

LOKI IS THE GOD OF STORIES.

HIS BEST FRIEND IS VERITY WILLIS, A MORTAL WITH THE POWER TO SEE THROUGH ANY LIE.

HIS WORST ENEMY IS KING LOKI, AN EVIL VERSION OF HIMSELF FROM A DEAD FUTURE.

MOMENTS AGO, THE MULTIVERSE CAME TO AN END, LEAVING LOKI AND VERITY'S DISEMBODIED SPIRIT AS THE ONLY SURVIVORS.

(WELL, ALMOST. HOPE YOU'RE READING *SILVER SURFER*. WE'RE NOT CROSSING OVER OR ANYTHING, BUT YOU REALLY SHOULD ANYWAY. IT'S GREAT.)

(OH, AND KING LOKI WAS LAST SEEN RUNNING AWAY FROM THE COLLAPSING MULTIVERSE. SO KEEP AN EYE OUT.)

LOKI SAT OUT THE FINAL BATTLE OF THE NEW RAGNAROK, INSTEAD USING HIS FULL POWER TO SAVE THE STORIES OF THE GODS FROM OBLIVION.

NOW, HE HAS ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THOSE WHO SIT ABOVE IN SHADOW – THE GODS OF THE GODS.

AND THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

TIME TO GO.

AFTER THE END.
IN THE NOTHING.

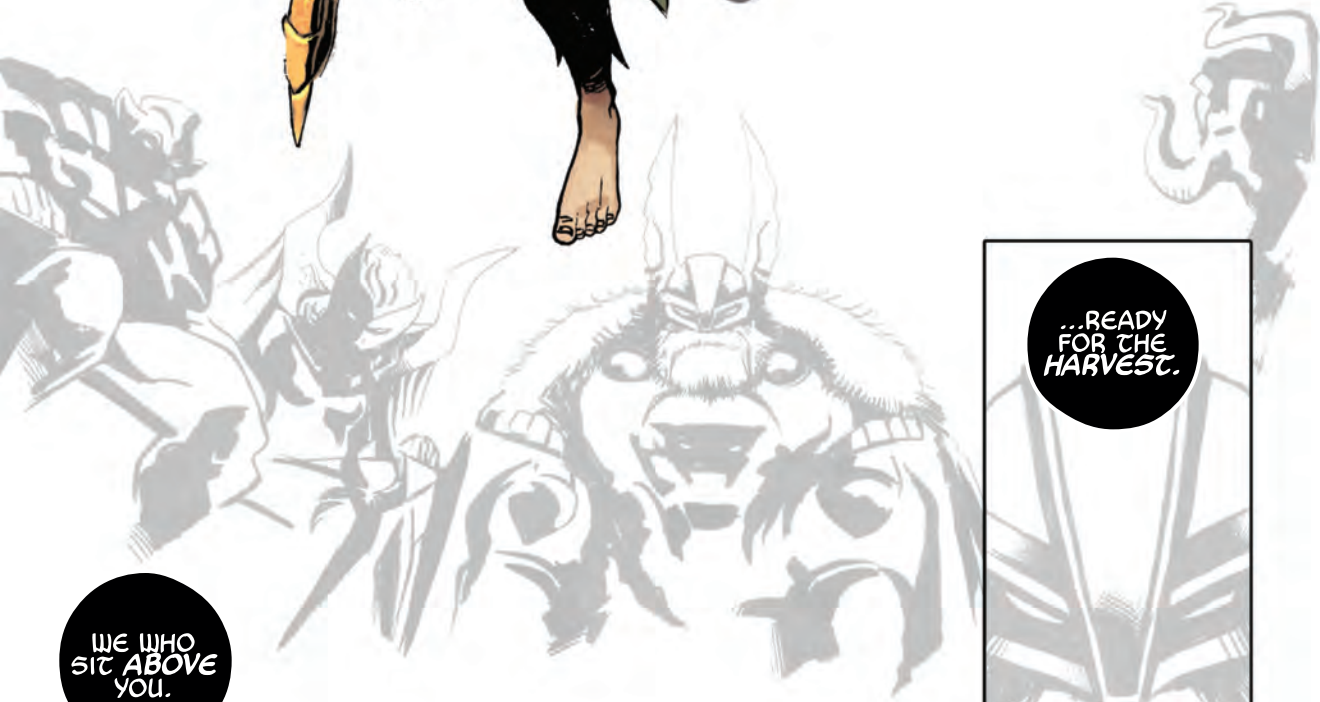
**SMALL
GOD.**

**LOOK
UPON
US.**



LOKI.
GOD OF STORIES.

VERITY WILLIS.
LIE-DETECTING GHOST.



**...READY
FOR THE
HARVEST.**

**WE WHO
SIT ABOVE
YOU.**

**WE WHO
CREATED THE
GREAT CYCLE.
WE WHO PRESIDE
OVER THY BIRTH
AND THY
DEATH.**

**WE
WHO GREW
YOU, AS
WHEAT IN A
FIELD...**





THE END
HAS COME,
SMALL GOD.
ALL IS
GONE...

...ALL
BUT THE
STORIES.

THE STORIES
WE FEED ON,
THAT WE HAVE
EVER FED ON, IN
RAGNAROK AFTER
RAGNAROK.



THE
CROW
EATS THE
CARRION.

THE KING
PROFITS FROM
THE SOLDIER'S
BLOOD.

SO HAS
IT EVER
BEEN.



YEAH,
OKAY.

AND?

YOU HOLD
WHAT WE
REQUIRE.

THY BROTHER HALTED OUR GREAT CYCLE, AND THOUGHT THAT DOOMED US.

BUT AS LONG AS THERE ARE GODS... AS LONG AS THEY WAR, AT THE END OF ALL... WE WILL BE THE FINAL VICTORS.



THE LEGENDS AND LIVES OF THE GODS. THEIR LIFE FORCES.

WE WOULD FEED. NOW.



LOKI...

NAH. I'VE GOT THIS.

YOU LOT WANT STORIES?



I'LL TELL YOU A STORY.

ONCE UPON A TIME...

WE'VE NOT GONE BACK IN TIME. RIGHT NOW THERE'S NO "TIME" TO GO BACK INTO.

THINK OF THIS AS... SET DRESSING. SCENE-SETTING.

BRR!
CHILLY!

IT'S THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO-- THE NORDIC BRONZE AGE.

IT'S A HARD LIFE. HARDER THAN USUAL TONIGHT.

THERE'S A SCORM AT THE DOOR.

AND IT'S A BIG ONE.

BARRO

IMAGINE NOT KNOWING WHAT THAT WAS, EH?





OOUMMMM



**BARRA
KROOM**

HA!
LOOK AT THAT!



IMAGINE NOT KNOWING WHERE RAIN LIKE THAT *CAME* FROM, OR *WHY*, OR IF IT'D EVER STOP.

IMAGINE HOW *SCARY* THAT'D BE.



FOR YOU AND EVERYONE AROUND YOU-- THE HIGHEST CHIEFTAIN TO THE LITTLEST CHILD.

AND IMAGINE... JUST FOR A SECOND, JUST IMAGINE...



...YOU HAD A *MAGIC* THAT COULD TAKE THAT FEAR AWAY.