

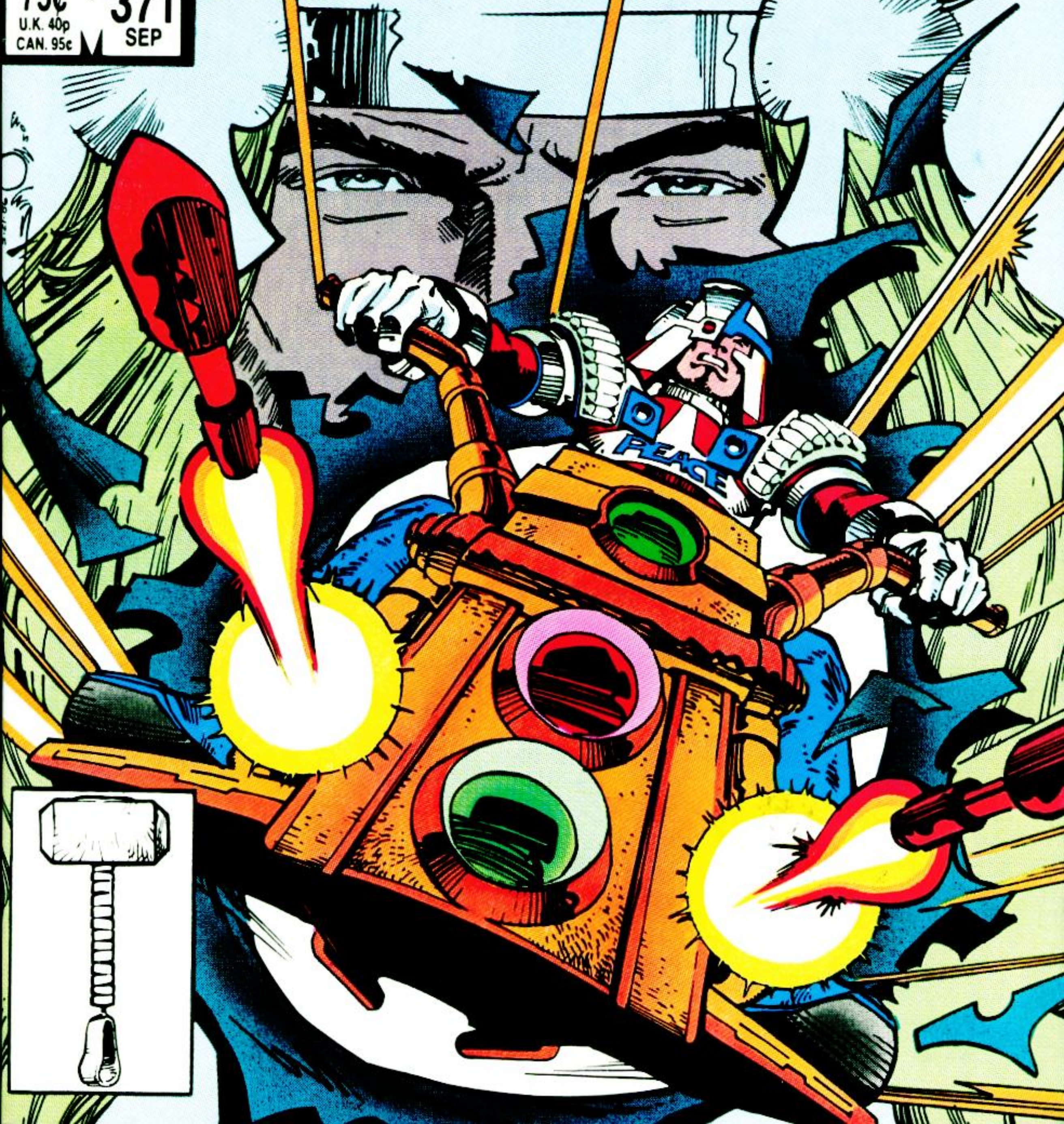
MARVEL®  
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ANNIVERSARY



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371 SEP

# the mighty THOR

PEACE COMES TO TOWN!



STAN LEE PRESENTS: **the MIGHTY THOR**

# PEACE on EARTH!

**A**SGARD--HOME OF THE MIGHTY NORSE GODS...

...WHERE THE SKY IS FILLED WITH A SILENCE AS VAST AS ALL OUTDOORS...

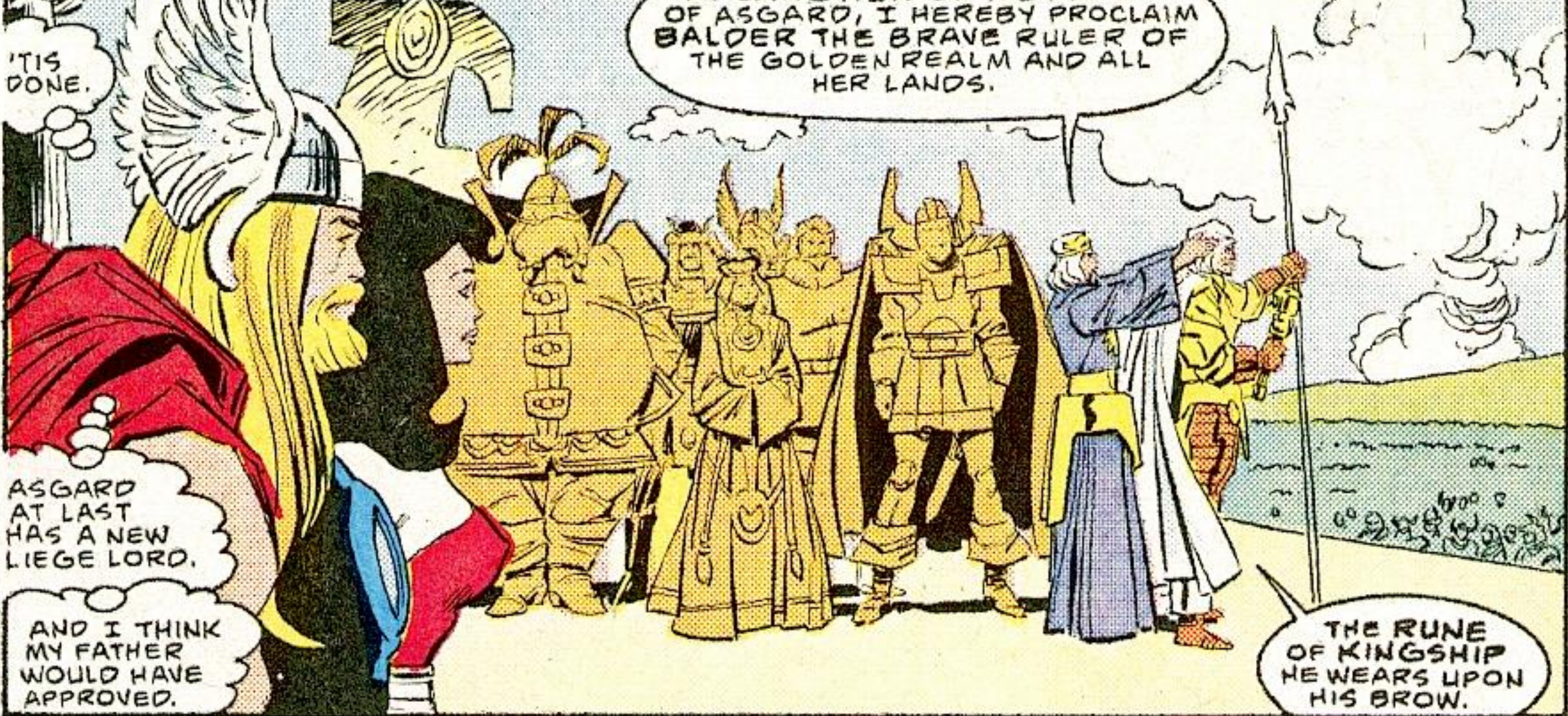
...AND TIME ITSELF SEEMS TO STAND STILL.



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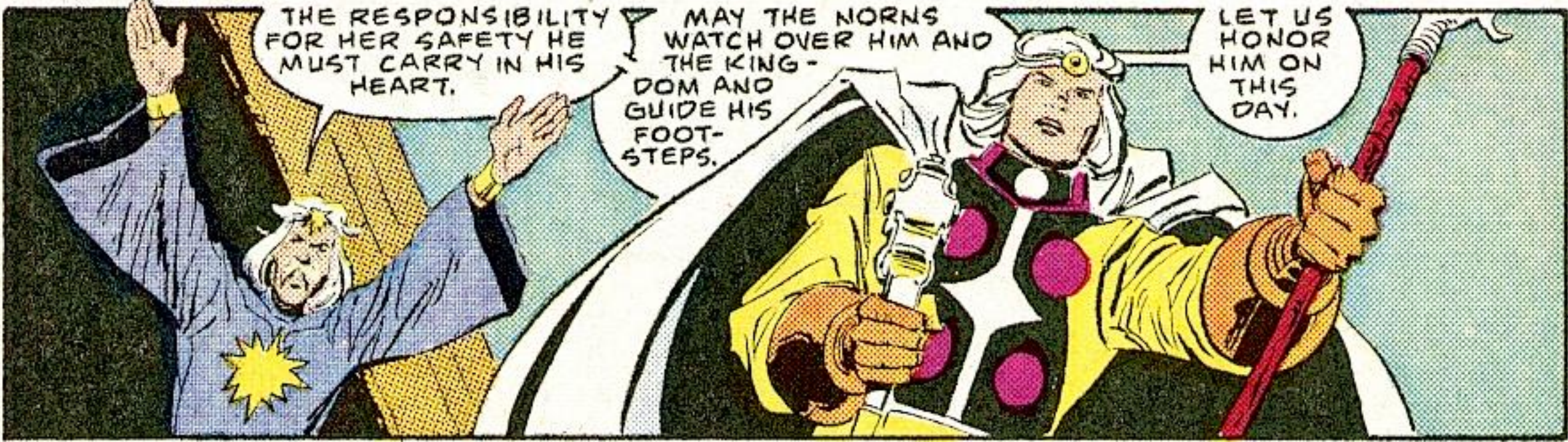
AS LAWGIVER OF THE REALM OF ASGARD, I HEREBY PROCLAIM BALDER THE BRAVE RULER OF THE GOLDEN REALM AND ALL HER LANDS.

IT IS DONE.

ASGARD AT LAST HAS A NEW LIEGE LORD.

AND I THINK MY FATHER WOULD HAVE APPROVED.

THE RUNE OF KINGSHIP HE WEARS UPON HIS BROW.



THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR HER SAFETY HE MUST CARRY IN HIS HEART.

MAY THE NORNS WATCH OVER HIM AND THE KINGDOM AND GUIDE HIS FOOTSTEPS.

LET US HONOR HIM ON THIS DAY.



AND THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A THUNDEROUS OVA-TION...

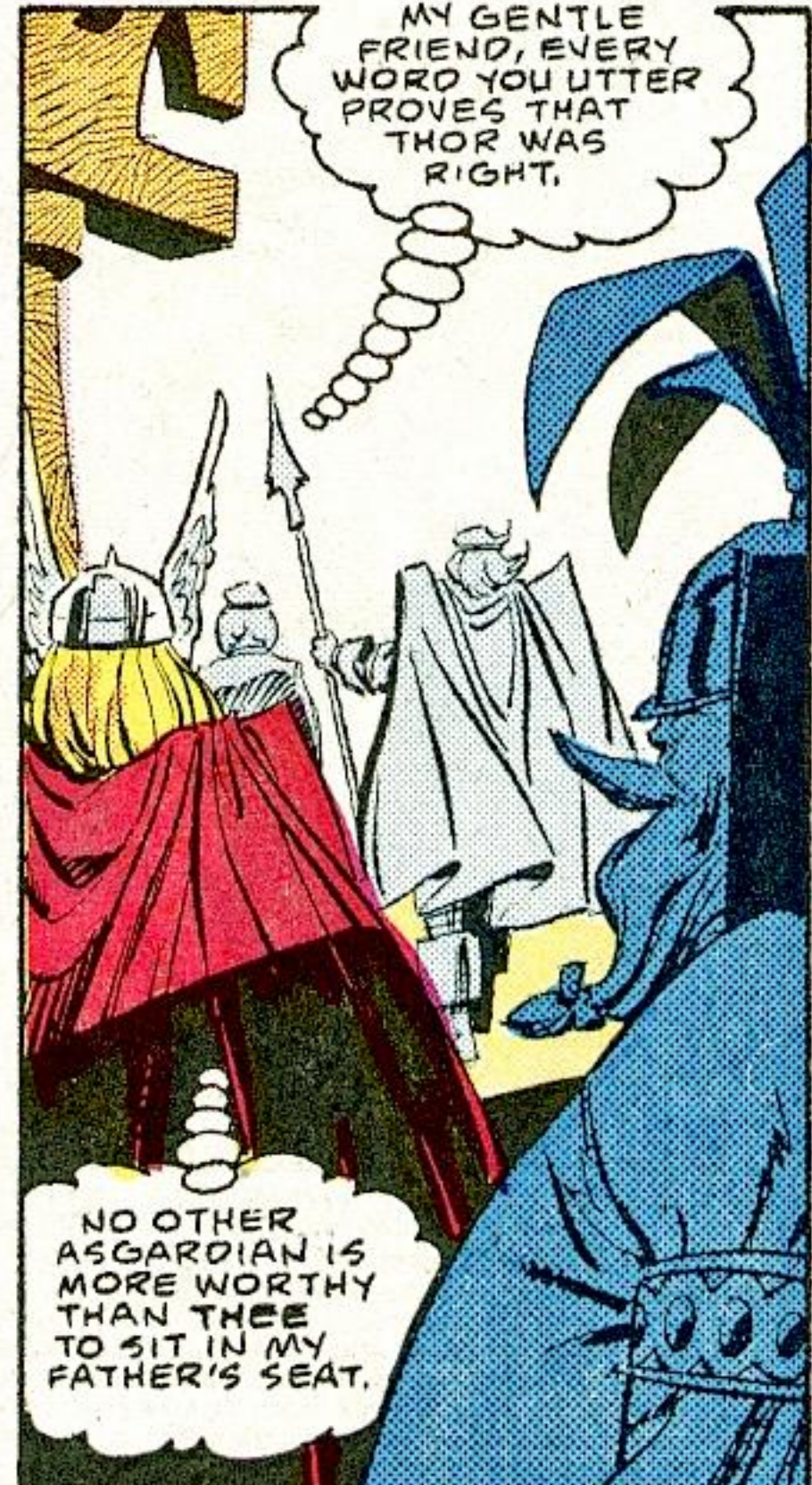
...AS ASGARDIANS FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GOLDEN REALM SALUTE THEIR NEW RULER.



MY FRIENDS, BALDER THE BRAVE IS NOT DESERVING OF THE HONOR YOU HAVE BESTOWED UPON HIM.

ALWAYS I SHALL STRIVE TO BE WORTHY OF THE GOLDEN SCEPTER OF ODIN.

GO IN PEACE.



MY GENTLE FRIEND, EVERY WORD YOU UTTER PROVES THAT THOR WAS RIGHT.

NO OTHER ASGARDIAN IS MORE WORTHY THAN THEE TO SIT IN MY FATHER'S SEAT.

MOMENTS LATER,  
IN THE HALL OF  
ODIN...

NOW, MY LORD,  
WILL YOU NOT TAKE  
THE GREAT THRONE?  
LONG HAS IT  
AWAITED A  
MASTER.

LONGER STILL  
SHALL IT WAIT,  
VOLSTAGG.

THOUGH THE  
FATE OF THE  
ALL-FATHER IS  
UNKNOWN...

... I WILL CARRY  
HIS SCEPTER AND  
SPEAR IN  
TRUST.

I HAVE  
HAD THE  
CRAFTSMEN  
FASHION  
ANOTHER  
SEAT AND  
THERE WILL  
BALDER  
SIT.

HIS THRONE  
SHALL REMAIN  
UNTENANTED  
UNTIL SUCH  
TIME AS THE  
HIGH ONE  
RETURNS.

AND MY FIRST CHARGE  
AS LIEGE IS THAT WE  
DISPENSE WITH  
THE ADDRESS,  
"MY LORD".

THIS SEAT  
SHALL DO FOR  
BALDER.

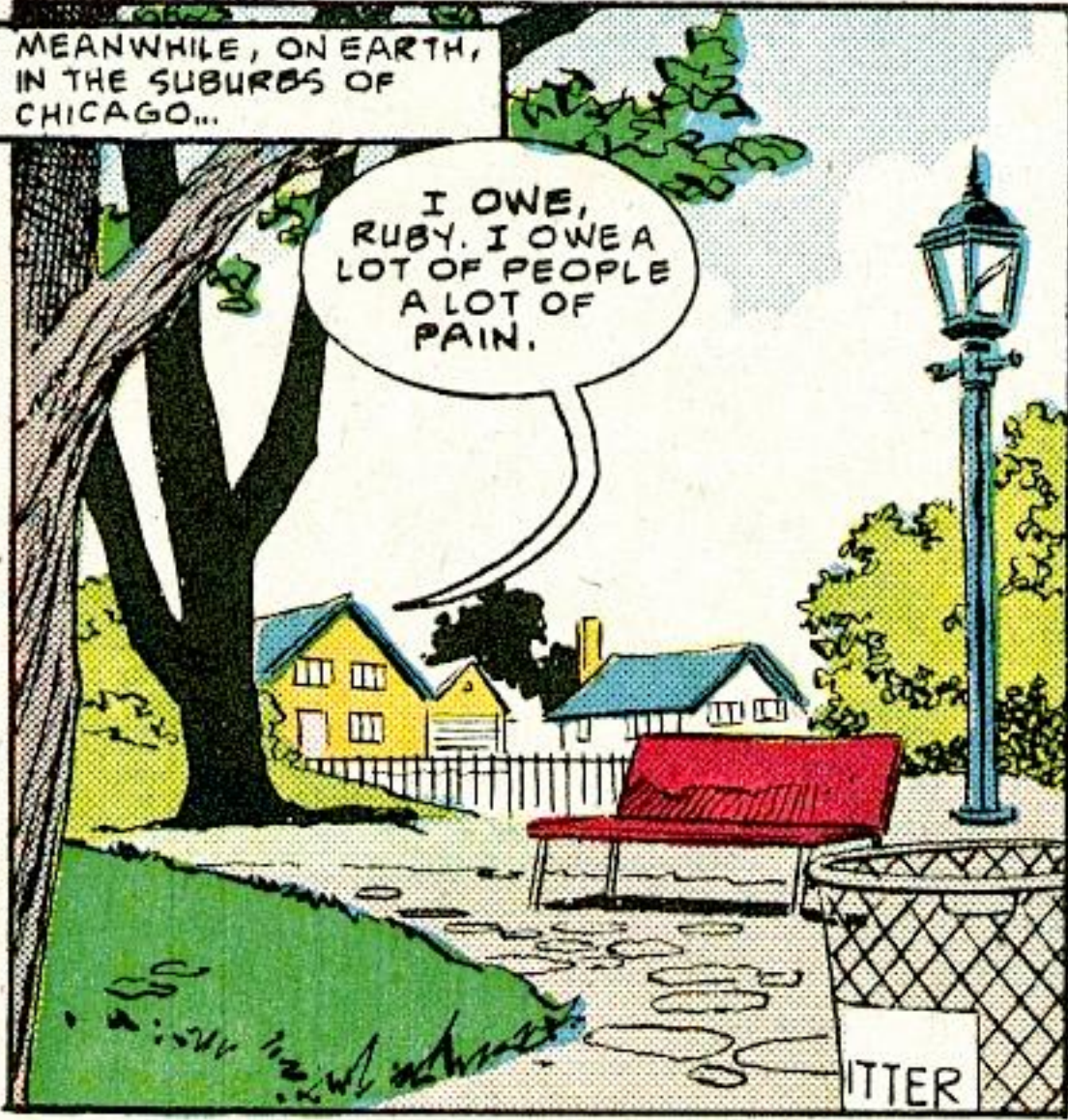
IN THE SERVICE  
OF ASGARD, I WILL  
CARRY THE BURDENS  
OF THE STATE AND  
BEAR THEM WITH  
YOUR HELP.

BUT BALDER  
I WAS, BALDER  
I AM... AND ALL  
THE DIADEMS  
AND SCEPTERS  
OF THE NINE  
WORLDS WILL  
NOT ALTER  
ME.

SO  
BE  
IT.

MEANWHILE, ON EARTH,  
IN THE SUBURBS OF  
CHICAGO...

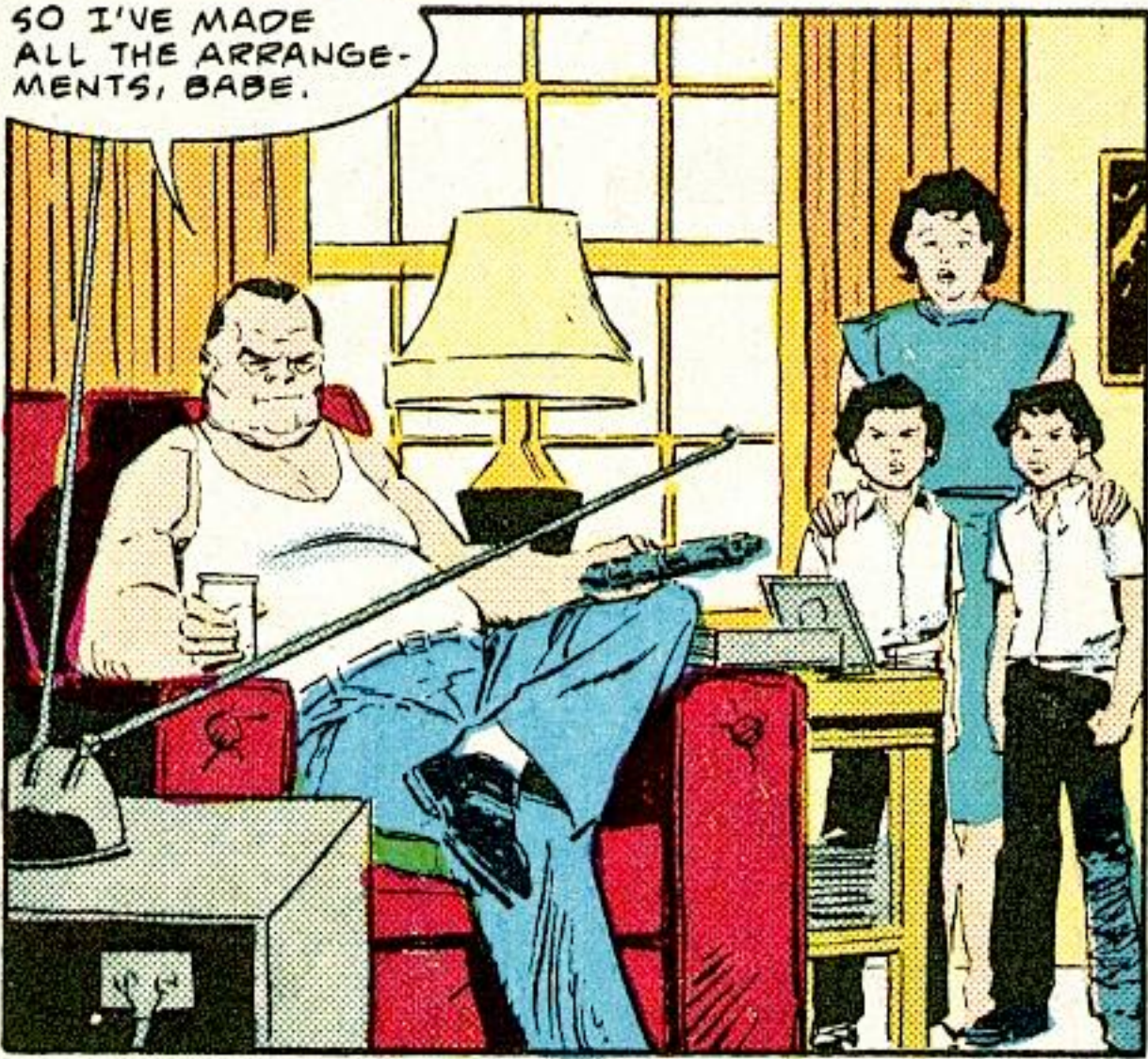
I OWE,  
RUBY. I OWE A  
LOT OF PEOPLE  
A LOT OF  
PAIN.



AND  
THOR'S  
ON THE TOP  
OF THE  
LIST.



SO I'VE MADE  
ALL THE ARRANGE-  
MENTS, BABE.



YOU'RE JUST A LONG  
LOST SISTER, COMIN'  
TO BRING A CON A  
LITTLE SUNSHINE.

YOU  
DELIVER  
THE  
GOODS...

...KEEP  
YER TRAP  
SHUT...



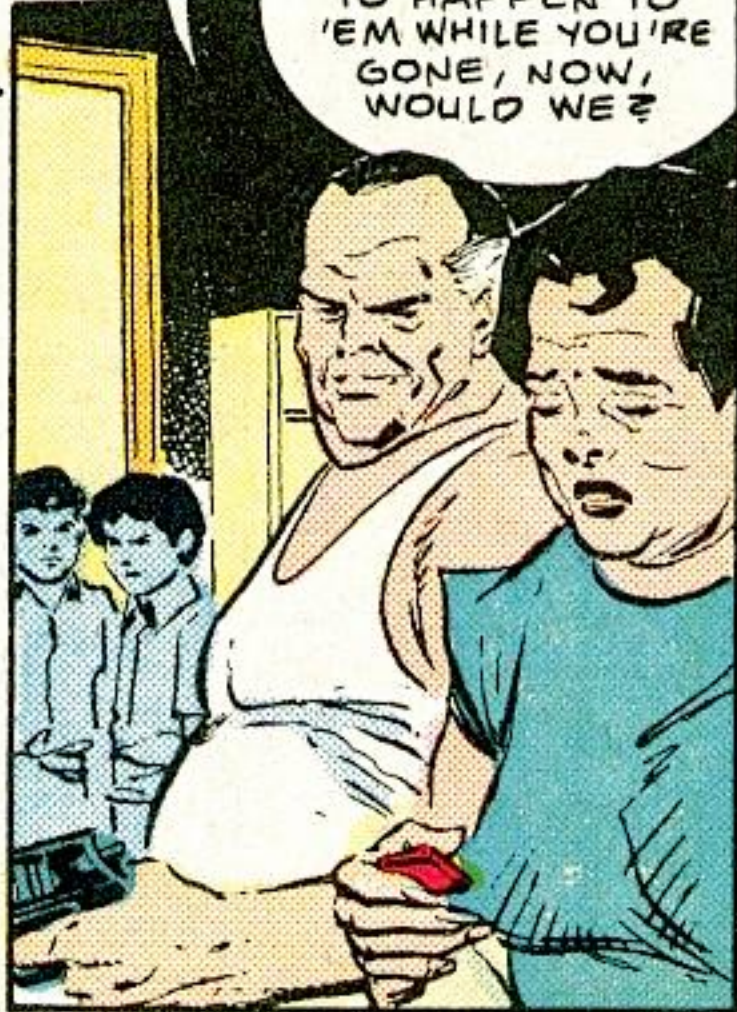
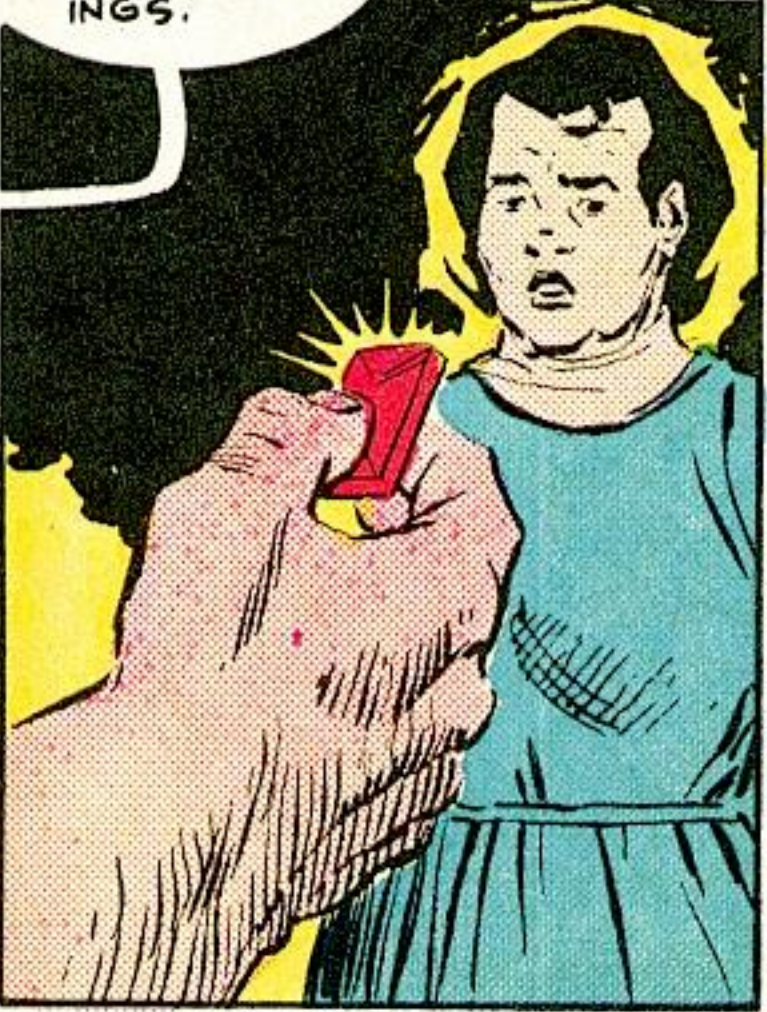
...AND THUG  
THATCHER'LL BE  
HISTORY. NO  
HARD FEEL-  
INGS.

JUST REMEMBER  
...I'LL BE BABYSITTIN'  
YER KIDS!

AN' WE  
WOULDN'T  
WANT ANYTHING  
TO HAPPEN TO  
'EM WHILE YOU'RE  
GONE, NOW,  
WOULD WE?

YOU GOT  
TILL SIX  
O'CLOCK TO  
GET BACK  
HERE.

DON'T  
BLOW  
IT.



AND IN ODIN'S GREAT HALL IN ASGARD...

MY FRIENDS, I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL.

THOR HAS BEEN LIKE A WILL O' THE WISP HERE OF LATE AND BECAUSE OF YOU, THE KINGDOM AND THE SUCCESSION ARE SAFE.

THE SUN IS NOT THE SON, THOR.

IF EVER YOU DECIDE TO SIT HERE, YOU HAVE BUT TO ASK.

TO SEE YOU ON THE THRONE OF ASGARD, BALDER, IS TO SEE THE SUN RISE THROUGH THE CLOUDS AT LAST...

...AND KNOW THAT THE KINGDOM IS SECURE.

IF THAT IS THE CONDITION OF YOUR ABDICATION, THEN LONG SHALL BALDER THE BRAVE RULE ASGARD.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE MY FATHER VANISHED, I DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THE FATE OF THE GOLDEN REALM.

YOU CANNOT FOOL AN OLD FRIEND, THOR.

I KNOW YOU DID NOT OCCUPY THE THRONE YOURSELF...

... BECAUSE THE WILL O' THE WISP ENJOYS HIS ADVENTURES TOO MUCH TO GIVE THEM UP.

NAY, BALDER, METHINKS IN TRUTH THAT THOR HATH GROWN A BEARD SO HE MAY RETIRE IN QUIET ANONYMITY AS AN ORCHID GROWER.

SURELY, FANDRAL, THOR BUT SEEKS TO EMULATE THE GLORY OF VOLSTAGG'S WHISKERS!

BUT, MY FRIENDS, THIS IS FAREWELL. I MUST RETURN TO MY OWN PEOPLE.

I THINK, BILL, THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A BETTER THOR THAN I OF LATE

MAY YOU FIND YOUR PEOPLE SAFE...

IF THAT WERE TRUE, I SHOULD STAY THAT I MIGHT SEE THE RESULTS.

... AND SHOULD YOU EVER NEED MY HELP, YOU HAVE BUT TO CALL MY NAME.

I WILL HEAR YOU.

LADY FRIGGA, FOSTER-MOTHER, THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO DEPART AS WELL.

I HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM MIDGARD\* TOO LONG AND I AM NEEDED THERE.

COME BACK WHEN YOU CAN, MY SON.

YOUR FATHER LOOKS OUT THROUGH YOUR EYES AND I SEE HIM AGAIN WHEN YOU ARE HERE.

MY WORD OF HONOR, MOTHER.

\*EARTH

LADY SIF?

RATHER WOULD I DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS THAN FACE THEE NOW.

BUT BRAVERY IN BATTLE IS NO BRAVERY AT ALL IF A MAN CANNOT SPEAK TO A MAID WHEN THE TIME COMES.

MY OWN HEART HAS LACKED COURAGE, THOR. I HAVE BEEN A POOR EXCUSE FOR A WARRIOR MAIDEN.

PERHAPS THOR IS A POOR EXCUSE FOR A LOVER.

AND HERE I AM GOING AWAY. WE MUST SPEAK NOW WITH OUR HEARTS.

BUT WHATEVER WORDS THEIR HEARTS WOULD SPEAK ARE PRIVATE, FOR OUR STORY TURNS ELSEWHERE.

IN NEW YORK CITY, THE LUNCH HOUR DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

...AND THE PASSERSBY CONSIDER THE STATE OF THE WORLD AS THEY KNOW IT.

...IF DWIGHT GOODEN'S ANKLE FOULS UP THE METS THIS...

...DON'T SUPPOSE THAT KENNY CAN POSSIBLY...

...40,000 SHARES AT 23 1/4 PLUS A LEVERAGED...

...RED OR WHITE?...

THAT STATE IS ABOUT TO CHANGE.

FUNNY. SOUNDS LIKE STATIC.

SHRAAKKK  
ELL!

MAYBE IT'S MICROWAVES, OR--

WHAT'S THAT?

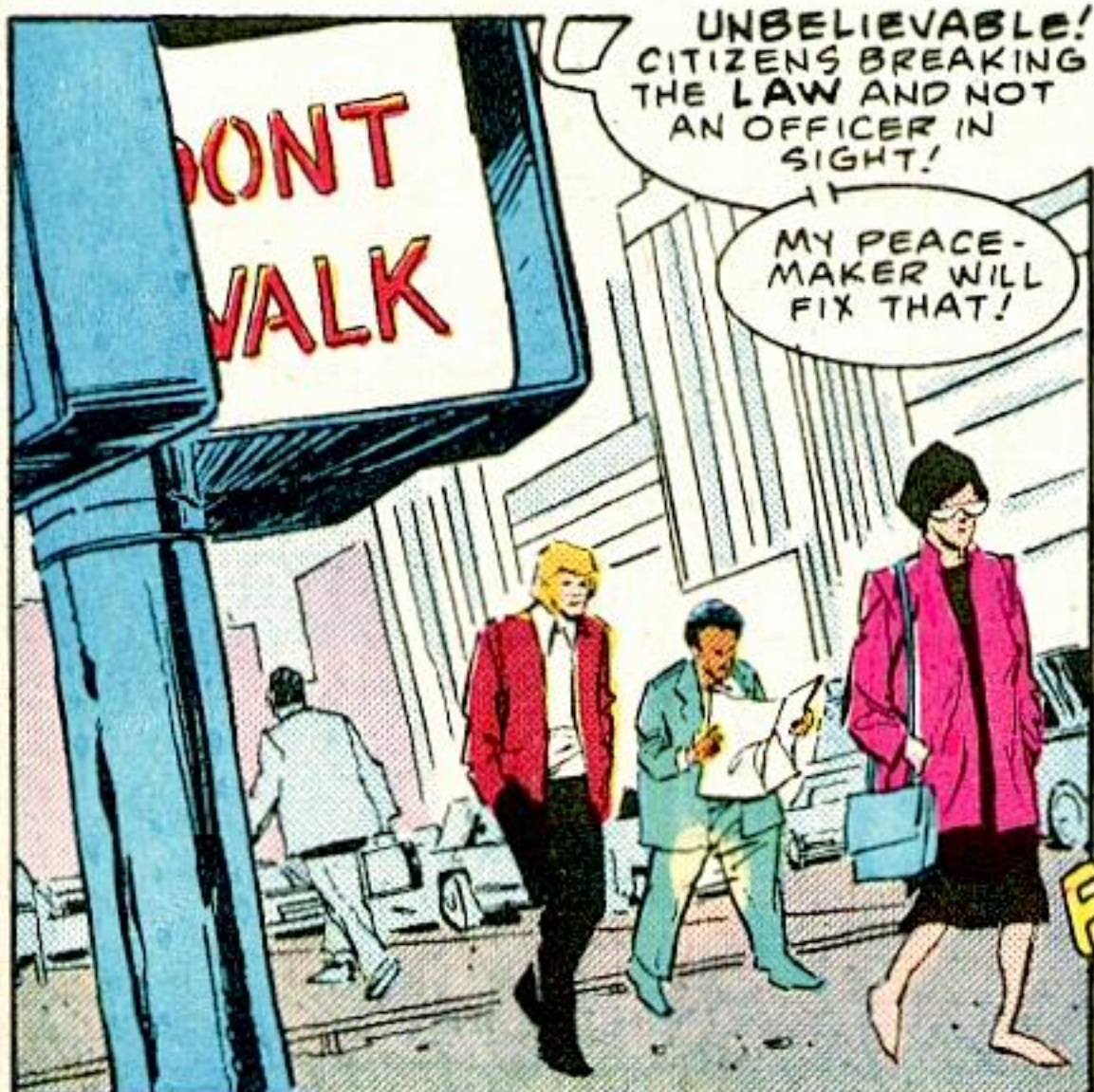
# WHARRROOOOM!



I'M THROUGH!!

MARVIN, HELP!

HOLY--!



UNBELIEVABLE! CITIZENS BREAKING THE LAW AND NOT AN OFFICER IN SIGHT!

MY PEACE-MAKER WILL FIX THAT!

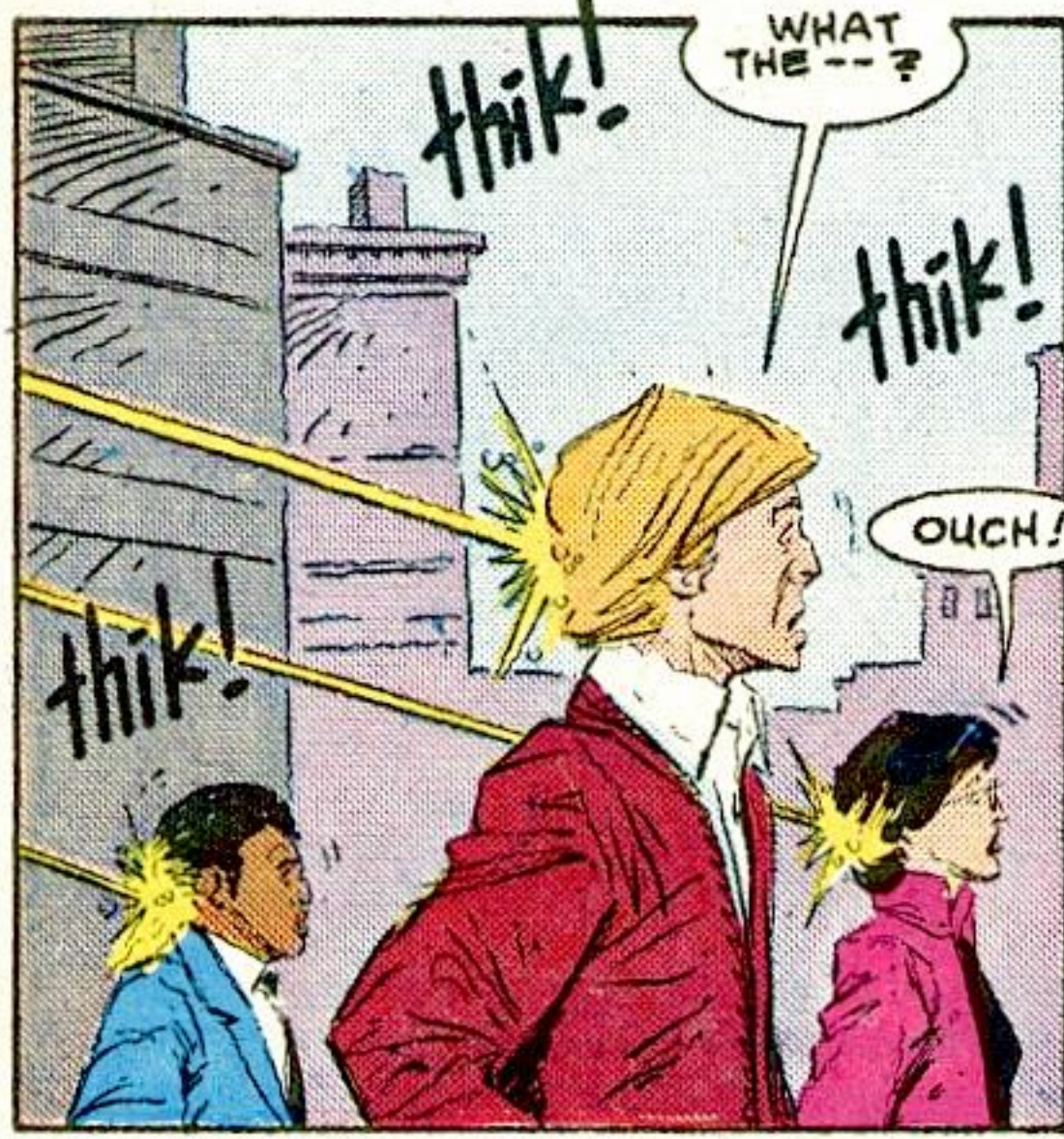


HERE'S INSTANT SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT, SCUM!

LET JUSTICE BE DONE!

FTIP!  
FTIP!  
FTIP!





thik!

WHAT THE -- ?

thik!

OUCH!

thik!



MY LEGS ARE STARTING TO TINGLE! WHAT'S GOING ON?

I--I CAN'T STOP MY-SELF!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?



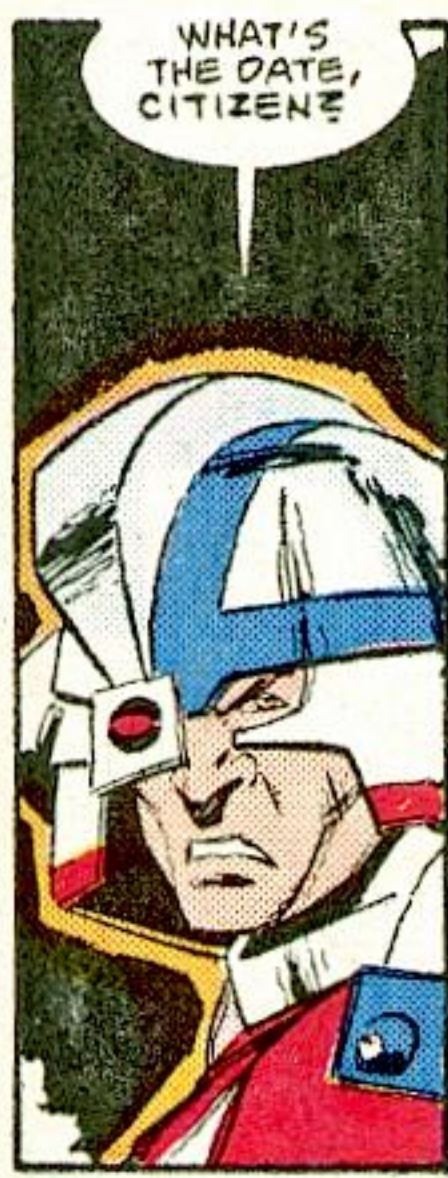
LUCKY FOR THOSE LAW-BREAKERS, I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO CRACK THEIR SKULLS PROPER!

BUT DNA IMPLANTS WILL PREVENT THEM FROM EVER JAYWALKING AGAIN!



THIS CORNER CONCESSIONARY SHOULD GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I NEED.

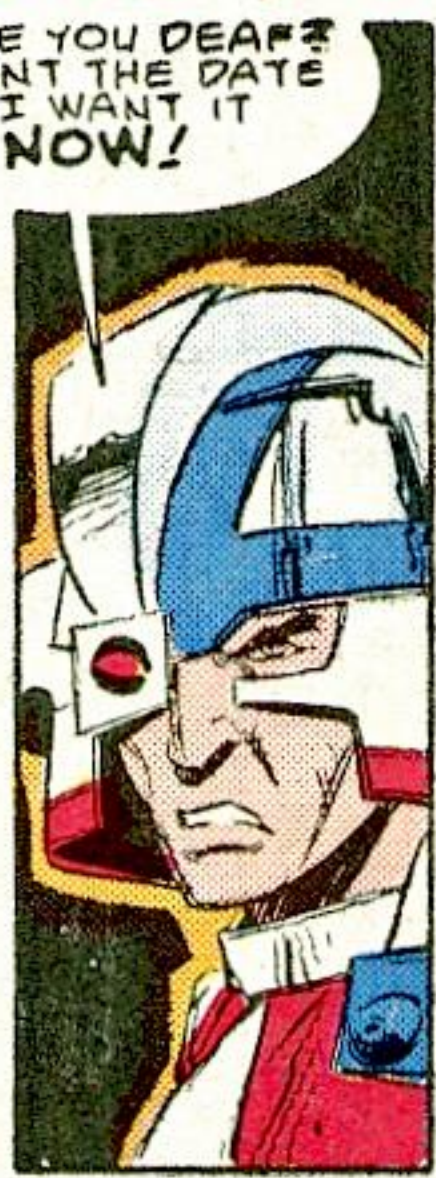
**VARRRRROON!**



WHAT'S THE DATE, CITIZEN?



ARE YOU DEAF? I WANT THE DATE AND I WANT IT NOW!



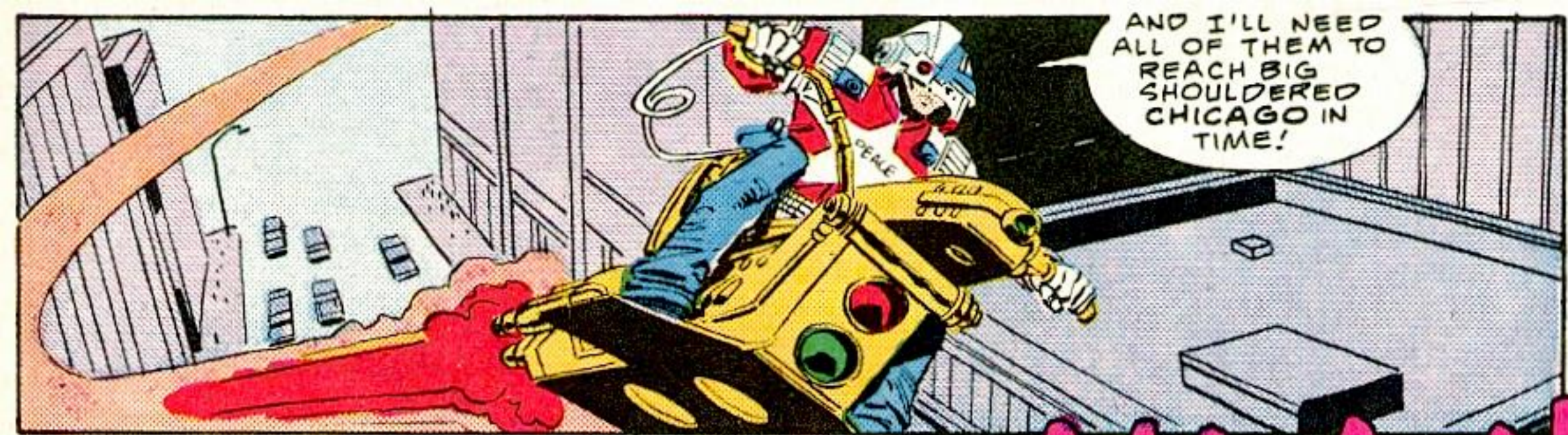
UH...UH... MAY 1 ST, 1986!

SIR!



KRAGGIT! THE TIME FLUX HAS SENT ME TO THE OUTER STATISTICAL LIMIT OF THE PAST!

I ONLY HAVE A FEW HOURS LEFT!



AND I'LL NEED ALL OF THEM TO REACH BIG SHOULDERS CHICAGO IN TIME!



HOLD, VILLAIN!

KER-WHAMM!

UGGGH!

THOUGH YOU WEAR A UNIFORM, YOU ARE NO OFFICER OF THE LAW OF NEW YORK!



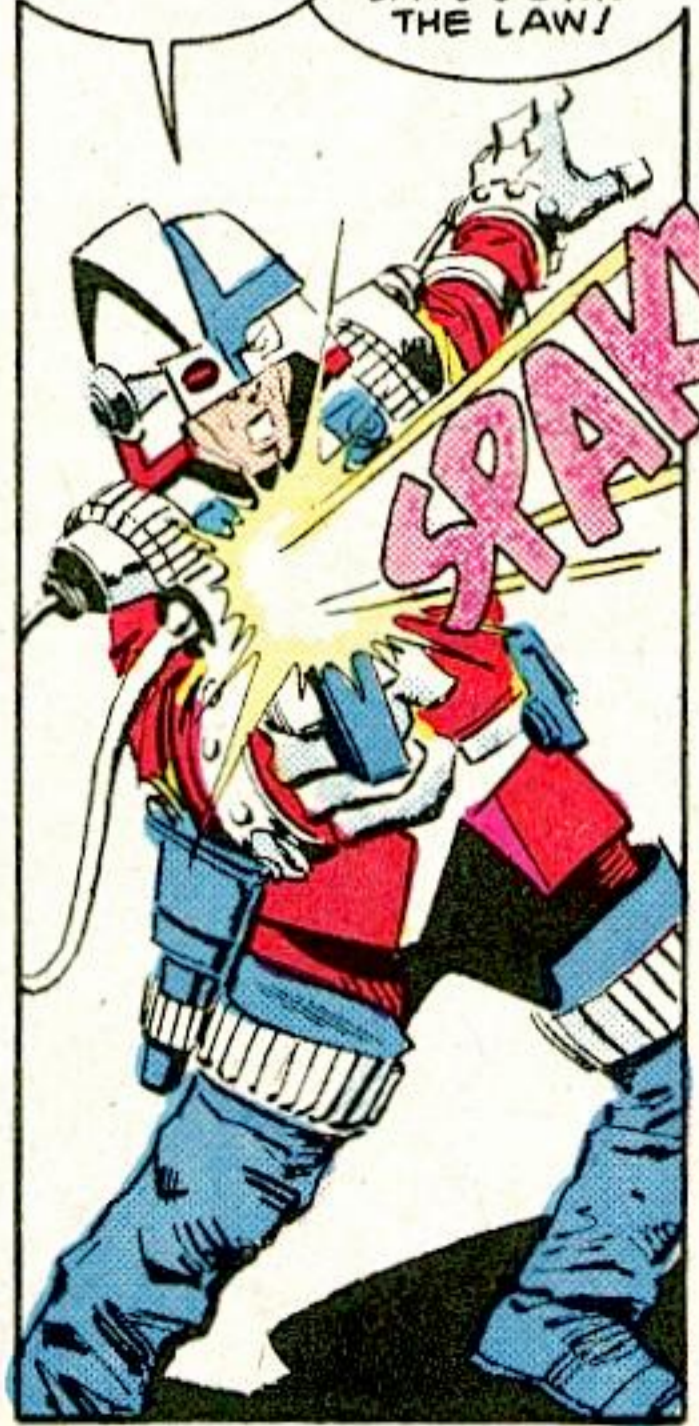
...AN ARMED REBUKE!

JAY-WALKING MAY BE A MISDEMEANOR, BUT IT DOOTH NOT MERIT...

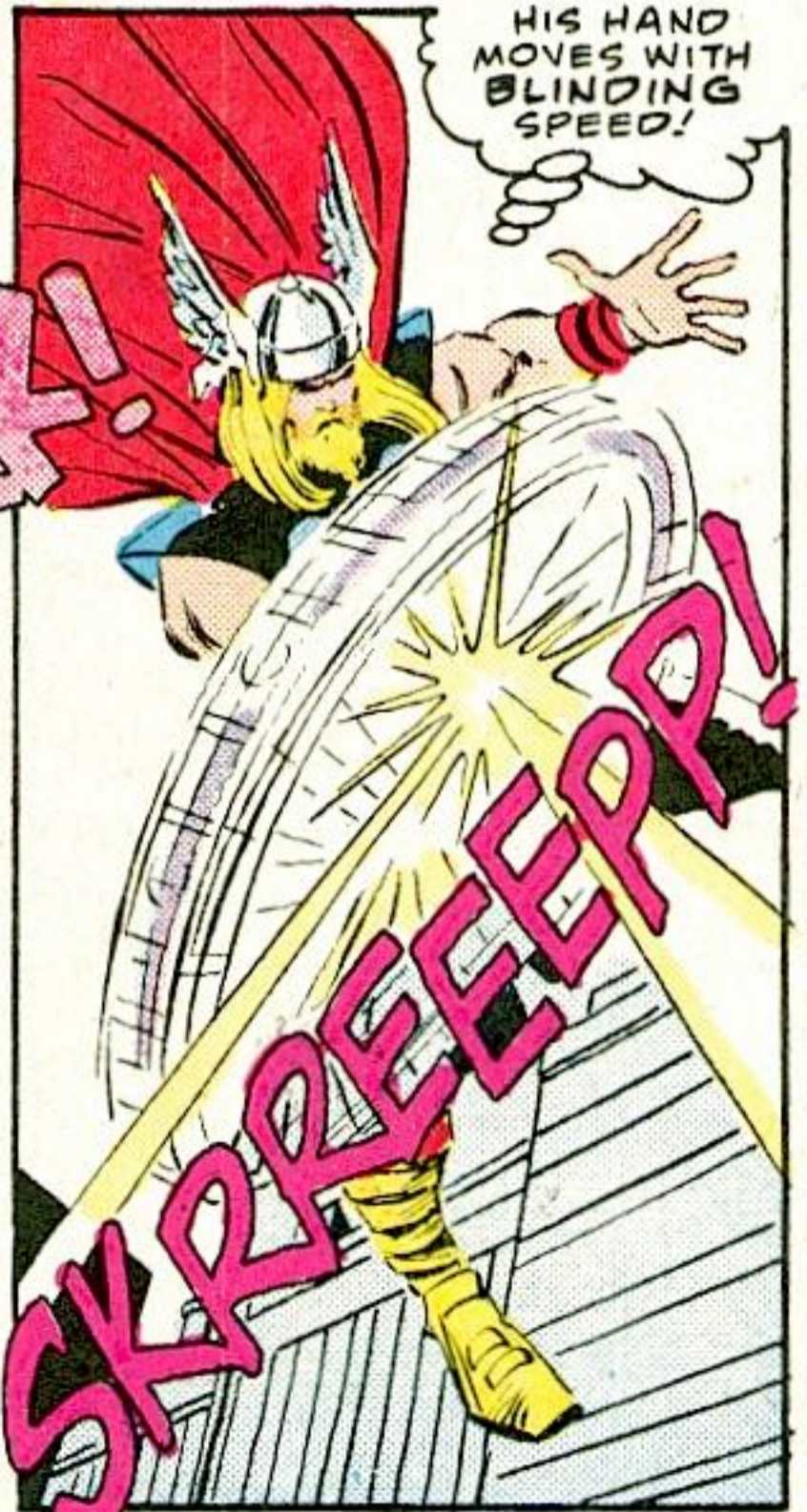
YOU GOT A LOT TO SAY, DON'T YOU, CITIZEN?

BUT NOBODY TALKS BACK TO A JUSTICE!

AND JUSTICE PEACE LAYS DOWN THE LAW!



SPAKK!



HIS HAND MOVES WITH BLINDING SPEED!

SKRRREEEP!



THE BUILDING WALL DISSOLVES IN FLAMES! HIS GUN MUST HAVE FIRED SOME KIND OF INCENDIARY MISSILE.



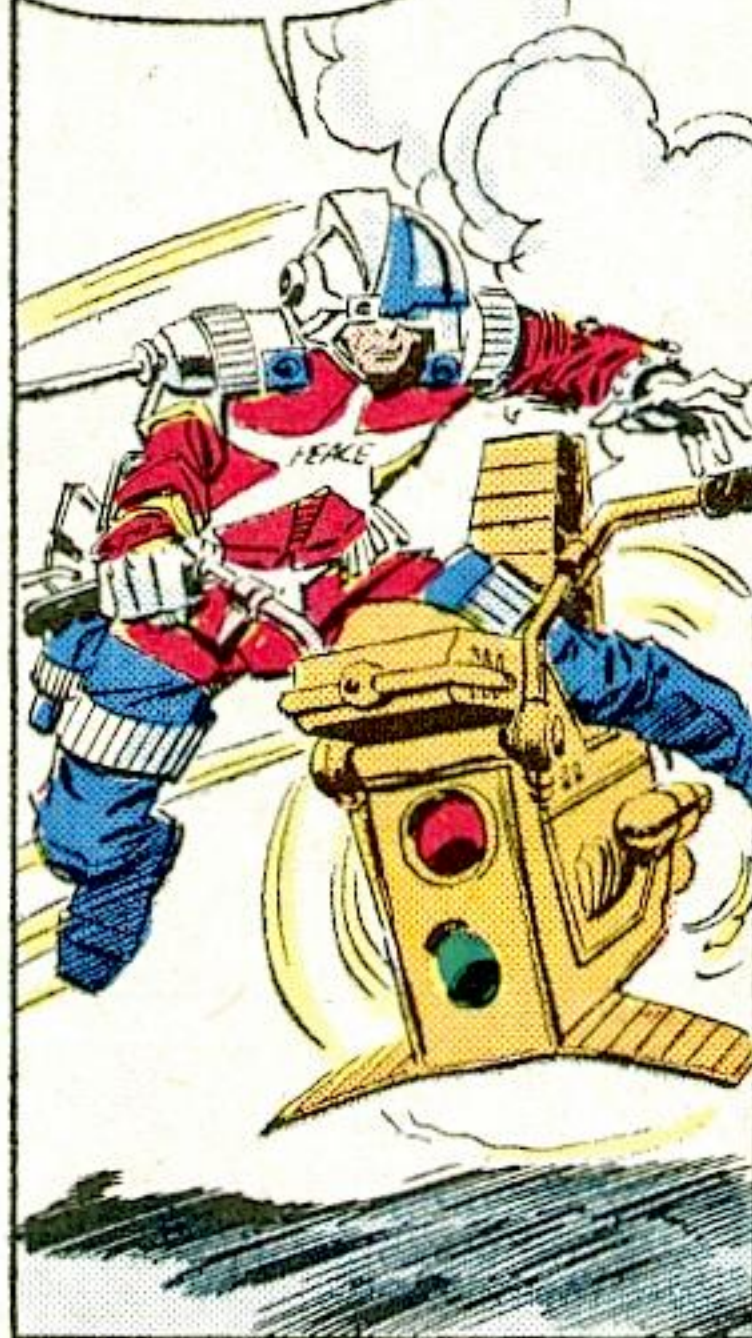
MY FOE'S WEAPONS ARE MUCH TOO POWERFUL TO ALLOW HIM TO USE THEM AGAIN!

KRAGGIT! THIS IS NO ORDINARY CRIMINAL!

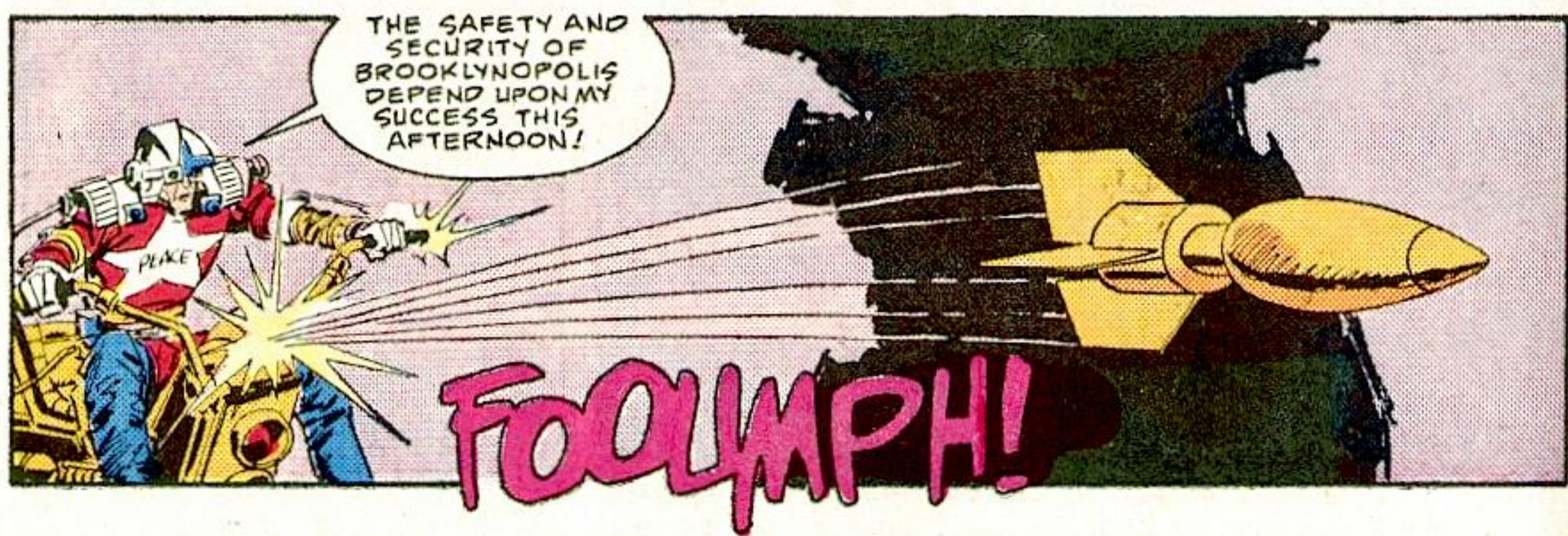


ONLY MY ENERGY-ENHANCED UNION-SKINS SAVED ME!

HE HAS TO BE ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SUPER-POWERED VIGILANTES WHO INHABITED THIS LAWLESS ERA.

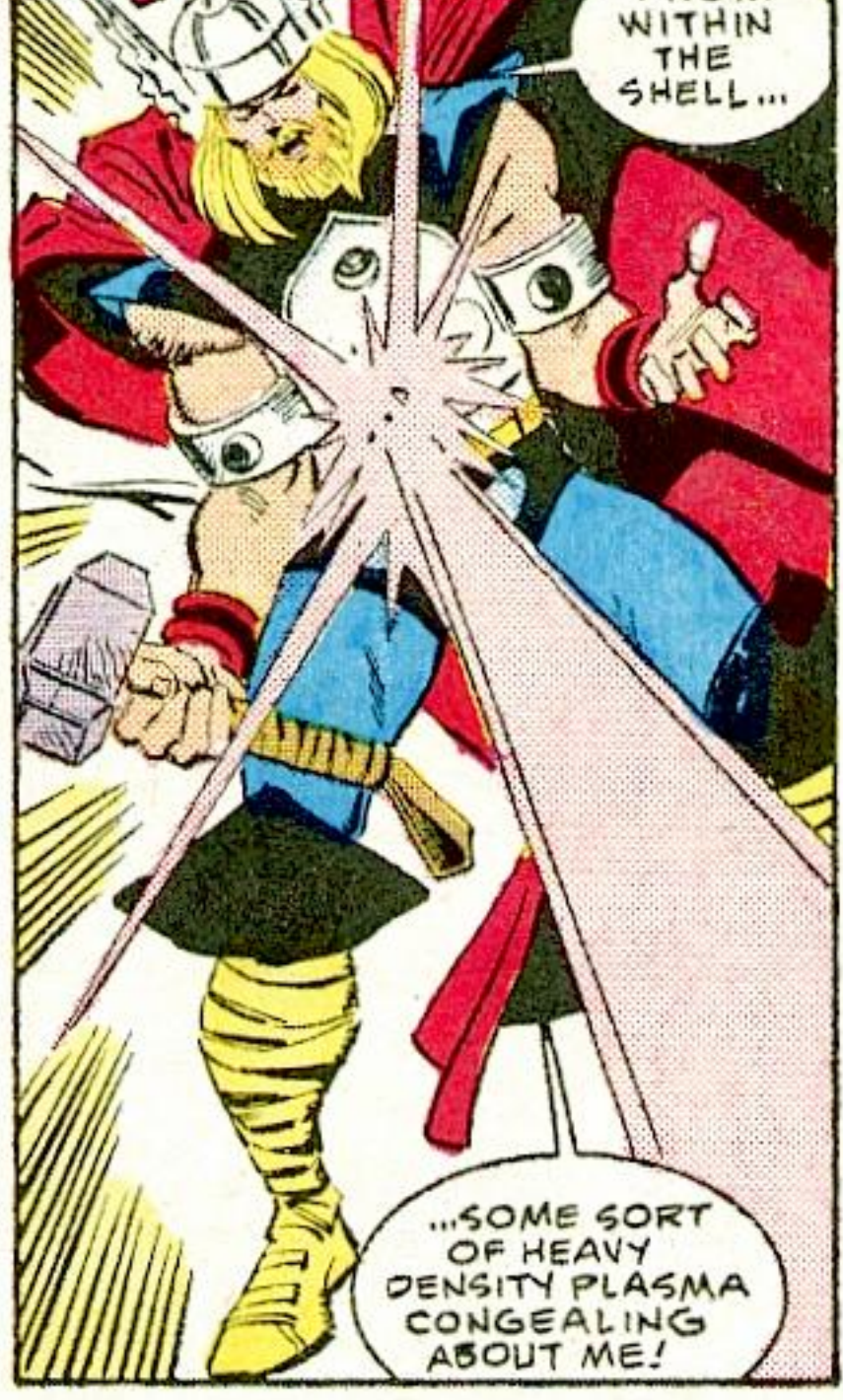


I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!



THE SAFETY AND SECURITY OF BROOKLYNOPSIS DEPEND UPON MY SUCCESS THIS AFTERNOON!

# SPAWANG!



FROM WITHIN THE SHELL...

...SOME SORT OF HEAVY DENSITY PLASMA CONGEALING ABOUT ME!

THE EXPANDING MOLECULES HAVE HARDENED INTO A RESTRAINING DEVICE!



ONE WHICH EVEN I CAN NOT SEEM TO SHATTER!

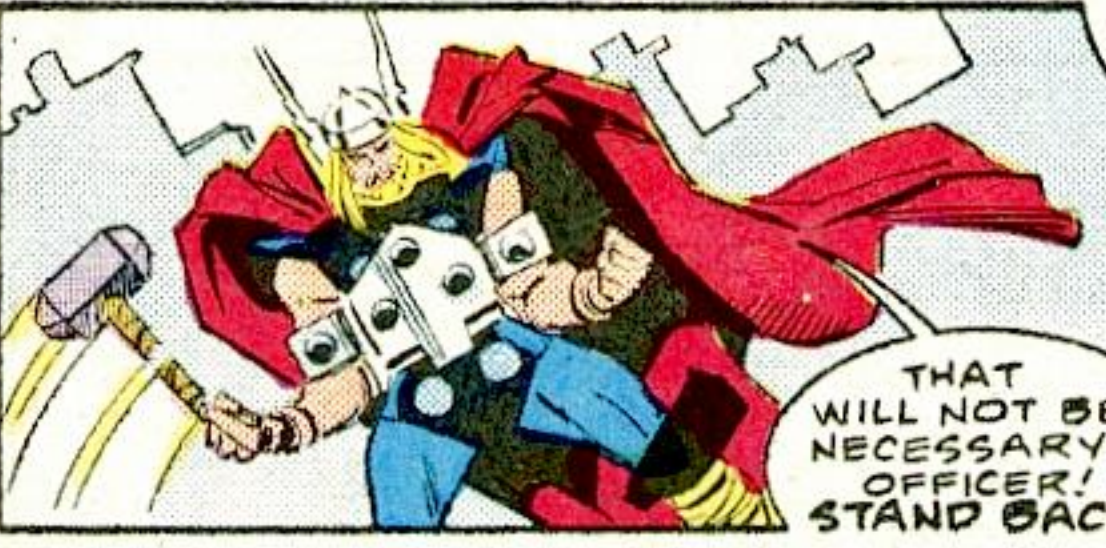
I'M SORRY, CITIZEN, BUT JUSTICE DEFRAYED, NOT JUSTICE DELAYED!

PEDAL METAL, HOP-SIKLE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

GOOD LORD! IT'S THOR! WHO COULD HAVE HOGTIED HIM LIKE THAT?

SHOULD I CALL SOME BACKUP, SERGEANT?

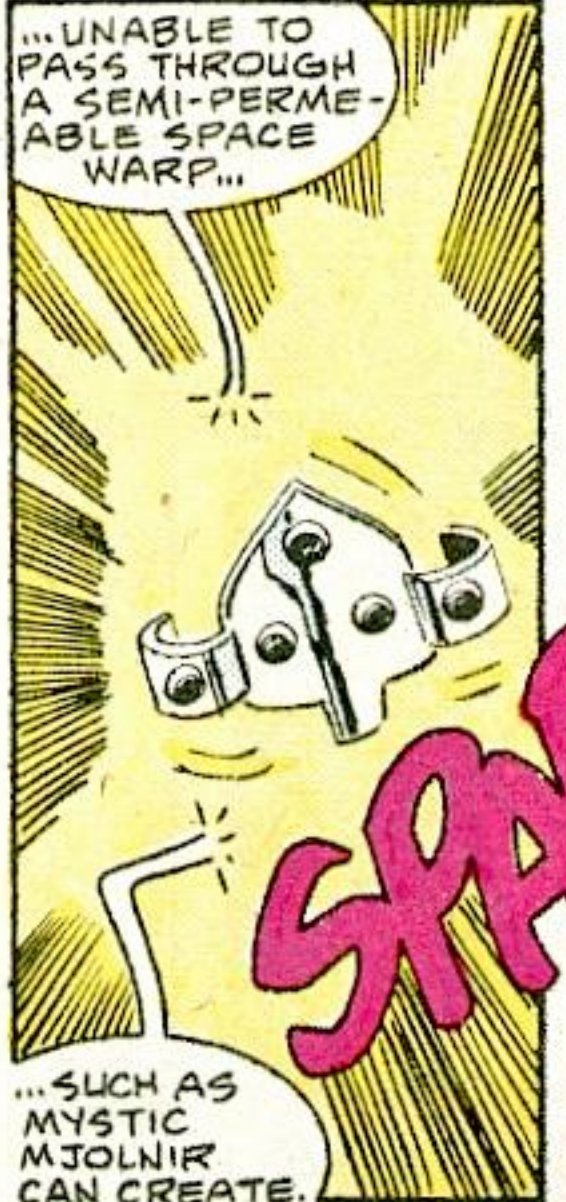


THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, OFFICER! STAND BACK!



THOUGH THE DEVICE RESISTS MY STRENGTH, IT IS A MATERIAL OBJECT...

...AND HENCE...



...UNABLE TO PASS THROUGH A SEMI-PERMEABLE SPACE WARP...

...SUCH AS MYSTIC MJOLNIR CAN CREATE.



# SPAPPE! CLUNKK!



I AM NOT SO RESTRICTED.

UH, RIGHT. NO PROBLEM.

BUT THAT STILL LEAVES THE QUESTION OF OUR MYSTERIOUS CYCLIST'S WHEREABOUTS UNANSWERED.

AND AS THOR PONDER'S HIS NEXT MOVE, SOMEWHERE FAR, FAR AWAY...

I HAVE DREAMT ABOUT YOU OFTEN OF LATE, SON OF ODIN.

YOU WERE QUITE A HERO WHEN YOU BROKE INTO HEL AND DEFEATED HELA.\*

HER MINIONS AND SUBJECTS STILL SPEAK OF IT.

\*THOR 360/362-Ralf-eth.

AND THE KNOWLEDGE BURNS HER LIKE A RAGING FIRE.

BEFORE I AM THROUGH WITH YOU, THOR, YOU WILL COME CRAWLING TO ME, BEGGING FOR DEATH'S FINAL EMBRACE!

SO I HAVE DECIDED TO GRANT YOU A GIFT.

AND HELA WILL BE REVENGED!

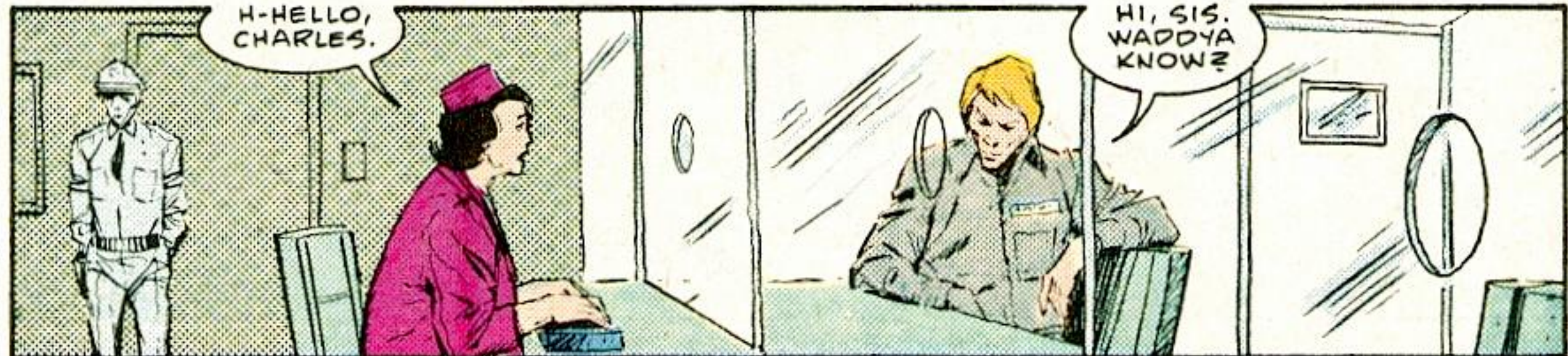
MEANWHILE, IN SKRAGGMORE PENITENTIARY, JUST OUTSIDE CHICAGO...



THROUGH HERE, MA'AM.

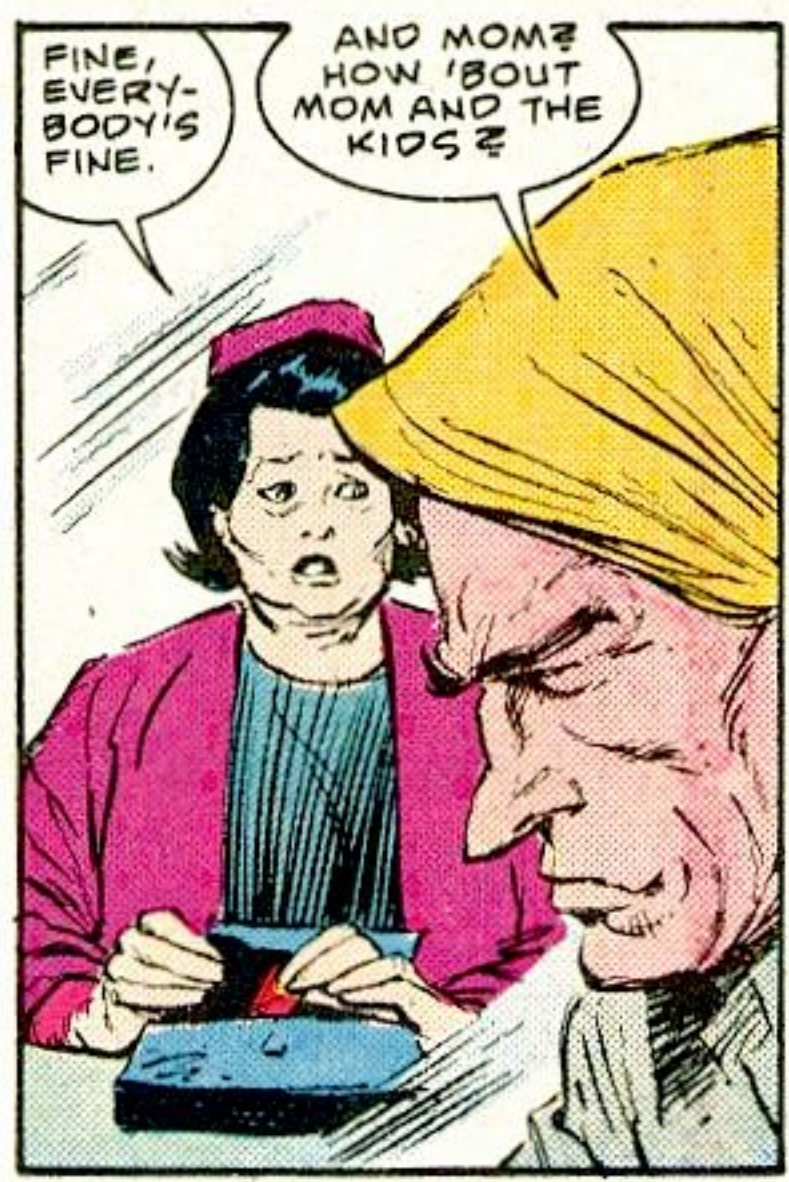


BE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN, MA'AM. VISITING HOURS ARE ABOUT OVER.



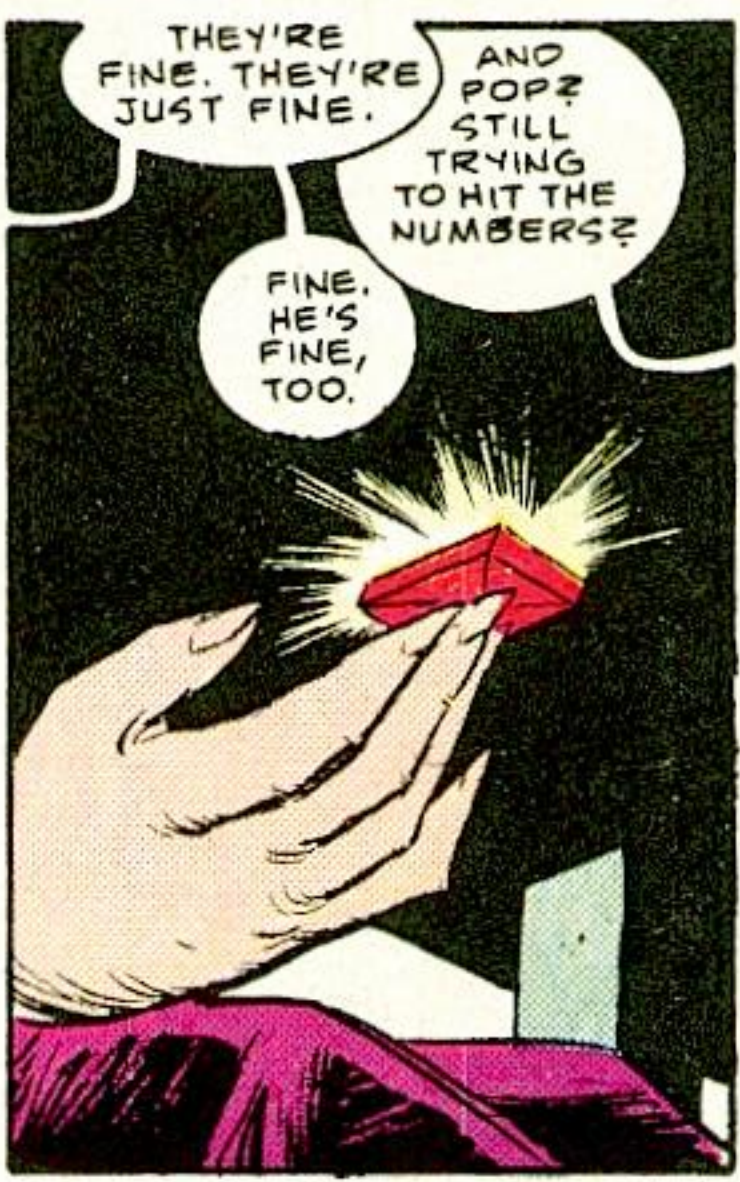
H-HELLO, CHARLES.

HI, SIS. WADDYA KNOW?



FINE, EVERYBODY'S FINE.

AND MOM? HOW 'BOUT MOM AND THE KIDS?



THEY'RE FINE. THEY'RE JUST FINE.

AND POP? STILL TRYING TO HIT THE NUMBERS?

FINE, HE'S FINE, TOO.



GLAD TO HEAR IT, SIS.

DROP BY ANYTIME, HUH?

FINE. THAT'S JUST FINE, CHARLES. GOODBYE.





AT LAST! THATCHER CAME THROUGH!

AND THAT MEANS I'VE GOT MY TICKET OUTA HERE!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES IN THE YARD, WOLFE.

THEN YOU'RE COMING IN.

THEY'RE STILL SCARED OF ME AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

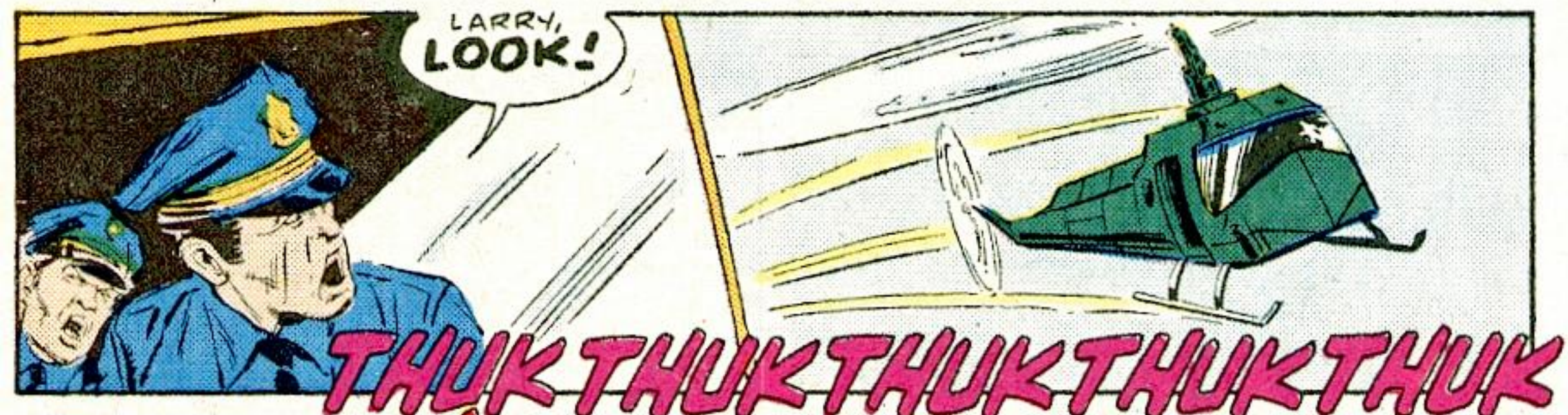
GOOD.



HEY, WHAT'S HE DOING?

DROP THAT THING, WOLFE. WHATEVER IT IS, DROP IT!

'CAUSE NOW THEY'RE GONNA BE TOO LATE TO STOP ME!



LARRY, LOOK!

**THUK THUK THUK THUK THUK**



**PLOMPH! PLOMPH!**

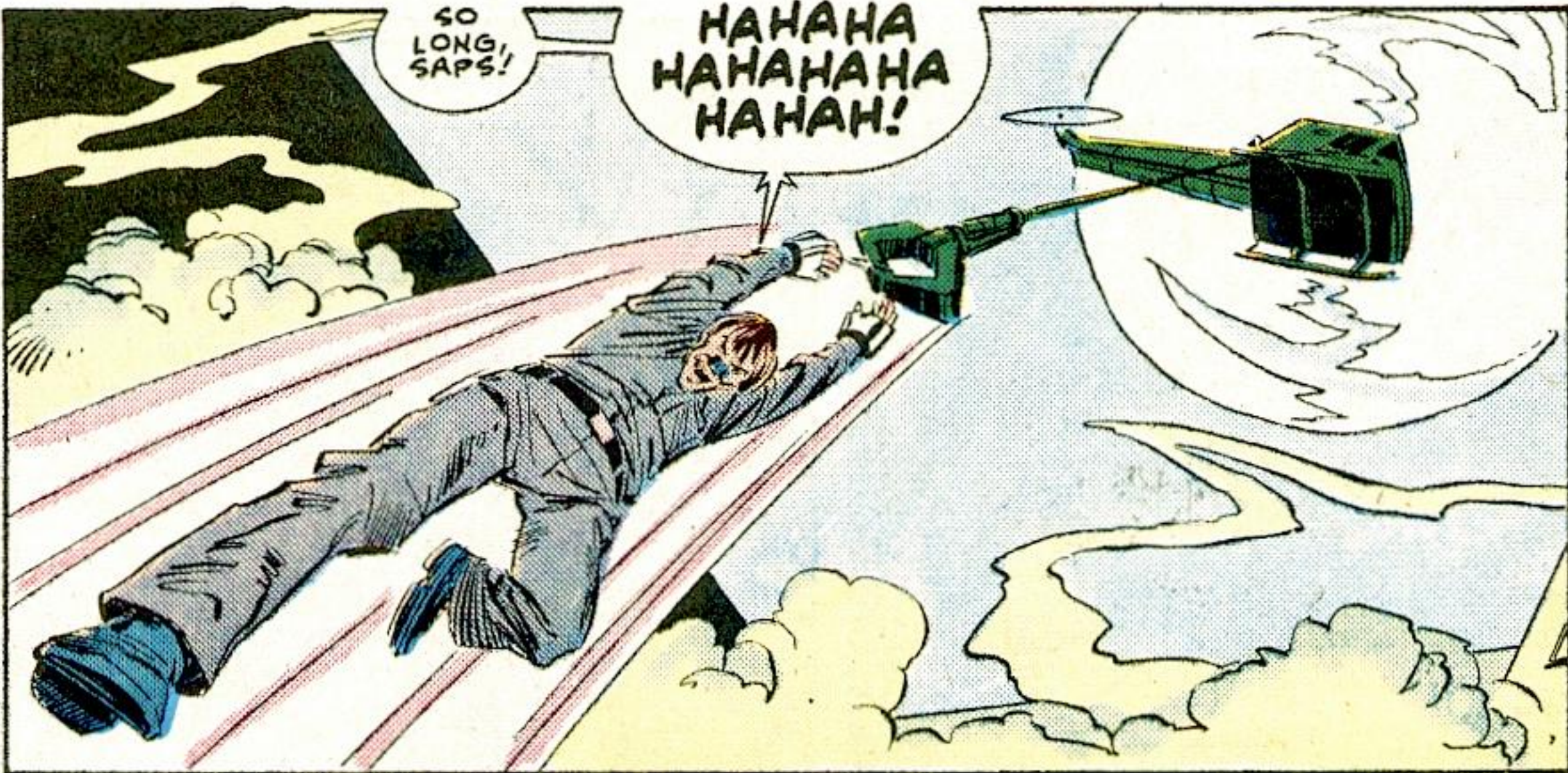


**QUOAWF!**

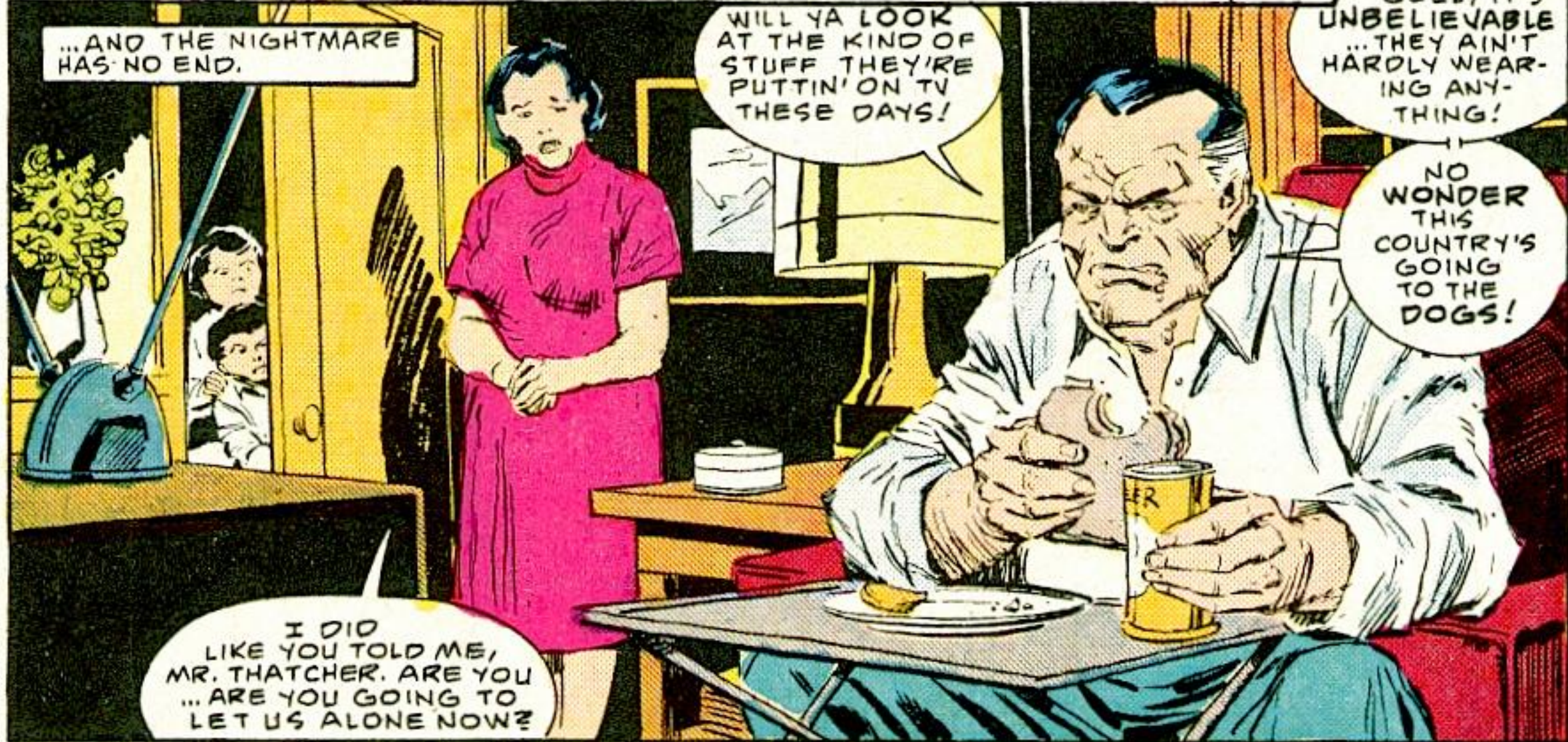


HIT THE KOFF ALARM, FAST! KOFF KOFF

GAGGG!!







...AND THE NIGHTMARE HAS NO END.

WILL YA LOOK AT THE KIND OF STUFF THEY'RE PUTTIN' ON TV THESE DAYS!

GEEZ, IT'S UNBELIEVABLE ... THEY AIN'T HARDLY WEARING ANYTHING!

NO WONDER THIS COUNTRY'S GOING TO THE DOGS!

I DID LIKE YOU TOLD ME, MR. THATCHER. ARE YOU ... ARE YOU GOING TO LET US ALONE NOW?



WHINE, WHINE, WHINE! YOU JUST LOVE TO WHINE, DON'CHAZ?

THIS DEAL IS COSTING ME ALL THE MONEY I HAD SQUIRRELED AWAY, BUT IT'S GONNA BE WORTH IT.

NO, I AIN'T LEAVING NOW! AND MAYBE I AIN'T EVER GONNA LEAVE! I LIKE IT HERE!

AND TILL I MAKE SURE NOTHING GOES WRONG, I'M STAYING!



NOW, GET BACK IN THE BEDROOMS, ALL OF YOU, AND DON'T COME OUT TILL I CALL YOU!

AND RUBY, DON'T BE SO FORMAL. CALL ME THUG.



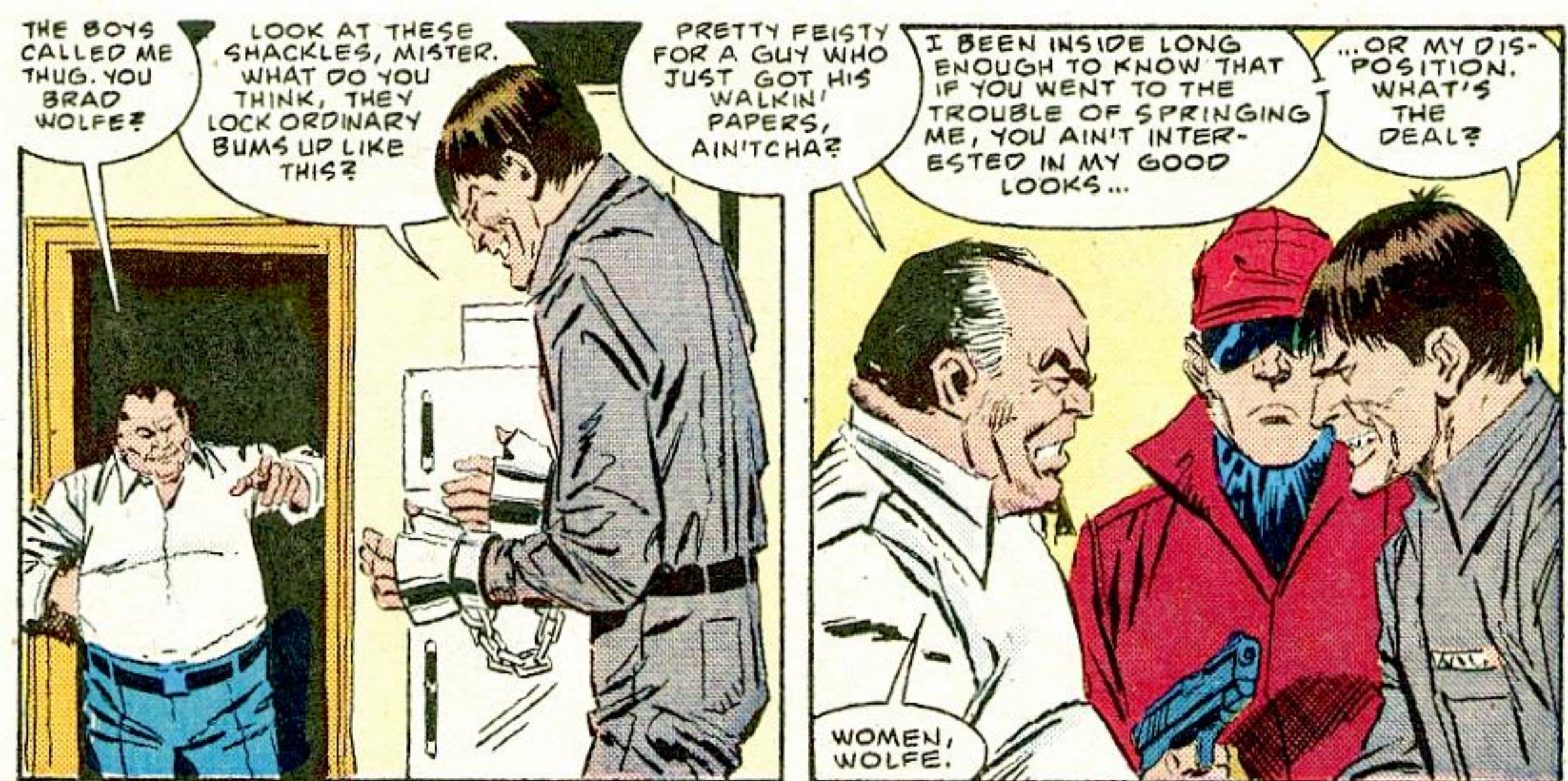
OUTSIDE, THE NIGHT TURNS ANGRY AS THE WIND BEGINS TO HOWL.

THE TREES QUIVER IN ANTICIPATION OF THE APPROACHING STORM...



... AND THE SLAMMING OF THE BACK DOOR IS ALL BUT INAUDIBLE BEYOND THE PORCH.

THATCHER?



THE BOYS CALLED ME THUG. YOU BRAD WOLFE?

LOOK AT THESE SHACKLES, MISTER. WHAT DO YOU THINK, THEY LOCK ORDINARY BUMS UP LIKE THIS?

PRETTY FEISTY FOR A GUY WHO JUST GOT HIS WALKIN' PAPERS, AIN'TCHAZ?

I BEEN INSIDE LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT IF YOU WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF SPRINGING ME, YOU AINT INTERESTED IN MY GOOD LOOKS...

...OR MY DISPOSITION. WHAT'S THE DEAL?

WOMEN, WOLFE.



OR AT LEAST ONE WOMAN. AN EX-NURSE NAMED JANE FOSTER.

SHE'S GOT SOME OLD CONNECTION TO THOR. AND WHEN SHE'S DEAD, IT'S GONNA GIVE THOR A LOT OF PAIN.

I NEVER FORGET HIM! I HATE HIM FOREVER!

GOOD, KELLEN, UNLOCK HIM.

THE SHACKLES ARE ELECTRONIC. HOW ARE YOU--?

WITH THIS, BRIGHT BOY.

YOU REMEMBER THOR?



WE'LL JUST JAM THE FREQUENCY...

... THEN USE A MINIATURE SYNTHESIZER TO REACTIVATE THE TUMBLERS...

... AND PRESTO.

BUT DON'T GET ANY SMART IDEAS. IT'S A HAIR TRIGGER.

MY KNIVES! I CAN FEEL MY KNIVES AGAIN!





I... I THOUGHT HE HAD A KNIFE.

YOU JERK! YOU BLEW IT!

**SLAPP!**



YOU DIDN'T WATCH HIM CLOSE ENOUGH AND NOW EVERYTHING'S RUINED!

ZANIAC WOULD'VE KILLED THAT FOSTER DAME FOR US AND NOBODY WOULD'VE BEEN WISE TO US.



HE'D HAVE FRIED FOR IT AND WE'D HAVE BEEN LAUGHING FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!

NOW WE GOT NOTHING.



I... I'M SORRY, RUBY.

I DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR KIDS.



HEY, THUG?

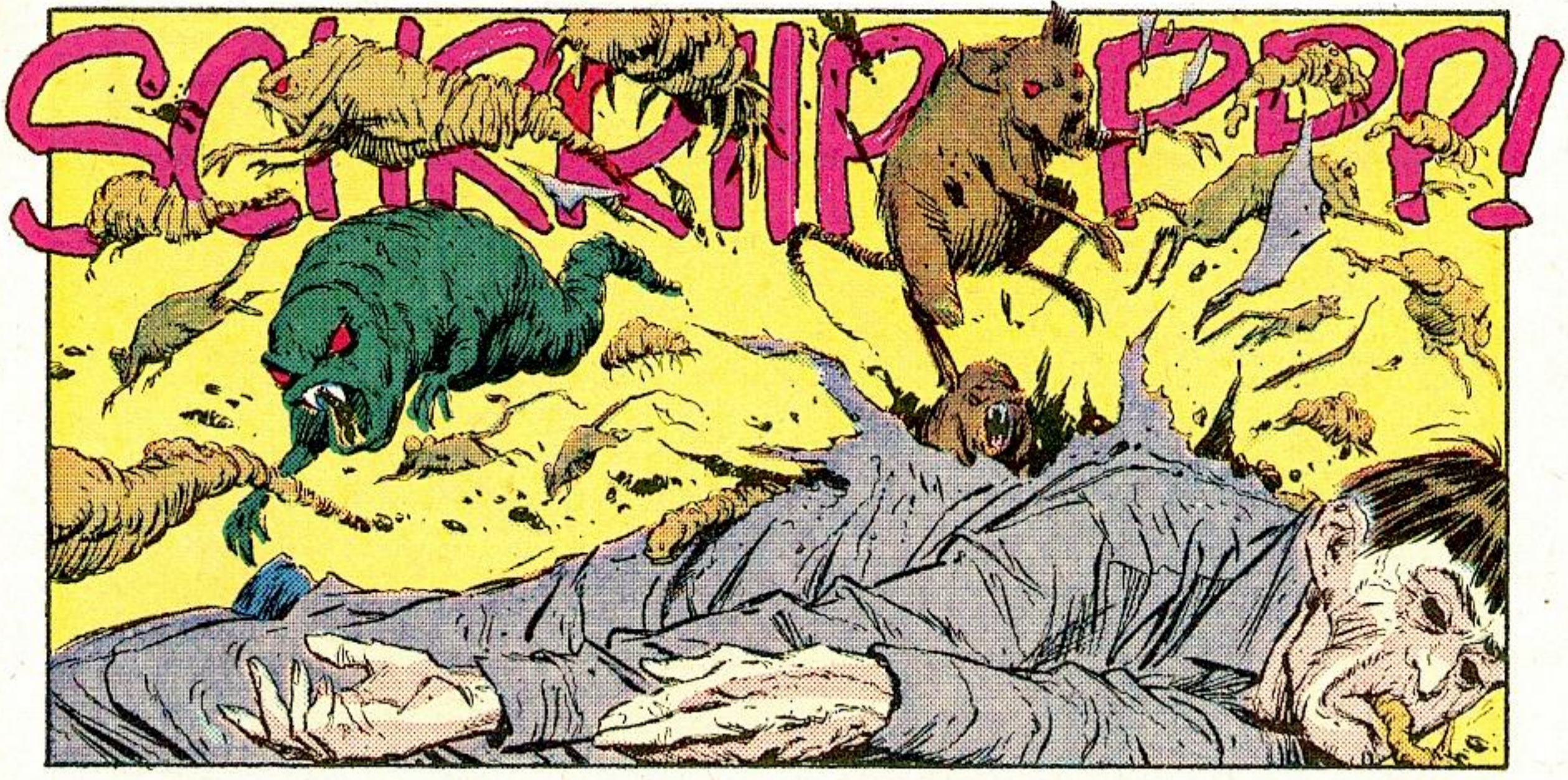
WADDYA WANT, KELLENZ? AIN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ONE DAY?



MAYBE I DIDN'T KILL HIM.

HUH? OH MY GOD!

**KATHUMP! KATHUMP! KATHUMP!**



**SCREECH! CRIP! POP!**



THUG!!

GET BACK, KELLEN!  
**GET BACK!**

THEY'RE COMING RIGHT FOR US!



**SHHH!**



SHOOT, KELLEN!  
SHOOT 'EM!

**KAPOW!**  
**KAPOW!**  
**KAPOW!**



**KAPOW!**  
**KAPOW!**  
**KAPOW!**

SHOOT!  
SHOOT!  
SHOOT!



**JANE  
FOSTER!!**

**THROOOO BOOM!**



AND AT LAST THE FULL FURY  
OF THE STORM BREAKS  
OVER CHICAGO AS...

...THE  
**ZANIAC**  
LIVES AGAIN!

Next. Thor sees an old flame  
and her candle goes  
out!!

BE  
HERE  
FOR--

**WITHOUT JUSTICE  
THERE IS NO PEACE!**