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THE MIGHTY THOR

AGAINST MORTAL,
DEVIANT, AND
ETERNAL MUST I
STRIVE--AND
PREVAIL--

--OR THE
EARTH IS
DOOMED!



BATTLE BEYOND BELIEF--
IN THE
**CITY OF THE
SPACE GODS!**

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Cockburn MLEOD

When DR. DONALD BLAKE strikes his wooden walking-stick upon the ground, it becomes the mystic hammer MJOLNIR—and the lame physician is transformed into the Norse God of Thunder, Master of the Storm, Lord of the Living Lightning—and heir to the throne of eternal Asgard....

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE MIGHTY THOR!**

THE CITY OF THE COLOSSAL GODS!

A SCENE TO SHOCK THE AGES!

THOR, GOD OF THUNDER-- HIGH AMID THE TOWERING ANDES MOUNTAINS-- HIS GREAT POWER PROVING INSUFFICIENT TO CARRY HIM THROUGH THE GREAT DOME REARED BY THE SPACEBORN CELESTIALS--

--AND NOW, HIS AWE-SOME MIGHT SEEMING LIKE A STRAW IN HURRICANE WINDS BEFORE ONE OF THOSE CELESTIALS-- THE GATHERER CALLED GAMMENON! *

TZZSH!

ROY THOMAS * JOHN & CHIC
BUSCEMA & STONE
WRITER / EDITOR ILLUSTRATORS

GLYNIS WEIN
colorist
TOM ORZ / JOE ROSEN
letterers

JIM SHOOTER
CONSULTING
EDITOR

* AS SEEN SO CLIMACTICALLY*
LAST ISSUE...RT.

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YES, MERE MOMENTS AGO, THE MOUNTAINS SHOOK, THE HEAVENS TREMBLED-- AND WHEN THE BLAZING LIGHT FADED--

...ONLY A WRITHING SPIRAL OF SPENT ENERGY REMAINED, WHERE AN EXILED PRINCE OF ASGARD HAD CHALLENGED A GARGANTUAN GOD-THING FROM SPACE!



NOW, LET US LIVE AGAIN THAT TERRIFYING INSTANT WHEN GAMMENON THE GATHERER STANDS SUPREME, TOWERING NEARLY TWO THOUSAND FEET INTO THE SKY THAT BIRTHED HIS ANCIENT, MORE-THAN-HUMAN RACE...



... AND TURNS HIS ATTENTION ONCE MORE TO THE STRICHEN U.S. JETLINER GRASPED IN HIS MASSIVE FIST.

ONLY HIS VAST POWERS PRESERVE THE OXYGEN AND ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE WITHIN...



...THOUGH ONE WOULD BE HARD PUT TO FIND GRATITUDE IN THE COCKPIT!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE GUY ~~THAT~~ WAS DOING HERE, SO FAR FROM THE STATES--

BUT WE'RE NOT LIKELY TO LEARN NOW-- 'CAUSE THAT MONSTER BLASTED HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY!

ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, CAPTAIN?

THE RADIO'S KAPUT, NANCY.

ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT-- AND MAYBE PRAY.



WHILE, BACK IN THE TOURIST SECTION--

AMAZING! BY ALL RIGHTS, WE SHOULD'VE DIED WHEN THAT THING PLUCKED OFF OUR RIGHT WING-- AND TORE A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE PLANE!

YOU ACT LIKE YOU'RE SORRY WE DIDN'T!

NO, I JUST MEANT--

HEY! YOU FEEL THAT? WE'RE MOVIN' AGAIN!



MOVING IS PERHAPS AN IN-ADEQUATE WORD FOR WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE HELPLESS AIRCRAFT...

...AS GREAT GAMMENON STRIDES, LIKE SOME SEVEN-LEAGUE GIANT OUT OF FABLE, ACROSS PINNACLES AND PEAKS.



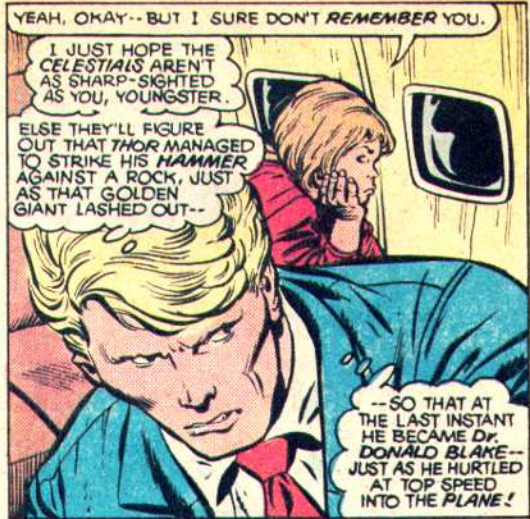
INSIDE, A SOMEWHAT LESS AGILE PASSENGER STRUGGLES TOWARD A VACANT SEAT...

SAY... WHO'RE YOU?

I DON'T REMEMBER SEEN' YOU THE WHOLE TRIP FROM NEW YORK!

AFRAID YOU MUST'VE BEEN LOOKING THE WRONG WAY, SON.

NOW, IF YOU'LL PARDON ME -- MY LEG, YOU KNOW...!



YEAH, OKAY-- BUT I SURE DON'T REMEMBER YOU.

I JUST HOPE THE CELESTIALS AREN'T AS SHARP-SIGHTED AS YOU, YOUNGSTER.

ELSE THEY'LL FIGURE OUT THAT THOR MANAGED TO STRIKE HIS HAMMER AGAINST A ROCK, JUST AS THAT GOLDEN GIANT LASHED OUT--

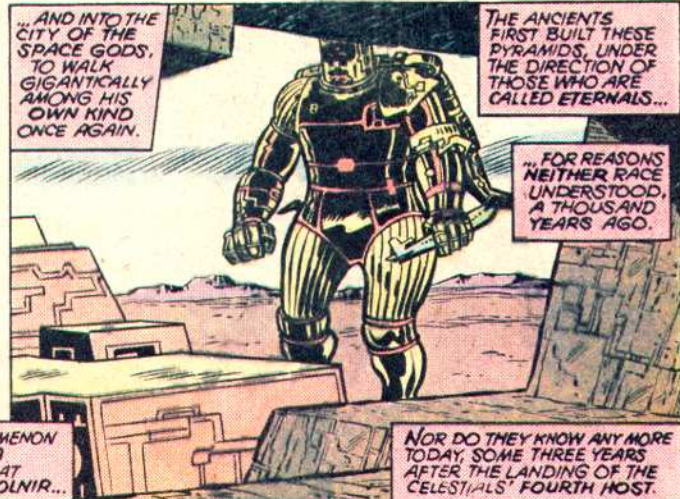
--SO THAT AT THE LAST INSTANT HE BECAME DR. DONALD BLAKE-- JUST AS HE HURTLIED AT TOP SPEED INTO THE PLANE!



LUCKY THE AURA THE CELESTIAL PUT AROUND THE PLANE ISN'T AS STRONG AS THOSE AROUND IT, OR I'D NEVER HAVE--

WH--? I FEEL-- EVERYONE SEEMS TO FEEL-- SO STRANGE--!

SMALL WONDER... AS GAMMELON STEPS EASILY THROUGH A GLEAMING WHITE DOME THAT DEFIED EVEN MIGHTY MJOLNIR...



...AND INTO THE CITY OF THE SPACE GODS, TO WALK GIGANTICALLY AMONG HIS OWN KIND ONCE AGAIN.

THE ANCIENTS FIRST BUILT THESE PYRAMIDS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THOSE WHO ARE CALLED ETERNALS...

...FOR REASONS NEITHER RACE UNDERSTOOD, A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

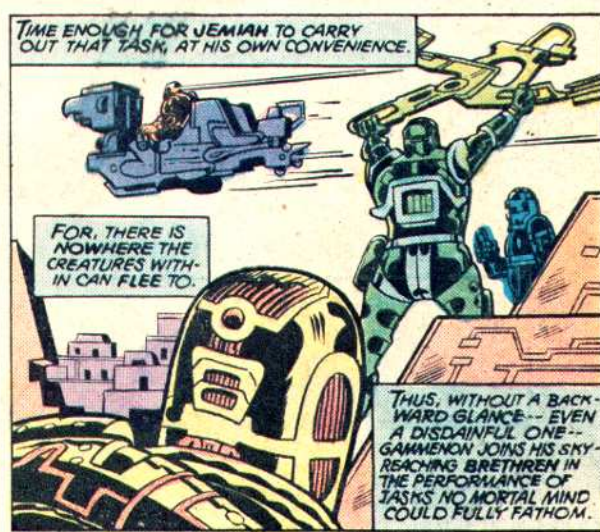
NOR DO THEY KNOW ANY MORE TODAY, SOME THREE YEARS AFTER THE LANDING OF THE CELESTIALS' FOURTH HOST.



NOW, GAMMELON SETS DOWN THE AIRCRAFT, ALLOWING THE AIR PRESSURE WITHIN SLOWLY TO EQUALIZE.

IT NO LONGER INTERESTS HIM OVERMUCH.

HE IS, AFTER ALL, A GATHERER, NOT AN ANALYZER.



TIME ENOUGH FOR JEMIAN TO CARRY OUT THAT TASK, AT HIS OWN CONVENIENCE.

FOR, THERE IS NOWHERE THE CREATURES WITHIN CAN FLEE TO.

THUS, WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE-- EVEN A DISDAINFUL ONE-- GAMMELON JOINS HIS SKY-REACHING BRETHREN IN THE PERFORMANCE OF JASNS' NO MORTAL MIND COULD FULLY FATHOM.



AFTER A FEW MINUTES, THOSE INSIDE MOVE TOWARD THE GAPING HOLE...

GOOD LORD! LOOK OUT THERE!

WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME SORT OF AZTEC RUINS!

INCA, YOU MEAN, MISTER! THE AZTECS WERE UP IN MEXICO.

WHATEVER.



MAIN THING IS, IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT GIANT'S GOING TO ADD US TO HIS BUTTERFLY COLLECTION JUST YET-- SO WE MIGHT AS WELL STRETCH OUR LEGS.

NEED SOME HELP, MA'AM?

MY NAME'S LISA, NOT 'MA'AM'-- BUT THANKS, MISTER--

JOHNSON. WELL, I GUESS THIS WASN'T EXACTLY THE KIND OF SOUTH AMERICAN VACATION YOUR TRAVEL AGENT MAPPED OUT FOR YOU.



PARDON ME, MY NAME'S DON BLAKE-- I'M A DOCTOR-- AND I'M JUST CHECKING TO SEE IF ANYBODY NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION.

AFRAID I DON'T HAVE SO MUCH AS A FIRST-AID KIT ON ME, BUT IF YOU --

WE'RE FINE, THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

BUT, YOU MIGHT WANT TO SEE TO THE OTHERS.

I ALREADY DID. NO CASUALTIES, THEN, APPARENTLY.



NO CASUALTIES -- EXCEPT PERHAPS THE WHOLE OF HUMANITY ON THIS PLANET, MY GOOD DOCTOR!

Ek? WHO--?

A MAN -- NO, TWO MEN -- COMING UP THOSE STAIRS!

THEN WE'RE NOT ALONE HERE, AFTER ALL!

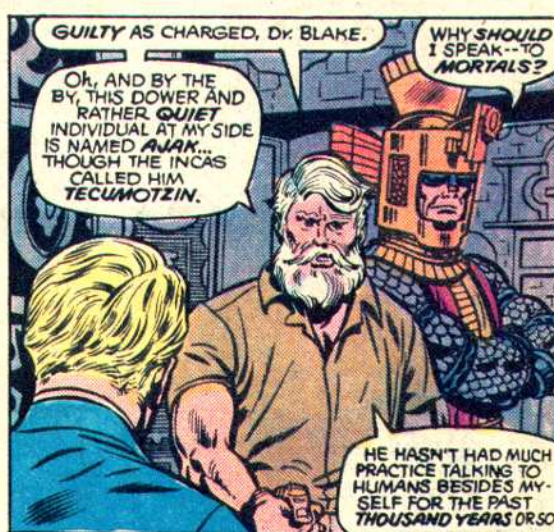


THE HUMAN RACE HAS NEVER BEEN ALONE, YOUNG LADY -- NOT EVEN WHEN, IN OUR IGNORANCE, WE THOUGHT WE WERE.

WAIT! I-- LOOK, I DON'T MEAN TO BE FORWARD, BUT YOU LOOK FAMILIAR TO--

YES! THAT'S IT!

YOU'RE A DEAD-RINGER FOR DR. DANIEL DAMIAN, THE RENOWNED ARCHAEOLOGIST WHO DISAPPEARED IN THESE PARTS -- SOME THREE YEARS AGO!



GUILTY AS CHARGED, DR. BLAKE.

WHY SHOULD I SPEAK-- TO MORTALS?

OK, AND BY THE BY, THIS DOWER AND RATHER QUIET INDIVIDUAL AT MY SIDE IS NAMED ANAK... THOUGH THE INCAS CALLED HIM TECUMOTZIN.

HE HASN'T HAD MUCH PRACTICE TALKING TO HUMANS BESIDES MYSELF FOR THE PAST THOUSAND YEARS OR SO.



DID YOU SAY -- A THOUSAND YEARS?!

IT'S... NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL.

TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT, PERHAPS... FOR AN OLD MAN.

HERE, LET ME --

DR. DAMIAN! WHAT'S WRONG??

DO NOT TOUCH HIM, HUMAN -- OR YOU'LL FORCE ME TO DISCIPLINE YOU!

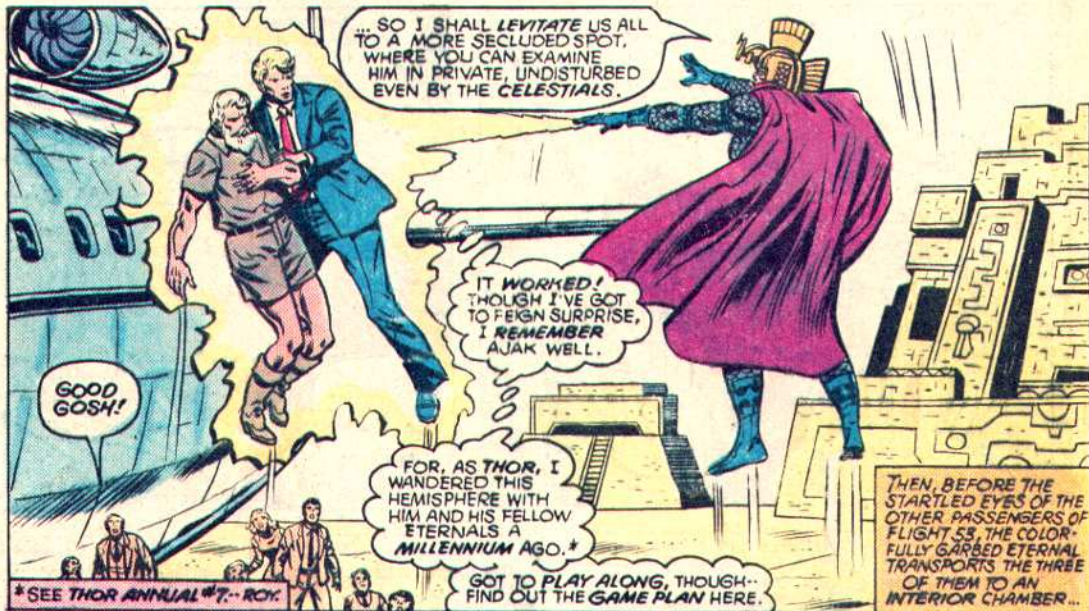


LISTEN, SIR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE, BUT I THINK YOU COULD USE AN EXAMINATION

YOUR SARCASTIC AND YOUR ATTEMPT AT WIT ARE EQUALLY LOST UPON ME, PHYSICIAN.

CAN'T YOU CALL OFF THIS FANCY-DANDY POSEUR, SO I CAN -- ?

STILL, I AGREE THAT DR. DAMIAN SHOULD BE LOOKED AT BY ONE OF HIS OWN RACE...



... SO I SHALL LEVITATE US ALL TO A MORE SECLUDED SPOT, WHERE YOU CAN EXAMINE HIM IN PRIVATE, UNDISTURBED EVEN BY THE CELESTIALS.

IT WORKED! THOUGH I'VE GOT TO FEIGN SURPRISE, I REMEMBER AJAK WELL.

FOR, AS THOR, I WANDERED THIS HEMISPHERE WITH HIM AND HIS FELLOW ETERNALS A MILLENNIUM AGO. *

GOT TO PLAY ALONG, THOUGH -- FIND OUT THE GAME PLAN HERE.

THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE OTHER PASSENGERS OF FLIGHT 53, THE COLORFULLY GARBED ETERNAL TRANSPORTS THE THREE OF THEM TO AN INTERIOR CHAMBER...

GOOD GOSH!

* SEE THOR ANNUAL #7 -- ROY



ONE NOT UNLIKE THE FLIGHT CONTROL CENTER OF ANY LARGE MODERN AIRPORT.

HERE, WHERE NOT EVEN ONE OF YOUR KIND'S HYDROGEN MISSILES COULD PENETRATE, YOU MAY EXAMINE DR. DAMIAN IN PEACE.

I MAY SEEM COLD TO YOU, DR. BLAKE, BUT I ASSURE YOU I'VE COME TO CARE DEEPLY FOR HIM THESE PAST THREE YEARS.

EXAMINE HIM CAREFULLY... WITHOUT TRICKERY... IF YOU VALUE YOUR OWN LIFE!

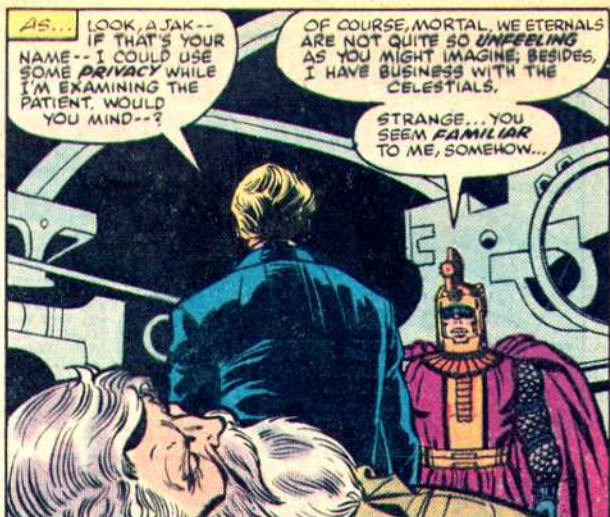


WELL, THERE THEY GO!

DR. BLAKE MAY LEARN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT-- BUT WE CERTAINLY WON'T! IT ISN'T FAIR.

WHAT SAY WE FOLLOW THEM, LISA-- JUST TO KEEP OUT OF MISCHIEF?

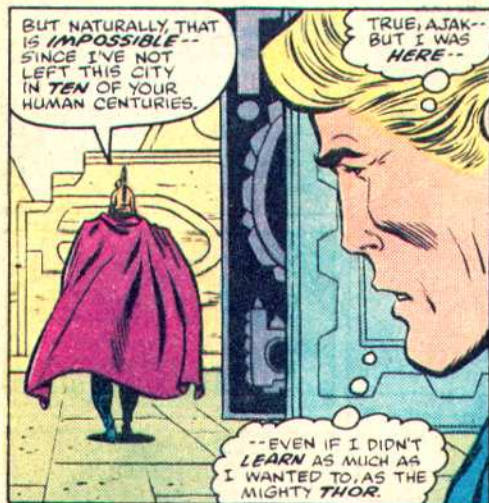
SURE. WHY NOT?



AS... LOOK, AJAK-- IF THAT'S YOUR NAME-- I COULD USE SOME PRIVACY WHILE I'M EXAMINING THE PATIENT. WOULD YOU MIND--?

OF COURSE, MORTAL, WE ETERNALS ARE NOT QUITE SO UNFEELING AS YOU MIGHT IMAGINE; BESIDES, I HAVE BUSINESS WITH THE CELESTIALS.

STRANGE... YOU SEEM FAMILIAR TO ME, SOMEHOW...



BUT NATURALLY THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE-- SINCE I'VE NOT LEFT THIS CITY IN TEN OF YOUR HUMAN CENTURIES.

TRUE, AJAK-- BUT I WAS HERE--

--EVEN IF I DIDN'T LEARN AS MUCH AS I WANTED TO, AS THE MIGHTY THOR.



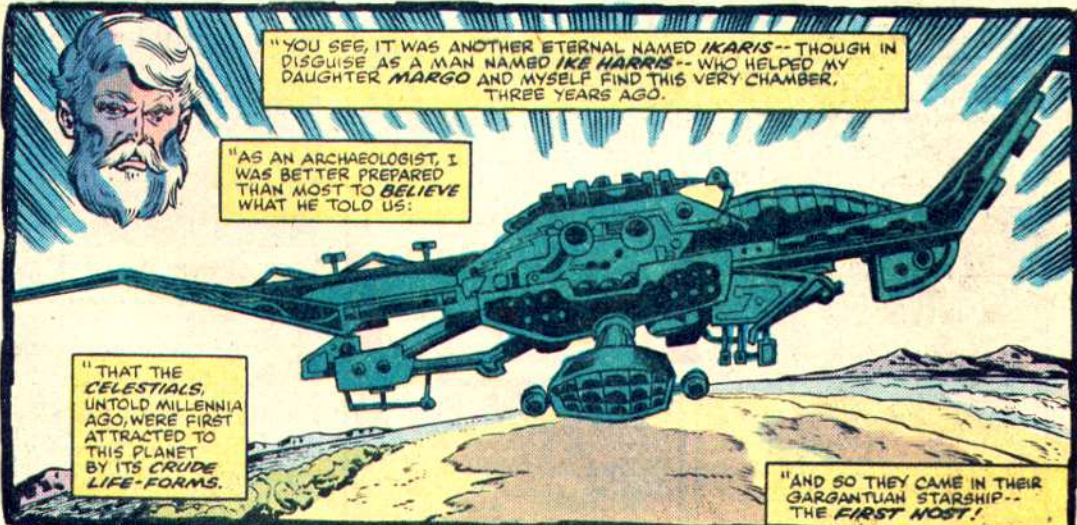
IF ONLY I KNEW WHICH SIDE THE ETERNALS WERE TRULY ON, THEN MAYBE I COULD--

IS HE GONE DR. BLAKE?

DR. DAMIAN! THEN YOU WERE--

FAKING, YES-- SO WE COULD TALK AWAY FROM THE OTHERS, EVEN AJAK.

HE MEANS WELL, IN HIS WAY-- BUT HE MIGHT NOT TAKE KINDLY TO WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU.



"YOU SEE, IT WAS ANOTHER ETERNAL NAMED IKARIS-- THOUGH IN DISGUISE AS A MAN NAMED IKE HARRIS-- WHO HELPED MY DAUGHTER MARGO AND MYSELF FIND THIS VERY CHAMBER, THREE YEARS AGO.

"AS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, I WAS BETTER PREPARED THAN MOST TO BELIEVE WHAT HE TOLD US:

"THAT THE CELESTIALS, UNTOLD MILLENNIA AGO, WERE FIRST ATTRACTED TO THIS PLANET BY ITS CRUDE LIFE-FORMS.

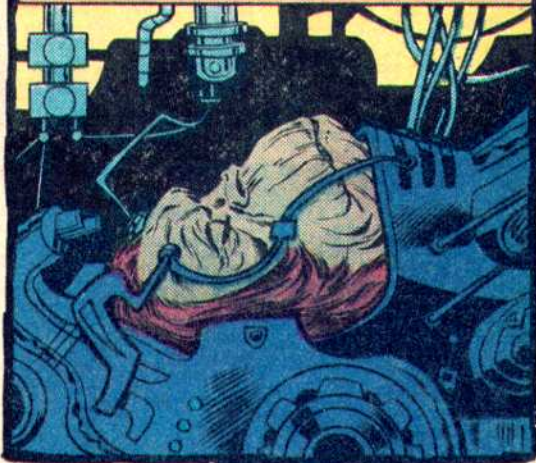
"AND SO THEY CAME IN THEIR GARGANTUAN STARSHIP-- THE FIRST HOST!

"THE HIGHEST FORM OF LIFE THEN ON EARTH WAS THE APE... AND IT WAS A SPECIMEN OF THAT BEAST WHICH WAS TRAPPED AND TAKEN ALIVE ONTO THE MOTHER SHIP.



"IKE HARRIS--
IKARIS--
WAS VAGUE
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED
NEXT.

"HE DID SAY, HOWEVER, THAT TO THIS APE WAS GIVEN THE COSMIC CHEMISTRY THAT WOULD FATHER THE RACES TO COME.



"YES, DR. BLAKE, I SAID RACES-- AND BY THAT I DO NOT MEAN MERELY THE SUB-GENRES OF MONGOLOID, NEGROID, AND CAUCASIAN... BUT THREE ENTIRE SPECIES:

"THE *DEVIAINT*-- STRUCTURALLY UNSTABLE, WITH EACH NEW GENERATION VARYING FROM ITS ANCESTORS IN MANY MONSTROUS WAYS-- AN EVOLUTIONARY *FAILURE* OF SORTS...



"THE *HUMAN*-- A SPECIES BRED WITH TRUE BALANCE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, DESPITE ITS FAULTS...



"...AND THE *ETERNAL*-- MORE A CHILD OF THE GODS THAN OF THE EARTH.

"THEY ARE FEW IN NUMBER-- IMMUNE TO TIME AND DEATH AND LIVE APART FROM OTHER LIVING BEINGS.

"THE DEVIAINTS MADE THEIR HOME BENEATH EARTH AND SEA-- THE ETERNALS ON THE MOUNTAINTOPS.

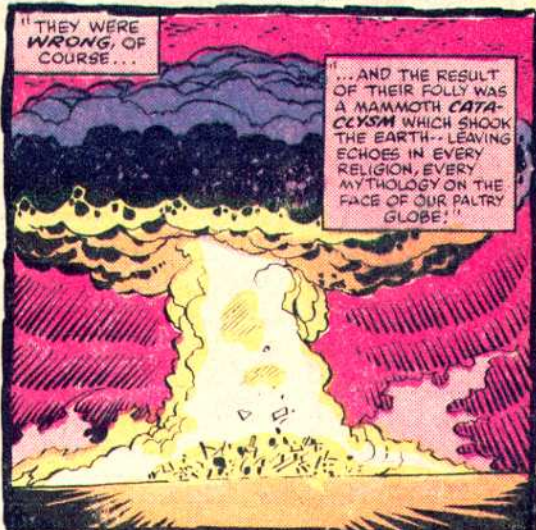
"THEN, WHEN THE CELESTIALS' SECOND HOST APPEARED, STILL IN TIME'S DAWN, THE DEVIAINTS RESISTED.



"THEY HAD CONQUERED MANKIND... AND FELT THEIR PERVERSED SUPER-SCIENCE COULD CHALLENGE THE SPACE GODS WHO HAD CREATED THEM.

"THEY WERE WRONG, OF COURSE...

"...AND THE RESULT OF THEIR FOLLY WAS A MAMMOTH *CATA-CLYSM* WHICH SHOOK THE EARTH-- LEAVING ECHOES IN EVERY RELIGION, EVERY MYTHOLOGY ON THE FACE OF OUR PALTRY GLOBE!



THAT'S, UH, QUITE INTERESTING, SIR... BUT WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THIS?

BECAUSE I'M HOPING THAT, IF YOU ARE RELEASED BY THE CELESTIALS, YOU'LL TELL MY DAUGHTER I'M STILL ALIVE.

AND STUDYING THE FOURTH HOST, EH?

WHAT? BUT THAT MEANS-- YOU KNOW ABOUT THE THIRD!

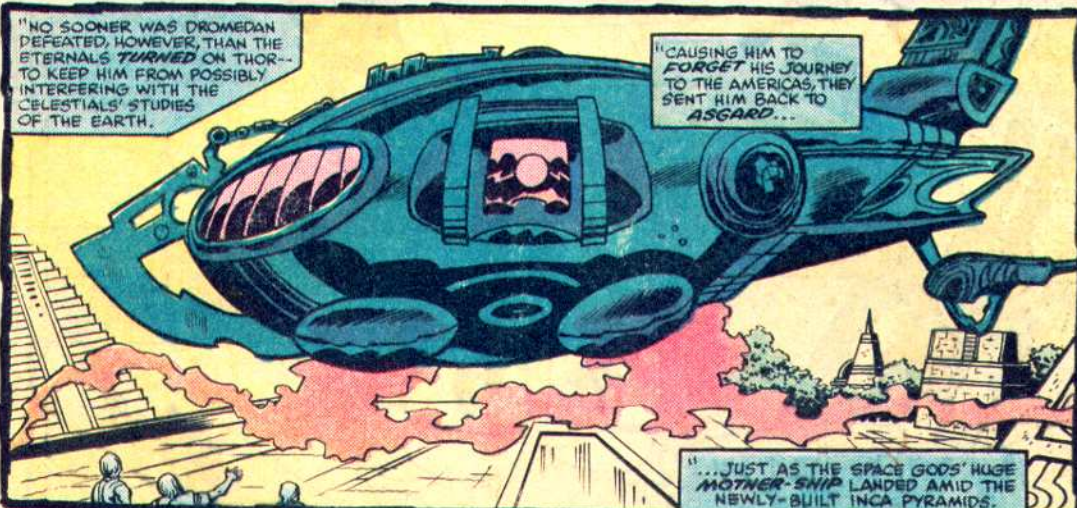
"A REASONABLE AMOUNT," CONTINUES THE SOFT-SPOKEN PHYSICIAN.



"I KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, AJAAK AND SEVERAL FELLOW ETERNALS FOUND A MUTATE NAMED DROMEDAN... AND THAT THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, FOUGHT BESIDE THEM.

"NO SOONER WAS DROMEDAN DEFEATED, HOWEVER, THAN THE ETERNALS TURNED ON THOR... TO KEEP HIM FROM POSSIBLY INTERFERING WITH THE CELESTIALS' STUDIES OF THE EARTH.

"CAUSING HIM TO FORGET HIS JOURNEY TO THE AMERICAS, THEY SENT HIM BACK TO ASGARD..."



"... JUST AS THE SPACE GODS' HUGE MOTHER-SHIP LANDED AMID THE NEWLY-BUILT INCA PYRAMIDS.

"I ALSO KNOW THAT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT ARISHEM, MIGHTIEST OF THE CELESTIALS, STANDS ATOP TWIN PYLONS IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CITY..."



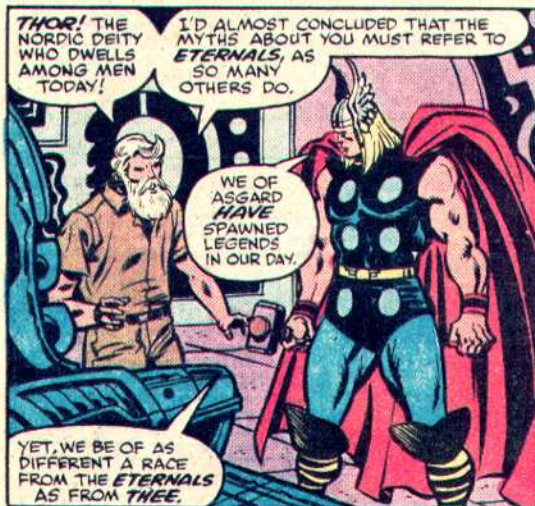
"... AND THAT HE AND HIS KIND ARE HERE TO RENDER A FIFTY-YEAR JUDGMENT WHICH WILL DECIDE, IN 2026 A.D., WHETHER THE EARTH LIVES OR DIES!

IN FACT, I'M HERE SOLELY TO SEE IF I CAN STOP THAT JUDGMENT DAY FROM TAKING PLACE!

AMAZING! I-- I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU LEARNED SO MUCH, YOUNG MAN...



BUT, WHAT CAN WE-- TWO MERE MORTALS-- DO AGAINST EVEN AJAAK, LET ALONE THE SPACE GODS?



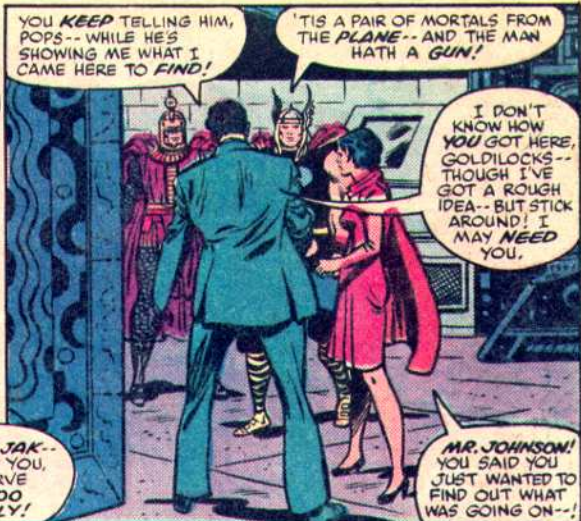


THAT DOETH SEEM THE ROLE OF A *DOG*, NOT AN *ETERNAL!*

THEIR *OWN*-- WHICH I NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE ABOUT.

BUT, WHAT *BE* THEIR MISSION? BY *WHAT STANDARDS* DO THEY MEAN TO JUDGE HUMANITY, WHEN THEIR HALF-CENTURY'S WAIT BE ENDED?

AJAK, AJAK-- I'VE TOLD YOU, YOU SERVE THEM *TOO BLINDLY!*



YOU *KEEP* TELLING HIM, POPS-- WHILE HE'S SHOWING ME WHAT I CAME HERE TO *FIND!*

'TIS A PAIR OF MORTALS FROM THE *PLANE*-- AND THE MAN HATH A *GUN!*

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT HERE, GOLDLOCKS-- THOUGH I'VE GOT A ROUGH IDEA-- BUT STICK AROUND! I MAY NEED YOU.

MR. JOHNSON! YOU SAID YOU JUST WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON--!



WE *SHIELD AGENTS* HAVE TO PLAY IT AS IT LAYS, LADY-- COMPLETE TO A PISTOL BUILT TO *SLIP* BY AIRPORT METAL DETECTORS.

NOW, AJAK: TWO YEARS AGO, A TRIO OF OUR *OPERATIVES* VANISHED IN THIS AREA-- AND I WAS SENT HERE TO *FIND* THEM!

YOU'RE GONNA HELP ME, OR I'LL--

*ETERNALS#7
--ROY



AH YES, MR. JOHNSON-- THEIR CODE-NAMES, I BELIEVE WERE *STEVENSON, PARKS* AND *TYLER*.

HUH? HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT, OLD MAN-- AND *WHAT'S* IN THAT BOX??



WHY, THE THREE MEN YOU'RE *SEEKING*, OF COURSE.

I'M AFRAID THAT, WHEN THEY TRIED TO FLEE, THE *CELESTIALS* ELECTED TO *STORE* THEIR FREE-FLOATING *ATOMS* IN THIS BOX.

WHA--?



WHAT GOOD'LL FINDING THEM DO-- IF I CAN'T *DECODE* THEM AGAIN INTO HUMAN FORM?

NO GOOD, I FEAR.

THUS, THE TIME HAS COME FOR *ME* TO REVEAL MYSELF, AS WELL!



BY *HEIMDALL'S HORN!* THE VERY AIR ABOUT THE WOMAN DOETH SUDDENLY *SHIMMER!*

THEN, *SHE TOO* IS NOT WHAT SHE SEEMED-- A MERE *TOURIST*, WAYLAI'D INTO ADVENTURE.

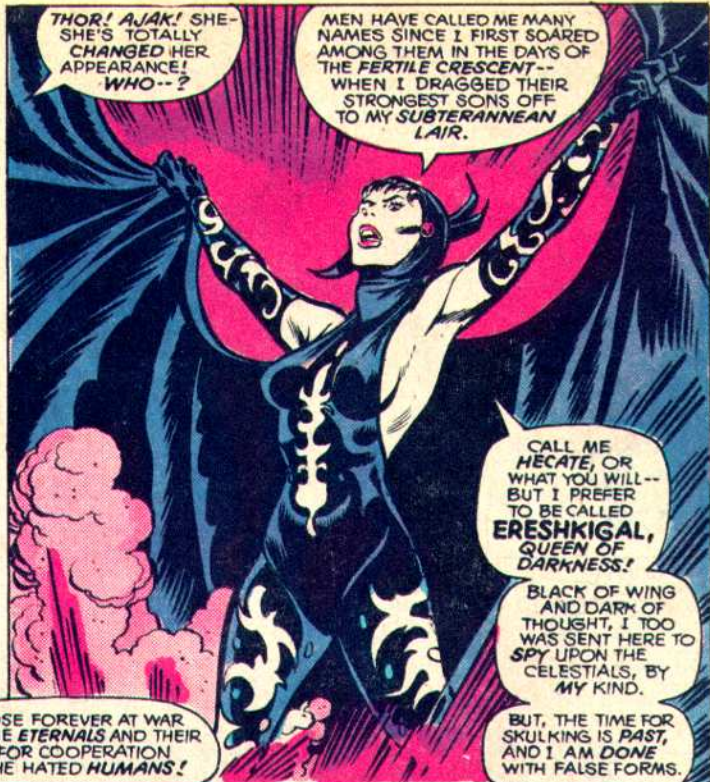
BUT, IF *SHE'S* NOT A *SHIELD AGENT*, THEN MAYBE SHE WORKS FOR-- THE *OTHER SIDE!*?



HOW NARROW IS THE COMPASS OF YOUR FEEBLE INTELLECT, DY. DAMIAN!

I COULD, I SUPPOSE, BE CONSIDERED AN EMISSARY OF THE "OTHER SIDE"-- BUT ONLY IF BY THAT YOU MEAN THE DEVIANTS--

--THOSE FOREVER AT WAR WITH THE ETERNALS AND THEIR PLANS FOR COOPERATION WITH THE HATED HUMANS!



THOR! AJAK! SHE-SHE'S TOTALLY CHANGED HER APPEARANCE! WHO--?

MEN HAVE CALLED ME MANY NAMES SINCE I FIRST SOARED AMONG THEM IN THE DAYS OF THE FERTILE CRESCENT-- WHEN I DRAGGED THEIR STRONGEST SONS OFF TO MY SUBTERANNEAN LAIR.

CALL ME HECATE, OR WHAT YOU WILL-- BUT I PREFER TO BE CALLED ERESHKIGAL, QUEEN OF DARKNESS!

BLACK OF WING AND DARK OF THOUGHT, I TOO WAS SENT HERE TO SPY UPON THE CELESTIALS, BY MY KIND.

BUT, THE TIME FOR SKULKING IS PAST, AND I AM DONE WITH FALSE FORMS.



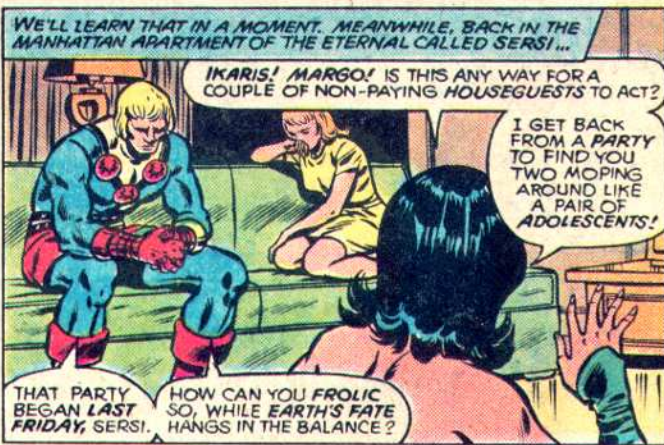
ERESHKIGAL? AYE, I HAVE HEARD EVEN HELA, QUEEN OF HEL, SPEAK OF THEE WITH BITTER RESPECT.

HELA? HAH! A MERE UPSTART -- CONTENT TO RULE SUCH DOMAINS AS ODIN DESIGNS NOT TO ENTER, AS I RECALL HER FROM OLDEN TIMES.

NO MATTER! WHY ART THOU HERE, DEVIANT?

SPEAK! FOR, WHATE'ER THY POWERS MAY BE, KNOW THOU THAT IF THOU DOST MEAN ILL TO EARTH OR MANKIND, I SHALL OPPOSE THEE AS SURELY AS I MAY ETERNAL OR CELESTIAL!

SAY, WOMAN-THING! WHAT DOST THOU IN THIS CITY OF SPACE GODS?



WE'LL LEARN THAT IN A MOMENT. MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE MANHATTAN APARTMENT OF THE ETERNAL CALLED SERSI...

IKARIS! MARGO! IS THIS ANY WAY FOR A COUPLE OF NON-PAYING HOUSEGUESTS TO ACT?

I GET BACK FROM A PARTY TO FIND YOU TWO MOPING AROUND LIKE A PAIR OF ADOLESCENTS!

THAT PARTY BEGAN LAST FRIDAY, SERSI.

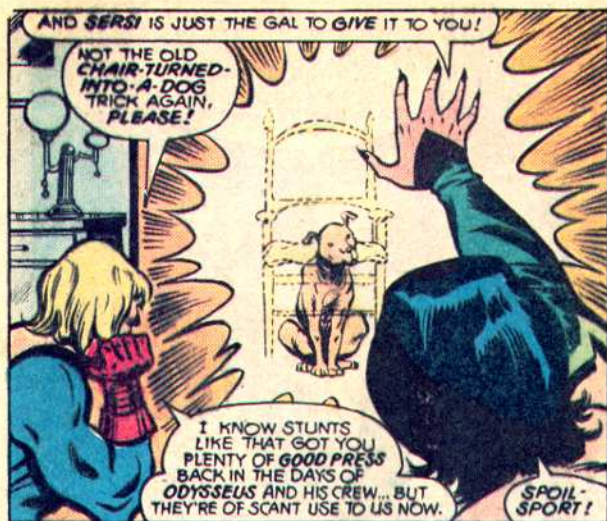
HOW CAN YOU FROLIC SO, WHILE EARTH'S FATE HANGS IN THE BALANCE?



CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER TIME?

WHAT ELSE COULD TAKE MY MIND OFF THE COMING CATASTROPHE?

THAT'S WHAT YOU TWO NEED: A DIVERSION!



AND **SERSI** IS JUST THE GAL TO GIVE IT TO YOU!

NOT THE OLD **CHAIR-TURNED-INTO-A-DOG** TRICK AGAIN, PLEASE!

I KNOW STUNTS LIKE THAT GOT YOU PLENTY OF **GOOD PRESS** BACK IN THE DAYS OF **ODYSSEUS** AND HIS CREW... BUT THEY'RE OF SCANT USE TO US NOW.

SPOIL-SPORT!



DON'T BE **TOO HARD** ON HER, **IKARIS!** REMEMBER HOW HER POWERS HELPED YOU AGAINST **DROMEDAN**?

YOU'RE A BRAVE WOMAN, **MARGO**--CONSIDERING IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE YOU LAST SAW YOUR **FATHER** ALIVE, SOMEWHERE IN THE **ANDES**.

STILL, **SERSI'S** ALWAYS LACKED **PERSPECTIVE**.

I RECALL THE DAYS SHE ROAMED **EUROPE**, TURNING INNOCENT PEOPLE INTO **WOLVES** AND **BATS**.

ETERNALS #17. --R.T.

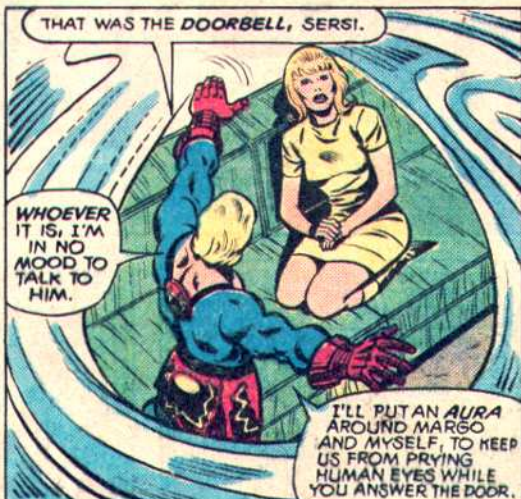


NOW, DON'T **FROWN** SO, **HIGH-FLYER!** AFTER ALL, THERE WERE PLENTY OF **REAL WERE-WOLVES** AND **VAMPIRES** AROUND, TOO!

UP, BOY-- AND I'LL TURN YOU INTO A **DEAD-RINGER** FOR **LOH CHANEY**... OR MAYBE **JOHN TRAVOLTA**, WHEN--

BARKING

WHAT? I THOUGHT DOGS ONLY WENT "**ARF**."



THAT WAS THE **DOORBELL**, **SERSI**.

WHOEVER IT IS, I'M IN NO MOOD TO TALK TO HIM.

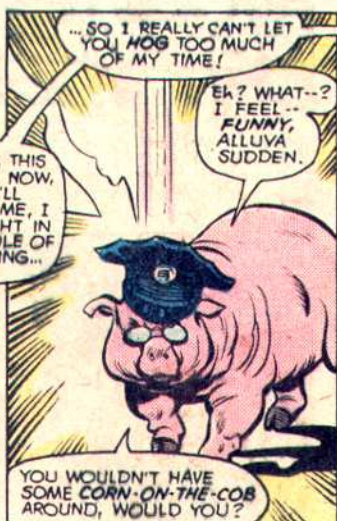
I'LL PUT AN **AURA** AROUND **MARGO** AND MYSELF, TO KEEP US FROM **PRYING** HUMAN EYES WHILE YOU ANSWER THE **DOOR**.



YES?

Er... **SPECIAL DELIVERY** FOR **APARTMENT 3-G**?

SORRY, THIS IS **13-G**. NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING...



...SO I REALLY CAN'T LET YOU **HOG** TOO MUCH OF MY TIME!

Ek? WHAT--? I FEEL--**FUNNY**, ALLUVA **SUDDEN**.

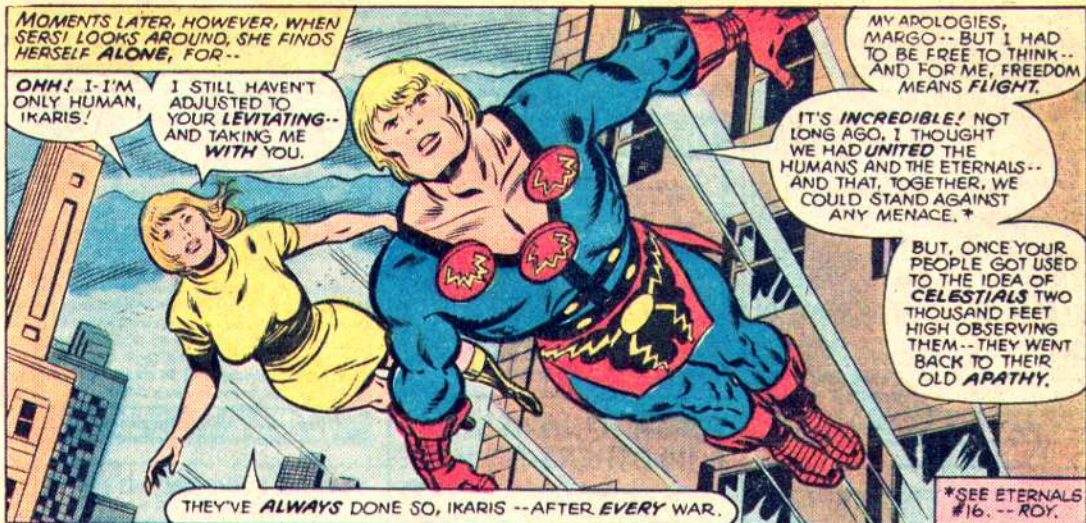
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SOME **CORN-ON-THE-COB** AROUND, WOULD YOU?



SORRY, BUT, IF YOU'D CARE FOR SOME **PORK SAUSAGE**...!

Uk... NEVER MIND.

SOMEHOW, I JUST LOST MY **APPETITE**.



MOMENTS LATER, HOWEVER, WHEN SERS! LOOKS AROUND, SHE FINDS HERSELF ALONE, FOR--

OHH! I-I'M ONLY HUMAN, IKARIS!

I STILL HAVEN'T ADJUSTED TO YOUR LEVITATING-- AND TAKING ME WITH YOU.

MY APOLOGIES, MARGO-- BUT I HAD TO BE FREE TO THINK-- AND FOR ME, FREEDOM MEANS FLIGHT.

IT'S INCREDIBLE! NOT LONG AGO, I THOUGHT WE HAD UNITED THE HUMANS AND THE ETERNALS-- AND THAT, TOGETHER, WE COULD STAND AGAINST ANY MENACE. †

BUT, ONCE YOUR PEOPLE GOT USED TO THE IDEA OF CELESTIALS TWO THOUSAND FEET HIGH OBSERVING THEM-- THEY WENT BACK TO THEIR OLD APATHY.

THEY'VE ALWAYS DONE SO, IKARIS --AFTER EVERY WAR.

*SEE ETERNALS #16. --ROY.



YES-- BUT THIS TIME, THERE MAY BE NO SECOND CHANCE.

WAIT! THAT HUGE SHADOW FALLING OVER US--!

47 YEARS SEEMS A LONG TIME TO YOUR KIND, BUT TO US AND TO THE CELESTIALS, IT'S THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

IKARIS-- WHAT IS IT??

ANOTHER MYSTERY YET TO BE UNRAVELLED.



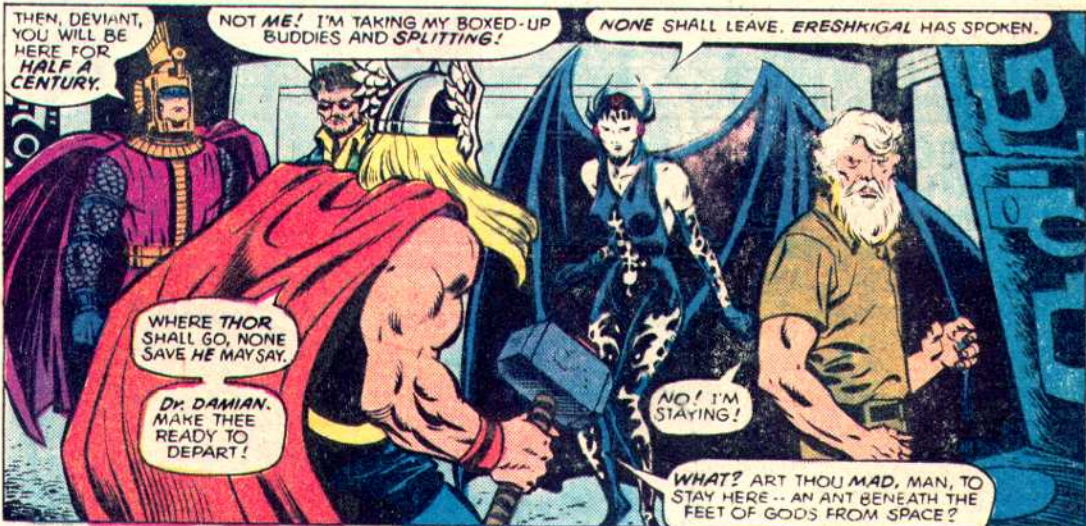
WHILE, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY...

FOR THE FINAL TIME, ERESHKIGAL-- WHAT DOST THOU HERE?

I HAVE TOLD YOU: OUR LEADER, BROTHER TODE, SENT ME HERE TO FIND OUT WHAT THE CELESTIALS ARE UP TO--

--SINCE ONE OF THEM DESTROYED OUR SUBSEA CITY, AND SENT US INTO HIDING.

NO ONE LEAVES THIS CHAMBER TILL I LEARN WHAT I CAME TO LEARN.



THEN, DEVIANT, YOU WILL BE HERE FOR HALF A CENTURY.

NOT ME! I'M TAKING MY BOXED-UP BUDDIES AND SPLITTING!

NONE SHALL LEAVE. ERESHKIGAL HAS SPOKEN.

WHERE THOR SHALL GO, NONE SAVE HE MAY SAY.

DR. DAMIAN. MAKE THREE READY TO DEPART!

NO! I'M STAYING!

WHAT? ART THOU MAD, MAN, TO STAY HERE-- AN ANT BENEATH THE FEET OF GODS FROM SPACE?

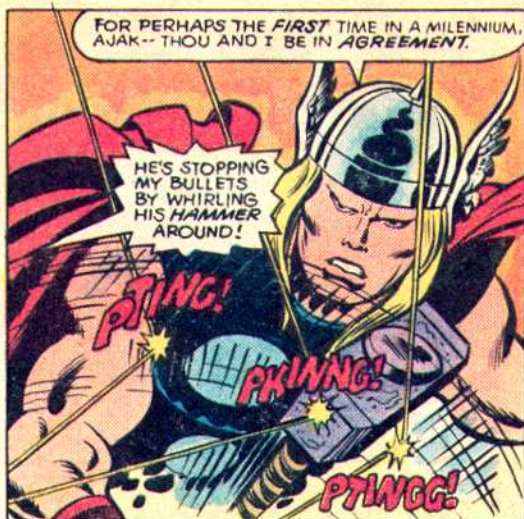


I'M A SCIENTIST, THOR-- AND I MUST STAY HERE UNTIL I'VE PROBED THE DEEPEST SECRETS OF--

STAY HERE, THEN, AND ROT-- BUT THIS INCUBATOR AND I ARE GOING!

STOP, HUMAN! SUCH VIOLENCE IS USELESS HERE.

BIAM!
BLAAM!



FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME IN A MILENNIUM, AJAK-- THOU AND I BE IN AGREEMENT.

HE'S STOPPING MY BULLETS BY WHIRLING HIS HAMMER AROUND!

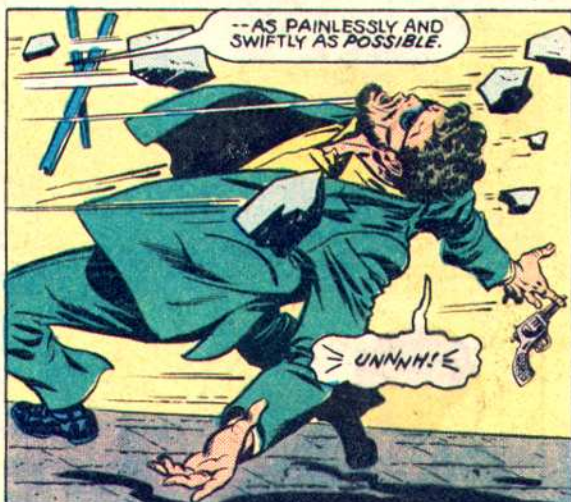
PTING!
PKING!
PTINGG!



'TWOULD SEEM THOU DOST KNOW LITTLE MORE OF THE POWERS OF THOR THAN THOU DOST OF CELESTIALS OR ETERNALS.

'TIS BEST, THEN, THAT I COOL THINE OERZEALOUS ARDOR FOR DUTY--

R
RAKK!



--AS PAINLESSLY AND SWIFTLY AS POSSIBLE.

UNNNHIE



WELL DONE, THUNDERER! I WISH I HAD TIME TO APPLAUD.

BUT, IT OCCURS TO ME I'LL DO BETTER TO EMPLOY THIS SHROUD GUN--



--TO KEEP YOU ALL HERE-- MORTALS, IMMORTALS, AND DEVIANTS!

APPLES OF IDUNN!

DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO FLEE, ERESHKIGAL! YOU AND THE SO-CALLED "MISTER JOHNSON" ARE NEXT.



RAIL NOT AT THEM, ETERNAL-- WHEN THOU STILL MUST FACE THE WIELDER OF MJOLNIR!

RRIP!

NO SHROUD, HOWEVER WOVEN, SHALL STAY FOR LONG THE HAND OF THOR!



I'D FORGOTTEN, OVER THE YEARS, JUST HOW TRULY STRONG YOU ARE, ASGARDIAN.

I'VE NO WISH TO HARM YOU, OR ANYONE--

--BUT I MUST KEEP YOU HERE!



AND I SEE THAT I SHALL LEARN NAUGHT HERE, SO I MUST-- BY THE RAINBOW BRIDGE!

THY HANDS ARE BECOME AS A MAGNET-- PULLING AT MINE ENCHANTED HAMMER!



YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE MY MAGNO-BOLTS, THOR.

NOR SHALL I TRY, AJAK.

BETTER FAR THAT I LET THY BURSTS PULL ME ALONG THUS--



--SO THAT THINE OWN ARTIFICIALLY-INDUCED ATTRACTION BE THINE UNDOING!

UNGGAN!

FWOOM!



SLEEP SOUNDLY, OLD FRIEND-- AND MINE HEART DOETH SOAR TO SEE THY BREAST RISE AND FALL.

THOUGH BORN ON EARTH, THY LOYALTIES BE MIXED-- SO THAT THOU WOULDST SERVE THE CELESTIALS, E'EN IF THEY DESTROYED THY PLANET.

MAYHAP WHEN THOU DOST WAKE ALONE, THOU SHALT SEE WHAT--

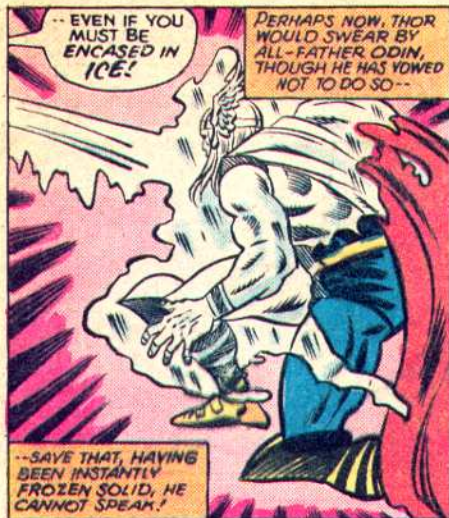


HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, GOD OF THUNDER?

FRESHKIGAL SAYS NO ONE IS TO LEAVE.

IF YOU TRY TO FLEE, YOU WILL ROUSE THE SPACE GODS-- AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO COMPLETE MY MISSION.

SO, YOU'RE STAYING--



... EVEN IF YOU MUST BE ENCASED IN ICE!

PERHAPS NOW, THOR WOULD SWEAR BY ALL-FATHER ODIN, THOUGH HE HAS YOWED NOT TO DO SO--

--SAYE THAT, HAVING BEEN INSTANTLY FROZEN SOLID, HE CANNOT SPEAK!



RELEASE HIM, DEVIANT! WE RACES OF EARTH MUST NOT WAR AMONGST OURSELVES.

IT IS THE SPACE GODS WHO ARE OUR ENEMIES-- IF EVEN THEY ARE!

YOU SOUND AS IF YOU DOUBT IT, OLD MAN-- AND TRUE, YOU HAVE BEEN AMONG THEM FOR YEARS.

I THINK YOU AND AJAK, BETWEEN YOU, SHOULD HAVE THE ANSWERS I SEEK, SO I'LL JUST EXECUTE THESE OTHER--



YET, EVEN AS SHE RAISES HER WEAPON, A DESPERATE THOR STRAINS SINEWS WHICH HAVE OVERCOME TITAN AND TROLL--

-- STRAINS THEM IN ICY, AGONIZING SILENCE--



AND, NEXT MOMENT--

DR. DAMIAN! WHAT BE THE MOST ESSENTIAL APPARATUS IN THIS CHAMBER?

TH--THE DOME CONTROL! THERE! BUT WHAT--?



THOU SHALT SEE-- IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE ONLY!



NOR DOES ERESHKIGAL FIRE HER ICE-GUN--

-- AS THE MACHINE'S FLYING PIECES FELL HER.



THE ETERNALS BUILT THAT DOME-CONTROL FOR THE CELESTIALS, THOR. NOW, THE DOME WILL BE DISRUPTED FOR A FEW SECONDS-- AND YOU CAN ESCAPE, IF THAT IS YOUR WISH.

THOU STILL WOULDST STAY HERE?

YES! I CAN SERVE BEST BY LEARNING ALL I CAN.



THEN I SHALL LEAVE THE THREE ATOMIZED AGENTS BEHIND, AS WELL, SINCE MAN'S SCIENCE COULD NOT RESTORE THEM-- AND TAKE THE PLANEFUL OF MORTALS WITH ME.

AJAK AND THE CELESTIALS CAN DEAL WITH ERESHKIGAL.

YES! BUT-- WAIT PLEASE!

THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST ASK OF YOU...!

SECONDS LATER, THE SON OF ODIN EMERGES FROM THE CHAMBER BY A BACK EXIT KNOWN TO DANIEL DAMIAN...

THERE BE THE CELESTIAL WHICH HATH BROUGHT US HITHER.

I MUST NEEDS DISTRACT HIM, IF I AM TO TAKE THE MORTALS SAFELY FROM THIS PLACE OF PERIL.

THEN-- LET THERE BE STORMS-- AYE, AND WIND, AND LIGHTNING-- THE POWERS OF THE VERY ELEMENTS--

--THE POWER OF THOR!

AND WITHIN MOMENTS... THERE ARE.

GREAT THUNDERSTORMS OBSCURE THE VISION OF THE CELESTIALS... EVEN OF TOWERING ARISHEM ON HIS GREAT PYLONS.

OR SO, AT LEAST, IT DOES SEEM.

SWIFTLY, THE STARTLED HUMANS ARE HERDED INTO THEIR STRICKEN JET, AND ITS TORN FUSELAGE SEALED BY THOR'S MIGHT...

MUST HASTEN-- ERE AJAK OR THE CELESTIALS RESTORE THE IMPENETRABLE DOME!

INDEED, MERE INSTANTS LATER--

WE ARE FREE! BUT ALREADY, THE GREAT DOME HATH REAPPEARED O'ER THE CITY OF THE SPACE GODS.

'TIS PASSING STRANGE! THIS DAY, I REVEALED MY MIDGARD IDENTITY TO A HUMAN, AN ETERNAL, AND E'EN A DEVIANT.

BY MINE IMMORTAL EYES, I CANNOT SEE WHY SUCH MORTALS AS TONY STARK, WHO BE ALSO IRON MAN, DO PLACE GREAT STORE BY SUCH TRIVIAL THINGS.

IT BE MIDGARD ITSELF WHICH DOETH NEED PROTECTING NOW-- NOR SHALL IT LACK THEREOF!

THOUGH THE EARTH BE FORSAKEN E'EN BY THE GODS OF ASSGARD TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF TITANS FROM SPACE-- STILL THOR SHALL NOT ABANDON IT TO A FEARFUL FATE.

THIS I DO SWEAR!

NEXT ISSUE: **NEW YORK-- AND NEW MENACE!**

Dear Mr. Thomas:

While teaching a course in Norse Mythology (Comp. Lit. 240) here at the University of Wisconsin this semester, one of my students, an avid fan of your work, gave me several issues of THE MIGHTY THOR. I was really surprised at how much I liked them, since I had not read a comicbook for about some thirty years! Not only were they quite accurate (Harris Hobbs has done his "cramming on Norse mythology" very well), but they also showed some things much better than I had imagined them. Mimir's head is really marvelous (I had imagined a big crock with an old pickled head in it); the scale of Odin and the Midgard Serpent are impressive; and the costumes of Loki and Hela are particularly fitting. But more than any of these, I think the introduction of the TV crew is really ingenious, because it allows modern characters to observe, comment, and interact with the Norse gods. That TV crew is a very clever image of our own minds and imaginations in contact with the Norse myths.

Now some questions:

Can I get back issues of those that retell the original stories as closely as possible? For example, I'd like issues like #274 on Balder's death and #200 on Volla's prophecies, but I'm not so interested in issues like #278. Do you see what I mean?

I'd like to look at these back issues because in some way or another I'd like to use them in my courses (I also teach Old Norse at various levels and Viking literature in translation: sagas, Eddas, runes, and skalds).

By the way, have you ever thought of doing stories from the Norse sagas in your comicbooks? There is a lot of fabulous material there that could, I am sure, be presented in a comicbook format. I am thinking of such things as Viking raids, Viking trips to Vinland, Constantinople, down the rivers of Russia, etc. I would rather see good comicbook versions of these stories than such really inept crap as Lee Majors' movie "The Norsemen." Did you notice the doublethink when anyone went below decks in a ship with no lower deck?

Just to show you that my heart's in the right place, please find my check enclosed for one year's subscription to THE MIGHTY THOR.

Bruce R. Stark, Assoc. Prof., English
and Comparative Literature
University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee
P.O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

We found it, prof, we found it! Hopefully, by now, you are up to your Elder Edda in a close encounter between Thor and the ever-lovin' Eternals, though we know that's not exactly the reason you subscribed. As for back issues—well, we don't sell 'em ourselves, but you'll find plenty of ads in this issue purchased by those who do, so it should be no trouble for you to pick up THOR #200 with its classic rendition of Ragnarok (even though that event is still in the future for Thor and Company) and many of the early issues which contained the epic "Tales of Asgard" series. Just be prepared for some shocks when you run into the Lee/Kirby version of Norse myth; as you can already tell, Stan and Jack treated the body of Northern literature as a goldmine ripe for taking out what one wanted, and alloying the rest—with the result that more than 200 stories of Thor have been printed since his debut in 1962. And, whatever his love for mythology in general, Roy (with the help of Big John Buscema, *et al.*) is continuing that trend...he hopes.

And be on the lookout, a few short months from now, for a second Thor-starring mag, a 60-center which will feature many untold tales of the thunder god's amazing past and of his out-of-time clashes with many another mythological pantheon—coming soon from the House of Ideas!

And now, while we've still room, some random comments on fill-in issue #280:

THOR #280: Amusing, Thomas, very amusing. In fact, hilarious! Roy, do you ever have dreams about reviving NOT BRAND ECHH? I think you almost have, in "Crisis on Twin Earths!" There was just enough straightness to make the story fit very nicely into THOR's continuity while at the same time be a barrel of laughs. Perhaps it was meant as a breather after the heavy-duty False Ragnarok tale? Great job, Roy... and Wayne Boring! Great—outrageous—and flabbergasting!

Rob Stuenkel
Emerson College, 100 Beacon St., Box 99
Boston, MA 02116

I don't know why Wayne Boring's work at your Distinguished Competition has never appealed to me. In this case, my loss, I'll admit. His contribution to "Crisis on Twin Earths" was outstanding. But I couldn't make out whether the tale was deliberately intended to look like a meeting of the two comics companies or not.

Alan R. Woolcombe
3 Campion Rd.
London, SW15, England

THOR #280 is the worst comic I've come into contact with from your hands, Roy. The art was lousy, and you as the writer injected your share of confusion. But cheer up, Roy—you and the three most recent artists (John Buscema, Alan Kupperberg, Walt Simonson) have been right in there trying—and succeeding—in lighting it up for THOR. I'm sure the upcoming Eternals epic will succeed where this one failed.

Del Swarda
(No Address Given)

THOR #280 was a great relief, after all the Asgard baloney! I am glad Thor exiled himself from Asgard, since I (and many of my friends) hate Asgard with a vengeance. Actually, I wish Ragnarok would really come, Asgard be destroyed, and only Thor live to tell the story!

Steve Sanders
320 N. Baird
Clinton, MO 64735

Hmmm... you'll get most of your wish, Steve, in the upcoming 1979 THOR ANNUAL, already in the plotting stages, when you and the rest of Marveldom Assembled learn what happens "A.R." ("After Ragnarok")! And how's that for dropping a last-line bombshell to end this issue's letter column? Always leave 'em lurching, as we say...!

