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THE MIGHTY THOR [®]



YOU'RE DOOMED, THUNDER GOD!



THE MATCHLESS MIGHT OF DAMOCLES WILL SWIFTLY DISINTEGRATE YOU!

DEATH, THY NAME IS BROTHER!



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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DEATH, THY NAME IS BROTHER!

THE RAIN HAD BEGUN QUITE SUDDENLY, SENDING MANHATTAN'S MID-DAY PEDESTRIANS SCURRYING FOR SHELTER, THEIR JACKETS AND NEWSPAPERS HELD HIGH ABOVE THEIR HEADS--

--BUT THE LAME DR. DONALD BLAKE STROLLS THROUGH THE STORM UNHURRIED, ALMOST REVELING IN THE ICY SPRAY AGAINST HIS FACE, ALLOWING THE SHOWER TO WASH HIS TROUBLED MIND CLEAN ONCE MORE...

...AND HE HAS ALMOST SUCCEEDED, WHEN...

HEY--
YOUR
NAME DON
BLAKE?

WHAT--?!

SKREEECH!

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SORRY IF WE STARTLED YA, MISTER-- BUT IF YOU ARE DR. BLAKE, WE COULD USE YER HELP!

HOW SO, OFFICER?

YER S'POSED TA BE FRIENDS WITH THOR, RIGHT? D'YA THINK YA CAN CONTACT THE THUNDER GOD--

--AN' TELL 'IM THE COMMISSIONER WOULD LIKE TA SEE 'IM DOWNTOWN RIGHT AWAY?



WELL, I'M NOT PROMISING ANYTHING, MIND YOU--

--BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

AND FRANKLY, FRIEND, I CAN DO PLENTY!



AND SOON, IN A CONVENIENT ALLEYWAY...

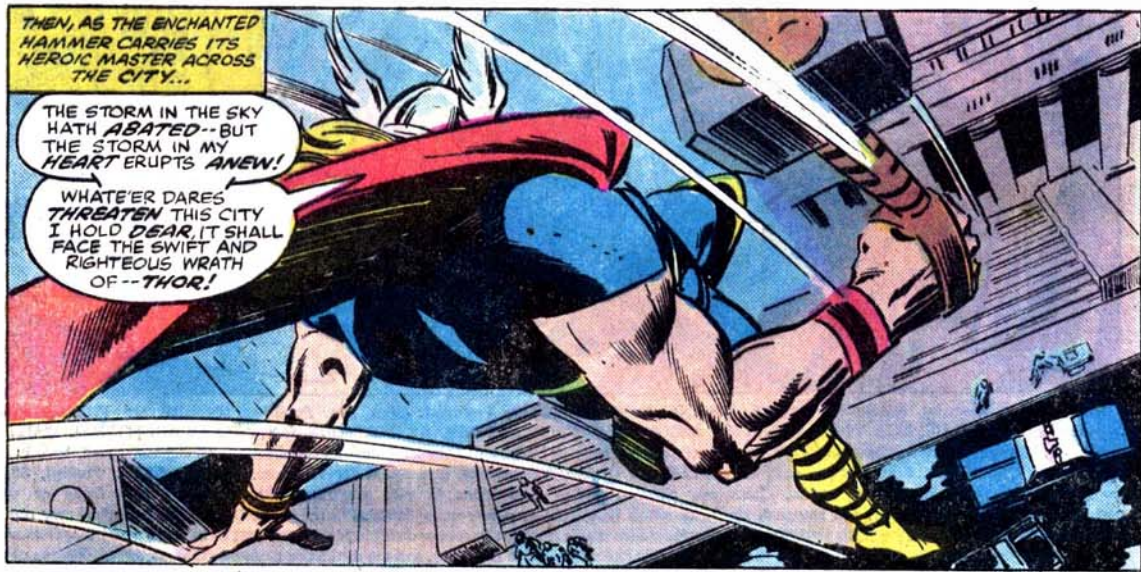
BACK ON EARTH LESS THAN 24 HOURS AND NOTHING HAS REALLY CHANGED...



...A NEW CRISIS SEEMS TO REAR ITS HEAD EVERY OTHER MINUTE...

THOW!

...AND ONLY THE MYSTIC MALLET MJOLNIR DO TH possess power ENOW TO COMBAT THEM!



THEN, AS THE ENCHANTED HAMMER CARRIES ITS HEROIC MASTER ACROSS THE CITY...

THE STORM IN THE SKY HATH ABATED-- BUT THE STORM IN MY HEART ERUPTS ANEW!

WHATE'ER DARES THREATEN THIS CITY I HOLD DEAR, IT SHALL FACE THE SWIFT AND RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF-- THOR!

AND EVEN AS THE THUNDER GOD ALIGHTS BEFORE THE HALL OF JUSTICE...

OUR VIEWERS WOULD LOVE TO KNOW THE DETAILS OF HOW YOU DESTROYED THE MISSILE THAT DAMOCLES FIRED AT THE UNITED NATIONS YESTERDAY!*

COULD YOU SMILE FOR THE CAMERA, PLEASE?

HEY, LOOK--IT'S THOR!

MAYBE HE HAS A HANDLE ON THIS DAMOCLES THING!

EXCUSE ME, SIR--BUT MAY WE HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

*LAST ISSUE OUR TIME.--LEN.

METHINKS THOU DOST MAKE TOO MUCH OF MINE ACTIONS, GOOD FELLOWS!

I MERELY DID MY DUTY AS I SAW IT--NOTHING MORE!

NOW, IF THOU WOULDST EXCUSE ME...?

HEY--WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST WALK OFF LIKE THAT! WE WANT SOME ANSWERS!

WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAFTA WAIT FOR 'EM, FRIEND!

GOLDBLOCKS HAS GOT SOME BUSINESS NOW-- WITH THE CHIEF!

AND THUS, MOMENTS LATER...

THOU DIDST CALL AND THOR HATH ANSWERED, COMMISSIONER!

HOW MAY THE SON OF ODIN SERVE THEE?

WE APPRECIATE YOUR RESPONDING TO OUR INVITATION SO QUICKLY, THOR! WE MAY HAVE A BREAKTHROUGH ON THIS DAMOCLES CASE!

BY ODIN, THAT IS JOYOUS NEWS INDEED, MY FRIEND! SUCH VILLAINY MUST BE BROUGHT TO TASK-- AND SWIFTLY!

THEN PLEASE COME INTO MY OFFICE, THOR! I HAVE SOMEONE THERE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET!

...A MOST NONDESCRIPT SOMEONE INDEED!

F-FORGIVE MY NERVOUSNESS, THOR-- BUT I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY MET A REAL-LIVE GOD BEFORE!

Y-YOU LOOK MUCH TALLER THAN YOU DO ON TELE-VISION!

OH... UH... MY NAME IS BENNETT BARLOW!

PLEASE, MR. BARLOW-- TIME IS CRUCIAL AT THE MOMENT! NOW THAT THOR IS HERE, AS YOU REQUESTED...

...WILL YOU KINDLY DIVULGE THE INFORMATION YOU CLAIM TO HAVE, REGARDING DAMOCLES?

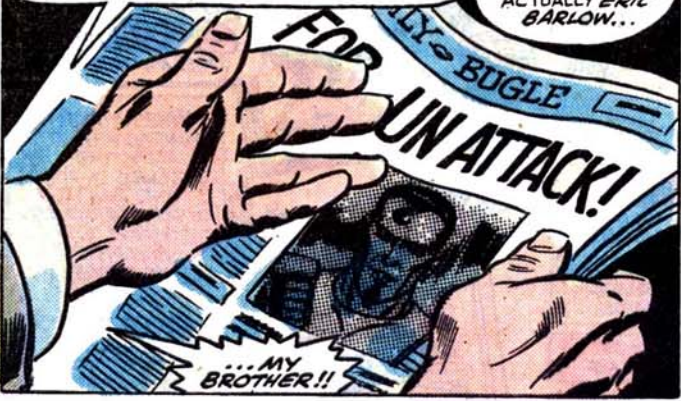
AYE, MORTAL-- IF THOU DOST KNOW THE EVIL ONE'S WHEREABOUTS, PRAY SPEAK!

ALL I KNOW ABOUT HIS CURRENT BUSINESS IS WHAT I READ IN THE PAPER, I'M AFRAID-- BUT I CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HIS BACKGROUND!

YOU SEE, THE MAN YOU CALL DAMOCLES IS ACTUALLY ERIC BARLOW...

THEN, BY THE BRISTLING BEARD OF ODIN-- SAY ON, MAN!

I WOULD KNOW MORE OF WHAT CREATES SUCH A MAN AS DAMOCLES!



"I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE ERIC WAS ALWAYS LIKE THIS-- CONFUSED, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING..."



"...AND TAKING HIS FRUSTRATIONS OUT ON THE ONE WHO LOVED HIM MOST IN ALL THE WORLD... HIS LITTLE BROTHER... ME!"

"I MEAN, NOBODY WAS PROUDER THAN I WAS, WHEN ERIC GRADUATED COLLEGE THE YEAR I ENTERED..."



"HE'D MADE HONORS ALL THE WAY... THE TOP OF HIS CLASS... HE HAD THE WHOLE WORLD AT HIS FEET..."

"...BUT SOMEHOW, THINGS JUST KEPT GETTING WORSE!"



"ERIC DRIFTED FROM JOB TO JOB, STILL LOOKING FOR A DIRECTION..."



"...WHILE I THOUGHT I'D FOUND ONE!"

"WHEN THIS NATION'S COLLEGES SHOOK WITH PROTEST, I WAS RIGHT THERE ON THE FRONT LINES..."



"...EVEN AS POOR ERIC FADED FURTHER INTO THE BACKGROUND!"

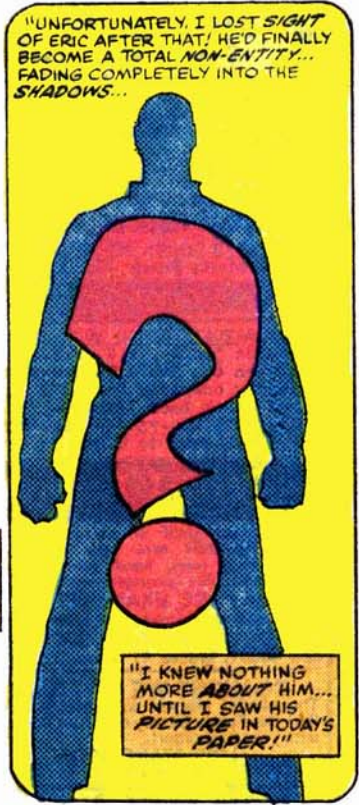
"I WAS YOUR CLASSIC COLLEGE REVOLUTIONARY, EVEN TO MAJORING IN PHYSICS, SO I COULD LEARN TO BUILD MY OWN NUCLEAR BOMB IF NECESSARY..."

"...WHILE MY BROTHER JUST STOOD BY, WATCHING!"



"IRONICALLY, MY EDUCATION PAID OFF IN THE END, WHEN THE PROTESTS QUIETLY DIED, MY PHYSICS DEGREE GOT ME A JOB TEACHING AT CITY UNIVERSITY..."

"A FEW YEARS BACK, I GOT MARRIED... AND ERIC WENT HIS SEPARATE WAY!"



"UNFORTUNATELY, I LOST SIGHT OF ERIC AFTER THAT! HE'D FINALLY BECOME A TOTAL NON-ENTITY... FADING COMPLETELY INTO THE SHADOWS..."

"I KNEW NOTHING MORE ABOUT HIM... UNTIL I SAW HIS PICTURE IN TODAY'S PAPER!"



A FASCINATING TALE INDEED, FRIEND BARLOW-- BUT 'T WILL TAKE MORE THAN THAT FOR US TO FIND THY BROTHER!

GEE, I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE I HAVE TO OFFER, EXCEPT...

WELL, I CAN SHOW YOU THE HOUSE WHERE WE BOTH ROOMED TOGETHER, IF THAT WOULD BE A HELP.

'TIS A PLACE TO START, MORTAL! WITH LUCK, 'T WILL BE ENOUGH!

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO.



"THEN LET US BE OFF!" THE THUNDER GOD CRIES, WHIRLING HIS HAMMER AND SNATCHING THE STARTLED TEACHER CLEAN OFF HIS FEET...

HEY, THERE GOES THOR-- AND HE NEVER GAVE US THAT INTERVIEW!

YOU MANAGE TO CATCH HIM, FELLA-- AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO AN EXCLUSIVE!

BUT EVEN AS THE PRINCE OF ASGARD AND HIS SLIGHTLY-NAUSEOUS PASSENGER STREAK HIGH OVER THE CITY'S CLUTTERED AVENUES, LET'S TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A HIDDEN SANCTUARY SOMEWHERE BENEATH THOSE SELF-SAME STREETS--

--AND RE-INTRODUCE THE SULLEN-EYED OBJECT OF THE THUNDER GODS' QUEST...

CAREFUL, EVERYONE-- CAREFUL NOW!

YOU'RE DEALING WITH FORCES HERE THAT CAN DEVASTATE THIS ENTIRE CITY!

...THE SELF-STYLED TERRORIST WHO CALLS HIMSELF DAMOCLES!

AND SOON-- SOON-- WHEN OUR WEAPON IS FINISHED, THE SIMPERING FOOLS WHO ABUSED AND IGNORED ME WILL FEEL THAT POWER!

LIKE THE SWORD WHICH DANGLED BY A THREAD OVER THE HEAD OF OF THE ORIGINAL DAMOCLES, THE THREAT OF MY COBALT-CANNON WILL HANG OVER THEIR HEADS--

SOON, I SHALL BE REPAYED FOR ALL THE INDIGNITIES I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO ENDURE... AYE, SOON!

BUT WHAT ABOUT US, BOSS? WHEN WILL WE BE REPAYED?

--AND BEND THEM TO MY WILL!!

WE GOT INTO THIS GIG BECAUSE YOU PROMISED US BIG BUCKS, REMEMBER?

EH?



YOU DARE TO QUESTION MY JUDGMENT, YOU SIMPLE-MINDED FOOL?

NOBODY DISPUTES THE WORD OF DAMOCCLES-- WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT IN FULL!!

BWA-DOW!



IT TAKES DAMOCCLES ONLY A MOMENT TO DRAW AND FIRE-- JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR MORTAL FEAR TO WELL UP IN HIS HENCHMEN'S THROATS!

BUT IT IS A FEAR THAT SEEMS UNCONQUED, AS THE CONCUSSION-SHELL STRIKES ONLY A STACK OF EMPTY OIL DRUMS...

KWA-VA-VOOM!

...SENDING MEN AND METAL SPRAYING ACROSS THE ROOM!



AND WHEN THE SAVAGE TURMOIL HAS SETTLED INTO A SMOLDERING SEMBLANCE OF ORDER ONCE MORE...

YOU WOULD ALL DO WELL TO REMEMBER THIS LITTLE DEMONSTRATION, GENTLEMEN! NEXT TIME, I WILL NOT BE SO LENIENT!

I AM MASTER HERE-- COMPLETE AND ABSOLUTE-- AND HE WHO DARES TO DEFY MY WILL... DIES!!

WH-WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS!

YA AIN'T GONNA GET NO MORE ARGUMENT FROM US!

HIS FACE A COLD, GRIM MASK, THE MALEVOLENT DAMOCCLES STRIDES INTO HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS...



...WHERE, ONCE HE HAS SEALED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM...

I HELD THEM IN CHECK THIS TIME, BUT WHAT ABOUT NEXT TIME, OR THE TIME AFTER THAT?

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN CONTROL THEM! THINGS ARE DEFINITELY STARTING TO GET OUT OF HAND!

AND THOUGH THE CHAMBER IS UNCOMMONLY WARM, DAMOCCLES SUDDENLY BEGINS TO TREMBLE.

WHILE, IN A MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON, SOMEWHERE UPSTATE...



I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS THROUGH... WORK OUT A PROPER PLAN...

NO PRISON HAS EVER HELD ME BEFORE-- AND THIS ONE WON'T BE AN EXCEPTION!

IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON MY OUTFIT, I MIGHT... EH?



THE OUTSIDE WALL-- IT'S BEGUN TO MELT--!?!



GOT TO FIND COVER BEFORE IT...

...EXPLODES.

SKROOM!

AND BEFORE THE SHATTERED RUBBLE CAN SETTLE...



I HAVE COME FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN!

NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME--!!

Y--YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!!



BUT THE BESPECTACLED CONVICT'S TERRIFIED CRIES ARE STIFLED, AS HE IS SWEEPED OFF THE GROUND BY AN INHUMANLY-POWERFUL ARM, AND...

KEEP FIRING MEN! WE CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BUT THEY ARE ALREADY GONE!

THE OLD BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD HASN'T REALLY CHANGED MUCH; THE BROWNSTONES COULD STILL USE A GOOD COAT OF PAINT, THE CURBS ARE STILL CRACKED AND RUTTED...

...AND YET BENNETT BARLOW FEELS A SMALL TINGE OF NOSTALGIA AS HE STANDS BEFORE THE RUN-DOWN BUILDING HE ONCE CALLED HOME-- AS IF HE HAS LOST SOMETHING HE MAY NEVER REGAIN!

A MODEST ABODE, THINE DWELLING-- NOT AT ALL LIKE THE GLEAMING SPIRES OF IMMORTAL ASGARD!

I'M AFRAID WE MORTALS HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH SIMPLER STUFF, THOR--

--BUT STILL, I ONCE LOVED THIS PLACE!



AYE, FRIEND BARLOW--FORGIVE ME! A MAN'S HOME IS INDEED HIS CASTLE-- BE IT MADE OF PRECIOUS GOLD OR HUMBLE BRICK!

IT WASN'T REALLY A CASTLE, THOR-- MORE LIKE A REFUSE!



AND, TO BE HONEST, I'M STILL NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT WE HOPE TO FIND HERE...

IT'S REALLY QUITE SIMPLE, DEAR BROTHER-- YOU'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR DEATH!

BY HELA'S GOLD TOUCH! WE HAVE BEEN TAKEN UNAWARES!



LORD--NO! I--I PRAYED IT WASN'T TRUE--!!

STILL AS NAIVE AS EVER-- EH, BENNETT? I DON'T KNOW WHAT POSSESSED YOU TO LEAD THE INFURIATING THOR TO OUR OLD HOMESTEAD--

-- BUT YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS A SMALL DEMONSTRATION OF MY NEWLY-GAINED POWERS!

ERIC--NO! GIVE UP THIS INSANITY-- WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

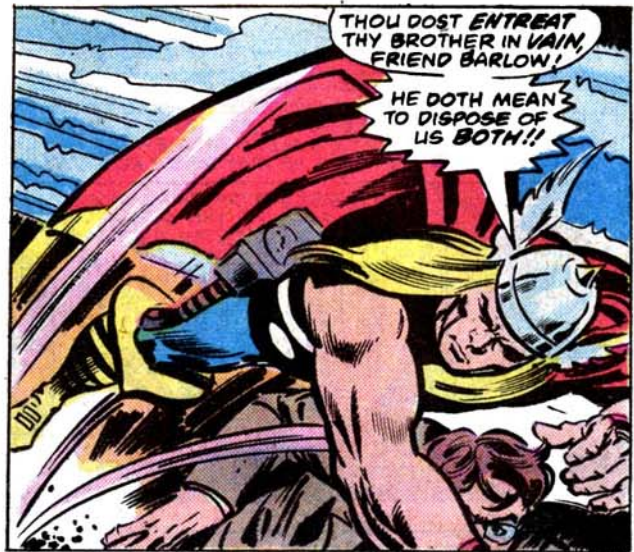
NAY, FRIEND BARLOW--METHINKS 'TIS ALREADY FAR TOO LATE FOR THAT!



GRINNING TRIUMPHANTLY, THE MAN CALLED DAMOCLES STABS A BUTTON ON THE CONTROL BOARD BEFORE HIM-- AND BRIGHT BLUE FIRE SWIFTLY ERUPTS FROM THE COBALT-CANNON'S MAW...



ERIC-- NO!!



THOU DOST ENTREAT THY BROTHER IN VAIN, FRIEND BARLOW!

HE DOTH MEAN TO DISPOSE OF US BOTH!!

BUT, WHIZZING THROUGH THE SPACE WHERE BARLOW AND THUNDER GOD HAD STOOD SPLIT-SECONDS BEFORE, THE AWESOMELY- POWERFUL BEAM OF COBALT-ENERGY INSTANTLY STRIKES THE BROWNSTONE BUILDING WHERE THE BARLOW BROTHERS HAD ONCE LIVED --



WHA-WHOOM!

-- AND REDUCES IT TO AN INCINERATED MEMORY!!



SWEET HEAVEN-- THE POWER OF THAT DEVICE-- IT'S ALMOST UNLIMITABLE!

MY BROTHER OR NOT, ERIC HAS TO BE STOPPED!

AYE, FRIEND BARLOW-- AND TIS MY TASK TO SEE TO IT!



FOOL! SO LONG AS THE COBALT-CANNON IS MINE, THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN STOP ME!

AT MY COMMAND-- FIRE!!



FIRE IF THOU MUST, VARLETS--

-- BUT, SO LONG AS THE MYSTIC Mjolnir CAN DEFLECT THY FIERY POWER--

SPRAKK

--THOU DOST FIRE IN VAIN!!

AND, DESPITE HIS URU HAMMER WHIRLING WILDLY BEFORE HIM, THE THUNDER GOD STILL CATCHES THE FULL FURY OF THE COBALT-STORM...



AARRGGH!!

...AND THE OVERWHELMING FORCE OF IT ALL QUITE LITERALLY BLOWS HIM AWAY!!



WELL, IF CONCENTRATED COBALT-BLASTS CAN'T STOP YA, GOLDLOCKS--

--LET'S TRY A WIDE-FOCUS BURST!!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW THE MOST IRONIC PART OF ALL THIS, DEAR BROTHER?

IT WAS YOUR OWN RESEARCH BACK IN YOUR COLLEGE DAYS THAT SUPPLIED ME WITH THE KNOWLEDGE TO CONSTRUCT MY COBALT-CANNON!

THAT'S REALLY SOMEHOW MOST FITTING, ISN'T IT?

HA HA HA HA

HOW DOES IT FEEL, DEAR BROTHER, KNOWING THAT EVERYTHING WHICH IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO NEW YORK CITY IS ULTIMATELY YOUR FAULT?

TELL ME, BENNETT-- HOW DOES IT FEEL?

Y-YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, ERIC! ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE'RE GOING TO STOP YOU!

DO YOU HEAR ME? WE'LL STOP YOU!!

BUT THE ONLY RESPONSE THAT DAMOCLES GIVES IS A HAUNTING PEAL OF LAUGHTER!

DID YOU SEE MY BROTHERS FACE? THAT LOOK ALONE WAS WORTH ALL THE HUMILIATION I'VE ENDURED OVER THE YEARS!

WELL, WHAT NOW, BOSS?



EH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

NOW THAT WE'VE PROVEN THIS GIZMO OF YOURS WORKS, DON'T YA THINK IT'S TIME WE WENT AFTER THE MONEY?

WELL, I HAD PLANNED TO...TO...



NO--PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, MY FRIEND!



THIS CRUEL, UNCARING WORLD OWES US-- OWES US GREATLY--

--AND, AS OF NOW, WE BEGIN TO COLLECT!!

BY ODIN... WHAT...?



Y-YOU WERE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY ERIC'S COBALT-CANNON, THAT'S ALL... JUST KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!

ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY INCINERATED!

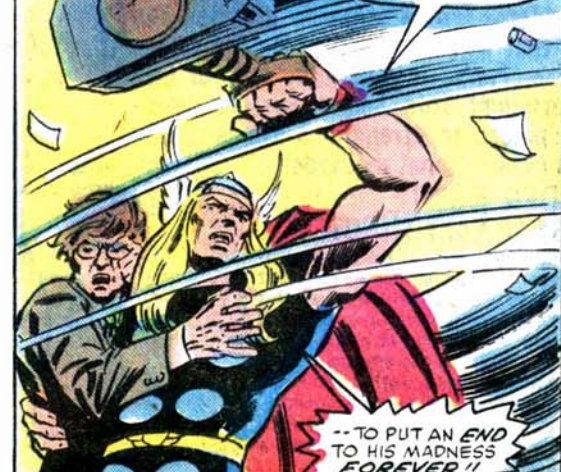
THE SON OF ODIN IS MADE OF STERNER STUFF, FRIEND BARLOW-- BUT NO MAN MAY STRIKE THE PRINCE OF ASGARD WITH IMPUNITY!

DIDST THOU SEE WHICH WAY THY VILLAINOUS BROTHER FLED?



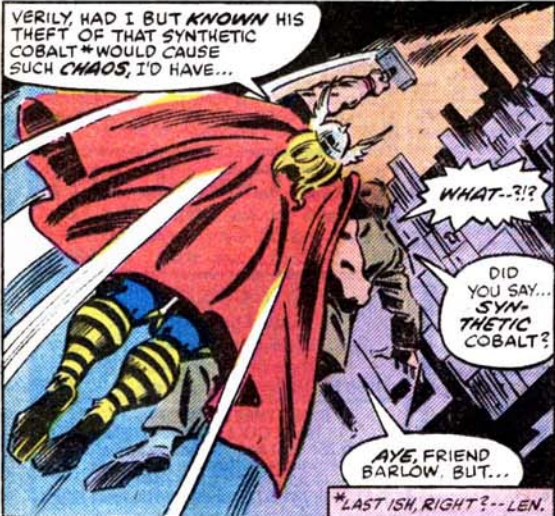
H-HE HEADED WEST... I THINK.

THEN, WHITHER HE HATH TRAVELED, WE SHALL FOLLOW--



-- TO PUT AN END TO HIS MADNESS FOREVER!!

VERILY, HAD I BUT KNOWN HIS THEFT OF THAT SYNTHETIC COBALT *WOULD CAUSE SUCH CHAOS, I'D HAVE...



WHAT--?!

DID YOU SAY... SYNTHETIC COBALT?

AYE, FRIEND BARLOW. BUT...

*LAST ISH, RIGHT?--LEN.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, THOR--SYNTHETIC COBALT IS UNSTABLE!



BY ODIN-- NAY!

UNLESS WE FIND ERIC BEFORE IT REACHES CRITICAL MASS, THAT CANNON WILL BECOME A COBALT BOMB WHICH CAN ERADICATE NEW YORK!!

THEN LET MINE ENCHANTED HAMMER STRAIN AS IT NE'ER HATH STRAINED BEFORE!



FOR HAVING ONCE BEEN BATHED IN THE RAYS OF THE COBALT-CANNON, MIGHTY MJOLNIR CAN NOW TRACE THAT SAVAGE POWER TO ITS SOURCE!

BUT EVEN AS THE GOD OF THUNDER AND HIS COMPANION HURTLE THROUGH THE HEAVENS, THAT AFOREMENTIONED SAVAGE POWER IS ONCE AGAIN AT WORK...



SKADA-WHOOM!

...REDUCING THE THICK STEEL VAULT DOOR OF A CERTAIN 47TH STREET JEWELRY EXCHANGE TO SO MUCH SCRAP METAL!

QUICKLY, MEN-- GET TO WORK!!



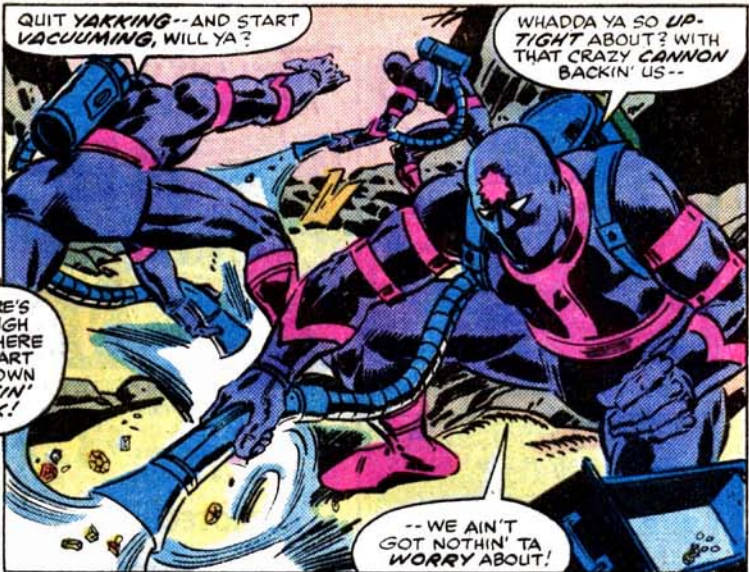
YOU GOT IT, BOSS! THIS JOINT'LL BE STRIPPED NAKED BY THE TIME THE COPS GET HERE!



EDDIE'S GOT EVERYONE COVERED! LET'S MOVE IT!

MAN, WILL YA LOOK AT ALL THEM JEWELS!

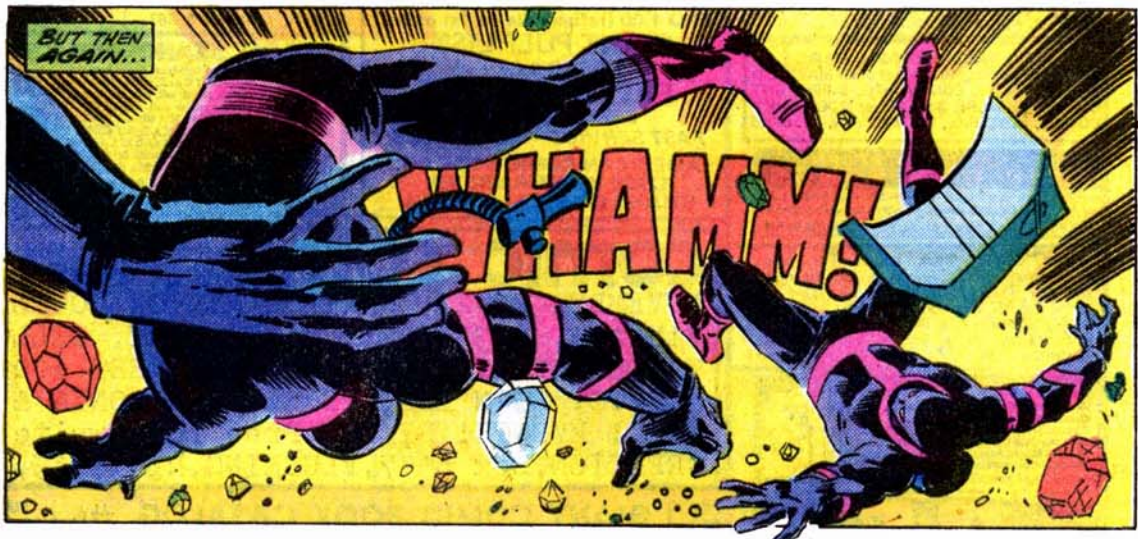
THERE'S ENOUGH "ICE" HERE TA START OUR OWN SKATIN' RINK!



QUIT YARKING--AND START VACUUMING, WILL YA?

WHADDA YA SO UP-TIGHT ABOUT? WITH THAT CRAZY CANNON BACKIN' US--

-- WE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TA WORRY ABOUT!



BUT THEN AGAIN...

WHAMM!



...YOU MIGHT HAVE PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT!



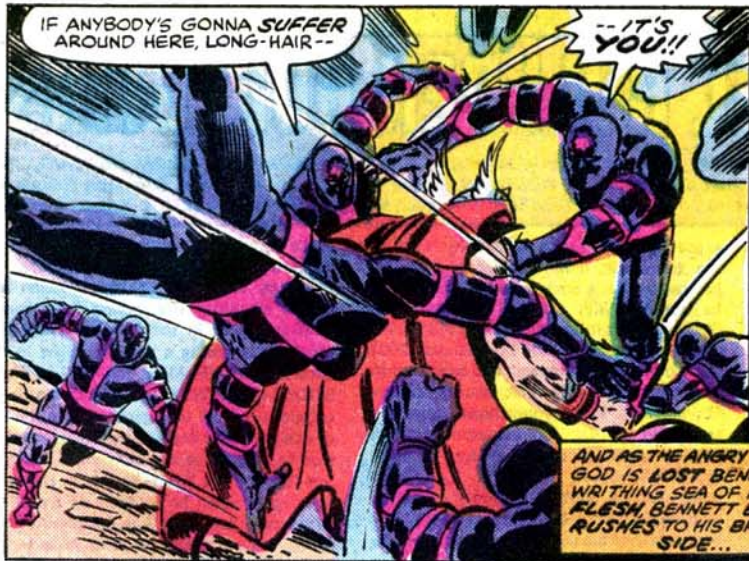
YOU FOOLS--THE THUNDER GOD HAS FOUND US AGAIN!!

KEEP HIM OCCUPIED--WHILE I ACTIVATE THE COBALT-CANNON!!



DAMOCLES, I SAY THEE--NAY!!

UNLEASH THY FIENDISH WEAPON--AND THOU TOO SHALT SUFFER!



IF ANYBODY'S GONNA SUFFER AROUND HERE, LONG-HAIR--

--IT'S YOU!!

AND AS THE ANGRY THUNDER GOD IS LOST BENEATH A WRITHING SEA OF FURIOUS FLESH, BENNETT BARLOW RUSHES TO HIS BROTHER'S SIDE...



IN THE NAME OF SANITY, ERIC-- TURN THAT DOOMSDAY DEVICE OFF!



NOT UNTIL THE ANNOYING THOR IS FINALLY DESTROYED!

YOU MANIAC! YOU'RE GOING TO DESTROY US ALL!

THE COBALT YOU USED WAS UNSTABLE! LOOK AT THE GLOW AROUND YOUR CANNON! I'M TELLING YOU IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE!



NO.

IT ISN'T POSSIBLE--! NOT AFTER ALL MY WORK-- ALL MY PLANNING--!



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO BEFORE...

AYE, FANATIC ONE-- THERE IS INDEED!

HUH?



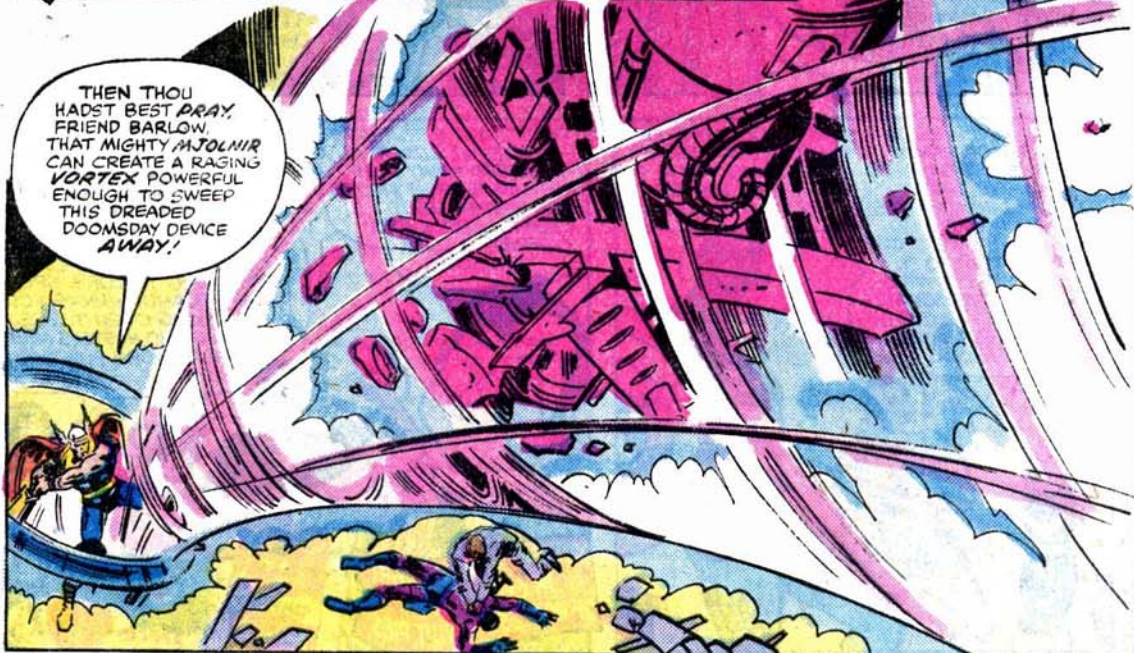
THOU CANST SURRENDER THYSELF, DAMOCLES--

--WHILST STILL THOU ART ABLE!!



THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, THOR! BUT BEFORE I'D GIVE UP NOW--

--I'LL SEE US ALL IN HELL!!



AND THE OVERWHELMING SIGH OF RELIEF THAT IS HEARD, AS THE VORTEX-TOSSED COBALT-CANNON ABRUPTLY VANISHES, IS FAR MORE AUDIBLE THAN THE MIND-SHATTERING MEGA-BLAST WHICH SIGNALS THE DEATH-DEALING WEAPON'S DESTRUCTION--

--FOR THERE IS, AFTER ALL, NO SOUND IN THE FRIGID DEPTHS OF SPACE!

'TIS OVER, FRIEND BARLOW!

AND, VERILY, THIS FAIR CITY DOETH OWE THEE A GREAT VOTE OF THANKS!

THOU HAST SAVED LIVES BEYOND NUMBERING THIS DAY-- THOUGH THOU HAST LOST A LIFE MOST PRECIOUS TO THEE IN THE PROCESS!

I SHALL LEAVE THEE ALONE WITH THY GRIEF NOW, BENNETT BARLOW--

--AYE, AND WITH THIS THOUGHT AS WELL!

THOUGH THY BROTHER LIVED IN INFAMY--TRULY DID HE DIE IN GLORY!

FOR HOW MANY OTHER MEN HAVE LEFT A STAR TO MARK THEIR PASSING?

NEXT ISSUE: A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE!

BE HERE!