

THOR

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



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THE
MIGHTY

THOR

THE
STILT-MAN
HATH RETURNED--AND
MY HAMMER CANNOT
STOP HIM!!

BUT HIS
**ROCKET-
PODS** MAY
SOON SLAY
ME!!

AND
IF THAT
ISN'T TROUBLE
ENOUGH FOR
OUR HERO--
WAIT'LL YOU SEE
**STILTY'S NEW
PARTNER!**



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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A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE!

NOW HERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY: A CLASSIC FIGURE OF NORSE MYTHOLOGY, PERUSING THE LOCAL TABLOIDS.

SURPRISED, FAITHFUL ONE? ASTONISHED? WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T BE!

AFTER ALL, EVEN A THUNDER GOD HAS TO KEEP UP ON THE NEWS SOMEHOW!

DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-MAN AND THE GREEN GOBLIN—
PARTNERS IN CRIME?

MAN, I'D NEVER'VE BELIEVED IT! OL' GOLDLOCKS HIMSELF—STOPPIN' AT MY NEWSSTAND!

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AND I WISH TO THANK THEE FOR THY HOSPITALITY, FRIEND NEWSDEALER. LACKING SUITABLE COIN OF THE REALM, I CANNOT REPAY THEE FOR THE USE OF THY...

EH?

HEY--IT'S THOR!

OH, WOW-- IT'S REALLY HIM!

SOOTH, BUT I HAD DREADED THIS!



GEE, I HATE TO BOTHER YOU OR ANYTHING-- BUT CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MR. THOR?

IT WOULD REALLY MEAN A LOT TO ME!



YOU CAN SIGN THE PAGE RIGHT AFTER BILLY CARTER... AND COULD YOU MAKE IT OUT TO SALLY JANE?

AYE, CHILD-- 'TILL BE MY PLEASURE!

WHEN YOU'RE DONE, COULD YOU LET LITTLE JIMMY TOUCH YOUR HAMMER MISTER?

HE'S A BIG FAN OF YOURS!

AH, THOR'S OKAY-- BUT HE'S NOT HALF AS NEAT AS IRON MAN!



AND SO IT GOES, UNTIL...

FORGIVE ME, GOOD CITIZENS-- BUT I FEAR I MUST TAKE MY LEAVE NOW!



THE CLARION CALL TO DUTY HATH BEEN SOUNDED--

--AND THE SON OF ODIN, AS EVER, MUST ANSWER!

THOUGH METHINKS THERE ARE TIMES I WOULD RATHER FACE AN ARMY OF MY FIERCEST FOES THAN A CROWD OF MY MOST ARDENT ADMIRERS!

AND SOON, IN A SECLUDED ALLEY...



STILL, WHEN THE **BURDENS** OF THE THUNDER GOD DOTH GROW TOO **GREAT--**

...AND THUS ALLOW ALMIGHTY ODIN'S **ENCHANTMENT** TO TRANSFORM ME ONCE MORE INTO...

--I HAVE BUT TO **STRIKE** THE MYSTIC MALLET **MYOLNIR** ONCE UPON THE GROUND...



HEY-- **WHUZZAT??**

WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE?

CAN'T A BODY EVER TAKE A NAP IN **PEACE?**



WELL, EXCUSE **ME**, MADAM-- I HAD NO IDEA THIS ALLEY WAS ALREADY **TAKEN!**

I MEAN-- EVEN A **DERELICT** HAS HERSELF **SOME** RIGHTS, Y'KNOW!

WELL, IT AS' YA WANNA **SACK OUT** SOME- PLACE, MISTER-- FIND YERSELF ANUDDER **ALLEY!**

BY THE WAY... KIN YA SPARE SOME **CHANGE?**



AFRAID I'M FRESH OUT OF **COIN**, MY DEAR-- BUT WILL **THIS** HELP?

CONSIDER IT MY SHARE OF THE **RENT!**

BLESS YA, MISTER-- I'LL R'MEMBER YA IN MY **WILL** FER THIS!



AS I WAS **SAYING...**

WHEN THINGS GET TOO HARRIED FOR **THOR**, HE ALWAYS HAS THE MORTAL **DR. DON BLAKE** TO FALL BACK ON--

--AND **FRANKLY**, I LOVE IT!



WHILE, IN A MYSTERIOUS SANCTUARY ELSEWHERE...

WH--WHO ARE YOU? WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

WE ASSURE YOU, **WILBUR** DAY... ANSWERS WILL BE **FORTHCOMING!**



H-HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

WH-WHERE ARE YOU? BLAST IT-- SHOW YOURSELF!!

WE KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU THERE IS TO KNOW, WILBUR--

--JUST AS YOU SHALL KNOW ALL ABOUT US... IN GOOD TIME!

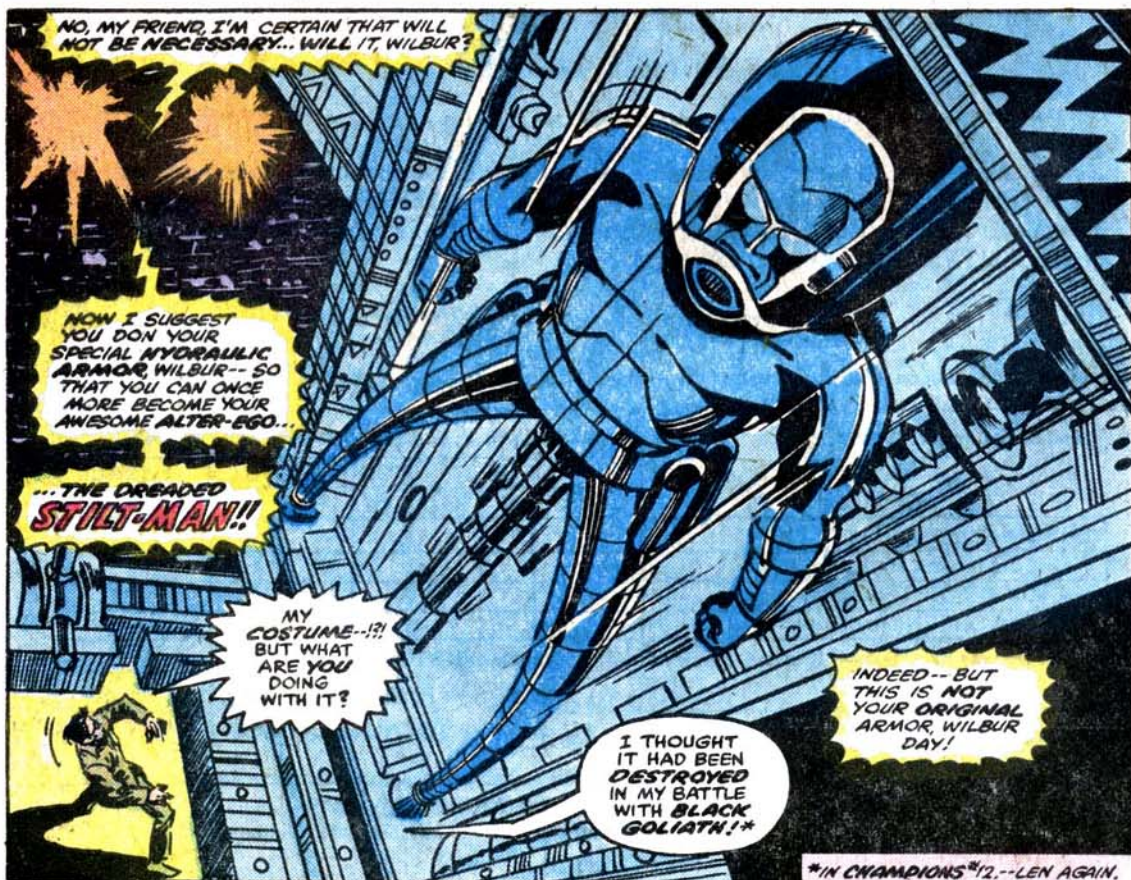


WE FREED YOU FROM YOUR PRISON CELL* BECAUSE WE BELIEVED WE COULD BE OF CONSIDERABLE ASSISTANCE TO ONE ANOTHER, WILBUR!

YOU AREN'T GOING TO DISAPPOINT US NOW, ARE YOU?

IF HE DOES... I SHALL GLADLY DESTROY HIM!!

*LAST ISN, --LEN.



NO, MY FRIEND, I'M CERTAIN THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY... WILL IT, WILBUR?

NOW I SUGGEST YOU DON YOUR SPECIAL HYDRAULIC ARMOR, WILBUR-- SO THAT YOU CAN ONCE MORE BECOME YOUR AWESOME ALTER-EGO...

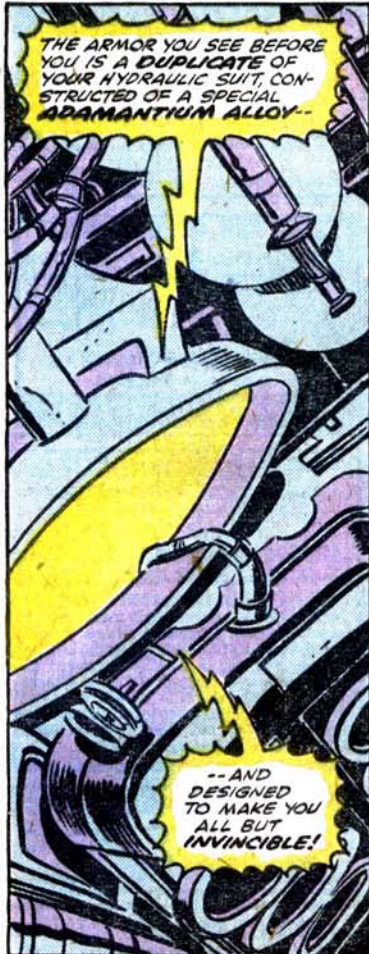
...THE DREADED STILT-MAN!!!

MY COSTUME--!! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH IT?

I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN DESTROYED IN MY BATTLE WITH BLACK GOLIATH!*

INDEED-- BUT THIS IS NOT YOUR ORIGINAL ARMOR, WILBUR DAY!

*IN CHAMPIONS #12, --LEN AGAIN.



ELSEWHERE, SOON AFTER...

"...SO THE FAT MAN SAYS,
THAT WAS NO LADLE
THAT WAS MY KNIFE!"



NOT
FUNNY,
FRED.

WHAT DO YA WANT FOR THESE
PRICES, JOE-- ABBOTT
AND COSTELLO?

YA THINK A LITTLE
PEACE AN' QUIET
WOULD BE TOO
MUCH TO ASK?



SHEESH!
EVERYBODY IS
A CRITIC!

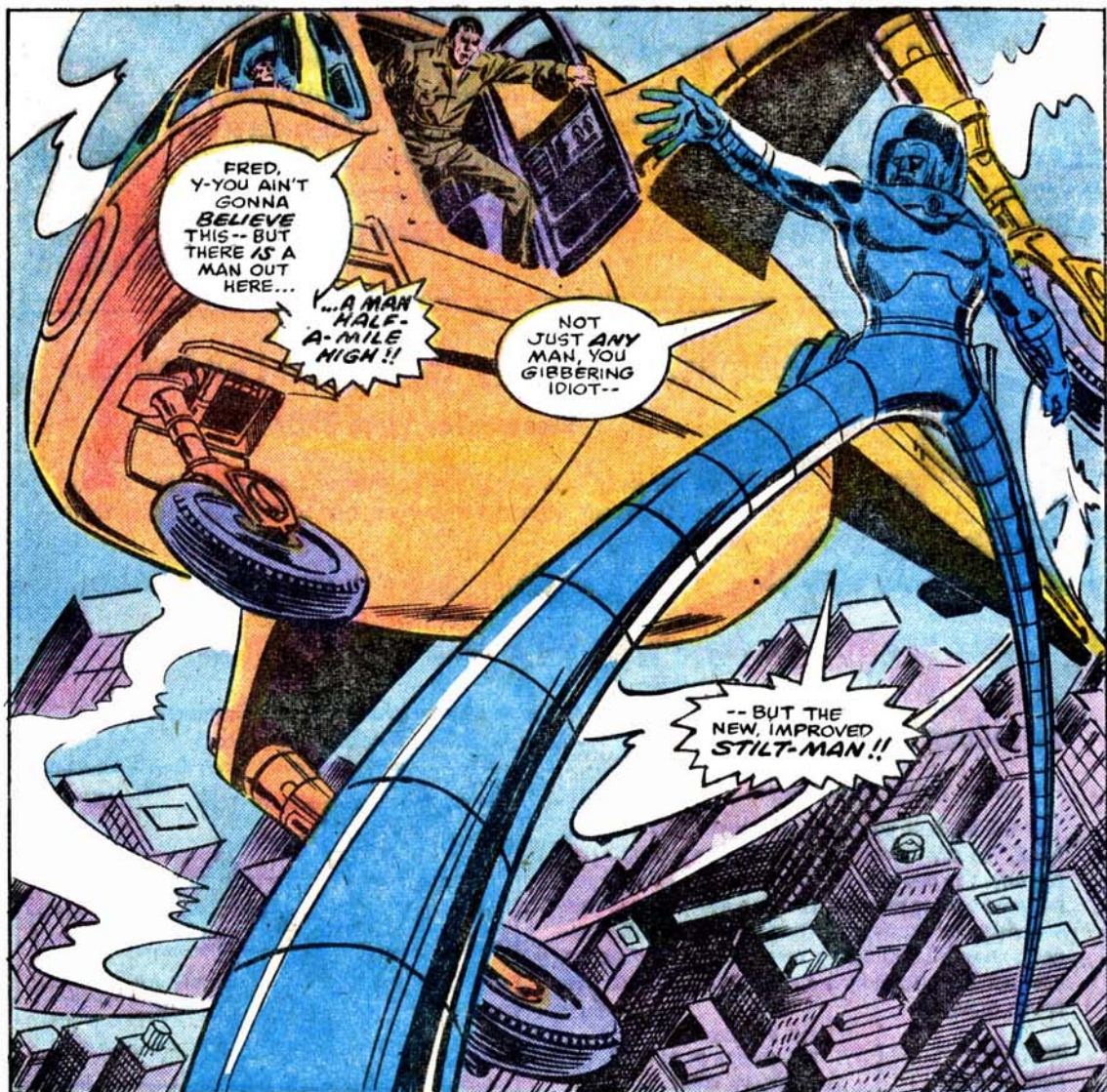
BLANG! BLANG!

HUH? HEY,
YOU EXPECTIN'
ANYBODY,
FRED?

THAT
SUPPOSED
TO BE A
JOKE, JOE?



IT STARTED
OUT THAT WAY--
BUT MAYBE I
BETTER GO CHECK!



FRED,
Y-YOU AIN'T
GONNA
BELIEVE
THIS-- BUT
THERE IS A
MAN OUT
HERE...

"...A MAN
HALF-
A-MILE
HIGH!!

NOT
JUST ANY
MAN, YOU
GIBBERING
IDIOT--

-- BUT THE
NEW, IMPROVED
STILT-MAN!!



TO WORK OR NOT TO WORK...
THAT'S ESSENTIALLY THE
QUESTION!

EITHER I ACCEPT
JACOB WALLABY'S
OFFER TO PRACTICE
AT THAT FREE
CLINIC--OR I SIT
AROUND FUMBLING
MY THINGS!

NOT EXACTLY THE
MOST EXCITING OF
CHOICES, IS IT?

HUM? THAT SOUND---? WHAT IS---?

LORD--NO!!

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

THAT HELICOPTER-- HURTLING OUT OF CONTROL--!!

...UNLESS...

IT'S GOING TO PLUNGE STRAIGHT INTO THIS CROWD...

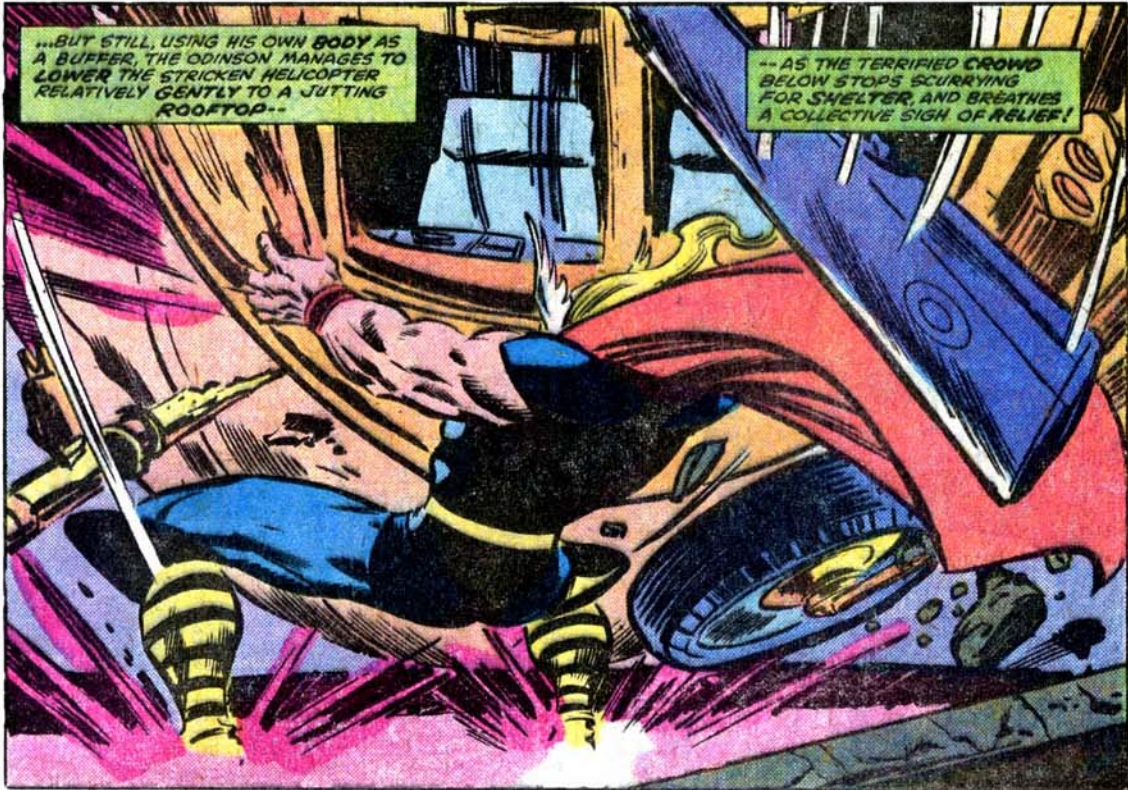
WITH A SOUND LIKE ROLLING THUNDER, THE MIGHTY THOR AND THE RAMPANT AIRCRAFT COLLIDE IN MID-AIR--

KWA-VOOM!

--THE SHEER IMPACT OF IT MOMENTARILY NUMBING THE THUNDER GOD'S MUSCLES, STUNNING HIS VERY SENSES...

...BUT STILL, USING HIS OWN BODY AS A BUFFER, THE ODINSON MANAGES TO LOWER THE STRICKEN HELICOPTER RELATIVELY GENTLY TO A JUTTING ROOFTOP--

-- AS THE TERRIFIED CROWD BELOW STOPS SCURRYING FOR SHELTER, AND BREATHES A COLLECTIVE SIGH OF RELIEF!



AND WHEN THOR HAS PULLED THE STILL-DAZED PILOTS TO SAFETY...

THOU SHALT RECOVER, MORTAL-- BUT WHAT CAUSED THY SUDDEN PLIGHT?

IT WAS... THE STILT-MAN!

H-HE ROBBED US... THEN LEFT US TO DIE!



THE STILT-MAN, THOU SAYEST? CAPTAIN AMERICA HATH TOLD ME OF THE FIEND! *

FEAR NOT, GOOD MORTAL! THY CARGO SHALL BE RECOVERED-- AND THOU SHALT BE AVENGED!

SO SWEARS THE GOD OF THUNDER!!

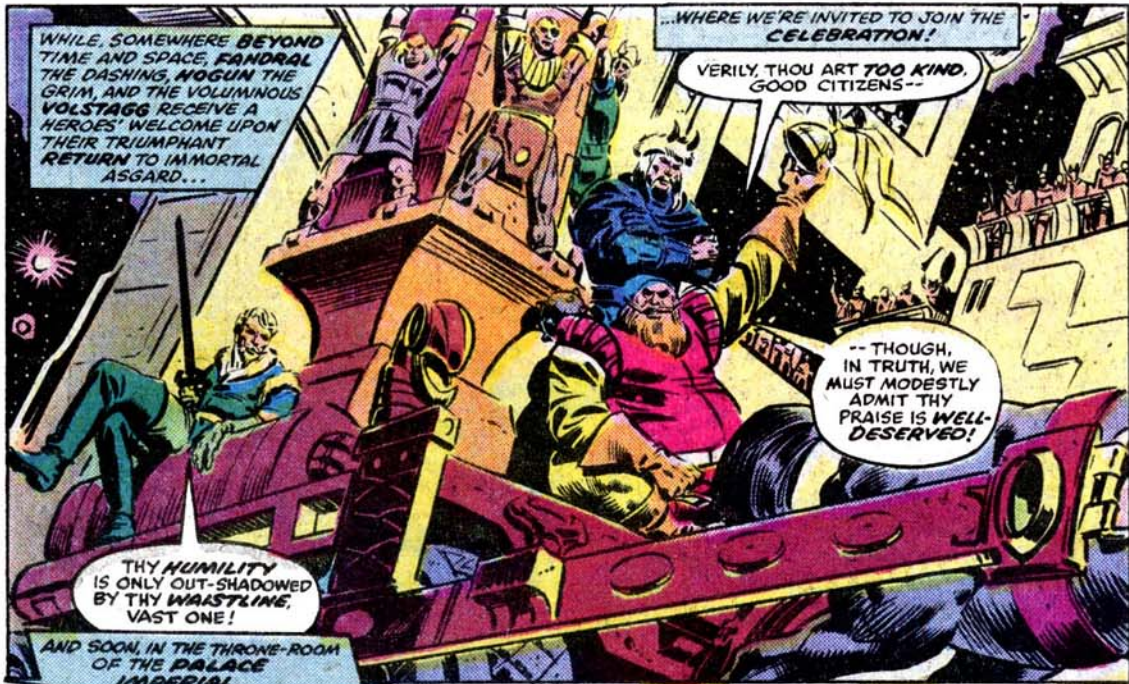


* CAP BATTLED STILTY BACK IN CAPTAIN AMERICA #191, -- LEN.

AND IN THE SHADOWS, A GROTESQUE FIGURE ANGRILY CLENCHES HIS MASSIVE FIST--



-- AND MUTTERS A SILENT CURSE!



WHILE, SOMEWHERE BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, FANDRAL THE DASHING, NOGUN THE GRIM, AND THE VOLUMINOUS VOLSTAGG RECEIVE A HEROES' WELCOME UPON THEIR TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO IMMORTAL ASGARD...

...WHERE WE'RE INVITED TO JOIN THE CELEBRATION!

VERILY, THOU ART TOO KIND, GOOD CITIZENS--

--THOUGH, IN TRUTH, WE MUST MODESTLY ADMIT THY PRAISE IS WELL-DESERVED!

THY HUMILITY IS ONLY OUT-SHADOWED BY THY WAISTLINE, VAST ONE!

AND SOON, IN THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE PALACE IMPERIAL...



HAIL, ALMIGHTY ODIN! AS ORDERED, WE HAVE CAPTURED THE TRAITOROUS SNAYKAR, MAGRAT, AND KRODA--

--AND NOW AWAIT THY NEXT COMMAND!

THOU HAST DONE WELL, GOOD WARRIORS! ASK ANY BOON OF ME--AND IT IS THINE!

THEN PERHAPS A SIMPLE REFEAST, MILORD...SAY, FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN COURSES...?



NEVER FEAR, O LION OF ASGARD-- THY BELLY SHALL BE FILLED!

BUT FIRST, ALLOW ME TO OFFER SOME SUSTENANCE FOR THY SOUL!



THY VOICE DOTTH SOUND TROUBLED, MY LIEGE! IF THERE BE SOME WAY WE WARRIORS THREE CAN AID THEE--

--PRAY THEE, BUT SPEAK-- AND WE SHALL OBEY!

THY FEALTY DOES ME HONOR, DASHING ONE!

FOR, INDEED, ALL IS NOT WELL WITH THE REALM ETERNAL--

--AND MAYHAP ONLY YE THREE CAN SET THINGS A'RIGHT!



AND, ON THAT RATHER TANTALIZING NOTE, WE MUST RELUCTANTLY RETURN TO THE BIG APPLE...

STASHING MY STOLEN PRIZE IN MY BACK-PACK LEAVES MY HANDS FREE FOR OTHER THINGS!

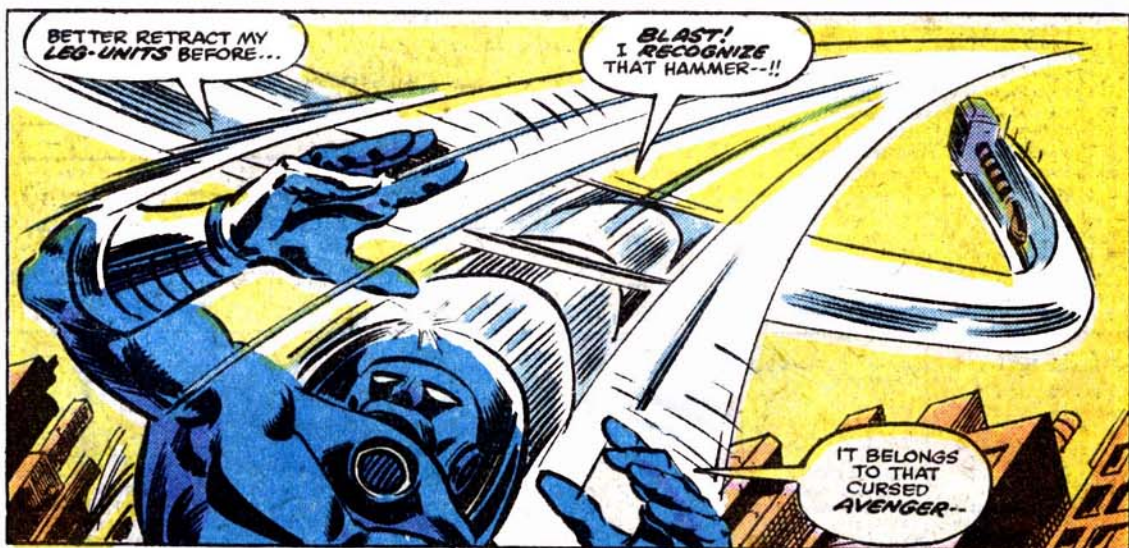
IT'S A TRIFLE UNCOMFORTABLE...

...BUT IN THIS IMPROVED ARMOR, I BARELY FEEL THE EXTRA WEIGHT--AND THE BUILT-IN GYROSCOPIC STABILIZERS WILL KEEP ME ERECT UNDER ANY...



EH?

THAT WHIZZING SOUND--COMING RIGHT TOWARD ME--!



BETTER RETRACT MY LEG-UNITS BEFORE...

BLAST! I RECOGNIZE THAT HAMMER--!!

IT BELONGS TO THAT CURSED AVENGER--



--THOR--

THOU DOST MOVE FAR MORE SWIFTLY THAN I WOULD E'ER HAVE EXPECTED, TOWERING ONE--

--BUT STILL THOU ART NO MATCH FOR HIM WHO WIELDS THE MYSTIC MALLET Mjolnir!



THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, THUNDER GOD--

--AND PERHAPS MY ROCKET-PODS CAN PROVE MY POINT!!

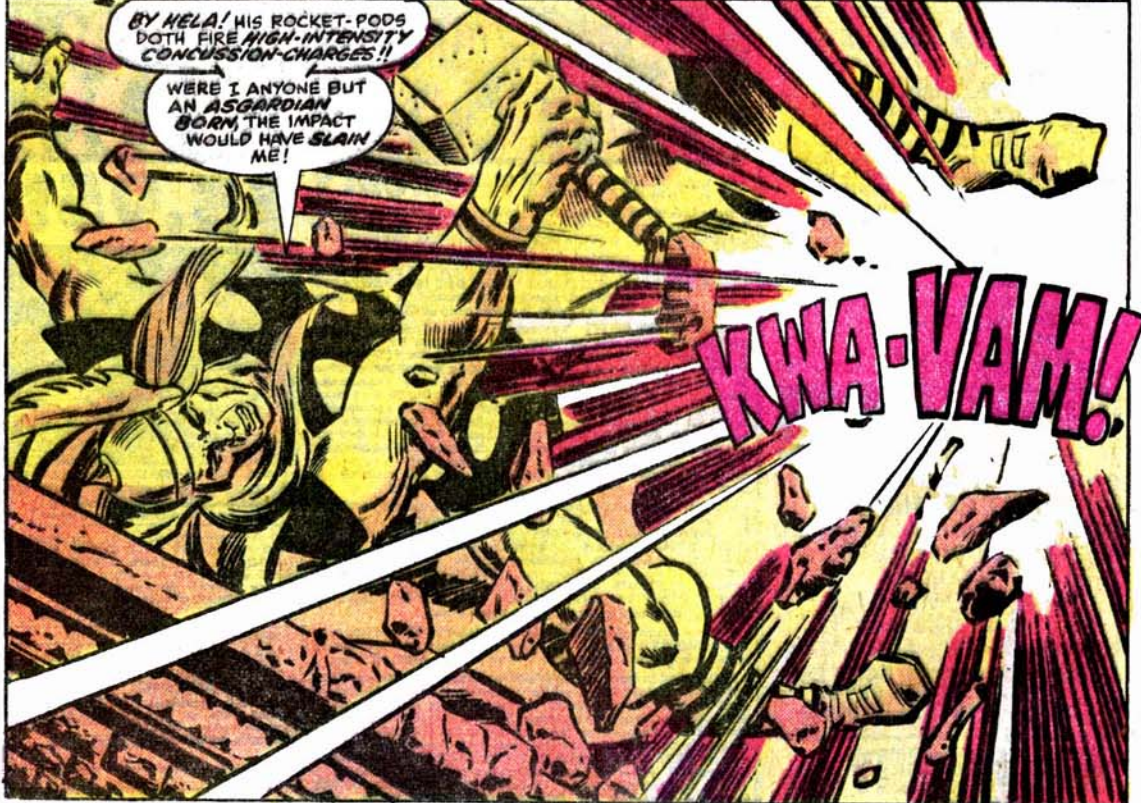
FVHOOOSH!!

FVHOOOSH!!

BY HELA! HIS ROCKET-PODS
DO THO FIRE HIGH-INTENSITY
CONCUSSION-CHARGES!!

WERE I ANYONE BUT
AN ASGARDIAN
BORN, THE IMPACT
WOULD HAVE SLAIN
ME!

KWA-VAM!



BUT EVEN
THE GOD OF
THUNDER
CANNOT ENDURE
SUCH DEVASTATING
FIRE-POWER FOR
LONG WITHOUT
SUFFERING GRIEVOUS
INJURY!

WHUMP!

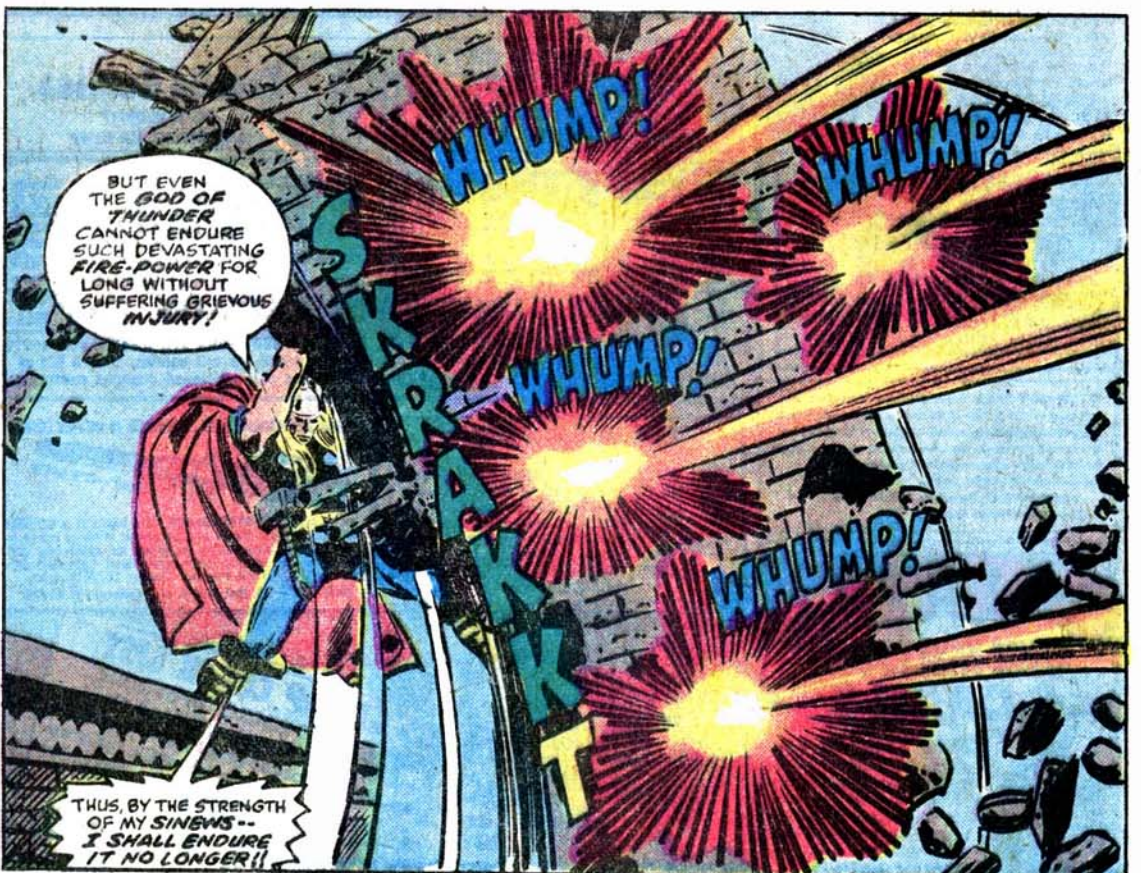
WHUMP!

WHUMP!

WHUMP!

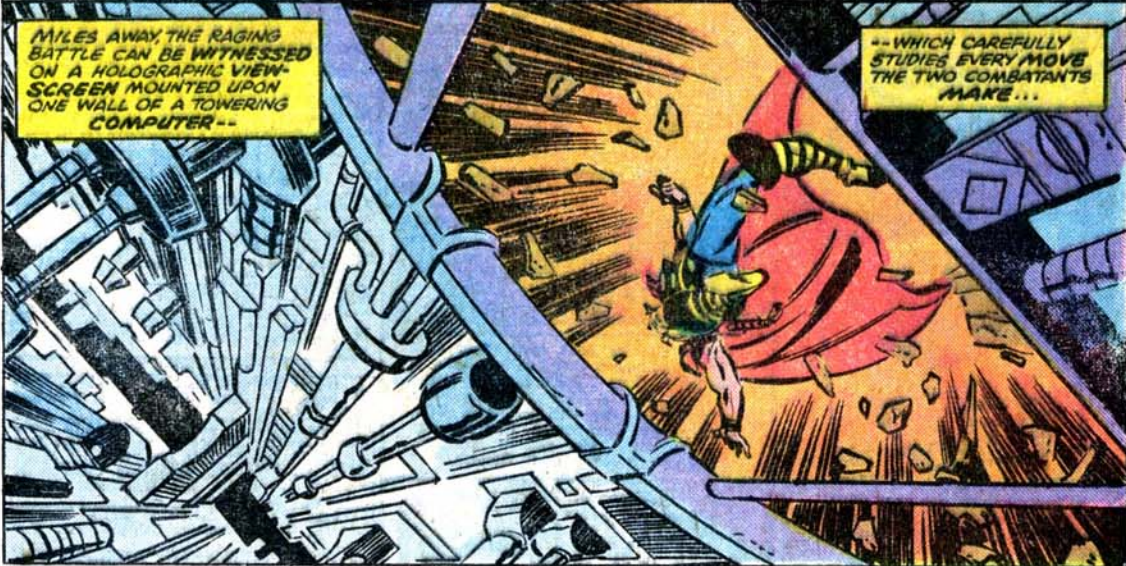
SKRAKKT

THUS, BY THE STRENGTH
OF MY SINEWS--
I SHALL ENDURE
IT NO LONGER!!

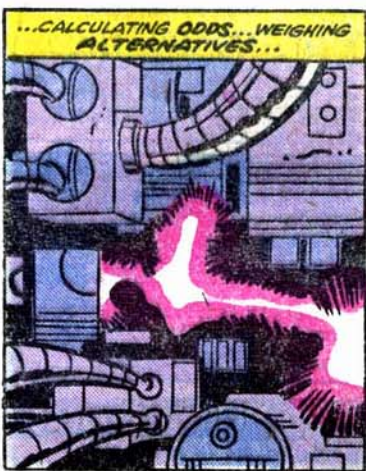


MILES AWAY, THE RAGING
BATTLE CAN BE WITNESSED
ON A HOLOGRAPHIC VIEW-
SCREEN MOUNTED UPON
ONE WALL OF A TOWERING
COMPUTER--

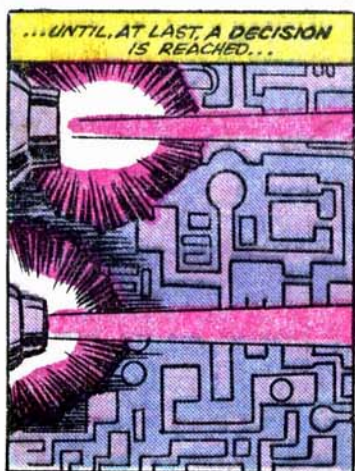
--WHICH CAREFULLY
STUDIES EVERY MOVE
THE TWO COMBATANTS
MAKE--



...CALCULATING ODDS...WEIGHING
ALTERNATIVES...



...UNTIL, AT LAST, A DECISION
IS REACHED...



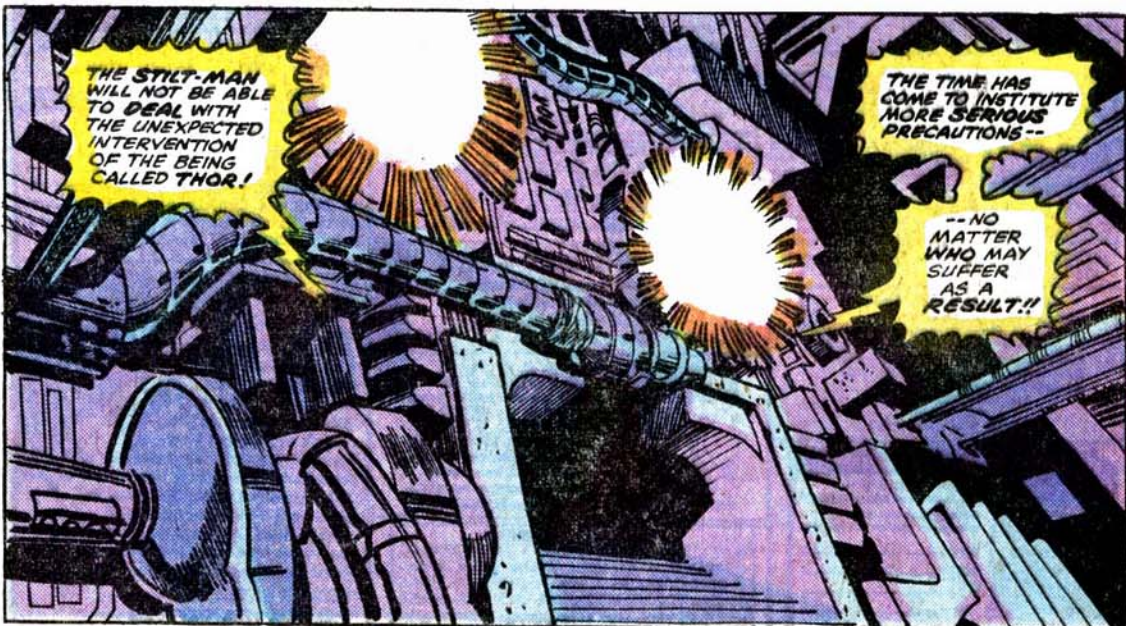
...AND A SERIES OF ANTI-NEUTRI-
NOS RACE THROUGH THE MONSTROUS
MECHANISM WITH QUITE LITERALLY
THE SPEED OF THOUGHT!



THE STILT-MAN
WILL NOT BE ABLE
TO DEAL WITH
THE UNEXPECTED
INTERVENTION
OF THE BEING
CALLED THOR!

THE TIME HAS
COME TO INSTITUTE
MORE SERIOUS
PRECAUTIONS--

--NO
MATTER
WHO MAY
SUFFER
AS A
RESULT!!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HARD-WAGED WAR...

THOSE ARE THE LAST
OF THY DEADLY
MISSILES, STILT-
MAN!

THUS THE TIME FOR ME
TO DO NAUGHT BUT
DEFEND MYSELF IS
ENDED--



YOUR
HAMMER IS AN
AWESOME WEAPON,
THUNDER GOD-- BUT
NOTHING CAN HARM
A MAN ENCASED IN
ADAMANTIUM
ARMOR...



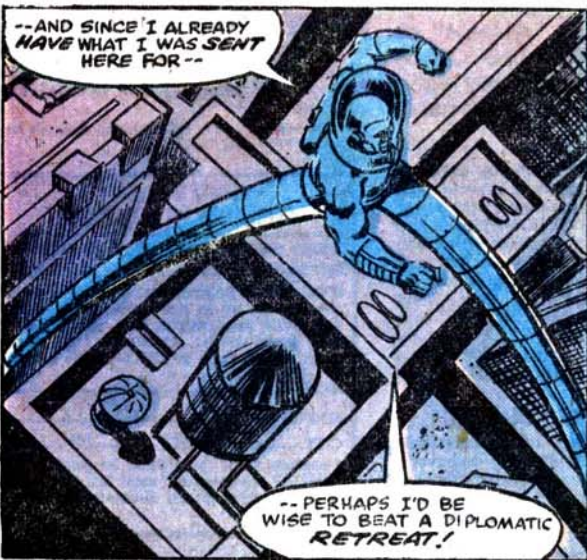
...A MAN WHO CAN
CHANGE HIS VERY
MOMENT WITH THE
SPEED OF
THOUGHT!

BY ODIN!
HE GREW SO
SWIFTLY, THE
MOMENTUM
HURLED ME
AWAY--!



BUT DESPITE MY POWER,
BATTLING A LIVING GOD
MAY STILL BE ULTIMATELY
BEYOND ME!

THE
RECOIL OF
MY SUDDEN
ASCENSION
HURLED THOR
SEVERAL
BLOCKS FROM
HERE--



--AND SINCE I ALREADY
HAVE WHAT I WAS SENT
HERE FOR--

--PERHAPS I'D BE
WISE TO BEAT A DIPLOMATIC
RETREAT!



BUT, SEVERAL BLOCKS AHEAD, IN A VACANT LOT
DIRECTLY IN THE STILT-MAN'S PATH...

IN HIS HASTE, THE
TOWERING ONE DOTH
NOT REALIZE HE
STRIDES TOWARDS
ME--

--AND ERE HE CAN CORRECT
HIS ERROR, ENCHANTED
MJOLNIR SHALL PLACE AN
INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLE
BEFORE HIM...

THOOOM!

"...A YAWNING PIT TOO DEEP FOR EVEN THE STILT-MAN'S EVER-EXTENDING LIMBS TO OVERCOME!"



BUT SUDDENLY, AMAZINGLY...



EH?

SPINES SUDDENLY SPRANG FROM MY STILT TO STOP MY FALL... BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

MY COSTUME NEVER POSSESSED THAT POWER BEFORE, AND I NEVER...



NO! I TURNED TO MOVE-- BUT I CAN'T! I'M LOSING CONTROL OVER MY ARMOR!

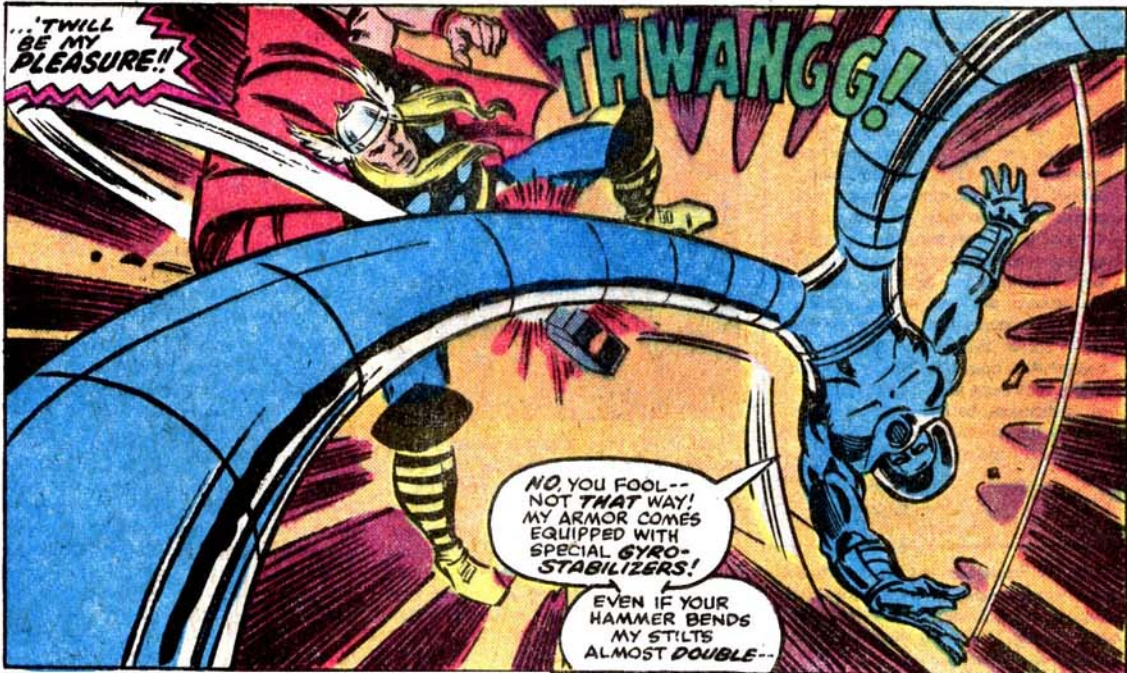


IT'S PROPELLING ME RIGHT AT THE THUNDER GOD--

--AND WORSE, IT'S TRYING TO KILL HIM!!

STOP ME, THOR! SOMEHOW, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP ME!!

BELIEVE ME, TOWERING ONE...



...T'WILL BE MY PLEASURE!!

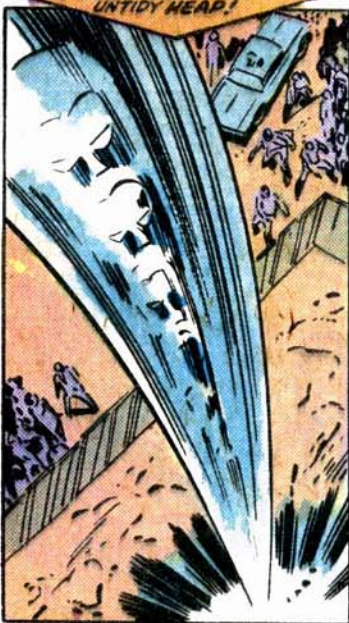
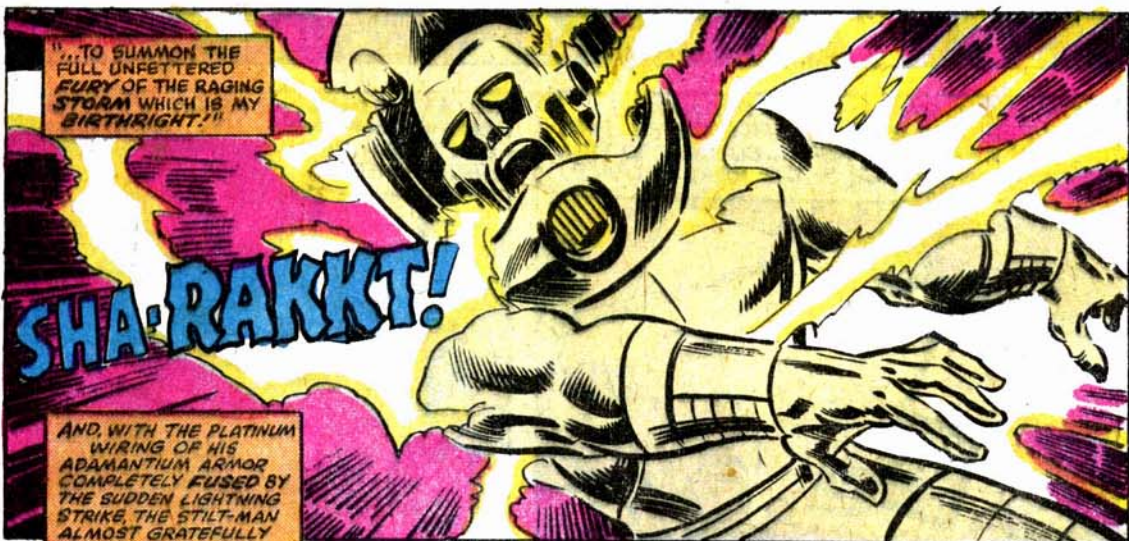
THWANGG!


NO, YOU FOOL-- NOT THAT WAY! MY ARMOR COMES EQUIPPED WITH SPECIAL GYRO-STABILIZERS!

EVEN IF YOUR HAMMER BENDS MY STILTS ALMOST DOUBLE--



...AND SLAM YOU DOWN INTO THE STREET!!





THAT FIRST BLAST WAS ONLY A DEMON-STRATION, FOOL-- SOMETHING TO SHOW HOW LITTLE YOUR POWER--STILT-MAN'S POWER--AND THE POWER OF YOUR PRECIOUS JUSTICE--MEAN AGAINST POWER SUCH AS MINE!

THE POWER OF--
BLASTAAR,
THE LIVING
BOMB-BURST!

THE
BEHEMOTH
STANDS
'TWIXT ME
AND MINE
ENCHANTED
HAMMER--

--AND IF
MJOLNIR IS NOT
RETURNED TO
MY GRASP
WITHIN 60 SECONDS,
I SHALL REVERT
TO THE MORTAL
DON BLAKE...

...AND THEN,
SURELY I
SHALL DIE!!

NEXT ISSUE: MINUTE OF MADNESS... DARK DAY OF DOOM!