

THOR

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THE MIGHTY THOR



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UNLESS I REGAIN MY MYSTIC HAMMER WITHIN SIXTY SECONDS, I AM DOOMED--

--BUT THE EXPLOSIVE FURY OF **BLASTAAR** WILL NOT LET ME NEAR IT!

LAY DOWN AND DIE, ASGARDIAN! TODAY IS **MINE!**



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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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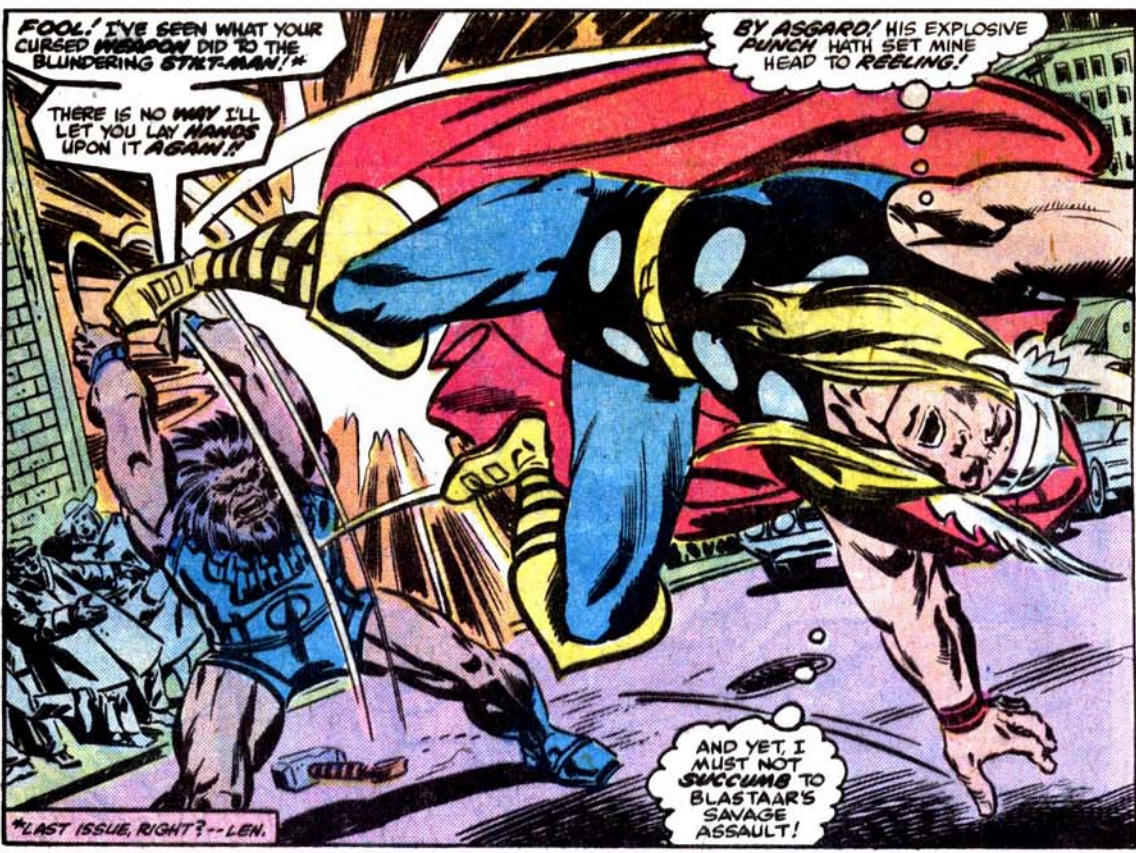


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FOOL! I'VE SEEN WHAT YOUR CURSED MIRROR DID TO THE BLUNDERING STRIKEMAN!

THERE IS NO WAY I'LL LET YOU LAY HANDS UPON IT AGAIN!!

BY ASGARD! HIS EXPLOSIVE PUNCH HATH SET MINE HEAD TO REELING!



*LAST ISSUE, RIGHT?--LEN.

AND YET, I MUST NOT SUCCEED TO BLASTAAR'S SAVAGE ASSAULT!

FOR ALMIGHTY ODIN HATH DECREED THAT, IF I AM SEPARATED FROM ENCHANTED Mjolnir FOR MORE THAN SIXTY SECONDS--

--I AM INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED ONCE MORE INTO THE MORTAL DR. DON BLAKE, WHO WOULD NOT HAVE A PRAYER AGAINST BLASTAAR'S POWER!



FIFTEEN SECONDS HATH ALREADY PASSED--

--AND IF I HOPE TO SURVIVE THIS FURIOUS CONFLICT--

--I MUST ACT SWIFTLY-- OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!



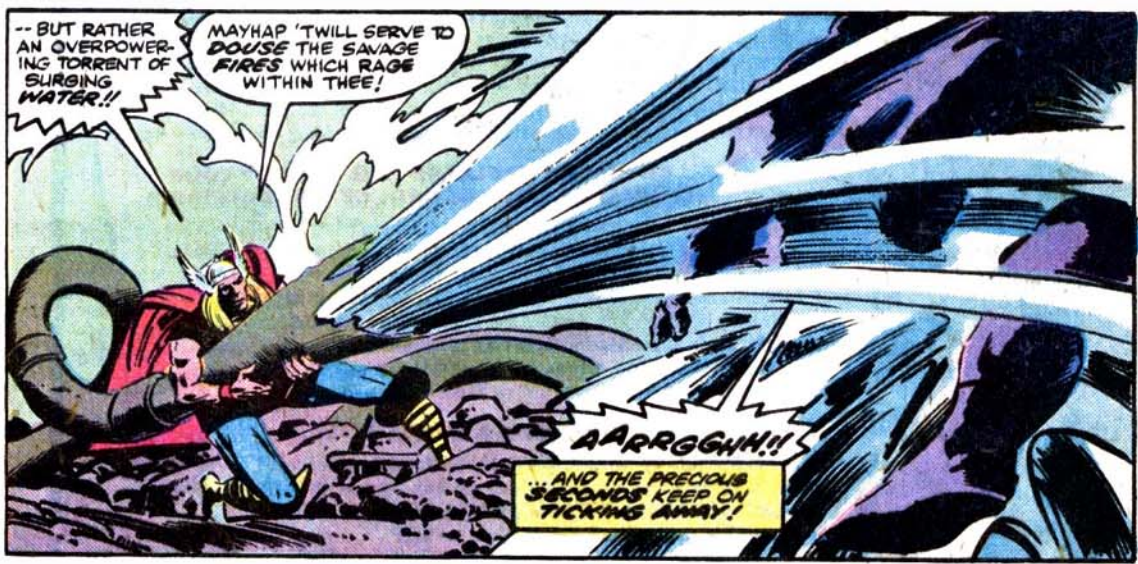


UPROOTING THE STREET WILL NOT KEEP ME FROM YOU, GOLDEN-HAIR!

NOTHING WILL KEEP ME FROM YOU NOW!!



'T WAS NOT A WALL OF SHATTERED CONCRETE I SOUGHT TO PLACE BETWEEN US, MONSTROUS ONE--



-- BUT RATHER AN OVERPOWERING TORRENT OF SURGING WATER!!

MAYHAP 'T WILL SERVE TO DOUSE THE SAVAGE FIRES WHICH RAGE WITHIN THEE!

AARRGGH!!

AND THE PRECIOUS SECONDS KEEP ON TICKING AWAY!



BAH! THERE IS NOT A BEING THAT LIVES WHO CAN HUMILIATE BLASTAAR LIKE THIS WITHOUT SUFFERING FOR IT A THOUSANDFOLD--

--AND, GOLDEN-HAIR, THAT INCLUDES YOU!!



THROOM!

CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED BY THE AWESOME EXPLOSIONS WHICH LANCE FROM BLASTAAR'S VERY FINGERTIPS, THE BATTERED THOR IS HURLED VIOLENTLY BACK INTO A SHADOW-STREWN ALLEYWAY...



...MERE INSTANTS BEFORE THOSE FATEFUL SIXTY SECONDS HAVE FINALLY PASSED!

THUS, WHEN THE LIVING BOMB-BURST LUMBERS INTO THE ALLEY MOMENTS LATER...



COME OUT GOLDEN-HAIR-- SHOW YOURSELF!

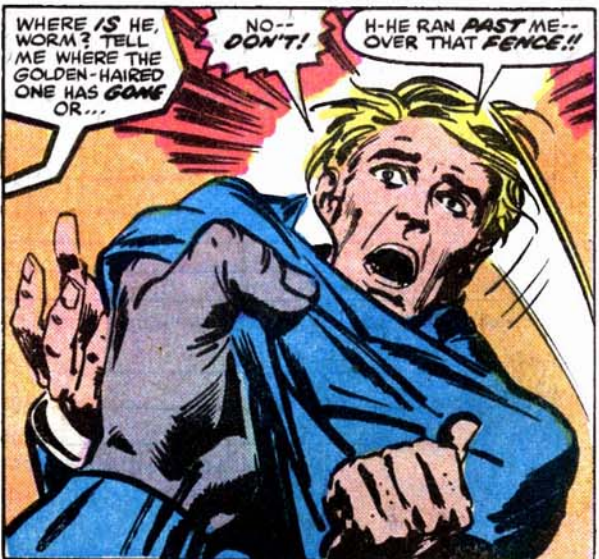
THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN HIDE YOURSELF FROM...

EH?



THE THUNDER GOD-- HE'S VANISHED!?!

THERE IS NO ONE IN THIS ALLEY BUT ANOTHER FRAIL HUMAN!



WHERE IS HE, WORM? TELL ME WHERE THE GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE HAS GONE OR...

NO-- DON'T!

H-HE RAN PAST ME-- OVER THAT FENCE!!

BAH! ONCE OVER THAT FENCE, THE COWARD COULD HAVE FLED IN COUNTLESS DIRECTIONS-- AND I HAVE NO MORE TIME TO WASTE HERE!

I MUST FULFILL THE MASTER'S MISSION!!

MAN, THAT'S ABOUT AS CLOSE AS I EVER WANT TO CUT IT!

IF BLASTAAR HAD REACHED THIS ALLEY A FEW SECONDS SOONER, HE WOULD HAVE SEEN ME CHANGE BACK INTO DON BLAKE!



AT THAT SAME SECOND, MY HAMMER WAS ALSO TRANSFORMED INTO A SIMPLE WOODEN WALKING STICK--

--AND NOW THAT BLASTAAR IS GONE, I CAN QUIETLY RECOVER MY CANE...

...UNLESS, OF COURSE, SOMEBODY ELSE FINDS IT FIRST!



THAT IS SOME FINE PIECE OF MOOD THERE, BROTHER HONCHO!

SURE IS, FOXY LADY!

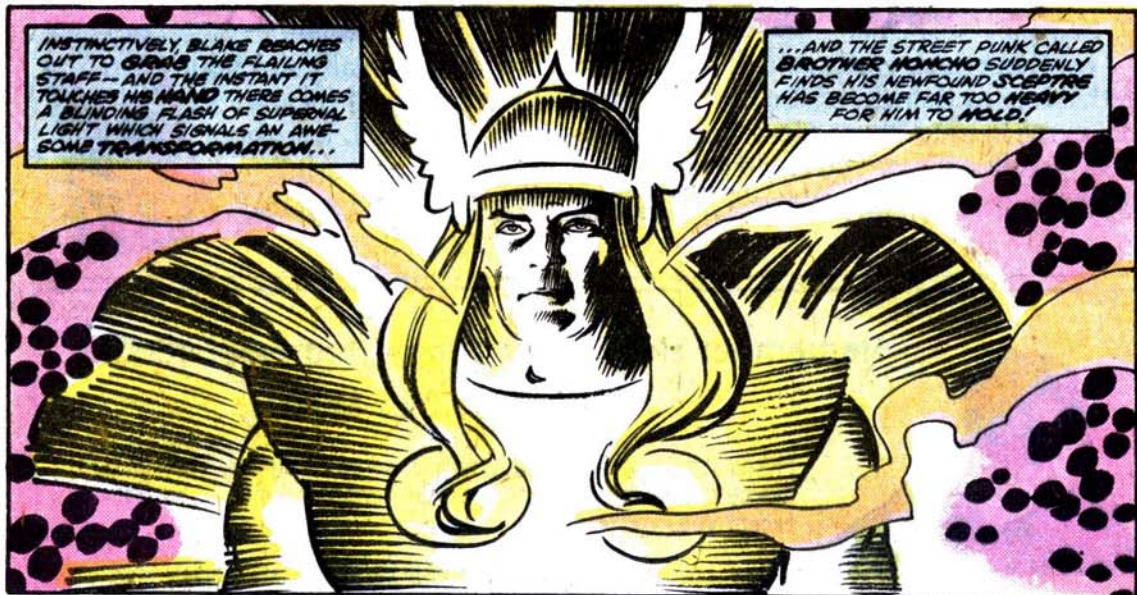


FELLA? UH-- EXCUSE ME, FELLA.

YO' TALKIN' T' ME, JACK?

YES THAT--AH-- STICK YOU'RE CARRYING... I'M AFRAID IT'S MINE!







BLASTAAR HATH FLED-- BUT THE DEFEATED STILT-MAN YET REMAINS!

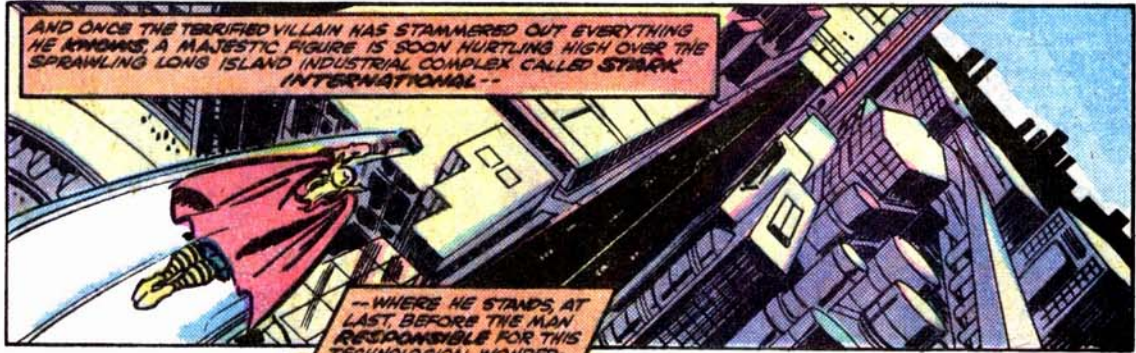
MAYHAP HE CAN GIVE MEANINGS TO THIS DAY'S MADNESS!



STILT-MAN, I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THEE!

VERILY THOU SHALT TELL ME THE REASONS BEHIND THINE ACTIONS, OR...

N-NO-- KEEP AWAY! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING-- ANYTHING!!



AND ONCE THE TERRIFIED VILLAIN IS STAMMERED OUT EVERYTHING HE KNOWS, A MAJESTIC FIGURE IS SOON HURTLING HIGH OVER THE SPRAWLING LONG ISLAND INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX CALLED STARK INTERNATIONAL--

-- WHERE HE STANDS AT LAST, BEFORE THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS TECHNOLOGICAL WONDERLAND: TONY STARK HIMSELF!



THOR! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, AVENGER!

IS THERE SOMETHING IN PARTICULAR I CAN DO FOR YOU?



AYE, MY FRIEND-- FOR I SEEK INFORMATION ONLY THINE ALL-KNOWING COMPUTERS CAN POSSIBLY SUPPLY ME!

THEN LET'S HEAD OVER TO THE DATA CONTROL CENTER, THUNDER GOD--

-- AND YOU CAN FILL ME IN ON ALL THE DETAILS ALONG THE WAY!



APPARENTLY, STILT-MAN WAS FREED FROM **AWAYSON** BY THE CREATURE CALLED **BLASTAAR**, SO THAT HE MIGHT **STEAL** SOMETHING FOR **BLASTAAR'S** MYSTERIOUS **MASTER!**

ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR?



AYE--A UNIQUE METALLIC CHEST, CONTAINING **RADIO-ACTIVE ISOTOPIES!** HE TOOK IT FROM A **HELICOPTER** AS IT FLEW O'ER THE CITY!

STILT-MAN HAS **STYLE**! WHAT HAPPENED TO **BLASTAAR**?



UNFORTUNATELY, HE **FLED**... AFTER TRYING THAT METALLIC CHEST FROM STILT-MAN'S VERY **FINGERS!**

NATURALLY, HOW ABOUT **BLASTAAR'S BOSS**-- ANY **CLUES**?



ONLY THAT HIS **LAIR** DOETH APPEAR TO BE A **RUINED FACTORY** OF SOME SORT, HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN **UPSTATE NEW YORK**--

--A **FACTORY** CONSTRUCTED ALMOST ENTIRELY OF A SPECIAL **ADAMANTUM ALLOY!**

A **FACTORY**, EH? THAT SOUNDS HAUNTINGLY **FAMILIAR!**



I'LL PUNCH WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME-- PLUS A FEW THOUGHTS OF MY **OWN**-- INTO THE **PRIMARY MAGNETIC NETWORK MEMORY CO-ORDINATOR**...

...AND THEN WE'LL JUST SEE WHAT **DEVELOPS!**

AND, IN SECONDS WHAT DEVELOPS IS...

F.A.U.S.T.

FULLY-AUTOMATED UNIT OF STRUCTURAL TECHNOLOGY

SECTION I: BACKGROUND

SUB-SECTION A: ORIGIN

BUDDY, YOU'VE HIT THE **JACKPOT!**

CLICK!

F.A.U.S.T.-- THE WORLD'S FIRST FULLY-AUTOMATED FACTORY-- WAS THE BRAINCHILD OF PROFESSOR FAKTON PENTECOST...

PENTECOST CLAIMED HIS CREATION WAS TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT... THAT IT WOULD NEVER NEED REPAIR... WOULD NEVER GROW OBSOLETE...

UNFORTUNATELY, THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY WAS GIVEN NO TIME TO TEST THE VALIDITY OF PENTECOST'S CLAIMS...

CLICK!



PENTECOST IS NOW SERVING TIME IN FEDERAL PRISON...

CLICK!



... FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF HIS EX-PARTNER, MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST FERGUSON BLAINE...

CLICK!

... WHILE HIS CREATION IS ONLY A SHATTERED RUIN... THE RESULT OF AN ISOLATED HOLOCAUST WHOSE CAUSE IS YET UNKNOWN...



THEN 'T WOULD SEEM THIS *RUN* DOETH BE MY DESTINATION, FRIEND STARK.

IT'S CERTAINLY YOUR BEST BET AT THE *MOMENT*, THOR.

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO MATCH UP *PERFECTLY* WITH WHAT YOU TOLD ME.



THEN I SHALL BID THEE *FAREWELL*, MY FRIEND-- AND TAKE MY *LEAVE*.

DO YOU WANT *IRON MAN* TO COME ALONG WITH YOU, PAL?

NAY-- WHAT MUST NEXT BE *DONE*, THOR MUST DO *ALONE!*

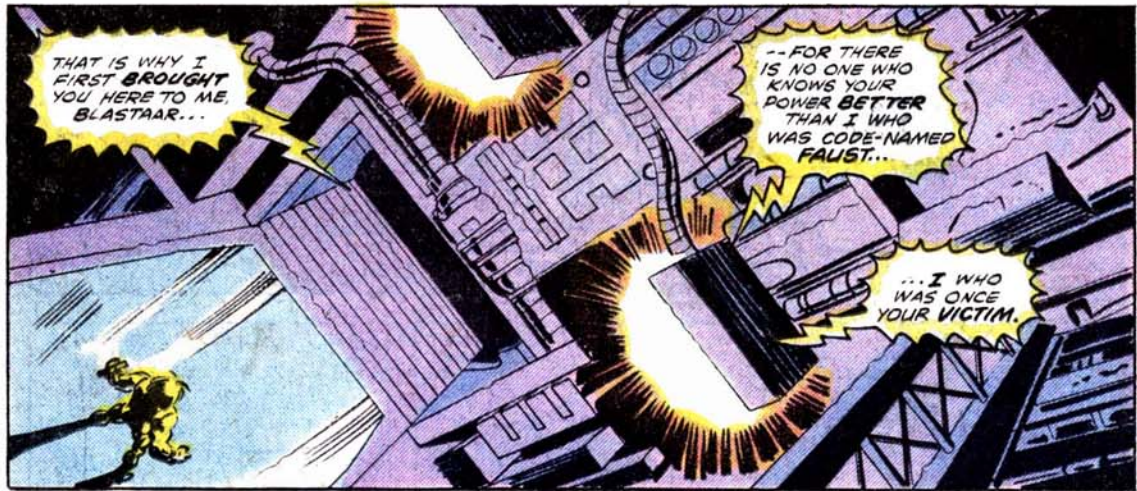
WILL YOU TAKE *CARE* OF YOURSELF, AVENGER--



--AND IF IT TURNS OUT YOU *DO* NEED MY HELP DON'T HESITATE TO...

...ASK?









HE DARES?
THE UNMINTI-
GATED
FOOL!!

THIS TIME I WILL
DESTROY HIM!!



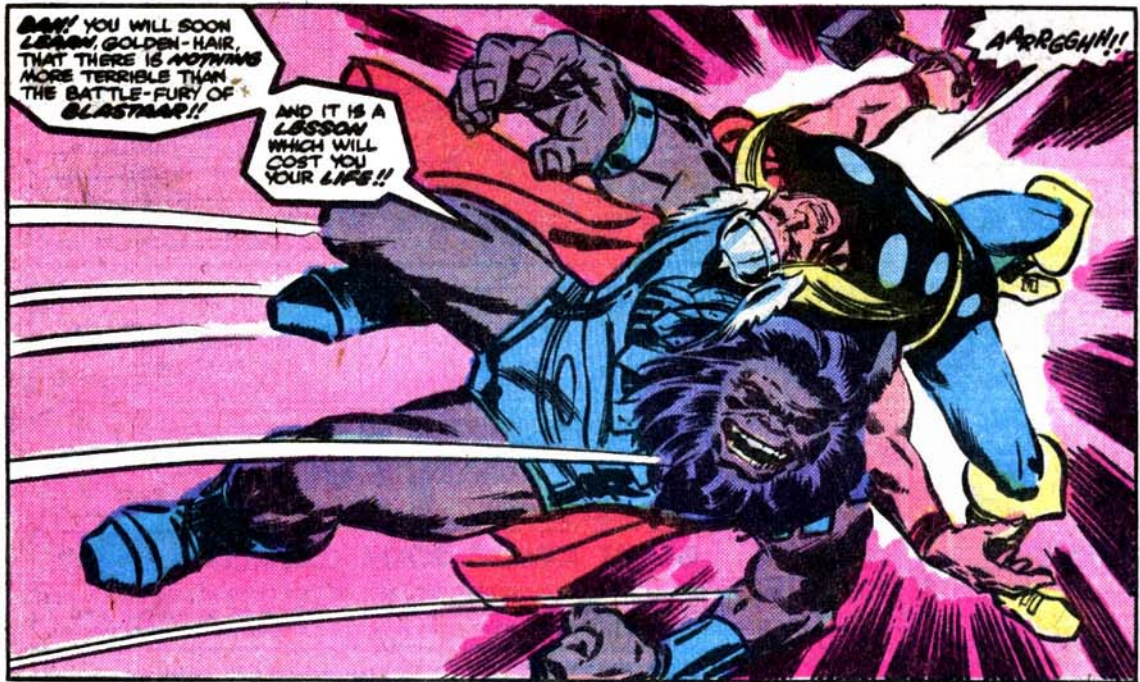
BLASTAAR, MY CHEST...?

IT IS
YOURS,
MASTER!



BY MELA! 'TIS EVEN MORE
TERRIBLE HERE THAN TONY
STARK'S COMPUTERS DID
DESCRIBE IT!

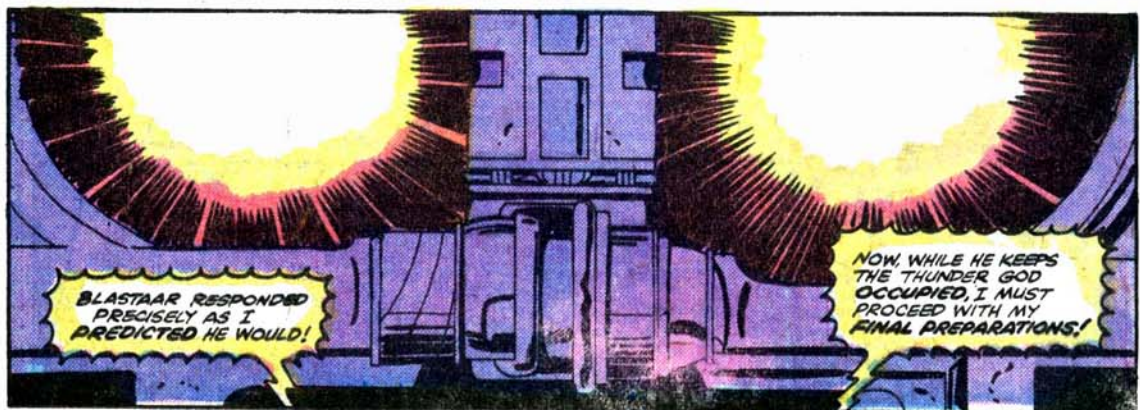
ALL I
DESIRE
NOW IS--
VENGEANCE!!



OH! YOU WILL SOON
LEARN, GOLDEN-HAIR,
THAT THERE IS NOTHING
MORE TERRIBLE THAN
THE BATTLE-FURY OF
BLASTAAR!!

AND IT IS A
LESSON
WHICH WILL
COST YOU
YOUR LIFE!!

AARRGGH!!



BLASTAAR RESPONDED
PRECISELY AS I
PREDICTED HE WOULD!

NOW, WHILE HE KEEPS
THE THUNDER GOD
OCCUPIED, I MUST
PROCEED WITH MY
FINAL PREPARATIONS!



THOU ART TERRIBLE
INDEED, MONSTROUS
ONE--

-- BUT
STILL ART
THOU NO
MATCH
FOR A
WARRIOR
BORN!

NO! HE
ELUDED
MY POWER
BURST-- BY
LEAPING
RIGHT OVER
ME!



AYE, VARLET-- AND
EVEN AS THOU DOST
WHIRL TO FACE ME
ANEW...

I SHALL
PUT AN
END
TO THY VILE
THREATS--
FOREVER!!

BROK!



YOU AND YOUR
CURSED HAMMER!
I SHOULD HAVE
DESTROYED IT
WHEN I HAD THE
CHANCE DURING
OUR EARLIER
ENCOUNTER--

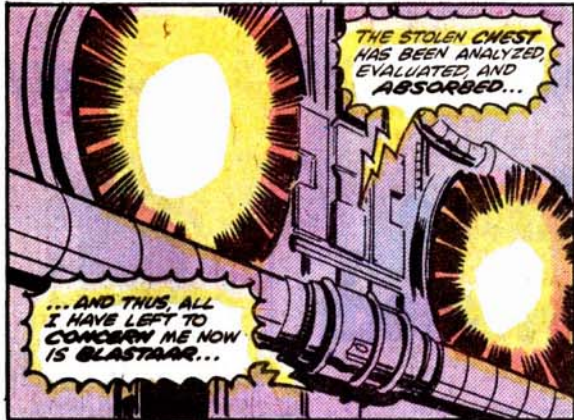
-- BUT
THAT IS A
MISTAKE
I CAN
STILL
RECTIFY!!



THOU DOST GIVE
THYSELF UNDUE
CREDIT, BLASTAAR--
FOR, THOUGH THINE
IS THE POWER TO
SHATTER
MOUNTAINS...

... THE MYSTIC Mjolnir
CAN STILL SCATTER
THE FORCE OF THY
POWER BURST TO THE
FOUR WINDS!

SHA-KOOM!



THE STOLEN CHEST HAS BEEN ANALYZED, EVALUATED, AND ABSORBED...

... AND THUS, ALL I HAVE LEFT TO CONCERN ME NOW IS BLASTAAR...



... AND HE IS REALLY NO CONCERN AT ALL!

AND WITH THAT THE FLICKERING COMPUTER BANK ABRUPTLY GOES DARK!



WILT THOU SURRENDER, MONSTROUS ONE?

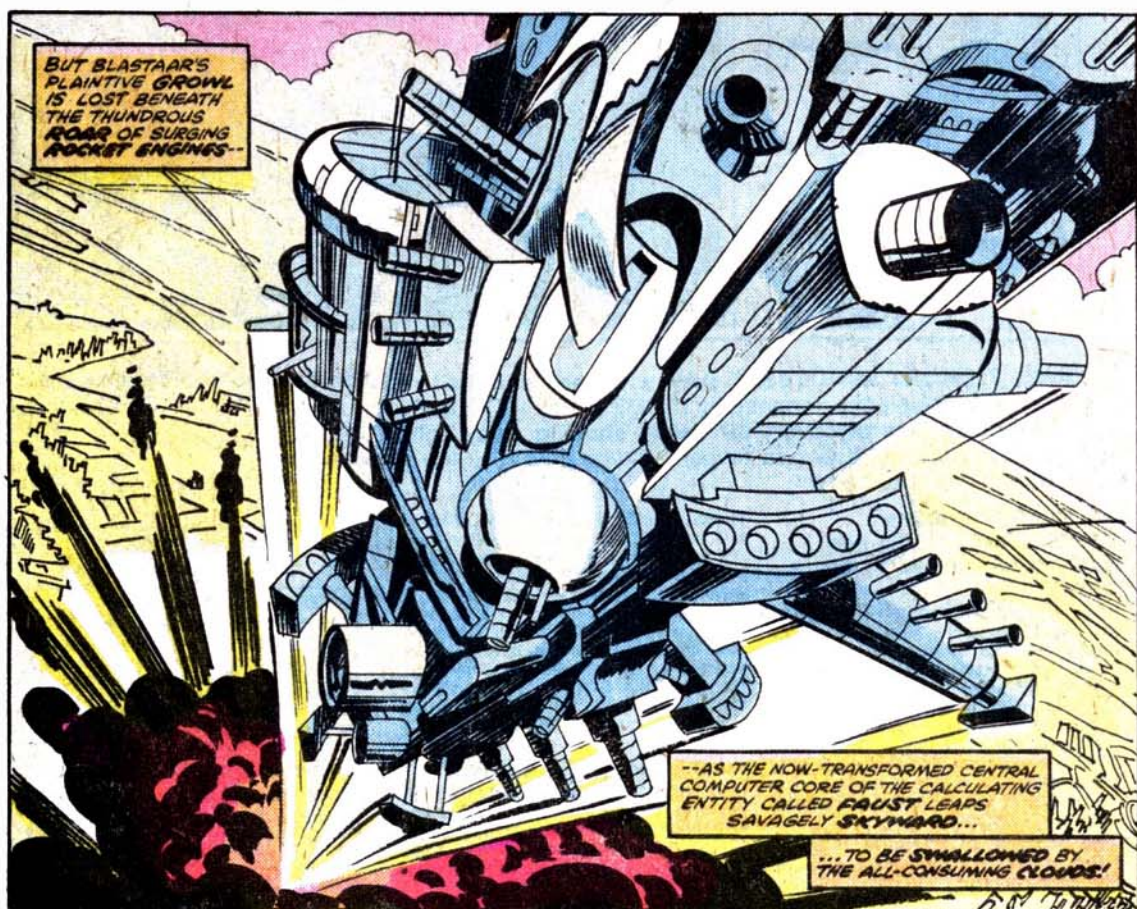
NEVER! I WOULD SOONER... EH?

THE GROUND-- IT'S BEGUN TREMBLING! AND THAT SOUND--!



MASTER YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!!

NO!!



BUT BLASTAAR'S PLAINITIVE GROWL IS LOST BENEATH THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF SURGING ROCKET ENGINES--

--AS THE NOW-TURNED CENTRAL COMPUTER CORE OF THE CALCULATING ENTITY CALLED FAUST LEAPS SAVAGELY SKYWARD...

... TO BE SWALLOWED BY THE ALL-CONSUMING CLOUDS!

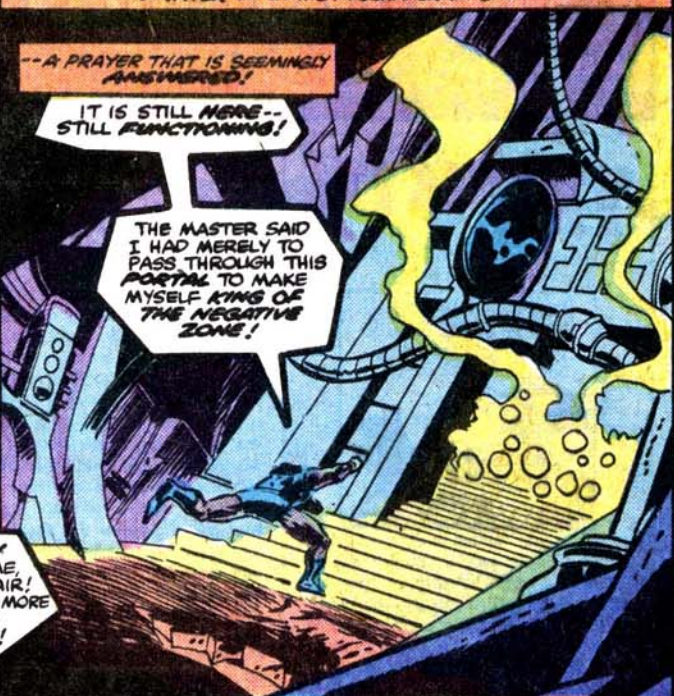
WHILE, IN THE RUINS OF THE FACTORY ITSELF, BLASTAAR GOES BERSERK!



HE WOULD NOT BETRAY ME--NOT AFTER I SERVED HIM SO FAITHFULLY!

AWAY FROM ME GOLDEN-HAIR! I HAVE NO MORE TIME FOR YOU NOW!

DESPERATELY, WITH GROWING PANIC, THE LIVING BOMB-BURST RAGES INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE STILL-SMOKING RUBBLE, A SILENT PRAYER UPON HIS MISSHAPEN LIPS--



--A PRAYER THAT IS SEEMINGLY ANSWERED!

IT IS STILL HERE-- STILL FUNCTIONING!

THE MASTER SAID I HAD MERELY TO PASS THROUGH THIS PORTAL TO MAKE MYSELF KING OF THE NEGATIVE ZONE!

AND WITH THE MASTER NOW GONE, THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN KEEP ME FROM MY GOAL!



BLASTAAR-- MAY! THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT THOU ART DOING!

YOU'RE TOO LATE GOLDEN-HAIR-- FAR TOO LATE TO STOP ME!!

TRIUMPHANTLY BLASTAAR HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE PORTAL-- AND FEELS AS GONE SUCH AS HE HAS NEVER BEFORE KNOWN--



--AS IF HIS EVERY ATOM WERE BEING TORN APART...REARRANGED... THEN SLAMMED SAVAGELY BACK TOGETHER ONCE MORE!

BUT HIS MASTER HAS PROMISED HIM A KINGDOM AND SO HE ENDURES THE PAIN--GRATEFULLY

THEN, AT LAST, HE EMERGES
FROM THE PORTAL INTO THE
FRENZIED COSMOS THAT IS
THE NEGATIVE ZONE--

--AND KNOWS THAT
HIS MASTER HAS
LIED TO HIM!

NO! THAT CURSED
PORTAL--IT REVERSED
THE VERY POLARITY
OF MY ATOMS!

I AM
BEING DRAWN
TO THE DREADED
EXPLOSIVE BELT
AT THE CENTER OF
THE NEGATIVE ZONE--
AND WHEN I REACH
IT, LIKE ANYTHING
ELSE FROM THE
POSITIVE
UNIVERSE...

...I WILL BE
COMPLETELY AND
LITTERLY DISINTE-
GRATED!!

AND WITH THAT, BLASTAAR BEGINS
TO LAUGH-- A COLD, HARSH,
IRONIC LAUGH-- THAT FOLLOWS
HIM INTO OBLIVION!



THE BATTLE IS ENDED!

THE BLUDGEONING BLASTAAR SHALL THREATEN THIS FAIR PLANET NO LONGER!

VERILY, I SHOULD FEEL A SENSE OF TRIUMPH...



...AND YET...

...I FEEL ONLY A DAMP UN-EARTHLY CHILL.

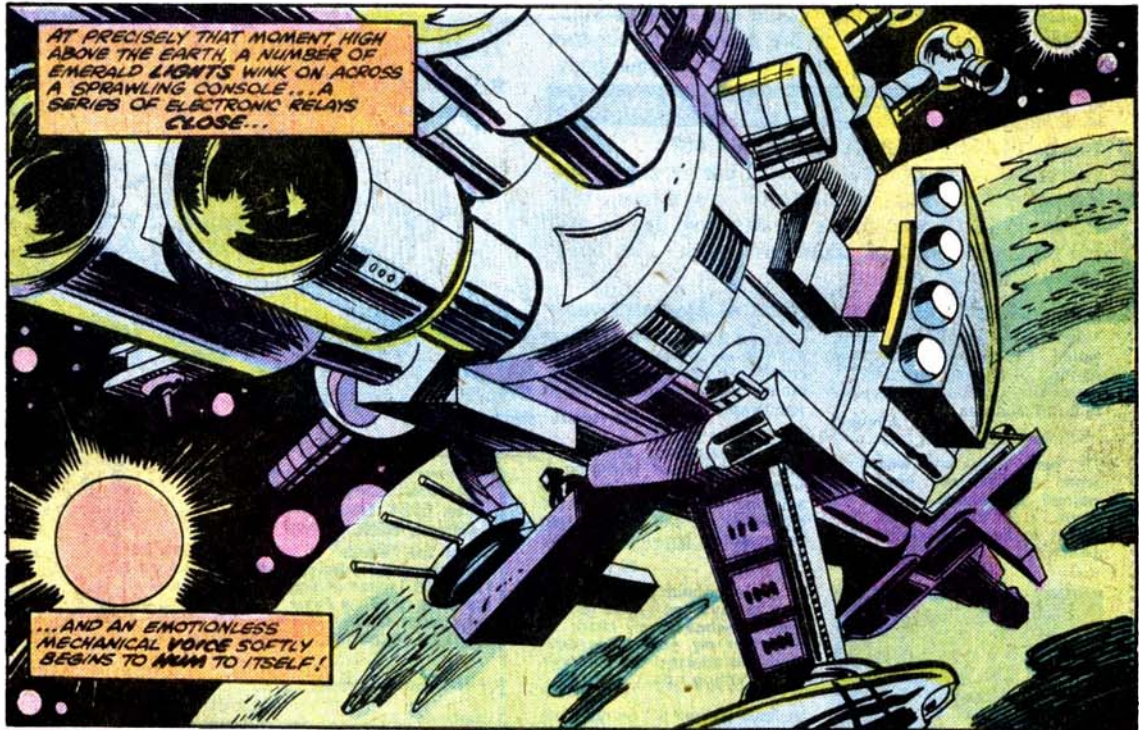


FOR, IN COMBATING BLASTAAR, I HAVE ALLOWED THE ENTITY CALLED FAUST TO ESCAPE INTO THE STRATOSPHERE!

EVEN NOW, IT ORBITS THIS UNSUSPECTING WORLD, ITS ADAMANTIUM STRUCTURE ALL BUT INDESTRUCTIBLE...



"...AND ONLY THE SPINNING FATES MAY KNOW WHAT HAVOC IT AWAITS TO UNLEASH!"



AT PRECISELY THAT MOMENT HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH, A NUMBER OF EMERALD LIGHTS WINK ON ACROSS A SPRAWLING CONSOLE... A SERIES OF ELECTRONIC RELAYS CLOSE...

...AND AN EMOTIONLESS MECHANICAL VOICE SOFTLY BEGINS TO HUM TO ITSELF!

NEXT ISSUE:

THE THUNDER GOD... IRON MAN... AND MORE SENSATIONAL GUEST-STARS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE CINCINNATI AT, ALL TOGETHER IN A STUNNER WE CALL...

...LIKE A DIAMOND IN THE SKY!

