

FAR BEYOND THE  
FIELDS WE KNOW...

And lo, in the  
darkness...

...there was  
thunder.

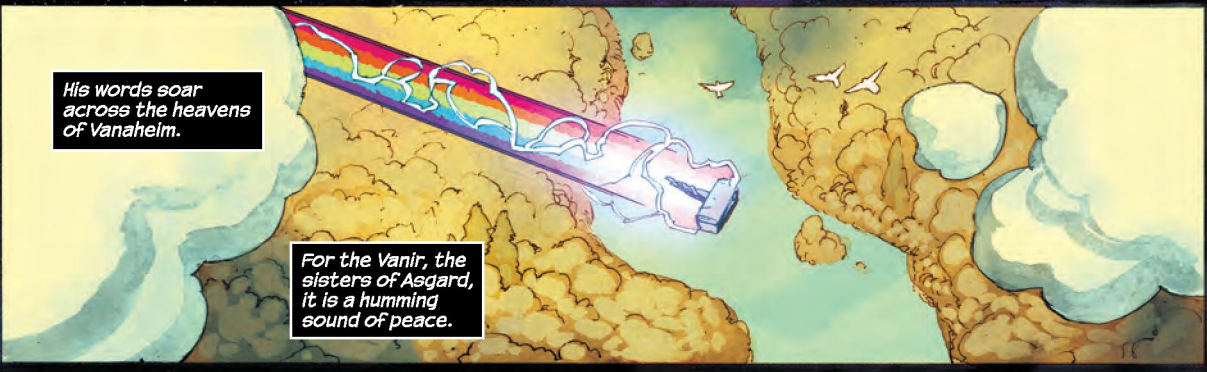
And racing behind it,  
the roaring voice of  
a god made king.

"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.

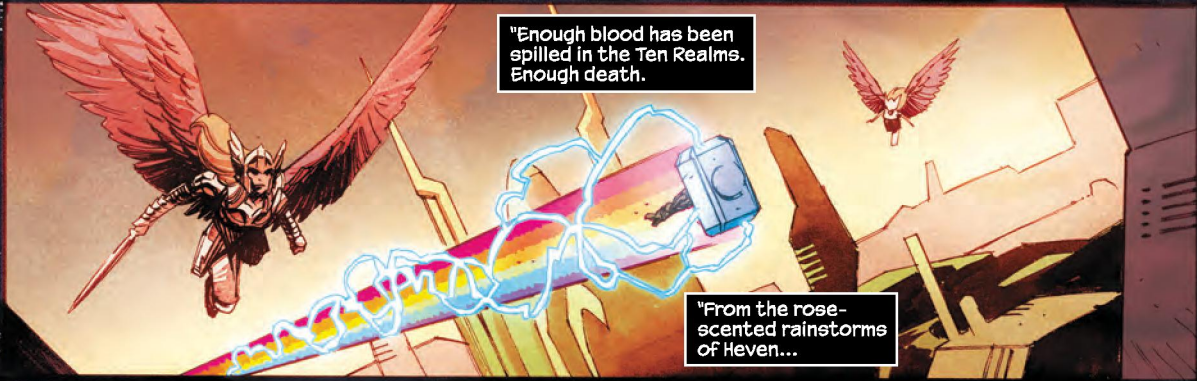
Even in the hottest pit of  
damnation, in Muspelheim,  
the demons hear it over  
the wall of eternal flames...



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

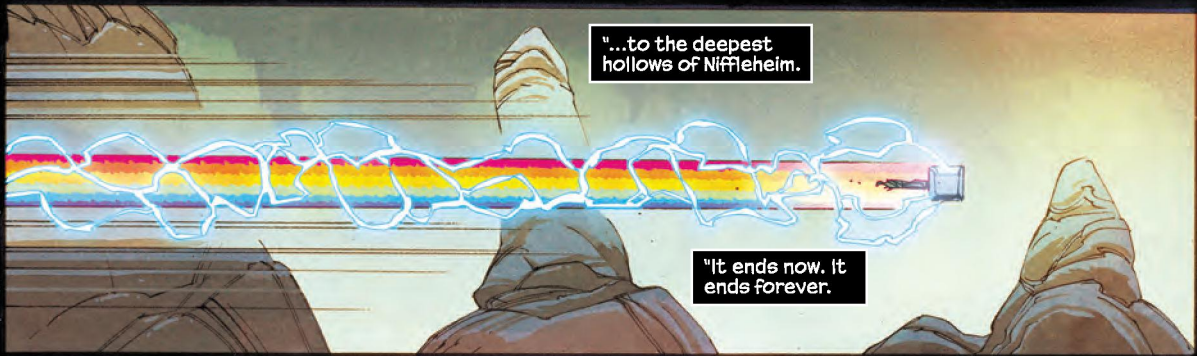
Its voice resounds across Svartalheim.

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--

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?