

**MARVEL**

**2**

# INFINITY WARPS

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# IRON HAMMER



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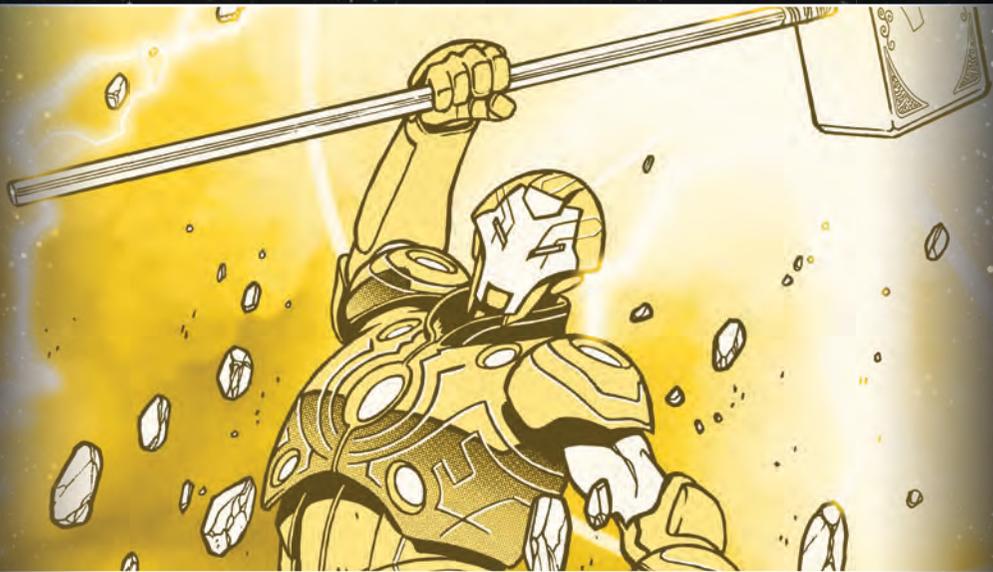
# INFINITY WARS

## IRON HAMMER



Gamora has collected the Infinity Stones—granting her power beyond belief. Determined to keep the Stones and prevent anyone from standing in her way, Gamora made one simple move that would change everything: She folded the universe in half. In this universe of Gamora's creation, incredible new heroes and villains exist unaware of their warped origins...

Sigurd Stark—a man who came from nowhere, whose knowledge of technology is nigh supernatural... Who feels like a stranger to the world around him! When the evil forces of the Dark Elf Malekith attacked him, Sigurd began to recall realms beyond his reckoning—impossible worlds of elves, dwarfs...and gods! Sigurd almost died in the attack—but his life was saved when he donned an incredible suit of armor and became...Iron Hammer!



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CAN IT BE TRUE? SIGURD STARK ON BENDED KNEE BEFORE ASGARD'S ANCIENT FOE--MADAME HEL, THE QUEEN OF DEATH?

THIS IS NO TRICK OR HOAX, READER--NO TALL TALE SPUN BY THE GOD OF STORIES! THIS WILL HAPPEN--BUT HOW? AND WHY?

WALK WITH US, IN THE THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS OF THE IRON HAMMER--TOWARD THIS FATEFUL MOMENT! THE MOMENT THAT ENDS...

# THE RAGNARMOROK WARS!



OUR TALE BEGINS DEEP IN A NORWEGIAN FOREST... WITH FRESH SNOW FALLING ON FRESH-DUG GRAVES...

...AND ON SIGURD STARK, AS HE SWEARS A COLDER VENGEANCE STILL... UPON THE ONE CALLED...

MALEKITH!

HEAR ME, FOUL ONE! AND KNOW THAT I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL MY FRIENDS ARE AVENGED--

--AND YOU ARE DEAD!



BE CAREFUL, STARK! SUCH OATHS ARE EASILY SWORN-- BUT HARD KEPT! AND THE PRICE FOR FAILURE COULD BE--THE KISS OF DEATH!

I CANNOT DIVE INTO BATTLE WITH SUCH A FOE UNPREPARED!



YOU SPOKE OF SECRETS, EITRI-- THE SECRETS OF THE ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD! TO DO BATTLE WITH THE ELF-KING, I MUST LEARN THOSE SECRETS--

--THOUGH IT MEANS CHALLENGING THE DEMI-GODS THEMSELVES!



BUT TO EVEN ATTEMPT TO REACH ASGARD-- I MUST BREACH THE WALLS OF REALITY ITSELF! THE IDEA IS MADNESS--BUT PERHAPS...

...IF I WERE TO USE A BRIDGING INTERDIMENSIONAL FREQUENCY...ROTATING OUTSIDE SPACE-TIME...



**UNDERSTOOD, MASTER SIGURD!**

THE VOICE OF H.E.I.M.D.A.L.L.-- THE HEURISTIC ENHANCED-IMAGING MACRO-DIGITAL AWARENESS FOR LOGIC AND LOGISTICS--ECHOES FROM THE ARMOR'S HELM--

EH?



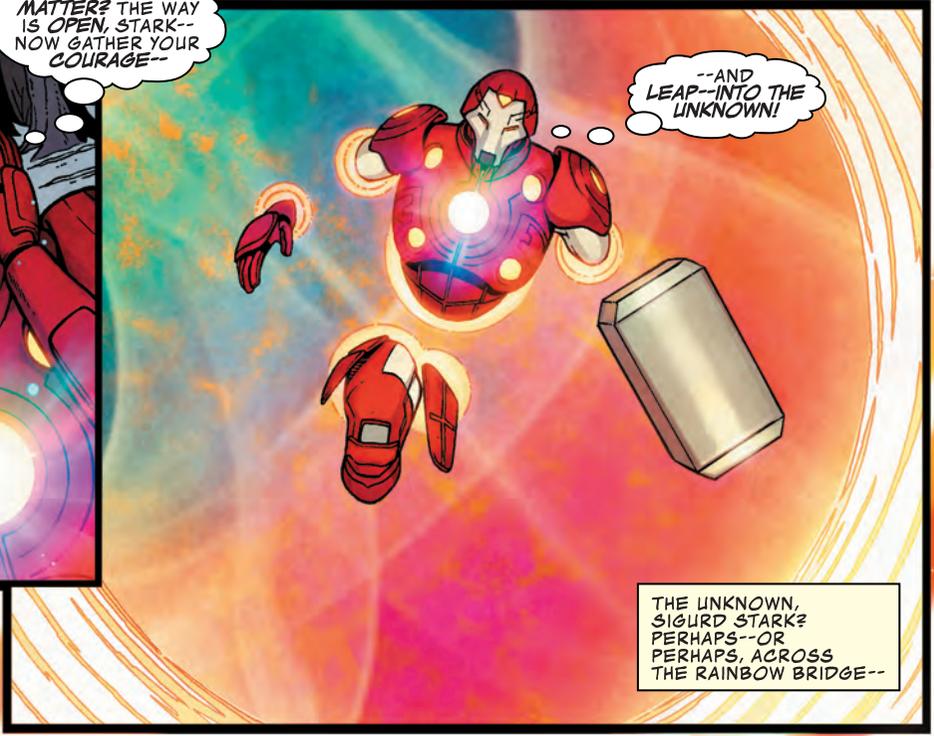
--AND THE B.I.F.R.O.S.T. IS OPENED!

BY THE STORM!



A MERE NOTION MUTTERED UNDER MY BREATH-- AND THE THING IS DONE! IS THIS A SCIENCE BEYOND EARTH'S OWN-- OR TRUE MAGIC?

DOES IT MATTER? THE WAY IS OPEN, STARK-- NOW GATHER YOUR COURAGE--



--AND LEAP--INTO THE UNKNOWN!

THE UNKNOWN, SIGURD STARK? PERHAPS--OR PERHAPS, ACROSS THE RAINBOW BRIDGE--

--LIES TRUE KNOWLEDGE!



THE--THE COLORS--FILLING MY SENSES! I--I--

I REMEMBER!

FOR FIVE YEARS, SIGURD STARK HAS BEEN CURSED WITH AMNESIA... CURSED TO WANDER THE WORLD WITHOUT MEMORY... WITHOUT A HOME OR A PAST...

...BUT NOW, IN THE RAINBOW LIGHT OF THE DOOR BETWEEN DIMENSIONS-- ALL THREE RETURN TO HIM!

SIGURD STARK'S MIND FLASHES BACK--  
BACK--TO A FACE HE KNOWS ONLY  
FROM LONG-FORGOTTEN DREAMS--

--THE FACE OF  
HIS FATHER!

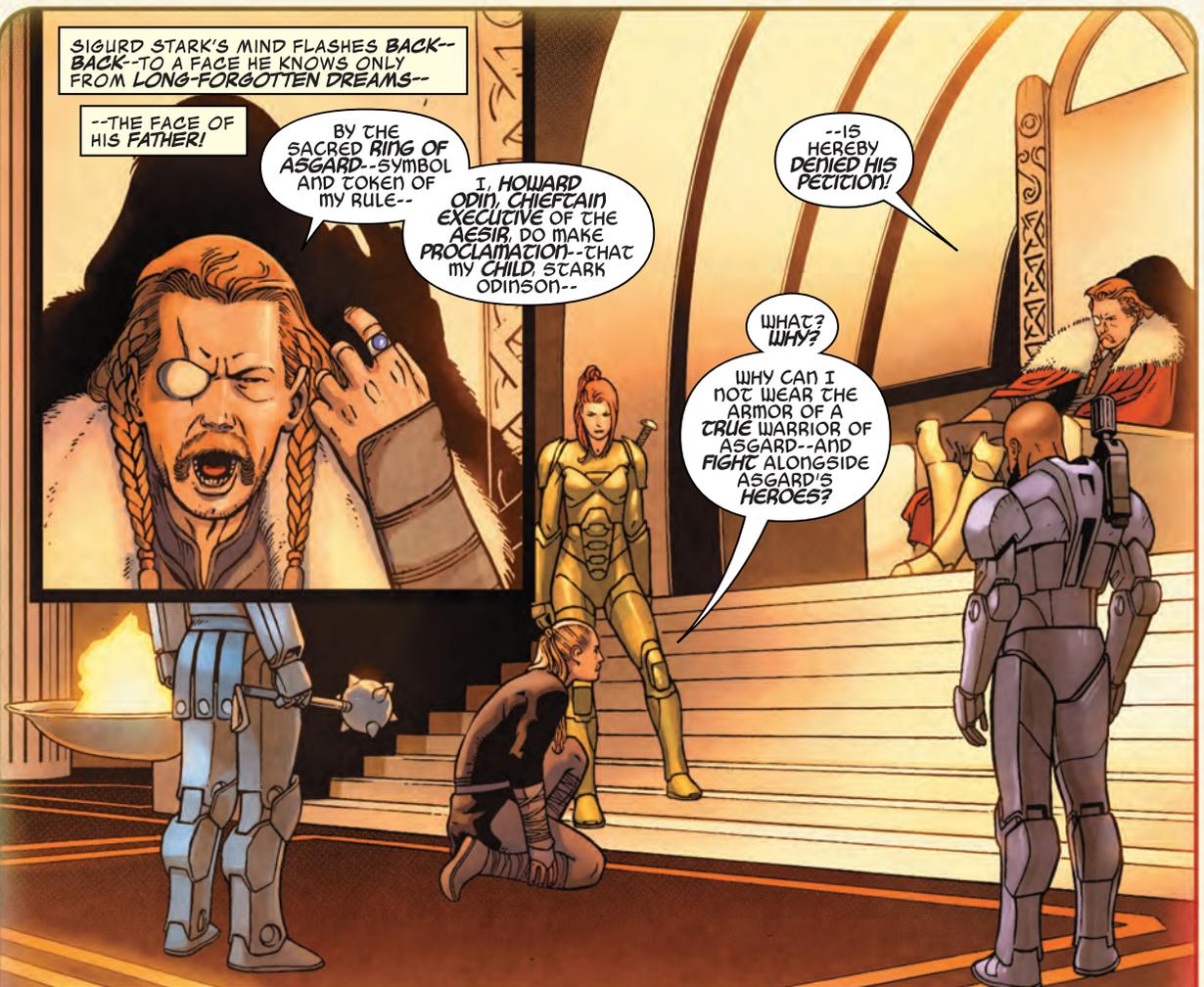
BY THE  
SACRED RING OF  
ASGARD--SYMBOL  
AND TOKEN OF  
MY RULE--

I, HOWARD  
ODIN, CHIEFTAIN  
EXECUTIVE OF THE  
AESIR, DO MAKE  
PROCLAMATION--THAT  
MY CHILD, STARK  
ODINSON--

--IS  
HEREBY  
DENIED HIS  
PETITION!

WHAT?  
WHY?

WHY CAN I  
NOT WEAR THE  
ARMOR OF A  
TRUE WARRIOR OF  
ASGARD--AND  
FIGHT ALONGSIDE  
ASGARD'S  
HEROES?



AM I NOT  
AS DEDICATED AS  
PEPPER THE WISE?  
AS INGENIOUS AS TOM!  
THE GRIM? AS BRAVE  
AS RHODEY THE  
BOLD?

CAN I NOT  
STAND WITH ANY  
OF THE WARRIOR  
MACHINES  
THREE?

AM I NOT  
THE SON OF A  
KING, FATHER? IS  
THE ARMOR NOT  
MY BIRCHRIGHC?

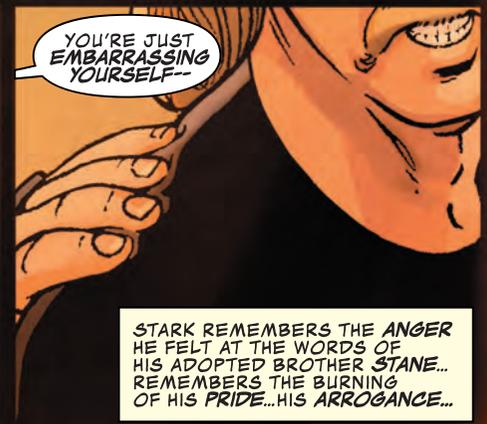


BROTHER,  
HE'S MADE HIS  
DECISION--

YOU'RE JUST  
EMBARRASSING  
YOURSELF--



STARK REMEMBERS THE ANGER  
HE FELT AT THE WORDS OF  
HIS ADOPTED BROTHER STANE...  
REMEMBERS THE BURNING  
OF HIS PRIDE...HIS ARROGANCE...



...THE GROTESQUE  
FLAME OF HIS EGO!



YOU...  
DARE?

OW!

YOU DARE  
TO CALL ME  
BROTHER,  
STANE?



WHY, YOU'RE  
NOT EVEN A  
DEMI-GOD LIKE  
THE REST  
OF US!

YOU'RE A  
HUMAN--WEAK,  
FEEBLE--BARELY  
HALF A REAL  
PERSON!

WE ARE  
AGELESS--NEVER  
TO TASTE THE KISS  
OF DEATH! YOU DECAY  
DAY BY DAY, LIKE THE  
MAGGOT YOU  
ARE--

LEAVE  
HIM ALONE,  
STARK--



MORTAL  
THOUGH STANE  
IS--HE IS THE SON  
OF THE KING, AS  
YOU ARE--

ADOPTED!  
AND FROM AN  
ENEMY, AT  
THAT!

HE IS AN  
INSULT TO  
ASGARD--AND  
MY FATHER SHOULD  
HAVE CRUSHED  
HIM UNDER HIS  
BOOT ON THE  
BATTLEFIELD--



ENOUGH!

IF STANE  
IS MISSING THE  
GODLY HALF OF  
HIMSELF--IT IS  
HARDLY HIS OWN  
FAULT!

WHEREAS  
YOUR BEHAVIOR--  
THE ARROGANCE AND  
VANITY THAT FILLS YOU  
LIKE THE POISON OF  
A SNAKE--



--THAT IS  
WHAT MAKES YOU  
UNWORTHY!

AND IN STRIKING YOUR BROTHER-- SPILLING HIS BLOOD--YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR.

I SEE NOW THAT YOU WILL NEVER GAIN THE HUMILITY AND HUMANITY YOU LACK--WHILE YOU ARE A DEMI-GOD OF ASGARD!

FATHER...? WHAT ARE YOU...

THUS--I CAST YOU OUT!

STARK ODINSON-- YOU ARE ASGARDIAN NO MORE!

THY MEMORY I ALSO STRIP BARE!

YOU WILL BE DENIED THE KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR TRUE HERITAGE-- UNTIL YOU HAVE EARNED IT!

UNTIL YOU HAVE LEARNED THE PAIN AND LOSS THAT COMES--

--WITH BEING HUMAN!

AND SO, FIVE YEARS AGO, STARK ODINSON STUMBLED OUT INTO THE SNOW--TO LEARN THE BEAUTY AND SADNESS OF THE NORWEGIAN NIGHT--

--AND BECAME A MAN...NAMED SIGURD!

