



AARON • DEL MUNDO • WARD

# THOR

**GOD OF  
THUNDER  
REBORN!**

MARVEL

1

LGY#707



## "GOD OF THUNDER REBORN"

THOR IS BACK. WHILE STILL UNWORTHY OF LIFTING HIS HAMMER, MJOLNIR, HE IS ONCE MORE THE GOD OF THUNDER.

JUST IN TIME, TOO. FOR THE CITY OF ASGARDIA HAS BEEN DESTROYED, JANE FOSTER IS STILL BATTLING CANCER, AND ALL-FATHER ODIN IS BUSY TRYING TO RESTORE OLD ASGARD TO ITS FORMER GLORY. SO IT'S UP TO THOR TO STOP MALEKITH'S ATTEMPT TO CONQUER ALL OF THE TEN REALMS. BUT WITH THE RAINBOW BRIDGE SHATTERED, HE HAS NO WAY OF TAKING THE FIGHT TO THE DARK ELF KING.

THOR NEEDN'T WORRY, HOWEVER—SOON THE WAR OF THE REALMS WILL BE COMING TO EARTH...

WRITER:  
**JASON AARON**

ARTIST:  
**MIKE DEL MUNDO** WITH COLOR ASSISTS FROM **MARCO D'ALFONSO**

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## "THE GRACE OF THOR"

IN THE FAR FUTURE, ALL-FATHER THOR AND HIS THREE GRANDDAUGHTERS RESPARKED LIFE ON PLANET EARTH AFTER A MILLENNIA HAD LEFT IT BARREN. THE FIRST NEW HUMANS WERE NAMED "STEVE" AND "JANE" AND GIVEN FREE RANGE OVER THE NEW MIDGARD.

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THOR CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER & JACK KIRBY



MIDGARD.  
THAILAND.

EVEN FOR A GOD OF ASGARD,  
A WARRIOR BORN AND THE  
BLOOD SON OF ALL-FATHER  
ODIN, MY LIFE HAS BEEN  
RATHER...EVENTFUL OF LATE.

TO SAY THE  
HEL-DAMNED  
LEAST.

THERE IS  
NO ESCAPE FROM  
THE CRIMSON  
TEMPLE! YOUR  
FLESH IS FORFEIT,  
INVADER!

TONIGHT  
THE DISCIPLES  
OF CYTTORAK  
FEAST ON  
GOD-MEAT!

UNWORTHINESS. THE DISCIPLES OF THANOS. THE MANGOG AND THE DESTRUCTION OF ASGARDIA. THE FALL OF THE NEW THOR. THE DEATH OF MJOLNIR.

AND NOW I SUPPOSE YOU CAN ADD "CORNED BY A CULT OF DEMON-WORSHIPPING CANNIBALS" TO THE LIST.

END OF THE ROAD, THIEF!

BUT EVEN WITH MY ENCHANTED HAMMER LOST FOREVER IN THE SUN, THE GOD OF THUNDER'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

NO HAMMER, NO FLYING AWAY FOR YOU, THUNDER FOOL.

HEH. NOT A GOOD DAY TO BE A FALSE GOD IN THE TEMPLE OF THE ONE TRUE RAGE-FATHER, IS IT?

THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A THOR, OR SO I HAVE BEEN TOLD. VERILY, I DO TH HEARTILY AGREE.

AYE.  
'TIS INDEED MOST UNFORTUNATE.

AS OVER THE CENTURIES,  
I HAVE LEARNED TO  
QUITE ENJOY BEING ME.

UNFORTUNATE  
FOR ALL OF  
YOU.

THIS DAY, MY WORK IS THAT OF RETRIEVAL.

AFTER YOU DOGS HAVE TASTED THE BITE OF MY AX, JARNBJORN, YOU'LL WISH I STILL WIELDED A HAMMER!

HA. OH, IT WON'T BE US WHO BREAKS YOU, GOD OF BLASPHEMERS.

WHEN ASGARDIA EXPLODED, SO DID ODIN'S WEAPONS VAULT, SCATTERING THE MOST DANGEROUS ITEMS OF POWER IN ALL THE REALMS TO THE FAR COSMIC WINDS.

THE HONOR OF FIRST BLOOD BELONGS TO CYTTORAK'S CHAMPION.

THE WARLOCK'S EYE IS AN ANCIENT WEAPON OF MIND CONTROL THAT FELL TO EARTH...

I ASSUME YOU REMEMBER OUR LORD'S CHAMPION?

AH, HEL.

...AND WAS FOUND BY THE DISCIPLES OF CYTTORAK, AN EVER-ANGRY AND OVERCOMPENSATING DEMON LORD OF THE CRIMSON COSMOS.

I HAD HOPED I COULD RECLAIM THE EYE FROM THEIR TEMPLE WITHOUT TOO MUCH BLOODSHED.

HELLO,  
BLOODSHED.

BEHOLD...  
**THE UNSTOPPABLE  
JUCCERNAUT!!!**

BEHOLD YOUR  
GRISLY DOOM,  
ASGARDIAN!!!

I AM NOT READY  
FOR THIS.

HUH. HEARD  
THOR WAS A  
WOMAN NOW.  
YOU HER?

YOU'RE  
A BIT OUTTA  
THE LOOP,  
AREN'T YA,  
BLONDIE?

YOU KNOW  
ME WELL, CAIN  
MARKO. NOW STAND  
ASIDE. OR I WILL DEAL  
WITH YOU AS I HAVE  
SO MANY TIMES  
IN THE PAST.



SINCE I BECAME CYTTORAK'S CHAMPION ON EARTH AGAIN, I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER. ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M STANDING HERE IN HIS TEMPLE.

YOU MIGHT SAY I'M THE ULTIMATE JUGGERNAUT. WHILE YOU...



...YOU AIN'T EVEN GOT THE RIGHT NUMBER OF ARMS. OR HAMMERS. NOT FOR NO THOR.

HARD TO ARGUE WITH THAT.

IT WAS SURE MIGHTY STUPID OF YOU TO COME HERE.

OR THAT.

I HAVE COME...FOR THIS.



THE WARLOCK'S EYE BELONGS IN ASGARD. AND I WILL SEE IT RETURNED THERE.

THAT EYE AIN'T GOING NOWHERE. IF IT'S AS POWERFUL AS THE PRIESTS HERE THINK, WE CAN USE IT TO CONQUER THE WHOLE FLAMING WORLD.

AND Usher in a new glorious red age of almighty Cyttorak.



MY FIRST WEEK BACK AS THOR AND I GET A JUGGERNAUT BENT ON WORLD DOMINATION.

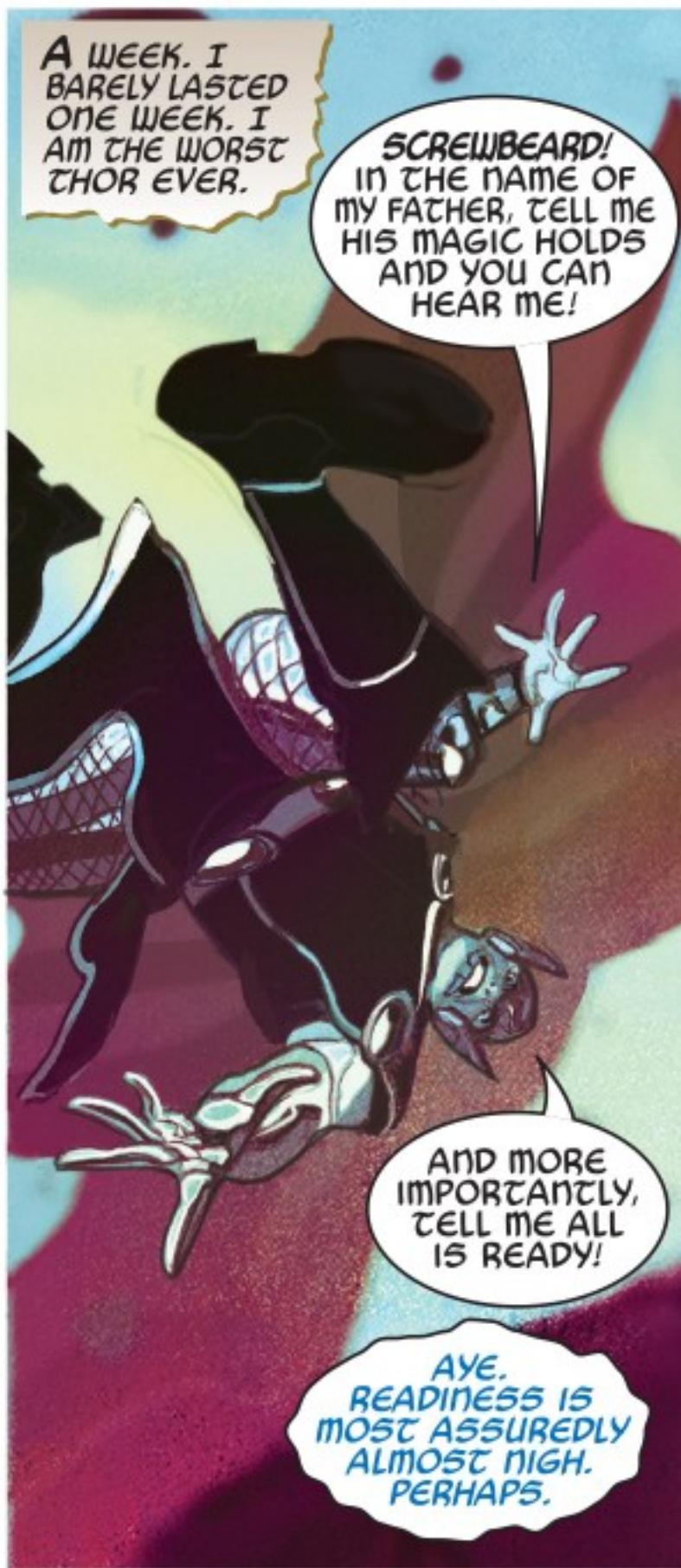
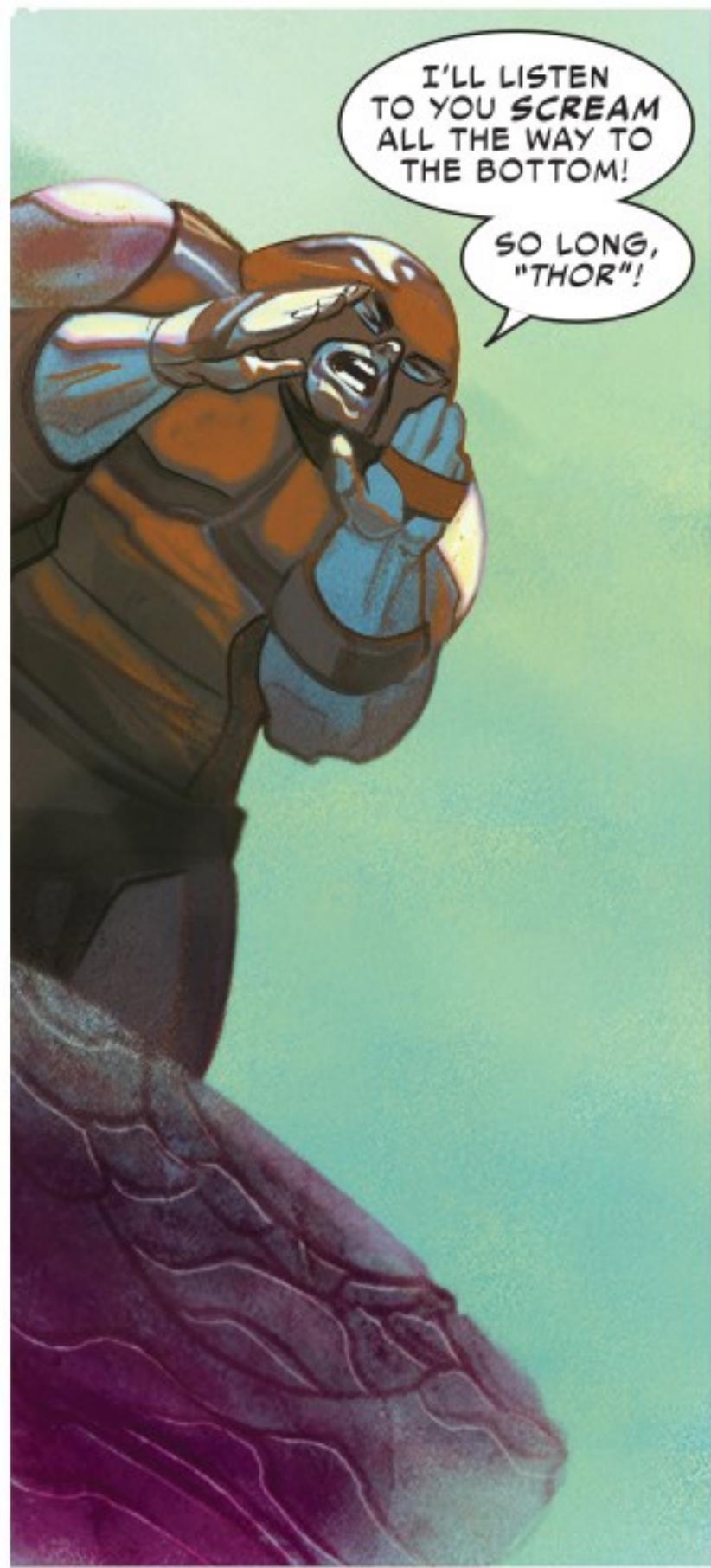
WHY COULD IT NOT HAVE BEEN ZARRKO THE TOMORROW MAN? OR PERHAPS THAT ONE FELLOW WITH AN EYEBALL FOR A HEAD?

LISTEN TO ME, JUGGERNAUT, AND LISTEN WELL...



OH, I WILL.

AMAZING



JUGGERNAUT!!!



I WAS NOT  
BORN WITH A  
HAMMER IN  
MY HAND!

BUT I  
WAS BORN  
WITH THUNDER  
IN MY HEART!

RAGING  
THUNDER!

I AM THE  
LORD OF THE  
LIVING STORM,  
NO MATTER THE  
WEAPON I  
HOLD!  
  
BUT IF 'TIS  
HAMMERS YOU  
WISH FOR, JUGGERNAUT,  
YOU SON OF A GOBLIN,  
THEN TRY THIS  
ONE ON FOR--



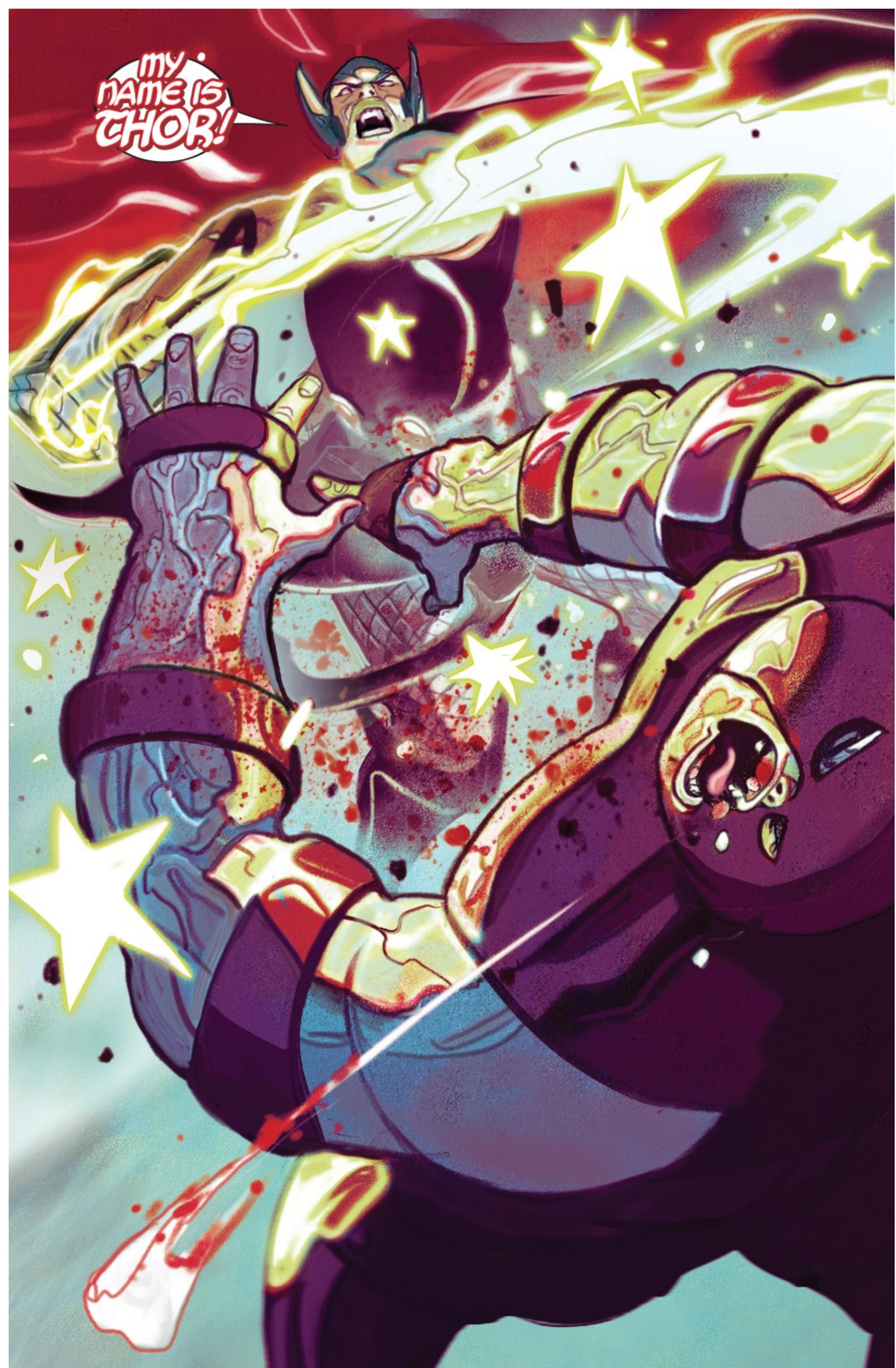






ALLOW  
ME TO  
INTRODUCE  
MYSELF,  
KNAVE.

my  
NAME IS  
**THOR!**









"AND SPEAKING OF FATHERS..."

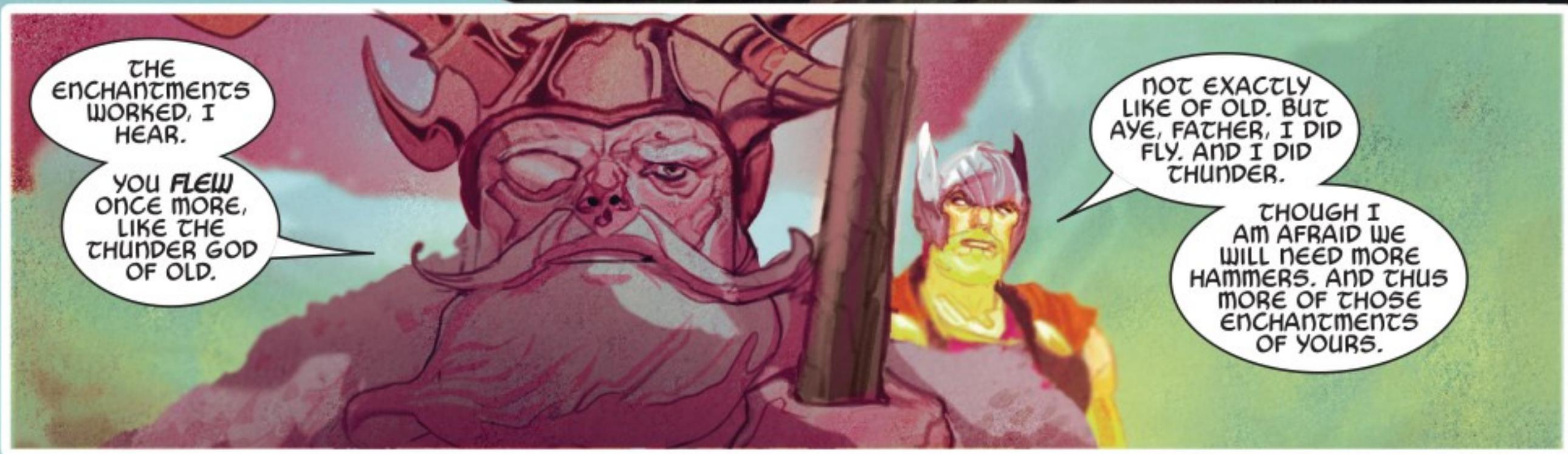


THE ENCHANTMENTS WORKED, I HEAR.

YOU FLEW ONCE MORE, LIKE THE THUNDER GOD OF OLD.

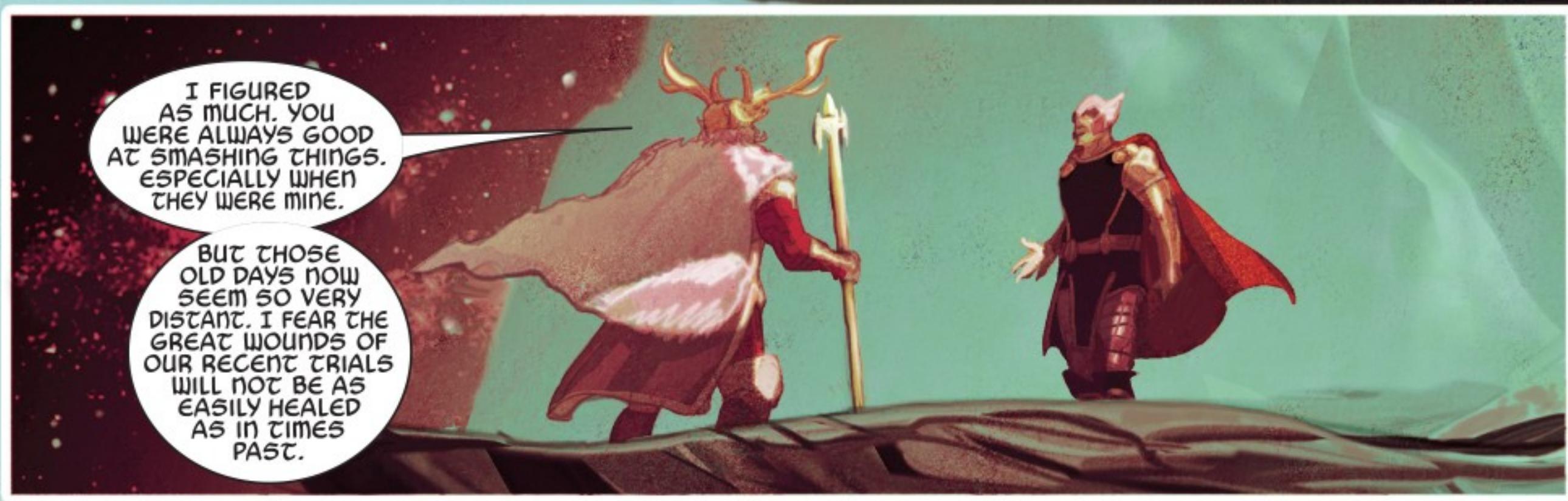
NOT EXACTLY LIKE OF OLD. BUT AYE, FATHER, I DID FLY. AND I DID THUNDER.

THOUGH I AM AFRAID WE WILL NEED MORE HAMMERS. AND THUS MORE OF THOSE ENCHANTMENTS OF YOURS.



I FIGURED AS MUCH. YOU WERE ALWAYS GOOD AT SMASHING THINGS. ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY WERE MINE.

BUT THOSE OLD DAYS NOW SEEM SO VERY DISTANT. I FEAR THE GREAT WOUNDS OF OUR RECENT TRIALS WILL NOT BE AS EASILY HEALED AS IN TIMES PAST.



I THOUGHT YOU NEVER WARMED TO ASGARDIA. HAD TOO MUCH THE STENCH OF STARK ON IT, YOU ALWAYS SAID.



I WAS NOT REFERRING TO ASGARDIA.

YOU'VE SEEN HER?

AYE, FATHER.



"I'VE SEEN  
HER."

MIDGARD.  
THE BRONX.

ALL RIGHT,  
LOOK, FOR THE  
LAST TIME, I DON'T  
CARE WHICH GOD ONCE  
TURNED WHICH OTHER  
GOD'S GRANDMOTHER  
INTO A GOAT, WE ARE  
NOT SWITCHING ROOM  
ASSIGNMENTS!



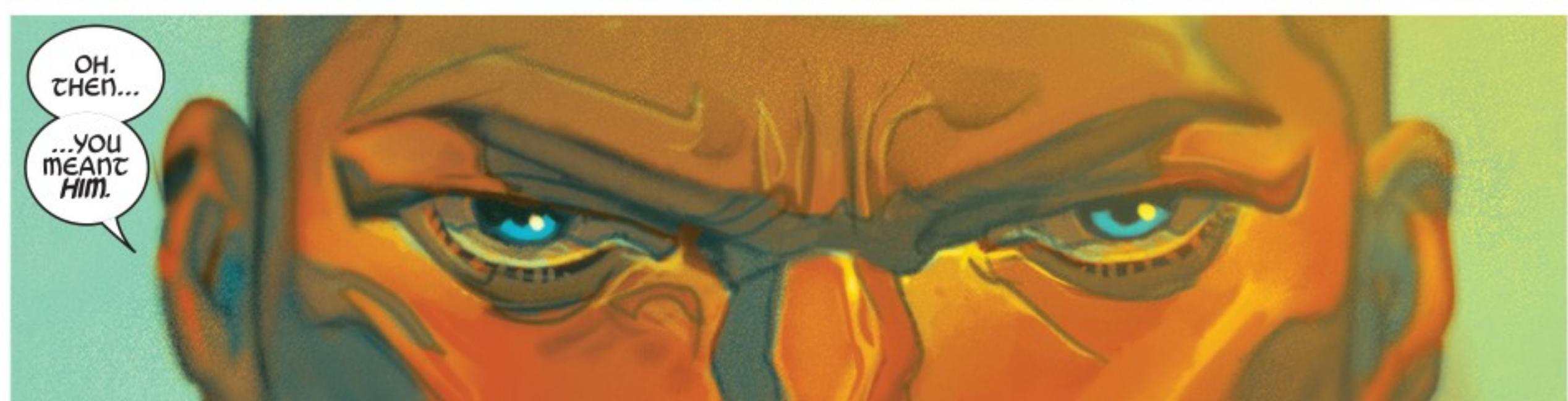
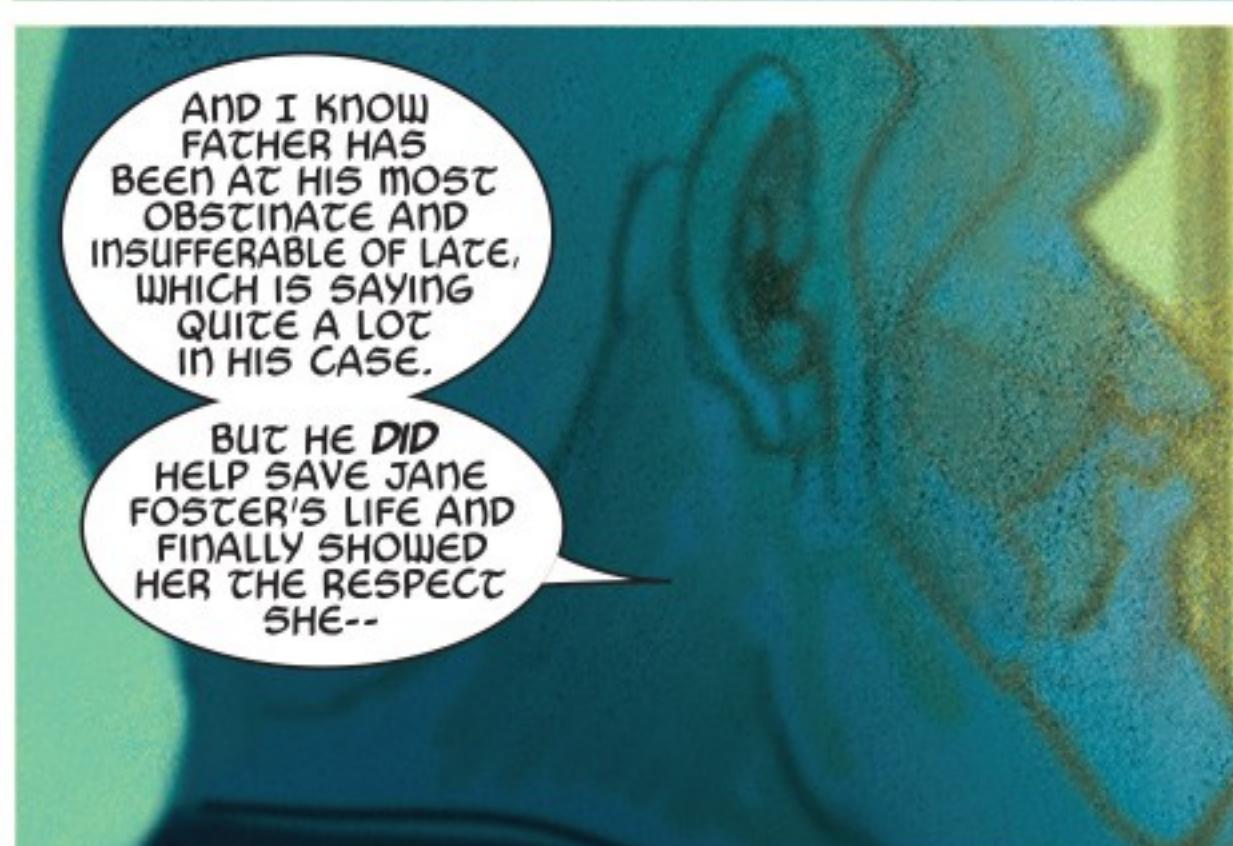
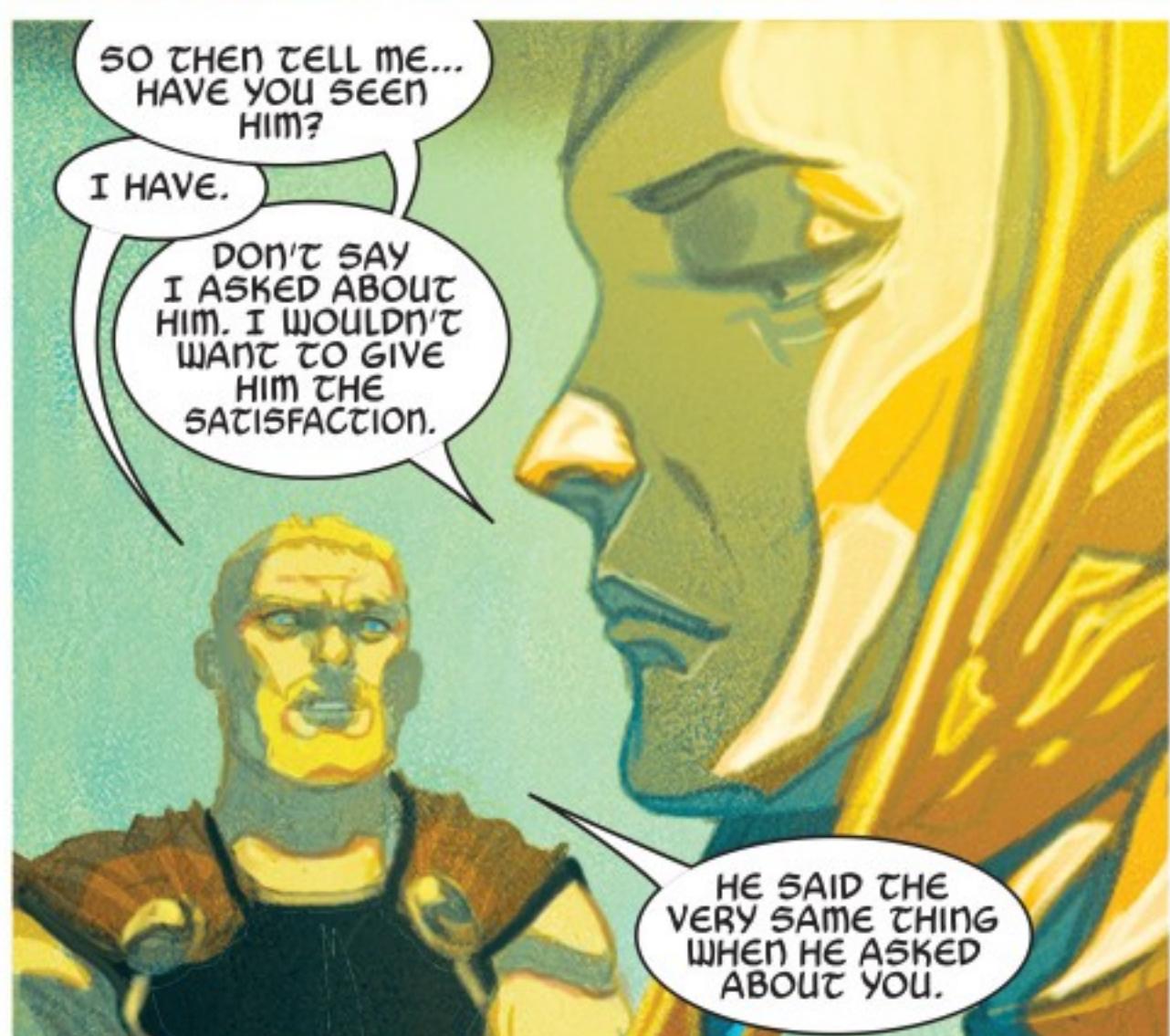
ROSALIND,  
WHERE'S...

NOT NOW,  
THOR. IT'S MOVE-IN  
DAY. UNLESS YOU'RE  
HERE TO HELP ME  
RELOCATE DOZENS OF  
REFUGEE GODS AND  
ELVES AND WHATEVER  
THAT GUY IS, IT'LL  
HAVE TO WAIT  
UNTIL--

HEY! NO  
DRAGGING YOUR  
MACE ON THE FLOOR!  
I HAD TO SELL MY FLYING  
CAR JUST TO PAY TWO  
MONTHS' RENT ON THIS  
PLACE! AND IF I DON'T  
GET MY SECURITY DEPOSIT  
BACK, THERE'S GONNA  
BE SOME RAGNAROK  
AROUND HERE!

WELL LOOK  
AT THIS GUY  
HERE WITH HIS  
FANCY NEW  
ARM.









## THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

YOU SURFACE DWELLERS! ALWAYS DEVISING FRESH NEW MISERIES FOR THIS PLANET'S TRUE MASTERS!

THE KING OF ATLANTIS AND LORD OF THE SEVEN SEAS HAS TRULY HAD ENOUGH! TO YOU AND ALL YOUR KIND, THOR, I SAY...

IMPERIUS REX!

ALL THESE YEARS, NAMOR, AND I STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT EVEN MEANS.

IT MEANS I'M GOING TO FEED YOUR SORRY ASGARDIAN HIDE TO THE BIGGEST SHARKS I CAN FIND!

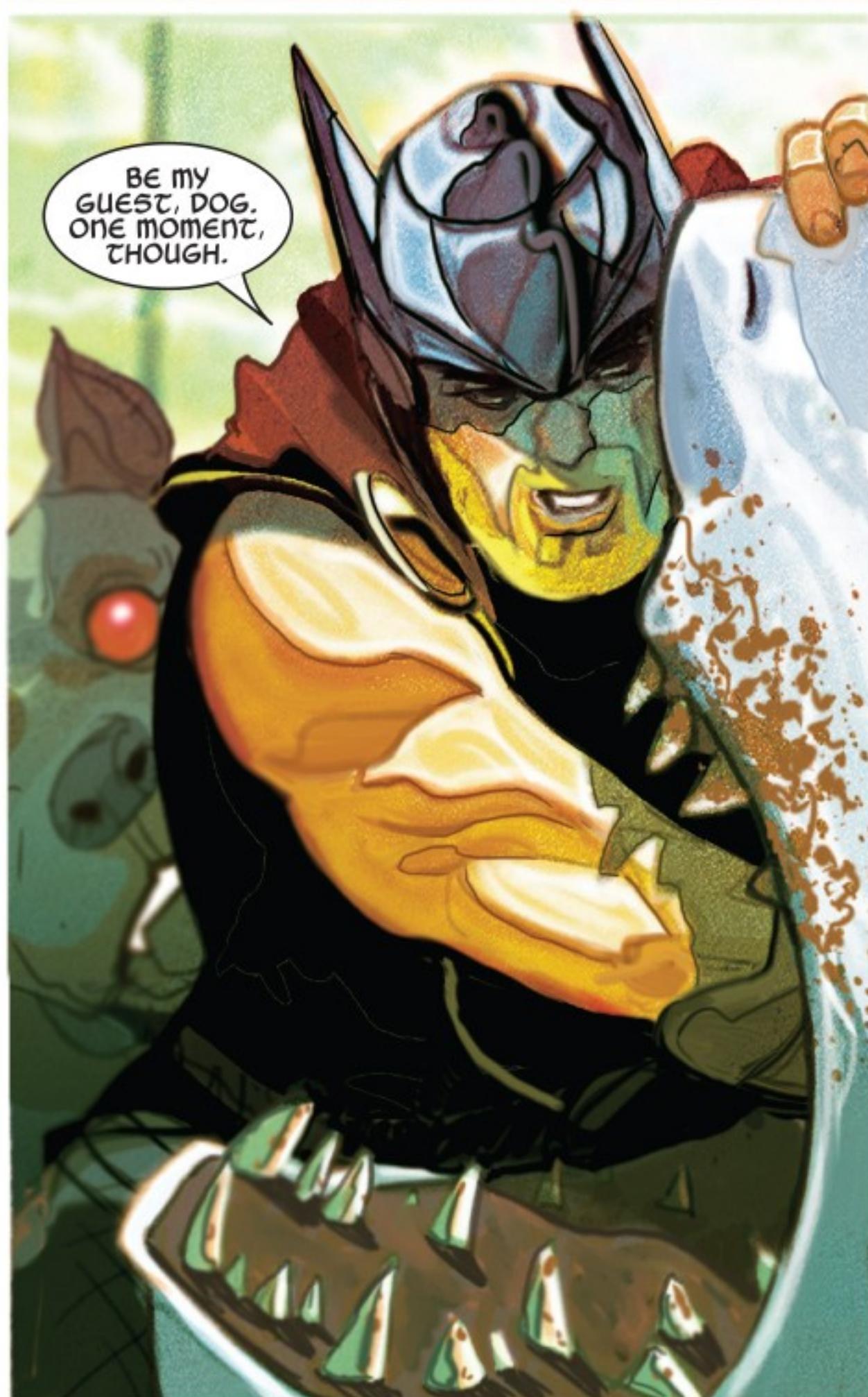
AH, THEN WHY NOT JUST SAY THAT?

HAVE AT CHEE, SUB-MARINER!

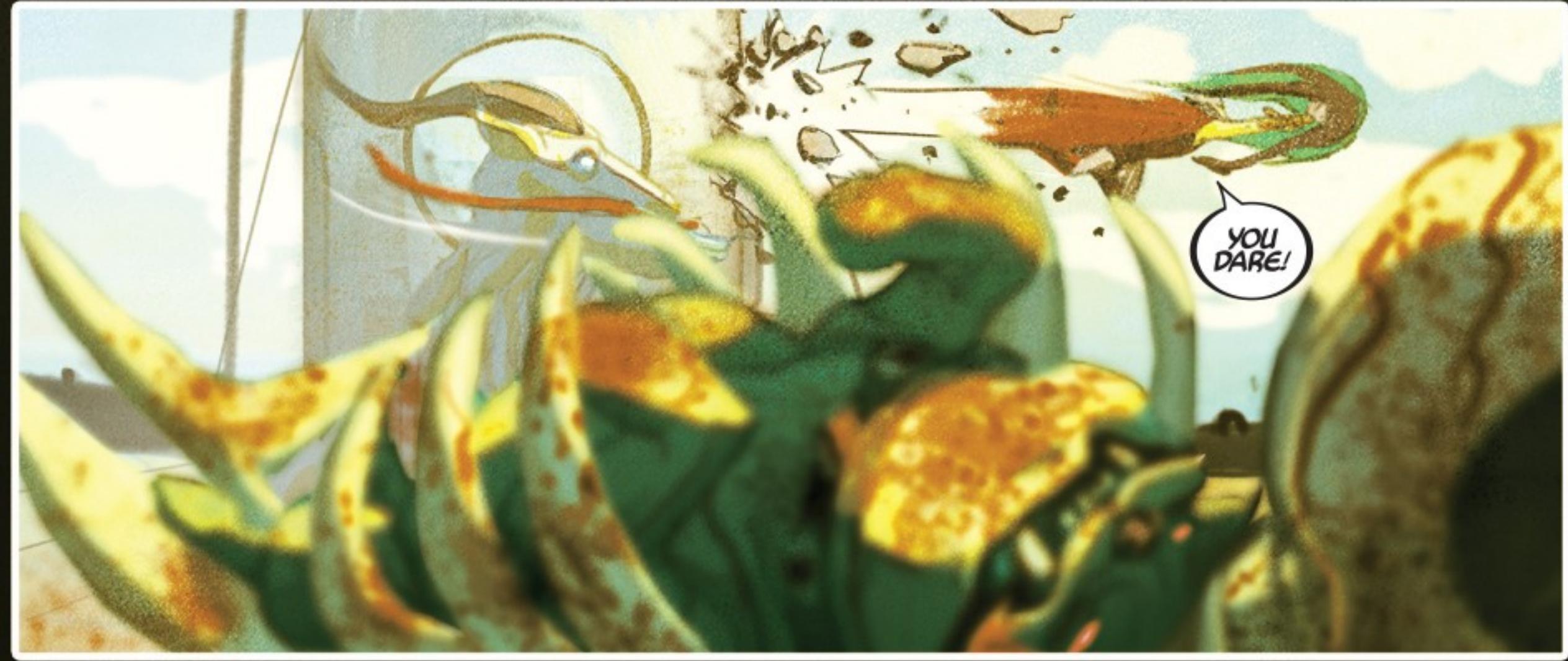




LATER.  
THE NEWARK  
HARBOR.

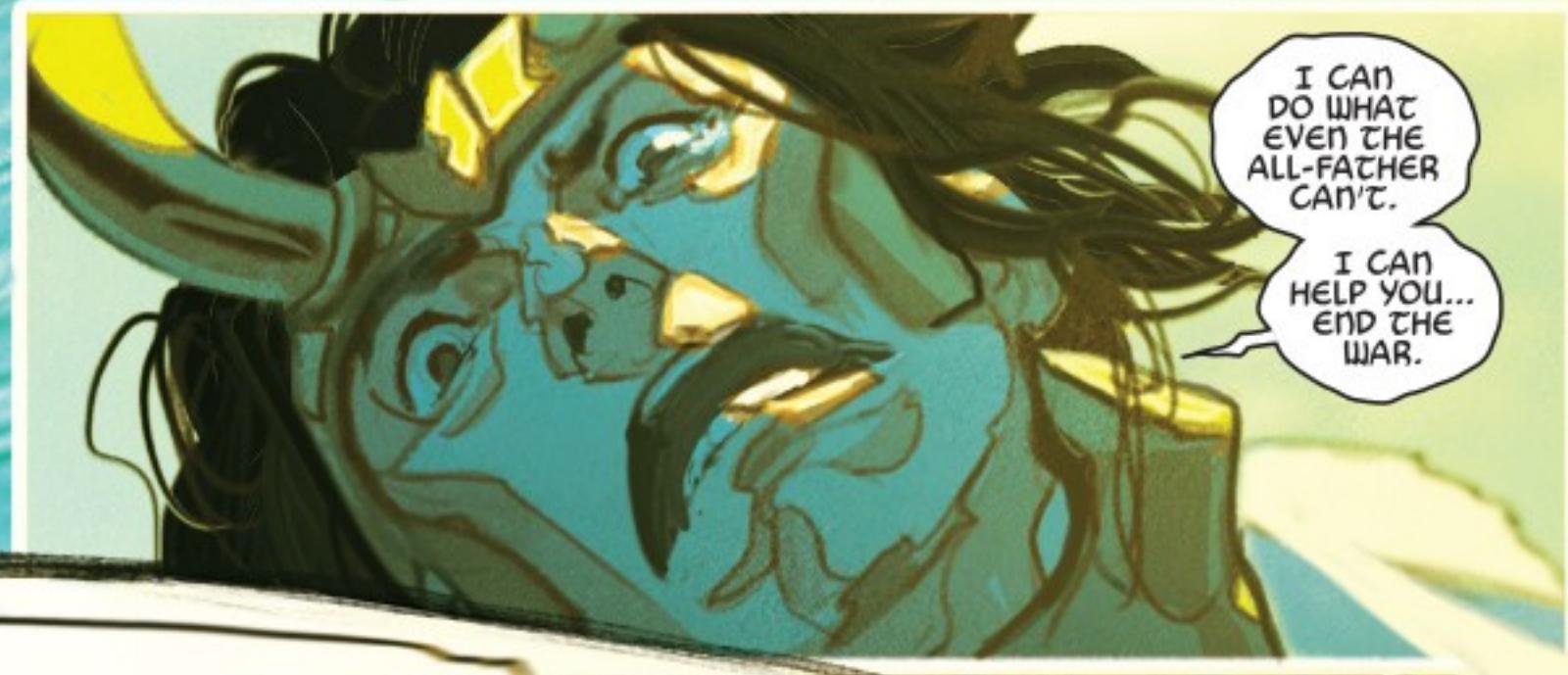




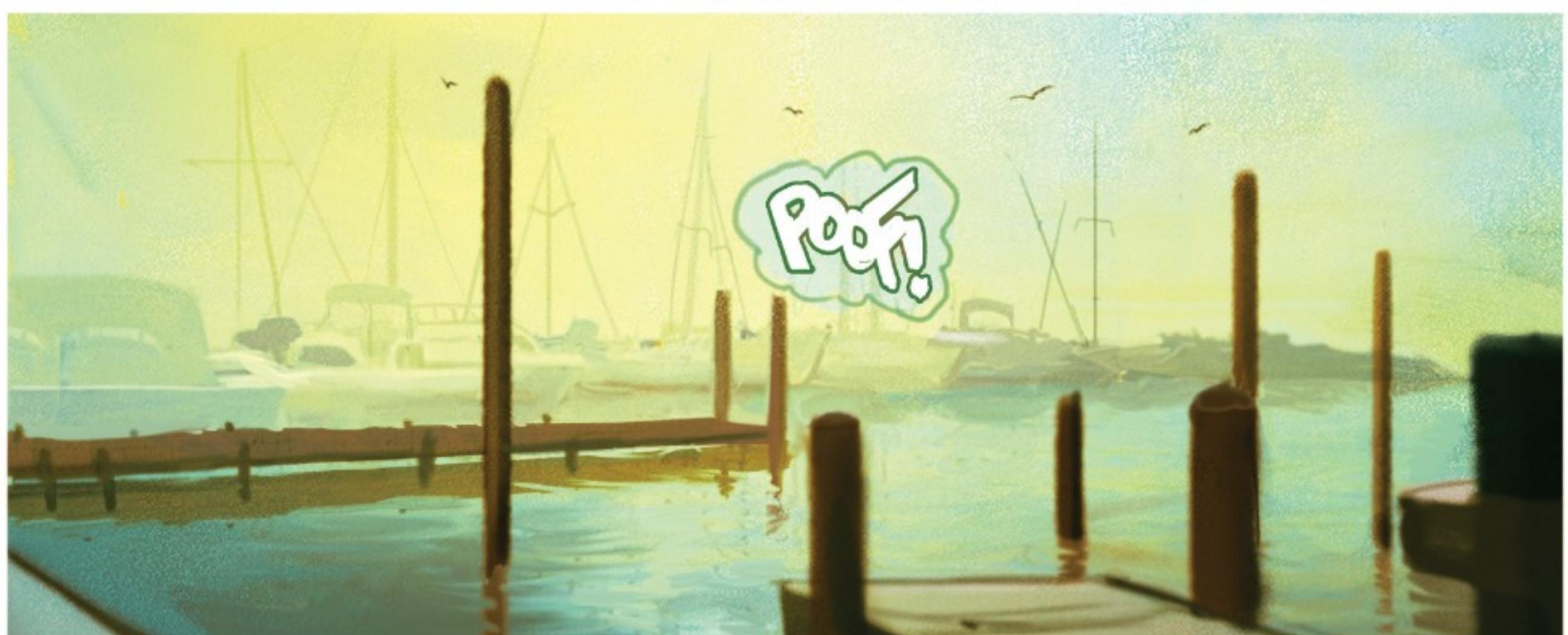














WHAT DID  
YOU DO, LOKI?  
WHERE IN THE  
REALMS DID YOU  
SEND US?



THOR?

DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE DOING  
HERE, BUT YOU'D BEST  
GET IN BEFORE THE  
SONS OF MUSPEL  
SEE YOU.

COME,  
BROTHER.

RIDE WITH  
BALDER THE BRAVE IF  
YOU WANT TO SURVIVE  
IN THE LAND OF  
THE DEAD.



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.



## UNTOLD EONS FROM NOW.

GODS, WHAT A MAJESTIC BEAST.

WHATEVER THY PLAN, GIRLS, BEST MAKE SOME CONSIDERABLE HASTE...

...OR I WILL SOON BE MURDERING THIS MAJESTIC BEAST!

FROM INSIDE ITS GULLET!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT, GRANDFATHER THOR. AS FAR AS I CAN FIND, THAT'S THE ONLY SURVIVING MEMBER OF ITS SPECIES LEFT IN ALL THE COSMOS.

THE LAST OF THE SPACE SHARKS.

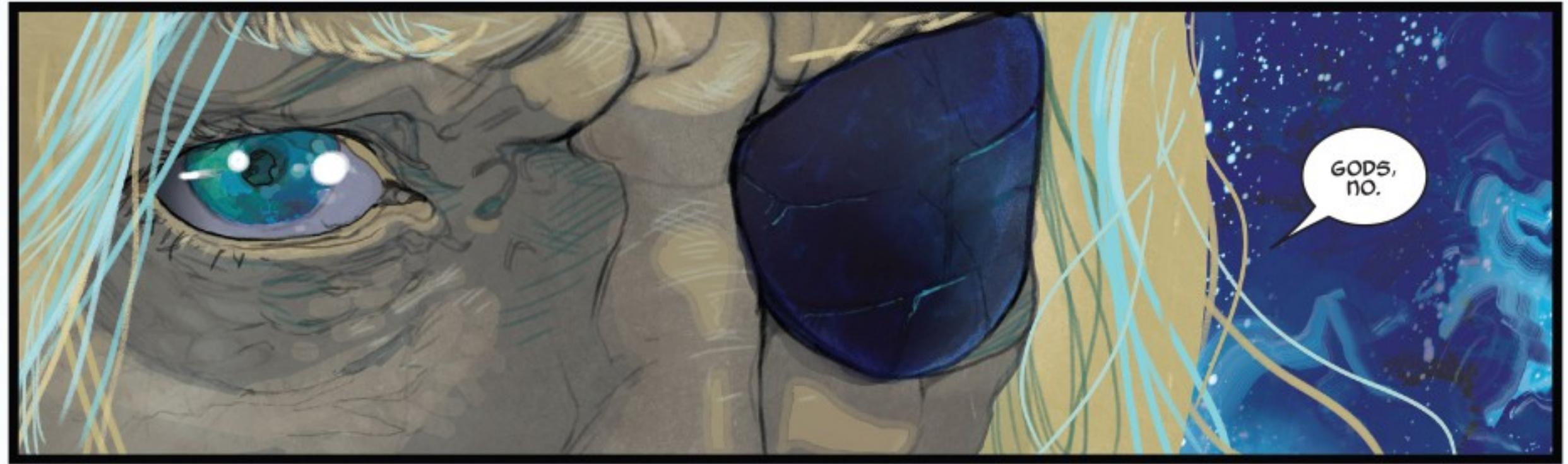
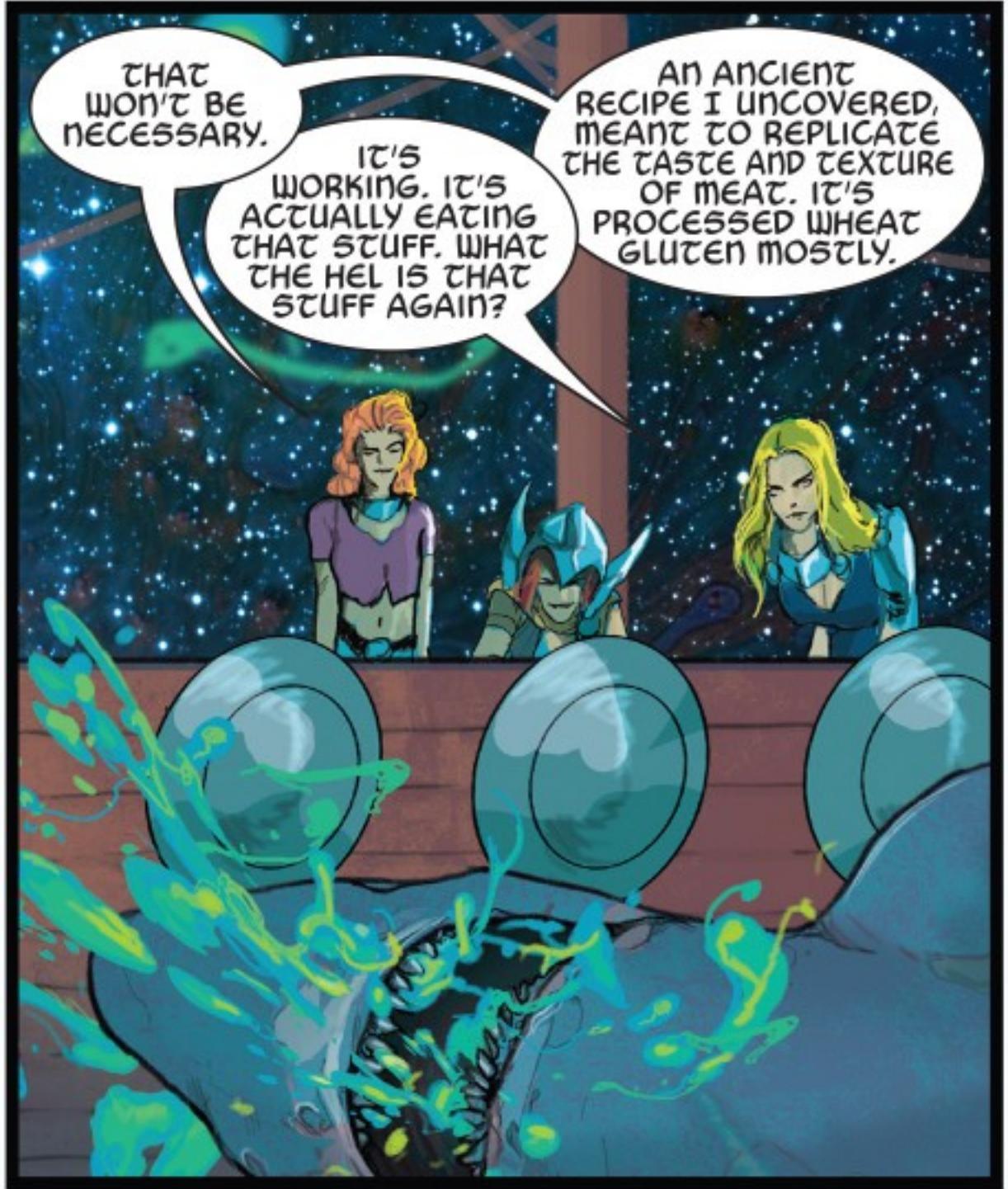
LET IT EAT YOUR METAL ARM, FARFAR, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

LAST SHARK OR NOT, THAT THING HAS COME TO NEW MIDGARD BECAUSE IT SMELLS MEAT, AND IT'LL CONSUME EVERY SCRAP OF FLESH IN THE ENTIRE REALM UNLESS WE STOP IT.

I DON'T SEE HOW THIS PLAN OF YOURS IS GOING TO HELP, ELLI.

JUST KEEP CHUMMING THE SPACeways, SISTERS.

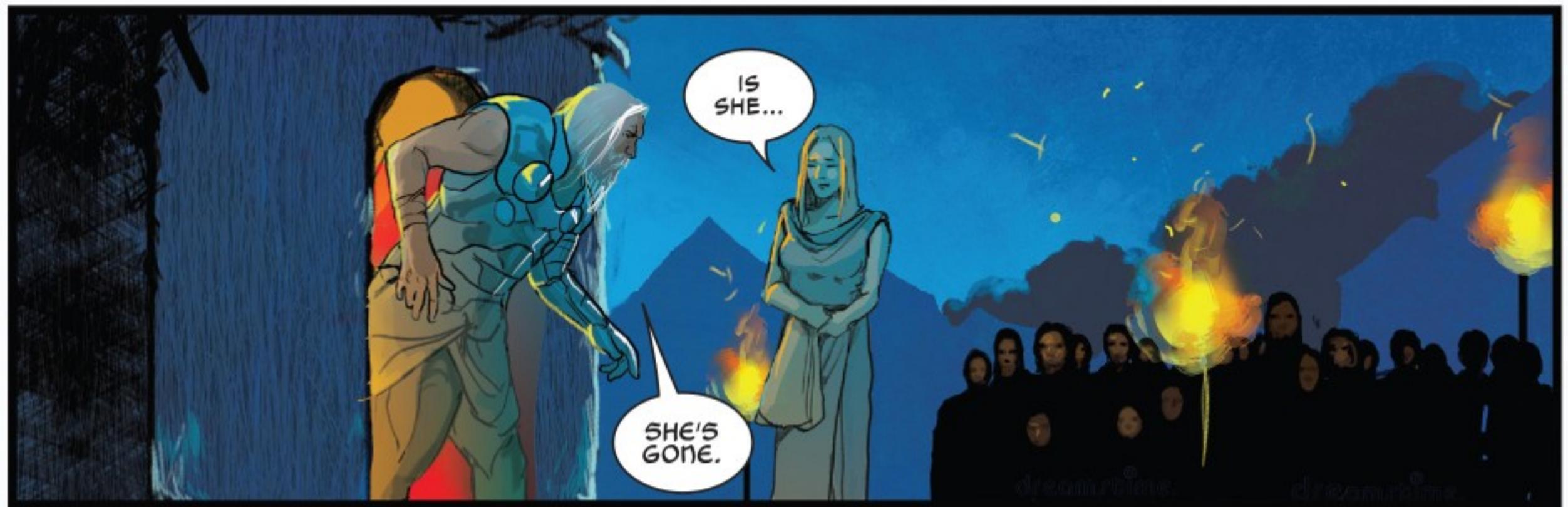




# NEW MIDGARD.





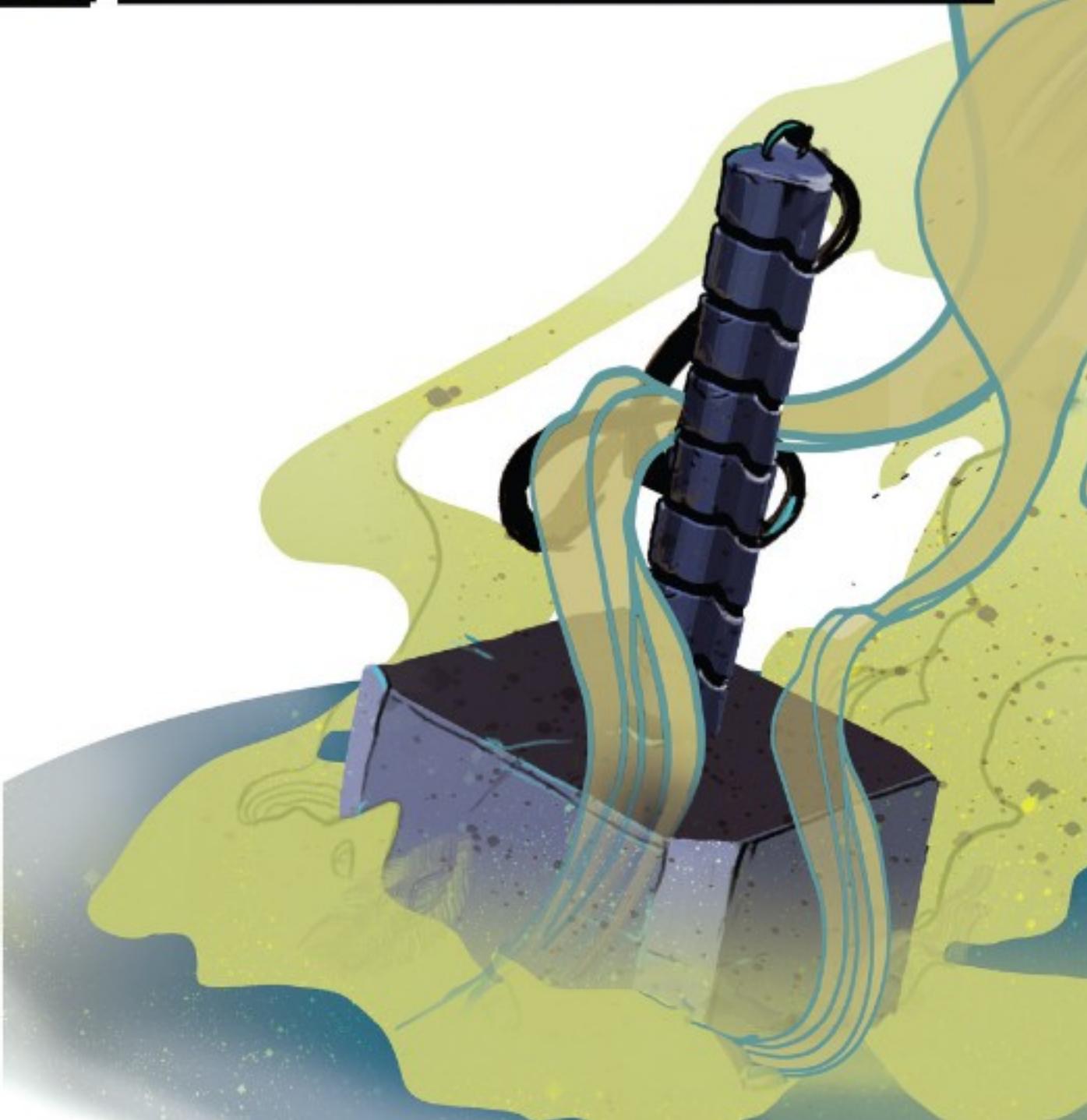


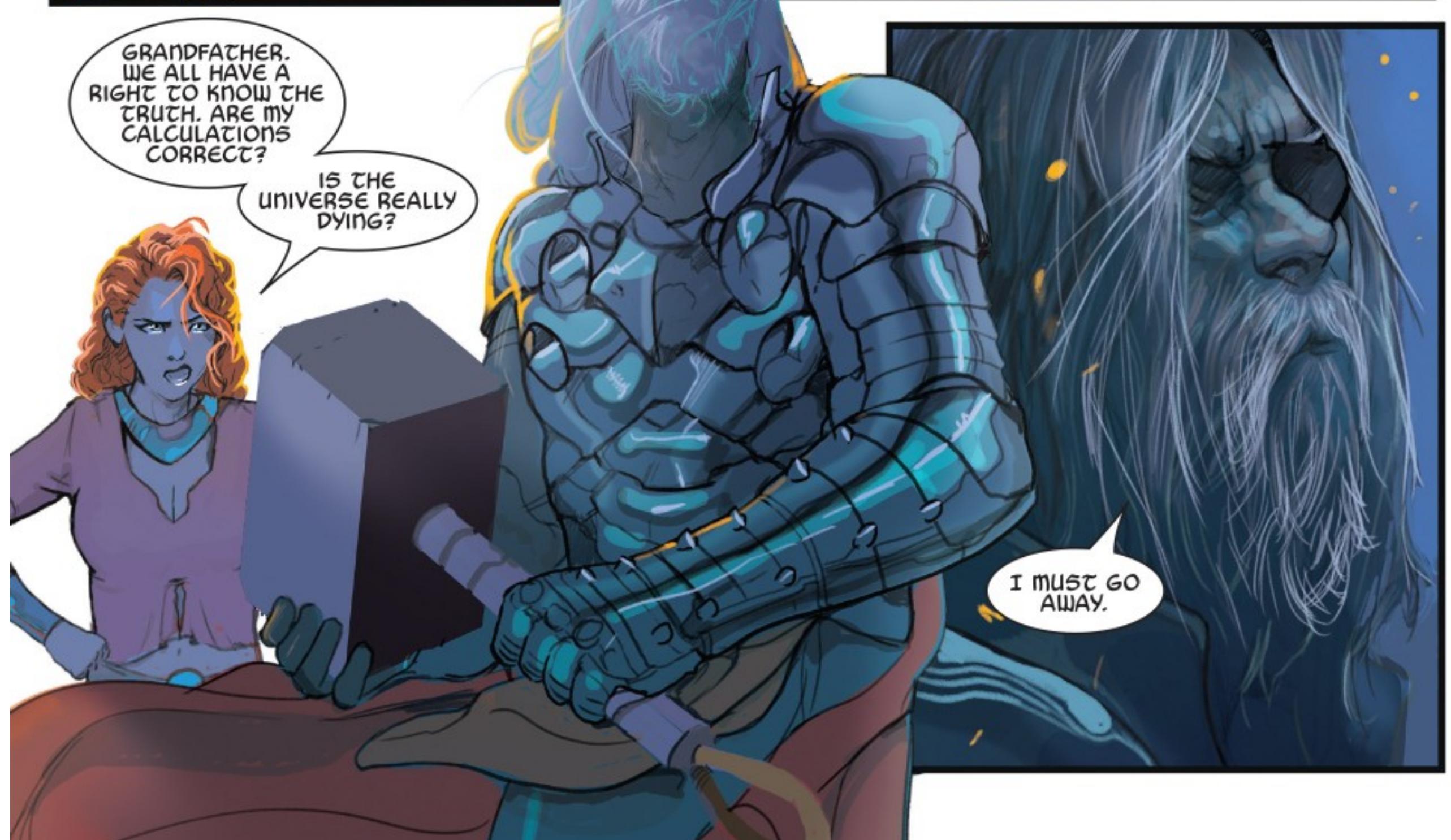
A GREAT WOMAN IS DEAD.

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, I MADE HER FROM DUST AND CLAY. BUT LIKE MOST ANY CHILD, SHE VERY QUICKLY OUTGREW HER PARENT.

SHE BROUGHT LIFE AND LOVE TO WHAT HAD BEEN A DEAD EARTH FOR CENTURIES, IN A WAY I NEVER COULD.

SHE WAS AN ALL-MOTHER. THE VERY LAST ALL-MOTHER.







I FLY TO THE FAR END OF THE COSMOS. FARTHER THAN I'VE FLOWN IN A THOUSAND CENTURIES.

And I find exactly what I've feared most.



NOTHING. NOT A SPECK OF LIFE. HARDLY ANY STARS. MOSTLY DARKNESS AND ENTROPY.

LIKE LADY JANE OF NEW MİDGARD, THE HEAVENS ALSO HAVE A LIFE SPAN. AND WE HAVE REACHED THE END OF IT.



NO, GRANDDAUGHTER, THE UNIVERSE ISN'T DYING. IT'S ALREADY DEAD.

AND WE ARE BUT ITS LAST FEW CADAVERIC SPASMS. ITS DEATH TWITCHES.

I SAVED THE EARTH, ONLY FOR THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE TO DIE AROUND IT.

I AM OFFICIALLY THE GREATEST FOOL LEFT IN ALL EXISTENCE.

I WANT TO FIGHT THIS.  
BUT HOW DO YOU HIT  
ENTROPY WITH A  
HAMMER?

GODS, I WISH I HAD  
SOMETHING TO HIT.  
ANYTHING AT--





HEY,  
BUB.

WELCOME  
TO THE END  
OF TIME.

HOPE  
YOU BROUGHT  
SOME BEER.



TO BE CONTINUED IN THOR #5.

# NEXT:



EXCITED TO SEE THE ODINSON BACK IN THE SADDLE? TELL US ABOUT IT! SEND YOUR LETTERS TO [MHEROES@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MHEROES@MARVEL.COM) AND DON'T FORGET TO MARK THEM "OKAY TO PRINT"!