

FAR BEYOND THE
FIELDS WE KNOW...

And lo, in the
darkness...

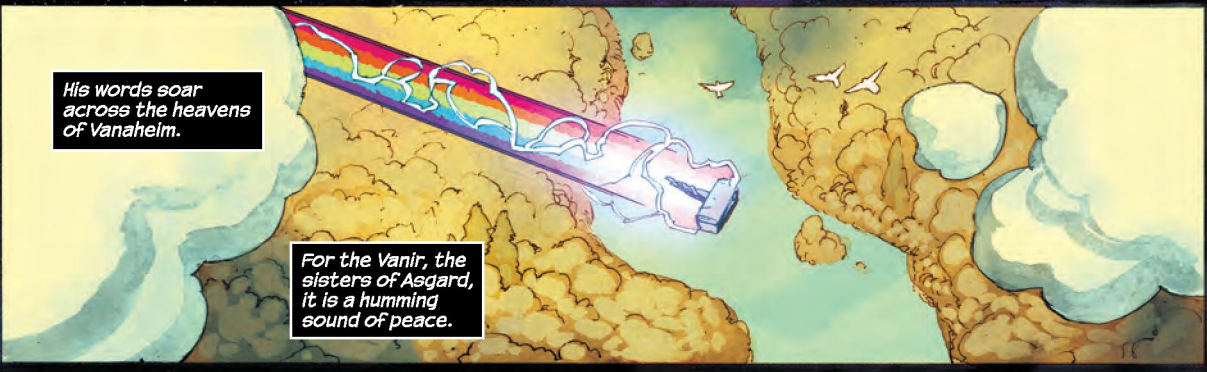
...there was
thunder.

And racing behind it,
the roaring voice of
a god made king.

"Hear me," his
testament
begins...

"The old
king..."

"The old king
is gone."



His words soar
across the heavens
of Vanahelm.

For the Vanir, the
sisters of Asgard,
it is a humming
sound of peace.



And here too, in the skies of
Alfheim, a rumbling decree of
a war well fought.

The Light Elves cheer
and weep that darkness
may never touch their
bright shores again.



In the dark fields
of Nidavellir...

...the Dwarves sing
and drink as Mjolnir
the smasher rumbles
for them as well.



And in Jotunheim, the
Frost Giants feel,
for the first time
in a long time...

...a biting chill
run down their
backs.



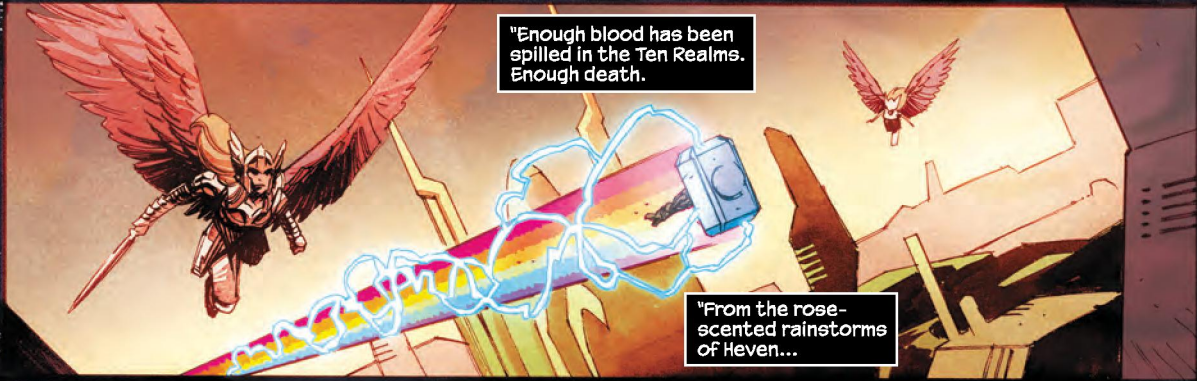
The message is the
same for all to hear.

Even in the hottest pit of
damnation, in Muspelheim,
the demons hear it over
the wall of eternal flames...

"We have, all of us, warred enough for a thousand lifetimes," the hammer speaks.

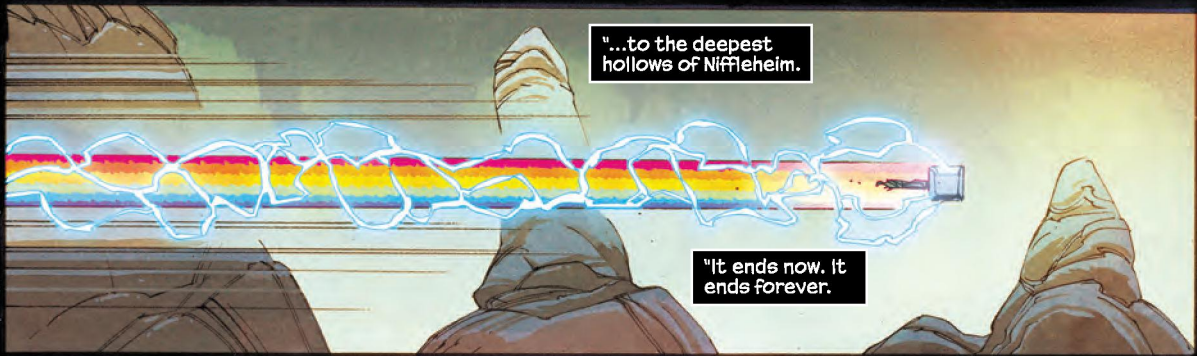
Its voice resounds across Svartalheim.

Across the beaten ears of wound-licking Dark Elves.



"Enough blood has been spilled in the Ten Realms. Enough death.

"From the rose-scented rainstorms of Heven...



"...to the deepest hollows of Niffenheim.

"It ends now. It ends forever.



"It ends with me.

"So hear this, realms of the world ash...for I shall say it only once.



"Let there be peace...

"...or let there be thunder."





"The old King is gone."



"Long live the King."



"My name...is..."

WHOEVER HOLDS THIS HAMMER, IF THEY BE WORTHY, SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF THOR



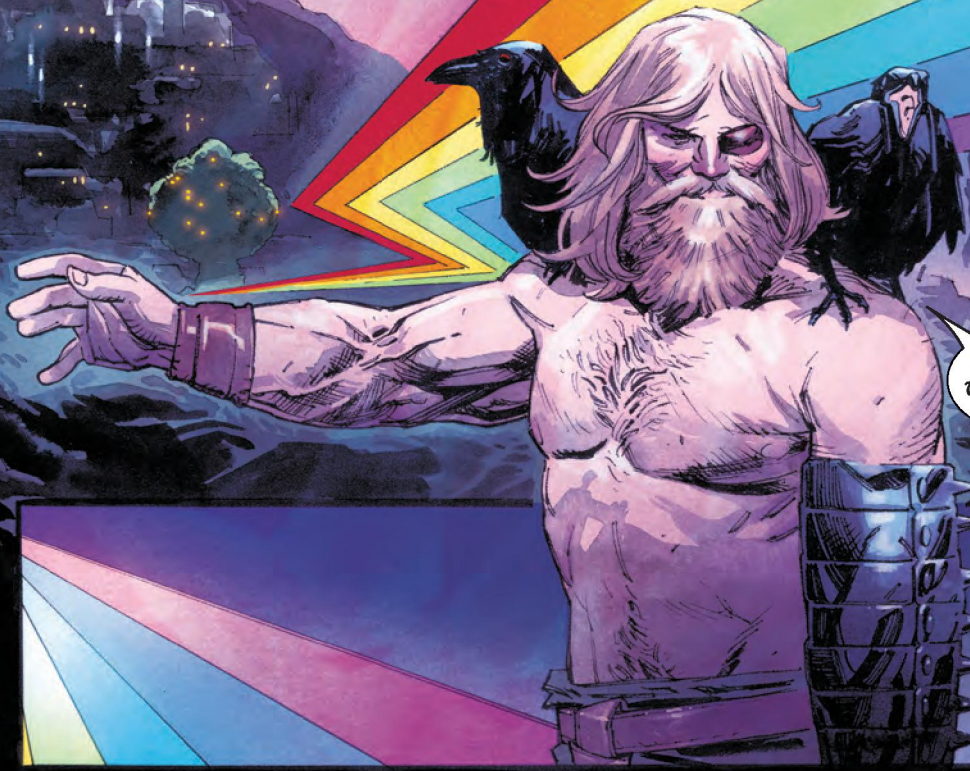
WHAT THE...

HEY...



...ANYONE HAVE A SHARPIE?

ASGARD.
THE CITY IN
THE SKY. HOME OF
THE GODS. KINGDOM
OF THOR.



DIDST
THOU SEE
THAT, LADY
SIF? EH?

YES,
THOR. I SEE
EVERYTHING.

ALL TEN
REALMS. ONE
THROW. ODIN
HIMSELF COULD
NOT MAKE
THAT--

YES, THOR.
IT WAS A VERY
GOOD SHOT.

AVE.
THAT
IT WAS.

IS THERE
ANYTHING ELSE IN
THE REALMS THAT
REQUIRES THOR'S
ATTENTION?

MAYHAP A
FROST GIANT IN
NEED OF A SMITING?
IT FEELS AGES
SINCE I HAVE
SMOTE A--

THUD

KRA

MY
LORD.

THE BIFROST
IS NOW UNDER MY
PROTECTION, AND
I'M AFRAID YOUR
SMITING DAYS
ARE OVER.

I HAVE
MY JOB, THOR.
QUIT HIDING FROM
YOURS...

GO. BE
KING.



...
AYE.



KING.

NICE SHOT!
ENJOY YOUR
RETIREMENT.



TRY NOT TO BE SO DOUBT ABOUT IT, MY LIEGE.

BECOMING THE KING OF ASGARD IS, AFTER ALL, WHAT YOU HAVE WANTED SINCE YOU WERE A CHILD.

AYE... AND NOW I HAVE IT...

...BUT WHAT IS A KING...

...TO A GOD?