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THE MIGHTY THOR



THE
ZANTAC
CRAVES BLOOD!



pollard



YOU MAY HATE HIS NAME--BUT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET HIM!

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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THE ZANIAC CRAVES BLOOD!

CHICAGO: THE WINDY CITY, CROSSROADS OF THE NATION, THE CITY THAT WORKS, LOCATION OF THE WORLD'S BUSIEST AIRPORT AND TALLEST BUILDING, AND HOME OF SOME EIGHT MILLION SOULS...

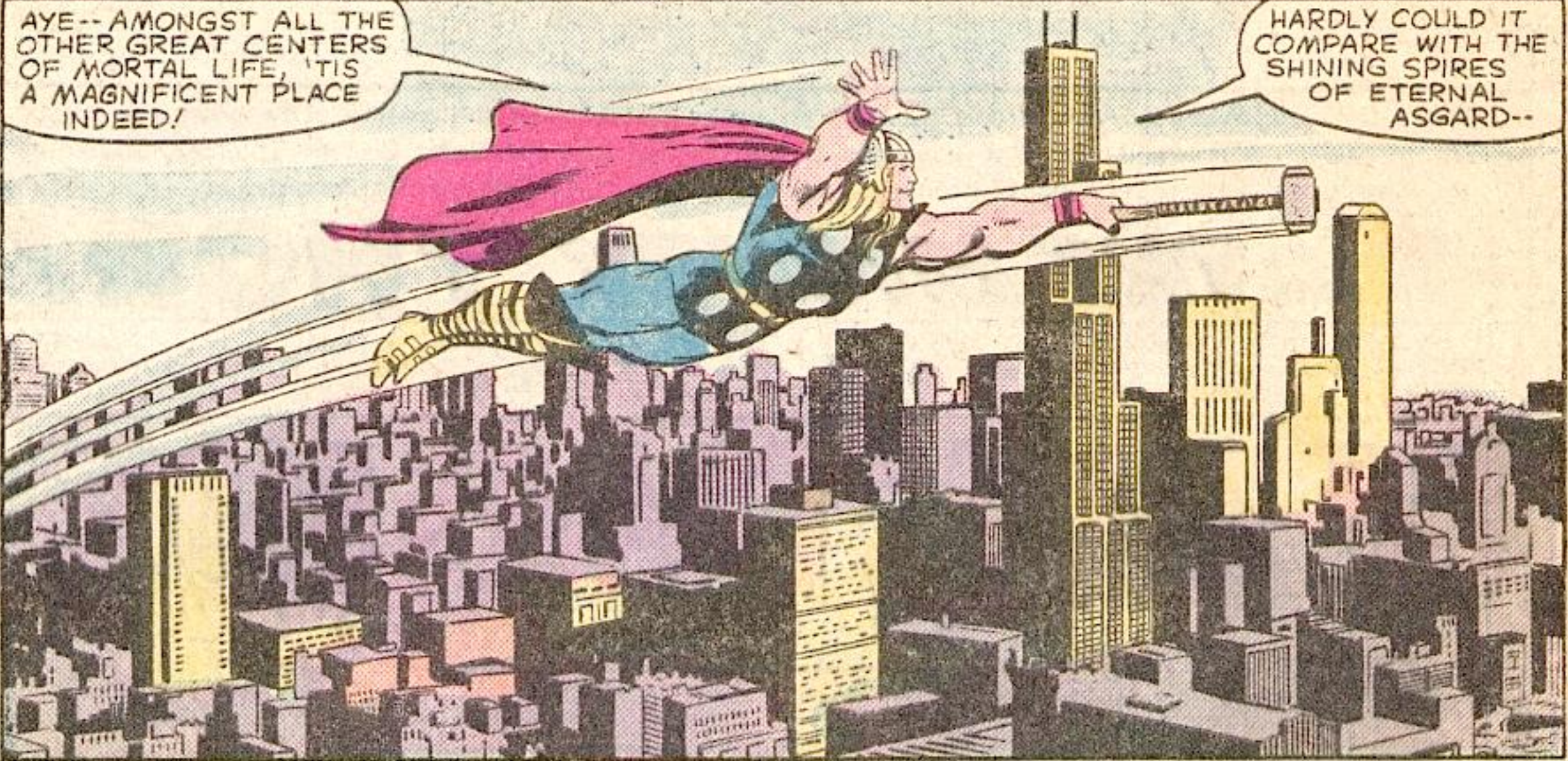
THOR'S KIND OF TOWN.

'TIS INDEED WINDY HERE-- DOUBTLESS FROM ITS LOCATION ON THE SHORES OF THE GREAT BODY OF WATER CALLED LAKE MICHIGAN...

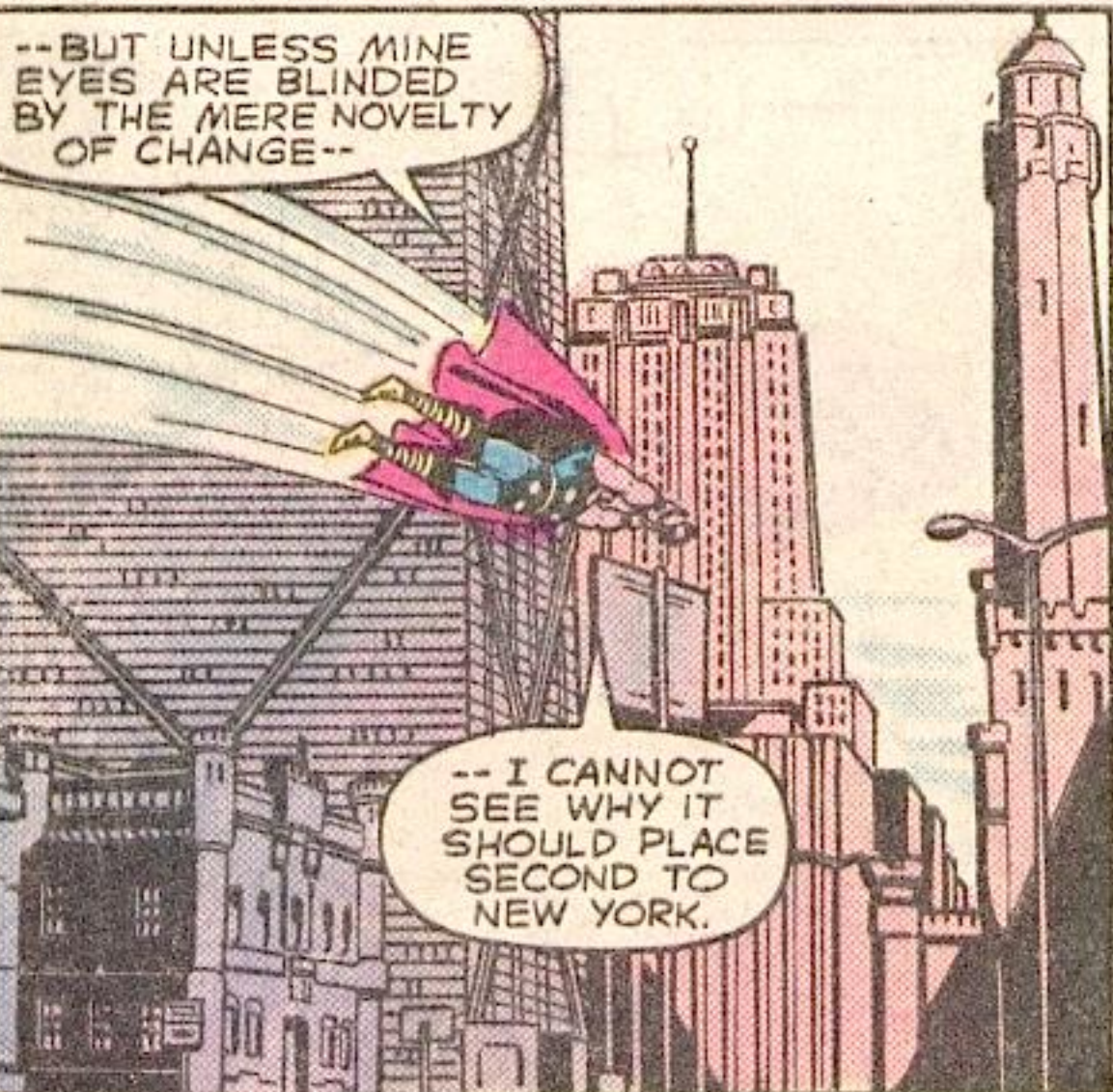
... BUT THE WIND DOETH ADD A CERTAIN FRESHNESS TO THE CITY--A HARDY ZEST FOR LIFE.

AYE-- AMONGST ALL THE OTHER GREAT CENTERS OF MORTAL LIFE, 'TIS A MAGNIFICENT PLACE INDEED!

HARDLY COULD IT COMPARE WITH THE SHINING SPIRES OF ETERNAL ASGARD--



-- BUT UNLESS MINE EYES ARE BLINDED BY THE MERE NOVELTY OF CHANGE--

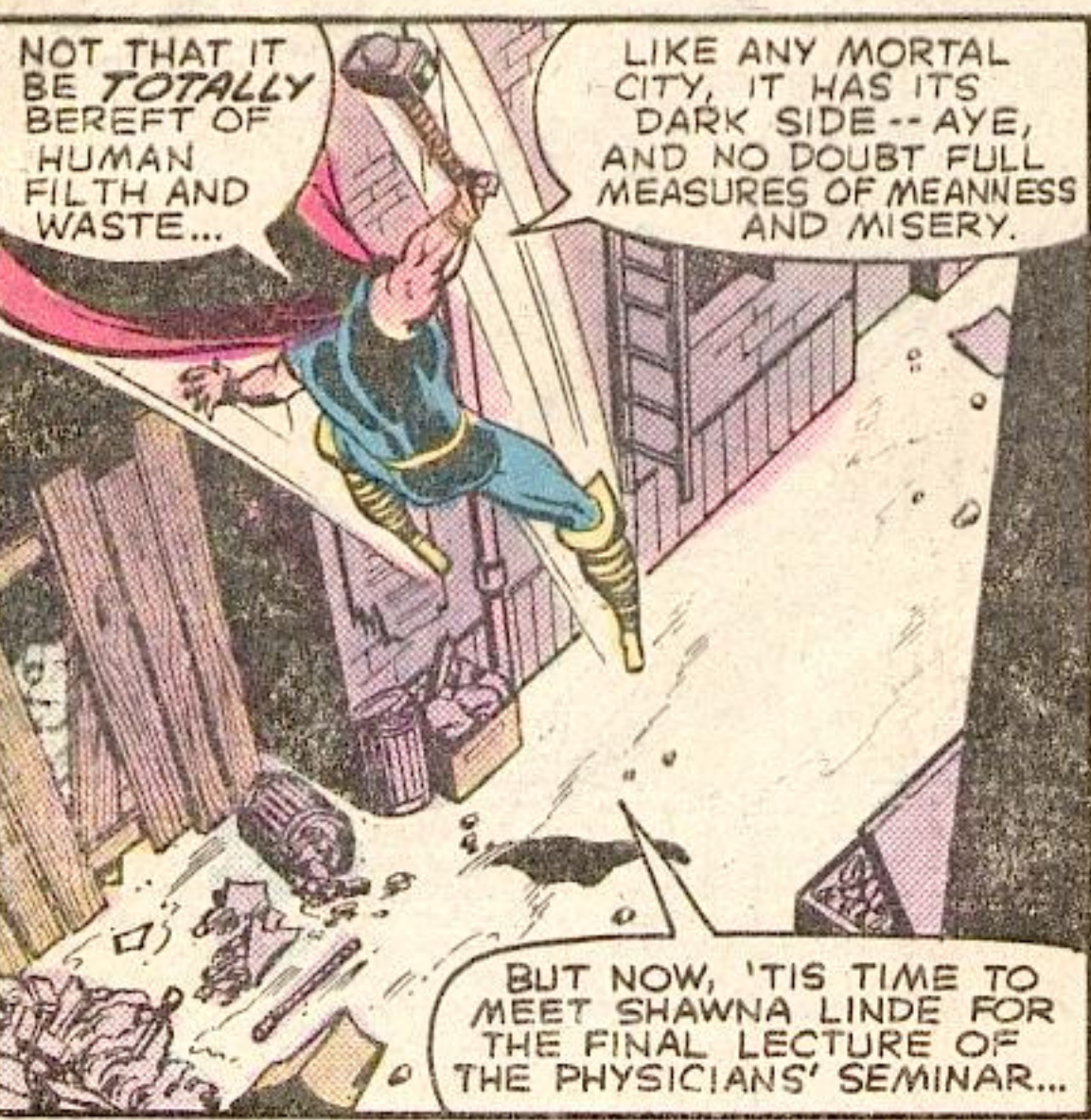


-- I CANNOT SEE WHY IT SHOULD PLACE SECOND TO NEW YORK.

THE STREETS AND AVENUES ARE WIDER AND SEEM SOMEHOW BRIGHTER AND CLEANER...



NOT THAT IT BE **TOTALLY** BEREFT OF HUMAN FILTH AND WASTE...



LIKE ANY MORTAL CITY, IT HAS ITS DARK SIDE -- AYE, AND NO DOUBT FULL MEASURES OF MEANNESS AND MISERY.

BUT NOW, 'TIS TIME TO MEET SHAWNA LINDE FOR THE FINAL LECTURE OF THE PHYSICIANS' SEMINAR...



... A LECTURE TO BE GIVEN BY--



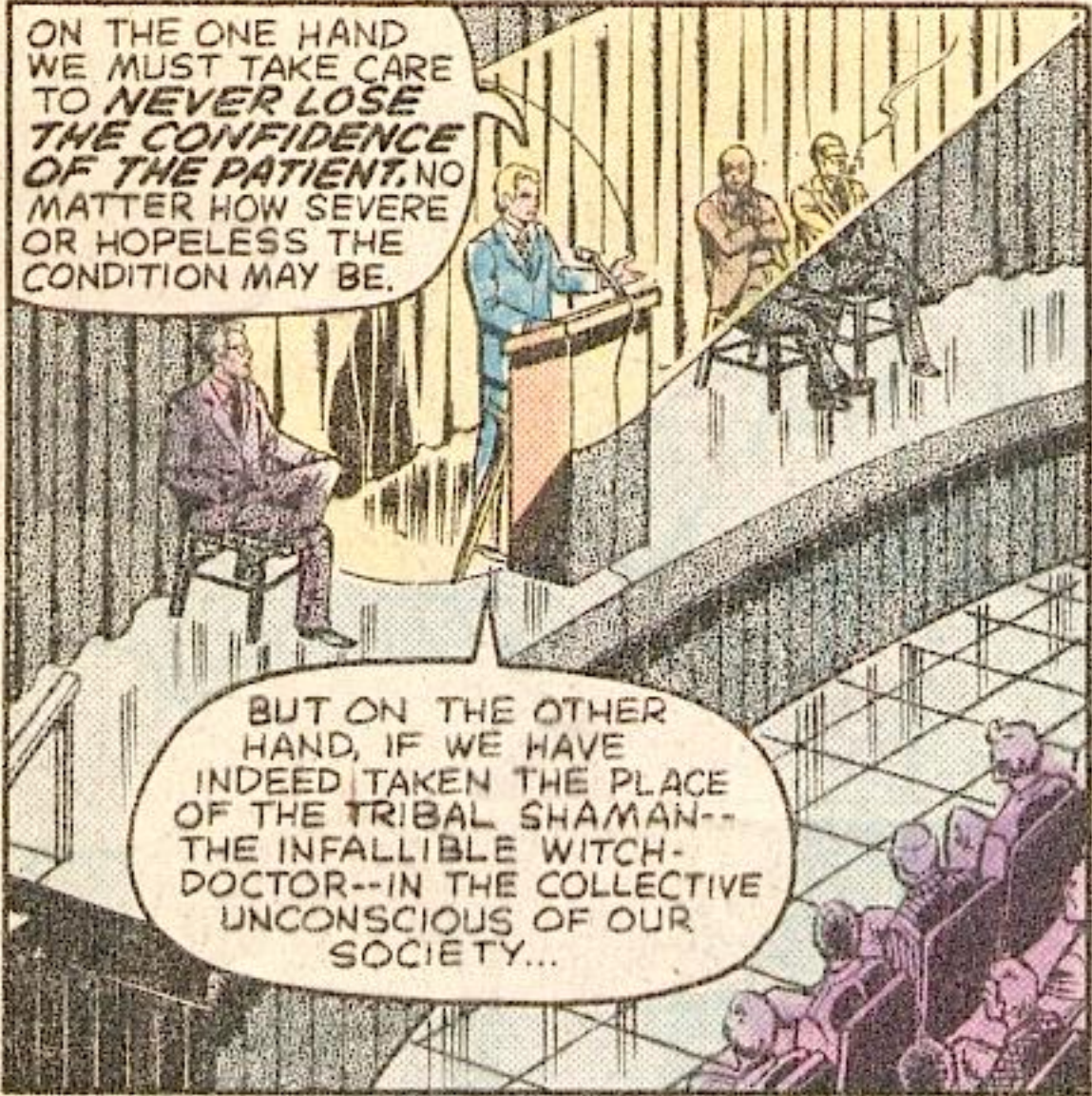
BOOM



DOCTOR DONALD BLAKE.



--SO IN CONCLUSION, WE IN THE PROFESSION OF MEDICINE AND HEALING MUST ALWAYS TREAD A FINE LINE.



ON THE ONE HAND WE MUST TAKE CARE TO NEVER LOSE THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PATIENT, NO MATTER HOW SEVERE OR HOPELESS THE CONDITION MAY BE.

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IF WE HAVE INDEED TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE TRIBAL SHAMAN--THE INFALLIBLE WITCH-DOCTOR--IN THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS OF OUR SOCIETY...



... THEN WE MUST ALSO TAKE GREAT PAINS NOT TO FALL VICTIM TO THE FALSE POWERS INVESTED IN US BY THAT SUBCONSCIOUS PERCEPTION.

IF WE ARE UNCERTAIN OR IGNORANT, WE MUST ADMIT IT--EVEN AT THE RISK OF LOSING CONFIDENCE.



FOR WE ARE NOT GODS, BUT MERE MORTAL MEN FULLY CAPABLE OF MISTAKES.

THANK YOU AND GOOD EVENING.

THE AUDIENCE OF GATHERED PHYSICIANS BURSTS INTO SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE.



CONGRATULATIONS, DON! AFTER ALL THOSE STUFFY TECHNICAL TALKS, THEY LOVED YOUR RETURN TO BASICS.

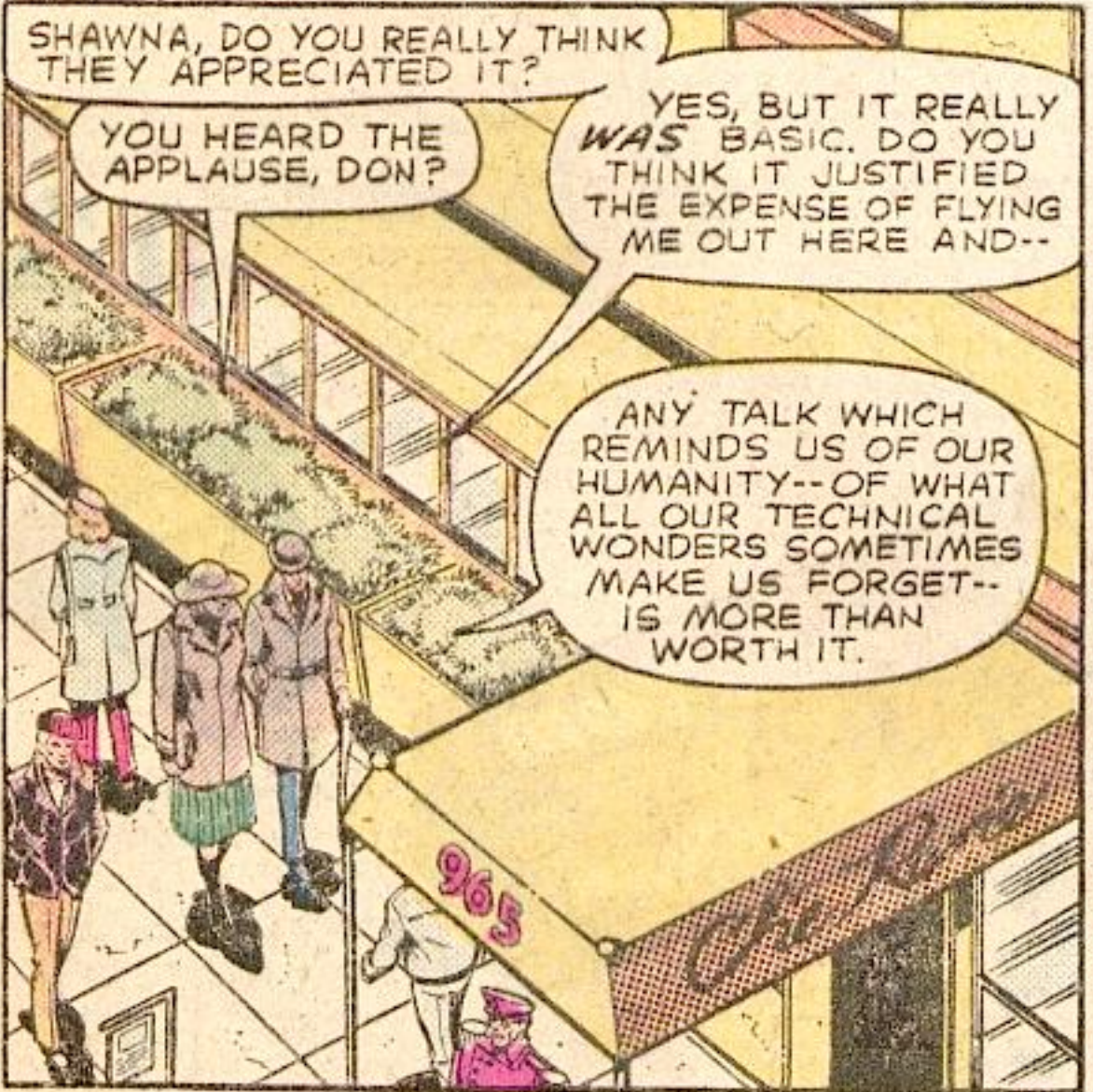
THANK YOU, SHAWNA--I JUST HOPE IT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH.



IS DINNER STILL ON, DOCTOR?

IT MOST CERTAINLY IS, DOCTOR.

GOOD--I KNOW A PLACE JUST AROUND THE CORNER.



SHAWNA, DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY APPRECIATED IT?

YOU HEARD THE APPLAUSE, DON?

YES, BUT IT REALLY WAS BASIC. DO YOU THINK IT JUSTIFIED THE EXPENSE OF FLYING ME OUT HERE AND--

ANY TALK WHICH REMINDS US OF OUR HUMANITY--OF WHAT ALL OUR TECHNICAL WONDERS SOMETIMES MAKE US FORGET--IS MORE THAN WORTH IT.



WELL, I JUST HOPE IT WAS--

IT WAS, NOW ORDER.

YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR TWO WEEKS NOW, DON. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? THE CITY I MEAN, NOT THE SEMINAR.

I LIKE IT VERY MUCH INDEED.

YOU KNOW, DON JUST BECAUSE THE SEMINAR IS ENDING, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE. YOU SAID YOU'D CLOSED YOUR NEW YORK PRACTICE--I COULD HELP YOU ESTABLISH A NEW ONE HERE, REFER PATIENTS TO YOU...

I'VE THOUGHT OF IT MYSELF SHAWNA--THE CHANGE MIGHT DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD--BUT I THINK I NEED MORE TIME TO MAKE A FINAL DECISION.

AND, AS THEY LEAVE THE RESTAURANT, THE THOUGHT STILL PREYS ON HIS MIND...

I'D LIKE IT HERE AS BLAKE, BUT THOR MIGHT BE MORE NEEDED IN NEW YORK...

CARE TO TAKE A STROLL, DON? I COULD SHOW YOU HYDE PARK...

UH, FINE--I'D LIKE THAT.

AND SO...

HERE'S THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, DON--STILL A PRESTIGIOUS SCHOOL.

YES, IT HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING THE HARVARD OF THE MIDWEST, WHERE SOME OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MINDS MATRICULATE...

NOT TO MENTION BEING THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THE ATOM BACK IN THE FORTIES...

THAT'S RIGHT--PROJECT MANHATTAN WAS CONDUCTED UNDER THE BLEACHERS OF THE STADIUM.

STRANGE THEY CALLED IT MANHATTAN WHEN IT ACTUALLY TOOK PLACE HERE IN CHICAGO.

HMM, LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SHOOTING A MOVIE ON CAMPUS. EVER SINCE THE CITY DECIDED TO MAKE ITSELF AVAILABLE FOR LOCATION SHOOTING, MAYOR BYRNE HAS ENCOURAGED IT...

... BOTH FOR P. R. REASONS AND THE REVENUE IT PUMPS INTO THE CITY'S ECONOMY. WE'VE HAD A FLOOD OF FILMS RECENTLY--STEVE McQUEEN IN "THE HUNTER"--"BLUES BROTHERS"--"THE FURY"--"THIEF" WITH JAMES CAAN--"CONTINENTAL DIVIDE"...

BRAD WOLFE ON SET! WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S MY STAR--?



THAT'S YOUR CUE, BRAD, AND YOU KNOW HOW DIRECTORS GET WHEN--

TELL HIM I'M NOT READY YET--GOT TO GET MY MAKEUP ON.



BUT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE MADE UP HOURS AGO! EVERY MINUTE OF CREW-TIME COSTS US--

I KNOW, I KNOW. I JUST HAD TO PSYCH MYSELF UP.

OKAY, STEVE, DO YOUR ART.

YOU BET, BRAD--YOUR FACE IS MY CANVAS.



I AM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC. THE ASYLUM WAS TORTURE. I WAS PUT THERE FOR THE MASS MURDER OF FOURTEEN CHEER-LEADERS.



I HATE ALL WOMEN, ESPECIALLY PRETTY ONES. WHEN I WAS A CHILD MY MOTHER MISTREATED ME. I REMEMBER THE DARKNESS OF THE CLOSET.



AND THE HATE THAT BUILT INSIDE THAT CLOSET, THE HATE THAT WOULD SOMEDAY EXPLODE.



AND NOW I'M OUT OF THE CLOSET, OUT OF THE ASYLUM, AND THE HATE MUST EXPLODE AGAIN.



ALL THE PRETTY-PRETTIES MUST DIE, THE ZANIAC CRAVES BLOOD! THE ZANIAC--



HEY, AREN'T YOU TAKING THIS ROLE TOO SERIOUSLY, BRAD? IT'S JUST ANOTHER CHEAPO STALK AND SLASH HORROR FLICK.

MAYBE-- BUT IT'S ALSO MY BIG CHANCE, STEVE, AND I'VE GOT TO LOSE MYSELF COMPLETELY IN THE ROLE...



IF I DO GOOD AS THE ZANIAC--

--IF I'M TOTALLY CONVINCING--

--IT COULD BE MY STEPPING STONE TO BIGGER ROLES, BETTER PARTS!

THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT TO PSYCHE MYSELF UP, GOT TO TRULY BELIEVE THAT I AM THE ZANIAC-- AND THE ZANIAC CRAVES BLOOD!

WHAT'S KEEPING WOLFE? THESE DELAYS ARE KILLING US-- EVERY MINUTE OF CREW-TIME COSTS EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WE DIDN'T HAVE THESE PROBLEMS WITH "HAPPY DEATHDAY TO YOU" OR "SORORITY SCREAMS"...

PART OF THE JOB, MR. CRONENKING. JUST IMAGINE WHAT CARPENTER AND ROMERO HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

YEAH, BUT-- HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT IS THAT?!

EXPLOSIVES FOR THE CAR CRASH IN THE NEXT SCENE...

WHAT?!

THE NEXT SCENE IN THE SCRIPT, YOU IDIOT, NOT ON TONIGHT'S SHOOTING SCHEDULE! DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY'D AUTHORIZE AN EXPLOSION HERE ON CAMPUS?!

IT HAS TO BE DONE NEXT WEEK OUT IN THE COUNTRY AND MATTED-IN!

OH WELL, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH--

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO WITH THEM--JUST GET THEM OUT OF HERE!

PUT 'EM UNDER THOSE BLEACHERS THERE OUT OF CAMERA RANGE!

R-RIGHT, MR. CRONENKING.

GO GET 'EM, BRAD!

I AM THE ZANIAC! THE ZANIAC CRAVES BLOOD!

DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT JAZZ ABOUT METHOD-ACTING. THERE'S ANOTHER REASON HE'S SO PSYCHED-UP...

YEAH? WHAT?

"HE IDENTIFIES WITH THE PART. Y'SEE, HE HAD A SIMILAR CHILDHOOD HIMSELF."

ALL RIGHT, THIS IS THE SCENE WHERE YOU CHASE THE LUSCIOUS CO-ED ACROSS THE CAMPUS. JUST WAVE YOUR BUTCHER KNIFE AND LOOK AWFUL.

OF COURSE, CRONIE--I'M THE ZANIAC, AIN'T I?!

HOW 'BOUT OUR LUSCIOUS CO-ED? YOU READY?

READY, MR. CRONENKING, UNLESS YOU THINK MY DRESS ISN'T TORN ENOUGH OR--

IT'S FINE, BABE.

EDDIE, KEEP THOSE PEOPLE BEHIND THE BLEACHERS! TAKE ONE! SPEED... SOUND ACTION...

...ROLL 'EM!

RUN, PRETTY-PRETTY, RUN! BUT YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE THE ZANIAC!

STUPID MOVIES THESE DAYS-- NOTHIN' BUT TRASH.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TRACY AND HEPBURN?

HMP-- SURE DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THEY USED TO.

EX

DANGER

GIVES

IT MAY NOT BE GREAT ACTING, SHAWNA, BUT IT IS FAIRLY CONVINCING.

ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE CREEPS, DON.

AND SINCE THIS IS HARDLY THE TYPE OF MOVIE I'D PAY TO SEE, WE MIGHT AS WELL WATCH IT FREE FOR A WHILE...

NO! STOP IT! LEAVE ME ALONE!

NOT THIS WAY-- YOU'RE SCARING ME! YOU'RE REALLY SCARING ME!

AND YOU SCARED ME, PRETTY-PRETTY-- ALL THOSE HOURS LOCKED IN THE CLOSET-- ALL THOSE YEARS IN THE HOME...!

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?! THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO RUN TOWARD THOSE BLEACHERS! IT'LL BRING ALL THE GAWKERS INTO CAMERA RANGE!

I BELIEVE BRAD CALLS IT IMPROVISATION.

IMPROVISATION...

DANG

EXPLOSI

ANGER

...AND FATE.

FATE IS STRANGE, SOMETIMES EVEN SINISTER.

THE LOCALE WAS CHOSEN DELIBERATELY, OF COURSE, FOR ITS VISUAL APPEAL--FOR ITS "SUPURB EVOCATION OF AN OLD-STYLE UNIVERSITY," AS THE COST-ACCOUNTING SHEET PUT IT SO QUAINTLY

IT IS ONLY A CO-INCIDENCE THAT THIS WAS ALSO THE SITE OF A MOMENTOUS "BIRTH" SOME THIRTY-FIVE YEARS PAST.

ONLY A COINCIDENCE THAT THIS RELATIVELY MINOR EXPLOSION ECHOES THE WITHERING LEGACY OF MUSHROOM BLASTS SPAWNED BY PROJECT MANHATTAN UNDER THIS VERY GROUND.

AND ONLY A COINCIDENCE THAT THE FANTASY OF FILM WILL SOON BE DWARFED BY A NIGHTMARE OF REALITY...

WHAT, INDEED, HAS BECOME OF TRACY AND HEPBURN? WHAT INDEED HAS BECOME OF THE WORLD?

THE SPECTATORS, AMONG THEM DOCTORS BLAKE AND LYNDE, ARE THE LUCKY ONES...

THEY SUFFER HERE IN INJURY AND OBLIVION.

BUT FATE HAS A SPECIAL DESTINY FOR THE STAR OF ITS DRAMA-- ONE STRANGE EYE ON BRAD WOLFE, AND THE OTHER SINISTER EYE ON SOMETHING CALLED THE ZANIAC.

BERSERK NOW, CATCHING THE FULL BRUNT OF THE BLAST BUT SOMEHOW REMAINING CONSCIOUS, HE HURTTLES INTO THE FLAMES.

AND STUMBLES THROUGH UNEARTHLY HEAT RISING FROM BROKEN GROUND.

I AM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC! THE ASYLUM WAS TORTURE!

THE HATE MUST EXPLODE!

ALL THE PRETTY-PRETTIES MUST DIE!

FINALLY HE HALTS, WRAPPED IN A LINGERING TRACE OF WHAT WAS ONCE EUPHEMISTICALLY CALLED "HEAVY WATER"...

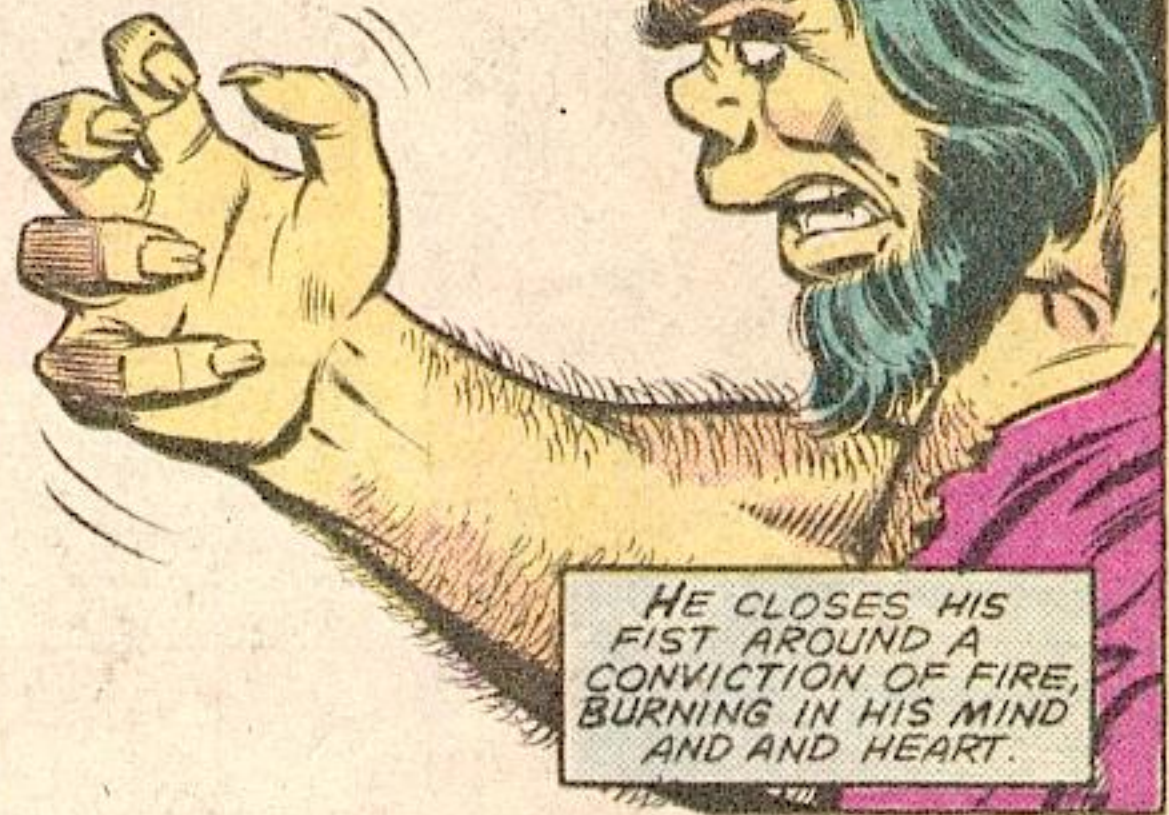
...REVISITED BY THE LONG-DEAD GHOST OF URANIUM.

THE EXPLOSION, YOU SEE, HAS TRULY FREED THE HATE AND FATE'S TWO MASKS, STRANGE AND SINISTER, NOW INTERACT AROUND AN UNBALANCED CORE NAMED BRAD WOLFE.



I AM THE ZANIAC!!

MY KNIFE--IT'S GONE! BUT I MUST HAVE A KNIFE!



HE CLOSES HIS FIST AROUND A CONVICTION OF FIRE, BURNING IN HIS MIND AND AND HEART.

HE BELIEVES IN THE RIGHTNESS OF THE BLADE, IN ITS STARK INEVITABILITY...



...AND, ETCHED IN THE FLICKER OF RADIATION--



--IT IS SO.



HIS HATE, REBORN, IS NOW READY...

...AWAITING ONLY ITS VICTIM.



YOU... THE PRETTY-PRETTY WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE ME...

WH-WHAT--? N-NO....!

BUT THE ACTRESS IS GONE, HURLED CLEAR BY THE EXPLOSION...

... AND DR. SHAWNA LYNDE, HER CLOTHING NOW TORN MUCH LIKE THE "LUSCIOUS CO-ED'S," RISES IN TERROR.



NO--! DON'T BE INSANE! STAY AWAY FROM ME!



HE... HE'S GONE *CRAZY!* THAT EXPLOSION DID SOMETHING TO HIM!

YEAH... HE... HE SEEMS *BIGGER...* ALMOST *REAL...*

HE'S GOING AFTER THAT WOMAN!



STOP HIM!

THE KNIFE, RESERVED FOR PRETTY PRETTIES, DISAPPEARS INSTANTLY.



THESE MEN ATTACKING HIM ARE ANYTHING BUT PRETTY, AND HE HAS KNOWN THEIR KIND BEFORE.

THEY ARE UGLY AND, RATHER THAN THE REFINEMENT OF THE KNIFE, THEY DESERVE NOTHING MORE THAN THE BLUNT FORCE OF HATE!

I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S LIKE A *BULL-DOZER!* HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF *FIFTY MEN!*



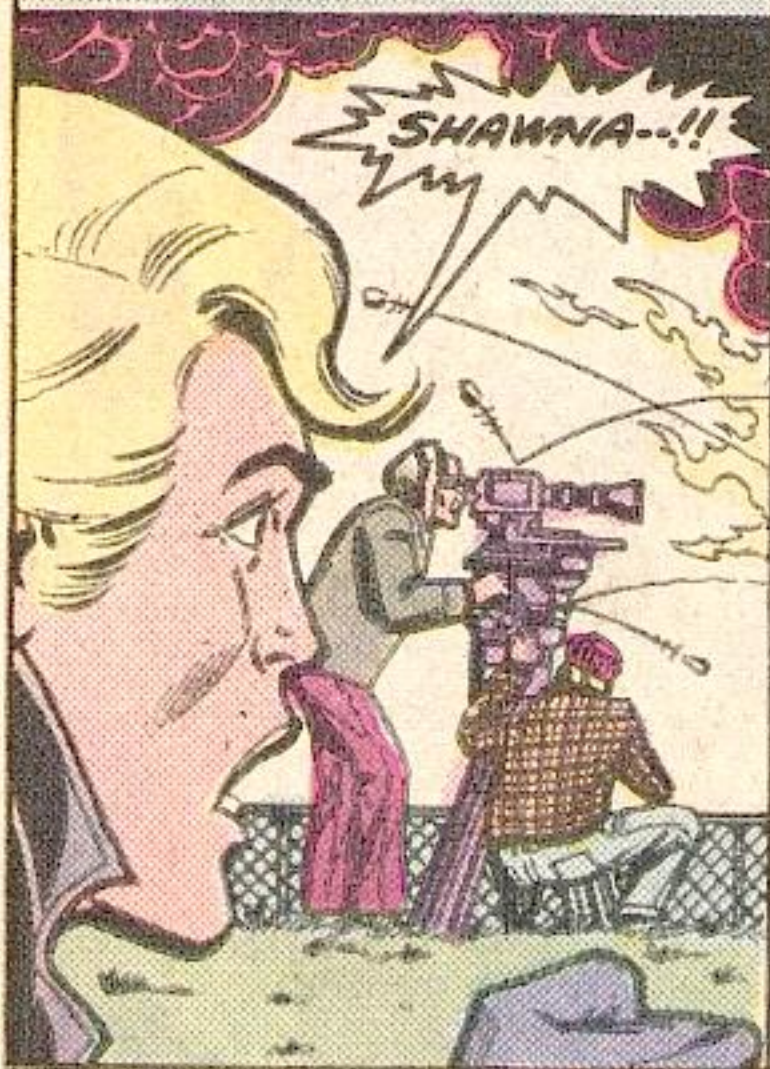
NOW, MY PRETTY CO-ED...

NO! LET GO OF ME!!



... YOUR BLOOD SHALL RUN RED IN THE NEAREST ALLEY!

DAZED, VISION BLURRED,
BLAKE FINALLY REVIVES...



SHAWNA--!!

DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?!
ABOUT THE ALLEY?! THAT
WAS THE NEXT LINE OF DIA-
LOGUE IN THE SCREENPLAY!
HE'S LIVING OUT THE MOVIE
FOR REAL!



CALL THE COPS, EDDIE!
TELL 'EM WE GOT A
DISASTER HERE--AND SOME
WOMAN'S BEEN KIDNAPED!



GOT TO GET
OUT OF SIGHT--!

--CHANGE TO THOR!

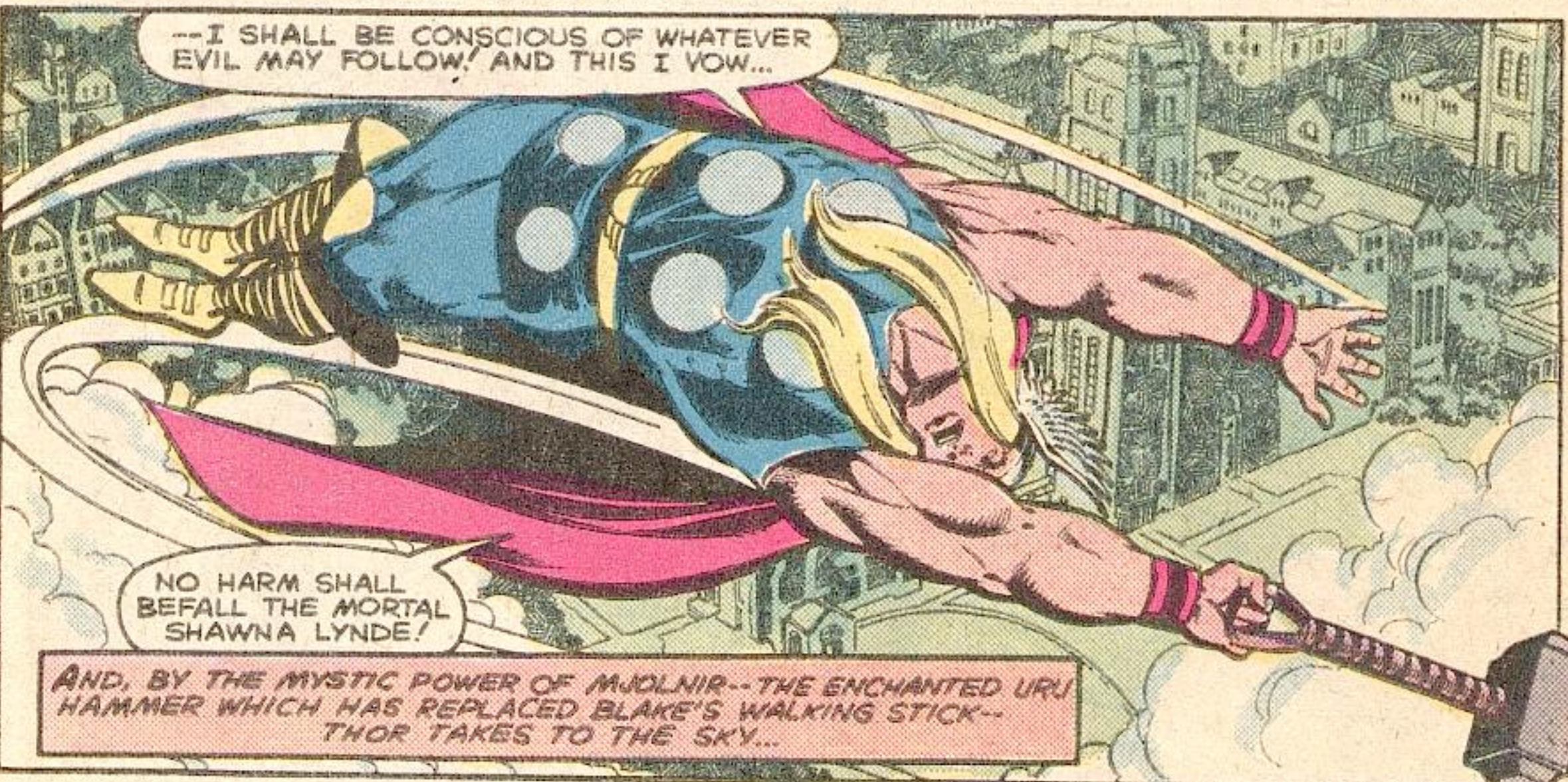


AND NOW... AS
BLAKE I WAS
UNCONSCIOUS
THROUGH MUCH
OF WHAT HATH
TRANSPIRED...



BUT AS THOR
THE MIGHTY,
LORD OF
STORMS AND
SCION OF
ASGARD--

--I SHALL BE CONSCIOUS OF WHATEVER
EVIL MAY FOLLOW! AND THIS I VOW...



NO HARM SHALL
BEFALL THE MORTAL
SHAWNA LYNDE!

AND, BY THE MYSTIC POWER OF MJOLNIR--THE ENCHANTED URU
HAMMER WHICH HAS REPLACED BLAKE'S WALKING STICK--
THOR TAKES TO THE SKY...



... RISING TO A GODLY HEIGHT FROM WHICH NOTHING IS HIDDEN BY THE CONCRETE CONSTRUCTS OF MAN...

THERE--IN YON ALLEY BELOW--MINE OBJECTIVE IS CLEAR!



YOU ARE WOMAN, PRETTY-PRETTY, AND IN YOUR PRETTY FACE IS THE MASK OF ALL WOMEN...

... SCHEMING EVIL HIDING BEHIND THE FALSE BEAUTY...



... AN EVIL OF SIREN MADNESS WHICH MUST NOW--

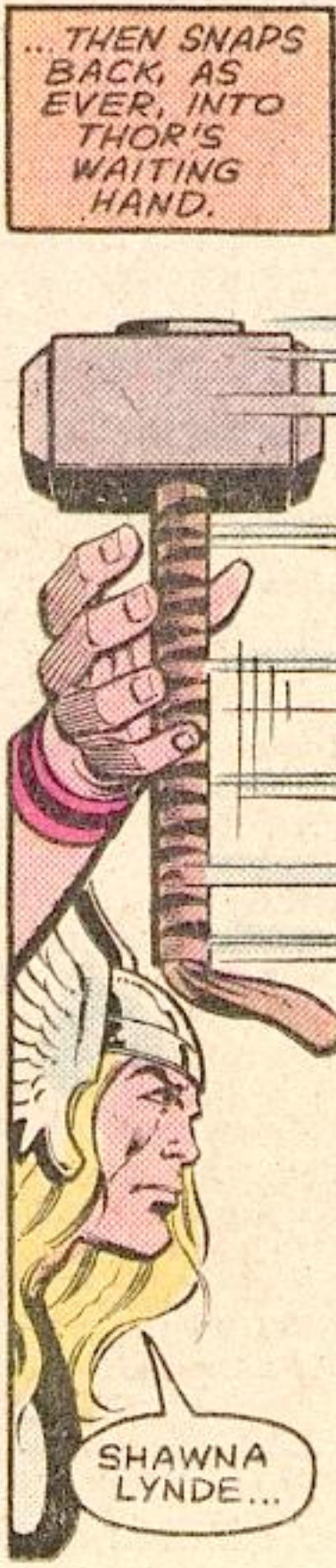


NAY, VILLAIN! 'TIS THOU WHO ART EITHER MAD OR EVIL!

THOOOM

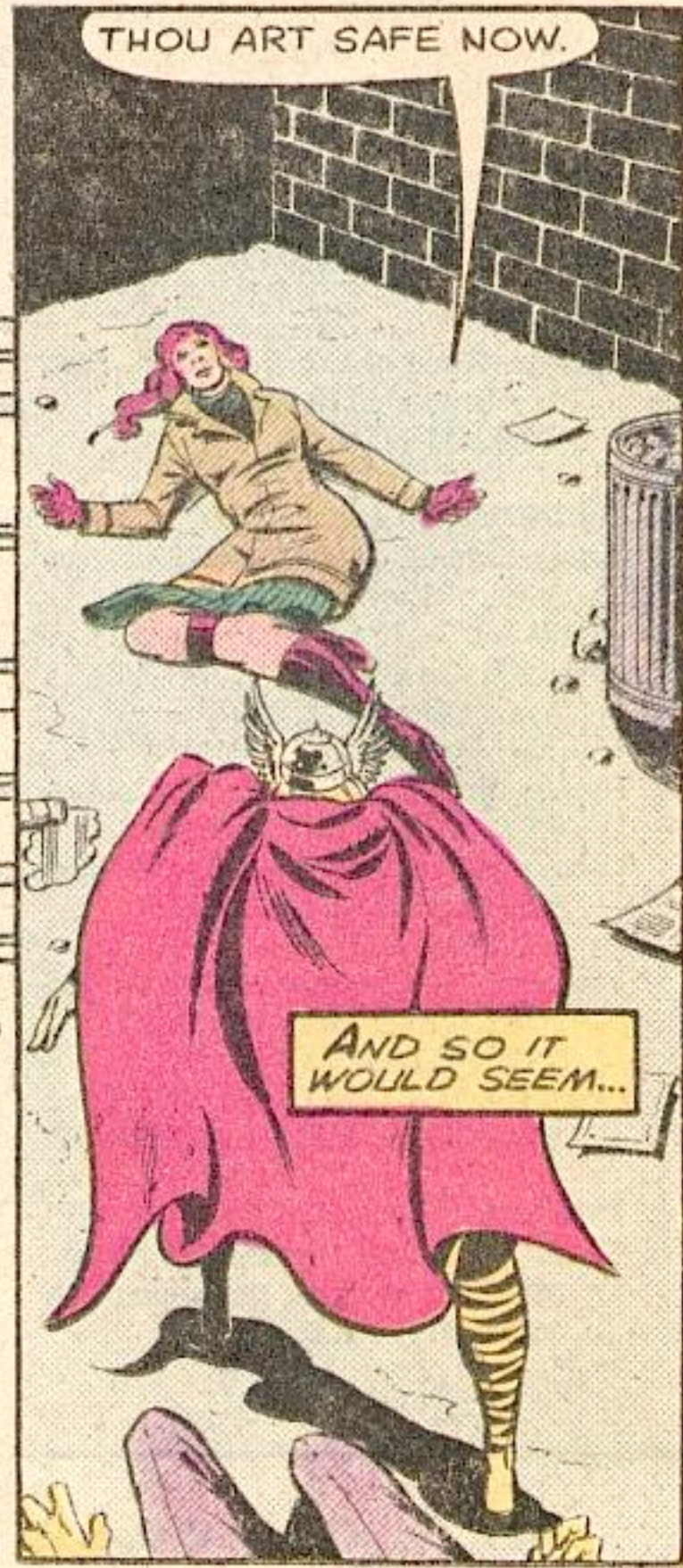
AND WHETHER MAD OR WICKED, YE MUST NOW FACE THE FURY OF THOR!

MJOLNIR FLIES, STRIKING WITH THE FORCE OF A THUNDERBOLT...



... THEN SNAPS BACK, AS EVER, INTO THOR'S WAITING HAND.

SHAWNA LYNDE...



THOU ART SAFE NOW.

AND SO IT WOULD SEEM...

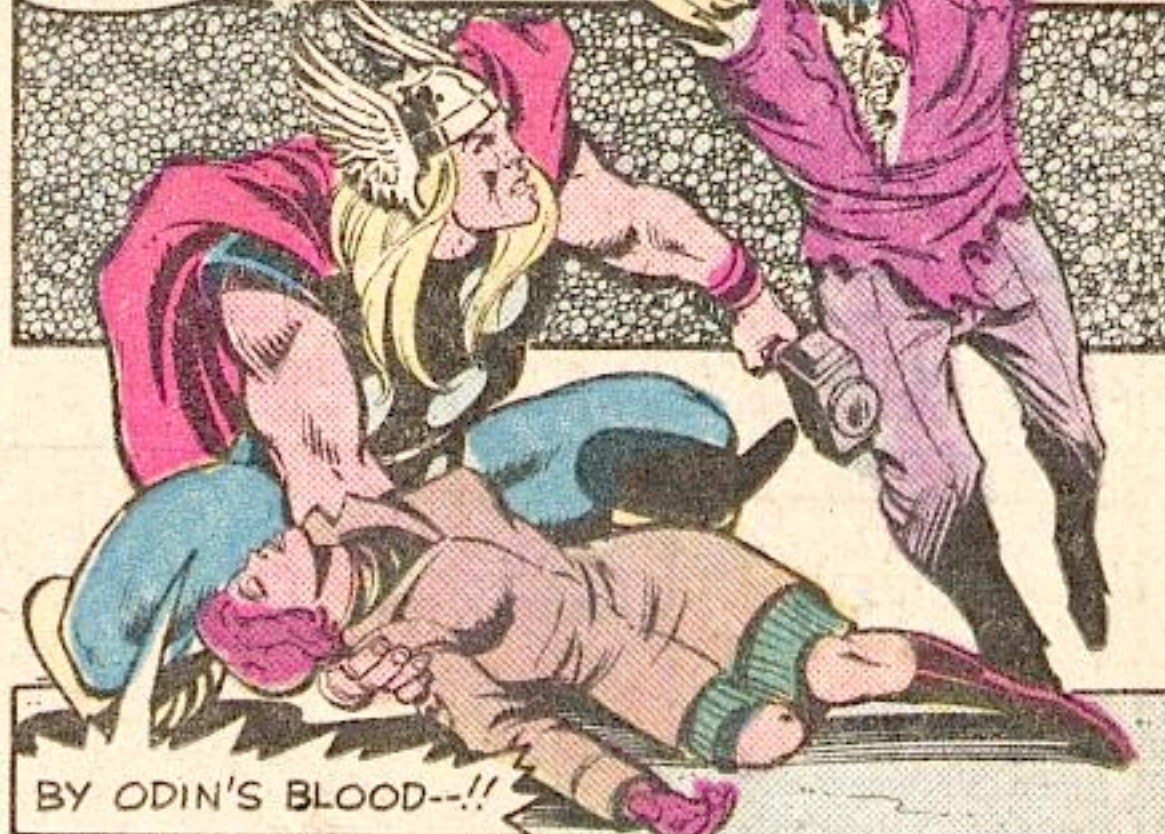
...FOR ANY NORMAL MORTAL SO STRUCK BY MJOLNIR WOULD LIE STILL FOR HOURS.

WHAT?! A PRETTY-PRETTY...WHO IS NOT?



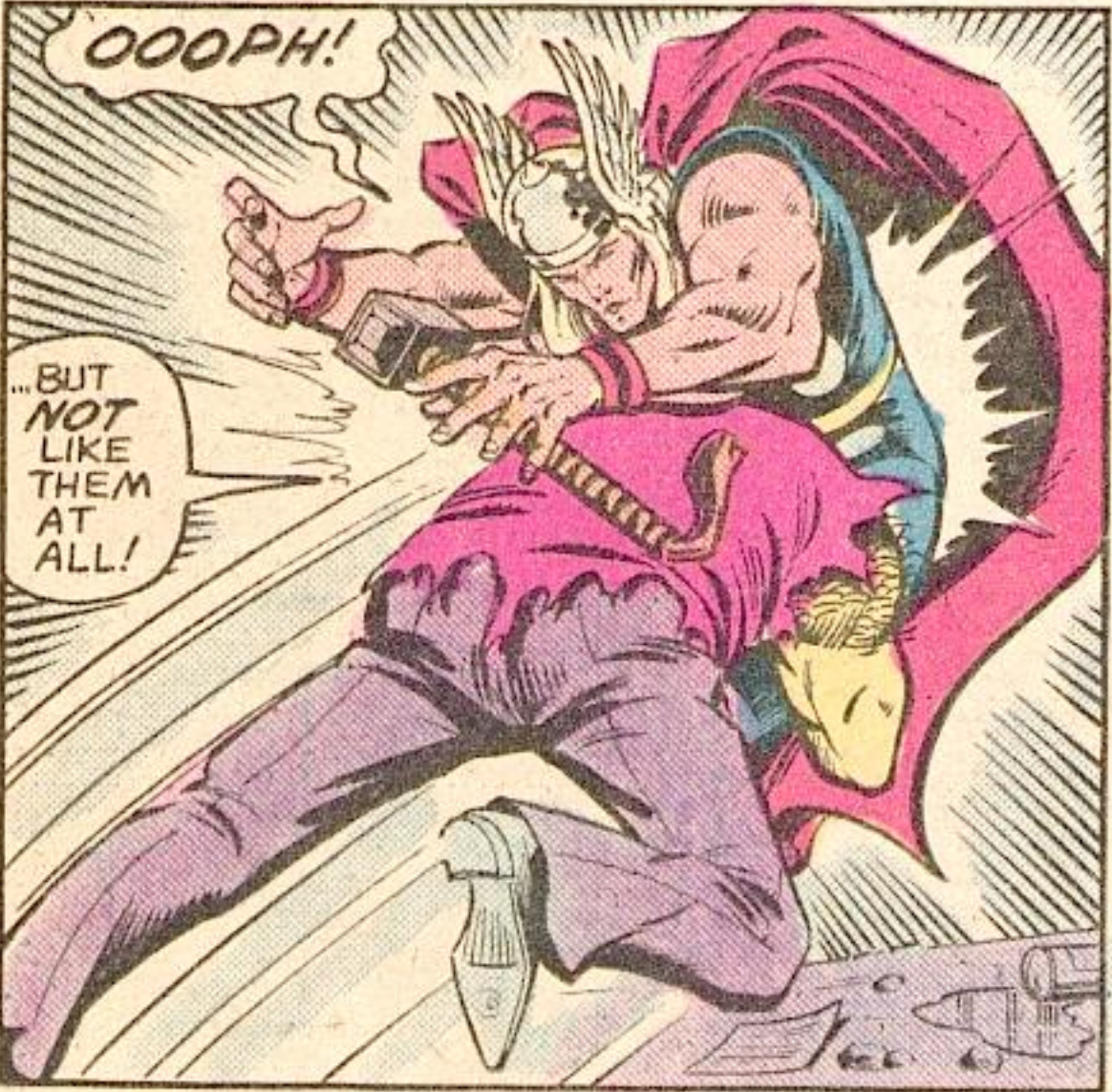
BUT THE ZANIAC, FATE HAS DECREED, IS NO LONGER NORMAL.

LONG GOLDEN HAIR... LIKE SO MANY OF THE OTHERS...



BY ODIN'S BLOOD--!!

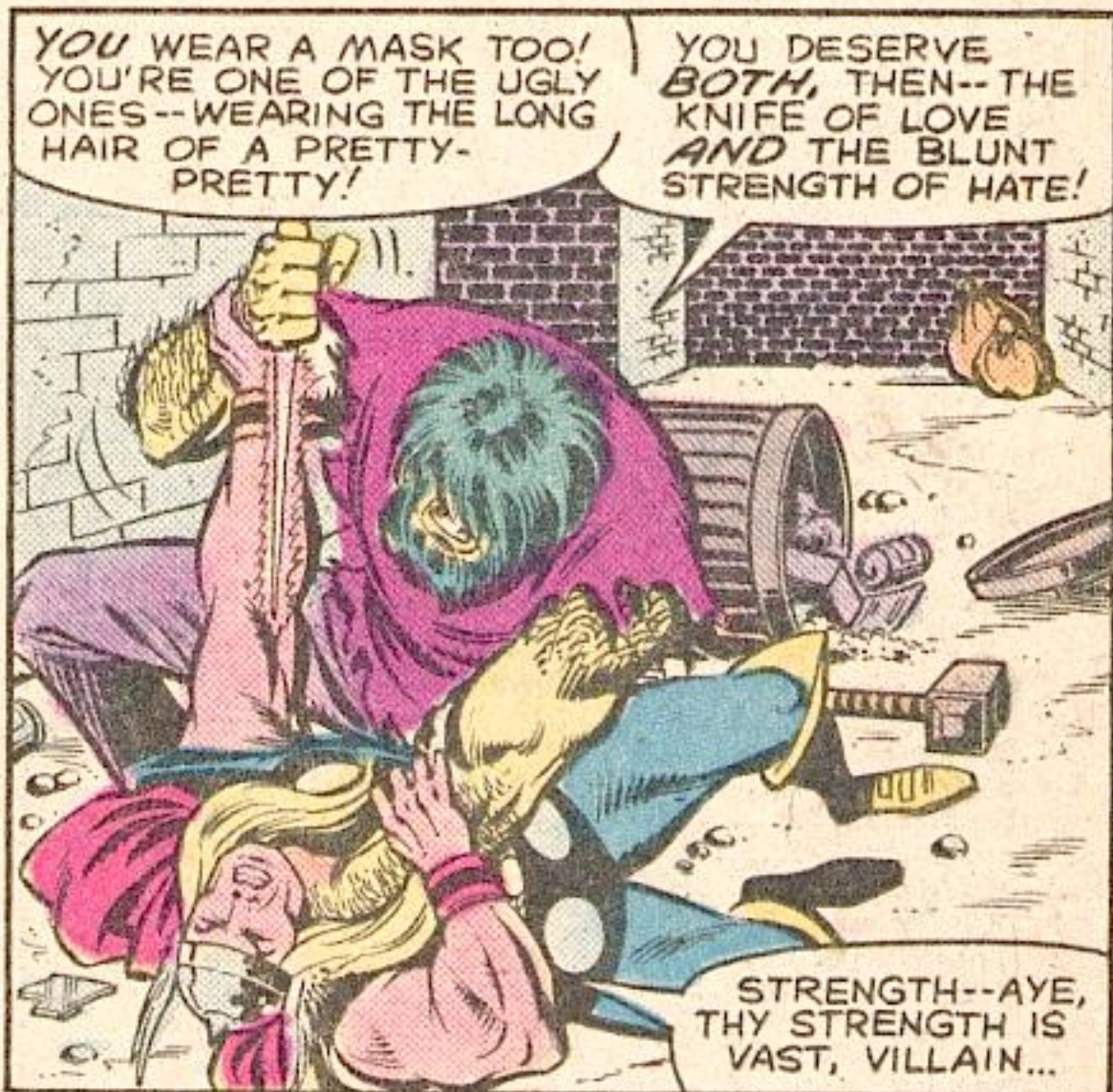
OOOPH!



...BUT NOT LIKE THEM AT ALL!

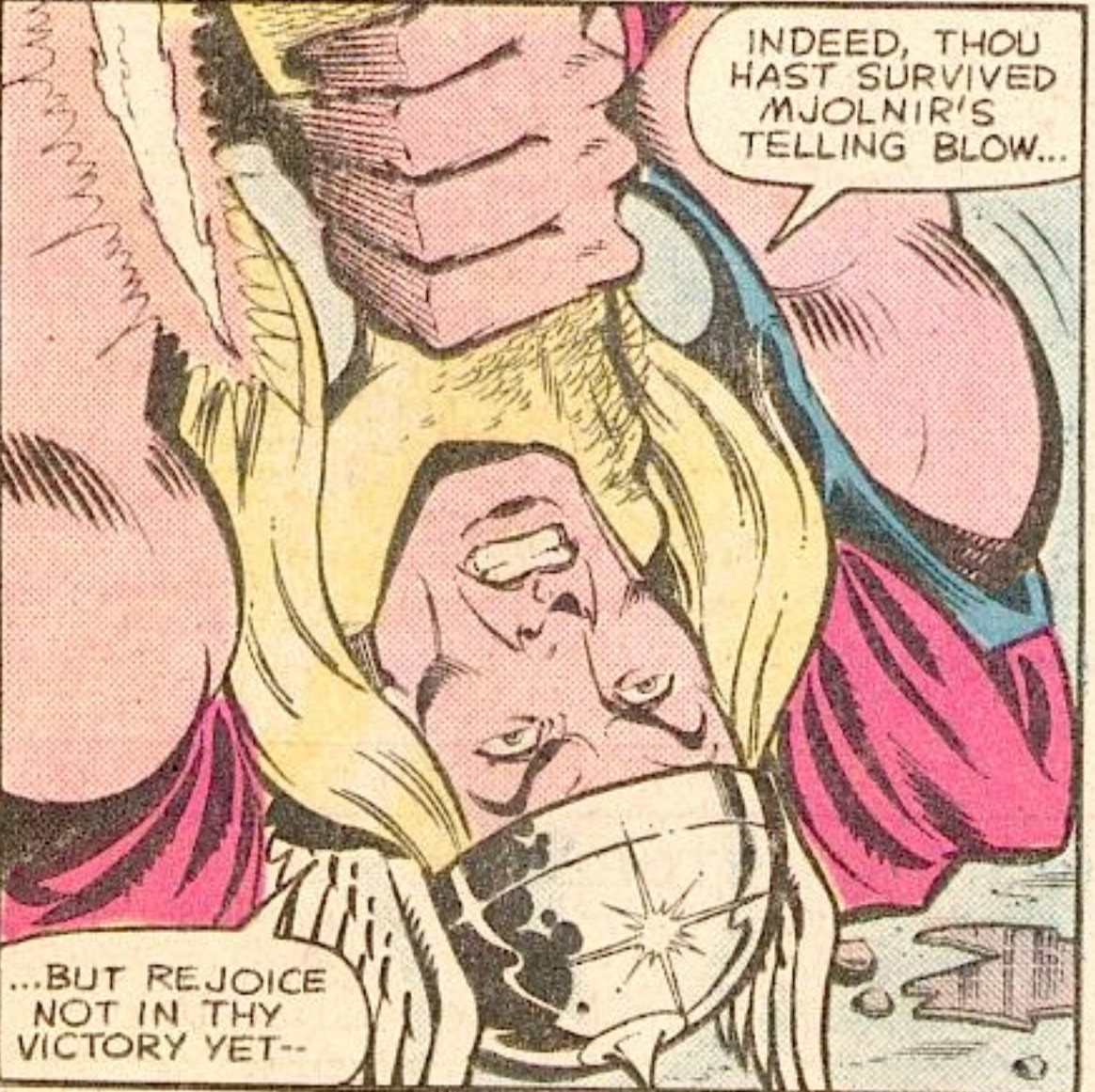
YOU WEAR A MASK TOO! YOU'RE ONE OF THE UGLY ONES--WEARING THE LONG HAIR OF A PRETTY-PRETTY!

YOU DESERVE BOTH, THEN--THE KNIFE OF LOVE AND THE BLUNT STRENGTH OF HATE!



STRENGTH--AYE, THY STRENGTH IS VAST, VILLAIN...

INDEED, THOU HAST SURVIVED MJOLNIR'S TELLING BLOW...



...BUT REJOICE NOT IN THY VICTORY YET--

--FOR NOW YE MUST FACE THE FULL POWER OF THOR HIMSELF!

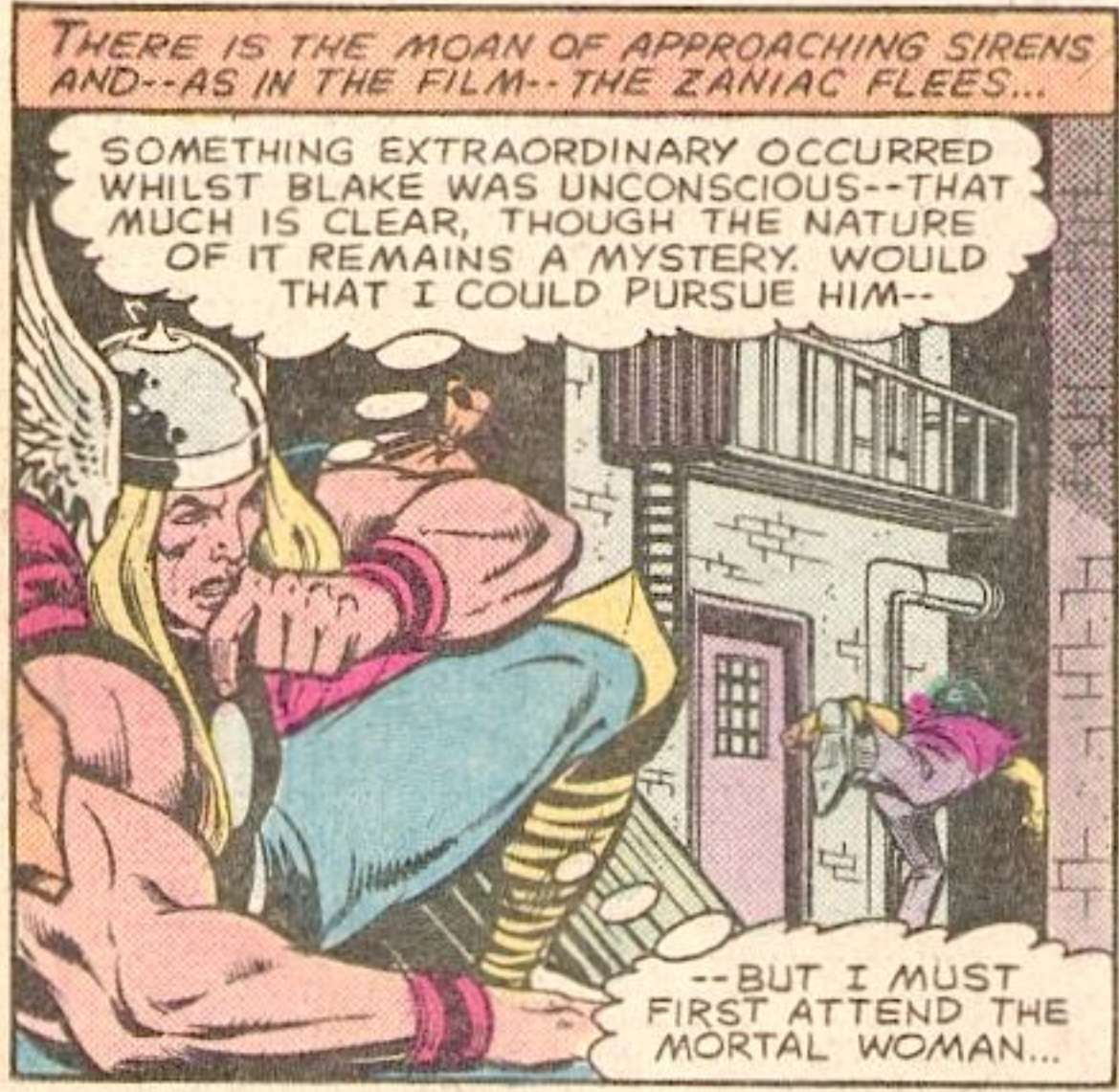




BUT AGAIN THOR IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE --

SPOOM

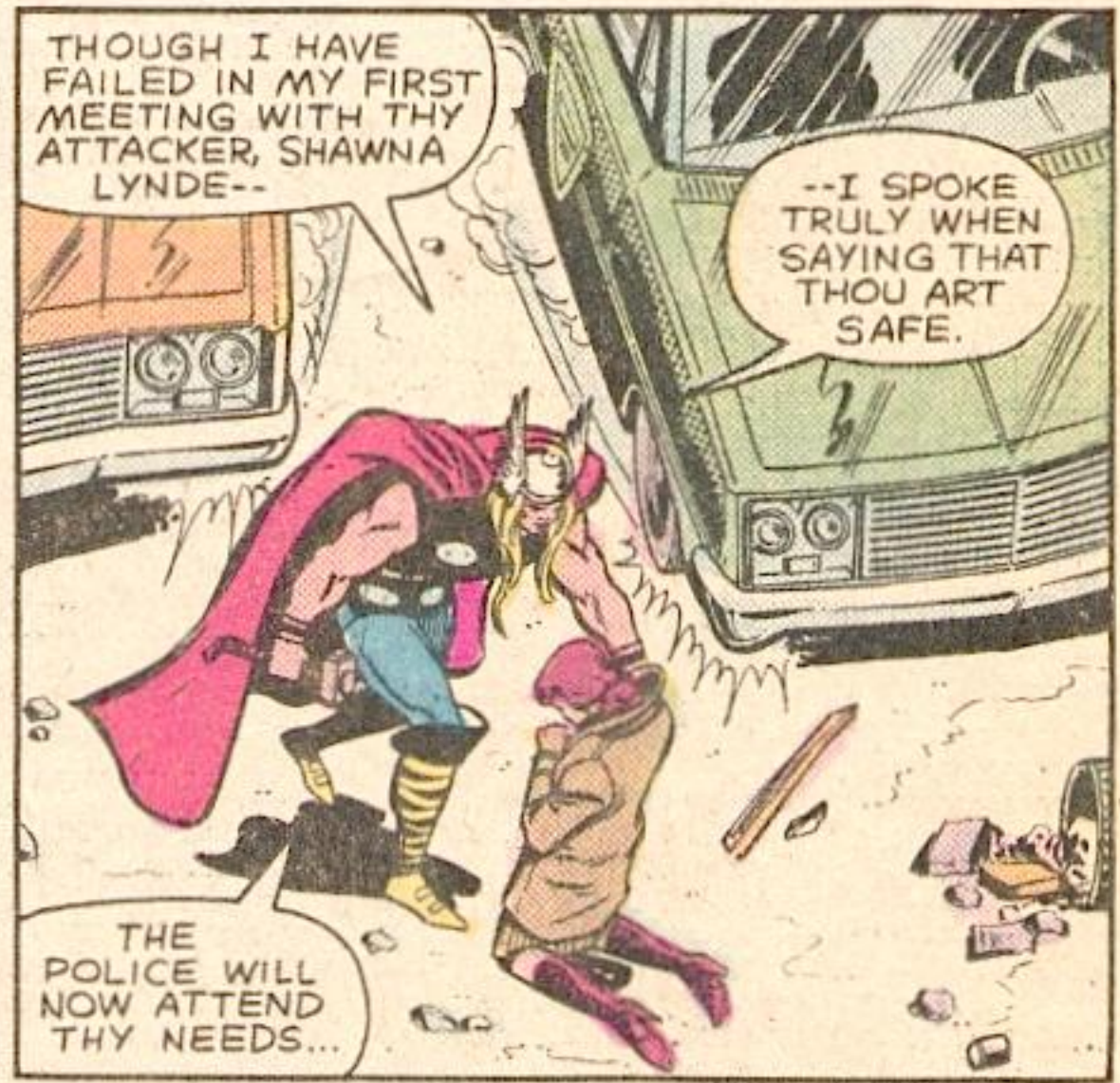
--UNABLE TO CONCEIVE OF ANY MORTAL, NORMAL OR NOT, POSSESSING POWER AND STAMINA SUCH AS THIS!



THERE IS THE MOAN OF APPROACHING SIRENS AND--AS IN THE FILM--THE ZANIAC FLEES...

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRED WHILST BLAKE WAS UNCONSCIOUS--THAT MUCH IS CLEAR, THOUGH THE NATURE OF IT REMAINS A MYSTERY. WOULD THAT I COULD PURSUE HIM--

--BUT I MUST FIRST ATTEND THE MORTAL WOMAN...



THOUGH I HAVE FAILED IN MY FIRST MEETING WITH THY ATTACKER, SHAWNA LYNDE--

--I SPOKE TRULY WHEN SAYING THAT THOU ART SAFE.

THE POLICE WILL NOW ATTEND THY NEEDS...



...WHILST I SEEK A SECOND MEETING WITH THIS ZANIAC.

YOU ALL RIGHT, MA'AM?

I... I'M NOT SURE... IT'S ALL LIKE A... A BAD DREAM...

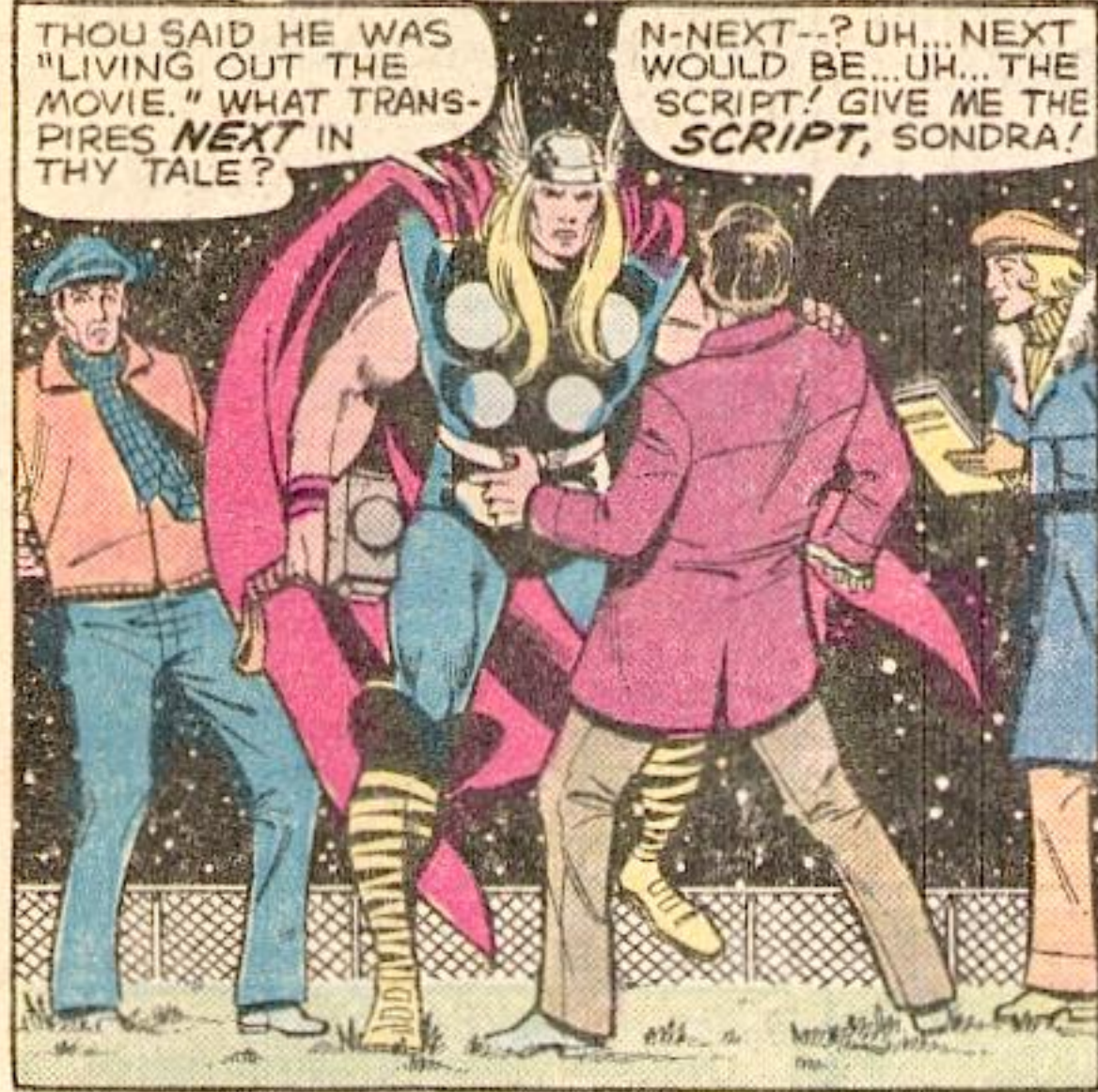


A BAD DREAM--OR THE FANTASY OF A BAD HORROR FILM.

HANDS SHAKING... STILL DON'T BELIEVE WHAT--

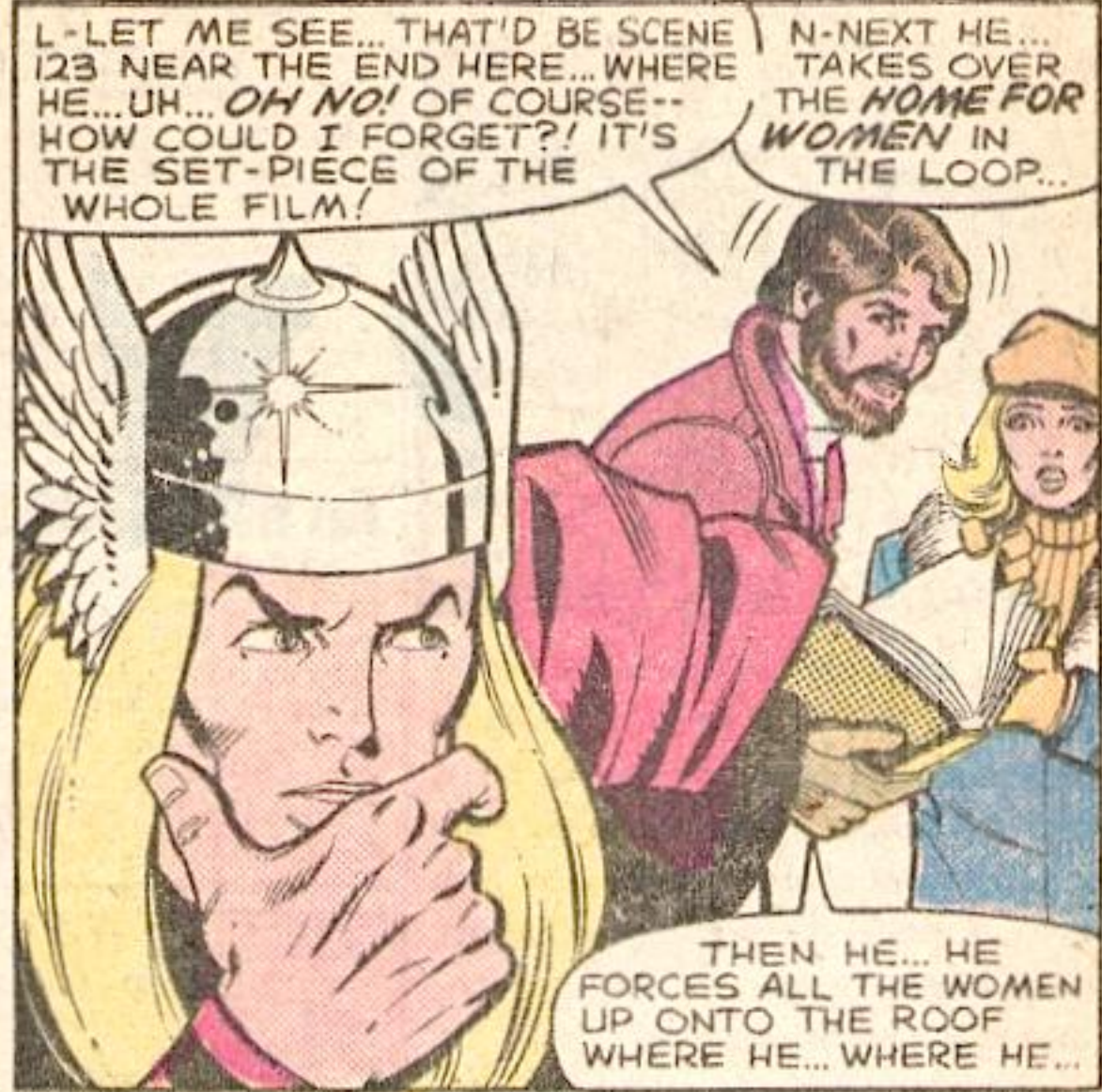
MR. CRONENKING--LOOK! IT'S THOR!

WHO--?!



THOU SAID HE WAS "LIVING OUT THE MOVIE." WHAT TRANSPIRES **NEXT** IN THY TALE?

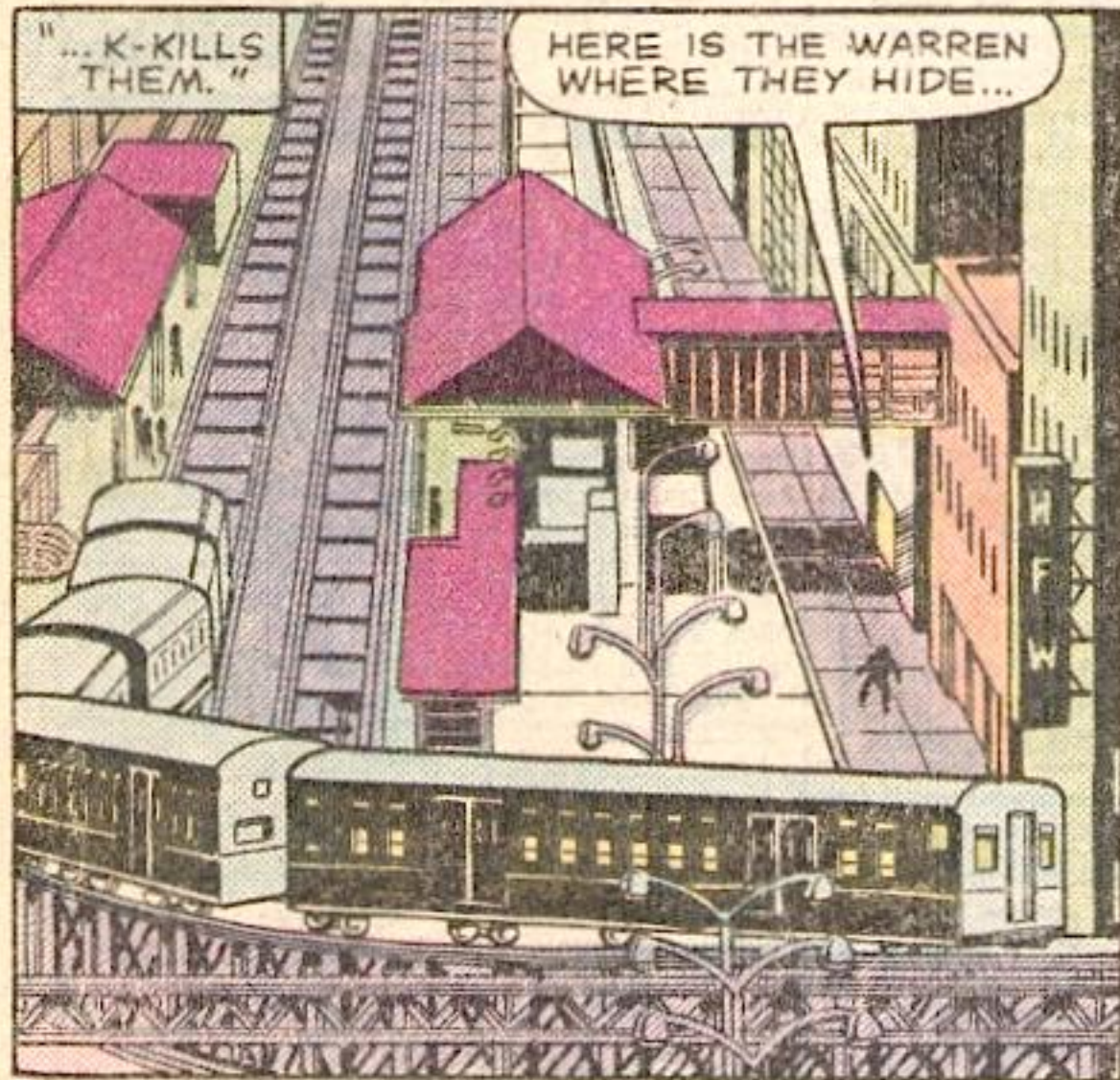
N-NEXT--? UH... NEXT WOULD BE... UH... THE SCRIPT! GIVE ME THE **SCRIPT**, SONDR!



L-LET ME SEE... THAT'D BE SCENE 123 NEAR THE END HERE... WHERE HE... UH... **OH NO!** OF COURSE-- HOW COULD I FORGET?! IT'S THE SET-PIECE OF THE WHOLE FILM!

N-NEXT HE... TAKES OVER THE **HOME FOR WOMEN** IN THE LOOP...

THEN HE... HE FORCES ALL THE WOMEN UP ONTO THE ROOF WHERE HE... WHERE HE...



"... K-KILLS THEM."

HERE IS THE WARREN WHERE THEY HIDE...



... THE PLACE WHERE ALL THE PRETTY-PRETTIES THINK THEY ARE SAFE FROM THE ZANIAC!

BUT THEY'RE **WRONG!**

BRRATH

WHAT IN THE--?!!



HE MUST'VE USED A CAR TO RAM THROUGH THE DOORS!

NO, UGLY ONES...



THE ZANIAC NEEDS NO CAR! THE ZANIAC NEEDS **NOTHING--!**

NOTHING BUT THE NIGHTMARE OF **HATE!**

UHN!

NOW FOR THE PRETTY-
PRETTIES... SO INNOCENT,
SO TREACHEROUS... TRAPPED
IN THEIR ROOMS... GETTING
READY FOR SLEEP...



A LONG
SLEEP... A SLEEP
OF FOREVER...
OF DARKNESS
DEEPER THAN
THE CLOSET!

THE SHRIEKS RIP FROM ONE
WOMAN TO THE NEXT --



-- AND THE COLLECTIVE
SOUND BECOMES A THING ALIVE,
THE FRENZIED BREATH OF
THE BEAST CALLED TERROR.

RUN PRETTY ONES--
TO THE ROOF--AND
TO THE SLEEP OF
FOREVER!



AND, STREAKING HIGH ABOVE
THE NIGHTED CITY...



THERE! THAT
PORTION OF
THE CITY
KNOWN AS
"THE LOOP"--

--SO NAMED
BECAUSE
'TIS GIRDED
BY A ROUGH
CIRCLE OF
ELEVATED
TRAIN
TRACKS...

THERE
AWAITS THE
HOME FOR
WOMEN...

"... AND THE MADMAN WHO
SEEKS TO PREY ON THEM."



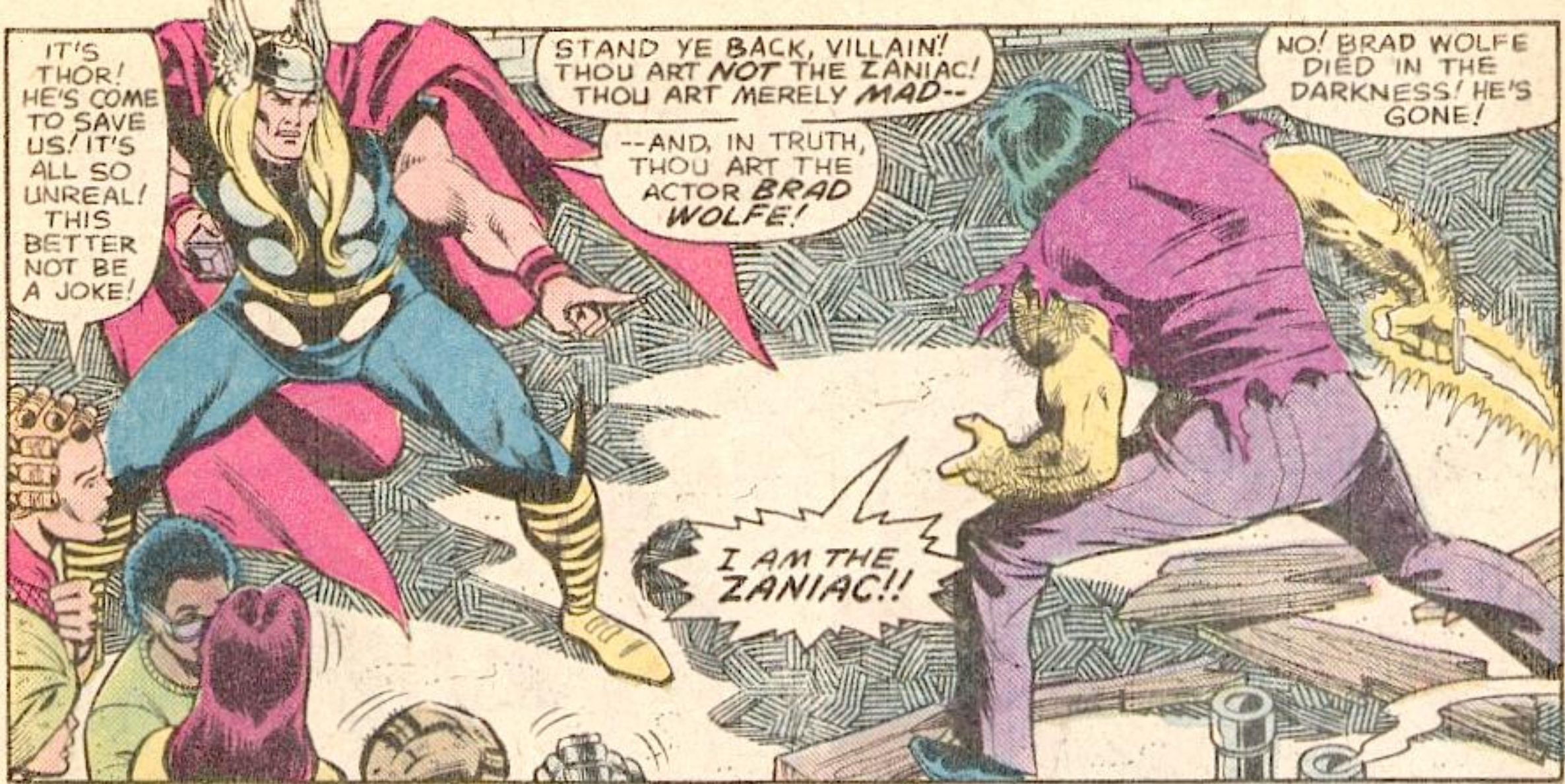
THE HATE
MUST
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AGAIN! ALL
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PRETTIES
MUST DIE!
THE ZANIAC
CRAVES
BLOOD!

N-NO! IT...
IT'S LIKE
SOME AWFUL
MONSTER
MOVIE!

THE ZANIAC REMEMBERS
THE DARKNESS OF THE
CLOSET, AND HATES IT!
THE ZANIAC--



--MUST
HALT,
VILLAIN,
LEST YE FACE
THE WRATH
OF THOR!



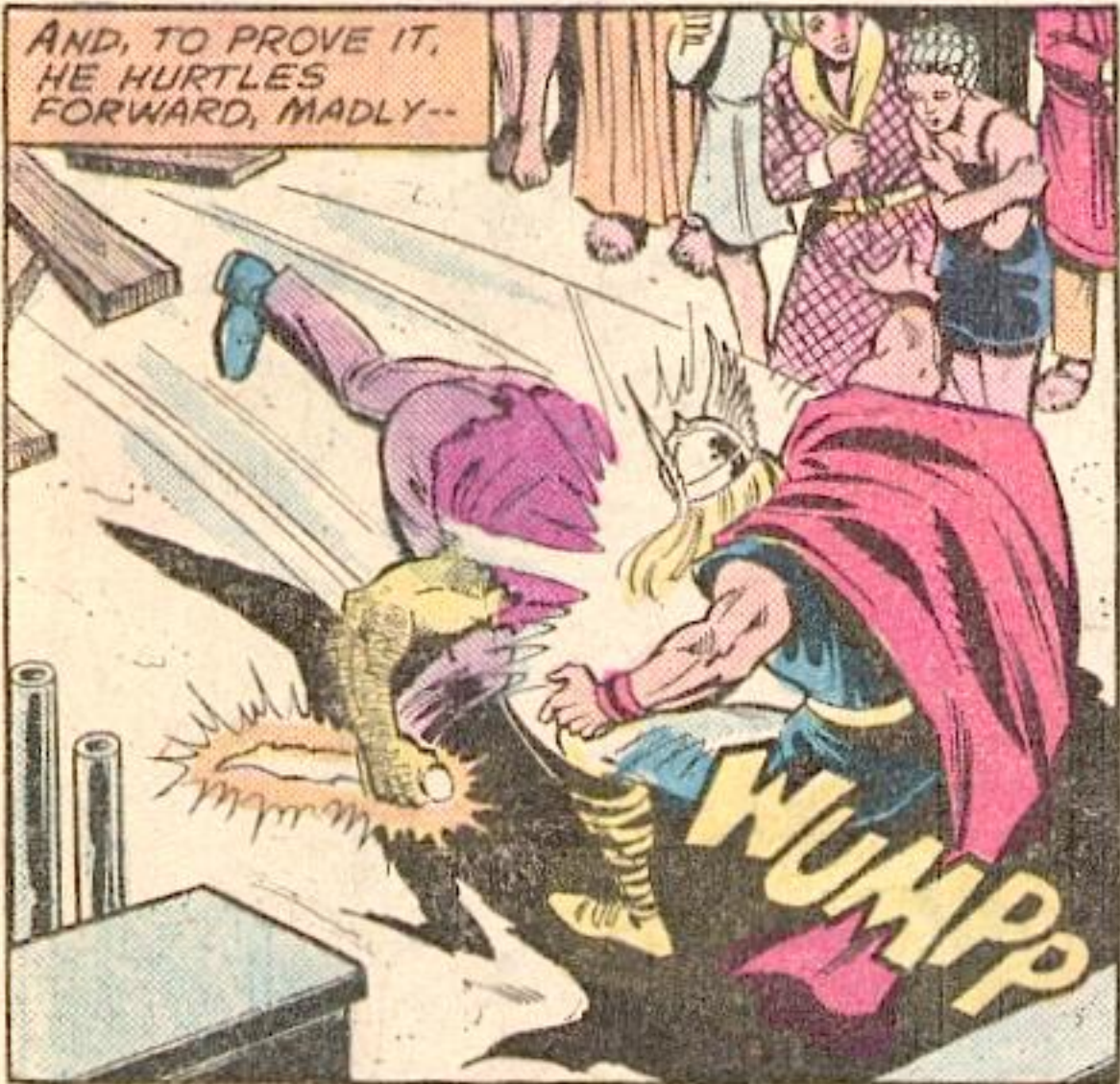
IT'S THOR!
HE'S COME
TO SAVE
US! IT'S
ALL SO
UNREAL!
THIS
BETTER
NOT BE
A JOKE!

STAND YE BACK, VILLAIN!
THOU ART NOT THE ZANIAC!
THOU ART MERELY MAD--

--AND, IN TRUTH,
THOU ART THE
ACTOR BRAD
WOLFE!

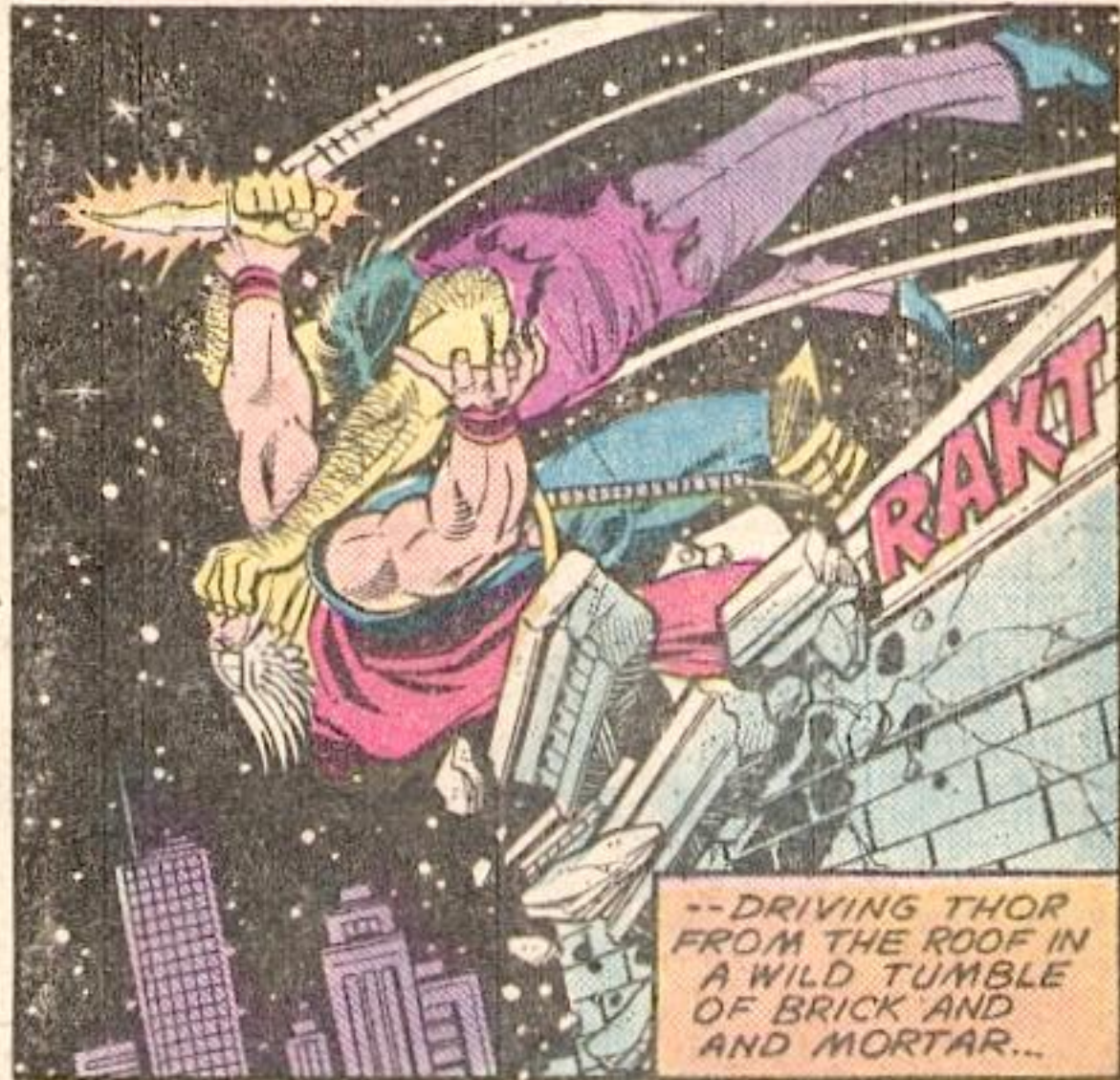
NO! BRAD WOLFE
DIED IN THE
DARKNESS! HE'S
GONE!

I AM THE
ZANIAC!!



AND, TO PROVE IT,
HE HURTTLES
FORWARD, MADLY--

WUMPP

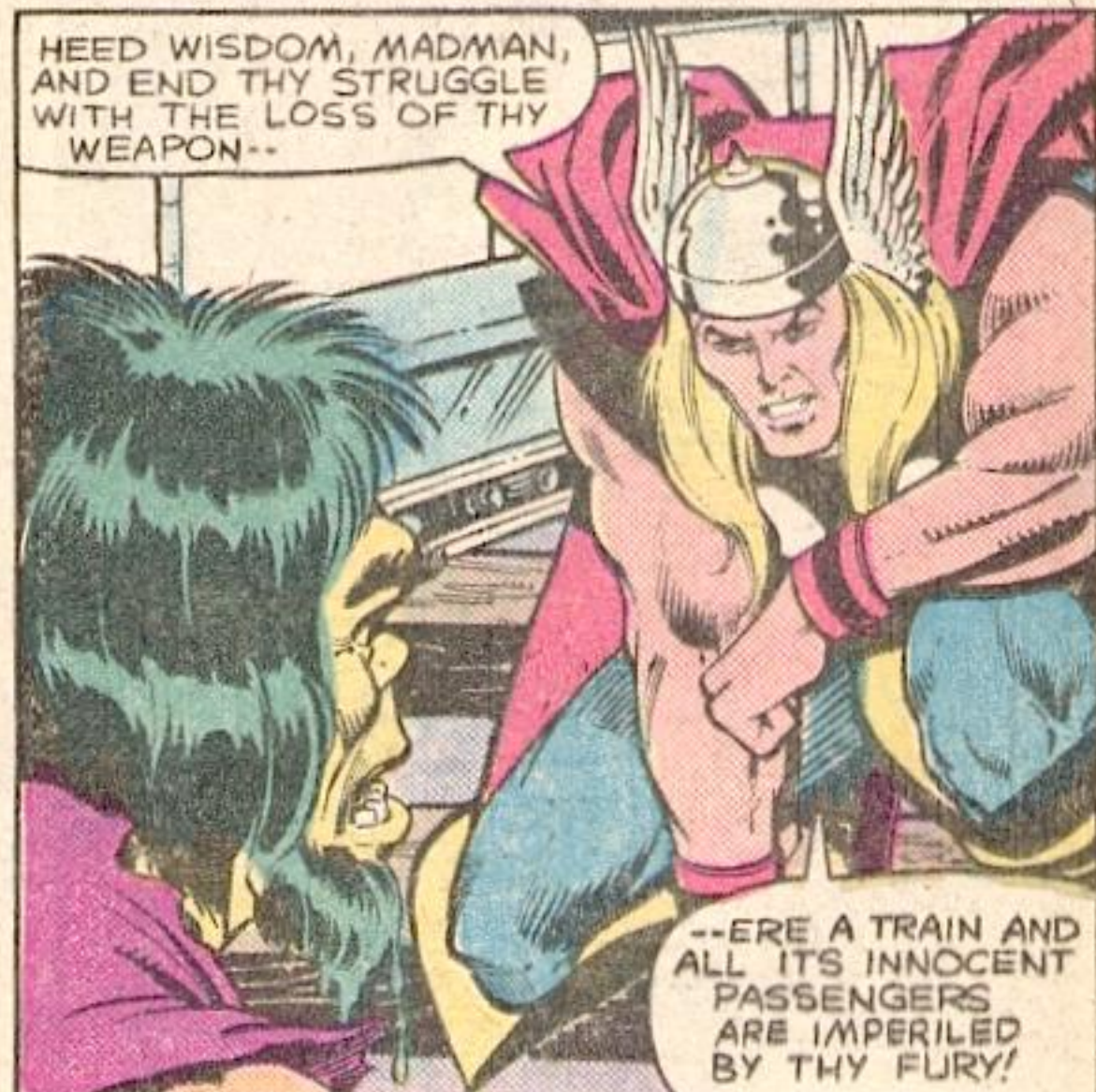


--DRIVING THOR
FROM THE ROOF IN
A WILD TUMBLE
OF BRICK AND
AND MORTAR...



...SO THAT BOTH HERO AND VILLAIN SLAM
TO THE ELEVATED TRAIN TRACK TWO STORIES
BELOW.

MY
KNIFE--!



HEED WISDOM, MADMAN,
AND END THY STRUGGLE
WITH THE LOSS OF THY
WEAPON--

--ERE A TRAIN AND
ALL ITS INNOCENT
PASSENGERS
ARE IMPERILED
BY THY FURY!



NO!!

I WANT MY KNIFE!!



AND, ALMOST MAGICALLY, IT APPEARS IN A SEETHING NIMBUS OF FIRE...

NOW, UGLY ONE--YOUR PRETTY MASK SHALL BE CUT AWAY!



HIS POWERS TRANSCEND ALL REASON, AND THERE CAN NOW BE NO DOUBT! THEY MUST CONFER FROM SOME PHENOMENON OF RADIATION!

AS SHAWNA LYNDE POINTED OUT, THE SITE OF THE EXPLOSION LAY OVER THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE ATOMIC BOMB...



AND IF TRACES OF URANIUM OR SOME OTHER SUBSTANCE REMAINED DORMANT AT THE SITE, THEN THEY HAVE NOW COMMINGLED WITH THE EXPLOSION--

THROK

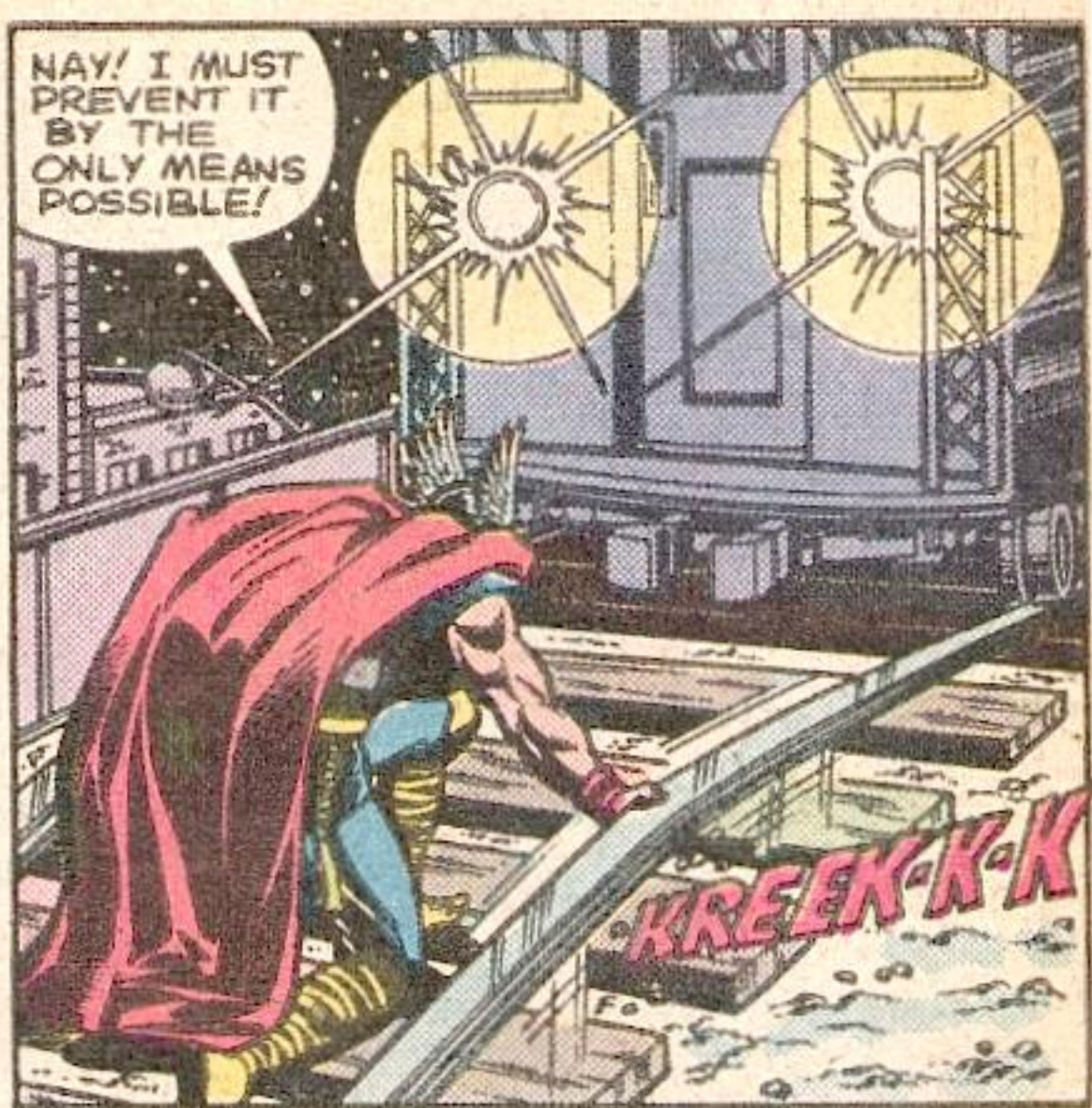
--AND HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO A NEW NIGHT-MARE!



BAUWWWW

LOOK OUT! I CAN'T STOP IN TIME!!

YON TRAIN! IF IT SHOULD COLLIDE WITH ME--OR E'EN WITH THE ZANIAC...!



NAY! I MUST PREVENT IT BY THE ONLY MEANS POSSIBLE!

KREEK-K-K



ROARRRRR



DID... DID YOU SEE WHAT HE JUST DID?!



IT STILL RIDES THE RAILS, ITS PASSENGERS SAFE.

AND NOW...



YAHRRR!

AGAIN HE STRIKES--



--AND AGAIN I AM FORCED TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST A MADMAN WITH NO CARE FOR HIS OWN FLESH!

SWUMP



IT...IT'S INSANE! HE CAN'T BE HURT-- CAN'T BE STOPPED!

NO? JUST WAIT, HELEN-- THOR WILL THINK OF SOME THING...



I TRIED TO STOP YOU WITHOUT MY KNIFE!



IT WAS A MISTAKE!



AND SO, THE PRETTY-PRETTIES--

--YOU MUST FALL BY THE BLADE!

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THEY FLY...



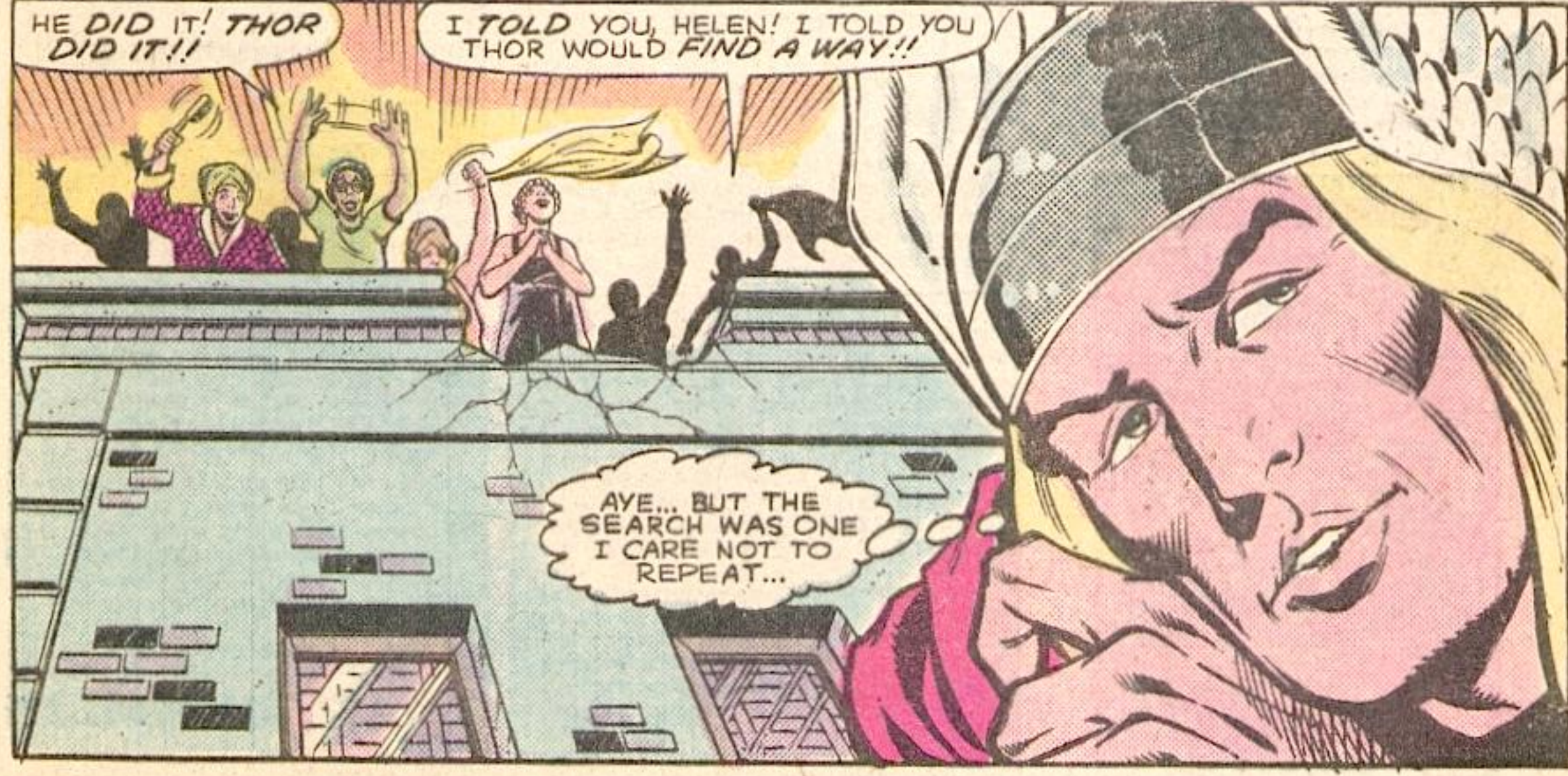
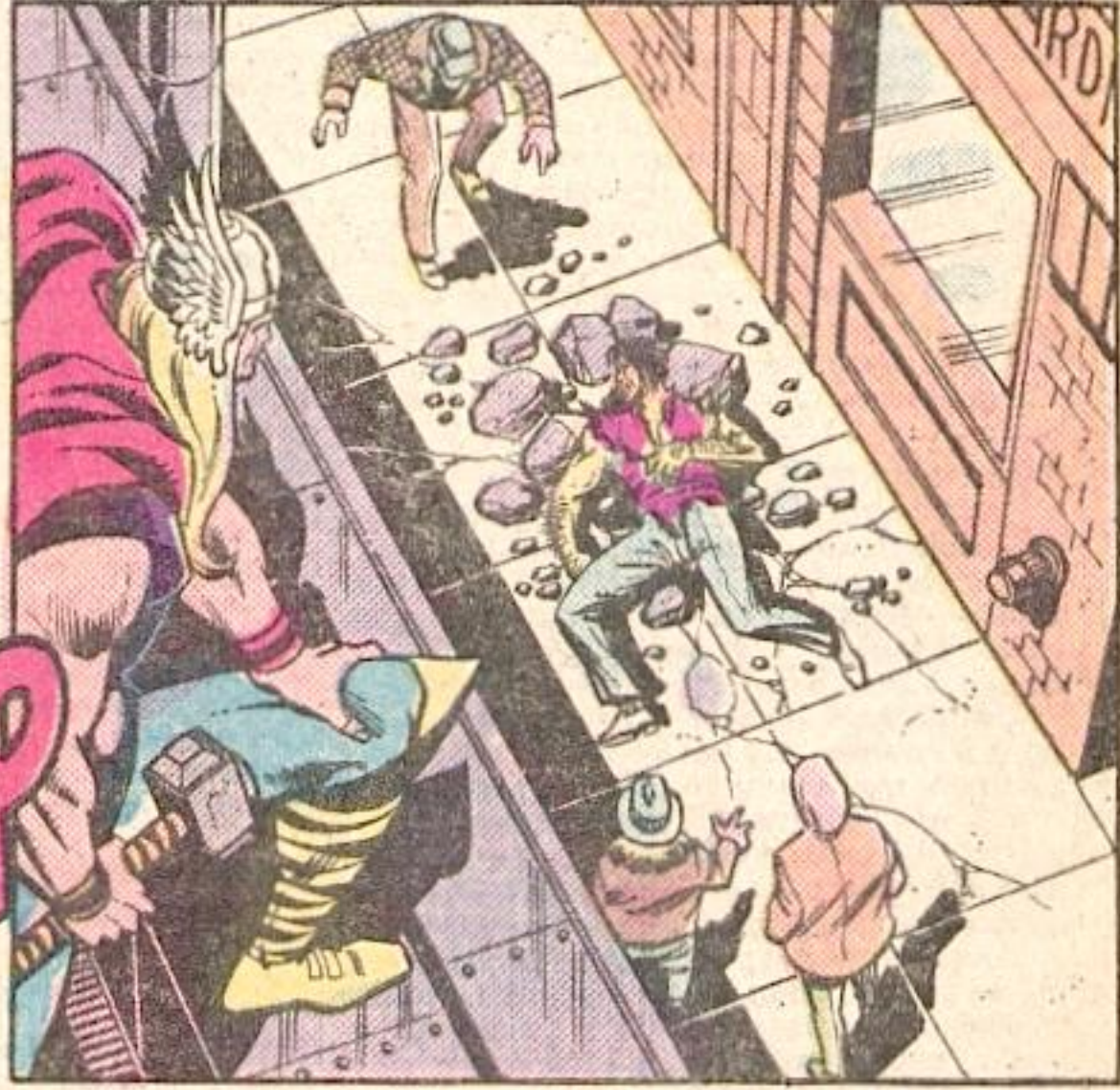
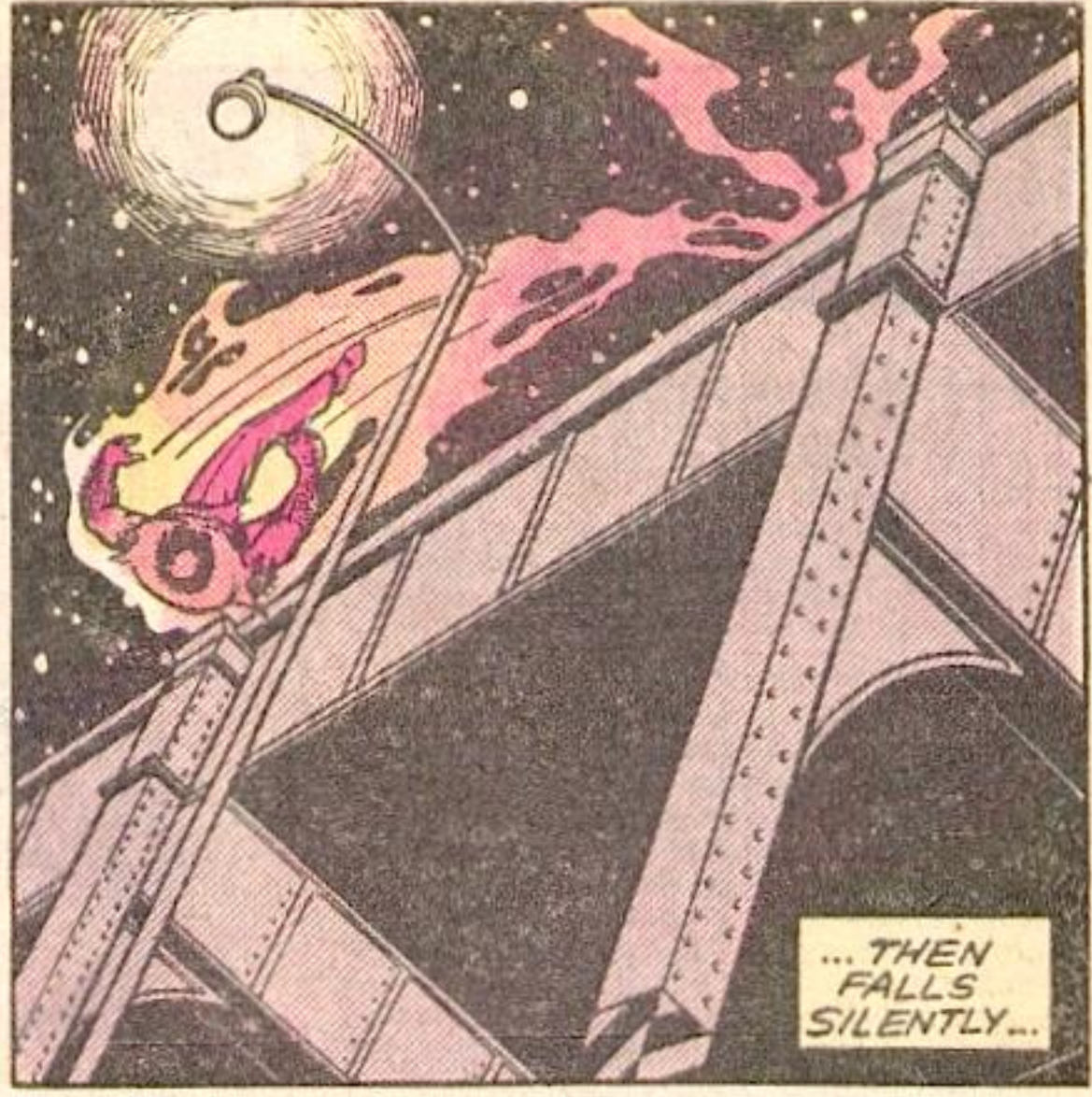
SHORT OF SLAYING HIM, MY POWERS ARE USELESS IN STOPPING HIM!

AND SO I MUST RESORT TO HIS OWN UNCANNY POWERS...



...USING WHIRLING MJOLNIR TO FOCUS THEM THROUGH THE METAL OF THE TRAIN RAIL-- TO CONDUCT THEM BACK AT HIM!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?! THE ZANIAC CRAVES BLOOD! THE ZANIAC--



EPILOGUE!

HAVING ASCERTAINED THE SAFETY OF THE SHAKEN WOMEN ON THE ROOF, THOR HAS TRANSFORMED BACK TO DR. DONALD BLAKE, AND NOW, IN THE GRIM SHADOWS OF THE EL TRACKS...



PULSE IS STEADY... IF SLOW...



HE'LL LIVE, BUT HE SHOULD BE TREATED FOR RADIATION POISONING AND CLOSELY OBSERVED FOR SIGNS OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL.

YEAH? AND WHO'RE YOU-- A DOCTOR?

WHY, YES, I'M--

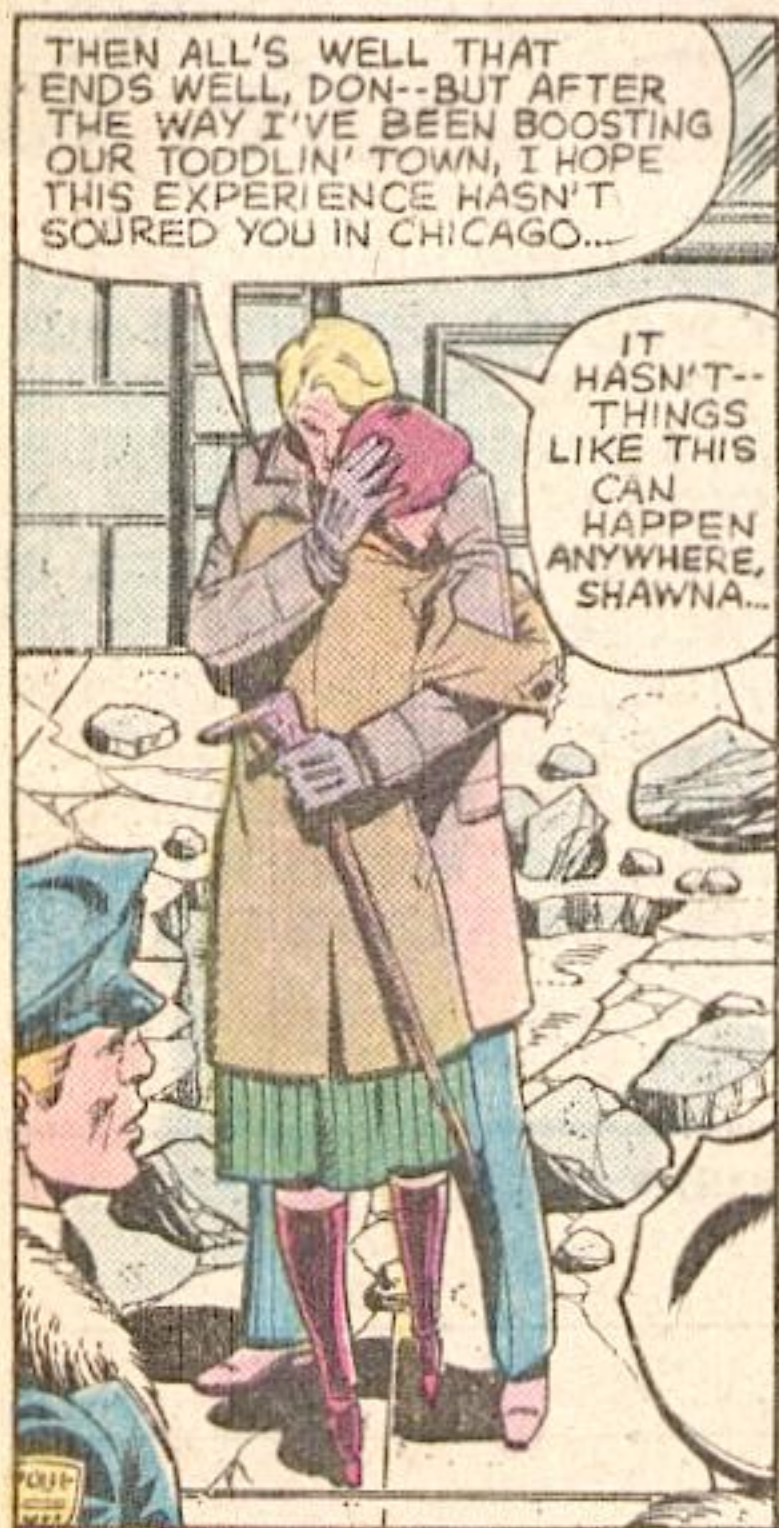


DON! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

FINE, SHAWNA. AND YOU?

WEAK BUT WONDERFUL-- NOW. DID YOU HEAR, DON? THOR WAS HERE!

YES... I EVEN SAW HIM, SHAWNA. QUITE A FELLOW...



THEN ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, DON--BUT AFTER THE WAY I'VE BEEN BOOSTING OUR TODDLIN' TOWN, I HOPE THIS EXPERIENCE HASN'T SOURED YOU IN CHICAGO...

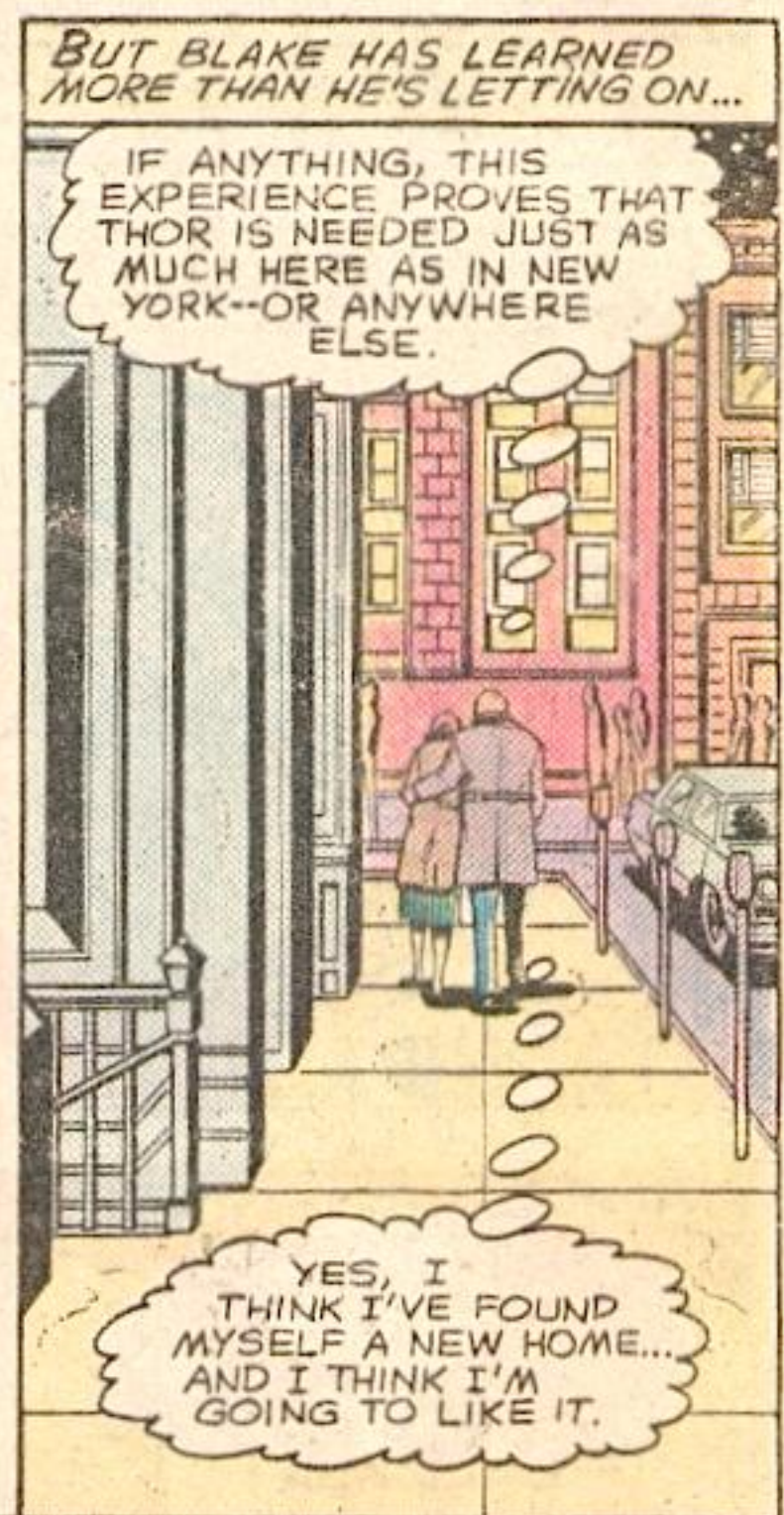
IT HASN'T-- THINGS LIKE THIS CAN HAPPEN ANYWHERE, SHAWNA...



AND AS FAR AS CHICAGO GOES, I'VE DECIDED IT'S A FINE PLACE...

YOU MEAN IT, DON?

IS THIS ANYPLACE TO WHISTLE DIXIE?



BUT BLAKE HAS LEARNED MORE THAN HE'S LETTING ON...

IF ANYTHING, THIS EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT THOR IS NEEDED JUST AS MUCH HERE AS IN NEW YORK--OR ANYWHERE ELSE.

YES, I THINK I'VE FOUND MYSELF A NEW HOME... AND I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE IT.

NEXT ISSUE

ONE OF THE STRANGEST AND MOST STARTLING THOR TALES EVER TOLD-- A DELIGHTFULLY DARK FUSION OF FEAR AND FANTASY WE CALL...

BLAKE'S MENAGERIE!