

THERE ARE MOMENTS
THAT DEFINE AN
ENTIRE LIFETIME.

PIVOTAL SECONDS
THAT OUTWEIGH
ALL THE REST.

WHAT WE'VE BEEN BEFORE
THOSE INSTANTS OF IMPORT
ULTIMATELY DOESN'T MATTER
NEARLY AS MUCH AS WHAT
WE CHOOSE TO BE WITHIN
THEM.

YOUR AVERAGE MORTAL
LIFE MIGHT HAVE BUT A
FEW OF THOSE DEFINING
MOMENTS. AS A GOD,
I'VE HAD MORE THAN
I CAN REMEMBER.

AND SQUANDERED
THE HEL OUT OF
EVERY LAST
DAMN ONE.

THE
GUARDS ARE
COMING! PLEASE!
UNCHAIN
US!

DON'T
LEAVE US
HERE TO DIE!
MR. CUL,
PLEASE!

NOT THAT ANYONE
ANYWHERE GIVES A
DAMN ONE WAY OR
THE OTHER.

LEAST OF
ALL ME.

MY NAME IS CUL, SON OF BOR. THE SERPENT, THE ASGARDIAN GOD OF FEAR. LET ME GUESS... YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF ME.



EONS AGO.
THE WEAPONS
HALL OF ASGARD.

ANY WEAPON
I CHOOSE? YOU
CANNOT BE
SERIOUS.

THAT WASN'T THE WAY IT
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE. I
WAS THE HEIR TO THE
THRONE OF ASGARD. I
SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE
MOST POWERFUL GOD
IN ALL THE REALMS.

AS I SAID,
I GIVE YOU LEAVE
TO STRIKE ME **ONE**
TIME, WITH **ANY** WEAPON
YOU SO DESIRE. BUT
AFTER THAT...I GET
TO RETURN THE
FAVOR.

THIS IS
ANOTHER OF YOUR
TRICKS, CUL. YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING TO HOLD
ME DOWN AND PUMMEL
ME LIKE YOU ALWAYS
DO, BUT NOT
ANYMORE.

BUT UNFORTUNATELY
I HAD A GENETIC
AFFLICTION THAT
HELD ME BACK. IT'S
CALLED A FAMILY.

I'M GROWING
STRONGER EVERY
DAY, BIG BROTHER.
AND NOW I'M GOING
TO SHOW YOU THE
FULL POWER
OF ODIN.

I CHOOSE
THE HAMMER
OF IVALDI!

HHHRRGGGH.

I KNEW MY LITTLE BROTHER
WOULD CHOOSE THE LARGEST
WEAPON HE COULD FIND.

SUCH WAS HIS RAGE TOWARD
ME AND, EVEN AT THAT YOUNG
AGE, HIS LOVE OF ALL THINGS
GRAND AND GAUDY. (I MEAN,
YOU'VE SEEN HIS
HEADDRESSES, RIGHT?)

HE TRIED FOR MANY HOURS
TO LIFT THAT RIDICULOUS
HAMMER. UNTIL HIS ARMS
HUNG LIMP AND USELESS.
AND THEN...



I CANNOT.
CANNOT LIFT IT.
CANNOT LIFT...
ANYTHING.

SO...
YOU FORFEIT
YOUR STRIKE.
WHICH MAKES
IT...



my
turn.

DO YOUR
WORST, BROTHER.
HIT ME WITH
WHATEVER **CUDGEL**
OR **MACE** YOU LIKE.
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE
ME SHED ANOTHER
TEAR. I'D RATHER
DIE FIRST.

OH,
YOU WON'T
DIE.



YOU'LL
MERELY **WISH**
YOU HAD.

AND THEN I
WHISPERED
IN HIS EAR.



I WHISPERED WORDS I'D
HEARD OUR FATHER GRUMBLE
IN HIS DRUNKENNESS. WHEN
HE DIDN'T KNOW I WAS
EAVESDROPPING.

I TOLD ODIN WHAT BOR
REALLY THOUGHT OF
HIM. AND THE BEST
PART WAS...



...MOST OF IT
WAS TRUE.

DAMN YOU,
BROTHER. DAMN
YOU TO THE
FROZEN DEPTHS
OF HEL.

WHY ARE
YOU LIKE
THIS, CUL?

BY "THIS,"
YOU MEAN
VICTORIOUS?

BUT...YOU
DIDN'T EVEN
HIT ME WITH
A WEAPON.

OH, I DID
INDEED.



THE STRONGEST
WEAPON IN THIS
ENTIRE ARMORY. THE
WEAPON I WIELD
BETTER THAN ANY
GOD IN ASGARD.

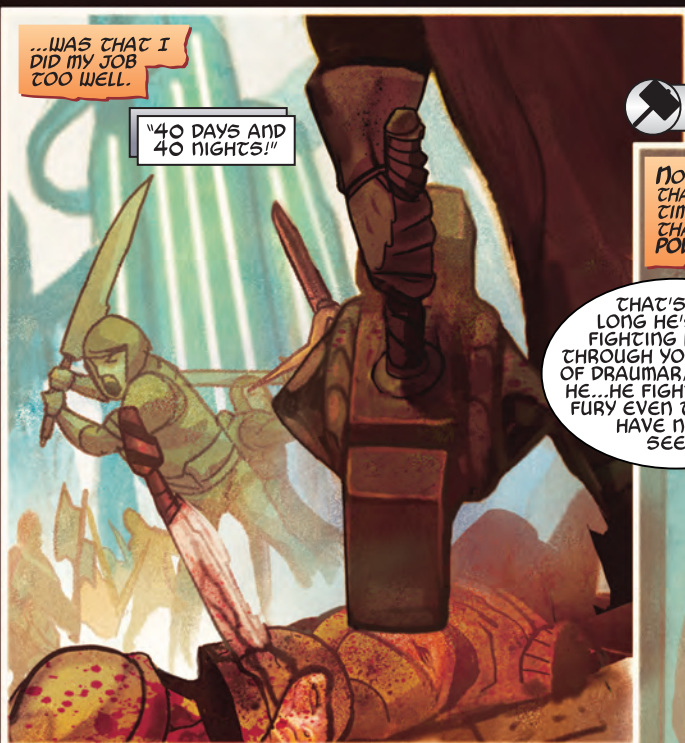
I HIT YOU
WITH YOUR OWN
FEARS, LITTLE
ODIN.

UNTIL
NEXT TIME,
BROTHER.

I LIKED TO REMIND MY BROTHER
OF HIS PLACE IN THE ORDER OF
SUCCESSION. TO REMIND HIM
THAT I WOULD BE HIS ALL-
FATHER SOMEDAY. I SUPPOSE
MY ONLY MISTAKE...

...WAS THAT I
DID MY JOB
TOO WELL.

"40 DAYS AND
40 NIGHTS!"



 **MANY YEARS LATER.**

NOTHING IS MORE CRIPPLING
THAN FEAR. BUT GIVEN ENOUGH
TIME, THE CONQUERING OF
THAT FEAR CAN BECOME A
POWERFUL MOTIVATOR.

THAT'S HOW
LONG HE'S BEEN
FIGHTING HIS WAY
THROUGH YOUR ARMIES
OF DRAUMAR, LORD CUL.
HE...HE FIGHTS WITH A
FURY EVEN THE GODS
HAVE NEVER
SEEN.

HEH. NOT
TRUE AT ALL.
I'VE SEEN IT
MANY TIMES.



SOMETIMES
OUR DEEPEST
FEARS...

FOR HE
LEARNED IT
FROM ME.



...CAN BE THE SOURCE
OF OUR GREATEST
STRENGTH.

**BROTHER!
YOUR DAY OF
RECKONING
HAS COME!**

