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THE MIGHTY  
**THOR**



*BEWARE THE*  
**BOMBARDIERS!**



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!

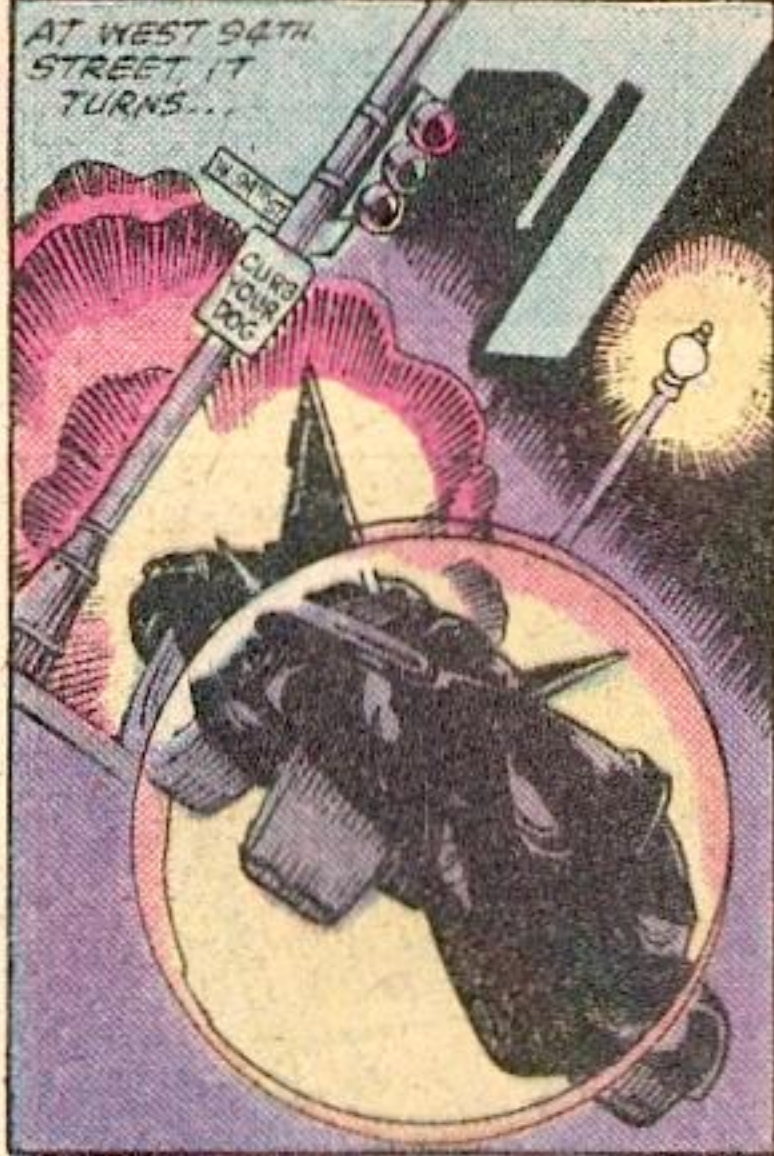
BILL MANTLO STORY RICK LEONARDI ART CHIC STONE INKS JOE ROSEN LETTERS GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORS JIM SALICRUP EDITOR JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WITH A HIGH WHINE OF POWERFUL TURBINE ENGINES, THE ROCKET-CAR SCREAMS DOWN THE SHADOWED STREETS OF MANHATTAN'S UPPER WEST SIDE.

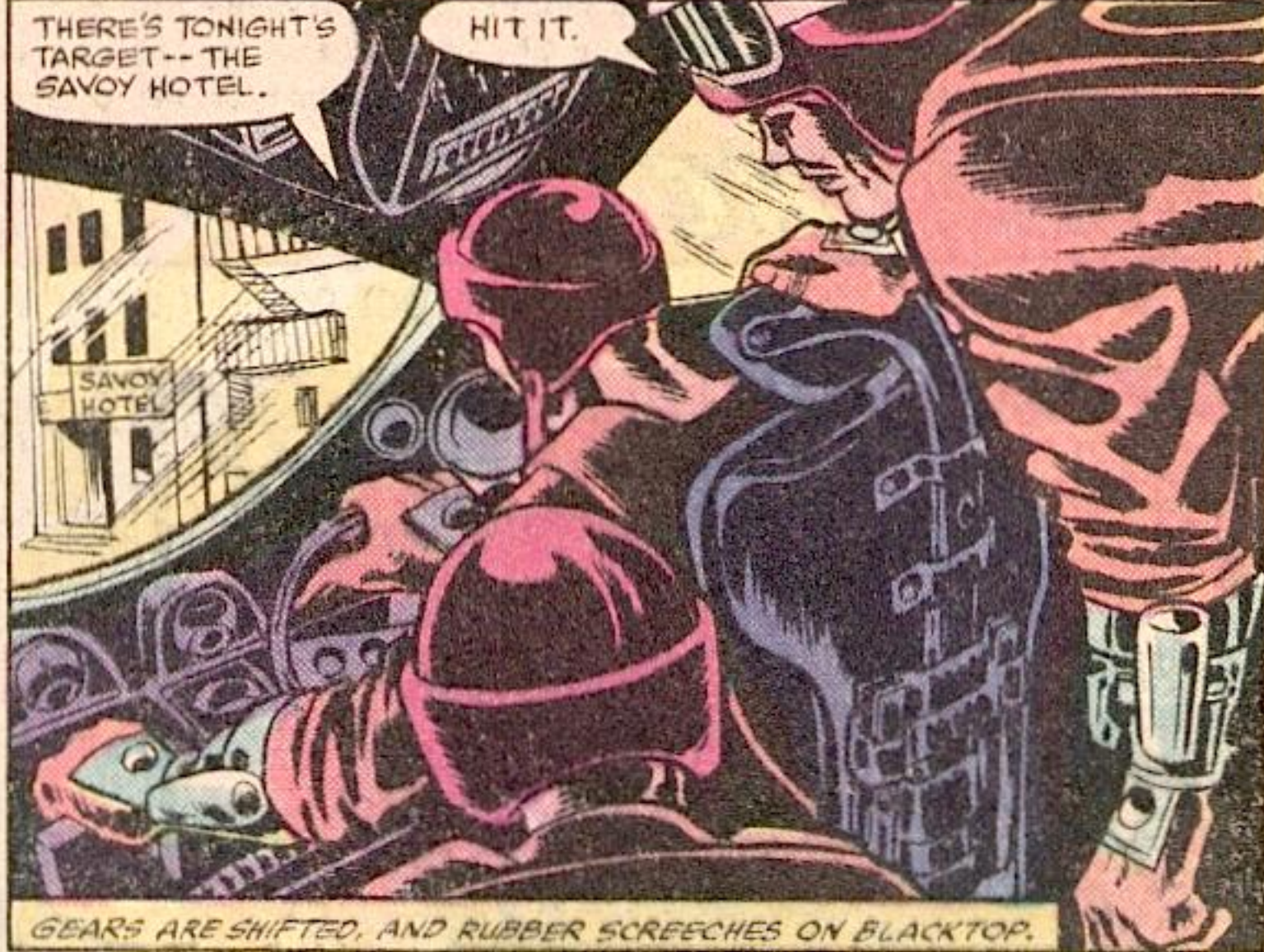


## BEWARE THE BOMBARDIERS!

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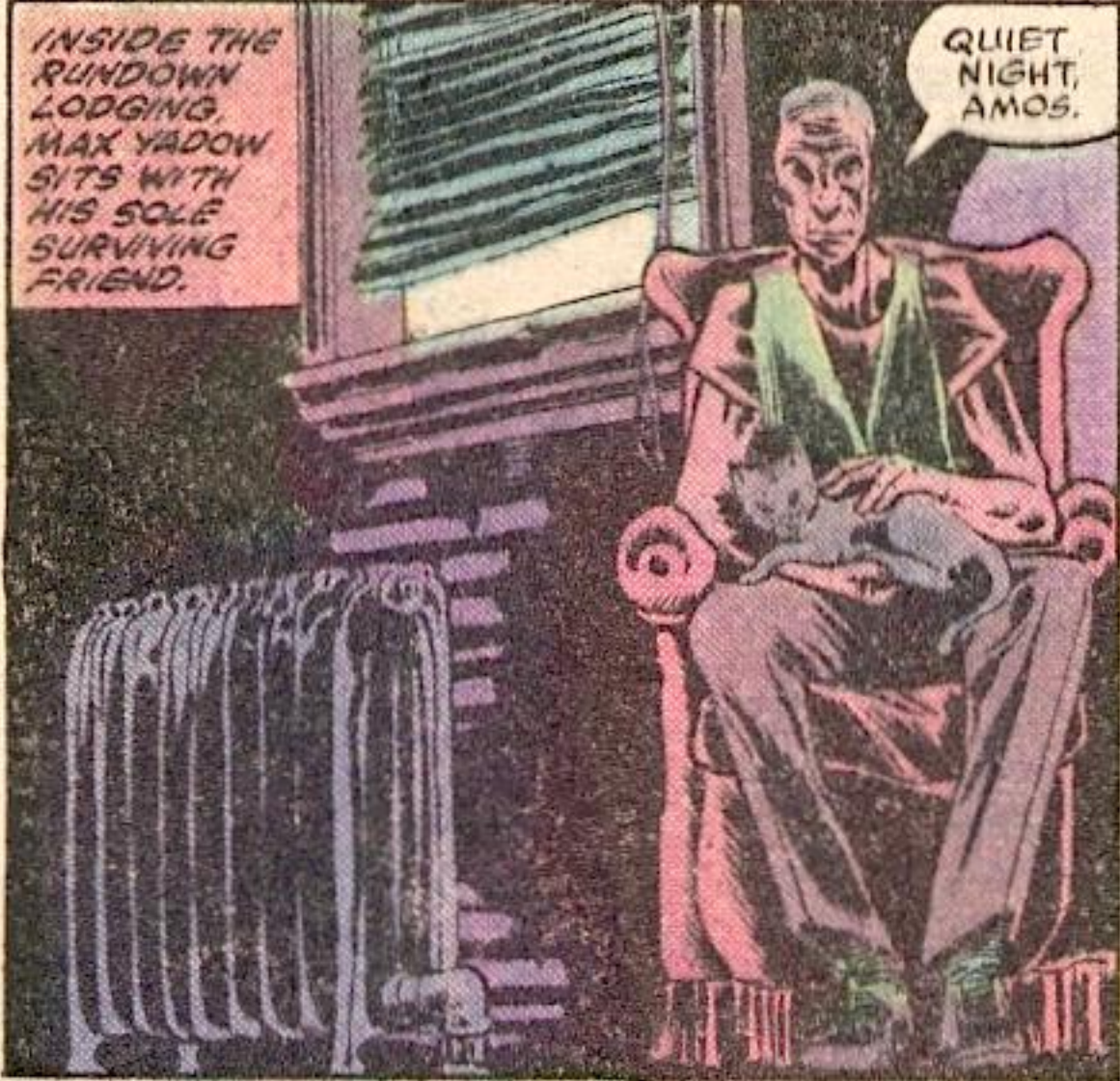
AT WEST 94TH STREET, IT TURNS...



THERE'S TONIGHT'S TARGET-- THE SAVOY HOTEL.

HIT IT.

GEARS ARE SHIFTED, AND RUBBER SCREECHES ON BLACKTOP.



INSIDE THE RUNDOWN LODGING, MAX YADOW SITS WITH HIS SOLE SURVIVING FRIEND.

QUIET NIGHT, AMOS.



EH?



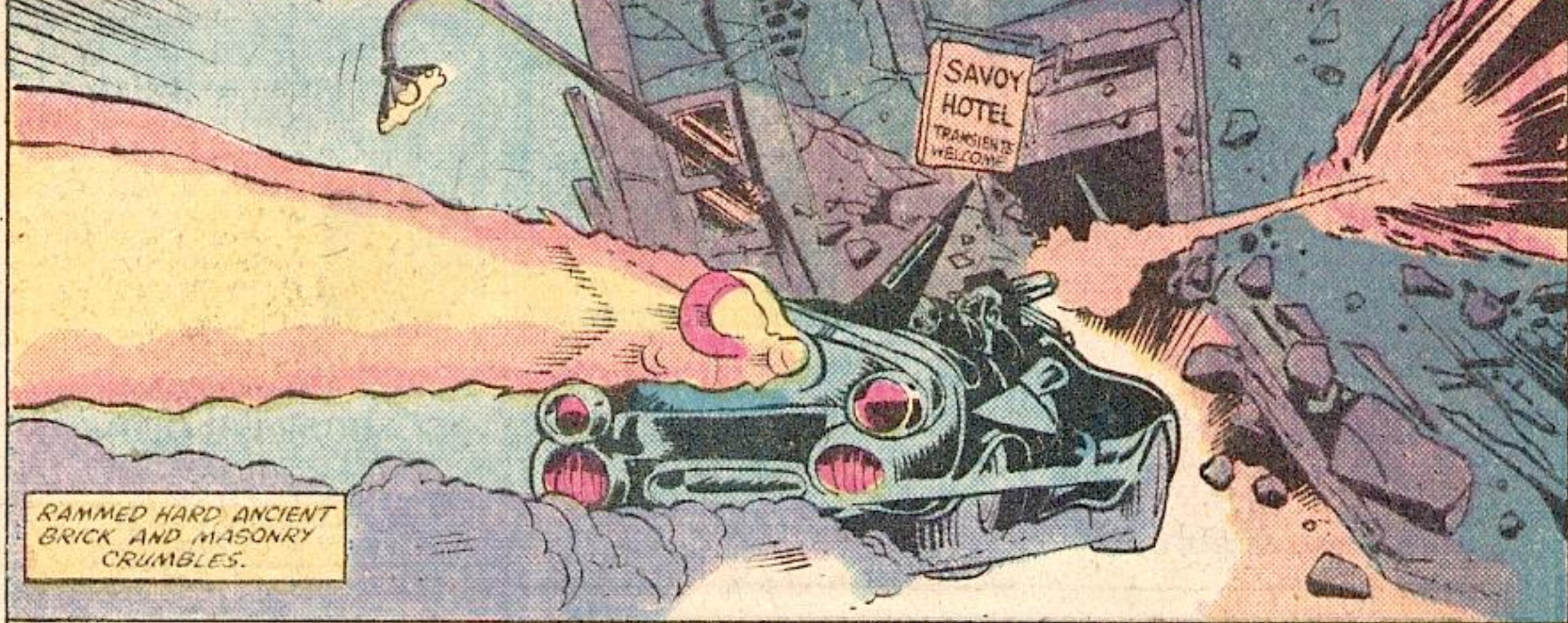
IT'S SOME STRANGE KIND OF CAR, AMOS.



COMING RIGHT AT US!

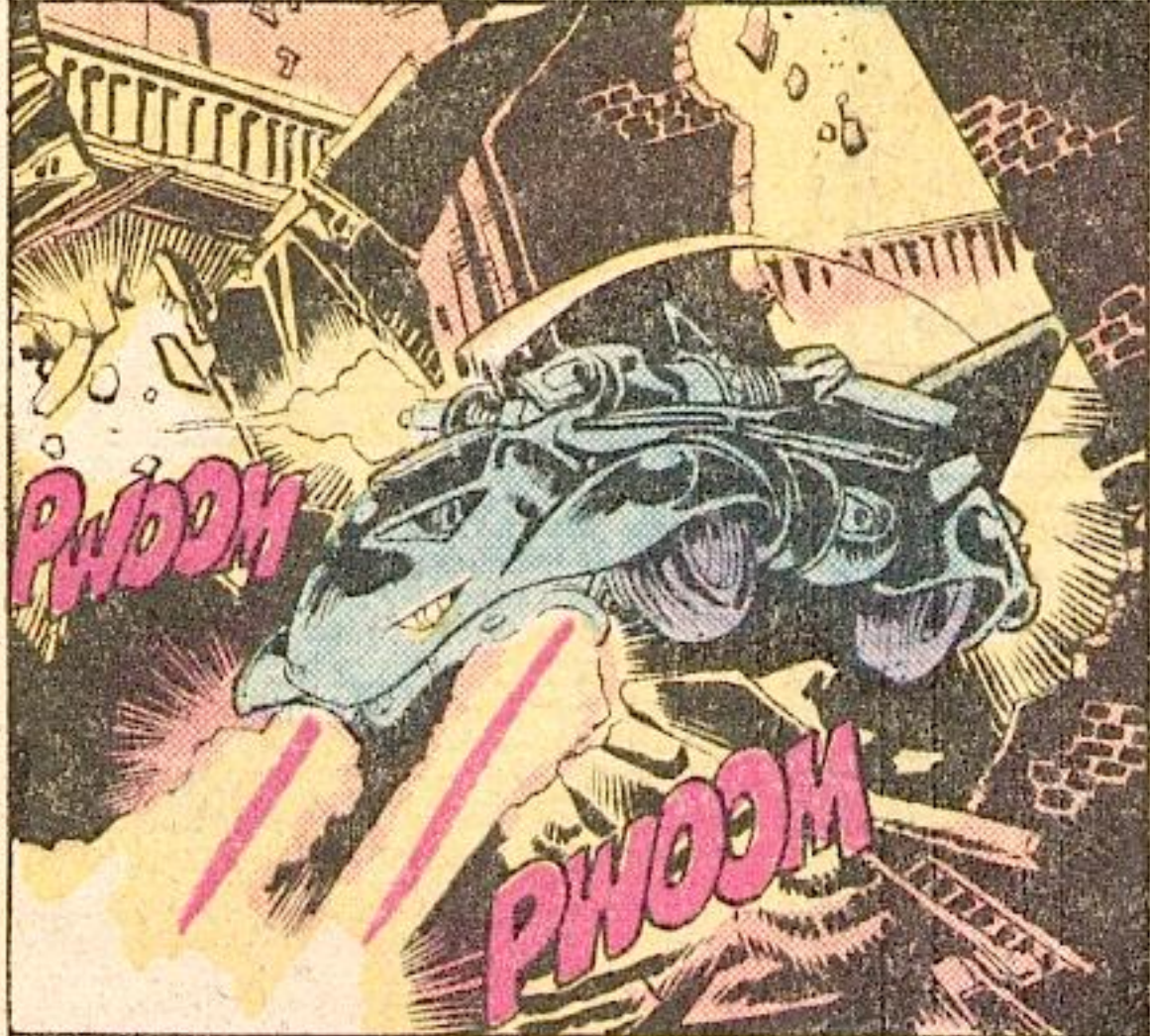


EEEEEEEEOOOOOMMM!



RAMMED HARD ANCIENT BRICK AND MASONRY CRUMBLES.

CONCUSSION CANNONS COMPLETE THE DEMOLITION.



ITS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE MURDER MACHINE SPROUTS STEEL WINGS--



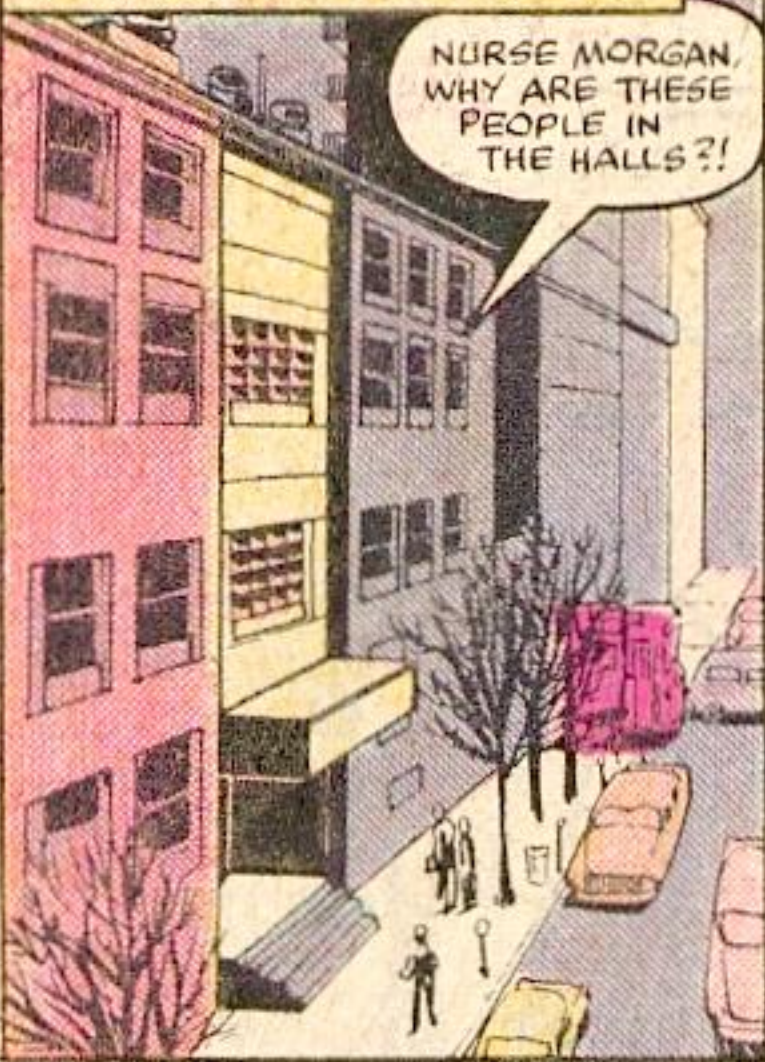
--AND SCREAMING SKYWARD, SLIPS INTO THE NIGHT.

NOT LONG AFTER, YET MUCH TOO LATE...

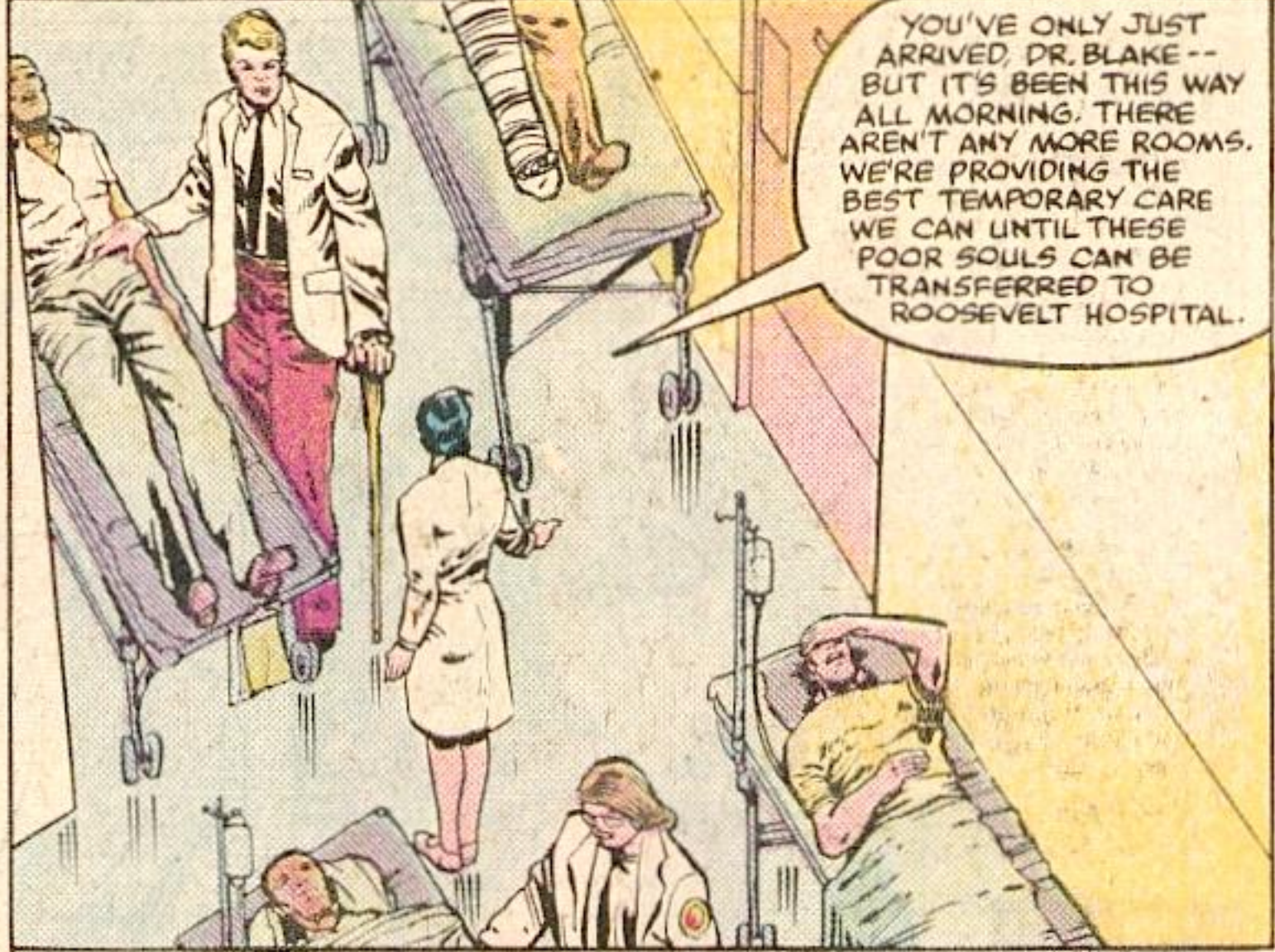


MAX YADOW WAS TOO OLD TO BE FAST.

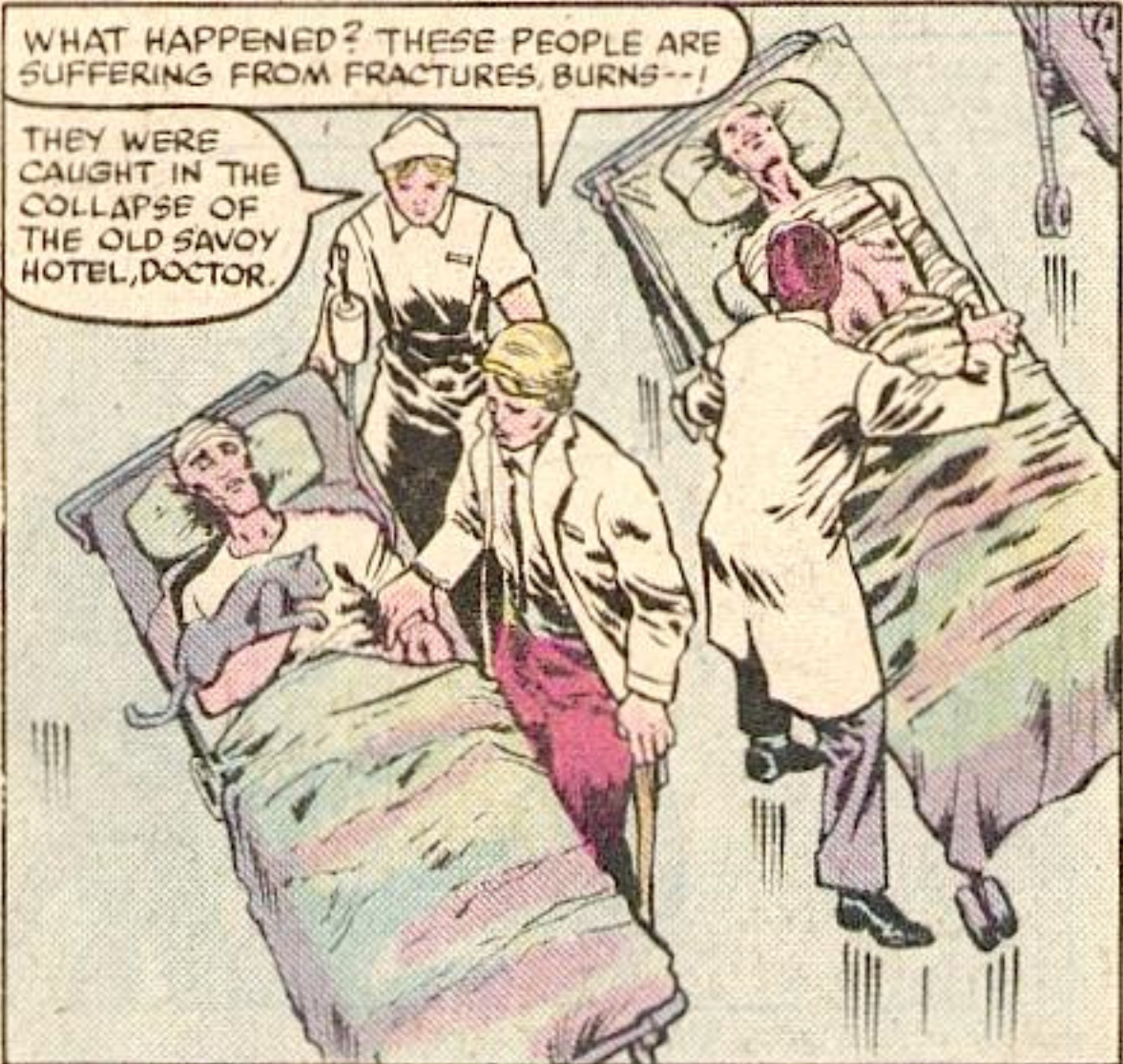
THE WESTSIDE MEDICAL CENTER,  
BROADWAY AND 99TH STREET...



NURSE MORGAN,  
WHY ARE THESE  
PEOPLE IN  
THE HALLS?!



YOU'VE ONLY JUST  
ARRIVED, DR. BLAKE --  
BUT IT'S BEEN THIS WAY  
ALL MORNING. THERE  
AREN'T ANY MORE ROOMS.  
WE'RE PROVIDING THE  
BEST TEMPORARY CARE  
WE CAN UNTIL THESE  
POOR SOULS CAN BE  
TRANSFERRED TO  
ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.



WHAT HAPPENED? THESE PEOPLE ARE  
SUFFERING FROM FRACTURES, BURNS--!

THEY WERE  
CAUGHT IN THE  
COLLAPSE OF  
THE OLD SAVOY  
HOTEL, DOCTOR.

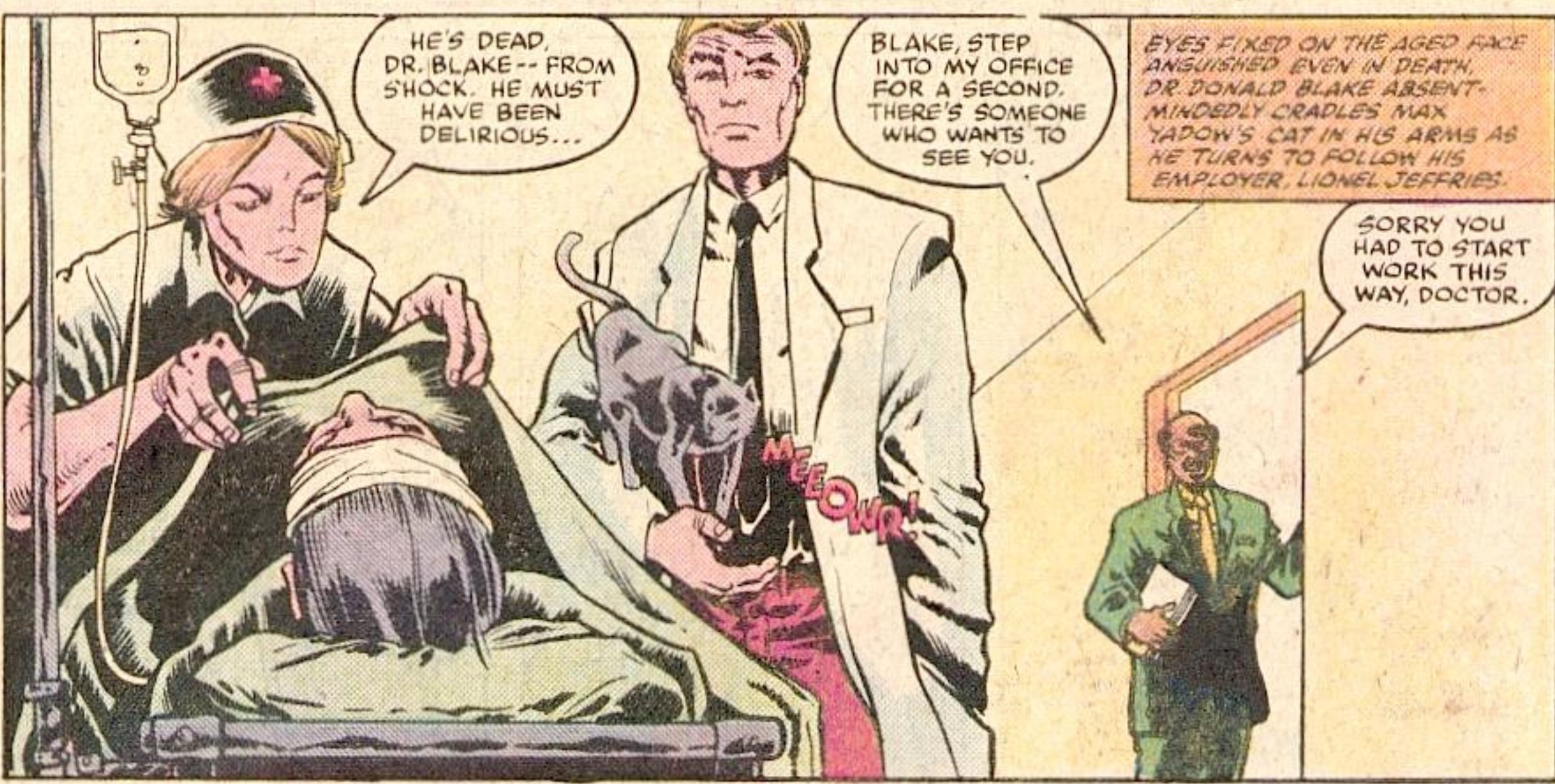


YOU MEAN A BUILDING-- WITH PEOPLE LIVING  
IN IT-- JUST FELL DOWN?!

THAT'S  
WHAT THE  
POLICE SAID,  
DR. BLAKE.

NO! EYES  
LIKE THE  
DEVIL--  
SCREAMING  
LIKE A  
SOUL IN  
TORMENT!

IT'S  
COMING  
RIGHT  
AT US,  
AMOS!  
IT'S...



HE'S DEAD,  
DR. BLAKE-- FROM  
SHOCK. HE MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
DELIRIOUS...

BLAKE, STEP  
INTO MY OFFICE  
FOR A SECOND.  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
WHO WANTS TO  
SEE YOU.

EYES FIXED ON THE AGED FACE  
ANGUISHED EVEN IN DEATH,  
DR. DONALD BLAKE ABSENT-  
MINDEDLY CRADLES MAX  
YADOW'S CAT IN HIS ARMS AS  
HE TURNS TO FOLLOW HIS  
EMPLOYER, LIONEL JEFFRIES.

SORRY YOU  
HAD TO START  
WORK THIS  
WAY, DOCTOR.

MEOW!



SOON...

THIS IS DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT BYRD OF THE 24th PRECINCT, BLAKE. HE'S BEEN ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE THE SAVOY'S COLLAPSE.

CALL ME BLACKBYRD, DOC. EVERYONE ELSE DOES.



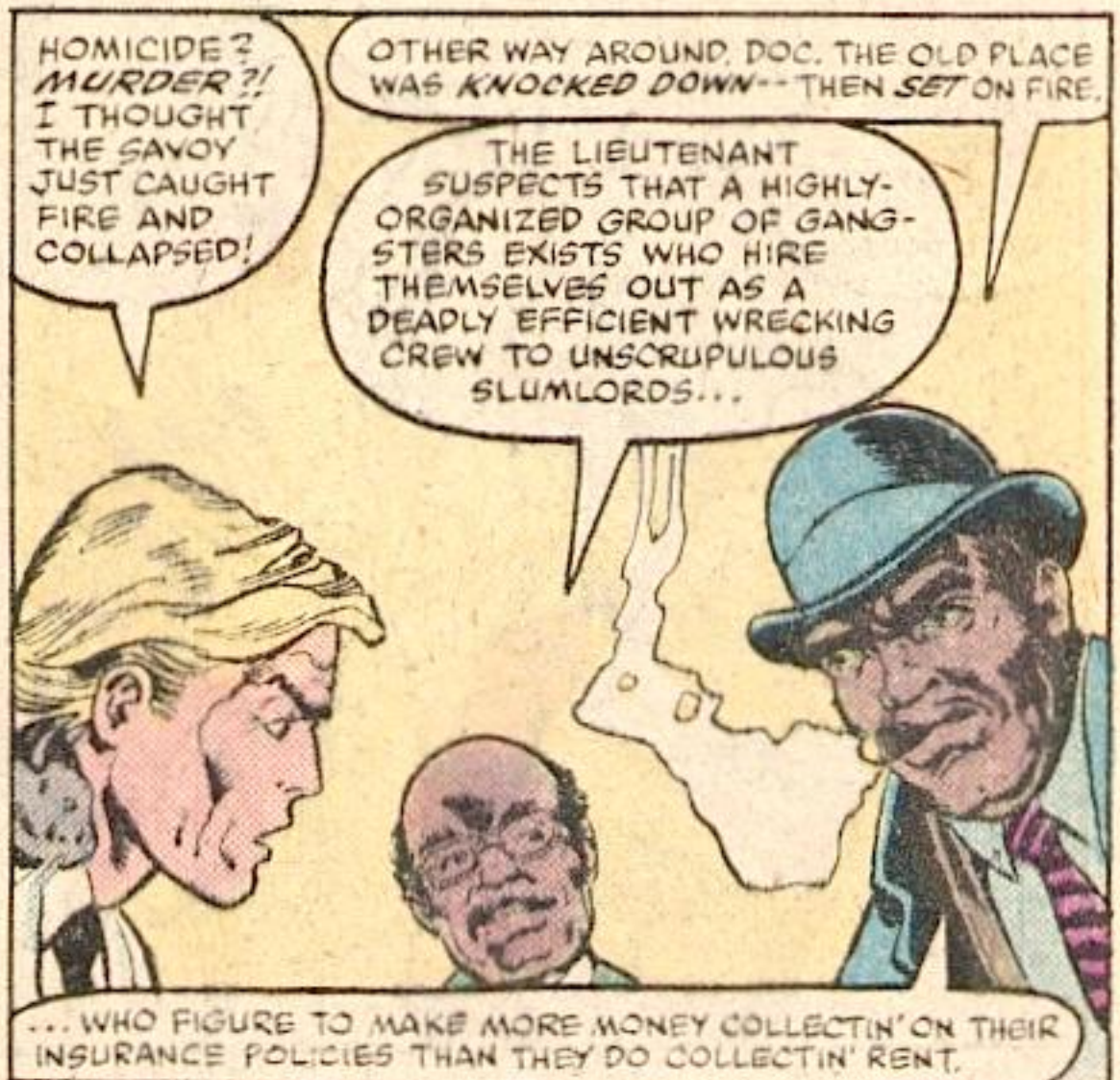
I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR FORMALITIES, LIEUTENANT. I WALKED IN THE DOOR TO REPORT FOR WORK AND A PATIENT DIED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES.

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS IN THAT WAITING ROOM, HE MAY HAVE ONLY BEEN THE FIRST OF MANY... UNLESS I GET BACK OUT THERE.



SORRY TO HEAR THAT, DOC. BUT IT DOES PUT THIS CASE INTO A DIFFERENT LIGHT... MOVIN' IT OUTTA THE HANDS OF THE ARSON SQUAD TO MY DEPARTMENT--

--HOMICIDE!



HOMICIDE? MURDER?! I THOUGHT THE SAVOY JUST CAUGHT FIRE AND COLLAPSED!

OTHER WAY AROUND, DOC. THE OLD PLACE WAS KNOCKED DOWN-- THEN SET ON FIRE.

THE LIEUTENANT SUSPECTS THAT A HIGHLY-ORGANIZED GROUP OF GANGSTERS EXISTS WHO HIRE THEMSELVES OUT AS A DEADLY EFFICIENT WRECKING CREW TO UNSCRUPULOUS SLUMLORDS...

... WHO FIGURE TO MAKE MORE MONEY COLLECTIN' ON THEIR INSURANCE POLICIES THAN THEY DO COLLECTIN' RENT.

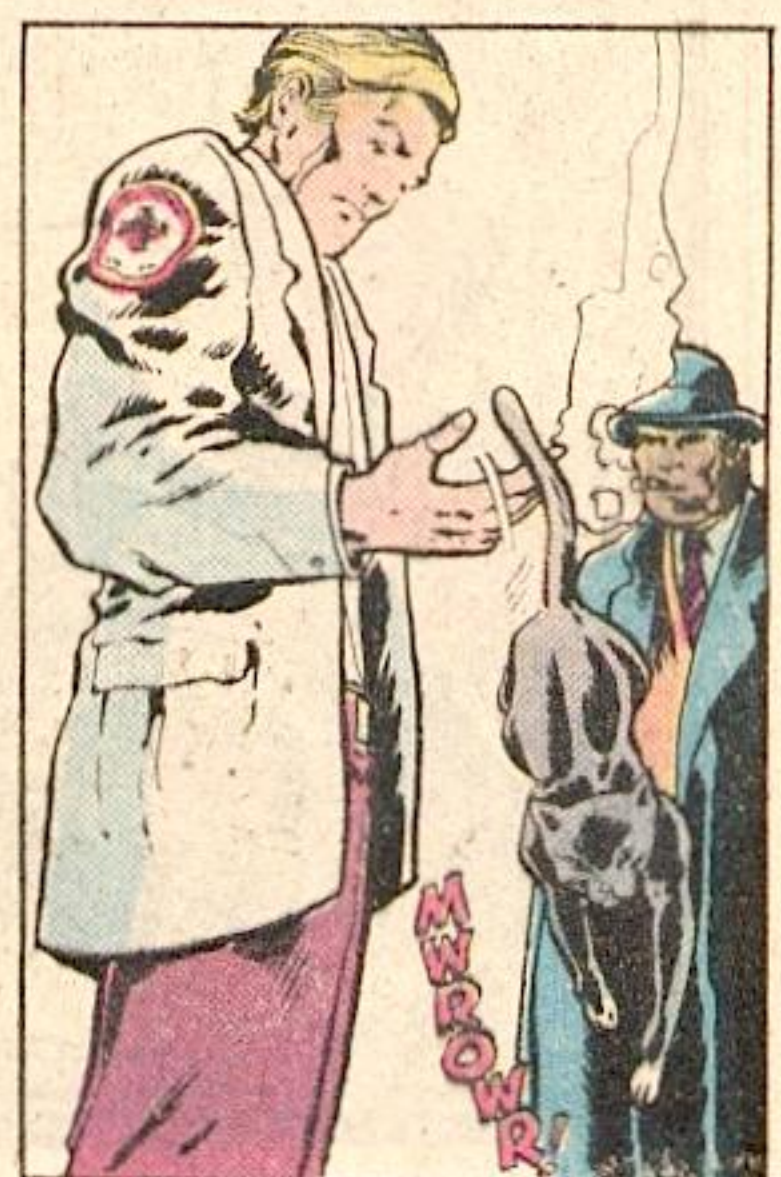


Y-YOU MEAN, THOSE PEOPLE OUT THERE ARE INJURED... DYING--

--BECAUSE THEIR LANDLORD COULDN'T MAKE A PROFIT ON HIS BUILDING??!



THAT'S LIFE IN THE BIG CITY, DOC.



MROWR!

SECONDS LATER, IN THE CORRIDOR...



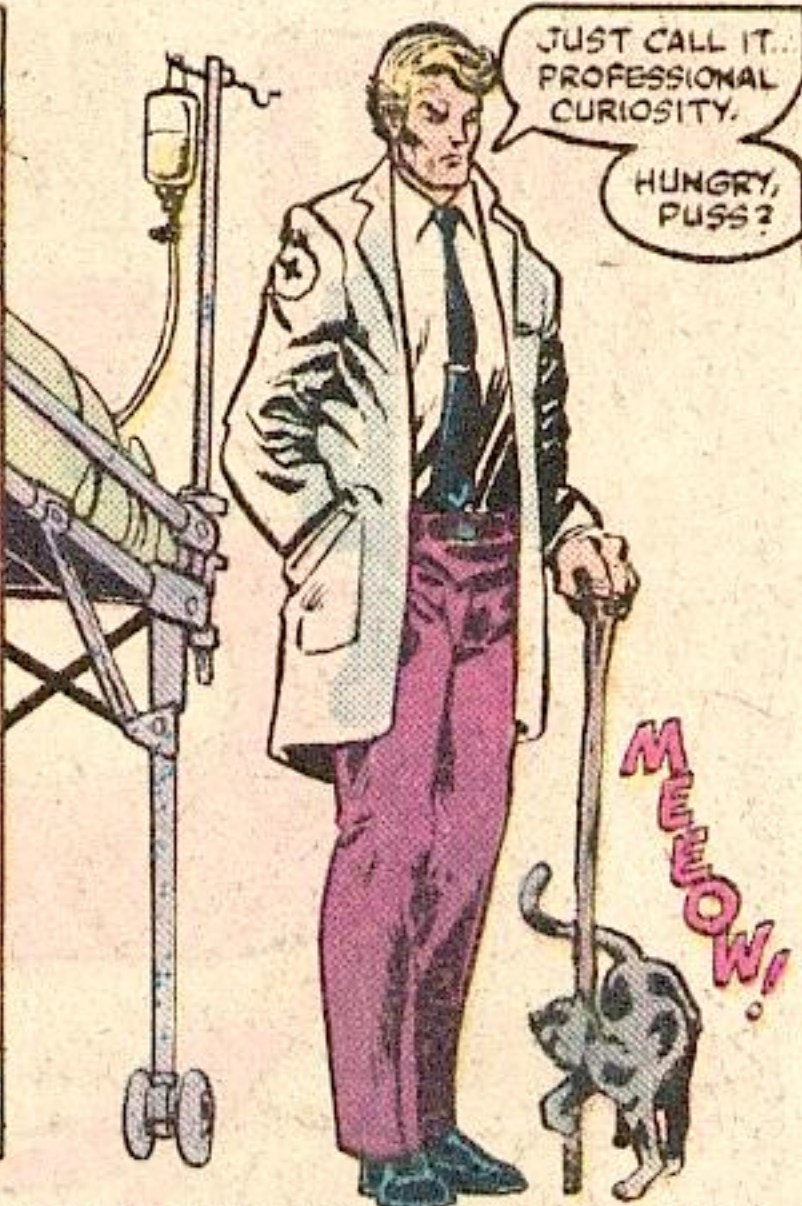
MIND, IT'S ONLY A THEORY, DOC-- BUT THERE'S BEEN A PATTERN OF SUSPICIOUS 'DISASTERS' ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE.



I'VE GOTTA DO SOME CHECKIN'-- TRACK DOWN THE OWNERS' NAMES.

LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU FIND OUT, BLACKBYRD.

WHY, DOC? YOU AN AMATEUR HARDY BOY IN YER SPARE TIME?

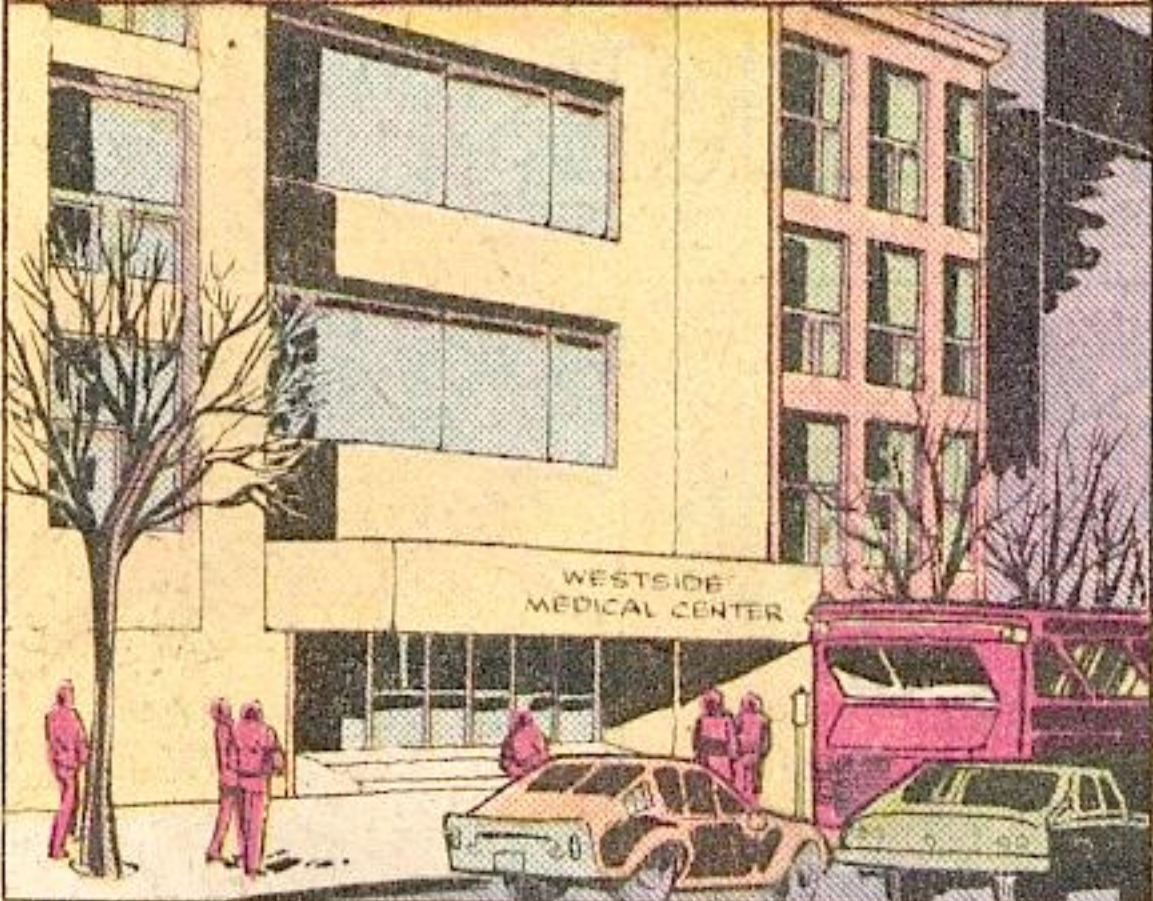


JUST CALL IT... PROFESSIONAL CURIOSITY.

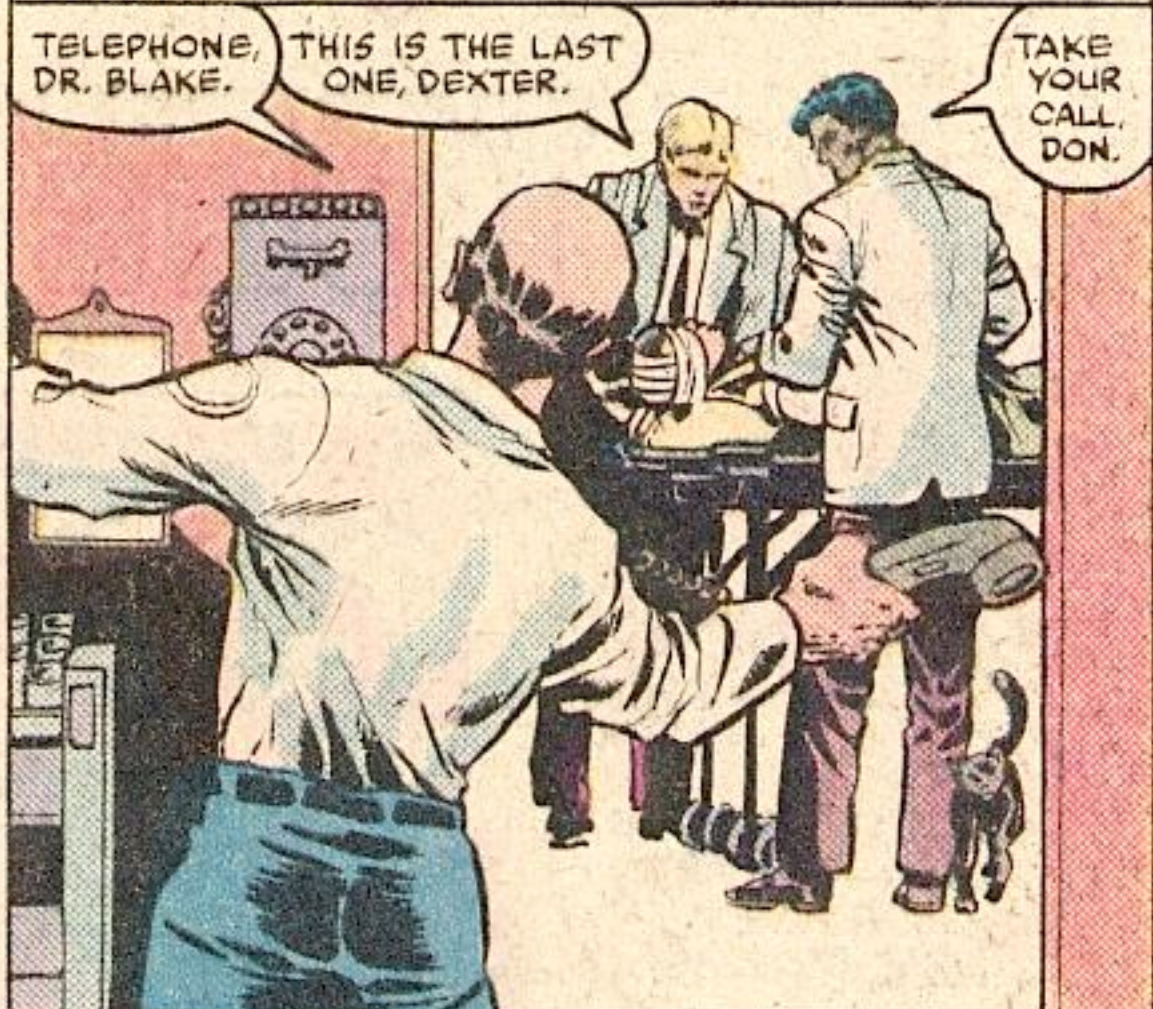
HUNGRY, PUSS?

MEOW!

MORNING SLIPS INTO LATE AFTERNOON IN AN ENDLESS SUCCESSION OF X-RAYS TO BE EXAMINED, BONES TO BE SET, BANDAGES TO BE CHANGED, TRANSFUSIONS TO BE MONITORED, AND TRANSFERS TO MORE ADEQUATE INTENSIVE CARE FACILITIES AT NEARBY ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL TO BE EFFECTED.



IT IS AN EXHAUSTING SCHEDULE, AND DON BLAKE IS READY TO COLLAPSE WHEN AN AIDE CALLS OUT...



TELEPHONE, DR. BLAKE. THIS IS THE LAST ONE, DEXTER.

TAKE YOUR CALL, DON.



BLACKBYRD! WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND OUT?!

A LIST OF REAL ESTATE HOLDINGS OWNED BY THE LANDLORD OF THE SAVOY. AN, YEAH, THE OTHER BUILDINGS DEMOLISHED IN THE SAME WAY WERE HIS, TOO.

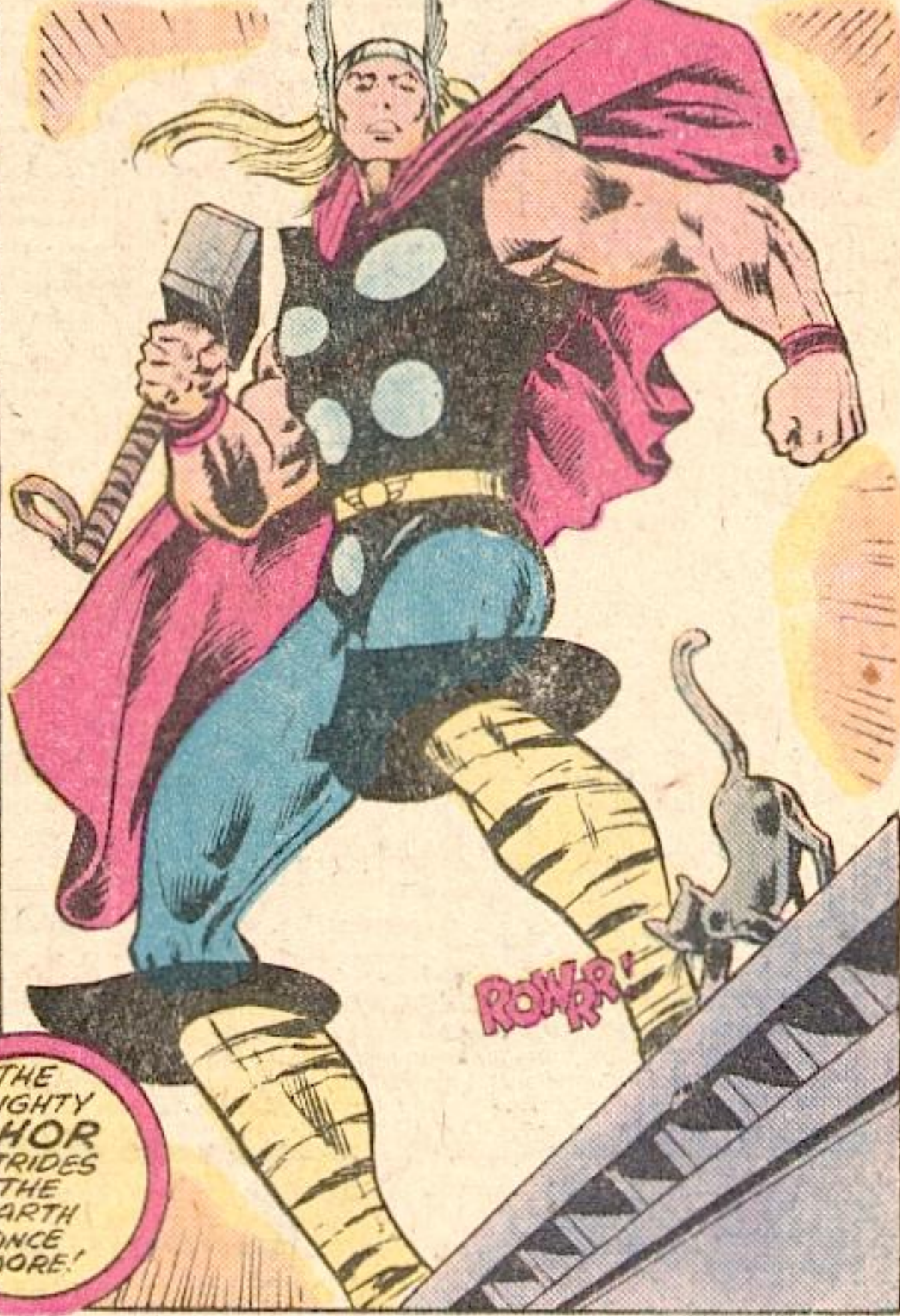
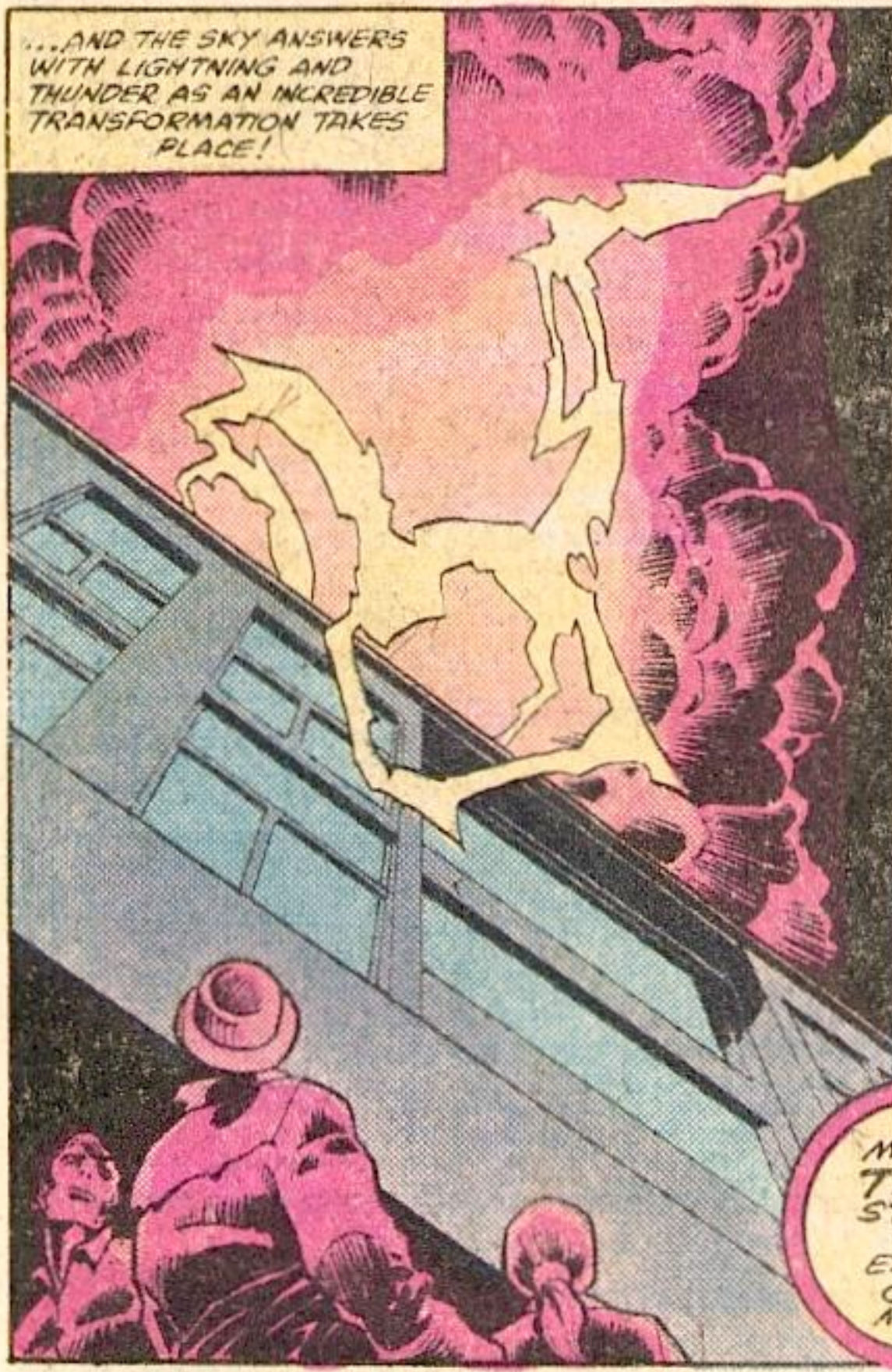
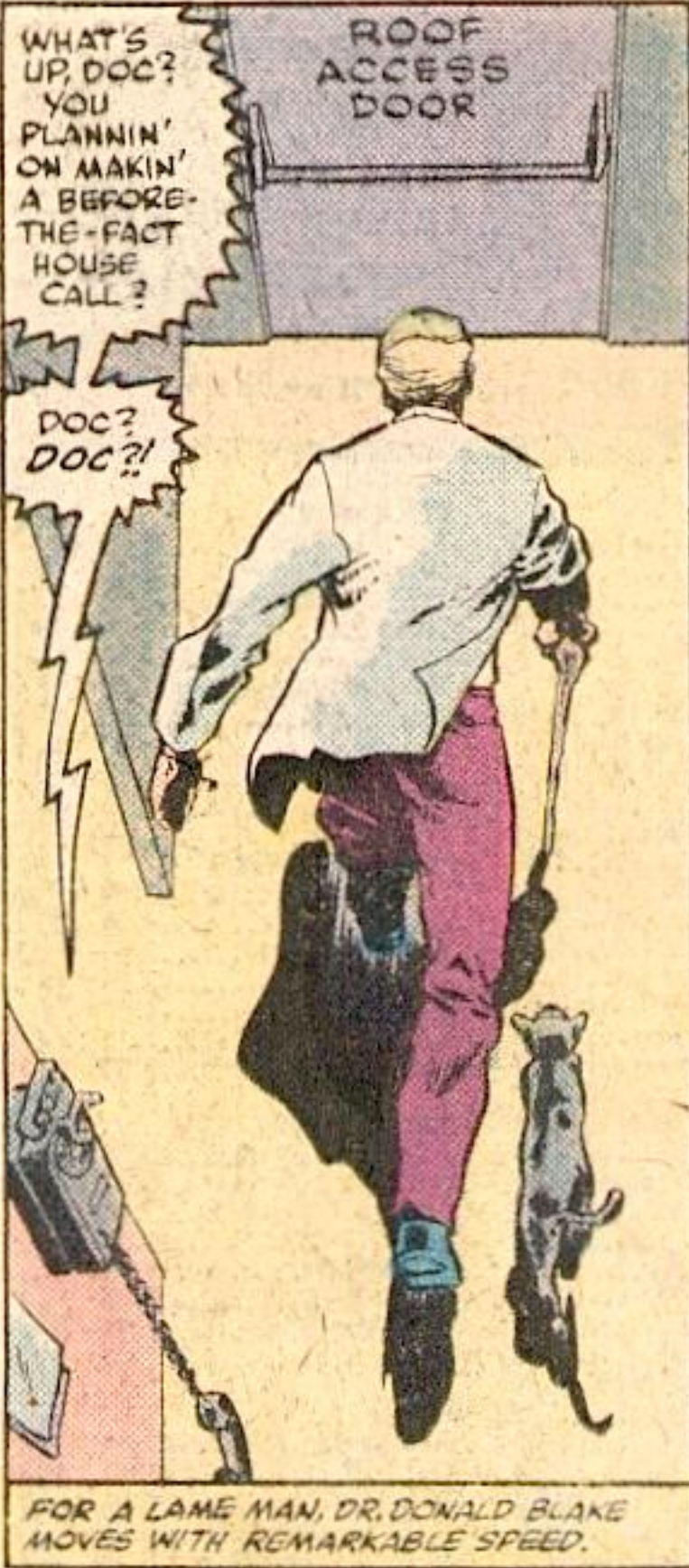
HOUSING & REAL ESTATE RECORDS

LOOKS THAT WAY. THE GUY OWNS ONE MORE HOTEL. IT MAY BE HIT NEXT.

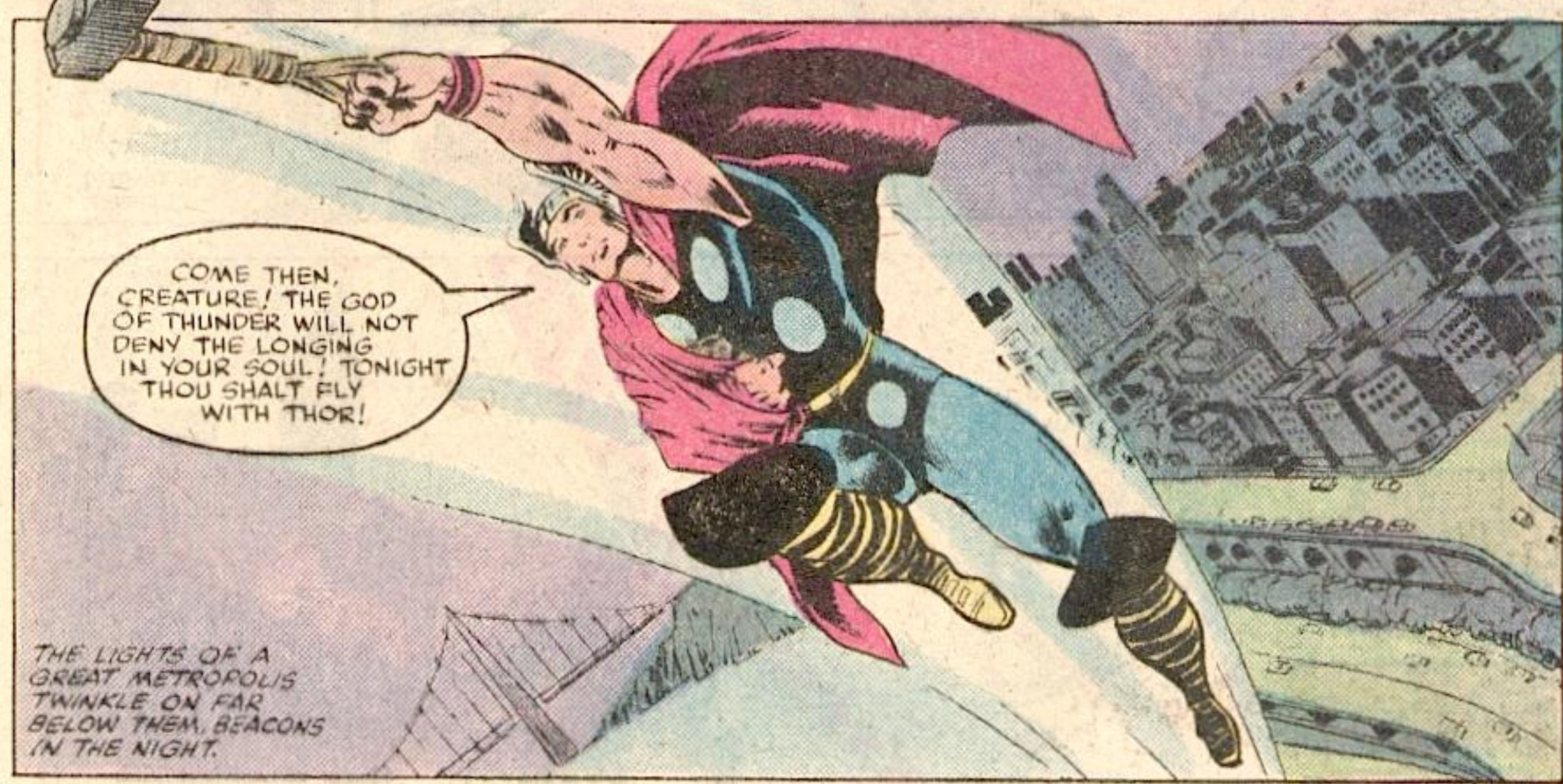
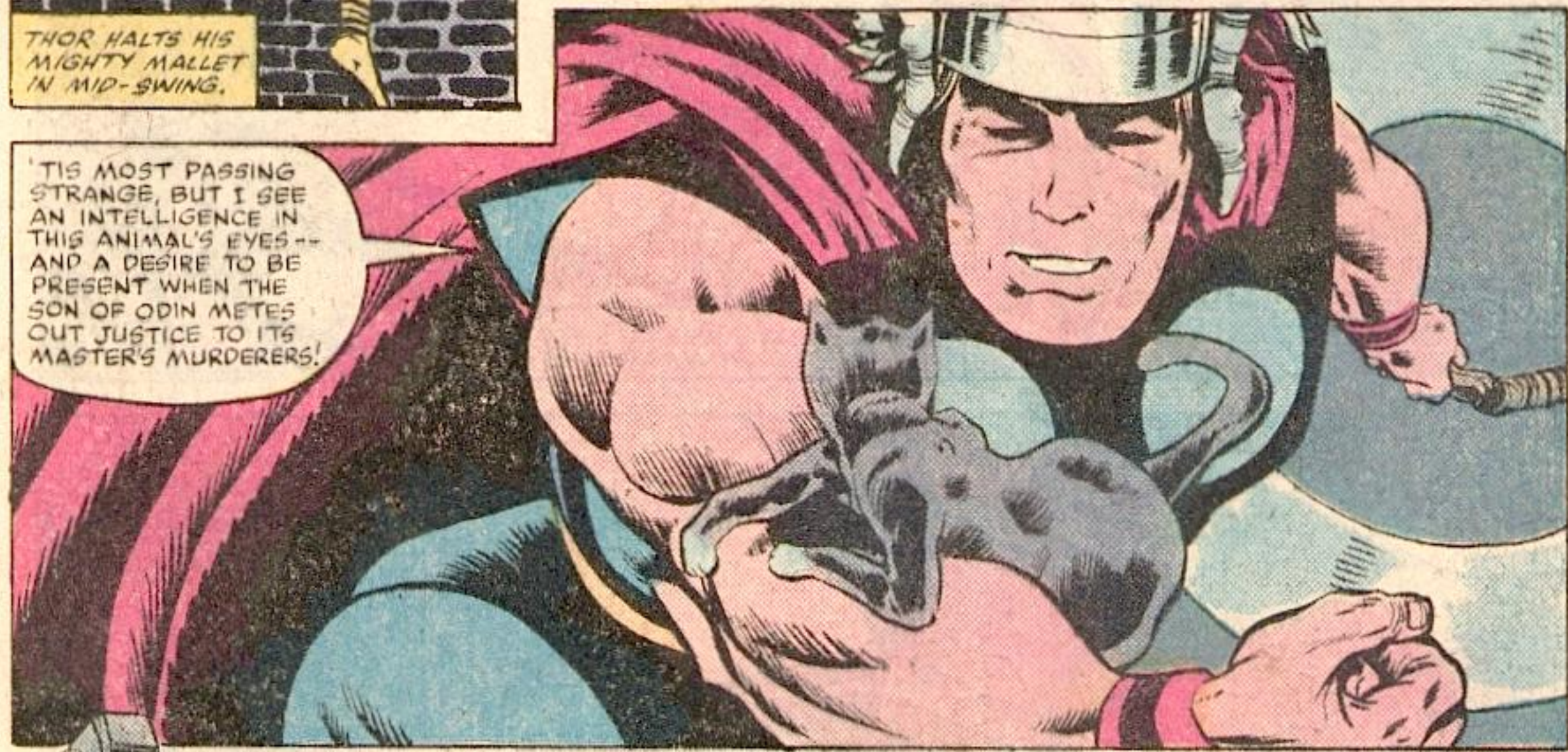
YOUR PATTERN, BLACKBYRD!

WHERE IS IT?

367 WEST 112th STREET. WHY?







UNFORTUNATELY THE CITY LIGHTS ALSO ATTRACT OTHERS-- MURDEROUS MOTHS WHOSE ONLY INTENT IS TO SNUFF OUT THE FLICKERING ELECTRIC FLAME OF A CERTAIN ANCIENT EDIFICE...



TONIGHT'S TARGET?

ROUTINE. ANOTHER RUNDOWN OLD HULK WORTH MILLIONS IN INSURANCE MONEY.

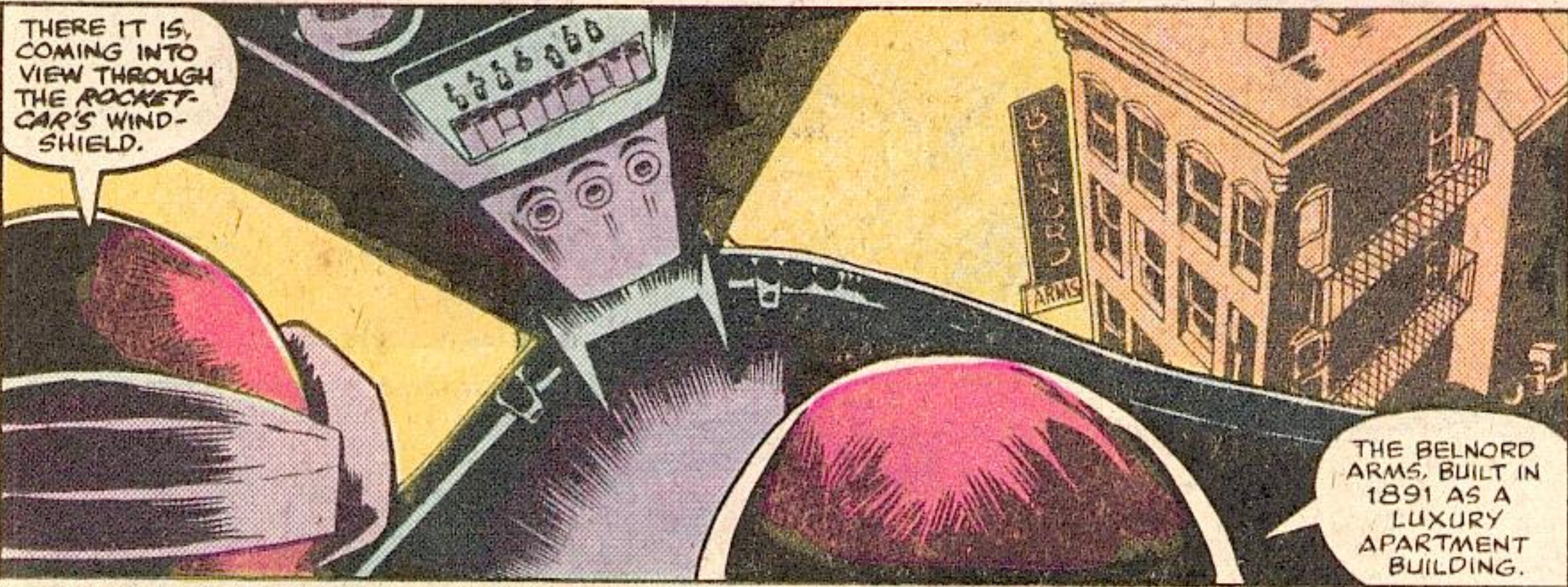
NO ONE'LL MISS IT-- ESPECIALLY ITS OWNER.

THAT'S WHY HE HIRED US-- THE BOMBARDIERS!



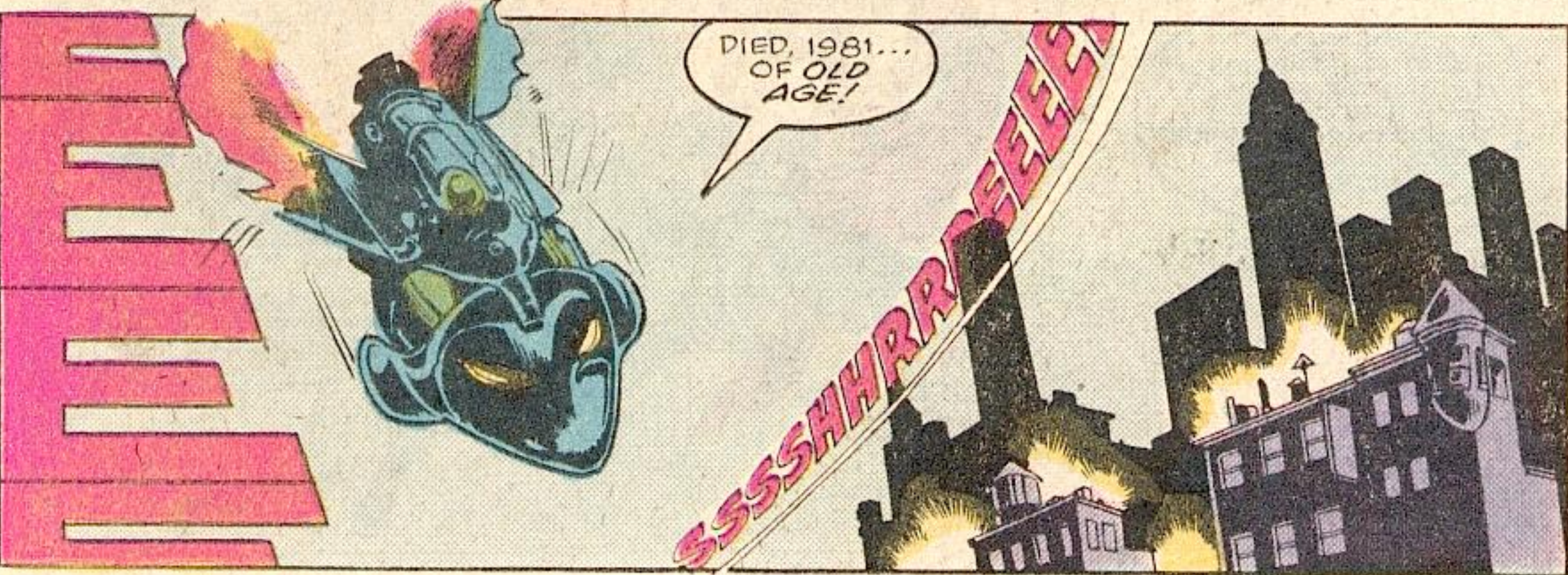
THERE IT IS, COMING INTO VIEW THROUGH THE ROCKET-CAR'S WINDSHIELD.

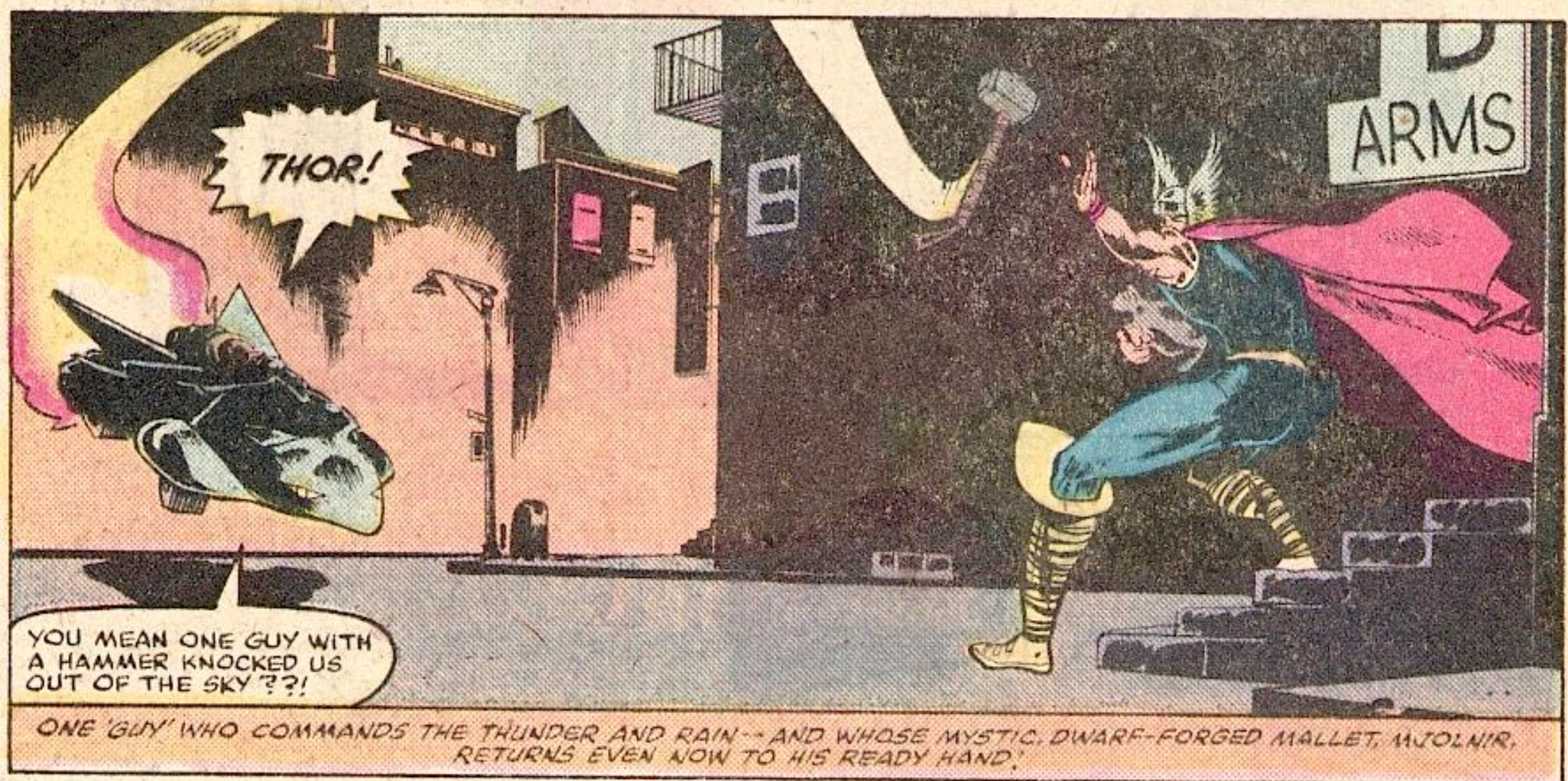
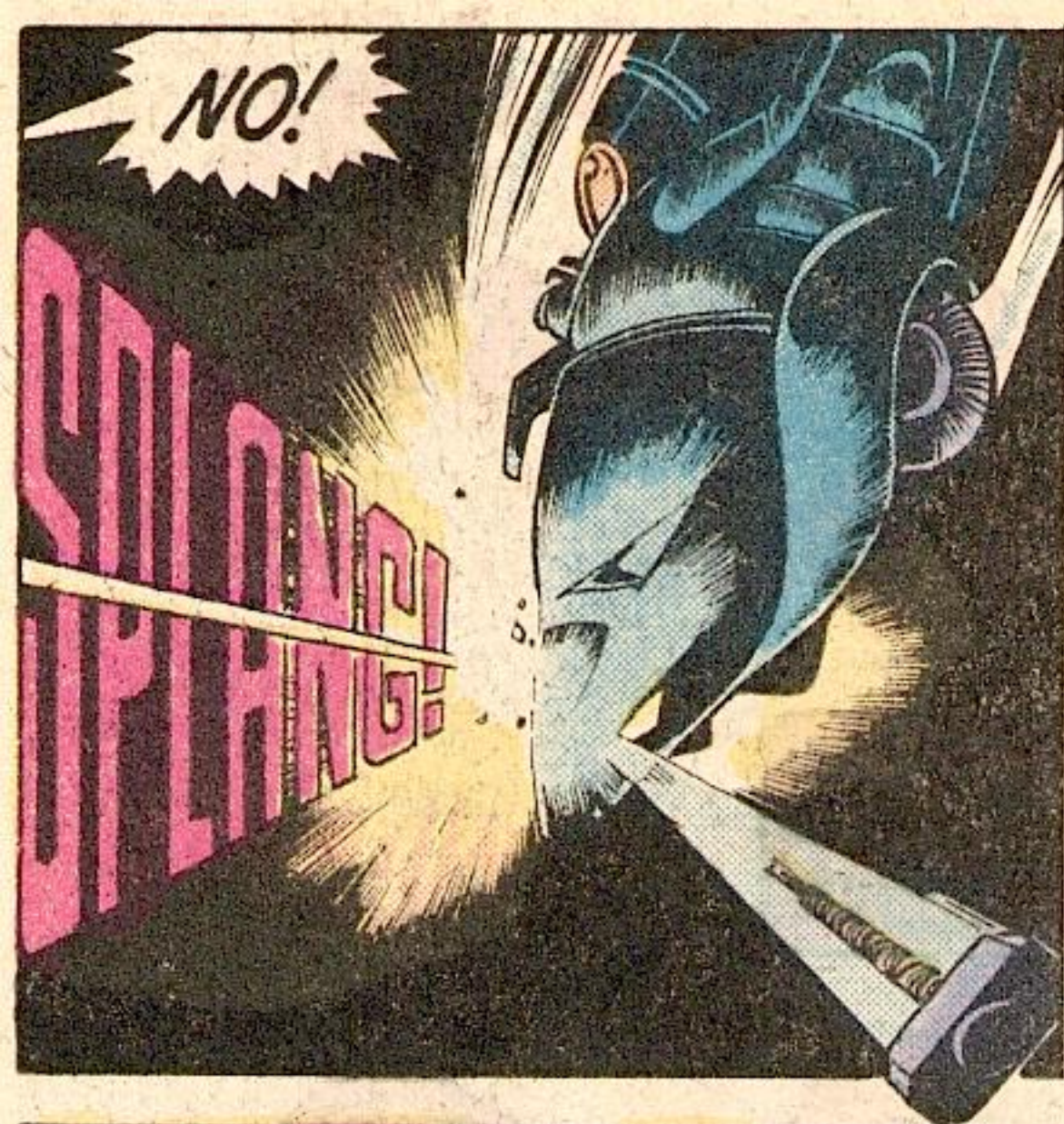
THE BELNORD ARMS, BUILT IN 1891 AS A LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING.



DIED, 1981... OF OLD AGE!

SSSSHHRRRREEEE!



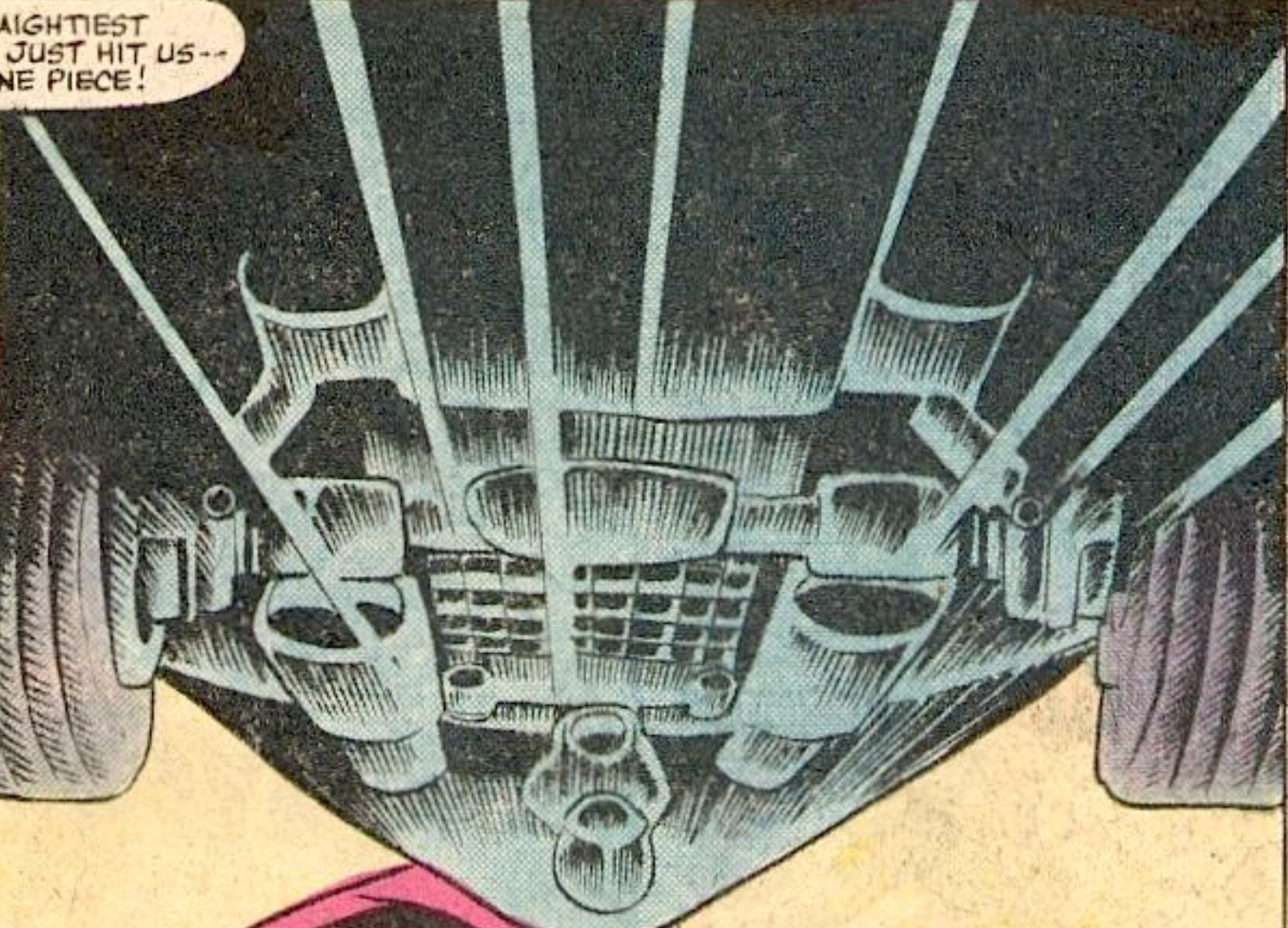


YOU MEAN ONE GUY WITH A HAMMER KNOCKED US OUT OF THE SKY??!

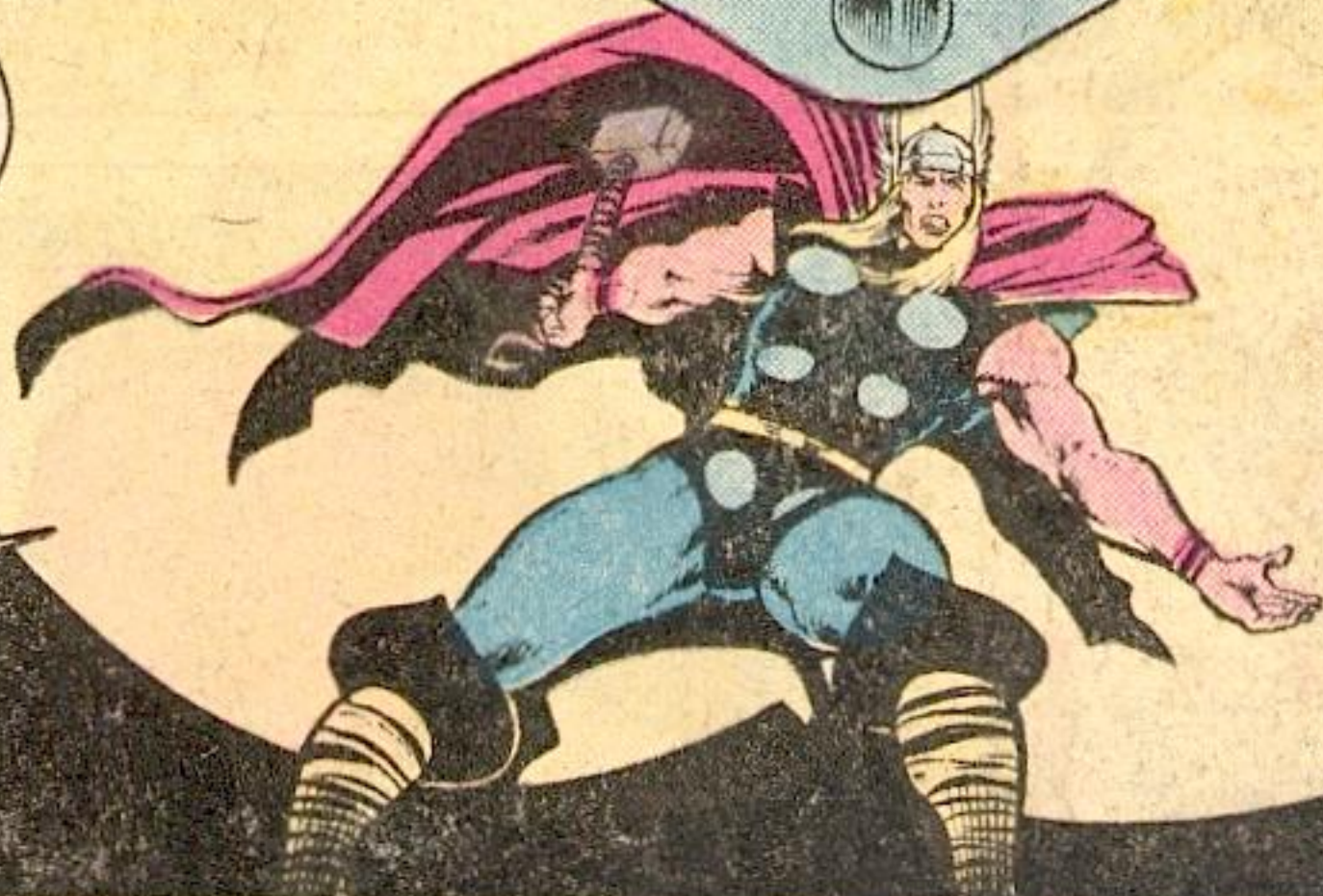
ONE 'GUY' WHO COMMANDS THE THUNDER AND RAIN-- AND WHOSE MYSTIC, DWARF-FORGED MALLET, MJOLNIR, RETURNS EVEN NOW TO HIS READY HAND.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WHAT DO YOU THINK? THE MIGHTIEST AVENGER OF THEM ALL HAS JUST HIT US-- AND WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!



THAT MEANS OUR ROCKET-CAR'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO STAND UP TO THE GOD OF THUNDER! REV THE ENGINES! RAM HIM!



METHINKS THE BATTLE IS ABOUT TO BE JOINED, CAT! IN THIS CLASH THOU HAST NO PLACE! GET THEE GONE--

-- WHILE THOR DOES WHAT MUST NEEDS BE DONE!

AS THE MIGHTY MURDER MACHINE BEARS DOWN ON HIM, THE SON OF ODIN BEHOLDS THE GLARING HEADLIGHT BEAMS AND THE ROCKET-CAR'S THUNDEROUS ROAR--

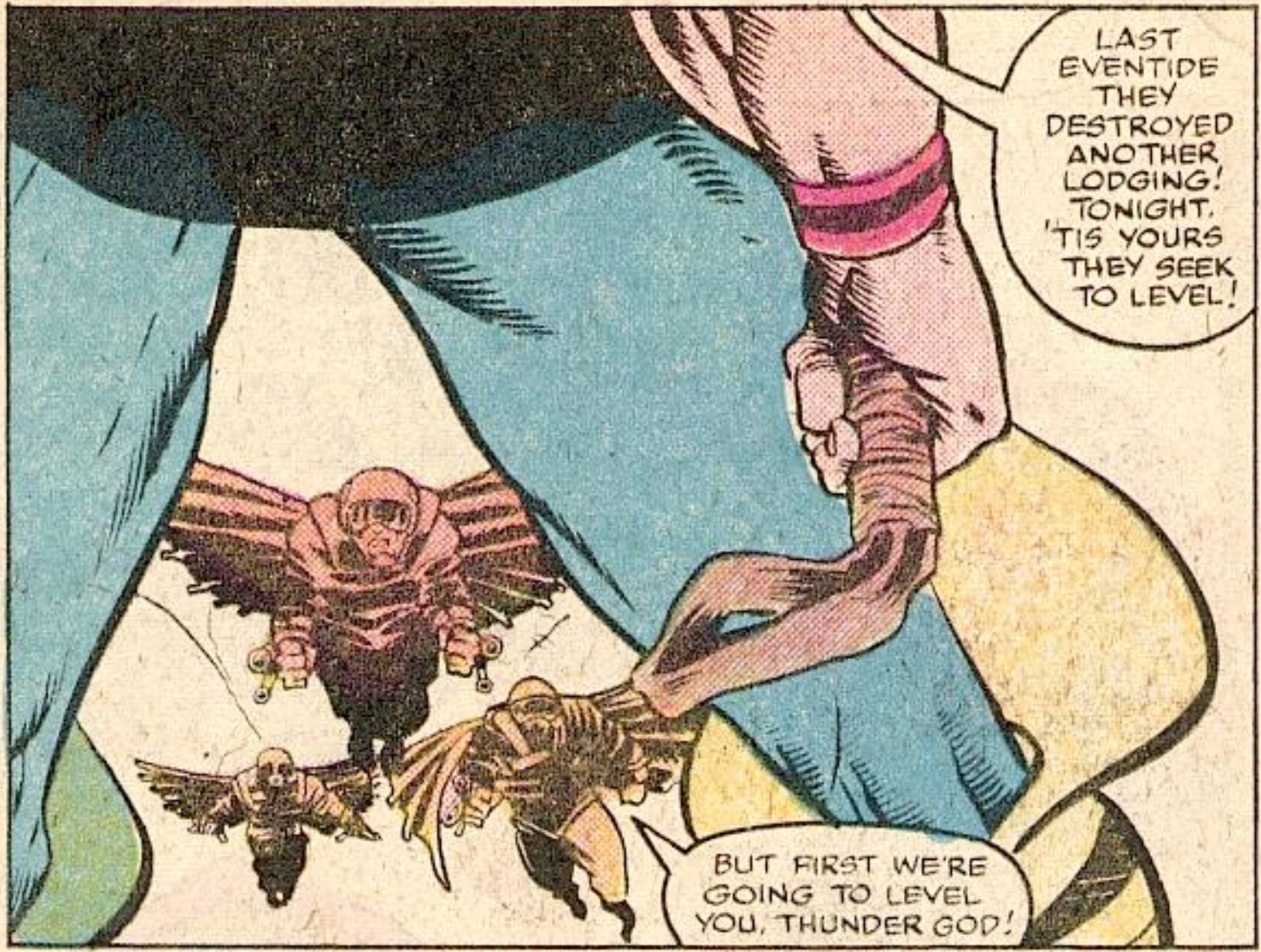
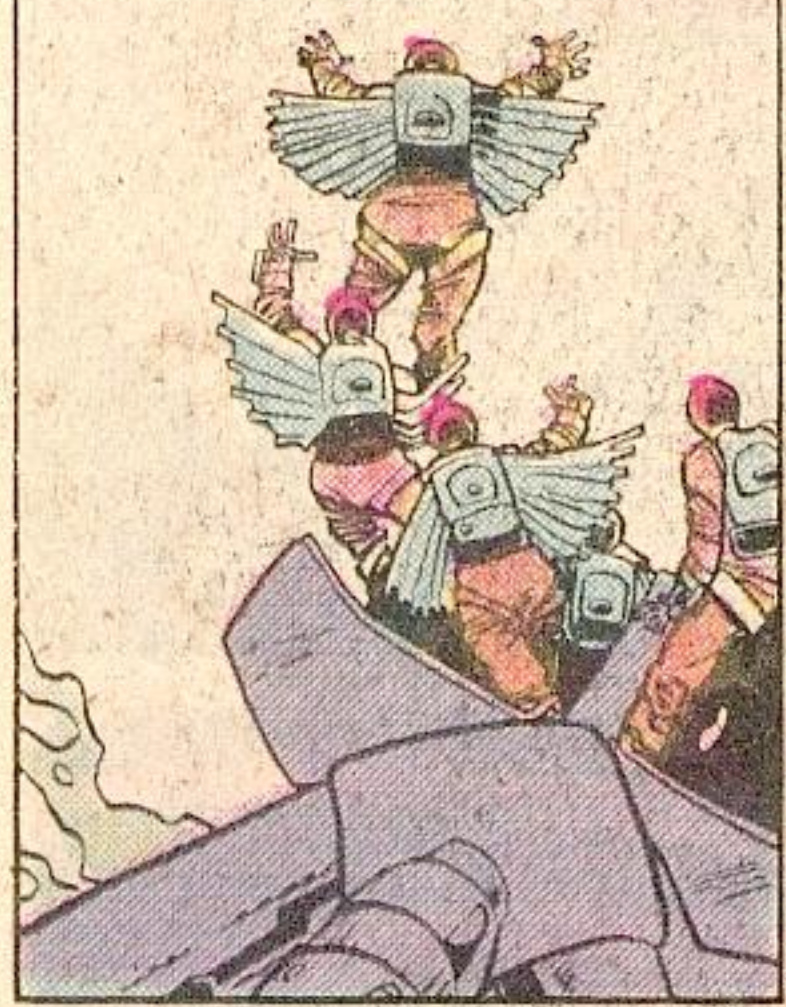
-- AND HE REMEMBERS AN OLD MAN'S DYING WORDS: "EYES LIKE THE DEVIL-- SCREAMING LIKE A SOUL IN TORMENT!"

**STRAM**



WHAT IN BLAZES--!

BEHOLD, MORTAL-- MEN WHO WOULD KILL FOR PAY!



LAST EVENTIDE THEY DESTROYED ANOTHER LODGING! TONIGHT, 'TIS YOURS THEY SEEK TO LEVEL!

BUT FIRST WE'RE GOING TO LEVEL YOU, THUNDER GOD!



HARD TO DIG THE LONGHAIR'S LINGO, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT THAT SAVOY DISASTER!

CRIPES! I BET HE MEANS THE BELNORD'S NEXT! I'D BETTER--! HUH? A CAT ON THE PHONE?

YEAH, THAT'S IT-- I GOTTA CALL THE COPS!



FIRE MINI-MISSILES!

THEY'LL PUNCH HOLES IN HIM!



-- TO THE NEARBY 24th PRECINCT.

BLACKBYRD HEAR-- I MEAN, LIEUTENANT BYRD, HOMICIDE

SHEESH, IT AIN'T BEEN SO LONG SINCE I REJOINED THE FORCE. I STILL FORGET PROTOCOL.

WHAT? A RUCKUS AT THE BELNORD?! I'M ON MY WAY...!

AS THE BOMBARDIERS UNLEASH THEIR DEADLY BARRAGE, THE NIGHT SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR PLACES A CALL--

EVEN OVER THE PHONE BLACKBYRD RECOGNIZED THE SICKENING SHRIEK OF ARMOR-PIERCING MISSILES RACING TOWARDS THEIR TARGET!



HE SOUNDS AN ALERT, STRAPS ON HIS SHOULDER-HOLSTER, AND PRAYS HE DOESN'T ARRIVE TO FIND THE BUILDING REDUCED TO RUBBLE!

BUT WHAT HE CAN'T SEE -- AND THE CALLER NEGLECTED TO TELL HIM, IS THAT THE BELNORD ARMS HAS A GUARDIAN!



MINI-MISSILES CAN'T GET THROUGH AS LONG AS THOR HOLDS HIS HAMMER!

WE CAN'T DISARM HIM! THE BLASTED THING ALWAYS COMES BACK TO HIM! BUT WE CAN BIND HIS ARMS SO HE CAN'T TOSS IT!



FIRE WRAPAROUND-ROCKETS!

ODIN'S BEARD! YON VILLAINS DO SEEK TO 'SNARE ME WITH SNAKING CABLES!



'TIS MADNESS TO THINK THERE BE A METAL MAN-MADE CABLES TO BIND THE GOD OF THUNDER! I NEED ONLY FLEX MY MUSCLES, AND--!

WHAT WITCHCRAFT IS THIS?! THE BINDINGS HOLD!

NAY, THEY GROW EVEN TIGHTER STILL--PINNING MINE ARMS TO MY SIDE!

THAT'S BECAUSE--LIKE OUR ROCKET-CAR-- THE WRAP-AROUND CABLES ARE MADE OF AN ALLOY OF ADAMANTIUM...

THE STRONGEST METAL KNOWN TO MAN!



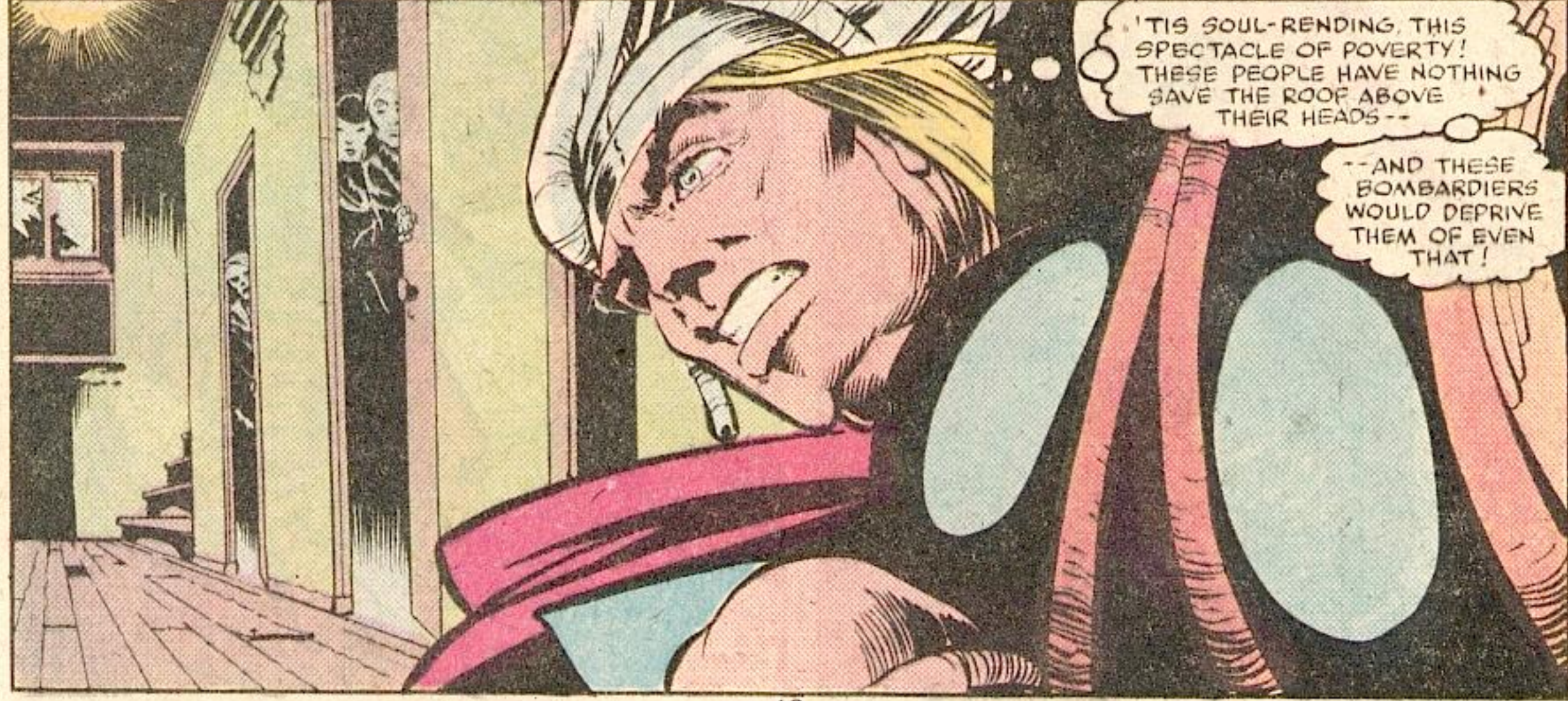
HIT HIM WHILE HE'S DOWN!



MOMMA, WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?

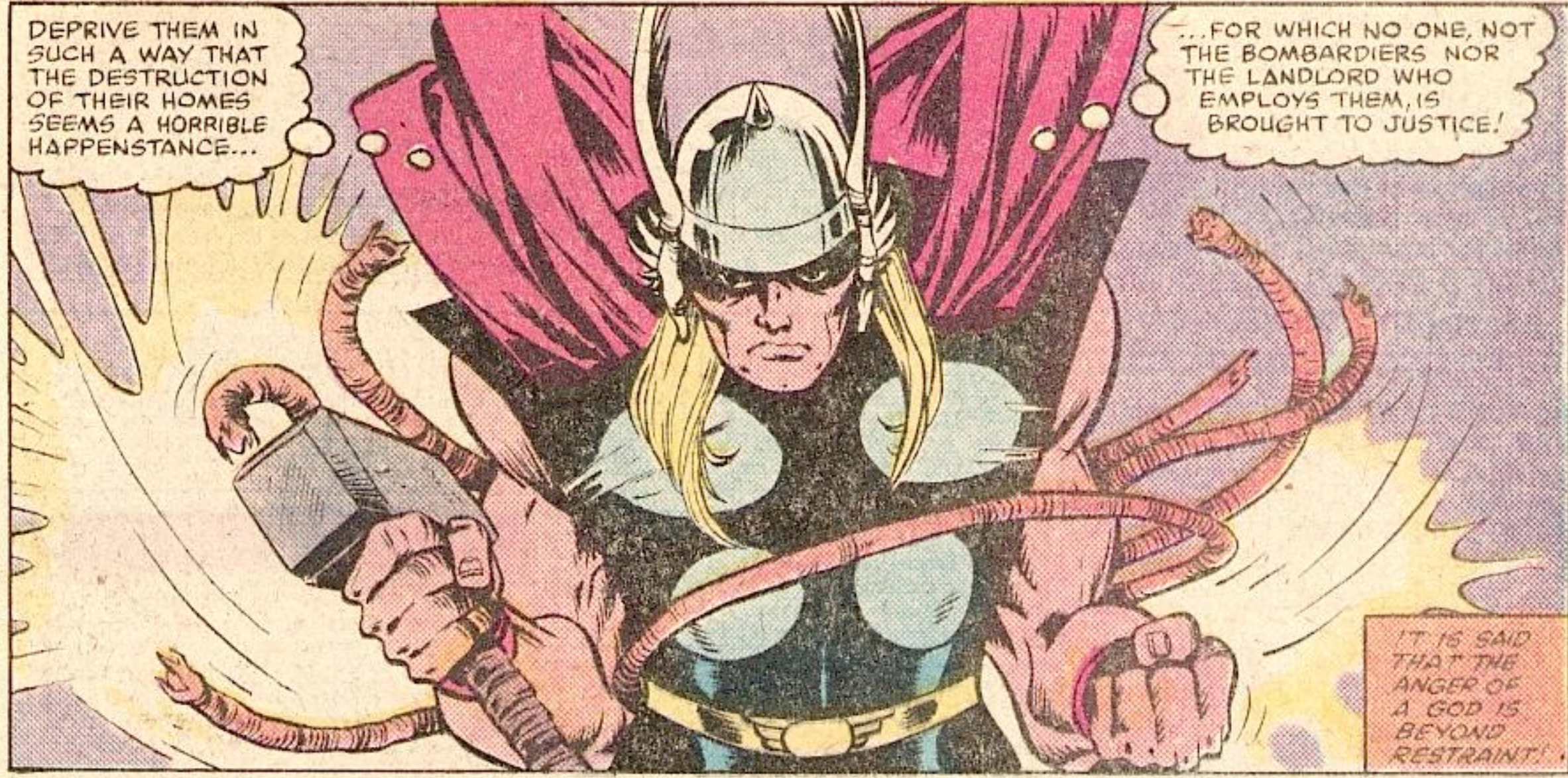
S-SOME MEN FIGHTIN' IN THE HALLWAY, DARRYL! STAY INSIDE!

ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE CORRIDOR, DOORS OPEN AND FRIGHTENED FACES PEER OUT! THOR LOOKS PAST THEM, TO THEIR HOMES -- THEIR NARROW ROOMS AND PITIABLE POSSESSIONS!



'TIS SOUL-RENDING, THIS SPECTACLE OF POVERTY! THESE PEOPLE HAVE NOTHING SAVE THE ROOF ABOVE THEIR HEADS--

--AND THESE BOMBARDIERS WOULD DEPRIVE THEM OF EVEN THAT!



DEPRIVE THEM IN SUCH A WAY THAT THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR HOMES SEEMS A HORRIBLE HAPPENSTANCE...

...FOR WHICH NO ONE, NOT THE BOMBARDIERS NOR THE LANDLORD WHO EMPLOYS THEM, IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!

IT IS SAID THAT THE ANGER OF A GOD IS BEYOND RESTRAINT!



THOR SAYS THEE NAY, BOMBARDIERS!

THOU SHALT NOT WREAK THY DESTRUCTION ON THIS HOUSE!



THE REST OF YOU HOLD HIM WHILE I REACH THE ROCKET-CAR!

HOLD HIM? HOW?!

HIS HAMMER'S RETURNING TO HIM LIKE A THING ALIVE!

MEOW!



LOOK OUT! HE'S THROWING HIS HAMMER!

SPAK

THAK

TKLANG

HE'S DRIVING US BACK OUT OF THE HOTEL!



SUDDENLY,  
A SIREN-  
WAILING  
SQUAD CAR  
ARRIVES  
ON THE  
SCENE...

THE  
COPS!

VERILY, VILLAINS! NOW YOU ARE  
CAUGHT BETWIXT A ROCK AND  
A HARD PLACE.



LAY DOWN  
THINE ARMS AND  
SURRENDER TO  
YON GUARDIANS  
OF THE LAW.

ARE YOU  
KIDDING?  
WE'VE  
KILLED  
PEOPLE,  
MAN!

IT'S MY DUTY  
TA TELL YA THAT  
ANYTHIN' YA SAY MAY  
BE HELD AS EVIDENCE  
AGAINST YA...

...SCUM!



TO BLAZES  
WITH THAT!  
I'M BLASTING  
OUT OF  
HERE!

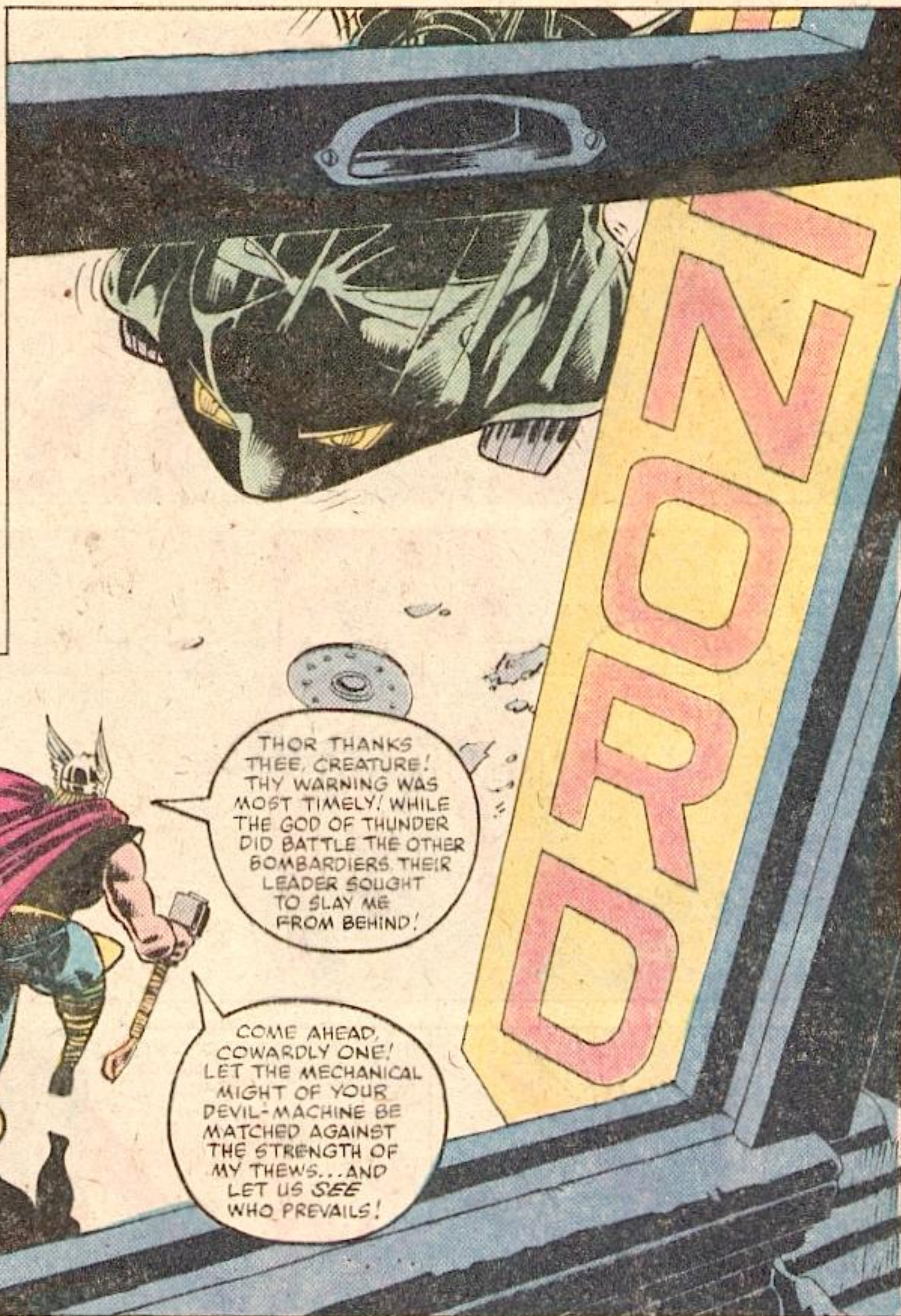
NAY! GET THEE TO COVER,  
BLACKBYRD! I SHALL DEAL  
WITH THESE VERMIN!

I GOT THE  
MESSAGE,  
BLONDIE!

BUT HOW'D  
THAT LONG-  
HAIRCED HERO  
KNOW MY NAME?!

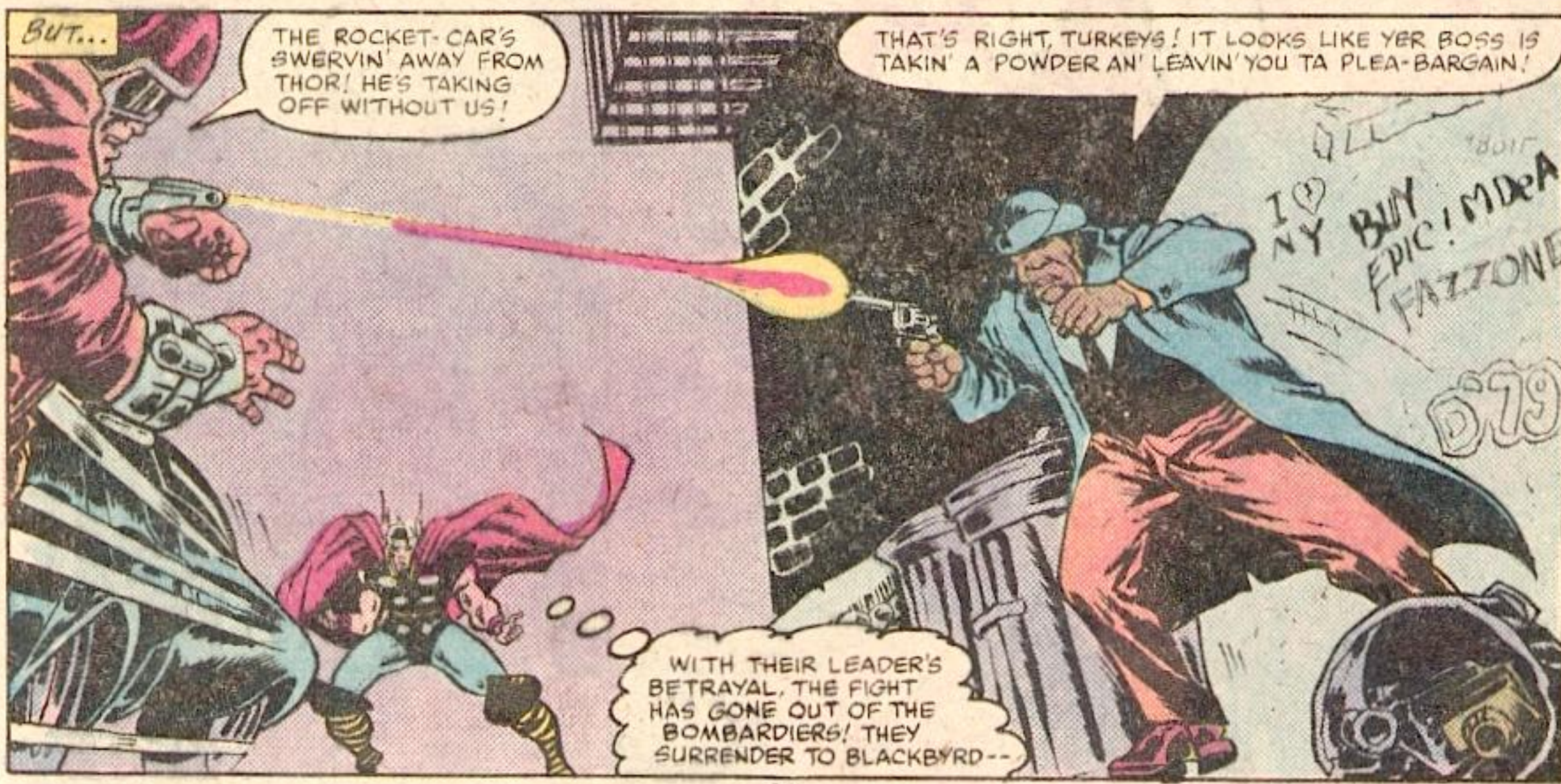
DIE,  
FLAT-  
FOOT!





THOR THANKS THEE, CREATURE! THY WARNING WAS MOST TIMELY! WHILE THE GOD OF THUNDER DID BATTLE THE OTHER BOMBARDIERS THEIR LEADER SOUGHT TO SLAY ME FROM BEHIND!

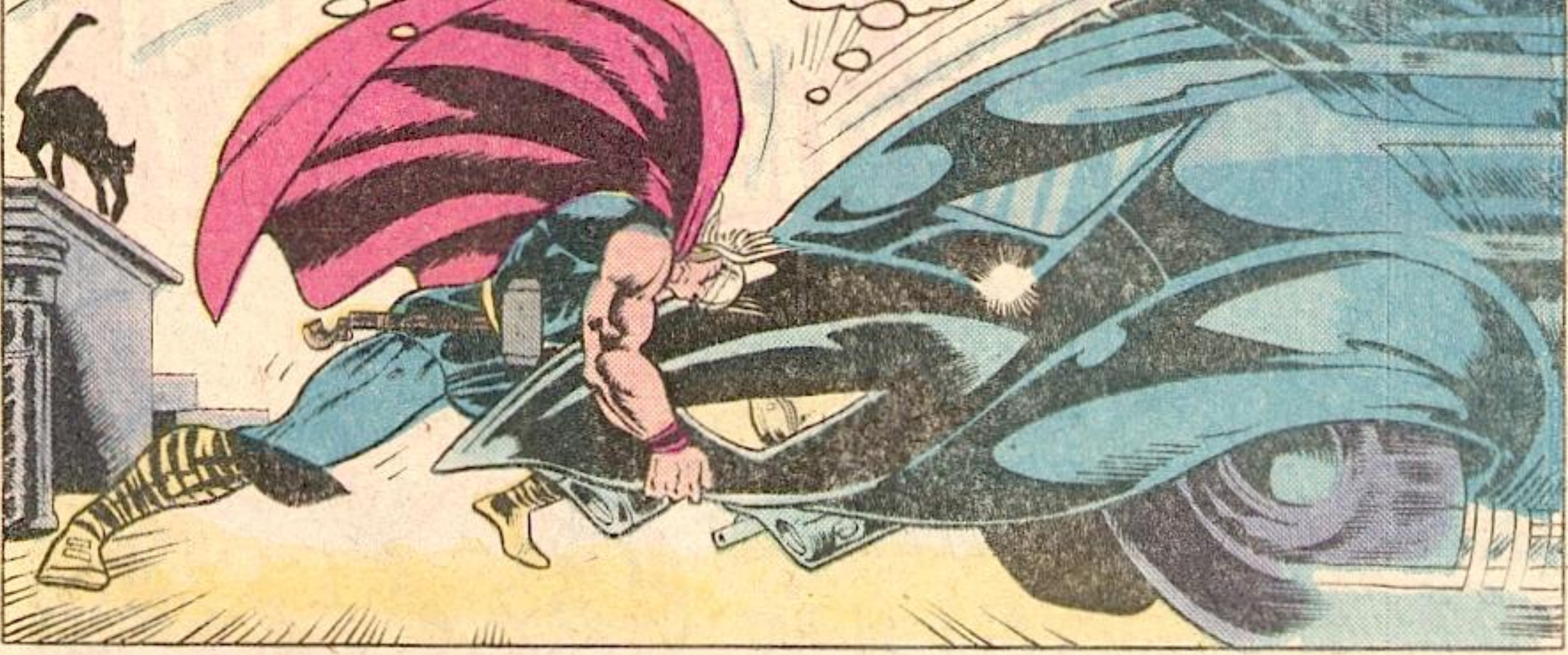
COME AHEAD, COWARDLY ONE! LET THE MECHANICAL MIGHT OF YOUR DEVIL-MACHINE BE MATCHED AGAINST THE STRENGTH OF MY THEWS...AND LET US SEE WHO PREVAILS!



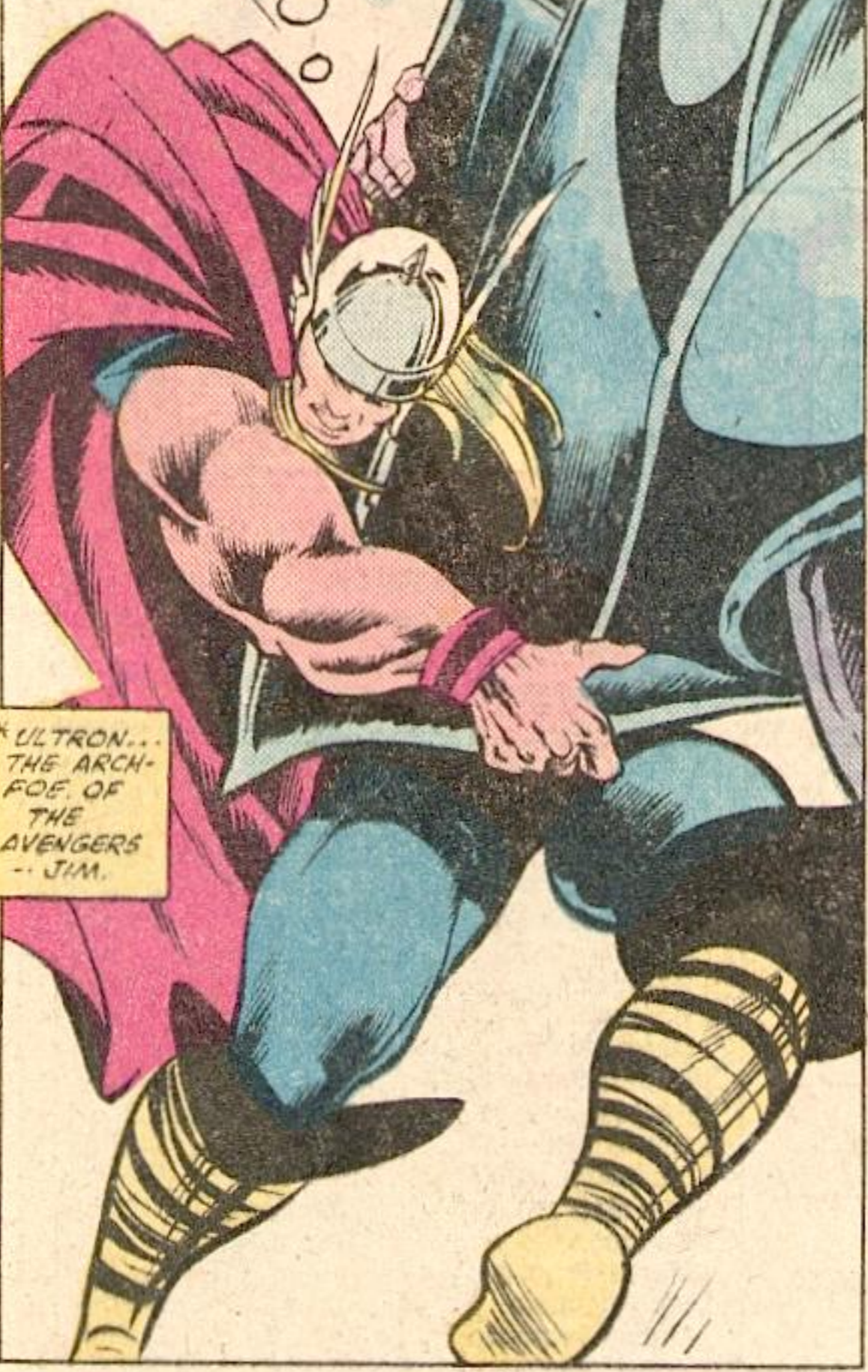
-- BUT THEIR LEADER IS MINE! HE'LL NOT ESCAPE!

UNNH!

AGAIN I AM STRUCK BY ALL THE FORCE OF THIS VEHICLE'S ROCKETS!



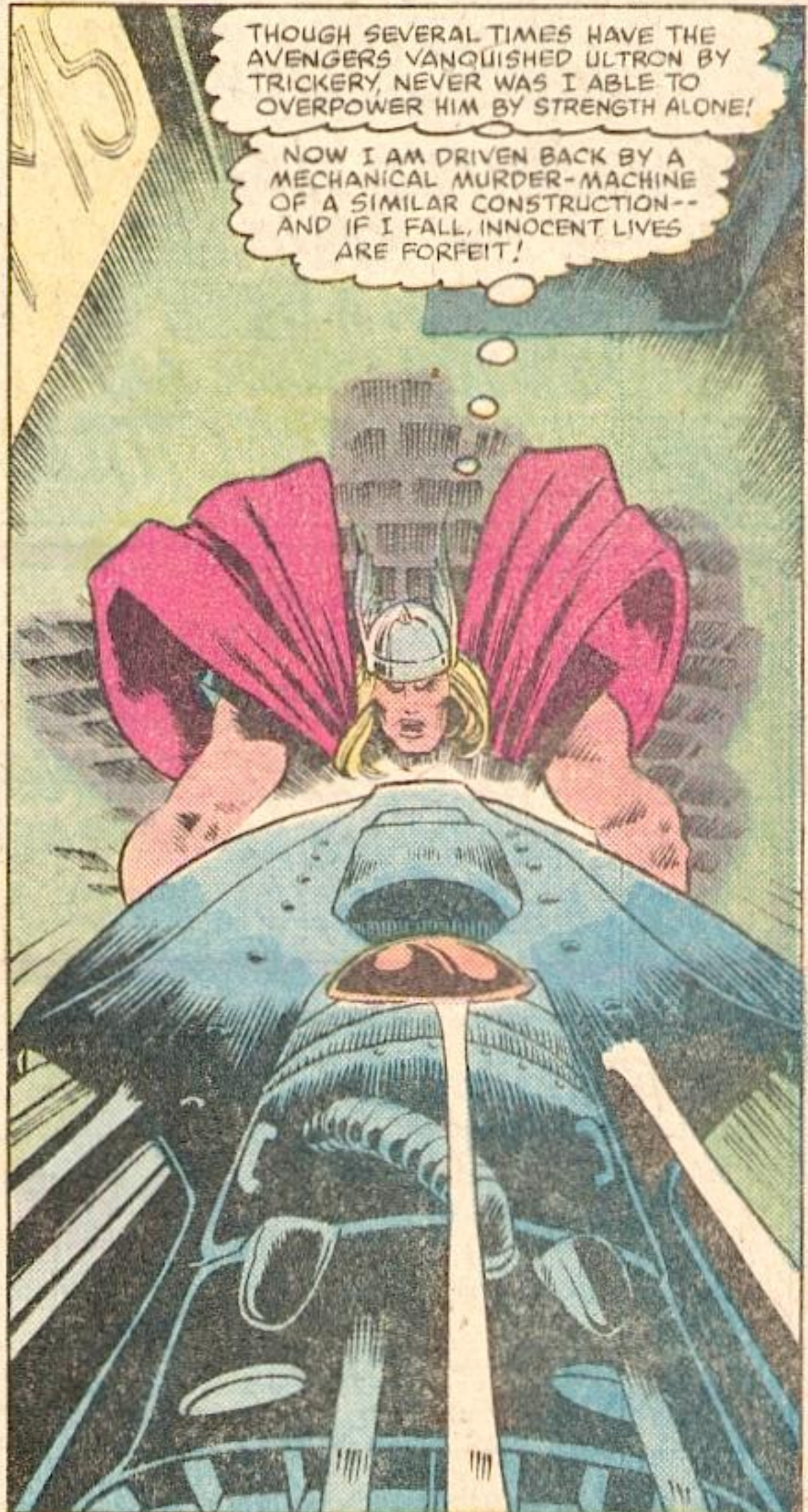
CAN EVEN MY STRENGTH STOP IT? CAN IT BE STOPPED? 'TIS MADE OF A SUBSTANCE AKIN TO THE METAL FROM WHICH THE EVIL ULTRON WAS FORGED! \*



\* ULTRON... THE ARCH-FOE OF THE AVENGERS -- JIM.

THOUGH SEVERAL TIMES HAVE THE AVENGERS VANQUISHED ULTRON BY TRICKERY, NEVER WAS I ABLE TO OVERPOWER HIM BY STRENGTH ALONE!

NOW I AM DRIVEN BACK BY A MECHANICAL MURDER-MACHINE OF A SIMILAR CONSTRUCTION-- AND IF I FALL, INNOCENT LIVES ARE FORFEIT!



AGAIN THE HIGH WHINE OF TURBINE ENGINES SCREAMS IN THE CANYONS OF THE CITY, AND INCH BY BONE-BREAKING INCH THE GOD OF THUNDER IS FORCED BACK AGAINST UNYIELDING BRICK!

THE ROCKET-CAR IS AT FULL-THRUST--YET IT'S NOT MOVING! THE THUNDER GOD IS HOLDING HIS GROUND!

IT CANNOT BE! NO MAN, MORTAL OR IMMORTAL, COULD POSSESS SUCH POWER!

DEMOLITION CHARGES

THE BOMBARDIER PRESSES A STUD...



... AND A DEADLY FUSILLADE ERUPTS FROM THE ROCKET-CAR'S NOSE GUNS AT THE MIGHTY THOR!



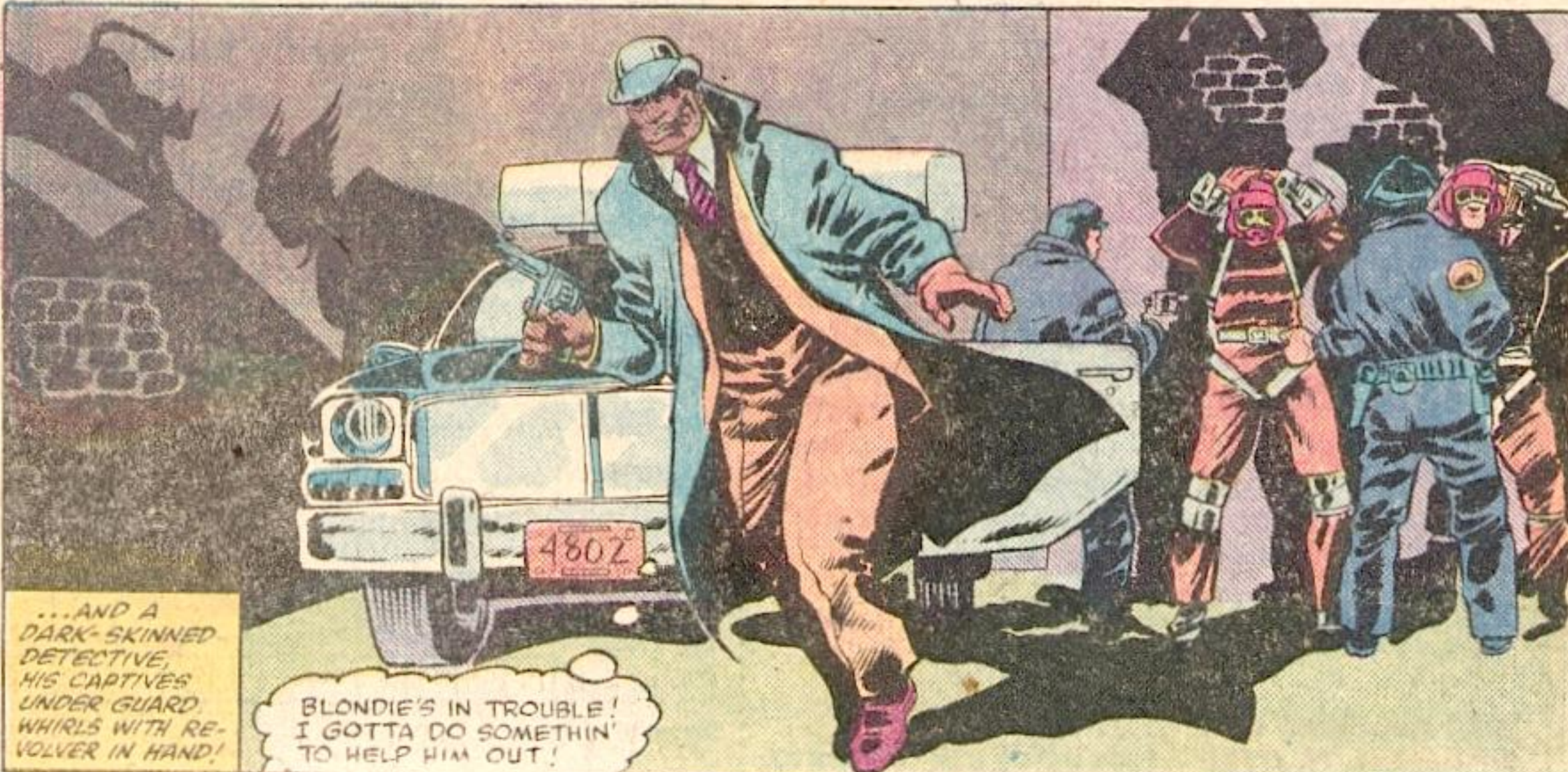
BALDER'S BLADE, THE PAIN--! YET I DARE NOT ABANDON MY POSITION TO SILENCE THE GUNS LEST THE ROCKET-CAR SWEEP PAST AND DEMOLISH THE VERY EDIFICE I AM SWORN TO PROTECT!

UNNOTICED BY THOR, A LITHE SHAPE LEAPS TO THE VEHICLE'S HOOD...



...AND A DARK-SKINNED DETECTIVE, HIS CAPTIVES UNDER GUARD, WHIRLS WITH REVOLVER IN HAND!

BLONDIE'S IN TROUBLE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' TO HELP HIM OUT!





BUT WHAT? THAT WHOLE BLAMED CAR'S CONSTRUCTED OUTTA SOME KINDA INDESTRUCTIBLE METAL! IF THOR'S HAMMER CAN'T BUST THROUGH IT, WHAT GOOD ARE BULLETS GONNA...?!

WAIT A MINUTE! THE CAR'S MADE OUTTA METAL-- BUT THE WINDSHIELDS AIN'T!

**POW  
POW  
POW**

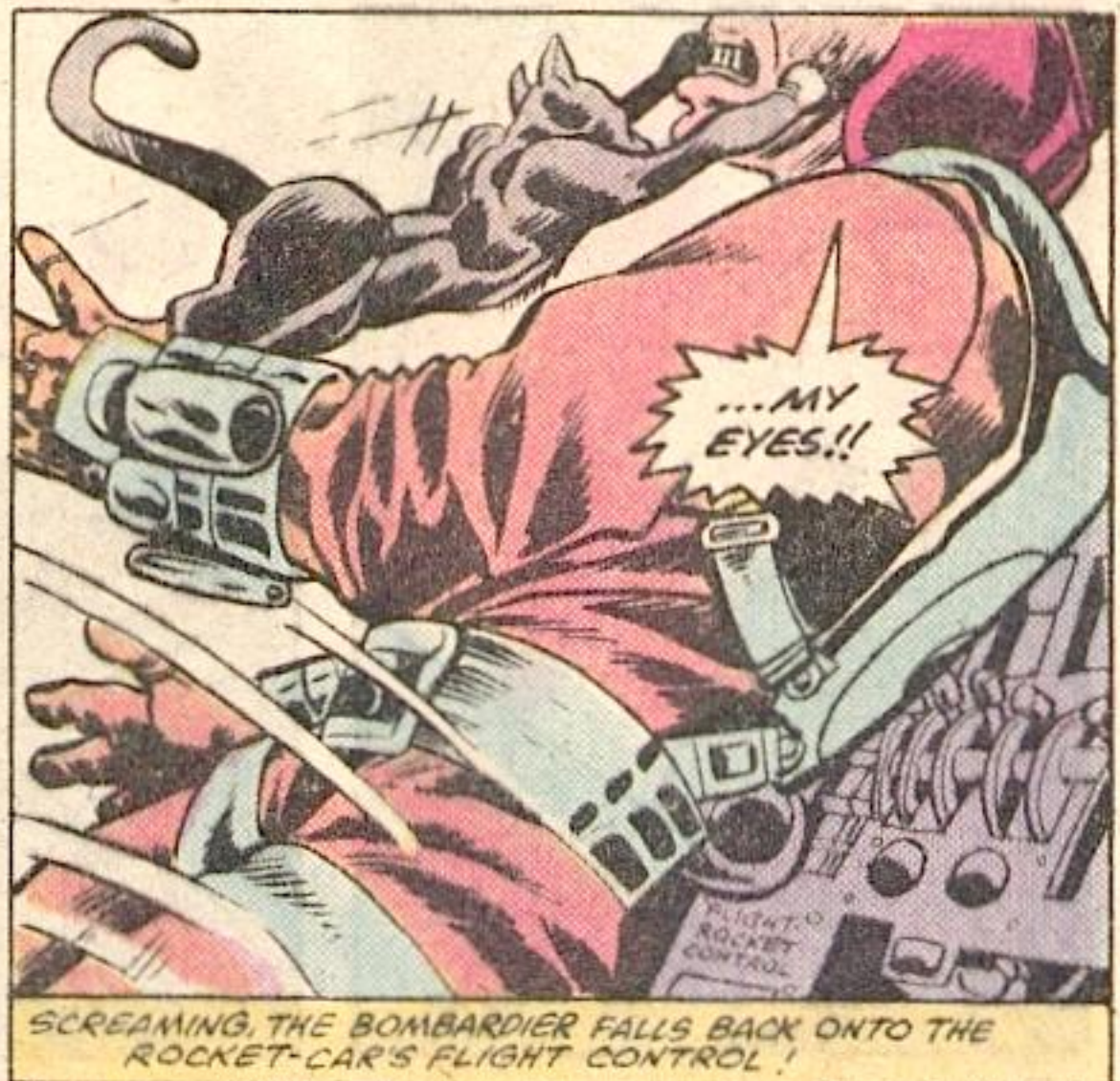
IT IS SAID OF BLACKBYRD THAT HE NEVER MISSES! AND, THOUGH, INDEED, THE WINDSHIELD HE FIRES AT IS MADE OF THE TOUGHEST, BULLETPROOF, CLEAR RESINS KNOWN, IT HAS BEEN WEAKENED BY THE CAR'S PREVIOUS BATTERING BY A CERTAIN ASGARDIAN MALLET--



**SHRAK**

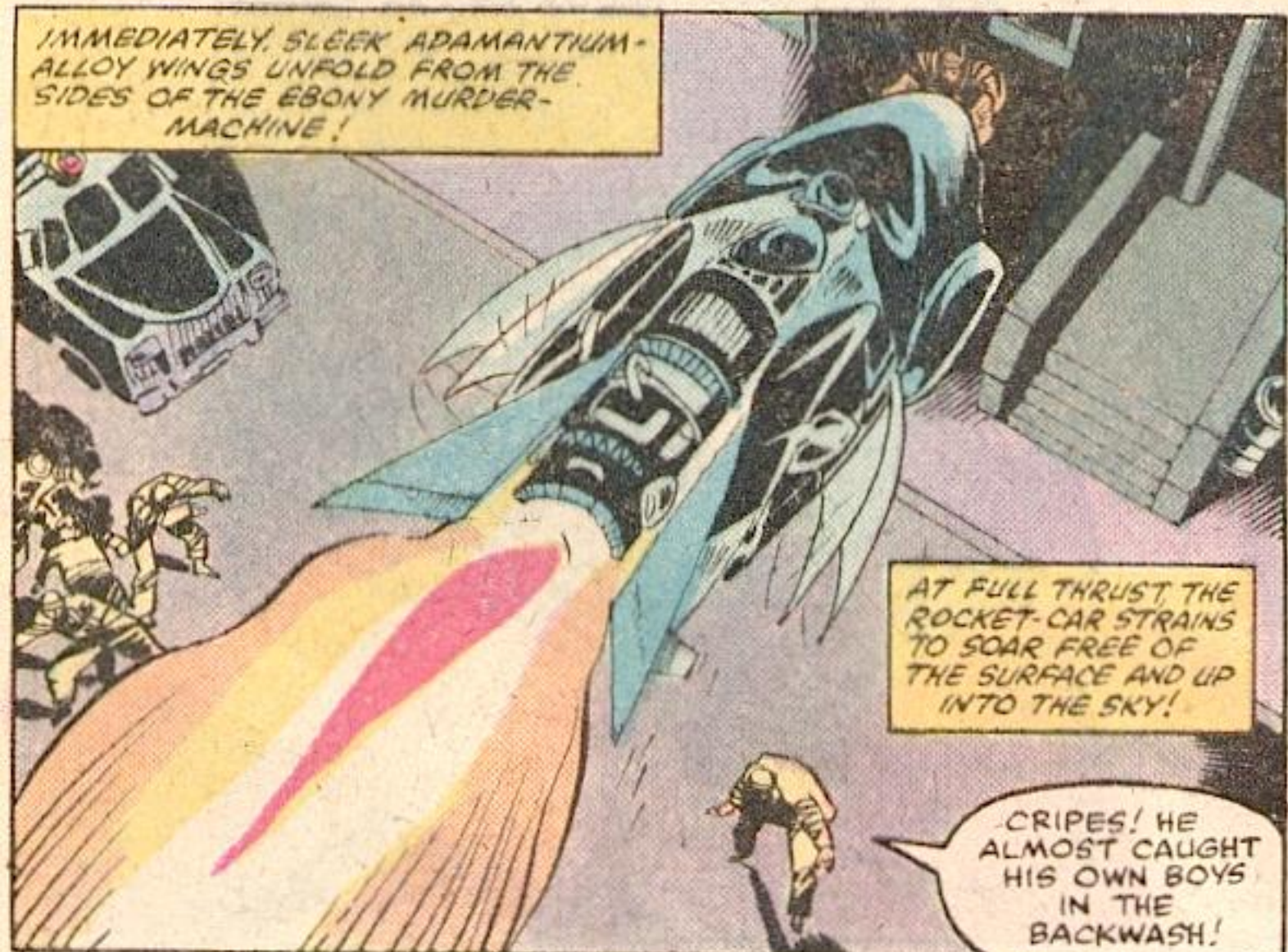
**MEEOWR!**

WINDSHIELD'S BEEN SHOT OUT-- AND SOMETHING'S LEAPING IN! LEAPING FOR...



...MY EYES!!

SCREAMING, THE BOMBARDIER FALLS BACK ONTO THE ROCKET-CAR'S FLIGHT CONTROL!



IMMEDIATELY, SLEEK ADAMANTIUM-ALLOY WINGS UNFOLD FROM THE SIDES OF THE EBONY MURDER-MACHINE!

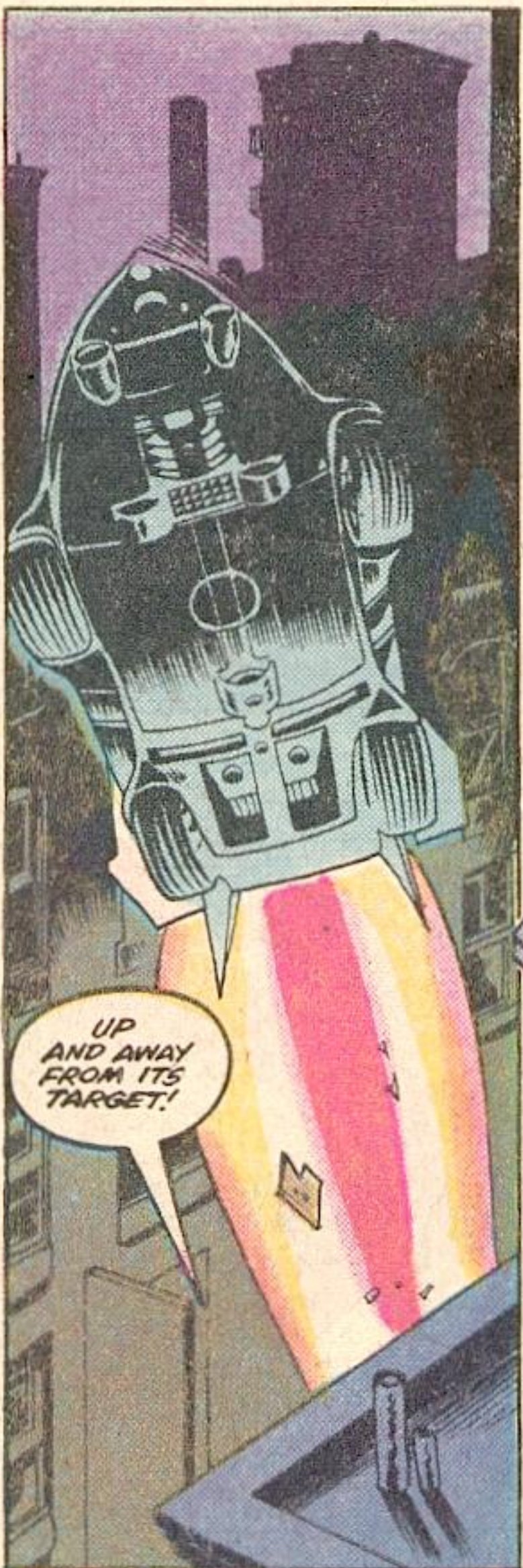
AT FULL THRUST THE ROCKET-CAR STRAINS TO SOAR FREE OF THE SURFACE AND UP INTO THE SKY!

CRIPES! HE ALMOST CAUGHT HIS OWN BOYS IN THE BACKWASH!

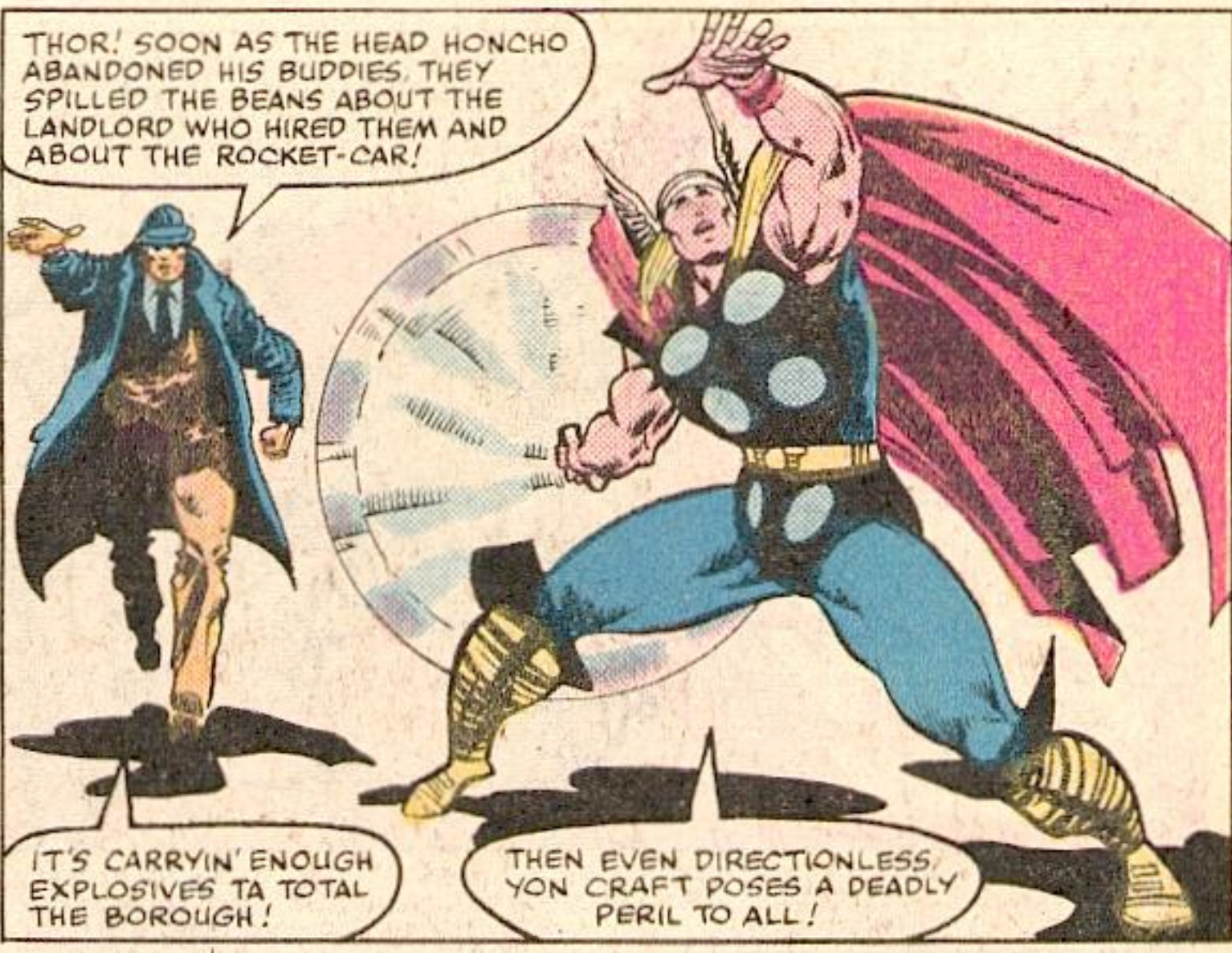


THE VILLAIN HAS LOST CONTROL OVER HIS CRAFT, POLICEMAN! SEE HOW E'EN NOW IT STRAINS TOWARDS THE SKY?!

AIRBORNE THEN SHALL IT BE!



UP AND AWAY FROM ITS TARGET!



THOR! SOON AS THE HEAD HONCHO ABANDONED HIS BUDDIES, THEY SPILLED THE BEANS ABOUT THE LANDLORD WHO HIRED THEM AND ABOUT THE ROCKET-CAR!

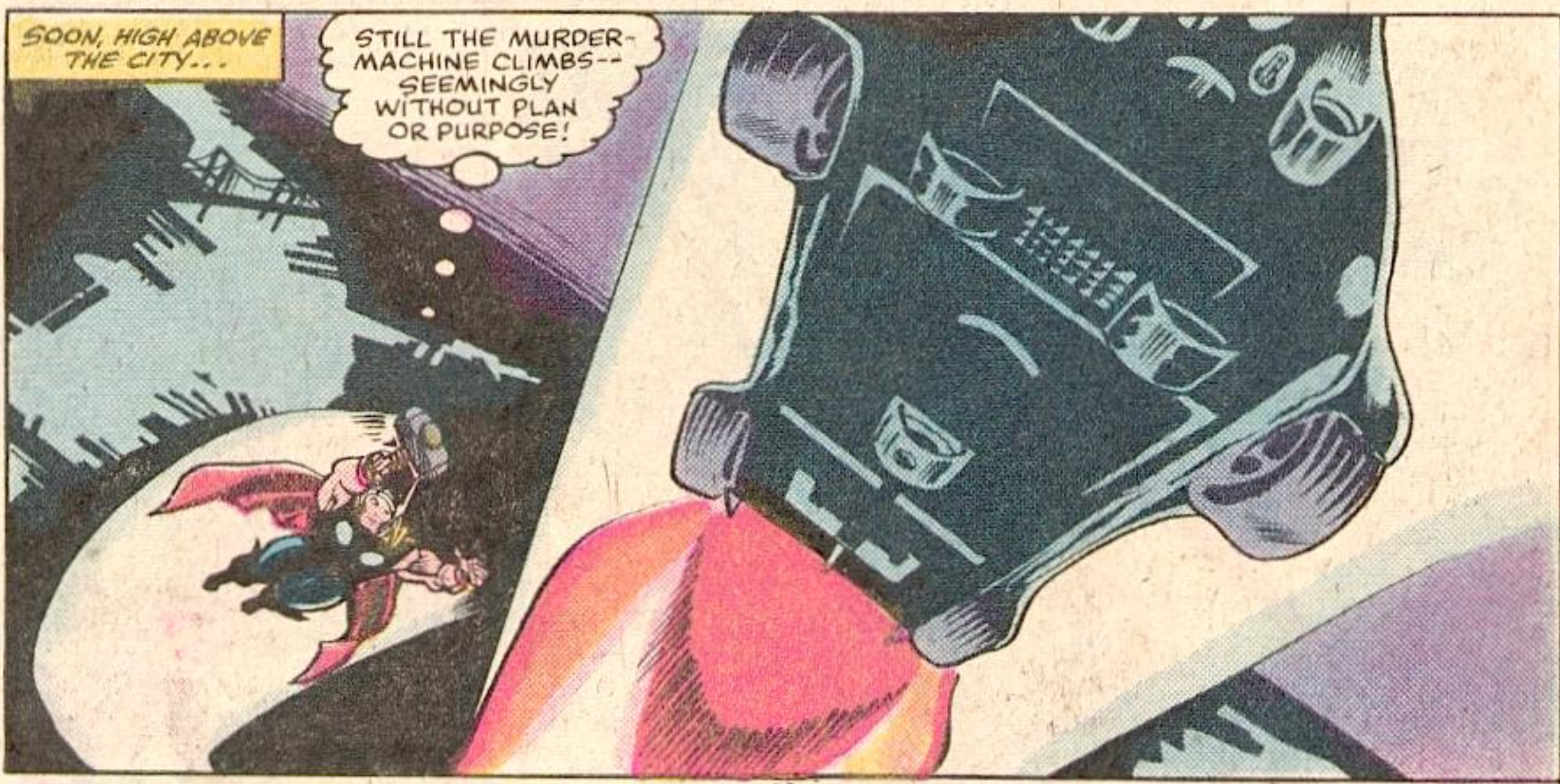
IT'S CARRYIN' ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TA TOTAL THE BOROUGH!

THEN EVEN DIRECTIONLESS, YON CRAFT POSES A DEADLY PERIL TO ALL!



THOR SHALL SEEK IT OUT, BLACKBYRD, AND END ITS MENACE FOR ALL TIME!

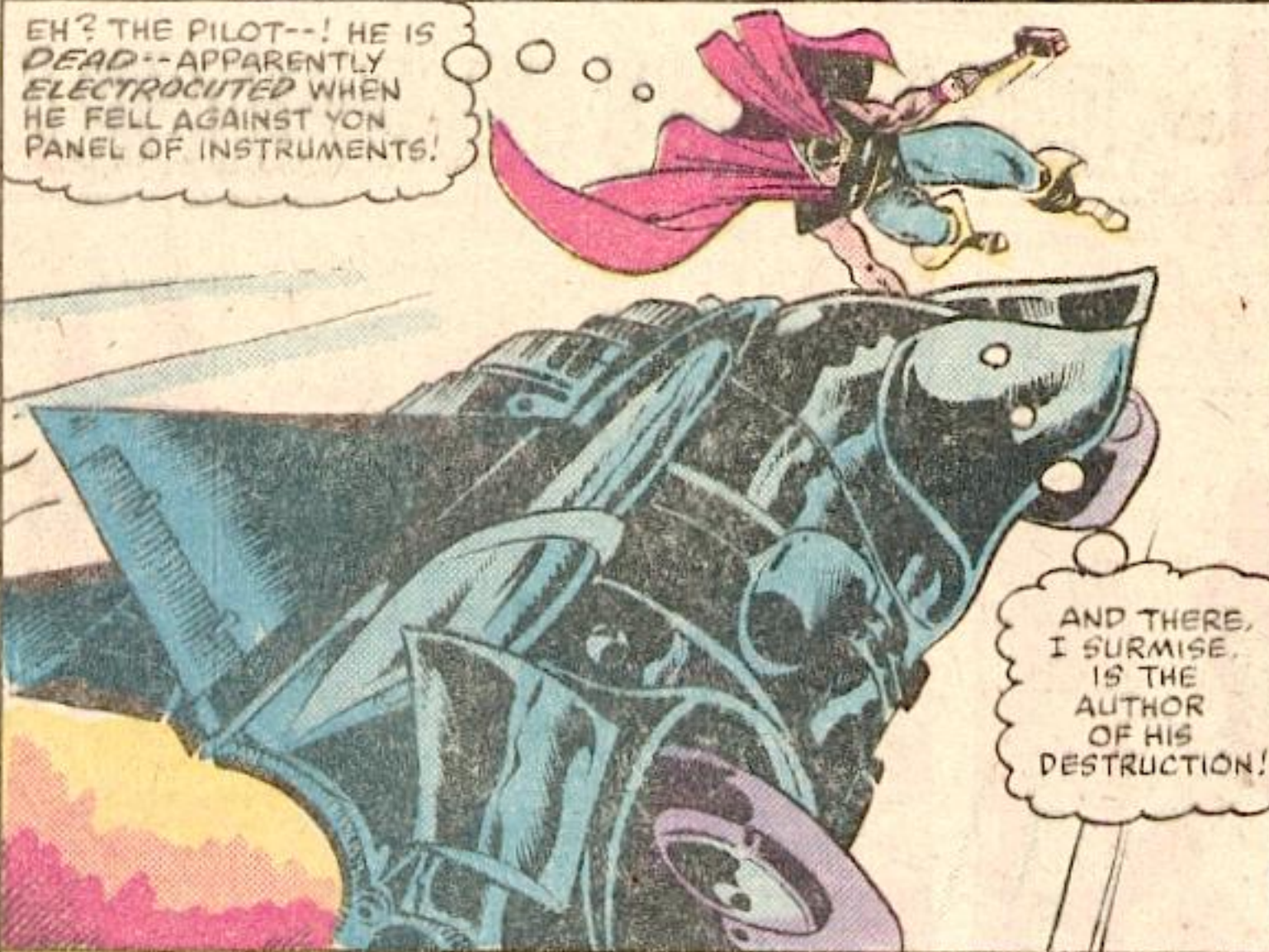
HOW DOES HE KNOW MY NAME?!



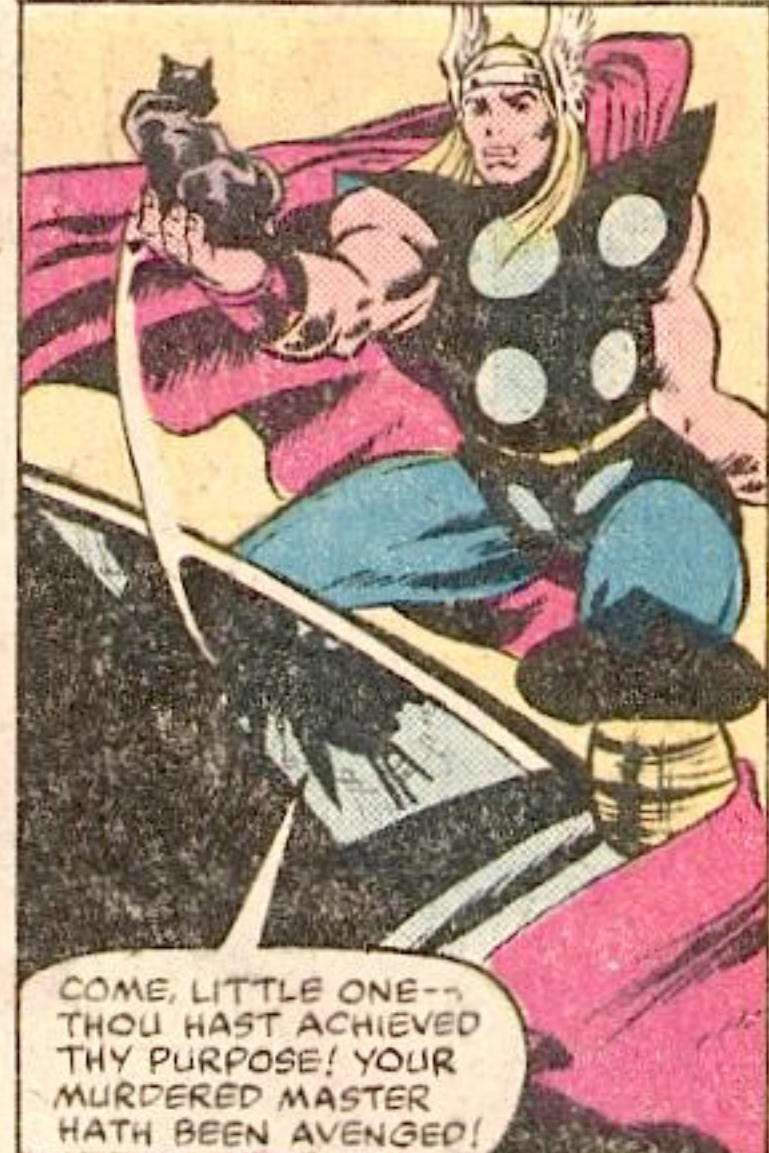
SOON, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY...

STILL THE MURDER-MACHINE CLIMBS-- SEEMINGLY WITHOUT PLAN OR PURPOSE!

EH? THE PILOT--! HE IS DEAD-- APPARENTLY ELECTROCUTED WHEN HE FELL AGAINST YON PANEL OF INSTRUMENTS!

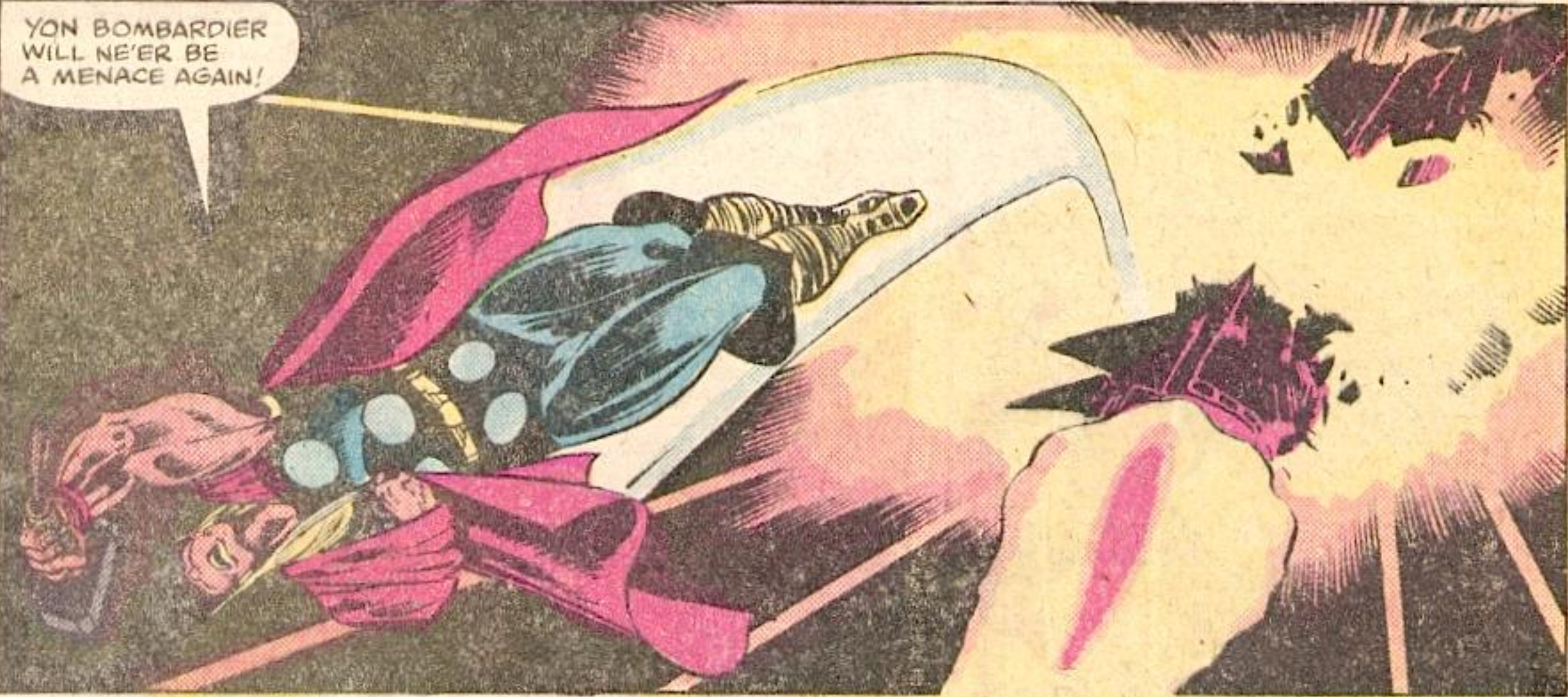


AND THERE, I SURMISE, IS THE AUTHOR OF HIS DESTRUCTION!



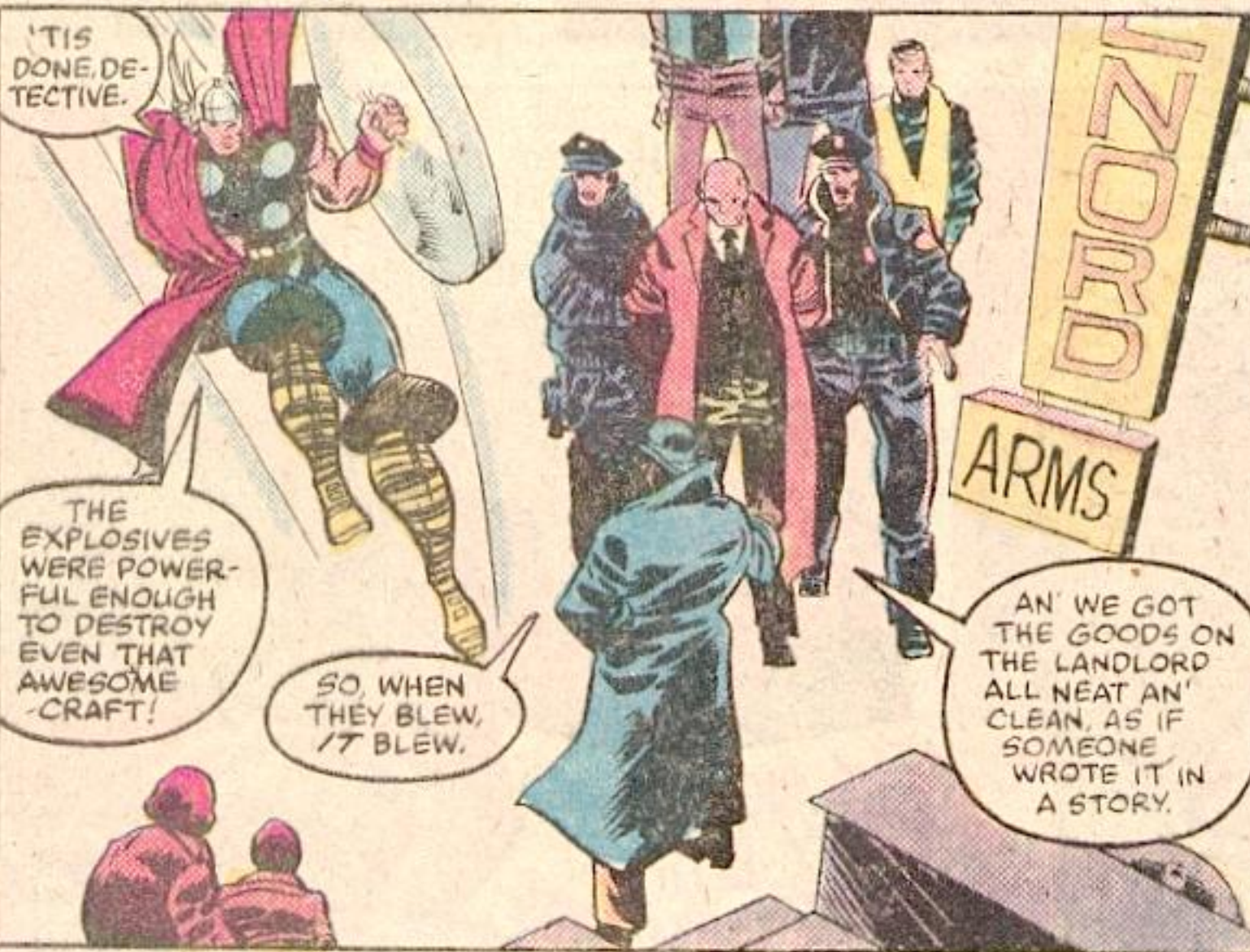
COME, LITTLE ONE-- THOU HAST ACHIEVED THY PURPOSE! YOUR MURDERED MASTER HATH BEEN AVENGED!

YON BOMBARDIER WILL NE'ER BE A MENACE AGAIN!



THE EXPLOSION FLARES LIKE A NEW STAR A'BORNING IN THE HEAVENS, AND SHATTERS WHATEVER SLEEP REMAINS IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT!

'TIS DONE, DETECTIVE.



THE EXPLOSIVES WERE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY EVEN THAT AWESOME CRAFT!

SO, WHEN THEY BLEW, IT BLEW.

AN' WE GOT THE GOODS ON THE LANDLORD ALL NEAT AN' CLEAN, AS IF SOMEONE WROTE IT IN A STORY.

'TIS A TALE RICH WITH IRONY, BLACKBYRD-- NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH BEING THAT A VILLAIN WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE...

...BY AN OLD MAN'S FOUR-LEGGED FRIEND.



-END-