

JASON AARON • ESAD RIBIC • DEAN WHITE

THOR #1

GOD OF THUNDER



RATED T+
FREE
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM



HALLOWEEN
ComicFest

AR

**MARVEL
NOW!**

893 AD.
Farth.
The Western Coast of Iceland.

THE 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 DEN IN THE HIGHLANDS. IT BATTLED US FOR HOURS, SWINGING TREES AND HURLING BOULDERS. MANY VIKINGS FOUND THEIR WAY TO VALHALLA.

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



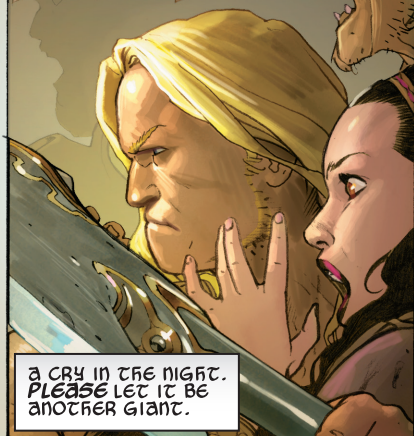
THAT WAS FOUR DAYS AGO. SINCE THEN I HAVE EATEN MORE GOATS THAN THE FROST GIANT, DRANK ENOUGH MEAD TO DROWN A DOZEN SAILORS AND MADE LOVE TO HALF THE WOMEN IN THE VILLAGE.



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

I LOVE MY LIFE.

AAARRGH!!



a cry in the night.
please let it be
another giant.



THERE'S SOMEONE IN
THE WATER! A DEVIL
MAN! I SAW HIS
FACE!



THE GIRL SPEAKS
THE TRUTH. THERE'S
SOMEONE THERE
ALL RIGHT.



OR
AT LEAST...
WHAT'S LEFT
OF THEM.

RED
CHUNKS HAVE
BEEN WASHING UP
FOR HOURS NOW,
ALL ALONG
THE SHORE.



POOR BASTARD MUST HAVE
FALLEN OFF A SHIP AND
BEEN TORN APART ON THE
ROCKS. IS HE FROM
OUR VILLAGE?

HEL, IT COULD
BE MY FATHER FOR
ALL I KNOW. THERE'S NOT
ENOUGH LEFT OF THE FOOL
TO TELL MUCH OF ANYTHING.

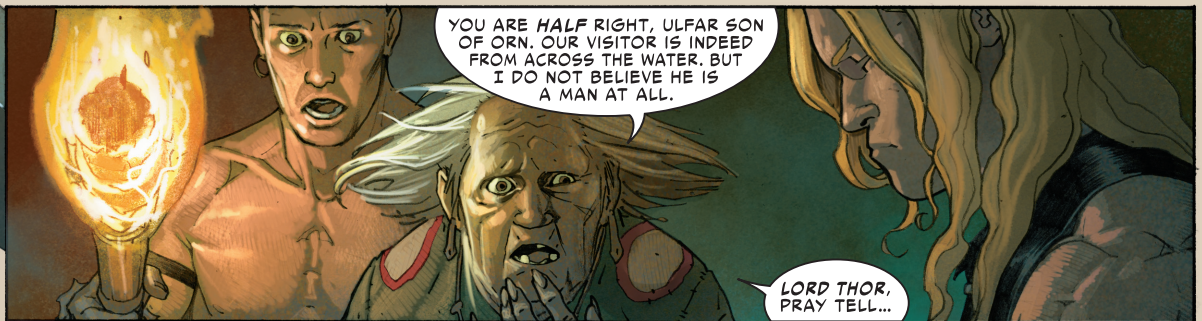
NOT SO. I
CAN TELL YOU ONE
THING FOR CERTAIN...



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.

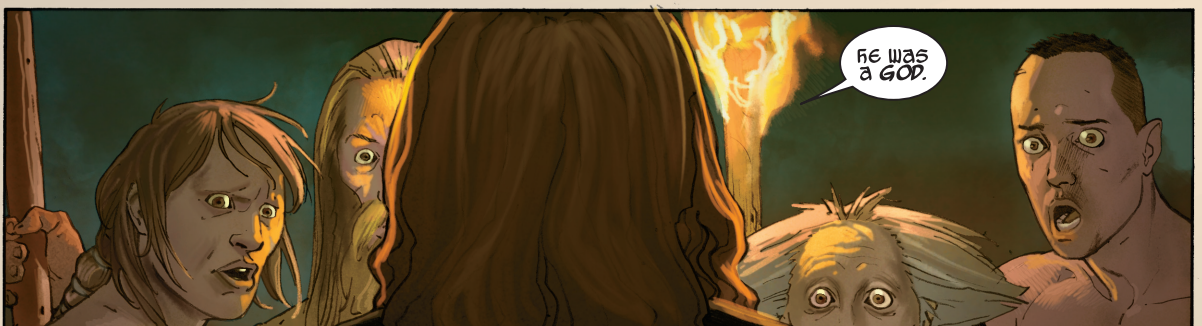


YOU ARE HALF RIGHT, ULFAR SON
OF ORN. OUR VISITOR IS INDEED
FROM ACROSS THE WATER. BUT
I DO NOT BELIEVE HE IS
A MAN AT ALL.

LORD THOR,
PRAY TELL...



WHAT DO
YOU SEE WHEN
YOU LOOK INTO
THOSE EYES?



HE WAS
A GOD.



A GOD? ODIN'S BEARD.

BUT...WHAT COULD HAVE DONE *THIS* TO A GOD? EVEN A HEATHEN ONE FROM ACROSS THE SEA?

MUST HAVE BEEN A *SEA SERPENT*. ONLY THING IT COULD HAVE BEEN.

LOOK AT THAT FLESH. THERE'S NOT A BITE ON HIM. HE WASN'T EATEN. HE WAS *BUTCHERED*.

WHAT IN ALL THE NINE WORLDS...CAN BUTCHER A GOD?



WHATEVER IT WAS, I GUARANTEE YOU ITS SKULL IS NO MATCH FOR *ASGARDIAN STEEL*!

COME NOW, NORSEMEN, WHY STAND WE HERE WITH THE DEAD WHEN YOU'VE A LONGHOUSE FILLED WITH COLD MEAD AND WARM WOMEN? THOR FOR ONE HAS YET TO DRINK HIS FILL OF *EITHER*!



BOY.

FETCH SOME WOOD.



ENOUGH TO BUILD A *FUNERAL* PYRE.