THOR ®

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EVEN AN IMMORTAL CAN DIE!

THE MIGHTY THOR®

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TM

THE THUNDER GOD GOES BERSERK TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF ONE HE LOVES... BUT WHO??

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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!™

EVEN AN IMMORTAL CAN DIE!

LEN WEIN — WRITER/EDITOR
WALT SIMONSON & TONY DeZUNIGA — ILLUSTRATORS
GLYNIS WEIN — COLORIST
JOE ROSEN — LETTERER

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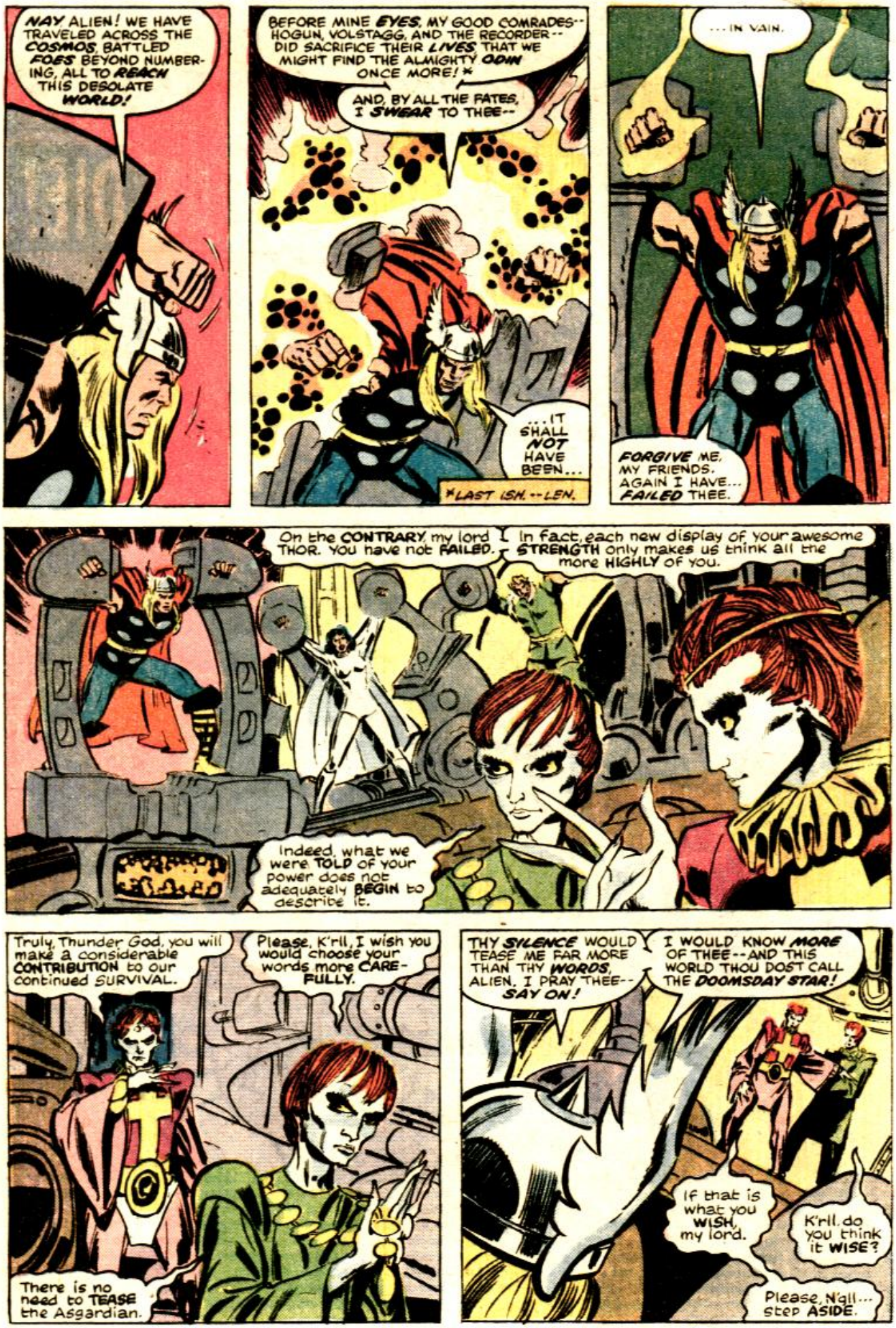
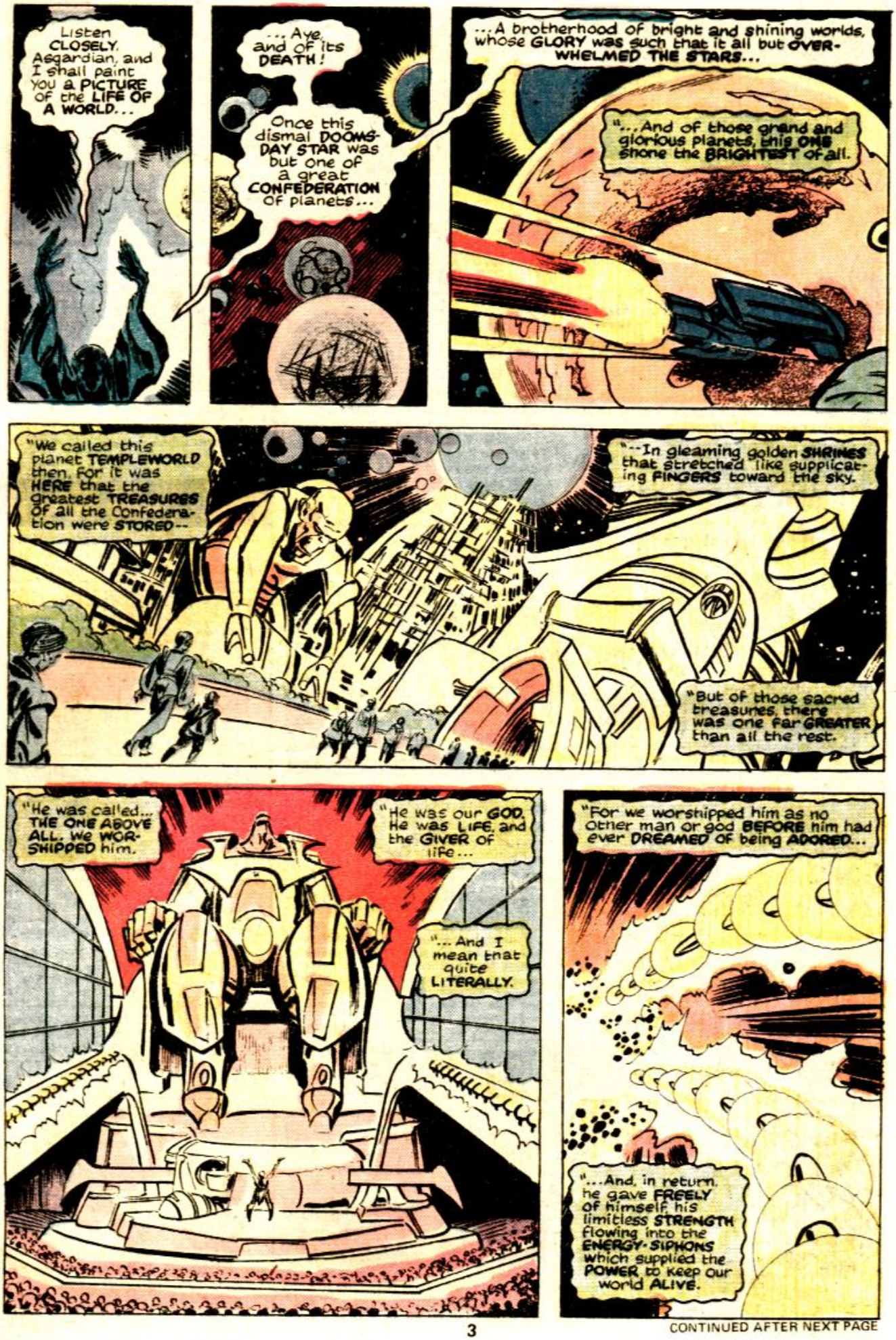

NAY ALIEN! WE HAVE TRAVELED ACROSS THE COSMOS, BATTLED FOES BEYOND NUMBERING, ALL TO REACH THIS DESOLATE WORLD!
BEFORE MINE EYES, MY GOOD COMRADES--HOGUN, VOLSTAGG, AND THE RECORDER--DID SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES THAT WE MIGHT FIND THE ALMIGHTY ODIN ONCE MORE! *
AND, BY ALL THE FATES, I SWEAR TO THEE--
...IT SHALL NOT HAVE BEEN...
*LAST ISH. --LEN.
...IN VAIN.
FORGIVE ME, MY FRIENDS. AGAIN I HAVE... FAILED THEE.
On the CONTRARY, my lord THOR. You have not FAILED.
In fact, each new display of your awesome STRENGTH only makes us think all the more HIGHLY of you.
Indeed, what we were TOLD of your power does not adequately BEGIN to describe it.
Truly, Thunder God, you will make a considerable CONTRIBUTION to our continued SURVIVAL.
Please, K'rll, I wish you would choose your words more CARE-FULLY.
There is no need to TEASE the Asgardian.
THY SILENCE WOULD TEASE ME FAR MORE THAN THY WORDS, ALIEN. I PRAY THEE--SAY ON!
I WOULD KNOW MORE OF THEE--AND THIS WORLD THOU DOST CALL THE DOOMSDAY STAR!
If that is what you WISH, my lord.
K'rll, do you think it WISE?
Please, N'gll... step ASIDE.



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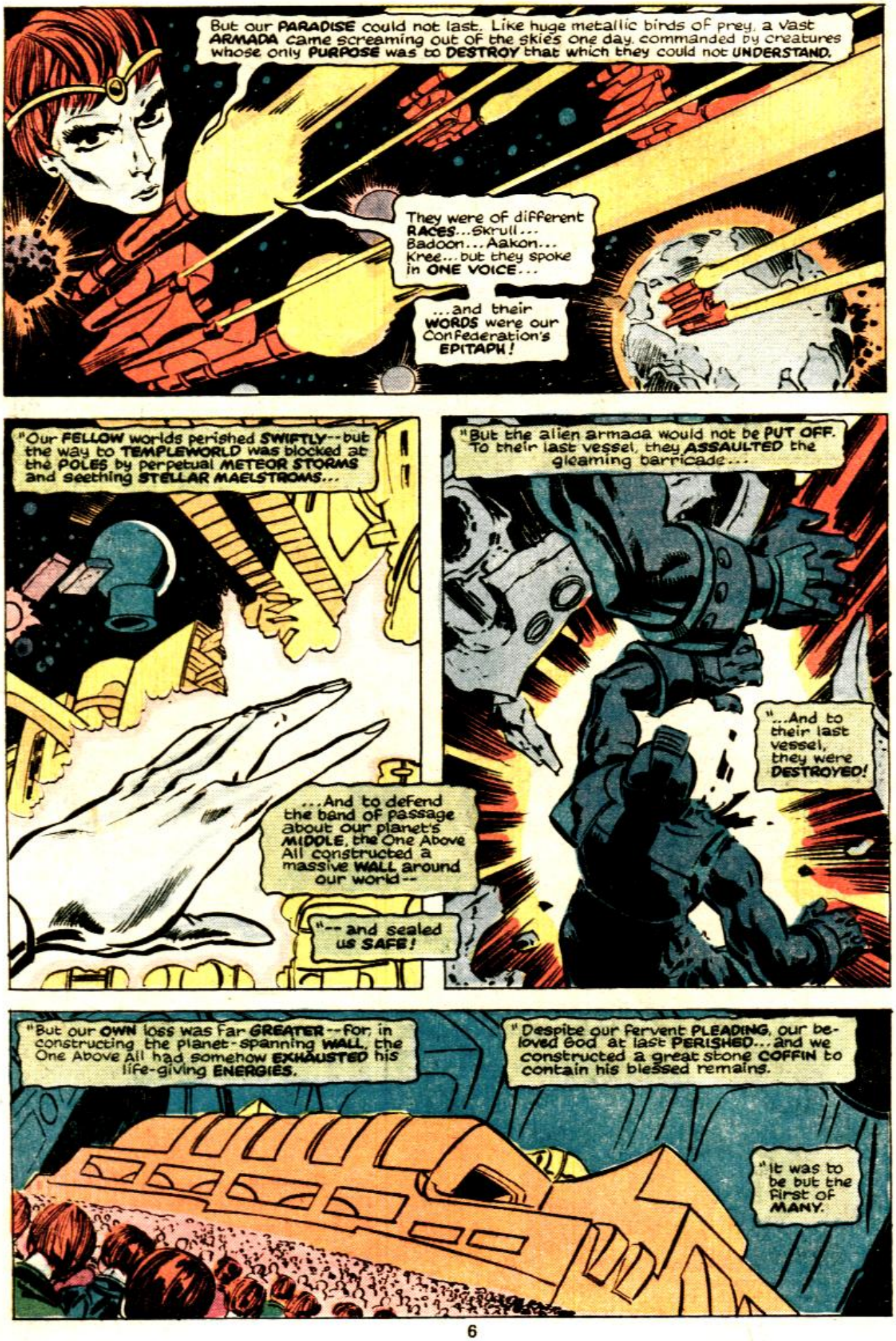
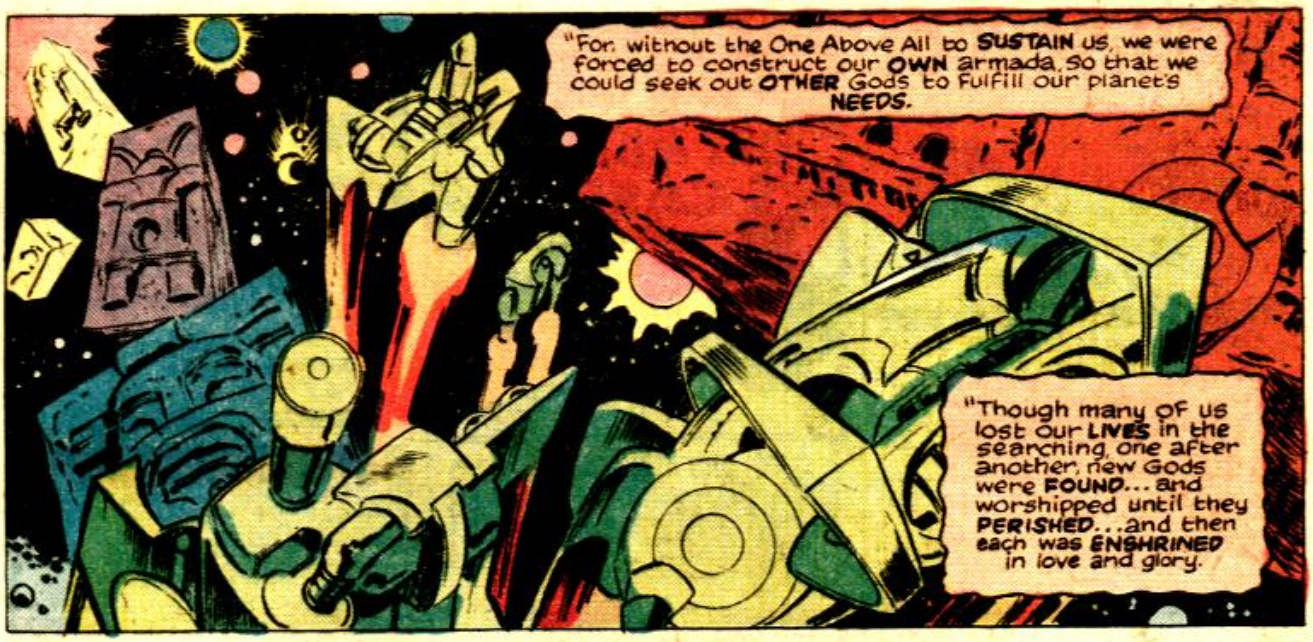
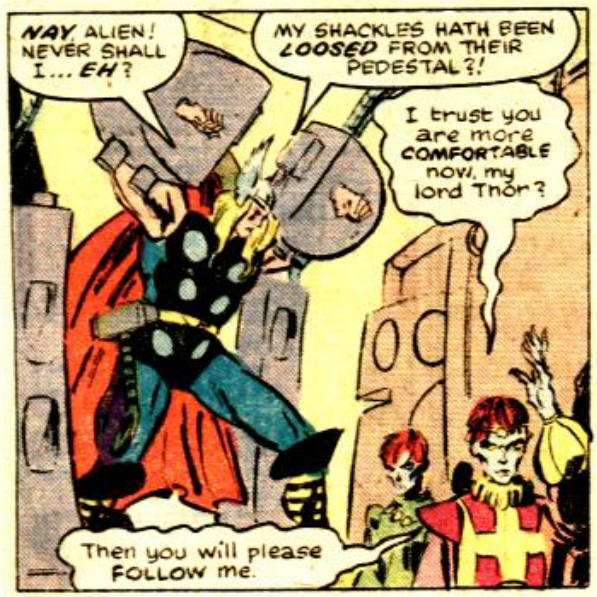
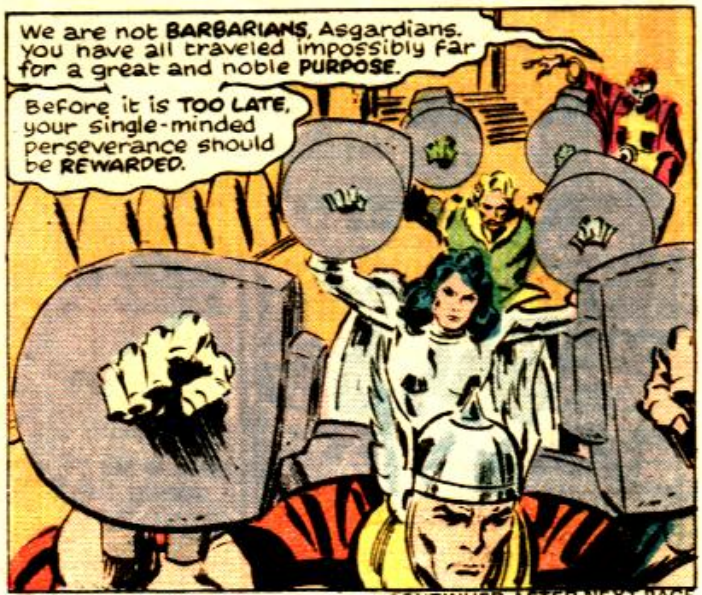

But our PARADISE could not last. Like huge metallic birds of prey, a vast ARMADA came screaming out OF the skies one day, commanded by creatures whose only PURPOSE was to DESTROY that which they could not UNDERSTAND.
They were of different RACES...Skrull... Badoon...Aakon... Kree...but they spoke in ONE VOICE...
...and their WORDS were our ConFederation's EPITAPH!
"Our FELLOW worlds perished SWIFTLY--but the way to TEMPLEWORLD was blocked at the POLES by perpetual METEOR STORMS and seething STELLAR MAELSTROMS...
...And to defend the band of passage about our planet's MIDDLE, the One Above All constructed a massive WALL around our world--
"--and sealed us SAFE!
"But the alien armada would not be PUT OFF. To their last vessel, they ASSAULTED the gleaming barricade...
"...And to their last vessel, they were DESTROYED!
"But our OWN loss was far GREATER--for, in constructing the planet-spanning WALL, the One Above All had somehow EXHAUSTED his life-giving ENERGIES.
"Despite our fervent PLEADING, our beloved God at last PERISHED...and we constructed a great stone COFFIN to contain his blessed remains.
"It was to be but the first of MANY.







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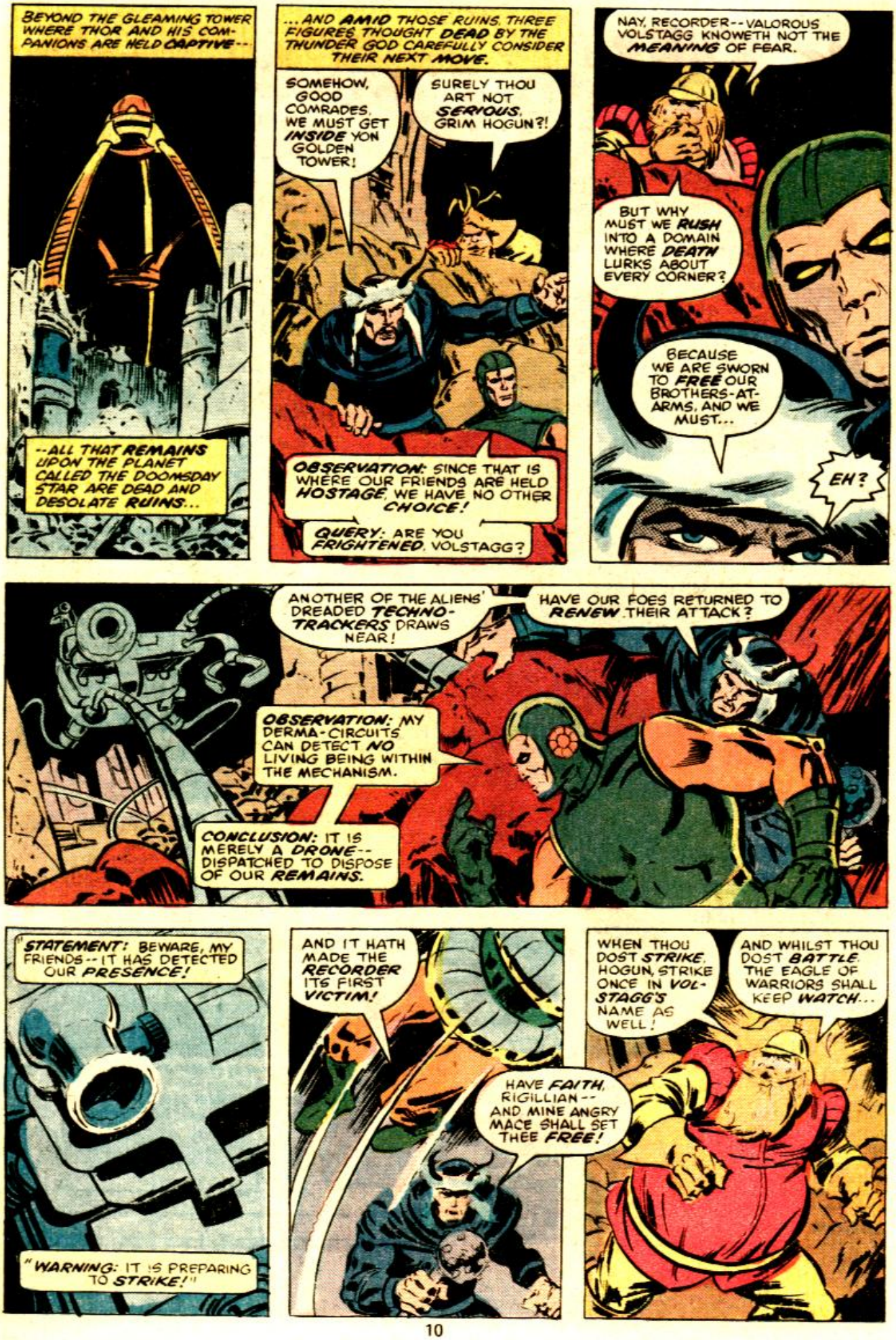
BEYOND THE GLEAMING TOWER WHERE THOR AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE HELD CAPTIVE--
--ALL THAT REMAINS UPON THE PLANET CALLED THE DOOMSDAY STAR ARE DEAD AND DESOLATE RUINS...
...AND AMID THOSE RUINS, THREE FIGURES, THOUGHT DEAD BY THE THUNDER GOD CAREFULLY CONSIDER THEIR NEXT MOVE.
SOMEHOW, GOOD COMRADES, WE MUST GET INSIDE YON GOLDEN TOWER!
SURELY THOU ART NOT SERIOUS, GRIM HOGUN?!
OBSERVATION: SINCE THAT IS WHERE OUR FRIENDS ARE HELD HOSTAGE, WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!
QUERY: ARE YOU FRIGHTENED, VOLSTAGG?
NAY, RECORDER--VALOROUS VOLSTAGG KNOWETH NOT THE MEANING OF FEAR.
BUT WHY MUST WE RUSH INTO A DOMAIN WHERE DEATH LURKS ABOUT EVERY CORNER?
BECAUSE WE ARE SWORN TO FREE OUR BROTHERS-AT-ARMS, AND WE MUST...
EH?
ANOTHER OF THE ALIENS' DREADED TECHNO-TRACKERS DRAWS NEAR!
HAVE OUR FOES RETURNED TO RENEW THEIR ATTACK?
OBSERVATION: MY DERMA-CIRCUITS CAN DETECT NO LIVING BEING WITHIN THE MECHANISM.
CONCLUSION: IT IS MERELY A DRONE--DISPATCHED TO DISPOSE OF OUR REMAINS.
"STATEMENT: BEWARE, MY FRIENDS--IT HAS DETECTED OUR PRESENCE!
"WARNING: IT IS PREPARING TO STRIKE!"
AND IT HATH MADE THE RECORDER ITS FIRST VICTIM!
HAVE FAITH, RIGILLIAN--AND MINE ANGRY MACE SHALL SET THEE FREE!
WHEN THOU DOST STRIKE, HOGUN, STRIKE ONCE IN VOLSTAGG'S NAME AS WELL!
AND WHILST THOU DOST BATTLE, THE EAGLE OF WARRIORS SHALL KEEP WATCH...

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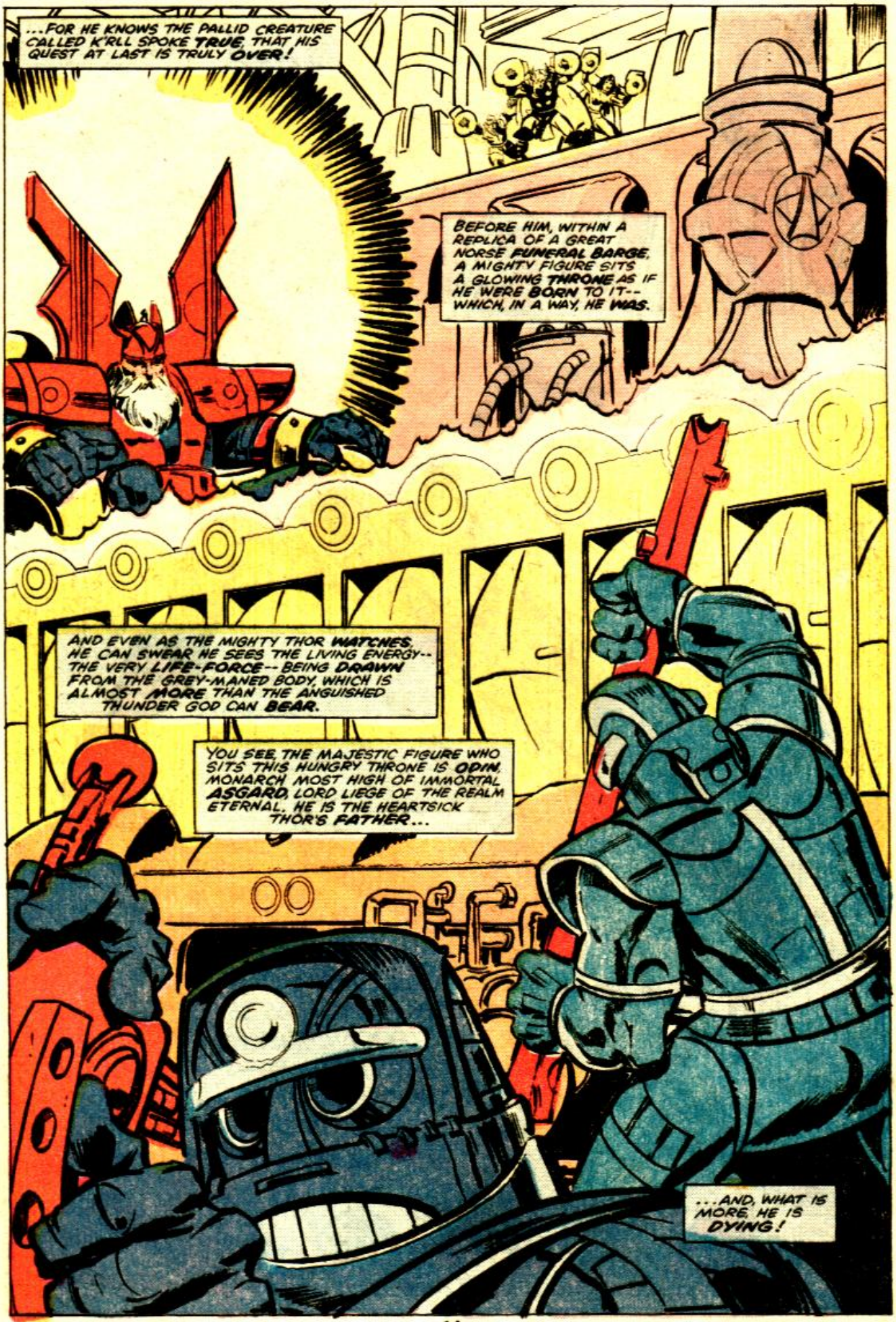
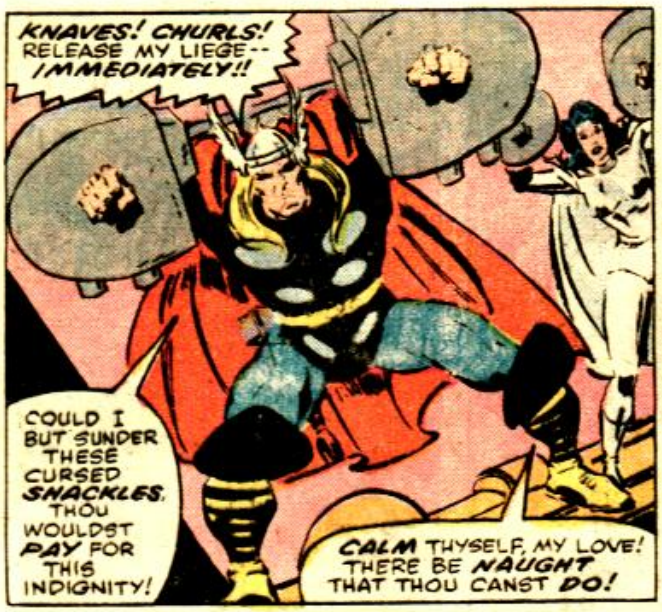
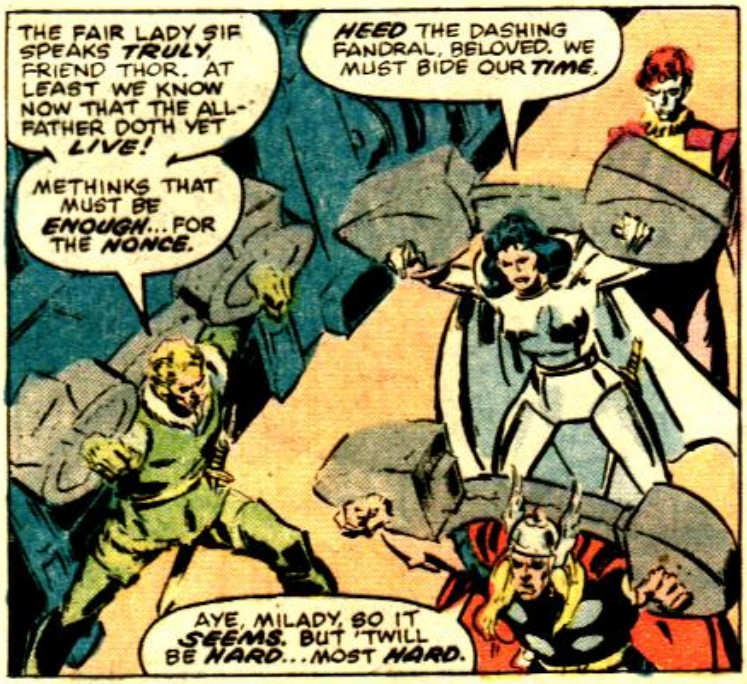

...FOR HE KNOWS THE PALLID CREATURE CALLED K'RLL SPOKE TRUE, THAT HIS QUEST AT LAST IS TRULY OVER!
BEFORE HIM, WITHIN A REPLICA OF A GREAT NORSE FUNERAL BARGE, A MIGHTY FIGURE SITS A GLOWING THRONE AS IF HE WERE BORN TO IT--WHICH, IN A WAY, HE WAS.
AND EVEN AS THE MIGHTY THOR WATCHES, HE CAN SWEAR HE SEES THE LIVING ENERGY--THE VERY LIFE-FORCE--BEING DRAWN FROM THE GREY-MANED BODY WHICH IS ALMOST MORE THAN THE ANGUISHED THUNDER GOD CAN BEAR.
YOU SEE, THE MAJESTIC FIGURE WHO SITS THIS HUNGRY THRONE IS ODIN, MONARCH MOST HIGH OF IMMORTAL ASGARD, LORD LIEGE OF THE REALM ETERNAL. HE IS THE HEARTSICK THOR'S FATHER...
...AND, WHAT IS MORE, HE IS DYING!

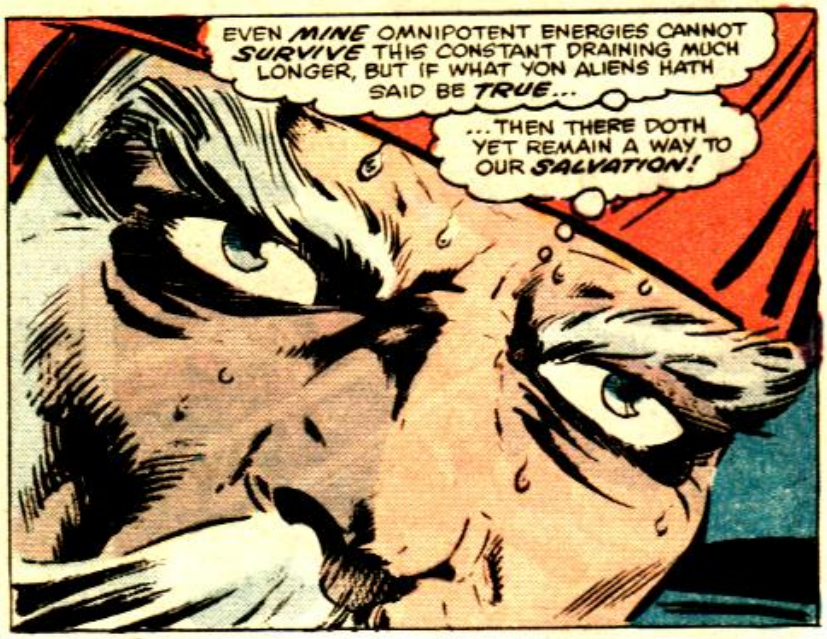

KNAVES! CHURLS! RELEASE MY LIEGE-- IMMEDIATELY!!
COULD I BUT SUNDER THESE CURSED SHACKLES, THOU WOULDST PAY FOR THIS INDIGNITY!
CALM THYSELF, MY LOVE! THERE BE NAUGHT THAT THOU CANST DO!

VERILY, THE MIGHTY THOR DOTH BE HIS SIRE'S SON. HE HATH FOUND ME AS WELL I KNEW HE WOULD.
MAYHAP NOW FATE'S COLD SCALES SHALL TIP IN OUR BALANCE AT LAST!


THE FAIR LADY SIF SPEAKS TRULY, FRIEND THOR. AT LEAST WE KNOW NOW THAT THE ALL-FATHER DOTH YET LIVE!
METHINKS THAT MUST BE ENOUGH... FOR THE NONCE.
HEED THE DASHING FANDRAL, BELOVED. WE MUST BIDE OUR TIME.
AYE, MILADY, SO IT SEEMS. BUT 'TWILL BE HARD... MOST HARD.

Their determination is truly INSPIRING, is it not, N'gll? A shame it will AVAIL them not at...
Ah... K'rll... I suggest you check this MONITOR before you continue your paeans of praise.
Even as we SPEAK, the three ASGARDIANS we thought dead are SCALING this tower.
Eh?

They are indeed a most IMPRESSIVE breed, N'gll. Well, let them CONTINUE their climb.
IF they SUCCEED, perhaps they shall PROVE themselves worthy of our WORSHIP.


EVEN MINE OMNIPOTENT ENERGIES CANNOT SURVIVE THIS CONSTANT DRAINING MUCH LONGER, BUT IF WHAT YON ALIENS HATH SAID BE TRUE...
...THEN THERE DOTH YET REMAIN A WAY TO OUR SALVATION!

AND WHILE THE MONARCH OF ASGARD PREPARES HIS FINAL GAMBIT, MYRIAD WORLDS AWAY, THE REALM HE RULES STILL SUFFERS UNDER SIEGE--
--EVEN AS THREE BOLD FIGURES RACE TO SAVE THE GOLDEN CITY...
...AMONG THEM, A SECOND GOD OF THUNDER!
THE STREETS OF THIS SECTION DOTH SEEM UNCOMMONLY QUIET, ODINSON.
ART THOU CERTAIN THOU DOST LEAD US A'RIGHT, FRIEND THOR?
I ASSURE THEE, BALDER--I KNOW PRECISELY WHAT I AM DOING!
I DID PROMISE TO SHOW THEE THE TRUE FOE OF THE REALM... AND, VERILY, I HAVE!
THUS FAR THOU HAST SHOWN US NAUGHT BUT PHANTOMS, THUNDER GOD!
KARNILLA SPEAKS TRULY, MILORD. I SEE NO FOE BEFORE US!
THAT, THOU MOST MONUMENTAL FOOL, IS BECAUSE THOU DOST NOT KNOW WHERE TO LOOK!!
THROK!
AARRGGHH!!
I KNOW NOT WHAT MADNESS DOTH POSSESS THEE, VARLET--
--BUT FOR DARING TO HARM THE NOBLE BALDER...
...THY VERY LIFE IS FORFEIT!!
TRULY, THY POWERS ARE AWESOME, NORN QUEEN...
...BUT MINE ARE GREATER STILL!!
AND EVEN AS THE LOVELY KARNILLA FALLS BEFORE THE SEETHING ASSAULT OF HER MYSTERIOUS FOE...

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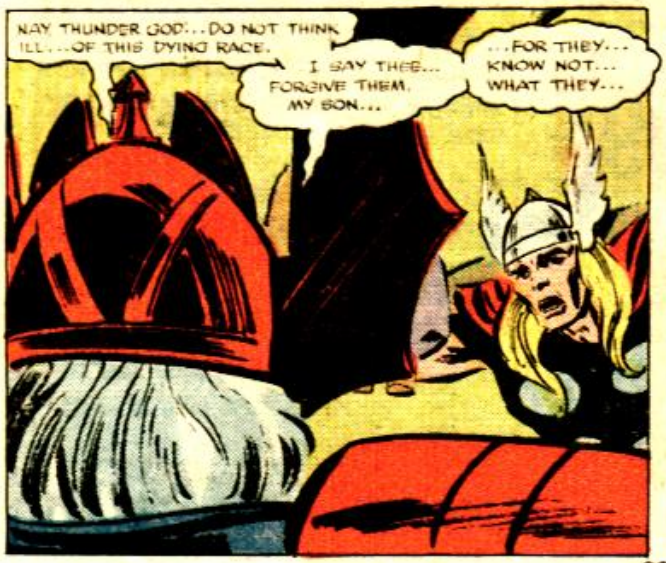
BUT THE SLASHING MACE OF HOGUN THE GRIM DOTH HUNGER TOO--
--FOR BATTLE--
--FOR BLOOD--
--FOR VICTORY!!
OBSERVATION: YOUR SKILL IN COMBAT MAKES OUR EFFORTS APPEAR QUITE POOR BY COMPARISON, HOGUN.
THIS BE NOT SOME TOURNAMENT, RECORDER!
'TIS A BATTLE... TO THE DEATH!
AND, VERILY 'TWILL NOT BE HOGUN WHO SHALL PERISH HERE!!
RATHER, IT SHALL BE THESE CURSED...
ZOUNDS!!
DECLARATION: ONE OF THE CARRION CREATURES HAS CAPTURED HOGUN!
CONCLUSION: I MUST ACT SWIFTLY IF I AM TO SAVE HIM!
NAY OBSERVANT ONE! IF ANYONE SHALL SAVE GRIM HOGUN, 'TWILL BE HIS LOYAL BROTHER-AT-ARMS!
MY FLESH DOTH FAIRLY TINGLE WITH BOUNDLESS RAGE--
--AND FOR DARING TO SO MUCH AS TOUCH VALIANT VOLSTAGG'S GOOD COMPANION...
SNAPP!!
...THIS UNHOLY MONSTER SHALL PAY WITH ITS LIFE!!



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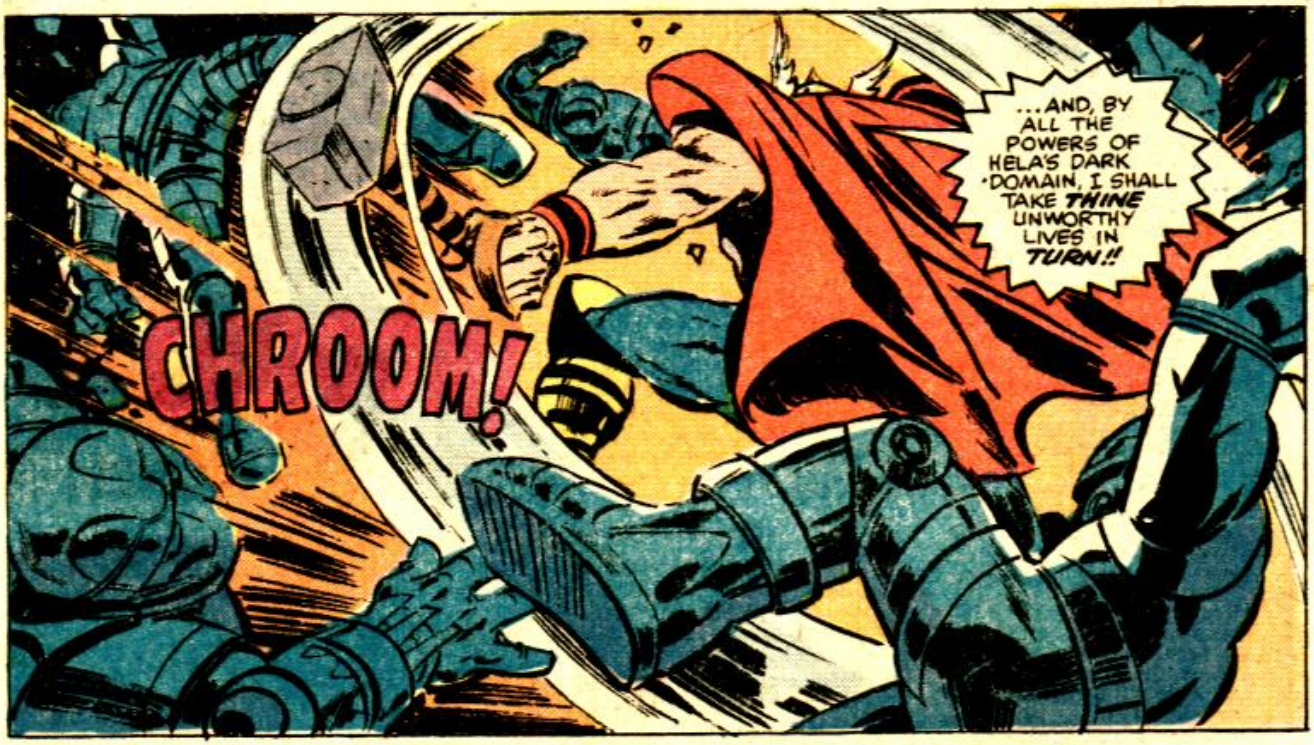
FAAATHERRR!!!
SKA-RAKK!
IN BLIND, UNTHINKING RAGE, THE GOD OF THUNDER STRAINS AGAINST THE MASSIVE BONDS THAT HOLD HIM -- AND WITHOUT THE LIVING ENERGY OF ODIN TO SUSTAIN THEIR OVERWHELMING POWER, THE SHACKLES SHUDDER... CRACK...
...THEN SHATTER!!

IN AN INSTANT, THE ODINSON HAS FREED THE DASHING FANDRAL, LEAVING HIM TO RELEASE THE LADY SIF, EVEN AS...
HOLD STILL, MILADY, AND I SHALL... EH?
BY ASGARD! 'TIS HOGUN... VOLSTAGG... AND THE RECORDER!?!
THEY STILL LIVE!!

AND WHEN THE THREE NEW ARRIVALS HAVE BEEN TOLD WHAT HAS OCCURRED...
THE OMNIPOTENT ODIN -- SLAIN?!? NAY, WOULDST VALIANT VOLSTAGG HAD NE'ER LIVED TO SEE THIS DREADFUL DAY!
'TIS UP TO US TO AVENGE THE ALL-FATHER'S MURDER, WARRIORS!
THEN WE HAD BEST MOVE SWIFTLY, GRIM ONE...



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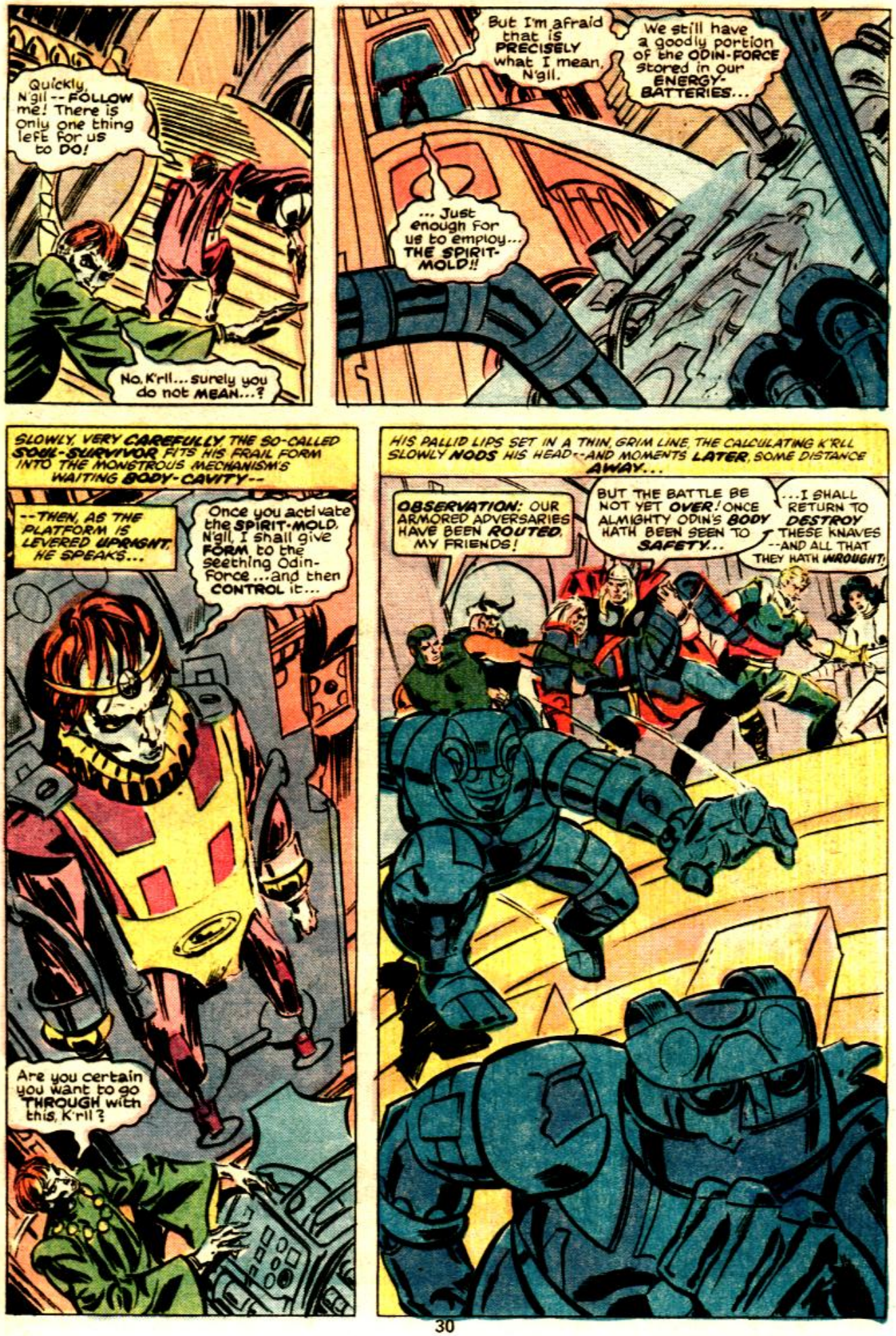
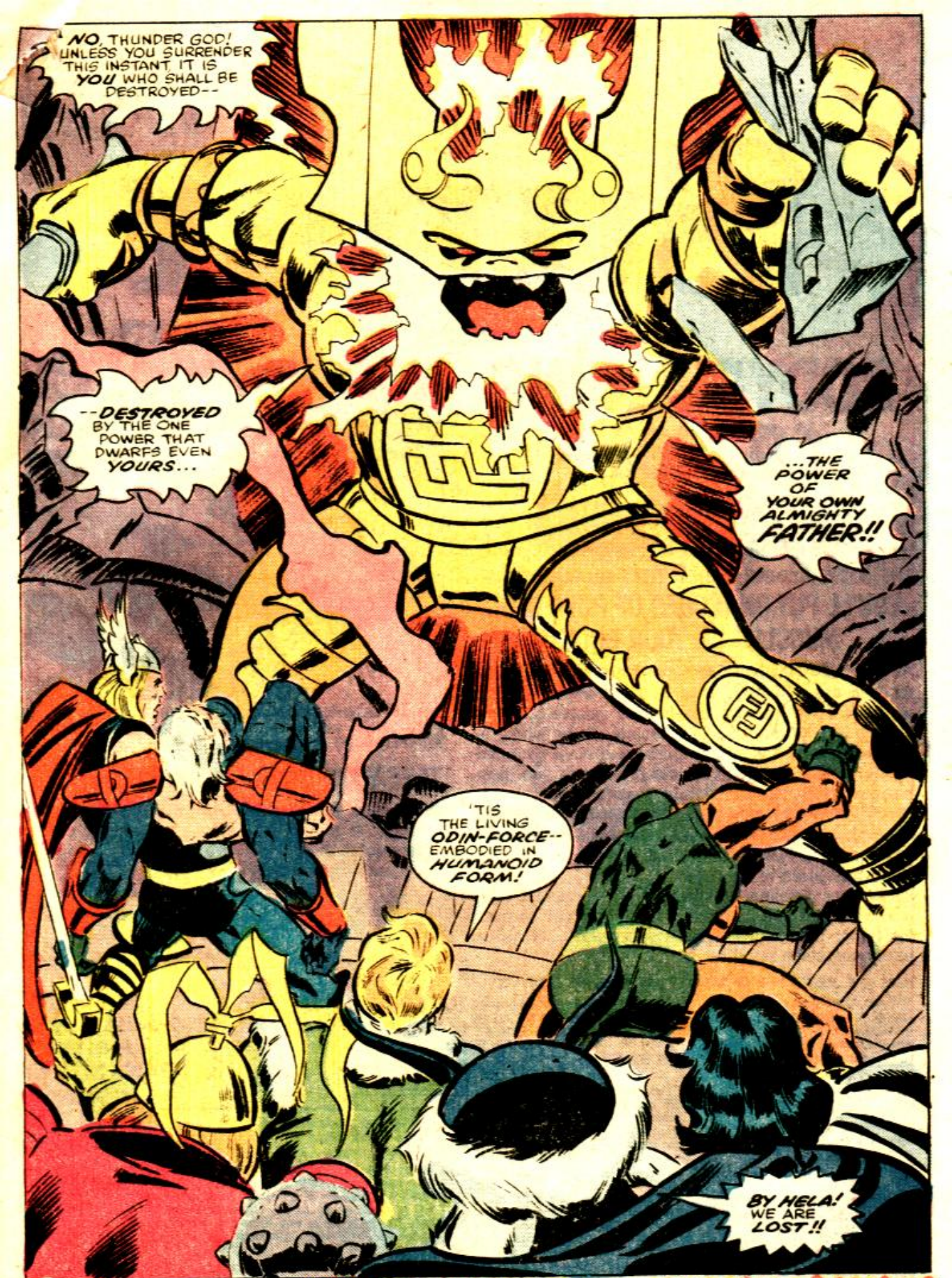

Quickly, N'gil -- FOLLOW me! There is only one thing left for us to DO!
No, K'rll... surely you do not MEAN...?
But I'm afraid that is PRECISELY what I mean, N'gil.
We still have a goodly portion of the ODIN-FORCE stored in our ENERGY-BATTERIES...
... Just enough for us to employ... THE SPIRIT-MOLD!!
SLOWLY, VERY CAREFULLY THE SO-CALLED SOUL-SURVIVOR FITS HIS FRAIL FORM INTO THE MONSTROUS MECHANISM'S WAITING BODY-CAVITY--
--THEN, AS THE PLATFORM IS LEVERED UPRIGHT, HE SPEAKS...
Once you activate the SPIRIT-MOLD, N'gil, I shall give FORM to the seething Odin-Force ...and then CONTROL it...
Are you certain you want to go THROUGH with this, K'rll?
HIS PALLID LIPS SET IN A THIN, GRIM LINE, THE CALCULATING K'RLL SLOWLY NODS HIS HEAD--AND MOMENTS LATER, SOME DISTANCE AWAY...
OBSERVATION: OUR ARMORED ADVERSARIES HAVE BEEN ROUTED, MY FRIENDS!
BUT THE BATTLE BE NOT YET OVER! ONCE ALMIGHTY ODIN'S BODY HATH BEEN SEEN TO SAFETY...
...I SHALL RETURN TO DESTROY THESE KNAVES --AND ALL THAT THEY HATH WROUGHT!



NEXT ISSUE: THE QUEST AT LONG LAST ENDS, IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED FASHION OF ALL! BE HERE FOR... **HOLOCAUST...AND HOMECOMING!**