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RAGNARÖK



OUR STORY SO FAR:

Thor lies unconscious on a ridge beyond the Dark Hold of Angantyr, the Lord of the Dead. His companion, Regn—a black Elf assassin—has been run through by Angantyr with the cursed sword, Tyrfing, and has fallen to his hands and knees on the roof of the Hold. And Drifa, Regn's young daughter, sits in the woods beyond Thor, unaware of what has just happened. The fate of the Dusk Lands hangs in the balance.



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THE GAMES OF DEATH AND MAGIC

ON A RIDGE SOME DISTANCE FROM THE BLACK HOLD OF ANGANTYR...

ELF-CHILD.

NO SHOUT, HEAR FINE.

...RATATOSK... YOU'RE ALIVE...

RATATOSK!

NO THANKS YOUR FATHER, WHERE HE?

HE'S GONE INTO THE BLACK HOLD ...TO KILL ANGANTYR.

THOR?

HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO KILL PAPA.

REALLY?

SORT OF.

YOU ANGRY, NOT GO WITH HIM, FOOLISH.

LITTLE GOOD IN DUSK LANDS, DRIFA. WHAT IS, COSTS HIGH.

ARMED?

YES, BUT...

GOOD, DRAUGAR COME.

GOAT THINGS! SUPPER ALMOST HERE!

I FIND THOR.



...WHILE ON THE ROOF OF THE BLACK HOLD...



...AND ELSEWHERE, ON THE FAR RIDGE...



CRAP.



YOU GAVE HER
TO ME, MONSTER.
REMEMBER?



STEADY
ME.

YOUR FATHER
WILL YET REGRET
THAT YOU ARE
MINE NOW.



SIR?

I WILL
SET US
BOTH
FREE.



ENOUGH,
RATATOSKI!
I'M AWAKE,
AND YOU'RE
ALIVE!

EVERYBODY
SAYS THAT.

GIVE ME
THE REST
OF THE DAMN
APPLE
SLICES.



YOU'RE A
FOOL, REGN.
HEVOR
CANNOT HELP
YOU.



THE
SWORD
IS STILL
MINE.

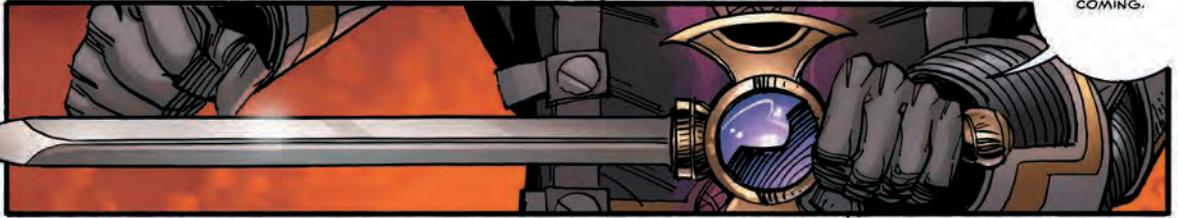
THIS
TIME,
I'LL CUT
YOU IN
HALF..



...AND HAVE
MY SMITHS SEW
YOU BACK
TOGETHER
WITH IRON
THREAD!



I
LOVE
YOU,
DRIPA.



BRYNJA,
I'M
COMING.



THOR.
NOW.



I
HEAR
YOU,
REGN.



BACK
AWAY,
RATATOSK.