

THEN FROM THE SOUTH  
CAME ROARING FIRE,  
AND FROM THE NORTH  
SWIRLING ICE AND MIST.

AND WHERE THE TWO  
FORCES CLASHED IN  
THE HEART OF THE  
VOID, LIFE WAS BORN.

ASGARD  
where once dwelt  
the gods

THE REALM OF ANGELS  
HEAVEN

vanahelM

home of the VANIR, wise gods of old

ELVES AND GIANTS,  
DWARVES AND  
GOBLINS, GODS  
AND MEN.

JOTUNHELM

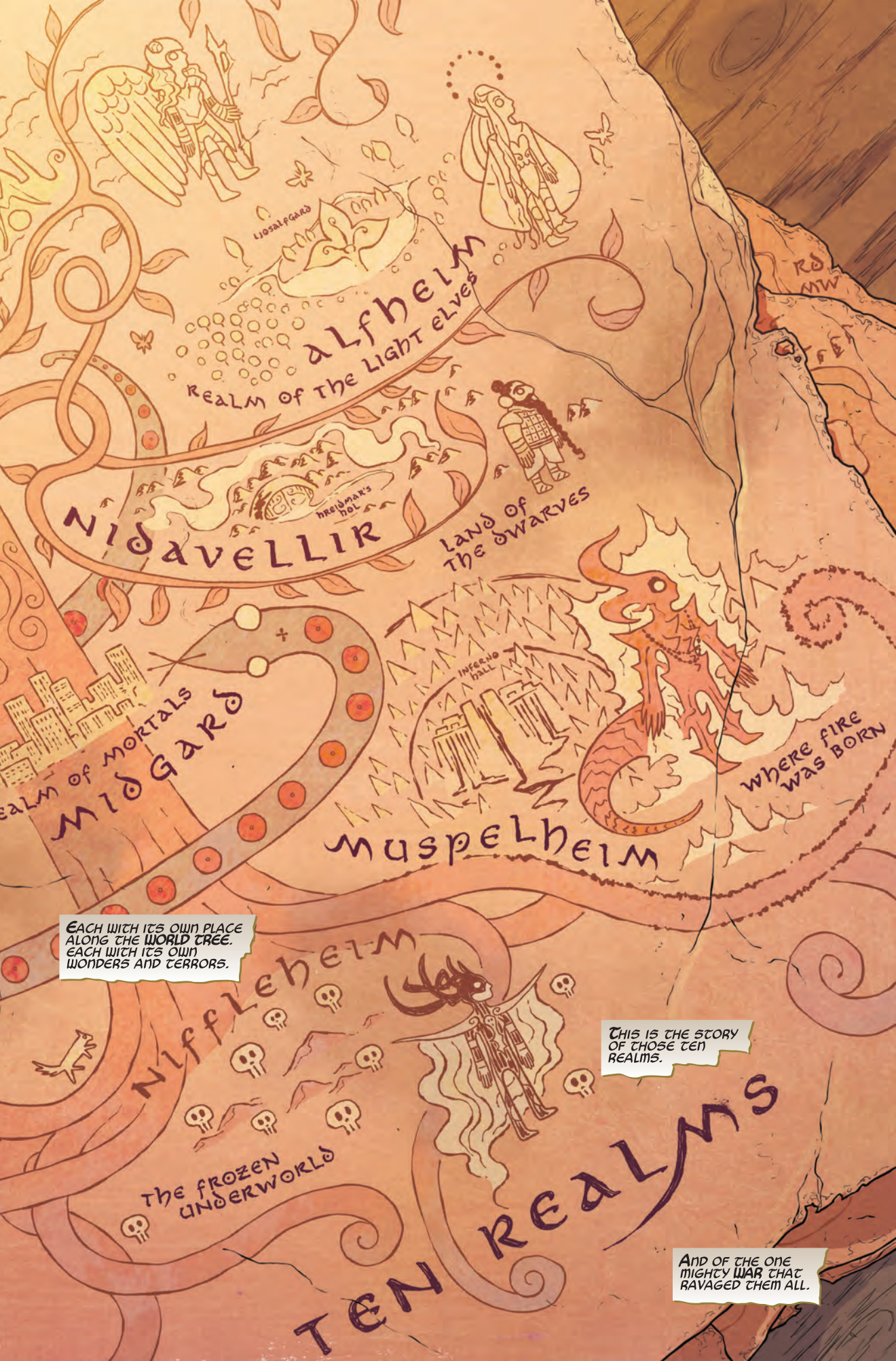
here be  
GIANTS

AND REALMS WERE  
MADE FOR EACH OF  
THEM. TEN IN TOTAL.

SVARTALFHELM  
The dark faerie realm

The real





Liosalfaras

Alfheim  
REALM of the light elves

Nidavellir

hneidmar's hol

Land of the dwarves

REALM of mortals  
Midgard

inferno hall

Muspelheim

where fire was born

EACH WITH ITS OWN PLACE  
ALONG THE WORLD TREE.  
EACH WITH ITS OWN  
WONDERS AND TERRORS.

Niflheim

THE FROZEN  
UNDERWORLD

THIS IS THE STORY  
OF THOSE TEN  
REALMS.

TEN REALMS

AND OF THE ONE  
MIGHTY WAR THAT  
RAVAGED THEM ALL.



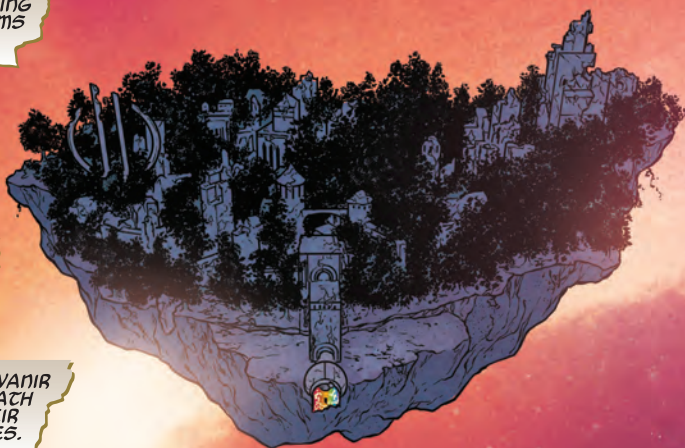
WAR HAS BEEN RAGING  
THROUGH THE REALMS  
FOR MANY MONTHS.

THE GARDENS OF THE  
LIGHT ELVES, LONG  
RENOUNDED FOR THEIR  
BEAUTY, ARE NO MORE.

IN THE LAND OF THE  
DWARVES, THE VERY  
MOUNTAINS ARE  
BURNING.

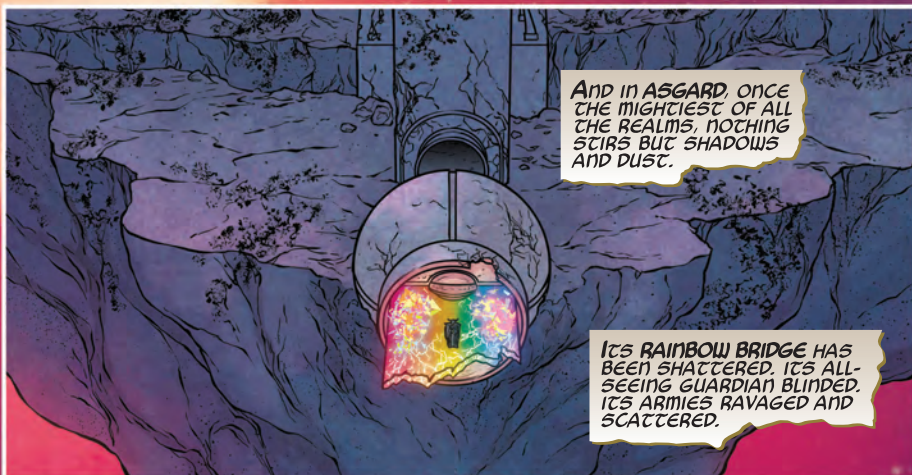
THE GODS OF THE VANIR  
ARE TRAPPED BENEATH  
THE RUBBLE OF THEIR  
OWN FALLEN TEMPLES.

EVEN THE LAND  
OF THE DEAD  
LIES IN RUIN.



AND IN ASGARD, ONCE  
THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL  
THE REALMS, NOTHING  
STIRS BUT SHADOWS  
AND DUST.

ITS RAINBOW BRIDGE HAS  
BEEN SHATTERED. ITS ALL-  
SEEING GUARDIAN BLINDED.  
ITS ARMIES RAVAGED AND  
SCATTERED.



WHILE REALMS ARE BURNING  
AND ENEMIES MASSING,  
ASGARD'S ALL-FATHER  
ODIN SITS ALONE ATOP  
HIS CRUMBLING THRONE,  
LONGING FOR A SLEEP  
THAT WILL NOT COME...

...RESTLESS BECAUSE  
HE KNOWS DOWN DEEP  
IN HIS ANCIENT,  
OMNIPOTENT BONES...





...THAT A GREAT AND  
TERRIBLE ENDING  
IS NEAR.

BY MY OWN  
BLASTED EYE...  
I SURE PICKED  
ONE HEL OF A  
TIME TO STOP  
DRINKING.

'TIS TOO  
DAMN QUIET TO  
SLEEP. THE REALM  
ETERNAL ISN'T MEANT  
TO BE SILENT AS  
A BOR-DAMNED  
TOMB.

BUT THAT'S  
ALL IT IS NOW,  
SINCE THE GODS  
FLED TO THE LAND  
OF MORTALS.  
WITH HER.

EVEN HE  
WON'T COME  
BACK ANYMORE.  
NOT EVEN MY  
SON WILL--

EH? THOR?  
IS THAT YOU,  
BOY? COME INTO  
THE LIGHT.

NO  
THOR. NO  
LIGHT. BUT  
GIFTS WE BRING.

THESE  
WILL HELP YOU  
TO SLEEP, OLD  
ONE.

THING



**ASSASSINS!**

HOW DARE  
YOU **DARK**  
**ELVES** DEFILE  
THE HALLS OF THE  
GODS! I WILL PAINT  
THESE WALLS WITH  
YOUR BITTER  
BLACK BLOOD,  
YOU--

**GAGGGH!!!**

THE  
KING OF  
**SVARCALFHEIM**  
BIDS YOU THE  
GOODEST OF  
NIGHTS, ODIN  
ONE-EYE!

MAY YOUR  
ALL-DREAMS  
BE FILLED  
WITH MANY  
SCREAMS!

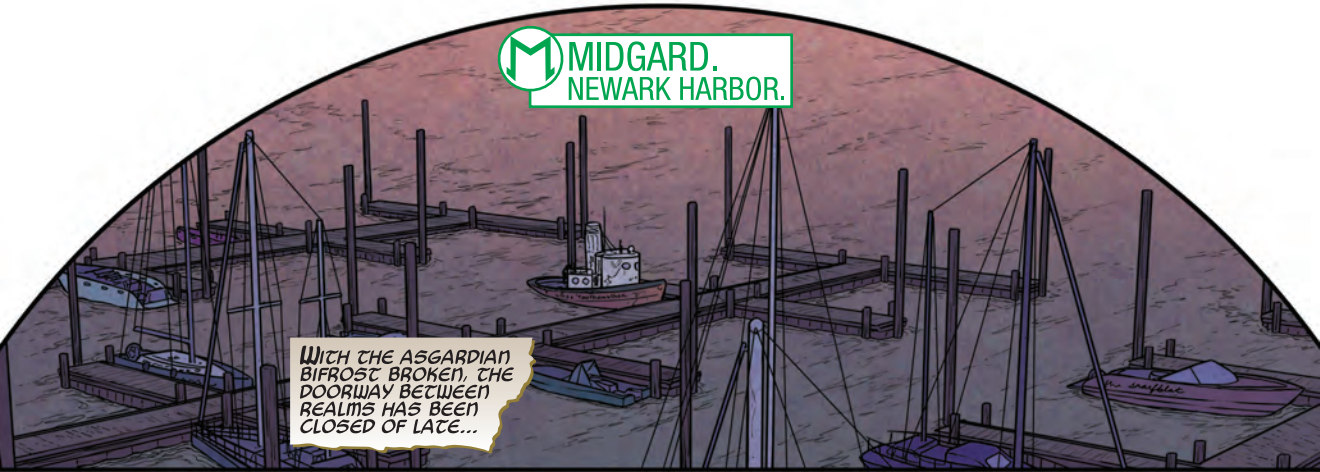
SHUNK  
SHUNK  
SHUNK

**GRRAARRRRGGGHH!!!**

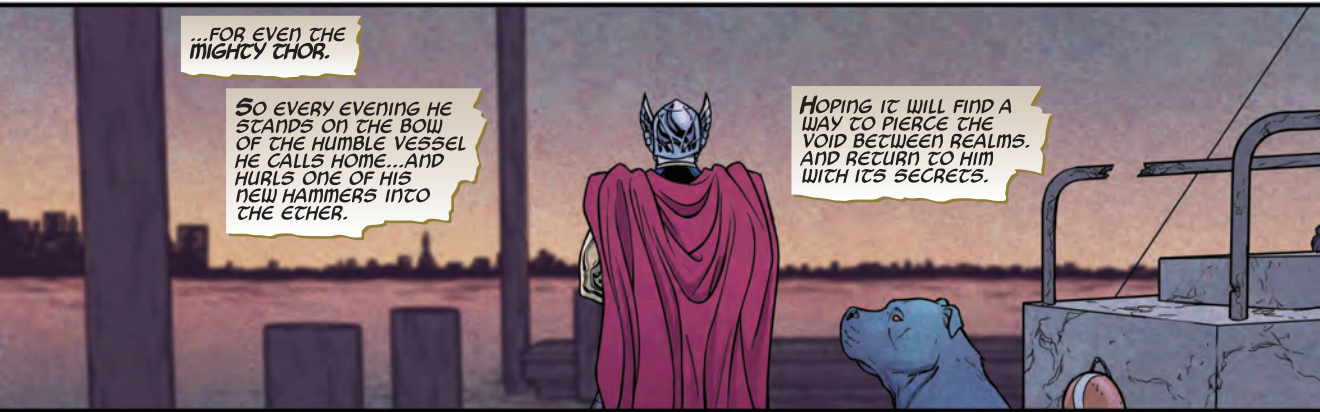




MIDGARD.  
NEWARK HARBOR.



WITH THE ASGARDIAN  
BIFROST BROKEN, THE  
DOORWAY BETWEEN  
REALMS HAS BEEN  
CLOSED OF LATE...



...FOR EVEN THE  
MIGHTY THOR.

SO EVERY EVENING HE  
STANDS ON THE BOW  
OF THE HUMBLE VESSEL  
HE CALLS HOME...AND  
HURLS ONE OF HIS  
NEW HAMMERS INTO  
THE ETHER.

HOPING IT WILL FIND A  
WAY TO PIERCE THE  
VOID BETWEEN REALMS.  
AND RETURN TO HIM  
WITH ITS SECRETS.



BUT NO HAMMER HAS EVER  
RETURNED. AND ONE WILL  
NOT RETURN THIS NIGHT.

WHY MASTER  
SAD? THORI FETCH  
BEER? THORI FETCH  
TROLL FOR MASTER  
TO SMITE?

THOUGH  
SOMETHING  
ELSE WILL.

ODIN'S  
BEARD! WHAT  
IS...