

**WEEKS AGO.**  
**OLD ASGARD.**

**I** WASN'T THERE WHEN THE BOY WAS BORN. OR IF I WAS, I WAS TOO DAMNED DRUNK TO REMEMBER.

THIS IS NOT A DISCUSSION. YOU WILL GO. YOUR ALL-FATHER COMMANDS YOU.



I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN THERE SINCE. BUT HEL, WHEN HAS HE EVER LISTENED TO A WORD I'VE SAID ANYWAY?

WHY NOT JUST KILL ME YOURSELF, BROTHER, RIGHT HERE AND NOW? THAT'D SURE BE A DAMN SIGHT EASIER.

AND A HEL OF A LOT MORE NOBLE THAN LEAVING IT UP TO THE DAMNED DARK ELVES.

I AM ODIN, SON OF BOR, THE HIGH HOLY LORD OF ASGARD. THE ALMIGHTY ALL-GOD.

I AM THE WILL, THE WORD AND THE ONE-EYED WRATH.

TAKE THAT RUSTY OLD SPEAR OF YOURS AND STAB IT RIGHT THROUGH MY HEART! THAT'S THE ALL-FATHER WAY!

THAT'S WHAT BOR WOULD'VE DONE!

BUT OVER THE EONS I'VE BEGRUDGINGLY COME TO LEARN...THAT EVEN OMNIPOTENCE HAS ITS LIMITS.

JUST BECAUSE I'M THE ALL-FATHER DOESN'T MEAN I KNOW HOW TO DO EVERY BLASTED THING.

LIKE HOW TO BE A FATHER.

I'M NOT TRYING TO KILL YOU, CUL. NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU MIGHT DESERVE IT.

I'M TRYING TO GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF, BROTHER, AND HOPEFULLY SAVE US ALL.

MY FAMILY LIFE HAS ALWAYS BEEN COMPLICATED, TO SAY THE LEAST.

US ALL? ALL WHO EXACTLY?

WHEN I LOOK AROUND ASGARD, I SEE TWO SQUABBLING BORSON BROTHERS, A BLIND VANIR AND SOME DRUNKEN DWARVES. YOU WOULD RISK MY LIFE FOR THIS?

YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WHO ALL I MEAN.

I'VE KNOWN MANY WOMEN, SOME GODDESSES, SOME GIANTESSES, SOME WORLD-DEVOURING COSMIC FIREBIRDS. I'VE FATHERED MORE SONS THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER.

MY OLDER BROTHER HERE ONCE TRIED TO BURN THE WORLD.

OPEN YOUR EYE, ODIN! THE REALM ETHERNAL IS NO MORE!

THE GODS HAVE ABANDONED YOU! YOUR OWN SON HAS RENOUNCED YOU! AND YOUR OBSTINATE TROLLOP OF A WIFE IS MOST ASSUREDLY NEVER COMING BACK!

THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES IT HAS ALL FELT TOO GREAT A WEIGHT. EVEN FOR THE GOD OF GODS.

HURK!

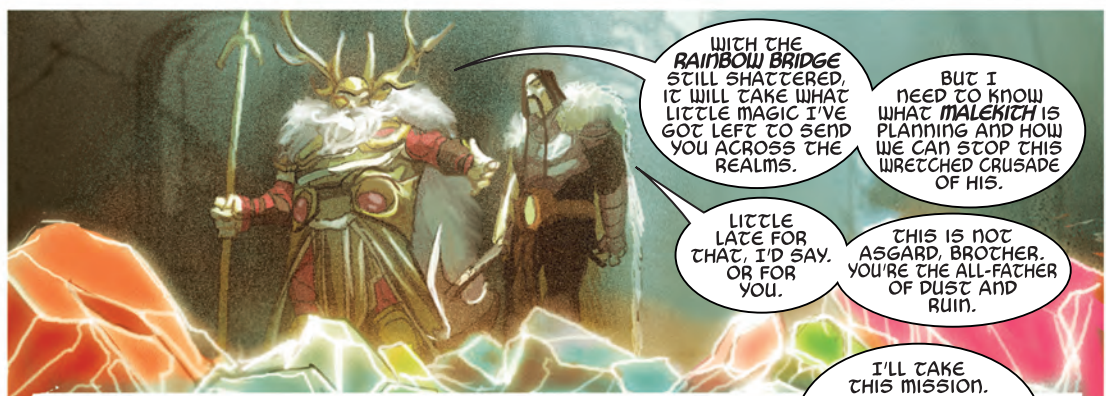
SPEAK OF MY WIFE AGAIN, AND I'LL SEND YOU TO THE DARK ELVES WITH ONE LESS TONGUE IN YOUR IMPUDENT HEAD.

ASGARD WILL RISE AGAIN, AS IT ALWAYS HAS. AND SO WILL I.

I HAVE FOUND THAT THOSE TIMES ARE BEST FACED... WHILE PROFOUNDLY REMOVED FROM ANY SEMBLANCE OF SOBRIETY.

BUT FIRST WE MUST SURVIVE THIS WAR.

THAT IS WHY I NEED YOU, CUL. THAT IS WHY YOU'RE GOING TO SVARTALFHEIM.



WITH THE RAINBOW BRIDGE STILL SHATTERED, IT WILL TAKE WHAT LITTLE MAGIC I'VE GOT LEFT TO SEND YOU ACROSS THE REALMS.

BUT I NEED TO KNOW WHAT MALEKITH IS PLANNING AND HOW WE CAN STOP THIS WRETCHED CRUSADE OF HIS.

LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, I'D SAY. OR FOR YOU.

THIS IS NOT ASGARD, BROTHER. YOU'RE THE ALL-FATHER OF DUST AND RUIN.

I'LL TAKE THIS MISSION. GODS KNOW I'M ALL FOR ANY EXCUSE TO KILL SOME ELVES. BUT ONCE I RETURN, KNOW THIS...

I AM TAKING YOUR CROWN, ODIN. AND THE WITHERED OLD HEAD IT SITS UPON.



BELIEVE ME, BROTHER... YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE BLASTED THING.

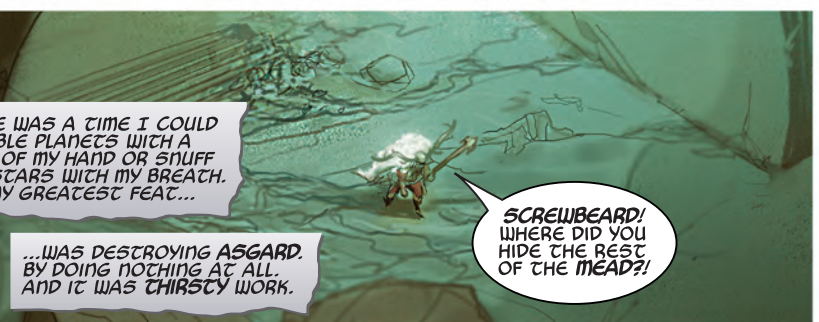
THERE IS WAR IN THE TEN REALMS. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY VERY LONG LIFE, I FEEL HELPLESS TO STOP IT.

OR EVEN TO DEFEND WHAT IS MINE. WHAT ONCE WAS MINE.

THERE WAS A TIME I COULD CRUMBLE PLANETS OR SNUFF OUT STARS WITH MY BREATH. BUT MY GREATEST FEAT...

...WAS DESTROYING ASGARD. BY DOING NOTHING AT ALL. AND IT WAS THIRSTY WORK.

SCREWBARD! WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE REST OF THE MEAD?!



I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET ABOUT THE MIGHTY THOR.

WHEN HE WAS A BABY, HE WAS TERRIFIED OF STORMS.

KRAKAKOOM!

I FIRST CALLED HIM THE GOD OF THUNDER OUT OF MOCKING CONTEMPT.

BECAUSE HE WAILED SO LOUDLY EVERY TIME IT SPRINKLED RAIN.

THOUGH I SUPPOSE OVER THE YEARS, HE HAS GROWN INTO THE NAME.

SCREWBEARD!  
I NEED MORE  
HAMMERS!

WAR LOOMS  
EVER CLOSER ON  
THE HORIZON AND  
I MUST...

SCREWBEARD  
CAN'T HEAR YOU,  
BOY. DAMN DWARVES  
CAN'T HOLD THEIR  
LIQUOR.

zzzzzzzz



FATHER. I SEE YOU'RE KEEPING BUSY.

AYE, SHOWED THESE DWARVES HOW TO FORGE. THEN HOW TO DRINK.

WAS MAKING YOU A WEAPON. AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.

TALK TO THE BOY.



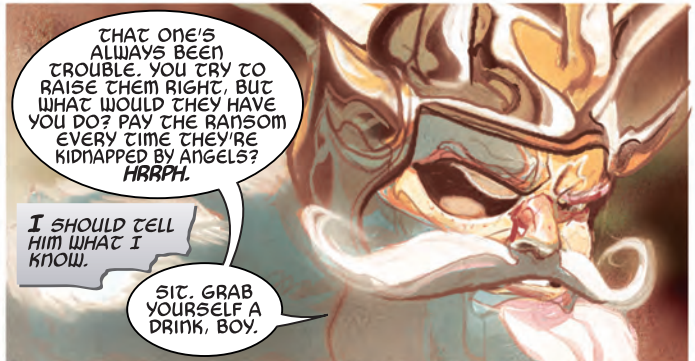
I DO HOPE YOU DIDN'T KILL THE DWARVES. I'M RUNNING LOW ON HAMMERS.

HE LOOKS TIRED. SCRECHED TOO THIN. IN NEED OF HELP.

AYE. I HEARD ABOUT THAT MESS WITH YOUR SISTER.

ZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZ



THAT ONE'S ALWAYS BEEN TROUBLE. YOU TRY TO RAISE THEM RIGHT, BUT WHAT WOULD THEY HAVE YOU DO? PAY THE RANSOM EVERY TIME THEY'RE KIDNAPPED BY ANGELS? HRRAPH.

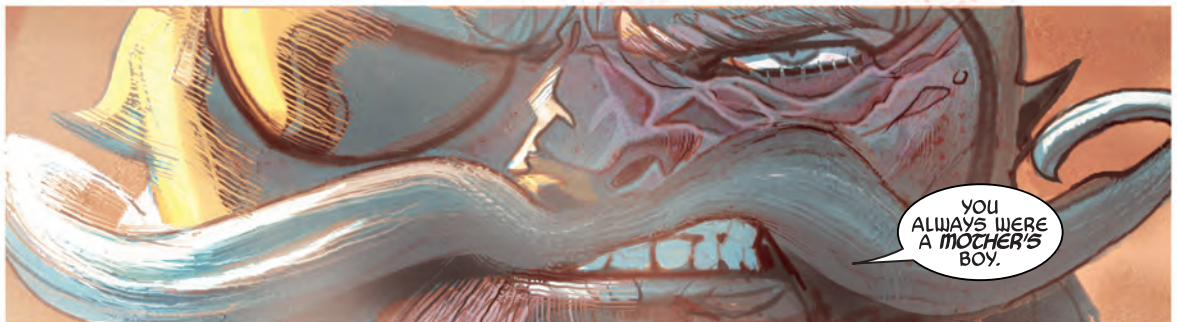
I SHOULD TELL HIM WHAT I KNOW.

SIT. GRAB YOURSELF A DRINK, BOY.



THAT I'VE SENT GUL TO SVARTALFHEIM. THAT MALEKITH HAS BUILT HIS OWN BIFROST AND WILL SURELY USE IT TO INVADE ALL OF--

I CAME FOR HAMMERS.



YOU ALWAYS WERE A MOTHER'S BOY.