

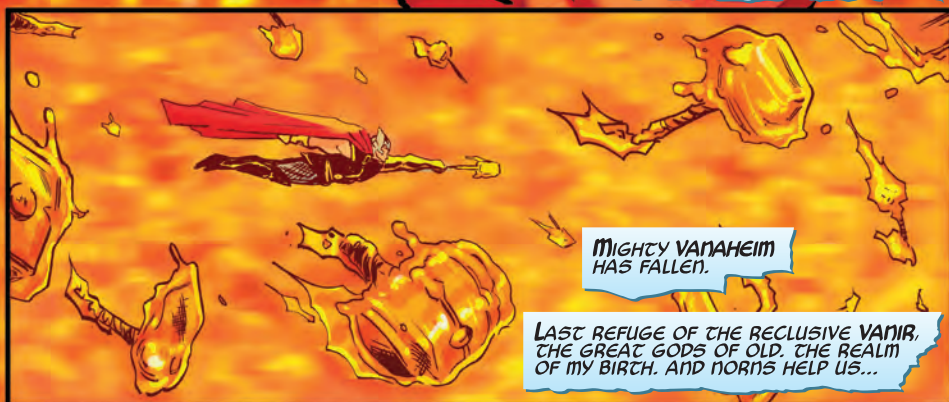
I WOKE IN TEARS
FROM A DREAM
LAST NIGHT.

A DREAM
OF FIRE.

A GREAT FOREST WAS
ENGULFED IN FLAMES.
SO TOWERING THEY
SCORCHED THE SKY.

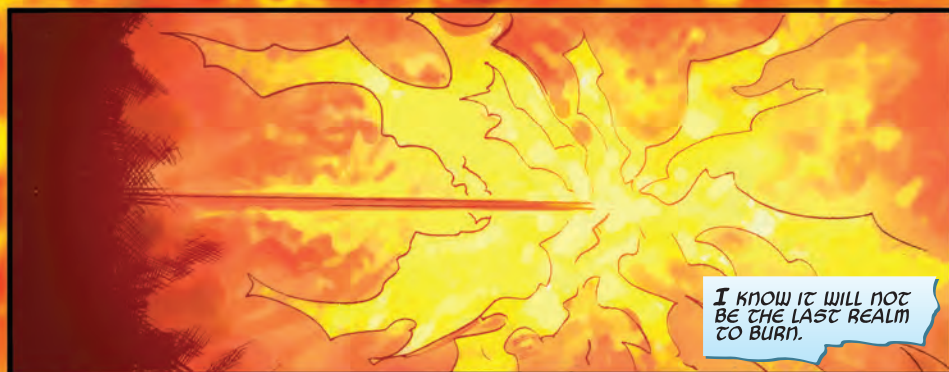
A FOREST OF BURNING
TEMPLES, AND
SCREAMING GODS.

I KNEW THIS WAS NO MERE DREAM.
EVEN FROM ACROSS THE FORMLESS
GULF BETWEEN REALMS, I COULD
FEEL THAT SOMETHING TRULY
HORRENDOUS HAD TRANSPIRED.



mighty VANARHEIM
HAS FALLEN.

LAST REFUGE OF THE RECLUSIVE VANIR,
THE GREAT GODS OF OLD. THE REALM
OF MY BIRTH. AND NORNS HELP US...




I KNOW IT WILL NOT
BE THE LAST REALM
TO BURN.




SPEAKING OF BURNING...

OF LATE, MY SON HAS BECOME OBSESSED WITH THE SUN.



THE STAR THAT SWALLOWED ASGARDIA. THAT STOPPED THE UNSTOPPABLE MANGOG. THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF THOR'S GREATEST FRIEND.

FOR WEEKS HE HAS COME HERE, EVERY DAY WITHOUT FAIL, TO DIVE INTO THE PLASMA AND SWIM AS FAR AS HE CAN...



...UNTIL HIS NEWEST HAMMER MELTS AND HIS EYES BEGIN TO ROAST INSIDE THEIR SOCKETS.

STILL HE FIGHTS TO KEEP THEM OPEN, SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR ANY LAST TRACE OF HIS FALLEN COMRADE, HIS BLESSED MJOLNIR.



AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, HIS OWN SELF-WORTH.

OH MY BELOVED SON, YOU ARE THE STRONGEST GOD I HAVE EVER KNOWN. THE STRONGEST BEING IN ALL THE TEN REALMS.

HRRRGH!


THOR!
COME OUT OF THERE THIS INSTANT!



BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU ARE STILL MY FRIGHTENED BOY, SHIVERING AT THE SOUND OF THUNDER.


THOR, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS. YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED OVER A HAMMER.

A BOY WHO NEEDS HIS MOTHER.



NO HAMMER CAN WIN THE WAR OF THE REALMS. BUT A GOD OF THUNDER MIGHT. IT'S HIM YOU SHOULD BE FIGHTING TO SAVE.

AND IF YOU CANNOT, I AM HERE TO DO IT FOR YOU.



LADY FREYJA, UNLESS YOU CAN SOMEHOW DELIVER MALEKICH'S THROAT UNTO MY HANDS, THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR ANYONE ELSE CAN DO FOR ME NOW. AND NO WAY WE CAN END THIS DAMNED WAR.

YOU CERTAINLY WON'T END IT BY TORTURING YOURSELF INSIDE THE SUN.



EVERY WAKING HOUR IS TORTURE, MOTHER. AND HAS BEEN FOR MONTHS.

FOR WITHOUT A MJOLNIR OR A RAINBOW BRIDGE OR AN ALL-FATHER WHO'S WORTH A DAMN, THERE'S NO WAY TO TRAVEL BETWEEN THE REALMS AND STOP MALEKICH'S ONSLAUGHT.

NOT UNTIL HE'S HERE. UNTIL HE COMES TO MIDGARD. AND ONCE HE DOES, I PROMISE YOU...



...THOR WILL BE READY.



UNTIL THEN, WE NEED ALL THE WEAPONS WE CAN GATHER. SO IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF Mjolnir INSIDE THE SUN, I INTEND TO--

OH THOR, PLEASE, STOP THIS. I BEG YOU.



NO HAMMER IS WORTH YOUR SUFFERING.

I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU THAT FOR YEARS. NOW YOU MUST FINALLY LISTEN. FOR ALL OUR SALES.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOTHER. YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO ME. HOW I NEED IT.

my son.



I AM THE ALL-MOTHER OF ASGARD AND I HAVE BEEN MARRIED TO YOUR FATHER FOR LONGER THAN THIS LITTLE STAR HERE HAS BEEN TWINKLING.

I KNOW THE PRICE OF GREAT POWER.



I HAVE PAID IT.

ALMOST AS MANY TIMES AS I'VE SEEN THIS LOOK IN YOUR EYES. THOR... I KNOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENED.

MOTHER... HOW...

COME WITH ME, SON.