

FAR BEYOND THE  
FIELDS WE KNOW...

And lo, in the  
darkness...

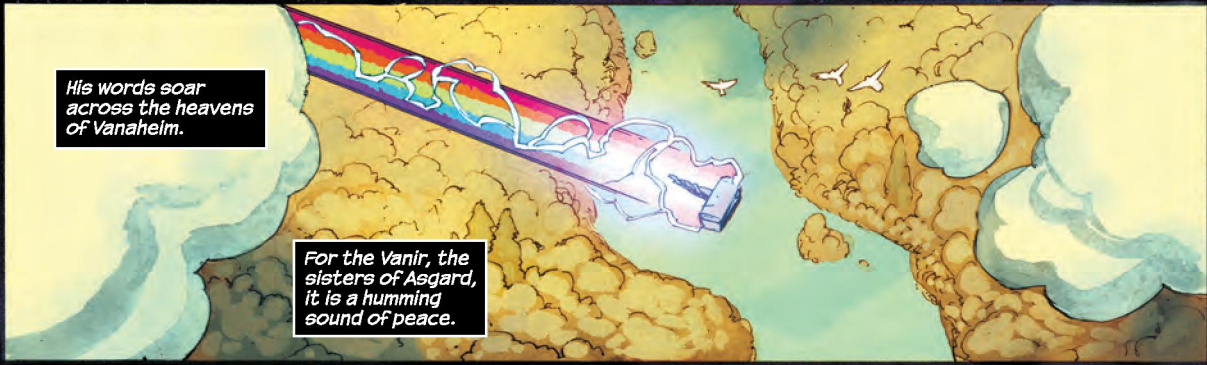
...there was  
thunder.

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.



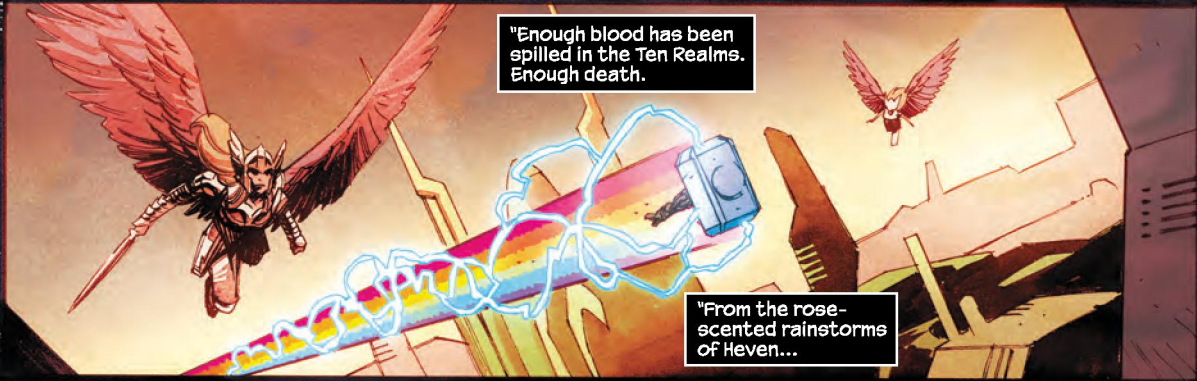
The message is the  
same for all to hear.

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.

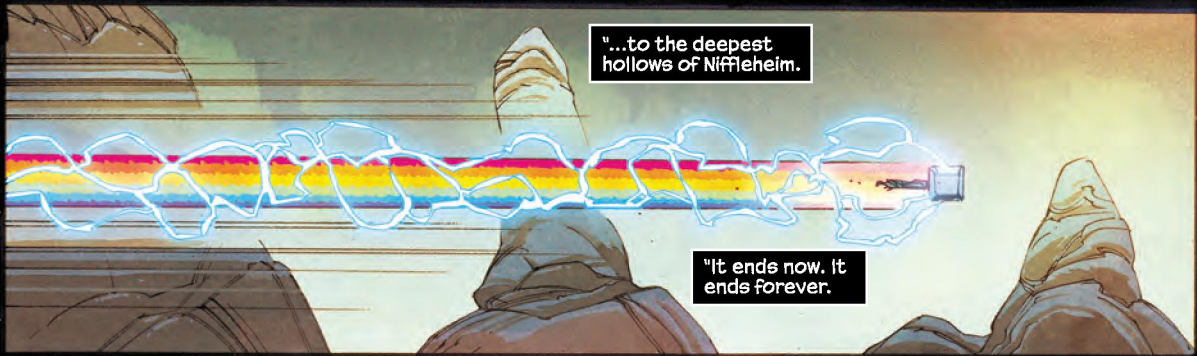
Its voice resounds across Svartalheim.

Across the beaten ears of wound-licking Dark Elves.



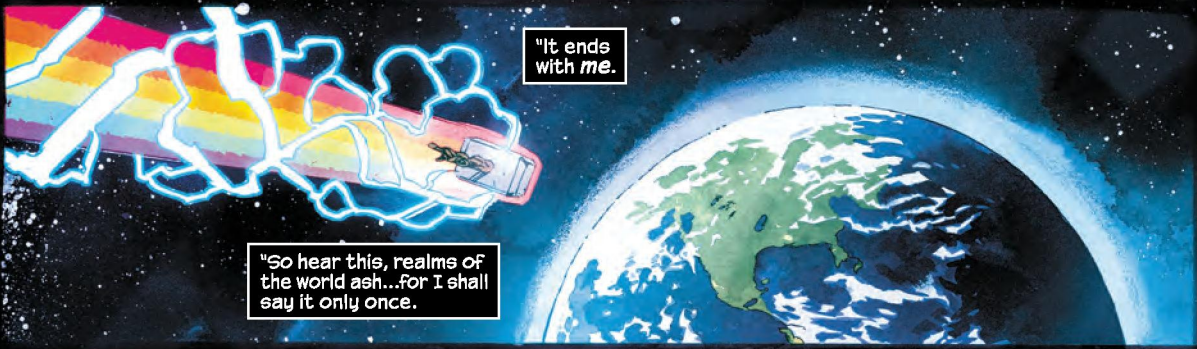
"Enough blood has been spilled in the Ten Realms. Enough death.

"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



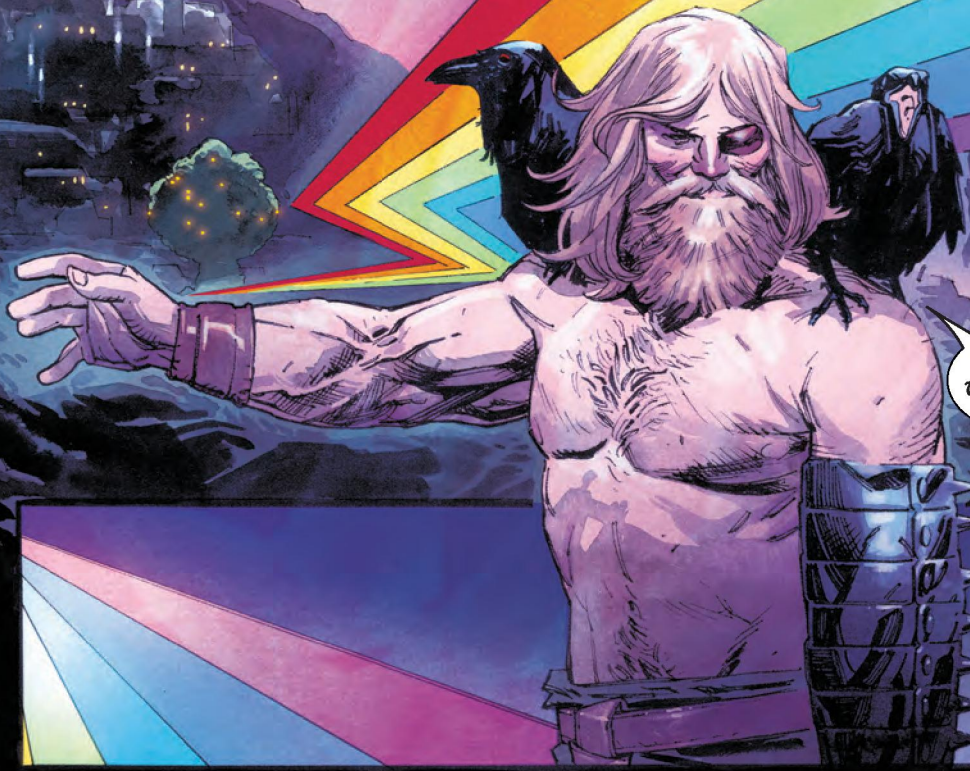
WHAT THE...

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?