

THOR

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THE MIGHTY

THOR

THE BATTLE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
IT'S WORLD WAR BETWEEN
ASGARD AND EARTH!

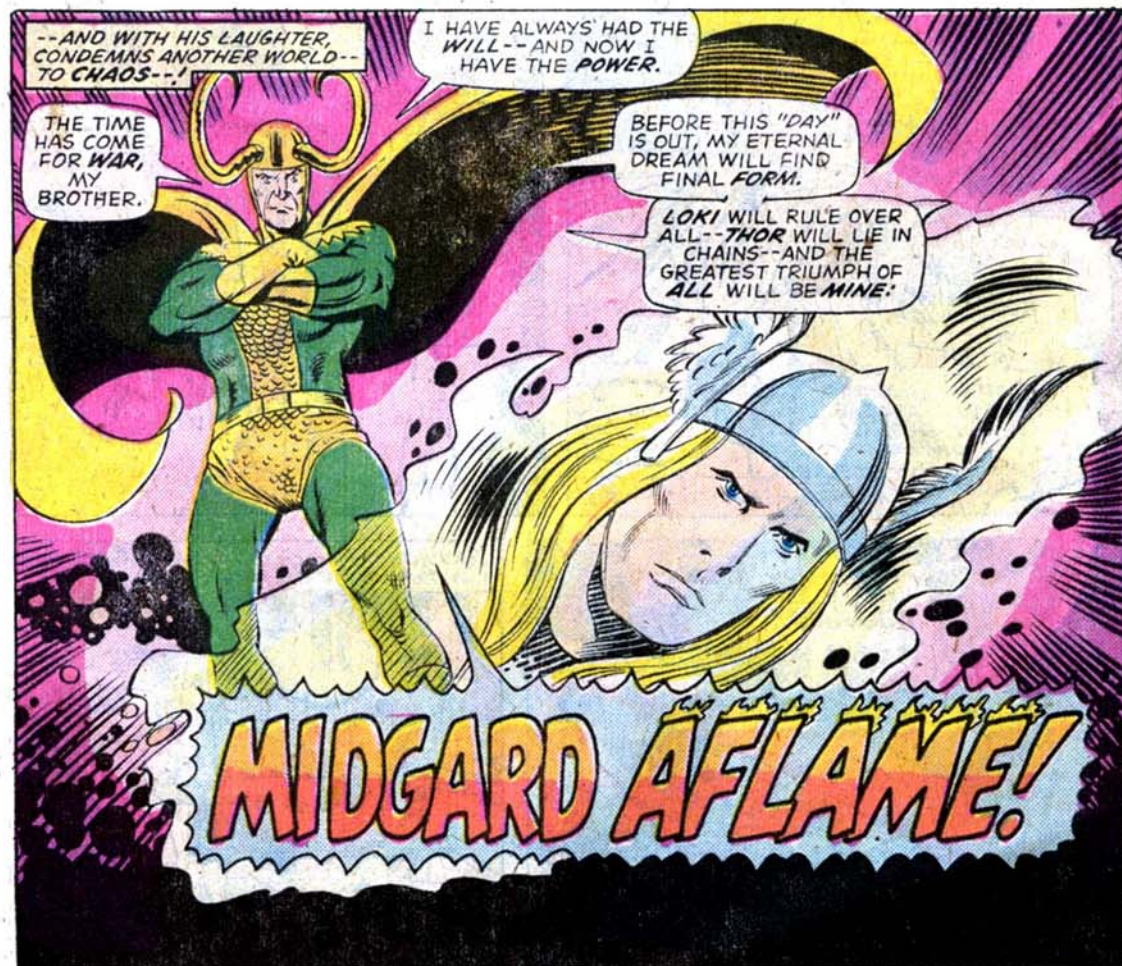


AND THE THUNDER GOD IS CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

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

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YOU CANNOT IMAGINE THE JOY WHICH IS MINE, O BROTHER.

THE EXQUISITE TASTE OF VICTORY IN ANTICIPATION--



--A PLEASURE WHICH SURPASSES EVEN THE MOST DECADENT FANTASIES OF THE MOST DEGENERATE HEDONIST.

AH, MY BROTHER-- ALMOST, I WOULD LIKE TO POSTPONE THE ACT--



--SO THAT I COULD CONTINUE TO DELIGHT IN THE PLANNING.

BUT, AS EVER--

--LOKI IS A GOD OF ACTION.



NO LONGER WILL I MUSE ON THE TWISTING OF FATE WHICH GAVE ME THE POWER I HAVE ALWAYS NEEDED.

NO LONGER WILL I PRAISE THE MOMENT WHEN DORMAMMU PASSED THROUGH ME--

--ADDING A PORTION OF HIS IMMEASURABLE STRENGTH TO MY OWN.*

*IN AVENGERS #116. --LEN.



RATHER, I WILL SUMMON FORTH THE ENERGIES WHICH ARE MINE TO COMMAND--



--AND WITH THEM--



--JOURNEY HENCE TO ASGARD!



TO PROVIDE AN OLD SAYING WITH A NEW MEANING:

"THE THOUGHT IS FATHER TO THE DEED."

BEFORE AN INSTANT OF TIME HAS PASSED, LOKI'S INSUBSTANTIAL FORM HAS COMPLETED ITS VOYAGE FROM THAT FAR DIMENSION TO OUR MORE MUNDANE COSMOS...

...IF MUNDANE HAS ANY MEANING WHEN APPLIED TO THAT MOST WONDEROUS OF CITIES...

ASGARD!

IN ODIN'S NAME--

WHO DOTH DARE DISTURB THE STUDIES OF THE ALL-FATHER'S VIZIER?

I DARE, FOOL.

LOKI DARES. WHAT'S THIS--? YOU APPEAR FRIGHTENED, DIS-TRAUGHT. CAN IT BE-- YOU HAVE REASON TO FEAR ME?

I, ODIN'S STEP-SON-- A PRINCE OF ASGARD?

THE TONE DOTH BELIE THY WORDS, PERFIDIOUS PRINCE.

IF THOU DOTH SEEK TO ATTACK ASGARD, NOW, WHEN ODIN IS GONE FROM THE ETERNAL CITY--

ARE YOU THREATENING ME, LITTLE MAN?

YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO FEEL LOKI'S WRATH, VIZIER.

THE FIRST-- BUT NOT THE LAST!

FOOM!

WITH ODIN AWAY FROM ASGARD, WITH THOR ON EARTH-- THERE IS NO ONE WITH POWER ENOUGH TO STOP ME!

EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN ASGARD WILL BE MINE TO CONTROL--!

AND WHEN THEY ARE MY MINDLESS SLAVES--

...LOKI WILL BE LORD OF ASGARD!

ON A QUIET TREE-LINED STREET ON MANHATTAN'S EAST SIDE NOT MANY HOURS LATER, A BEMUSED GOD OF THUNDER LEAVES THE SOMBER SILENCE OF THE AVENGERS MANSION.



HE PAYS NO REGARD TO THOSE AROUND HIM--!

NO, HIS MIND DWELLS ON MATTERS MORE GRAVE THAN THE STARTLED GLANCES OF A FEW GAPING MORTALS.



HE IS THOR, HALF-BROTHER TO LOKI.

HIS LIFE HAS NEVER BEEN SIMPLE--

--YET NOW, IT HAS TAKEN ON A NEW COMPLEXITY.



THE WOMAN HE LOVES LIES DYING--

-- AND LOKI! THREATENS EARTH.

WHICH IS THE MORE DESERVING OF HIS CONCERN?



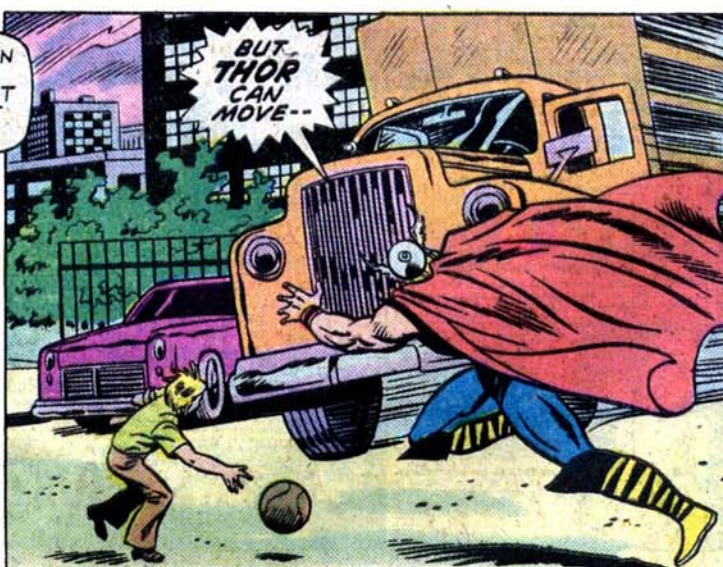
HE HAS NO ANSWER, AND HIS SOUL IS RENT WITH TORMENT.

SO MUCH SO, THAT HE ALMOST DOESN'T SEE--



THAT CHILD!

HE SEES YON SPEEDING TRUCK--YET HE CANNOT MOVE--



BUT THOR CAN MOVE--



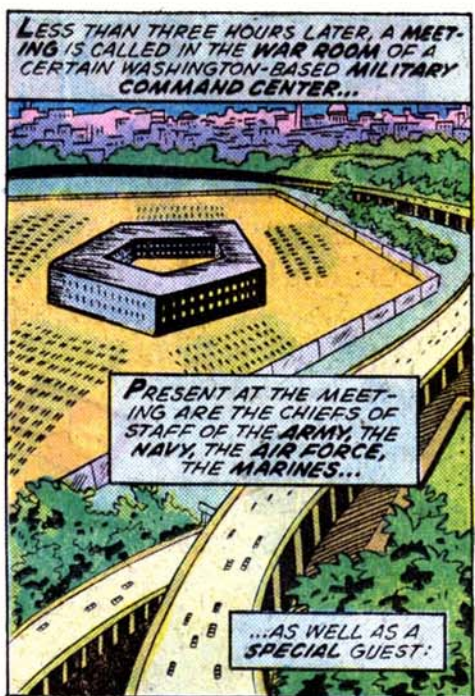


ODIN'S BLOOD!
SOME FORM OF
MYSTIC FORCE
FIELD DOH
ENCLOSE YON
MANSION--

--FORBIDDING MY
ENTRANCE, SEALING
THE AVENGERS FROM
THE WORLD!

IT TAKES NO
SECOND SIGHT
TO KNOW 'TIS
LOKI'S DOING.

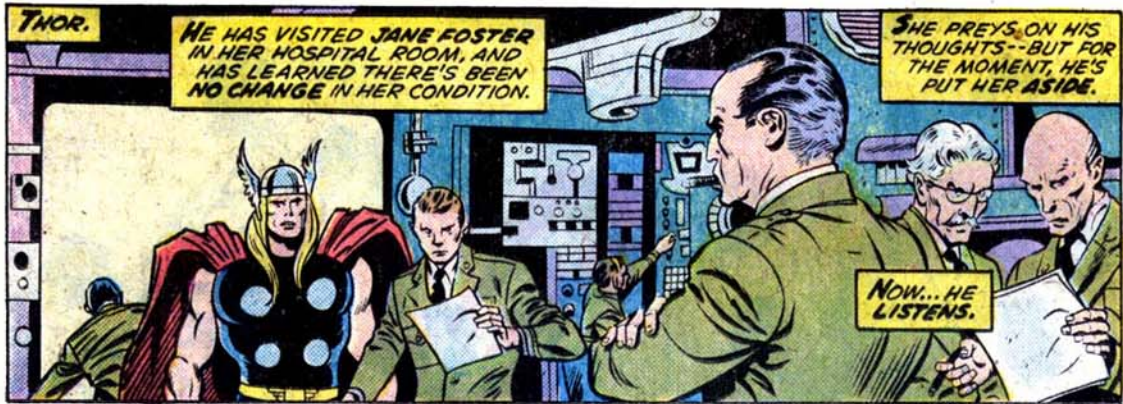
ALREADY--
THE GAME
IS AFOOT.



LESS THAN THREE HOURS LATER, A MEETING IS CALLED IN THE WAR ROOM OF A CERTAIN WASHINGTON-BASED MILITARY COMMAND CENTER...

PRESENT AT THE MEETING ARE THE CHIEFS OF STAFF OF THE ARMY, THE NAVY, THE AIR FORCE, THE MARINES...

...AS WELL AS A SPECIAL GUEST:



THOR.

HE HAS VISITED JANE FOSTER IN HER HOSPITAL ROOM, AND HAS LEARNED THERE'S BEEN NO CHANGE IN HER CONDITION.

SHE PREYS ON HIS THOUGHTS-- BUT FOR THE MOMENT, HE'S PUT HER ASIDE.

NOW... HE LISTENS.



GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, THOR-- CONSIDERING YOU'RE THE ONLY SO-CALLED "SUPER-HERO" WHO'S STILL ABLE TO MOVE FREELY.

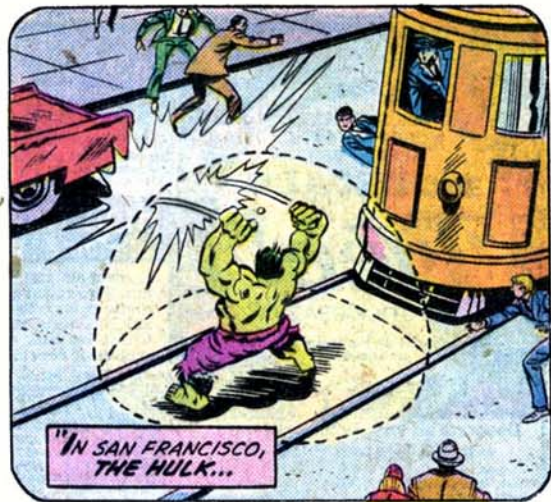
SOME-THING STRANGE IS GOING ON, MISTER--



--SOMETHING WE DON'T EVEN PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND.

YOU TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AVENGERS MANSION-- WELL, THE SAME THING'S HAPPENED TO THE BAXTER BUILDING.*

*WHERE THE FF HANG OUT, AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW.--LEN.



--AND AT EVERY SPOT, THERE'S ONE OF THESE, A GIGANTIC, GLISTENING CUBE.

PLUTO USED A SIMILAR DEVICE WHEN HE INVADED EARTH SOME TIME AGO.*

WHERE ARE THESE CUBES LOCATED, MORTAL?

AT EVERY IMPORTANT ARMY BASE IN THE U.S.--

--INCLUDING WASHINGTON, D.C.!

GENERAL ADAMS!
IT'S THE GUARD
AROUND THE
WASHINGTON
CUBE--!

*BACK IN THOR #163-164. --LEN.

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING THERE, SIR!

THE MONITOR SCREEN--LOOK AT THE SCREEN!

"THE CUBE--
IT'S OPENED--!"

"AND LOOK WHAT'S COMING OUT!"

HEAR ME, THOR-- FOR I KNOW YOU'RE WATCHING:

I DECLARE WAR BETWEEN YOU AND I!

WAR--
BETWEEN
ASGARD
AND EARTH!

FACE ME
IF YOU DARE,
FOR I SWEAR,
BROTHER--
I WILL DESTROY YOU!



THOR, IT'S UP TO YOU. THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN MOBILIZE OUR FORCES FAST ENOUGH TO REPEL YOUR BROTHER'S ATTACK.

JUST GIVE US TIME.

THAT'S ALL WE NEED.

THOU WILT HAVE THE TIME, MORTAL--



--FOR LOKI IS MY BROTHER, AND THUS--MY RESPONSIBILITY!!--

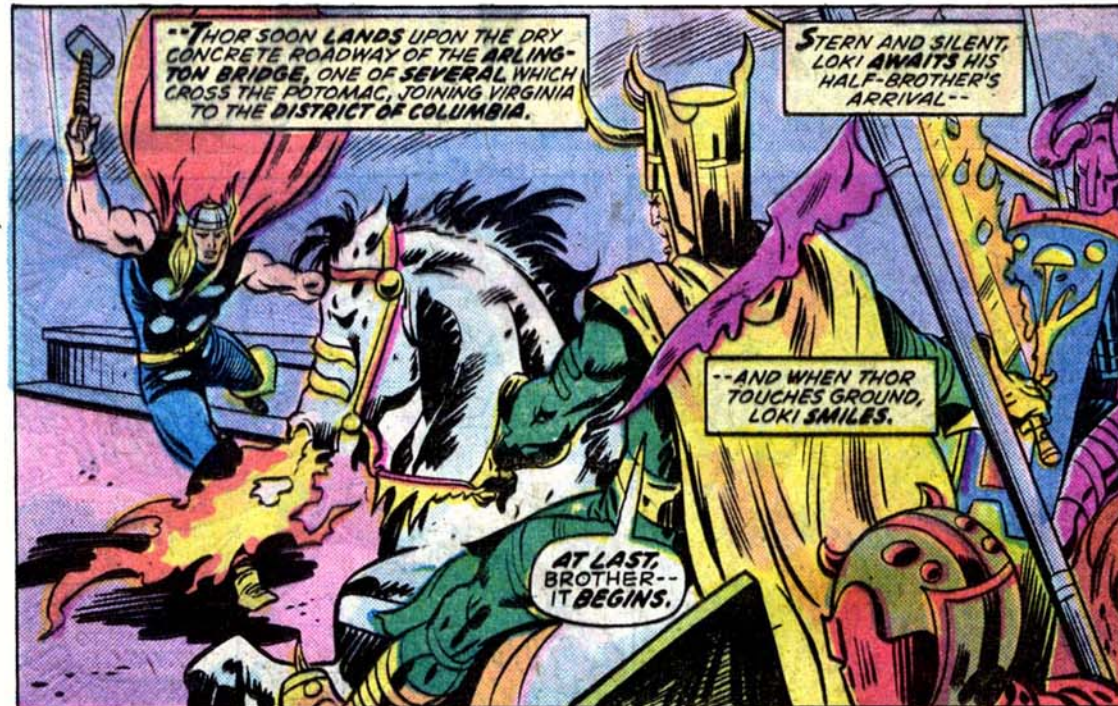
ODIN HATH SEEN FIT TO ALLOW THIS CONFRONTATION*--

*THOR IS UNAWARE OF HIS FATHER'S DISAPPEARANCE. --LEN.



--AND WHO BE I TO SAY HIM NAY?

DRAWN ACROSS THE AFTERNOON SKY BY THE POWER OF HIS MYSTIC MALLET--



--THOR SOON LANDS UPON THE DRY CONCRETE ROADWAY OF THE ARLINGTON BRIDGE, ONE OF SEVERAL WHICH CROSS THE POTOMAC, JOINING VIRGINIA TO THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

STERN AND SILENT, LOKI AWAITS HIS HALF-BROTHER'S ARRIVAL--

--AND WHEN THOR TOUCHES GROUND, LOKI SMILES.

AT LAST, BROTHER-- IT BEGINS.

THE GOD OF MISCHIEF
LIFTS A HAND--SWARLS
A COMMAND--

--AND IN ANSWER, A
DOZEN ASSGARDIAN
WARRIORS CHARGE
FORWARD--

--STRAIGHT AT THE
WAITING THOR!

CURSE THEE, LOKI! THESE
BE MY COUNTRYMEN
THOU DOTH SEND
AGAINST ME!

'TIS A SIN FOR
ASSGARDIAN TO RAISE
SWORD 'GAINST
ASSGARDIAN--A SIN!

SIN OR NO,
THOR DOES NOT
HESITATE--

STILL, HE IS
BUT ONE
MAN--

--AND HIS
FOES ARE
MANY.

HE
FALLS--

BLOOW!

--AND HIS DEFENSE
IS CRUEL AND
STRONG!

--BUT NOT
FOR
LONG--!

WAM!

MAY THY
SOUL ROT
FOREVER,
LOKI!

SPAF!

MAY THY
EYES BURN
--THY FLESH
ROT--

--THAT THOU
SHOULD
BRING ME TO
THIS!

CRUMP!



BROTHER MINE, YOU ARE A SENTIMENTALIST. 'TIS A FLAW YOU MAY WELL FIND FATAL!



IGNORING LOKI'S TAUNTS, THE GOD OF THUNDER SETS UP A MIGHTY SPINNING WITH HIS HAMMER--!

FOR THOR IS MORE THAN A THUNDER GOD--



WWHOOOOSH

--HE IS ALSO MASTER OF THE WIND!



FACE ME, DEMON! I HAVE MET THY LEGIONS--

--NOW I WILL MEET THEE!

AH, THOR.

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A FOOL.

THIS WAS A TEST, BROTHER-- LIKE THAT NEANDERTHAL I CREATED*--!

*THOR #231. --LEN.



I HAVE LEARNED WHAT I NEEDED TO KNOW.

AND FOR THE MOMENT--I AM DONE!



IT HAPPENS QUICKLY.

A BOLT OF POWER STRIKES--WIND RUSHES PAST THE THUNDER GOD'S EARS--!



WHEN NEXT HIS EYES OPEN--HE IS ELSEWHERE, AND STUNNED.

HIS POWER HAS GROWN--!

SOMEHOW HE IS STRONGER THAN E'ER BEFORE-- HIS VOICE HAS CHANGED, HIS EYES HOLD MORE MADNESS THAN EVEN A MADMAN'S MIND COULD CONTAIN--!

YOU'RE SAYING HE'S PRETTY TOUGH.

RIGHT?

WHO--?

THE NAME'S SAWYER, SON. GENERAL SAM SAWYER.

THE BRASS ASKED ME TO TAKE COMMAND OF OUR DEFENSIVE FORCES--

--AND IN A WAY, I GUESS THAT INCLUDES YOU.

14 ST. BRIDGE ENTRANCE

THAT'S THEM OVER THERE.

"THEY'RE PRETTY RAW, BUT I SUPPOSE THEY'LL HAVE TO DO."

IN THE DYING LIGHT OF SUNSET, THE BURNISHED METAL GLEAMS-- WHAT LITTLE THERE IS OF IT NOT COATED WITH NON-REFLECTING PAINT.

THOR STARES AT THE ARRAY OF MEN AND EQUIPMENT-- AT THE TANKS, THE JEPS, THE HALF-TRACKS AND THE TRUCKS--AND THE ALMOST-NUMBERLESS TROOPS--

-- AND JUST FOR A MOMENT, HE FEELS LIKE LAUGHING.

SORRY BUNCH OF GOLDBRICKS, AREN'T THEY?

WELL-- THAT'S THE ARMY, SON. IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT.

NOW LISTEN: I'VE GOT A PLAN.

THE GENERAL SPEAKS QUICKLY, THE GOD OF THUNDER NODS.

THEN, AS THE SUN BEGINS TO MELT THE HORIZON--

THOR TURNS--



--AND WITH THE ARMY CHARGING BEHIND HIM-- **ATTACKS!**

FOR EARTH--

--FOR ASGARD!



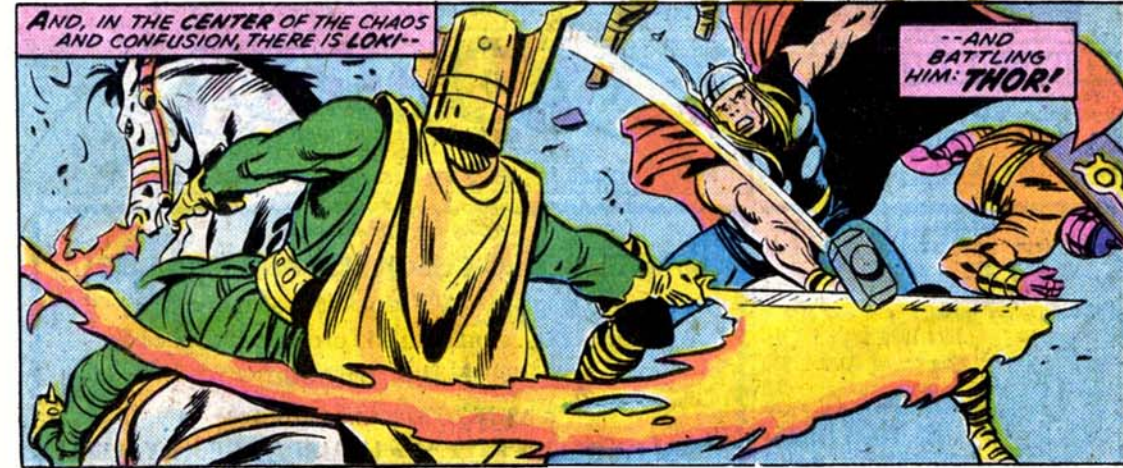
FOR LOKI!

FOR LOKKKKIIII!



WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS ALMOST INCONCEIVABLE!

MAN AGAINST MYTH--LEGIONS AGAINST LEGENDS--THE ARMIES OF EARTH AND ASGARD CLASH, WITH A SOUND THAT WOULD DROWN THE THUNDER!



AND, IN THE CENTER OF THE CHAOS AND CONFUSION, THERE IS LOKI--

--AND BATTLING HIM: THOR!



STEEL SPEARS STRIKE STEEL BAYONETS--ARMORED HELMET BATTERS ARMORED HELMET--MEN AND GODS ALIKE SCREAM THEIR FURY--

--AND WHILE THIS OCCURS ON THE BRIDGE ABOVE--

--FAR MORE IMPORTANT THINGS OCCUR BELOW!



RETREAT IS CALLED; THE HUMAN TROOPS WITHDRAW; AND, ALMOST BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR END OF THE BRIDGE--

--THE EXPLOSIVES SET BELOW THE BRIDGE--EXPLODE!

WHOOOM!



GENERAL SAWYER SURE FIGURED IT CLOSE.

ANOTHER MOMENT AND OUR OWN MEN WOULD'VE--

SARGE, LOOK!



"WHERE THE BRIDGE BLEW UP--SOME KIND OF FORCE-FIELD'S APPEARED--!"

"LOKI'S MEN AREN'T FALLING!"



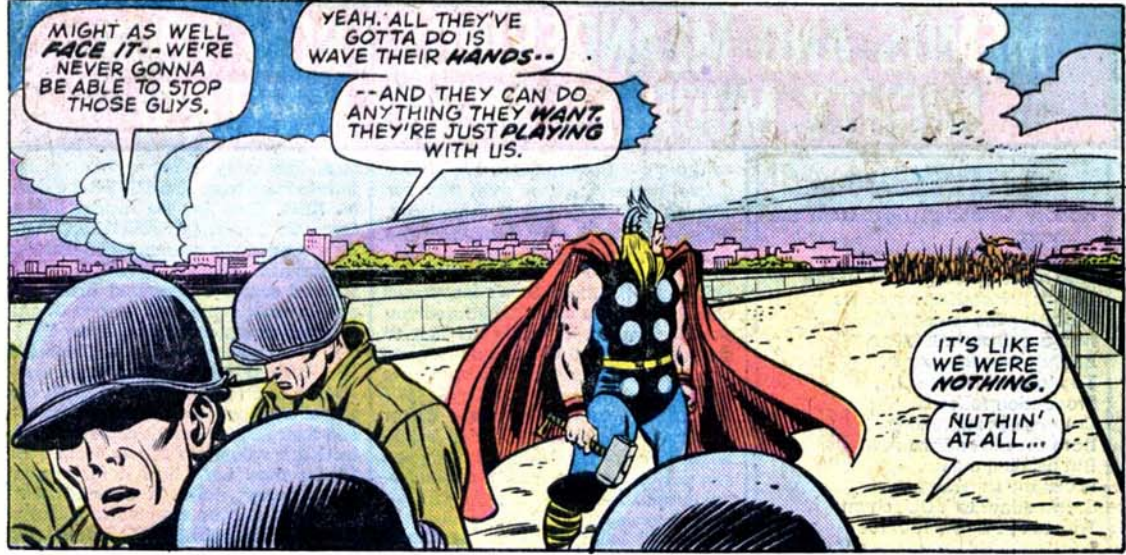
THE MAD GOD LAUGHS, HIS FACE BRIGHT WITH INSANITY--

HA HA HA HA



--AND WITH THAT MOCKING LAUGHTER RINGING IN THEIR EARS, THE HUMAN ARMY CONTINUES ITS RETREAT--WALKING WITH THE SLOPED SHOULDERS AND TIRED EXPRESSIONS OF MEN WHO HAVE ALREADY ACCEPTED DEFEAT...!

HA HA HA



MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT-- WE'RE NEVER GONNA BE ABLE TO STOP THOSE GUYS.

YEAH. ALL THEY'VE GOTTA DO IS WAVE THEIR HANDS--

--AND THEY CAN DO ANYTHING THEY WANT. THEY'RE JUST PLAYING WITH US.

IT'S LIKE WE WERE NOTHING.

NUTHIN' AT ALL...

NIGHT DRIFTS WEST ACROSS THE SKY, SLOWLY ENGLUING THE BESEIGED CITY IN DARKNESS.



FOR HOURS, THOR AND THE HARD-NOSED GENERAL SAWYER ARGUE OVER TACTICS--



--UNTIL, FINALLY...

IF SOMETHING DOESN'T BREAK SOON--

BLAST IT, MAN--WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.

WE'LL HAVE TO NUKE THEM.



SURELY THOU CANNOT MEAN THOU WOULD JEOPARDIZE THE SAFETY OF AN ENTIRE CITY, WHEN--

'TIS NOT THIS CITY ALONE WHICH IS IN QUESTION, THOR.



THE FUTURE OF THIS CIVILIZATION--PERHAPS MANKIND ITSELF-- IS AT STAKE.

WE FOUND HIM OUTSIDE, SIR.

VIZIER!



OLD FRIEND, DOST THOU BRING WORD FROM MY FATHER?

WILL ODIN HELP US NOW IN THIS HOUR OF OUR GREATEST NEED?

THEN-- THOU DOST NOT KNOW?



MY FRIEND, ODIN WILL BE OF NO HELP TO THEE OR THESE MORTALS.

HE HAS VANISHED, THOR. AS HE ONCE FORCED THEE TO TAKE ON A HUMAN FORM, IN ORDER TO LEARN TRUE HUMILITY--

--SO TOO HAS ODIN SACRIFICED HIS GODLY SELF--



--THAT HE MIGHT BECOME AS THESE MORTALS ARE, A MAN OF FLESH AND BLOOD, A CREATURE OF EMOTION, A DEMON POSSESSED BY MANY DEVILS.

BUT--IS HE NOT AWARE OF WHAT HAPPENS HERE?

AWARE HE MAY BE--



--BUT ONLY OF THIS, NOT OF HIS TRUE IDENTITY.

HE HAS PLACED HIMSELF UNDER A SPELL OF FORGETFULNESS, THUNDER GOD--A SPELL WHICH SHALL ENDURE FOR A TIME HE DID NOT REVEAL TO ME.

HE CANNOT AID US-- BECAUSE HE DOES NOT KNOW HE CAN AID US.

WE MUST STAND OR FALL ALONE.

THEN IF WE MUST, WE WILL.

AS THE GENERAL SAID, WE HAVE NO CHOICE.

FROM ACROSS THE POTOMAC COMES
THE DISTANT ECHO OF LAUGHTER.

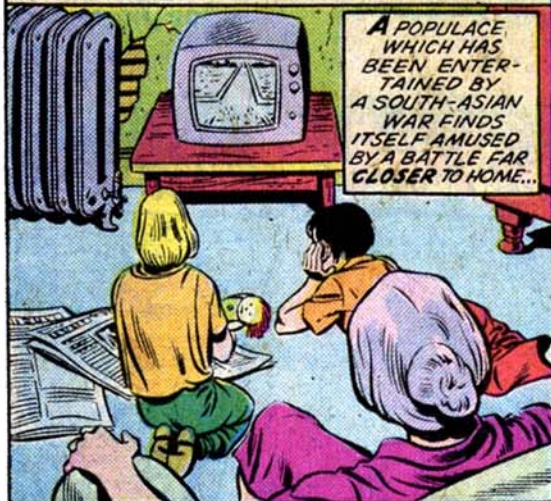
ON THE FAR SHORE, FIRES
BURN, SENDING YELLOW
AND ORANGE FLAMES HIGH
INTO THE MOONLIT SKY.

THE FIRES SEEM SYMBOLIC
SOMEHOW, TO THE MEN
STANDING ON THIS SIDE OF
THE RIVER.

THE FLAMES LEAP
HIGH.

SOON THEY MAY EVEN
CONSUME THE FUTURE...

ALL ACROSS THE CONTINENT, THE SCENE IS MIMICKED ON A MUCH SMALLER SCALE...



A POPULACE WHICH HAS BEEN ENTERTAINED BY A SOUTH-ASIAN WAR FINDS ITSELF AMUSED BY A BATTLE FAR CLOSER TO HOME...

THOUGH, OF COURSE, NOT ALL WHO WATCH THIS NEW WAR FIND IT DIVERTING.



IN THE COMMUNAL HOME OF SEVERAL MIGRANT WORKERS IN CALIFORNIA, THE NEWS IS PROFOUNDLY DISTURBING.

KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN, SOONER OR LATER.

WE ALWAYS HAD IT EASY IN THIS COUNTRY, NEVER BEIN' INVADED AN' ALL.

MY PARENTS, THEY CAME FROM AUSTRIA DURIN' THE GREAT WAR.

THEY TOLD ME HOW IT'D BE-- AND THEY WAS RIGHT.



THE LARGE MAN SAYS NOTHING. HE SMOKES HIS PIPE AND LISTENS.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT HE SEES SEEMS TO TOUCH A CHORD WITHIN HIS MEMORY-- BUT THE MEMORY IS TOO FAINT, TOO VAGUE AND ILL-FORMED.



HIS BROW FURROWS. HE FROWNS.

PERHAPS IF HE SLEEPS ON IT, HE'LL REMEMBER MORE IN THE MORNING.



PERHAPS, BUT ORRIN DOUBTS IT.

HE DOUBTS IT VERY MUCH, INDEED...!

MORE ON ODIN'S ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA... AND THE STARTLING CLIMAX OF THE EARTH/ASGARD WAR, IN A TALE TITLED...

NEXT ISSUE:

O BITTER VICTORY!