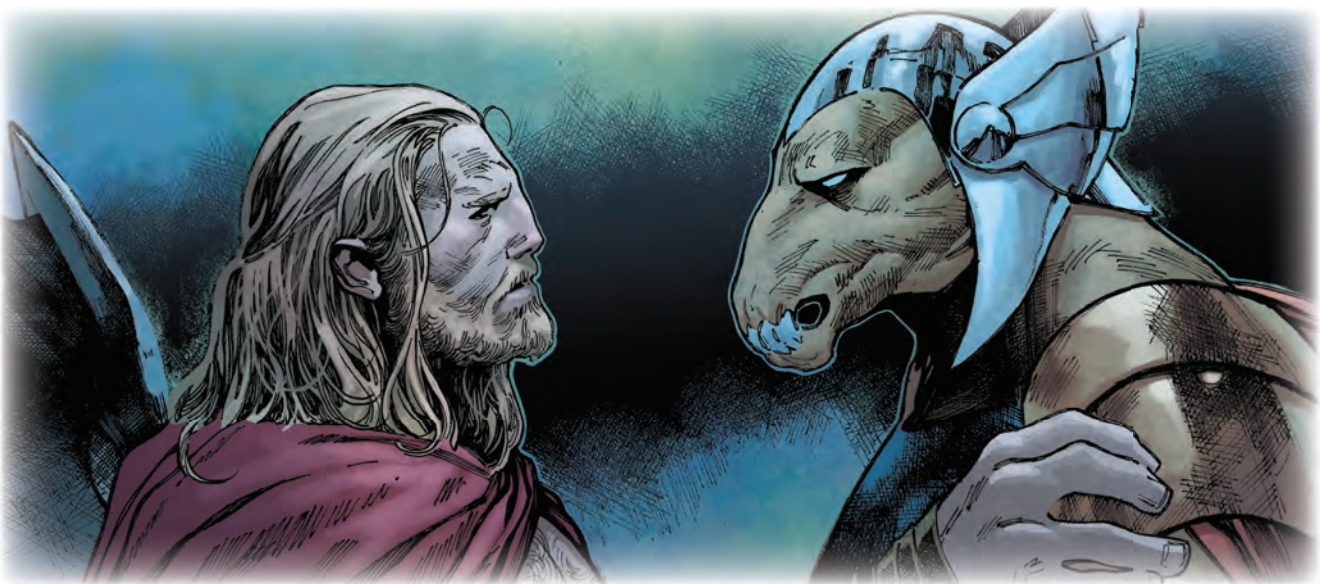


ON THE DAY THOR ODINSON LEARNED A LONG-KEPT SECRET STOLEN FROM THE WATCHER, HE DROPPED THE MYSTIC HAMMER MJOLNIR TO THE SURFACE OF THE MOON. TRY AS HE MIGHT, THOR COULD NOT LIFT HIS ONCE-FAITHFUL WEAPON. UNABLE TO POSSESS THE POWER OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT, THE THUNDER GOD RELINQUISHED THE NAME OF THOR AND NOW SIMPLY CALLS HIMSELF ODINSON. NOW HE SEARCHES FOR REDEMPTION, BUT UNTIL HE FINDS IT, HE WILL REMAIN...

# The unworthy THOR



RECENTLY, THE ODINSON CROSSED PATHS WITH A BEING KNOWN AS THE UNSEEN, WHO SHARED AN INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF ODINSON'S FALL FROM GLORY AND A TALE OF ANOTHER HAMMER HIDDEN ON OLD ASGARD.

ODINSON RACED TO THE RUINS OF HIS FORMER HOME, BUT FOUND THE ENTIRE REALM MISSING. IN ITS PLACE WAS HIS FRIEND, BETA RAY BILL. THE REUNION WAS CUT SHORT WHEN THE TWO WERE SET UPON BY MYSTERIOUS WARRIORS. THOUGH THE HEROES FOUGHT VALIANTLY, THEY DID NOT PREVAIL.

NOW THE ODINSON IS NOT ONLY UNWORTHY—  
HE IS ALSO THE CAPTIVE OF THE COLLECTOR...

MEANWHILE, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OFFERS TO BRING AN IMPRISONED  
THANOS THE OTHER HAMMER.

## THE SIN UNPARDONABLE

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EVERY DAY, WITH EVERY BREATH, I AM REMINDED OF MY CURRENT PLIGHT.

BRUTALLY REMINDED.

AND OF HOW HELPLESS I AM TO REVERSE IT.

ONCE I WAS THE LORD OF THUNDER AND THE RAGING STORM. NOW I AM THE GOD OF WHIMPERS AND WHISPERS.

THERE IS ANOTHER. ANOTHER HAMMER.

ONCE I COULD SEE, NOW I AM BLIND.

I... I WILL...

THOR... I TRULY AM SORRY.

BUT I DO NOT BLAME THE ONE WHO FELLED ME WITH HIS WORDS.

I WILL BE THOR... I...

OR THE MADMAN WHO HOLDS ME PRISONER. BECAUSE I KNOW, DEEP IN MY GUTS... THEY ARE RIGHT.

THE HAMMER WILL BE MINE, ODINSON! MINE AND NO ONE ELSE'S!

I NEVER DESERVED TO BE WORTHY IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IT WILL BE A BETTER WORLD WITHOUT GODS. WITHOUT YOU.

NEVER DID.

UGGH!



NEVER WILL.



DRAG HIM BACK TO HIS CELL! PUT HIM IN MORE CHAINS THIS TIME!

BUT WE PUT HIM IN MORE CHAINS THE LAST TIME.

THEN PUT HIM IN ALL THE CHAINS!



WORTHINESS WAS A CRUEL DREAM.



ALL I AM TRULY WORTHY OF NOW...

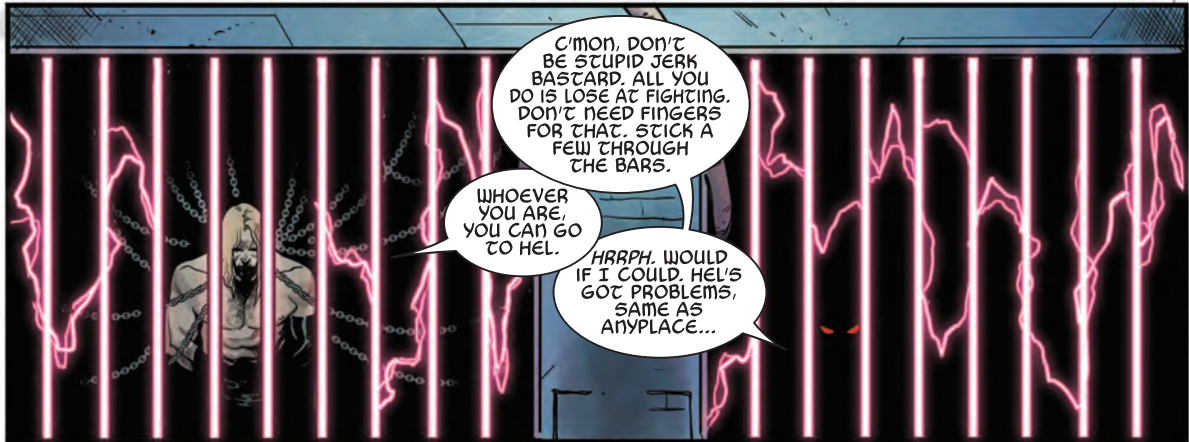


...IS MISERY.



HEY, BOY-BEARD, DO A FAVOR.

LET ME EAT SOME OF YOUR FINGERS.



C'MON, DON'T BE STUPID JERK BASTARD. ALL YOU DO IS LOSE AT FIGHTING. DON'T NEED FINGERS FOR THAT. STICK A FEW THROUGH THE BARS.

WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU CAN GO TO HEL.

HRRPH. WOULD IF I COULD. HEL'S GOT PROBLEMS, SAME AS ANYPLACE...



...BUT  
IT'S STILL  
HOME.



HOME? YOU'RE  
A MAN OF THE  
UNDERWORLD?

MAN? GRRRR.  
YOU'RE LUCKY  
WE'RE IN CAGES,  
ASGARDIAN MEAT, OR  
YOU'D BE SAYING  
GOODBYE TO YOUR  
ENTRAILS.

AIN'T NO  
TAILLESS TWO-  
LEGGER.



I'M A  
HEL-HOUND,  
GREATEST OF ALL  
HEL-HOUNDS! SON  
OF THE HEL-WOLF  
HIMSELF.

ACROSS THE  
TEN REALMS, THEY  
KNOW ME AS THE  
DEATHRIPPER, THE DEVIL  
DOG, THE ATROCITY  
THAT WALKS ON  
FOUR LEGS.



BUT...GRRR...  
YOUR BROTHER...  
HE...URR...

HE  
NAMED ME  
CHORI.