

THOR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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THE MIGHTY THOR



MAKE WAY, UNDERLINGS! MAKE WAY FOR THE HERALD OF GALACTUS!

GALACTUS? SURELY, THEN-- THE EARTH IS DOOMED!!

UNLESS WE TWO CAN DEFEAT THE MENACE CALLED--

FIRELORD!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MIGHTY THOR!

GERRY CONWAY, WRITER | JOHN BUSCEMA & JOE SINNOTT, ARTISTS | JOHN COSTANZA, Letterer | ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
GLYNIS WEIN, COLORIST

THE COMING OF THE FIRELORD!

SIXTY SECONDS: THAT'S HOW LONG THOR CAN REMAIN THE GOD OF THUNDER WITHOUT HIS MYSTIC MALLET.

SIXTY SECONDS: AND OF THOSE SIXTY, THIRTY HAVE ALREADY FLED BETWEEN LAST ISSUE AND THIS...

... AND THOR, WHOSE CAPTURED BY THE DREAD DESTROYER, IS NOW ON THE VERGE OF BECOMING HIS HUMAN ALTER EGO, DOCTOR DONALD BLAKE...

... AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS... WELL, EVEN IF YOU MISSED LAST MONTH'S ISSUE, YOU SHOULD STILL BE ABLE TO GUESS WHAT HAPPENS THEN!

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TO WIT: THE DEATH OF THE GOD OF THUNDER!



THE BATTLE IS OVER, AND I AM LOST...

...FOR EVEN AS I LIFT MYSELF, AND RECOVER FROM THE DESTROYER'S MOST POWERFUL BLOW...



...HE PREPARES TO DELIVER HIS CRUSHING OPTI-BLAST! IN MERE SECONDS, I SHALL BECOME THE MORTAL DON BLAKE--



--AND SUCH A BLAST WILL SURELY DESTROY ME!

THE VISOR BEGINS TO LOWER-- THE POWER WITHIN HIM, BUILDS!



IF EVER I AM TO STRIKE BACK, IT MUST BE NOW--



--WHILE HIS THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE, WHILE HIS WILL IS DRAINED!



TO ME, MJOLNIR! RETURN TO HIM WHO IS THY MASTER--



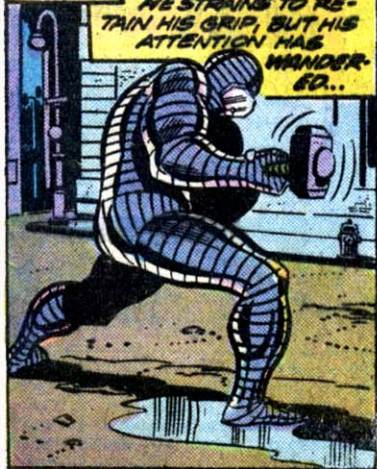
IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-FATHER, I COMMAND THEE--



RETURN!

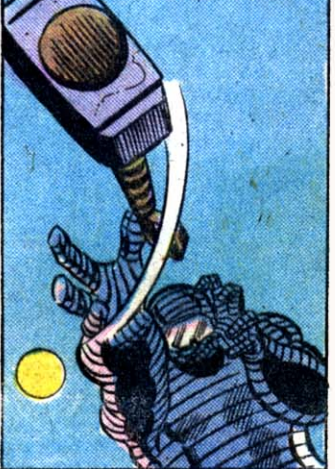


TEN SECONDS REMAINING! AND THE DESTROYER FEELS A TUG ON THE HAMMER IN HIS HAND..



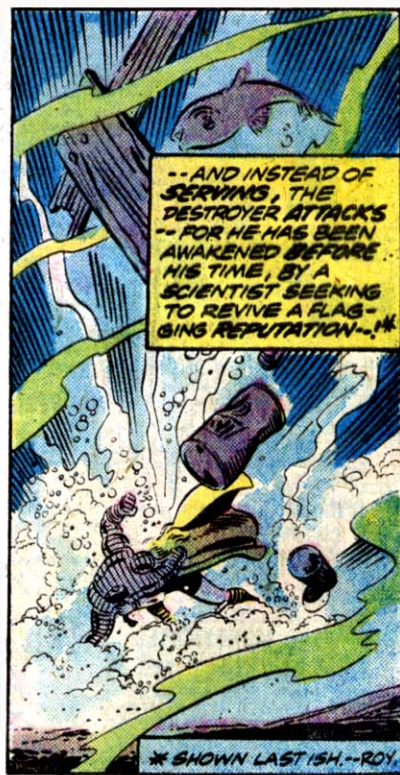
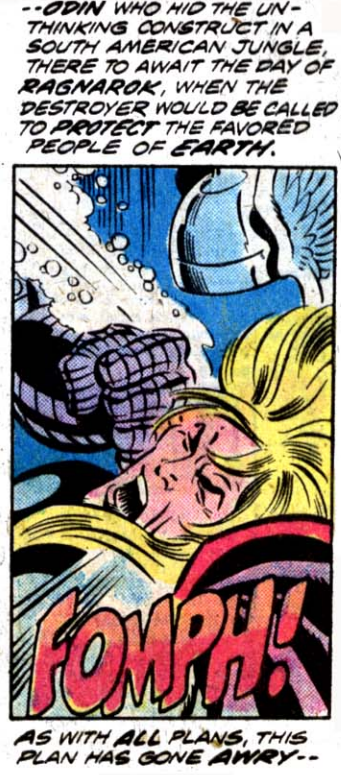
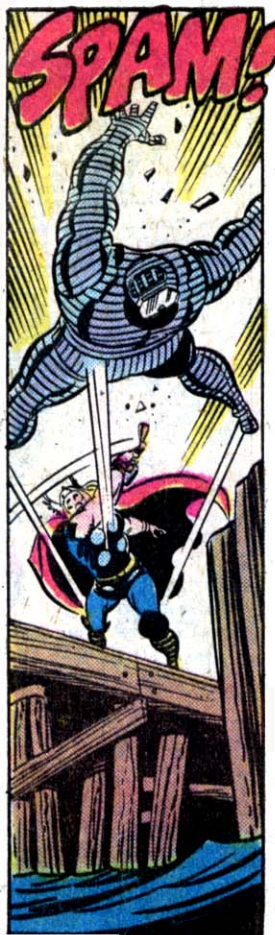
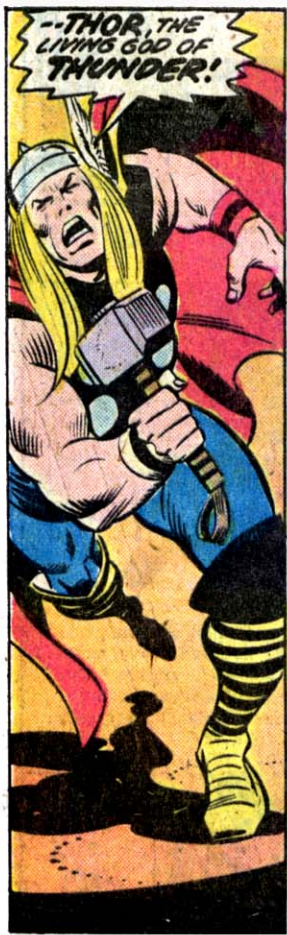
HE STRAINS TO RETAIN HIS GRIP, BUT HIS ATTENTION HAS WANDERED..

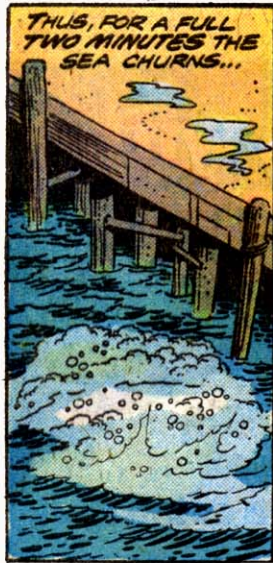
...AND WITH IT, HIS CHANCE FOR UNCHALLENGED VICTORY!



NOW, VILLAIN, NO LONGER DOST THOU FACE A GOD WHOSE STRENGTH IS HALVED.

THOU DOST SEE BEFORE THEE THE SON OF ODIN, THE MASTER OF THE WORLD'S WINDS--





THIS, FOR A FULL TWO MINUTES THE SEA CHURNS...

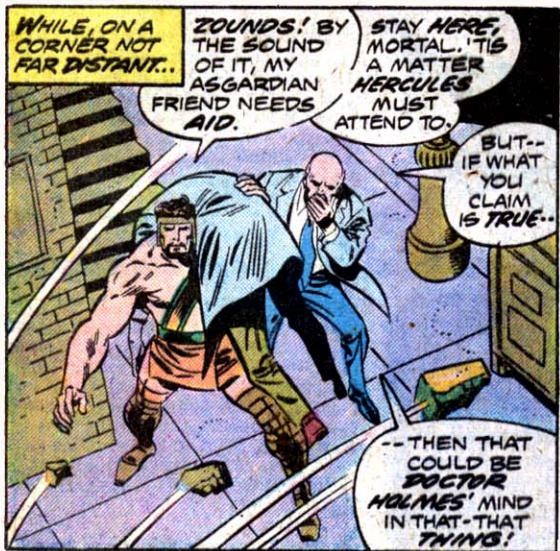


...BUBBLES LIKE A BREWING CAULDRON... AND ULTIMATELY...



EXPLODES!

GROOM!



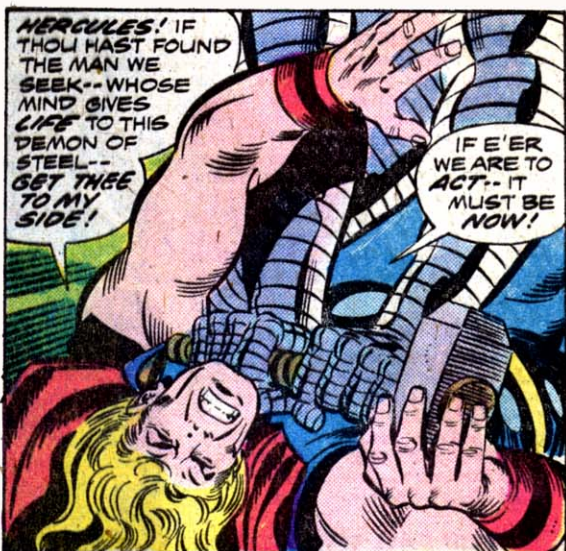
WHILE, ON A CORNER NOT FAR DISTANT...

ZOUNDS! BY THE SOUND OF IT, MY ASGARDIAN FRIEND NEEDS AID.

STAY HERE, MORTAL. 'TIS A MATTER HERCULES MUST ATTEND TO.

BUT-- IF WHAT YOU CLAIM IS TRUE--

-- THEN THAT COULD BE DOCTOR HOLMES' MIND IN THAT THAT THING!



HERCULES! IF THOU HAST FOUND THE MAN WE SEEK-- WHOSE MIND GIVES LIFE TO THIS DEMON OF STEEL-- GET THEE TO MY SIDE!

IF E'ER WE ARE TO ACT-- IT MUST BE NOW!



BUT, BEFORE THE GIANT OLYMPIAN CAN REACT, THE MATTER IS TAKEN FROM HIS HANDS, AS--

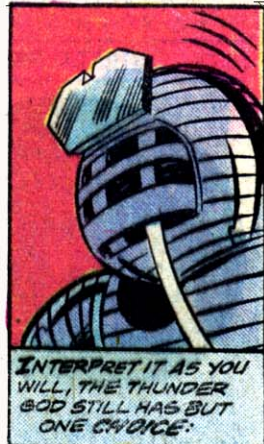
CLEMENT! BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, MAN--

STOP!

PERHAPS THE WORDS REACH THE MAN WITHIN THE MONSTER... PERHAPS THEY TOUCH HIS SOUL...

...AND PERHAPS THIS IS WHY THE DESTROYER LIFTS HIS HEAD AND TURNS. PERHAPS...

OR POSSIBLY... HE MERELY HEARS THE APPROACH OF A NEW VICTIM, ANOTHER CREATURE TO PUNNEL AND CRUSH...

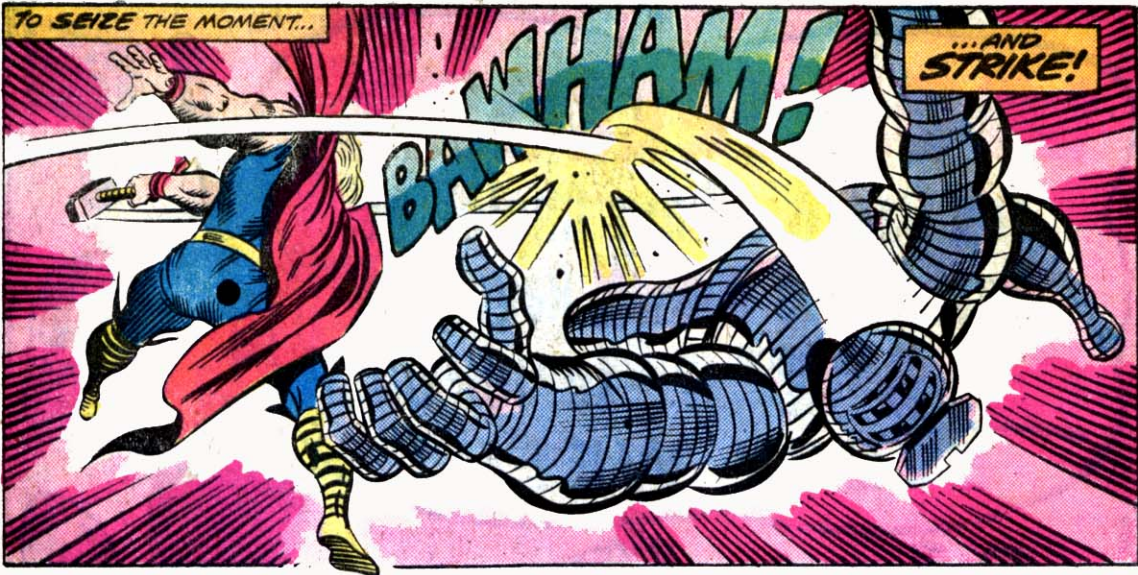


INTERPRET IT AS YOU WILL, THE THUNDER GOD STILL HAS BUT ONE CHOICE:

TO SEIZE THE MOMENT...

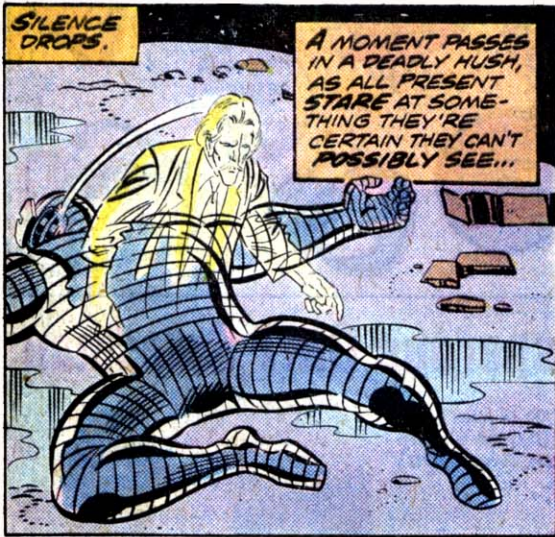
...AND STRIKE!

BAMHAM!



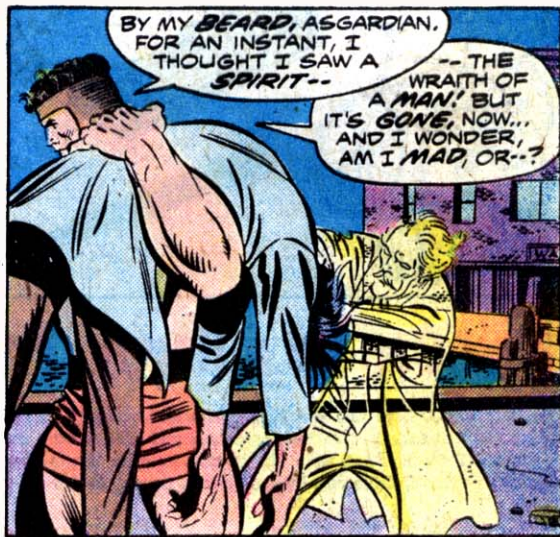
SILENCE DROPS.

A MOMENT PASSES IN A DEADLY HUSH, AS ALL PRESENT STARE AT SOMETHING THEY'RE CERTAIN THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY SEE...



BY MY BEARD, ASGARDIAN, FOR AN INSTANT, I THOUGHT I SAW A SPIRIT--

-- THE WRAITH OF A MAN! BUT IT'S GONE, NOW... AND I WONDER, AM I MAD, OR--?



PUT ME DOWN, YOU OAF! I SWEAR, I'LL SEE YOU IN JAIL FOR THIS!

THERE ARE LAWS AGAINST ABDUCTING A MAN FROM HIS OFFICE!

STRIKE ME BLIND! THE MORTAL WAKES!

I HAVE GONE MAD!

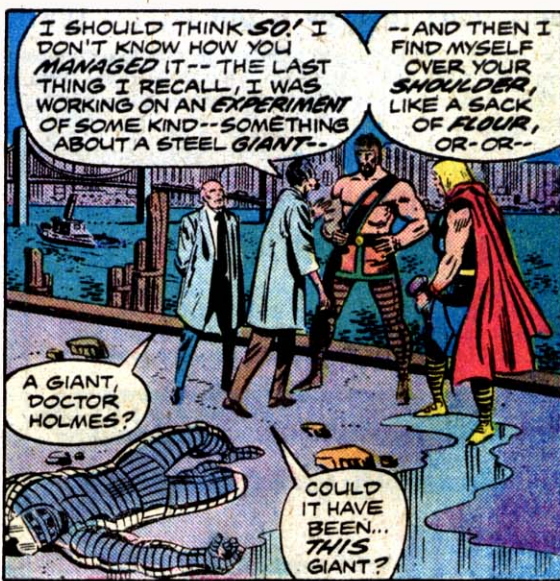


I SHOULD THINK SO! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED IT-- THE LAST THING I RECALL, I WAS WORKING ON AN EXPERIMENT OF SOME KIND-- SOMETHING ABOUT A STEEL GIANT--

-- AND THEN I FIND MYSELF OVER YOUR SHOULDER, LIKE A SACK OF FLOUR, OR-OR--

A GIANT, DOCTOR HOLMES?

COULD IT HAVE BEEN... THIS GIANT?





WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, OTTO? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THIS--

OH, GOD.



I REMEMBER IT NOW, ALL OF IT.

HEAVEN HELP ME... WHAT HAVE I DONE?

COME, CLEMENT.

IT WAS A NIGHT-MAKE... COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF, COULDN'T STOP THE VIOLENCE...

YOU NEED REST...



HILDA AND I WILL LOOK AFTER YOU FOR A FEW DAYS.

THEN, WHEN YOU'RE FEELING WELL AGAIN...

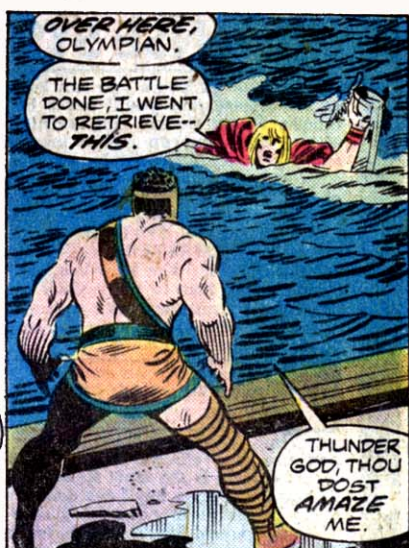
...WE'LL TALK.



AN END; AND FOR DOCTOR CLEMENT HOLMES... A BEGINNING.

BUT, FOR HERCULES...

THOR? WHERE IN THE NAME OF ZEUS...?



OVER HERE, OLYMPIAN.

THE BATTLE DONE, I WENT TO RETRIEVE-- THIS.

THUNDER GOD, THOU DOST AMAZE ME.



WHY, BECAUSE I'VE AN ATTACHMENT TO THIS HELMET? MIND THEE, IT WAS A GIFT FROM MY FATHER--

--MY FIRST WAR HELMET, GIVEN ME WHEN I WAS STILL AN ADOLESCENT.

DOES SUCH SENTIMENTALITY SURPRISE THEE?

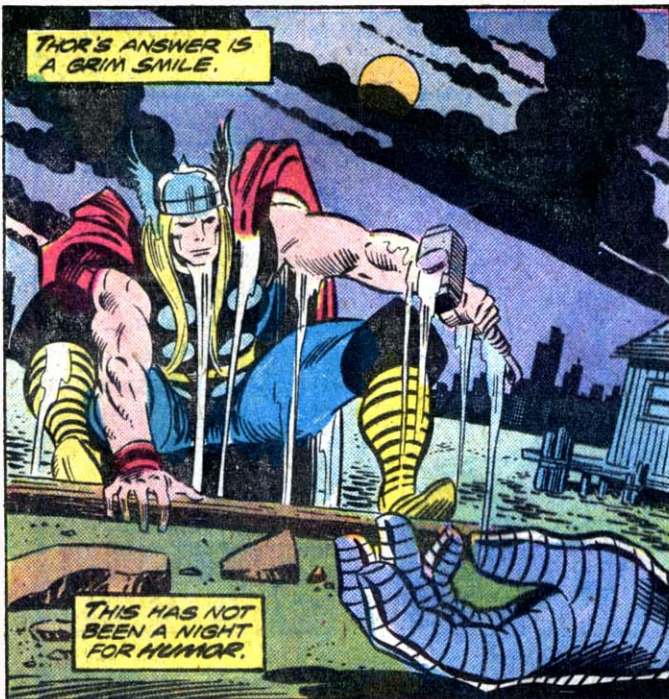
NAY.



ONLY THAT THOU WOULD HAVE THE POOR TASTE TO WEAR THE UGLY THING.

KEEP IT, YES--

BUT IN THE NAME OF MERCY, KEEP IT IN A DARK PLACE.



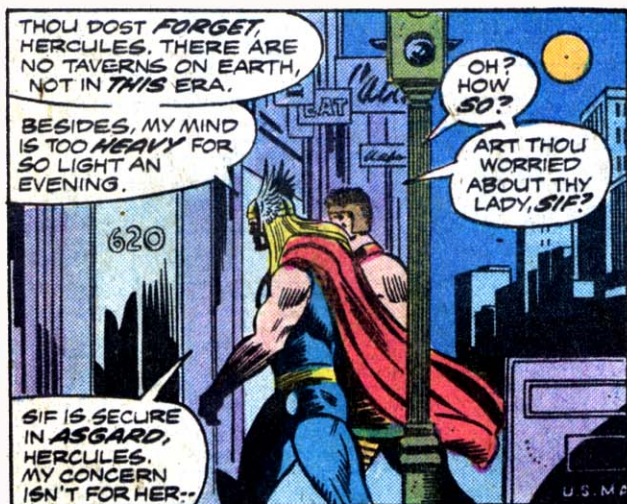
THOR'S ANSWER IS A GRIM SMILE.

THIS HAS NOT BEEN A NIGHT FOR HUMOR.



WHAT NOW, THOR? WITH THY FATHER'S ERRANT CONSTRUCT DEFEATED-- OUR WORK IS DONE.

IT'S TIME WE CELEBRATED A BIT, FIND OURSELVES A TAVERN, DRINK SOME WINE--!



THOU DOST FORGET, HERCULES. THERE ARE NO TAVERNS ON EARTH, NOT IN THIS ERA.

BESIDES, MY MIND IS TOO HEAVY FOR SO LIGHT AN EVENING.

OH? HOW SO?

ART THOU WORRIED ABOUT THY LADY, SIF?

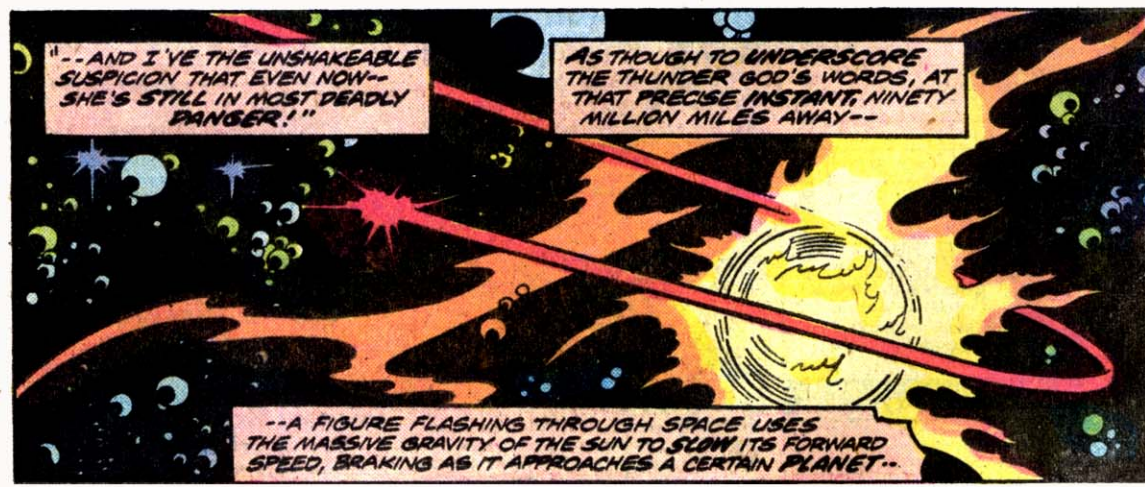
SIF IS SECURE IN ASGARD, HERCULES. MY CONCERN ISN'T FOR HER--



--BUT FOR KRISTA, THE GIRL WE SAVED FROM PLUTO.*

DOCTOR DON BLAKE OPERATED ON HER A FEW HOURS AGO-- AS WE SPEAK, SHE LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN A HOSPITAL ROOM--

* RELATED IN THOR #223--R.T.



"--AND I'VE THE UNSHAKEABLE SUSPICION THAT EVEN NOW-- SHE'S STILL IN MOST DEADLY DANGER!"

AS THOUGH TO UNDERSCORE THE THUNDER GOD'S WORDS, AT THAT PRECISE INSTANT, NINETY MILLION MILES AWAY--

--A FIGURE FLASHING THROUGH SPACE USES THE MASSIVE GRAVITY OF THE SUN TO SLOW ITS FORWARD SPEED, BRAKING AS IT APPROACHES A CERTAIN PLANET--

— THE DUST-MOTE
WORLD KNOWN BY
GODS AND MEN
ALIKE AS— EARTH!

TAKE A LONG LOOK AT
THIS FLAMING FIGURE,
TRUE BELIEVERS: YOU
HAVE NEVER SEEN HIS
LIKE BEFORE, NOR WILL
YOU EVER SEE HIS LIKE
AGAIN.

THOUGH HE'S BUT
THE LATEST IN A
LINE OF COSMIC
HERALDS... HE'S
BY NO MEANS
THE WEAKEST.

NOT FOR HIS TEMPER
ALONE IS HE KNOWN
AND FEARED ON A
THOUSAND WORLDS..

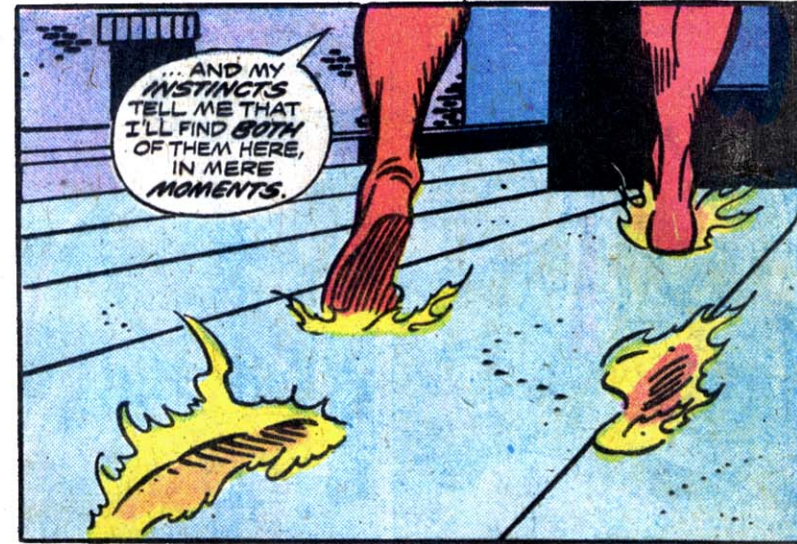
NOT FOR HIS
BLAZING STAFF
IS HE HATED
AND LOVED...

...YET FOR BOTH THESE
THINGS IS HE CALLED AS
HE IS: FOR TEMPER AND
STAFF ALIKE, HE IS NAMED—
FIRELORD!

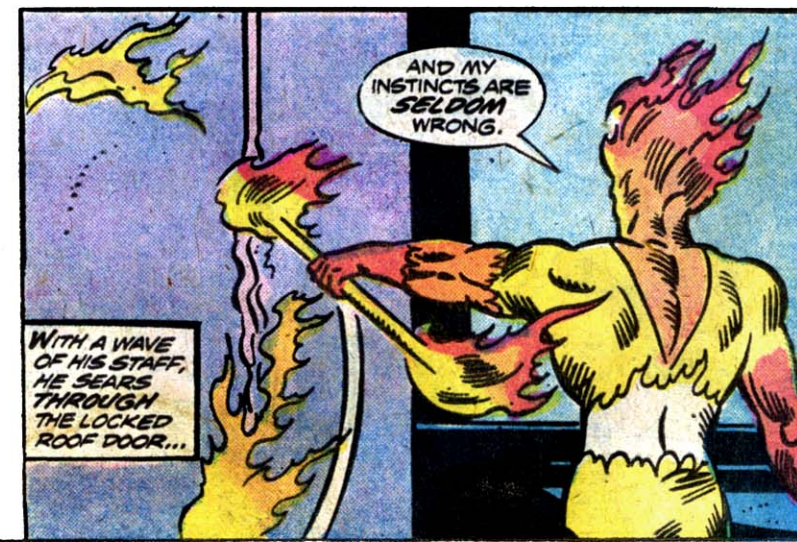


AFTER DAYS OF
TRANS-LIGHT
TRAVEL, I HAVE
ARRIVED.

SOMEWHERE
ON THIS PLANET
ARE THOSE
WHOM I SEEK...



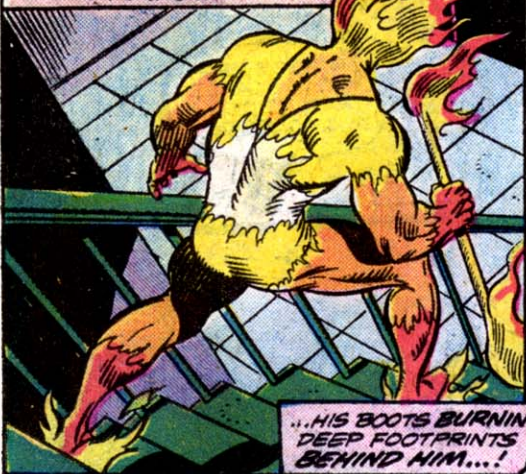
... AND MY
INSTINCTS
TELL ME THAT
I'LL FIND BOTH
OF THEM HERE,
IN MERE
MOMENTS.



AND MY
INSTINCTS ARE
SELDOM
WRONG.

WITH A WAVE
OF HIS STAFF,
HE SEARS
THROUGH
THE LOCKED
ROOF DOOR...

THIS DONE, HE ENTERS AND DESCENDS A STEEL STAIRWAY, HIS LONG STRIDES SWALLOWING THE STEPS IN FOURS...



...HIS BOOTS BURNING DEEP FOOTPRINTS BEHIND HIM...!

MEANWHILE, TEN STORIES BELOW...



IF THOU DOST INSIST ON VISITING THE GIRL, SO BE IT.

PERHAPS AFTERWARDS...?

WE'LL SEE, FRIEND HERCULES.



FOR THE NONCE, HOWEVER, 'TIS NOT THOR WHO'S NEEDED HERE--

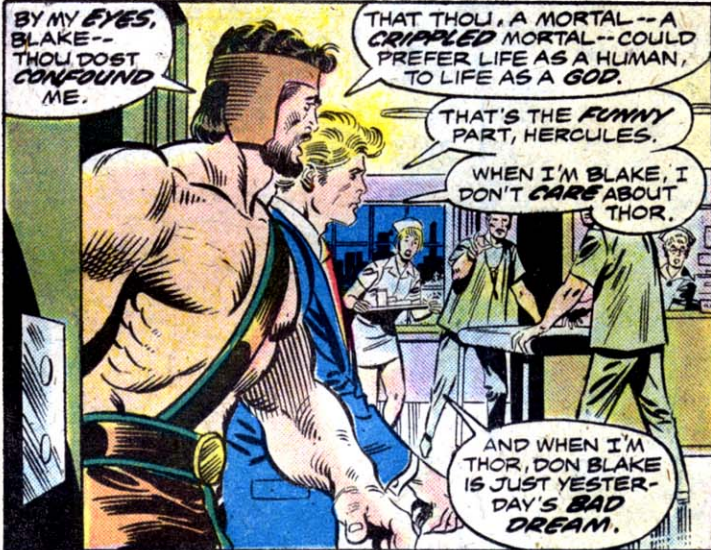
--BUT FRAIL, HUMAN DONALD BLAKE.

THOR MAY BE THE SON OF ODIN, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE A PHYSICIAN'S TRAINING...



... AND A PHYSICIAN IS WHAT KRISTA NEEDS, NOT A GLORY-HUNTING THUNDER GOD.

BY MY EYES, BLAKE-- THOU DOST CONFOUND ME.



THAT THOU, A MORTAL-- A CRIPPLED MORTAL-- COULD PREFER LIFE AS A HUMAN, TO LIFE AS A GOD.

THAT'S THE FUNNY PART, HERCULES.

WHEN I'M BLAKE, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THOR.

AND WHEN I'M THOR, DON BLAKE IS JUST YESTERDAY'S BAD DREAM.

SPEAKING OF BAD DREAMS... A SECOND AFTER THE TWO COMPANIONS ARRIVE, IN A CORRIDOR ON THE FLOOR ABOVE...



WHAT-- WHAT ON EARTH-- IS THAT?

YOU MEAN WHO-- DON'T YOU, NURSE PROCTOR?

SHE MEANS WHAT, KID! I'VE BEEN AN ORDERLY SIX YEARS--



--AND I'VE NEVER SEEN NO "WHO" WHO LOOKED LIKE-- THAT!



LISTEN, BUSTER--OR WHATEVER YOU ARE-- IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, THIS IS A HOSPITAL.

THAT GET-UP COULD FRIGHTEN ONE 'A THE PATIENTS-- SO BEAT IT, UN'ERSTAND?



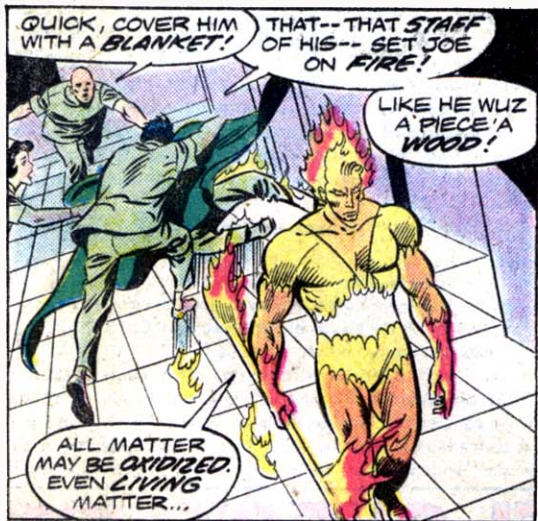
OUT OF MY WAY, HUMAN.

NOT A CHANCE, BUD, NOT UNTIL YOU--



I SAID--

--OUT-OF-MY-WAY.

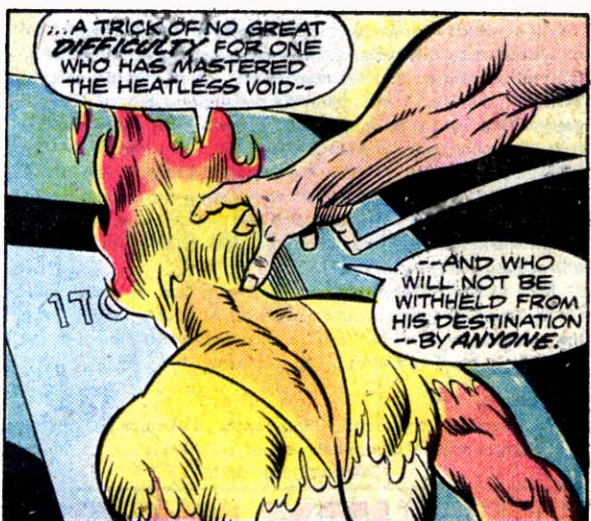


QUICK, COVER HIM WITH A BLANKET!

THAT-- THAT STAFF OF HIS-- SET JOE ON FIRE!

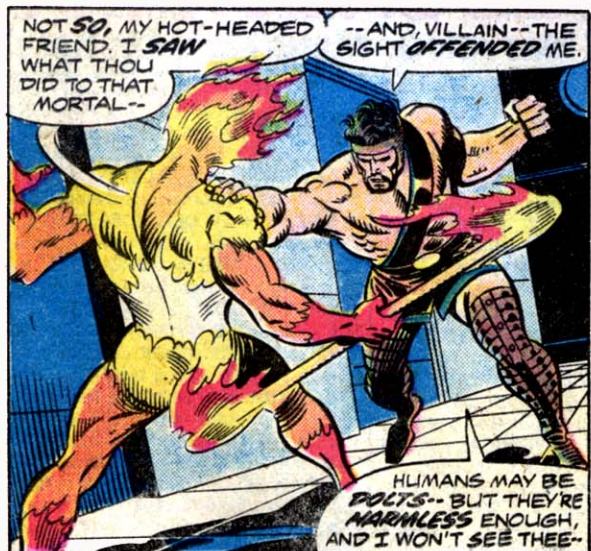
LIKE HE WUZ A PIECE 'A WOOD!

ALL MATTER MAY BE OXIDIZED. EVEN LIVING MATTER...



...A TRICK OF NO GREAT DIFFICULTY FOR ONE WHO HAS MASTERED THE HEATLESS VOID--

--AND WHO WILL NOT BE WITHHELD FROM HIS DESTINATION --BY ANYONE.



NOT SO, MY HOT-HEADED FRIEND, I SAW WHAT THOU DID TO THAT MORTAL--

--AND, VILLAIN--THE SIGHT OFFENDED ME.

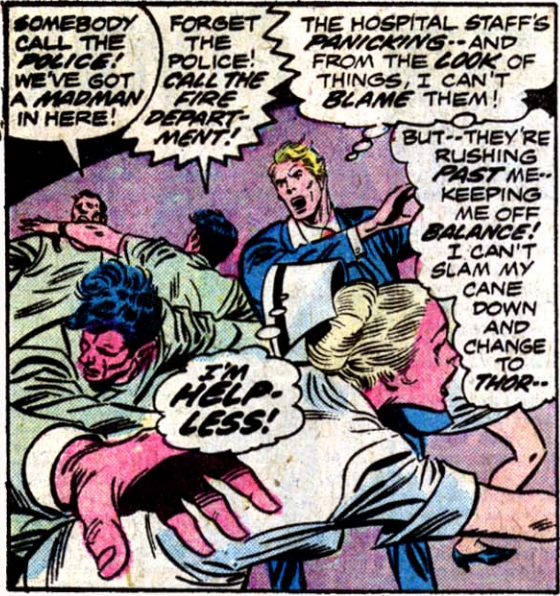
HUMANS MAY BE POLYS-- BUT THEY'RE HARMLESS ENOUGH, AND I WON'T SEE THEE--



UNHAND ME, YOU BLUSTERING BUFFOON!

I WILL NOT BE TOUCHED BY YOU OR ANY LIVING CREATURE! DO YOU HEAR?

I WILL NOT BE TOUCHED!



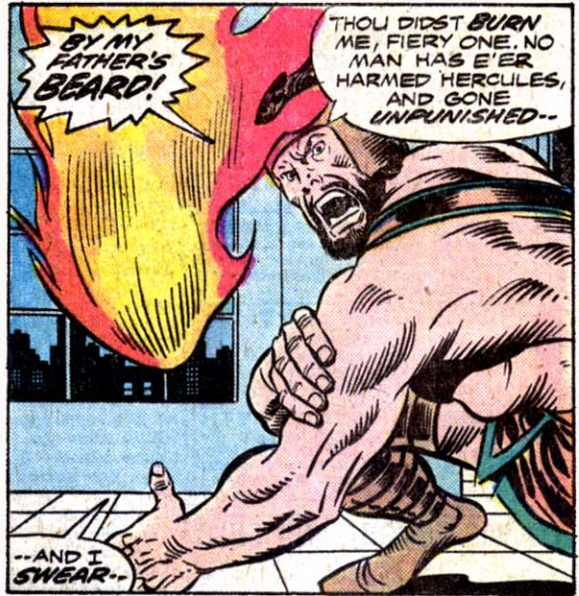
SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE! WE'VE GOT A MADMAN IN HERE!

FORGET THE POLICE! CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

THE HOSPITAL STAFF'S PANICKING--AND FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, I CAN'T BLAME THEM!

BUT--THEY'RE RUSHING PAST ME--KEEPING ME OFF BALANCE! I CAN'T SLAM MY CANE DOWN AND CHANGE TO THOR--

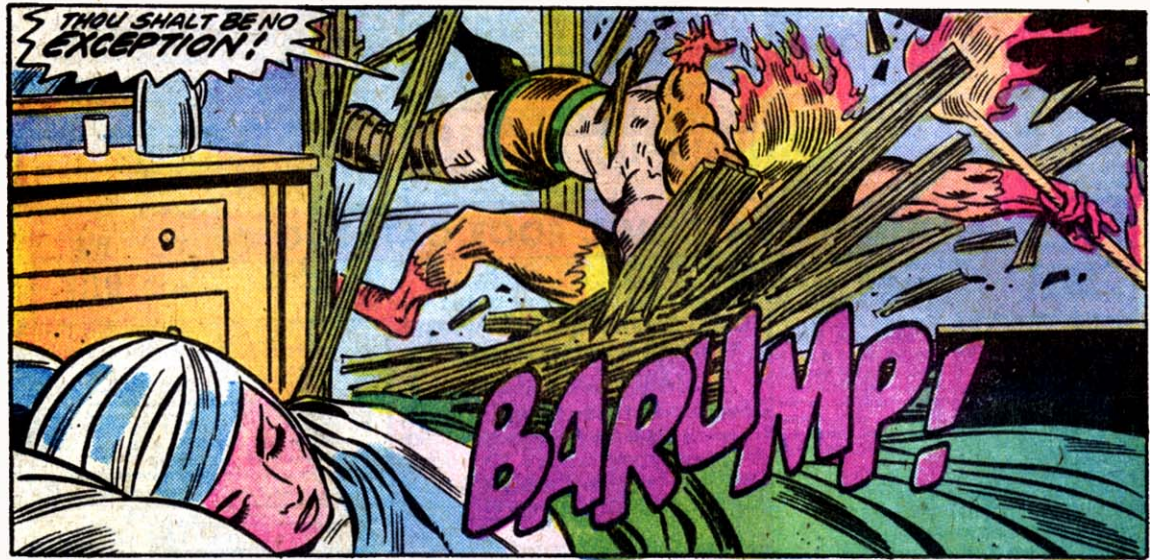
I'M HELP-LESS!



BY MY FATHER'S BEARD!

THOU DIDST BURN ME, FIERY ONE. NO MAN HAS E'ER HARMED HERCULES, AND GONE UNPUNISHED--

--AND I SWEAR--



THOU SHALT BE NO EXCEPTION!

BARUMP!



HERCULES, NO! DON'T YOU REALIZE WHERE YOU ARE?

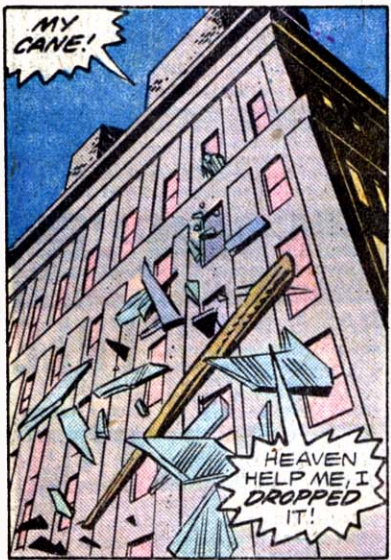
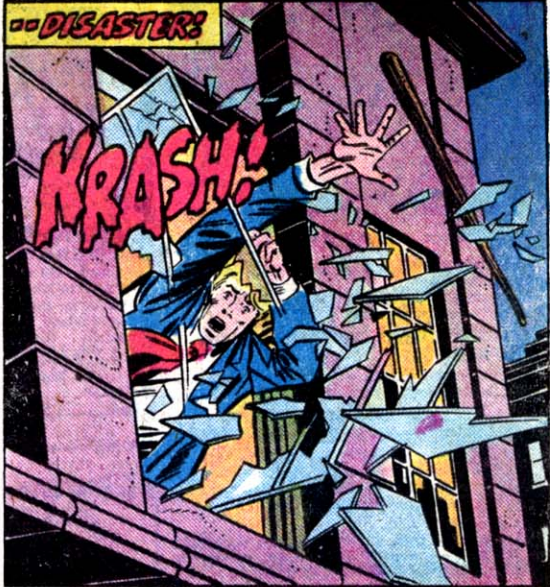
THIS IS KRISTA'S ROOM--SHE'S LYING UNCONSCIOUS ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY--!

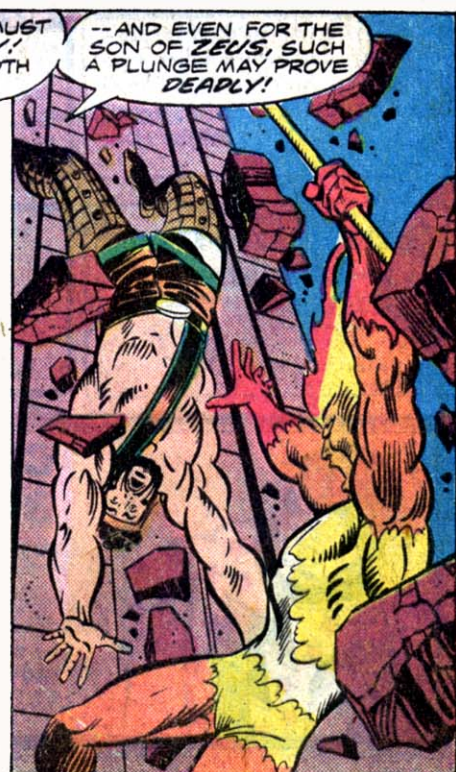
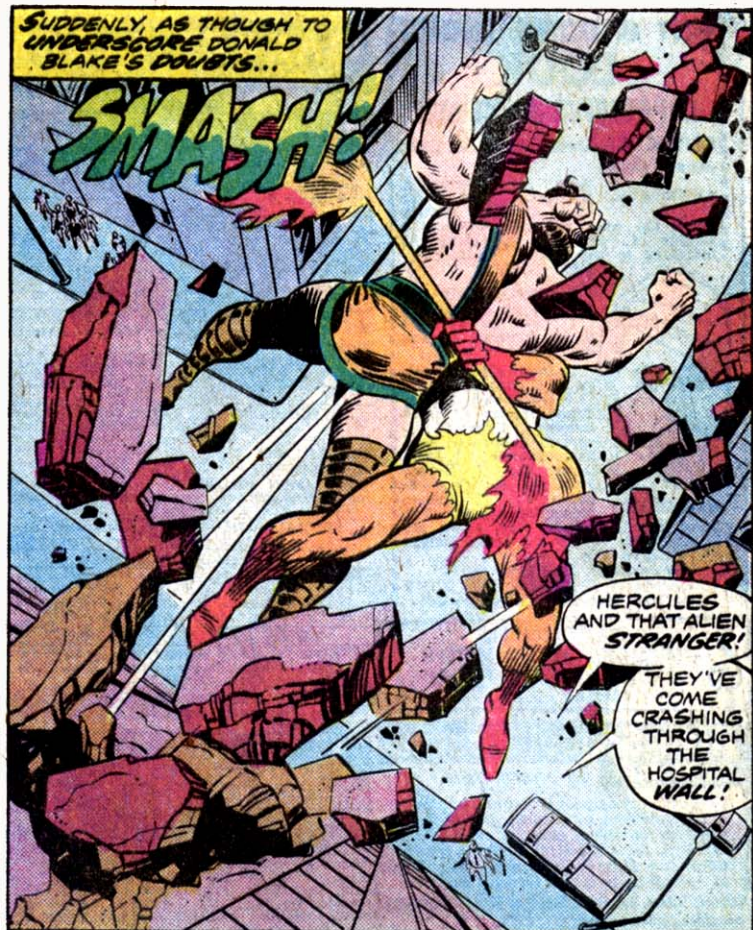
LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOL!



I SAID, LISTEN TO ME!

CRAM!

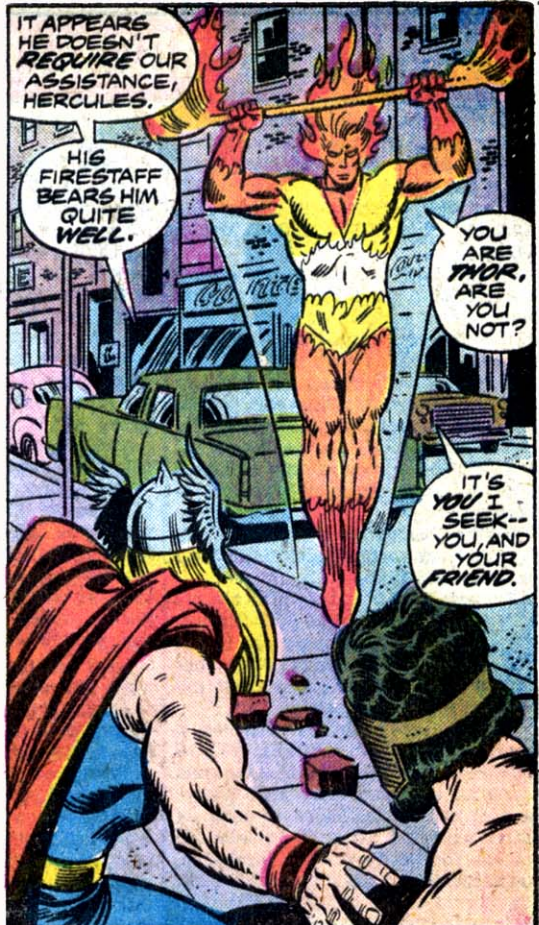






UMMPH!
STARS, ASGARDIAN! THOU DOST INDEED CUT A MOMENT CLOSE!

WHAT OF OUR VILLAINOUS VISITOR? DIDST THOU ALSO CATCH HIM--OR--?



IT APPEARS HE DOESN'T REQUIRE OUR ASSISTANCE, HERCULES.

HIS FIRESTAFF BEARS HIM QUITE WELL.

YOU ARE THOR, ARE YOU NOT?

IT'S YOU I SEEK-- YOU, AND YOUR FRIEND.



HE SEEKS US, DOES HE? LET ME PAST, THUNDER GOD... I'LL TEACH THIS FIRE-HAIRED WHELP THE PROPER MANNERS FOR--

WAIT OLYMPIAN. I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND...

IF WHAT I FEAR IS TRUE, THEN OUR QUARREL IS NOT WITH THIS CREATURE -- BUT WITH HIS MASTER.

HIS MASTER?

SPEAK, FIERY ONE. WHO SENT THEE TO FIND US?

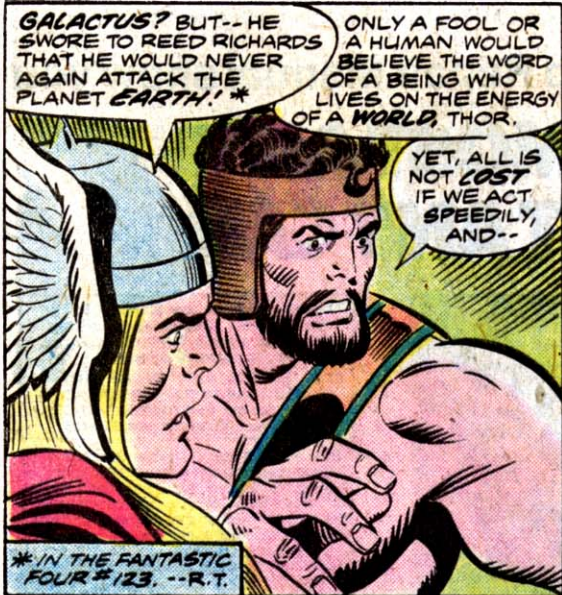
BY WHAT NAME DOST THOU CALL THY MASTER?



BY THE NAME FOR FOR WHICH HE IS KNOWN ACROSS THE COSMOS.

GALACTUS!

GALACTUS IS MY MASTER.



GALACTUS? BUT-- HE SWORE TO REED RICHARDS THAT HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN ATTACK THE PLANET **EARTH!** *

ONLY A FOOL OR A HUMAN WOULD BELIEVE THE WORD OF A BEING WHO LIVES ON THE ENERGY OF A **WORLD**, THOR.

YET, ALL IS NOT **LOST** IF WE ACT **SPEEDILY**, AND--

* IN THE **FANTASTIC FOUR #123**. --R.T.

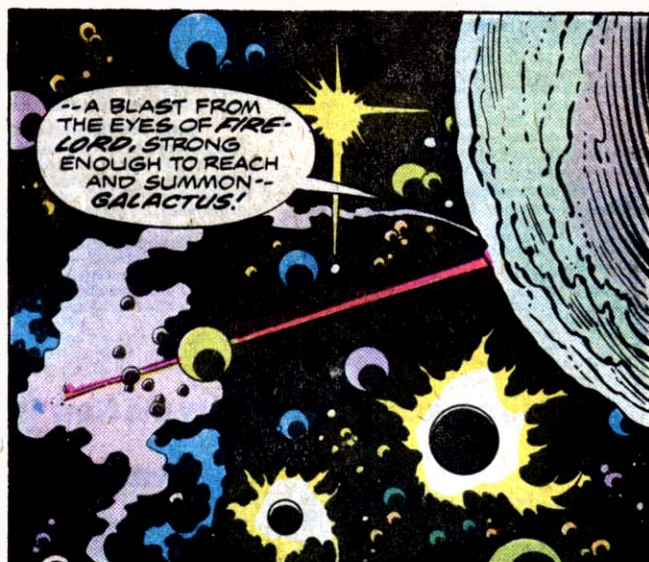


ALL IS ALREADY LOST, YOU WELL-MUSCLED **IMBECILE.**

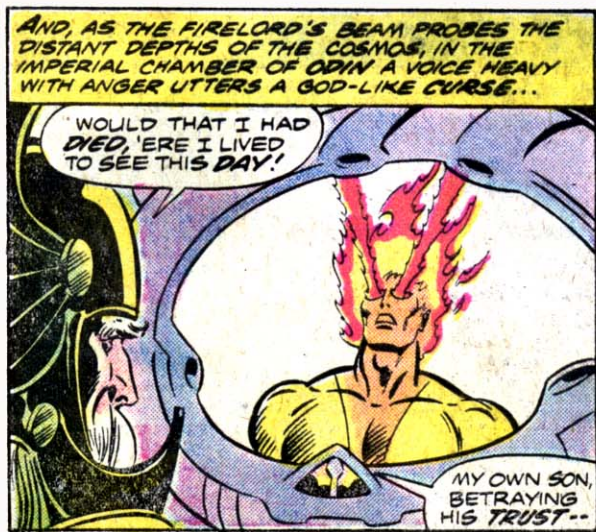
I HAVE BUT TO RAISE MY EYES TO THE **HEAVENS--**



-- AND A BLAST OF **FLAMING LIGHT** STABS DEEP INTO THE REACHES OF **SPACE--**



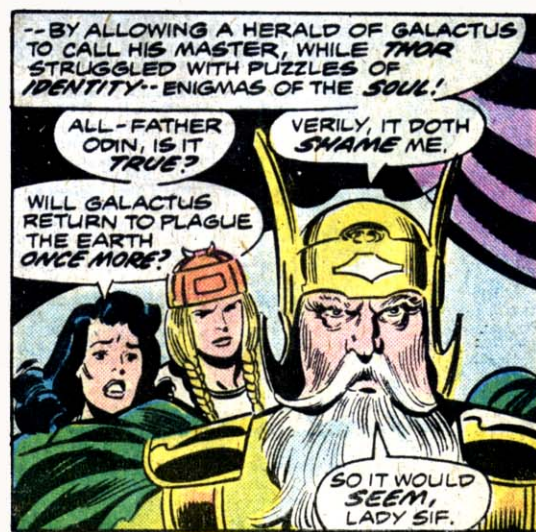
-- A BLAST FROM THE EYES OF **FIRE-LORD**, STRONG ENOUGH TO REACH AND SUMMON-- **GALACTUS!**



AND, AS THE **FIRELORD'S** BEAM PROBES THE DISTANT DEPTHS OF THE **COSMOS**, IN THE IMPERIAL CHAMBER OF **ODIN** A VOICE HEAVY WITH ANGER UTTERS A **GOD-LIKE** CURSE...

'WOULD THAT I HAD **DIED**, 'ERE I LIVED TO SEE THIS DAY!

MY OWN SON, BETRAYING HIS **TRUST--**



-- BY ALLOWING A **HERALD** OF GALACTUS TO CALL HIS MASTER, WHILE **THOR** STRUGGLED WITH PUZZLES OF **IDENTITY--** ENIGMAS OF THE **SOUL!**

ALL-- FATHER **ODIN**, IS IT **TRUE?**

VERILY, IT DOTH **SHAME** ME.

WILL **GALACTUS** RETURN TO PLAGUE THE **EARTH** **ONCE** MORE?

SO IT WOULD **SEEM**, LADY **SIF**.



THOUGH THE MORTAL RICHARDS TRICKED GALACTUS INTO FLYING HIS SPACE-CRAFT INTO THE **NEGATIVE ZONE** *, APPARENTLY THE VILLAIN IS **FREE**--

BUT WHY? WHY DOES HE RETURN ALWAYS TO EARTH?

--AND RETURNS TO DO BATTLE WITH THE PLANET HE HATES MOST IN THIS ETERNAL UNIVERSE.

I WAS ON EARTH HE MET HIS FIRST **DEFEAT**. CHILD.

THERE MUST HE ALWAYS RETURN-- TILL HE CAN CLAIM HIS BELATED **VICTORY**--

* ALSO IN FF#123, --R.T.



--AND CONSUME ALL LIFE ON THAT **PITIFABLE GLOBE!**

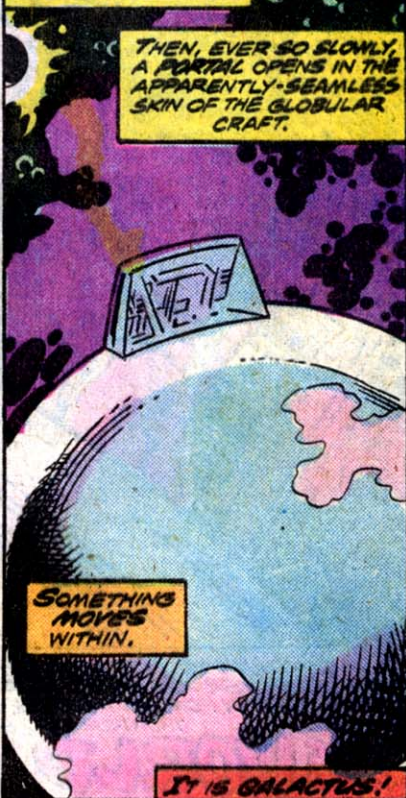
ONWARD, THE **LIGHT-BLAST RACES**; ONWARD, THROUGH A SEA OF STARS...

...UNTIL AT LAST, AT THE VERY **EDGE** OF KNOWN SPACE--IT REACHES ITS **DESTINATION**..

-- THE **SPHERICAL** SPACE-CRAFT OF THE HUMANOID GOD MEN CALL--**GALACTUS**.

FOR A MOMENT, TIME ITSELF **SEEMS TO PAUSE**.

THEN, EVER SO SLOWLY, A **PORTAL** OPENS IN THE APPARENTLY-**SEAMLESS** SKIN OF THE **GLOBULAR CRAFT**.



SOMETHING MOVES **WITHIN**.

IT IS GALACTUS!

TWO EARTHLING YEARS
HAVE PASSED SINCE
LAST I TRODE THE
SCUMMY SURFACE
OF THAT SICKLY
WORLD...

NOW, THE HOUR
HAS COME ONCE
MORE FOR GALACTUS
TO ENTER THE
LIVES OF MEN.

THIS TIME, I
WILL NOT BE TRICKED.
DEFEAT HAS BECOME
UNTHINKABLE--

FOR IF GALACTUS
DOES NOT PREVAIL--
THE UNIVERSE
WILL FALL!

SO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT FIGURED, DO YOU? FORGET IT, FRANTIC ONE-- WE PROMISE YOU, WHATEVER YOU EXPECT OUR NEXT ISSUE TO BE, IT'LL BE BEYOND YOUR WILDEST EXPECTATIONS! TUNE IN FOR PART THREE (YEP, PART THREE, GANG) OF THE MOST UNPREDICTABLE THUNDER GOD SAGA OF ALL TIME-- A STORY WE CALL:

THE WORLD AT THE END OF SPACE!