

**MARVEL**

**6**

LGY#723

AL EWING  
LEE GARBETT  
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# THE IMMORTAL THOR



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**BONUS DIGITAL EDITION** — DETAILS INSIDE!

**“FOR I DO NOT EXIST:  
THERE EXIST BUT  
THE THOUSANDS  
OF MIRRORS THAT  
REFLECT ME.”**

**– VLADIMIR NABOKOV**  
*THE EYE*





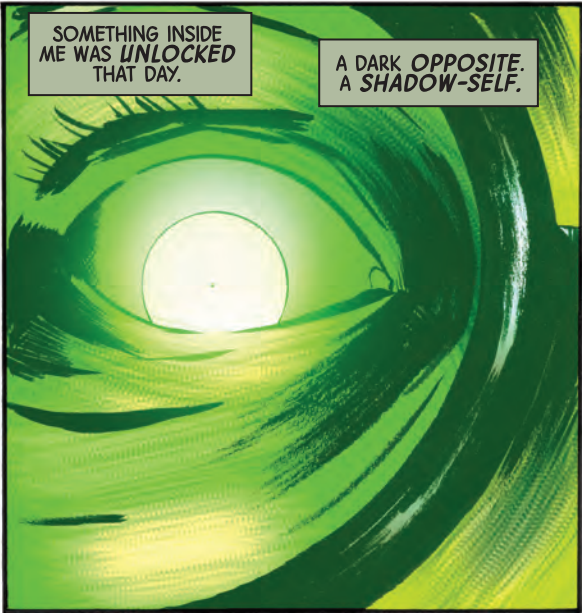
MY NAME IS  
BRUCE BANNER.

YEARS AGO...  
I DIED.



BUT I COULDN'T  
STOP SCREAMING.

SO I GOT  
UP AGAIN.



SOMETHING INSIDE  
ME WAS UNLOCKED  
THAT DAY.

A DARK OPPOSITE.  
A SHADOW-SELF.



STRONGER THAN  
ME. STRONGER  
THAN ANYONE.

TOO STRONG  
FOR DEATH  
TO CLAIM.



I CAN DIE--  
DURING THE  
DAY, BUT  
THE NIGHT IS  
HIS TIME.

AND WHEN  
IT COMES...  
HE DRAGS  
ME BACK.



THEN I'M LEFT  
WITH HAZY, BROKEN  
MEMORIES...

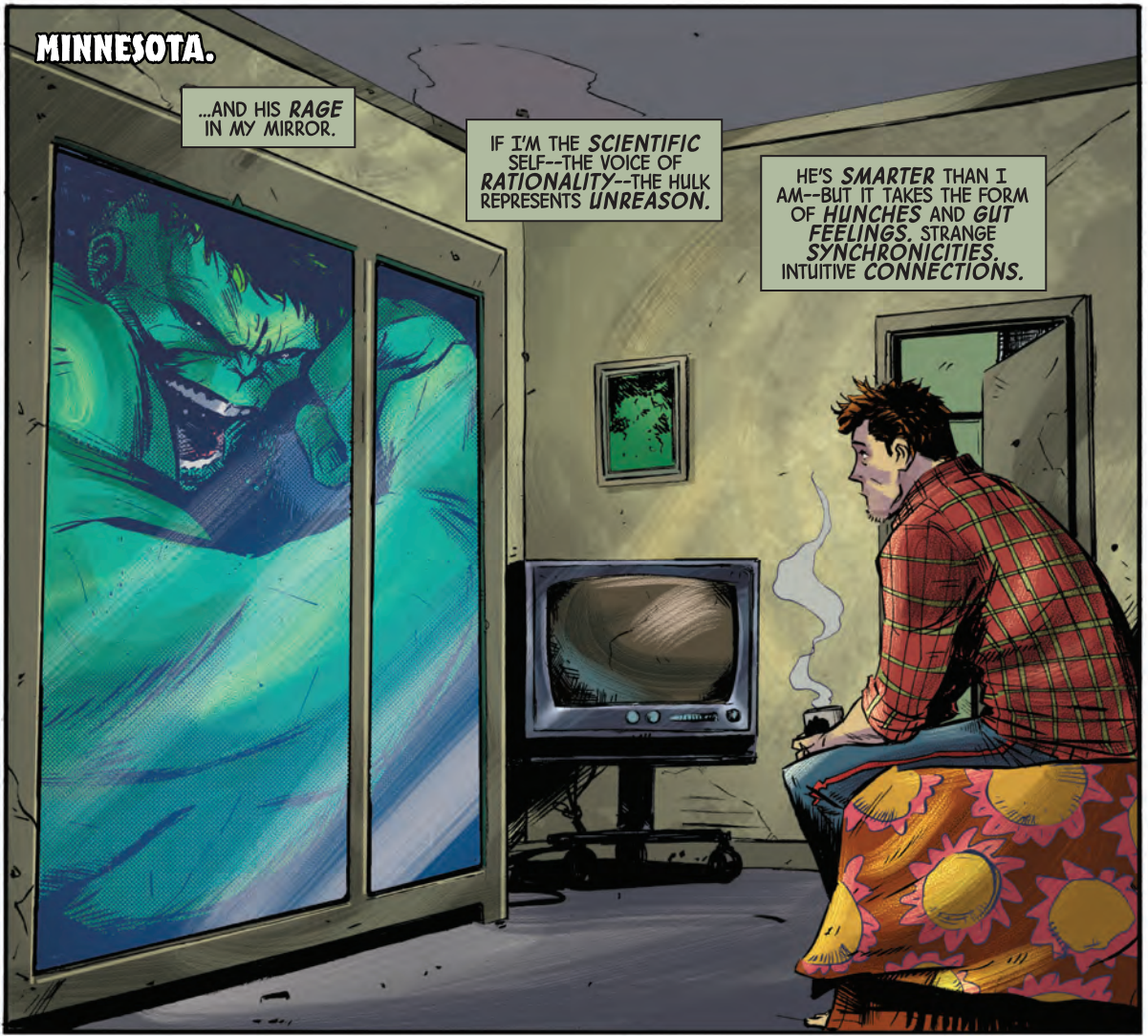


**MINNESOTA.**

...AND HIS RAGE  
IN MY MIRROR.

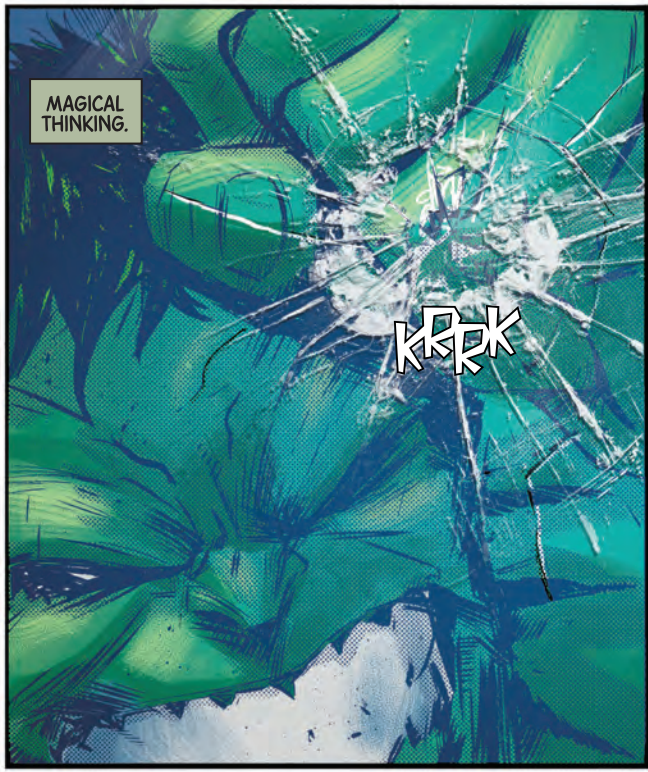
IF I'M THE *SCIENTIFIC*  
SELF--THE VOICE OF  
*RATIONALITY*--THE HULK  
REPRESENTS *UNREASON*.

HE'S *SMARTER* THAN I  
AM--BUT IT TAKES THE FORM  
OF *HUNCHES* AND *GUT*  
*FEELINGS*. *STRANGE*  
*SYNCHRONICITIES*.  
*INTUITIVE CONNECTIONS*.



MAGICAL  
THINKING.

**KRKRK**

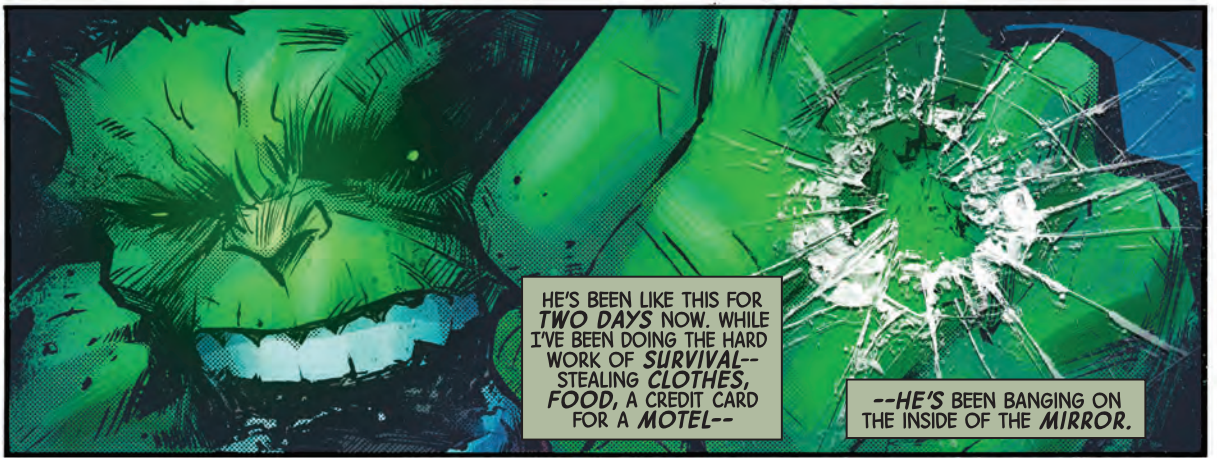


...

THAT'S  
NEW.

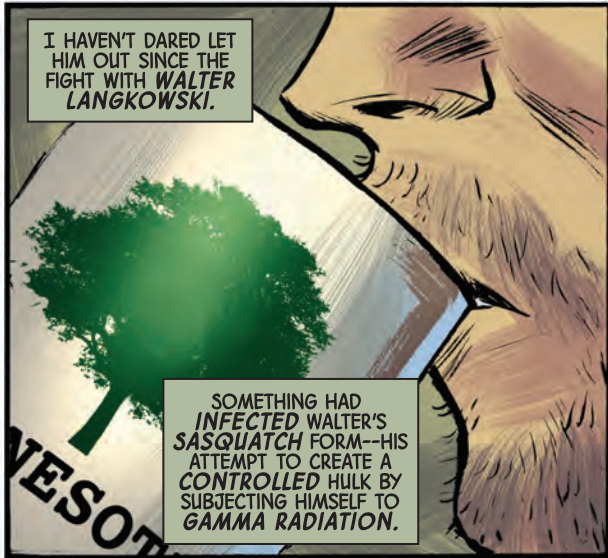






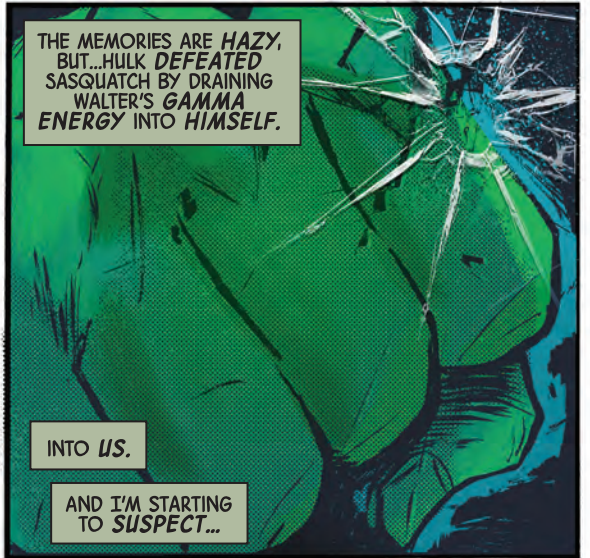
HE'S BEEN LIKE THIS FOR **TWO DAYS** NOW. WHILE I'VE BEEN DOING THE HARD WORK OF **SURVIVAL--** STEALING **CLOTHES, FOOD, A CREDIT CARD** FOR A **MOTEL--**

--HE'S BEEN BANGING ON THE INSIDE OF THE **MIRROR.**



I HAVEN'T DARED LET HIM OUT SINCE THE FIGHT WITH **WALTER LANGKOWSKI.**

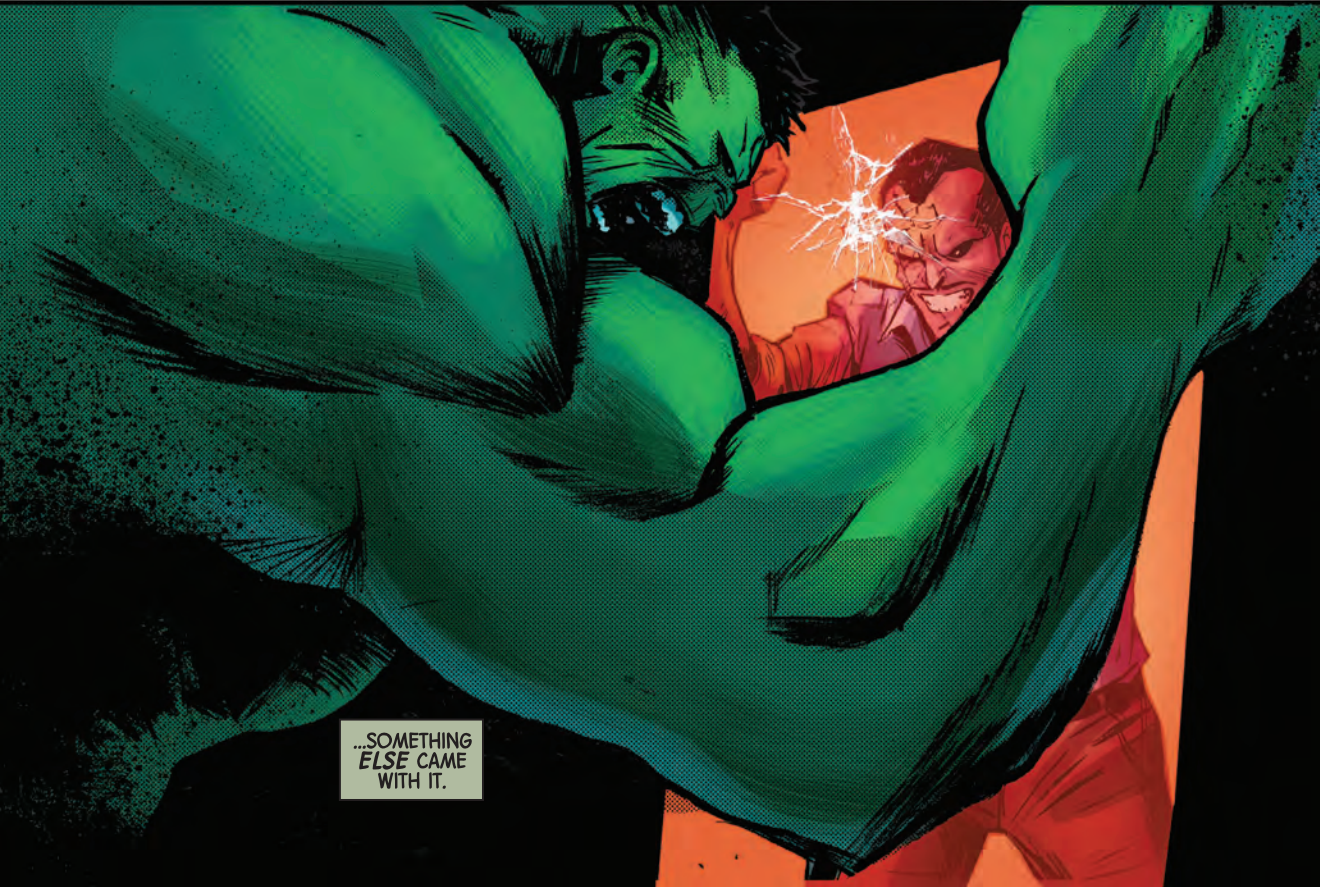
SOMETHING HAD **INFECTED** WALTER'S **SASQUATCH** FORM--HIS ATTEMPT TO CREATE A **CONTROLLED HULK** BY SUBJECTING HIMSELF TO **GAMMA RADIATION.**



THE MEMORIES ARE **HAZY,** BUT...HULK **DEFEATED** SASQUATCH BY DRAINING WALTER'S **GAMMA ENERGY** INTO HIMSELF.

INTO **US.**

AND I'M STARTING TO **SUSPECT...**



...SOMETHING **ELSE** CAME WITH IT.





I NEED TO TALK TO HIM.

WE USED TO BE *ABLE* TO, DIPLOMATIC CONFERENCES IN BAROQUE MINDSCAPES, METAPHORICAL WRESTLING MATCHES.

NOW...I NEED *OTHER* METHODS.



I CLOSE MY EYES. TAKE A BREATH. LET IT GO.

EMPTY MY MIND.



LET MY HAND MOVE AS IT WILL. NOTHING *GUIDING* THE PEN ON THE PAPER...

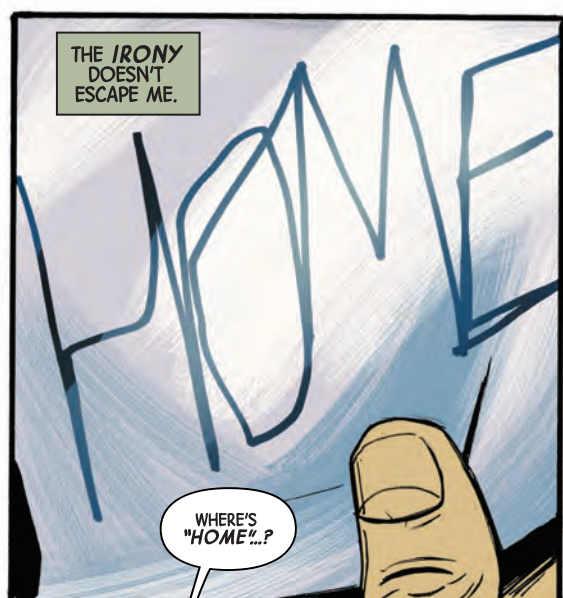
...BUT MY *UNCONSCIOUS*.



NOW WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN, HULK?

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

THE MAGICIAN JOHN DEE USED IT TO TRANSCRIBE THE LANGUAGE OF ANGELS.



THE *IRONY* DOESN'T ESCAPE ME.

WHERE'S "*HOME*"...?