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APR

THE MIGHTY

THOR

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TM

SURRENDER, ASGARDIAN--OR I WILL CRUSH YOUR WOMAN INTO RUBBLE!!

YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THE POWER OF--
THE GREY GARGOYLE!

NAY, MONSTER! I SHALL DEFY THY TOUCH OF STONE--

--OR PERISH LIKE A WARRIOR BORN!!



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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LAST ISSUE, WE STOOD UPON THE FOREDECK OF AN AN ALIEN WARSHIP--AND WITNESSED THIS SCENE:

OUR SENSORS HAVE PICKED UP AN UN-IDENTIFIED VESSEL!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HER, CAPTAIN?

WHAT WE ALWAYS DO, FEE-LON! WE CAPTURE HER--

-- AND MAKE EVERYONE ON BOARD RUE THE DAY THEY CROSSED THE PATH OF--
THE GREY GARGOYLE!!

IF THE STARS BE MADE OF
STONE!

NOW WE STAND UPON THE DECK OF A WHOLLY DIFFERENT CRAFT--AND BEGIN OUR TALE ANEW.

FOR, ABOARD THE INCOMPARABLE STARJAMMER...



THOU LOOKEST **DISMAYED**, FAIR SIF. WHAT **TROUBLES** THEE?

THOUGHTS OF THE WORLD-SHIP **LEVIATHON**, THOR.

WHOSE MYSTERIES WERE EXPLORED BY OUR CAST THESE TWO ISSUES PAST. -- LEN.

FOR A RACE TO HAVE COME SO CLOSE TO **PARADISE**, ONLY TO ALLOW THEIR UNREASONING FEAR TO **DESTROY** IT--!



'TIS JUST SO **TRAGIC**, MY LOVE.

INDEED, MILADY, BUT THERE IS NAUGHT THAT MAY BE **DONE** ABOUT IT--AND WE HAVE OUR **OWN** TROUBLES TO CONCERN US!



OUR QUEST FOR THE MISSING **ODIN** DOETH NOT GO **WELL**. WE STILL KNOW NOT **WHERE** TO FIND THE DREADED **DOOMSDAY STAR!**



OBSERVATION: AT LEAST WE KNOW WHERE **NOT** TO FIND IT, THUNDER GOD.

AYE, RECORDER-- BUT SOMEHOW I FIND LITTLE **SOLACE** IN THAT.

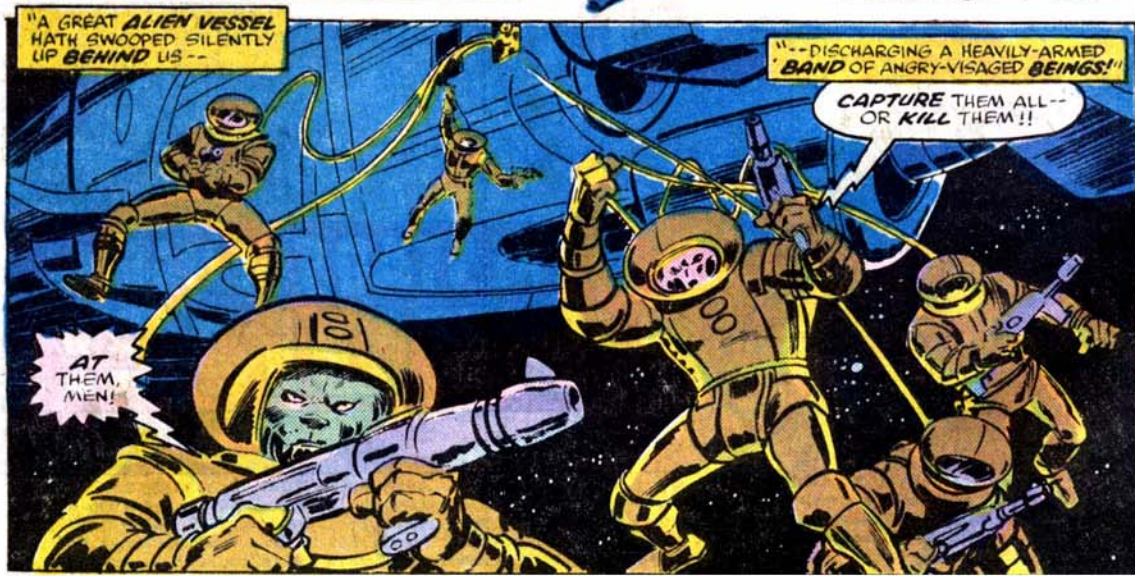
THERE MUST BE SOME SORT OF **POSITIVE ACTION** WE MAY TAKE!



IF 'TIS **ACTION** THOU DOEST SEEK, FRIEND THOR--

-- METHINKS THOU HAST **FOUND** ALL THOU COULDEST **DESIRE!**

ZOUNDS!



"A GREAT **ALIEN VESSEL** HATH SWOOPED SILENTLY UP **BEHIND** US --

"--DISCHARGING A HEAVILY-ARMED **BAND** OF ANGRY-VISAGED **BEINGS!**"

CAPTURE THEM ALL-- OR **KILL** THEM!!

AT THEM, MEN!



WE KNOW NOT WHAT QUARREL THOU DOST HAVE WITH US, ALIENS--

-- BUT IF THOU DOST COME AMONGST US WITH FURY IN THINE EYES--

-- WITH FURY SHALT THOU BE MET!!

THEN LET THE CRY OF BATTLE RING OUT, MY FRIENDS!

FOR ODIN!

FOR ASGAAARD!!



OBSERVATION: THOUGH I HAVE NO SUCH CLARION CALL TO LEAD ME INTO BATTLE, ASGARDIANS--

-- THE RECORDER OF RIGEL HAS OTHER METHODS AT HIS COMMAND!

WHOK!



HIDING BEHIND THAT MAST WILL NOT SAVE YOU, FAT ONE!

SURRENDER-- OR DIE!!

SURRENDER VARLET?

VALIANT VOLSTAGG DOTH SAY THEE-- NAY!!

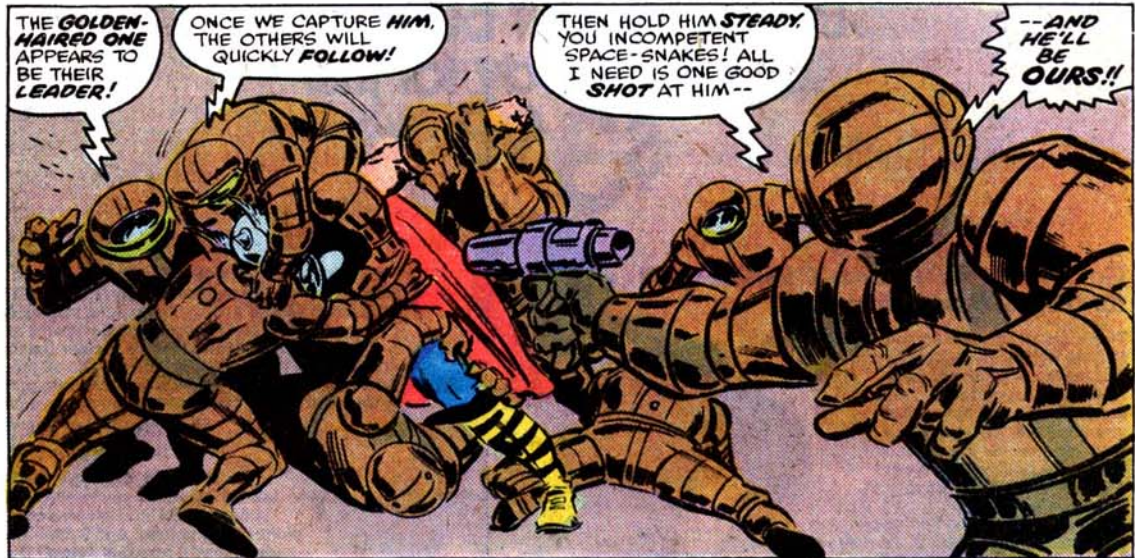


VERILY, I STAYED BACK FROM THE RAGING BATTLE ONLY TO SAVE THEE FROM THE MATCHLESS WRATH OF THE LION OF ASGARD!

BUT IF THOU DOST GIVE ME NO CHOICE THEN SURELY SHALT VOLSTAGG SMITE THEE LIKE...

ooops.

YOU'D BE A FAR GREATER THREAT, FAT ONE, IF YOU COULD AVOID STUMBLING OVER YOUR OWN FEET!

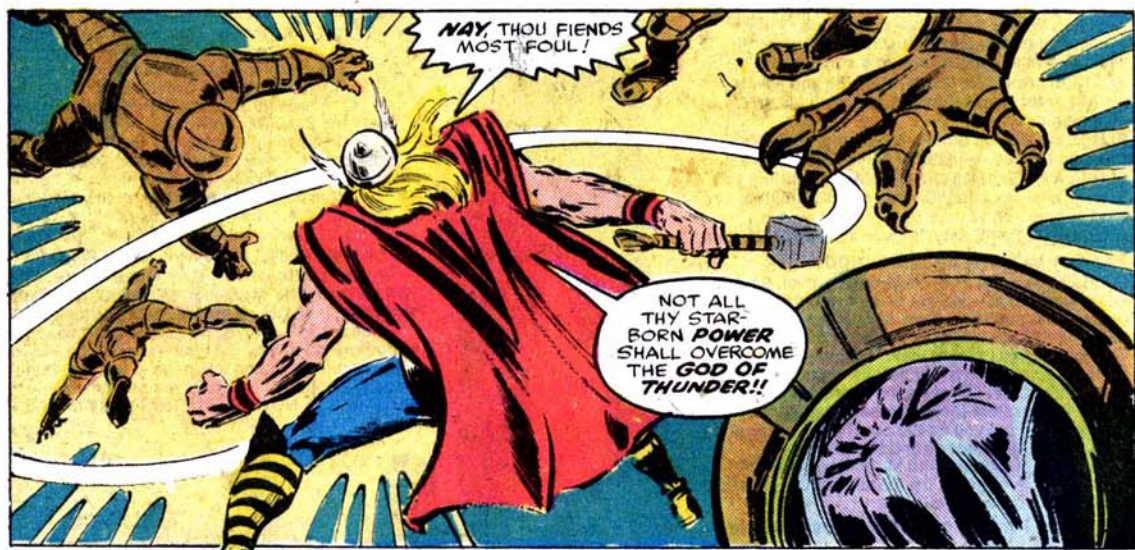


THE **GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE** APPEARS TO BE THEIR **LEADER!**

ONCE WE CAPTURE **HIM**, THE OTHERS WILL QUICKLY **FOLLOW!**

THEN HOLD HIM **STEADY**, YOU INCOMPETENT **SPACE-SNAKES!** ALL I NEED IS ONE GOOD **SHOT** AT HIM--

--AND **HE'LL BE OURS!!**



HAY, THOU FIENDS MOST FOUL!

NOT ALL THY **STAR-BORN POWER** SHALL OVERCOME THE **GOD OF THUNDER!!**



BUT YOU HAVEN'T EVEN **FELT** OUR GREATEST POWER YET, FOOL!

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE TASTED THE POWER OF-- **THE NEURO-BLASTER!!**



BUT THE POWER OF THY TERRIBLE WEAPON IS AS **NAUGHT** BEFORE THE POWER OF THE **MYSTIC Mallet MJOLNIR!**

THE POWER THAT IS **THOR'S ALONE** TO WEILD!!

WHILE ON THE WARSHIP'S FOREDECK, WHERE THE BATTLE IS BEING MONITORED...

INCREDIBLE! AFTER ALL THIS TIME, THOR HAS FOUND ME AGAIN!

YOU KNOW THE GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE, CAPTAIN?

INDEED I DO, FEE-LON! LONG AGO, ON OUR HOME-WORLD, I SOUGHT TO STEAL THE THUNDER GOD'S FABLED IMMORTALITY!*

*BACK IN JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #107 & 113.--LEN.

BUT, IF YOU KNOW THIS SO-CALLED THUNDER GOD'S FIGHTING METHODS, CAPTAIN-- WHY HAVEN'T YOU ENTERED THE FRAY YOURSELF?

CONSIDERING THE WAY HE IS DECIMATING OUR FORCES, ONLY YOUR INVINCIBLE TOUCH OF STONE CAN HOPE TO DEFEAT HIM!

OR... ARE YOU PERHAPS AFRAID OF THIS THOR?

I ADVISE YOU TO HOLD YOUR REBELLIOUS TONGUE, FEE-LON--

--UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WISH TO FEEL MY TOUCH YOURSELF!

N--NO, CAPTAIN-- FORGIVE ME, SIR! I-- I MEANT NO DISRESPECT!

THEN TAKE COMMAND OF THE BRIDGE, MY OH-SO-FAITHFUL FIRST MATE--

--WHILE I GO TO DEAL WITH OUR LITTLE PROBLEM!

OH, I'LL TAKE IT ALL RIGHT, YOU MISBEGOTTEN MONSTER--

--AND THE TIME WILL SOON COME WHEN IT WILL BE MINE TO KEEP!

AND ON THAT OMINOUS NOTE, LET'S RETURN TO THE STARJAMMER...

NEEDEST THOU MINE AID, DASHING FANDRAL?

NAY, GRIM HOGUN-- NOT AT ALL!

VERILY, THESE CHURLS ARE LITTLE MATCH FOR THE FLAT OF MY FLASHING BLADE!



THEN LET US SEE HOW YOUR WORTHLESS WEAPONS FARE AGAINST A BEING MADE OF LIVING STONE!

NO! IT CANNOT BE *THEE*!

AND WHY NOT THUNDER GOD? NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR--**THE GREY GARGOYLE!!**



THAT DO TH REMAIN TO BE *SEEN*. MONSTROUS ONE!

THOU HAST CHALLENGED US TO *COMBAT*. CREATURE-- AND THY CHALLENGE SHALL BE *MET*!

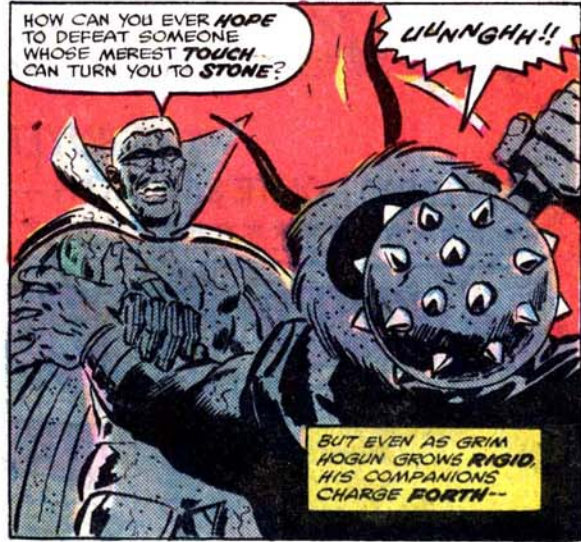
"*NO* MY FRIENDS!!" SHOUTS THE STILL-STARTLED THUNDER GOD. "BEWARE THE GARGOYLE'S POWER!"



AND PRITHEE, FRIEND THOR, WHAT POWER COULD A LUMBERING *STATUE* POSSESS THAT MIGHT...

UUNNH!!

DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR *QUESTION* DOLT? DO YOU UNDERSTAND MY POWER *NOW*?



HOW CAN YOU EVER *HOPE* TO DEFEAT SOMEONE WHOSE MEREST *TOUCH* CAN TURN YOU TO *STONE*?

UUNNGH!!

BUT EVEN AS GRIM HOGUN GROWS *RIGID*, HIS COMPANIONS CHARGE *FORTH*--



--THOUGH WHAT *GOOD* THEY HOPED TO ACCOMPLISH WE MAY NEVER *KNOW*!

YOU ARE *BRAVE*, ASGARDIANS-- BUT *FOOLISH*!

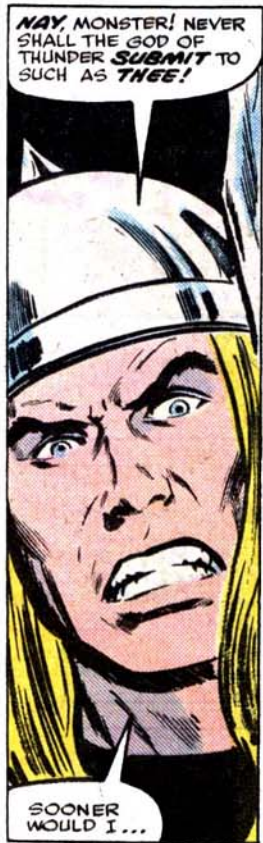
WHY *ELSE* WOULD YOU RUSH HEADLONG TO YOUR *DESTRUCTION*?



WE SHALL *SEE* WHO IS DESTROYED HERE, GARGOYLE!

RELEASE MY COMRADES FROM THY SINISTER *SPELL OF STONE*--

--OR SUFFER THE LIMITLESS *RAGE* OF THE SON OF ODIN!!



...WE MUST TURN OUR ATTENTION FOR A TIME TO THE HALLOWED HALLS OF IMMORTAL ASGARD, WHERE A COUNCIL OF WAR IS WELL UNDER WAY...

KRODAR, THOU SHALT DEPLOY THY FORCES ALONG THE CITY'S NORTHERNMOST PERIMETERS!

IF THE SILENT ARMY MARSHALLED BEYOND OUR GATES DECIDES TO STRIKE 'TIS THERE THEY SHALL LIKELY STRIKE FIRST!

IF THEY STRIKE? WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR, BALDER?

THOUGH THOU HAST SERVED THE REALM WELL IN ODIN'S ABSENCE, BRAVE ONE--STILL DO I WISH THE ALL-FATHER WERE HERE TO LEAD US!

THE COUNCIL OF WAR HATH GONE ON FOR MANY HOURS NOW, AND SHALL LIKELY CONTINUE FOR MANY HOURS MORE--

--AND IF KARNILLA HAS HER WAY, 'TWILL NOT BE LONG ERE BALDER DOTH INDEED SIT THE GOLDEN THRONE AS HE WAS MEANT TO...

BALDER? BALDER! COME QUICKLY, BRAVE ONE--THERE IS NEED OF THEE!

HEIMDALL'S EYES! A FEARSOME POUNDING DOTH ASSAULT THE GOLDEN GATES FROM WITHOUT!

--THUS I DOUBT THE PRESENCE OF KARNILLA THE NORN QUEEN SHALL SORELY BE MISSED--

WHAT IS IT, NORN QUEEN? WHY HAST THOU DISTURBED OUR MEETING?

"YON MYSTERIOUS ARMY HATH STRUCK AT LAST!"

--EVEN BY BALDER THE BRAVE!



VERILY METHINKS FAIR BALDER DOTH HANDLE THE AFFAIRS OF STATE AS IF HE WERE BORN TO THE TASK--

EH?

LOOK THEE ACROSS THE CITY, BALDER-- AND THOU SHALT UNDERSTAND!

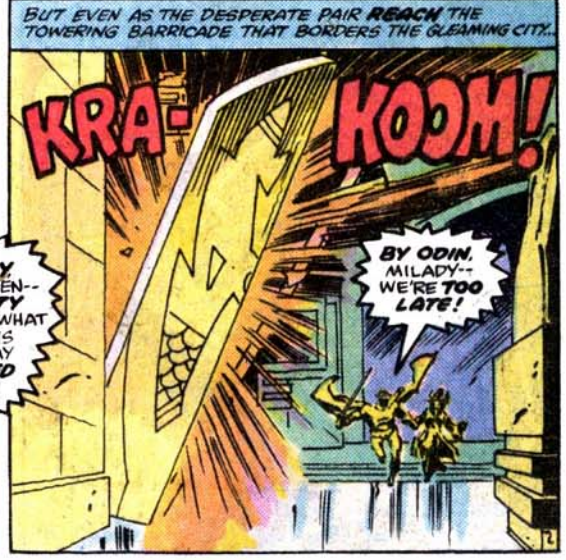


BUT WHY HAVE THEY NOT ATTACKED THE CITY FROM **ALL SIDES**? 'TWOULD SEEM THE MOST **LOGICAL** THING TO DO...

...UNLESS...

SWIFTLY NORN QUEEN-- TO THE **CITY GATES!** IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS **TRUE** I MAY HAVE **NEED** OF THEE!

COMING BRAVE ONE!



KRA-KOOM!

BY ODIN, MILADY-- WE'RE **TOO LATE!**



SO! DYING BROKAR SPOKE **TRULY!** THY **NAMES** WERE THE LAST WORDS ON HIS TREMBLING **LIPS**!--

--THE **NAMES** OF HIS **MURDERERS** MOST **FOUL!**

THOU HAST **DARED** TO COME **BACK** HERE?!?

*AS WITNESSED IN THOR #256.-- LEN.



AYE, NORN QUEEN--THE **ENCHANTRESS** AND THE **EXECUTIONER** HATH RETURNED TO CURSED **ASGARD** AT LAST!

AND THIS TIME THE REALM ETERNAL SHALL **BEND** BEFORE OUR **POWER**--

--OR BE **BROKEN** BY IT!!



AND, BACK ON THE BRIDGE OF THE **ALIEN WARSHIP**...

A **PITY** MY SPELL OF **STONE** LASTS ONLY **ONE HOUR,** ASGARDIANS!

IT WOULD BE A **FAR MORE** **PERMANENT** METHOD OF DEALING WITH YOU THAN THE **SLAVE-SHACKLES** YOU ALL NOW WEAR!

THE **ADVANTAGE** IS **THINE** FOR NAUGHT BUT A **MOMENT,** GARGOYLE!

WE SHALL REMAIN **NO ONE'S** CAPTIVES FOR **LONG!**



YOUR ETERNAL **OVER-CONFIDENCE** HAS NEVER CEASED TO **AMAZE** ME, THUNDER GOD--

--BUT **THIS TIME**, YOU'RE **WASTING** A GOOD DEAL OF **EFFORT!**

MY PRISONERS YOU **ARE**-- AND MY PRISONERS YOU WILL **REMAIN!!**



NAY, THOU NOISOME BRAGGART!

I SHALL **TEAR** THIS INSIDIIOUS **SLAVE-SHACKLE** FROM ABOUT MY **THROAT**--

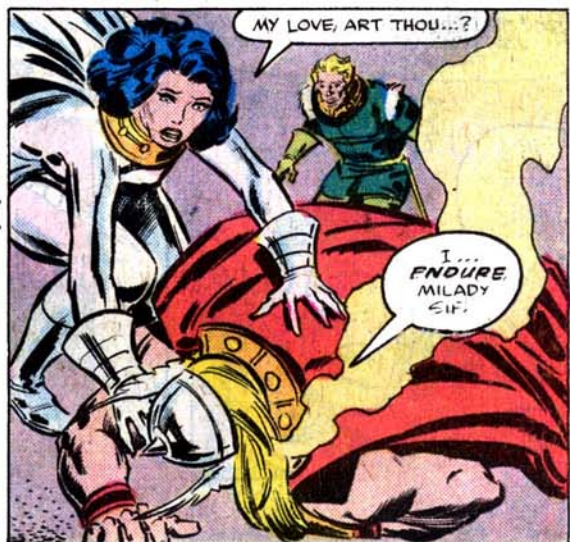
--AND **THRUST** IT PIECE BY PIECE DOWN **THING!**



AND THEN WILL I ...

AARRGGHH!!

MILORD, THY **SHACKLE**-- 'TIS ALIVE WITH **SEETHING** ENERGIES!



MY LOVE, ART THOU...?!

I ... **ENDURE** MILADY SIF.



BUT THAT IS ONLY A **SAMPLE** OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU IF YOU ATTEMPT TO **REMOVE** YOUR SHACKLE **AGAIN!**

THEY ARE DESIGNED TO **ABSORB** ANY FORCE EXPENDED AGAINST THEM-- AND RETURN IT TO THE WEARER **THREE-FOLD!**

FACE IT, THUNDER GOD-- YOU ARE **MINE!**



AS I SAID **BEFORE**, GARGOYLE ... FOR THE **MOMENT** PERHAPS.

BUT OUR TIME WILL **COME**, STONY ONE!

AYE-- OUR TIME WILL COME!!

WELL, WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, THUNDER GOD-- YOU MAY AS WELL KEEP OCCUPIED!

TO THE FURNACE ROOM WITH THEM!!



GET MOVING, SCUM!

JAB ME WITH THY WEAPON AGAIN, KNAVE-- AND THOU SHALT SWALLOW IT!

YOU WON'T RETAIN YOUR ARROGANT ATTITUDE FOR LONG, GOLDEN-HAIR!

STOKING THE COSMIC FURNACES WILL EITHER BREAK YOUR SPIRIT--

--OR YOUR BACK!!



WE SHALL SEE ALIEN. BY ODIN... WE SHALL SEE!

DOWN TWISTING PASSAGeways, DEEP INTO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE GREAT ALIEN SHIP, THE CAPTIVE THOR AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE LED--

--UNTIL THEIR SENSES ARE ASSAILED WITH WAVES OF STIRLING HEAT, WITH THE SULPHUROUS STENCH OF BRIMSTONE--

--AND THEY KNOW THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION!



BEHOLD THE COSMIC FURNACES, SLAVES!

IT IS HERE THAT YOU WILL SPEND THE REMAINDER OF YOUR RATHER BRIEF LIVES!



ALL RIGHT, ALL OF YOU--**GET TO WORK!**

THERE ARE COUNTLESS CARLOADS OF **STARDUST** TO BE SHOVELLED-- AND THE HUNGRY FURNACES ARE **WAITING!**

WHAT? THOU DOST EXPECT THE **EAGLE OF WARRIORS** TO SOIL HIS DELICATE HANDS WITH **MENTIAL LABOR?**

FIE UPON THEE, FOOL!

I ORDERED **ALL** OF YOU TO WORK-- AND I **MEANT ALL!**

OR BEFORE I'M **DONE**, FAT ONE-- YOU'LL BE **BEGGING** ME TO LET YOU **GROVEL** AT MY FEET!

UURRKK!!

ZAK!

BY THE GOLDEN SPIRES!

VAST VOLSTAGG HATH BEEN FELLED!

STAY BACK, GOLDEN-HAIR! DON'T FORCE ME TO USE MY **ELECTRO-PROD** AGAIN!

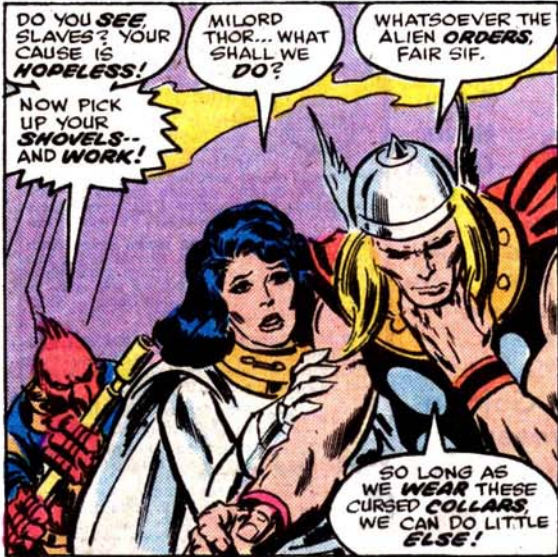
I **SWEAR** TO THEE, CHURL-- IF THE **VOLUMINOUS** ONE HATH BEEN **HARMED**, THOU SHALT **NEED** THY MERCILESS WEAPON--

--TO **STAY** THE **RAGING WRATH** OF AN **ASGARDIAN BORN!**

NOW STAND THEE ASIDE, LEST I...

AARRGGH!!

THE **CURSED SLAVE-SHACKLE**--!! I HAD **FORGOTTEN** ITS **UNHOLY POWER**--!!



DO YOU **SEE**, SLAVES? YOUR CAUSE IS **HOPELESS!**

MILORD THOR... WHAT SHALL WE **DO?**

WHATSOEVER THE **ALIEN ORDERS**, FAIR SIF.

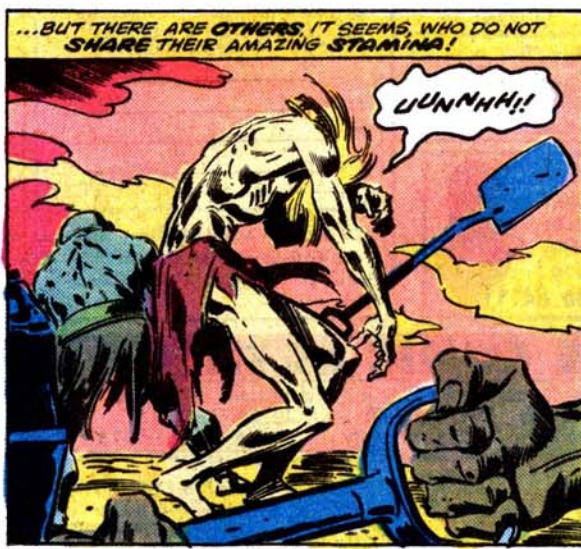
NOW PICK UP YOUR **SHOVELS-- AND WORK!**

SO LONG AS WE **WEAR** THESE CURSED **COLLARS**, WE CAN DO LITTLE **ELSE!**



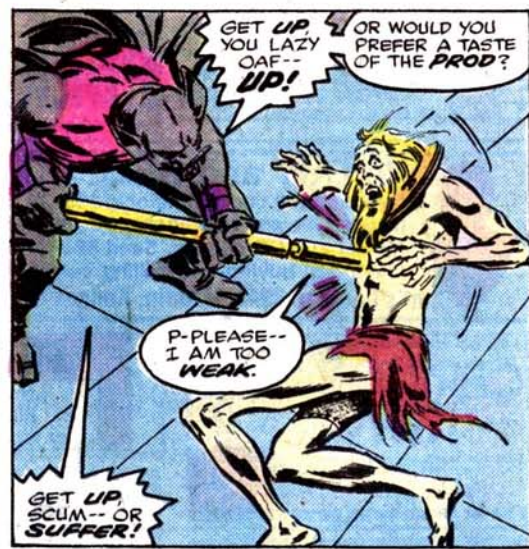
THUS, THEIR HEADS BOWED IN **RELUCTANT ACCEPTANCE**, THE **SOMBER ASGARDIANS BEND** TO THE TASK AT HAND-- **EVER UNDER THEIR CAPTORS' WATCHFUL GAZE.**

FOR HOURS ON END THEY **TOIL**, **TIRELESSLY**, **SEEMINGLY CEASELESSLY...**



...BUT THERE ARE **OTHERS**, IT SEEMS, WHO DO NOT **SHARE** THEIR **AMAZING STAMINA!**

UUNHH!



GET **UP**, YOU **LAZY OAF-- UP!**

OR WOULD YOU PREFER A TASTE OF THE **PROD?**

P-PLEASE-- I AM TOO **WEAK.**

GET **UP**, SCUM-- OR **SUFFER!**



LEAVE THE **OLD ONE ALONE**, CANST THOU NOT **SEE** HE IS **EXHAUSTED?**

THIS IS NONE OF YOUR **AFFAIR**, SLAVE! GET **BACK** TO **WORK** OR ...

OR **WHAT**, **KNAVE?**

OR I... I...

N- NOTHING, SLAVE... J- JUST GO **AWAY...**



HERE, **OLD ONE-- LET ME HELP** THEE. THAT **SPINELESS WRETCH** SHALL NOT **BOTHER** THEE AGAIN.

Y-YOU RISKED HARM TO **YOURSELF...** FOR ONE YOU DO NOT EVEN **KNOW?**

WHY, **STRANGER?** WHO **ARE** YOU?

I AM **HOGUN...**

...AND MAYHAP 'TIS WITNESSING SUCH **SUFFERING** AS **THINE** THAT HATH MADE ME EVER **GRIM!**

N-NEVER HAVE BEINGS SUCH AS YOU COME AMONG US BEFORE...

WITH YOU BESIDE US, PERHAPS WE CAN THROW OFF OUR YOKE OF SERVITUDE...

AYE, MY FRIENDS... WE SHALL ALL BE FREE ERE LONG!

BUT FIRST, I WOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THESE... HOW YE CAME TO BE CAPTIVES OF THE CURSED GREY GARGOYLE!

...BEINGS SO NOBLE... SO FEARLESS.

...AND BE FREE ONCE MORE!

ON THIS, THOU HAST THE MOST SOLEMN WORD OF THOR, GOD OF THUNDER AND THE RAGING STORM!

I AM CALLED GORMOK, THUNDER GOD.

ONCE I WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE GOVERNING COUNCIL ON THE WORLD KNOWN AS CENTURI-SIX...

...AND I AM CERTAIN MY STORY IS NOT AT ALL UNLIKE THE TALES OF THE OTHERS WHO SLAVE HERE...

"I IMAGINE THE SCENE WAS MUCH THE SAME ON EACH OF OUR MYRIAD DIFFERENT HOMEWORLDS-- WHEN THE WARSHIP BIRD OF PREY FIRST DESCENDED UPON US.

"WE GREETED THE ARRIVAL OF THIS VAST ALIEN STAR-CRAFT WITH THE CUSTOMARY MIXTURE OF CURIOSITY-- AND FEAR...

"...AND WE WERE GREETED IN TURN WITH A MONSTROUS SAVAGERY FAR BEYOND ANYTHING WE HAD EVER KNOWN BEFORE!"

MAKE THEM ALL YOUR PRISONERS, MY TRUSTY ONES--

--OR SLAY THEM WHERE THEY STAND!!

"OURS WAS NOT A *WAR-LIKE* RACE, MY FRIEND--
THUS THE BATTLE WAS QUICKLY *OVER!* A CIVILIZATION
THAT HAD *FLOURISHED* FOR UNTOLD
MILLENNIA LAY IN *SMOLDERING RUINS...*

"...AND THE PHILOSOPHERS AND
ARTISANS WHO HAD BEEN ITS
POPULATION WERE ALL *ENSLAVED--*

"-- THESE CURSED
*SHACKLES OF
SUBMISSION* CLASPED
TIGHTLY ABOUT THEIR
NECKS!

BUT *NOW...* NOW YOU ARE HERE... BUT PERHAPS
THAT SPARK OF *COURAGE* WE HAD LONG THOUGHT
EXTINGUISHED CAN BE *REKINDLED* ONCE MORE!

THAT SPARK SHALL BECOME
A ROARING *FLAME* ERE
THIS IS *THROUGH*
FRIEND GORMOK.

BUT FOR
THE NONCE
RETURN TO THY
LABORS. WE SHALL
REQUIRE TIME TO
THINK... AND THUS
FORM A *PLAN
OF ACTION!*

"OH, THERE WERE THOSE WHO RAISED THEIR QUIVERING
VOICES IN *PROTEST*, OF COURSE...

"... BUT THEY WERE
ALL QUICKLY LINED UP
AGAINST A WALL--
AND *SLAUGHTERED*
WITHOUT HESITATION!

"AFTER THAT,
ALL THOUGHTS
OF *REBELLION*
CEASED!"

AND, WHEN THE HOPEFUL SLAVES HAVE TAKEN UP THEIR
SHOVELS ONCE MORE...

SUCH GRUELING WORK WILL SWIFTLY
TIRE THEE, MILADY SIF. PUT THY
SHOVEL DOWN-- AND ALLOW
ME TO ATTEND TO THY TASK!

NAY, MY LOVE! SIF *TOO* IS
AN ASGARDIAN BORN--

--AND I SHALL
CARRY MY *OWN*
SHARE OF THE
WORKLOAD!



RECORDER, THOU HAST HARDLY **SPOKEN** SINCE OUR CAPTURE!

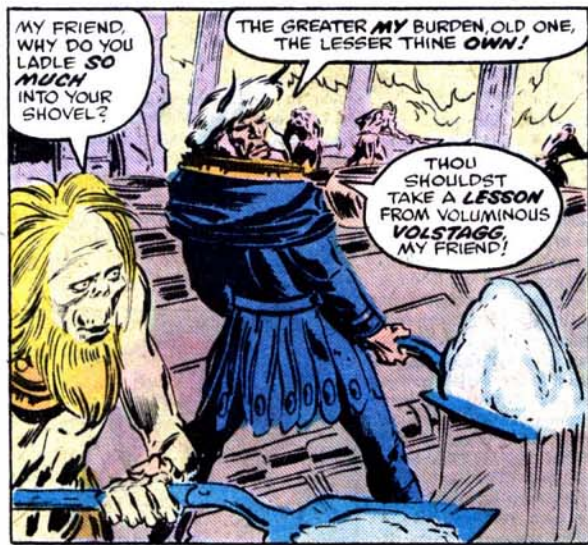
DOETH SOME-THING **TROUBLE** THEE, MY FRIEND?

STATEMENT: AS AN EMOTION-LESS **MECHANISM**, I CANNOT TRULY BE **TROUBLED**, FANDRAL.



OBSERVATION: THERE IS SIMPLY NO **REASON** TO SPEAK, ASGARDIAN, IF ONE HAS NOTHING OF **VALUE** TO ADD TO THE CONVERSATION!

METHINKS, IN MANY WAYS, RECORDER--THOU ART THE **WISEST** OF US ALL!



MY FRIEND, WHY DO YOU LADLE SO **MUCH** INTO YOUR SHOVEL?

THE GREATER **MY BURDEN**, OLD ONE, THE LESSER THINE **OWN!**

THOU SHOULDST TAKE A **LESSON** FROM VOLUMINOUS **VOLSTAGG**, MY FRIEND!

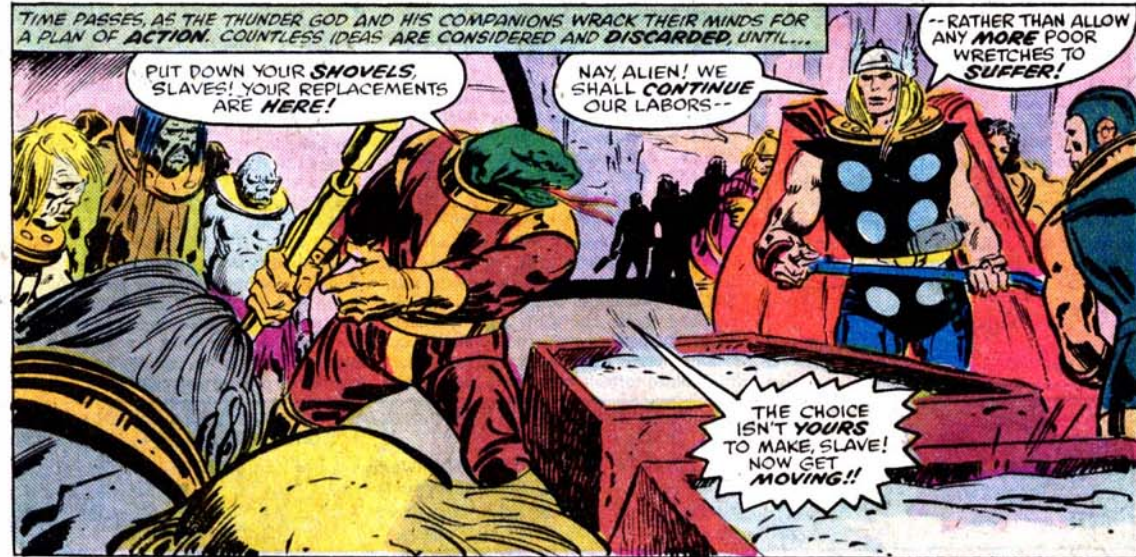


"HIS SHOVEL HATH HARDLY KNOWN **USE** SINCE OUR **LABORS BEGAN!**"

THOU NEEDEST NOT SPEAK SO **DISDAINFULLY**, GRIM HOGUIN.

THOU WOULDST DO **WELL** TO RECALL THAT, IN THE **END--**

--'T WAS THE **TORTOISE** WHO DID **TRIUMPH!**



TIME PASSES, AS THE THUNDER GOD AND HIS COMPANIONS WRACK THEIR MINDS FOR A PLAN OF **ACTION**. COUNTLESS IDEAS ARE CONSIDERED AND **DISCARDED**, UNTIL...

PUT DOWN YOUR **SHOVELS**, SLAVES! YOUR REPLACEMENTS ARE **HERE!**

NAY, ALIEN! WE SHALL **CONTINUE** OUR LABORS--

-- RATHER THAN ALLOW ANY **MORE POOR** WRETCHES TO **SUFFER!**

THE CHOICE ISN'T **YOURS** TO MAKE, SLAVE! NOW GET **MOVING!!**

THUS, SHORTLY...



IT DOTH MAKE MY BLOOD FAIRLY BOIL TO WITNESS SUCH VILE DEGRADATION!

BUT SURELY 'T WILL NOT REMAIN THUS FOR LONG, MILORD THOR.

AND WHEN THE CAPTIVE ASGARDIANS HAVE AT LAST BEEN LEFT ALONE...



HAST THOU DEvised A WAY TO FREE US AS THOU DIDST PROMISE, MY LOVE?

MOST RELUCTANTLY FAIR SIF, I SAY THEE... NAY.

SO LONG AS WE WEAR THESE CURSED SLAVE-SHACKLES, ANY ESCAPE WE MIGHT ATTEMPT WOULD COME TO NAUGHT!

IF ONLY...

INTERJECTION: IF IT IS ONLY THESE SHACKLES THAT STAND IN OUR WAY, THUNDER GOD...

...PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING THAT I CAN DO TO RESOLVE YOUR DILEMMA!



STATEMENT: I AM A NON-CELLULAR THINKING MACHINE, CONSTRUCTED IN HUMANOID FORM. IT IS MY FUNCTION TO RECORD ALL THAT I OBSERVE...

...AND IN THIS CASE ESPECIALLY THAT FUNCTION HAS SERVED ME WELL!



WHAT MEANEST THOU, RECORDER?

STATEMENT: I HAVE DEVOTED THESE PAST HOURS TO CAREFULLY STUDYING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THESE SHACKLES ABOUT OUR NECKS...

...IN HOPES OF DISCOVERING SOME WAY TO RELEASE US FROM THEIR TERRIBLE POWER!



OBSERVATION: APPARENTLY, I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN MY CHOSEN TASK!



DECLARATION: IT WILL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO REMOVE YOUR SHACKLES AS WELL, MY FRIENDS!

THEN PRAY DO IT **SWIFTLY**, OBSERVANT ONE!

THE SOONER WE ARE RIP OF OUR **BONDS**, THE SOONER WE SHALL REGAIN OUR **FREEDOM!**

BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR **FELLOW PRISONERS**, BELOVED?



AYE, WILT THOU STAND **WITH** US IN OUR QUEST FOR **LIBERTY**, MY FRIENDS?

AYE, **GOLDEN-HAIR--** GIVE US **FREEDOM!**

OR GIVE US **DEATH!!**



THEN IT IS A **DEATH** THAT MAY BE VERY **QUICK** IN **COMING**, FOOLS!

OBSERVATION: THE **GREY GARGOYLE** HAS **RETURNED** UNEXPECTEDLY!

AND **HIS** IS THE **SINGLE** **POWER** THAT NONE OF US CAN HOPE TO **WITHSTAND!!**

NEXT ISSUE:

IT'S ALL-OUT **MUTINY** ABOARD THE **BIRD OF PREY**-- PLUS 'MORE MIND-BENDING **SURPRISES** THAN YOU EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE.' BE HERE FOR ...

"ESCAPE INTO OBLIVION!"