

THIS IS THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS IN THE CENTER OF INFINITY, HOME TO THE PARLIAMENT OF PANTHEONS AND THE HIGH HOLY COURT.

BUILT FOUR BILLION YEARS AGO BY THE FIRST OF THE ELDER GODS AS A PLACE OF DIVINE FELLOWSHIP AND GOVERNANCE.

THIS IS OMNIPOTENCE CITY, THE NEXUS OF ALL THE GODS.



I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY GODS.

AND MORE OF THEM POPPING UP EVERY DAY, IT WOULD SEEM.

AND YOU ARE... THE GOD OF LIBRARIANS?

I AM THE LORD HIGH LIBRARIAN OF THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING. YOUR PREDECESSOR WAS AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR TO THESE HALLS. THOUGH READING WAS NEVER EXACTLY HIS FORTE, WAS IT?



TELL ME, GIRL, WHY ARE YOU HERE?

I... DO NOT KNOW. THE HAMMER BROUGHT ME.



THE HAMMER...

I KNOW IT SOUNDS INSANE, BUT I BELIEVE THERE IS A CHANCE THAT MJOLNIR HERE IS ACTUALLY...

...ALIVE.

HEH. FOLLOW ME.



MANY DIFFERENT TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD ABOUT HOW THAT HAMMER OF YOURS FIRST CAME TO BE. SOME SAY ODIN HAD IT FORGED AS A GIFT FOR HIS YOUNG SON.

OTHERS SAY THE ALL-FATHER WIELDED THE HAMMER HIMSELF, MANY CENTURIES BEFORE THOR WAS EVEN BORN.



THE TALES ALWAYS MENTION THE DWARVEN FORGES AND THE MYSTICAL ENCHANTMENTS AND THE UNBREAKABLE URU.

BUT ONE VERY IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF THE HAMMER'S STORY HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.



THE STORM.

STORM? WHAT STORM?

THE STORY BEGAN EONS AGO, AS MOST STORIES ABOUT THE GODS USUALLY DO...

...WITH BLOODSHED
AND WAR.

A YOUNG WARLORD NAMED ULIK
HAD UNITED THE CLANS OF ROCK
TROLLS AND INVADDED MIDAVELLIR,
THE REALM OF THE DWARVES.

BATTLE RAGED THROUGHOUT
THE SKORNHEIM MOUNTAINS.

UNTIL ALL-FATHER ODIN
ARRIVED, LEADING THE
ARMIES OF ASGARD.

IT WASN'T THAT THE ALL-FATHER
HELD ANY GREAT LOVE FOR
DWARVES. THOUGH HE DID HAVE
TREMENDOUS AFFECTION FOR
THE KILLING OF TROLLS.

ODIN MADE WAR BECAUSE HE
KNEW THE DWARVES' MINES
AND FORGES WERE OF VITAL
IMPORTANCE TO ALL THE
TEN REALMS.

THE BATTLE WAS
SWIFT AND BRUTAL.

AND QUITE DECISIVE.

THE TROLLS HAVE RETREATED BACK INTO THEIR SLOP HOLES, LORD ODIN. MIDAVELLIR BELONGS ONCE MORE TO THE SONS OF IVALDI.

THEN FEEL FREE TO RETURN THERE, MASTER DWARF.

NOT WITHOUT FIRST BESTOWING ON YOU A GIFT, YOUR MAGNIFICENCE. A TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION.

AND A SYMBOL OF THE UNBREAKABLE BOND THAT HAS BEEN BUILT BETWEEN THE DWARVES AND THE GODS.

IT WAS A NUGGET OF RAW URU. THE RAREST, MOST MYSTICAL METAL IN ALL THE REALMS.

MINED FROM DEEP BENEATH THE MOUNTAINS OF MIDAVELLIR, VIRTUALLY UNBREAKABLE, IT WAS SAID.

UNSMELTABLE, EVEN. SO STRONG NOT EVEN THE FURNACES OF THE DWARVES COULD MELT IT.

ODIN GREETED THE GIFT WITH THE EXPECTED COURTESY.

A ROCK. I SAVE THEIR TINY SCRAGGLY-BEARDED LIVES AND THEY BRING ME A ROCK.

SUCH A FITTING GIFT, SONS OF MIDAVELLIR. WHENEVER I LOOK UPON THIS...

...SMALL AND UTTERLY USELESS THING...

...I WILL BE REMINDED OF DWARVES.