

THOR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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JAN 02450

LO, THE QUEST DOTTH BEGIN!

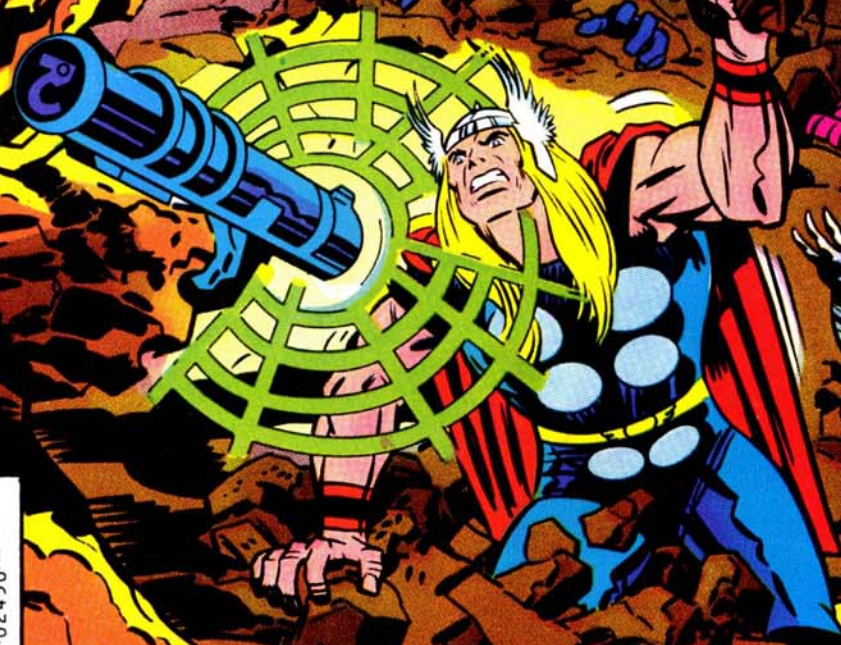


THE
MIGHTY

THOR

NOTHING THAT
LIVES CAN DEFY
THE POWER OF OUR
GRAVITY-RAY,
ASSGARDIAN!

A MOMENT
LONGER--AND
YOU WILL BE
DRAINED
BENEATH
THE EARTH
FOREVER!!



THEY'RE
BACK!

The **STONE MEN** from **SATURN!**



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!**™

LEN WEIN: WRITER/EDITOR * TONY DEZUNIGA: ILLUSTRATOR * GLYNIS WEIN: COLORIST * WATANABE LETTERER

LO, THE QUEST BEGINS!

FORGIVE ME, MY FRIENDS-- BUT I HAVE FAILED IN MY GIVEN MISSION!

THE RUBY EYE OF THE DRAGON HATH BEEN DESTROYED!

HIS TONE IS SOLEMN, HIS FACE IS GRIM, AND THE BITTER WORDS STICK IN HIS THROAT LIKE JAGGED THORNS--

--FOR THE RUEFUL THUNDER GOD KNOWS FULL WELL THAT THOSE WORDS MAY SPELL THE END OF A NOBLE EMPIRE!



BUT, MILORD THOR, SURELY THERE MUST BE SOME EXPLANATION--!

WHAT DO EXPLANATIONS MATTER NOW, LADY SIF?

THE ALL-WISE MIMIR SENT ME FORTH TO RETRIEVE THE RUBY EYE FOR HIM, AND I HAVE RETURNED EMPTY-HANDED!

WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY?



I BEG THEE, BELOVED--DO NOT CONDEMN THYSELF SO.

AND WHY NOT, PRAY TELL? 'TIS I WHO AM AT FAULT HERE--AND I ALONE!

FOR 'T WAS I WHO SACRIFICED THE ACCURSED GEM TO SAVE THE SAVAGE TROLL EMPIRE FROM THE MONSTROUS TROSS!*

*IN THOR #253, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE GOLDLOCKS. --LEN.



FOR THE SAKE OF OUR MOST BITTER ENEMIES, I ABANDONED THE REALM ETERNAL TO WHATEVER FATE MAY BEFALL IT--

THEN PERHAPS THERE IS ANOTHER WAY TO LEARN WHAT WE MUST KNOW, MY LOVE.

PLEASE, THOU MUST NOT PUNISH THYSELF SO FOR PERFORMING SO VERY NOBLE AN ACT!

--FOR, WITHOUT THE RUBY EYE TO OFFER UP AS TRIBUTE, MIMIR SHALL NOT TELL US WHERE TO FIND THE LONG-MISSING ODIN!

AYE, MILORD--THOU MUST LISTEN TO THY LADY!



VALIANT VOLSTAGG WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME, FRIEND THOR, HAD I BEEN IN THY PLACE!

AS WOULD WE ALL, MY PRINCE!

PERHAPS, BRAVE BALDER--BUT NONE OF YE ARE THE ALL-FATHER'S SON!



NOW STOKE THY MYSTIC FIRES, AGED VIZIER--AND SUMMON FORTH THE FIERY FACE OF MIMIR.

AYE, LORD THOR--THOUGH MY SORROW BE NEARLY THE EQUAL OF THINE OWN--I SHALL DO AS THOU COMMANDEST!

THE SWIFTER I BE DONE WITH ALL THIS, THE BETTER!

THUS, HIS WIZENED HANDS TREMBLING, THE SOMBER VIZIER CONJURES FORTH FORCES THAT WERE ANCIENT BEFORE THE BIRTH OF TIME--

--AND THE ASSEMBLED ASGARDIANS STARE DEEP INTO THE FLICKERING FIRE-PIT--

--AS THE AWESOME, ANGRY IMAGE OF THE ALL-WISE MIMIR MATERIALIZES BEFORE THEM!

GREETINGS, ODINSON-- I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THY SUMMONS!

BUT I FEAR I HAVE BAD TIDINGS FOR THEE, FIERY ONE.

THOU DOST POSSESS THE RUBY EYE NO LONGER! AYE, THUNDER GOD... I KNOW!

THERE IS NAUGHT THAT MAY BE KEPT SECRET FROM HE WHO IS THE FOUNT OF ALL KNOWLEDGE!

I OFFER NO EXCUSES, MIMIR-- ONLY PROFOUND REGRETS.

NO EXCUSES ARE NECESSARY, CHILD-- FOR THOU DIDST PRECISELY WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF THEE!

MIMIR IS NOT VAIN, YOUNG THOR-- I REQUIRE NO TRIBUTE PAID ME.

WHAT THOU DIDST ENDURE WAS MERELY A TEST OF THY WORTHINESS TO LEARN WHAT THOU HADST ASKED...

...AND THOU DIDST PASS THE TEST WITH HONOR!

THUS, LOOK THEE INTO MY FLAMES, THUNDER GOD-- AND THE ANSWER THOU DOST SEEK SHALL BE THINE!

LOOK DEEP AND BEHOLD-- THE DOOMSDAY STAR!

WHERE SHINES THE DOOMSDAY STAR, THE NIGHT IS BLACK BEYOND REDEMPTION! IT CASTS ITS GRIM SHADOW ACROSS WORLDS WITHOUT NUMBER, BLOTING OUT ALL HOPE OF THE DAWN!

IF THOU DOST WISH TO FIND THY MISSING FATHER, ODINSON-- SEEK HIM THERE... SEEK HIM THERE...

BUT WHERE IS THIS DREADFUL STAR LOCATED, MIMIR? HOW SHALL I FIND... EH?

HEIMDALL'S EYES! THE WISE ONE HATH FLED-- BACK TO GUARD THE DARK WELL OF WISDOM ONCE MORE!

NO OTHER ANSWERS WILL BE FORTHCOMING THIS DAY-- BUT I HAVE LEARNED ENOUGH!



BY THINE OWN ETERNAL FLAME, MIMIR, I SWEAR TO THEE--

--I SHALL FIND THE NOBLE ODIN AND RETURN HIM TO THE GOLDEN THRONE OF MIGHTY ASGARD--

--OR I SHALL PERISH IN THE TRYING!!



AND IF THOU WOULDST HAVE US, MILORD--WE WARRIORS THREE WOULD BE PROUD TO STAND AT THY SIDE.

'TIS TOO GREAT A TASK BEFORE THEE FOR EVEN THOR TO FACE ALONE!

THINE ARGUMENT HATH MERIT, GRIM HOGUN.

THEN THOU SHALT TAKE US WITH THEE, BELOVED?



AYE, MILADY SIF. 'T WAS ALONE THAT I DID LOSE THE RUBY EYE --AND THUS ALMOST CONDEMNED THE REALM ETERNAL!

THY COMPANY IS MOST WELCOME INDEED, MY FRIENDS!



THEN WE COMMEND OURSELVES TO THY SERVICE, FRIEND THOR--UNTO DEATH, AND BEYOND!

FOR ODIN!

FOR ASGARD!!

AND NE'ER HATH THE GOLDEN REALM BEEN SERVED MORE NOBLY THAN BY THEE, MY LOYAL COMRADES!

AMEN TO THAT, GOOD THUNDER, GOD...AMEN TO THAT!

THOUGH FANDRAL, HOGUN, AND VOLSTAGG ARE FAR FLEETER OF TONGUE THAN I, MILORD--I TOO BEG THY LEAVE TO ACCOMPANY THEE.

IF THERE ARE **BATTLES** TO BE FOUGHT TO **RESCUE** ALMIGHTY ODIN, BALDER WOULD BE IN THE **THICK** OF THEM!

AND KARNILLA WONDERS WHY, BRAVE ONE? THY PLACE IS HERE!

THE NORN QUEEN SPEAKETH A'RIGHT, MY FRIEND. A FAR MORE IMPORTANT TASK AWAITS THEE THAN THE CLARION CALL TO **BATTLE**--

--FOR I CHARGE THEE, BALDER, TO **GUARD** THE THRONE OF ASGARD WELL UNTIL THE ALL-FATHER'S RETURN!

MY DISAPPOINTMENT IS GREAT, MY PRINCE--BUT THY WISH IS MY WILL!

GO **SWIFTLY** THEN, GOOD ASGARDIANS--AND MAY THE FATES **PROTECT** THEE!

FEAR **NOT**, AGED ONE! WITH THE **LION OF WARRIORS** BESIDE THEM, VICTORY IS **ASSURED**!

WOULDEST THAT WE ALL **SHARED** THY CONFIDENCE, VOLSTAGG!

NOW **HURRY**--TO THE **COURTYARD**!

THE **STARJAMMER** AWAITS US!!

IN THE SPRAWLING COURTYARD OF THE PALACE ROYAL, A BILLOWING SAIL IS CAREFULLY UNFURLED, A HEAVY TILLER IS TURNED INTO THE WIND--

--AND THE STARTLING **STARJAMMER** TAKES TO THE STAR-DAPPLED HEAVENS, SWIFTLY LEAVING THE GLITTERING GOLDEN SPIRES OF FABLED ASGARD FAR BEHIND!

THUS DOES THE QUEST **BEGIN**--ABOARD A FRAIL WOODEN VESSEL THAT CAN TRAVEL TO THE VERY ENDS OF THE BOUNDLESS UNIVERSE.

MINUTES TURN INTO
HOURS TURN INTO DAYS,
AS THE STARJAMMER
PLIES THE STELLAR
PATHWAYS--

--AND EACH OF THOSE ABOARD THE
SPACECRAFT PASSES THE TIME IN
SOME DIFFERENT WAY--

--SAVE THAT ALL OF THEM
UNIFORMLY IGNORE THE
BOISTEROUS CHATTER OF
VOLUMINOUS VOLSTAGG--

--UNTIL THE VAST ONE'S STENTORIAN
TONES ABRUPTLY GROW SHRILL, TINGED
WITH ASTONISHMENT AND NO SMALL
AMOUNT OF FEAR!

THERE WERE TEN
OF THEM, I SAY THREE--THE FIERCEST
OF ALL THE STORM GIANTS--BUT DID
I TURN AND FLEE?

MAY, MY FRIENDS! FROM
MY LOFTY PERCH, I
DESCENDED UPON
THEM AND REDUCED
THEM ALL TO...
ZOUNDS!

WHY
HAST THOU
GROWN
SILENT,
VAST...

MAY.

BY HELA'S
COLD TOUCH!
WE ARE BESIEGED!

ALL TURN TO FOLLOW
THE PATH OF VOLSTAGG'S
THRUSTING FINGER--
AND WHAT THEY
BEHOLD FAIRLY TURNS
THEIR BLOOD TO ICE!

'TIS A
METEOR
STORM--

--AND WE
ARE SAILING
STRAIGHT INTO
THE THICK
OF IT!

QUICKLY,
MY FRIENDS--
MAN THE TILLER!
TRY TO TURN US
FROM ITS
PATH--

--WHILST I
ATTEMPT TO
TURN IT FROM
OURS!



THOUGH I BE **MASTER** OF THE STORM AND THE LIGHTNING, NE'ER BEFORE HAVE I FACED A TEMPEST SUCH AS **THIS!**

BUT NOW I MUST PROVE MYSELF ITS MASTER AS WELL-- OR **PERISH** WHERE I STAND!



IF ONLY I WERE **FREE** TO LEND THE THUNDER GOD THE POWER OF MY MIGHTY **SINews--!**

IF ONLY THOU WOULDST PUT THY MIGHTY **BACKSIDE** INTO THIS TILLER, YAST ONE-- WE MIGHT **ALL** BE SAVED!



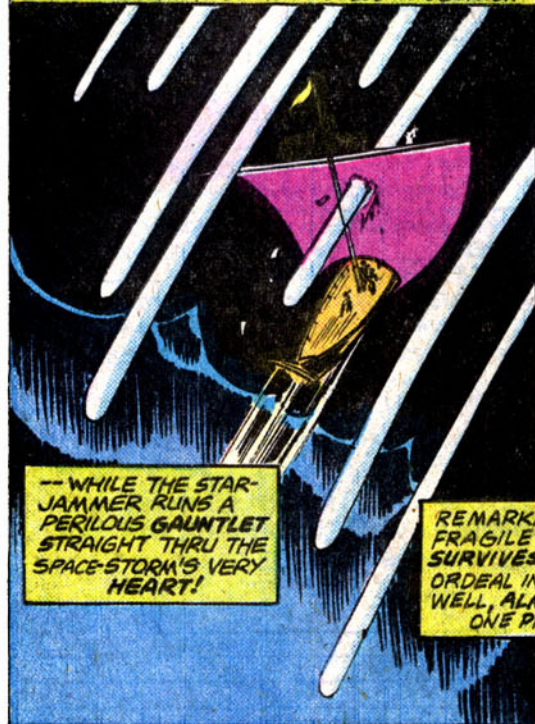
THESE STAR-BORN PROJECTILES ARE AS MANY AS **SANDS** ON THE BEACH!

NOT EVEN I CAN HOPE TO DESTROY THEM **ALL!**

BUT MAYHAP IF MINE ENCHANTED MALLET **MJOLNIR** CAN CARVE A **COURSE** FOR US THRU THE **CENTER** OF THE STORM--

--WE MIGHT YET BE **SAVED!**

HEEDLESS--ALMOST CONTEMPTUOUS-- OF ANYTHING THAT MIGHT LIE IN ITS PATH, THE METEOR SWARM **CONTINUOUS** ITS ENDLESS TO **OBLIVION--**



--WHILE THE **STAR-JAMMER** RUNS A **PERILOUS GAUNTLET** STRAIGHT THRU THE **SPACE-STORM'S** VERY **HEART!**

REMARKABLY, THE **FRAGILE VESSEL** SURVIVES THE **ORDEAL** IN ONE **PIECE...** WELL, **ALMOST** IN ONE **PIECE!**



WE CANNOT PRESS **ONWARD** UNTIL THE **STARJAMMER'S** SAIL HATH BEEN **REPAIRED**, MY FRIENDS.

THEN LET US PUT IN AT **YONDER ASTEROID**, BELOVED.

IT WILL GRANT US A **HAVEN** OF SORTS WHILST WE DO WHATE'ER WE **MUST!**

AND WHEN THE DAMAGED STARJAMMER HAS DOCKED ON THE DRIFTING MASS...

'TWILL NOT TAKE
LONG FOR US TO
MEND THE DAMAGED...
OD'S BLOOD!

BEHOLD, MY
FRIENDS--THE RUINS
OF AN ALIEN
SPACECRAFT!

IT APPEARS WE ARE NOT THE FIRST
TO SEEK SHELTER ON THIS DESOLATE
CHUNK OF SPACE DEBRIS!

ITS WORKMANSHIP
IS MOST IMPRESSIVE,
FRIEND THOR.

AYE, DASHING ONE.
WHAT SAY WE
INVESTIGATE THIS
PROUD VESSEL?

MAYHAP THERE
REMAINS SOME
TRACE OF THE
ALIEN RACE THAT
CONSTRUCTED IT!

PFAN! WHAT DOES IT
MATTER NOW, GRIM ONE?

THOSE WHO PILOTED YON
SPACECRAFT ARE GONE AND
LONG FORGOTTEN--AND THESE
DUST-CAKED MONOLITHS
CAN TELL US NAUGHT
OF VALUE!

FOR ONCE,
VOLSTAGG--I
FEAR THAT I
AGREE WITH
THEE!

THUS LET US RETURN
TO THE STARJAMMER, GOOD
COMRADES--FOR THERE IS
STILL WORK TO BE DONE!

BY THE
GOLDEN SPIRES!
WHAT MANNER
OF DEVILRY
IS THIS--?!

NAY, VOLUMINOUS
ONE--THERE IS NO
DEVILTRY AT WORK
HERE, ONLY THE
SCULPTING HAND
OF AN ARTISAN!

THESE SEEM
TO BE STATUES
OF SOME SORT--
GRIM MONUMENTS
TO THE MEMORY OF
THOSE WHO LAID
DOWN THEIR
LIVES HERE!

BUT IF ALL WHO
CRASHED HERE PERISHED,
THUNDER GOD--THEN
WHO, PRAY TELL,
REMAINED TO CARVE
THOSE TOWERING
MONSTROSITIES?

THE **BOLD** ASSGARDIANS STRIDE AWAY
TO ATTEND TO THE TASK AT HAND--



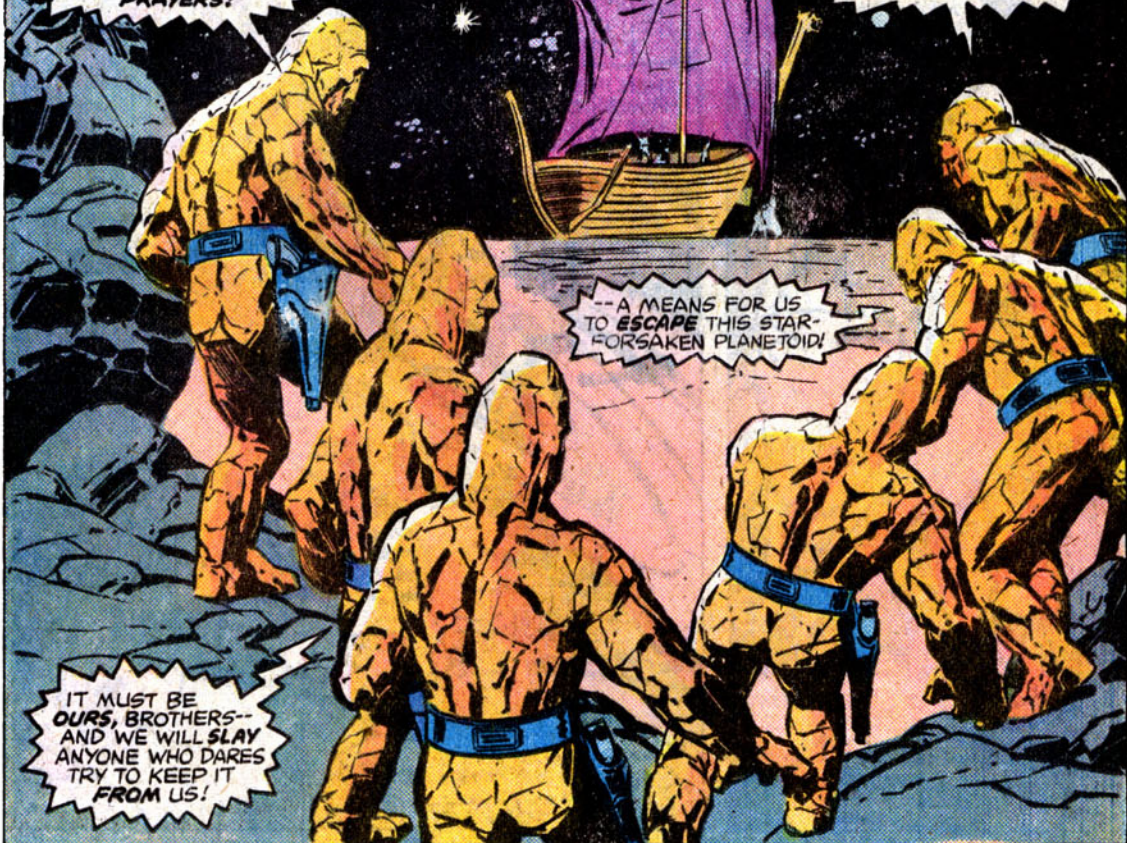
--AND THUS, THEY
DO NOT NOTICE
AS ONE OF THE
TOWERING FORMS
BEHIND THEM
SHUDDERS FREE
OF ITS
SMOTHERING
SHROUD OF DUST--

--AND REACHES FOR
THE WEAPON HOLSTERED
SNUGLY AT ITS SIDE!

IT REQUIRES SEVERAL SECONDS LONGER
FOR THEIR OTHER-WORLDFLY SENSES TO
SHAKE OFF THE STULTIFYING EFFECTS OF
SUSPENDED ANIMATION AND BECOME
ACCUSTOMED TO CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN--

--BUT WHEN, AT LAST, THEY HAVE...

BEHOLD, MY BROTHERS--
THE GODS HAVE FINALLY
ANSWERED OUR SILENT
PRAYERS!



THEY HAVE DELIVERED
A STURDY SHIP INTO
OUR WAITING HANDS--

--A MEANS FOR US
TO **ESCAPE** THIS STAR-
FORSAKEN PLANETOID!

IT MUST BE
OURS, BROTHERS--
AND WE WILL **SLAY**
ANYONE WHO DARES
TRY TO KEEP IT
FROM US!

IN MERE MOMENTS, THE FIVE REMAINING DUST-ENCRUSTED
FIGURES HAVE LIKEWISE BEEN RELEASED--



--AND A COMPANY OF
INTERGALACTIC KILLERS IS
COMPLETE ONCE MORE!

WITH REMARKABLE
STEALTH FOR CREATURES
SO HUGE, THE ROUGH-
HEWN ALIENS STALK EVER
NEARER THE STATIONARY
STARJAMMER, UNTIL...

BY ODIN!!

THE ALIEN STATUES
DO TH LIVE--FOR
THEY ARE NOT
STATUES AT ALL!

IMPOSSIBLE THOUGH
IT DO TH SEEM, THEY
ARE IN TRUTH--THE
STONE MEN FROM
SATURN!!

*FIRST, LAST, AND ONLY SEEN
IN JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #83, THOR'S VERY
FIRST APPEARANCE--LEN.

WHAT AN AWESOME COSMIC JEST!
BEFORE US STANDS THOR, HE WHO
IS RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR PLIGHT!

HOLD, STONE
MEN! WHAT ART
THOU DOING HERE?
WHAT IS IT THOU
DOST WANT?

WE WANT
YOUR STARSHIP,
LITTLE ONE--AND
WE INTEND TO
HAVE IT!

STEP ASIDE--AND WE
MIGHT LET YOU LIVE! DEFY
US--AND YOU MOST
CERTAINLY WILL DIE!!

NAY, GRIM ALIENS!
THE STARJAMMER DO TH
BE OUR SOLE HOPE OF
FINDING OUR LONG-
MISSING LIEGE!

IT IS NOT MEANT
FOR SUCH AS
THEE!

NOW STAND YE BACK--
OR THOU SHALT FACE
THE FURY OF THOR!

DESPITE MY WARNING,
THOU DOST STILL MOVE
TO ATTACK ME?

THEN FEEL THE
POWER OF THE
MYSTIC MALLET
MJOLNIR--

THRAAK!!

--AND KNOW YE THAT
THE GOD OF THUNDER
DO TH NOT MAKE
IDLE THREATS!

ONCE BEFORE HAVE I **FACED** THEE--
ON THAT WONDROUS DAY WHEN THE
SEEMINGLY-MORTAL **DR. DON BLAKE**
DISCOVERED A GNAILED **WALKING**
STICK, AND RETURNED TO ME
MY **BIRTHRIGHT!**

THEN, AS NOW, THOU DIDST
SEEK TO **CONQUER** ALL THAT
STOOD IN THY PATH--

CHOOM!

--AND NOW, AS THEN, THOU SHALT
FAIL TO ACHIEVE THY GOAL!

TROK!

YOU BATTLE WELL, THUNDER
GOD--BUT EVEN YOU CANNOT
HOPE TO PREVAIL AGAINST
ALL OF US BY YOURSELF!

BUT THE NOBLE THOR DOTHT NOT
BATTLE THEE ALONE, STONY ONE!

HIS BROTHERS--AT-
ARMS DOTHT STAND
EVER AT HIS SIDE--

--UNTO
THE VERY
END!

VERILY,
THY CAUSE
IS LOST,
STONE
MEN!

SURRENDER NOW--
WHILST STILL
THOU CANST!

IT IS YOU WHO WILL BE
LOST, HUMANOID--WHEN
MY **ASTRO-BLASTER** HAS
TURNED YOU INTO DUST!

THEN THE LADY SIF
SHALL SEE TO IT THY
HEINOUS WEAPON IS
NEVER FIRED,
MONSTER!

HUHHN???

SKRAK!

THE BATTLE IS NOW EVENLY MATCHED,
ALIENS--ONE-TO-ONE!

THOU HAST NO HOPE
OF WINNING!

YOUR CALCULATIONS
ARE WRONG, GOLDEN-
HAIR! THERE IS
NOBODY TO ACCOUNT
FOR ME--

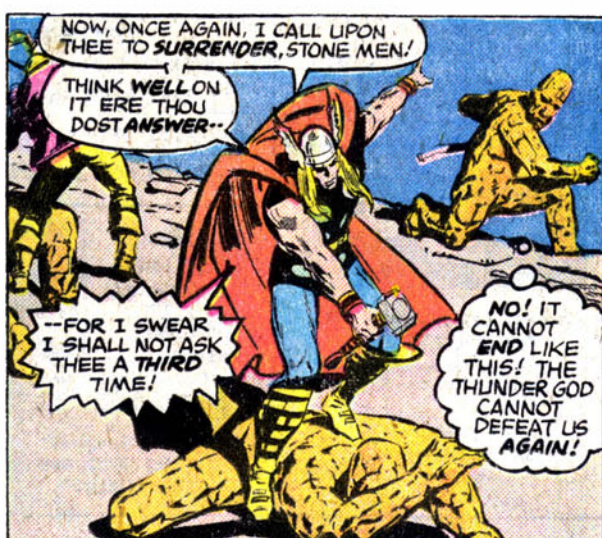
--AND THAT LITTLE
ERROR SHALL BE THE
DEATH OF YOU!



THOU DOST DARE
CALL THE EAGLE
OF ASGARD
NOBODY, ROUGH-
HEWN ONE?

THEN, VERILY,
THOU DOST
DESERVE THE
FATE WHICH NOW
DESCENDS
UPON THEE!

BWHOMP!



NOW, ONCE AGAIN, I CALL UPON
THEE TO SURRENDER, STONE MEN!

THINK WELL ON
IT ERE THOU
DOST ANSWER--

--FOR I SWEAR
I SHALL NOT ASK
THEE A THIRD
TIME!

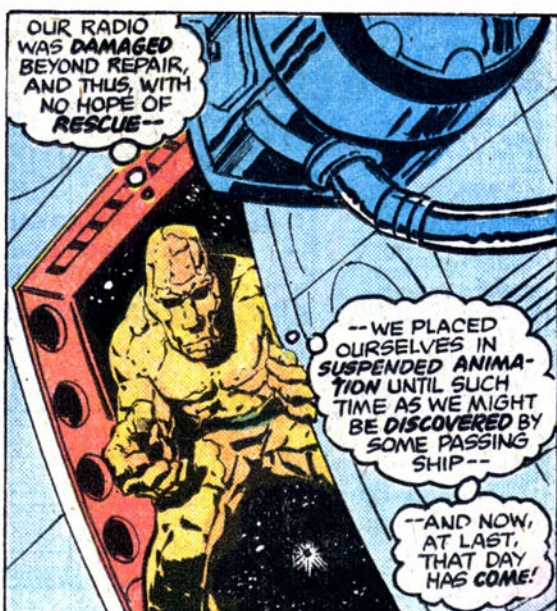
NO! IT
CANNOT
END LIKE
THIS! THE
THUNDER GOD
CANNOT
DEFEAT US
AGAIN!



IT IS OUR FAULT
WE WERE
STRANDED HERE
IN THE FIRST
PLACE!

FOR, IN FLEEING
EARTH AFTER
OUR ABORTIVE
ATTEMPT TO
CONQUER IT, OUR
SHIP'S ENGINES
SOMEHOW
MALFUNCTIONED--

--AND WE
CRASHED
UPON THIS
DESOLATE
ROCK!



OUR RADIO
WAS DAMAGED
BEYOND REPAIR,
AND THUS, WITH
NO HOPE OF
RESCUE--

--WE PLACED
OURSELVES IN
SUSPENDED ANIMA-
TION UNTIL SUCH
TIME AS WE MIGHT
BE DISCOVERED BY
SOME PASSING
SHIP--

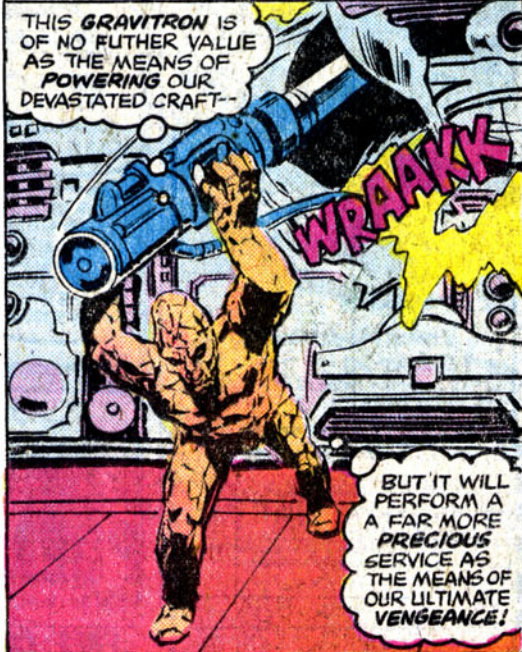
--AND NOW,
AT LAST,
THAT DAY
HAS COME!



THE IRONY OF IT ALL IS ASTONISHING!

THE FATES HAVE SENT US OUR GREATEST ENEMY AS THE WAY TO OUR SALVATION--

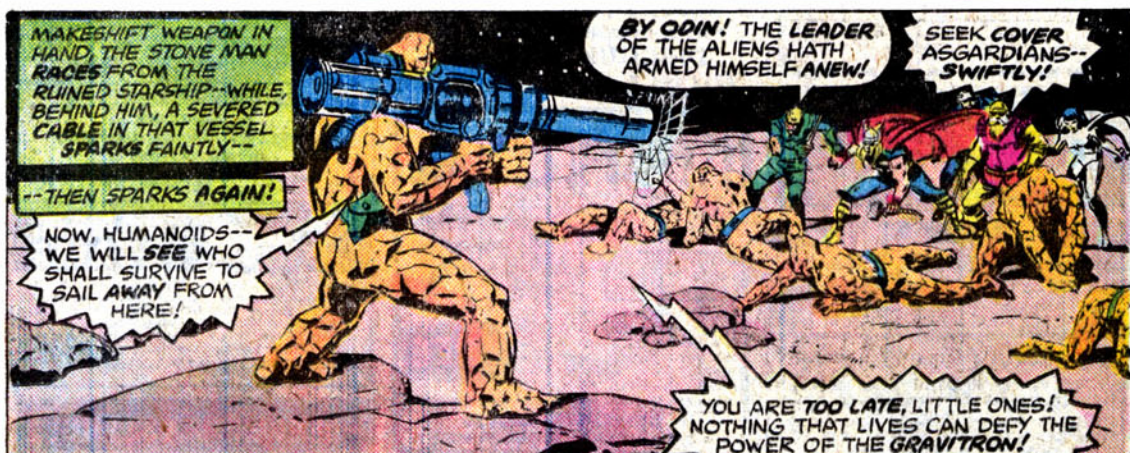
--AND I SWEAR HE IS GOING TO PAY FOR THE MANY MONTHS OF SUFFERING WE HAVE BEEN FORCED TO ENDURE!



THIS GRAVITRON IS OF NO FURTHER VALUE AS THE MEANS OF POWERING OUR DEVASTATED CRAFT--

WRAAKK

BUT IT WILL PERFORM A FAR MORE PRECIOUS SERVICE AS THE MEANS OF OUR ULTIMATE VENGEANCE!



MAKESHIFT WEAPON IN HAND, THE STONE MAN RACES FROM THE RUINED STARSHIP--WHILE, BEHIND HIM, A SEVERED CABLE IN THAT VESSEL SPARKS FAINTLY--

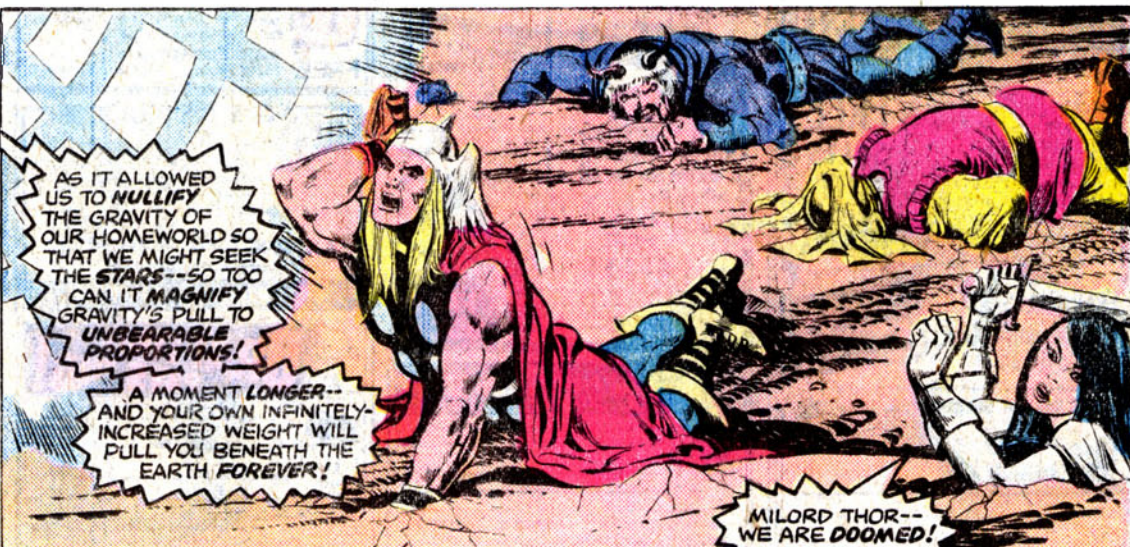
--THEN SPARKS AGAIN!

NOW, HUMANOID--WE WILL SEE WHO SHALL SURVIVE TO SAIL AWAY FROM HERE!

BY ODIN! THE LEADER OF THE ALIENS HATH ARMED HIMSELF ANEW!

SEEK COVER ASGARDIANS--SWIFTLY!

YOU ARE TOO LATE, LITTLE ONES! NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN DEFY THE POWER OF THE GRAVITRON!



AS IT ALLOWED US TO NULLIFY THE GRAVITY OF OUR HOMELAND SO THAT WE MIGHT SEEK THE STARS--SO TOO CAN IT MAGNIFY GRAVITY'S PULL TO UNBEARABLE PROPORTIONS!

A MOMENT LONGER--AND YOUR OWN INFINITELY-INCREASED WEIGHT WILL PULL YOU BENEATH THE EARTH FOREVER!

MILORD THOR--WE ARE DOOMED!

BUT THE SON OF ODIN MAKES NO
REPLY, FOR HE ALREADY KNOWS
FULL WELL THE TRAGIC CONSEQUENCES
IF HE SHOULD CONCEDE
THIS FATEFUL BATTLE.

HIS REGAL FATHER
... HIS CLOSEST
FRIENDS... THEY ALL
DEPEND ON HIM
... THEY TRUSTED
HIM...

HE MUST NOT
FAIL THEM NOW!

AND THIS, INCREDIBLY--IMPOSSIBLY--
THE MIGHTY THOR
BEGINS TO RISE!

THE PAIN IS EXCRUCIATING,
THE EFFORT ALMOST MORE
THAN EVEN A GOD CAN
ENDURE--

-- BUT STILL THE THUNDER GOD
STRAINS AGAINST THE RELENTLESS
FORCES, HIS TEETH CLENCHED,
HIS MUSCLES RIPPLING AND
POPPING BENEATH HIS SWEATING
FLESH.

HE IS A SON OF
GOLDEN ASGARD,
TRULY A
WARRIOR BORN,
AND SO HE
STRUGGLES...

...AND HE RISES...

...AND HE PREVAILS!!

THE POWER
OF THINE EVIL
WEAPON IS
MOST AWESOME
INDEED,
ALIEN--

-- BUT THE
POWER OF
ENCHANTED
MJOLNIR IS
TRULY POWER
BEYOND
COMPARE!

SKRAKT!

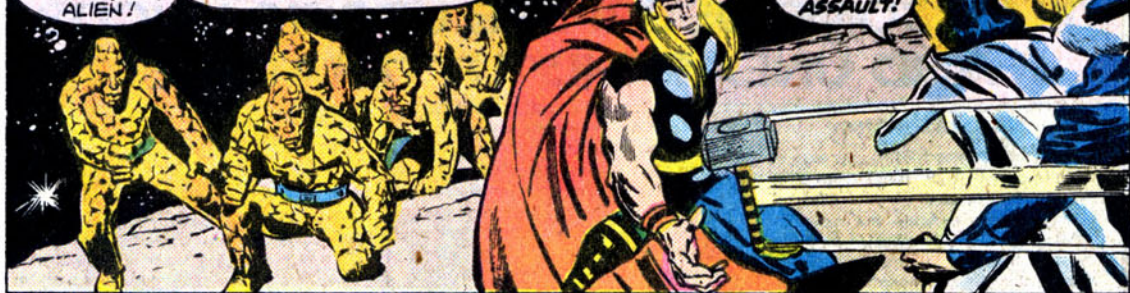
NO! IT CANNOT
BE! NOTHING
CAN STAND
AGAINST THE
GRAVITRON!

NOTHING!

NOTHING SAVE
THE GOD OF
THUNDER,
ALIEN!

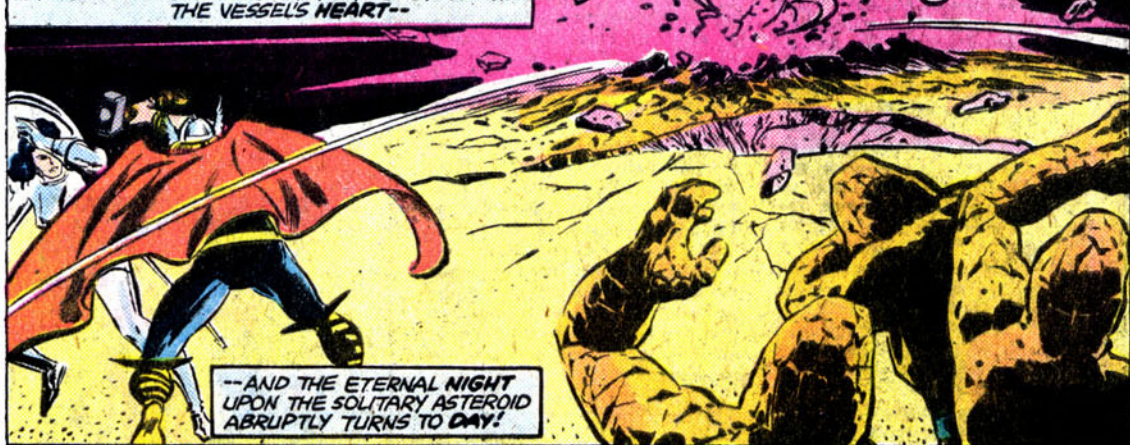
AND JUST AS I DEALT WITH
THY **GRAVITRON**, SO SHALL
I DEAL WITH **THEE**!

BELOVED--**BEWARE!** THE
STONE MEN GATHER FOR
ANOTHER
ASSAULT!



BUT EVEN AS THE PRINCE OF ASGARD WHIRLS
TO **CONFRONT** HIS MONSTROUS FOES, THE STILL-
SPARKING **CABLE** ABOARD THE STONE MEN'S
STARCRAFT TOUCHES SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN
THE VESSEL'S **HEART**--

BWA-ROOM!



--AND THE ETERNAL NIGHT
UPON THE SOLITARY ASTEROID
ABRUPTLY TURNS TO **DAY!**

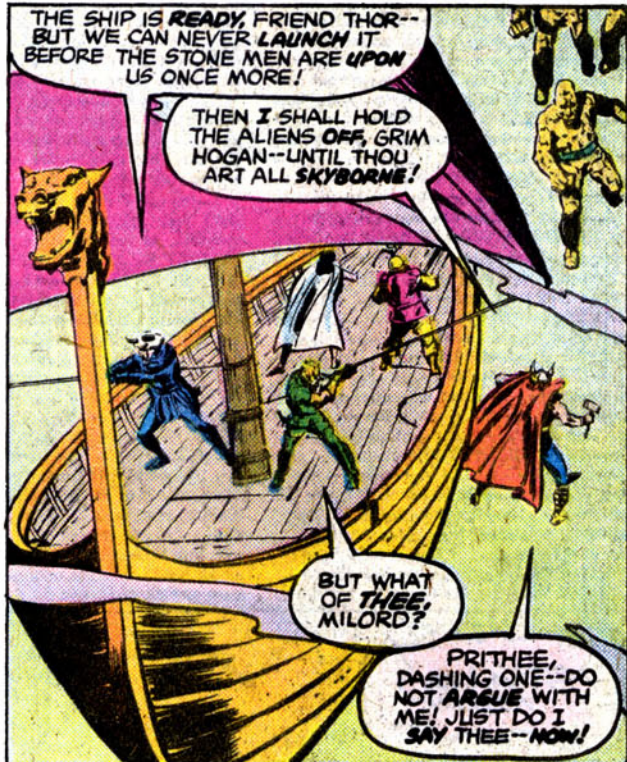
THE GROUND CRACKS AND BUCKLES BENEATH
THE FORCE OF THE **BLAST**--FORMING BROAD
RUPTURES THAT CONTINUE TO WIDEN EVEN
AFTER THE EXPLOSIVE LIGHT HAS FADED...



SWIFTLY, MY
FRIENDS--TO
THE **STAR-
JAMMER!**

WE MUST
DEPART THIS
DESOLATE
BATTLEFIELD
ERE IT **DESTROYS**
ITSELF
ENTIRE!

THE SHIP IS **READY**, FRIEND THOR--
BUT WE CAN NEVER **LAUNCH** IT
BEFORE THE STONE MEN ARE **UPON**
US ONCE MORE!



THEN I SHALL HOLD
THE ALIENS OFF, GRIM
HOGAN--UNTIL THOU
ART ALL **SKYBORNE!**

BUT WHAT
OF **THEE**,
MILORD?

PRITHEE,
DASHING ONE--DO
NOT **ARGUE** WITH
ME! JUST DO I
SAY **THEE--NOW!**



THIS, WITH A DESPAIRING SIGH, THE STAR-JAMMER TAKES TO THE HEAVENS--

--LEAVING ITS MOST NOBLE PASSENGER BEHIND ON A RAPIDLY-DYING PLANETOID--

--THOUGH THE THUNDER GOD HAS NO INTENTION OF DYING WITH IT.

'TIS TIME I TOOK MY LEAVE, STONE MEN!

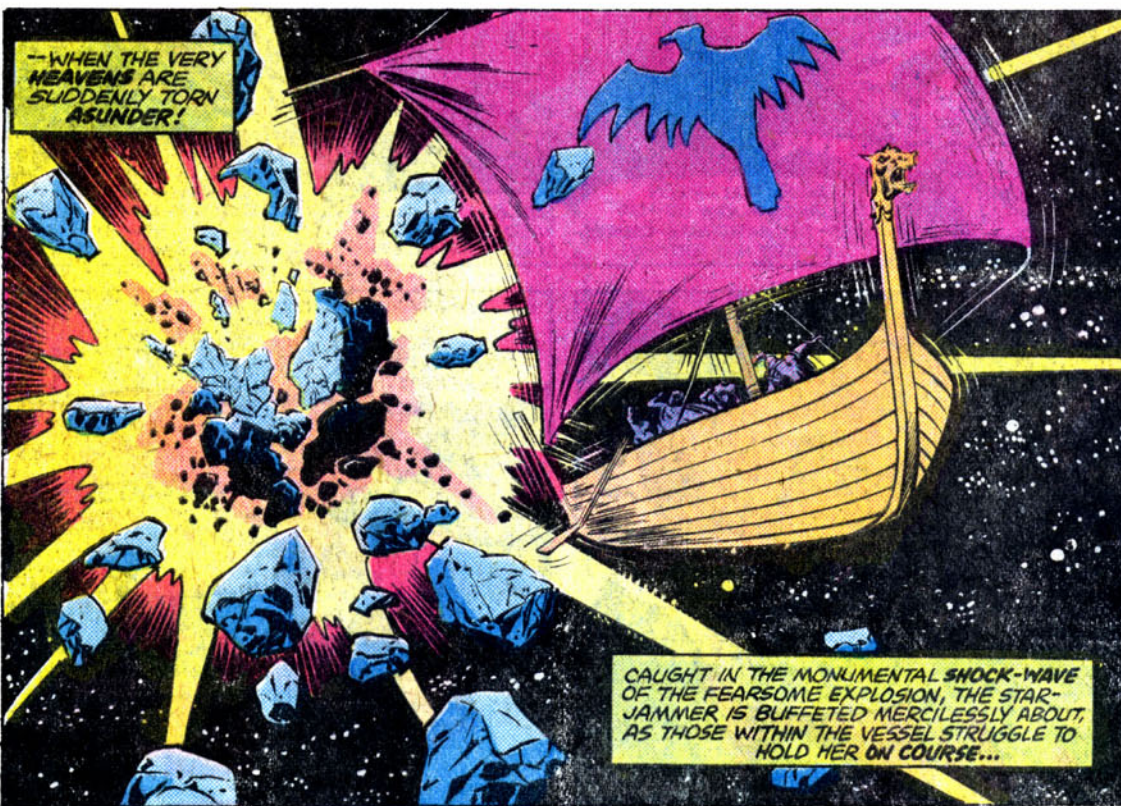
I PRAY SOMEDAY THOU DOST FIND WHAT THOU DOST SEEK!

NO! COME BACK! YOU CANNOT LEAVE US LIKE THIS!

BUT THE SON OF ODIN IS ALREADY WELL OUT OF HEARING RANGE, CARRIED ALONG BY HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER IN PURSUIT OF THE SWIFT-SAILING ASGARDIAN SPACECRAFT.



AND, VERILY, THE STAR-JAMMER IS ALMOST WITHIN REACH--



--WHEN THE VERY HEAVENS ARE SUDDENLY TORN ASUNDER!

CAUGHT IN THE MONUMENTAL SHOCK-WAVE OF THE FEARSOME EXPLOSION, THE STAR-JAMMER IS BUFFETED MERCILESSLY ABOUT, AS THOSE WITHIN THE VESSEL STRUGGLE TO HOLD HER ON COURSE...

...AND WHEN, AT LAST,
ALL IS CALM ONCE MORE...

WH-WHAT HAS
HAPPENED TO THE
MIGHTY THOR?
H-HE WAS RIGHT
BEHIND US,
AND THEN...

I DO NOT KNOW,
MILADY. I FEAR
THE GOD OF THUNDER
CAUGHT THE FULL BRUNT
OF THE FEARSOME
HOLOCAUST, AND IF SO...

"NAY--WAIT! LOOK TO THE
SIDE OF THE SHIP!"

"THOSE HANDS--I COULD
IT TRULY BE...?"

AYE, DASHING ONE--
THOR DOTH LIVE!

THOUGH I FEAR
THE SAME CANNOT
BE SAID OF THE
STONE MEN!

MY LOVE,
THOU DIDST
HAVE US SO
WORRIED--!

AND I FEAR
THIS IS JUST
THE BEGINNING,
MILADY.

WH-WHAT
DOST THOU
MEAN,
THOR?

ONLY THIS, MY FRIENDS--WE HAVE
ALREADY ALMOST LOST OUR SPACE-
CRAFT AND OUR LIVES--

--AND WE STILL KNOWETH
NOT WHERE TO FIND THE
CURSED DOOMSDAY STAR!

BUT
SURELY
THERE IS
HOPE, MY
PRINCE--!

AYE, MILADY--
THERE IS
ALWAYS HOPE!

BUT CONSIDERING
HOW OUR NOBLE QUEST
HATH BEGUN--I DO NOT
CARE TO CONSIDER
ITS FINISH!

NEXT
ISSUE:

BIG JOHN
BLUSCEMA
RETURNS--
AND HE BRINGS
WITH HIM...

SPORR

THE SLITHERER
IN SILENCE!

BE
HERE!