



**NOW.
MIDGARD.**

**ROXXON ISLAND.
THE FLOATING HEADQUARTERS
OF THE ROXXON ENERGY
CORPORATION.**

THIS...
IS NOT
GOOD.

SUPER-
STRONG VAULT
DOORS. WITH
ME ON ONE
SIDE...

"AND MJOLNIR
ON THE OTHER."

YOU CAN
STOP THAT ANY
TIME YOU LIKE,
YOU STUPID
MALLET.

A THOUSAND
MAGIC HAMMERS
COULDN'T BREAK
DOWN THAT DOOR.
AND NO WAY IN
HELL AM I ABOUT
TO OPEN IT...

"...GIVEN WHAT'S
WAITING ON THE
OTHER SIDE."

NO...
DEFINITELY NOT
GOOD.

WELL,
WHAT HAVE
WE HERE?



HAS ROXXON BEGUN MANUFACTURING ITS OWN *LADY THORS*? AND HOW MIGHT I GO ABOUT PLACING AN ORDER?

I DO NOT FIGHT FOR ROXXON.



I FIGHT FOR MIDGARD.

LEAVE ITS SHORES AND RETURN TO YOUR REALMS. ALL OF YOU. THIS INSTANT. AND YOUR CHILDREN NEED NOT GROW UP FATHERLESS.

THIS WILL BE YOUR SOLE WARNING.



HA! YOU CERTAINLY DO SOUND LIKE A THOR. THOUGH YOU APPEAR TO HAVE MISPLACED YOUR HAMMER. THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A LOT OF THAT GOING AROUND.

ALL YOU BROUGHT WERE GIANTS. I THOUGHT I MIGHT EVEN THE ODDS.

YOU WEAR A MASK. I WONDER... FROM WHO OR WHAT DO YOU HIDE, MY LADY? THE GOD FROM WHOM YOU STOLE THAT HAMMER, PERHAPS?

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT HIM, AS YOU CAN SEE. I RELIEVED HIM OF HIS ARM AND TOSSED HIM INTO THE DEEP.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE I MIGHT DO WITH YOU?



COME AND TEST MY ARMS, ELF. I PROMISE, YOU WILL NOT FIND THEM TO YOUR LIKING.

THOR CAN'T BE DEAD. MALEKITH'S BLUFFING. PLEASE LET HIM BE BLUFFING...

AM I BLUFFING? WITHOUT THAT HAMMER, WHAT CAN I DO? AND HOW LONG BEFORE I CHANGE BACK TO--



I THINK NOT. I'VE ALREADY MURDERED ONE THOR THIS WEEK.

GIANTS... YOU MAY DISPENSE WITH THIS ONE AS YOU SEE FIT.

yawn



LOOK AT HER. SCRAWNY LITTLE THING. SHE AIN'T WORTH FREEZING. AIN'T WORTH SPIT, NEAR AS I CAN TELL.

"DISPENSE WITH"? THAT MEANS WE CAN KILL HER, RIGHT?

WE DON'T HAVE TO FREEZE HER LIKE WE DID THEM OTHERS, TO KEEP HER BLOOD FOR THE RITUAL?

AH, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG.

P-T-A-W



HA! GREAT IDEA, SPEARLIP. BEEN FOREVER SINCE I KILLED SOMETHING JUST BY SPITTING ON IT.

LOOK AT HER DANCE!

YOU BUNCH OF SLUSH-BRAINS, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. MOVE ASIDE. LET ME DEAL WITH THE WENCH.



THERE. PROBLEM SOLVED.



SO ENDS THE STORY OF LADY THOR.