

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



## THE HAMMER FROM HEAVEN

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HOLD HIM! GRAB HIS...

GAAAAGGHH!!!

THERE WAS A TIME, MY MORNINGS WERE SPENT RACING COMETS.



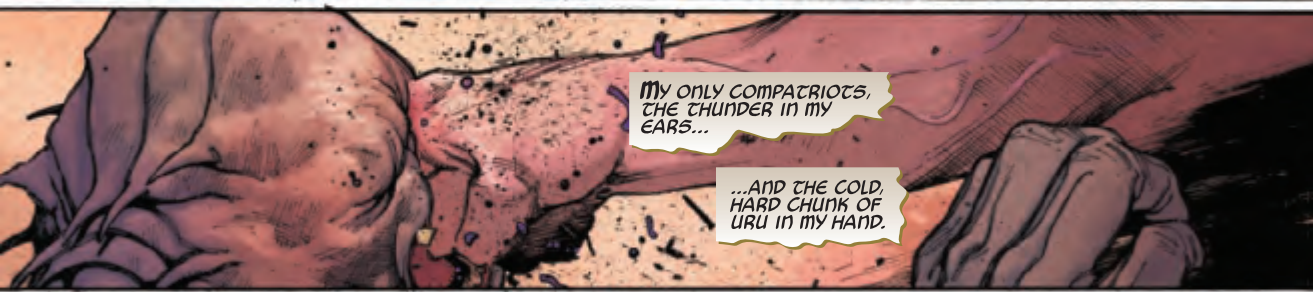
And winning.

HNNG.



I WOULD FLY FROM ONE END OF THE COSMOS TO THE OTHER, SOARING SO CLOSE TO STARS MY CAPE WOULD ALIGHT.

LOOK OUT, HE'S--



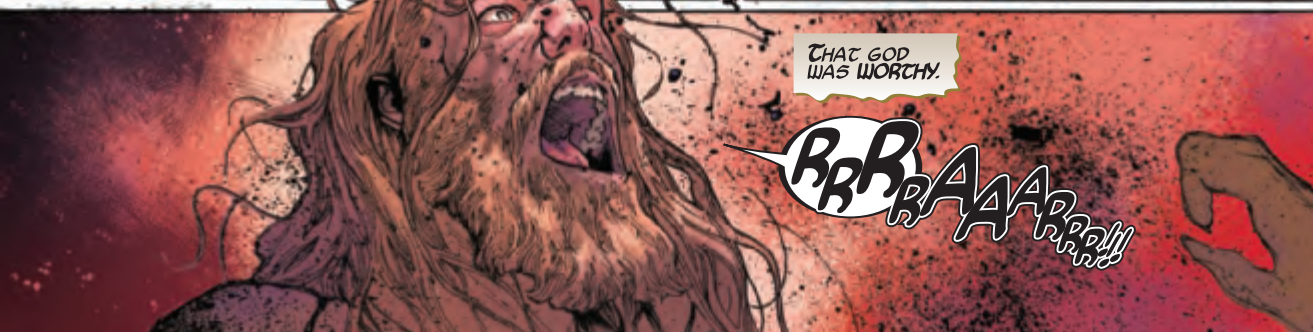
MY ONLY COMPATRIOTS, THE THUNDER IN MY EARS...

...AND THE COLD, HARD CHUNK OF URU IN MY HAND.



BUT I AM NOT THAT GOD ANYMORE.

GAAGGH! GET HIM OFF! HE'S BITING MY...!



THAT GOD WAS WORTHY.

RRRRAAAAARRRR!!!



A dynamic comic book illustration of Thor in the center, surrounded by a chaotic battle. He is shirtless, with his blonde hair flying, and is being held or restrained by several enemies. One enemy in the upper center has a grey, mask-like face with red eyes and a red hood, holding a glowing yellow lightning bolt. Other enemies are in various poses of combat, some with armor and weapons. The background is a light, textured surface, possibly a sky or a battlefield.

I AM THE  
ODINSON.

THE LOST SCION  
OF ASGARD, THE  
UNWORTHY.


THE GOD FORMERLY  
KNOWN AS THOR.

AND NOW I SPEND MY  
MORNINGS NOT FLYING  
BUT FIGHTING.


AND FAILING.

AND FIGHTING  
AGAIN.





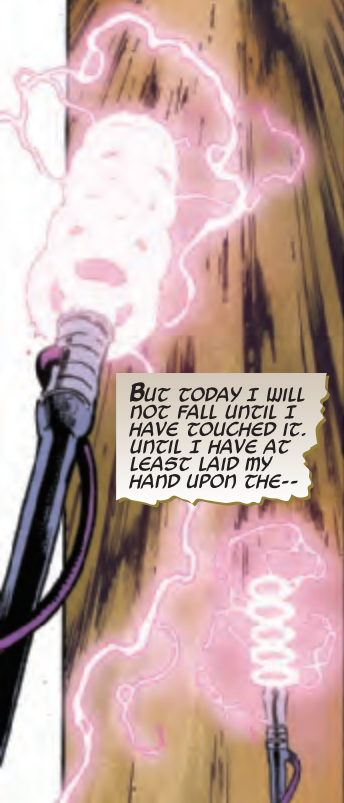
I HAVE LOST COUNT OF HOW MANY DAYS IT HAS BEEN SINCE I WAS BROUGHT TO THIS WRETCHED PLACE. ALL OF THEM HAVE UNFOLDED ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE THIS.




I ESCAPE THEIR CHAINS AND FIGHT MY WAY TOWARD FREEDOM UNTIL THEIR SEEMINGLY ENDLESS NUMBERS OVERWHELM ME.



**RRRRRGH!!**

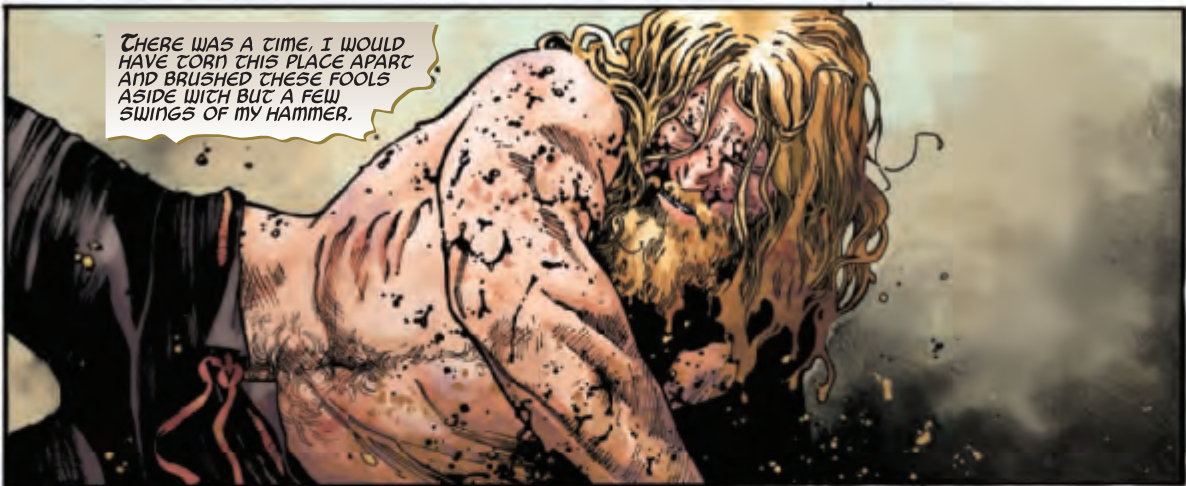


BUT TODAY I WILL NOT FALL UNTIL I HAVE TOUCHED IT. UNTIL I HAVE AT LEAST LAID MY HAND UPON THE--



PUT HIM DOWN!  
FRY HIS DAMN BRAINS IF YOU HAVE TO!!!

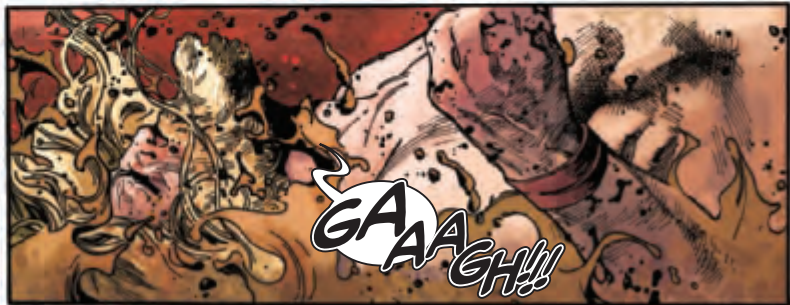




THERE WAS A TIME, I WOULD HAVE TORN THIS PLACE APART AND BRUSHED THESE FOOLS ASIDE WITH BUT A FEW SWINGS OF MY HAMMER.



THAT TIME WILL COME AGAIN. THIS I SWEAR UPON THE EYE OF MY FATHER.



GAAGH!!



I WILL RACE THE COMETS AND COMMAND THE THUNDER AS I ONCE DID.



I WILL BE THOR AGAIN.

SO CLOSE...



SO...



SO HELP ME GODS.