

JULY  
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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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# THE MIGHTY THOR



DIE,  
THUNDER GOD!  
RIMTHURSAR  
COMMANDS  
IT!



A. KUPPERBERG  
& B. BREEDING

MADNESS IS...  
THE  
MENAGERIE!

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!

DOUG MOENCH  
SCRIPTER

ALAN KUPPERBERG  
PENCILER

STONE & FRIENDS  
INKERS

JANICE CHIANG  
LETTERS

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JIM SALICRUP  
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EARLY SPRING AMIDST A CLUMP OF TREES IN CHICAGO'S GRANT PARK... THE CHATTERING OF BIRDS PROVIDES A VERY ORDINARY BACK-DROP FOR A MOST EXTRAORDINARY TABLEAU OF THUNDER GODS AND CHANGELINGS...

FIRST THERE BE THE MYSTERY OF THY TRANSFORMATION FROM ORDINARY MORTALS INTO... INTO...

...INTO THE LONG-LOST ASSGARDIAN MENAGERIE OF RIMTHURSAR, THOR!

AYE. INTO A MENAGERIE. THEN THERE BE THE MYSTERY OF WHO DIDST POSSESS BORNA'S SOUL LAST NIGHT IN THE MUSEUM, TURNING HIM EVIL...

WHO CARES? I AM FINE NOW-- AND KYRIE HERE HAST NEVER LOOKED MORE BEAUTIFUL.

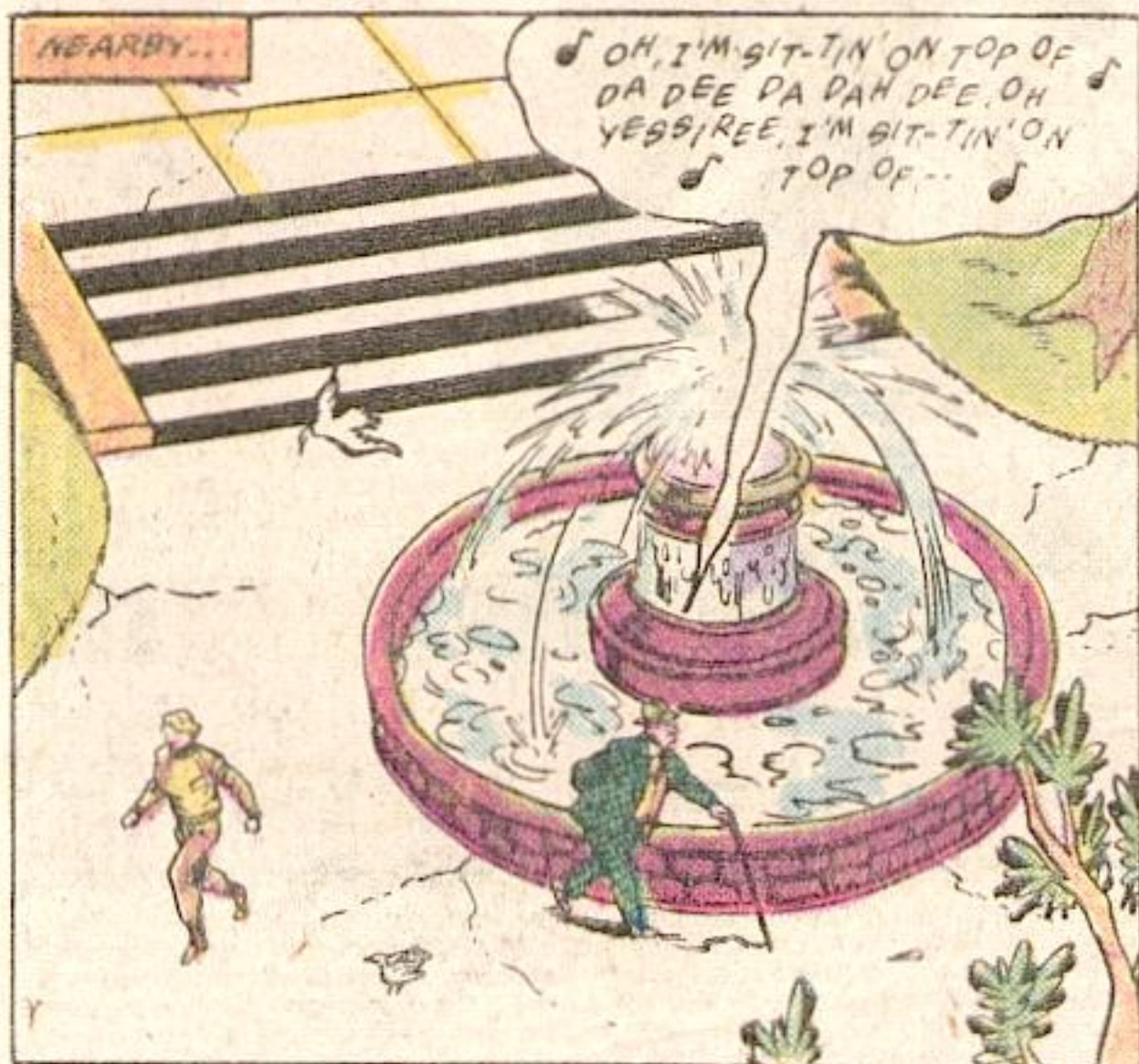
WHY, THANK YOU, BORNA!

I SEE THE HAND OF MINE EVIL BROTHER LOHI IN THIS-- AND SO MUST WE VENTURE TO ASSGARD, TO STOP HIM!

NICE ENOW RIGHT HERE ON MIDGARD-- SHEER FOLLY TO LEAVE.

ACTUALLY, IT SEEMS THAT THOR ALONE IS INTENT ON GRIMNESS, WHILE THE OTHERS COULD CARE LESS. AS WEIRD AS THEY ARE, THEY EXULT IN THE GIDDY NOVELTY OF BEING ALIVE!

# MAGICK'S MENACE!





A M-MERMAID! SOME PERVERT DRESSED UP LIKE A MERMAID IN THE FOUNTAIN!

"PERVERT" L-L?

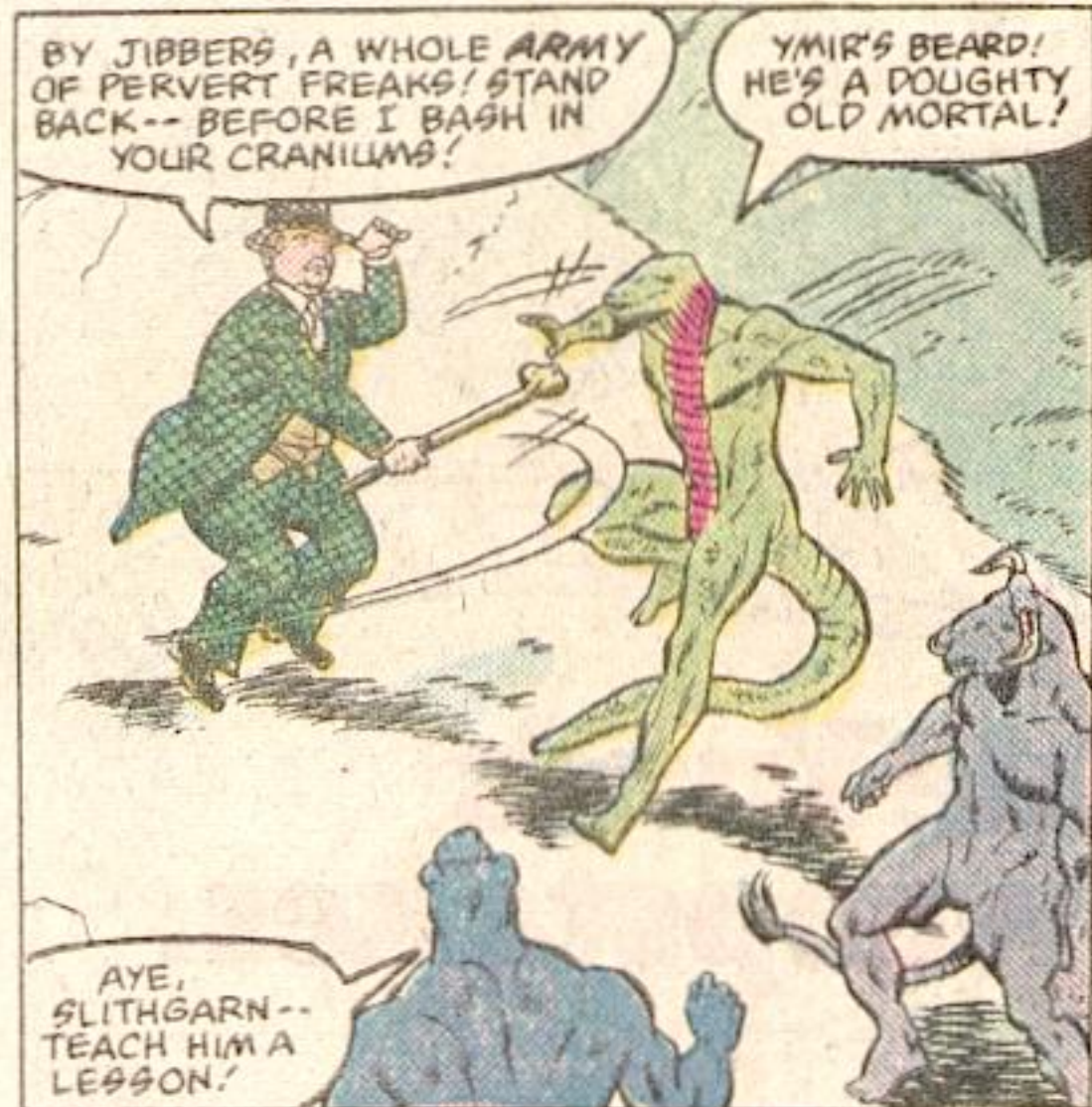


CALL THE COPS! CALL THE--  
--UHN! WHO--?

THOU DAREST INSULT THE BEAUTEOUS FAIRGOLD, MORTAL?

BORNA--!

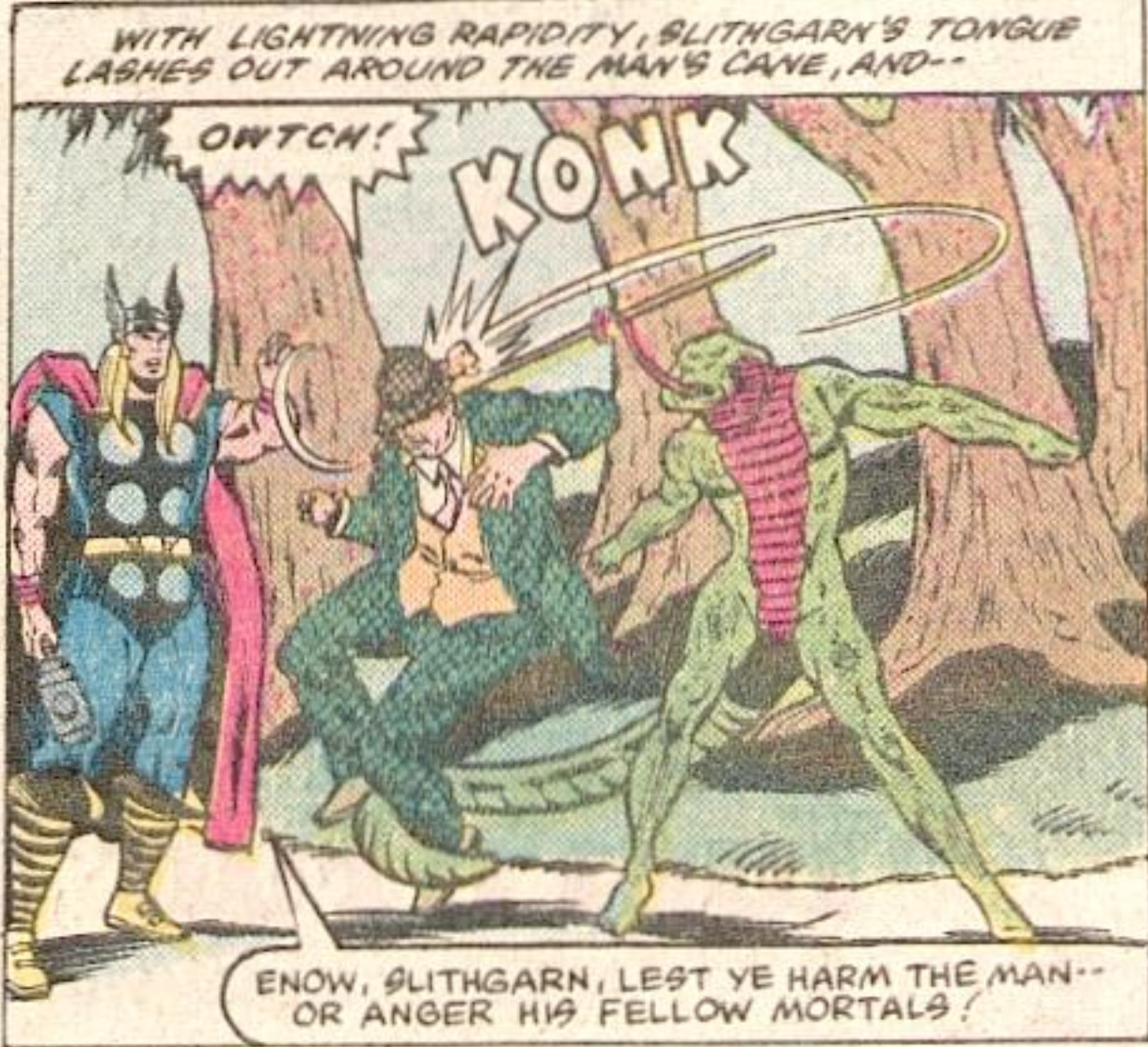
MORE OF THEM!



BY JIBBERS, A WHOLE ARMY OF PERVERT FREAKS! STAND BACK-- BEFORE I BASH IN YOUR CRANILUMS!

YMIR'S BEARD! HE'S A DOUGHTY OLD MORTAL!

AYE, SLITHGARN-- TEACH HIM A LESSON!



WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY, SLITHGARN'S TONGUE LASHES OUT AROUND THE MAN'S CANE, AND--

OWTCH! KONK

ENOW, SLITHGARN, LEST YE HARM THE MAN-- OR ANGER HIS FELLOW MORTALS!



BUT IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE TO PREVENT THE LATTER--

LEAVE 'IM ALONE, YA LOUSY FREAKS!

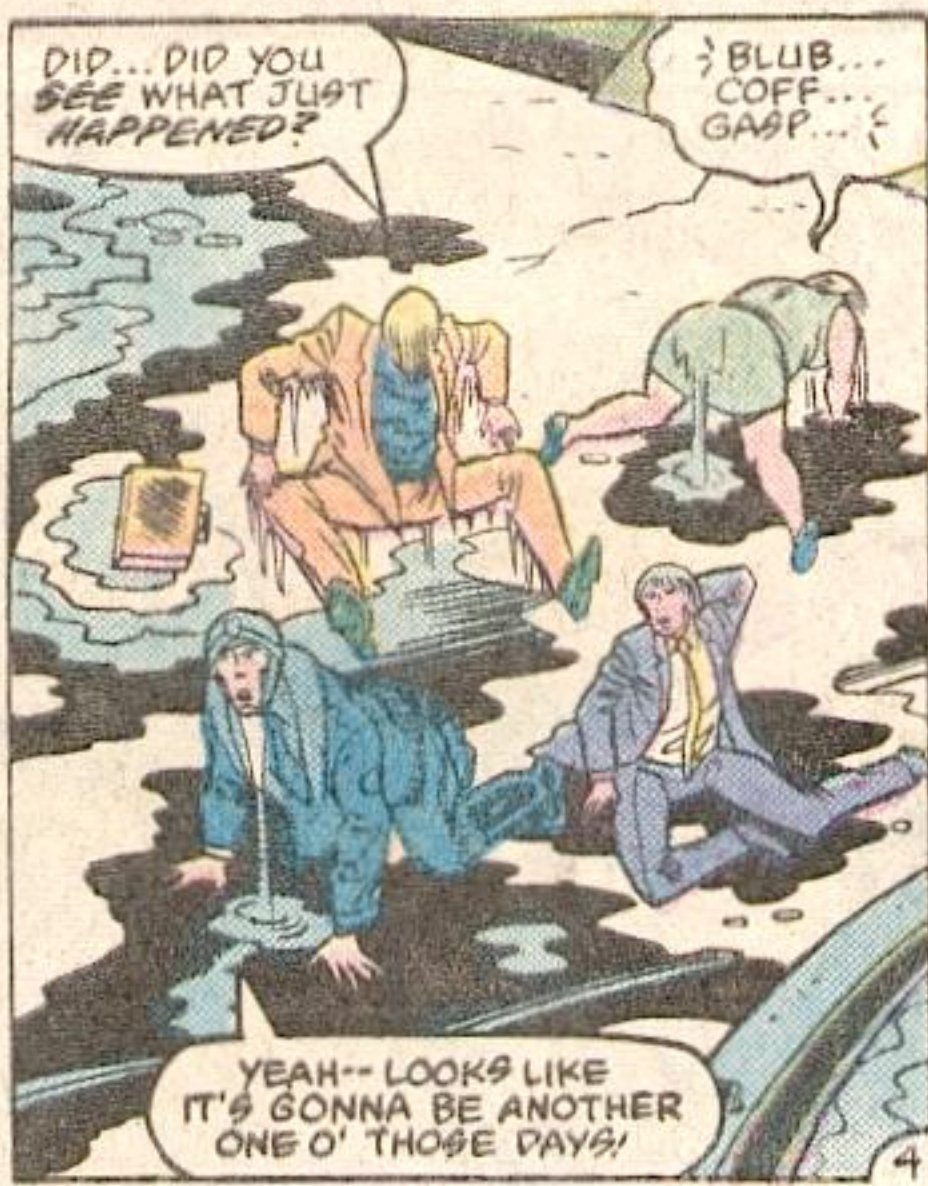
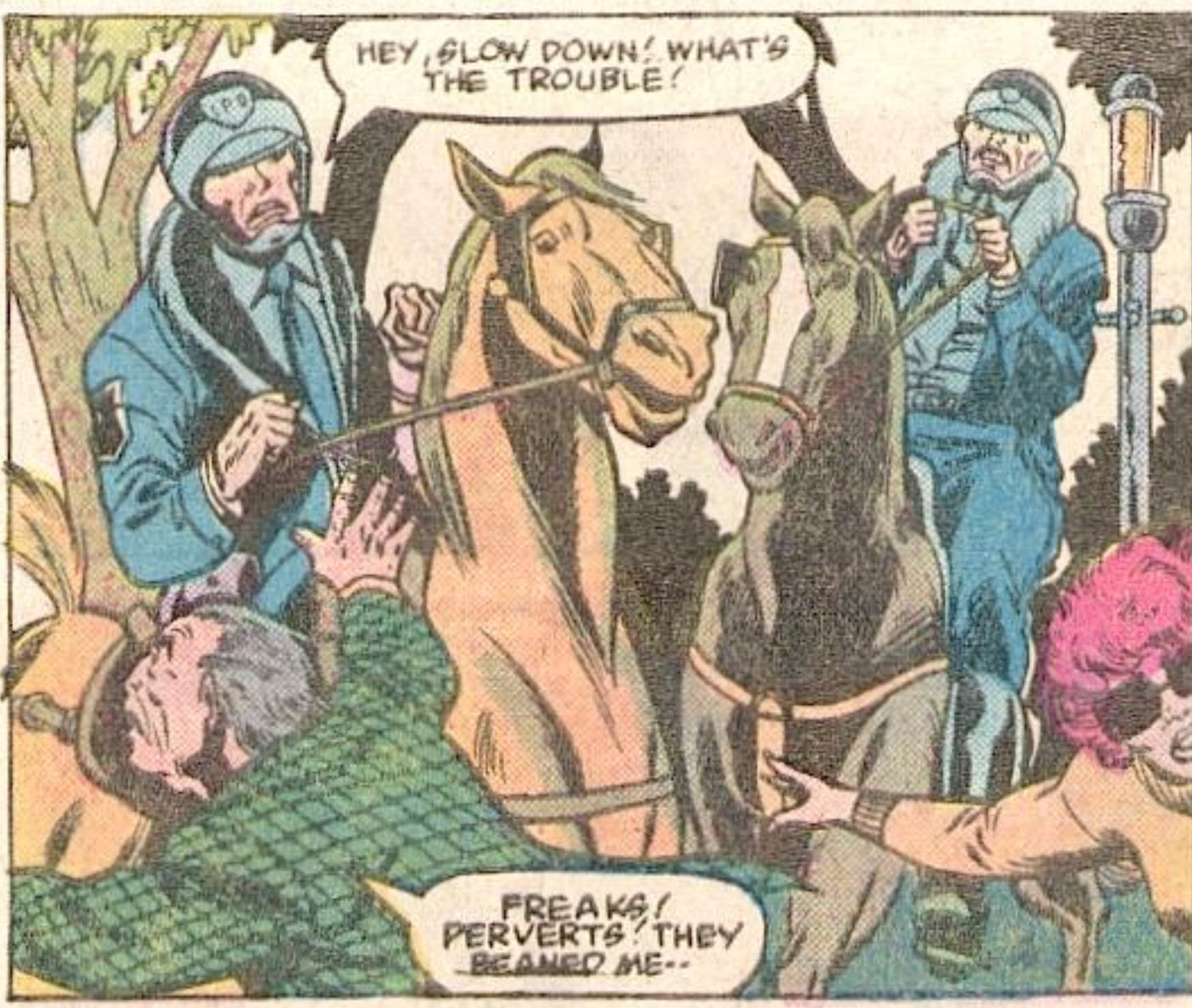
HELLLP!



AND THE MENAGERIE OF RIMTHURSAR IS, AS EVER, SWIFT TO JOIN THE FRAY...

HALT! COME BACK!

...EVEN AT THE RISK OF DEFYING MIGHTY THOR.



ATOP THE SEARS TOWER...

THY PRESENCE  
HERE ON MIDGARD  
BE MADNESS!

'TIS LONG  
PAST TIME FOR  
IT TO END!

RELEASE ME,  
FAIRGOLD!

BUT THOR-- THOU ART SO HANDSOME!  
TO HOLD THEE IN MY ARMS IS AN  
ECSTASY OF DIVINE--!

RELEASE ME!

RULES OR NONE,  
WE VENTURE  
AT ONCE TO  
ASGARD!

IF MY  
FATHER  
ODIN  
WISHES  
TO JUDGE  
THEE  
MORTAL--

-- THEN LET HIM DO SO AFTER MJOLNIR  
HAS BRIDGED THE VOID 'TWTIXT LOWER AND  
HIGHER REALMS--

--BRINGING US  
INTO THE VERY  
PRESENCE!

AND, AFTER A SPAN WHICH IS BOTH AN ETERNITY AND BUT A TWINKLING...

HAIL, BRAVE HEIMDALL-- KEEPER  
OF THE RAINBOW BRIDGE BIFROST  
AND GUARDIAN OF ASGARD..

HAIL,  
ODINSON!

I COME WITH  
COMPANIONS, SEEKING  
AUDIENCE WITH ALL--  
FATHER ODIN.



AND BE THY COMPANIONS MORTAL OR IMMORTAL, FRIEND THOR?

I AM FORCED TO CONCEDE, HEIMDALL... A STRANGE TOUCH OF BOTH.

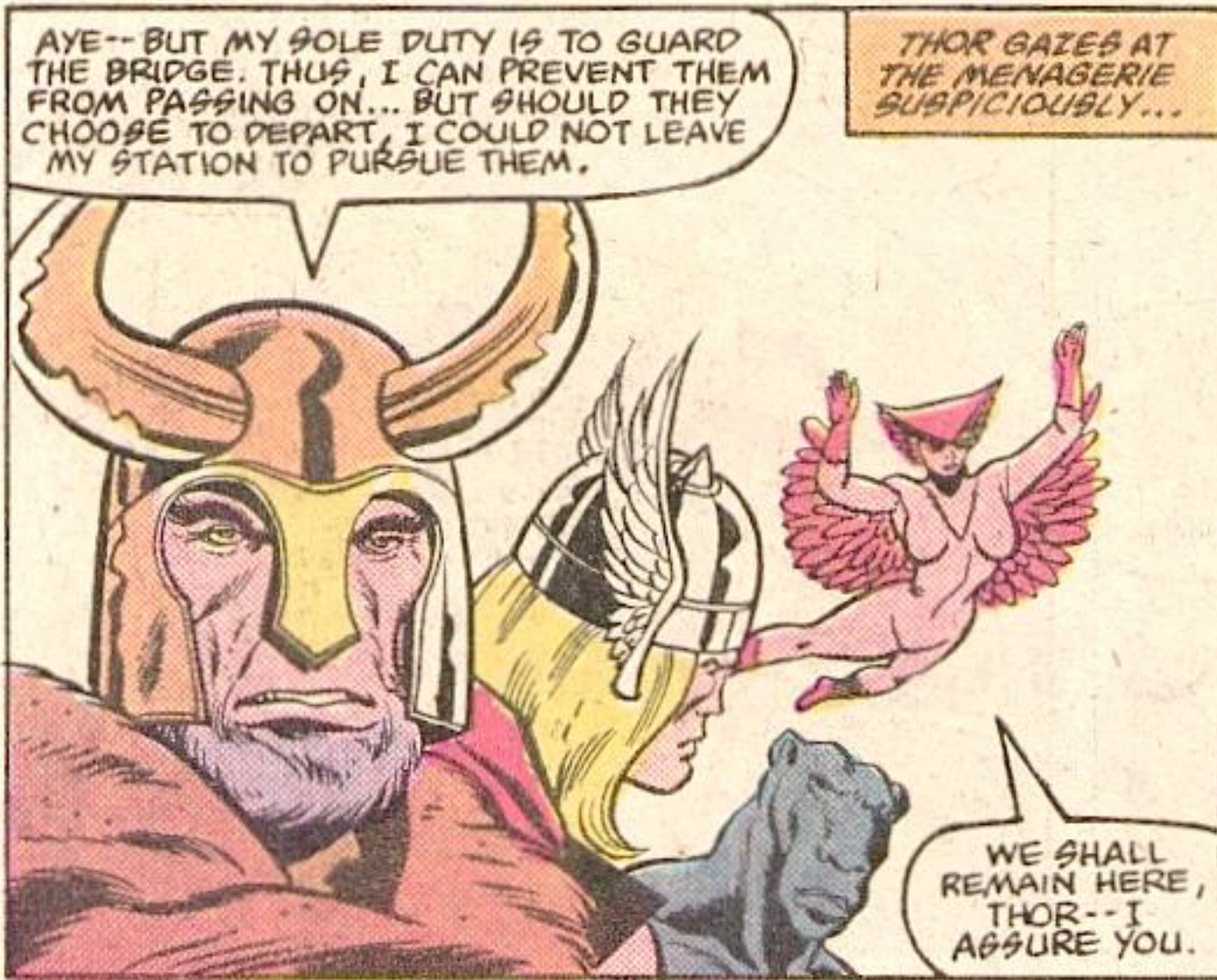
HEIMDALL CONSIDERS BUT A MOMENT...



THEN I MUST DENY THY REQUEST, THOR--NO MORTAL BE ALLOWED IN ASGARD, NOT EVEN ONE TOUCHED WITH IMMORTALITY.

AS I THOUGHT, HEIMDALL.

WILT THOU, THEN, GUARD THEM WHILST I SEEK OUT MY FATHER?



AYE-- BUT MY SOLE DUTY IS TO GUARD THE BRIDGE. THUS, I CAN PREVENT THEM FROM PASSING ON... BUT SHOULD THEY CHOOSE TO DEPART, I COULD NOT LEAVE MY STATION TO PURSUE THEM.

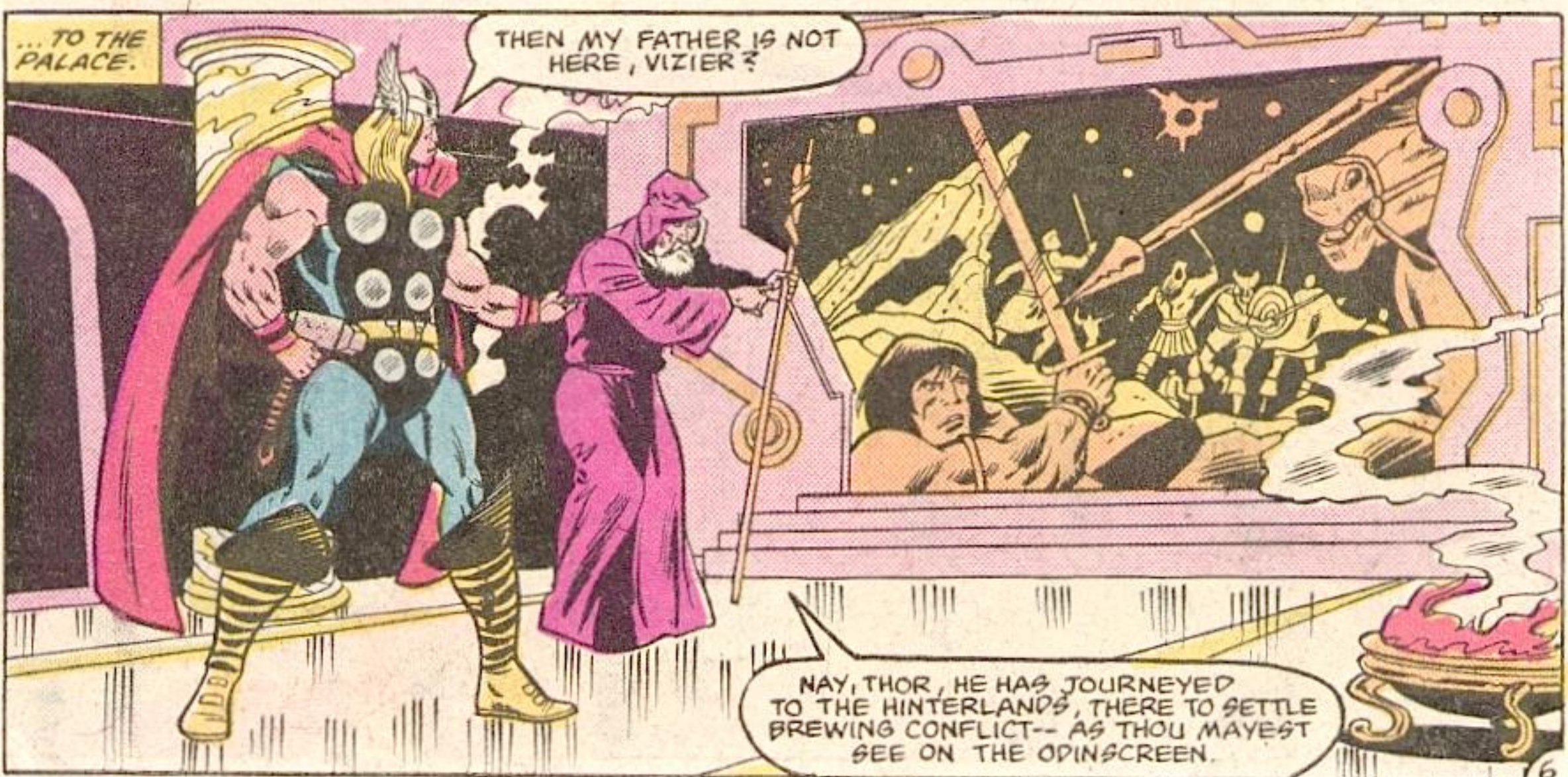
THOR GAZES AT THE MENAGERIE SUSPICIOUSLY...

WE SHALL REMAIN HERE, THOR--I ASSURE YOU.



AYE-- WE COULD HARDLY FIND OUR WAY BACK TO MIDGARD FROM HERE ANYWAY

AND SO, THE THUNDERER STRIDES ACROSS THE WALK OF COLORS...



... TO THE PALACE.

THEN MY FATHER IS NOT HERE, VIZIER?

NAY, THOR, HE HAS JOURNEYED TO THE HINTERLANDS, THERE TO SETTLE BREWING CONFLICT-- AS THOU MAYEST SEE ON THE OPINSCREEN.



THEN LOKI HAS CHOSEN HIS TIME WELL, THE CRAFTY DEVIL!

LOKI? UP TO MORE MISCHIEF? BUT HE HAS BEEN UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE, THOR...



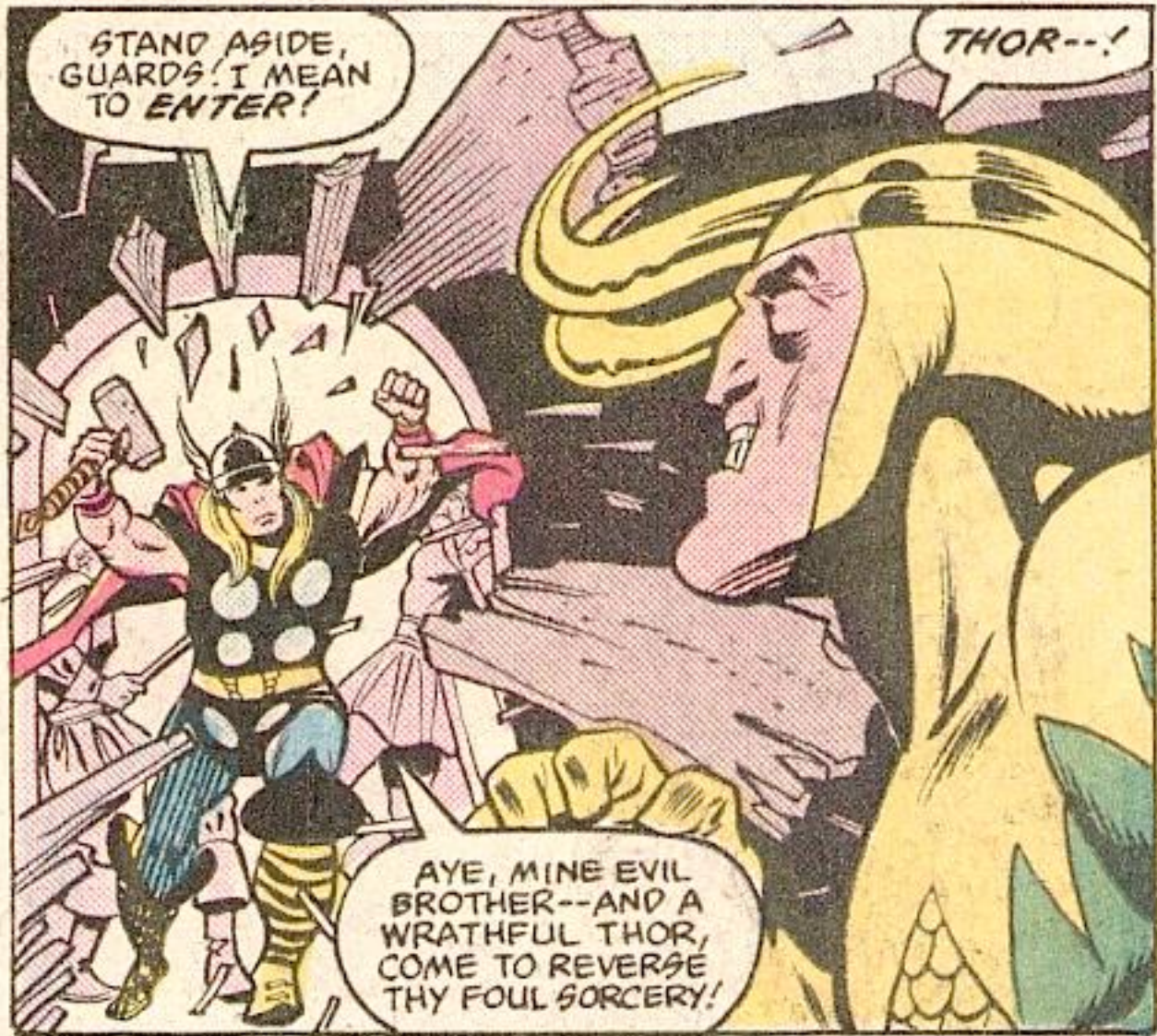
AYE? THEN THE WATCH BE COMPRISED OF THE BLIND.



LOKI'S DWELLING...

WOULDEST THOU CARE TO TEND THE FIRE, MY HUSBAND?

HOW CAN SHE BE SO SWEET? DOES SHE NOT KNOW BEING TIED TO HER IS AGONY UNPARALLELED?



STAND ASIDE, GUARDS! I MEAN TO ENTER!

THOR--!

AYE, MINE EVIL BROTHER--AND A WRATHFUL THOR, COME TO REVERSE THY FOUL SORCERY!



THOU HAST TRANSFORMED FIVE INNOCENT MORTALS INTO ANCIENT ASGARDIAN BEASTMEN!

WHAT?! YE DARE ACCUSE ME OF SUCH THING--WHILST I HAVE BEEN CHAINED TO MY WIFE SIGYN?

AYE-- I ACCUSE THEE OF THAT AND MORE!



THEN THOU SHALT PAY FOR THY IMPERTINENT--

--UHN!



STOP IT, THOR! LOKI SPEAKS THE TRUTH!



I'VE BEEN AT HIS SIDE EVERY MOMENT OF THE PAST MONTH!

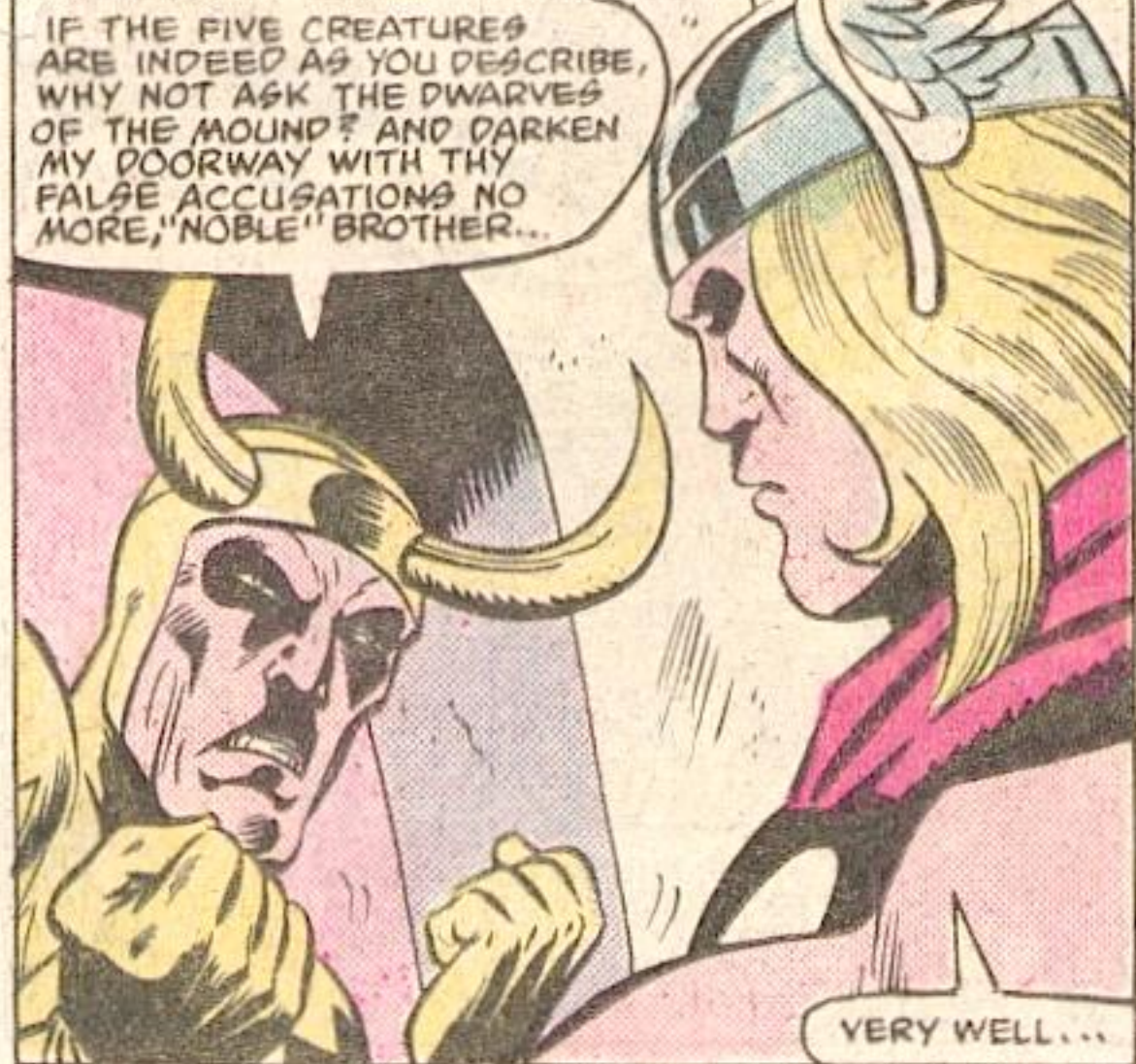
'TIS TRUE, THOR-- WE TOO HAVE GUARDED HIM IN ODIN'S ABSENCE.



HE COULD NOT HAVE POSSIBLY WORKED ANY SORCERY WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE.

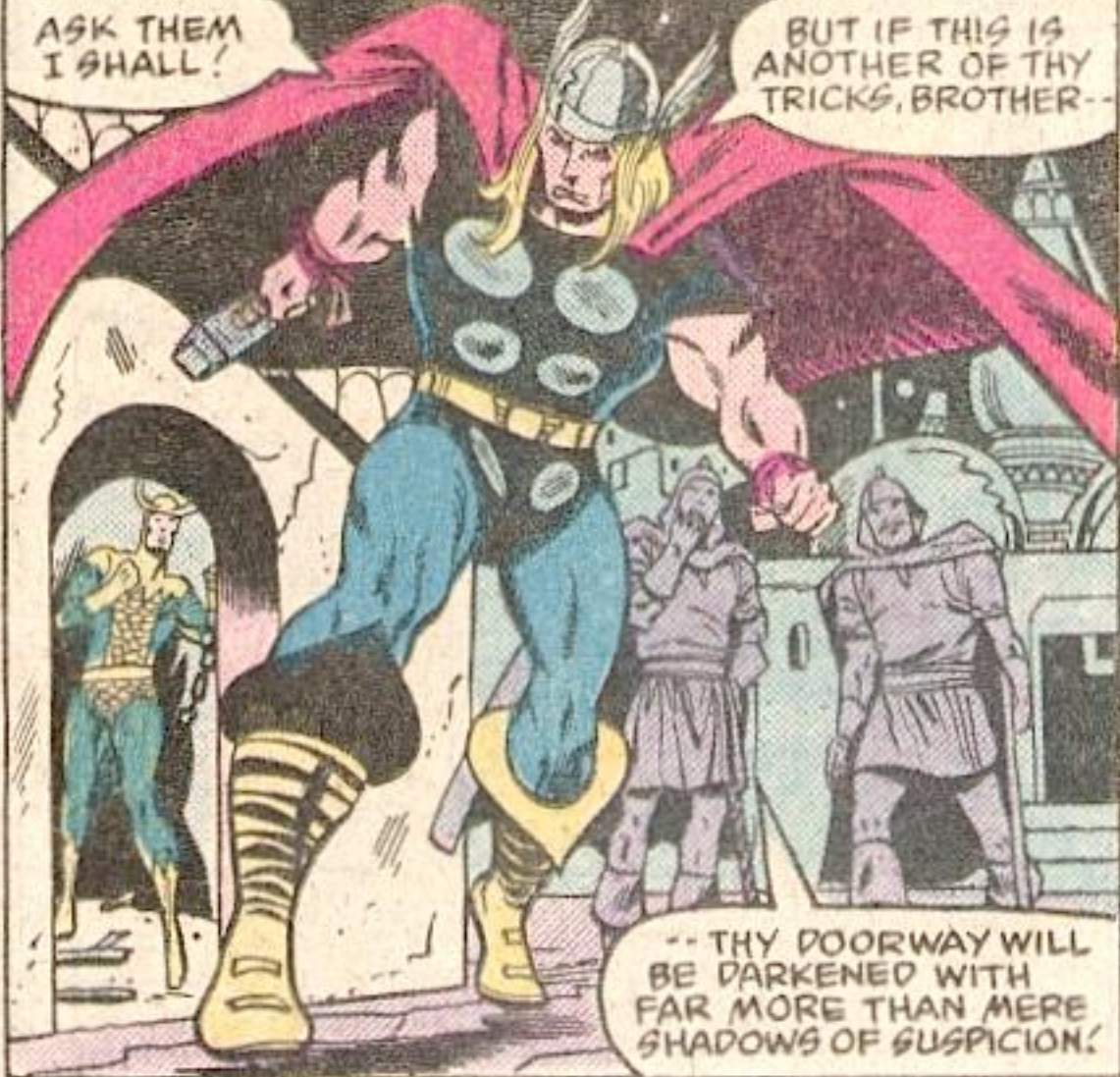
THEN IF NOT LOKI... WHO--?

IF THE FIVE CREATURES ARE INDEED AS YOU DESCRIBE, WHY NOT ASK THE DWARVES OF THE MOUND? AND DARKEN MY DOORWAY WITH THY FALSE ACCUSATIONS NO MORE, "NOBLE" BROTHER...



VERY WELL...

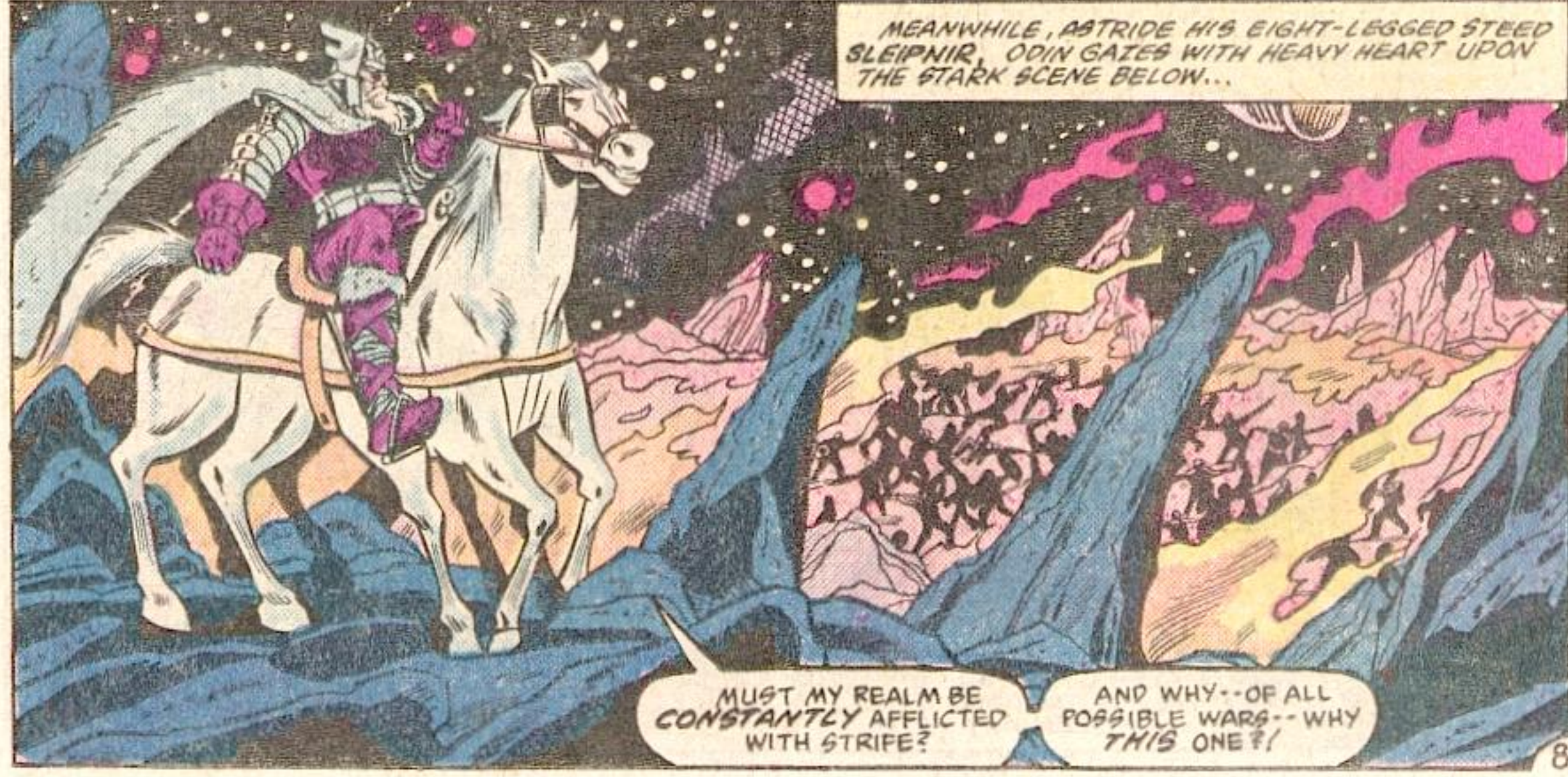
ASK THEM I SHALL!



BUT IF THIS IS ANOTHER OF THY TRICKS, BROTHER--

-- THY DOORWAY WILL BE DARKENED WITH FAR MORE THAN MERE SHADOWS OF SUSPICION!

MEANWHILE, ASTRIDE HIS EIGHT-LEGGED STEED SLEIPNIR, ODIN GAZES WITH HEAVY HEART UPON THE STARK SCENE BELOW...



MUST MY REALM BE CONSTANTLY AFFLICTED WITH STRIFE?

AND WHY-- OF ALL POSSIBLE WARS-- WHY THIS ONE?!



HOW MAY I POSSIBLY INTERVENE WHEN ONE OF THE FACTIONS IS LED BY QUEEN JOLENA OF SKARNHEIM, SHE WHO ONCE FILLED MY HEART WITH LOVE--AND MAY, PERHAPS, STILL LAY CLAIM TO THAT AFFECTION?



'TIS A DARK DAY INDEED WHEN THE ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD MUST QUESTION HIS OWN THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS...

...AND THEREBY STIFLE HIS VERY POWER TO ACT.



THE LAND OF THE DWARVES...

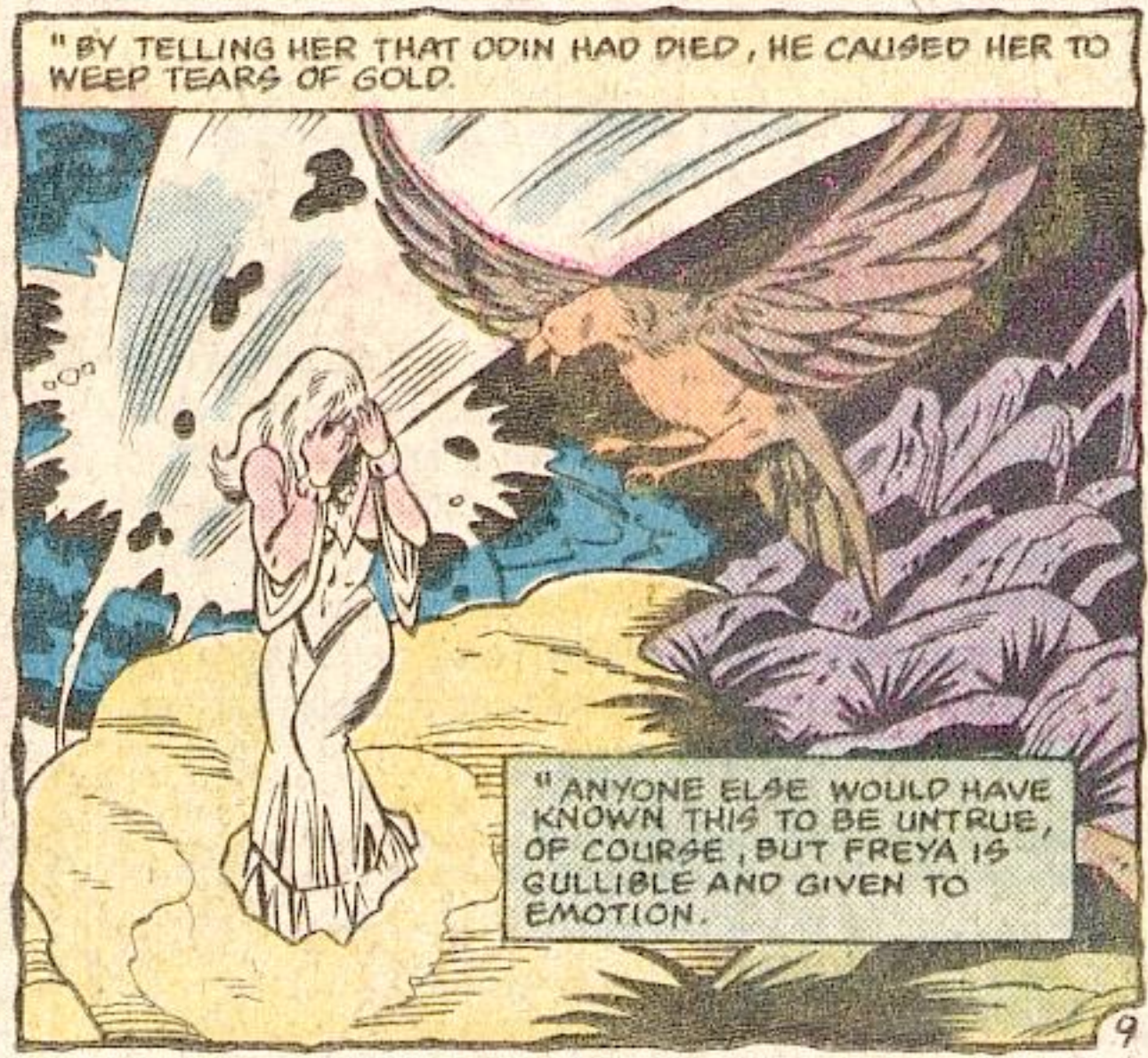
THE MOUND-- 'TIS GONE!

AYE, THUNDER GOD-- YOU FIND US IN A HOMELESS AND WOEFUL STATE...

OUR MOUND WAS STOLEN--AND PERVERTED TO THE AIMS OF VILE SORCERY...



IT BEGAN WHEN A SHAPECHANGER TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A HAWK, AND FLEW TO THE WATERFALL MAIDEN FREYA...



"BY TELLING HER THAT ODIN HAD DIED, HE CAUSED HER TO WEEP TEARS OF GOLD.

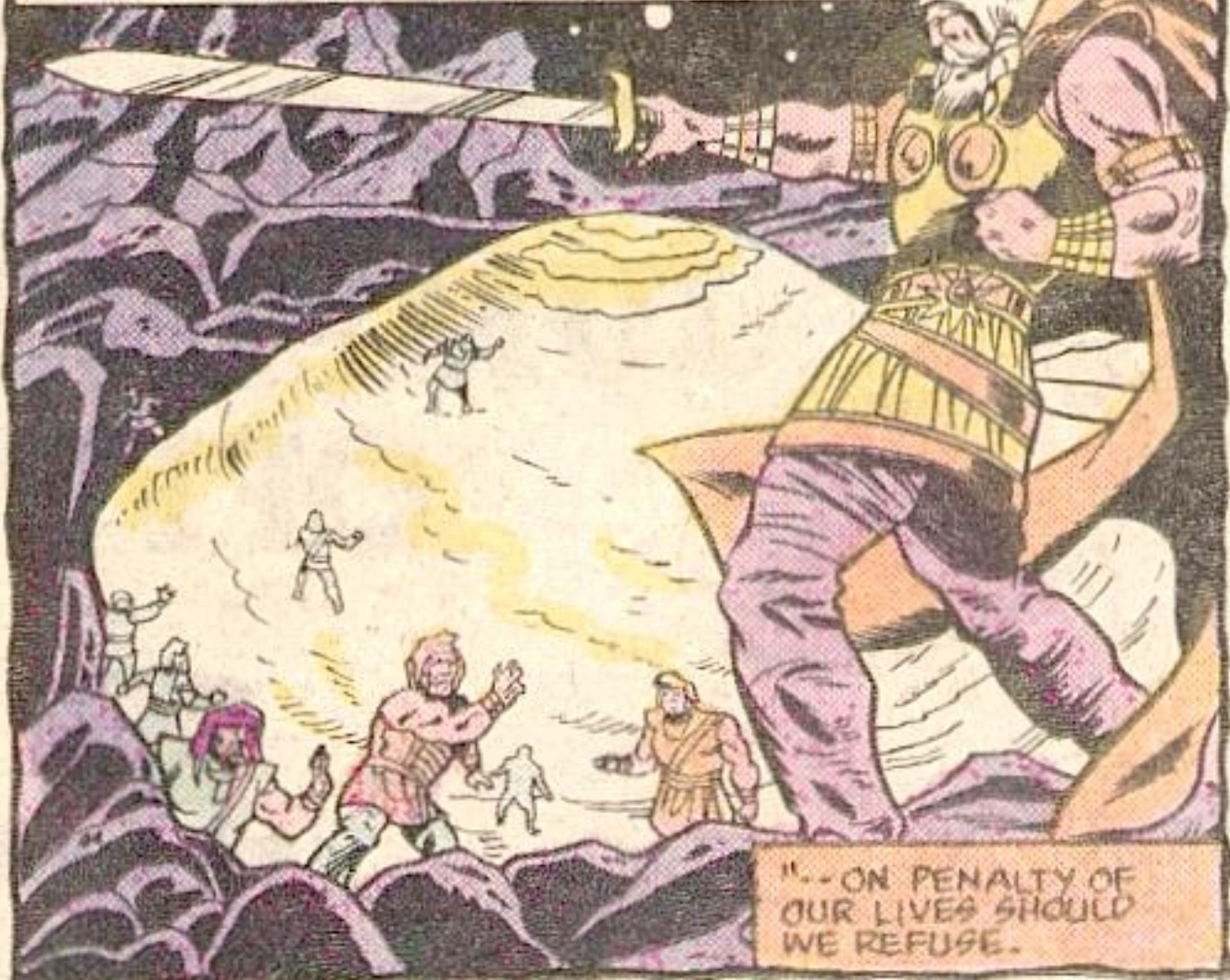
"ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS TO BE UNTRUE, OF COURSE, BUT FREYA IS GULLIBLE AND GIVEN TO EMOTION.

"CHANGING TO HIS TRUE FORM, HE OFFERED TO DRY HER EYES..."



"...POCKETING THE GOLDEN DROPLETS FOR HIS OWN LATER USE."

"NEXT WITH HIS MAGIC SWORD, HE CAME TO OUR MOUND AND BADE US FETCH SERPENTS--"

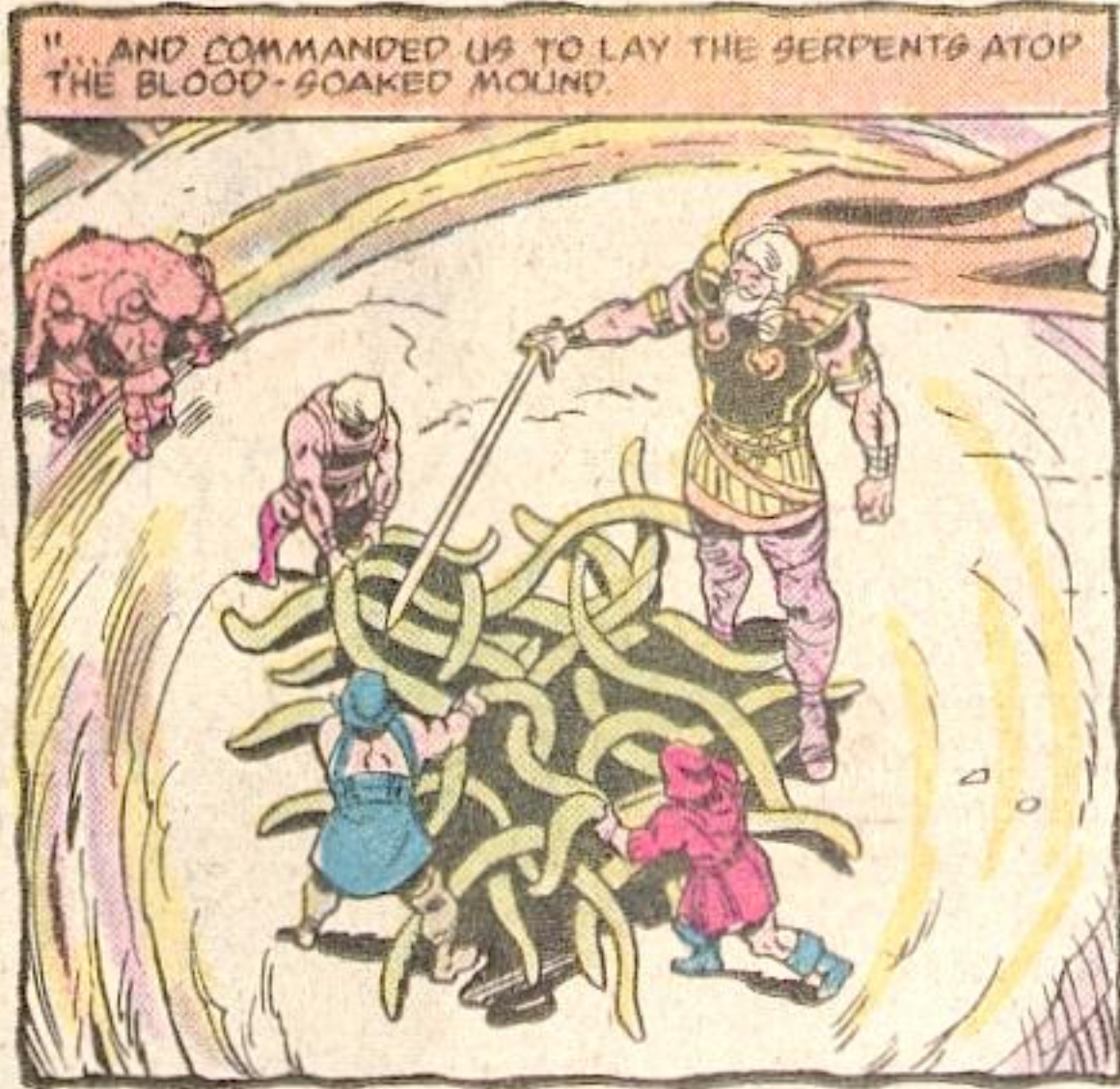


"--ON PENALTY OF OUR LIVES SHOULD WE REFUSE."

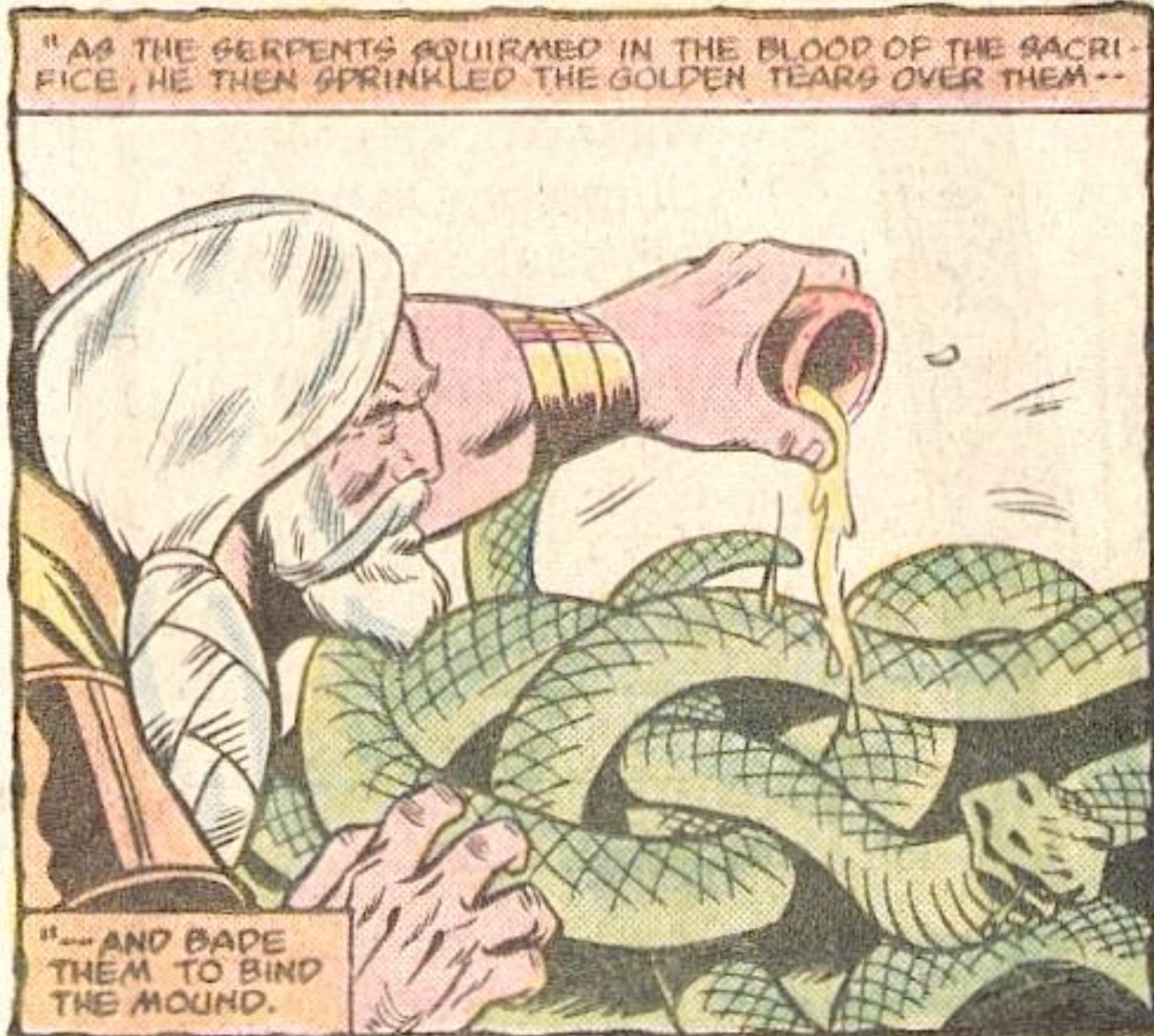
"HE THEN SACRIFICED A BEAR ATOP OUR MOUND..."



"...AND COMMANDED US TO LAY THE SERPENTS ATOP THE BLOOD-SOAKED MOUND."

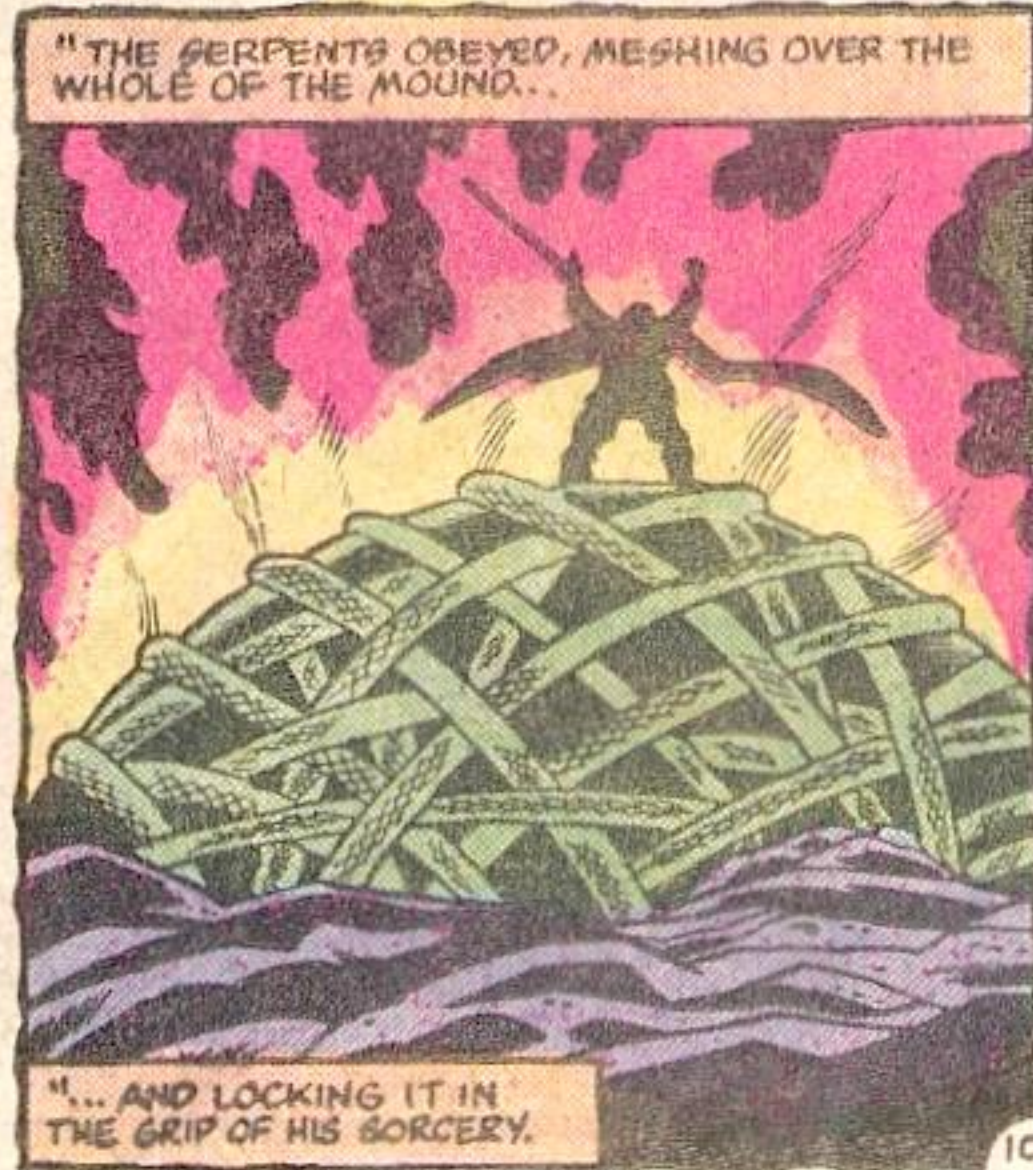


"AS THE SERPENTS SQUIRMED IN THE BLOOD OF THE SACRIFICE, HE THEN SPRINKLED THE GOLDEN TEARS OVER THEM--"



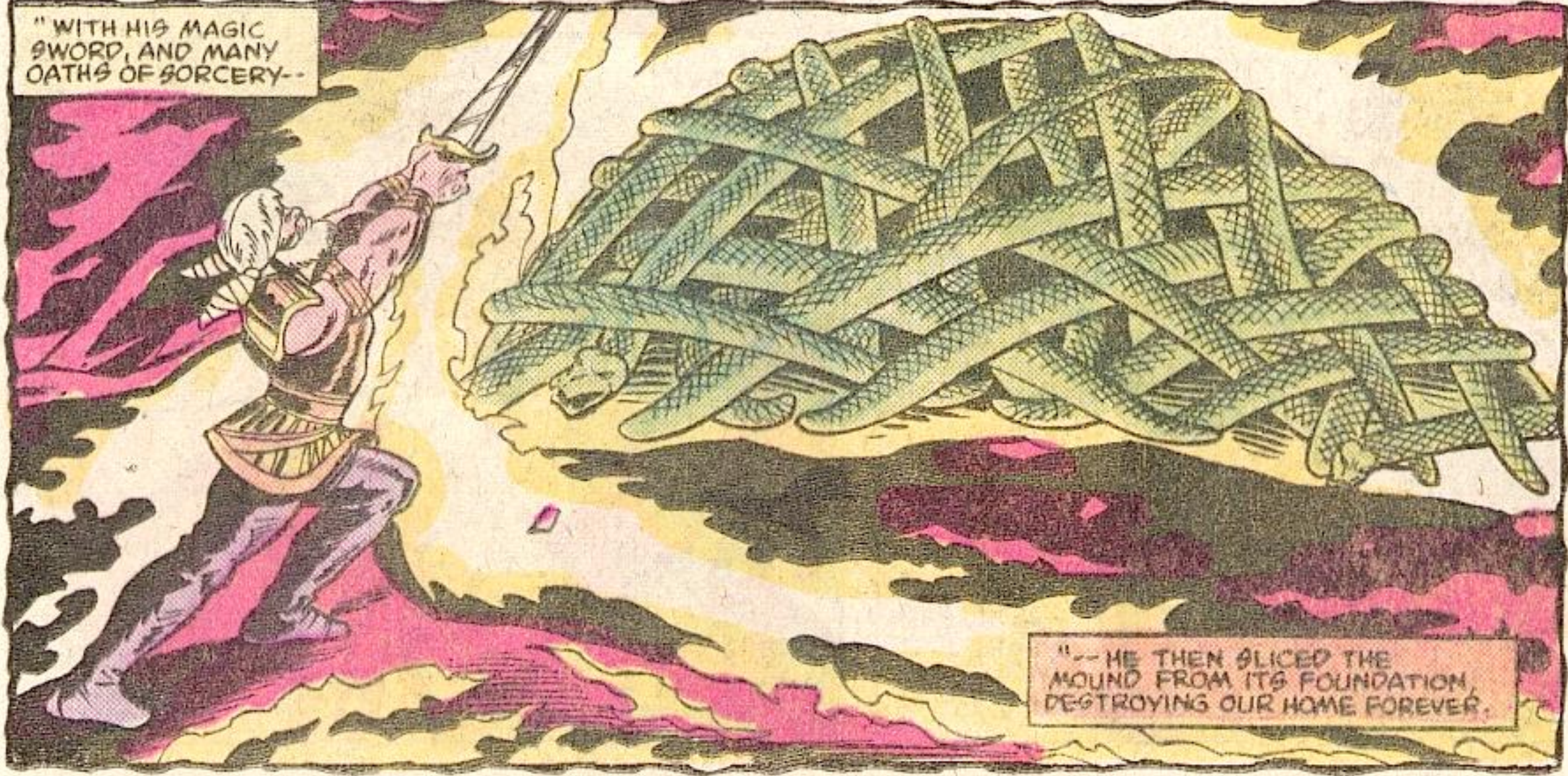
"--AND BADE THEM TO BIND THE MOUND."

"THE SERPENTS OBEYED, MESHING OVER THE WHOLE OF THE MOUND..."



"...AND LOCKING IT IN THE GRIP OF HIS SORCERY."

"WITH HIS MAGIC  
SWORD, AND MANY  
OATHS OF SORCERY--

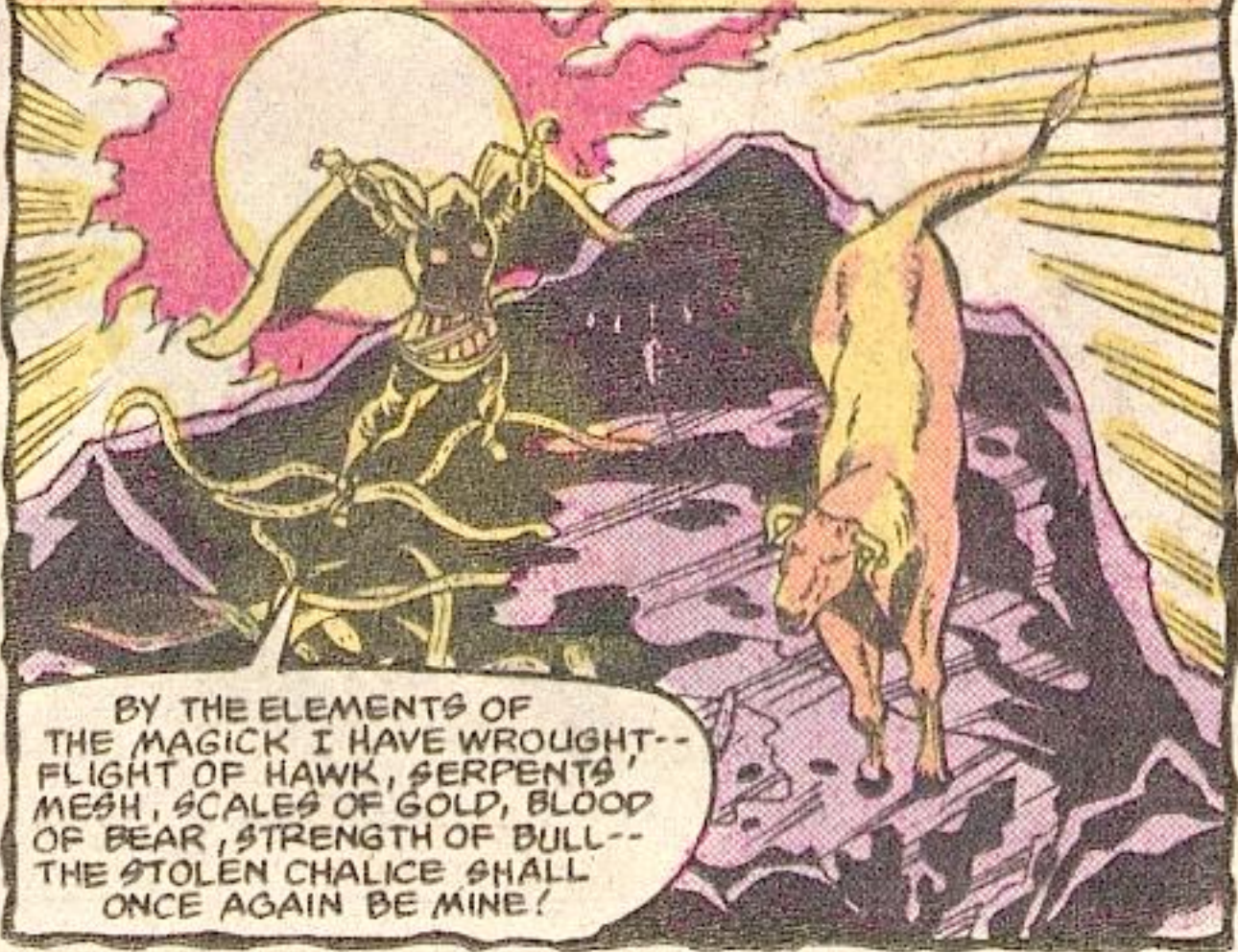


"-- HE THEN SLICED THE  
MOUND FROM ITS FOUNDATION,  
DESTROYING OUR HOME FOREVER.

"HARNESSED TO A SIX-  
LEGGED BULL, THE MOUND  
WAS HAULED TO A MOUN-  
TAIN TOP CLOSER TO THE  
SUN...

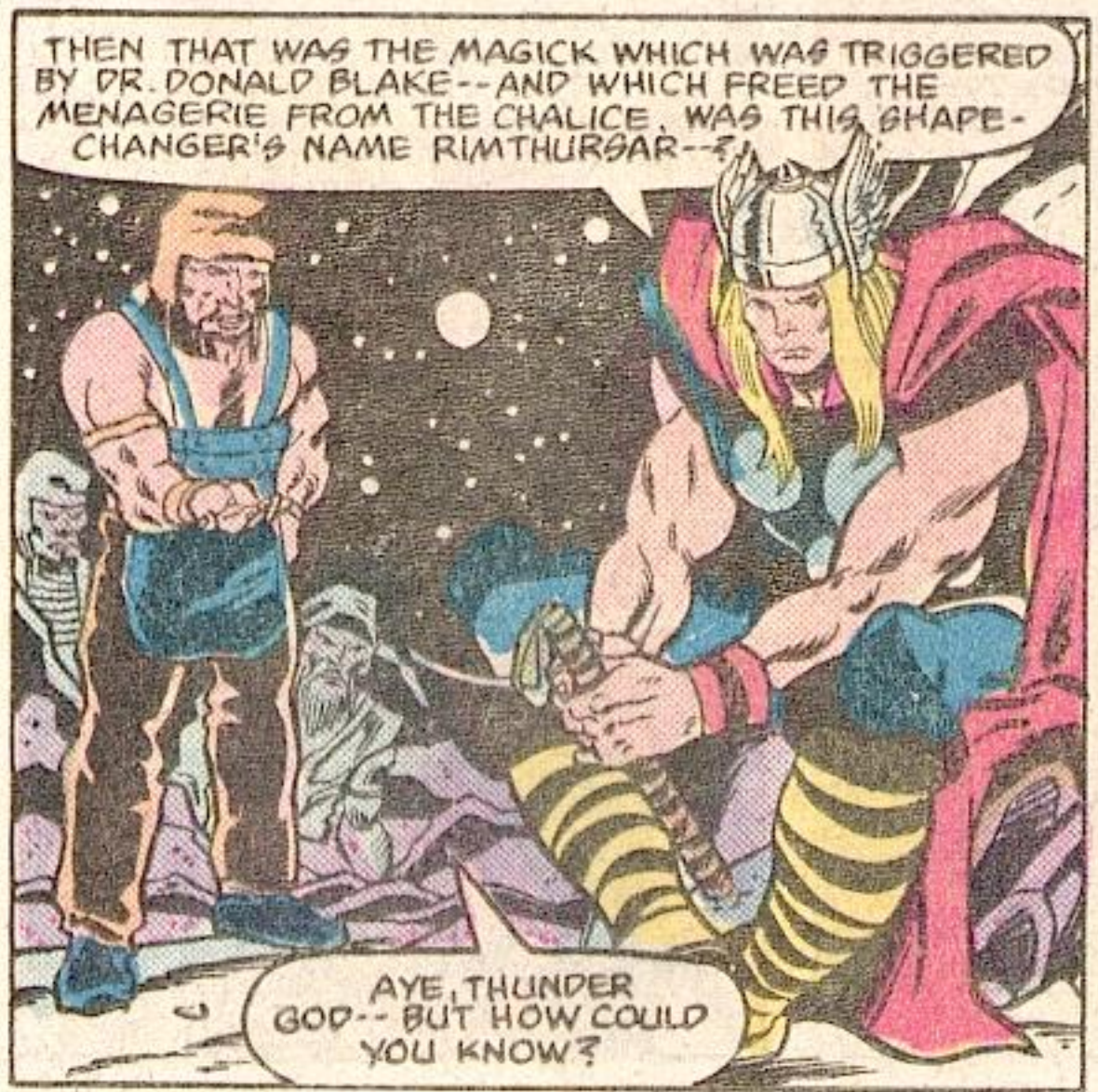


"... AND WAS THERE MELTED, AS HE DROPPED FEATHERS  
FROM HIS OWN HAWK-GUISE ONTO THE REMAINING  
COMPONENTS."



BY THE ELEMENTS OF  
THE MAGICK I HAVE WROUGHT--  
FLIGHT OF HAWK, SERPENTS'  
MESH, SCALES OF GOLD, BLOOD  
OF BEAR, STRENGTH OF BULL--  
THE STOLEN CHALICE SHALL  
ONCE AGAIN BE MINE!

THEN THAT WAS THE MAGICK WHICH WAS TRIGGERED  
BY DR. DONALD BLAKE--AND WHICH FREED THE  
MENAGERIE FROM THE CHALICE, WAS THIS SHAPE-  
CHANGER'S NAME RIMTHURSAR--?



AYE, THUNDER  
GOD-- BUT HOW COULD  
YOU KNOW?

RIMTHURSAR WAS THE ORIGINAL KEEPER OF THE  
MENAGERIE, AND WHO HAD BEEN PRESUMED DEAD,  
LO, THESE MANY AGES.



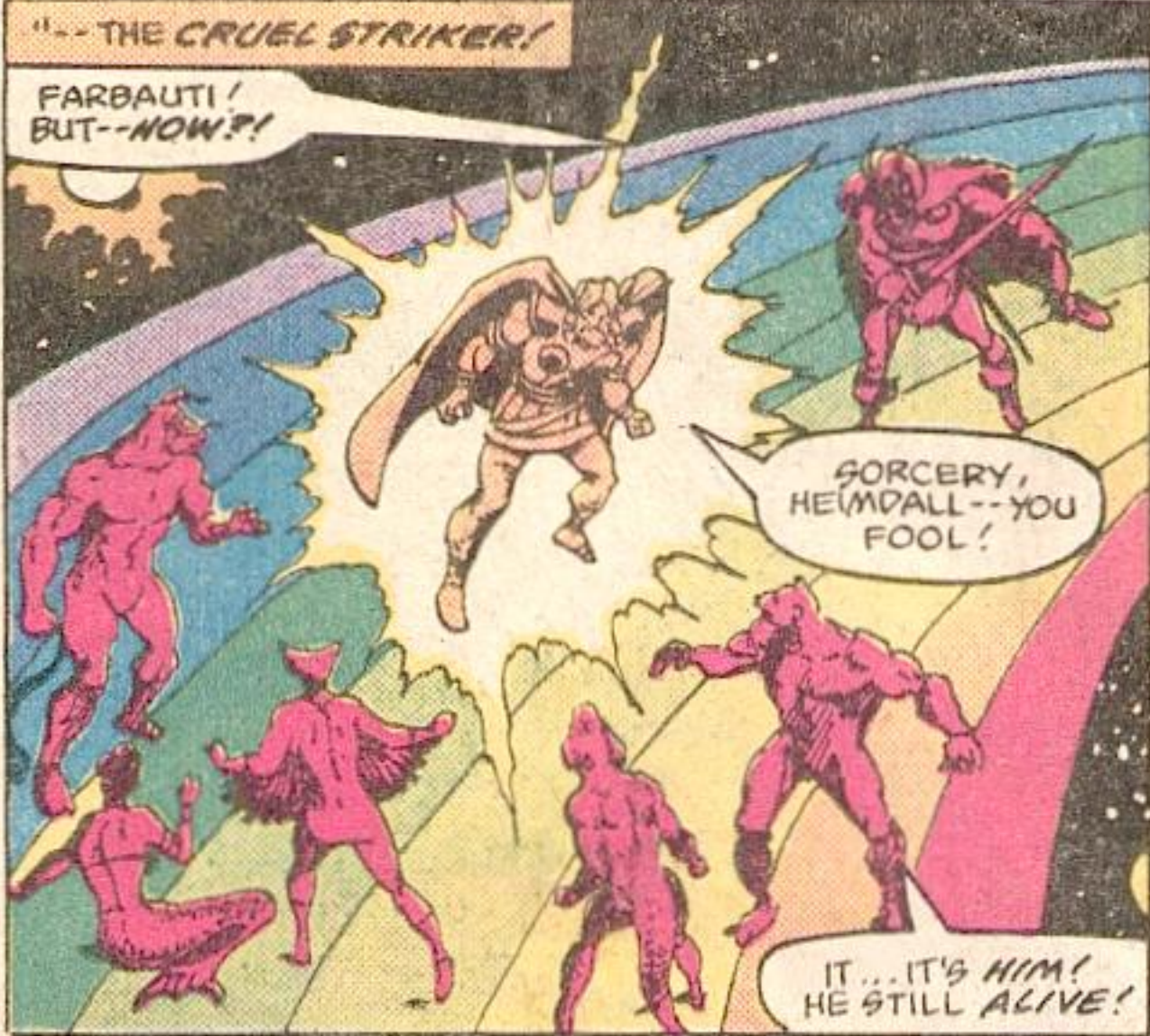
HE ARRANGED  
HIS OWN "DEATH,"  
THOR.

HE HAS LIVED ON IN OTHER SHAPES  
EVER SINCE-- LATELY, HE HAS CALLED  
HIMSELF FARBAUTI.



FARBAUTI! THEN I WAS WRONG ABOUT MY BROTHER, LOKI.

THE TRUE VILLAIN IN THIS AFFAIR IS FARBAUTI HIMSELF, HE WHO IS KNOWN AS--



"-- THE CRUEL STRIKER!

FARBAUTI! BUT--HOW?!

SORCERY, HEIMDALL-- YOU FOOL!

IT... IT'S HIM! HE'S STILL ALIVE!

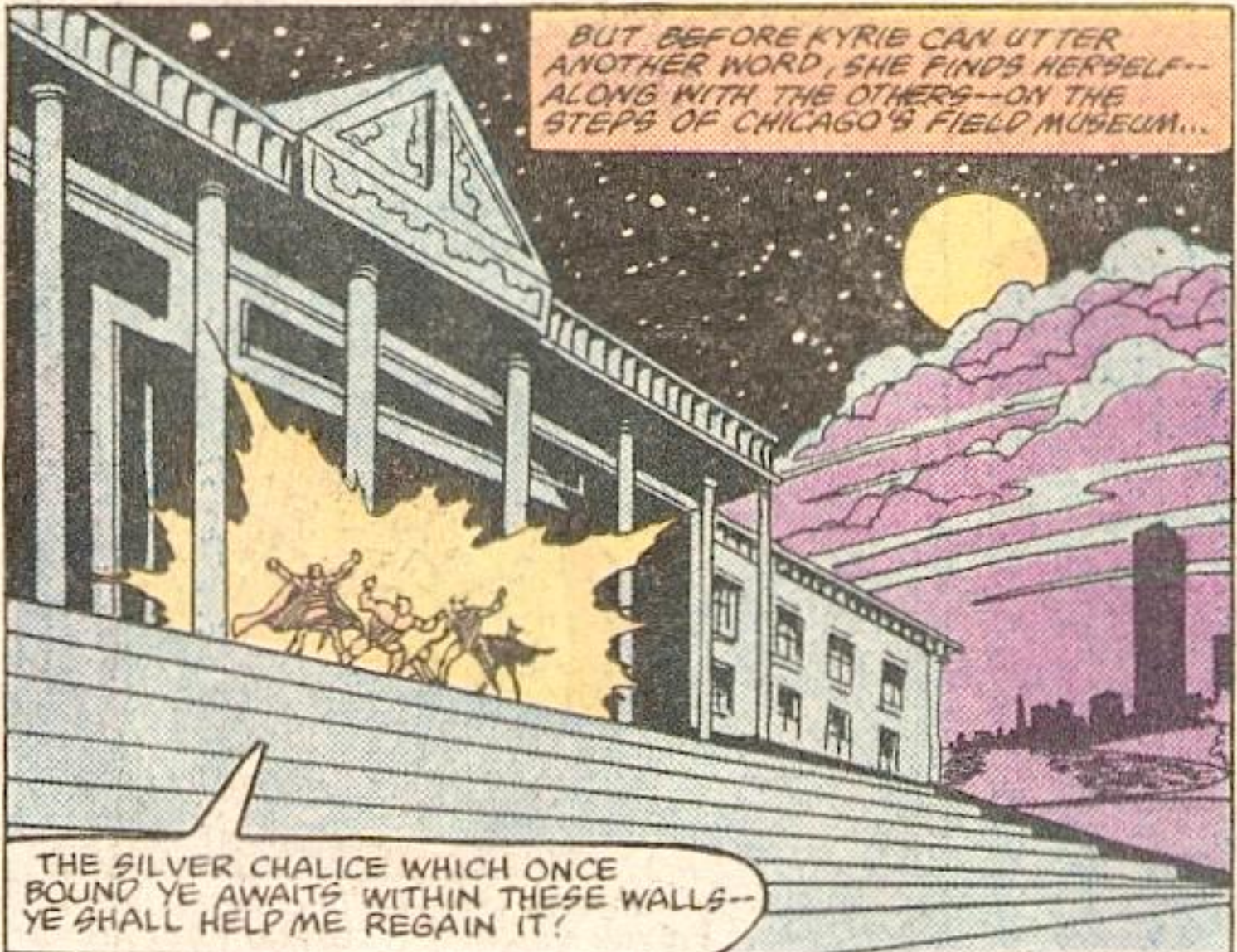


STAND FAST, CRUEL STRIKER!

FEAR NOT, HEIMDALL--IT IS NOT INTO ASGARD I WOULD TAKE MY MENAGERIE...

...BUT RATHER, DOWN TO MIDGARD!

WHY DO YOU CALL HIM FARBAUTI? HE IS ANCIENT RIMTHURSAR--OUR KEEPER. HE--



BUT BEFORE KYRIE CAN UTTER ANOTHER WORD, SHE FINDS HERSELF--ALONG WITH THE OTHERS--ON THE STEPS OF CHICAGO'S FIELD MUSEUM...

THE SILVER CHALICE WHICH ONCE BOUND YE AWAITS WITHIN THESE WALLS-- YE SHALL HELP ME REGAIN IT!



NAY, RIMTHURSAR! WITHOUT THE CHALICE WE BE FREE OF THY CRUEL HOLD--

--AND FREE IS HOW WE SHALL REMAIN!



FOOLS! YOU ARE ALREADY MINE--BOUND BY ANCIENT SPELLS THAT SURPASS ALL TIME!

I SEEK THE CHALICE TO ENFORCE THE THRALLDOM OF OTHERS!



NOW GO-- AND TAKE THE SILVER CHALICE!

I AM FARBAUTI, THE CRUEL STRIKER--AYE, AND RIMTHUR-SAR, THE KEEPER OF THE MENAGERIE!

YOU MUST OBEY ME!

AND SO, POSSESSED BY FARBAUTI, THE MENAGERIE RUSHES THE MUSEUM GUARDS...



WHAT THE--?/ LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE EXHIBITS COME TO LIFE! BETTER CALL THE COPS!

I'M ON MY WAY, BROTHER-- ON MY WAY!

MEANWHILE, IN FARBAUTI'S ASGARDIAN ABOVE...



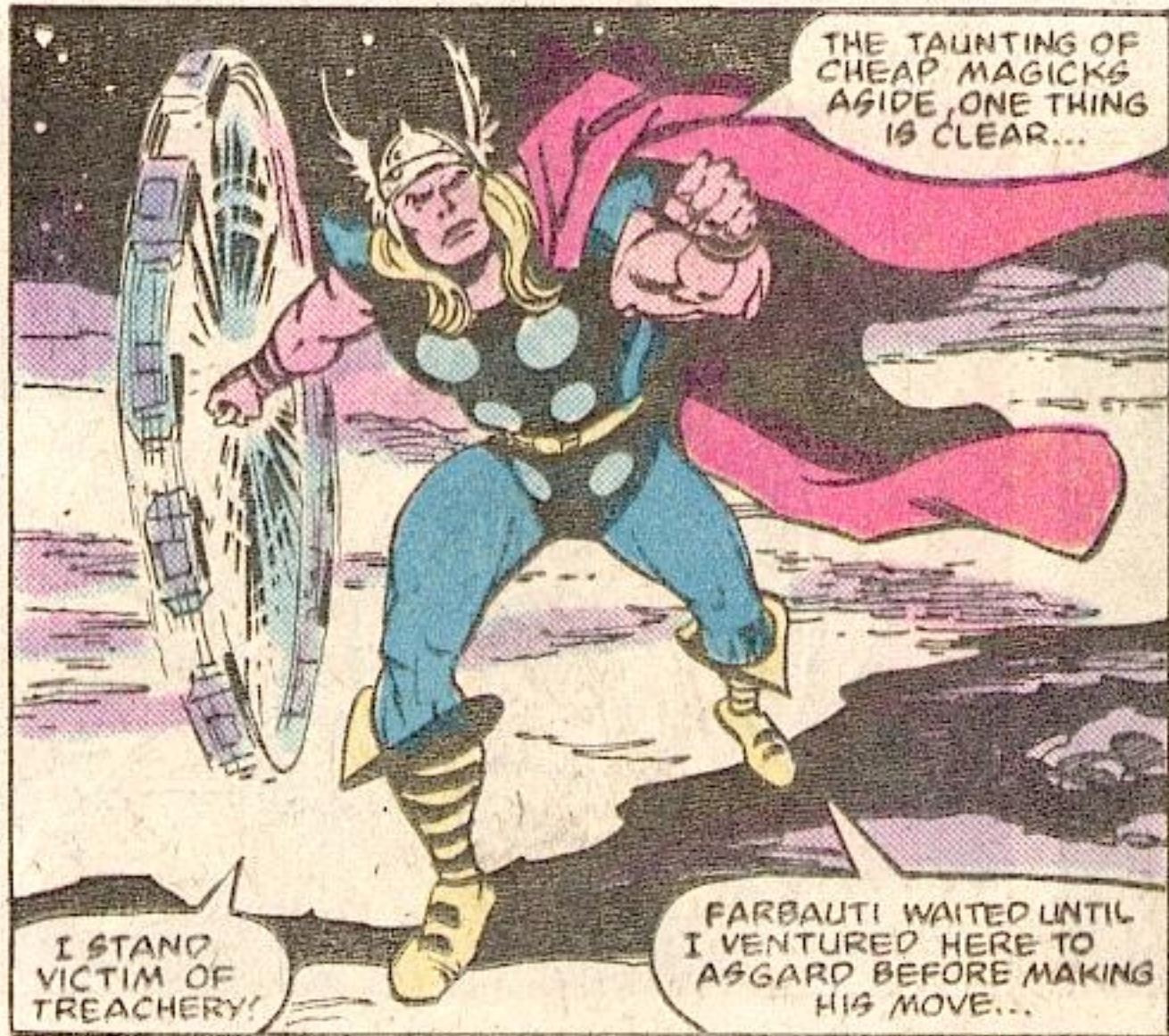
GONE! THE VILLAIN HATH ALREADY FLED...



BUT WHENCE--? AND--

YOU ARE TOO LATE, THOR. THE CHALICE IS MINE-- AND THEN ASGARD

EH? WHAT MANNER OF VILE SORCERY--?!



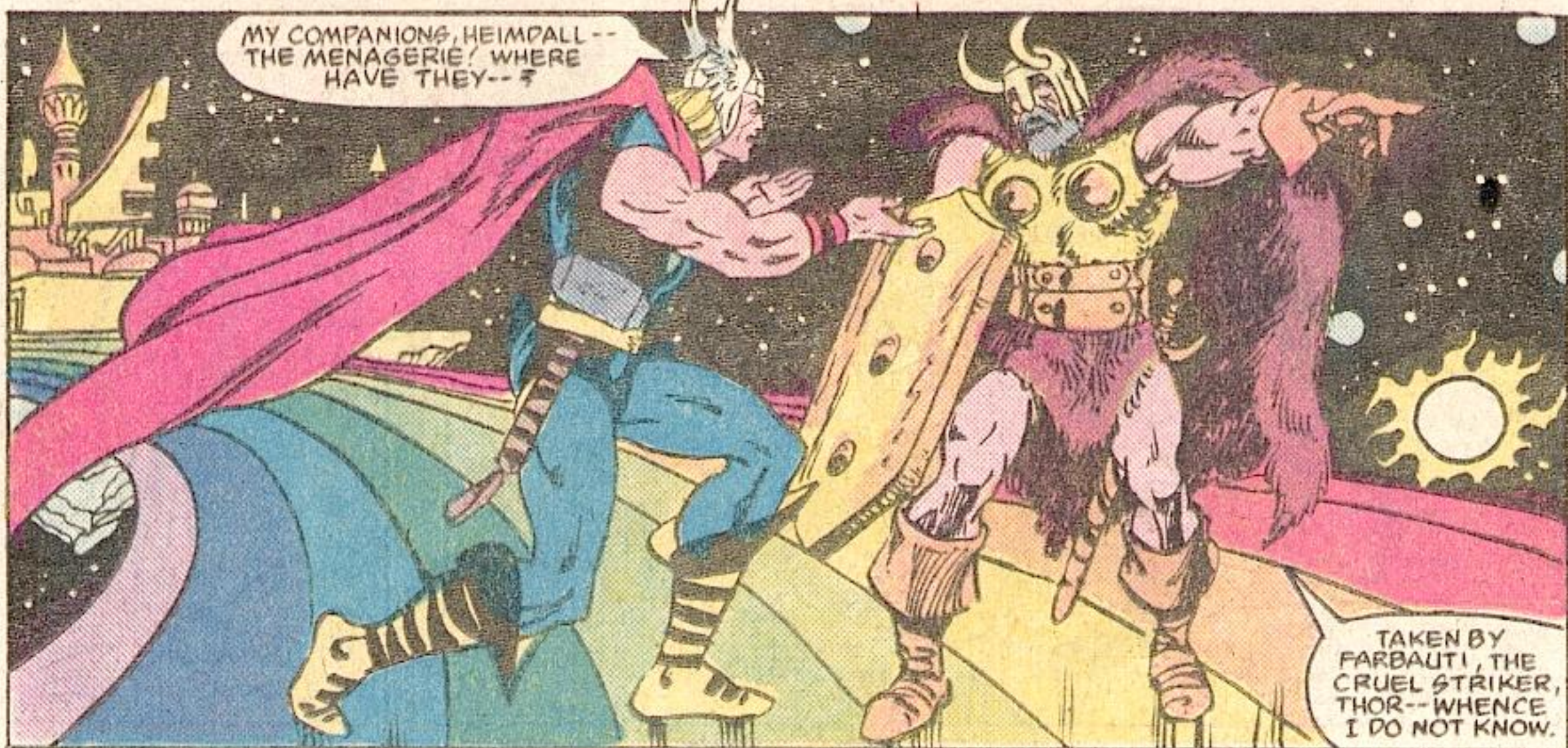
THE TAUNTING OF CHEAP MAGICKS ASIDE, ONE THING IS CLEAR...

I STAND VICTIM OF TREACHERY!

FARBOUTI WAITED UNTIL I VENTURED HERE TO ASGARD BEFORE MAKING HIS MOVE...

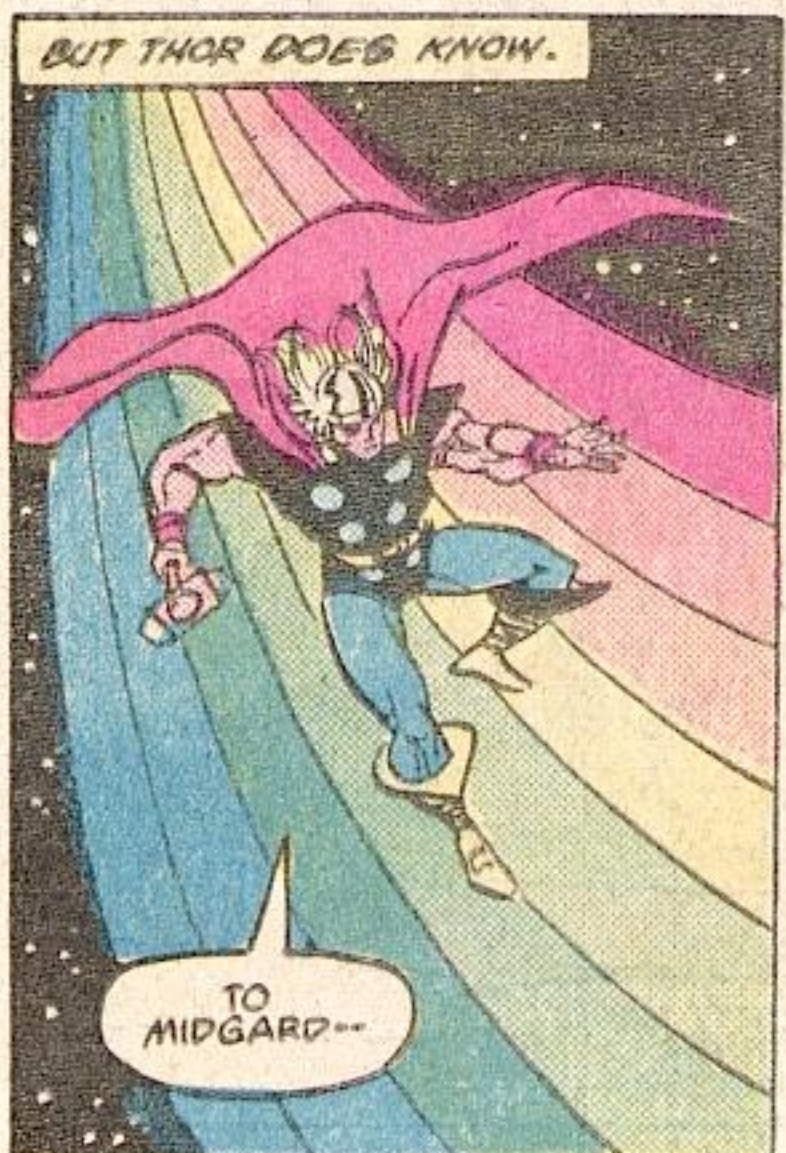


AND NOW I MUST STRIVE ALL THE HARDER TO REGAIN LOST TIME IN MY PURSUIT!



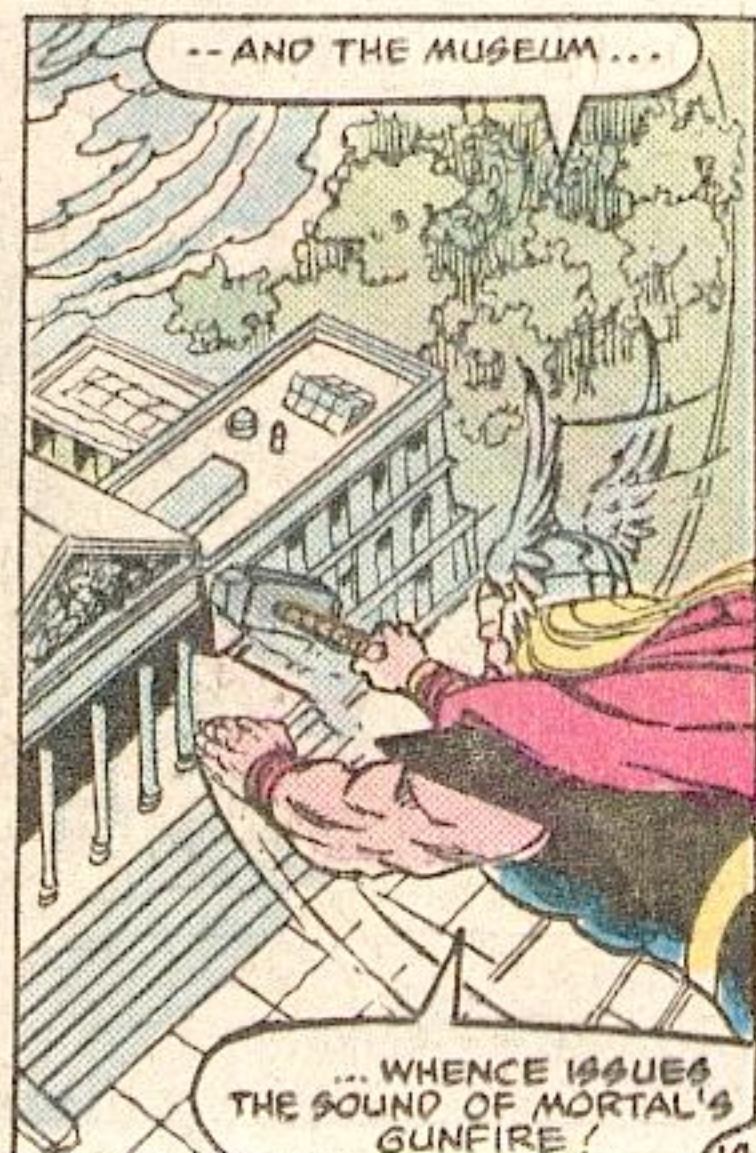
MY COMPANIONS, HEIMFALL -- THE MENAGERIE! WHERE HAVE THEY--?

TAKEN BY FARBOUTI, THE CRUEL STRIKER, THOR--WHENCE I DO NOT KNOW.



BUT THOR DOES KNOW.

TO MIDGARD--



-- AND THE MUSEUM ...

...WHENCE ISSUES THE SOUND OF MORTAL'S GUNFIRE!

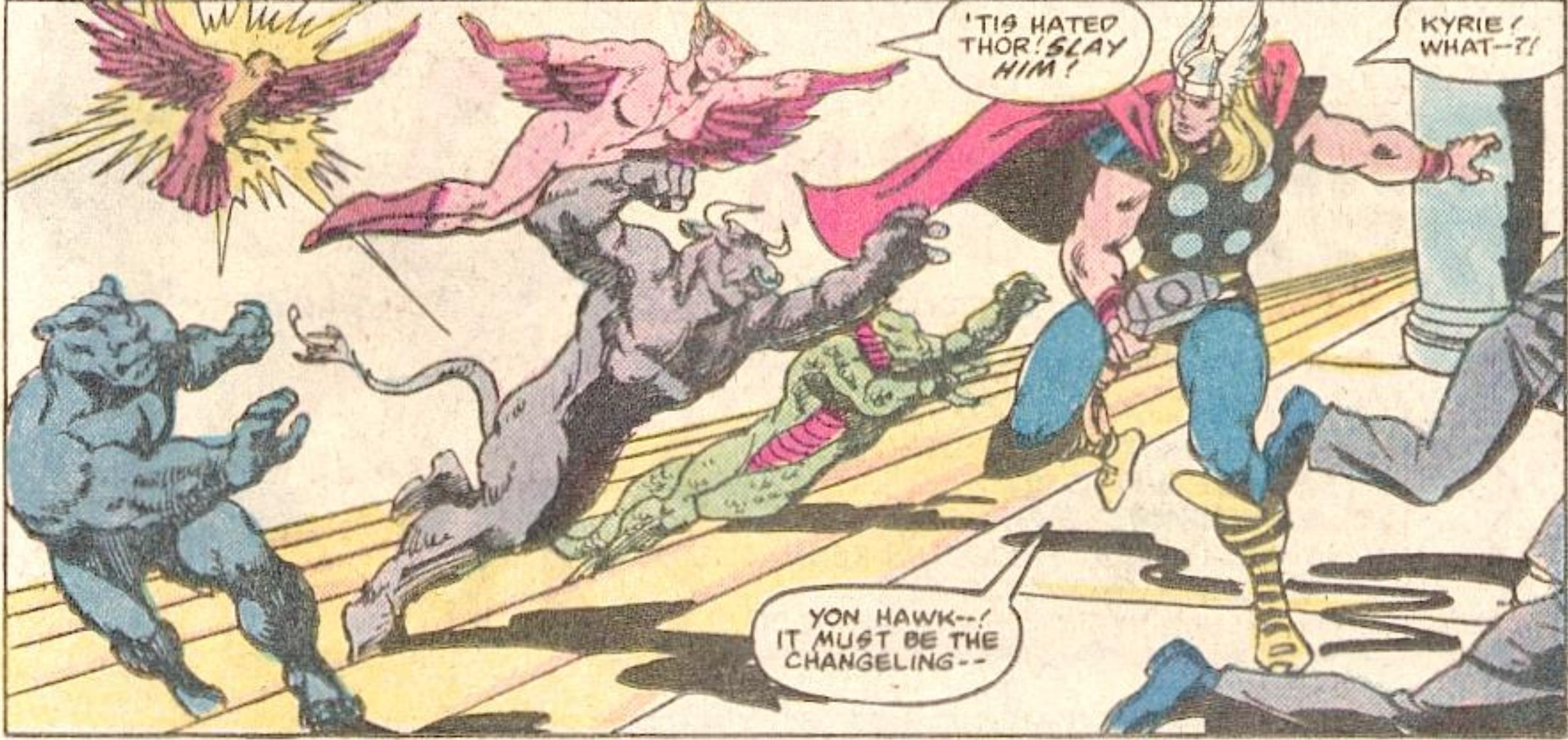
WHERE ARE THE COPS, HANK? WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF OURSELVES-- THESE SLUGS DON'T EVEN FAZE 'EM!



ALL TOO TRUE, MORTALS! BUT OUR RAGE SHALL TAKE ITS TOLL UPON--!



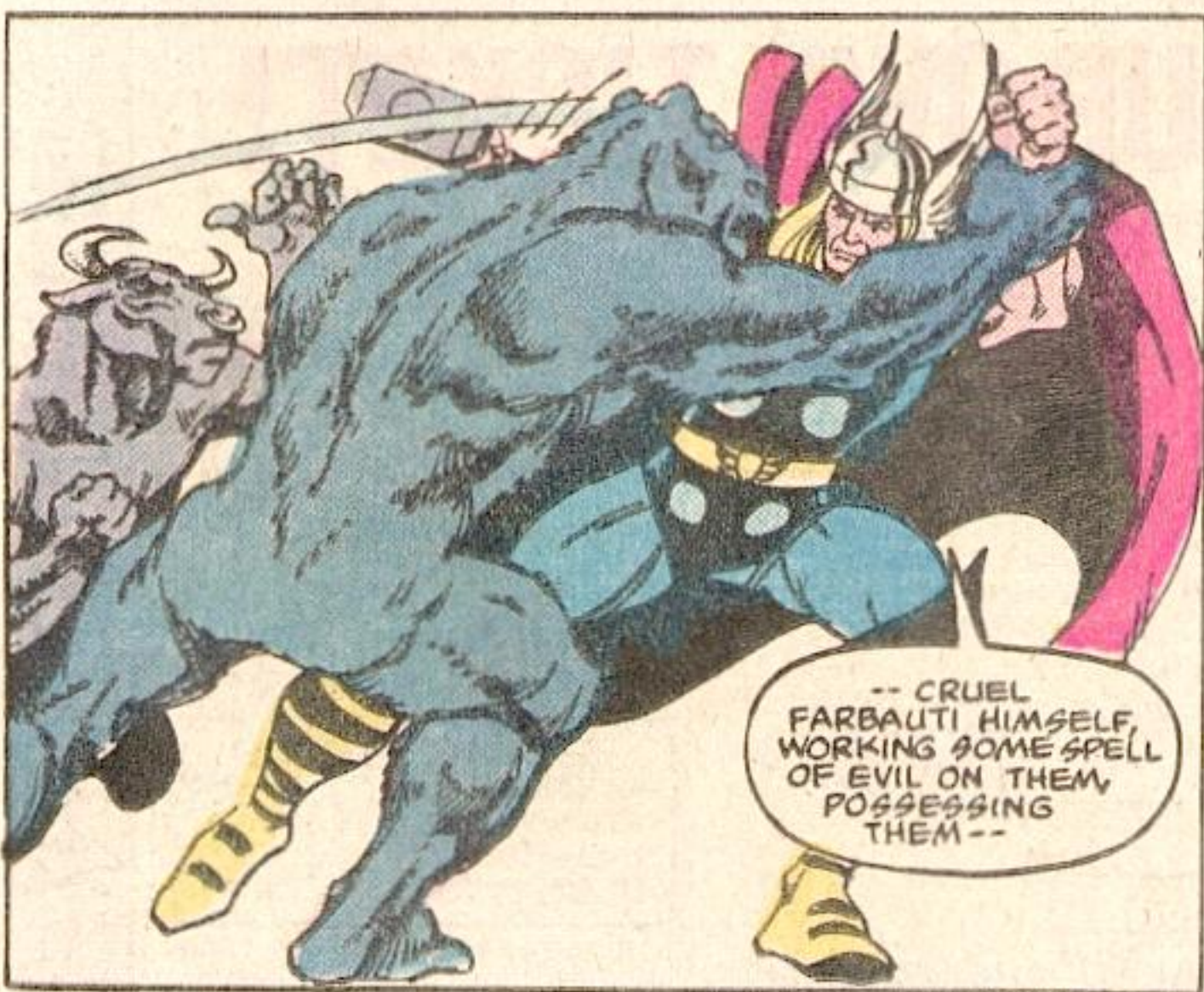
STOP, GRULT! ART THOU MAD TO AGAIN ENDANGER A MORTAL?!



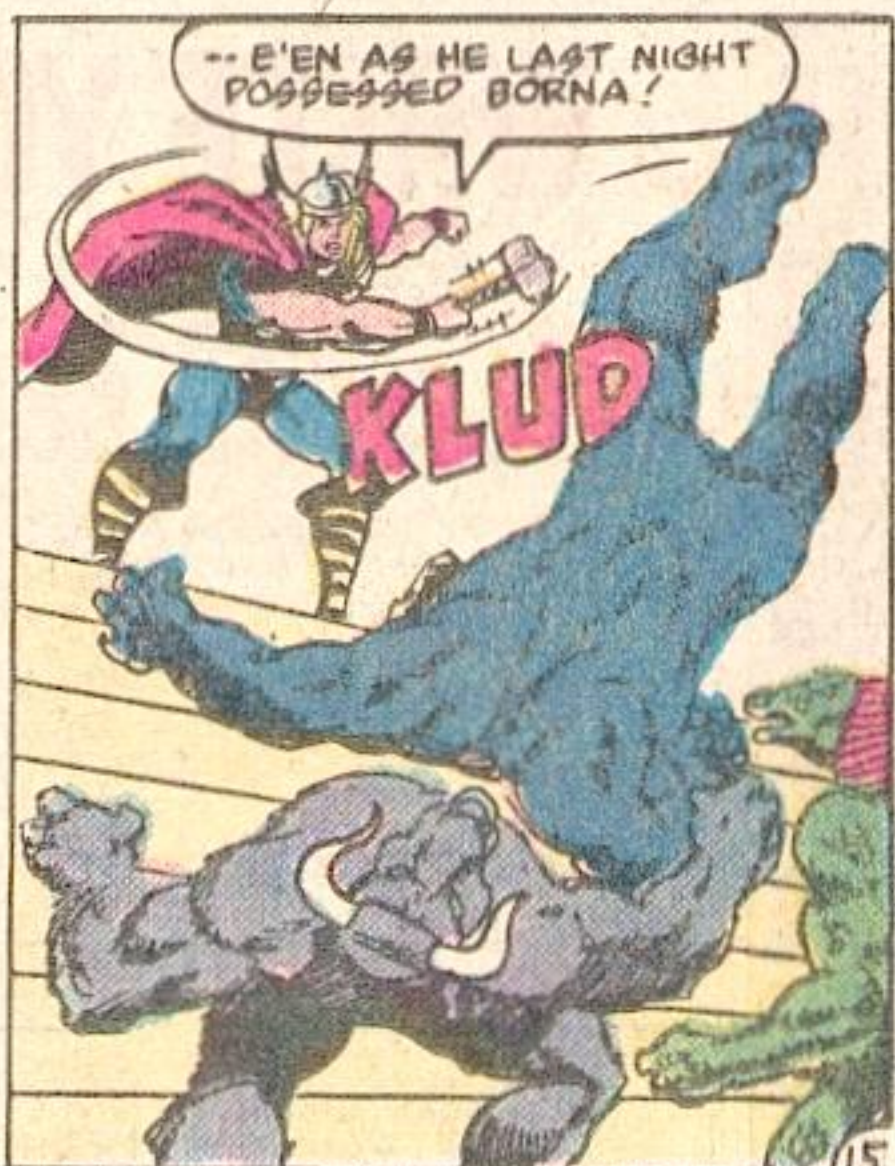
'TIS HATED THOR! SLAY HIM!

KYRIE! WHAT-?!

YON HAWK--! IT MUST BE THE CHANGELING--



-- CRUEL FARBAUTI HIMSELF, WORKING SOME SPELL OF EVIL ON THEM, POSSESSING THEM--



-- E'EN AS HE LAST NIGHT POSSESSED BORNA!

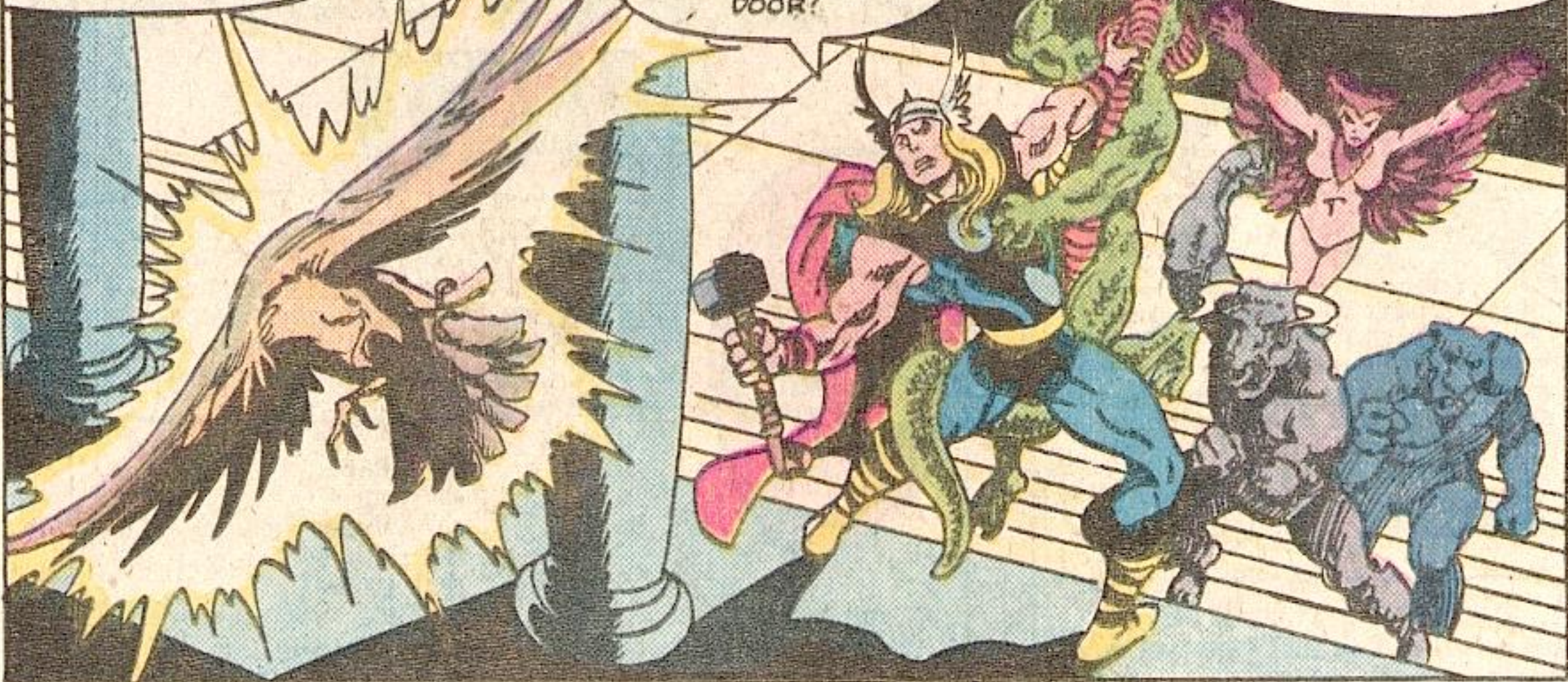
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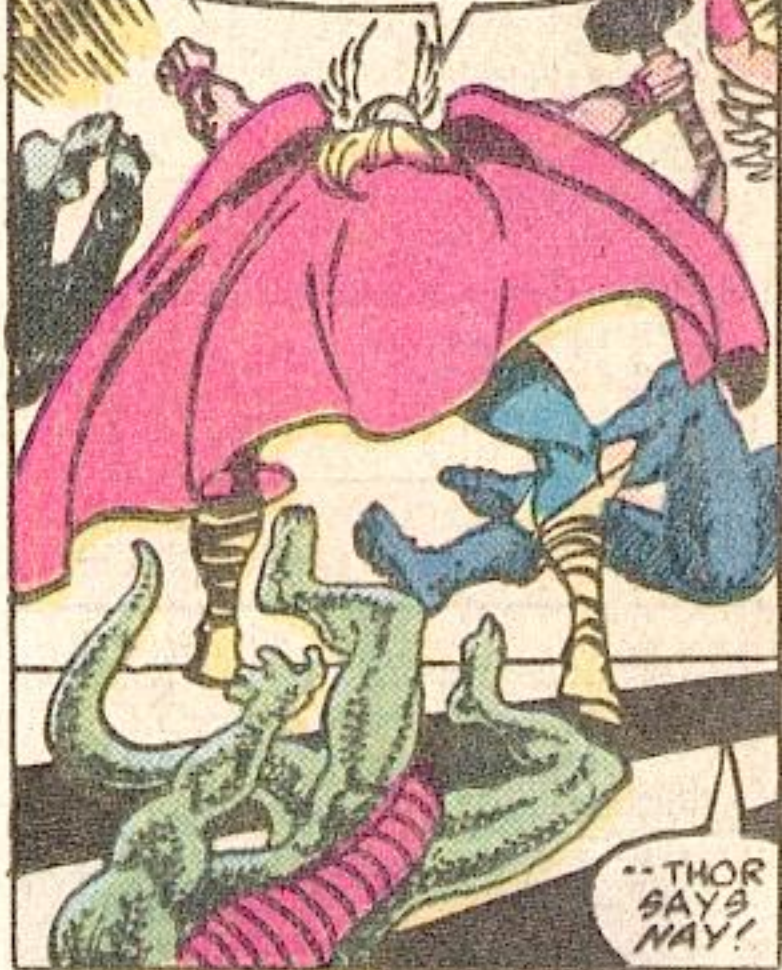
BUT NOW THE ENTIRE MENAGERIE BE ARRAYED 'GAINST ME!

AND THE HAWK-- FARBAUTI-- STREAKS FOR THE SHATTERED DOOR!

-- USING MY STRUGGLE AS DIVERSION TO ENTER THE MUSEUM!

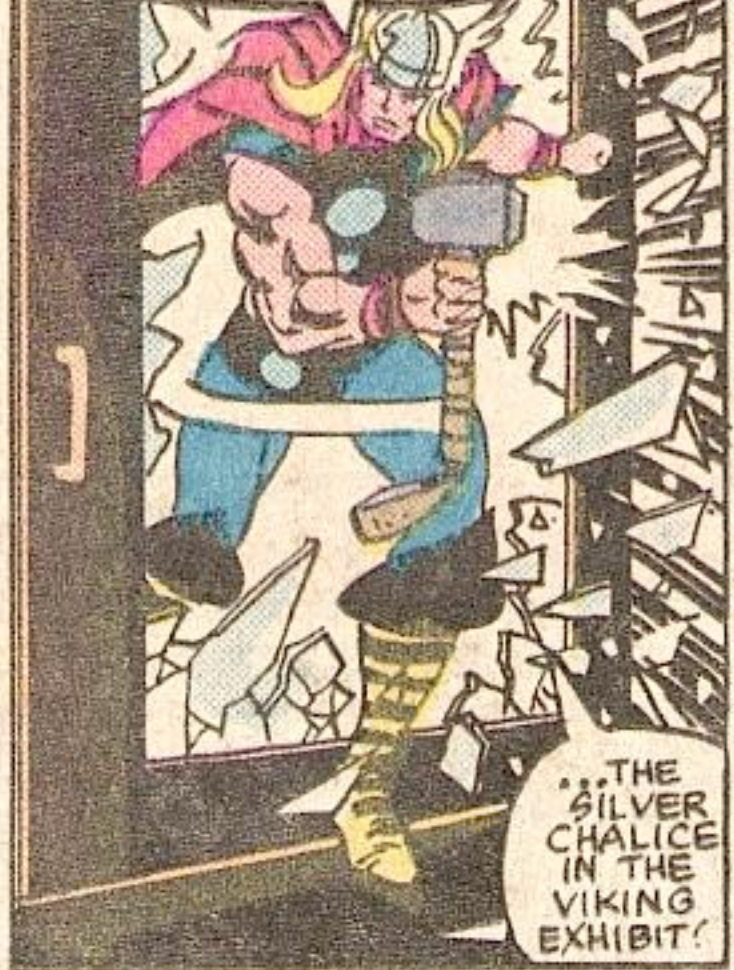


BUT E'EN WERE ALL THE CREATURES OF ASGARD ARRAYED 'GAINST ME--



--THOR SAYS NAY!

NOW THE PATH BE CLEAR--AND FARBAUTI CAN SEEK ONLY ONE THING...



...THE SILVER CHALICE IN THE VIKING EXHIBIT!

AFTER THE THUNDER GOD! SLAY HIM! OUR MASTER RIMTHURSAR COMMANDS IT!



THE CHALICE! WITH ITS TIME-LOST POWER I MAY DO ANYTHING--ENTHRALL ALL OF MIDGARD, CONVERTING ALL MORTALS-- EVERYONE-- TO OBEIENT BEASTS OF ANTIQUITY!



ALL OF MIDGARD SHALL BE MY PERSONAL MENAGERIE!

ARRIVING TOO LATE TO PREVENT FARBAUTI-RIMTHURSAR'S THEFT OF THE CHALICE, THOR STANDS READY TO HURL MJOLNIR -- BUT THEN HESITATES...

HE'S NOT YET SEEN ME YET! MAYHAP I SHOULD LET HIM ESCAPE THE MUSEUM, THAT OUR INEVITABLE FIGHT DOETH NOT IMPERIL PRECIOUS ARTIFACTS!

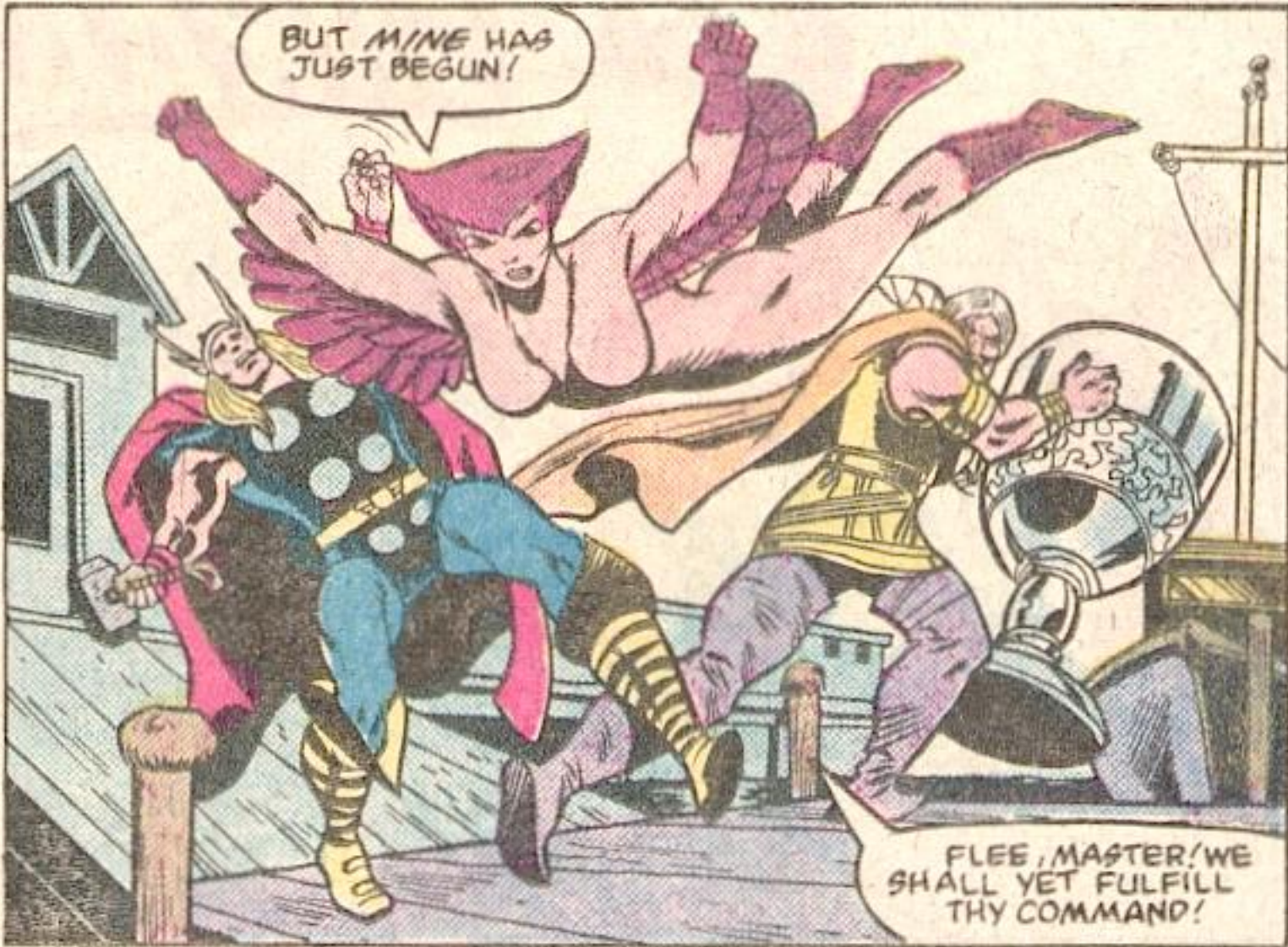


AYE-- SINCE HE NEEDS HIS HANDS TO CARRY THE CHALICE, HE CANNOT AGAIN DON HIS HAWK GUISE.

AND SO, FARBAUTI-RIMTHURSAR FLEES TO CHICAGO'S YACHT BASIN ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE CITY, UNAWARE THAT THE THUNDER GOD FOLLOWS CLOSELY IN HIS TRACKS...



...UNTIL-- HOLD, VILLAIN! THY FLIGHT HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!



BUT MINE HAS JUST BEGUN!

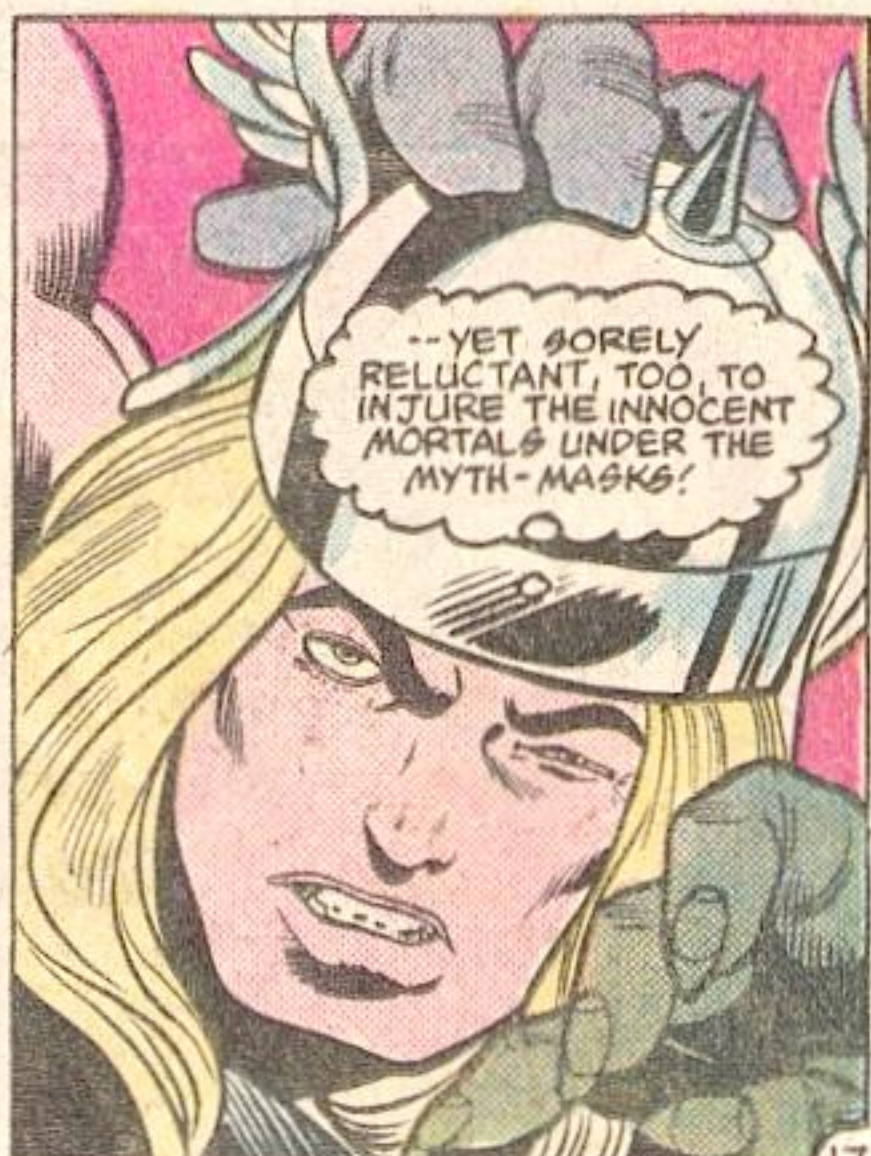
FLEE, MASTER! WE SHALL YET FULFILL THY COMMAND!

EXCELLENT, MY MENAGERIE! AND SEE THAT THIS TIME HE IS STOPPED!

THEN E'EN AS I PURSUED HIM, THEY DID PURSUE ME!



AND NOW I BE SORELY BESET BY RAGING MAN-BEASTS...

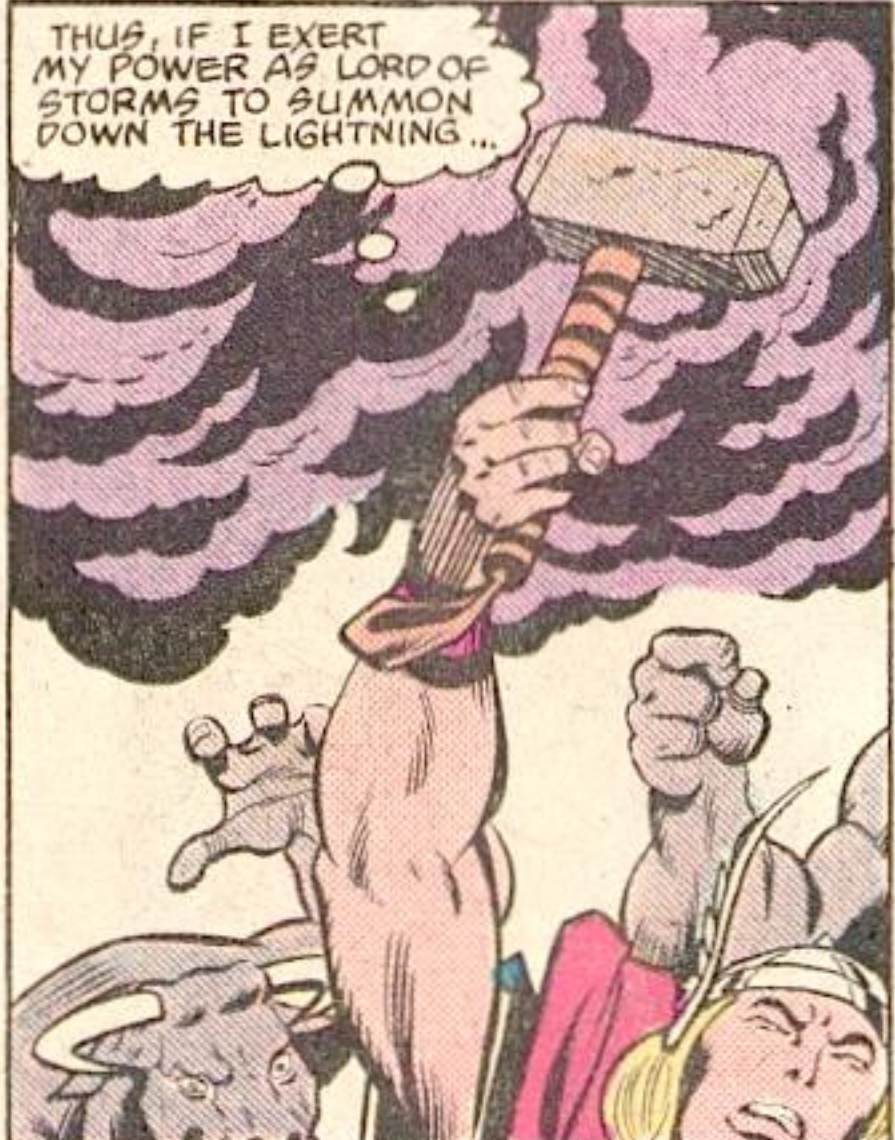
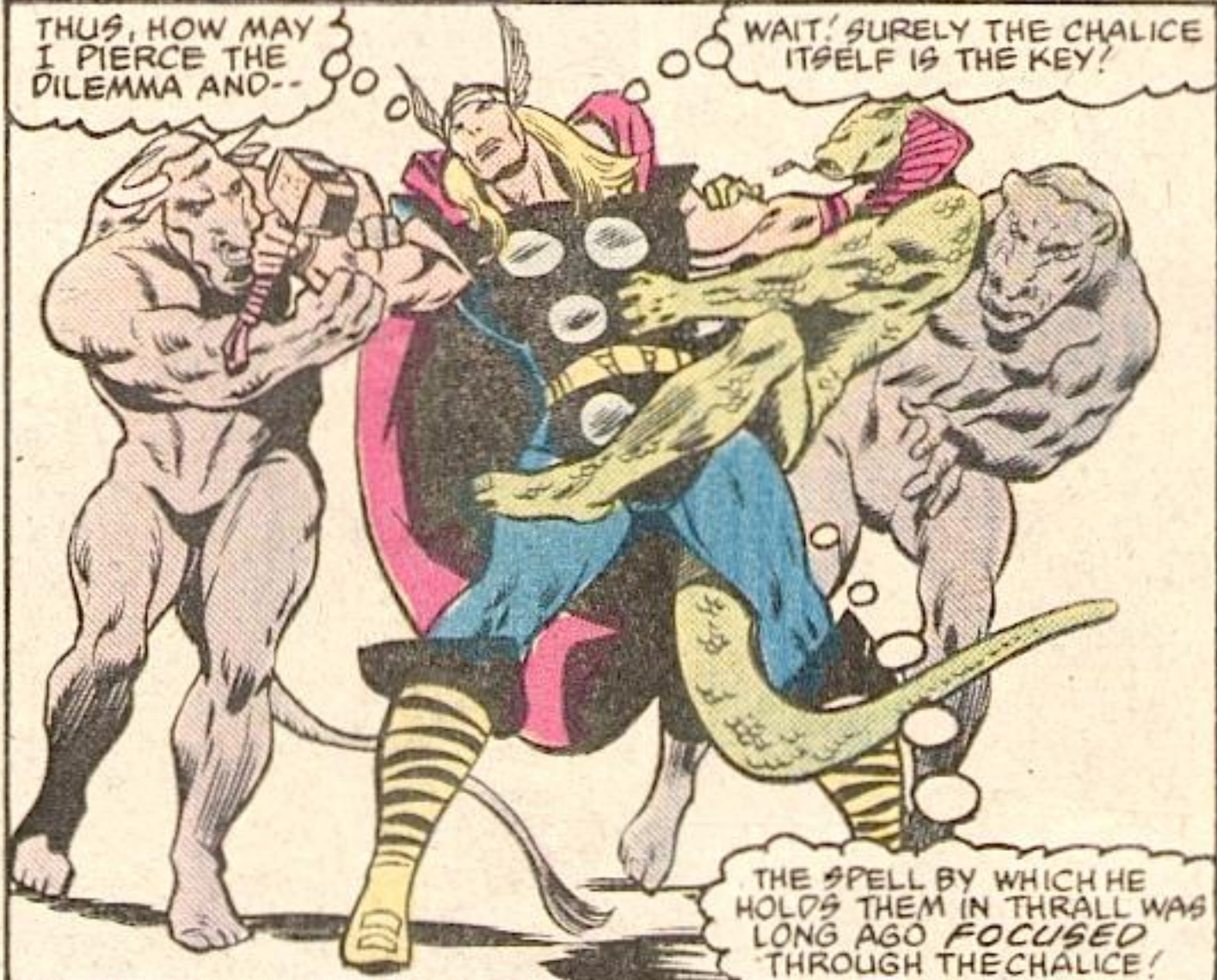


--YET SORELY RELUCTANT, TOO, TO INJURE THE INNOCENT MORTALS UNDER THE MYTH-MASKS!

THUS, HOW MAY I PIERCE THE DILEMMA AND--

WAIT! SURELY THE CHALICE ITSELF IS THE KEY!

THUS, IF I EXERT MY POWER AS LORD OF STORMS TO SUMMON DOWN THE LIGHTNING...



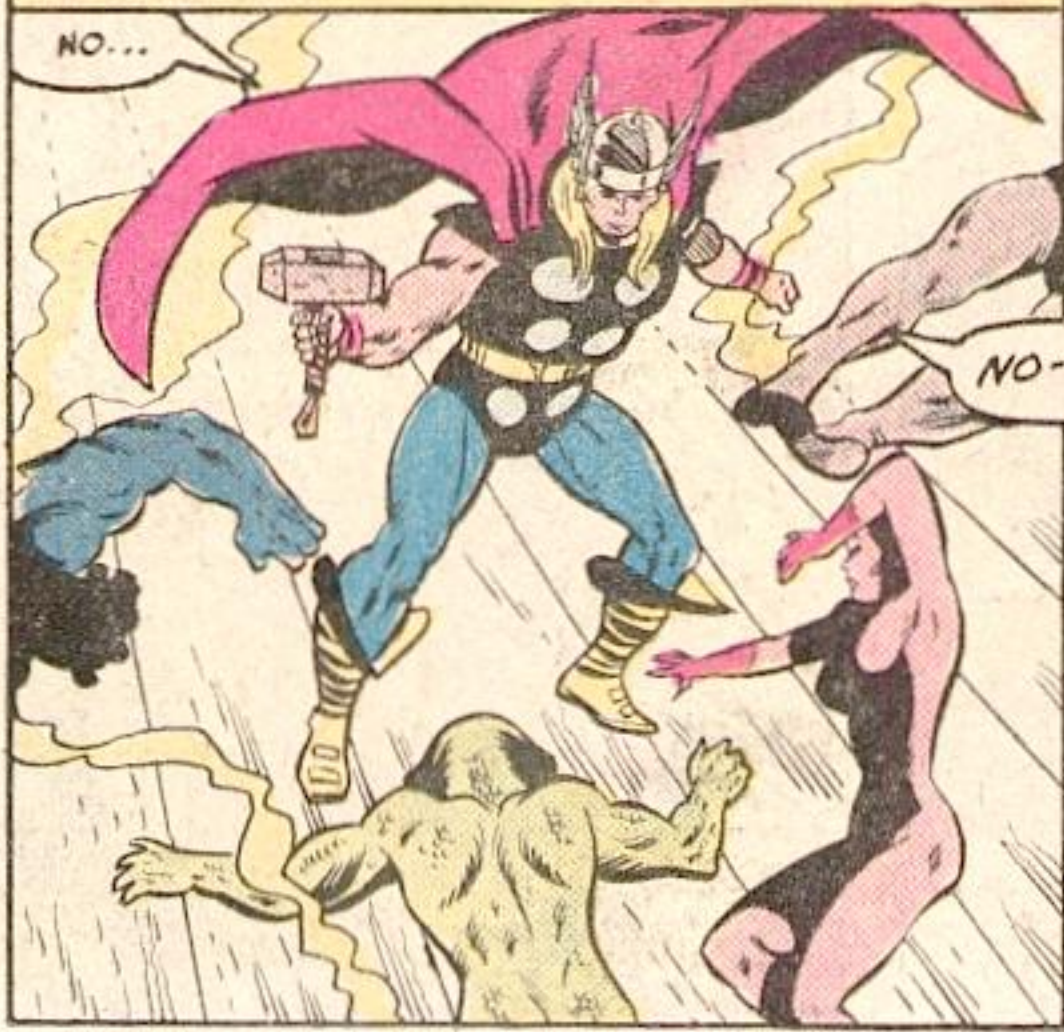
THE SPELL BY WHICH HE HOLDS THEM IN THRALL WAS LONG AGO FOCUSED THROUGH THE CHALICE!

**SHRAAAK**



THE SILVER CHALICE! IT IS DESTROYED!

AND THE CREATURES OF MYTH, WITH THE SOULS OF INNOCENT MORTALS, CRUMPLE INSTANTLY TO THE PIER...!



'TIS THY FAULT, FARBAUTI! THOU ART TO BLAME AS MUCH AS I, CRUEL STRIKER-- MORE THAN I! 'TIS THY FAULT!

AND THOU, THOR-- WITH A SINGLE CALLOUS BOLT FROM THE SKY, THOU HAST DESTROYED MY EVERY HOPE AND DREAM!



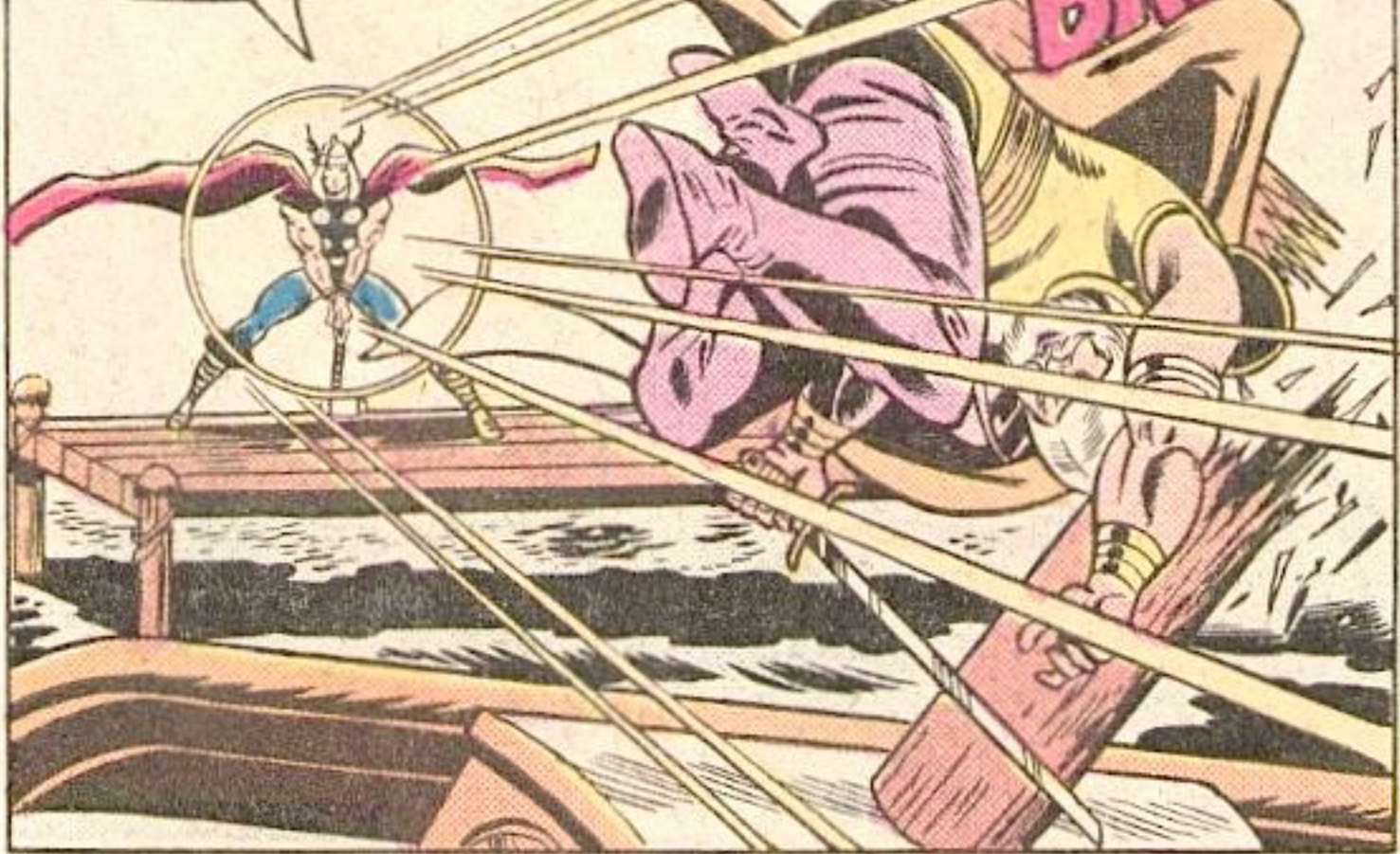
THERE BE NOTHING LEFT FOR ME NOW, THUNDERER--

-- NAUGHT BUT THE BITTER SATISFACTION OF THY DESTRUCTION UNDER MY SORCEROUS BLADE!



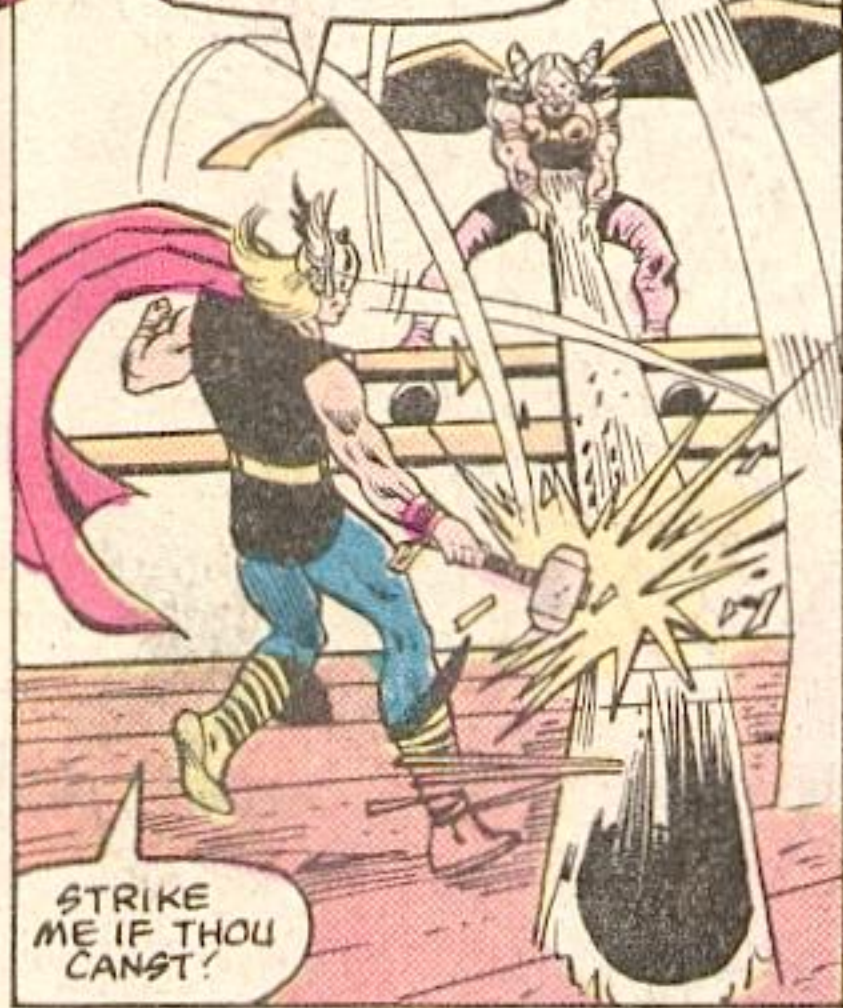
AYE, CRUEL STRIKER, I'VE HEARD MUCH FROM THE DWARVES ABOUT THY MAGIC SWORD...

BUT STILL I DO DOUBT THAT IT CAN COMPARE WITH THE POWER OF MINE URU HAMMER MJOLNIR!



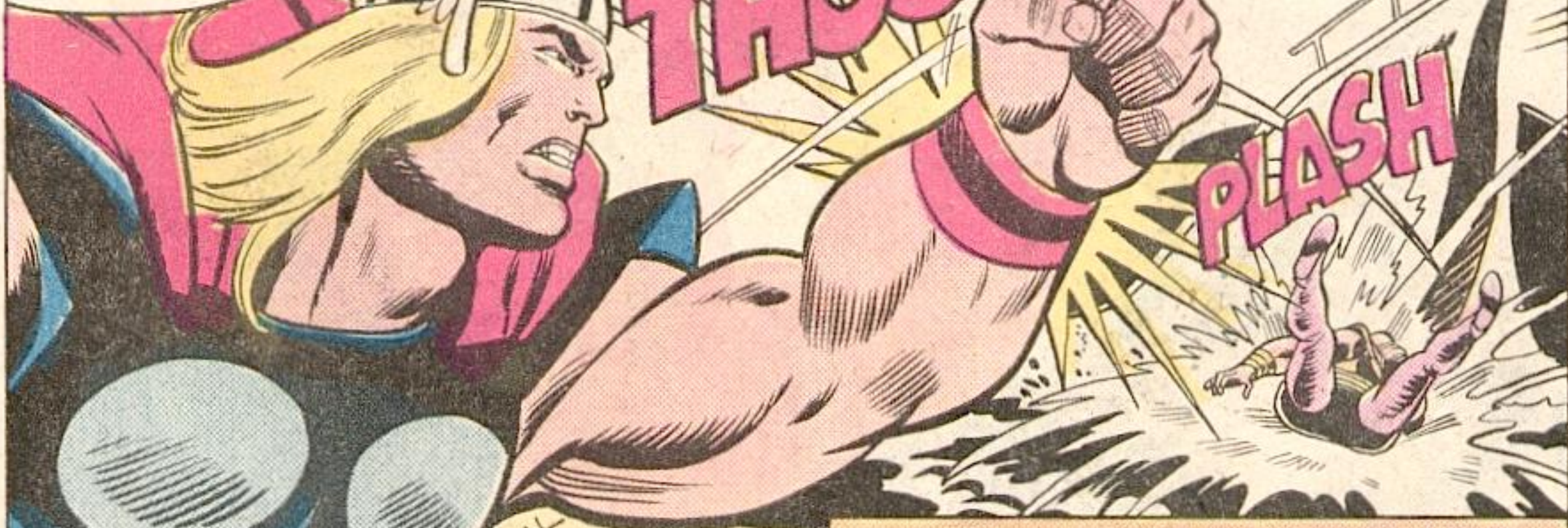
**BRATCH**

PROVE ME WRONG, CRUEL STRIKER!



STRIKE ME IF THOU CANST!

OR BE STRICKEN THYSELF -- BY THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF THOR THE MIGHTY!



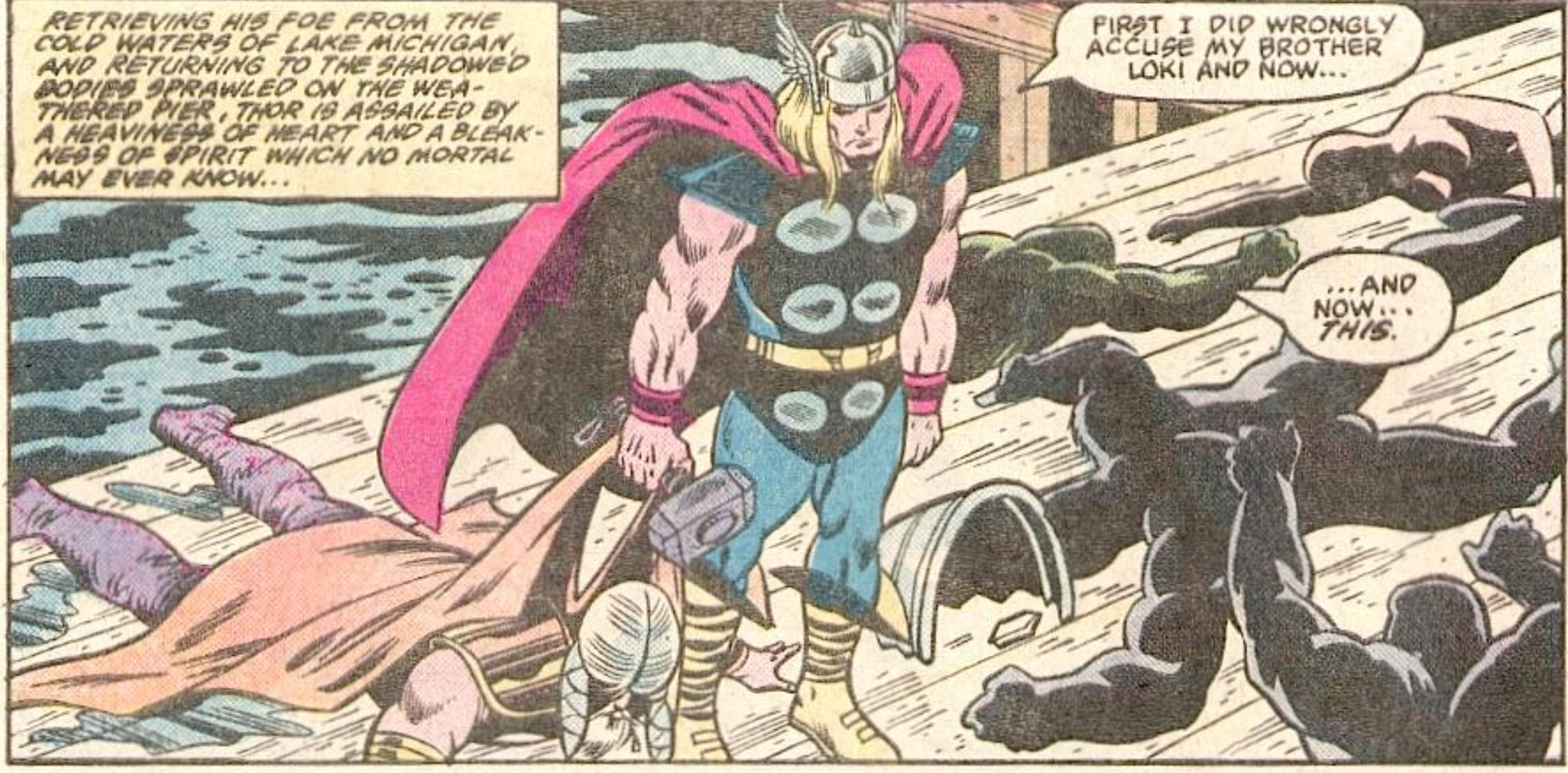
**PLASH**

AND THE THUNDER GOD ALREADY KNOWS THAT FARBAUTI-RIMTHURSAR, CRUEL STRIKER, KEEPER OF A FALLEN MENAGERIE, HAS BEEN STRUCK A BLOW FROM WHICH HE WILL NOT RISE.

RETRIEVING HIS FOE FROM THE COLD WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN, AND RETURNING TO THE SHADOWED BODIES SPRAWLED ON THE WEATHERED PIER, THOR IS ASSAILED BY A HEAVINESS OF HEART AND A BLEAKNESS OF SPIRIT WHICH NO MORTAL MAY EVER KNOW...

FIRST I DID WRONGLY ACCUSE MY BROTHER LOKI AND NOW...

...AND NOW... THIS.



I... I THOUGHT BY SHATTERING THE CHALICE... THE SPELL WOULD BE BROKEN... AND THEY WOULD MERELY TRANSFORM TO THEIR MORTAL FORMS...

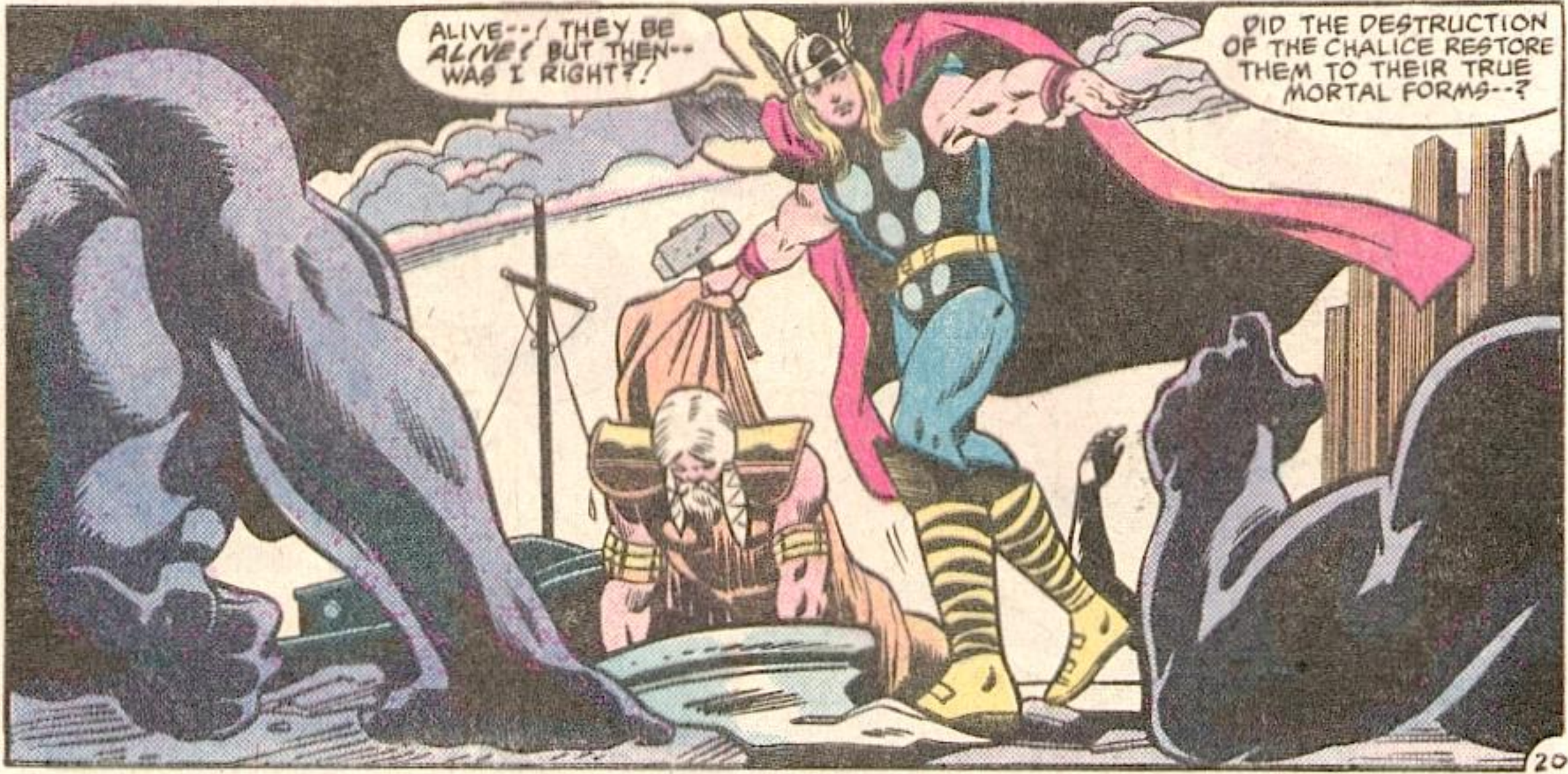
INSTEAD... MY ACTION HAS... SLAIN THEM...

OH HH ...



ALIVE--! THEY BE ALIVE! BUT THEN-- WAS I RIGHT?!

DID THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHALICE RESTORE THEM TO THEIR TRUE MORTAL FORMS--?





WHAT ART THOU GAPING AT, THUNDER GOD? WHERE BE THE HUMOR THY FACE MIRRORS?

OH!... MY HEAD...

YE BE HARDLY MORTAL, THEN--BUT AT LEAST ALIVE...

THOR! THOU ART MORE GOLDEN THAN EVER! COME TO MY ARMS AND LET US DRINK THE ECSTASY DIVINE!

DO YE REMEMBER NOTHING?



WAIT... FARBAULT... WHO WAS IN TRUTH... RIMTHURBAR...

AND WHO REINFORCED HIS ANCIENT SPELL OF THRALLOM!



A YE-- AND CAUSED YE TO SEEK MY DEATH IN HIS SERVICE.



IT WAS AWFUL, THOR-- HAVING TO OBEY HIM AGAINST OUR WILL...

... FORCED TO ATTACK YOU WHEN OUR TRUE URGE WAS TO SPILL HIS BLOOD...

BUT THANK ODIN IT'S OVER NOW--AND WE'RE BACK TO NORMAL!



NORMAL--? BUT THOU ART STILL BEASTS--AND NOW THE CHALICE IS DESTROYED!

THERE BE NO WAY TO CHANGE YOU BACK TO MORTALS!



HE'S RIGHT-- WE BE TRAPPED IN OUR PRESENT FORMS FOR- EVER!

AYE, TRAPPED IN OUR STRONG, LUSTY, LARGER- THAN-LIFE FUN- LOVING FORMS!



YAYYY

HURRAH

THOR'S FACE MOMENTARILY DARKENS WITH IRE... BUT THEN THE THUNDER GOD RELAXES, LETTING THE EMOTION EBB...

AT THIS POINT, WHAT'S THE USE?



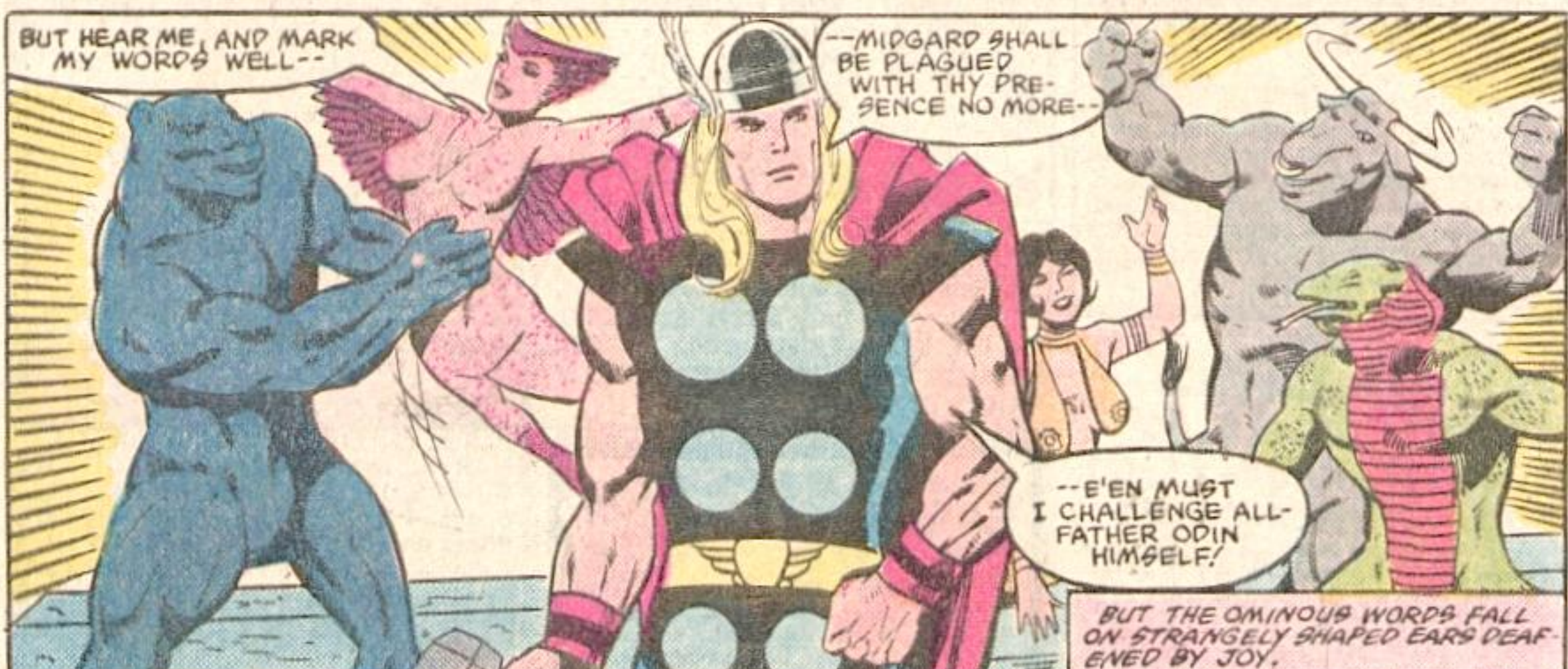
LET US QUAFF ALE IN CELEBRATION, FRIEND THOR! OR WOULDST THOU PREFER CHANGING TO THE MORTAL DONALD BLAKE FIRST--?

AYE--CHANGE TO BLAKE! HE'S MORE FUN!



I... I GIVE UP.

FOR NOW, AT LEAST.



BUT HEAR ME, AND MARK MY WORDS WELL--

--MIDGARD SHALL BE PLAGUED WITH THY PRESENCE NO MORE--

--E'EN MUST I CHALLENGE ALL-FATHER ODIN HIMSELF!

BUT THE OMINOUS WORDS FALL ON STRANGELY SHAPED EARS DEAFENED BY JOY.

**NEXT ISSUE**

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MENAGERIE SAGA IN...

**THE WRATH AND THE POWER!**