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THE MIGHTY

THOR

THOU HAST INCURRED THE WRATH OF ODIN, MY SON!

THUS, BY MY ETERNAL POWER--THOU ART THUNDER GOD **NO MORE!**

AT LAST!!
THE AWESOME
ORIGIN
OF THOR'S
ALTER EGO
DON BLAKE!



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!**™

WHO IS THE
REAL
DON BLAKE?

THE
ANSWER
AT
LAST!

WELL, SINCE THE DREADED DEADLINE DOOM CAUGHT US WITH THE INKED PAGES OF THIS MONTH'S THOR SPECTACULAR IN TRANSIT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN YOUR BATTY BULLPEN AND THE FAR-OFF PHILIPPINES, WE THOUGHT WE'D TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO FILL IN THOSE OF YOU WHO CAME IN LATE ON THE AWE-INSPIRING ORIGIN OF OUR FABULOUS THUNDER GOD'S EARTHLY ALTER EGO! ENJOY, PILGRIM-- AND JOIN US BACK HERE FOR ALL-NEW ACTION NEXT MONTH!

THAT WAS
A FINE BIT
OF SURGERY
DOCTOR
BLAKE!

YOUR HAND
IS AS SKILL-
FUL AS IT
EVER WAS!

IF ONLY
ALL MY
QUESTIONS...
ALL MY
DOUBTS...
COULD BE
ALSO
SOLVED WITH
A SURGEON'S
SCALPEL!

A STAN LEE JACK KIRBY
PRODUCTION

INKING:
VINCE COLLETTA

LETTERING:
SAM ROSEN



WE HAVEN'T *SEEN* YOU HERE FOR QUITE A *WHILE*, DOCTOR?

HAVE YOU BEEN AWAY ON *VACATION*?

EH, *YES*... YOU MIGHT SAY *SO*!

IF ONE CAN CALL LIFE-AND-DEATH BATTLE WITH *MANGOG*, IN FAR-OFF *ASGARD* ... IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE COMING OF *RAGNAROK* ... A *VACATION*!



YOU LOOK *TIRED*, BLAKE! IT TAKES A LOT *OUT* OF YOU TO PERFORM DELICATE *SURGERY* AFTER A LONG LAY-OFF!

I SUGGEST YOU TRY TO GET SOME *REST* BEFORE YOUR NEXT OPERATION!

HE'S *RIGHT*! I AM *TIRED*... MORE *TIRED* THAN HE CAN *SUSPECT*!

BUT *NOT* FROM WHAT I'VE DONE... HERE ON *EARTH*!



I'LL TAKE HIS *ADVICE*!

IT'LL GIVE ME THE CHANCE I NEED... TO *THINK*!

TO THINK OF *ANSWERS* ... TO QUESTIONS I'VE BEEN *AFRAID* TO *ASK*!



... SUCH AS THE HAUNTING QUESTION OF... *WHO* I *REALLY* AM?

MY LIFE AS *THOR* BEGAN A FEW SHORT *YEARS* AGO... WHEN I FOUND THE ENCHANTED *HAMMER*!

BUT *THOR* HAS LIVED FOR *AGES*!!

SO, WHO WAS *THOR* BEFORE I FOUND THE MYSTIC *MALLET*??

... AND, WHO WAS *DR. BLAKE*??

SLOWLY ALL EARTHLY THOUGHTS DISSOLVE AND FADE, AS THE MIGHTY THOR APPEARS ON BIFROST, THE LEGENDARY RAINBOW BRIDGE TO FABLED ASGARD...

HAIL, TRUSTY HEIMDALL!

HAIL, PRINCE OF ASGARD!

HOW STANDS THE GOLDEN REALM?

THE THRONE ENDURES!

THE SCEPTER GLEAMS!

THEN ALL IS WELL!

THUS SHALL IT EVER BE!

MOMENTS LATER, THE ROYAL WARRIOR ENTERS THE GREAT GOLDEN GATES, TO BEHOLD ONCE MORE THE WONDER AND THE MAJESTY OF THE REALM ETERNAL...

GREETINGS TO THEE, NOBLE PRINCE! OUR LAND IS RICHER FOR THY PRESENCE!

MY HEART IS GLADDENED BY THY WORDS!

OF ALL THE SIGHTS THE EYE BEHOLDS... NONE CAN MATCH THE SIGHT OF ... HOME!



BUT, IF IT BE HOME TO **THOR**...
WHAT OF THE MORTAL,
DONALD BLAKE?

WHY WAS IT **HIM**
WHO DIDST FIND
THE **HAMMER?**

AND...
WHAT OF **ME?**
WHERE THEN
WAS **THOR**...
UPON THAT FATE-
FUL DAY??



EVEN **NOW**...
I FEEL THE
GAZE OF EVIL
LOKI!

SURELY **HE**
MUST KNOW
THE SECRETS
THAT I SEEK!

BUT, *JUST AS* SURELY, *NEVER*
WOULD HE THEM
REVEAL... TO
THE ONE HE MOST
DESPISES!



ONLY **HERE**
CAN I FIND
WHAT I
SEEK!

HERE...
WITHIN THE
PALACE
ROYAL!



HERE... WHERE EVEN **NOW** I
FEEL THE AWESOME **GLOW**...
THE MATCHLESS **MAJESTY**...
OF **HIM** WHO RULES THE REALM!

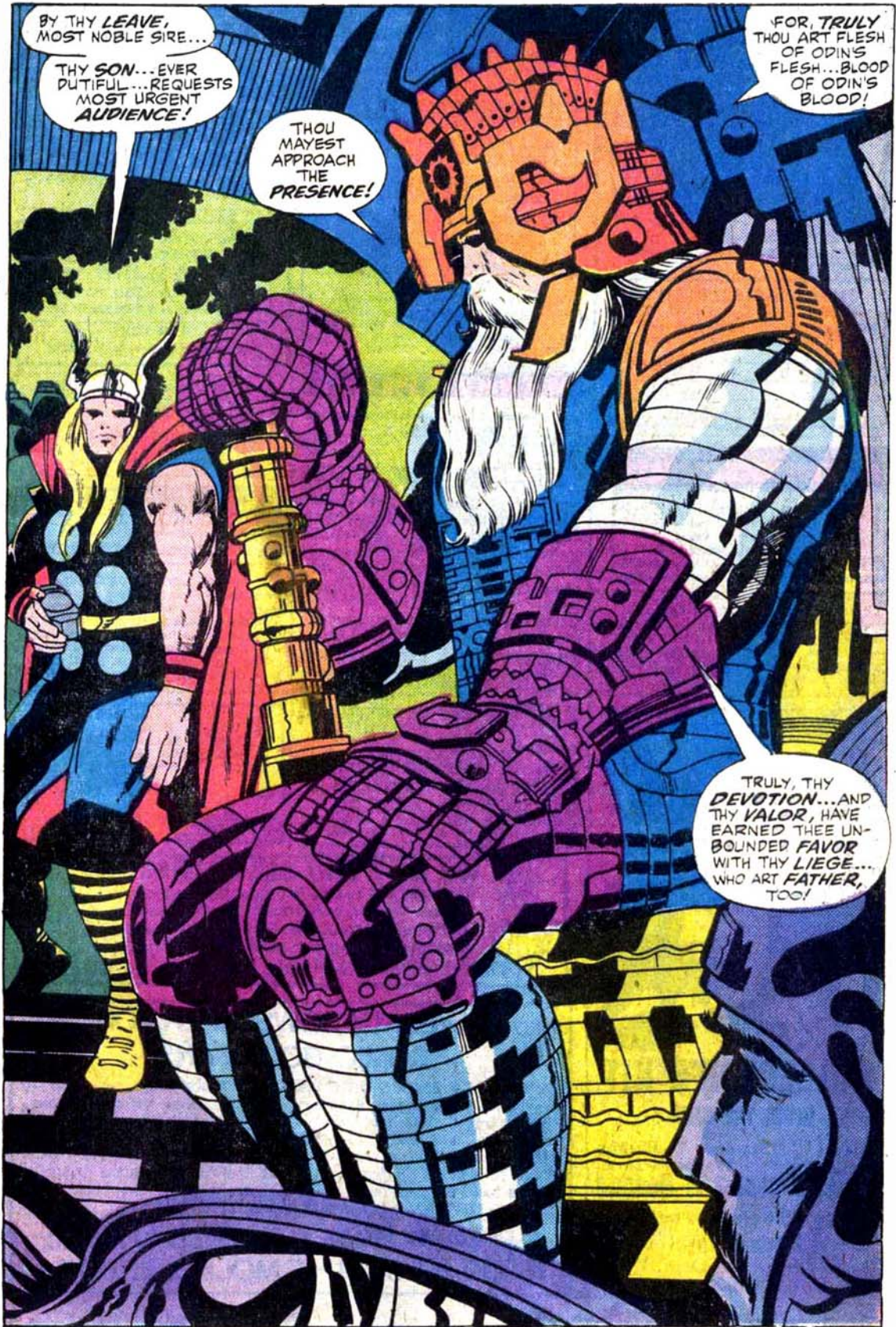
BY THY LEAVE,
MOST NOBLE SIRE...

THY SON...EVER
PUTIFUL...REQUESTS
MOST URGENT
AUDIENCE!

THOU
MAYEST
APPROACH
THE
PRESENCE!

FOR, TRULY
THOU ART FLESH
OF ODIN'S
FLESH...BLOOD
OF ODIN'S
BLOOD!

TRULY, THY
DEVOTION...AND
THY VALOR...HAVE
EARNED THEE UN-
BOUNDED FAVOR
WITH THY LIEGE...
WHO ART FATHER,
TOO!





NO WORDS OF THINE ARE NEEDED!

IN MINE AWESOME OMNISCIENCE, I DO PERCEIVE THY THOUGHTS...

I SENSE WHAT THOU DESIREST!

'TIS KNOWLEDGE THOR DOTH CRAVE!



AND 'TIS KNOWLEDGE THOU SHALT HAVE!

I...I'M AWAKE! I'M DONALD BLAKE AGAIN!

BUT...THERE STILL IS SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

THIS TIME...I'M NOT ALONE!

THERE'S SOMEONE IN MY ROOM!



HAVE FAITH, THOU PUZZLED MORTAL!

THE VEIL SHALL SOON BE LIFTED!

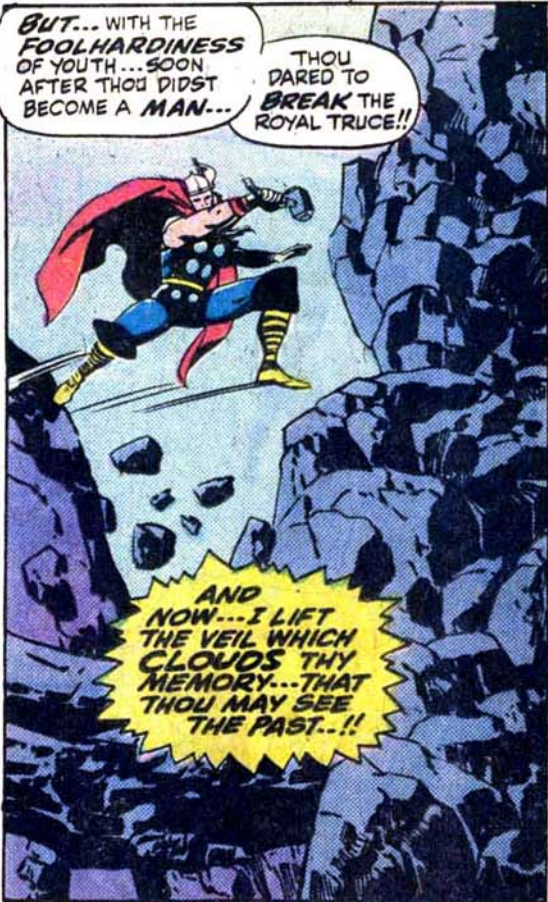
THE VOICE OF... ODIN!!



THE SECRET THOU WOULDST LEARN IS BURIED IN THE PAST... IN FAR OFF NIFFEL-HEIM... WHERE THE STORM GIANTS DWELL!

'T WAS THERE... BEYOND THE KEN OF MORTAL MEMORY... THAT A ROYAL TRUCE WAS SIGNED!

A TRUCE... FORBIDDING ANY OF ASGARDIAN BLOOD ... FROM VENTURING FORTH INTO THE LAND THEY CALLED THEIR OWN!



BUT... WITH THE FOOLHARDINESS OF YOUTH... SOON AFTER THOU DIDST BECOME A MAN...

THOU DARED TO BREAK THE ROYAL TRUCE!!

AND NOW... I LIFT THE VEIL WHICH CLOUDS THY MEMORY... THAT THOU MAY SEE THE PAST...!!



THOUGH THE DEADLY BIRDBEAST HAS FLOWN INTO NIFFEL-HEIM... I SHALL NOT GIVE UP THE HUNT!

SO LONG AS HE DOTHS LIVE, THERE CAN BE NO SAFETY FOR ASGARDIAN... OR STORM GIANT ALIKE!



NOW SHALT THE HAMMER OF THY DAYS OF MURDER AND OF PILLAGE... FORE'ER!



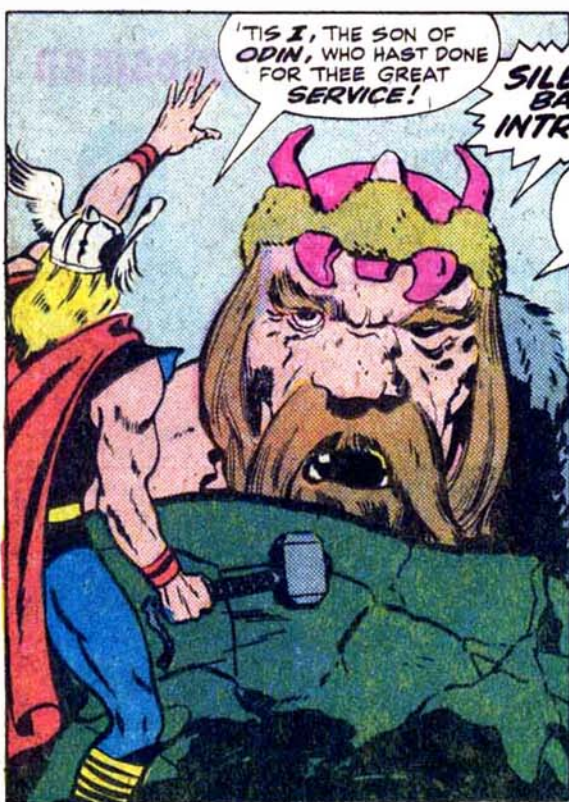
THE DEED IS DONE!

THE THUNDER GOD TRIUMPHANT!



NEVERMORE SHALL ANY FALL PREY TO YONDER LIFELESS TALONS!

WHO DARES TO TREAD UPON FORBIDDEN LAND??



'TIS I, THE SON OF ODIN, WHO HAST DONE FOR THEE GREAT SERVICE!

SILENCE, BASE INTRUDER!

THOU HAST BROKEN THE ROYAL TRUCE!



AND FOR THAT, THE PRICE IS DEATH!



BY THE GOLDEN GATES OF ASGARD...!!

NONE SHALL ATTACK A PRINCE OF THE REALM...



... WITHOUT FEELING THE POWER OF ENCHANTED MJOLNIR!



WHAT?! A PUNY ASGARDIAN DARES CHALLENGE WE WHO BE GIANTS?!!

THOU MUST BE CRUSHED... LIKE THE INSECT THOU ART!

THOR! THOR!

THOOM!

AVENGE ME, MY BRETHREN!

THE WARRIOR PRINCE MUST FALL!



THOR SHALL NOT FALTER!

FOR ASGARD AND HONOR... I STRIKE!

SO SAYS THE SON OF ODIN!

NOT E'EN
THY **SIZE**
CAN GIVE ME
PAUSE...

THOUGH THOU
BE TRULY
LIVING **GIANTS**...
THERE IS SOMETHING
BIGGER STILL...

THE
MOUNTAIN
'NEATH WHICH
THOU DO
CHARGE!

THE
MOUNTAIN
... WHICH MIGHTY
MJOLNIR NOW SHALL
SHATTER!





OTHER STORM GIANTS STRIKE FROM AFAR!

'TIS SAFER TO USE THEIR DEADLY FIRE TUBES, THAN BRAVE THE WRATH OF THOR IN FACE-TO-FACE ENCOUNTER!

SSZZZZ



HO, SON OF ODIN!

I HAVE FOUND THEE AT LAST!

MOST NOBLE BALDER!

WHAT SPORT NOW LIES IN STORE... WITH THEE BESIDE ME IN THE FRAY!



NOT SO, MIGHTY THOR!

THOUGH MY LIMBS CRAVE BATTLE, AS SURELY AS DO THINE... I HAVE COME TO LEAD THEE HENCE!

SINCE THE TRESPASS IS THINE... THE WRONG IS THINE, AS WELL!

THOU WOULDST HAVE ME FLEE FROM COMBAT?

I WOULD HAVE THEE HONOR, THE TREATY ROYAL!

THOU ART RIGHT, AS EVER, FAITHFUL FRIEND!



MINE HAMMER'S ENCHANTMENT SHALL AFFORD US SAFE PASSAGE!

BUT NOT EVEN MJOLNIR SHALL PROTECT THEE FROM ODIN'S RAGE!



YOU HAVE SHOWN THAT THOR WAS **YOUNG...** **HEADSTRONG...** **SUPREMELY CONFIDENT** OF HIS OWN **GODLIKE POWER!**

BUT, WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH **ME?**

CANST THOU NOT **SEE? THY FATE...** AND **HIS... ARE ONE AND THE SAME!**



BUT **STILL** YOU SPEAK IN **RIDDLES!**

HOW DID **I** ENTER THE **PICTURE?** AND WHERE WAS **HE?** WHERE WAS THE **ORIGINAL THOR**, WHEN I CAME ON THE **SCENE??**

ONLY **YOU** CAN TELL ME... FOR I HAVE **NO MEMORY** OF THOSE **EVENTS!**



AYE!'TIS AS **ODIN** **PLANNED** IT!

'T WAS NOT **SEEMLY** FOR THEE TO KNOW... **TILL NOW!**

THEREFORE, CLEAR THY **MIND** OF EVERY THOUGHT... AS I TAKE THEE TO THE **PAST** ONCE MORE...!

FOR THOU MUST **RETURN** TO **ASGARD...** TO THE MEMORY OF YON **LUSTY, BRAWLING ERA...**



EVER DIDST THOU TEST THY **STRENGTH** IN **ENDLESS JOUSTING...** WITH NO MARK OF **FEAR** OR **FAVOR!**

THOUGH THOU ART THE **GOD OF THUNDER**, THE **MIGHTIEST ARM** OF ALL IS **MINE!**

THEN LET THE **STRENGTH** OF THY **LIMBS** PROVE THE **BOASTING** OF THY **LIPS!**

THE WARRIOR'S HEART OF VALIANT VOLSTAGG NOW IS SORELY PAINED!

'TIS I WHO SHOULD BE WAGING COMBAT ... DEFEATING BOTH WITH BUT A SHRUG!

INSTEAD, I FILL MY CUP! THE NECTAR SHALL APPEASE MY BATTLE-HUNGRY BLOOD!

IF THOU WOULDST JOIN THE CONTEST... VOLSTAGG HAS BUT TO ASK!

NAY! 'TWOULD NOT BE FAIR TO THOSE OF SMALLER SIZE!

AHHH, IF THY BATTLE PROWESS COULD BUT MATCH THY FEARLESS WORDS!

I THINK THEE FOR THY COMPLIMENT!

...IF SUCH IT IS!

MIND WHERE THOU ART, THOU BUMBLING OAF!

THY LUMBERING FRAME IS FAR TOO LARGE... THE CHAMBER FAR TOO CROWDED... FOR SUCH AS THEE TO BOW!

ODD'S BLOOD!

WHAT MISHAP HATH BEFALLEN ALL?

THE NEXT MISHAP WILL BE THY HEAD...

AS I REMOVE IT FROM THINE OVERSTUFFED BODY!

GONDOLFF, STAY THY TONGUE!

THOUGH HE BE A CLUMSY KNAVE, STILL IS VOLSTAGG FRIEND TO THOR!



THEN 'TIS AS I SUSPECTED!

WHEN THOU DIDST SEE THAT GONDOLFF HAD THEE BEATEN... THOU SIGNALLED VOLSTAGG, TO END THE CONTEST!

BUT NOW HATH THE GOD OF THUNDER O'ER-STEPPED HIMSELF!

BY LAW OF ASGARD... NOW MUST THOU ADMIT THY BASE DECEPTION!



I CALL THEE LIAR!

THE VICTORY WAS MINE! I DID BUT TOY WITH THEE!

THEN, LET OUR STEEL DECIDE!

I HAVE COMRADES A'PLENTY TO STRIKE FOR GONDOLFF!



THOR HATH BUT FEW...

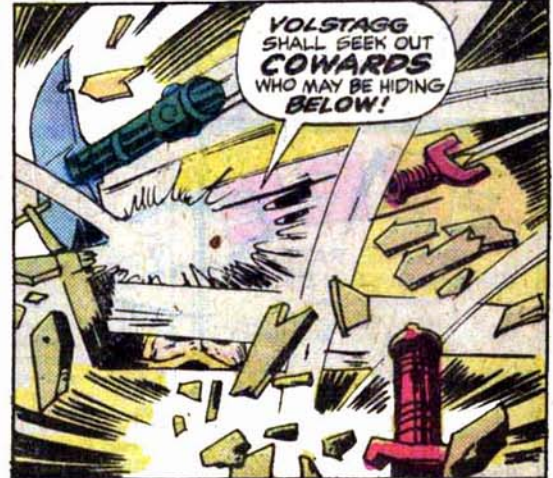
BUT WE BE MORE THAN ENOW! FOR, WE BE HOGUN THE GRIM...

AND FANDRAL THE DASHING...



...AND VOLUMINOUS VOLSTAGG, WHOSE VERY NAME MAKES ARMIES TREMBLE!

WHILST THOU DO BATTLE YONDER...



VOLSTAGG SHALL SEEK OUT COWARDS WHO MAY BE HIDING BELOW!

THUNDER
GOD, LEAD
ON!

SO! THOU WOULDST TRADE
STEEL WITH ASGARD'S FINEST!

BETTER THOU HADST
TENDED TO THINE
ARM WRESTLING!

NOW, FOR
CERTAIN, THOU
ART FAIR OUT-
CLASSED!

HOW IS IT
POSSIBLE?

THERE ARE BUT
THREE OF THEM...
AGAINST A HORDE
OF GONDOLFF'S
ALLIES!

YET, 'TIS WE WHO
ARE THE SWITTEN...
'TIS WE WHO NOW
FALL BACK!

**I SAY
ENOW!**

THE VOICE
OF ODIN!
HE BIDS ME
HALT!



THOU, WHO ARE CALLED **BLAKE**... NOW **NEED MY WORDS!**

NOW SHALL COME THE **ANSWER**... WHICH THOU **SEEKEST!**

LET THY MEMORY **RETURN** ... TO THAT FATEFUL MOMENT... WHEN I **SUMMONED** THEE ...

THOU DIDST CALL ME, SIRE?

AYE, GOD OF THUNDER!



THOU ART THE FAVORED SON OF **ODIN!** THOU ART **BRAVE** BEYOND COMPARE, **NOBLE** AS A PRINCE MUST BE!

THY **STRENGTH** IS LEGEND, THINE **HONOR**, UNSULLIED! AND YET... I FIND THEE **WANTING!**

SORELY GRIEVED AM I, MY FATHER!

WHEREIN HAVE I **FAILED??**

THOU ART LACKING IN... **HUMILITY!**



THOUGH THOU ART SUPREME IN THY **POWER**, AND THY **PRIDE**... THOU MUST KNOW **WEAKNESS**... THOU MUST FEEL **PAIN!**

THUS, THOU SHALT LEAVE THE **GOLDEN REALM** ... AND **SHED** THY GODLY TRAPPINGS!

BUT, SUCH LESSON CAN NE'ER BE LEARNED BY **THUNDER GOD!**

THOU HAST CONJURED UP A **VISION!**

WHAT **WORLD** IS THAT, MY LIEGE?



'TIS KNOWN AS **EARTH**... WHERE **FRAGILE MORTALS** DWELL!

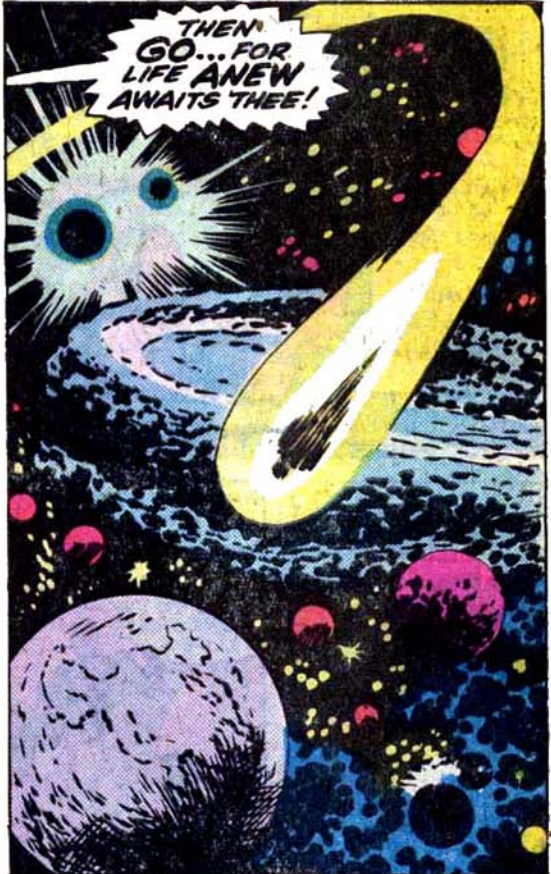
AND THERE SHALT THOU RESIDE... AND THERE SHALT THOU LEARN THAT **NONE** CAN BE TRULY STRONG UNLESS THEY BE TRULY **HUMBLE!**



NO LONGER
ART THOU
GOD OF
THUNDER!

NOR SHALL
MJOLNIR
SERVE THEE
NOW!

THY
MEMORY,
TOO, SHALL I
STRIP BARE!



THEN
GO... FOR
LIFE ANEW
AWAITS THEE!



IT ALL
COMES
BACK
TO ME
NOW!

MY FIRST MEMORIES...
THAT DAY I FOUND MYSELF
UPON THE CAMPUS... OF
THE STATE COLLEGE OF
MEDICINE!

I INTRODUCED
MYSELF... AS DONALD
BLAKE!

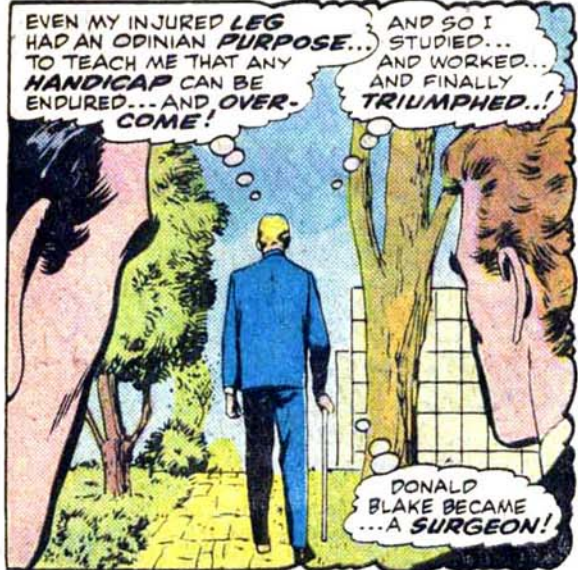
THE NAME SOUNDED SO
RIGHT... SO PROPER
... I WAS STRANGELY
UNAWARE THAT I HAD
NEVER KNOWN OF IT BEFORE!



THE REGISTRAR'S
OFFICE IS IN BUILDING
"A", SECOND FLOOR,
BLAKE!

THANK
YOU!

I REALIZE NOW
... IT WAS BECAUSE OF
ODIN'S ENCHANTMENT
... THAT I NEVER THOUGHT
OF YESTERDAY... NEVER
SUSPECTED THAT BLAKE
HAD NO PAST!



EVEN MY INJURED **LEG** HAD AN **ODINIAN PURPOSE...** TO TEACH ME THAT ANY **HANDICAP** CAN BE ENDURED...AND **OVER-COME!**

AND SO I STUDIED... AND WORKED... AND FINALLY **TRUMPHEED..!**

DONALD BLAKE BECAME...A **SURGEON!**



THOU DIDST TREAT THE **SICK**, AND THE **AFFLICTED!** THOU DIDST WALK AMONGST THE **WEAK...** AND GIVE THEM **STRENGTH!**

YET **EVER** WERT THOU **SON OF ODIN...** THOUGH THOU KNEW IT **NOT!**



'T WAS **I** WHO PLACED THY **HAMMER** IN AN **EARTHLY CAVE** ... SO THOU WOULDST ONE DAY **FIND IT!**

AND FIND IT THOU **DIDST...** WHEN THY **LESSON** HAD BEEN LEARNED!

THE **LESSON** OF...**HUMILITY!**



THEN **THAT** WAS WHY MY MARRIAGE TO **JANE FOSTER** COULD NEVER BE!

THAT WAS WHY - I COULD **NEVER** RENOUNCE MY **GODLY HERITAGE!**



THOUGH IN **SPIRIT** I AM **DONALD BLAKE...**

'T IS **THOR** THAT I HAVE **EVER** BEEN!



GOD OF THUNDER ...NOW, AND **FORE'ER!!**



SO BE IT!