



# THE MIGHTY THOR

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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NO TIME  
TO CHANGE  
TO THE  
**THUNDER  
GOD!**

I'M  
**HELPLESS--**  
TRAPPED IN  
THE CLUTCHES  
OF--

--THE  
**DEMONS  
BELOW!**



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

FROM  
ASGARD  
TO  
EARTH...

# "THE FLAMES OF BATTLE!"

VERILY, IT  
HATH BEEN  
WRITTEN...

THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
GODDESS, *SIF*, HAS  
BEEN ABDUCTED BY  
*ULIK*, DEADLIEST AND  
MOST POWERFUL OF  
ALL THE TROLLS! IN  
AN EFFORT TO CAPTURE  
THE HAMMER OF *THOR*,  
HE HAS TAKEN HER TO  
EARTH--AS BAIT FOR  
A TRAP IN WHICH TO  
CATCH THE  
GOD OF  
THUNDER!

THOUGH  
AN ARMY OF  
TROLLS NOW  
STORMS THE  
VERY GATES OF  
ASGARD, I  
MUST DESCEND  
TO EARTH--

FOR, THE TEEMING  
MILLIONS BELOW CAN  
LITTLE SUSPECT THE  
DEADLY DANGER THEY  
FACE--SO LONG AS  
THE MURDEROUS *ULIK*  
WALKS AMONGST  
THEM!

GARNISHED WITH GRANDEUR

BY  
**STAN** and **JACK**  
(THE MAN) (KING)  
**LEE** and **KIRBY**

INKED BY:  
**VINCE**  
(THE PRINCE)  
COLLETTA

LETTERED BY:  
**ARTIE**  
(THE SMARTIE)  
SIMEK

SILENTLY, THOR LANDS UPON A TOWERING ROOFTOP, LIKE SOME GREAT, TWO-LEGGED BIRD OF PREY--

SIF IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS VICINITY! I DO SENSE IT!

ONE IMMORTAL MAY EVER DETECT THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER!

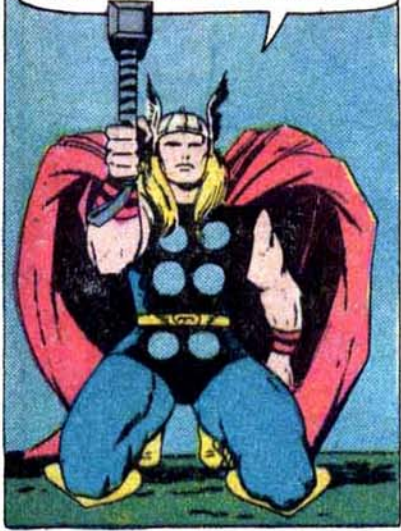


BUT, SHOULD I WALK THE STREETS IN MY GODLY RAIMENT, I AM CERTAIN TO ATTRACT TOO MUCH NOTICE AMONGST THE HUMANS!

THUS MUST I ASSUME A DIFFERENT GUISE--ONE WHICH WILL ALLOW ME TO PASS UNNOTICED!



'TIS TIME FOR THE GOD OF THUNDER TO FADE FROM SIGHT--



--TO BE REPLACED BY DR. DON BLAKE, THE LAME PHYSICIAN WHO IS ALL TOO HUMAN--ALL TOO WOEFULLY MORTAL!



EVEN IN MY IDENTITY AS DON BLAKE, THE AURA OF SIF IS SO UNFORGETTABLE THAT I STILL CAN SENSE HER PRESENCE!

I MUST GO IN THAT DIRECTION IN THE SAME MANNER AS ONE MIGHT FOLLOW A PSYCHIC HOMING SIGNAL!

I'M THANKFUL I CAN STILL SENSE HER, FOR IT MEANS--SHE STILL LIVES!



YET, THERE IS ONE THING DR. BLAKE IS NOT AWARE OF--

THOR'S ARRIVAL ON EARTH, AS WELL AS HIS MIRACULOUS CHANGE TO A HUMAN IDENTITY, HAVE BEEN MONITORED AND RECORDED--BY THE HIDDEN TROLLS--!



HE COMES THIS WAY!

WE ARE PREPARED!

AND, IN A HIDDEN, UNDERGROUND CAVERN, DIRECTLY ADJACENT TO ONE OF THE CITY'S MANY SUBWAY TUNNELS, WE FIND--

THOR MUST BE DEFEATED QUICKLY--

FOR OUR STRENGTH MAY BE NEEDED IN ASGARD, AGAINST THE FORCES OF ODIN!

EVEN NOW, I WONDER HOW THE GREAT BATTLE FARES?

NO NEED TO CONCERN OURSELVES WITH SUCH MATTERS!

OUR WARRIORS CANNOT LOSE-- FOR THEY ARE AIDED BY ORIKAL, HIMSELF!

AND, THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY ORIKAL'S POWER EXCEEDS THAT OF ULIK, HIMSELF!

BUT, I WILL SPEAK NO MORE!

ULIK IS NEARBY! IT WOULD BE WORTH OUR LIVES IF HE HEARD US SAY THAT ORIKAL MAY BE HIS MASTER!



AND, SPEAKING OF ULIK--

MIGHTY ULIK-- THE GOD OF THUNDER APPROACHES -- IN MORTAL GUISE!

HAH! GOOD! HE COMES TO RESCUE THE FEMALE -- AS WE PLANNED!



THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE WAITED FOR! OUR LAST BATTLE WAS INTERRUPTED--BEFORE I COULD DESTROY HIM! REMEMBER--OUR FIRST TASK IS TO CAPTURE HIS HAMMER--AND THEN YOU MAY HAVE YOUR REVENGE!!

DID KING GEIRRODUR HIMSELF NOT PUT ME IN COMMAND HERE?

FOOL!! NONE CAN COMMAND ULIK! I AM SUPREME!

YOU DARE TRY TO TELL ULIK WHAT TO DO?!!



GEIRRODUR HIMSELF TREMBLES BEFORE MY MATCHLESS MIGHT!

THE SAME MIGHT WHICH WILL CRUSH THE ACCURSED THOR BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

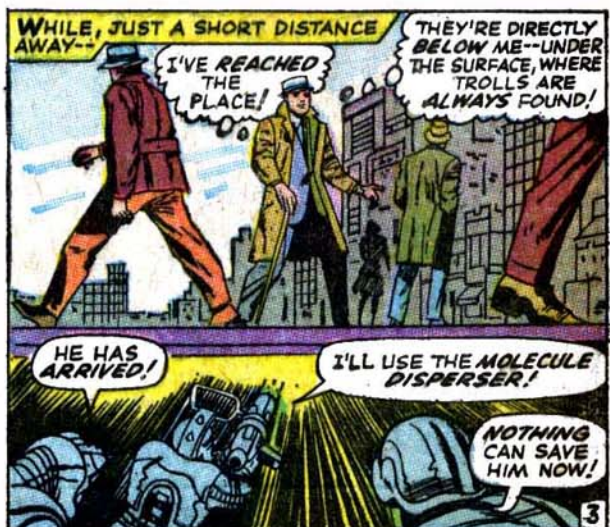
AND THEN, WITH HIM DESTROYED, I'LL UNLEASH MY FURY UPON THE HELPLESS NUMANS, BEFORE WE LEAVE THIS PUNY PLANET!



WHILE, JUST A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY--

I'VE REACHED THE PLACE!

THEY'RE DIRECTLY BELOW ME--UNDER THE SURFACE, WHERE TROLLS ARE ALWAYS FOUND!



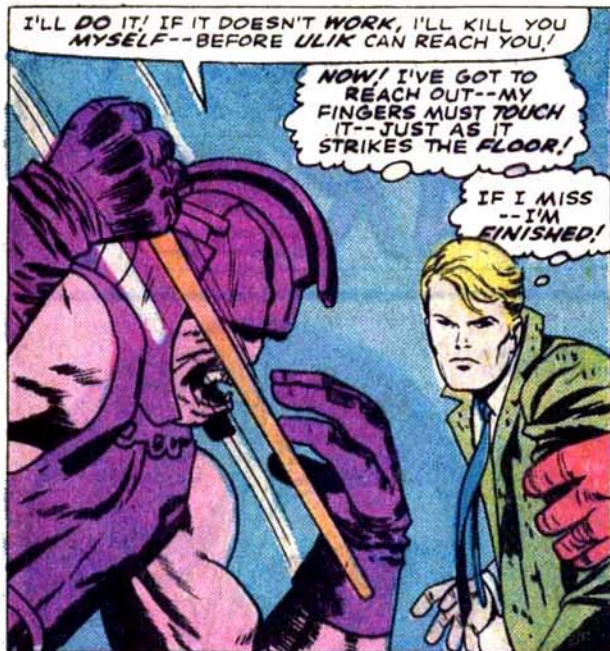
HE HAS ARRIVED!

I'LL USE THE MOLECULE DISPENSER!

NOTHING CAN SAVE HIM NOW!

SO QUICKLY, SO SILENTLY DO THE TROLLS ATTACK, USING THEIR FIENDISH MOLECULE DESPERSER, THAT DON BLAKE IS IN THEIR GRASP WITHOUT ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF A SINGLE PASSERBY--!





I'LL DO IT! IF IT DOESN'T WORK, I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF--BEFORE ULIK CAN REACH YOU!

NOW! I'VE GOT TO REACH OUT--MY FINGERS MUST TOUCH IT--JUST AS IT STRIKES THE FLOOR!

IF I MISS -- I'M FINISHED!



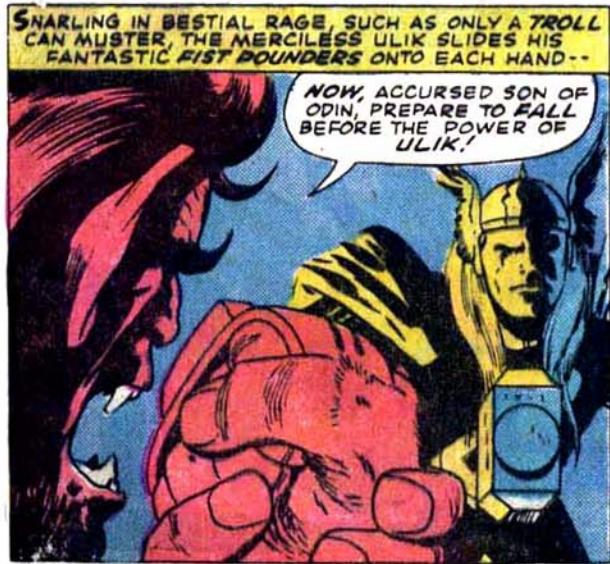
BUT, BY THE STAR-STUDDED SKIES OF ASGARD, DON BLAKE DOES NOT MISS--!



MY CANE IS HAMMER AGAIN-- AND I--AM THUNDER GOD ONCE MORE!

NOW TO ME, MY ENCHANTED MALLET!! TO THINE AVENGING MASTER, ETERNAL MJOLNIR!

MISERABLE WEAKLINGS-- YOU HAVE ALL FAILED! NOW STAND ASIDE--FOR ULIK!



SNARLING IN BESTIAL RAGE, SUCH AS ONLY A TROLL CAN MUSTER, THE MERCILESS ULIK SLIDES HIS FANTASTIC FIST POUNDERS ONTO EACH HAND--

NOW, ACCURSED SON OF ODIN, PREPARE TO FALL BEFORE THE POWER OF ULIK!



WITH YOU DESTROYED, THE IMMORTAL SIF WILL BE MINE--AS WELL AS THE ENCHANTED HAMMER!

THOU DIDST DARE TO THREATEN A FEMALE OF ASGARD!! THOU DIDST PROFANE HER NAME BY THINE UTTERANCE!

IF EVER THOU HAD REASON TO EXPECT VICTORY OVER THOR--SUCH REASON IS NOW FOREVER VANISHED!

I HAVE SPOKEN!

BUT, EVEN AS THOR AND ULIK PREPARE TO BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES, ANOTHER STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL IS IN PROGRESS IN FABLED ASGARD--WHERE, GUIDED BY THE MYSTERIOUS POWER OF ORKAL, THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS HORDE OF TROLLS ATTACK WHEREVER THE ASGARDIAN DEFENSES ARE THE WEAKEST--

ACCURSED ASGARDIANS!!<sup>1</sup> WHY DO YOU NOT FALL BACK?? OUR FORCES HAVE A HUNDRED TIMES YOUR NUMBER!

WARRIORS OF THE REALM--FIGHT ON! WE BATTLE TO THE DEATH!

IN ODIN'S NAME-- WE STAND FAST!

WE SHALL NOT YIELD-- BUT WE MUST HAVE REINFORCEMENTS!

ADVANCE! ADVANCE! CRUSH THEM BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!

GET THEE TO THE PALACE ROYAL! LORD ODIN SHALL NOT REFUSE THY REQUEST FOR MORE WARRIORS!

I GO!

ONWARD-- FOR ASGARD!

I PRAY THAT NOBLE ODIN DOTH TRULY POSSESS WARRIORS ENOW!

FOR, THROUGHOUT THE GOLDEN REALM IT IS EVER THE SAME--

THE ENEMY STRIKES WHERE OUR DEFENSES BE WEAKEST!

WOULD THAT MIGHTY THOR WERE AT OUR SIDE IN THIS MOMENT OF GRAVEST PERIL!



**BUT, BEFORE THE DESPERATE HORSEMAN CAN REACH THE APPROACHES TO ASGARD--**

ONCE AGAIN THE MYSTERIOUS ORIKAL WAS RIGHT! THE RIDER HAS COME-- AND NOW, HE IS OURS!

FOR NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN BREAK THE GRIP OF A TROLL, ONCE IT HAS TIGHTENED AROUND HIS VICTIM!

AFTER ALL THESE AGES-- ALL THESE BONS, BEYOND THE REACH OF HISTORY-- ASGARD WILL FALL!!



BRING THE PRISONER BELOW-- FOR QUESTIONING!

WHAT NEED IS THERE FOR PRISONERS?

SINCE WE ARE AIDED BY ORIKAL, ASGARD MUST TURN TO ASHES!



MEANWHILE, IN THE SHADY THRONE ROOM OF GIERRODDUR, THE TROLL KING THINKS HIS OWN DARK THOUGHTS--

OUR FORCES ADVANCE ON EVERY FRONT!

SO SAY YOU!! BUT THE GOLDEN CITY WILL NEVER SURRENDER WHILST EVEN ONE ASGARDIAN STILL LIVES!

ASGARD IS DOOMED!

THEREFORE, HEED THE WORD OF YOUR KING-- ALL MUST DIE!

ESPECIALLY THOR! THERE IS NO SAFETY WHILST HE DOES LIVE!



WE STILL HAVE NOT HEARD FROM OUR MAIN FORCE IN THE SECRET TUNNEL WHICH LEADS TO THE HEART OF ASGARD!

NO!! THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO LEARN!

ORIKAL HIMSELF WILL GIVE US THE INFORMATION!

SHOULD I SEND A RIDER--?

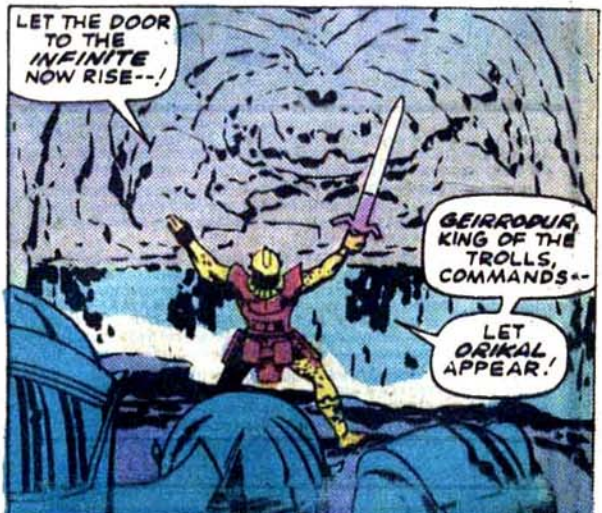
STAND BACK WHILE I SUMMON HIM--!



LET THE DOOR TO THE INFINITE NOW RISE--!

GIERRODDUR, KING OF THE TROLLS, COMMANDS--

LET ORIKAL APPEAR!



SLOWLY THRU THE GLOWING, FIERY HAZE OF FLAME AND SMOKE FROM BEYOND THE GREAT STONE DOOR, A FIGURE EMERGES--A FIGURE LIKE NONE THAT MORTAL EYES HAVE E'ER BEHELD--THE GIGANTIC, UNHUMAN FIGURE OF A BEING FROM BEYOND THE FURTHEST REACHES OF THE INFINITE--THE FIGURE OF ORIKAL--!!

WHO-SUMMONS-ORIKAL?

GEIRRODUR, YOUR MASTER! NEVER FORGET THAT YOU ARE MY PRISONER!

SINCE THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN YOU APPEARED--FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE--LOST, AND BEWILDERED--I HAVE MADE YOU SERVE ME!

FOR ONLY YOU POSSESS THE INFINITE EYE, WHICH CAN SEE ALL THAT HAPPENS THROUOUT THE WORLD--AND ONLY YOU POSSESS A MIND WHICH CAN NULLIFY THE POWER OF ODIN HIMSELF BY PENETRATING THE ETERNAL TIME STREAM!

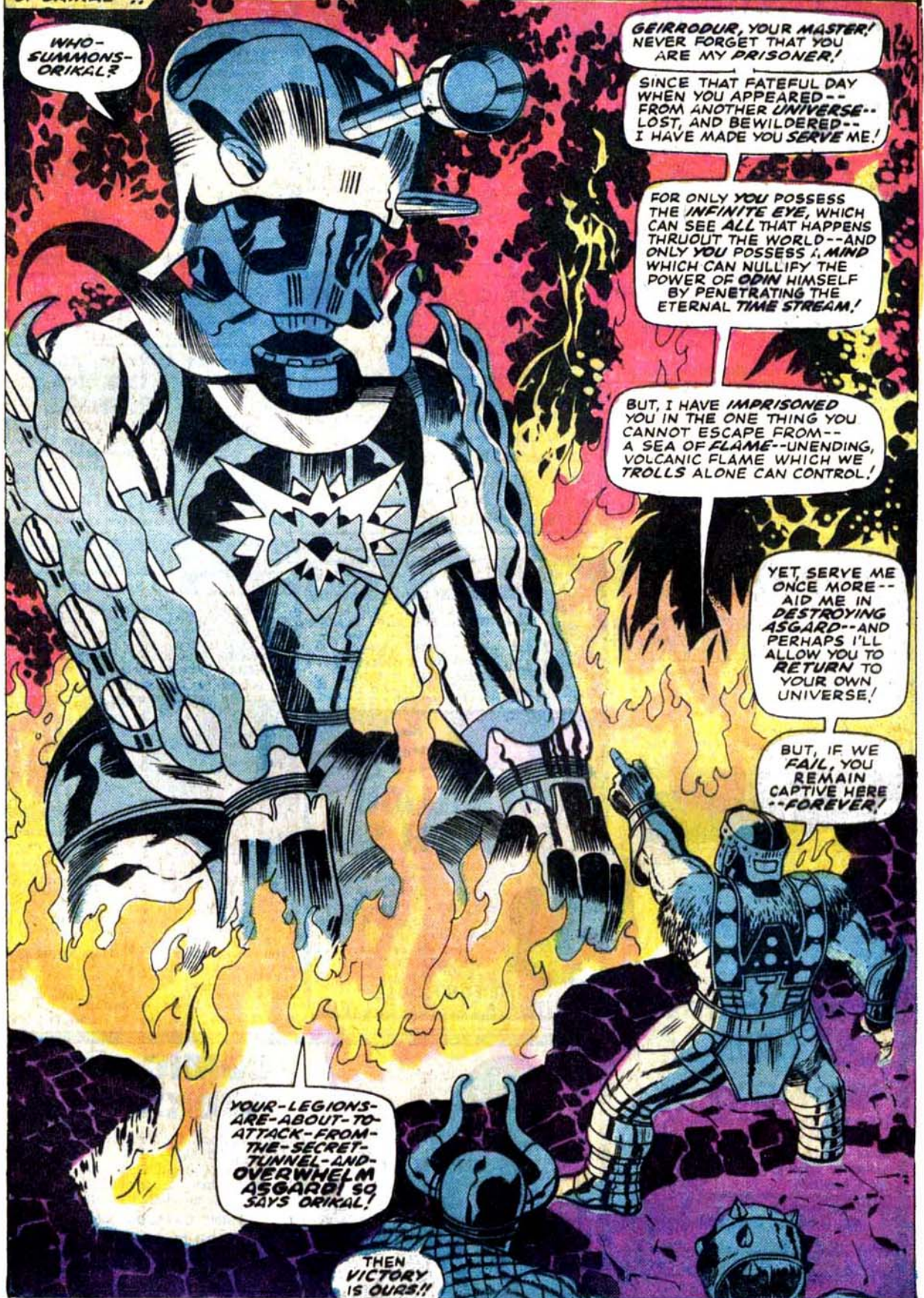
BUT, I HAVE IMPRISONED YOU IN THE ONE THING YOU CANNOT ESCAPE FROM--A SEA OF FLAME--UNENDING, VOLCANIC FLAME WHICH WE TROLLS ALONE CAN CONTROL!

YET, SERVE ME ONCE MORE--AID ME IN DESTROYING ASGARD--AND PERHAPS I'LL ALLOW YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR OWN UNIVERSE!

BUT, IF WE FAIL, YOU REMAIN CAPTIVE HERE--FOREVER!

YOUR LEGIONS ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK FROM THE SECRET TUNNEL AND OVERWHELM ASGARD! SO SAYS ORIKAL!

THEN VICTORY IS OURS!!



**BUT, WHAT OF THOR AND ULIK? WHAT OF THE INCREDIBLE CONFRONTATION, BACK ON EARTH, BETWEEN THE DEADLIEST, MOST POWERFUL TROLL OF ALL, AND THE MIGHTY GOD OF THUNDER--?**

FIRST, YOU FALL-- AND THEN, SIF WILL BE MINE! I CANNOT FAIL!

THOU CANST NOT SUCCEED, WHILE THE THUNDER GOD LIVES!

BUT, THE THUNDER GOD WILL LIVE NO MORE!

MY METAL POUNDERS WILL FINISH YOU FOREVER!

LIKE THIS! ARGHHH! YOU SIDE-STEPPED MY BLOW!

AND NOW, VILLAIN-- PREPARE TO FACE THE POWER OF THOR!

THE SON OF ODIN IS AN EASY TARGET FOR NONE!

FOR, THE FISTS OF THE THUNDER GOD ARE MIGHTY AS ANY WEAPONS --NO MATTER HOW LETHAL THEY BE!

**SPOK!**

HIS STRENGTH IS TRULY THE EQUAL OF MINE OWN!

HE HATH RECOVERED FROM A BLOW BY THOR--AND EVEN NOW CAUSES THE DEADLY WEIGHT OF THE EARTH ABOVE TO FALL UPON ME!

**THOOB!**

BUT THEN,  
JUST BEFORE  
THE DEADLY  
AVALANCHE  
CAN STRIKE--



BY THE  
BRISTLING  
BEARD  
OF ODIN--



--I  
STRIKE!

NO!  
YOU  
CANNOT  
ROB ME  
OF MY  
VICTORY!

I  
WON'T  
LET  
YOU--!!



I'M THE  
STRONGEST  
OF ALL!  
I CAN'T  
LOSE!

DEATH  
TO THE  
THUNDER  
GOD!

NOTHING  
CAN STOP  
THE  
INVINCIBLE  
POWER OF  
ULIK!

THEN, BEFORE MIGHTY THOR CAN COUNTER-ATTACK,  
AN INDESCRIBABLY STRONG METAL POUNDER  
STRIKES HIM BRUTALLY ON HIS HAND--!



THIS WILL MAKE YOU  
DROP YOUR HAMMER!

THOK!

DROP IT,  
THUNDER  
GOD!! DROP  
IT, OR I  
ATTACK  
AGAIN!



THOUGH MY WRIST DOETH SORELY  
PAIN ME--YON HAMMER SHALL  
NEVER LEAVE MY HAND AGAIN!

THEN,  
SON OF  
ODIN,  
'TIS  
TIME  
FOR YOU  
TO DIE!

NONE CAN SURVIVE A DIRECT BLOW STRUCK BY ULIK'S MATCHLESS FIST POUNDERS!

**BTROK!**

NOW, UPON HIM, ALL! ULIK HAS FINISHED THE THUNDER GOD AT LAST!

HIS HAMMER! IT MUST BE OURS!

GREAT IS ULIK! HE HAS DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE! HE HAS VANQUISHED THOR!

ONCE THE ENCHANTED MALLET IS OURS, NO POWER IN THE UNIVERSE CAN RESIST US!

HE RISES! WE CANNOT HOLD HIM!

HE HAS SURVIVED MY MOST DEADLY BLOW!

HE CARRIES US ALOFT-- AS THOUGH WE BE WEIGHTLESS!

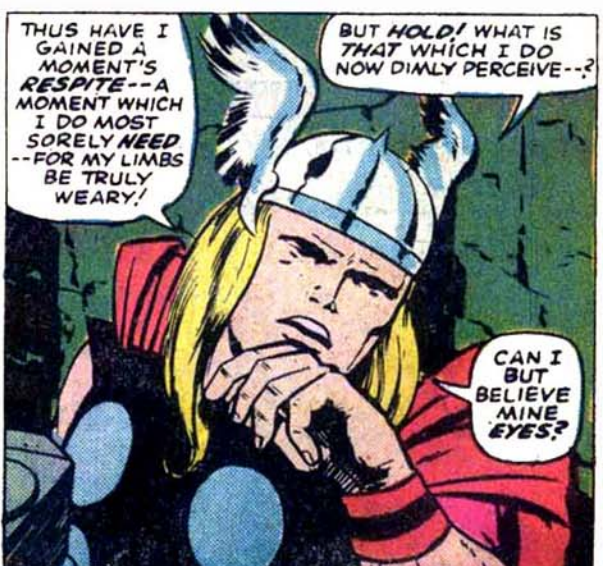
NEVER HAVE I FACED SUCH STRENGTH-- SUCH POWER UNBRIDLED!

NEVER BEFORE HAST THOU FACED-- THE SON OF ODIN!

WAIT! WHAT IS THIS! THE THUNDER GOD STIRS! HE STILL STRUGGLES!



AND NOW-- **BEGONE!**



THUS HAVE I GAINED A MOMENT'S RESPITE-- A MOMENT WHICH I DO MOST SORELY NEED --FOR MY LIMBS BE TRULY WEARY!

BUT HOLD! WHAT IS THAT WHICH I DO NOW DIMLY PERCEIVE--?

CAN I BUT BELIEVE MINE EYES?



'TIS SIF--ALIVE AND UNHARMED, ALBEIT IMPRISONED WITHIN A STRANGE TRANSPARENT SPHERE!

SHE MUST BE FREED, ERE THE MERCILESS ONES CAN REGROUP IN FORCE AND ATTACK ONCE MORE!



AND YET, 'TIS A PROBLEM MORE DIFFICULT BY FAR TO STATE THAN SOLVE!

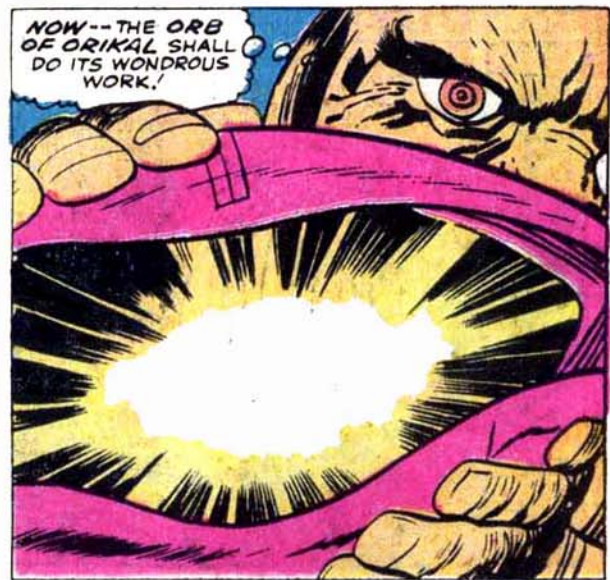
FOR I DARE NOT SHATTER YON MYSTERIOUS SUBSTANCE FOR FEAR OF INJURING THE FAIR CAPTIVE WITHIN!



THUS, I PLACE MY MALLET UPON THE GROUND--

AT SUCH A TIME, MERE STRENGTH ALONE SHALL AVAIL ME NAUGHT!

ALL IS NOT YET LOST! LET HIM JUST RELEASE THE ENCHANTED HAMMER!



NOW--THE ORB OF ORIKAL SHALL DO ITS WONDROUS WORK!



HAH! EVEN DEPRIVED OF THE POWER OF ULIK, WE HAVE WON!

THE UNKNOWN SORCERY OF ORIKAL HAS OVERCOME THE MALLET'S URU MAGIC!

ONCE WITHIN THE GLEAMING ORB, IT SHALL BE FOREVER OURS!



THUNDER GOD--YOU ARE VANQUISHED!

A NEW AND GREATER POWER NOW POSSESSES YOUR MIGHTIEST OF WEAPONS!

MY HAMMER! IT HATH VANISHED!



BUT, IT CANNOT BE!  
NONE MAY SEIZE  
THAT WHICH GOD  
HIMSELF HATH  
CREATED!

HEAR ME, EVIL ULIK!  
THOU SHALT PAY A  
THOUSANDFOLD FOR  
WHAT THOU HAST PERPE-  
TRATED UPON THIS  
DAY!

MAY, GOD OF  
THUNDER--  
IT WAS  
NOT THE  
DOING OF  
ULIK!



I NEED NO WIZARDRY  
TO SERVE ME IN BATTLE!

STRENGTH ALONE  
IS ULIK'S ARMOR--  
AS YOU SHALL LEARN  
WHEN NEXT WE  
MEET AGAIN!

QUICKLY, ULIK--  
INTO THE  
DIMENSION  
TUNNEL--  
BEFORE HE CAN  
BE UPON US!

WE HAVE  
WHAT WE  
SOUGHT!  
ASGARD  
NOW IS  
DOOMED!



AND, BEFORE THE CHARGING WARRIOR CAN REACH  
HIS FLEEING FOES--

THE TUNNEL  
WALL HATH TURNED  
SOLID ONCE MORE!

THEY ARE  
GONE--AND  
WITH THEM--  
MY URU  
MALLET!



BUT, NO SOONER HAVE THE JUBILANT TROLLS  
DEPARTED, THAN THE MYSTIC SPHERE WHICH HAD  
CONTAINED THEIR LOVELY CAPTIVE SLOWLY  
DISSOLVES INTO WISPY NOTHINGNESS--!

THE TROLLS ARE  
GONE! THE SPELL  
IS ENDED! I AM  
FREE!

YET, I SENSE 'TIS  
NOT VICTORY TO  
WHICH SIF OWES  
HER LIBERATION--  
BUT RATHER--GRIM  
DEFEAT!



THUNDER  
GOD! WHY DO  
YOU POUND  
YOUR WALL IN  
SUCH AGONIZED  
DESPAIR?

THUM!  
THOR HATH  
FAILED!  
--WE ARE  
UNDONE!  
THUM!

THE TROLLS  
HAVE ESCAPED  
--TAKING WITH  
THEM--MY  
HAMMER--THE  
WEAPON  
SUPREME!



THEN WE MUST  
PURSUE THEM!  
THEY MUST NOT  
REACH THE GATES  
OF ASGARD!

THY WORDS ARE FRAUGHT  
WITH TRUTH--YET, WITHOUT  
MY MALLET, I AM HELPLESSLY  
STRANDED UPON THE PLANET  
EARTH!

FOR, DEPRIVED  
OF MY HAMMER,  
THE GOD OF  
THUNDER MUST  
RETURN TO MORTAL  
FORM WITHIN A  
SCANT SIXTY SECONDS!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER END OF THE ETERNAL RAINBOW BRIDGE, WE FIND A HEAVY-HEARTED ODIN GIRDING FOR BATTLE AS HE HEARS MOST OMINOUS TIDINGS--

'TIS THE SAME THROUT THE REALM, SIRE! EVERYWHERE WE ARE SORELY OUT-NUMBERED!

MY PLACE IS WITH MY WARRIORS!

SO BE IT!

BUT, WHAT IS THIS? COMBAT ARMOR FOR THE MOST MAJESTIC OF ALL?!!

BUT, SIRE-- IF ANY HARM SHOULD BEFALL THEE--!

THEN, OTHERS SHALL RISE TO FIGHT IN MY STEAD!

**BAROOO**

THE SOUND OF ATTACK-- WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATES!

SEIZE THOU THY WEAPONS-- THE TROLLS BE UPON US!

WHAT MERE MORTAL WORDS OF OURS CAN HOPE TO DEPICT THE SAVAGRY AND SCOPE OF THE TROLL INVASION? ARMED WITH UNIMAGINABLE WEAPONS, DEvised BY ORIKAL, AND CREATED IN THEIR FEARSOME UNDERGROUND FORGES, THE SEEMINGLY LIMITLESS HORDES CRASH THRU THE LAST DEFENSES OF THE ETERNAL REALM-- REACHING THE VERY HEART OF BESEIGED ASGARD--!

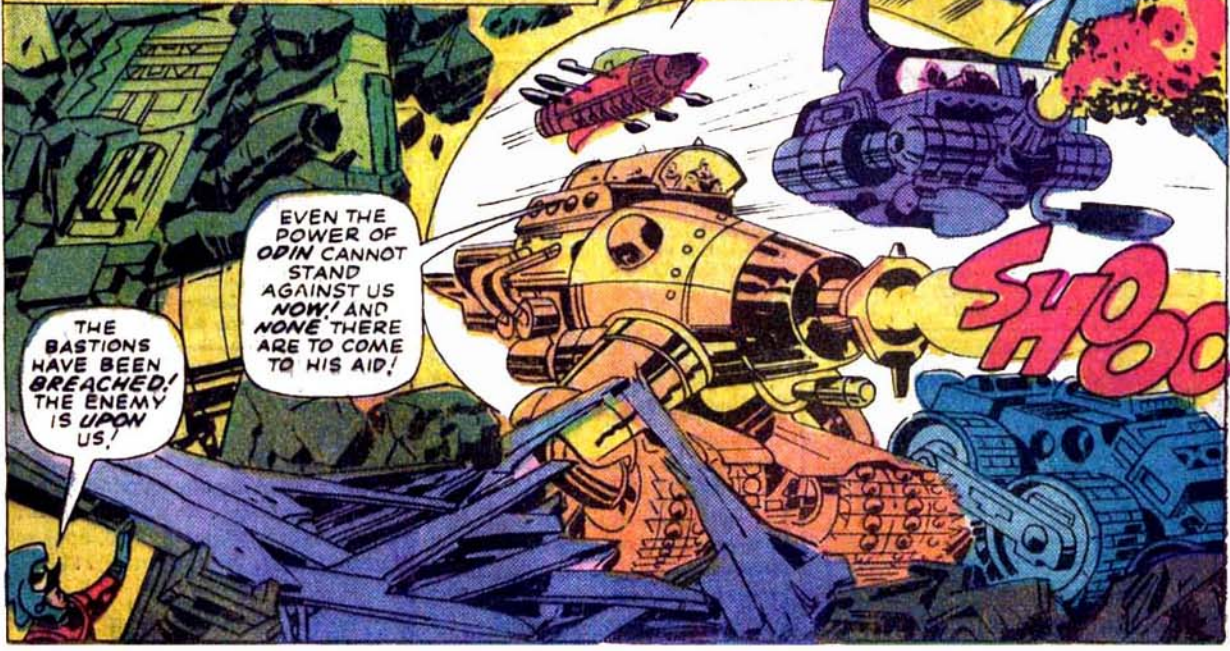
SHOW NO MERCY! NOT AN ASGARDIAN MUST REMAIN ALIVE!

ONWARD! ONWARD! ATTACK-- TILL ASGARD IS NO MORE!

EVEN THE POWER OF ODIN CANNOT STAND AGAINST US NOW! AND NONE THERE ARE TO COME TO HIS AID!

THE BASTIONS HAVE BEEN BREACHED! THE ENEMY IS UPON US!

**SHOOO**





**IN EVER-INCREASING NUMBER, THE BESTIAL, BLOODTHIRSTY LEGION OF TROLLS POURS THRU THE BREACH--DRIVEN BY HATE, AND ENVY, AND AN INSATIABLE LUST TO DESTROY--!**

LEAVE NOT A STONE UNTURNED, LEAVE NOT A MAN ALIVE! NONE BUT THE TROLLS MUST SURVIVE THIS FATEFUL DAY!

ONWARD-- TO ODIN! NO LONGER WILL THE LORD OF ASGARD REIGN SUPREME! THE DAY OF THE TROLL IS HERE! THE IMMORTALS MUST BE CRUSHED!

NO MATTER HOW MANY FALL--WE CANNOT BE STOPPED! VICTORY IS OURS!

ONWARD! ONWARD FOR GEIRODUR! THE WORLD IS OURS! ALL MUST BE DESTROYED!

AND, AS THE SNARLING, SHOUTING SEA OF LIVING DESTRUCTION SURGES INEXORABLY TOWARDS THE CASTLE ROYAL--



A SMALL, DESPERATELY OUT-NUMBERED FORCE OF ASGARD'S FINEST--LED BY OMNIPOTENT, UNFLINCHING ODIN HIMSELF--BATTLES AS ONLY THE FABLED FLOWER OF GODHOOD CAN--!

FOR ASGARD-- AND FREEDOM ETERNAL!

LET THE SUN BURN COLD--LET THE STARS GROW DIM--LET THE HEAVENS TREMBLE --ODIN FIGHTS ON!

THEY ARE BEWITCHED! THEY HAVE SLAIN A DOZEN TIMES THEIR NUMBER!

BUT WE ARE STILL TOO MANY! AND WE HAVE THE WEAPONS OF ORIKAL!

FIGHT ON! THOUGH DEATH BE OUR DESTINY, WE SHALL NOT YIELD!

WHAT IS THIS? A MYSTIC BLAST HAS UNSWORDED ME!

BUT, NO WEAPON IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE CAN HURL THE BLADE FROM ODIN'S HAND!

CAN IT BE THAT EVEN I NOW FACE A THREAT BEYOND MY VERY COMPREHENSION-- BEYOND THE SCOPE OF MINE OWN MAJESTIC POWER??

NEVER HAS THE PERIL BEEN SO REAL-- SO UNSPEAKABLY GRAVE!

WHERE THEN IS THE GOD OF THUNDER?? WHERE THE ENCHANTED HAMMER OF MY SON-- THE MIGHTY THOR??!

AND, BACK ON EARTH, EVEN AS ODIN'S ANGUISHED SUPPLICATION REVERBERATES THRU THE SKIES OF ASGARD--

MY FATHER NEEDS ME! THE DOMAIN IS IMPERILED-- THE CRISIS AT HAND!

BUT, THE FATEFUL SECONDS TICK MERCILESSLY BY-- EACH BRINGING US CLOSER TO DEADLY DISASTER!

YOU MUST NOT DESPAIR! YOU MUST FIND A WAY-- OR ELSE-- ALL IS LOST!

BUT, THESE EMPTY HANDS SHALL SOON BE POWERLESS!

YEA, BEFORE THIS MOMENT PASSES, I SHALL BE THOR-- NO LONGER!

AND, IF THE THUNDER GOD FAILS--

THEN WHAT SHALL BEFALL ASGARD-- AND, AFTER THAT, THE UNSUSPECTING PLANET--EARTH??!

NEXT ISSUE: TO DIE LIKE A GOD!

# "THE QUEST FOR THE MYSTIC MOUNTAIN!"

'TIS **OGUR**,  
THE ONE-EYED  
GUARDIAN OF  
THE CAVE OF  
**WAZIR**, THE  
PROPHET!

**MIGHTY THOR**, AND  
HIS GALLANT COMPANIONS...  
SEARCHING FOR THE EVIL  
**MOGUL** WHO IS THE SWORN  
ENEMY OF **HOGUN**, THE GRIM...  
NOW FIND THEMSELVES IN THE LAND  
OF **HINDI**, AS THEY STRAY FAR FROM  
ASGARD, SEEKING THE **MAGIC**  
**MOUNTAIN** OF **MOGUL**? (IF IT ALL  
SOUNDS TOO COMPLICATED, STAY  
WITH US, TRUE BELIEVER---  
WE'LL TRY TO CLEAR IT UP  
FOR YOU... SOMEHOW!)

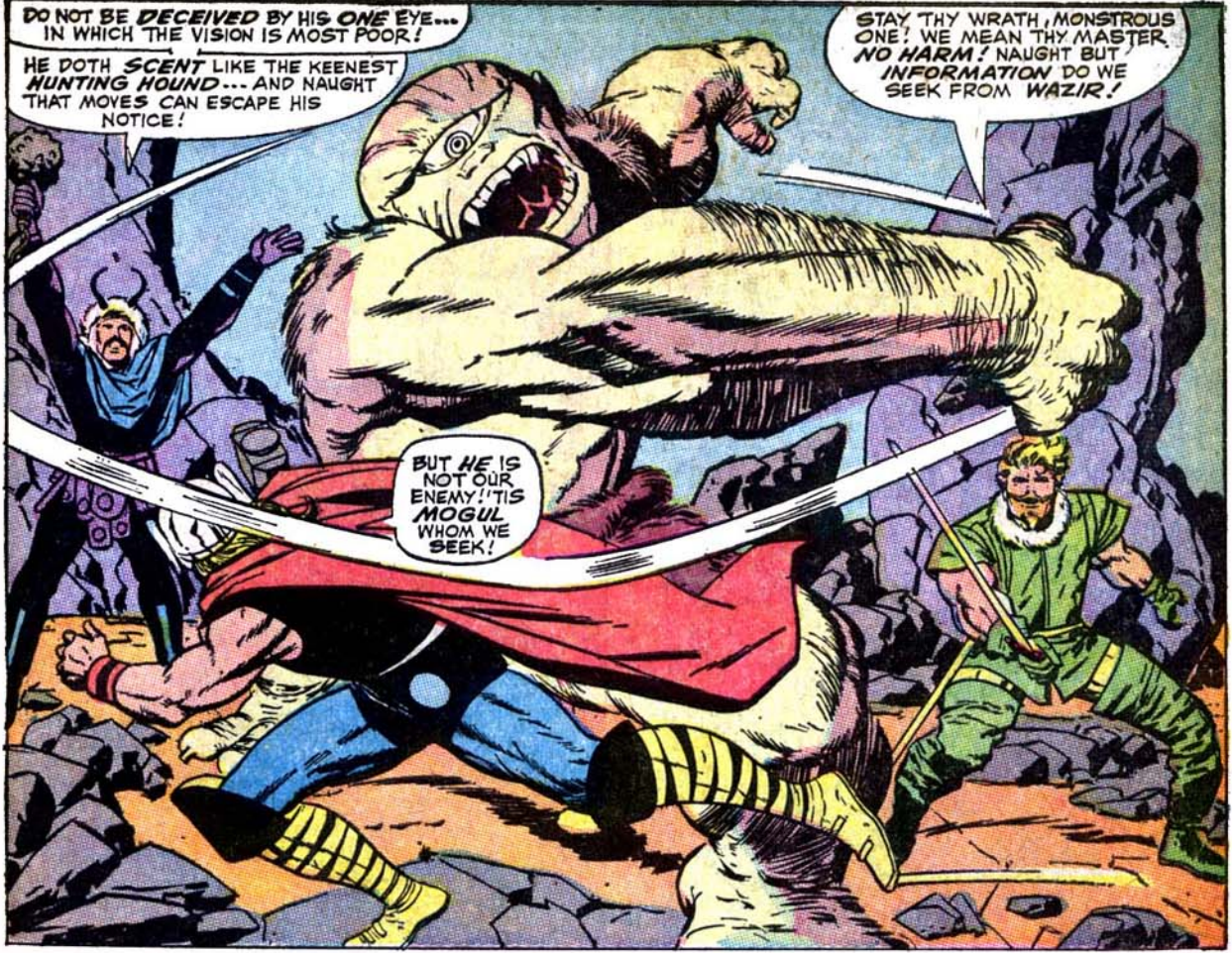
WE SEEK  
**WAZIR**, THY  
MASTER! WE  
WOULDST FAIN  
ASK THE LOCATION  
OF THE **MYSTIC**  
**MOUNTAIN**!

STAND THEE  
**BACK**, THUNDER  
GOD! THY WORDS  
UPON DEAF EARS  
DO FALL! HE PRE-  
PARES TO  
**ATTACK!**

BUT, THOUGH  
'TIS SAID **OGUR** CAN  
FELL A HUNDRED WARRIORS  
WITH BUT **ONE** BLOW...  
NEVER HATH HE FACED  
OUR MIGHT BEFORE!

A  
**STAN LEE** and **JACK KIRBY**  
SUPER-SPECTACULAR

INKING:  
**VINCE COLLETTA**  
LETTERING:  
**SAM ROSEN**

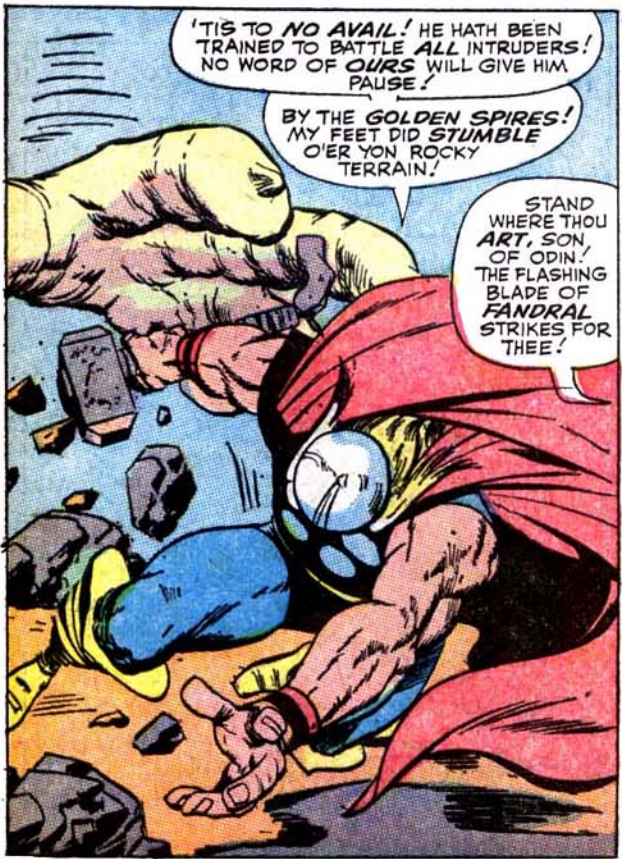


DO NOT BE DECEIVED BY HIS ONE EYE... IN WHICH THE VISION IS MOST POOR!

HE DOTHS SCENT LIKE THE KEENEEST HUNTING HOUND... AND NAUGHT THAT MOVES CAN ESCAPE HIS NOTICE!

STAY THY WRATH, MONSTROUS ONE! WE MEAN THY MASTER, NO HARM! NAUGHT BUT INFORMATION DO WE SEEK FROM WAZIR!

BUT HE IS NOT OUR ENEMY! 'TIS MOGUL WHOM WE SEEK!



'TIS TO NO AVAIL! HE HATH BEEN TRAINED TO BATTLE ALL INTRUDERS! NO WORD OF OURS WILL GIVE HIM PAUSE!

BY THE GOLDEN SPIRES! MY FEET DID STUMBLE O'ER YON ROCKY TERRAIN!

STAND WHERE THOU ART, SON OF ODIN! THE FLASHING BLADE OF FANDRAL STRIKES FOR THEE!



IN TRUTH, DASHING FANDRAL, THOU DOST PARRY AND THRUST AS THOUGH THY BLADE BE A THING ALIVE!

NONE SHALL GIVE HARM TO A FELLOW ASGARDIAN-- NOT WHILST FANDRAL IS SOUND OF ARM!

HAVE AT THEE, BRUTISH ONE! RETREAT, IF THOU WOULDST BE SPARED!

BUT, INSTEAD OF FALLING BACK, THE DIM-WITTED, AWE-SOMELY POWERFUL OGUR RIPS THE VERY GROUND FROM BENEATH THE FEET OF THOR AND FANDRAL...

SAVE THYSELVES, BOTH! THE MACE OF HOGUN SHALL TURN HIM FROM THE ATTACK!

NAY, GRIM ONE! 'TIS WORTH THY LIFE TO OPPOSE HIM ALONE!

THOU SPEAKEST TO HOGUN! HE WOULD NO MORE TURN FROM US THAN WOULDST THEE THYSELF, GALLANT FANDRAL!

TAKE TO THY HEELS, HOGUN! WE ARE NOW SAFE!

THOU HAST STOOD THY GROUND AND STRUCK AT THE GIANT TIME AND AGAIN... BUT STILL HE ADVANCES! THOU MUST SAVE THYSELF!

NEVER! RATHER A THOUSAND DEATHS... THAN ONE RETREAT!

HOGUN SHALL STAND FAST!

OGUR IS UPON HIM! OUR COMRADE IS GRIPPED LIKE A BEETLE TRAPPED!

THOR CRIES ENOUGH! THE TIME FOR HALF-MEASURES NOW IS PAST!

LET THE ENCHANTMENT OF MY MALLET... THE POWER OF MY ARM... SPEAK IN OUR STEAD!

THINE EYE IS TRUE, AS EVER!



IF YOU THINK WE'D PRESUME TO SULLY A WORK OF ART SUCH AS THIS WITH SOUND EFFECTS, FORGET IT!  
 -- SENSITIVE STAN.



WHO DARES DISTURB THE MEDITATIONS OF WAZIR!

KNOW YOU *NOT* THAT I HAVE BEEN PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE ETERNAL UNIVERSE?

'TIS HE... THE ONE WE SEEK!



ONLY THE MIGHTIEST OF THE MIGHTIEST COULD HAVE FELLED THE INVINCIBLE OGOR!

HOW ART THOU CALLED? FROM WHENCE HAST THOU COME?

SPEAK THEN! FOR TO ANCIENT WAZIR, EACH FADING MINUTE IS LIKE UNTO A PRECIOUS JEWEL!



WE COME FROM FABLED ASGARD, IN THE SERVICE OF OMNIPOTENT ODIN!

WE HAVE NAUGHT BUT ONE UNCHANGING GOAL...WE SEEK THE MYSTIC MOUNTAIN!

FOR, 'TIS THERE WE SHALL FIND MOGUL...WHOM I AM PLEDGED TO SLAY!

LET THY MOUTHING BE TRUE, ANCIENT ONE!

