

FAR BEYOND THE
FIELDS WE KNOW...

And lo, in the
darkness...

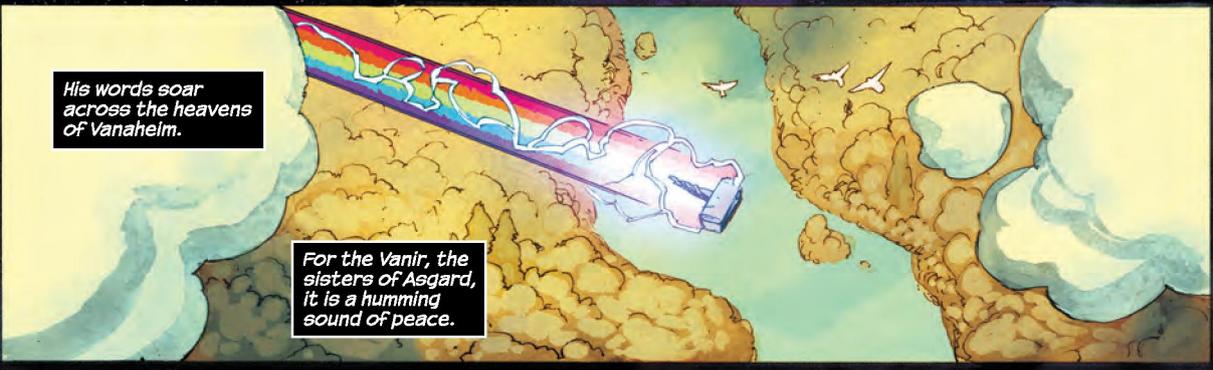
...there was
thunder.

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."



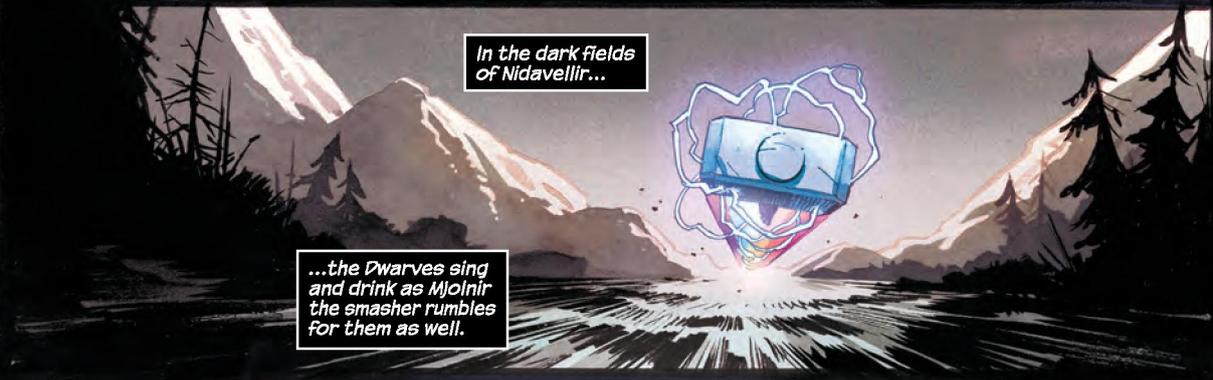
His words soar across the heavens of Vanahelm.

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.



AYE. 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--

KRA

THUD

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?