

THOR



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THOR

IN THE FAR FUTURE, ALL-FATHER THOR AND HIS THREE GRANDDAUGHTERS RESPARKED LIFE ON PLANET EARTH AFTER MILLENNIA HAD LEFT IT BARREN.

BUT EVEN AS HUMANITY ONCE AGAIN FLOURISHES ON EARTH, THE COSMOS AROUND IT IS DYING. KING THOR FLEW TO THE FAR END OF THE UNIVERSE IN SEARCH OF LIFE, AND IN ALL THAT LONG JOURNEY, THE ONLY SPARK HE FOUND...

...WAS A PHOENIX-POSSESSED WOLVERINE.

“OLD GODS”

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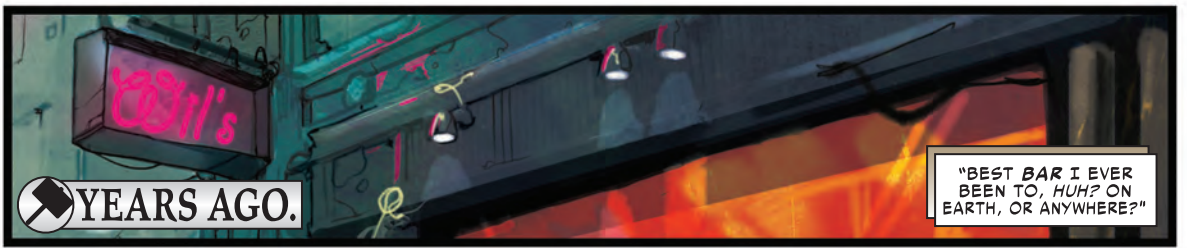
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THOR No. 5, November 2018. Published Monthly except in June by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2018 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #4066537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO THOR, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. DAN BUCKLEY, President, Marvel Entertainment; JOHN NEE, Publisher; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Operations, Publishing & Partnership; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Sales & Marketing, Publishing; JEFF YOUNGQUIST, VP of Production & Special Projects; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; ALEX MORALES, Director of Publishing Operations; DAN EDINGTON, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Vit DeBellis, Custom Solutions & Integrated Advertising Manager, at vdebells@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 08/24/2018 and 09/04/2018 by LSC COMMUNICATIONS INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.



YEARS AGO.

"BEST BAR I EVER BEEN TO, HUH? ON EARTH, OR ANYWHERE?"



LET US STICK TO MIDGARD FOR NOW.

SURE. ALL RIGHT.

THERE WAS THIS LITTLE PLACE ON SAIPAN IN '44.



DON'T KNOW THE NAME. IF IT HAD ONE, IT'D BEEN BLASTED OFF BY THEN. AFTER A MONTH OF FIGHTING, THE PLACE WAS BARELY STANDING. SO WAS I.

I STUMBLER IN THERE AFTER WE'D FINALLY TAKEN THE ISLAND. SAKE TASTED SWEETER THAN ANYTHING THAT HAD TOUCHED MY LIPS IN YEARS.

TRIED TO HAVE A SHOT FOR EVERY JAPANESE CORPSE I'D PUT IN THAT GROUND. PASSED OUT BEFORE I MADE IT HALFWAY THROUGH...



A FINE CHOICE. LOGAN, RATHER MOROSE, BUT A FINE CHOICE INDEED.

MINE WOULD BE THE LONGHOUSE OF THE VIKING CHIEFTAIN ULFAR THE BLOODBEARD.

A HOVEL ON THE MUDDY SHORES OF ICELAND THAT WAS ALWAYS PACKED TO THE RAFTERS WITH BLOOD-DRENCHED NORSEMEN STINKING OF FISH AND GOATS STINKING OF... GOAT.

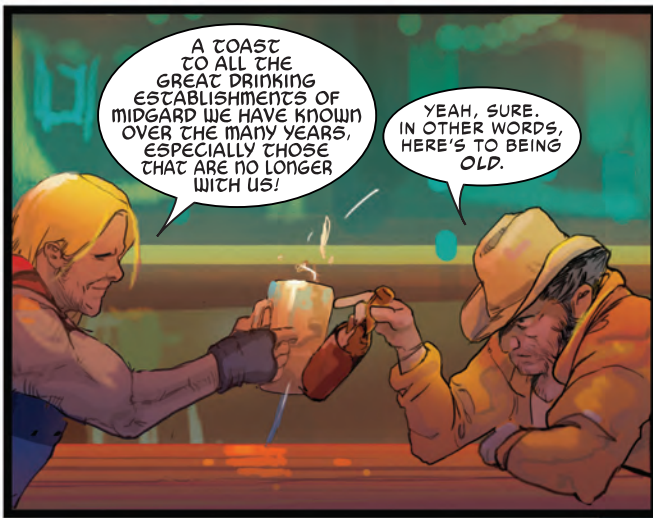
BUT ULFAR BREWED THE FINEST MEAD IN ALL THE LAND. AND FATHERED THE FINEST DAUGHTERS.



EVEN NOW THE SMELL OF GOAT BRINGS A TEAR TO MY EYE AND A STIRRING TO MY LOINS...

DEFINITELY DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW THAT LAST PART. GONNA POP SOME CLAWS IN MY BRAIN NOW.

I SAY THEE NAY! RAISE YOUR GLASS, WOLVERINE!



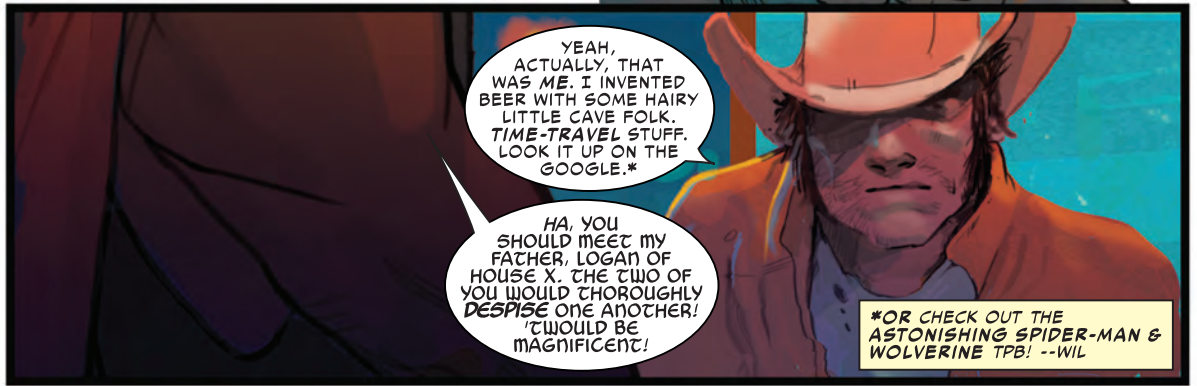
A TOAST TO ALL THE GREAT DRINKING ESTABLISHMENTS OF MIDGARD WE HAVE KNOWN OVER THE MANY YEARS, ESPECIALLY THOSE THAT ARE NO LONGER WITH US!

YEAH, SURE. IN OTHER WORDS, HERE'S TO BEING OLD.



HA, THOR IS NOT OLD. THOR IS STILL IN HIS GODLY PRIME. MY FATHER, NOW HE IS OLD.

ODIN CLAIMS HE WAS THE FIRST GOD TO BRING THE GIFT OF FERMENTATION TO MORTALS IN PRIMORDIAL TIMES. THAT IS HOW OLD MY FATHER IS.



YEAH, ACTUALLY, THAT WAS ME. I INVENTED BEER WITH SOME HAIRY LITTLE CAVE FOLK. TIME-TRAVEL STUFF. LOOK IT UP ON THE GOOGLE.*

HA, YOU SHOULD MEET MY FATHER, LOGAN OF HOUSE X. THE TWO OF YOU WOULD THOROUGHLY DESPISE ONE ANOTHER! 'TWOULD BE MAGNIFICENT!

*OR CHECK OUT THE ASTONISHING SPIDER-MAN & WOLVERINE TPB! --WIL



PERHAPS YOU WILL DRINK BY HIS SIDE IN VALHALLA, SOME DAY A GREAT MANY YEARS FROM NOW.

OR MAYBE TOMORROW.

DEFINITELY BEEN FEELING LATELY LIKE MY TIME'S...FINALLY RUNNING SHORT.

YOU MAY NOT FEEL OLD, THOR, BUT HOLY FLAMIN' HELL...I FEEL 'BOUT AS OLD AS DAMN DIRT.



nonsense! DIRT IS MUCH OLDER THAN YOU! YOU HAVE MANY MORE STABBINGS OF VILLAINS LEFT TO DO, MY FRIEND! BY THE BRISTLING BEARD OF ODIN, THIS I--

ALL RIGHT, ANY OF YOU DRUNKS MOVE, WE BLOW YOUR DAMN HEAD OFF!



OPEN THE CASH REGISTER, BARMAN! DO IT NOW OR--

UH, BOBBY...



BOY, DID YOU JACKASSES SURE PICK THE WRONG BAR.

NAY! YOU HAVE CHOSEN WISELY, BANDITS!



PLEASE DO TRY TO FIGHT BACK WITH ALL POSSIBLE VIGOR!



HA, A NIGHT OF DRINKING FOLLOWED BY A ROUND OF SMITING! ARE YOU TRULY TELLING ME YOU COULD NOT DO THIS UNTIL THE END OF TIME, MY FRIEND?

I AIN'T NO GOD, THOR. JUST A MUTANT WHO DON'T DIE EASY.

YOU MAY PLAN ON STICKING AROUND FOREVER, BUB, BUT LET ME TELL YA...

UNTOLD EONS FROM NOW.

"...OLD MAN
LOGAN SURE
DON'T."

WOLVERINE?
IS
IT...TRULY
YOU?

MEMORIES FALL LIKE
GRAINS OF SAND
THROUGH THE HANDS
OF AN OLD GOD.

FALL AND FORM AN ENDLESS
BEACH. ONE EVEN THE
BRAVEST OF GODS FEARS
TO TREAD UPON.

"WOLVERINE."
HAVEN'T GONE
BY THAT NAME
IN A FEW HUNDRED
THOUSAND YEARS.
BUT YEAH, THOR.
IT'S ME.

BY ALL THE
BONES OF MY
FOREFATHERS. I
HAD NO IDEA YOU'D
BECOME THE
AVATAR OF THE
PHOENIX.

I THOUGHT
THE FIREBIRD
HAD PERISHED
MANY EONS AGO,
WHEN MIDGARD
WAS--

--TURNED TO
ASH BY YOUR
BROTHER? YEAH,
IT DID DIE.

SO
DID I.

BUT IT'S
THE DAMN
PHOENIX, AIN'T
IT? IT ALWAYS
MANAGES TO
RISE AGAIN.

WHETHER
YOU WANT
IT TO OR
NOT.

SAND SWIRLS BENEATH THE
FEET OF A GOD. AND THOR
FEELS THE PAINS OF
MEMORY. THIS MAN. THIS
WAS HIS FRIEND.



LOGAN. MY FRIEND. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU. BUT... WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THESE MILLENNIA?

WALKING THE SPACEWAYS, MOSTLY. STABBING OLD STARS THAT NEED PUTTING OUTTA THEIR MISERY. BURNING BLACK HOLES.

BEING A SPACE RONIN, I GUESS YOU'D SAY. THE LAST DAMN COSMIC COWBOY STILL RIDING THE RANGE.



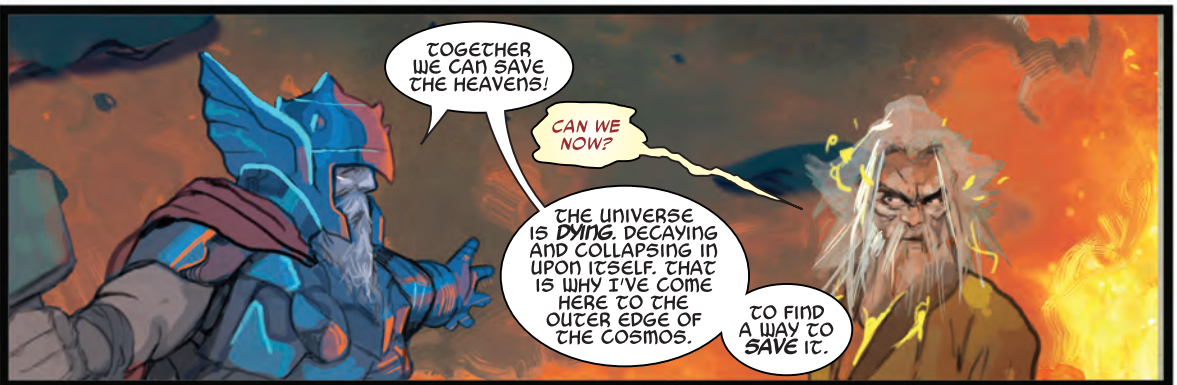
ALL THE OTHER BIG CELESTIAL MUCKETY-MUCKS HAVE DONE SHUFFLED ON. HEARD EVEN OLD GALACTUS MET A GRISLY END NOT LONG AGO.*

EATEN BY A PLANET. GUESS HE HAD THAT COMING.

I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO TRY AND KEEP THINGS PRUNED AROUND HERE. TO LEAD THE OLD GAL BY THE HAND, AS SHE SLOUCHES ON TOWARD THE BIG ENDING.

THIS...THIS IS GRAND NEWS, LOGAN.

*MIGHTY THOR #700.

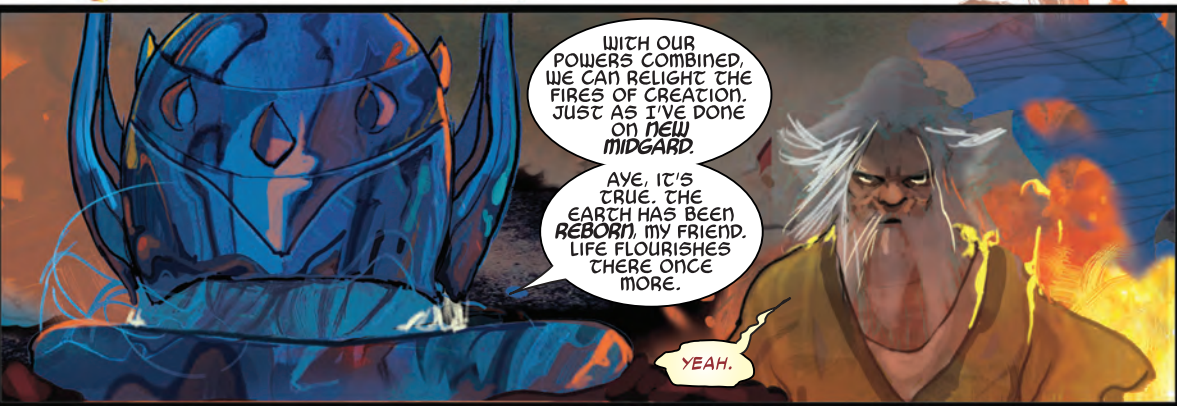


TOGETHER WE CAN SAVE THE HEAVENS!

CAN WE NOW?

THE UNIVERSE IS DYING. DECAYING AND COLLAPSING IN UPON ITSELF. THAT IS WHY I'VE COME HERE TO THE OUTER EDGE OF THE COSMOS.

TO FIND A WAY TO SAVE IT.



WITH OUR POWERS COMBINED, WE CAN RELIGHT THE FIRES OF CREATION. JUST AS I'VE DONE ON NEW MIDGARD.

AYE, IT'S TRUE. THE EARTH HAS BEEN REBORN, MY FRIEND. LIFE FLOURISHES THERE ONCE MORE.

YEAH.



SWIFT

I HEARD ABOUT THAT.