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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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THE MIGHTY

# THOR



BY ALL THE HORDES OF HELA!

I DARE NOT HARM THE RAMPAGING DESTROYER--  
LEST I SLAY THE GODDESS I LOVE!!

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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!**

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IN THE STARSHIP OF THE CELESTIALS WHICH CIRCLES AN UNSUSPECTING EARTH, THE GIGANTIC SPACE GOD CALLED THE ONE ABOVE ALL HAS JUST CONJURED UP AN UN-NERVING, STARTLING VISION FOR THE GOD OF THUNDER...

NAY! 'TIS A LIE! IT MUST BE A LIE!

ALL-FATHER ODIN WOULD NEVER HAVE BOWED IN ABJECT OBEDIENCE TO THY FELLOW CELESTIALS AS THINE IMAGE AS THINE PORTRAY!

THIS BE TRICKERY MOST FOUL!

**LOOK HOMEWARD, ASGARDIAN!**

YET EVEN AS HE RAILS THUS, THOR KNOWS SOMEHOW THE IMAGE DOES NOT LIE...!

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NOR DOES THE TOWERING ALIEN DEIGN EVEN TO ANSWER THE SON OF ODIN'S ANGUISHED CRY OF OUTRAGE...

THREE TIMES BEFORE HAVE YE SPACE GODS VISITED THAT WORLD MY RACE DOETH CALL MIDGARD, ITS DENIZENS THE EARTH.

AND THIS FOURTH TIME, YE HAVE VOWED TO PRONOUNCE A FINAL JUDGMENT UPON IT, IN LESS THAN HALF A CENTURY.



WELL, HEAR ME NOW: E'EN IF THY KIND DID MAKE SOME UNHOLY BARGAIN WITH MY SIRE IN BONDS PAST--

--YE HAVE MADE NO PACT WITH THOR!

OUTCAST OF ASSGARD THOUGH I BE, STILL I'LL FIGHT THEE ALONE IF NEED BE-- AYE, THEE AND ALL THINE IGNOMINIOUS L&K!



FOR, HAST THOU NOT SENT AGAINST ME THE FORGOTTEN THOU DID RE-FASHION INTO THE ONE CALLED 'HERO'--

--AND DID I NOT DEFEAT B'EN MIM, IN PITCHED BATTLE?



E'EN SO SHALL I RENEW MY DEATH-STRUGGLE WITH THEE, UNLESS THOU DOST ANSWER ME AT ONCE:

BE MY FATHER IN LEAGUE WITH YE CELESTIALS-- AGREEING FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON TO STAND ASIDE WHILST YE PASS JUDGMENT ON MIDGARD?



OR BE HE, WORSE YET-- THY BASEST SLAVE??

ANSWER ME!

BUT THE ONLY REPLY IS SILENCE...



...A SILENCE WHICH GOADS THE THUNDER GOD INTO SUDDEN ACTION!

LET THOR BE BLAIN THIS DAY, THEN, OR ELSE THE ONE ABOVE 'ALL!

AS THE GODS ARE MY WITNESS THERE BE NO OTHER WAY!

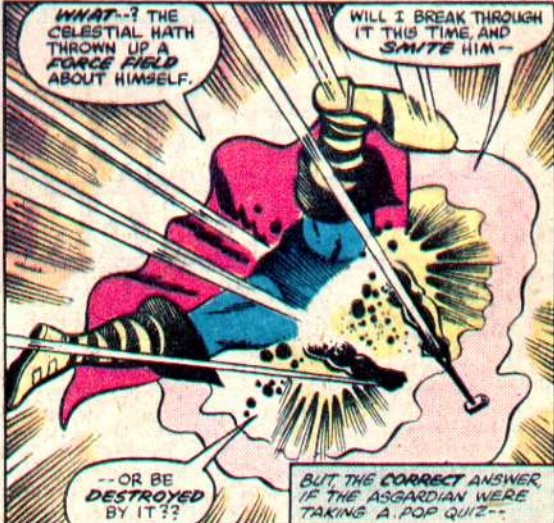


WHAT--? THE CELESTIAL HATH THROWN UP A FORCE FIGG ABOUT HIMSELF.

WILL I BREAK THROUGH IT THIS TIME, AND SMITE HIM--

--OR BE DESTROYED BY IT??

BUT THE CORRECT ANSWER IF THE ASSGARDIAN WERE TAKING A POP QUIZ--



-- WOULD BE  
"NONE OF  
THE ABOVE."

BY  
HEIMDALL'S  
HORN!

I DID HURL MYSELF AT A CELESTIAL  
IN SPACE-- AND HAVE FINISHED  
MY HEADLONG LEAP IN OLYMPIA,  
HOME OF THE ETERNALS!

TO YOUR  
SURPRISE,  
SON OF ODIN...  
NOT THAT  
OF ZURAS.

LITTLE DO  
YOU KNOW YET  
OF THE POWER  
OF THE SPACE  
GODS WHO MADE  
MAN, ETERNALS,  
AND DEVIANTS!

WHICH WAS HIS AND HERO'S STARTING  
POINT A COUPLE OF ISSUES BACK,  
REMEMBER? -- REMINISCENT ADY.

WELCOME BACK TO  
OLYMPIA, THOR. I'M  
GLAD YOU WEREN'T  
HARMED WHEN THE  
ONE ABOVE ALL  
YANKED YOU OUT  
OF OUR MIDST.

HARM? WHAT CANST  
EEN THOU KNOW,  
IKARIS OF THE  
HARM WHICH CAN  
BE DONE TO THE  
PRIDE OF ONE  
WHO HATH  
TROD THE  
STARS--

-- ONLY TO BE TREATED  
BY THE CELESTIAL AS IF  
I WERE BUT A CHILD  
RAILING WITH INEFFECTUAL  
BLOWS!? 'T WAS--!

UNNN!! WHAT--?  
THOR! FATHER  
ZURAS!

'TIS  
THE ONE  
CALLED  
HERO!

HAVING NO  
FURTHER NEED OF  
HIM, THE PRIME  
CELESTIAL HATH  
RETURNED HIM TO  
EARTH, AS WELL.

IT MAKES EVEN AN ETERNAL IN-  
SECURE-- TO KNOW THAT ONE  
WITH OUR POWERS CAN BE PULLED  
AROUND LIKE SO MANY PUPPETS  
ON INVISIBLE STRINGS!

TO SAY NOTHING  
OF THE EGO-DEFLATION  
IT PROVIDES TO  
MERE MUTIES  
LIKE REJECT  
AND MYSELF.

SPEAK  
FOR YOUR-  
SELF, KARKAS.  
I DON'T--  
WAIT--  
LOOK!

BY ALL THE  
SAILORS  
I EVER TURNED  
INTO SWINE!



HIS FACE-- HIS VERY FORM--  
THEY'RE **CHANGING**-- HE'S  
METAMORPHOSING BEFORE  
OUR EYES--



--BEING TRANSFORMED BACK  
INTO THAT WHICH HE **WAS**  
WHEN HE WALKED AMONG US--



--THE NAMELESS ETERNAL  
CALLED ONLY--**THE  
FORGOTTEN ONE!**

NICE OF  
YOU TO...  
**REMEMBER  
ME.**

**HELA!** HE  
BE **BLIND!**  
IN SOOTH, I DID  
NE'ER **SUSPECT,**  
ALL THE WHILE  
WE DID  
FIGHT...!



NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I FEEL--? **UNNNH!!**

**EASY VALIANT  
WARRIOR.**

LET THOR  
HELP THESE  
TO A PLACE  
WHERE THOU  
CANST REST  
FROM THINE  
ORDEAL.



**NO! STAND  
AWAY FROM  
THE TRAITOR!**

EH? **ZURAS**-- 'TIS THOU WHO  
DOST CALL THIS BRAVE  
ETERNAL "**TRAITOR**"?

KNOWEST  
THOU NOT  
THAT HE HAD  
**NO CHOICE**  
BUT TO SERVE  
THE CELESTIALS  
AS HE DID--

--HAVING BEEN  
RESOLVED FROM UN-  
DYING **OBLIIVION** AS HE  
HAD BEEN BY THE **ONE  
ABOVE ALL?**

\* WAY BACK IN THE  
ETERNALS #13. --R.T.



YOU CANNOT **PROTECT** THE BETRAYER  
OF OLYMPIA, GOD OF ASGARD, SO  
**STAND YOU BACK--**

-- BEFORE  
I FORGET  
THAT YOU  
ARE A **GUEST**  
IN THE LAND  
OF THE  
ETERNALS!



STAND YOU BACK, I SAY-- SO THAT **ZURAS,**  
MASTER OF OLYMPIA, MAY DEAL WITH THIS  
VIPEROUS **TURNOAT** IN OUR MIDST!

GREAT WAS  
HIS **BETRAYAL--**  
GREATER  
STILL SHALL  
BE HIS  
**PUNISHMENT!**



ZURAS! I SAY  
THEE **NAY!**

YOU DELPHAN BROTHERS!  
STOP HIM, BEFORE HE AROUSES  
ZURAS' WRATH!

WHAT? THOU  
WOULDST SEND  
MERE MINIONS  
'GAINST ME?

TRULY, THIS  
BE THE MOST  
BASE **INSULT**  
OF ALL.



HEAR ME, ZURAS!

IF THOU DOTH NOT  
CHOOSE TO SMITE HIS  
RECENT FOE--NO MAN  
OR GOD OR ETERNAL  
ELSE SHALL DO SO!

UNFFF



FORGIVE HIM, PRIME ONE!  
HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT  
HE'S DOING, THE STRAIN  
OF BATTLE--

I WILL FORGIVE HIM  
MUCH, IKARIS. BUT IF HE  
DARES RAISE HIS MYSTIC  
HAMMER AGAINST  
MY STAFF OF  
POWER--!

I'VE NO WISH TO LOCK  
IN COMBAT WITH THEE,  
ZURAS-- BUT I **STAND**  
BY THE FORGOTTEN  
ONE NOW, AS FULLY AS  
E'ER I DID OPPOSE  
HIM.

NO, THOR!  
DON'T ENDANGER  
YOURSELF FOR  
MY SAKE.

I'LL TAKE MY  
PUNISHMENT,  
AS BEFITS  
AN ETERNAL.



HAH! MUCH AS I ADMIRE THE THUNDER GOD I MUST  
SAY IT DOES MY MUTATE HEART GOOD TO KNOW THAT  
ETERNALS AND HORSE GODS CAN SQUABBLE AS  
FOOLISHLY EVEN AS YOU, REJECT.

STRIKE  
THEM  
**BOTH**  
DOWN,  
FATHER!

THE WILL OF  
ZURAS MUST  
**NOT**  
BE  
CROSSED!



THENA IS RIGHT,  
GREAT ZURAS! I  
KNOW THAT AS A  
MUTATE, I HAVE NO  
STANDING IN  
OLYMPIAN-- BUT  
I SAY **BLAST**  
THEM **BOTH!**

HMMM... IF YOU CAN'T GET INTO  
A GOOD FIGHT YOURSELF, REJECT...

...YOU'LL  
**START**  
ONE, EH?

KEEP OUT OF THIS, SERSI!



AYE! LET ALL KEEP BACK, FOR I BE WEARY UNTO DEATH OF TYRANTS-- BE THEY IN ASGARD OR IN OLYMPIA!

AH, SO NOW WE BEGIN TO GET TO THE TRUE ROOTS OF YOUR RASH ANGER.

NO, FATHER ZURAS! I HAVE GOT TO THE REAL BOTTOM OF THINGS...

EH?



...AND ITS NAME IS SPRITE!

SPRITE!? WHY DO YOU TOSS THIS MOST MISCHIEVOUS OF OLYMPIANS AT ME, MAKKARI?

TELL HIM, MINNOW, OR I'LL--

J- JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE, SWIFT ONE.



GREAT ZURAS-- FORGIVE ME, ALSO! IT WAS I WHO FREED THE FORGOTTEN ONE AND SENT HIM TO THE CELESTIALS' MOTHERSHIP, WHILE YOU PERFORMED THE RITUAL OF THE UN-MIND.

I-- I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP...

I SEE.

\*ETERNALS #13. --ROY

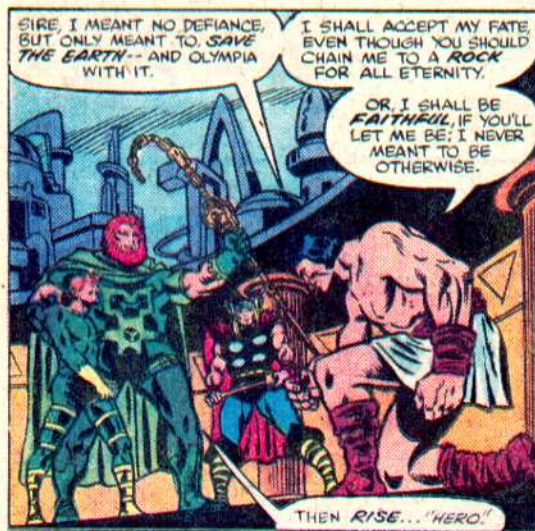


SPRITE'S CONFESSION CHANGES NOTHING, FATHER. LET THESE TWO DEFY YOU, AND THE DEVIANTS WILL TAKE HEART FROM THEIR ARROGANCE.

YOU'RE TOO HARSH, THEN, THOR WAS MERELY TRYING TO DEFEND A BLIND WARRIOR HE FELT WE'D WRONGED.

PERHAPS I WAS A BIT HASTY. SPRITE HAS EVER BEEN A MIXER, EVEN WHEN THE HUMANS KNEW HIM AS PUCK AND OTHER FAIRY-NAMES.

WHAT SAY YOU IN YOUR OWN DEFENSE, FORGOTTEN ONE?



SIRE, I MEANT NO DEFIANCE, BUT ONLY MEANT TO SAVE THE EARTH-- AND OLYMPIA WITH IT.

I SHALL ACCEPT MY FATE, EVEN THOUGH YOU SHOULD CHAIN ME TO A ROCK FOR ALL ETERNITY.

OR, I SHALL BE FAITHFUL, IF YOU'LL LET ME BE; I NEVER MEANT TO BE OTHERWISE.

THEN RISE... "HERO."



FROM THIS DAY FORTH, I COMMAND YOU AND SPRITE TO EACH OTHER'S CARE.

HE SHALL BE YOUR EYES-- AND YOU, HOPEFULLY, HIS CONSCIENCE.

AS YOU SAY, SIRE.

HEY, THIS MIGHT EVEN BE FUN!

THEN, ABRUPTLY, AMID A GREAT ROARING SOUND FROM ABOVE--!



MY HEART DOTH REJOICE, ZURAS, THAT THERE BE NO NEED FOR ENMITY 'TWIXT US-- BUT WHAT SPECTACLE BE THIS, I PRAY THEE?

OF A SUDDEN, THE VERY SKY ITSELF BE FILLED WITH LEVITATING ETERNALS-- FAR MORE THAN COULD DWELL IN OLYMPIA ALONE!

I SUMMONED THESE ETERNALS, AND MANY MORE TO COME, FROM EARTH'S FOUR MYTHICAL CORNERS--

YOU ARE ASTUTE, THOR, EVEN IN ADVERSITY.

-- THAT WE, MIGHT BEGIN THE RITUAL OF THE UNI-MIND!

HERO'S POWER WILL BE WELCOME-- AND YOURS, AS WELL, IF YOU'LL JOIN US.



WHAT BE THIS-- UNI-MIND?

WE SHALL BECOME AS ONE ORGANIC WHOLE--

-- ONE MIND, ONE AWESOME ENTITY-- TO BREACH THE SPACE GODS' VESSEL--

-- AND FIGHT BACK AGAINST THEM, IF THEY'LL NOT VOW TO SPARE THIS PLANET WE SHARE WITH HUMANS AND DEVIANTS.



'TIS HOPELESS, OLYMPIAN. I KNOW THAT NOW.

THOU WILT BUT ANGER THEM, WHEN THERE MAY BE ANOTHER WAY!

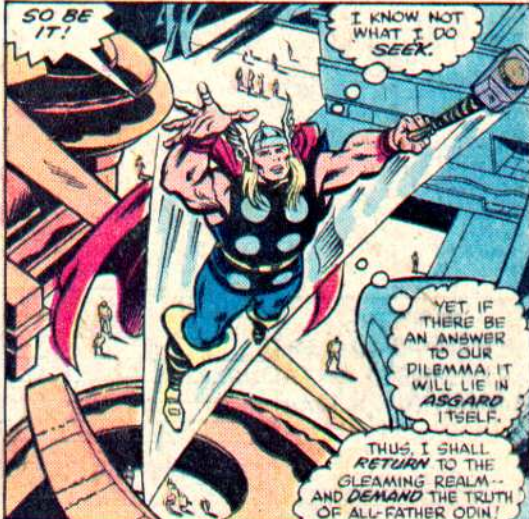
WE'VE JUST BURIED ONE HATCHET, GODLING! LET'S NOT DIG UP ANOTHER!



IN THE NAME OF OUR NEWFOUND FRIENDSHIP, ZURAS-- GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME TO FIND A DIFFERENT COURSE OF ACTION!

AGREED, IF RELUCTANTLY! YOU'VE THE SINGLE DAY IT WILL TAKE THE LAST OF THE ETERNALS TO JOURNEY HERE... NO MORE.

SO BE IT!



I KNOW NOT WHAT I DO SEEK.

YET IF THERE BE AN ANSWER TO OUR DILEMMA, IT WILL LIE IN ASGARD ITSELF.

THUS, I SHALL RETURN TO THE GLEAMING REALM-- AND DEMAND THE TRUTH OF ALL-- FATHER ODIN!



THE SIRE OF GODS,  
HOWEVER, IS NOT TO  
BE FOUND-- AND  
THE HALLOWED HALLS  
OF ASGARD AT  
THE MOMENT--

-- BUT ON THE BROAD BACK OF HIS  
EIGHT- HOOVED STEED SLEIPNIR,  
GALLOPING 'TWEEN THE VERY  
DIMENSIONS--

-- GALLOPING  
TOWARD AN OTHER-  
WORLDLY MOUNTAIN  
WHICH HAS, IN TRUTH,  
A MOST FAMILIAR  
LOOK.

YET, MESEEMS  
THERE BE THOSE  
WHO WOULD  
PREVENT MINE  
ENTRANCE.

I BE ODIN, AS SINGLE-ORBED NOW  
AS THYSELF-- BUT I'LL SAY NO  
MORE TO ANY LESSER BEING  
THAN ZEUS HIMSELF.

ANNOUNCE TO THY MASTER  
THAT THE LORD OF  
ASGARD DOTH COMMAND  
HIS PRESENCE!

AYE  
UNKNOWN  
ONE.

IDENTIFY  
THYSELF TO  
ARGUS, THE  
ONE-EYED!

NO FAITHFUL MOUNT! IN  
SCANT TIME HAST THOU  
BROUGHT ME HERE--

-- TO THE OUTER  
GATES OF OLYMPUS,  
HOME OF THE  
GRAECO- ROMAN  
I. GODS.

NO GODLING, IN  
OR OUT OF  
OLYMPUS, DOTH  
COMMAND ZEUS--  
OR E'EN HIS  
MINIONS.

STRIKE MY  
YELLOW-CRESTED  
TITANS WITH THE  
THUNDERBOLTS  
OF MINE OWN  
DESIGN!

SHOW YON NORTH-  
BORN UPSTART  
HOW WE DEAL WITH  
INTRUDERS HERE!

THOU WOULDST HURL  
SKYFIRE AT HIM WHO  
DID DIRECT THE  
FORGING OF HIS SON'S  
OWN STORM-BRINGING  
HAMMER!?

VERILY SUCH  
EFFRONTERY DOTH  
CRY OUT UNTO THE  
HEAVENS THEM-  
SELVES FOR  
PUNISHMENT!



LET THY BRAIN-LESS TITANS BE FIRST TO FEEL MY WRATH!

SO THOU DOST SUMMON BOLTS FROM NOWHERE.

**Z  
R  
A  
A  
K  
K**



THEN, I'LL PINION HANDS, HORSE, AND ALL!

WHAT? FIRST THOU DOST MOCK ME--

--AND NOW, THOU LAYEST HANDS UPON ME?



IN SOOTH, MY PATIENCE NOW BE AT AN END!

'T WAS NE'ER THY MOST PROMINENT ATTRIBUTE, LORD OF ASGARD.

**FIS  
LAST!**

**ARR  
R**



NOW WHO DARES TO --

**ZEUS!** AND WITH THEE, THE ONES CALLED ARES, HERCULES, AND ATHENA!

I KNOW WHO I BE, AND WHO BE THOSE BESIDE ME.

WHAT I WOULD KNOW IS-- WHY HAST THOU COME HERE, ODIN?

'T IS NOT OUR \*FIRST MEETING, LORD OF OLYMPUS...

...AND E'EN MY NOW-BANISHED SON THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, DID ONCE ENCOUNTER THINE OWN OFFSPRING; THE MAN-GOD HERCULES, IN A LONG-AGO DAY... IN OLYMPUS ITSELF. \*

HE DID FORGET THAT ENCOUNTER OF COURSE-- FOR REASONS WHICH THOU DOST KNOW FULL WELL AS I, THOUGH NO MAN OR IMMORTAL ELSE DOTH SUSPECT THEM.

LATER, MINE HEAD-STRONG SON DID LEAD THE VERY CREAM OF ASGARD 'GAINST THE SCIONS OF OLYMPUS-- TO NO GOOD PURPOSE, ULTIMATELY ON EITHER SIDE...

...WHILST THOU AND I DID GAZE AT EACH OTHER IN STONY SILENCE, ACROSS A BATTLE-FIELD STREW'N WITH THE BODIES OF GODS. \*

NOR, E'EN WHEN THOU DIDST RAISE THY FIRE-TOSSING HAND 'GAINST THOR, IN A LATER DAY, DID I BECOME INVOLVED IN THE QUARREL...

FOR, WHAT CARED I FOR THE FATE OF TIME-LOST TROY I WHO DWELL FAR OFF IN THE SNOW-CAPPED NORTH? \*

\*AS SEEN, RESPECTIVELY, IN THOR ANNUAL #1, #5 AND THE SOON-UPCOMING #8. --RESEARCHIN' ROY

NOW, HOW'E'R, I FEEL I MUST BREAK THE GRIM SILENCE WHICH HATH EXISTED 'TWEEN OUR TWO SPHERES FOR LO. THESE MANY MILLENNIA.

I GREET THEE, I HOPE, AS A FRIEND.

WE SHALL SEE, LORD ODIN... WE SHALL SEE.

WHAT BE THERE TO SEE, MILORD?

WHAT HAVE WE TO DO WITH SOME RAG-TAG GODLING FROM THE SAVAGE UN-CIVILIZED NORTH?

I SAY SMITE HIM, AND SEND HIM HOWLING BACK TO HIS GLACIERS!



LET HIM KNOW THE **POWER OF ZEUS**-- THE FERCE, UNFETTERED FURY OF THE **GODS OF OLYMPUS!**

OH, HOLD THY **TONGUE, ARES!** IGNORE THE FUMING GOD OF WAR, LORD ODIN, AND TELL ME WHAT DOETH BRING THEE SO FAR FROM THINE ACCUSTOMED HAUNTS.

SIMPLY PUT, MILORD ZEUS-- I SEEK THE **HELP OF OLYMPUS.**

THEN 'TIS PRECISELY THAT WE SHOULD **DENY HIM, SIRE!**

WHAT? DOETH **HERCULES** HAVE AUGHT TO SAY ERE E'EN ODIN HATH FULLY REVEALED HIS MISSION?

**AYE MY FATHER...**



FROM OLYMPUS' HEIGHTS OF LATE, I HAVE SEEN HIS OWN SON **THOR**-- MY FRIEND AND ALLY IN DAYS PAST-- EXILED FROM ASGARD, BECAUSE HE WOULD SAVE THE EARTH BELOW FROM VILE **SPACE-BEINGS.**

I SAY HAVE NAUGHT TO DO WITH YONDER KING OF VILLAINY!

IN THINE OWN WAY **THOU** DOST LOVE EARTH FULL WELL AS MUCH AS **THOR**, PRINCE OF POWER



AYE, LORD ZEUS-- AND 'TIS **ABOUT** MY SON'S OBSESSION WITH THAT SPINNING MUDBALL THAT I HAVE COME.

I WOULD PROPOSE AN **ALLIANCE** TWIXT ASGARD AND OLYMPUS-- EFFECTIVE AT ONCE--



-- TO SMASH ANY AND ALL WHO WOULD STRIVE TO SAVE MIDGARD FROM **DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!**

BY THE CLOVEN **HOVES OF CHIRON!**



WHILE IN COSMOS' DISTANT ASGARD...

OH BALDER-- MY BELOVED **BALDER**--

IF 'T WOULD BRING THEE BACK TO THE **LIFE OF WHICH** BLIND HODER'S ARROW! ROBBED THEE, I'D SACRIFICE **ASGARD ITSELF** ON HELA'S ALTAR!

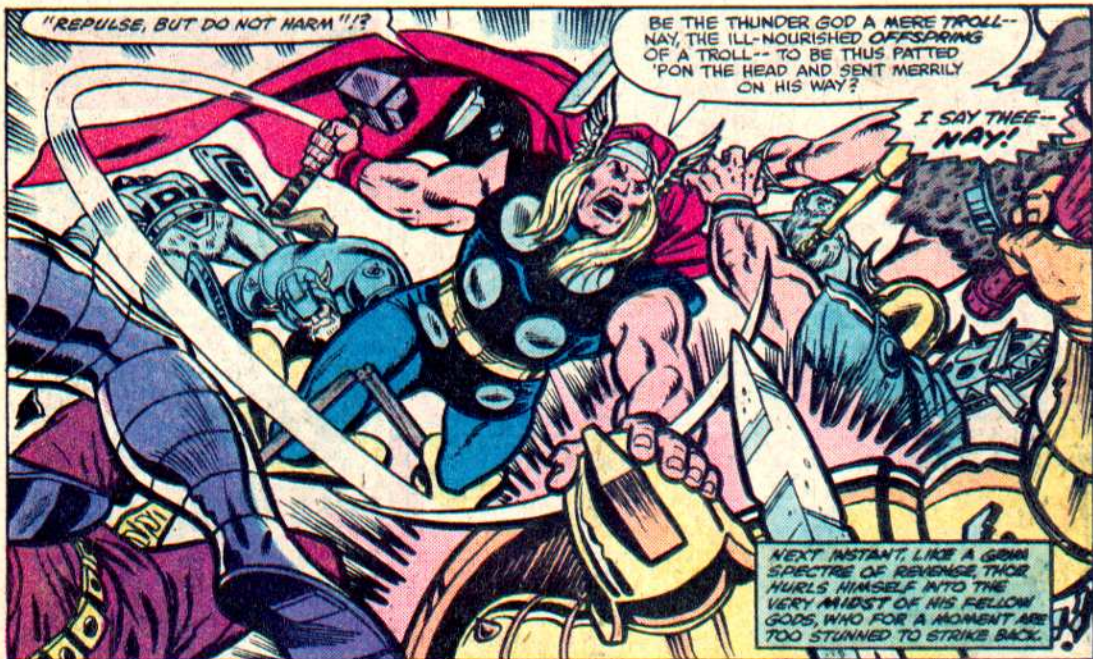
I BEG THEE, KARNILLA-- SPEAK NOT SUCH **BLASPHEMY** IN THE REALM ETHERNAL!

WHAT MINE HUSBAND DID IN ALLOWING BALDER TO HOVER THUS 'TWEEN LIFE AND DEATH HE DID FOR THE **GOOD OF ALL.**

I CARE LITTLE FOR HIS **MOTIVES.** GENTLE FRIGGA...







"REPULSE, BUT DO NOT HARM"!?

BE THE THUNDER GOD A MERE TROLL--  
NAY, THE ILL-NOURISHED OFFSPRING  
OF A TROLL-- TO BE THUS PATTED  
PON THE HEAD AND SENT MERRILY  
ON HIS WAY?

I SAY THEE--  
NAY!

NEXT INSTANT, LIKE A GRIM  
SPECTRE OF REVENGE, THOR  
HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE  
VERY MIDST OF HIS FELLOW  
GODS, WHO FOR A MOMENT ARE  
TOO STUNNED TO STRIKE BACK.



BUT THEN, IT IS TOO LATE!

BUT WHAT OF  
THE LADY SIF,  
NEARBY?

--I MUST DO--  
WHAT I DID  
SWEAR  
TO DO--!

MUCH THOUGH IT MAY GRIEVE ME--



BACK, STORM-GOD! WE  
HAVE OUR ORDERS-- AND  
THEY SAY THOU SHALT  
NOT PASS!

THEN HEAR  
THOU THIS,  
LODUR-- ALL  
OF YE--

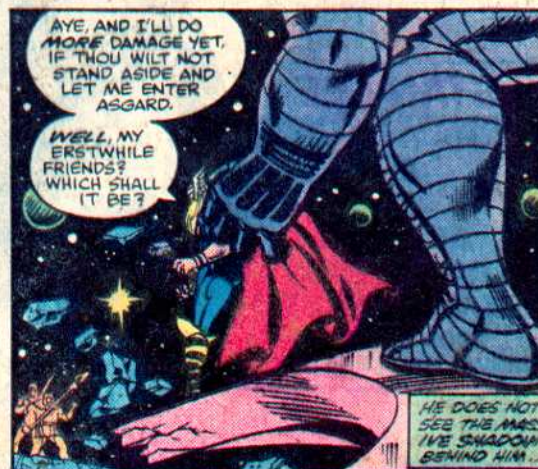
IF THOR MAY  
NOT TREAD  
UPON THE  
RAINBOW BRIDGE--



-- THEN NO  
GOD SHALL!

ODIN'S WOUNDS!  
HE HATH SHATTERED  
BIFROST ASUNDER  
WITH HIS MYSTIC  
HAMMER!

RAAK  
KKK



AYE, AND I'LL DO  
MORE DAMAGE YET,  
IF THOU WILT NOT  
STAND ASIDE AND  
LET ME ENTER  
ASGARD.

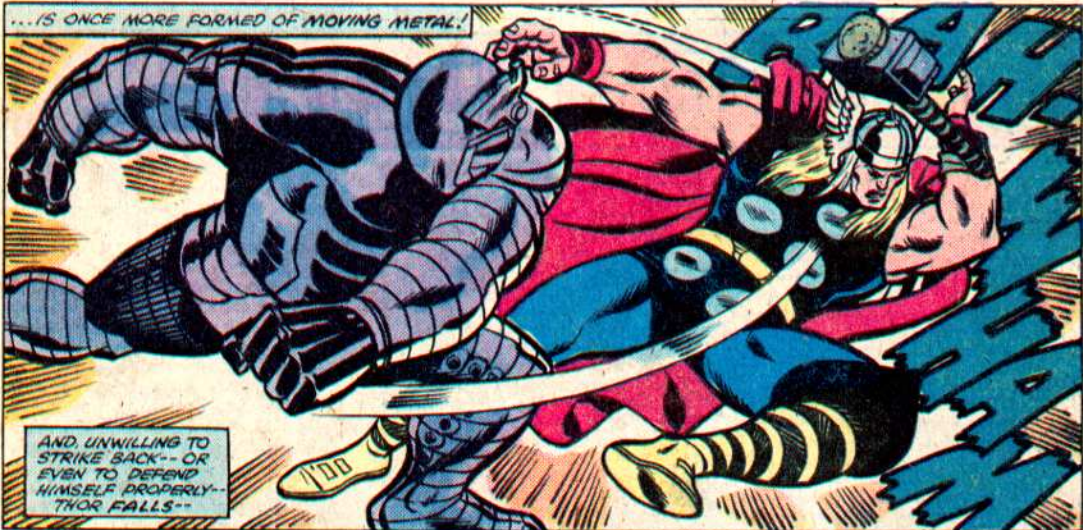
WELL, MY  
ERSTWHILE  
FRIENDS?  
WHICH SHALL  
IT BE?

HE DOES NOT  
SEE THE MASS-  
IVE SHADOW  
BEHIND HIM...





...IS ONCE MORE FORMED OF MOVING METAL!



AND, UNWILLING TO STRIKE BACK-- OR EVEN TO DEFEND HIMSELF PROPERLY-- THOR FALLS--

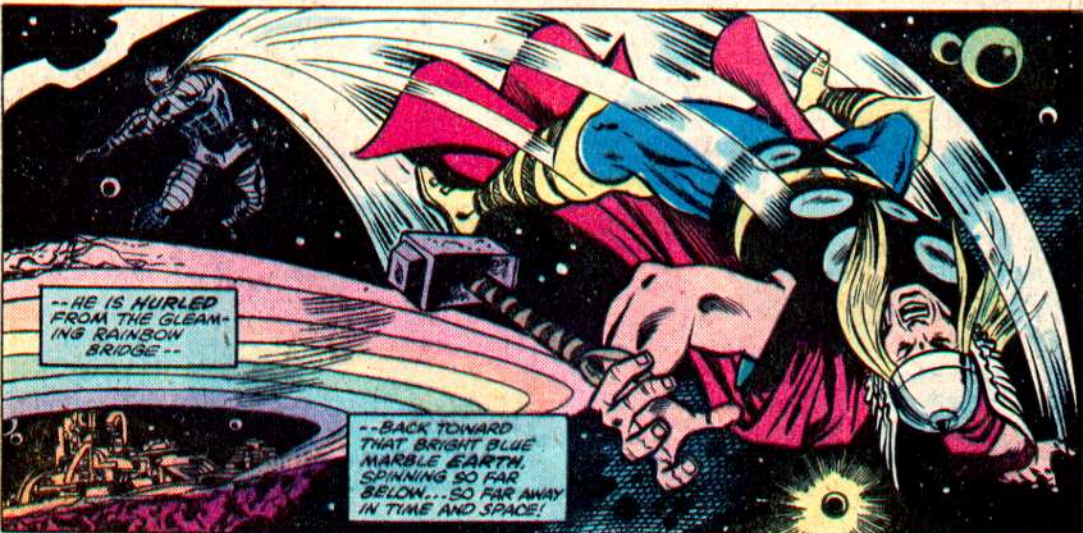
--AND THIS TIME, AS NEVER BEFORE, THE DESTROYER STANDS TRIUMPHANT!



THEN, BEFORE THE STORM-GOD CAN RECOVER, OR EVEN FORM A PLAN OF ACTION IN HIS IMMORTAL MIND--



--HE IS HURLED FROM THE GLEAMING RAINBOW BRIDGE--



--BACK TOWARD THAT BRIGHT BLUE MARBLE EARTH, SPINNING SO FAR BELOW... SO FAR AWAY IN TIME AND SPACE!

FOR AN INSTANT, THE DESTROYER-FIGURE TURNS ITS GREAT HANDS TOWARD THE BLACK STAR-FLUNG HEAVENS BEYOND EVEN ASGARD-- AS IF, IN ITS VICTORY, IT HAS ERASED THE MEMORIES, THE FEELINGS OF HER WHO DWELLS WITHIN.



BUT THEN-- A VAPOROUS FORM FLITS 'TWTWT TWO MORE SOLID ONES...



...AND THE LADY SIF STANDS DAZED AND CRYING.



NEXT INSTANT, AS SHE REGAINS HER SENSES MORE FULLY...



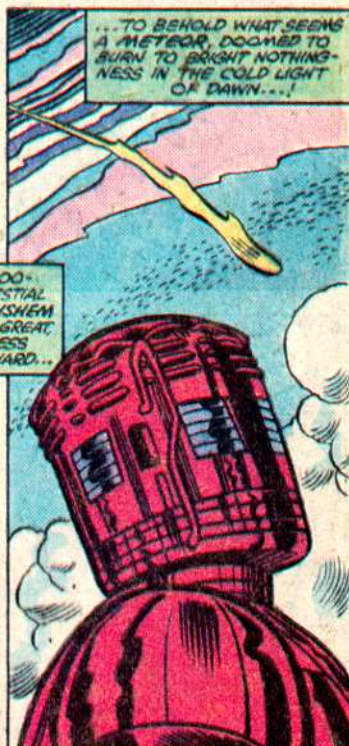
AND SO, THE WARDER OF BIFROST STAYS HIS GRIEVING SISTER...



AND, SOMEWHERE IN THE TOWERING ANDES MOUNTAINS BEHIND A DOME WHICH EVEN MYSTIC Mjolnir COULD NOT SHATTER...



...TO BEHOLD WHAT SEEMS A METEOR, DOOMED TO BURN TO BRIGHT NOTHINGNESS IN THE COLD LIGHT OF DAWN...!



NEXT ISSUE

EL TORO ROJO!

THAT'S SPANISH FOR "THE RED BULL"-- AND IT'S MARVEL-TALK FOR ACTION! BE HERE, HALCYON ONE!

Dear Marvelous Marvel,

THOR has become my favorite comic magazine. The reason I enjoy this mag so much is that I have always loved mythology, and this comic is adapted in part from the Norse myths. I always liked Norse mythology better than the Greek-Roman stuff, because the Greek gods were just *too* powerful. There was practically nothing they couldn't do, and they could never die or be defeated in battle. That takes all the fun out of it, because they knew they would win before they even started.

But the noble gods of Asgard were closer to human. They had their faults and problems, and though immensely powerful and hard to destroy, they could still be vanquished in combat. This made them true heroes, for they took the risk of losing, and perhaps even dying, while fighting for what they believed was right.

Thanks for putting out this great magazine. But, one more thing: I like Thor because of his sheer power, arrogance, and indomitable will, but next to the god of thunder, my favorite character is Heimdall, the guardian of the Rainbow Bridge. Would you please give him a larger role in the comic, perhaps even center an issue around him? Also, would it be possible for you to set aside an extra page or something to show us some, if not all, of the old arms and armor worn by the god who can see through rock and hear the grass grow?

Henry V. Granberry  
313 Lassalle Dr.  
River Ridge, LA 70123

We can't go quite that far, Henry—but you've seen a bit more of Heimdall in this very issue. And perhaps one of these days....

Dear Roy,

It appears you have been a tad inconsistent in your handling of the thunderer's lingual aptitude. In THOR #283 you have our golden-tressed hero saying: "Thy tongue be not one spoken in distant Asgard, villain. Still, it doth take no scholar to divine thine intent toward me."

This is all very nice, but ya see, Roy, in INVADERS #32, "Thunder in the East" (which, incidentally, you wrote), you have Hitler saying, *after* having heard Thor speak German and his assistant heard Norwegian: "Perhaps he speaks his own ancient pagan tongue and each of us hears it in his own language."

Now, I don't know which concept you like better, O Rascally One. Personally, I prefer the latter, because the former leads one to believe that our noble Norseman speaks Shakespearean English, which would be ridiculous to say the least. I point this out to you for two reasons:

(1) THOR is my favorite mag. I've been a faithful fanatic follower (note the alliteration) for years, and things like this language problem should be straightened out.

(2) I would dearly love a no-prize.

So, till Thor trade in his hammer for a spy-pen-radio, Make Mine Marvel!

Adam S. Blaustein  
Box #0174  
Sunny at Purchase  
Purchase, NY 10577

The no-prize is yours, Adam. Roy, too, prefers the second of the two explanations you offer above, and says that he merely worded things a wee bit sloppily in that scene in THOR #283. In other words, it's true that modern Mexican-dialect Spanish itself is not spoken in Asgard; it's true, also, as the son of Odin quipped, that it didn't take a linguist to figure out the hostility of the bank-robbers toward a thunder god intent on stopping their heist. However, he says that that didn't necessarily mean that Thor *didn't* understand the Spanish of the crooks—and

Roy now declares emphatically that he *did*, for exactly the reasons outlined by him in INVADERS #32 and your monumental missive. As you yourself doubtless realized, the interpretation of Thor's lines meant nothing whatever to the story "Suddenly — the Celestials!" so we sincerely hope that they didn't unduly disturb you or anyone else.

And, if you think we're partly shoehorning your letter into this column at this late date to prepare the way for more such language-oriented tales in the future—well, maybe we can squeeze an extra No-Prize into the non-existent envelope we'll be sending it in. Stick around, huh, and see what we mean...!

Dear Roy,

Thank you. Jack Kirby's masterpiece lives again. I have waited for a seeming eternity for the return of the enigmatic Eternals, and I'm not sorry for the wait. Your presentation contains the spirit and magic of the King's concept. You make them fit into the rest of the Marvel Universe without forcing things. I'm glad the Eternals came back in THOR for a simple reason: Back in the final issues of the Odin Quest, a Celestial was floating in space with several other used gods. I want this explained! And bring back Walt Simonson!

But, in #284, you said: "Towering nearly two thousand feet into the sky that *birthed* his ancient, more than human race..." Are you telling us the Celestials came from earth?

Matt Woolfums  
Box 1681  
Englewood, CO 80110

Nope, Matt. From the sky.

Dear Roy,

THOR #285 was terrific. John Buscema's cover and interior art were out of sight. It's hard to believe that this will be the last issue for John's art. He has definitely captured the core of Thor. "Deviants and Doormen" had a lot going for it, not least of which being the fact that it had been a long time since Karkas had been featured in a mag. It was good to see the likes of Kro and Sersi in action again, as well. They have been missed. After the current series ends, I hope that the Eternals get their own book again—and that you stick around to write it.

Charles David Heskell  
15 W. 139th St.  
Apt. 4R  
New York, NY 10037

That'd be fun, Charles, but Roy's found in the past that sometimes it's best to concentrate on one character at a time. That's one reason he left TARZAN—because it was a bit too similar, at least when jungle tales were featured, to CONAN, and R.T. preferred a bit of variety. And doing both THOR and a revived ETERNALS book, if any, might be a bit too much. Still, that problem's many months off, since the Eternals will be a part of the THOR storyline for a good many moons to come, until a number of things are straightened out, once and for all.

Oh yes, and our most humble apologies to Baltimore fan John S. Olson for our failure to print his cogent letter, but it hit a bit too close to home in its guess at some of the things Roy is planning for the series, and THOR's writer/editor prefers not to tip his hand unduly, just now. Besides, even John didn't get *everything* quite right....

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