

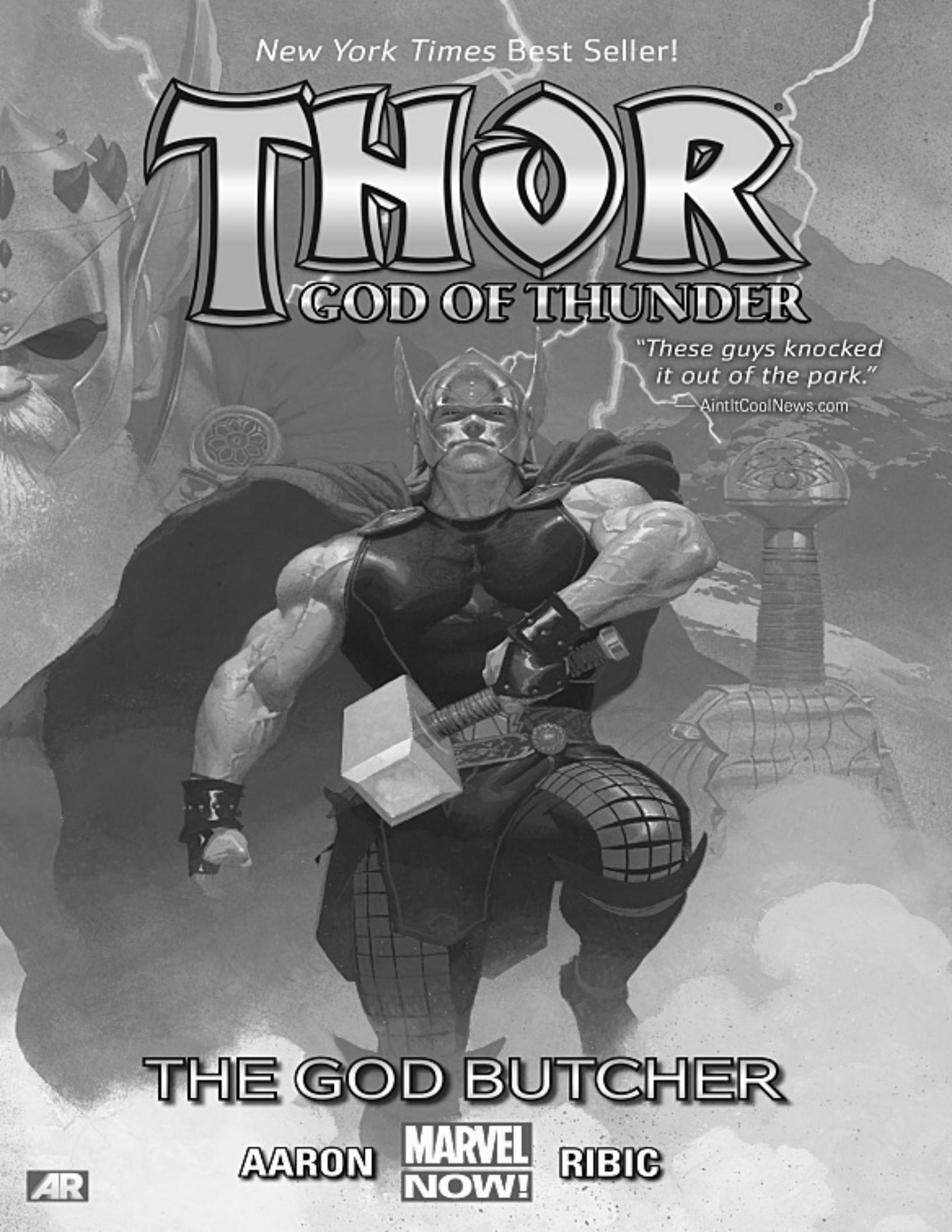
New York Times Best Seller!

# THOR

## GOD OF THUNDER

*"These guys knocked  
it out of the park."*

—AintItCoolNews.com



THE GOD BUTCHER

AARON

MARVEL  
NOW!

RIBIC

AR



# THOR

GOD OF THUNDER



Collection Editor: Jennifer Grünwald

Assistant Editor: Sarah Brunstad

Associate Managing Editor: Alex Starbuck

Editor, Special Projects: Mark D. Beazley

Senior Editor, Special Projects: Jeff Youngquist

SVP Print, Sales & Marketing: David Gabriel

Book Design: Jeff Powell

Digital Manager/Production: Tim Smith 3

Digital Production: Annie Cheng

Editor in Chief: Axel Alonso

Chief Creative Officer: Joe Quesada

Publisher: Dan Buckley

Executive Producer: Alan Fine



# THOR

GOD OF THUNDER



## The God Butcher

WRITER  
**JASON AARON**

ARTIST  
**ESAD RIBIC**

COLOR ARTISTS  
**DEAN WHITE (#1) & IVE SVORCINA (#2-5)**

LETTERER  
**VC'S JOE SABINO**

COVER ART  
**ESAD RIBIC**

ASSISTANT EDITOR  
**JAKE THOMAS**

EDITOR  
**LAUREN SANKOVITCH**



A World Without Gods

893 A.D.

Earth.

The Western Coast of Iceland.

**T**HE FROST GIANT HAD TERRORIZED THESE PEOPLE FOR WEEKS. IT HAD EATEN THREE GOATS, FOUR DOGS AND TWO CHILDREN.

THE MOTHERS IN THE VILLAGE PRAYED FOR HELP FROM THE GODS, AND HELP THEY DID RECEIVE.

**AR**

I LED A GROUP OF TWENTY MEN, TRACKING THE GIANT TO ITS PEN IN THE HIGHLANDS. IT BATTLED US FOR HOURS, SWINGING TREES AND FURLING BOULDERS. MANY VIKINGS FOUND THEIR WAY TO VALHALLA.

UNTIL MY AXE RACKED ITS GUTS TO BLOODY SLUSH AND LOPPED OFF ITS HEAD.



THAT WAS FOUR DAYS AGO. SINCE THEN I HAVE EATEN MORE GOATS THAN THE FROST GIANT, DRUNK ENOUGH MEAD TO DROWN A DOZEN SAILORS AND MADE LOVE TO HALF THE WOMEN IN THE VILLAGE.



I AM THOR ODINSON, GOD OF THUNDER, PRINCE OF ASGARD, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF THE REALM ETERNAL.

I LOVE MY LIFE.



HE WAS  
NOT FROM OUR  
VILLAGE.

I HAVE  
HEARD TELL OF  
FEATHERED MEN SUCH  
AS THIS. FROM NORSEmen  
WHO CLAIM TO HAVE SAILED  
ON ACROSS THE SEA,  
TOWARD THE EDGE  
OF THE WORLD.

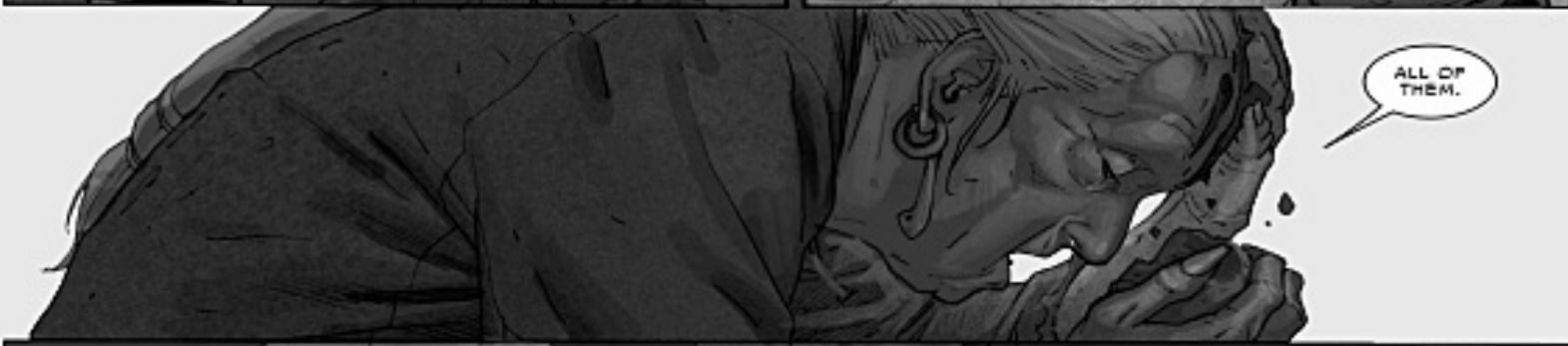
YOU ARE HALF RIGHT, ULFAR SON  
OF ORN. OUR VISITOR IS INDEED  
FROM ACROSS THE WATER. BUT  
I DO NOT BELIEVE HE IS  
A MAN AT ALL.

LORD THOR,  
PRAY TELL...

WHAT DO  
YOU SEE WHEN  
YOU LOOK INTO  
THOSE EYES?

HE WAS  
A GOD.





The Present Day.  
Deep Space.  
The Planet Indigarr.

"I'VE... I'VE NEVER PRAYED BEFORE, SO I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE HOW TO DO THIS. BUT HERE GOES.

"DEAR THOR,  
MY PEOPLE NEED  
YOUR HELP.

"IT HASN'T RAINED ON MY PLANET FOR MANY YEARS.  
EVERYTHING HERE HAS DIED.

"SOON WE WILL DIE TOO.

"EVERYONE THROUGHOUT THE SPACEWAYS SAYS YOU'RE THE GREATEST GOD WHO'S EVER LIVED AND THAT YOU CAN DO ANYTHING. PLEASE, THOR..."

RUMBLE

SAVE US.

KRA KROON

I SING THE PRAYER FROM A  
UNIVERSE away. ACROSS  
THE COSMOS, I BRING WITH  
ME THE STORM.



KRA KROON

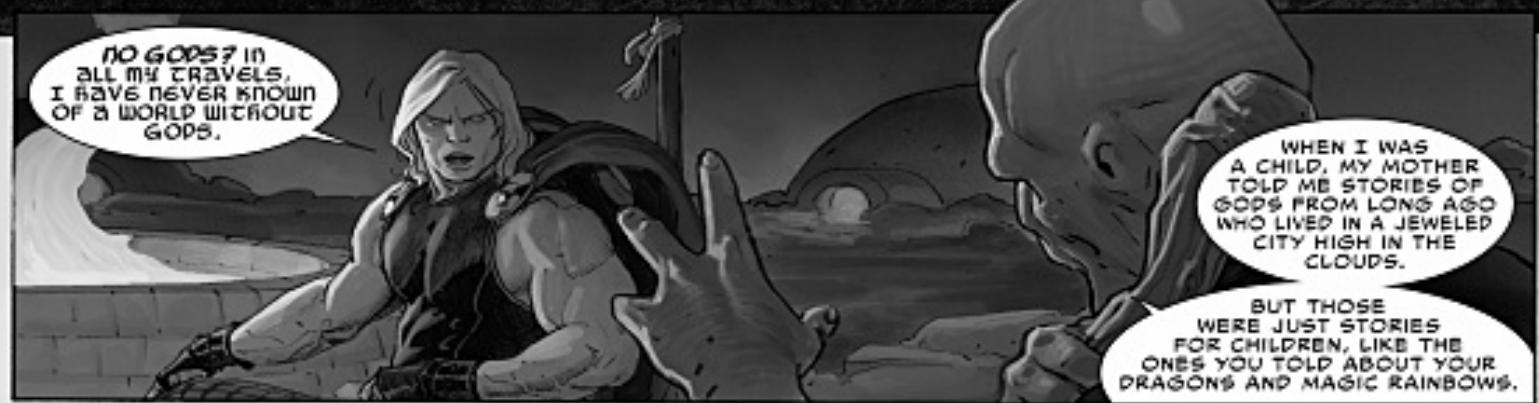
I CRACK THE GROUND 'TIL  
WATER GUSHES FORTH.  
I CARVE RIVERS WHERE  
ONCE WAS DESERT.

I AM THOR, WARRIOR OF  
ASGARD, AVENGER OF  
EARTH, AND I SWEAR BY  
ALL THAT IS HOLY...

NO ONE WILL DIE  
HERE TODAY.









"WE WILL SEE THAT  
THEY COME HOME."

A WORLD WITHOUT  
GODS.

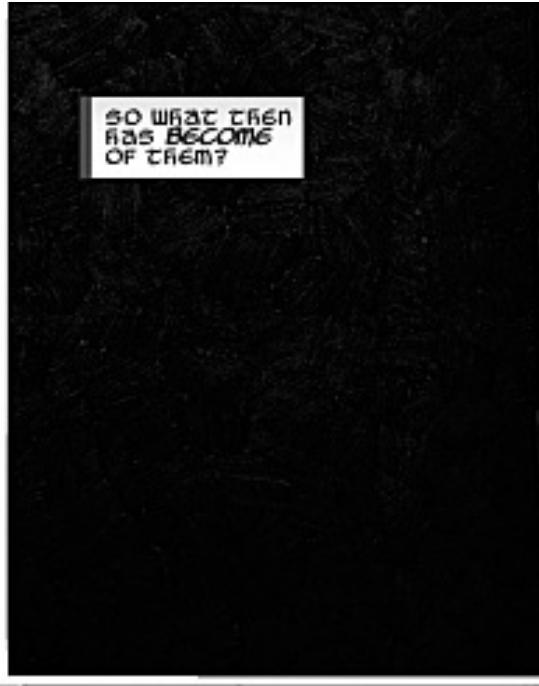
WITH SUCH A MYRIAD OF  
PANTHEONS SPREAD  
ACROSS THE COSMOS,  
I NEVER DREAMED SUCH  
A THING POSSIBLE.

AS IT TURNS  
OUT...

IT IS  
NOT.



INDEED THERE  
WAS A TIME  
THIS WORLD  
HAD GODS.



SO WHAT THEN  
HAS BECOME  
OF THEM?



HO! SKY  
LORDS OF INDIGARR!  
A FELLOW IMMORTAL  
COMES IN PEACE!

SHOW  
YOURSELVES!

NOTHING. NOTHING  
IN THE AIR BUT  
ECHOES AND DUST.



I FIND A TREASURE ROOM  
FILLED WITH MOUNTAINS  
OF GOLD, UNTOUCHED  
FOR MANY YEARS.

AND AN ARSENAL STILL  
STOCKED WITH ALL  
MANNER OF WEAPONS.  
SWORDS RUSTING IN  
THEIR SCABBARDS.

BUT NO  
GODS.





HOGGSCARR THE HARSH, KRAWISKIN  
THE CRUEL, LADY VYLE THE GODDESS  
OF ATROCITIES, LORD ALL-BLUD THE  
INEXORABLE AND HIS THIRTEEN SONS  
BY THIRTEEN BRIDES, I RECOGNIZE  
THEM ALL FROM THE STORIES IN  
THE SCROLLS.

THESE ARE THE  
MISSING GODS  
OF INDIGAR.

THIS IS ONE MYSTERY  
SOLVED. AS ANOTHER  
IS BORN.

AN ENTIRE PANACEON OF FEARSOME  
IMMORTALS, EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND  
CHILD, ALL BUTCHERED LIKE ANIMALS  
IN THEIR OWN FORTRESS. WITHOUT  
ANY SIGNS OF INVASION OR  
WARSARE, WITHOUT A SIGN OF  
COMBAT OF ANY KIND.

NO, TO EVEN CALL THIS  
BUTCHERY IS AN INSULT  
TO HONEST BUTCHERS.

THIS...

THIS WAS SOMETHING  
ELSE ENTIRELY.

GODLESS ROTS SLOWLY. BY  
MY GUESS THEY'VE BEEN  
HERE A FEW HUNDRED YEARS.  
UNPISITURBED UNTIL NOW.

NO ARMY RIP THIS, NO GIANTS  
EITHER, NO STENCH OF SORCERY  
IN THE AIR. THIS WAS NO RITUAL,  
NO ONE-TIME EXPLOSION OF  
MADNESS. FLESH WASN'T EATEN,  
SO NEITHER WAS IT A MINDLESS  
BEAST.

THERE WAS NOTHING  
MINDLESS ABOUT THIS.

THEIR PECES WERE  
SKILLFULLY PROLONGED.  
THEIR SUFFERING  
RELISHED.

THIS WAS THE WORK OF ONE  
FLESH. ONE THAT WAS SKILLY  
AND ACCOMPLISHED, AND  
EXTREMELY WELL-VERSED  
IN ITS ART.

THERE'S A VARIETY  
TO THE WOUNDS.  
THE WORK OF MANY  
DIFFERENT WEAPONS,  
BUT NO SIGN OF A  
SINGLE ONE.

MEANING THE KILLER  
CARRIES THEM WITH  
HIM, LIKE A CARPENTER  
WITH HIS TOOLBOX.

THIS WAS FAR FROM THE  
FIRST TIME HE'D KILLED, AND  
UNLESS HE'S STOPPED,  
FAR FROM THE LAST.

THE FACE OF A GOD, FROZEN  
FOREVER IN AGONY AND TERROR.  
I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING  
LIKE THIS SINCE...

SINCE...



OR REL.



IT ATTACKS LIKE AN  
ANIMAL. NO SKILL.  
ONLY FURY. THIS IS  
NOT MY KILLER.

THIS IS HIS  
GUARD DOG.

IS VERY STRONG  
GUARD DOG.

BOOM



I REMEMBER A DAY  
A MILLENNIUM AGO.  
A DEAD GOD FLOATING  
IN THE SEA, AND LATER  
A WINGED HORSE  
PRENCHEP IN BLOOD.  
A CAVE OF HORRORS.

I KNOW WHO  
DID THIS.

AR



IF GORR THE GOD  
BUTCHER YET LIVES,  
IT CAN ONLY MEAN  
ONE THING...



MORE GODS ARE  
SURE TO DIE.

# Many Millennia From Now. The Great Hall Of Asgard.

THE QUIET. THAT'S WHAT I HATE THE MOST.

THE WRETCHED UNENDING QUIET OF THIS PLACE.

THIS HALL USED TO BE FILLED WITH THE NOISE OF BATTLE, OF FEASTING.

NOW THERE'S JUST THE SHUFFLE OF THOSE THINGS OUT THERE, MOCKING ME WITH THEIR BLACKENED SILENCE.

AND THE SOFT, LABORED BREATHING OF A TIRED, OLD GOD.

DAMN THIS QUIET. IF I'M TO DIE, IT WILL BE WITH A WEAPON IN MY HAND AND A ROAR IN MY THROAT.

BRING ME MY ARM!

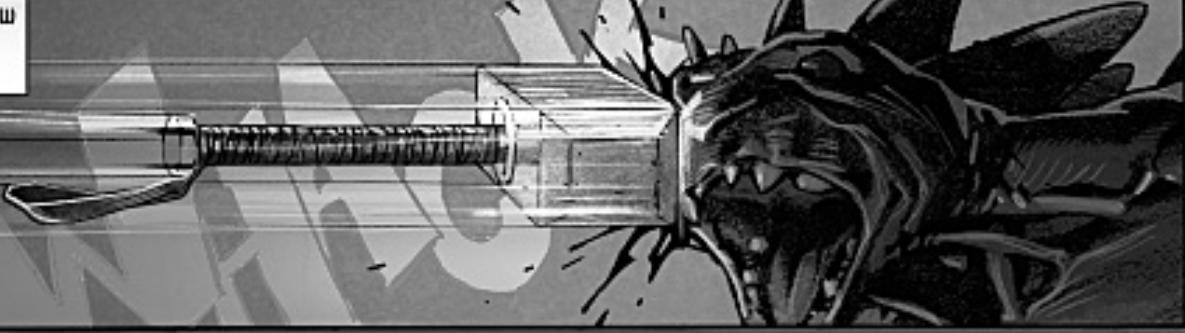
NO ANSWER. I'M SO DAMN OLD I KEEP FORGETTING... THERE'S NO ONE LEFT. NO ONE LEFT BUT ME.

I AM THOR ODINSON. KING OF A BROKEN ASGARD. LAST OF ALL THE GODS.

AND TODAY I WILL TRY YET AGAIN TO SEE VALHALLA.

AR

I VAGUELY REMEMBER HOW THIS STARTED, SO LONG AGO, WITH A DEAD GOD FLOATING IN THE SEA.



AND LATER A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER, ON A WORLD WITHOUT GODS.

COME, DOGS! THERE IS STILL ONE GOD LEFT IN ASGARD!

AND HE WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THEE!

AND NOW THIS IS HOW IT ENDS, WITH BLOOD AND THUNDER, WITH HAMMER AND SWORD, WITH ONE LAST STAND AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN.



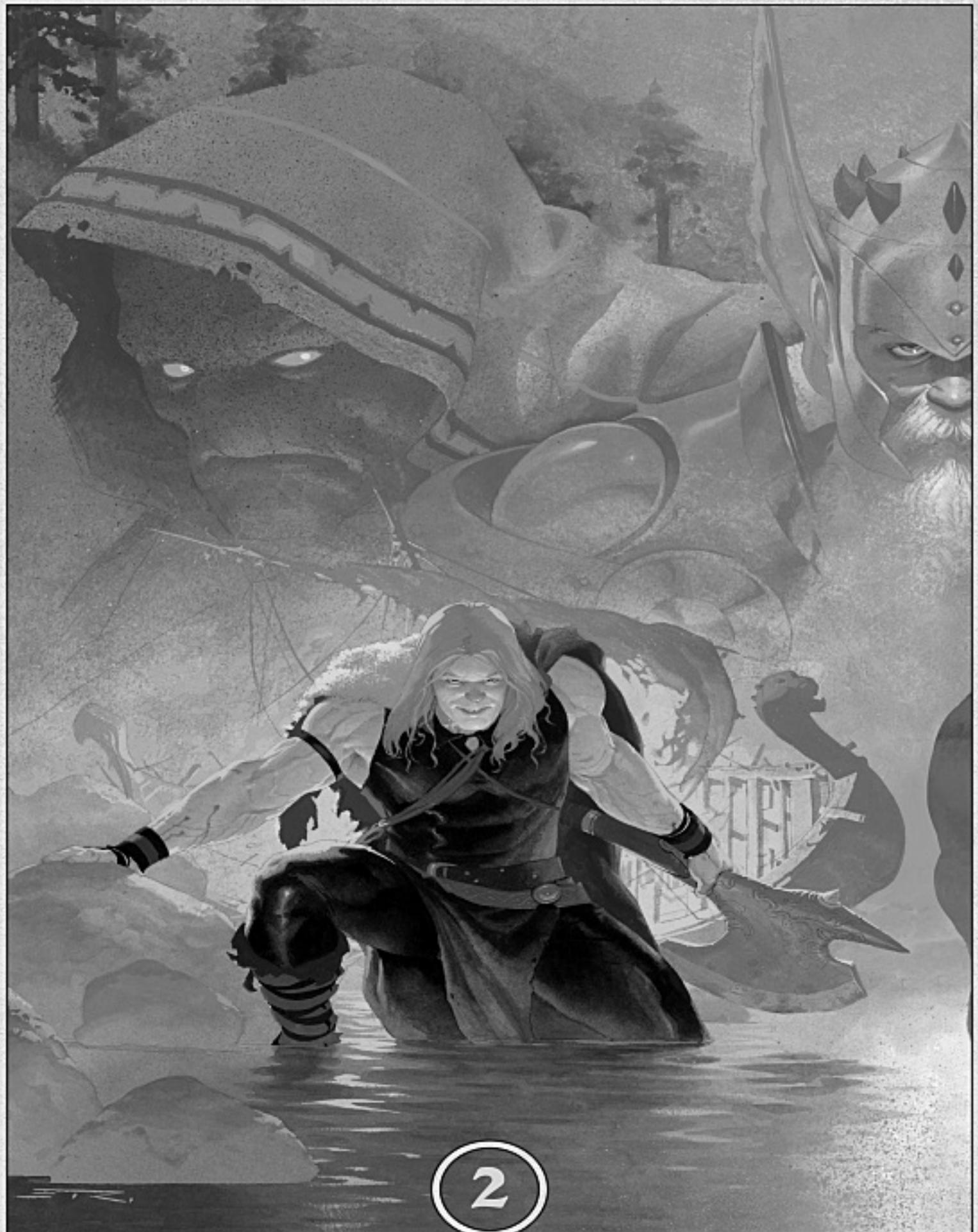
THE OPINSWORD IS DRAWN! THE END OF ALL THINGS IS NIGH!  
DEATH TO THE BUTCHER OF GODS AND HIS BLACK BERSEKERS!

DEATH TO THE ENEMIES OF ASGARD!

WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW, WHATEVER MY FATE...

...KNOW THAT I  
FACE IT LIKE A  
GOD.





2

Blood in the Clouds

# Many Years Ago, The Great Weapons Hall of Asgard.

FORGED BY DWARVES FROM MYSTIC URU METAL, IN FIRES THAT WOULD MELT THE SUN. LADEN WITH ENCHANTMENTS BY THE ALL-FATHER HIMSELF.

ABLE TO SHATTER WHOLE PLANETS AS EASY AS PEBBLES, IT IS THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN ALL THE NINE REALMS.

BUT ONLY THE WORSTAY MAY LIFT IT.

I HAVE WRESTLED DRAGONS WITH MY BARE HANDS, SLAIN WOLVES THE SIZE OF LONGBOATS. I HAVE FOUGHT IN MORE BATTLES THAN MOST GODS SINCE MY AGE. SO TELL ME...

HOW MUCH MORE WORSTAY MUST I BE?

RAARRRRRRGGGG!  
MOVE, YOU BLASTED CRUNK OF METAL!



...WOS BE UNTO THE  
ENEMIES OF THOR.

RRRRRRGGGG!!!



RRRRRACCH!!!



FASTER,  
YOU DOGS!

THERE'LL BE  
NOTHING LEFT  
WORTH PILLAGING  
BY THE TIME WE  
GET THERE!

893 A.D.  
The Baltic Sea

YOU HEARD  
YOUR GOD OF  
THUNDER! ARE YOU  
NOT NORSEMAN? THEN  
WHY DO YOU ROW  
LIKE LAND-LOVING  
SAXONS?

ROW LIKE VIKINGS OR BE  
PAMMED, THE LOT OF YOU!  
ROW FOR DEATH AND  
GLORY!

ROW FOR  
THOR!

MY  
LORD...

...THE FOG  
GROWS THICKER.  
PERHAPS WE SHOULD  
SLOW OUR PACE OR  
ELSE RISK RUNNING  
AGROUND.

I HAVE  
SAILED THROUGH  
TEMPESTS OF FIRE IN THE  
BURNING LAND OF MUSPELEM  
AND ENDLESS HURRICANES  
OF ICE IN FROZEN NIFFLELEM.  
NO MERE FOG OF MIDGARD  
WILL SLOW THE SON  
OF OIN.

CALM YOUR  
FEARS, MAN OF  
THE NORTH...

YOU HAVE  
THE EYES OF  
A GOD TO  
GUIDE YOU.

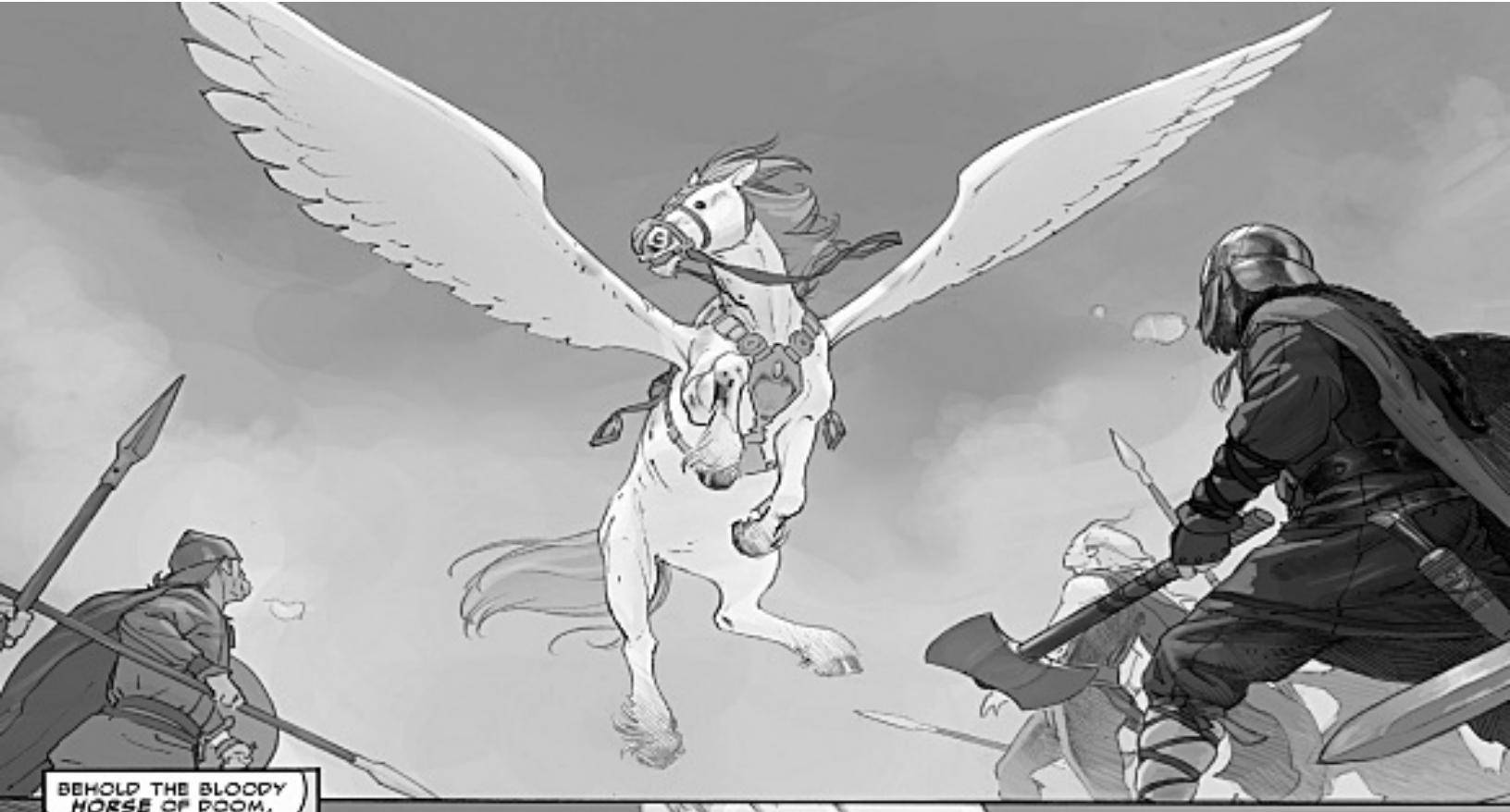






Three Days Later. Along the Banks of the Neva River,  
In What Will Someday Be Called Russia.





BEHOLD THE BLOODY  
HORSE OF DOOM,  
DEFENDER OF  
THE SLAVS!



LORD THOR.  
IT WOULD APPEAR  
THEIR GODS HAVEN'T  
THE NERVE TO FACE  
YOU. MIGHT WE  
HAVE YOUR LEAVE TO...

DO  
AS YOU  
WISH.





CHERNOBOG THE BLACK, I PRESUME.

A BLOODY, RIDERLESS HORSE  
AND A HEADLESS GOD.  
SOMEONE HAS RUINED MY  
FUN FOR THE DAY.

THE GODS OF THE SLAVS COULD  
HAVE DONE THIS TO THEMSELVES,  
I SUPPOSE. FOUGHT EACH OTHER  
OVER OPIN-KNOWS-WHAT.

I ONCE SAW TWO GODS  
SLAY ONE ANOTHER IN  
AN ARGUMENT OVER  
THE DAY OF THE WEEK.

BUT THAT WOULD NOT  
EXPLAIN THE NAGGING  
FEELING IN THE BACK  
OF MY SKULL.

THE ONE I HAVE HAD  
SINCE SEEING THE DEAD  
GOD'S FACE IN THE  
WATERS OF ICELAND.

I IMAGINE IT'S THE SAME  
FEELING THE BOAR GETS  
WHEN THE GREAT HORN  
SOUNDS AND THE WARRIOR  
RUSH INTO THE TREES, THE  
MOMENT RIGHT BEFORE THE  
SPEARS GO FLYING...

WHEN THE BEAST  
FIRST REALIZES  
IT'S BEING  
RUNNERD.







I WAS JUST A BOY WHEN A GOD NAMED DAGR WENT ON A WANTON KILLING SPREE, ALL ACROSS THE NINE REALMS.

HE'S SLAIN UNPREPARED BY THE TIME THEY CAUGHT HIM AND TOSSED HIM IN A PIT IN ASGARD TO AWAIT HIS FATE. IN CONFUSION, I WENT TO OPIN.

THOUGH I WAS BARELY ABLE TO WALK, I HAD ALREADY SEEN MY FATHER SLAY THOUSANDS, INVADING TROLLS, WARRIOR GIANTS, WHOLE ARMIES.

HE WOULD COME HOME DRENCHED IN THEIR BLOOD, AND SONGS WOULD BE SUNG OF HIS GREATNESS.

THAT WAS WAR, MY FATHER TOLD ME, AND WAR WAS SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT THAN WHAT DAGR HAD DONE.

HE SAID EVEN THE GREATEST OF WARRIOR NEVER RELISHED THE KILLING STROKE. TO DO SO WAS TO LOSE ONE'S SELF TO BLOODYLUST, TO BECOME A MONSTER.

BUT STILL I WAS CONFUSED, SO LATE ONE NIGHT I SNUCK FROM MY BED CHAMBER AND CRESTED THROUGH THE EMPTY HALLS OF ASGARD...

AND I WENT TO SEE THE MAD GOD IN THE PIT.



I WAS IN THE PIT FOR  
FIVE HOURS BEFORE  
ANYONE FOUND ME.

CRACK

OPIN AND THE OTHERS  
DISMISSED HIM AS MAD.  
BUT ONLY I KNEW THE  
TRUTH.

THAT WHAT HE  
TRULY WAS...

THE NEXT DAY, THE  
MURDEROUS GOD DIED  
BENEATH OPIN'S BLADE.

HE NEVER BEGGED FOR MERCY,  
NEVER FOR A SECOND SHOWED A  
BIT OF REMORSE. HIS SEVERED  
HEAD WAS STILL SMILING, STILL  
FULL OF PRIDE FOR WHAT HE'D  
MANAGED TO ACCOMPLISH.



WAS SOMETHING FAR  
MORE FRIGHTENING.

YOU'RE USED  
TO FIGHTING THINGS  
THAT SHIVER BEFORE  
YOU AND GAWK IN AWE  
AT YOUR GREATNESS,  
AREN'T YOU, GOD  
OF ASGARD?

NOT SOMEONE  
WHO DARES MEET  
YOUR DIVINE GAZE.  
LET ALONE GLARE  
BACK...

AARRCHH!

...WITH  
COMPLETE AND  
UTTER CONTEMPT  
FOR ALL THAT  
YOU ARE!

I AM USED  
TO FIGHTING  
WARRIOR/ AND  
YOU ARE MOST  
DEFINITELY NOT  
THAT, BUTCHER  
OF GODS!

I HAVE  
SEEN YOUR LIKE  
BEFORE!

NO, NO, I  
DON'T BELIEVE  
YOU HAVE.

AAARGH!!!

I DIDN'T SLEEP FOR WEEKS  
AFTER MY TIME IN THE PIT.  
I WAS HAUNTED BY THAT  
VOICE, BY THOSE EYES.

EVERY NIGHT FOR MONTHS I  
WOULD PRAY TO THE ELDER  
GODS THAT I MIGHT NEVER  
AGAIN HAVE TO GAZE UPON  
SUCH A VISAGE.

NOW IT SEEMS THAT  
AS WITH MOST  
PRAYERS IN LIFE...

...MINE HAVE GONE  
MOST PROFOUNDLY  
UNHEARD.

I CANNOT  
HELP BUT WONDER,  
LITTLE GOD, TO THE  
POOR DAMNED  
FOOLS BELOW US  
WHO WORSHIP  
YOU...

WHAT  
ARE YOU THE  
GOD OFF





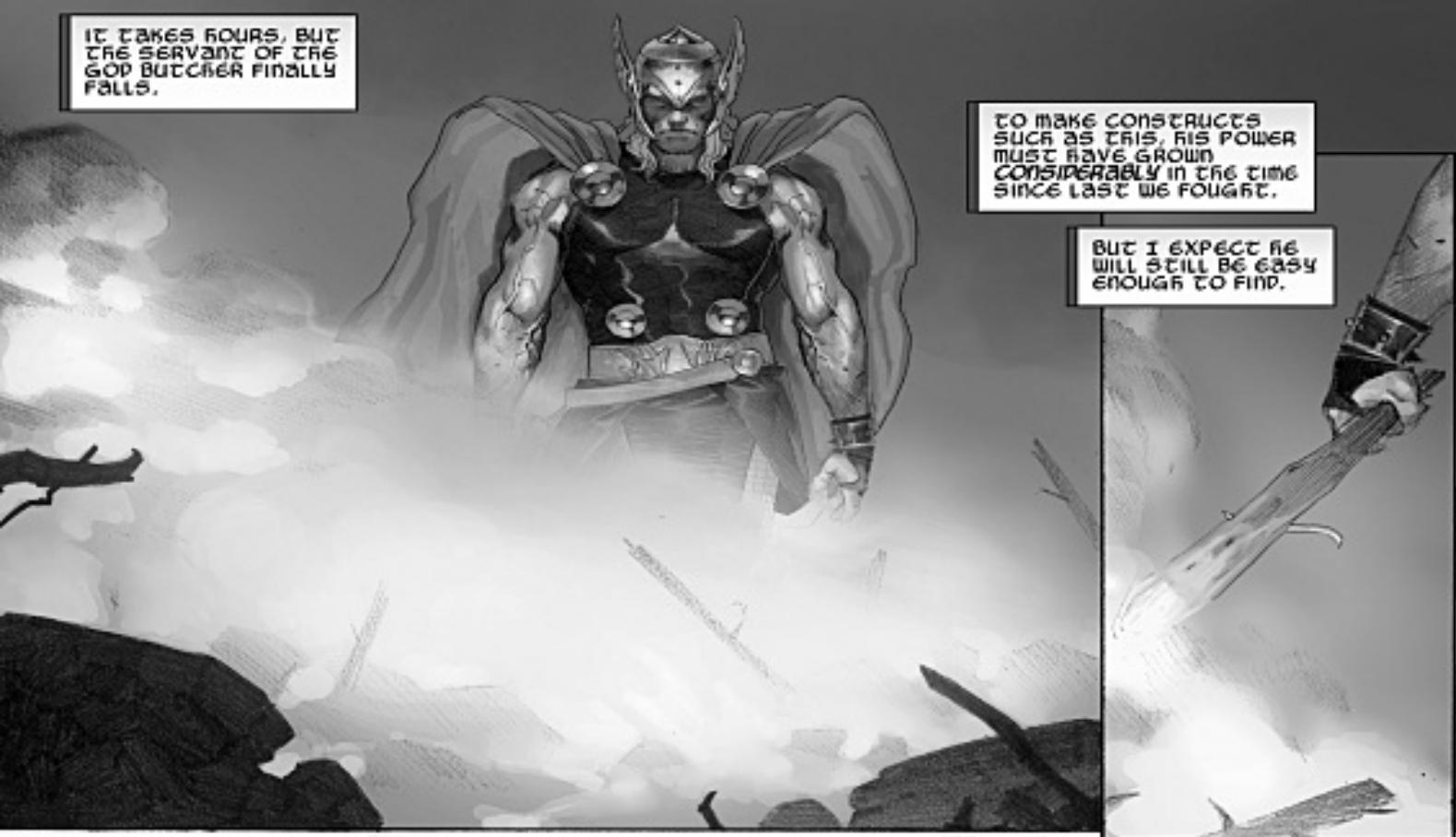


The Present Day.  
Deep Space.  
A World of Dead Gods.

IT TAKES HOURS, BUT  
THE SERVANT OF THE  
GOD BUTCHER FINALLY  
FALLS.

TO MAKE CONSTRUCTS  
SUCH AS THIS, HIS POWER  
MUST HAVE GROWN  
CONSIDERABLY IN THE TIME  
SINCE LAST WE FOUGHT.

BUT I EXPECT HE  
WILL STILL BE EASY  
ENOUGH TO FIND.



I WILL SIMPLY  
FOLLOW THE TRAIL  
OF DEAD GODS.

I KNEW YOU  
NOT, GODS OF  
IMPIGARR, BUT  
NEVERTHELESS, YOU  
WILL BE AVENGED.  
SO SWEARS THOR  
OF ASGARD.

I WILL FINISH  
WHAT I STARTED  
LONG AGO. NO  
MATTER THE  
BUTCHER'S POWER.  
NO MATTER WHERE  
HE RUNS.



"NO MATTER  
HOW LONG IT  
TAKES."



“FLY, MJOLNIR!  
TO OMNIPOTENCE  
CITY! TO THE  
HALLS OF ALL-  
KNOWING!”

“FLY WITH  
ALL THE SPEED  
YOU CAN MUSTER!  
FOR THE LONGER  
WE TARRY...

“THE MORE GODES  
WHO WILL SUFFER.”





3

The Hall of the Lost

IT WAS BUILT TWELVE BILLION YEARS AGO, AFTER THE FIRST GREAT WAR OF THE GODS, FROM THE RUBBLE OF THE ROCK OF CREATION AND EMBERS FROM THE FIRE THAT LIT THE FIRST STARS.

IT WAS BUILT BY THE LORDS OF THE DAWN, BY THE FIRST OF THE ELDER GODS, AS A PLACE OF DIVINE FELLOWSHIP, A PLACE WHERE IMMORTALS FROM ALL CORNERS OF REALITY WOULD FOREVER BE WELCOME.

HERE ETERNAL TREATIES ARE SIGNED, SACRED COVENANTS SWORN THAT SAVE THE LIVES OF MILLIONS. HERE GODS ARE MARRIED AND TRIED, HERE WORLDS ARE BORN AND BARtered.

HERE IS THE HOME OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARTISANS AND THE HIGH HOLY COURT, THE GENESIS BAZAARS AND THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING, THE MOON-SIZED JEWELS OF THE UNIVERSAL CROWN.

HERE IN THE CENTER OF INFINITY IS THE REAVEN OF HEAVENS, A SITE NO MORTAL EYES WILL EVER SEE.

HERE IS OMNIPOTENCE CITY, NEXUS OF ALL THE GODS.

HERE HAVE I COME SEEKING ANSWERS.

THOR OF ASGARD, I MUST SAY, I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE AGAIN.

YOU WERE JUST  
A BOY ON YOUR LAST  
VISIT TO THE HALLS OF  
ALL-KNOWING, BROUGHT  
HERE BY YOUR FATHER TO  
STUDY THE OLD GODS, ALONG  
WITH THAT EQUALLY  
CHARMING BROTHER  
OF YOURS.

I MUST SAY, YOU  
NEVER STRUCK ME AS  
SOMEONE WITH A GREAT  
DEAL OF READING  
IN HIS FUTURE.

MY LORD  
LIBRARIAN...

THOUGH YOU  
DID STRIKE ME IN  
OTHER WAYS, SEVERAL  
TIMES ABOUT THE LEGS  
AND HINDQUARTERS,  
FROM WHAT I  
REMEMBER.

MY LORD, I DO  
APOLOGIZE FOR THE  
FOLLY OF MY YOUTH,  
BUT PLEASE, I COME  
NOW SEEKING  
KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE?  
OH MY, HOW EXCITING.  
AND WHAT KNOWLEDGE  
DO WE HAVE IN THESE  
DUSTY OLD HALLS  
THAT COULD POSSIBLY BE OF  
INTEREST TO THE  
GREAT THOR OF  
ASGARD?

WE HAVE NO HALL OF BLUNT  
INSTRUMENTS, I'M AFRAID,  
NOR HALL OF THUNDER, UNLESS  
YOU COUNT THE LAVATORY  
WHEN THERE ARE TROLL  
GODS ABOUT.

PERHAPS THE  
HALL OF WAR. THERE  
ARE SEVERAL MENTIONS  
OF YOUR FATHER THERE,  
AFTER ALL, THOUGH MOST  
ARE NOT EXACTLY  
OF THE FLATTERING  
VARIETY.

I SEEK THE  
NAMES OF GODS WHO  
HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN IN  
YEARS, WHO SIMPLY  
DISAPPEARED.

AH, WELL, IN  
THAT CASE, IT IS  
MY GREAT PLEASURE  
TO WELCOME YOU,  
PRINCE OF  
ASGARD...

TO THE  
HALL OF THE  
LOST.





THE OAKEN KING AND SEQUOIA  
QUEEN OF GLENGLAVENGLADE,  
THE GARDEN ETERNAL.

GODS OF THE COSMIC  
SEASONS, LORDS OF A  
FORESTED HEAVEN.

NO ONE HAS SEEN  
THEM FOR 2,000  
YEARS.

I FIND THEM IN  
THE EMBRACE  
OF THE FOREST  
THEY LOVED.

I FIND THEM  
NAILED TO  
THEIR TREES.



AND THAT  
ISN'T ALL  
I FIND.



THE WAR FAERIES OF  
WENPIGORGE, THE  
NINE GUARDIANS OF  
THE HORNWOLD.

IT'S SAID THEY LIVED IN A PALACE  
WITH CARAMELIZED WALLS, IN A  
VALLEY WHERE THE SKIES RAINED  
MILK AND THE TREES Oozed HONEY.

THEY WERE LAST  
SEEN 1,200 YEARS  
AGO.

THESE DAYS THE TREES ARE  
STRUNG WITH GORE AND THE  
AIR IS BLACK WITH FLIES.

AND WHEN IT RAINS  
ONLY MAGGOTS FALL  
FROM THE SKY.

I DON'T HAVE TIME  
TO BURY OR BURN  
THEM. NOT WHILE HE'S  
STILL OUT THERE.

NO TIME TO DO  
ANYTHING BUT  
FOLLOW HIS  
BLOODY TRAIL.

THE CORAL IMMORTALS OF  
CATARACT, THE WALKERS  
OF THE OUTER VOID, THE  
LAST OF THE LAVA COLOSSI.

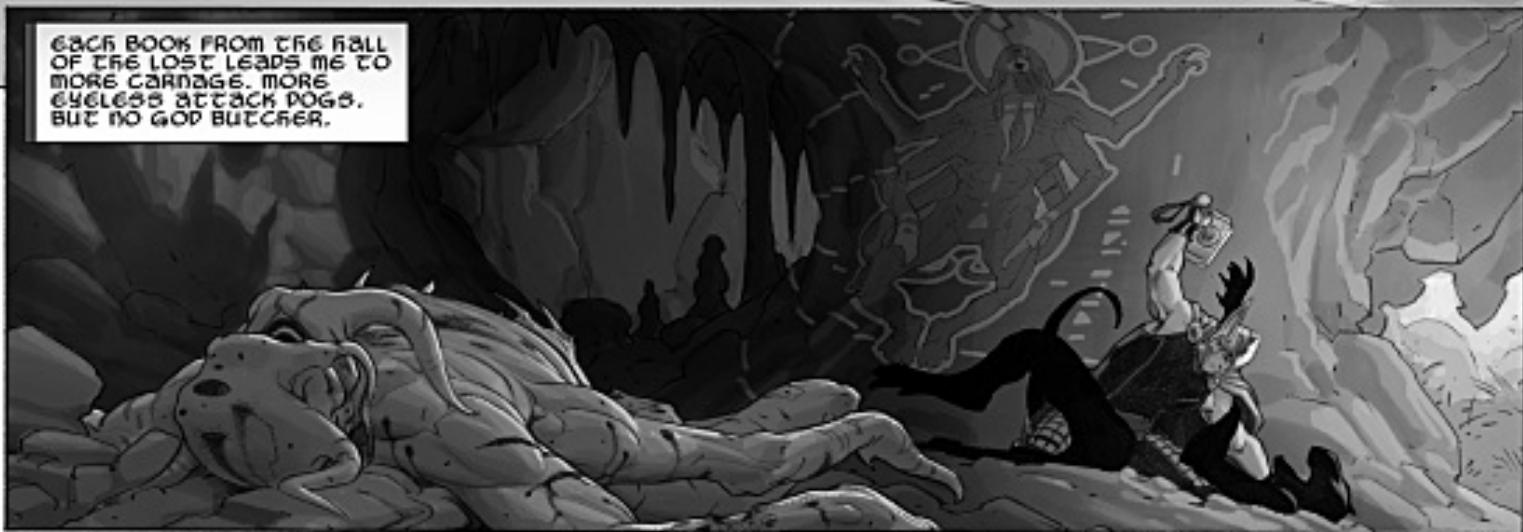
VOORD BLOOPEYE, THE BAPPOON  
GOD OF BEFRIENDS, ZORR'KIRI,  
THE SKRULL GODDESS OF LOVE,  
YUG-SLUGGOTTA THE UNSEEABLE,  
BARON OF THE ELDER HELL.

ALL GODS WROTE BEEN  
MISSING FOR 500 YEARS.  
ALL MISSING NO LONGER.

I FIND GOD AFTER GOD DEAD  
AND ROTTING. SOME ALONE.  
SOME IN PILES SO LARGE I  
CAN SEE THEM FROM SPACE.

AR

EACH BOOK FROM THE FALL  
OF THE LOST LEADS ME TO  
MORE CARNAGE. MORE  
EYLESS ATTACK DOGS.  
BUT NO GOD BUTCHER.



THERE'S NO PATTERN TO HIS  
SPREE. FOR 2,000 YEARS HE  
HAS SIMPLY CRISSCROSSED  
CREATION, KILLING ANYTHING  
IMMORTAL HE FINDS.

WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT  
THE GODS IN THIS UNIVERSE  
THAT NO ONE HAS EVER  
EVEN NOTICED OR CARED?

WHAT DOES IT  
SAY ABOUT ME?

I KNEW  
THIS GOD.

FALLIGAR THE BEHEMOTH, A PATRON  
GOD OF THE GALACTIC FRONTIER,  
CHAMPION OF THE TOURNAMENT OF  
IMMORTALS FOR FIVE CENTURIES  
STRAIGHT. THEY SAY HE WRESTLED  
BLACK HOLES JUST FOR FUN.

I LAST SAW HIM BARELY A  
HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WE  
PASSED ONE ANOTHER IN THE  
SPACeways AND WAVED.

HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR FIVE  
YEARS, SAY HIS MOURNERS.  
THE WORSHIPPERS WHO  
COME EVERY DAY TO KNEEL  
IN HIS OFFAL AND PRAY FOR  
RESURRECTION.

YET NOTHING STIRS  
WITHIN THIS GIANT  
ROTTING RUSH.

NOTHING TRULY  
ALIVE, AT LEAST.



YES, KEEP  
COMING, YOU MINDLESS  
BEAST! LET US SEND A  
MESSAGE TO YOUR  
MASTER!



WHEREVER YOU ARE, IN WHATEVER  
DISTANT SHADOW YOU COWER AND  
HIDE... I HOPE YOU FEEL THIS,  
BUTCHER OF GODS.

I HOPE THESE THINGS ARE  
A PART OF YOU AND THAT  
YOU FEEL EVERY SECOND  
OF ME BEATING THEM TO  
A BLACKENED PULP.

I HOPE YOU FEEL IT AND  
KNOW, DOWN DEEP IN YOUR  
WRETCHED, YELLOW BONES...

THAT YOUR END  
IS NEAR.





I SCREAM UNTIL MY THROAT IS RAW. UNTIL THEY FEAR THE RUMBLE OF THUNDER FROM WORLDS AWAY.

THE HAMMER RANGS HEAVY IN MY HAND. BUT I CANNOT STOP. I WILL NOT STOP.

NOT UNTIL I FIND HIM. NOT UNTIL MY HANDS ARE ABOUT HIS THROAT AND I CAN LOOK INTO HIS EYES AND SEE FOR MYSELF HIS REGRET...





893 AD.  
Along The Banks of The Neva River.  
In What Will Someday Be Called Russia.



Hours Later,



I AM...I WAS  
HINKON, SIBERIAN  
GOD OF THE HUNT, THE  
BLACK BUTCHER...HE SAID  
TO TELL YOU, HE WAITS  
FOR YOU IN HIS CAVE,  
ALONG THE LAKE.  
JUST FOLLOW THE  
SCREAMS.

YOU SHOULD  
NOT HAVE COME  
ALONE.

I DON'T BELIEVE  
YOU'RE IN MUCH OF  
A POSITION TO OFFER  
ADVICE IN MATTERS OF  
COMBAT, HINKON, GOD  
OF THE HUNT.

TRUE, SO TRUE.  
HE CAME AT ME  
OUT OF THE DARKNESS,  
THE SHADOWS THEMSELVES  
WERE ALIVE AROUND  
HIM. IF I HAD NOT  
BEEN SO DRUNK,  
PERHAPS...



THERE IS NO  
HONOR IN THE WAY THE  
GOD BUTCHER FIGHTS.  
NOR WILL I GRANT HIM HONOR  
IN HIS DEATH. YOU HAVE  
THE WORD OF THOR  
ON THAT.



PLEASE,  
THOR...BEFORE  
YOU GO...

YES, OF  
COURSE.  
  
BE AT PEACE  
NOW, HINKON, THE  
HUNT FOR YOU  
HAS ENDED.



"WRITE FOR THOR IT HAS JUST BEGUN."

# The Present Day, The Shores of Lake Ladoga, Russia.



UM, I KNOW IT'S PROBABLY NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT WHEN HAVE I EVER LET THAT STOP ME BEFORE? I HAVE TO TELL YA, BIG GUY, THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES RIGHT NOW IS REALLY FREAKING ME OUT. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU THIS UNNERVED BEFORE.

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU IN THAT CAVE?

YOU SURE YOU DON'T NEED THE AVENGERS WITH YOU ON THIS ONE?

ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, I CAME TO THIS PLACE ALONE, OUT OF STUBBORN PRIDE, AND I NEVER TOLD ANOTHER LIVING SOUL WHAT HAPPENED TO ME HERE.

NOW GODS ARE DYING BECAUSE OF MY SILENCE, BECAUSE OF MY FOOLISHNESS. I CANNOT MAKE THAT SAME MISTAKE AGAIN.

YOU ARE AS MUCH A GOD AS ANY IMMORTAL I HAVE EVER KNOWN, TONY STARK. PLEASE...I COULD USE YOUR HELP.

STARK...

RIGHT, GOD BUSINESS, I GOT IT. IT'S OKAY, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF BORING OLD MORTAL PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH. I'LL BE ON THE MOON IF YOU NEED ME.

STARK, WAIT.

I TELL IRON MAN WHAT I KNOW AND SEND HIM TO OLYMPUS TO BEGIN WARNING THE GODS OF EARTH.

MY SEARCH FOR THE GOD BUTCHER HAS LED ME NOWHERE. NO CLUES WHERE HE MIGHT BE HIDING, NO IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT STRIKE NEXT.

SO WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO TURN, I AM HERE.

A PLACE I RAPED NEVER TO SEE AGAIN.

I am a YOUNG GOD, AS MY FATHER ALWAYS LIKES TO REMIND ME. BUT COMPARED TO MY MORTAL FRIENDS, I HAVE LIVED A VERY LONG TIME.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF YEARS WORTH OF MEMORIES RATTLING AROUND INSIDE MY HEAD. EVEN IN THE MIND OF A GOD, THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR EVERYTHING.

MEMORIES EVAPORATE OVER TIME. SUCH IS THE PRICE OF BEING IMMORTAL. OF MUCH OF MY DISTANT PAST, I CAN RECALL ONLY FRAGMENTS AND GLIMPSSES. SOME MOMENTS ARE GONE COMPLETELY.



I'VE FORGOTTEN THE FACE OF THE FIRST MAIDEN I KISSED. OF THE FIRST TROLL I FELLED OR DRAGON I TAMED.

I'VE FORGOTTEN THE FIRST STAR I WALKED UPON AND THE SIGHT OF MY FATHER SMILING.

FOR A GOD, THE LIVES OF MORTALS SEEM TO PASS BY IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, WHICH LEAVES MUCH OF MY EARLY TIME ON MIDGARD AN IRREPARABLE BLAZE.

THERE ARE MORTAL WOMEN I KNOW I'VE LOVED AND MEN I'VE STOOD BY IN BATTLE WHO I'M ASHAMED TO SAY I CAN NO LONGER RECALL.

BUT THIS CAVE...

THIS CAVE I WILL REMEMBER 'TIL THE END OF TIME.

THIS IS WHERE THE  
GOD BUTCHER  
CAUGHT ME FEAR.

ALL-MOTHER?  
ALL-MOTHER,  
CAN YOU HEAR  
ME?

PAIN THESE  
SUMMONING  
STONES.

QUEEN FREYJA/  
THE GOD OF THUNDER  
WOULD HAVE WORDS  
WITH TREB!

THIS IS WHERE HE  
SHOWED ME THE  
TRUE DEPTHS OF  
HIS HORROR.

THIS IS WHERE I NEARLY  
DIED AT HIS HANDS.

WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT? HAVE YOU  
GOTTEN INTO TROUBLE  
AGAIN? PLEASE DON'T  
TELL ME YOUR  
BROTHER'S INVOLVED.

TROR, WHAT'S  
HAPPENED? UNDER  
THREAT BY WHO?

TROR?

TROR? MY  
BOY, IS THAT  
YOU? YOU'LL HAVE  
TO SPEAK UP. THE  
CONGRESS IS MEETING  
AND YOU KNOW HOW  
DWARVES GET  
WHEN THEY'RE  
ANGRY.

MY QUEEN,  
ASGARDIA AND  
EVERYONE IN IT  
IS IN DANGER!

QUEEN  
FREYJA, LISTEN  
TO ME. YOU HAVE TO CALL  
EVERY ASGARDIAN HOME AND LOCK  
THE GATES BEHIND THEM! ANYONE OF  
IMMORTAL BLOOD IS UNDER THREAT!

THIS IS WHERE  
I BROUGHT I  
KILLED HIM.

RRRRRCCHH!!!



GOD  
BUTCHER!

COME OUT  
OF YOUR HOLE  
AND LET'S FINISH  
WHAT WE  
STARTED!



YOU CAME  
ALONE. I KNEW  
YOU WOULD.



GODS ARE  
NOTHING IF NOT  
PREDICTABLE,  
ESPECIALLY WHEN  
IT COMES TO  
ARROGANCE.



RRRRRGH!

AFTER OUR  
LAST ENCOUNTER, YOU  
SHOULD HAVE REALIZED HOW  
LUCKY YOU WERE TO SURVIVE  
AND FLED TO THE OTHER END  
OF THE COSMOS. NOT THAT  
IT WOULD HAVE SAVED  
YOU IN THE END.

BUT PERHAPS  
BY THE TIME I  
FOUND YOU AGAIN, I  
WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN  
HOW YOU HURT ME AND  
GIVEN YOU A  
QUICK DEATH.



AND YOU  
DARE CALL ME  
ARROGANT!  
RRRGH!!!

NOW THERE  
WILL BE NOTHING  
QUICK ABOUT THE  
WAY YOU DIE, GOD  
OF THUNDER.

INSTEAD,  
YOUR SUFFERING  
WILL SEEM AS IF  
IT LASTS...

"UNTIL THE VERY  
END OF TIME."

ARRCHH!!!

NO!!! I WILL  
NOT FALL AGAIN!  
NOT TO YOU!

NO MATTER  
HOW MANY OF YOUR  
BLACK BERSEKERS  
YOU SEND TO SULLY  
ASGARD!

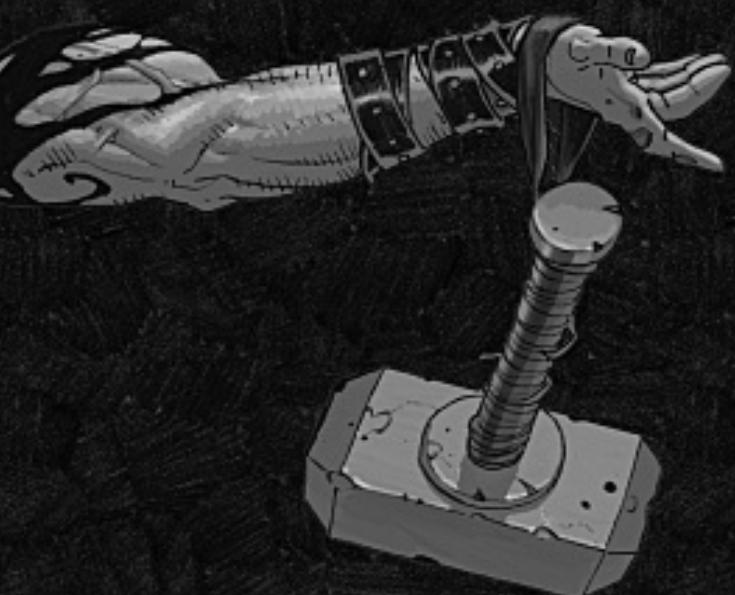
DO YOU FEAR  
ME, GOD BUTCHER?!  
THOR WILL NOT  
FALL!

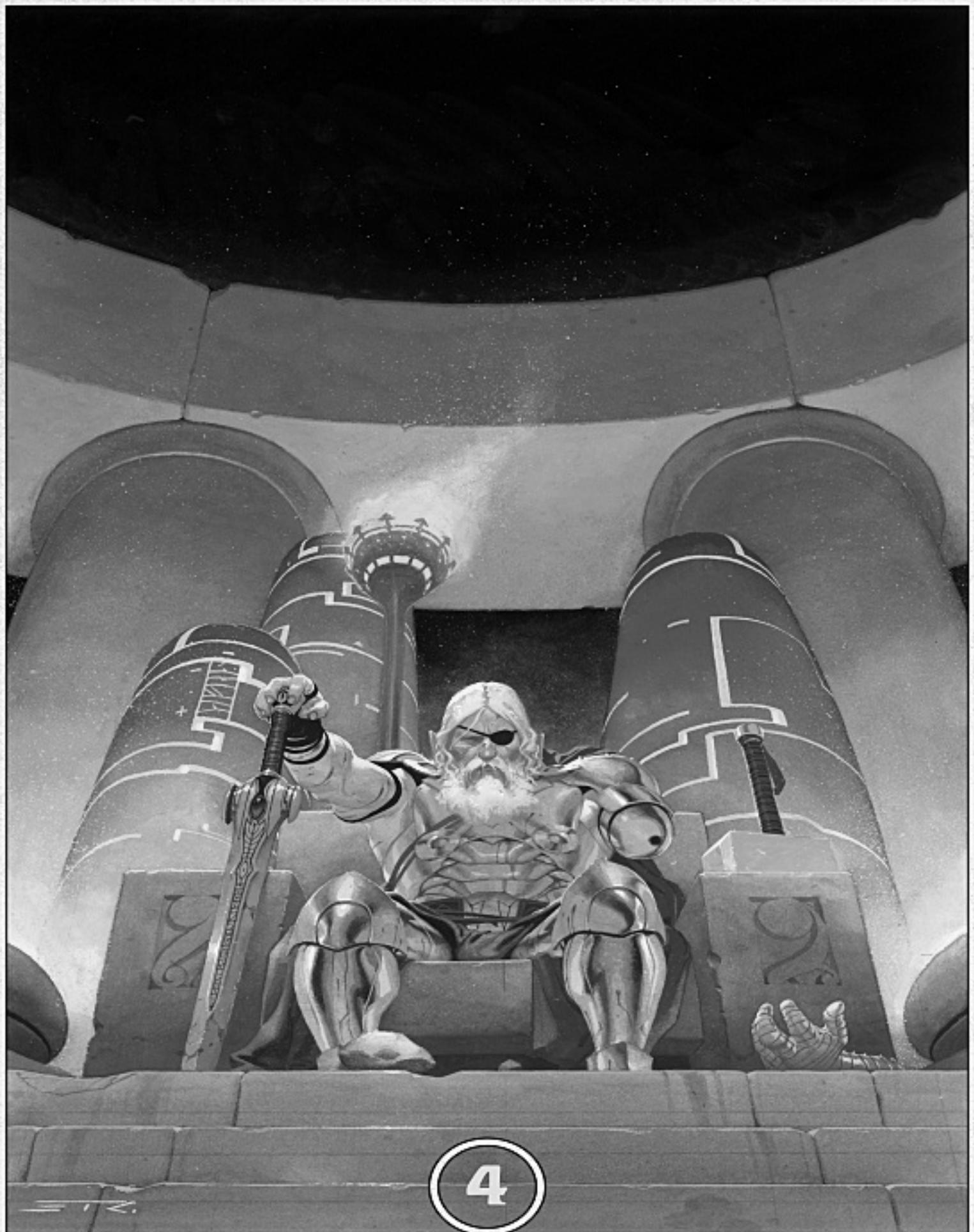
THOR WILL  
NEVER...





"DOWN TO THE  
VERY LAST ONE."





4

The Last God in Asgard

Asgard.  
Thousands of Years From Now.

AS DARKNESS COMES OVER  
ME, AS ALL PAIN FADES, I  
FEEL MYSELF FLOATING.

FLOATING THROUGH ASGARD,  
PAST THE BROKEN SHARDS OF  
THE RAINBOW BRIDGE, PAST  
THE STATUES OF THE FALLEN.

PAST THE CRYPT WHERE I BURIED  
MY MOTHER AND FATHER, MY WIVES,  
AND ALL OF MY CHILDREN.

I FEEL MYSELF FLOATING ON, BUT  
I AM NOT DISMAYED, I GO WITH A  
GLAD HEART, I GO TO BE WITH MY  
FAMILY, AT LONG LAST...

I GO TO  
HELL.



THERE WILL BE NO GRAND FUNERAL FOR ME IN ASGARD. NO SONGS SUNG OF MY PASSING. NO MONUMENTS ERECTED.

THIS RUINED HUNK OF ROCK THAT WAS ONCE THE REALM ETERNAL... THIS WILL BE MY TOMBSTONE. AND THE TESTAMENT TO MY FAILURE.



ASGARD DESERVED BETTER. IT DESERVED A BETTER KING.

I WAS ALWAYS MORE SUITED TO SWINGING A HAMMER THAN I WAS TO WEARING A CROWN. ULTIMATELY, I WASN'T FIT TO HOLD EITHER.



I LIVED FAR TOO LONG. THAT WAS MY GREATEST MISTAKE. LONG ENOUGH TO SEE EVERYONE I EVER CARED FOR DIE. LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THE TRUE END OF ALL THINGS.

THERE ARE NO MORE RAGNAROKS HERE AT THE END OF TIME. NO EPIC BATTLES. NO HOPES OF RESURRECTION OR REBIRTH.



THERE IS ONLY ONE SAD OLD GOD WITHERING AWAY IN SHAME AND SILENCE...

RELIEVED THAT IT IS FINALLY OVER.

WHO...? WHERE...

I KNOW THE FEEL OF THIS SEAT. I KNOW IT ALL TOO WELL.

THIS ISN'T THE AFTERWORLD.

NO... THIS ISN'T... WAIT...

COME BACK.

COME BACK HERE, YOU WRETCHED DOGS!

THE GOD BUTCHER... HE WON'T EVEN GIVE ME THAT ONE SMALL VICTORY, WILL HE?

COME BACK HERE AND KILL ME!

HE WON'T EVEN LET ME DIE.

Earth.  
Now.

WHO ARE  
YOU?

I'M THE SORT  
OF GOD YOU DON'T  
MEET EVERY DAY. A  
GOD WHO HAS LOOKED  
UPON THE FACE  
OF GORR...

...AND LIVED, LIKE YOU, YES?  
THE MIGHTY THOR. OH, HOW  
I'VE HEARD HIM TALK  
ABOUT YOU.

I WAS  
CALLED SHADRAK.  
OF THE DIAMOND MOONS OF  
OSHOGHO. I WAS THE GOD OF...  
OF WINE AND WATERFALLS. UNTIL HE  
CAME. UNTIL THE GOD BUTCHER...

I DON'T KNOW  
WHY HE KEPT ME ALIVE.  
WHY HE MADE ME WATCH  
AS HIS BLACK BERSERKERS  
SLAUGHTERED THE REST OF  
MY PANTHEON. IT SEEMED  
TO AMUSE HIM...THE MORE  
I SCREAMED.

EVERY DAY, I  
BEGGED HIM TO  
KILL ME NEXT. BUT  
INSTEAD HE CUT OFF  
ALL MY EYELIDS, SO I  
HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO  
SEE. HE TRULY IS AN  
ARTIST, YOU KNOW? I  
MEAN THAT. THE THINGS  
HE CAN DO WITH THAT  
WEAPON OF HIS, THE  
THINGS THAT HE  
SHOWED ME...

GODS ARE SUCH  
BEAUTIFUL CREATURES.  
I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE  
SURE OF THAT. BECAUSE  
I'VE SEEN WHAT THEY  
LOOK LIKE ON  
THE INSIDE.

I'M NOT CERTAIN...  
BUT I THINK I MAY  
HAVE GONE MAD AT  
SOME POINT.

I ESCAPED WHILE HE WAS MURDERING JANARO, A GOD I HAD KNOWN SINCE CHILDHOOD. HE WAS...THE GOD OF FRIENDSHIP.

I KNEW THIS CAVE WAS THE ONE PLACE GORR WOULD NEVER SET FOOT IN AGAIN. THE WAY HE ALWAYS DESCRIBED IT WAS LIKE...LIKE IT WAS SACRED TO HIM. HE SAYS HE OWES YOU A GREAT DEBT FOR WHAT YOU TAUGHT HIM HERE.

THAT'S WHY HE'S SAVING YOU FOR LAST.

WHERE IS THE GOD BUTCHER NOW? HOW DO I FIND HIM?

THERE'S NO NEED TO GO LOOKING FOR HIM. HE WILL FIND US ALL SOON ENOUGH.

HIS RAGE WILL NEVER DIE. IT'S THE WEAPON THAT KEEPS HIM ALIVE. IT'S A PART OF HIM NOW, THANKS TO YOU.

YOU WILL SEE ONCE HE COMES. YOU WILL SEE HOW PRETTY YOUR FRIENDS ARE WITHOUT THEIR SKINS.

TELL ME ANYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT WHERE HE'S HEADED OR WHO HE'S AFTER. AND I PROMISE YOU, I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE.

I DON'T KNOW... ANYTHING, DO I? ONLY THINGS I HEARD BEING SCREAMED. THE SECRETS HE CUT OUT OF OTHERS. CHRONUX. THERE WAS CHRONUX, OF COURSE AND...OH NO. NO, WE SHOULD NOT TALK OF THOSE THINGS, NOT EVEN HERE.

CHRONUX. I DON'T KNOW THIS WORD. WHAT IS IT? IS IT A GOD?

JUST LEAVE ME BE. JUST LET ME HIDE HERE UNTIL THE END OF TIME. I QUITE LIKE EATING BUGS AND SLEEPING IN MUD. BETTER THAN I DO BEING BUTCHERED.

JUST COME WITH ME, SHADRAK. AND I SWEAR TO YOU, THE GOD BUTCHER WILL NEVER TOUCH YOU AGAIN.

COME WITH ME...

"AND WE CAN END THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL."

# Omnipotence City, Nexus of All The Gods.

LIBRARIAN!

LORD HIGH LIBRARIAN!  
WE SEEK YOUR AID!

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO THE CAVE NOW.

YOU ARE SAFE HERE. THESE ARE THE HALLS OF ALL KNOWING. IF THERE IS A GOD CALLED CHRONUX ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE, HERE WE WILL TRACK HIM DOWN.

LIBRARIAN!

WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT BITTER OLD...

NO. OH NO, IF ONLY I COULD CLOSE MY EYES.

UGGGH...

LORD LIBRARIAN!





WAKE  
UP, GOD OF  
THUNDER.





893 AD.  
The Cave of The God Butcher.



RRRRGGHHH!!!

I AM NOT EXACTLY A NOVICE IN THE WAYS OF TORTURE. YOU UNDERSTAND. I ONCE TORTURED A GOD OF TORTURE.

AFTER AN EVENING ALONE WITH ME, HE TOLD ME WHERE HIS OWN CHILDREN WERE HIDING.

GGGRRGHH!!! I WILL KILL YOU!

FIGHT ALL YOU LIKE. THESE BONDS HAVE HELD A THOUSAND GODS BEFORE YOU, SOME THE SIZE OF MOUNTAINS.

THEY ALL START OUT SO FULL OF CONFIDENCE AND RAGE, SO CONVINCED OF THEIR OWN BLESSED IMMORTALITY, UNTIL I SHOW THEM WHAT THEY REALLY ARE. WHAT THEIR MOTHERS ARE. THEIR LOVERS. THEIR INFANTS.

YOU'RE MEAT, JUST LIKE THE REST OF US, LITTLE GOD. MEAT AND BONE AND BLOOD AND INNARDS.

I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR TRUE FACE, THOR OF ASGARD. BY PEELING AWAY THIS MASK OF FLESH YOU WEAR,

AND I WILL CHEW OUT YOUR EYEBALLS WITH MY TEETH. YOU BLEATING--

HHRGGHH! HHRGGGGHH!!!

I SO RARELY GET TO TAKE MY TIME ANYMORE. THERE ARE SO MANY GODS IN NEED OF ATTENTION, AFTER ALL.

THERE WAS AN IMMORTAL ON A WORLD LONG AGO, WHO DARED ASK ME IF I WAS A GOD MYSELF. NOW WITH HIM I INDED TOOK MY TIME.

ALL GODS HAVE THEIR BREAKING POINTS. IT TOOK ME NINE DAYS TO FIND HIS, AND HIS FLESH WAS MADE OF STONE.

I AM HOPEFUL THAT YOU CAN KEEP ME ENTERTAINED FOR AT LEAST HALF AS LONG.

RRAAAARRGH





LOVELY FRIENDS  
YOU'VE BROUGHT  
WITH YOU, GOD OF  
THUNDER...



KROOO!



THEY'RE  
BLACK BERSERKERS  
AND THEY'RE AFTER  
SOMETHING. TRYING  
TO HIDE SOMETHING  
FROM...

CHRONUX!

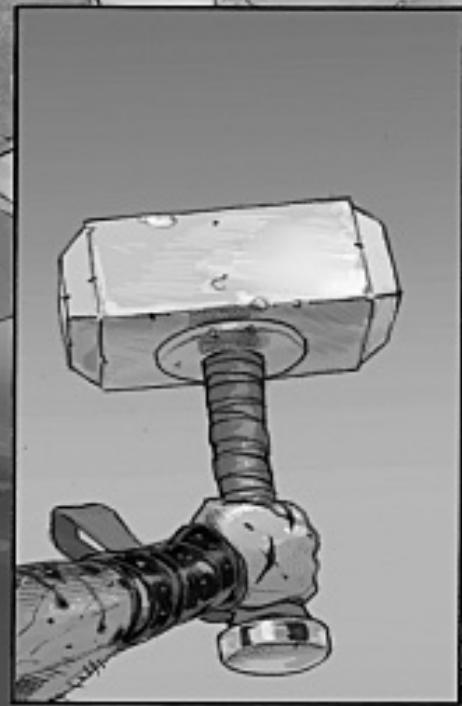


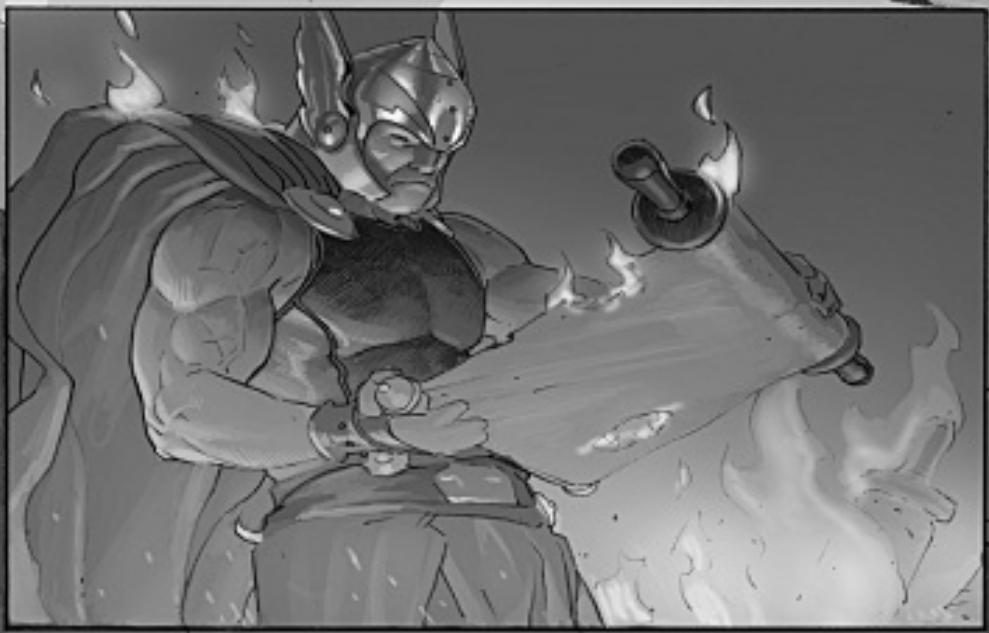
LORD  
LIBRARIAN, WHERE  
ARE THE BOOKS  
ON A GOD CALLED  
CHRONUX?



THOR!







DAMNED USELESS  
ENCHANTMENTS! WHERE  
THE DEVIL ARE THOSE  
WATER PIXIES?

I DON'T  
SUPPOSE YOU'RE A  
GOD OF SPRINKLERS,  
ARE YOU?

I AM SHADRAK,  
GOD OF SONGS AND  
SOMERSAULTS.

TERRIFIC. TRY  
ROLLING AROUND  
IN THAT FIRE TO  
PUT IT OUT.



"I FLY TO CLAIM THE HEAD OF GORR!"

## Chronax, The Palace of Infinity.





THIS IS MONSTROUS. WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THE POOL OF FOREVERS. A FEW DROPS OF OUR OWN SACRED BLOOD WERE ALL WE EVER USED TO TRAVEL THE TIMeways, TO SHEPHERD THE HERDS OF YESTERDAYS AND PRUNE THE WILD FIELDS OF TOMORROWS.

WE TIME GODS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PEACEABLE BEINGS. CARETAKERS OF TIME, NOTHING MORE. WE NEVER DID ANYONE HARM.

IN MY TRAVELS I HAVE LEARNED THAT THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF GODS. THOSE WHO DO HARM, AND THOSE WHO DO NOTHING AT ALL. I HAVE YET TO DECIDE WHICH I FIND MORE WORTHY OF MY WRATH.

BUT SOON ENOUGH IT WILL NO LONGER MATTER, AS ALL GODS WILL HAVE ONE VERY IMPORTANT TRAIT IN COMMON.

THEY WILL ALL BE DEAD.

CAARRCH!!!



FRAAAASH

WHERE  
IS...  
THE  
BUTCHER OF  
GODS?





Dream of a Godless Age

# The Present Day. Chronux, The Palace of Infinity.

WHERE I COME FROM, WE  
KNEW NOTHING OF THE WORLD  
BEYOND WHAT WE COULD SEE  
WITH OUR OWN EYES.

AND EVEN MUCH  
OF THAT WE COULD  
NOT COMPREHEND.

I WAS RAISED TO BELIEVE THAT  
STARS WERE THE EYES OF OUR  
ANCESTORS, OF THE ONES WHO'D  
PLEASED THE GODS AND PROVED  
WORTHY OF THE SOOTHING  
EMBRACE OF THE NIGHT.

THE DAMNED SUFFERED FOREVER IN  
THE SUN. SO THE MORE WHO DIED  
UNWORTHY, WE WERE TOLD, THE  
HOTTER OUR WORLD WOULD BURN.

THAT'S HOW WE WERE  
TAUGHT TO HONOR OUR  
GODS, THROUGH FEAR.

BUT WHERE WERE THOSE  
GODS WHENEVER WE  
NEEDED THEM, I  
ALWAYS ASKED?

WHERE WERE THE  
GODS WHEN I NEEDED  
THEM MOST?

THEY WERE WHERE THEY  
ALWAYS ARE, ALL  
THROUGHOUT THE  
UNIVERSE...

THEY WERE  
NOWHERE TO  
BE FOUND.

# Fourteen Billion Years Ago. The Void.



THE TEARS BECAME  
OCEANS, WHICH BECAME ICE,  
WHICH BECAME WORLDS.



AS I STAND HERE NOW, WITNESSING WITH MY OWN EYES THE FIRST AWKWARD FUMBLINGS OF LIFE IN THE VOID, I SEE NO LONESOME WEPPING GOD.

NO TEARS EXCEPT THOSE SHED BY THE MISSHAPEN CREATURES AROUND ME, MINUTES OLD AND ALREADY BREATHING FOR DEATH.

I SEE NO GRAND PLAN AT WORK, NO BENEVOLENT OMNIPOTENCE ON DISPLAY. I SEE ONLY AN INBRED OFFSPRING OF THE ELDER GODS, TREATING PRIMORDIAL LIFE AS HIS FLESHY PLAYTHING.

BUT DESPITE THE BEST EFFORTS OF THE GODS, I KNOW THAT LIFE WILL STILL FIND A WAY. WORLDS WILL BE BLASTED INTO BEING AND CREATURES WILL SLITHER FROM THE Ooze TO EVOLVE AND THRIVE.

AND ULTIMATELY LEARN TO FEAR AND WORSHIP THE BUMBLING DEITIES THEY ASSUME TO BE THEIR MAKERS.

MY NAME IS GORR, SON OF A NAMELESS FATHER, OUTCAST FROM A FORGOTTEN WORLD.

I HAVE SCARIED MY WAY THROUGH MULTITUDES TO STAND HERE AT THE GENESIS OF ALL THINGS, BLACKENED WITH VENGEANCE, WET WITH HOLY BLOOD, ONE SIMPLE DREAM STILL STRONG IN MY HEART...

BUT FOR THIS YOUNG GOD, AT LEAST, THERE WILL BE NO TEMPLES ERECTED.

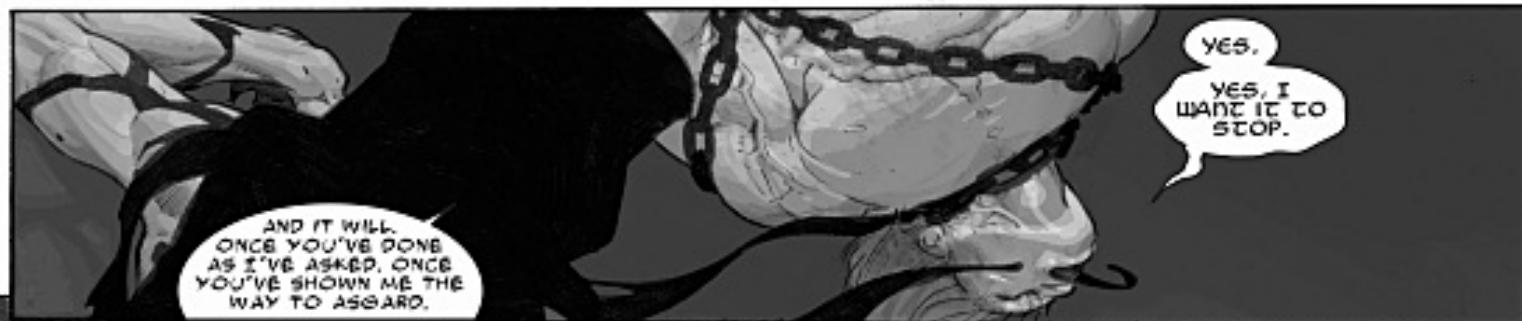
THE DREAM OF  
A GODLESS AGE.

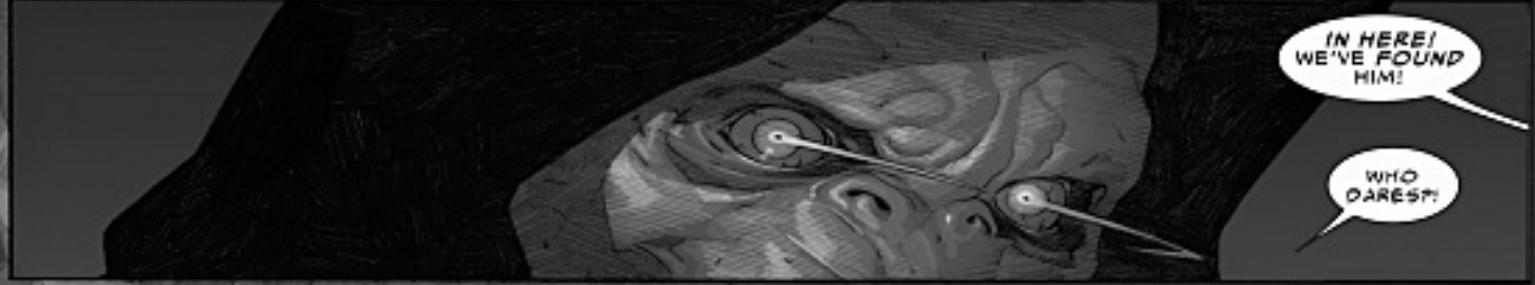
The Present Day. Chronux,  
The Palace of Infinity.





893 AD.  
The Cave of the God Butcher.





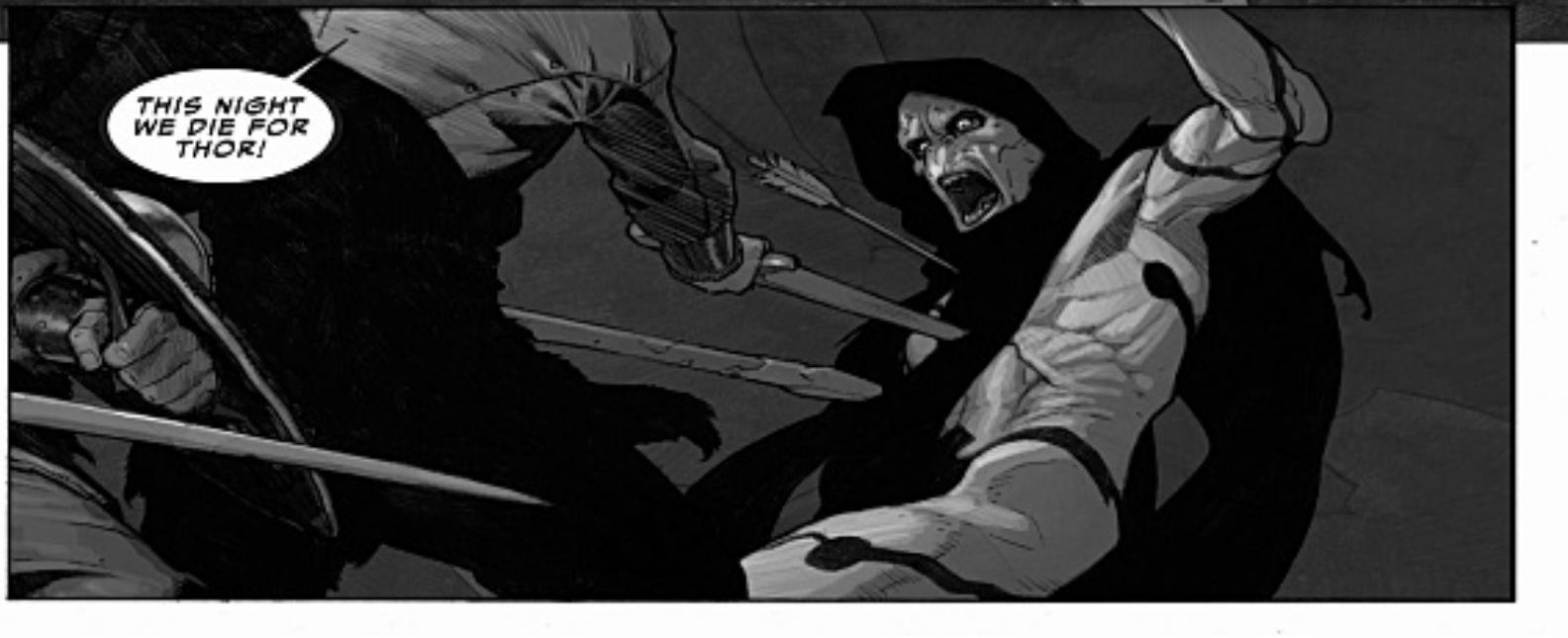
IN HERE!  
WE'VE FOUND  
HIM!

WHO  
DARES?



REDDEN  
YOUR SPEARS,  
BERSERKERS! LET FLY  
YOUR RAGING HANDS!  
RATHER A THOUSAND  
DEATHS THAN ONE  
RETREAT!

THIS NIGHT  
WE FEAST IN  
VALHALLA!



THIS NIGHT  
WE DIE FOR  
THOR!



GORR! HAVE AT THEE, COWARD!

NO MORE HIDING BEHIND THESE EMPTY HUSKS! MJOLNIR GROWS WEARY OF BLUDGEONING THEM!



TODAY THE BLOOD THAT FLIES WILL BE YOURS! AND THE TEARS! AND THE TEETH!

HOW LOVELY, I SEE YOU'VE GROWN UP NICELY SINCE LAST WE MET.



AND MY BLACK BERSERKERS ARE FAR FROM EMPTY HUSKS, GOD OF THUNDER. THEY ARE A PART OF ME, THANKS IN NO SMALL MEASURE TO YOU.



DAMN YOUR DEVILRY! FIGHT LIKE A GOD!

THOUGH THEY DO STILL HAVE A MIND OF THEIR OWN. THE ONES WHO ATTACKED YOU AT THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING, FOR INSTANCE. I DID NOT SEND THEM, NOT CONSCIOUSLY, AT LEAST.



THOUGH PERHAPS DEEP DOWN INSIDE, SOME PART OF ME WANTED YOU HERE, THOR, PRINCE OF ASGARD... THOR, THE GOD WHO GOT AWAY...

WANTED YOU HERE TO BEAR WITNESS AS I BEGIN THE NEXT PHASE OF MY MISSION. AFTER ALL...

"NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT YOU."

STOP THIS!  
I AM NOT HERE  
TO HURT YOU, MEN  
OF EARTH! I COME  
INSTEAD TO LIBERATE  
YOU AND YOUR KIND  
FROM THE YOKE  
OF DIVINE  
SERVITUDE!

DON'T WORRY,  
LORD THOR, WE'LL  
HAVE YOU FREE OF  
THESE CHAINS OR  
DIE TRY--

AND WE COME  
TO LIBERATE THAT  
HIDEOUS HEAD OF  
YOURS FROM ITS  
SHOULDERS! CUT  
HIM DOWN!

LISTEN TO  
ME, YOU FOOLS!  
DO NOT THROW  
YOUR LIVES AWAY  
ON SOMETHING  
AS USELESS AS  
A GOD!

GAHHHHH!!!

HE ISN'T WORTH YOUR DEVOTION!  
NONE OF THEM ARE! JUST LISTEN  
TO ME! LISTEN AND LET ME TELL  
YOU OF MY DREAM! A  
DREAM OF A--

FOR THE  
LOVE OF ODIN,  
SOMEONE GET A  
SPEAR IN THAT  
THROAT AND STOP  
THIS WRETCH'S  
MEWLING!

VERY WELL.  
DIE FOR YOUR  
GOD IF YOU WISH.  
SEE IF HE EVEN  
TAKES NOTICE.

AAARRGGH!!

RRRRGGH!!!  
YOUR PUPPETS  
FALL, GOARR! YOU  
WILL ANSWER TO  
THE FURY OF MY  
HAMMER!

I DO!

THOSE VIKINGS  
OF YOURS FOUGHT  
LIKE DEVILS THAT DAY  
IN THE CAVE. DO YOU  
EVEN REMEMBER  
THEIR FACES?

"OF COURSE, I'D SEEN MEN WILLING TO  
DIE FOR THEIR GODS BEFORE. ON MORE  
WORLDS THAN I CAN COUNT. BUT NEVER  
WITH SUCH...SUCH WICKED GLEE."

FOR ASGARD!!!  
AAAAARRGGHHH!!!

YOUR VIKINGS TAUGHT ME TWO IMPORTANT  
LESSONS THAT DAY, THOR. ONE, THAT MORTALS'  
CHILDLIKE FEAR OF A GODLESS WORLD IS  
FAR STRONGER THAN THEIR FEAR OF  
DEATH, NO MATTER HOW  
PAINFUL. AND TWO...

"NO MATTER HOW FIERCE  
MY DEVOTION OR HOW  
INVINCIBLE MY WEAPON  
MIGHT MAKE ME, NO  
MATTER HOW JUST MY  
CAUSE..."

I COULD NO  
LONGER DO MY  
JOB ALONE.





I WALKED THE COSMOS FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS, KILLING GOD AFTER GOD WITH THESE VERY HANDS. I TORTURED THEM AND SKINNED THEM AND BURNED THEM ALIVE AND LEFT THEM ROTTING IN THEIR HEAVENS.

I MADE NO PROCLAMATIONS. I ISSUED NO THREATS OR DEMANDS. I SIMPLY KILLED EVERY IMMORTAL TYRANT I COULD FIND, AND THEN MOVED ON THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

BUT YOU BROUGHT ME OUT OF THE DARKNESS, THOR, YOU SHOWED ME A WHOLE NEW WAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE COSMOS...

"A GOD DID  
SOMETHING  
USEFUL."



TELL ME,  
AS YOU DIE, MEN  
OF EARTH, DO YOU  
AT LAST SEE  
THE TRUTH?

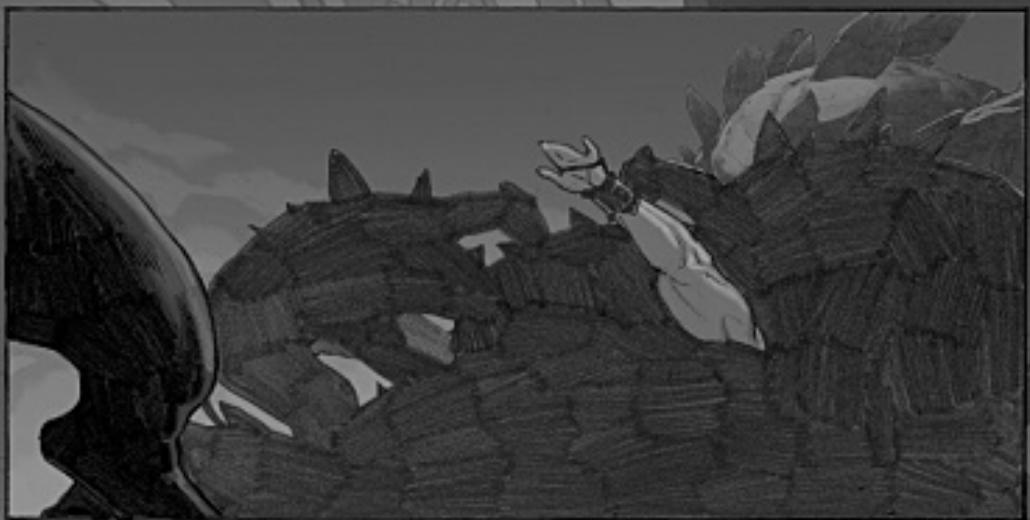
WHERE ARE  
YOUR GODS NOW?  
WHERE ARE THE  
GREAT LIES YOU  
WASTED YOUR LIVES  
WORSHIPPING? WHERE  
IS YOUR SAVIOR?  
WHERE IS...

...THORP







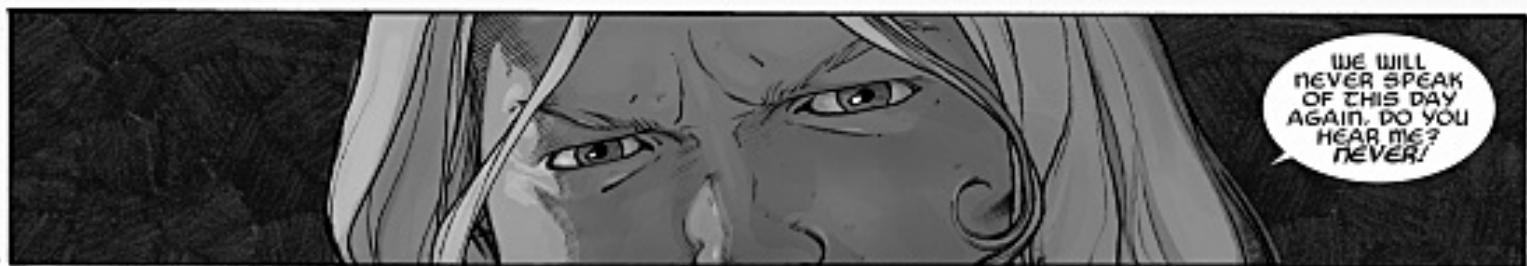


Thousands of Years Later.  
Asgard.



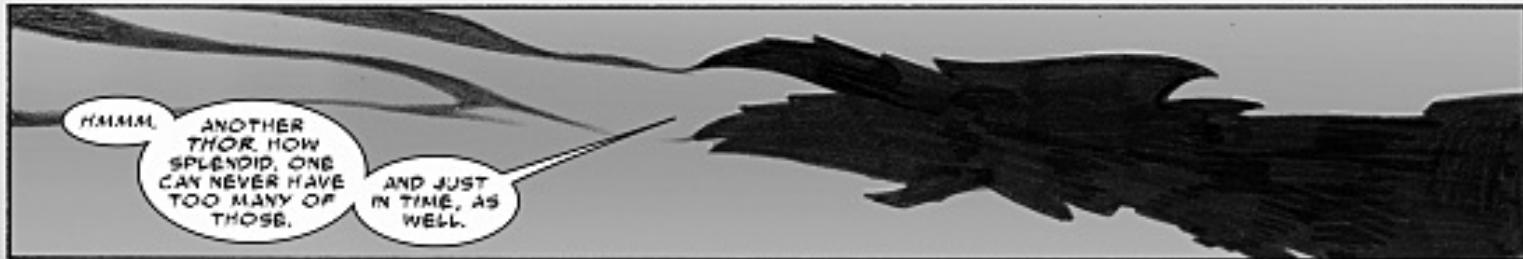
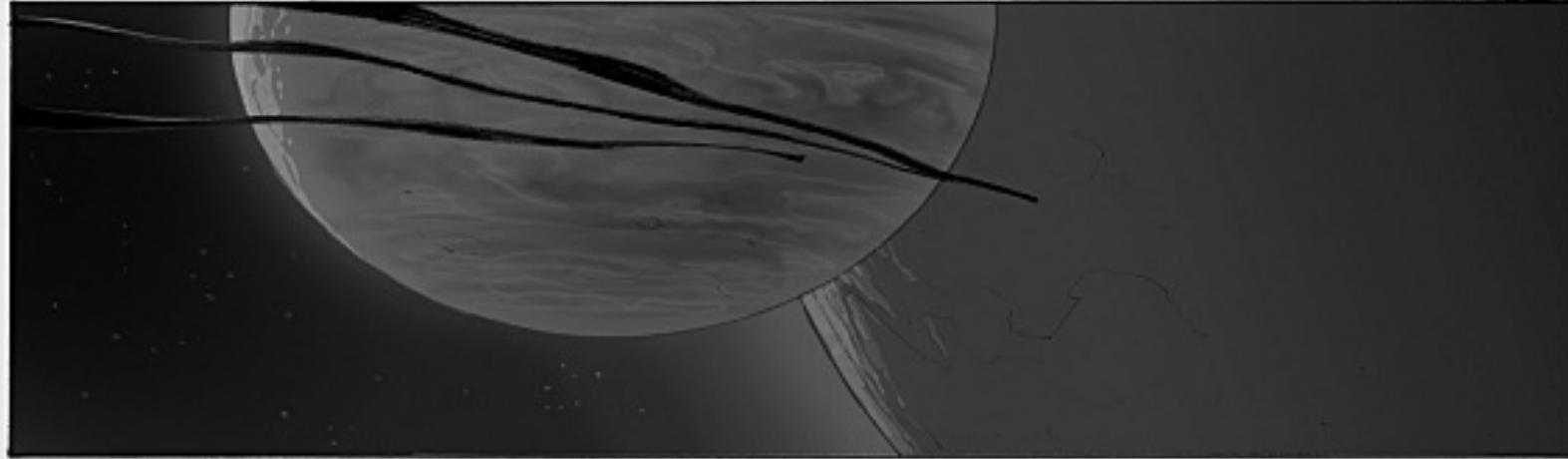
I'M NOT  
YOUR FATHER, YOU  
BEARLESS WHELP. NOW  
GET READY WITH THAT HAMMER.  
TIME TO SHOW ME YOU'RE  
ALL I REMEMBER YOU TO BE.







"AND HE'S  
BEEN BUSY."





"THE DAY ALL  
MY DREAMS  
COME TRUE."

Next: The Origin of Gorr!

AR



#1-2 COMBINED COVERS BY ESAD RIBIC





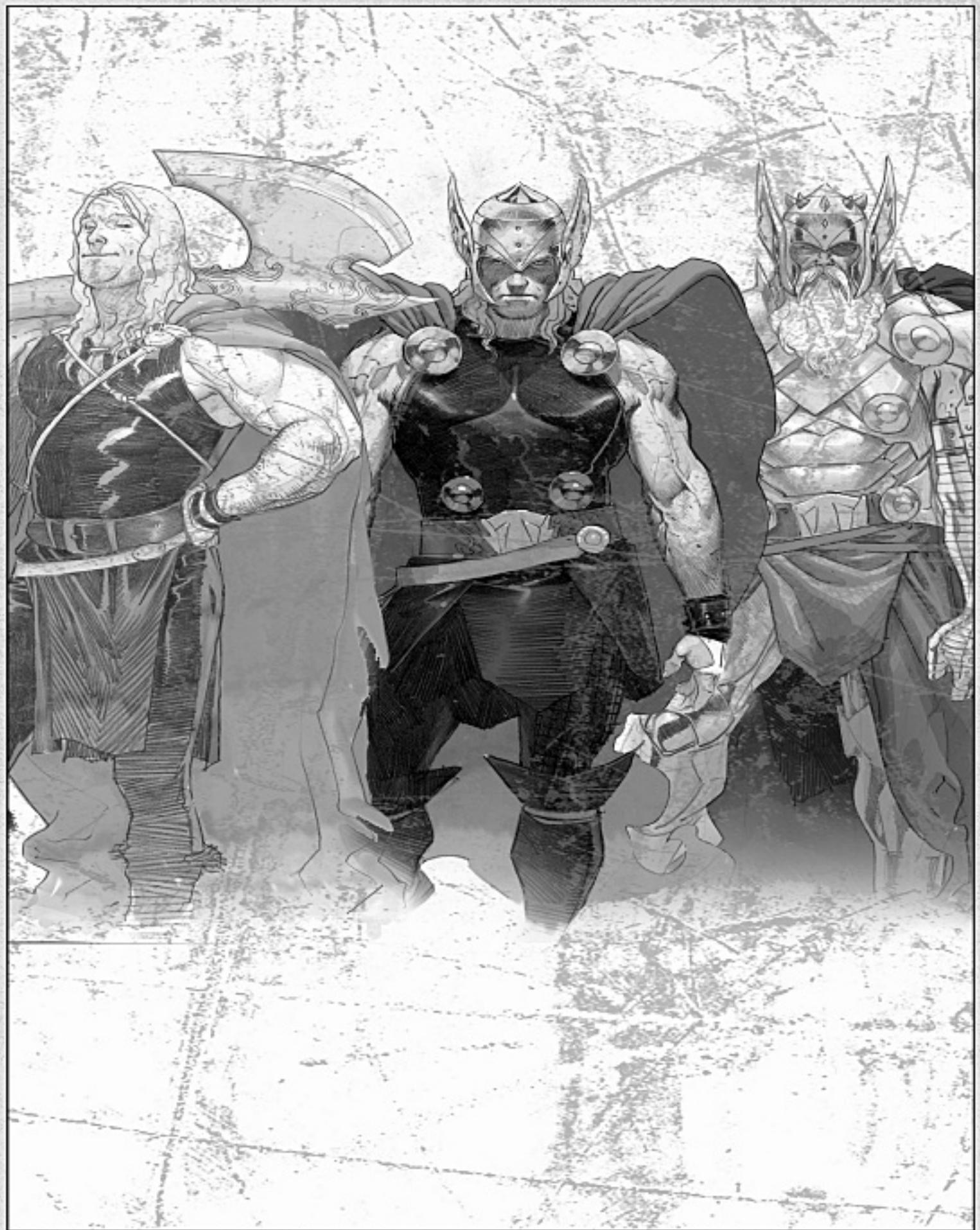
#1 SKETCH VARIANT  
BY JOE QUESADA & DANNY MIKI



#1 VARIANT  
BY JOE QUESADA, DANNY MIKI & RICHARD ISANOYE



#1 VARIANT  
BY SKOTTIE YOUNG



#1 DESIGN VARIANT  
BY ESAD RIBIC



#1 VARIANT  
BY DANIEL ACUÑA



#2 VARIANT  
BY DANIEL ACUÑA



#3 VARIANT  
BY DANIEL ACUÑA



#4 VARIANT  
BY OLIVIER COIPEL & LAURA MARTIN



#5 VARIANT  
BY R.M. GUÉRA

# Esad Ribic Sketchbook







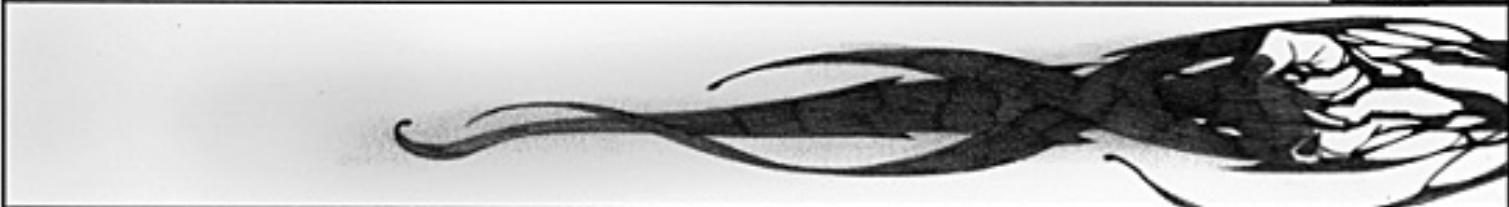
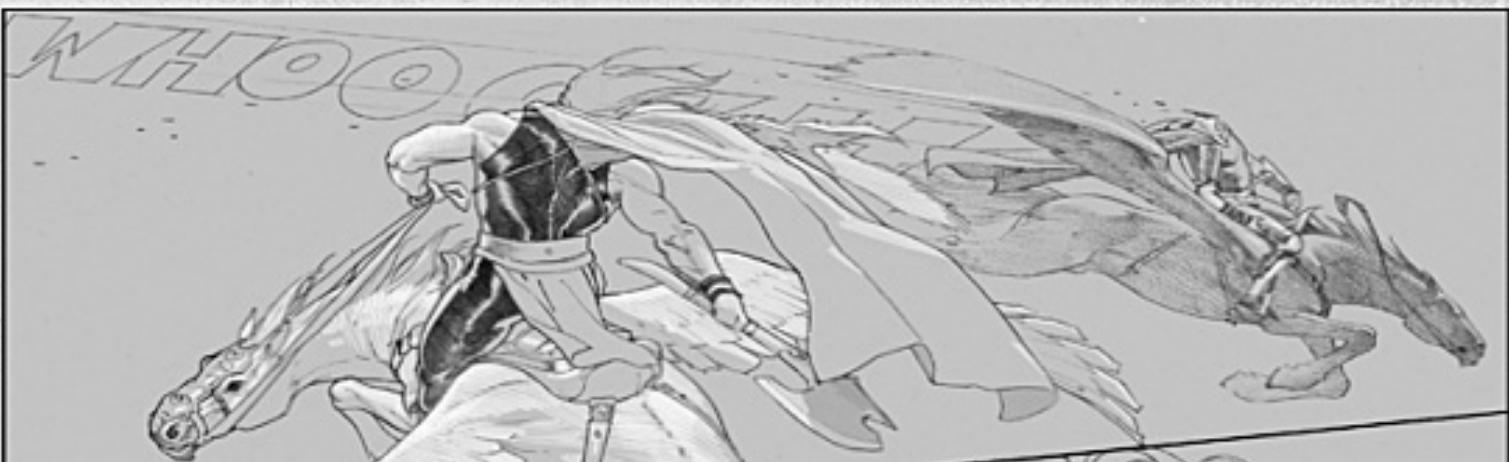


GORR





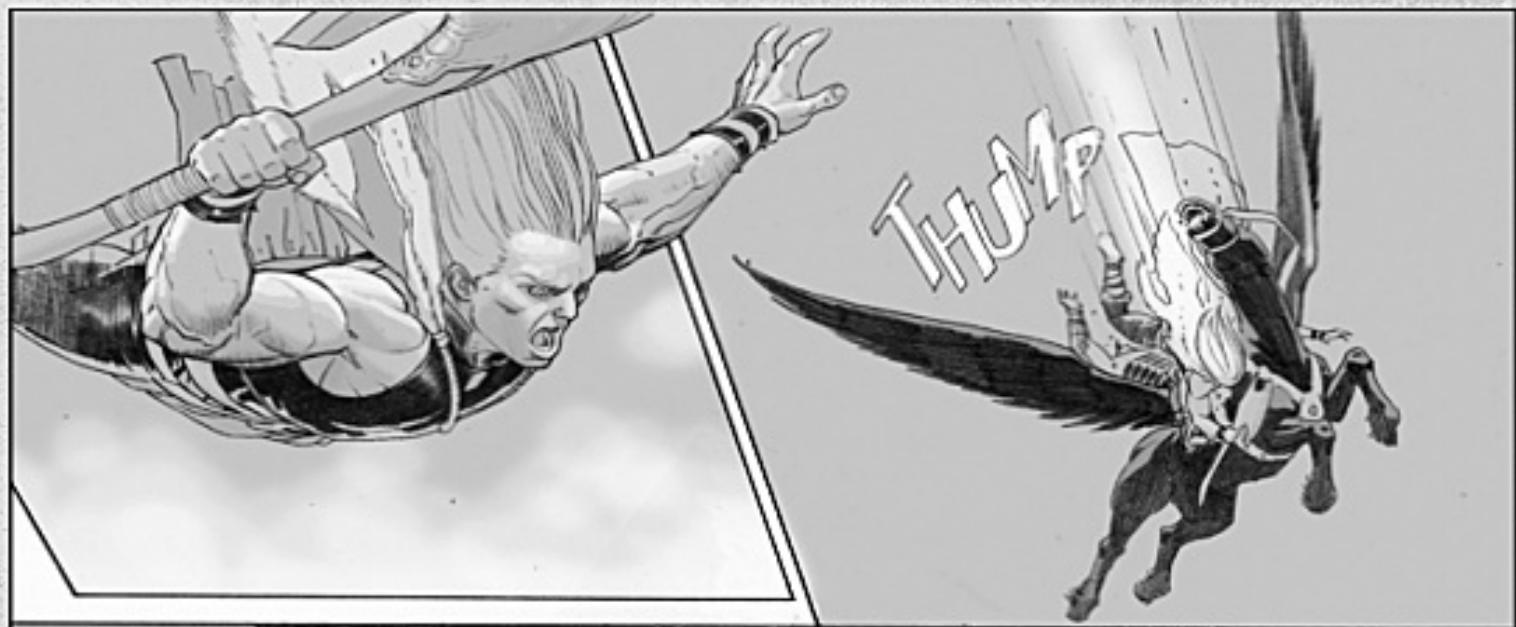
COVER SKETCHES



#2, PAGE 9 PENCILS



#2, PAGE 10 PENCILS



#2, PAGE 11 PENCILS



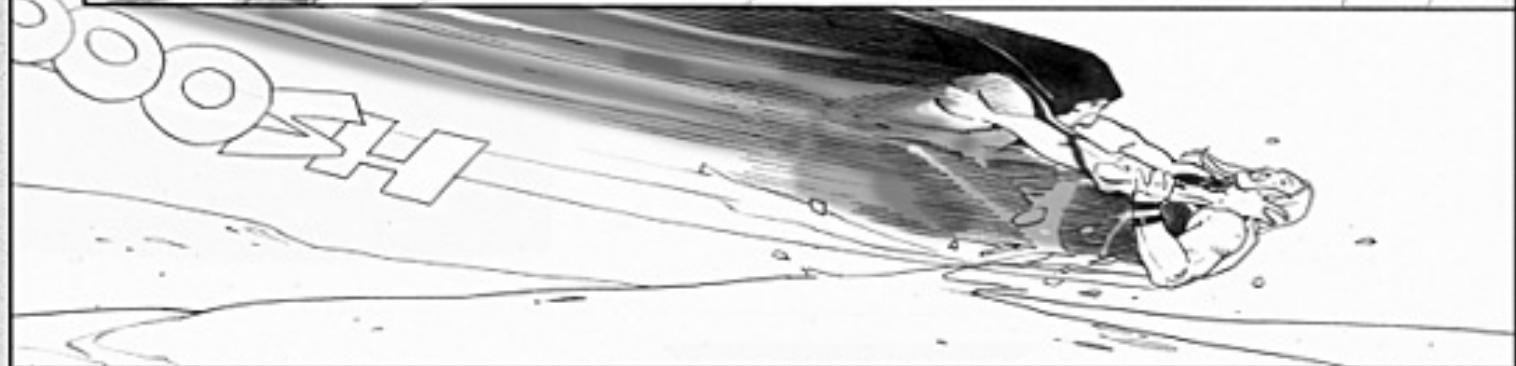
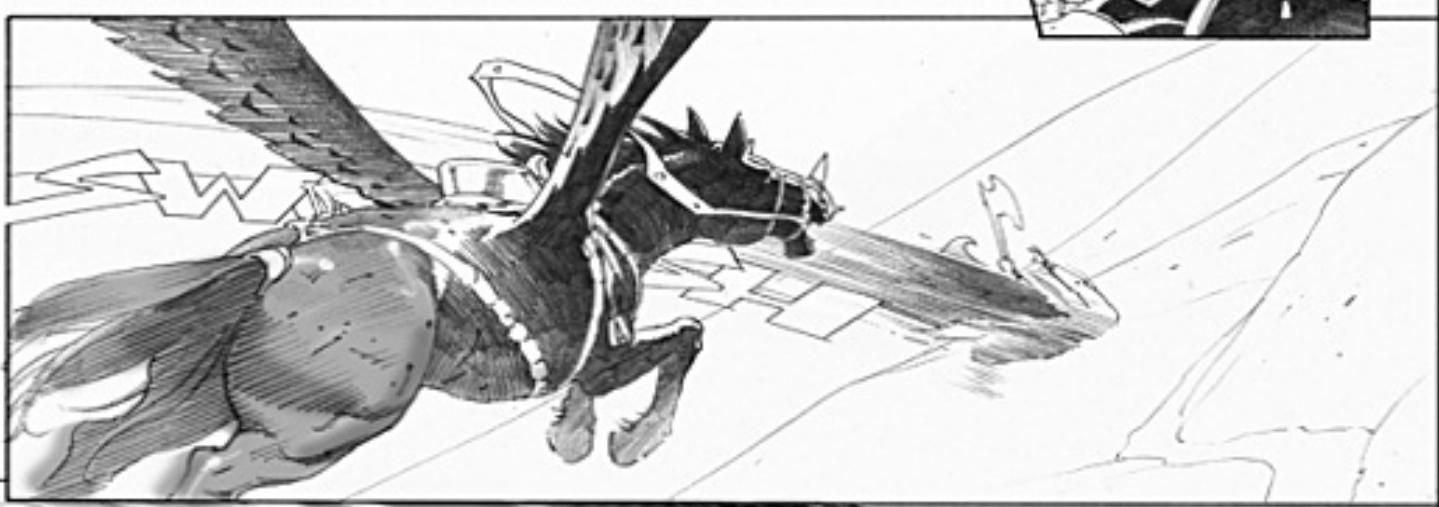
#2, PAGE 12 PENCILS



#2, PAGE 13 PENCILS



#2, PAGE 14 PENCILS



#2, PAGE 15 PENCILS



#2, PAGE 16 PENCILS



*"Spectacular creative synergy on display."* — AVClub.com

---

## A TRAIL OF BLOOD THREATENS TO CONSUME THOR'S PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE!

---

Throughout the ages, gods have been vanishing, their mortal worshipers left in chaos. The only hope for these ravaged worlds is for Thor to unravel the gruesome mystery of the God Butcher! In the distant past, the Thunder God discovers a forgotten cave that echoes with the cries of tortured gods — and is shocked to find himself among them! In the present, Thor follows the bloody wake of murdered gods across the depths of space. And thousands of years from now, the last god-king of a ruined Asgard makes his final stand against the God Butcher's berserker legions. As three Thors from three eras race to stop the God Butcher, the full extent of his vicious scheme takes terrifying shape!

Collecting *Thor: God of Thunder* #1-5, written by Jason Aaron and illustrated by Esad Ribic.

To access exclusive content on the Marvel Augmented Reality App — including character designs, art evolution and creator videos — look for the AR icon throughout the book!

App content available on most camera-enabled Apple® iOS and Android™ devices. App content subject to change and availability.

T+

MARVEL  
NOW!



