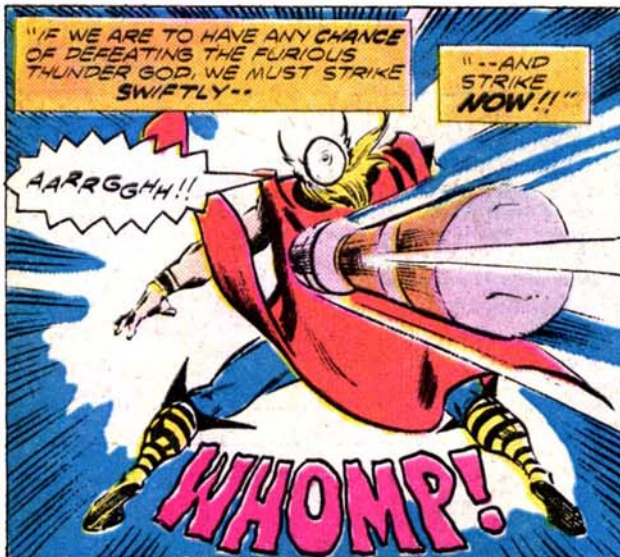
--AND THAT IS AN ERROR THOU CANST ILL AFFORD TO MAKE!

**KROOM!**



THE THUNDER GOD HATH FELLE THE ANGRY HAROKIN!

THEN QUICKLY COMRADES-- UNLEASH THE BATTERING SLIDGEON-BOW, THAT GRIM WEAPON CONSTRUCTED BY THE FEARSOME TROLLS THEMSELVES!



"IF WE ARE TO HAVE ANY CHANCE OF DEFEATING THE FURIOUS THUNDER GOD, WE MUST STRIKE SWIFTLY--

"--AND STRIKE NOW!!"

AARRGGHH!!

**WHOMP!**



AT LAST, THE THUNDER BE SILENT, MY BRETHREN! THE MIGHTY THOR HATH FALLEN--

--AND PERCHANCE HE SHALL NEVER RISE AGAIN!

THE WARRIOR'S TAUNTING WORDS ARE OMINOUSLY COLD--



--AND ITS ECHOES SEND CHILL RIPPLES UP THE SUPINE SPINE OF THE LADY SIF, WHO WAITS IN FEAR AND FRUSTRATION A LIFETIME AWAY...



ANY  
WORD,  
VIZIER?

NONE,  
MILADY--  
BUT AT TIMES  
SUCH AS THIS,  
BETTER NO  
NEWS THAN  
GRIM NEWS!

STILL I AM  
SORELY  
FRIGHTENED,  
WISE ONE!

THERE BE NO NEED, FAIR SIF--  
FOR OF ALL THE MANY GODS  
OF THE REALM ETERNAL, THERE  
BE NONE MORE POWERFUL  
THAN THE GOD OF THUNDER!

MANY TIMES HATH DARK  
VELA COVETED THE  
LIFE OF THOR-- AND  
ALWAYS HATH SHE  
FAILED TO SECURE IT!

THUS I SAY  
THEE, YOUNG  
GODDESS-- BE  
OF BRAVE  
HEART!

MERE WORDS  
CANNOT COMFORT  
ME NOW, OLD ONE!

TOO OFTEN BEFORE  
HAVE I LOST MY  
BELOVED-- TO THE MORTAL  
JANE FOSTER-- TO THE  
CLARION CALL OF  
BATTLE-- BUT EVER  
HATH HE RETURNED  
TO ME!

IF I  
LOSE HIM NOW  
TO DEATH,  
VIZIER-- THEN I  
LOSE MY LOVE  
FOREVER!

BUT THE BATTLE BE  
NOT LOST, MILADY,  
UNTIL THE FINAL FIST  
HATH BEEN RAISED,  
UNTIL THE FINAL  
BANNER HATH  
FALLEN!

THE THUNDER GOD  
SHALL RETURN TO  
THEE, GOOD SIF--  
AND HE SHALL  
BRING HIS FATHER  
WITH HIM!

I PRAY THOU  
SPEAKEST A RIGHT  
VIZIER-- FOR IF THOR  
SHALL PERISH, SO TOO  
SHALT THE SOUL  
OF SIF!

AND PERHAPS IT IS THAT SORROWFUL  
PLEDGE THAT JARS THE FALLEN  
THUNDER GOD FROM HIS STUPOR...

WH...WHERE...?

I HEAR BOISTEROUS  
VOICES. I AM FALLEN ON  
THE FIELD OF BATTLE  
THEN! BUT HAVE I JOINED  
THE DEAD OR--?

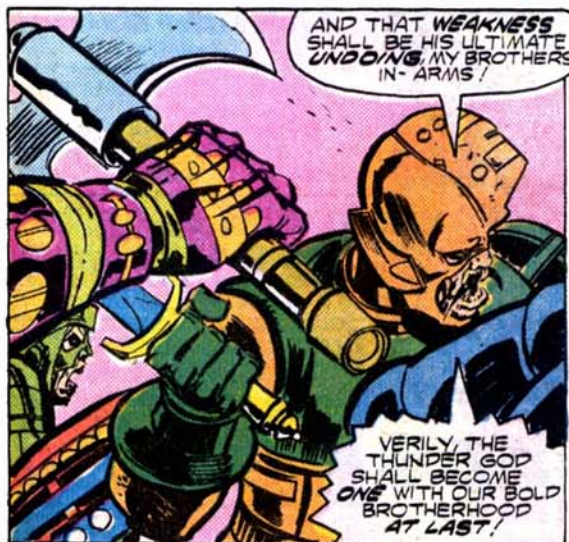
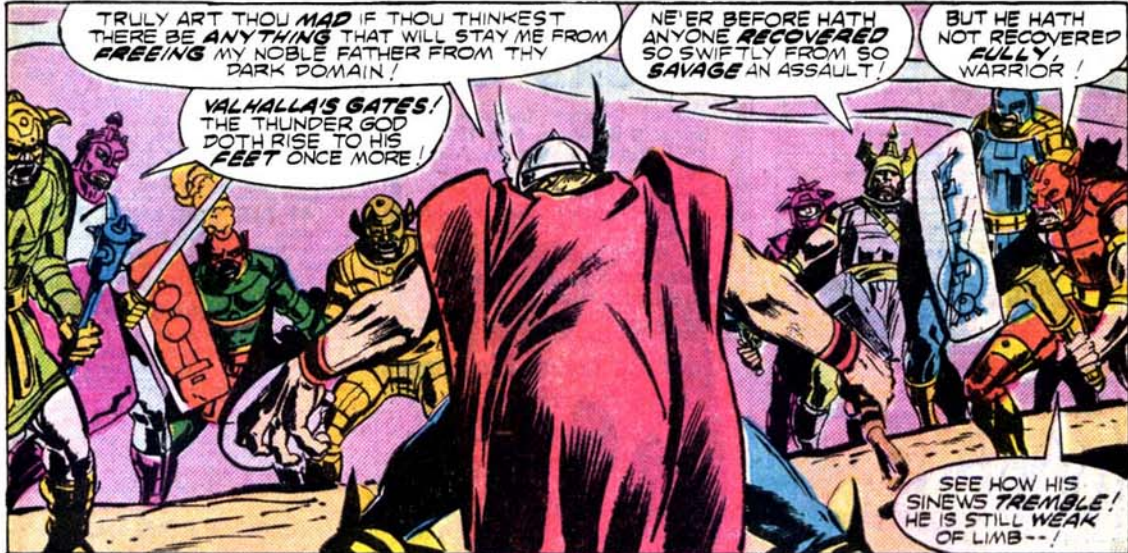
NAY... MY  
HEART STILL  
POUNDS WITHIN  
MY BREAST!  
THEN I MUST  
BIDE MY TIME...  
WHILST I REGAIN  
MY STRENGTH...

HATH THE OPINSON  
RECOVERED CONSCIOUS-  
NESS YET?

NAY, MIGHTY  
HAROKIN! IT DOETH  
SEEM THE BLUDGEON-  
BOW HATH PUT AN  
END TO THE  
THUNDER GOD'S  
QUEST!











AND THAT GOAL  
DOETH  
AWAIT ME  
AT THE  
CREST OF  
YONDER  
HILL!



HAVE FAITH,  
MY FATHER! SOON  
SHALL THE  
BATTLE BE  
OVER--

--AND THY  
FAITHFUL  
SON SHALL  
ONCE MORE  
STAND STAUNCH  
AT THY  
SIDE!



THE BATTLE  
IS OVER NOW,  
GODLING! LAY  
DOWN THINE  
ENCHANTED  
HAMMER... OR  
THOU SHALT  
MOST CERTAINLY  
PERISH!

BY ODIN!  
WHO DARES  
SPEAK THUS  
TO... NAY!  
NOT THEE!

BOW  
THY  
HEADS, MY  
BRETHREN  
... 'TIS  
SHE!



AYE, WARRIOR -- *MELA*  
HATH AT LAST RETURNED  
TO HER DOMAIN...

...AND SHE  
IS SORELY  
DISPLEASED  
AT WHAT SHE  
FINDS HERE!



THUNDER GOD, WHAT  
DOST THOU WANT HERE  
THAT THOU WOULDST  
DARE INVADE THE VERY  
SANCTITY OF THE DEATH-  
QUEEN'S TIMELESS  
REALM?

I BUT SEEK  
MY NOBLE  
FATHER,  
UNFEELING ONE--  
AND METHINKS  
I HAVE FOUND  
HIM!






THOU  
ART SADLY  
MISTAKEN,  
ASGARDIAN!

THE  
REGAL ODIN  
DOETH NOT DWELL  
AMONG THE  
LEGIONS OF  
THE LOST!



DARK  
GODDESS, THOR  
DOETH CALL THEE--  
LIAR!


WITH  
MINE OWN  
EYES HAVE I  
SEEN THE ALL-  
FATHER STANDING  
SOLEMN AND  
STILL ATOP YON  
LOFTY SPIRE!



THOU HAST SEEN NAUGHT  
BUT THAT WHICH THOU DIDST  
WISH TO SEE, THUNDER GOD--  
PHANTASMS -- MERE  
ILLUSIONS--

--BUT I  
SUPPOSE THAT  
BE SOMETHING  
THOU MUST  
LEARN FOR  
THYSELF!

AYE,  
GRIM  
ONE--




--AND NOT EVEN  
THY COLD AND  
FINAL TOUCH  
COULD NOW STAY  
ME FROM THE  
ONE I SEEK!

'T WILL BE A DAY OF  
GREAT REJOICING WHEN  
THE LORD MOST HIGH OF  
ETERNAL ASGARD DOETH  
RETURN TO HIS WAITING  
THRONE!



A DAY FOR LAUGHTER AND  
CHEERING AND FREE-FLOWING  
ALE--! VERILY, A DAY FOR...

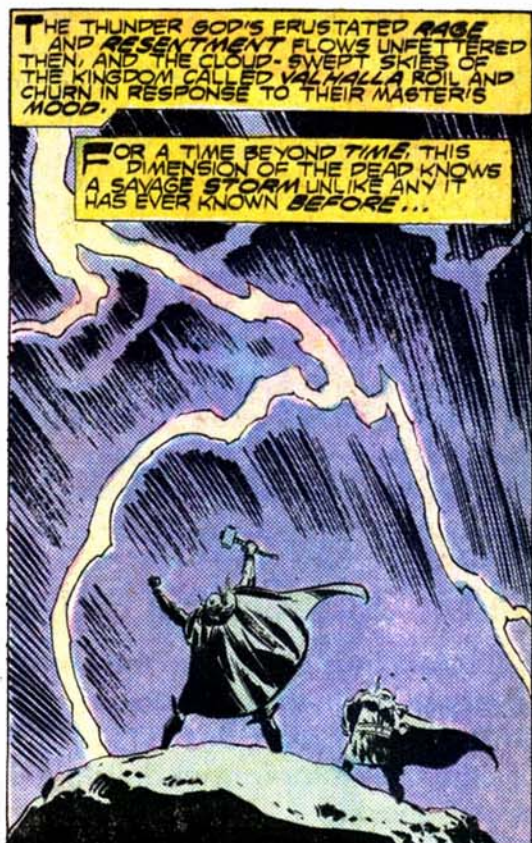
NAY! IT--  
IT CANNOT--  
IT MUST NOT--  
BE--!



WHAT IS IT, MY  
SON? WHY DOEST  
THOU LOOK SO  
PALE?

SURELY THE SORRY  
VISAGE OF GRAY-HAIRED  
GROMBA DOETH NOT  
CAUSE THEE SUCH  
DESPAIR!







THEN AT LAST, HIS FURY EXHAUSTED, THE GOD OF THUNDER COMES DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN --

--HIS NOBLE HEAD BOWED BENEATH A BURDEN ALMOST TOO GREAT FOR EVEN A GOD TO BEAR.



ART THOU FINALLY SATISFIED, ASSGARDIAN?

THY PARDON, DEATH-QUEEN! I SHALL TROUBLE THEE NO LONGER!

THEN FARE THEE WELL, ODINSON... UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!



MERCIFUL, BARBARIAN? NAY, I THINK NOT. 'TWOULD BE FAR MORE COMPASSIONATE FOR ME TO SLAY THE ASSGARDIAN NOW--

THOU DOST PERMIT THE THUNDER GOD TO LEAVE, MISTRESS-- WHEN, WITH BUT A TOUCH OF THY COLD HAND, HE WOULD BE THINE FOREVER?

AYE, HAROKIN -- HE IS FREE TO CONTINUE HIS QUEST FOR HIS MISSING FATHER!



--RATHER THAN LET HIM GO FORTH TO FACE THE UNIMAGINABLE TORMENTS THAT AWAIT HIM WHEN HE RETURNS TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!



WHEN THE GODDESS OF DEATH DOTH COME AT LAST TO CLAIM THE MIGHTY THOR, 'T WILL BE ON HER TERMS--

--AND IN HER OWN GOOD TIME!

THOU ART BEING UNSEEMLY MERCIFUL, GRIM ONE.

**NEXT  
ISSUE**

THE QUEST FOR ODIN MOVES INTO HIGH GEAR, AS THE MIGHTY THOR BATTLES ULK, THE TERROR OF THE TROLLS! BE HERE FOR...

**"A DRAGON AT THE GATES!"**