

THE MIGHTY

VALKYRIES

MARVEL

2

LGY#16

AARON
GRØNBEKK
DE IULIS
D'URSO
MENYZ





AFTER THE VALKYRIES—ASGARDIAN WARRIORS CHARGED WITH FERRYING THE SOULS OF THE DEAD TO THEIR ETERNAL REWARD—WERE ALL KILLED IN THE WAR OF THE REALMS, DOCTOR JANE FOSTER TOOK UP UNDRJARN, THE ALL-WEAPON, AND BECAME THE LAST KNOWN VALKYRIE.

BUT THERE WAS ACTUALLY ANOTHER VALKYRIE OUT THERE—ONE LOST TO TIME AND TRAGEDY. AFTER FREEING THIS ANCIENT WARRIOR AND HELPING HER RECLAIM HER LEGENDARY WEAPON—THE AX JARNBJORN—JANE RETURNED TO MIDGARD, WHILE HER NEWFOUND ALLY SET OUT TO REDISCOVER HER OWN NAME AND PAST, LOST IN MILLENNIA OF IMPRISONMENT.

IT TOOK THE VOICE OF AN ORACLE TO RESURRECT THAT NAME: RÚNA. BUT THE ORACLE IS UNDER LOCK AND KEY...AND RÚNA IS ABOUT TO BREAK DOWN THE DOOR.

AND ON MIDGARD, A SHAPE-SHIFTING WOLF ROAMS THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN. LOKI CLAIMS THE CREATURE—THE CHILDREN OF FENRIS—is HUNTING THE GODS. BUT THE SHAPE-SHIFTER, WHO CALLS THEMSELVES “MORE,” SWEARS THEY HAVE A DIFFERENT AGENDA...

THE MIGHTY VALKYRIES

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HEL. A FEW WEEKS AGO.

HEL IS NOT WHAT PEOPLE EXPECT. IT IS WHAT THEY DESERVE.

THIS MEANS THAT FOR MOST, IT IS RATHER MUNDANE.

(AND AS AFTERLIVES GO, YOU CAN DO A LOT WORSE THAN MUNDANE.)

HEL IS AN ECHO OF WHAT HAS BEEN. THERE IS NO DISCOVERY HERE. NOTHING BEGINS, AND NOTHING ENDS.

WHATEVER WAS, IS.

WITH HER WIFE, HELA, TRAVELING, KARNILLA IS THE SOLE QUEEN OF THIS CURIOUS REALM. A REALM THAT MORPHS AND CHANGES AT HER WILL, YET REMAINS, IN ESSENCE, THE SAME--A PLACE FOR THE DEAD.

AND THOUGH SHE KNOWS THAT IT IS FUTILE TO LOOK FOR LIFE IN THE AFTER...

...THAT IS WHAT SHE IS DOING.



AND ON HER DARKEST DAYS,
KARNILLA FINDS HERSELF
WONDERING WHO WOULD
WAIT FOR HER WHEN HER
TIME COMES.



IT WAS LOVE
THAT LED HER
TO THIS ROLE.

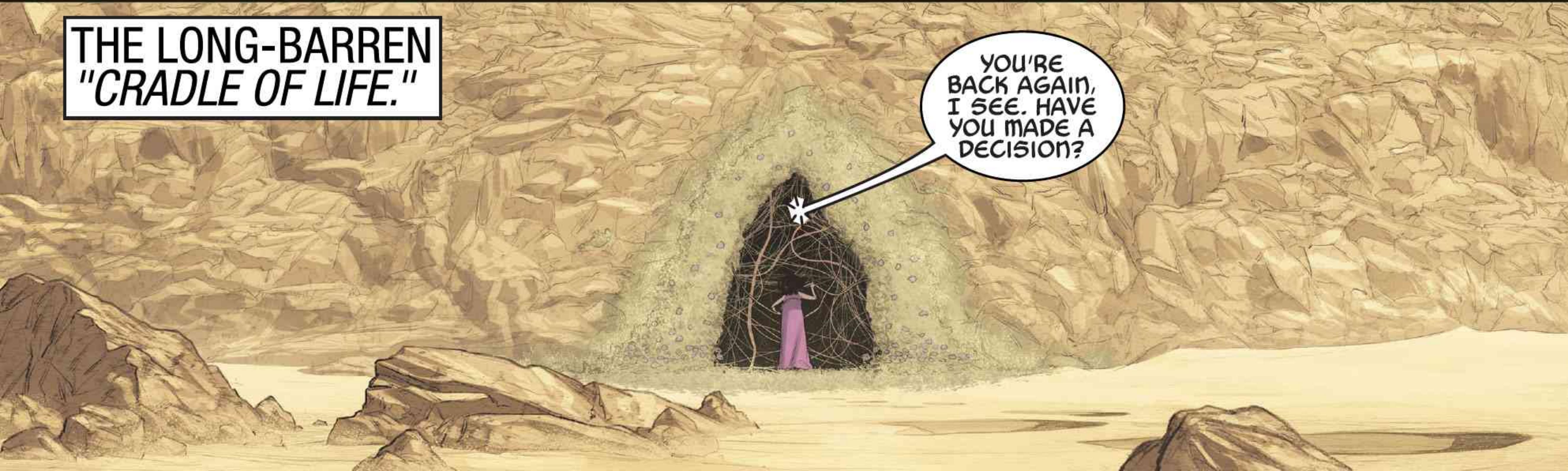
IT WAS HER
CHOICE.

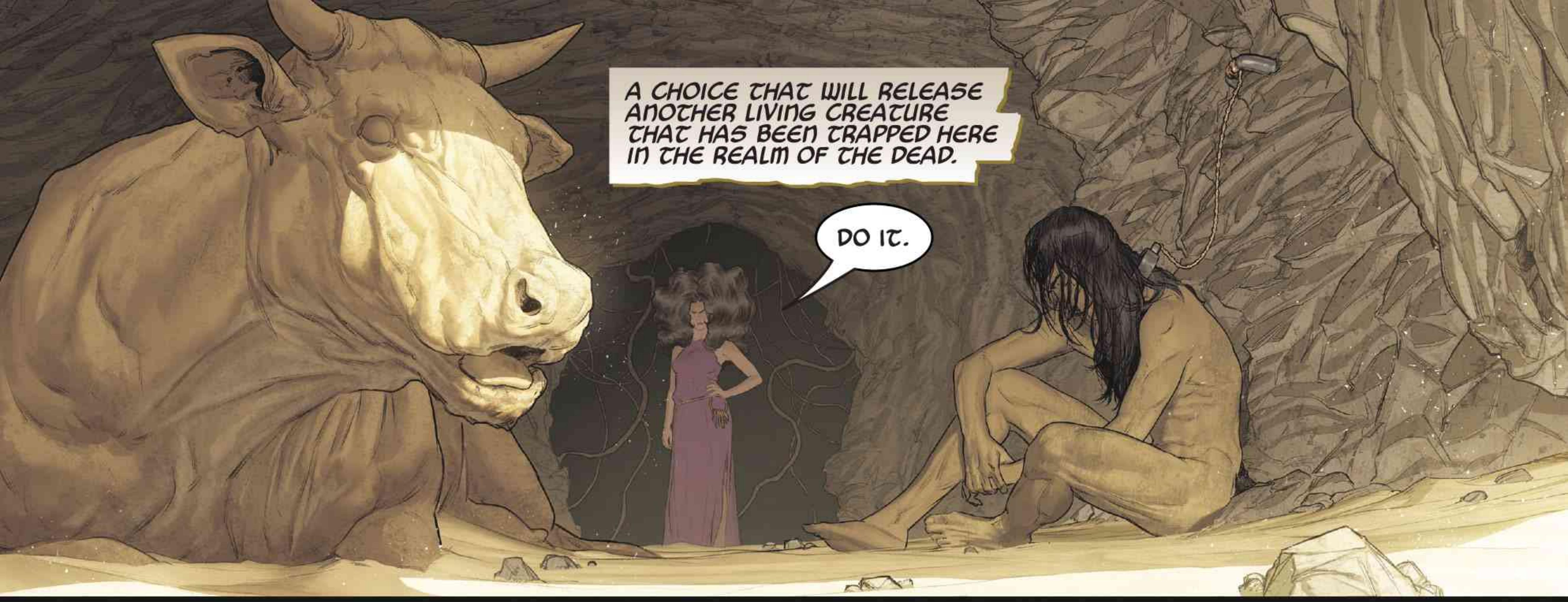
AND NOW SHE IS
ABOUT TO MAKE
ANOTHER.



THE LONG-BARREN
"CRADLE OF LIFE."

YOU'RE
BACK AGAIN,
I SEE. HAVE
YOU MADE A
DECISION?





A CHOICE THAT WILL RELEASE
ANOTHER LIVING CREATURE
THAT HAS BEEN TRAPPED HERE
IN THE REALM OF THE DEAD.

DO IT.



YOU
FIRST.



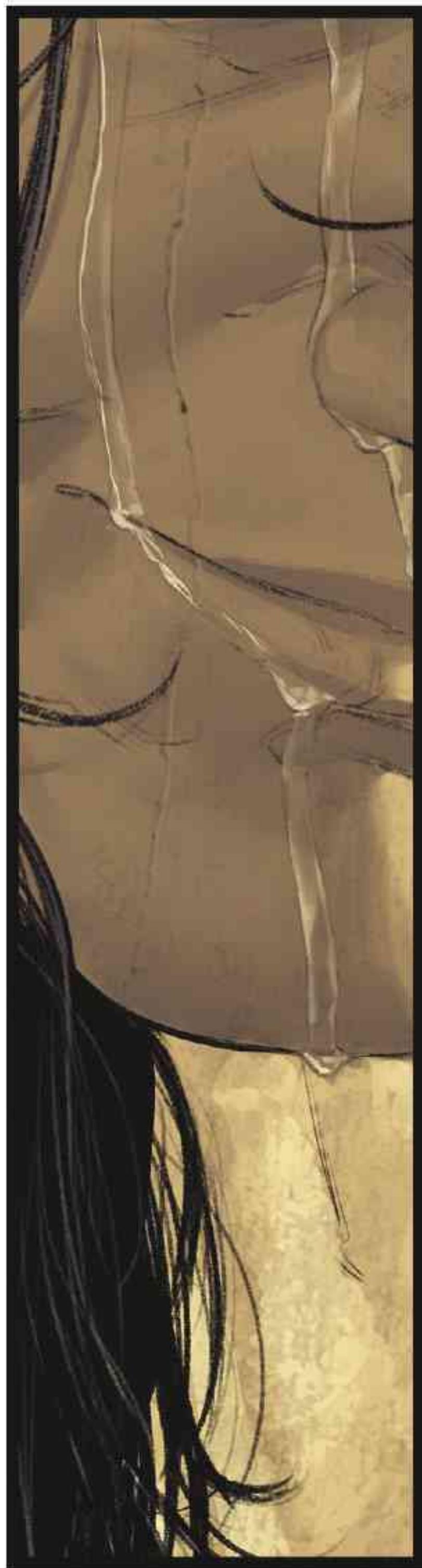
AS SHE REACHES TO UNDO THE LOCK
AROUND THEIR NECK, KARNILLA IS
TEMPTED TO ASK FOR REASSURANCE.

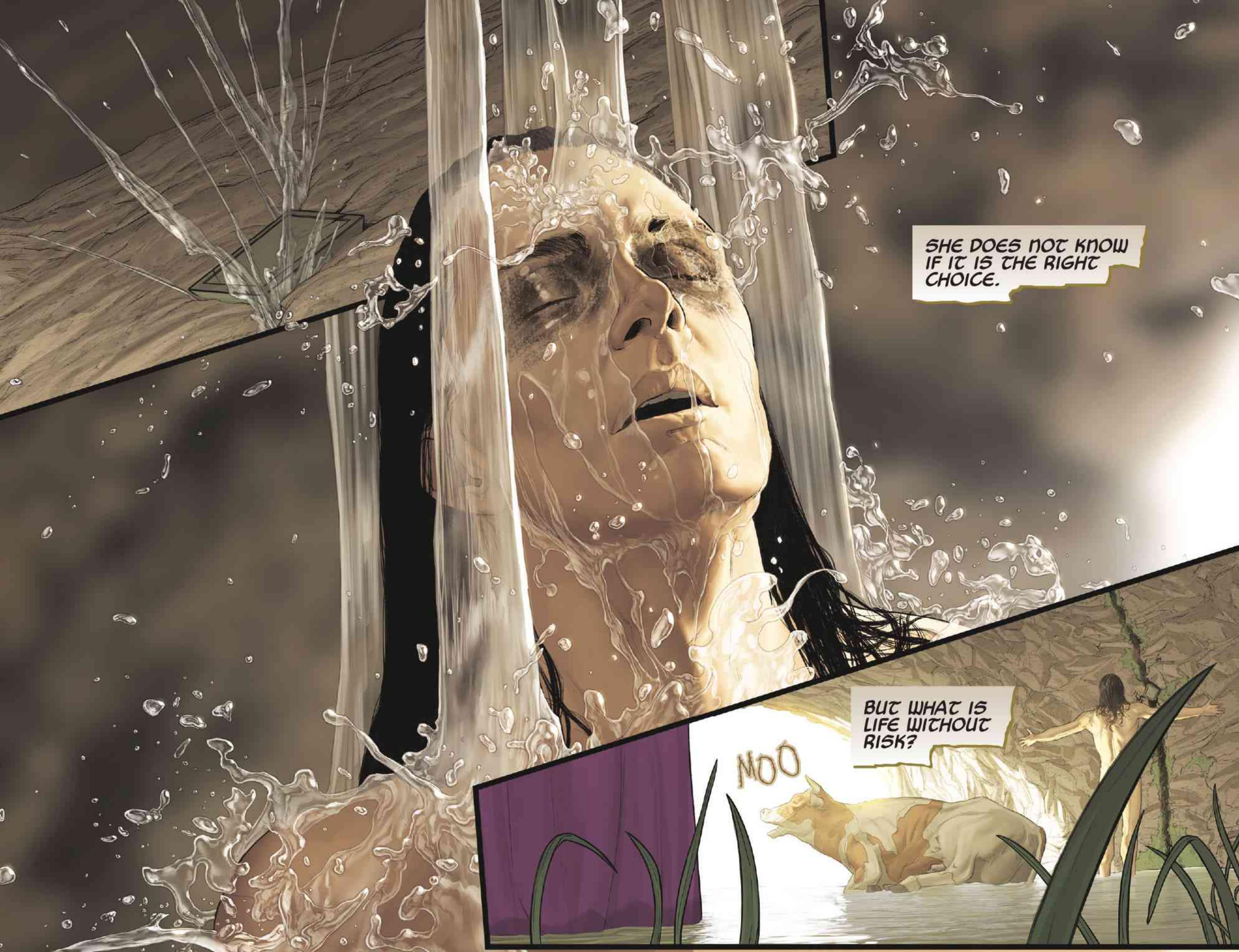


ASK THIS CREATURE THAT
CALLS ITSELF MORE TO
PROMISE HER SHE WILL
NOT REGRET THIS.



BUT THE BARGAIN HAS
BEEN MADE--MORE'S
FREEDOM FOR THE
WATERS OF
URDARBRUNNR.





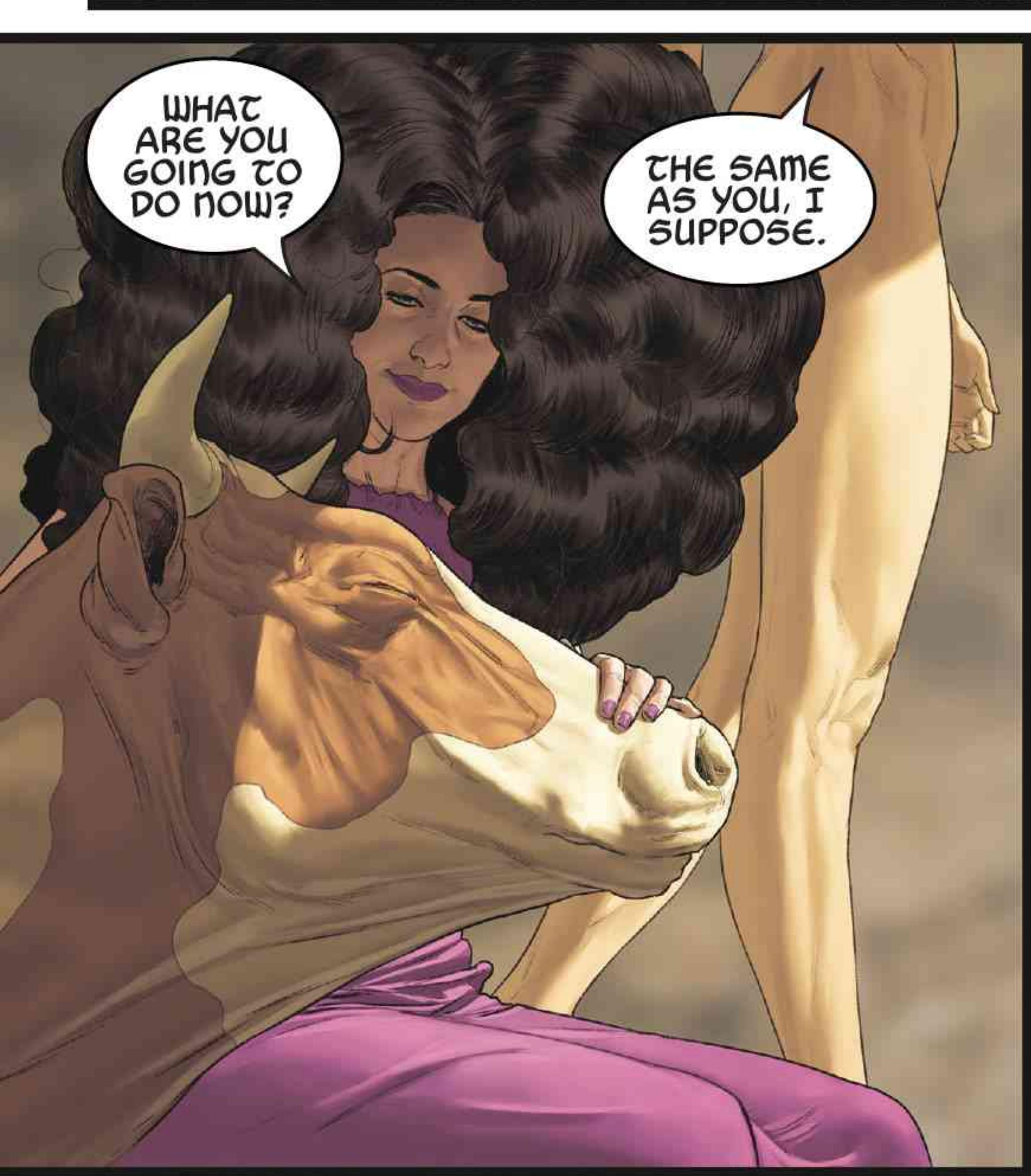
SHE DOES NOT KNOW IF IT IS THE RIGHT CHOICE.



BUT WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT RISK?

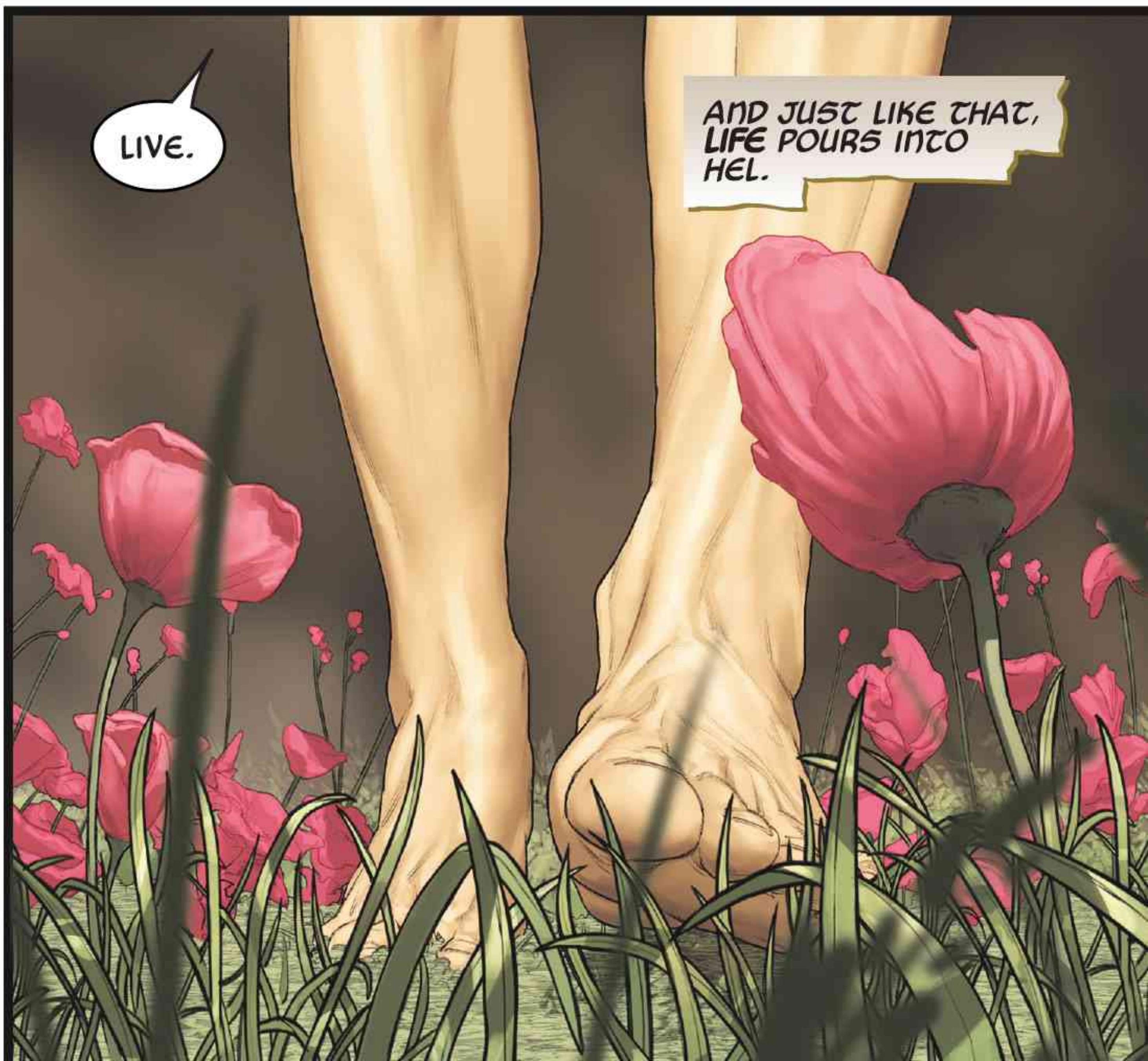


THE SACRED WATER REVIVES THE GROUND.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

THE SAME AS YOU, I SUPPOSE.



LIVE.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, LIFE POURS INTO HEL.

NEW YORK. NOW.

JANE
FOSTER. JANEY?
NO...THAT WAS
WHAT YOUR
AUNT CALLED
YOU.

YOU
USED TO
HATE IT.

YOU
LIKE TULIPS.
AND BATH
BOMBS.

FRESHLY
LAUNDERED
PAJAMAS. THE
SCENT OF
HAREBELL IN
VALHALLA.

LIGHT
PLEASURES.
THERE ARE
DARKER ONES
AS WELL.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!

SO MUCH
SACRIFICE.

IT'S THE
EASY WAY
OUT.

YOU LIKE
TO WAIT UNTIL
YOUR ICE CREAM IS
SOFT. LIKE...A
MILKSHAKE.

SO MANY
BATTLES. IN
HOSPITALS, IN
THE SKY.

YOU LIKE
IT--THE FIGHTS.
YOU CRAVE
THEM.

LOVED.

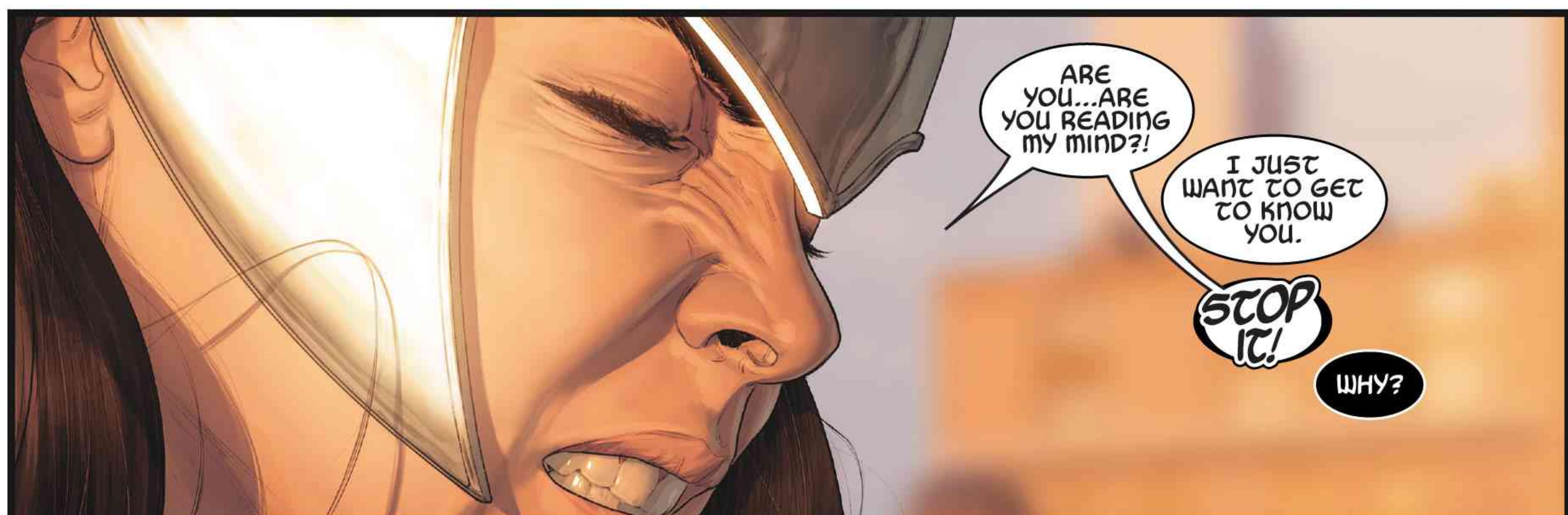
BUT NOT
ENOUGH.

WORTHY.

ANGRY.

DOCTOR.

VALKYRIE.



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THIS IS.

IT'S INVASIVE AND
PRIVATE AND,
FRANKLY, QUITE
RUDE.

I'M... I'M SORRY.
I DIDN'T KNOW
IT WAS BAD.

IT'S JUST...
YOU'RE LIKE US.
THE MĀNAGARMR.
THE MOON HOUNDS.
THERE'S DUALITY
IN YOU.

LOKI IS MANY
THINGS, BUT
STUPID ISN'T
ONE OF THEM.

CARELESS.

INFURIATING.
THEATRICAL.
OVERBEARING.

I AM
NOTHING
LIKE YOU.

HOW
WOULD YOU
KNOW?

TOO CURIOUS
FOR HIS OWN
BOR-DAMNED
GOOD.

HEY!

BUT NOT
STUPID.

SO AN ENEMY OF
LOKI'S ISN'T
NECESSARILY
MY FRIEND.

HE WANTED THIS CREATURE CHAINED UP.

BUT WHATEVER ANGER MORE BROUGHT WITH THEM LEFT WITH THE GOD OF MISCHIEF.

AND ALL THAT REMAINS NOW IS JOY.

HOW WOULD I KNOW?

UNF!

EN GARDE!

WELL, FOR ONE, I DON'T KILL PEOPLE.

IS THIS ABOUT LOKI AGAIN? I TOLD YOU... I WAS ONLY GOING TO...

MAIM HIM A BIT--YEAH, I REMEMBER.

DO YOU WORK FOR HIM?

NO. BUT I'M A VALKYRIE, AND WE ARE BOUND TO PROTECT THE GODS. EVEN THE ONES WE DON'T MUCH CARE FOR. IF YOU'RE A THREAT TO THEM--

IF I'M SUCH A THREAT, WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? THE HORDE? THE ARMY OF VALKYRIES?

THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

no...

"ALL EXCEPT
ONE."



THE PLANET OF PERDITA, IN THE TEMPLE OF THE ORACLE.

THERE ARE LESS THAN
THREE WEAPONS IN THE
UNIVERSE CAPABLE OF
BREAKING THE MAGIC
SURROUNDING THE
ORACLE.

FORGED IN THE MOUNTAIN
FURNACES OF NIDAVELLIR
AND BLESSED BY THE BLOOD
OF THE THUNDER GOD...

...JARNBJORN IS
ONE OF THEM.



AS THE MAGICAL PROTECTION
BREAKS, SO DOES THE
DISGUISE THAT HAS HIDDEN
THE OLD GOD FOR CENTURIES.

THE UNIVERSE RETURNS
TO KVASIR. HE SEES
EVERYTHING AND
NOTHING.

LIKE BRIGHT
LIGHT ENTERING
EYES LEFT
TOO LONG IN
DARKNESS.

FOR A FEW
MOMENTS, IT
BLINDS HIM.

MOMENTS THEY
DO NOT HAVE.

ALL-KNOWING
KVASIR--WHERE
TO?



CAREFUL!
DON'T HIT THE
ORACLE!

10,000 RUBLINS
TO THE ONE WHO
SLAUGHTERS THE
WOMAN!

KVASIR!
NOW WOULD BE
A GOOD TIME
TO SPEAK!

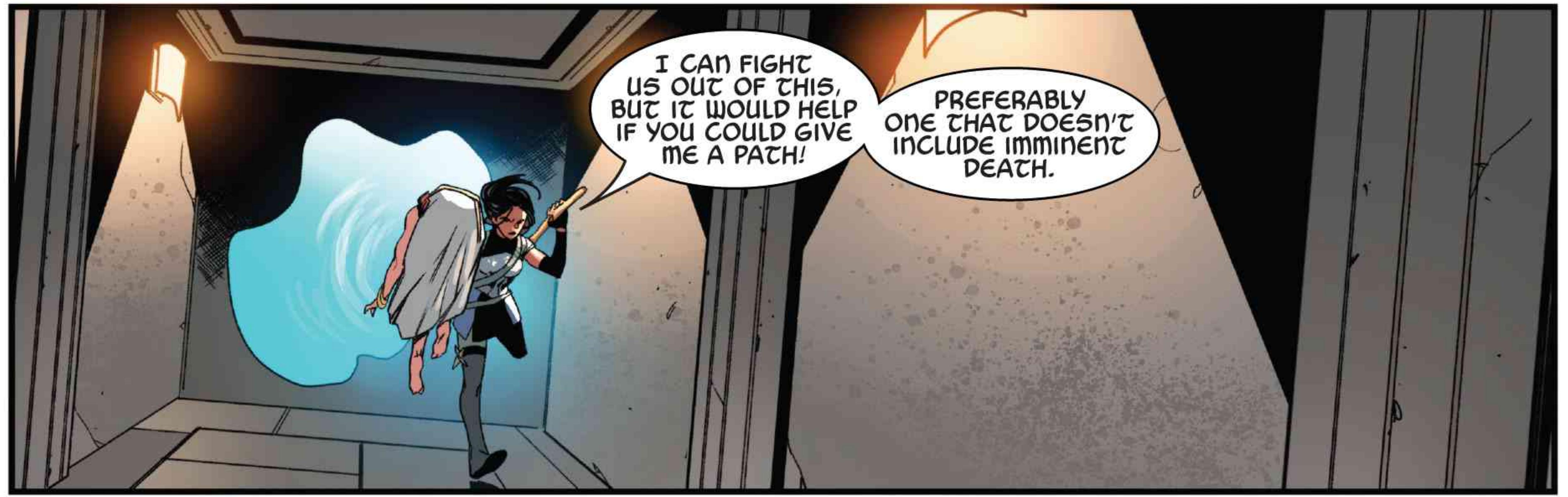
BEHIND...
US...EGRESS IN...
DISGUISE.

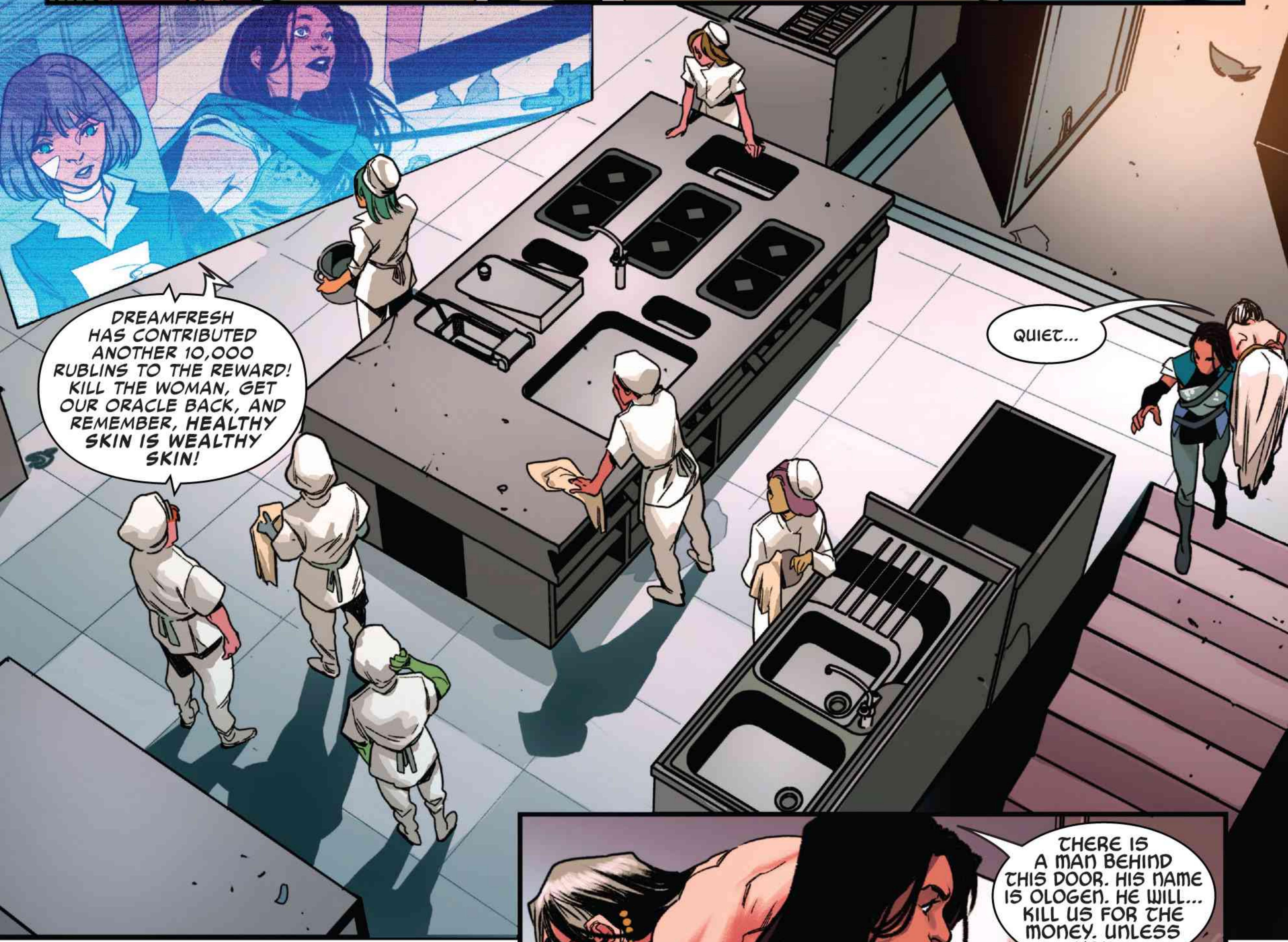
20,000 TO
THE ONE WHO
CATCHES HER
ALIVE. WE'LL HAVE
OURSELVES AN
EXECUTION!

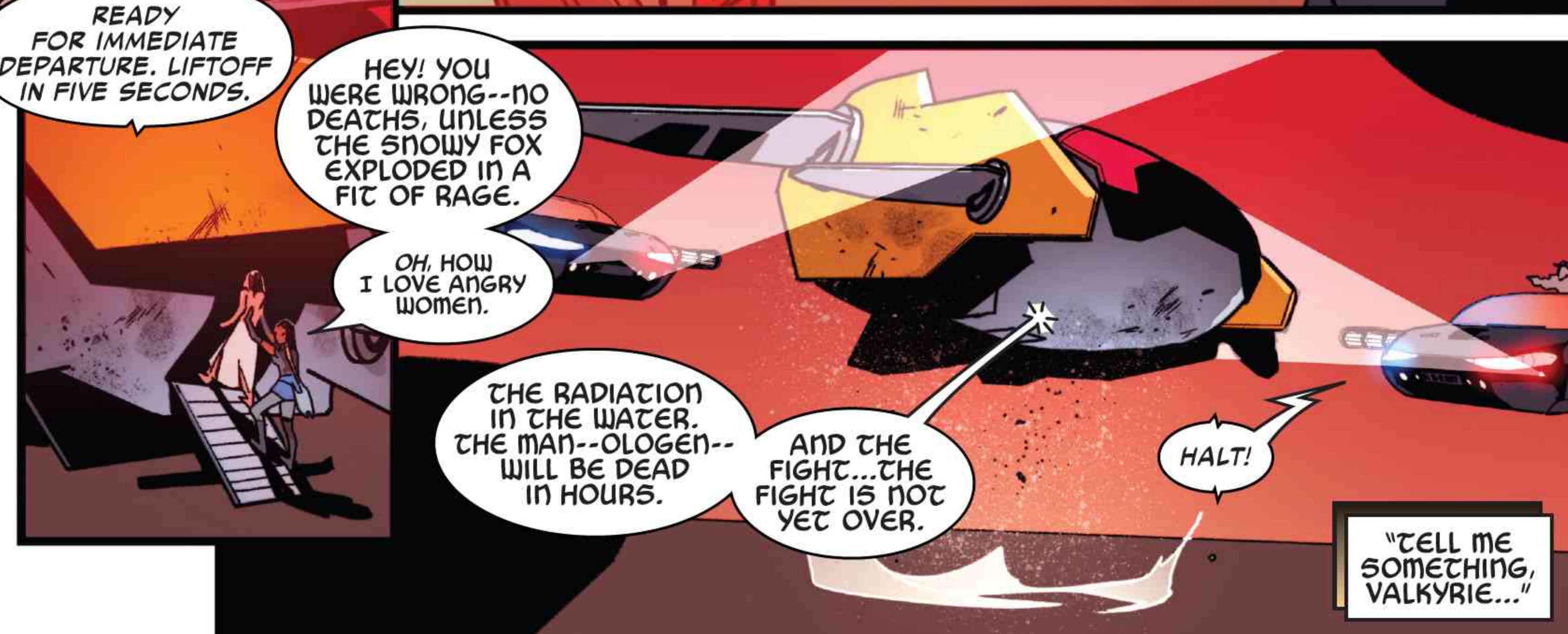
A DOOR?

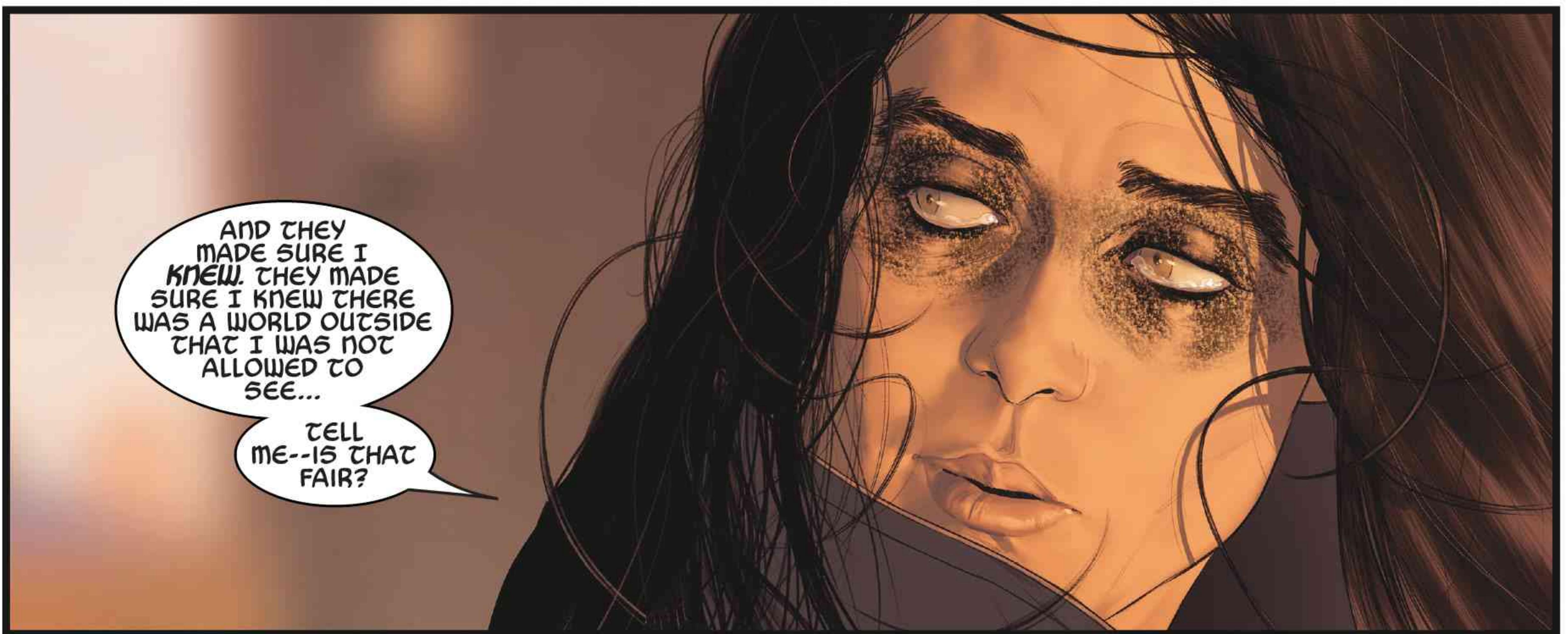
BEWARE...
THE...
...FOX...IN
SNOW.

OH, FOR THE
LOVE OF BOR'S
IRRITATED BOWELS,
CAN YOU TONE
DOWN THE
OBSCURITY?









"...THAT WAS
SOMEONE ELSE."

IF THE LAST SON OF KRAVEN WERE THE SORT OF MAN WHO TALKED OF HIS EMOTIONS, HE WOULD DESCRIBE THIS FEELING AS A MIX OF FEAR, RESPECT, AND ANTICIPATION.

IT IS WHAT THE OUTRAGED FAIL TO UNDERSTAND, HE WOULD SAY.

THEY THINK IT IS ABOUT THE KILL. THEY ARE WRONG.



A GOOD HUNT
IS AN ACT OF
RESPECT.

I WAS
ATTACKED, AND
I DEFENDED MYSELF.
LIKE ANYONE--
EVERYONE--
WOULD DO.

IT REQUIRES
SACRIFICE.

EVERY ONE
OF THE PEOPLE
DOWN THERE--EVERY
SINGLE ONE OF THEM--
HAS A GREAT
CAPACITY FOR
DESTRUCTION.

THEY COULD
KILL THEIR LOVED
ONES IN THEIR SLEEP
OR TAKE A WEAPON TO
A CROWDED PLACE AND
WREAK HAVOC. YET
THEY DO NOT.

AND YOU!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
THE THINGS YOU
COULD DO, IF YOU
WANTED.

DO YOU
NEED SOMEONE
TO TELL YOU WHAT'S
RIGHT OR WRONG? A
BOOK? A GUIDE?
A GOD?

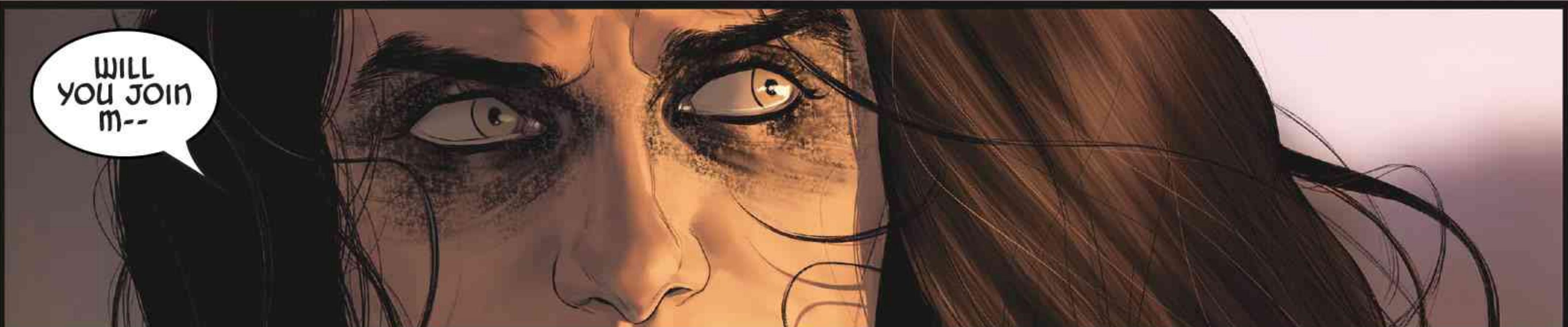
WHY WOULD
THE THINGS THAT
KEEP YOU FROM
BEING EVIL NOT
KEEP ME?

THERE IS
DARKNESS IN US
ALL, JANE FOSTER.
IT DOES NOT MEAN
WE WILL LET
IT WIN.

IT REQUIRES
PLANNING.



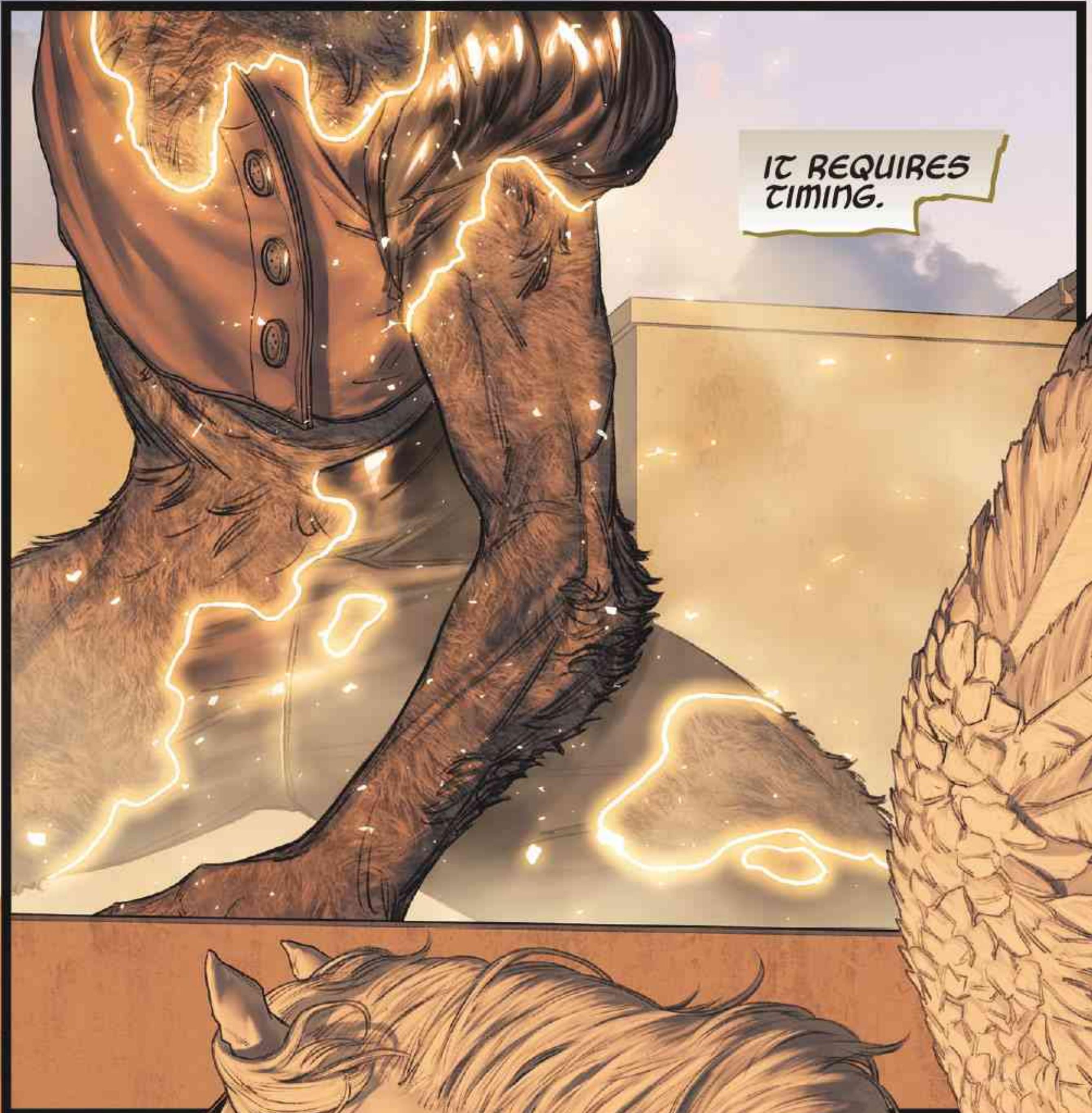
I JUST
WANT TO LIVE.
MAYBE TASTE THE
THINGS YOU LOVE,
LIKE THIS ICED,
SHAKED MILK.



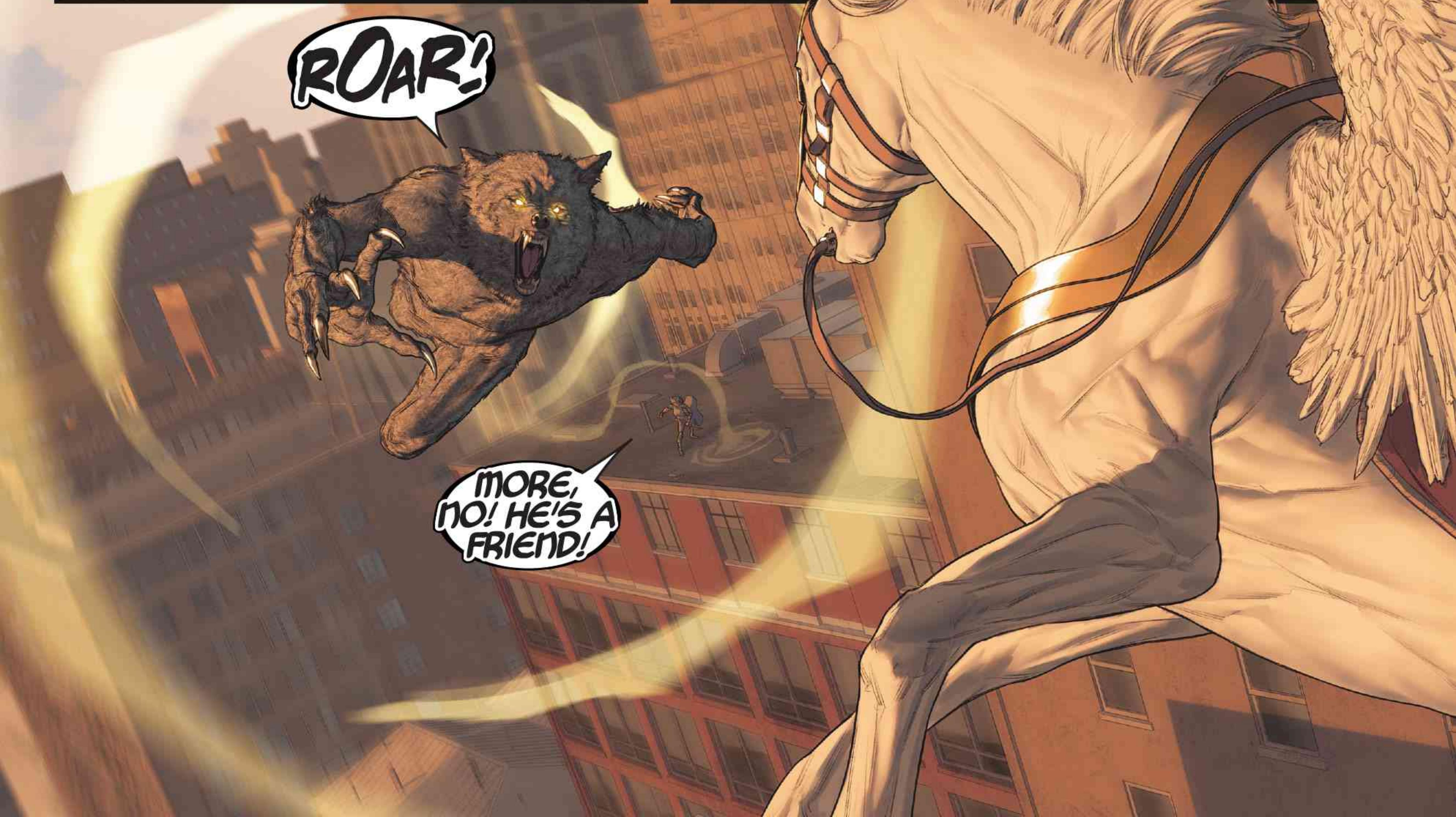
WILL
YOU JOIN
M--



I GOT THY
ALL-WEAPON
SIGNAL, VALKYRIE.



IT REQUIRES
TIMING.



ROAR!

MORE,
NO! HE'S A
FRIEND!

A GOOD HUNT
IS POETRY.

IT IS ART.

EH...?

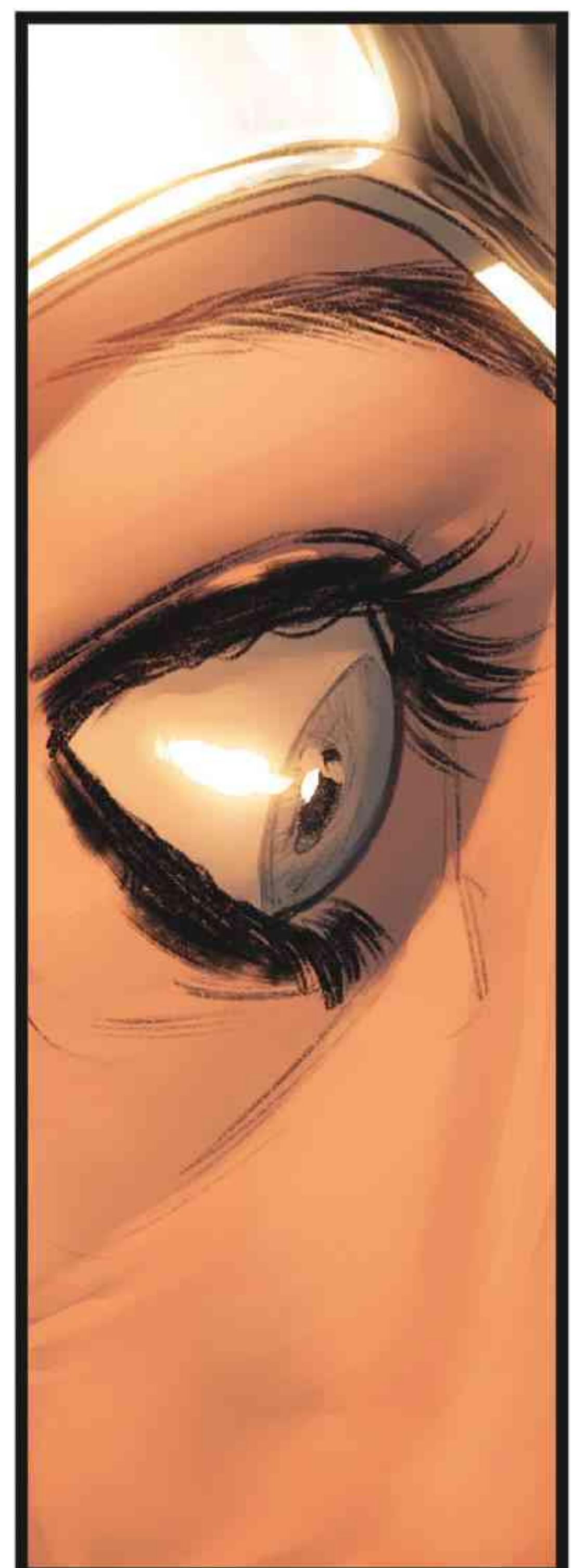
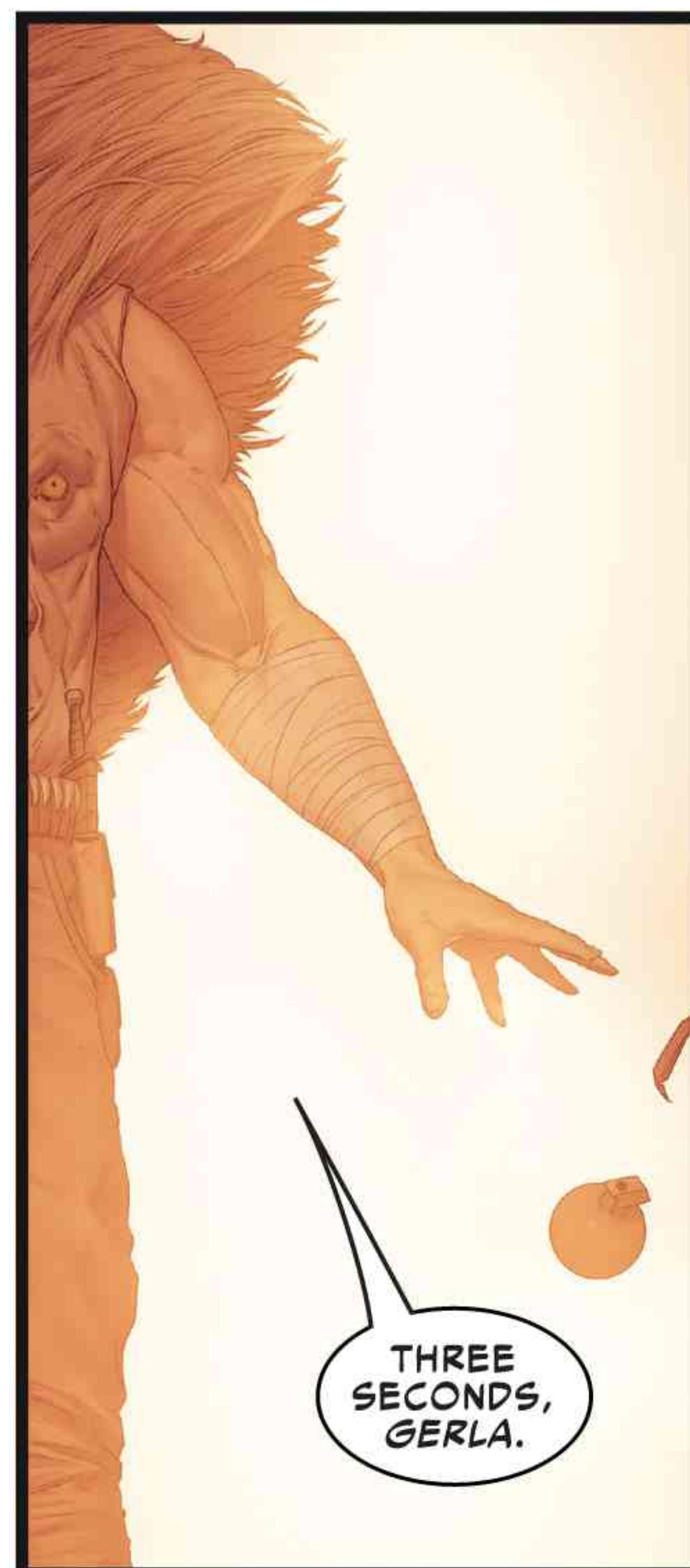
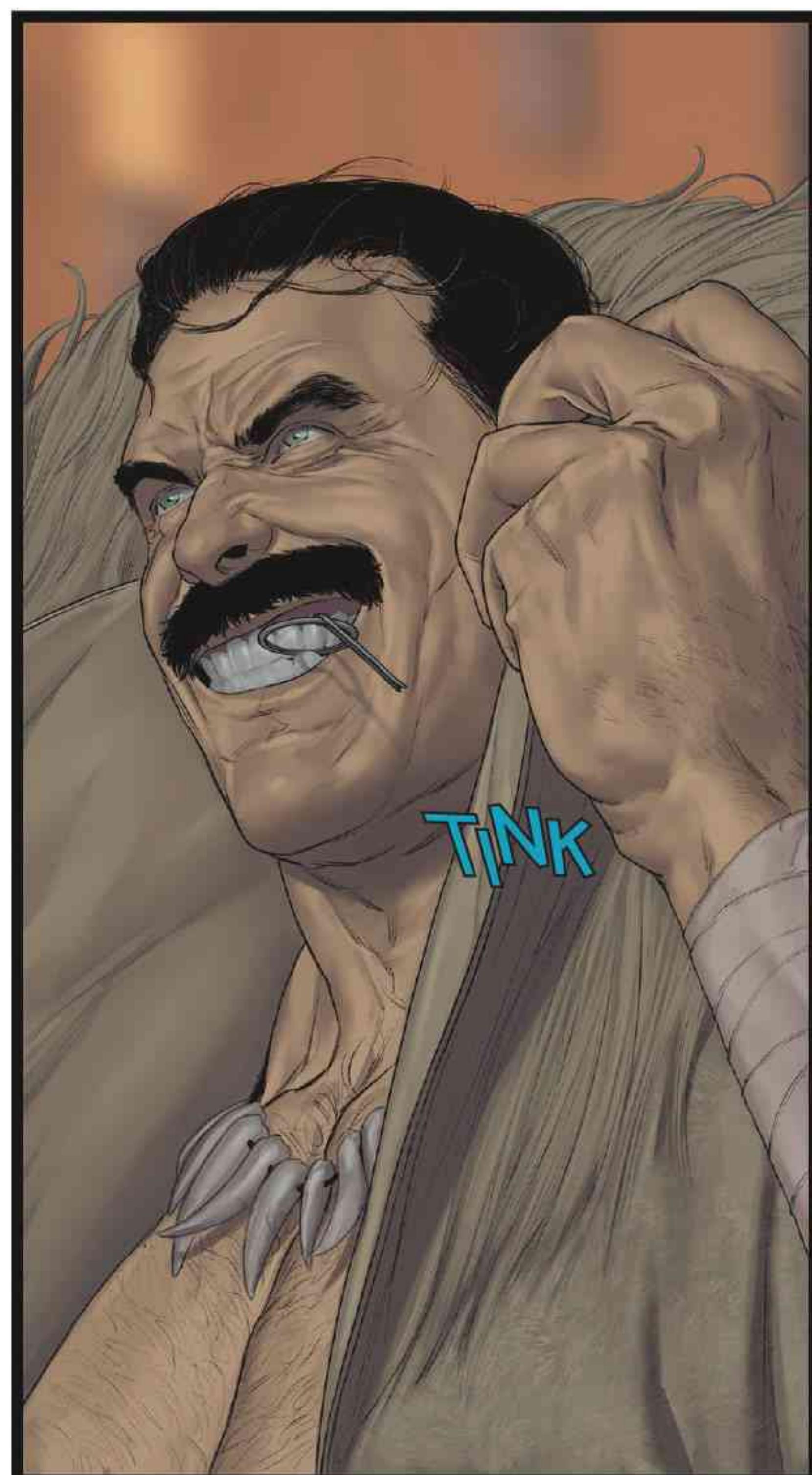
SLICE

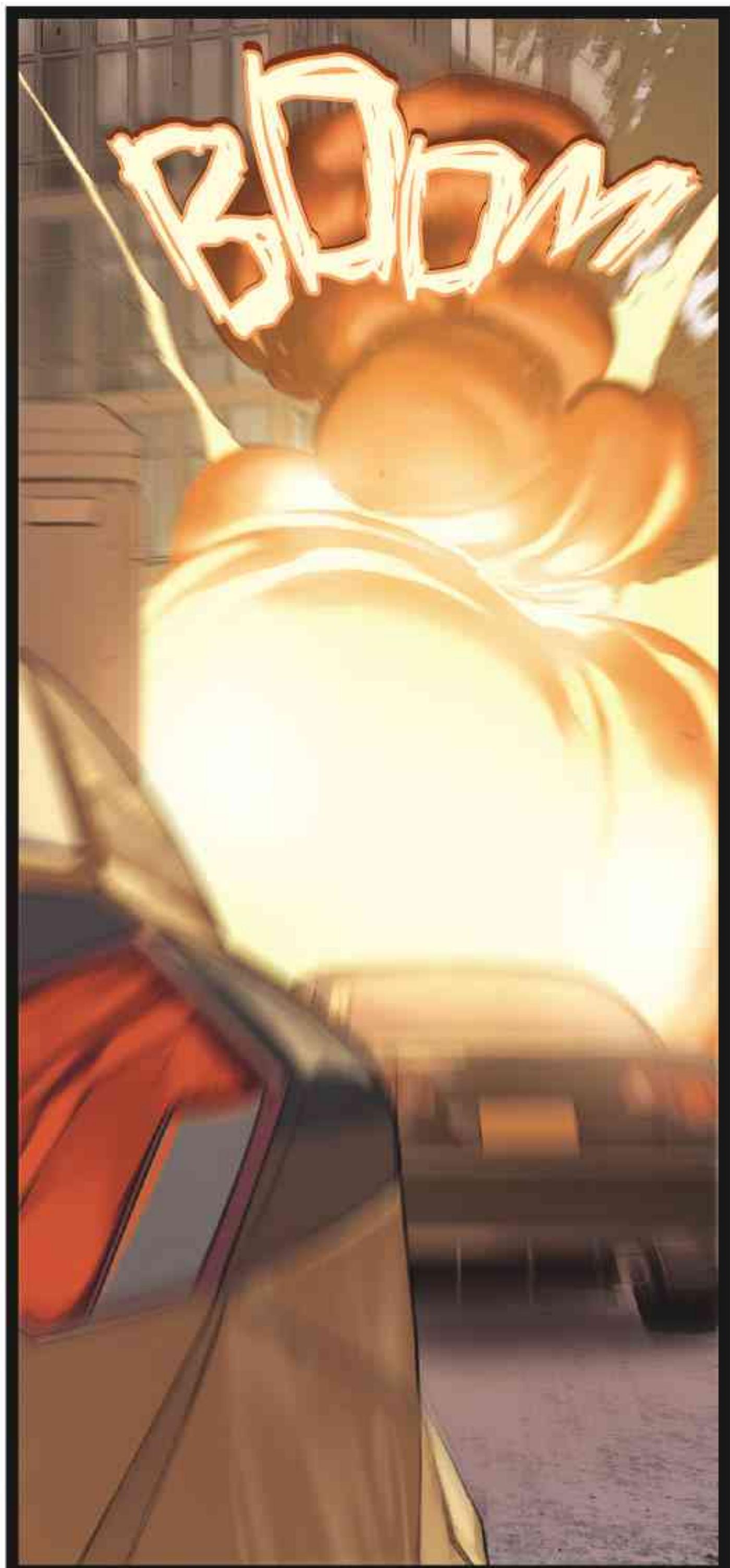
THIS THY
IDEA OF A NIGHT
OUT, VALKYRIE?
THA GOT DOLLED
UP AN' EVERYTHIN'? A
FORTNIGHT SELECTIN'
FOOTWEAR ALONE?

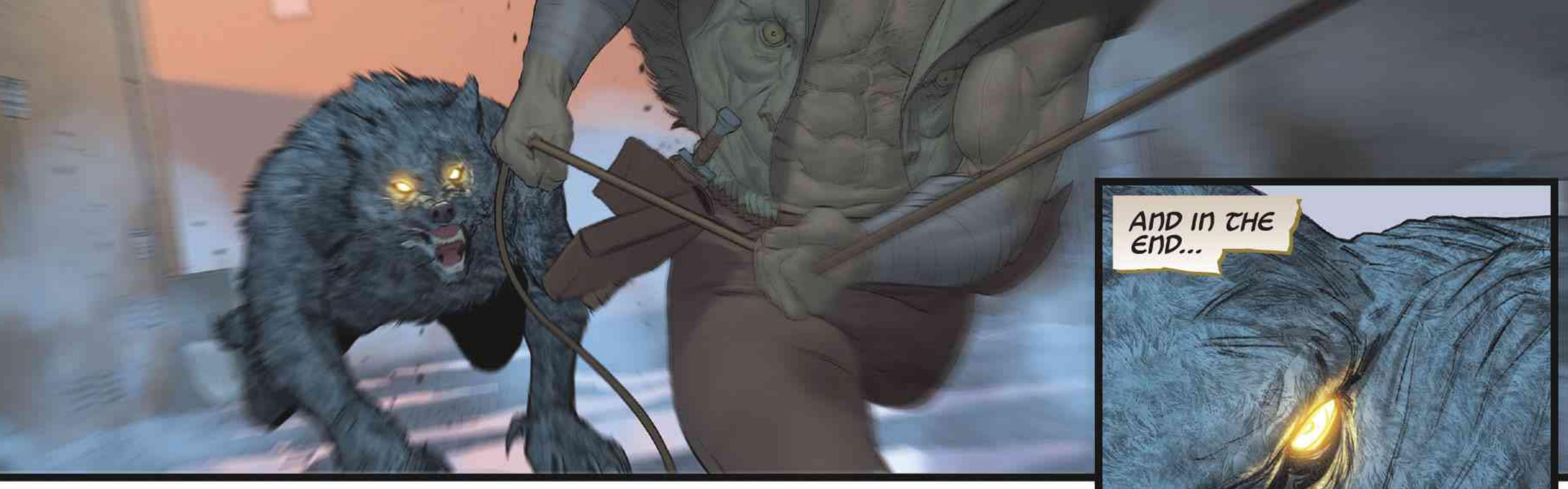
ARE YOU
DONE?
AYE...
WOLF OR THE
LION LAD?



A GOOD HUNT IS ABOUT
PLANNING FOR THE
UNEXPECTED.







...THE BEST PART
IS NOT THE KILL.

AND IN THE
END...



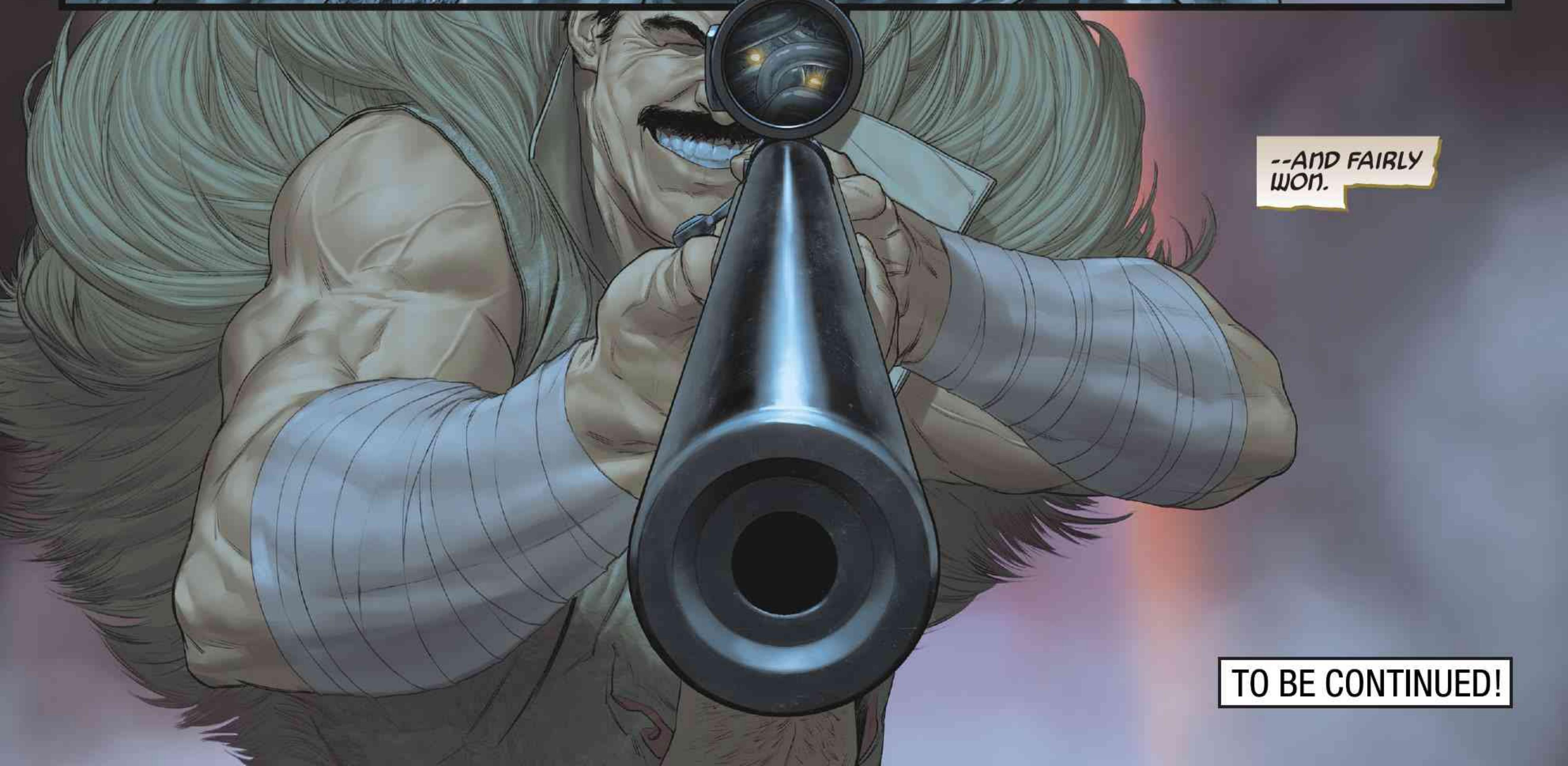
IT IS THE SHARED
UNDERSTANDING
BETWEEN YOU
AND YOUR PREY.



THAT IT WAS
A FIGHT WELL
FOUGHT--

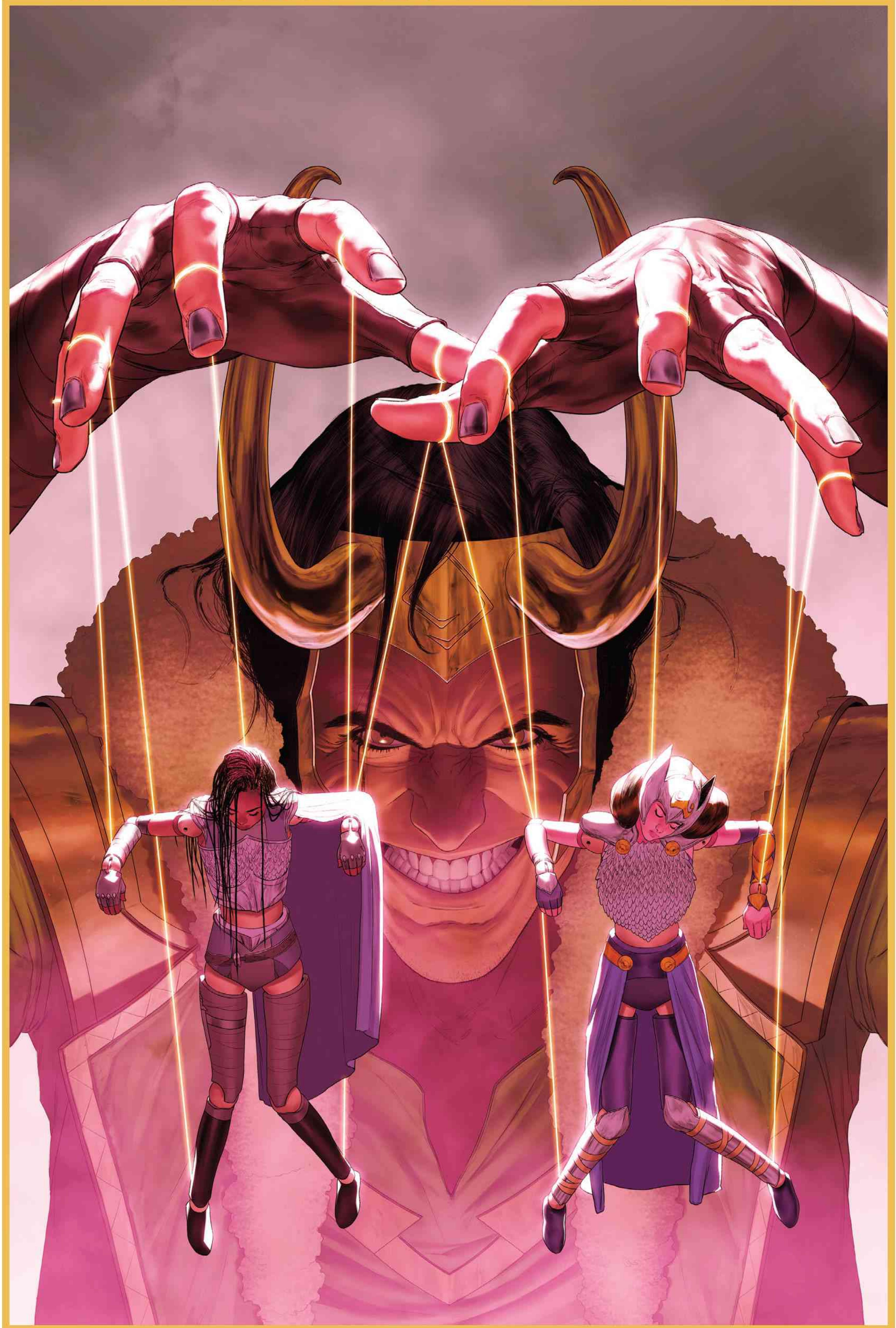


--AND FAIRLY
WON.



TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT MONTH:



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MY NAME IS
JEAN GREY.

NOW...

