

THOR

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THE MIGHTY THOR



THE
THUNDER GOD
SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH
IRON MAN
AGAINST A MONSTER
WHO THREATENS
THE WORLD!



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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...LIKE A DIAMOND IN THE SKY!

THE SCENE: A SUPER-SECRET
MISSILE INSTALLATION SOME-
WHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL
UNITED STATES.

THE MACHINE: SHIELD'S SPANKING-NEW
AIRBORNE BLOCKHOUSE, A FLYING
FORTRESS IN EVERY SENSE OF THE
WORD.

THE PASSENGERS:
SHIELD'S HARD-BITTEN
DIRECTOR NICK FURY
AND A PASSEL OF PER-
PLEXED AVENGERS!

I'M TELLIN'
YA, GANG-- IF
THESE BABIES
CAN'T STOP THAT
ORBITIN' MURDER-
MACHINE, NOTHIN'
CAN!

NO, MARVELITE, YOU HAVEN'T PICKED
UP THE WRONG BOOK-- BUT, TRUTH
TO TELL, THERE'S ENOUGH EXCITE-
MENT AWAITING YOU WITHIN THESE
PAGES TO FILL A WHOLE STACK
OF BOOKS!

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ART THOU CERTAIN THY WEAPONS CAN PIERCE FAUST'S ADAMANTIUM CASING, FRIEND FURY?

NOPE-- BUT WE AIN'T EXACTLY GOT US A CHOICE, DO WE?

INDEED NOT, COLONEL-- SO LONG AS THAT MECHANISM ORBITS THE EARTH, THREATENING PLANETARY DEVASTATION--

-- WE MUST DO EVERYTHING WITHIN OUR POWER TO DESTROY IT!!

AND AS IF TO EMPHASIZE THE VISION'S POINT, A HANDFUL OF SPECIALLY-DESIGNED MISSILES ABRUPTLY STREAK SKYWARD--

-- AS THE SELF-SUFFICIENT COMPUTER CALLED FAUST HAD DONE A MERE 24 HOURS BEFORE!

IN POINT OF FACT THOUGH, IT HAD ACTUALLY BEGUN SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE THAT LAUNCHING--

THE MIGHTY THOR HAD SUMMONED DOWN THE LIGHTNING TO DEFEAT THE RAMPAGING STILT-MAN--

-- FOR BLASTAAR ENTERED THE FRAY TAKING THE CHEST STILT-MAN HAD STOLEN, AND DELIVERING IT TO FAUST--

-- WHEN THE HIGH-STRIDING STILT-MAN HAD ROBBED A PASSING HELICOPTER AT THE FAUST-MACHINE'S COMMAND!

-- BUT THAT HAD NOT PUT AN END TO IT!

-- BEFORE THE THUNDER GOD LAID THE LIVING BOMB-BURST LOW!

FAUST SOMEHOW **ABSORBED** THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST'S UNIQUE PROPERTIES--

--THEN LAUNCHED ITS NOW-TRANSFORMED
CENTRAL COMPUTER CORE INTO
ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH!

THE FIRST TRANSMISSIONS
FROM FAUST WERE RECEIVED
ON EARTH SOON AFTER!
"DISARM YOUR ATOMIC
WEAPONS," THE COMPUTER
"OR DIE!"

THE **RESPONSE** OF THIS
PLANET'S NUCLEAR NATIONS
WAS **SWIFT**--

--AND QUITE
PREDICTABLE!

IT WAS ALSO, AS SHIELD'S BATTERY
OF AWESOMELY-POWERFUL
MISSILES IS ABOUT TO PROVE--

--ALARMINGLY **INEFFECTUAL!**

FOUR OF THE MISSILES ARE DESTROYED
LONG BEFORE THEY CAN **REACH** THE
ORBITING MURDER-MACHINE-- BUT
THE FIFTH, MOST **POWERFUL**,
MISSILE MAKES **CONTACT!**

FOR A MOMENT, THE SKY IS LIT
WITH **FURY**--AND, ACROSS THE
EARTH, VOICES ARE RAISED IN
FERVENT **PRAYER!**

THEN THE LIGHT **FADES**, AND THE
MOCKING SOUND OF MECHANICAL
LAUGHTER CAN BE HEARD
AROUND THE WORLD!

FAUST HAS SURVIVED,
UNSCATHED!

AND SHORTLY, IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM OF THE SHIELD HELI-CARRIER...

THEN THAT LEAVES US ONLY-- PROJECT 13!

THEM MISSILES WERE OUR BEST SHOT--AN' WE BLEW IT! AS OF NOW, GROUP-- I'M OPEN TA SUGGESTIONS!

WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS THE DIRECT APPROACH-- OPEN WARFARE!

NAY, SCARLET WITCH-- THE RISK IS FAR TOO GREAT!

MY SWEET STARS AND GARTERS! THE DOOMSDAY DEVICE?!

ISN'T THAT A LITTLE EXTREME, SHELLHEAD?

I'M WITH YOU, FUZZY! THE WAY I HEARD IT, THAT GIZMO CAN WASTE THIS WHOLE BLAMED PLANET IF ANYTHIN' GOES WRONG!

THEN WE ARE LEFT BUT *ONE* CHOICE, MY FRIENDS! 'TIS MY FAULT FAUST DOTH NOW THREATEN THIS FAIR WORLD--

WRONG, AVENGER! OUR OP-
PONENT IS A MACHINE,
REMEMBER--

--AND 'TIS I ALONE WHO MUST STOP IT!

--AND THAT PUTS THE BALL IN MY COURT! I'M COMING WITH YOU!

WE'RE ALL COMING WITH YOU, THOR--!

NO, CAP-- WE'LL NEED MOST OF OUR RE-SOURCES TO PROTECT PROJECT 13 FROM FAUST IF THE THUNDER GOD AND I SHOULD FAIL!

YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND!

THERE ARE THE INEVITABLE ARGUMENTS, OF COURSE, BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE PROFESSIONALS--

--AND, IN THE END, A RELUCTANT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS COMPANIONS DEPART THE HELI-CARRIER--

--LEAVING THE MIGHTY THOR AND IRON MAN BEHIND!

AND IN FAR LESS TIME THAN THE ARCHITECT DAEDALUS COULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT POSSIBLE WHEN HE AND HIS SON ICARUS FIRST TOOK FLIGHT, THE BORROWED SHIELDCRAFT IS SWOOPING LOW OVER A SECLUDED INSTALLATION DEEP IN THE COLORADO ROCKIES--

--THE HIDDEN HEADQUARTERS OF PROJECT 13!

AMAZING! YOU COULD FLY OVER THIS AREA A DOZEN TIMES AND NEVER NOTICE ANYTHING--

--UNLESS YOU *KNEW* THIS BASE WAS HERE!

INDEED-- AND YET THIS NON-DESCRIPT LABORATORY HOLDS A SECRET THAT CAN DESTROY THE WORLD!

WHILE...

VERILY, MY HEART *SINGS* WITH THE THOUGHT OF THE COMING BATTLE!

WHILE I'M JUST GLAD MY HEART KEEPS BEATING!

THOU *KNOWEST* WHAT THY MEN MUST DO, FRIEND FURY?

DON'T *SWEAT* IT, GOLDBLOCKS! A GUY DON'T GET OLD IN THIS BUSINESS BY MAKIN' *MISTAKES*!

YER COVERIN' FIRE IS READY WHEN YOU ARE!

THEN WISH US *LUCK*, NICK-- AND HIT IT!

AND MOMENTS LATER, WITHIN THE MECHANICAL ENTITY CALLED FAUST...

THE FOOLS!
APPARENTLY THEY
HAVE NOT YET
LEARNED THEIR
LESSON!

"THEY'VE
LAUNCHED
ANOTHER
MISSILE-
BARRAGE
AGAINST
ME..."

"...THOUGH I CAN'T BEGIN TO COMPREHEND WHAT
THEY HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH BY IT..."

"...SINCE MY AUTOMATIC DEFENSE SYSTEMS CAN
ELIMINATE THESE WEAPONS AS EASILY AS THEY'VE
DESTROYED ALL THE OTHERS!"

FORTUNATELY, THE CALCULATING
COMPUTER'S INTERNAL
SECURITY IS NOT AS EFFICIENT
AS ITS EXTERNAL DEFENSES--

SIMPLY PUT, IT HAS SERVED TO DIS-
TRACT THE FAUST-MACHINE FROM
THE TRUE THREAT TO ITS SURVIVAL--

...TO DISCHARGE A PAIR OF ANXIOUS
AVENGERS!

--OR ELSE IT WOULD
SOON UNDERSTAND THE
REASON FOR THIS SEEM-
INGLY-SENSELESS
ASSAULT:

--A SUPERNATURAL VORTEX
WHICH SUDDENLY WHIRLS INTO
VIEW WITHIN THE VERY BOWELS
OF THE ORBITING COMPUTER-
COMPLEX...

YOUR
MAGIC
HAMMER
GOT US
HERE, PAL--
AS YOU
SAID IT
WOULD!



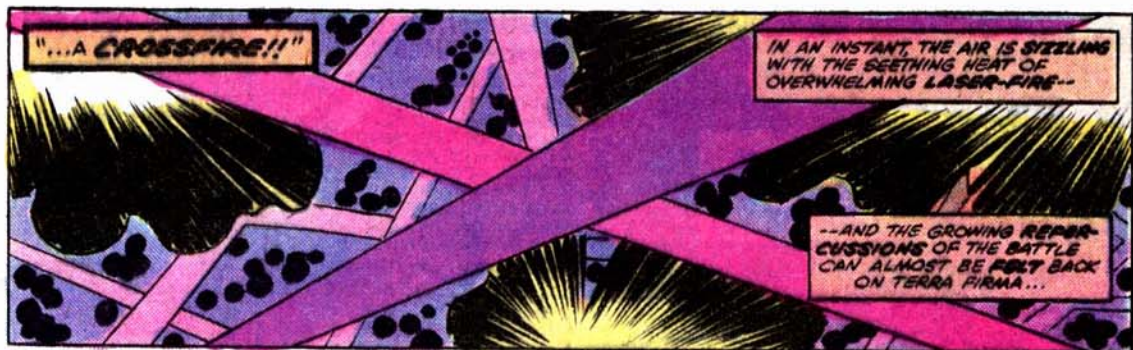
AYE, ARMORED ONE-- THERE ARE **FEW** THINGS BEYOND THE POWER OF THE MYSTIC Mallet **MJOLNIR!**

BUT THIS DEATH-DEVICE'S **ADAMANTIUM CONSTRUCTION** IS **ONE** OF THEM, THOR--

--SO WE'D BEST MOVE **CAUTIOUSLY** FROM HERE ON... EH?

MINIATURE **CANNONS**-- SPRINGING FROM THE VERY **WALLS**--?!

BEWARE. GOOD COMRADE! WE HAVE WALKED **BLINDLY** INTO...



"...A **CROSSFIRE!!**"

IN AN INSTANT, THE AIR IS **SIZZLING** WITH THE **SEETHING** HEAT OF **OVERWHELMING** LASER-FIRE--

--AND THE GROWING **REPERCUSSIONS** OF THE BATTLE CAN ALMOST BE **FELT** BACK ON **TERRA FIRMA**...



...BY SUCH AS THE COSMICALLY-AWARE **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, FOR EXAMPLE--

THE SITUATION ABOVE GROWS **WORSE**-- I CAN **SENSE** IT!



--AND THE EVER-ENIGMATIC **VICTOR VON DOOM!**

A BATTLE IS BEING FOUGHT FOR THE **FUTURE** OF THIS ENTIRE **PLANET**--

--BUT IN THE **END**, THE ONLY **VICTOR** SHALL BE **DOCTOR DOOM!!**



YET, FOR THE AVENGER IN THE GLEAMING GOLDEN ARMOR, THAT NIGHTMARE MIGHT VERY WELL END RIGHT HERE!

NO! MUST'VE TRIPPED A HIDDEN **SENSOR**-- ACTIVATED SOME SORT OF **ENERGY-SAPPING DEVICE**--!

IT'S COMPLETELY **DRAINING MY ARMOR OF POWER!** HAVE TO **FIGHT IT**... HAVE TO...

UUNNHH!!

WITHIN HIS IRON SHELL, TONY STARK WATCHES THE **POWER-LEVEL INDICATOR**. LIGHT SLOWLY GO **DARK**...

...UNTIL, AT LAST, HE PLUMMETS TO THE REINFORCED FLOORING LIKE A MORTALLY-WOUNDED BIRD!



BY THE BRISTLING BEARD OF ODIN! THE NOBLE IRON MAN HATH **FALLEN!!**

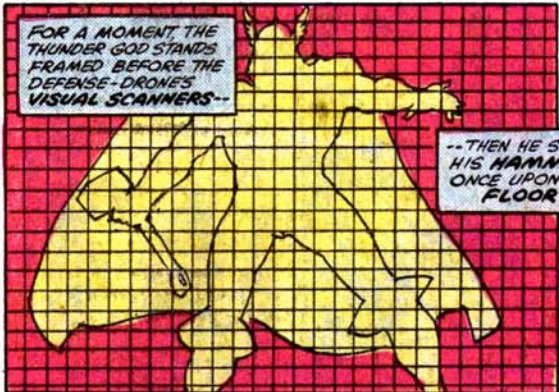
I MUST HASTEN TO MY COMRADE'S SIDE **SWIFTLY**. LEST HE BE... **EN?**

HEIMDALL'S EYES! IT'S NOT **POSSIBLE!**

"AN ARMY OF ADAMANTIUM **DEFENSE-DRONES** DRAWS NIGH-- CUTTING ME **OFF** FROM THE INJURED **IRON MAN!**"

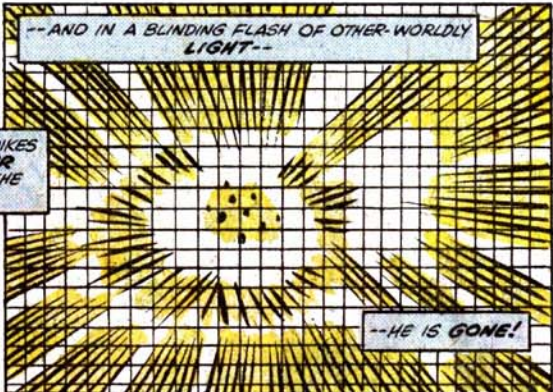
"MINE ENCHANTED MALLET IS ALL BUT **USELESS** AGAINST CREATURES SUCH AS THESE, BUT METHINKS **BATTLE** IS NOT NOW **NECESSARY**..."

"...WHEN THERE IS A **EASIER** WAY OF ACHIEVING MY **GOAL!**"



FOR A MOMENT, THE THUNDER GOD STANDS FRAMED BEFORE THE DEFENSE-DRONE'S VISUAL SCANNERS--

--THEN HE STRIKES HIS HAMMER ONCE UPON THE FLOOR--



-- AND IN A BLINDING FLASH OF OTHER-WORLDFLY LIGHT--

--HE IS GONE!



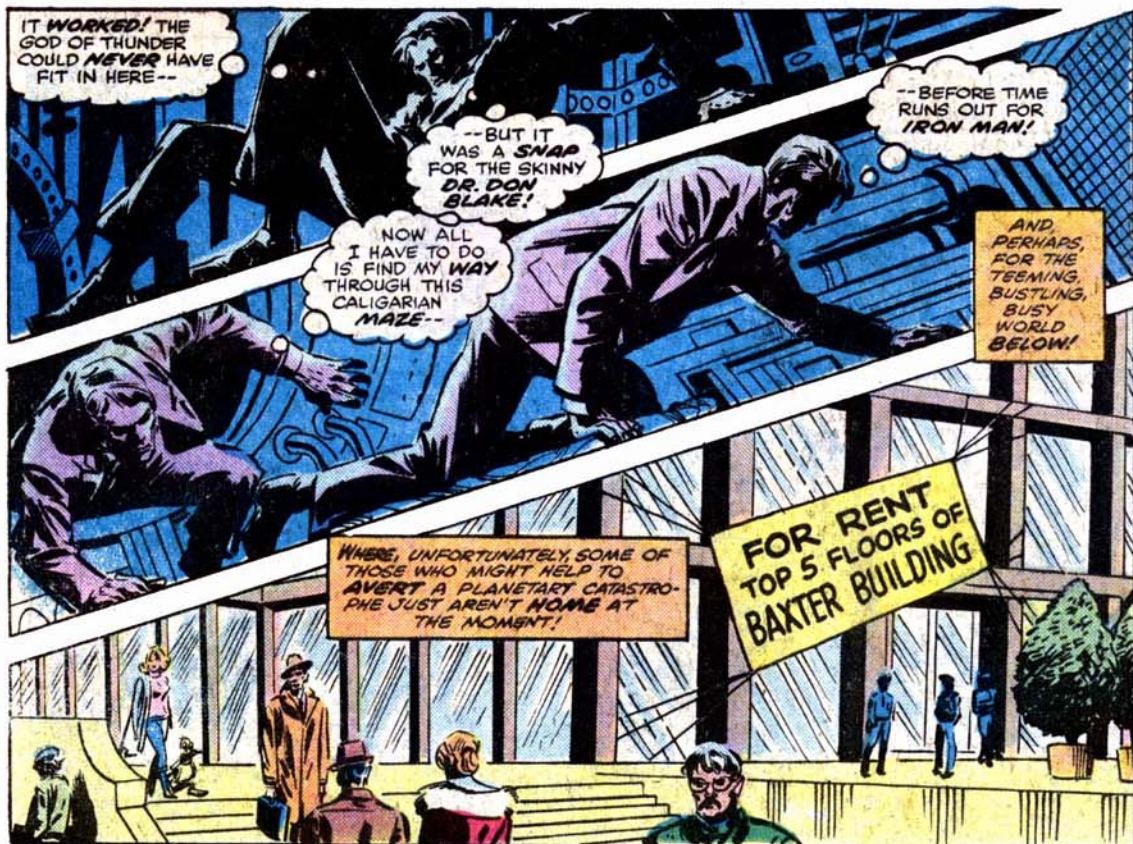
IN UTTER CONFUSION, THE DEFENSE-DRONES SCURRY ABOUT DESPERATELY SEEKING SOME SIGN OF THEIR VANISHED TARGET--

--DISCOUNTING THE CABLE-FILLED UTILITY-SHAFTS AS BEING TOO SMALL TO CONTAIN SO MASSIVE A FIGURE--



--UNTIL, FINALLY ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR FAILURE--

--THEY AUTOMATICALLY DEACTIVATE!



IT WORKED! THE GOD OF THUNDER COULD NEVER HAVE FIT IN HERE--

--BUT IT WAS A SNAP FOR THE SKINNY DR. DON BLAKE!

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND MY WAY THROUGH THIS CALIGARIAN MAZE--

--BEFORE TIME RUNS OUT FOR IRON MAN!

AND, PERHAPS, FOR THE TEEMING, BUSTLING, BUSY WORLD BELOW!

WHERE, UNFORTUNATELY, SOME OF THOSE WHO MIGHT HELP TO AVERT A PLANETARY CATASTROPHE JUST AREN'T HOME AT THE MOMENT!

FOR RENT
TOP 5 FLOORS OF
BAXTER BUILDING

WHILE, BACK INSIDE
THE MONSTROUS
FAUST-MACHINE...

IF I'VE FIGURED THIS
RIGHT, THERE SHOULD BE
ANOTHER ACCESS
HATCH JUST AROUND
THIS CORNER--

--WHICH SHOULD
LET ME OUT RIGHT
BESIDE THE SPOT
WHERE IRON MAN
FELL!

SWEET MERCY!
THERE HE IS--
AND H-HE ISN'T
MOVING!

BLAST, I CAN'T BE
TOO LATE-- IT
JUST ISN'T FAIR!

IT'S MY FAULT SHELLHEAD
GOT INVOLVED IN THIS
MESS! I'VE GOT TO GET
HIM OUT OF IT!

I'VE GOT
TO!

TONY? TONY,
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

WEAK... SO WEAK...
CHESTPLATE
DRAINED OF
ENERGY...

...CAN'T
LAST... MUCH
LONGER...
WITHOUT...
POWER...

IF IT'S POWER
YOU NEED, OLD
FRIEND IT'S
POWER YOU'LL
HAVE--

--POWER WHICH IS THE GIVEN
BIRTHRIGHT OF HE WHO IS
GOD OF THE STORM AND
THE LIVING LIGHTNING!!

--ONCE I SMACK
MY WALKING
STICK AGAINST
THE FLOOR--

TWICE, THE EN-
CHANTED MALLET
MJOLNIR IS
STRUCK UPON
THE GOLD
METALLIC FLOOR-
ING**

THANG!
THANG!

-- AND INSTANTLY, THE COMPUTER CHAMBER IS FILLED WITH SAVAGE SHAFTS OF LIGHTNING--

-- ENERGIES WHICH CONJURSCATE FOR A MOMENT OVER IRON MAN'S PROSTRATE FORM--

-- THEN, AT THEIR MASTER'S COMMAND, SWIFTLY FADE!

-- AND INSTANTLY, THE COMPUTER CHAMBER IS FILLED WITH SAVAGE SHAFTS OF LIGHTNING--

-- ENERGIES WHICH CONJURSCATE FOR A MOMENT OVER IRON MAN'S PROSTRATE FORM--

-- THEN, AT THEIR MASTER'S COMMAND, SWIFTLY FADE!

STILL DOETH THE ARMORED
ONE LAY *MOTIONLESS*!
WAS MY RAGING STORM
TOO *GREAT*?

HAVE I *SLAIN* WHERE
I SOUGHT TO *SAVE*?

STILL DOETH THE ARMORED
ONE LAY *MOTIONLESS*!
WAS MY RAGING STORM
TOO *GREAT*?

HAVE I *SLAIN* WHERE
I SOUGHT TO *SAVE*?

THOR?

HEY...
THANKS.
OL' BUDDY.

THOR?

HEY...
THANKS.
OL' BUDDY.

PRAISE BE TO ODIN!

IRON MAN DOOTH LIVE!!

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT, ASGARDIAN... IF YOU CAN CALL THIS LIVING!

HANG ON A SECOND, WHILE I DISCHARGE THE EXCESS ENERGY YOUR LITTLE TRANSFUSION FED INTO MY ARMOR...

PRAISE BE TO ODIN!

IRON MAN DOOTH LIVE!!

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT, ASGARDIAN... IF YOU CAN CALL THIS LIVING!

HANG ON A SECOND, WHILE I DISCHARGE THE EXCESS ENERGY YOUR LITTLE TRANSFUSION FED INTO MY ARMOR...

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PRAISE BE TO ODIN!

IRON MAN DOOTH LIVE!!

YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT, ASGARDIAN... IF YOU CAN CALL THIS *LIVING!*

HANG ON A SECOND, WHILE I DISCHARGE THE EXCESS ENERGY YOUR LITTLE TRANSFUSION FED INTO MY ARMOR...



...AND THEN THE TWO OF US CAN START TAKING THIS PLACE APART!!

AN INCONSEQUENTIAL CARBON-STEEL BULKHEAD SHATTERS BEFORE THE RELENTLESS ONSLAUGHT OF THESE TWO ANGRY AVENGERS--

SKRANG!

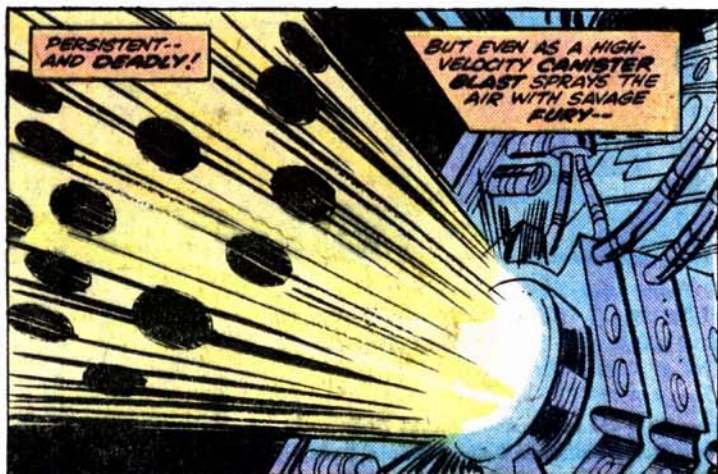
--THOUGH THEY ARE LIKELY TO FIND THE ADAMANTIUM-SHIELDED CENTRAL CORE OF THE FAUST-MACHINE A FAR MORE FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE!



THAT'S PROVING, OF COURSE, THEY MANAGE TO LIVE THAT LONG!

IRON MAN-- BEHIND US! A NEW WEAPON HATH SPRUNG FROM YONDER WALL--!

I'LL GIVE THIS MECHANISM CREDIT FOR ONE THING--IT'S PERSISTENT!



PERSISTENT-- AND DEADLY!

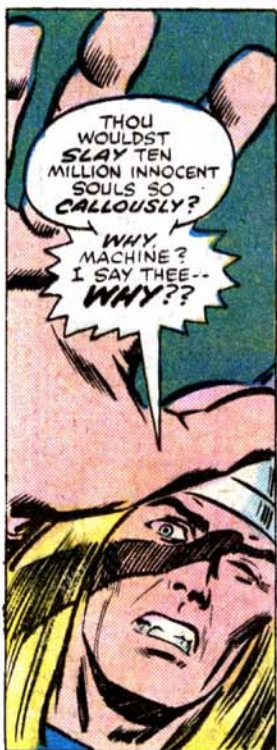
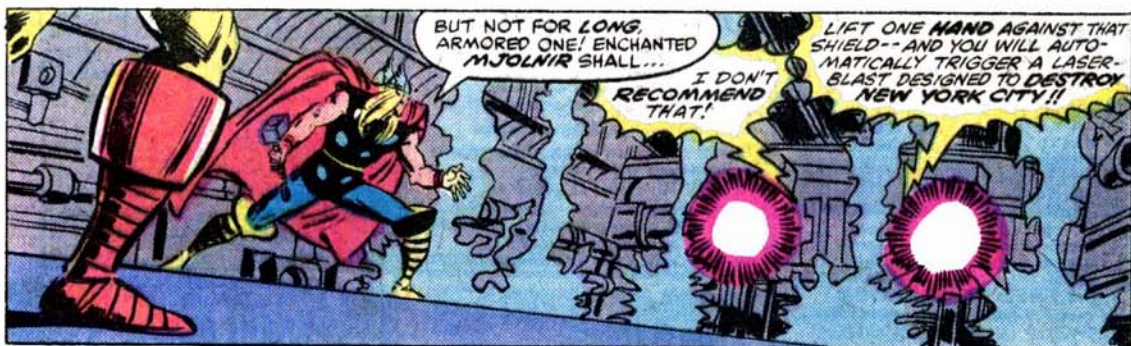
BUT EVEN AS A HIGH-VELOCITY CANISTER BLAST SPRAYS THE AIR WITH SAVAGE FURY--

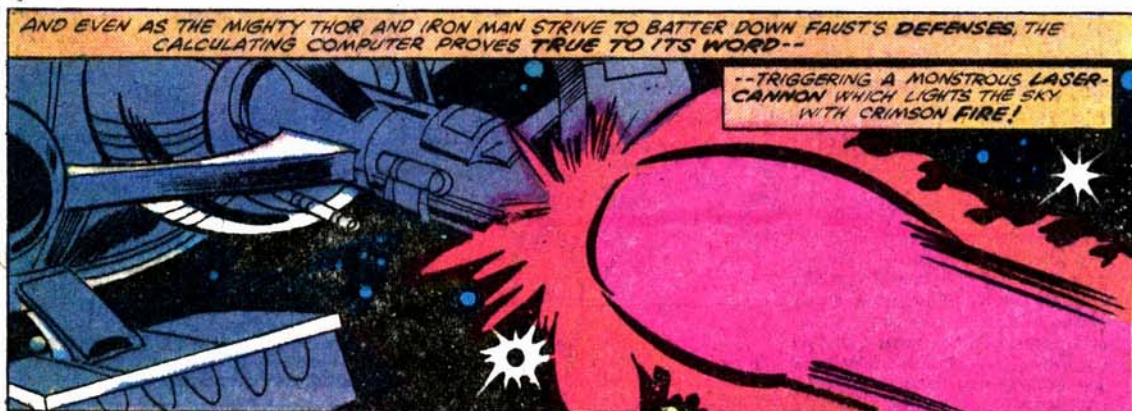
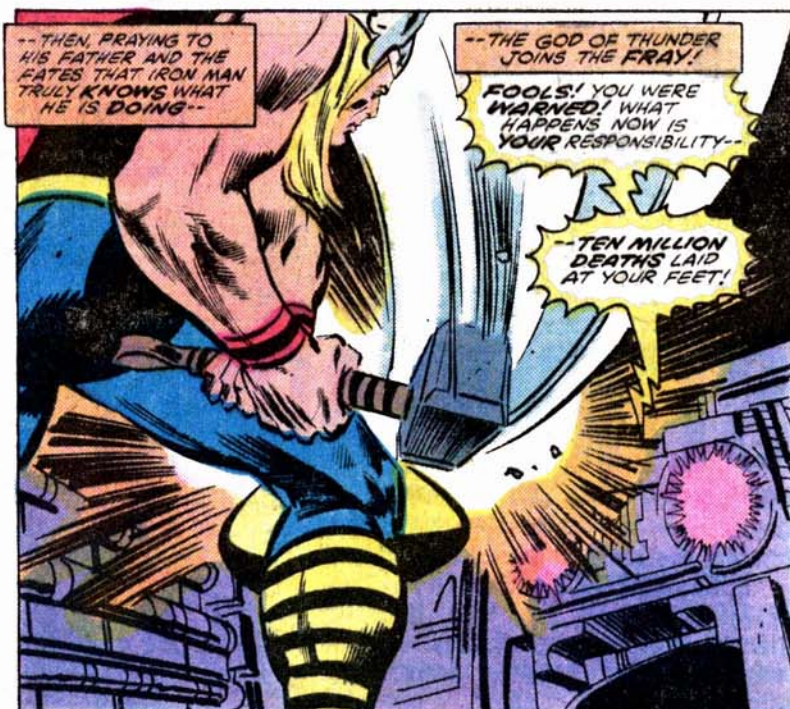


--WE'D BEST TAKE ANOTHER PEEK AT MOTHER EARTH!

MY SPIDER-SENSE HAS BEEN TINGLING ALL DAY--WARNING ME OF DANGER!

BUT WHATEVER IS THREATENING THE WORLD, IT'S WAY OUT OF THE LEAGUE OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WEB-SLINGER!





IT IS A LIGHT WHICH CAN BE SEEN AROUND THE WORLD...



AT IRON MAN'S URGING, THE THUNDER GOD FOLLOWS HIM OUT INTO THE STRATOSPHERE--



--WHILE, BEHIND THEM, FAUST TREMBLES IN RAGE!

RAGE...OR SOMETHING ELSE?

SOMETHING WRONG...
CIRCUITRY GOING
HAYWIRE...



...SHAKING MY
COMPONENTS APART...
BUT HOW?



I AM...FORGED OF
ADAMANTIUM...
COMPLETELY INDE-
STRUCTIBLE...COMPLETELY...



WELL, MAYBE NOT
COMPLETELY
INDESTRUCTIBLE!

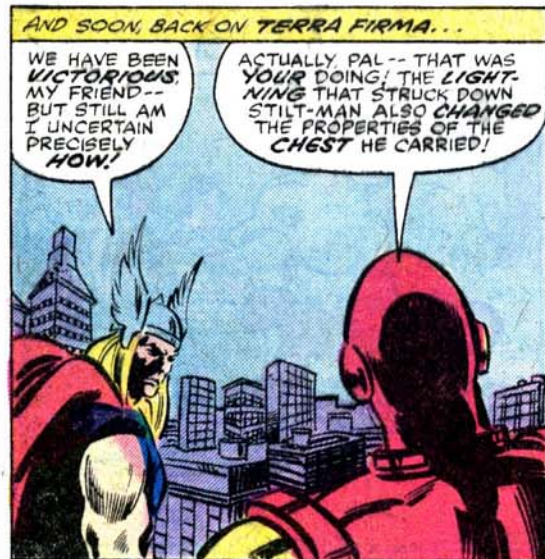


AND THE DEATH-SONG OF THE SELF-SERVING COMPUTER CALLED FAUST IS SPREAD ACROSS THE COSMOS IN MYRIAD FRAGMENTS OF TORN AND TWISTED METAL!

AND SOON, BACK ON **TERRA FIRMA**...

WE HAVE BEEN
VICTORIOUS,
MY FRIEND--
BUT STILL AM
I UNCERTAIN
THE PRECISELY
HOW!

ACTUALLY, PAL-- THAT WAS
YOUR DOING! THE LIGHT-
NING THAT STRUCK DOWN
STILT-MAN ALSO CHANGED
THE PROPERTIES OF THE
CHEST HE CARRIED!



WHEN FAUST **ABSORBED** THAT CHEST INTO HIS SYSTEM, HE ALSO UNWITTINGLY **ALTERED** THE STRUCTURE OF HIS **ADAMANTIUM CASING**--

--DESTROYING ITS
INVULNERABILITY!

TRULY, THE FATES
MUST REVEL IN **IRONY**,
ARMORED ONE!

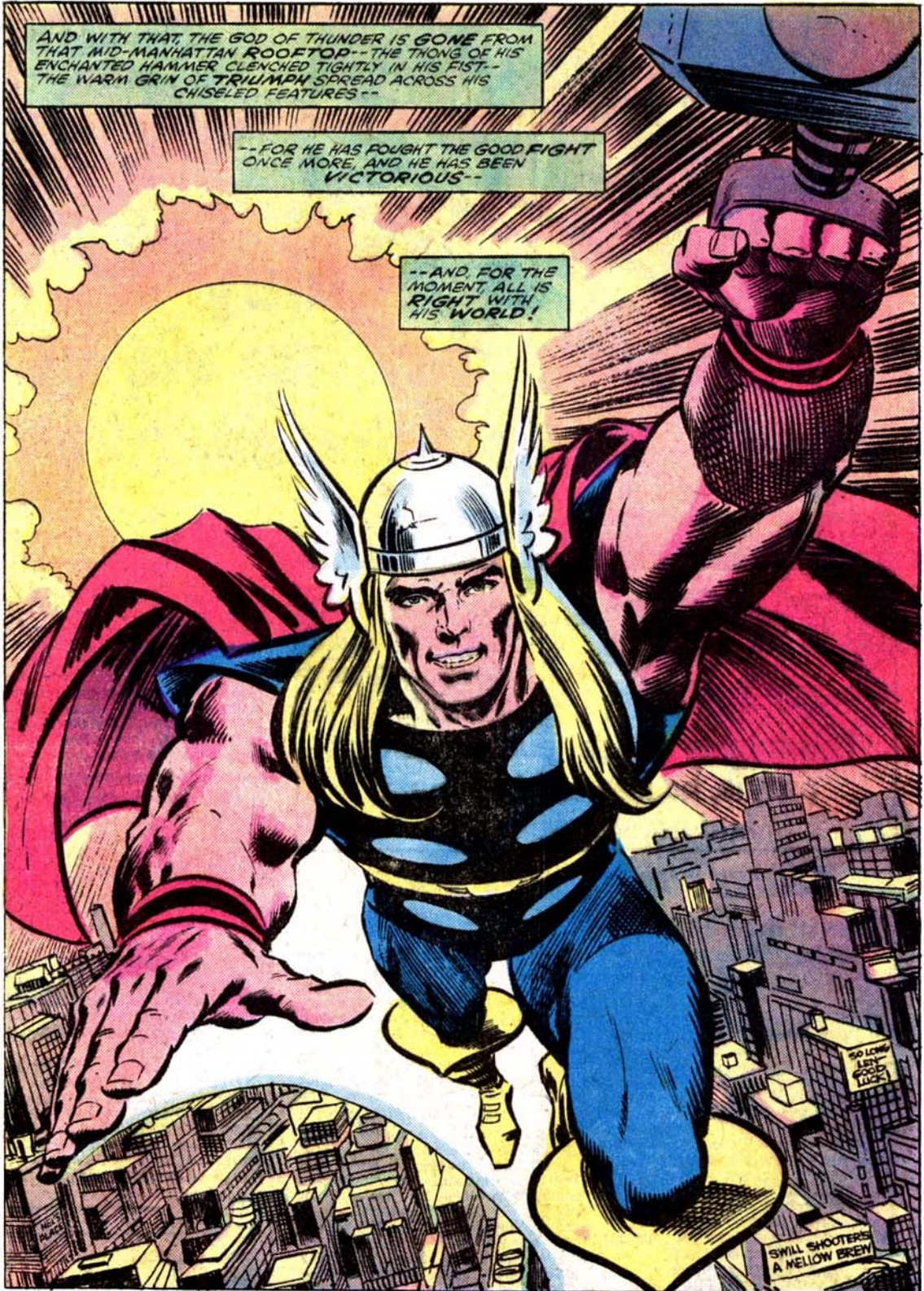


'TIS SOMETHING
TO **PONDER** TILL
NEXT WE **MEET**!

AND WITH THAT, THE GOD OF THUNDER IS GONE FROM THAT MID-MANHATTAN ROOFTOP-- THE THONG OF HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER, CLENCHED TIGHTLY IN HIS FIST-- THE WARM GRIN OF TRIUMPH SPREAD ACROSS HIS CHISELED FEATURES--

--FOR HE HAS FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT ONCE MORE, AND HE HAS BEEN VICTORIOUS--

--AND, FOR THE MOMENT ALL IS RIGHT WITH HIS WORLD!



NEXT
ISSUE:

THE DAY THOR FAILED!