

MARVEL

英文原版
电影同名小说

THOR

雷神

(赠英文音频与单词随身查APP)

美国漫威公司 © 著



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Prologue



They've always asked questions—
this race called man, on this planet
called Earth. Passionately longing to know
how they are connected to the heavens.
In ages past, they looked to us as gods,
for indeed so many times we saved them
from calamity. We tried to show them

how their world was but one of the Nine Realms of the cosmos, linked to all others by the branches of Yggdrasil...the World Tree. Nine Realms in a universe of wonder, beauty, and terror that they barely comprehended.

But for all their thirst for knowledge, they let our knowledge—they let our lessons—fall into myth and dream.

The mighty Thor. Where did he—the one whom the humans call the God of Thunder—come from? He came from us, the proudest warriors the worlds have ever seen. He came from this—the greatest realm the universe has ever known.

Thor came from Asgard.

And these are his tales...

The All-Father's Fear



The All-Father did not act without thought. Now, as the sun shone over Asgard and the buildings were illuminated by its rays, gleaming like gold, he thought long and hard. At the realm's edge, the darkness of the cosmos spread out like a calm sea. Asgard was at peace, and all was

ready for the momentous events to come.

Standing in his chambers, Odin stared out at the realm he had ruled for so many years. Despite the beauty before him, his mind was troubled and his expression drawn with worry and tension.

As All-Father, Odin had battled great beasts, invaded foreign realms, destroyed strong enemies, and kept the realm of Asgard safe and peaceful. He had lost his brothers and father to war. For thousands upon thousands of years, he had carried the burden of his crown alone. It had wearied him at times, energized him at others. When he had married his wife, Frigga, the burden had lifted, as she was a strong partner and had a helpful ear. And with the birth of his first son, Thor, Odin had felt hopeful that one day he would be able to pass along his crown to a worthy

successor and find the peace he so rightly deserved.

Now that day had finally come. For today, Thor would become king.

Yet Odin did not feel a sense of relief.

With a deep sigh, he turned from the wide doorway that led out to his chamber balcony. Behind him, the two giant statues of his fallen brothers standing outside the palace framed his tired body, dwarfing him, while at the same time hinting at his great might and heritage. He was not yet dressed for the evening, still in the golden robes that he would soon exchange for his ceremonial gear. But his hair was combed and his face freshly shaved. Odin's shoulder-length hair was no longer the blond of his youth, but the gray suited him and he still had the bearing of a great warrior and powerful leader.

Queen Frigga sat at her vanity, putting on her jewelry. In the reflection, she saw her husband turn and come back into the center of the room. His blue eyes were dark with worry, and she felt a now long-familiar rush of love. She had married a warrior, but knew him as so much more than that. He did not rule lightly. Everything he had done and everything he would do was the result of great reflection. He had seen the results of battles that had not been thought out and had lost too many warriors to unnecessary violence. And so she knew that he had thought long and hard about this day.

While some argued that Thor should have assumed the throne years ago, Odin had seen the benefit in waiting. He wanted his son to follow in his footsteps and the footsteps of his father before him—to keep

Asgard safe and free of war. Yet Thor was not his father. Thor was impulsive and hotheaded. He still had much to learn about the value of patience. Alas, Odin had no more time left to teach. He was growing weaker by the day. Soon, he would need to enter the Odinsleep, during which he would be unable to rule, his body in a state of suspended animation while he used the powerful Odinforce to rejuvenate.

Feeling his wife's gaze on him, Odin looked up and smiled, the corners of his eyes crinkling. She continued to amaze him. Her beauty was beyond compare, and while servants rushed about in preparation below, she sat calmly, her back straight and her head high. Now, more than ever, he needed her strength.

“Do you think he's ready?” Odin asked, his voice deep with emotion.

She looked at him and nodded slowly. “Thor has his father’s wisdom,” she said, knowing that was what he needed to hear. But Odin’s expression remained worried, so she added, “He won’t be alone. Loki will be at his side to give him counsel.”

She stood up and approached her husband. Loki, their younger son, was a source of tension between them. Odin had always favored Thor because Thor was a warrior, just like him, but Loki was not, and so his younger had formed a closer bond with Queen Frigga. But in a way, that had been a good balance. Loki was Thor’s opposite—quiet, thoughtful, and content to stay in the shadows. Frigga hoped that Odin would see the benefit of having the brothers side by side.

He reached out a hand, about to caress her cheek. But he stopped suddenly.

Odin's hand was shaking. The All-Father stood staring at it with fierce concentration, as though willing it to stop. "If only we had more time," Odin said when his hand finally stopped shaking. "I can fight it a little longer. . . ."

Frigga held up a hand. "No! You've put it off too long!" she said harshly. Then her expression softened. "I worry for you."

Odin cocked his head, a playful smile tugging at his lips. "I've destroyed demons and monsters, devastated the whole worlds, laid waste to mighty kingdoms, and still you worry for me?"

"Always," Frigga answered truthfully. She knew what he was capable of, but she still feared that Thor's new role would be Odin's undoing.

But she didn't have to worry. Her words

had reassured her husband as they always did, and now, for better or worse, he was ready to pass the throne on to his elder son.

In a few short minutes, the mighty Thor would succeed his father and become the new king of Asgard. All attention would be on him, just as he liked it. No one would notice Thor's younger brother. No one would notice Loki the Trickster. And that's just the way Loki liked it.

Loki paused behind thick curtains as he made his way toward the elaborate throne room. For now it was quiet, with no sign of the large crowds of Asgardians who would soon fill the space. It was just Loki. On his head he wore his great helmet, its two horns rising up and then curving like a ram's. He was dressed in his finest clothes and wore his signature green cape. He

soaked in the silence and for a moment, imagined that it was he who would walk down the aisle to kneel in front of Odin and ascend to the throne of Asgard. He imagined thunderous applause and saw his mother glowing with pride as he stood, ready to rule.

Hearing the sound of loud footsteps, he shook off the fantasy and turned. His brother was striding down the long hall toward him. Towering over even the tallest of Asgardians, his chest broad and his shoulders straight, Thor held Mjolnir in his hand as he walked, and his long red cape flowed out behind him. Even Thor's helmet seemed more powerful than Loki's, its wings catching rays of sun and looking perfect atop his golden locks.

“Nervous, brother?” Loki said when Thor came to a stop in front of him. His

eyes were teasing. He knew that Thor never got nervous.

“How do I look?” Thor asked, ignoring his brother’s question. He adjusted his red cape and ran a hand over his armor. He may not have been nervous, but he did want to make sure that he looked the part. He had been waiting for this day for years. Nothing could spoil it for him now.

“Like a king,” Loki answered, his eyes flashing.

Thor gave him a quizzical look. Loki’s answer had been honest, but his tone had held a hint of something he couldn’t quite read. Jealousy? Anger? Envy? His younger brother had always been something of a mystery to him. While Thor had been eager to spread his wings, fight in battles, and go off on grand adventures, Loki had always been more hesitant. True, he had Thor’s

back, but it was often only out of necessity. So why would Loki be jealous now? He couldn't want the throne for himself, could he?

As if sensing Thor's hesitation, Loki smiled, erasing the fire in his eyes and replacing it with affection. Then, to Thor's amusement, he turned to a servant passing by with a goblet full of wine. The wine morphed into a swarm of writhing eels that slithered up the servant's hand and arm. The servant let out a scream and dropped the goblet, which clattered to the ground. Instantly, the eels disappeared and were replaced by spilled wine. Thor laughed, reassured. Loki was a trickster and a magician. He did not want to be king.

Then Loki spoke, confirming Thor's thoughts. "I've looked forward to this day as long as you have," he said, his voice