



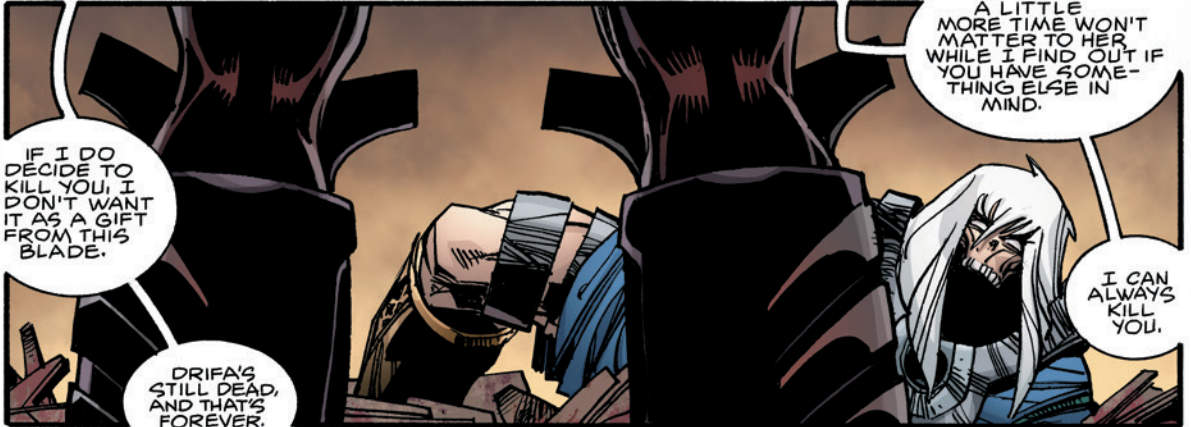
UUMPH.
STINGS.

THAT
MUST
MEAN I'M
STILL
ALIVE.



MY LORD! I... I
DIDN'T ACTUALLY
MEAN TO CUT
YOU! THE SWORD
TWISTED IN MY
HANDS--

I
DID WARN
YOU THAT
TYRFING IS
CURSED.



IF I DO
DECIDE TO
KILL YOU, I
DON'T WANT
IT AS A GIFT
FROM THIS
BLADE.

DRIFA'S
STILL DEAD,
AND THAT'S
FOREVER.

A LITTLE
MORE TIME WON'T
MATTER TO HER
WHILE I FIND OUT IF
YOU HAVE SOME-
THING ELSE IN
MIND.

I CAN
ALWAYS
KILL
YOU.

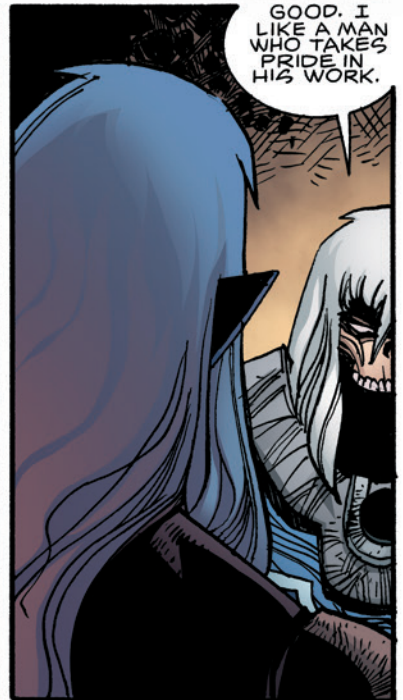


I DIDN'T SAY
ANYTHING ABOUT
GRANTING YOU A
SECOND TRY.



I DON'T WANT ANY
GIFTS FROM
YOU,
EITHER.

I DO
MY OWN
KILLING.



GOOD. I
LIKE A MAN
WHO TAKES
PRIDE IN
HIS WORK.



AND IF YOU SHOULD DIE?

THEN I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW THE STORY ENDS...

...UHHHH...

THOR?!



CALL LADY. I HAVE NEED OF THE RESTORATIVE SHE BEARS.

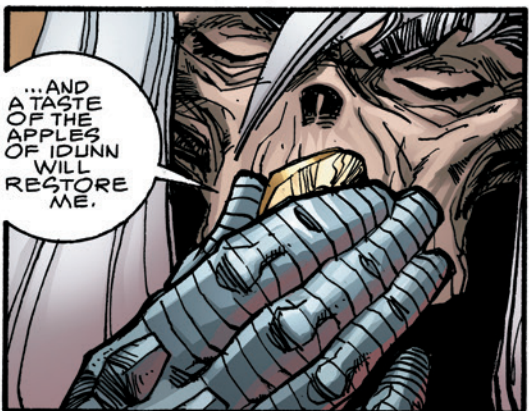
SHE'S COMING, ALREADY.



AH, LADY. YOU ARE A TRUE COMPANION.



THE SWORD WOUNDS STILL HURT...



...AND A TASTE OF THE APPLES OF IDUNN WILL RESTORE ME.



BETTER.

THE PAIN EASES.

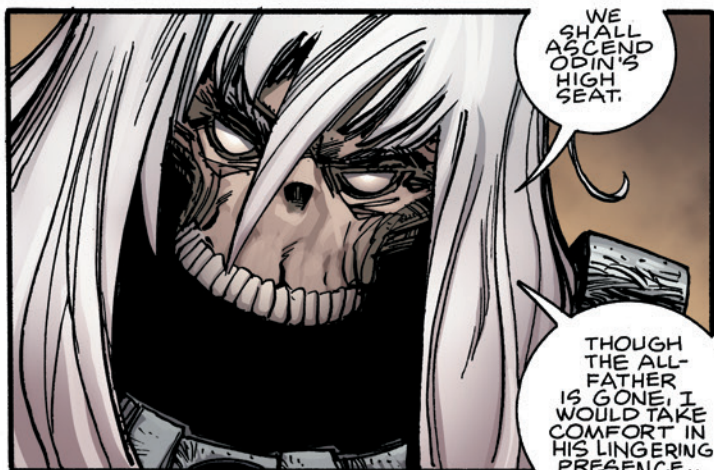
AND WHAT OF DRIFA?

IS SHE MERELY THE VICTIM OF A GOD'S IMPETUOUS NATURE?



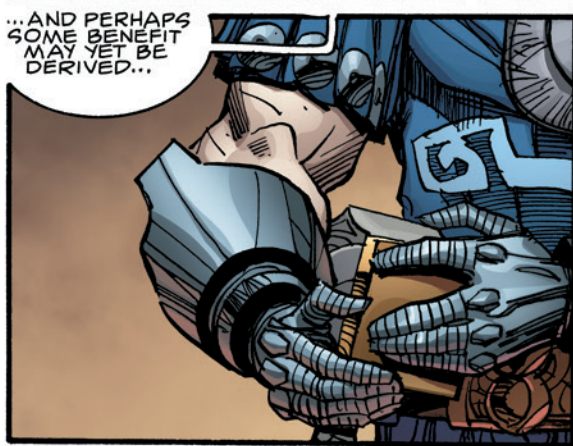
I AM NEVER IMPETUOUS, REGN. WELL... OCCASIONALLY PERHAPS.

BUT BRING HER.

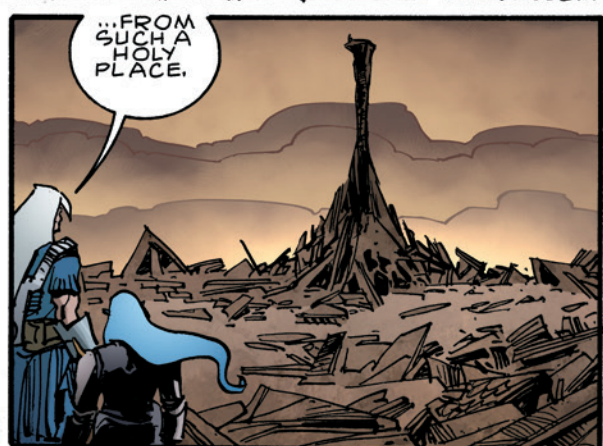


WE SHALL ASCEND ODIN'S HIGH SEAT.

THOUGH THE ALL-FATHER IS GONE, I WOULD TAKE COMFORT IN HIS LINGERING PRESENCE...



...AND PERHAPS SOME BENEFIT MAY YET BE DERIVED...



...FROM SUCH A HOLY PLACE.



I'VE ONLY DONE THIS WITH GOATS BEFORE.

FOLLOW ME.

KRACKT!



GOATS!!?



"...AND RODE TO BATTLE AGAINST THE JOTUNS IN MY WARCART, PULLED BY MY GOATS TANNGRISNIR AND TANNGSTR.

