

NOW.
ROXXON ISLAND.

YOU HEARD
ME, WOMAN.
WHOEVER
YOU ARE.



THAT
HAMMER DOES
NOT BELONG
TO THEE.

THOR...?
OH MY GOD,
HIS ARM...

I UNDERSTAND
YOUR CONCERN,
SON OF ODIN, BUT
THIS... IS NOT THE
TIME FOR SUCH
A DISCUSSION.

THERE IS
NO DISCUSSION
TO BE HAD. PUT
DOWN THE HAMMER,
CHIEF. AND THEN
TELL ME...

WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE WITH
MY MOTHER?

YOUR
MOTHER?

AHEM.

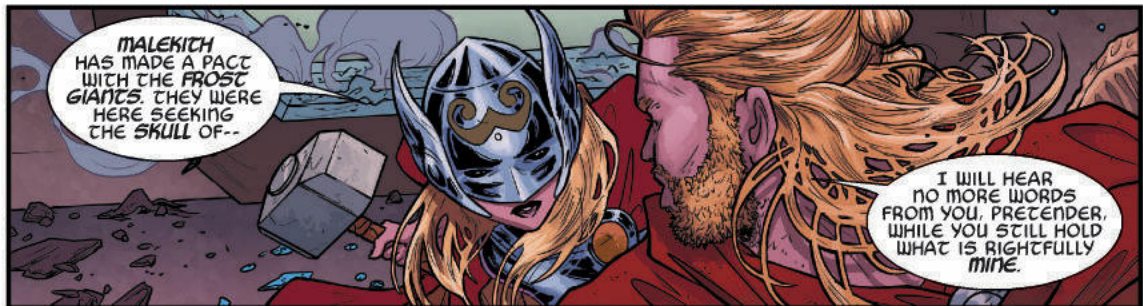
THIS SEEMS
LIKE A RATHER
PERSONAL
MATTER,
BEST SETTLED
BETWEEN
PEOPLE OF
THUNDER,
PERHAPS THE
MINOTAUR
AND I SHOULD
WAIT
OUTSIDE.

IT'S MY
ISLAND. PERHAPS
YOU SHOULD ALL
GO TO HELL.



YOU ALSO HAVE SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO ME, ELF. I WILL DEAL WITH YOU IN A MOMENT.

WE SHOULD DEAL WITH HIM NOW!



MALEKITH HAS MADE A PACT WITH THE FROST GIANTS. THEY WERE HERE SEEKING THE SKULL OF--

I WILL HEAR NO MORE WORDS FROM YOU, PRECENDER, WHILE YOU STILL HOLD WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE.



YOU NEED TO REMAIN CALM, ODINSON. I AM NOT YOUR ENEMY.

THEN WHAT ARE YOU?

I AM STILL TRYING TO DISCERN THAT MYSELF. I JUST KNOW THAT THIS IS NOT THE FIGHT THAT YOU WANT.

FIGHT? DID YOU JUST SAY YOU WANTED A FIGHT?

NO, I SAID...



CALM THYSELF DOWN.



YOU.

DARE.

NOW WAIT JUST ONE--

